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A HOLIDAY CROWD IN THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT, AT JERUSALEM

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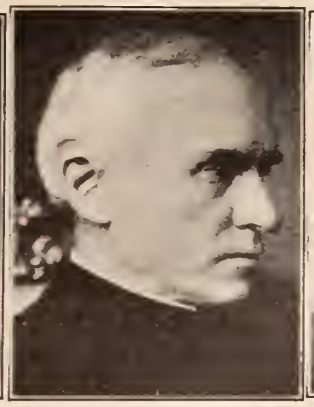
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

Bishop Wm. A. Quayle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Dr. Francis E. Clark

THE CHURCH AFTER THE WAR

Timely Expressions of Opinion by Religious Leaders on a Theme of Overshadowing Importance

AT the recent Religious Congress in Pittsburg, held in October, more than 500 delegates, representing practically all the denominations, listened to a series of remarkable addresses. A number of the foremost speakers held that the time had arrived for the Church to put on new life and new vigor, and to prepare herself for the great opportunity which would come at the close of the present war. Among the leading speakers on that occasion were Dr. Robert E. Speer, Dr. John R. Mott, Rev. B. S. Winchester of New Haven, Conn., Dr. Frank Mason North, president of the Federal Council of Churches, and Bishop Francis J. McConnell of Denver, a leader in Methodism. These, with a number of others, urged that the Church should prepare for the coming emergency, which, if properly availed of, would put her once again in the forefront as the leading spiritual force and influence throughout Christendom.

In view of that discussion of a theme so important to the entire religious world, the Christian Herald invited an expression of opinion from a number of the leaders in the field of religious thought in America, explaining that the motive was constructive and helpful, rather than critical. Responses came from many different quarters. Several of the letters are published in the present issue. We believe they will appeal to the thoughtful and serious-minded in all the denominations, as well as to those Christians with no denominational attachment, for the religion of Jesus has a host of earnest followers outside of any recognized organization. All will find these contributions not only timely, but rich in suggestion. The old proverb, "Many men, many minds," finds illustration in the different angles from which the writers regard the problem. This first contingent includes the views of leaders in the Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Baptist and Lutheran bodies, and also of several distinguished educators and laymen. They discuss the subject with the utmost frankness. Other contributions will follow in weekly succession.

We give the letters below:

Democracy Must Control in Religion as in All Else, if the Redemption of Humanity Is to Be Achieved, Writes Rev. Dr. J. E. McAfee

THE present is an emergency. The immediacy of the need justifies any method promising even temporary results. Spiritual forces cannot afford even to brood over their own shortcomings in the past. It is manifest that these shortcomings account for the too serious weakness of spiritual agencies in the present crisis. The Church should weep over its sins. But tears will not meet the crisis. The milk has been spilled, and a deluge of tears could only mire the going which the milk has already made slippery.

Quite properly, emergency measures are being adopted by our religious agencies. Many show a feverish zeal to do something and do it quickly. The sincerity of all who try should be commended.

But temporizing supplies no finished program. With all of the seriousness of the breakdown of our religious program, there is still danger that there shall be no general recognition of the fundamental defects of the old order. Essential democracy is lacking. Democracy must control in religion as in every other department of organized life, if the present struggle is to achieve humanity's redemption. In religion we have been too content to accept either autocracy or anarchy. The choice has too often been between a sublimated despotism, or the dissipation of energies in a senseless confusion. Democracy abhors both. The dominating question for the future must be: What does a thorough-going democracy expect of religion? Then we must muster the courage to follow those demands to the farthest goal and into the most revolutionary measures they may call for. Religious institutions of Europe have been commonly used to buttress the forces of autocracy against the rising spirit of democracy. In more subtle and sometimes scarcely less effective ways, religion has been used in America to the same ends. It is not alone that churches have been employed to house the privileged classes and to force the alienation of class-conscious labor, but more serious still is the prevailing temper and interpretation of religion, its fundamental concepts, its creeds, its patronizing charity, its paternalism, its rigid formulas prescribed to cover essential immoralities, its petty rules designed to cultivate hypocrisy rather than unaffected virtue, its institutional and vital divorce of an alleged sacred from an alleged secular, its divine-right doctrines for clergy and church. Not religion's institutions alone, but religion itself, is often ranked in the opposition against a thorough-going democracy.

THIS is serious indeed. When the work of reconstruction is undertaken in earnest, the very foundations of our present religious order, or what have passed for foundations, must be relaid. The whole sectarian system will be supplanted. Federation of the present denominations is the latest word in religious progress. Religion must hasten to speak another and a bolder word. Federation is often our timid means of avoiding the essential issues of our religious life. It is our way of demonstrating that we either have flimsy convictions, or lack the courage of such convictions as we have been able to muster.

Fundamentally important is the getting of the religious program properly based. Democracy will demand that it be based upon the community principle. It is not necessary that a sect shall live and prosper. It is not necessary that a church shall survive. It is necessary that the community shall survive, and that it shall live and prosper. Human life is the end, and human life comes to its richest expression in social relations. The religion of democracy will see to it that the community is hallowed. No religious organization has any worthy claims, human or alleged divine, which cannot submit to this test.

Our present religious organization cannot justify itself by that test. Our sectarian order is essentially divisive, faction-breeding and faction-fostering, whereas the first need of our religious life is a quickened and abiding sense of the great brotherhood. It is idle to pretend that our religious organization exists for the common good. It is directed by a ministry a large proportion of whom tenaciously claim arbitrary divine rights for and in their office. Another proportion live for the living in their job. Still another have stepped into the treadmill and have not even the spiritual vigor to step out of it. Another proportion are sincere misfits, who have not the discrimination to discover the injury committed against themselves and their neighbors by the false system of theological training which cultivated their aspirations to spiritual leadership. What with all of these elements added one to the other, there remains a proportion—too many discouragingly small—who yearn with the prophet's soul, who speak with the prophet's tongue, and who are ready to yield themselves with the prophet's abandon to democracy's program of the divine brotherhood.

BUT even this remnant is sufficient. They are, at least, a start against the time now at hand when communities shall begin to realize their religious emancipation. What thousands of American communities need most of all for their spiritual regeneration is to be let alone to work out their own salvation. Democracy has a way of raising up its own leaders. Leaders who have the passion and insights of the new democracy will make more effective leaders than those who lack it, though they may be deficient in the arts and finish of the theological system.

This is far from meaning that the religious organization of the future must wait for kind-hearted ignoramuses to learn their task by the tedious process of blundering. The religious organization can command the best brains and the finest initiative and the richest sacrificial devotion which our universities turn out, and in ample quantity, as soon as our communities show the courage to throw off the sectarian bondage, refuse to permit their spiritual fabric to be rent into tatters by exploiting agencies alien to their organism, and conceive the task of community building as holy enough to require the inspirations of religion.

Democracy is patient, sometimes maddeningly patient; but when the load of oppression becomes unendurable, the thoroughness with which it liberates itself is exhilarating. The load of misconceived religious institutionalism is almost too heavy for the American democracy, and the present world crisis will quicken its yearnings for emancipation, until none can preserve the present bonds though he might desire to try.

IF all sincere spirits will withhold their support from those religious programs conceived in the sectarian, divine-right-of-clergy-and-church spirit, and will encourage every enterprise conceived in the spirit of the great human brotherhood, an emancipated democracy will win the great salvation. We shall greatly misunderstand the present issue if we suppose that a made-to-order program can be clapped down upon the religious demands of the new age. A leadership artificially trained, fostered aloof from the community heart, is precisely what we now suffer from. Good intentions of theorists will not redeem the situation. The community must be given an opportunity to express itself, to define its own need of leadership, to take a hand in discovering the prophets whom the Lord has chosen. A ministry "sent in" by the denominational system has demonstrated its ineffectiveness. Prophets "raised up from among the people" may claim the spiritual inheritance of the great inspirers of former ages. Whatever arts and culture they may properly attain

Continued on page 13

Jerusalem's Capture in the Light of Prophecy

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D., Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

I

THE Christian's pulse beats high these days, and his gaze is upward. Will the clouds soon part and the Lord appear? is the anxious thought of his heart. Some careful Bible students have ventured the opinion that his second coming may be the event that will bring this war to the end. What consternation, what paralysis it would effect in the battling armies, if the members of the Body of Christ were caught up out of their ranks! From generals to privates they would suddenly disappear and no dead bodies be left behind! What a wonder! Yes, and perhaps a king on his throne or a national President from his executive mansion would be taken. Plans would soon be brought to a standstill under such conditions, and an armistice agreed to, or a treaty of peace hurriedly arranged.

The capture of Jerusalem by the British and their allies has greatly stimulated this feeling just now. So much has been said about the Jews returning to their own land, and so commonly is it related up to the second coming of our Lord, that the two events have come to be associated as one in the popular mind. But nevertheless they are *distinct and separate.*

In the first place, this capture of Jerusalem may precede, by quite a period, any return of the Jews to Palestine on a large scale. The war must end first and the terms of peace be agreed upon, including the setting aside of that land for the people to whom it really belongs. Of course, this is going to be done sooner or later, but just when it will be done who can say?

We might take this occasion, however, to speak of a mysterious prophecy in the sixteenth chapter of Revelation which points to it, in the judgment of many. It is the pouring out of the sixth vial "upon the great river Euphrates," whose water is dried up "that the way of the kings of the East might be prepared." The Euphrates is regarded as the symbol of the Turkish power, and its drying up is the receding of that empire from the extensive boundaries of its European and Asiatic domain into the narrower compass of its birthplace, a receding which really began at the rebellion of Ali Pasha in 1820, and has been continuing to the present hour.

"The kings of the East," or "the kings that come from the sunrising" (R. V.), and mentioned in the prophecy, are taken to mean the Jews. F. C. Jennings, in a recent book, "The World Conflict in the Light of the Prophetic Word," translates the phrase, "that the way of the kings of the rising again of the sun might be prepared." The text is confessedly difficult, and we are unable to say that Mr. Jennings is justified in this rendering; but his observations upon it are worthy of thoughtful consideration. The "sun" in his judgment is here used symbolically of Christ, whose rising again refers to his coming to deliver Israel from her oppressors and to set up his Kingdom on the earth. Malachi's words come into mind, where Christ in his future relationship to Israel is described as "the Sun of righteousness" who shall "arise with healing in his wings." But to quote Mr. Jennings:

> I take it, then, that in harmony with these Old Testament promises, as well as with the tenor or very atmosphere of this book, the Supreme Ruler's—the Sun's—the King's—earthly people Israel is surely to be seen under the term, "the kings of the rising again of the sun." It is their way that is prepared by the drying up of the water of the Euphrates; it is for their return to their land that the Gentile that has his foot on Jerusalem is to be pushed back whence he came.
>
> Now, make of it what you will; say, if you please, that it is but a coincidence, or a series of coincidences: yet it is an evident fact that, as Turkey has been pushed back, so has the Jew gained a footing again in his land. A century ago he could not own a foot of it, or hardly set his foot on it, save under extremely humiliating conditions; today there are more than double the number of Jews in Palestine than returned there from Babylon in the days of Ezra.

II

IN the second place, while the return of the Jews to Palestine—the budding of the fig-tree—may be a sign of the Lord's second coming, it is not necessarily a forerunner of it. In other words, as the writer understands the prophecies, the coming does not await that return or any other happening, so far as he is aware. The capture of Jerusalem sends a thrill through our souls as though he were very near; it makes us feel his nearness as before we did not feel it; and yet if the capture had not been made, it would still be our duty to be looking for his coming at any time.

In other words, the second coming of Christ, as previous articles in these columns have pointed out, is an event of two aspects, or a grand drama of two acts: There is a coming in the air for the Church which is his body, and which will be translated to meet him there (I Thess. 4 : 13-18); and then, after an interval—the length of which is supposed from the book of Daniel to be seven years—there is a coming with his saints and his holy angels in judgment upon the living Gentile nations, and for the deliverance of his people Israel from their persecutors.

As this deliverance is to take place in the Holy Land, it is evident that ere that time Israel must have returned there in increasing numbers, and have rebuilt "the waste places" as the prophets have foretold, and even reestablished their temple worship. But there is time for this between the translation of the church and the date of its occurrence. Especially is this true if the Jews continue to return there more and more before the translation takes place, and then complete the repopulation of the land after that event.

It is this thought really that gives the intense interest to the capture of Jerusalem. And yet we would not speculate or contribute to false hopes. Especially would we cultivate the spirit of sobriety, and quietude of heart, and that *patient* waiting for Christ which James, the brother of our Lord, urges with such fervency upon the sojourners of the dispersion to whom he wrote: "Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient, stablish your hearts; for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

III

THIS caution toward sobriety and quietness is very necessary in view of the extravagances to which this hope has led in other days. Even in Paul's time, men were neglecting their business and their ordinary human duties because of it. This is why he urges the Thessalonian Christians to "study to be quiet," and to attend to their "own business," and to work with their "own hands," for the very practical reason that they might "walk honestly toward them that are without." and that they themselves might "have lack of nothing." Wild fanaticism dishonors the Lord whose name we hear, and so does idleness and busy-bodyness, which commonly go with it. Our rent must be met, and out butcher paid, and our families cared for just the same even if the Lord is at the door. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing. Verily I say unto you, that he shall make him ruler over all his goods." As the leaders of our nation warned us when this war began and when some people became hysterical, "This is no time to rock the boat."

And this reference to the war suggests another reason for soberness and fidelity to present duty. Nothing would please the powers of darkness better than the cry of "Lo, here! Or Lo, there!" that might divert the minds of easily excited people from the solemn task that now devolves upon this nation. Even if we Christians were to be caught up tomorrow, it behooves us to remember what our duty is today—a duty to the government under which God has placed us, and a duty to the people whom we would be compelled to leave behind.

The people who would be left behind? Oh, the sadness of it! Let us not be so absorbed with the things that are coming on the earth or the glory that awaits the risen saints of God, as to forget the lost and erring that are all about us. Oh, for the sounding out of the Gospel message in these days! Oh, for the proclamation to go abroad in new and mighty power. "To wit, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

National Anti-Saloon League Convention

By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART

MEN from every state in the Union, including some of the most prominent, met in the National Anti-Saloon League Convention on December 10-13, at the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Washington, D. C. Splendid optimism and enthusiasm, coupled with strong, bright thoughts befittingly expressed, characterized the first session Monday night and ran through all the exercises till the close.

When Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas took the floor, the audience greeted him with cheers. In clear, concise terms he showed how the founders of the government had planned for amendments to the Constitution, and had arranged that the people themselves should be entrusted with the power to make them, and had only authorized Congress to delegate that privilege. The speaker, who had been sponsor for the Dry District of Columbia Bill and the National Prohibitory Resolution in the Senate last summer, called upon the members of the House of Representatives to pass the bill immediately.

Congressman A. W. Barkley of Kentucky, who sponsored the Dry District Bill in the House, made an address full of eloquence and point, showing the benefits of prohibition in the state of North Carolina and those that would come to the nation by the passage of the pending bill. The first session was sandwiched between two Methodist Bishops: McDowell, who offered the prayer, and Wilson, just back from France, who closed with a thrilling address.

AT the afternoon session next day, Rev. O. R. Everhart made a scholarly and timely address on "What Lincoln Would Teach Us." Rev. F. Scott McBride in his message, on "The Final Drive for a Touchdown," became a veritable cyclone, knocking down everything before him. Dr. Ira Landrith, who ran on the Prohibition ticket a year ago for the vice presidency, caused hearty cheering when he announced that those who had supported the Prohibition party had resolved to support the candidates of the Democratic and Republican parties whenever the candidate would give pledge of hostility to the liquor interests. Father J. J. Curran of Wilkes-Barre told of the rapid progress of total abstinence in the Catholic Church, and of his hope that temperance forces will secure National Prohibition. As he sat down, a man in the audience arose and in a shrill voice cried out: "A question of privilege. It is this: We have heard Protestants and Catholics as enemies of the liquor traffic. Let me tell you I am a Jew, and I hate it! We Hebrews realize that it spoils our boys and girls, and that it brings sorrow to our families; and I have come to this convention in behalf of my race to promote National Prohibition."

On Tuesday night, three "big guns," Baker, Bryan and Borah, poured a murderous oratorical fire into the ranks of the enemy. Dr. P. A. Baker put his body, mind, and soul back of his address. Among other things he said: "Opposition to the drink traffic is buttressed in the fundamental truth that alcohol is against religion, morality, integrity, efficiency and everything that makes for human betterment. It hides the thief, protects the highwayman, shields the assassin. It is without mercy, without conscience, without patriotism. It makes no appeal for the continuation of its worthless life, except the brutal appeal of greed and appetite. The time has come not only to prohibit the making of beer in this country, but to demand of our Allies that the grain we are sending them, and that which they produce themselves, shall not be used for brewing purposes. The Christian conscience of the nation is at last mobilized and the final drive is now on for a saloonless, drunkless nation. When the brutal autocracy of rum was broken in politics and business, it instantly changed from an asset to a liability. It is losing on every field of conflict."

William Jennings Bryan, who came next, was at his best. Sometimes Mr. Bryan is cool and deliberate in his convincing messages. But on this occasion he was charged with magnetism that flashed from his eye and burned with sarcasm and invective upon his lips. His arguments were unanswerable, and the fury with which he arraigned the toleration of beer and light wines during the war was terrific. Senator Borah, in a cool, deliberate and yet eloquent address on the value of prohibition to the workingman, was enthusiastically received.

A UNIQUE feature of the Convention was the Manufacturers and Business Conference under the auspices of the committee of that name in the Anti-Saloon League, of which Mr. S. S. Kresge is chairman. The chairman sent out 350,000 letters during the past year to captains of industry, and now has a band of 15,000 business men who are cooperating with him. A meeting called to consider methods for securing nation-wide prohibition was held in the Belasco Theater, which was full; strong testimony was given as to damage of drink to business, and $240,000 was subscribed on the spot toward the million-dollar fund the committee has determined to raise as a campaign fund to secure and enforce nation-wide prohibition.

Howard H. Russell, the founder of the league, was especially honored by the Convention. This being the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Russell's service as the originator and first superintendent, a suitable testimonial was presented at the closing service.

Motor Is Revolutionizing War and Farming

Trucks and Tractors Playing a Tremendous Part. A Million Machinists Mobilized by Uncle Sam

By FRANK G. CARPENTER

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WITHIN the past few months the chief automobile factories in the United States have been put to work on war orders. Some of them are making motor trucks, some armored cars, and others rapid automobiles for carrying dispatches. Many of the shops are making ambulances, and some, I doubt not, although I cannot tell where, are manufacturing the mighty tanks or forts upon wheels, which roll over the country, crushing down everything in their way.

Long before we entered the war, Detroit was making automobiles and motor trucks for the French and the English. One of its firms supplied 9,000 cars to the armies in France and another exported $1,500,000 worth of war ambulances. One of the makers of high-priced cars has already shipped 5,000 trucks to Europe, and another, which makes a $2,500 automobile, has sent 6,000 of his vehicles across the ocean. An establishment making a well-known cheap machine recently completed one order for 10,000 ambulances and another company is turning out 150 airplane motors every day. The government is having the machinery of many of the factories adapted to special war work. Some are making munitions, others are constructing gas engines for the use of the Army and Navy, and, in fact, the whole motor car industry has been brought to the aid of the nation.

Thousands of these tractors, next year, in England and America, will be breaking ground for the crops which will win the war

TO show you what this industry amounts to as a war asset, I will give some of the latest figures concerning it. It grows so fast that it is almost impossible to overestimate it. It amounted to nothing twenty-five years ago, and ten years since it was a bagatelle, in comparison with others of our great industrial forces. Today the government officials admit that it stands next to steel and ships in importance, and they are rapidly mobilizing its machine shops and men.

The automobile and motor car establishments of the United States are now scattered over thirty states of the Union. There are 455 of them. There are over eighty in Michigan, fifty in Illinois, sixty-four in Ohio, and forty-five in New York. Pennsylvania has thirty-three, Minnesota twenty, Massachusetts eighteen, and California sixteen, with less numbers scattered throughout other parts of the country. In addition there are perhaps three times as many plants making automobile bodies, accessories and parts.

These establishments have in their employ the most skilled army of machinists ever gotten together. There are 980,000 of them, and added to this number are double as many men connected with the subordinate industries, which make parts, tires and other things dependent upon the automobile trade. There are a vast number making gas engines which can be used on airplanes, boats and vehicles of other kinds, and the whole force is almost as important to our army as the men in the field.

OUR motor cars now number more than 4,000,000. This means one car to every five families in the United States, and it is estimated by Logan Waller Page, the head of the bureau of public roads, that we have a motor vehicle of one kind or another to almost every mile of public and country road in the Union. The statisticians of the World Almanac say that our automobiles ran last year the enormous distance of 15,000,000,000 miles, which is equal to 600,000 times around the earth, or 166 times the distance between the earth and the sun. The figures seem incredible, but I take them from the almanac which lies before me. During that year we burned more than 1,000,000,000 gallons of gasoline in our motor cars, and wore out more than $12,000,000 worth of tires. This is truly something of a business to have grown up in twenty-five years.

The value of the motor car in the field of war cannot be overestimated. The armies now fighting have several thousand such vehicles. An estimate made last year put the German supply at 80,000 and the French at more than 100,000. The Belgian army has more than 6,000 motor vehicles, and the English army more than 60,000. During the war something like 24,000 trucks have been shipped from the United States to Europe. Such trucks are used to transport men, food and ammunition, and they have proved of enormous value to the forces on both sides of the battle line. The Germans used them to rush certain parts of their army into Belgium and they aided the French greatly at Verdun.

ONE sewing machine company has recently taken an order for $30,000,000 worth of tractors to be built after a new design, and I know that Henry Ford & Son have accepted orders to make thousands of cheap tractors for Europe and that they are now preparing the tools and plant to supply 6,000 to England in time for the plowing next spring. Only a few weeks ago Lloyd George said that England would have 8,000 farm tractors breaking sod at the close of this winter. Many of the famous estates are to be devoted to the raising of food, and parks and lawns upon which the grass has grown for centuries will be turned up by these tractors. Every acre of cultivable land is to be used, and the tractor is to make up for the loss of the labor demanded by the battlefields of France.

IF such a policy could be adopted and carried out in the United States, we could feed all the people upon this big round earth, and supposing space could be bridged, have enough left over for every man, woman and child on the planet of Mars. Our farming area today covers only a small part of the Union. The total amount of our land is more than 2,000,000,000 acres and so far we have less than 1,000,000,000 acres in farms. The actual amount is 878,000,000, and of this only 478,000,000 has ever been turned up by the plow. Nevertheless that comparatively small area has produced in one year more than 4,000,000,000 bushels of corn and wheat, which at the current prices of today, one-dollar corn and two-dollar wheat, would be worth more than $5,000,000,000. If we could bring all the farm lands now owned into use, this crop could be doubled, and the waste land that might be cultivated would make it many times more. The deep plowing of the farm tractor and the intensive cultivation possible through other farm machinery could easily make two bushels of corn and wheat grow where one is now growing, so that the potential foodstuffs of the United States are really beyond the dreams of the wildest imagination.

SINCE the war broke out there has been a large decrease both in plow hands and plow animals. Hundreds of thousands of horses and mules have been taken from our farms to the battlefields, and the farmers' boys who have been drafted are even greater in number. Since that time there has been a large increase in the use of farm tractors, but the industry is still in its infancy, and the tractor for the small farm has not yet come into use.

Not long ago the Department of Agriculture at Washington received reports from two thousand of our farmers who have been using tractors, and it was then stated that the heavy machine could be worked profitably only on farms of large size. In North Dakota the average size of the farm upon which the tractor was used was about 800 acres, and it was seldom found on farms of less than 320 acres. Iowa has many farms as small as 160 acres which are using tractors, but as a rule the owners employ their tractors also for custom work, renting them out to plow and reap for their neighbors. Many of the farmers are using their tractors by night as well as by day, and this is especially so of those who have a large acreage, such as 1,000 acres and upward.

THE average life of a tractor in North Dakota is about six years, and in other states something like eight years. The amount of service now obtained is from 3,600 to 11,000 working hours, depending largely upon the care given the machine while in and out of use. Of 200 tractor owners in Illinois 57 per cent. reported that their outfits were not out of commission a single day when they were needed during the season, and of the remaining 43 per cent. the average number of days lost was only seven.

"But how about the cost of fuel?" I asked an inventor. "Will not twenty-five-cent gasoline prevent any such industrial evolution?"

"I doubt whether gasoline will be the tractor fuel of the future," was the reply. "Kerosene is now being used on many of the machines which have been invented, and in the future the fuel will probably be alcohol, and it will be made on the farm. You can manufacture alcohol out of almost any kind of vegetable matter from grain to wood and from potatoes to hay. The refuse and waste of every farm is enough to make all the alcohol needed to run its machines, and the inventions of the future will probably make this an easy possibility. As it is, the whole business is in its infancy. There are several score of factories working upon it, and new machines of many kinds may be expected within the near future."

Why Save Wheat?

ALMOST the first question put to a speaker who presents food conservation to a church meeting is, "Why should we save wheat when millions of bushels of grain are wasted making whisky and beer?"

Not a bushel of wheat is used in making whisky. Under the Food Act manufacture of all distilled beverages is prohibited, and this took effect September 8, 1917. No grain is wasted in that way. More than that, no wheat is used in England, Italy or France for distillation for beverage purposes.

As for beer, while the Christian people strove to gain wartime prohibition, and many still hope for it, these facts are of interest so far as food conservation is concerned: In 1916 there was used in the production of malt for the manufacture of beer for home consumption and export about 60,000,000 bushels of barley, 15,000,000 bushels of corn, and 3,000,000 bushels of rice. This was about 30 per cent. of the normal barley crop and one-half of one per cent. of this year's corn crop. To prohibit the making of beer, therefore, would save 60,000,000 bushels of barley, which if milled would produce a pound loaf of barley bread per day for 6,000,000 people, if our people could be persuaded to eat it.

Why should Christian people save wheat, then? Because not a bushel of wheat is used today for the manufacture of intoxicating drinks, and wheat is the one grain our Allies must have.

Christmas-Time Brings Talk of Peace

PEACE on December 20th again, for a few minutes, as on several previous occasions, crowded conflict off the center of the world stage, and claimed the attention of chancelleries and peoples.

Speaking in the House of Commons, Premier Lloyd George delivered his long awaited address. Though he spoke of peace only as the companion of victory his address nevertheless seemed to place before the world the bases upon which Britain might be willing to negotiate. Lloyd George, as President Wilson had already done, declared the destruction of Germany's military autocracy the only way to peace.

Speaking of the military situation, the Premier said it was idle to pretend that the hopes formed had been realized. This disappointment had come through Russian collapse, but for which, he held, the German military power would have been completely humbled by this time. He asserted that while the British campaigns had not achieved the expectations formed, the military successes in Palestine would have a permanent effect on the history of the world. Jerusalem, he said, would never be restored to the Turk.

He called upon the nation for greater sacrifice during 1918 and declared that while one great power had practically gone out of the war, another great power had not fully come in and that meantime the burden on Great Britain would be considerable.

He declared also that in reserve manpower the nations allied against Germany were twice as well off as Germany and her allies and that the submarine campaign was nearly mastered.

From Germany, through neutral diplomatic channels, came the suggested peace terms printed elsewhere on this page. No official confirmation was forthcoming from Berlin and the communication was generally held to be a "feeler." While the tentative olive branch received scant attention in Washington and in Allied capitals, where every thought and effort is bent on victory, it at least serves as a possible measure of the peace that may be. It is doubly significant when coupled with a dispatch from Petrograd to the effect that the Central Powers had informed the Lenine government that they intended to make peace proposals to the Allies on the basis of no annexations and no indemnities, but considered the self-definition of nations to be impracticable. The Russian-German negotiations were held up while Russia sounded the Allies as to their willingness at this time to enter upon negotiations. It was announced, however, that in lieu of united action Germany was ready to conclude a separate peace with Russia. Later dispatches said that Germany had rejected the Russian terms and Leon Trotsky was reported to have declared in Petrograd, on December 22, that the Russians would fight against "offensive" peace terms, saying "We did not overthrow Czarism to kneel before the Kaiser."

Peace Terms of Teutons and Allies

GERMANY'S TERMS	BRITAIN'S TERMS
First—The future of Alsace-Lorraine to be settled through a plebiscite of its inhabitants.	Complete restoration of the territories occupied by the Central Powers.
Second—Germany to be remunerated for her lost African colonies, and this money to be devoted to the rehabilitation of Belgium, Serbia, Rumania and Northern France.	Full compensation for the losses of the Allies.
Third—Russian occupied provinces to become independent.	Disposition of German colonies to be settled by the Peace Congress, taking into account the sentiments of the people themselves.
Fourth—Poland to become an independent State, so-called, under Austrian sovereignty.	Great Britain did not enter the war to increase by a yard the territory of any one else, but because of the belief that her honor, the question of standing by her word, was involved.
Fifth—A peace conference to deal with questions of disarmament, freedom of the seas, and similar international matters.	"A league of nations in which Germany was represented by a military caste triumphant would be a hollow farce. The people of Germany must be heard. That is why victory itself is more important than peace terms."
Sixth—Turkey to remain intact.	"Victory alone will give reality to terms."
Seventh—Rumania, Serbia, Montenegro to receive their original boundaries, with right of egress to the sea for Serbia.	

Sugar and the Nation

"TWO lumps, please." We used to say it automatically, only sometimes we said "three." Now sugar is short and they say it will continue scarce. Frank Carpenter has been where they make it, and he tells, next week, how Americans, by economizing on sugar, can help win the war.

We know and love Professor Gray as a companion of the Prophets. Next week he gives us a sermon to help us set out feet well forward in the New Year.

Uncle Sam has a navy three times as big as he had two years ago. He has had to make men to man the ships. Robert H. Moulton will tell, next week, how it is done.

This is going to be a good year for the Christian Herald Family. Pages 19 to 22 have a message for all. Pages 23 to 26 have a special message to those who participated in the Second Bible Picture Study.

A Week in the World's News

PROHIBITION FOR THE NATION. The long fight to which Neal Dow gave his life, and which has claimed the best years of many another godly man, the fight for national sobriety, entered on its last and greatest battle on December 17 and 18, when the House by 228 to 128, and the Senate by 47 to 8, sent to the states for ratification a constitutional amendment providing for absolute national prohibition. The amendment provides that "After one year from the ratification of this article, the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited." The amendment also provides for concurrent enforcement of the law by the nation and the states, and provides that the amendment shall be inoperative unless adopted within seven years. The resolution adopted by the House differed somewhat from that passed by the Senate at the last session, but the Senate concurred in the House resolution. The principal differences between the resolutions were: The adding by the House of the provision for "concurrent" jurisdiction, the seven-year limit (the Senate had it six years), and the provision giving the liquor dealers a year from the date of ratification to clean out their stocks. This is similar to the provisions of many of the recent state laws. Attempts were made to amend the resolution to allow the manufacture of wine and beer, and to provide that a state might reseind its vote after ratifying the amendment; but each attempt was defeated by a deep and thundering "No."

On the day of passage of the Amendment Resolution, there were twenty-seven "dry" states, only nine less than the thirty-six required to ratify the Amendment; and the State of Texas, largely "dry" through local option but listed as a "wet "state, was reported as hurrying to be the first to ratify the Amendment. Prominent members of the Prohibition party and the Anti-Saloon League, the latter organization being largely responsible for the present action, prophesied that final ratification would be consummated within three years.

OUR ARMY AND NAVY. Secretary Daniels told the House Committee on Naval Affairs, on December 19, that the Navy had more than 1,000 ships in commission as against 300 two years ago, and that 424 capital ships were under construction and 350 submarine chasers beside other smaller craft. In answer to suggestions by one member of the committee that there had been some friction between the Department and Admiral Sims, Secretary Daniels denied that there had been any friction of any kind, and declared that all requests of Admiral Sims had been granted immediately, except in one or two cases where the granting was impossible. The Senate investigation into the supplying of equipment to the army disclosed the fact that there had been considerable red tape in the way of prompt action earlier in the war, much of which was now being cut. It was established also that at the time of the severance of diplomatic relations with Germany the ordnance department of the army had shown a strange lack of interest in possible supplies of machine guns. Following the declaration of war there was still some delay due to exhaustive tests of machine guns and changes in the English Enfield rifle to enable it to use superior American ammunition. While these delays resulted in some shortage of equipment, it seemed to be the consensus of the testimony that it would also result in the equipping of the American forces with the best rifles and machine guns in the world. Both manufacturers and military men agreed in the statement that the result justified the delay. It was established also that the British and French governments had supplied guns for the American forces in France at some sacrifice to themselves and it was declared that 25,000 more "middle heavies" were needed now for our Allies in France. Both machine guns and rifles are now being delivered, the rifles in steadily increasing quantities, machine guns more slowly, and by spring American ordnance of every grade will be ready for active service. Part of the delay in furnishing ordnance to the American forces has been caused by the fact that American mills were busy on orders for the Allies, and it was not thought wise to stop supplies to fighting armies to equip an army which was yet to see active service.

THE WHY OF THE SUGAR FAMINE. The Senate Committee investigating the food and fuel situations practically completed its investigation of sugar on December 20. Claus A. Spreckels of the Federal Sugar Refining Company declared that the Sugar Committee of the Food Administration was a mere adjunct of the Sugar Trust, and accused this committee of taking action to the advantage of the American Sugar Refining Company. Mr. Hoover retorted that Mr. Spreckels was "sore," and the testimony of Mr. Earl D. Babst, president of the American Sugar Refining Company, to a large degree counterbalanced the charges of Mr. Spreckels. He showed that he had had no part, as charged, in the advanced prices of sugar, and that the price for Cuban sugar, which Mr. Spreckels had declared too high, was less than had been paid by Canadian refiners in the open market. Mr. Babst declared that the sugar shortage in the East was largely due to transportation difficulties, the inability to secure cars, and the slow delivery of cars in transit, and that it was partly due to individual hoarding and to the use of large quantities of sugar in canning.

CANADA UPHOLDS THE EMPIRE. The Canadian elections held on December 17 were fought almost entirely on the issue of conscription, Sir Wilfrid Laurier seeking to overturn the government of Premier Borden with the promise to submit to the country a referendum on conscription. The government won one hundred and twenty-eight seats in the Dominion Parliament and the opposition 87, of which 62 were returned from the Catholic province of Quebec, which has been the chief center of anti-war sentiment in the Dominion. Conscription was reported defeated in Australia in elections held December 21.

REFORM IN BOSTON. A municipal election in Boston on December 18 resulted in the defeat of Mayor Curley by Andrew J. Peters, running on a reform non-partisan ticket. The city voted for license by about 26,000. Three other Massachusetts cities, North Adams, Waltham and Methuen, voted on the license question. North Adams voted wet; the others remained dry.

KILLED OR CAPTURED. General Pershing reported on December 16 the names of seventeen American army engineers who had been reported missing since the action at Cambrai on November 30, when a number of detachments of the American Engineers working behind the British line came into action against the counter-attacking Germans.

AMERICA'S MILITARY COUNCIL. Secretary Baker announced on December 15 the appointment of a Military War Council to be composed of the Secretary of War, the Assistant Secretary of War, and five high ranking officers of the regular army. The officers assigned to the council were the Chief of Staff, General Tasker H. Bliss, Major-General Henry G. Sharpe (Quartermaster General), Major-General E.

Continued on page 30

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"HOWARD CHASE"

By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

HOWARD CHASE, a young Congregational minister, single, receives a call from a church in Red Hill, a village of seven hundred people in Kansas. After consulting with his classmate and chum, Roy Lennox, he accepts the call and leaves with his sister Rose for his new field, where he is received by Mr. Burton, a deacon of his new church, and his daughter Agnes, and taken to the parsonage, and afterward introduced to the pastors of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist churches. The following Sunday he preaches his first sermon.

CHAPTER II—*Continued*

A FEW lights were showing here and there, but no one was on the street, and as she came to the track there was only the one switch-light up and down, burning, the semaphore set for clear, and the black outline of the steel bridge against the white breadth of the hill, for it was a winter morning when Number Nine became a vivid part of the girl's life history.

She had seen in a film picturing a telephone girl's heroism, an operator running out of a station during the bursting of a dam, and the girl had run the risk of her life to warn an approaching train of the danger, crossing a bridge that was going out under the impact of a great rush of freshet logs pounding against the frail supports of the bridge. Inez pictured it all again as she stood there, her eyes on the steel bridge only two hundred feet away. She could see the darting figure of the girl leaping over the timbers as they flew up, and the bridge crumbled under the torrent, but she escaped in some miraculous fashion and reached the opposite bank just as the entire structure went down the muddy gulf of wreckage, and she ran on facing the oncoming train, stopping it on the very brink of death.

"Of course it was all made up, but the danger was really all there," Inez had said as she sat looking at the film, every pulse beating with strange desire to do something as heroic.

And now, out of her exaggerated romance of her own ambition she was out there in the silent morning to test her own heart and dare to do what she dreamed she might some time have to do—she would wait until Number Nine was just showing in the inward curve of the hill and race across the bridge in time to—she scarcely gave herself a thought of how the distance should be measured, but she had seen Number Nine cross the space between the curve and the creek so often that she seemed to know, without knowing why, just how much time she ought to allow herself before entering the end of the bridge.

ONCE on the bridge there could be no turning back, and there was no space on the sides. She had been through it more than once when the little creek was bank high with a great thunderstorm and there was no danger of trains. But now she was seeking danger for its own sake—for the thrill of it, for the novelty. Life was so tame in Red Hill, so little of any real interest ever happened to her—yes, she said to herself, she would enjoy all the fulness of life she wanted. There! now! the headlight was just showing around the curve, and she ran up the middle of the track and into the bridge as the headlight swung around and thrust its blinding, stabbing spear into her face.

She recalled (sitting there on the high school steps) just how she touched every other tie as she ran, and the lifetime of horror she felt in the one second when she slipped and fell within ten feet of the other end of the bridge and said to herself, "It is all over." And the next second she was on her feet again, feeling the hot breath of the monster as it came charging into the opening, and she was outside, half way down the bank, up to her ankles in the sand and cinders, sobbing hysterically, and yet with a curious feeling of pride over her escape, and half formed promise to try it again, such as one feels, they say, who has charged up a hill in battle and escaped unhurt among the bullets that have killed half the regiment.

And as she climbed painfully back up to the rails she felt for her scarf. It was gone. She went down the embankment a little way, but could not find it, and going on through the bridge again, she searched along the ties at the spot where she fell; but no scarf was there, and she said to herself, "It must have slipped between the ties and gone down into the creek."

Going on with her retrospect as she sat there on the high school steps she recalled her surprise and fear lest she should be found out, when, two days later, an item came into her father's office from one of the paper's contributors living in the county seat ten miles from Red Hill:

"When Tom Radcliff, engineer on Number Nine, got down at Underhill today to oil Old Abe, he found on his pilot, caught on a splinter, a nice scarf. The lady it belonged to was not on the pilot, and Tom is wondering at what station she got off. Bill Granger, the fireman, says he thought he saw something like a ghost on the bridge at Ross Creek Crossing, Red Hill, last Tuesday, but Bill has always been superstitious, and this is not the first ghost he has seen this year. No one claimed the scarf, so Tom took it home to his wife. It is not every day, he says, that the pilot picks up a good article of clothing without the owner."

INEZ ran the item into the paper, and her father, reading it, commented on it briefly:

"Did I ever tell you, Inez, your mother, when she was a girl, rode on the pilot of Number Nine from Fairoaks to Aldrich on the Irvington Division of the Santa Fe? She did it on a challenge from her brother, and nearly lost her life. She was very reckless sometimes, your mother was."

Inez's mother had been dead fifteen years, and Inez, who was seventeen when she graduated, could not recall her. All she knew was that her father idolized the daughter and seldom spoke of the mother. But for all his idolizing he did not understand his daughter, and Inez seldom confided any real life feeling to him. The last thing George Clark could picture was the sight of Inez racing up the Santa Fe track to beat Number Nine at the end of the creek bridge. He knew she was fond of the movies, and always asking to go and going without asking, but the girl's real passion for novelty and adventure and her revolt at the humdrum office life in the dull little town was entirely unknown to him, and the girl had no confidant, either man or woman.

And there was another secret Inez was keeping from her father. It was so new, it had leaped into her heart so quickly, she was so astonishingly childish about it, that he was afraid she might some time tell her father about Number Nine. That was an old secret, but new secrets are not to be lightly related to any one. And this had to do with the new minister.

"After all," Inez said to herself, as the Monday morning after Howard's first service she sat in the office picking up type for a stupid letter from an ignorant country contributor who had to be noticed, "after all, I am not to blame if I try to make life interesting in this poky town. Nothing ever happens here unless you make it yourself. And the new minister is the most interesting person I have ever seen or heard. If I should——"

She was sitting at the case, a type between her fingers, when Howard came in. It was very early, and Inez looked around to see where her father was and then remembered he had said he was going up to the house to get some copy he had left in another coat, but would be right back.

HOWARD came up near the case and said with his usual abruptness, "It's Miss Clark, isn't it? I meant to have met all my choir singers yesterday, but there was such a crowd I couldn't meet them all."

"Yes," said Inez. "I——"

Howard went on with careless disregard of conversation that was part of his quickness of mental and physical motion and not an intentional rudeness:

"I know it's pretty early, but I wanted to get out some dodgers as soon as possible. But I wanted to talk with your father about them, and see that the printing was going on in a certain way."

"I think father will be back soon," said Inez. "He said he would be right back. Perhaps if you are in a hurry I can tell you what you want."

Howard looked surprised, and Inez anticipated his question by saying: "I think I can set up the copy as you want it; I do most of the job work here."

"No? Do you?" Howard had been thinking of her as just a young girl. She seemed to resent his unspoken thought of her, and said quickly:

"If you don't believe I can do it, let me see the copy, and tell me what you want."

Howard laughed in his boyish way, and came up nearer the case.

"I didn't know you did the actual work yourself. Here's what I want." He spread out his copy on top of the case and went over it rapidly. "I want this all double leaded and in ten-point. Put the head line, 'Do You Go to Church?' right in the corner of the page, not at the top. And these sentences on each end up and down instead of across. And I wonder if your father has a cut of the church building anywhere?"

"I don't know of any, Mr. Chase. But why are you having these dodgers printed?"

As Inez asked it, the question sounded bold, and yet in her heart she was simply talking to keep him in the office as long as she could, in her eagerness to make his visit a part of her new adventure in life.

Howard looked at her in surprise, as if the question were one he would not expect from a girl like Inez. And this time he noted the fact that she was older than his first thought of her, and there was a look there that made him instantly and with intuitive quickness change his own attitude, which had been that of careless friendliness with one of his own flock; but his absolutely clean, untarnished young manhood had never once been at fault in its sense of peril wherever woman was concerned, and he had never yielded in the smallest degree to the power he must have known that he possessed.

HE moved back from the case just a little, and in reply to Inez's question he said with a quiet gravity which had an instant effect on her:

"Why shouldn't I get them printed?"

"I don't see what is the use of inviting people to come to church when the church won't hold those who do come."

Howard laughed. It was so loud and almost boisterous that Inez was startled and confused.

"But I'm not getting out the dodgers for those who come. Only for those who don't. And I'm sure there must be a lot of people in Red Hill who have never been. Besides, I'm afraid those who have begun to come won't keep it up unless I do something to remind them. The dodgers are just to help 'em get the habit."

"Oh," said Inez. She couldn't think of anything else to say. And just then her father came in, and Howard turned instantly with his copy to him.

"I know it's early, Mr. Clark, but I want to get this printing out today if possible, and I've just been talking with your daughter about it. You see, I want something attractive for my boys to hand out."

Clark looked over the copy, and after a few suggestions which Howard accepted, he said, with a curious look at the new minister, "Pardon me, Mr. Chase, but I don't quite understand what you want those dodgers for. The church is full already. What will you do with the people you are inviting to come to church, if they come? Where will you seat them?"

Howard laughed, and Inez chimed in, a silvery chime with just a swift look at the minister and then back to her type-setting again.

"I'm going after every person in Red Hill and vicinity. Half these dodgers are going out into the country. I understand the farmers around here have quit going to church. If we can't get folks into the building we'll go outdoors." There is a fine lot of land around the church, and we might as well use it."

Clark could not help giving the new minister a look of admiration.

"All right. Of course I don't object to the printing. It's what I live by. And the out-door meetings strike me all right. You could build out the front platform a little, put up electric lights around the yard, and——"

"Yes," broke in Howard with cheerful indifference to Clark's unfinished sentence. "Yes! Look here!"

HE took the first sheet of paper his fingers could reach and began to draw a sketch in rough outline. "Here's the front of the church. The platform is almost big enough. We can build it out here about six feet, and add, say, five here, and seat our chorus right here at the left of the door. Run the electric lights out here, and hitch onto these trees along the side. We have seventy-five chairs in the Sunday school room, and we can get as many more from Deacon Burton's undertaking room and build some benches here. We ought to be able to seat 250 people in the church grounds. Then we can range the farmers up in the road with their automobiles, parking them in two deep, so that one hundred or maybe two hundred can hear—that is—" Howard looked up from his sketch, including Inez and her father with one of his characteristic grins, "that is, I mean of course, the farmers, not the machines. Why, we ought to be able to get a crowd of five hundred people to an out-door service."

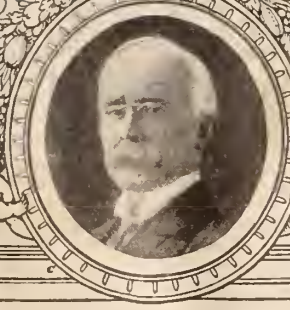
He looked up from his sketch at Clark. Inez had become so interested in Howard's fiery eagerness that she had left her place at the case and was leaning over the imposing stone where Howard's rough sketch lay. Clark was gazing at Howard open-mouthed and grave.

"You don't mean to say, Mr. Chase, that you expect to get an audience of farmers numbering two hundred to go to church service on Sunday night. Why, there aren't twenty farmers in all the county ever came to church in Red Hill. You never can——"

"That's the reason they ought to come, then," broke in Howard. "And there's no reason, come to think of it, why we shouldn't begin with next Sunday. I can build that extension myself, and have everything all ready. Let me have that copy. I'll put on an invitation to an out-door service."

To be continued

A SOLDIER OF CHRIST



A SERMON

By

*REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.**

TEXT—II Tim. 2 : 3. "Suffer hardship as a good soldier of Christ Jesus."

"A SOLDIER of Christ Jesus." Who is our Leader? There is no uncertainty in the mind of the apostle Paul. His Leader was never out of sight, never out of mind. His Leader was to the apostle Paul what a certain great mountain peak was to me during a month's wandering in the glorious land of Switzerland. Go where I would for those three or four weeks, ever and everywhere that glorious peak dominated the entire scene, morning, noon, and night, in the valley, on the hill; one turn of the eyes and it was there.

That predominant and all-overlooking peak became to me the symbol of what Jesus Christ was to the apostle Paul. "Whether we live we live unto the Lord; whether we die we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." Always in sight, always in mind, our Leader, Christ Jesus, our Captain.

WHAT is the purpose of our crusade? Whenever purpose is dull and uncertain the march of life is always slow. Whenever there is no fixity of purpose the soul is lost. In these realms to be everywhere is to be nowhere. If we have no sense of vocation there will be no progressive result. It works like this: clarity of purpose creates a passion for duty, and the passion for duty incites to strong and persistent crusade.

Therefore, as soldiers of Christ Jesus, what are we fighting for? "To preach good tidings to the poor, to proclaim liberty to the captives, recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

That is our purpose; that is our crusade; that is what Drummond used to call "the program of Christianity," and that is the program to which every devoted and honest servant of Christ consecrates his entire strength.

WE are to preach good tidings to the poor, to take good news to the folk who live in perpetual twilight, and who long for the brighter day; to whose who live on the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table; to those whose days tremble before luck and chance and caprice, and who await their precarious meal in an equally precarious home; whose life is gray and pinched, and dwarfed and broken. And what shall the good news be? That there is a God, and that God has shown his face in Jesus Christ our Saviour; that he loves the poor with a passion infinitely tender and dear; that he himself is wronged by all their wrongs, and that he shares with them the pangs of their crucifixion. To take good news to the poor, to tell them that our love shall be the token and proof of the Father's love, to try to bring them cheer and light, and hope and morning. Is that fine work, soldiers of Christ?

TO proclaim release to the captives. There are those who are held captive by outer circumstance. Their bed is always shorter than a man can stretch himself on; their life has always lacked range and freedom; they have been cribbed, cabined, and confined; they are like winged creatures in cages. There are those who are captives of insidious lust. A man may be roped to vanity or to vice, in servitude to malice, in servitude to drink; or his soul may be enmeshed by layers of flippancy and frivolity like garments of lightest gossamer. A man may be bound as Gulliver was bound, by Liliputian threads, or he may be held as in an iron cage.

And what is the soldier of Jesus Christ to do? He is to go to all these prisoners, proclaiming release to captives, and bringing the warm and cheery news of complete emancipation. Is that worth doing?

THERE are some who are spiritually blind; they have no sense of God; their life has no skies, and therefore it has no awe; they have no sense of the Divine. Then there are some who are morally blind. They have no sense of the moral values of things. They do not appreciate the morally lovely, nor recoil from the morally repellent. There are others who are just mentally dull, mentally obtuse; their thought is sluggish, their perception has never been awakened, their imagination is sleeping. All their esthetic senses are closed. Eyes have they, but they see not. They just go through life like blind men going down lovely country roads, all unconscious of the beauty by which they are beset. They are blind to the universe of God.

AND what we are to do as the crusaders of Christ is to be the ministers of vision to open the eyes of the spiritually blind, and let them see God; to open the eyes of the morally blind, and let them see moral beauty; to open the eyes of the mentally blind, and put them in correspondence with the beauties of God's wonderful world. Is that worth doing?

To set at liberty them that are bruised. People are bruised by failure, by disappointment, by defeat. They are like birds that were trying to fly and got wounded, and dropped back with damaged wing. Some power in their life has been stricken.

There are some whose love is stricken, there are some whose hopes are broken, and others whose wills are broken. What we are to do as crusaders of Jesus is to come and tenderly minister to the broken wing, to set at liberty them that are bruised.

THE last great word of this crusade is this: "To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord"; to tell everybody what glorious wealth is locked up in the immediate hours. To tell everybody that the golden age may begin just here and now; to go out to men who can talk about nothing else but ebbing days and setting suns, and buried chances, and withered hopes, and sing to them of new dawns and new openings, new unveilings, and alluring visions. To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, the glorious evangel that *now* is the accepted time, and that *now* is the day and place of salvation.

THERE is nothing soft about that crusade. There is nothing effeminate, puerile, childish about it. It is strong, chivalrous, manly. We are to be ambassadors, taking the love-decrees of the King to people who are as those that live in an alien land.

We are to be the knights at King Jesus' table, going out to deliver those that are bound. We are to be prophets, opening blind eyes, unveiling the wonders of heaven, the richness of nature and grace; and we are to be mediators, interposing lovely visions between the soul and its own despair.

That is the call of the King; that is the call of the Kingdom. That is the duty of a soldier of Jesus. That is what we fight for. What is the equipment? And what is to be our power in the fight? What are to be our weapons? With what are we to go out to accomplish our crusade? "Suffer hardship as a good soldier," says the text; but that by no means comes first. "Take therefore thy faith. Be strengthened in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." That comes first because it is first in the order of life. First be strengthened, then suffer hardship. First take in God, and then fight the devil. It is first communion and then crusade. That is always the apostolic order. First take in, and then give out.

OUR equipment is the power of grace. But what is grace? We have in our language no synonym for grace. It is just the holy love of God. There is nothing negative about it; there is nothing merely positive. The Holy Love is not an attitude, it is not self-contained sentiment; it is personal, active, outgoing power.

In "Holy Love" the adjective and the noun are both positive, energetic, operative, effective. They are both concerned with the opposition, the holy fighting the unholy and the love fighting the loveless, and seeking to convert everything unto their own nature. It is here that every young soldier has got to take his stand if he wants rightly to interpret his relation to Christ.

THERE are so many people who think of grace as the withholding and withdrawing of penalty, conciliatoriness, kindly sentiment. There is nothing in God that is aloof, there is nothing of mere posture, there is nothing even of passive regard, nothing apathetic.

Grace is infinitely more than divine favor; it is holy love radiated from the soul of the Eternal to the souls of his children, as real as a shaft of vitalizing light. God radiating holy love into the soul of his children, and by that holy love transforming them and transfiguring them and equipping them for the mission of holy love in the world of sorrow and sin. "Be strengthened with the grace that is in Christ Jesus."

IF we are to be crusaders in the power of grace it must necessarily be by means of the alliance of faith.

What is faith? Faith is the human ministry by which the grace of God becomes effective. Faith makes the human receptive of the divine. Faith makes the soul porous to God. Faith opens the soul to the waiting Lord. Faith is not refusal to weigh hypotheses; it is a willingness to take the best hypothesis and act upon it. Faith is not to make the judgment blind. It is to make the judgment register its finest verdicts in actual and incarnate life. Faith receives the holy love of God, and by receiving it is by the holiness hallowed, and by the love made lovely.

It all comes to this: We are to be crusaders in grace by faith through the witness of a sanctified and beautified life. That is our equipment.

*Pastor, Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Springs in the Desert

SUNDAY, January 6. Ps. 84:6. "*Who passing through the valley of affliction make it a place of springs.*" The word of the psalmist would almost suggest that this wonderful transformation was effected by the pilgrims themselves as they trudged along the dry and gloomy valley. They made the valley a place of springs. In a certain way this is gloriously true. The refreshing springs were really great discoveries, but the pilgrims had cultivated the faith and the disposition which are the instruments of vision, and it was by means of these spiritual ministries that the mystic waters were found. In a very true way a new lens is a creator of a new world. What a revelation it is to a man of dull and imperfect sight when he first puts on a pair of glasses which rectifies his weakness! What new imagery! What light! What color! And so it is with a change of heart. Life is transformed by a new medium, and we discover a new world, abounding in spiritual resources, and musical with laughing, cheery springs of grace.

Here is a pilgrim traveling through the valley of affliction in feverish and impatient mood. What is the valley like to such a traveler? It is hard and cheerless. It is like a lava-strewn countryside after a volcanic eruption. Everything is black, and gray, and forbidding. It is just a dry and joyless waste. But if the pilgrim's mood could be changed into the patience of Christ, what a change there would be in the valley! For patience is a minister of fine discernment. It is endowed with the rarest senses. An inconsiderate judgment might suppose that impatience is more sensitive than patience, but that is never so. Impatience is irritable, and irritable folk are really very insensitive. They are acute in a small segment, they are numb in the circuit of the larger circle. Patience is alert on the entire circumference. Patience is very quick in seeing and hearing. When our patience in Christ has her "perfect work" our discernments are brought to superlative refinement. We hear the running brook in the desert, and we have the divining-rod which discovers the wells of salvation. We make the valley a place of springs.

Or take even finer graces still. Here is a misanthropist in the valley of affliction. What does he find in the valley? He finds nothing but aches and pains. Nothing bears the token of grace. He hears no running streams of grace. It is a ghastly journey. But now transform the misanthropist into a lover! Exchange the dark spiritual medium for one lucent as a diamond! And it is amazing what friendly presences abound in the valley. Mercies and tokens of providence troop out on every side. The valley becomes a place of springs.

It makes a whole world of difference whether we go through the valley of affliction in the spirit of faith, or in a darkening unbelief; whether we journey alone or in the confidence of God's companionship. In times like these through which we are passing the valley can be a terrible place! But if we travel with the Lord our distress will not be unrelieved. We shall discover the springs which the Lord of the country has appointed for his pilgrims. We shall drink of the brook by the way. J. H. J.

The Mansions of the Soul

MONDAY, January 7. John 14:2. "*In my Father's house are many mansions.*" Dr. Henry Van Dyke in his story, "The Mansion," describes a disembodied soul entering the eternal world, much amazed to find awaiting him no such place as he had dwelt in on earth, but only a modest cottage, an obscure place in the city of God. It was made plain to him that the celestial architects and builders had done the best they could with the material he had furnished them. This is a parable of our eternal building. Shall we be homeless in the world to come simply because we have spared ourselves the pain of reasonable service?

Before us lie unnumbered tasks. There are struggling churches to maintain. There are missions just beginning which must be built up. There are waste places in the city and country which must be redeemed. There are sick people to be visited. There are Sunday school classes to teach. There are groups of boys and girls to be led into useful forms of thought and endeavor. Politics must be redeemed from corruption and from indifference. Unpopular causes must be espoused—not because they are unpopular but because they are good. Hideous ugliness on billboards and vulgarity on the stage and in moving pictures call for our protest. We must begin to live at our best. The church can never prosper until its vast membership lives in the spirit of the apostolic injunction to reasonable spiritual service. Only they who help to build the kingdom of God on earth can "read their title clear to mansions in the skies."

C. C. A.

Mercy and Truth

TUESDAY, January 8. Ps. 108:4. "*Thy mercy is great above the heavens: and thy truth reacheth unto the clouds.*" Mercy and truth are not material substances, but God here attaches them to things of sense to teach us how real and how vast they are. We are to doubt them as little as we would doubt the skies overhead and the roving clouds. As these are seen everywhere, at the poles, at the equator, and in the zones between them, so the mercy of God is everywhere.

The world is merciless. No complaint is heard more often than that men are so unkind, cruel, unsparing. Pity is scant among them; their helpfulness is sluggish and tardy; their charities are often insults. Moreover, there is little reliance to be placed in them. They are full of insincerity; their words are deceptions and their deeds shams. But God's pity extends over all. There is no place where a sorrowful heart may not comfort itself with the thought: God has compassion, he sympathizes with me.

Yea, let your thoughts rise to that limitless space beyond the visible heavens, let it pierce the clouds, and be assured that it shall still be in touch with the God who pities you and is sincere in all that he has said to you. His mercy and truth are not only universal, extending impartially over all, but they are also immeasurable. You may consider your case hopeless; you may imagine that while there may be mercy for others there can be none for you; you may think that you have offended too grievously. God tells you to dismiss that thought as utterly wrong. His mercy and truth reach not only as far as you are able to see, but much farther. You cannot exhaust them. W. H. T. D.

Joy in Believing

WEDNESDAY, January 9. Rom. 15:13. "*Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing.*" Joy and peace are the inspirers of hope. The God of hope is he who imparts hope by the peace of God and the joy of the Lord. Joy is like the rolling waves of the sea in majesty and power; peace is like a river in its placid tranquillity. The one is love in motion; the other, love in repose. Faith and hope, like the fleecy clouds, rise above these waters to the very heavens of attainment.

Mark Guy Pearse says, "The great sea one day looked up at a pure, fleecy cloud in the very bosom of the heavens. The sea, sighing, said: 'It is not for me; I could never be like that. But I will try.' And she hurled herself against the rocks, leaping up in tall spray which fell back, baffled and beaten. At last the sea lay quiet and still, and cried out to the sun, 'Canst thou not help me?' 'Yes, I can,' said the sun, 'if thou wilt let me.' And the sun sent down a noiseless ray, warming and loosening the water; and lo! the sea knew not how, but cried, 'I am there.' "

Believing is looking up at the Sun of Righteousness when all our struggles are o'er. It is letting him shine down upon us and lift us up into his bosom.

Doubt and despair refuse to look unto him and be saved, while faith flies away, floating triumphantly in the heavenly blue, to come down like the cloud in rain upon the thirsty earth. The secret is to let the Divine Redeemer raise you out of your sins, your fears and failures, giving you a hiding-place among the heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

The watchword of religion, of science and discovery should be, "I believe more than I see or know." This is the victory that overcomes the world of sin, of ignorance and of undiscovered countries; faith in the unseen is the mighty revealer. E. W. C.

The Deserter

THURSDAY, January 10. II Tim. 4:10. "*Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world.*" It would be interesting to know the personal history of Demas and the explanation of his apostasy. Perhaps he had popular pagan friends whose influence counteracted that of his Christian associates; perhaps he came into sudden possession of a fortune; perhaps he was "prudent," loving life, and unwilling to "throw it away." Whatever may have been the explanation of his conduct, he was a deserter.

No one of us is likely ever to make shipwreck of faith, to become a castaway, to "backslide," to "fall from grace" or "fail to persevere," if we keep in mind four things: first, that in Christ, and in Christianity—which after all is simply loyalty to the person and purposes of Christ—we have not only the best things in this world, but the best thing in all possible worlds; second, that to forsake Christ and his Gospel for any other method of salvation is to leave living fountains of water and attempt to hew out for ourselves broken cisterns; third, that ardor cools and zeal abates gradually, and by almost imperceptible degrees; and lastly, if we keep in mind the fate of that age which Demas loved more than he loved his Lord. It was an evil age, and it perished in its own corruption. If Demas could have foreseen the verdict of history upon that age, he never would have loved it. No sane man prefers infamy to honor. Who would not rather be Paul than Nero? The historian, a thousand years from now, will see more clearly than it is possible for us to see, whether we loved this present age or whether we labored with our eyes upon the goal of all the ages. C. C. A.

Longing for His Courts

FRIDAY, January 11. Ps. 84:2. "*My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.*" Day after tomorrow is Sunday. Have you thought of it? Are you going to church? How do you feel about it? If the toil of the week has engrossed your attention to the exclusion of every thought of the coming Sunday and the service at the sanctuary, if you feel so satisfied with yourself that you think you can dispense with church-going, there is something wrong with you. This state of mind is not the normal state of a Christian.

There are people who cannot go to church and feel a great deprivation on account of it. Think of the people in our hospitals! Think of the thousands of Christian men in the trenches who have been thrown out of their ordinary mode of living. They may hear the bells ringing from the old church at home; they may be saying: Now the folks are going to church! and a tear may begin to glisten in their eyes and they may choke a sob because they cannot go.

The eighty-fourth Psalm was written for this purpose among others, to keep the soul of the wanderer who is far from his church home in touch with the dear old place around which cluster the most cherished memories of his life as a Christian. There he was face to face with the living God. There he received priceless information that concerned his eternal interests. There he was taught the true value of life. There he gathered strength for his labors, comfort in his affliction, correction for his errors, and impulses for noble deeds. There he felt the presence of Jesus and the light which only he can shed into the darknesses of our earthly life.

The longing for the courts of the Lord, for the word spoken at that place, for the prayers ascending from the sanctuary, for the sweet companionship with the members of Christ's spiritual family, is nothing to be ashamed of. But the absence of that longing is a serious matter. Wherever such absence is felt, it should cause the person to cry: Oh, Lord, revive my longing for thy courts! W. H. T. D.

"Be Not Afraid"

SATURDAY, January 12. Matt. 14:27. "*It is I; be not afraid.*" We never realize that we have fully seen the Lord till we behold him in a storm. When the clouds are black, the winds high and the waves rolling, then to hear him say, "Peace be still," to feel tranquillity in the heart like the glassy sea where he is walking, is an experience never to be forgotten. We need to pass through some great exigency of loss, bereavement or persecution in order to realize how fully the divine presence comforts, sustains and enlarges our manhood.

If our life has been in lovely valleys, amid beautiful gardens, flowers and fruits, we have walked pleasantly with the Master and felt it good to be there; but when called to climb the summits of sacrifice, to scale the heights of self-denial, bearing the cross up the rugged hill, what visions we have had of Christ's power making us more than conquerors! What vistas of new horizons have appeared, showing that Delectable Mountains are grander than gentle valleys! Even the solitude of the desert is made beautiful by his divine indwelling.

Christ comes so much nearer to the soul in the storm or on the desert, in solitude and suffering, than in hours of prosperity and happy surroundings. He speaks from the bush of fire to a desert wanderer that he may become a leader of the people of God, a helper to redeem a world. Such solitude is sweet if Jesus be there as a partner of our joy. He can make the desert blossom as the rose and make everything live whither his river of life cometh. E. W. C.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

The Prohibition Amendment

HISTORY will give a red-letter page to the passage of the Prohibition Amendment resolution through Congress on December 17. Since that abolishing negro slavery, a half-century ago, no Constitutional Amendment has been proposed so laden with moral, industrial and social potentialities.

The votes of both Senate and House were satisfying even to the most sanguine advocates. In the House there were eight more than the necessary two-thirds, and in the Senate eleven to spare. It is fair to assume that the proportions of this vote approximately represent the sentiment of the nation. The triumph marks a mighty change in a few years. It strikingly shows the irresistible force of a moral movement against tremendous organized opposition.

Twenty-seven states already having Prohibition laws make a solid foundation for the assurance that the amendment will be adopted. Only nine more will make up the required three-fourths of all the states. Texas has already started toward adoption. Although seven years is the time limit set for action by the state legislatures, it seems none too fond a hope that thirty-six will have made the amendment operative upon all within three years.

There was no vital difference between the amendment resolution passed by the Senate last summer and that passed by the House and concurred in by the Senate the other day. The unanimity in Congress, except for slight details, is fairly expressive, we take it, of the opinion and purpose of the people of the whole country.

Our Boys "Over There"

THERE are thousands of them. They have gone "Over There," as loyal sons of Liberty, to fight her battles against the intolerable aggressions of autocracy run mad. Behind them lies the safety of Democracy; before them stands the enemy. They are our boys, the sons of American mothers and fathers, the brothers and sweethearts of American girls, the big-brother heroes of thousands of other American boys, too young as yet for service, but not too young to know the meaning of "My Country."

But there are other perils than those of battle. Sin and disease care little for barbed wire or artillery barrages. There is a loyalty to God which transcends, even while it includes, devotion to country. There will be tales, many tales of heroic defense, of desperate chances nobly taken, of victories won by dying men, of defeats that lose their bitterness in the glory of resistance against overwhelming odds, of triumphs tinged with sorrow at their human cost. But there will be other tales—tales of lonely struggles against temptation when mother's training and the little khaki Testament—perhaps plus the help of the Red Triangle—have kept a life true and pure. There will be tales of faith reborn in the life in the trenches, where all the furbishings of creed fall away and the Saviour stands clearly revealed as the only hope of hungry hearts and burdened souls; tales of lives transformed by the spirit of Christ; of self forgotten in the greater cause, of humanity showing its thread of divinity amid the hell of war.

We shall hear much about our boys "over there" in 1918. The vital news of the war, the story of the fight and how it goes, of national preparation, of forces mobilized, of business enlisted, of people at home doing their "bit"—all this we may read week by week; but we search for and dwell longer upon those episodes that lie closer to the heart and that reveal the best there is in our boys. Out to them "Over There" go love and hope unmeasured, with the prayer that out of the catastrophe of war will come a new nation, a people strengthened in purpose and united.

Bringing the Profiteers to Book

PROFITEERING is a contemptible business, which has been carried on defiantly in the expectation that it would go unpunished. But the Federal Food Board of New York has just taught the profiteers a lesson which should operate as a wholesome warning to those who have been forcing the public to pay extortionate prices, since the same treatment can be applied to this class of criminals in other cities. Two wholesale grocers charged a higher price than that fixed by the Board for sugar. Complaint was made and both were convicted and sentenced to close their stores, one for a month and the other until March 1, and to refund the excess charges to the victims of their imposition. This is Mr. Hoover's way, and it is a short, sharp and effective one. The punishment of these plunderers is the best kind of an advertisement that the government means business. Now let other communities take similar steps for their own protection, and the extortioners will begin to understand that honesty is the best policy, and indeed the only safe one to follow, if they mean to continue in business. Food staples in many cities have risen from forty to eighty per cent. within a year. They are just as high in many rural communities, the retailer following the lead of the wholesaler and going even a little farther.

Some will ask, "Is the Food Administration ready to act?" It is, and we have the best authority for saying so, in this assurance which comes from Washington in the form of an official bulletin: "When the Food Administration says hoarding and speculation are going to be stopped, it *means business.*" And this includes the profiteer, who is the meanest criminal of the lot.

Krupp Cannon on Calvary

GOOD easy-going, home-keeping folks who are comforting themselves with the assurance that the capture of Jerusalem has been accomplished without any very marked resistance, are now finding out that the Turks, true to their historical traits, did not let go so easily as was first reported.

A correspondent in the Sviet newspaper, writing before the investment of the city by the Allies, says: "Jerusalem is at present simply overrun by Turks and German officers. The heights of Calvary have been transformed into a battery! The marble and jade columns and statuary which have for centuries ornamented the place where our Saviour suffered have been removed to give way to two Krupp cannon, used for target practice, the targets being mounted on the slopes of Mount Olivet. The place where Christ taught his disciples the Lord's Prayer has been fenced in with a wattle and barbed-wire fence. Mount Olivet, from whence our Lord ascended, is the favorite center of maneuvers. Shouts, shots, bugle-calls, abuse—that is the atmosphere of the locality which for two thousand years has been the greatest sanctuary of the world."

It was not without stiff fighting on the part of the Turkish batteries on Mounts Olivet and Scopus that the way was cleared for storming Scopus with the bayonet. It seems that both Enver Pasha, the Turkish minister of war, and General Von Falkenhayn, the German commander in control of operations in the Near East, were in Jerusalem a month ago and favored evacuation, for what reason was not then made plain. All historic and sacred places in Jerusalem were preserved, but the Holy Sepulchre and other shrines were stripped of their most venerated objects by the Turks before leaving the city. Military critics, who are perhaps as fallible as other folks, regard the surrender as having taken place for the reason that Aleppo is the true strategical point at which the Turks have decided to make a stand.

The Art of Winning Confidence

THE ability to gain people's confidence quickly and retain it is of priceless value to any one who would get on in the world. It is not necessarily a part of true merit.

Many of us throw barriers in our own way. By disagreeable manners, lack of tact, or an unpleasing personality we often antagonize and repel those whom we are anxious to please and serve.

Many have to work hard to overcome the prejudice created by their first impressions, while the few without any apparent effort charm every one they meet.

Success is often due more to engaging manners and winning personality than to great talent. It is not the teacher who knows most, for instance, who is successful beyond others, but it is the one who pleases and interests through her tact and winning ways. Neither is it always the salesman who knows his business from A to Z who is most valuable to his employer, but the one who has the art of pleasing and persuading.

Well pleased is half persuaded. We are so constituted that we are influenced by what pleases us, even sometimes against our judgment.

While the art of winning favor and confidence is in many instances a natural gift, like most of the good qualities of character it may be acquired by zealously seeking it.

A bright, smiling face will do more to incline one's heart toward you and to gain his ear and mind and confidence than all the talents, handicapped by a sour visage and cold manner.

Now Is the Time

OUR subscription mail is phenomenally big these days—a sure index that great events of absorbing interest are taking place throughout the world. It is a time above all others when the intelligent American cannot afford to be without his paper, nor even to miss a single copy. The topics that are now being discussed are so vital, and the events taking place are of such tremendous moment, historically as well as spiritually, that nothing should be missed.

We expect to have this year, for the Christian Herald, the largest audience it has ever enjoyed. We look forward to a more widely extended influence than ever before. To assure this, we must make haste. Our friends can help us by sending in their renewals now, and if with their own each should send in one new subscriber, our aim would be quickly accomplished. The goal would be won out of hand.

We wish all of our readers, new and old, to be with us at the time of the opening of our new Christian Herald Information Bureau at the Nation's Capital, which will place all the resources of the government at the disposal of Christian Herald inquirers. This is a valuable privilege which you should enjoy from the beginning in order fully to appreciate all the advantages it will bring.

We are especially anxious to have every one who reads these lines join our Family Circle NOW, in order that the new subscriber may share with all the other members the benefit of the remarkable discussion which begins in this issue on "The Church After the War." It is one which is constructive and helpful, yet in which facts that must be told will be told without faltering. We can promise that it will give much enlightenment, as well as much spiritual satisfaction, to all who read these articles.

The way to make sure that you get them all is to send in your renewal today, and with it, if you can, the subscription of a new reader, whom we shall be glad to welcome to our Family Circle.

Wheatless and Meatless Days

IT isn't so much of a deprivation, after all, to have one wheatless and one meatless day per week, as most people might imagine. And it is now being done very generally in hotels and restaurants, and most loyally in homes innumerable. There is a wide variety of other available foods to choose from on such days, and no one need experience serious discomfort.

Here, for instance, is a church community in East Orange, N. J., with 1,200 members, representing 380 families. The weekly report card from 222 of these families shows that they consumed 1,727 wheatless meals and 2,976 meatless meals in one seven-day period. If all the churches came up to this standard of self-denial, it would represent a saving of 130,000,000 bushels of wheat in a single year, and meat in proportion.

Here is a pointer for pastors, showing how they can use their persuasive powers to some purpose in helping to feed our Allies, without inflicting undue hardship on any one at home.

Chaplains Welcome the Khaki Testaments

The Christian Herald, New York:

The 2,033 Testaments received, and quite a few have already been distributed. They are just the thing for the enlisted personnel. It seemed to be quite a novelty to find a name and address in the front, and for several days while the box was being unpacked, the men were swarmed about it selecting a Testament with a name from their home town, if there was one to be found. I am quite sure many contributors will receive a word of thanks from the men receiving the Testaments, and I hope that both givers and those receiving may thus be made the happier for it.

The way I have been distributing the Testaments may be interesting to you: I ask to have the men lined up in companies, and after a few words of advice as well as caution, I ask the men to accept the little gift I present to them through the kindness of others; and as I pass along, practically every man takes one. If circumstances permit, after the Testaments have been thus personally distributed, I offer a prayer and wish the company the very best possible success in every way. All seem to appreciate the gift and the prayer.

I thank you very much for the fine spirit you have manifested in sending me the Testaments, and only wish I could contribute handsomely to the cause. T. B. THOMPSON,
Chaplain, U. S. Navy.

Receiving Ship, Navy Yard, Puget Sound, Wash.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Cost of Gray's Elegy

THE recent sale of a copy of an early edition of Gray's "Elegy" at a good figure calls to mind the cost of the first copy and the circumstances connected with it. To begin with, it cost the author, Thomas Gray, seven long years of patient toil to produce the immortal poem. And then he was so modest about it that he did not think it was worth publishing. He sent a manuscript copy of it to Horace Walpole, who was delighted with it and suggested its publication, and that the Magazine of Magazines would like to print it. Gray's modesty was so complete that in allowing Walpole to print it he did not care to have his name used in connection with it. He gave Walpole instructions "to make Dodsley print it immediately from your copy, and without my name." Five days later, on February 16, 1751, Dodsley issued an anonymous quarto pamphlet, entitled "An Elegy Wrote in a Country Churchyard." Within ten years fifteen authorized English editions were called for. In these days of haste, of racing to get ahead, it is restful to look back to this man who spent seven years on one poem; who took the time to write something that was to live forever. In these days of ambitions, of desires to appear in the limelight, it is refreshing to behold the modesty of a man who had produced a masterpiece and yet was in doubt as to whether it was worthy of publication, and who even preferred not to have his name mentioned as its author. In these times of money-hunger and money-getting, it is inspiring to look at one in whose calculation the money motive did not have any place, so immersed was he in the things of the spirit. His work and life encourage us to obey this command, "*Set your affections on things above, not on the earth.*" (*Col. 3 : 2.*)

Whale Meat for Food

INVESTIGATORS for the British government were recently sent to the North Pacific whaling stations to make a thorough inquiry into the whaling industry and to subject the meat to cold storage and chemical tests to determine if large supplies could be transported to Europe and remain in good condition. It is reported that these tests proved satisfactory, and it is expected that the British government will soon take up the question of importing enormous quantities of whale meat from the United States. Whale meat has long since taken its place beside the beefsteak, the mutton chop and other meats in the markets of the Pacific coast. The dealers report that the demand of the consuming public for whale meat is increasing remarkably. Many people declare that they would rather have whale meat than a juicy slice of sirloin of beef. It is estimated that Great Britain has slaughtered approximately 105,000,000 beef cattle since the war began. Canada at the present time has only 6,000,000 head of cattle, while the United States has approximately 30,000,000. Demand for a substitute becomes increasingly urgent with the passing of each month, and indications are that whale meat will solve the food problem.

This has been a banner year for the whaling industry on the Pacific coast. One whaling station alone has made a catch of 200 whales this season, while there are more than a score of stations on the Pacific coast from California to Alaska. The whale weighs on the average a ton to the foot, and the length varies from 50 to 125 feet. A ready market is now found for all meat available, while a short time ago it was used almost exclusively for fertilizing purposes. Whale meat is coarse-grained and has a taste similar to that of venison, but a distinctive flavor all its own. It is both palatable and wholesome. A chemical analysis recently made shows that it contains about ninety-eight per cent of digestible material, whereas the average meat has rarely more than ninety-three per cent. There is no mention in the Bible of a man eating a whale, but there is the story of a large fish swallowing a man. Christ makes this reference to it with the lesson: "*For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth.*" (*Matt. 12 : 40.*)

Mysterious Whispering Tree

HENRY HEINELL of Santa Monica, Calif., who two years ago sent geologists to the wilds of Malibu by reporting a nest of dunes of singing sands, has again caused nature students to "prick up their ears" and listen to the whispering of mysterious trees which he reports to have discovered. The find was made far up in Las Tunas Canyon, where the county surveyor's gang recently ran lines for a mountain road to connect the seashore via this scenic canyon, the Topanga, at its junction with Garrapatas. The mysterious trees are near the bottom of the canyon, far above the trickling stream. Persons passing along the road at this point are invariably attracted by what sounds to them as if somebody in the undergrowth were talking in a subdued voice. Shouts failing to bring a response, Mr. Heinell, after listening to the supposed whispered conversation, left the trail and descended the precipitous side of the mountain, expecting to discover some hunter who had fallen and injured himself, but there was no evidence of life anywhere. The sound always came from the same general direction, and, going in that direction, he found a clump of scrubby trees, much in appearance like the English holly, and there he found the solution of the mystery. The needle-like points of thousands of leaves, swayed by the breeze blowing up the canyon, and scratching upon the surface of other leaves, were responsible for the chorus. The noise made by one leaf was so slight that it could not be heard a foot away, but the thousands continuously made the chorus that could be heard from the bridge above. All nature has a voice which whispers mysteriously the wisdom, goodness and love of the Creator. The prophet pictures nature joining in the chorus of rejoicing and thanksgiving at the coming of the Kingdom of the Christ. "*The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.*" (*Isa. 55 : 12.*)

Drink, the Assassin

IN a number of recent murder trials the attorneys for the prisoner, to save him from conviction of the premeditation that would demand the extreme penalty, have pleaded that their client was under the influence of liquor and did not know what he was doing. While the law does not regard drunkenness as an excuse for homicide, jurors sometimes let the fact of mental incapacity on account of drink enter into their thought in fixing the penalty. There is the closest relation between drink and assassination. The very word "assassination" had its origin in a drug habit. The drug hashish, or Indian hemp, for which the Egyptians will pay such a high price, gave rise to the word assassin in this manner: There was a band of desperadoes in Persia in the eleventh century, a secret society, members of which were under a vow of blind obedience to their chief. These ruffians were called upon to perform the most atrocious deeds, and before they were sent out to perform their gruesome tasks they were given hashish, by which they were thrown into a kind of ecstasy or intoxication. Hence they were called "Hashishin," meaning hemp eaters. The word became a part of western language, but was changed into "assassins." Drink is an assassin; it attacks the reason and makes the maniac; it kills love and makes the murderer. Now is the time for the victim of drink to reform. The Persian assassin has his successor today in one who, through the influence of drink, kills another, and in the gunman who makes the saloon his headquarters where he lays his plans and from which he goes forth to execute his diabolical deeds. It is little wonder, then, that this curse was pronounced: "*Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also.*" (*Hab. 2 : 15.*)

Value of Harmless Snakes

IT is an almost universal impulse for a man, woman or child to kill a snake on sight, and in the slaughter there is little or no discrimination between the harmless and dangerous ones. Mr. G. K. Norton in an article in American Forestry makes a plea for the snakes on the ground that they destroy mice and rats, which carry disease and waste the farmers' crops, and says that snakes should rather be raised than killed as a matter of economy. He says: "Of our 111 species but seventeen are poisonous—two species of elaps, coral snakes, and fifteen species of crotaline snakes, the copperhead and moccasin, the dwarf and typical rattlesnakes." Notwithstanding this good advice the girls will scream hysterically at the sight of the innocent gartersnake in the garden and either try to kill it or get some one else to do it, and the boys will have a real picnic in hunting for anything in the form of a snake. Some tribes worship snakes, but most people destroy them at sight in accordance with this curse: "*And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.*" (*Gen. 3 : 15.*)

Bicycle Gearing for Boats

THE annual water carnival recently held in Copenhagen was a notable event greeted with large crowds, and attended by the Danish Royal family. Some curious craft were entered for the races, none more so than the boats propelled with bicycle pedals and gearing, or the paddles on the side. The craft of olden times were equipped with oars for propelling their boats. Even the ships with masts and sails had oars to be used when necessary, and the smaller boats got their motor force solely by paddling against the water with oars. In the reference to Tyre, a maritime city, there is this mention of them: "*Of the oaks of Basham have they made thine oars.*" (*Ezek. 27 : 6.*)

A Business That Is Getting Religion

By
LOUIS E. ORCUTT

A BOY is willing to be religious, but he must play. He may go to Sunday school, but he will have recreation. For a good many years the church tried to do business on the ten commandments, sundry catechisms, standardized lessons and the annual picnic. The boy seldom missed the picnic, but he often showed a more or less open disregard of the others. Meanwhile, those whose purposes were not entirely holy, but who sought profit as men reckon it, discovered certain recreations which all boys liked. They made good use of those recreations in an evil way, and good folks, seeing the smoke-burdened, unholy, beer-smirched air of the pool rooms and bowling-alleys, horrified at the lives that started from these places in a voyage toward shipwreck, unthinkingly blamed the forms of recreation instead of the men who used them for their own gain.

It was the Y. M. C. A. that first called these games from the service of sin to the true service of clean amusement under proper auspices. There were some who thought the Y. M. C. A. was playing with dangerous fire when it began to instal alleys and tables in its buildings. But as building after building thus equipped became the center of boy life in its town, new ideas regarding these games began to filter through the web of prejudice which had befogged the minds of those who had sought by pure teaching, unsupported by material aid, to convince the boys of the vital relation of revealed truth to their future success and happiness.

It began to be evident that the way to lead a boy to active faith led through a ministry to his craving for physical action. The Y. M. C. A. broke the trail, and the churches now are following. The Y. M. C. A. proved that bowling, a game that combines skill and steadiness of eye and hand with beneficial exercise, would attract boys and young men in growing numbers when unaccompanied by a cigar stand or a side door to a bar, and that the fellows who came first to bowl would gradually gain an interest in the other activities of the Association, so that it was often a short road from bowling to Bible study. They demonstrated that games which challenge all a boy has of skill of hand and of eye did not require for their success either tobacco smoke or lurid language. In fact, the Y. M. C. A. determined what many had believed, that these games were clean in themselves and that they were the most consistently effective means of holding large groups of growing boys under wholesome influences.

The game room in the boys' department of the Twenty-third Street Y. M. C. A., New York City

The institutional church, the church that is equipped to preach the Gospel through both word and deed, has followed hard on the heels of the Association in its equipment to minister to the honest and natural and necessary instincts for play in such a way that it may be able to minister also to the equally natural need for spiritual exercise and instruction. Thus the church, once dark six days a week, is now, through its well-equipped basement or parish house, ministering daily through the element of clean recreation, wisely guided, to fine groups of boys and girls, of young men and young women, whose former defection from its Sunday schools it had deplored but could not explain. And the young folks who crowd the alleys and game rooms on week days fill the Sunday school classes and young people's meetings on Sundays.

The cleansing of recreation is a true office of religion. Formerly this office was performed by a series of warning "don'ts." The new method is a well-synchronized series of "do's" which bids youth have a good time in a healthful and harmless way.

The extent to which churches are reclaiming from sordid uses these clean games in which young life revels is shown by the fact that one company of several dealing in alleys and billiard-tables sold to churches in 1916 over $39,000 worth of new equipment and answered inquiries from 348 pastors or church officials who were considering a purchase. At the present time, eighty-five per cent. of all the Y. M. C. A. buildings of the nation are equipped either with billiard-tables or bowling-alleys or both. Nearly every Y. M. C. A. hut at the cantonments has, or plans to have, its tables. It is not too much to expect that some day eighty-five per cent. of our churches will be thus equipped. Denominational lines do not appear in this movement. Churches now equipped are allied with all Protestant bodies, although in proportion of churches equipped the Presbyterians lead, followed by the Episcopalians, Methodists, Congregationalists, Lutherans and Baptists. All over the nation the saloon is being driven out, but the popular games which proved such potent bait for vice are proving an even better attraction for virtue, and the manufacturers, who once found their market among surroundings which they deplored but could not remedy of themselves, are now finding a better and a wider market in the homes, the churches and the Y. M. C. A's.

Many parents have found, too, that a clean amusement in the home keeps son at home and brings his friends there. Thus the home and the church have united to redeem the chosen recreation of their young men from the associations which once used them to their own profit and the boys' undoing.

Convention of the W. C. T. U.

By MRS. MARTHA M. ALLEN

SEVEN temperance organizations, all to secure both war-time prohibition and the submission of the Federal Amendment for National Constitutional Prohibition, camped at the doors of Congress at the very opening of the session. Among these was the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which held its meetings in Poli's Theater during the first week of December. Although there was no free entertainment for this convention, it was the largest the W. C. T. U. has yet held, there being 906 voting delegates present, and a great number of visitors.

Men were much in evidence upon the platform. Nearly every day, members of Congress were introduced. Senator Gore of Oklahoma told the women that he had become a convert to Woman Suffrage, and he would vote for that as well as for the other measures that the W. C. T. U. desired. On one afternoon the whole Board of Temperance of the Methodist Episcopal Church visited the convention, and brief addresses were made for this Board by Bishop McDowell and Dr. Clarence True Wilson. On another day all the state superintendents and field secretaries of the Anti-Saloon League filed on to the platform, and an address representing them was made by Dr. Purley Baker, their general superintendent. It was very cheering to the W. C. T. U., who for years fought almost alone against strong drink, to see this great array of men now pressing the battle toward its victorious finish.

MRS. S. R. WRIGHT, president of the W. C. T. U. of Canada, told of the religious leaflets sent to France by the Canadian W. C. T. U. for the Canadian soldiers. Over 20,000 soldiers registered that they wished to receive the leaflets. Mrs. Wright told of the grief of Canadian women over the "wet" canteens of Great Britain, and over the rum ration served to the soldiers in the trenches.

Much distress and indignation were expressed by delegates in regard to the popular campaigns for tobacco and cigarettes for the soldiers and sailors. Resolutions against this kind of effort were passed by the convention, and a copy of them sent to Secretary Daniels and Secretary Baker.

The determination to have the destruction of grain and sugar in the manufacture of beer stopped was voiced by many speakers. Among these was Mrs. Mary Harris Armor of Georgia, who said that the government is alienating the sympathy of thousands of women by asking them to conserve food, while millions of bushels of grain are worse than wasted in making a harmful and unnecessary drink like beer.

CAPTAIN J. H. MOFFATT of the Ordnance Department came before the convention with a plea for help. He said that hundreds of stenographers are now needed in government employ, and they cannot get them. He asked that patriotic young women stenographers and typists come quickly to the aid of the government. The salary begins at $1,100 a year. The Civil Service examinations are not difficult. Address 1333 F Street, Ordnance Department, Washington, D. C.

The Chief of Police for the District of Columbia was introduced to the convention. He said that the business men of Washington who opposed the law now say, "Now it has come we see it has not killed business, nor driven people from the city." In November, 1916, there were 838 arrests for drunkenness, and in November, 1917, 199 arrests, a decrease of 639, or 76 per cent.

A VITAL change in the time of holding national W. C. T. U. conventions may be pending. It is possible that a change of time from fall until spring will be made, and that the next convention will come in May or June, 1919.

The Church After the War

Continued from page 3

otherwise will be so much to the good, but democracy will insistently demand of its spiritual leaders this divine sanction of being "raised up from among the people."

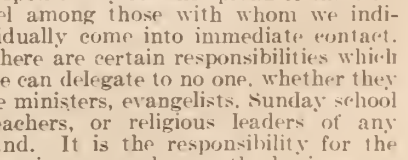
Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, New York City.

The Church Must Have a Deeper Sense of Responsibility for the Spread of the Gospel, Writes President W. R. Moody of Northfield

THE greatest need of the Christian Church, in my judgment, is a deeper realization on the part of its laity of their individual responsibility for the spiritual welfare of the world.

I do not mean by this increased giving of money or time to home and foreign missions, important as I recognize this to be. I do mean, however, a sense of responsibility for the spread of the Gospel among those with whom we individually come into immediate contact. There are certain responsibilities which we can delegate to no one, whether they be ministers, evangelists, Sunday school teachers, or religious leaders of any kind. It is the responsibility for the man in our employ, or the business acquaintance.

Christian leadership is not the immediate need. We have lots of leaders. It is not more organizations; for there are times when one feels that we are overorganized in almost every department of Christian work. What we do need is a deep sense of responsibility on the part of each professed Christian man for the spiritual welfare of his neighbor. Should the laity be awakened to a consciousness of this responsibility, whether in the great military camps throughout the country, or in the mercantile houses, or wherever Christian men mingle with those who are alien to Christ, there would be a spiritual awakening such as this land has never seen. This was the way in which the Church first spread throughout the pagan world, and it has always been the method which God blessed in the past.



East Northfield, Mass.

The Church Must Take a Larger and More Practical Course, and Exalt the Spiritual, Writes President Shaw of Elmira College

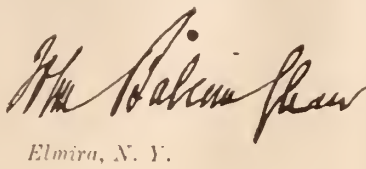
I AM in accord with you in the opinion that the time has come when the Church must enter upon a larger and more practical course, if it is to meet the changing conditions of the present time. Two or three things seem most imperative, and without these I fear that no advance could be made along such lines as would be at all worthy of the Church or the age.

(1) There must be more actual unity and cooperation among the several branches of the Christian Church; and in order to bring this about, either questions of doctrine and polity must be put completely into the background, or a working agreement entered into by the several churches at once generous and inclusive.

(2) All ecclesiastical organizations and machinery must take secondary place, and a freedom of method and responsibility allowed, commensurate with the magnitude of the work to be done.

(3) The primary accent in all movements or undertakings which the new program might call for must be preeminently spiritual. A purely sociological aim will fail to unite the Church in any general or aggressive way.

We are certainly upon the eve of the greatest opportunity the Church has ever had, and I devoutly pray that all leaders may be given unusual guidance in planning for "this grand and awful time."

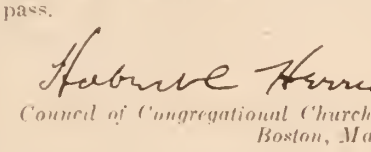


Elmira, N. Y.

The Church Needs Spiritual Leaders with Vision and Ability, Many More, Writes Dr. Hubert C. Herring

THERE is one need which to my mind overtops all others in the life of the Church at the present moment—the need of leaders.

The Church of Christ cannot possibly substitute for the fragmentary history of the past a strong united future of high achievement in the molding of larger concerns of men according to the mind of Christ, unless she can command the devoted service of the very strongest types of character and ability. The addition of 100 ministers of the first order to each of our leading communions in the United States would mark the beginning of a new era of aggressive and united effort. I have in mind, of course, men whose gifts are not merely of the mind but of the whole man in emotion, vision and ability to bring things to pass.



Council of Congregational Churches, Boston, Mass.

The Church Must Proclaim the Gospel with the Voice of Authority, Writes Bishop Wm. A. Quayle

THE business of the churches after the war and during it should be a manly proclamation of the Gospel of the Son of God. We have definitely weakened our Church appeal to people because we have cluttered up our proclamations with so many things comparatively trivial as ranked with the Gospel, that people did not know what we stood for, but thought the Church was a modified and weakened Ladies' Aid Society or Civic Club or Charity Organization. We have shibbolethed so much social service, which means much or little according to who uses it, that people have lost sight of the majesty of the Church, which is the Voice of God sounding out above men's hearts to make their ways the ways of God, when all earthly and eternal matters would chime like a chime of bells.

A Christ for sinners, adequate to the cleansing of the heart and hands and history, will make appeal, as for ages it has made appeal. The Saviour for the lost is the Gospel we do well to summon our voices to proclaim.

WILLIAM A. QUAYLE.

Little Rock, Ark.

The Church's Future Depends upon the Piety of the Rising Generation, Writes Rev. Junius B. Remensnyder

THE Congress of Religious Leaders lately assembled at Pittsburg evidently has been extraordinary in its personnel, and in the ability and wise counsel displayed in its discussions of matters of vital interest to Christians.

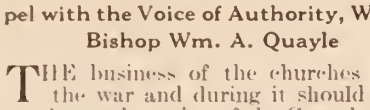
The great issues pressing upon the Church now are, first, her attitude as to the tremendous question of war and peace. And here she should speak out boldly, as becomes her province. The Church alone is truly international, because she is of all lands, languages and races. To preserve this spiritual unity amid the dreadful passions and prejudices of war, to be true to the Headship of Jesus Christ while loyal to the individual nation, and to be ready to take the leadership in the equity of the final terms of peace, is the great, legitimate calling of the Church in this world-crisis.

As to the religious conditions of the hour, one of the very first importance is that to which Dr. Winchester called attention in the words: "The present world-situation challenges the attention of all Christians to the task of religious education." The future of the Church depends upon the piety of the rising generation. With no religious teaching in the schools, and the neglect of Bible-reading and family devotion in the home, our young people are growing up without the deep religious convictions of former times. What can be done to remedy this defect?

Another grave question is the strengthening of our denominational schools. Our wealthy and cultured Christians are more and more sending their sons and daughters to colleges and seminaries, because of their magnificent endowments, where religion is not taught and where our youth come home with quixotic and infidel sentiments. Hence they are lost to the Church.

One more vital thought, voiced by Dr. Robert E. Speer and others, is the need of maintaining the evangelical faith and Christian spirit in our pulpits, Sunday schools and all our teaching. First of all, we must make our people genuine Christians. It is only when men and women are converted, are full of power and the Holy Ghost, that they will become efficient workers for Christ.

Such vital questions as these were earnestly considered at this important religious congress, and nothing can be more helpful than for leaders of the Church to meet together to investigate them.



New York.

Church Reconstruction Coming, and the Logical Leaders Already Found, Writes Governor Capper of Kansas

I HAVE read with a great deal of interest your letter of October 31, and the article in the Christian Herald of the same date entitled, "The Church and the War."

I believe it is a credit to the Church that the religious conference at Pittsburg was devoted almost entirely to the war. It seems to me that, to be worthy of the purpose for which Christ founded the Church, it must follow the way pointed by this war and become more of a democratic institution.

The development of the Church has been too individualistic; the principle of creeds rather than the principle of service has stood foremost.

Every institution must justify its existence before the bar of reason; the present Church exists too largely to teach the principles of religion. Because of the over-emphasis of creeds its real mission so become obscured.

From the first place among the institutions of the world the Church has been relegated to one of minor importance; it has not kept pace with the commercial, economic and social development of the world. Generally speaking, the Church lacks executive leaders. The Church now has a chance to prove its worth to a war-stricken world. It can do it only through unity of purpose and subordination of individual creeds.

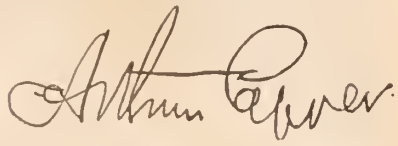
The logical leaders for the new work have been found. Thousands of business men are today supporting the Church, in hope that it will become of greater service to humanity. These business men foresee a reconstruction period for the Church.

The Y. M. C. A. points a lesson and a danger to the Church. It has been a campaign planned and executed by business men, but to do so it disassociated itself from churches and creeds and became a religious and patriotic, but not necessarily a church, organization. This war, as no previous one, is a spiritual war.

The Crusades contain no deeper spiritual utterance than the "World must be made safe for democracy," and on this principle of equality and justice to all people is being fought to a finish the most gigantic and barbaric war of history.

On the one side no thought of materialistic gains; while on the other a colossal scheme for world domination by might, the enslavement of free peoples and the overthrow of all that has been gained in civil government during the Christian era.

Any lasting peace pact must be democratic, not diplomatic in nature, and based on brotherly love taught by Christ.



Governor.

Topeka, Kan.

Sink All Divisive Issues and Work for the Supreme Plan to Secure World-Peace After This War, Writes Dr. Clark, Christian Endeavor Founder

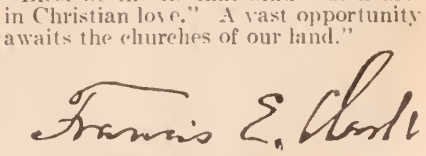
IT is a tremendous task that the Church has before it, so to adjust itself to present conditions that it may become a dominant force in helping to settle the great moral issues raised by the war. The conference at Pittsburg was a move in the right direction; the addresses were fine and strong; but these earnest words must be backed up by individual Christians throughout the country, to make them of any effect.

In the first place, we must have a larger and closer fellowship. Divisive issues which keep Protestants apart must be sunk, and while denominations continue, mere sectarian differences of creed or polity should be forgotten in the great task before the Church.

Again, we must not lose heart or hope. A hopeless Christian is a very useless one. A hopeless Church or a hopeless Christianity is doomed. However dark the clouds of war, however threatening the future may seem, God is not dead.

As a practical matter, I think the churches should even now prepare for the end of the war by familiarizing the young people with the idea of the future League of Nations, with an International Court of Arbitration, without which the war for democracy will have been fought in vain. In time of war prepare for peace. This does not mean that the churches should attempt to bring about a premature or unrighteous peace; but that when the war does end, be it soon or late, the churches should be ready to take advantage of the one supreme plan, which, with God's blessing, would insure the future peace of the world.

This, with the fellowship of the people of God in all lands when the war is over, will do more than all things else to heal its wounds, and to bring the nations together again in a workable harmony. Shortly after the Boer War and our own Spanish War, I saw the young people of the enemy nations fraternizing in Christian fellowship and singing together, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love." A vast opportunity awaits the churches of our land."



Boston, Mass.

THE WITNESS

By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz

Author of "The Voice in the Wilderness"

CHAPTER XXXI—*Continued*

THEY went to see the church member, who proved to be a good old soul, but deaf and old and very poor. He said they had to give the church up; they couldn't make it pay. All the rich people had moved away. He shook his head sadly and told how he and his wife were married there. He hobbled over and showed them how to get in a side door.

The yellow afternoon sun was sifting through windows of cheap stained glass, and fell in mellow quiet upon the faded cushions and musty ingrain carpet. The place had that deserted look of having been abandoned, yet Courtland, as he stood in the shadow under the old balcony, seemed to see the Presence of the eternal God standing up there behind the pulpit, seemed to feel the hallowed memories of long ago, and scent the lingering incense of all the prayers that had gone up from all the souls who had worshiped there in the years that were past.

"They think an iron-foundry's going to buy it, or else some one may make a munition-factory out of it," the old man contributed. "This war's bringing a big change over things."

"Their plowshares into swords, their pruning-hooks into spears," chanted an unseen voice, sadly, behind Courtland. His face set sternly. He turned to Pat:

"I can't let that happen, old man!" he said. "I'm going to buy it if I can. Come, we'll go and look it up!"

Pat looked at his companion with awe. He had always known he was rich, but—to purchase a church as if it were a jack-knife! That sure was going some!

COURTLAND did not return to the seminary until Tuesday morning. By that time he had bought his church.

"Well," said Pat, "that sure was some hustle! There's one thing, Court. You won't have to candidate for any church like those other guys in your little old seminary."

"Pat," said Courtland thoughtfully, "this church has got to have a new name. 'Church of God for sale' has killed this one! A church that used to belong to God and doesn't any more is what that means. They have sold the Church of God, but his Presence is still here!"

A few weeks later, when the two came down to look things over, the granite arch over the old front doors bore the inscription in letters of stone:

CHURCH OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD

Courtland stood looking for a moment, and then he turned to Pat eagerly: "I'm going to get possession of the whole block if I can; maybe the opposite one, too, for a park, and you've got to be physical director! I'll turn the kids and the older boys over to you, old man!"

Pat's eyes were full of tears. He had to turn away to hide them. "You're a grand old dreamer!" he said, in a choking voice.

So the rejuvenation of the old church went on from week to week. The men at the seminary grew curious as to what took Pat and Courtland to the city so much. Was it a girl? It finally got around that Courtland had a rich and aristocratic church in view, and was soon to be married to the daughter of one of its prominent members. But when they began to congratulate him, Courtland grinned.

"When I preach my first sermon you may all come down and see," he replied, and that was all they could get out of him.

One afternoon, as Courtland was preparing to hurry to the train, there came a note from Pat, who had gone ahead on an errand:

DEAR COURT—Tennelly's in trouble. He's up at his old rooms. He wants you. I'll wait for you down in the office. PAT.

CHAPTER XXXII

TENNELLY was pacing up and down the room. His face was white, his eyes were wild. He had the haggard look of one who has come through a long series of harrowing experiences up to the supreme torture where there is nothing worse that can happen.

Courtland's knock brought him at once to the door. With both hands they gave the fellowship grip that had meant so much to each in college.

A moment they stood so, looking into each other's eyes, Courtland wondering, startled, questioning. It was Gila, of course! Nothing else could reach the man's soul and make him look like that! But what had happened? Not death! No, not even death could bring that look of shame and degradation to his high-minded friend's eyes.

As if Tennelly had read his question he spoke in a voice so husky with emotion that his words were scarcely audible. "Didn't Pat tell you?"

Courtland shook his head.

Tennelly's head went down, as if he were waiting for courage to speak. Then, huskily: "She's gone, Court!"

"Gone?"

"Left me, Court! She sailed at daybreak for Italy with another man."

Tennelly fumbled in his pocket and brought out a crumpled note, blistered with tears. "Read it!" he muttered, and turned away to the window.

Courtland read:

DEAR LEW—I'm sure when you come to your senses and get over some of your narrow ideas you'll be as much relieved as I am over what I've decided to do. You and I never were fitted for each other, and I can't stand this life another day. I'm simply perishing! It's up to me to do something, for I know, with your strait-laced notions, you never will! So when you read this I shall be out of reach, on my way to Italy with Count von Bremen. They say there's going to be war in this country, anyway, and I hate such things, so I had to get out of it. You won't have any trouble in getting a divorce, and you'll soon be glad I did it.

As for the kid, if she lives she's much better off with you than with me, for you know I never could stand children; they get on my nerves. And, anyhow, I never could be all the things you tried to make me, and it's better in the end this way. So good-by, and don't try to come after me. I won't come back, no matter what you do, for I'm bored to death with the last two years and I've got to see some life! GILA.

COURTLAND read the flippant little note twice before he trusted himself to speak, and then he walked over to the window, slowly smoothing and folding the crumpled paper.

"Nelly, old fellow," he said tenderly, "you know that I feel with you——"

"I know, Court!" with a weary sigh. "That's why I sent for you. I had to have you, somehow!"

"Nelly! There aren't any words made delicate enough to handle this thing without hurting. It's raw flesh and full of nerves. There's just One can do anything here! I wish you believed in God!"

"I do!" said Tennelly, in a dreary tone.

"He can come near you and give you strength to bear it. I know, for he did it for me once!"

Courtland felt as if his words were falling on deaf ears, but Tennelly, after a pause, asked, bitterly:

"Why did he do this to me, if he's what you say he is?"

"I'm not sure that he did, old man! I think perhaps you and I had a hand in it!"

Tennelly looked at him keenly for an instant and turned away. "I know what you mean," he said, "but I'm afraid I'd do it again! I loved her! God! I'm afraid—*I love her yet!* Man! You don't know what an ache such love is."

"Yes, I do," said Courtland, with a sudden light in his face; but Tennelly was not heeding him.

"It isn't entirely that I've lost her; that I've got to give up hoping that she'll some time care and settle down to knowing she is gone forever! It's the way she went! The—the—the *disgrace!* The humiliation! The awfulness of the way she went! We've never had anything like that in our family. And to think my baby has got to grow up to know that shame! To know that her mother was a disgraceful woman! that I gave her a mother like that!"

"Now, look here, Tennelly! You didn't know! You thought she would be all right when you were married!"

"But I *did know!*" wailed Tennelly. "I knew in my soul! I think I knew when I first saw her, and that was why I worried about you when you used to go and see her. I knew she wasn't the woman for you. But, fool that I was! I thought I was more of a man of the world, and would be able to hold her! No, I didn't, either, for I knew it was like trying to enjoy a sound sleep in a powder-magazine with a pocketful of matches, to trust my love to her! But I did it, anyway! I dared trouble! And my little child has got to suffer for it!"

"Your little child will perhaps be better for it!"

"I can't see it that way!"

"You don't have to. If God does, isn't that enough?"

"I don't know! I can't see God now; it's too dark!"

Tennelly dropped upon his knees beside the table and laid his face on his folded arms in an attitude of despair.

A wave of pity swept over Courtland. He dropped upon his knees beside his friend and spoke aloud:

"O Lord God, come near and let my friend feel thy Presence now in his terrible distress. Somehow speak peace to his soul and help him to know thee, for thou art the only One that can help him. Help him to tell thee all his heart's bitterness now, alone with thee and find relief."

Softly Courtland arose and slipped from the room.

GILA had been gone two months when the day was finally set for Bonnie's wedding.

There had been consultations long and many over what to do about telling Tennelly, for even Bonnie saw that the event could not but be painful to him, coming as it did on the heels of his own deep trouble. And Tennelly had long been Courtland's best friend; at least until Pat grew so close as to share that privilege with him. It was finally decided that Courtland should tell Tennelly about the approaching wedding at his first opportunity.

Bonnie had long ago heard all about Gila, been through the bitter throes of jealousy and come out clear and trusting, with the whole thing sanely and happily relegated to that place where all such troubles go from the hearts of those who truly love each other and know there never could be any one else in the universe who could take the place of the beloved.

Courtland had been preaching in the Church of the Presence of God for four Sabbaths now, and the congregation had been growing steadily.

The men at the seminary got wind of it somehow, and came down by twos and threes, and finally dozens, as they could get away from their own preaching, to see what that close-mouthed Courtland was doing, and went away thoughtful. It was not what they had expected of their brilliant classmate, ministering to these common working people right in the neighborhood where they lived and worked.

AT first they did not understand how he came to be in that church, and asked what denomination it was, anyway. Courtland said he really didn't know what it had been, but that he hoped it was the denomination of Jesus Christ now.

"But whose church is it?" they asked.

"Mine," he said, simply.

Then they turned to Pat for explanation.

"That's straight," said Pat. "He bought it."

"*Bought* it! Oh!" They were silenced. Not one of them could have bought a church, and wouldn't have if they could. They would have bought a good mansion for themselves against their retiring-day. Few of them understood it. Only the man who was going to darkest Africa to work in the jungles, and a couple who were bound, one for the leper country, and another for China, had a light of understanding in their eyes, and gripped Courtland's hand with reverence and ecstatic awe.

"But, man alive!" lingered one, unwilling to leave his brilliant friend in such a hopeless hole. "Don't you realize if you don't hitch on to some denomination, or board of trustees, or something, your work won't count in the long run? Who's to carry on your work and keep up your name and what you have done, after you are gone? You're foolish!" He had just received a flattering call to a city church himself, and he knew he was not half so well fitted for it as Courtland.

BUT Courtland flung up his hat in a boyish way and laughed. "I should worry about my name after I am gone," he said. "And as for the work, it's for me to do, isn't it? Not for me to arrange for after I'm dead. If my heavenly Father wants it to keep up after I'm gone he'll manage to find a way, won't he? My job is to look after it while I'm here. Perhaps it won't be needed any longer after I'm gone. The New Jerusalem may be here by that time and we won't have to have any churches. God himself shall be the tabernacle!"

They went away then with doubtful looks, and Courtland heard one say to another, shaking his head in a dubious way:

"I don't like it. It's all very irregular!"

And the other replied: "Yes! It's a pity about him! He might have done something big if he hadn't been so impractical!"

"The poor stews!" said Pat, dryly, looking after them. "They haven't got religion enough to carry them over till next week, the most of them, and what they'll do when they really see what kind the Lord is I can't guess! I wonder what they think that rich young man that Jesus loved would have been like, anyway, if he hadn't gone away sorrowful and kept his vast possessions."

Courtland wrote it all to Bonnie, and Bonnie, with a tender smile, leaned down and kissed the words in the letter, and murmured, "Dear impractical beloved!" all softly to herself.

For Bonnie was very happy. That such a prince among men, such a friend of God, should have passed by others of rank, of beauty and attainments far greater than hers, and come away out West to take her, fairly overwhelmed her with wonder when she had time to

think about it. For she was as busy as she was happy in these days. There was her school work, her music, the little home duties, all she could make Mother Marshall leave for her; the beautiful sewing she was doing on her simple bridal garments; and stealing time from all to write the most wonderful letters to the lover in the East.

SOFTLY Bonnie went through these days, tender, happy, blithe as a bird; a song on her lips whenever she went about the house; a caress in her very touch for the dear old people who had been father and mother to her in her loneliness; realizing only vaguely what it was going to be to them when she was gone and they were all alone again. For her heart was so full of her own joy she could not think a sad thought.

But one afternoon she came home from school a little earlier than usual. Opening the door very softly that she might come on Mother Marshall and surprise her, she heard voices in the dining-room, and paused to see if there was company.

"It's going to be mighty hard to have Bonnie leave us," said Father Marshall, with a wistful quaver.

There was a soft sigh over by the window, then Mother Marshall: "Yes, Father, but we mustn't think about it, or the next thing we know we'll let her see it. She's the kind of girl that would turn around and say she couldn't get married, perhaps, if she got it in her head we needed her. She's got a grand man, and I'm just as glad as I can be about it"—there was a gulp like a sob over by the window—"I wouldn't spoil her happiness for anything in the world!" The voice took on a forced cheerfulness.

"Sure! We wouldn't want to do that!"

"It's most as bad as when Stephen was going away, though. I have to just shut my eyes when I go by her bedroom door and think about how we fixed it up for her and counted on how she'd look, and all. I just couldn't stand it. I had to shut the door and hurry down-stairs."

"Well, now, Mother, you mustn't feel that way. You know the Lord sent her; maybe he has some other plan."

"Oh, I know!" said Mother, briskly. "I guess we can leave that to him; only seems like I can't bear to think of anybody else coming to be in her room."

"Oh, no! No! We couldn't stand for that!" said Father, quickly. "We'd have to keep it for her—for them—when they come home to visit! If any other party comes along I reckon we'll just build out a bay window on the kitchen chamber, and fix that up. Now don't you worry, Mother. You know he promised to bring her home a lot, and it ain't as if he hadn't got money enough to travel, let alone a nottymobeel. I shouldn't wonder maybe if we could go see them, even, some time. We could get to see the university then, too, and go look at Steve's room. You'd like that, wouldn't you, Mother?"

Bonnie did not go into the dining-room to surprise them. Instead, she stole away down in the orchard to hide her tears.

A little later she saw the postman ride up to the letter-box on the gate-post and drop in a letter, and all else was forgotten.

Yes, from Paul! A lovely, big, thick letter!

Mother and Father Marshall and their sadness suddenly vanished from her thoughts, and she hurried back to a big stump in the orchard, where she often read her letters.

CHAPTER XXIII

"DEAR BONNIE ROSE" [she read, and smiled tenderly. He was always getting her a new name.]:

I've been to see Tennelly at last, and he's great! What do you think? He's coming to the wedding! Says he wouldn't miss it for the world.

Father and my stepmother will come; but please tell Mother Marshall she needn't worry because they will only stay for the ceremony. I know she was a little troubled about my stepmother, lest things would seem plain to her; bless her dear heart! But she needn't at all, for she's a kindly soul. They will come in their private car, which will be dropped off from the morning train and picked up by the night express at the Junction, so you see they'll have to leave for Sloan's Station early in the afternoon.

But the greatest news of all I heard to-night! You remember how we wished that Burns hadn't gone to China yet, so he could marry us? Well, he's coming back. He's been sent on some errand or other for the government, in company with a Chinaman or two, and he's due in San Francisco a week before the wedding. I've sent a wireless to ask him to stop over and take part in the ceremony. I was sure this would meet with your approval. Of course, we'll ask your minister out there to assist. You don't know how this pleases me. It seems somehow as if Burns belonged to us, doesn't it, dear?

I stood to-night on the steps of the church and looked at a ray of the setting sun that was slanting between buildings and laying a finger of gold on the old dirty windows across the street till they blazed into sudden glory. As I looked the houses faded away, as they do in a moving picture, and gradually melted into a great open space that stretched a whole big block, all clear and green with thick velvety grass. There were trees in the space—a lot of them—and hammocks under some of them, with little children playing about. At the farthest end there were tennis-courts and a baseball diamond; and who do you think I saw teaching some boys to pitch, but Pat! On the other side of the street a big, old warehouse had been converted into a gymnasium with a swimming-pool.

All around that block there were model tenements, with thousands of windows; and light and air and cheerfulness. There were flowers in little beds between the curbing and the pavement, that the children could water and cultivate and pick. There was a fountain of filtered water in the center of the green, and a drinking-fountain at each corner of the block, but there wasn't a saloon in sight!

I looked around to my right, and the old stone house with its grimy face that belonged there had changed into a beautiful home with vines and flowers. There were windows everywhere jutting out with delightful unexpectedness, and just lovely green grass and more trees all the way to the corner! On the left, the old foundry had been cleansed and transformed, and had become a hospital belonging to the church. I couldn't help thinking right then and there what a grand doctor Tennelly would have made if he only hadn't been an aristocrat. The hospital was all white, and there was an ambulance belonging to it, and nurses who worked not only for money, but for the love of Christ. There wasn't a doctor in it who didn't know what the Presence of God meant, or couldn't point the way to be saved to a dying sinner.

Back of the church block, in place of the old shackly factories, there was one great model factory with the best modern equipment, and the eight-hour system in full swing. No little children working for a scanty living! No tired girls and women standing all day long! No foreman that did not have a love for humanity in his soul and some kind of an idea what it was to have the Presence of the living God in a factory!

I went back to the big stone house and discovered there was a great big living-room with a grand piano at one end and a stone fireplace large enough for logs. A wide staircase led up to a gallery where many rooms opened off, rooms enough for every one we wanted, and a big special one for Father and Mother Marshall, winters, opening off in a suite, so that they could be to themselves when they got tired of us all. Of course, in summers they might want to go home sometimes and take us all with them; or maybe run down to the shore with us in an off year now and then. Break the news to them gently, darling, for I've set my heart on that house just as I saw it, and I hope they won't object.

There were other rooms, but they were vague, because I saw that you must have the key to them all yet, and I must wait till you come, to look into them.

Then I heard sweet sounds from the church, and, turning, I went in. Some one was playing the organ, high up in the dusky shadows of the gallery, and I knew it was you, Bonnie Rose, my darling! So I knelt in a pew and listened, with the Presence standing there between us. And as I knelt another vision came to me, a vision of the past! I remembered the days when I did not know God; when I sneered and argued and did all I could in my young and conceited way against him. I remembered, too, the time he came to me in my illness and I began to believe; and the day I read that verse marked in Stephen's Bible. "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." I suddenly realized that that had been made true to me. I have the witness in my own heart that Christ is the Son of God, my Saviour! That his Presence is on earth and manifest to me at many times. No seeming variance of science, no quibble of the intellect, can ever disturb this faith on which my soul rests. It is more than a conviction; it is a perfect satisfaction! I KNOW! I may not be able to explain all mysteries, but I can never doubt again, because I know. The more I meet with modern skepticism, the more I am convinced that that is the only answer to it all: "He that doeth his will shall know of the doctrine," and that promise is fulfilled to all who have the will to believe.

All this came to me quite clearly as I knelt in the church in the sunset, while you were playing—was it "Rock of Ages"?—and a ray of the setting sun stole through the old yellow glass of the window, in the organ-loft and lay on your hair like a crown, my Bonnie darling! My heart overflowed with gratitude at the great way life has opened up to me. That I, the least of his servants, should be honored by the love of this pearl of women!—

THERE was more of that letter, and Bonnie sat long on the stump reading and re-reading, with her face a glow of wonder and joy. But at last she got up and went to the house, bounding into the dining-room where Mother and Father Marshall were pretending to be busy about a lamp that didn't work.

Down she sat with her letter and read it—at least as much as we have read—to the two sad old dears who were trying so hard to get ready for loneliness. But after that there was no more sadness in that house! Father whistled everywhere he went, till Mother told him he was like a boy again. Mother sang about her work whenever she was alone. For why should they be sad any more? There were good times still going in the world, and *they were in them!*

"Father!" whispered Mother softly, that night, when she was supposed to be well on her way toward slumber. "Do you suppose the Lord heard us grumbling this afternoon, and sent that letter to make us ashamed of ourselves?"

"No," said Father, tenderly. "I think he just smiled to think what a big surprise he had ready for us. It doesn't pay to doubt God; it really doesn't!"

THE END

Shall There Be One Methodist Church?

By H. K. CARROLL, LL.D.

GIVEN two denominations of the same origin, the same name, the same faith, the same form of government—can they be brought together? The question really ought to be, can they be kept apart? But, as history proves, the latter is easy, the former hard.

Political questions, not affecting the faith, broke in two the Methodist Episcopal Church eighty-odd years ago, and each division has run its separate course, for twenty years in its own territory, then at close quarters in the same territory. Sectional differences, war animosities, engendered a feeling which in time abated, particularly with the rise of a new generation, to whom the bitter things of the past were not even a memory, but a fading history. Love is stronger than hate. It is as strong as God, for God is love; and it is continually saying, even under persecution, "But we be brethren." So this problem is not hopeless. The immediate issue seems to hang in the balance. Shall the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, be reunited? The reasons urging it are: both have the same doctrines, the same government, the same ritual and hymnal, the same discipline, substantially, the same practices, and they are equal heritors of the history of Methodism in America, being of the same parent stem. Moreover, each is strong in its own particular territory. The Methodist Episcopal Church is supreme in Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, New Jersey, Maryland and other states; and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is likewise supreme in Texas, Alabama, Arkansas, Mississippi, the Carolinas, Tennessee and Virginia. The most important work of the northern Church in the South is not among the whites, but among the negroes, none of whom are in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

ONE church is really complementary to the other; but competition in jointly occupied territory engenders bitter feeling and acts of rivalry, and both camps are unhappy. Denominational arrogancy and pride does not die in such a state of things, but justifies the dissipation of means in misdirected efforts, the waste of ministerial energy in hopeless fields, and the neglect of larger opportunities. A rising tide of opposition to this condition is evident in both churches; nevertheless, the outcome is uncertain. It is admitted that union would immensely strengthen the common cause, eliminate rivalry, waste, and bitter feeling, release men and means for larger usefulness, vastly reduce machinery and the expense of duplicated churches, boards and institutions, and immeasurably increase denominational energy and economy; yet the enterprise is halted by a barrier that may prove to be insuperable, at least for a further space of time.

The main features of the plan of union have been tentatively accepted by the Joint Commissions of twenty-five bishops, ministers and laymen of each church, as follows:

(1) Three or more Regional Conferences, each to be constituted of delegates from the Annual Conferences within its bounds, each of these quadrennial Regional Conferences to have jurisdiction over its own particular territory;

(2) A General Conference to meet at longer intervals and to have supreme jurisdiction over the whole denomination.

The number, boundaries and powers of the Regional Conferences and the composition and powers of a proposed Judicial Council are yet to be determined. The really delicate questions are involved in the composition of the General and Regional Conferences. One object of the Regional Conferences is to prevent the swallowing of the smaller, Southern, by the larger, Northern, denomination. With the bulk of the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in one Regional Conference and with each Regional Conference given equal representation in the General Conference, the supreme legislative body, the interests of the constituency of the Southern Church would be measurably secured.

BUT the greatest problem of all is what to do with the negro members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of whom there are upward of 340,000. The Church, South, has none, having organized those it had, after the Civil War, into an independent body known as the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church. The Commission of the Southern Church wants the colored brother eliminated from the proposed combination. The Northern Commission is apparently unwilling to do this.

The Southern commissioners think the ideal plan would be the consolidation of the six or seven bodies of negro Methodists in a church of their own, separate and independent of the united white body, erecting thereby a negro church of some 1,700,000 members.

This is the barrier that looms up before the Joint Commission, which is to find a way to unite two bodies with an aggregate membership of more than six and a quarter millions. It will hold its next meeting in Savannah, Ga., January 28, 1918. As the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, meets in quadrennial session in May next year, the commission will probably report conclusions or ask instructions.

The Joint Commission is composed of strong representative men, twenty-five from each church, including five bishops. The Northern Commission embraces Bishops Cranston (a strong advocate of union), Hamilton, McDowell, Leete, and Cooke; also Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks, ex-Vice-President of the United States, and Judge Henry Wade Rogers of the United States Circuit Court, New York. The Southern Commission includes Bishops Candler, Hoss, Denny, Murrah and Monzon, and well known ministers and laymen. Among the latter are five lawyers and judges.

Where Men Serve and Suffer

A detachment of the women's land army marching in London in the Lord Mayor's procession

Russian a
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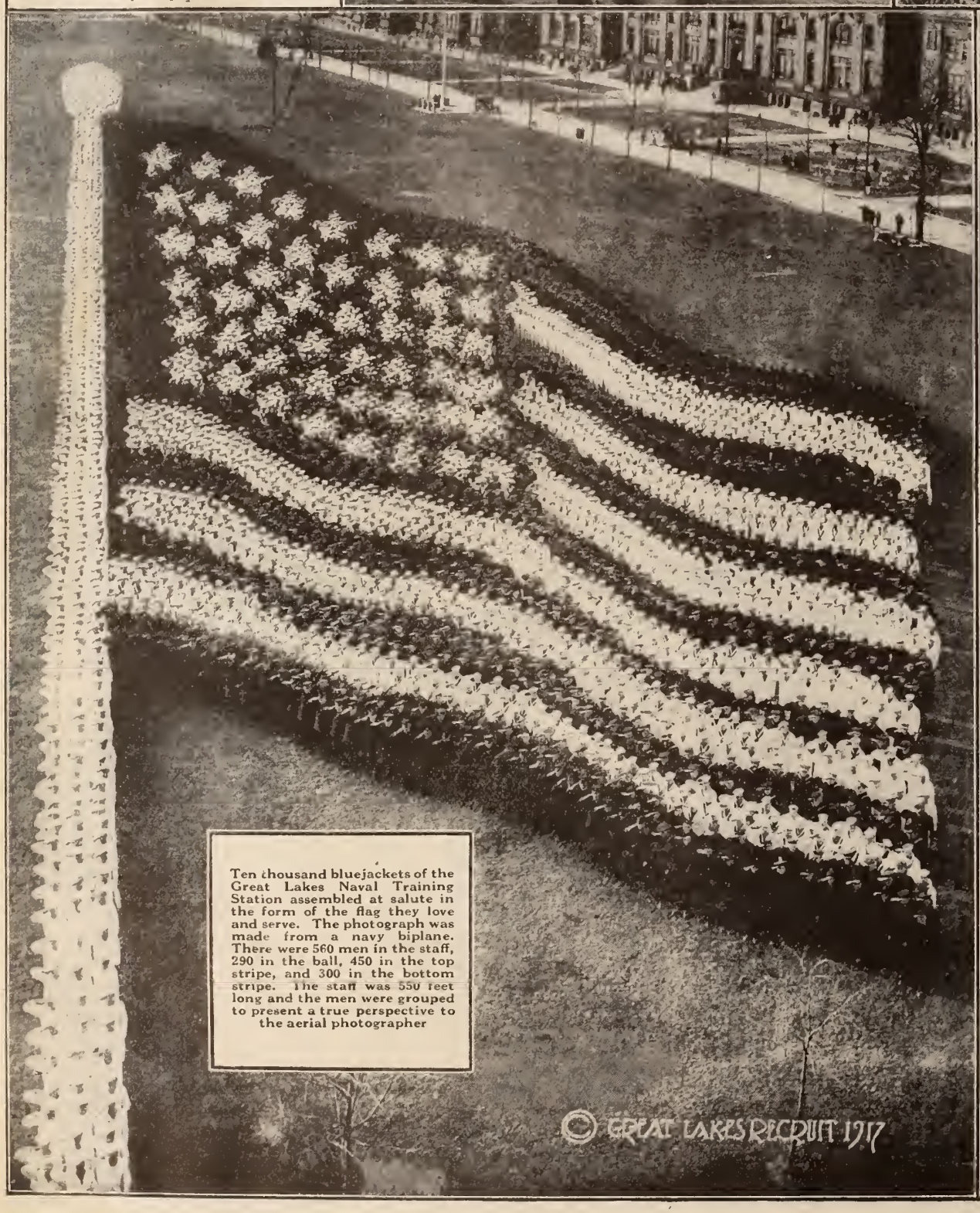
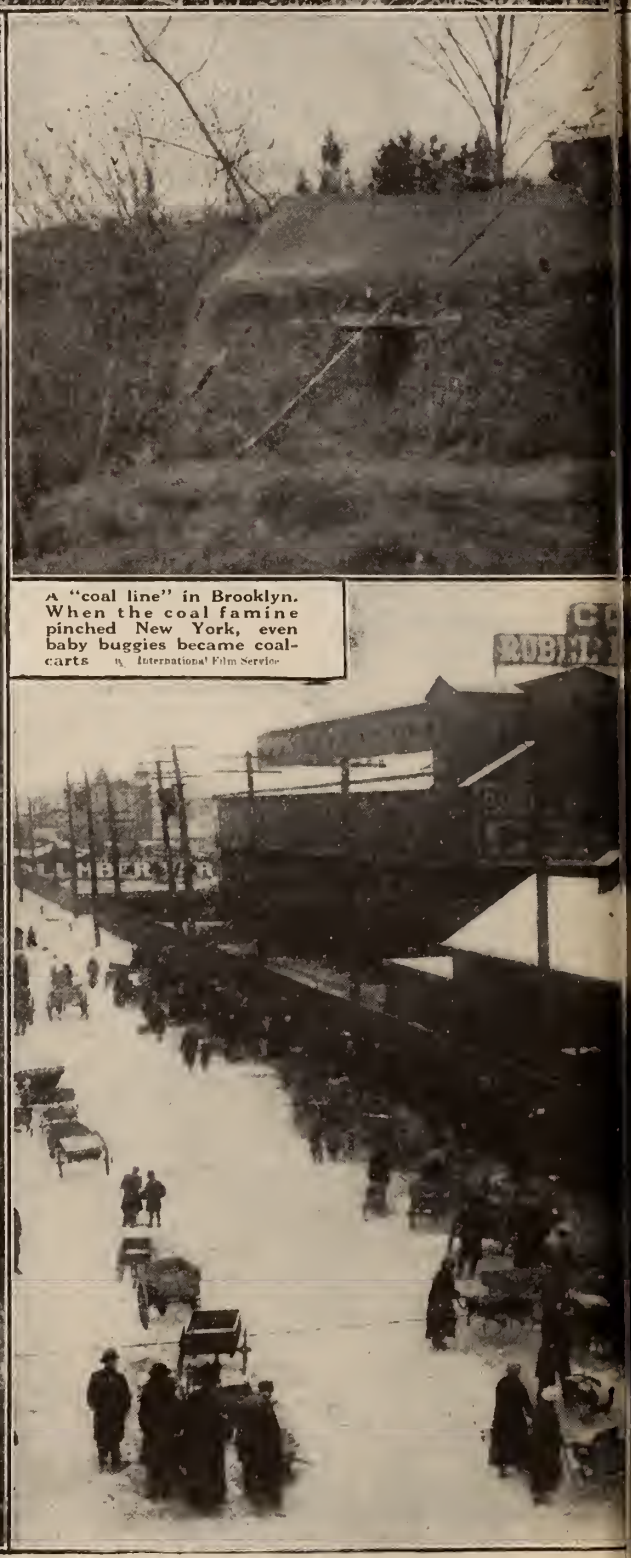


Ten thousand bluejackets of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station assembled at salute in the form of the flag they love and serve. The photograph was made from a navy biplane. There were 560 men in the staff, 290 in the ball, 450 in the top stripe, and 300 in the bottom stripe. The staff was 550 feet long and the men were grouped to present a true perspective to the aerial photographer



A "coal line" in Brooklyn. When the coal famine pinched New York, even baby buggies became coal-carts (International Film Service)

This clean-swept waste was the Richmond Hill section of Halifax. On the far shore of the Narrows, at the left of the picture, rests the grounded hulk of the Belgian relief ship Imo, whose collision with the Mont Blanc caused the disaster

© International Film Service

Two thousand men of the ambulance corps stationed at Allentown, Pa., were told to "dig in" or freeze. They won't freeze, in this sod house © Rudel & Herbert

At the left, His Highness Praong Artil, Prince of Siam, who has come to America to be educated

First at the right, Gunner's Mate Osmond Kelly Ingram, who gave his life for his country when the American torpedo-boat Cassin was torpedoed. The torpedo was aimed to strike near his post. He stayed on the job throwing overboard high explosives which would have destroyed the ship. He died, but saved the ship

Second at the right, Dr. Harry A. Garfield, U. S. Fuel Administrator

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The Jews of New York in a great campaign raised $5,000,000 for war relief work. Jacob H. Schiff, standing just beyond the bag of money on the table, headed the campaign committee

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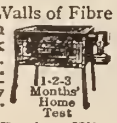

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Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

WHILE wishing you, dear neighbors, all the joy of the new year—that twelve months' adventure on which we are about to embark!—I cannot resist one backward glance at Christmas, nor help wondering what it brought to each of you.

You were in my thoughts on Christmas Day, and I wished that I—like the Moon in the old fairy-tale—could sail across the heavens and peep down into all your separate homes.

No doubt I would have found some sadness as well as much joy. But one thing I know: I would have found each of you, no matter how sad or anxious, extending Christmas cheer of some sort to a neighbor, a relative, a friend, or a stranger. I know this, because your unselfish Christmas letters have revealed your plans to me.

Some of those letters I have already published. Others I shall use later. One of them I am printing this week.

HERE it is: A beautiful Christmas message. And when I tell you that the writer of it is stricken with paralysis, but was so filled with love of us and the desire to share her fine experience that she penned this letter under the greatest difficulties, I know your hearts will be touched as mine was.

DEAR MISS CONNOLLY: As I sat thinking, a few days ago, I remembered an adventure so unusual that I knew right away I'd like the whole world to know of it.

Last Christmas we found ourselves located in a strange community, and one where nearly all were strangers to each other, and lonely.

As the holidays approached, most of us went to work, in a half-hearted way, to prepare for Christmas, but it remained for one broader-minded than the others to see and seize the opportunity to do a bit of work for the Master.

She was a busy, delicate little woman, who was caring for three babies while adjusting herself to the duties of a farm after years in the city. But she found time to send a cordial note to each neighbor, asking her to "please run over Christmas Eve, bringing husband, children and grandma to see the tree Santa brought."

When the neighbors answered their notes in person, there were thirty-five of us. We were shown into a large room, where, amid decorations of holly, mistletoe and evergreen, a huge Christmas tree spread branches of welcome. Soon sleigh bells announced the arrival of a genial Santa, who called gifts for "every good boy and girl."

Such gifts! I will mention a couple, to show the loving spirit that went with each. A certain old lady was known to suffer with chapped hands; and for her Santa had a little box of home-made hand lotion. Another neighbor had lamented the fact that she had no way of marking her butter so that purchasers could recognize it. Her gift was a butter mold, with her name upon it.

I have seen many Christmases, but never have I seen the true Christmas spirit reflected in so many faces.

With that Yuletide picture in our hearts, let us turn, for the time being, away from the joys of Christmas toward the responsibilities of this new year of ours: This 1918.

BEING in a mood for practical suggestions, as all of us undoubtedly are just now, most of us will welcome the following accounts of how other country women have solved the problem now confronting us. Is there a school in your neighborhood which is more of an eyesore than a pride? If so, read this fine letter:

Improving Our Rural School

Two young ladies started a club here on a social basis, but also with the purpose of doing all the good possible. And many are the things we have accomplished for our small community. Our state has, for the past two years, been making an appropriation for rural schools, requiring, however, that certain improvements be made on the school buildings first. We determined to get these appropriations for our school; and by means of ice-cream suppers, old-fashioned box suppers, etc., we raised money to make the needed improvements. As a result, our little neighborhood school ranked first of all the rural schools in the county, and received two of these appropriations. Now we have our school in such fine shape that we shall receive a third appropriation this next Spring!

Doesn't that letter thrill you? It did me. For that is just the kind of community spirit I glory in!

HERE is another fine instance of it:

A Chrysanthemum Show

Twenty years ago a few women in this town took it into their heads to do something to raise money in order to get better things for the town and at the same time have some clean amusement. So they settled on having a chrysanthemum show.

We sent to a greenhouse and got plants of every known variety. We cultivated them according to instructions, and in the fall we had the most magnificent display of flowers ever seen outside of a greenhouse. We cleaned out the circuit room of the courthouse, and decorated it up in fine shape. And each owner of flowers arranged her collection to suit herself. Oh, but it was beautiful!

We advertised in all the papers in the county, and the people came from far and near. "I will meet you at the 'Mum Show" became a slogan.

The first year we cleared $125, one hundred of which we gave to our high school. We continued the show for nineteen years—until the ladies got too old to cultivate the flowers—and the young folks would not keep it up. It is said that the Chrysanthemum Show was the best thing we ever had in this town. Every year we made over a hundred dollars. Sometimes we would divide it up among the churches. Once we gave a large sum toward a five-mile stretch of railway the town was building.

Now we have taken up the old cemetery, which was all dilapidated and grown with bushes and weeds. We have hired a man at thirty dollars a month; and it looks like another place and is he pride of the town. We put up a gate with two great stone pillars; an iron gate that cost two hundred dollars.

We are not disbanded. We are still the "'Mum Society." But the most we do now is to care for the cemetery. We keep a man there all the time.

You will be surprised when I tell you that the youngest member of the society is over sixty, one is ninety, two are eighty, and your correspondent is seventy-nine.

Good luck to you, dear "'Mum Society"! How I wish I could interest the young folks of your town in keeping alive this ideal of yours! Oh, if only the younger generation could appreciate such precious legacies as that! These are the traditions, the inherited treasures which can (if the young folks have the vision to see and develop them) make each town just a little different from any other; give it a flavor and charm all its own.

My greetings to those dear members of the "'Mum Society" who built (or helped build) a railroad with flowers! Not to mention iron gates, and stone pillars, and school buildings and a monument in the hearts of us all!

OUR next "adventure" is one that will appeal to old and young alike, and especially in the middle of winter, when good times are none too frequent. For this letters tells about

An Old-Fashioned Spelling School

To provide pleasure and mental development for everyone, little and big, our community decided, one winter, to conduct an old-fashioned spelling-school. We got a great deal of practical good and fun out of it.

It was held every two weeks, on Friday evening, in the schoolhouse. We had a good spelling-book, and the teacher announced in advance what pages of the spelling-book the words would be taken from the following Friday, thus giving everybody a chance to study the words. The more ambitious ones learned the words perfectly. Every one learned a great deal.

We met at seven-thirty, some coming great distances over rough roads. Frequently the captains were girls; sometimes a boy and a girl. First choice was settled by the captains guessing the page of a closed spelling-book, the teacher separating the pages of the book with her fingers, but not far enough for the numbers to be seen. The one guessing nearest the page number got first choice from among the spellers. Of course the best spellers were chosen first.

As soon as chosen, spellers took seats on the side with their captain. When all were chosen, each captain selected his best speller to act as "trapper." The trappers took seats in the enemy's ranks.

In order to get on rapidly, there were two pronouncers. When a words was misspelled, it was given to the trapper from the enemy's side. If he failed to spell it correctly, it was given to the trapper belonging to the side on which it was lost. If that trapper spelled it, the word was saved. If not, any one from the enemy's side was allowed to try it. If they failed, it went back to the side on which it was lost till it was spelled.

At times a great deal of interest and enthusiasm were aroused over a misspelled word, each side doing its best to spell it. Generally an hour's spelling satisfied everybody. Then we would all stand and spell down, while the trappers compared their books to see which side had missed the fewest number of words. The winning side celebrated with many shouts and hurrahs.

At the end of a fifteen minutes' recess, a literary program would be rendered. The school children were prepared by the teacher, and an invitation was extended to any one outside to participate. All were allowed to develop their talent for reading, speaking, singing, etc. Even now, memories of our spelling-school bring pleasant recollections. It created a feeling of fellowship and good will, gave us a chance to exchange ideas, and helped keep us from getting into the rut that rural people are so apt to fall into.

One very interesting feature of our program was "The Paper," which was read by the Editor. Our paper was called "The Prevaricator," and its name suggests the tone of its contents. The Editor and his assistants would glean the neighborhood for news, jokes, etc., and any one could contribute. *Nothing unkind or injurious was allowed.* Through its columns friends merely poked jokes and good-natured raillery at each other.

Once started, our spelling-school kept up for several winters. Some winters we substituted debating for the spelling.

I'VE had more than one chuckle over that spelling-school, with its trappers and its teasing town "Paper." I suppose the latter was a school note-book, with the items jotted down on it. And I suppose "The Editor" wore a long and impressive face when he read them, amid shrieks from his listeners.

Oh, do let us try out—some of us who have the blessed privilege of living in the country—this little "spelling-school" before the long winter is over. If any of you, living within a few hours of New York, will only do so, I will hop on a car and come out for the fun, some Friday evening.

Alas, most of you live from a half-day to a five-days' journey from my big thundering village; so I suppose I shall be cheated of my pleasure. But at least you can write me about it, which is the next best thing to my being present.

And do write me about other good times you are having this winter, so that I, in turn, can pass them on to rural communities which want to get something started in the way of good times, and don't know just what to attempt.

Before saying good-by to you for another week, I should like to express my thanks to the following letter-writers for their splendid "Adventures in Neighboring" which have reached my desk safely and will soon appear in the Department: Mrs. N. H. Weston, Mrs. A. E. Kephart, Mrs. H. W. Shenck, Miss Annie E. Shelland, Miss Rena Paul, Miss Mary Sheer, Mrs. Ed. Lovett, Mrs. Thos. E. Bell, Mrs. Florence Lockwood Lowell, Mrs. E. J. Wilbourn, E. M. B., Helen A. Hutchinson, C. C. S. C., G. T., Miss E. C. Jones. These are all the names I have space to publish this time.

There is one other important announcement I should like to make: And that is that due to the high quality of the "Adventures in Neighboring" you are sending in to us, we have decided to pay $1 instead of 50 cents for every published letter.

Until we meet again, dear neighbors, good-by, and God keep you!

And—oh, yes, I had almost forgotten: a *Happy, Happy New Year!*

Greatest Year in World History

NINETEEN SEVENTEEN has gone, but can never be forgotten. It was a year filled with events of the first magnitude, foremost among which must be ranked our entrance as a nation into the world-war, on April 6, when President Wilson issued his proclamation recognizing the existence of a state of war between ourselves and Germany. Then came the draft, and the calling of over a million and a half of our young citizens to military service; the construction of training-camps on a vast scale; the passing of huge appropriations for war purposes; the adoption of a gigantic program of shipbuilding, including warships, destroyers, U-boat-chasers and grain-carriers; the speeding up on munition-making, and the production of cannon, machine-guns, rifles, and the various paraphernalia of modern warfare. Then followed the transportation of large detachments of our new National Army to France to join in the actual conflict, after some preliminary practical training in that country. On December 7 we declared war on Germany's ally, Austria. Toward the close of the year we had just begun to realize that we were actual participants in the international conflict, which, in the President's expressive language, we entered "to make the world safe for democracy." In the last two months of 1917, small parties of American troops came into actual conflict with the enemy on the Western front, and some casualties followed; but there had been thus far no large body of Americans engaged.

Rev. R. A. Torrey, D.D.

Rev. J. H. Jowett, D.D

Pastor Junius B. Remensnyder, D.D.

Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, D.D.

Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D.D.

Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D.

The past year will long be recalled also for the privations and self-denial our people accepted in loyally carrying out the government's pledge to supply the food and fuel shortage of our Allies. Especially will the temporary coal famine, the "wheatless and meatless days," and the phenomenal rise in the price of all the necessaries of life be remembered, and all the more that these conditions continue. The Food Administration's war on profiteers, hoarders and food speculators, then initiated, still goes on with undiminished vigor, giving promise of relief soon.

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman

Evangelist Wm. A. Sunday

Pastor Charles Wagner

Bishop Luther B. Wilson

Other memorable events include the passage of the War Revenue Tax Bill, a tremendous piece of legislation, affecting all classes; the great Liberty Loan, floated to "win the war"; the issuance of thrift stamps, war stamps and war stamp certificates, and the raising of vast funds for Red Cross war work, for Y. M. C. A. religious work in the camps, and for various other purposes associated with the war. Rich and poor assumed these burdens with splendidly patriotic spirit. Every demand of the government and of the various subsidiary enterprises by different organizations related to the war, was met promptly and cheerfully. Never was a nation so spontaneous and so generous at the call of patriotism. Our loans to the Allies, reaching in the billions, added largely to the volume of the nation's disbursements.

IT is not necessary to recapitulate here the leading events of the great war in 1917. They are well known to all. The destructive U-boat campaign and America's effective aid in reducing it; the Zeppelin raids on England and the terror they inspired; the mighty struggles at Verdun and Cambrai; the fighting in the Italian Alps; the threat to Venice; the collapse of imperialism in Russia, followed by the revolution and the counter-revolution, were all duly chronicled in the Christian Herald. The military debacle in Rumania scattered her forces, made her king a fugitive, and eliminated her from the list of combatants. The fall of Bagdad to the British and the capture of Jerusalem were also among the spectacular events of the year, the latter one of world-wide interest.

But why should a year be regarded solely in the light of military happenings? Fortunately, there is another aspect in which we can view 1917—an aspect that cheers and encourages. To the readers of the Christian Herald it has been a wonderful year of benevolent activities. Our Relief work has included all the great centers of suffering that could be reached, by whatever means. Our Family Circle will long remember it as the climax year of service to humanity in France, Belgium, Austria, Galicia, Poland, Servia, Syria, Armenia, Persia and Palestine, where they have sent food and help to countless multitudes, not forgetting the aid they rendered to the Belgian war refugees in England and Holland. They have also carried on with unfailing energy their other work in different lands, among the famine orphans of China, the sufferers of the great munitions explosion in Halifax, and the splendid missionary organization they helped to establish among the European prison camps, which has been productive of excellent results. They have sent their gifts and their prayers to a long list of devoted missionary workers in foreign lands, from the Arctic to the Equator and to the remote islands of the sea. And they have been mindful also of our domestic benevolences. They have sent thousands of New Testaments to the youths of our new National Army in the home camps and abroad, and the Christian Herald with them. Never before have their gifts taken so wide a range. Truly it can be said that in the year now gone their influence and kind deeds have gone out through all the earth. May He in whose name they did it add his blessing!

WE have no record of any year that was so crowded with spiritual activities as 1917. The great Reformation Anniversary Celebration was an event of prime importance. Missions were energized, both Home and Foreign; the Billy Sunday campaign in New York was a memorable event; the Gospel work in the long list of new military camps has been shared almost equally by all denominations. It has been both a sad year and a glad year. Souls have been won, hearts innumerable have been moved to deeds of sympathy and kindness, and the spirit of self-sacrifice and brotherly love has been widely inculcated. Thus, in many ways, good has come, even in the saddest year in modern history.

As in the year now closed the Christian Herald has been the mirror in which were reflected all the passing events of note throughout the world, so in the year just begun it will continue to set before its readers a faithful record of events to come; in short, it will give them all the news of the world from the Christian standpoint.

ATTRACTIVE FEATURES FOR 1918

Jerusalem's Capture in the Light of Prophecy

By Prof. James M. Gray, D.D.

PROF. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D.

ONE of the evidences of the widespread spiritual awakening is the new interest which is being shown in prophecy. Never have we known any series of articles to be more cordially welcomed than those now coming from the able pen of Professor James M. Gray. These contributions, which will continue for some time, deal with the great prophetic themes with the master-hand of a consecrated writer. His latest article "The Capture of Jerusalem in the Light of Prophecy," which appears in this issue of the Christian Herald, is one that will be found intensely interesting and illuminating also. Dr. Gray is neither controversial nor dogmatic. He studies the word with reverence and sets forth his interpretation in the spirit of inspiration. He shows convincingly that we are living in the days of prophetic fulfilment. His expositions include almost every vital question that has arisen in the minds of thoughtful readers who have given serious study to the Scriptures. What are those vital questions? Here are some of them:

Who Is Antichrist?
What is meant by "The Kingdom"?
What is the Restoration and when?
What is the Restitution?
Is Germany an agent in Prophecy?
Is Russia identified in Prophecy?
Is Turkey assigned a role in Prophecy?
Is this War to end in Armageddon?
When will the "Times of the Gentiles" end?
When will the Lost Tribes return?
What shall be the fate of Papal Rome?
What of the Millennium and when?
What of the Parousia?
What of the Resurrection?
Are the Anglo-Saxon nations identified in Prophecy?
What is the "End of the Age"?
How is the present war related to Prophecy?
Has the United States a place in Prophecy?
What is the true teaching concerning the Second Coming?
Which nation or power is prophetic Babylon?

These are only a few of the many questions that arise in prophetic study. Dr. Gray will deal ably and clearly with them in forthcoming issues of the Christian Herald.

Only the Best of Fiction

REV. CHAS. M. SHELDON, D. D.
Pastor-Author of "In His Steps"

NOT being impelled to publish fiction in large quantity, we are free to select only the very best. "Howard Chase," by Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, will tighten its grip as it unfolds its social and religious riches. Following it, will come the best serial procurable at the time. The whole field of fiction production is always being carefully searched by the Christian Herald for the peculiarly high class stories demanded by our readers.

The same wide search and careful selection keep the Christian Herald Short Stories ever up to the top-notch of excellence. In hand, for publication during the year, are several Short Stories with rare power to uplift as well as entertain.

Whatever You Want to Know

SOUNDS like a big contract, but the Christian Herald is now prepared to fill it and to fill it promptly at no cost to the questioner except a three-cent stamp.

The Christian Herald Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C., is now ready, and will be always ready to serve our readers, and to give you, quickly, completely and compactly, facts or reports or explanations about which you need information. The Bureau has access to all the treasures of the reference libraries and museums of the Capital. It has intimate working arrangements with Government Departments. It can get easily and quickly, because it knows where to go for it, information which it would be difficult to secure from any other source. It specializes in information; that is its business.

So whether it is a matter of food, of planting, of labor, of machinery, of manufacturing, of purchasing, of selling, of saving, of insurance, of military service, of legislation, of history, of biography, of co-operation, of capital or of labor, whatever it is, write it clearly in pen and ink and enclose a three-cent stamp to Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Christian Herald Information Bureau, Washington, D. C.

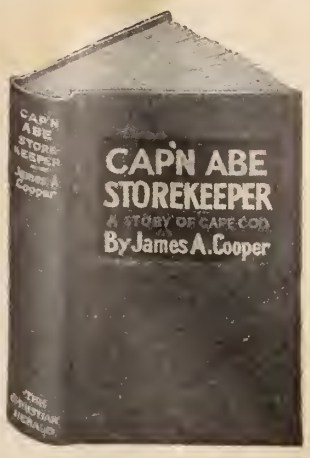
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

SPECIAL RENEWAL OFFERS

CAP'N ABE, STOREKEEPER

A CAPE COD STORY

By JAMES A. COOPER



DO you like to read about doings on Cape Cod, among the quaint characters who inhabit that locality? Would you like to read of what happened to a high-bred city girl when she suddenly landed down there to take up her living with a relative she had never seen? Would you like to read how loquacious Cap'n Abe, the storekeeper, who could tell more marvelous yarns than any other man on the Cape, suddenly disappeared, and of how his brother from "furrin parts" appeared to take his place?

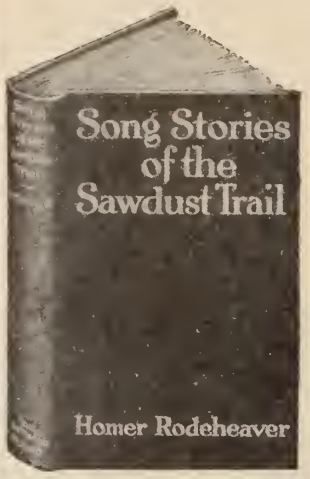
Would you like to read about a most perplexing mystery that came near being turned into a tragedy, and of how a man who was a rank coward at heart forced himself to play the part of a hero? In this volume, humor and pathos are well mixed. Many of the doings along the Cape shore are taken from life. Tender love scenes are not lacking; and there is high excitement when a great storm wrecks a vessel off the coast and it looks as if some of the loved ones might be drowned. To meet Cap'n Abe is *never to forget him.*

We will send a copy of "Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper," postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year, for $2.50

Or, we will send a copy to present subscribers as a reward for sending us one new yearly subscription to the Christian Herald with $2.00

SONG STORIES OF THE SAWDUST TRAIL

By HOMER RODEHEAVER, Billy Sunday's Tabernacle Choir Leader



You can sing the songs, for Rody's book gives them all in full, words and music, ready for the piano or organ.

HOMER RODEHEAVER, who, as everybody knows, is Billy Sunday's choir leader, and who has a wonderful gift like that of Sankey, has written a book with the attractive title "Song Stories of the Sawdust Trail," to which Billy has furnished this glowing preface:

"It is a pleasure to endorse the songs of Homer Rodeheaver. They have reclaimed, and redeemed, and remade the lives of thousands of men and women. The effort to tell, in human story form, the experiences of new birth that have resulted from these songs in his book, "The Song Stories of the Sawdust Trail," should do a tremendous service for the Kingdom."

"W. A. SUNDAY."

"Rody" in his book tells the story of his most favorite songs—of which the words and music are familiar to hundreds of thousands of Americans who have listened with eagerness and delight to his singing and who have joined in the choruses. And each song has an individual history of its own. He tells how a humble homekeeping woman, striving to "do something" for God, made herself and multitudes of others happy by writing the four simple, touching verses which the world knows as "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," and which radiate the finest kind of practical Christian teaching. He relates how another song, "My Father Watches Over Me," sung at a mission service, called a poor, sin-sick criminal and wanderer back to Christ and happiness. "Molly and the Baby," another of Rody's favorites, won a poor struggling drunkard back from his cups and his evil associates, to his wife and family, and tells how all his former happiness was restored.

There are many other songs, each of which Rodeheaver invests with a history of its own. Among them are "Counting the Cost," "If Your Heart Keeps Right," "Mother's Prayers," "Sweeter As the Years Go By," and "I Walk with the King." One that has a unique history is "The Brewers' Big Horses"—the simplest and homeliest of the lot, and the most amusing. You'll laugh with delight as you read how the brewers' horses and their driver, under orders from the brewers themselves, did actually try to break up a parade given in honor of the evangelist, and what happened.

We will send a copy of "Song Stories of the Sawdust Trail," postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year, for $2.40

Or, we will send a copy to present subscribers as a reward for sending us one new yearly subscription to the Christian Herald with $2.00

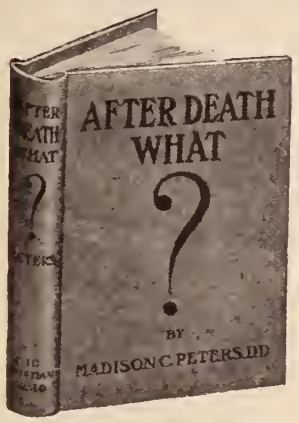
SPECIAL BIBLE PICTURE STUDY OFFER: Add 10 Cents to the price of any offer on this page and a complete Outfit for the National Bible Picture Study will be sent pospaid.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

SPECIAL RENEWAL OFFERS

After Death, What?

By REV. MADISON C. PETERS



WHEN the late Dr. Klopsch published "After Death, What?" some years ago, the book was received with tremendous enthusiasm and the editions published by him were soon exhausted. Successive editions were not published, yet the demand through the intervening years has been large. For this reason we have thought it wise to bring out an entirely new edition of this wonderful book.

It is impossible to give more than the briefest glimpses of the rich character of the contents of this attractive volume. Among the subjects discussed are: "Does Death End All?" "Light After Darkness," "The Soul between Death and the Resurrection," "Heavenly Reunions," "The Joy and Comfort of Faith in Immortality," "Occupations in Heaven," "Our Children in Heaven," and many others, including poems of comfort and master minds on the life beyond. In addition to the above masterpieces of thought and literature, it contains a vast collection of golden gems from the greatest historians, philosophers, preachers and poets of all ages and nationalities on other phases of the future life.

Whether Dr. Madison C. Peters, the author, has looked into heaven with his own eyes we know not; but in this substantial and handsome volume he sees and makes his readers see the beauties of the cloudless land.

We will send a copy of "After Death, What?" postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year, for.. ..... $2.35

Or, we will send a copy to present subscribers as a reward for sending us one new yearly subscription to the Christian Herald with . $2.00

Uncle Sam's Advice to Housewives

TWO SPLENDID VOLUMES

Written by United States Government experts telling you how to prepare better food at the cheapest possible cost. Approved by the United States Department of Agriculture and the United States Food Administration.

FOR many years the United States Government has been employing experts to study the most economical methods of preparing foods with a view to telling the housewives all over the country how to get better and tastier food for less money.

The result of these investigations has been printed in pamphlets issued by the Government. But no general collection has ever been made until this one, which has the approval of the United States Department of Agriculture and of Herbert Hoover's Food Administration.

If any housewife will carefully read these volumes she will not only be able to save money and provide better food for her own household, but she will be directly helping the United States Government in its endeavor to conserve the food resources of the nation.

MORE THAN A COOK BOOK

Lessons on Food Conservation	Food for Young Children
Fresh Fruits and Other Staple Foods	What the Body Needs
The Home Vegetable Garden	Care of Food in the Home
Drying Fruits and Vegetables	Home Canning of Fruits and Vegetables
Home Storage of Vegetables and Eggs	Preservation of Vegetables
Economical Use of Meat in the Home	Preservation of Vegetables for the Table
Bread and Bread Making in the Home	Corn Meal as a Food
Home-made Fireless Cookers and Their Use	Cheese and Its Economical Use in the Diet
	School Lunches

We will send a copy of "Uncle Sam's Advice to Housewives," Volumes one and two, postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year, for..... $2.50

Or, we will send these two books to present subscribers as a reward for sending us one new yearly subscription to the Christian Herald with..... $2.00

ENDORSEMENT BY HERBERT HOOVER'S FOOD ADMINISTRATION

October 11, 1917.

"The Christian Herald, in gathering together in book form a number of the important bulletins of the Department of Agriculture, together with 'Ten Lessons on Food Conservation,' published by the United States Food Administration, is performing a distinct service in the present emergency." (Signed) UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION.

SPECIAL BIBLE PICTURE STUDY OFFER: Add 10 cents to the price of any offer on this page and a complete Outfit for the National Bible Picture Study will be sent postpaid.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

ATTRACTIVE FEATURES FOR 1918

Vital Human Stories From Russia

MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

CORRESPONDENTS, like poets, are born, not made. Maynard Owen Williams, whose articles appear exclusively in the Christian Herald, has the born correspondent's ability to observe and the capacity to understand something of the genius of the people among whom he is. More than that, he has the sympathetic attitude of a sincere Christian, and a vital Christian love for truth. Having observed and understood, he can so tell it that the rest of us also see and understand.

Do you want to know how the Russian Church, deprived of the protection of autocracy, is meeting the challenge of democracy? Williams will tell you in the Christian Herald.

Do you want to see the Great Russian Council, yet to be called, build a people's government on the shattered foundations of a Czar's authority? Williams will show you in the Christian Herald.

Do you want to understand the mind and heart of the Slav, feared as a menace by so many generations of western Europeans, now leading them all in his devotion to Liberty and the rights of men? Williams will make it plain in the Christian Herald.

At the time of the Russian Revolution, Mr. Williams was in China completing his articles about the Orient for the Christian Herald. He went to Petrograd at once. From Harbin, the far Eastern port, Mr. Williams sent several articles which have helped the readers of the Christian Herald to understand the new Russia.

The Church and the "Movie"

THAT a form of recreation which appeals to 10,000,000 persons daily should have far-reaching influence is self-evident. The movie is directly affecting the home, the press, the pulpit, and the school, either beneficially or adversely. The movie has established itself to stay and must be resolutely reckoned with as one of the greatest forces of modern life for morality or immorality, for uplift or debasement. There are two ways of converting the movie to spiritual helpfulness. One is by introducing practical religious spirit into the movie, and the other is by adapting the pulling and educative powers of the movie to the Church and Sunday School. How these reforms may be accomplished with best results is a question with which many fertile minds are busy. Experiments are being made on extensive scale and many plans are being tested out. It is a matter of grave moment to the churches. The Christian Herald will present the possibilities in their various aspects, as seen by experts. Practical methods for the adaptation of the movie to effective religious work will undoubtedly be worked out. It is a movement with which every Christian worker is in sympathy and will wish to be in touch.

The Greater United States

FRANK G. CARPENTER

IN every Chautauqua Association and in nearly every town and village of the United States Frank G. Carpenter is known as the man who can come back from some place and then tell about it so that you think you have been there. After going into all the odd corners of the world, Mr. Carpenter has now turned his steps toward the farms and factories of his native land. Already he has told stories in the Christian Herald of steel and cotton, of sugar and of sulphur, of oil and lumber, and he has only just made a beginning. This exceedingly interesting series of articles, under the title of the Greater United States, appears regularly in the Christian Herald.

Mr. Carpenter is making studies of our farms, factories, and mines from the standpoint of efficiency and industrial preparedness, and will make careful investigations of the wealth and resources of the United States, telling in the Christian Herald how they may be mobilized in times of need.

The aim of these travels is to learn just what we have in resources and industry, and how they may be protected, developed, and made most efficient for the American people.

Mr. Carpenter is making extensive travels throughout the United States, covering the great agricultural and industrial centers. He is taking up the great industries and is showing the new things that are taking place in them, especially drugs, dyes, etc. These articles deal with New England, with the newest South with its iron and sulphur, cotton and chemicals, and with the bread and meat lands of the Mississippi Valley. He will show what is going on in and about the Great Lakes, including the vast iron mines on which our manufacturing industry is founded.

Mr. Carpenter will visit and tell about the fast-growing Southwest, the Northwest and the Pacific Slope.

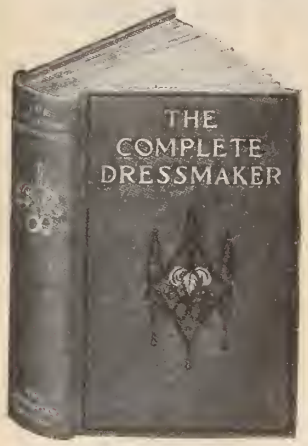
War Temperance Activities

WHEN Dr. Francis E. Clark chose Dr. Daniel A. Poling as his righthand man and slated him for the future leadership of the world-wide Christian Endeavor organization, he chose wisely. Dr. Poling goes to Europe in a few days for a stay of several months. He will visit the warring countries, and has consented to write his impressions in a series of letters to be published exclusively in the Christian Herald. In a letter just received he shows his appreciation of his new audience in these words—"Let me express to you, on behalf of the United Committee on War Temperance Activities in the Army and Navy, the gratitude we all feel for your splendid support in connection with this campaign. The Christian Herald has never failed any worthy cause."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

SPECIAL RENEWAL OFFERS

THE COMPLETE DRESSMAKER AND HOME MILLINER



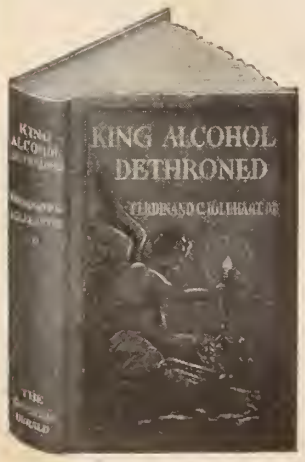
EVERY woman wants to be well dressed. How many times have you said "I wish I could make my own clothes"! The necessity of knowing how to make one's own dresses and hats is becoming more evident every day. Learn to make your own dresses and you will have more dresses and better material and for less money than ever before. This home dressmaking course is by Mary I. McIntyre, Instructor of Professional Dressmaking at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., one of the most successful schools of Domestic Science and Arts in this country. The home millinery course, which is also included, is by Mme. Anna Ben-Yusuf, Instructor of Millinery at Pratt Institute.

Bear in mind these courses do not deal with styles. They show in simple language and clear illustrations how to fashion your frock or suit or hat along the most modish lines.

We will send a copy of "The Complete Dressmaker," postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year, for $2.25

Or, we will send a copy to present subscribers as a reward for sending us one new yearly subscription to the Christian Herald with $2.00

"KING ALCOHOL DETHRONED" By DR. FERDINAND C. IGLEHART

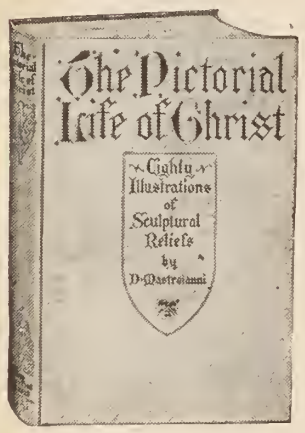


DR. IGLEHART'S book tells the whole story of the nation's revolt against Drink, from the beginning up to the present time. It is a masterly presentation, so complete in every detail that it is equivalent to a whole library on the subject. He has enlisted the aid of the men who are foremost today in all the sciences, and in every leading line of business, in setting forth the successive steps through which our nation is becoming emancipated from strong drink. There is hardly an American of prominence in any line of activity, hardly a name that carries weight in legislation or on the public platform, nor yet a single writer of ability in dealing with the subject, who has not made personal contributions to this wonderful book.

We will send a copy of "King Alcohol Dethroned," postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year, for $2.40

Or, we will send a copy to present subscribers as a reward for sending us one new yearly subscription to the Christian Herald with $2.00

THE PICTORIAL LIFE OF CHRIST



EIGHTY magnificent sculptural illustrations by the famous Italian master-sculptor, Domenico Mastroianni, who has "imbibed the very spirit of the Holy Land." In his scenes, every figure stands out with vivid distinctness and almost startling clearness of detail. The characters, postures, and surroundings are those of Nazareth and Jerusalem. We see the Saviour himself—a commanding figure of royal dignity blended with divine pity, yet withal intensely human—"in all things as we are."

In simple, attractive language, the story of the life of Jesus is told by the Rev. Ira S. Dodd, who has adhered faithfully to the narrative in the Gospels.

We will send a copy of "The Pictorial Life of Christ," postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year, for $2.25

Or, we will send a copy to present subscribers as a reward for sending us one new yearly subscription to the Christian Herald with $2.00

THE WICKED JOHN GOODE By Horace Winthrop Scandlin

FEW autobiographies published in recent years and dealing with the miracle of grace which transforms the heart and life of the sinner have attracted more attention or elicited more cordial approval than "The Wicked John Goode."

The very brutality, the seemingly hopeless criminality, in the life of this man, ending at last in his regeneration and the wonderful work he is now doing, stamp the tale as most remarkable.

It is our wish that every Christian person be made acquainted with the contents of this book. We have already received hundreds of letters of commendation, and many persons are buying the book to present it to others.

We will send a copy of "The Wicked John Goode," postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year, for.. $2.35

Or, we will send a copy to present subscribers as a reward for sending us one new yearly subscription to the Christian Herald with $2.00

SPECIAL BIBLE PICTURE STUDY OFFER: Add 10 cents to the price of any offer on this page and a complete Outfit for the National Bible Picture Study will be sent postpaid.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

ATTRACTIVE FEATURES FOR 1918

Margaret E. Sangster's Department

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE SINGER IN THE SUNSHINE

"Sunshine in the morning,
When songs are all unsung;
When Life is all before us,
And all the world is young."

This stanza, from one of her own poems, is the keynote to Margaret Sangster's philosophy of life. She is the interpreter of the pure Joy of Living, and there is the fragrance of woodlands and gardens, the hint of birdsongs and sunbeams and wholesome pleasures in all she writes.

Margaret Sangster has made friends of the entire Christian Herald Family Circle. She is the counsellor of young folks without number and of a good many who are still youthful in heart although the years may creep on apace; for she has the spirit of kindliness and sympathy in large measure in all she says and writes and thinks. Her page on

"WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS," which appears regularly in the Christian Herald,

is an open forum for the sex, in which they discuss with absolute freedom intimate home and personal problems, whether they deal with conduct, friendships, amusements, or the things that belong to the deeper philosophy of life. She has a wise head on young shoulders and seems to possess in extraordinary measure the gift of touching the secret heart-strings.

As an organizer in all kinds of feminine enterprises we do not know her equal. During the coming year Miss Sangster's department will be one of the foremost in varied human interest. She has many projects in view which will surprise and delight readers of the Christian Herald. A few of these topics we are privileged to mention:

"Stories of Girls Who Have Made Good in Business and the Home,"
"Women and the War,"
"The Slums of the City," and many short stories.

THE CHURCH AFTER THE WAR

A NOTABLE Symposium of religious Leaders of all denominations.

Following closely after the Pittsburgh Congress which sounded the Keynote of the Church's opportunity for regaining its spiritual influence throughout the world, these expressions from many Americans distinguished in the religious and social life of the nation will be read with intense interest. They will doubtless evoke much comment from our readers and will stimulate discussion on this topic. Among the contributors are Professor David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford University; W. R. Moody, head of the Training School at Northfield; Rev. Charles D. Jefferson of New York; Bishop Quayle, one of the most eloquent of living Methodist leaders; Junius Remensnyder, foremost among Lutheran theologians, and many others.

ADVENTURES IN NEIGHBORING

VERA L. CONNOLLY

MISS CONNOLLY is a writer who, after living in the country for years, is now exiled to the city by the demands of her work. Her heart is still in the country, however, as are many of the friends and associations she holds most dear.

It is just because she knows and loves country life, its joys and trials, its problems, and the way in which plucky rural women have solved them for the good of the community, that she believes a frank exchange of experiences between such rural women—those who have helped to make their village or farm community a better and happier place to live in—to be worth while for us all. The editors of the Christian Herald agree with her; and so a new department for this purpose, conducted by Miss Connolly, under the homey title of

"Adventures in Neighboring," appears regularly in the Christian Herald

To this department every rural subscriber of the Christian Herald is invited to contribute her own most inspiring "Adventures in Neighboring." The most helpful of these letters will be paid for and published. And it is the hope of Miss Connolly that every thrilling and profitable adventure on which any rural community (led by its women has embarked, from the giving of a community pageant to the planting of trees on a village street, will be described here for the encouragement and inspiration of country women everywhere.

OTHER SPLENDID FEATURES

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is doing something more than merely placing interesting reading matter in the homes of its readers. It is giving them a part in a great enterprise; it is giving them spiritual and material helpfulness. It is the one magazine that represents, in the most vital way, all of the interests of Protestant Christianity and of the onmarching Church of Christ. Week after week the Christian Herald is giving its readers issues of absorbing interest.

Weekly sermons, each week by a distinguished pastor.

Meditations, one for each day in the week. Dr. J. H. Jowett contributes the one for Sunday reading. The others are contributed by well-known pastors.

International Sunday School Lesson by Dr. Allison.

Young People's Societies: Epworth League, Christian Endeavor, Baptist Young People's Union; outlined by experts.

Weekly double page of illustrations.

Review of the news of the week the world over.

The Bible and Newspaper, by Dr. Ferdinand C. Iglehart.

Splendid editorials on questions of the day.

Spiritual work in the Camps.

Bible lands in the War: what has happened in these lands will be told in the Christian Herald.

The Church and the War: a great and vital question for all Christians.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

SECOND BIBLE PICTURE STUDY

Picture No. 1. And he said, Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of. *Gen. 22 : 2*

And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, My father: and he said, Here am I, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt offering? *Gen. 22 : 7.*

And Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering: so they went both of them together. *Gen. 22 : 8*

Picture No. 2.—Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you. *Matt. 7 : 6.*

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion. *Prov. 11 : 22.*

Picture No. 3. Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. *Matt. 25 : 1.*

Picture No. 4. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. *Heb. 13 : 2*

Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning: *Mark 13 : 35.*

BEST VERSES FOR THE 60 PICTURES

As Selected by the Committee of Judges

These Are the Winning Verses from Which Participants in the Second Study Will Now Check Up Their Answers

IN this and the three following pages we publish the best verses for the 60 pictures of the SECOND Bible Picture Study, which ended some months ago.

These verses are those designated BEST by the eminent Committee of Judges, who have just handed in their decisions. From these verses participants in the Second Study will now mark their scores, and send the results in to us. We will compare the checking results with the sets of verses which the participants submitted, and we hope to announce within a short time which participants have won the 1,000 cash prizes, totaling $5,628.00.

How You Will Check Up Your Answers

In the columns of the Christian Herald and in the Answer Book participants in the Second Bible Picture Study were told to make a duplicate record, by Book, Chapter number and Verse number, of the verses they were submitting, and to keep this record at home. So all participants in the Second Study have this record, which they will now produce from whatever safe place in which they have been keeping it.

Participants were also told to cut out and keep at home the Checking Sheet which appeared in the Answer Books, and if they did not compete with the Answer Book, to send in to us for a Checking Sheet. Now produce these Checking Sheets also.

Placing your record of verses submitted and your Checking Sheet on the table in front of you, turn your attention to the 60 pictures shown here and especially to the BEST verses for them. The best verse or verses for each picture appears directly beneath it. Following each verse is its Book, Chapter number and Verse number.

First of all you will notice that in some cases the Judges were unable to choose between two or more verses which they considered equally best for a picture, so they designated each of the two or more verses as best for that picture. You will receive credit, in such a case, for as many of the best verses as you submitted for that picture.

For Picture No. 1

Now look beneath picture No. 1, and you will see that three best verses were named for it. Look at your record of the answers you submitted for picture No. 1. Did you submit all three best verses? If so, write down the figure 3 on your Checking Sheet, in the column headed "Number Correct," opposite where it says "No. 1." Did you submit two of the best verses? If so, write down the figure 2 there. Did you submit one of the best verses? If so, write down the figure 1 there. Did you fail to submit any of the best verses? If so, make no notation at all in the "Number Correct" column. But don't forget the "Number Incorrect" column on the Checking Sheet. Did you submit any verse or verses for picture No. 1 which are not best ones? If so, write the number of incorrect verses down in the "Number Incorrect" column, on the same line where it says "No. 1." If you submitted only correct verses, and did not submit any incorrect ones at all, make no notation whatever in the "Number Incorrect" column.

And the Other 59 Pictures

Next turn your attention to picture No. 2, and notice that the Judges named two best verses for it. Look at your record of submitted verses, and see if you submitted one of these best verses for picture No. 2, or both of them, or no best verses at all. See also if you submitted any incorrect verses. Mark the result down on your Checking Sheet on the same line with where it says "No. 2."

Then take up picture No. 3, and see if you submitted the best verse for it, and if you submitted any incorrect ones. Mark the result down on your Checking Sheet.

Continue your comparison carefully all through the 60 pictures, until you have filled out your Checking Sheet correctly for every one of the pictures.

Remember that the verses you submitted for a picture apply to that picture only.

Having filled out the score for all 60 pictures, lastly add up the number of correct verses you submitted, the number of incorrect, and the total number. Write down each total on the proper line at the foot of the Checking Sheet, and finally sign your name and address. Then seal the Checking Sheet in an envelope, and address the envelope as follows: Second Bible Picture Study, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Picture No. 9. And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. *Gen. 2 : 8.*

And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: *Gen. 2 : 16.*

And the Lord God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life: *Gen. 3 : 14.*

Picture No. 10. Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: *Prov. 6 : 6.*

Picture No. 11. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. *I Cor. 15 : 53.*

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? *I Cor. 15 : 55.*

Picture No. 12. Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? *Job 41 : 1.*

Picture No. 5. Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; Shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee: he is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass. *Zech. 9 : 9.*

Picture No. 6. Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. *Ex. 15 : 1.*

Picture No. 7. Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a net, that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind: *Matt. 13 : 47.*

Picture No. 8. And being in Bethany in the house of Simon the leper, as he sat at meat, there came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard very precious; and she brake the box, and poured it on his head. *Mark 14 : 3.*

Picture No. 13. Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us, and we turn about their whole body. *James 3 : 3.*

He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. *Job 39 : 21.*

Winning Verses in the Second Bible Picture Study

Picture No. 14. For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it: and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in. *Isa. 28 : 20.*

Picture No. 19. So he arose and went to Zerephath. And when he came to the gate of the city, behold, the widow woman was there gathering sticks; and he called to her, and said, Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink. *I Kings 17 : 10.*

Picture No. 22. He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppression, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil; *Isa. 33 : 15.*

Picture No. 25. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: *Ex. 20 : 4.*

Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; *Ex. 20 : 5.*

Picture No. 28. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house: and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock. *Matt. 7 : 25.*

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it. *Matt. 7 : 27.*

Picture No. 15. For to him that is joined to all the living there is hope; for a living dog is better than a dead lion. *Eccles. 9 : 4.*

An Object Lesson

Just for an example of how a participant should fill out the Checking Sheet, let us suppose that he finds, on looking at his record of the verses he submitted, that he submitted one best verse for picture No. 1 and one verse that is not best. Then he would mark the result on the Checking Sheet just as you see this sample one filled out here for the first picture.

Suppose he submitted both the best verses for picture No. 2, and submitted three incorrect ones for it. Then he would fill out his Checking Sheet as you see this sample one filled out here for the second picture.

Suppose he submitted the one best verse and no incorrect ones at all for picture No. 3. Then he would fill out his Checking Sheet as you see this sample one filled out here for the third picture.

Suppose he submitted one of the best verses and two incorrect verses for picture No. 4. Then he would fill out his Cheeking Sheet as you see this sample one filled out here for the fourth picture.

Suppose he did not submit the best verse for picture No. 5, and submitted one incorrect verse for it. Then he would fill out his Cheeking Sheet as you see this sample one filled out here for the fifth picture.

THIS IS YOUR CHECKING SHEET

Don't Lose It!

Keep it safely with your duplicate record of verses. When the official list of "best" (correct) verses, as designated by the Judges, appears in the Christian Herald, compare it with your duplicate record of answers. Write down the results here. Follow directions in our published announcements as to sending this in. Write the same number that is on this sheet also on your set of answers before sending them in.

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York City

Picture	Number Correct	Number Incorrect	Picture	Number Correct	Number Incorrect
No. 1	1	1	No. 31		
No. 2	2	3	No. 32		
No. 3	1		No. 33		
No. 4	1	2	No. 34		
No. 5		1	No. 35		

And so on. We tore off the bottom of this sample Checking Sheet before making a reproduction of it for insertion here, but of course the participant would go on filling out his standing for all 60 pictures, then add up the totals, mark them down, sign name and address, and send the Checking Sheet in to us.

Again we remind you: *Do not credit yourself with any best verse chosen by the Judges unless you submitted that verse for the same picture for which the Judges pronounced it best.*

Picture No. 29. Daniel spake and said, I saw in my vision by night, and, behold, the four winds of the heaven strove upon the great sea. *Dan. 7 : 2.*

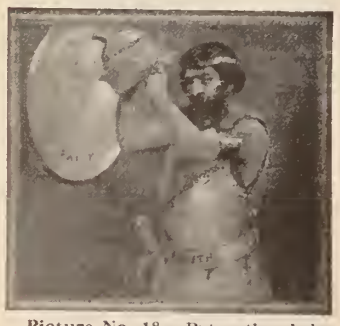
Picture No. 30. And it came to pass, that when Isaac was old, and his eyes were dim, so that he could not see, he called Esau his eldest son, and said unto him, My son: and he said unto him, Behold, here am I.

Gen. 27 : 1.

And he came near, and kissed him: and he smelled the smell of his raiment, and blessed him, and said, See, the smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed: *Gen. 27 : 27.*

Picture No. 16. And they shall go into the holes of the rocks, and into the caves of the earth, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth. *Isa. 2 : 19.*

Picture No. 17. And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. *Isa. 40 : 5.*



Picture No. 18. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. *Eph. 6 : 11.*

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. *Eph. 6 : 13.*

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; *Eph. 6 : 14.*

And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: *Eph. 6 : 17.*

Picture No. 20. Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings toward the south? *Job 39 : 26.*

Picture No. 21. He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes. *Prov. 13 : 24.*

Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying. *Prov. 19 : 18.*

The rod and reproof give wisdom: but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame. *Prov. 29 : 15.*

Picture No. 23. Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil. *Jer. 13 :23.*

Picture No. 24. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. *Mark 12 : 42.*

And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury: *Mark 12 : 43.*

Picture No. 26. If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. *I Cor. 3 : 17.*

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them! *Isa. 5 : 11.*

Picture No. 27. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. *Ps. 23 : 1.*

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. *Ps. 23 : 3.*

Picture No. 31. Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; *Matt. 7 : 13.*

Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. *Matt. 7 : 14.*

Picture No. 32. Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire. *Matt. 18 : 8.*

Winning Verses in the Second Bible Picture Study

Picture No. 33. Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. *Matt. 4 : 1.*

Picture No. 34. And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: *Matt. 6 : 28.*

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. *Matt. 6 : 29.*

Picture No. 35. And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God *Luke 9 : 62.*

Picture No. 36. This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success. *Josh. 1 : 8*

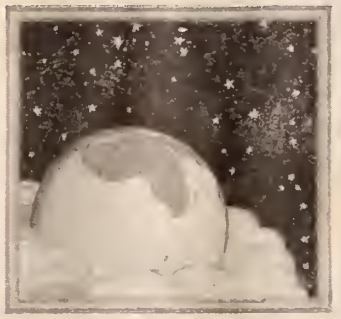
Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. *Ps. 119 : 105.*

Picture No. 37. Thou shalt not have in thine house divers measures, a great and a small. *Deut. 25 : 14.*

But thou shalt have a perfect and a just weight, a perfect and just measure shalt thou have: that thy days may be lengthened in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. *Deut. 25 : 15.*

Picture No. 38. And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. *Isa. 2 : 2.*

And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. *Isa. 2 : 3.*



Picture No. 41. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever. *Dan. 12 : 3.*

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. *Gen. 1 : 1.*

Picture No. 44. For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee. *Prov. 25 : 22.*

Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. *Rom. 12 : 20.*

Picture No. 47. A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. *Prov. 12 : 10.*

Picture No. 48. And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them. *Matt. 18 : 2.*

Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. *Matt. 18 : 4.*

Picture No. 49. Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. *Matt. 10 : 16.*

WE ASK that all Checking Sheets, properly filled out, be mailed to us by

January 10, 1918, at the latest

If you finish your checking sooner, then mail your Checking Sheet sooner—mail it right away as soon as you finish, so that we may start at once to tabulate the results.

Judges of the Second Bible Picture Study

These are the eminent Bible scholars who selected the best verses in the Second Bible Picture Study. In behalf of all participants, and for itself, the Christian Herald wishes to thank them for their painstaking work. Each is a man of many and important affairs, and to carry through this careful labor so well was a gracious act which is appreciated by every member of the Christian Herald family.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D., Moderator of the General Presbyterian Assembly
DAVID J. BURRELL, D.D., Pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York
FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D., President of United Society of Christian Endeavor
FRANK L. BROWN, General Secretary of the World's Sunday School Association
DANIEL HOFFMAN MARTIN, D.D., Pastor of Fort Washington Presbyterian Church, New York

Picture No. 39. And whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all. *Mark 10 : 44.*

For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. *Mark 10 : 45*

Picture No. 40. And he had in his hand a little book open: and he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth, *Rev. 10 : 2.*

And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven. *Rev. 10 : 5.*

Picture No. 42. My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons. *James 2 : 1.*

Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man, and fear thy God: I am the Lord. *Lev. 19 : 32.*

Picture No. 43. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father? *Matt. 10 : 29.*

Picture No. 45. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: *Eph. 4 : 31.*

Thou shalt not kill. *Ex. 20 : 13.*

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil. *Ps. 37 : 8*

Picture No. 46. The sea is come up upon Babylon: she is covered with the multitude of the waves thereof. *Jer. 51 : 42.*

Picture No. 50. And I will give unto thee, and to thy seed after thee, the land wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan, for an everlasting possession; and I will be their God. *Gen. 17 : 8.*

Picture No. 51. And he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other *Matt. 24 : 31.*

And the seven angels which had the seven trumpets prepared themselves to sound. *Rev. 8 : 6*

Winning Verses in the Second Bible Picture Study

Picture No. 52. And Israel took his journey with all that he had, and came to Beersheba, and offered sacrifices unto the God of his father Isaac. *Gen. 46 : 1.*

Picture No. 54. Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days. *Eccles. 11 : 1.*

Picture No. 56. But this I say, He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. *II Cor. 9 : 6*

Picture No. 57. Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colours. *Gen. 37 : 3.*

And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him. *Gen. 37 : 4.*

Picture No. 59. And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. *Isa. 2 : 2.*

Picture No. 53. Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: *Matt. 5 : 38.*

But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. *Matt. 5 : 39.*

Picture No. 55. When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee. *Deut. 8 : 10.*

Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the most high. *Ps. 50 : 14.*

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Picture No. 58. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him. *Luke 10 : 33.*

Picture No. 60. Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward. *Job 5 : 7.*

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. *Matt. 5 : 4.*

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Jesus Begins His Work

International Sunday School Lesson for January 13
Mark 1:12-20

How Jesus Faced His Task

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

HAVING briefly stated the place of John in preparing the way for the "Mightier One" of whom he spoke, Mark hastens on to show us Jesus beginning his work. In just two sentences (verses 12, 13) he shows us the soul-battlefield upon which Jesus faced his task and his temptations, and then and there decided upon the course of his life-work. Mark leaves us with the impression that these things never perplexed Jesus again. He faced them at the outset and settled them once for all, there in the wilderness of Judea.

After the high spiritual experience of Jesus at his baptism, came the season of heart-searching alone. After every man's lofty resolves and solemn self-dedication comes the period of doubts and misgivings. Jesus underwent this test, and was "in all points tempted like as we are."

Notice how vividly this master-artist Mark pictures the spiritual testing-ground. *The wilderness.* No human helpers at hand; the fact that each and every man must in a real sense face the issues of life as he must face death, alone. *Tempted of Satan.* The actual, indubitable fact of the presence of dangerous, predatory evil in the world which assails even the strongest soul. Jesus would not have been a "Son of Man" without this. *Wild beasts.* With their horrid howlings at night and their genuine menace to the physical safety of the lonely Man. And *angels.* The unseen spiritual ministrants of the Father in heaven.

I Overcoming Temptations

This is the sub-topic for Junior and Intermediate classes, and practical enough for us all. Today we are asked to add in this department, the following Scriptures to the lesson-text in Mark: Matt. 4 : 1-11, 1 Cor. 10 : 13 and Heb. 2 : 18. These bring home to us first of all that Jesus was really tempted and had to resist and struggle to win, so that he is indeed sympathetic and worthy to be the Captain of our salvation. There is strength available for us in our victorious leader. And in the second place, Paul's word of encouragement that no temptation is unbearable, for God is always able to make for us a way by which we may be able to endure it.

The three temptations mentioned in the fourth chapter of Matthew are those which beset good men rather than the wicked.

(*a*) To avoid suffering and hardship by using his powers for his own immediate benefit. It seemed reasonable in his hunger to demand bread as a right; but he had gone there on purpose to fast. We are all too likely to forget our first purpose, when there comes the natural desire to gratify our own appetites and pleasures. The temptation comes to us in far grosser forms than it did to our Master. But it was real to him. So something whispers in our ears, "But you must look out for Number One," when we are on the verge of the Kingdom of Unselfishness. We must meet it as Jesus did. Whom are we really working for, God or Self?

(*b*) To take a spectacular method of showing our faith in God. This goes with all forms of presumptuousness in religion, ostentatious giving, flaunting our godliness to be seen of men. In Jesus it came in subtle guise, the temptation to test God and impress men by foolhardy ventures in the name of trust in God.

(*c*) To do evil that good may come. Alas, there are so many who try to do God's work in wrong ways! Remember Moses' first venture in helping the distressed brickmakers. He murdered one of the cruel taskmasters! Afterward he learned the long and patient way of the exodus and the desert journey.

Jesus rejected the Satanic suggestion of compromising his principles for a success that would only be temporary.

Two Weapons of the Soul

With the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, Jesus parried each thrust of the enemy and gave blow for blow. A familiarity with the mighty truths of the Bible is both sword and shield to a believer. If you are tempted or perplexed by a text used to promote something from which your conscience and judgment recoil, you may be sure it is wrongly used. Search further and you will find it outweighed by another.

The other weapon of the soul is more intangible than mastery of the Scriptures. It is what Jesus called *the will to do God's will*, and which we call personal consecration. Wholesouled consecration brings all things to this touchstone. Is this his will? With his strength we are not too weak and must never repine. Neither are we ever so strong that we need him not. "I can do all things," said the apostle. "How?" we ask. His answer comes, "Through Christ who strengtheneth me."

II Jesus Facing His Task

This is our Senior and Adult class topic. We have as additional material Matt. 4 : 1-11, Heb. 4 : 14-16 and John 4 : 34-38. We ought to gain from this angle of our theme some practical help for facing our tasks, whether of teaching God's children, or bearing our burdens, or doing our daily work to the glory of God. Jesus seems to have been confronted with three problems in his special ministry as the Redeemer from sin.

1. Deciding his Methods. How should the Messiah go about his appointed work? By the popular and easy way of spectacular appeal and an earthly kingdom, which was the earnest expectation of the Jews and would have produced remarkable results with such a leader? Or by the long, slow, patient way of teaching spiritual truths to common men, and waiting for the Lord of the harvest to prosper it through sun and storm? You know his decision, adopted at the start in the wilderness meditation and never changed.

2. Ascertaining his Message. What should be the keynote of his message? Could he use and adapt familiar ideas, or should he take strong new expressions concerning the deep things of God? Jesus humbly chose to take what the prophets and John had given Israel and to transfigure their phrases with new power and meaning. He called for *humility and repentance* to clear the way for the coming of *the Kingdom of God.* It was an old, old message, but on his lips it came as something wondrously compelling. Socially and practically he may be said to have summed up his doctrine in "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

3. Securing Helpers. With all his powers Jesus never for a moment imagined he could do his work alone. The very essence of Christianity lies in teamwork for spiritual ends. God wants human cooperation. So when Jesus had decided upon his methods and determined the chief emphasis of his message he went forth to begin the Galilean ministry and began to enlist disciples. It is significant that he found them among the men he knew best: fishermen and workers of Capernaum and the neighboring towns. He took with him the common men who were open-hearted and practical-minded to a degree. We make a big mistake if we think the twelve started in by being theologians!

We realize that we face tasks, big hard tasks, with this New Year 1918. When we are tempted and tried, or perchance grow weary, be assured that Jesus' compassion is ready and that he can help, for he knows the whole difficult journey of them that serve. But rejoice that you have work to do, and that the promises of power are yours. Above all, do not say there is nothing you can do. The harvest is white, promising satisfying wages and the joy of gathering fruit unto life eternal.

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WHAT BIBLE VERSES FIT THESE PICTURES?

Picture No. 1

Picture No. 2

Picture No. 3

HERE are the first eight pictures of the National Bible Picture Study. Can you think of a Bible verse which each picture illustrates? Couldn't you find a suitable verse for each picture, if you had a short reference list of only about 2,000 verses from which to select? $5,000 in cash will be awarded the 1,001 persons who select the best verses for the thirty Study Pictures. In looking at the pictures, finding applicable verses for them, and writing down your selections you will be learning about the Bible in a fascinating way that will impress the verses, their beauties and truths, everlastingly upon your memory. Give some of your idle winter evenings to this simple yet absorbing Bible competition. It will delight and inspire you—and it may give you a fine cash reward.

You Will Be Surprised

to find how keenly you will enter into the interesting Study. It will become your favorite amusement, and your greatest source of comfort and encouragement. One of the participants in a former Picture Study, given last year by the Christian Herald, wrote: "Those who have not been in the contest have lost a great deal." Another said: "It has been a work of love and not of labor." A third wrote: "It has been both an interesting and instructive study to me—God's promises and love made clearer, to increase my faith and trust."

These are but a few of the thousands of appreciative letters, and when you have entered this third and greatest Study you will feel as delighted as these happy friends. Think: Can you call to mind any way in which you may employ your spare moments to better advantage than in this home competition, in which the rewards are so many and so certain?

11 Thirty Study Pictures

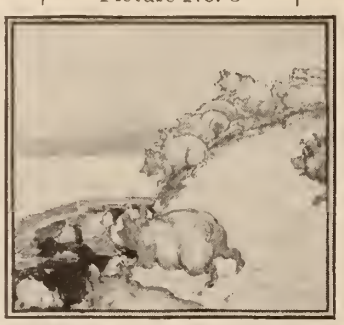
will appear in the Christian Herald, and in securing your Outfit now you may obtain the pictures which have appeared to date—indeed, they are all shown you, in somewhat smaller size, on this page. The ninth picture will be printed next week, and all thirty will appear during the next nine weeks. Of course you will hereafter secure the balance of the thirty pictures from the Christian Herald as it comes to you each week. We guarantee that every one starting now will get every one of the thirty pictures.

The Study is just beginning—start now while there is plenty of time to give your best thought and judgment to the selection of the best verses for the pictures. You are not by any means asked to search the entire Bible—no verses will be accepted as answers except those found among the 2,000 which are gathered in the official Reference Book, called *International Bible Readings*. Competition in the Study without expense is made possible under our rules, which are sent free upon request. Read about the handy complete Outfit below, and then send for *your own Outfit*, and become one of our happy participants!

Picture No. 4

30 Pictures in All

Picture No. 5



Picture No. 6

Picture No. 7

Picture No. 8

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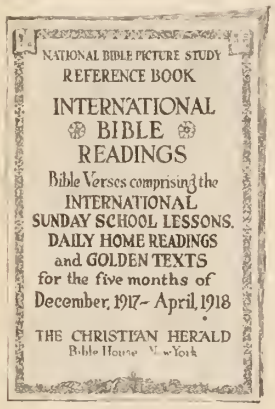

TO the left is *International Bible Readings*, the Reference Book of about 2,000 Bible verses. From these verses all must choose their best verses for the thirty pictures. Verses not found in the official list cannot be accepted as answers.

To the right is the *Answer Book*, in which participants will write down and submit their chosen verses for the pictures.

International Bible Readings is not only the Reference Book for the Picture Study—it is also a very valuable book in itself, to be treasured long after the Study has ended. It is composed of the Bible verses which make up the International Sunday School Lessons, Daily Home Bible Readings and Golden Texts for December, 1917, and January, February, March and April, 1918—about 2,000 verses in all, compiled from the Bible by the eminent authorities of the International Sunday School Association.

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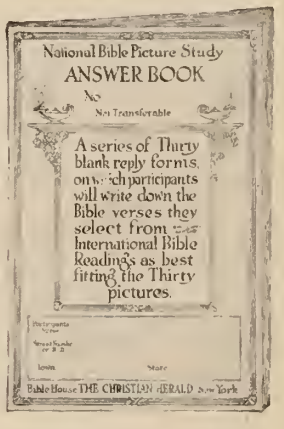

THE *Answer Book* consists of thirty blank pages, on which the participant will write down his or her chosen verses for the thirty pictures. Then name and address will be signed, and the *Answer Book* sent in to us. Those who have, in the judgment of a learned committee of judges, made the best selections for the pictures will be awarded the $5,000 in cash listed to the left. Contained in the *Answer Book* also are a valuable object lesson, the rules, and other worthwhile features of use to the participant.

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Not to Be Sorry

By
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THEY told me, not long ago, that a friend of mine was dead. It had been quite sudden, his death, for I had seen him radiantly happy and healthy only a week before the news came to me. And as I sat wondering a bit about the mystery of life, I found that one thought kept recurring to me. For I kept asking myself:

"Was I ever unkind or unfair to him? Did I ever doubt his word or believe the words of other people against him? Did I ever quite consciously hurt him?"

I found myself glad that I had listened many an hour to the story of his ambitions. I found myself glad of a long walk that we had taken together—a walk I had been regretting because of the blister it made on my heel. I found myself glad of the small pleasant things that I had sometimes said to him—of a verse or two that I had written. I found myself glad that our friendship had been a pleasant one. For now they told me he was dead.

I ONCE heard a girl talking to her mother. "I'm so angry at Estelle," she said, "that I'll never speak to her again."

"Why not?" questioned the mother.

"Because," said the girl, "she hurt my feelings, and I shall never forgive her!"

"My dear," said the mother very gently, "my dear, you must never talk about not forgiving. You must never say that you're too angry at a person to get over it. You must never even say 'never'—in regard to breaking a friendship or hurting some one! I had a friend once who became as angry at me as you are at Estelle. She said she didn't want to be my friend any more. She even passed me on the street without speaking to me, and my very young heart—I was only a girl then—was about broken.

"And then all at once I grew very ill, and they sent me to the hospital, and my family and the doctor didn't think that I would live. And I hung between this world and That Other One for days.

"I came out of a mist of unconsciousness weeks later. The first thing I noticed, I think, was a sheaf of pink roses in a vase by my bed. 'Who,' I asked weakly, 'sent them?' and 'A girl friend of yours,' my nurse told me.

"As soon as I was well enough to see visitors *she* came. She looked ill, too, as if she had been worried and unhappy—as if she, too, had come to a parting-place. I shall never forget her expression as she knelt at my bedside. 'I was afraid,' she sobbed, 'that you could never get well. I was afraid that I might never be able to tell you that I was sorry!'"

IT'S very easy to say an ungracious word, but it's very hard to unsay it. It's very easy to let an unkind thought slip out, but it's very hard to erase the imprint of that thought from the heart of some one else. And life, at best, is uncertain.

"I never," a wife told me, "say an unpleasant thing to my husband when he is leaving for work in the morning. If he's done something inconsiderate that has annoyed me, I forget it. If there is any little worry to confide to him, I keep it for another time. Life, it seems to me, is very involved in the city, very uncertain. There are so many trucks and cars on the street, so many accidents every day, that I would hate to think that my husband, in the midst of all the hurry and worry, carried an unpleasant picture of me—a picture that I had created! I would hate to think, if anything did happen, that my face, when he saw it for the last time, had a frown on it. That's why I smile at him always when I say good-by in the morning, and let nothing but love shine out of my eyes!"

Life, at best, *is* uncertain. Death comes at unexpected times and points his finger at the unexpected person. It isn't always the man who has lived his fourscore years that is called; sometimes it is some one with youth all before him; with hope in his heart, and strength in his limbs, and courage in his soul.

AND this year, with nations writhing in the grip of a terrible war that has swept the whole world with its horror—life is even more uncertain than before. Courage and strength are being blotted out with the flash of a cannon; hope and faith are being crushed under the bursting fragments of a bomb.

And so, because the whole world is weeping beside the grave that youth lies buried in (such an infinitely small part of the world we are!) we should be very thoughtful of the feelings of others. We should make a New Year's resolution never to say anything that we would wish unsaid under less happy circumstances—that we would be sorry about if the one we said it to were called away.

I heard some one singing a popular song a few days ago. It was a soldier-boy song, and it said something about "Send me away with a smile."

Let us, on this New Year, make a point of greeting folks cheerily, and sending them away just as cheerily, whether they are soldier-boys, or girl friends, or relatives, or acquaintances, or anything! Let's make a point of doing little kind deeds just for the sake of doing them, of going a little out of our way to be pleasant, of inconveniencing ourselves to make some one a bit happier!

For the New Year is, as it always is, a new chance; a new chance to do better things in a better way. The New Year is a brilliantly white new page to be covered with writing that may be clear or it may be very illegible. The New Year will be what you make it.

And every kind word you say, every good deed you do, every smile you smile, will help to make *your* writing clear. And if your writing on the page is clear, you will have nothing to be sorry for, no matter what the New Year may hold.

A DREAM

I DREAMED last night I stood upon a hill,
And saw below me, warmly calm and still,
A plain all dotted o'er with flocks agraze,
And garden-spots wrapped in the golden haze
Of days to come.
I dreamed a dream last night,
And saw a world all touched with rosy light,
And little children playing in the sun,
With bits of steel that once had been a gun—
Building them into toys, with laughter gay. . . .
I dreamed, and I awoke, and it was day—
A pallid day, and war screamed in the air,
And there was pain and sorrow everywhere;
And cannon-sounds came sighing o'er the sea,
And crept into the weary heart of me!

The New Year dawns, and war is on the land,
And Want and Fear stand waiting hand in hand;
Yet, past the strife, my searching eyes can see
The golden dream that came last night to me.
And I can see the fields of vivid grain;
And I can hear the children laugh again;
And I can see a world aglow with light;
For lo, I dreamed a dream of Peace last night.

Young People's Topics for January 13

Young Christians Reaching Upward

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topics. Ps. 63 : 1-8

THE story of Excelsior, which never was omitted from any school reader in the generation which is past, is typical of the spirit of youth. Always they press onward—always they face forward—always they struggle upward. The fire of youth is well exemplified in a mere outline of the striking figures of the Old Testament. Joseph, Samuel, Gideon, David in his days of earlier leadership, Solomon in the years of his real greatness, Daniel and Esther, were all young. And the men who first received the Great Commission on the Mountain of Ascension were young men in their prime; while the great apostle to the Gentiles, when he saw the light in the Damascus road, was but little more than a youth fired with youth's enthusiasm.

Among the leaders of men in the church and out are few whose lives did not find the direction of leadership in the years of youth. Young People's Societies are making leaders for the church. Every life which they start to reaching upward is one more pillar of the church set firm upon its foundation. Those who seek God early escape the dry and thirsty land—the desert of disappointments. They find loving-kindness better than life; their soul is satisfied "with marrow and fatness," their youth speeds by on wings of faithful service, and in their later years they tread the paths of peace.

League Study Courses

Epworth League Topic. Isa. 54 : 2-3, Matt 28 : 18-20

WHEN a business man wants to enter a new field, he makes a thorough study of it before he sends out his salesmen. The church today has the world as its field. The Great Commission of the Master was to disciple all nations. To some degree that Commission has already been filled in the spirit, though all too many dark corners still remain; but we cannot intelligently participate in the enterprise unless we know something of the nations which it includes and of the challenge to leadership, the problems and the glorious possibilities which our missionaries face.

There is one first-class method by which we may inform ourselves and make ourselves more efficient in our present Christian work and more intelligent in our missionary interest. That way is to organize a mission study class. Knowledge is power in spiritual things as well as in temporal. When mission study classes were first started it was difficult to get proper books. Leaders had to exercise a great deal of ingenuity to secure material to maintain the interest of the classes. Now there are many books which tell the stories of battles of the cross so well that members of classes find it hard to wait for the lessons to follow in their natural sequence, but read on and ahead. Classes for good work should not exceed twenty in membership, and the weekly sessions should not much exceed an hour. The vice-president who fails to organize at least one mission study class is a broken cog in the "Epworth Wheel."

Officers of the League and leaders chosen for this meeting can secure special helps by addressing Ralph E. Diffendorfer, Educational Secretary, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City, or the Central office of the Epworth League, 740 Rush Street, Chicago, Ill.

A Partial Solution

THIS is the retired farmer's war, just as it is every American's war. He is needed on the farm. He knows how to farm. That is the main thing. His shadow in the fields next year will mean much to his community and to his country. The nation is getting ready to call him baek to his old place. He may be too old to carry a rifle or fight in a trench, but he can still help to preserve the nation he has helped to build.—*Farm Progress.*

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"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Timothy 2:15

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A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 6

M. Weaver (Chief of Artillery), Major-General W. C. Crozier (Chief of Ordnance), Major-General E. H. Crowder (Judge Advocate General and Provost Marshal). This Council will devote itself to problems of supply connected with the American forces in the field and will be the connecting link between these forces and the War Department.

BACK IN SERVICE. Major-General G. V. Goethals, builder of the Panama Canal, returned to active service on December 17, at the request of Secretary of War Baker, taking charge of the Quartermaster's Department of the Army, succeeding Major-General Sharpe, appointed to the new War Council.

SUBMARINES COLLIDE. The submarine F-1, U. S. N., was sunk December 18 in American waters by the submarine F-3, U. S. N., which rammed her sister-ship while maneuvering on the surface in a fog. The commanding officer of the F-1 and four others of the crew were saved. Nineteen members of the crew went down with the ship.

GORGAS NOT SATISFIED WITH CAMPS. The Secretary of War made public on December 18 reports to the chief of staff in which Major-General W. C. Gorgas, Surgeon General of the Army, reported a shortage at some of the camps of winter uniforms and overcoats. He reported also that at three of the camps the troops were quartered in tents and were suffering severely from the cold, being still in their summer uniforms. He reported also that the men were being crowded unduly, and recommended that fifty square feet of floor space be furnished for each man at all camps; only twenty being now provided in some. He reported also that, with the exception of Camp Funston, none of the camps were as yet equipped with base hospitals, and recommended the rushing of this work, and the establishment of observation camps to which to send new men so that diseases they might be carrying should not have a chance to get started in the training camps. As a result of lack of hospital facilities, crowding, and insufficient clothing, Surgeon-General Gorgas declared there had been an unnecessary increase in cases of pneumonia, measles and meningitis. The Secretary of War announced on the following day that the recommendations of the Surgeon-General had been largely complied with before the report was made public, that transportation difficulties had been partly to blame for the failure to properly clothe the men at some of the camps, and that, with the exception of the observation camps, nearly all of the bad conditions had been corrected.

INVESTIGATE SHIP BOARD. Following announcement on December 17 that Rear Admiral Harris had resigned as General Manager of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, to be succeeded by Charles A. Piez, vice-president, who became also the General Manager, the Senate ordered an inquiry into all matters connected with the Shipping Board kaleidoscope. Charles F. Hurley announced that his office would give the Senate every aid in getting at the facts.

GOVERNOR'S HOUSE BOMBED. The entire rear end of the Executive Mansion of the state of California at Sacramento was blown out by a powerful explosive bomb on December 18. Governor William D. Stevens and his household escaped injury.

THE SUFFRAGE CONVENTION. The forty-ninth annual convention of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association closed in Washington on December 16. The women decided to concentrate all their efforts for the next few weeks in securing the passage in the house of the Federal amendment to the United States Constitution. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt was reelected president. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw in an address at the last public meeting declared that the government should enfranchise its women in order that they might devote themselves whole-heartedly and single-mindedly to war work.

FOR THE RED CROSS. The American Red Cross started on Sunday, December 16, a nation-wide Christmas drive for 10,000,000 members. The drive was made through 3,000 local chapters and many individual solicitors, and as this was written was gaining momentum rapidly, and promising to run far beyond the goal set. President Wilson in a special message to the nation declared that "Red Cross membership is the Christmas spirit in terms of action."

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. The Federal Trade Commission on December 20 began an investigation into the relations between the Chicago packing plants and the Chicago Stock Yards Company, the Union Stock Yards Company and the Chicago Junction Railway. It was charged that illegal rebates forbidden by the courts had been continued through the control of these properties. The inquiry was still proceeding at this writing. . . . A collision of passenger trains on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad at Shepherdsville, Ky., on December 20 killed sixty-seven persons and injured more than forty. . . . Secretary Lansing on December 20 made public further portions of the intercepted correspondence between Count von Luxburg in Argentina and the German Foreign Office. There was much material confirming former revelations, the only really new elements being several notes which showed Luxburg as confident of the friendship of President Irigoyen and as working for a secret anti-United States alliance between Argentina, Chile and Bolivia. . . . Chairman Hurley of the Shipping Board on December 21 told the investigating committee of the Senate that there were on that date 996 ships contracted for, representing 1,344,900 tons of wooden ships, 207,000 tons of composite ships, and 3,965,200 tons of steel ships, a total of 5,517,100 tons. He stated that the building program of the navy had taken up seventy per cent. of the capacity of American shipyards existing at the time of the declaration of war, and that forty-two shipyards were being extended and developed. . . . Quartermaster General Henry G. Sharpe testifying before the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate on December 21, declared that the failure to properly clothe the men at some of the camps was due in part to the time consumed by the civilian Board of National Defense, through which contracts for uniforms were placed, the Board saving money at the expense of prompt delivery; in part to the average size of the men of the National Army being greater than the average in the Federal or National Guard Armies, resulting in a shortage of the larger sizes; and in part to errors in making shipments to supply depots. He said that all equipment would be complete by December 31.

For Armenia and Jerusalem

SUNDAY schools which have not yet taken the Christmas offering for Armenian and Syrian Relief will still be able to contribute to this great cause before Christmas will be celebrated in Bible lands. In Jerusalem and Syria Christmas is celebrated according to the Gregorian Calendar, falling upon January 19 of our calendar. Collections taken up, therefore, as late as January 13 can be cabled to Jerusalem or Syria in time for their Christmas. It is stated that at the present time in Jerusalem wheat is $20 a bushel, flour $80 a barrel, potatoes $60 a bushel, bread 40 cents a pound, milk 40 cents a quart, sugar $26 a pound, and eggs 12 cents apiece.

The War in Europe

AUSTRIAN troops again attacked heavily, on December 18, 19 and 20, Italian positions between the Piave and Brenta rivers. On the 19th Austro-German forces occupied Italina positions on Monte Asolone, the Italian line being withdrawn slightly. This mountain was one of the barriers to the San Lorenzo Valley. The Teuton armies claimed the capture of over 3,000 prisoners in the three days' fighting. Attempts of Austrian forces to cross the Sile near the mouth of the Piave were frustrated by the Italian forces. On December 21 Italian counter-attacks won back a large part of the Monte Asolone position.

It was officially announced in Washington on December 19 that the Turks before surrendering Jerusalem to the British, had brutally treated the Christian priests, and had carried off the famous treasure of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, part of which had been sent to Berlin.

A German air raid on London by 16 or 20 raiding airplanes on December 19 killed ten persons and injured seventy in the city and injured five outside. One German plane was brought down and its crew captured.

U-boat total for the week ending December 19 was fourteen British merchantmen of more than 1,600 tons, three under that tonnage, one fishing vessel, and one French vessel of less than 1,600 tons.

German destroyers on December 17 overwhelmed a British convoy in the North Sea sinking the British destroyer Partridge, and putting the destroyer Pelew out of action, sinking also one British and five neutral merchantmen and four trawlers. The German destroyers succeeded in making their escape and public opinion in Great Britain was considerably wrought up over success of this raid, which was in many respects similar to one which had occurred several months before.

The negotiations between the Bolsheviki under Trotzky and the Germans, Austrians and Bulgarians resulted in an agreement on December 16 for an armistice to run until January 14, and provded that it begin immediately and that Germany should remove no troops from the Russian front except in case of troop movements already begun which could be completed. It was pointed out by experts that this latter provision practically nullified the other, since, as the movements have been made by the taking of individuals from different units without moving the unit as a whole there is nothing to prevent their continuing to take men from their units. On December 17, Trotzky notified the various Allied embassies that unless they would pass his couriers he would refuse similar courtesy to theirs. Reports from South Western Russia at this writing seemed to indicate that the Bolsheviki régime was losing ground and that the Ukrainians and Cossacks were beginning to get the upper hand. There was a rumor that Kerensky, at the head of a large body of troops, was approaching Petrograd, but this was not confirmed. Petrograd reported fighting in the streets, in December 22, between Bolsheviki troops and four army corps which had refused to longer obey orders of the Lenine-Trotzky government.

General Sarrail has been relieved of the command of the Allied armies in Macedonia, being succeeded by General Guillemet.

Coming Evangelistic Meetings

W. A. PUGSLEY party, January, Clayton, N. Y. C. F. Raach, January, Orrville, O.; February, Clarksburg, W. Va. M. F. Rees, January 7, Morgantown, W. Va. B. F. Richer, December, New Haven, O.; January, Huntington, Ind. James H. Sawtell, January, Grand Junction, Ia. Harold F. Sayles, January 24, Kalamazoo, Mich.; January 27 to February 12, Shelby, Mich. C. C. Smith party, January, Mansfield, O. L. C. Smith, January, Oakville, Ia. George T. Stephens party, January 6, Hot Springs, Ark. Mr. and Mrs Charles Stewart, January, Newcastle, Ind.

William A. Sunday party, January to February, Washington, D. C.; March to May 19, Chicago, Ill.; May 26 to July 7, Duluth, Minn. Taylor and Preston, January 6 to February 3, Montford, Wis. W. A. Tetley party, January, Alton, Mo. M. B. Williams, February 3, Berea, Ky. E. L. Wolslagel, January 1, Dunham, N. C.; February 1, Fort Myer, Fla.; February 24, Gastonia, N. C.; March 15, Newbern, N. C.; April 7, Shreveport, La.; April 28, Lynchburg, Va. J. E. Zoller party, January 28, Kalamazoo, Mich.

OUR MAIL-BAG

THE NEW SERVICE

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The Christian Herald to Act as Clearing-House of Information Between the Government and the People

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD believes that it can render no more important and practical service to its readers than to acquaint them with the results of the great work the American Government is doing for them in peace and in war.

Our government is the greatest organization devoted to a single purpose that the world has ever known. The keenest minds, the broadest learning, the most expert technical skill are turned, day in and day out, on every problem that confronts the American people. This statement is true of the problems of daily life as well as of the problems of war. Problems of the household, problems of the factory, problems of the city, questions of health and hygiene, questions of opportunity, of self-help and help for others—all these and many more are studied in Federal laboratories and in the field, by men at the head of their professions, with the resources of the richest nation on earth behind them.

The work is being done for you. Your government is doing it. You are entitled to the benefit of its results.

Merely to know the details of government activities, to see and understand the great machinery behind them, is to take a new pride in the United States and in American citizenship. But the government has more than pride to offer. It does its work to give concrete and practical help to its citizens in their homes and in their business. In crucial times like these, it has facts of vital moment to lay before the people.

The Christian Herald proposes to act as a clearing-house between the government and its readers. It purposes to assemble, compile and distribute the practical results of the great Federal work of research and investigation. It purposes to make this information available to every one of its readers. For this purpose the Christian Herald opens its new Washington Bureau.

The services of Mr. Frederic J. Haskin have been secured to conduct the new bureau. Mr. Haskin is well known as one of the leading authorities on the workings of the Federal government. His book, "The American Government," is a standard on the subject. The famous moving picture, "Uncle Sam at Work," is based on this book. Mr. Haskin is a man of wide travel and long experience in the accurate gathering and concise reporting of facts. His position in Washington fits him peculiarly for the work the bureau is to do.

The Christian Herald Information Bureau will answer questions and give information to its readers on almost any subject. There will be no charge of any kind for this service. The inquirer has only to enclose a stamp to cover postage on the reply. In addition to such service, the Information Bureau will from time to time offer without charge copies of official publications of general interest and practical usefulness along various lines.

While such free offerings will be mainly in pamphlet form, now, at the opening of the New Year, the Christian Herald has decided to begin its new service by offering each of its readers a free Art Calendar. Throughout the coming year this calendar may serve as a reminder of the establishment of the Christian Herald Information Bureau, and its readiness to serve Herald readers.

The free Art Calendar, in size 6 x 10 inches, is published by the United States Navy Department. It bears a reproduction of a striking and beautiful painting depicting the Spirit of Liberty, who points the way to an American seaman bearing the Stars and Stripes. This calendar should be in every American home, where a mother's heart follows a lad of our Navy "over there."

Like all the services of the new Information Bureau, this Calendar may be secured by any reader of the Christian Herald on sending a stamp to cover return postage. A 2-cent stamp is sufficient to cover postage on the Calendar. If inquiries are sent to the Information Bureau which must be answered in sealed envelops, a 3-cent stamp for return postage is necessary.

Send for a copy of the Navy Calendar today. Simply fill in your name and address on the attached coupon, and mail with a 2-cent stamp to the Christian Herald Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

Ask the Christian Herald

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THE Christian Herald has established in Washington for the permanent use of its readers a free Information Bureau which will be glad to give you reliable information in answer to almost any question you choose to ask.

A large proportion of the daily inquiries will be answered by experts in the departments of the Federal government. This does not mean, however, that only questions related in some way to the work of the government will be answered. The Bureau is willing and able to answer questions on almost any subject. (Questions regarding the church or religious matters in general should be sent to the Christian Herald, Bible House, New York City.)

The Bureau of Information was established in Washington rather than elsewhere, because of the tremendous resources of information and service which have been accumulated there by the Federal government—resources of which the average citizen has no adequate conception, and which he does not know how to reach.

The so-called Executive Departments of our National Government make up the most efficient and far-reaching machinery of service that the world has ever seen. There is in Washington an authority of the first rank on practically every question touching the well-being of humanity. There are magnificently equipped laboratories for the study of every problem of the nation's daily life.

The Libraries of the National Capital in themselves are a vast storehouse of useful information. The Library of Congress is recognized all over the world, both for its immense number of volumes and for the perfection of the system which makes them accessible. Many of the Bureau and Departmental Libraries are the finest in existence in their separate fields.

Thus this Bureau of Information is in a position to draw on the world's greatest resources of knowledge. The hearty cooperation of the experts in answering your queries is assured. It is the duty and the pleasure of these men to serve the public with the rare knowledge they command.

Copies of all answers sent out by this Bureau will be sent to the editorial office of the Christian Herald. Those that appear of general interest will be published in the Mail-Bag page.

It is impossible to make a complete enumeration of subjects giving an adequate idea of the scope and range in which the Bureau can serve you. Its activities can only be summed up in the phrase it has adopted for a motto:

"Whatever You Want to Know"

The resources of our free Information Bureau are at your service. You are invited to call upon it as often and as freely as you please. It has been established solely to serve you, as a final step in the friendly help of this magazine in bringing its readers into closer touch with their government.

There is no cost at all to you, except a three-cent stamp for each inquiry for return postage.

State your question or the information you desire plainly, and address

The Christian Herald Information Bureau,
Frederic J. Haskin, Director,
Washington, D. C.

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. Correspondents may use a nom de plume to identify the questions, but all letters must contain name and address of the sender, in addition to the nom de plume. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

ANXIOUS, Alexandria, Va. That a mother, with the cares and responsibilities of a household and a young family, should feel the need of frequent prayer, is the most natural thing in the world. Even amid a host of duties she will somehow contrive to "take time to be holy," and to get private prayer when she can be alone with God and get strength and help for all her tasks and her troubles. She will do this, however, without neglecting the duties of the household, for work well and faithfully performed is in itself a prayer. In giving to her children the example of a Christian mother, who so regulates her life-work that no task which love or duty can suggest is neglected, she gives them the greatest incentive to the formation of noble character. There is no missionary Christian worker or evangelist who has a higher call to service, a greater trust or a grander privilege than a Christian mother, who performs faithfully and well the duties that lie within her sphere. She is one of those who lay the foundations of a nation's character and greatness.

Mrs. F., Diller, Neb., who has evidently just satisfied an ardent longing to get back to the farm, sends a letter which may serve as an encouragement to others with similar desires. She writes: "We longed to get back to the farm, so finally a brother (who might have more worldly goods and not hurt him) put his 'heart in his mouth' and his name to a slip of paper, so that we might buy farm machinery and horses and cows and pigs; for how can one farm without these very necessary articles? The ones dissatisfied with town life are not the ones who have fairly good jobs and are buying homes and saving a little. Those who do the manual labor and are not able to save on the wages they get are the ones who would go back to the farm if they could. Many of them came from the country originally, and so they know what they are wanting. I know several families that would move to a farm—but they can't. My heart has ached for those who are not able to exchange their ways and their work for the freedom and hard work of the farm."

Some time ago we printed a letter from a reader who sent as a gift for a benevolence an old, worn gold coin which had been treasured for many years in memory of some dear one long dead. Several letters have now reached us, showing how a tender chord evokes sympathy in other hearts. A lady in Erie, Pa., writes: "Several years ago my son gave me a gold five-dollar piece for a Christmas present, and I have kept it for some specially good purpose, and now I know what to do with it. I have been a reader of the Herald for many years (am over eighty years of age), and take much interest in the great work you have done and are doing for the poor and needy ones the world over. Please put the five dollars, which I enclose herewith, in the Bowery Mission fund, and may it help to bring some one to lead a true Christian life."

M. S., Alva, Okla., sends this kindly letter: "Enclosed are some little gold coins which I have kept for a good many years as keepsakes, for they belonged to my dear companion, who, some twenty years ago, passed away. I am sending them to you to be used for the relief of the suffering children in Europe. My regret is that I cannot do more, for my heart is very sad these days for all of the suffering. Your Christian Herald is a comfort to me and to others, to whom I pass it on, and who are too poor to subscribe for it."

A third, from M. L. B., New Haven, Conn., is extremely touching. It says: "I am sending you a gold dollar, which was given to me by an old lady, Miss M. B., of San Diego, Calif., who died last year. She was very poor, but had treasured it for about forty years, and sent it to me just before her death. I am sending it to you to be used for the relief of the widows and orphans, as I know she would be glad to have me use it in that way."

These gifts are of a character that stamps them as sacred. May all three bring blessing where they are used.

G. D. D., Hampton, N. H., a veteran subscriber, over eighty years of age, writes that he attributes his longevity to the fact that "forty-five years ago I cut out tobacco, tea, coffee, booze, bitters, fancy foods, and, later, all meat, pork and fried food. . . . Do not athletes and Arctic explorers cut out booze? Why should professional church leaders defend its army use?" Eighty is a ripe old age and temperance in all things has doubtless contributed to our friend's long life and health but we have nowhere heard of church leaders defending booze in the army. On the contrary, the tendency is everywhere in the opposite direction.

CHRISTIAN HERALD INFORMATION BUREAU
Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

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This New Copyrighted Book is Free

Swoboda has written a wonderful explanation of the human body and its evolution. This book explains Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been explained before. It explains the Swoboda theory and laws of mind and body. It startles, educates, and enlightens. It explains as never before the reason for the evolution of the mind and body. It tells how the cells and their energies build the organs and the body, and it tells how to organize the cells beyond the point where nature left off for you. It will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain through reading all of the books of science and philosophy on the subject of the body and mind, because it explains principles that have never before been explained by scientists or philosophers. It is impossible to duplicate elsewhere the information it gives, and the value of the information is beyond estimate.

Swoboda has written a simple, but a really scientific and philosophical explanation of the actual evolutionary cause of old age. This essay has been pronounced a classic which will stand as a basic and real analysis of evolution and of the ageing of the cells of the human body. It explains the psychological and evolutionary errors and elements involved in the production of ageing. Without being compelled to study text books on psychology, philosophy, biology, histology, etc., you will through reading this brief analysis learn fully what is nature, when is nature not nature, what is the cause of growth, maturity, evolution and decay. Swoboda has the happy faculty of being able to put a whole science into a comparatively few words. This essay will interest not only men and women who are merely interested in avoiding the nightmare of old age, and those who realize consciously that they are growing older in body, but it will also interest the scientist, the philosopher, the psychologist, as well as the pure speculator on the subject of life. Every man and woman will read this work and profit by it It is the A, B, C of perpetual youth. It will mean astonishment to the scientist. It brings confusion to those who practice self-deception. It brings embarrassment to those who believe old age necessary. It seems bold, but this is only the effect of mis-conceptions concerning the necessity of old age.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH—the pursuit of perpetual youth—has always been very alluring, but here we have a guide to its source. No intelligent human being will need coaxing to drink of this fountain, for its spirit gives life, and arrests decay and destroys the nightmare of old age. Perpetual youth will mean to the human race more than is the power of any human being to estimate. Imagine what it will mean to double, triple, or even quadruple the length of human life and multiply human energy.

You owe yourself a reading of this essay on the Swoboda philosophy and science. It will put you favorably in touch and in harmony with your creative forces. You will harness them, capitalize them, and employ them. The result will amaze you. This essay which Swoboda has written and copyrighted will be sent to you free of charge and free of all obligations to Swoboda, if you will write for it. Just write your name and address on this page, tear it out and mail it to Swoboda, or draw a ring around your name on your letter-head, or merely send a postal, giving your name and address. Do it today. Read it, and learn how to be perpetually young, for you cannot afford to live an inferior life and to grow old. Address

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

Jerusalem in winter, an unusual photograph of the Holy City after one of the very infrequent snowstorms

Looking Toward Zion

Jews Throughout the World Planning for Jerusalem's Rehabilitation

By RICHARD DOBSON

THE Jews have never yet renounced their claim on Jerusalem and the land of Judea. In all their long history of wanderings and sojournings they have looked with a longing eye toward Palestine, the land of their fathers.

Cynics sneer at the assumption of the Jew in his claim to the land of Palestine, but let those cynics remember that the Jew has never lost sight of or forgotten that Palestine is his birthright. It was taken from him by force, and he was carried away from it as a slave and a hireling into a strange land, and through all the long ages and multiplied generations the devout Jew has never failed to turn his face toward Jerusalem and pray for the return of his people to his people's own land. It is asserted today on good authority that the conforming Jews pray three times a day that their "eyes may see the return to Zion."

Says Joseph Cowen: "At our Annual Feast of Freedom (the Passover) we pray in our most exalted moment, 'May our next year find us in Jerusalem'; and year by year, three weeks of humiliation, beginning and ending with strict fast days, demonstrate the fact that although a Jew's right hand, as a nation, may have forgotten its cunning, it can never forget Jerusalem." He continues: "I know it will be said, and it is true, that to many Jews these are mere words—lip service—conventional or traditional ceremonies. Others, it may be rightly said, do not say the prayers, observe the ceremonies, or even wish the spirit that animates to find its fulfilment."

Yet to the great mass of Jews the world over the hope of Israel's restoration is a real and true one. It is, indeed, the one great fact that has made for the persistence of the Jews to this day. In times of trouble and persecution—and when has the Jew been free from these?—the idea of the restoration, together with his belief in his religion, have been the Jew's one and only ray of light. "Man does not live by bread alone," and the Jew has lived and will continue to live for the Jew's ideal, his restoration to his land—Erets Yisrael—the land of Israel.

The Jewish National Organization is the first Zionist movement of a practical nature which the Jews have put forth. It is indeed a national and a Jewish propaganda for practical colonization in Palestine by the Jews.

THE idea that it is a setback of Jewish history is a controversial fiction. The great bulk of the Jewish people have throughout their history remained faithful to the dream of a restorational life in Judea. Its manifestations have suffered temporary modifications under the influence of changing political conditions, and the intensity with which it has been held by individual Jews has varied according to their social circumstances, but in the main the ideal has been passionately clung to.

Strange as it may seem, the reincarnation of Judaism took place in Germany. Another strange anomaly is that Germany has been the cradledom of Anti-Judaism and Anti-Semitism. In America, especially since this present great world war has blasted and demoralized a large portion of the earth, the Reform Jews have recanted concerning their opposition to Jewish nationalism, and thereby have grown stronger as a religious force.

The Jew today who wants to retain his Judaism, who is in sympathy with Jewish ideals and idioms and thoughts and shares in the noblest manner with the whole world's development and advancement, has become an enthusiastic supporter of the crowning purpose and idea of the quick restoration of Jewish nationality in the land of Judea. This purpose and idea of the Jew returning to the former home of the tribe of Judah is powerfully illustrated in the following historic fact:

In 1905 the British government offered to the Zionist Congress—the organized representative of the Jewish people—a large tract of land in East Africa for Jewish settlement. The Zionist Congress thanked the British government very politely, but stated in their refusal of the offer "that only in Palestine, the fatherland of the Jews, could the Jewish people undertake a national settlement with any degree of hope of success." So as late as 1905 the Jew preferred to be homeless rather than be diverted from the centuries' striving for a home in the long-ages-ago homeland.

Various attempts at colonizing the Jews have been attempted in the last twenty or twenty-five years. One of the most notable was the Hirsch attempt at establishing a Jewish colony in South America, but it was not popular with the Jews, for nearly all the American and European Jews favored the Zionist movement, which had the fatherland of Judea as its prime object and purpose.

THE Zionist movement is the direct result of the labor of Theodor Herzl, who wrote "The Jewish State" in 1895 and published it in 1896. His work aroused great enthusiasm among the Jews, but there was considerable opposition to it among American Jews at the time. The Dreyfus affair in France created much agitation for and against the Zionist movement. Theodor Herzl was then living in Paris and was a correspondent of the Neue Freie Presse, and as such he became more conversant with the great Jewish question of Zionism. Herzl was an ardent and indefatigable worker, and became the leader of Jewish Nationalism and remained such until the day of his death.

Theodor Herzl died in 1904, and Max Nordau, who had strongly, loyally and ardently supported Herzl up to the day of his death, became the head of the Zionist movement.

The first agricultural Jewish colony in the land of Judea was planned or founded in 1878. Up to that time the main effort of the Jews had been toward the founding of homes in Palestine for aged and infirm Jews, fostered by philanthropists after the type of Sir Moses Montefiore. At the time of the founding of the first Jewish colony the entire Jewish population

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President Wilson Takes Over the Railroads

FOR several weeks the pressure of national interest; the impossibility of solving great railway problems, national in their extent, on the basis of individual ownership of equipment and facilities; the piling up of freight at junction points and terminals; the conflict of priority orders by various departments which resulted in no priority for anybody and increased congestion for all, made it evident that the whole railway situation would have to be recast on a national basis, either by the voluntary placing of the railroads under a common executive or by the exercise of the powers granted to the President to take over the railroads and operate them as a unit for government account. This problem was complicated by the problems of maintaining the value of railroad securities and of wage requirements of railway employees.

If the government took the railroads without a guarantee of satisfactory return on investments such action would inevitably result in great loss of value to railroad securities, exceeding $20,000,000,000 in value, in the hands of the people. This would seriously embarrass the financial undertakings of the government. If satisfactory agreements could not be made with the bodies of railway workmen no great success could be achieved in the operation of the railroads either by the nation or otherwise. In conferences held by the President these two problems were thrashed out so that the Chief Executive was able to go ahead with the program, the President being assured by the heads of the railway brotherhoods that they would loyally support the government in any action which it was found necessary to take, and the President assuring the railway executives that he would use his influence with Congress to secure just compensation. Having reached this point, the President on December 26 issued a proclamation under authority of the Act of Congress approved August 29, 1916, in which he provided for the taking over by the nation of all the railway systems in the country with their owned and controlled systems of water transportation, the order to affect all railroads excepting electric street railway and interurban roads, which, as provided, may be taken over later. In his proclamation the President first recited the facts of the war and the provisions of the law and declaring the necessity of the railroads to national defense, continued, in part, as follows:

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, under and by virtue of the powers vested in me by the foregoing resolutions and statute, and by virtue of all other powers thereto enabling, do hereby, through Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, take possession and assume control at 12 o'clock noon on the twenty-eighth day of December, 1917, of each and every system of transportation and the appurtenances thereof located wholly or in part within the boundaries of the continental United States and consisting of railroads, and owned or controlled systems of coastwise and inland transportation, engaged in general transportation, whether operated by steam or by electric power, including also terminals, terminal companies and terminal associations, sleeping and parlor cars, private cars and private car lines, elevators, warehouses, telegraph and telephone lines, and all other equipment and appurtenances commonly used upon or operated as a part of such rail or combined rail and water systems of transportation—to the end that such systems of transportation be utilized for the transfer and transportation of troops, war material and equipment to the exclusion so far as may be necessary of all other traffic thereon. . . .

It is hereby directed that the possession, control, operation, and utilization of such transportation systems hereby by me undertaken shall be exercised by and through William G. McAdoo, who is hereby appointed and designated Director General of Railroads. Said Director may perform the duties imposed upon him so long, and to such extent, as he shall determine, through the boards of Directors, receivers, officers, and employees of said systems of transportation. . . .

Until and except so far as said Director shall from time to time otherwise by general or special orders determine, such systems of transportation shall remain subject to all existing statutes and orders of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and to all statutes and orders of regulating commissions of the various States in which said systems or any part thereof may be situated. But any orders, general or special, hereafter made by said Director shall have paramount authority and be obeyed as such. . . .

The Director shall, as soon as may be after having assumed such possession and control, enter upon negotiations with the several companies looking to agreements for just and reasonable compensation for the possession, use, and control of the respective properties on the basis of an annual guaranteed compensation above accruing depreciation and the maintenance of their properties, equivalent, as nearly as may be, to the average of the net operating income thereof for the three-year period ending June 30, 1917, the results of such negotiations to be reported to me for such action as may be appropriate and lawful. . . .

But nothing herein contained, expressed or implied, or hereafter done or suffered hereunder shall be deemed in any way to impair the rights of the stockholders, bondholders, creditors, and other persons having interests in said systems of transportation or in the profits thereof, to receive just and adequate compensation for the use and control and operation of their property hereby assumed. . . .

From and after 12 o'clock on said twenty-eighth day of December, 1917, all transportation systems included in this order and proclamation shall conclusively be deemed within the possession of said Director, without further act or notice. But for the purposes of accounting said possession and control shall date from 12 o'clock midnight on December 31, 1917.

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William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury and Director General of the nation's railways

In addition to the proclamation the President made public a statement explaining his action, which was in part as follows:

I have exercised the powers over the transportation systems of the country which were granted me by the act of Congress of August, 1917, because it has become imperatively

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Looking Toward Zion

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in Palestine was thirty-four thousand, out of a half-million comprising the whole population of Palestine. Up to 1903 the Jewish population had grown to seventy thousand, with five thousand Jewish colonists, out of a population of six hundred and eighty thousand. In 1911, the last date obtainable, there were one hundred thousand Jews, out of a population of seven hundred thousand, ten thousand of whom were Jewish colonists. From 1898 to 1911 the Jewish colonies had increased in number from twenty-five to forty-one. These Jewish colonies are scattered over Palestine about as follows: "Judea fifteen, Samaria eight, Galilee sixteen, and one in Transjordania. The entire colonies comprise about one hundred thousand acres. Schools have been opened, and at the last Zionist Congress, which was held at Vienna, Austria, in 1913, a committee was appointed to look into the establishing of a Jewish university; and there is little doubt that but for the breaking out of the great war it would have been an established fact. In Haifa there is already a high school half built.

Hebrew is being resuscitated in Palestine as a living language. Formerly it was confined to a form of prayer in the synagogue, but the Zionists now, especially in Palestine, are using it as an everyday language, and it is recognized as one of the languages of the Holy Land.

THE Anglo-Palestine Company has very largely assisted in the industrial, commercial and financial claims and purposes of the Jews in Palestine and for the furtherance of Zionist movements in the land. This company has offices today in Tiberias, Beyrut, Haifa, Hebron, Safed and Jerusalem. The Jewish organization, or Zionists, as they are now generally called, have founded a national fund with the avowed purpose of acquiring land in Palestine to be the inalienable property of the Jews, which property is to be leased only to Jews. Today the Zionist organization has a capital of about one and one-quarter million of dollars. Also connected with the Zionist and under its direction there are the following institutions: The Palestine Land Development and Jewish Agricultural Experiment Station at Haifa; Cooperative Settlements; The Olive Tree Fund and Jewish Culture Fund Societies; besides the Jewish National Library at Jerusalem. The subsidiary organizations are for the general development of Jewish settlements in Palestine.

There are in almost every civilized country in the world Zionist organizations supporting the movements of the Zionist Congress and the Zionist main organization. A world-wide appeal has been made to every Jew on the face of the earth, and the great mass of the Jews everywhere have responded and are responding. There are also special societies in various parts of the world for the promotion of special study of the Hebrew language and Hebrew culture, physical and spiritual. Organizations are springing up everywhere whose chief efforts are for the regeneration of the Jewish people as a nation. At Tel-Aviv in the vicinity of Jaffa there is today a peculiarly modern Jewish garden city, erected, governed and inhabited by Jews only. It is a city with wide streets, well lighted and drained, and policed by Jews. A council governs it, elected by Jews only. In fact, Tal-Aviv is a Zionist commonwealth in miniature, a good prototype of what the coming Jewish commonwealth of Palestine will be.

THAT the Jews are claiming Palestine is very evident today in numerous instances through and even outside the Zionist movement. A remarkable instance of individual development and colonization of Palestine is that of Baron Edmund de Rothschild, who has invested or expended a large sum of money for the clearing up of the way for a general influx of Jews into Jewry and Palestine. Wealthy Jewish women have shown remarkable vigor and energy in what we might call Red Cross work in these days when Red Cross agitation is all ablaze. They have instituted almshouses and hospitals and even agricultural companies.

Many people want to know how the Jews are going to transplant or transport the six-to-one population of Palestine as Gentile and Jew. It will hardly be as the exodus of the Jews out of Egypt into Palestine, so many centuries ago. The great bulk of the population of Palestine today is nomadic, and it will not be such a towering obstacle to overcome when the Jew gets ready with his presence and his money to capture Palestine. Nomads, Arabs and Turks and other peoples who are cosmopolitan in habits and character—and no real settled colonizing people—have inhabited Judea and all Palestine, on and off, for centuries; while the Jew, desiring a homeland and being capable of developing a homeland, has been a wanderer and an alien in every land under the sun.

Time is a great leveler. The time has come, through the fortunes of war, Judah is coming back to his own former inheritance. The Jews will soon occupy their own, and the land of Judea and all of Palestine will again blossom as the rose and bloom as the lily of the valley. For hundreds of years there has been under the Turkish rule little development in Palestine of the dormant powers and capabilities of the land. The Jews alone in the last twenty-five years have done more to develop Palestine than the Turk has done in five hundred years.

Twelve hundred delegates met in Baltimore the last week of June, 1917, for the avowed purpose and object of making the dream of Theodor Herzl a living reality. Since the great world war was commenced the Zionist movement has advanced more in a little less than three years than it did in the thirty years preceding. General Allenby at the head of a British army has already driven the Turk from Jerusalem and a large area of Palestine. The British government never allows one of its generals to give away a secret and retain his position, so it is self-evident that it is no secret with the British government when General Murray said: "The thing to be done with Palestine is to make it a 'new Jewish state' under the protection of the Entente Allies, which latter include all nations of the earth outside of the so-called Central Allies of Europe." This is fully supported by utterances of British statesmen.

The Baltimore Convention, with a general fund of one million dollars, purposes to organize an industrial and commercial army to be in readiness to leave for Palestine as soon as the war shall end. The Baltimore Convention also perfected plans for mutual cooperation with other of the Entente Allied nations in the settlement of the Jews in Jewry and the general Hebrew family in all of Palestine.

There may not be a very large exodus of Jews from America, but the Jews in Great Britain and Europe, especially the southeastern portion of Europe, are ripe for a general exodus to the land of their forefathers. There are about thirteen millions of Jews in the world. Over one half of these millions live now in eastern Europe. These millions are living at present in a very unsatisfactory condition. The end of the great war will bring about a culmination of Jewish upheaval and a mighty exodus to the land of Palestine. The war has already uprooted and broken up the homes of two millions of Jews in eastern Europe. These two millions are certain to start for the Holy Land as soon as the way is open and safe. These two millions alone will more than double the present population of the Holy Land. It is possible that the most of that homeless two millions will get into Palestine within one year after the war ends.

The Jews, by long ages of suffering and the passing away in slavedom of untold generations, have earned the God-given right to a national existence, and neither England nor America will deny them that privilege when the time is ripe and the maturity of freedom has come.

The Central Powers Offer General Peace

THE Tentonic Powers are ready to make an immediate general peace without forcible annexations and without punitive indemnities. This is their answer through Count Czernin, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, made on Christmas Day at Brest-Litovsk to the Russian proposals, which they are ready to accept in most particulars as the basis of negotiations.

The Central (Teutonic) Powers insist, however, that they cannot bind themselves one-sidedly to such conditions. They share the view of the Russian delegation, which condemns the continuation of the war purely for aims of conquest.

"The statesmen of the allied (Teutonic) Governments, in programs and statements," declared Count Czernin, "have emphasized time and again that for the sake of conquest they will not prolong the war a single day."

Upon the basis of the Russian peace proposal, the Central Powers submit these propositions:

"Forcible annexations of territories seized during the war does not enter into the intentions of the allied (Teutonic) powers. It is not the intention of the (Teutonic) allies to deprive of political independence those nations which lost it during the war. The question of subjection to that or the other country of those nationalities who have not political independence cannot, in the opinion of the powers of the Quadruple Alliance, be solved internationally. In this case, it must be solved by each government together with its peoples in a manner established by the constitution.

"Likewise, in accordance with the declaration of statesmen of the Quadruple Alliance (Tentonic), the protection of the rights of minorities constitutes an essential component part of the constitutional rights of peoples to self-determination. The allied (Teutonic) governments also grant validity to this principle everywhere, in so far as it is practically realizable.

"Every belligerent power would have only to make indemnification for expenditures for its nationals who have become prisoners of war, as well as for damage done in its own territory by illegal acts of force committed against civilian nationals belonging to the enemy. The Russian government's proposal for the creation of a special fund for this purpose could be taken into consideration only if the other belligerent powers were to join in the peace negotiations within a suitable period.

"The return of colonial territories forcibly seized during the war constitutes an essential part of the German demands, which Germany cannot renounce under any circumstances. Likewise, the Russian demand for immediate evacuation of territories occupied by an adversary conforms to German intentions."

Chairman Jaffe, of the Russian delegation, following Count Czernin, stated that, notwithstanding differences of opinion, he thought that the authoritative declaration that Germany has no aggressive plans offered the possibility of the immediate beginning of negotiations for a general peace among all belligerents. He proposed a ten days' recess until January 4, "so that the peoples whose governments have not yet joined in the negotiations for a general peace may have an opportunity to acquaint themselves with the principles of such a peace as now is being established.

"At the expiration of the indicated time," Jaffe declared, "the negotiations must be resumed, disregarding whether or not other belligerents have joined in the negotiations, or how many."

The peace terms are not viewed with favor in England. The Daily Mail says regarding the proposal for the return of the German colonies: "The British empire will be blown sky-high before that happens." The Daily News remarks: "On the vital question of Belgium and the hardly less vital question of Serbia, the German solution is altogether unacceptable. It accepts restoration, but it explicitly rules out restitution. It applies to the problems of Alsace, Lorraine and Poland a formula that, as it stands, means the refusal of any guarantee that the just claims of the inhabitants of either area will be recognized."

What may be regarded as a prompt British reply to the peace offer is the following statement of Premier Lloyd George in a letter to the Labor Congress, December 28:

"Achievement of the purposes for which the allies are fighting is essential to the future freedom and peace of mankind."

The premier said that a statement on war aims could only be made in agreement with Great Britain's allies. The question of issuing a fresh joint declaration, he added, was being constantly kept in view by the Entente allied governments.

The official attitude of France is indicated by Foreign Minister Pinchon, who declared in the Chamber of Deputies, December 27:

"After suffering as we have, we cannot accept peace based on the status quo. By agreement with our allies, we are ready to discuss direct propositions regarding peace, but this is indirect."

In Washington the disposition in official and diplomatic circles is to question the sincerity of Count Czernin's proposal for a peace basis. The American position has been clearly stated by President Wilson—namely, that the United States will not enter into negotiations with any Government which does not represent the free will of the governed people. There has been no change in this position.

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Three of the first American prisoners of war taken by Germany. These pictures were published in the "Welt im Bild" and reached this country through British official sources

The Quest of Souls

THE Christian Herald Family for more than two years has had an abiding interest in the work of Mr. and Mrs. Norton, in London and behind the lines for the Belgian soldiers. Next week Mrs. Norton lets us look into the souls of three young Belgians who found the Christ through the Testaments and meetings which this work brought to them

Frank Carpenter has developed an awful appetite for food subjects. After whetting our sweet tooth this week he comes at us again next week with a story about fish.

It takes an awful jolt sometimes to carry Christians across denominational lines. A cyclone did it in Red Hill, Kansas, where Howard Chase is laboring under the expert guidance of Pastor Sheldon.

Human partnerships sometimes fail. Rev. William H. Bates in next week's sermon tells of one that never fails—partnership with Jesus.

A Week in the World's News

COAL COMES NEXT. Federal Coal Administrator Garfield on December 26 told the Senate Coal Investigating Committee that the Fuel Administration had been forced to work in a circle in its efforts to get coal to those who needed it most. He declared that the country this year did not have the usual reserve of coal, and that the only solution lay in stimulating production and in adequate transportation. He declared that government control of coal mines would be inevitable if the war lasted much longer. It was stated on the same day that 100 steamships, aggregating more than a million tons' cargo capacity, were being held in New York harbor through lack of coal, and that the number was increasing daily, although strenuous efforts were being made to supply them. Some of the vessels had been detained more than a month. The first step in national control was taken on December 27, when the Fuel Administration issued orders forbidding the making of coal contracts for more than a year in advance, and providing for the canceling of any contract by the Fuel Administration.

NO MORE COLD SOLDIERS. Senate Military Affairs Committee on December 26 adopted a resolution directing the Secretary of War to take immediate steps cutting as much red tape as necessary, to supply shortages in clothing which this investigation had shown existed in some of the military camps. The total shortage was declared before the committee to be 20,000 overcoats and 47,000 woolen blouses. Of 7,000 coats shipped to one camp, 4,000 were useless because they were too small. Orders were immediately issued by the War Department to commanders of the camps authorizing them to supply their shortages from any stores available in the neighborhood of the camps. Further testimony showed that 45 per cent. of the country's weaving establishments were making woolen cloth for the army, but that deliveries had been delayed by strikes and other causes, being 100,000 garments behind specifications, total deliveries being 46 per cent. of total orders, some of which would not be completed for several months. In New York on December 27 arrests were made of men accused of conspiring to steal uniform cloth from sponging and finishing plants. Cloth valued at $50,000 was recovered. More finds were expected.

OVER THE BORDER. Mexican bandits on December 25 crossed into American territory near Candelaria, Texas, killing the driver of a mail stage and two passengers, looting the mail sacks and raiding also a nearby ranch and store. American troops followed the raiders across the Rio Grande, engaging the bandits in a running fight in which one American soldier and eight bandits were killed. Additional cavalry were sent to continue the pursuit. These returned to American soil on December 27 reporting the killing of ten more bandits and the recovery of much of the loot. One American trooper was wounded.

WOULDN'T HEAR HOOVER. Food Administrator Herbert Hoover on December 22 appeared before the Senate committee investigating the sugar shortage. Mr. Hoover had a prepared statement covering all the accusations made against his administration by witnesses before the committee and giving a detailed report of all activities in connection with the sugar situation. Senator Reed, chairman of the committee, on the ground that Mr. Hoover was to be a witness on December 28, refused to permit him to make the statement, in spite of the fact that it was understood that the President desired this courtesy to be extended to Mr. Hoover. The following day the President himself made public the statement which showed that no sugar had been withheld in this country, and that the famine in the Northeastern States was almost entirely due to the shipments sent abroad to cover the absolutely necessary needs of our Allies. The statement showed also that there would probably be a shortage of sugar through 1918, and that Americans would need to exercise economy to the extent of 10 per cent. of their ordinary consumption in order to avoid shortage and provide for necessary exports. It was pointed out that whereas the Allies before the war took only 300,000 tons of sugar annually from the western hemisphere, they had taken this year 1,400,000 tons. It was also shown that the consumption in England had been reduced to twenty-four pounds a year per person and in France to fourteen pounds while American consumption was at the rate of fifty-five pounds a year per person. It was stated that there was some 150,000 tons of sugar in Java, but other requirements forbade the use of ships for this long voyage.

LOCKED ON THE STOCKS. Testimony by E. N. Hurley, chairman of the United States Shipping Board, before the Senate Commerce Committee, showed that the changes in personnel of the Shipping Board had resulted in more than two months' delay in the completion of ships. According to Mr. Hurley, the lack of harmony between General Goethals and former Chairman Denman had not resulted in a serious delay, but Admiral Capps, who succeeded General Goethals, had delayed for more than two months the awarding of contracts approved by his predecessor. The hold-up was due to the desire of the Admiral to go over the plans before passing them. Some modifications were made, especially in the manner of making payments. The wooden-ship building program was similarly held up pending an investigation and the preparation of new specifications, by a special committee headed by Charles Piez, at present General Manager of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. It was shown also that wooden ship building on the Eastern Coast had been seriously delayed by the failure of the Southern Pines Association to keep their promise regarding the delivery of timber. Because of this, it was stated that it might be necessary to transfer the major portion of the wooden ship program to the Western Coast, although there was some evidence that it might be abandoned. Some delay was also caused through the changing of plans in order that certain vessels under construction might be equipped with oil-burning engines. On December 24 it was announced that the government's program of 8,246,308 tons was 18 2-10 per cent. complete, and that the 1918 output would be in the neighborhood of 5,000,000 tons.

AMERICAN SENTRY MURDERED. Press reports on December 25, passed by the censor but not supported by any official report, told of the finding, after a German raid on trenches held by American troops, of a lone sentry of an infantry regiment, with his throat cut from ear to ear. It was surmised that he had been overwhelmed by a superior force of Germans and had been killed after being captured. General Pershing's daily reports on the 24th and 25th of December included five names of soldiers killed in action. The nature of the action was

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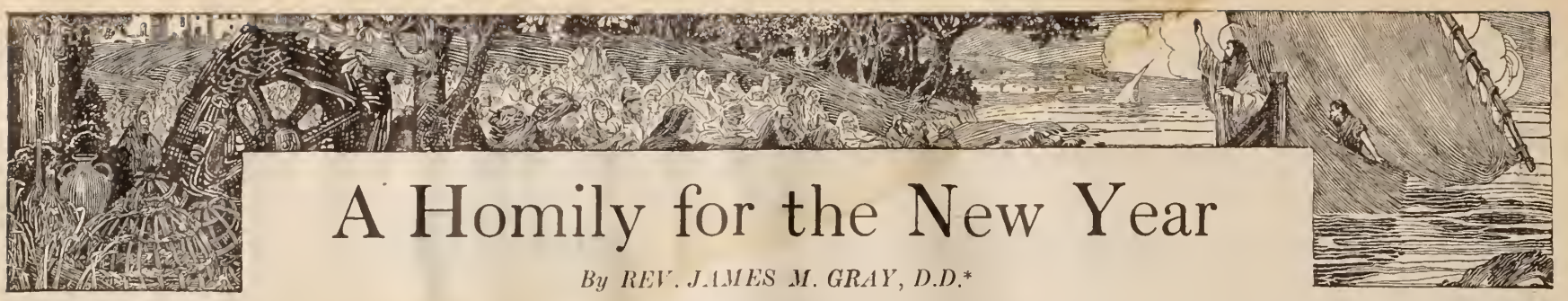

A Homily for the New Year

*By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D.**

TEXT—Psalm 101. "I will walk within my house with a perfect heart."

CAN I persuade you to read this short Psalm of only eight verses? And will you not please read it over and over again until you are quite familiar with its language, and then hold the page open before you and compare the text as you follow this exposition?

It was written by David, you see; the shepherd lad, the sweet singer of Israel, the brave warrior, the victorious king; a great sinner too, but humble and penitent; and through it all, and for that reason, a man after God's own heart (I Sam. 13 : 14).

It is a reminiscent Psalm. He is looking back over the past, just as we are today, and he is singing of mercy and judgment. Are we doing so? Does the twelvemonth just closed reveal mercy in the retrospect? It reveals judgment, you say. Yes, there was chastening and sorrow in it, no doubt; but judgment takes on another shape. There is justice in judgment, and righteousness, and fair-dealing. There is reward for the godly in divine judgments, and have you not known that? You assuredly have known it, if your dealings with the Source of all power and grace have been as close and intimate as those of David. No second causes for him; no intermediary interferes with his heavenly fellowship; he goes straight to the throne. "Unto thee, O Lord, will I sing!"

And it is because of this that he is moved so freely to utter the vow of the next verse, "I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way," or as the margin puts it, "I will give heed unto the perfect way." There is only one "perfect way," of course, and that is the way of God's testimonies, the way of obedience to his will for us. It is the way into which we come through faith in Jesus Christ and the confession of his name before men. He is "the way, the truth and the life" (John 14 : 6). Have you yet entered into that way? If so, then there is such a thing as behaving yourself "wisely" in it. There is such a thing as growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ (II Peter 3 : 18); and it is to be hoped that this is what you purpose to do this year for the same reason that David purposed to do it.

But, after all, how was he going to do it? How could he carry it out? Would he not certainly fail? How often have you and I made resolutions that have come to naught and left us worse off than before? But David is not so foolish. His strength is made perfect in weakness (II Cor. 12 : 9). He will surrender himself to God in this matter, and let the power of the Most High sustain him in well-doing; for he exclaims, "Oh, when wilt thou come unto me?" That is it, David; put thy trust there and he will never fail thee. "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye," said Jesus, "except ye abide in me" (John 15 : 4). That is the secret of a holy life; and when God comes in to dwell with us like that, then we with assurance can say as David did, "I will walk within my house with a perfect heart."

BUT at this point how doubly interesting the Psalm becomes! For no sooner does David make this pledge than he begins to tell us what it means.

First he says, "I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes." Of course, wicked things would force their way before his eyes as they do in the case of all of us; but David would not "set" them there. He would not be responsible for their coming. If sinful suggestions and solicitations entered his mind he would dismiss them. They would not become his aim or purpose in life; his affections would not be permitted to entwine about them.

Second, "I hate the work of them that turn aside; it shall not cleave to me." "I hate the doing of unfaithfulness," is the way some translate it; while others render it, "I hate the committing of transgression." At all events David hated it; that is the point. This thing might alight upon him "as a foul bird might alight upon his dwelling, but he would see to it that it did not nestle or breed there." "It shall not cleave to me," he says.

Third, "a froward heart shall depart from me; I will not know a wicked person." "Froward" is short for "fromward," and the expression means one who is turned from or who is holding out against what is right; one who is perverse, wayward, ungovernable. David would not know such a person; he would not let him become his friend or intimate companion. He specifies these froward persons. "Whoso privily slandereth his neighbor" is one of them, and if such an one is on his calling list, "him will I cut off," he says. The man with "an high look and a proud heart" is another. "He that worketh deceit" is still another, and "he that telleth lies."

"OH," you say, "David is not talking about himself so much as he is talking about other people." No, you are mistaken; he is talking about himself. The man who will have nothing to do with crooked characters must himself first be straight. It means something to separate yourself from froward people, to turn your back on the contentious, and the evil speakers, and the proud and hypocritical, and the dishonorable and untruthful. For a while it costs to do this. It costs in dollars and cents; it costs in one's position and influence; it costs in many of the pleasures and luxuries of life; it costs in physical comfort; it costs above all in the test and strain it puts upon one's moral character and his spiritual faith. Try it and see. See not merely what it means *to* you, but what it means *in* you. In other words, only a regenerated man is capable of such a purpose as that of David, much less the execution of it. Only such a man as was referred to before, one who has truly received Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord; as Pharaoh said of Joseph, "a man in whom the Spirit of God is."

Every one who carefully reads this Psalm feels that it must have been written at some critical period in David's life. At the time when he was divinely taken from the sheepcote to be set among princes? At the time when Samuel anointed him to be king? At the time when, on the death of Saul, he succeeded to the throne of Judah, or later, when the whole kingdom of the twelve tribes came under his hand? Was it when he brought up the ark of the covenant to find its resting-place, as the symbol of Jehovah, in Jerusalem? Who knows?

WHAT a great thing it would be if the mayor of a metropolitan city, just going into office, would read this Psalm! And perhaps he will. But what a greater thing if he acted upon it! How that performance would illuminate his character and show the manner of man he is! What a purification of municipal politics would ensue! Would he be reelected if he made this Psalm his platform? He would not be careful about that, but just leave the outcome of it to the wise and loving Heavenly Father who guided him all the way along, from the little old farm with the big mortgage on it, away up there in the mountains, till he placed him on one of the highest pedestals of power in the land.

But let us not shelter ourselves behind the mayor. All of us are at a critical stage just now, for all of us have just entered upon a New Year. And it is a year of stress and storm, too. Never have we known such a year. As President Wilson said, we used to prepare armies for war, now we prepare nations. This whole nation is at war. Every householder, every individual, feels it. Oh, what a call it is for us to draw near to God!

And this Psalm tells us how to do it. It tells us to begin by singing of God's mercy and judgment. We can do that even though we are at war, even though we have loved ones far away, "somewhere in France," for there is a bright side even to war. Thousands of young men who would never darken the door of a Gospel meeting are now listening to the Gospel, we are told, and are getting saved. One young English lad wrote home to his father from the trenches saying, "Dad, this war had to be that I might be saved!" His father was reading the letter to a friend of ours, and said: "Just fancy our George thinking that God would cause, or permit, all this upheaval that he might be saved!" "Ah," replied our friend, "God upheaved more than all Europe that your George might be saved. Calvary was a greater tragedy than this war, and Calvary had to be that I might be saved." Oh, yes, we can sing of mercy and judgment if we know what redemption is!

THIS Psalm tells us as a consequence of God's mercy and judgment to walk within our house with a perfect heart. "In the integrity of my heart" is really what David says. With an undivided, entire, sincere purpose let us serve God in every part of our being and every channel of our life this year. Of course, the word is used relatively. No man since the fall of Adam, save Jesus Christ, ever walked perfectly before God in the absolute sense. David's practice indeed did not always tally with his resolve; but he made the resolve, and that was something. To be perfect even as our Father in heaven is perfect may surpass our most sanguine expectations; but to set before us any lower standard is to demoralize Christian effort, to reject Christ, and to invite defeat.

But following the sign-posts of the Psalm further, we find that to walk within our house with a perfect heart means two things chiefly. First, renunciation of every known wicked thing; and secondly, separation as far as possible from every wicked person.

"Each heart knoweth its own bitterness," says the wise man, "and a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy" (Prov. 14 : 10). Which means, for our present purpose, that you know better than any one else just what the "wicked thing" is toward which you have a predilection. It may be some false system of religion, some form of that Babylonianism or paganism of the East which of late has engrafted itself upon the Christian thinking of our land. You will know it by its earmark of opposition to the Gospel of salvation through faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ. It may be that your "wicked thing" is of a more social character; some feeling of hatred, malice or uncharitableness toward your fellow man; some illicit love you cherish; some unfairness or dishonesty in trade; some falsehood in speech or life; some covetous desire or consuming ambition that is certain to lead into overt sin. If "thou shalt be perfect with the Lord thy God," these things must in purpose of heart be put away.

BUT the renunciation of every known wicked thing will lead very directly to separation as far as possible from every wicked person. "As far as possible," we say; for some qualification is required here. Paul wrote to the Corinthian Christians not to keep company with fornicators, but what he meant was fornicators in the church; "if any man that is called a (Christian) brother be a fornicator, . . . with such an one no not to eat" (I Cor. 5 : 9-13). He admitted that they would have to keep some kind of company with fornicators in the world or they must "needs go out of the world." And the same is true of other classes of the wicked and ungodly. Alas! the world is full of infidels, and blasphemers, and Sabbath-breakers, and home-disrupters, and heart-murderers, and adulterers, and thieves, and liars, and all the rest; and absolutely to separate one's self from them is a physical impossibility. But when David said, "A froward heart shall depart from me; I will not know a wicked person," he had in mind his friends and companions, and his associates in the government where his freedom of choice came into play. And this is the obligation that concerns us. Remember, too, that ofttimes our most intimate and influential companions are those of printer's ink, and if our eyes are to be only "upon the faithful of the land," then our reading is to be winnowed out from the daily newspaper to the most lordly literature upon our library shelves.

Oh, as we dwell on these obligations and the weakness of our own hearts, how much we need to cry to God as David did, "Oh, when wilt thou come unto me?" "Old Adam is too strong for young Melanchthon," said the great reformer. "Self is not powerful enough to conquer self," said A. J. Gordon. It is only when by the Holy Spirit we do mortify the deeds of the body that we shall live (Rom. 8 : 13). Therefore, by an act of our will let us yield ourselves to him, that he may perform his full and holy work within us.

* Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

IMMORTALITY

By J. Corson Miller

NAY, scorn me not, O mighty wind-lashed sea,
Nor ye stupendous mountains, proudly strong,
If I do seek to sanctify with song
My heart's high hope of immortality.
Not thus engulfed shall my brave vision be
By thunder-throated storms; count me not wrong,
Ye parrot-praters that great cities throng,
Enchained in darkness, though your feet are free.

Come, nourish me, my Dream. I would sweep on,
Like some bold-winged bird, to heights divine,
Assured that I shall one day meet with mine—
My father waiting anxiously at dawn;
Beside him, lo, her mother-eyes ashine,
My childhood's guardian angel who is gone.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Heroic Goodness

SUNDAY, January 13. John 5 : 35: "*He was a burning and a shining light.*" It is the combination of the two words "burning" and "shining" which portrays so distinguished and powerful a character. If either word be bereaved of the other the character it describes is ineffective. Light without heat! Who has not met the impotence? Heat without light! Who has not met the terror? It is the fellowship of the two which generates a fruitful power. The two together produce a luminous enthusiasm. We have zeal wedded to knowledge. We have an enlightened faith in communion with a passionate love. It is only when our souls have the double guardianship of light and heat that our life can be said to be safe. If I may so put it, we have the security of incandescence.

Now I think that the element which is more commonly absent from our religious life is the element of heat. The majority of us know all that we need to know to be in the heavenly way, but we do not make much pace or progress. We are short of heat. There is nothing more annoying than to have to maintain a smoldering fire. It is always just on the point of going out. We stir it up and it sputters and flickers for a moment, but it soon becomes dull again. It is something like trying to keep the dormouse awake in Alice's Wonderland. On the other hand a big, well-fed fire maintains its life by its own fervor. Its very passion is its defense. Its heat is its security. And so it is with the aspirations of the soul. So it is with all piety and devotion. If they are of the smoldering order our religious life will be more an annoyance than a strength and comfort. We shall always have to be attending to it, just as we watch an invalid. But if our religious life is of the burning and shining order, blazing with holy consecration and enthusiasm, the fire itself will be our best protection. Our ardor will be our friend.

Here is a sentence of Coventry Patmore's, one of the many jottings which were found in manuscript after his death: "If you wish to be good, the easiest, indeed the only, way is to be heroically so." That is profoundly true. We are not going to be commonly good until we are uncommonly devoted to goodness. That is to say, the easiest way to do God's will on the ordinary road is to bring to each task and duty a life of uttermost consecration. It is only the really full life that will make little things live. If there is to be the heroic flavor in our ordinary fellowships it must be born out of a supremely surrendered life to the fellowship of God in Christ our Lord. We are too prone to try to be good on a perilously low pressure, and we cannot get along. There is no strength in our goodness. We are not impressive. It makes no mark. It cannot burn a trail! There is not heat enough. If we had more heat, if we were baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, the ordinary things of the ordinary day would pulse with the power of holy consecration. J. H. J.

Our Unseen Companion

MONDAY, January 14. Isa. 41 : 10. "*Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God.*" Daniel was not alone with the lions in their den. The three youths were not alone in the blazing furnace. Paul and Silas were not alone in the Philippian dungeon. Elijah was not alone when he stood before Ahab. Indeed, he was more conscious of Another than he was of the Oriental despot who was his inquisitor at that moment. He said so when he began his address with the words, "As the Lord God liveth, before whom I stand." Luther was not alone at the Diet, though he seemed to be. No man is alone who protests against ancient iniquity, who lifts up his voice against error, who pleads for humanity and God. Humanity, the unseen, stands by such a man, and God, though invisible, is his present and eternal partner. "Fear not, for I am with thee."

Mrs. Burnett tells us of a poor girl in London who was always trusting "Something she knew was Up There." Pollyanna belongs to the same school. A little book called "That Something" teaches the same lesson. A man who had been bankrupt in every way, but who had experienced the birth of a new manhood, applied for a position. Before he was accepted he went to work, did all the duties of the place he had applied for, acted as though he had already become a part of the concern, displayed no over-anxiety as to his wages, and became indispensable to the business. Step by step he went up to a place of prominence and power, relying on "That Something." "That Something" is no vague abstraction. It towers above our lives. It fills our lives. It enspheres our lives. It is God. When we claim him as our companion every moment, life begins to wear a new habit, and day and night our souls shall sing their song of hope: "I am with thee; I am thy God." C. C. A.

Just Judgment

TUESDAY, January 15. I Cor. 4 : 5. "*Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts: and then shall every man have praise of God.*" The speaker is the same apostle who declared himself "the chief of sinners." The judgment, then, which he deprecates in this place cannot refer to questions of right and wrong. On such matters he himself had taught the congregation at Corinth to pass judgment, and had declared that "the spiritual man judgeth all things." He refers in this passage to the hasty judgment which immature minds were passing on the relative merit of the ministry of various servants of the Lord. These were not free from personal bias. They did not take in all the evidence in the case. They apportioned praise and blame on arbitrary grounds and for selfish reasons.

It requires a good conscience in one's own cause and a firm faith in the justice of the Lord for a public servant of the church thus to pass calmly through evil report and good report and look for the final revision of men's judgments by the Supreme Court of heaven. If men would be concerned only about the approval or disapproval of the Lord, they would not mind man's judgment. W. H. T. D.

The Passing World

WEDNESDAY, January 16. John 18 : 36. "*My kingdom is not of this world.*" If there is no other world, there is no world here worth living for. Is it not the heavenly that gives reality to the earthly, that helps us rightly to estimate life's real value? Does it not take two worlds to complete the circle of being, and is not the present only a little arc in that endless circle?

How difficult it seems for some persons to realize that this world passeth away, but that the world kingdom of Christ endureth forever! His followers are pilgrims and strangers, seeking a better country, expecting the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory that shall be revealed. Truly, the journey of life is only an episode before entering upon the great hereafter. Reaching the confines of the undiscovered country and crossing its threshold is a supreme moment, the climax of human destiny. Some regard the ornamentation of the chariot that carries us as the chief occupation of the traveler; but social betterment should always be secondary to soul betterment. The one is external; the other, eternal beauty of character. Earthly comforts and riches have not yet made men holier. All social service, intellectual culture, philanthropic endeavor, and love of the beautiful should center in Christ and become active through his indwelling. How we live is more important than how long we live or how happily. Seek first his everlasting kingdom, and all lesser good will be added. E. W. C.

Life's Sweet Surprises

THURSDAY, January 17. Luke 24 : 35. "*He was known to them in the breaking of bread.*" Nothing is more certain than that God reveals himself to men in myriad ways: as comfort to the stricken; as strength to the fainting; as wisdom to the ignorant; as rest to the weary; as refreshment to the languid; as inspiration to the halting; as light to the blind; as awakening to the jaded spirit. The moments of these revelations are the golden moments of our life. Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, recovering from a long and painful illness, had an experience which he never spoke of but with a strange degree of guardedness. His experience was one of God's intimate nearness. He knew something of the meaning of the holy promise, "I will come in and sup with him and he with me." There was a missionary in the early history of Canada to whom there came a vision such as that which tradition says Constantine saw in the sky. This missionary says he saw a luminous cross. Some one asked him how large it was, and he replied, "Large enough to crucify us all on." Sometimes workers in difficult fields, in crises of their lives, have such revelations. It is as though the Infinite Father, keeping his eyes on all his children, stoops to touch them and to lift them up when he sees them passing through periods of darkness and danger. The suddenness of such revelations, their unexpectedness, links them in thought with the radiant and memorable moment when Jesus made himself known to two of his disciples in the breaking of bread. The element of surprise in religious experience is well expressed in a line of an old hymn, "And every joy He brings me comes a new and glad surprise." C. C. A.

Speedy Sentence

FRIDAY, January 18. Eccles. 8 : 11. "*Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil.*" During the initial stages of wrongdoing sinners often remain unpunished. The secular courts can punish but a very small part of all the wrong that is committed against the laws of the commonwealth, because by far the greater part of wrongful acts remain undiscovered. Private rebuke is not always administered as it should be, because men do not wish to appear harsh and censorious. But also God delays his punishment. The conscience which he has placed in men indeed reproves them for the wrong which they commit, but the sinner fails to connect the accusations of the little voice within him with God. He imagines that he is immune from punishment, and continues sinning with greater boldness. His whole life finally becomes a daring challenge to divine justice to apprehend him and stop him in his mad career. The pious look on, and wonder whether God is sleeping.

But the tardiness of God merely exhibits the riches of his goodness and forbearance and long suffering: he would give the sinner time to reconsider his evil ways and would lead him to repentance. He has a thousand ways for making the sinner aware that he is pursuing an evil course and is headed for destruction. W. H. T. D.

Paul's Friends

SATURDAY, January 19. II Tim. 4 : 16, 17. "*No man stood with me, but the Lord stood with me.*" Paul at Athens and Corinth had to face unbelieving audiences alone. He deeply felt the need of an associate in sympathy with his work and himself. Demas had forsaken him; Mark had turned back; Alexander did him much evil; Silas and Timothy had not yet arrived. So Paul, the noble apostle, had to stand alone among strangers, preaching the new Gospel.

Athens was called the eye of Greece and Greece the eye of the whole Gentile world. Paul had failed to impress Athens; would he repeat that failure at Corinth? These were no doubt among his thoughts as he approached the city in trembling and in solitude. How much he felt the need of Christian fellowship and friendship in that critical hour! True, the Lord stood by him and strengthened him, but the soul craves companionship from those who are on a plane with humanity. Paul was a preacher of tender and affectionate nature. To some converts he once wrote, "Now we live if ye stand fast in the Lord." The Epistle to the Philippians is a sweet love-letter where he says, "My longed for, my joy and crown, my dearly beloved." Oh, how Paul hungered for such fellowship, which was next to holding communion with Christ himself! Once he wrote Timothy, "Do thy diligence to come unto me; take Mark and bring him with thee, and salute all the brethren in the Lord for me."

Paul's friends were fellow workers, true Christian soldiers; he had little sympathy with those who turned back. He was so enraptured with Jesus that he could not have close friendship among those who were not like-minded. He wanted to mingle with those who are all one in the Saviour's sanctuary. "As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, so may they be one in us." E. W. C.

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OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

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Dr. Jordan on Autocracy

IN his contribution to the symposium on "The Church After the War," printed in this issue of the Christian Herald, President Jordan of Leland Stanford University, amid many strong passages has one which seems almost lifted up to the domain of prophecy. At the root of the present world-troubles, he finds autocracy:

> It is my firm belief that the root of international war is found in the dynastic system of national organization. To center all power in the hands of one man puts the people at the mercy of the oligarchy of parasites and satellites which surround the autocrat, and which must always constitute "the power behind the throne." On this group of self-seekers and intriguers, religion can make no impression. They are ready enough with lip-service and its varied forms of blasphemy. But religion can be effective only as it replaces lip-service by realities. The people have been nothing; they must be everything; and Democracy is the political expression of the Beatitudes.

Lincoln had the same thought in mind when he wrote and spoke in eulogy and respect for the sovereignty of the "plain people." Emerson, too, had it when he wrote "God said, I am tired of kings." Tennyson voiced the same sentiment when he foreshadowed the coming "parliament of man, the federation of the world." President Wilson expressed it in the now famous passage, declaring that the present war must "make the world safe for democracy," and that the truth of democracy is "the air all governments must breathe henceforth if they would live."

But the conviction of the failure of autocracy to meet the requirements and assure the welfare of the race is as old as history itself. When Israel was a young and growing nation, under the Judges, dazzled by the barbaric splendor and gilded wickedness of the heathen courts of that time, the people became ashamed of their little plain republic and clamored for a king. God, speaking through Moses, gave what should have been accepted as sufficient warning. Read the story in I Samuel eighth chapter, and note the predictions which were fulfilled later. And history abounds in parallel experiences where autocracies, grasping at unlimited power, have ruled only to ruin. They are a menace to the whole world, their own people included, and their ultimate overthrow comes about through the operation of a law that is inexorable. It is the simple law of justice which is written in the human heart everywhere, and which at the last arouses the whole world against the aggressor.

In these days of shallow thinking, it is refreshing to find here and there some one who can sound the depths of a problem without losing his head in the effort. President Jordan's dignified and patriotic treatment of the whole question at issue will be read with general approval.

Heroism in Women

WHENEVER a woman does some courageous act not strictly in line with women's ordinary activities, all men hasten to pay her tribute. If she flags an imperiled train with her red petticoat, takes a gun to a burglar, or smashes a "masher," we at once go into high panegyrics over her heroism. In the impulse of enthusiastic admiration men magnanimously admit for the moment that women may, on occasion, be as brave as men always are.

At the head of this type of womanly intrepidity stand the few famous girls who, as keepers of light-houses, have saved the lives of scores in adjacent waters. Close to these in admiration of the public are the noble women who go as nurses to the front and into fever-infected places. And there is the Chicago society woman who the other day stopped a stampede in a theater fire.

These are brave women indeed, and admiration for them is genuine and irresistible. But is the selection of such instances as these as types of womanly heroism fair to women in general? Not all women can be lighthouse-keepers, or war nurses, or society women at theater fires. Most of them are home-keepers. Are we to ignore the heroism with which they perform their everyday tasks? Are we to overlook the unselfishness and courage of their daily sacrifice in these troubled times?

It is quite well for us to admire the women who go to nurse the mangled and dying. But what about the countless other women who bravely send husbands, brothers, lovers, sons, to be mangled and killed?

Who can ever count the hours that the mothers of the world have spent in lonely vigil when despair pressed upon them and closed round about them like a midnight gloom? Does one ever hear of a mother that fails or forgets or falters?

But these mothers, wives and sweethearts, supremely brave in their bereavement, are so common that we take no note of them. The truth is that we are so used to heroism in women that we think nothing about it until it presents itself spectacularly in some unusual form.

Roosevelt Favors National Prohibition

EX-PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT, in a letter dated December 19, 1917, has just declared for the first time his endorsement of National Prohibition as the solution of the drink problem in this country. Dr. Iglehart had sent the Colonel a copy of his new book, "King Alcohol Dethroned," just published by the Christian Herald, and received the following acknowledgment:

> MY DEAR DR. IGLEHART: I thank you for your book and appreciate your sending it to me, and I wish to congratulate you on what has happened in Congress and the success that is crowning your long fight against alcoholism. The American saloon has been one of the most mischievous elements in American social, political and industrial life. No man has warred more valiantly against it than you have, and I am glad that it has been my privilege to stand with you in the contest.
>
> Faithfully yours,
>
> THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

For many years the Colonel has denounced the evils of the American saloon. Early in the present conflict he demanded war prohibition in the interest of military and naval efficiency, but has never till now come out unreservedly in favor of National Constitutional Prohibition. His letter will be hailed with delight by the millions of temperance people all over the country, who are wrought up to the white heat of enthusiasm on the subject, and who will hope that the announcement from Oyster Bay will hasten the swift destruction of the liquor traffic.

Concerning Prophecy

IN dealing with every great question, precipitancy should be avoided. This is especially true as applied to the conclusions to be drawn from the study of prophecy. While the conviction is general among Biblical scholars everywhere that we are living in times of prophetic fulfilment, all well-regulated and devout Christian scholarship will exercise the greatest care to avoid the pitfall into which many students of prophecy have fallen in the past. We refer to the setting of dates, even approximately, upon which the events foretold may be expected to take place. Minds have been wrecked, splendid reputations spoiled, and multitudes misled by such a course.

While it is the duty and the privilege of all to study the Scriptures, it must be manifest that rash conclusions are a positive danger in this particular field. Regarding certain unfulfilled prophecies, it is clearly set forth in the Bible that only those who are spiritually enlightened can understand, while the greatest theme of all—the Second Coming—is accompanied by the declaration from Jesus' own lips that of the day and hour (of fulfilment) no man knoweth. This warning is followed by the injunction to watch, to pray, and to so live that we may be found in readiness.

A Splendid Tribute

AN old man of ninety-one, fragile in frame but with a mind crystal-clear in its perceptions, recently thrilled all England with a letter which he wrote to the London Times. The title he chose for his subject was a singular one: "The Return of the Mayflower." In the first few sentences, the idea he had in mind burst upon the readers like a splendid sunrise. The Mayflower, carrying ninety-eight courageous souls, sailed out upon a trackless sea—"for conscience' sake." It came back, a mighty argosy, ready to take up the great world-struggle alongside of the Allies—also "for conscience' sake." In both cases—the going and the coming—there was the same high motive, the love of liberty, justice, democracy.

There are thoughts so beautiful that they cannot die. Solon, before the Athenian Senate on his defense, lifted up a hand filled with the soil. "This black earth be my witness," he cried, letting it filter slowly through his fingers to the ground, "that I have labored to free the soil of Greece to her sons." Every Greek and half the world know these immortal words.

So the old Bishop of Marlborough, when he welcomed the coming of the fleet "of the mightiest Republic the world has ever seen" as "the Return of the Mayflower," expressed a thought at once so lofty and so noble that it deserves to be imperishable. It should serve as an inspiration to all who would follow the highest ideals, for it is by devotion to the true ideal that the world must make progress.

To Those Who Have Not Yet Renewed

WE would urgently advise every one of our readers who has not yet sent in a renewal for 1918, to do so at the earliest possible moment. In common with other publications, the Christian Herald is confronted with a further advance in the cost of mailing the publication to all parts of the United States. Congress has already passed a law which increases the cost of mailing the publication by over three times. It is proposed to put this law into operation by July first. The publishers are using every endeavor to have this law repealed, and some of the Senators and Congressmen are in favor of a repeal, because they feel it is an unjust burden not only on the publishers but on the people who take the publication, since many publishers will be forced to raise their subscription prices to meet the additional tax.

It may be that Congress will repeal it, and it may be that another law will be substituted for it, which may bring about an advance even sooner than was contemplated in the law already enacted. There seems to be nothing certain about it except the fact that there will be an advance. Certainly there can be no possible reduction from the price of last year. We would like to have all of our friends who have not renewed to do so before the end of January. *Do the safe thing and renew now.* It would please us very much to complete our list of January renewals.

We have been greatly gratified by the way in which our friends have stood by us through past crises of this kind. The month of December and those immediately preceding it have been especially successful. We would like to make a record month of January. We would like it to surpass December.

Will you not make sure that you are to receive the Christian Herald for next year by sending in your renewal at once? Furthermore, you doubtless know of some friend who would be interested in receiving such an all around, serviceable, attractive and well-illustrated paper as the Christian Herald. Try to induce him to send his subscription in with your own. Through such cooperation from our readers we look forward to a larger Family Circle this year than ever.

Character in Camp Life

ONE of the most gratifying developments of the year now closing is the splendid effort that is being made by the government and the churches of all denominations, with the cooperation of Christian people everywhere, to keep alive the religious spirit and good morals in the military camps. As this movement has progressed, it has been marked by an increased sense of responsibility on the part of those in authority. In a recent address to the officers and men at Fort Benjamin Harrison, William Jennings Bryan set forth, in language that deserves to be remembered, the moral responsibilities of leadership.

"You are given charge of men who are gathered from among your countrymen. No boy will go back home just as he came into the army. Its members can not stand still. Every human being is moving every day and every hour, up toward the highest plane to which man can attain, or down toward the lowest level to which a man can fall. . . This nation is putting into your hands the priceless citizenship of the land, and if God spares the lives of these men, and permits them to return, your country will demand of you that they shall come back better men and not worse for their association with you."

Progress either in the right direction or in the wrong is a law in the natural as well as the spiritual world. All of us are subject to it. We are either progressing upward, or retrogressing—going downward. In the personal records of camp life that will reach many thousands of home circles, none can give a deeper or truer satisfaction than those that tell of camps that have been marked by the observance of sound moral principles and where every opportunity has been given for the fulfilment of religious duties. Many a sore and anxious heart will be made lighter by the knowledge that the sons and brothers who responded to their country's call are at least in an atmosphere which is not hostile to the upward growth of character.

The World's Sugar Famine

Frank Carpenter Tells How Americans by Economizing in Sugar Can Help Win the War

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THE sugar industry has gone under the control of the government, and the Food Administration urges that each of us cut down the amount of sugar he is using in his tea and coffee and in candies and cake, so that we may have a greater supply to send to our allies in Europe. There is a sugar famine in France, England and Italy, and the ration now given to the French soldiers in the trenches is not more than a small lump per day. Many of the people of France have no sugar at all, and Mr. Hoover has promised to ship them 100,000 tons as soon as the stuff can be sent over the ocean. The amount the English are using now averages only about one ounce every twenty-four hours, and the Italians have a still shorter supply.

The value of sugar to the soldier in the field is well known to the Germans. Long before this war began they made experiments which showed that the men could do more work and stand more hardships if they had a liberal allowance of sugar. On the long marches it was found that it appeased hunger and mitigated thirst, and that while the men without sugar dropped on the way, none of those supplied with it were overcome by exhaustion. The sugar users were found to have a better pulse rate, and their breathing was less affected by overexertion.

It was on the basis of these experiments that the German surgeons recommended that the sugar ration for the army be increased, and that it be given the men in their coffee and in preserves or honey or in sweetened food. At the beginning of this war the Germans tried to reduce the size of their sugar crop in order to use more of the ground for potatoes and cereals. The result was a shortage of sugar, which affected the army. The second year they planted more beets, and they have now resumed the old sugar rations.

INDEED, the beet sugar industry was started owing to the sugar needs of an army. It was when Napoleon Bonaparte was at war with England and the ports of France were so blockaded that there was no sugar for the French soldiers. Some years previous to that a scientist named Margraf had discovered that beets contained sugar, and later on a pupil of his named Achard established the first beet sugar factory. He announced the success of his experiments to the Scientific Institute of France in 1799, and a little later Napoleon tried to sweeten his army with beets. At any rate he offered a prize of 100,000 francs, or $20,000, to any one who would make a success of extracting sugar from beets, and the result was a number of factories. During the next decade the Germans began to experiment along the same lines, and their government offered bounties of so much per pound on all beet sugar made in their country. These movements formed the foundation of the beet sugar industry of Europe, which when this war began was yielding almost one-half of the sugar supply of the world. The amount then made was enough to give ten pounds to every man, woman and child upon earth. The sugar beet can be raised in a large part of the temperate zone, and it is a question whether, after the war is ended, the beet sugar product will not surpass the cane sugar product. At present the land in the two crops is about equal. The world over, there are now something like 6,000,000 acres devoted to cane every year and about 6,000,000 acres devoted to the sugar beet. The total area in sugar is thus about 12,000,000 acres.

Sugar came to this continent with Columbus. He is said to have planted it in Santo Domingo in 1493. A little later it was introduced into Cuba, and after negro slavery was inaugurated there the industry rapidly grew. In the seventeenth century, when the island had only 50,000 people, it had 100 sugar plantations. Today Cuba produces more sugar than any other part of the world. Its crop last year was about 6,000,000,000 pounds, in comparison with India a little more than 5,000,000,000 and Java about 2,500,000,000. During that year Europe produced 10,000,000,000 pounds of beet sugar, the product coming mainly from Germany, Austria and Russia, with smaller amounts from Belgium and France. All of these countries formerly exported sugar to England, and this supply has, of course, been cut off.

AS to cane sugar, it is raised in scattering patches throughout the tropical world. I have seen the cane growing in Porto Rico, Cuba, and other of the West India islands. Some of the finest sugar lands of the world are the volcanic soil of Hawaii and Java, and we have millions of acres in the Philippines that might be used for the crop. British India has at times led the world in cane-sugar production, and the crop of Java is so great that it has now a surplus of 1,600,000,000 pounds for export. It is tied up there because the merchant vessels belonging to the Dutch, which usually bring the sugar to the United States and Europe, have been kept in New York owing to our refusal to give them cargoes of grain to carry across the ocean to Europe.

Are you saving sugar? Here are four ways to do it

Our cane sugar area is confined to Louisiana and Texas. The sugar lands there are comparatively limited, and we shall not be able to grow enough cane sugar for our needs, outside our colonial possessions. It is different with the Philippines, Hawaii and Porto Rico and the new islands we have recently bought from Denmark. They all have good sugar soil, and the Philippines could feed a large part of our people.

As to our beet-sugar area, it is so great that we could grow enough beets to supply every pound of sugar we use and still have a surplus to sell to other parts of the world. The sugar beet can be grown anywhere from Maine to California and from the Great Lakes to the Ohio River. It needs cool nights and moderately warm days, and it thrives best along the isothermal line of 70 degrees. I have seen it in Utah and California, where are some of the largest beet-sugar fields of the world.

The beets are not large. They weigh from a pound to a pound and a half each, and the smallest beet has the sweetest juice and makes the best sugar. The beets produce more or less sugar according to the percentage of sugar contents in them. This varies in different localities. In the region I visited it took six or eight beets to make one pound of sugar.

I WAS interested in the beet-sugar factories. They have modern machinery based upon cost efficiency methods, so that a minimum of human labor is used. The beets are taken in upon belts and carried to the top of the factory, being washed on the way. They are cut into little pieces by knives which slice them into bits the width and thickness of a slate pencil.

After cutting the threads go into great iron tanks containing diffusion batteries so arranged that they move through from one tank to the others. The machinery is so constructed that, as the beets go through, a part of the sugar in them goes out into the tanks, which are filled with warm water, and at the end of the process all of the sugar has gone into the water. At the start the water is as clear as crystal, but when it flows forth, containing the sugar, it is as black as ink, and it has to be purified before being boiled down to get out the sugar. This is done by various processes, which make the sugar water as clear as pure alcohol. The water is now passed through tanks filled with steam pipes, the liquid growing thicker and thicker until it turns to a sirup and then to a mixture of sugar and molasses.

This mixture is refined in about the same way as cane sugar, and at the end it becomes the sweet, white stuff we use on our tables. It is now just like cane sugar. Pure sugar is the same everywhere, and no pure sugars are sweeter than others.

And now let us see what we can do to help the sugar famine in Europe. The Food Administration will do all in its power, but it depends upon you and me, and the other people of the United States, as to whether we can ship a goodly supply of sugar to the soldiers and our allies this winter. It depends upon how much candy we eat and how we gorge ourselves with cakes, pies, puddings and other desserts. It depends upon whether we each use one or two lumps or no sugar at all in our coffee and tea, for all these make up a large part of our sugar consumption, which today is the greatest of the whole world.

Do you know how much sugar we eat every year? Our average consumption, taking every man, woman and child in the United States into account, is ninety pounds, or almost two pounds per week. During the ten years preceding the war our consumption was only seventy or eighty pounds. We then ate on the average only 7,000,000,000 pounds per year, which was an increase over the consumption of the preceding decade of about 43 per cent. It is not very long since we were each eating only sixty pounds per year, and if we should cut down our ration to the same amount we formerly used we would have plenty of sugar for any one of our allies. As it is now, the French people have been living on twenty-one pounds per year and the English and Italians have not more than that. We are now eating about twenty pounds each in excess of our average consumption during the last ten years, and thirty pounds more than during the ten years before that.

Ninety pounds of sugar for each one of us and twenty-one pounds for each Englishman, Frenchman and Italian! How would you like to sit down at a partnership dinner with three other people and have one of them grab three-fourths of the sugar? That is just what we have been doing in 1917.

IF we could reduce our consumption one-half we should still each have more than twice as much as is used by our allies, and the saving would be 4,500,000,000 pounds. If we could reduce it one-fourth we should still have three times as much as either the English, French or Italians, and there would be 1,500,000,000 pounds saved for shipment to Europe. To do that we should each have to save about one ounce of sugar a day, or seven ounces per week the year through.

Take the single item of candy. If all the sugar we use in making confectionery could be sent to Italy it would double that country's supply. In 1917 we spent for candy twice as much as is needed to buy Belgium its food supply for one year. The amount of sugar we use in making confectionery is in the neighborhood of 800,000,000 pounds per annum, and this sold at the low rate of 25 cents per pound equals $200,000,000. In fact, we are now spending two-thirds as much for our candy as for butter, and one-third as much as for our wheat flour. If the women and children could cut their candy consumption in half, we should have hundreds of millions of pounds more sugar for export. Moreover, candy is the most expensive form in which sugar is sold.

The Church After the War

More Views from Pastors and Laymen on the Duty of Preparing for a Great Opportunity

[There is a wide variety of views, clerical and lay, in the second group of contributions on "The Church After the War," which appears below. Like the first instalment, they represent both denominational and non-denominational opinion, but while differing in detail, they uniformly agree in the conclusion that the Church must sink her differences and unite her forces, to meet the opportunity after the war for a restored influence and augmented spiritual power.]

The Church Must Replace Lip Service by Realities and Teach Brotherly Love to the World, writes President David Starr Jordan

RELIGION has not prevented war because it has had no chance either to prevent it or to stop it. The forces behind this war, the desire for dynastic supremacy, the desire to dominate by slaughter and terrorism, the greed for iron mines, seaports and colonies, lie beyond the reach of religious influences. They are unqualifiedly pagan. They belong not to our modern civilization of altruism, but to the times of Alexander and Belshazzar. This is no people's war, and in its inception it is no part of the twentieth century. Our nation with the others has seen fit to meet force with counter force. Whatever the outcome, there is a vast moral difference between war for prestige and conquests, and war for defense with no hope of gain. The motives of the Allied nations, as a whole, have been primarily unselfish, whatever may be said of individuals within their ranks. They accord with the ancient maxim of the Puritans, "Opposition to tyrants is obedience to God."

It is true that every country has its war-apologists, war-makers and war-profiteers, some of them using the phrases of religion, but in one nation alone have these risen to the seat of power. The people of Germany did not incite the war, but those at the head of her government were certainly responsible, and actual peace can come only when the German people honestly demand it. Here, religion should find her opportunity.

And by religion I must mean personal devotion and piety. Nothing can be expected from a state church. State churches are concerned mainly with uniformity and discipline of the flock. Religion scorns uniformity, and builds up its discipline from within.

It is my firm belief that the root of international war is found in the dynastic system of national organization. To center all power in the hands of one man puts the people at the mercy of the oligarchy of parasites and satellites which surround the autocrat and which must always constitute "the power behind the throne." On this group of self-seekers and intriguers religion can make no impression. They are ready enough at lip-service and its varied forms of blasphemy. But religion can be effective only as it replaces lip-service by realities. The people have been nothing; they must be everything; and democracy is the political expression of the Beatitudes.

There is but one enduring power capable of holding a nation together—the cement of brotherly love. And it is the main political function of religion to furnish this cement. Empires rise and fall; nations held in order by force and terrorism break up into their constituent parts; but no people ever lost its liberties through excess of brotherly love. And notwithstanding the awful havoc made by the clash of political ideals, the spirit of mutual aid was never so strong in the human race as today. Religion is not to be tested by its failure to prevent a world-catastrophe. Science, finance, education, all other influences, good and bad, failed likewise, because they had not yet struck the tap-root of evil—the irresponsible rule of kings.

It serves no purpose to blame religion or the Church for what they have not accomplished. Let us stress rather what they have done. Everywhere the power of Christian altruism is felt. Scarcely a living soul lies wholly outside its influence. It has spread the feeling of love and sympathy and justice throughout the world, even though it has not made these virtues universal. The privilege-haunted royal courts are the last places to be reached, and in these is the seat of war. This is a very tough old world, not to be subdued in a day nor in a thousand years; but brotherly love makes great headway. Science, the consummate fruit of altruism, has made the earth an economic as well as an intellectual unit. Religion joins it in making the whole world kin. The collective crimes of mankind have been, one by one, brought to the bar of "the great court that sits in silence, the heart and conscience of universal humanity."

There is the continuous opportunity of religion. Its leaders should represent and interpret this universal conscience, in the future, as its seers and prophets have done through the long past. And there must be an enlightened and enlightening interpretation. It avails nothing to shout with the multitude. The prophet must stand on his own feet, "with his own head under his own hat"; he must study for himself; he must do his own thinking; he must search his own heart to distinguish principle from prudence. He may not keep step on the march, because, as Thoreau once suggested, "he hears a different drummer." His patriotism, like his religion, must not be a matter of dress, slogan, music or fireworks. He must love his country even as he loves his fellow men. He must be ready to "shatter the folkways" when these lead not toward higher things. He must be true to the highest ideals of the republic, which should be indeed the beacon-light of a world oppressed by greed and sham and terror. He must visualize the long future. Through all the confusion of the human world, and the sordid walk and talk of squalid men, he should never lose sight of

"the vision, changeless as the stars,
That shone through palace-gates or prison bars,
Or the lone Body nailed upon the tree,
Through each mean discord of the Life that Is,
The vision of the Life that yet Shall Be!"

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Stanford University, California.

The Church Must Do Her Christ-Appointed Work with Redoubled Passion and Power, writes Dr. Jefferson, of Broadway Tabernacle

THE greatest service which the Church can render to the nation in time of war is a spiritual service. Her supreme work in peace and in war is to keep the soul alive.

War is a great demoralizer. It upsets moral values. It absorbs the minds and hearts of men, and fixes attention on physical forces and instruments. There is never a religious revival during a war, or at the end of one. A nation is demoralized by war, and so also is the Church.

It behooves the Church, therefore, in these perilous days to give herself with redoubled energy to the work which Christ has appointed her. She must proclaim the Gospel with passion and power. She must put new heart into men. She must fortify soldiers against the deadly temptations of the camp. She must comfort the anxious and heavy-hearted. She must bind up the wounds of those who are bleeding and half dead. She must be the Good Samaritan. She must be the great Consoler. She must be the intrepid inspirer of faith and hope and love.

CHARLES E. JEFFERSON.

New York City.

Let the Church Humble Herself Before God, and He Will Raise Up Leaders and Give Victory, writes Dr. Munhall

WITHOUT doubt the present unparalleled war has raised questions of tremendous importance for the Christian Church to solve that can best be solved, if at all, by concerted action. Unquestionably other problems of as great, if not greater, importance will arise before the end of this awful strife is reached, and still others later. Will the Church respond to the demand upon her and be equal to it? We all sincerely hope so. Humanly speaking, she has well-nigh everything necessary to enable her to make good, gloriously good! Her greatest difficulty lies in the fact that, organically, she is divided into so very many camps. Organic unity of Christendom is a dream that will not come true in this age. If Protestantism could by any possible means be united under one ecclesiastical head, it and Rome could never be induced to see eye to eye. And yet we all acknowledge the sovereign Lordship of Jesus and the office and work of the Holy Ghost; and having "the mind of the Master," we love our fellow man; and being American citizens, we are patriots and will follow the starry flag.

A generation ago we got together for much good in the "Evangelical Alliance;" but it is of the past and well-nigh forgotten. Other organizations have since been formed with the very best of intentions, which have done some good; but for lack of proper leadership or management they have proved unequal to the great demands now upon us. Wise and good men have spent much time in considering this matter, and said and written much that is worth while; but we have not yet a satisfactory solution of all our difficulties.

What shall we do? For one, I believe we most need the wisdom that is from above. The Church needs in this dark hour—and there may be darker ahead—to humble herself before God, put away her formality, her pride, her selfishness and worldliness, and penitentially confess and forsake her sins. If she will do this, God, the God of Nations, even our God, will without doubt undertake for us. Then let the ministers of Jesus stick closely to their divinely appointed work, and stop trying to run the government, conduct the war and settle all the economic and social problems of the day—as not a few do.

Sin is at the bottom of all our troubles. But for it, there would be no war. Almighty God has provided, at infinite cost, a sovereign and all-sufficient remedy for sin in the shed blood of his only begotten Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And what this old sin-scarred and war-torn world needs more than all things besides, is the Gospel of the Grace of God.

If the churches will humble themselves before God, confess their sins and put away their idols; and if the ambassadors of the King of kings will faithfully and impassionately declare his message of life and salvation, I am sure the everlasting God will raise us up competent leaders, help us to properly solve our problems, and the Church will "look forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

L. W. MUNHALL.

The Church Must Unite to Impress Its Spiritual Influence upon the World

IT greatly interested me to read the abstracts of the speeches and your editorial comment on the Religious Congress held at Pittsburg, where the main topic was war and how Christianity stood helpless when this great catastrophe broke out in Europe. It is a humiliating plight for the Christian religion that hitherto we are a disorganized body and unable to assert our rights. We are millions common in faith to uplift humanity, but brute force with all its terrors stalks among us, cowing the lambs into submission. May this reign of terror teach a lesson to those who believe in the doctrines of Jesus Christ, that we, as churches and denominations, must not look for points on which we differ and remain divided, but let us look for points where we harmonize and on them unite. Then and only then will we become a factor of influence in the social and political world, and be better equipped to serve God and humanity. What the Church needs is system to combine her branches; like Christ, speaking, "I am the Vine, ye are the branches."

There is only one faith, one Christ, one God. With that aim in view I would advocate an International Consolidated Christian Alliance, having for its motto "The fear of God and Justice to Man." This alliance must have a platform stating its belief and aims, and an executive body to make them effective.

First the Platform: The Bible is our rule and guide in conduct. Jesus Christ, the foundation of our Faith. Christ's command was to love God with our whole heart, body and soul, and our neighbor as ourselves.

We favor disarmament of the nations, because history has proven that heavy armament is no security for peace. Justice and righteousness without fear and favor shall be our basis on discussions. We believe in more Bible instruction for our public schools and less fairy-tales. We invite for membership all who are in sympathy with our aims to overthrow the common enemy of man.

International religious congresses should be promoted and be attended by delegates.

The above is a condensed plan; however, I have faith in it. The Christian Church is strong; all she requires is system to assert power, and her voice will be recognized in congresses, parliaments and thrones. Railroads have system, big businesses have it, the Church of Christ should have it. In union is strength, division is chaos.

Kanawha, Ia. N. H. VELDHOUSE.

The Church Has What the World Most Needs—Christ, Who Alone Can Heal the World's Unrest, writes Dr. Charles C. Albertson

NEVER were there so many demands upon the Church, so many calls for service, so many challenges to enter and occupy fields which are ripe for the harvest. The deep distress of the war-torn world, the unutterable longing of millions for the dawn of peace, the far-away look in the eyes of unnumbered women and children whose dear ones are in camp or at the battle-front, the acute suffering which has already been caused among all the nations by the economic pressure that raises prices and often fails to raise salaries—all these things call emergently and immediately upon the Church to arise and put on her strength.

That the Church already has leaders who have a vision of the present possibility of manifold service in the Master's name is evident by the utterances at the recent Pittsburg Conference, and by a multitude of other expressions on every hand. All the upstanding and forwarding-looking men of the Church are eagerly entering every open avenue of spiritual and social service. I know a score of men, ministers and laymen, big of brain and great of heart, who have

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Christian Endeavor in Army Camps

"YOU'D better arrange to be here about six of the evening," Mr. Wunder had written. "I want you to see our Christian Endeavor. We are just a little proud of some of the things being done in the 'Hut' at Fort Thomas; but of them all we are proudest of the crowds that come out for that."

Silhouetted against the river-fog, there was outlined a big building. It looked much like the halls erected in the Mid-West for county fairs; the walls sloped up and in, and a long and rather high gable rose, to slope into a peak once more. The building was an attractive brown, almost black, relieved by broad stripes of white at windows and doors. The familiar deep-red circle and triangle of the "Y" stood forth, a beacon of welcome, while, more cheering still, through the windows there blazed a broad flood of yellow light. Soldier-forms in khaki overcoats came from everywhere near.

Inside the place was crowded with soldiers, Endeavorers gradually gathering at one end near the platform. A monster fireplace held a crackling log-fire, that filled the room with delightful warmth. We, too, stepped down toward the platform, with its little reading-stand and large motion-picture screen.

The clock struck six; and we counted some fifty or more soldiers gathered for Christian Endeavor service. A soldier took charge; Y. M. C. A. officials were at hand; and the program was one of which the Christian Endeavorers of any church might be proud.

The fellow who won't loosen up when a log fire crackles in the open fireplace well, he isn't in the army

Only war, perhaps, could have brought such widely assorted types of men to this remote point in an upland valley of the Kentucky hills. Hardly two seat-mates from the same point; probably no two, when in civil life, of the same profession, or business, or trade. Here they were gathered together to go out and fight for democracy. Tomorrow they would be dispatched, some to sea, some to coast points, some to training camps to the westward, others elsewhere, but all to some place where the nation needed men.

As the program proceeded the soldiers sat on the long wooden benches to right and left of the center aisle; quiet, no different from a group of Endeavorers anywhere, only they were getting their minds off the homesickness which will attack the stoutest soldier; they were forgetting the little anxieties that will arise; they were forgetting war's grimmer side and receiving inspiration that would remain with them for years, after even the eventful days when they shall have "gone over the top."

FELIX J. KOCH.

"I Am That Clown"

A Bowery Mission Story

THERE is a story told of a famous circus clown, who notwithstanding his fun-making profession became the subject of deep depression. Never had the public seen such a comical, mirth-provoking character as he. As soon, however, as his public performances were over he became morbid, morose, and melancholy. His manager advised, then insisted, that he obtain medical advice. He went to a physician, who after examining him said: "You need diversion. Read light literature. Go to the theatre. See something amusing. Enjoy a good laugh. There is a circus in town, and they say that the principal clown is irresistibly funny. Go and see him!" The man slowly raised his eyes to the doctor's face, gazed upon him in dull and almost contemptuous surprise, and replied: "Why, doctor, I am that clown!"

"Who can minister to a mind diseased?" He made others laugh, but could not laugh himself. His fun only touched in others the superficialities of life. His own deep grief betokened a soul need that could only find solace in touch and communion with God.

WE have with us in our Bowery Mission family at the present time an old man, almost an octogenarian, living a sweet, beautiful Christian life, who for over sixty years was a circus comedian, but in his old age realized a similar need, and fortunately, in answer to the prayers of a godly mother long since passed to her reward, found the solace and strength he needed in the fulfilment of Christ's gracious promise, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

He is always in his place on the Bowery Mission platform, ready to tell the thrilling story of his conversion. There is never time for him to refer to more than a small section of his life, but those of us who know him best have come to have a fairly completely biographical knowledge of the events that have culminated in a beautiful experience of real communion with God as his sun sets.

In our family circle gathering last Christmas, at the urgent request of many of the boys, he appeared in his old minstrel costume, and sang "Old Black Joe." It was strangely pathetic and beautiful, and it had a significance never dreamed of in the old circus and concert-hall days.

IN the late forties and early fifties, if any act of boyish mischief was discovered in the neighborhood of Grand and Hudson Streets, Albany, New York, it was generally attributed to little Georgie Anderson. Although his parents were of the ultra-respectable kind, members of the old Dutch Reformed Church and duly respected by their neighbors, little Georgie was regarded as the very embodiment of impish mischief. Was he not the ringleader of that group of boys who made merry in the grapevines that ran on the sheds at the back of Dominie James' and Thurlow Weed's yards? And when that surreptitious stone smashed the Dominie's plate glass window, who else could it be but little Georgie?

At any rate, the boy was blamed; there came the tragedy into the life of George Anderson that led to the long course of wandering, dissipation, and sin. He was convicted without trial by the jury of outraged neighbors, and punishment was inflicted by the strong right arm of the stern, mistaken, but well-intentioned Puritan father. That night the boy stole down to the steamboat wharf, next morning he was in New York City, a few hours later he was at the Old Bowery Theater, making terms with Mr. Levi J. North, the famous padrider, for an apprenticeship in that business; and for seventeen years he never saw his parents again.

Thus began the circus life of George Anderson. His first tour with Levi North took him over the greater portion of the globe, the tronpe visiting in turn the West Indies, South America, South Africa and India, while on the return journey they covered most of the countries of Europe. In the long after years, in connection with Cooper and Bailey, Barnum and Bailey's, Sells' and Forepaugh, and other traveling circuses, he was taken to almost every corner of the known world. He played many parts. As acrobat, tumbler, leaper, padrider, mountebank, sideshowman, and singing clown, he became known in almost every town and village in the United States and Canada. In later years, when the Bowery was at its height, or depth, of fame as an amusement resort, he was a museum lecturer and proprietor.

It is needless to say that, notwithstanding his early Christian training, this kind of experience led to very rapid moral degeneration, and the old man naturally exhibits great reluctance in dwelling upon the sad, dark, terrible days of the past. His more than questionable methods, of which, even as a young man, he made big harvests of monetary gain, and the vicious, reckless and profligate modes by which he spent it, cover many pages in the book of his life, that he would like to fasten down with an iron hasp and forget forever. With tears streaming down his face he often tells us how he would love to make restitution to the many he has wronged, and how he yearns for a chance of undoing the results of his deeds upon others by his evil and self-indulgent life.

He became a drunkard—a confirmed, hopeless, despairing drunkard. The passage of the years, and his evil habits, robbed him of his charming tenor voice and his abilities as an athlete, and at last he found himself, an old man, without a home, without friends or hope.

His only refuge from the bitter memories of the past was that subtle and deceptive producer of temporary forgetfulness, alcoholic drink. And whisky sometimes, for the brief delusive moment, made him feel as though he did not care. Then, when the time of awakening came, he was more utterly despairing than ever.

One night, in Brooklyn, when he felt he had touched the very bottom of the pit of despair, he passed the Hanson Place Baptist Church, in which Evangelistic services were being conducted by the Rev. W. Wicker. It was a summer evening, the windows of the church were open, and the singing attracted him. Befuddled as he was with drink, he heard the words distinctly, and he remembered they were his mother's favorite hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." He stopped and listened, transfixed, spellbound. The great truth that the hymn embodies, the eternal refuge for a poor storm-tossed soul, took possession of him. He felt it was a voice from heaven speaking to him. Without a moment's hesitation he entered the church, rushed down the aisle, and flinging himself at the altar rail he cried out: "I want to find my mother's God."

He found God, and peace, and soul-rest that night, and for three years lived a happy Christian life. But the tempter came, the weak spot was attacked, and he fell.

HERE a beautiful incident comes to view, illustrating the fact that in these modern days of church life there is many a gallant knight-errant ready to ride to the rescue of the fallen and distressed.

Deacon Perkins, of the Hanson Place Church, was passing along a Brooklyn street one day and saw Anderson enter a saloon. A strong, a mastering impulse urged the deacon to rush in and bring him out, but he hesitated. It was scarcely the place for a respectable, well-known deacon to be seen to enter. What would people say? What good could he do? Would not the delinquent himself resent it, and thus the well-intended act do more harm than good? But the welfare of a human soul was in the balance; not a moment was to be lost, so through the swinging doors the gallant deacon went. The few moments delay had enabled the old clown to order his drink, and he was just raising it to his lips when he felt a strong hand upon his shoulder and heard a kind and well-known voice saying, "George, don't!" He looked into the deacon's face, put the glass down untasted, came out with his friend, and has never since been inside a saloon.

Deacon Perkins came to the conclusion that the old man needed the comfort and strengthening influences of a Christian home, and at once brought him to the Bowery Mission.

He is one of the associate leaders of the Mission. His testimony is always thrilling and effective. He never fails to pay a tribute of heartfelt gratitude to the Christian people who rescued him from his terrible condition of helpless despair, to the Bowery Mission for having afforded him such sheltering and safeguarding care, but most of all to Him "who hath not dealt with him after his sins, nor rewarded him according to his iniquities." J. G. HALLIMOND,

Superintendent, Bowery Mission.

NOTE.—The Bowery Mission is in great and sore need of funds. The Trustees are anxious that this fact should be known to its friends and sympathizers. Notwithstanding the great demands for war relief purposes, the splendid work of the Mission must not for one moment be imperiled or hindered by this cause. Send as soon as you can to the treasurer, Mr. Theodore Waters, Christian Herald office, New York City, a contribution to this, the greatest home mission in the world. It is great because the opportunity is great.

"HOWARD CHASE"

By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

HOWARD CHASE, a young Congregational minister, single, receives a call from a church in Red Hill, a village of seven hundred people in Kansas. After consulting with his classmate and chum, Roy Lennox, he accepts the call and leaves with his sister Rose for his new field, where he is received by Mr. Burton, a deacon of his new church, and his daughter Agnes, and taken to the parsonage, and afterward introduced to the pastors of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist churches. The following Sunday he preaches his first sermon, and on Monday makes the acquaintance of Inez Clark, the movie-struck daughter of the village editor.

CHAPTER II—*Continued*

HOWARD walked over to the case where Clark had put the copy. But Inez had somehow anticipated him with a swift movement, and their hands touched over the bit of paper. Her face was instantly flooded with color and she stammered "Oh! excuse me."

Howard never showed by the slightest quiver any embarrassment, but he took the paper over where Clark was standing and began to write at the bottom of the page:

"Next Sunday evening, if the weather permits, services will be held outdoors. Seats for all. Those who come in automobiles can see and hear in their cars. Services will begin at eight. Good music by the chorus. The subject of the sermon will be 'The Foolish Farmer'!"

"There! How's that? That ought to bring the farmers!"

He laughed again, the almost rude laugh that had made Inez shrink back. And then immediately his eyes seemed to gather great depth and his face became stern and his whole attitude put Clark and his daughter wholly out of his thought, and they seemed to feel, as they looked at him, that he was removed from them by miles of distance, thinking over his own thoughts in a world of his own, from which he had excluded every one but himself.

"How many copies do you want?" Clark was saying after a moment of complete silence.

"How? How many? Oh, make it five hundred. And when can I get them?" He had come back into the shop from his abstraction and spoke in his regular straightforward, wide-awake manner.

"I can have them ready by tomorrow morning."

"Thank you, Mr. Clark. I'll appreciate that. Good-by."

He took off his hat as he bowed, turned and went quickly out, stopping the swing of the door in time to prevent its banging.

Clark picked up the copy and carried it over to Inez, saying, "Great fellow, isn't he? He'll make the trustees sit up. You can begin on that. See how neat a job you can do, Inez."

The girl did not answer as her father went back to his desk at the other side of the shop. From where she sat she could see the minister as he crossed the street, and she watched him as he reached the other side and started to go down the walk.

THEN a little thing happened, a small event in any human life; but as the girl watched it from where she sat it burned into her memory like something eternal, and her heart beat quicker and her pulses throbbed with new meaning.

The first door across the street from Clark's printing-shop was a milk depot. Just as the minister was passing this door it opened suddenly and a little girl came running out with a bottle of milk. A small dog was lying on a step in front of the door, and as the child came out it rose suddenly and barked.

The child started back and in her fright dropped the bottle. It fell on the sidewalk and broke. The dog at once turned its attention to the spilled milk. Chase was between the child and Inez, but his action filled in the details of the little drama, for the next moment the minister and the child disappeared into the milk depot and a minute later came out, Chase with a new bottle of milk and the child walking by his side holding his hand as if she had known him always, and the minister laughing and evidently carrying on a great and important conversation. Inez went to the window and watched the two figures, the stalwart athletic man and the little girl, until they turned a corner.

And then she went back to her seat at the case and sat there with burning cheeks, eyeing the copy for the minister's "dodger." But before she began work upon it she covered her face with her hands, and when she took them away they were wet with hot tears.

"I suppose not," said Miss Burton, as she picked the petals off a rose

Howard Chase had not turned the corner before he had learned the name and residence of his new acquaintance.

"Did you say Wilson?"

"Yes, sir, Lida Wilson. And I live next door to Deacon Burton."

"Miss Wilson, with your permission I will see you safe home with this milk. Are you willing?"

"Yes, sir. I know you. You are the new Congregestional minister, aren't you? We are Methodists."

"I won't let that prejudice me, Miss Wilson. I think just as much of you as if you were a 'Congregestionalist.'"

The child looked up at him with the deep gravity of six years of experience.

"My mother won't like it to have me break the bottle. I broke one last week."

"I'll tell her how the dog frightened you. Really we should have brought the dog along to show her. My mistake. But the milk wasn't wasted. Really, that dog was waiting for you, I believe. It was his only show to get a breakfast, and I don't believe he had a cent in his pocket."

"Mother will pay you for the bottle, Mr. — Mr.——"

"Mr. Chase is my name. I should have introduced myself before." Howard managed to shift the bottle under his arm and took off his hat.

The child laughed and tightened her hold on his hand.

"You're funny, Mr. Chase, but I like you."

Howard looked down at her (she was a very little girl)and said very gravely:

"Thank you. Little girls almost always like me. I don't know just why."

"Don't big girls like you, too?"

"Oh, dear, I'm afraid they do, Miss Wilson. But we're getting into deep conversational water. Good thing we're almost at your residence."

"There's Miss Burton. She's a big girl."

HOWARD caught sight of Deacon Burton's daughter out in the yard picking roses from a bush near the front porch. And as he came up by the yard she looked up and smiled while Howard stopped to say good morning.

"What wonderful mornings you have out here, Miss Burton! But I did not know it could be so hot in May. It's just like summer."

"Yes, it's the climate of the prairie. I hope you and your sister are going to like it."

"Oh, we're in love with it already. And Red Hill is full of adventures. I've just had an exciting one with Miss Wilson here."

"Let me have the bottle, please, Mr. Chase. And I'll run in and get the money."

Miss Wilson seized the bottle, holding it very carefully in both hands, and ran into the next house adjoining the Burtons'. Howard gave Miss Burton

a humorous sketch of his morning adventure, and then told of his Sunday evening plan.

"I put down on the notice 'Good music by the chorus.' You will see to that, won't you, Miss Burton?"

"Yes. We can sing some of the old hymns like 'The Way of the Cross Leads Home,' and ask every one to join in the chorus."

She had gradually come down to the front of the yard by the walk, holding the flowers she had picked against her white dress, and Howard had a momentary troubled vision of the lilacs on the edge of the pulpit Sunday morning and was wondering—when little Miss Wilson came running out.

"Mother hadn't any change and I had to shake it out of my bank. That's why it took so long," the little maid said as she gravely put the moist pennies into Howard's hand. "And mother said to thank you."

"Excuse me, Miss Burton, I expect I ought to complete my adventure by explaining to Miss Wilson's mother how it all happened."

HE bowed as he took off his hat with a formal good-by, and Miss Burton turned to go back into the house. But on the porch she turned again to look at the new minister and Miss Wilson. Lida had hold of his hand again, and Mrs. Wilson had come to the door. The houses were close together, and Agnes Burton, lingering on the porch, could hear the neighbor say heartily:

"Thank you, Mr. Chase, for your kindness to Lida. She is a shy little girl, but you made a conquest of her right off."

Howard laughed, and very briefly told the story of the dog, the spilled milk and the crying child. He was interrupted by Lida.

"Mother, I wish we were Congregestionalists, instead of Methodists. Then I could go to Mr. Chase's church."

Mrs. Wilson laughed as Howard turned to go back to the main business street.

"I'm afraid you'll break up our church if you keep on, Mr. Chase. You must come in now, Lida. Say good-by to Mr. Chase."

"Good-by and thank you," said Lida, dropping his hand reluctantly.

"Good-by, Mrs. Wilson. Happy to have met you." He included in his farewell Mrs. Wilson and Agnes Burton, who still lingered on the porch.

The Wilsons and the Burtons held frequent porch conversations, the houses were so near together and their lawns adjoining.

"Your new minister is a very attractive young man, Agnes, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Miss Burton slowly.

"You won't be able to keep him long. Such bright preachers don't stay long in small towns."

"I suppose not," said Miss Burton, as she picked the petals off a rose and let them drop on the porch floor.

"I didn't hear him last Sunday, but I think I'll go in the evening if I can get in."

MISS BURTON spoke of the minister's plan for the outdoor services, and Mrs. Wilson seemed greatly interested.

"Your minister is going to get all our folks over to his services, Agnes, if he keeps on. But he'll have to be awful careful. He's an unusually attractive and smart young man, and he isn't married. I expect all the young ladies in Red Hill are after him already."

"I don't think Mr. Chase is in any danger." Agnes spoke hastily, seemed about to add another sentence, then shut her lips resolutely and went into the house. Mrs. Wilson shook her head as if she knew more than she would tell, as Agnes disappeared.

As Howard went up the main street he stopped in to see Deacon Burton to talk over his plan for evening services.

He found the deacon a little doubtful about the plan on account of the unsettled weather.

"You see, Mr. Chase, I think the idea is fine, but you don't know this prairie country as we do who have lived on it all our lives. We have some most tremendous thunder storms here in May and June, and they generally come up out of the southwest late in the afternoon, very often at seven or eight o'clock. They are terrific, and will always be a part of a prairie country."

"You don't have cyclones here, do you? The Eastern papers were always quoting Kansas as the home of the cyclone and the blizzard."

"No!" Deacon Burton exploded. "We never did have a cyclone in Red Hill. Last year Georgia headed the list of states in the United States for the largest number of cyclones. It's a slander on Kansas to call it a cyclone state. But—we do have some great wind and thunder storms at this time of the year. I'm afraid if you start outdoor meetings they will be interrupted by storms."

"But I'm having dodgers printed announcing the meetings to begin next Sunday."

"You are!" Deacon Burton seemed disturbed, then he laughed. "Oh, go ahead. Have you spoken to any of the other church officers about it?"

"Why no, I never thought of it. I thought the church called me to work in the best way I could."

Deacon Burton exploded again.

"It's all right as far as I'm concerned. Go ahead. But I would advise you to consult with Deacon Allen before you begin stringing your electric lights. He is pretty touchy about being consulted. And, by the way, how are you going to pay for the platform, and the wiring, and the incidentals, the printing and so forth?"

"Why, I'm paying for the printing myself. And if the church won't buy the lumber and the wire, I will. I'll do all the work for nothing. Why, it's a part of my job. It's what I came out here for."

DEACON BURTON looked at the new minister a moment without a word. Then he threw up his hands and exclaimed, "You can go through me and get all I have. You've got the drop on me. But I can't answer for Deacon Allen. He will have to be shown. How much do you want for the lumber?"

"I haven't figured it out yet. I'll tell you after dinner. I'll go right over and see Deacon Allen now."

It seemed only a few minutes before Howard was back in the store, calmly saying to Deacon Burton, "It's all right with Deacon Allen. I saw him and he offered to give five dollars."

"Have you got the money?"

"No, but I'll get it. Now tell me where to get the lumber and the wire, and I'll get busy with the platform, and not trouble you any more today."

The deacon gave him the necessary information, and as Howard shot out of the store he muttered to himself, "I'd give five dollars to know what the young fellow said to Deacon Allen to get his consent. And if he can get five dollars out of him besides, well, a six-foot miracle has come to Red Hill on two feet."

THE good deacon was still puzzling over the matter when half an hour later Deacon Allen came in. Deacon Allen kept an implement store and was popularly supposed by Red Hill, which knew everybody's income, to be worth at least fifteen thousand dollars.

"Mr. Chase has just been over to see me about a plan he has for outdoor Sunday evening services. He asked me if I wouldn't come over and consel with you about it. He said he had already spoken to you."

"Yes. I think it's a great plan if the thunder storms let it alone. And it will be extra expense."

"Yes. I thought of that, and asked him about it. He said if the church couldn't afford it he would pay for it and do the work. That didn't seem just fair, so I offered to subscribe five dollars."

"I'll give ten if you'll tell me, Deacon, how the minister got you to do it."

Deacon Allen turned red, evaded Deacon Burton's look, then he turned and faced him directly.

"I tell you, Burton, I don't know myself how he did it."

"Have you paid him the money yet?"

"No. But of course——"

"Give it to me and I'll put ten with

Continued on page 48

Miller Announces Uniform Tires

Built By Crack Squads (*96% Efficient*)

NOW we present the world's first Uniform Tires. Not uniform only in looks—all tires are that. What we announce is uniform mileage. And this in tires already famous for wear. Please read—

Motorists today must choose between about 429 brands of tires. Even tires made side by side, in the same factory, differ in mileage enormously.

If you get a "lucky tire" it may run between 5,000 and 10,000 miles. The next may fail under 500.

Not so with Miller Tires. Once they varied as the rest do. Today less than one per cent ever call for adjustment.

It would seem that other makers, too, could attain this uniformity. For methods are standard—known to all.

But tires are mostly handwork. They differ as the men who build them differ—and always must. Miller has triumphed by solving this human equation. By ridding these tires of "human variables."

Miller UNIFORM MILEAGE **Tires**

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

99% Excellent

Miller tire-builders are carefully recruited. Each must meet exacting standards.

Then science keeps books on every man's personal efficiency.

He is marked on every tire that he builds.

But more than that, he is penalized if ever one comes back.

Thus we've created a body of master tire-builders—called the crack regiment of the whole tire army. Their average personal efficiency is 96 per cent.

The tires they build—99 in a hundred—wear practically uniform under like conditions. That means these tires are 99 per cent excellent.

Tens of thousands of records furnish conclusive proof.

1 Motorist in 50

Tires so uniform can never be produced where quantity output rules. Picked men are limited. And if you multiply workmen you multiply variables.

Team-work by its very nature is limited to a few.

Hence Miller Tires can never catch up with demand. And we can supply only one dealer in each neighborhood. Only about one motorist in fifty can get Millers.

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These are the only tires actually **geared-to-the-road.** Note the ratchet-like tread—how the cogs engage the ground at each turn.

That gives positive traction; it keeps the wheels from slipping. They can't spin when you start your car. Thus the Miller Tread prevents scuffing and burning tires. And of course it makes all roads safer.

Next time you buy tires go to the nearest Miller dealer. Don't buy only one—put a pair of Miller teammates on opposite wheels of your car. Then both will experience like wear.

After that proof of Miller uniformity you'll never trust to luck.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—The Team-Mates of Uniform Tires

ITEMS FROM THE LIFE OF THIS ACTIVE OLD WORL

The poilus call this new type French observation balloon the "Elephant." The resemblance is incidental, the "features" being designed to enable the balloon to remain motionless in the air.

Rev. Ira Landrith, who suggests a new National Party to combine Prohibitionists, Socialists, Progressives and Independents

Felix Calonner, for year Vice-President zerland, recently ele dent

Setting the first rivet in the keel of the first American standard steel cargo ship to be laid down at the new shipyard on Newark Bay in New Jersey

They got the 10,000,000 members for the American Red Cross and 3,000,000 over, thanks to thousands of energetic young women and some hundreds of these booths

© International Film Service

The first group of young women who introduced New York City to the lady conductor. Both the surface and subway lines are putting women in places formerly filled by men

The tabernacle near the Union Station in the National Capital where Washington will hear Billy Sunday and receive his message during January and February

A busy scene on the coal docks at the Jersey City terminals in New York Harbor. Every pound of steam is working to thaw out the coal so that the threatened famine in the metropolis may not become more than a threat

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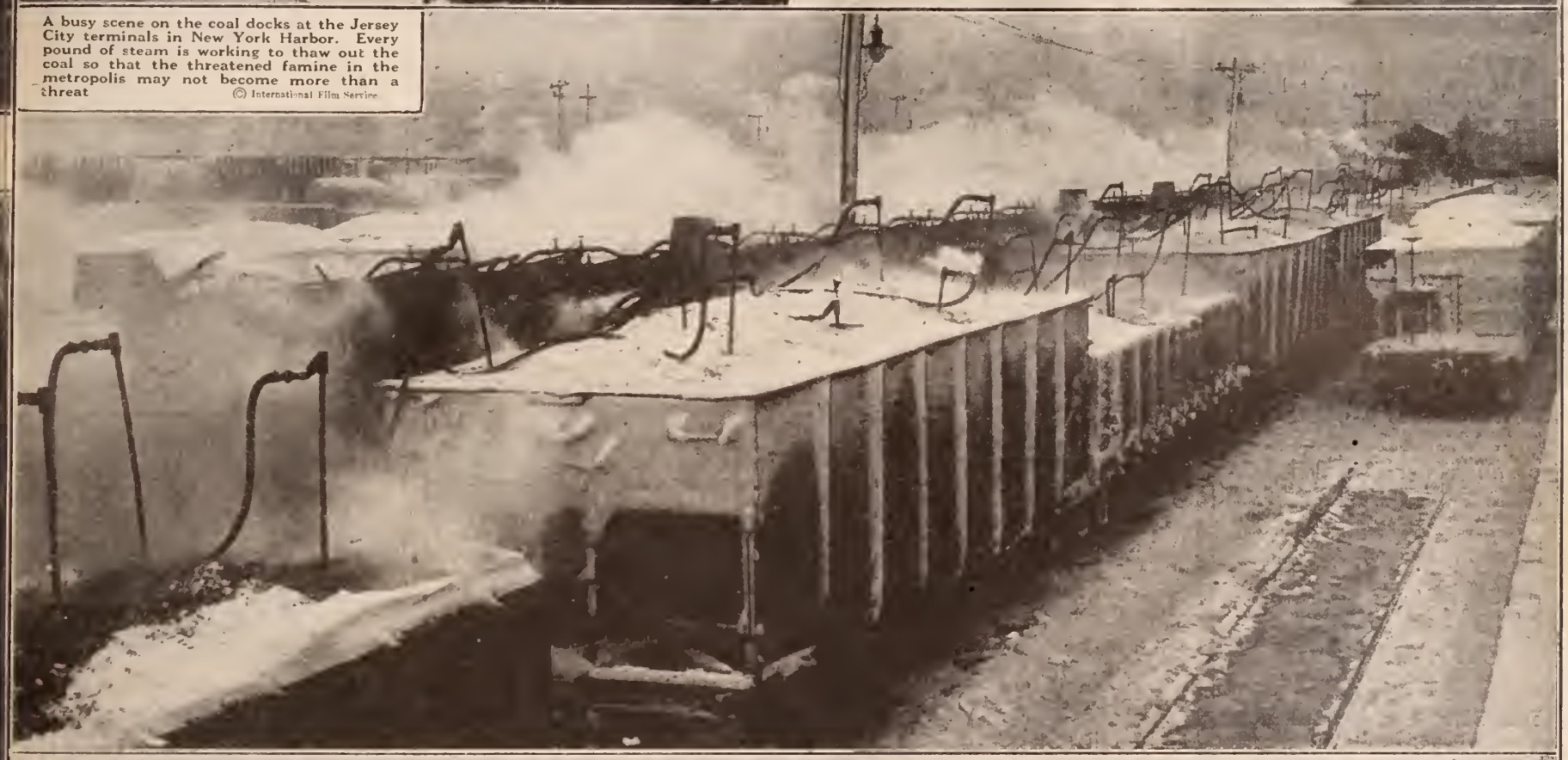

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Don't say "terra firma" in Flanders. This planking is part of a system of pontoon bridges officially declared to be 120 miles long

WILL beauty be your daughter's lot in life? Begin early to lay the foundation for her future good looks and attractiveness—to teach the vital lessons of skin health and complexion care that may mean her life's happiness.

After the day's play, indoors or out, give the tender skin, face, neck, arms, hands, a thorough cleansing with D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream—relieve the pores of the dirt they accumulated. Make it a daily practice in childhood, it will be a daily habit in girlhood; a daily delight—a splendid reward in womanhood.

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"The Kind That Keeps"

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The cream for every person—a size for every purse.

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TRY BOTH FREE

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Howard Chase

Continued from page 45

it. The young fellow ought to be encouraged. And you know, Deacon, we've got money to burn."

"Speak for yourself," said Deacon Allen a little gruffly. But he pulled out a fat pocketbook, extracted from it the dirtiest five it contained, and handed it over to Deacon Burton.

Burton chuckled as he took it. "There's so much saved from burning, anyhow."

"It'll burn in a big electric light bill all right," said Deacon Allen as he went out of the store. "But after all, I don't mind. We don't get preachers like him in Red Hill every day. He's smart, he is."

Deacon Burton grinned over the incident several times that morning, and after dinner he walked around by the church. The lumber was in the churchyard, and Howard was in his shirtsleeves sawing and pounding away and whistling as he worked.

"I'll send one of the boys up this afternoon to help," the deacon said. "And here's Deacon Allen's subscription and mine."

He handed Howard three clean five dollar bills (he had been to the bank to get them) and Howard with a smile tucked the money into his pocket.

"I think that will about cover the entire expense. I appreciate it. And I won't forget it when I come to preach your funeral sermons."

"What did you say to Deacon Allen? I'd give another five to know."

Howard grinned.

"I haven't time to tell now. Too busy. Why don't you ask him?"

"I did, and he said he didn't know how you did it."

Howard laid down his hammer and laughed, the rude boisterous laugh that did not seem to belong to him.

"The deacon never had any fun with his money. Won't it be a good turn for him if we can make him have some before he goes to the land where nothing but character is legal tender?"

AS the deacon turned to go away, he said, "Oh, I forgot. Mrs. Burton asked me to give your sister and you a special invitation to Sunday dinner."

"I believe it will be a go, Rose," Howard had said when Saturday night came and he and his sister had gone over to the church to see if anything more were needed.

He went into the little vestibule and turned on the lights. Everything was all right. Extra seats were in the Sunday school room ready to be carried out, and Howard had secured the services of a number of his boys to act as ushers. Red Hill was talking about the scheme to a household. And the farmers ten miles out were reading his dodgers and many of them planning to go to church who had not gone for years.

Sunday morning dawned hot and still. The morning service was almost a repetition of the first Sunday. Not quite so many out, but a number of new faces. And Howard preached with all his might.

A meal at the Burtons' was a liberal education in the art of domestic science. Howard, who was a hearty eater, soon found out that Mrs. Burton and Agnes did all the cooking, and he did not try to conceal his pleasure, but to the evident disappointment of the Burton's excused himself immediately after the meal in order to complete his plans for the evening.

The deacon stepped out on the porch as Howard left the house and walked to the end looking out to the southwest.

A gray line was spreading over the sky, clearly defined against the blue.

"Don't want to discourage you, Chase. But if I know anything about prairie weather, we are in for a big storm some time this afternoon."

Howard went over to the church, and finding it cooler there than in his little study at the parsonage he stayed there working on his evening sermon, going over his points again and again, now and then walking up and down the aisle and speaking aloud.

He was absorbed in his task so deeply that he came to himself with a start at the sound of a peal of thunder that rolled over the church and into the open windows like a solid thing.

He ran out on the platform. The gray line that Deacon Burton had noticed had swept over the sky and covered the sun, and back under the line was a great green-black cloud covering all the southwest heaven.

He took out his watch. It was half-past four. He went back into the church and closed the windows. As he started across the churchyard to the parsonage a patter of hailstones fell around him, and before he had reached the little porch big drops of rain spattered over the grass. A warm air touched his cheek, and out back of the houses in the next blocks the trees suddenly bent over and a dull roar came to his ear like the beat of the surf on the old Maine coast where he was born. And for the first time in his life as he ran upstairs to shut the windows the young minister at Red Hill felt a clutch of something like fear at his heart as the prairie thunder storm in all its fury came bounding in from its wide prairie stretches and fell with wild roar over parsonage and church, blotting out the sunlight and crashing with all its elemental power over the crouching and terrified town.

To be continued

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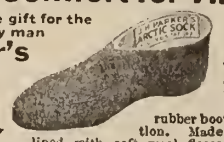

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The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

IT is well to have a time for prayer, whether it be morning, noon or night, or all three. Some make a practice of entering into a spirit of prayer whenever the day's work brings them a moment of quietness. In that, too, there is strength. But in addition to having these regular times for prayer it is well to remember that every time of spiritual crisis is a time for prayer. If we are tempted at ten o'clock we need not wait until the bells have chimed for noon before we pray for help to meet the temptation. If we have prayed at noon and our prayer-found strength is tested at two o'clock, we need not wait until vespers to send for reinforcements, for the Father ever waits to hear the petitions of those who are his, and Jesus has promised to be with us always, and the hand reached out in prayer to the ever-present Saviour is a sure defense against any assault of evil or unworthiness.

Mrs. B. A. G., who sends a thank-offering of $1 to be used in the Lord's work, testifies to answered prayer in the restoration of a young lady who was attacked by smallpox. She also asks bodily healing and spiritual comfort for a dear friend.

Mrs. J. G., who last spring requested prayer for her son, testifies that he was happily converted a few weeks after her request reached the Prayer League. She now prays that this son may be helped in his financial troubles so that he may keep his children in school and pay his debts.

Mrs. E. C. P. testifies to answered prayer in the healing of her grandson, to whom the physicians had promised but one chance in a thousand; also in the recovery of a dear friend, who had suffered for over two years from a serious ailment, but was healed without an operation which skilled physicians had told her was her only hope.

S. H. N. praises God for bodily healing in answer to prayer forty-one years ago, when she was given up by physicians. She is now seventy-four and praises God for all his blessings.

Mrs. Agnes T. H., Middleboro, Mass., prays for the return of her daughter, Ruth, who she thinks may be in New York.

A. W. C., a believer in prayer, sends us a plea for a "Universal Prayer League."

F. R. asks the prayers of the League that he may be divinely guided in grievous business troubles.

M. L. is in deep distress, fearing he has committed the unpardonable sin, and he asks the League to pray for him. Let us pray that the cloud may be lifted, and that he may see that as long as he *cares*, it is certain that his sins are not past pardon. Only he who refuses to be saved has committed this sin. Jesus saves to the uttermost; and the only power that can withstand him is the soul that does not care.

N. W. A. writes from a United States warship that his Bible class meets every night in a compartment of the ship, and that the chaplain, "one of the best in the service," preaches them a sermon every Sunday. "We are on the King's business for the souls of men," says N. W. A. "It was only last night that four young men confessed that Jesus was their personal Saviour." The prayers of the League will go out for these Christian boys who are prepared to lay down their lives if need be for the sacred cause of liberty and justice.

A missionary wrote in January asking the prayers of the League. Now she writes, "God has answered in a truly miraculous manner. . . . Praise him forever and ever!"

E. B. C. writes that a minister's wife who had already undergone several operations for cancer, and for whom she had requested prayers, has wonderfully improved.

Mrs. H. C. S. praises God for the conversion in answer to prayer of a young physician who was a victim of drink, but who now is about to enter the ministry. She asks prayers that the brother of this young man may be converted and healed of bodily infirmities; also for bodily healing for her son.

D. B. promised God that he would acknowledge an answer to prayer for the recovery of his brother from pneumonia.

Mrs. M. N. T. asks prayer for aid in a case of threatened blindness.

W. J. Y. sends a beautiful prayer which breathes what we trust is the united aspiration of the Prayer League.

A. B. I. asks prayer to be delivered from her enemies.

Prayers are asked for revivals of religion at:

Montverde, Fla.; Orrs Island, Me.; Culver, Ind.; Westboro, Canada; Perris, Calif.; Marion, N. C.; Keefeton, Okla.; Lando, S. C.; Sharon, Ohio; East Ryegate, Vt.; Kendrick, Idaho; Bethel, Ohio; Holden, W. Va.; Melrose, Wis.; Colwell, Iowa; Hooker, Okla.; Marysville, Kan. (that many may be saved during revival); Timpson, Texas (that many souls may be saved during meetings); Louisville, Ky. (that many may be saved during revival); Lexington, Ohio (for awakening in the church and the salvation of souls); A Soldier Boy's Mother (that God may pour out his Spirit upon the men in the trenches and training camps).

Mrs. B. M. P., Milwaukee, Wis. (that husband may be called to a church as its pastor); Mrs. J. R. S., Hooker, Okla. (that a Spirit-filled minister may be sent); Mrs. C. C. Z., Charles City, Iowa (that church troubles may be removed).

E. J. H., Mount Pleasant, Mich., asks prayer that husband may be able to preach again, that he may get into mission work.

A. M. H. asks prayer that mother's mind may be restored; Mrs. L. K., that sister's mind may be restored; M. C., that brother's mind may be restored; Mrs. L. A., that mind may be restored; Mrs. T. W. S., that a friend's mind may be restored. J. E. S. asks prayer that wife's mind may be restored; A Reader and M. E. M., that their daughters' minds may be restored; ten friends, for mental restoration for themselves, relatives or friends.

Five parents ask prayer for the safe return of sons after the war; M. H., that nephew may be blessed and return safely home after the war; Mrs. W. R. H., for boy in camp.

Two wives ask prayer that their husbands may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs. H. C. B., that son and brother may be cured of the liquor habit; two parents, that their sons may be cured of the liquor habit; four sisters, that brothers may be delivered from the liquor habit; M. S. W., that nephew may be cured of the liquor habit.

G. D. C. asks prayer that son's sight may be restored; Mrs. G., that mother's sight may be restored; Mrs. A. W., that cataracts may be removed and sight restored; G. T., that eye may be restored to its natural color; nine friends, that sight may be restored for themselves, relatives or friends. K. J. asks prayer that husband's sight may be restored; Mrs. B. M. P., that son's eye may be healed; six friends, for restoration of own sight; M. E. H. that a friend's sight may be restored.

L. A. D. asks prayer that brother may be cured of the tobacco habit; Mrs. A. F. K., that father may be cured of the tobacco habit, and brother of the cigarette habit. Mrs. S. G. and Mrs. J. H. H. ask prayer that sons may be cured of the tobacco habit.

Twelve friends ask prayer for restoration of hearing.

Twelve friends ask prayer for special blessings for others.

Fifty-four friends ask prayer for a deeper work of grace, assurance of sins forgiven, or express in other ways their desire for personal spiritual blessing.

Mrs. A. L. H. asks prayer that husband may be cured of the drug habit.

One hundred twenty-one friends ask prayer for the healing of friends or relatives.

Thirty-three parents ask prayer for the conversion of sons; eight wives, their husbands; seventy-one, other relatives and friends.

Fifty-six friends ask prayer for help or guidance in financial matters.

Sixty friends ask prayer for the granting of various desires and needs.

Acknowledgments of answered prayer have been received from the following:

L. A. M., Prophetstown, Ill.; Mrs. L. A. V., Sparrowbush, N. Y.; Mrs. S. G., Linnens, Mo.; A Praying Mother, Galesburg, Ill.; A Member, Salineville, Ohio; Miss S. A. M., Mount Sterling, Ky.; M. N. H., Stevensville, Mich.; Mrs. J. C. R., Marietta, Ohio; Mrs. M. R. S., Sioux Falls, S. D.; Mrs. W. G. L., Marion, Va.; W. H., Mendon, Ohio; Mrs. L. M. D., Meredith, N. H.; Mrs. W. G., Marmon, N. D.; A Reader, Hubbard, Neb.; N. L. S., Madison, Ga.; Mrs. N. J. R., Booster, Ark.; L. M. A., Moline, Ill.; Mrs. M. K., Bergville, Minn.; Mrs. A. J. D., Hermosa, S. D.; A. E. A., South Carolina.

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"DON'T envy my hands. Envy my good sense," said this woman, as she measured out "just enough" Gold Dust into her dishpan. "Company hands can't be put on at a moment's notice, you know. They have to 'grow'.

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THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

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Jesus At Work

International Sunday School Lesson for January 20.
Mark 1:21-45.

A Busy Sabbath Day in Galilee

By Rev. George D Allison, Ph.D.

THOUGH we have not completed the first chapter of the Gospel of Mark, we already find Jesus, the Mighty Worker, in the midst of his arduous toil. What a contrast between the lonely scene of the temptation in the wilderness when he planned his work, and this busy, teeming city of Capernaum with its many crying human needs! If Christ had not been sure of his perspective he might have been thrown out of his true line of endeavor. Yet we find him steady, undismayed, turning his powerful personality to task upon task, always with human blessing in mind, always returning to his supreme mission.

The first of Mark's snapshots of the Master at Work portrays him eagerly making his way to the synagogue, "straightway on the Sabbath day," and there teaching the people. We know now that Jesus was a wonderful teacher, and as we study modern pedagogy we find that he anticipated in practice the finest developments of our theories. First of all he was interesting. Common people heard him gladly. It is terrible for a teacher to be dull. It is almost criminal for a teacher of religion to be uninteresting, repelling youthful minds from the fields of truth. Jesus fascinated even his critics. Then he was simple, though grappling with the deepest issues of God and the soul. His interest and his simplicity were largely due to his pictorial method of setting forth truth, which has given us in the parables a marvelous series of illustrations from common life. The best teachers are those who have or who acquire this knack of illustration. And we learn from Jesus the tactful use of the Socratic method, of wisely put questions to lead our pupils to find the truth for themselves under our guidance.

All these are found in Jesus' great lesson on Neighborliness in the tenth of Luke. If he had answered the lawyer's question by saying "Even a Samaritan is your neighbor," further argument would have resulted. Instead he told an interesting story, remarkably simple and compelling, and then secured the truth from his questioner.

Jesus the Sympathetic

The second of our little series of lesson pictures portrays Jesus in the richness of his sympathy, which dominates the rest of the chapter. He was interrupted in his teaching by an insane epileptic, who cried out in the synagogue. Most rabbis would have had him thrown out. But Jesus goes out to him in firmness mingled with great tenderness, and renders real help to him by the power of his own wondrous spirit.

I like to think of the unfortunate man, calmed in mind, but doubtless still different from those never afflicted, following after Jesus Christ in childlike, eager love. I have known similar sufferers who were fond of the church and Sunday school, where they were sure of kindness and sympathy, and free from the scorn of the thoughtless.

We can all be like David Grayson, and follow the open road on the lookout for "Adventures in Friendship." The rich and the poor, the wise and the foolish, the weak and the strong, all call for the sympathy and compassion of our Saviour. Inasmuch as we do it unto one of these least, we do it unto him.

Jesus the Helper of the Suffering

Now we are launched upon Mark's account of how Jesus ministered to human needs, going about doing good. First, the familiar well-loved figure responding to the anxious call of his closest friends, going into the upper room where sudden fever had stricken down the mother. How soon that cooling touch had worked its miracle and how quickly that loved one insisted upon resuming her appointed task! Then that glorious sunset picture of the Helper of Men going in and out among the throng. How lovely are the words of the Evangel: "At even, when the sun was set, they brought unto him all that were sick and that were possessed." What a multitude the afflicted of the earth still are!

How wonderfully the spirit of Christ is found in modern ministries to human need! Then not a hospital, not an asylum, not a refuge; now all of these, most of them earnestly served and truly Christian. Then ignorant malpractice and magic, now the wonders of anesthesia and antitoxins. Then epidemics of horror, now constructive and alterative treatment of every case. The doctor and the nurse are doing tasks which Jesus Christ sanctified in his own person. Theirs is a truly Christlike ministry, to which some of our boys and girls are as surely called as any man is to preach. Set forth the call in class and home, that some may respond. "Send me."

The Red Cross of Ministry

By millions our Christian people have been enrolling in the American Red Cross, whose symbol has become a beacon of hope in peace and in war. Do not fail to teach the need of the American Red Cross to meet so efficiently the catastrophes at home and abroad even in times of prosperity and quiet. Now that the hideous scourge of war, with human suffering multiplied by every engine of destruction that the human mind can contrive, is spread world-wide, let us be glad that some ameliorative agency is at work, and let us give and give, and go and work, that in His name many precious lives may be saved to their dear ones at home. Each man reclaimed and nursed back to health means a family kept together, a home filled with hope again.

Jesus and His Supreme Mission

After that wonderful evening of ministry to human pain, Jesus seems somewhat perturbed. At least he arises early and spends much time in prayer. Evidently he came to a definite answer to his petition of the Father, for when Peter came to tell him of the waiting crowds with their sick he refused to return, saying, "Let us go elsewhere into the next town." Why did Jesus press on, leaving so much suffering still?

In a sense he seems to have been hampered by the natural clamors of the ailing. He was actually embarrassed by the thirst for miracles! For his supreme mission, after all, was spiritual, to the souls of men. He could not possibly heal all the sick, comfort all the mourning. But he could and he must deliver the message that at last would transform all human life and result in world-wide ministries, multiplied by the many.

So he hastened on. "I must preach," he says to the surprised Peter, "I must preach the good tidings of the Kingdom of God to other cities also: for to that end was I sent."

Yet he never could refuse a personal appeal for help. Nothing was so important that it could not wait while he spoke to a troubled soul. He could come down from the Mount of Transfiguration to treat an epileptic boy. But he would not be turned aside from his chief enterprise, namely, to build on earth the Kingdom of his Father. I do not think he would approve an interpretation of his teachings that would put the central emphasis on healing the sick, and forget to go out into all the world and preach the Gospel.

The medical missionary should not cease to be a missionary, the doctor and the nurse to be Christians. After all there is something worse than even human pain, and that is sin. That man who loveth darkness rather than light because his deeds are evil is in worse case than the poor leper in the hill-country of Galilee. But the power of God can take even such an one and make him clean and send him forth to minister in the spirit of the Christ.

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Sunday School Methods

By FRANK L. BROWN, Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

Some Teachers Whom I Remember

WHAT are the things that we remember about our teachers after the years have gone? I venture to say that hardly a word of what was taught is specially remembered in connection with any teacher. Now and then some story that was told may stick. After all, the big thing about our teachers is what they were in their spirit, the atmosphere of their lives, and what they did for us.

As I think back over the years, one or two things of this sort are remembered. Perhaps a suggestion of these will show the things that make long memories in a boy's life.

The first teacher I recall called on me when I was sick and brought a bag of peanuts. Strange that I have forgotten everything but those peanuts!

My next teacher, a Mr. McCall, was sick, very sick. I called on him because I loved him. I can remember how glad he was to see me. As I went out he told the assistant to give me some candy. Shortly after he died. I can tell you now the hymn they sung at his funeral:

> "Think not of a brother deceased;
> Our loss is his infinite gain;
> A soul out of prison released."

and then something that rhymes with gain.

My next was saintly Mrs. Skiff. I was about eleven or twelve. She had a face of rare beauty and winsomeness. I can hear now the way she used to say "Frank." And she sent me a book once when I was away in the country, and letters which touched my heart. Dear Mother Skiff! Her two boys, when we grew up, were members of the baseball nine of which I was captain. When one of them died I was asked, as a layman, to conduct his service.

Then there was John Hanna. Our class was called "Little Drops of Water," and they were lively drops. How patient he was! We would put odd things on his back and carry on to the limit, but never did he get mad at us. His smile never wore off.

And Hiram Bedell came, dignified but gentle, firm but kind, a man with Christian experience. When he prayed he would sometimes cry a bit, so earnest was he. And he gave to each of us boys a lesson book with blank pages interleaved, so that we could write out our thoughts on the lesson. And I always felt it a duty to fill out those two pages as my bit for the Sunday.

Then came Joshua Rogers, six and one-half feet tall, with a beard, big hands, big voice, big frame and big heart. He was some teacher. He caught me about fourteen to sixteen, when life was on the making, and his powerful personality was impressed upon me. While he was my teacher I was very sick. He came to see me, bringing several of the boys, including his own boy Sam, my chum. He brought some flowers. Never shall I forget him as he sat by my bed, with his smile and a handshake that somehow gripped your heart. But before he went he knelt down and prayed for me. And that big voice, lifted in earnest prayer for the boy, has had its echo through the years. It will never die out of my life.

Last Sunday a caller came to see me from Montreal. It was Sam Rogers, the son of that Brooklyn merchant, who had passed on to his reward. I had not seen Sam for twenty-five years. When I last heard of him he had refused to wrongfully change the books of a corporation of which he was treasurer at the behest of the controlling interests. He lost his position for this adherence to the teaching of his father. He is now treasurer of a seventeen-million-dollar corporation and honored in his city. So Joshua Rogers is living on.

These were all commonplace folks who knew how to love Christ and love boys, and whose reward will be as sure as God's unfailing word.

Bryan Says "Three Years"

THAT the nation will have voted itself dry in three years, twenty-seven states being already dry by vote of their legislatures and only nine being needed to carry the constitutional amendment, is the confident prediction of William Jennings Bryan, who may be called the most distinguished Democrat, and one of the most distinguished citizens, in private life in our country today. In a recent issue of the New York American he points out the various reasons why the American people cannot afford further to tolerate the traffic in this poison. Alcohol impairs the efficiency and productive value of the individual, making him a non-producer, whom the community cannot afford to carry. The only remedy for this state of affairs is to abolish the saloon, which not only saps the efficiency of the citizen, but is a breeding center of crime and immorality. "Why," Mr. Bryan asks, "do we appropriate money to exterminate cholera among hogs, and then license men to propagate delirium tremens among human beings? Why do we auction off the privilege of making paupers and criminals and insane, and then spend millions in an effort to care for the delinquents that graduate from the saloons?"

The liquor dealers are almost the only business men in our nation who persistently evade the laws which are made necessary by the entrance of the United States into the war for the preservation of liberty.

"There is another economic argument whose increasing weight is being daily more and more recognized, viz., that we cannot spare the foodstuffs that have heretofore been converted into alcoholic liquors. We have already taken one step toward conservation; we have prohibited the conversion of foodstuffs into alcohol during the war. But this saves only one-third of the waste. The brewers have been using about twice as much of our foodstuffs in the making of beer as the distillers use in the making of whisky. Why not save three-thirds, instead of one-third? It would strengthen our appeal to the housewives if we could show that we were saving on a large scale by denying to the brewers the bread needed for the table. To urge an increase in garden space while we turn over to the brewers the product of broad and fertile prairies looks like 'saving at the spigot and wasting at the bunghole.'

"Prohibition ought to triumph on economic grounds alone. It ought to triumph even more surely on moral grounds; it cannot fail to triumph now, since it is also demanded by patriotism and by the spirit of democracy."

Called Higher

MRS. F. J. MEANS of Pittsburg, Pa., who passed away March 13, was a devoted Christian. She had been a member of the Christian Herald Family for many years, and her friends write us that the "Daily Meditations" were her comfort and delight.

Mrs. Isabella Ridgely Barbour, Northumberland County, Va., 93d year; Leonard J. Brown, Olean, N. Y., 86 years; Rev. D. W. Hammond, Ovid, Mich., 79 years; Mrs. Annie I. Bressler, Philadelphia, Pa., 54 years; Mrs. J. L. Stinnett, Monterey, Tenn., 77 years; Mrs. Elizabeth Cox, Niles, Mich., nearly 90 years; Mrs. M. E. Saunders, Ingleside, Topeka, Kan.; Rev. J. Johns, Platteville, Wis., 72 years; Mrs. Virginia B. Crawford, Crimora, Va.; Mrs. Rosetta Dean, Gaysville, Vt., 83 years; Mrs. Eliza J. Holt, Methuen, Mass., 83 years; Mrs. Harriet L. Keith, St. Augustine, Fla., 81st year.

Mrs. C. B. Bartlett, Clear Lake, Ia.; Mrs. Mary Ellen Skinner, Folsom, Calif.; Mrs. Martha A. Wilson, Jet, Okla., 83 years; W. D. Petty, Fairy, Ga., 83 years; Mrs. C. M. Ramage, Winnsboro, La., 91 years; Mr. J. H. Melville, Broken Bow, Neb.; Mrs. Helen Marr Knight, Pawtucket, R. I., 82 years; Mr. Leonard J. Brown, Olean, N. Y., 86 years; Mrs. W. G. Mahaoy, Milwaukee, Wis.

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Dr. C. I. Scofield, formerly D. L. Moody's pastor at East Northfield, Mass., is the veteran Bible teacher of America, Editor of the famous Scofield Reference Bible (of the Oxford University Press), which is used and loved the world around, and author of such works as "Rightly Dividing the Word of Truth," "The New Life in Christ Jesus," and "The Scofield Bible Correspondence Course." He is perhaps the most widely known and respected Bible scholar in the English-speaking world in the field of sane, Scriptural prophecy and the truth of our Lord's Return.

Beginning with the first lesson of the new year, when in the Improved Uniform Lessons six months will be devoted to the study of the Gospel of Mark (and every syllable of that Gospel will be covered in the lessons), Dr. Scofield is writing regularly in The Sunday School Times (and in this paper only) on

The Prophecy in This Lesson

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Never before in the history of the world was there such need as there is to-day,—in this black hour of almost universal war, world turmoil and chaos, kingdoms fallen and tottering, civilization threatened and baffled,—for a clear, quiet search of the Word of God for His own light upon this age and the "blessed hope" of His Son's return as rightful King to His earth.

But believers need be in no doubt or fear as to the outcome, and as to the events in the meantime. For "we have the word of prophecy made more sure: whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a lamp shining in a dark place, until the day dawn. . . . For no prophecy ever came by the will of man: but men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Spirit" (2 Pet. 1 : 19–21).

Dr. Scofield will help you to study this wonderful, God-given, infallible "word of prophecy" for yourself, by means of his week by week comment in

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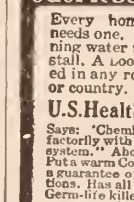

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Camouflage

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"I'M in the Camouflage Division," the rather new soldier told me proudly.

"Camouflage?" I repeated it after him in a questioning way. "Camouflage?" (That, of course, was before the word became nation-known and popular.)

"Yes, camouflage," the rather new soldier told me. "Most of the fellows in it are artists, and we have an awfully interesting time."

"What," I asked, "do you do?"

"Why," the rather new soldier told me, "we disguise things to—to fool the enemy. For instance, we paint canvas cows and nail them on wood frames, and when they are placed in the field in front of a trench, anybody looking across the field would think that it was nothing but a peaceful bit of pasture. We paint the sides of ships, too, with long, quivering lines so that they will look like waves, and sometimes with great spots of vivid color so that, at a distance, they will be too indefinite for a submarine to shoot at. That's camouflage!"

"Then," I said, "it isn't a new idea, is it? How about the siege of Troy when they brought spies into a city concealed in a wooden horse? That was camouflage! How about the time, in 'Macbeth,' when an army of men marched on a castle holding boughs before them so that they looked like a moving grove of trees? That was camouflage, too."

"Of course it was," agreed the rather new soldier, "you're right—camouflage isn't a new idea. It's only the old idea of deception made into a fine art!"

I CAN remember, ever so clearly, the first time camouflage was practiced on me. A tiny little girl I was, with a bad cold, and a decided aversion to the bitter quinine pills that would cure it. My family, the pill bottle passing from one to another of them, tried promises, bribery and threats, but I stood a stubborn, sneezing little figure, with my teeth tightly clasped together.

It was our cook, who was smiling and Irish—our cook who loved me—who solved the problem. She disappeared kitchenward with the pill bottle in hand, and appeared a few minutes later with a spoonful of jam—strawberry jam.

"Shure, darlin'," she crooned in her soothing voice, "shure, see what Maggie has for her baby!"

The tear-drops dried quite miraculously on my cheeks; I smiled and opened my mouth to receive the spoon with its coveted freight. And I swallowed the jam joyfully, never dreaming that the hated pill was nestling beneath an especially large strawberry. The next day the cold was better.

I HEARD two girls talking yesterday about their respective Sunday school classes.

"I can't make the children behave at all," said one of the girls. "They laugh right out loud during service and they fidget and throw crumpled paper at each other. I'm worn out every Sunday, after teaching them, and no *matter how I scold, they won't stop.*"

The other was a jolly-looking girl, with an errant dimple that had a habit of flickering in her soft cheek.

"I don't have any trouble at all with the children in my class," she said, "and I never have to scold them either?"

"How"—the first girl was frankly incredulous—"how do you ever manage?"

"I discovered," said the girl with the dimple, "that the boys in my class very much admired one of the young men of our church. They admired him because he was the best player on the baseball team, and he used to go to school with me, and they knew it!

"Soon after I took the class I noticed that the children were high-tempered and given to joking and laughing. I didn't say anything, however, when they made a disturbance, but waited until I could steer the conversation around to a different channel. It wasn't hard to bring up a subject that they were interested in—the subject of the young man they liked so much.

"'He's some ball player!' one of the boys volunteered.

"'He certainly is!' I answered; and then after a pause I added, 'I'm glad that we're such good friends. Why, we used to go to school together, and *we were in the same Sunday school class.*'

"The boys looked interested. They stopped fidgeting. Finally one of them spoke. 'Did *he* go to Sunday school?' he asked.

"'Indeed he did!' I answered. 'They used to say (and it was quite true) that he was the best boy in the class!'

"After that I had very little trouble with the children. Small boys and girls are given to hero-worship, and the young man was their model in everything. When they discovered that he had been good in Sunday school, they, too, wanted to be good in Sunday school."

That, I think, was camouflage, too.

DECEPTION is very often not pleasant—but the art of deception, when it is trimmed up by the camouflage system, is sometimes a worthwhile art. Some folks call it tact!

One should—one *must*—always be truthful; but I have known people who were truthful in an unnecessarily brutal way. I have known people who thought it their duty to be needlessly harsh with their truth. They should realize that a pill covered with jam to disguise its bitterness will be just as effective—and much easier to swallow.

HAVE you ever seen a snowstorm falling over the slums of a city? I have. It creeps down softly over dirt and squalor and disease with a white covering that is like a benediction. It covers pitiful poverty with a mantle of beauty, and it transforms tumbledown tenements into princely palaces.

More camouflage.

And yet one seeing the snow is not sorry that it hides the ugliness underneath, even while he knows that the loveliness is only on the surface; and one wonders if Nature—with the eyes and hands of an artist—has not done the bit of camouflaging because she wanted to hide the unattractive sight.

Do not allow yourselves, friends of mine, to be deceitful! But when you find that you have something unpleasantly necessary to say or do, try—camouflage.

President Wilson Takes Over the Railroads

Continued from page 36

necessary for me to do so. This is a war of resources no less than of men, perhaps even more than of men, and it is necessary for the complete mobilization of our resources that the transportation systems of the country should be organized and employed under a single authority. . . .

The committee of railroad executives who have been cooperating with the government in this all-important matter have done the utmost that it was possible for them to do; have done it with patriotic zeal and with great ability; but there were differences that they could neither escape nor neutralize. . . .

The public interest must be first served and, in addition, the financial interests of the government and the financial interests of the railways must be brought under a common direction. . . .

Investors in railway securities may rest assured that their rights and interests will be as scrupulously looked after by the government as they could be by the directors of the several railway systems. . . .

The government of the United States is the only great government now engaged in the war which has not already assumed control of this sort. It was thought to be in the spirit of American institutions to attempt to do everything that was necessary through private management, and if zeal and ability and patriotic motive could have accomplished the necessary unification of administration it would certainly have been accomplished; but no zeal or ability could overcome insuperable obstacles, and I have deemed it my duty to recognize that fact in all candor now that it is demonstrated and to use without reserve the great authority reposed in me. A great national necessity dictated the action and I was therefore not at liberty to abstain from it.

The President's suggestion that the compensation to the railroads is to be figured on a basis of the average net income for the three years preceding June 30 was viewed with considerable favor by many prominent railroad executives, and it was expected that the President would go before Congress after the holiday recess with a request for action making legal some such arrangement. The average for these years as given by the Interstate Commerce Commission reports is $947,267,472, or in round nunbers the government will have to guarantee about a billion dollars in net income, although the operation of the roads will produce nearly this sum, leaving perhaps $100,000,000 to be made up from the Treasury. The proposal to maintain the railroads at present efficiency as to roadbed and equipments will involve other expenditures to the extent of about another billion dollars each year. This being the estimate carefully made by railway executives of the amount which the railways would need to secure during the next year for locomotives, cars, extensions, and other betterments practically necessary if increased traffic is to be handled promptly. The total mileage taken over by the government to be operated after midnight of December 31 for government account is in the neighborhood of 250,000 miles.

During the last year there has been an increase in annual freight traffic of about 14 per cent., and in the first six months of 1917 the railroads of the nation handled as much freight as in the whole year of 1906. Government control practically amounts to a pooling of all the railway investments and equipments of the country, making it possible to use every piece of equipment and every man where vitally needed and regardless of private ownership.

Under the President's proclamation Secretary McAdoo, as Director-in-Chief of all the railways of the nation, will have authority superior to the Commerce Commissions of the nation and the states, and will be able to eliminate all causes which may hamper the necessary use of the railway facilities in the interest of the nation. The actual direction of the railways will remain in the hands of the present railway executives. Director-General McAdoo, on December 28, made the Railway's War Board an official organization and held a long conference with the board, asking it for suggestions as to ways and means. Mr. McAdoo's first order issued at noon on the 28th provided for the mutual use of trackage and for the routing of all freight by the shortest line.

The railways will now be operated with the sole thought of commanding the greatest possible power to the nation. It is one great business unified for the achievement of victory in the war.

A Verse for Each Day

M. E. MUNSON, 77 Bible House, New York City, has published a splendid little booklet which contains a calendar for 1918 and a well-chosen verse for every day in the year. This booklet will be of service not only to individuals, but to all church societies and clubs.

Miss Munson herself took a large number of these little booklets to one of the great military training camps not far from the city. The soldiers were delighted to receive them and clamored for more. "There are six fellows in my tent," one of them said, "can I take one of these for each of them?" And another boy asked, rather bashfully, "Do you s'pose this will keep me from swearin'?"

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It may mean that farm produce can or can not be shipped to market in bad weather. It may mean that railroad embargoes will or will not shut down factories which might use motor trucks to haul fuel and raw material from a distance. It may mean that wage earners will or will not be thrown out of employment.

Freight congestion and railroad embargoes threaten the very life of any community which can not handle its short haul traffic by motor trucks. These absolutely require hard permanent roads, passable in all kinds of weather.

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The Church After the War

Continued from page 42

laid aside their vocations and are giving themselves uncalculatingly to the work of the Kingdom of God. If any such man should ask me, "Where is my work?" I should reply, "In the military camp or cantonment nearest you; or in the nearest Y. M. C. A. whose staff of officers is depleted by the call to military service; in the nearest Red Cross station in which helpers are needed to increase the membership and to make more effective the organization; in your own church, at the hours of worship, prayer, praise and Bible study." If any man or woman should say to me, "But what can I do for the Church and for the world in this great crisis—I who am weak and limited in influence, and chained to my daily tasks?" I should reply, "They render the highest possible service to humanity and to humanity's Lord who wait on the Lord daily and hourly, renewing their strength, and interceding for those whose activities are all too prone to crowd out their opportunities for prayer and fellowship with God."

To be made perfectly efficient, the Christian Church must first of all be, Christian; that is to say, it must keep the Master in the midst. Then it must be democratized, socialized, unified. Preaching must be simplified and intensified. There must be a passion for personal work, shared by all who profess and call themselves Christians.

A friend of mine addressed the soldiers at one of our Eastern camps a little while ago. Then, following his address, he went from tent to tent, hour after hour, conversing with the soldiers. Meal-time came, and he stayed and ate at the common soldiers' mess. When he left that camp he took the hearts of a host of boys with him. The secretary who has charge of such appointments tells me this is the kind of work that bears the richest fruit. We must not lose the art of personal evangelism. And the pulpit must sound and keep on sounding the clear note of a supernatural and present Christ able to heal the world's unrest and to reconcile the discordant nations. The Church has what the world most needs. The great problem and task is for us to establish the largest possible number of points of contact between the Church and the world.

CHARLES CARROLL ALBERTSON.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Church Must Drop Its Man-Made Religion and Proclaim Christ as Prophet, Priest, Saviour and King, writes Professor Dau

THE present war will undoubtedly bring about changed conditions in the world, to which the Church will have to adapt itself. I am fain to believe that one lesson which the entire world has learnt from this war will be, that the starting of wars can not be left to individuals or groups of individuals, rulers, diplomats or military cliques. If there are to be any more wars, the people who are directly concerned should be the only authority to decide that question by plebiscite.

All righteous governments will be more than glad to be relieved of the terrible responsibility which they must assume when they declare war. All who are not righteous should not have that power. Moreover, future wars cannot be left to the decision of two or more nations who have a grievance against each other, or think they have. The present war has shown that a war between some nations seriously affects other nations. A way must be made for these other nations to be heard on the question whether there shall be war. They have a just right to be heard.

What can the Church do to exert an influence on nations and their governments? The Church cannot go into the governing business. If it wanted to do this, it should not be permitted. A Church clothed with secular power is not only a religious anomaly but a political danger. "The supreme business of the Church," said Dr. Speer at Pittsburg, "is to recover and to mediate to men the risen and living Christ." These words were among the most thoughtful utterances spoken at the Religious Congress. "We need a clear and unflinching conviction as to the world's supreme need of him and his supreme adequacy to the world," the speaker continued.

Dr. Haldeman, in a recent issue of the Sunday School Times, pleads with the Church to abandon a false view of its business in this world and to recognize its true business. He combats the view that the Church is a sort of moral reform school and a society for ethical culture. Where this view prevails there will be a persistent striving on the part of the Church to make itself politically useful, or to fritter away its real strength in social service. The Church will seek the support particularly of powerful governments and become, in a more or less pronounced way, an agent of governments. This is degrading the Church.

The Church is being transformed into an agency for the propagation of civic righteousness and good manners. It puts forth a mighty effort to make this world better for natural man to live in, and to adapt itself to the views of natural man, in order that natural man may find it pleasant to live in the Church also. It seeks to establish man's righteousness before God, not on the Rock of Ages, the cross of Christ, but on the natural and unrenewed conscience of man. It claims to develop men; it does not renew, regenerate, recreate them. Man is represented as possessing a natural, inborn right to regard himself as the child of God. Fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion are openly rejected by prominent teachers in the Church. A Christianity is proclaimed that might as well drop the name of Christ; it could just as effectually be spread in the name of Buddha.

This is, indeed, not a pleasant picture to behold, but it is necessary that all Christians who wish to aid the Church in her true mission among men study it. The Church can succeed only with the Christ of the Scriptures, who is Priest, Prophet, and King, and whose Word begets loving obedience and energizes men fully for every service. Submission to this Word alone can remove the divisions within the Church and produce genuine church comity.

St. Louis, Mo. W. H. T. DAU.

The Church Must Reconcile Its Differences and Unite, to Receive a Blessing

I BELIEVE those gathered at the Religious Congress did right in admitting that the Church, through lack of organization and unity of purpose, had failed to do its duty. I believe there are too many church organizations, so-called, and too many professing and not enough possessing Christians. The organized denominations have not fully understood the Word of God as revealed in the Bible. We have not lived up to the light of its precious teachings. We need to humble ourselves before Almighty God, and ask his forgiveness, that we may be filled with his Holy Spirit, the Spirit of Love.

There is only one Church upon earth. The Church includes all faithful, consecrated believers, "called to be saints" (Rom. 1 : 7), "called unto the fellowship of his Son" (I Cor. 1 : 9), "We being many are one body in Christ" (Rom. 12 : 5), "We are members of his body" (Eph. 5 : 30), "The Church which is his body" (Eph. 1 : 22, 23). There is only to be one Bride (the Church) and one Bridegroom, (Christ). There never should have been so many churches with their different creeds, books of discipline, etc. We must do away with our narrow, selfish creeds, and let the Word of God have free course. By doing so we shall have a blessing, and God will be glorified.

The masses of the world are crying for the bread of life from heaven today. In many cases they have been given a stone. May God forgive us and fill us with his Holy Spirit (love) in place of the spirit of the devil. ALFRED BROAD.
Coal City, Ill.

A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 37

not, however, stated, and no reports have come through of any active fighting on the part of American troops in France. A very welcome action was involved in the distribution of 350,000 Christmas packages to the boys "Over There." Thoughtful Uncle Sam supplied remembrances to those soldiers who seemed to have been forgotten by the folks at home, and supplied as well a real old-fashioned Christmas feast for every man in the service at home or abroad.

THE INCOME TAX. It was announced on December 23 that there would probably be no attempt to revise the Revenue Bill passed by the last Congress until after a six months' trial of the measure. Internal revenue officers are preparing therefore to advise citizens as to their liability under the act. Forms for the income tax return for the calendar year of 1917 are obtainable at any internal revenue office and at all post-offices. Any single person with an income in excess of $1,000 annually is liable to this tax. Married persons may acknowledge an income of $2,000 free of tax. The penalty for failing to make a return is a fine of not less than $20 and the addition of 50 per cent. to the amount of the tax due. Every person, therefore, who is in the least doubt as to his liability will find it a part of wisdom to secure a blank and make his return to the proper officer of the government. Returns must be made on or before March 1, 1918. The tax must be paid on or before June 15, 1918.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. The Council of National Defense announced on December 24 that good progress was being made in the preparation of 10,000 pilots and 22,000 airplanes for the battle in the air scheduled to come off some time next spring. . . . Premier Borden of Canada, on December 22, announced that, after December 24 the importation of intoxicating liquors into Canada would be prohibited, and that following investigation and a full consideration of the conditions of the liquor industry the manufacture of liquors would also be prohibited. . . . President Wilson on December 26 announced that Major-General Tasker H. Bliss, who reached the retiring age on December 31, would be retained in active service and remain as Chief of Staff of the Army. . . . Final reports on the results of the Halifax explosion gave the loss as 1,500 killed, 4,000 seriously injured, 20,000 homeless, and $50,000,000 in property damage. . . . Senator Francis Griffith Newlands of Nevada died suddenly on December 24 of heart failure. Senator Newlands was in his seventieth year and was chairman of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, in which committee he had done much valuable work. . . . Government officials were quoted as declaring on December 25 that much evidence had been uncovered indicating that the Industrial Workers of the World, the Russian Bolsheviki, the Irish agitators, and other similar organizations, in countries at war with Germany, were seeking to lay the foundation for a world-wide plan to overthrow the present social order. A Russian freighter, the Shilka, which arrived at a Pacific port on December 22 manned by a Bolsheviki crew, with an ostensible cargo of hides, was found to have concealed under the hides a large cargo of rifles and ammunition, which it was thought were intended for the I. W. W. in the West. . . . Secretary of State Lansing on December 28 offered the assistance of the United States Government to the Government of Guatemala, whose capital had been partly destroyed by an earthquake which was still continuing at the time of the offer. Other towns in Guatemala suffered slight damage. . . . The President of the United States celebrated his sixty-first birthday on December 28. The only deviation from the daily routine was a birthday dinner to a few friends at the White House. . . . The United States Government on December 29 requisitioned all the electric power at Niagara Falls produced on or imported to the American side of the river.

The War in Europe

ASIDE from artillery duels, which reached particular fierceness in the neighborhood of Verdun and about Rheims, near Cambrai and Ypres, the whole western front remained practically quiet during the week. Although both sides indulged in frequent raids, no major action was attempted.

In Italy the Italians won back the major portion of the positions lost on Monte Asolone. On the western portion of the front along the Asiago sector tremendous pressure, accompanied by concentrated artillery fire, enabled the Teuton troops to break through the Italian first and second lines, the invaders being stopped at the Italian rear positions. The Italians immediately counter-attacked winning back the positions lost to the Germans at Monte Valbello and Col del Rosso. The positions were, however, so completely destroyed by artillery fire and so completely under constant attack by the enemy, that the Italians found it impossible to hold them. On December 26, the Teutons were able to make a slight additional advance near the Col del Rosso.

On December 24 ensign Krylenko, commander-in-chief of the Russian armies, reported to the Bolsheviki headquarters that the Germans were transferring large numbers of troops in violation of the armistice agreement, some of them going to the western European front and others being transferred to the southwestern Russian front. Trotzky immediately protested to the German peace delegates. In Palestine during the week the British made more progress north of Jaffa, occupying four more villages, and on the front three and one-half miles north of Jerusalem, after repulsing a determined attack, the British moved forward over two miles and a half on a nine-mile front.

British shipping losses during the week were announced on December 26 to have been eleven merchantmen of 1,600 tons or over, one merchantman under that tonnage, and one fishing vessel. The French lost one ship above and one under 1,600 tons.

Vice Admiral Sir John R. Jellicoe was, on December 26, succeeded as first Lord of the British Admiralty by Vice Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss. Admiral Jellicoe was elevated to the Peerage. The new first Lord had an important part in the battle of Jutland. He is a fighting man, and his appointment is looked upon as a promise of more vigorous action on the part of the British Navy.

French reports of December 29 reported that the German Crown Prince had lost 1,000,000 men in 1917 of whom, the French had captured nearly 70,000. The French also captured 1,400 cannon, thousands of machine guns, trench mortars and other material, and brought down 517 airplanes.

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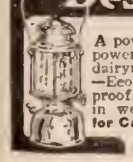

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Auto-Intoxication More Deadly Than Warfare

By WARREN WEBSTER

AT a time when so many of our people have sons or relatives at the front, with all the concern and fear for their safety and welfare which such a condition is bound to engender, it is interesting, and I find more or less comforting, to examine into statistics and learn the exact mortality among the men who have been in active service in the real fighting, as compared with that of the people of these United States engaged in peaceful pursuits.

Dependable statistics show that for six months of the year 1916, the mortality percentage of the French Army in service was .012.

During exactly the same period the mortality of residents of the United States was .0135.

It hardly seems conceivable, but these figures, which are absolutely trustworthy, show a higher percentage of mortality among people of peaceful pursuits than those engaged and most actively engaged in warfare.

It may be truthfully claimed that many of these deaths in our country were of people advanced in years.

But if the average age at the time of death was available, it would doubtless be found that it bears a fair comparison with the average age in the armies of France.

The reason for this surprising showing is not far to seek—

The mortality in the army is almost always caused by gunshot or shell wound, because these men in their training are so actively drilled and exercised that their functions work perfectly and all food waste is naturally eliminated from the lower intestine.

Approximately ninety-five per cent. of the mortality in the United States, according to leading physicians and specialists, is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated food waste in the lower intestine, because of our sedentary pursuits and lack of physical hard work or daily exercise.

This accumulated waste contains the deadliest of poison, as you know, and our blood-flow absorbs this poison, distributes it throughout the system, wofully weakening it and lowering our resistance powers so that the disease to which we are most subject has full opportunity to develop and lay us low.

For our country's highest interest, even a more significant phase of this Auto-Intoxication problem is that when it is present, long before you are really ill you are not more than fifty per cent. efficient—

Show me a man who, when bilious, "headachy" or with a disordered digestion, can possibly have that bright, eager confident outlook or steady nerve so essentially necessary to meet and solve successfully the problems of signs of mild Auto-Intoxication or accumulated waste—

And unless this accumulated waste is properly eliminated, Auto-Intoxication progresses until we are really ill—the seriousness of which depends on the form which the illness takes.

There are more laxative medicines (or physics) taken for this trouble than all other ills combined—but these only partially remove the trouble, are at best only temporary, and, if persisted in, require constantly increasing doses to have any effect at all.

There is, however, an entirely natural, rational way of keeping this waste out of the system entirely—a way which has been constantly growing in general use for the past twenty-five years until now over a million bright, clean, intelligent Americans who believe in Nature treatments are now practicing it—

That way is an occasional Internal Bath with purified warm water by means of the J. B. L. Cascade.

And whenever, as in many, many cases, practicing physicians have adopted this treatment, they are unanimous in their generous and unqualified praise of its effective results.

Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., of New York, over twenty-five years ago, restored his own health and strength by Internal Bathing after trying all other known resources without avail, and has ever since that time specialized on this treatment, making it his life's study and work.

Much of this long and valuable experience and the practical cases which have come to his notice, are summed up in a little book, "The What, The Why, The Way of Internal Bathing," which he will be pleased to send free on request if you will address Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mention having read this in Christian Herald.

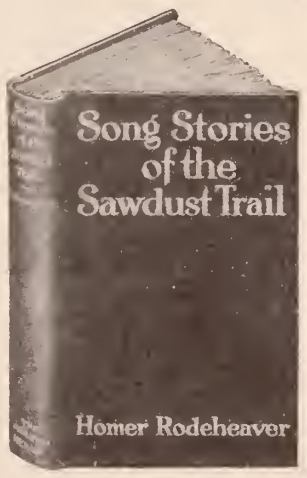
Inasmuch as the most noted Specialists, including the great Professor Metchnikoff, are agreed that the absence of accumulated waste will positively assure better health, greater strength and much greater efficiency to think and to work, it would certainly seem worth while at least to inform yourself on this subject by writing for the little gift book now, before it passes from your mind.—(*Advertisement.*)

Song Stories of the Sawdust Trail

By HOMER RODEHEAVER

Billy Sunday's Tabernacle Choir Leader

You can sing the songs, for Rody's book gives them all in full, words and music, ready for the piano or organ.



DWIGHT L. MOODY, the greatest evangelist of his day, used to say of Sankey's singing: "It is a question in my mind whether Ira's songs don't win more souls than my preaching."

Homer Rodeheaver, who, as everybody knows, is Billy Sunday's choir leader, and who has a wonderful gift like that of Sankey, has written a book with the attractive title "Song Stories of the Sawdust Trail."

"Rody" in his book tells the story of his most famous songs—of which the words and music are familiar to hundreds of thousands of Americans who have listened with eagerness and delight to his singing and who have joined in the choruses. And each song has an individual history of its own. He tells how a humble, homekeeping woman, striving to "do something" for God, made herself and multitudes of others happy by writing four simple, touching verses which the world knows as "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," and which radiate the finest kind of practical Christian teaching. "Molly and the Baby," another of Rody's favorites, won a poor struggling drunkard back from his cups, and his evil associations, to his wife and family.

There are many other songs, each of which Rodeheaver invests with a history of its own. Among them are "Counting the Cost," "If Your Heart Keeps Right," "Mother's Prayers," "Sweeter As the Years Go By," and "I Walk With the King." One that has a unique history is "The Brewers' Big Horses"—the simplest and homeliest of the lot, and the most amusing. You'll laugh with delight at the story.

We will send a copy of "Song Stories of the Sawdust Trail," postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year, for **$2.40**

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A PICTURE PATH to the BIBLE

HOW often we approach some familiar place from an unfamiliar direction—and then what new and hitherto unseen features we discover!

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So it is in gaining Bible understanding and insight.

We have read over the familiar verses many times, very probably. But if we approach them from some other direction—that is, through some other method—then indeed we begin to see new and wonderful things which have not been plain to us before!

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THE *National Bible Picture Study* is a new path to an understanding of the Bible.

It is a picture path, for it consists of 30 Bible pictures.

The act of looking carefully at each picture, to see what it *means;* then of referring to the Reference Book of Bible verses, to match to the picture the verse that fits it *best;* and lastly of writing the best verse down in the Answer Book, takes us step after step along a beautiful new path to the Bible. By walking this path many have increased their Bible knowledge, almost without realizing the gain, and tremendously deepened their Bible *understanding.* Meantime they have found the journey enjoyable and fascinating in itself.

Our Reference Book

To the right appears a page from our Reference Book in the *Bible Picture Study.* It is called *International Bible Readings.* This is a compilation of about 2,000 Bible verses, but it is not simply that. It is, word for word, the International Sunday School Lessons, the Daily Home Bible Readings and Golden Texts for December, 1917, and January, February, March and April, 1918. These groups of verses were chosen from the Bible by the Association Lesson Committee, a group of eminent Bible authorities.

Think what happiness there must be in having such a book with you, for daily reading and communion. You will see with pleasure the Reading for each day; you will read interestedly the Lesson for each approaching Sunday, and then follow the Daily Readings which explain or add to the Lesson. You will review past Lessons and Readings, and store your mind with the Golden Texts which say so much in so few words.

Look at the Bible portion for today—Wednesday, January 9th. It has been chosen for you for this day. Read it. Then remember that while reading it you are refreshing your memory with Bible thoughts that may apply to some of the 30 pictures of the *Bible Picture Study.* You are reading selected portions of the Bible, at the same time fitting yourself to understand those portions better—and to compete successfully in the $5,000.00 competition.

$5,000.00 in Rewards

In order to give a definite conclusion to our *Study,* and increase the competitive spirit of all participants, we offer large cash awards to those who submit the 1,001 best sets of verses for the 30 pictures. The rewards aggregate $5,000.00 in cash, and start with a prize of $1,000.00 in cash. Second prize is $750.00 in cash, third prize $500.00, and 998 other prizes.

No one need do anything, in order to become eligible to strive for one of these rewards, except to submit a list of Bible verses for the 30 pictures, choosing the verses from the 2,000 which we republish in *International Bible Readings.* Competition without expense is possible, as explained in the rules, which are free on request.

An *Answer Book,* in which to write down and submit the verses you select for the pictures, is sent you as part of the Outfit, along with *International Bible Readings,* and all back pictures, if you desire them. Pictures Nos. 9 and 10 are published today, and all 30 pictures will appear in the Christian Herald.

Hurry your order for the complete Outfit, so that you may begin without any delay. There is plenty of time, of course, to compete at your leisure—but that is the very reason why you should start now, and not delay until you will be rushed, and so not able to submit your best work.

Today is the day to start. You will, we know, be glad indeed that you entered the *Study.* It will please you, and interest the whole family immensely. Who knows but that you will win a cash prize, too, as well as the prize of greater Bible knowledge? Remember that 1,001 people will be sent rewards!

Look at the two Study pictures below. Doesn't each picture suggest some Scripture story? Don't you think that you could find a Bible verse, among the 2,000 in International Bible Readings, that describes what is shown in each picture? Those who send in the most applicable verses for the 30 pictures will be given the $5000.00 in cash rewards!

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE READINGS

HOME DAILY BIBLE READING FOR WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1918

Jesus Tempted as We Are

HEBREWS 4: 14-16

14 Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast *our* profession.

15 For we have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as *we are, yet* without sin.

16 Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

HEBREWS 5: 1-9

1 For every high priest taken from among men is ordained for men in things *pertaining* to God, that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins:

2 Who can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way; for that he himself also is compassed with infirmity.

3 And by reason hereof he ought, as for the people, so also for himself, to offer for sins.

4 And no man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as *was* Aaron.

5 So also Christ glorified not himself to be made a high priest; but he that said unto him, Thou art my Son, to-day have I begotten thee.

6 As he saith also in another *place,* Thou *art* a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec.

7 Who in the days of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared;

8 Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered;

9 And being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him;

HOME DAILY BIBLE READING FOR THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1918

The Work of Jesus Foretold

ISAIAH 42: 1-8

1 Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, *in whom* my soul delighteth; I have put my spirit upon him: he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles.

2 He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.

not break, and the smo-

ing flax shall he not quench: he shall bring forth judgment unto truth.

4 He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wai for his law.

5 Thus saith God the LORD, he that cre- heavens, and stretched them out; h- the earth an-

Picture No. 9

Picture No. 10

SPECIAL OUTFIT OFFERS

All for $2.10

The Christian Herald for one full year, new subscription or renewal (Regular price $2.00) and

The complete *National Bible Picture Study* Outfit, consisting of the official Reference Book of about 2,000 Bible verses, called *International Bible Readings,* and the Answer Book. Both for $2.10.

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to *any* Christian Herald yearly subscription offer, and the *National Bible Picture Study* Outfit will be sent also, postpaid. This applies to any book offer, or any magazine clubbing offer, which includes the Christian Herald for one year. Just add 10 cents to the price of the offer, and we will send the Outfit, too.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

His Father's Moment

By Cushing Stetson

FOR the twentieth time in the forty-eight hours since he had returned to us—"incapacitated for the remainder of the war"—I noticed the trench-pallor in his face; and as he laid his hand on mine, his mother's words came back:

"What so terribly preys upon his mind, I do not know; he will not tell. It is not his wound. The doctor has told him that rest, new scenes, new faces, new interests, will make him fit and strong as two years ago. When the moment comes let him speak to you frankly, father. Let him talk."

And now, as his fingers closed over mine, the moment, I knew, had come. He went straight to the point:

"Word reached me in the trenches—in Lorraine, before we started in—that you and mother had moved. But even then I did not guess. We all knew, or we ought to have known, that business here at home would be bad."

"It has been a bit slow——"

His fingers a little tightened their grip. "I know. But I wish I could have been here to help. I can not bear that mother should have given up the old house—for this back street."

"It is not a back street," I said.

"If I could have been here," he began again. Then he turned more fully to face me. "The doctor says I must have a rest—before I begin, before I go to the office—should take a rest of a month."

"Two months—as long as you like."

THE anxiety, the suffering in his eyes was difficult to bear. He shook his head. "No, father. Please listen to me. I left home a boy, but no man comes out of the trenches who is still a boy. You must talk to me."

"But what is it, son?"

"I am not thinking of myself," he answered slowly, "except how, after these two years, I can best turn to and help out. I am still weak, it is true, and I think the doctor right when he says a rest would make me all right. But rest takes money and time. Now about the office, father. Tell me about that. Why are you and mother in these three small rooms?"

For answer I unlocked a drawer in my desk, and with an envelope in my hand went back to him.

"Boy," I said, "this change, these rooms, were your mother's own idea. You have been for two years fighting the enemy in France; we, the older people, left behind, have been having our own fight too. It has taken five men at home," I reminded him, "to support one soldier.

"Now your mother," I went on, "from the moment you left, grew restless, wanted a change. I think your empty room was a constant reminder that you had gone. We talked things over, she and I. We hit on this little place to live till you came back. You see—you see there was no need of paying rent on an empty room all those two years. The money was better placed in the Liberty Loan, in War Certificates, and Stamps." I placed the envelope in his hand.

Mechanically he opened it and drew out $1,000 in bonds, $200 in War Certificates, and a bulky package of stamps, $48 worth altogether.

"You see," I said before he could speak, "every cent of this money helped to keep you safe abroad. Every cent of this money can now restore your health, now you are home. Every cent of this money your government needed to win the war. It cost your mother and me nothing; we would have spent it on you anyhow if you had been home."

The papers trembled in his hand; he made great effort at self-control, an effort to speak.

"Listen, father. At Aix-la-Chapelle the Germans once . . ."

But I did not hear him. His mother stood in the door, radiant, till she came swiftly in to kneel by his side.

"At Aix-la-Chapelle," I heard my boy repeat.

But again I did not listen. There he had had his moment. This moment was mine.

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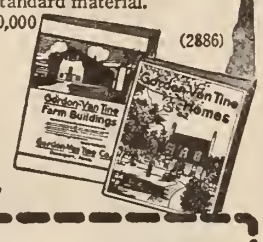

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Young People's Topics for January 20

Young Christians Reaching Outward

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topics. Gal. 6 : 1-10

THERE is a game that boys play known as "pass it along." The thing passed may be a word or a thump, and the game may be at times a bit rough, but it illustrates the core of this topic better than anything we can think of at the moment. The Christian life is a game of "pass it along." We have received the words of eternal life. In every corner of the world men are dying in sin and in terror for the lack of the message of life and light. We must bear the message; we must "pass it along."

There is another illustration. An expansive force held under pressure exerts the same degree of energy in all directions. It seeks to spread itself. Every square inch of an automobile cylinder must withstand the pressure that impels the piston. Expansive force must result in controlled movement, if work is to be done. The force of love in the human heart is a greater expansive force than T. N. T. if it is a love begotten by the divine spirit of Christ. With this force in motion the work of the Kingdom is certain to be done.

We are told in the lesson that if we sow spiritual seed we shall reap life everlasting. As if to identify this spiritual seed, the next verse tells us not to be weary in well-doing, for we shall reap if we faint not. And the next tells us to do good *to all* men as we have opportunity, especially those of the household of faith. Thus the limit of our outreach is embraced within that *all*. It is a message for young hearts that faint not. Youth is always intolerant of limits. Young eyes are never satiated with the mountains in sight; they seek to know what lies beyond. The apostle here shows us our field, the harrowed hearts of all mankind. He tells us to sow therein spiritual seed: good works, kind deeds, comforting words, acts of helpfulness, sowing always in faith and fertilizing with the word of truth; and he shows us, beyond the far-visioned ridge of the years, a certain harvest which is life everlasting, a harvest which we begin to reap even as we sow.

Young Christians Reaching Upward

Epworth League Topic. Ps. 63 : 1-8

THIS topic was treated in last week's Christian Herald, being the Christian Endeavor Topic for January 13. Leaders might well build their discussion of the topic around the League motto, "Look up, Lift up." We can not reach in a direction in which we do not look; at least we can not reach thus with any certainty. We can not hold up our hands toward infinite heaven and keep our eyes on the finite things of earth. We can only reach upward with all our energies when our eye is fixed on things above. And when our own upreaching is rooted in a clear vision of the Lord above, we will find our hand more potent to lift up others.

ALL ARRANGED. "Brown has definite notions about his own funeral."

"How is that?"

"He says he will attend it in a body."

EXPLORATION ENDED. Little Mary one day strayed from her governess into the kitchen, where Cortez, the cook, was opening a chicken. As the cook probed deeper and deeper and removed one part after another, Mary became greatly interested. At last Cortez paused and Mary saw her opportunity. With childlike innocence she queried: "Did oo find what oo was lookin' for?"

HIS TASTE WAS GOOD. Eva was a tiny lassie who seldom received fine ribbons. So she was very proud when an aunt gave her a big pink sash. The following Sunday Eva's mother arranged the sash in a big bow at her side. On her arrival at the church, as she was busily rearranging her bow the minister came along and said, "Well, Miss Eva, that's a very pretty bow." Without looking up, she replied, "Thank you," and added, "That's a very pretty tie you are wearing." Receiving no response, she glanced up, and saw she was addressing the minister, who was wearing his clerical gown. Then she hastily said, "I mean it would be a nice one if you had one on."

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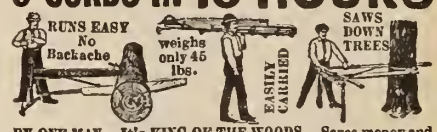

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OUR MAIL-BAG

NOTICE

THE *editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and is not controversial. All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.*

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

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The bureau is prepared to answer fully and promptly questions regarding food production and conservation transportation, industrial activities, history, patents and inventions, pensions and Army insurance, legislation, exploration and discovery. Government employment and all of the thousand and one things that you want to be sure of.

Inquiries must be accompanied by a 3-cent stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

HERE is an interesting letter from Rev. R. D. Zook, a Methodist preacher in charge of a church of that denomination at Park City, Utah, in which he tells how welcome the Christian Herald is among the people of his district. "I am an ex-Moody Bible Institute student, and I see the value of your paper in the homes of the people of this place. These people are not all members of my church by any means; some are Mormons, Catholics, and many other beliefs. I want to introduce this great paper into other homes here, as I am able to do so. The religion that the world needs today is upheld and preached in this paper in such a way that it is applicable to all Protestant people, and I would like to see it in every home in this world. We need not throw away our own church paper to take this one; but this paper is valuable in such a field as mine, for I have workers in my church from all denominations, who read your paper where they would not think of reading mine, because it is Methodist, they think. This paper to me seems to be what I need to make the people of my field (and I am the only Protestant preacher here in a mining camp of 5,000 people, except one Episcopalian) realize that religion is not creed but Christ, and that I am not trying to simply get people to join church, but to let God join them in him through his Son. We are living in an age when, if the world ever needed the preaching of the old-fashioned Gospel (which is the only Gospel worth while), it is now."

B. E. E., Chatham, N. Y. Almug trees, as mentioned in I Kings 10 : 11 and II Chron. 9 : 10, were no doubt sandalwood. This sandalwood is the produce of a low shrub resembling privet, but remarkable for the fragrance of the central part of the stem near the root. It was brought from India, where it is indigenous on the coast of Malabar. One of its numerous names there is valgulka.

Jennie H., Washington. Any amusement which is in the nature of a stumbling-block to spiritual growth should be avoided. The promiscuous acquaintances and doubtful companionship of the ballroom are likely to be such stumbling-blocks, since in the very nature of things there are liable to be occasions for intimacies far beyond those permitted under any other surroundings, and apart from those which uplift and tend to betterment. Hence, one who dances takes chances of getting in intimate touch with persons and influences which may readily be detrimental to morals and spiritual uplift. Why not take the safe attitude and by letting doubtful amusements entirely alone, avoid even "the appearance of evil"?

H. A., Pascoag, R. I. 1. Your record of fifty-six years' choir singing is a remarkable one. We have heard of no longer service. 2. While there is no passage that asserts explicitly that a person goes directly to heaven after death, there are several from which the inference can be drawn. Among others are the assurance of Christ to the thief on the cross: the parable of the rich man and Lazarus; another is Phil. 1 : 23, in which Paul says he desires to depart and be with Christ, implying that his death would give him that felicity. 3. We find the assurance of heavenly recognition in both the Old and New Testaments. David said of his dead son, "I shall go to him." See also the parable of Lazarus and Dives, and see Phil. 3 : 20; Heb. 12 : 1; Rev. 6 : 9; Rom. 14 : 12. These and other passages indicate the preservation of identity. We have no reason to doubt that the redeemed will know each other, that friendship begun on earth will there be perfected, and that we shall know the saints and our dear ones. Heaven is the Christian's fatherland, where we shall see our friends and know them.

J. R. Gottschalk, Blooming Glen, Pa., writes: "I noticed in the Editorial Forum the article, 'Can You Help to Solve It?' The Mail-Bag several years ago, discussing Matt. 16 : 28, Mark 9 : 1 and Luke 9 : 27, as to the meaning of these Scriptures, said that this passage is frequently misunderstood. Mark has it: 'Till they see the Kingdom of God come with power' (which is more explicit), and Luke 'Till they see the Kingdom of God.' Also that it was believed to refer to the realization of the firm establishment and victorious progress of the new Kingdom of Christ. He did not refer to his second coming, but to the founding and triumphant extension of that work during the lifetime of some then present, the acceptance of which by the world was to be the grand pledge of his return. This view has always been my understanding of his teaching on the subject. The Gospel of the Kingdom has a solution for all of our difficulties, in the religious, educational, commercial and political world, as Christ's mission was to free men from all kinds of bondage. Our physical world, the animal creation, and everything that has suffered through Adam's sin, shall be redeemed and restored through Christ. This is God's world, and the teachings of the Kingdom must obtain."

J. H. W., Pennsylvania The image of God in which Adam was created did not consist in form or features, nor even in intellect, nor in his immortality, but in his moral nature and in the character of his entire being. If the edict of the Creator, "Let us make man in our own image," was addressed to those spiritual beings that serve him, then it may well be inferred that man, in his original state, was a bright and beautiful being in character, disposition and appearance, resembling the angels.

A. G., Macon, Ga. The expression "halcyon days" has its origin in a pagan legend. When the heathen gods informed Alcyone that her husband, Ceyx, was drowned (says the legend), she cast herself into the sea; and the gods, to reward the devotion of the pair to each other, changed them into halcyons or kingfishers. According to the poets, the sea was always calm while these birds built their nests: and ancient naturalists write that they built their nests during the seven days immediately preceding the winter solstice, and laid their eggs in the seven immediately following. Hence these were called "halcyon days." The term applies now to times of peace and happiness.

Mrs. R. C., Paterson, Wash. Address Surgeon-General Gorgas, care of War Department, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. R. H. R., Summit, N. J. We have no means of knowing about the moving picture contest mentioned, but think that probably the quickest way of finding out would be to address the newspaper in which the advertisement appeared.

Anna V. T. C., Owen's Cross Roads, Ala. Solveig is the name of the heroine in Ibsen's story "Peer Gynt." The connection intended is centered in the appearance of Gila in the guise of a simple, modest and unassuming girl, such as Solveig was.

Subscriber, Springfield, O. Please explain Eccles. 7 : 16.

Commentators interpret the phrase "righteous overmuch" as descriptive of religious presumption: of that self-made righteousness which would lay the greatest stress upon outward performance and would claim personal credit for results which the true believer recognizes as the gift of divine grace alone. Pharisaism, with its assumption of superior virtue, its multitudinous observances and its devotion to form and ceremonial, forgetting the things of the spirit, was the type of the over-righteous.

Doubter, Washington, D. C. Are our days numbered? When persons die from unnatural causes, do you think our heavenly Father intended that to be the manner of their death?

Our days are not numbered in the sense that each individual has just so many days to live. Nor do we believe that the time and manner of death are inflexibly fixed in advance. Such a belief would be fatalism, and would logically lead to the conclusion that, if destiny controls in all things, man is powerless and therefore irresponsible. The Almighty has ordained certain natural laws, and conformity with these laws or disobedience to them is within our own control. Violation brings pain and death; obedience health and the full measure of existence. Yet, while we are free to choose either course, it is not to be questioned that divine omniscience foresees all things.

M. E. D., Eldorado Springs, Mo., writes: "'His eye is on the sparrow.' Does He see? Does He care? Is there a soul anywhere on his footstool for whom Jesus did not die? The rulers of the earth do not believe in Jesus, otherwise there would be no war." Wars are the result of sin, national or individual, and as long as sin exists in the world there will be wars (James 4). There are many good people who have heart-burnings over this subject. Dr. Gray's articles now running in the Christian Herald will be found very helpful to a better understanding of the question.

THERE'S *a purple road that's leading*
to a country far away.
There's a purple road to Somewhere that
is calling us today;
Like a vagrant satin ribbon, it is winding
through the plain—
There's a purple road that's calling, and
it may not call again!

What if hills loom up before us? There's
a castle at the top;
There are vivid bits of garden where a way-
farer may stop;
And slim poplars cast their shadows at
the noontide of the day
On the purple road that's leading to a
country far away.

Will you take my hand and follow up the
winding purple path?
Yes, there may be rocks to stay us—we
may meet a tempest's wrath;
We may shrink before pale lightning, we
may cower under rain,
But the road is calling, calling—and it
may not call again!

We have Youth and Hope for comrades
and True Love will be our guide,
And we'll meet our great adventure walk-
ing proudly side by side,
For the purple road is Romance, and it's
calling me and you
To a Golden Spot in Somewhere—to the
Land where Dreams come true.

A Conference of Israel

A CONFERENCE "on behalf of Israel" will be held in Chicago, January 22 to 25, 1918, in the Moody Tabernacle. All pastors, evangelists and others who are interested in the future of the Jews and of their ancient homeland are invited to attend. A list of well-known speakers includes Revs. W. B. Riley, A. B. Simpson, William Fetler, Charles Gallaudet Trumbull, Paul Rader, S. B. Rohold, A. C. Gaebelein, and others.

Save One Half Your Table Expense

FIFTY percent of your table expense during the greater part of the year is for things that could easily be grown in your own garden.—At such a time as the present food conservation is of vital importance but your own garden means more than food saving: it means the creation of food. Every article on your table that comes crisp and fresh from your own garden counts double in the economic resources of our country. Every plot of available ground should be utilized to the best advantage. Not only more gardens but better gardens is the urgent need.

Better gardens can be had by the use of higher quality of seeds and by improving the methods of planting. The seventy-one years of experience in seed raising and selling that is behind every packet of Henderson's seeds should and does make them the best that it is possible to obtain. "Henderson's Tested Seeds" are all that the name implies.

Not only must your seeds be the best but your methods should be right. And to help in this we have prepared a booklet entitled "Better Gardens." This consists of extracts from the book, "Garden Guide and Record," which we have published for a number of years for the use of our customers only.—"Better Gardens" will be sent to all who send us ten cents for our special offer below:

"Everything for the Garden"

is the title of our Annual Catalogue. It is really a book of 192 pages, handsomely bound, with a beautifully embossed cover, 16 color plates and 1000 half-tones, direct from photographs, showing actual results without exaggeration. It is a library of everything worth while, either in farm, garden or home.

A Remarkable Offer of Henderson's Seed Specialties

To demonstrate the superiority of Henderson's Tested Seeds, we have made up a Henderson Collection, consisting of one packet each of the following six great specialties:

Ponderosa Tomato
Big Boston Lettuce
White Tipped Scarlet Radish
Henderson's Invincible Asters
Henderson's Brilliant Mixture Poppies
Spencer Mammoth Waved Sweet Peas

In order to obtain the largest possible distribution for our annual catalogue, **"Everything for the Garden,"** we make the following unusual offer: Mail us **10c** and we will send you the catalogue, together with this remarkable "Henderson Specialty Collection."

NEVER before have business conditions been so disturbed as in the present year. Trained men have been withdrawn from every line to put the country on a war basis.

And the seed trade has been no exception to the rule, hence we urge our customers to send in their orders at once, before the Spring rush begins.

It will be a vast help to us in doing our part in feeding the country to be able to execute orders in January and February that in ordinary times come to us in March and April.

So, whether you buy from us or any other seed house, send in your order early.

Peter Henderson

Every Empty Envelope Counts as Cash

This collection is enclosed in a coupon envelope which, when emptied and returned, will be accepted as 25c cash payment on any order for seeds, plants or bulbs amounting to one dollar, or over.

10¢

PETER HENDERSON & CO.
35-37 Cortlandt Street, New York City

Peter Henderson & Co.
35-37 Cortlandt Street, New York City

I enclose herewith 10c, for which send catalogue and "Henderson's Specialty Collection," with complete cultural directions, including the booklet, "Better Gardens," as advertised in *Christian Herald*.

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NOTICE TO READER: When you finish reading this magazine place a 1 cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employee and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapping—no address.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster-General.

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From a hand-colored Japanese photograph

FUJI YAMA, THE MOUNTAIN KING OF NIPPON

OUR MAIL-BAG

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest ond is not controversial. All letters must contain the name and address af the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent ta the

CHRISTIAN HERALD INFORMATION BUREAU

Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

With oll the resources af the Government libraries and departments ond of the public museums and their staffs and with the active ossistance of national experts this Information Bureau is ready to tell you the answer to

Whatever You Want to Know

The bureau is prepared to answer fully and promptly questions regarding food production and conservation, transportation, industrial activities, history, patents and inventions, pensions and Army insurance, legislatian, exploration and discovery. Government employment and all of the thousand and ane things that you want to be sure of.

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Questions and Answers

G. F. M., Carman, Ill., writes: "In the Mail-Bag of October 31 is a letter from G. M. W., Fairmont, Minn., in which I think he gave pretty straight goods. We need preachers who will say the same thing in the pulpit and give the people to understand that living up to the rules of a lodge, or a church either, will not make one a Christian. Before one can become a Christian he must be regenerated. I have been told so many times by lodge people that if one lived up to the lodge rules he would become a Christian, that I have had some question cards printed which I am giving out to set people thinking. I noticed with gladness that the young men in the training camps hear the Gospel preached. It would be a good thing if we could induce those who are not in the training camps to go where they would hear the Gospel for once in their lives. To me, this war is the destruction of humanity, by its own inventions. It is a flood of fire. What nation is in the ark of safety?"

Several Readers. While the prospects that the world's production of sugar during the crop year just beginning will be greater than last year's by 303,209 tons, a most important question is as to how this crop is distributed. The American sugar supply is drawn almost entirely from within our borders (including insular possessions) and from Cuba. According to recent figures, the supplies on which the United States draws are forecast to be increased during the coming year by 285,087 tons over last year, and by 338,440 tons over year before last. Of the sources outside our own sphere on which the Allies draw (if not prevented by lack of shipping space), Java and Mauritius are the most important. In these countries the increase forecast for the coming year over last year is 244,896 tons; over year before last, 683,094 tons. Production forecasts from all European countries indicate a sharp decrease from last year s crop as well as a decrease from the pre-war period. The production of England, France, and Italy is 51,951 tons below last year's production, and 866,863 tons below the pre-war production. The decrease for Russia is 289,990 tons under last year. The decrease for Spain, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden is 126,439 tons compared with last year. In Germany and Austria-Hungary (to which must be added Belgium's crop), the decrease compared with last year is 289,195. England, France and Italy need sugar and need it badly. The burden falls heavily upon the western hemisphere, and especially upon the United States and Cuba. To supply this urgent need continuously necessitates rigid economy on our part.

Practical, Elizabethtown, N. Y. The question is one which involves the whole subject of amusements. On general principles, and to avoid profitless controversy, we should say that any amusement that can be classed as doubtful had better be omitted.

Mrs. W. A. Z., Allendale, N. J., writes: "I certainly hope Congress will amend the second-class postage rate, especially as it affects the Christian papers. It would be dreadful if we have to give up all the papers and magazines. What a dearth there would be in the land! The Christian papers are doing so much good in the world, I would not know how to give them up. The Christian Herald is full of good things, from cover to cover. I have always loved this paper, and I pass it over to another party who cannot afford to buy it, but who certainly enjoys it."

S. R. W., Oakland, Calif. Hunger-strikes are resorted to more for publicity's sake, or to arouse sympathy, than for any other purpose. In some cases they have resulted in physical weakness that threatened to result fatally. The usual treatment of such cases is to feed the hunger-striker with liquid nourishment by means of a tube let into the stomach. This is known as "forcible feeding."

Reader, Molson, Wash. The various organizations engaged in spiritual and social work among the soldiers are doing their best. All our information gives assurance of this. Write to the secretary of the Red Cross organization in your district.

Reader, Jackson, Miss. I am still undecided as to whether or not I was really called to preach, or whether I just imagined I was. What do you think constitutes a call to preach? I wish I were certain that such was my calling, because I feel that I might be able to do a good work, but I don't want to enter the ministry unless I am certain that God has called me.

The call to preach is evidenced in a deep and sincere desire to serve God by giving the Gospel to the world. One who undertakes this work should, first of all, be himself a true Christian, firmly holding to and believing in the fundamental truths of the Gospel and accepting Christ as his personal Saviour. He should make every sacrifice to get the proper preparation for the work, that he may be an efficient pastor or missionary. Assuming him to possess a fair amount of talent, and to have a genuine desire to win souls, and also that he has had the necessary studies and training, he should trust in God and go forward to the work, resolved to do his best. If the call be insistent and his heart keeps constantly urging him, he should not hesitate to make the choice. It is well to remember, however, that no one who is not himself a true believer can be a real pastor. Men have been converted after entering the ministry; but for an unconverted minister to assume the task of leading others to Christ is an anomaly.

Rev. H. M. Tjernagel, Crookston, Minn. (formerly local superintendent of the Teller reindeer herd), writes correcting certain misstatements in Francis J. Dickie's article on "Reindeer Beef from Alaska." Mr. Tjernagel's letter says: "A three-year-old steer, dressed, will weigh 120 to 150 pounds. Perhaps 130 pounds is a fair average. The statement that 'the average full-grown beast will dress at a very low average 500 pounds is consequently rather too far from the mark to leave uncorrected. In June, 1911, there were in Alaska, according to government statistics, 33,629 reindeer. Granting that they now 'number full a hundred thousand' Uncle Sam would 'stand in command of an army of beef weighing' 13,000,000—not 37,000,000—if all the females were steers and all the calves, yearlings and two-year-olds were three-year-olds averaging 130 pounds apiece. Reindeer are prime for butchering in the fall when they have their winter coat on. Winter skins are not valuable. If Mr. Dickie would offer an Alaska reindeer-man $5 per pound for the skin of a butchered steer, I am satisfied he could get the carcass thrown in in. During the years 1910-1913, when I was local superintendent of the herd at Teller, Alaska, winter skins sold for $2 to $3 apiece, and then the skins were far more numerous than cash buyers. From the summer of 1892 up to and including 1902, when importations ceased, 1,280 and not 3,000 reindeer were imported."

Reader, Casswell, Wis. Please explain Heb. 10:26 and Heb. 6:4, 5 and 6.

To quote a commentator: "In a sense, all sin implies the consent of the will for a time, and yet there is a distinction. Paul was a blasphemer and a persecutor; but he did it ignorantly, in unbelief. Peter was a true disciple; nevertheless he denied Christ with curses and oaths, but rather apparently through passing fear than wilfully." The expression seems to be taken from Num. 15: 30, 31, where sinning wilfully is described as doing something presumptuously, with a high hand, knowing it to be wrong and sinful yet despising the Word of God. The willing sinner is one who *wills* to sin. Nor is it a single act that is denounced, but a permanent state, continuance in a sinful course, and such continuance as implies apostasy. It is the state of one who has received the knowledge of the truth and knows it to be the truth, and yet gives up the Gospel, treading under foot the Son of God, and offering insult to the Spirit of grace. The act of crucifying Christ afresh is doubly dangerous as it becomes a habit, and it is partly through that settled habit that it is impossible, humanly speaking, to renew the sinner again to repentance. The apostle says he cannot so renew men whose hearts are so hard and whose condition is so desperate as theirs. God can, but he cannot. Such a transformation is a "miracle of grace."

A. L. W., Los Angeles, Calif. In the twenty-two divisions or stanzas of the 119th Psalm the first letter of each verse (in the Hebrew) gives the name to the stanza. This Psalm is believed to have been intended to be used as a manual of pious instruction, chiefly for the young, and its distinctive construction was doubtless meant as an aid in committing it to memory. It exalts the law and emphasizes the priceless value of God's Word as a subject of constant study.

J. T. C., Des Moines, Iowa. Please explain Judges 7 : 5.

In explaining why the peculiarity of method in drinking showed character, it is necessary first to inquire what qualities Gideon thought necessary to find in his followers. According to the view of the commentators, the plan he had formed could only be carried out by men who would do precisely as they were told, would keep silence, yet be thoroughly on the alert to act with promptitude at an appointed moment. Only men who could control themselves could be trusted. Hence, Gideon watched his men at the well; some bowed down on their knees and luxuriated in a leisurely draught; those he could not use. Others continued standing, stooping so far only as to be able to reach the water with their hands, the hollow of which they filled and then brought it rapidly to the mouth, jerking in the refreshing contents. These latter had their minds not on the water-drinking, but on their work, and spent just enough time and energy on the water-drinking, and these, who thought first thought of their work, Gideon could use.

Mrs. T. W., Winona, Wis. Are we to understand that Ahaz sacrificed his son to Moloch?

The account in II Kings 16 : 3 bears out the contention. A commentary says: "The fact which seems to be certain is that Ahaz adopted the Moloch-worship of the Ammonites and Moabites, and sacrificed at least one son, probably his first-born, according to the horrid rites of those nations. A king of Moab had once done the same when he found himself in a sore strait (II Kings 3 : 27). Another had expressed his willingness so to appease his god (Micah 6 : 7). Hitherto the Jews had been guiltless of the abomination. Now, however, as the time of more searching trial approached, as dangers thickened and the national existence was seen to be in peril, the awful rite seems to have exercised a fatal fascination upon them. It has been suggested that the cause of its sudden appearance and prevalence from the time of Ahaz to the close of the Jewish kingdom is to be found in the influence of Assyria, which now first came to be much felt in Palestine. But the Assyrians had no god Moloch, who in Scripture is always connected with Ammon, and there seems no doubt that it was from Ammon that the Jews adopted the practice."

E. T., Loyce, Fla. Please explain Isa. 42 : 2 and 3.

This is one of the Messianic prophecies, and is descriptive mainly of the retiring, humble and kindly characteristics of our Lord; so humble that he withdrew himself from the public fame created by his miracles to privacy (Matt. 12 : 15); so kindly that he can feel for the bruised reed and not break it.

Subscriber, Bangor, Me. The Red Cross has repeatedly stated publicly that all knitting done for it and under its direction is devoted exclusively to the needs of our soldiers and sailors. The Red Cross also furnishes supplies of various kinds for the needs of our Allies, and is constantly sending help to the stricken countries of Europe. You may rest assured that none of the love-labor of the women of our country that reaches the Red Cross Society goes astray.

On another page you will find an interesting announcement of the Christian Herald Information Bureau.

LI'L BROTHER

By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN I kiss you, li'l brother,
Seems as if my love could rise an' smother
All th' ugly things upon th' earth;
Seems as if all happiness an' mirth
Gathers on th' rosy cheek o' you,
Breakin' through
Where your dimple lives. . . .
Guess God gives
Li'l baby angels, sometimes, to us
Jus' to see how much o' good they'll do us!

When I kiss you, li'l brother,
Seems like we was made for one another;
Seems like rainbow colors swim aroun' me,
Seems as if some wonder thing has foun' me;
Seems as if there comes a far-off singin',
Sorter bringin'
Dreams o' things that I can't understand. . . .
Your soft hand,
Li'l brother, as you touch me, love me,
Makes me know th' heaven-land above me!

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

Mrs. Norton in the Belgian first line trenches. This picture was taken while a bombardment was proceeding

Winning Souls at the Front

By EDITH FOX NORTON

MILITARY hospitals in France are, as a rule, cheerless places, and it seems to have fallen to the lot of the Belgian soldier to inhabit the most cheerless of all.

So thinks little Jean Baptiste as his gaze wanders for the many thousandth time from his own bed, gray-blanketed and none too clean, around the bare stone walls of the hospital room which at a former time was probably an assembly room for the monks of this particular monastery; and as he thinks, he must wink hard to keep back the tears, for he has been told he must not cry, as that brings on the hemorrhages which he has learned to dread.

He is so young, only seventeen, and has lain there already so many months with this tearing cough. It seems very long since he said good-by to the weeping mother and sisters in Antwerp, going forth, a mere lad, to fight his country's battles for liberty against overwhelming odds.

It was that first dreadful winter that brought on his illness. There were not uniforms enough for the new and hastily recruited Belgian army, and so it was that little Jean Baptiste, with thousands of others, must fight on, thinly clad, with no warm overcoat or underwear, and when socks and civilian boots gave out, with their feet shod in wooden sabots, they still fought on.

With no shelter of well-built trenches, but ever falling back inch by inch before a merciless enemy, which they were resisting with almost superhuman strength, at last they reached the narrow Yser, and there they stopped. "We will go no farther," they said; "so much of our country shall yet be ruled by our king; the enemy shall not entirely dispossess him." Nor has the enemy yet crossed the Yser, though three years have passed. That gallant little band of Belgian soldiers still keeps vigil there, awaiting the time when they shall obey the order, "Forward!" and shall turn their faces again, a victorious army, toward their beloved land.

BUT by the time the Yser was reached, little Jean Baptiste had fallen a victim to the awful hardships he had endured, and for him there was to be no more fighting, perhaps never more a sight of his loved ones. Only there remain for him the gray stone walls of the hospital and the gray blanket on his bed until the end comes.

But some way he hears, possibly from a fellow-sufferer, of a lady in London who, with her husband, has "a good heart for the Belgian soldier." Wonderful to relate, the story said that these people loved best the most hopeless and lonely, and loved nothing more than to take the place of family and friends to these heart-broken ones. So in a childish, unformed hand, he writes this lady of the loving heart:

DEAR MADAME: I have heard that you have a good heart for the Belgian soldier, and I dared to write you, for I am so sad. Behold two years that I hear never from home, and always I suffer. Dear Madame, forgive my boldness, but is it possible that I might address you as my "dear little maman," the name is so sweet.

So began my acquaintance with little Jean Baptiste. To soul and body we endeavored to minister, and soon it was a transformed Jean. He wrote:

"Oh, ma bien chère maman, it is as you say; my sickness it is a gift of God, because it seems to me I am truly happy. It is not my soul that is sick, and it is much better to be sick of the body than of the soul, and I render thanks to God. I confide myself completely to him, and if it is his will, he will heal me. I desire so much to have a Bible, chère maman, I pray you to send me a Bible; le bon Dieu will recompense you. In hoping to have some comforting news from you I close with many big kisses.

Your son who loves you in our Lord Jesus Christ,
JEAN BAPTISTE VAN G——."

LATER, at my suggestion, he told me of some warm undergarments of which he stood in need. Just a little time before an American business man had placed in our hands a cherished five-dollar gold piece which had belonged to his boy, "my only son," he said huskily, "and taken from us very suddenly; use it for one of your Belgian boys." So it was this gold piece that bought for Jean the warm, comforting shirts and socks he desired. The coveted Bible went to him also, and the following letter sets forth his gratitude:

I hasten to acknowledge the beautiful Bible and linen. I am very happy to have a Bible and be able to read and meditate upon the Word of God, which is our life, our hope, our all, for we belong to our Sovereign Creator.

Dear maman, how shall I thank you for all your goodness? I promise you that I will always be a good Christian and do all I can to lead all my soldier friends into the good path, and to tell them about the Word of God. I will be like a little pastor, a preacher, and God will be pleased with me.

I am well now, and I hope that you and your dear husband are in good health.

So the months have sped by since first we heard from Jean. Still he suffers, but ever he grows stronger and surer in his faith in his unseen Friend and Divine Master.

What a contrast to our little Jean Baptiste would le Caporal Maurice present, if they could be seen side by side. I should have spoken of him as le Chevalier Bogaert, for when King Albert pinned on his breast the highest decoration in his power to give and kissed him on both cheeks, he said to him, "Now you are le Chevalier Bogaert, and your family will all be very proud of you," and the Queen, also kissing him, asked him all about his family, brushing away her tears as she spoke.

When we first met Maurice in London he was wearing on his tunic the beautiful decoration, and later on he told us his story.

Ordered by his commanding officer to retake an outpost which the Germans had previously captured, he set out in the dead of night with two men and a supporting party following him. The Germans had discovered their approach and were subjecting the small party to a pitiless gunfire. One of his men dropped dead by his side and the other man too was struck and hurled bodily into the River Yser.

THEN came the most terrible moment of Maurice's life. It was suicidal to go on; to wait for the supporting party would be to give the German

Continued on next page

A panorama of Guatemala City, the beautiful capital of the Central American republic

Stricken Guatemala Appeals for Help

ON December 28 the world knew that there had been a serious earthquake in Guatemala, and that the capital, Guatemala City, had been badly shattered. The American State Department was prompt to offer to the stricken country all the help its sister in the North could render.

The first shock, at 11 o'clock on Christmas night, was followed by a series of other shocks, the worst of which came on December 29, completely demolishing those structures in the capital city which had been left standing by the earlier shocks. On December 30 news reached the United States by the Navy Wireless that Guatemala City had been entirely destroyed; that 125,000 people were homeless in the streets; that parts of the country were very cold and windy, and that tents were badly needed.

In the first shock of the earthquake the Colon Opera House in Guatemala City collapsed during a performance, killing many of the audience. Numbers of others were killed by falling walls as the vibrations continued. A great many people took refuge in the American legation, which stood until the 28th, when it was also destroyed. Hospitals, asylums, prisons, sugar mills, government buildings, legations, churches, railway structures, were all demolished, and deep earth fissures opened in the middle of the city. The inhabitants were in panic, and it was reported that the stock of provisions in the city was very scant and that relief would be required promptly.

Salvador suspended its usual holiday merrymaking over the New Year and turned to the help of her sister republic. The American Red Cross immediately took steps for the earliest possible relief of Guatemala and began assembling at Gulf ports large quantities of flour, potatoes, crackers, staple foodstuffs and disinfectants and also galvanized iron for temporary buildings. The American minister was asked to organize a relief committee among the American residents.

Missionaries Appeal for Guatemala

THE following dispatch has been received by the Christian Herald from Guatemala City:

"December 31, 1917.

"Guatemala City destroyed by earthquake Christmas night. One hundred thousand people homeless, hungry and suffering. Missionary organizations appeal for $50,000 for immediate relief. Ten hospital tents, 50 beds each, needed; also 350 beds equipped, 4 operating tables, 6 wheeled stretchers, and a steam sterilizer. We need clothing, bedding, flour, rice, potatoes, lard. Rush help.

WM. B. ALLISON,
Presbyterian Board, Guatemala."

The Christian Herald, in response to this appeal, has cabled $1,000 for immediate relief and has arranged to forward to the missionaries any contributions received.

The Christian Herald received a telegram on January 2 from the American missionaries. The telegram is printed elsewhere on this page. A check for $1,000 was immediately drawn and the money wired to Guatemala City. We know that the Christian Herald Family will approve of this prompt relief to our Latin American neighbors in distress. It is Halifax multiplied many times, but without fire and cold and with less loss of life. The reports as to loss of life vary widely. Some say a few scores have been killed; others place the loss of life in the thousands. There is no doubt that thousands have been injured, and that many thousands are homeless, while food is scarce.

Guatemala City stands on a plain at an elevation of 4,850 feet above sea level. The first Guatemala City, founded in 1522, was destroyed in 1541, with a loss of 8,000 inhabitants killed, by a deluge of water from a nearby volcano which was rent by an earthquake. The rebuilt capital was again destroyed by an earthquake in 1773. As a result of this experience, the majority of the buildings in the city were low structures, which probably accounts for the small loss of life in the present disaster.

Contributions for the relief of Guatemala City in its distress and need will be received by the Christian Herald and will be duly acknowledged and forwarded.

Winning Souls at the Front

Continued from preceding page

reinforcements time to reach their little number in the captured outpost. Maurice knew the alarm had been given by the Germans; he knew too there could not be many men in that outpost, to which now he was very close. His Flemish stubbornness asserted itself. "I will not go back," he said to himself; so alone he leaped into the trench and with a fiery valor, with the strength of ten men, he stopped not until he alone was left alive and seven of the enemy dead lay about him. Scarcely realizing all that he had achieved, but reeling and faint from loss of blood from the wounds that had been inflicted upon him, with his failing breath he called out for his comrades. Not far away he heard the welcome answer.

It was a mud-covered, blood-stained hero that was rescued from the trench and taken in the commandant's car to La Panne, and the aftermath was that a king presented to him, a common, simple Ostend sailor, the coveted distinction, the bearer of which even a general must salute.

But days of greater testing were to come to the Chevalier Bogaert, for he received from us a Bible and became a real apostle of the trenches. If a Bible was good for him, it was also good for his comrades, so he argued. He decided he would hold meetings and enlisted a friend to work with him. One would take the French-speaking boys, or Walloons, the other the Flemish; but not all their audience took kindly to this form of public evangelism. In the barracks back of the lines where he made his first attempt, he soon became the target for a shower of missiles. "Anything they could lay hands on they threw at us," he concluded to us later; but, it was not in him to give up his cause thus easily. "Never mind, Constant," he assured his friend, "the Lord will help us!" Thinking it over later, he decided it might be the part of wisdom to change his tactics a little, so he and Constant hit upon a plan. Instead of openly addressing the crowd, they got together two or three interested ones in a corner and conversed earnestly with them in a whisper. This proved too much for the curiosity of the others, and one by one they also drew near, and soon these evangelists of the trenches had another and this time a willing audience.

IT was a proud Maurice who later told us that, as a result of their work, practically every man of their company—of whom the greater part were infidels and freethinkers—had declared themselves Christians, and that they were to have a chaplain of their own on the strength of his work.

Maurice is now beginning to look ahead a bit, for in a letter he says, to quote him literally, "Now, mother, I think the war is on his end, and it is time to think of getting married, so I want you to look around and pick a good wife for me." I might add that this is a frequent request on the part of the Belgian soldier, and it takes a great exercise of diplomacy on my part to evade the issue. I remember writing Maurice that I could not act quickly in the matter, for it must be an exceptionally fine girl to be worthy of him, and I doubted whether a suitable one could be found outside of America.

But requests for wives are not the only ones that come to us. We have every sort of petition. Soldiers ask us for anything from hair tonic and books on hypnotism, to the gift of a farm on which to start life anew after the war. One man asks for a razor, which he is careful to explain is "neeessary for the the beard," and when the requests must be refused, always the soldiers take it in good part.

A sunny lad was our "little son Jean," as he styled himself, but "Sergeant Smolders" to his men at the front.

A chance meeting in London, and he became "your little son Jean who loves and adores you as though you were really his own mother." Who could resist a devotion like that! "You should have seen him later." his comrade told me. "When he first began to write you from the front, he had not a great deal of schooling; so he would first of all make a rough draft of his letter to you, then bring it over to me to see if it were correct and afterward, most painstakingly, he would copy it out." Three or four times a week his letters arrived, until we came regularly to expect them.

It was a happy day for Jean when we were accorded a visit to the Belgian front. "Our boys" had been written that we would be there at such a time, and as many as could do so obtained permission from their commanding officers to pay us a visit of a day or so in our little hotel, just back of the lines. We had a permanently enlarged table, and, although the hotel was frequented solely by officers, yet our boys, as they came to visit us, were accorded every consideration by the officers themselves. Thus it befell that when our table ran out of bread, as it was constantly doing—for you should have seen the mountains of delectable Belgian bread melt away under the onslaughts of those hungry boys, to whom the sour "Joffre bread," as they called it, had become worse than monotonous—one of these officers would leave his place and supply our need from his own table.

JEAN was an early arrival, with two days to stay, as he proudly informed us, showing his permission, which we smiled to see, read, "Jean Smolders. Sergeant, is accorded permission to pass two days with his parents at La Panne."

It was a happy time wo passed together, those two days.

Then came a morning when, as we were looking over our morning mail with its usual quota of the humorous and the pathetic, we found confronting us a letter with the seal of the commandant, telling us that Jean was dead.

Little Jean dead! Then I thought of his own words, "We must just take a little patience, mother." So we said to each other through our tears, "Yes, we too, will 'just take a little patience' 'until the morning breaketh and the shadows flee away'; and our Jean is with the Lord whom he loved, and that is 'far better.'"

Eat More Fish, Says Mr. Hoover!

America's Fisheries Can Produce Enough to Feed the World Even in War-Time—*By FRANK G. CARPENTER*

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OUR present consumption of meat is about seventeen times as great as our consumption of fish, and every pound of fish we eat will release that much beef, mutton and pork for shipment abroad.

Herbert C. Hoover, the Food Administrator, is advising that every American add to the fish on his table. This is the advice also of Hugh M. Smith, the United States Fish Commissioner. Dr. Smith is our world authority on fish, and under him is a large corps of scientists who are always studying the possibilities of sea-food as a national asset. Their recent experiments show that fish meat will build up the body as well as beefsteak, and that men can replace all other meats with fish every day in the year without ill effects. They advise us to eat fresh fish if we are near the source of supply, and salt fish and smoked fish wherever we are. The Bureau of Fisheries in Washington, D. C., has a book of recipes for preparing salt fish and smoked fish for the table, and if you will write Dr. Smith he will send it to you. He will tell you also how to can fish and smoke it, and about other ways in which to put up your supply for the winter.

A choice catch of Alaskan halibut, the source of four-fifths of our supply of this fish

I WANT to tell you something about our fisheries as a national asset. The waters of the sea and land contain 19,000 different kinds of fishes, and those in and about the United States have so many varieties that you could start as a three-year-old baby and eat a new fish every day until you were old enough to have babies yourself, and not reach the end of the list. We are now producing more sea-food than any other country. The value of all the fish caught by man in one year is estimated at no less than $500,000,000. Of this our product is fully one-fifth. It is twice as large as that of Russia, ten times that of Germany and more than fifty times that of Austria-Hungary. It is about one-third again as big as that of Great Britain, which ranks second as a national fisherman, and the same is true of Japan, which catches $63,000,000 worth of fish every year. The sea-food of Germany has been cut down by the war.

The North Sea is one of the best fishing-grounds upon earth. During the year prior to the war it produced about 2,500,000,000 pounds of sea-food, so much that, if it were loaded on wagons, the fish train containing it would reach all the way from New York City to San Francisco, via Galveston, and back. The amount that Great Britain got from it was more than 1,000,000,000 pounds, and this meant twenty-two pounds of sea-food for every man, woman and child in that country.

THE North Sea supplied not only a great part of the fish for the British, but it was the main source of sea-food for Holland, Denmark, Belgium and France, and also for Switzerland and Germany, and other countries of interior Europe where the fish were sent smoked, salted or dried. Most of the fish eaten in Europe is salt fish, and a vast amount of such food will be consumed by the soldiers. The supply from the North Sea has been greatly reduced, and the food losses there will have to be replaced by fish and meat shipped in from other parts of the world.

Our own waters are so rich in sea-food that we could multiply our product a hundredfold. We have not only the United States proper, but we have our colonial possessions, about which are fisheries now producing $15,000,000 worth of sea-food every year.

One of the fishes in which there is bound to be a great shortage in Europe is the herring. This forms a large part of the catch of the North Sea, amounting in some years to about three billion fish weighing on the average about one-half pound apiece. We have vast schools of herring in the northern Atlantic and they swarm in the waters of Alaska. They are dried and smoked in vast numbers.

We have one kind of herring which is so abundant that we catch more than 1,000,000,000 of them every year. This is the menhaden, a palatable food fish, so abundant that our fishermen catch it in order that it may be turned into oil and fertilizer. The fish is almost as fat as the famous candlefish of Alaska, which when dry will burn like a candle. We have more fishermen catching menhaden than in any other branch of the industry. The fish are taken in seines, hundreds of thousands being sometimes pulled up in a single net. They swim about in immense schools, their heads close to the surface, and often tier above tier, packed almost as closely together as sardines in a box. They are of a bright silver, and are phosphorescent at night, so that a school then looks like a moving bed of flaming fire. As they swim below the surface in the daytime one may see their glittering backs down under the water, and the boats seem to be gliding over a floor inlaid with blocks of silver. This statement comes from one of the reports of the Bureau of Fisheries.

Our best fishing-grounds in proportion to the number of men employed are the waters of Alaska. We have 22,000 men there who are catching hundreds of millions of pounds of sea-food every year. We have 14,000 fishermen farther south in the Pacific Ocean and about 20,000 in the Great Lakes and the Mississippi River. We have 22,000 fishermen in New England, 15,000 along the Gulf of Mexico and more than 70,000 working along the Atlantic coast from New England to Florida. Altogether there is an army of 165,000 engaged in fishing as a business, and the capital invested is nearly $80,000,000. The number of vessels employed is more than 7,000 and the total catch runs into hundreds of millions of pounds.

Our most important fisheries just now are those of Alaska, Puget Sound and the Columbia River. This is on account of the salmon, which is put up in cans so that it can easily be shipped to the soldiers. Salmon has become a popular sea-food all over the world. It is known to every nation and eaten in every country. Last year we took out of the Pacific Ocean enough salmon to fill 6,000,000 cases, each holding forty-eight one-pound cans. In round numbers the amount was 300,000,000 pounds. It was worth more than $70,000,000. In addition to this an enormous amount of salmon has been salted or smoked. This also can be shipped abroad for the use of our allies. The same is true of halibut, herring and cod.

The coast of Alaska swarms with fish, and we have caught so many since we bought the territory of Russia that the amount received is forty times as much as we paid for the country. It is now close to $300,000,000. Four-fifths of our halibut comes from the Pacific Ocean and the bulk of it from the waters of Alaska. They are shipped over the United States by fast trains of cold storage cars. Some of the halibut is salted and put up in hogsheads for shipment abroad. The Germans have been laying in a stock of such fish for their army.

ANOTHER fish from Alaska which could easily be shipped as food for our allies is the cod. There are great banks about the Aleutian Islands, where the cod swarms as thickly as it once did on the banks of Newfoundland. We are now catching millions of pounds of Alaskan codfish every year, and the amount is steadily increasing. We take a great deal from the waters of the Atlantic and we are planting cod eggs and codfish in those waters to increase the supply. About ten years ago more than 100,000,000 little cod were planted by the United States Bureau of Fisheries during one season. The cod is prolific. Ten million eggs have been taken from a single female, weighing seventy-five pounds.

The cod is more popular in Europe than here. It is greatly relished by the French, Italians and Spaniards.

In connection with the planting of codfish and cod eggs it will surprise some to know that Uncle Sam now hatches fish as farmers hatch chickens, and that he plants the young where he pleases. In the year before it broke out he planted three or four billion eggs or tiny fish and turned loose in the waters twenty million fingerlings, yearlings and adult fish of different varieties.

THE Bureau of Fisheries has now thirty-four permanent hatcheries, and more than one hundred sub-hatcheries and egg-collecting stations located in thirty-one different states and in Alaska. It has a floating hatchery in the steamer Fish Hawk. The Alaskan hatcheries distribute great quantities of salmon in the rivers and streams where that fish swarms, and they are planting shad eggs in similar places along our Eastern seaboard. They are planting whitefish in the Great Lakes and are setting out oyster beds where the oyster has never grown in abundance before.

The bureau is planting fish not only in the waters along our coast, but in those of our streams, lakes and ponds. You have all heard of the carp. That is an alien German subject which has been interned in our American ponds since his first coming in 1877. He has grown rapidly and, according to our last fish census, gives us more than 43,000,000 pounds of food a year.

There are now millions of carp in the United States, and the number might easily be run high into the billions. If one American farmer in six should start a carp pond the interior of our country would have more of this food than it could possibly eat.

Some may object to the taste of the carp, but that is because they do not know how to cook it.

If a carp is cooked the right way it is hard to distinguish it from some of our choicest sea-food. In protein food values carp meat is equal to mutton, and almost to the best of sirloin steak. The Bureau of Fisheries can give you simple recipes how to fry, boil and bake it, and how to make carp pickles, carp salads and carp croquettes.

Coal and Cold

NEW York City and the whole of New England was held from the night of December 29 until January 3 in the grip of the worst cold spell known since the establishment of the Weather Bureau. In 1871, on the night of December 29, the official thermometer at New York City showed 6 degrees below zero, which was the previous low record, having been reached four times between 1871 and 1917. But on the night of December 30, the mercury sank to 13 degrees below; not only establishing a new record, but, coming as it did on top of an acute shortage of fuel, bringing in its train misery and suffering. On December 29 New York City as a whole had less than a day's supply of coal at the terminals and in stock.

The cold filled the Hudson and the East River with floating ice, froze up the approaches to slips and piers, and made the coal in the cars at the terminals one solid mass.

Secretary McAdoo, as Director General of the railroads, Mayor-elect Hylan of New York, the local and national Fuel Administrations, the Shipping Board and the railroad executives collaborated in efforts to rush fuel to New York City and to equally frozen New England. Secretary McAdoo gave coal precedence over other freight, and ordered 1,500 loaded cars, which had been delayed in transit, to be forwarded by the shortest route to the New England consignees. The Shipping Board ordered steamships with a capacity of 50,000 tons to proceed immediately to Hampton Roads to take on coal for New England, and the Navy Department ordered all idle tugs and colliers into the same service, and authorized commanders to distribute to the poor scraps of timber accumulated at the navy yards. Mr. McAdoo ordered one hundred carloads of coal to be rushed through the Pennsylvania tubes on the night of December 31, and he ordered continued use of the tubes for coal on each night thereafter. The franchise under which the tubes were built permitted only passenger traffic, but the city waived this provision of the franchise. This was only a part, however, of what the city did. Its docks were thrown open to coal barges, city tugs broke the accumulated ice around piers and slips and took their turn at towing the precious barge-loads of the much-needed fuel. City ashearts returned from the piers with loads of coal, and every city employee who could be usefully employed at the work was given a part in the effort to bring comfort to chilled homes.

Here and there a person more fortunate than the rest, whose bin was full, shared with his less fortunate neighbors. One hundred pounds of coal was a prize, and even a scuttleful was not to be disdained. Thousands of children staid in bed with all their clothes on to keep warm, yet in one East Side home a baby froze to death in his crib. In hundreds of offices employees worked in their wraps and climbed with weary steps long flights of stairs because there was no coal to furnish power for elevators. All useless lights were ordered out, and advertising signs of every kind were extinguished for six nights a week.

Following the holidays, seventy-five of New York's schools failed to open for lack of coal, most of these schools being in Brooklyn and Queens.

The situation at the railway terminals in Jersey was further complicated by the freezing up of the Jersey City water supply, which practically put out of action the great railway terminals. On January 3, however, the various boroughs were beginning to have a sufficient supply, the temperature was slowly rising and the most acute period of suffering had been passed. Over a dozen deaths from freezing were reported during the six days. The freezing of water supply and the fuel shortage from which the railroads suffered as well as other industries, resulted in a serious congestion of mail in New York, which caused the New York Post Office to refuse second class matter. Many magazines were delayed in delivery, as was much other mail.

Lloyd George Restates War Aims

ADDRESSING the Trade Union Conference on Man Power in London on January 5, Mr. David Lloyd George stated again, the war aims of the Entente.

The address, as officially reported, was in part as follows:

"When men by the million are being called upon to suffer and die, and vast populations are being subjected to sufferings and privations of war on a scale unprecedented in the history of the world, they are entitled to know for what cause or causes they are making the sacrifice. . . .

"We are not fighting a war of aggression against the German people. . . . The destruction or disruption of Germany or the German people has never been a war aim with us from the first day of this war to this day.

"Most reluctantly, and, indeed, quite unprepared for the dreadful ordeal, we were forced to join in this war in self-defense of the violated public law of Europe and in vindication of the most solemn treaty obligations on which the public system of Europe rested, and on which Germany had ruthlessly trampled in her violation of Belgium. . . .

"It is not our wish or intention to question or destroy Germany's position for the future, but rather to turn her aside from hopes and schemes of military domination. . . .

"Our point of view is that the adoption of a really democratic constitution by Germany would be the most convincing evidence that her old spirit of military domination has indeed died in this war, and would make it much easier for us to conclude a broad, democratic peace with her. But, after all, that is a question for the German people to decide.

"We are not fighting to destroy Austria-Hungary or to deprive Turkey of its capital or the rich lands of Asia Minor and Thrace which are predominantly Turkish." . . .

The speaker here repeated the main statement of Count von Czernin's recent peace offer and said that almost any scheme of conquest and annexation could be perpetrated under such a pledge. Then he went on:

"The settlement of the new Europe must be based on such ground of reason and justice as will give some promise of stability. Therefore it is that we feel that government with the consent of the governed must be the basis of any international settlement in this war. . . .

"The first requirement, therefore, always put forward by the British Government and their Allies has been the complete restoration, political, territorial and economic, of the independence of Belgium, and such reparation as can be made for the devastation of its towns and provinces.

"Next comes the restoration of Serbia, Montenegro and the occupied parts of France, Italy and Rumania. . . .

"We mean to stand by the French democracy in the demand they make for the reconsideration of the great wrong of 1871. . . .

"If the present rulers of Russia take action which is independent of their allies we have no means of intervening to arrest the catastrophe which is assuredly befalling their country. Russia can only be saved by her own people.

"We believe that an independent Poland, comprising all those genuinely Polish elements who desire to form a part of it, is an urgent necessity for the stability of Western Europe."

Declaring war a relic of barbarism, he said in closing:

"If, then, we are asked what we are fighting for, we reply, as we have often replied, We are fighting for a just and a lasting peace, and we believe that before permanent peace can be hoped for three conditions must be fulfilled: First, the sanctity of treaties must be reestablished; secondly, a territorial settlement must be secured, based on the right of self-determination or the consent of the governed; and, lastly, we must seek, by the creation of some international organization, to limit the burden of armaments and diminish the probability of war."

News of the Week

PRESIDENT TAKES RAILROADS TO CONGRESS. President Wilson addressed a joint session of the two Houses of Congress on January 4, laying before them the railway situation and asking for the passage of laws required to make government operation effective. The message followed very closely the outline of the proclamation and special statement issued at the time of the taking over of the railroads. The President asked Congress to approve of the suggested arrangement whereby the railroads would be guaranteed a net income equivalent to the average for the last three years. He recommended these specific guarantees, that the railroad properties be held in as good repair and as well equipped throughout the period of federal control as at present, and that the railroads should receive "continue during the period of the war and until Congress shall thereafter order otherwise."

INCENDIARIES FIRE NORFOLK. Nearly two blocks in the heart of the business district of Norfolk were swept by fire on January 1, with a probable loss estimated at more than $2,000,000. Three distinct explosions in as many buildings after the first fire had been gotten under control were taken to indicate that enemy agents were at work and more than twenty suspects were arrested. On the night of the First another fire was reported near Camp Stuart, on the outskirts of Newport News, where 15,000 soldiers were stationed.

FOR RAILWAY EFFICIENCY. Director General of Railroads McAdoo on December 29 issued an order directing that all terminals, operating facilities, locomotives, and other equipment of the railways must thereafter be used in common as a service to the country. Walker D. Hines of New York, chairman of the Santa Fe Directorate, was made assistant to the Director General, and Alfred H. Smith, president of the New York Central, was placed in charge of transportation in the Eastern and Northern districts. All traffic agreements between companies which operated to interfere with the quick movement of freight, were cancelled by Mr. McAdoo, who ordered the establishment of new through routes over shortest lines. The railroads were told to bend every effort to the movement of freight, and a survey of the country was ordered to see how many locomotives and cars might be released in the West and South for service in the North and East. In the interest of better freight movement eastern railroads, notably the Reading, Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio, and New Haven, cancelled many passenger trains, new schedules providing for alternate service on former competing lines. Director General of Railroads McAdoo on January 3 conferred with the heads of the big railroad brotherhoods and urged them as a patriotic duty to urge the workers, whose chosen leaders they were, to their utmost efforts to meet the traffic requirements of the national situation. As a result of the conference it was announced that readjustments in wages would be made effective January 1, 1918, and that the unions would work with the Director General to obtain the maximum efficieney of the railroads under government control.

PROFITABLE SERVICE. Testimony before the Senate Military Affairs Committee indicated that some members of the Supplies Committee of the Council of National Defense had not used their influence, as government agents, to prevent the awarding of government contracts to concerns in which they were interested. It was shown that the vice-chairman of the Supply Committee, Charles Eiseman, was a stockholder in the Cleveland Worsted Mills, which held contracts for 100,000 yards of all woolen suitings at a price above that paid to other concerns for similar goods, the excess netting a profit of about $30,000. Mr. Eiseman testified that deliveries of goods had been kept ahead of the demands of the Quartermaster's Department.

COLONEL HOUSE REPORTS. Secretary Lansing made public on January 2 a confidential report from Colonel House covering the work of the special war mission of which he was the head. The report shows that complete unity of action was obtained in all military matters on land and sea, all of the forces of the nations allied with us in the war being welded together into a workable unit for aggressive action, that agreements had provided that imports into Allied countries would be further restricted to absolute necessities, thus releasing transports for American troops, which will be rushed to Europe and supplied by our Allies until American manufacture catches up with American needs. General Crozier, however, has stated that there will be rifles for every American soldier by February 1. It was reported that a complete understanding had been reached regarding the extent of American participation in the war, and that every possible arrangement had been made to make this participation effective. American pressure for the present will be placed upon the supply of men and ships.

When in Rome — ?

HE didn't do as the Romans did, no indeed! Rev. Bertrand M. Tipple made the Methodist College in the Italian capital a center of evangelical power. Some folks didn't like it, but the king thought well enough of it to make this American preacher-missionary a Chevalier, which isn't the same as a chandelier, although it marks him as a great light. He has just returned to the old U. S. A. from six months in Rome. Next week he will illustrate with striking pictures a vivid story of wartime conditions in Italy.

Many things have been happening in Russia, none stranger, few more vital in their relation to the present world in arms, than the disorganization of Russia's army in the Caucasus and the rise of a new Armenian and Georgian army to avert disaster and defeat. Maynard Owen Williams tells the story next week.

Has your faith been tried in these days of stress and strife? Dr. Albertson brings you in next week's sermon good cheer, comfort, and new courage.

Russia Refuses German Peace Terms

HALT, in the Russo-German peace negotiations and indications of a German refusal to move the conference to Stockholm have revived universal discussion in Petrograd of a resumption by Russia of fighting, although with a greatly reduced army, probably 3,000,000 men.

It was authoritatively announced on January 3 that the Russian workers would not consent to the Austro-German peace proposals in their present form. The German attitude regarding Poland, Lithuania and other occupied countries is the sticking point. The Russians demand that the Central Powers modify their terms, and the Russians make a direct appeal to the Austro-German peoples.

M. Trotzky, the Bolsheviki Foreign Minister, in making this announcement before the Workers' and Soldiers' delegates, declared that if the Central Powers did not agree to free disposal of the destiny of the Polish and Lettish nations, it would be urgently necessary to defend the Russian revolution. He said the needs of the front would be satisfied, whatever efforts might be necessary.

Chairman Jaffe, of the Russian Peace Delegation, sent an official telegram to the chairmen of the German, Austrian, Bulgarian and Turkish delegations, saying the Russian Republic deems it necessary to conduct further peace negotiations on neutral soil. Articles 1 and 2 of the Austro-German terms, submitted December 25, the message says, are in direct conflict with the principles insisted upon by the Russian peace delegation and supported by the Russian Republic and the Central Executive Committee of the Congress of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates.

Articles 1 and 2 of the Austro-German terms cover the ending of a state of war and the evacuation of occupied territory. In Article 2, however, it was declared that the people of Poland, Lithuania, Courland and portions of Esthonia and Livonia demand independence and separation from Russia, and that the German occupation of Russian territory did not apply to these districts.

THE following resolution—which is both Russia's refusal to accept the German peace proposals and the Revolutionary Government's appeal to the people of the Central Empires—was adopted by the Executive Committee of the Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates:

"This assembly confirms the fact that the programme proclaimed by the representatives of the Quadruple Alliance at Brest-Litovsk recognizes in principle the conclusion of a peace without annexations or indemnities. This recognition establishes the basis for further pourparlers, with the view of a general democratic peace.

"However, already in this declaration, the representatives of the German Government have refused to admit the free right of oppressed nations and colonies seized before the beginning of the war in 1914 to dispose of their own destiny. This restriction, which was immediately reported by the Russian delegation, signifies the dominant parties in Germany, compelled by a popular movement to grant concessions to the principles of a democratic peace, nevertheless are trying to distort this idea in the sense of their own annexationist policy.

"The Austro-German delegation, in setting forth the practical conditions of peace in the east, alters still further its idea of a just, democratic peace. This declaration is made in view of the fact that the Austrian and German Governments refused to guarantee immediately and irrevocably the removal of their troops from the occupied countries of Poland, Lithuania and Courland and parts of Livonia and Esthonia.

"In fact, the free affirmation of their will by the populations of Poland, Lithuania, Courland and all other countries occupied by the troops of other States is impossible until the moment of the return of the native population to the places they have evacuated. The allegation of the German delegation that the will of the people of the said countries has already been manifested is devoid of all foundation.

"Under martial law and under the yoke of the military censorship the peoples of the occupied countries could not express their will.

Continued on page 86

The Course of Gentile Empire

The Rise, Succession and Coming Doom of Gentile Nations as Foretold in Prophecy

By DR. WILLIAM M. SMITH, Superintendent, Union Bible Seminary, Westfield, Indiana

ABOUT twenty-five centuries ago a great Eastern monarch lay on his couch wondering what should come to pass hereafter. As he thought, he fell asleep and dreamed a remarkable dream. Before him stood a great image in human form. The head of this image was of gold, the breast and arms of silver, the abdomen of brass, and the legs of iron. The feet were composed partly of iron and partly of pottery.

The dreamer was Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon; and the dream, when interpreted by the prophet Daniel, constitutes the primary lesson in Bible prophecy predictive of the course of history. The dream and its interpretation are both recorded in the second chapter of the book of Daniel.

The vision of the image in its entirety sets forth the course of history during the period of the political supremacy of the Gentile nations, a period that had a distinct beginning, and will have a no less distinct ending. This period is designated in the New Testament as "the times of the Gentiles" (Luke 21:24).

Nebuchadnezzar was the first Gentile king that succeeded in welding into one kingdom all the Gentile powers of the world. Though himself unconscious of the fact, he was God's agent for that very work, as is plainly shown in the twenty-seventh chapter of Jeremiah's prophecy, where the nations, including the Jews, are commanded to bring their necks under the yoke of the king of Babylon. With the passing under Babylonian rule of Zedekiah, the last king of Judah, the scepter of world power passed from the Jewish nation, who, if obedient, might have been the rulers of the world, into the hands of the Gentiles, who have been world rulers from that day to this. But the Gentile supremacy, which began with God's express decree, will as surely end; for he has decreed it, as we shall later see.

IT is comparatively easy for the reader of history to trace the fulfilment of the predictions pictured by this image, up to a certain point. The golden head is plainly the Babylonian kingdom from its conquest of the kingdom of Judah to its own downfall under the Medo-Persian advance in the days of Belshazzar. "Thou art this head of gold," is the prophet's interpretation, meaning not only Nebuchadnezzar himself but also his kingdom. "After thee shall arise another kingdom inferior to thee" as plainly refers to Medo-Persia, the next Gentile power to hold supreme world-rule. "Another third kingdom of brass" as surely describes Greece, the conqueror and successor of Medo-Persia; and the "fourth kingdom" is Rome in the period of its supremacy as ruler over the civilized world.

Practically all students of prophecy, regardless of their denominational beliefs or varying notions on other points of Bible teaching, interpret the meaning of the image thus far as it is given above.

One thing that has puzzled Bible students in the interpretation of this prophecy is why, after so simple and plain an application of its predictions to succeeding history, that part of the vision regarding the "toes of the feet" and the "stone" should not as plainly find its fulfilment in history. The attempt has been made to deal with this difficulty by spiritualizing the application of the prophecy from the time of Christ onward. Whatever may be claimed for the legitimacy of such interpretation, which is applied to much other Old Testament prophecy, it cannot claim to completely fulfil the predictions, which evidently still await historic fulfilment after the same manner as the other part of the image.

This puzzle is due to the failure of many Bible students to take into consideration the "mystery of Christ, which in other ages was not made known unto the sons of men" (Eph. 3: 4, 5). This mystery occupies the period devoted to the preaching of the Gospel to all nations and the consequent taking out from among all peoples of the Church. While this process is going on Old Testament prophecy, as it relates to the course of history, is held in abeyance, awaiting the completion of this mystery. When this mystery is finished, then history will take up the thread of Old Testament prophecy and carry it on to its literal fulfilment.

THE last phase of Gentile rule, as set forth in this image, is that of the civilized world ruled by ten federated kings. The attempts that have been made to find the fulfilment of this part of the prophecy in the kingdoms into which the Roman Empire divided have been very unsatisfactory and exceedingly hazy as compared with the fulfilment of the previous parts of the prophecy. The expositors on this line do not sueeeed in getting their lists to agree with each other, nor can these kingdoms be confined to ten, and ten only, all the time of their supposed existence.

There has been one theory held quite generally by all schools of prophetic interpretation, and that is that these ten kingdoms will be geographically limited to the territory occupied by the Roman Empire in the days of its supremacy. The writer is not ready wholly to discard this theory, but suggests that, since Rome was not geographically confined to the territory of the kingdoms that preceded it, this last phase of Gentile rule may not be confined to the territory of the Rome of history. These former kingdoms, including Rome, ruled over the civilized world, and, since the civilized world now covers much more territory than the Rome of the first century, it is quite possible the rule of this tenfold Gentile power may be accordingly extended to the increased territorial expansion of civilization.

THE Gentile rule will come to a tragic end, as pictured in the vision. A stone, evidently foreign in its origin, and different in its composition from anything in the image, strikes the image on its feet, and then, in one sudden cataclysm, the whole image, picturing the course of Gentile world-rule, collapses, is ground to dust and blown away, never more to find a place.

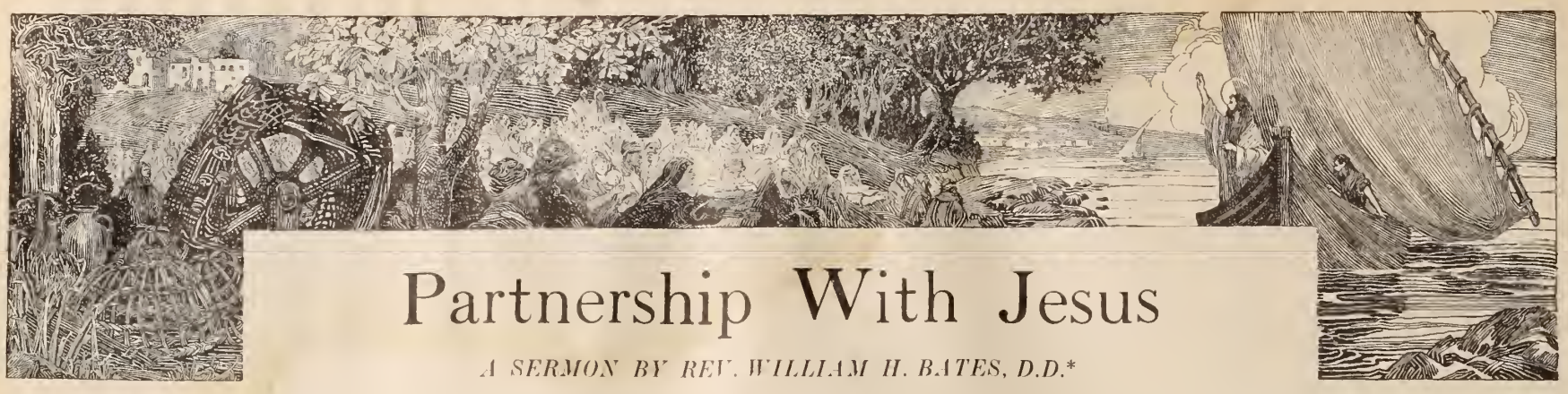
The application of this striking stone to the coming of Christ recorded in the Gospels is hopelessly to confuse literal with spiritual. That coming of Christ was when the Roman Empire was but thirty-one years old as the supreme world power. The stone is expressly declared to strike the feet, which evidently points to a much later time. The destruction of the governments of this world as a result of Christ's first coming have been exceedingly moderate, to say the least; quite different from the way a stone smites things. It was not to be in the day of one supreme world monarch like Cæsar, but "in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom," evidently referring to the time when the world would be ruled by ten kings, symbolized by the ten toes of the image.

IT is evident, from what has already been said, that the period of mystery referred to above must end before the next stage of Gentile supremacy is plainly manifest in history. While the Scriptures warrant the setting of no date as to when the mystery will be finished, they plainly declare certain signs by which the approaching close may be discerned as near. Without stopping to refer in detail to these signs, let us take one general view of present-day world events in the light of both prophecy and history.

We are now in the midst of a world war surpassing in extent and violence anything found in the records of history for many centuries. But, while modern methods and machinery of warfare give to the present struggle features that set it in a class by itself, it is not by any means the first world war. Here is a suggestion: let us take world wars as epoch-marking events and see what can be inferred from the present world situation. A little study will show that world wars have marked the epochs of history into plainly discernible periods. For instance, the period of Gentile supremacy symbolized by this image was inaugurated in a world war. The suggestion will immediately follow that the period of Gentile supremacy will end with a world war. This inference is probably correct. But we have not yet reached the end. There is one more period of Gentile rule to manifest itself before the end. How will it be inaugurated?

Another look at the image in the light of history will bring the suggestion that the change from each form of Gentile rule to the next has been marked by a world war. When Babylon was succeeded by Medo-Persia it was the climax of a world war. Greece succeeded Medo-Persia as a world-wide kingdom as a result of a world war. Rome brought in her iron rule at the end of a long-drawn-out world war with the dismembered Grecian kingdom. There has been no world war since that, involving the entire civilized world, until the one now raging, which already so nearly involves directly all civilized nations. The suggestion, though offered cautiously, is that the present world war, be its course long or short, will eventuate in the bringing into existence of the last phase of Gentile world rule, the kingdom of the ten toes: the dream of poets, the goal of world politicians, a federated world.

In this federated world the Gentiles will bring to a climax their boasted schemes of world improvement. The iron, symbolical of the rule of autocracy, will mingle with the clay, symbol of the common people, in the attempt to make the world a Utopia in which every man will have his rights. But, alas! the prophet tells us, "they shall not cleave one to the other," and it will be "in the days of these kings" that the event symbolized by the striking of the stone will take place. Christ will personally come, doubtless to find the Gentile world in confusion within itself, as other prophecies indicate, and determined upon the extermination of the Jewish remnant, restored to their land. Upon this demonstration of Gentile maladministration the Lord will break in to the overthrow of the Gentile powers, the relief of the elect nation, and the setting up of the kingdom that will never be destroyed. This last overthrow will be the Armageddon of the prophecies.



Partnership With Jesus

*A SERMON BY REV. WILLIAM H. BATES, D.D.**

TEXT—Col. 1 : 14, "In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins."

SIN is authoritatively defined as "any want of conformity unto, or transgression of, the law of God." Law, as it concerns moral beings, is a rule of conduct enforced by penalty. Law, therefore, is composed of two elements: preeept and penalty. Preeept tells what to do, and penalty tells the consequence of not doing. Subtract either element from law, and it ceases to be law. Forgiveness is a remission of the penalty due the sinner for non-eonformity to, or transgression of, law.

Every human being needs forgiveness, for (Rom. 3 : 23) "All have sinned." All have failed of perfect obedienee; "all have gone out of the way" (Rom. 3 : 12), i.e., all have transgressed.

In every just law—which every law of God is—both of the elements of law are right. If I break the preceptive part of the law, equity declares it to be right and just that I should suffer the prescribed penalty, and wrong and unjust that I should not suffer it.

But a serious ethical question arises just here. If forgiveness be the remission of penalty, the question inevitably presents itself, How, or on what ethical ground, can God remit the penalty, or forgive, and not thereby himself do wrong?

A satisfactory rational answer to this problem is thought to present one of the greatest difficulties with which the Biblical and theological diseipline has to deal. Indeed, many have given it up as unsolvable, and have taken the doctrine of forgiveness as simply resting on the authority of divine revelation. Let us see.

My moral sense, in common with that of others, tells me that I ought to suffer the penalty of my sin; that it is eternally right that I should suffer it, and eternally wrong that I should not. It demands that the penalty incurred must be suffered. So, whatever answer is given to meet the question, it must certainly include the peualty satisfied; for, if the penalty be not endured, the righteous penal element of the law is violated, and still auother—and, if possible, worse—sin is committed.

THE Bible proclaims the fullest and freest forgiveuess. When, therefore, God forgives a person, it can be only on the ground that the penalty of his individual sin has been met. But how? The ready answer is, Through the redemptive work of the Lord Jesus Christ! "In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." (I Peter 3 : 18) "Christ also hath ouce suffered for sins, the just for [Gr. *huper*, 'instead of'] the unjust"; for substitution is implied. (I Thess. 5 : 10) "Christ died for [*huper*, 'instead of'] us," or in our stead. And these texts are only samples of much Scripture of similar import. The teaching plainly is that Christ came into the place of the sinner and suffered the penalty which was due to his sins.

But it may be said: "The fact of Christ's substitution is plain enough, but the difficulty is not resolved; for"—and this is the real crux of the question—"how can an innocent person justly suffer the penalty which another and guilty person deserves? What is the rationally ethical ground, or basis of right, of the transaction?"

Let it be supposed that you have sufficient capital, and that I have none, and that affluent you take penniless me into business partnership with you. In the eye of the law, and for all the purposes of the business, we are as one person. Your business acts are the acts of the firm; so are mine. In our business I incur an obligation—give a check, for instance. Your money, or, as I may now say, *our* money, pays it. I commit a business sin: the firm stands for it. My iniquities may pile up to the full measure of the firm's ability to cover them; but it has to cover them all the same. The principle is plain: the acts of one are the acts of the firm, and the liabilities of oue are the liabilities of the firm. From any ethical point of view no fault can be found with it. There is nothing of business wrong or injustice in it. Moral sense pronounces it right.

Now, *this partnership idea is precisely the New Testament idea of the relation between Jesus Christ and the believer!*

Says Holy Writ: "Ye were called into the fellowship of Jesus Christ" (I Cor. 1 : 9). The word translated "fellowship," *koinonia*, means "to have things in common," or in "partnership." Again, "ye are partakers (in partnership with) of Christ" (I Pet. 4 : 13). Still again: "And truly our fellowship [same word again that means 'to have in common' or 'in partnership'] is with Jesus Christ" (I John 1 : 3). And these partnership words are used in the New Testament, in various relations, *thirty-nine times.*

Thus, getting at the interior and real meaning of these terms, we clearly see the great and glorious fact of our partnership with the Lord Jesus Christ, or of his partnership with us, in which he assumes our liabilities and discharges them. And not only does he bear our liabilities while one with us, but—that the union may be solid and spotless, that no breath of ill-aspersion may tarnish its good name—he assumes all the liabilities we ineurred before we entered into the partnership. Sueh becomes our oneness with him, we are told (I John 4 : 17), that "As he is, so are we in this world."

Is our moral sense satisfied with the rightfulness of the eommon, familiar, and everywhere-accepted principle of the business partnership? On precisely the same ground it should be satisfied with the rightfulness of the believer's moral and religious partnership with Jesus Christ, in which sin is forgiven. And this partnership with all that it means to us, is the free gift of divine grace to the sinner who relents and accepts Christ as Saviour and Redeemer. Through it God can rightfully forgive sin, and be just while justifying the sinner that believeth in Jesus.

THE way is now open for us to consider, with receptive minds and appropriating hearts, God's treatment of sin. The Scriptures are very explicit and full iu their teaching concerning the believer's sins and God's treatment of them. They are:

1. *Confessed:*—(Ps. 32 : 5,) "I said, I will *confess* my transgressions unto the Lord, and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." (I John 1 : 9,) "If we *confess* our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."

2. *Cleansed white:*—(Isa. 1 : 18,) "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as *white as snow;* though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

3. *Forgiven:*—(Eph. 4 : 32,) "God, for Christ's sake, *hath forgiven you.*" (I John 2 : 12,) "Your sins *are forgiven* you for his name's sake."

4. *Abundantly pardoned:*—(Isa. 55 : 7,) "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will *abundantly pardon.*" (Micah 7 : 18,) "Who is a God like unto thee that *pardoneth* iniquity? . . . He delighteth in mercy."

5. *Covered:*—(Ps. 32 : 1,) "Blessed is he whose trausgression is forgiven, whose sin is *covered.*" (Ps. 85 : 2,) "Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people, thou hast *covered* all their sin."

6. *Cast behind God's back:*—(Isa. 38 : 17,) "For thou hast *cast* all my sins *behind thy back.*"

7. *Removed:*—(Ps. 103 : 12,) "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he *removed* our transgressions from us."

8. *Cast into the sea:*—(Micah 7 : 19,) "Thou wilt *cast* their sins *into* the depths of *the sea.*"

9. *Blotted out:*—(Isa. 44 : 22,) "I have *blotted out*, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins."

10. *Not to be mentioned:*—(Ezek. 33 : 16,) "*None* of the sins that he hath committed shall be *mentioned* unto him."

11. *Forgotten:*—(Heb. 10 : 17,) "And their sins and iniquities will I *remember no more.*" (Isa. 43 : 25,) "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions, for mine own sake, and *will not remember* thy sins."

WHILE all this is true, most blessedly true, concerning the believer's sins with respect to God, how is it with respect to the believer himself?

Alas! man cannot forgive himself! David could sing of the blessedness of forgiveness (Ps. 32 : 1), yet he says, "My sin is ever before me" (Ps. 52 : 3). His sin was forgiven, blotted out, remembered no more of God; but it was not erased from his own mind.

The eminent Dr. John Todd, of Pittsfield, when a little lad, was bidden to go for some medicine for his sick father. Unwillingly he started, but quickly returned with the lie that "the druggist had not got any such medicine." The father suffered greatly for the want of the remedy, and soon died. Dr. Todd, through all his after life, often had a heartache over that act of falsehood and disobedience to his dying father. Repentance secured God's forgiveness; but he could not cast out his sin from his own consciousness.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great lexicographer, when a boy, was asked by his sick father to carry a package of books to the village of Uttoxeter, and sell them from a stall in the market-place. Through silly pride, the boy refused to obey. Fifty years afterward, when at the height of his fame as one of the most distinguished scholars of his day, he went to Uttoxeter, visited the market-place at the time of business, and with uncovered head stood for an hour in a pouring rain on the very spot where the book-stall stood. "This," he says, "was an act of contrition for my disobedience to my kind father." And this touching scene is represented in marble on his monument. If penitence procured pardon, it could not expel the haunting memory of his sin.

There is a tradition that never, all his life long, did the remembrance of his denial of Jesus leave Peter, and that, morning by morning, he rose at the very hour when the look of the Master broke his heart, to pray once more for pardon. He was abundantly pardoned at the outset; but the mordant memory of his sin was ceaselessly with him.

In the "Life of Phillips Brooks," there is an account of an extraordinary sermon he delivered at Harvard from the text, "Thou makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth." An able minister wrote upon the margin of his copy, "We never get rid of any act: it is a part of ourselves." The problem of psychology is, not how we can remember, but how we can ever forget anything. Apparently none of the mind's acquisitions are ever lost. According to the old illustration, the lad's sins drove the nails into the post: penitence pulled them out again; but the holes, the sad memorials of his wrongs, remained!

O YE sons and daughters, be careful. Yield not to temptation; go not into ways of sin, lest ye lay up for yourselves an inheritance of haunting memories that will embitter even the peace which God's forgiving grace procures, proffers and imparts.

O ye super-sensitive, morbid-conscienced souls, hating sin with a perfect hatred, always repentant, yet well-nigh always troubled, or distressed, let the message of this hour of God's freest and fullest pardon for the uttermost of sin uever eease to ring in the chambers of your eousciousness: "The Lord is good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy unto all that call upon him." (Ps. 86 : 5.) Nothing that you can do of work or sacrifice can earn forgiveness. It has been bought with a great price, the precious blood of Christ. It is presented as a free gift, and as such it must be accepted. In Dr. Ludlow's "Captain of the Janizaries" it is wisely said: "Beware lest thou carry compunctions for the past, after thou hast repented and prayed. . . . That is to doubt God's grace." Said Dr. Watkinson at Winona: "If God doesn't remember my sins any more, I will not remember them myself against myself." So do, and be at peace, perfect peace.

Sin is the awfulest thing in God's universe; pardon is the greatest need in God's universe; God's forgiveness is the blessedest thing in his universe.

SYMPATHY

"THE load is heavy I must bear,"
He groaned as, sad at heart,
He walked his chosen selfish way,
From other men apart.

"How light the burden that He gives!"
She whispered as she trod
The road of life in sympathy
With other souls of God.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

*Minister to Bethany Chapel of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Great Promise

SUNDAY, January 20. II Peter 1 : 4. "*Exceeding great and precious promises.*" All the great saints have been souls who were keen on the great promises. On the most troubled and stormy roads, when they were pitilessly beaten by the elements, they have opened the divine promises, and the apparently shut-in road has become related to marvelous vistas and visions of grace. Look at Bishop Hannington, when he was imprisoned in darkness and distresses: "I am quite broken down and brought low. Comforted by reading the twenty-seventh Psalm." Or look at him again in his prison, at night-time, with the hyenas howling around: "I can hear no news, but was held up by the thirtieth Psalm, which came with great power."

Look at James Gilmour in Mongolia. He was a man who knew heavy roads, and he was certainly acquainted with disappointment and grief. "May 9. In terrible darkness and tears." But he turned to the great promises and found life and light. And he was a great heart, always leading troubled fellow laborers to the Dayspring. "Ask it, man, and yon'll get it. God's promises are sure. I am trying to combine the China Inland Mission, the Salvation Army, and the London Missionary Society!" These great burdened servants of God turned to their resources in grace, gazing through the promises as through windows that looked out upon an amazing world.

It would be a blessed thing if, in these days of calamity, we carried the great promises about with us. Let us gather them together in our minds and hearts, and bear them in all our journeyings. Let us repeat them every day. Let us say or sing them on the lonely road. And we shall be amazed what ministries they will bring to us. Let us tuck one in when we are inclined to murmur or to bitterly recount our complaints. It will be like carrying a wallet full of balms and cordials, with which we can minister to our own disquietude, or bring hope and courage to some fretful pilgrim who may pass us on the way.

J. H. J.

The Love of Mercy

MONDAY, January 21. Micah 6 : 8. "*What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?*" The highwater mark of Old Testament spirituality is reached in this verse. The love of mercy is entirely consonant with a passion for justice. Indeed, only one who loves mercy can be just without being severe. We are never just to those we do not love. If we are in danger of being over-merciful to those we love, it is only true in the same sense in which it is true that every virtue has its possible peril. The love of mercy does not impair the verdict of moral judgment as to what is right. One may love his child the while he imposes discipline. The child may not believe that discipline can proceed from a merciful heart, but when he becomes a man it will be very evident. There is an old Roman saying, that if we would be like God we must be like him in being merciful. A beautiful old story sets forth the relation of mercy, justice and truth. Thus it runs: Before God made man he called into his counsel his three great angels, Justice, Truth and Mercy, and said to them, "Shall I make man?" Said Justice, "Not so, for he will break thy laws." Said Truth, "Make not man, for he will pollute thy sanctuaries." But Mercy said, "Make man, and I will follow his footsteps and soften and purify his heart." So God made man, and said to him, "Mercy is thy shield and hope; be merciful to thy fellow man."

C. C. A.

Fortune in Misfortune

TUESDAY, January 22. Ps. 119 : 71. "*It is good for me that I have been afflicted.*" When Anthony Thorold published his "Presence of Christ" he stated in the preface: "In sending it out to the world the writer feels to be parting from a dear and pleasant friend, who has solaced tedious months of sickness and inactivity now in God's great goodness over. Those months will hardly have been endured for nothing if some of the lessons learned in them and written here shall be of some avail in comforting and instructing others." This statement is but one of thousands of similar import, all of them practical commentaries on this text, in which David thanks God for afflictions, as Paul gloried in his tribulations.

If a boy were told how many hardships he would have to endure, how much self-denial he must practice, how often he would be disappointed in his eager hopes, how much pain he must suffer, before he would attain to manhood, and that all these seeming reverses would be the very means of making a man of him, he would most likely rebel against the prospect set before him and declare that all those things could only be against him; they would break him down, not build him up. Yet in the training school of divine grace we are made to learn misfortunes and then are taught that the very word contains our fortunes, as soon as we can drop the first syllable.

God proposes to crown, not the person who has spent his life in ease and pleasant delights, but the person who has endured hardness. He has arranged it so that food tastes best to a hungry person, and that rest is best relished after hard work. Every success is bought at the price of suffering. As regards our spiritual life, God must cast us into the furnace of affliction and purge the dross of our conceits and self-will from us, before the new man can come forth in us that is renewed after his likeness.

W. H. T. D.

Jesus and Joseph

WEDNESDAY, January 23. Matt. 12 : 42. "*Behold, a greater than Solomon is here.*" Our Lord, who often described himself under the similitudes of nature, as the Vine, the Bread, the Light, the Sower, and the Shepherd, also compared himself with some characters, like Solomon, but we must remember that Jesus had no peers, no human standing on a level with him. He, in lofty, solitary grandeur, is above all forever. Our comparison is, therefore, considered on the human side. Solomon in all the glory of his artificial riches was not even arrayed like one of Christ's beautiful lilies, while his inner character and life were infinitely below that of the Master.

Joseph and Jesus might better be contrasted; Joseph in Egypt was faithful to the God of his fathers, while Solomon worshiped the false gods of his wives. Joseph had a mission for Israel in Egypt; Jesus a mission for all the world. Joseph was sold by his brothers into slavery. Jesus was sent of the Father to lift a race out of darkness. Joseph found a prison golden steps to the throne of Egypt; Jesus found Calvary the way to universal empire. Joseph was sold for twenty pieces of silver; Jesus for thirty. Joseph maintained an unsullied soul; Jesus was without sin. Joseph saved Egypt from famine; Jesus was the Saviour of the world from sin. Joseph forgave his brothers; Jesus is the infinite Forgiver. Joseph looked toward Canaan for Israel and Jesus toward the heavenly Canaan for the family of God. Joseph refused the glories of the Egyptian Empire; Jesus refused Satan's offer for world empire. Joseph revealed himself to his brothers, saying, "I am Joseph," as Jesus said to Paul, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest."

May we seek to be as near like Jesus as Joseph was.

E. W. C.

A Word to the Tired Teacher

THURSDAY, January 24. Gal. 6 : 9. "*But let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.*" There is no work so hard as teaching. The mind is not a blank page to be written upon. Not even a child's mind is that, but is more like an old palimpsest, a parchment which has been written upon beneath the surface, written upon and covered over; written upon and not wholly erased. You say to the boy in your class, "Be honest." But from some other source, a source which goes back a century, another voice is saying, "Be a rogue." You say to a youth with fiery temper, "Be generous, be magnanimous," and other voices are speaking to him saying, "Get even with your enemy; bury the hatchet if you have to for decency's sake, but keep your eye on the hammer!" There is an invisible ink which becomes visible only in the fire. In the fiery trials of life, how much invisible writing comes out! It is ours as parents and teachers and pastors to make our words a part of that invisible writing which will sometime flash before the eye with a splendor past all reckoning and a power transcending all thought.

And we must not be weary in helping. How shall we avoid weariness in this respect except by the remembrance of the mercy of the Lord toward us? How often have we been forgiven? How often have we been restored? Has some poor soul to whom we gave a brother's hand staggered back to us empty as before? Let this thought give us patience in well-doing: it may be we are the only human friend he has, and the friendship of God must be mediated—interpreted—translated—through us.

C. C. A.

Unison in Christ

FRIDAY, January 25. II Cor. 13 : 5. "*Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?*" The state of faith is here described as having Christ dwelling in us. The very first act of faith is represented in the Scriptures as receiving, appropriating Christ. The believer accepts Christ primarily as his Redeemer, who has atoned for his guilt. But he accepts at the same time the entire teaching of Christ and embodies that in his manner of living. Thus Paul declared concerning himself in another place: "The life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God." The believer's actions thus are manifestations of the indwelling Christ: the motives for these actions arise from the Christ-spirit in the believer, and the actions themselves serve the purposes of Christ. They are, like Christ's own acts, entirely unselfish. Accordingly, when Christians are found doing something which does not comport with their Christian profession, or when—as in the case of the apostle at Corinth—they fail to appreciate what other Christians are doing, it is pertinent to inquire whether they are still in a state of faith and grace.

Every Christian readily understands any other Christian and just as readily agrees and cooperates with him; for Christ, though dwelling in many persons that may differ in external matters, is never a divided Christ. The Christ in the heart of a Chinaman is the same Christ as that in the heart of his American missionary.

There are differences among Christians which do not disturb the peace and the healthy development of the church. But when the differences touch the Christian vitality, the Christ in us, when they affect the teaching of Christ, which must regulate all activities of all the different Christians in the world, it is necessary that a thorough self-examination be made.

W. H. T. D.

Close to Christ

SATURDAY, January 26. Rom. 12 : 9. "*Cleave to that which is good.*" "Cleave" is a most intense word. It means as the flesh cleaves to the bones of the body; so the Christian should cleave to the Christ, grow up with Him, a being of living goodness, in a vital, not a mechanical or artificial, union. Goodness is a growth, not an external addition to character. Kindness is a part of the new man in Christ Jesus, inseparable from noble manhood. Goodness is truth and love incarnate in the individual. Goodness is godliness, in which there is infinite gain to the person. Goodness is Christlikeness, for he ever sought out the sinful, the lowly and the troubled, going about to do them good. The goodness of Christ was willing to be wounded for the transgressors; so we should do good to those who despitefully use us.

"What are the wounds in Thine hands?" "Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends. "Yes, even mine own familiar friend whom I trusted hath laid wait for me." Can we, like Christ, seek to overcome evil with good? Feed our hungry enemy, quench his thirst and seek his salvation?

How little we know the great struggle a false friend is making to be good; what appetites for greed and lust and ambition he is fighting against! If he asks for bread, shall we give him a stone? If he ask forgiveness, shall we pass by with a look of disdain? How contrary that would be to Christ's compassion for the multitude? Is it not well to review the goodness of our Lord often? Behold him where the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear and the dead are raised up! See him washing the feet of the disciples just before he is to wash the sins of the world away in his blood! Go thou and be like him in goodness; work among the lowest of the lost.

E. W. C.

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OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

Hope and Expectation

IN spite of all the troubles which the Old Year heaped upon us by way of parting salutation, there is a song in our hearts—the song of hope which "springs eternal" and which tells of the gifts the New Year brings to counterbalance the hard knocks dealt by his predecessor. And hope's uplifting strain keeps ever tuning up to a higher key. We know that He who overrules all things will not permit the burden to be heavier than can be borne, and we know, also, that he will carry the heavier end of it if we trust him.

Yes, the Old Year did deal out some pretty stiff knocks in those last days; but the New came in with both hands filled with gifts that made him doubly welcome. He swept aside the cold wave, and brought assurance of a speedy end of the coal famine, through energetic and sensible methods of transportation and distribution—an inspiration which was quickly caught by Director-General McAdoo and his co-workers in the Fuel Administration. What a simple thing it seemed to go straight to the heart of the problem, by using the Pennsylvania Tubes to carry coal for the relief of the frigid metropolis!

And the New Year brings many other blessings, some of them already here, others on the way. As the weeks pass, the sacrifices and privations we are loyally facing as a nation, for a great and high purpose, will continue until that purpose is accomplished; but we now have the satisfaction of knowing that no longer can the greedy and unscrupulous speculators, the grasping profiteers, or the rich and powerful combinations make shameful gains out of the necessities of the people by extortion, while the masses are not only aiding the government with their limited means, but are making the highest sacrifice by sending their dearest and bravest to fight its battles. The promise of thorough and efficient purging of the sin of profiteering is one of the most gracious gifts the New Year has brought.

In the old legend, the most precious of all gifts—Hope—lay at the very bottom of the casket. It is there, deep down in the budget brought in by 1918, and by-and-by it will be fully disclosed. Meanwhile, let us be patient, working and saving and striving in every way to aid the government in the great task in hand. All the nations are looking toward us today, the Allies with confidence that the United States will be a leading, if not the mightiest, factor in the final struggle to save the world for democracy. Let us keep the high and unselfish aim steadily in view, and seeking righteousness only, we shall find, at the close of this war, other things added unsought. We shall then discover that the divine principle of freedom and justice for all peoples, small and great, which has led us in every war in which this nation has ever engaged, is cherished in the hearts of men everywhere, and that in taking up arms to vindicate this principle we have rendered the world a service it cannot repay.

The Kind of Chaplains Needed

MANY persons have a somewhat hazy idea of the office and duties of an army chaplain. As many new chaplains are needed, it may be well to give a few plain, practical points concerning the office itself, and the kind of qualifications that are looked for in the incumbent who would fill it acceptably. In the first place, it is made clear by the Committee of the Federal Council of Churches, which represents all the denominational bodies, that the chaplaincy is not a political office, not a soft snap, not an easy salary nor a pension for life, and is no place for people who make failures in other types of ministry. It is a splendid type of men who are going into the chaplaincy—men of high scholastic training, who are making successes in the pastorate, and who have had experience in executive lines of religious work, some of them from the ranks and some holding commissions in present or previous army or navy service. Discussing a chaplain's qualifications, a well-informed writer says:

> A preacher might possess the tongue of an angel and be utterly unfitted for the post of chaplain. First among his qualifications, ninety-nine out of one hundred persons would declare, must be that of "a good mixer." And yet it is possible for a chaplain, old soldiers say, to overdo the "hail fellow well met" business. A chaplain doesn't make a hit by going out of his way on every occasion to be "one of the boys." Without a proper regard for the dignity of his sacred calling he soon loses his influence. What the soldiers want to be sure about is that their chaplain is a real man, without a yellow streak, square and fair, who not only practices what he preaches, but practices more than he preaches. His most valuable work is not done on Sunday, anyway.
>
> For one who would be an ideal chaplain we have in mind the pastor of a large church who has given up his vacation to work as a volunteer in a military training camp. He possesses tact, sympathy and a sense of humor. He has learned to "make allowances" for frailties of human nature, but never a compromise for sin. He has an abundant store of "the sanctifying grace of common sense." He is brave and thoughtful, but cheerful. We want no professional pessimists among our chaplains. With captains and lieutenants disabled, one can picture him taking command of a company through sheer force of character. His indignation against German atrociousness is of the pale white rather than the red hot variety. No peace-at-any-price person is at ease in his presence. A chaplain like him would be worth a regiment to our army. This is the type of man we need for chaplains. No officers should be selected with more care, for none will play a more vital part in the winning of the war.

There is little question that the men now entering the service will measure up well with the French and British chaplains in spiritual equipment, courage and devotion. Several of them had not thought of entering the chaplaincy until their denominational leaders sought them out, and told them that our sons, who were offering their bodies as the bulwarks of Christian democracy, deserve the very best ministry the Church can offer.

Why the Mails Have Been Late

AN explanation is due to many of our readers throughout the country as to recent delays in the delivery of the Christian Herald.

In making a heroic effort to relieve the coal famine situation, which has imposed great suffering upon hundreds of thousands throughout the country, the Government Fuel Administration found it necessary to take control of all available transportation facilities to bring the coal quickly to the centers of suffering. This necessitated radical measures, but it was such an emergency as has never been faced until now by our government during its whole history. All ordinary travel and transportation were minimized to the last degree possible, in order that the coal might be brought forward quickly. Ordinary business of every kind had to give way before this tremendous emergency. The mails, too, were included, and mail cars had to give way to coal cars. While the emergency lasted, publications of every kind were set aside. The Christian Herald, with a long list of other publications, was among those that had to give way in the face of this imperative situation.

This may be the reason why your paper has not reached you with the usual promptness. We ask your indulgence, knowing that you will fully appreciate the situation as we have explained it above. Please be patient, as every effort is being made to untangle the congestion, which is due to conditions wholly beyond our control.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Divorce in Old Age

WHEN nine grown children of a Texas couple had assembled to celebrate the golden wedding of their parents the father announced that he had selected the occasion as a fitting time to enter suit for divorce. Perhaps it was as fitting a time as any. Yet it is hard for the ordinary mind to realize that a couple who have lived together for fifty years might not, if they made decent effort, live on together for the little time that remains to them. After fifty years a man and wife ought to be accustomed to each other's shortcomings and angularities. The faults, the shadows, must have become as much a part of their life as have the sweet virtues, the sunshine. They have become molded to each other's ways, and if they cannot get along together contentedly in those ways they cannot get along contentedly at all.

Divorce sometimes has much of the nature of suicide. This is the case when the marriage relation has been maintained for many years. The man who grows discontented with the wife who has been his helpmeet so long is like the suicide who grows tired of himself. And in such a case divorce is a dissolution that is next to death. To effect the separation all the tendrils of each heart are sundered, as when a vine is torn loose from the thing to which it has grown. Incompatibility of temper is a genuine source of marital misery, but it is impossible to conceive of incompatibility developing after fifty years of married life. At that late day, the trouble is more likely due to the petulance of senility.

It is in old age that marriage is sweetest. In active life consolation is found in occupation and ambitions, but when age has palsied aspirations the sympathetic companion becomes the dearest thing this side of heaven.

If this old man in Texas had attempted to sacrifice his money instead of his wife, a guardian would have been promptly appointed. But money is one of the things we hold sacred in law. Marriage is different.

The Spirit of Service

"WHOSOEVER would be first among you shall be servant of all." This was the injunction of Jesus to his disciples, and it goes to the very root of Christian service. It is without any thought of reward or distinction that the United States, ever since the beginning of this war, has been the almoner of the suffering nations. It has sent material aid, in the form of vast stores of food and clothing, as promptly as ocean carriers could convey them, and funds without stint as quickly as the cables could transmit them, to all the fields of suffering. The results of this Good Samaritan work can never be computed in figures, but they are written upon the hearts of the nations we have helped. It has been a world-service in which the Christian Herald readers have borne a very noble and gracious part, and we feel sure that it has been a source of blessing to many who have responded to the call of suffering, even when it has involved self-denial and privation.

This spirit of generosity and helpfulness we regard as one of the finest characteristics of the American people. When Halifax was wrecked, American relief was rushed so promptly that the Canadians marveled. When the earthquake shattered Guatemala's capital, our naval and merchant vessels along the coast gave "first aid," and this was quickly followed by the rushing of food supplies from the Gulf ports, together with building material to provide shelter for the homeless thousands. Our sympathy goes out to the afflicted city, and we are thankful that Uncle Sam, wrestling as he is with many difficult problems, has been able, notwithstanding, to render effective service to the sorely stricken republic.

The Art of Being Happy

UNDOUBTEDLY a disposition conducive to happiness may be cultivated. One of its features is a determination to look always "on the bright side"; for one's attitude toward life is, to a far greater degree than is commonly recognized, a matter of will and habit.

This does not mean that we should shut our eyes to responsibilities, to risks, to dangers and to wrongs, but that we should be governed by our admirations rather than by our disgusts and led by our higher rather than by our lower nature.

Equanimity is another good trait almost equally effective of happiness. What, after all, are the trivial episodes of these brief days on earth, that a human soul should allow itself to be perturbed, vexed, dismayed, baffled and damned by them?

Again, it is possible to train the ability to find delights in little and generally unregarded things—in "the meanest flower that blows." Positive pleasures, as they are the more intense, are the less enduring. We are unwise to expect or want life to be as thrilling as a drama.

Prophecy Fifty Years Ago

From the Cleveland, O., Press

IN 1866, Rev. Michael Baxter, founder of the Christian Herald, published a book on the "Forty Future Wonders" predicted in Daniel and Revelation, and much of the Biblical prophecy is being fulfilled in our times. The "First Wonder," between 1906 and 1919, is set forth as one of European wars and revolutions. European convulsions extend the territory of France to the Rhine, and cause a "political earthquake so mighty and so great as was not since men were upon earth." (Revelation 16.) The "Second Wonder" is Revelation's "drying up of the Euphrates," or the Turco-Mohammedan empire, between 1917 and 1919. The "Third Wonder," 1917 to 1919, is the formation of the ten-kingdomed confederacy by division of all countries of Cæsar's original Roman empire—this resulting from a victorious war of France against Germany, or a revolution in Germany. (Daniel 2 to 8.) Jerusalem, according to Mr. Baxter's view, is to be restored and the temple rebuilt in 1922 to 1929. After the great wars and revolutions, 1925-1927, comes a black famine followed by widespread pestilence.

Rev. Mr. Baxter did not assume to prophesy, nor personally to fix dates. He was an ardent student of prophecy, and in his book gave the views of the foremost writers on the subject in his time. He died many years ago.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Gives Orphans $2,000,000

WHAT a splendid thing it is for a rich man to give money while he lives, to see and feel the good it does! John E. Andrus of Yonkers, New York, has just founded an orphan asylum at Yonkers in memory of his deceased wife, the value of the grounds and the endowment amounting to $2,000,000. This is to be followed by the gift of many more millions of dollars to other causes. There has been incorporated the Surdna (Andrus spelled backward) foundation, after the Rockefeller Foundation plan, through which he expects to give to charitable causes a portion of his fortune estimated at from forty to seventy millions. Mr. Andrus said he was carrying out plans which he and his dear wife had talked over together before she went away. Mr. Andrus said: "We always thought that little children and old people were equal subjects for our loving consideration. I have concluded, first, to erect and endow in the city of Yonkers on lands formerly owned by my wife an orphan home for little children, preference being given to those, if such there unfortunately be, of soldiers who have given their lives for us and for our country. The plan will differ somewhat from the usual scheme of a great orphan asylum. We will construct detached homes and place them in charge of trustworthy guardians who will take the places as nearly as they can of the absent parents. I intend to arrange the endowment so as to eliminate the possibility of canvassing for subscriptions to obtain the money to make up the usual annual deficit so conspicuous in other institutions of the kind." Mr. Andrus is a former Congressman and is also a prominent Methodist laymen. He is the son of a pioneer Methodist preacher, and often talks eloquently of that old-fashioned country parsonage with the beautiful honeysuckle over the door and the sweet home life within. In the foundation of the orphan asylum may he hear the words of the Master saying: "*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*" (*Matt. 25 : 40.*)

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Professor Emil Goldi Dead

DR. EMIL A. GOLDI, who died recently at Berne, Switzerland, began his useful career as the assistant of Professor Haeckel at Jena. He went to Brazil to take a place in the Museum of Rio de Janeiro. He founded and took charge of the museum at Para, Brazil, which was named after him the "Goldi Museum." He remained in Para from 1894 to 1908, when he went back to Switzerland, his native country, and became professor of zoology at the Cantonal University of Berne. With passionate love for the living creatures he studied, and patient investigation of them, in his devoted instructions of the young, and to give to the public the result of his researches, he listened to this instruction from above: "*Buy the truth, also wisdom, and instruction, and understanding.*" (*Prov. 23 : 23.*)

Utilizing Horse-Chestnuts

THE horse-chestnut is a tree of beautiful blossom and large leaves, and is popular as a shade tree. The large richly colored seeds it bears have been regarded as worthless for practical purposes, as playthings for children. But the exigencies of war have compelled scientists to look for elements of utility everywhere. The French chemists have found them in abundance in the seed of the horse-chestnut. From it can be taken materials for making glucose, starch, soap and alcohol, and ground up they make a food that is palatable and healthy for cattle and sheep. The ordinary chestnut has been utilized for centuries. It is used for food by many of the poor of Europe either raw or by boiling, baking, and grinding into a flour for bread. They had chestnuts among the Hebrews, for we have this mention of it: "*And Jacob took him rods of green poplar, and of the hazel and chestnut tree.*" (*Gen. 30 : 37.*)

Queen to American Women

QUEEN MARY of England sent a cablegram to the women of America the other day, through Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, the woman suffrage leader, which is as follows: "I received with much satisfaction and pleasure the friendly message you addressed to me from the Women's Committee of the Council of National Defense of America. Please convey to the sisterhood of your great country the warm thanks of the women of the British Empire for their inspiring words of encouragement and assurance. The horrors of war have taught us to know one another better, and they have strengthened the tie of kinship and mutual sympathy by uniting the women of the English-speaking races heart and soul in the struggle for liberty and civilization. Confident of the valuable help we women can give our gallant sailors and soldiers, I pray for God's richest blessing on our efforts."

What a beautiful exchange of human sympathy and encouragement is here manifested! The women bear the sons and have most to do in training them for lives of usefulness and honor. They suffer most when their husbands and boys and brothers are called to their country's service, but with many tears they give them in pride and in deepest loyalty to their country. No finer type of young manhood has ever gone to the nation's defense than ours, and the chief reason has been the virtue, patriotism and piety of our American women. A patriotic woman greatly stirred the enthusiasm of the Jewish nation in time of war. The women of England and America who exchanged sentiments of sympathy and cooperation will pray that this song of the Jewish women may be taken up by them before long: "*And Miriam took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.*" (*Ex. 15 : 20, 21.*)

Explorer Stefansson Back

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON, the arctic explorer, last heard from in a letter received in March, 1916, has arrived with his party at Herschel Island on his way to Fort Yukon, Alaska, according to word received by the Canadian Naval Department, under whose auspices he has made his journeys of exploration to the frozen North. The last expedition began in 1913. It was divided into a northern and a southern section. Stefansson, in charge of the northern section, made his last venture into the realms of perpetual night with the avowed purpose of discovering the "lost continent" supposed to lie to the northwest of the northernmost fringes of Canada somewhere in the Arctic Sea. Rear-Admiral Peary in finding the North Pole thought he had discovered a tip of this continent, which he called Crocker Land, but which was found by the McMillan expedition to be merely a mirage. On a previous expedition north and east of Herschel Island Stefansson had discovered the race of "blond Eskimos." His party started on the government steamer Karluk. Near Point Barrow the vessel was ice-bound and carried eastward to Thetis Island. Stefansson with a small party started out on foot for the mainland. In their absence the Karluk was crushed by the ice and sank, eight members of the party losing their lives in an attempt to reach Herschel Island. Nine men made their escape. Despite this disaster the explorer continued his work in the Far North, making arrangements to journey on foot over the ice to unknown parts of Beaufort Sea. After extensive explorations he returned to Prince Patrick Island in 1915, but with Kellet as his base he went on with his researches through 1916, being joined in May of that year by a party on the Polar Bear at Cape James Murray. In the message sent from Herschel Island Stefansson explained that changes in the route of return were made necessary by the grounding of the ship in the harbor of Barter Island. What splendid seamen the Scandinavians are! Why not, with the sea all about them? They found our continent some 600 years before Columbus discovered it. Stefansson was given up for lost by his best friends for a long time, and now on his return they will appreciate the feeling thus expressed in the parable: "*My son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.*" (*Luke 15 : 24.*)

Whittier's Barber

AFTER more than sixty years of continuous service as a barber at Amesbury, Mass., Samuel A. Feleh, aged eighty, has concluded to retire from business. Among the many men who patronized his shop during those sixty years was John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet. Mr. Feleh asserts that the introduction of the safety razor, "new fangled ideas" in the after-shave toilet, and the high cost of towels have taken the profits out of the business. He said: "I've cut off enough hair in my time to fill a good-sized barn, and I've used enough bay rum to float a battleship. I've stropped razors for 500,000, and I've got one of the original razors I had when I started at the age of seventeen." The veteran tonsorial artist might have added that he had talked enough to fill a library of books. For it was the style in olden times for the village barber, whose shop was the clearing-house for town gossip and all the news besides, to talk a steady stream while he lathered and shaved his customer. The barbers had their profession among the Hebrews. There is this reference to it: "*And thou, son of man, take thee a barber's razor, and cause it to pass upon thy head and upon thy beard; then take thee balances to weigh, and divide the hair.*" (*Ezek. 5 : 1.*)

Statues for Bee-hives

A LANDOWNER in Silesia, Germany, has a collection of statues representing Biblical and ecclesiastical characters which he prizes very much. Life-size figures of Moses, the twelve apostles and ancient dignitaries stand solemnly in a row. But the owner mixes business with his fine art, which the highest art critics say never should be done, and has fixed these figures as homes for the busy bees. There is this record of bees selecting a stranger kind of hive than the solemn figure of Moses or Paul: "*And he turned aside to see the carcass of the lion; and, behold, there was a swarm of bees and honey in the carcass of the lion.*" (*Judges 14 : 8.*)

"HOWARD CHASE"

By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

HOWARD CHASE, a young Congregational minister, single, receives a call from a church in Red Hill, a village of seven hundred people in Kansas. After consulting with his classmate and chum, Roy Lennox, he accepts the call and leaves with his sister Rose for his new field, where he is received by Mr. Burton, a deacon of his new church, and his daughter Agnes, and taken to the parsonage, and afterward introduced to the pastors of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist churches. The following Sunday he preaches his first sermon, and on Monday makes the acquaintance of Inez Clark, the movie-struck daughter of the village editor. He gets 500 "dodgers" printed to advertise an outdoor service for the next Sunday evening. But on the afternoon of that Sunday the town is struck by a Kansas cyclone.

CHAPTER III

IT was the morning after the big storm in Red Hill, and the Santa Fe Agent was standing out on the platform of the little station when the Expressman drove up.

"Some storm, no?" said the Agent, trying to appear indifferent. But the Expressman saw through it as he noted the Agent sweeping glass off the platform onto the right of way, and noted also the absence of all the windows on the west side of the agent's little ticket-office.

"Well, I should say! And have you heard about the church?"

"Mr. Chase's—" the Agent paused in his sweeping and looked interested. "You don't mean—I haven't been up town. Haven't been able to leave."

"Naw. The Methodist. The roof's down in the cellar, an' the organ is on top o' the pulpit. Total wreek. I just drove by it."

"Well, I should call that providential."

"Maybe," said the Expressman slowly. "But I don't believe the Methodists look at it that way. What's providential fer one party is somp'n else fer the other party."

"You bet. No. 12 is six hours late. That's providential for me, because I've got all this mess to clean up. But somehow I'm glad it wa'n't Mr. Chase's church."

"Same here," said the Expressman. "I didn't get to go to church last night. I don't guess nobody went. The corner of his platform got under the wind, and the hull business blew away. They wan't even a nail left. Just nothin' but standin' room only."

"It was some blow all right," said the Agent as he continued to shove the glass off the platform. "There hain't a wire standin' between here and Newton, and it'll take the gang all day to clear the driftwood out the bridge up there. The ereek rose ten feet in ten minutes. We hain't had such a breeze since '94."

THE people of Red Hill generally were greatly excited over the storm, which had assumed in spots the eharacter of a "twister."

Howard and Rose, Deacon Burton, Mrs. Burton, Agnes, Mrs. Wilson and little Miss Wilson and a group of church people were out in the Congregational churchyard, noting various freaks of the wind and excitedly exchanging experiences. Howard was looking over the limb-strewn yard and calling Deacon Burton's attention to the fact that one lone electric lamp was hanging unbroken from a corner of the chimney, swinging by a bit of cord about six inches long. That was all that was left of the wiring Howard had run all over the front yard. But with the exception of the platform's complete disappearanee, leaving, as the Expressman had said, "standing room only," the church had suffered no damage exeept the loss of a few window panes.

"I thought you said Kansas never had any eyclones, Deacon Burton," said Howard gravely as he and the deacon went into the church to look around. "What do you eall the thing we had last night?"

Deacon Burton hesitated. "Well, it came nearer being the real thing than Red Hill ever saw before, and I've been here ever sinee the Santa Fe eame through. We got off pretty well. Of course you've heard about the Methodists."

"Yes," said Howard; "I understand their building is a total wreck."

"Just about. Nothing left but the foundation, and that was visited in spots."

They came out of the church and joined the group outside.

"Nothing hurt here," said Deacon Burton eheerfully. "Only a few panes of glass gone and a little plaster wet. Not enough to mention."

"See here, Brother Chase, don't you think you'd better consult our people?"

"But our church is all gone, Mr. Burton," said Mrs. Wilson tearfully. "We are going over to look at it."

LITTLE Miss Wilson had slipped up to Howard and her moist little hand had gone into his.

"Then if our church is gone we can be Congregestionalists, can't we, mother?"

"You appear to be one now," said Mrs. Wilson. Deacon Burton hastily spoke up:

"Let's all go over. Maybe it's not so bad as they say."

The group moved out of the churchyard, Agnes Burton walking along by Miss Wilson, who hung close to Howard.

"It was a great disappointment to lose the service last night, wasn't it, Mr. Chase?" Agnes said. She was holding Miss Wilson's other hand as they walked along.

"Yes, yes." He was in one of his absent moods for a moment. Then suddenly he eame back again.

"Oh, I beg pardon, Miss Burton. The service? I was plotting—that's the word, isn't it?—on a great time last night. And it came, but not the way I expeeted. There was one while there just before the storm broke when I believe I was actually afraid."

"I didn't suppose you could ever be afraid of anything, Mr. Chase."

"Why not?"

"Because any man who could aceept a call to a little country-town church like ours when he might have a city church must be a brave man."

Howard Chase looked over the head of little Miss Wilson at Miss Burton in real astonishment.

"How do you know I could get a call to a city church?"

"Any one would know it after last Sunday."

Miss Burton spoke naturally and smiled as she spoke. But Howard Chase was looking straight ahead, and when he spoke it was with a grave note as if ignoring Miss Burton's statement and all it implied.

"I accepted the first call I had, Miss Burton. But I would have come West, anyway."

"Do you like the West, eyclones and all?"

"Yes—and all."

Then the girl asked another question, which astonished him more than anything she had yet said; and he realized afterward that he had not so far, until now, during this short walk, spoken more than twenty words to her seriously.

"Why should you come into this overchurched little town to break your heart over a problem that never can be solved."

"Break my heart!—" he had broken out over her statement, blurting out rudely the first thing that his astonished impulse impelled him to say, looking at her direetly, noting the rising eolor of her face, and for the first time the keen intellectual flash of her eye; but little Miss Wilson tugged at his hand, as he had stopped a seeond.

"Come, Mr. Chase. See! See! Where our church is gone!"

THEY had reached the Methodist churchyard, and a large group of people had gathered to look at the ruin; for ruin it was that greeted the newcomers.

By some fantastic freak of the mysterious wind the four walls of the building had been blown entirely away. Parts of them were found afterward miles away on the prairie, some of the windows intact. But the roof of the

church had turned completely over and then twisted around, and lay like a great funnel wedged in between the foundation walls. Parts of the organ lay scattered over the pulpit, one corner of which projected out from a section of the roof. Pieces of pews, chairs, rain-soaked hymn-books, and two sections of furnace pipe lay about the churchyard, while branches of trees and pieces of lumber and dishes from the church kitchen lay strewn over the entire wreckage.

The Rev. Alfred Noyes was there with his flock eyeing the mixture of his church with grave concern.

"A total loss," Howard heard say to Mrs. Wilson, who had gone up to express her sympathy.

Howard and Deacon Burton each said a word in his own way.

"After all, elder," said the deacon, "You ought to be thankful you and your people weren't in it last night. It was providential no one was hurt or killed."

"Well, of course I am thankful for that," said Brother Noyes. "But we had no insurance against cyclones and our loss will be heavy. It's a great blow to my people."

AND then Howard, acting on the impulse of the moment, thinking no farther than an honest thought for others, went up close to Noyes and said, "Brother Noyes, our people will be glad to have you use our church part of the time for services until—"

At that point he felt a pull on his coatsleeve, and Deacon Burton was nodding to him.

Brother Noyes had started to say, "Why, I appreciate that—" when a group of his parishioners came up excitedly to talk over the situation.

Deacon Burton drew his minister off to one side.

"Now, see here, Brother Chase, don't you think you'd better consult our people before you invite the Methodists into our church?"

Howard smiled at Deacon Burton one of those rare winsome smiles that made little children and rough grown-up men fall in love with him.

"All right, Brother Burton, we'll bring it up at the mid-week service."

"Oh, I think the church will invite them all right," Deacon Burton said quickly. "But it ought to be voted on. Of course we want to do the right thing."

The churchyard, that part of it not encumbered with the débris of the storm, had filled up with Red Hill population. Practically the entire Methodist membership was present. The Rev. Alfred Noyes was the center of a commiserating group. His people were walking over the ruins, pulling out pieces of lumber, the women seeking to save a few pieces of crockery from the wreckage of the kitchen, when one of the church officers, who had been working away at the pulpit, shouted to Brother Noyes to come over.

"Look here!" one cried excitedly. "Look! The Bible is lying here open. Not a leaf torn!"

The Rev. Alfred Noyes examined it. The leaves were rain-soaked, but uninjured otherwise. He glanced down the page that was open until his eye fell on this passage: "For the Lord shall comfort Zion; he will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody." (Isa. 51: 3.)

He read it aloud to the group. And lifting his head he looked around.

"It's a prophecy, a plain providential sign to us. We will rebuild the walls of Zion and enlarge our borders. The people will rally to us in our distress. The Mission Board will help us with a loan. Let us not despair, my friends. Let us rally together around our beloved church and rebuild."

Mrs. Wilson, who had been crying, turned to one of the other women.

"Now, isn't that wonderful? Talk about miracles! We can go ahead and build again. Remember how we worked over this building? We can put up a better one."

"I believe we can," said the other woman. "The Lord seems to be with us. After all, maybe this storm was providential."

HOWARD walked along to the main business street with Deacon Burton, who had been due at his store for an hour.

"What do you call providential?" asked the deacon, glancing at the young minister as they went along.

Howard grinned as he returned the deacon's look. He was fast coming to have more than a liking for his senior deacon; it was growing into a feeling of real affection, mingled with respect for his shrewd mental quickness.

"The word 'providential' depends on the point of view, whether you're looking up or down."

"If the Methodists rebuild," said the deacon slowly, "it will be a mistake, not a providence, as I see it. Years ago we made a proposition to them that we combine our forces, and if it hadn't been for one or two people higher up I think we would have put it through. And I couldn't help feeling (might as well confess), when I heard the storm ruined their building, that maybe now we could get together. But it doesn't look like it. Brother Noyes is great on the Bible. If he works that sentence on the people at the Mission Board he will get the thing going again, and this town is too small for four churches. We can't afford to support all of 'em."

"Why, you don't help support any but our own, do you?"

Deacon Burton stopped in the middle of the sidewalk, and looked at Howard gravely.

"How do you suppose four churches can live in a town of seven hundred and fifty people? If the Methodists rebuild the walls of Zion, every merchant in Red Hill will be expected to contribute. For the last fifteen years I have been giving my quota to all the churches here. If it isn't in one shape it's in another. If it isn't a regular hold-up subscription, it's a fair, or a sale, or a clean-up of some sort."

"I didn't know it was as bad as that."

"Or you wouldn't have come, maybe?"

"I don't say that. We have as much right here as the other, haven't we?"

"Sure. But we've got churches to burn and blow away. Only it looks like they won't stay blowed."

The deacon delivered himself of this with a grimace and a shrug as he came to his store, and Howard left him there.

"I think, now I'm here, I'll step over and see Deacon Allen about letting the Methodists use the church. We've got to be decent even if we're not good Christians."

"All right," Deacon Burton grimed. "I don't know how Brother Allen will stand."

HOWARD crossed the street, and Deacon Burton watched him go into Deacon Allen's place of business.

He was there about ten minutes. When he came out he started to cross the street and go into Deacon Burton's, but paused, seemed to change his mind, and started back to the parsonage.

As he turned the corner going west from the main street he met Inez Clark.

He was going by with a bow and a "good morning, Miss Clark," but Inez stopped almost in front of him and said, "Father wanted me to say if I saw you that seeing as how the storm spoiled the outdoor meeting last night he would strike off five hundred more dodgers for nothing if you wanted them for next Sunday."

"I appreciate that. Please tell your father so. But I don't know yet about the evening service. We may have a union meeting with the Methodists."

"Oh, I hope not!" Inez exclaimed. "Why should they spoil our plans?"

Howard did not say anything, only looked at the girl gravely.

"I don't like the Methodists," Inez said with blunt emphasis. Howard felt and looked amused. But he started on, simply saying, "Thank your father for his offer. If we have our service I'll bring the copy over in time."

She did not say anything in answer, but as he turned the next corner to go up to the parsonage he glanced back and saw Inez still standing where they had met. She was not looking in his direction, but she was standing perfectly still.

Howard went on to the parsonage and into his little study. As he sat down to his desk he struck it a blow with a hard fist. Then he put his elbows on the desk and stared, open-eyed and grave, at a picture on top of the desk and in the middle of it.

It was a picture Roy Lennox had given him after a trip abroad.

IT was a picture of Christ in the desert. On a brightly illuminated high tableland in the background marched a procession of kings, emperors, warriors, the high and mighty and strong of the earth, and behind them a gloriously appareled group of artists, musicians, scholars and scientists. Then followed a group of laughing girls, and in the center, drawing all others to her, was an alluring figure, representing Woman, in all her blending of mysterious good and evil, holding out a jeweled hand, beckoning the one who looked at her to come and walk with her.

The artist had so arranged this line of figures in the world procession that this woman focused all attention on herself at first.

But as one looked closer at the picture he saw, crowding up around Jesus, beseeching faces and pitiful outstretched hands, the hands of disease and want and the faces of sin and despair. The whole world for all time to come was there, clinging to his garments, stretching out agonizing arms like drowning people; and one fair woman, oh, so wondrous fair, was kissing the Master's feet, her streaming hair covered with dust and the trace of a hideous human foot on her neck.

Christ himself in this picture, at which Howard was now looking, was gazing neither at the world-greatness and allurement on the tableland, nor at the world sorrow below; but his face was lifted above a dark circle toward an opening in a cloud, out of which one line of light fell straight down until it rested on the face of the woman who lay at Jesus' feet. And the effect of the picture was finally to leave the spectator doing what the artist had planned—leaving him with his gaze absolutely on the face of Christ, obliterating all other figures, even those of the alluring woman above and the sinful woman below.

HOWARD could hear his sister in the dining-room at work on something. He sat at his desk a few minutes, then he went over and quietly closed the door, stood a moment in the middle of the room, and then suddenly kneeled at his chair and flung his head upon his hands with a muffled cry.

But in a moment he was on his feet again, and going out into the other room began to tell his sister about his plans for the coming Sunday.

"I asked Brother Noyes to use our church for services. Deacon Burton objected and said I ought to consult our members."

"I should think so. Howard, you will get into trouble. You are not a pope here."

"I'd like to be for a while. Do 'em good. Some one has got to lead."

"Or drive," said Rose, who admired her brother immensely, but had great common sense and was not afraid of using it for his benefit. "People don't like to be driven, Howard. Coax 'em."

"But how about those who can't be coaxed?"

"People who can't be coaxed are the kind that can't be driven."

"Well, I tell you, sister, first the minister has to go in front and pull, and then he has to go behind and shove."

"The Good Shepherd is generally in front," said Rose quietly.

"Well, I guess you're right, sister. But I got in front of Deacon Allen this morning, and for a while I was afraid he was going to run over me. But he finally came along like—like a little lamb, to use the figure we started with."

"What did you do? I'm a little afraid of Deacon Allen. But isn't Deacon Burton lovely? And Agnes?"

Continued on page 76

The Joys of Bran

Good Cheer—New Vim—Fitness

Please find out why so many authorities are urging the use of bran.

You can learn the results in a week. And you'll never return to branless diet after that, we think.

Bran is Nature's laxative. It supplies the needed roughage. People who omit it find that fine foods clog. And most folks take laxative drugs.

Now a Luxury

Bran is now made a luxury food by hiding the bran in wheat flakes. That is what we do in Pettijohn's. And we do it by doctors' advice.

We use bran flakes—not ground bran—to make the bran doubly efficient. And we hide them in a delicious morning cereal.

No breakfast dish was ever more inviting. Yet every dish is one-fourth bran in its most effective form.

Let it prove itself.

Serve it daily for a week and watch its good effects. It will better your breakfasts and better your days.

Pettijohn's is saving millions of dull days. With countless people it is ending the need for drugs. Every day it is bringing a wealth of good cheer.

When you try a week of Pettijohn's you will want every week like that.

Order a package now.

Pettijohn's

A Cereal Dainty—25% Bran

A breakfast dainty whose flavory flakes hide 25 per cent unground bran.

Pett-john's Flour—75 per cent fine patent flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe.

Both sold in packages only.

EARTHQUAKE AND WAR

Already shaken by the tread of marching feet and the recoil of guns, the old earth has added a few shocks on its own account; but it was the peaceful Guatemalans who suffered.

French soldiers arriving on Italian front in auto truc[illegible] went also by train and o[illegible]
© Ka[illegible]

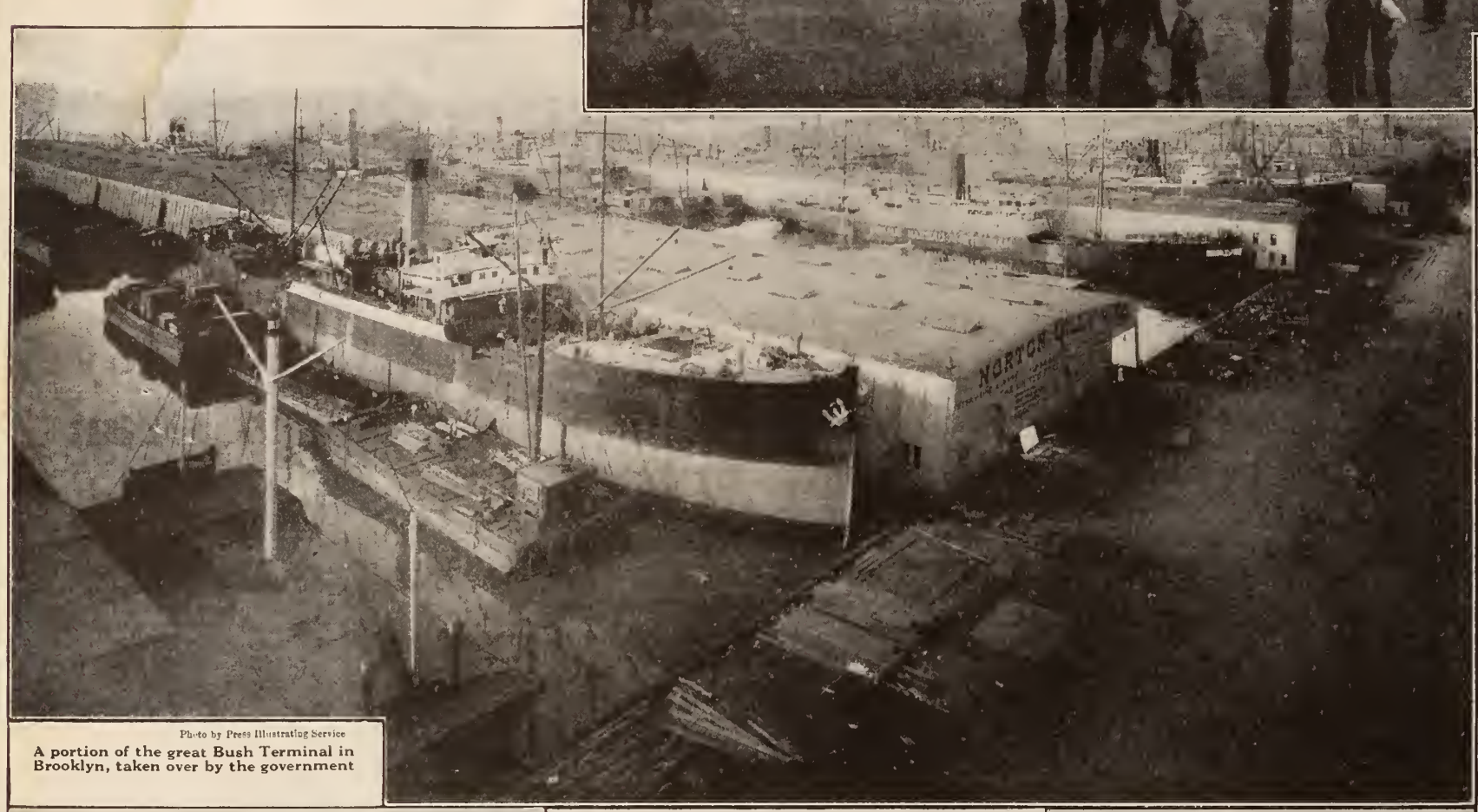

Photo by Press Illustrating Service

A portion of the great Bush Terminal in Brooklyn, taken over by the government

© U[illegible]

Mrs. N. De[illegible] sent to Sw[illegible] country to [illegible] man peopl[illegible] trals, a be[illegible] ing of Am[illegible]

General [illegible] commande[illegible]

In shattered Guatemala City. At the left, the American Embassy, at the right the Colon Theater. See page 64

Photos International Film Service

Men of the new National Army, civilians four months ago, passing in review at Camp Meade, Maryland
© Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

German U-boat brought to the surface by a depth charge fired by the American torpedo boat Fanning, after a lookout had caught a fleeting glimpse of a periscope. The U-boat was taken in tow but soon sank. Her crew were saved and taken prisoners. The torpedo boat Nicholson also participated in the action
© Committee on Public Information

A street scene in Buenos Aires, shortly after the publication of Count von Luxburg's "spurlos versenkt" message. They didn't like it
Photo by Central News Service

How the Pullman Company Handles the Peak Load —

WERE every one of the one hundred and thirty-seven railroads served by the Pullman Company to attempt to furnish the same service for itself, the burden of expense would be found insupportable.

Each road would have a heavy investment in extra cars which would be idle perhaps eleven months in the year; and it would be forced at certain times to man all these cars with green crews—to the great discomfort, inconvenience and anxiety of the public.

The Pullman Company mobilizes its seventy-four hundred cars—each as perfectly appointed in its way as a modern hotel—with the keenest strategy. It knows at every hour of the day the location of each one of them; it notes the least threat of congestion here, or shortage there, and is on the alert to supply maximum service wherever needed.

Pullman service meets a national problem; it gives to our passenger traffic facilities a stability and a mobility otherwise almost impossible.

THE PULLMAN COMPANY
Chicago

Howard Chase

Continued from page 73

"Yes, I think the deacon is great. But Deacon Allen—well, he's the great objector, I find. He's good—oh, he's good, but he's awful good. He'll want his heavenly crown sent up on approval, and have it taken in at the bottom or the pearls reset. But I think I understand him pretty well. I finally got his consent on conditions."

"Consent to what? You haven't told me."

"Why, consent to invite the Methodists to use our church a part of the time for their services. When I looked at their ruin this morning it didn't seem to me anything less than common decency to offer it."

"But it will spoil your plans for services, won't it, if you——"

"Yes, of course it will. But I'll have to work all the harder in between Sundays. A minister's main work is done during the week."

"Maybe the other churches will offer the use of their buildings part of the time. It seems too bad to give up your plans for the Sunday evening."

"Perhaps we can unite in some way. But I am hungry to preach. I don't want to listen to Brother Noyes. I want to preach myself."

"And you ought to, Howard. I don't believe you realize what a gift you have that way. A week ago Sunday, the first Sunday, I saw people listening to your sermon who I am sure don't generally care for sermons. There was one girl in the chorus, that Inez Clark, who seemed to be just completely absorbed in what you were saying. She isn't the kind of a girl, I am sure, that usually cares for preaching. She is a pretty girl, but it's a magazine kind, and, by the way, Agnes Burton dropped a word this morning about her that interested me. She said Inez Clark was going crazy over the moving picture shows, and wondered if we could do anything to get her interested in anything else."

HOWARD had been moving over toward his study door. He stopped with his back to his sister.

"What did Miss Burton say?"

"Why, she said the girl was going to the show every night and was in danger of several things. She said she was a romantic, highly imaginative thing, had been all through her high school course, and she feels deeply interested in her."

"I don't see what—" Howard began. Then, after a pause—"I'll talk with Miss Burton about it."

He went into his study leaving his door open, sat down to his desk, and began to plan out his program for the week. He had been at work about an hour when his sister came in.

"I'm going over to the church, Howard, to rehearse with Miss Burton. You know I am to sing a solo next Sunday, and she is going to play for me. I haven't sung in a long time. But I—I—want to do all I can to help you. It's the only way I can keep from——"

"Dear girl!" said Howard, "I know. You're the bravest woman I know." The tear was in his eye as he kissed her.

She went out and he resumed his work.

Then he found he had left his hymn-book over in the church, and he needed it to make some selections.

He went out, crossed the yard, and went in. The door and windows were open, and Rose and Miss Burton were up on the platform. Rose was singing "My Redeemer," by Dudley Buck, and her voice sounded sweet to Howard. It was not strong, nor specially good in any technical way, but she sang with feeling, and while he knew nothing of music and could not sing a note himself, he did know enough about it to detect the difference between what was decently good and atrociously bad.

To be continued

A FREE WAR COOK-BOOK

For Every Woman Who Reads the CHRISTIAN HERALD

THE food that America saves will go far toward winning the war. This is a task that rests on the women of America. They control the consumption of nine-tenths of our food.

The War Cook-Book for American Women, compiled from official sources by Frederic J. Haskin and issued by the United States Food Administration at Washington, is ready for distribution.

The War Cook-Book will be sent free to readers of the Christian Herald, upon request, through the Christian Herald Information Bureau at Washington, D. C.

The War Cook-Book is a digest of the Hoover doctrine of saving by proper selection and the elimination of waste. The economy it teaches is primarily a war economy. It tells how to save the foods that the armies must have if the fight shall be won, and it tells what foods to use in their place and how to prepare them.

It contains the suggestions and the requests of the Food Administration, condensed into a few clear paragraphs. Of particular interest and value to the reader is the handy table of "Food Elements" which shows almost at a glance how to plan a properly balanced meal and select a balanced diet.

The thirty pages of this free book are filled with new recipes, original formulas, and suggestions showing every woman how to do her share in the great American campaign to put the Golden Rule above the Iron Law.

Send for your copy today. Fill in your name and address on the attached coupon and mail with a 2-cent stamp enclosed for return postage to the Christian Herald Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

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Frederic J. Haskin, Director,
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Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp. Please send me, entirely free, the War Cook Book for American Women.

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BOYS *will* run in the rain and slide through the slush. Give them Smith Brothers' to ward off coughs and colds. S. B. Cough Drops are pure. No drugs. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach.

SMITH BROTHERS of Poughkeepsie

The Too-Absorbing Vision

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"THAT chap," said the Business Man to me, "has the expression of a dreamer."

"Is that anything against him?" I questioned, rather flippantly. "And which chap do you mean?" For our subway car was crowded.

"I mean the fellow over in the corner," the Business Man told me; "the one with the pointed nose and the strange, intense eyes. The one in the black hat and coat."

I followed his gaze and looked at the man in the black hat and coat—looked at him with interest. He was a big man, with a strangely detached expression. One thought when one looked at him first that his eyes were rather too close together, but after a moment it became apparent that it was only the expression that made them look so.

"An interesting face," I said.

"A dreamer's face!" corrected the Business Man none too gently. He accented the word "dreamer."

I myself have always rather fancied dreamers. I have many times built my castles in Spain out of thin air and rose-tinted soap-bubbles. I have seen them vanish and have built them, lovingly, all over again.

"I don't," I said to the Business Man, "understand why you speak in that tone of voice!"

The Business Man smoothed his expensive tie with an expensively gloved hand. He was a bit complacent.

"Dreamers," he remarked in a large manner, "never get anywhere!"

Hotly I resented the remark.

"Some folk," I said, "who aren't dreamers don't get anywhere either!"

"Quite so," agreed the Business Man. "Quite so!"

There was a silence between us for a moment. It was the Business Man who broke it.

"You see," he said, "it's this way. A dreamer fixes his eyes on something directly in front of him, and he stares at it (get the expression on that chap's face!), and he stares at it, and he stares at it until it absorbs him. And pretty soon he's forgotten that there's anything but the something directly in front of him."

I spoke again in defense of the dreamer.

"Isn't his concentration worth while?" I questioned.

The Business Man smiled—smiled as one smiles who has come out far ahead in an argument.

"It would be," he told me, "*if the whole world didn't lie on the other side of his vision!*"

The man in the black coat and hat rose from his seat. Still absorbed in his dream he walked down the aisle of the car. His gaze was far ahead and he did not see the three pairs of feet that he stumbled over. He jostled against an old lady, not rudely, but thoughtlessly. At the door he paused to question the guard.

"Is this Times Square?" he asked.

"Times Square," the guard told him, "is two stations back."

With a vaguely annoyed look the dreamer hurried out. I turned to the Business Man.

"Do you think," I questioned, changing the subject, "that we'll have much more snow?"

But that night, when I reached home and was alone in the quiet of my room, I began to think again of the dreamer in the subway, and, strangely enough, a sentence from my conversation with the Business Man came back to me. "His concentration," had said the Business Man bluntly, "would be all right if the whole world didn't lie on the other side of his vision!"

DREAMING *is* all right! I wouldn't much admire the man or woman who had never dreamed a dream or built a castle in Spain. Dreaming is one of the intensely human things that keep people close together. But dreaming, like anything else—no matter how worth while it is—may be carried too far.

I ONCE knew a little girl whose mother wanted to give her some medicine for a sore throat. It was pleasant medicine, made of honey and white pine and a bit of lemon.

"Take it, dear," I heard the mother say. "It will be good for you!"

The little girl took the medicine, and she liked it very much indeed, for it was sweet medicine. And so, later in the day, she made various excursions to the medicine bottle.

It was a large bottle of medicine. But the little girl, having been told that it would be good for her, had no qualms about consuming it. And she was very much surprised when she was taken suddenly and violently ill.

"What," she sobbed, "is the matter with me? I feel awful sick."

Her mother gave one look at the bottle of medicine and another at her small daughter's distorted face.

"Where," she questioned, "has that medicine gone?"

"You said," the little girl, still sobbing, told her accusingly, "that it was good for me. So I drank it. But it wasn't!"

A doctor was called rather hurriedly. He laughed after the manner of doctors.

"There's nothing in the world to really do her harm in that medicine," he said; "it's only the sweet that's making her sick. She'll be quite all right in a day or two!"

She *was* quite all right the next morning. But she went around in a chastened manner, for she had learned a lesson. She had learned that a little of something may be good for one, while a great deal of the same thing may do an infinite amount of harm.

AND that same lesson applies to the folks who are dreamers. A certain amount of dreaming is the butter that makes the bread of life pleasant to eat, and the salt that seasons the existence of every day, and keeps it from being flat.

But the person who dreams at all times and in all places—the person who spends his whole time dreaming—is, as the Business Man said, not likely to get anywhere. For he cannot see beyond the vision that his dream has built, or through the illusion that his fancy has painted.

Friends of mine, it isn't hard to strike a happy medium. Don't allow dreams to be swept from your life—that would be a terrible thing to do; don't take away the rose-colored glasses that color your world with light and beauty; don't allow yourself to be so busy that you can't see romance and poetry in the everyday. But—keep your vision small enough and detached enough, so that it will serve as the frame on the picture beyond it—the picture that is a great world full of great people who are doing great deeds.

Four-and-Twenty Sparrows Baked in a Pie

JACOB RIIS describes in one of his delightful essays how the good old housekeeper in his Danish home used to climb to the eaves to rob the sparrows' nests for a delectable pie. Now Mr. James Hunt of Philadelphia, who is crusading against the English sparrow, advocates the pie as the true destiny of the sparrow. He furnished the sparrows for such a pie opened in Washington recently at a luncheon served by the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The guests declared that the pie was good, and the flavor of the sparrow was superior to chicken and equal to partridge. Washington boys found this out long ago in their secret sparrow roasts, where dozens of these tidbits were spitted on wires before the blaze and devoured by these food pirates.

Cleaning a sparrow is a simple matter of cutting the breast away from all other parts and skinning. Special traps are used for catching sparrows. These are set near favorite rookeries and dozens of sparrows are caught at a time.

One of America's Wonders

Bubbles of Wheat and Rice

At the Panama-Pacific Exposition we exhibited Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

There came Japanese, and saw their rice grains puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size.

There came men from Russia and from India—homes of wheat. And they saw gigantic wheat grains, steam-exploded, thin and airy, yet still shaped as they grew.

And those men by the thousands went back to their homes to tell of these American wonders.

To you they seem commonplace, perhaps.

But inside each grain our process creates a hundred million steam explosions. Every food cell is blasted for easy digestion. The grains are shot from guns.

Prof. A. P. Anderson spent years on the process—to make whole grains wholly digestible. The result is the greatest foods ever made from these grains. Also the most delightful.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**
and Corn Puffs
Each 15c Except in Far West

Don't Treat Like Confections

These are ideal foods, in which every granule is fitted to feed. The Wheat and the Rice are whole-grain foods, of which children get too little. They are immeasurably better than whole-grain foods cooked in usual ways.

They are enticing—thin, crisp, flaky, with a taste like toasted nuts. They are widely used in candy making.

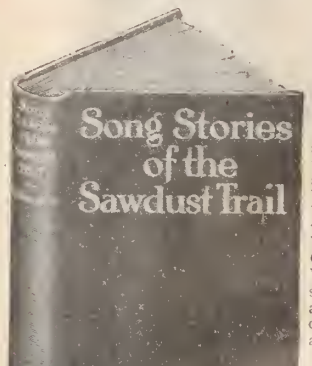
But, despite their attractions, they are wondrous foods. Make them your breakfast cereal. Mix them with your fruits. Float them in bowls of milk. Salt like peanuts, or douse with melted butter, for children after school. Every serving means clear nutrition in a fascinating form.

(1739)

CHRISTIAN HERALD BOOKS

SONG STORIES OF THE SAWDUST TRAIL

By HOMER RODEHEAVER
Billy Sunday's Tabernacle Choir Leader



YOU can sing the songs, for Rody's book gives them all in full, words and music, ready for the piano or organ.

Homer Rodeheaver, who, as everybody knows, is Billy Sunday's choir leader, and who has a wonderful gift like that of Sankey, has written a book with the attractive title "Song Stories of the Sawdust Trail."

"Rody" in his book tells the story of his most famous songs—of which the words and music are familiar to hundreds of thousands of Americans who have listened with eagerness and delight to his singing and who have joined in the choruses. And each song has an individual history of its own. He tells how a humble, homekeeping woman, striving to "do something" for God, made herself and multitudes of others happy by writing the four simple, touching verses which the world knows as "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," and which radiate the finest kind of practical Christian teaching. He relates how another song, "My Father Watches Over Me," sung at a mission service, called a poor, sin-sick criminal and wanderer back to Christ and happiness. "Molly and the Baby," another of Rody's favorites, won a poor struggling drunkard back from his cups, and his evil associates, to his wife and family, and tells how all his former happiness was restored.

We will send a copy of "Song Stories of the Sawdust Trail," postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year, for **$2.40**

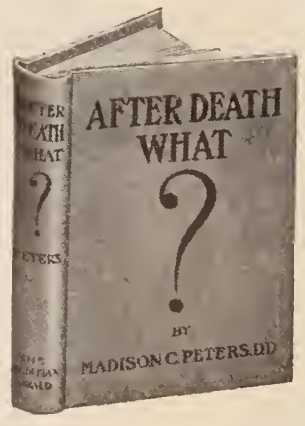
Or, we will send a copy to present subscribers as a reward for sending us one new yearly subscription to the Christian Herald with **$2.00**

AFTER DEATH, WHAT?

By REV. MADISON C. PETERS

WHEN the late Dr. Klopsch published "After Death, What?" some years ago, the book was received with tremendous enthusiasm and the editions published by him were soon exhausted. Successive editions were not published, yet the demand through the intervening years has been large. For this reason we have thought it wise to bring out an entirely new edition of this wonderful book.

It is impossible to give more than the briefest glimpses of the rich character of the contents of this attractive volume. Among the subjects discussed are: "Does Death End All?" "Light After Darkness," "The Soul between Death and the Resurrection," "Heavenly Reunions," "The Joy and Comfort of Faith in Immortality," "Occupations in Heaven," "Our Children in Heaven," and many others, including poems of comfort and master minds on the life beyond. In addition to the above masterpieces of thought and literature, it contains a vast collection of golden gems from the greatest historians, philosophers, preachers and poets of all ages and nationalities on other phases of the future life.



We will send a copy of "After Death, What?" postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year, for **$2.35**

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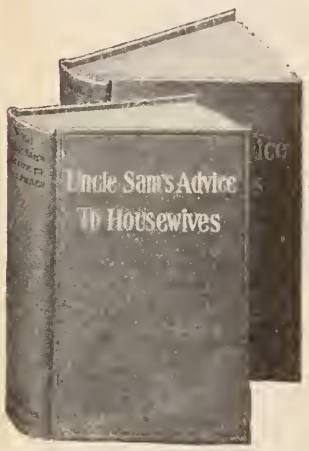
UNCLE SAM'S ADVICE TO HOUSEWIVES

TWO SPLENDID VOLUMES



FOR many years the United States Government has been employing experts to study the most economical methods of preparing foods with a view to telling the housewives all over the country how to get better and tastier food for less money.

The result of these investigations has been printed in pamphlets issued by the Government. But no general collection has ever been made until this one, which has the approval of the United States Department of Agriculture and of Herbert Hoover's Food Administration.

MORE THAN A COOK BOOK

- Lessons on Food Conservation
- Fresh Fruits and Other Staple Foods
- The Home Vegetable Garden
- Drying Fruits and Vegetables
- Home Storage of Vegetables and Eggs
- Economical Use of Meat in the Home
- Bread and Bread Making in the Home
- Home-made Fireless Cookers and Their Use
- Food for Young Children
- What the Body Needs
- Care of Food in the Home
- Home Canning of Fruits and Vegetables
- Preservation of Vegetables
- Preservation of Vegetables for the Table
- Corn Meal as a Food
- Cheese and Its Economical Use in the Diet
- School Lunches

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CAP'N ABE, STOREKEEPER

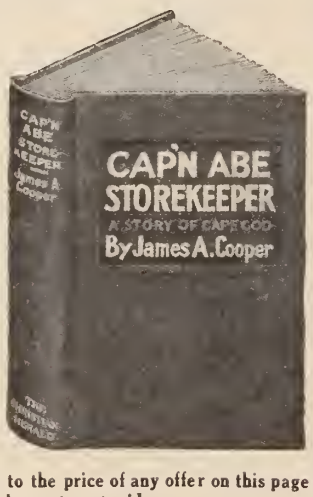
A CAPE COD STORY

By JAMES A. COOPER

DO you like to read about doings on Cape Cod, among the quaint characters who inhabit that locality? Would you like to read of what happened to a high-bred city girl when she suddenly landed down there to take up her living with a relative she had never seen? Would you like to read how loquacious Cap'n Abe, the storekeeper, who could tell more marvelous yarns than any other man on the Cape, suddenly disappeared, and of how his brother from "furrin parts" appeared to take his place?

Would you like to read about a most perplexing mystery that came near being turned into a tragedy, and of how a man who was a rank coward at heart forced himself to play the part of a hero? In this volume, humor and pathos are well mixed. Many of the doings along the Cape shore are taken from life. Tender love scenes are not lacking; and there is high excitement when a great storm wrecks a vessel off the coast and it looks as if some of the loved ones might be drowned.

To meet Cap'n Abe, is *never to forget him.*



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SPECIAL BIBLE PICTURE STUDY OFFER—Add 10 cents to the price of any offer on this page and a complete Outfit for the National Bible Picture Study will be sent postpaid.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York

Jesus Forgiving Sin

International Sunday School Lesson for January 27

Mark 2 : 1-12

Meeting Man's Deepest Needs

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph. D.

IN our first chapter Mark pictured graphically Christ's speedy rise to full tide of popularity in Galilee. In a few weeks his fame had spread until he was compelled to go from place to place because of the multitudes. Our second chapter opens with Jesus in Capernaum again, "at home," probably in Peter's house, although some believe he had a house of his own (see Matt. 4 : 13). At once "many were gathered together," crowding the room, the vestibule and the little courtyard, to listen to his teaching. Then comes the touching incident of the paralytic borne of four, the removing of the tiles of the roof, the letting down of the sufferer to the very feet of Jesus. Looking earnestly into the face of the palsied man Jesus saw that which caused him to say, "Child, be of good courage; thy sins are forgiven."

Those Stretcher-Bearers

If you are teaching a class be sure to begin the lesson with the four friends. All boys and girls are interested in first aid and the Boy Scouts are keen on "making a stretcher." These men furnish an example of unselfish ministry. In bringing some one else to Jesus they reached his presence themselves with the highest recommendation in his sight. We may be sure that they did not fail to go away with their own peculiar blessing. But how true it is that just to have rendered so great a service to another is reward enough! Thousands of heroic men have gone out into No Man's Land under fire to bring in the wounded. Many of them have testified to the satisfaction and joy of succeeding in the task.

The four friends leave us not only an example of service but a lesson in cooperation as well. So often it takes real team-work to succeed in well-doing. That is where the Church is ofttimes weakest. We could bring thousands more into vital contact with Christ by exercising a bit more team-work between minister, superintendent, teacher and classmates. In your school are these four cooperating to bring every unconverted soul to loyal allegiance and Kingdom service?

Service, cooperation and persistency! How those stretcher-bearers stuck to their task! I can imagine them persuading the man to let them try, and I can imagine him reluctant because of a sense of sin that made him dread the pure eyes of Jesus. I like to think of them steadily plodding through the streets and then begging, pushing, striving to get through the crowd. Unable to pass, they confer together, and one suggests the roof. No sooner said than done, or at least worth trying. It is no small job to get a helpless cripple up on the roof of even a one-story adobe house. Then to think of their daring in taking up tiles and swinging their friend down through the hole. Surely this story will hold the attention of the most restless class of boys. One lad interrupted this tale to ask if the scribes were not angry because the dust and stones might have fallen upon their heads. His teacher ventured to respond that there were some people who would actually fuss over things like that when there were souls to be saved and paralytics to be cured.

A Soul Brought to Christ

Jesus looked upon the man's soul rather than his body. There must have been spiritual longing in that face, hunger and thirst after righteousness beyond the mere desire for bodily strength. Doubtless his friends had thought entirely of his bodily needs. But Jesus knows what are the greatest gifts. He calls the sinner "child," with utter kindness in his voice. He bids him "be of good courage" with regard to his standing in the sight of God. He assures him of pardon: "Thy sins are forgiven." New hope, new interest in life and its possibilities, are awakened in the sick man. Already he is on the way to wonderful things. His cure has begun, though he thinks not of his helpless limbs at all. Jesus has paved the way for "Arise, take up thy bed."

All around us are souls that we might bring to the Healer of souls. People who though we know it not are just as much in need of sympathy as this man, just as pathetically eager to hear the words "Be of good cheer." Ian Maclaren said at the close of his fruitful ministry that if he had his life to live over again he would devote it more completely to comforting and encouraging the struggling men and women who are all around us wherever we may be.

Blocking the Way to Jesus

It seems too bad that these men had to go to so great trouble to fight their way to the presence of the Master. The hearers in the house and the merely curious persons on steps and in the courtyard were selfishly keeping the needy from their mighty Helper. By just selfishly crowding around they were actually blocking the way to Jesus. It reminds me of a time in the city of Brooklyn when Gipsy Smith, the great and winsome evangelist, was preaching, and the meetings were so thronged with church-members that the unsaved could not so much as get into the house! A count of hands showed practically all present were earnest believers, who had come out of curiosity or with the best of intentions to help. They had to be asked to stay away and let the unconverted in.

But more often it is sadly true that the path to Christ is blocked by thoughtless lives and empty professions. The greatest single hindrance to the progress of the Church has been declared by leading evangelists to be the lack of spiritual life in professing Christians. Is it not true that there are people who clutter up the pews every Sunday who actually do nothing to bring others within hearing of the Gospel? Only the other day I heard of a man whose pew was occupied by a stranger and he actually requested the newcomer to get out of his seat! The stranger got out—clear out through the back door. In spite of the minister's cordial invitations to return, the outsider said, "Never again."

That is an extreme sample, but how numerous are the little incidents wherein the characters of professing Christians repel instead of attract! The world is apt to forget the thousands of earnest, loving, unselfish disciples when confronted with one or two who are unworthy.

The Forgiveness of Sins

One of the mightiest utterances in the Apostles' Creed is "I believe . . . in the forgiveness of sins." However, there are those who do not seem to understand all that such a belief implies. Jesus practically always links up the divine forgiveness with our forgiveness of one another. You know how it is in the Lord's Prayer, we practically promise to forgive those that sin against us, because of the consciousness of God's forgiving love shown to us. Indeed, Jesus once said that if we forgive not men their trespasses, neither will our Heavenly Father forgive us. The unforgiving man shuts himself out of the Kingdom of Heaven. Now we can best understand Jesus' attitude in our present lesson by noting that one of the great shortcomings of those scribes and Pharisees lay in just that censorious and unforgiving spirit. It was part of their pious pretense to say that only God could forgive, using what was in a sense true to cover their lack of love. Jesus tells them that the Son of Man hath authority on earth to forgive sins. He vindicates this claim in their

sight by bidding the man to rise and walk.

The deeper teaching lies here, that Jesus calls himself the Son of Man whenever he would identify himself with man. Every Christian has the power to reassure the penitent soul of God's pardon. To forgive those who have offended against us is only a foretaste of our supreme ministry to mediate the forgiveness of the Father against whom they have really sinned in all wrong-doing. "We beseech you on behalf of Christ, be ye reconciled to God." No unloving soul can "exercise the ministry of reconciliation."

So, then, there is a sense in which Jesus spoke for God to the agonized man, in which we also can venture to speak "in His Name." Only a great sinner conscious of his fault can appreciate the wondrous love of God, I suppose. Yet in the presence of Infinite Holiness, not only vile evil-doers but calm scholars and gentle women have appreciated the sinfulness of sin and the marvel of divine forgiveness. God's love means love to one another. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our transgressions. How then can we as children of God deal with one another according to our sins and reward after our transgressions? "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and railing be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave you."

Giving a Man Another Chance

The essence of the Golden Rule dictates giving every man another chance. That was Jesus' way: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." There is small profit in forgiveness itself if it is just like a bit of bookkeeping, wiping off the slate. What we need to do is to get a new spirit and to inspire a new spirit in our soul-paralyzed acquaintances. We do not want them to go on piling up a new debit of sin. We want the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus to set us all free from the law of sin and death. Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not. It has been the secret of the mightiest lives of unselfish and pure discipleship that they have had their inspiration in gratitude to such a kind, forgiving Father as Jesus told us of. Like John in his epistle, they have exclaimed to their fellow travelers on life's highway, "Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another."

Sunday School Methods

BY FRANK L. BROWN, Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

How the Contest Plan Helps the Pastors

THAT preacher is most efficient who is a teacher. Jesus Christ was a teacher supremely. He taught through his life, he taught through his words. "The life of the teacher is the life of his teaching."

The preacher's great drive should be to get the Bible into the minds and hearts of the people, in order to motive the life aright; not simply to give his opinions on the topics of the day.

Mr. Gladstone said: "Talk about the questions of the time! There is but one question: How to bring the truths of God's Word into vital contact with all classes of people." That pastor, therefore, has the most successful church who has made the Bible the familiar and loved Book in the largest number of the homes of his people. Any method that can get the people searching the Word and familiarizing themselves with the facts and teachings of the Book should be welcomed as a pastor's aid.

A method that has on several trials brought together in one effort over sixty thousand and in another forty thousand people as eager searchers of the Bible texts, must have in it elements which should attract the earnest inquiry of pastors and teachers. And if the plan helps the teachers of the Sunday School, who are really subpastors of small groups, to teach the truth more effectively and interest the scholars as never before, it should not be lightly considered.

Best of all, it furnishes the home with the Bible material arranged in convenient form for the daily family worship of the home, the bulwark of the Church's real strength.

The Christian Herald's Bible Picture Study plan is the pastor's assistant in accomplishing just these things.

For five months, beginning with December, the International Uniform Lessons, the Golden Texts and the Daily Bible Home Readings will form the basis for the new study. Thousands of people will be searching the two thousand verses in these selections, which have been compiled in a book entitled "International Bible Readings," to discover the texts which most nearly answer to the thirty pictures.

Many old church members, grown rusty in the Scriptures, have had their memories of many passages made keen by the interest of this search. Over and over those who take part travel through these passages and become familiar with these truths.

Many pastors make the Sunday school lesson or some truth in that lesson the theme of their prayer meeting talks. How the interest in these meetings would be increased for both the church members and the Sunday school members if the home had been busy searching the texts of these Lessons and Home Readings!

The Christian Herald will furnish all of these Lessons and Home Readings in the form of a little book which can be used in the home for the purposes of this Contest, for the daily readings which are used in family prayer and as a companion in travel.

The terms of entrance into the plan are so easy and the gain in many ways so great that pastors, teachers, scholars and parents are urged to write to the Christian Herald at once on the plan outlined on the inside back cover of this number of the Christian Herald.

Any one can start at any time before April 22, but the earlier the start the longer will be the enjoyment of the plan and the more familiar will these verses become.

Hymn Writer Joins the Choir Above

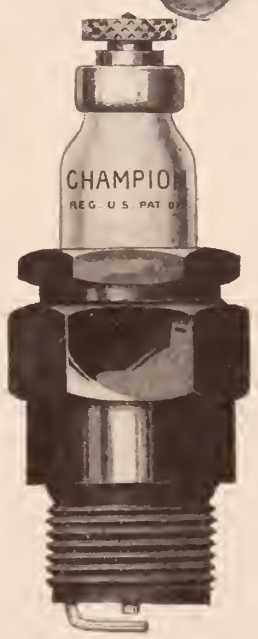
MRS. ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS, author of "I Need Thee Every Hour," and many other Gospel hymns which have been sung around the world, died at Bennington, Vt., January 3, at the age of eighty-three. Mrs. Hawks was one of a group of noted hymn-writers who wrote during the latter half of the nineteenth century—a group that included such names as Fannie Crosby, P. P. Bliss, Ira D. Sankey, Eben E. Rexford and Rev. Robert Lowry. To the last of these, who died November 25, 1899, Mrs. Hawks owed much of the inspiration for her poetry, and he set several of her hymns to music.

Mrs. Hawks was born in Hoosick, N. Y., in 1835. Her first verses were published in a Newspaper in Troy, N. Y., when she was fourteen years old. She married Charles Hial Hawks, a banker of New York, and lived in Brooklyn until her husband's death in 1888, after which she lived with her daughter in Bennington, Vt.

Her first hymns were written in 1868, at the suggestion of her pastor, Rev. Robert Lowry, the famous composer. She thus describes the writing of her most celebrated hymn:

"I remember well the morning, many years ago, when these] words, 'I Need Thee Every Hour,' flashed into my mind. Seating myself by the open window I wrote the words almost as they are being sung now. They were set to music a few months later and sung at a Sunday school convention in one of the large Western cities."

This hymn is said to have been translated into more languages than any other production of the great nineteenth century hymn-writers.



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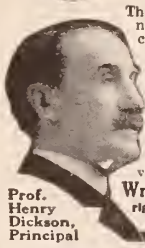

Prof. Henry Dickson, Principal

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Not for one year or for two, has the appeal of Goodyear Tires for the public been strong, but for year after year without break.

The pace of this institution's growth, almost since its inception, has been in direct ratio with its acquaintance among the people.

It cannot justly be said that either salesmanship or advertising has been mainly responsible for Goodyear's great growth.

Salesmanship and advertising appeal chiefly to new business; there is not enough of it in the country to absorb this great volume.

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It is from this source largely that our business has flourished, out of the satisfaction of the public it served.

The policy on which this institution has been reared is so simple as to be an inspiration for us all.

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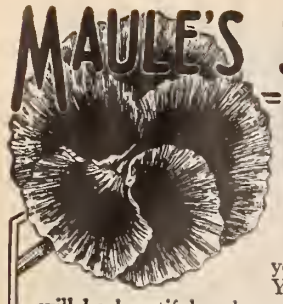

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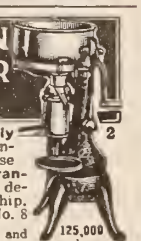

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Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between Rural Women Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

AS I stood, this evening at dusk, looking down upon New York City, watching the lights twinkle out in that roaring black cavern far below, listening to the restless surge and grind of the city's traffic, wherein lonely stranger brushed coldly past lonely stranger, I longed to share with all those self-absorbed, hurrying folk an experience that came to me years ago.

A friend—a woman of broad sympathies and great kindness of heart—said to me, early one December:

"If you want more joy this Christmas than you have ever known, make it a point to greet every single person you can! Wish the street-car conductor a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, and the girl at the ribbon counter, and your grocer's boy, and the telephone operator, and the children on their way to school, and the street-cleaner, and the woman you accidentally jostle in the crowd. And when New Year is past, keep right on through the year with your smiles and good wishes."

"But," I remember protesting, "how could I? On holidays it's well enough. But what, for instance, could one possibly say to a cross conductor on a rainy day in March?"

My friend laughed, as well she might. How dull of vision I was!

Leaning over, with her face shining, she laid her hand on my arm.

"You could express the hope that the sun would be shining the next day, couldn't you?"

Very cautiously I followed her suggestion, however. The results were electrifying. Never shall I forget that experience!

It was like the old fairy-tale of the sleepers who came to life at the touch of the magic wand. For round shoulders straightened, on street car and in elevator. Faces brightened. Indifference fled. Eyes lighted eagerly, then twinkled with good will. Comrades sprang up everywhere all about me.

After the holidays, it was a bit more of a puzzle always to know what greetings to offer. But by degrees this problem solved itself. For I discovered the hobbies of these new friends. And we often had a word about them—in car or elevator or store. It was a break in their day and mine. And we were both the happier for it.

For, as the writer of the following letter has said: "He lives most who—"

BUT I will let him talk directly to you—this brotherly neighbor of ours. And I wish, when you have read his fine letter, you would sit down and write me what you think of his suggestion that we women "neighbors" give the men a share in our little corner.

MY DEAR MISS CONNOLLY: I regret that, being a man, I cannot become a member of your Neighborhood Community. Could you not plan for an associate membership of men who are deeply interested in this work? You do not realize how "Adventures in Neighboring" enters into the lives of those who would be lonely and discouraged without it. Some one has said: "He lives most who lives most in the lives of others." W. A. S.

I wonder if you were startled, as you read that hearty letter, by the words "members" and "associate membership," knowing that we women neighbors, cooperating through this Department, have never organized ourselves into a definite club.

I was startled, too. And yet I am very glad these terms were used. For they fall right in line with a plan I have been at work on for weeks.

I have believed, for some time, that we "neighbors" should organize ourselves into a great "Community Club" with branches in the various villages and towns. I, for one, would be willing to throw open these few columns as a sort of "world hall" in which to hold our meetings. Certainly no mere town hall would ever hold us, or a hundredth of us!

Of course, such a club would have to be a very broad and all-inclusive one, without dues or "don'ts," many rules or much ceremony. It would have to be just a sort of fellowship of neighbors the land over. Our emblem might be a circle; our name "The American Community Club." Our officers might be chosen every six months, by vote, from among the writers of published "Adventures in Neighboring." (For of course we would go right on publishing our adventures.)

These are mere suggestions. The whole matter lies with you. It seemed to me that as fellow club-members we would feel better acquainted, and freer to talk out in meeting, to make suggestions, offer kindly criticism, propose plans, recount experiences, ask for advice, and so on. But perhaps I am wrong.

At any rate, please send me your opinions—even though you write only "yes" or "no" on a slip of paper and mail it to me. For the best letter on this subject, I am going to pay five dollars; and for all others which I publish a dollar a letter. And, as a token of appreciation, I am going to print, as a kind of "honor roll," the names of all those who send me any opinion on the subject. No address will be printed.

All these letters must reach my desk against the middle of March. In an April issue the prize-winning letter, and others, will be published.

Oh, yes—just one last word: do not let your letters about the founding of the Club interfere with your sending me in, each week, your "Adventures in Neighboring." I shall want quantities of these, in any case. And do continue to send in your splendid comments on the published adventures. Some of these comments—showing the inspiration our adventures are to other communities—I am soon going to publish, for the help and encouragement of writers and readers alike.

And now, with these matters off hand, we can plunge joyously into today's visit with one another.

THIS first letter is an unselfish appeal—for advice and suggestions—which I am going to depend on you to help me answer. Some of your answers I will publish; the others I will send on this dear neighbor.

DEAR MISS CONNOLLY: I am so pleased with the new department opened up in the Christian Herald, as now I can "neighbor" with my Christian Herald neighbors.

Just a word about neighboring.

I am living with my son on a small farm. I came here in June last. Only one neighbor has been in to see me. The others are "too busy." Now, I have been wondering what I could do to bring a little sunshine or restful recreation into the lives of these women neighbors. Their lives are very monotonous and gray.

They are sensitive, like all of us; and I am afraid of appearing officious.

I have raised a family of nine children myself, six being strong, healthy, live boys. So I understand boys. My husband and I were always companionable with our children, and that way won their confidence.

Well, since coming here I have watched the boys of the neighborhood, when they thought no one was looking. And I was shocked. We must win them over some way!

The school is not far away, and I enjoy visiting there. I like the teacher. She does her best; but she needs the mothers' help. And they are all "too busy" to give the necessary attention to the children God put into their trust to train for his service.

I have wished a Sunday school might be started. What do you think? And how can I get the mothers interested? How can I get some social life started?

MRS. N. H. W.

There, fellow neighbors, is a problem for you! How can a community, where work is a god, be aroused out of that state into one of human kindness and sociability? And what would you do for boys like those?

MEANTIME, here is a most adorable "Adventure," as heart-warming an act of love as any yet sent in:

Being Neighborly with Animals

Some years ago I was teaching school in Emmet County, Iowa. The town was small, but a growing one. A new railroad was coming in, and the graders were at work. They had turned out on the prairie, to live or die, a poor old horse which they thought could be of no use to them.

He managed to feed on the young grass quite near to the schoolhouse. Finally, he fell down: yet his digestion was all right, for he nibbled the grass as far as he could stretch his neck.

The thought came to us that if we could feed him, perhaps he might grow strong enough to help himself. The children all entered into the spirit of it, and every recess and noontime they not only cut grass but brought grain from home, and also gave him water to drink.

How he did eat! Nothing wrong that way, we concluded. He was simply overworked and starved.

Finally, all the larger boys got him up onto his feet. This had to be repeated often. But at last he began to move around, and soon looked out for himself. MRS. A. H. C.

AND speaking of neighborly kindness, here is another instance of it—a deed so simple, so easy to perform, that I am afraid very few of us ever think to do it:

Welcoming the Minister's Wife

I think one of my dearest experiences in neighboring was when, in the early days, we moved to a new town in Oklahoma.

One of my neighbors was a pastor of a church; and they also were newcomers, although I did not know it.

While putting up our winter's supply of meat, I took a bowl of extra-nice sausages to the pastor's wife. I was very much surprised when she broke down and began to cry.

She said: "Oh, Mrs. K——, you don't know how much you have helped me by this neighborly kindness! We have had so much opposition to our work here, and the people have treated us so coldly, that I felt as though we did not have a friend in town. But your kindness and interest have shown me that I was mistaken; and I feel ashamed that I was so discouraged."

She was a stranger in a new country—a dear little homesick woman, who needed mothering. And oh, how glad I was I had brought a "cup of cold water" to her!

MRS. A. E. K.

THIS leaves us with space for only one more letter; and I have chosen—just as additional reminder of my suggestion that the men folks be given a share in this Department—a letter which will show that the men need, almost more than we do, the joys of neighboring:

A Social Club for Men

I have been reading "Adventures in Neighboring," and I thought our local adventure might prove helpful to some other community.

Our village has been over-supplied with various clubs for women, but the only men's club until last spring was the one which assembled nightly in the corner store.

At that time a few public-spirited men invited, by word of mouth or by phone, all the men of the village and surrounding farms (within a radius of some three or four miles), to meet on a designated evening to organize a Men's Brotherhood.

About one hundred and fifty men responded to the invitation; an organization was effected; officers were elected; and those present heard an excellent address and some good music.

All enjoyed the evening and were eager to continue the meetings. So it was arranged that they should meet once a month, and that there should be a speaker and music provided, and light refreshments served.

The dues are fifteen cents a month: an amount found to be ample. Once every four months, the women are invited. The club is now planning an annual outdoor picnic, with games and races.

This organization has two aims: to provide an opportunity for the men (and incidentally the women) to get together; and to bring an inspiring message to the men, many of whom do not attend church or read anything but the daily paper.

The addresses are usually given by pastors from nearby towns who are known to be exceptionally good public speakers. An orchestra provides the music, and the social hour before the close of the meeting is thoroughly enjoyed.

And now, good-night, fellow adventurers! I shall be watching my mail eagerly for word from you on all that we have discussed this week. But especially, I shall be looking for more "Adventures in Neighboring."

"Abe" Lincoln comes to LIFE in a great motion picture!

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Each of the ten chapters is a drama complete in itself. There are all sorts of funny complications. For example, the queerest little pickaninny you ever saw steals a white hen, and "Abe" the boy is the attorney for the defence. Such a trial! The jury alone would make a cat laugh.

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Demand "The Son of Democracy" at *your* motion picture theatre. Find out when it is scheduled to appear, and then *GO!*

GO in a body, you and all your friends and all the family and everybody. Don't leave anyone at home, not even Grandma, because it's a bully show with a strong universal appeal. It opens the windows of the heart wide and lets in warmth and sunshine.

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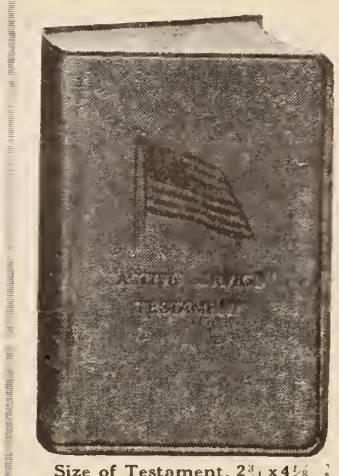

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Additional acknowledgments in subsequent issues of the Christian Herald

Young People's Topics for January 27

The Darkness of Night

B. Y. P. U. Topic. Rom. 1:25

AFRICA has been well named the Dark Continent. Its people are dark in hue; its races, through long centuries, have lived under the shadow of superstition; its sons and daughters have gone into slavery, and its toilers have been exploited, oppressed and cruelly mistreated by those who sought for gain and cared not how it came.

David Livingstone opened the portals of Africa and showed the world the bleeding heart of the continent. The Stanley expedition focused the attention of Christendom upon the work of Livingstone. The Cape-to-Cairo project turned the eyes of the Anglo-Saxon world once more toward Africa, and the Boer War and the report of the atrocities in the Congo revealed again the plight and need of the native Africans and emphasized Africa's appeal to Christian missions. All of this is a great story. Africa's darkness is now being riven by the light of Christ. The Gospel is being taken to Africa's millions, but Islam is active as well, and the present question is, "Shall Africa be won for Mohammed or for Christ?" The answer will be given largely by the Christians of America. Leaders can secure additional helps for this topic by addressing the Department of Missionary Education, 23 East Twenty-sixth Street, New York City, enclosing 10 cents to cover cost of mailing.

Christian Endeavor Goals and How to Reach Them

Christian Endeavor Topic. Rom. 12:1-13 Christian Endeavor Day

JANUARY 27, Christian Endeavor Day, begins Christian Endeavor Week, which ends on February 3 with Decision Day. The leader of this meeting will need to be much upon his knees and more upon his mettle. Christian Endeavor today is the strongest force in united Christianity. Through it young life is being trained for church leadership and inspired for service. Christian Endeavor is a living, vital stream which is turning into the Church day by day a steady current of growing power. All the officers of the local society should join with the leader in making comprehensive plans to bring to the individual church a full appreciation of what Christian Endeavor stands for, what it means, what it has accomplished, and what it may fairly be expected to achieve. It would be well if the interest of the pastor were also enlisted, and if the Sunday evening services on January 27 were entirely given over to a great inspirational meeting, led by Endeavorers, and vitalized with the true spirit of Christian Endeavor.

Such a meeting would give an opportunity for a certain degree of stock-taking. Get together on the platform as many as possible of your former Endeavorers, now active in the councils of the church. Perhaps they have forgotten, in part, their spiritual debt to Christian Endeavor; perhaps others in the congregation may not know that these are graduates of the Young People's Movement. Getting them together, giving them opportunity to dedicate their life anew in the spirit of their first consecration, will both strengthen the power of the Church and establish more firmly the position and opportunity of the Endeavor Society.

Special helps for this topic may be secured by addressing the United Society of Christian Endeavor, Mount Vernon and Hancock Streets, Boston, Mass.

Young Christians Reaching Upward

Epworth League Topic, Gal. 6:1-10

THIS topic was treated in this column last week as the Christian Endeavor topic for January 20.

Saving Coal and Health

THE Fuel Administration has inaugurated a campaign for the substitution of wood for coal. The utilization of the wood supply would go far toward meeting the shortage of fifty million tons in the coal supply. One cord of hard wood equals a ton of coal.

In some sections of New England and the South are vast supplies of wood. Governor Brough of Arkansas is calling attention to the burning of wood in clearing new ground, and the Federal Fuel Administration of North Carolina has established municipal wood-yards. The use of convict camps is urged in localities where they could be utilized without interference with free labor. Boy Scouts and school children are aiding conservation by making use of waste products.

An instance of this was set forth in a letter by Maccy F. Deming of New York, who collected thousands of pounds of fuel from waste-piles. He said: "To show them how they could help win the war I offered to pay one cent for each three pounds of waste coal they picked up along the roads and in ash heaps. In five days 1,633 pounds of good coal was brought to me by sixteen children, most of them under ten years of age. The boys earned from ten to fifteen cents in two hours after school closed and thought they were having grand fun. One little fellow made the remark that an ash pile was a regular gold mine. About 120 children, none over the eighth grade, raised over $100 in ten days, marched to the bank and bought a Liberty Bond."

Endorsement of the campaign against overheating has been given by eminent physicians. Dr. James J. Walsh, physician, doctor of philosophy, author, says:

"Pneumonia takes a little more than one man in eight, and therefore has wrested from tuberculosis the grim honor of killing the most human beings. Man is a marine animal, seven-eighths water. He needs cool air and moisture around him. Overheated dry air makes him too susceptible to disease. In a temperature of over sixty-eight degrees it is difficult for men and women to exist healthfully. If Americans can be taught to live in this temperature the number of pneumonia victims will surely decrease. Fresh, cool, moist air is the foe of pneumonia, and persons who keep their houses cool and breathe fresh, moist air need have no fear of it."

Jerusalem for the Jews

THE Hebrew-Christian Publication Society, which has been doing active work in enlightening the Jews of America in the truth of the Gospel, is now laboring with greater zeal than ever in view of the important changes that are expected to follow the capitulation of Jerusalem. The general secretary of the Society, B. A. M. Schapiro, writes: "This war is a subject of Bible propheey, and a large part of its permanent result will possibly be the restoration of Israel to the land promised by Jehovah to our forefathers. The Allies are intent, not on the destruction of the Holy City, but in preserving it for God's chosen people. It is of greater importance now than ever before that the Jews of America, or some of them at least, should have the Gospel armor in which to return." This is the immediate task to which the Hebrew-Christian Publication Society is now addressing itself. It will welcome any co-operation on the part of Christian Americans who take an interest in the spiritual enlightenment of the Jewish race. They regard it as the greatest opportunity in a thousand years to bring them into the Gospel fold. The Advisory Board of the Publication Society heartily approves of the special effort now being made, through tracts and personal effort, and hopes that the Christian public will aid in the work. The Board includes Colonel Alexander S. Bacon, Bishop Charles S. Burch, Rev. David James Burrell, Rev. Canon John Cornell, Rev. Charles L. Goodell, Rev. Frederick Lynch, Rev. Kenneth Mackenzie, Rev. George R. Vandewater, Professor Willis Fletcher Johnson, New York University, Rev. W. H. Morgan, Rev. Robert Watson, Anson W. Anderson, M. D., Frederick L. Dochterman, and James Wood, president American Bible Society. Interested readers who desire to help in this work can address the Society, in care of The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

Why is the Large Intestine Five Feet Long?

Man Originally an Active Animal—Now Suffers from Poisons in Accumulated Waste—How Science Combats This Problem.

Professor Elie Metchnikoff, in a great work in which he first pointed out the method and effects of auto-intoxication, has an interesting theory about the large intestine. Nature made it so long, he theorized, because originally man was an active wild animal. He was often in danger from other animals and would have to run long distances. For his safety it was necessary to have an organ in which waste matter could be stored. There was, however, little danger of clogging of the colon, because continuous natural exercise kept it from being lazy. Its muscles functioned normally.

The large intestine which Nature fashioned was perfectly adapted to wild animal life. It is not adapted to civilized life. Man is no longer a wild animal. He is easily the most inactive large animal on earth. He is a sitting animal. He almost never walks when he can ride. The first thing physicians tell him usually, when he is in a rundown condition, is to "get out in the air and exercise." But many of us are *too busy* to exercise; and still more of us, when we exercise, exercise the *wrong* muscles. The most important, the most vital muscles to exercise are those of the large intestine, for the simple reason that those muscles *cause more trouble* by their laziness than all the other lazy muscles put together.

A remarkable new method has recently been found for stimulating the muscles of the colon. It is based on one of the oldest and soundest methods of treatment—massage. By means of a device known as the Kolon Motor concentrated exercise is administered to the colon, effectually overcoming constipation and many of its attendant ills. Send for free book, "Colon Cleanliness," full of interesting information, and detailed description of the Kolon Motor. Address Martin's Method, Inc., Department 151 B, 105 East 30th Street, New York City. A postal will do. Write TODAY. (Advertisement.)

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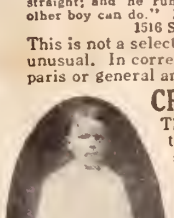
Little Robert Taylor was born with deformed feet. Plaster paris casts were used without success—so he was brought to the McLain Sanitarium. His parents' letter tells the story:

"We are more than thankful for what you did in straightening Robert's feet. Of course his feet are terribly scarred from the plaster casts, but there are no scars from your work on him. His feet are so straight; and he runs, jumps and does anything any other boy can do." Mr. & Mrs. John W. Taylor
1516 So. Flower St., Los Angeles, Calif.

This is not a selected case—neither is the result unusual. In correcting this deformity no plaster paris or general anaesthesia was used.



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The War in Europe

THE battle of the guns continued this week on every front, and yet in most of the shell-swept area the actions were covered by the laconic phrase "nothing of importance." At three points, however, important actions occurred.

On December 30 the Germans attacked south of Cambrai on a front of about two miles, and succeeded in gaining, temporarily, certain British positions on a row of heights called Welsh Ridge. The British lines were penetrated north of La Vacquerie and south of Marcoing. The German attack was made under the protection of a fierce bombardment and with liquid fire. It was stopped short of the crest of the heights, British counter-attacks later in the day and on the day following completely restoring the position.

On the following day, December 31, French troops in Italy, at a point where the line across the Asiago Plateau joins the Piave River, attacked and captured the Austrian positions on Monte Tomba. The French captured 44 officers, 1,348 men, 60 machine guns, 7 cannon and a large quantity of other war materials, with little loss to themselves.

The German attacks upon the Italian northern line were not continued during the week. Reports through Switzerland told of heavy snows which had practically halted all military movements.

On January 2 the Austrians, who had been driven across the Piave River at the Zenson bend, made another attempt to cross to the Italian side at Intestadura. The attempt was completely repulsed by Italian artillery fire, none of the Austrian troops reaching the western shore.

Austrian aviators on December 31 dropped bombs on the Italian city of Padua, setting fire to the ancient cathedral, built in 250 and containing priceless treasures of Italian art. Frescoes by Titian and Campagnola were uninjured, the main structure of the church with its copper roof having resisted the bombs; but the dome took fire and burned throughout the night.

British troops continued their advance north of Jerusalem during the week, passing north of Bethel about New Year's.

The U-boats were out in force during the week, and while suffering a greater number of losses themselves in December than in any previous month, they succeeded in closing the year with a fair week's record of twenty-one British ships sunk. Of these eighteen were over 1,600 tons and three below that figure. The British tonnage at the beginning of the war, in ships over 1,600 tons, was officially announced on January 3 to have been 16,341,519 tons; the loss by enemy action, less new construction, purchases and captures, during the war has been 2,750,000 tons.

The British navy lost three torpedo-boat destroyers on December 22, through mines encountered off the Dutch coast. The loss was announced by the British Admiralty on December 29; 13 officers, 180 men, were lost with the vessels.

On December 29 American loans to the Allies passed the four-billion mark.

Major General Enoch Crowder, in a report made public January 3, declared his conviction that it would be possible to meet America's military needs by calling to the colors hereafter only the men included in class 1 of the draft registrants. This class consists largely of unmarried men. General Crowder estimates that at least 700,000 men will come of age each year. He reported that out of 3,082,949 men who were called for military service throughout the country, 252,294 failed to appear, this being 8.08 per cent. Up to late December, 5,870 arrests have been made; 2,263 were released after being registered; 2,095 cases remained to be prosecuted on December 31. A total of 1,057,363 men have been certified for service, and 687,000 were named in the first call.

Russia Refuses German Peace Terms

Continued from page 67

The documents upon which the German Government could base its allegation at best only prove the manifestation of the will of a few privileged groups, and in no way the will of the masses in those territories.

"We now declare that the Russian Revolution remains faithful to the policy of internationalism. We defend the right of Poland, Lithuania and Courland to dispose of their own destiny actually and freely. Never will we recognize the justice of imposing the will of a foreign nation on any other nations whatsoever.

"This joint session insists the peace pourparlers be communicated later to the neutral States and instructs the Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils and the Commissioners to take measures to bring this about.

"We say to the people of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria:

"'Under your pressure your Governments have been obliged to accept the motto of no annexations and no indemnities, but recently they have been trying to carry on their old policy of evasions. Remember, that the conclusion of an immediate democratic peace will depend actually and above all on you. All the people of Europe look to you, exhausted and bled by such a war as there never was before, that you will not permit the Austro-German Imperialists to make war against Revolutionary Russia for the subjection of Poland, Lithuania, Courland and Armenia."

The difficulties of the Germans are illustrated by the statement of a member of the Russian delegation, Pavlovich, who himself is not a Bolshevist but a Socialist student of international affairs. He says they mobilized for the Brest-Litovsk conference their most brilliant experts in economics and diplomacy. Their tactics were remarkably flexible until the arrival of the Ukrainian delegation. They went very far in concession to the principle of no annexations and no indemnities; but after the arrival of the Ukrainians General Hoffmann declared that the Germans would not evacuate the occupied territory, because, while peace might be concluded with the Bolsheviki, other portions of the Russian Army might continue the war with help of England and France and seize Brest-Litovsk and other important strategical points. The Germans refused to evacuate the occupied territory until the conclusion of general peace. They cared nothing for the form of government in Russia. Their only concern was whether peace would guarantee the complete neutrality of the whole Russian Army.

Germany, said Pavlovich, was prepared to evacuate Belgium and the occupied territory of France, but apparently only on condition of the evacuation of Mesopotamia and Arabia, otherwise the Germans' prestige in the Mohammedan world, as in the whole world, would receive a deathblow.

The Petrograd correspondent of the London Daily News reports: "Two perfectly distinct tendencies were noticeable in the enemy delegation; one, annexation, represented by Gen. Hoffmann, and the other more moderate, represented by Dr. von Kuehlmann, the German Foreign Secretary, and Count Czernin, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister. There were frequent disputes between these two tendencies, settled in each case by appeal to Berlin, which without exception supported Czernin and Kuehlmann."

Meantime the German delegations fill the chief hotels in Petrograd. German commercial travelers are offering subscriptions to German papers, and Germany promises soon to open direct postal and telegraphic communication with Russia.

The prospects of the Constituent Assembly are dimmer than ever. The Social Revolutionary leader and former Minister, Avksentieff, has been arrested and the chief members of the League for the Defense of the Constituent Assembly have been lodged in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. The Social Revolutionaries are trying to effect a compromise with the Bolsheviki as to the date of the opening.

Germans and Russians have been designated to arrange an exchange of prisoners and resumption of the mail services between the two countries. Trains are running again between Riga and Petrograd.

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Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me

Luke 18 : 16

Picture No 11

And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart.

And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. Deut. 6 : 6, 7.

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God-parents often are uneasy at the thought that their little god-children, to whom they owe the most sacred religious obligations, are not being raised with an appreciation of what religion should mean in their lives. Yet this situation is a peculiarly delicate one, in that an attempt to improve the condition may be resented as improper interference.

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How You Can Help

By taking up any of the offers below you may have the complete outfit sent to a child, even though the Christian Herald subscription involved is for yourself.

But those wishing to send the Outfit and Christian Herald too to some child will find the new six-months' offer best fitted, very probably, to their purpose. By it you may present the Christian Herald and a complete Outfit to a child, and, by adding 10 cents to the offer, receive the Outfit yourself, too. Present subscribers who wish to interest young folks living at some other address will be especially pleased with this offer.

The rules, which are free on request, explain how competition in the Study without expense is made possible.

Do *you* know of any child whose life may be made better and happier now, and whose later years may be made more beautiful by a knowledge of the Bible? If so, do you not feel a duty toward that child, a duty toward your religion? Do you not feel that you will discharge your duty, in arranging to have the child sent the 30 Picture Study Pictures, the Reference Book of Bible verses from which he or she will choose answers for the pictures, and the Answer Book in which the young person will write down his or her selections?

Read the offers below carefully.

Picture No. 12

FROM THE CHILDREN

I am engaged in the contest. Am eleven years old. It was fun looking up the verses but not so much writing them. I will send in my Reply Book soon. It has done me lots of good. I hope I will win a prize. I knew most of the pictures so it was easy. I made a few mistakes I know. —C. G. R., Minnesota.

I have my contest answers all ready to send. I have enjoyed it very much. I am Harold's sister and have taken the work up. I hope you may continue your contests. I am fifteen years old.—Miss H. H., Iowa.

I am trying the Bible Picture contest. I am so interested in it. I can hardly wait for the next week's paper. I hope I get one of the prizes. I'm working so hard for an education. My mother is a widow and is helping me all she can. I've been to Sunday school all my life but I cannot tell you how much your contest has helped me.—R. E. M.

I just want to write a few lines in regard to your Bible Picture contest and try and tell you how much it means to one girl at least. My mother is a subscriber to the Christian Herald and has been for several years and we all enjoy it so much. But if I get no reward I greatly enjoy all Bible knowledge I can get.—L. F. S., North Carolina.

I am doing my level best to study up the contest pictures so as to be ready to send in the Reply Book on time. I have enjoyed the time so much, what time I have to spare. I have been going to school. I am now 14 years of age and I hope some day to be an educated man.—W. M. H., Texas.

I am working hard for a prize as I would like to study to be a missionary, but haven't the means; but if I don't win I shall not be discouraged.—A Country Maiden.

I want to write you a little note and tell you how much we enjoyed your Bible Picture contest. I am a little farmer's daughter twelve years old and have tried hard to win the prize.—G. S.

I am enjoying it each day more and more. It helps me to know more about the Bible and become more interested.—D. J., age 12 years, Connecticut.

My father takes the Christian Herald, which gave me the great pleasure of searching the Scriptures for the answers each week. Am sorry the contest is ended. It proved a pleasure as well as a source of deeper knowledge of Bible stories.—E. M. S., Illinois.

A young person successfully competing in the Bible Picture Study may gain, too, enough money to further his or her education, for

$5,000.00 in Cash Will Be Awarded

First prize is $1,000.00 cash, second prize, $750.00 cash, third, $500.00 cash, and there are 1,001 prizes in all—each in cash. And every participant must gain the greatest prize of all—the reward which is in the truth and promise of the Bible

LETTERS FROM PARENTS

I am glad that the pictures have represented, as a whole, familiar stories of the Bible, as it has been such an encouragement and interest for the young. In our family of six children—ages from 16 to 3 years—the paper has been eagerly watched for, from week to week, by even the little ones who could not read very well; and our little three-year-old girl enjoys having some of us tell her the stories from the pictures.

I pasted the pictures each week in a book, and used one of Perry's pictures of "Jesus and the Children" for a front-piece, and it is a nice children's book for Sunday afternoons. We consider it has been a great benefit to our children, and hope we shall see more Bible pictures in some form again.—Mrs. G. C. B., New York.

It is with a feeling of sadness that I mail to you today my little daughter Nan's set of answers, for I shall miss the pleasure we as a family have found in trying to solve the pictures. For some months I have been an invalid and I am sure that nothing could have helped me as these pictures and the work connected with them has done.

I feel, too, that the benefit Nan has derived has been wonderful—and all the other children have been helped in proportion to the amount of study given.

Now I'm hoping that you will decide to continue the Bible pictures, whether a reward is offered or not, before my little folks lose interest in this sort of research. I see that many subscribers feel as I do about it—that nothing else has helped so much in arousing interest in the study of the Word.—Mrs. W. T. W., Texas.

Let me say that I cannot begin to tell you how I enjoyed the Bible Picture contest. Wish you would give another. I preserved all my pages of pictures, sewed them together, and at the close of the contest passed them on to my children, offering prizes for best answers.—Mrs. W. T. C., North Carolina.

This is indeed a fine inducement to us to study the Good Book, and it has helped me to interest my little great-grandchild in her Bible story book. —Mrs. L. S., Missouri.

I have a crippled boy who helped me in looking up answers. . . . I feel that I have received from this study knowledge from the Bible that I shall never forget. "God's word in the sword of the spirit."—Mrs. I. E. W., Vermont.

It gave me so much pleasure inasmuch as I had the opportunity to share with four high school boys in looking over the pictures, and they became so deeply interested that I feel well repaid for the effort in their behalf as well as my own.—Mrs. A. B. R., Maryland.

I have enjoyed the contest so much, and hope you will continue it. My two boys took great interest in it also. They were both at school, but I kept the books until they returned in order for them to get the benefit of the study.—Mrs. D. F. S., Georgia.

SPECIAL OUTFIT OFFERS

ALL FOR $2.10

The Christian Herald for one full year, new subscription or renewal (Regular price $2.00) and

The complete *National Bible Picture Study* Outfit, consisting of the official Reference Book of about 2,000 Bible verses, called *International Bible Readings*, and the Answer Book.

Both for $2.10.

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To *any* Christian Herald yearly subscription offer, and the *National Bible Picture Study* Outfit will be sent also, postpaid. This applies to any book offer, or any magazine clubbing offer, which includes the Christian Herald. Just add 10 cents to the price of the offer, and we will send the Outfit, too.

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If you send us a *new* 6-months' subscription to the Christian Herald, remitting the regular subscription price of $1.00, we will send you, postpaid, a complete Outfit for doing so. Ten cents added to this (a total remittance of $1.10) will bring a complete Outfit to the *new subscriber* also! Thus you will both share this helpful study.

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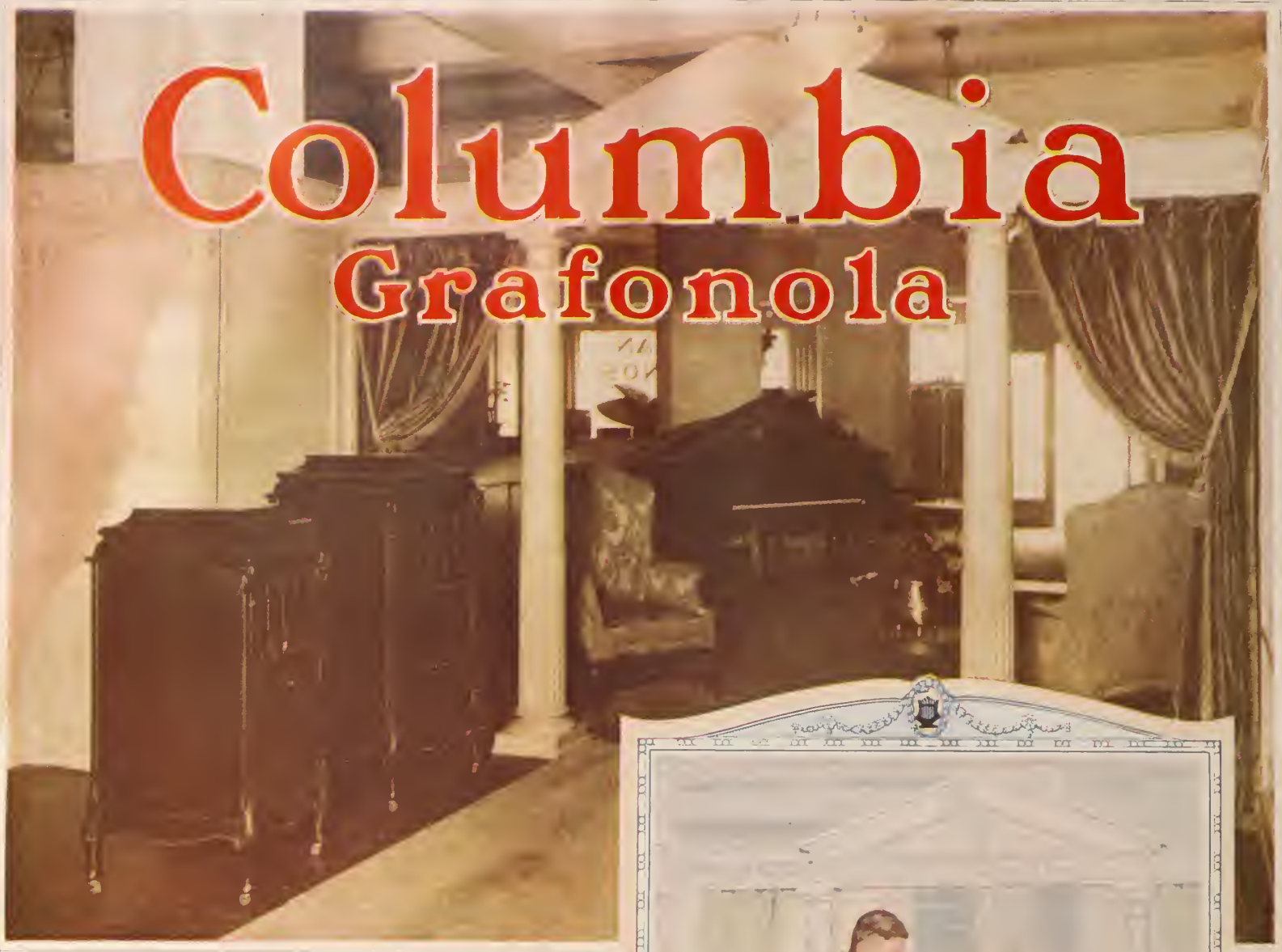

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The pine trees stand in dusky aisles, and one is made to feel
A pilgrim in a holy place, a stranger come to kneel. . . .
Calm is the silence, free from care as consecrated land—

From a water color by Charles P. Rising

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

Italy and the World War

By REV. B. M. TIPPLE

MR. TIPPLE is superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome and president of the Collegio Monte Mario. He was given the order of "Cavaliere della Corona d'Italia" (Knight of the Crown of Italy) by the King of Italy for the emergency h spital work which he and Mrs. Tipple did at the time of the Marsica earthquake when Avezzano, a city of 35,000 inhabitants, was destroyed, and because of the very large and modern program which they instituted for young men in the Collegio. Medals have been recently awarded to both Dr. and Mrs. Tipple by the city of Rome in recognition of their war relief service. Dr. Tipple left Rome December 4 and arrived in this country December 29. He speaks not only from a wide but recent knowledge of conditions in Italy.

WOODROW WILSON is the greatest missionary in the last hundred years! He has preached to the nations. When he wrote those words for the fly-leaf of the Bibles that were given to American soldiers leaving for France, he gave one of the most powerful Christian messages that any prophet has ever delivered. By those words he gave the people of southern Europe an entirely new aspect of Protestantism.

Imagine what this meant down in southern Europe where the Bible has always been tabooed. Not with the favor of the Vatican has there ever been an open Bible. Then President Wilson came along and put his stamp upon it, and said, "The Bible is the Word of Life! I beg that you will read it and find this out for yourselves. Read not little snatches here and there, but long passages that will really be the road to the heart of it. You will find it full of real men and women. The more you read it the more it will become plain to you what things are worth while and what are not. When you have read the Bible you will know that it is the word of God, because you will have found it the key to your own heart, your own happiness and your own duty."

THAT foreword has been translated and read by the soldiers, by the citizens, and has been printed in the newspapers and commented on editorially by the French, Italians, Russians and men of other nationalities. But this is only one thing that the President has done. Every message that he has sent out—his answer to the Pope, his calling for the declaration of war against Germany—has shown such manifest spirit of Christianity, such poise, such evident desire to be just, that it has preached to the millions. It has not only put America in a most strategic position morally, but it has given a spiritual message to those people who were groping about in darkness, not knowing which way to turn.

Things in Europe are pretty well smashed up now, and I doubt if there is a government that will survive the present war. I believe that every one will be overturned—the fundamental organization of the government, not simply cabinets. You will witness great changes from it in America. After our American troops have been through the terrible sufferings and horrors of a three, four, or five years' campaign, they will come back to the States with some ideas on government of their own and you will witness some great social disturbances.

THE greatest thing that has happened to our work is what President Wilson has done for the moral leadership of our nation. It has shown southern Europe the character of Protestantism and the character of America. Six months ago, Roman Catholicism was *again* powerful in Italy. I say *again*, because the old fight for union and freedom that resulted in the crowning of the King in Rome in 1870 and the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope—when the King moved into the Quirinal and the Pope into the Vatican—that fight between the Vatican and modern Italy resulted in great damage to Roman Catholicism, because the patriots saw that they could not be good patriots and good Catholics, and they choose to be good patriots. Then the war broke out and the Vatican dispatched thousands and thousands of priests to the front. These priests met the common soldier. They wrote letters for him. They looked after him in a sort of Y. M. C. A. fashion. When a boy was wounded they visited him and talked with him. They came close to the ordinary soldier in a very human and sympathetic way. The result was that they revived again the influence of the church through this personal ministration in the war. That worked well until it was discovered that the political policy of the Vatican was against the Allies and with the Central Powers.

How did it become evident? Did you read of any protest against the devastation of Belgium? That is a good Catholic country. Cardinal Mercier went down to see if he could get moral backing at Rome and they sent him back to Belgium disappointed. The Central Empires all along have been most solicitous about the Vatican, and have shown themselves most friendly with it, while the Vatican has issued peace notes when the Allies did not want them. They were an embarrassment to the Allies, but insistently the Vatican—with Germany—continued to send them out. The last one came after Lloyd George and the President had said emphatically that they did not want peace notes. That shows the hostility of the Vatican to the Allies.

AND why should not the Vatican be with the Central Powers? The last great autocracy left in Europe is the Vatican. In Germany, in Austria—in all the countries—the rich, conservative elements move in sympathy toward the Vatican because it is the last great stronghold of vested rights, of the monarchical idea.

When the Pope issued this last appeal for peace it greatly embarrassed the Allies. It was distributed among the soldiers at the front, particularly in Italy, and was read by those soldiers, weary of the fighting. After this message had come from the Pope, the priests who had gained the confidence of the soldiers came to them and said, "It is too bad! The Holy Father wants peace. Everybody wants peace. We must pray for peace." They did not say anything treasonable, but they talked to the boys in this way, of the desire of everybody for peace, and it really took the nerve out of many of them, so that, when the Austrians made their offensive, perhaps the defensive was not as strong as it otherwise would have been. Thousands and thousands of people are saying in Italy today that the weakening of Italy's resistance was due to the influence of the Vatican propaganda promulgated by the priests. They are saying nothing openly and officially, but there is the general feeling in nearly all circles that the real fault of this great disaster is to be laid to the Vatican and its activities. The result is that Benedict XV finds himself in the most difficult position since the days of Pius IX when the troops of Victor Emanuel came into Rome. Unless the Pope changes his attitude, we shall hear of some radical doings in Italy after the war. I have seen no such spirit against the Vatican as there is today.

The Italian M. E. Church in Rome. The building with the arches over the pillars is the church building

THERE never was a clearer issue than that between the Allies and the Central Empire. It is as clear as daylight that we are fighting the fight between autocracy and democracy. America is not only fighting for the freedom of France and the other Allied European nations, she is fighting for democracy, for the rule of the people, for her own independence. If we lose, America will sign over.

My own impression is that Germany has just begun to fight. I believe that it will take from two to four years at least to win the war, and that in

order to do it America must put into it every ounce of her strength. Europe is depending upon America to win the war. Russia is out of it. Servia and Rumania are out of it. Italy is staggering under this recent blow. France is past her maximum strength. England and America remain as the real offensive forces. Germany can be beaten, but I do not think she is anywhere near it now. To beat her, the Allies must muster every resource at their command and deliver a united blow.

BUT do you think that democracy is going to be safe when we raise our stars and stripes over Berlin? Will that be the end of the fight? When the military crowd steps down from the throne room will there be nothing left to do? Will democracy be won then? *No!* The *real* fight will come when the nations sheathe their swords; when the great social questions that will arise out of the war must be settled—in that critical moment democracy is to be lost or saved. Now, suppose that in that moment the church has given no thought to it, suppose it has not given the long look ahead, has not developed any new plan to meet the exigencies of the times, has not put more men on the field, erected more churches, worked out a new policy to meet the new day. Suppose that nothing has been done for that moment, that we stand there totally unprepared. What must be the result? The materialistic forces, the anarchical forces, the forces of hatred, revenge, despair, and the forces of disintegration will dominate the situation and destroy the very democracy that our sword has been drawn to save. Religion in this hour, today, needs not only to give her sons to die on the battlefields to save democracy, but with all her heart she must give her intelligence and her money to formulate a constructive program to make permanent and glorious this democracy, for which the lives of her sons have been given. It would be a crime for religion to take a narrow view and do nothing to prepare for that great social upheaval. Commercial men are laying their plans. Over in Italy they are saying that England is laying her plans for the commerce of the world, and that American business men are organizing great shipping and other material agencies to build up new industrial conditions after the war. But will these things make democracy safe? Are not those the very things that have failed to save democracy and the peace of the world in this hour? The things that will really save democracy, the *soul* of democracy—*love, mercy, the spirit of brotherhood and of helpfulness*, are we to say nothing about these, make no provision for them?

The opportunity for the work of our Collegio Monte Mario is a hundred times greater today than it was before the war, because Italy's treasury will be so depleted with the colossal cost of carrying on her part of the great conflict that there will be little left for developing its school system in anything like an adequate manner to meet the reconstruction needs. It will welcome with open arms all institutions that are equipped to carry on this great work. The eleven acres of land that we have acquired for the new building on the Monte Mario is the last available hilltop in Rome. It stands about six or seven hundred feet above the city, just to the north of St. Peter's, and looks down on the Vatican gardens and the house where the Pope lives. It is regarded as the best site for a school in any part of Rome now. Marius camped his troops up there. The Via Triumphale runs along the side of it, and we use that road to come down into the city. We are going to put in a half million dollars' worth of the best modern equipment, with a gymnasium for one thousand young men, and we are going to give these young men the most efficient training educationally, and that best adapted to the present and coming formative period, which we can work out. Our expenses since the war have been very much higher, and recently we have had to take in more homeless boys, for whom I must raise the money while here in America. But the Collegio is going on splendidly. Our older boys are all in the war. Most of the boys of seventeen are under training. Two or three were heartbroken to be rejected. Their spirit is the essence of patriotism. I want to get this new building up at the earliest possible moment and be ready for business at the close of the war. Italy is going to need us, and I have the assurance of one of the Ministers of the Cabinet that the whole attitude of the government will be one of deep sympathy and of welcome. The government wants our help in that after-the-sword fight for democracy.

Italy is more united today than she ever has been since the outbreak of the war. She went into it just as much for idealism as any other nation. There is not a sign that she went in for any selfish object.

All of our preachers of fighting age are under arms and their wives and daughters are taking their places in the pulpits. This is a radical change from the old Levantine conception of woman's sphere. Most of our church work now has been turned to war relief, and the women are carrying it on heroically.

Bishop Nuelscn, in charge of Methodist Episcopal work in Europe leaving Venice after a conference

Rev. B. M. Tipple

FOR the last twenty-five or thirty years we have worked under something of a handicap in the foreign field. America has been regarded as the nation of enormous wealth. Every time an American appeared, he was looked upon as a representative of material wealth, and to a very great extent the missionary, as he traveled abroad, carried that stamp. He could not get away from it. Everything he said and did was interpreted under a certain aspect of materialism. When America did not go into the war at first, other nationalities said, "That is the materialism of America. She will sell her soul for money." That was true not only in the Central Empires, but it was a general feeling throughout all of south Europe and other parts of the world.

When America finally entered the war, after President Wilson had exercised such patience and had made it evident that he desired the States to keep out, if possible, he gave to America the moral leadership of the world. After this, wherever the American missionary goes everything that he says or does will be interpreted with a just and fair judgment.

The President of the United States has given to missions the greatest opportunity this side of the days of Martin Luther for Protestantism. The greatest missionary in the last hundred years is Woodrow Wilson!

Suffragists Win a Victory

BY an exact two-thirds vote, 274 to 136, the nation's representatives on January 10, after five hours' debate, adopted the resolution which, if concurred in by the Senate, will place before the nation the question of universal woman suffrage. The Susan B. Anthony Amendment, as it is called, had been before the Congress for seventy long and fateful years. Little by little sentiment had changed, state after state had ended all discrimination against citizens because of sex, and the Empire State had, this year, given "the cause" a new impetus and a new basis of action, for New York reversed itself within two years, and the soldiers had voted two to one for the widened franchise. Thus suffrage came to the bar of the House with the strongest appeal and the most convincing case in its history.

It was appropriate that the "lady from Montana," Miss Rankin, should lead the fight for the amendment. She did it well. Representative James R. Mann of Illinois left a sickbed to vote for suffrage, as did Representative Sims. The Speaker was ready to vote "aye," but his vote was not needed.

The Committee on Suffrage of the House of Representatives reported the resolution favorably on January 8. As at first reported by the Judiciary Committee, the resolution had been drawn to require ratification by the states within seven years, but the suffrage committee to which the resolution had been referred omitted this restriction in returning it to the House. The House agreed to vote on the resolution on January 10. In spite of the interest aroused by the various investigations by congressional committees, the suffrage question appeared to hold the center of the stage in Congress during the first days of the reconvened session. Before the holiday recess there had been many predictions that the resolution would fail; following the recess the feeling seemed to be that it had a chance of passage, and as the days progressed its chances appeared to increase. The representatives of the Southern states, having practically declared their united opposition to the measure, were appealed to by Representative Cantrill of Kentucky, who pointed out that the Democratic control of Congress came in some degree through sittings held by members elected by feminine votes, and he warned the Southern members that in opposing Woman Suffrage they were practically voting to take away from the South its present predominating influence in the committees of Congress, ten Southern states controlling eighteen of the thirty-one chairmanships. The Republicans in Congress gave evidence of an intention to vote almost solidly for the resolution, and the opposition among the Democratic representatives soon gave signs of wavering under the pressure of political necessity, and as a result of the hearings in which women from the suffrage states brought telling evidence of feminine capacity for the duties of citizenship. As Mrs. Catt declared before the committee, they met with facts the theories of those opposed to the extension of the suffrage across the boundaries of sex. The final blow for the necessary favorable vote was given by the President on January 9, when he came out flatly in favor of the proposed amendment. A committee of congressmen which waited upon the President made the following statement: "The committee found that the President had not felt at liberty to volunteer his advice to members of Congress in this important matter, but when we sought his advice he very frankly and earnestly advised us to vote for the amendment as an act of right and justice to the women of the country and of the world." In the final vote, 104 Democrats, 165 Republicans and 5 Independents voted for the resolution, while 102 Democrats, 33 Republicans and 1 Progressive voted "No."

The text of the resolution is as follows:

"Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled (two-thirds of each House concurring therein), that the following Article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid as part of said Constitution, namely:

ARTICLE ——

Section 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex.

Section 2. Congress shall have power, by appropriate legislation, to enforce the provision of this article.

Woman's Suffrage recorded another victory in England on January 10, the House of Lords, that sanctuary of privilege, voting 134 to 69, to retain in the franchise bill the clause that extends the vote to women.

America Shows the Way to Peace

President Wilson's Great Speech Setting Forth Our War Aims and Peace Terms

IN an address on January 8 to both Houses of Congress President Wilson announced the terms of the United States as a basis for world-peace. The full text of his speech, which has been eabled to the press associations of Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and South America, is given below:

GENTLEMEN OF THE CONGRESS:

Onee more, as repeatedly before, the spokesmen of the Central Empires have indicated their desires to discuss the objects of the war and the possible basis of a general peace. Parleys have been in progress at Brest-Litovsk between Russian representatives and representatives of the Central Powers to which the attention of all the belligerents has been invited for the purpose of ascertaining whether it may be possible to extend these parleys into a general conference with regard to terms of peace and settlement.

The Russian representatives presented not only a perfectly definite statement of the principles upon which they would be willing to conclude peace, but also an equally definite programme of the concrete application of those principles. The representatives of the Central Powers, on their part, presented an outline of settlement which, if much less definite, seemed susceptible of liberal interpretation until their specific programme of practical terms was added. That programme proposed no concessions at all, either to the sovereignty of Russia or to the preferences of the population with whose fortunes it dealt, but meant, in a word, that the Central Empires were to keep every foot of territory their armed forces had occupied—every province, every city, every point of vantage—as a permanent addition to their territories and their power. It is a reasonable conjecture that the general principles of settlement which they at first suggested originated with the more liberal statesmen of Germany and Austria, the men who have begun to feel the force of their own people's thought and purpose, while the concrete terms of actual settlement came from the military leaders who have no thought but to keep what they have got. The negotiations have been broken off. The Russian representatives were sincere and in earnest. They cannot entertain such proposals of conquest and domination.

THE whole incident is full of significance. It is also full of perplexity. With whom are the Russian representatives dealing? For whom are the representatives of the Central Empires speaking? Are they speaking for the majorities of their respective parliaments, or for the minority parties, that military and imperialistic minority which has so far dominated their whole policy and controlled the affairs of Turkey and the Balkan States, which have felt obliged to become their associates in this war? The Russian representatives have insisted, very justly, very wisely and in the true spirit of modern democracy, that the conferences they have been holding with the Teutonic and Turkish statesmen should be held within open, not closed, doors and all the world has been audience, as was desired.

To whom have we been listening, then? To those who speak the spirit and intention of the resolutions of the German Reichstag of the 9th of July last, the spirit and intention of the Liberal leaders and parties of Germany, or to those who resist and defy that spirit and intention and insist upon conquest and subjugation? Or are we listening, in fact, to both, unreconciled and in open and hopeless contradiction? These are very serious and pregnant questions. Upon the answer to them depends the peace of the world.

BUT whatever the results of the parleys at Brest-Litovsk, whatever the confusions of counsel and of purpose in the utterances of the spokesmen of the Central Empires, they have again attempted to acquaint the world with their objects in the war and have again challenged their adversaries to say what their objects are and what sort of settlement they would deem just and satisfactory. There is no good reason why that challenge should not be responded to and responded to with the utmost candor. We did not wait for it. Not once but again and again we have laid our whole thought and purpose before the world, not in general terms only, but each time with sufficient definition to make it clear what sort of definitive terms of settlement must necessarily spring out of them.

Within the last week Mr. Lloyd George has spoken with admirable candor and in admirable spirit for the people and Government of Great Britain. There is no confusion of counsel among the adversaries of the Central Powers, no uncertainty of principle, no vagueness of detail. The only secrecy of counsel, the only lack of fearless frankness, the only failure to make definite statement of the objects of the war lies with Germany and her allies. The issues of life and death hang upon these definitions. No statesman who has the least conception of his responsibility ought for a moment to permit himself to continue this tragical and appalling outpouring of blood and treasure unless he is sure beyond a peradventure that the objects of the vital sacrifice are part and parcel of the very life of society and that the people for whom he speaks think them right and imperative as he does.

THERE is, moreover, a voice calling for these definitions of principle and of purpose which is, it seems to me, more thrilling and more compelling than any of the many moving voices with which the troubled air of the world is filled. It is the voice of the Russian people. They are prostrate and all but helpless, it would seem, before the grim power of Germany, which has hitherto known no relenting and no pity. Their power apparently is shattered. And yet their soul is not subservient. They will not yield either in principle or in action. Their conception of what is right, of what it is humane and honorable for them to accept, has been stated with a frankness, a largeness of view, a generosity of spirit and a universal human sympathy which must challenge the admiration of every friend of mankind; and they have refused to compound their ideals or desert others that they themselves may be safe.

They call to us to say what it is that we desire, in what, if in anything, our purpose and our spirit differ from theirs; and I believe that the people of the United States would wish me to respond with utter simplicity and frankness. Whether their present leaders believe it or not, it is our heartfelt desire and hope that some way may be opened whereby we may be privileged to assist the people of Russia to attain their utmost hope of liberty and ordered peace.

IT will be our wish and purpose that the processes of peace, when they are begun, shall be absolutely open, and that they shall involve and permit henceforth no secret understandings of any kind. The day of conquest and aggrandizement is gone by; so is also the day of secret covenants entered into in the interest of particular Governments and likely at some unlooked for moment to upset the peace of the world. It is this happy fact, now clear to the view of every public man whose thoughts do not still linger in an age that is dead and gone, which makes it possible for every nation whose purposes are consistent with justice and the peace of the world to avow now or at any other time the objects it has in view.

We entered this war because violations of right had occurred which touched us to the quick and made the life of our own people impossible unless they were corrected and the world secured once for all against their recurrence. What we demand in this war, therefore, is nothing peculiar to ourselves. It is that the world be made fit and safe to live in; and particularly that it be made safe for every peace loving nation which, like our own, wishes to live its own life, determine its own institutions, be assured of justice and fair dealing by the other peoples of the world as against force and selfish aggression. All the peoples of the world are in effect partners in this interest, and for our own part we see very clearly that unless justice be done to others it will not be done to us.

THE programme of the world's peace, therefore, is our programme, and that programme, the only possible programme, as we see it, is this:

I. Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view.

II. Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.

III. The removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.

IV. Adequate guarantees given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety.

V. A free, open minded and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based upon a strict observance of the principle that in determining all such questions of sovereignty the interests of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the Government whose title is to be determined.

VI. The evacuation of all Russian territory and such a settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will secure the best and freest cooperation of the other nations of the world in obtaining for her an unhampered and unembarrassed opportunity for the independent determination of her own political development and national policy and assure her of a sincere welcome into the society of free nations under institutions of her own choosing; and, more than a welcome, assistance also of every kind that she may need and may herself desire. The treatment accorded Russia by her sister nations in the months to come will be the acid test of their good will, of their comprehension of her needs as distinguished from their own interests and of their intelligent and unselfish sympathy.

VII. Belgium, the whole world will agree, must be evacuated and restored, without any attempt to limit the sovereignty which she enjoys in common with all other free nations. No other single act will serve as this will serve to restore confidence among the nations in the laws which they have themselves set and determined for the government of their relations with one another. Without this healing act the whole structure and validity of international law is forever impaired.

VIII. All French territory should be freed and the invaded portions restored, and the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, which has unsettled the peace of the world for nearly fifty years, should be righted, in order that peace may once more be made secure in the interest of all.

IX. A readjustment of the frontiers of Italy should be effected along clearly recognizable lines of nationality.

X. The peoples of Austria-Hungary, whose place among the nations we wish to see safeguarded and assured, should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development.

XI. Rumania, Serbia and Montenegro should be evacuated; occupied territories restored; Serbia accorded free and secure access to the sea; and the relations of the several Balkan States to one another determined by friendly counsel along historically established lines of allegiance and nationality; and international guarantees of the political and economic independence and territorial integrity of the several Balkan States should be entered into.

XII. The Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty, but the other nationalities which are now under Turkish rule should be assured an undoubted security of life and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development, and the Dardanelles should be permanently opened as a free passage to the ships and commerce of all nations under international guarantees.

XIII. An independent Polish State should be erected which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, which should be assured a free and secure access to the sea and whose political and economic independence and territorial integrity should be guaranteed by international covenant.

XIV. A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states alike.

IN regard to these essential rectifications of wrong and assertions of right, we feel ourselves to be intimate partners of all the Governments and peoples associated together against the imperialists. We cannot be separated in interest or divided in purpose. We stand together until the end.

For such arrangements and covenants we are willing to fight and to continue to fight until they are achieved; but only because we wish the right to prevail and desire a just and stable peace, such as can be secured only by removing the chief provocations to war, which this programme does remove. We have no jealousy of German greatness, and there is nothing in this programme that impairs it. We grudge her no achievement or distinction of learning or of pacific enterprise such as have made her record very bright and very enviable. We do not wish to injure her or to block in any way her legitimate influence or power. We do not wish to fight her either with arms or with hostile arrangements of trade, if she is willing to associate herself with us and the other peace-loving nations of the world in covenants of justice and law and fair dealing. We wish her only to accept a place of equality among the peoples of the world—the new world in which we now live—instead of a place of mastery.

NEITHER do we presume to suggest to her any alteration or modification of her institutions. But it is necessary, we must frankly say, and necessary as a preliminary to any intelligent dealings with her on our part, that we should know whom her spokesmen speak for when they speak to us, whether for the Reichstag majority or for the military party and the men whose creed is imperial domination.

We have spoken now surely in terms too concrete to admit of any further doubt or question. An evident principle runs through the whole programme I have outlined. It is the principle of justice to all peoples and nationalities and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak. Unless this principle be made its foundation no part of the structure of international justice can stand. The people of the United States could act upon no other principle, and to the vindication of this principle they are ready to devote their lives, their honor and everything that they possess. The moral climax of this, the culminating and final war for human liberty, has come and they are ready to put their own strength, their own highest purpose, their own integrity and devotion to the test.

IN all of the Allied countries this address of President Wilson, coming as it did on the heels of Lloyd George's speech to British labor, was hailed as a final, clear and just statement of the minimum requirements of a democratic safe and lasting peace. British labor leaders, convinced by Lloyd George that we war for no capitalistic or imperial aims, were further assured by the President's list of the things we fight for. France found assurance that her one basis for peace was shared by her allies. The sympathetic references to Russia did not go unnoticed, and Italy gained new determination to fight on. Some British editors were inclined to stumble over the proposal for free seas, but otherwise there was one harmonious note of praise from Allied and neutral press. It was hardly to be expected that the heavily censored German press would receive the address enthusiastically; to them Wilson appears a demagogue and a Czar.

A Week in the World's News

The Russo-German Peace Conference

THE peace conference between Russia and the Central Powers at Brest-Litovsk, which adjourned December 26 in order to afford the Entente Allies opportunity to signify if they wished to participate with Russia, was resumed on January 8.

A Russian demand that the conference be transferred to neutral territory, preferably Stockholm, was not agreed to by the Teutonic delegates, and the conference proceeded at Brest-Litovsk.

The German delegation in Petrograd, which is discussing with the Russian such questions as the resumption of commercial relations and the exchange of certain classes of prisoners, is reported to have expressed the desire to the Swedish legation that Sweden act as the mediator with Great Britain, France and Italy.

"War between Russia and Bulgaria ceases. Diplomatic and economic relations between Russia and Bulgaria are resumed. Russia recognizes Bulgaria's right to nominate a delegate to an international Danube commission. The first peace is thus concluded, with the consent of Bulgaria's allies." This announcement was made on January 10 by Bulgarian Premier Radoslavoff in parliament. News reports add that Bulgaria has appointed a minister to Petrograd and a consul-general to be stationed at Odessa, and has ordered the resumption of navigation to Odessa.

Bulgaria took part with Germany, Austria, and Turkey in the first negotiations at Brest-Litovsk, and it had been assumed that no peace terms would be agreed to by the Central Powers except in concert.

Separate peace proposals made by Turkey have been refused by the Bolshevist government. Turkey was requested to participate in the general conference between Russia and the Central Powers. Among the terms proposed by Turkey were free passage of the Dardanelles for Russian ships, Russian evacuation of Turkish territory, and demobilization of the Russian Black Sea fleet. Turkey was to retain her active army in consequence of continuation of war against the Entente. On January 11, owing to the failure of all enemy powers to accept the basis of peace proposed at Brest-Litovsk, Dr. von Kuehlmann, the head of the German delegation, announced that the Central Powers would withdraw their offer to conclude peace on the basis of "no annexation and no punitive indemnities." The Ukrainian delegation also announced the establishment of a people's republic in the Ukraine, resuming the national existence lost 250 years ago. They declared that the Ukraine was striving for the formation of a federal government in Russia, pending, which it would act independently.

Meantime reports tell of renewed preparations for fighting by the Russian armies, of the formation of a Cossack republic under Kaledines in the Don region and of serious mutinies among the German troops at Kovno and Tarnopol.

OUR GROWING ARMY. Before the Senate Military Affairs Committee on January 10, Secretary of War Newton D. Baker answered criticisms of the War Department. A substantial army is already in France, he said, where men and officers have been trained and are ready for active service. The army is supplied with rifles and powder, and ordnance is being made as fast as the factories can do the work. The shortage in clothing has been made good. No army of similar size had ever been raised, equipped and trained in so short a time, nor had such provision ever been made for the soldier's well-being. In April, 1917, said Mr. Baker, the regular army comprised 5,571 officers and 121,797 men; the National Guard in Federal service, 3,733 officers and 76,713 men; the Reserve, 4,000 men. At that time 2,573 officers were in the reserve on inactive duty. On December 31, 1917, the regular army had 10,250 officers and 475,000 men, the National Guard 10,031 officers and 400,900 men, the National Army 480,000 men, and the Reserve 84,575 officers and 72,750 men; an increase from 9,324 to 110,835 officers and from 202,510 to 1,428,650 men. The aviation division of the Signal Corps on April 1 had 65 officers and 1,120 men, while on January 1 it had 3,900 officers and 82,120 men. The army now is about six times as great as in the Spanish war. The health of the soldiers in our sixteen training camps, which have all necessary conveniences, comforts, and safeguards for the men, is better than that of any similar number of men in our history. The death rate, 7.5 per thousand, is slightly less than that of men of the same age at home. In the Spanish war it was three times as great. Mr. Baker said that deliveries of machine-guns would begin in February, but that while every man sent abroad would be fully equipped, it would be some time before all of the troops at home would be completely outfitted.

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These boys are engaged in an interesting experiment. In company with twenty-three others, all of them suffering from lack of nourishment, they are being given one good square meal a day, each day for three months, by the city of New York. The test may be the beginning of a radical change in the menus of the noontime lunches

STRAIGHTENING THE COAL TANGLE. Aided by better weather, railways and port authorities at New York and New England points made some progress during the week ending January 12 in relieving the acute situation in the coal market, although the total coal available was below minimum requirements. 150 vessels with cargoes for Europe were detained for lack of fuel. Because of lack of bunker coal which had delayed sailings and because of shortage of tonnage, 40,000 car-loads of materials vitally necessary to our troops abroad and to our allies were being held at eastern ports on January 10. The delivery of bunker coal to these vessels was carried on industriously every day during the week, and a large number of the delayed liners were enabled to begin their voyages. On January 7 Fuel Administrator Garfield issued an order curtailing the export of coal until domestic needs were met.

UNLOADING WEEK. As a part of the plan to make more effective use of railway equipment Director General McAdoo issued an order on January 6 providing for greatly increased demurrage rates on cars not promptly unloaded, the new rates to take effect January 21. On January 7 plans were announced for a big nation-wide campaign beginning January 14 to clear up congestion at all railroad terminals, the week beginning on that date to be known as "Freight-Moving Week."

TO HOUSE SHIPWORKERS. Homer L. Ferguson, president and general manager of the Newport News Shipbuilding Company, declared before the investigating committee of the Senate on January 8 that the government program of 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 tons of shipping launched in 1918 might be reduced to 3,000,000 tons or increased to 10,000,000 and would surely not be greater than the lesser figure unless houses were built near the yards to provide living-quarters for the necessary labor. He said if he had the power he would commandeer houses, but that it was useless to talk of working two or three shifts a day unless living-quarters were provided. On January 9 the Shipping Board, stimulated by a report from the Senate sub-committee, announced that it would expend immediately $1,200,000 to provide housing accommodations for shipyard workers at Newport News, and that similar construction would be undertaken at other plants as soon as Congress passed a bill now pending providing the money for the purpose. Chairman Hurley of the Shipping Board replied to Mr. Ferguson on the following day. He quoted Lloyds estimate of the capacity of American yards at 4,500,000 to 5,000,000 tons and declared that the higher figure would be reached. He stated that a campaign was on to secure 382,000 more workers for the shipyards.

FACING SACRIFICE. It was announced on January 10 that because of ship losses and of crop failures abroad it would be necessary to ship an additional 90,000,000 bushels of wheat to our Allies. As our entire exportable surplus is already shipped, this means that Americans must loyally save on wheat products at every possible point where a substitute is available. Power is soon to be given to the Food Administration to effect by authority what they have thus far sought to accomplish by suggestion. Wheatless meals and days can then be made uniform in all public eating-places. Greater exports of meat must also shortly be made available.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. The Supreme Court of the United States of January 7 unanimously upheld the selective conscription law, the constitutionality of which had been questioned in several cases before the court. . . . Earl Reading, Lord Chief Justice of England, has been appointed British High Commissioner to the United States. He will take over the work of the embassy and of the war mission. . . . Earthquake shocks on January 3 and 4 completed the destruction of Guatemala City, which was reported on January 5 to be entirely wiped out, while steam was coming up through crevices in the streets. . . . It is estimated that 7,000,000 American citizens will this year have the privilege of paying an income tax. . . . Circumstantial reports leaking through various neutral sources contiguous to Germany indicate that there is much suffering throughout the Empire, that food is scarce and that millions of the poorer classes are insufficiently fed, that new clothing and shoes are almost unobtainable, that the people are indulging in food riots and that the authorities are losing their hold upon the nation. . . . The American Red Cross reported, on January 10, that its membership had been increased, since May 10, from 486,394 to 22,000,000. The total of subscriptions to the Red Cross war fund was $103,525,955.64.

Japan's Message to Christian America

MAJOR GENERAL HIBIKI of the Japanese Army is in America on an important mission. He doesn't seek guns, or ship plates, or commerce; but, as the representative of Japan's 200,000 Christians, his quest is for spiritual things. Next week Miss Sangster will bring to you General Hibiki's message to the Christians of America.

What are the factors in the fight? Multiply your ideas by four and subtract the result from the mysteries of Providence. Then listen to the message that Rev. Ira Dwight Lyttle brings to the Christian Herald pulpit.

Frank Carpenter has gotten his hands into the nation's wool, but he got one of them free enough to spin an interesting yarn in next week's Herald.

Then there will be more tales of neighboring, a story of men remade, and a request from Uncle Sam for more eyes for the navy.

The War in Europe

THE fighters in Europe were snowbound this week over almost all of the front, from the sea in Belgium to the Piave in Italy. Heavy snow fell in the Italian Alps and seriously impeded German communications, preventing any aggressive action, although the rival artilleries here as everywhere else kept up their reciprocal destruction. In France and Flanders artillery fire by day and trench raids at night marked the week, the most important being made by the Germans and English east of Ypres and on the Cambrai front, honors being about even, and by the French east of St. Mihiel, where nearly a mile of German front line was wrecked and prisoners and machine guns were taken. On the Italian front, English troops executed several successful raids across the Piave River, destroying Austrian positions and stores and returning with prisoners and spoils.

During the week ending January 9 submarines and mines again accounted for twenty-one British ships, eighteen of which were of 1,600 tons. The American steamship Harry Luckenbach was torpedoed with a loss of eight of her crew.

The British army in 1917 took prisoners 114,000 men and captured 781 guns and lost 28,379 men as prisoners, and 166 guns.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · Managing Editor GEORGE H. SANDISON · Secretary THEODORE WATERS

The President on World-Peace

PRESIDENT WILSON, in his address of January 8, expressed in dignified and felicitous terms the heart-desire of the American people. It is broad, humanitarian, statesmanlike, and is beyond question the most notable deliverance that has ever come from any President of this nation. Yet, with all its dignity and precision of statement, it is simplicity itself. Moreoever, it is an appeal not only to the peoples of Germany and Austria, but to all the peoples of the world, in behalf of humanity and justice. He writes as the champion of the weak against an oppression which in some instances has become as galling as the helotism of ancient Greece. He shows America in the rôle of a world-liberator, and his attitude should find a warm response in all lands.

It is evident that the President regarded the time as opportune for such a restatement of the American attitude as would impress all the nations involved in the war, and possibly aid them in reaching a solution of the peace problem. In his address he begins by contrasting the statements of principles and terms submitted at Brest-Litovsk. Both were clear and definite, he points out, but that of the Central Powers proposed no concessions whatsoever. Earlier proposals which originated with the liberal statesmen of Austria and Germany had clearly been disregarded by the military leaders of those countries, who had no thought of surrendering conquered territory; hence the failure of the negotiations. He gives the Russian negotiators full credit for sincerity and earnestness, while the representatives of the Central Empires spoke not for their peoples, but for the imperialistic minority alone. Accepting the utterances of the German and Austrian spokesmen at the conference as a challenge to the Allies to declare to the world their war aims, and their views of a peace settlement, the President, although he has done so before, sees no reason why he should not do so again. So he accepts the challenge. He hears the voice of prostrate Russia calling, and he believes that our own people desire that he should respond "with utter simplicity and frankness."

In this generous spirit the address discusses the processes of peace. It is the desire of the American people, he tells the Congress, that these processes shall be absolutely open, and that there should be no secret understandings. His language at this point is simple and conclusive. "The day of conquest and aggrandizement," he reminds them, "is gone by; so is also the day of secret convenants, entered into in the interest of particular governments, and likely at some unlooked for moment to upset the peace of the world. It is this happy fact, now clear to the view of every public man whose thoughts do not still linger in an age that is dead and gone, which makes it possible for every nation whose purposes are consistent with justice and the peace of the world to avow now or at any other time the objects it has in view."

The President then sets forth anew the purposes of the United States in entering the war and our demand that the world be made "a fit and safe place to live in; and particularly that it may be made safe for every peace-loving nation which, like our own, wishes to live its own life, determine its own institutions, be assured of justice and fair dealing by the other peoples of the world, as against force and selfish aggression."

On another page of this issue we give the full text of the address, including "the only possible program, as we see it," for bringing about world-peace.

There is remarkable similarity of views in all essentials between these terms and those recently outlined by Premier Lloyd George. Indeed, as the President explains, "we feel ourselves to be intimate partners of all the governments and peoples associated together against the imperialists. We cannot be separated in interest or divided in purpose. We stand together until the end."

He defines our attitude toward Germany in language that corrects any false impressions. Speaking for the whole people, he disavows all jealousy of German greatness or hostility in the arrangements of trade. "We wish her only to accept a place of equality among the peoples of the world—the new world in which we now live—instead of a place of mastery. There is no purpose of suggesting any alteration or modification of German institutions, but her people should be heard through their spokesmen, instead of through the men whose creed is imperial domination."

Our own people will read the address with the growing conviction that President Wilson has measured up to the stature of national leadership at a time of world-crisis when real leaders are needed. He has translated the vision and the hope of good men everywhere into simple, practical language, which all may understand, and he has uplifted the whole subject to a plane far higher than that of diplomacy, and which holds out the promise of realization of the universal hope of world-peace.

The Prohibition Procession Starts

MISSISSIPPI takes the place of honor as the first in line for National Prohibition. Her vote ratifying the Constitutional amendment passed both houses of her Legislature within fifteen minutes after the measure was introduced by Governor Bilbo's message, and with only eight dissenting votes.

It is a peculiarly good start of the procession of the states. The South fittingly leads in Prohibition because it has most acutely felt the need of it. A community that has best known the evils and disasters of liquor drinking in the past is quickest and most eager to stamp out those evils for all the states and for all time.

Other states will promptly follow. As the sentiment of the country is sounded there is found more and more indication that the goal set by W. J. Bryan —three-fourths of all the states in line within three years—will be attained. Whether the government decrees temporary war Prohibition or not, the people are going to decree permanent Prohibition for peace.

Your Delayed Paper

AGAIN *we have occasion to refer to the unavoidable delays in the delivery of the Christian Herald to its readers through the mails. As we explained last week, all publications are experiencing the same trouble. It lies not with the publications themselves, for they are mailed at the usual time, nor with the postal authorities, but with the railways, whose transportation facilities have been very largely taken over temporarily to relieve the coal shortage, which is still a grave menace to the health and life of multitudes. To meet the imperative need of giving coal the right of way until the fuel famine was relieved, hundreds of passenger and other trains were taken off by the transportation companies, and the mails, all except first-class matter, became congested at the starting-point. Every Eastern publication has suffered from this delay in the same degree as the Christian Herald. The trouble is not only unfortunate but wholly unprecedented. As we go to press with this issue of the Christian Herald we can report that conditions are much improved, and we hope that regular deliveries will be made as usual and that our readers will again receive their papers on time. Nevertheless, we ask all Christian Herald readers to be patient if each issue does not arrive exactly on the date of issue, as in all probability there may again be similar delays in transportation over which we have no control. Wait at least a few days before complaining.*

We feel that this explanation is due to all of our subscribers, and while we deeply regret the inconvenience and disappointment the situation has caused to them we, in common with the whole body of publishers, can do no more than state the facts, which speak for themselves.

The Third Liberty Loan

THE third Liberty Loan, which will probably be offered in March, will exceed in amount not only the two preceding Liberty Loans, but any single war loan or any other loan ever offered in the history of the world. This announcement is made on the authority of the Liberty Loan Committee. These provisions, however, are subject to such change as the rapidly changing conditions of war may warrant. The committee's notification further says: "No loan of such proportions can be successfully absorbed unless the entire nation responds to the offering, and unless every citizen prides himself on the practice of self-denial, that he may subscribe to the limit of his ability. The number of subscribers to the last loan has been estimated at 10,000,000. Proportionally for the new loan it must exceed 15,000,000."

In preparing for the successful floating of this new loan, every true American should make "Thrift" the patriot's watchword. It will be well for us to put luxuries and extravagance completely aside and to meet the new call upon our loyalty with Spartan-like self-denial, that the nation may be able to continue its war duties unhampered, and that our boys "over there," who are fighting to save the world for democracy, may be equipped and fed properly. When we think of what they are facing at the front, we should not hesitate to make any or all of the comparatively simple sacrifices that the nation demands of us. We should be willing to cut out fashion and all foolish expenditures, and to limit our requirements to our actual needs, no more and no less. Our diet should be cut down to the wholesome essentials. We can save in many ways, in order that we may give to our country the full support which all loyal Americans should delight to render at such a time as this.

We are in this war, and we have already begun to realize that the "business as usual" stage of thought and action is impracticable under our new conditions. "Every unessential industry which burns coal," the Liberty Loan Committee reminds us by way of illustration, "deprives the essential industries by just so much of the supply available for their purposes. So does every housewife who burns an unnecessary hodful in her kitchen range. Every man who buys a new overcoat is bidding against Uncle Sam, who is buying overcoats for our soldiers. And every dollar spent on a luxury is helping to support an unessential industry in the competitive consumption of essentials. Money spent on Liberty Bonds gets as wide and as immediate circulation as that spent on candy or theater tickets, but it goes to support industries which produce those things the government needs."

This war, as far as America is concerned, must be waged entirely on present savings. Hence the imperative necessity of thrift on the part of all the people. Those who have been in the habit of spending the income from past savings should realize it to be their duty in the present situation to practice self-denial and turn over what they can of their private incomes to the government in the form of Liberty Bond investments.

When the new Liberty Loan bonds are issued a few weeks hence, we trust that the members of the Christian Herald Family Circle in every State will be ready to help to the full extent of their ability, by taking up the bonds. Not only are they the best of all investments in a purely monetary sense, but they are the sinews of war with which Uncle Sam proposes to "see it through" in behalf of righteousness and justice. And in the years to come every home whose members have helped to win the war by buying some of these bonds will look back with satisfaction such as nothing else can give, upon the time when they saved and economized and made personal sacrifice to help the President and the nation at the critical period when the great war threatened to overturn the world, and to make freedom a byword and justice a pitiful memory.

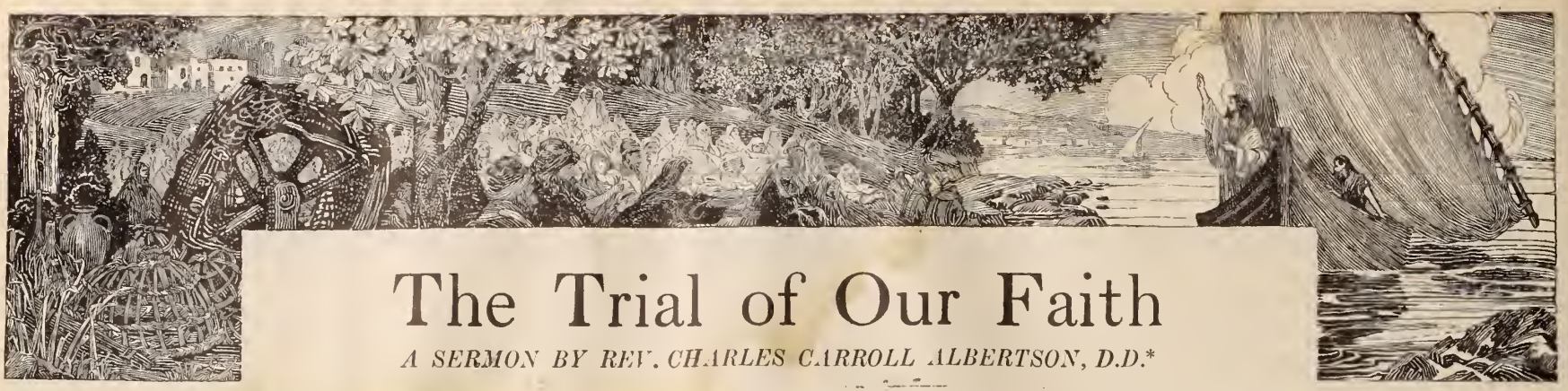
The Coal Stringency

THE war has created a demand upon the United States for 100,000,000 more tons of coal this year than is normally produced. Because of car shortage and the congested condition of the railroads, it is going to be impossible to increase the supply more than 50,000,000 tons. The remaining gap of 50,000,000 tons must be filled in by conservation in the homes and industrial plants of America. These facts come from the Fuel Administration.

The country is short on transportation facilities. The carrying of the 30,000,000 carloads of coal mined last year constituted more than half of all the freight carried by the railroads. When to this is added the explanation that the railroads themselves used in their locomotives last year between 125,000,000 and 135,000,000 tons of coal, and that they will this year require for their use 175,000,000 tons, it is seen that the hauling of coal is a burdensome task. The transportation of coal alone uses up 30 per cent. of the entire railroad equipment of the United States.

Government control of the railroads may greatly help the situation. In many cases industrial concerns have voluntarily cut down their use of coal; in many other cases curtailment will be forced. Non-essential industries are to be limited in their supply. The way to prevent the losses incident upon limitation of industry is for every consumer of coal to cut off waste and unnecessary consumption with an iron hand, and start on an intensive course of conservation without delay.

It is estimated that if every householder will save one shovelful of coal a day the aggregate will be 15,000,000 tons a year. This is small hardship and enormous gain. Those who can relieve the coal shortage by burning wood can figure that two pounds of seasoned wood have a fuel value equal to one pound of coal, according to a Forest Service bulletin. While different kinds of wood have different fuel values, the foresters say that in general the greater the dry weight of a non-resinous wood the more heat it will give out. For such species as hickory, oak, beech, birch, hard maple, ash, locust, long-leaf pine, or cherry, which have comparatively high fuel values, one cord, weighing about 4,000 pounds, will equal one ton of coal.



The Trial of Our Faith

*A SERMON BY REV. CHARLES CARROLL ALBERTSON, D.D.**

TEXT—I Peter 1 : 7. "That the trial of your faith might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

THE first two chapters of this Epistle mention three precious things: "Unto you who believe He is precious"; "the precious blood of Christ"; and "the precious trial of your faith." All these precious things logically include another precious thing, namely, our faith. It is needless to argue the preciousness of Christian faith, that is to say, its value, the high esteem in which it should be held. Now let us think of the precious trying of our faith.

The world is full of things which try our faith, experiences which test it, strain it up to the very point of breaking. They found it so to whom the apostle first wrote, and we find it so, to whom, after all, as well as to those early Christians "scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia and Bithynia," he wrote these words.

If the purpose of God in ordaining this world and this life of ours had been to produce happiness, his purpose were indeed a failure. But if his intention had been and is to try our faith, then the world is admirably adapted to its purpose. Innumerable circumstances, ordinary and extraordinary, try our faith. "The natural perversity of inanimate things" tries it. The weakness of the flesh tries it. Adversity and poverty alike, fullness of vitality and deficient vitality, our tasks and our temptations—temptations of the flesh and of the spirit—try our faith. The close relationship of our spirits and the bodies in which they dwell, with all necessary bodily limitations, tries our faith. Our souls are like ocean-going boats, tossed by waves, buffeted by tempests, and beaten back by contrary winds. Thus the seaworthiness of a boat is tried, and thus the strength of our faith is tested. Is it sad that this is so? We may think of it as tragedy, but the apostle did not so think of it. He was given to see the fruit of the trial of our faith, and in view of that he called it precious. What is the possible ultimate result of the trying of our faith in view of which the painful discipline to which we are subjected may be regarded as precious?

THE trial of our faith is precious if it give us a sense of possessing something which can not be lost. Many of our most highly valued possessions may be alienated. Like soldiers on a forced march, we deliberately cast away one thing after another of our impedimenta, and reach the end of the journey with only that remaining which we could not lose without losing life itself. How easily riches "make wings and fly away"! How imperceptibly youth, health and strength vanish! Much that is dear to us is as a vapor that appeareth for a moment and then vanisheth away. At the end of the journey, when we take inventory of our assets, if we find, like Paul, that we have kept the faith, whatever other things have been forfeited, we shall not be bankrupt or castaway.

Then the trying of our faith is precious by so much as it gives us a consciousness of fellowship with all similar sufferers. There is a freemasonry of sorrow. The widowed Queen of England, after the death of her Prince Consort, found relief by visiting the widow of a workingman who had lost his life in an accident. At their first meeting no words were exchanged for a moment, but the two women in black embraced each other and wept together. There is a tomb in Westminster Abbey marking the resting-place of a babe that died two hundred years ago. (What must it be to have been in heaven two centuries?) The tomb is in the form of a marble cradle with delicate lacelike tracery, and in the cradle is the marble effigy of a sleeping babe. Some woman with rare insight into the fellowship of suffering wrote, at sight of the cradle tomb:

> Man dies, but sorrow never dies;
> The corroding years divide in vain,
> And the whole world is knit by ties
> Of common brotherhood in pain.

IT has been said that "humanity is distinct like the billows, yet one like the sea." The oneness of humanity, the kinship of all pilgrims of the night, is best revealed in the experiences which try our faith. Every public speaker knows this is true, and perceives instinctively that an audience is never so firmly welded together, that a congregation never so thinks as one and feels as one, as when hearts are touched to sympathy and eyes are moist with tears.

In the freshness of one's grief, he may imagine himself alone; but let a little time go by, and he finds himself not solitary, but walking a companioned way, unnumbered brethren at his side. Aristocracy melts into democracy in the fire of a common affliction. Not long ago a distinguished lawyer said good-by to the dear woman who had walked at his side for more than forty years. Shortly after the funeral, as he entered the building in which he has his office, the janitor with whom he had exchanged casual greetings through the years stopped him and took his hand and expressed, as rough, uncultured men sometimes do with intuitive grace, a few words of sympathy, so simple and so sincere that they were as balm to the broken heart. The brotherhood of sorrow leaps barriers of caste and indeed bridges the chasm of time itself. How many fathers there are who have had fellowship with David when he wept the loss of his little lad! How many blind people there are who have had fellowship with Homer and Milton! How many burdened men and women have found it easier to call Jesus Christ their Brother as they, like him, staggered under the weight of their crosses up to their mountain peaks of agony!

BUT these mountain peaks of agony which lie at the end of the trying of our faith may also be mountain peaks of vision. The trial of our faith is precious if it bring us in our suffering a sense of spiritual freedom. A heroic woman, engaged in the preaching of a great reform, a movement she believed to be fundamentally moral as well as social, suffered much ridicule and scorn. These she bore bravely, but shrank from a possible experience of imprisonment. That cup she prayed might pass. But there came a day when it was pressed to her lips. She was arrested and thrown into prison, into a common cell with women of the underworld. At first she shrank from contact with them; but she remained in prison long enough to know that their touch was human and friendly. And even while in prison, there came to her a sense of emancipation from fear. Having suffered imprisonment, she felt there was nothing worse to suffer. She had drained the cup to its dregs. When she came out of prison she was far bolder, far freer from the invisible fetters which hitherto had bound her. The experience was worth all it cost.

There are trials of our faith which have the same effect on us as imprisonment had on this woman. In some such spirit as this, the shepherd lad who had slain a lion went out to meet the giant Philistine. Then, having slain Goliath, fear itself was slain. There is a line in a poem which hints at the Christian's conquest of fear:

> "And, death once dead, there's no more death to die!"

The Epistle to the Hebrews speaks of the emancipation accomplished by Him "who, through death, delivers them who through fear of death have all their lifetime been subject to bondage."

In view of this threefold fruitage of the trial of our faith, is it not clear why our trials are precious? The same man who wrote of the precious trying of our faith wrote also: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you: but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."

*Pastor Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, New York.

JERUSALEM OUT OF BONDAGE

THE Holy City, like a prayer-rug placed
  Upon the hot sands of the desert way,
  Is swept clean of its ages-old decay,
With blots of blood and ancient blemishes erased.
And once again the humble ones may come,
  And kneel there, undisturbed, alone;
May bow in prayer, with never sword nor drum
  To beat across the threshold of their hearts;
  And through the gray and honored marts
New Harps of Happiness shall hum.

When winds are calm and pattering feet have ceased,
  Dead centuries sound faintly on the ear.
  As if God wanted those about to hear
The songs of stars that still burn brightly in the East!
And there are sermons, murmuring, now and then,
  That glow with grave-dust of the Past:
Dead words, new-born, of wise and holy men
  Echo, as if from lips that lately passed.
  And these fair, sloping hills are massed
With olive trees that bloom again!

In reverence the Moloch War sweeps by,
  The hush of sudden terror in his soul.
  Here, only warriors of Christ take toll,
And altar-fires burn upward to the desert sky.
  A dim oasis, on the sands of strife—
  A little realm of crumbling clay,
Where Time has hid her treasure-trove of prayer,
  It is a miracle that this shall stand.
  Unmarred, by desecrating hand.
They must have known that He was there!

W. LIVINGSTON LARNED.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Pattern in the Mount

SUNDAY, January 27. Heb. 8 : 5. "*See that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed to thee in the mount.*" That is the secret of all progress. An ugly fact is seen in the light of its ideal, and the work of reform is begun. Some man has seen the pattern in the mount, and he brings the glowing rectitude and places it side by side with familiar realities, and he exposes their crookedness and fatal alienation. "Repent," he cries, and in obedience to his word and vision a revolution is born. It is when the pattern in the mount is lost, or when it has been forgotten, or when we have deliberately hid it away, that we fall into an indolent contentment. When the shining, convicting pattern is missing we become "at ease in Zion," and foul and ugly things are undisturbed. Crooked happenings do not distress us. Nay, they appear as the quite natural and companionable furniture of our lives. Wronged people do not arrest or alarm us, because we do not see their angels as in the presence of our Father in heaven. We must see the heavenly pattern if we would see the earthly perversion of our Father's will.

If therefore we would have a period of wise revolution we must have a preparatory period of wise revelation. All healthy revolution in spirit and in circumstances, in character and in conduct, must begin in the glory of spiritual vision. "Where there is no vision the people perish." But where the vision is given and welcomed there will be the health of disquietude, and we shall begin to have the stirrings of a new day in movements of desire and will, and in the awaking energies of agitation and action.

And what is to be our pattern in the mount except the holy mind of Jesus Christ? If in all matters of right and wrong, matters of moral principle, we seek the mind of Christ, we shall surely have before us the pattern in the mount. What does Christ think about the poor? What does he think about their rights? What is his pattern for holy dealing? And has he any pattern for marriage? And what is the ideal in glory concerning the purposed stature of every man? And what is his ideal as to the relation of races, the fellowship of all the tribes and peoples which jostle one another on the planet? And so with countless other questions which we might ask in the holy mount. We should find that the patterns would be given.

Sometimes the patterns are given to us with amazing brilliancy. Sometimes a pattern is made to blaze in the soul of some man or woman in lines of fire. It burns in the very texture of their being, and it kindles their awakened spirit into vehement speech and action. These are our prophets. They can say with Jeremiah, "There is in mine heart as it were a burning fire . . . and I cannot contain!" Their eyes have seen "the dawning of the glory of the Lord." They have received the pattern in the mount, and they dare not be disobedient to the heavenly vision. And that is the first necessity of our day, to seek the pattern in the mount. J. H. J.

The Recognition of Spirituality

MONDAY, January 28. Gen. 41 : 38. "*And Pharaoh said unto his servants, Can we find such a man as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?*" Pharaoh was not himself a man of God, but he recognized Joseph as such when he came to know him. Even the unbelieving world recognizes a godly man when it sees him. He was not a good man who said, "Let me live the life of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." We are not surprised to read that the sons of the prophets, when they saw Elisha, perceived that the spirit of Elijah rested upon him. The sons of the prophets were religious men, and if there is anything in religion we must believe that God gives a religious man a spirit of discernment. But here, in the case of Pharaoh and Joseph, we find a man who makes no pretensions of being spiritual, giving prompt recognition to a spiritual man as his superior. One of the best things about this world is the capacity of the non-religious and even of the irreligious to perceive the superiority, the dignity and merit, the invaluable worth of a religious man. After all, a man is known by his spirit. It takes more than a tailor and a bootmaker to make a man. They may make a manikin, but a man is something more than an automaton. A man is great or small, generous or mean, virtuous or vicious, an asset to society or a liability, according to his spirit. And one "in whom the Spirit of God dwells" is essentially great. He has great aims, great purposes and great motives, limited only by the length and breadth of eternal life. C. C. A.

Mercy and Love

TUESDAY, January 29. Rom. 5 : 10. "*If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life.*" It is remarkable how persistently the earlest preachers of Christianity urge the atoning character of the death of Christ, and how they relate the personal Christianity of every believer to this event. Through it we have become free from guilt in the sight of God; from it we derive every energy that is exerted in our Christian life; upon it we base our hope of our final and perfect salvation in heaven after this life shall have been ended.

At this place in Romans, beginning even several verses before, the apostle uses the death of Christ for a climactic argument, to beget greater assurance in Christians. Christ died for men at a time when they were still his enemies. By making his Son the expiatory sacrifice for the world's guilt God gave men the very strongest proof of his love. He did not look for worthiness and merit in them before surrendering Christ to death. The atonement which Christ effected extended even to the wicked people who caused his death, and to all others elsewhere who had not even heard of him and who were living in defiance of God. If God can show such love to unbelievers and people who oppose him, how much greater will his affection be for people who have come to a knowledge of their sin and misery, are heartily sorry for their former wickedness, have accepted the reconciliation which his Son effected, and sincerely love Christ? W. H. T. D.

The Eternal Throne

WEDNESDAY, January 30. Ps. 45 : 6. "*Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever.*" The nationalities of earth are to help build characters for the kingdom of God. They are only temporary, while the throne of God is eternal. In this work of building, the nation is for the protection of the home, the business life, the school, the property, the life, liberty and pursuit of happiness of the individual. The republic gives freedom of thought, of speech, of publication, of worship, and the privilege of obeying the higher government of the Almighty.

The pillars of truth on which good government is founded are continuous in the support of the throne of God. Law and penalty, two of these shining shafts, must be kept in their places, or the temple falls. The Sermon on the Mount was for the regulation of individual life between man and man, but nations must enforce law and administer penalties, as a miniature of God's execution of justice and righteousness. Power, physical, mental and spiritual, belongeth unto God, and is delegated to earthly government, to use in defense of the right.

The river of life of all true earthly government flows from underneath the heavenly throne. It blesses everything whither the river cometh and beareth on its bosom immortals to the wider, grander sea shining before the throne of God. It is there that the voyagers finally sing, "Blessing and honor and power and glory be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne forever and ever." E. W. C.

Able to Keep

THURSDAY, January 31. II Tim. 1 : 12. "*I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.*" "That which I have committed unto him" is literally that which has been deposited in his care. What kind of a "deposit" had the apostle made? What is included in that which I have committed? The words of another apostle answer this question. It is Peter who speaks of "committing the keeping of our souls to God in well-doing as unto a faithful Creator." If there had been savings banks in Paul's day, some form of the same word which he uses for "commit" would probably have been used to describe the act by which a depositor entrusts to the bank the keeping of his money.

The word for keep is a military word, and it implies sleepless vigilance, unfailing guardianship. So God would fortify our faith in his keepership. What we have committed to him is in no jeopardy. It is absolutely safe. He never failed one of his children, and he never will. Therefore what we commit to him need never be withdrawn. Wars and panics do not affect its safety. And what do we commit to him? Exactly what Paul committed. Health, life, temporal and eternal good, reputation, hope, all. Paul had enemies, and he committed them to God. That is the best way to deal with our enemies if we have any. Paul had friends, and he committed them to God. He had fears, and thus he got rid of them. He had burdens he could not bear, and thus they grew light. Dark days came to him, cold days, bleak days, but never a black day, for he had committed his days to God. Like the Psalmist, he could say, "My times are in thy hand." "That day" is the day of Jesus Christ, the day of his victory over all things. That day is coming, and all we have deposited with God, all of treasure, all of friendship, all of hope deferred, shall be returned to us with infinite interest. C. C. A.

Divine Healing

FRIDAY, February 1. Isa. 53 : 5. "*With his stripes we are healed.*" The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah has attracted men in very early times. Peter echoes this text in particular in the New Testament (I Peter 2 : 24). We are told that the Ethiopian was reading this chapter when Philip met him (Acts 8). Jeremiah may have read it: he first pronounces the wounds and bruises of Israel incurable, namely, by ordinary medicines, and then declares, in the name of God: "I will heal thee of thy wounds" (Jer. 30). This is a splendid metaphor: the wounds and blood of Jesus compared to a healing balm for the world's grievous sores.

To appreciate this beautiful figure, we must be conscious, first of all, of our malady and acknowledge that we are in a sore plight. No one wants a physician who regards himself as being in good health. False shame sometimes causes people to dissemble their sickness and conceal their wounds. That is a very dangerous proeedure; such a delusion may prove fatal. Let us honor God by believing that he speaks the truth when he declares all men mortally ill, and let us gladly take of the medicine which he has prepared for us. We are healed by the wounds of Jesus. How? He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities. Our sins were laid upon him and permitted to carry on their ravages upon him. Accordingly, they are taken from us. The cause of our misery has been removed; the fountain of our diseases has been stopped. Now the healing process may begin. We are to become sound again in our inward life. The wounds of our conscience are to close. Our habitual sins, which are like festering sores, are to disappear. This is to be accomplished by our taking refuge in the wounds of Jesus. W. H. T. D.

Singing of the Soul

SATURDAY, February 2. Eph. 5 : 19. "*Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.*" Christianity was born amid the songs of angels, and Jesus sang on his way to Gethsemane, two great extremes in his life. Music is God's universal language of love to mankind. It comes to us free from denominational influences, creeds or doctrines, and free from the wings of words.

Music and poetry are called twin sisters; the words more fully conveying the thought of God, while music awakens the melody of holy emotion. Unbelief never sings, for the wings of faith and hope are clipped. The lark only sings on rising toward the heavens.

The harp of the soul is in the heart, therefore the heart must be right with God to offer praise in tune with the Infinite. We must make melody in our hearts unto the Lord. Artistic music thrills the intellect, but praise rises like incense from the bosom of loving devotion and consecration. The Holy Spirit puts a new song into the mouth, of harmony and unison with the heavenly Father. The new birth needs a new song appropriate to redemption. Some soul harps require a new tuning to bring them up to the concert pitch of highest praise. Let the Master Musician put on the keys of trouble and trial that you may again break forth into song, singing like the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

E. W. C.

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Armenia Enters the World-War

By MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

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Tiflis, the Georgian Capital and the base of the Russian army in the Caucasus

THE permission which has just been granted to the Georgians and Armenians to raise fifty thousand national troops for use on the Caucasian front may produce remarkable effects on the battlefields where the fight for the Near East is being carried on. The Caucasian front has been the center for much intriguing, the result of which might have made the defense of Verdun as futile as it was picturesque. With characteristic thoroughness, Germany has played the whole game, without any paralyzing obsession in regard to the importance of a single battle-line. Today the Caucasian front is second to none in importance, for it means the success or failure of Germany's greatest dream, the fight for a trade route between the producing centers of Europe and the population centers of Asia. Two years ago, while in America, I asserted in an article in the Christian Herald that the "Drang nach Osten" was one of the major causes of the European war. And now, from a point behind the Caucasian front, it still seems possible that the decisive battle of the war may be fought in Turkey.

The Russian troops south of the Caucasus are utterly demoralized. Many of them are selling their boots to get money for raw alcohol. The Turks know perfectly well that their adversaries are worthless. But for the present, they do not care to inaugurate an offensive. If the Turkish offensive gets under way before the Georgian and Armenian national armies do, the results may be disastrous to the Allied cause. If the Turks can be driven back and a union made between General Maude's Mesopotamian army and the fresh troops from the Caucasus, the Turks can be surrounded and the German dream of a land route to the East finally shattered. A winter campaign is possible, and the absence of elaborate trench systems makes fortune favor the bolder attack to an extent that is impossible on the western front. Regarded by many as an insignificant battle-line, the Caucasian front may be the most important of all between now and next May.

NEARLY a century ago, American Christians sent missionaries to the Armenians living under the Turkish flag. In their schools some of the brightest minds in the Turkish Empire were trained. This missionary work has so broadened and educational institutions of such excellence have been established that the graduates are well fitted to champion necessary reforms in Armenian social and religious bodies. The Armenian Church is the livest of the Christian churches in this part of the world. It is democratic in organization and outlook. It is supported by voluntary contributions and has on more than one occasion refused state aid from Russia. Its church services and its translation of the Bible have been in Old Armenian, which the common people do not understand. Its priests in the smaller communities have no salary, but depend on fees for christenings, weddings and burials, which they are not allowed to collect in advance. In addition, at Christmas and Easter they are given donations by their parishioners, who can expel them if they become arrogant through the amassing of wealth.

To this people the American missionaries went. If they were narrow in their theology, they were broad in their sympathies. And gradually they trained hundreds of young Armenians, both young men and girls. Constantinople, Aintab, Kharput, Marsovan and Beirut have been among the centers of missionary education to which the bright young scholars of Armenia have turned. Years of oppression have sharpened the Armenian mind and repressed some of the nobler impulses of the Armenian people. But the Armenians of Turkey have had loving instruction, and in many cases have reacted nobly.

While the young people of Turkish Armenia were being taught in American Protestant and French Catholic schools, those dwelling in Russian Armenia were not allowed to have national schools. The hand of Russia under the old régime was heavy. But the hand of the Turk was swift to kill, and no complaint was made by those in Russia who compared oppression with massacre. A strong Russian state was the hope of the Russian Armenians, and though they chafed under oppression, the object lesson across the Turkish border had its sure result. This is why few Armenians aligned themselves with the young Georgians, Little Russians and Great Russians, who in the seventies endured imprisonment and exile because of their fight for freedom and equality in the land of the Czar.

IN Turkey, massacre followed massacre. Constantinople did by fits and starts what St. Petersburg could not do by pressure alone. The hatred of the Armenians was aroused against their Moslem masters. America and Turkey were sowing on fruitful ground. But they used different seed. It was not Christ against Mohammed alone, but patient love against unreasonable hate.

Few know the dangers that threatened Asia Minor and the Caucasus in the anxious months before Turkey entered the war. The Czars had ignored the treaties of 1783 and 1799 with proud Georgia, and the hardy mountaineers were chafing under many grievances. Russia's heavy paw was slowly crushing a race to whom freedom was more than food. Hundreds of young men from the Caucasus had studied in Germany and were sympathetic with German aims. And when Germany invited representatives from the Caucasus to Constantinople, an important step toward Pan-Germanism was made.

In the meeting was Parvus, a Socialist Russian Jew who was working in Constantinople in Germany's interests. He it was who had earlier opposed American railway enterprises in Asia Minor. His purpose was to foster successful separatist movements in Georgia and the Ukraine, among peoples who were too manly to tolerate oppression longer than necessary. With Parvus was Ahmed Aghaeff from Baku, leader of the Pan-Turanian movement. Germany had surprised the world with its lightning dash toward Paris, and the atrocities which have since stained her escutcheon had not then been multiplied. In mobilizing her forces, Russia was drafting young men from a race of fighters. Among all her soldiers, from peasant to Cossack, none were better material than the Georgian braves. But according to the treaties to which Georgia still clung with desperation, it was expressly stated that Russia could not use Georgian troops outside the Caucasus. Little wonder then that proud Georgians listened to the honeyed words of Pan-Germanists in the city of the Sultans.

THE Turks, acting for Germany, but as yet not in the war, proposed that the Georgians and the Tartars oppose the Russian arms. Both groups had ample cause to hate the autocracy under whose pressure they lived. They were promised that Georgia should have its ancient boundaries and full autonomy under Turkish suzerainty. The Tartars, too, were to have a large state in union with the Tartars of Persia.

The Armenian Social Revolutionary Party was holding a convention in Erzerum. They were approached and promised a national unit under Turkish protection. The old line of Sultans was gone. Enver, Talaat and the rest promised fair dealing. A volunteer corps was to be raised in Russian Armenia to throw off the Russian rule. This promise of nationalism was also made from the Turkish cabinet in Constantinople. Direct negotiations were carried on with Vathkes, Armenian member of the Turkish parliament.

Enver Pasha was confident that these plans would lead to quick and sure success for the Turkish arms. Russia would have to retreat behind the snow line of the Caucasus, forced from Asia, as Turkey was formerly almost forced from Europe. He even convoked parliament to announce the news of the occupation

of the Caucasus. When the Turkish offensive began the Georgian Moslems of the Adjura district revolted. They were well armed, and directed by officers who had passed a least a part of their lves in Germany. With perfect ease, Enver's army secured the terminus of the Kars railway at the Russian frontier station of Sarakamuish. Citizens of Tiflis, two hundred miles away, began to evacuate the Georgian capital.

IN Turkey, the Armenians responded to the draft with perfect loyalty, and organized hospital and relief work among their Turkish compatriots. But across the line in Russian Armenia were thousands of Armenians who owed no allegiance to the Turk. They had fled from Turkey and chosen another ruler. They could not bear to see such conditions as prevailed in Turkey enter Russian Armenia. With feverish haste, born of firm determination, they formed a volunteer corps of sturdy fighters, actuated by a worthy cause. The very people who had suffered Russian oppression without revolutionary tendencies, because they knew how much worse conditions were in Turkey, rushed to defend their boundary.

Throwing their columns behind the Turkish advance at Sarakamuish, they cut the Turkish line of communications and set up machine guns in a narrow pass behind the 50,000 Turks, few of whom lived to fight another battle. At Ardahan, Armenian volunteers stubbornly resisted the Turkish advance for three days until Russian troops came and the Turkish offensive was broken.

Encouraged by this, the Georgians stiffened their demands on Germany, asking for entire independence, land on the Black Sea, and their ancient boundaries. The committee went from Constantinople to Berlin, where maps were prepared giving Georgia what she desired, but securing to Germany important financial and commercial concessions. The negotiations took so much time, however, that the Georgian committee decided that it was on the wrong side of the fence, not only from the standpoint of advantage but also of right. Although Russia had broken her treaties with them, they refused to be traitors. Through that decision Germany lost the aid of a fighting race who became her active enemies.

TURKEY'S boomerang had turned in its flight without bringing down its game. But Germany was not so easily eliminated. Of all the nations engaged in the war, she is least likely to overlook possible advantage. Georgia and Armenia had refused to aid in her fight for world conquest. The Tartars were outnumbered. But then came the order of Kerensky, which changed a huge army into a mob. The Russian army on the Turkish front became a nonentity.

Look at the map and mark how geography favored German aims. Along the Black Sea, Moslem Georgians, who had already revolted and joined the Turks against Russia. Joining them on the south the Turkish front, poorly manned, but with its morale unbroken. From the west and south, Islam and Germany held all the positions of advantage.

But the opposite front was even worse. From Kazan, more than half way down the Volga, to Persia, Afghanistan, and India itself, there was an unbroken line of Moslem races — potential foes. Between the two jaws of the nut-cracker were three nations, Georgia, Armenia and the small nation of Assyrians. And the only thing preventing the closing of the jaws was the demoralized Russian army. Spies swarmed throughout the whole district. Generals wearing the uniform of Russia were in the pay of Russia's foes. In no part of the territory did the Armenians or the Assyrians form a majority. But the Georgian nation stood in the line of every possible advance. Georgia had no alternative but to form a protective alliance with the Moslem foes which encircled her. It was agreed that if the Turks advanced, Georgia, Christian though she was, should cooperate with her Moslem enemies, and the Russian power in Asia would be broken.

This would leave General Maude's left flank exposed, and a retreat to Bagdad or even farther would be necessary. The Syrian campaign would then lose its value and the Near East would be in German hands. There was one time a few months ago when just that thing was almost sure. But for some reason the Turkish offensive did not develop. The Tartar movement was well organized, and the barbarous Kurds were whipped into shape. Before the revolution a single Russian general had issued 25,000 rifles to these lawless nomads, who have resisted racial development since the days when Xenophon encountered them on his great retreat.

WHILE a Moscow firm was manufacturing ammunition which would not fit any Russian cannon, but which an American journalist fitted into a captured German gun, an assistant in the office of the viceroy of the Caucasus signed an order to distribute these rifles among dangerous men whose loyalty Russia has never had.

But saner counsel began to prevail. True it was that the Russian troops were so badly demoralized that it was dangerous even to remove them from their position opposite the Turkish lines but at a safe distance from them. But in the endangered area were hundreds of thousands of Armenians, whose enmity toward Turkey was well understood. There were also the Georgians, proud descendants of a race of fighters. If there were a chance to save their country without treason, these men could be counted on. Steps were made to unite the two.

But even if this union were effected, there was still the danger of being surrounded, even from the north. Occupying the valley of the Don and the district north of the Caucasus were another race of warriors, descendants of the frontiersmen of two centuries ago. Their sympathy was enlisted, and today three determined foes are being more closely cemented together to oppose the worst the Turk and Tartar can do.

THE Armenians and Georgians, both Christian, are rapidly moving toward complete union and understanding, and there is possibility of a strong offensive against the Turks before next spring.

America can help with money and ammunition. The British are already at Samara, north of Bagdad, and there is a possibility that this winter will see the newly reorganized Georgian and Armenian regiments united with the British from Mesopotamia. "If Turkey's back can be broken, the beans are spilled." The Caucasian front may again win fame for breaking a deadlock which in spite of continued gains on the Western front promises no decisive change. No front in a world war is insignificant.

This much has already been accomplished. The rupture between the Armenians and the Georgians has been definitely closed. Never have they been better friends. The Tartar question is still unsettled, but in the presence of Georgio-Armenian unity its danger is greatly lessened. But German propaganda in the Caucasus is still potent.

The Armenians, fleeing from massacre in Turkey, entered Georgia as guests and have been very successful there. Tiflis, the Georgian capital, is practically owned by Armenians. This has occasioned little hard feeling, for the Georgian is an excellent host and a poor business man. With the breakdown of the old Georgian aristocracy and contempt for manual labor, the Georgian will become more of a man of business. There is no reason why these peoples, who have intermarried to a considerable extent, should not continue a traditional friendship.

The Armenians ask for no territory which Georgia claims, and the Georgians offer full equality to the Armenians, with complete cultural autonomy, including religious freedom, public instruction in the Armenian language, and bilingual courts. Here are two separate races inhabiting a single territory deliberately planning to perpetuate friendship. It is a movement sufficiently rare to be worthy of mention. In the Armenian conference, which has just closed, the votes were unanimous, after every party in the coalition had secured such concessions as were deemed necessary to ensure durable good will.

Two distinct plans face the Armenian people. One is an Armenian state in the Russian Caucasus, including Erivan, Alexandropol and part of Elizabethpol. Local autonomy under the rule of Russia is sought. The other plan, which does not conflict with the former, is a New Armenia, about the size of France, starting with more than a million Armenian inhabitants and formed from what is now Turkish Armenia—the vilayets of Bitlis, Van, Diarbekr, Erzerum, Kharput and Sivas. This second plan is not a national question to be taken up with Russia, but an international question to be decided by the peace conference.

THIS New Armenia would be a refuge for hundreds of thousands of Armenians from other parts of the world. To rehabilitate this ancient land, after five hundred years of oppression, would be a point of racial pride. The Armenians is not estranged from such occupations as he could find there, and the land itself is rich in resources. The intellectual Armenians have long favored a democratic republic, since there is no nobility or privileged class among them. The majority vote decides all questions, the minority acquiesces with grace, and even in the church the parishes elect their own priests.

The territory is being redivided in such a manner as to give each local unit the government desired by the majority of its citizens. The split between the Armenians and the Georgians, begun by autocratic Russia and continued by desperate Germany, is definitely healed. Fifty thousand men who want to fight are being sent to the Caucasus front. These features in a complex movement may soon show an importance little thought of today. The Armenian Conference, just closed, has definitely pledged its support to Russia, and refuses to make any demands that may embarrass the provisional government, as they are willing to await the meeting of the Constituent Assembly.

GERMANY'S fight for a trade route crosses the path over which Armenian volunteers hope to cooperate with British arms from Mesopotamia. If the famous "Drang nach Osten" is definitely stopped, the Allies may gain an advantage such as gallant defense and spirited attack on the Western front cannot bring.

Behind the Russian lines and in Persia there are thousands of Armenians who have been helped by American relief. The good work is still going on. But if a Turkish offensive sweeps forward in this area, relief work can avail nothing. Armenians have once prevented a victorious Turkish advance and are now arming to prevent another. But if the angered Turk can sweep these tiny forces away, there is question as to what will befall the old men and young women among the Armenian refugees.

The need for money, organization and ammunition on the Caucasian front is immediate and pressing. The present state cannot long continue. Any day the Turkish advance, aided by men whose usefulness farther north is lessened, may sweep across the present lines and wipe out the Armenian and Assyrian races, two of the oldest in the world.

It is now or never —defeat or victory. Conditions in Russia are not improving. The Germans well know the value of a lightning blow that would secure all Asia Minor to the Caucasus for their allies in a desperate fight.

The Mesopotamian, Syrian and Balkan campaigns all aim at a single effect—the smashing of the German advance to the gates of India. But the critical point is now the Caucasian front, where fresh troops of Armenians and Georgians are eager to anticipate what may be a disastrous Turkish offensive. Turkey and America have planted big crops in the border land that was once Armenia. The harvest is nearly ripe. Armenia is again entering the lists to do battle for the right. She must advance to the tourney with the best equipment her friends can provide.

It is such men as these Christians of the Caucasus who make up the new armies of Armenia and Georgia

"HOWARD CHASE"

By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

HOWARD CHASE, a young Congregational minister, single, receives a call from a church in Red Hill, a village of seven hundred people in Kansas. After consulting with his classmate and chum, Roy Lennox, he accepts the call and leaves with his sister Rose for his new field, where he is received by Mr. Burton, a deacon of his new church, and his daughter Agnes, and taken to the parsonage, and afterward introduced to the pastors of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist churches. The following Sunday he preaches his first sermon, and on Monday makes the acquaintance of Inez Clark, the movie-struck daughter of the village editor. He get 500 "dodgers" printed to advertise an outdoor service for the next Sunday evening. But on the afternoon of that Sunday the town is struck by a Kansas cyclone, which wrecks the outdoor auditorium and destroys the Methodist church. Howard at once offers the Methodist minister the use of the Congregational church.

CHAPTER III—*Continued*

HE went up to the pulpit to get his hymn book and Rose stopped singing and said, "How does it sound?"

"Sounds all right to me. You know, Miss Burton, my sister is safe in asking me that. She knows I couldn't give her but one answer."

"She sings truly, Mr. Chase. Most people can't sing this solo without spoiling this part—'scourged and mocked and crucified.'"

Rose looked pleased. "Oh, that makes me think. I have another selection that I wanted you to try. I'll run over to the house and get it. Won't be gone but a minute." She ran out, and Howard, after a second of hesitation, went over to the organ and stood there looking earnestly at Miss Burton. She had gone on playing when Rose left, but when Howard came up she stopped as he said,

"Excuse me, Miss Burton, but I want to ask you about Miss Clark. My sister says you have been talking to her about the girl."

"Yes, Inez is one of my high school girls. She graduated two years ago. Since then she has been helping her father in his office. The girl has great possibilities for either good or bad."

"Rose says you told her the girl was crazy over the moving picture shows. Can't her father regulate that?"

"Mr. Clark does not seem to know or care what Inez does outside the office. He is trying to invent a new typesetting machine. He is wholly absorbed in it at night. Often, Inez has told me, he does not get home until one or two o'clock."

"What kind of shows do they have here?"

"All kinds. But mostly they are cheap sensational films, dealing with highly colored romantic episodes in the lives of girls who have abnormal experiences."

"Do you ever go to the shows?"

Miss Burton colored and then laughed. But when she answered her tone was suddenly all serious.

"I made a special study, psychological, I mean, of the whole film business when I was in the University. In fact, it was the theme of my essay in the sociological department. That meant that I had to go to a good many of the shows at Lawrence and study them. I found many good ones, but all too many of them were—were—well, wrong in their views of life, and I can easily see what will happen to Inez if she accepts the film view of life for the true thing."

HOWARD was getting more and more interested. He was on the point of asking more questions when Rose came in. As she came up the aisle her brother said:

"Rose, Miss Burton and I have been talking about Miss Clark. I wish you would ask Miss Burton more about the matter. I must go back to my study. We want to do what we can. I think it is more a case for you women than for——"

He abruptly went down the aisle and out of the church, swinging along in his quick but not noisy way, and, once back in his little study, sat staring at the Christ on his desk.

What was this girl to him? One of his flock. Why had she thus suddenly come into his problems to complicate and perhaps seriously embarrass them? A magazine cover type. A chorus girl type in this little Kansas town. A girl with romantic dreams, with abnormal desires—who had already boldly if not unmaidenly shown her feelings—he shuddered at a new peril hitherto unknown to his knightly soul, and for a moment he felt real fear. Then he smiled, and said "No!" as he looked up at the Christ. Here was only one of the flock, of his flock, in peril of something. He had only one duty; to rescue, to save. Was not that what he was there for? Yea, verily. There was no such thing as a woman in the case, only a soul in danger of eternal loss. And he—simply a means to save. He would find out more about it from his sister's talk with Miss Burton. And he would go himself and see the shows and protect the others of his flock from their influence if it was as bad as Miss Burton said. Perhaps he might be able to get them to show the better pictures.

WHEN Rose came back to the house, she gave Howard the result of her talk with Miss Burton. There was not much more than she had already revealed. Only she thought from some word Inez had dropped at a chorus rehearsal that she had an ambition to be a film actress.

"She's just the kind you see in the pictures. Of course, if she succeeded, as many of them do, it might not be bad for her. If she has talent that way, why not encourage it?"

"Miss Burton spoke of that. But she said Inez was not the kind of a girl that could stand the test of that kind of life."

There was quite a silence in the little study. Then Howard said:

"I'm going in to see what the shows are in this town."

"Do you think you ought to do that?"

"Yes. And I'm going to. Looks like a necessary thing to me. How can I guard my young people against a thing I don't know? If there is a danger there I want to see it and measure it for myself."

Rose did not answer. Then Howard smiled his rare smile as he said:

"I feel as jealous of my flock as if I were a real shepherd defending it from real wolves. You wouldn't have me run at the first howl, would you, sister?"

"No," said Rose with a sigh. "But sometimes I'm afraid for you. You need—you need—well, you know, Howard, there are so many delicate and embarrassing things in the ministry; you need a wife. There!"

"When I have you?"

"It is not the same."

To this he said nothing, and Rose, after viewing him gravely, went out to her work.

He discovered that the principal nights for the shows were Wednesday and Saturday. And when Wednesday night came he went down on the business street and stopped out in front of the little hall where the shows were given.

It was a white-painted front with a profusion of electric lights; he noted as he looked up and down the street that it was the one brilliant spot. The usual highly colored posters were on the boards out in front, and he stopped to look at them.

One represented a young man leaping a chasm about 5,000 feet deep, holding a girl in his arms, and pursued by a gang of ruffians on horseback. In the near distance an airship could be seen approaching.

The other poster depicted a drunken man trying to climb a church steeple. A policeman was after him, but making slow progress on account of a heavy bulldog clinging to his coat-tails. This was supposed to be the comic film of the evening.

He bought his nickel slip and went in.

THE hall was not large. It had once been a billiard hall, but it had opera chairs, and looked fairly clean, and had electric fans going.

It was about half filled, and people were coming in quite steadily. More than half the audience were boys and girls under fifteen. They were laughing, giggling and eating peanuts and candy. There was a pianola at the curtain end of the room, and five minutes before the films began a girl went down the aisle, took her place at the instrument, and began to unroll the overture to "William Tell."

Howard had taken a seat in the last row, almost under the booth that contained the film, and it had started its click and buzz when a girl seated four rows ahead of him turned and looked up at the little square hole in the booth.

It was light enough in the room to distinguish faces, and as the girl was about to turn around and face the curtain she lowered her gaze and Howard recognized Inez. He could not tell as she turned around whether she had seen him or not. But within the next ten minutes an event so unexpected took place that even the reason for his own presence there was forgotten.

CHAPTER IV

THE film had been going for two or three minutes. The little room was almost filled. The story started out with a scene in a stenographer's office in some big city, and the plot rapidly developed around a gold mine in Arizona, and the disowned son of a member of the firm who was working in his father's office in disguise and was being falsely accused of picking the lock of the safe.

Howard was following the story with a mixture of contempt and reluctant interest, when he saw Miss Burton going down the aisle. She took a seat at the left of Inez and behind her, but from her look in that direction Howard coul not fail to note even in the dimly lighted room that Miss Burton had come for some definite purpose, and that Inez was the object of it.

THE story of the film was so melodramatic, so slushy and silly and awfully outrageous, that Howard snorted at it inwardly, and more than once felt like getting up and roaring out a loud voiced protest. It was not any lack of courage or audacity that kept him still when he felt the impulse to shout out his protest, but a sense of the utter uselessness of such a cry. The fault lay farther back. Whoever wrote such stuff (and evidently the name was Legion) was the real cause of the conditions and the false life philosophy, and he did not know who he was or how to reach him and wring his neck as he would like to do.

And with it all, as the lurid tale shot wriggling and howling across the screen, Howard could not shut out the thought of the effect of all this trash on the mind and heart of the girl sitting in front of him.

And what could he do in the matter to save the girl, if, as Miss Burton said, she was in danger of being lost through her fascination for the life portrayed on the screen? What could any one do? Why not let the girl go to Los Angeles or New York or somewhere and work out her destiny? Such girls were never satisfied unless they finally made the trial. She was a type. What could any one do with a chorus girl type?

AND then as he sat there his mouth grew set, his jaws rigid, his eyes filled with deep black; he clenched the sides of his chair with muscular grip as he said to himself, "She is one of my flock. If she is in danger of going astray I am a poor coward of a shepherd if I excuse myself and let the wolves get her. The power of Jesus to save is not limited. He never recognized any types and never excused any from salvation on account of birth or temperament. No! He owed it to his position as pastor to——"

And then with a sudden fling, as it were, all his acute bodily powers were in a moment on the alert; a sense of impelling accident and danger grew swift upon him.

Something wrong had happened up there in the little metal booth where the man was working the film.

There had been a commotion in the little metal booth, then a cry, then a puff of smoke, and a fall. People had turned in their seats and looked up at the little opening; confused voices and shouts arose, and Howard, obeying his keen and swift instinct, trained in athletic days, had darted up the short flight of steps leading from the front of the showplace to the operator's booth.

He pulled the door open, and a sheet of flame smote him in the face; the operator was lying on the floor crumpled up against his machine. Howard seized him by his feet, dragged him out on the little landing, lifted him up and carried him down the stairs. Down in the little entrance-way frightened people were crowding one another in a panic to get out. Even in the excitement, and behind the body he was carrying, Howard was aware of Inez near the door, just going out, Miss Burton next to her, in fact with an arm around her as if she had sought her out at the first sound of danger and had found a place near her.

Howard shouted to the little crowd to give him room to get his burden outdoors, at the same time calming the excitement by his own quiet tone. Every one came out of the building unharmed but in five minutes after the film had taken fire the interior of the place was blazing, and before the fire department could get to work the room was destroyed, together with the adjoining building.

HOWARD carried the man across the street and into the little drug store, which happened to be just opposite. As he laid him down on the floor he began to feel faint himself, and for the first time realized that his face was burned.

The crowd that always gathers in time of accident began to pour into the store. Many of the people who had followed Howard across the street were trying to get in and as Howard staggered up from over his unconscious burden the first faces he recognized in the doorway were those of Miss Burton and Inez.

They both cried out at the sight of him and crowded up to him together.

"You are hurt!" they exclaimed together.

"No, I think not. Just a little burn. There ought to be a doctor for this

man. Oh, they've sent for him? Now then, folks, there's nothing you can do here."

He sat down in one of the little wire-backed chairs by the soda water tables and again felt faint. But Inez spoke, and what she said stirred a feeling like anger in him so strong that he got up.

"What a wonderful thing to do, Mr. Chase!"

"What? What's that?"

He spoke so sharply that the girl was startled. But she continued to gaze at him with the eye of the hero-worshiper. Miss Burton, her face very pale and questioning, had a hand on Inez's arm as if to lead her out of the store.

"It was a great brave thing to do," said Inez.

A little murmur of applause came from the group that stood around. Just then the doctor came in. Howard waited long enough to find out that the film operator was not seriously hurt, and then he got up, still feeling faint, but what Inez had said and the murmur of admiration that followed provoked him into a burst of anger.

"You people get out and give the doctor a chance. Any man in Red Hill who wouldn't do——"

He looked at Miss Burton, smiled grimly at Inez and then said gently.

"Excuse me, folks. Nothing more to do here."

HE went out with his swift but noiseless manner, carrying with him the glance Miss Burton gave him, a glance that seemed to convey a perfect knowledge of what his feelings were.

"How did she understand that?" he found himself saying as he walked along to the parsonage after stopping on the street a moment to watch the fire.

But Inez was protesting to Miss Burton as the two went out of the store:

"I don't know what Mr. Chase is mad about. It *was* a brave thing to do. What a picture it would make! Any man in Red Hill do a thing like that! There isn't one I know has the muscle to carry a singed cat across the street, to say nothing of a heavy man like Jake Seymour. I don't know why he should get angry at what I said!"

"Perhaps he has a little modesty, as brave men are apt to have, and doesn't like to hear himself praised in public," Miss Burton said slowly, a slight blush on her cheek as she spoke.

"Then," said Inez boldly, "the next time I see Mr. Chase alone, I'll tell him what I think."

"I wouldn't if I were you. He won't like it."

"Any man likes to be told he is a hero."

"Not Mr. Chase."

"How do you know?"

"I'm pretty sure he wouldn't."

They had been talking rapidly as they stood in the street with the crowd there watching the fire. They lingered until the company had put it out and then started for Inez's home, Miss Burton going with the girl, thinking it a favorable opportunity to say to her a few things that had been on her mind since the talk with Chase that Monday morning. The people of Red Hill lived on their porches in the summer, so Inez did not ask Miss Burton to come into the house, but the two sat down in the porch chairs. The night was warm, but a soft breeze blew from the south and the starlight made objects visible in outline but not in detail. Going over it many times afterward Agnes Burton was thankful for the obscurity of that May night on Inez's porch when the girl so unexpectedly revealed her secret.

SHE had started to tell Inez why she had gone into the show, when Inez almost took the explanation out of her mouth.

"I know you think I ought not to go to the movies so often, Miss Burton, but I just can't help it. Something seems to just pull me right in. It's the only thing in Red Hill that interests me."

"Did you enjoy the story tonight?" Miss Burton back in the shadow of the porch asked the question to get Inez's point of view.

"I thought it was fine. Wasn't it grand to see that business man get his when he insulted the stenographer? I just wanted to get my hands on him. I hope they'll put the story on again when Seymour gets another place. I'm crazy to know how it comes out."

Miss Burton did not say anything, and after a moment Inez said:

"What did *you* think of it?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Of course, or I wouldn't ask."

"Inez, the whole thing was absurd. The plot was unreal. The action was silly. The situations all made up. No one ever does such things in actual life. The average business man in the city never thinks of insulting his stenographer. She is just as safe in his office as if she were in her own home. And young men like the hero in the play don't act as he did."

"People do fall in love though, don't they, Miss Burton? You can't deny that."

"Yes, of course they do. But——"

"And they're not reasonable about it either. They don't do it according to any rule or the way other people would arrange it for them, do they?"

"I suppose not." The answer came slowly and after a pause.

"If you were in love yourself you wouldn't act natural, would you?" Inez persisted. "You wouldn't care how you did act." The girl went on as if leading up to something that lay on her heart. And Agnes Burton, listening there in the shadow, no hint in her own mind of the facts about Inez, began to wonder at the new note in the girl's voice. She had known her ever since she was a child, and, as her high school teacher, had come to have a deep interest in her, but had never been fully her confidant.

BUT she took occasion now to bring the talk back to the film.

"It was the story as a whole that struck me as silly. It was not true to life as a whole, Inez, and the effect of it on your own heart and mind is not healthy. That is the reason I went over tonight, dear. I know the films are doing you harm. You are being unsettled by them. You are in danger of getting wrong ideas of life from them."

"And what ideas of life have I ever got out of this stupid little town, anyway?" Inez suddenly burst out. "What is there here for a girl to do or be except to work and go to church and meet all the stupid people one has met ever since you were born. What is there for me in this place? I'm sick of sticking type and watching Dad tinker over that pile of cogs and levers and wheels. I want excitement and something doing. I feel like being wicked for a change. A thing like what happened tonight just makes life seem worth having. I crave city life. I want adventure. I——"

The girl was going on in a torrent of unaccustomed confidence, and Miss Burton did not interrupt, hoping Inez would free her mind and give her full confidence. But she had stopped suddenly as if fearful of herself, or as if doubting how far she could safely go.

Miss Burton moved her chair nearer Inez and put a hand on her hand.

"I believe I understand how you feel, Inez. But what could you do if you went to the city? Your friends are all here. Your father is good to you. The town is small, and there isn't much excitement in it, to be sure; but Red Hill is in a beautiful part of God's world, and there is nothing to hinder you from going on with your reading and your education. You used to do some writing, as I remember. The magazines might take some of the things you used to imagine. And doesn't the church mean anything to you? Our chorus is interesting. And Mr. Chase"—a curious note of quiet hesitation crept into Agnes Burton's voice—"Mr. Chase is going to make things interesting in the church——"

Inez was very still. The soft night breeze blew across the porch and stirred the leaves of the Madeira vine. A group of people went by talking about the fire. "Mr. Chase carried Jake Seymour clear across the street. I call that—" a girlish voice exclaimed in a high treble, and the words and the noises of the group passed away down the street leaving silence on the porch.

To be continued

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Jesus Lord of the Sabbath

International Sunday School Lesson for February 3
Mark 2:13 to 3:6

The New Spirit and the Old Letter

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

THOUGH we may profitably center our brief class-room work on one point in this lesson—the attitude of Jesus toward the Sabbath—yet as thorough students of Mark's Gospel we must not fail to cover the whole of our assignment. For these incidents are cumulative evidence of the incompatibility of the old and the new, the rising of a malignant hostility toward Jesus that finally crucified him, the teaching by the Master of a new spirit in religion, a new attitude toward life. First we read of the calling of Levi to discipleship, then four criticisms of Jesus' Way that grew from that incident. There is a sharp antithesis, made clear by Mark's terse style, between the humanness and freedom of the Christ and the pride and formalism of the scribes and Pharisees.

Jesus Consorting with Publicans and Sinners

Consider what a daring challenge Jesus issued to all the conventionalities when he called a publican to be an apostle of the good tidings! A member of the despised, hated, outcast group who were scorned, and not without good reason, both on patriotic and religious grounds. A man who had sold out to the Romans, a man who did not observe the niceties of the Law! The haughty Pharisees, drawing aside their robes as they passed the "receipt of custom," would never have discerned there a possible saint, a man filled with love for the traditions and prophecies of Israel, one who drank in with his very soul the precious truths of God. Yet such Matthew proved to be. Jesus did not call him because he was bad, but because he had mighty possibilities of good. He did not select him because he was a publican, but in spite of it. But when Jesus wanted this man he never hesitated for a second lest he should be misunderstood and slandered.

So it was when Matthew made his feast and invited his former associates, many of whom had already been attracted by the democracy and the power of Jesus. The great Teacher did not consort with publicans and sinners from any weakness for low company and loose talk. He sought their fellowship because they were men, his brothers, in need of inspiration and love, capable of being transformed by noble influences into the likeness of their heavenly Father. How wonderful was Christ's ability to attract all sorts of people without any moral compromises! Yet these folk, who felt the weight of the scorn heaped upon them by the orthodox, were quite naturally fond of a good man of high repute who treated them humanly and stooped to their friendship.

"He eats and drinks with them!" exclaimed the Pharisees. So unbrotherly, so unloving, they inquired no more deeply than that. They never learned of the effects of Christ's fellowship in transformed lives. We must be sure that his principles are ours if we are to be on friendly terms with sinners. He went in the spirit of a physician attending the sick, with the same compassion, the same hope of conquering evil conditions. He went, not to be overcome of evil but to overcome evil with good. He went, not to compromise his usefulness, but to let his light shine where it was darkest.

So Jesus brought the new spirit of redemption to take the place of the old ideal of separateness.

The Question About Fasting

How indirect and carping were these critics of Jesus! First they complained to his disciples about him for eating with sinners, and now they complain to him about his disciples for not observing the fast. Doubtless this was one of the innumerable fasts which Scribism had added to the books of Moses. I think the Master had detected a grudging and formal observance in this particular period of fasting. He himself had used the ancient discipline of fasting when due occasion made it seem advisable. But he had no use for the kind of fasting that we see today. He immediately told his questioners that his followers did not fast, because they had nothing to fast for. They were too happy to fast. They might as well expect a bridal party to be lugubrious and empty. In fact, he was the Bridegroom to them, the promised Messiah of their hopes. Why then should they fast? Time enough to fast when the Bridegroom should be snatched away.

Then Jesus told them quite plainly that he was very nearly through with trying to do anything with Pharisaic Judaism. There was a new spirit in his teaching that was incompatible with their whole conception of religion. Like a patch of unshrunken cloth, any teaching of his looked out of place to them on the fabric of their system, and moreover it *was* out of place; for it would tear away some cherished threadbare tradition. He could not be expected to pour the new wine of his truth into the cracked and dried old wineskins of their creeds. The latter would surely burst. Worst of all, both might be lost thereby!

New wineskins for new wines. New ways for a new teaching and a new spirit. What a tragedy that they perferred the skins to the wine, the forms to the spirit! We must avoid their mistake today. Let us hope we have learned to be adaptable, teachable, progressive, that we may do the things Christ would have us do even when our prejudices are offended. New things Christ would do through his Church in these days. Master, teach us, lead us, for we do truly care more for thy will than for even the dearest of our old ways, in church, in school, and in the nation that we love.

The Sabbath and Works of Necessity

Shortly after the feast at Levi's house, the same liberal spirit of the Master came into conflict with Jewish literalisms on the Sabbath question. We are all familiar with the story of the host of petty and unreasonable restrictions by which the scribes had made the Sabbath a burden instead of a delight. A tailor broke the Sabbath if he removed a needle that had accidentally remained in his cloak. Men disputed as to whether a handkerchief could be carried! But Jesus was too thoroughgoing to speak out on these miserable points, where he might seem to be merely taking sides. He spoke for the spirit of the day against the plainest teachings of the letter. "What!" he seems to exclaim, "you cavil because these hungry men reap a few ears of grain and winnow a handful of food. In all your reading did you never note what David himself did—burst into the sanctuary and took the altar bread for his hungry followers!" They were searching for precedents all the time—he gave them one not so much to their liking. Like all narrow-visioned people, they always ignored the texts that looked away from their teachings.

Then in his masterly way Jesus summed up his attitude in a striking phrase, unforgetable, appropriate in every problem: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." It is a means, not an end; a help, not a hindrance. To keep it in spirit and in truth is to build up one's own soul and to serve the higher interests of the community. To keep it in a slavish and Puritanical manner is to miss its blessings and do grave harm to others.

Jesus by no means abolished the Sabbath—he fulfilled it, cutting away the bonds that cramped its ministry. In fact, he made it humanity's day, instead of merely Israel's. The last

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tribes of the corners of the earth are today entering into its benign ministries. The new republic of China has recognized its desirability.

But Jesus did teach that Sabbath observances of every sort are subject to modification and must not be confused with moral issues like honesty and truthfulness. It is far better to break the Sabbath than to sin against the higher law of love.

The Sabbath and Works of Mercy

From that time forward Jesus was watched by crafty adversaries. It was probably but a Sabbath or two afterward that they found another grievance. In the synagogue was a man with a withered hand, and they hoped Jesus would heal him! How singular a mixture of moral judgment! They cared not for the man, but hoped Jesus would heal him, thus breaking the Sabbath as they interpreted it. What a strange love for the Law that they should eagerly look to see it broken! Nothing can be worse than a malice that prefers evil to good, a prejudice that stands between another man and hope. Jesus was angry, not because they rejected him, but because they dishonored true religion and were inhuman toward the needy. And he was grieved. It hurt him to think that such things could be. I believe he pitied those shriveled little souls far more than he did the withered hand.

Sunday School Methods

By FRANK L. BROWN, Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

Making the Superintendent's Work Easy

THERE are 200,000 Sunday school superintendents in America. They are anxious to do good work. They are limited as to time, and they frequently do not know the best plans to make Bible study, and particularly the Sunday school lesson, interesting and effective.

The teachers' meeting for lesson study, upon which reliance was placed in the past for stimulating a real interest in the lesson, is not generally held. The superintendent comes to the platform on Sunday to conduct the program, knowing that scholars, and sometimes teachers, have not become familiar with the lesson for the day and do not have clearly in mind the past or future lessons, which should be somehow related to the school plans, if any real Bible work is to be done.

A plan which the writer has tried in his school is to give the scholars special credit for reading at home, each day, the Daily Bible Home Reading.

A still better plan is just now available. The superintendent may increase home Bible study by promoting in his school the Christian Herald Bible Picture Study plan, which for these months has selected its pictures and the texts which apply from the Sunday School Lessons, the Golden Texts, and the Daily Bible Home Readings relating to the lessons.

This is an unusual and captivating method for interesting teachers, scholars and parents in searching through the Lessons, Golden Texts and Home Readings for the five months of December to April inclusive, to discover the texts which best apply to the thirty pictures selected from this material.

To make this very easy, the Christian Herald has made up a special booklet containing in full all of these Lessons, Golden Texts and Daily Home Readings.

The fact that a number of cash rewards are offered by the Christian Herald to those who give the best texts for the pictures will, of course, add great interest to the plan.

The superintendent can encourage the meeting of teachers and classes in Bible Picture Study Circles, using as a starter, if desired, eight Bible pictures and the set of Bible texts used in the "Picture Journey into Bible Land." The Christian Herald will send this set of eight pictures without expense upon application.

For fuller information about the Bible Study plan relating to the lessons write at once to the Christian Herald.

(See announcement on page 112.)

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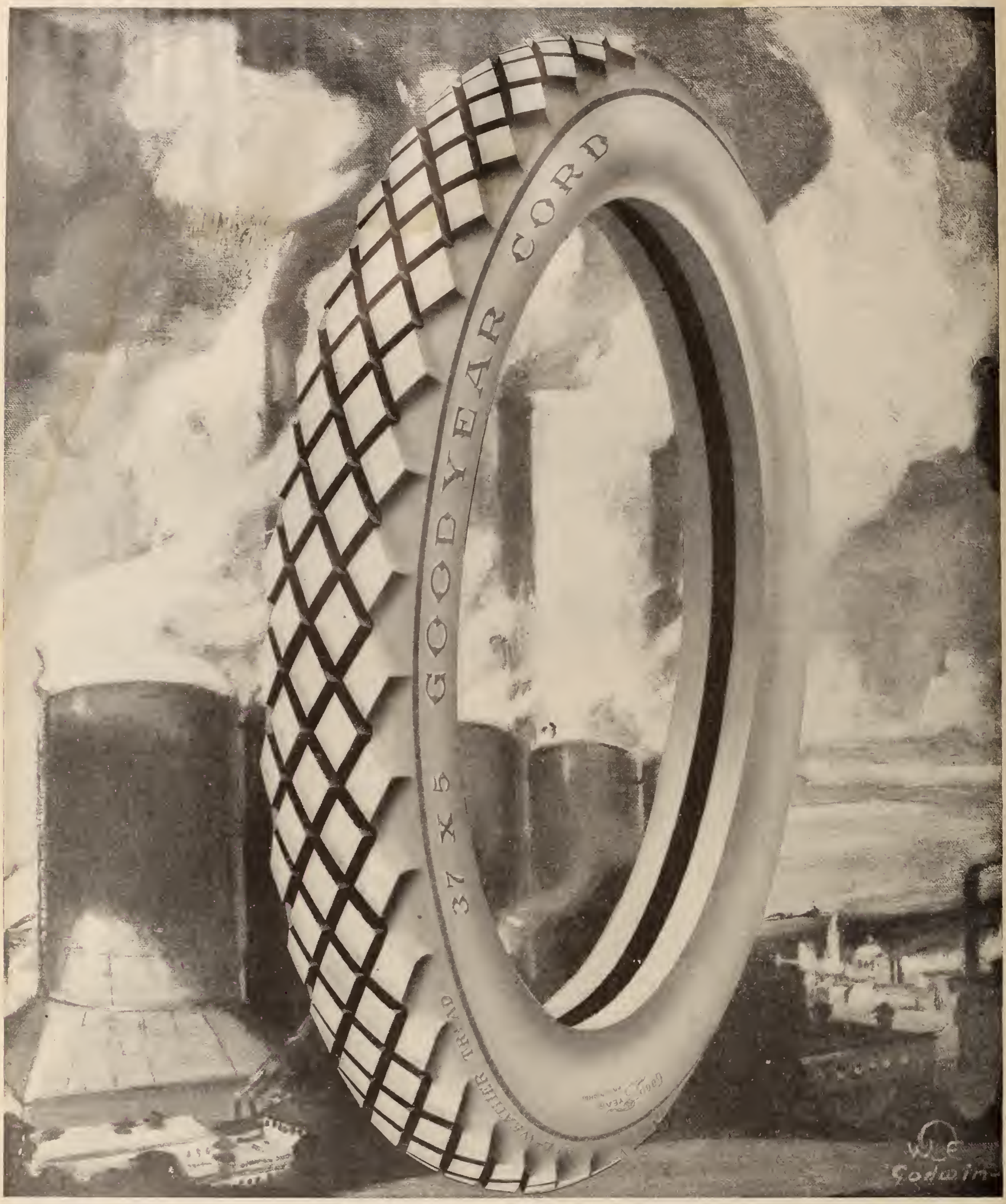

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All of them have scrupulously been turned back into the business to heighten the quality and value given the public in Goodyear Tires.

* * *

That Goodyear Tires do benefit immensely from these sources is conclusively shown by the amazing service delivered users by the tires themselves.

Moreover, further proof of greater value is clearly seen in the impressive figures showing reduction in adjustments in the past few years.

Last year, for instance, on a far more liberal adjustment policy than ever before, Goodyear adjusted proportionately less than a quarter as many tires as in 1913.

Thus the improvement made in the tires themselves results now in an annual saving of more than a half million dollars, which immediately can go back into better value.

In buying a tire or any other article, the public not only "pays the freight," as the saying goes, but every other expense involved in making and selling it.

If Goodyear volume had not allowed the savings shown, the amounts they represent would have to be paid by the public either through higher purchase price or lowered quality.

As it is, the Goodyear Tire the public buys carries no premium through either one of these.

On the contrary, it embodies a measure of usefulness and worth that is not rivaled in any similar product in the world.

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Both Sides of the Fence

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"SHE looks like an awfully nice girl," I said, nodding toward the pretty blonde who leaned diligently over her desk.

"Yes, she does look like an awfully nice girl," acknowledged my friend. "and she would be an awfully nice girl, too, if——"

My friend paused.

"If—what?" I questioned.

My friend is an ultra-fairminded, ultra-kind young lady. She is not given to criticism. But——

"If she wasn't a hypocrite!" said my friend.

The blonde girl raised her eyes from her work and glanced in our direction. Seeing my friend, she raised a graceful little hand and blew a light kiss from the fingers of it.

"That," said my friend rather sorrowfully, "is what I mean. Anybody seeing that kiss would think that she liked me. But she doesn't. She told our office manager that I was incompetent—for our office manager told me about it. And she told one of the boys—a chap that I lunch with occasionally—that I was a flirt. He told me about it the next day. And once, when she made a rather serious mistake in filing, and I wasn't in the room, she said that the mistake was mine. Of course it came back to me; things like that always do come back."

The blonde girl paused in her work and nibbled at the end of her pen. One, seeing her, would have thought that she was a demure picture of harmlessness.

"I can scarcely believe it!" I exclaimed.

"It is hard to believe," said my friend to me, "especially when she throws kisses and smiles. I didn't believe it, either, at first."

"She looks," I remarked, like "a fluffy, pettable kitten."

"That," said my friend, "is the reason that she is so dangerous. She's twice as bad as the sort of a person who says what she has to say to your face."

THERE were five or six of us together at afternoon tea not long ago. Somehow the conversation drifted—as conversations will drift—to a woman who was not particularly popular with any of us. Almost every one of the party had something not too complimentary to say of her.

They had discussed her for perhaps a half-hour when I noticed that one of the men had carefully avoided any comments. I began to watch him and saw that he tactfully changed the subject whenever it came to him.

It was perhaps a week later that I found the opportunity to talk with him alone.

"You must like May Smith better than the rest of the crowd like her!" I said.

"I wonder," questioned the man, "why you ask?"

"Because," I answered him, "when they were all talking about her at tea the other day you didn't join the conversation. You sat at one side of the room and didn't pay any attention to what every one said."

The man smiled. "That wasn't because I especially like May Smith," he said; "it's because I've always made a rule never to say anything about folks that I don't want repeated back to them. I have no doubt that by this time May Smith knows just exactly what was said about her at that tea party. I have no doubt that she knew the next day. Things always get back!

"That's why I don't talk much about folk. I never want to be in the position where I'll have no answer if any one says to me, 'Did you say thus-and-so?' I, if I do criticize, want to be in the position to always answer such a question with 'Yes, I did say it!' Then I can't go very far wrong."

"I wonder what gave you your point of view," I asked. "It's a bit unusual."

"It shouldn't be unusual," answered the man, "unless one wants to be a hypocrite!"

"Being a hypocrite is a habit," the Philospher told me one day. "Just as smoking and drinking are habits. It's an easily acquired habit, too, and an insidious habit, and a hard habit to get rid of!"

"How is it acquired?" I asked.

"Very often," answered the Philosopher, "because being hypocritical is an easy way to become popular. The hypocrite can play a double game and get away with it. When every one in a room is saying something disagreeable about a person, it is far easier to join in the conversation than it is to keep still. One gets the idea that the others will be rather pleased to have him agree with them. Very often, an onlooker with a desire to please says a good many things that he doesn't mean, just to be agreeable!"

"That hardly seems probable," I answered thoughtfully. "Not when the onlooker in question is strong-minded."

"And then," continued the Philosopher, ignoring my interruption, "when your onlooker, who really has nothing special against the person he was—was knocking, goes to said person's home or meets him casually, he is particularly pleasant by way of making amends. And because he's trying, desperately, to be popular with both sides—because he's trying to sit on both sides of the fence and keep his balance—he becomes a full-fledged hypocrite before he realizes it."

"Then," I said, "nearly everybody is a hypocrite to a certain extent, I should almost think!"

"Not at all," said the Philosopher a bit angrily. He always gets a bit angry if he is made to explain a theory of his. "Because the people who are hypocrites through kind intentions and the wish not to hurt another's feelings are—are not hypocrites. There's a very fine distinction. Technically, I suppose, the person who actually dislikes a person and doesn't show it is a hypocrite. Technically, a person who, believing everything said against another person, keeps silent, is another hypocrite. But that sort of hypocrisy is almost to be encouraged. It's the sort of double-facedness that goes slyly through the dark, that insinuates, that whispers behind backs and smiles into faces, that is the hateful kind!"

OH, friends of mine, if you can be the kind of a person who keeps silent when other folk are saying disagreeable things, you are taking a worth-while position. Avoid saying or doing things to hurt people. But if you have something unpleasant that you feel you must say, say it in the open—to the person it is about. It isn't only for the sake of the person in question that you should take this attitude; it's for your own sake. Because it will make you squarer in your dealings and fairer in your judgments, and it will keep you out of the embarrassing and difficult situation of being asked, "Did *you* say something about me?" and having nothing to answer.

IT'S mighty hard to say the thing
That you feel you ought to say;
It's easier far to just agree
In a pleasant, smiling way!
Sometimes it's right and they call it tact,
And sometimes you're glad that you
Can play the game in a double way—
But sometimes it's scarcely—true.

Give me the girl who tells the truth
In the face of right and wrong;
Or give me the one who doesn't speak
To add to a tale too long!
Give me the girl who uses tact
In a tactful, truthful way—
For she is the one who plays the game
In the way she ought to play.

Playing the game—the game of Life—
Is a task we all must do;
And the girl who wins in the game of Life
Is the one who sees it through,
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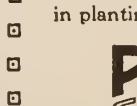

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The Outlook For Woman Suffrage

By IDA HUSTED HARPER

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the strongest influences in securing the large affirmative vote for woman suffrage in New York was the strong support of the amendment by the press of the state. It was the greatest victory ever won for woman suffrage, as more women were enfranchised than ever before at one time, even in an entire country; and, what is the most gratifying feature of all, this was the free-will offering of the majority of the men, while in other countries the vote has been given to women by an act of parliament.

Perhaps, however, the most important result of the election is the immense impetus given to the effort for an amendment to the Federal Constitution, which is the ultimate goal of the vast majority of suffragists. Equal suffrage existed in eleven states before New York was added to the list. Each of these adjoined one or more where it already had been tried and its results were well known. This fact in itself is a convincing answer to the arguments against it.

Women should not be compelled to go on for years bearing the heavy burden of these state campaigns. Not in any other state have they as many experienced leaders as in New York, and probably not in any other can they raise proportionately the amount of money they have raised here. This campaign of 1917 cost about $700,000, all contributed within the state, and principally by women. There were not more than two hundred in the city and state who received salaries. The money all went for necessary and legitimate expenses, maintaining headquarters in many places, advertising, circularizing voters, and the creating of the most complete political organization of women ever known. For the past three or four years thousands of women have given their services gratuitously. This situation would have to be duplicated in all of the thickly settled states to carry an amendment. Favorable conditions existed here which are not likely to obtain in other campaigns. The war work of the women, their registration, etc., were a tremendous asset, and the men expressed their appreciation with their ballots. The Socialist party is stronger here than in any other state, and was a large factor. One at least of the dominant parties favored the amendment. The trade unions voted for it. The assistance of President Wilson was a powerful influence. No such combination of circumstances would be possible in any other state.

THERE should be careful consideration of what it means for the women to appeal to the individual voters. It means that they must beg and pray for the support of thousands of ignorant immigrants and of men of every creed, race, color and condition. It means that they must go on their knees to the liquor and vice interests and to the intemperate, immoral and degraded of every kind. In the North and in the South it seems as if every man should wish to spare women from this humiliation instead of forcing it upon them in order to obtain their enfranchisement. It seems as if the men in every state should wish to set their women free from the drudgery of these state campaigns in order that their services might be utilized along the many channels of social welfare where they are so much needed.

If the position is taken that three-fourths of the state legislatures shall not enforce their will on the other one-fourth, then it must be accepted that the Federal Constitution never shall be amended. Those who maintain the state's right to determine its own electorate declare in fact that the men of the state shall decide who shall vote and may hold the women forever in a disfranchised condition if they choose to do so. It does not mean the right of the *people* of the state, but simply the right of the *men*, and this is absolutely contrary to the principle of individual representation on which our government is supposed to be founded.

IT is generally conceded that universal woman suffrage is inevitable. Why insist on the state-by-state method, which will make it impossible during the present generation, when a Federal Amendment would end the contest within a comparatively few years? After it has been submitted by two-thirds of each House of Congress it must then be accepted by the legislatures of three-fourths of the states. Their members can be elected on this issue, and the men of the state will have an opportunity to direct how they shall vote. Should it be adopted, each state will still be entirely free to make its own requirements for voting, except that it shall not disqualify solely on account of sex.

A Federal Amendment offers the easiest, the speediest and the most dignified method for obtaining the suffrage. The women of all the states are joining in this movement for action by Congress. If all the newspapers and all the politicians in the United States should oppose it they would not be swerved from this position. Why then prolong and intensify the struggle, which has already continued for seventy years? Why should Congress wait until urged by the President to submit the question? Why should it not receive its mandate from the people of the country?

In behalf of the women everywhere who want the suffrage, we earnestly request that you will extend to this Federal Amendment your valuable support and help to create a public sentiment which will justify the members of Congress from your state in voting to submit it.

Prices Should Drop

THE Food Administration considers that most commodities should show reductions between now and the end of the year. The Administration has no control of the grower or the majority of retailers. The foundations have been laid for regulation of intermediate trades, and results are evident in wholesale prices. The regulations on distribution of wheat and manufacture of flour were put into force the middle of September. The retail price has not wholly responded to the reductions made by the millers.

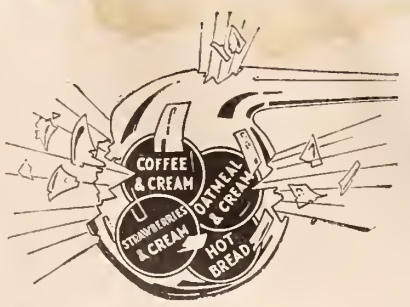
The bean harvest this year is estimated at 7,000,000 bushels in excess of last year, or nearly double. There has been 100 per cent. increase in the Manchurian crop, and it is estimated at 2,000,000 tons. Practically tho only outlet is to the United States, and these beans will flow into the American market from December on much below the prices now being demanded for American beans.

The corn harvest this year is 600,000,000 to 700,000,000 bushels over last year. The large supplies, together with barley, velvet beans, cottonseed, peanut and soya bean meal, promise cheaper cattle, hog and poultry feed, and beef, pork, poultry and dairy products at lower cost.

We have a harvest of 59 per cent. in excess of the potato crop of last year. The price, somewhat higher than last year, is due to a tendency of the producer to hold potatoes for higher prices, despite the increased crop, and to the inability of railroads to move the quantity available. The average price has closely followed the price the producer has received, plus the cost of distribution. The larger supply of ears and the large harvest warrant lower prices later in the fall.

To provide substitutes for lard and cooking fats, the Administration is arranging for the import of cocoanut, nut and soya bean oils. This should also affect the prices of soap.

Soon or Late it Comes!



Some foods that we eat, if hermetically sealed in a thin glass retort as pictured, would literally explode—no wonder we're half sick most of the time!

Soon or late we have to pay for the crimes we commit against our stomachs. The trouble may start with only an occasional gnawing in the stomach or sourness or heaviness after meals, but before we know it, more serious ailments are upon us! 90% of all sickness is due to our *wrong eating habits*. For nearly every malady originates in the stomach or intestinal tract—brought on by unnatural and injurious eating.

We eat without any thought of the particular food requirements of our age, our occupation and the climate we live in. But *WORSE*, we eat without any thought of the relation one food has to another when eaten at the same time.

Some Foods Explode!

All foods are simply combinations of chemical elements. We know that we can't mix certain chemicals without having trouble. Yet we combine **chemically opposed** foods at every meal. These inharmonious food combinations literally explode in the stomach, liberating toxins which are absorbed by the blood and form the root for nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are stomach acidity, fermentation, gas and constipation and many other sympathetic ills leading to disastrous consequences.

Eugene Christian

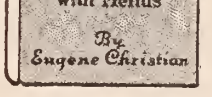
The noted New York Food Specialist. Has treated over 13,000 cases of stomach and intestinal disorders. Began his study of foods, their properties and different effects upon the human system 20 years ago, when acute stomach and intestinal trouble had him at death's door. Literally, ate his way back to perfect health, without the use of drugs or medicine.

Eat for Health and Vitality!

In his "24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating," Eugene Christian, the noted Food Scientist, explains **your individual** food needs. He specifies for you, too, the food combinations that send **energy** into your system instead of poison. There is an amazing difference when you follow the correct natural principle in eating. Even with the third or fourth day you notice the delightful results. You enjoy your food more; you sleep better; you go after your daily work with greater enthusiasm.

Do You Know

What foods build fat?
What causes fermentation?
What produces acid stomach?
What foods cause nervousness?
What makes your liver complain?
How vegetables should be eaten?
How much starch your system requires?
What causes constipation and how to avoid it?
When water is beneficial; when it is injurious?
How many different things you should eat at a meal?
Why some foods literally explode in your stomach?
What combinations of food form poisons in the body?
What is one great cause of rheumatism, gout and lumbago?
How foods establish health by removing the causes of disease?
What to eat and what to omit for stomach and intestinal diseases?
How to select the foods to keep you warm in winter and cool in summer?
These are only a few of the many questions, vital to health, answered in the "Little Lessons."



See Them FREE!

Send no money. Simply mail the coupon. The Lessons will be sent to you for your own *free* examination. The Lessons contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age, and for all occupations, climates and seasons. No special foods required. No fuss or bother. Send for the Lessons today!

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Just mail the coupon or copy it on a letter or postcard and the Lessons will be sent you for free examination. If you do not wish to keep the Lessons simply mail them back to us and you will owe nothing. If you decide to keep the Lessons, remit the small fee of $3 asked. Send today.

Corrective Eating Society
Dept. 341B, 443 Fourth Ave.
New York City

You may send me prepaid a copy of Corrective Eating in 24 lessons. I will either remail them to you within five days after receipt or send you $3.

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Crooked Spines Made Straight

If you are suffering from any form of spinal trouble you can be relieved—and **probably wholly overcome** your affliction—right in your own home without pain or discomfort. A wonderful anatomical appliance has been invented by a man who cured himself of Spinal Curvature. Its results are marvelous. It is nature's own method. Eminent physicians are endorsing it. The Philo Burt Method relieves the pressure at the affected parts of the spine, the whole spine is invigorated and strengthened, all soreness is taken out of the back, the cartilage between the vertibræ is made to expand, the contracted muscles are relaxed, and the spine is straightened. There is bright hope for you, no matter how long you have suffered. We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union. Each appliance is made to order from individual measurements and fits perfectly. There is positively no inconvenience in wearing. **We guarantee satisfaction and let you use it 30 days.** Write today for our new book. It gives full information and testimonials.

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Boys at the Front Want The Christian Herald

IF you have a son, or a brother, or a sweetheart, or a friend who has been called for service, what better service could you render than to send him the Christian Herald every week? 52 issues for only $2.00. Or you can send it to him for 6 months (26 issues) for $1.00.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD WILL BE DELIVERED DIRECT TO THE CAMP

No matter where the soldier or sailor goes, the Christian Herald will follow. The Post-Office will take care of that.

A GIFT CARD FOR THE DONOR

A neat gift card, giving the name of the donor, will be sent to the soldier or sailor for whom you order the Christian Herald.

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

MAKE YOUR 1918 MONEY DO MORE

Until this wicked war is over it will be hard for most of us to get more money. The next best thing is make what we have *do more*.

A safe way to do this is to buy merchandise by name.

When you buy commodities advertised in the CHRISTIAN HERALD, you will find that your money *does more* than it does when you buy the imitations which are merely made to sell.

Only this best merchandise survives the trying test of advertising—buy it and make your dollars do more.

The Doctrine of Labor and Materials

THE present business of the United States is war—war to exterminate autocracy and unrighteousness and to establish peace.

The President has stated that the war can be won only if *all* the people of the country unite in a common purpose to defend our shores from aggression. No one group of people, or two groups, or three groups, can win the war. It can only be won by the united and continuous cooperation of every man, woman and child. The two Liberty Loan campaigns have demonstrated the willingness of our people to reach down into their pockets and lend their dollars to the government. A plan has now been perfected which will enable all our people to lend to the government.

The plan proposed has, however, an object even more important in the present crisis than the actual money which it will produce. It is based on fundamental principles so simple and so direct in their appeal to our people, that they cannot fail to meet with enthusiasm and universal response. These principles involve the saving of life. They involve pointing out to the citizens of the country that we cannot support a vast army in the field and a great navy at sea, and at the same time spend the same amount of money we used to before the war, for all manner of articles which may be perfectly proper to buy in times of peace, but which are not necessary to the carrying on of the great war.

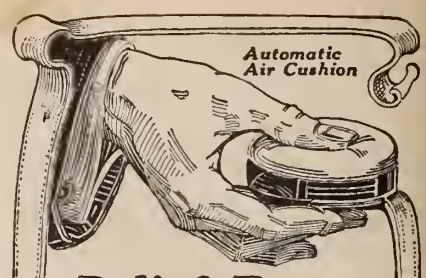
WE have got to get behind the government, which is devoting its entire energies to waging a great warfare for freedom. This warfare requires putting men in the field and keeping them fed and clothed. It requires the production of ships, and shells, guns and rifles, motor trucks, horses, saddlery, airplanes, hospital supplies, food, and a great variety of goods the production of which calls for vast industrial plants from one end of the country to the other, manned by millions of men and women who serve their country as effectively as our soldiers and sailors.

If the American people continue to require all the pleasant and comfortable luxuries which they consumed before the war, they are making it necessary for these thousands of factories and shops, employing millions of men and women, to produce articles which do not help to bring peace a day nearer, when they might be devoting themselves to the production of the necessary things which will help to bring the war to a victorious conclusion.

Both things cannot go on together. We have pledged the honor of our country and our people to fight this war to our last dollar and to our last man, if necessary. America does not break her word. The necessities of the war must be produced and must be produced quickly. The key to the situation, therefore, rests in the hand of the average man, woman and child in every state in the Union, who can, by refraining from everything not absolutely necessary to health and efficiency, release strong arms to the production of materials of war.

THIS is the philosophy of labor and materials. This is the lesson which must be immediately brought home to the people of America. This is the sacred gospel which underlies the campaign of the National War Savings Committee and the principle which the members of the War Savings Societies pledge themselves to follow, and to induce others to follow, not for one day, or one week, but honorably, patriotically and persistently until we have fought this war and won it.

Our fighting forces are formed of companies of soldiers and sailors banded together to serve their country. War Savings Societies will be formed of companies of savers banded together to save their country. For the success of our army and navy, every company of soldiers in France, the crew of every ship, should have back of it at home a company of savers. As a united people, consecrated to the great task which lies before us, we cannot fail.



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The Brooks Rupture Appliance has given relief in thousands of cases where other means have failed. Automatic Air Cushion provides firm, yet gentle pressure, and is guaranteed to retain the protrusion at all times. Always covers the ruptured spot. Clings closely, never slips.

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The Brooks Rupture Appliance is made to your individual measure. Absolute satisfaction is guaranteed. Since we are more of a sanitarium than a factory, particular care is given to your individual case.

You can obtain the **Brooks Rupture Appliance** on free trial to test its worth. It is sold on a basis of satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. You are the sole judge of its worth. No need to give us any reason for its return, if you are not satisfied. We make this liberal offer because we know you will bless the day you learned of the **Brooks Rupture Appliance.** Write for particulars and measure blanks.

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Manufacturers of Orthopedical Appliances
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THE 1 ORIGINAL CHEMICAL **Indoor Closet**

30,000 SOLD—FIFTH YEAR

More Comfortable, Healthful, Convenient

Eliminates the out-house, open vault and cess-pool, which are breeding places for germs. Have a warm, sanitary, odorless toilet right in your house. No going out in cold weather. A boon to invalids. Endorsed by State Boards of Health.

ABSOLUTELY ODORLESS

Put It Anywhere In The House

The germs are killed by a chemical process in water in the container. Empty once a month. No more trouble to empty than ashes. Closet absolutely guaranteed. Guarantee on file in the office of this publication. Ask for catalog and price

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Made of vulcanized rubber sheeting. Color, dainty light blue with white check. Guaranteed. 5 sizes and styles. For housewives, children, men and women in factories, laundries, restaurants, butchers, shop men, etc. Saves clothes, acid-proof, grease-proof. Won't crack or peel off.

Make Steady Income

Work spare time or full time. This new apron sells like wildfire. Easy to demonstrate. A prospect in every home. Often sell 5 to one family. Miles sold 26 in 14 hours. Haas sold 78 in 3 days. Any man or woman, young or old, can make big money. Write for terms and samples today.

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That is how *Sure Hatch* is making money every year for owners. And food conditions now in war time have caused an extraordinary demand for chickens—with a short supply and higher prices. Do your share with a **Sure Hatch.** Thousands endorse it. Read about them in big **Sure Hatch** catalog. Over 300,000 well pleased owners of Sure Hatch incubators. Women can make big money with **Sure Hatch** as well as men. No more guess work. So simple a child can take care of it. Safe and durable.

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Write today for our big Poultry Book. It tells all about how to raise and take care of poultry. Expert information, hundreds of practical experiences. Valuable for expert poultrymen as well as beginners. Now is the time to start. There's big money in chickens. **Sure Hatch** chicks bring the most because they are strong, sturdy and healthy. No use hatching chicks unless you can raise them, and **Sure Hatch Fresh Air Colony Brooders** raise all of them at the least expense. Write today sure. Just a postal brings this valuable book to you *Free.*

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are manifestations of intermediate and advanced pyorrhea.

PYORRHOCIDE
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(Antiseptic)

aids in repairing these pyorrhetic conditions. This dentifrice has demonstrated its effectiveness since 1908, at clinics devoted exclusively to the treatment and prevention of pyorrhea.

PYORRHOCIDE POWDER removes the bacterial plaques or films which harbor the germs of pyorrhea and decay. It retards the formation of salivary calculus (tartar). This calcic deposit is the principal, initial cause of SORE GUMS, LOOSE TEETH and

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PYORRHOCIDE POWDER induces normal blood circulation in the gums—increasing their power of resistance against pyorrhea infection. It cleans and polishes the teeth.

Package contains six months' supply. Price $1.00; at druggists and dental supply houses.

Send six cents in stamps for sample and pyorrhea booklet.

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Where Quality Counts Most

Get your range direct from Kalamazoo manufacturers—save money in buying—save high priced fuel in use. Get this book showing our full line—stoves, ranges, all styles and sizes—built right up to the highest mark of quality.

Quick Shipment—we pay the freight and guarantee safe delivery. Cash or easy payments. 30 days' trial. Thousands save money—why don't you? Write today.

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Any poultry raiser can easily double his profits by doubling the egg production of his hens. A scientific 'onic has been discovered that revitalizes the flock and makes hens work all the time. The tonic is called "More Eggs." Give your hens a few cents' worth of "More Eggs" and you will be amazed and delighted with results. A dollar's worth of "More Eggs" will double this year's production of eggs, so if you wish to try this great profit maker, write E. J. Reefer, poultry expert, 6421 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., who will send you a season's supply of "More Eggs" Tonic for $1.00 (prepaid). So confident is Mr. Reefer of the results that a million dollar bank guarantees if you are not absolutely satisfied your dollar will be returned on request and the "More Eggs" costs you nothing. Send a dollar today or ask Mr. Reefer for his free poultry book, that tells the experience of a man who has made a fortune out of poultry. (*Advertisement.*)

Why Franklin Cars Are Selling And Why They Will Continue To Sell

YOU hear a great deal of talk about the automobile business.

Just write this down for a fact:

The service car — the car of practical utility — has nothing to fear from these exacting times. The *nature of demand* has changed but *demand* goes on.

Buyers want economy.

The car that meets conditions is not suffering for buyers.

The economical utility car will "carry on" as long as the country carries on—men must get about.

Unthinking people who refer to every passenger automobile as a pleasure car do not speak of the "pleasure elevator" or the "pleasure trolley."

When the utility car stops, the country will stop. We cannot go back to old methods. Feed is high and there are not enough horses.

In Every Thrift and Efficiency Test Held the Franklin Established a Record

Perhaps because the automobile is a comparatively new invention, is the reason why no *universal standard* of mileage for either gasoline or tires has been adopted by all cars. Or perhaps it is figured that motorists are not interested in low operating and maintenance costs.

It remains a fact, however, that if all fine cars were as efficient as the Franklin, a gallon of gasoline would deliver more than the typical average of six to eleven miles. It would go twenty or *more* miles, as Franklin owners daily make a gallon go.

It is also certain that if all cars were as efficient as the Franklin, a set of tires would do considerably better than 6,000 or 7,000 miles. The national mileage of Franklin owners, over a five year period and compiled from owners' own reports, shows 10,203 miles to the set.

For every fine motor car to be as efficient as the Franklin, every fine motor car would have to be *scientifically* constructed—a *scientific light weight* car.

Trend Toward Franklin Cars Since Increased Costs of Gasoline and Tires

To get Franklin efficiency, means doing away with the gasoline-consuming Water Cooling System and adopting DIRECT AIR COOLING.

This means the *elimination* of the 177 complicated parts of plumbing that hold water—then as in the Franklin, there would be nothing to freeze in Winter: and in Summer there would be nothing to overheat. And the expense that follows these annoyances, of course, would be avoided.

To get Franklin tire mileage and Franklin long-life, every fine motor car would have to adopt *Franklin flexible construction;* its light *unsprung* weight; its full elliptic springs—the *basic* Franklin principles that *minimize* friction and drag, and do away with excessive and unnecessary hammering on the tires.

The used car problem too would be solved. All a motorist has to do to ascertain the relative long life of fine motor cars is to study used car advertising and the *prices* quoted. It tells the motorist, if he is alert, what to *avoid* when considering the purchase of a *new* car.

Construction of Motor Cars Shows Motorists Whether Economy Is Possible

Whenever a motorist wonders why he is unable to join in the conservation of the nation's gasoline and rubber—

Whenever he feels that his operating and maintenance costs are double those of his friend the Franklin owner—

He need only to examine the *construction* of his car.

Then know the facts about the Franklin Basic Principles of Scientific-Light-Weight Construction.

These principles and the 1,000 pounds difference in weight in favor of the Light Weight Franklin are very likely to make him a Franklin owner immediately.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL *Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.*

A FRIEND testifies to a remarkable case of bodily healing in answer to prayer after the doctors had given up hope.

Mrs. D. C. praises God for recovery from illness and for the strength that has enabled her to live a life of seventy-seven years of service.

Mrs. F. B. bears testimony to the goodness of God in the bodily healing of her sister, her father and her brother, and most of all for a closer fellowship and a nearness to God that they all never had before.

Prayers are asked for revivals of religion at:

Corning, Calif.; Cary Station, Ill.; Oakwood, Okla. (that many souls may be saved during revival); Mission, Texas (that a great work may be done in a new field this year, and that the saloons may be driven out of the town); Mallet Creek, Ohio; Nutterville, W. Va.; Truro, Iowa; Brookdale, Canada; Owosso, Mich. (that many may be saved during meetings); Atchison, Kan. (for the success of revival meetings); Dayton, Ohio (for a revival at High Street United Brethren Church); Winona Lake, Ind. (for meetings to be held at Carver County, Minn.); McAllister, Mont. (for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit on a community without a pastor); Fox Lake, Wis. (that town may be voted dry this coming spring and that the federation of the three denominations may be successful in bringing many souls to Christ); White Plains, N. Y. (that a saloon may be closed).

Mrs. M. J. S. asks prayer that a good minister may be sent to the Reformed Church at Holton, Kan.

Twelve friends ask prayer for special blessings for others.

A Subscriber asks prayer that son's mind may be restored; Mrs. S. R. R., that daughter's mind may be restored; Mrs. A., that a dear one's mind may be restored; B. L. C. and E. F., that their minds may be strengthened. Mrs. M. B., that son's mind may be restored; two parents, that daughter's minds may be restored; J. R. H., for the insane patients in Medfield Hospital; eight friends, for mental restoration for themselves, relatives or friends.

Mrs. M. V. asks prayer that granddaughter's eyes may be strengthened.

A member asks prayer that mother's sight may be restored; Mrs. M. E. S., that brother may be healed of cancer in one eye; Mrs. M. C., that cataracts may be removed from eyes; seven friends, for restoration of sight for themselves, relatives or friends.

I. M. P. asks prayer that daughter's hearing may be restored; thirteen friends ask prayer that their own hearing may be restored.

Forty-three friends ask prayer for a deeper work of grace, assurance of sins forgiven, or express in other ways their desire for personal spiritual blessing.

Mrs. M. H. asks prayer that son may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs. A. E. M., that husband may be cured of the liquor habit; two friends, that brothers may be cured of the liquor habit; Miss M. J. B., that a couple may be cured of the liquor habit; L. G. P., that a young man may be cured of the liquor habit.

Mrs. A. L. D. asks prayer that two young men may be cured of the tobacco habit.

F. H. B. asks prayer that daughter may pass her studies at school creditably this year, and be especially helped to master geometry; for guidance in the selection of a home; and that one who owes him money may be led to repay. Also he asks urgent prayer that his wife may be relieved of physical distress and returned to normal health.

One hundred and twenty-seven friends ask prayer for healing of friends or relatives; including Mrs. T. E., that father may be restored to health without an operation; another, Mrs. L. I. R., that a young physician may be restored to health; another, Mrs. M. S., that a seven-year-old girl may be cured of epilepsy; another, E. A. W., that a minister may be restored to health and strength; Mrs. M. H., that daughter may pass safely through an operation; E. R. R., that a friend may be cured of cancer; seventy friends, for healing of themselves, including Mrs. E. S. L., that health may be fully restored.

Twenty-one parents ask prayer for the conversion of sons; twelve wives, their husbands; forty-three, other relatives and friends.

Thirty-five friends ask prayer for help or guidance in financial matters.

Forty-seven friends ask prayer for the granting of various desires and needs, including D. L., for world-wide peace; another, Mrs. E. E. that we may have rain in West Texas.

9 CORDS IN 10 HOURS

BY ONE MAN. It's KING OF THE WOODS. Saves money and backache. Send for FREE catalog No. E126 showing low price and latest improvements. First order gets agency.
Folding Sawing Machine Co., 161 West Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

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IMPROVE YOUR PROPERTY WITH AN IRON FENCE
Write today for catalogue of designs for residences, country estates, parks, cemeteries and all other purposes. Artistic, indestructible. *Local Representatives Wanted.*
The Stewart Iron Works Co., 72 Stewart Blk., Cincinnati, O.

The New Improved
Comfort Indoor Closet
Odorless-Sanitary-Germ-Proof

Every home without sewerage needs one. No plumbing or running water needed. Anyone can install. A boon to sick people. Placed in any room in house, in town or country. 10,000 now in use.

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Do you know your Bible? Do you feel the need of a more thorough, practical working knowledge of the Word of God? Are you awake to the means of securing it economically while engaged in your usual occupation? This means is by correspondence.

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Read What a Few of Our Students Say

This course has been a great spiritual uplift and blessing to me. I wish the blessing of God on The Moody Bible Institute.

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I have noticed a big improvement in my church work since I began the course, especially in the Sunday School and Christian Endeavor work.

A Michigan Student

What marvelous light I have received through these lessons! Long, long years I pondered over things in the precious Book that I now understand.

A Tennessee Student

I enjoy the work very much and am getting more out of it than any Bible study I have ever pursued, not excepting my work in college.

An Ohio Minister

It may give you pleasure to know that I have won two souls to Christ with the help of the last lesson, and the lessons that deal with Christian Science.

An Illinois Student

I have been brought up to read the Bible but have never grasped its full meaning as I have been able to do in this course in some measure. I count the privilege a wonderful one.

A Pittsburgh Student

In my nine years of active ministry, I have never received such help from anything as from these studies. What a blessing it would be if our younger ministers would realize this and take such studies for their personal growth spiritually, and as an inspiration in the work in the pulpit and elsewhere.

A Nebraska Minister

For all unable to attend a Bible Institute, correspondence Bible study is a practical, efficient and economical method of securing a deeper, clearer knowledge of the Bible. Over 5000 students in all parts of the world last year studied one or more of our courses. Thousands of Christian people will this year begin correspondence study for the first time. Will you be one of them?

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"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Timothy 2:15.

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has a fully equipped department, exclusively devoted to teaching by correspondence. You will be instructed by competent, practical Christian teachers. Our courses are thoroughly tested and popular. *We have a course for everyone, young or old, beginner, student or instructor.* Our aim is for careful business administration, most efficient teaching and courteous attention to all inquirers and students. We cannot urge too strongly all who wish a more thorough knowledge of God's Word to take up the work with us this season. Send the coupon below for our prospectus and information regarding all our courses. Now is the time to act. We have a course that will satisfy your need. Address

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THE SCOFIELD BIBLE CORRESPONDENCE COURSE
—scholarly, comprehensive, tested for a quarter of a century, and taken already by more than ten thousand students, is still presented as the most comprehensive course in Bible study ever offered by correspondence

THIS APPEAL IS MADE TO YOU

HELP US SPREAD A KNOWLEDGE OF GOD'S WORD!

"IT *is more blessed to give than to receive.*" It is also a greater joy to give than to receive, and when the gift is that of Bible truth, the reward is in the giving. The person who feels that he or she is spreading a knowledge of God feels as though a song is being sung by the spirit. We have all experienced this great happiness. There is no other joy like it; nothing makes us feel more like praising God than the knowledge that we have helped to spread His praises.

A CALL *has come to us from many readers*—a call to spread the Word of God by making our pictorial method of Bible study, called the National Bible Picture Study, available for ready offering to their friends.

We have answered this call from our family circle by evolving an unusual special offer for the complete Study Outfit, and by printing the details of this offer on three Coupons, which our readers will hand to their friends. We feel sure that this will fall in with the desires of many thousands of our own circle, who delight in spreading the Word of the Gospel.

OUR *Pictorial Bible Study Plan*, in addition to the enjoyment in the competitive element of the Picture Study, in addition to the fascination of the search, and regardless of the cash rewards offered to give added incentive, is *solid Bible study* of the most helpful and the most *lasting* sort. In telling a friend about it, in handing a friend one of the Coupons we ask you to cut out here and distribute, you will be doing real Christian work, real missionary work. Earnest Christians will more likely be attracted to the Study than careless ones, yet because of that we would not have you pass by those who are wandering from the road. Rather let your effort be, as is our effort in this Picture Study, to appeal to all your friends, letting the Coupons tell the story of our unusual special offer to them—made because they *are* your friends.

WE *include in our offer 10 weeks* of the Christian Herald, and we do this not only so that the new participant in the Picture Study will be sure of getting all 30 pictures, but also because the Christian Herald is our medium for doing Christian work, and indeed our Picture Study and all our other efforts are vitalized and made possible by the weekly record of human effort and divine love which we send each week to so many friends throughout the world, and into which we put so much of time, thought, prayer, and hope. Ten weeks of the Christian Herald, then, and the complete National Bible Picture Study Outfit, with all 30 pictures too, are what the man or woman or child will receive upon taking up the offer we make on these Coupons which we suggest you will be quite ready to hand in person, or to mail, to some people you know may be interested. Send a Coupon in your next letter to some friend or relative—and tell something about the Picture Study as you know it. In previous issues we have shown many pictures of the two books that make up the Outfit, and shown object lesson pictures and how to fit a verse to them. Perhaps in giving a friend a Coupon you will wish to show one of the previous announcements, because of the information about the Study it contains.

DO you know—think a moment—any Sunday School scholars, any Bible Class scholars? The offer made on the Coupon will particularly appeal to them, or to you for them. The Reference Book in the Bible Picture Study is composed of the International Sunday School Lessons, Golden Texts and Daily Home Bible Readings for December, 1917, to May, 1918, inclusive. This is a real help in itself, in addition to its use in the Picture Study. It will be *invaluable* to any person studying the Bible.

Picture No. 13

WE *thank now all who try to help us in our work*—whether their efforts are successful or not. You and we are working toward the same end—let us keep in touch, and help each other.

Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labor.

For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up. Eccles. 4 : 9, 10.

AN UNUSUAL OFFER TO YOUR FRIENDS

Below are three coupons for free distribution to your friends. Each coupon tells about our unusual offer—the complete National Bible Picture Study Outfit, and ten weeks of the Christian Herald, for 35 cents. Cut out the coupons now, and mail or hand them to friends.

SPECIAL BIBLE STUDY COUPON

FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

THIS COUPON AND 35 CENTS

entitle the holder to the complete outfit for the National Bible Picture Study, including *International Bible Readings* (containing the eligible answers), the *Answer Book* (in which to write down the answers to be submitted), *All Pictures* that have been published and the Christian Herald for 10 weeks.

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Address .....

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Enclose 35 cents and mail to Christian Herald, New York

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Meat Costs 8 Times as Much

As Luscious Quaker Oats

Meats, chicken, fish and eggs average eight times the cost of Quaker Oats per unit of nutrition. So every dollar's worth used in displacing meat saves an average of $7.

One reason lies in oats' unique food value. Quaker Oats yield 1810 calories of energy per pound.

Eggs Yield	**720**	**Potatoes,**	**385**
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Another reason is the low oat cost. While other foods are scarce and high, oats are plentiful and cheap.

Yet oats are Nature's master food. Among all grain foods oats stand first in flavor and nutrition. As a vim-food and a food for growth they have an age-old fame.

You can serve five dishes for the cost of a single egg. Or the cost of two ounces of meat.

Make Quaker Oats your entire breakfast, not a mere side dainty. It supplies every needed element.

Mix Quaker Oats in your flour foods. They add delightful flavor. And the wheat you save means more bread for our allies.

Quaker Oats

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In Quaker Oats we use only the rich, plump, flavory grains. All little grains, starved and ins'pid, are discarded from this brand. We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

The result is a flavor which has won the world. Yet you get it for the asking. It costs no extra price.

12c and 30c per package in United States and Canada, except in Far West and South where high freights may prohibit

Quaker Oats Muffins

2/3 cup uncooked Quaker Oats, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoou salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water. 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)	2 cups boiling water
	1 cake yeast
2 teaspoonfuls salt	¼ cup lukewarm water
½ cup sugar	5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water; let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes.

If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Young People's Topics for February 3

Christian Duty and Privilege (2) Winning Others to Christ

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topics. John 1 : 35-46. (Consecration Meeting)

"COME and see." This is the age-old invitation of the Christian to him who doubts the Saviour. A proposition in geometry must be proven; a truth in physics must be demonstrated by him who makes the affirmation; but the truth as it is in Jesus is self-revealing. The doubter has but to "come and see."

Having accepted Christ as our Saviour, we face again duty and privilege. Since we are his we share his great commission to "go." Since we seek in love to serve him, it is our privilege to carry the message of salvation to every dark corner of the world where we may penetrate, and then we can shout it still farther into the shadows. Only those who have performed the duty know the full height and depth of the privilege. Those who fear to step out lose the blessing, for the promise "I am with you always" follows the "go." Where shall we go? To those who know him not. Peter sought his brother, Philip his friend, Stephen went to a stranger in the desert, and Peter to an alien at Joppa. It is our privilege to speak the love and saving grace of Christ to every sin-touched soul; it is our duty to seek the lost.

How shall we go? Sincerely, as those who, loving Christ, love also their fellow men. Directly, for the King's business requires haste. Tactfully and with a watch upon our tongue, for "a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Consistently, for if our life belies our words we shall be but sounding brass. Prayerfully, for our own strength availeth us little, unless it be supplemented by His power. Finally, in the power of the Gospel, study the Word and "it shall be given you what you shall say." There is no question which an honest inquirer may raise or a scoffer use as a foil to truth, which is not fully answered in the Scriptures.

Love, life and longing; Christlike love for souls, a Christian heart's desire for the salvation of men, and a life shot through with the power of God and made radiant by his infilling Spirit —these will enable us to win others to Christ.

Epworth League Goals and How to Reach Them

Epworth League Topic. Rom. 12 : 1-13.

A VERY similar topic was treated in this column last week as the Christian Endeavor topic for January 27. Leaders will do well to turn back to it. Whatever the goals may be, we may be sure that complete consecration of our bodies and all their powers to the service of our Lord and Saviour will bring us well forward toward accomplishment. Notice carefully the chosen chapter. It is a picture of the church at work, every one doing his best at that for which he is best fitted, no one pretending to another task or slighting his own. Jealousy of those chosen to lead by those best fitted to follow has ruined many a League chapter and made it impotent, where it should have been strong. Indolence, desire to do without the will to perform, has blasted many a promising plan. Ignorance, lack of information as to group plans or individual responsibilities, has defeated many a hopeful program. Ignorance can be cured, indolence can be stimulated to action, and jealousy, most stubborn of all, can be prayed or shamed into fellowship. In this war year there comes to every young people's society a clarion call to unselfish, unlimited and unstinted service. Let there be united endeavor toward the chosen goals; let none fail to minister because he had not been chosen to prophesy, but let each do his piece of work as well as he can, in the power of God.

Helps for this topic may be secured by addressing the Central Office of the Epworth League, 740 North Rush Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE International Evangelization Society, of which Rev. French E. Oliver is general director, has issued a "statement of belief," which includes the following articles of faith: Accepts the Bible as God's Word and revelation and our sole authority; believes in the deity of Jesus Christ, that he was God manifest in the flesh; that his death on the cross was a sacrifice for the salvation of sinners; belief in his resurrection from the dead; in salvation as of grace, not of works; in the personality and deity of the Holy Spirit; in the Great Commission, in the second visible and imminent coming; in a heaven of eternal bliss for the righteous, and in the punishment of the wicked.

A Free Knitting Book for Every Woman Reader of the Christian Herald

THE Red Cross wants the help of every American woman in knitting Socks, Sweaters, Mufflers, and Washcloths for the Soldiers and Sailors.

It has issued an illustrated booklet showing just what articles are wanted, and giving explicit directions for making them. It shows it all in pictures, and tells what kind of yarn and what size needles to use.

Almost every woman can spare a little time for the aid and comfort of the boys who are taking Old Glory to Europe—taking it there that the women and children of America may not know the horror of contact with the hordes of Prussia.

Get this little book of instructions at once and weave into every stitch your protest against the power that would trample the peace and honor of the world under the feet of its selfish ambition.

CHRISTIAN HERALD INFORMATION BUREAU,
Frederic J. Haskin, Director,
Washington, D. C.

Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp for which you will please send me, entirely free, a copy of "The Knitting Book."

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

OUR MAIL BAG

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and is not controversial. All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

CHRISTIAN HERALD INFORMATION BUREAU

Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

With all the resources of the Government libraries and departments and of the public museums and their staffs and with the active assistance of national experts this Information Bureau is ready to tell you the answer to:

Whatever You Want to Know

The bureau is prepared to answer fully and promptly questions regarding food production and conservation, transportation, industrial activities, history, patents and inventions, pensions and Army insurance, legislation, exploration and discovery, Government employment, and all of the thousand and one things that you want to be sure of.

Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

EVEN in these days of almost universal privation and suffering, one occasionally encounters people who seem to have no idea of what compassion really means, and who cannot be stirred by any appeal to their sympathies. A lady wrote to the Food Administration in Washington, stating how hard she found it to be a real member of that organization. Her husband is a "good liver," likes his meat two or even three times a day, and isn't disposed to be either meatless or wheatless. He says "one family doesn't count anyhow," and that the food-saving campaign is "a scare." The Food Administration in one of its bulletins refers to the case, and says very justly that such a man belongs to the class of "slackers." Just such men lower the percentage of the home observance of wheatless and meatless days, so that they show as low as 12 or 13, instead of at least 25 per cent., saved on such days. Perhaps there is only one way to reach such men who put palate above patriotism. That is the more drastic way of depriving them of the chance to get any meat for Tuesday. In the case of sugar, they had to go without, thousands of them, because they couldn't buy it. So, in the case of white flour and meats. Nothing short of a famine will make them recognize the sanity of the Food Administration's plea for simple substitution, and the observance of certain days as the best way to obtain a sufficient surplus to send to our Allies. As for this particularly gluttonous husband and all others of the same class, they may have a chance to go real hungry before the war is over.

Quite different is the letter of another woman who writes: "When we signed that pledge card we meant it—I did, and I am no different from my neighbors. My husband laughed when I told him I had signed for us all and intended to go the whole program—seven wheatless, fourteen meatless, and twenty-one wasteless meals a week; but when I told him it was no joke and that we were going to try it he said, 'All right, Julia, it's up to me to take what you get, and if you can stand it I guess I can—and it'll be a lot better for the children anyhow.'"

Reader, Dickinson, N. D. We have sent your letter to the Prayer League to be made a subject of supplication.

J. M. M., Holden, Mo. I have read your valuable paper for fifteen years. I am interested in every feature of the Christian Herald. I read "A New World after the War," in the issue of December 5. Many old things will pass away and many other things will become new. Denominationalism is one of the old things that will surely pass away. No longer will there be strife among the various denominations in Christianity.

It is quite true, as J. M. M. writes, that the war will bring many changes. Whether denominationalism will wholly disappear, as he seems to believe, none can be certain; but we may look forward to closer and more harmonious cooperation among all the branches, and the recognition of a broader spirit of Christian service. We would counsel him and all who are sincerely interested in the Church's spiritual progress to read the views of leaders in all the denominations, which are now being published in the Christian Herald.

Inquirer, Palatka, Fla. The Turkish Empire, Arabia included, has or had until recently a territorial area of 1,700,000 square miles and some 24,000,000 subjects. By recent reverses it has lost to the Allies about 6,000,000 of its subjects and a considerable portion of its area.

Troubled Reader, Traverse City, Mich. You are not in serious trouble. The fact that your conscience reproaches you is a good sign. Unless there was some substantial reason, you should not have delayed when you did. Now, take the whole matter to the Lord and ask forgiveness for his dear Son's sake; then put the trouble resolutely behind you, and perform the delayed duty at the very first opportunity, making no delays again. Talk with your pastor as soon as you can arrange a meeting with him, and be quite frank in telling him of your trouble. He will give you good counsel, and you will find peace. We have sent your letter to the Prayer League, which will pray for you at its next meeting.

H. F., Kooskia, Idaho. In Matt. 24 we are dealing with a double prophecy, the one treating of the general conditions before the world's end, the other of those preceding the fall of Jerusalem and it is in view of this double aspect that the word "generation" must be interpreted.

B. H. B., Springboro, Pa. Your kindly letter has been read with appreciation. We are not to judge others; judgment belongs to the great Searcher of hearts. We may hate the sin, yet have pity for the sinner.

H. C. K., Charleston, S. C. Your organization is doing a fine Christian work in aiding the war sufferers in Syria and Armenia. We trust that you may be made instrumental in saving many lives.

It would be interesting, were it practicable, to know just what proportion of our population, as a whole, has responded or is now responding to the various calls that have been issued for united, regular daily prayer in behalf of this nation and its government in the present crisis. Some are doubtless observing the call to prayer for 9 A.M.; others, and probably a much larger number, are sending up their petitions at the noontime prayer hour. It is an inspiring thought that the great majority of God's people are keeping one or the other of these "watches" in daily memory, and we trust they may continue to do so. We need individually, as communities, and as a nation, the strengthening and uplifting power of prayer to a prayer-hearing and answering God, to carry us through. We plead with all the readers of the Christian Herald to remember this daily duty during 1918. "Pray without ceasing" is the injunction, for "at evening and at morning and at noon will I pray aloud and he shall hear my voice."

C. S. L., Wisconsin. The passage in Mark 10 : 25 refers to the "needle's eye," which was the small gate or wicket at the side of the big gate at the entrance to the city wall. When the big gate closed for the day, all entrance had to be gained through the small gate, and to a loaded camel, or indeed to any body of considerable size, passage was impossible.

Mrs. L. B. L., Colorado Springs, Colo. Among the ancient historians and others who refer to Jesus Christ in their writings are Tacitus (Annal XV : 44); Pliny the Younger (Epistle VIII . 97); Lucian (Second Century); Suetonius and Eusebius. Besides, there is the well-known passage in Josephus's Antiquities (Book XVIII, Chap. III, P. 5), and there is also a reference to James the brother of the Saviour in Book XX, Chap. IX, P. 1 of the Antiquities.

B. Y. C., De Lamere, N. D. It is not practicable, owing to war conditions at the present time, to send clothing to the European sufferers.

S. G. H., Hatcreek, Wash. I am a widow over sixty, and lived on a ranch alone last winter, one half-mile from anybody, and thirty miles from the railroad. That doesn't seem much, when I think of Mother Breshkovsky and her lonely life in exile. We had a Sunday school last summer, but neighborhood differences—and indifferences—caused its death. I am hoping for its resurrection. Big oil wells are being drilled near us. I am dipping out of the wells of salvation dug centuries ago by the Omnipotent. Will send a bit of my experience and testimony.

Lonely, lonely would I be,
Lord, how lonely, without thee.
Time long since with me had ceased,
Had my fetters been increased,
Grim despair its work had done,
Had the victory not been won.
Darkness oft is changed to day
In the night time while I pray.

We congratulate our friend for her courage and optimistic spirit under trying conditions. There are many in like circumstances who will sympathize with her, and wish they had a heart as brave and a faith as strong. May Hatcreek soon have a new Sunday school.

J. H. S., Pasadena, Calif. The "open door" in China means the throwing open of Chinese ports to American trade on an equality with other foreign nations now enjoying trading privileges in that country.

S. M., Enola, Pa. 1. A different reading or translation of I Cor. 3 : 17 is "if any is corrupt, God will give him to corruption." It means that He will repay in kind by righteous retaliation. 2. The passage in I Tim. 1 : 19, 20 uses a figure of speech in which faith is the vessel on which they had embarked, and a "good conscience" the anchor, by casting away which they were shipwrecked. The passage, however, does not imply that, having once had faith, they made shipwreck of it, but rather that they put away their good conscience and never attained to security in the faith, so that all their efforts to that end came to naught.

O. P. M., Harris, Iowa, and A. S. Livermore, Chicago, Ill. We cannot condemn too strongly the giving to our boys "Over there" or the use by them, of anything injurious to their health, and might be inclined to voice a strong protest against sending them cigarettes were we not convinced that what is being done in that respect is done from the best of motives and with no intention to do anything but good. Cigarette smoking is harmful to any one, but particularly so to the immature and young. Whether or not Christian associations should aid in this work of tobacco distribution must be left to the individual conscience.

N. J. L., Grand Rapids, Mich. Will you kindly harmonize "Love your enemies" and going to war?

Loving our enemies has its limitations. When one's enemy insists on aggression, when he steals our possessions, interferes with our inalienable rights, or does the hundred and one things that lead to war, we have a higher duty toward our own than we owe to the enemy, and hence resistance becomes necessary. The only justifiable war is war in defense or war in a righteous cause. Men like Washington, Havelock, Stonewall Jackson and Chinese Gordon were conscientious men and eminent Christians, yet they went to war without compunction when their duty required it. On the other hand, war is universally acknowledged as the logical outcome of evil conditions. It is the duty of the Christians to make war on war and to hasten to bring about such conditions as will insure lasting peace with all men.

Miss R. M., Corvallis, Ore. At the present time our one duty is to win the war, and win it speedily. Following the President's lead, we must bend every effort to do so and leave all minor considerations for a later time.

On another page you will find an interesting announcement of the Christian Herald Information Bureau.

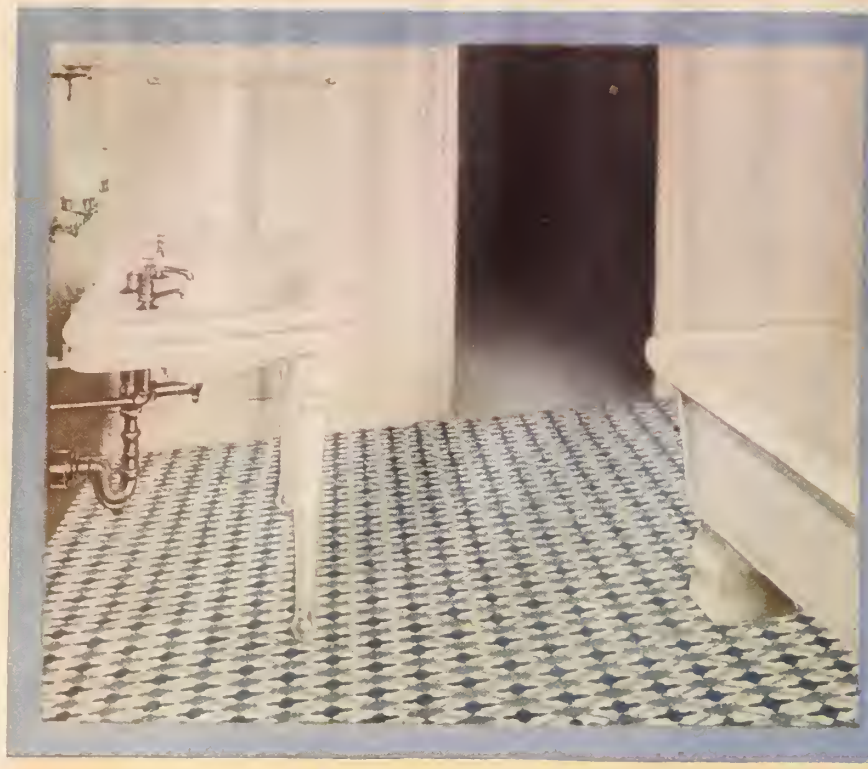
Cabin Home

By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A LITTLE lonely cabin beside a lonely way—
A little lonely cabin, deserted, quite, and old—
Yet memories that bless it shall never fade away,
Although its friendly hearthstone is gray with dust and cold!
For Youth and Faith have met there, and lingered for a space,
And Happiness has dwelt there, and Hope has crossed the sill;
And Love has made his home there, a smile upon his face. . .
Dear little lonely cabin, deserted now and still!

THE forest creeps behind it, a mystic place of trees:
A river flows before it, reflecting sun and shower
And in the early springtime, the murmur of the breeze
Tells secrets to the bird-folk, and the arbutus flower.
A little lonely cabin beside a peaceful stream,
A little lonely cabin, from all the world apart . . .,
I see it when, at twilight, I find the time to dream—
Dear little lonely cabin that holds my very heart!



The pattern shown on the floor of the bathroom is Congoleum Pattern, No. 744

On the floor in the above living-room is one of the new Congoleum Art-Carpet Patterns, No. 5026

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Gold Seal

FLOOR-COVERINGS

Congoleum Art-Carpet Pattern No. 5024

Congoleum Pattern No. 750

Congoleum Art-Carpet Pattern No. 5030

Congoleum Pattern No. 756

Ask to see the New "Art-Carpets"

ALMOST every one is familiar with our famous sanitary Art-Rugs and Floor-Coverings; in fact, the name "Congoleum" is known all over the world.

Now we have another wonderful Congoleum product to offer you—*Congoleum Art-Carpets*—which should interest every housewife.

They are made in patterns of de luxe beauty in *twelve different colors*, something never before attempted in low-priced floor-coverings of any kind.

The result is unusually attractive designs in Oriental, Chinese matting, and conventional effects, suitable for any room in the house where a low-priced floor-covering is desired.

Another feature about these Art-Carpets is that they are *three yards wide* (108 inches), which makes possible a seamless floor-covering for many rooms.

Like all other Congoleum Floor-Coverings, the Art-Carpets may be laid without fastening of any kind. They never curl or "kick up." *They are absolutely waterproof and free from burlap.*

Congoleum Art-Carpets come in rolls the same as our other Floor-Coverings, and your dealer will supply you with whatever yardage you need.

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Photo by Fred H Kiser, Portland, Ore.

MOUNT WILBUR AND SOME OF ITS MANY GLACIERS IN GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, MONTANA

OUR MAIL-BAG

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and is not controversial. All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be send to the

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Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answer to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

E. W. R., Scranton, Pa. I have an old friend who is, I think, the happiest Christian I ever knew. Her face is always cheerful and her talk is comforting to me. She lives a life of trust in God, and prays daily for greater love and faith. In her prayers she rarely asks for herself anything more than this; her petitions are almost wholly in behalf of others. She is always doing some little kindness to somebody. She keeps in touch, as far as her rather secluded life permits, with many little activities, and is especially fond of young people, and they seem to love her dearly. There is hardly a case of want or suffering of any kind with which she does not seem able to connect in a helpful way. When I ask her how she keeps so active and young, she simply smiles and says that she gets "strength for today," and that is all she needs.

Your old friend is an excellent type of the sunshiny Christian, and we wish there were many more of them. We are fortunate in knowing several of the same kind, and they are living illustrations of the joy and peace that come to those who have long experience in the Christian life and who spend themselves for others. We know of one grand old man whose waking hours are spent in service of this kind, although he is now quite feeble. He keeps in close touch with a number of missionaries in the foreign field, has a copious correspondence with a number of "shut-ins," and is more active and zealous than many a man of half his age in personal work of various kinds in his own neighborhood. Truly, with such souls, the last years are the best.

Mrs. B. E. T., Warrensburg, Ill. We cordially agree with the sentiments expressed in your letter, and will give them consideration.

Rev. W. G. R., Savannah, Ga. It seems a reasonable proposition, at a time like the present, when abundant food crops are so necessary for the needs of the whole nation, that land could be used to better advantage than in raising tobacco.

H. O. J. J., Duluth, Minn. The first Testament in English was printed by William Tyndale, an Englishman, in 1525. The first complete printed English Bible was that of Miles Coverdale, which was printed in 1535, probably at Zurich in Switzerland. Parts of the Scripture had been translated into Anglo-Saxon as early as the eighth century, and the first complete rendering into English was made by Wyelif, in 1382.

P. T. W., Motley, Minn. The various passages in Ezekiel's vision, in which wheels and rings are mentioned, have been interpreted to indicate the gigantic and tremendous energy of the complicated revolution of God's providence, bringing about his purposes with unerring certainty. They also express the manifold changes and revolutions in the world. Some interpreters of Ezekiel's vision suggest that the wheels—each intersecting another at right angles so that the whole could move in one direction, illustrated God's purposes, which, however involved they may appear, cohere, being capable of motion in any direction without change of front. The simple modern illustration of the idea is the gyroscope, which is a wheel within a wheel.

Inquirer, Buffalo, N. Y. Farrar very concisely says anent regeneration, pardon, justification and adoption: "The sinner is convinced of sin by the Holy Spirit; he exercises a penitent faith in Christ as his Saviour; God immediately justifies him; the Holy Spirit attests the fact of his forgiveness by shedding abroad the love of God in the heart, and all things become new." Conversion is "that change in the thoughts, desires, dispositions and life of the sinner which is the result of the Holy Spirit entering the heart by the exercise of saving faith in the atonement. Regeneration is the work of the Spirit in the transformation of the whole nature of the converted one. It is the recovery of the moral image of God and the awakening of new spiritual life. It is wholly an act of God's grace, and differs from conversion in that it is a receptive work altogether. Adoption in the early Church was held to be the result of baptism. Now, it is held as following justification as a logical sequel, for if sin deprived us of our sonship, forgiveness restores it. Sanctification is the process of being purged, purified and set aside for service. It is usually a gradual process. Natural instincts and passions are chastened and restrained, and sin becomes hateful, and the soul becomes less and less subject to voluntary transgressions of known law. There are various views on entire sanctification, but these need not be discussed here.

H. E. M., Elliott, Ia. (1) The gift of tongue is understood to have been not only the power of speaking various langnages which the speaker had not previously studied or acquired, but also the power to speak a spiritual language unknown to man, uttered in ecstasy, and understood only by those enlightened by the Holy Spirit. Paul, in I Cor. 12 : 10, is writing not to depreciate this gift, hut to warn the Corinthians not to be led away by unprofitable or doubtful manifestations of it. Even in those early days of the Church, the leaders had difficulty in controlling the tendency to fanaticism among its adherents. The gift of tongues at Pentecost was given because of a great and urgent need. It is supposed by some authorities to have been speaking so that, under the direction of the Holy Spirit, it sounded to the ear of every auditor as though it were his own mother-tongue. There were many nationalities represented in the throng, but no confusion or misunderstandings. The gift of tongues on this particular occasion was the miraculous method employed to bring into the Gospel fold strangers from other lands. (2) The power which the apostles were to receive was not only the gift of tongues, but also the being filled with the Holy Ghost, under the guidance of which they healed the sick, cleansed the lepers, raised the dead and by their remarkable teachings drew to the Lord all who heard them.

S. R. P., Redlands, Calif. Democracy spells justice and equal opportunity; but since everything here below is imperfect, true democracy will only come after Christ rules and makes everything perfect. In the meantime, we should be glad of any democracy, no matter how imperfect, as against autocracy.

The Little Soldier

By W. Livingston Larned

IT'S "Captain, how do you fare today?"
When Bobbie is on parade;
And "How many miles will my soldier go?"
And "Mother is cook of the camp, you know,
And colonel, and nurse and aide."
I peep in his room, and I find him there,
Curled up, on the quilt, in his trundle bed;
With a quaint paper cap o'er the golden hair,
Like a martial crown, on his dear little head.

It's "Captain, how are your troops, my lad?"
When Bobbie is on parade;
And "Heroes are born of a saber bright,"
And "Goblins are planning a raid tonight;
Look ho! to the unafraid!"
The nursery floor is athrill with life,
An army of men that are made of lead;
And battles are fought with their stress and strife,
And poor little majors of tin lie dead!

It's "Captain, honor the flag, my lad!"
When Bobbie is on parade;
And "Daddy is playing at war that's real,"
With tears in his eyes that he can't conceal,
As the twilight shadows fade.
His two tiny arms hold me captive now;
His wee paper cap and the kind I wear
Just touch as I'm kissing the baby brow,
And snuggle him close in the darkness there.

It's "Captain, challenge the heart of us,"
When Bobbie is on parade;
"And see how you conquer us, fair and fine."
We lay down our arms (there's but love in mine!)
With your order "to hug" obeyed.
Ah, dear little soldier! . . . my path is bright,
From thoughts that I carry along of you.
We're both of us venturing . . . both of us right,
And both of us proud of the things we do!

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B. A. G., Bedford, Ind. The meaning of "casting out devils" has been the subject of dispute for many generations. The plain meaning of the narrative, however, seems to be that Satan had gained absolute possession and control of the afflicted persons, and that Christ evicted him by his superior power. It seems to us impossible on any other assumption to satisfactorily explain the words of exorcism Christ used, the words uttered by the afflicted persons, and the effects which followed.

C. H., Belleville, Ill. The ways of the Lord are past finding out (Rom. 11 : 33). The depth of God's wisdom is in his wise ordering of all the means for his own gracious ends; the depth of his knowledge in his all-inclusive foreknowledge of ends and means. These constitute an ocean, the depths of which we should ever explore, but can never fathom. We cannot understand his workings under various circumstances, nor why he seemingly makes a difference in treatment of peoples. All we can do is to trust in his wisdom to make all well in his good time.

G. O. H., Payette, Idaho. The purpose of publishing the Saviour's genealogy was to show that he had descended from David. If the genealogy of Mary had been given, it would have carried no weight with the Jews, as they would not admit the divine conception, and regarded Joseph as the head of the family. It was necessary, on their account, to show that Joseph had descended from David. It really, however, includes the others, as the descendants of David were so proud of their distinction, and of the Messianic promise involved, that no man of that family would take a wife of any other family. Mary, undoubtedly, therefore, was descended from David. The theory has been propounded and supported by Weiss and other scholars that the genealogy in Luke is that of Mary. Luke says (3 : 23) that Joseph was the son of Heli, whereas Matthew says (1 : 16) that he was the son of Jacob. It is suggested that Luke's statement should read, "who was the son-in-law of Heli," that is, married the daughter of Heli. Luke traces the descent through David's son Nathan, while Matthew traces it through Solomon. Even that explanation, however, has its incongruities, of which there is no clear explanation. The fact that Mary before her marriage went to Bethlehem to be taxed or registered (Luke 2 : 5), would indicate that she was of David's house. It is noteworthy, too, that Christ's claims to Messiahship were never challenged on that ground. If there had been any flaw in his pedigree, the Jews would have seized upon it without a doubt; because the prophecies clearly stated that Messiah would be descended from David. We must remember that Jesus had to be born so as to fulfil the prophecies, and according to these he had to be born of a virgin and of the house of David. If God choose this method, who can say nay?

F. B. H., West Haven, Conn. (1) Paul looked forward to a condition after death when the soul would exist apart from the body. He was willing to be absent from the body and present with the Lord (II Cor. 5 : 8). John saw (Rev. 6 : 10) the souls of the martyrs under the altar, clearly without their bodies. The parable of Dives and Lazarus (Luke 17 : 19-31) implies that the resurrection had not taken place when Dives made the petition to Abraham, inasmuch as the five brothers were still living. (2) It is not clear that Paul expected a resurrection of the body at all. He expected to receive a new body (I Cor. 15 : 37), not the body that was laid in the grave. (3 and 4) It is not for us to limit the mercy of God, but there is nothing in the Bible to encourage the hope of there being an opportunity of gaining salvation after death (see Eccles. 11 : 3; Rev. 22 : 11; Luke 16 : 26).

A Friend. You are very right in suggesting a campaign against the evil you mention. In some cities and states it has been begun, as for instance by the Committee of Seventeen in New York City. Any one can help in his own community. True help, however, must begin in the home. If we keep our girls away from bad companions and teach our boys more of old-fashioned reverence for the sex of their mothers, we shall go a long way toward eradicating the evil.

On another page you will find an interesting announcement of the Christian Herald Information Bureau.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

Helsingfors, capital of the new republic of Finland

The Latest Born Republic

By NEVIN O. WINTER

Author of "The Russian Empire of Today and Yesterday"

"WHAT do you know about Finland?" If the average reader were asked this question he would be obliged to say that he knew very little. The dispatches today tell us that Finland has declared her independence of Russia and has established a republican form of government. This new republic that is now knocking at the doors of the nations and seeking admission to the international council lies in the same latitude as Greenland and Alaska. It is not small in size, for Finland is about as large as the whole of France. The Finlanders themselves speak of their land as Suomen-maa, or Suomi. It is a region of lakes and granite rocks, much of it desolate and water-logged, where winter reigns supreme for from seven to nine months in the year. At least one-ninth of the surface is covered with lakes and the greater part of the rest is forest. Less than one acre in thirty is arable, but a somewhat larger amount is suited for grazing.

We think of Greenland as a frozen and desolate land, fit only for the abode of the hardy Eskimos. And yet in Finland, in a severe northern climate, has grown up a hardy and virile race. Perhaps it was because only the sturdiest could survive under such conditions, for isolation bred self-reliance and industry was necessary to existence. At any rate the fact remains that the Finns have developed a civilization that is unique and of interest. It is not surprising, to one familiar with the Finns and their history, to know that a republic has been proclaimed. No people are more truly democratic. Under the autocratic rule of the Czars, Finland maintained her democratic institutions, and it was the only part of Russia where the traveler was free to move about without having a demand made almost daily for his passport. The Russian calendar, which is thirteen days behind our own, was ignored, and in every way the public and social customs differed from those of the Russians.

THE Finns have always objected to being classed as Russians. Of Mongolian descent, they were among the earliest of the Oriental races to cross the Urals and descend upon the fertile plains of Russia. They were gradually driven to the inhospitable north by successive waves of immigration. They are first cousins to the Magyars of Hungary and distant cousins of the Turk. Like the Celts of Ireland, the Finns were never able to establish an independent state capable of resisting the external pressure of Teuton, Slav and Turk. In the twelfth century they were brought under the sway of the roving Vikings, who organized a crusade to convert the heathen Finns.

Since then the country has been buffeted about between Sweden and Russia. Peter the Great conquered a part of it, but the entire country was not annexed until one hundred and ten years ago. Then it was really a union and not an unconditional surrender. The Czar took the title of Grand Duke of Finland, and as such he continued to rule until the abdication of Nicholas II. The fundamental laws of the country were officially recognized and confirmed by each succeeding autocrat, although in recent years there had been much encroachment on the rights of the independent Finns in the attempt at Russification. For this reason there has been great unrest for more than two decades.

NEWS of the recognition of Finland's independence is of special interest to Christian Herald readers, who for many years have had a warm corner in their hearts for the sturdy, simple, earnest Finnish folk. Sixteen years ago, during the prevalence of a serious famine in that country, the Christian Herald sent an embassy of helpfulness to the Finns. The late Dr. Klopsch personally visited their land and superintended the distribution of a large relief fund, representing the combined gifts of thousands of our readers. There has been news of another famine in Finland this year, but simultaneously with the recognition of Finnish independence comes the announcement through the Frankfurter Zeitung that Germany has restored 52,000,000 marks ($10,400,000), representing money seized at the beginning of the war, so that Finland will at least have sufficient resources to meet any immediate emergency. Mr. Winter, who has traveled widely in Europe, knows the Finns and writes about them with sympathetic interest. Switzerland, also, has recognized the new Republic.

Until 1898 Finland had not been required to furnish soldiers for the imperial Russian army. In that year the Czar informed the Diet (Congress) that the military service must be made to conform to that of the rest of the Empire. Finnish susceptibilities were aroused, as this seemed but the opening wedge for the destruction of all their liberties. The people entered upon a campaign of passive resistance. Every man, woman and child dressed in mourning on the Sunday succeeding the manifesto. Bells were tolled in the churches, and places of amusement were closed. Many thousands emigrated to the United States.

DURING the long winters daylight lasts only three or four hours. On the shortest days it is even less. Then it is indeed, as most people think, a land of snow and ice. For three months it is so hot that the wealthy residents seek summer resorts for comfort. During that time it is practically one long day. Not a star is to be seen, and the appearance of the first star is a sign that summer is past and the time of autumn frosts has arrived.

During my visit, the evening twilight had scarcely disappeared before the morning twilight chased the gloom of night away. One could read out of doors until after eleven o'clock. These long days, with scarcely any night, force vegetation to grow at a hothouse pace. Land and water have no time to cool. Summer comes in this strange land with a sudden burst of flowers, sunlight and birds.

Finland is a land of pine- and fir-clad hills, for only a comparatively small portion seems to be cleared. The most of the country is fairly level, so that it has not the grandeur of the Scandinavian kingdom. In the cleared portions stand neat little wooden cottages, which are usually kept freshly painted, red being the favorite color. Surface drain ditches are made in the cultivated fields every few rods, and all seems most carefully tilled.

Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, is one of the interesting towns of Europe. Water seems to surround it on every side. It dates back to 1550, when it was founded by the Swedish king Gustavus Vasa, and the liberties of a town were immediately conferred upon the little hamlet as a special favor. From the water side it is protected by the great fortress of Sveaborg, which is called the "Gibraltar of the Baltic," and of which one occasionally reads in the news dispatches. The highest point in Helsingfors is crowned by a great and imposing Lutheran church, and the majority of the Finns are adherents of this faith.

THROUGH the center of Helsingfors runs a great boulevard, known as the Esplanade-Gatan, and this is the center of life in summer. The schools close for these months and everybody enjoys one long holiday so far as possible. One day seems almost to melt into another. The young women one sees in Helsingfors are of the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired type, for the Swedish type seems to prevail here. Young girls, almost to the end of their 'teens, wear their hair in two flaxen braids that hang down the back. They have the same social freedom as their sisters on this side of the Atlantic.

The market of Helsingfors is an excellent place to study the Finns and their characteristics. From all over the surrounding country the peasants drive into the towns with their produce, and sell it direct to the townfolk. A small farmer may have killed a sheep or pig, and may be observed driving a keen bargain for the best cuts. Another has a few tiny kegs of butter covered with a layer of grass to keep it cool. Under old cotton umbrellas sit the market women with highly colored waists and black or white handkerchiefs tied over their heads. In a small basin are the boats of the fishermen just in from their catch. The housewives or maids pass from one stall or boat to another, inspecting their wares. A little after noon the fishermen and market merchants, who have come by sea, set sail, the cotton umbrellas come down, the wagons roll away, and the entire market disappears as by magic.

Continued on next page

Speeding Up Alaska's Railroad

By CHARLES LORAN MASON

The anchorage at Anchorage, Alaska, where Uncle Sam's railroad touches the sea

IN these days of high cost of material and labor, it is no small task to build five hundred miles of railroad, particularly in Alaska. This is what our government has undertaken to do in the Far North, where the sun barely sets in the summer and just as sparingly rises in the winter. The line when completed will extend from Seward, on beautiful Resurrection Bay, to Fairbanks, in the fertile Tanana Valley of the interior. There will also be branch lines to the Chickaloon and other coal fields, and spurs tapping the rich copper and gold regions.

Already the steel is creeping inland at a satisfactory pace and the shrieks of locomotives are echoing through the forests. Under supervision of a commission appointed by the President, the task has been attacked at three principal places, in order that the maximum number of men may be employed and for the convenience of shipping supplies. These places are Seward, on the coast, Anchorage, at the head of Cook Inlet, and Nenana, near Fairbanks in the interior. By far the largest force has been working out of Anchorage, the new town established by the government as a base from which to work both southward toward Seward and northward toward Fairbanks. On this division alone as high as 4,400 men have been employed at one time. At the close of the 1917 season there were in operation slightly more than half the 511 miles of the total to be built, or, to be exact, 262 miles. It must be remembered that a northern wilderness has been attacked 1,500 miles from the base of supplies and the labor market.

RAILROAD construction projects naturally bring together a rough class of men, and in the aggregation on this far northern project are many foreigners. Far from home associations and civilized surroundings, in the rugged North men seem to find it easy to relax their morals and give themselves up to money-getting and sensual pleasure. A log building houses the railroad Y. M. C. A. at Anchorage. This organization was on the ground early, bending its energies in behalf of the men who flocked from the States and various parts of Alaska at the announcement of the government's intention to construct the road. It receives and distributes to the gangs along the line papers, magazines, etc. At the headquarters educational work is carried on to an extent that is amazing when the limited facilities are taken into account. Bowling alleys, game tables, and the usual recreational features are available for the shop, office and construction forces. The government constructed the building and pays the secretary in charge. At Anchorage the United States Army has a detachment of troops stationed for the protection of the government property in this vicinity, and the Y. M. C. A. has extended to these soldier boys the privileges of the institution.

The churches, too, were early on the scene. The People's (Congregational) Church erected a building, and each Sunday evening following the sermon there is an open discussion on subjects vital to human living. This is a very popular meeting. The Catholic, Episcopal, and Presbyterian churches also have substantial buildings. The Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Christian churches have their missionaries out along the line holding religious services for the men and in the small communities which have grown up along the line, and ministering in every way possible. There are two Christian Endeavor Societies in Anchorage, one in the People's Church and one in the Presbyterian Church.

Anchorage has grown to a town of 5,500 people, and the churches and other religious organizations mean to keep pace with the progress in all lines.

The Latest Born Republic

Continued from preceding page

Women in Finland do more than attend the stalls in the market or the washing along the streams. I have seen them spading flower-beds in the public parks, and cleaning the streets. With huge broom in hand they march along and sweep the streets as thoroughly as the men might do. It is nothing unusual to see women carpenters or plasterers at work on new buildings. Even bricklaying and paperhanging have their female professionals. In fact, it is a country where women's rights are fully respected. The position of women in Finland savors of America. The property rights of the two sexes are exactly the same. For a number of years they have had equal suffrage, and more than a score of women have been members of the national legislative body, known as the Diet.

THE Diet will now be of much greater importance than heretofore, if independence is maintained. It is one of the most democratic and representative chambers in the world. This is undoubtedly due to the enlightened policy of education that has long characterized Finland. It consists of four estates or orders. These are the Nobility, Clergy, Burghers and Peasantry. In the House of Nobles only a few members now bear titles, but the most of them are untitled members of this aristocratic estate. The Burghers include the representatives of the towns, although formerly it was confined to members of the trade guilds. From 1809 to 1863 the Diet was not once convoked, but more recently it has been called together about once every three years. A majority vote in three out of the four estates is sufficient to pass any legislation, except a change in the fundamental law.

EDUCATION in Finland is free but not compulsory. The absence of it is regarded as such a discredit, however, and emulation is so keen, that it is practically universal. The higher education is encouraged by making the tuition very low. The profession of school-teaching is looked up to, and gives the teacher a high standing in the community. The universality of education has made newspapers common, and there is hardly a town of any importance without its own newspaper.

In many ways the Finns are a very queer people. It is during the terribly cold months that the Finns revel in the mighty ovens that fill one corner of every kitchen and often loom up large and vastly impressive in the other rooms of a Finn home as well. The tops of these monster stoves are perfectly flat, and steps lead up on one side. When the weather becomes bitterly cold and bleak, the entire Finnish family will take quilts and pillows and, mounting to the top of the big heater, spread down their bedding and sleep very comfortably and contentedly on the hard hot bricks until morning.

Finland of today is a prosperous and rapidly developing country, inhabited by an enterprising, progressive and hospitable people. The population is, roughly speaking, three millions. Dairy farming has become one of the most important industries. It is more profitable than the raising of grains, because of the uncertainty of the seasons. There is absolutely no reason why the Republic of Finland should not be a success, if left undisturbed by more powerful and ambitious neighbors. The people are intelligent, democratic and frugal, and have had enough experience in self-government to be of great help in solving the various perplexing problems that are sure to arise. There is no logical reason why they should be subjects of Slavic Russia. Hence the Republic of Finland should be welcomed among the nations of the world.

We are indebted to Finnish literature for the inspiration of one of our great poems by one of our sweetest singers. Without a written literature, there was handed down from father to son for many generations in Finland a great national epic. In the long winter evenings the singers sat beside the flaming pine logs, and there sang snatches from this epic. Finally there appeared one Elias Lönnrot, a simple country physician, who traveled over the country and collected this unwritten epic from the memories of hundreds of these singers. He called the collection the Kalevala, and it was first published in 1835. Longfellow copied the style in his "Hiawatha."

One of those songs of the Kalevala, which is still repeated at the weddings of the country folk, describes the duty of the husband:

> Teach one year in words of kindness,
> Teach with eyes of love a second.
> In the third year teach with firmness
> If she should not heed thy teaching.
>
> Then instruct her with the willow.
> Use the birch-rod from the mountain,
> In the closet of thy dwelling,
> In the attic of thy mansion.
>
> Strike her not upon the common,
> Do not conquer her in public,
> Lest the villagers should see thee,
> Lest the neighbors hear her weeping.

Does this sentiment please either the Twentieth Century man or woman?

Twenty Sheep to Clothe a Soldier

The World's Short Wool Crop and What Uncle Sam Is Doing to Increase Production

Copyright, 1918, by Frank G. Carpenter

"HOW much wool shall we need for the Army?"

I have put this question to the experts of the United States Bureau of Animal Industry. They reply that it will take 160 pounds a year for every soldier we send to the trenches, and that it will keep twenty sheep working to supply that amount. This is supposing that each sheep gives a fleece of eight pounds. So you see that for every million men we send over the ocean we must have 20,000,000 full-grown sheep here at home, or in some other parts of the world, and this in addition to the vast amount of wool we need to clothe our own people.

One hundred and sixty pounds! It seems like a lot of wool for one man, but you must remember that the fleece, as it comes from the sheep, is about two-thirds grease and dirt, and that the fibers selected to make woolen cloth are only a part of the whole.

In order to know just how the wool is used I have asked some of the private soldiers at Camp Meade as to the outfits they are carrying with them to France They tell me that the government has issued to each man one overcoat, two service uniforms, two olive-drab shirts, three suits of heavy underwear, six pairs of lightweight and four pairs of heavy-weight socks, two pairs of thick gloves and four warm blankets. All of these must be of the purest of wool, and the same is true of the helmets and sweaters which our women are knitting all over the country. I venture there are now something like a million women and girls plying their needles, and that the yarn they consume will add one or two sheep to the flock of each soldier.

THERE is already a shortage of wool, and, as the men in the trenches must be kept warm, the rest of us will be forced to wear shoddy or mixtures of cotton and wool in order that the supplies for the Army may not be impaired. Every woolen mill in the United States capable of making anything for the soldiers is now busy upon war orders, and the question is where we shall get the wool to supply them. We have something like 500 factories in New England, and there are hundreds of others scattered here and there over the country. They range in size from small concerns, with two or three dozen hands, up to that of the American Woolen Company, at Lawrence, Mass., whose machines occupy ten million square feet of floor space and eat up the fleeces of 25,000 sheep every day.

AS to our own product of wool, this has been steadily declining, while the consumption has just as steadily increased. We produced 321,000,000 pounds of wool in 1910, and our production last year was 26,000,000 pounds less. At present, as it comes from the fleece, the total amount of wool we produce is so little that if equally divided it would give only three pounds to every man, woman and child in the United States. It is so little that if it were all made into clothing it would hardly suffice to supply a suit for one person in three.

Moreover, a decline is going on in the production of wool all over the world. The crop of 1914, the year the war began, was less than 3,000,000,000 pounds, and at that time the whole world had only a little more than 600,000,000 sheep. Since then Australia, which had more sheep than any other country, has had a great drought, which has reduced her flock more than 12,000,000 head.

The sheep of Europe have been slaughtered by thousands as food for the soldiers. At the time she marched into Belgium Germany had less than 5,000,000 sheep and Austria not half that number. In both of these countries the flocks have been so greatly reduced as to create a wool famine. Everyone else is skimping and saving and the German government has cut down the wool consumption by making the people turn in all their old clothes before they get new ones and allowing them to buy woolen goods only with cards.

THERE has been a notable decline in our flocks since the year 1900. Wool has been so cheap that the lands have been turned from pastures to grain, and we now find some of our best grain-producing areas in the great plains where thirty years ago there were only cattle and sheep. Intensive agriculture is breaking up the sheep ranges of the West. They are being divided into homesteads and fenced so that the sheep man must have open trails to move his flocks from the winter grazing grounds to the forest reserves, where they feed in the summer. The total number of sheep now in the United States is about 48,500,000, and there is only one farm of over twenty acres in every seven that supports a sheep.

As to the sheep of the whole world, here is a census by continents that is approximately correct: North America, 55,600,000; South America, 112,700,000, Europe, 174,000,000; Asia, 110,000,000; Africa, 51,000,000; Australasia, 109,000,000. Almost nine-tenths of the sheep in North America are found in the United States, and almost all of those of South America graze on the basin of the Rio de la Plata. The chief sheep country of South America is Argentina. It has 80,000,000 sheep and it gives us a large part of our wool. As to Europe, almost half the sheep of that continent are in Russia.

THE biggest pasture on earth is Australia, which at the time the war began had more than 85,000,000 sheep and was annually producing more than 600,000,000 pounds of wool. The sheep of Australia are remarkable for the increased product of wool cut from one animal and the high prices paid at the sales. The farmers there give more for blooded sheep than do those of any other country. When I was in Sydney a few years ago, the sheep men told me that it was not uncommon for a well-bred ram to sell for $2,000 and upward, and that a number of instances had occurred in which rams have sold for 1,000 guineas, or more than $5,000. In 1896 the ram President, owned by James Gibson, sold for $8,000, while a year later the same man sold Royalist for $5,000. At that time Mr. Gibson got an average of $830 for a flock of sheep he brought to the sales, and prior to that time he had received on the average, $1,290 for each sheep at one auction.

A GREAT many of the fine sheep of Australia are brought from Vermont. I met one Australian squatter who valued his Vermont sheep at $250 a head. This was Samuel McCaughey, who at that time owned more sheep than any other man in the world. He had a round million, and some of his flocks cut on the average as much as twenty-two pounds, and at one shearing he sold a million and a quarter pounds of wool. I saw one of his rams at a stock show which had, I was told, at least forty-five pounds of wool on it, and at the same time saw ewes wearing thirty-pound fleeces. When it is remembered that eight pounds is the average estimate of the fleece of the United States as given by our wool experts, it will be seen what these figures mean. McCaughey's $5,000 ram had so much wool that its ears were entirely hidden, and the fleece came out three inches over its eyes, so that it looked out at the world through these two little holes in its head. I stuck my finger into the fleece and had to press my whole fist in before I could reach the skin.

Mr. McCaughey believed that the fleeces of all sheep could be greatly increased. He told me that he had raised the average output of wool per sheep in some of his flocks from seven pounds to fifteen. He had as many as 20,000 sheep in one flock, and it is easy to see that an increase of only two pounds per fleece for that flock would add 40,000 pounds to his clip. If we could increase our average fleece half as much as Mr. McCaughey did, the additional wool would supply the annual output of a million soldiers and give each of them every article mentioned at the first of this letter.

Where fleeces are turned into gold. Shearing sheep by machinery

THE government at Washington is urging the farmers to raise more sheep, and the high prices of wool and mutton caused by the war will probably induce many of them to go into this business. For ten years before the war began, wool sold all the way from 19 to 25 cents per pound. In 1915 the average price was less than 23 cents, and in midsummer, 1916, it had risen to 29 cents. Last year the average price per pound was just under 55 cents, and today it is selling for more than that. Sheep have trebled in value, and there is more money in sheep-raising than there has been at any time in our history. The agricultural experts tell me that we could easily double our sheep population.

Not only the Department of Agriculture, but several patriotic wool associations as well, have organized a movement to increase our product of mutton and wool. Among the latter are the National Sheep and Wool Bureau and the More-Sheep-More-Wool Association of the United States. Secretary Houston has sheep specialists who are traveling over the country lecturing to the farmers on sheep husbandry, and he is planning to organize boys' and girls' sheep clubs as a part of the extension farm movement of every state. He is especially anxious to increase the flocks in New York and New England, and also in West Virginia, North Carolina, Texas and Michigan.

It is especially desired that the farmer east of the Missouri River raise more sheep. The expert says that 25,000,000 more ewes can be kept there at a profit, and that if this is done it will greatly help the meat supply for ourselves and our allies. It will also add 200,000,000 pounds more wool to our annual clip, now several hundred million pounds short every year.

JUST now some of the finest wool of the world is the merino raised on the high, dry lands of Australia and South Africa. The sheep of Algeria and Morocco grow excellent wool, and so also do those of Asia Minor and Persia, as well as those which graze on the highlands of the Andes. Our Ohio and Pennsylvania sheep produce some of the strongest wool in the world. They are chiefly merinos, and they pasture on the sod-covered land. Our Michigan and New York wools are almost as good, and after them come the wools from Kentucky, Indiana, Missouri and Wisconsin. There is a special grade for Texas wool, and also for certain wools of Oregon and California. We have one grade known as "territory wool," which comes from the great range states of the West, such as Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Nevada and Colorado. Much of that wool is from sheep which feed on the high plateaus, where the wind blows sand and dirt into the fleeces. It is related that one sand-storm which came up while the men were shearing a flock caused them to stop work for an hour, and that at the end of the storm the average weight of the fleece had risen from six to nine pounds.

Nation's Industries Halt to Save Fuel

FOR several days prior to January 16, the general public was dimly conscious of the fact that the much tangled coal and freight situation was going to require a radical remedy. There were suggestions that a single holiday each week might be necessary in order to relieve the steady load on transportation interests and permit deliveries to catch up with needs, but no one was prepared for the interruption of commercial life involved in the drastic order published in the adjoining column issued by Dr. Garfield by authority of the President on January 16. The announcement stunned the country. We had been making war without feeling war's necessities. We had been putting up with late trains, delayed mails and empty coal-bins. We had faced the worries of the day with the confident assurance that before many tomorrows things would come right again as they always had before. We had not counted on the storm king and we had forgotten that more than a million of the men who might have been at work at untangling this situation had been taken out of our commercial life, to form the first divisions of America's great Army of Liberty. With storm following storm in the Middle West, with railroad equipment—already somewhat wabbly due to lack of mechanics to keep it in proper repair—breaking down, with unprecedented ice floes in the Hudson River blocking delivery to the metropolis and to New England of hundreds of thousands of tons of coal in the terminals at tide-water, and with labor short in every field, the country was fast approaching an impossible situation in which complete congestion would have threatened utter paralysis of all industry. Just what facts those responsible in Washington had before them, just why so radical a departure as a five days' holiday should have been thought the only way out, nobody outside the inner councils can tell; but the temper of the country is indicated by the expression of the press, which was one of protest coupled with ready compliance.

On January 17 protests flooded the wires. Boards of Trade, Congressmen, industrial organizations sought for delay or modification of the order, but the President left the matter entirely in the hands of Dr. Garfield, who having satisfied himself that the necessary course had been chosen, lashed his helm down and went full speed ahead. The formal order was signed at 5.45 P. M. on the seventeenth. At 6.05 P. M. the Senate passed a resolution requesting that the order be delayed for five days, during which time investigation should develop the imperative necessity of such a wrenching of the industrial fabric. This resolution had been offered by Senator Hitchcock early in the day, and voting on it had waited on the report of a committee which heard Dr. Garfield. He told the committee that the order had been issued to alleviate human suffering, to allow ships waiting at ports to coal up and carry supplies to our Allies, and to relieve congested conditions of the railroads and move coal and food. He said he had anticipated objections but had taken the action after conference with Secretary McAdoo and the War and Navy Departments. A similar resolution asking delay in the enforcement of this order, failed to reach a vote in the House on the seventeenth and on the eighteenth no further action was taken although both Congressmen and Senators expressed doubts as to the wisdom of the action.

It was estimated that in the territory east of the Mississippi River the industrial activities of 68,000,000 people would be halted, that more than 6,000,000 wage-earners would lose all or part of their normal earnings for the five days, since many large employers were unable to heed Dr. Garfield's request and pay wages for the lost days, and that 220,000 plants representing over $19,000,000,000 of invested capital would be made idle. Many papers feared that this five days' idleness would destroy the small margin of surplus of many thousands of workers already sorely pressed by the rising cost of necessaries and that this would seriously affect sales of the next Liberty Bond offer, but whatever the arguments most of the papers finally came back to the expression that it must be necessary for the ultimate good of the country or it would not have been ordered, and that a small catastrophe to be followed by full speed ahead was better than a great catastrophe to be followed by utter confusion. The spirit was one of loyal acquiescence in every necessary regulation, and the firm determination to do everything individually or collectively which might answer for the winning of the war. Munition plants were to have been closed along with the others, but on the eighteenth these plants, the shipyards and plants working on gas masks, tenting and uniform materials and other immediately necessary government requirements, were exempted from the closing order. It was reported on the day previous to the issue of the order that more than 200,000 loaded cars were held up in terminals or delayed in transit. President Wilson, on the eighteenth, issued a statement fully supporting Dr. Garfield's action and declaring it imperatively necessary.

Business Shut Down to Save Coal

THE Fuel Administration on January 16 ordered closed down for five days substantially all manufacturing industries east of the Mississippi River, as a measure for the conservation of coal.

In addition the order specified the ten Mondays from January 21 to March 25, inclusive, as legal holidays, and closely restricted the use of coal, in effect ordering the closing of stores, theaters and office buildings on those days.

This official order provides substantially as follows:

Until further order of the United States Fuel Administrator, all persons selling fuel in whatever capacity shall give preference to orders for necessary requirements,

(a) Of railroads; (b) of domestic consumers, hospitals, charitable institutions and army and navy cantonments; (c) of public utilities, telephones, and telegraph plants; (d) of ships and vessels for bunker purposes; (e) of the United States for strictly Governmental purposes, not including orders from or for factories or plants working on contracts for the United States; (f) of municipal, county, or State Governments for necessary public uses; (g) of manufacturers of perishable food or of food for necessary immediate consumption.

The order further provides that on January 18, 19, 20, 21, and 22, 1918, no fuel shall be delivered for any other use until the requirements included in the list shall have been first delivered.

On January 18, 19, 20, 21, and 22, 1918, and also on each and every Monday beginning January 28, 1918, and continuing up to and including March 25, 1918, no manufacturing plant shall burn fuel or use power derived from fuel for any purpose except—

(a) Such plants as must be continuously operated to avoid serious injury to the plant itself or its contents; (b) manufacturers of perishable foods; (c) manufacturers of food not perishable and not in immediate demand, who may burn fuel to such extent as may be authorized by the Fuel Administrator; (d) printers or publishers of daily papers may burn fuel as usual excepting on the Monday holidays, on which days they may burn fuel to such extent as is necessary to issue such editions as such papers customarily issue on important national legal holidays; (e) printing establishments which may burn fuel on January 18, 19, 20, 21, and 22 to such extent as is necessary to issue current numbers of magazines.

On each Monday beginning January 21, 1918, and continuing up to and including Monday, March 25, 1918, no fuel shall be burned (except to such extent as is essential to prevent injury to property from freezing) for the purpose of supplying heat for:

(a) Any business or professional offices, except offices used by the United States, State, County, or municipal Governments, transportation companies, or which are occupied by banks and trust companies or by physicians or dentists; (b) wholesale or retail stores, or any other stores, except food stores which may maintain necessary heat until 12 o'clock noon; drug stores, which may maintain necessary heat throughout the day and evening; (c) theaters, moving picture houses and any other places of amusement.

On the above specified Mondays no fuel shall be burned for the purpose of heating rooms or buildings in which liquor is sold. No fuel shall be burned to furnish local transportation in excess of the amount used on the Sundays previous thereto. The order provides that nothing in this order shall be held to forbid the burning of fuel to heat rooms or such portions of buildings as are used in connection with the production or distribution of fuel.

The State Fuel Administrators are authorized to issue special orders for relief, where necessary, to prevent injury to health or injury to property by fire or freezing. The order is effective in all of the territory of the United States east of the Mississippi River, including the whole of the States of Louisiana and Minnesota.

What Was Lincoln's Faith?

NO man, without God, could have risen to the heights of greatness of the Emancipator. Next week Dr. Edmond Fremont Albertson gives us the vital evidence in "Lincoln and His Religion."

Maynard Owen Williams has had the rare privilege of intimate personal touch with the Russian nation of today. He has seen the peasant in his villages, at work on his land, loafing on his job, organized into armies, and disorganized into mobs. Next week he tells about this peasant who is at the same time the weakness and the strength of Russia.

China has had the worst flood in half a century. Next week personal narratives of Missionaries in Chih-li province will roll the spreading waters before your eyes.

Then there is the camp life of our boys, more about that, another long chapter of Howard Chase and Dr. Jowett's regular sermon entitled "The Finest Sympathy."

A Week in the World's News

LANSING REVEALS MORE SECRETS. It was announced from Paris on January 14 that former Premier Caillaux, who had been accused of treason, had been deprived of his Parliamentary immunity and had been at liberty pending trial, had been jailed on new evidence. It was announced that documents had been discovered in an Italian bank filed by Mr. Caillaux under his wife's maiden name and that these documents revealed intrigues for peace in the interest of Germany and business. On the next day Secretary Lansing in Washington, following reports from Paris that America had evidence to offer, made public dispatches from Count von Luxburg in Argentine and Count von Bernstorff in Washington that indicated a certain kindly interest in this French statesman. Caillaux came under suspicion in the settlement of the Agadir incident and had been trailed for a couple of years by French Secret Service agents, being suspected of dealings with the enemy.

BRITISH LABOR BACKS BOLSHEVIKI. The British Labor party on January 15 sent a message to the Russian people and made an appeal to the peoples of Central Europe through the medium of the Russian Bolsheviki. In this statement the British Laborites declared themselves willing to accept the Russian principle, of self-determination of peoples and no annexation or indemnities, for the British Empire particularly in Middle East Africa and India. They declared that th[illegible]mily interests of dynasties or the desire of the Teutonic governing classes to dominate other classes and nationalities, "must no more be suffered to prevent self-determination in Central Europe and thereby imperil it in Europe as a whole than the interests of British imperialism or capitalism must be suffered to do elsewhere." British labor declared that the refusal of the Germans to accept the principle of self-determination for peoples in the negotiations at Brest-Litovsk represented a crisis in the war and that in this crisis the British people must support the people of Russia. They reminded the Russian people that Great Britain, taught by the loss of the American colonies, was the first modern state to grant complete determination to any group of its inhabitants as illustrated by the self-governing dominions. They declared that they were even willing to extend this principle to Ireland, although the same day's news indicated that the Irish convention was about to end in a failure unless the representatives of Ulster rose to the occasion. British labor went on record as favoring the placing of all tropical Africa under uniform international control.

FOR A MUNITIONS DIRECTOR. The testimony of Secretary Baker before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs as given in this page last week not only failed to reassure the committee but gave great impetus to a movement gathering force in Congress for a Munitions Director, the placing in the hands of one man of all of the responsibilities for the purchasing of all military supplies for the government. Plans vary from a Munitions Secretary, with a seat in the Cabinet, to a Department under the Secretary of War, but the opinion is freely expressed that the testimony brought out by the committee indicated a serious condition, of incompetency and inability to make speed. The American War Department, it was felt, must be freed of departmental red tape and all other handicaps of outworn precedent. The President was reported as opposed to an additional Cabinet member. The situation of the Navy, which had equipped 1100 vessels with guns and crews to operate them, which had sent abroad several regiments of marines fully equipped in every detail with American made material, including the much discussed Lewis machine-guns, which had succeeded in securing ample supplies of clothing of all descriptions without compromise of quality, while the War Department had authorized the use of certain proportions of shoddy, all of which was explained as being due to 25 years of effort to find the best way to do a thing in the quickest way, was

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The Knight of a Better Day

By
LOUIS E. ORCUTT

IT was a celebrated case. All of West Virginia knew its every detail. The uncle who had died was known in every valley about Huntington; the nephew who almost died, and who was held for the murder although he pleaded self-defense, was known as well. He had prospered and had friends. As a traveling salesman he stood at the top of the list, and his trade swore by him because it trusted him. Every day of the trial was pictured on the minds of West Virginia, and when this prosperous nephew, recovered from his wounds, had been heard in his plea of self-defense and was finally adjudged guilty and sentenced to five years in State Prison, West Virginia agreed that it was too bad, and then forgot. But not quite.

The man in prison did not forget. Every day of those five years he looked forward to that bright and happy day when he should walk the earth again, a free man among his fellows, and take up once more that progress toward success which one night's terror had blocked for years. Old friends met him with ready hands, and from one he borrowed $500; from another he secured a set of samples and started out on the road to see his old customers. Without exception these merchants greeted him as one returned from the dead, protested their earnest desire to help him in every way possible, but refused absolutely to buy goods from him. Many of them offered to lend him money, and many others advised him to go away some place and start in again where he was not known. "You see," they told him, "if it should become known that we were doing business with a former criminal, people wouldn't patronize our store."

At the end of six months this man returned to Huntington sore at heart, disappointed, with $14 in his pocket and a tremendous resolution in his heart. Society had asked of him a certain measure of reparation for the wrong which it charged against him. He had paid the price; yet it seemed that the mark of Cain was on him and that the doors of honest effort were closed against him, though he had had influence and position. How much worse must it be for those other unknown thousands who also had paid the price and who should come out of prison seeking as he did to make an honest man's living among men?

HE sought out one friend, John W. Koontz, on whom he knew he could count. He told him that he had $14, which was just enough to incorporate a society under the laws of West Virginia. The friend knew him too well to dissuade him, and loved him well enough to share with him the burdens and cares, the worries and triumphs of this new society, the need of which had been so thoroughly proven in the six months' struggle. And so the Prisoners' Relief Society of Huntington, W. Va., came into being.

It had and still has just one programme in the world: the placing in honest employment of men who have finished their terms in prison. It was not hard to find the men; it was a superhuman task to find places for them. For although business was not quite heartless, business men as a whole were disinclined to employ men with criminal records. They were too busy to investigate a man to determine the nature of his crime, the degree of his guilt, or the validity of his penitence. As a matter of safety they chose for positions of trust only those who had never violated trust. They admitted that it was fine to give a man a new chance, but they felt that it was dangerous; and this being a case in which they could hardly be insured, they did not take the risk.

The first work, therefore, of the Prisoners' Relief Society, which became largely the work of the founder, was to secure places for such men as might seek them at his hands. He went up and down the country calling on the heads of great industries, the managers of railroads, manufacturers, captains of industry. Usually he went in the interest of some particular case, and seldom did he fail to place his man. In one particular instance, the president of a great railroad system had refused to give employment to a man who had committed murder. He said, "I never could feel safe if I knew there was a murderer in the office." Mr. Dudding (for it is of Earle E. Dudding that we are talking) asked him if he had been uncomfortable during the last forty-five minutes. The railroad president said that "he had not passed a pleasanter forty-five minutes in his life." "Well," said Mr. Dudding, "you spent that forty-five minutes with a murderer." The great executive was nonplussed. He had no more arguments to make. The man got the job and made good at it.

WHILE placing men Mr. Dudding is always constantly under the necessity of raising funds for the work, for the service which the Prisoners' Relief Society renders to former prisoners is rendered without charge to them. Many a time the treasury has been more than empty, but always providence has filled it again. One providence came in the form of a slip of a girl, some inches less than five feet, frail in frame but indomitable in purpose. Letha Watts became the office manager of the Prisoners' Relief Society when it had only an office, considerable correspondence, immeasurable opportunities, and Earle Dudding. It had no money, but hundreds of letters were coming weekly from men who needed help.

Mr. Dudding started out in search of financial support, leaving Miss Watts in charge. She was an expert stenographer. She knew of a number of girls who wanted to learn. She marshaled them into the empty office, borrowed typewriters for them to use, gave them instructions in return for their service, and answered that accumulated mail, some of which was from persons who sought to help rather than to be helped. At the end of a few weeks, Dudding reached New York discouraged, disheartened, broke—he had made the journey from Chicago on the trucks and truss-rods—almost ready to give up and take the short cut for eternity. He had told Miss Watts to write him at the McAlpin. There were some letters waiting. He was dirty, unshaven and unkempt, and had real difficulty in explaining to the clerk at the hotel that he was the man for whom the letters were intended.

The first letter he opened was from Letha Watts, and out of it fell a check for $25, and from it came the cheering news that there was $600 more in the bank.

THAT was some years ago. Now Miss Watts, having given the full measure of her frail physique to the work of finding opportunities for men from prison, has been forced by ill-health to leave the work that she loves, and the doctors say that her days here are to be few. But her work, together with that of Mr. Dudding, has become a great enterprise, an enterprise which has thoroughly justified itself, a going enterprise which will continue to go so long as men have hearts and other men have needs, and men and women are willing to help a man who seeks to help himself.

Although the Prisoners' Relief Society has placed nearly 5,000 men, out of this number only the smallest fraction has failed to make good.

The society today has on its list of employers willing to take former prisoners as new employees almost all of the railroads and hundreds of the great manufacturing institutions and mercantile establishments of the country. Some concerns now have twenty to thirty Dudding men. In the city of Detroit over 500 of them are proving themselves more than worthy of a second chance.

The Dudding system is different than that of the commercial employment agencies. Men about to be released from prison are given blanks to be filled out, one by themselves and the other by the warden. Following the receipt of these blanks thorough investigation is made to assure the society that the man is "on the square." This investigation and the information furnished by the man himself usually discloses some line of work for which the applicant is best fitted. Letters are then sent out to all the concerns listed as willing to take such men and who employ men of the class of the applicant. The return mail usually brings from one to three or four opportunities for honest employment, so that when a prisoner is given his release from the prison and steps forward again a free man, he is given at once full instructions how to proceed to the place where he is to receive employment. Thus he goes directly to his new work, and there is no chance for him to be blackmailed, as are so many ex-prisoners, by men who know their records and who extort money from them under constant threat of exposure. There is nothing left to expose. The office knows all about it and doesn't care.

AS we have said before (almost without exception) these men make good. There is one other reason for their making good, and that is the fact that every attempt is made to place men in positions for which they are fitted. The man who has been an executive is found an executive position, the bookkeeper is placed again at his accounts, the machinist feels under his hand once more the heartening jarr of vibrating machinery, the railroad man is back on the road, the salesman once more with his samples in his case, and the bank clerk again finds himself in the atmosphere of checks, drafts and bills of exchange. Nor does Dudding forget his men. He keeps in touch with them and they with him. If difficulties develop, Dudding helps push them aside. He has only begun to help a man when he has secured him a job.

It has recently been found necessary to transfer the headquarters of the Prisoners' Relief Society from Huntington, W. Va., to Washington, D. C. There the society should be more fully equipped to render prompt and efficient service to the men who need it. This service is threefold—to the men from the prisons, to the employers, and to the nation. To the men it gives a chance to be men among men, to win again the respect of their fellows forfeited through some mad caprice, or money loss, or through drugs, or drink; to the employers it brings men when men are greatly needed, and to the nation it returns produeers where, by the rules of the game, it would have given confirmed criminals. Without such help as the Prisoners' Relief Society is able to give, nine men out of ten would be forced by the false standards of critical society away from honest employment, which is denied them, to the dishonest employment which alone is left to them. Were it possible for the opportunity given through the Prisoners' Relief Society to become nation-wide, 999 out of 1,000 released prisoners would be lost forever to lives of crime; for the first-timer is seldom a criminal at heart, and many men who know best declare that very few are criminals at heart, although many have not had the courage to fight the attitude of the world against those who have gone astray and have again and again gone wrong because they had no fair chance to go right.

DUDDING and the Prisoners' Relief Society are reereating men. Its door is the open gate of opportunity, but like every other enterprise which seeks only to serve and seeks nothing for itself, the society is handicapped by the lack of sufficient funds. Just now it faces a critical situation. The great industrial concerns which it serves are not unmindful of its value to them and do not intend that it should suffer, but the number of men to be served is constantly increasing, and money, the golden cord, is the only thread that can lead men to opportunity. We do not know of any more Christ-like charity than this, or of a more real service rendered at such small comparative cost. The last letter we had from Dudding reported more than 600 applications waiting attention because of lack of money. Facing the greatest opportunity of its career, the society is practically halted. Every day's mail brings more appeals for help, yet Dudding's hands are tied for lack of cash, and in his extremity he gives the sign of distress to his old friends of the Christian Herald.

In the earlier days of the Prisoners' Relief Society the Christian Herald had a great deal to do with its success; and now that it has made good and faces a greater opportunity, important to the nation, which needs to foster every effort that will develop its man-power, we feel assured that many members of the Christian Herald Family will be glad to help make certain the finest possible service to the men who have paid the price of their misdeeds and are now seeking a new chance among men. One hundred patrons, willing to invest $10 a year in this work, would put it on a permanent basis. The expense is not large. Incidental receipts will be sufficient to keep the bills paid, if the $1,000 is assured. The Prisoners' Relief Society takes no pride in a large budget. It pays no fancy salaries; it serves men; it serves the country; it lives for service only. Will you not be one to help Dudding help men?

The Christian Herald will be glad to forward any money which members of the Christian Herald Family may wish to invest in restored manhood and rebuilt lives.

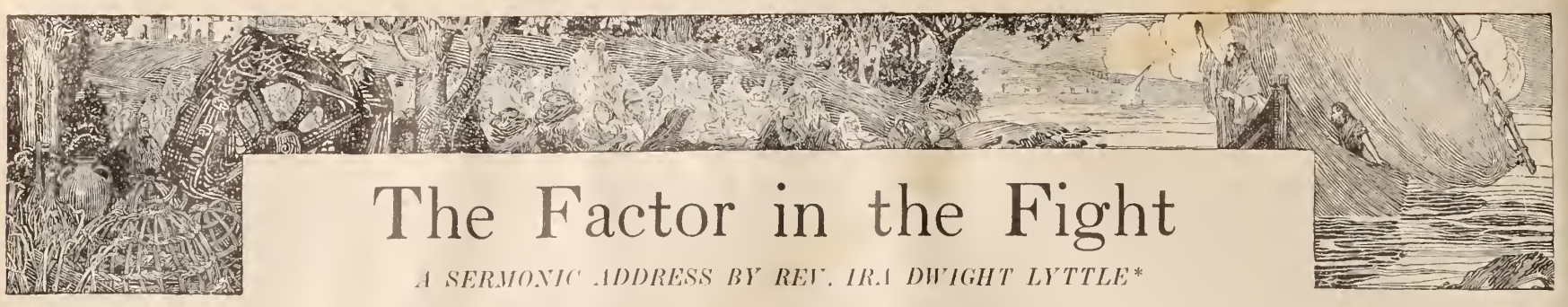
On the Pathway of Hope

ALTHOUGH he did not walk in mail and did not wear a sword,
He was a knight, a knight who dared to battle for the Lord;
Although he did not hold aloft a shield of burnished brass,
His goodness was the sort of shield that evil cannot pass.
He trusted men and searched their hearts, and looked for hidden worth—
And showed them that they had a place to fill upon the earth.
He dealt in faith instead of gold, and looked for souls to save,
And offered refuge to the ones who feared a nameless grave.

He was a knight although at times he walked in shabby dress,
A knight who always found the time to worship, and to bless
His Maker's name. He was a knight who blazed a pathway wide
To an abode of hopefulness, and bade men come inside.
And there were those who followed him who long had dealt in sin,
And there were those who long had strayed, who feared to enter in;
But there were those who found again the strength to kneel and pray,
The strength to throw their shoulders back, and smile, and face the day!

Although he did not walk in moil and did not wear a sword,
He was a knight who gave his all to battle for the Lord.

M. E. S.



The Factor in the Fight

*A SERMONIC ADDRESS BY REV. IRA DWIGHT LYTTLE**

THERE may be many factors entering into the scheme of things, as we see it; but generally there is one big thing that takes the place, and the others are, in many cases, simple by-products. Often, if we succeed, we can look back and determine the factor; but if we fail to succeed, either the failure disheartens us, or we are so busy seeking success along other lines that we hardly take into consideration that there was an "element, circumstance, or influence" somewhere that brought about the failure, which, had it been determined and dealt with, would have spelled success.

And so, there is a big factor in the fight. Do you ask, "What fight?" Why, there is only one fight. All the world's battles of the past were but mere skirmishes compared with the fight that is now on. It is not our intention to enter into the prophetic significance of the world war; but I think we can very properly say it is not an accident. When the word was flashed around the world, that August morning, that Great Britain had declared war on the Central Powers, there were many people to whom this announcement seemed like a voice speaking out of the Infinite. To some it meant the end; to others the beginning. But, like all other occurrences, there was and is a factor. And this factor has as much to do with the ending of this conflict as with its beginning. It was the failure of the nations to determine this factor that brought about the war, and it is the failure of the participants to recognize this same factor that prolongs the war.

TO go back to the beginning. There have been the usual charges and counter-charges by the militant parties. We say, and probably shall continue to say, the Kaiser was responsible. That is as far back, perhaps, as we can see; but might it not be that the Kaiser himself is a result rather than a cause? Would it not be well for us to remember that back of the Kaiser and his kultur, back of the unrest in many parts of the world, back of the terrible chaos in Russia, back of the blood that has drenched the sod of Europe these three years; yes, back of all the trouble and distress, the warfare and famine, the sadness and suffering which this old world has ever known, there is one big factor, which, if determined and reckoned with, means success; if not reckoned with, it means disaster. And this one big factor is the spiritual: in other words, it is GOD!

Let us go back and see what the history of the past has to say in the matter. What gave the Hebrew people the prominence they enjoyed among the nations of the earth? We say they were the chosen nation; but that does not take us very far when it comes to determining the factor. And their being the chosen people does not mean that God placed his hand upon them in an arbitrary manner, while disregarding the other nations of the earth; but it does indicate that they had a capacity or fitness for the special work of the One Living and True God. You may say that God gave this capacity or fitness, and so in the last analysis it was an arbitrary choice on the part of God; but we must not lose sight of the fact that capacity or fitness does not preclude an exercise of the will. Those people could have done then just what they did hundreds of years later; they could have said "no" to God. Instead of this, the big, all-important factor in every phase of their national life was the spiritual. Everything was brought into subordination to this. We find the whole web of Hebrew life woven about one central thought, the tabernacle, which represented the spiritual worship of Jehovah. What was the result? Any Bible student can answer this question. In fact, we may get the answer from secular history, if we wish. As long as these people recognized God as the Alpha and the Omega of their life—while their life, instead of being "shapen after" the spiritual, *was* spiritual—they had success. It was the working out of the old covenant promise, "I will be unto you a God, and you shall be unto me a people." Their spirituality was not the result of their being chosen of God; God chose them because they were spiritual. Then, when they transgressed his laws, allowing the spiritual factor to sink out of sight, their troubles were many, and God reminded them again and again of the definite relationship between these things. The big factor in the life of the Hebrew was the spiritual.

If the Hebrews were the spiritual people among the nations of the earth, the prophets were the spiritual class among the Hebrews. They were the wheel within the wheel. There are no Old Testament writings that rise so high as the writings of the prophets. To them God was life, and life was God. How quick they were to trace the troubles of the nation back to the disregard of God's claims! Isaiah tells them that they were insulting God by offering sacrifices, and keeping holy days, and attending the solemn assembly. Why? The same answer: God was being left out: They went on and made their plans for the future; but the prophet told them they would be cut short, and they were. Right down through the writings of these men of God, it was ever the same. Malachi in a word tells them the secret of all their individual and national troubles. Flocks and herds roamed on the hillside; but the increase was nil. Through years of carelessness, they had even forgotten that there might be a connection between these losses and their failure to pay their homage to Jehovah; and so we hear the prophet charge them with having robbed God. The prophets saw that the whole trouble with the people was simply that they failed to count God into the scheme of living.

AND when, centuries later, these people had sunk so far into formalism that their very sense of the spiritual had become atrophied, John the Baptist and Jesus came upon the scene with the message that has ever been the hope of the world: Seek first the things of the Spirit. When they flocked to the Jordan to be baptized, he told them they were not getting started right, indicating that even though they could trace their lineage back to Abraham, this would not be sufficient, as they still might be destitute of the moral sense. Jesus takes up the message of John, and almost the first thing he says to them is: "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." This call to repentance was the call to turn about and get a spiritual view of life. By this time the people were materialists of the rankest sort. They interpreted life in perishable terms; Jesus interpreted it in terms of the spirit. To these people, God was an absentee, who had set the universe in motion and relegated himself to a throne "somewhere in heaven"; to Jesus he was the Ever-present Father. They felt that God, if he had any interest in them at all, was not interested in the small things; but Jesus taught that He was so intimately interested in them that even the very hairs of their heads were numbered. He sought to bring them to the mount of transfiguration, where they might see God and understand life in its true meaning; but they refused to walk this way with Him, even when he pointed out to them that their refusal meant national ruin. One of the saddest hours in the life of Jesus was when he wept over Jerusalem, the city of his hopes and his love. "How oft would I have gathered thee together!" The pathos of these words cannot perhaps be understood by us; but enough is expressed to show that the great longing of his life was to lift them up to that higher ground, where they could dominate in the true sense, because they were dominated by the spiritual. They had left out the big factor, the spiritual.

THE great Reformation is another of the outstanding illustrations that the spiritual is the dominating factor. If the early Catholic Church had any spirituality, it had become a dead letter. The church had become the instrument of man to further his aims and ends. Corruption was rampant. Many of the men who bore the vessels of the Lord were men whose corrupt lives were lived in such open and flagrant violation of the principles of righteousness that God existed only in their ritual. The Reformation may mean many things, but one thing is written all over the movement: it is the spiritual in the ascendancy. The great movement left many things to be desired; but life has certainly been sweeter and religion has meant more for the world, since the priest on the steps of the Romish church shouted: "The just shall live by faith!" Here was the champion of the spiritual issuing his ultimatum.

And now for the factor in the fight. Where do we stand today, after three and a half years of the bitterest warfare the world has ever known? Millions of men are in arms, and millions have been slain. Widows and orphans by countless thousands think day and night of lonely mounds "somewhere in France," where the ones who meant more to them than life itself have been laid away to rest. And now the war lords tell us that there may be years more of this slaughter that has almost threatened civilization itself.

Why is it? Have you never asked yourself in the quiet of the night why all this has taken place?

Three and a half years of world war! Think of it! Thousands of men falling daily! Churches being destroyed, art treasures stolen and reckoned as the legitimate fruits of conquest! Miles and miles of the fairest portion of God's good earth uprooted until it looks like a field where swine are herded! Millions of dollars going up in smoke of the battle every hour of the day and night! Think of it again, and yet again! What does it all mean? Who is responsible for it? Will the crushing of Prussian militarism solve this world problem? Our head grows dizzy, and we seem almost stupefied when we stop for a moment to think of these things.

BUT a far-reaching and very pertinent question just now is this: Do we even understand this cataclysm? Here and there are a few who, perhaps, may be able to see back of the immediate causes, and so get nearer to the real meaning; but have men ever understood any of the great world events? What did the years of plague mean to England? Did men understand the real meaning of the Reformation? Has the full significance of the French revolution ever dawned upon any of us?

We hear a lot of talk about reading between the lines. In this present war God is writing. And one of the things that he has written big and bold, like the handwriting on the wall, is the charge that fits Briton and Teuton, Frank and Roman, alike. And that charge may be put in the words: "*The world by wisdom knew not God!*"

Way back of all the immediate causes of this conflict there is that "element, circumstance, or influence": the world had lost its sense of the relationship to God. Materialism was the bright star. It was not that we had counted God out. We had not recognized Him at all; we failed to count in the spiritual factor, and history is repeating itself in the bloodshed and sorrow and sufferings of mankind.

The only way for the world to be made safe for democracy is for the world to come back to God—count in the spiritual in the scheme of world life.

THE question as to when the war will cease cannot be answered by any man. Only a conditional approximation can be given, and that is that the war will cease and the world be made safe when the world itself has been conquered by God. This old world does not belong to the Kaiser, or Great Britain, or France, or any combination of nations; it is God's peculiar property, and is spiritual because God is Spirit. God's purpose is a spiritual purpose.

Materialism in one form or another has blocked the path of progress and discouraged the people of God and created pessimists. Some tell us the world is growing better, others that it is growing worse. But whether the world is better or worse is not the big question just at present. There is another matter that we should weigh carefully, and it is simply this: *God is somewhere in this fight!* We may disregard a factor, but that does not put the factor out of existence. Otherwise Germany would have annihilated God with her heresy and militarism long ago.

God is in this fight!

I am taking this great conflict as another sentence in the message of God. He is speaking as he has spoken before, only more loudly. He wants to be heard, and will no doubt continue to speak until the world hears and stands ready to say, "We delight to do thy will, O Lord."

PEACE there will doubtless be some day. The nations cannot keep this up indefinitely. Fighting on such a gigantic scale cannot continue much longer; but unless the world hears the message of God, and reckons in the greatest factor the ages have ever had to consider, it will only be an armistice, not a real peace.

Battleships and standing armies will not make the world safe for democracy. These things have had their day. The only thing that can save the world now, and safeguard it for the future, is a recognition of the spiritual. The old ultimatum, "The nation or people that will not serve God shall perish," is just as true today as it ever has been. The five great empires of antiquity were great in all things but the one thing needful—they lacked God. Today their history is all that remains, for they are but names traced in the dust of their dead. And the same God who thus dealt with these nations of the past is the God who deals with nations today. It is not an arbitrary setting up of one nation and the casting down of another. Far from it. A nation, just as truly as an individual, decides its own destiny. What the nations become as the result of this war depends entirely upon how they treat the spiritual factor in the fight.

*Pastor, United Baptist Church, Little River, Nova Scotia, Canada.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Valley of Vision

SUNDAY, February 3. *Isa. 22 : 5.* "*The valley of vision.*" That is a very strange conjunction. We could have understood the phrase had it been "The hill of vision." It is the mountain summit which is usually associated with outlook. One remembers "the high hill, called Clear," where Christian and Hopeful could dimly see the gates and also some of the glory of the Celestial City. But here it is the valley which is the home of vision. The outlook is given in seeming imprisonment. We are shut in by surrounding hills, and our sight attains finer perception and range. The limitation becomes the minister of expansion. The big wonder is born in a narrow place. I remember my surprise when I paid my first visit to the Tower of London. At one point we were taken along a narrow dingy passage which opened into the gloomy chamber where the crown jewels were kept. One was almost startled to see those flashing jewels in such confined and gray surroundings; but a similar wonder often startles the saint when, in some gloomy valley experiences, there flash upon him the unsearchable riches of Christ.

And now take this word from the spiritual experience of Horace Bushnell. "I have learned more of experimental religion since my little boy died than in all my life before." Bushnell had had many rare experiences on the mountain-top, but they were nothing to the visions that were unveiled to him in the valley. The darker school gave him the finer sight. And may we not reverently remember the word which is spoken of our Lord, that "He learned obedience by the things which he suffered." That mysterious enrichment came to him in the valley. And indeed we may be perfectly sure that millions of God's children have found enlargement in the valley. They have begun to see, or they have strengthened their sight, in the very season when they were blinded with tears. It is in the valley that we see into the heart of God. There are narrow roads in the valley in which we share "the fellowship of his sufferings."

So that when we are led into somber valleys let us humbly and expectantly assume that we are in the place of vision. Maybe the Lord is going to anoint our eyes with eye-salve, and he will impart unto us one of his secrets. Perhaps it was needful that we should be led into the valley in order that we might receive our sight. And thus life's valleys will be found to be the abodes of the divine mercy as well as those breezy heights which catch the first beams of the rising sun. Even in the valley we may see the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off.

J. H. J.

Justification by Love

MONDAY, February 4. Num. 23 : 21. "*He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel: the Lord his God is with him, and the shout of a king is among them.*" Here we have, fourteen centuries before the Christian era, intimations of two doctrines of grace, that of imputed righteousness, justification by faith, and that of adoption into God's family. When we speak of imputed righteousness, we represent God as seeing no fault in one who is not yet perfect. We think of God as treating one who is still struggling for moral victory as though he had already attained. The unbeliever says there is no such thing as justification by faith in the realm of reason, and he is right. Reason, calm, cold, unimpassioned, admits no such possibility as that of treating an offender as though he had not offended. But reason is not all. "The heart has reasons which reason itself never knew." There is love, and love prompts us to impute perfection to imperfect characters. In other words, love enables us to justify those who are not just. What does the world say to this? The world accepts it. Indeed, the world, at its best, practices the doctrine of justification by love. The world can not deny it, for we see it daily. The love of a fond mother overlooks, excuses, and even justifies the imperfections of her child. Justified by love! The doctrine of Protestant Christianity makes God a great Father who forgives the faults of his children because of their faith in him and because their faith in him helps them to struggle daily to leave their faults behind them. The gift of the grace of God makes it possible for children of earth to be also children of heaven. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." "We have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." Each of us has an earthly heredity. We may have a heavenly heredity.

C. C. A.

Prayer for Pardon

TUESDAY, February 5. Ps. 32 : 6. "*For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found.*" The thing for which the godly pray God is pardon for their trespasses. David had obtained that pardon after his gross misstep. He remembered with shame the great error into which he had allowed himself to be led, and recalled with a keen sense of pain the agony of remorse and contrition that had followed.

It was a great mercy that God showed this royal sinner, that he did not become engulfed in despair and abandon himself utterly to reckless living. God did not entirely withdraw his hand from him, but taught him to pray for forgiveness and humble himself. To do this David declares the characteristic of a godly person. True godliness has its roots in the pardoning mercy of God, in that act of God which wipes out the accusing record of our past wrongdoing.

The heart which sues for pardon is a heart that has become horrified at sin, not only the particular sin which had just been committed, but sin in general. It is wary of sinning afresh, it is on its guard against new temptations. And thus it continues and grows in godliness. Sanctifying grace is bestowed upon the pardoned sinner for his holy living. The sinner whose prayer for pardon God accepted never forgets the great mercy shown him. That act becomes a great power in his entire subsequent life.

W. H. T. D.

Happiness

WEDNESDAY, February 6. James 5 : 11. "*Behold, we count them happy which endure.*" Happiness is one of the objects of creation. God wants all his children to enjoy him and his dominion forever. Each individual has his own peculiar idea regarding what will make him happy and is willing to sacrifice much to attain his ideal. The child thinks of its toy, the youth of his sports, manhood of his goal, power, success and ambition; old age, of a comfortable home and support. But nothing of a temporary or material nature will long satisfy the deep longings of the soul. Only one kind of happiness lasts, never wears out, namely, soul rest in God. Every other kind of pleasure becomes unsatisfying.

Happiness means wholeness; the joy of the mind alone or the body alone cannot make complete happiness. There must be the joy of the Lord to produce the perfection of enjoyment. Some are happy today and miserable tomorrow, having only one faculty supplied with pleasure. Spiritual joy thrills all other innocent delights with new power. It makes even tribulation yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. True happiness is trusting God to care for soul, body and spirit. Then no possible calamity can disturb you. You will become so absorbed in the happiness of others that you will forget yourself, thrilled with the highest pleasure from the heart of the Eternal.

Counting mercies helps happiness; sharing the troubles of others lessens your own sorrows. Benevolent giving arouses every fine emotion of manhood.

E. W. C.

Strength for Weak Hands

THURSDAY, February 7. Isa. 35 : 3. "*Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.*" Who are those of weak hands and feeble knees? The context here and in the Epistle to the Hebrews where these words are quoted shows that they are the Lord's servants who need encouragement. "Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not." Will it not strengthen our hands to remember that we who do the Lord's work are never alone? We are not always conscious of the nearness of Christ, but he is near all the time. We need also human fellowship in our work, and we are not alone in this respect. Innumerable hearts are beating in unison with ours. Innumerable minds are studying the same problems. Myriad hands are working at the same tasks. The disciples of Jesus did not know how many friends they had until the dark days came. Their number was greater than they had known.

There is something in the nature of Christian work, in its constructive character, the thought of which should encourage us. The genuineness of an occupation is measured by the degree of pride the workman has in his finished product.

Moreover, we are a part of all we have ever done for God. In building the Church of God we build ourselves into the Church. Our lives become living stones, and hence are as immortal as the august temple of which they form a part.

C. C. A.

Asking God to Lead

FRIDAY, February 8. Ps. 27 : 11. "*Lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.*" The gloss in the margin of the Oxford Bible at this text suggests another rendering in conformity with the original Hebrew: "Lead me in a way of plainness because of those which observe me." This is good. The Christian is at a certain stage of his journey represented by Bunyan as having to pass between chained lions, which roar at him and make a dash for him, but cannot reach him, because of their tether. The right way led through those lions, and there was no other way. But it required wisdom and courage to go that way, and it is for such wisdom and strength that David prays when he asks God to lead him.

The Christian's path is beset on either side by enemies. He will often find himself between extremes. On the one side boldness may approach him trying to lead him into reckless conduct; on the other side craven fear may make its appearance, seeking to fill him with dread and make him very timid. At one time he may hear a suggestion that he ought to make greater use of his Christian liberty, and not be so strict with himself, but claim a few privileges: that is the suggestion of licentiousness. At another time he may be made to hear stern denunciation of the most innocent matters and the strict laying down of new moral precepts which he had not heard before, and may be led to morbid self-incrimination: that is the voice of false conscientiousness. Sometimes he may become so elated with spiritual joy that he soars above the clouds and lives among the angels, forgetting entirely that he is still in his sinful flesh and in a world that lieth in wickedness: he is extremely happy and sure that he is but a few inches from the great white throne. At another time such a deep gloom will settle upon him that it seems as if the sun had been put out and the heavens had collapsed.

These extremes may take on many different forms. To evenly pursue one's way through such conflicting opposites and intrepidly walk past them, not heeding the suggestions that come from either side, is more than man can accomplish by his own strength. Therefore the prayer of David is the prayer of every Christian.

W. H. T. D.

Map of Character

SATURDAY, February 9. Ex. 34 : 35. "*And Moses' face shone.*" The gospel of the human face reflecting soul beauty is what men like to behold. Spiritual wisdom and holiness ever make man's face to shine. Wearing such a face is to illuminate all about you, letting others see what Christ is like, that they also may glorify the Illuminator.

The soul looks out through the face to tell men of its inner life. It is said that Gladstone and Webster, in moments of exaltation, during mighty efforts of oratory, wore faces transfigured, as if the face had been an alabaster lamp lighted from within. The last night that Savonarola spent on earth before he was burned for the truth, he seemed to dream and smile. The light of heaven was already gathering on his brow. God and angels seemed near, kissing his face.

Victor Hugo, in Les Misérables, gives a lovely picture of the light on the face of the noble Bishop, as Jean Valjean, the burglar, stands at midnight ready to kill him. The good Bishop has fed the starving man and given him a room for a night's lodging, and now the criminal stands ready to strike the blow of death, in order to rob the house and flee. But the radiance on the Bishop's face, the luminous glow of peace, startles the murderer's conscience, and prevents his striking the blow. Think of the horrible hideousness of a sinful soul standing before the glory of the face of Christ at the judgment day. No wonder that they will pray for rocks and mountains to fall upon them and hide them from the face of the Holy One of God; for only the pure in heart can look upon him and live.

E. W. C.

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OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

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A Time for Faith and Courage

THAT the discussion as to the Church's duty and opportunity after the war should have taken so wide a range must be welcomed as a hopeful sign. While there are many views and much advice, there is through it all the universal note of longing and desire that the Church should get back to the old fundamentals, and to the exemplification of Christianity in simpler form than we see it today.

To *hear* the Gospel and to *live* it are two distinct propositions, although one is usually a stepping-stone to the other. This is very strikingly illustrated in a thoughtful and timely article in the Boston Evening Transcript, in which the writer notes the wonderful growth of a movement which he describes as a return to primitive Christianity. Begun ten years ago, it has spread until now 160 similar meetings are held throughout the United States, largely under the auspices of Christian churches. He notes in the movement many points of resemblance to the primitive Christian Church, to whose earnestness and simplicity was attributable largely the rapid spread of the new faith in those early days.

But there are many who, discussing the Church's outlook, take another view, and they do not always give a message of comfort and encouragement. Thus we hear of a Drew theological professor declaring that our faith has been "battered and hurt." From other quarters come voices of similar import, proclaiming that Christian love has waned, that Christianity is sore wounded; that the spiritual battle-line has lost its vigor and is becoming feeble, and that the Church's influence as a whole has been thrown back for many centuries. Thus, what with kindly encouragement on the one side and sharp discouragement on the other, the Church may be said to stand amid comforters who, like those of Job, do not distinguish very closely between what is helpful and what may be hurtful.

Not one of these discouraging averments is wholly true. Christianity has not been wounded to death by the war; it is as strong as ever, aye, stronger, because of the war. It is the false Christianity of the nations that has been shattered and shot to pieces—not the religion of Jesus Christ.

In the days of his earthly sojourn, the faithless priesthood, the legalistic scribes and the ceremonious Pharisees would have none of his teaching. In the eyes of those bigots and their following, he was a failure. But the failure was their own. The glorious Gospel, which they believed they had blotted out forever, has grown with every passing century. Only he who searches hearts can tell how many real Christians there are in the world today, but we know that they are a very great multitude, more than man can number, and that they will be one of the strongest spiritual factors for the world's enlightenment in the better days to come.

Yet it must be admitted that the Church should bear its share of responsibility; for had it been true to its great spiritual mission, history might have been written differently today. Sin brought war—the sin of the nations in refusing to recognize the authority of the Almighty in the world's affairs; the sin of nursing their enmities and forcing selfish antagonisms to a point where the whole structure of a false Christian civilization suddenly collapsed in blood.

But not the collapse of Christianity. Though its demise has been predicted many times, it has always disappointed its enemies by becoming stronger than ever. Each new ordeal has added to its vitality and to the number of its sincere followers. It is not in the "piping times of peace," when contentment with material conditions breeds spiritual lethargy and indifference, that the Church makes progress. It is in stress and strife, amid enforced self-denial and suffering, that it strikes its roots deeper and spreads its branches wider.

And in those better days toward which the whole world is now looking with sincere desire, let us hope that the Church may show itself possessed not only of something of the broad spiritual vision of the early Christians, but of their courage as well. Never again should it so far lower its standard as to give assent to any policy, no matter by whom enunciated, which leaves God out of the reckoning. In the clearer spiritual atmosphere which we believe will prevail, we should not fail to acknowledge his hand in the great world scheme of things, and to seek to know and to follow his will. In this desire for divine guidance the Church must take the lead. This is God's world, however the evil one may challenge his rulership.

There is a spirit moving in all the lands which, if followed, will ultimately lead the nations into peace. It matters little where or when it begins, if we are assured that it is genuine and sincere; but we believe that peace will not come until God has been heard, and until the nations are ready to bow to his authority.

Daylight-Saving

TO the simplest measures the world is sometimes indebted for the biggest results. The mere setting of the nation's clocks one hour ahead would, it is estimated by the United States Chamber of Commerce, result in the saving of 1,500,000 tons of coal a year. If this were the only result, it would in these times be momentous.

National Fuel Administrator Garfield approves of the movement, which has been put into the form of a bill before Congress. He has written to the President, asking him to urge the legislation, and stating that the indirect benefits would be even more impressive than the direct saving.

It is no untried idea, since England, France and Germany have long had it in successful operation as a war measure, and several of our own cities had adopted it even before the war, purely as an economic measure for industrial efficiency. It is asserted that it does make for efficiency as well as for saving of coal, and anything which does that should now be urged speedily. It provides that men follow the natural course of moving with the sun, and it is a pretty good guide to follow.

A New Series on Prophecy

IT will gratify very many readers of this paper to learn that another series of articles on Prophecy by Rev. James M. Gray is now ready for publication. In a letter which we have just received, he announces the topics as follows:

The English Manifesto on the Second Advent.
Christ's Future Earthly Reign.
Does the Bible Teach a General Judgment?
How the Church and the Kingdom Differ.
Some Great Prophetic Words.
Europe and the East in Prophecy.
Palestine, Israel and the Turk.
What Should be the Christian's Attitude toward Prophecy?

Dr. Gray adds that there may be still other articles, should events seem to justify them in the near future. It is beyond question that there is a very extensive interest in prophecy at the present time, and that the average thoughtful American feels the conviction that the period in which we live is one which may bring momentous revelations in the line of prophetic fulfilment. We hope that all of our readers, without exception, will study these articles by Dr. Gray and profit by their broad, deep scholarship and generous Christian spirit, and the lesson they carry to all who would know the will of God in these latter days.

Archeology and the Bible

IN a timely article in the Biblical Review, Professor Cobern of Alleghany College tells of the advances made by archeologists in recent years. Not only has the key been found to many ancient manuscripts which formerly were a riddle to the learned, but more light has been thrown upon Biblical history by archeological study and discovery than at any previous time since the finding of the "Rosetta Stone," over a century ago. The language of ancient Egypt has now been fairly mastered. It is seen that there were early periods of great literary activity in that land, comparable even to those of seven centuries later, and that in architecture, astronomy, law, and all the arts that pertain to a high state of civilization, the Nile races were ahead of their contemporaries.

Among other discoveries that connect the ancient writings with the Bible, we may mention the record of the seven years' famine in Egypt, which has now been confirmed; the ark of the Israelites is found to have had an earlier Egyptian model, and an Egyptian equivalent to the name of Moses has been deciphered. Not only have the bodies of the Pharaohs of the Oppression and the Exodus both been identified, but also fragmentary records of their reigns. The Israelites themselves are shown to have been mentioned in a Hymn of Victory of King Merenptah, which, in celebrating a successful campaign, says: "Plundered is Pekanan (Canaan). . . . Israel is desolated. . . . Palestine has become a widow for Egypt." Reference has also been found to the Khabiri (Hebrews) invading Palestine. In the bordering lands, there have also been disclosures of great historical value. In South Arabia are traces of an ancient "Kingdom of Sheba."

Other discoveries, some of which are old and others of a comparatively recent date, Professor Cobern shows in their relation to Bible history by pointing out that they include events and personalities which have long been in dispute by critics who assailed the Scriptures as untrustworthy and legendary. Among the discoveries, as many of our readers already know, are included the Babylonian and Sumerian accounts of the Creation; early versions of the stories of the Fall and the Flood; identification of Jehu, Ahab, Benhadad, Tiglath-pileser, Belshazzar and other personalities which have been in dispute and are now shown to have been real historical characters.

In these and many other instances, archeology has given to the Scriptures the special kind of corroboration which the hostile critics long ago declared could never happen. There can be little doubt that much more is to follow. For centuries, most of the Bible lands have been in the possession of the Turks. Should these lands now remain in control of the Christian nations, we may not only look for a great forward movement among the archeologists, but for new and still more wonderful surprises.

The Prohibition Procession

FOLLOWING the example of Mississippi, Virginia has ratified the Prohibition amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and Kentucky has followed as the third in the line.

Three states ratifying within a week make a better start than could have been hoped for even by the most ardent optimists. The phenomenal rate cannot be kept up, but the initial impetus given will have tremendous effect.

The fact that the first three states to endorse Prohibition for the nation are all Southern states has its chief significance in that the South, having suffered most keenly from the liquor evil and knowing most about it, was the first to present a solid front against it.

Food Profiteering

RETAIL dealers in foodstuffs cannot any too soon realize the fact that selling prices fixed by the government must be observed. Dealers in several sections who have been overcharging are finding themselves in trouble, as prosecutions against them are being pressed with all the force of Federal power.

Every housekeeper should be alert against criminal overcharging. The most effective espionage system conceivable will be in operation when all purchasers carefully set themselves on guard against extortionate prices. The legal prices fixed by the government from time to time upon various articles are announced in the press throughout the country, and every purchaser may know that only a reasonable profit above these prices is permissible.

For example, the wholesale price of storage eggs has recently been fixed at 40 cents for Chicago and 42 cents for New York. Anything more than a reasonable profit beyond this in retailing is extortion.

It is to strictly protect the public against profiteering that the President has issued his proclamation calling for the licensing of all importers and manufacturers of and dealers in foodstuffs, feeds, tools and other necessaries of life. These matters are to be held with a rigid hand, and producers and sellers alike must learn that their safety and continuance in business depend upon their compliance with the law.

The Honesty of Women

A NEW YORK woman acquires distinction by being convicted as a "get-rich-quick" swindler, the dispatches stating that she is the first woman ever convicted in the United States for that offense. This is the exception which emphasizes the generally acknowledged fact that women are seldom found wanting in the honest administration of trusts.

The number of women now employed in business and confidential positions which offer opportunities to dishonesty is very great, but it is rare that any embezzlement, defalcation or breach of trust is committed by them.

The business integrity of women in independent enterprises is acknowledged to be almost universal; but of course in this domain experience has not been so ample as in that of salaried employment.

Their honesty is perhaps to be explained largely by the absence among women of many of the temptations to which men so often lay themselves open, and also in great measure by that sensitiveness as to reputation which is more acute among women than among men. Whatever the cause, the fact is not to be disputed that occurrences of this nature are very rare among women employees who are placed in positions of trust.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Snow Saves Wheat

THE heavy snowstorm that centered over Texas and spread over the central West, the severest of the season, made the people shiver and some of the poor suffer. But it has proved a minister of mercy in protecting and saving the winter wheat crop. The snow not only protected the wheat from freezing, but also furnished it the moisture so necessary to life. Up to the time of the snowfall the government experts had reported the largest winter wheat acreage sown, with one of the poorest crop prospects in the history of the country. It is now believed that this timely snowstorm will save the crop to a magnificent yield should later conditions prove favorable. God, who made the ground and the seed, provided the rain and snow necessary for the harvest. The prophet thus uses this fact in teaching Gospel truth: "*For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth.*" (*Isa. 55 : 10, 11*)

Teacher and Cripple

WHEN fire was discovered in Public School No. 54, Manhattan, New York City, and the alarm was sounded for rapid dismissal, Miss Harriet McLoughlin, teacher in one of the upper rooms, instantly thought of a little crippled blind scholar, and debated whether she should carry the child and return for the rest, or take the children out and return for her. She did the latter, and placing the child in a chair told her to sit there and not move nor be afraid; that she would come back and get her. Then she hurriedly took the class down stairs. Then she ran back through the smoke-filled halls to her room and found the child sitting where she was placed, calmly awaiting her teacher. She took the little cripple in her arms and at the risk of her life carried her to safety. This incident marks a double heroism, that of the teacher in her physical and moral courage, and that of the child in its brave waiting and implicit faith in the teacher. The teachers in our public schools are made of that kind of stuff exactly. There is this evidence of the Christliness of the teacher's act: "*Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name receiveth me.* (*Mark 9 : 37*).

A Bowery Genius

COULD anything great come out of a Bowery barber shop? Certainly; one of the greatest musical prodigies in the world, in the person of Max Rosen, who though only eighteen years of age has won fame as a violinist. About seventeen years ago a Rumanian, Benjamin Rosen, emigrated to New York and started a little barber shop on the Bowery. Max was the baby, nine months old. The father played on an old violin, which he had brought from the old country, to the baby before he could walk, and the child was entranced with its strains. When the boy got old enough to handle a bow the father got a tiny fiddle for him. He used it to such advantage that they sent him to an East Side settlement musical school for instruction. There musical critics recognized his talent, and brought it to the attention of a rich man, who put up the money and sent the lad of eleven years to Europe to be a pupil of Professor Leopold Auer of Dresden, who taught Elman, Zimbalist and Helfitz. The young artist was made by the musical talent inherited from his father, by the most competent technical teaching, and by tireless industry in practice. The opportunities of our American democracy and the aristocracy of talent took the little Jew from the Bowery barber shop and carried him into the company of the highest artists who charm and bless their fellow men. There is this reference to the viol as a musical instrument among the Jews: "*That chant to the sound of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of music, like David.*" (*Amos 6 : 5.*)

United States Ambassador Morris and Mr. Hardy

Mikado Receives American Sailor

FOR the first time in the history of Japan a private citizen without diplomatic rank or mission was received by the Emperor. The person thus honored was William H. Hardy. This veteran hero was received at the American Legation by Rowland S. Morris, the new ambassador to Japan, and escorted by him to the imperial chrysanthemum garden party and formally presented to the Japanese Emperor. In a private letter just received from Rev. E. T. Iglehart, a missionary in Tokyo, there is this reference to the reception: "Captain Hardy is one of the most unique visitors Japan ever had. Sixty-four years ago he rowed bow-oar in Commodore Perry's barge as he came to knock at the doors of medieval Japan. He is said to be the last survivor of the great expedition. He is back now for the first time in sixty-four years. The Emperor received him the other day and violated or rather created a precedent by shaking hands with him and speaking to him in English. He preached to our crowded chapel last Sunday. He is a fine old rugged historic Christian specimen." Why should not the Emperor receive an humble, manly man like Hardy, intrinsically as good as any king? Besides, he is a loyal, royal American sailor, with his work done, his battles fought, awaiting his coronation. He is more than that: he is one of the heroes who were permitted to take an active part in one of the most important events in the history of the world, the awakening of Japan. Commodore Perry was not more necessary to the expedition than were the true, brave men like Hardy who accompanied him. The presence of those warships in the harbor of Uraga in 1853 so frightened the Japanese that Commodore Perry was enabled to force a treaty from the Shogun which opened the doors of seclusion to the commerce and civilization of the world. These ships awoke the nation which had enjoyed its peace and seclusion for over 200 years, after the expulsion of the Portuguese in 1624, into a new life and glory. Japan now has a constitution and a parliament and is learning the art, science, education and commerce of the West. She has guaranteed religious freedom under which Christian missions are prospering marvelously. The sailors and soldiers of America today, worthy successors of Hardy, are on the sea and land defending Old Glory, and are fighting for the cause of humanity, of democracy and Christianity. Perry's ships waking up Japan were but the echo of this voice of God: "*Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.*" (*Eph. 5:14.*)

Sneeze Causes Blindness

ONE of the rules of the local high school at Columbia, Pa., is that pupils are forbidden to sneeze in the room during the session. When a pupil feels a sneeze coming, it must be suppressed in some manner. Recently, Miss Angelina Marley felt that she had to sneeze, and to prevent making the noise and breaking the rule caught her nose between her thumb and finger. With the repressed sneeze she lost her sight and, according to reports, lost it forever. Whether the optic nerve was injured beyond repair, as is claimed, or not, the fact remains that the rule is a ridiculous one and never should have been made. If the earthly light of that dear girl shall have been put out forever, a thousand years of schoolroom silence could not atone for it. To sneeze is as necessary at times as to breathe, and no schoolmaster has a right to make a rule to prevent it. Rules covering essentials in school should be strong and regularly enforced. When it comes to non-essentials, fewer rules will be necessary, and it should be carefully seen to that they are wise. Some denominations lay down arbitrary rules for the suppression of the natural and innocent impulses of childhood, including even the sneeze. It hurts rather than helps the child to overemphasize the non-essentials to character and conduct. In the attempt to have silence in the schoolroom, blindness is brought to a child. Christ thus condemns the overemphasis of minor details as compared with essentials: "*For ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith.*" (Matt. 23 : 23.)

Trees That Bear Soap

BESIDES the trees that bear fruits there are those which produce gums for medicinal and industrial purposes, such as rubber. There are some that produce nuts for food. There are some trees whose sap is sugar. The latest thing in the tree line in this country is one whose nuts yield soap. It is a native of China. Bars of laundry soap do not grow on the branches, but if the hull be shredded and used with water it will produce a perfect lather which some authorities state has a cleansing quality superior to many of the manufactured soaps. The extract's efficiency as a foam-producer makes it useful as an ingredient in carbonated beverages; the kernel yields an oil that can be used for cooking and as a substitute for olive oil. There is this reference to the use of soap in the olden times: "*For he is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap.*" (*Mal. 3 : 2.*)

Rice 1,000 Years Old

RICE grown from seed grains one thousand years old was served the Emperor of Japan when he attended the maneuvers of the Japanese army recently in Shiga prefecture. The ancient rice grains were found inside a wooden image in a little Buddhist temple in the village of Iwame. The image was that of the god of wealth, and had become so old as to need repairing. In doing this there was found a flaxen bag containing the seed and a paper with the following instructions in ancient Chinese characters: "This image has been carved for the peace of the world. If any one of a later generation opens it he should put in new seed." The seeds were planted and yielded a good crop, and the Mikado, whose family has ruled Japan for 2,400 years, in his official functions ate rice from seed 1,000 years old. We see here an illustration of the reproductive power of life in the vegetable and animal world, and of the law that like comes from like, wheat from wheat, and rice from rice. This great fact is a type of the reproductive power of human thought and action, and of the immensely important truth that right thoughts, sentiments, and deeds come from good seed, and wrong thoughts, affections, and actions from bad seed. The rice confined for a thousand years on being released started in at the first opportunity to make more rice. The thoughts released from the brain start in at once to make more just like them, which grow into deeds, which crystallize into character, which has in it the reproductive power of heaven or hell. The apostle thus expresses this truth, than which none can be more important: "*For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.*" (*Gal. 6 : 7–8.*)

To Win the Soul of the Orient

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

MAJOR GENERAL HIBIKI, acting head of the two hundred thousand Christians of Japan, bowed deeply. His secretary, an attaché in uniform, and his personal attendant also bowed. So, perforce, I bowed, too.

"S'il vous plait!" said the General politely, indicating a chair. It was his only sentence during our interview that I understood. Gratefully I sank into the chair indicated.

We were in the parlor of the Hotel Latham, the five of us. The Hotel Latham is a quiet place, just off Fifth Avenue on Twenty-eighth Street, and the General in his khaki-colored uniform, with its touches of scarlet on shoulder and wrist, seemed like some romance-figure set down into the quiet of it. The chintz-covered furniture did not fit the General. One, seeing his keen face and his small commanding figure and the gray mustaches that somehow added to his dignity, felt that teak-wood and black lacquer would have been a more fitting background.

I have never before interviewed an ultra-important Oriental. But I have heard that your Easterner expects something formal in the way of a salutation. So I spoke:

"The Christian Herald," I said to the General, "sends to you a greeting from its staff and from its many readers. They honor you for the great work that you have done and are doing. And they wonder whether you have any message that you would care to give to the people of America."

THE General fixed me with his keen gaze. Quite suddenly he shot at me a volume of speech in a tongue I could not understand.

The interpreter, a tall man with particularly white teeth, translated softly. "The General, he says," the interpreter told me, "that the people of the United States need no greeting from our land! For a half century they have sent their money, their missionaries, and their friendship to us. Surely they know that Japan—appreciates!"

The General spoke again. One of his hands—small like all Japanese hands but with a look of power and strength despite its size—beat upon the other. The interpreter again delivered the message.

"The General fears," he said, "that the American people think Japan too far advanced to need help and missionaries! But the General says that it is not so. We still need money, help, encouragement! Japan *has* advanced, yes, outwardly; but the General says that the Japanese nation needs help from—inside!" And the interpreter patted his chest, eloquently, in the region of his heart.

"I had thought," I replied to the interpreter, "that, as you say, Japan was too progressive to need assistance. I had thought——"

The General interrupted. I noticed, oddly enough, that he talked, not to the interpreter, but directly to me. He talked vehemently, with gesticulating hands and eloquent eyes.

"The General says," murmured the interpreter, "that Japan needs much help—particularly in her capital, Tokyo. *When Tokyo is a Christian city, Japan will be a Christian nation. When Japan is a Christian nation, the Orient will have been saved!*"

The General interrupted again. There was a softer look in his eyes—a more visionary look—as he spoke. The interpreter was smiling as he translated.

"It is the General's dream," he told me, "to see a new, united Japan—a Japan made Christian and worshiping at one great undenominational church, one church where all creeds meet as equals through the love of God!"

THE attaché stepped to the General's side and whispered something. There was a lull in the conversation as the General answered him, and during that lull I put a direct question, in an aside, to the attaché.

"Will the General," I questioned, "tell me what he feels about the *new* friendship with Japan? There has always been a fellowship between your country and ours, but lately it has broadened into something more noble and worth while."

The attaché retired to the other side of the room and the interpreter put my question to the General. And, for the first time, I saw a real smile break over the General's face—a smile that shone from his eyes and twitched at his mustache—as he answered. His answer was a long, enthusiastic one.

"THE General knows," said the interpreter, "that there has been talk of a break in the friendship that lies between our two lands. He knows that there has been suspicion and unrest. But the General does not fear any break in this friendship! For, as Japan becomes a Christian nation, the friendship between it and the United States will become stronger—firmer. Japan is an Oriental land. It is of a different type of country from yours. It is like the center of a great wheel. India, China, Korea, the rest—they are the spokes of the wheel. *But Japan is the center!*

"America, too, is the center of a wheel that revolves in her part of the world. And so what could be more right and fitting than that these two nations should have a friendship existing between them that grows stronger every day—a friendship that, every day, is a new friendship! With Japan following the lead of the United States and becoming completely Christianized, there is no reason why these two greatest countries of the East and the West should not work for each other and together, toward a common good!"

There was another lull in the conversation. I glanced covertly at the General's wrist watch and saw that the time was flying. But I had one more question to ask. I put it rather diffidently.

"I wonder if the General will say anything," I queried, "about the war——"

The General's voice was lower, graver, as he answered. And the interpreter's voice was also grave as he told me the answer.

"The General," he told me, "is not here on a diplomatic mission. So he can not say much. But he wants the Christian Herald to know that Japan feels deeply and appreciatively the help that the United States is giving in Europe. Japan feels that every one of your soldiers and sailors is fighting not only the fight of America, but of Japan.

"It was in 1906 that you of the Christian Herald helped the people of our land. It was during a great famine, when the crops were swept away and many were dying of starvation. You sent over half a million dollars.

"The world is in a like situation now. If America had not helped the world, as the Christian Herald helped us in 1906, there would have been another famine—a world famine of truth!"

Of course the General did not speak of it, but it may not be out of place to tell it here: The General brought to this country a gift of $10,000 to aid the Y. M. C. A. Of this amount $5,000 was the personal contribution of the Emperor and Empress on Christmas Eve, as an appreciation of the work of the Y. M. C. A. in the Japanese army during the Russo-Japanese War.

The little General rose to his feet. His face was aglow. He spoke rapidly, and directly, toward me. I felt that he had forgotten that I was an alien—that I did not understand his tongue. I felt that he thought of me only as one of an allied people. The interpreter spoke after him, softly. "*Now that we have a common foe, and are working toward a common belief, who can say that we are not friends?*" he questioned.

THE little General remained standing, and I, too, rose to my feet. So did the personal attendant and the interpreter and the attaché from across the room. The interview was plainly at an end. I bowed, and the four bowed with me.

"Will you tell the General," I said to the interpreter, "that the Christian Herald thanks him for his message. Will you tell him that our readers will watch his country's great progress with much interest and respect!"

"And the General tells you," the interpreter said, "that he wishes the readers of the Christian Herald to know that, despite the fact that he is of the East and they are of the West—despite the difference in race and civilization and color—that he feels toward them the brotherhood of man."

What Five Missionaries Saw

By GURDEN EDWARDS

TWELVE hundred men, a hundred or more at a time, were led out in the depth of night and slaughtered with axes; 2,500 others were dumped from rafts into the Tigris River and drowned; great companies of women and children were driven over burning deserts until they fell famished and died, or were herded into ravines and mowed down with bullets; and babies were thrown alive into burial trenches with the bodies of their murdered mothers—in these terms the story of Armenian and Syrian massacres by the Turks has been brought out first-hand by five Christian missionaries, who each passed through a different phase of those hideous events.

They reveal, also, how and why a supposedly Christian nation struck hands with the Turk, suggesting that he clear his dominions of the Christian Armenians and Syrians; how it first proposed these things to the Ottoman government; and then, when here and there victims of the "deportations," as the massacres were euphemistically called, made a desperate stand against their Moslem persecutors, how it was the officers and cannon of that same socalled Christian nation that were used to crush them.

The five men who told me the story have spent the best years of their lives in the work of Christian humanity in the Turkish Empire—gentle-spirited men, who spoke without rancor, even against the Turk, albeit their best friends and the associations that had become inseparably the dearest part of their lives were swept away in these holocausts of cruelty.

They have seen more of horror than the normal human mind could even imagine; nevertheless they have enough of Christ in their hearts to believe that the Turk can yet be made human. When it is all over, when Teuton and Ottoman have ceased waging slaughter against the defenseless, they intend to go back to do what they can to bind up the wounds of the mutilated nations, perhaps at the risk of their own lives for telling the world about the Turk and his work.

THE Rev. George E. White, president of Anatolia College, Marsovan, northern Asia Minor, saw plainly the hand of Germany in these things. He saw Turkey begin mobilizing for the war in April, 1914, several months before the assassination of the Austrian Crown Prince, which started the world-conflagration.

"They mobilized under German lead, ership," he said. "The Turks knew way back then that war was imminent. The Turkish general who came to take charge at Marsovan received his military education at Berlin. In April he circulated placards that were sealed; they were not opened and posted until August. When opened they were found to proclaim that a state of war had begun!"

Then followed, a few months later, the slaughter of the Armenians at Marsovan—the massacre of the men at night by Turk peasants with axes, and the sweeping away of 10,000 women and children in "deportations"—driven over the deserts until they died of thirst. "One group of our college boys asked permission to sing before they died," said Dr. White. "They sang 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' Then they were struck down."

How the men of Harpoot, driven and beaten by Moslem gendarmes, were tied with ropes in groups and taken out to slaughter, was described by the Rev. Henry H. Riggs, missionary there of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

"Out of the first party of 800, one youth survived to tell what happened," he said. "He told me that they were driven into a deep ravine. Then the gendarmes climbed on rocks and fired bullets into the mass as long as any showed signs of life. My friend succeeded in getting his knife from his pocket and cutting the ropes that bound him. He made a dash for liberty, and only a miracle saved him unscathed from the volley of bullets that followed him.

"The women and children were driven over the desert. Near Harpoot was a place where they camped on the journey to their death. There was a trench beside it. As soon as one died she was dragged to the trench. The gendarmes said they could not take care of the babies who were left behind by the dying mothers, so many of them were thrown into the trench and buried alive."

GERMANY'S motives in permitting these slaughters, which have cleared the Turk's dominions of more than a million defenseless Christian souls, was revealed to the Rev. Alpheus Newell Andrus, senior missionary for the American Board at Mardin, Mesopotamia. From Turkish men of affairs, men of knowledge and position, he learned the reason for this national tragedy.

"The Germans, looking ahead to the time when they hoped to obtain complete dominion in Turkey, wanted to have the country free of the Armenian question to save themselves trouble," Dr. Andrus said. "The Armenian question is partly religious and partly political. It was this unsettled religious and political situation in Turkey that the Germans wanted to get rid of. So they suggested the removal of the Armenian race root and branch from the Turkish Empire. At Urfa the Armenians made a stand and barricaded themselves in their stone houses and withstood the efforts of the inefficient Moslem soldiery for ten days. Then German officers brought up German cannon and mowed them down."

Into the rugged mountains of the Caucasus 300,000 Armenians fled from

Continued on page 140

Bringing Motion Pictures Into the Church

By CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

THE blazing sign of a cinema theater flashed its luring call next door to the church.

Instead of being itself a beckoning light to the Sunday evening crowds who filled the street, the church was shadowed by the electric flare of the motion picture theater. The minister saw the young folks of his parish crossing the cinema threshold, and his evening services were held with empty pews.

What, he queried, could be done about it?

Instead of trying to tear down the influence of the motion pictures which seemed so potent in the life of his neighborhood, the minister decided upon a constructive method of attack. He went to one of the large film exchanges and spent a half-day in a business consultation with the manager.

The result of this conference was an unexpected announcement in the church calendar for the following week:

> Motion pictures will form a regular part of the evening services, beginning Sunday evening. A motion picture machine has been purchased and is being installed in the church. Special wires in conduits, a special transformer and a steel fireproof booth are part of the equipment. A curtain will be suspended in front of the organ. Special addresses will be a feature of the service illustrated by the pictures.

The next Sunday evening the church was crowded. Old parishioners expecting to be shocked, young men and women from the careless crowds of the street wishing to be entertained, Sunday loafers hoping for a chance to scoff, were there. They all sat in hushed, reverent interest at what they saw upon the screen.

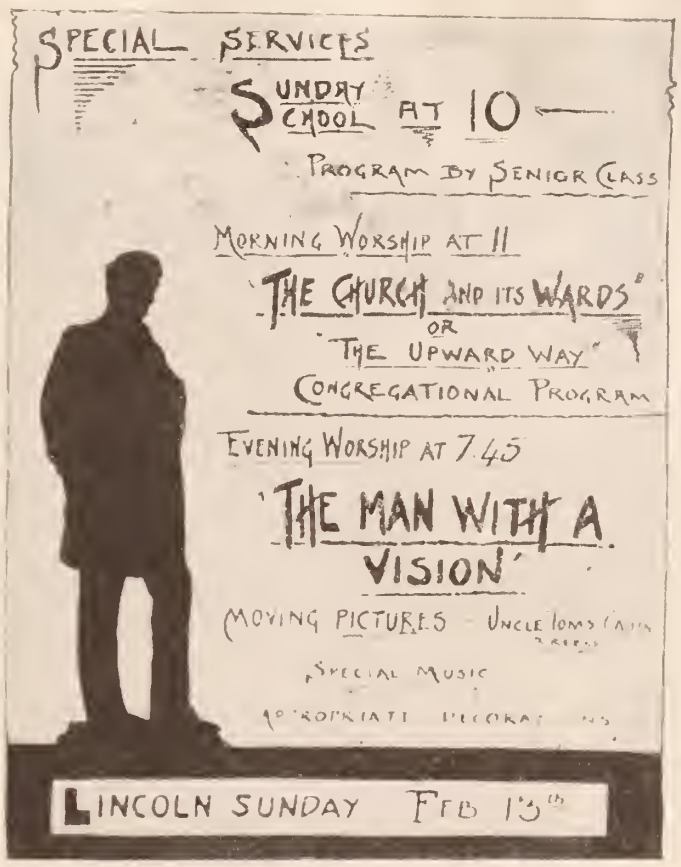
They saw Samson, the giant man of the Hebrews, live and play his part in Biblical history before their eyes. He bore the gates of the great city upon his back and slew his enemies with the jawbone of an ass. He appeared on the screen; blind and dishonored, and at last brought the walls of the temple down upon the heads of an impious congregation. It seemed to all that a story of something very misty and far away was really a vital part of the city's life in which they lived. No one was shocked; motion picture enthusiasts were held with a new interest; there was nothing at which to scoff.

While his audience was still held under the spell of the pictures, the minister spoke briefly about giant strength of today, in individuals, in great businesses, in morals, and the best use of such strength. The church choir gave selections from Handel's oratorio of Samson, including Samson's world-famed lament.

The congregation passed silently into the street at the end of the service and home. The sign of the motion picture theater had lost its charm for them. Sunday night offered them something even more thrilling than "The Train Robber's Bride."

CONSTRUCTIVE methods in dealing with society and its various problems are always more successful than those of destruction. When a movement like that of the motion picture attracts eight million people in America in a day, it is the part of wisdom to try to turn it to good purpose. The fight is won if the church is able to open its own doors to the motion picture producer in such a way that this huge industry may operate for the spiritual good of the congregations.

A good many churches and church organizations are joining hands with the "movies," either through using motion pictures within their own walls in illustration of their work and thought, or by so influencing a good exhibitor in their neighborhood that he will show religious pictures on certain days to an interested audience. The latter is the simpler plan for the parish in a small town.



A poster announcement that drew them in

Sunday schools have begun using motion pictures in Bible instruction. Societies of young people find great help in their missionary study and discussion of social problems in the travel and sociologic films that are being prepared by some of the best manufacturers today. The attendance at settlement and mission houses is stimulated by the best screen pictures. A large church in New Jersey, several in New York City and in the West, have used motion pictures in connection with their regular services for some time, and in each instance there has been increased attendance with no loss, and a gain, rather, in interest in the specific problems of the church.

Already there is a large amount of good material in motion pictures from which the church may recruit. Not long ago a company went to Palestine to take pictures to illustrate the life of Christ. The results of this picture pilgrimage were so unusual that the film was adopted by the Orthodox Greek Church of Rumania and its première was attended by the king and queen, the ministers and the school children, the latter being given a holiday to see the picture.

IN addition to films that are available, portraying New Testament subjects, the lives of Samson, David, Moses and Joseph, the church has a good deal of secular material in motion pictures to draw upon, all of which bears upon its teachings and its interests. Today's reawakening of the sociologic conscience of the community has stimulated the making of motion pictures that attack intemperance, the drug evil, gambling and the various crimes of society. There are films that show the dangers of contagion, the cure of tuberculosis, the lowering of the infant death-rate, the lessening of the child labor horror and the work of social relief agencies all over the country. Classics of literature with ethical bearing, such as Quo Vadis, Les Misérables, David Copperfield, Oliver Twist, Vanity Fair, The Last Days of Pompeii, and other books, have been filmed in a very realistic way. Prison evils, great industries and manufacturing plants, the customs of strange peoples, and even the Commandments, have been made the basis of motion pictures of spiritual as well as secular interest.

Because any kind of connection between the church and the cinema is so new, there is the problem of just how to work out the details of the collaboration. The large, prosperous parish may install its equipment for from two to three hundred dollars. The smaller parish may avail itself of a used projector for much less than this. The isolated church may form its congregation into a league for better "movies," pledged to attend the local theater on special days when films suggested by the church are shown, and so influence the character and tone of the town's entertainments.

MOTION pictures are possible for even the most struggling church. A little church in Louisiana has motion pictures twice a week, on Wednesday and Saturday. There is a small fee for admission charged, and the amount netted each week, usually thirty-five dollars, pays for the pictures as well as those which are shown on Sunday in illustration of the evening address.

Even the training of the layman in operating is being attempted. The minister of an Illinois church who exhibits motion pictures Sunday evenings to a congregation that is sometimes as large as one thousand recently gave instruction at a convention regarding the proper use and care of a motion picture machine. Many parishes are unable to use the machine because of lack of skilled help in the art of projection. A new kind of parish work for the layman would be such training and the raising of the necessary money for the motion picture machine.

The moving picture is here to stay and it has brought about a new situation in every community. Thousands of young people, longing for companionship, entertainment and thrills, attend the motion picture theaters, and all through the day's work and everywhere they meet the latest film is the subject of their conversation. In some towns the saloon is beginning to feel a distinct loss because of a nearby motion picture theater. Many public halls are being used for motion pictures now instead of dancing.

Two potent facts in connection with the cinema are its colossal backing and its influence upon the public for better or worse. The church will find in cooperation not only an opportunity but a duty.

What minister would not welcome such a Sunday evening crowd as this?

OUTCROPPINGS OF AMERICAN LIFE

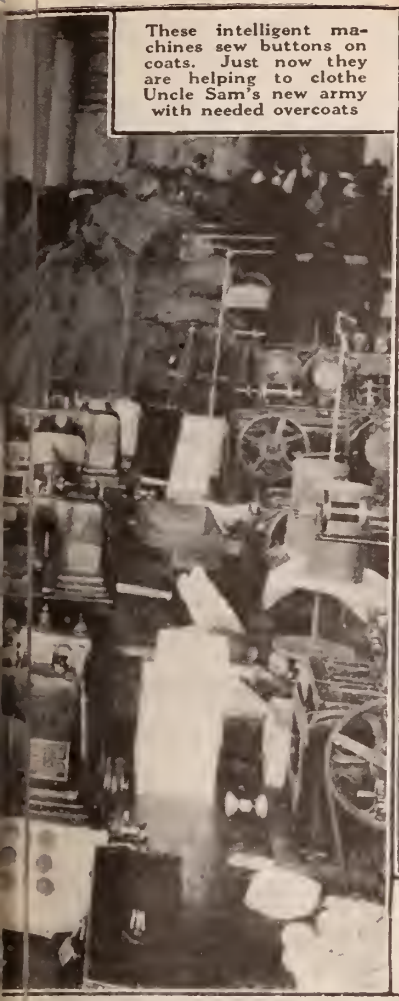
A Few Nuggets Picked from the Veins Uncovered in the Week's Work

Uncle Sam's new army trucks are not held back by congested transportation. Instead of borrowing rides in freight cars, they have been delivering themselves at tidewater under their own power. These two made the trip from Buffalo to New York, over ice-bound, snow-rutted roads, in seven days, and could have kept right on to France if it hadn't been for the big pond

© International Film Service

Human need is a law to itself. Desperate with cold, several hundred of these folks in Philadelphia raided a coal car standing in a freight yard

This en... made for ... taken se... helping ...



These intelligent machines sew buttons on coats. Just now they are helping to clothe Uncle Sam's new army with needed overcoats

© International Film Service

This building was given thirty days in which to progress from plans to performance. It is an annex to the Navy Department's quarters. In twelve days from the start three hundred workmen had it thus far along

© Committee on Public Information

Press dispatches recently told of the awarding to fifteen American soldiers, by the French Government, of the Croix de Guerre, as a result of their gallant defense of their position on the night of November 2. No names were given. This photo shows five Americans taking part in a citation ceremony in which it is probable that decorations were awarded

& Underwood

...er of others ...iverable, has ...c Sam and is ...ight tie-up

The Red Cross is religion at work. Have you a poster like this in your church? If not, write for one or more to Religious Publicity Service, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City

"HOWARD CHASE"

By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

CHAPTER IV—*Continued*

AND then Inez suddenly burst out, clutching Miss Burton's hand so hard that it hurt.

"Miss Burton, I don't care. I've got to tell someone. I can't always live this way all to myself. And I believe you will know how I— I don't care to go away now— I— the church — it's all— I'm in love with Mr. Chase, and I know it's no use. And I'm awfully wretched and unhappy and at the same time I'm happy. I never felt so before. The very sight of him makes me tremble all over as if I couldn't stand, and I— I— I'd marry him tonight if—if he'd ask me, and go anywhere or do anything he'd ask me. I don't feel wicked when I see or hear him. He's heavens above me, and I know it's no use, but I do love him. He's *different*. Different from all the stupid men in Red Hill. He's like the people in—in stories. He does the things they do. He can't help it. He's born to do them. And I'm in love with him. Oh, Miss Burton—I know it's no use. Help me to get away somewhere. I'm so wretched. But I'm happy too. What will become of me? What was I born for, anyhow?"

Poor Inez in a torrent of self-revelation had blown up the floodgates and let the long-imprisoned waters out. And the girl's confession swept down over Agnes Burton like a cloudburst. She had gasped as if suddenly immersed in ice water, but when Inez finally ceased she was saying to her calmly enough:

"How could such a thing come to you so suddenly?"

"I don't know, Miss Burton, unless I was all ready for it."

"But he hasn't been here two weeks. He——"

"It doesn't seem to make any difference. Seems as if I'd known him all my life. And I know it's useless. I'm not his sort. But— Oh, you don't think it's very wicked in me to love him, do you—do you, Miss Burton?"

Inez flung herself out of her chair at Miss Burton's feet and laid her head on her lap. Agnes Burton folded the sobbing girl's head in her arms. After a while she said, as if talking to a child:

"Dear, it's not wicked to love—it's the most beautiful thing in the world—but—but—I don't see—how—you——"

THERE was silence, only Inez's body shook with her low sobbing. Then she said, talking in muffled voice as she kneeled there: "I ought to go away. A girl like me doesn't belong in a little country town. I belong in a big city. In my dreams I am always walking the streets of big cities. And —and—I'm afraid if I stay here—I'll— I'll get Mr. Chase into trouble——"

"No! No!" Agnes Burton started up so suddenly that Inez was thrown back. "You don't mean——"

"Miss Burton, I don't know what I mean. I'm so unhappy, so wretched. I can't bear it to live this life. It's all so unreal to me—so stupid—or it was until—he came——"

"You poor child!" Agnes Burton sank back in her chair, and again her hands fell gently and caressingly on Inez's head.

After a while Inez said more calmly, lifting a lovely but tear-stained face to her teacher, "What do you think I ought to do?"

"I don't know. Let me think."

"What would you do in my place?"

"I don't know. It's not an easy thing to do. Only—let me ask you one question. Mr. Chase, of course, does not know anything about all this."

"I'm afraid he does."

"You haven't——"

"He knows," said Inez speaking so slowly and positively that Miss Burton let her hands fall from the girl's head and she drew back in her chair a little. Inez, falling back on her knees, crouching there on the porch floor, spoke in a low steady voice that made Miss Burton shiver.

"I haven't been able to conceal it. He is not a fool. But his soul is as pure as an angel's. I ought not to be talking about him even to you. But all through the years I have been living here with myself all alone. And tonight it seemed to me I could endure it no longer. My father cares for me all right, but he thinks more of his invention than of me. And other people don't interest me. Miss Burton, won't you help me to go away? If you don't, I'll run away. I want excitement. I can't live here now after——"

Her voice trailed away into the quiet that now brooded over the night. The breeze had died down. Not even a small leaf on the vine quivered. Miss Burton got up slowly. Inez got to her feet.

"I'll have to go home, Inez, I'm sorry. You can't understand."

"Oh, you don't think there's any chance for me, do you?" Inez broke out, gripping Agnes Burton's arm so hard it left a mark.

"No, no — I don't. He— Mr. Chase is——"

"He's different, I know. But I'm not sorry I love him. It doesn't make me any worse."

She said it defiantly, and turned slowly and went into the house.

WHEN Howard came into the parsonage that evening his sister was working at something out in the kitchen. As she heard him enter she came into the sitting-room.

As she came closer to him she threw up her hands and exclaimed, "Howard Chase! What's the matter with you? What have you been doing? Where have you been?"

Howard replied with one of his well-known grins.

"I've been to the show. Don't I look as if I had?"

"You surely do. Why, mercy! Your eyebrows are all burned off!"

"No. Are they?" he said soberly.

He walked into his little bedroom which was off the sitting-room, turned on the light, and stared into his looking-glass. Then he turned to Rose, who had followed him into the room.

"Looks pretty bad, doesn't it? But I believe they'll grow out again."

He rubbed his fingers over the burnt places and grinned again.

Rose laughed, but instantly stopped.

"You can't preach like that, next Sunday."

"Why not? What have eyebrows to do with preaching?"

"I never saw the use of eyebrows before," said Rose. "But they look quite important when they're gone. You wouldn't go into the pulpit looking like that, would you?"

"I'm going, just the same. It will punish me for my pride over my good looks." He grinned again.

"Pride! I never knew a man with so little. You haven't any vanity."

"Plenty of it, sister. If you really only knew how discomfited I feel over my looks right this minute you would spend the rest of the night praying that I might be converted."

"Don't be foolish. Tell me, you silly boy, what happened. All about it."

HE gave her the story of the evening, dwelling lightly on his own act, but emphasizing the incidents of the film and Inez and Miss Burton.

"I don't believe you've told me the best part of it. But I'll get it from Agnes. And your face is burned too. Why don't you tell me all about it? You'll have blisters there."

She rose and went into her room and brought out some ointment and rubbed it over his face, scolding him meanwhile as he laughed at her.

"I'll apply for a Carnegie medal for you."

"And hang it over my eyebrows. Or rather over the place where they were. Good idea. But I tell you, Rose, it was all worth while. I need a little excitement to keep me going. And when Seymour gets up I'm going to see if we can't manage to reform this film business. Pictures like the one tonight are simply a travesty on life. Miss Burton is right when she says they are demoralizing to girls like Inez Clark. Do you know, that girl is a city type. The first time I saw her I couldn't help thinking of a picture I saw in a film magazine. Why, she is just the sort that runs away and has romantic thrills over silly stories as if they were real."

"And sometimes," said Rose with more shrewdness than her brother always gave her credit for, "sometimes such girls have romantic thrills over actual people."

"I suppose they do." He said it gravely, and then turned the talk to his plans for the coming Sunday.

"I think Brother Noyes will accept our invitation to take the evening service, or at least share it with us. We vote on it at our meeting tomorrow evening. If Brother Allen doesn't have a change of heart our people will invite the Methodists to come over."

"You really plan to appear next Sunday looking like that?"

"How else can I look? Perhaps I can live it down," he said with a grin. But he got up, went into his room and looked at himself in the glass again.

When he came out he was looking so grave that Rose exclaimed:

"You see, Howard? It won't do. Really it won't. Get Brother Noyes to take your services. Let him preach for you morning and evening."

"No, I can't do that, Rose. Why, I've got a sermon in my system out of tonight's experience that I must get out or I'll blow up. Besides, I don't want to risk Brother Noyes's theology on my congregation. And I do need some punishment for my vanity. You don't know me. Sister, I am going to preach Sunday morning, eyebrows or no eyebrows."

SHE knew him well enough not to protest or argue, but when the morning came and Howard had a daylight view of himself the effect of it was so startling that he almost regretted his statement made to his sister, and was half minded to take her advice and go and ask Brother Noyes to take both his services.

But when he ventured about noon to go out on the street to the postoffice he found that he was the talk of the town.

The Expressman had backed his wagon up against the platform waiting for Number Ten. The Agent had just pulled the semaphore down for clear and was sitting at his open window near the edge of the platform.

"That was a great stunt, Mr. Chase got off last night, eh?" said the Agent as the Expressman looked in the window.

"Well, I should say. He was the hull show and then some. They say he yanked Jake Seymour clear out of his little booth in the cozy and throwed him clean across the street into Sam Green's drug store."

"And he landed right under the sody fountain so all they had to do when he opened his mouth and moaned for water was to turn the faucet," said the Agent as he got up to sell a ticket.

When he came back the Expressman was saying, "I hear his mustache and eyebrows was burnt clean off by the explosion, and he may lose his eyesight. I hope it ain't so. I'd hate to have anything like that happen to Mr. Chase."

"He must ha' given you a dollar for takin' his trunk up to the parsonage," said the Agent, grinning. "But that can't be true about the mustache, for Mr. Chase didn't have any."

"Come to think, you're right about that," said the Expressman meditatively. "But he had eyebrows. Everybody has them."

"This is the most gossipy town in Kansas," said the Agent, as he rose to sell another ticket.

WHEN he came back to his seat by the window the Expressman said thoughtfully, "The men seem to be as bad as the women in Red Hill for gossip."

"Worse," said the Agent opening his key for Lawton to ask for Number Ten.

"Yes. I dunno but you're right. I always said if anybody went wrong in Red Hill some man would tell it first. But I feel kinda worried about Mr. Chase. I'd hate to see anything happen——"

"He can take care of himself," said the Agent interrupting.

"Yes, but can he take care of other folks? That's the question."

When Howard opened his mail that Number Ten brought from the west he was delighted to find a letter from his seminary classmate, Roy Lennox. He came out of his study into the kitchen to read it to his sister.

"He and Kate will be here next week. He writes—'Get your best room ready for next Friday. We shall arrive on Number Ten. Don't forget the three-story apple pies you promised me. Is there any prospect of the assistant pastorate we talked about? Affectionately, ROY AND KATE.'

"We'll have a great time. I've missed the old fellow dreadfully. There's a number of things I want to talk over with him."

Howard went back to his work with a glow of anticipation as he thought over his chum's arrival.

That evening at the church prayer meeting the question of inviting the Methodists to use the building part of the time on Sunday was stated by Howard with great frankness, and to his pleasant surprise with almost no discussion the people voted unanimously to invite the Methodists to join in their services while they were without a house of worship.

Howard went right over the next morning to see Brother Noyes.

Noyes was grateful and expressed himself fittingly. He also agreed with Howard that they invite a general community meeting of all the churches to attend the evening services during the summer.

"Our yard is the largest and best," said Howard. "I'll get busy and put up the platform, get out the dodgers, and you do the preaching next Sunday. The rest of us will pray or sing or take up the collection or whatever you say."

"All right." Noyes laughed at Chase's enthusiasm. But he had yet to learn that when Howard once did a thing even against his own personal wishes and ambition he threw all regret to the wind.

"How about the collection?" Brother Noyes said.

"We'll divide it up equally," Howard replied promptly.

"Only taking out your part for expenses in lighting, and so forth," said Noyes.

"Agreed." Howard was pleasantly surprised. "Suppose we outline the dodgers now."

They drafted a copy and Howard

after a few changes got up to go, saying, "We ought to have a great crowd."

"I'm sure we would if you were going to preach," said Noyes with a laugh.

"We will anyhow. You see. The only trouble will be to get seats enough."

"I believe we can furnish some chairs out of our wreck. And by the way, Brother Chase, I believe some of the lumber from your platform blew into our yard. At any rate, go and help yourself to any lumber there you can use. It will save buying."

"I'll do it," Howard said promptly, as he went out.

ALL that afternoon he worked with the help of a volunteer committee of men representing both churches, putting up the platform, stringing his wires and getting lumber and seats from the ruin in the Methodist churchyard.

But first he went directly from Brother Noyes over to Clark's with his copy for the dodger.

Inez's father was in the back of the room and she was sitting on her high seat at the case.

He went directly up to the case and began at once to tell Inez how he wanted the dodgers printed. He had, in the excitement of his planning, forgotten all about his own looks. But Inez exclaimed, "You did get hurt, Mr. Chase, last night!"

"Only in my feelings. Lost some of my good looks, that's all." He laughed, and Inez joined feebly. But Howard rather sharply came back to the dodgers.

"It's a hurry job, I know, Miss Clark. But I want them not later than tomorrow morning. Here it is Friday. Can you do them for me?"

"Yes, I guess so." Inez looked over the copy. "I can get the proof for you tonight. Shall I bring it over to you? Or will you correct it here?"

"If you could bring it over—" Howard spoke carelessly. "I shall be very busy this afternoon and evening."

"I'll be at the parsonage by eight or nine," Inez said.

Howard thanked her, took off his hat, bowed gravely and went out in his abrupt fashion. Just as he turned he almost collided with Mrs. Wilson, who had just come in. The door had been standing open.

He said good morning to her. She returned his greeting and asked Inez for a copy of the paper.

"It's not ready yet, Mrs. Wilson."

"But you go to press this morning, don't you?" said Mrs. Wilson, sharply. "I want to see that advertisement I sent in of my lost handbag."

"We are behind on the paper this week," Inez replied. "The storm spoiled some of our paper. We had to send to Lawton for a supply."

MRS. WILSON looked at Inez with a look of suspicion and disapproval. Then she went to the door and gazed at Howard's retreating form. Then she turned and looked again at Inez, who had left her case and was beginning on the dodger. After a moment she shook her head slowly and went away. Inez did not look at her. But as she went on with her work a red spot burned feverishly on her cheeks.

Howard worked all the afternoon like four men, and got up his wires and platform and filled the yard with all the pews he could pull out of the Methodist church wreckage.

After supper he went into his little study and began to work on his Sunday morning sermon.

He had been sitting there only a few minutes when Rose came in.

"I may go out a little while over to the church to rehearse with Agnes."

"Oh, all right. If any one calls before you go, don't disturb me unless it's very important. I've got to shut myself in here all night. Oh, I forgot. Miss Clark is coming over with the proof of the Sunday night dodger. I must see that."

Rose stopped in the doorway.

"Coming over with the proof?"

"Yes," replied her brother. He was already in one of his absent-minded moods his sister knew so well.

She looked at him gravely, and went into the sitting-room, put on her hat, and went out of the house.

Fifteen minutes later she returned. If Howard had not been so deeply buried in his own thought he would have detected two women's voices as Rose came back into the sitting-room.

The little clock on his desk said seven-thirty.

Up the street on her porch, half a block from the parsonage, sat Mrs. Wilson, watching the street. A light on the corner illuminated a part of the parsonage and church.

The woman on the porch leaned forward eagerly and her eye gleamed.

A girl was going up the walk. She turned in at the parsonage gate and went up the steps.

It was Inez. Mrs. Wilson watched her as she went up to the door. She was there at the door only a moment. It opened and she went in. The woman on the porch sat back with a sigh of satisfaction.

CHAPTER V

THE minute Inez entered the parsonage and shut the door she found herself face to face with Rose. And as she took a step into the room she confronted Miss Burton, who was seated at the piano.

Rose said quietly, "You have come with the proof of the dodger. If you will give it me I will take it to my brother."

Inez without a word handed the proof over and Rose took it and went into Howard's study, closing the door.

Inez remained standing in the middle of the room, looking at Miss Burton. They could hear the low sound of voices in the other room.

"Did you have to come here, Inez?"

"Yes, I did. How about you?"

"I came because Miss Chase invited me," said Miss Burton, coloring a little.

"And I came because Mr. Chase invited me," said Inez a little defiantly.

"Invited you?"

"I brought over the proof he wanted. Is there anything wrong about that?"

"No, perhaps not. But after what you told me——"

Inez came over and sat down by Miss Burton. She seemed greatly disturbed as she spoke hurriedly.

"I told you I was afraid I would get him into trouble. But I wouldn't do it for the world. I think too much of him."

"Hush!" said Miss Burton, and she added almost sternly: "Inez, we can't talk here, but you must remember what a gossipy town Red Hill is——"

Inez was listening, her face pale, her lips trembling, her eyes on the door into the minister's study.

"I know," she said; "it's the worst place in Kansas for gossip. But I wasn't doing any harm. I just wanted to see him. Help me to go away, won't you, Miss Burton, before I——"

MISS BURTON put out a hand and laid it on the girl's arm. Inez was trembling like some hunted creature.

In the little study Howard was going over the proof, making a few corrections, rapidly.

When Rose came in she had gone up to his desk and said, "Here's the proof of your dodger Miss Clark brought."

"Oh, all right," said Howard absently, as if still removed in abstraction from his surroundings. His sister laid the paper on his desk in front of him. He looked at it with a start and exclaimed, "Oh!"

"Yes. And she's waiting for you to correct it."

"Waiting?"

"In the sitting-room. She's visiting with Miss Burton."

"Miss Burton?"

"Yes, I asked her over to spend the evening going over the music. It won't disturb you, will it, if we practice?"

"No."

He began to make his corrections on the proof, and when he was through he looked up at his sister.

"Did you invite Miss Burton over because——"

"Yes, Howard, I don't believe you can begin to understand what a wicked world this is. You are so good yourself, so free from any thought of evil, that even if you are a minister and make a business of preaching to others you are like a child in some things; and when it comes to women, you know nothing."

He did not answer her, only looked up from where he sat, his great dark eyes taking on a deeper hue, the lines of his mouth straightening out, his face expressing his feeling for his sister's thought of him, and more than that, his own real knowledge of her purpose. And silently he reached up a long arm, drew her down to him, and kissed her.

When Rose came back into the sitting-room Inez got up and took the proof and turned to the door.

"We will send them over in the morning so Mr. Chase can get them in time to distribute. Will you tell him?"

"Yes. He said six hundred would be enough."

"He needn't call for them. We'll see that he gets them."

Inez said it as if she were bidding farewell to something. But to Rose's surprise she sat for several minutes talking with Miss Burton about the scene at the fire, before she finally went away.

MRS. WILSON over on her porch waited what she thought was a long time for Inez to come out of the parsonage. Then she went into the house, put on her hat, came out and went up the street a block, crossed over and knocked at the door of a house on the corner.

A large woman came to the door.

"Oh, it's you, Mrs. Wilson. Come in. Come in."

Mrs. Wilson came in and brought with her the air of communicative eagerness that she knew would be welcome with her neighbor.

"I've a great piece of news, Mrs. Gale. You wouldn't guess it in a month."

"Something about the new minister?" asked Mrs. Gale shrewdly. She had hitched her chair up close to Mrs. Wilson's, and the two women continued their talk in low but intimate voices.

Mrs. Wilson looked somewhat disconcerted.

"Well, yes; it *is* about the new minister; but it's about another person too."

"Is there another person?"

"There always is." You remember that young minister the Presbyterians had some six—no—eight years ago this fall, how in less than four weeks we found, you remember——"

MRS. GALE nodded her big head vigorously to indicate that she remembered. And she had good reason to remember, for the scandal created about the young preacher came very near ruining his career at the very start.

"Well, I've found out a thing about Mr. Chase that will make some folks change their minds about him. Why, almost for the first time I saw him I said to Mr. Wilson, 'The girls will all be running after him.' And it's true."

"You don't mean—" Mrs. Gale leaned forward, an eager look on her face, her eyes gleaming, her hands clutching the sides of her chair. "You don't mean——"

"Of course," Mrs. Wilson continued, ignoring Mrs. Gale's anxiety to know what Mrs. Wilson did mean, "of course I don't wish Mr. Chase any ill, but—" Never mind. If folks only knew what I know——"

"Well, what *do* you know?" Mrs. Gale lost her patience and put the question pointedly.

Mrs. Wilson drew her chair up a little nearer her neighbor's and dropped her voice still lower.

"You know Inez Clark?"

"Every one does."

"Of course. Everybody here in Red Hill has to know everybody," said Mrs. Wilson fretfully. "But I didn't mean that. Do you know what kind of a girl she is?"

"No, not specially. I see her at the movies every time I go. I suppose she's like most of the girls in Red Hill."

"She's different." Mrs. Wilson said it impressively. "She's different. I said over a year ago to Mr. Wilson, 'That girl will make trouble for some young man some time.'"

"But isn't that what all of 'em do?" Mrs. Gale interrupted with unexpected shrewdness.

"Not like Inez," Mrs. Wilson said solemnly. The subject was not to be trifled with. "Inez is different. She isn't like the other girls. She's secretive. She won't talk. I've tried to get her to tell me about her father's invention, but you can't get anything out of her."

MRS. GALE listened with commendable patience. But when Mrs. Wilson paused for breath she interjected the question.

"But what has that to do with Mr. Chase?"

"Everything. You wouldn't suspect, to look at him, that a girl like Inez Clark would—well, I wouldn't have believed it myself if I hadn't heard it and seen it."

"Heard and seen what!" exclaimed Mrs. Gale.

"What I heard and saw. You see, I was sitting on my porch tonight about eight or half past, half past I think it was, when who should come up the street toward the Congregational parsonage but Inez Clark?"

"How could you tell?"

"Well, the street light is right across from Dr. Vaughn's, you know. And besides, there isn't a girl in town walks like Inez. She almost runs."

Mrs. Gale nodded as if agreeing.

"And besides," continued Mrs. Wilson mysteriously, "I had reason to know that she was coming to the parsonage about that hour."

"No!" exclaimed Mrs. Gale, her big eyes gleaming eagerly.

"Yes. I heard her say herself— But that is later. She went right up to the parsonage and went in."

"Who opened the door?"

"I couldn't see." Mrs. Wilson acknowledged the unfortunate fact reluctantly. "But she hadn't been in the house long before she went into the study. You know the study is right at the corner, and Mr. Chase's desk is right up between two windows."

"Well, it seems just awful, but in less than five minutes after Inez went in there, Mr. Chase put his arm around her and drew her right down into his lap."

"What!" Mrs. Gale exclaimed, the unexpected suddenness of the statement colliding with the enjoyment she was experiencing over Mrs. Wilson's revelation.

"Isn't it just awful? But the shadows on the curtains were very plain. I remember telling Mrs. Burton while she was getting those curtains—I was in the store that day— I said to her, 'Mrs. Burton, that curtain stuff is pretty thin. It will show right through.' She said it was for the study and was thick enough. Mrs. Burton is a woman you can't argue with, so I didn't say any more, but I remember I said to Mr. Wilson I thought the Ladies' Aid of the Congregational Church was skimping a good deal on the parsonage furnishings."

"But about Inez," Mrs. Gale said. "You feel sure it was her?"

"Why, I *know* it was. I heard her tell Mr. Chase she would be at the parsonage by eight or nine."

"*You* heard her tell him?" Mrs. Gale said incredulously.

"I was going into the office this morning to get a paper, and Mr. Chase and Inez were close together up by the type case. They seemed to be a good deal confused as I came in. I thought at the time it was a queer thing for a girl to say. But I heard her say it plain enough. Isn't it awful?"

"Awful," Mrs. Gale said like a big echo.

"If the people of this town knew what we know, Mrs. Gale—well, I don't know what would happen. But it would create a sensation all right."

"It surely would," Mrs. Gale nodded her big head vigorously. And then she added with a downward look, "Of course it won't go any further."

"Of course not," Mrs. Wilson exclaimed indignantly. "We don't want to make trouble for Mr. Chase. But I think it's awful about Inez."

"Yes, awful," Mrs. Gale assented, as her visitor rose to go. "But these pretty girls are always——"

"Yes, they are—" Mrs. Wilson said as she went out.

SATURDAY was a busy day in Red Hill. The farmers came in to do their shopping and exchange political views. The street was lined with automobiles and buggies. By noon the

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It's a small thing to remember; a great thing to do for a friend.

main business thoroughfare presented a bustling appearance. "Looks like K. C.," as the Expressman said to a farmer acquaintance.

Just then a boy came down the crowded sidewalk distributing dodgers. The Expressman held out his hand for one as the boy went by.

"It's a notice of the union meeting at the Congregational church Sunday night," said the boy. "Everybody's going."

"If everybody goes who didn't go last Sunday night there will be a crowd," said the farmer. "All the folks in our district planned to drive over if the storm hadn't come up."

"Elder Noyes is going to preach," said the Expressman as he read the dodger. "He's a pretty good preacher, but he can't say Amen to Mr. Chase. None of 'em can. He's smart, he is. I came pretty near joining the church first time I heard him. He's got a mighty takin' way with him. If he had my job there wouldn't be another express wagon in town. Folks would lose trains just to wait for him to come when he'd forgot to put it on the slate. But, say—" he dropped his voice, and slowly pulled at his scraggy mustache as he looked around and edged over a little nearer the young farmer, "say, have you heard the story that's going around about Mr. Chase and—" here his voice dropped so that the farmer had to bend his head to hear.

"You don't say!" His eye gleamed with interest.

"I don't say it's true. But it's going the rounds."

"I didn't know he was that sort." The young farmer grinned and his face showed eager interest. "Why, he hasn't been here three weeks."

"I don't say it's true," the Expressman insisted with some feeling. "I like Mr. Chase. Everybody likes him. You ought to have heard the talk on the street the day after Jake Seymour was blown out of the Cozy. Why, Mr. Chase made no more of carrying him across there to Meyer's drug store than if he had been a empty suitcase. I'd a had to put skids under Jake and back the wagon up to the sidewalk and take out the tailboard before I could load him in. But Mr. Chase he just took him up with one hand just as easy as—as—lying."

"You're sure you're telling the truth about this other matter?" said the farmer as he started to move along.

"No, I don't say it's true," protested the Expressman. "I only say it's going round. I can't believe it's true. But folks can't help likin' him. I took to him before he put his foot on the platform. I'd hate to see him get into trouble."

But the young farmer was already down the street retailing what he had heard to groups of young and old farmers, who listened with eager ears and gleaming eyes, for exciting news was scarce in Red Hill, and "this young preacher Chase" seemed destined to prove a godsend to the news desert of Red Hill and vicinity, to judge from the hungry and thirsty minds that feasted on the story that was "going round."

To be continued

THE Congregational Church in Rutland, Vt., is giving its pastor, Rev. Arthur H. Bradford, D.D., to the Y. M. C. A. for three months' service in the training-camp at Fort Myer near Washington, D. C. In a letter to his church he says: "Sometimes I seem to feel the presence in our building of the mothers of the boys who come to us. They come by the hundred from the artillery regiments stationed here. A big fellow was standing by the counter the other night. He said he expected to go to France soon. 'Do you want to go?' I asked. 'Yes,' he replied, 'but I would like to see Mania first.' He said it as simply as a boy of five. But anyone could see that he was a real soldier, ready for the call when it came. His home is in Alabama and he starts for France in a day or two, his wish not granted, but no complaint will be heard from him. He and two of his friends came to me after my service last Sunday, asking for Testaments. They will carry them to France, and you know there is a lot of satisfaction for me in the thought that my handwriting goes in many such little khaki-colored volumes, while the influence of our Y. M. C. A. work lives on in many manly hearts." Mr. Bradford's father, the late Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., was pastor for many years in Montclair, N. J.

Young People's Topics for February 10

What My Church (Denomination) Stands For

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topic. 1 Peter 2 : 9-12.

IT is suggested that this meeting be led by the pastor, but, while it may be led by the pastor, the success of the meeting will depend largely upon the extent to which his hearers are informed. All who have been saved by the blood of Christ become thereby members of the great Church Universal, which is the Saviour's bride. To some degree the interests of this Church Universal are hidden behind the multiplicity of man-made creeds, obscured by our denominational devices; yet there is a thread of unity throughout the whole, and there is one faith, one Gospel, one Saviour, one Father of all, one sinning humanity for which Christ died. Each denomination has a reason for its being. Each stands for the faith of Christ. Each places peculiar emphasis on some part of the whole truth of Christ. Each denomination has a glorious history; while the divisions in the church have destroyed its one-time unity, they have perhaps added to its present-time efficiency. Nothing is more worth while, after one is well grounded in the faith of Christ, than a study of one's own denomination, its history, its objects and its present aims.

The publication societies of the various denominations are prepared to furnish any inquirer with material for study of denominational history and purposes.

Am I Doing Anything I Would Condemn in Another?

Epworth League Topic. Rom. 2 : 21-23, Luke 6 : 37-42.

HERE again we have the old, old story of the mote and the beam—the old, old admonition to judge not, that we be not judged. Humanity must have needed this admonition or it would not have been so often repeated. "Who art thou that judgest another?" might well be the answer to every one who comes with criticism of another's actions. It is one of the peculiarities of our human frame that we delight to discover others committing the sins which we have been too weak to resist, and it is one of our little hypocrisies to exclaim in horror over this deed of another in the hope that we ourselves may escape detection. For this reason detectives after a holocaust seek out him who first cried fire. Sometimes it is necessary for one in the household of faith to be called to task and judged by his fellows. The Scriptures provide definitely for such occasions. It is the business of the elders and officials to inquire into the sins of the flock and to bring to repentance those whose actions bring reproach upon the church. They are instructed to go to such a one, to plead with him, to bring him before the congregation that the congregation may pass judgment, and in extreme cases to cast the unrepentant erring one out from the fold. We are told also if we have aught against any one to take with us a brother, to seek out the erring one and state our case. Until we have done this, we both break the rule of the Scriptures and the rule of common charity, in accusing another of any questionable action. Even then we do well to keep silence, unless we ourselves are clear of the same fault. We even do well to keep silence unless we can be sure that we are clear of other faults. It has been one of the principles of mankind through all the centuries that the judge must be above suspicion, learned, prudent, wise and just. If we are all of these we may dare pass judgment on our fellow; otherwise we had best keep silence, although we may pray in secret for the fault we think we have discovered. He who would judge his fellows must first so order his own life that no accusation can be made against him.

Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between Rural Women Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

I WONDER if this January day is the jolly one—aglitter with icicles and tingling with cold—for you that it is for me!

I awoke this morning to find the sun streaming into my room in a glorious flood, and the little fat bird-neighbors, who usually quarrel on the bare trees outside, chatting away in the most cheerful fashion, with friendly "Squawks!" and "Chir-r-r-rps!" There was no doubt as to what side of the bed those wee fellows had gotten up on!

I laughed, and tumbled out too.

And a little later I was leaning out the window with some crumbs. From where I stood, I could look down into a tree which was fairly aquiver with small bouncing forms—tawny puffballs on legs. And what a fuss, what a fuss!

Yet this morning it was a good-tempered fuss, I am glad to say. Ordinarily, that tree sounds like a family argument. First, the visiting cousins have their say, then the "in-laws," then the grandparents, then the children—then everybody all at once, in a rage. And they're the longest-winded quarrelers I ever listened to.

But this morning the sun seemed to have completely melted every one's ire and banished the customary "it's-all-in-the-family" disapproval. Hopping about gaily, with polite little comments, rapping their beaks playfully against limb and twig, arching their fuzzy necks, watching me and the crumbs without seeming to, they struck me as so comical and dear that I threw back my head and laughed.

It was a rude, crude thing to do; and I was well punished for it. For there was a great fluttering whirr, leaving the tree silent and empty.

Ashamed, I closed the window, realizing what it must be like to be only a few inches tall and to have a great two-legged animal lean down from the skies and yawp at one without warning or reason. Suppose, I thought, my little neighbors do not come back? How awfully I shall miss them!

But the hearts of birds are too full of love for that. And then, too, "crumbs is crumbs"—in these days of food-saving housewives! So there was a brown flash in the sunshine of my New York back yard. Over my neighbors' clotheslines (where the shirts flapped like the ghosts of scarecrows) came one little neighbor. Then there were three more arrivals; then a group. And once again the bare old tree was transformed with twittering, fluttering life.

Foolishly happy, I turned away, remembering suddenly that this was my day for visiting with you, my human neighbors. And I determined that our meeting today should be as full of sunshine and geniality, of blue skies and comradely chat, as possible. For I think we have all earned—after these weeks of sober and earnest neighboring—a little visit given over wholly to good cheer and sociability.

So, banishing until our next meeting all serious discussion and thoughtful planning, I have chosen for today the very sunniest and most sociable, the homiest and folksiest, of all the "adventures in neighboring" piled on my desk.

HERE is our first one, a heart-warming proof of what neighborly love can do toward breaking down barriers and uniting the hearts of a whole countryside:

DEAR MISS CONNOLLY: There were ten families of us, all strangers to one another, in a new settlement. For a year or so there was nothing between us: no sociability. Then, one day, one of us invited all the rest of us to her home, and then and there formed a club without dues or officers. Our club meets once in two weeks. We simply talk, exchange housewifely ideas, and help the hostess with her quilting, sewing, or whatever else she wants done; while she furnishes simple refreshments. In the winter the meetings are held in the evening and the men come, too. Our little club has formed a great feeling of friendship between us all. Perhaps this isn't worth telling about, but it has been a big help to us. MRS. H. W. S.

Indeed, this homey little "adventure" is worth telling about! It delighted me, because it is the sort of community service we are all capable of, no matter how busy or retiring we may be. And what a transformation such a club could work in a community which had nothing of the kind: nothing to draw folks together in a friendly, jolly way! From such small community acorns as this, very big oaks grow.

OUR next adventure is a gay little lark, with a message for all of us who have ever pined in a lonely city apartment or town house, where we had nothing to look out upon but strangers' windows. Little we dreamed, then, that we were neglecting a wonderful opportunity to neighbor. But—well, read the following:

Panto r ime Neighboring

We came to the city of Syracuse to live, and knew not a soul there. My kitchen window, however, was so close to my neighbor's that we could at least see each other flitting to and fro, doing our work. And if the work drew us near the light, and our eyes met, we would exchange smiles and nods. While the fall lasted, we would occasionally shove up a window and greet each other.

As winter came on, it became too cold to do that. So we would pantomime. If it was her sweeping day, she would hold up her broom or duster; and I would respond with the wave of my flat-iron or mop, or the flourish of my dish towel. On baking day she would beat the mixture in plain sight, and later hold up some of the products of the morning's work. Her little daughter—who was between three and four years old—soon caught on; and she would hold up her dolly or its clothes, its dishes or its rocking-chair. Sometimes there would be garments to mend or stockings to darn; and we would pucker up our faces to show that the task was distasteful or perplexing; then we would smile or laugh heartily.

Finally, I took the initial step, making the first call, although I was the newcomer. I went late in the afternoon, thinking she might be sitting down sewing. Instead she was very busy in the kitchen, ironing, and had also to prepare some light refreshments for her husband's Sunday school class, which they were to entertain that evening. She invited me to come to the kitchen, where her work lay. But I said: "No, not unless you will let me help you." She consented with a laugh, and I finished up her ironing while she prepared the refreshments. After sampling the goodies, I returned home. That call led to a genuine friendship, which lasted until circumstances separated us.

There, fellow adventures, doesn't that throw a new light on that old bugaboo, loneliness in a big town? And isn't it charmingly told?

OUR next adventure is a big, broad, sweeping one—an experiment which eventually blessed all the neighbors for thirty miles around. And yet it came about in the simplest way—from a very small beginning. Most any of us could start the same ball to rolling:

A Wire-Fence Telephone Line

You who have not lived in Montana cannot realize what homesteaders have to undergo. Long stretches of gray, rolling upland and rough hills are the landscape. And because Uncle Sam has been so generous in his allotment of lands—320 acres to a homestead among the hills—the shacks of the settlers are necessarily far apart.

Neighbor S—— was a druggist in the town of G——, who hankered for a strip of soil of his own. His resources, however, were limited. So he filed on his land, built a house, and got things to going. Then it became necessary for him to go back to G—— and earn money enough to buy stock and implements, leaving his family on the land. Yet he did not want to leave his wife alone out there, with little children, so far from neighbors and with no means of communication.

So he bought two telephones—one for her and one for his cousin, who lived on the adjoining ranch—and connected them to the wire fence that surrounded the two homesteads. (About the first thing a settler does is to enclose his allotment with a wire fence.)

Therefore, if anything went wrong, his wife could telephone the cousin. Besides, the phone served to while away many a weary hour and ward off the blues.

Before long, Neighbor S—— had made the other homesteaders see the sociability of it, and an additional telephone, here and there, was connected to the wire-fences of the region. Next, a little bunch of settlers over the hills began getting telephones, until they had all their line would hold. When the first group wanted to get in on that line, they said, "No, we can't admit you. But Neighbor S—— can put in a switch if he wants to, for your accommodation."

Neighbor S—— did this. The switches began to multiply, and connect with other lines; until the "wire-fence telephone" had so spread that it reached the regular telephone line into the town of G——.

And so Mr. S——'s little act of neighboring has borne fruit until thirty miles of territory occupied by thrifty settlers is beginning to blossom like the rose with happy homes, where the people are all wide-awake and actively in touch with every outside movement and interest. MRS. I. F. Mc——.

ON the heels of that thrilling adventure comes one far simpler but none the less delightful. This account will, I feel sure, touch the heart and sympathy of every rural mother of young daughters. Perhaps it will interest the daughters, too—especially those who do not know how to sew and would give anything to learn. And I am wondering if it will not be read by some unselfish woman able and glad to perform the same service for her neighborhood:

Teaching Young Girls to Sew

I wanted to be of some real service in our little farming community; so I began to look about me. As most of the men of our neighborhood work in the city while the women and children do the farm work, I concluded that I might help the busy mothers by teaching their daughters to sew. I live next to the schoolhouse, so I offered my services there.

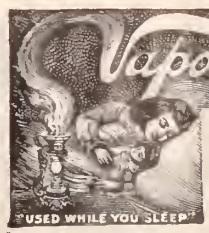
The school committee gave me permission to give the lessons at my home during school hours, allowing the girls one hour and one recess-period away from school. The town furnishes the needles, thread and thimbles; the parents furnish the cloth; all other necessary equipment which I own they are welcome to use. The girls learn plain sewing, both hand and machine, and mending. Their school reports give credit for the work in sewing.

What these sewing lessons mean to the girls we can hardly estimate; but we trust it all goes to make them nobler women. To the mothers it means more than help with the family sewing; for, last June, all the mothers came to an exhibition of the sewing work, and we all became better neighbors. The girls are now beginning their second year of sewing with unabated zeal and a deeper feeling of true comradeship. MISS H. C. M.

How I should have loved a peek at that sewing exhibition! I can't help thinking how grateful some little folks are going to be some day—in the long-ahead future when these dear sewers are wives and mothers themselves—to Miss H. C. M. for her sewing class. For wee sleeves will go into tiny shirts just as they were meant to go, instead of all twisty; and small first-trousers will be so marvelously fashioned that not even the fellows at school will know them for home-mades! Oh, yes, that little sewing circle is going to be remembered gratefully all down through the generations to come. And surely no woman could build herself a greater monument than this.

And now, Christian Herald Neighbors, we have come to the end of our gayest, friendliest visit of the winter. It has been a happy hour for me—and I hope for you. I feel almost as if you had been sitting here with me, rocking and chatting and—perhaps—clicking your knitting needles as you talked. (For we all seem to be knitting these days.) But now the time to bid one another farewell—for another two weeks—has come. Before you leave, however, I should like to remind you of the importance of our next meeting and of getting to me as soon as you can your opinions on all that we discussed a fortnight ago: the founding of our club; the giving of helpful advice to the dear neighbor who has appealed to us for it; and the admitting (or not admitting) of the men folks to our little corner in neighborly good-will.

Meantime, fellow adventurers, good morrow to you!



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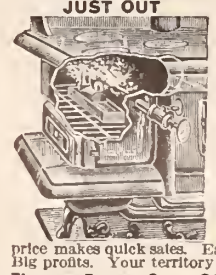

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Panorama of the Goodyear cotton-growing project in Arizona at picking-time.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

Making the Desert to Bloom

"And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of philosophers put together."

—Jonathan Swift.

DOWN in the Salt River Valley of Arizona, under the brazen sky and sirocco breath of the mesa, Goodyear is putting the desert to work.

Infertile plain and immemorial waste are now being made to yield up to mankind some portion of that bounty which is the common debt of earth.

Thirty-five thousand acres of arid soil are in process of development there for the growing of the finest quality of long-staple cotton.

Six thousand acres of this enormous tract already are producing such cotton, of a grade which experts tell us has no equal in the world.

* * *

The task that Goodyear faces in reclaiming this parched acreage has been from the beginning a most formidable one.

Barely 5,000 acres of the tract could be irrigated from the great Roosevelt dam, the remainder had to be watered from deep-drilled wells equipped with power pumping-plants.

In the work that has been done and is now going forward an entire regiment of men is employed.

Fourteen immense caterpillar tractors and 1,200 mules prepare the fields for cotton and attend the cultivation of the producing land.

The progress that has been made and is now being accelerated is only a presage of what will be accomplished.

Great ginning mills have been erected at Phoenix, Chandler, Tempe, Glendale and Polleson, with an oil mill at Phoenix.

It is planned to establish two model towns on the property, complete and modern in every respect.

Each will have, besides dwellings for employees, clubhouses, hospital, warehouses, garages, machine shops, general office, store buildings and church.

In addition to its own endeavors in the Salt River Valley, Goodyear is encouraging small producers there by assisting them in every possible way.

From present indications it is estimated that in the valley next year a total acreage of 100,000 will be reached.

The greater proportion of the lint from the fine cotton produced will be used in the manufacture of motor car tires; the seed will be handled commercially in various forms.

On the basis of present prices it is computed that the aggregate yield from the district this year will approximate five million dollars.

* * *

In the strict sense, Goodyear is not and has never been a producer of raw materials.

It is Goodyear's chief function to convert raw materials into quality products for wide public use.

But where it is evident that by widening its sphere Goodyear can benefit its products and the public, this step will always be taken.

It was in this spirit that Goodyear established its own fabric mills in Connecticut, and that this new Arizona project was put under way.

The aim and the end of all such endeavors by Goodyear is a heightened merit and value in the products it builds.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Jesus Chooses the Twelve

International Sunday School Lesson for February 10. Mark 3 : 7-35

The Apostles and Why They Were Chosen

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

WE have seen how the teachings and deeds of Jesus aroused the mortal enmity of the leaders of Jewish religious and social life. Our last lesson showed him eating with sinners, disregarding a fast, and setting forth a new attitude toward the institution of the Sabbath. Today's lesson shows his popularity still growing and the opposition becoming more and more bitter. The "many" of chapter 2 who followed him have become in chapter 3 "*a great multitude*," and among them are others than Galileans, men from Phœnicia and Judea, even from Jerusalem itself and from beyond Jordan.

Naturally enough, the greater number of these poor people came because they had heard of the miracles he had wrought. They came with all their sick and thronged about him. How ignorant they were of Christ's supreme mission! How difficult for him to turn aside from ministering to the afflicted, to initiate the sweeping moral and spiritual revolution he was destined to produce! Yet he must devise means to reach earth's millions with good news, rather than Galilee's hundreds with temporary relief from life's trouble and pain.

Jesus Appoints Twelve Helpers

So, Luke tells us, he went up into the mountain and continued all night in prayer. When daylight came he was ready to proceed, and summoning his most faithful followers to his side he selected twelve, the beginning of a new and spiritual Israel in which all mankind may have a part. Their first duty was a privilege, "that they might be with him"; not to be, like others, constantly coming and going between home and trade and the Teacher, but to be his permanent associates, leaving all to be with him. They were to be disciples, learners, ready and willing. They were to listen, to watch, to heed and to imitate.

The Book of Acts follows the Gospels, telling us how well some of them succeeded. Prepared for usefulness by loyal discipleship, they became apostles, representatives, teachers, workers of miracles. Just as many were called but few chosen in the Galilean days, so even until now not all disciples became apostles. Mark tells of their future task as preaching and ministering. Christ selected them "that he might send them forth as heralds"; that is, as bearers of news of the greatest public importance. This was and is the first duty of a disciple after he has received his Lord's teaching: to spread the good news of the Kingdom of God. Who shall interpret the applications of Kingdom truth to all life, business and society, individual character and world politics? Christ is choosing them now.

A Characteristic Group

We strive to picture those twelve Jews as they stood on the green hillside in the morning light of that day so momentous for them and for the world. It was to send some of them to the ends of the earth and to bring others to shame and death. What manner of men were they? Christ showed, once for all, the capabilities of the common man. Later he added a genius, St. Paul, with culture and ability that make him tower above the others in Christian history. But none of these pioneers of the Kingdom were learned beyond the ordinary, none were notable before Christ called.

Peter was the most forceful and became the natural leader. He was impulsive and masterful. James and John were eager, ready followers, "sons of thunder," impetuous, loyal-hearted, if a little jealous for favor. James may have been the more dominating of the two, while John seems to have been the more affectionate. These three, Peter and James and John, were evidently the choicest spirits in the group, and the personal friends and confidants of the Master. From time to time Jesus withdrew from his disciples, but seldom left his trio far behind.

Andrew, Philip and Bartholomew were of the unobtrusive, quiet type, but fundamentally alert and useful. Each has left an impress upon the record. Matthew kept a record of the sayings of Jesus and treasured it for the future. Thomas was of a somewhat pessimistic type, but he was willing to die with Jesus and ready to confess him, when persuaded that Christ still lived. Nothing is known of James the Less and Thaddeus, nor of Simon, except his attachment to the Zealot or extreme patriotic party in Judea. They may stand for the vast multitude of obscure Christians, who, nevertheless, have the privilege of the fellowship of Jesus and a share, however humble, in the preaching of his Word. There remains Judas, who is such a riddle to us, his very baseness making it hard for us to imagine the good points which caused Christ to select him from among many. He is forever an object-lesson in the truth that no exalted privilege, no devoted service by the Christ, no place or station can render us immune from temptation and danger.

The Need for Leaders

Christ is still calling for apostolic men. The Church is still demanding leaders. The Sunday school is still drawing together choice groups of young people to hear the Master speak, and to see him going about doing good. Parents and teachers, sit in Jesus' seat! "As the Father hath sent me, even so I send you." Your little group of disciples must see Jesus through your personality and principles. Will they worthily represent him, and you?

When Jesus wanted to produce apostles, he selected certain men *that they might be with him*. Character is contagious. Good company does elevate, just as truly as bad drags you down. "Our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ—ye also may have fellowship with us." So runs the invitation of one of those twelve men. He welcomes you and me and all our boys and girls to "the glorious company of the apostles."

Who knows what tests time will bring to these children whom you teach today? Be like Jesus, give them your best, patiently teaching, forever showing the way. You will not lack reward, perhaps in future days here below, certainly when He comes to make up his jewels. I remember a certain class and its faithful teacher who sacrificed much. Diverse places and tasks claim her boys now, and perhaps one or two fell by the way; but there are those who think of her often with grateful love. She knew where Jesus could be found and, like Philip, her message was "Come and see."

Jesus' Brethren

Soon after the choosing, when Jesus had once more put his foes to flight, there came a day when he showed how he regarded those disciples of his. It was when his friends and family, misunderstanding him and fearing for his safety, came to restrain him. The possibilities of humiliation and friction were great. How wonderfully Jesus avoided disowning his kindred and still owned a higher claim than that of blood! It was not by shutting out but by bringing in. Looking round upon his disciples, he said, "Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." *Are we indeed sons of God, brothers of the Lord Christ!*

Sunday School Methods

By FRANK L. BROWN, Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

Helping Home Department Bible Study

THERE are a million members in the Home Departments of America. A condition of membership is that they shall agree to give one half-hour weekly to the Sunday school lesson and Daily Bible Home Readings. Such readings can and do form the basis of daily family worship in the home. These Daily Bible Home Readings are indicated in the lesson quarterly furnished to members of the Home Department. Sometimes the selections as to Bible book and chapter in which the readings are found are indicated on a weekly or quarterly card furnished by the school for insertion in the Bible, or in a yearly folder such as that issued by the International S. S. Association.

Oftentimes parents and Home Department members, who have not learned the names of the Bible books or the order in which they come, are hindered in using these Home Readings, for the readings are selected from different parts of the Bible, and they cannot easily turn to them.

What a boon, therefore, to such readers and to many busy people is the plan of the Christian Herald for the five months ending with April thirtieth, to print all the Lessons with the Golden Texts and all the Daily Home Readings in full in the form of a booklet! These Lessons and Home Readings indicate the day on which they should be read, and one has but to follow these selections day by day, to become familiar with the lessons and related material.

Through such reading the Bible itself should become more familiar and interesting as a Book and revelation of God's great plan.

But Home Department workers and members should know that this little booklet is but a step in a wonderful plan to make Bible truth interesting. In that booklet of the Lessons, Golden Texts, and Daily Readings, are found the texts which are to be selected for the thirty Bible pictures which the Christian Herald furnishes under its Bible Picture Study plan.

Who could measure the result in the Home Departments of America that would come by the increasing of the home reading of these lessons and other Scriptures? Over one hundred thousand persons participated in two previous Bible Studies directed by the Christian Herald. These testified that the months spent in searching for the texts to fit the Bible pictures, brought them immeasurable gain in knowledge of the Word. From their experience a little idea can be gained of the possibilities of the plan for all Home Department members. And even if one of the cash rewards is not secured, the memorizing of the many Scripture verses and the familiarity obtained with this body of precious Bible material will of itself be a greater gain than any cash reward. For the habit of daily searching of the Scripture is the finest contribution which can be made to any life.

But the big gain in this plan for the Home Department will come in the interest aroused in every home with both children and parents in Bible truth. For there is bound to be a discussion of Bible texts in relation to the pictures on the part of all.

The immediate thing to do for each Home Department superintendent, visitor and member, is to write to the Christian Herald for full information about this Bible Picture Study plan, and then to apply it at once to the Home Department for the lessons of these coming months. And when the Home Department visitor makes her next quarterly round of her Home Department members she will find an interest in the lessons of which she has not dreamed.

America Helping the Helpless

SORROW has its compensations. Human sympathy and helpfulness that come of it are the sweetest things of this world.

It has been the saddest Christmas season since the birth of Christ. Yet, in spite of this, or because of this, charity has been more bountiful than ever before.

Sympathy, richly laden with gifts, stretches today throughout the earth. The War Widows and Orphans, the persecuted Syrians and Armenians, the suffering people of Palestine, the victims of the Halifax disaster, the man-salvage work of the Bowery Mission, have all found a host of generous friends. The Christian Herald funds for all the various lines of relief are receiving record contributions.

It might seem to the worldly mind that mankind having had so much of sorrow must be hardened to it, and that the cost of living had become so high that nothing is left to give away. But these generous contributions from all conceivable sources show how the spiritual side of the mind can count these material obstacles as nothing but incentive to give most plenteously out of the least.

The awful reign of death, destruction and devastation, which shows how small and helpless we are, also makes us forget our selfish strivings and reminds us that, after all, mankind is but a poor little family in sore need of all the sympathy and aid that can be exchanged. In the presence of a horror before which human power seems helpless, human love and helpfulness loom up as the potent, abiding, unquenchable forces of all time.

Dearer than life, which is held so cheap, more precious than property, which is so ruthlessly destroyed, better than wisdom, which is so easily confounded, is human sympathy, which disaster only strengthens and despair only sweetens, and which is swept across the seas and earth like a host of angels out of heaven.

The following acknowledgment was received from the Finance Committee of the Halifax Relief Fund, December 14, 1917:

"The Christian Herald,
New York, N. Y.

"The Finance Committee beg to acknowledge with grateful thanks your generous contribution of $5,000 to the funds of the Relief Committee received through the Mayor of Halifax.

"Yours faithfully,
"H. A. FLEMING, Treasurer."

Additional Gifts to the Christian Herald Funds for War Widows and Orphans, for Armenian and Syrian Relief, and for Guatemala

Miscellaneous Gifts

James Tinning, $14.00; Bates St., S. S., Grand Rapids, Mich., $8.77; Sanatorium C. E. Soc., Lapwai, Idaho, $4.50; Danish Bapt. Ladies' Aid, Humboldt, Iowa, $10.50; A. H. Millman, $4.00; Mr. & Mrs. G. V. Shedd, $7.00; J. E. Boynton, $30.00; Edna G. Faw, $3.50; Mrs. A. S. Robertson, $4.00; Friend, Syracuse, N. Y., $8.00; Floy Gebhardt, $20.00; Valley Hight S. S., Prosser, Wash., $3.75; Trinity M. P. Ch., Atlantic City, N. J., $8.50; D. C. Priestley, $7.50; In His Name, Barcroft, Va., $85.00; Jacob Young, $30.00; Ira Clynick, $8.00; F S Allen & Family, $12.50; J. M. B. Greene, $1.68; Karl Hendrickson, $7.00; O. G. Puckett, $10.10; Mrs. K. Swanson, $8.00; Ladies' Relief Committee of Wayside, $27.00; Harriet N. Legan, $6.40; Geo. Ravn, $18.51; M. E. & Cong. Churches, Belchertown, Mass., $7.00; Miss Elvera Pearson, $1.00; F. C. Cammack, $3.50; "Some of God's Tithe Money," $8.00; Friend, Louisville, Ky., $36.00.

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The American Red Cross, among other activities, is helping to rebuild French towns and villages. This is the beautiful city of Arras after the tide of war had been swept back from it. Arras was only on the edge of the struggle; other cities have been completely destroyed

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Helping Stricken Guatemala

THE following sums have been received and applied to the relief of earthquake-stricken Guatemala:

G. E. C., Kingfisher, Okla., $5.00; M. E. W., Norwich, N. Y., $1.00; M. F. C., Broadway, Ohio, $2.50; H. K. S., Miller, S. Dak., $5.00; Friend, Guthrie, Okla., $5.00; Mrs. C., Castile, N. Y., $1.00; C. W. G., Crawfordsville, Ga., $10.00; A. T., El Paso, Ill., $2.00; N. R. M., Redlands, Cal., $5.00; Mrs. F. K., Enid, Okla., $2.50; Mrs. J. T. C. and daughter, St. Albans, Vt., $2.00; Mrs. W. R. W., Kewaskum, Wis., $1.00; Mrs. A. M. B., Burlington, N. Car., $5.00; Mrs. S. M. E., Hartford, Mich., $1.00; H. L., Yokohama, Japan, $5.00; "Friend of the Needy," Deer Park, Md., $2.00; M. J. A., Winchester, Va., $5.00; N. N., Ontario, Cal., $3.00; Mrs. R. J. B., Avoca, Iowa, $5.00; J. M. S., Bonnieville, Ky., $10.00; Friend, Wilmington, Ohio, $20.00; B. M. P., Mapleton, Ill., $5.00; Mrs. M. E. C., Cape Charles, Va., $5.00; A. S., Harlan, Iowa, $5.00; Mrs. L. H. P., Allegan, Mich., $1.50; Mt. Zion Union S. S., Cheyenne Wells, Colo., $7.15; C. D. McC., Wayside, Nebr., $3.00; A. L., Erie, Kans., $6.00; C. T. C., Springfield, Ohio, $1.30; Mrs. E. L. R., Beloit, Wis., $1.50; Mrs. A. R. McC., Portland, Oreg., $5.00; C. R., Dunning, Nebr., $1.00; O. B., Athens, Ga., 15 cents; Mr. and Mrs. H. D., Hayward, Cal., $3.00; Mrs. H. E. G., Von Ormy, Texas, $13.00; W. B. W., Sierra City, Cal., 50 cents; Mrs. D. K., Allentown, Pa., 90 cents; R. E. S., Chattanooga, Tenn., 50 cents; Mrs. W. L. D., Albany, Ga., $1.00; Mr. G. D. H., Weldon, N. Car., $2.00; Mrs. S. R. C., Jackson, Tenn., 25 cents; Mrs. E. C. W., Mauch Chunk, Pa., 50 cents; Mrs. W. B., Fayetteville, N. Y., 60 cents; Mrs. A. H. S., Lebanon, N. H., 10 cents; Mrs. M. A. N., Danbury, Conn., 50 cents; J. B. A., Van Nuys, Cal., $5.00.

A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 122

shown in marked contrast with the lumbering operations of the War Department's antiquated machinery.

For Free Armenia. It was announced from Petrograd on January 16 that Premier Lenine and the other members of the Bolsheviki government had issued an official decree to the people of Turkish Armenia promising the support of the peasants and workers of Russia for the complete independence of Armenia. Lenine also demanded of Turkey the return to Armenia of the populations removed by force from that country. It was also announced on January 16 that the peace negotiations at Brest-Litovsk, broken off when the Germans withdrew their adherence to the principles of self-determination, had been resumed. An attempt on the life of Lenine was reported on January 14, four shots having been fired by an assassin at the automobile in which the Premier was riding. It was reported on January 16 that the British government was prepared to enter into informal relations with the Bolsheviki government in Russia. It was also reported that the diplomatic corps at Petrograd had intervened between the Bolsheviki and the Rumanian government and had forced the release of the Rumanian Minister to Petrograd who had been arrested because Rumania had detained Bolsheviki agitators, caught trying to spread disaffection among Rumanian troops. On January 18 it was reported that Lenine had ordered King Ferdinand of Rumania arrested and brought to Petrograd and that Ukrainians and Bolsheviki were fighting at Odessa.

The armistice on the Russian front was continued for another month from January 12, but the Bolsheviki Cabinet made strenuous efforts to strengthen the forces facing the German line, appealing to all of Russia for food and supplies, declaring that many soldiers were starving. Reports continue to come out of Germany indicating that the fiasco at Brest-Litovsk in which Leon Trotzky as the lone advocate of Russian democracy, supported only by the impotence of disintegration, had by calm and steadfast adherence to the righteous cause of oppressed peoples placed Germany and her allies in such a light that their insincerity was blazened before their own people. One German paper, *Rheinische Westfalische Zeitung*, declared "Von Kuhlmann would win the prize for showing how a brilliant military position may be ruined."

There is still some evidence that Germany is approaching a political crisis.

It was suggested that a military dictatorship might result from the practical failure of the negotiations at Brest-Litovsk. It was declared, however, that Germany would never consent to evacuate the occupied Russian provinces until all the issues involved in the war were settled.

Food Control Extended. President Wilson on January 14 issued a proclamation to further promote the conservation of foodstuffs, by extending the licensing system of the food administration. Some of the principal industries included in the new proclamation are the salt water fishermen, peanut industry, barley malting, brewing, canning of peas, beans, salmon, tomatoes and of sardines, manufacturing of tomato products and all products derived from wheat or rye, dairy feeds, horse and mule foods, stock, hog and poultry feeds.

Fragments of News. Walter Spoorman, a former German officer, was arrested January 14 as a German spy, having been caught at Norfolk in an attempt to blow up an Army magazine while posing as an officer of the American Army. . . . On January 16 there were 112 vessels held in New York Harbor for lack of coal. The United States Navy on the 15th released large quantities of coal in order that British and French munition ships might be able to sail. . . . Commander Bagley of the American Destroyer "Jacob Jones" sunk by submarine on December 6, arrived on January 15. Reporting the events connected with the sinking, he said that after the destroyer had gone down he found himself swimming beside a seaman who hailed him cheerily and said, "Captain, where do we go from here." The answer was a 23-mile row in the direction of the Scilly Islands which were still seven miles away, when the captain and the man with him were picked up by a British boat. . . . A bill was introduced in Congress on January 15 to amend the selective draft law so that all men reaching the age of 21 would become available for military service. . . . A report came from Russia on January 15 that the former Czarina was hopelessly insane, and that her little son, the former Czarevitch, was seriously ill with his former tubercular disease. . . . Bolsheviki Premier Lenine was reported on January 15 to have demanded of the Constituent Assembly, which was finally called after many delays to meet on January 18, that it proclaim Russia a socialistic republic and that it provide for its expropriation of all land and property. The opening of the Assembly on the eighteenth was marked by rioting and street fighting. The Bolsheviki charged that a plot had been organized by Kerensky who was said to be in hiding in Petrograd. The first session of the Assembly, 244 to 155, elected as president M. Tchernoff, a social revolutionist and a member of the Kerensky cabinet. . . . Reports from Switzerland on January 15 told of the closing, owing to lack of coal, of the German munition factories in Karlsruhe and in seven other large German towns.

The War in Europe

Once more the line of battle from Flanders to the Swiss frontier has seen little more than that intense artillery fighting which has become the rule rather than the exception in recent months. Near Lens and Cambrai British troops raided German trenches, and the Germans returned the courtesy. Verdun, a smoldering fire for two years, blazed up again, the Germans attacking twice, with liquid fire on January 12 and under an intense artillery fire on the 14th. The attack on the 12th broke down under French artillery fire, and the other attack was dispersed by the French as it was forming. The French also raided German trenches north of Rheims.

German light naval forces bombarded the British North Sea port of Yarmouth on the night of January 14. The bombardment lasted about five minutes, doing little material damage but killing three persons and injuring ten.

In Italy the German-Austrian troops have been put on the defensive by the Italians who, on January 15, struck on two fronts. Just East of the Brenta River, the Italians, advancing under the protection of intense artillery fire and heavy fog, drove the Austrians from the crest of Monte Assolone, the possession of which gave the Austrians observation positions and artillery emplacements looking down the Brenta and across the plains toward Bassano. French batteries aided the Italian advance. The Austrians lost, besides the position, 291 prisoners, and some war material and were defeated in desperate efforts to retake the position although the Italians were forced to retire slightly from the destroyed Austrian trenches, which were untenable. On the lower Piave front, east of Capo Sile, the Italians extended their bridgehead on the eastern side of the Sile River and held the captured trenches against heavy counter attacks.

U-boats during the week sunk six British vessels of more than 1600 tons while two under that tonnage were sunk; two Italian vessels of more than 1500 tons were sunk and five French ships of over 1600 tons.

Sir Auckland Geddes, Minister of National Service of Great Britain announced on January 14 that the Empire had enrolled 7,500,000 men in the fighting and labor forces during the war to date, more than 4,000,000 men being enrolled at the present time. He announced that it would be necessary to recruit into the British Army from the labor forces at home an additional 450,000 men during the present year in order to maintain the fighting forces at full man-power. He also announced that there would be no extension of conscription to Ireland.

Reports came through Geneva on January 17 of a new mutiny at Kiel on January 7 among the submarine crews and some of the crews of other naval vessels. It was reported that 38 officers had been killed. German U-boats are reported as accumulating a wholesome fear of the depth bombs, which are reported to have been greatly improved since the American Navy began its operations.

General Pershing, on January 15 reported 39 deaths, of which 27 were from pneumonia, three from meningitis and only two from injuries. On the same day it was announced that, in the week ending January 11, a total of 235 deaths had occurred in the training camps at home, of which 149 were due to pneumonia, there being 6821 new cases of pneumonia during the week.

British air raiders on January 14 successfully bombarded the railway station and munition factories of the German city of Karlsruhe.

What Five Missionaries Saw

Continued from page 128

the Turks. The story of these refugees, and the more kindly picture of how the impoverished Russian peasantry took them in, was described by the Rev. F. W. McCallum, from Tiflis.

"With the greater number of their men slaughtered, the Armenian remnant came to the austere refuge of the Caucasus," he said. "By the aid of the Russian government they were billeted in about 800 small mountain villages, where the peasantry already had all they could do to take care of themselves. Yet they welcomed the refugees and divided what they had with them—took them into their homes, already full, and made them part of the family. They were poor before the war, complaining that there was not enough productive land to support them, and war conditions further reduced its productivity; but they received the refugees willingly and continued to treat them with hospitality even though food prices increased by ten times, and more."

In contrast with this is the story which the Rev. William B. Hall, of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, brought from the Lebanon mountains in Syria and Palestine.

"A woman came down from a mountain village to Brummanna, weak from her long tramp, unable to last until she reached our relief station," he said. "She took refuge in a partly closed archway, cold and damp, near a hotel. From the hotel clothing and medicines were taken, but it was too late. Next morning the woman died and was buried under the pines below the road. She left four children there, clothed in thin rags. The father had already died from privation. It was still wintry and the rain dripped through the roof. A widowed aunt learned of their condition and took them in, but she had no food. Two days later the youngest child died, and the aunt had to dig a grave with her own hands.

"Three days later, one of the little sisters followed father, mother and brother. Then the case was called to our attention. I tell this because it is typical of what went on everywhere in that district, and is still going on. Into that same archway where the woman died, two other women, two girls and a boy, exhausted by hunger, crawled and died. One night in a wintry storm I saw a flickering light there and found five children huddled over a few burning pine cones. We found the starving everywhere. It is estimated that there were a thousand deaths a day in the Lebanon mountains. These acute famine conditions were brought on in large part by Turkish officials, who cornered the food supplies for speculative purposes for themselves. 'God has forsaken us!' was the cry heard again and again as the people faced starvation and death. The story to be written when the present winter has passed will be even more terrible to read."

These are only a few details of the story of how Turk and Teuton have worked together.

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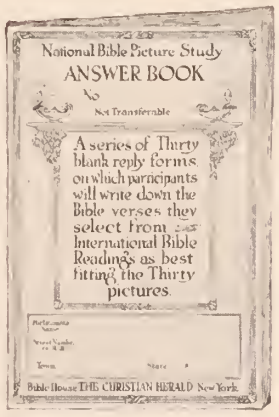

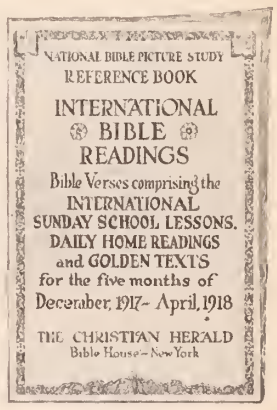

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Heretofore, the United States has been obliged to rely almost entirely upon foreign countries for its supply of such articles. These channels of supply are now closed, no stock is on hand in this country, and it has become necessary to appeal to the patriotism of private owners to furnish "Eyes for the Navy."

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All articles should be securely tagged, giving the name and address of the donor, and forwarded by mail or express to the Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, care of Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C.

Articles not suitable for naval use will be returned to the sender. Those accepted will be keyed, so that the name and address of the donor will be permanently recorded at the Navy Department, and every effort will be made to return them, with added historic interest, at the termination of the war.

As the government cannot, under the law, accept services or material without making some payment therefor, one dollar will be paid for each article accepted, which sum will constitute the rental price, or, in the event of loss, the purchase price, of such article.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT,
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Use all the milk and butter you need, but don't waste any.

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Lick the plate clean, serve small portions, buy less, hoard nothing.

All who oppose this gospel of conservation are giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

Many persons, when asked to sign the card pledging themselves to follow the directions of the Food Administration, raise the question why corn, potato flour and other foodstuffs are not shipped to the Allies so that they may make the substitution. The answer is that European nations are already using 20 to 50 per cent. of corn, potato and other adulterants in their bread. The British government requires 20 per cent. adulteration in wheat bread, and will permit 50 per cent. Adulteration beyond 50 per cent. does not make a healthful loaf. In the case of corn, this commodity in the form of meal cannot be shipped, because it would spoil in transit. As to the whole grain, the people on the other side have no mills to grind it. Furthermore, corn bread cannot be baked successfully in bakeries abroad. In addition, it does not keep well, and with the dearth of paper in Europe it would be difficult to carry home.

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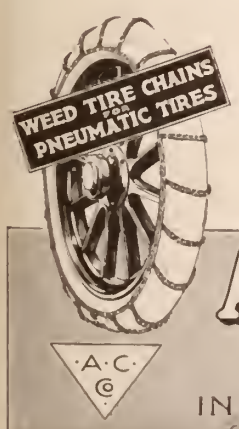

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Peter Henderson

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A PREHISTORIC BAKERY IN MODERN USE IN SYRIA. THE HOLE IN THE GROUND IS THE OVEN

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TO the one who washes the dishes Ivory Soap means freedom from red, rough hands. It is so mild and pure that no matter how often used it leaves the tenderest skin soft, smooth and white.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

The congested terminal of the West Shore Railroad at Weehawken, N. J., where thousands of cars of delayed goods for New York and for export block the traffic of today

The Great Midwinter Shutdown

The Country Suspends Business to Relieve the Traffic Congestion. Days of Real Sacrifice Endured Cheerfully. President Wilson Justifies the Fuel Administrator's Order

ONE hundred miles of freight trains, or between 10,000 and 15,000 cars, tied up on the railroads in and around New York; two hundred and more ocean cargo-carriers tied up in New York harbor without coal, and an immense jam of freight congested on the wharves; uncounted thousands of cars of coal stalled along the roads, besides thousands of "empties" waiting to reach the mines; essential industries throughout the country hampered by lack of fuel, and a zero temperature from the Mississippi to the Eastern coast descending upon heatless homes—these were the factors that rendered necessary the most drastic economic order ever issued in this country, shutting down practically all non-essential industry in the Eastern half of the country for five days and for nine succeeding Mondays.

Announcement of the forthcoming order by Fuel Administrator Garfield on January 17 created a tremendous sensation in business circles, and Washington was flooded with protests. The Senate called Dr. Garfield before its Manufactures Committee and questioned him as to his purpose. Later in the same day the Senate, by a vote of 50 to 19, passed a resolution demanding postponement of the order for five days. But the action came too late, for, a half-hour before the vote was taken, Administrator Garfield had definitely issued the order. His reasons for it, as well as the scope of it, are concisely stated in his answer to the Senate.

"The order suspending the operation of industrial plants in portions of the United States," Dr. Garfield wrote, "was issued only after deliberate consideration, and will, I firmly believe, aid effectively in providing coal for domestic consumers, for the prompt bunkering of ships carrying necessary war material abroad, and for the relief of the serious congestion at the docks and at many points in the section covered by the order. I still believe it should stand. To delay the application of the order would only add to the congestion. To permit factories with a coal supply to operate during the period of suspension would allow many producing articles least essential to the war to continue, while some producing articles the most essential would be compelled to shut down. Moreover, continued production by those well supplied with coal would delay, if not defeat, the relief contemplated by the order."

IN face of the storm of protest, President Wilson issued a statement approving and justifying the order, in which he said: "This war calls for many sacrifices, and sacrifices of the sort called for by this order are infinitely less than sacrifices of life which might otherwise be involved. *It is absolutely necessary to get the ships away; it is absolutely necessary to relieve the congestion at the ports and upon the railways; it is absolutely necessary to move great quantities of food; and it is absolutely necessary that our people should be warmed in their homes if nowhere else;* and half-way measures would not have accomplished the desired ends."

New Yorkers went through their first "Garfield Monday" in a game way. They took patriotically the no-heat, shut-up-shop order, and made the best of things. It was no small matter, this throwing out of work, temporarily, of at least 1,500,000 men and women in one city and the loss by them of probably more than $3,000,000 in wages. But there were no particular signs of discontent. Other cities sacrificed in proportion. The order was carried out patriotically and quite as well as had been expected. All department stores were closed. All factories, save those engaged in the exempted classes of work, chiefly war work, were idle. Transportation lines cut down their movements by 20 per cent. or more. Small shops, unless engaged in the selling of food or of drugs, kept their doors locked. Offices remained shut, and some of the big office buildings were almost deserted. Pretty much everything was virtually heatless and lightless. Only 90 violations were reported and these were mostly technical, rather than intentional. Just how much coal was saved it is difficult to say; but it is certain that a good many thousands of tons were conserved toward building up a supply which will bring the city back to normal. One leading dealer estimates the saving on Monday at over 20,000 tons.

In the other large cities throughout the country the conditions were much the same. They reported the number of workers temporarily idle as follows: Chicago, 600,000; Philadelphia, 350,000; Boston, 250,000; Milwaukee, 200,000; Cleveland, 200,000; Pittsburg, 200,000; Cincinnati, 175,000; Baltimore, 160,000; Buffalo, 70,000; Detroit, 300,000. It is stimated that altogether 5,000,000 workers were idle for the day.

The Garfield order makes eleven permanent priorities in coal deliveries. Hospitals, domestic consumers, public utilities and other institutions under priority favor must be supplied before coal may be delivered to any other interest. At the end of the five days' shutdown there was not enough coal in New York to fill these eleven priority requirements. Many plants which shut down found themselves unable to get coal for a permanent reopening.

Railroad congestion is general throughout the eastern part of the country, but the port of New York is the choked neck of the bottle. Shipments through Philadelphia for foreign delivery have been nearly 50 per cent. below normal peace-time tonnage, and at other Atlantic ports below common. Shippers had tried to ship nearly everything out through New York, and that port, despite its facilities, was unable to handle the great bulk of traffic shot into it. Meanwhile, coal in hundreds of thousands of tons has been piling up at the Jersey terminals across from New York. Because of the railroad congestion ice in the river, scarcity of tugs and barges, shortage of labor, and other causes assigned one after another, the coal famine in New York continues.

SINCE the shutdown went into effect, 20,000 to 30,000 tons of coal a day—less than half the normal need—have been delivered to New York. More than two hundred ocean ships were waiting at Atlantic ports for coal and were being bunkered at New York at the average rate of fifteen vessels a day. On Tuesday, January 22, twenty-four were coaled and cleared. During the five days, 77 ships were coaled at New York, seventeen more than the arrivals, and on January 22 there were 81 waiting for coal; on the 25th, only 55; but it was stated that all ships loaded with vital military necessities had been sent to sea.

The five-days' shutdown period ended with heavy snowstorms sweeping the Eastern coast and Great Lakes sections, further complicating the situation.

Dr. Garfield has indicated that the food situation is even more serious than that of fuel. He exempted from his order "every sort of food handling, manufacturing or distributing agency."

Our Nation's Wealth in Coal

Easily Leads the Rest of the World Combined—Causes of the Present Coal Famine

Copyright, 1918, by Frank G. Carpenter

THE age of muscle-fighting has passed. The age of machine-fighting has begun. This war is being waged by machinery, and in machine-fighting the greatest of assets is coal. The war is not confined to the battlefield. For every soldier sent to the front there are ten behind the lines. They are to be found in our steel mills, our machine shops, our munitions factories and in the many other great industries which give us our supplies. All of these are based upon coal, and if wars are to continue and nation is to fight to the death against nation, the nation that will finally survive is the one that has the most coal.

According to estimates made by the International Geological Congress which met in Toronto, Canada, just before the war began, the whole world has altogether just about 8,000 billion tons of coal and of that the United States has more than one-half. Three-fourths of all the coal upon the earth is to be found in the North American continent, and the bulk of of that outside the United States belongs to our Canadian allies. They have just about one-fourth as much as we have. Europe has only one-sixth as much coal as North America and only about one-fifth as much as the United States. Asia has only one-third as much coal as we have, and Australasia and Africa put together have less than one-sixteenth of the coal reserves of the United States. It will thus be seen that as far as coal is concerned we could fight the whole world and have billions of tons of fuel left after the supplies of all the other nations have been exhausted.

Dr. Charles G. Gilbert, curator of the Bureau of Mineral Technology of the National Museum of Washington, has prepared a graphic coal exhibit of the resources of the United States and the world. He has made blocks showing the proportionate amount of coal in the various countries, and our great block could swallow that of any other country on earth, and leave a vast space around the edges.

The whole is a practical illustration of our industrial future. It shows that North America for the next few thousand odd years must be the industrial center of the world, and that the United States must forever be the heart of that center. As for the coal famine of today, that is a temporary matter.

I GIVE herewith, in round numbers, in billions of tons, a table prepared by the congress I have referred to, showing how the coal-producing countries of the world stand as to their coal reserves. This table is not made up by United States authorities. It comes from the geological experts of every country. It may be relied upon as correct:

	Short tons
United States, including Alaska	4,231,000,000,000
Canada	1,360,000,000,000
China	1,097,000,000,000
Germany	466,000,000,000
Great Britain and Ireland	208,000,000,000
Siberia	191,000,000,000
Australia	182,000,000,000
India	87,000,000,000
Russia in Europe	66,000,000,000
Union of South Africa	61,000,000,000
Austria	59,000,000,000
Colombia	29,000,000,000
Indo-China	22,000,000,000
France	19,000,000,000
Other countries	69,000,000,000
	8,147,000,000,000

From this it will be seen that we have more than nine times as much coal as Germany and more than twenty-three times as much as Great Britain. The only countries that compare with us in our wealth of black diamonds are Canada and China, and so far their mines are practically undeveloped. With the exception of one or two mines, the great coal fields of China are not used at all. In many places the coal for local consumption is dug out with pieks, and in some of the Chinese cities, coal is so valuable that it is ground to dust and mixed with dirt and sold in balls the size of a biseuit.

There is no mention here of the mines of Japan. That country has some excellent deposits, but they

The Coal Measures of the United States

are hard to mine. During my travels there I visited a coal property at Nagasaki, which has fifty miles of tunnels under the Pacific Ocean. That coal is being taken out for the Japanese navy. It is the same in South America. The chief coal mines of that continent run under the ocean off the coast of southern Chile. I have visited those mines, riding on an electric road under the Bay of Concepcion, with the ships sailing overhead.

AND now let us look at our own coal reserves. I have before me some figures made this year by Dr. Marius R. Campbell, one of the leading experts of the Geological Survey. They will show us how much coal we have and how long it will probably last. We need not be worried about the immediate future. The amount so far used is only four-tenths of 1 per cent of our available supply, and we shall be mining coal down to our grandchildren of ten generations or more. We can keep up our present rate of production, including all the coal we are taking out for fighting the Germans, for three or four thousand years, and still allow an enormous amount for waste in mining and handling.

Some of the mines of Belgium which are now worked by the Germans are 4,000 feet deep. They are the deepest coal mines of the world, but the mining of the future will probably be carried to a depth of 6,000 feet, or more than a mile underground.

The estimates of Dr. Campbell as to our available coal include those down to a depth of only 3,000 feet, or a little more than one-half mile below the surface. His estimates run into the thousands of billions of tons. I shall not give them in figures, but Dr. Campbell says the amount is so great that if it could be dragged forth and laid in one pile as solid as it now lies in the ground, it would form a cube more than eighteen miles wide, eighteen miles thick and eighteen miles high. There is coal enough in the ground to make a wall a mile wide and half a mile high around the outside of the United States and leave some to spare. The length of our boundary, according to the coast and geodetic survey, is less than 11,000 miles, and this wall of coal would be almost as much longer as the distance from New York to Chicago. Or we could cut the wall down and run it around the United States in a series of great fortifications with wide trenches between. Suppose we made it 500 feet thick and 500 feet high, or as tall as the Washington Monument, which no tank could climb over. The great wall of China, built to keep out the Mongols, is only forty feet high. This wall of coal would be twelve times higher. That wall at the top is less than twenty-five feet wide; this wall would be twenty times thicker and it would be more than four hundred times as long. Its actual length would be more than 630,000 miles.

And now suppose we add to the wall the small amount of coal we have mined. If we should take every black diamond we have dug from the earth since our first mines were worked, near Richmond, Va., until now, the amount would extend the fortifications less than fifty miles longer. It would only be four-tenths of 1 per cent of the whole.

These figures are amazing. Nevertheless, according to Dr. Campbell they include our coal to a depth of over 3,000 feet, and as the coal grows scarcer and scarcer we shall carry our mines down almost double that distance. We might add 50 per cent to the estimates of our possible coal supply, and not be far out of the way.

Moreover, the coal fields of the above estimates include only those of the United States proper. They leave out the enormous coal beds we have in Alaska, some of which are being opened up by the new railroad now building. We have both anthracite and bituminous coal there and a vast amount of lignite, which may be more valuable in the future. I saw something of the coal fields during my recent trip to Alaska and I have talked about them with Dr. Alfred H. Brooks, who has spent more than fifteen years exploring the territory and who knows more about geology than any other man living. He says a low estimate of the coal we have there would be 150,000,000,000 tons, which is just about two hundred and fifty times as much as the coal we used in 1917. Of course, a great part of the Alaskan coal does not compare in quality with that we now mine, but the territory has great beds of good coal and the railroad has already reached the Matanuska fields, which have fuel fit for the navy.

IT will surprise many to know that the great bulk of our coal lies west of the Mississippi River and that the most of it is in the northern half of the great plains and in the Rocky Mountains. The Rocky Mountains have more coal than all Europe and the good coal of the great plains is three times that of Germany. There are 500,000,000 tons of anthracite in the Rockies, and that part of the country has plenty of good soft coal as well. The amount runs high into the billions of tons. It includes more than one-fourth of the bituminous coal of the United States and that means coal that will make steam and can be used to make coke.

There are about 11,000,000,000 tons of good soft coal in Oregon, Washington and California and something like 45,000,000,000 tons in the northern part of the great plains. All of that is good for steaming, and this means that those regions will some time become industrial centers.

Our greatest deposits of bituminous coal lie in the Mississippi basin and the Appalachian Mountains. It is from those regions that we get the bulk of the coal of today. The Appalachian region has a great bed of soft coal which begins in Pennsylvania and Ohio and runs south through Kentucky, West Virginia, Tennessee and Alabama, almost to the Gulf of Mexico. That bed has some of the best coal of the world, and there is enough of it to supply all the industries of the east for hundreds of years. So far we have not mined more than one-tenth of it, and there is still in the neighborhood of 500,000,000,000 tons within 3,000 feet of the surface.

Continued on page 163

China Again Flood-Swept

Missionaries at Paotingfu Tell of Thousands of Villages Submerged with Loss of Life and Much Suffering

IT would almost seem that the measure of China's afflictions is full. Pestilence, famine, war and revolution she has borne in the past. Disastrous floods have swept her fertile valleys, too, but the recent inundations, which were first reported about a month ago, are now learned to be the worst visitation of the kind she has had to face in half a century. The united body of Christian missionaries in Paotingfu has sent a statement of their appalling situation to the Christian Herald, which we commend to the consideration of our readers, who have helped China many times in the past. Her missionaries and people, recalling those former occasions, have no hesitation in telling of their present troubles and their urgent needs. The missionaries' letter, which is signed by the American missionaries and native pastors, is given below:

The house on this hill, become an island, was battered down by the dashing of the waves

"PAOTINGFU, NORTH CHINA, *Dec. 4, 1917.*

"To the Editor of the Christian Herald:

"Your generous help to the needy in all parts of the world has encouraged us to seek your aid in behalf of the flood sufferers in the Paotingfu section of Chihli Province, China. The enclosed maps will give an idea of the relative size of the flooded section and its distance from Peking and Tientsin. There are also photographs giving an idea of present conditions, as seen by members of our committee.

"The American papers have doubtless had some account of these floods, the worst in this province for fifty years. An unprecedented drought through the spring and early summer reduced the crops in many places to half, or less than half, the normal amount. In the middle of July the rains began, and continued with more or less severity for two months and a half. The dried-up mountain streams soon became rushing torrents. Whole families and whole villages were swept away and lost. In the plains, the water spread out over miles and miles of country, submerging even the protecting dykes; and thus caught there, it stands in places ten or twelve feet deep over the good farm land. Only expensive machinery could pump it out, or a long lapse of time dry it. Along the mountain river-courses the land is dry; but it is now covered with a deposit of rocks or sand which makes it unfit for farming.

"Between two and three thousand villages are affected by the floods just in this section. *Many thousands of homes have been destroyed. Hundreds of lives have been lost.* Some of the crops already gathered were lost in the floods; others still standing were submerged. Both grain and fuel will be very high this winter. The average village population live on the produce of their own farms, each little family in good years raising all its own food and fuel, and selling beside enough to buy cloth, which is made at home into clothing and shoes for the family. A bad crop, or a calamity like this year's, puts hundreds of thousands of people out of their modest comfort into helpless misery. They have no outside resources. Hence, at the present time, children, especially girls, are being *sold in the cities* to reduce the number to be fed at home. Very old people and little children may have to pass the winter in small tents of matting, perched on the ruins of their former homes, while the thermometer registers zero weather. In the spring, a large section of the land will be still under water, or under a deep deposit of stones and sand (in the case of mountain streams).

Of this row of houses, the last at the left has fallen, the others are undermined and disintegrating

"What work are these farmers to do? The greatest need will come as fuel and food become more and more scarce; as the cold increases; as sickness and death come from exposure and underfeeding; as the spring comes on and the farmers cannot take up their regular work. We should like to put them on their feet; to give them some wage-earning occupation till the land is clear again. We want to find shelter, clothing, food, and fuel for the most needy, distributing relief in return for work done, so far as possible.

"But this needs money. The American Red Cross Society has already sent $150,000 to Peking and Tientsin, to be paid for labor on roads, and for shelters. Only 1,120 men from our section—less than one man to a village!—can get work on this road, there are so many other needy sections about Peking and Tientsin. The money sent for shelters has all been spent in Tientsin. Five hundred suits of winter clothing and $2,100 Mexican have been sent by the Peking Flood Relief Committee for immediate relief and for a little industrial work for women, but there will probably be no more from that source. A few hundred dollars can be raised in our Christian community, and the government is distributing some relief.

"The government relief sometimes means only a few coppers for each individual, and at most not more than one dollar.

"We think that $5,000 gold would enable us to start industrial work. A larger sum would mean a larger number helped for a longer time. In these villages there are those who could weave cloth, or make matting, or manufacture woven willow suit cases. A few implements would set up a man in the fishing business.

"By the time this letter reaches you the coldest weather will be beginning. At this time, suffering has made the whole world akin. Cannot we, whose hearts are tender over the dangers and deprivations of our own loved ones in far-away France, 'do our bit' to make the world more livable for Christ's loved ones in China?

"In behalf of the poor and needy,

FRANK A. FOSTER — CHANG HENG CHIUO
CHAS. LEWIS — HSIAO FENG YUAN
H. W. HUBBARD — SEN HE LU
WM. A. MATHER

"The Union Christian Flood Relief Committee of Paotingfu."

Contributions from our readers in response to this appeal should be addressed China Flood Fund. All will be acknowledged and forwarded to the Relief Committee as requested.

Through the middle of this village now flows a rushing torrent

THE Associated Press cabled from Fengchen, China, on January 16, as follows:

The hotbed of the pneumonic-type plague prevalent here and in other parts of Shansi Province is at present Paotechow, on the Hoang-ho, west of Ningwufu, and the villages surrounding it. The natives are dying by scores in the streets.

Appeals for help are being sent broadcast by the American doctors recently sent into the province to investigate the plague conditions.

Later dispatches say the measures taken locally are inadequate and the commissioners are telegraphing to the government urging it to take energetic steps to combat the epidemic.

The missionary medical men are making efforts to keep the plague outside the great wall and to close the entrances of Upper Shansi. Dead bodies are lying in the streets and the coolies refuse to remove them.

The Fight for a War Council

THE movement in Congress for a more efficient administration of the multiplied war activities of the government took definite shape on January 19, 20 and 21. On the 19th Senator George E. Chamberlain of Oregon, chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, declared at a luncheon in New York City that the military establishment of America had "fallen down because of inefficiency in every bureau and department of the government of the United States." Representative Kahn of California, speaking at the same luncheon, agreed in substance with Senator Chamberlain. On the following day there was made public the text of a bill agreed upon by practically all the members of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, both Republicans and Democrats. The bill was introduced into the Senate on the 21st, and came up for debate on the 24th. As drawn, it provides for a War Cabinet, to have general and specific jurisdiction over all of the war-making activities of the government, subject only to the President. The proposed War Cabinet is to consist of three distinguished citizens, of demonstrated administrative ability, to be appointed by the President. It was expected that the bill would find many opponents in Congress, but expressions of both Congressmen and Senators indicated that the bill would win much support in both houses.

On January 22, however, President Wilson issued a statement flatly opposing the whole proposition. The President declared that "Senator Chamberlain's statement as to the present inaction and ineffectiveness of the government is an astonishing and absolutely unjustifiable distortion of the truth." The President declared that the War Department had "performed a task of incomparable magnitude and difficulty with extraordinary promptness and efficiency" and that such mistakes as had occurred were insignificant in comparison with what had been accomplished. He stated that he had not been consulted about the proposed reorganizations and declared his belief that measures already undertaken as the result of experience were more likely to be effective than the War Cabinet plan. He expressed the opinion that the plan proposed "would involve long additional delays and turn our experience into mere lost motion." He came to the defense of the Secretary of War as "one of the ablest public officials I have ever known." The President closed by declaring, in regard to Senator Chamberlain's statement, "I am bound to infer that that statement sprang out of opposition to the Administration's whole policy rather than out of any serious intention to reform its practice."

The bill proposing a War Cabinet came up in the Senate on January 24 on a motion to refer it to the Military Affairs Committee. Before the close of the session it was so referred. Senator Chamberlain rose at 12 o'clock to speak on a question of personal privilege, speaking for three hours not only in explanation of his charge of inefficiency against the War Department but bringing before the Senate part of the evidence upon which he based that statement. Senator Chamberlain outlined some of the events which had led to the proposal of a War Cabinet, bringing before the Senate a letter from President Wilson in which the President had declared his opposition to a munitions ministry, largely on the basis that the establishment of such a ministry would delay and impede the effective conduct of business, and partly because he did not consider it feasible under the peculiar structure of our government. Senator Chamberlain declared that in 24 years of public service he had never had his integrity impeached. He said, regarding his personal difference with the President, "There are great policies at issue between us . . . which may involve the very life of the country and possibly the civilization of the world." Regarding the speech which he had made in New York, he declared that it had been given extemporaneously, but that he had been correctly reported. He had the clerk of the Senate read a verbatim report of the speech. He then presented a letter from President Wilson, quoting the paragraph in which the Senator had declared that the military establishment had fallen down, and he presented also his reply to the President, with which he transmitted a complete copy of his speech and in which he admitted the correctness of the paragraph and explained to the President, at some length, that his statement had been in connection with a discussion of America's historic lack of any military program. Proceeding he stated "The President challenges me, of course, to the proof of my statement, to which statement I adhere and which I now repeat." While admitting that there are men who might not see in the same evidence the same proof of inefficiency which appeared to him he declared "I felt as an American citizen and I feel as a member of this distinguished body that it was my duty to say the thing that was in me. If I succeeded in making a rift in the clouds and letting the sunlight into the dark places where the American people were entitled to go and to see, I feel that my efforts and the efforts of my colleagues, for whom I entertain the highest respect, would not have been in vain."

Regarding the charge of distorting the truth Mr. Chamberlain said: "I rather think, Mr. President, that it is not that I have distorted the truth, but I have sometimes feared that in the multitude of cares and responsibilities that have devolved upon the President of the United States, he has not been able to ascertain the truth. If he has relied upon some of those who have come before our Committee he does not know the truth, and from the lips of some of those who have testified and who are closest to him, he cannot find the truth—not because there has been a disposition to deceive or mislead our distinguished Executive, but simply because they, too, are so situated in the multitudinous affairs of this great crisis that they cannot ascertain the truth."

The Senator then proceeded to give his evidence. He stated that it was not yet possible to furnish the complete evidence taken by the Military Affairs Committee since the report of each element of testimony had been sent to the witness for verification, but he said the complete report would soon be available. Speaking of the ordnance department he stated that America stood today unprepared, borrowing heavy ordnance and machine-guns from France, due in part to the fact that since 1914, although supplied with appropriations, the ordnance department had done absolutely nothing. He summed it up thus: "Here we were from August 1914, until the declaration of war in April, 1917, with the ordnance department lying supinely upon its back, making no plans, constructing no gauges, manufacturing no dies, doing absolutely nothing to ascertain what were the possibilities in raw material and of manufacture." He discussed at length the process by which America failed to get immediate deliveries of rifles and machine-guns, although it provided for eventual deliveries of a superior article of each. He discussed also the developments in the Quartermaster's Department.

Regarding Mr. Baker's testimony he stated: "Now I am going to show by Mr. Baker's testimony, that he did not know it, and that is the reason why I am saying that our distinguished friend, the President—the premier of all the great statesmen of the world, if you please—recognized as the leader of thought in this great international cataclysm, and I say Amen to it—did not know the truth, and I did. He must have gotten his facts from his distinguished Secretary of War, and he, in turn, got them from somebody else, and if those who furnished the evidence knew the facts, they lied."

He then outlined the shortage conditions in a number of the military camps, as developed by the testimony of the commanders of these camps. He showed that the commander of one camp, a soldier of experience, had urged that measures be taken to end the crowding of the men, prophesying an epidemic if the crowding continued. But the condition was only remedied effectively after the epidemic had occurred, after two thousand men had passed through the Base Hospital. He brought letters to show that men had not received proper care in the hospitals and that deaths had resulted from lack of equipment and lack of care, and while he did not dispute the statement of the Secretary of War that the death-rate in the camps had been no greater than among the same class of the population at home, he declared that the rate under proper conditions might have been greatly lessened. In support of his testimony he quoted the testimony of General Gorgas, Surgeon General of the army, and as an evidence of the general inefficiency he showed that practically all of the great military camps had been located without consultation with the American army's master physician.

Senator Chamberlain showed as evidence of the failure to function, the turning over of the purchase of all supplies of clothing by the Quartermaster's Department to a civilian, for whom the Quartermaster-General became in effect a rubber stamp. He praised the work of the civilian, but criticised severely the adulteration of army coats with shoddy.

In answer to the President's charge that he, the President, had not been consulted, the Senator told of a visit by himself and Senator Hitchcock to the White House in which the whole situation was discussed and remedies suggested, the visit resulting in the letter in which the President had opposed the erection of a separate munitions department.

In closing, Senator Chamberlain said: "If America is going to play any part in this war she will have to get at it pretty soon. . . . The only way to speed up on preparations—the only way to get 'over there'—is to arouse America to the necessity of the time and the danger of the crisis. When once aroused, I have no fear but that America will rise in her might and make an example of sacrifice, of courage, and of patriotism that will make the brightest pages of our old history pale with insignificance as compared with the fighting of our boys on foreign soil."

Following the Senator's speech, Senator Kirby spoke in defense of the Administration, and the Senate voting then to refer the bill to the Military Committee, adjourned until Monday, January 28, when it was expected that the bill would be put before the Senate with a favorable report and that the final fight upon it would develop in an attempt to refer it to the Naval Affairs Committee, which Committee probably would not again report it to the Senate.

While the opposition of the President seemed to insure ultimate defeat of the proposition, Administration leaders, who conferred with the President during the day of the 22d, were told by the Chief Executive that under the present organization the war record of the government had been one of great accomplishments, and would result in placing abroad by next June twice the number of Americans originally planned. He suggested that in such a gigantic task mistakes were to be expected.

Secretary Baker, on January 25, took two steps in answer to the attempt of the Senate to reorganize his department. He asked an opportunity to appear before the committee of the Senate to make a public statement summarizing what has been done by America in the war. This hearing was set for Monday, January 28. Mr. Baker also appointed as Surveyor General of all army purchases, Mr. Edward R. Stettinius of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. Mr. Stettinius handled the details of the great allied purchases here before America became a belligerent.

Chancellor von Hertling's Reply to the President in Detail

1. The demand for an end of secret diplomacy. *"We are quite ready to accept this proposal."*

2. The freedom of the seas. *"This also is demanded by Germany as the first and one of the most important requirements for the future."*

3. The removal of economic barriers to trade. *"We, too, condemn economic war, which would inevitably bear within it causes of future warlike complications."*

4. Limitation of armaments. *"As already declared by us, the idea of limitation of armaments is entirely discussable."*

5. Settlement of Colonial claims according equal weight to the principle of self-determination of peoples and to the interests of governments. *"I believe that for the present it may be left for England, which has the greatest colonial empire, to make what she will of this proposal of her ally. This principle will have to be discussed."*

6. Evacuation of Russian territory. *"We are dealing here with questions which concern only Russia and the four allied powers. I adhere to the hope that, with recognition of self-determination for the people on the western frontier of the former Russian empire, good relations will be established, both with these peoples and the rest of Russia."*

7. Evacuation of Belgium. *"At no time did the annexation of Belgium form a point in the program of German policy."*

8. Restoration of French occupied territory and of Alsace-Lorraine. *"The occupied parts of France are a valuable pawn in our hands. Here, too, forcible annexation forms no part of the official German policy. The conditions and methods of procedure of the evacuation which must take account of Germany's vital interests, are to be agreed upon between Germany and France." Germany he said, could not discuss the cession of Alsace-Lorraine to France.*

9. Readjustment of Italy's frontiers along lines of nationality. *Referred to Austria.*

10. Opportunity for self-determination of the peoples of Austria-Hungary *Referred to Austria.*

11. Evacuation of Roumania, Serbia and Montenegro and international guarantees of the integrity of the Balkans. *Referred to Austria.*

12. The future government of nationalities within the Ottoman empire and the opening of the Dardanelles. *Referred to Turkey, but implied that Germany was against the opening of the straits.*

13. Establishment of an independent Polish State. *Independence of Poland must be settled by Germany and Austria-Hungary.*

14. Association of nations for mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity of all. *"When all other questions are settled Germany will be ready to discuss the question of a league of peace."*

Into the Heart of Russia

THE key to every change in this ever-changing world is always found in some personality. One of the men back of the Russian Revolution was Prince Tcherkesoff of Georgia. Next week Maynard Owen Williams will bring you a personal interview with this prince, philosopher, anarchist and revolutionary, through whose eyes you will see the soul of revolutionary Russia.

Education follows the flag and disregards the thermometer, as you will learn next week in the story of the Farthest North School.

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman will occupy the pulpit next week with a deeply spiritual message on "the full meaning of the incarnation."

Next week also the Neighbors will gather once more to relate their adventures.

More important, perhaps, to many than all of these will be the announcement of the leaders in the Second Bible Picture Contest.

A Week in the World's News

CHANCELLOR VON HERTLING REPLIES TO PRESIDENT WILSON. Before the Main Committee of the German Reichstag, on January 24, Chancellor von Hertling took up the fourteen propositions stated in the recent statement of President Wilson to Congress and discussed Germany's attitude on those in which the interest of her Allies were not paramount.

Before entering upon his discussion of the President's address, he told the committee that he expected a favorable outcome of the negotiations with

Continued on page 170

Lincoln and His Religion

OUR English word "king" is derived from an old Anglo-Saxon word "cyning," meaning "one who can." In the old days he was king who had power. We do no violence to the right use of words or to the facts of history when we speak of Abraham Lincoln as a kingly man. It took power to rise from his lowly estate to the heights from which, in manhood, he spoke to the nation and to the world. It took power to smite ancient error as he smote it, and to restore order to a chaotic state. Like another Thor, he leveled mountains, raised pillars and erected temples. No mythical Scandinavian deity ever had a more unconquerable purpose.

No man—no mere man—has a surer claim to earthly immortality than Lincoln. What Stanton said of him is true: "Now he belongs to the ages." His biography is almost unmatched among the annals of men. Strange elements combined to produce a body, mind and soul of mighty mold. It is a miracle of Providence that out of the humble cabin in Hardin County, Kentucky, came the ambitious boy, the studious youth, the self-taught surveyor, the skilful lawyer, the wise administrator, the sagacious diplomat, the far-sighted statesman, the tender-hearted philanthropist. He is our Alfred the Great, our Cromwell, our Chevalier Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche*, our Sir Philip Sidney.

"Nature, they say, doth dote,
And can not make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating as by rote:
For him her Old World molds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true."

WITH all his greatness, due to traits which give unique luster to his name, Lincoln was human and lovable. His soul indeed was like a star, but it did not "dwell apart." He had dignity with humility; he was resolute, but gentle; firm, but always friendly. His face was seamed and sad. His was the earnestness of a great soul born to a great destiny; and yet, like Hamlet's friend, he was a man of "infinite jest." Most practical of politicians, he was also an idealist. He dreamed dreams and saw visions. Rarely is a seer a close reasoner. This man of vast outlook into the eternal world, the world of lights and shadows which elude the sordid selfish soul, had also the gifts of a philosophic mind. He was a poet as well as a logician. His was the eloquence of simple yet perfectly chosen words. His letters and addresses contain some of the most beautiful sentences in our literature.

What was this man's religion? In his childhood he became acquainted with the Bible. From it he derived his great rule of life, the Christian principle of equity. In all his dealings with men he adhered strictly to that rule. He was only a lad when it became evident he was in love with righteousness. He had borrowed a book from a neighbor. While in his possession the book was injured. Rain, beating through the cabin cracks, stained its pages. When he returned the book, he called the owner's attention to the damage, and was permitted to work for him until the book was paid for. Everybody knows about the incident of the money left in Mr. Lincoln's hands when the village postoffice was closed in the little Illinois town. When the balance was called for, he went to a trunk in his room and produced the money to the last cent, and in the very coins in which it had been deposited when the office closed.

Lincoln's honesty was simply the expression of a perfectly straightforward mind. He saw fact and truth with unclouded eyes. He added passion to his vision, enthusiasm to his virtue. He said: "Douglas does not care whether slavery is voted up or down; but God cares, and humanity cares, and I care."

IT was a feature of Lincoln's character that he was incapable of cherishing the memory of an injury to himself. There seems to be little doubt that, years before Mr. Lincoln became a figure of national prominence, he was engaged as counsel in a lawsuit in Cincinnati, in which Mr. Stanton was an associate counsel. Stanton had never seen Lincoln before, and said to a friend, "What does that long-armed creature intend to do in the case? Lincoln had expected to argue the case, but Mr. Stanton assumed that duty, though it is said he made use of some of the notes the Springfield lawyer had prepared. It was not long after this episode that the "long-armed creature" invited Mr. Stanton to become a member of his cabinet. This same Stanton later stood among the group of watchers at Lincoln's death-bed.

In his twenty-three years at the bar, Mr. Lincoln had not fewer than 172 cases before the Supreme Court of Illinois, and frequently appeared before the United States Circuit and District Courts. Moreover, he was often chosen to arbitrate important issues. In all this practice he came into contact, and often into conflict, with rude and hot-tempered men. Some of these were offended by Mr. Lincoln's words and acts, and often expressed their anger. But he never willingly made any man his enemy, never willingly allowed any man to consider him a personal foe. The true Christian speaks when Lincoln says: "I have read the Beatitudes of Jesus. I have sometimes thought I might claim the benefit of the one that pronounces a blessing upon those who hunger and thirst after righteousness; but if that fails me, possibly I may come in among the peacemakers. As a peacemaker a lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man."

Lincoln was a total abstainer, and among the earliest speeches he made were earnest pleas for temperance. There is great wisdom in his advice: "Do not worry; eat three square meals a day; say your prayers; be courteous to your creditors; keep your digestion good; exercise; go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these I reckon will give you a good lift." In many a business office Lincoln's motto hangs on the wall: "I do the very best I know how; the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

Character has its basis in convictions. The justice, courage, sincerity and moral wisdom of this man were rooted in his faith. Of it he spoke when he said:

"I know that there is a God, and that he hates injustice and slavery."

"I see the storm coming, and I know his hand is in it. If he has a place and a work for me, and I think he has, I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right, because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it."

"The time for the enactment of the emancipation policy can be no longer delayed. Public sentiment, I think, will sustain it, many of my warmest friends and supporters demand it, and I have promised God that, if General Lee was driven back from Pennsylvania, I would crown the result with the declaration of freedom to the slaves."

"When I left Springfield, I asked the people to pray for me; I was not a Christian. When I buried my son, the severest trial of my life, I was not a Christian. *But when I went to Gettysburg and saw the graves of thousands of our soldiers, I then and there consecrated myself to Christ.*"

OF course Lincoln was maligned, grossly caricatured and bitterly calumniated. Blind prejudices assailed him as few public men have been assailed. It was a part of the price he had to pay for the peerless privilege of the leadership of a nation in its greatest crisis. He must have suffered keenly—all the more so because himself conscious of utmost rectitude. But his experience did not embitter him. He carried with him into the eternal world "the triumph of a soul serene." Thus he illustrates the ancient words, "Great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them." Lincoln was on friendly terms with God, and "when God giveth quietness, who then can make afraid?"

Since Lincoln's martyrdom, since the scales of prejudice have fallen from our eyes, the nation sees what those who stood near the great President and knew him intimately had always seen: That he was as rich in goodness as in common sense; that no selfish motive or petty pride had place in his heart, and that no stain of dishonor mars the beauty and wonder of his career.

EDMOND FREMONT ALBERTSON.

Clifton Springs, N. Y.

SYSTEMATIC education of school children in problems of democracy and community life, which is about to begin nationally on request of President Wilson, as set forth in his recent letter to school officers, will take cognizance of after-war conditions and the whole future trend of American life. The lessons will teach children the privileges and obligations inherent in the government. Writers who have prepared the leaflets realize that the war will bring permanent changes in American life and are striving to make school children conscious of the process of readjustment. Emphasis will be laid upon the continuance of efficiency during peace. The production, distribution and conservation of food will be featured, with the purpose of emphasizing the cooperation that is necessary to meet the fierce industrial competition that will follow the making of peace.

The Russian Peasant and the Land

By MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

Received January 3, 1918, through American Diplomatic Mail. Passed by Russian Censor

RUSSIA has a hundred million peasants, more or less, and to understand them and their desires is to have a good clue to coming events in this land of magnificent churches, endless plains, imperial monuments, and runaway soldiers.

A peasant is a peasant, wherever you find him. The only fair way to study him, however, is to trail him to his lair. We found a man who knows the peasants well and who was planning a trip among them. Little knowing the danger of arrest, mobbing, suffocation, and overeating, we asked if we might accompany him. Misery loves company and we started out in a jolty train that started half an hour late, in a driving rain. I had hardly left the station door before it seemed to me that a trip of a hundred miles to meet peasants was entirely unnecessary. It seemed as though there were a million of them, all going in the opposite direction. In Russia, they have a peculiar system of inducing democracy and breaking down class lines. They put the second-class coach at the rear of the train, opposite the third-class waiting room, and vice versa, so that in the rush for the train there is such a wholehearted mingling of the guests as any society leader would delight in. I was traveling second-class, and in order to get to my coach I had to meet, in a more or less formal way, most of the third-, fourth- and fifth-class passengers. That made it very nice, for it served as a sort of introduction for the time when I should travel fourth- and fifth-class myself, as I did before the night was over.

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Russia has been parading almost constantly since the Czar and his power were torn asunder. This is part of a Bolsheviki demonstration in Petrograd

Along toward morning, when I had discovered that it was quite out of the question to sleep in a small compartment where the air was used over and over, and that standing in the corridor as a snubbing-post for other travelers was not conducive to comfortable repose, the train jumped the track and several of the cheap coaches crumpled up and spilled their contents around the landscape, which, since it was entirely dark at the time, was not being highly appreciated anyway. There was a rumor that three lives were lost.

We had to change trains in a drizzle and were lucky enough to secure places on the inside of a fourth-class coach. The Professor, on the plea of studying human nature, curled up his six feet five and sat on the topmost of three shelves, which enable four Russian peasants to travel where a palace car steer would die of overcrowding. There were at least two hundred puffing peasants in that stuffy coach and not a window open. One peasant had brought an antiquated sewing-machine as a small part of his baggage, and that kept the door from closing for a while. But not for very long. So they made a man move from his place on the aisle floor, and dragging the sewing machine completely inside, closed and hermetically sealed the door.

We had started at eight in the evening and by six in the morning had gone sixty-five miles. Entering the little station of Atkarsk, we consumed gray bread and tea to make up for the sleep we had lost. By nine, the enterprising authorities had corralled some drafty box cars from the junk heap and kindly placed them at our disposal. Not only that. They furnished us an asthmatic engine as well. We climbed into one of the cars and took our seats on the long boards, which had been specially upholstered in slivers for our benefit.

I went up the track a few yards, and, by way of kicking the kinks out of my frame, picked up four or five small pebbles and began throwing them at a convenient and unmistakably lonely milepost. Alas, I had forgotten that I was in Russia and that the despotic old days of freedom had passed. A soldier, with glaring eyes and leveled gun, came charging toward me. I noted at once that his bayonet was not fixed, which cheered me, though I would have enjoyed the ludicrous spectacle more if I had seen, as I did later, that his cartridges were not in his gun but in his hand.

In terrified tones he demanded my documents. Of one thing I will boast. My documents are second to none. The seal wafer is as red as the reddest and just as large, and the writing is in the lovely type of illegible scroll that was formerly affected by such chirographists as enjoyed making nesting birds and other decorations with a few strokes of the pen. That passport was indisputable, but the soldier, suspecting me of being a German spy, blowing up what was left of the railroad after the wreck, was not satisfied. Reluctantly I pulled forth a special pass from the Russian War Department.

I explained in perfectly plain English, that I had neither tried to steal the roadbed nor take a mile out of the long ride by destroying the mile-post. At that, the engine shrieked and we rode away, with the soldier still trembling beside his gun, and his cartridges still in his hand.

Bolanda is a village of wide cobbled streets which no one uses and doll-houses of squared logs, plastered over with mud and decorated with jig-saw puzzle edges. Each window has wooden blinds and a geranium plant and the tiny homes are banked up to the lower level of the windows to keep them warm. We stayed in as homey a place as one could find. In the great parlor, where we interviewed the village Solons while our host smoked his long pipe, there were paper flowers and knickknacks on the tables and real flowers and a rubber plant in the windows.

The Russian peasants at present are advocating the communal ownership of land, laboring under the vain delusion that in this way the farmer will get all that is coming to him. The experts are working out a norm which each peasant can till. If an enterprising peasant does not like the thought of a small norm, which must be exchanged with others when the pressure of population demands it, although his careful manuring and rotation of crops has brought it up to a point of high production, he is free to exile himself to Siberia—which already has most of the enterprising farmers of Russia—there to work out his dreams on his own land. This means that the producing brains will be automatically exiled to a great distance from the hungry hordes in Russia's growing industrial cities, necessitating much transportation to bring food and stomachs together.

Every peasant, politician, and political economist has a different story to tell. One advocates individual ownership under the Stolypin law of 1910. Another, communal ownership with the peasants living in villages and going out many versts to till their farthest fields. Some want the big estates, on which modern machinery and scientific farming are producing food for Russia, broken up and given over to small farmers, —the man with the hoe supplanting the gang-plow. Some want all the large landlords to be displaced without compensation, whether the landlord has debts for most of his land, or is free from obligations. Others want full compensation to be given but the estates to be broken up.

In general, the peasants want more land, without knowing whether they can work it or not. Communal ownership has become an obsession and they stand for that, with frequent redistribution of the plots so that the skilled man, who has husbanded the strength of his soil, must give it over to another and take up land on which a single variety of crop has been grown for years, and upon which no fertilizer has ever been put. Where wood is scarce, manure, mixed with straw, is burned as fuel and the land is rapidly deteriorating.

We visited a peasants' meeting, presided over by the village school teacher, who admits that the whole flock follow his leading. Pity the peasant, when politicians, instead of pedagogues, secure the following of these simple souls! For then the Russian republic will be rotten to the core. That time may not be more than a decade away among a people eighty per cent. of whom do not read or write. Russia has a hundred million patient but ignorant members in her flock, and the fate of the world may depend upon who is their bell-wether. Near Bolanda, there is one of five managing stations for an estate of 100,000 acres, owned by a rich *pomieschik*. This man is getting twice the return from his land that the small farmers are getting from theirs. He uses more than a hundred McCormick binders, together with rakes, mowing machines, seeders and baling presses in proportion. But the peasants want to divide this vast and profitable estate among ignorant men, who have neither the knowledge nor the equipment to utilize it properly. So far, there has been no trouble or violence beyond the taking of some hay, and the pasturing of some animals belonging to some Little Russians on the Count's land.

When the Revolution came, the Count let his peasants have more than half his land for grazing and plow land. Much of this land which he loaned them was not utilized. He had to give the peasants 720 tons of grain to keep them from want. One of the managers thinks that a peasant should be able to feed his family from the product of 16½ acres and has himself not only fed his family but also sold 200 bushels of grain

a year from 22 acres. The Count allows eleven acres to each family on his estate and the men and women work part time for him, at from one to three rubles a day, with three meals provided.

We visited the estate and saw the care with which the farming problems are worked out. We saw the long-legged, loop-nosed hogs, the sturdy horses and the lanky, intelligent wolf-hounds for the chase. The manager says that there is as yet little on this estate to be proud of, yet he gets twice the yield that the small farmer gets from the same kind of land. Some of the latter use a small plow, drawn by five horses, which occupy the time of a driver who rides and a plowman who walks. In one district, a single farmer under the communal system farms thirty-seven distinct pieces of land, many of them widely separated. Out of 2,000 inhabitants of the communal district of Kluchie, only those who were independent farmers under the Stolypin law live outside the village, on the farms they till. The outermost lands are not more than four miles from the village, which is in a better condition than is common.

Reallotments of land have been frequent in Russia, but this transfer of land from one farmer to another, or from a father to his eldest son, has not taken into account the young men who have grown up in Russia's rapidly increasing population. Kluchie had an entirely new and complete redistribution of the available land two days before we came there. The lands are now divided into good and bad, and each peasant has been given three strips of land in each, one of which must lie fallow each year. But nothing is said about fertilizing the land, and Russia not only does not use nightsoil, the source of the Chinese farmer's wealth, but he even ignores the value of animal manures. The manager of the Count's estate uses all the manure from his large stables on the land. Under the present distribution of land in Kluchie, each male over 21 has 16½ acres.

In Petrograd and Moscow, while we were there, the political tendency was away from the revolutionary toward the conservative. Disorganization under the new régime and inability on the part of the laborers to earn good profits without managers, were leading the people, under the pinch of hunger, to a more conservative stand on the relations of capital and labor. But in the black earth district, where there is plenty of food for all, opinion on the land question is growing more radical as time passes. Food is good and sufficient in the farming villages, and at one mill we saw as much grain coming in as the mill could grind. White bread can be had in Bolanda for forty kopeks a pound, which is at present no higher than the cost in some parts of America; but in Saratov, a hundred miles away, not even gray bread can be bought, sour black bread being the only kind available.

Kerensky, at the front, listening to a soldiers' spokesman who has climbed into the Premier's automobile. The gray mass in the background is the mass of men for whom the speaker spoke

Our train started promptly and abruptly an hour late and carried us back one hundred miles in fifteen hours. Our hunt for the unspoiled peasant had taken the best part of three days. We had stayed in one hospitable home, whose simple charm justified all the time and trouble, and had ridden far across wide open prairie in a tiny carriage wide enough for one.

It was on the trip out that a thoughtless act of mine made the two Russians in our party fear mobbing or massacre. Seeing five big horses pulling one tiny plow, I hopped from the carriage and ran to get a picture of it. Of course the boy plowman and the girl driver misunderstood my purpose and, abandoning their team, they fled. The boy was soon coaxed back and placated with a few apples, but for all I know the little girl is running yet.

We stopped for a minute at the tiny hut of a woman with five small children. Her husband is at the war. Two rooms there were, with an oven and a box cradle for the thin-legged baby in one. The other room was closed. The woman was having a hard fight of it, but was by no means disconsolate. War has hit these peasant villages hard. The commune of Bolanda has sent two thousand men out of a total population of thirteen thousand and the communal district of Kluchie has contributed three hundred out of two thousand men, women and children. The peasant women are extending their already broad sphere of duties, and things are moving along as well as one can expect.

The Russian peasant runs a good deal to beard and hair and too little to brains and steady industry. Throughout the long winter he loafs, without being able to read or utilize his time to advantage. Numerically, he is a tremendous factor. Politically, much depends on the leaders he follows to ruin, or to the happy lot that the husbandman deserves.

Its Altar Fires Unquenched

THE historic home of the Moody Church, Chicago, formerly known as the Chicago Avenue Church, has been sold to the Moody Bible Institute, together with the adjoining Young People's Building and the ground on which the two structures stand.

There has seldom been a more important transaction of the sort, viewed as to its significance for the proclamation of the Gospel. The Moody Church, always aggressively evangelistic, still shot through with the purpose of the man who, there, first upheld the cross of the redeeming Christ, was compelled to seek larger quarters over two years ago, and erected a tabernacle of 5,000 seating capacity a mile north of its old location. On the other hand, the Moody Bible Institute, crowded with earnest young people seeking training for all branches of Christian work, has long been urgently in need of increased class-room facilities, and especially a large auditorium for public conferences.

Hence this famous church structure, the scene of unceasing revival, will witness hereafter the training of thousands of young men and women for the service of the cross in all lands, while continuing as a rallying-point for Christian leaders the world over. Of a truth, Dwight L. Moody's works do follow him.

Contrary to the general impression, these two Chicago organizations, founded by the great evangelist, are separate, independent institutions. The prevalent belief that they are two branches of a single organization has worked inconvenience in many instances to both, as well as to the Christian public. Hence the need for emphasizing the fact that the Moody Church, pursuing its God-given ministry as a congregation of believers, has no organic connection whatever with the Moody Bible Institute, raised up of God to send forth trained Gospel workers into all the world. The methods of the two are different, the control is different, the appeal is different.

The church is undenominational, but the Institute is strongly inter-denominational, as represented in its trustees, its faculty, its student body, the character of its curriculum, and its basis of financial support. All the churches and all the mission boards appeal to it for helpers; it is glad to be able to respond to all, and its students are fighting sin and disease and ignorance and wickedness in every corner of the world under almost every organization that sends workers to the field.

The host of friends and former coworkers of D. L. Moody around the world will rejoice to learn that the purchase of this sanctuary of sacred memory signalizes, in many important respects, a new stage in the growth and development of the Moody Bible Institute.

This great institution is the largest of its kind in the world, with property assets now exceeding $1,500,000. Its total enrollment in all departments has passed 25,000. There are at present over 1,100 students in attendance at the day and evening classes, and more than 3,500 are scattered throughout the world. The Moody Bible Institute has made plans for four additional buildings besides the church—a men's dormitory, a women's dormitory, a dormitory for married students, and an administration building. It has also enlarged its provision for missionary preparation by the addition of special missionary courses, and now has in operation a literal "training camp" for volunteers for home and foreign missions, on a scale perhaps not fully duplicated in any other school in the world.

JOSEPH B. BOWLES.

President Admonishes Army and Navy to Observe Sabbath

THE WHITE HOUSE,
Washington, 20 Jan., 1918.

The President, commander in chief of the Army and Navy, following the reverent example of his predecessors, desires and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the military and naval service of the United States. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine Will demand that Sunday labor in the Army and Navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. Such an observance of Sunday is dictated by the best traditions of our people and by the convictions of all who look to Divine Providence for guidance and protection, and, in repeating in this order the language of President Lincoln, the President is confident that he is speaking alike to the hearts and to the consciences of those under his authority.

WOODROW WILSON.

THE FINEST SYMPATHY

A SERMON

By

*REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.**

TEXT—Rom. 12:15 "Rejoice with them that do rejoice"

"REJOICE with them that do rejoice." But is not this most gratuitous counsel? Is it needful for the apostle to write in this wise to professed Christians? Surely the very fact that they are Christians implies that their sympathies are rich and ample, stretching across the whole field of man's complex life! And yet it is true today, as in the days of the apostle, that there are many Christians whose sympathies are poverty-stricken and scanty. No mourner would ever dream of going to them for sympathetic tears; no child would ever leap toward them for sympathetic joy.

There is a type of piety which is hard, and dry, and severe; it has no gracious tears, it never breaks into winning smiles; it neither laughs nor cries; it is unresponsive. And this type of piety is always in peril of growing harder with the years. It shrinks and becomes more and more exclusive, more and more self-centered, more and more self-contained. The few feelers which it originally possessed are drawn in one by one, or they become benumbed and atrophied; and in later years the entire life is lived in most unbeautiful detachment.

From that perverse and perverting piety may the good Lord deliver us! And, therefore, I think the counsel of the text is as opportune in modern life as to the men and women to whom it was primarily given. "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

NOW, in the Christian life, joy has, perhaps, been much under-emphasized in comparison with the ministry of sorrow. And I think this under-emphasis has been attended by perilous and destructive results. We speak of the consolidating influence of sorrow, and we do well. Everybody knows how lives that have been dismembered by prosperity are brought together again by the ministry of grief. Sundered brothers have been united again at their father's grave. The simultaneous passage through a common grief begets influences of gracious cohesion. But while we speak this way of sorrow we are not as prone to make a similar claim for joy. And yet is there anything more possessed of uniting and healing energy than a pure and abounding joy?

In the old coaching days, men's lips were often sealed on the freezing journey, but they were loosed again by the warmth and cheer of the glowing fire. And so it is with the radiant, glowing ministries in human life: a fine joy breaks up the severing silences of men, and binds them together in gracious intercourse.

And then again we are all agreed about the consecrating ministry of sorrow, but I do not think we are quite as agreed that a similar consecration belongs to joy. Horace Greeley once said that while joy may elevate, sorrow alone can consecrate. I cannot accept the antithesis. I am perfectly sure the power of the Holy Ghost is in all pure joy, converting it into a minister of sanctification. In some of our hospitals use is made of medicated beams, and particular rays of light are brought to bear upon particular disease. But, while these medicated beams are the ministers of health, we must not forget the health-giving ministry of the natural beams of the sun. And so it is with joy. When our grief passes, the season of consecration is not ended. It continues when the joy begins, and "the joy of the Lord may be our strength!" I think these disparaging comparisons are not true, and I am sure it will be well for us to believe more and more in the marvelous powers of pure and undefiled delight.

NOW, joy sympathy is of finer substance than sorrow sympathy. There are many who are touched by another's sorrows who are quite unmoved by his joys. They can "cloud over" at the story of his grief; they do not shine at the recital of his triumphs. They can play at funerals; they have no taste for weddings. They can moan, but they cannot sing. Their joy-bell is very rusty and creaky, while their passing-bell is in excellent order.

All this means that the joy in human life is enormously impoverished. We do not go out of ourselves; we stay too much at home. We have no splendid correspondences with our fellows, and we do not warm ourselves at their fires. We just dig down into our own hearts for our joy, or we cultivate a little garden patch of our own affairs, and we don't seek our delight in a wider public good. Our quest is confined to self, and does not cover our brother. And so our joy is not "full."

NOW, according to the apostle Paul, we are to seek much of our joys in the joys of other people. And therefore everybody has a spacious gathering-ground. We are to "rejoice with them that do rejoice." Let us just glance at some of these joys which it is to be our privileged lot to share.

First of all, it is perfectly certain that when the apostle speaks of rejoicing with them that do rejoice, he is thinking primarily of those who are rejoicing because of their spiritual emancipation. Once imprisoned in the darkness, they are now living in the gladsome light of spiritual freedom. Once held under the tyranny of the devil, they are exulting in the franchises of the kingdom of our God. And we are to send out our spiritual feelers into the lives of these free-born men, and we are to discern their joys and share in the rejoicing.

In the Church at Rome there would be many a Roman slave who had been regarded as a mere chattel, having little or no individual worth, possessed of none of the dignities of true manhood, and starved by the severance of all fine and large relationships. And there comes to such a man the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and it speaks to him as it speaks to the rich, making no distinction of persons. It tells him he is a son, of infinite worth to the eternal God, one for whom the Saviour died!

And there would surely be many a Roman patrician, who had long been imprisoned in the pomp and vanity of the world, and whose soul was weary in the staleness of the feast, and who had found emancipation in the light and power of redeeming grace. And such men would stretch their souls, and soar, and sing as they moved forward, possessed by a new-found joy. And with these the little Church was called upon to rejoice! And how many a Roman soldier, who had been held in the bondage of mere materialism, and who had known nothing but the brutality of naked strength, would be lifted up into the experience of new powers, even into the gales of the Holy Spirit! In all these many and varied lives joy would be born, and by a fine sympathy others were to share in it.

WELL, now, here is a vast province from which to gather our delights, but to many of us it is an unknown territory. On every side there is the joy of jubilee—ransomed sinners returning home in everlasting joy—and we don't share it. But altogether apart from these purely spiritual realms there are countless other joys born in the lives of other people, joys which are intended by our God to be reservoirs of common delight. New ties are created, bringing into a life new life and new rejoicing, and in that new-found relationship we are all expected to have a part. One man has succeeded in his task, and he is radiant in his day of prosperity. And Christian folk are to sit down at that man's feast and participate in his triumph.

A little while ago a very powerful sermon was preached, and after it was over somebody whispered, speaking of a fellow minister, "Did you see So-and-so's face? He looked as delighted as though he had preached the sermon himself!" That is the spirit to covet! It finds a well in another man's success; it finds fountains in everybody's joys. "Rejoice with them that do rejoice."

NOW, the range of our joy depends upon the quality of our souls. The fineness of our sensitiveness determines the area of our correspondences. How much fine, sensitive surface do we present to the world? That is the critical test. Our sensitiveness is apt to decrease with the increase of our years. When we reach the age of forty we are in danger of losing sympathy with the joys of young people who are still twenty, and when we advance to sixty we are in peril of losing touch with the folk who are still at forty.

There is nothing more glorious than to find an old man in the possession of a full-orbed sensitiveness, in quick correspondence with all the joys that vibrate in the full range of human life. I had such a man in my church, who for many years filled with gracious dignity the office of senior deacon. He thrilled to the joys of childhood, to the aspirations of youth, as well as to the quieter delights of the aged. Every joyful vibration from any part of the great field of human life found a sensitive surface in this man's gloriously sensitive life. How can we obtain and retain a similar sensitiveness of soul?

Well, let us remember that the injunctions of this twelfth chapter of Romans succeed the teachings of the sixth and eighth chapters. The apostle Paul would never have put these counsels at the beginning of this Epistle in the form of antecedents; they come at the end in the form of consequents. In the great fifth chapter he has unfolded the doctrine of justification, the sublime means by which men become right with God. And in the eighth chapter he has described the ministry of the Holy Spirit, the sublime means by which men are kept right with God.

If a man enters into the reality of these two chapters he will acquire that responsiveness of spirit which will enable him to discharge the duties of the twelfth.

* Pastor, Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Doing the Impossible

SUNDAY, February 10. Mark 3:5. "*Stretch forth thy hand.*" That was the one thing he couldn't do! And he was asked to do it! Christ named his great incapacity and demanded the impossible. For years and years the shrunken, shriveled thing had hung helplessly at his side, a poor mockery of a hand. "Stretch forth thy hand!" Impossible! But he did it! "And his hand was made whole like unto the other."

And that is to be the Christian's distinction. "What do ye more than others!" We are not to walk in the average ranks: we are to march in the van. We are to triumphantly beat the average.

And harder things than these we have to do. We are to go to lives where hearts are like flint, and we are to melt them with the ministry of light. Impossible! Yes, we are to win great battles, and we are to have no other equipment than "the armor of light." We are to overturn mighty strongholds with the forces of the spirit. Impossible! "Things that are not are to bring to nought things that are." Such is to be the Christian's distinction. We are to march beyond the stern borders of the possible and set our feet in impossible lands.

Our Lord commands it. What is the secret of the achievement? This is the secret; his commandments are always the pledge of the needful endowments. The blind man obeys his Master, and goes forth to find his sight in the pool of Siloam. How impossible! Yes, but he went, and Christ's holy power went with him, and he came back seeing. The cure was not in Siloam, but in the journey; not in the mineral spring, but in the obedience. "As he went he received his sight." At Christ's bidding faith sets out on the most astounding errands, "and laughs at impossibilities," and cries, "It shall be done!" J. H. J.

"Safety First"

MONDAY, February 11. Matt. 16:24. "*If any man will come after me, let him deny himself.*" These words of Jesus do not mean occasional acts of self-denial, temporary fasts, self-imposed moments of hardship. They mean a total repudiation of self as the object of love, an unconditional surrender of self as the first object of consideration. So, no Christian can ever adopt the maxim, "Take care of Number One"—unless he makes Christ Number One. "Safety First" may be a very good motto if only we define safety aright. Whose safety? Certainly not ours. The safety of society, the safety of others, the safety of the kingdom of God. He who puts anything else first is reversing the Christian order.

Is it possible to modify the tendency of human nature so as to set up another personality than our own as "Number One"? Of course it is possible. When a man marries, if he have a worthy idea of marriage, he shifts his loyalty from his own personality to that of another. Every mother knows this experience. The whole philosophy of selfishness is shattered by the first sight of a baby's face, nay, by the first thought of the little life, so helpless, so dependent, yet so divine.

This is the program of the Christian life: Self dethroned, Christ enthroned, and then the adoption by us of Christ's own standard of values. We must care for the things he cared for. We must make supreme the things which he made supreme.

C. C. A.

Abraham Lincoln

TUESDAY, February 12. Luke 12:50. "*I have a baptism to be baptized with.*" Abraham Lincoln faced his baptism of suffering with a heroism like that of his Lord. He endured his Gethsemane of struggle pressed down under the weight of a nation's woe. He drank the cup of calumny to its dregs. He was acquainted with grief, as battle after battle went against the Union, often crying out in defeat, "O God, what will the country say!" When he smiled, it was to keep from crying.

He could not be hid; he must become the leader of the nation, the emancipator of a race. Himself he could not save; his work was to save others. His martyrdom shed a light over the world like a reflection from Calvary. His soul was open to the Infinite; he lived in the realm of revelations. His dreams were angelic visits of inspiration; his visions were of the Lord, high and lifted up; he saw his country could not remain half slave and half free; that a house divided could not stand. He felt he was called of God to strike off the chains of slavery and let the captives go free. Once he remarked to a company of visitors, "Keep praying and I will keep fighting."

Lincoln had measureless tenderness for the masses of men. He felt the pulsations of millions of troubled hearts throbbing against his own noble manhood. He was a heroic reformer long before he became President and closed a temperance address in 1842 with these eloquent words: "And when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth—how proud the title of that land which may claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both these revolutions that shall have ended in victory. Glorious consummation! Hail, fall of Fury! Reign of Reason, all hail!"

E. W. C.

In the House of His Friends

WEDNESDAY, February 13. Zech. 13:6. "*And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in thine hands? Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends.*" We prefer to adhere to the old interpretation by which this text is connected with the next verse and both referred to the suffering Christ. It is true that the majority of the Jewish nation can hardly be said to have treated Christ as a friend. But it is equally certain that Christ came to the Jews as a friend. He himself was a Jew. He declared that "salvation is of the Jews." The Jews were the old covenant race of God, among whom Jehovah had his fire and furnace. They were Christ's own people. He came to his own, and they received him not, but smote him, and he did die in the house of his friends.

Not to excite hatred against the Jews, or to revive the old spirit of persecution of their race, but for the purpose of applying the sad truth contained in this text to ourselves, we have called attention to it. Is not Christ made to suffer still in the house of his friends? Pagans commit their idolatry and all sorts of wickedness while ignorant of Christ, his work and his teaching. But worse than heathen are those people who profess to believe in Christ, who honor him with their lips and call themselves by his name, and yet do him dishonor by their lives. Plain crimes even have been committed in the name of Christ and under pretense of furthering his cause. As in the days of Zechariah the Lord may still utter the complaint and raise the accusation: "These are the wounds with which I was wounded in the house of my friends."

W. H. T. D.

The Engrafted Word

THURSDAY, February 14. James 1:21. "*Wherefore, lay apart all filthiness . . . and receive with meekness the engrafted Word, which is able to save your souls.*" James Moffatt's "New Translation of the New Testament" gives us a striking paraphrase of these words: "So, clear away all the foul rank growth of malice, and make a soil of modesty for the Word which roots itself inwardly with power to save your souls." It is a difficult world in which to keep clean. The tendency of unspiritual humanity is to corrupt speech and conduct. James has much to say about the misuse of speech, about the sins of the untamed tongue. He knew the habits of his age, the mental and moral decadence of his times, and so he exhorted Christians, "Lay aside all filthiness and abounding iniquity—lay it aside."

The symbol is not what it appears to be, laying off a soiled garment, but rather the ridding of a garden plot of noxious weeds. The foul rank growth being cast out, then follows the implanting, the engrafting of the Word. The process of grafting in horticulture is most interesting. A seedling bearing only tasteless or bitter fruit is transformed into a valuable tree by the grafting process. A tree can not be improved by a graft from one of its own kind. It must be lifted above its own life by something taken from a higher life. So human sin demands a divine Saviour. We need more than a man-made gospel. God sent his Son into the world, the Incarnate Word, to give life to a dead race. But we must receive the Word. Salvation is, from the first to last, a matter of receiving God's gift.

C. C. A.

Out Into the Night

FRIDAY, February 15. John 13:30. "*And it was night.*" Many commentators have been struck with the abrupt manner in which John closes his account of the episode with the traitor Judas on the night of our Lord's last Passover celebration. They have felt that this remark is not added only to show that Judas could not have gone to make any purchases, for the shops were closed at that time. "There is certainly something awful in this termination, and its brevity makes it all the more impressive. The event had so deeply engraven itself on the mind of John that he remembered the hour." This brief remark of John may indicate to us the tragedy that was being enacted in the soul of Judas. The perfidy which he was about to commit did not bear the light. It was a deed of darkness. But Judas himself had reason to shun the light, especially Him who was himself the Light that lighteth up the whole world.

It was a memorable occasion, that last night which our Lord spent upon the earth. John has filled four chapters of his Gospel with the account of the parting discourse of our Lord. The heart of Jesus was overflowing with love for the little band of his disciples. He gave them his last instructions, administered his last warnings to them, but above all he spoke comfort to them as he had done on no previous occasion. His discourse was drawn out till midnight. The room where they were was bathed in heavenly light because of his teaching. Judas could not bear this: on his soul the eternal night had settled. The whole scene was an accusation against his dark doings. He fled from life and joy and happiness; he had to go to relieve his guilty conscience somewhat. He went out into the night of misery, despair, death. The powers of darkness which held him in their clutch throttled him. He received his wages twice that night.

So others have quit the company of Jesus and his disciples; some actually drawn away by the same covetousness which had gripped greedy Judas, others enticed by lust in some other form. It has been night in every soul that has left Jesus and his light and love. Question: Would you go away from Jesus?

W. H. T. D.

Equal to Opportunity

SATURDAY, February 16. Rev. 3:8. "*Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it.*" Opportunity is a mighty word for the youth of America. The rise of poor boys to the highest position in the gift of the nation was seen in the lives of our three assassinated Presidents, Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley. No young man of our land today meets with greater difficulties than these heroes overcame. A pine knot in a log cabin was their light for study; the towpath of the canal, ragged and barefooted, they journeyed; with little education, of humble parentage, they achieved wonderful distinction, making all their powers available to activity because they had been trained by adversity. Their own struggle with poverty excited a sympathy with toilers that made them one with the people.

Being the benefactors of their countrymen, they are forever embalmed in the affections of mankind, influencing all with their lives and principles. They had sensibility of soul, acuteness of mind and warmth of heart, making them accessible to all classes of people.

They did not assume high dignity, but exclaiming, "I am nothing, truth is everything," "God has a place and work for me and I am ready," they prayed the hymn,

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!"

Whoever was for the Wrong, they were for the Right, and Right was Might, for God is God. An unseen eye guided them; an invisible hand led them till heaven's portals opened to their early vision. One said, "I have faced death before and I am not afraid to meet him now." Another said, "Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee." The world was still when they were borne to their last resting-places; the shots that killed them were the expiring blows of some lost cause, giving them immortal enthronement.

E. W. C.

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OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

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A Listening World

IN that wonderful passage, I Kings 19 : 9-12, frequently quoted yet little understood, there is a powerful reminder of conditions in Europe at the present time. The Scripture tells us how Elijah left his place of shelter, where he had hidden to escape the slayers, and while he stood before the Lord out in the open: "A great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice."

Have we not some of these manifestations in present conditions in Europe? There have been great storms, involving all the nations, some disastrously, while millions of souls have lost their spiritual moorings and are drifting to ruin. There have been earthquakes social, political and economic, which have overturned rulers and governments, and caused universal upheaval among the peoples. And we have had and still have the fires of trial, suffering and privation. But the wind that rent the mountains, the mighty earthquake and the fire in Elijah's experience, were not essential parts of the Divine nature but ministers to the Divine will. They are forces which, if men would only interpret them rightly, should be regarded as monitors pointing us to righteousness.

There was a climax to Elijah's phenomenal visitation. He had looked for God in the midst of the tumult, but failed to find Him, and it was not until the fire had done its work that the prophet heard the "still small voice."

Christian people should pray that Europe, which is now passing through a fiery trial, may be quick to hear the "still small voice" when it speaks and be ready to obey. It would almost seem that the workers of Russia, England, Austria and Germany have already heard that Voice, and that Labor—the great burden-bearer of the world—may yet be chosen to lead the nations out of the war-storm with all its hatred, its frightfulness and its sin, back to God and righteousness and peace.

February, Month of Heroes

FEBRUARY is a cold and a bitterly short month. But despite its disagreeable features, one always thinks of February with a very real sense of pleasure. For it stands out on our calendar as a month of heroes.

It was in February that a boy was born in a stately Southern manor house—a boy who was destined to mold the fate of a nation in his strong, capable hands—a boy who was destined to lead a country away from kings and kingly power and kingly greed to a form of government that would be by and for the people.

And it was in February, perhaps a century later, that another boy was born in a Middle Western log cabin—a boy whose hands were the tender though toil-worn hands that later bound up the bleeding wounds of the same nation and brought the dream of peace and brotherhood to its troubled soul.

February—the month of heroes! Washington and Lincoln are figures that live in the hearts of every patriot—Washington with his courtly grace; Lincoln with his dear, homely features and his understanding smile. And because of its association with them, February, despite its cold weather, its dark nights and its snowy dawns, will always be known and loved and looked forward to as the bravest month of all.

The Worth of Sympathy

IF ever there was a time when misery, want, sorrow and heart-breaking were rampant, it is now. Wherever one casts his eye, be it to the western battle-front with its countless dead, maimed and wounded; to the lonely homes deprived of a father's, a brother's, a husband's or sweetheart's care and providing; to the huts and palaces where actual want is found; to the poor and sorely pressed; to the homeless in great conflagrations, in tempests, and earthquakes; to the tens of thousands torn by conflicting claims of old and new fatherlands; to the misunderstood and misjudged—everywhere there seems to be cause for tears, for sorrow, for misery of mind and body. Everywhere are multitudes carrying heavy loads.

What an invitation in this to all of us to help carry these loads! Pressed and disturbed as we may be ourselves, cause enough as we may have for individual complaint, someone else has the heavier load, and it is incumbent upon us to help carry it.

"Sympathy," says Charles H. Parkhurst, "is two hearts tugging at one load." This is a good idea, for "a brother's suffering claims a brother's pity." In Christ we have the great example of One who watched and wept and prayed and felt for all. If we would be his followers, we must follow in his steps. Our money is needed for Red Cross work, for relief funds, for institutions of mercy; our sacrifices as to food, fuel, clothing and other things will go a long way toward giving these commodities to those more in need of them than we are ourselves; our prayers for the afflicted, the sorrowing, the oppressed and destitute, will set in motion a wave of sympathy which is sorely needed; our individual endeavors and collective sympathies will help to bring about that state of conditions for which the world at large is sighing.

Have we distress near at home? Do we know a lonesome, worrying mother with a son "over there"? Do we know of a young wife, a sister, a daughter, who fears to take up the morning paper because of what it might bring? To all such, a visit, a clasp of the hand, a cheering smile, a kind word, how much they will help! Let us come together in sympathy and express it fully and freely in thought, word and act, to alleviate as much as we may of the sorrows, the trials and the troubles of those with whom we come in contact or of whom we know and hear. And let us remember that

"The Sympathy we give today
We may be glad to get to-morrow."

Why Your Paper Is Still Late

EVERY week brings nearer the restoration of normal mailing facilities, when Christian Herald subscribers can depend upon receiving their paper regularly on time. The widespread congestion of railway traffic of all kinds has been hard on periodicals throughout the whole country. We have reason to hope, however, that the worst is well over, and that the energetic measures adopted by the government will render impossible any repetition of such delays as those of the first week in January, when all the mails, except first-class matter, became hopelessly congested not only at the starting point but at all big terminals. Our readers will understand that the government, at that particular time, was dealing with unprecedented conditions which, as the President explained, "called for many sacrifices," in order that still greater sacrifices might be averted. We will ask our readers to kindly accept this as our reply to the complaints we have received, every one of which is attributable to the causes mentioned above, which as we previously explained are wholly outside of the publishers' control.

Discussing the Church "After the War"

MANY thousands of earnest Christian men and women throughout this land are now giving thoughtful consideration to the problem involved in the discussion of "The Church After the War." Every mail brings us letters on the subject, some containing practical suggestions and all showing a deep interest. A reader of the Christian Herald in Norfolk, Va., sends this communication:

In line with your "After the War" comments on the Church, I would suggest the following as most needful improvements on the present conditions:

A proper distribution of the churches by eliminating denominational rivalry, and doing away with surplus churches on the various four corners where one church would accommodate all the people tributary thereto, and by wisely distributing the ministers among vacant fields to carry the Gospel to fields now neglected, or, more concisely, to introduce business management.

Feed the children on the Bible, and the promise is "My Word shall not return unto me void." "The child is father to the man," and this generation of young people, instructed in God's Word, will surely secure to the next a God-fearing and church-going people.

Utilize all the lay members, and thus multiply the forces warring against sin. Nearly every church has numbers of devout and well qualified members, who are only waiting to be used in vacant fields near by. The Saviour sent out the seventy. Let us adopt his methods. L. S.

These views deserve consideration because they are practical and such as can be readily applied even in a small community. But the problem is so vast that the method used must be broad and far-reaching and adapable to all conditions. Nor should it be forgotten that Church unification is not to be achieved by the larger absorbing the smaller bodies. That would, in effect, be establishing the principle that the greater is necessarily the better—that the larger *should* absorb the smaller. Such, however, cannot be the true ideal of spiritual unity, which depends not on organization nor yet upon numbers, but upon the spiritual life and purpose of each and every member of the whole, and upon the unselfish consecration which is ready to waive all denominational advantage, that good may come to all. In other words, there can be no real union where all are not equally ready and willing to sacrifice for union's sake.

The path of Christianity is one which puts all who walk upon it on a common plane of equality. There can be no real union without recognizing this principle. It is only when all are at one on the essentials, and knit together in that spiritual brotherhood which marks the true discipleship, that they can ever look forward to the day when the Christian Church can be truthfully called "one flock with one Shepherd." That day, we believe, will come, but in God's good time; and when it does come, the whole Church will flow together in bonds of love and service. Meanwhile, it is for us to look forward and prepare for it.

Thoroughness

"THIS one thing I do," wrote the apostle to the Gentiles. It is a philosophy of successful achievement, good for all of us.

Dwight L. Moody wrote of a certain mission: "I have done one thing on this trip, and the work is wonderful. *One thing* is my motto." Of such projects as Moody was accustomed to undertake one at a time was quite enough for any one man. And such a man as Moody, all there, was equal to any undertaking.

Edison says his life motto has been, "I know only one thing—electricity." It has proved enough to keep him busy and crown his life with achievement. And he has not exhausted the subject yet, nor has the subject exhausted him. Edison and electricity are two names that will be linked together throughout the ages.

The thorough men are the solid foundation stones of any enterprise. The listless ones whose time and attention are divided up among many things at the same time are poor material. They get nowhere in the long run. They may seem bright and swift as did the fabled hare, while the thorough, painstaking ones may seem slow and plodding as did the tortoise of the same fable; but the point of the fable is that the tortoise won the race. And that is the point in life.

Thoroughness can't be attained by sticking a ramrod through the vertebræ. The right kind of backbone stiffening comes from above. A high ideal is the strongest lure. Love of one's work can be developed by purpose in it, earnest application to it and mastery of it. And he who loves his work will be thorough in it. He loves it not for what he can get out of it but for what he can put into it. Here is one of the lines that divide the animal from the human; and there is a higher line, marked by nobility of purpose and thoroughness of endeavor, which divides the mere human from the regenerate man and woman.

The Man and His Calling

A HANDSOME marble shaft has been raised to the memory of a Pennsylvanian, bearing the inscription, "Here Lies a Great Merchant." Possibly it is not the best that could be said of him. It is something, but it does not seem to be enough for the record of a life. We live not merely to buy and sell goods, but to be an influence among human forces. The man must not disappear in his calling. One's vocation often swallows him, completely overwhelms him, and there is nothing left of him for any purpose outside his occupation.

It is a contemptible estimate of a vocation to regard it as merely a means of getting a living. The man who is not greater than his calling, who does not overtop his vocation, so that the manhood runs over all sides, is sadly deficient. A man should be greater than the business he builds up, greater than any speech he makes or book he writes, than any house he builds or any sermon he preaches.

It is good to be a great merchant, a great professor, a great farmer or statesman or doctor. But it is far better to be great in manhood. No man can be truly of use to his community until he outgrows the vocation that gives him bread and butter. No man is really rich who is not greater than his check-book.

A Day at Camp Upton

FOR some time I had been anxious to visit one of the camps that are housing the young men who are to fight America's war. There were many reasons why I wanted to do this.

There was the miracle of putting up practically over night wooden cities able to house thousands upon thousands of men; to give them the material comforts to which the twentieth century had accustomed them; to guard them against the dangers of unsanitary conditions; to protect them from the inclemencies of impending winter.

Then there was the question. How do these young men find their life, taken away from the happy routine of home and placed in conditions so novel and extraordinary? Do they find themselves quickly, do they take hold readily, do they come to feel at home and happy? For after all, it is more interesting to know how people live in their heart and mind than in their body. And in that connection I wanted to know whether Christ had gone along to camp, and whether there was room for him amid the preparation for war.

Camp Upton, Yaphank, L. I., where National Army men from New York City are preparing for France

So, one Tuesday evening, I called up our camp pastor at Camp Upton and asked him whether he were going to camp the next day. And when he said yes, I asked to go along.

On the trip out we discussed the task which the war has placed upon our churches. Many thousands of their young men in the army, many already across the sea and all of them needing now the backing of their home church more than ever before in their life. We realized the truth of that prayer in this crisis: "God give us men, great men, men that can lead."

AFTER an hour and a half, we drew up at the station and alighted. We were not in the camp, but a brisk walk of ten minutes through the snow brought us to the edge of "the miracle city." Camp Upton, which houses 35,000 of our soldier boys and will soon have 20,000 more. Over 400 unpainted, two-story barracks, each housing about 120 men, form the living and sleeping quarters. In addition, numberless buildings are about, serving as store and supply houses, guard houses, and Y. M. C. A. quarters.

Each barrack is supplied with running water and electric light, the latter supplied by a large central plant. The barracks are heated by tremendous wood-burning stoves. An aisle divides them in the center, on one side being the mess-room, on the other the sleeping quarters. For comfort, convenience and simple order they are, indeed, first rate.

My mentor had to see a young man in the baking squad. He was the son of wealthy parents and had always enjoyed the comforts of a well-appointed home, but he did not at all regret being thrown into the sterner necessities of army life. He took us through the camp bakery which each day turns out 20,000 to 40,000 two-pound loaves of bread. In every detail it was a model of cleanliness and convenience.

BEING in camp, it was natural that we should drop in at the Y. M. C. A., "the home that goes along with the men to the front," as has been so often said. In Camp Upton there are eight Y. M. C. A. huts, each containing a large auditorium arranged for lectures, services, entertainments and motion-picture evenings. Then it contains a lounging and reading-room, a desk for information and service, and quarters for the secretaries. In addition, each camp has a general headquarters building, with its staff of directors, which plans and initiates the work in the various camps. The Y. M. C. A. is "on the job." It's on the job in equipment and man-power. No one entering a camp can fail to be struck by the inviting appearance of the Y. M. C. A. huts, their attractive coloring, their curtained windows and signs of welcome. Into that equipment, which the closest study has standardized and perfected, has gone the finest manhood of America to make the work of the Y. M. C. A. effective. I knew what stood in back of that equipment at Camp Upton. I had seen the tremendous store-house on West Twenty-third Street, New York City. I had seen also the building of the International, and spoken with the men who are mobilizing the man-power of America to help the Y. M. C. A. I had begun to understand the secret of the Y. M. C. A.'s success. It was the ability to tackle a man's job in a man's way, directly, forcibly, successfully. Or, as one of the Gary bankers once told me when I visited his city to study the Gary system, "We tried to do the obvious thing without red tape, or fear for outworn tradition."

IN successfully "doing the obvious thing" of bringing the home and home surroundings to the camp and to the front, the Y. M. C. A. is rendering a real service. The way the men frequent its buildings and speak of its work shows how thoroughly it is succeeding.

Unfortunately, the churches are not moving as rapidly and smoothly. The Knights of Columbus building was erected and in service, taking care of the Catholic boys, but the Protestant chapel stood unfinished, no roof, the sides only partly boarded, though it ought to have been in service many weeks previous. The church must learn from the Y. M. C. A., and since its job in this crisis is a man's job, it must measure up and do it in a man's way.

It is a man's job to help these young men keep their spiritual balance, to bring Christ into camp and to keep him there. That's the task for the Christian church, which overshadows every other at present. Much has been done, and every Christian heart at home should vibrate in response to the call, so that the church's task may be done as thoroughly as the occasion and opportunity demand. O. H. P.

The "Home Touch" in the Camps

BOYS from the North, boys from the South, East, West—all over the country, assembled in the great Southern training camps and stations! Boys who have traveled—boys who have never been out of their state before. All of them open to impressions; sensitive; responsive to public opinion. Think what would happen if the old idea of the "ruff-tuff" army man were allowed to prevail. But fortunately it isn't. These Southern people have taken the boys to their hearts. Representatives of the War Camp Community Service (a branch of the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities) have gone into the communities and awakened the people to the need for providing wholesome recreation for the enlisted men's leisure hours, organized the local forces and stayed to direct and systematize the work. The communities are almost without exception bringing all their facilities into play, opening new club rooms, writing-rooms and community meeting-places. This is splendid. But what is better—what is best of all—is that they are taking the boys into their own homes, entertaining them at dinner, letting them have hot baths and making them part of the family.

It is quite a liberal education too for the Northern boys to come into contact with Southern life. One of the War Camp Community workers writes: "I accompanied a group of soldiers to —— yesterday, where they were entertained at dinner. After dinner we spent the time in exploring the large plantation which was handed down from slavery days to the family now occupying it. In the evening all the colored folk on the plantation assembled at the home of the owner and entertained the soldier visitors with negro folk songs."

A most decided change of feeling has been brought about in one small Southern city during the last few months. For years marines have been stationed on an island not far out, but there has been practically no intercourse between the men and the townspeople. It never occurred to the townspeople that these boys might be lonely and hungry for some bit of normal life. The Commission on Training Camp Activities asked the Playground and Recreation Association to send its representative into the communities near the camps to help the people see their responsibility and organize them for furnishing normal happy recreation for the leisure hours of the men in the service. After a time plans were under way. A clubhouse for men on leave was provided—simple but permeated with a friendly spirit. The men came and were entertained with a good old-fashioned social and things to eat made in home kitchens. Those men went back to camp filled with enthusiastic tales. Their hosts went home to dream of their happy faces. The officers' skepticism changed to frank interest when they saw what could be done. Now, the men are coming to town in goodly numbers in their spare time. They are attending the club and the church parties—and on Sundays they go to the church services too.

THAT the work of the War Recreation Board in Des Moines, Ia., is appreciated by parents of boys at Camp Dodge is evidenced by a letter from a mother who writes to the official city hostess for the board:

"I wish I might make you realize how grateful we all are to you for your kind interest in our boy. His last few letters have had a different ring and I'm sure you are largely responsible for it. The home touch surely counts for a lot with most of us. While we felt that —— was pretty level-headed, still the terrible things we are forced to believe scare us. You who live near the camps have wonderful opportunities as well as great responsibilities with our boys and your own girls, but this surely is a time when we all have a chance of finding out what we can do.

The following is taken from a letter written to one of the workers at Spartanburg, S. C., who has been helping to entertain soldiers:

"How can I thank you for being so good to my boy? He has been writing to me of your wonderful kindness to him, and I have felt that I should like to write to you, so I appreciate very much your writing to me, thus giving me an opportunity to do so. It means so much to me to know that some one is taking an interest in him down there. There is so little that we can do for him from home, and I don't dare write to him all the longing, loneliness and love I feel for him for fear it will make him homesick, but I feel that you are giving him so much that helps that over and over again I thank you." . . .

"One of the finest things that Miss McMakin" who had been leading the Community Chorus) "has done for Camp Wadsworth" says a recent letter) "is to teach the boys that have attended her concerts the following words for 'Taps':

"'God of Love, Friends and Home
God of Peace, Bless us all.
God of Love, Keep us each
God of Light, Evermore.'

"These words, when sung slowly and with expression, afford a dramatic finale to any program for soldiers; and on every future occasion when they hear 'Taps' they will think of them."

This Drop of 3-in-One Oil Has 79 Uses

How Many Ways Do You Use 3-in-One?

Use 3-in-One Oil to *lubricate* all light mechanisms — typewriters, sewing machines, phonograph motors, cash registers, adding machines and other bank and office mechanisms, guns, fishing reels, automatic tools, magnetos, Ford Commutators, bicycles, cream separators. Use

3-in-One Oil

to *clean and polish* all veneered and varnished surfaces — pianos, phonographs, fine furniture, office desks and filing cabinets, hardwood floors, automobile bodies, golf clubs. Use it to polish mirrors, cut glass, automobile windshields. Use it to make dustless dust cloths and polish mops — very economical.

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3-in-One is sold at all good stores in 50c, 25c and one-ounce (small size) Bottles; also in the Handy Oil Can, 25c.

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Liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil and Dictionary of Uses—both sent *free*. Write us a postal

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165CH. Broadway
New York

HOWARD CHASE

By PASTOR CHARLES M. SHELDON

Author of "In His Steps"

CHAPTER V—*Continued*

HOWARD had been going down on the street during the two Saturdays since he arrived at Red Hill. He loved a crowd. He had mixed eagerly with the farmers, being introduced to them by his own church members as he met them. And with that attraction which men like the Expressman felt without being able to define it, he had drawn men to him. There was an irresistible charm in his ready grin, in his complete absence of ministerial manner, in his complete and absolute love of humanity and passion for democracy. Is it any wonder poor Inez bent to him as if a breath from some invisible zephyr had dropped over her and bent her frail blossom to nod trembling as he passed her? Results that with others required weeks and months for ripening were with him accomplished with swift hastening steps. He acted on people as a tonic and created friendship with a passing smile, making important history with amazing rapidity.

But this Saturday before the Sunday which was to begin the union evening services from which he began to anticipate some great results, he did not go down town, but spent the time between his little study and the churchyard.

His disfigured looks were, he told himself, partly to blame for his shrinking from the public. He said to himself with real honesty, the clear transparent sort which a man uses on himself as well as on other people, "I am, when you come to look at me, a fright. I can tell that the minute I catch sight of myself in a window-pane, to say nothing of a mirror. It is useless to deny I have always been a little proud of my looks. It is partly joy at being well and strong, but some of it is just pride, sheer pride, no matter what Rose says. I am beginning already to think of how I shall feel when I have to face the people tomorrow morning. It will be something of an ordeal. And I know it will be humiliating until I get to preaching, and perhaps even after that."

He had a number of details to attend to in connection with his services, and with the seating of the yard. While he was at work in his study in the forenoon Rose brought in the dodgers which Inez had sent over by one of the boys in the neighborhood who belonged to the Sunday school.

Howard at once invited him to go out on the street and distribute the circulars, getting some other boys to help, and also had him leave some at Deacon Burton's store to give out to his many farmer customers to take out to the farms with them. He called up Brother Noyes and asked him to call up Gray and Harris and ask them to take some part in the evening meeting, and then he shut himself into his little room to give his undivided thought to his morning sermon, which had for its theme, "Paul, the man of one idea."

WHEN he came out at one o'clock to get a little lunch, Rose gently rallied him on his looks.

"Honest, Howard, you do not look fit to go into the pulpit Sunday. Look at yourself in the glass and you'll see what the people will have to look at."

"I've stopped looking in the glass since the fire. You'll have to comb my hair for me. But I'm going into the pulpit tomorrow. It will be quite a shock to them, I know, but they'll get over it. Perhaps if I'm no better next Sunday I'll let Roy preach for me. Isn't it jolly to know he and Kate are coming?"

He spent the afternoon going over his sermon and helping to complete the final arrangements for his outdoor service. He had rearranged the seats so as to allow of more space in front of the lights out across the road so that people who came in their autos would feel they were more a part of the audience in the yard.

After supper he turned to Rose, who had gone into the kitchen for something.

"Now it's dark and I'm as good-looking as any one, I'll go over and see how Jake Seymour is. I'll not be out long."

SEYMOUR lived across the Santa Fe tracks on the other side of Red Hill. Howard had already been to see him to make inquiry about his injuries, but at the time of his call Jake had been asleep and the man who came to the door had said it was the doctor's orders not to excite him with company. Howard had learned that the man at the door was Seymour's brother and that the two lived together in the small housekeeping bachelor's quarters, Seymour's brother being a brakeman on the Santa Fe with a run to Newton, getting home at irregular intervals.

"As soon as he's able to see any one he'll want to see you, sure, Mr. Chase. Come again. If he's any worse I'll let you know."

Tonight when Howard knocked at the door the Agent opened it.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Chase. Come in. Jake's getting on fine. He wants to see you."

Howard went in, seeing everything and seeming to see nothing. He found Jake Seymour sitting up, his head bandaged and a general air of being blown up about his person, but on the sure road to recovery and ready to express his thankfulness to Howard for his part on the night of the accident.

"I thought I was done for, sure, and 'The End' was on my film. But I'm glad to be alive, Mr. Chase, and I'm grateful to you. I don't know how to express myself any better."

Howard was surprised at the man's language and the evident marks of his culture and education. Seymour was a very large, awkwardly built man, with a plain, common-looking face, but a good brow and a clear bright eye. Howard liked him, and in his usual enthusiastic manner proceeded to get at his real aim in life.

"I want to know about the films; I mean about your part in them. When you get able to talk matters over I want you to give me inside information about your exchange, the source of your supply, the chances for bettering the shows, and so forth."

Jake Seymour leaned forward in bed and gave Howard a look of real interest.

"Say, you're the first preacher in this town ever talked like that to me. They're always blaming me for the character of the shows—I can tell you a lot of things about the business. I'm just as much interested as you are in getting good films. But I have to take what they send me. Many a time I don't see the fool thing till it's wobbling over the screen. And I've put my hand over the shutter more than once to cut off something I knew was coming that the kids ought not to see. I'll be awful glad to talk it over with some one who has sense and understands."

Howard's eyes glowed with eager interest.

"When you're able to talk we'll have a great time. We'll get the Agent here to write a scenario with a railroad thriller in it that will be the real thing, I know the Agent could do it in fine style."

THE Agent actually blushed so that his pink eye-brows were nearly as invisible as Howard's.

"I don't know but he could do it all right," Jake Seymour grinned. "Perhaps you don't know it, Mr. Chase, but in between setting the signals, selling tickets and opening the key to Lawton he's leaning *towards* literachure. I've seen some of his pieces and they ain't half bad."

Do husbands know much about housework?

INDEED they do not.

And maybe the man who first thought of making Gold Dust got the idea when he was home under the doctor's care.

On Sundays when we men folks are home, Wife keeps the housekeeping very much in the background.

But now and then we get laid up and have to stay home on a week-day.

Then! Well, any man who smiles at woman's work had better take just one day off and keep his eyes open.

That daily grind of housekeeping—those constant nagging interruptions—the *everlasting dishwashing* would drive most men distracted in a week.

Dishwashing seems to be a bug-bear at best. But when a good dinner—say of roast lamb—has left the dishes especially greasy, women need all the help they can get.

Even a man can see that dishwashing could be done quicker *if the grease came off easier.*

Anyway, the man who invented Gold Dust *did* give women something that takes the grease off much quicker—when a tablespoonful is used in the dishwater.

DON'T you want to order a package from your grocer and see how much dishwashing time Gold Dust saves for *you?* But for Gold Dust results be sure it *is* Gold Dust you get. It comes in large and small packages. It is for sale by grocers everywhere.

GOLD DUST

The Busy Cleaner

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

The Agent blushed redder than ever. "He's kiddin' you, Mr. Chase. I've never broke into print yet. Looks as if the semaphore was always set for me to slow down and stop."

Howard was delighted. It seemed to him that every day he was discovering some new and interesting types in Red Hill. He had not suspected the Agent.

"Some day when you're not busy come up to the parsonage and let me see some of your stuff. I've been practicing some myself on the magazines, and I believe either of us could beat some of the matter they print. Come on up some time."

"I'll do it, Mr. Chase; I believe I could get one of my pieces into the Railway Man's Magazine if I could lick it into shape."

"I'm sure you could. If I was the editor I'd pay three cents a mile for it." Howard grinned and the Agent and Seymour joined in a loud laugh, as Howard rose to go.

"You got hurt yourself, Mr. Chase," Seymour suddenly said with gravity, and with marked delicacy, not seeming to call attention directly to the remarkable absence of eyebrows.

"Only some of my beauty rubbed off. I'm hoping it will grow on again."

He shook hands with Seymour and the Agent and went out with his swift but not noisy manner.

AFTER he was gone, the Agent sat silently staring at Seymour. He had come over to sit with the moving picture man until his brother came in on the Newton freight.

"He's a fine fellow," said Seymour at last. "Never thought I should ever owe my life to a preacher."

"Yes," said the Agent slowly and in a low tone. "And doesn't it seem a pity, if it's true, what's going the rounds?"

"What's that?" asked Seymour, sitting up, and his face took on an eager look.

"Haven't you heard? The Expressman told me this afternoon. It's all over town. He and Inez Clark—"

Here the Agent dropped his voice still lower and leaned over the bed as he finished his sentence.

"I don't believe it," said Seymour, throwing a big fist down on his bed cover. "Don't believe Mr. Chase is that kind of a man."

"Well, I don't either. But it's going the rounds," said the Agent slowly.

Late that night Howard finished his sermon. And leaning his elbows on his desk he looked up at the picture of Christ which Roy Lennox had given him.

He looked at the picture with his gaze absorbed and his whole person removed from his surroundings. If he had been born in India he would have understood the mystic and the trance dreamer. Yet no one so wide awake and earth-born and earth-interested as he.

There in the night quiet as he sat detached from all his surroundings his mind was moving forward to his morning service; his vision outlined the audience; his heart longed for a visible response to his message; his whole passionate desire breathed the longing for real results in his hearers' lives; and as he gazed at the Christ it seemed to him he was going to have his prayer answered.

"Why should I wait any length of time in my ministry before I win souls? Why may I not get results tomorrow?"

Later on, if some reverent spirit had been allowed to look into the study, it would have seen the new minister of Red Hill kneeling by his desk, his head on his hands, praying out of a wide-awake spirit for a Pentecostal Lord's Day.

SUNDAY morning dawned over Red Hill a perfect June day, and when Howard stood up to preach he faced a congregation and a condition of human interest without a parallel in that little Kansas town.

It was like his first Sunday, only twice as many people. Farmers' automobiles lined the road, people stood outside eagerly trying to get a look through the open windows, and an air of expectant interest greeted Howard.

And yet, in spite of the fact that his preaching was unlike anything the people had ever heard and his prayer at the close made the audience sit in painful hushed attention, the result was altogether disappointing.

He said to Rose after it was all over and they were back in the parsonage for dinner:

"I don't know what the matter is. But I didn't get anywhere today. Something wrong somewhere."

Rose did not answer at once.

"I think you're tired. But the people may have been affected by your looks. Did that trouble you?"

He laughed a healthy, natural laugh.

"No. I forgot all about that. Do you think the people let it get in the way of my message?"

"No. You silly boy, don't you realize they came in a crowd today to see the hero who threw Jake Seymour across the street with one hand? That's what 'swelled the audience,' as the papers say. The absence of your eyebrows was the public proof of your heroism."

"'Heroism!'" he exclaimed. "If I thought anything like that brought the people to church—"

His horror of cheap claptrap, of sensation, of running after the latest fad, caused a feeling like disgust and dislike of humanity. He was too sane and healthy of spirit to allow such a mental attitude to prevail, but he could not shake the feeling off, and it followed him throughout the day and into the evening service.

THE crowd at that service broke all records for church attendance in Red Hill. The evening was perfect. Elder Noyes preached what he called an old-fashioned Gospel sermon. The young people under Miss Burton's direction sang with spirit and evidently pleased the crowd; the other ministers took their parts acceptably, and under any ordinary conditions Howard would have called the evening a great success and gone on to plan with enthusiasm for the future. But he came into the parsonage after the people were gone and the lights all out, looking and feeling more depressed than Rose had ever seen him.

"Something gone wrong today, and I can't lay it to my eyebrows," he grinned, but not in his usual careless fashion. "We got no results either morning or evening."

"Only the crowds," said Rose, trying to cheer him up.

"Crowds! What are they? What use is a crowd if it doesn't do something, commit itself, take a stand, change its habits? A crowd does not mean anything, sister, to me, unless it does something more than come to a meeting. It must not only come, it must *go*, and go in some real, positive, conscious way, or all preaching and meetings are empty things. And did it seem to you that the ministers were rather cold and unfriendly?"

"Why, no. You must have imagined it. They seemed friendly enough to me."

"I must be tired and imagined it. But it seemed to me they acted a little queer. You know I'm sensitive on that point. I want people to like me. I like to be liked."

"And you *are* liked. Howard, do you realize that in the few short weeks you have been here you have won the people? Mrs. Burton said today she never saw anything like it. The people just can't help liking you."

"Is that so?" He laughed like a boy, but he was immensely pleased.

"I can go to sleep on that, little sister, but somehow the day was not a success. Let's forget it, and try again. I did my praying all alone. I'll get the other men to join me before next Sunday."

BUT when morning came and he began his week's work he felt an unusual depression as if an intangible something was in the air. He went down town, and people greeted him as usual and spoke of the great Sunday meetings, but he felt an unspoken reserve or difference in manner, which annoyed and disturbed him mentally, because he could not define it to himself. Even Deacon Burton did not seem quite the same when Howard stepped into the store on his way back from the post office. And Deacon Burton was fast winning a very warm place in the young minister's heart.

Continued on page 162

"Only Enough For One Motorist In Fifty"

Uniform Tires

(99 Per Cent Excellent)

Built by Uniform Men

(96 Per Cent Efficient)

MANY manufacturers build good tires. But each producer's problem is to build ALL of his tires as good as his best one. To make them as uniform in mileage as they are in looks.

Even tires built side by side often vary thousands of miles. Were it not for this, certain great brands would equal the Miller.

For Miller has succeeded in building tires the same.

Not a few — not certain "lucky" tires. But 99 Millers in 100. Less than 1 per cent ever need adjustment.

Miller UNIFORM MILEAGE Tires

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

Tires are bound to vary about as the workmen do, because they are mostly handwork. To build them uniform, "human variables" must go. That's why, three years ago, we began to keep books on every tire built, and on the man who built it.

We brought in experts on scientific management. And the master tire builders were used to train the rest.

Many withstood this new order of efficiency and are building Miller Tires today. Those who fell below the mark had to go elsewhere.

Perfection demanded the survival of the fittest. This body of Miller men is known today as Tiredom's crack regiment. Their efficiency averages 96 per cent.

And more than 99 per cent of their tires exceed the warranted mileage.

Geared-to-the-Road

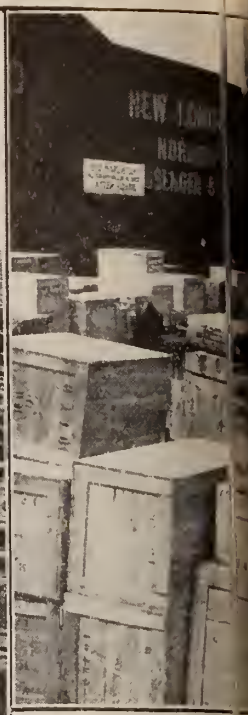
Miller Tires are Geared-to-the-Road. Look how the ratchet-like tread takes hold of the ground. This keeps wheels from spinning when you start — it gives positive traction while you are going.

This year we'll produce enough for only one motorist in fifty. Because few workmen can be trained to this perfection. Better speak to the authorized Miller dealer at once for your supply.

The Miller Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes
The Team-Mates of Uniform Tires

A small section of one Jersey City Terminal



Merchandise piled in st S
New York Ci

GRAPHIC PICTURES OF NEW YORK'S CONGESTED TERMINALS

Photos by Brown Bros.

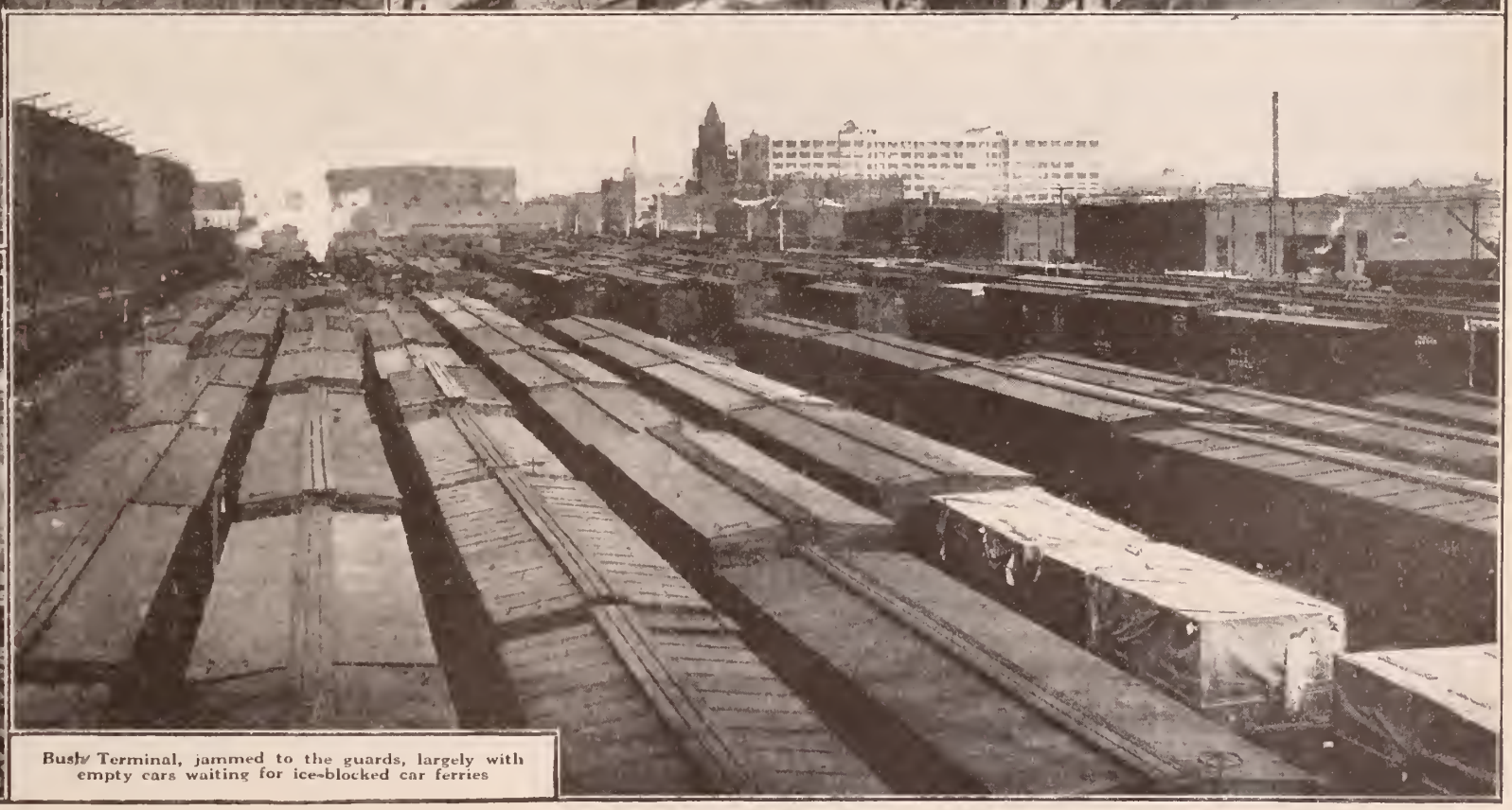
Steel rails and bulky goods dumped in open spaces in the freight yards

Freight unloaded on the open meadows to release cars to bring more freight to be unloaded

Hundreds of barrels of oil for export, stored in the street in front of the piers

Knees for wooden ships, miscellaneous merchandise, teams and men all waiting for word to move

Teams at a pier entrance waiting to be unloaded
Everybody in everybody's way and everybody stalled



Busy Terminal, jammed to the guards, largely with empty cars waiting for ice-blocked car ferries

YOU'VE read how the fighting planes maneuver—a quick climb—then a plunge—a sharp turn—then a quick reverse turn—can you conceive of anything standing such strains?

Yet each plug must deliver an independent spark every sixteenth part of a second and every spark must come on the instant and fire every charge in every cylinder every time.

That dependability to which one may safely entrust life and limb, if need be, is inherent in Champion Toledo Spark Plugs.

When you realize that Champions supply the spark of life for an overwhelming majority of motors of all kinds, you appreciate how faithfully we are attaining laboratory results in quantity manufacture.

When you buy spark plugs see that the name "Champion" is on the porcelain—not merely on the box.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

WE BUY OLD FALSE TEETH

We now pay as high as $19.50 for false teeth sets (broken or not). Send at once—we return cash same day we receive package. We pay highest prices for old gold jewelry, gold crowns, bridges, platinum, silver. (Cut out adv.)

U. S. SMELTING WORKS 1719 Caswell Block, Milwaukee, Wis.

LEPAGE'S GLUE HANDY TUBES
A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

"Safeguarding *the* Children's Health *makes me a* LUDEN-ite" — *says the mother*

It is one thing to give a child something to relieve irritation of nose and throat—and it's another to know that the remedy is *safe*. That's why most parents are Luden-ites. For years Luden's Menthol Candy Cough Drops have made breathing *easier* for thousands. Are you a Luden-ite? Luden's are not touched by hand in making.

Sold everywhere in yellow, sanitary package—

5c as usual

Give Quick Relief

LUDEN'S MENTHOL CANDY COUGH DROPS

Continued from page 159

Under any ordinary circumstances he would, acting on his absolutely frank and undiplomatic nature, have gone at the heart of the trouble and tried to find out the reason. But he decided it was a case of unusual "tired," or something left over from his moving picture night experience; or possibly people were embarrassed on account of his looks. And so the week passed with no special incident until Lennox and his wife arrived on Friday.

Rose and Howard were down at the station to meet them so they wouldn't "get lost among the population," as Howard reminded Roy, and they escorted them up to the parsonage and rejoiced to see them installed in the best room with a promise to stay for an indefinite visit.

Howard had not seen Inez since he saw her in the chorus on Sunday, and Rose had been to the printer's with his copy and secured the dodgers, doing it under the guise of helping him while he was busy with his chum, and so forth. The Rev. Mr. Gray was to be the preacher, and the circulars printed rather a full program of special music.

Saturday Howard spent busily with Lennox in preparation for the Sunday meetings, going over his plans with his seminary classmate, who showed the greatest enthusiasm in everything.

"I believe there's work enough here for two men," Lennox said, as he watched Howard pull benches around the yard, screw electric lamps into new connections, reconstruct a part of the platform to give the chorus more room, and go from one thing to another with a quiet swiftness that looked easy but was in reality the price of constant and untiring practice.

"I've had my hands full ever since I came," Howard replied with a cheerful smile. "Not a dull minute. After supper I'll take you down to see the man who's responsible for my lost eyebrows. This is an exciting parish."

LATE that night, after he and Roy had come back from an interesting visit with Seymour and after the others had retired and Howard was alone in his study, a quiet knock at the door brought him out into the little sitting-room. Evidently he had not heard or paid attention to the first knock, for as he was about to open the door the rap was repeated, and when the door opened Deacon Burton was seen there on the little porch.

He stepped in and greeted Howard gravely.

"I want to see you alone, Brother Chase."

"Come into the study," Howard said, surprised, but calm, as he always was, inwardly.

Deacon Burton went in and Howard closed the door.

The deacon laid his hat down slowly on the little table by Howard's desk, and taking the seat offered him, he sat down and looked earnestly and Howard thought sorrowfully into his pastor's face. Howard was totally in the dark as to the object of the deacon's call. But he sat there facing him with a fast growing conviction that something like a tremendous event was about to happen, or that a crisis of some great and impending meaning had suddenly come upon him. The soft June night was very quiet about the house and the two men in the minister's study.

CHAPTER VI

"BROTHER Chase," said Deacon Burton slowly and gravely, "I have come to talk with you plainly and I believe you will understand why. Let me say first of all I have no motive in coming here tonight except my love for the church and my great, may I say affectionate, regard for you as my pastor."

"I understand that," said Howard eagerly. "I have the same feeling for the church and for you."

Deacon Burton regarded him earnestly.

"I want to believe that. What I have to say is all the more painful on that account. Do you know about the report going around the town about yourself and this girl Inez Clark?"

The question was so blunt, so direct and so unexpected that Howard, who had been leaning forward toward the deacon, fell back in his chair as if the deacon had struck him. His face was pale, his hands were clenched, and he was silent. Then he said, very slowly as if holding himself in check,

"No, Deacon Burton, I have heard nothing. This is the first——"

And then he paused with a hesitation so curious that Deacon Burton looked at him with a troubled look.

"Of course I have lived here long enough to know that Red Hill is notorious for its gossiping habits. That is what made me slow about coming to you with this story. But it is so prevalent, it is, I am grieved to say, so generally credited, that I felt as an officer of the church and—and—one at heart anxious for your welfare that I ought to come to you direct and see why you did not deny the story if you had heard it and to find out the real truth about it if you had not."

"I don't know what you are talking about," Howard said with his usual frank straightforwardness. "I have not been charged with anything. How can I deny a thing I have never heard?"

Deacon Burton looked at his young pastor thoughtfully.

"Do you mean you have not heard what the whole town is talking about?"

"Yes. I don't know what it is and I don't know what you are talking about."

THE deacon eyed him curiously and closely, then his face cleared and he breathed a long deep breath as if his mind were greatly relieved.

"I don't believe you can look me in the face like that and say anything less than the truth. I haven't lived in this town nearly all my life without learning that sometimes the person most talked about is the last one to hear about it. I am going to tell you plainly the story that is going the rounds. It will then remain for you to decide what you ought to do."

Deacon Burton went on then to tell in a very plain, direct way the story Mrs. Wilson had told Mrs. Gale, with several additions such as generally accumulate around the original setting.

When he was through, Howard, who had listened gravely but not with any signs of deep embarrassment, simply said:

"Deacon Burton, if this thing you have told me did not reveal a condition of mind in this town that is a moral tragedy, it would be so laughable that I ought not to pay any attention to it. But of course I understand what it might mean to me and to the church to keep still about it. Fortunately I can easily prove that the story has no foundation, only of course we must take into account the poor girl. I—" and at that point, to the good deacon's uneasiness, Howard paused in real embarrassment, as if something had suddenly occurred to him that entered into the situation to complicate an otherwise rather simple problem.

To be continued

Uncle Sam's Kitchen Garden

UNCLE Sam's backyard kitchen garden, during the season of last year, contained 1,150,000 acres of land. Of the product of the backyards and vacant lots 500,000,000 quarts went into glass jars, besides what was delivered F. O. B. on the table or sold to local dealers. The nation's food supply has been increased by more than $350,000,000. From a wasteful nation America is being transformed into a nation awake to the value of crumbs of food. The board bill of the soldiers is not much less than $1,000,000 a day, with a prospect of having a much larger army to feed, and all of the soldiers are non-producers. The reserve stock of food at all the thirty-three camps is worth $4,125,000. With the experience of last year to guide them, our city and town farmers should do twice as well this year.

Rainbow's End

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

ONCE, as a rather tiny girl, I started off to find the end of a rainbow. For I had heard rumors, vague rumors, that spoke of a Pot of Gold which lay waiting, at the place where the rainbow touched the earth, for any eager adventurer to find.

It had been storming, and the sky seemed to shine with a freshly washed look as I started out across the fields on my quest. The rainbow, all quivering rose and orange and purple and green, swept impressively across the heavens and down over the top of a violet-tinted hill. The Pot of Gold would be waiting, I reasoned in my tiny girl way, just on the other side of the hill.

The hill didn't seem very far away when I first glimpsed it. But as I plodded on over the damp, fragrant fields, my little legs grew tired. It seemed as if I had walked many miles before I reached the first gentle slope that led to the steeper ascent. I toiled wearily, breathlessly up the hill. The summit seemed very far away indeed, but I was a determined child, and I struggled on, pausing only occasionally for rests.

And then, at last, I reached the hill-top. And, standing there, I peered eagerly down into the valley on the other side, where I had thought to find the Pot of Gold. But as I looked down I became suddenly conscious that the sky was dark, and that the twilight was creeping down, and that home was very far away, and *that the rainbow had quite disappeared from the sky.* And I sat down, there on the hill, and sobbed as if my little heart were broken. For I knew that the pot of gold had vanished with the rainbow, and I was tired. . . .

Rainbows are elusive things—as elusive as they are beautiful. Their prism-like colors are radiantly bright, but they have a habit of fading, all at once, into space. Rainbows are as perishable as soap-bubbles, which can be broken by the prick of a pin; as dreams, that may be dissolved by a breath of doubt; as castles in Spain, that are so often shattered by a sigh. Rainbows seldom last until the adventurer reaches the Pot of Gold.

I was a tiny child, and I had heard vague rumors. So with my eyes on the ground I toiled wearily up a steep hill until I gained a barren summit far from home and shelter. I kept my eyes on the ground, little guessing that the rainbow, as elusive as it was beautiful, had disappeared.

The world is full of grown-up children who are ever following rainbows in the hope that they may find the Pot of Gold that lies at the end of the road over the high, violet-tinted hill. The rainbows that they seek to follow may be symbolic of ambition, or wealth, or material success. These grown-up children struggle ahead through briars, maybe, and across ravines, and past forests, in the hope that they may find the place where the shaft of tinted light dips into the green earth. For at that place the Pot of Gold may be waiting—the Pot of Gold that grown-up children call Attainment.

Usually the ones who are following the rainbow of fame or ambition or success travel with their eyes on the ground, forgetting to watch the sky, as I, a tiny girl, forgot to watch it. And so, when they reach the hill-top, they usually find that the rainbow is gone, and that the clouds above are gray, and that home is far in the background, swamped by the coming night, and—greatest tragedy of a tragic hour—that Attainment lies as far ahead as ever it did!

But there are other grown-up children, wiser grown-up children, who follow a rainbow that is symbolic of love and faith and happiness. And usually they, after they have started on their quest of attainment, pause to look up at the sky, and, seeing the radiance above, stand spellbound in the fragrant, damp fields. Oftentimes they call the attention of wayfarers to the beauty, oftentimes they show the light to eyes that have never seen it before. Oftentimes, lost in rapture, they breathe a prayer—a prayer of real thanksgiving—because they have the gift of seeing beauty and knowing it when they do see it.

And, as the rainbow fades slowly, calmly from the sky, and the horizon line turns dusky with the mist of evening, they wander back, gladly, to the home that is still near—the home that means rest and protection and shelter.

AND the strange thing is that the folk who have *not* struggled ahead with eyes on the ground toward the mythical Pot of Gold—the folk who have been thankful for the chance to watch the beauty of the rainbow and to pass that beauty on to others—are the only ones who ever reach rainbow's end. For the miracle of color reflects straight from heaven to their souls, and the Pot of Gold—radiant, yellow gold—settles glowingly into their hearts.

Our Nation's Wealth in Coal

Continued from page 148

As to our anthracite, which lies in northeastern Pennsylvania, we have not used more than one-fourth of the whole. At the time the mines were discovered the deposits contained something like 21,000,000,000 tons and there is still more than 17,000,000,000 within 3,000 feet of the surface.

It is the anthracite coal which more than anything else is causing our present congestion of freight and indirectly the coal famine. The coal is about the best in the world as far as domestic use is concerned. It has a great heating value and it burns without smoke. The result is we all want anthracite and the freight clogs the railroads.

Our coal consumption has rapidly increased since the war began, and to supply the demand of next year we ought to mine and ship half again as much coal as in 1914. The amount we should have for ourselves and for export is said to be 750,000,000 tons. We mined more than 600,000,000 tons last year, and, notwithstanding the shortage over the country, our output is now greater than ever before. Not only do we need more coal for our factories on account of the day and night speeding-up for the war, but something like 150,000,000 tons of coal could be profitably used by our allies, and especially Italy and France, which are now in the throes of a coal famine. We need more tons for the Navy and a great deal is required for the ships which carry supplies from this country to France.

The industrial demands of the war are increasing our production of coal as never before. We have mined almost a million and a half tons of coal daily throughout the past year. The total amount has been in the neighborhood of 640,000,000 tons.

Of that coal 550,000,000 tons were bituminous, the greater part of which was used for our industries and the railroads. About 90,000,000 tons of it was anthracite, some of which was employed in manufactures, but a great deal of which was used for heating our houses.

Our coal experts say that the question of a famine in coal is largely one of insufficient transportation facilities. We have enough mines open and new mines could easily be brought in if necessary so as to keep pace with our needs. We have an industrial army of coal soldiers of almost three-quarters of a million, According to John P. White, the president of the United Mine Workers, there is now a shortage of 25,000 miners in the anthracite fields, and the shortage in the bituminous fields of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois is more than 30,000. There has been a falling off of labor in the West Virginia coal district, and if these decreases continue the famine in coal will grow worse than ever.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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Headache	Torpid Liver
Sleeplessness	Malassimilation

One of the cure-rooms in the immense Goodyear factories at Akron, Ohio

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

A MAN AND HIS WORK

Three thousand, one hundred and ninety-five of the Goodyear workmen own their own homes. More than three thousand of the remaining number are paying for their homes on contract. Literally hundreds of Goodyear employees share ownership in the institution for which they labor.

IT is true in the Goodyear factories, that wherever mechanical appliance could supplant human endeavor with accuracy and saving, this has been done.

It is not less true, however, that the human element yet remains one of the largest factors in the goodness of our product, for machines must be minded by men.

So it is that upon the vast army of Goodyear workmen still devolves the responsibility for keeping this business alive and advancing.

And so it is that to these able workmen, Goodyear makes full requital of the respect that they have earned.

* * *

Goodyear always has clearly recognized the close relation between a man's well-being and his own good work.

And in this recognition have been born those manifold activities which Goodyear encourages on behalf of its people.

Far from being spent in any spirit of paternalism, these activities are launched wholly on a reciprocal basis.

It is the belief in this institution that if Goodyear takes care of its workmen, its workmen will take care of Goodyear.

There are baseball, football, musical and technical clubs at Goodyear, and more than a dozen clubs like them.

There are a legal advice bureau, a police department, a hospital, a factory library, a factory newspaper — all without charge.

There are housing, financial and health supervision, restaurant service, accident prevention and compensation, insurance systems and retirement awards.

There are schools for the advancement of competent workmen, for the Americanization of aliens, for the advantage of all who will use them.

On a tract of 400 acres now partly annexed to the city of Akron, Goodyear has itself developed a home-owning community of 2,500 people.

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It is the conviction of Goodyear that encouragement and self-help for its employees redounds to the good of their product.

Certainly we are going to gather gradually about us people who understand and appreciate these things, rather than itinerant workers.

Certainly also there is no safer bar against inept effort, unambitious endeavor and the indifferent application of fine material and equipment than the spirit of the worker who has faith in his leader's justice.

And certainly this spirit today prevails throughout the entire Goodyear institution, inspiring and cheering the whole of its men.

So it is, as we earlier said, that to its able workmen Goodyear makes full requital of the respect that they have earned.

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—and then ask yourself if you cannot put your full trust in this food-tonic to help you back to a full enjoyment of life and health.

*Dr. Arthur F. Hopkirk, M. D., in his text-book on "Influenza" (Scribner's, 1914) says: "—Sanatogen stands forth pre-eminent as a tonic food. This is no mere expression of an individual opinion but the statement of a fact firmly established by a vast array of clinical experiences."

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Jesus Teaching by Parables

I Four Kinds of Ground. International Sunday School Lesson for February 17

Mark 4 : 1-20

A Study of Human Hearts

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

ONCE more beset by the multitude which followed him, Jesus took refuge in a little boat provided by one of his fisherman-disciples and preached to the crowd assembled upon the beach. Thus he was enabled to escape for a season from their importunities for physical blessings and to attempt to turn their hearts to his spiritual message. He gripped their attention by means of parables, little stories interpretative of real life, which obviously were told because of their deeper meanings. The first of these recorded by Mark we have been accustomed to call the Parable of the Sower, but for the purposes of our lesson to-day we had better call it the Parable of the Soils. For what we want to get at just now is the Master's classification of the hearts of his hearers, rather than his own blessed mission or the nature of the seed he sows.

Yet each of these is involved in this key-parable. For his kingdom was not to be established by the deeds of the conqueror but by the patient toil of the husbandman; it was not to be *set up* like a new military government, but *grown* like an improved sort of wheat; it was no arbitrary exercise of authority, but the spiritual cultivation of neglected fields. So he eagerly points to the sower at work on the distant hillside, patiently combating all the difficulties of Palestinian farming. How deep the analogy must have struck his own conception of his task! For the Galilean farmers left their homes in the sheltered village to go out into the open country, to scatter their dear-won seed where best they could, beset by birds and thorns, wayfarers and cattle.

The Reason for Parables

As Mark sees it, Jesus used the parabolic form of teaching partly to baffle his vindictive foes, who were always seeking to ensnare him, and partly to turn aside the light-minded follower if he were not stirred to real interest. One can readily see that the indirect nature of these stories made it hard for the Pharisees to catch up material for any specific charges against Jesus, and sometimes he seems to be deliberately challenging them to find anything if they can. And of all the unsympathetic hearers Jesus sorrowfully quotes Isaiah's terrible irony, that he was commissioned to show the people what they would not see, and tell them what they would not understand, lest by any chance they should repent and be healed.

But we may nevertheless be quite sure that the parables were the natural teaching of the Master's mind and were fundamentally used to present spiritual truth of the deepest kind in a simple, vivid form which loyal disciples could never forget. His primary purpose was not to baffle or to blind, but to guide and to help and to save. This is clearly demonstrated by the beautiful parables collected by Luke, such as those of the Forgiving Father and the Neighborly Samaritan (Luke 10 and 15).

The Heart That Is Hard

Let us now consider the explanation which Jesus made to the twelve when they besought him to give a full statement of his meaning. First, he spoke of the hard ground of the wayside, where the good seed found no lodgment at all. To me there has always come the thought that many a heart is hard because it has been hardened by circumstances, just as the winding path through the grain field is trampled by many feet. This path is often due to the thoughtlessness of the neighbors, who might better go some other way. Many hardened hearts are impenetrable to religion, because of the thoughtlessness of those who profess to be Christians, or because of actual ill-treatment of the worst kind. Lately, I met a poor lady, recently come to town, who rejected all proffers of friendship and acquaintance by neighbors and church people. After certain experiences of her daughter and herself, she had resolved never to make friends with any one again and never to have anything to do with the church. Oh, the pity of it!

Still others have been hardened by sorrow and pain, by the loss of dear ones and the vicissitudes of business life. Some have become hardened under the beating down of deadly monotony and daily routine, unlit by the influences of the holy and the beautiful. It is the tramp, tramp of every day that makes the wayside path like stone.

But more than these, I take it, are the hearts that have been hardened by selfishness, like Dickens's "Old Scrooge," or by sinful self-indulgences, or by bad habits, or by just plain neglect of God. The thing for those who are laboring for Christ's harvest to remember is that, after all, they are not rock but wayside. Some day the Vision Splendid may arouse them with a shock like the Christmas Angels aroused "Old Scrooge" in the immortal carol. Perhaps there will come to the selfish and the negleetful some shock that will not make them harder, but will "break them all up." That's the time to be near and ready to sow the precious seed of God's love. The planning of the varied ministries of a Christian church must be done in the spirit of the intensive agriculture of our colleges—reclaiming the waste places, breaking up the hardpan, draining the foul swamp, as well as using to the largest fruit bearing the good soil already in hand. "Ye are God's farm" (1 Cor. 3:9). Don't leave the hard places without ministry.

The Shallow Heart

How different is the shallow soil from the beaten path! Just a few inches of real earth, not enough depth for strong roots, not enough plant food for a good yield, no staying powers in a drought. I fear me there are many hearts like this. They "have no root in themselves." They are quick to take things up and quicker to let them drop when the weight begins to tell. They are strong on sentiment and short on sacrifice. They are often interested but never deeply stirred, because they are living only on the surface of things. The transitory fads catch them, but they cannot take up a life-work and carry it through despite persecution and tribulation. They are not fit for the kingdom of God, for no sooner do they put their hands to the plow than they begin to look back. The text that fits them is "Lord, I will follow thee, but—" It is surprising to see how soon that "but" comes out.

Such young people, such men and women are a difficult problem within the Church itself. They repay years of cultivation with but few ears of wheat. Occasionally one of them can be brought to the deliberate resolve of perseverance and effort and heart-interest, by prayerful personal work and wise leading by pastor or friend. Sometimes a powerful evangelistic message breaks through the subsoil of the soul, and a real conversion results.

The soil is not hard or shallow or poor, but it is pre-empted by other seeds. They may not even be seen as yet, but they are like the myriad weed-seeds in spring gardens—ready to spring up and choke the tender plants so carefully set out by the gardener. How applicable is this parable! For we all find in our own hearts at least the germs of innumerable evils. How carefully we must root out "every plant which our Heavenly Father planted not" from the garden of our hearts! (Matt. 15 : 13.)

But Jesus was not so much thinking of things evil and noxious in themselves! He was thinking of the everyday interests, the common burdens and tasks, the salaries and bills, the food and raiment, even more than the vulgar sins. These must not usurp the place of the Kingdom of God in our thoughts! It is as a botanist defined a weed—"A weed is any plant growing in the wrong place." That helps us to understand Jesus' astonishing combination, "the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches." The rich man's money and the poor man's lack of money are in the same category if they keep both outside of the Kingdom of God. On the one hand is luxury and show, pleasure and privileges, and on the other worry and trouble, sordidness and anxiety. All these may hinder the growth of the good seed. Therefore, if life's burden is heavy, cast it on the Lord. If riches increase, set not your heart on them. Nothing must be permitted to compete with the will of our Father.

The Deep and Responsive Heart

We have left ourselves little time to speak of the good soil and the abundant fruits of the Spirit. Indeed, there is too much to be said for us to attempt it. Just consider the best men and women in Christ whom you know; just think of St. Paul and St. John; just remember Jesus himself. Then ask your own heart if you are bringing forth fruit of Christian character and service, a hundred-fold, or even sixty or thirty. Are we not all of us, to some extent at least, hardened, shallow, and preoccupied? Let us to our knees then, and remember that our Father is the husbandman. Hearts and soils are not unchangeable; yielded to the skilled touch of the Son of Man they may be deepened, broken up, if need be, becoming at last the very vineyard of the Lord, that he may be glorified in us.

Sunday School Methods

By FRANK L. BROWN, Joint General Secretary, World's Sunday School Association

Expressing the Lesson in Weekday Life

THERE can be no real impression of the lesson without adequate expression. How to secure such expression is vital to good teaching. Unless the lesson comes over into the week-day life in some form of action or better living, it may be wasted seed. It is just here where the teacher who has put herself into the hearts and lives of the pupil counts.

A number of teachers have here told us their plans in getting their pupils to live out the teaching.

I put test questions to each along the line of their weekday lives. I ask for solution of social problems or spiritual problems that I feel they are confronted with in daily walks of life.

I try to make the lesson so attractive that every one wishes to go home and practice it during the week. *They report their success the following Sunday.*

I suggest work for others, making them see that helping in housework, going on errands or taking care of baby, is doing the noblest of work for Jesus, and that it is the little homely duties done well, or honesty in school work, that count for most.

By becoming acquainted with them in their homes and in their sports and joining with them.

I ask the individuals of the class to suggest practical ways in which the lesson can be lived.

The weekday life is carried out in the class committees: a Benevolent Committee, which works among the poor; a Calling Committee, which visits the sick and shut-ins, and a Missionary Committee, which conducts a mission study class.

By suggesting forms of social service, such as sending cards to a leper colony *after lesson teaching on lepers.*

I have the class members take a definite part, such as to suggest *something to do.*

The class has special work, such as *visiting* an Orphans' Home and helping care for some special girl in the Home.

I go to their places of business, and find out what their amusements are; then I show them how they can carry out the lesson in these ways.

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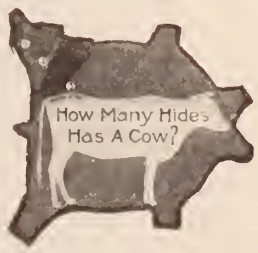

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The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

MRS. M. B. H. asked the prayers of God's people in behalf of her brother, who had become a victim of drink. She now praises God that he is again "clothed and in his right mind." She now asks prayers for herself and family, who seem to have lost the joy in religion of their earlier years, partly through ill health and financial reverses. Many members of the League have passed through the same severe furnace of affliction, and we trust that they will pray that this dark cloud may be lifted.

Mrs. H. E. H. asks prayer that she may overcome bodily infirmities that prevent her from attending church evenings. She testifies that her daughter was healed after being confined to her bed for five years, and is now able to make her own living.

Last February J. E. H. asked the prayers of the League for the conversion of a son and the healing of a daughter-in-law; and now comes the testimony that the son has been baptized and taken into the church, and the daughter has recovered her health. All four of J. E. H.'s children "have been converted and given work to do in the Master's vineyard."

C. W. B. rejoices at a revival in which a church received a shower of blessing, and thirty-five souls were gathered into the fold.

E. L. M. thanks God for healing, and asks the League to pray for a fuller answer to a prayer which has been partially answered.

K. H. D. acknowledges that God has graciously answered a prayer for the life of a beloved son.

Mrs. J. J. C. asked the prayers of the League for her crippled boy, who had not been seen since July 1. She now sends a telegram received from her wandering boy in a distant city. She also asks for bodily healing for her daughter.

Mrs. M. D. W. acknowledges an answer to prayer in the restoration to mental health of her son; and she now prays that he may gain spiritual health.

Mrs. C. M. praises God for the cure of her brother, who was a victim of drink. She now asks prayer for the conversion of three friends.

C. W. G. asked prayer for divine guidance in financial matters, and now he sends a part of the fruits of his industry as a thank-offering.

A Believer in Prayer acknowledges answer to prayer in the bodily healing of a parent who had been given up by the physicians.

Mrs. M. L. S. sees the hand of God in the rapid acquirement of speech by a child who up to the age of five had not spoken; also in the settlement of a family misunderstanding.

A. H. asks prayer for our brave soldier boys.

Last Spring "Anxious Mother" requested prayer that her son might be divinely guided in his business affairs. She now thanks God that his troubles have been settled in a satisfactory manner.

E. M. W. thanks God for bodily healing in answer to a request for prayer made on February 7, 1917.

A. L. B. begs the Prayer League to continue in supplication for a blessing that was asked for some time ago, and also acknowledges an answer to a prayer that the life of a soldier friend might be spared. He has been wounded but is in the hospital, and hopes are entertained that he may be sent back to his family after he regains some strength.

I. M. asks prayer that she may be enabled to overcome personal faults and physical blemishes which stand in the way of her happiness and that she may be given strength to excel at her work; also that a friend may leave his evil ways and become a Christian, and that the members of her own household may learn charity toward another's faults and may grow in Christian grace.

Prayers are asked for revivals of religion at:

Suffield, Conn.; Park City, Utah; Smiths Grove, Ky.; Quincy, Mich.; Vernon, N. Y.; Chebeague Island, Me. (that many may be saved during revival); St. Charles, Mo. (that many may be saved during revival); Louisville, Ohio (that many may be saved during revival); Bulls Gap, Tenn. (that many may be saved during revival); Bourbon, Ill. (that many may be saved during revival); Los Angeles, Calif. (for a revival at the Baptist church); Edgarton, Mo. (that that town may be voted dry); Walnut, Neb.; Oxford, N. Y.; Omro, Wis. (for success of revival meetings at Willow Creek Church); G. H., Ashland, Ore. that a pastor may be sent to our church and revive the church; A Friend, that a spiritual man may be sent to Vestal Center, N. Y., to take the place of the retiring pastor; C. W. S., that God may open the way for me to enter on the work of an evangelist; A. R. N., Philadelphia, Pa., that a pastor may be sent to our church; Allentown, Ill.; Brigham, Canada; Markesaw, Wis.; Kansas, Ohio; Riverside, Calif. (for a gracious revival in the First Baptist Church); Cincinnati, Ohio (that many may be saved during revival).

Mrs. E. B. asks prayer that son's mind may be restored; M. W., that sister's mind may be restored; F. L., that brother's mind may be restored; H. S. S., that a doctor's mind may be strengthened; A. H., that mind may be strengthened; six friends ask prayer that minds may be strengthened; H. N. V., that husband's mind may be restored; Mrs. E. W., that brother's and sister's minds may be restored; H. H., that a dear girl's mind may be restored; Mrs. C. E., that son's mind may be restored; S. E. G., that husband's mind may be restored; R. A. H., that daughter's mind may be restored; A Friend, that a sister's and brother's minds may be restored.

S. E. G., Mrs. A. L. A., and E. L. S. ask prayer that their husbands' sight may be restored; North Carolina Friend, that uncle's sight may be restored; N. N. V., that husband's sight may be strengthened; Mrs. L. M. W. and Mrs. L. M. E., that their mothers' sight may be restored; Mrs. F. T. B., that son's sight may be restored; two wives, that their husbands' sight may be restored; S. M. B., that mother's sight may be strengthened; nineteen friends, for restoration of sight for themselves, relatives and friends.

Fifteen friends ask prayer for restoration of hearing; M. L. C., that daughter's hearing may be restored.

Twenty-five friends ask prayer for special blessings for others; including R. M. B., that our President may be given counsel and wisdom; A. H., that our sailors and soldiers may be blessed; Mrs. J. I., for our boys in training camp, also for our President; M. A. T., that an only son of missionaries in Africa who is a German prisoner may be kept in good health; Missouri Reader, for a mother recently bereaved by a darling child burning to death, that she may receive the consolation and sustaining power that God alone can give; Mrs. E. B., for those who are suffering the loss of loved ones.

Seventy-four friends ask prayer for a deeper work of grace, assurance of sins forgiven, or express in other ways their desire for personal spiritual blessing.

Mrs. A. W. asks prayer that brother and his six sons may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs. P. R. W., that son may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs. A. D., that son may be cured of the liquor habit; E. F., that son may be cured of the liquor habit; two sisters, that their brothers may be cured of the liquor habit; four friends, that friends may be cured of the liquor habit; A Believer, to be cured of the drug habit; M. L. W., that nephew may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs. C. H., that a young man may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs. J. S. S., that a man may be cured of the liquor habit; A Believer, to be cured of the drug habit; Mrs. L. T. P., that son may be cured of the tobacco habit; L. M. N., that husband may be cured of the tobacco habit; L. W., that son and brother may be cured of the liquor habit; E. G. and Mrs. M. J. D., that brothers may be cured of the liquor habit; A Believer, that a young man may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs. M. L. K. and Mrs. C. G. N., that sons may be cured of the tobacco habit.

One hundred and fifty-four friends ask prayer for the healing of friends or relatives, including Mrs. E. W., that a friend's daughters may be healed, that one may regain the use of limbs and the other's shoulder may be healed; K. B., that niece may gain the power of speech and gain the use of limbs; M. C. S., that a young minister may be restored to health and strengthened; A Friend, to be cured of cancer; G. H., that health may be restored without an operation; C. E. W., that health may be restored without an operation; Mrs. H. C. G., that health may be restored without an operation; L. E. H., that a teacher may be cured of cancer; Mrs. T. R., that sister may be healed of a tumor without an operation; Mrs. L. L. S., that daughter may be fully restored to health and strength; One hundred and three friends, for healing of self.

Forty-four parents ask prayer for the conversion of sons; twenty-two wives, their husbands; Miss F. E. W., for two unsaved husbands; eighty-four other relatives and friends, including Miss I. M., that a friend may be fully converted.

Forty-five friends ask prayer for help or guidance in financial matters.

Sixty-nine friends ask prayer for the granting of various desires and needs, including nine friends, asking prayer for world wide peace.

Acknowledgments of answered prayer have been received from the following:

Mrs. W. H. P., Suffield, Conn.; M. A., Myrtle, Mo.; E. M., Albuquerque, N. M.; Mrs. L. I., Scituate, R. I.; Mrs. J. E. O., Califon, N. J.; D. F. C., Jackson Springs, N. C.; M. L. B., Chebeague Island, Me.; A. R. N., Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. L. H. S., Shavertown, N. Y.; A. S., Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. A. B. D., Quincy, Ill.; M. J. J., Quebec, Canada; Mrs. S. M. R., Bynum, N. C.; A Friend, Grafton, N. H.; Mrs. J. J. E., Stanley, Iowa; A. L. B., Providence, R. I.; Mrs. L. M. B., Geneva, Kan.; L. B. C., Bourbon, Ill.; M. S. W., Kingsley, Pa.; E. H., Earlysville, Va.; Mrs. A. L. A., Bloomer, Wis.; S. M. L., Quincy, Ill.; M. L. C., Honey Grove, Texas; R. H., Edmeston, N. Y.; Mrs. J. B. P., Albany, Texas; Mrs. L. L., Monmouth, Ill.; A. H., Princeton, N. J.; Mrs. J. E. B., Dover, Okla.; A. H., Galva, Ill.; Mrs. G. H. L., Denison, Iowa; Mrs. M. M., Van Kleek Hill, Canada; Miss J. F. W., Harlan, Iowa; Mrs. J. H. C., Lowndesville, S. C.; M. L. R., Fort Bidwell, Calif.; E. E. B., Beverly, Mass.; H. W. G., Franklin Grove, Ill.; A Subscriber, Scranton, Pa.

Among the Workers

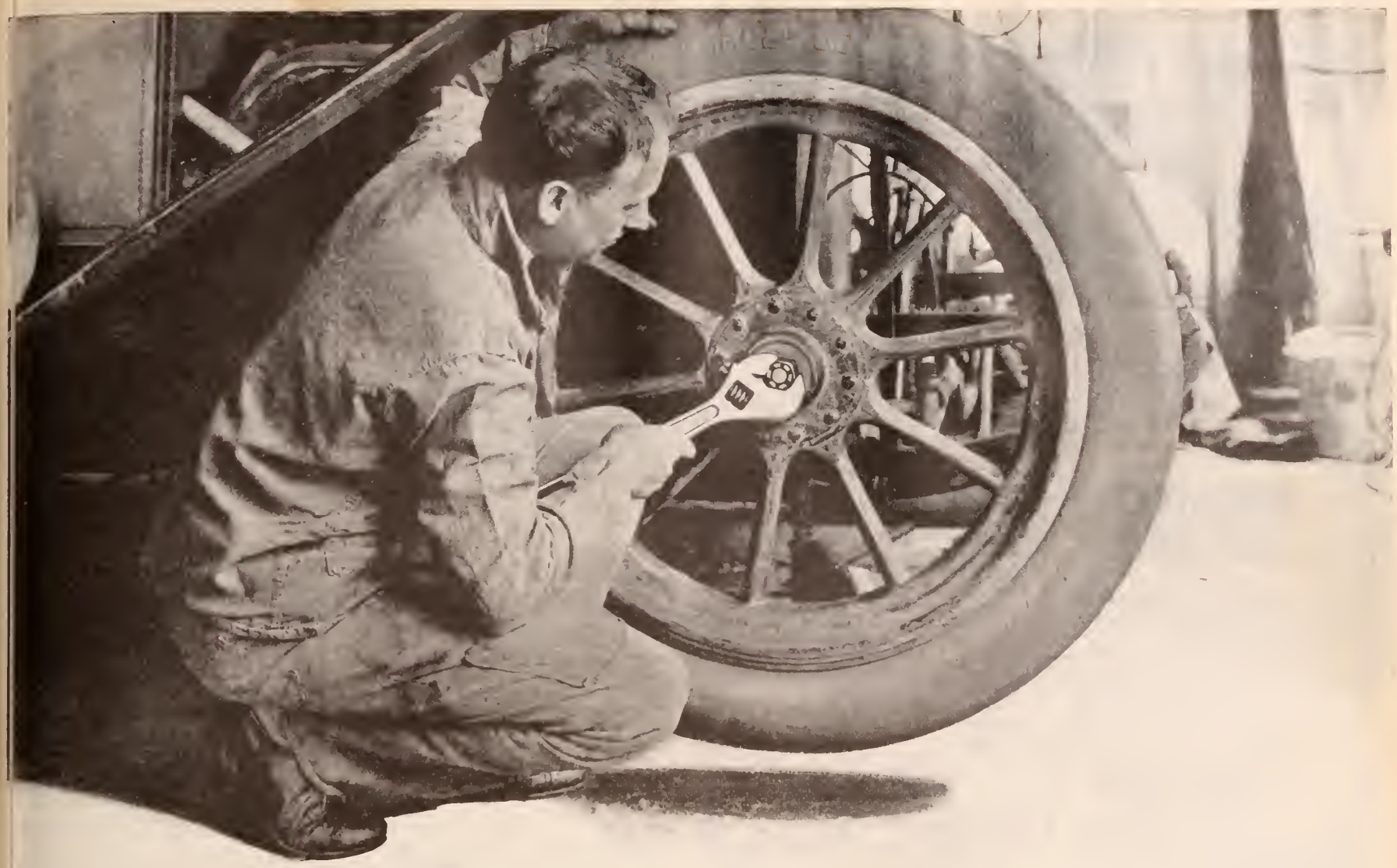
REV. JOHN H. FAZEL, who is soldiers' pastor to over twelve hundred men in the army camps around San Antonio, Texas, writes that in his meetings and in personal interviews with the men in khaki there are many conversions and restorations. In addition to this he has received in one month's time over one hundred and fifty applications for affiliated membership in the Presbyterian church of which Dr. Todd is pastor. A membership card is issued and during their stay in camp they have a real church home and a pastor of their own to look after them.

HOW to hold the growing boys in the Sunday school has been solved by Rev. George P. Howard, who reports from Buenos Aires, where six months ago there were no organized classes, that they have four in the English Sunday schools and several in the Spanish schools. A teacher brought his boys to Mr. Howard to discuss plans. Mr. Howard suggested that they organize and they have done so, calling themselves "The Live Wires."

One of the boys turned to the teacher and said, "It is going to be very interesting after this: now watch our class grow!" Mr. Howard was to meet them in the church the following Saturday to take up the matter of personal purity. From another school the superintendent came in great perplexity. He declared that he had been leading the boys and girls up to the fifteenth or sixteenth year and then had to see them drop out. Mr. Howard suggested organization and through-the-week activities. So they organized their young men into "The Forum Club" and their girls into "The Sunbeams." That class of young men has almost doubled, and there is no danger of their dropping out now.

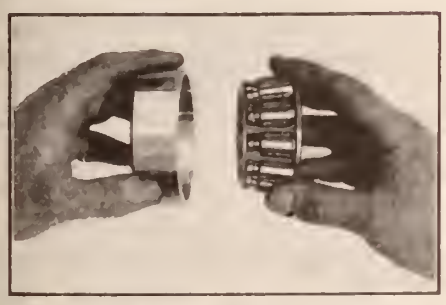
AS a result of the arousement of religious and educational institutions in Japan the necessity has arisen for greater training of pastors and leaders. Three institutions offer to open departments in Religious Education. They now request the World's Sunday School Association to give a year's training in America to Christian Japanese. Students thus trained will become teachers. One institution is Presbyterian, another Reformed, and the third Baptist. It will cost about $600 to bring each student to America and provide instruction and maintenance. While the Sunday school has advanced 40,000 in Japan in the past two years, greater progress could be made if pastors and leaders could develop the Sunday school possibilities of their fields. Such a contribution would be an investment bearing large dividends.

IN a report issued by the Bureau of Mines it is stated that among 1,440 miners of the Mother Lode district of California examined for hookworm infection, 444 miners were found to be infected; and 91 miners have taken the treatment and got rid of the infection. The statement is made that 50 to 80 per cent. of those working in these mines are infected.



Why, How and When

Motor Car Bearings Should Be Adjusted



The inside of the cup (shown at left) of a Timken Bearing, which fits into the hub, is tapered to correspond with the outer taper of rollers and cone (shown at right.) This makes the bearing perfectly and easily adjustable.

On account of this conical construction of a Timken Bearing the parts fit together as perfectly after thousands of miles of travel as when the bearing is new and the adjustment entirely corrects the effect of wear.

Why Simply because motor-car bearings are subject to merciless hammering, vibration and heavy pressure. Any bearing ever made will wear in time. Unless it can be adjusted to correct the effect of wear it will become loose. Then it not only wears out more rapidly itself, but causes wobbling wheels, injury to gears, noise and other troubles, all of which are prevented by adjustment.

How In the case of some bearings this question can not be answered because they are not adjustable. They simply wear out and have to be repaired or replaced before damage to the car results.

Timken Bearings, however, can be easily adjusted, as shown by the illustrations on this page. As you see, the cone and rollers can be advanced a little further into the cup and the bearing is as good as new, because the parts are perfectly restored to their original relation to each other.

When About once in five thousand miles it is advisable to inspect Timken Bearings. The man in the garage, the chauffeur or the owner experienced in the care of his own car will readily know how and when to make the simple adjustment.

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A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 150

Russia. He declared that Germany had made her acceptance of Russia's bases for peace contingent upon the adhesion to those principles and the participation in the Brest-Litovsk conference of the other nations warring with Germany; and that the failure of the others to recognize the conference had given Germany a free hand in the negotiations.

The Chancellor said that instead of the reply which had been expected, two declarations had been made by enemy statesmen—Premier Lloyd George's speech and President's Wilson's speech. He detected an altered tone in Lloyd George in that he did not abuse Germany and apparently sought a way to negotiations. But he still pronounced judgment on Germany, charging her with being guilty of all possible crimes. The Chancellor declared that attitude one "with which we can have nothing to do and in which we can discover no trace of a serious purpose to attain peace."

Before discussing Mr. Wilson's program the Chancellor outlined the steps that led to the formation of the German-Austrian alliance, which he designated as purely defensive, and declared that Alsace-Lorraine were and always had been German, although under French rule from 1779 to 1871, when, as he saw it, they were disannexed from France.

He noticed also a change of tone in President Wilson's speech which he ascribed to "The unanimous rejection of Mr. Wilson's attempt, in reply to the Pope's note, to sow discord between the German government and people."

Taking up President Wilson's propositions in order the Chancellor disposed of them individually as shown in the table on page 150.

The Chancellor closed with a declaration that "Loyal comradeship in arms, which had stood the test so brilliantly in war time, must continue to have its effect in peace." He said: "If the leaders of the enemy powers really are inclined toward peace let them revise their program once again. If they do that and come forward with fresh proposals, then we will examine them carefully, because our aim is no other than a lasting general peace."

RHONDDA ASKS AMERICAN SACRIFICE. Food Administrator Hoover made public on January 25 a telegram from Lord Rhondda, British Food Controller, in which he said: "Unless you are able to send the Allies at least 75,000,000 bushels of wheat over and above what you have exported up to January 1, and in addition to the total exportable surplus from Canada, I cannot take the responsibility of assuring our people that there will be food enough to win the war. Imperative necessity compels me to cable you in this blunt way. . . . I have not minced words, because I am convinced that the American people, if they know the truth, will not hesitate to meet the emergency." Mr. Hoover replied: "We will export every grain that the American people can save from their normal consumption." British labor is getting restive under food limitations, the railway men threatening to strike if conditions are not bettered, blaming the government for the shortage of food, although they were told that "the Food Controller could not work miracles or invent food."

AUSTRIA STRIKES FOR PEACE. At one of the conferences at Brest-Litovsk the Russian representatives were reported to have suggested to the German and Austrian representatives that if they failed to make a just and democratic peace, and if the war continued, they would still have their own people to reckon with. The slow progress toward ultimate failure of the Brest-Litovsk negotiations was reflected in Austria by the breaking out, on January 20, of a general strike throughout the kingdom, and 100,000 workers dropped their tools in Vienna and neighboring centers on that day. The strike spread rapidly until on the following day more than a million had ceased work and had joined the demonstration for peace. On the 21st the rumor was current that the Austrian ministry had resigned. On the 22d there were conflicting rumors, some saying that the strike had ended, but the more credible indicated that the disturbance was still spreading and that the Austrian people were about to be joined by the people of Hungary in their demand for peace at any price, without regard to Germany's interest. In the meanwhile the negotiations at Brest-Litovsk appeared to be of the "off again, on again, Finnigan" type, the latest report being that Trotzky had returned to Petrograd and intended to make another appeal to the governments of the Entente nations in an effort to secure their participation in the peace negotiations. Another rumor reported a peace treaty about consummated between the German and Austrian representatives and the representatives of the Ukraine, while there were still other rumors that told of fraternizing between Russians and Austrians on the southwestern front, of increasing Bolshevist influence in the Ukraine, and of a threatened uprising of Rumanian forces against the present government. It was given out at Petrograd on January 24 that a wireless message received there by the Bolsheviki had announced a revolution in Vienna, with a provisional cabinet named by the revolutionists. This report was not supported by later and more direct dispatches, but enough was known at this writing to indicate that internal conditions in Austria were in a ferment that was causing much anxiety in Vienna and Berlin.

MURDER AND POLITICS. Following the adverse vote in the Constituent Assembly when a former Kerensky supporter was elected president, the Bolsheviki authorities assembled guards about its meeting-place and announced that the assembly had been dissolved. Justification was sought for this action in the fact that the delegates to the Assembly had been elected under the former régime and did not represent the second revolution under the Bolsheviki. There were indications that the latent forces of the majority parties were gathering for the overthrow of the high-handed Bolsheviki. On January 20 a detachment of sailors gained admission to the Marine Hospital, where some of the members of the former régime were confined, and murdered in their beds A. I. Shingaroff and F. F Kokoshkine, members of the Social Revolutionary party and of the former Provisional Government. On the following day it was reported that the arrest of the perpetrators of this outrage had been ordered.

CARSON QUITS CABINET. Sir Edward Carson, member without portfolio of the British War Cabinet, resigned on January 21 and his resignation was accepted. The resignation was due to the Irish question, Sir Edward resigning, according to report, in order to strengthen the position of Ulster in the Irish Convention. He immediately went to Ulster for a conference of local leaders, and it was considered probable that he had resigned from the Cabinet in order to take up again the fight against Home Rule. In Irish circles his resignation was looked upon as rather strengthening the prospects of Home Rule than otherwise. On the 23d Sir Edward was reported as about "to throw the whole weight of his influence into the scale on the side of an immediate Irish settlement that shall include Ulster."

GERMANY DEMANDS ALL. The purported willingness of Germany and Austria to make peace on democratic lines, thinly veiled at all times, was completely unmasked before the return of Trotzky to Petrograd. In the session before his return on the 22d, General Hoffman demanded that Russia cede to Germany all territories west of a line running from the southern shores of the Gulf of Finland, through Minsk to Brest-Litovsk. South of that point he indicated the frontier would be arranged with the representatives of

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War has made poultry raising more profitable than ever before. The demand for chickens is excessive—greater than the supply. Do your share to meet it. It's no time for experiments. Be sure. Sure Hatch has been the great, dependable incubator for 20 yrs. Nearly 300,000 pleased people own and make big profits with Sure Hatch.

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SURE HATCH

Sure Hatch chicks are strong, sturdy and healthy, and Sure Hatch Fresh Air Colony Brooders will raise all of them. The hen can't hatch better ones, nor anywhere near as many, nor raise them any better than this wonderful new brooder.

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It costs just two cents postage to write us for our big catalogue and Poultry Book. Hundreds of pictures, valuable money making information. Tells how to secure cheap poultry feed. Get this book sure—today. It means money to you.
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kraine. Trotzky refused to comply id was grudgingly given a week in hich to agree, leaving with the threat his ear that his failure would lean the taking by the Germans of eval.

ROOSEVELT LEADS REPUBLICANS. x-President Roosevelt went to Washgton on January 21 for conferences ith Congressional leaders in the inrest of more effective war measures. is trip seemed to have eventuated in ne practical acceptance of the Colonel y both the former old guard and the rogressive element as the present ader of the Republican party. It was nnounced, following a dinner at which he Colonel met many of the present aders of Congress, and also following caucus of the Republican members f the House, that the policy of the arty from now on would be a poliey f constructive criticism of the war rogram as a patriotic duty. Mr. Roosevelt, on January 24, characterized enator Stone's attack upon him as n "insidious effort in behalf of Gerhany."

TEN BILLIONS BY JUNE. Secretary f the Treasury McAdoo on January 23 old the House Committee on Intertate and Foreign Commerce that the mmediate passage of an Administraion railway bill was necessary to the uccess of the nation's plans for war inance. He stated that banks, investent concerns and other similar intitutions held more than $4,000,000,000 f railway securities, and as long as here was uncertainty as to the value of hese securities the market for governent securities was inevitably affected. He stated that it would be necessary o raise between now and June a total f $10,000,000,000.

CZERNIN SUGGESTS AUSTRO-AMERIAN NEGOTIATIONS. Count Czernin, Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, addressing the Reichsrat, on January 24, declared that he saw in President Wilon's outline of war aims a possible asis for the beginning of peace negoiations. He suggested that Austria nd America might profitably exchange iews as a starting point for a conciliaory discussion among all the States. He expressed confidence in a favorable utcome of the negotiations with Russia, the Ukraine and Finland, declared Austria's adhesion to the principle of "no annexations and no indemnities" nd said that the compliance with the Russian demand for immediate evacuaion of occupied territory must be worked out in later negotiations, as the complete withdrawal of all troops and dministrative authority at once would result in immediate anarchy.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. The American gunboat Monocacy was fired upon by Chinese rebels along the Yangtse Kiang River on January 18, fifty miles above Yoochow. A sailor by the name of O'Brien was killed and two others were wounded. The Monocacy returned the fire. The Chinese Foreign Office made the United States a formal apology. . . . Director General McAdoo stated on January 19 that the government would not take over short line railroads not essential to the conduct of the war, but that these railroads would have to get along as best they could. He intimated that they would fare as well as formerly in their relations to the trunk lines, but the financiers and others interested in these railroads appeared apprehensive as to their future prospects. . . . Special cable dispatches to the New York Times on January 19 reported that food conditions in Germany had become so critical; that even embassies of neutral nations were unable to secure sufficient food. . . . In order to further expedite the movement of coal and food the Pennsylvania Railroad on January 20 established an embargo on the lines east of Pittsburgh on new freight shipments, except coal, food and supplies vital to the war program. This embargo was extended on the 23d to include the Philadelphia and Reading system. . . . The Attorney General's office at Washington announced on January 20 that Walter Spoermann, arrested at Norfolk as a German spy, would be interned for the duration of the war, as it had not sufficient evidence against him to prove him a spy. . . . On January 18 A. Mitchell Palmer, Alien Property Custodian, reported to Congress that he had received 11,167 reports of enemy property and had opened 1,378 separate trust accounts, of which 1,236 were estimated as worth $134,605,231 . . . On January 22 the Federal Board of Farm Organizations, representing more than 2,000,000 farmers, appealed to the President for relief as to labor supply, credit facilities, seed shortage, and other vital questions. The board asked for a reply to its memorial at a meeting of farm leaders at Washington on February 6. . . . Arrangements have been completed for the use of 500,000 tons of Dutch ships now held in American ports by embargo regulations. Some of them will make the round trip to Holland with foodstuffs for Holland and Belgium. Most of them will go into the South American and East Indian trade, releasing the 150,000 tons of sugar in Java.

Progress of the War

ON Sunday, January 20, the Turkish cruisers Midullu and Sultan Selim, formerly the Breslau and Goeben, supported by Turkish destroyers, sallied forth from the entrance to the Dardanelles to attack the British blockading fleet. In the resulting action the British Monitor 28 and a small gunboat were sunk by gun fire, and the two former German cruisers were driven into the British mine field. The Breslau was sunk, the British rescuing 172 members of her crew. The Goeben, although severely damaged, succeeded in beaching herself on the west side of Nagara point, where she was bombed by British aviators, completing her destruction and preventing salvage.

It was officially announced from Italy on January 23 that the Austro-German forces had evacuated territory behind Monte Tomba from the Piave River westward, and had moved their first line back to Monte Spinoncia. The positions abandoned were dominated by the Allied positions on Monte Tomba taken in a spectacular action by the French some weeks ago. The new positions are at an altitude of some 4,000 feet, while the positions abandoned were only at half that altitude.

The Teutonic forces still hold their advanced positions on both slopes of the Brenta River, but this withdrawal, coupled with the reorganization of the Austrian High Command (Gen. Borovich succeeded Archduke Eugene in command of the entire Austrian front against Italy), was looked upon by military observers as an indication that the Austro-German forces did not intend to press the invasion of Italy at the present time.

On the other fronts there have been the usual patrol encounters, with an increase of activity in the air on the Western front, where the Allies reported a steady toll of German aircraft brought down with a minimum of Allied loss.

German troops on January 23 gained a footing in French first line trenches east of Nieuport in Belgium, from which they were promptly expelled by a counter-attack.

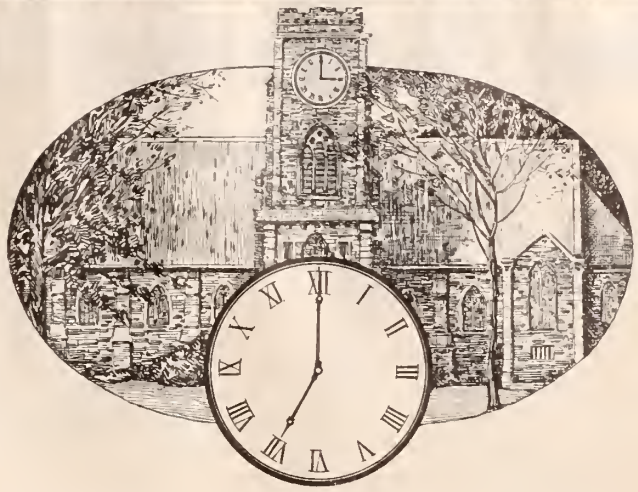
Beside the Lafayette Escadrille, which is now in American service, there have been occasional reports of activity on the part of other American aviators, principally of Americans acting as observers with French pilots.

Gen. Pershing reported in the week of January 26 the death of four men killed in action. There has been no report as to the nature of the action.

The Germans lost two small torpedo boats between Heligoland and Jutland on January 24, the vessels running into a mine field; 17 men were saved.

U-boats in the week ending January 23 sunk six British vessels of 1600 tons or over and two under that tonnage. Three French vessels of more than 1600 tons and one of less, and one Italian sailing ship were also sunk.

Reports persist of a great German drive in preparation on the Western front. France reports herself ready to meet and shatter the blow, but details as to the preparations to meet it are not given.



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After cooking— A clean-up hint

Certain cooking utensils are hard to keep clean Colanders, graters, choppers, etc, *will* get clogged with a deposit which is sometimes greasy. Put a tablespoonful of Gold Dust in your dishpan. Get at the openings and small parts with a brush. You will find Gold Dust quickly dissolves those greasy deposits without risk of leaving bits of soap in holes and corners. (Advertisement.)

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Busy Housewives Love the Bible Picture Study

ONE of the surprises of our *Bible Picture Study* is the number of letters from mothers, housewives, "home bodies" whose duties keep them busy in household tasks, praising the pictorial Bible study plan as a divine relaxation, a rest from the cares of the moment, a new world of love, hope and promise into which they can retire and find peace.

Even the busiest of mothers sets aside a "Bible Study Hour," in which she may enjoy the luxury of a complete change of thought, and from which she will emerge refreshed, strengthened, ready to go back to her routine with a happy smile.

Other housewives carry the pictures in their minds as they go about their work, and find it lightened and shortened by the fact that while dusting and sweeping and mending they are working out the fascinating problems in the Picture Study—working their way toward one of the large cash rewards, it may be!

Do not say that *you* are "too busy" to engage in the pleasant home competition. It may almost be said that the busier you are, *the more you will enjoy the competition, and the better you will compete in it, for you will give it hours of thought while your hands are busy in routine tasks.*

Read the letters below, from wide-awake housewives. Read every word. Then get *your* Outfit and see how the *Bible Picture Study* will put a new note of gladness into every hour of your day! This is indeed an opportunity for the stay-at-homes. How else can you obtain so much—not forgetting the very lively possibility of a big portion of $5,000.00 in cash!

Picture No. 15

Mother of Seven Children

Set Aside Quiet Bible Study Hour But Often Interrupted by Cries for "Mamma"

THERE are blots, verses marked out and others patched over in my little Answer Book—all speaking of the tired, care-worn hands of the mother of noisy boys. I could not give up, though troubled on every side and often perplexed as to time to write my verses—looking forward with the greatest pleasure to the hour when I could devote that time to the Reference Book. Sometimes weeks would pass by without a spare minute and then when I would steal away I would be interrupted by "Mamma—Mamma" calls from out of the five boys or tho two girls as the case might be.

My books reminded me of the pages of my life—how unsatisfactory! But the good Father forgives and the blood of Jesus makes clean and clear just like I wished my book to be. 'For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." II Cor. 4: 6.

And I know that He gave me strength and courage to do my very best, though assailed on all sides and pressed for time. May His blessing be on all who join in the study. May they receive more light and understanding and may you prosper.

The Bible tells us that "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

He certainly has had a hand in this contest and has revealed unto us new beauties and sweeter knowledge of his spirit—Mrs. E. L., Texas.

Picture No. 16

Picture No.17

A Pleasant Diversion

To Take Up Her Long Evenings

When I took up the study I had just been obliged to give up my old home where I had lived all my life and come here to a strange place and make a home where my daughter had work, and we could be together. I have passed through deep waters and sore troubles during the last few years, and felt the need of all the help I could get, both spiritually and financially. The Christian Herald had been very helpful to me in time of trouble, and when I read of the Bible study I thought perhaps this may be a way the dear Lord has opened for me, to take up my time and thoughts through the long evenings. . . .

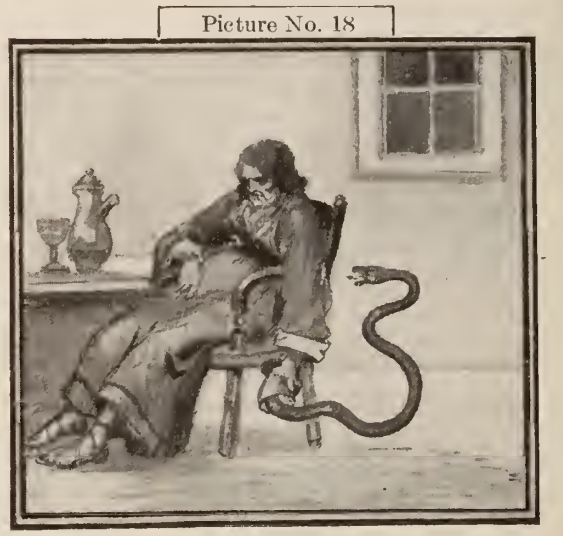
Now that I have just finished my work in this study I feel that should I receive no other compensation for it, it has been a great blessing and comfort to me, so I shall always be thankful that I undertook it. A stranger in a strange land, the dear Lord has seemed nearer to me than ever before; the many precious texts read and studied over and over have been a help and comfort to a heart so often sad and lonely for home and friends left behind. But I can look back and see how I have been led, thank God, and trust Him for future days, be they long or short.—Mrs. S. T., Maine.

Thought It Out

As She Went About Her Housework

I will say the Bible Picture study has been a great pleasure to me and also to the whole family. *I would have it on my mind as I went about my work.* It has been the means of more Bible research, which is good for anyone. May God's blessing rest upon the undertaking and may much good be derived from it.—Miss E. A., Ohio.

Picture No. 18



A Simple Competition Plan

The *National Bible Picture Study* is easy to understand. It consists of 30 pictures, of which four appear to-day. We guarantee you all 30 pictures. You will just read through the official Reference Book of Bible verses, called *International Bible Readings*, and choose those that are in your opinion best illustrated by the pictures. Then write your selections in the *Answer Book*, and send it in. Those submitting the lists of verses best fitting the 30 pictures will be given the $5,000.00 in cash rewards.

$5,000.00 Cash in 1,001 Rewards

1st	$1,000.00	4th	$250.00	7th	$75.00
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10 Prizes of $10.00 each	$100.00
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This is a home competition in which the whole family is bound to join. You will have plenty of interested aid, and there will be happy hours of discussion over which verses fit different pictures best. Send for your Outfit at once. Competition without expense is assured by the rules, which are free on request. There is so much of pleasure, so much of profit in the competition, that you should not delay longer—send in your order for the Outfit now, and see with what surprise and delight you will receive it!

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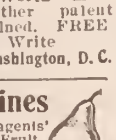

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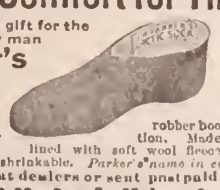

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Young People's Topics for February 17

Our African Missions

Epworth League Topic. Psalm 68:31; Isa. 45:14

METHODISM is fencing off the jungle in Angola, the Congo, Rhodesia, and East Africa. There and in the earlier settlements in the southern part of the continent are six conferences, each of which is rather more missionary than otherwise. These conferences extend well up into the great black belt, and the missionaries of the Cross working northward are constantly meeting the missionaries of the Crescent working southward from Mohammedan northern Africa. Just now the once "dark" Continent is the scene of a spiritual warfare begun some years ago and modified only slightly by present world conditions, a warfare which will end with Africa won either to Christ or Mohammed. The missionaries of Allah are to a large degree the merchants who travel southward with trade in one hand and the Koran in the other. The missionaries of the Cross, entering into competition in a large degree with the trade of so-called Christian nations which comes with rum in one hand and goods in the other, are meeting this double competition of Koran and booze with the open Bible, with education, with medicine and with Christian kindliness. Everywhere throughout the jungle, straw-thatched shacks each with its bell, or in lieu of that a hoe, to welcome the traveler along the slippery paths of the tropical forest, proclaim the truth of Christ. Perhaps the only sign of a church is a bell fastened in the crotch of a tree under which the black men gather about the minister of the Cross to hear the words of the Gospel and to learn of the Saviour of mankind. And in that Moslem north, to the race that gave Hannibal to the world, that built Carthage, that is still brave and capable, a loyal ally and a terrible foe, schools are bringing to the children the gospel which their elders refuse to receive.

The tale of African Methodist Missions has been told as few missionary tales are told in "Methodist Trails in the African Jungle."

The Board of Missions is prepared to send this tale to any one who will forward 15 cents; the book will be sent free to leaders. The leader or Epworth Leaguer who tries to get through this meeting without the inspiring message of the "Methodist Trails" is both handicapping himself and missing an hour or two of reading that will make his heart beat quicker and give him new light in Christ and a new purpose in his service.

Address Ralph E. Diffendorfer, Educational Secretary, 150 Fifth Ave., New York City.

What My Denomination is Doing

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topics. I Thess. 1:2-8

IT is suggested, again, that this meeting be led by the pastor or at least by some person high in the councils of the denomination. There has been a good deal of talk of late regarding what the churches have not done. Whatever may have been their sins of omission each denomination has been doing a great deal that was worth while, has been doing its best, within its human limitations, to carry forward the great commission of the Master.

There are four fields which lie before the eyes of the leader. Of these one is the home church. What is it doing? Is it the flaming beacon of spiritual light in its neighborhood; or is it a smouldering and partly quenched but nevertheless persistent flame? Is its altar wet with the tears of penitence or dry with the dust of outworn theories? Are its young people flocking into the kingdom or drifting into the world?

Then there is the Homo Mission Field. What are your church and its officials doing to lighten the dark places of America and her colonies? You will be surprised to find just how big is the

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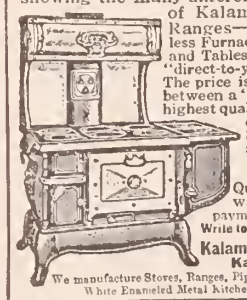

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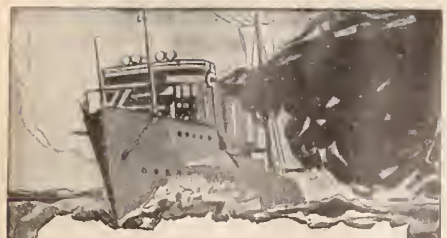

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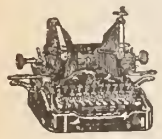

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Even as the soldiers of Britain, France, Italy and all America are marching shoulder to shoulder against the common foe, so the great divisions of the church—the Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Disciples, Methodists, Lutherans—are marching forward in the warfare against sin, each deploying its forces for the best assault upon intrenched error and fortified wickedness, each supporting the others in the victorious assault.

The leader should consult denominational sources for the detailed information necessary to the success of the meeting.

A Unique Book of Recipes for Readers of the Christian Herald

THE Washington Information Bureau of the Christian Herald will send you free a copy of an unusual book of recipes—a book that deals exclusively with how to cook and serve canned foods.

Canned foods are a great help to the busy housekeeper, but it is often quite a problem to decide how to cook them and serve them so as to produce a tasty and varied meal.

A staff of skilled scientists and practical experts has been investigating just this problem, in a special laboratory in Washington, built for the purpose. Knowing the interest and the value of their work to every household, the Christian Herald has arranged to secure a copy of the booklet containing its results for each of our woman readers.

What the Book Tells

This book contains over 150 recipes. All the ingredients are available practically wherever food is sold. With a few words of introduction telling the most important thing to know in each case, it gives full directions for preparing appetizers, soups, entrées, vegetables, salads and desserts from canned foods, along with the necessary sauces, pastes, and dressings that turn them from "just food" into real delicacies.

Like all the service of the Christian Herald Information Bureau, this book of recipes is entirely free, and may be had for the asking. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to the Christian Herald in order to send for a copy.

Just fill in your name and address on the attached coupon, and mail with a 2-cent stamp for return postage, to the Christian Herald Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Ask for the booklet on Canned Foods.

CHRISTIAN HERALD INFORMATION BUREAU

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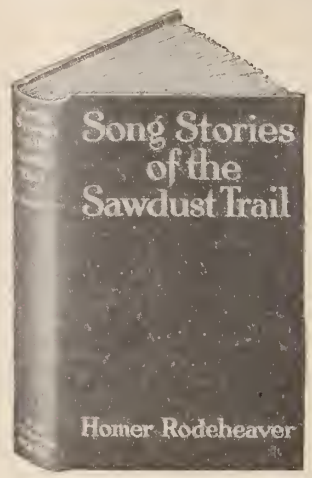
CHRISTIAN HERALD BOOKS

SONG STORIES OF THE SAWDUST TRAIL

By HOMER RODEHEAVER
Billy Sunday's Tabernacle Choir Leader



YOU can sing the songs, for Rody's book gives them all in full, words and music, ready for the piano or organ.

Homer Rodeheaver, who, as everybody knows, is Billy Sunday's choir leader, and who has a wonderful gift like that of Sankey, has written a book with the attractive title "Song Stories of the Sawdust Trail."

"Rody" in his book tells the story of his most famous songs—of which the words and music are familiar to hundreds of thousands of Americans who have listened with eagerness and delight to his singing and who have joined in the choruses. And each song has an individual history of its own. He tells how a humble, homekeeping woman, striving to "do something" for God, made herself and multitudes of others happy by writing the four simple, touching verses which the world knows as "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," and which radiate the finest kind of practical Christian teaching. He relates how another song, "My Father Watches Over Me," sung at a mission service, called a poor, sin-sick criminal and wanderer back to Christ and happiness. "Molly and the Baby," another of Rody's favorites, won a poor struggling drunkard back from his cups, and his evil associates, to his wife and family, and tells how all his former happiness was restored.

We will send a copy of "Song Stories of the Sawdust Trail," postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year, for..... $2.40

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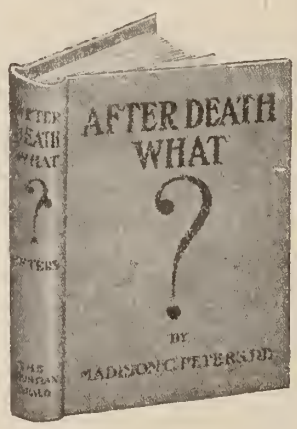
AFTER DEATH, WHAT?

By REV. MADISON C. PETERS

WHEN the late Dr. Klopsch published "After Death, What?" some years ago, the book was received with tremendous enthusiasm and the editions published by him were soon exhausted. Successive editions were not published, yet the demand through the intervening years has been large. For this reason we have thought it wise to bring out an entirely new edition of this wonderful book.

It is impossible to give more than the briefest glimpses of the rich character of the contents of this attractive volume. Among the subjects discussed are: "Does Death End All?" "Light After Darkness," "The Soul between Death and the Resurrection," "Heavenly Reunions," "The Joy and Comfort of Faith in Immortality," "Occupations in Heaven," "Our Children in Heaven," and many others, including poems of comfort and master minds on the life beyond. In addition to the above masterpieces of thought and literature, it contains a vast collection of golden gems from the greatest historians, philosophers, preachers and poets of all ages and nationalities on other phases of the future life.



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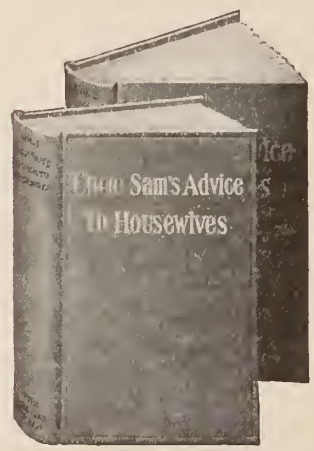
UNCLE SAM'S ADVICE TO HOUSEWIVES

TWO SPLENDID VOLUMES



FOR many years the United States Government has been employing experts to study the most economical methods of preparing foods with a view to telling the housewives all over the country how to get better and tastier food for less money.

The result of these investigations has been printed in pamphlets issued by the Government. But no general collection has ever been made until this one, which has the approval of the United States Department of Agriculture and of Herbert Hoover's Food Administration.

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- What the Body Needs
- Care of Food in the Home
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CAP'N ABE, STOREKEEPER

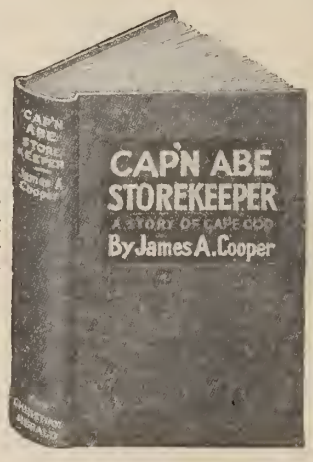
A CAPE COD STORY

By JAMES A. COOPER

DO you like to read about doings on Cape Cod, among the quaint characters who inhabit that locality? Would you like to read of what happened to a high-bred city girl when she suddenly landed down there to take up her living with a relative she had never seen? Would you like to read how loquacious Cap'n Abe, the storekeeper, who could tell more marvelous yarns than any other man on the Cape, suddenly disappeared, and of how his brother from "furrin parts" appeared to take his place?

Would you like to read about a most perplexing mystery that came near being turned into a tragedy, and of how a man who was a rank coward at heart forced himself to play the part of a hero? In this volume, humor and pathos are well mixed. Many of the doings along the Cape shore are taken from life. Tender love scenes are not lacking; and there is high excitement when a great storm wrecks a vessel off the coast and it looks as if some of the loved ones might be drowned.

To meet Cap'n Abe, is *never to forget him.*



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OUR MAIL-BAG

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and is not controversial. All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

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Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C

With all the resources of the Government libraries and departments and of the public museums and their staffs and with the active assistance of national experts, this Information Bureau is ready to tell you the answer to

Whatever You Want to Know

The bureau is prepared to answer fully and promptly questions regarding food production and conservation, transportation, industrial activities, history, patents and inventions, pensions and Army insurance, legislation, exploration and discovery, Government employment and all of the thousand and one things that you want to be sure of.

Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

D. N., Providence, R. I. Is a Christian justified in praying for wealth in order that he may be able to accomplish great and desirable things?

No: because such a prayer would be unwise and ill-considered. The right uses of wealth call for the exercise of many qualities of character which few possess. Few realize that we are the stewards of our possessions, not the absolute owners. They are an endowment, and upon their right or wrong use depends whether they become a blessing or a stumbling-block. If a man has a sound body, a clear-thinking brain and the love of God in his heart, all other wealth is incidental. Nothing that contributes to the formation of character or to real happiness can be bought by money. That man is rich who has a sufficiency for his own simple needs, and who is able to assist others who may be less fortunate. That man is poor who, having overflowing coffers, holds them as his absolute possession, and by his love of display, his foolish indulgence of pleasure, or his selfish attitude toward others, prevents the development of his own spiritual nature and abuses his trusteeship. It is true that while wealth, in the hands of one who realizes his responsibilities, may do an immense amount of good, where there is no such realization riches are likely to become a source of moral weakness and failure. See Prov. 30 : 8; Matt. 13 : 22; Luke 18 : 23, and many other passages. Certainly, riches wrongfully or unjustly acquired can bring no joy or blessing, but the reverse (see Jer. 17 : 11). Any case of unusual skill in money-getting may easily become a menace to a community, just as certain weeds, if unchecked, are liable to spread quickly and desolate the garden.

Mrs. C. W. H., Lake George, N. Y. 1. The Turks are Mohammedans. 2. We have no recollection of the message of which you write.

G. N. B., Fountain City, Ind. I am informed that there is a great palace, built by German money, on the Mount of Olives at Jerusalem, Palestine, also a tower overlooking the country, and that from this building the German Emperor intended to rule his world-empire. Is there such a building there?

We have heard the story many months ago, as having been told by some speaker in England, but it is one that is impossible of confirmation.

J. B., Elmira, N. Y. Your letter on prayer and power is interesting to us. Men of prayer are men of power in the spiritual life. Living near to God and in frequent communion with him, they draw strength from the Source. Paul prayed for power that he might be "strong in the Lord." When one sincerely prays for power, and his life is regulated in accordance with God's will, he becomes a real spiritual force in his circle. Any pastor who prays for power must spend much time in the Lord's power-house—which is prayer. A church whose minister and officers are a consecrated band, which earnestly seeks to know the divine will, and where the prayer meetings are sessions of real communion, does right to pray for power to be of service in any field to which its energies may be drawn.

J. K. H., Columbus Junction, Iowa. Is this prophecy of Jeremiah about to be fulfilled (Jer. 23 : 7, 8)? "Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that they shall no more say, The Lord liveth, which brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt; but, The Lord liveth, which brought up and which led the seed of the house of Israel out of the north country, and from all countries whither I have driven them; and they shall dwell in their own land." The "north country" might mean Europe; and "other countries" include the United States. There are 13,000,000 Jews in various parts of the world, only 40,000 in Jerusalem. Multitudes could return. The home-coming will be such a great event that they will forget their removal from Egypt, with all its miraculous escapes and sacred memories. Jerusalem is now in hands of friends of the Israelites. Is not the taking of Jerusalem one of the hopeful signs that we shall win the war?

We believe Dr. Gray deals with this important phase in his articles on prophecy now running in the Christian Herald. It is certainly a subject of intense interest at the present time.

E. T., Port Jervis, N. Y. The two have probably been regarded as not in any sense conflicting with each other.

H. E. M., State Center, Iowa., writes us with a list of suggestions that will prove helpful to those who desire to live a better life, and to aid the pastor and help the church in its work of arousing conviction and winning souls. First, it is essential that the voluntary worker should personally have accepted Christ as Saviour. There are the kinds of service from which a choice can then be made: "Re-dedicate life to God and church. Unite with the church. Financially support it. Attend services regularly. Attend Sunday school regularly. Teach Sunday school class. Attend prayer meeting. Help with music. Join Epworth League, Missionary Society, or Ladies' Aid Society. Testify and pray in public. Read Bible and pray daily. Conduct or take part in family altar. Do personal work to win souls. Visit sick and needy. Call on new families." These suggestions may make the duty of personal service clearer to beginners.

Constant Reader, N. Y. Have you any assurance that the soldier boys to whom the Testaments and Christian Heralds are given will ever look inside of them? For instance, boys who have sat unmoved through one revival after another—would they appreciate or read a Testament or Herald if given to them? Boys who go from Christian homes will naturally be supplied with Bibles by their own people, will they not? These doubts have kept me from sending money to this particular fund.

We have the assurances of the chaplains and the Y. M. C. A. workers that the Testaments are more than welcome. Many of the soldier boys who express a desire to have a Testament have voluntarily pledged themselves to read it faithfully, and the Word has a mighty power to draw men to Christ. It goes to them with the prayer that it may be made a means of doing this. Surely if we are working sincerely to win souls, we should not neglect this great opportunity. President Wilson has strongly approved of this work of giving the Gospel to the Army and the Navy, and has given it a most cordial written endorsement.

L. E. G., St. Mary's, Ga. We have no record of the incident you mention.

Mrs. O. G., Baldwin City, Kan. (1) Christ distinctly says: "Come unto me, all ye that labor." All means you, and every one else who needs pardon and grace. All of us have fallen away temporarily, but he is ever ready to restore us, at our request or longing. God's covenant with his children remains unbroken. He may break away for a space, but God cannot change; hence God will receive us into favor again if we repent. "If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful. He cannot deny himself" (II Tim. 2 : 13; Isa. 54 : 1). (2) It is not possible to be a believer and not have evidence of it within oneself. This does not necessarily mean exaltation, or special spiritual experiences; but it does mean a changing of heart and mind from the carnal to the godly. A believer soon finds that things which formerly seemed innocent are now sin-laden, that thoughts and actions have a new significance, and life an entirely new meaning, not the least of which is the recognition of that peace which passeth all understanding.

W. H. M., Arden, Neb. How long was the Holy Family in Egypt?

The length of the stay in Egypt has been variously reckoned from a few weeks to three years, in accordance with the various dates assigned to the Nativity. Herod died in the year 750 after the building of Rome, four years before the date from which we begin our time reckoning.

J. B. M., Tallahassee, Fla. The church that has never suffered, which has known few privations, and which cannot point to a single memorable sacrifice or to one martyr for His sake whose name it bears, would be an anomaly indeed. It has been truly said that the Church draws strength from persecution, and that the suffering Church never dies.

G. F., Mississippi. "The refusal of our Lord to recognize the foolish virgins is definite and apparently final," says a commentary. There are others, however, who hold that it does not necessarily shut them out from ultimate forgiveness, finding a difference between the passages indicated and chapter 7 : 23. They refer the parable not to the final judgment, but to His personal reign. In this view, the lesson illustrates the blessedness of watchfulness and endurance unto the end.

"Only a Mother," East Stroudsburg, Pa. Thanks for your kindly letter, which is in line with our own desires, especially on the temperance movement. We are helping the battle all along the line, and especially in Congress, where the outlook is most hopeful. Our new book, "King Alcohol Dethroned," is regarded by many of the foremost temperance leaders in the country, Mr. W. J. Bryan included, as the strongest presentation that has yet been made of the whole question, and one that should be in the hands of every American.

Mary D., Bennington, Vt. It is unwise to vex yourself over what your friend probably meant to be a timely piece of advice. Blunt speech from an honest heart is far better than smooth and polished talk from insincere lips.

Mrs. A. J. E., Red Bluff, Calif. We have forwarded your letter to the International Y. M. C. A. War Work Committee for reply.

Mrs. D. B., Granville, N. Y. Paul was three times at Troas (see Acts 16 : 8; II Cor. 2 : 12; Acts 20 : 6). The last time he seems to have arrived on a Monday and stayed seven days, which included the Jewish Sabbath and the Lord's Day following. Verse 7 indicates that the Christian observance of the Lord's Day was already a fixed practice there, including the breaking of bread with the disciples, although this is not expressly stated.

Red Cross Dogs of War, who go on errands of mercy. These four-footed soldiers are serving in Italy. The dogs carry a string to which a coil of rope is fastened. After an action they seek out the wounded men. When they reach a man he pulls on the string, ties the rope around his body and is pulled back to safety

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The fact is that no matter who you are, whether you are young or old, weak or strong, rich or poor, I can prove to you readily by demonstration that you are leading an inferior life, and I want the opportunity to show you the way in which you may completely and easily, without inconvenience or loss of time, come in possession of new life, vigor, energy, development and a higher realization of life and success. Write for my free book, described below.

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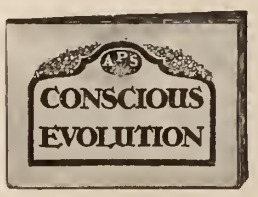

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A MARKET SCENE IN THE SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY IN BETHLEHEM

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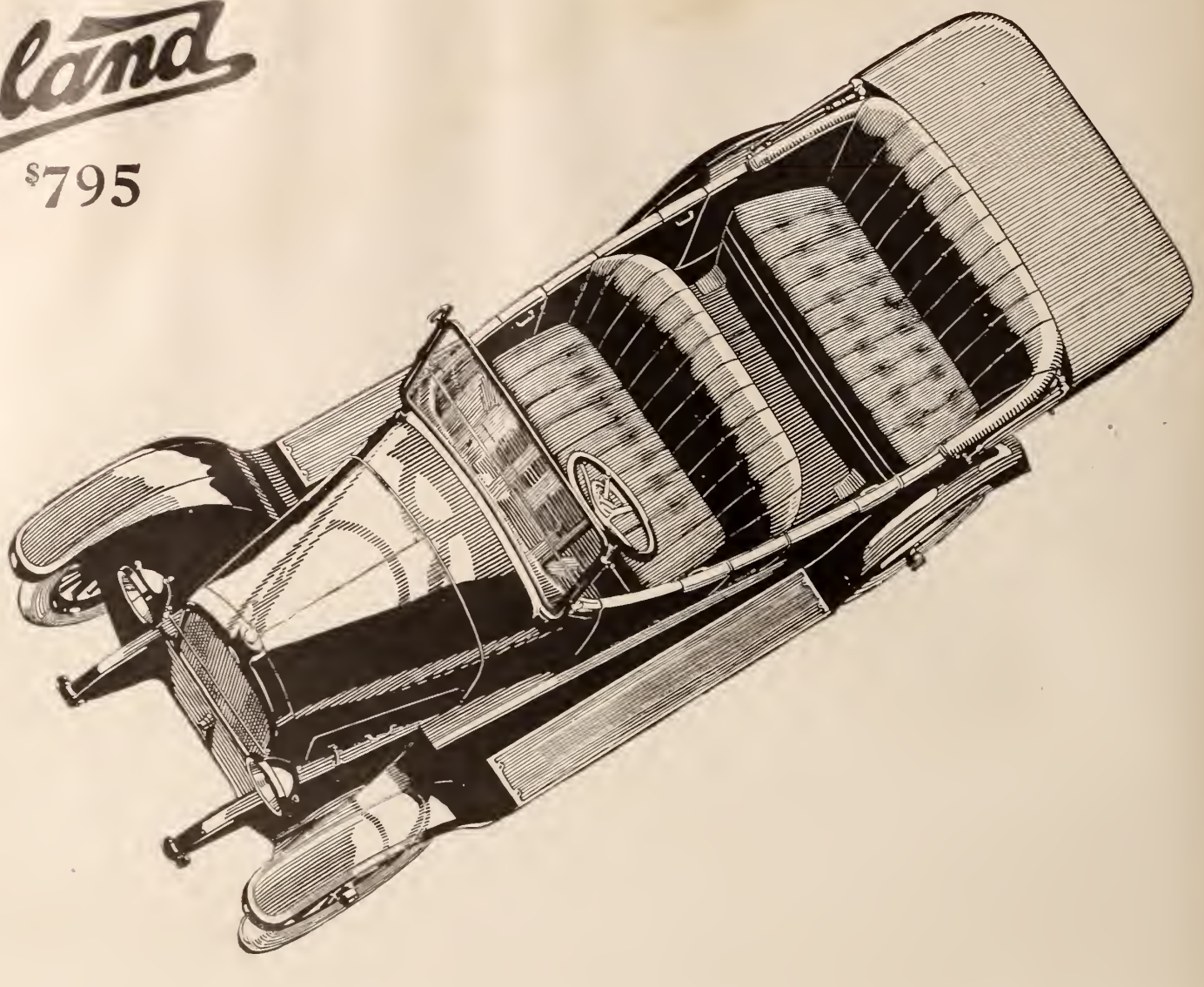

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AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

A part of the water front at Hamburg where vast strikes were reported to have brought martial law

German Labor Strikes for Peace

A Brief Outline of the Elements of Unrest Within the Kaiser's Empire

"MAKE peace with Russia or you will be hurled from power" was the answer of the leader of the majority Socialists, Philip Scheidemann, to the speech of Chancellor von Hertling, before the Main Committee of the German Reichstag. Thus German labor threw down the gauntlet to pan Germanism and imperial greed. Peace was not made and so a great general labor strike in Germany to force immediate peace without annexations or indemnities and general reforms had on January 31 become Empire-wide in extent. The strike, which began in Berlin chiefly because of dissatisfaction over the delay in carrying out the Prussian franchise reform, spread more or less throughout the provinces. Dispatches estimated that a million workers had abandoned industrial and munitions plants in the Hamburg and Berlin districts and in Bavaria.

The strike had spread to Munich, where the big Mauser armament works were involved, and some of the printing works engaged in the newspaper trade in Berlin had struck. The war plants at Tegel, Aldershof, Spandau and Mariendorf, just outside the capital, were closed. Spandau is a city of 70,000, nine miles west of Berlin. Numerous artillery, firearms and munitions plants are situated there. The other three places are small cities, but contain vital plants for the production of arms and ammunition for the army. In the Berlin district the number of strikers was variously estimated from 120,000 to 700,000. A correspondent said that 58,000 of the number were women.

THE striking German trades unions made the following demands upon the Imperial government:

"First—An answer by the German Government to the speech made by Premier Lloyd George to British trades unions.
"Second—A statement of German war aims in the West.
"Third—Direct representation of the working class interests in the peace negotiations in proportion to the representation of capitalistic interests.
"Fourth—No further postponement of Prussian franchise reforms."

American State Department officials viewed the reports of internal strife in the Central Empires as a strong indication that the world conflict might come to a sudden end in the near future. The confidence in the outcome felt at the White House was shared by military and naval men.

According to a Berlin report received through Copenhagen, Socialist leaders from all over Germany had been summoned to Berlin for a discussion of important home and foreign political questions. So grave was the situation that the Socialist party had requested President Kaempf to summon the Reichstag in special meeting forthwith, to discuss the alarming events of the last few days.

Hamburg on January 31 was in a state of siege. The military commander had ordered immediate cessation of the strike and had demanded that no labor disturbances occur in the future. Altona and Wandsbeck, suburbs, also were under martial law. All the great ship-building yards were said to be closed. Workers were flocking to the side of the Vulcan yards workers, who were the first to quit. All the workmen in the Kiel shipyards to the number of 50,000 and those in the Vulcan Works at Hamburg, and thousands of miners in the Rhenish-Westphalian districts struck, according to the Berliner Vossische Zeitung. Field Marshal von Hindenburg was reputed to have issued a proclamation warning the workers to stop the strike, and it has been displayed on the street corners of Berlin.

THE Berlin correspondent of the Politiken of Copenhagen reported that the strikers had formed a Workmen's Council of 500 with an "Action Commission" of ten men and women, including Hugo Haase, the Independent Socialist leader, and Philip Scheidemann, the majority Socialist leader. Other members of the Commission included George Ledebour and William Dittmann, Independent Socialists, and Friedrich Ebert and Herr Braun, majority Socialists. The Commission, it was stated, asked Herr Wallraf, the Minister of the Interior, to grant permission for the holding of meetings. Herr Wallraf, it was added, declared he would not negotiate with the workmen, but would receive Socialist members of the Parliament. Herr Scheidemann, Herr Haase and two workmen went to the Minister of the Interior and informed him of the action of the Commission, demanding unanimously that the negotiation take place in the presence of the workmen. The results are not known.

A dispatch to the Associated Press from Stockholm said that the German strikes are largely due to scarcity of food, quoting Svenska Dagbladet's Berlin correspondent. This correspondent asserted that the people were indignant over the exportation of flour to Austria, and also over profiteering and the illegal procuring of foodstuffs, which flourished despite the utmost efforts of the authorities.

The strikes in Hamburg and Kiel resolved themselves into hunger demonstrations. The extent of the food profiteering in Berlin alone is illustrated by a report in the Berliner Tageblatt that fines imposed in the Moabit Criminal Court in one day exceed 100,000 marks (about $25,000).

AMONG the views expressed in special dispatches from Holland in regard to the strike is one that the German Government is exploiting what hardly amounts to more than a peace-time demonstration, with the object, if possible, of producing a more serious movement in Allied countries, where it apparently believes the Governments are less able than itself to control such movements. Another correspondent gathered from the German press that the German Government intended to make the strike movement a pretext for breaking off the Brest-Litovsk negotiations, and was ascribing it to the machinations of the Bolsheviki, with whom, therefore, it would be impossible to hold further conferences.

While most newspapers printed with much prominence the dispatches from Holland and Switzerland representing the strike in Germany as being on an increasing scale and very serious, the Rotterdam correspondent of the London Daily News warned against an exaggerated idea of the size and importance of the industrial upheaval. Other newspapers reported that the workmen in forty war material factories in Berlin alone had struck, and that many strikes elsewhere had been accompanied by grave disturbances. The Daily News correspondent said the cessation of work in Berlin apparently was not general in character. The central committee of the trades unions intended a general strike, but according to the latest information reaching this correspondent, this was revoked after the speech made by Dr. von Kuehlmann,

the Foreign Secretary, with which the labor leaders professed to be satisfied temporarily.

THE German press generally condemned the strike and warned the strikers that they had gone the wrong way about getting an early peace, and were instead harming their own country. Some of the papers severely rebuked the strikers. The Cologne Volkszeitung says: "We learn that the Strike Committee in Berlin had the audacity to aim a pistol at the Government's heart with a list of demands culled from the Socialist program." The Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung said: "The strikes will prejudice the negotiations and encourage her enemies to resist Germany's claims." The paper also characterized the strikers as "sinning against their brothers in the field."

Some of the papers explained that the German authorities did not refuse to treat with the proper labor leaders regarding the strike. The Government took the position that on important political questions it could not negotiate with the workers and in any case with strikers.

While the suggestion was made in some quarters in England that exaggerated accounts of the strike had been circulated by the German Government in order to influence the engineers on the Clyde and other centers in England—who had threatened to lay down their tools unless the government gave satisfactory guarantees that it open peace negotiations—as well as the pacifists in the Entente countries, the general conviction was that there has been, and still was, a very considerable stoppage of work in important German war industries. In high political circles in London, according to dispatches from that city on January 31, there was a growing impression that the German authorities were endeavoring to minimize the importance of the strike, and that as little news as possible was permitted to filter through revealing the actual situation. Practically all the shipyard workers of Hamburg struck, according to the Cologne Gazette. Clergymen vainly exhorted the strikers to continue their work. The strikers proceeded to the trades union headquarters and adopted a resolution opposing the Pan-German Fatherland party, and demanding immediate peace without annexations or indemnities, better labor conditions and improvement of the food supply. The workers threatened reprisals for the arrest of their leaders. These reprisals, according to one report, have already commenced throughout the country, owing to the refusal of Herr Walraff, Minister of the Interior, to meet the strikers. Estimates of the number of persons on strike in the empire ranged as high as 1,000,000. This is believed not to be exaggerated, as in Berlin alone the figures run from 120,000, to 500,000 and 700,000 from other sources. The military authorities giving the strikers the alternative of working February 4 or facing a court-martial claimed to have the situation well in hand.

ARTHUR HENDERSON, formerly labor member in the Lloyd George cabinet, in a statement issued February first, warned Britain of labor unrest and urged the government to confer further with labor leaders before pressing its manpower bill. Mr. Henderson felt that the government would get further by adopting a more conciliatory attitude toward labor. At the same time he opposed any action by labor that would decrease the nation's striking power.

The United States government was represented in Washington dispatches as waiting, willing to encourage peace by diplomacy, but ready to make war to the hilt if necessary.

Victory Bread

FOLLOWING the announcement on January 25 of Lord Rhondda's appeal for additional wheat exports, Herbert C. Hoover, United States Food Administrator, announced further conservation regulations in which he was backed up by a proclamation of the President. These regulations established a formula for a war bread, to be known throughout the country as "Victory bread," and prescribed that Mondays and Wednesdays be observed as wheatless days, with one wheatless meal each day; that Tuesday be observed as a meatless day, and that in addition Tuesday and Saturday be porkless days. Mr. Hoover suggested that laws making observance of his suggestions compulsory might be necessary, but declared that he thought that about ninety-five per cent. of the nation was loyally cooperating with the Food Administration. He reported that out of 18,000,000 households in the country about 13,000,000 had signed the first food pledge.

"Victory bread" is to contain at first five per cent. of other cereals than wheat, the percentage to be increased to about twenty per cent. by February 24. The government has arranged to buy thirty per cent. of all the output of the flour mills, which will be sufficient to supply the army and navy and meet the needs of our Allies and the neutrals depending on us, allowing a small surplus to be used in an emergency to prevent suffering at home. The mills have also been ordered to produce from two to four per cent. more milled flour from wheat than is produced under present milling standards. The normal consumption in the United States is about 5½ pounds per week of wheat flour per person. The ration in France is ten ounces daily, in England 4½ pounds a week, in Belgium 250 grams a day, and in Germany 350 grams a day. Some of the mills were reported as preparing to grind special war flours, to contain the proper mixture of corn and rye. Mr. Hoover was quoted as saying that while corn flour and other cereal productions should sell at a cheaper rate than wheat flour, traffic congestion had practically suspended the law of supply and demand. Mr. Hoover announced on January 28 that any unusual rise in price of "Victory bread" or the price of other productions would be made a subject of inquiry, and he also made public on the same day the new food pledge card, which will be sent to the 13,000,000 housekeepers who have allied themselves with the Food Administration and also to the other 5,000,000 who have not yet declared themselves.

The text of the food pledge card is as follows:

What You Can Do to Help Win This War

"Our problem is to feed the Allies and our own soldiers abroad by sending them as much food as we can of the most concentrated nutritive value in the least shipping space. These foods are wheat, beef, pork, butter, and sugar. Our solution is to eat less of these and as little of all foods as will support health and strength. All saving counts for victory. The Food Administration asks every loyal American to help win the war by maintaining rigidly, as a minimum of saving, the following program: "Have two wheatless days (Monday and Wednesday) in every week, and one wheatless meal in every day.

"Explanation—On 'wheatless' days and in 'wheatless' meals of other days, use no crackers, pastry, macaroni, breakfast food or other cereal food containing wheat, and use no wheat flour in any form except the small amount that may be needed for thickening soups or gravies, or for a binder in corn bread and other cereal breads. As to bread, if you bake it at home, use other cereals than wheat, and if you buy it, buy only war bread. Our object is that we should buy and consume one-third less wheat products than we did last year.

"Have one meatless day (Tuesday) in every week, one meatless meal in every day; have two porkless days (Tuesday and Saturday) in every week.

"Explanation—'Meatless' means without any cattle, hog, or sheep products. On other days use mutton and lamb in preference to beef or pork. 'Porkless' means without pork, bacon, lard, or pork products, fresh or preserved. Use fish, poultry, and eggs. As a nation we eat and waste nearly twice as much meat as we need.

"Make every day a fat-saving day (butter, lard, lard substitutes, etc.).

"Explanation—Fry less. Bake, broil, boil or stew foods instead. Save meat drippings; use these and vegetable oils for cooking instead of butter. Butter has food values vital to children; therefore, give it to them. Use it only on the table. Waste no soap; it is made from fat. Be careful of all fats. We use and waste two and a half times as much fat as we need.

"Make every day a sugar-saving day. Explanation—Use less sugar. Less sweet drinks and candy containing sugar should be used in war time. As a nation we have used twice as much sugar as we need.

"Use fruits, vegetables and potatoes abundantly. Explanation—These foods are healthful and plentiful, and at the same time partly take the place of other foods which we must save. Raise all you can for home use.

"Use milk wisely. Explanation—Use all of the milk. Waste no part of it. The children must have whole milk. Use sour and skim milk in cooking and for cottage cheese.

"Hoarding food—Any one buying and holding a larger supply of food now than in peace time, except foods canned, dried or preserved in the home, is helping to defeat the Food Administration in its attempt to secure a just distribution of food and the establishment of fair prices. The food-hoarder is working against the common good and even against the very safety of the country. Hoarding food in households is both selfish and unnecessary. The government is protecting the food supply of its people.

"Loyalty in little things is the foundation of the national strength. Disloyalty in little things gives aid to the enemy. Keep the pledge. Do not limit the food of growing children. Eat sufficient food to maintain health; the nation needs strong people. Cooperate with your local and Federal Food Administrators. Take their advice.

"Preach and practice the 'gospel of the clean plate.' Housekeepers should help the stores cut down deliveries. Use local supplies; this saves railroad transportation. Report to the nearest Food Administration the name and address of any person discouraging the production or saving of food."

On the reverse side of the card are given reasons why we must save. The principal reason is that the men of the Allied nations are fighting, and they are not on the farms, and that the fields of both Allies and neutrals lack man-power, fertilizer and machinery; that the soldiers must be maintained in full strength, and that their families must not starve; that friendly neutrals must be fed, and that our own army in France must not suffer lack. We are told that the whole great problem of winning the war rests primarily on one thing: the loyalty and sacrifice of the American people in the matter of food.

Paris began to issue bread cards January 28.

Progress of the War

ITALIAN troops, on January 29, in an attack which would not be denied, broke through the Austrian line on the Asiago plateau west of the Brenta River. Although meeting with desperate resistance the Italians pressed on throughout the next three days, capturing the Col del Rosso and Monte di Val Bella, two heights to the west of the Frenzella valley south of Asiago. In the three days the Italians captured 2,600 prisoners, six guns and 100 machine guns, and restored their lines to the dominating positions which they lost in the last days of the great German-Austrian drive. Berlin claimed the capture of 675 Italians in the action.

Aside from the activities on the American sector of the French front (for which see page 188) there were only patrol engagements, some more or less ambitious trench raids and artillery battles on the front from Switzerland to the sea. Air crafts were, however, unusually active on both sides, English airmen raiding Manheim, Germany, on January 24 as well as railway junctions and arsenals.

Official despatches, passed by the American Army censor in France on February 3, definitely located the sector of the battle-line, held by American forces, as on the Lorraine front, probably in the neighborhood of Nancy. Enemy shell fire, on February 2, killed two American soldiers and wounded nine.

On Monday night, January 28, German airmen paid the first compliments of the year to the city of London, being received by an almost impenetrable fire from anti-aircraft guns, and being met in the air by British fliers. Only four or five machines succeeded in reaching the city. These dropped explosive and incendiary bombs. Very little damage was done to property, but 47 persons were killed and 169 injured. One German raider was brought down. The following night another attempt was made upon the city of London, in which three persons were killed and ten injured.

German airmen also raided Paris on the night of January 30 killing 49 persons and wounding 206. One German raider was brought down. This was the first attack on Paris since July 27, 1917. French airmen replied to this attack by bombing the German airdromes on February 1st.

General Leonard Wood, in France on a tour of instruction, was slightly injured on January 27 by a bursting gun. It was suggested that General Wood would probably remain in France as a member of the Supreme Allied War Council which convened on January 29 at Versailles. General T. H. Bliss is the official representative of the American government.

The Supreme Allied War Council at its session on February 2 examined carefully the replies of Chancellor von Hertling and Count Czernin to the speeches of Premier Lloyd George and President Wilson, finding no "real approximation to the moderate conditions laid down by the Allied Governments," and decided upon a "vigorous and effective prosecution of the war until the pressure of that effort produced a change of temper in the enemy Governments justifying the hope of the conclusion of a peace based on the principles of freedom, justice and respect for international law."

Leon Trotzky, Bolshevikist Foreign Minister, returned to Brest-Litovsk on January 28. The majority of the Bolsheviki were reported as in favor of a "holy" war. Trotzky returned to the peace conference with the matter of rejecting or accepting Germany's terms resting entirely in his hands.

Bolshevist troops during the week ending February 3 fought with Finnish revolutionaries against troops of the Republic. The red guard of the rebellion was on February 1st holding the capital of Finland.

The Lenine government on January 28 severed diplomatic relations with Rumania, and on January 28 Petrograd announced that in battles with the Ukrainians Bolshevikist troops had taken Kiev and other towns and that a Bolshevists' Ukrainian delegation was proceeding to Brest-Litovsk. Later Odessa and Orenburg were reported in Bolshevist hands. Rumanian troops, on February 1, at the request of the inhabitants, occupied the Bessarabian city of Kishineff.

Trotzky announced on January 30 that the treaty between England and Russia whereby Persia became merely a sphere of influence for the two powers had been abrogated.

During the week, ending January 26, U-boats sunk nine British vessels of more than 1,600 tons and six of less.

The Week in the World's News

STORMS EMBARGO FREIGHT. On the second of the Fuel Administration's workless Mondays, the storm king again asserted his superior authority. Throughout the Alleghanies a blizzard raged, affecting particularly the Pennsylvania lines east of Pittsburg,

which, by the utmost efforts, finally opened a single track by the end of the day. The movement of coal, food and every other kind of freight was practically at a standstill throughout the whole territory between the mountains and the Hudson, in which the greatest congestion existed. In West Virginia moderating weather brought with it flooded rivers, the main line of the Norfolk and Western suffering considerable damage. The Ohio River also started on its annual spring spree, doing some $200,000 worth of damage to barges and packets. One advantage of government operation of the railroads was shown markedly in West Virginia and throughout the Eastern territory in the working out of an order which impressed into the work of freeing the snow-clogged yards a considerable number of men from other branches of the railway work and from the mines. Over 1,100 miners, made idle by the blocking of transportation, were put to work shoveling snow. Notwithstanding all the handicaps, some progress was made in the congested terminals of the East. The coaling of ships was expedited, and on January 30 only 29 ships were delayed in New York Harbor for lack of coal, although there were said to be more than 400 ships in port. The orders of the Fuel Administration were made somewhat more rigid on this Monday, and it was reported that the compliance of the public was more complete as the order became more clearly understood. Production of coal in the bituminous fields was curtailed 16,000,000 tons by storm conditions in January. It was announced on February 1, that Monday, February 4, might be the last of the enforced holidays, although fuel would continue to go first to the preferred consumers.

What of the Church?

THERE has been much discussion of late about the Church in its relation to present-day events. There can be no better basis, either for discussion or progress, than the present status of things churchly. Next week Dr. H. K. Carroll will bring to the Christian Herald Family the complete story of the Church in 1917 as it is revealed by the vital statistics.

Next week also Dr. James M. Gray, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, begins a new series of articles on Prophecy, discussing the English Manifesto on the Second Advent.

Frank Carpenter has had of late a great deal to say about fish. Next week he brings us a whale steak and other appetizing viands.

The announcement of the cash rewards of the Second Bible Contest, which we hoped to bring you this week, was delayed by the careful verification of the checking sheets necessary to absolute justice for all contestants. The full announcement will be in next week's Christian Herald.

Incendiaries Aid Enemy. The great 4,500-foot government pier, under construction in Newark, N. J., harbor, was fired by incendiaries on January 26, the incendiaries returning the fire of guards in making their escape. The pier, along with some buildings under erection for the Quartermaster's Department of the Army, was destroyed, the damage being estimated in the neighborhood of $1,000,000. Only the most strenuous efforts kept the fire from spreading to the adjoining shipyards, where preparations are under way for the building of 150 steel ships.

Explosion Kills Twelve. An accidental explosion of fulminate of mercury in Magazine No. 2 at the Newport News Torpedo Station on January 26 wrecked three of the bombproof buildings used for the drying of detonators, killing twelve workmen and injuring seven.

Good-by Lobbyist. Director General of Railroads McAdoo on January 27 issued an order requiring the railroads of the country to cut from their payrolls all persons employed in any way to affect legislation, all persons not actually engaged in the performance of necessary legal work, all payment of expense of associations of carriers not approved by the Director General, and all payment of any moneys to influence elections or legislation. Free passes were forbidden except as expressly authorized by the Interstate Commerce laws. It was anticipated that this order would result in the saving of several millions of dollars a year.

Corporation to Finance War. Secretary McAdoo on January 28 made public a bill prepared at his direction to create a war finance corporation, with a capital stock of $500,000,000, all of which was to be subscribed by the United States. The proposed corporation would have power to make advances to any bank, banker or trust company which has outstanding loans necessary or contributory to the prosecution of the war, and to make similar advances to persons, firms and associations whose operations are necessary for the prosecution of the war, and to subscribe for and deal in the bonds of the United States. The corporation would have the power to issue bonds or obligations in an amount not in excess of $4,000,000,000. Under the law as proposed, the corporation would have the power of investigating, licensing or refusing to license offers of securities exceeding $100,000 at par.

Organizing Deliveries. Two announcements were made on January 30 of measures calculated to speed up the delivery of goods and necessary materials to eastern ports and the transportation of these across the Atlantic. The Food Administration and the Director General of railways arranged for the assembling of loaded cars at Chicago, East St. Louis, Pittsburg and Buffalo, the cars to be made into solid trains and shipped through on fast freight schedules. To avoid the cumbersome and slow methods, adequate in peace times, of carrying merchandise from the railroad piers on lighters to ships anchored in midstream, it was also arranged to run these loaded cars on to the railroad piers and to berth the ships alongside. Arrangements were made for the simultaneous loading of 25 ships, the usual number included in a convoy. A ship control committee was also created representing the Shipping Board, War and Navy departments, Food and Fuel Administrations, the Director General of railroads, the British government and the ship owners, of which P. A. S. Franklin of the International Mercantile Marine was made chairman. This Board will have complete charge of the loading and routing of all ships of the Allies and of the Northern neutrals under charter to the United States and Great Britain, Material for export will be sent to the Atlantic port where there is least congestion and ships at sea will be directed by wireless to the waiting cargo. It is expected thus to sufficiently increase the efficiency of every ship afloat to permit of the sending abroad and the provisioning without difficulty of the full force of 2,000,000 men, the transportation of which to France, Secretary Baker said, depended largely upon ships.

One of the communication trenches leading to the front line positions, where American troops first clashed with the enemy.

German Ships American Transports. It was announced on January 29 from the debarkation port in France, that sixteen former German ships had just reached that port after an eventless trip. The ships, including the former Vaterland, now the Leviathan, and fifteen others of the North German Lloyd and Hamburg American liners, all of which had been completely repaired and placed in service. The army transport system is reported to be carrying each month 70,000 troops and their supplies to France. It was announced on the preceding day that in the twelve months of unrestricted submarine warfare 69 American vessels totaling 171,061 tons had been sunk with a loss of more than 300 lives. The former German and Austrian ships seized total 107 vessels with a gross tonnage of 686,494, making a net gain in the year of 515,435. In addition to these the shipping board requisitioned 426 vessels under construction in American shipyards, totaling more than 2,000,000 gross tons, and placed orders for 884 additional ships; 393 American vessels over 2,500 tons capacity were requisitioned, taken off their coastwise and South American routes and put into transatlantic service. Of the German ships seized three (3) have been successfully attacked by submarines, two being sunk, the third being beached. Great Britain lost in the year 1,169 ships, of which 763 exceeded 1000 tons capacity. The total bag of the submarines from January 1, 1917, to January 26, 1918, is given officially as 6,617,000 tons. Aside from Britain, Norway has been the heaviest loser. An officer of the Bethlehem ship building company said, on February 1, that transportation delays and the unwillingness of workmen to put in full time might reduce the output of American yards in 1918 to 3,000,000 tons.

The Crucial Year. President Wilson, prevented by illness from attending the Farmer's Congress at Urbana, Ill., sent his message in writing. Declaring his certainty that he needed neither to tell the farmers "that we are as a nation in the presence of a great task which demands supreme sacrifice and endeavor of every one of us," nor to convince them that "it was necessary for us as a free people to take part in this war," the President said:—"Our national life and our whole economic development will pass under the sinister influence of foreign control if we do not win. We must win, therefore, and we shall win. . . . You will realize, as I think statesmen of both sides of the water realize, that the culminating crisis of the struggle has come and that the achievements of this year on one side or the other must determine the issue." He then called attention to the extent to which our Allies depend upon our resources and to the government agencies working with the farmers to increase our crops, declaring that we must plant wider acreages and harvest greater crops. In closing he said, "The toil, the intelligence, the energy, the foresight, the self sacrifice and devotion of the farmers of America will, I believe, bring to a triumphant conclusion this great, last war, for the emancipation of men from the control of arbitrary government and the selfishness of class legislation and control."

Cuba Hungry. While the needs of our Allies are holding the centre of the stage, the Food Administration is also planning measures of relief for a serious shortage of cereals and meats in Cuba. Returning travelers bring stories of real suffering and privation, reporting bread practically unknown, even in Havana.

Flivvers of the Sea. February first brought the cheering news that the great Ford plant at Detroit, the world leader in swift standardized production, had been prepared for the rapid manufacture of small destroyers, in size between the submarine chaser and the present destroyer fleet, which it would turn out at the rate of one each day after it began deliveries. The little craft have been fully standardized and have been designed with as few curved plates as possible. They will be about 200 feet long, displace about 500 tons and be driven by geared turbines. Great speed is not to be attempted, but these boats, well armed, are expected to give the submarines a knock-out blow, working with the present fleets. The parts are being shaped at the Ford plant, the boats are to be put together at Detroit and to go to sea through the Welland canal.

The Soul of Revolutionary Russia

Tcherkesoff, Prince, Philosopher, Anarchist, Tells of the Age-Long Fight for a Nation's Freedom

By MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

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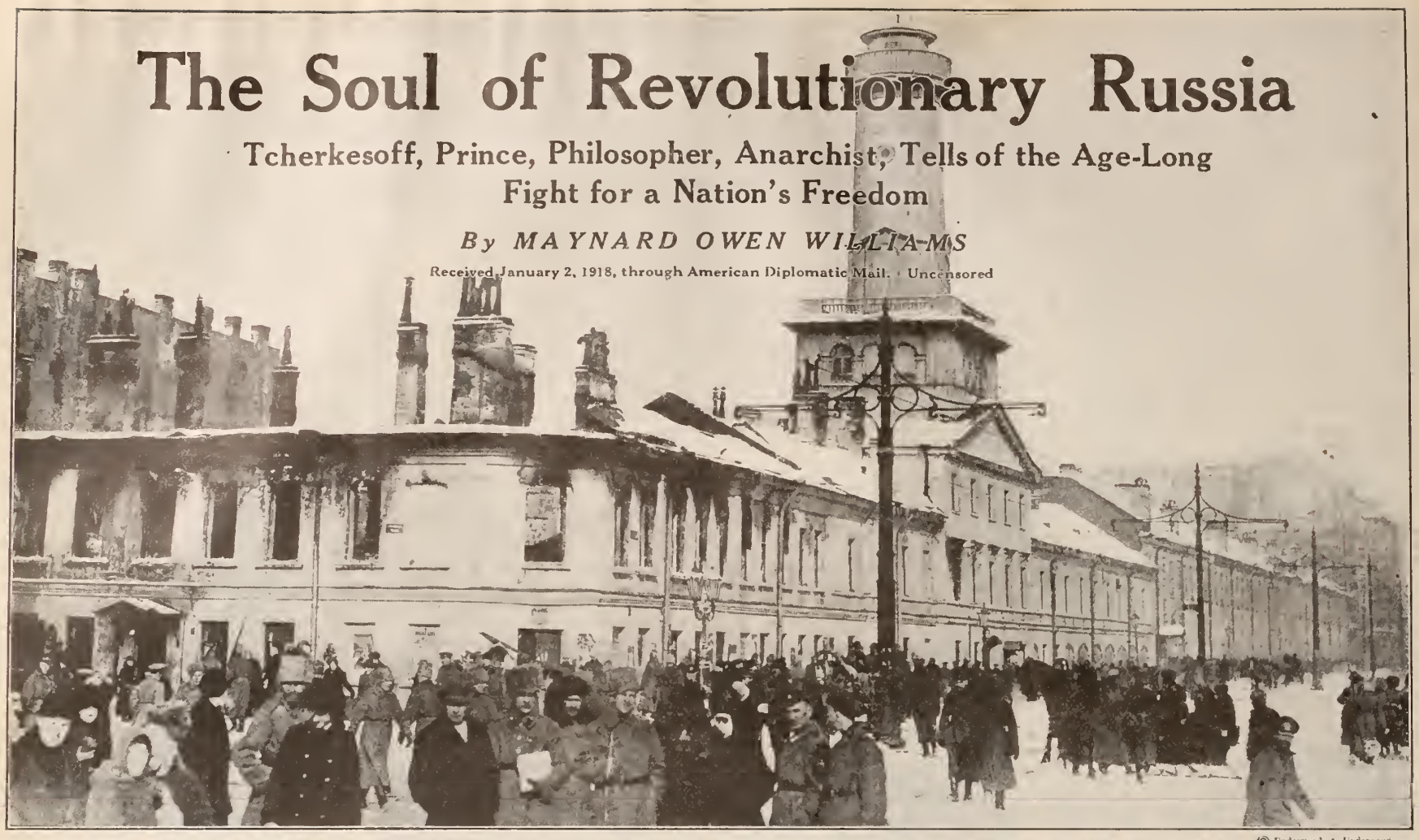

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The Vladimir Cadet School, in Petrograd, set on fire during the fighting between the Bolsheviki and the forces loyal to the Provisional Government

OUT here in the Caucasus, after having comé the length and breadth of Russia and seen what the American brand of anarchist can do in a state that is too confused and too ignorant to help itself, I have had the pleasure of meeting a gentle anarchist of the old school. He is what is known as a philosophical anarchist, which leads me to believe that a little sound philosophy would help our American anarchists a great deal.

He is a lovable little man, gray-brown of hair, eyes, complexion and dress. Strangers pass him by without a thought; yet many who know him look upon him as an honored friend. He is an idealist who combines with an uncompromising courage humility and tenderness. Prince among the Georgians, he is a true democrat, whose name is known to lovers of freedom everywhere as "Tcherkesoff."

He gave himself to the revolutionary cause the year the Russian serfs were freed. He went in on the "ground floor" and has been doing business at the old stand ever since. Never has he given up the fight. Nor has he fought the air.

The Prince, the Professor and I have had several good talks together, here in this cosmopolitan city where Armenians, Georgians, Tartars, Persians and Chinese live together in unity and concord. But the capstone of our enjoyment came when we went with the prince to his native land of Kakhetia, which he had not seen for years.

A FOUR hours' wait kept us from entering the lovely Alasan valley until night had settled down, and the next day heavy clouds hid the long 14,000-foot range of the Great Caucasus, which separates Kakhetia from the sheltered valleys of Daghestan, "an island in a sea of history." As we rode up from the station, between the famed Kakhetian vineyards, to the lovely little city of Telav, two military officers, with whom we were forced to ride because of a shortage of carriages, asked the name of the little old man who had taken the seat beside the driver. Humbly, but perhaps with a touch of expectance in his voice, our friend mentioned his name.

"I am ashamed to be riding here in the best seat when you are up there," was the reply. This was the greeting of the prodigal to his beloved home. Prodigal in strength, in ambitions to have great Russia free, in unselfish suffering for a worthy cause, the great revolutionist found in the tone of voice of a trim young officer a reward for his long exile.

When the host at the inn learned the name of his guest, there was nothing too good for us, and while we sat there after our cold ride and sipped steaming borsch and ate the spitted mutton which heaped up the plate, the proprietor himself in his natty tcherkeshka waited upon us, jealous of the right to serve this small man who brought honor to their valley and their town. Tcherkesoff smiled happily, and pointed out the simple dignity of this humble meal, but at times a mist formed over his eyes.

In the morning we visited the home of his niece. His coming had not been announced; but when the young woman caught sight of him through the window the instant lightening of her pretty face spoke more eloquently than did her kiss of the love she bore him.

FIFTY-SIX years of fighting tyranny and then a homecoming such as this! As we wandered through the attractive town, with its old churches and its crumbling castle, our guide surveyed each familiar scene with pride. The gentle anarchist was home again and he found love there.

As we rode back through the beautiful valley of the Alasan, our companion explained something of the aims and methods of the Russian revolutionists, and made it quite clear that in Russia anarchy was both necessary and admirable, while in the United States no need for it exists.

"If the bombing of Alexander II was unjustified," he said, "then the French Revolution was unjustified and the Boston Tea Party was criminal. With freedom of expression denied them, and with despotism oppressing them; with spies in all their meetings, the Russian revolutionists had no choice but to take matters into their own hands, and rid the state of a reactionary ruler.

"In America such methods are neither justified nor necessary. Anarchy is not a revolt against proper authority, but against the crushing of humanity by an autocratic government in which they have no voice. America is not without its faults, but there are legal means for abolishing them, and the people have a voice in their own salvation. But in Russia under the Czars public opinion was not allowed expression Under such circumstances Sophia Perovskaya and Jeliaboff did the only possible thing. Terrorism advertised freedom as milder methods could not do."

TCHERKESOFF has been a close friend of Kropotkin, Bakunin, Reclus and other famous revolutionists, and he states that these great thinkers simply advocated such principles as are embodied in American life. Kropotkin, traveling in the American West, found that a small community had provided some physical and chemical apparatus for their primary school teacher, so that she could continue her studies for a university degree, and he was delighted to see this exemplification of his own ideas.

"Anarchy in America, then," our companion continued, "is like a surgeon in a town where there is no sickness. But in nineteenth century Russia, conditions were different. Alexander II started his reign with reforms that made him popular with his people. He made certain concessions to the Poles. But the Russian nobles sought to have these welcome reforms embodied in a constitution, and the Poles started a revolution. The reformer became a reactionary, and so the revolutionary movement was born. The petitioning nobles were deported. The censorship was made more strict. Michailoff, poet and pamphleteer, was sent to hard labor, as was Nicholas Chernishevsky. A worthy and conservative revolutionary movement, which might have placed Russia in the van of freedom, was crushed with a ruthless hand. The martyrdom of these brave leaders stirred the soul of Russian youth, and the revolutionary movement spread. But Terrorism was still unthought of."

Tcherkesoff was in Moscow then, preparing for the university. But his precocity won for him a place with older men. The boy of sixteen, stirred with a love for freedom, plunged heart and soul into a struggle which has lasted all his life.

THE strictness of the censorship and the arrest of its leaders prevented the spread of liberal thought. Robbed of any means of expression, the unhappy subjects of the Czar saw the necessity for violence. The rights of mankind have advanced through revolutions. It is only in a land where there is freedom of speech and of the press that the pen is mightier than the sword.

In 1866, Karakasoff made an unsuccessful attempt to rid Russia of its cruel master. The drag-net ensnared all those who had been his friends. Tcherkesoff was imprisoned for eight months, although his only fault had been that he had been giving lessons to some workmen and their children, thus opposing the imperial will to keep the people in darkness.

Three years later, Tcherkesoff was one of a party who fought for three ideals: equality of rights, land for the emancipated serfs, and compulsory free education. This was anarchy indeed! He was sentenced to four years in the fortress which emancipated Russia should convert into a Hall of Fame in honor of the patriots who have been imprisoned there. His next punishment was deportation to Siberia.

In 1876, when the American people were celebrating a hundred years of freedom from far less tyranny than Russians were then enduring, Tcherkesoff escaped to London, where he contributed to revolutionary periodicals before going to Geneva to publish another revolutionary sheet.

In 1878 he was back in London, where he was joined in June by Prince Kropotkin. Thus began a life friendship between two whose love and gentleness are known to all.

While Tcherkesoff was in the fortress, Kropotkin and Madame Breshkovsky had been aiding in the remarkable movement of the nobility among the peasants, teaching them to read and write and think. For such anarchy four hundred young nobles were imprisoned in Petrograd at one time.

IN 1881 Sophia Perovskaya and Jeliaboff paid the price for an act which is not yet sufficiently appreciated. The explosion beside the Yekaterinski Canal, no less than the shot fired at Concord, was heard round the world. It awakened the masses in Russia as secret presses, forbidden literature and clandestine

teaching had been unable to do: 1905 and 1917 were on their way.

Until 1890, however, it seemed as though the revolution was crushed. Actually, it was spreading from a class fight to a popular movement. The intellectual classes were moving ahead, aided by the presence among them of women of independence and determination. Marie, the wife of Alexander II, had provided gymnasia for women throughout Russia; women had taken an active part in the fight of the seventies; and Turgenieff's "On the Eve" had exerted a wide influence. From the forming of the three parties in 1890, the movement culminating in the revolutions of 1905 and 1917 was slow but sure. It had right behind it.

While revolutionary ideas were growing in Russia, a sinister influence which today threatens the safety of the Russian state was making itself felt. German ideas of centralization were enabled through artificial means to supplant the economic ideas of Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer and the French economists, which were held by Kropotkin, Alexander Herzen, Tchaikowsky and Tcherkesoff.

UNDER Alexander III and Nicholas II, whose chief obsession was to transmit to his heir undiminished the power he had received, the works of the French and English economists were suppressed, while the works of German authors, representing a school of thought which finds expression in the present war, were welcomed. Thus, Karl Marx was accepted as the foremost authority, with the result that the present generation of leaders, from Professor Miliukoff down, are unitarians in political outlook. Such a centralized government as these men advocate cannot be established in Russia without the use of more force than exists in any branch of existing government. Hence it is that Russia, in seeking a new form of government to supplant centralized despotism, must look to the Cossack Union, which has just taken a stand for a democratic federalized republic, rather than to the German-trained intellectuals and their astute leader for its model.

Tcherkesoff has no delusions as to the contributions Germany has made to the thought-life of the world, and in a masterly article resulting from a recent inquiry into the conditions on which a lasting peace can be established, he shows how even the great geniuses of the German people received their ideas from French and English thinkers. He, internationalist and humanitarian that he is, insists that durable peace is not possible until German militarism is crushed, the Kaiser dethroned and the doctrine of divine right relegated to the scrap-heap. But he closes his article with a typically forgiving touch:

> Then the European nations, who have fought and suffered so for their independence, their political and social liberties, can forgive and forget their sacrifices and offer their hand to the German people in order that together they may realize not only peace, but fraternity and the well-being of humanity.

ANARCHIST as he calls himself, he is the one European I have met who makes the same clear distinction between the German people and its militaristic government which has been so widely proclaimed by President Wilson.

Tcherkesoff is now upholding the cause of his native Georgia, hoping for the time when it can enter a federation of Russian states, but meanwhile standing on the ancient treaty rights which Russia has never honored. Almost alone in his race, this representative of a generation before Germany's centralization theories warped Russian thought is fighting the pernicious influence of centralized authority imposed upon a people who are proud, independent and democratic. Willing to see his native land a unit in a Russian confederation, this trained agitator, in spite of his years, is doing what he can to prevent such oppression of Georgia by the New Russia as was imposed upon it by the old régime.

On one of his visits to us, I gave him some copies of the Christian Herald, one of which contained Billy Sunday's "Call to Youth." The "gentle anarchist" was delighted to read for the first time a sermon by a "fellow anarchist" of whom he had heard so much. Doubtless they are kindred spirits, this gentle opponent of political oppression and the acrobatic fighter against the strongly entrenched oppression of sin.

Among the many notable incidents of his life, I can mention only two more. In December, 1886, when Tcherkesoff was in Constantinople, he had a long talk with Hassan Fehmi Pasha, Minister of Justice, who introduced the jury system into the land of the Sultan.

"He pointed out to me then that the day was approaching when Turkey must leave Europe. He detected two great historical movements—the movement of peoples toward democracy and the movement of nations toward independence. Then he made a remarkable statement. He said that the American missionaries, such as Cyrus Hamlin and his followers, had won the confidence and love of the Turks. Kismet had decreed that the Turk must leave Europe. But who should supplant him on the hills above the Golden Horn? What Christian power should fall heir to the Mosque of Sancta Sophia? There was not one European power that Turkey could trust. But the Turk would be glad if America would send her ships and statesmen here to guarantee the neutrality of the Dardanelles and make Constantinople an independent city."

IT IS unlikely that America will ever assume the responsibility of sitting on the powder keg, while other nations sit around and smoke; but what the "gentle anarchist" was trying to make clear is that the square deal and the principle that "all men are created free and equal" will come into its own, even in the lands of the Czar and the Sultan.

It was at our last meeting in Tiflis that the indomitable optimist threw new light on his anarchism.

"Kropotkin, Reclus and myself were sitting together in London once, discussing our theories. We were taking a great deal of satisfaction in the thought that we were anarchists, who recognized no rights of coercive government.

"But," he added with a smile, "I said to them: there is one government before which we gladly bow and whose petty oppressions we willingly endure. You forget our wives."

Why Liberty Bonds Fluctuate

GOVERNMENT bonds, like people, act pretty much like one another under similar conditions. Whether they are French, English, German, Russian, Japanese, American or of any other nationality, people will act according to well established psychological traits, laughing at about the same thing, crying over similar events and manifesting fear under given situations. Corresponding to human temperament, the market value of government bonds is also subject to well defined changes, and one of the most consistent similarities of conduct which history shows to be true of them is their habit of temporarily going down on account of war.

In an enlightening article on this subject, the Liberty Loan Committee explains the cause of some of these fluctuations.

Just as consistently as history shows that government bonds go down during war, no less does it record that their usual habit has been not only to recover to their original price, but also, in many instances, to rise to a marked degree above it after the end of the war. This recovery has been manifested even by bonds of a nation suffering a severe defeat, involving serious impairment of the equity behind its bonds through the loss of national territory and through the obligation forced on it to pay the conquering nation large indemnities.

At the present writing your Liberty Bonds are quoted in the market at about 97. Taken as a detached condition, without regard to history, and looked at simply from the narrow pocketbook point of view, the fact that something you paid $100 for a short time ago will bring you only about $97 at the present moment may seem to be disquieting. But it simply means that United States bonds are now doing what the bonds of all nations do in wartime. Our bonds have depreciated to a lesser degree than most government bonds have done under similar circumstances. One instance may be cited where the bonds of a foreign government went down to almost 50 during a war; but although that nation suffered a crushing defeat and tremendous material losses, within a comparatively few years after the war was ended those same bonds went up to more than 105.

THE fact that your $100 Liberty Bond is now selling for about $97 does not in any sense imply a loss of intrinsic value nor uncertainty either as to its principal or interest. It merely implies that because of a complexity of economic factors, your government bond is normally following the way of its historic fellows. Even though Liberty Bonds have thus fluctuated to prices below par, there has been absolutely no fluctuation in the fact that the government will go on paying the promised interest on them without delay as it falls due, nor in the fact that when the time comes it will redeem them at the full face value, regardless of the ups and downs in the market quotations meanwhile.

These ups and downs in the market quotations of government bonds during wars are, in the history of nations, analogous to what the rise and fall of the thermometer is to the weather. Just as you can tell the changes in the temperature by watching the fluctuations in the height of the column of mercury, an expert in finance could almost tell the changes of a country from peace to war merely by looking at the fluctuations in the column of government bond quotations year by year. He could make a pretty fair guess that the country was at war when bond prices suddenly dropped and fluctuated below the prices of previous years, and then in succeeding years returned to their former levels or higher.

Take the case of Great Britain. Her national debt is funded in the consolidated annuities or bonds, popularly known as "Consols." The fluctuations of these consols in response to England's wars, big and little, are typical of the conduct of government bonds. The Boer War of 1899-1901 brought on a marked drop in consols. In 1899 the high was only 111½, the low 97¾; in 1900 they swooped down to 103½ for the high, 96¾ for the low; and in 1901 still downward to 97⅞ for the high, 91 for the low. In 1914, however, a slight upward tendency appeared, but it was arrested by the outbreak of the present war. In 1913 the high for consols was 75 9/16, the low 71 1/16; in 1914 the high had gone up to 80¾ in the peaceful part of the year, but a low point of 68 was registered that year on account of the war. In 1915 the highest point was only 76½ and the low was down to 54, while in 1916 the high was 62¼ and the low only 50. In 1917 the high was 56⅜, the low 51.

THE history of French Government bonds, or rentes, shows similar war reactions on their part. As in England, the French Government debt is mainly in the form of a perpetual funded debt. In 1830 French rentes were above par, going in that year to 102. The July Revolution of 1831 caused a sharp decline to 84. But this was only comparatively temporary, for by 1845 the 5 per cent. rentes were selling at 122.85; the 4's at 110.5; and the 3's at 86.4. The Revolution of 1848 caused the 5's to drop to 50, and the 3's to 32½. After that there came a steady upward tendency until 1867, when the 3's reached 75.10. Then came the disastrous Franco-Prussian War, 1870-71. The 3's dropped to 50.35. In the period subsequent to this, although France had been defeated, losing Alsace-Lorraine and having to pay a billion dollar indemnity to Germany, and although there were two funding operations reducing the interest rate, nevertheless the price of France's bonds continued to rise until in 1897 they reached their maximum of 105.25. The present war, true to precedent, has again sent them plunging downward. In 1914 the high was 88, the low 76.5. In 1917 the range was 55.5 to 53.25.

Prussian bonds also reflected and registered the transit of the Franco-Prussian War. In 1869 the bonds of the Prussian debt were quoted at 81⅜; in 1870 they went down to 78½. But Prussia's bonds showed a rapid recovery in keeping with the rapidity of her military success, rising in 1871 to 83¼ and in 1872 to 90½. Germany in this war won Alsace-Lorraine and $1,072,237,873 in indemnities, being enabled to wipe out her debt with a half billion dollars to spare, so that the disturbing effect of war on her bonds was minimized. They have felt, however, the full effect of the present war; in 1914 Prussian 4's recorded a high of 86 and a low of 81; in 1915 the high was 65¼, the low 52¾; and in 1916 the high was 58⅛ and the low 50¼. Other German Government bond issues show corresponding downward fluctuations.

VARIOUS issues of United States Government bonds showed similar fluctuations during the Civil War. The United States 6's of 1868 were quoted at a high in 1860 of 109½, and a low of 96. In 1861, the first year of the war, their high was only 100, and the low was 86. In 1862 they partially recovered, the high being 107⅛, the low 85. The 5's of 1865 also dipped. Their high price in 1860 was 103, in 1861 it was 92, in 1862 it was 99 and in 1863 it was 127; the low quotations followed a parallel course.

In their present market quotations below par, United States Liberty Bonds are simply following the trait of their kind as they normally might be expected to do. By the same token, after the war is over, there is no reason to expect otherwise than that they will return to par and then go above par. More than this, in their present comparatively slight depreciation they are showing typical American stability. Instead of falling only two or three points below par they might have dropped ten or fifteen points without exhibiting a fluctuation as violent as has been shown by the bonds of other less wealthy nations which have finally soared many points above par.

MORE than $320,000 was saved by the Post Office Department by use of motor trucks during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1917. There were 774 routes. In one of the cities where trucks were operated, the trucks were scheduled to make 384,526 trips, and there were only 132 failures.

Services of 400 motor vehicles are required for transportation and distribution of American Red Cross supplies in France, according to the War Council of the Society. 250 motor trucks handle 350 tons daily at French ports. In Paris 200 tons are received daily, of which 125 tons are delivered to warehouses at other cities and along the front from the North Sea to Switzerland. The Society is to operate motor lines through Switzerland from the French to the German border to transport repatriated soldiers.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

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Long or Short Sermons?

ARE we drifting back to the old fashion of long sermons? It would almost seem so. The average sermon in city pulpits is somewhat briefer than the discourses we hear from pulpits in the country; but this is probably due to more time being devoted to the musical part of the service in the city churches. Yet, taken as a whole, the sermonic average is little short of forty minutes. A religious contemporary tells how William Jennings Bryan, in a recent address, related his experience at a meeting at Harvard. He asked the chairman how long he was expected to speak and was told that there was no limit; "but," the chairman added, "our faculty has gone over the records of all the speakers we have listened to and found that none of them said anything after the first twenty minutes!" Mr. Bryan saw the point and presumably took the hint.

The great temptation to pastors is to keep on speaking after they have delivered their message. It is fatal to many a good preacher's oratorical reputation to yield in such a case, because unless, besides possessing the natural gift of eloquence, he has the very best reason for going on, he should stop when he is through, instead of risking an anti-climax and losing the interest of his audience. Some ministers are so much in love with their own orotund voices that they "let themselves out" at every opportunity. We have known many cases where hints, pulling of watches and other signs of impatience were unavailing; the speaker would keep right on ascending in glowing spirals until his eloquence took him up over the treetops and he couldn't be coaxed down until he had spun out the last resounding sentence.

"I would not have preachers torment their hearers and detain them with long and tedious preaching," was Luther's advice, and in these days of universal urge and drive, it is even more applicable than when he gave it.

General Pershing on Army Morals

IT was a cruel and ill-advised indictment which the Church Board of Temperance of a leading denomination brought against our officers and troops in France, in one of its publications recently. Even if it had been true that our men had yielded to temptation, it would have been a wiser and more considerate course for the denomination in question, instead of proclaiming unverified charges to the American public, to have submitted them to the Washington authorities, who would have been compelled, by the very nature of the case, to take drastic steps to correct whatever might have been wrong.

But the whole fabric of the accusation has been demolished at a single stroke by General Pershing's report to the Secretary of War, to whom the charges were referred. In less than one hundred words, he punctures the tissue of exaggerations and sets the truth in the case in so clear a light that every father and mother in America will be grateful to him for what he has written. Here is his statement:

"There has never been a similar body of men who have led as clean lives as our American soldiers in France. They have entered this war with the highest devotion to duty and with no other idea than to perform their duties in the most efficient manner possible. . . . Forbidden the use of strong drink and protected by stringent regulations against sexual evils, and supported by their own moral courage, their good behavior is the subject of most favorable comment, especially by our Allies."

General Pershing is a commander in whom not only the President but the whole nation has confidence, and he knows what he is writing about. His word alone could stand without need of corroboration; but voluntary testimony in support of it has come from high sources among our Allies. Captain Arthur Radcliffe Dugmore of the British army in France, who reached the United States a few days ago, fresh from his inspection of the American divisions in France, has this to say on the subject:

> The percentage of crime, as we refer to all misdemeanors in military life, is practically nil. Official records show the percentage of vice disease among the American troops is 3¼ in every thousand; a percentage lower than ever has been recorded by any army in the world. The spirit of the men could not be better and things are going along in splendid shape.

Thus falls to the ground, discredited and stamped as a cruel falsehood, the story which represented our boys as having become drunken and debauched, and that our government was indifferent to such a situation. From an enemy source, such a story would have been monstrous and incredible, knowing what we do about the extreme precautions the government has taken to shield our new national army from such perils at home and abroad; but coming from the source whence it originated, it is incomprehensible.

Systematic Self-Denial

THE fixing of certain days to be heatless, wheatless and meatless is a measure not so much for the saving of the coal, wheat and meat as for the equitable distribution of them.

Without these regulatory measures, there would be no more of these necessaries than there is with them. Without them, there would be more for some and less or none for others. Without them, the rich would be comfortable while the poor would perish, and many unessential industries would fatten while the production of many necessary commodities would be paralyzed.

The food and fuel administrators offer no guarantee that this enforced self-denial will bring about universal comfort, but they do promise to reduce discomfort to a minimum and to equalize it upon all sections of the country and all classes of the people.

It is a time of unavoidable privations. The condition is one under which we all must help to bear one another's burdens. This help is very well when it is voluntary and occasional, but it is infinitely better when systematic and general. Voluntary food and fuel conservation has not failed. It has achieved many beneficial results. The great majority of the tradesmen and of the people have followed in the most patriotic manner the suggestions of the Federal administrators. But there is always to be found in any such movement a minority low in public spirit and sluggish in conscience. It would seem as though we never could hope to eliminate selfishness, no matter what the stress may be upon a common public effort.

This explains why Congress feels called upon to grant to the fuel and food administrators additional powers for fixing penalties upon the violators of their regulations. The country as a whole has been schooled and practiced up to this completed step in the process. The vast and patriotic majority indorse and abide by the wise regulations, and the small and selfish minority should be forced to fall in line.

The Ascendency of Labor

NEARLY two generations have passed since a crabbed old philosopher, with the indomitable soul of a prophet in a feeble frame, wrote a book which mightily shook the larger portion of the English-speaking world and set the minds of Europe and America to serious thinking. Many writers before him had dealt with the same impressive topic—the emancipation of labor—for it is a theme as old as the pyramids. But Thomas Carlyle, when he unlimbered his batteries in "Past and Present," gave a new aspect to the fight which has been increasing in intensity and widening in significance with the passage of the years. With a vocabulary that swept along like a Niagara torrent, he assailed the entrenched forces of wealth and privilege and revealed to the England of his time the injustices and oppressions that were laid upon labor. "Two men I honor," he wrote, "the man who works with his hands and he who works with his brain—these two and no other." To him, all honest work was sacred and all unproductive idleness a crime against God's plan for the welfare of the world. More than any other voice in that day, he held up the House of Lords as an outworn absurdity which should be dispensed with.

That was many years ago and England never quite forgave the irascible old pedagogue for the shaking-up he had administered. Today, we have the evidence that Carlyle was more than a political pamphleteer—he was a prophet. Only a few weeks ago, the British Labor party—now a power in the empire—echoed the demand for the abolition of the House of Lords, with an emphasis that, could he only have heard it, would have made Carlyle feel that his long battle for labor had not been fought in vain.

That the outcome of the world-war may mark the beginning of a new social and economic era is the impression of thoughtful observers in Europe and America today. Charles M. Schwab, who from a workman's daily task has risen to the presidency of a great corporation, on a public occasion lately said:

"The time is coming when the men of the working class will control the destiny of this world of ours. The Bolshevik sentiment must be taken into consideration. In the very near future we must look to the worker for a solution of economic conditions now being considered. We are at the threshold of a new social era. This new order of things may work great hardship for many of us. It is going to come upon us sooner than we expect. It is social renaissance of the whole world. Some people call it Socialism; others call it Bolshevikism. It means but one thing, and that is that the man who labors with his hands, who does not possess property, is the one who is going to dominate the affairs of this world; not merely Russia, Germany, and the United States, but the whole world. This great change is going to be a social adjustment. I repeat that it will be a great hardship to those who control property, but perhaps in the end it will work estimably to the good of us all. Therefore, it is our duty not to oppose, but to instruct, to meet and to mingle with the view of others. The translation from the old to the new order of things will be so gradual that we will hardly realize that it has occurred."

Many Americans who are watchful of the signs of the times note the indications of coming changes that are foreshadowed in many lands. The right of the people to regulate their own affairs and choose their own government is now being boldly asserted where before it could not even be whispered. How hard it has been to get the world to accept this doctrine! In the coming readjustment the workers—the common people, of whom Lincoln said that "God must love them since he made so many of them"—may at last come into their own.

What an opportunity is here open to the Church of Christ to bridge the chasm which divides it from labor, and to become the great meliorative influence in the coming period of reconstruction after the war!

One by One

HOW many converts Christ made through his sermons to the multitudes we do not know, but we do know that some of his grandest triumphs occurred while conversing with a single individual. When he wanted a man for his historian and biographer, he called Matthew. One little sentence turned the tide in a publican's life. Why did Matthew follow him so quickly? It may be he saw the quiet authority and majesty in Jesus' face and heard the gentle kindness and sympathy in his voice, as grace was poured from his lips. He was charmed, fascinated, and left his counting-desk for the mission of counting mercies, honors and riches for all the ages.

Jesus sought men rather than masses. He had interviews with outcasts, one by one. He seemed in no hurry, though he had only three years for his ministry. He could wait at the well for the conversion of a woman who would bring all the townspeople to hear him. The first disciples followed his example. Andrew brought his brother, Simon Peter, to Jesus. On the same day, our Lord findeth Philip and Philip findeth Nathanael, and said, "Come and see Jesus!" Nicodemus followed Nathanael and listened to a sermon recorded in the third chapter of John's Gospel, that has filled the world with glory.

Just as atoms communicate the forces of nature by touching each other until the whole is electrified, so soul atoms touch each other till a world of beings are thrilled with divine power.

When our Lord wanted a missionary to the Gentile world, he came personally to Paul, called him, saved him, sent him, and he became the greatest among the apostles. Winning one is the way to win the race of mankind. We win men one at a time for the sake of gold, honor, ambition and power, but how few try to win a single individual for his soul's sake and for the sake of our Lord!

Truth the Common Ground

SECRETARY OF WAR BAKER has silenced his critics by announcing the surprising achievements of his department; but instantly and naturally there arises the question, Why had these important facts been so long withheld, especially from Congress?

The task before our government is one that calls for all its resources of brain and spirit. It is a task not for one department or for several departments but for all the departments and for every bit of man power in them all. To work together most effectively they all must work in common knowledge of the truth.

Secretiveness naturally gives rise to all sorts of cross-purposes, far-fetched fancies, baseless fears and wild criticisms wide of the mark. The truth concentrates and harmonizes purposes, coordinates efforts, creates confidence and admits of only criticism that is definite and constructive.

There is danger in certain facts reaching the enemy, of course; but there are graver possibilities still in important truths being withheld from responsible departments of our own government.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Trans-Australian Railroad

THE United States, Canada, Russia and Argentina are crossed by rail from east to west, and Australia is to be added to the number now that the Augusta-Kalgoorlie road is being finished. The distance covered by this new road will be equal to that from Boston to San Francisco. In the United States the extent of transportation from Boston to San Francisco is 3,467 miles. In Canada from Halifax to Vancouver by the Canada Pacific is 3,656 miles. In Russia from Vladivostok to Petrograd by the Trans-Siberian road and between Moscow and the capital is 5,785 miles. In South America from Buenos Aires to Valparaiso is 908 miles. This new road in Australia from Brisbane to Perth will be 3,467 miles in length. Only a comparatively little time ago railroads were never dreamed of. The vehicle hitched to a horse had no improvement made in transportation for six thousand years till comparatively recently. Now the earth is literally girdled with steel rails, and the people are racing in cars back and forth over the continents. The railroads are built in the interest of commerce, but the Kingdom of Christ is using them to carry light and evangelism to the ends of the earth. The transcontinental systems are helping to fulfil this prophecy. "*He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.*" (*Ps. 72 : 8.*)

Reindeer Take Milk to Babies

CHICAGO, like the other cities, was hit very hard by the snowstorm. A twelve-inch fall was followed by a ten-inch fall, making nearly two feet on the level. The snow was thrown by the winds into drifts which in some places were impassable. Motor cars and all wheeled vehicles were driven off the road. The most acute and immediate problem that confronted the city was getting milk to the babies to keep them from suffering or starving. Mr. Frank Clements concluded that this would be a good time to try his team of beautiful reindeer and his sleigh, and to put them to benevolent use. And so he drove to the homes of the plain and poor people and carried milk to the babies. That was a beautiful and Christly thing to do. Christ taught the world how to treat babies. Heathenism has through all the centuries been heartless to the child. When Greece and Rome were at the height of their glory and civilization they had such a poor opinion of childhood that they often treated it with contempt, and when the child was weak or deformed or crippled in any way they did what they thought was the sensible thing, put it out of its misery by killing it. God's true idea of childhood got into the Hebrew mind, and among the Jews the child had an important place in the family and state. But it was only when Christ came that childhood was elevated to the place where it belongs, and each year his idea is being more deeply written into our civilization. The child is the monarch. Everything must serve it If it is weak or sick or deformed or crippled, service for it is of paramount importance. If there is danger the babies must be rescued first; if there is hunger they must have the first food. If there is a snowstorm and there is difficulty in getting food the babies must have milk. Milk as food for babies is thus used by the apostle to illustrate a spiritual truth: "*As unto babes in Christ I have fed you with milk, and not with meat.*" (*I Cor. 3 : 1–2.*)

Revolver Was a Finger

A NEWLY married young man of twenty-two in a large city the other day visited four stores, and holding up the employees robbed the cash drawer. The way he held the cashiers up was to point his long forefinger out as though it were a pistol and threaten to blow their brains out if they did not deliver the money. They were so terror-stricken that they offered no resistance. At the last place the man was caught and taken to jail. What humor the man projected into his mean burglary! What cowardice the custodians of the funds showed, and what a mockery and curse of a bridegroom this young man was! Christ in teaching by contrast one of the greatest lessons of life thus refers to a thief with murder in his heart: "*The thief cometh not but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy.*" (*John 10 : 10.*)

Threats Frighten Debtors

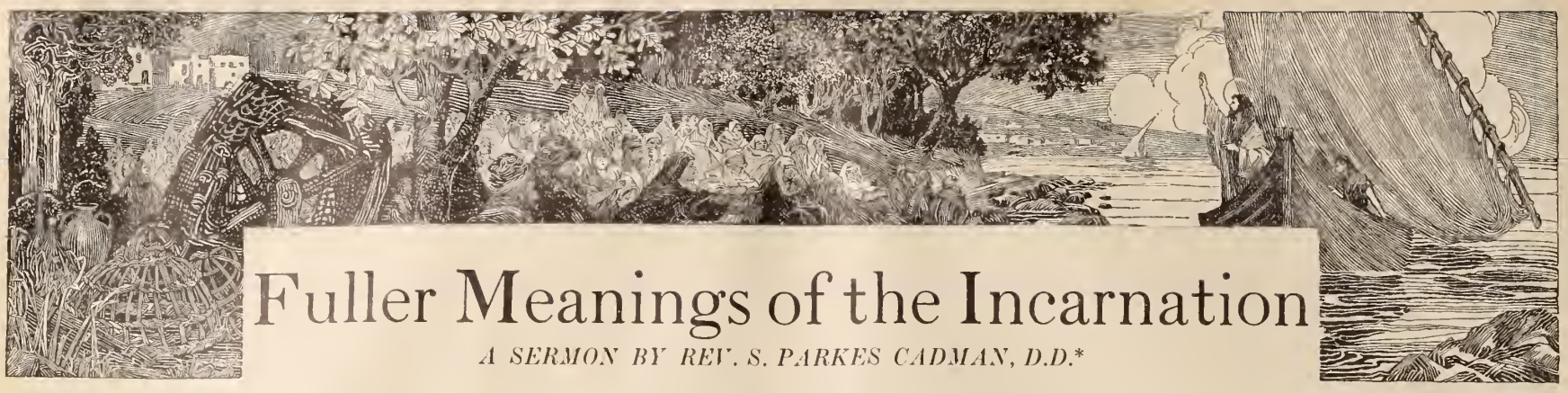
MOESCHA R—, a jeweler on Long Island, recently concluded to go out of business. Thousands of dollars of bad debts had accumulated on his books, and as he desired to move away from the town he took this novel plan of collecting those bills. He did not say in the paper that he was selling out and leaving town and trusted that the people who had owed him money so long would call and settle, but put the following unique advertisement in a local newspaper: "I shall publish the name aud exact address and vocation of each of the aforementioned dead beats, giving in my usual style a psychological treatise on their character and makeup. The paper goes to press at 10.30 A.M., and all who are anxious to have their character defined in print should not settle their accounts before that time." Immediately creditors began to appear and pay their bills, aud for a whole week up to the moment of going to press the store was thronged with delinquents and the proprietor had little time for much else than receipting the bills long overdue. Men who had bought engagement rings on credit, and others who had purchased presents that they did not care to have published, all paid up. The jeweler said that he was able now to leave town in a happy mood, as not a mortal in it owed him a cent. Thousands of merchants fail because many of their customers are slow pay or no pay at all. Some of these merchants are partly to blame themselves, for they are so anxious to sell the goods that they are too easy with their credits. Debt is a dangerous thing. The dishonest man will be careless of his obligatious and will often get credit on purpose to dead-beat the merchant. But honest people often get into the slovenly habit of having everythiug "charged," much more than they need, and then having a hard time in paying for it. A good rule for beginners and even for older persons is to buy what there is the money to pay for. It is downright dishonesty to go in debt without the probability or certainty of payment. But what of the moral obligations to God and our fellow men which have not been met? What mercy will be needed when the time of their settlement comes? The Hebrew of Glen Cove dealt with his debtors in as summary a manner as the man in the parable: "*And he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest.*" (*Matt. 18 : 28.*)

Telegram Took Eleven Years

A FEW days ago the London Chronicle received the following letter: "I beg to acknowledge your dispatch to me January 22, 1906, thus taking eleven years to cover fifty yards." This is the explanation covering the delay: At that period telegrams were placed in a chute leading from the receiving room to the counter for delivery, and it appears that on its way the telegram slipped into a crevice of the woodwork and hid there for eleven years. A post office engineer making some repairs rescued the message from its imprisonment. It does not take eleven years or eleven seconds to send a message from earth to heaven, from a human heart to the heart of God. Wireless telegraphy is slow by the side of the communication of a redeemed soul with the Holy Spirit. Moses talked with God, and every one who is sincere will find him ready to hear. What thought for the New Year more impressing? God is so near to his children that they do not have to send him letters or telegrams. They can speak to him at any time as their Friend and Saviour. Aud Christ has given us the blessed assurance that what we ask for in faith shall be granted. We read this in the earliest history of the race, when the children of Israel heard the voice of God on Mount Sinai: "*We have seen this day that God doth talk with man, and he liveth.*" (*Deut. 5 : 24.*)

Less Loafing, More Business

MAYOR HYLAN, the executive of New York City, has just issued the following order: "All city employees working in public offices shall refrain from smoking, reading newspapers, or wearing their hats during office hours. The utmost courtesy must be accorded to the public by the employees in their daily transactions." Many of the employees are diligent and courteous as well as competent, but some think the job carries with it the right to be loungers and loafers, and to be insolent in the exercise of their petty authority. Now that the new mayor has issued his order of politeness and diligence to those on the inside of the building, it will be well for him to issue an order to the police force outside to execute the law honestly and fearlessly against all forms of vice and crime. Diligence in business which the mayor's order requires is thus demanded as a religious duty: "*Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.*" (*Rom. 12 : 11.*)



Fuller Meanings of the Incarnation

*A SERMON BY REV. S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D.**

TEXT—John 1 : 14. "The Word Became flesh."

THESE are four simple words, yet they are as profound as simple, summarizing and giving new direction to ages of thought. The prophets of Judaism, the philosophers of Greece, daring speculators like Philo, had dealt with the connecting link between an All-Creating Deity and the work of His hands. The Greek spoke of this link as the *Logos*, by which he meant the Divine Reason, Idea, Intention, expressed first in the material universe and then in the mind of man. The Apostle crowns the order and adds the third and determinant expression. In Jesus Christ, our Lord and Redeemer, says this Prologue of St. John's Gospel, "the Word became flesh." Evidently such a statement was impossible to Plato, to Philo, to anyone who had not known Jesus as St. John tells us here he had known Him. And when we ask just what the Apostle meant, there are those who urge the question is superfluous. Rest content, they say, with the revelation as it stands, conscious that the Incarnation is the keystone of the arch of Christian truth, and humbly, reverently grateful for its blessings, without attempting to look into mysteries which are beyond us. Enough that God in Christ is everlasting love, and that we have redemption through Him, even the salvation of our souls.

But this first chapter of St. John's Gospel does not favor such an acquiescence. It tells us very boldly, plainly, that the highest purpose of God was revealed in human flesh, and that the act was complete, definite, visible, in Jesus as the Christ. What nature could not contain, notwithstanding its vastness and splendor; what the mind of man, viewed as a collective whole, did not suffice to hold, personally lodged in the physical being of Mary's Son, fully received and adequately displayed. Let us suppose that these great and sacred words could be paraphrased, would they not run after this fashion?

FROM the beginning, the duration behind all the epochs of time, God had an Intention, divine and holy as Himself. All things were created and sustained by the outworkings of this Intention. Yet when they were accomplished, this yearning for self-manifestation went beyond them. The worlds on worlds that peopled space could not disclose to Him what they did not have. Love, righteousness, reason, are the essentials of spiritual fellowship, and these were not conveyed by matter, whatever its bulk or its beauty. Hence God went further, infinitely further, when He gave His own life to man, made in His image and for His glory. The heart and mind which in us bespeak their Maker were the light of that life. And none wish to deny or belittle the wonders they have wrought. Yet they were imperfect, crippled by sin and operated in the darkness, which could not comprehend their significance. Then, as a final, a cumulative act, God's Intention became flesh, and flashed forth in the Word which had breath, and worked with human hands the creed of creeds, that all men may know that this was the Only Begotten One of the Father, the *Logos* Eternal, full of grace and truth.

If this is an acceptable exposition of the realities with which this chapter deals, there can be but one main conclusion to be drawn from them, and that is, the fleshly robe which Jesus wore was God's chosen medium for His mission. The Deity was not veiled in flesh, as one of our Christmas carols sings; He was made known in it; not hidden, still less extinguished, but revealed to the adoring gaze of His rejoicing offspring.

THE man who wrote this Gospel, like his fellow disciples, had been nurtured in a strictly monotheistic religion. To him, as to them, the deification of any man would once have been an abomination of polluted heathenism. Yet they worshiped Jesus, and spoke of Him as being one with the Father. Moreover, their faith and worship have been the fountain of pure Christianity. Without their overmastering conception of the Master as preeminent in all things our religion would not have existed today. But this is also noticeable, that it was the lowly human Jesus, the Babe of Bethlehem, the Boy at Nazareth, the Carpenter in his shop, the Peasant Teacher, the poverty-stricken Wanderer of Palestine, who began this process in them. Its mainspring was their conviction that God could be mediated through a human personality, that even the physical basis of our life was in closest touch with the Deity.

And is not this a rational inference? I find the Father, if I find Him at all, in human love at work among the common necessities of our earthly state. Not in the stars, not in the silent forces which bind them together, not in the dreams and ideals of the mortal mind, so much as in the domestic circle, in the routine service of the home by parent and child, is true divinity to be recognized. There is more demonstration of God's love in a mother bending over her first born son than in the elaborated logic of theologians. Both are of the flesh, mother and son, but it is flesh that bleeds, suffers, goes forth to labor and to endure; flesh which is charged with the racial continuance. And this, said the Apostle, is the actual transparent garb of the Highest.

PERHAPS some to whom this idea is not familiar may find in it a limit of grossness. There is no grossness in the flesh which is not implanted there by a corrupted spirit. Of itself, the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, the shrine of the Incarnate God. Superstition has conspired against it, blamed it for every spiritual disaster, every moral blindness, made it the seat of vice, the throne of iniquity. If you want to be a saint, said the monastics, cease to be a man; and in striving to be more than men, they ended in being less than men. Esoteric and pagan cults rose in bitter opposition to the claims of the body and passed on their opposition to ecclesiastical organizations. The physical nature was campaigned against, denounced, vilified. Ascetics abjured marriage, despised the family, preached sexual hate and discord. Jesus had given them no leeway. He honored marriage by entering upon His ministry through the garlanded gate at Cana. He rebuked the officious followers who endeavored to keep the children from Him, and graciously bestowed His benediction on these living tokens of natural affection. He warned the complacent ones that unless they, too, became as little children, they could not enter into His Kingdom. By His own entrance upon this plane, His regard for His Mother, His observance of domestic attachments and responsibilities, He gave the future Church an example she would have been wise to follow. Notwithstanding, for centuries her best blood was drained off into the cloister. Fanatical devotees preached bodily filth and starvation and mutilation, wore their low shirts, lived on pillars and in caves and dens of the earth. Theological heresies embodied their notions, and the idea spread that the humanity of Jesus was in likeness, but not in essence, as our own.

In contradiction of this, the New Testament dwells on the physical features of His appearance, and how that He grew daily in stature and in wisdom, and experienced weariness and pain. What He had come to do was not to be done by dreaming. Human sin could not be purged away by thinking on its problems, any more than the Panama Canal could be dug by making plans on blue paper. The uplifting of the world required Christ's birth, crucifixion, death, all that this mortal frame can bear of agony and tribulation. It was in this sense that the Word was made flesh; that men beheld His glory—the glory of work, of ill-requited effort, of utmost sacrifice. Jesus ahungered, athirst, forspent; Jesus weeping at the graveside; Jesus feeding the multitude; Jesus preparing food on the lake shore for His disappointed disciples, is the Jesus who has won the hearts of men, because He was most divine when He was most human.

WHAT are the practical lessons in our day, when men are marching to the front selected for their physical efficiency? Certainly so much as this: that you are not less but more spiritual because you have a healthy body. Your fleshly side can be holy, your meat and drink can be sanctified, nature itself can be everywhere interpreted in the light of the Incarnation. St. Paul insists that it waits, captive, but eagerly expectant, for the moral freedom of the sons of God to also set it free from defilement and purposelessness.

In the modern era, science has abolished the false idealisms I have mentioned. We do not pride ourselves on seclusion, dirt, maceration, nor mistake, I trust, mutilation for consecration. Rather do we exalt the surgeon's skilful knife, the sanitary engineer's admirable protection against disease. The world must be freed of dirt and disease as surely as of war and pestilence. God still manifests Himself in the gospel of social betterment, the destruction of the slum, of the fever-breeding tenements, of the vile haunts in which His children perish for lack of understanding. What are these crusades but an extended meaning of the Incarnation?

LASTLY, Jesus kept His body beyond the Resurrection, although it was a transformed body. "Feel me," said He to the doubting disciples; "I have hands and feet, I can still speak and be heard, show myself to you and be known." The five senses in them and in us are the doors through which angels pass. Close them and you become an imbecile; stuff them up with iniquitous pursuits and scenes, and your soul withers and decays within. Flesh and spirit working harmoniously in the grace of God, toward a steadfast mind in a healthy frame, are the items in the program of the Incarnation which you should faithfully fulfil. The radiance which shown on the face of the transfigured Jesus has a right to shine on the face of every man, woman and child He came to save. "Save the soul first," you say. Nay! *save the whole man!* and all belonging to him; save society! save your neighborhoods! save the State! by driving lust, drink, uncleanness, greed, oppression and war out of existence.

The regeneration of the world on its upper and lower sides is the task of the Church, toward which she proceeds in the strength of the Incarnate Christ, until "Holiness to the Lord" is written on the bells of the horses, and the joy of His control is felt by things visible and invisible.

*Pastor, Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Among the Workers

ABOUT twelve months ago a letter was received asking the Department for Utilizing Surplus Material of the World's Sunday School Association to send a gift of raffia which would be used in teaching basketry among the blind at Ranchi, India. A small gift of money had been received, which was invested in a few pounds of raffia. A letter received from the missionary who made the request tells of the war casualty. "I have just had word from the shipping company saying that the boat bearing the raffia was torpedoed and the raffia was lost. I am so sorry to tell you this after all the trouble you had in getting it for my blind boys and girls. We had been looking forward to doing many things with it. When I told the children about our loss, one of them asked at once, 'Was any one drowned?' I was glad to find that they were not only thinking about their own loss, but also about the lives of others." A second order of raffia was started on its journey across the seas. This Department has hundreds of appeals, from a picture card to an automobile.

THE American branch of the World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship through the Churches, acting jointly with the Commission on International Justice and Goodwill of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, has prepared a four weeks' course of study on World Reconstruction for use of members of churches. It is entitled "A New Era in Human History," and is designed for discussion groups, Bible classes, men's and women's clubs, and young people's societies. Rev. Sidney L. Gulick is the secretary, and the headquarters are at 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York.

THE Panayan Sunday School Association in the Philippines has increased from 5,000 two years ago to 15,000. In the same time the Sunday school membership of the provinces of Bulacan has increased from 2,500 to 8,000 with 2,000 additions to the church.

HORACE DUDLEY PECK of Corona, L. I., a student for the ministry who is preaching among the Navajo Indians, had as a companion missionary Hugh Smith. While Smith was preaching in the "hogans" he contracted black smallpox, of which the Navajos are mortally afraid. Young Peck nursed him in the pesthouse, near which none would go. The doctors and nurses were thirty-five miles away, but Peck did not flinch. His patient recovered, and now his act has opened the way to preaching God's Word to the tribe under most favorable circumstances.

REV. RALPH B. URMY, pastor of Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, Newark, N. J., is in France in Y. M. C. A. work for our boys at the front.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The School of Gentleness

SUNDAY, February 17. Gal. 5 : 22. "*The fruit of the Spirit is . . . gentleness.*" With what infinite gentleness the Great Physician ministered to bruised reeds and broken hearts! What tender names he gave them! "Son!" "Daughter!" He was never rough, never brusque, never impatient, never in a hurry! His tender approach was part of the cure. His very touch had healing power. He handled the burdens of men in such a way as to immediately make them lighter. Many a broken heart was strangely comforted by his presence even before the life had been made whole. Most surely the hospital work of our Saviour was a school of gentleness!

Have we quite learned his way? "Teach me thy way, O Lord!" Do we know how to lift broken limbs? Do we know how to handle broken lives? Do we find more delight in denouncing sins than in helping sinners? Are we more expert in abstract analysis than in practical comfort? There is surely an almost crushing need of gentleness in days like these. Let us make no mistake about it; we are not less strong when we become gentle. Real gentleness is not weakened strength; it is strength disciplined, purified, refined. Gentleness is matured strength. It is the full corn in the ear. Roughness has never finished its training. It needs to go to school.

And what is the school? It is the school of the Spirit. We need the fellowship of the Holy Ghost. And in that academy school-time is never over. Every new grace unveils another yet to be won. "Glories upon glories hath our God prepared!" One of the treasures of the school is the grace of gentleness. Only we do not so much acquire it, we become it. It is not a work, it is a fruit. It becomes part of our nature as we become partakers of the divine nature in Jesus Christ our Lord. J. H. J.

After the Burial

MONDAY, February 18. Matt. 14 : 12. "*And his disciples came and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus.*" Socrates said to his disciples as the shadows of death drew near him, "You may bury me, if you can catch me." Two things the disciples of John the Baptist could not bury—his spirit and his influence. More swiftly than fell the ax, his spirit winged its way to glories past the power of human thought to imagine. The work of John the Baptist lived after him. It was the work of a trench-digger, a foundation-layer. We see the structure, but the substructure is quite as important. John the Baptist's life was a living stone, laid low in the earth, and his blood was the necessary medium to bind that stone to all others subsequently laid upon it, in the building of the earthly foundations of the kingdom of God.

Having buried the body, they went and told Jesus. Weakness flees to strength in hours of peril. We do not hear again of complaint from John's disciples. Jesus hushed it all. He wiped away all tears from their eyes. He led them forth to victory.

The most apparently hopeless hours of earth were those which followed the crucifixion of Christ. But on the morning of the third day the clouds were dispelled and a light shone out from Joseph's garden which grows brighter until the perfect day. When we bury the bodies of our dead, we lift our eyes to heaven and think of the place prepared for them that love God. Our sorrow is not inconsolable, for we too, like the disciples of the Baptist, "go and tell Jesus."

C. C. A.

Satan Cast Out

TUESDAY, February 19. John 12 : 31, 32. "*Now is the judgment of the world: now shall the prince of this world be cast out. And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.*" These words were spoken on the eve of the great passion of our Lord. Jesus felt his end approaching. He knew himself to be innocent. Death could, therefore, not have the same meaning in his case as in the case of any other human being. It could not be the wages of his sin, for he knew no sin; he was without sin; he was holy and blameless. When he dies, he says, a judgment will indeed be executed, but it will be the judgment of the world whose sin he bears. The judgment passed on Christ as the world's proxy is, however, to result in the world's salvation. God's sentence upon all wrongdoers is executed, not upon the wrongdoers themselves, but upon another who has taken their place. The world, accordingly, becomes free through the substitutive death of Christ.

This is the magnificent view which Christ takes of his impending death, and which cheers him as he enters the gloomy vale. He is about to achieve a glorious feat, and he is glad that the hour for it has arrived. He also foresees great results in this world of men that shall follow after he has made his sacrificial offering for men: Satan will be cast out. Satan had entered the world in the hour of the first transgression. He had succeeded in making our first parents believe him rather than God. He had been plying his arts ever since, with tho same success. All men had come under his influence. Especially through the fear of death which he had brought into the world he reigned over men. He was the world-lord, reigning in the darkness which he had created by continuing and increasing that darkness. Now he shall lose his victory in Eden. He cannot prevent Jesus from accomplishing his Saviour's work. The events on Calvary will spell defeat for him and signal his overthrow in the hearts of men. Men will turn to the cross of Jesus and stake their affections and hopes upon it, and will renounce allegiance to their former master.

W. H. T. D.

George Washington

WEDNESDAY, February 20. Ps. 121 : 8. "*The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in.*" Every great nation begins with a providential hero. Histories are biographies. Noble men form the literature of life. Of the world's greatest characters, George Washington is one of the loftiest on the colossal list. He is called the "Kohinoor diamond in the crown of the Republic," shining with spotless purity.

As God brought Moses out of Egypt into Canaan, so he brought Washington and his countrymen out of tyranny into liberty. Washington won his victories on his knees; his faith in an overruling Providence was complete. He attributed his moral and Christian character, under God's blessing, to the example and precepts of his faithful mother. Among his distinguishing traits was his punctuality and veracity—his truthfulness in word and faithfulness in deed. Faithful in that which was least, he became exalted to that which is greatest. He was silent and thoughtful, rarely ever speaking of himself.

For seven long, weary years, he became a voluntary exile from his beautiful Mount Vernon home. His life and his fortune were willingly laid upon the altar of his country. He lived the hard life of his half-fed soldiers, in self-sacrificing consecration to the principles of liberty. He gave Old Glory to the free air of America, an emblem of fraternity, equality and pure democracy. Abraham Lincoln put more color into its crimson, greater luster into its stars, and brighter blue into its heavens of hope. E. W. C.

Loving the Brotherhood

THURSDAY, February 21. I Peter 2 : 17. "*Love the brotherhood.*" A rich man invited a poor man to dinner. When they were seated the host said grace, beginning his prayer with the words, "Our Father." After the prayer, the guest inquired, "Is God my Father too?" "Yes, certainly." "You and I are brothers?" "Yes, we are." "Then cut the slices of bread thicker." Socialism? Yes, but not the socialism of Karl Marx; not the socialism of the Russian Bolsheviki, who have such "strong yearnings for the equal division of unequal earnings." Rather the socialism of Moses, of Jesus and of Paul. Moses, Jesus and Paul all admit the righteousness of private ownership, but they all insist upon justice, justice to the strong as well as to the weak, justice to the rich as well as to the poor. They who say everything belongs to everybody, fail to see that, in the end, under this rule, nothing would belong to anybody. Whatever may be the most effective answer to radical socialism, the speediest cure for the person afflicted with it is to acquire a little property of his own.

Take brotherhood at its best, brotherhood in a family in which there are several sons. Each has his peculiar possessions. There is a line of demarcation between what belongs to one and what belongs to another. Private property is not incompatible with brotherhood. However, there are things which are incompatible with brotherhood, and every such thing is doomed to disappear when the kingdom of God has fully come on the earth. Helpless poverty will disappear. Sweatshops and death-reeking tenements will disappear. Child labor will disappear. The liquor traffic will disappear. Class prejudice and race prejudice will disappear. War will disappear. Why this war? Because the human race has not yet learned the divine art of brotherly love, and because back of this war lie hatred, injustice, falsehood and covetousness—the incarnate denial of Christ and his law of love. C. C. A.

The Brother of Men

FRIDAY, February 22. Heb. 2 : 11. "*Both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one: for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren.*" The Sanctifier in this text is Christ, and the sanctified are his believers, the Christians. They are "of one"; that means, they are of the same nature. "As the children are partakers of flesh and blood, Jesus also himself likewise took part of the same."

In his incarnate state Jesus is truly man's Brother. He spoke of men as his brethren when he declared that he would regard any deed of charity done "unto one of the least of these my brethren" as done unto him. He sent the women who came to his sepulcher to the disciples in Jerusalem with this message: "Go tell my brethren."

But why should the apostle emphasize the fact that Jesus is "not ashamed" to call men his brethren? For this reason: Jesus is not a sinner like other men. That is the only difference between him and us, viewed as men. But does not this difference destroy his humanity? Not at all; Adam and Eve were true human beings before the fall; they had been created sinless. So is Christ. In him the original man of paradise has appeared again on earth. He is the second Adam. Moreover, Christ is not only man but God at the same time. He is a man who has been raised to the exercise of the divine majesty. He is exalted to a position of power and dignity which mere man never possessed. This puts him at an immense distance from us. We are groveling in misery; we are contaminated with sin; we are wretched and poor. When Jesus insists on his right to call us brethren, he declares that he does not stand on rank and distinction. He makes nothing of his superiority, except to serve his poor brethren. He relishes the relationship with us miserable beggars. That is great condescension; still more, it is matchless love.

W. H. T. D.

The Unsearchable Riches

SATURDAY, February 23. Eph. 3 : 14. "*That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.*" Paul, in Nero's prison, hobbling about in chains, writes his parishioners of the Ephesian church, where he had served a three years' pastorate, saying, "I long to come to you that I may tell you about the mystery hidden for ages, of the unsearchable riches of Christ: how the Gentiles are made fellow heirs with us."

Was there ever a richer, tenderer, sweeter, more enrapturing prayer than the one Paul uttered in closing this chapter?

He searched all his wonderful vocabulary for words strong enough to express the full meaning of his glorious vision of the Christian's possibility in Christ. Listen to this paradox—"that ye may know the love of Christ that passeth knowledge." That is, know enough to make a fulness for the finite of the infinite ocean; that ye may be able to comprehend the breadth of love divine, as wide as human needs; the length that sweeps through two eternities; the depth that touches the farthest-away sinner; the height that is side by side with the Saviour in glory.

Think of what great requests can be put into language. But more—all we we can think. Let imagination fly the earth around. But more—above all we can ask or think, in the limitless beyond. Abundantly above all, beyond the unhorizoned realm of his Father's possessions. Exceeding abundantly above all, according to the power by which he created the world and raised Jesus from the dead. Such is the ability and willingness of the Almighty to satisfy our fondest desire after spiritual good. E. W. C.

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America Doing Her Part in the War

Over 500,000 Troops in France by Spring and 1,000,000 More Ready Says Secretary Baker

SECRETARY OF WAR BAKER answered critics of the Administration's conduct of the war with the declaration that half a million trained American soldiers would be in France early this year, and a million and a half were ready to go during the year. Secretary Baker appeared before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs on January 28, and gave a full report on what America had done in the world war. His statement was a frank and conclusive answer to all criticisms. He admitted there had been delay, but explained that delays had been due to the fact that war conditions were not static and were ever changing

Here are some of the striking points made by Secretary Baker:

"We will have 500,000 men in France early in 1918 and we will have 1,500,000 ready to ship to France during 1918. At this hour we have a fighting army in France, seasoned and trained to the warfare."

"The German Government is still mystified regarding the number of men now in France."

"We are in the war to hit and to hit hard. Our problem is not one of star playing, but of team playing."

"France and Great Britain are supplying artillery to the American forces, because they themselves wished to do so, as they had an excess on hand and wished to save ships for more vital necessities."

"Ships are the crux of this problem, and every time we can use French industrial resources instead of making and sending our own products, we are doing it."

"The American Army in France, large as it is, and the American Army to be sent there, large as that is, are and will be provided with artillery of the type they want as rapidly as they can use it."

"When we went into the war the standard of the army uniform was 75 per cent. wool and 25 per cent. cotton. But now every yard is of virgin wool, with a large increase in its strength."

"There is no discrimination in the treatment of white and negro troops. . . . Sixty million shells are under manufacture for delivery this year."

"No army ever assembled anywhere was ever fed as ably, as well, as nutritiously and as appetizingly."

"General Wood was recognized by common consent in the army as the most capable to select camp sites and inaugurate a training-camp system."

"There are things that could have been better done, but our effort is to learn."

"The German army, best prepared in the world, furnishes an obsolete rifle for practice until men learn to take care of a better weapon."

"We have built in France docks, terminals, sent over dock machinery, cranes, even piles, warehouses at ports of disembarkation for the storage of vast supplies needed before distribution."

"We are taking over and are in process of rebuilding a railroad 600 miles long from our ports of disembarkation to our base of operation."

"We have been building in France facilities, instruments, agencies, just as many as we are here in the United States and more, many of them of the same character."

"We have had to go back to the planting of corn in France in order that we might some time make a harvest. Our operations began in the forests of France, not in the lumber yards, as they did in this country."

"You thought it was better to use the French factories instead of waiting to build our own?" asked Senator Reed.

"Exactly," Secretary Baker replied. "Also it saved tonnage. And I'm telling no secrets when I say that ships are the crux of this problem, and every time we can use French industrial resources instead of making and sending our own products we are doing it."

FOR four hours the Secretary addressed the Committee. In that time he spoke between 35,000 and 40,000 words. He avoided any tendency to pass a personal judgment upon the operations of his department, leaving such conclusions to be drawn by the facts he presented and the opinions offered by experts.

His easy manner, his well-pitched voice, his fluency of speech and his grasp of the subject held the 400 or 500 men and women who heard him in close attention. He spoke extemporaneously, referring now and then to statistical data that lay before him on the table. He was rarely interrupted.

"Why did we decide to send some troops to France in 1917? It is no secret," he said. "When Marshal Joffre came to this country from France, when the British mission came from France, they told us of a situation which we had not up to that time fully appreciated. There had been in France recently conducted before that an unsuccessful major offensive. The French people had suffered—oh, suffered in a way that not only our language is not adapted to describe but our imagination cannot conceive. The war is in their country. This wolf has not only been at their doors, but he has been gnawing for two years and a half at their vitals, and when this unsuccessful offensive in France had gone on, there was a spirit not of surrender, but of fate, about the French people, about the mighty military engine which they had seen prepared to overcome them for forty years and was at them, and their attitude was that, no matter whether every Frenchman died in his tracks, as they were willing to do, or not, it was an irresistible thing, and so they said to us, 'Frankly, it will cheer us; it will cheer our people if you send over some of your troops.'

"In so far as I am personally concerned, I know what is ahead of us. I know what the American feeling about this war is. Everybody is impatient to do as much as he can. There will be no division of counsel; there will be all the criticism there ought to be upon shortcomings and failures; there will be, so far as the War Department is concerned, a continuing effort at self-improvement and a hospitality toward every suggestion for improvement that can come from the outside. But the net result is going to be that a united and confident American people, believing in themselves and in their institutions, are going to demand, and that at no late day, on European battlefields, in the face of veterans though they be, that they shall not excel us in achievement; and when the victory is won over there, Mr. Chairman, the credit which will come to American enterprise and to American determination and to American courage will be an honor to us, as the tenacity of purpose and splendid achievements of the British and French already shed great lustre on the names of those great peoples."

Secretary Baker produced a deep impression. This is attested by the expressions of the members of the committee, including several who had opposed the Secretary on previous occasions, and it is further proved by the impression produced upon the President, who was described as being more than satisfied with the Secretary's exposition and certain that it will carry conviction to the country at large.

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First photograph of British forces entering Jerusalem. Carrying out the customs of the Crusaders, General Allenby, with his staff and the commanders of the French and Italian cooperating forces, enters the Holy City on foot. The entry was made through the Jaffa Gate

FOR nearly a week daily reports of casualties had prepared the nation for the announcement on January 31 that American troops, having completed their battle training under French instruction, were actually holding a sector of the front line. On the thirtieth, the enemy raided a sharp salient and listening-post of this sector, killing two American soldiers, wounding four and probably capturing one other, who is reported missing. The attack was made on a foggy morning after a night of patrol work in which there had been no encounters. A barrage of heavy "77" explosive shells and shrapnel was suddenly laid down around the salient, completely cutting if off from the rest of our forces and severing its telephone connection. Because of the fog, signal rockets were useless. The small American force fought desperately against superior numbers, and wounded men were certain that the enemy paid a good price for his incursion into our trenches. The Germans carried their killed and wounded back with them. One of the men recently wounded entered the army through the selective draft. The exact location of the American sector is not told, but the enemy lines are very close.

Miss Bentley's Valentine

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE credulous assert that St. Valentine supersedes the postal authorities on the fourteenth of February, and they say that your letter-carrier (elderly, perhaps, and bearded) is Cupid in disguise—Cupid, the rosy-cheeked boy who quite blindly does the bidding of his patron saint. And yet I will always believe that neither St. Valentine nor Cupid had anything to do with the sending of Miss Bentley's valentine. For I saw, quite plainly, behind the crimson cardboard and lace paper and gilt lettering, the hand of God.

Miss Bentley was an invalid. She had always been an invalid since the day, nearly sixty years before, when a little girl's sled collided with a heavy wagon at the foot of an ice-coated hill. And Miss Bentley, during the sixty years of pain and enforced idleness, had not come to look upon life with a sweet resignation. Every twinge of agony had hardened her, every day of the sixty years had made the lines of her mouth more rigid and uncompromising. She lived sullenly in a little cottage with a sullen old colored woman who did her every bidding in silence. And on sunshiny days she pulled the heavy curtains close together, because she liked the darkness better than the light.

One did not blame Miss Bentley for her bitter outlook on life, for the little girl of sixty years ago had been a particularly active little girl. One did not blame her overmuch for her lack of faith in everything. And yet one left her quite alone in her little lonely cottage. There had been a time, long before, when folk had tried to be friendly and had doors slammed in their faces; there had been a time when their gifts of jelly and broth had been returned by the sullen old colored woman, who said, curtly, that "Miz Bentley could afford her own victuals!" There had been a time when a certain pastor had left a certain Testament at the door, and had seen it, the next day, placed conspicuously on the top of a certain ash-barrel. There had been mention of Miss Bentley on the Wednesday following in prayer meeting, and no one had gone near her cottage again, unless some well-meaning newcomer to our town had ventured to call, and had indignantly come away.

The little cottage became something of a landmark. It was pointed out to visitors as "Miss Bentley's cottage," quite as the public library and the town hall were pointed out. But small children, after dark, would cross the street rather than pass it, and mothers, instead of using the familiar by-words, told their disobedient offspring that "Miss Bentley will get you if you don't behave!"

I had lived in town for some years without seeing more of Miss Bentley than a shadowy pinched face that scowled, on rainy days, from behind a dingy cloud of curtains. I had smiled at the face often, and had seen the shade drawn sharply, leaving the window quite blank. I, as a newcomer, had called and been sent away—I had had my fruit and jelly returned. And yet I found myself resenting the town's attitude—resenting the harsh things folk said of her. Often I found myself on the defensive.

"If you," I would say, "couldn't move if you had to stay a shut-in always——"

IT wasn't as if little Ellen Jane didn't know about Miss Bentley. She did! Ellen Jane was Mrs. Simpson's small daughter, and she had been born in the town. She was one of the ones who crossed the street in front of the grim little cottage rather than pass it—she was one of the ones who had known and feared Miss Bentley as a household goblin. It wasn't as if Ellen Jane didn't know. And yet——

I saw Ellen Jane in our stationery store on the thirteenth of February. She is a great friend of mine, and I kissed her little upturned face as she ran to my side.

"Now, I wonder," I questioned, "what you're doing—here?" For Ellen Jane was a normal child who usually spent her pennies in the candy shop.

"Why," Ellen Jane answered rather reproachfully, "I'm buying valentines!" And she held out a handful of wonderful creations for me to see. "Which," she questioned, "do you think is the prettiest?"

Quite unhesitatingly I picked out the largest one. It was a chubby red heart, surrounded by lace paper,

and across the surface of it—printed brazenly in gold—ran a message.

"I love you!" said the message.

"I like that one," I told her. "Who's it for, Ellen Jane?"

The child moved nearer to me. "You'll promise not to tell?" she questioned seriously. "You'll cross your heart?" and then, as I quite as seriously complied, she put her rosy lips close to my ear.

"I'm going to send it to Miss Bentley," she told me.

I looked at Ellen Jane in blank amazement. "Why, dear," I gasped, "whatever makes you do that?"

Ellen Jane traced circles on the floor with one foot, and followed the movements of her foot with her eyes. At last she spoke.

"I don't think—" she said finally, "that she's ever had one. Everybody else has! An' she can't send it back, because she won't know where it's from. . . . You'll never tell?"

"I promise!" I told her. Ellen Jane looked relieved.

VALENTINE'S Day was bright and beautiful. Excited children haunted each letter box, and even I blushed when the postman handed me a flat pasteboard box. There were roses in the box—red roses. And so I forgot Miss Bentley. Perhaps if I'd been going past her house I might have wondered about her, but I stayed at home that day. I remember that I made cookies which I cut, absently, into hearts; I remember that I set my red roses in a great silver bowl; I remember that I dusted, and that I sang as I worked. And when night came I took a book in my hand and settled down before my grate fire, and waited. For there had been a note with the roses.

I was not surprised when there came a ring at the door bell. It was a quick, impatient ring. I hurried to the door and flung it wide. And then, quite suddenly, I started back in consternation, for an old colored woman had stepped, breathlessly, into the hall.

"P'rhaps," said the old colored woman abruptly, and there was a note of deep feeling under the sullenness of her tone, "p'rhaps you'll come?"

"Come?" I questioned stupidly.

"You was kind," the old woman told me, "mou'n once. *We knew.* An' now *she* can't be alone. I think that *she's*—a-goin'!" Her voice broke.

I forgot that I was waiting for some one. I remembered only the face that had looked at me from behind the misty curtains. There was a shawl on the rack by the door, and I threw it over my shoulders. "I'll come," I said.

It wasn't far to the little cottage where Miss Bentley lived. We hurried there silently, the old colored woman and I. There was an unexpected light burning in the window that had always been mysteriously dark, and I stepped back at the doorway to let the old colored woman go in first. You see, I had never crossed the threshold. . . . Perhaps I was nervous. In the tiny hall the old colored woman spoke.

"She's been failin' fer a week," she told me huskily, "but I could do fer her, till now— It's been so long. . . ."

WE entered a little room. It was a cold, almost cell-like little room. There was no note of color in it, and the grim set of black walnut furniture with its marble-topped bureau and table was strangely funereal. It seemed a fit setting for the small, shrunken figure on the bed.

I looked at Miss Bentley, face to face, for the first time. And she looked at me, piercingly, out of keen old eyes. There was silence for a moment, and then, all at once, she drew one hand slowly, painfully, from under the covers. And I saw that it held a bit of crimson paper in the shape of a heart—a heart on a bed of lace paper, with gilt lettering across the surface of it.

"It says," said Miss Bentley, and the voice of her was curiously soft, "it says, 'I love you!'—it says—'I—love—you.'"

The old colored woman was close behind me. "It came this mornin'," she breathed in my ear. "Th' mail man—he brought it!"

Slowly, painfully, Miss Bentley's parchment-like hand drew back under the white covers. It still held the valentine. I groped for something to say.

"It's—it's very pretty," I ventured at last.

Miss Bentley quite evidently did not hear me. Her eyes looked, over my head, to the blank wall beyond.

"Once before," she said, "I got a valentine! Must've been sixty years ago!. A little boy sent it"—she choked, and I started forward. But after a minute she went on:

"He had written across it," she said, "'*I love you!*' . . . I reckon he's gone—now. . . . Ain't never any

Continued on page 202

VALENTINES

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I PASSED a small shop winder full o' valentines terday,
An' all at once th' world seemed chill an' cold;
It came upon me, sudden, that my hair was awful gray,
An' that my very dreams was growin' old.
An' life stretched out before me like a dreary-colored road,
As unexcitin' as a life *could* be—
Th' years upon my shoulders seemed as heavy as a load,
A load o' common-sense that wearied me!

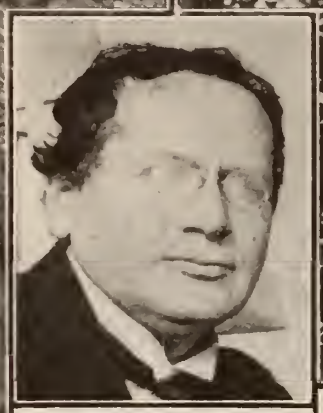
I PASSED a little winder full o' valentines terday,
Of lacy ones with scarlet roses twined
'Round chubby little cupids that was smilin' sort o' gay,
An' oh, th' memories they brought ter mind!
Th' memories o' winter when *her* cheeks was rosy-red,
An' when her eyes was soft with blue delight,
An' when th' only gold I knew was curlin' on her head—
Of winter when th' world was young an' right!

I USTER drag her on my sled—th' roads was white with snow—
Each mornin' ter th' school-house in th' lane;
Because it kept her near me I'd be walkin' sorter slow,
A-feelin'—well, a pleasant kind o' pain!
An' she would talk o' verses on a crimson paper heart.
(Her wistful look would tingle down my spine!)
I still can hear her sayin' as I draw th' years apart,
"I wonder will I get a valentine!"

I PASSED a small shop winder full o' valentines terday;
It made me think o' many years ago;
It made me think o' laughter, an' of eyes that sparkled gay,
An' sunlight yeller-bright upon th' snow.
It made me think o' love-time, an' youth's story all untold,
An' of a boyish heart with dreams astir. . . .
An' fer a moment, maybe, I forgot that I was—old—
An' walked once more, through wonderland, with her!

EVENTS OF THE DAY IN THREE REPUBLICS

An ash dump — coal mine in New York, near old Five Points, to which the coal famine drove many of the poor



Maxim Litvinoff, Russian Bolshevik Representative to Great Britain

The sailors at Kronstadt, now enthusiastic Bolsheviki, were just as loya Petrograd when Korniloff threatened to attack the city, shows part of a col defense of the capital

Chinese householders piling rushes on an earth embankment before their half-flooded homes, to keep the waves from completing the work of destruction

Mud, left by the receding waters, engulfed Chinese homes up to the eaves

THE GREAT CHINESE FLOODS—Floods are almost annual visitations in China. Along the watercourses of the great rivers, north, south and east, they are of frequent occurrence. During the floods of 1899–1901, such a vast territory was inundated and so much damage was done to growing crops over a large area of country, that a great famine was precipitated, the suffering from which continued for several years. In addition to the destruction of property and growing crops, and the loss of life directly due to the inundations, there is almost always an aftermath of disease and suffering. Polluted water, lack of drainage, and starvation are among the causes that produce the epidemics from which China has suffered periodically in the past, and the same causes are likely to produce similar conditions this year. The Union Christian Flood Relief Committee of Paotingfu, whose appeal we published last week in the Christian Herald, has shown the urgency of the need of help. Pneumonic plague has alread province, and the governmen epidemic.

China is the greatest mi and its distress at the preser response from Christian Am this purpose sent to the Chr to the Relief Committee at lo

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United States Marines reading the responses in a church service at sea

© Paul Thompson

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Author and Diplomat, now a Navy Chaplain

A portion of Camp Gordon, near Atlanta, Ga., where men selected from the ranks at the various camps and cantonments are studying to be officers

First photograph received in America of the Bolshevik Cabinet in Petrograd. Leon Trotzky is standing; the woman is Mlle. Colontai

"HOWARD CHASE"

By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

CHAPTER VI—*Continued*

"HOW can you prove to the community that this story is false?" the deacon asked, coming back to the main point of the matter.

"The night Miss Clark called here with the proof of our Sunday evening dodger, a week ago Friday," said Howard, "I was here in the study alone. My sister brought the proof in here to me, I corrected it, and she took it out there into the sitting-room. Miss Clark did not come in here, and I never saw her."

"So that you two, your sister and yourself, can testify that this story going the rounds is false. That is enough for me. It is impossible for me to believe such a thing of you, but, Mr. Chase, I'm sorry to say there are people in Red Hill, and I fear even some in our own church, who would say you and your sister were—were——"

Howard impulsively jumped up.

"Do you mean to tell me, Deacon Burton, that there are people in this town who would not believe my sister's word?"

Deacon Burton eyed him sorrowfully.

"Brother Chase, I am an older man than you are, and I have seen more human nature, as you called it in your sermon last Sunday, than you have. And I have to believe that a community which is evil-minded enough to gossip about everybody as ours is, is also evil-minded enough to judge other people wrongfully. You must remember that Red Hill has not known you very long. You have not established a reputation for anything except——"

"Except—what?" Howard's familiar grin came to his assistance to relieve the deacon at this point.

"Except for a lot of splendid qualities that we all like, for a tongue that preaches a live religion, and a smile that makes dogs love you," said the deacon earnestly.

Howard laughed. And if he had not remembered all the time the sleeping people in the little house, his laugh would have been one of the boisterous kind that sometimes amazed his sister and almost stunned Roy Lennox.

"What more could a fellow ask? And yet"— and instantly his face grew stern—"my reputation in this town is not good enough, nor my sister's, to make people believe us in the face of a silly story that denies all that we stand for. Think of it for a moment, Deacon Burton. Here I come into this little town with my sister, both of us with only one main purpose—to build up this church and preach a real Gospel and make that the great passion of life. And in the face of that, some gossipy man or woman, careless of what it means, is willing, and according to your story even eager, to ruin our reputation and call us liars when we deny, with proof, an impossible story that has been going the rounds. How impossible such a thing could be! What sort of a fool must the people in this little town think I am to throw down at the very start of my career the very structure I came here to build up, and deny all the Christianity I profess——"

HE stopped, struck by the deacon's sorrowful look.

"Well—"

"That is just it," said Deacon Burton with a sadness that Howard remembered long afterward. "A few years ago something like this happened to a young minister in the Presbyterian church in Red Hill. It came out later that he was innocent, but the harm had been done, and it was too late. Individuals have besetting sins, and so do towns. Ours is the sin of judging others and believing evil of them. And I would not be a good friend to you if I did not tell you that in my opinion even if you and your sister deny this story and put your Christian characters in evidence against its cruelty, the town as a whole will believe you are guilty and nothing you can say or do will change its verdict."

It was an astounding statement, made with a seriousness that impressed the deacon's pastor tremendously. He had of late come to know and respect his senior deacon greatly, and had already crossed the formal line that men draw between one another when nothing more is possible than a mild friendliness.

He had been walking around the little room with his swift but noiseless step, mindful of the sleeping inmates in the house, and even while speaking with deep feeling he had restrained the spoken word.

HOWARD sat down, and his look reflected the older man's sadness.

"When you stop to think of it, the whole thing is horrible, isn't it? The people in Red Hill, Kansas, are civilized and most of them would resent it if you told them they were not Christians. And yet they are willing to condemn without any proof an innocent person—Why, it almost makes a man after all these years of Christianity wonder if there *is* any. Why, it's enough almost to make a man give up his profession of preaching the Gospel and go to raising hogs and alfalfa."

It was the only time in all his life that Deacon Burton ever heard such a note from his pastor, and Howard repented of it as soon as he had spoken. His clean, strong, pure, normal spirit was resilient. It bounded back into its happy free spaces and found expression in the exclamation:

"Don't remember, deacon, what I said just then. I'm going to begin forgetting it right now. In spite of everything you say about the people here I believe there are more good folks than bad in Red Hill, and I'll *make* the rest believe me. They can't go on believing I'm a fool. In time they will have to—

"Wait! There is another witness to my sister's testimony and mine. I had forgotten it! Deacon Burton, would the people of Red Hill believe your daughter on oath?"

"Believe my daughter!" Deacon Burton started up in his chair with an energy he rarely exhibited. "Believe Agnes! Why, they would believe her lightest word; she would not have to swear to it. But what has that to do with this matter?"

"Miss Burton was here with my sister that night when Miss Clark called. She knows all about it."

A LOOK of great relief came over the deacon's face.

"That settles it, then. Mr. Chase, the people of Red Hill are as bad as I said they were. But if there is anything I am sure of and proud of it is the confidence every one in this town has in my daughter. Agnes has always been, even as a child, the very image of truth. The pupils in high school have a saying, 'Miss Burton says so.' That is never argued. If Agnes was here that night and testifies for you, the people of Red Hill will never question her statement."

Howard Chase looked at his senior deacon gravely.

"Let us be thankful for that." Then after a moment of silence he said, "There's Miss Clark. What of her?"

"I've been thinking of that," the deacon answered slowly. "Of course she is as much accused as you are. But what can she do?"

"Nothing. I wish she——"

Again that curious pause on his pastor's part which had given the deacon a feeling of uneasiness before, but he waited now for the younger man to make the confidence.

He made it as if he opened a door into a new experience, feeling with every word he spoke the satisfaction of being perfectly understood.

"I haven't any minister, no bishop or father to go to and confess. Perhaps you will be willing—but—the fact that I have discovered that Inez has a feeling for me that—I am sure you will understand it, Deacon Burton, and know how this story complicates the situation—she really has or thinks she has fallen in love. It sounds preposterously egotistic even to say it, but I am afraid it's true, and the feeling I have is one of pity and a desire to save the girl from trouble. I don't believe she would purposely try to do harm, but she is romantic and emotional. A city girl in a country town. You see now the reason for my hesitation at different times when you began your story?"

"Yes. You don't need to explain anything. I'm sorry all this has come to you just as you are beginning here. It seems so unnecessary. I have the utmost confidence in you. I believe when this matter gets cleared up we are going to have a real spell of real religion in Red Hill. We will never have a revival in this town until this evil-mindedness of the tongue is rebuked and stilled. It is our besetting sin, and you are at present the most conspicuous victim; thank God you are innocent and we can prove it."

THEY conferred a little longer, and when Howard finally declared to the deacon his determination on a course of action the older man was at first startled, but after a short argument he said, "Maybe you are right. Do it your own way. Act as the Spirit leads you. The Lord has given you wisdom far beyond your years. In any case we cannot part for the night without a prayer. Let us have that together."

They kneeled side by side. Deacon Burton prayed in the same homely, plain fashion that he talked—sincere, simple, trusting, self-effacing. Howard spoke out of a heart that thrilled with conflicting emotions as he thought of the day so near at hand, breaking into strong demand for the people of his own parish, the sheep of his own flock, but at the last including the community in his petition, for the "other sheep," that whether he would or not had become a part of his parish and his problems.

When the men rose they faced each other and tears were on their faces. Deacon Burton's hand went onto Howard's shoulder.

"Pastor, somehow I feel as if the Lord was going to give us a Big Blessing in this little town. We need it. When it comes, I believe somehow you will be in the center of it."

Deacon Burton paused in the doorway on his way out.

"I am wondering why Agnes, knowing everything as she did, has not denied the story before this."

"Perhaps she has not heard it yet," Howard ventured to say.

"Maybe not. People do not go to her with gossip."

Howard said good night and closed the door, and then went back into the study, and sitting at his desk looked up at the Christ in the desert. And as he looked it seemed to him he caught its deeper meaning and was fortified in his purpose to carry out his plan.

SUNDAY morning at the breakfast table Roy Lennox and his wife were talking of the great interest they felt in their first visit to the West. Neither of them before their marriage had been outside of New England. The entire atmosphere of the Western life impressed them strongly. They were enthusiastic over everything they saw and heard.

"Old fellow," said Roy affectionately, "you can't imagine with what interest I am anticipating everything today. I haven't heard any preaching since I left the seminary that I care about. I envy you your parish. Seems to me it must be about ideal. You're just cozily established here, aren't you? Kate and I would give anything if we were as happily settled with a people that loved and trusted us and a real chance to work and preach. He's a very fortunate fellow, isn't he, Miss Chase?"

"Yes. I think so. You are, aren't you, Howard?"

"Yes!" He said it with his characteristic cheerful grin, betraying no hint of what the morning held for him. He emphasized it with a thump on the table. "Yes! I *am* a fortunate fellow. It's a great place for a preacher. I don't know where the Gospel is more needed than right here in Red Hill, Kansas. It never was more needed than right this minute. I'm glad I came."

Howard excused himself after breakfast and went into his study and shut the door. Rose said it was his regular habit, and Roy and his wife spent the time before eleven o'clock sitting out on the little porch talking about Howard and his ideal little parish and anticipating the service so near at hand.

Only a few feet away from them, in the little study, Howard Chase was going through a mental experience new to him as he dwelt on his plan for the morning.

HE was not depressed by the situation that now confronted him, but he was concerned by it, and all his deep passionate hatred of wrong and littleness smote him and made him hungry to do the right thing. His experiences had not been very many or varied. He was not yet twenty-seven years old, and the problem he now faced was entirely new and he had no precedents to follow.

That hour he spent in the little study was a tremendous hour to his own spirit. As he kneeled by his desk, his eyes open toward the picture above it, he seemed to be gazing with his characteristic habit of abstraction at something above it and beyond it. Dreamer and impractical mystic he was not in the ordinary sense, but he was as sensitive to the inner and hidden voices as one of the prophets, and he had that rare quality that a few men possess of absolutely forgetting himself and projecting his problem in front of him as if it were a real object on a screen. And he also possessed the rare gift of a perfect faith in the reality of the spiritual presence, and he would talk in his prayer to the unseen just as if the Person were in the room and might at any moment turn into flesh and blood and become visible.

While Howard was thus preparing his soul for the event of the morning two scenes were being enacted in two other places that were destined to have important bearing on the astonishing outcome of the day.

On reaching home that Saturday night after his interview with his pastor, Deacon Burton had mused in his quiet but not ponderous fashion over the fact of his daughter's knowledge of the minister's innocence and her silence in the face of it. And in the morning he felt so strongly impressed by it that he ventured to speak to her before she went up to the church to rehearse her organ music.

THE deacon's habit was very direct, as illustrated in his interview with Howard. It was the same with members of his own family. And while Mrs. Burton was busy with some part of the

housework, and the two were alone, he suddenly said, "Agnes, have you heard this story which has been going around town this last week about Mr. Chase and Inez?"

"Yes, father," she said after a rather long moment.

"And yet you know it is not true."

"I know it is not," she said with quick emphasis, her color deepening.

"And you have said nothing!"

Her answer came even slower than before.

"I have waited—I hardly know why——"

"Mr. Chase told me last night that you were there the Friday night when Inez brought the proof."

"Why has not Mr. Chase himself——"

"Agnes, he actually had not heard the story until I told him. The charges made against him if true would ruin his character and force him to resign. You know the story is cruelly false. How could you keep still?"

"Father," she spoke faintly, "I had been waiting for Mr. Chase himself to speak, to act—to do something." She seemed deeply agitated. "It was all so horrible, it was so widely circulated, I supposed he must have known—I have been very unhappy over it——"

"Daughter," Deacon Burton spoke sternly, "the establishment of his innocence rests with you. Mr. Chase would not appeal to you. Inez's word would carry no weight with Red Hill. You will surely act when the moment arrives to set him right with the people."

"Father!" she said with sudden vehemence. "I will do—I will surely do my part in the matter." She added with a low voice, "It is a cruel wrong! It does not seem possible that human beings can be so wicked."

INEZ'S father, George Clark, the inventor and printer, lived in a world of wheels and pinions and cogs and belts and pulleys and sliding gauges, and sometimes whole days passed without any sense of the world outside his dream of the new machine which was to revolutionize the printing industry.

But coming into his den back of his printing shop late Saturday night he heard voices outside in the alley back of the building.

He had been annoyed at different times by petty thieving, and, suddenly awake to the possibility of discovering the perpetrators, he crossed the room quietly.

Listening there that night at about the hour Deacon Burton and the minister were together in the study, George Clark heard for the first time, from the coarse lips of several Red Hill youths who formed part of a gang that was out late at night, the story that had been going the rounds, by this time exaggerated and multiplied into a story so impossible in its vulgar details that the inventor became at once all father, and his first impulse was to rush out and strike down the ribald jesters gloating over a girl's folly and a minister's downfall.

And then his heart died in him as the question raised at a bound in his mind: Can it have any foundation in fact? Inez—she was a queer girl, romantic, restless, amusement-loving—what if—he had neglected her; she had no mother; she was alone—impressionable——

He fell back from the window and the sweat stood out on his face. He waited until the boys outside moved down the alley, then without turning on a light he groped his way through the shop, let himself out on the street, and started for his home.

He found the house dark. Inez had gone to bed. At first he was tempted to wake her and question her, and confront her with it all as a relief to his own sudden excitement and suspense. But he finally controlled himself, resolved, however, to have it out with her in the morning.

The suddenness of his opening of the subject was in direct contrast with his usual abstracted, dreamy attitude, but Inez did not seem surprised or startled.

HE waited until after breakfast. Then as Inez was getting up to remove the dishes her father, who had watched her moodily during the meal, said harshly: "Inez, I want to talk with you about this story going the rounds about you and Mr. Chase."

Inez sat down. Her face was set with a hardness that did not belong to her soft features.

"There's nothing in it. Mr. Chase never said or did anything."

"How can you prove it?"

"I don't have to. Miss Burton was there that night. She knows I never went into his study."

"Miss Burton!" George Clark gasped, and his eyes gleamed. "But why have you not come to me! Why have you not said something?"

"Father, have you lived in Red Hill all these years not to know that when the reputation of some one was at stake a denial was always taken as a confession of guilt?" She said it scornfully.

"Why does not Miss Burton deny it?"

"I don't know. Perhaps she hasn't heard."

"Why doesn't Chase say or do something?"

"I don't know." Inez spoke wearily. "Perhaps he hasn't heard."

Her father got up so hastily that his chair fell over. He came around the table and took Inez into his arms. He had not held her so since she was a little child.

Inez lay for a moment there as still and unresponsive as a dead person. Then suddenly she flung her arms about her father's neck, and began to cry.

"Oh, father! send me away! I can't bear to stay here any more!"

"Send you away! Where!"

"I don't know," said Inez. Her cry stopped almost as soon as it began. She seemed on the point of confidence, then suppressed it. And slipping out of her father's arms, she began to take the dishes from the table.

George Clark eyed her doubtfully.

"Mr. Chase, Miss Burton, somebody must refute this story. They must clear you of blame."

"They will in time, I am sure."

"They'll have to or they will hear from me." Clark, like many introspective and visionary people, when roused was vehement and loud.

Inez went on with her work. When she was through with it she went upstairs, and came down about half past ten, dressed for church.

"You are not going to church, Inez?"

"Why not?" She spoke defiantly. "I am going over to rehearsal."

"You are a queer girl, Inez."

She stopped as she was going out.

"Maybe I am, father. But I am not half so queer as I might be if——"

SHE went out without having given him the full confidence he might have earned if he had built up through her girlhood a real fatherhood, and he sat there troubled and dissatisfied over the whole thing except the knowledge of her innocence, and when it was time to go over to church he went somehow anticipating a scene.

Scores of people were passing through the streets going to the Congregational church. The chorus rehearsal was interrupted by the early comers. Sunday school in Red Hill was still held in the afternoon. Eleven o'clock was known as church hour, and long before the little clock on the wall opposite the organ pointed the time, the building was crowded, the annex had overflowed, seats had been brought in again from the parsonage and the next house, groups of men and boys stood outside the open windows, and bunches of men who could not get in even to the little vestibule could be seen together engaged in conversation carried on in a low tone, but evidently centering around the new minister and the latest scandal.

Roy Lennox and his bride, seated with Rose, were intensely interested in the event.

There was an air of expectancy over the room.

Agnes Burton at the organ betrayed no unusual feeling, but her inward feeling was tumult. Inez, in the chorus, sat looking straight forward, her hands clasped over her hymn-book.

And over the whole of that strange service as it went on up to the time when Howard rose to preach, a powerful Presence brooded unseen and unnoted by any of the hearts that beat fast, unseen and unnoted by all except the minister himself as he rose to give his prophet message to his people.

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Following the Men to Camp

FEBRUARY 18 to 25 has been set aside by the National Lutheran Commission for Soldiers' and Sailors' Welfare as the week in which to bring home to every Lutheran in America the call for spiritual service for the Lutheran men in the Army and Navy. It is a week of sacrifice in which every Lutheran will be asked to contribute toward raising the budget for the first year's work, $750,000.

When the first Lutheran men left the home congregations for camp the various Lutheran bodies appointed boards, each feeling that it might take care of its own men independent of the others. It took only a very short time to convince most of the need of concerted action. As a result the National Lutheran Commission for Soldiers' and Sailors' Welfare was appointed as the body through which the wartime service of the Lutheran Church might be coordinated and made effective. All synods are represented in the Commission except the Synodical Conference. The Commission today is the representative Lutheran body, and its work has met with the heartiest commendation and appreciation as one of the most effective agencies to bring Christ to the camp and to the front.

The Secretary of the Navy has commended the work of the Commission in highest terms. In a letter to Dr. F. H. Knubel, the chairman, he writes: "I take pleasure in expressing my hearty endorsement and approval of the purpose of the Lutheran Church of America, through the National Lutheran Commission for Soldiers' and Sailors' welfare, to minister to the moral and spiritual needs of the Lutheran men in the service. I am confident that the campaign of the Lutheran Church to raise the necessary funds for this work will meet with prompt and gratifying success. It is gratifying that the Lutheran Church has recognized so fully its duty to the Lutheran men in the service." Gov. W. L. Harding of Iowa writes in similar strain: "The wonderful service you are rendering in ministering to the spiritual needs of Lutheran men in the military establishment of this nation has come to my attention, and I take this occasion to say that your work is one of the splendid things growing out of the war."

THE National Lutheran Commission got down to business quicker than any commission or committee in the history of Lutheranism in America that faced a task of similar magnitude and complexity. Two field secretaries, Rev. H. R. Gold for the Eastern District, and Rev. H. Stub for the Western District, immediately visited every camp to study the needs right on the ground. In the headquarters, 437 Fifth Avenue, New York City, Rev. William Freas as office secretary canvassed the home congregations for the names of the men with the colors. As a result twenty-four pastors have been stationed at camp, thirty-four chaplains, upon recommendation to the government, have been appointed to chaplaincies. A great number of pastors near camps, training stations and hospitals have been enlisted to aid. At Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa, the Lutheran Brotherhood has erected a building at a cost of $20,000 for the use of the 9000 Lutherans encamped there.

THERE are today approximately 165,000 Lutheran men with the colors. That figure is arrived at by striking an average from congregations that have reported. It tallies with the figures reached by estimating on the basis of the membership of the Lutheran Church, the total population of draft age, and the number of men in the army. If all baptized Lutherans are counted there may be close to 300,000 with the colors. One young man of Lutheran parents was prepared for baptism in a Southwestern camp. He was moved to the North, to the Southeast, to Camp Upton on Long Island, and to France. At each camp he was followed by the National Lutheran Commission and reached by the camp pastor, but left before he could be baptized. He will be reached in France.

The National Lutheran Commission has completed its first task: to follow the men into camp with the message of Christ. Now it is turning to its second task: to bring the message of its service to the home congregations and drive home the need of sacrifice. It is aiming for $750,000 to cover its first year's budget. It proposes to gain that fund through a personal canvass of every Lutheran in America. Sixty thousand men and women have been organized into a vast army to visit every Lutheran in the week of February 18 to 25, to set before him the great emergency call which has come to Christian men and women. The whole campaign is in charge of the chairman of the Finance Committee of the National Lutheran Commission, Mr. E. F. Eilert. A state chairman in each state is responsible to the National Lutheran Commission for the thorough organization of the community.

O. H. PANNKOKE.

The Soldiers in the Cities

THE Playground and Recreation Association of America was requested by the War Department to send a trained worker to the camps to organize the social resources of these communities.

The city of Indianapolis is providing wholesome recreation for the men at Fort Benjamin Harrison. James Edward Rogers organized a committee of citizens appointed by the mayor. The swimming pools of the Y.M.C.A. have been passed over to the soldiers. Lodges are getting in touch with their members. Athletic meets have been arranged. The Y. W. C. A. has raised $1,200 for rest-rooms for women guests of the soldiers.

Chattanooga, Tenn., is acting as host to the men at Fort Chickamauga and Fort Oglethorpe. Guides are to take the soldiers on trips to places of historic interest. All public recreation facilities have been placed at the disposal of the soldiers. The free use of a twenty-five acre swimming pool has been offered the men. A "dry saloon" is one of Chattanooga's most valuable contributions to the comfort of her guests. For the rental and maintenance of this the city appropriated $2,000. The entertainment of the soldiers in the homes is one of the most delightful outgrowths of the work of the committee.

Twelve miles from Niagara Falls Fort Niagara is located. The Committee on Training Camp Activities, organized by Ira W. Jayne, is striving to meet the needs. Private individuals are opening their homes to the student officers.

Little Rock, Ark., and Argenta are uniting to care for the soldiers at Fort Logan H. Roots. The work is now being carried on by Myron A. Kesner. The city has granted the use of the municipal auditorium for concerts and entertainments. The entertainment of soldiers at Sunday dinners is one of the splendid features of Little Rock's hospitality.

San Antonio has organized its work for the soldiers, Elbert M. Vail acting as executive secretary. The Park Department is providing lights, benches, and a band for moving picture band concerts on the Plaza in front of the Alamo. Under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. social gatherings are being held. A number of saloon-keepers are transforming their saloons into eating-places, where soft drinks will be served.

The cities of Norfolk, Washington, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Plattsburg, Sacketts Harbor, Watertown, Junction City, Newport, San Francisco, Syracuse, El Paso, Atlanta, Chicago, Gettysburg, Salt Lake City, Petersburgh, Ayer, Mass., and Sparta, Wis., are taking a census of the men in camp, and coordinating all forces which will register for good. Other cities will be added to the list as the sites for the camps are decided on.

Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

TODAY'S meeting, fellow adventurers, is such an important one, and is to be so crammed full of good things, that it is hard to know just where to begin!

First of all, perhaps, it would be graceful of us to thank the writer of this gift-poem, "Fellowship"; just as, in a regular club meeting, we would thank the soloist for her contribution. For this beautiful bit of verse was written for us.

I like especially what the writer has to say about "understanding." She calls it "diviner" than sympathy. And isn't she right! Can't we all recall bitter hours, or years, which were made easier for us by some friend saying: "I know what you are going through; for I've stood just where you stand"? How different that is from: "I'm sorry for you"!

No one, in a dark hour, wants to be pitied. Pity is intolerable to the sore of heart. But understanding—ah, that is another thing! For that is born of brotherly love.

And brotherly love, it seems to me, is the basis of all true neighboring. So, dear fellow adventurers, let us keep this always in mind when we go a-neighboring—this "love-first" rule of life. Let us be sure, before we set out, that there is only kindliness in our hearts. Then, no matter what we do, how we blunder, good will come of it.

SOMETIMES I wonder if there is a person in the world who is not lonely, now and then. Of course, there may be. But this I know: there are hundreds, thousands of fine men and women in this world who are slowly starving for affection, for a word of comradeship, for some one to take an interest.

I hear from these lonely folk constantly, through my mail. Appeal after appeal, from lonely hearts, comes in to me. I cannot pay for these messages, as they are not "adventures in neighboring." I cannot even give up the main part of our page to them. But this I am going to do—throw open a little corner as a sort of "Neighbors' Forum," to be devoted to appeals, questions, hints, advice, news from communities which have been helped by us: in short, all the fine, human things your letters contain apart from actual "adventures in neighboring." I cannot pay for what appears in this little corner. It must all be given voluntarily. For this corner is to be the test of our brotherly love—our true neighborliness. I have no fears, dear adventurers, as to what your response will be. I know that it will be great and generous and very helpful.

Before leaving this subject, I should like to thank all those who have so generously sent to Mrs. N. H. W. (in my care) plans and suggestions for the awakening of that community and the winning of those boys. I am sending the letters to her, so that she may read them and set joyfully to work.

BEFORE plunging into today's "adventures in neighboring," there are two matters to touch on: first, the admitting of the men folks to our department, and secondly, the founding of our club. The first question we can consider settled. For from all over the land your hearty "Include the men by all means! We need them!" has reached my desk. And so, women neighbors, let us invite our husbands, sons, brothers, friends, neighbors, town officials, county agents, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, ministers, teachers, business associates—all the manly, thoughtful, high-minded men living about us—to contribute to this department out of their wide experience along lines of community service.

We shall need their help, too, when we undertake the founding of our club. For that we are going to have a club, of some sort, becomes more apparent to me every day! I was not sure that all of us would want one. But your letters—aflame with enthusiasm—banish my doubts. And what letters they are! What splendid letters! I can hardly resist the temptation to begin publishing some of them now. But that would not be fair, as the contest does not close until March 15.

Eventually the right plan will appear. Of that I am certain. Perhaps it is among those I have already received. It is impossible to tell until every Christian Herald neighbor has been heard from. Some of you are doing this now. Surely no club founded with such unselfish enthusiasm as this could possibly go wrong!

NOW, dear comrades, with the business of today's meeting off hand, we can throw "long, long thoughts" to the four winds and gaily go a-neighboring.

An Old-Fashioned Singing School

After reading others' adventures in neighboring, I thought I would like to tell you what a number of farmer folks in our neighborhood did some winters ago. About ten families of

FELLOWSHIP

By JESSAMINE G. CHILDS

I ASK not to be understood;
I only ask to understand;—
In any clime, in any land,
To grasp each friend or fellow by the hand.
And look into his eyes and say,
"I understand."

I understand because I know
The heartaches and the joys of living too;
I may have stood myself just where you stand
Can I transform you with diviner wand than sympathy.
And tell you of some peace I may have found,
Not asking to be understood,
Only to understand?

us started a real old-fasnioned "singing school." Clubbing together, we secured (for singing lessons) the services of the church choirmaster—a grand old man with snow-white hair and a voice as sweet and clear as a boy's.

Every Friday evening we met in the schoolhouse, which was in the center of the community; and once a month we gathered at the home of one of the ten families of us, enjoying what was called a "singing bee." At these monthly meetings a musical program was carried out, and sometimes there were readings and recitations. After the close of the program the hostess served refreshments of some sort—cake and coffee, popcorn, apples, candy, nuts; whatever was the least trouble.

Always, at the close of our "school" term, we gave a concert and social at the schoolhouse, when every member must do his or her part to help carry out the carefully prepared program. There was a lunch afterward, which all had helped provide.

Looking over the different social affairs of many rural winters, this venture seems to have been the best. I hope some other community will try it and get as much pleasure from it as we did. MRS. F. E. T.

What fun that singing school must have been! We can't all sing; but we can all make cheerful sounds that are drowned in the general commotion, and which give us lots of pleasure. I speak feelingly, for I cannot sing at all; and yet I don't believe there is anything I enjoy quite so much as having a try at it in company with a lot of friends who can really sing. Do start this "old-fashioned singing school," dear neighbors, and let Mrs. F. E. T. hear about your experiment through the "Neighbors' Forum."

OUR next "adventure" is of a different sort, and should be of interest to every one—man or woman—living in a farm community. A mighty earnest, worth-while account this is; and yet this brave woman did no more for her community than lies within the power of many of us, either directly or through some one better able to present the facts than we.

Procuring Aid from the State Legislature

My greatest "adventure" in neighboring came to me through the fact that I was County Superintendent in a pioneer country for several years. In visiting the schools, I stayed at the homes of the people overnight, and heard all their troubles in regard to roads, unequal taxes, no cars for crops, the fact that thousands of bushels of potatoes were dumped in the river every year because they had no sale for them, etc., etc.

I found many of the people planning to leave the country because they did not have the sale for their products that they should have had. This, with the fact that the schools could not be maintained properly on account of lack of taxes and poor roads, led me to tell my story to a friend. This friend assured me that I could get aid through the state legislature if I would go after it. I shrank from this, being the daughter of a conservative New England woman and being of a very retiring nature. It seemed to me I simply could *not* go to the legislature!

My friend, hearing this, did the very kindest thing a friend could do. He told me sincerely that if I felt that way about it, I certainly ought to be willing to resign my position and let some one else take up the matter. For a week I had a struggle with my conscience. Then I summoned the courage to make my appeal—to the state's attorney and to the legislature, who sent a committee to that region to investigate my story. Here they were met by 300 men, only five of whom were able to get to town with a team in the summer-time.

The result of this was a year of hard fight, well supported by the newspapers and by many kind people in legislative circles. The effort was crowned by an appropriation of $50,000 and a constitutional amendment. This amendment, four years later, became a part of the constitution; and now the state builds roads in and around its own lands. As the state pays no taxes, this means much to the settler, who is now able to get his goods to market and earn enough to support his family. MISS A. E. S.

THIS brings us to the last few moments of our meeting today; and to our new little corner in neighboring—our "Neighbors' Forum."

Neighbors' Forum

I wish I could talk with Mrs. N. H. W. Couldn't she invite those neighbors of hers to her home at an appointed time to work for the soldiers or the Red Cross?

MISS H. A. H.

Our "adventures in neighboring" have just put an idea into my head, which may prove worth while for me and some other lonely woman. First let me say that I am all alone in the world, and therefore know how much good even a post-card can do one sometimes. The man I was to marry died when we were nearly ready; next father (a minister) dropped dead; and five years later mother "went home." Better off than many because I have a home and my work, also many friends, yet I do so enjoy my mail! When I come home and into the house alone, to eat alone, if I see something through the glass in my mail box, I can hardly wait until I get my door open, take my post key from its hook, and get my mail. Then I go in to read it, and it breaks up that horrid, lonesome entrance. Now, I wonder if there might not be some lonesome city girl, or woman on a ranch, who can afford the mail expenses, and who would enjoy writing to me. I do not wish any one to do it just to help me; I hoped some one who rather enjoyed letter-writing might get as much fun out of it as I! As I am an old teacher, and have traveled quite a bit, it should be pleasant for both.

MISS J. T. B.

Do you realize the tendency there is in many communities to make sport of those not so bright as the majority? And that there are many timid children and young people who fear to take part in community affairs, lest they be laughed at? These should be especially cared for and made to feel that their services are needed. W. A. S.

I suggest that Mrs. N. H. W. appoint a day of meeting for a Sunday school, and conduct and superintend it herself until she is no longer needed. She will make a success of it. MRS. E. J. W.

AND now the clock has struck, dear neighbors, and we must part for another fortnight. That is, it will be two weeks before we meet again. But this does not mean that all neighboring between us need cease. For our letters—like carrier pigeons bearing cheery greetings and messages—will be winging their way from neighbor to neighbor.

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Success with Flowers

Are your plants, vines, and shrubbery doing well? Have you had success with your flowers or do they look sickly and thriftless? Do you realize that "scraggly" plants are worse than no plants at all? The difference between weak, thriftless, off-colored plants, and healthy, luxuriant, rich colored flowers and foliage, is the difference between success and failure. If your plants are not doing well, chances are they need food. They are being starved and are an eyesore and a source of annoyance rather than pleasure, but don't throw them away, use

Red Snapper Plant Food

RED SNAPPER PLANT FOOD is a wonderfully rich, very nutritious, yet harmless fertilizer for plants of this kind. Its effect can be noticed within a few days after the first application. Color of foliage becomes a darker green and flowers and blossoms take on a beauty of coloring and size beyond all expectations--the wonder and admiration of all who see them. It is made from the head bones and nitrogenous cartilage of the South American Red Snapper fish, dried under intense heat, mixed with other organic plant foods to make a perfectly balanced ration, then ground and bolted in flour mill machinery into a fine meal. It is thoroughly sterilized, clean and sanitary, to be used in the finest homes and conservatories as well as for outside use. Put up in 2 lb. cans including an 8 oz. package of RED SNAPPER Plant Tonic which is used to give the plants quicker start. Price 50c. Also put up in 12 1-2 lb. burlap paper lined sacks. Price $1.50. For sale by all leading Florists, Druggists, Grocers and Nurserymen. Ask your dealers. If they have not got it, send us their names and we will see that they get it for you. For your trouble we will send postage prepaid, our valuable booklet "HOUSE PLANTS AND FLOWER GARDENS--Their Care and Culture," which contains fourteen chapters of general information. This is worth 50c alone to any lover of flowers.

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Tells why chicks die

E. J. Reefer, the poultry expert, 642 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is giving away free a valuable book entitled, "White Diarrhoea and How to Cure it." This book contains scientific facts on white diarrhoea and tells how to prepare a simple home solution that cures this terrible disease over night and actually raises 98 per cent of every batch. All poultry raisers should certainly write Mr. Reefer for one of these valuable FREE books. (Adv.)

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Do you remember seeing those words flashed on the screen when you were at the movies?

Moving pictures are censored so that you may see only plays that are helpful, sane, and clean—so that you will not be "taken in" and pay good money for a worthless or baneful show.

The advertising pages of CHRISTIAN HERALD are like the movies—censored for your benefit and protection.

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No wonder CHRISTIAN HERALD readers are a responsive audience. They know their money always gets a good show when it's spent for anything advertised here.

Jesus Teaching by Parables

II. The Growth of the Kingdom. International Sunday School Lesson for February 24. Mark 4: 21-34.

By REV. GEORGE D. ALLISON, Ph.D.

THE little parables we are now studying are all the outgrowth of the great key-parable of the Sower and the Soils. So our lesson is really a series of reflections on the principles of Kingdom-building. He was guarding them against error and discouragement and urging them on to thoughtful and patient witnessing for him.

Jesus finds the metaphor of the seed and soil inadequate here, so he supplements it. The seed ought to grow, the light ought to shine. Give it a chance to shine; don't hide it away under the baskets of trade or under the coverlets of comfort. You must be active and eager and thoughtful. Consider carefully what you hear and let the truth bear its fruit in righteous deeds. If you are willing to hear and to heed, you shall have the privilege of hearing more. In the Kingdom, to him that hath shall be given. You get what you show capacity for. A ready and well-stored heart will receive yet more and more, but a petty and trivial spirit will grow less and less. So "expect great things from God and attempt great things for God." Be not small-minded toward truth. Let your soul be enlarged until you are filled with all the fulness of God.

The Sure Growth of God's Kingdom

The good seed must be sown, but aside from that we are not to exhibit too much anxiety concerning the harvest. Even the wisest and most thorough husbandman, after he has prepared the ground and sown the choice wheat broadcast, must needs leave much to God and nature. He doesn't have to tend his crop night and day as though he alone were at work thereon. Let us cultivate and improve the ground of Christian hearts; let us by all means sow the seed on all soils; but let us also trust mightily in the Lord of the harvest, who makes it to grow in unseen depths and sends without our help refreshing showers. We must not fret and worry as those who would hasten the yellowing of the cornfields. Only remember there are harvest seasons here and now, times for ingatherings, times to conserve the fruits of the Spirit, seasons when we must once more do our part that the good gifts of God may be distributed to the waiting and needy world.

The Harmony of Seed and Ground

"The earth beareth fruit of herself," said Jesus. There is a preestablished harmony between seed and soil. The ground not only receives but gives. And in the same way God's Word and man's heart are mutually complementary. The task of the Church of God is not the impossible one of forcing the will of God on a hard and resisting alien element, like grain on granite, but of implanting the Father's grace in the child's spirit, like seed in soil, sometimes poorer or richer, but inherently adaptable to the purpose. The human soul was created for this very thing, that it should receive and reproduce the thoughts of the Almighty.

Here, again, is ground for confidence in the victory of the Kingdom, despite all hindrances. Man awaits the Gospel as the neglected prairies long awaited the golden grain. The duty of the evangel is to bring the seed to every land, far and near. In so far as that is done, we need not doubt and fear while Hindu and Chinese and Japanese are slowly maturing their contributions to the Kingdom. We must await without dread the outcome, remembering how Hebrew and Greek and Barbarian received the Word and brought forth much fruit in those days of long ago.

The Power of Little Things

Pausing in his teaching, Jesus deliberately challenged thought and surprised his friends into a realization of the power of little things. "How shall we liken the Kingdom of God?" he asked. Picture them pondering a worthy answer. Then Jesus calmly says, "As unto a grain of mustard seed!"

Wrapped up in that little grain you hold is something that all earth's wisdom could not duplicate. I like to think that Jesus reached forth and plucked such a seed and held it there; fit symbol of the insignificant beginning of world changes which his followers should yet effect, because "in him was life."

Charles Mackay has a poem beautifully setting forth the universal truth Jesus was picturing here. In part he sings—

A traveler on a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up
And grew into a tree. . . .

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn. . . .

A nameless man, amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.

O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

This is the lesson here for our younger classes—indeed, for us all. Christ would have us estimate things by their spiritual potencies. He would have us remember the supreme importance of little things. And these are the things that we can do, but every day neglect.

The Gradual Progress of the Kingdom

The parables of the Kingdom prepare us for small beginnings and assure us of mighty consequences. They also remind us at every turn of gradual and even slow progress in transforming humanity, until earth shall be a heaven. But the progress is sure, with the certainty of nature's harvests, "first the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear." "It is God that giveth the increase," as another successful sower reminded the turbulent Corinthians.

Our God is marching on. Not even this frightful world-war of man's doing can check the steady march of his holy purposes. He will not fail. So his children must not despair.

"Thy kingdom come, *soon, soon,*" we cry. "Thy will be done, *now, now,* on earth as in heaven." We are so impatient, as though we had done so very much in vain. How patient God is, as with infinite grace he strives to lead men onward and upward till they are fit and ready to know him as he is, and to serve with perfect love!

It is a suggestive touch that Jesus lends when he pictures his seed become a veritable tree, sheltering under its branches the birds of the heaven. It leads us to consider how already earth's homeless and needy have been shielded and blessed by the spread of the Kingdom. It reminds us of the by-products of Christianity, its institutions of charity and mercy, its agencies of education and beauty, all the many branches of the Church whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. Slaves have been set free, children rescued from poverty and ignorance, woman placed by man's side as his equal, savages taught decency and morality. The glories of Christian art and the harmonies of Christian music and the greatness of Christian literature all go back to that seed-sowing in Galilee by the humble, patient Master. His words were spirit, and they were life. Already men are enjoying that Life which he came that they might have abundantly.

The Church After the War

Further Outspoken Views on the Great Religious Problem of the Hour

IT IS evident that the interchange of views among the leading pastors and laymen of different denominations relative to the Church's preparation for the great opportunity that will be open after the war is destined to spread far. The discussion is now being taken up by the press very widely, the religious weeklies especially, and is being chosen as a theme in many pulpits throughout the country. The Christian Herald is satisfied to have been the means of stimulating public interest in the great question, which was first discussed in the Religious Congress at Pittsburg.

In an address before the Boston Baptist Ministers' Association lately, Rev. Frederick B. Greul, D. D., fairly described the revival of the spirit of Christianity which is making itself felt in the Church today. Among other things he said:

"All hysterical attempts to push back the ocean-tide of liberated thought with ecclesiastical uproar and the withering nastiness of sectarianism will come to a sad end. God is in his world. Christ is getting a new hold on the hearts of men. It may be the present ghastly exhibition of collective murder in Europe will put the Church on edge, bring her to her senses, and start her back to her God again.

"No single denomination is any less such a denomination because it works under a common Commander, and side by side with other denominations, saved by the same Saviour, in the same way. To the extent that the Church Universal has made the upbuilding of herself in denominational segments the chief end of her life, she has diverted her energies from the straight and narrow way, and needs to be called back by her Lord. To the extent she has gone into world-saving with no end in view but to glorify God and save men, regardless of her own gains in men and money, she has a right to the respect of men, and the approval of God.

"Now the Church is being born again, and, coincidental with missionary history, she has shown new life, and a decided and ever-widening interest in her legitimate business as the representative of God among men.

"There are present with us certain things that are excitingly interesting as indications of the return of the Church Universal to the truth as viewed in the large sense that I have endeavored to state. I will mention a few of the more conspicuous ones. The uprising of the Christian laymen, and their advocacy that emphasis shall be placed on vital fellowship henceforth, rather than on dogmatic or ecclesiastical technicalities, has taken such a grip on the people that it cannot be shaken off. The ever-widening conviction that it is wrong and wasteful to support sects, simply as sects, and for sectarian ends, is puncturing some of the ecclesiastical idols worshiped, in the main, by the clergy. The internal war of brotherhood with brotherhood has been and is a scandal and a stench, that will not be tolerated as it used to be. The resistless push for a simple formula of faith is with us, as an indication of how the people are feeling. The popular demand for retirement of the perfunctory preacher, and the substitution of the leadership of men with a prophetic spirit, is being heard and may well occasion alarm among the stereotyped minds in the ministry.

"If such things really exist it is useless to enumerate others equally important and insistent upon a hearing. These indications have evolved from spiritual hunger. They betoken Christian forces likely to break out for larger things than they have been getting. They promise bigger visions of the nature of the Kingdom of God and its wonderful mission.

"The Church Universal has broken with many clannish traditions, and will never again be chained down to them. For this we may thank God! Vital truth is displacing abstract dogmatic statements. Life is dominating dogma as the chief thing. . . . The religious forces of the world are moving toward a more unselfish and evangelical service, and are writing it large all over the world, which indicates the return of the Church to power."

The Church Must Find a New Bond of Brotherhood, Writes Rev. Percy S. Grant

THE Christian Church has multitudes of kindly ministers and well-disposed people. It has also a tradition of leadership. Otherwise it is behind rather than in the van of ideas and social construction.

The workingmen have had more to say about the war than has the Church. They are interested in the human problem of betterment. The Church seems anxious only about its own preservation. Its creeds, as well as its social conservatism, stand in the way of its leadership. It is largely behind the intelligence of the world.

The Church, too, is the source of large economic waste. Some churches have medieval notions of charity and perpetual ignorance and incapacity. Others, by denominationalism, wholly miss the social trend for spiritual advancement.

We should cut out creeds; adopt the modern psychology; accept modern economic ideas and consolidate church property; reduce number of clergy; find in human requirements for health and happiness and opportunity a new bond of brotherhood.

PERCY S. GRANT.
Church of the Ascension, New York.

When the Church Becomes Entangled with the World Her Spiritual Influence Wanes, Writes a Canadian Churchman

YOU have asked for an expression of views on the work of the Church and its influence on the world. You have two lines of teaching. Dr. Gray is showing from the Scriptures the accumulation of evil, till headed up in a universal rebellion against God, presided over by the man of sin, to be destroyed at the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ, who will visibly rule through his saints. This view does not overlook the fact that immense progress may be made in material things, and almost an era of peace, that will deceive many; but it will be brought about by man's efforts and God will be displaced. All can join in this wonderful progression, the professing Church and the Jew, the Papacy, the Moslem, the Greek Church and the Socialist. It will appeal to all, for dogma and creed can be held or not as one pleases. The other view, which is set forth in your pages, is that the Christian Church is to be the prime agent in the uplift of mankind, and in this crisis which has fallen on the world she has lamentably failed. If this be the purpose for which the Church was called out (ekklesia), she certainly has failed, and emphasized her failure.

Now, if the Church (a spiritual body) had kept herself separate from the world, her influence would be tremendous. We have no better object lesson than the early Christians. While they were under the ban of the heathen Roman empire, they so influenced it that it became nominally Christian; but when the Church allied itself with the world, its influence was lost and merged into the dark ages.

I am thankful for the many movements for the suppression of the evils we are surrounded with; but let the Christians be careful that they move not away from the high calling God has called them to, and find themselves entangled in purely secular objects and have to lament with the bride: "They made me keeper of the vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept."

F. C. JUDD.
Doc Lake, Ont.

When the Call Came for More Ships

The CONCRETE ROADS of Snohomish County, Wash., were ready for immediate hauling, by motor truck, of millions of feet of timber for ships and airplanes.

Motor trucks carry the ponderous logs over the 106 miles of concrete roads in Snohomish County at steady speed, 365 days a year, without interruption, more quickly and more dependably than any other means or avenues of transport.

This is but one instance of road preparedness supporting and expediting war preparedness. If concrete road systems were available everywhere, the Nation's vast war production as well as its commerce would be unhampered by shortages of fuel and raw materials. Its full military and industrial power could be mobilized.

Concrete highways are as necessary in peace as in war. They are becoming the very arteries of national life. Systems of them should be built. Delay only adds to the enormous burden which the public bears in maintaining impermanent highways under heavy motor traffic.

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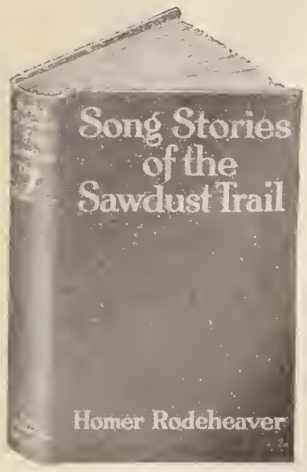
CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

CHRISTIAN HERALD BOOKS

SONG STORIES OF THE SAWDUST TRAIL

By HOMER RODEHEAVER
Billy Sunday's Tabernacle Choir Leader



YOU can sing the songs, for Rody's book gives them all in full, words and music, ready for the piano or organ.

Homer Rodeheaver, who, as everybody knows, is Billy Sunday's choir leader, and who has a wonderful gift like that of Sankey, has written a book with the attractive title "Song Stories of the Sawdust Trail."

"Rody" in his book tells the story of his most famous songs—of which the words and music are familiar to hundreds of thousands of Americans who have listened with eagerness and delight to his singing and who have joined in the choruses. And each song has an individual history of its own. He tells how a humble, homekeeping woman, striving to "do something" for God, made herself and multitudes of others happy by writing the four simple, touching verses which the world knows as "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," and which radiate the finest kind of practical Christian teaching. He relates how another song, "My Father Watches Over Me," sung at a mission service, called a poor, sinsick criminal and wanderer back to Christ and happiness. "Molly and the Baby," another of Rody's favorites, won a poor struggling drunkard back from his cups, and his evil associates, to his wife and family, and tells how all his former happiness was restored.

We will send a copy of "Song Stories of the Sawdust Trail," postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year, for..... $2.40

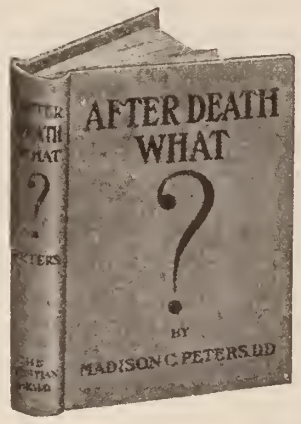
Or, we will send a copy to present subscribers as a reward for sending us one new yearly subscription to the Christian Herald with $2.00

AFTER DEATH, WHAT?

By REV. MADISON C. PETERS

WHEN the late Dr. Klopsch published "After Death, What?" some years ago, the book was received with tremendous enthusiasm and the editions published by him were soon exhausted. Successive editions were not published, yet the demand through the intervening years has been large. For this reason we have thought it wise to bring out an entirely new edition of this wonderful book.

It is impossible to give more than the briefest glimpses of the rich character of the contents of this attractive volume. Among the subjects discussed are: "Does Death End All?" "Light After Darkness," "The Soul between Death and the Resurrection," "Heavenly Reunions," "The Joy and Comfort of Faith in Immortality," "Occupations in Heaven," "Our Children in Heaven," and many others, including poems of comfort and master minds on the life beyond. In addition to the above masterpieces of thought and litcrature, it contains a vast collection of golden gems from the greatest historians, philosophers, preachers and poets of all ages and nationalities on other phases of the future life.



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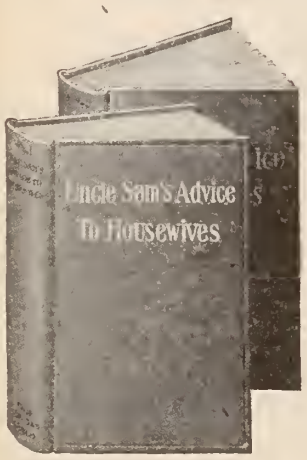
UNCLE SAM'S ADVICE TO HOUSEWIVES

TWO SPLENDID VOLUMES



FOR many years the United States Government has been employing experts to study the most economical methods of preparing foods with a view to telling the housewives all over the country how to get better and tastier food for less money.

The result of these investigations has been printed in pamphlets issued by the Government. But no general collection has ever been made until this one, which has the approval of the United States Department of Agriculture and of Herbert Hoover's Food Administration.

MORE THAN A COOK BOOK

- Lessons on Food Conservation
- Fresh Fruits and Other Staple Foods
- The Home Vegetable Garden
- Drying Fruits and Vegetables
- Home Storage of Vegetables and Eggs
- Economical Use of Meat in the Home
- Bread and Bread Making in the Home
- Home-made Fireless Cookers and Their Use
- Food for Young Children
- What the Body Needs
- Care of Food in the Home
- Home Canning of Fruits and Vegetables
- Preservation of Vegetables
- Preservation of Vegetables for the Table
- Corn Meal as a Food
- Cheese and Its Economical Use in the Diet
- School Lunches

We will send a copy of "Uncle Sam's Advice to Housewives," Volumes one and two, postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year, for..... $2.50

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CAP'N ABE, STOREKEEPER

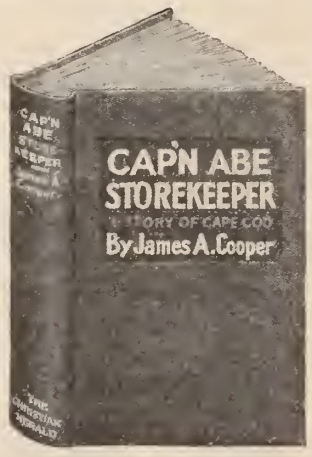
A CAPE COD STORY

By JAMES A. COOPER

DO you like to read about doings on Cape Cod, among the quaint characters who inhabit that locality? Would you like to read of what happened to a high-bred city girl when she suddenly landed down there to take up her living with a relative she had never seen? Would you like to read how loquacious Cap'n Abe, the storekeeper, who could tell more marvelous yarns than any other man on the Cape, suddenly disappeared, and of how his brother from "furrin parts" appeared to take his place?

Would you like to read about a most perplexing mystery that came near being turned into a tragedy, and of how a man who was a rank coward at heart forced himself to play the part of a hero? In this volume, humor and pathos are well mixed. Many of the doings along the Cape shore are taken from life. Tender love scenes are not lacking; and there is high excitement when a great storm wrecks a vessel off the coast and it looks as if some of the loved ones might be drowned.

To meet Cap'n Abe, is *never to forget him.*



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SPECIAL BIBLE PICTURE STUDY OFFER—Add 10 cents to the price of any offer on this page and a complete Outfit for the National Bible Picture Study will be sent postpaid.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York

How to Avoid Fevers

By DR. W. H. VAIL

WE KNOW no better definition of a fever than the following: "A fever is a general disorder of the system, characterized by an abnormally high temperature of the body, and commonly accompanied by shivering and chill at the beginning of the attack, followed by a quickened pulse and respiration, burning heat, thirst, loss of appetite and headache, wandering pains, and derangement of all the secretions and excretions."

This may seem a long definition, but it is impossible to omit a single clause without rendering it incomplete; and one reason for its length is that it is not a disease in itself, but only a symptom of a disease already existing in the body. Observe that it does not say a fever is a disease, but a "general disorder of the system." In this respect it differs from an inflammation, the latter being a disease of some locality; and yet in the great majority of cases of fever it is an inflammation somewhere that has acted as the cause of the fever. We define inflammation tersely enough. We define pneumonia as an inflammation of the lungs, gastritis as inflammation of the stomach, etc.

THERE are three classes of causes for the existence of fever in the system. In other words, there must be something wrong in the body before it is possible to have a fever. The first, and most common, cause of fever is the inflammation of some organ or portion of the body. The second class of causes is the presence in the system of some poison, not only located somewhere in the system, but operating there. This operating process is called fermentation, and this fermenting process causes inflammation; so that in this class of cases we also have inflammation, but here the inflammation is secondary, whereas, in the first class, the inflammation was the primary cause of the fever. We call these cases, where there exists fermentation, "zymotic fevers," for zymotic means to ferment. The third class of fevers arises from some disturbance of the nervous system. This class of cases can be produced at will upon the lower animals by stimulating certain parts of the great brain. This leads to a rise of temperature, with increased production of heat. This same condition may prevail in sunstroke, or other cases where the cause of the very high temperature acts suddenly and is obscure.

A FEVER not only weakens the patient through the suffering caused by its presence, but more so on account of the tissues of the body that are disintegrated and destroyed through its action in causing the high temperature; or, on the other hand, it may be that the process of disintegration and destruction of the tissues acts as the cause of the fever. In either case, the whole system suffers from the fever. All the organs of secretion and excretion suspend, to a greater or less extent, their functions. Hence the skin is hot and dry, and the first thing to do is to induce perspiration, because the act of perspiring immediately relieves the high temperature. Sixty years ago the practice was to allow a patient suffering from fever no water or cooling drinks. How differently we treat the sufferers now!

As a rule, the intensity of the fever as marked by the height of the temperature, indicates the degree of inflammation existing, even where the inflammation is secondary in character, as is the case where the fever is zymotic in its origin. Not only so, but the fever is an effort of nature to restore health by ridding the system of the poison which has gained an entrance and is developing mischief. We must remember that all inflammation and fevers are the efforts put forth by nature to eliminate certain poisons (either mechanical or zymotic), which have gained an entrance into the system; and this is an illustration of the old Roman proverb, "vis medicatrix naturæ," which means, "the healing power of nature." We call attention to this proverb, for it expresses a fundamental truth which physicians are constantly summoning to their assistance. Doctors could accomplish little indeed in their sphere of usefulness without the aid of this power to assist them, as they attempt to relieve the ills of suffering humanity.

HAVING thus far considered the definition, nature, and causes of fevers, as well as having hinted somewhat, in general terms, as to their treatment, let us now come directly to the question of prevention of fevers, in order that we may learn how to avoid them. This brings us back to the only position that is rapidly gaining ground among progressive thinkers, and that is that our bodies always contain the two classes of microbes or germs—the benevolent and the malevolent—and that the processes of life, from the cradle to the grave consist of a constant conflict between these two classes. When the benevolent germs are in the ascendency, we are well and everything prospers; but when the malevolent microbes have the upper hand, we are miserable, and everything puts on jaundiced hues. This concretely describes our condition from day to day. Again, we must not forget that as long as we maintain our health up to, or near, what we call par, we are immune to the ravages or inroads of the germs which would cause disease and death, whether through the processes of fevers or inflammations, or both. We know that not over half of the people who swallow the germs of typhoid fever suffer from the fever, and the inference is that those who fail to contract the disease, in spite of having swallowed the microbes, were immune from the fact that they were enjoying a state of health that enabled them to throw off the poison, instead of allowing it to remain in the system and, through the process of fermentation, to develop the fever. To the end that we may maintain this condition of immunity, it is of the utmost importance that we should eat only such food as shall be readily assimilated and masticate thoroughly what we eat, remembering that every atom of food that is placed in the stomach, not in condition to be readily assimilated, lowers the system below par just to that extent and renders it subject to the inroads of whatever poisonous germs may gain an entrance into the system, whether with our food or through the air we breathe. Live in the fresh air as much as possible. Lastly, do not worry, for worry is one of the insidious causes of fever.

The Thrift Stamp Catechism

IF I do not have enough money saved up to buy a War-Savings Stamp and can only save in small amounts, what should I do?

A. Buy a 25-cent Thrift Stamp at a post office, bank, or other authorized agency and ask for a Thrift Card, to which you can attach your Thrift Stamp.

Q. Is there any charge for a Thrift Card?

A. No. It is given you to hold Thrift Stamps and contains a place for your name and address.

Q. How many Thrift Stamps will this card hold?

A. Sixteen stamps, which represents a value of $4.

Q. When I have filled the Thrift Card, what do I do?

A. Take it to a post office, bank, or other authorized agency, surrender the card and pay in cash the few cents' difference between the $4 worth of Thrift Stamps and the price of a War-Savings Stamp for the month in which the exchange is made.

Q. What do I do next?

A. You take the War-Savings Stamp given you in exchange for your Thrift Card, ask for a War-Savings Certificate, if you haven't one already, and attach the stamp to the certificate.

COLONELS AND KERNELS. Uncle Sam says a good selection of Colonels for the army is not much more important than a good selection of kernels for next year's seed corn.—*The Journal of Agriculture.*

Helping the War Sufferers in Bible Lands

BEFORE Christmas, the publisher of the Sabbath School Bode, of Paterson, N. J., suggested to the Sunday schools of the Christian Reformed Church of America a plan to ask all the scholars if they would be willing to do without their annual treat of candy at the Christmas entertainment, in order to donate this money for the benefit of the war sufferers of Bible Lands in Armenia, Syria, etc. The response was whole-hearted and liberal, as shown by the following list of contributions. Besides, some of the churches sent their collections through local treasurers to the Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief at New York.

N. N., Richlandtown, Pa.	$ 2.00
Two Sisters, White, S. D.	1.00
J. J. Schaap, Ackley, Iowa	3.00
N. H., New Haven, Conn.	1.00
M. A. V., New Haven, Conn.	1.54
S. S., Christian Ref., Reeman, Mich.	65.00
Ladies Aid Soc. Ref., Reeman, Mich.	15.00
Mr. and Mrs. Eenigenburg, Lansing, Mich.	5.00
J. de H., Port Murray, N. J.	.60
Christian Ref. Ch., 2d, Pella, Ia.	18.25
" " " Marion, Mich.	12.74
" " " S. S., Kenosha	8.16
" " " Chicago Jct., O.	15.18
" " " Midland Pk., N. J.	56.25
Christian Ref. Ch., Paterson, N. J.	28.10
Indian Mission Sta., Crown Pt., N. M.	10.00
S. S., Chr. Ref. Ch., W. S., Cleveland	80.00
N. H., New Haven, Conn.	1.00
Chr. Ref. Ch., 14th St., Holland, Mich.	76.33
Chr. Ref. Ch., Niekerk, Mich.	31.10
Men's Soc. Central Ave., Holland, Mich.	16.53
Chr. Ref. Ch., Harderwyk, Mich.	23.23
" " " Graafschap, Mich.	134.91
" " " East Saugatuck, Mich.	63.19
Chr. Ref. Ch., South Olive, Mich.	45.27
" " " Maple Ave., Holland, Mich.	47.70
Chr. Ref. Ch., S. S. Cent. Ave., Holland, Mich.	123.58
Chr. Ref. Ch., Classis, Pella, Iowa	276.41
" " " Hull, Iowa	5.00
" " " Rock Valley, Iowa	100.00
" " " Harrison, S. D.	30.86
Netherl. Ref. Ch., Passaic, N. J.	93.25
Netherl. Ref. Ch., Goshen, Ind	3.75
Chr. Ref. Ch., S. S. 2d, Paterson, N. J.	20.00
Chr. Ref. Ch., S. S., West Sayville, N. Y.	25.07
Chr. Ref. Ch., Dexter, N. M.	4.75
" " " Cleveland, O.	50.00
N. N., Cleveland, O.	5.00
Chr. Ref. Ch., 16th St., Holland, Mich.	47.71
Chr. Ref. Ch., S. S., Butte, Calif.	3.06
" " " Middleburg, Iowa	39.15
" " " Sanborn, Iowa	46.67
" " " Orange City, S. S. Ia.	100.00
N. N., Elizabeth, N. J.	2.60
Chr. Ref. Ch., Classis, Illinois	196.89
" " " Prospect St., Passaic, N. J.	43.00
Chr. Ref. Ch., S. S., Prospect St., Passaic, N. J.	36.25
Chr. Ref. Ch., Lad. Aid. Soc., Prospect St., Passaic, N. J.	25.00
Chr. Ref. Ch., Young People's Soc., Prospect St., Passaic, N. J.	10.00
No. 4th St. Chr. Ref. S., Paterson Class, Miss Pontier.	3.00
Chr. Ref. Ch., Bejou, Minn.	7.12
" " " Hancock, Minn.	14.40
Total	$2,105.60

A certified check for $2,000 on the Second National Bank of Paterson, N. J., to the order of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief at New York, made by James Tanis, publisher, the Sabbath School Bode, has been received by the Christian Herald and forwarded to the Committee. Mr. Tanis, in his letter accompanying the same, says: "I anticipate a few more collections which have not yet reached me, before I finally close this little campaign. I thank you in advance and wish you God's richest blessings on all your valuable labors through the Christian Herald."

She "Wanted to Be Somebody"

READERS of the Christian Herald may remember Jennie S., the lame girl who came to Mayesville Industrial Institute a few years ago without shoes and with no clothing save what she had on. Her condition was a pitiable one. She said, after her pastor had told her about Mayesville School, "I jes' want to come so bad, and jes' prayed to the Lord that you would let me come to your school, so I can git an education."

She was asked if her mother and father were living, "No, ma'am," she said: "I ain't got no mother and no father." "How do you make your living?" she was asked. "I work in the field," she said, "when it don't rain, so my crutch won't stick in the mud."

"Where did you get the money to pay your way here?" "Oh, my preacher he take a collection in the church for me an' got three dollars, and the nex' day preacher come for me an' we got on the train and come to Mayesville, to your school."

When told that she could not enter school without money to pay her board, buy books, shoes and clothes, she began to cry and begged not to be sent away. So she was taken. Jennie was a smart, bright girl, and, though she can not walk a step without her crutch, she is willing to do all she can to help herself. She chose dressmaking as her trade, and was soon able to sew well. "Oh," she said, "Miss Wilson, I gwine do all I kin to make myself somebody."

Jennie was wonderfully helped during her stay in the Mayesville Institute, and has carried back to her home and people a vision of the beautiful spirit of service.

To make this girl "somebody" had required not only equipment and the teaching services of the Institute, but also, back of that, the financial support to accomplish that end. Such support was not lacking in Jennie's case. She came to Mayesville a dependent cripple; she left Mayesville a self-supporting woman.

There are many other dependent and needy girls who are coming and want to come to Mayesville, asking for education and guidance to make them better and more capable of fighting the battle of life. Readers of the Christian Herald who are interested in aiding this worthy work may address the superintendent, Miss Emma Wilson, care of the Christian Herald, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Called Higher

Henry L. Davis, Sterling, Ill.; Mrs. Amelia Barnes, Linton, Ind., 78 years; Mrs. Sarah J. Price, Findlay, Ohio, 66 years; Mrs. L. E. Hicks, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. A. M. Ellis, Harvey, Ill., 83 years; Mrs. Addie Forbes Gesler, Hastings, Mich., 70 years; Mrs. Harriet Blackburn Gregory, Kearney, Neb., 53 years; Mrs. Luana V. Brown, Penfield, Pa., 87 years; Mrs. E. S. Kinkaid, Sacramento, Cal., 93 years; Mr. Levi Sanford, Sacramento, Cal., 91 years; Mrs. S. L. Peyton, Shawnee, Okla., 74 years; Catherine Burhaus, Brighton Heights, Staten Island, N. Y., 88 years; Albion P. Roberts, Sedgwick, Me., 87 years; Mrs. Mary A. Bartlett, Providence, R. I.; Geo. B. Orr, Baxter, Pa.

Mrs. I. R. Barbour, Waddey, Va., 93 years; Mr. W. R. Couch, Golden, Colo., 78 years; Mr. Benton James, Ashley, Ohio, 87 years; Mr. Joseph A. Robinson, Green Creek, N. J.

Harrison Marsh, Nottingham Center, N. H., 75 yrs.; Mrs. Harriet Stiles, Peabody, Mass., 88 yrs.; Miss Mary L. Bigelow, Bennington, Vt., 84 yrs.; Charles H. Mather, Iola, Kans., 78 yrs.; Mrs. Catherine E. Bailey, Antwerp, N. Y., 92 yrs.; John W. Perry, Birmingham, Mich., 82 yrs.; Mrs. C. H. Ransom, Chattanooga, Tenn., 90 yrs.; John F. Boyd, Springhill, La., 79 yrs.; Mrs. Caroline M. Blair, Hyndman, Pa., 66 yrs.; Mrs. Phylinda H. Peck, Perry, N. Y., 97 yrs.; Kennedy Stoni, Gouverneur, N. Y., 80 yrs.; Samuel W. Mandell, Aurora, N. Y., 88 yrs.

Mrs. Virdie Seay Harvey, Myndus, Va.; Mrs. William Scott, Rochester, N. Y., 86 years; Zach McDonald, Hattiesburg, Miss., 22 years; Mrs. E. E. Beecher, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Webb, Methuen, Mass.

Mrs. Phila Shaw Carden, Cuba, Ala.; Mrs. Mary J. Baumgardner, Alliance, Neb., 85 years; Mrs. Lula Rigg, Knob Noster, Mo.; Mr. Paul Fleming, Clarion, Pa., 84 years; Mrs. Louise Bernard, Sheridan, Ill.; Mrs. Mary J. Alexander, Round Mountain, Texas, 95 years.

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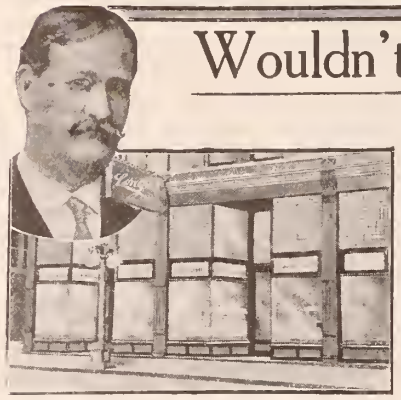

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Don't say you're coming. Just drop in quietly. Call on any banker or merchant. Ask them about Long—about my store—my crispette business. Ask them if what I say isn't the truth—right from the shoulder. Look into my reputation. See if folks think I'll give you a square deal. Then come and see my store—see that it's just like the picture. See the machine. See crispettes made—make a batch yourself. Learn the business. Get my pointers on how to succeed. Up to a distance of 300 miles I'll pay all your traveling expenses, if you buy a machine. You'll see—know—learn everything. It's simple—easy. Won't take you a day. I'll be glad to see you—glad to show you the store and have a good talk with you. You'll go home ready to make more money than you ever made in your life.

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Think of it! Think of the fortunes made in 5 cent pieces. It's one business in a hundred. Everybody likes crispettes—children—parents—old folks. One sale always means two—two means four. So it goes. It's a great business. I found it so—so should you. **Send for my big free book "How to Make Money in the Crispette Business"**—48 pages illustrated—complete information and story of how I built my business. Read it and then come to Springfield.

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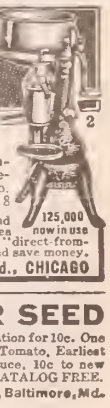

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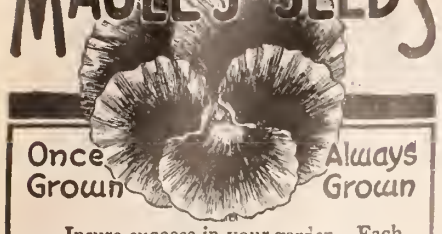

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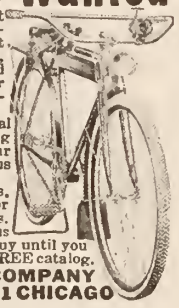

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Our Mail-Bag

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and is not controversial. All letters must contain the name and address of the sender, no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

CHRISTIAN HERALD INFORMATION BUREAU
Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

With all the resources of the Government libraries and departments and of the public museums and their staffs and with the active assistance of national experts, this Information Bureau is ready to tell you the answer to

Whatever You Want to Know

The bureau is prepared to answer fully and promptly questions regarding food production and conservation, transportation, industrial activities, history, patents and inventions, pensions and Army insurance, legislation, exploration and discovery. Government employment and all of the thousand and one things that you want to be sure of.

Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

A GREAT many people have misunderstood the above instructions. Hundreds of questions directed to the Christian Herald Information Bureau have been addressed to the Christian Herald in New York City. This entails delay, added postage and unnecessary work, for a staff already working at full capacity. Mail all inquiries on subjects other than religious questions to Washington and do not omit the three-cent stamp. It is a small price for a great service.

Other hundreds of letters relative to subscription matters have been sent to the Christian Herald Information Bureau in Washington. This again entails delay, unnecessary work and added postage and increases the liability of error. The Information Bureau knows nothing about your subscription and cannot serve you there; it knows nothing about books offered for sale or about the Bible Picture Study or the Christian Herald Charities. It does know a great deal and is prepared to put its hand upon a great deal more about matters of general interest, and it is ready to serve you quickly if you will make use of its facilities according to the announcement above.

Questions and Answers

J. E. S., Houston, Texas. Does God hear and answer prayer, and will he protect his children that are born of the Spirit of God? I know that God does hear and answer prayer, and that he is with his children and does care for them, and protect them. I hear it often said that when you ask God in prayer for anything, he will give you something. In John 14 : 13, the Lord says, "*Whatsoever* ye shall ask in my name, *that* will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." In the next verse: "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." In the 13th verse he says, "that will I do." In the 14th verse, "I will do it." Does the Lord promise to do that which we ask and then not do it? "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." I firmly believe that the Lord means what he says.

As an earthly father, who loves his children, may withhold from them at times things which they ask that would hurt rather than help, so our Heavenly Father, in his wisdom, answers many prayers not in the way we expected, yet in a far better way. He knows best what is meet for us. This is the experience of the great majority of earnest Christians. We are urged to bring our requests to God, but with every prayer there must be the willing assent: "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." Our prayers are apt to be selfish and material, and to run chiefly in the line of our desires. Such prayers, if answered, would be more likely to prove hurtful than helpful. We must pray in accordance with God's will, unselfishly, and for those things that are pleasing to him, and which we ask through our love for Christ and our fellow men. The believer should ask that he may not pray amiss, through the wish to indulge mere worldly longings. Prayers of that class assuredly do not come within the category of acceptable prayer.

R. C. T., Evansville, Ind. The gold monetary stock (coin and bullion used as money) in the United States on Nov. 1, 1917, is estimated in Secretary McAdoo's annual report at $3,041,500,000. The increase in the past ten months has been $174,000,000, and in the past three years $1,236,500,000. In five years, the portion of the world's gold monetary stock held by the United States has increased from approximately one-fifth to more than one-third.

S. T. C., Burlington, Vt. Estimates by the Geological Survey indicate that the quantity of petroleum produced and marketed in the oil fields of the United States in 1917 reached the record-breaking total of 341,800,000 barrels, a quantity nearly 14 per cent. greater than the former record output of 300,767,158 barrels in 1916.

Mrs. C. E., Le Sueur, Minn. In seating the guests at a golden wedding dinner, the wife and husband take either end of the table, the minister being seated at the right of the hostess. The children and other guests may be seated as you desire.

J. H. K., Mancos, Colo. Forty years is the maximum age limit for chaplains in the army. A chaplain is appointed as a first lieutenant, with a salary of $2,000 per year and an allowance of $150 for the maintenance of one horse. He is also allowed quarters, light and heat. Candidates must be able to pass a physical and mental examination. Chaplains have charge of religious services and the performance of any baptismal, marriage and funeral services which they may be called upon to perform. For application blanks and information regarding the mental examination, apply to Adjutant General, War Department, Washington, D. C.

L. J. F. and family, South Cortland, N. Y., write: "Reading in the Christian Herald of January 9, the article 'I Am that Clown,' the need of money for the Bowery Mission prompted us to take a little collection in our family (with the children's pennies, etc.) to do our bit. Enclosed find money order for $1.50."

Anxious, Bloomfield, Ill. The passage in Gen. 3 : 22 is rendered somewhat difficult by an obscure translation, the better reading according to Jamieson, Fausset and Brown, being: "Behold what has become of the man who was as one of us," how he who was formed in the divine image has fallen from his righteous estate. Then, lest a worse evil should befall, and lest "he put forth his hand and take of the tree of life and live forever," the expulsion from Eden followed. Originally there was no prohibition except as to the one forbidden tree. All the trees of the garden were at their disposal, except the tree of knowledge (see Gen. 2 : 16, 17). The tree of life, as commentators hold, was for a constant renewal of youth and vitality—a privilege now cut off through disobedience. The tree of life is first mentioned in Gen. 2 : 9.

J. O., Lancaster, Pa. Antinomianism is the heresy which teaches that, since Christ kept the whole moral law for all his followers, they themselves are free from its requirements. It is strange that earnest students of the Bible should have been led into this error. The heresy began early in the history of the Church, was taught again in Luther's time by Agricola, and broke out in later eras. One of its most notable and victorious antagonists was John Fletcher. His "Checks to Antinomianism" have been referred to as so complete and powerful an attack on this heresy as to have killed it for all time. So far as we know, there have been no serious outbreaks of it since his day.

Mrs. F. K. S., New Virginia, Iowa. No such passage in the Bible.

W. F. B., Ann Arbor, Mich. The present population of the world, according to the best available statistics, is about 1,691,751,000. Notwithstanding varying conditions in some quarters, the sexes are pretty evenly divided. At the present ratio of increase, the earth's population in 2014 will be about 4,000,000,000. Statistics on other questions in your letter unavailable.

A Little Benefactor

ON a bitter cold day during "zero week" in January, a kindly-faced lady entered the Bowery Mission. To the assistant superintendent, Mr. Baker, she handed an envelope.

"This is a gift from my little son," she explained. "He's just nine years old, and hearing us talking about the sufferings of the homeless in this frightfully cold weather, he immediately offered to give the balance of his Christmas money to help the poor men of the Bowery and keep them from freezing."

The gift was received with thanks. The envelope contained $5.25, the offering of Master Tevis Reyburn, of Woodland Shore, Phœnicia, N. Y. It served to pay for warm beds for thirty-five homeless men that night, and in their humble prayers their little benefactor was not forgotten.

"Soldiers of the Sea"

THE Marine Corps is in many ways the most interesting body of fighting men in the world.

They are seeing service all the time and everywhere—east and west, north and south, from the tropics to the Arctic.

The American people ought to know more about the Marine Corps. They are stationed in Nicaragua, they cleaned up Haiti and Santo Domingo, they are policing Cuba, they were "first in France."

Free Art Book on the Corps

A new edition of the popular art booklet on the United States Marine Corps has just been issued. From cover to cover it is a work of art and packed with interesting information. Full page color reproductions of paintings, unusual photographs of war work, all about the service.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD INFORMATION BUREAU
Frederic J. Haskin, Director
Washington, D. C.

Enclosed find a two-cent stamp for which you will please send me, entirely free, The Marine Book.

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City.....State.....

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THIRD NATIONAL BIBLE PICTURE STUDY

A NEW POLICY was inaugurated by the Christian Herald with its Third National Bible Picture Study—that of making each Picture Study short, simple, extremely pleasurable.

In the First and Second Bible Picture Studies 60 pictures were presented each time. In the Third Bible Picture Study there are only 30 pictures in the series!

That means, of course, that the Third Bible Picture Study requires half as much time as the others, half as much comparing of pictures and verses—but that the pleasure is doubled.

We hope to have many more Bible Picture Studies, in each of which a short course will be given, and thus those who enter each Study will, in easy, simple, enjoyable competitions, gain just as much Bible knowledge ultimately.

THE CASH REWARDS, of course, like the Scripture rewards, are just as great as before. In this Third Bible Picture Study $5,000.00 in cash, divided into 1,001 rewards, will be given those who submit the Bible verses best illustrated by the 30 pictures.

The fun of the Bible Picture Studies—for they are so fascinating that it is fun to compete in them—is also much greater, for naturally the interest is kept fresh and keen in finding the best verses for 30 pictures, where if the number were doubled the crisp eagerness of the search might be worn off.

We can never have too much of Bible knowledge, and the Christian Herald believes in keeping its Bible Picture Studies pulsing from beginning to end with vital interest. That is accomplished by making each Bible Picture Study short and rapid.

Picture No. 19

$5,000.00 CASH

1,001 REWARDS

1st.	$1,000.00 Cash	5th .	$125.00 Cash
2nd	750.00 Cash	6th .	100.00 Cash
3rd	500.00 Cash	7th .	75.00 Cash
4th .	250.00 Cash	8th .	50.00 Cash

9th.....$26.00 Cash

10 Prizes of	$10.00 each..	$100.00 Cash
20 Prizes of	5.00 each..	100.00 Cash
962 Prizes of	2.00 each..	1,924.00 Cash

In the event of a tie for any prize the full prize tied for will be awarded each final tying participant

Announcing the Winners

BUT one-half the time will be required, after the completion of this Third Bible Picture Study, to announce the winners, for it will take one-half the time to check over the sets of only 30 pictures each that was required to check over the 60-picture sets in the previous Studies.

So enter, every one of you, enjoy the Picture Study every moment, and submit your set of verses with the knowledge that you will know the result, so far as distribution of the cash rewards is concerned, in record time!

Can you imagine a better use for your idle time than this? Do you know of a more effective way to gain solid, lasting knowledge of the Bible?

The Christian Herald invites each one of you to enter now, and experience the great joy of the National Bible Picture Study.

Don't Think Only of Yourself!

Only 10 cents added to the subscription price of the Christian Herald will bring the complete Outfit. If you do not wish, for any reason, to enter the delightful and helpful Picture Study yo rself, then secure the Outfit when sending in your subscription, and give it to some one who will appreciate it and find joy and gain in competing. This is a simple and yet very effective way in which you can spread Bible knowledge and induce a study of Bible truth. Read the offers below. Doesn't one fit your case—or appeal to you for some one else?

Picture No. 20

How to Compete in the National Bible Picture Study

THE Bible Picture Study consists of three things:

1. A series of 30 pictures, which appear in the Christian Herald. When ordering the Outfit you will be sent all pictures that have been published up to the time your subscription starts. We guarantee you all 30 pictures.

2. A reference book, called *International Bible Readings*, which contains about 2,000 Bible verses, chosen from among the 31,101 verses in the Bible. All verses submitted for the pictures must be selected from those which we republish in the Reference Book.

3. An Answer Book, in which to write down and submit the verses best illustrated by the 30 pictures.

Your endeavor will be to choose from the Reference Book the best verses for the 30 pictures. Those excelling at this simple yet fascinating task will receive the cash rewards.

GET THE HANDY OUTFIT

TO the right are the offers we make for the Christian Herald and the complete Outfit. One of these offers surely fits your case.

The Reference Book, *International Bible Readings*, is not a haphazard selection of Bible verses, but the actual International Sunday School Lessons, Golden Texts and Daily Home Bible Readings, published in full, for the five months starting December, 1917, and going through April, 1918. Thus while competing in the Picture Study you will be memorizing the Bible stories chosen by the eminent Lesson Committee, and in the Reference Book you will have a helpful volume which you will treasure for itself.

Or if you secure the Outfit to give away, think what a joy the *International Bible Readings* will be to some one else, who perhaps may gain light and understanding from its pages.

Do not delay about obtaining the Outfit. Competition without expense is made possible under the rules, free on request. Order at once.

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to *any* Christian Herald book offer, or any magazine clubbing offer, which includes the Christian Herald for one year, and we will send you, postpaid, the *National Bible Picture Study* Outfit also.

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If you send us a *new* 6-months' subscription for the Christian Herald, remitting the regular subscription price of $1.00, we will send you, postpaid, a complete Outfit for doing so. Ten cents added to this (a total remittance of $1.10) will bring a complete Outfit to the *new subscriber* also!

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Gentlemen: I enclose $2.10, for which enter my subscription to the Christian Herald for one year and send me, postpaid, the complete *National Bible Picture* Study Outfit, with rules and all news about the competition.

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First aid in every household —Musterole

Cough, cough, cough. How it racks little Dorothy and passes on to mother and grandma and holds a croup danger for all the little ones!

Hurry, there, with the Musterole, that pure, white ointment that is better than a mustard plaster — and it will not bring a blister. Massage it gently over the chest and neck. Feel the tingle, then the cool delightfulness as Musterole searches down. It will penetrate, never fear. It will rout that old congestion clear away.

Musterole is a pure, white ointment made from oil of mustard and a few home simples! Musterole searches in under the skin down to the heart of the congestion. There it generates a peculiar congestion-dispersing heat. Yet this heat will not blister. On the contrary you feel a relieving sense of delightful coolness. Rub Musterole over the spot. And you get relief while you use it; for Musterole results usually follow immediately.

On no account fail to have a jar of Musterole handy. For coughs and colds and even the congestions of rheumatism or lumbago Musterole is wonderful.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole. 30c and 60c jars—$2.50 hospital size.

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Infantile Paralysis

left 8-year-old Evlyn Olson so crippled she had to crawl on her knees. Five months' treatment at the McLain Sanitarium restored her feet and limbs to the satisfactory condition shown in the lower picture. Her mother has this to say:

We feel it our duty to recommend your Sanitarium. Evlyn was stricken with Infantile Paralysis in August 1915. March 1, 1916, we carried her to you. Five months later she could walk without crutches or braces. Words cannot express our thanks.

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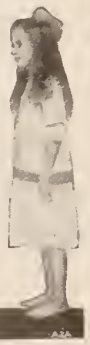
For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private Institution, devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis"; also "Book of References", free on Request.



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Young People's Topics for February 24

The Power of the Cross in Asia

Christian Endeavor Topic. Psalm 96:1-13

A LITTLE over a century ago Asia knew of the Cross only as a legend dimly remembered. Then Carey from England went to India, Judson from America went to Burmah and later other pioneers of the Cross entered Japan, China, Korea, Manchuria, Malaysia, and Siam, while a steady stream of consecrated men and women followed, establishing schools, hospitals, preaching, living a new life, a life that seemed to have a blessing in it. For a long time, almost a generation, the walls of heathenism held against the power of the Cross, then one by one, then by tens, then by hundreds and finally, as in Korea and India, by thousands, the people came crowding into the kingdom, came seeking to hear about the Jesus child who had become the Saviour of mankind.

What is the power of the Cross then in Asia? It is the same power that it is in America, the power to transform lives, to make saints of sinners, to turn selfishness into selflessness, to replace greed with gracious helpfulness, to plant the will to give in place of the desire to get, to defeat temptation and to develop both an individual and a national conscience. Today, Christian men stand high in the state councils of Japan; Korea, two generations ago corrupt and vile and ignorant and decaying, is today, swept by evangelism, awake, turned from its superstitions to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, an orderly, prosperous, school crowding, truth seeking nation. China's republic was born in the mission schools and professing Christians are prominent in the councils of the new state, throughout Malaysia cannibalism has practically ceased, and in India the leaven of Christ is beginning to break down the barriers of caste, the lower castes are coming in masses to the Saviour, seeking baptism and instruction and the higher castes are beginning to be touched by the Gospel.

The leader of this meeting will do well to write to the mission board of his church for material to make this topic vivid and vital to his society.

Torch Bearers of Africa

B. Y. P. U. Topic. Isa. 52:7; Rom. 10:15

IN the January missionary meeting a glimpse was given of the strategic situation of Africa, of the struggle between Christ and Mohammed for the soul of the black man. No battle can be fought without leaders. In this meeting you should meet the men who are directing the assault of the Gospel on the darkness of Africa's heathenism. There are some illustrious names. Write to the Department of Missionary Education, 23 E. 26th St., New York City, enclosing 10c. and you will receive complete and inspiring information about this topic.

Our Duty as Americans

Epworth League Topic. Rom. 13: 1–7; Josh. 1: 6, 7

IT is a cardinal principle of Christianity that full honor and obedience is to be given to the civil powers of the State. The Christian is to be more loyal than he who is not a disciple, he is to keep all of the law, and he is to keep it as unto Christ. What then is the immediate duty of American Christians in this present year of war? America has gone to war calmly, without any passion except the passion for national righteousness and the freedom of democratic government which is her heritage and the central fire of her life. America's sword is drawn that men everywhere may be free. Christ died that men might be saved from sin. Americans will die this year, and perhaps next year and the year after, that men may be unfettered by governments not of their own choosing. Our duty then as American Christians is to give every last ounce of our power of mind and heart and muscle to this cause which, now, is the one great business of our people. Let us make our every minute support the nation's great endeavor, scrupulously observing every request of those charged with the nation's authority and striving to go even further in sacrifice than we are asked to go. Let us be loyally wheatless, meatless, porkless, eatless if necessary, but never faithless. But also, let us be sure that we do not fail in loyalty to Christ, let us strive even more than formerly to make our lives approved in his sight; for, when the war is over, lives strong in the strength of God, founded in faith, tempered by sacrificial love, will be needed to bring back to the world justice, righteousness, real freedom and the healing touch of mutual forgiveness that will bury enmities and re-cement friendships.

Miss Bentley's Valentine

Continued from page 189

—she choked again, but, after a minute, she spoke—"till today!"

A SILENCE fell on the little room. And then suddenly, from behind me, I heard a sob, and the old colored woman, the sullenness wiped miraculously from her black face, shuffled forward and knelt beside the bed. Her hand was like a blot on the whiteness of the coverlet.

"Oh, Miz Bentley, honey," she said, "it's been years——"

The figure on the bed stirred uneasily. The voice, a very gasping voice, spoke—

"Sixty years," said the voice. And then, "'I love you!'"

I went softly to the other side of the bed. Softly I knelt.

I looked at Miss Bentley, lying there so quietly. And I knew that I was facing a psychological moment—a moment when I should speak to her heart. I knew that a minister of the Gospel would have prayed over her, would have quoted comforting Scripture. But the somberness of that little room had laid its chill upon my very soul, and I found that I couldn't say what I most wanted to say. Only to myself I kept repeating over and over—"O God, let her know how you love her! Don't let her die without knowing!" And I reached out until my hand touched the hand under the covers, the thin hand that was clenched above a pasteboard heart.

Perhaps I knelt there half an hour—I'm not sure. The only sound in the room was the sound of the woman's labored breathing, and the sobbing sighs of her old servant. And then suddenly, gloriously, God answered my prayer. For Miss Bentley, who had never moved in sixty years, sat suddenly erect. There was a wonderful, *seeing* expression on her face. And her hands came out from underneath the covers as if some magnet drew them. And she extended them toward Something past the foot of the bed—Something that I couldn't see.

"Loves—me!" she said. And then all at once, marvelously, I saw sixty years of pain and bitterness wiped from a face, leaving it the face of a white-haired little child—a little child who knew that there was a God, and trusted him.

"'Now I lay me,'" said Miss Bentley clearly, "'down to sleep—I—pray—the—Lord—my—soul . . . to—keep. . . .'"

The message of love had reached her soul at last.

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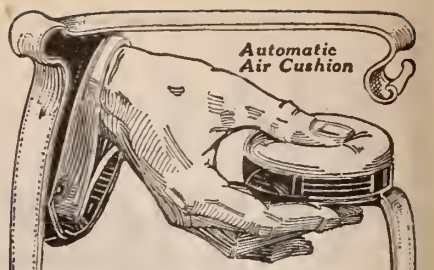

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"I must write and tell you about my Kellogg Pedigree Plants. They are certainly the finest plants ever grown. I never in my life saw such a big crop of big lovely berries. They are the sweetest and most delicious berries I ever have tasted. I am now picking every day, and the vines are still thrifty and loaded with fancy berries." Mrs. James Maynard, Pa.

"Kellogg's Everbearers have gone beyond my highest expectations. They are wonderful. We had ripe strawberries right up until Thanksgiving." J. A. Thomas, Missouri.

This valuable book also tells how to make one acre of strawberries do the work of two—how to grow two big crops of berries from the same land the same year. It pictures and fully describes the leading standard and everbearing varieties and tells how to grow, pick, pack, ship and market the berries. *It costs you nothing.* Just fill out and mail the coupon below and it will be sent to you *Free and Postpaid.* It also tells all about the wonderful

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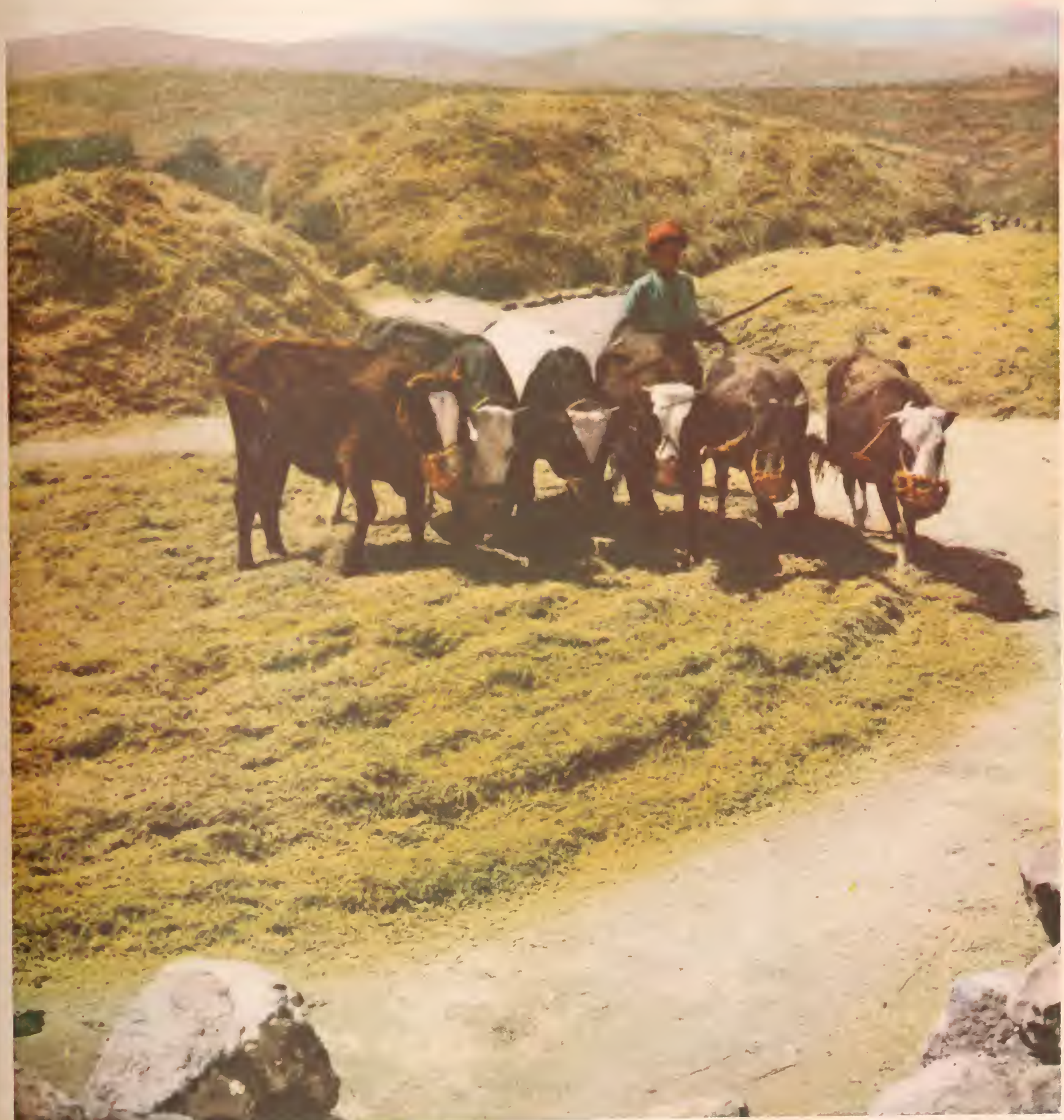

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Cover Story Inside

THE MUZZLED OXEN

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

Blond Eskimos of the Mackenzie River country, the parishioners of Missionary Girling

Civilizing the Blond Eskimo

A Great Change in a Race Redeemed from Cruelty, Immorality and Gross Superstition

By WILLIAM THOMPSON

IT is said that the Russian peasant is among the most superstitious of all mankind; but the Eskimo, un-Christianized (and this applies to all the Arctic Coast tribes of Coronation Gulf), has superstition woven into the very fabric of his nature. If he has killed a bear with a rifle, he must not kill a deer with it. He will not use an implement if a woman has stepped over it. A dead whale or seal, when brought ashore, must have a drink. If he moves into a house by the door, he must go out by the skylight. If a child has died, the father stands guard around the igloo with a snow knife, to keep evil spirits away. He will not drive nails at that time. If he wants work done, another Eskimo will do it for him. After the birth of an infant, the female has new clothes made for herself and the child of caribou skin. She builds a snow igloo and goes into it alone to bear her infant. Few have been known to die at this time. The mother stays in the igloo for a month; no one is allowed to go near her. After the expiration of the month, all the bedding and clothing she has used are buried under a stone.

Conjurers and medicine men give advice and cast out evil spirits. They are paid in skins, rifles, or any other article which comes in daily use among these people. Some of the "swells" of the tribe wear a belt with decorations of sealskin, ribbons of different colors and little dolls made of ivory attached. There is a goddess of the sea and a goddess of the land, both very large and very strong.

When a member of a tribe dies, only the next of kin will attend the funeral services. When they bury, if in winter, they take the body on a sled, conveying it to a small island or promontory. Here they build a grave of rocks and place therein the body. Just before covering, the lashing around the body is cut. All the effects of the deceased are left at the grave, and often presents are brought. They mourn for a month, and the nearest relatives abstain from meat and other specified articles of food during that time.

IT was the custom a generation ago to cut great gashes or holes in the lower lip, and insert stones there. A few of the older generation can still be seen at Herschel Island and Fort McPherson disfigured in this manner. The women of two or three generations past wore a large labret in the middle of the under lip, as is the custom of many South Sea Islanders. The size of the hole increased as the woman grew older, necessitating a larger ornament. To kill a fellow man was to gain the right to tattoo the face from the mouth to the ears. The women had their lower lips tattooed, as do the Maoris of New Zealand. In 1900 nearly all girl babies were put in the snow to die, although sometimes a humane parent would spare the child. This practice has not been known since 1901. In 1900 a native might have two or three wives. If a woman could make a sealskin boot that was watertight she would be eligible as a wife. The older wife would look after the camp, the younger would bear the children.

In Herschel Island, where the sun shines continuously for eight weeks in summer, they would have a sun-dance, not always clothed in the garments of propriety. They had an idea that when the sun came back its movements were directed by an invisible power, but they had no tangible conception of a God. They had no belief in a future life, either of reward or punishment. Today they are religious, truthful, kind to their children and to the aged. They are ambitious to learn; they are practical, extremely industrious, sanitary in their habits, well clothed and well housed. Insanity is unknown, but tuberculosis is quite common.

They whale in summer and trap in winter. They

The missionary stops for lunch while the dogs rest

are clever in trading, good workers on land, water and ice, and take excellent care of their household effects. Tools if broken are neatly repaired. When at Herschel Island or Fort McPherson they eat the white man's food with great relish. In summer they eat their fish and blubber raw and in winter frozen. They like food cooked, but it is a matter of indifference to them. They will barter for the white man's food, eat a hearty meal of it, and then go out and eat blubber and raw fish as dessert. The contents of a deer's stomach they consider a great delicacy.

The Eskimos have no fear of death; if told that death is approaching they will respond with a complacent smile. They are even more stoical than the Mongolian. Trouble does not affect them at all. They are a very happy people. Their natures are childlike, and they do not continue in the same frame of mind for two minutes at a time. They are good-natured and humorous and very inquisitive. Their emotions are sudden and short-lived—uproariously happy one moment and almost crying the next. Their faces are now wreathed in smiles, now a picture of woe.

The Eskimos of the Delta and Coast are almost white. Their conceit is gigantic, for they call themselves "Inuits," which means "The men of the whole world." They think the Northern Lights are spirits of the dead playing with the head of a walrus. The example of Mr. Bompas influenced the younger and older generations for good. His constant and untiring effort for their welfare convinced them of his absolute sincerity.

IN 1892 Isaac O. Stringer, a classmate at Toronto University of the Rev. Canon S. Gould, secretary-general of the Missionary Society of the Church of England of Canada, was taking a theological course at Wycliffe College. He responded to a call to locate at Fort McPherson, was ordained, and entered the work with the zeal which has characterized his efforts for the past twenty-seven years. He has since been made Bishop of Yukon. Services were held by him at trading-posts to which the Eskimos came to dispose of their furs. He made visits to their settlements winter and summer, also making periodical trips to Herschel Island in the Arctic Ocean, a journey perilous in the extreme, covering a distance of four hundred and forty miles from Fort McPherson and return. He traveled with bands of Eskimos during their spring migration. He has several times escaped death at the hands of fanatics, as well as by exposure to the elements, having made journeys of from two to three thousand miles by dog team.

In 1897 this devoted man took charge of the mission at Herschel Island, situated near the seventy-seventh parallel north latitude, and but thirteen degrees from the North Pole, it being the most northerly Protestant mission, and also the winter quarters of the whaling fleet. The conditions at Herschel on the arrival of Bishop Stringer were very distressing. Immorality was everywhere prevalent among the whalers, liquor was traded or freely given, and an hour after the arrival of a ship the rational, sober population was turned into a mob of howling, drunken men, women and children.

THE influence of the missionaries, who were steadfast in their belief that these conditions could not always prevail, gradually brought about a change for the better, and at Fort McPherson in 1917 I saw two or three hundred Eskimos and not one of them intoxicated.

Bishop Stringer has been a benefaction and a great father to the Eskimos of the Coast and Delta. He has been mentor to those who sought his advice in matters both spiritual and temporal. He has nursed the sick, made coffins for the dead, dug their graves, and officiated at the last rites for the departed. In 1909 he visited the scenes of his earliest labors at Kittigagyuit in the Delta, and instead of finding a dependent, begging people, as he had left them, the mission party were the recipients of every attention and extravagant hospitality possible at the hands of the Eskimos.

During the winter of 1910, Explorer Stefansson, writing from some point to the north of Great Bear Lake, reported the discovery of a large number of Eskimos hitherto supposed to have been unknown, but without doubt belonging to the tribe Kilnermium from the Coppermine River region.

IT was Bishop Stringer's wish to establish a mission among these unknown people. He commissioned Rev. W. Henry Fry, now of Herschel Island, who was ordained for the work and who, with several "Huskies," left Herschel Island in the mission schooner Tiliyak (meaning "Messenger") for the voyage of 1,380 miles. The expedition resulted in the establishment of the St. Andrew's Mission at Beruard Harbor, 690 miles from the eastern boundary of the diocese of the Mackenzie River. Rev. H. Girling, one of the most intrepid missionaries that ever went to the North, is now among the "Blond Eskimos," and in charge of this mission.

IN 1916 Girling's boat, the "Atkon," burned on the Arctic coast near Clifton Point, after running on a reef. The crew was saved but narrowly escaped death. Most of the provisions and outfit were saved.

There is a divergence of opinion regarding the evangelization of the Eskimos. Explorer Amundsen came in contact with ten different tribes during the voyage of the "Gjöa," when he was negotiating the Northwest Passage. His conclusion was that the Eskimo who is entirely isolated from civilization of any kind is the most honorable, the healthiest and the most contented. Admiral Peary and Explorer Stefansson concur in this opinion.

It is difficult, however, to believe that the religion of the people of the Arctic is only, as Stefansson calls it, an "Eskimo-ized Christianity" when one has such evidence as the following prayer translated by the Rev. E. Hester of Fort McPherson. The prayer was written by an Eskimo who is a confirmed cripple, and who, a few years ago, was an enemy of the white man's creed.

Prayer

"To you, the God of Truth and Light and Love; to you I speak; to you, who are highest, holiest and noblest. Now I know there is bad within me; when you see it, forget. I am just like others of my people. We were afraid of the spirits. Our chief aim was to get food and fur, to make our bodies comfortable. In this we were little more than beasts, who want only a warm place to lie down in with a full belly. From the beginning we lived in fear, in ignorance and in darkness; but now, from afar, we see light rising; but, alas! in the faint light we see the filth of our lives. We understand that you are our Father, whose heart is bursting with love for us; that you love all truth and mercy, light, cleanness and goodness; and that you hate the false and the dark, the cruel, the unclean and the bad. So, we pray, make the light brighter, that we may see more clearly and learn more of you. Cause us to hate that which you hate and to love that which you love. Father, I and my people will be strong for you. We will fight against the bad; we will fight for the good only; we will use our head, our heart, our hands and our feet, our tongue and all that we have, to follow truth, to gratify and please you. Amen."

Is not such an inspiration from the mind of an aboriginal proof that the "Kabluna's" Christianity is comprehensible to the Eskimo?

The English Manifesto on the Second Advent

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D., Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

I

NOT a little discussion was caused by this Manifesto when it first reached the United States, and some people feared it would create a religious panic. However, the memory of it is now so dim that it needs to be recalled, even for the purpose of this article.

What kind of men were they who put it forth? Not a fanatic nor a crank among them, not a pacifist, nor a slacker so far as the writer's acquaintance goes. There were among them Anglican clergymen of the first rank in character, in preaching eminence, and in administrative ability. One of the signers was the editor of a widely known religious journal. One had held the highest office within the gift of the great Baptist denomination which he honors. Another had been the president of a Congregational theological college. One is the pastor of the most noted church in Christendom. Two or three were men on whose lips have hung thousands of American auditors at the Bible conferences at Northfield, Montrose, Winona, Mountain Lake Park and elsewhere. Their books have been among the best sellers in the United States and Great Britain and her colonies. Some of us have crossed the ocean to listen to these men at Keswick. They have the respect and confidence of tens of thousands of Christians all over the world.

II

WHAT did these men say? Here are their seven points. Let us look at them:

1. The present crisis points toward the close of the Times of the Gentiles.
2. The revelation of our Lord may be expected at any moment, when he will be manifested to his disciples.
3. The completed Church will be translated to be forever with the Lord.
4. Israel will be restored to its own land in unbelief, and be afterward converted by the appearance of Christ on its behalf.
5. All human schemes of reconstruction must be subsidiary to the second coming of our Lord, because all nations will then be subject to his rule.
6. Under the reign of Christ there will be a further great effusion of the Holy Spirit upon all flesh.
7. The truths embodied in this statement are of the utmost practical value in determining Christian character and action with reference to the pressing problems of the hour.

N. B.—This is a general statement, which does not profess to decide on particular details of prophetic interpretation.

III

WITH what do we find fault in the above, and why?

(1) Does not the present crisis point "toward the close of the times of the Gentiles?" But what is meant by "the times of the Gentiles?" people say. That's the point. People, even Christian people, are so lacking in understanding of the Bible that they do not know what "the times of the Gentiles" means. There is before the writer's eyes just now a counter-manifesto by the representative of a great religious body in this country which straightly declares that these men "issued a prediction of the speedy end of the world"! Such blindness (the author of the words did not mean to speak falsely) would be unbelievable, had we not been accustomed to it on the part of so-called Christian leaders for a long while. But these English ministers predicted no such thing. Every one of them knows, and most of them are in print to the effect, that even if "the times of the Gentiles" were altogether run, at least a thousand years would intervene before the end of the world. Let us keep steady, therefore, and not rock the boat.

(2) May not the Lord be expected at any moment? Did he not say, "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man" (Mark 13 : 32)? Has not the attitude of watching been that of the faithful Church from the beginning? But it is only those who are ignorant of, or else deny, the dispensational teaching of the Bible who associate his coming with the end of the world.

(3) Will not "the completed Church" be translated to "be forever with the Lord?" What Christian questions the teaching of I Thess. 4 : 16-18 on that point?

(4) Will not Israel "be restored to its own land?" If there were never a Bible prophecy that spoke of it, who can read the current newspapers and remain in doubt about it? And if restored, will it not be "in unbelief?" Who will affirm that all the Jews will become Christians before they return to Palestine? And if afterward they shall be "converted by the appearance of Christ on their behalf," what is there in that to cause panic? Was not Saul of Tarsus converted thus? And has not his conversion proven the greatest blessing to the world? And does not he say that "If the casting away of them (the Jews) be the reconciling of the world (as it was by the preaching of the Gospel to the Gentiles), what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?" (Romans 11 : 15). Could the world today covet a greater blessing than the salvation of the Jewish nation by whatever means? Will it not be to the world as life from the dead?

(5) The real trouble with the Manifesto begins at the fifth point, which has been grossly misunderstood. Some have supposed that it advocated a cessation of the war without settling anything. But these men are speaking only of what will be true when Christ comes. They are not discouraging enlistments, nor the purchase of Liberty Bonds. They are not urging the shutting down of the ammunition factories nor the weakening of the British lines, nor the withdrawal of the fleet from the North Sea. These men are reasonable men. They are patriots. They are suffering for their country gladly. They have given of their sons to die for it, and they are ready to die for it themselves. But if all men believed as they do, that "human schemes of reconstruction must be subsidiary to the second coming of our Lord, because all nations will then be subject to his rule," what would follow? In that case all men would be looking up to him for wisdom and patience and guidance at this crucial hour, and would not that be better than trusting simply in themselves?

That is what the Manifesto means, and that is all it means, when it says at the seventh point (the sixth may be omitted for the present), "that the truths embodied in this statement are of the utmost practical value in determining Christian character and action with reference to the pressing problems of the hour." Certainly if they are truths that is the fact: and if they are not, it might easily be shown from the Bible, one would think.

IV

THE question arises, Was the putting forth of the Manifesto at this time and in that way an act of wisdom? We are inclined to answer, No; not because its utterances are untrue, nor because they are controversial; but because it came (*a*) without any explanation, (*b*) at a time of unprecedented world excitement, and (*c*) upon a public, even a Christian public, which, with comparatively few exceptions, was unable to adjust its thinking to its claims.

A serious assertion this, and one which needs a supporting witness, which we find happily in Professor Walter A. Athearn in a current issue of the Christian Educator. Professor Athearn is well known in

Continued on page 237

The liner Tuscania, torpedoed February 5, while transporting American troops

U-Boat Torpedoes the Tuscania

ON February 6, the cables brought the startling news of the sinking of one of our army transports, the Anchor liner, Tuscania, which had been torpedoed off the northern coast of Ireland, with the loss of 166 lives of which 147 were American soldiers. Her captain was Peter McLean and she was manned by a British crew and had been assigned to the American transport service, being on her first trip, with 2,179 American troops and a crew of 222. She was struck at dusk, about 6 o'clock on Tuesday evening, February 5th, when in sight of the Irish coast. It is said that one torpedo missed, but the second struck her amidships, near No. 1 boiler, and the great liner at once took a strong list to starboard, but remained afloat for two hours, affording time for the transfer of those on board to the rescue ships and destroyers which came promptly in answer to the wireless call.

With the impact of the torpedo, the lights on the big liner were immediately extinguished. For a few moments there was confusion; then discipline asserted itself and the soldiers and crew assembled at their boat stations. There was nothing like panic on the deck of the vessel at any time. Promptly the ship's officers got control of the situation, and the military co-operated. The American soldiers lined up on one side of the vessel, while the British crew stood at attention on the opposite side, lined along the rail. It was a tense moment. The boats were being launched, and swift preparations were being made to escape from the sinking vessel which had now an increasing list. An American soldier raised his voice and began singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Strong and full came the notes, but he had not finished more than the first line of the national hymn, when his comrades, all up and down the deck, took it up and swelled the strain. Facing them, the Britishers sang to the same tune the words of "God Save the King." After this outburst of song, which seemed to steady the nerves of all on board, the work of lowering the starboard lifeboats went on with energy. A few men ran with eager haste to get seats, but there was no excitement. Some in their hurry missed the boats and fell into the icy water. One or two of the first series of boats capsized while they were being manned and lowered, and their occupants were thrown into the water. Other boats which were being let down came right on top of them, and it is believed that a number of lives were lost in this way. Some men who jumped into the sea from the liner's sloping deck were rescued in an exhausted condition, after remaining afloat for several hours.

Many of the soldiers who had put on life-belts, leaped overboard, and doubtless hundreds of others would have followed their example, when help came unexpectedly; a destroyer drew up along the starboard side of the Tuscania. Men leaped from the sides of the vessel and from the saloon deck to the deck of the destroyer, and it was not until several hundred were taken aboard—all she could carry—that she moved away, with her load of Americans. Then another British destroyer came out of the darkness into view on the port side of the sinking liner. This side was high out of the water, but ropes were available, and soon the men were sliding down the incline on hands and knees, guiding themselves by the ropes.

WHILE the work of rescue was going on, the American soldiers and the crew behaved admirably. There was not the slightest disorder.

Survivors give interesting accounts of the situation at this critical time. James Alson Turrington, a New Hampshire college student, said: "There was great difficulty in lowering our lifeboat, the chains being broken and the tackles entangled. Several boats capsized and the struggle in the water of the men thrown out added to the tragedy. I entered a boat with forty others, but it became filled with water and we had to jump out. I caught two oars which had been lashed together and held on. I was in the water for three hours before I was picked up."

First Lieutenant George Newton Hall of Los Angeles, an officer of the American Engineers, was sitting on a lounge reading when the torpedo struck. He shouted the word "torpedo!" and hurried to the lifeboat staff on the port deck. He said: "It was surprising to see how the new soldiers carried out their duties like veterans. We got the first boat down to the saloon deck, where it was promptly filled with soldiers, and was lowered into the water without mishap. The second boat, however, was being lowered when the wind carried it on to another lifeboat, crushing it and several of the occupants. We then launched three more without further trouble." Lieut. Hall followed by Lieut. Wallace Patterson of Cleveland slid down a rope into the last boat that was launched. It was loaded to the water line with 65 men. Turns were taken at the oars for three hours, when they were picked up by a trawler.

No one seems to have seen any indication of the torpedo, although the usual vigilant watch was kept. The signal had been given, however, from another vessel "Torpedo coming, Dodge!" But before anything could be done, the impact was felt. It is described as having been more like a crunching grinding forward movement, than a sudden, heavy blow. The Tuscania, notwithstanding her dangerous condition remained afloat for nearly two hours.

The first survivors were landed on the Irish coast at 4:30 A.M., on Wednesday, and for several hours thereafter patrol boats were busy picking up men who had managed to keep afloat. The largest number of survivors was landed at Buerana on the coast, near Belfast, where they filled the hospitals and several other buildings which were temporarily used as first-aid stations. Many of the women of the place voluntarily served as nurses and did excellent work, helping the doctors. Food, warm clothing and medical attention were promptly given. The Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. sent men and aid at once and the American army officials abroad took immediate steps to care for the men and to get them on their way again. The British Red Cross put its warehouses at the service of the Americans.

THE War Department on Friday was still without complete details. It was announced that among the Units aboard the Tuscania were the Headquarters detachment and Companies D, C and F, of the 20th Engineers, the 107th Engineer train, 107th military police, 107th supply train, Aero Squadron Nos. 100, 158 and 213, replacement detachments Nos. 1 and 2 of the 32nd Division of National Guard troops, from Michigan and Wisconsin, and fifty-one officers unattached.

The Associated Press correspondent in Ireland wired on February 7, the following figures:

	Troops	*Crew*	*Total*
On board	2179	222	2401
Rescued	2030	205	2235
Bodies found	126	....	126
Missing	21	19	40

In one Irish port there were 91 American soldiers in the hospitals. Some of the survivors were landed on the Scottish coast.

Splendid discipline on board the Tuscania, both among the American troops and the crew, alone averted a much more serious disaster. The bodies of 44 of the American soldiers were washed up on the rocks on Thursday, February 7, fifteen miles away from the scene of the torpedoing. They will be buried with full military honors.

An American officer, who was one of the last men to leave the sinking Tuscania, states that a British destroyer, immediately after the launching of the torpedo, dashed in the direction of the assailant and dropped depth bombs, which resulted in the destruction of the submarine. If confirmed, this would be a remarkable illustration of quick retribution following the enemy attack.

This attack by a U-boat, under cover of darkness, is the first that has succeeded against an American transport. Such an attack had been foreseen. On January 27, Secretary Baker had announced that the War Department anticipated an intensified submarine campaign by Germany against our troopships; that Germany had extended her submarine zone to include the Azores, the Island of Madeira, and the Cape Verde Islands, and there were other evidences of a coming Teutonic effort to strike a blow at our fast increasing army in France.

The Tuscania was a fast passenger steamer of 14,000 tons, being 567 feet long, 66 feet 6 inches beam, and 45 feet deep. She was launched in 1914 and had until recently been in the transatlantic service carrying passengers and commercial freight.

A Week in the World's News

ASKS BANKS FOR TEN PER CENT. Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo on February 6 sent a telegram to all the banks of the country asking them to set aside, each week for 10 weeks, one per cent of their gross resources to be invested in treasury certificates of indebtedness, which in turn will be converted into bonds of the Third Liberty Loan. It was expected that by this means at least $3,000,000,000 would be raised before April 1 and that the Third Liberty Loan would be offered to the country during the month of April.

ALL POWER TO THE PRESIDENT. Senator Overman of North Carolina introduced into the Senate on February 6, on the request of the Administration, a bill designed to put into the hands of the President complete power over all the war machinery of the government. The bill as drawn would make it possible for the executive order

Continued on page 242

The Pirate of Chusan

MANY'S the night we've lain awake while scenes from pirate tales drove back the enshrouding folds of sleep. But pirate clans, touched by the love of Christ, have turned to honest labor. Next week Maynard Owen Williams will tell how the missionaries invaded the pirate land of Chusan.

Dr. Clayton Sedgwick Cooper learned much in South America that you and I want to know. Next week he tells what the South American thinks of us folks up north.

Some wonderfully interesting letters have just been received from the relief workers in Palestine and Syria. Watch for them in your next Christian Herald

Did you ever forget? You will find yourself both mirrored and blessed in next week's sermon, "The Man Who Forgot," by Edgar DeWitt Jones, D D

The Year 1917 Among the Churches

Growth in Numbers, Union Movements, War Activities and Immense Contributions—Features of the Year

An Official Review by DR. H. K. CARROLL

REV. DR. CARROLL, who made the first complete Census of the Churches of America for the United States Government, is generally accepted as the leading authority on Church Statistics in this country. In this article he gives the record of what has probably been the most extraordinary year in modern Church history—a year of world-wide trial, from which the Church emerges stronger spiritually, numerically and in material resources. His presentation is one which should be read by pastors, church officials and members of all denominations.

THE distinctive features of the year 1917 among the Churches were: first, net gains in ministers, churches and members; second, strong union movements, particularly among Lutheran and Methodist bodies; third, great war activities; fourth, the raising of immense amounts of money for war and regular Church purposes.

I. As to the Union movements, three of the four Norwegian Lutheran synods have united in the formation of the Norwegian Lutheran Church of North America, constituting a body of 300,000 communicants, and reducing the number of different Lutheran organizations from twenty to eighteen. More important even than this happy consolidation is a pending union of three of the four larger bodies of Lutherans—the General Synod, the oldest, the General Council, and the United Synod South. In June, the General Synod unanimously adopted a new constitution for the proposed new body, and was followed with like unanimous action by the General Council in October, and the United Synod South in November. If the district synods of each approve, and several have already done so, the most notable union of the last half century will be consummated in November, 1918, bringing under one organization nearly a million Lutheran communicants. For the first time in history, all Lutheran bodies united last year in forming and conducting a Commission on War Activities.

Negotiations for the reunion of the Methodist Episcopal and Southern Methodist Episcopal Churches, which have been separate since 1845, are progressing slowly, several points in the plan having been decided favorably. Some of the most difficult ones, however, are yet to be settled, including the disposition to be made of the "Brother in Black." Union was proposed of the Northern and Southern Presbyterian Churches by the General Assembly of the former, and committees were appointed to consider the matter, the latter acceding out of courtesy. One small Reformed Presbyterian body has united with the Reformed Presbyterian General Synod. The long pending negotiations for the union of the United Brethren in Christ and the Methodist Protestant Church have been practically suspended.

War Activities

II. All the denominations, great and small, Protestant, Catholic, Eastern Orthodox, Jewish, became intensely active in the appointment and support of commissions to minister to the social, moral, intellectual and religious needs of our soldiers and sailors, co-operating with the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, and similar organizations. Even non-resistant bodies like the Friends, the Mennonites, the Dunkards, took up relief of war-devastated countries, or like objects as their bit of work. Chaplains were furnished for the Army and Navy, and voluntary ministerial service was organized under denominational auspices for camps and cantonments, all working in harmony. Many millions were contributed for these and other purposes by the Churches, through denominational commissions and through the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A. and other organizations.

Very Large Contributions

III. The contributions of the Churches for various denominational purposes were not affected unfavorably by the heavy calls for extraordinary funds for the war; on the contrary, the giving of the Churches for their own regular work surpassed all previous years and set a new precedent. To the war funds they gave immense sums. The Jewish people raised over $5,000,000, the Roman Catholics $3,000,000, and other denominations large amounts. The Sunday-schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church collected over $118,000 for the Red Cross. For denominational lines of work, both special and regular, the Churches broke the record in their giving. The missionary cause, home and foreign, commanded larger sums than ever before. The Methodist Episcopal Church gave five and a half millions to its missions, an increase of more than a quarter of a million dollars. The Presbyterian Church (Northern) gave four and a quarter millions, an increase of half a million, and the Congregational Churches reached their highest point in giving for foreign missions. The Northern Presbyterian budget for various kinds of Church work reached a total of $31,000,000 and more, a net increase of over three millions. The Protestant Episcopal Church completed its ministerial pension fund at the end of February last, not only raising its proposed $5,000,000, but going beyond the goal by nearly three and three-quarters millions. In addition, its regular contributions were $25,525,000, being an increase of more than $1,400,000 over the previous year. Campaigns in the Methodist Episcopal Church for educational funds resulted in about ten million dollars since May, 1916, or twenty-three millions in all, including amounts previously raised for that purpose. This Church has set itself the task of raising, in the next five years, $75,000,000 for its home and foreign missions, or at the rate of $15,000,000 a year. It has also raised a large amount for its ministerial pension funds.

Moderate Gains in Church Membership

IN some other respects the Churches have apparently not been quite so prosperous. The net increase of church members (573,315) is not large, either in comparison with the year 1916, or with the average of the last five years. It is not as small as in 1912—528,777—and in 1915—542,962—nor as large as in 1913—1,235,513—which was abnormal, following a very lean year.

In reckoning net increases, it must be kept in mind that church membership is constantly undergoing changes by losses and by gains. Some Churches keep a list of absent members, which grows from year to year. This list is not counted in the total of a few denominations. The number of deaths in one of the largest denominations last year was 44,375, or about one and one-tenth per cent. Taking one per cent. for application to the aggregate membership in 1916 of all religious bodies, we have a total probable loss by death of about 450,000. There must be, therefore, 450,000 accessions of new members to supply this depletion before any net increase can be figured. The losses by withdrawal, exclusion, etc., are usually much larger than the accessions by restoration; the losses by letter may be assumed to be almost offset by the gains by letter. Taking the various elements into consideration, it is probable that to show the net increase of 573,315 for 1917, the Churches had to take in a million and a quarter, more or less, of new members.

Church Growth a Natural Expectation

IN the United States, with an aggregate church membership of 40,515,126 in a population of, say, 103,000,000, at the end of 1916, nearly two-fifths are actual church members. But it must be remembered that infants and young children, also persons mentally incapable of choice, cannot, with a few exceptions, such as the Roman Catholic, the Eastern Orthodox, the Latter-Day Saints, qualify for church membership, and these classes are not included in the tabulations. The number of infants and children of nine years of age and under was, according to the United States Census of 1910, 20,391,996 in a total population of 92,000,000, or about 22 per cent. Some children of nine are treated as communicants, or members, how many the United States Census of 1916, shortly to appear, will show. Taking on this account, a lower percentage, say, twenty, as probably safe, we have as applied to the population at the end of 1916, estimated by the Government at nearly 103,000,000, 20,600,000 who cannot be considered as possible candidates for church membership, at least in 1917. This leaves, not considering idiots and insane, about 82,261,000 as possible church members, under the rule of the denominations generally. As there are, according to the returns for 1917, 40,515,126, it follows that the proportion of church members is a little less than one-half, or the number of church members in every thousand of persons qualified for choice as church members is about 493, which is by no means as bad as it is often represented, nor is it nearly as good as it ought to be.

Average Annual Increase

SOME careful observers hold that the fair expectation of net increase of the churches is at least two per cent. Two per cent. of the total of church members at the end of 1916, 39,941,811, would be 798,836. The actual net increase for 1917 was 573,315, which is less than two per cent. by 225,710, a difference that may perhaps be ascribed to war conditions.

It is only fair, perhaps, to mention the fact that many denominations, more than a hundred out of the 167, are either slowly declining, simply holding their own, or adding very slightly to their numbers. Then there are denominations which do not make returns annually, as the Methodist Protestant, the African Methodist Episcopal, the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, and have not done so in the last two or three years, these alone aggregating nearly 1,390,000 members. Altogether the class of what may be called unproductive churches in 1917 was quite large, and serves to reduce the percentage of annual gains of the Churches which report every year. It is obvious that these must grow at a better rate than two per cent. to make good for the others.

The average net increase of the six years 1912-1917, inclusive, was 736,542, and for the twenty-five years 1890-1915, 750,496. The variations in the past five years have been very great. Thus, the net increase in 1912 was 528,777; in 1913 it jumped to 1,235,513, falling in 1914 to 782,007, and in 1915 to 542,962, to rise in 1916 to 756,867. The increase reported by the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1917 in all its fields is the largest of the present century, 154,225, exceeding that of 1916 by nearly 54,000 and that of 1910 by 109,000. Dr. Baketel, the statistician of the Church, informs me that he does not know to what the extraordinary increase of 1917 is due in particular. Evangelistic meetings were general and reception of members from other denominations were considerable; but beyond these features he does not mention any others.

Ministerial Gains and Losses

STRANGE to say, the columns of ministers and churches show great fluctuations from year to year. The Disciples of Christ, for example, reported for 1916 an apparent decrease of 769 churches, said to be due to the elimination of mere estimates. Doubtless the revision was too severe, as a gain of 428 is reported for 1917, which certainly is not normal. Similarly the changes in the number of ministers are unusual. In 1916 the denomination reported an increase of 386 ministers; for 1917 a loss of 367 is registered. This extraordinary fluctuation must be due in large part to errors in statistics.

The Roman Catholic gain in ministers is large and steady—411 in 1916 and 450 in 1917. The Methodist Episcopal Church, with the largest number of ministers of any Protestant denomination, seems to be steadily losing in this item. There was a net loss of 68 in 1915, of 50 in 1916, and of 27 in 1917. There were fewer Congregational ministers reported in 1916 by 337 than in 1915. There was a net loss last year of 24 Lutheran ministers, of 27 United Brethren preachers, and of enough by various other bodies to bring the total decreases up to 751 in seventeen denominations. No Presbyterian body reports any loss in this item.

The question of ministerial supply, with the alarming decrease of attendance at theological seminaries, is becoming a serious one in several of the denominations. Notwithstanding the losses, the net gains for the year are 1,244, which is 790 larger than in 1916.

Gains and Losses in Churches or Societies

TWENTY denominations report losses in churches aggregating 851, the Lutheran Synodical Conference being credited with a decrease of 212, the Iowa Synod with 145, and other Lutheran bodies with 15. This does not necessarily mean that 372 Lutheran churches have ceased to exist; but that many have changed their synodical relations, and that faulty statistics are responsible in part, for there was a net increase of 228 Lutheran churches in 1917. The Southern Baptist body appears to have suffered a net loss last year of 321 in the number of its churches.

Among other losses reported are 26 by the United Brethren in Christ, 26 by the Hungarian Reformed Church (due doubtless to the net loss of 4,500 members, many of whom probably returned to Hungary). Some of the losses of the United Brethren, the Evangelical Association, the United Evangelical Church and other bodies are probably the result of the tendency to abandon small, weak churches where they are not needed, and to merge or federate congregations which have not become, or have ceased to be, self-supporting, particularly in rural communities, with churches of other denominations, from motives of economy and efficiency.

The net gain in the item of churches, despite the losses by eighteen denominations, footing up 851, is

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Statistics of the Churches in 1917

In the United States Only*

Denominations	*Ministers*	*Churches*	*Communicants*	*Gains in 1917* Min.	Chs.	Com.
ADVENTISTS:						
1. Evangelical	c8	c18	c481	....	....	....
2. Advent Christians	828	640	30,316	....	....	....
3. Seventh Day	578	2,076	83,239	20	40	5,515
4. Church of God (f)	t34	22	800	....	....	....
5. Life and Advent Union	c12	c12	c509	....	....	....
6. Churches of God in Christ Jesus (f)	61	66	2,224	....	....	....
Total Adventists	1,521	2,834	117,569	20	40	5,515
BAPTISTS:						
1. Baptist Churches (North Conv.)	c8,732	t9,702	t1,368,046	201	56	29,287
2. Baptist Churches (South Conv.)	t15,222	t23,376	t2,592,558	159d	321d	691d
3. Baptist Churches (Nat'l Conv.) (a)	t13,000	t18,600	t2,200,000	25	12	49,071
4. Six Principle (f)	9	13	731	....	....	....
5. Seventh Day	83	67	8,162	15d	15d	93d
6. Free	e200	e280	e16,380	....	....	....
7. Freewill (f)	914	834	57,231	....	....	....
8. General	550	545	34,000	20d	15d	100d
9. Separate	c100	c76	c5,180			
10. United	c260	c196	c13,698			
11. Baptist Church of Christ	c99	c93	c6,416			
12. Primitive	c1,500	c2,922	c102,311			
13. Primitive (Colored)	c1,480	c797	c35,076			
14. Old Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian	c35	c55	c781			
15. Ch. of God and Saints of Christ	c75	c48	c1,823	....		
Total Baptists	42,259	57,604	6,442,393	32	283d	77,474
BRETHREN (Dunkards):						
1. Conservative	3,173	992	100,000	67	12	....
2. Old Order	217	70	3,500	2d	....	....
3. Progressive	292	206	24,679	22d	24d	115d
4. Seventh Day (German)	t5	t3	t184			
Total Brethren (Dunkards)	3,687	1,271	128,363	43	12d	115d
BRETHREN (Plymouth):						
1. Brethren I		c134	c2,933			
2. Brethren II		c128	c4,752			
3. Brethren III		c81	c1,724			
4. Brethren IV		c60	c1,157			
Total Plymouth Brethren		403	10,566			
BRETHREN (River):						
1. Brethren in Christ	d178	d68	3,731			
2. Old Order (Yorker)	c24	c9	c423			
3. United Zion's Children	c22	c28	c749			
Total River Brethren	224	105	4,903	....	....	....
BUDDHISTS:						
1. Chinese Temples	c1	c12				
2. Japanese Temples	c14	c12	c3,165			
Total Buddhists	15	24	3,165	....	....	....
CATHOLIC APOSTOLIC:						
1. Catholic Apostolic	c14	c11	c2,907	....	....	....
2. New Apostolic	c19	c13	c2,020			
Total Catholic Apostolic	33	24	4,927			
CATHOLICS (East. Orthodox):						
1. Armenian Apostolic (h)	18	55	65,000	2d	2d	....
2. Russian Orthodox	t225	t260	t100,000			
3. Greek Orthodox	g80	g70	g175,000			
4. Syrian Orthodox	28	32	50,000	4d	2d	5,000
5. Serbian Orthodox	37	44	76,000	2d	1d	....
6. Rumanian Orthodox	e5	e5	e20,000			....
7. Bulgarian Orthodox	3	4	4,500	....	....	....
Total Eastern Catholics	396	470	490,500	8d	5d	5,000
CATHOLICS (Western):						
1. Roman Catholic	j20,433	j15,670	j14,618,197	450	150	148,750
2. Polish Catholic	k37	k45	k20,145	....	....	....
3. American Old Catholic	56	42	25,000	14	2	10,000
Total Western Catholics	20,526	15,757	14,663,342	464	152	158,750
Christadelphians (s)	....	70	1,500	....	....	....
Christians	k1,066	k1,360	k106,159			....
Christian Catholic (Dowie)	c35	c17	c5,865	....	....	....
Christian Union	b365	b330	b16,825	....	....	....
Church Christ. Scient. (l)	3,138	1,569	....	140	70	....
Churches of God	441	514	28,575	7	30	542
CHURCHES OF THE LIVING GOD (Colored):						
1. Christian Workers	c51	c44	c2,676	....	....	....
2. Apostolic	c30	c15	c752			
3. Church of Christ in God	c20	c9	c858	....	....	....
Total Chs. of Living God.	101	68	4,286	....	....	....
CHURCHES OF NEW JERUSALEM:						
1. General Convention	93	124	8,500	9d	4d	....
2. General Church	t38	t22	t1,272	....	....	....
Total New Jerusalem	131	146	9,772	9d	4d	....
Church Transcendent	b2	b3	b148	....	....	....
COMMUNISTIC SOCIETIES:						
1. Shakers	....	t6	t233	....	....	....
2. Amana	....	c7	1,756	....	....	....
Total Communistic Soc.	....	13	1,989	....	....	....
Congregationalists	5,660	6,089	g807,993	....	....	12,200
DISCIPLES OF CHRIST:						
1. Disciples of Christ	5,957	8,961	1,236,808	367d	428	59,016
2. Churches of Christ	c2,100	c2,649	c159,658	....	....	....
Total Disciples	8,057	11,610	1,396,466	367d	428	59,016

(a) There are two Colored Conventions, but statistics have not been separated. (b) Returns for 1916. (c) Census of 1906. (d) Decrease. (e) Free Baptists have largely merged with the Northern Baptist Convention. These figures are estimates of the remnant not yet merged. (f) Figures for these bodies three years old. (g) Estimated on basis of three years' average. (h) While not historically a member of this group, it is similar and is thus classified for convenience. (j) Estimate by editor of "Official Catholic Directory" of 175,000 increase in population. (k) Returns two or three years old. (l) Denomination refuses to give returns for members, even to U. S. Census. Latest figures, for 1906, 85,096. (m) Heads of families only. (o) Not in list given in Lutheran Year Book. (p) Returns of 1913. (q) Figures two or three years old. (r) Returns of a previous year. (s) Several years old. (t) Estimates by editor of American Baptist Year Book. * Missions in foreign lands excluded.

Denominations	*Ministers*	*Churches*	*Communicants*	*Gains in 1917* Min.	Chs.	Com.
EVANGELICAL BODIES:						
1. Evangelical Association	1,046	1,597	119,855	10d	28d	532d
2. United Evangelical Ch.	530	947	89,628	14	1d	98
Total Evang. Bodies	1,576	2,544	209,483	4	29d	434d
FAITH ASSOCIATIONS:						
1. Apostolic Faith Movement	....	c6	c538	....	....	....
2. Peniel Missions	c30	c11	c703	....	....	....
3. Metrop. Ch. Assn.	c29	c6	c466	....	....	....
4. Hepzibah Faith Assn.	c36	c10	c293	....	....	....
5. Missionary Ch. Assn.	c35	c32	c1,256	....	....	....
6. Heavenly Recruit	c55	c27	c938	....	....	....
7. Apostolic Christian	c19	c42	c4,558	....	....	....
8. Christian Congregation	c26	c9	c395	....	....	....
9. Voluntary Soc. (Colored)	c11	c3	c425	....	....	....
Total Faith Assn	241	146	9,572		....	
Free Christian Zion	c20	c15	c1,835		....	
FRIENDS:						
1. Orthodox	b1,287	b748	b97,514		....	
2. "Hicksite"	35	159	17,698		1d	108d
3. "Wilburite"	c47	c48	c3,880		....	
4. Primitive	c10	c8	c171		....	
Total Friends	1,379	963	119,263		1d	108d
Friends of Temple	c3	c3	c376		....	
German Evang. Prot	c59	c66	c34,704		....	
German Evang. Synod	1,096	1,419	279,964	7	30	5,177
Jewish Congregations	1,084	1,769	m143,000	....	....	....
LATTER-DAY SAINTS:						
1. Utah Branch	b2,460	b913	b345,000		....	
2. Reorganized Branch	2,000	835	75,000	200	35	5,000
Total Latter-Day Saints	4,460	1,748	420,000	200	35	5,000
LUTHERANS:						
1. General Synod	1,438	1,857	364,072	13	10	3,323
2. United Synod South	257	484	53,226	4d	10d	1,436d
3. General Council	1,686	2,457	507,966	22	30	12,977
4. Synodical Conference	3,201	3,689	807,017	67d	212d	20,039d
5. Norwegian of America (Independent Synods)	1,247	3,378	300,000	10d	452	5,974
6. Ohio	685	916	138,742	16	4	1,352
7. Buffalo	36	49	7,395	1	5	1,865
8. Eilsen's	6	26	1,232	1	....	132
9. Iowa	576	1,056	125,458	24d	145d	2,261
10. Danish	74	112	14,463	3	4	200
11. Icelandic	16	55	4,598	1	5	419
12. Immanuelo	23	26	19,000	....	....	....
13. Suomi (Finnish)	40	151	16,511	1	4	1,491
14. Finnish Apostolic (o)	70	309	22,000	....	....	....
15. Finnish National (o)	22	72	8,000	....	....	....
16. Norwegian Free	198	420	20,536	13	29	8,176d
17. Danish United	143	185	14,996	2	5d	165d
18. Lutheran Brethren	13	18	2,000	....	....	....
Independent Congregations	92	257	33,925	5	57	6,425
Total Lutherans	9,823	15,517	2,460,937	24d	228	6,603
SCANDINAVIAN EVANGELICAL BODIES:						
1. Swedish Evang. Miss. Cov	434	279	40,000	2d	9d	....
2. Swedish Evang. Free Miss.	p152	p154	p18,500	....	....	....
3. Norwegian Evang. Free	p75	p153	p4,400	....	....	....
Total Scand. Evang	661	586	62,900	2d	9d	....
MENNONITES:						
1. Mennonite	560	257	14,148	....	....	....
2. Bruderhoef	32	20	1,033	....	....	....
3. Amish	128	64	9,888	....	....	....
4. Amish (Old Order)	161	60	5,496	....	....	....
5. Amish (Conservative)	60	23	2,619	....	....	....
6. Reformed	36	15	1,189	4	1	160
7. General Conference	209	130	17,037	29	14	1,586
8. Church of God	11	9	300	....	....	....
9. Old Order (Wisler)	20	21	1,421	....	....	....
10. Bundes Conference	46	27	2,425	....	....	....
11. Defenceless	12	14	824	....	....	....
12. Mennonite Brethren	155	140	5,516	....	....	....
Miscellaneous	91	48	4,646	....	....	....
Total Mennonites	1,521	828	66,542	33	15	1,746
METHODISTS:						
1. Methodist Episcopal	18,736	28,410	3,886,586	27d	50	143,555
2. Union American M. E.	170	225	20,000	....	....	....
3. African M. E.	q5,000	q6,000	q620,000	....	....	....
4. African Union M. Prot	q200	q125	q4,000	....	....	....
5. African M. E. Zion	q3,552	q3,180	q568,608	....	....	....
6. Methodist Prot	q1,410	q2,400	q201,110	....	....	....
7. Wesleyan Methodist	b7,590	b2,600	*b20,500	....	....	....
8. Methodist Epis. South	7,336	17,015	2,143,395	16	22	19,610
9. Cong. Meth	q337	q333	q15,529	....	....	....
10. New Cong'l Meth	c35	c35	c1,782	....	....	....
11. Zion Union Apostolic	c33	c45	c3,059	....	....	....
12. Colored Meth. Epis	3,402	3,285	251,560	330	89	10,762
13. Primitive Meth	274	294	28,600	....	....	....
14. Free Meth	1,250	1,175	34,956	57	10	193d
15. Ref. Meth. Union Epis	b25	230	21,172	....	....	....
16. Independent Meth	q2	q2	q1,161	....	....	....
Total Methodists	42,176	62,954	7,782,018	376	171	173,734
MORAVIANS:						
1. Moravians	142	125	21,535	2d	1d	676
2. Union Bohem. & Morav	q4	q21	q1,000	....	....	....
Total Moravians	146	146	22,535	2d	1d	676
Nonsectarian Bible Faith Chs	b50	b204	b6,396	....	....	....
PENTECOSTAL BODIES:						
1. Pentecostal Ch	b780	b941	b33,419	....	....	....
2. Apostolic Holiness	b231	b72	b2,700	....	....	....
Total Pentecostal Bodies	1,011	1,013	36,119	....	....	....
PRESBYTERIANS:						
1. Northern	9,621	9,831	1,581,443	36	47	38,416
2. Cumberland	849	1,446	65,644	113	....	1,909
3. Cumberland (Col.)	b375	b196	b18,066	....	....	....
4. Welsh Calvinistic	b91	b142	r14,668	....	....	....
5. United	995	982	158,460	22	10d	1,506
6. Southern	1,922	3,475	359,335	61	38	11,112
7. Associate	7	12	500	....	1d	....
8. Associate Ref., South	115	157	15,888	3	1	1,606
9. Reformed (Synod)	132	112	8,210	4	1d	271d
10. Reformed (Gen. Synod)	17	18	3,625	....	....	....
11. Reformed Covenanted	....	1	40	....	....	....
Total Presbyterians	14,124	16,372	2,225,879	239	74	54,278

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OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · Managing Editor GEORGE H. SANDISON · Secretary THEODORE WATERS

The Tuscania Sinking

THE sinking of the Tuscania, with the loss of 156 American soldiers and twenty-eight of her crew, is a painful incident in the great conflict in which we are now engaged. It will sadden many American homes; yet such events must be faced as to be expected among the ill-fortunes of war. Indeed, the wonder is not that a transport ship has been sunk at last, but that scores of our ships have ridden safely and landed a great army of our boys in Europe. The exception marks the rule, which is of efficient skill in sailing our troopships through enemy-infested seas.

The loss of even one American soldier is a poignant stab, not to his own kin alone but to every American, and the sudden death of seventy-three, without warning or chance of defense, is a blow that has thrilled and steeled the heart of the Nation to greater endurance and greater endeavor. These heroes, dying in duty, are destined to live a hundredfold in the stimulated energy and the increased activity of the Nation.

This disaster and these deaths bring home to us the truth that more important than life is the purpose one lives for, and more crucial than death is the manner of dying. These 2,200 young Americans faced death with patriotic song. The cause to which they had devoted and were giving up their lives was sufficient to hold their spirits exalted unto the end. Their courage and devotion furnish to all our soldiers and sailors and to all the rest of us an impulse and example that will not be lost.

Every great cause has its heavy cost. We must steel ourselves and never shrink. No race and no generation can have liberty, or be worthy of it, which will not pay the price.

Remembering the Suffering

TO the severe rigors of the times are added those of the coldest winter known in many years. Transportation has been disarranged and business disorganized to a degree never before experienced by the present generation; but, more deplorable still, the poor have been brought to a condition of privation and suffering all but beyond bearing.

The delay of shipping, costly as it is, can be withstood, and the loss of business can be survived. These things loom large in our eyes just now, but, after all, in the long run they matter less than the suffering of the thousands who are cold and hungry. The big worldly affairs will be readjusted and cared for, never fear. That seems to be the world's chief concern. But the spiritual needs of the world are not so widely championed. "The poor that cry and have none to help them" present the world's oldest problem and its gravest. It is a spiritual more than a material one, for to meet it we must give of ourselves even more than of our means, and as we do unto these we do unto Him.

In the large cities the charity organizations may be able to care for most cases of extreme want. The supply of means is generous. But in the smaller places and in country districts, where systematic helpfulness is not far advanced, there is much suffering that can be reached only by direct individual endeavor. Here there devolves upon every Christian man and woman a sacred duty—and yet in the light of the divine teachings and promises it is less a duty than a privilege.

How do the poor keep from freezing in the cold? How do they get food at prices so high? These are questions to which every real man will find the answer for himself. He whose heart leads him in the quest will soon know, and the answer will be in his own hands.

The Abandoned Baby

COULD it be believed that a baby abandoned on a doorstep, in an areaway, on the street, or elsewhere, has a better chance of surviving the ills of childhood and reaching maturity than the average baby cared for by its own mother?

One would not think it possible that a child turned adrift at birth, left out in the cold and wet, would have, physically, a better prospect of life than the average baby in its mother's arms.

But it is the fact. It is strange, but true.

Figures furnished by the New York Association for the Improvement of the Poor show that in that city only 11 per cent. of abandoned children die under the age of two, while 13 per cent. of all the children born in the city die under that age.

Why do the children abandoned on a doorstep fare better on the average than those that have their mother's care?

Because the foundling is kept in a room where it has sufficient fresh air.

Because it is kept reasonably and evenly warm in winter and cool in summer.

Because it is fed sufficiently, scientifically and, above all, regularly.

These are the simple reasons assigned for the fact that the child which would seem to have the least chance of growing up healthfully really has the best chance.

It is an antique stock joke that none know so much about raising babies as old maids. Well, the fact is that a corps of unmarried women, especially trained, are teaching the mothers of New York how to feed and otherwise care for their babies, and are thus turning thousands of sickly and fretful infants into healthy and happy ones.

Mother-love is the strongest passion known to humanity; and yet there is striking commentary upon the beautiful development of brotherly love in the fact that a philanthropic institution can and does better for a child than the average mother can.

The Inner Progress

"How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!"

FORTY years ago, two brothers came from Ireland to an American city with barely enough money to keep them over the first night. Mike went to work in the city at a dollar and a half a day, and is working for about that still. Pat pushed on out into the country and found a job at $15 a month with board. In the course of time Pat bought 100 acres of land and with his own hands and the willing help of his neighbors built house, barn and fences. He has raised eight sons and daughters, four of whom have gone through college. He is a prosperous, serene, progressive citizen.

Every community has its even more sharply contrasting types. There is the man satisfied with his material progress, but dead to the demands of the spirit; and there is that higher type of man, with whom wealth, education and standing are only means to a nobler cause, the opening of the minds of all the divine truths, the bringing of all into brotherhood, the uplifting of all.

In this fair land of ours are millions of like instances, showing that back of all general conditions there lie individual qualities that determine success and failure. Let us never forget that true progress is in the individual's own heart and hands.

Fifty Million Church Members

IT is a mighty showing of numerical strength which the combined forces of the 167 religious denominations of America present in the comprehensive review which we publish in another part of this issue. Dr. Carroll, who is the recognized authority on church statistics, points out, however, that the increase is not shared by all the denominations equally, but that a number of the bodies that have a large foreign-speaking element have had a "lean year," due doubtless to the war. This was to have been anticipated. At the same time, the great denominational groups have all made substantial gains in membership and in material resources, besides adding somewhat to the number of ministers and church buildings.

What spiritual progress has been made during the year cannot be indicated in statistics, no matter how gratifying the increase in membership. Yet, in a year of such tremendous upheaval, and marked by so much of sorrow and suffering, it is worth noting that the denominations have been drawing closer together than ever before, on lines of harmonious cooperation in Christian work. This and the further fact that all the great denominations are now vying with each other in spiritual efforts, in behalf of our soldiers and sailors, may indicate a stronger tendency toward breaking down the old barriers than can now be estimated. Another cheering sign is the very generous provision made for carrying forward the work of both home and foreign missions, which has been done on a scale that surpasses all previous records.

Still there remains the fact that the number of the bodies continues without apparent diminution year after year. The old boundaries may be getting attenuated, but they are still there. What a glorious army Protestant America would have to carry forward the banner of Christ and his Gospel, were these 25,000,000 Protestants to become one united force with that end in view! May the day soon come when they will no longer be rival factions, but all as one flock with one Shepherd.

Look for the Bright Things

ONE has said that laughter was the effect of original sin and that Adam could not laugh before the fall. Such a gloomy theologian never appreciated the poetical thought in nature when the trees of the field clap their hands for joy; never heard the music of the singing of birds and brooks nor breathed the fragrance of smiling flowers and blossoms. David's Psalms are full of singing and praising God because joy had been put into his heart and gladness into his soul. Our Lord said, "Be of good cheer; in the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me, fullness of joy." Therefore, pain and pleasure may be in the heart at the same moment. There are first tears in the cloud before the painting of the beautiful rainbow.

Is not the cheerful, smiling disposition an outward sign of inward pleasure? As the bee sucks honey out of wormwood, so the soul finds sweetness out of the bitter Marahs of life. The most melancholy minds, like that of the poet Cowper, have been the most humorous.

Cheerfulness rises from hearts of deep pathos, of rich sensibilities and quiet gentleness. It is more than the vigor of mere physical health; it is a kindly condition of soul purified in harmony with the Christ. He was not solemn and sour, like some saints, but full of joy, bright with blessedness, winsome to old and young. Such a heart is always thinking of others rather than of himself, everywhere scattering sunshine, while the gloomy are examining themselves and exhibiting their unhappy condition to every one they meet.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," and a cheerful physician inspires hope in his patient which is better than drugs. A smiling parent illuminates the home as a bright Christian fills society with hopefulness.

Is there not a bright side to the world's sorrow? Tears of love and of sadness flow mingled down our faces; unexampled benevolence for a score of noble causes is culturing character, making men more like Christ, uniting suffering nationalities into brotherhoods of kindly sympathy. The faces of warriors are turned heavenward, away from the luxury of wealth and ease, in their giving self for the preservation of the principles of righteousness.

When Handel's Messiah, in 1780, was first given in London, it is said that the audience was so deeply affected by the music in general that, when the chorus began, "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," all started to their feet, not excepting the king, and remained standing till it was ended. May not the whole world become equally thrilled when peace prevails and when all can sing, "God reigns and the governments of the nations still live"?

A Book for the Times

IT is astonishing to find how many people are interested in the study of prophecy at the present time; yet in view of the great events now taking place, it is perhaps the most natural thing in the world. To Bible students especially, there is a strong, compelling attraction in prophecy that is not to be denied. And any book or publication that can shed light on the deep and mysterious utterances of the old prophets is sure of a welcome.

So many letters have been received from readers of the Christian Herald making inquiry concerning the old book on prophecy mentioned in these columns several weeks ago, as having been issued in 1886 by Rev. Michael Baxter, that we have decided, in order to satisfy all who are interested in his interpretations of Daniel and Revelation, to publish a new edition of the book in question. It is now on the press and will be ready in a week or two at most. As a limited edition of "Forty Prophetic Wonders" will be issued, we would suggest that those who desire copies should send in their names and addresses to us as soon as possible, and copies will be reserved for them.

Everyone who is interested in the great prophecies should possess this volume. There are many books issued on prophecy nowadays, but we know of none that has a greater interest for the student who approaches the subject with an open mind, and a desire to know what the great interpreters of prophecy have written concerning the fulfilment of the foreshadowings in Daniel and Revelation.

Selling Hardware in War Times Is a Matter of Resourcefulness. Mr. Bob Returns from a Trip on the Road and Explains Why Business Was Good.

"A Pound of Nails is a Pound of Nails"

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

A RIPPLE of surprise went around the table.

Nine business men, upon whose faces the cares and anxieties of War were written indelibly, were actually smiling again.

"But how did you manage it?" demanded the stout gentleman who was crumpling up oyster crackers in nervous fingers.

For Mr. Bob had returned from two months on the road with a remarkable record. He had beaten his last year's record for hardware sales—this in the face of war and its uncertainties. The amount of building had decreased. There was less reason for hardware. But Mr. Bob's order slips clinched his statement. It was there in black and white. He had put it over.

Mr. Bob had been toasted and dined. The dinner in his honor had been embarrassingly picturesque. Now coffee in the cups grew cold. A waiter, suddenly interested, turned his back to the private dining-room door and listened intently. Mr. Bob was telling them:

"Anybody can sell goods in prosperous times," said he. "It's when things are going slow that real salesmanship comes out. That was the doctrine I preached on this trip.

"For example: When I reached a little town in the farming belt where the war was beginning to eat into people's consciousness, I found my big man there—Drake—scared to death. He wouldn't even think of putting in a new line of hammers and saws, although his stock was about gone. It was the same with other goods; —'conservatism' he called it. I called it just plain business suicide. I happened to know that about twenty blocks were going up in that county in factory buildings—special government contracts. The work was of a certain kind—quick, nervously active. We had premeditated a hammer and a saw for just such work. I told him about them. I told him how five hundred carpenters, from all over the country, had put aside pet prejudice for old tools, and used the wider-nosed hammer on the battery of buildings in Washington that were put up so speedily that a movie camera got the entire operation from first to last.

A soldier found pocket-knives always acceptable

"That changed Drake. He saw the light. It brought confidence back again. I sold a handsome order—more than usual. And Drake will get rid of every bit of it. Before I start on a trip I stake off my towns with information. If a factory is going up, I make it very much my business to get wind of it.

"Which reminds me. I have passed that knowledge on to every hardware dealer on my books: Keep posted on building plans a year ahead. Don't be content with what your local contractor or architect tells you; reach over his head and out into the places where financiers are planning million-dollar operations. Many times the people at Washington will supply this information—if you ask them. Just now, the decrease in home-building is somewhat offset by even bigger things. When an army cantonment goes up, they may bring carload lots of material to erect those giant cities, but there are enough extras to bring prosperity to the local hardware man—yes, the retail fellow.

No use comin' around this year

"I tell my trade to see the *constructive* things that war is bringing. They have been too inclined to look at the *destructive* side. 'Building is gone to pieces' is the cry. Not at all. In one Carolina district there has been more building during the past six months and more planned for the *next* six months than the same section ever knew before. Homes? Bungalows? No. Improvements on farms and on factories to take care of *new* lines and urgent Food Administration requirements!

"I talked with Jimmy Melrose. Jimmy is sixty and has a five-story hardware store that is the pride of the county. 'No use you comiu' around *this* year,' he said to me. 'No building—no building. Contractors and architects in this state are hiring out by the day on farms as milkers of prize Holsteius. Trot right along, sonny.'

"I rented a Ford and took Jimmy out for a fifty-mile buzz. He had been living too close to his business and his own counter. Ground was even then being broken for three new dairies not two miles away. There were thirty silos going up. A big rubber house was arranging to build a branch on the outskirts of the town to handle government orders. Every farm bristled with spring housecleaning. Because Jimmy had seen no *homes* being built he thought building had stopped.

"There is another hint I've given many a dealer—get away from the store once in a while. Drive through the country. Look up business and business optimism. Don't wait for it to come into the store.

"I proved another thing to Jimmy that interested and frightened him. He wasn't getting the business he should from his own section. The mail-order catalogue got some of it. A live Jimmy might have forestalled this.

"Major Anderson, of Wallack Hill, belongs to what I term the 'counter dealer' class. He opens up at seven and closes at nine. He contends that people will come to him if they want anything. If they don't, they won't. And that's bad! bad! I had a long talk with the Major about two weeks ago. He was 'cutting down.' He had let some of his help go.

"I went down into the basement with him and he showed me two rooms filled with fine ranges. They were beginning to rust. 'Nobody will buy a range these times,' he explained.

"'What have you done to sell these ranges, Major?' I demanded.

"'Oh, I run an electro in our local paper every two weeks, but it's no use.'

"I stayed there for five days. I made the Major use quarter-pages in the Democrat and the Times-Clariou. I helped him write the ads. We reproduced some of Mr. Hoover's food cards in small size and used up a liberal share of the space explaining how necessary it was to conserve. Never before did a kitchen mean more to a nation than right now. It was really patriotic to have an efficient kitchen. And the life and heart and gizzard of a kitchen is the range. As a matter of fact, the housewives of Wallack Hill had not changed ranges in generations. Their cooking facilities *were* inadequate. Food and fuel *were* being wasted. Our advertising copy put it squarely up to the women to look upon this range thing with pride as well as patriotism. There would be more bread-baking than ever soon—a new kind of bread-baking—a more difficult kind. More jelly and jam would be put up than ever before—more foods put away on the shelves for a rainy day. If ever a perfect range was needed it was then—now. It meant turning the kitchen into an ideal workshop. Were farmers in that territory using horses for field work? No; tractors. Well, there was just as much difference between an old worn-out range of fifteen years back and a modern range, as there was between a horse and a tractor. The Major was sure selling ranges when I left.

"This is the prime hour for a carpenter to replenish his tool-box. Funny thing, but the average carpenter will fuss along with worn-out stuff until he is driven to make a purchase. This is due, in part, to sentiment. These have an attachment for a saw or a hammer or a bit that approaches superstition. I have started many dealers this season to stimulating the sale of tools to carpenters. Prices are apt to go up. Metals—good metals—are getting very scarce. As soon as this war rumpus is over, there will be a grand rush to work in the building field. There is apt to be a shortage of superior tools. It is a man's duty to stock up while there's a chance. Little hundred-word sermons, with a good electro, telling the story, are selling the goods.

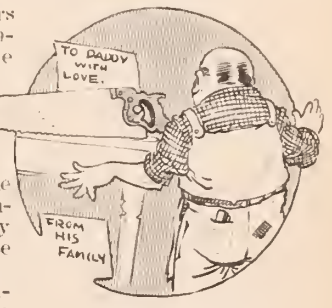
"A pound of nails is a pound of nails in the hardware business. Pretty nearly everything in a hardware store is a necessity—an economic necessity—not a luxury. The line can be sold, but war has made it necessary to find fresh appeals.

"Take paint. It isn't economy not to use paint. It's the most stupid sort of *false* economy. But people seldom stop to look at it in that way. 'We'll not repaint the house this year; we'll just wait and see what happens,' is the remark you hear. But if you take Mr. Houseowner aside—to the back of the store—and show him what happens to wood when another winter gets digging at it, he is apt to reconsider. When wood needs white lead, or floors need varnish, or shingles restaining, it's an urgent need. You might as well say to a man who is sick: 'Oh, the times are hard; we'll give you medicine next season.'

"This is a period of 'reason why' salesmanship. A dealer must be more than a machine behind a counter.

"A hardware dealer in a fairly large town on my books sold three thousand pocket-knives in three weeks. That was more than he would ordinarily sell in a year. A piece of white cardboard in a window and two cents' worth of lampblack did the trick. Here was an ideal gift to the soldier boy. The sign went on to tell that it was a lasting token—a practical one. The knives had name-plates for special engraving. It needed only a hint to begin the knife drive. They went like hot cakes. Nobody had thought of it before. Mothers and fathers and sisters bought those knives for the boys.

"Sometimes small and apparently silly ideas will stimulate trade. I saw a two-week campaign almost sell out one man's stock of building tools. The women folks were told that if they wanted to make practical gifts, the kind that counted and that meant genuine constructive help, they would buy birthday gifts of fine-tempered tools. Men needed saws and hammers and planes and the like. More and more odd jobs would be done by fathers and brothers at home, as an economical measure. Someone has a birthday every day in the week and every week in the year. Birthdays are a sure market. And fine building-tools are indispensable. A daily advertisement on these lines sold the goods.



Tools become popular birthday gifts

"One popular hardware man sent letters to practically every houseowner in town. One paragraph of this form letter read as follows: 'We are sending an experienced locksmith to your house. There have been broken knobs, lost keys, worn-out fixtures, loose hinges, tarnished parts that detract from the looks of your home and from its financial valuation. Permit our man to give a report on these important matters. It may mean a real saving; it may mean blocking a burglar. The service is free.'

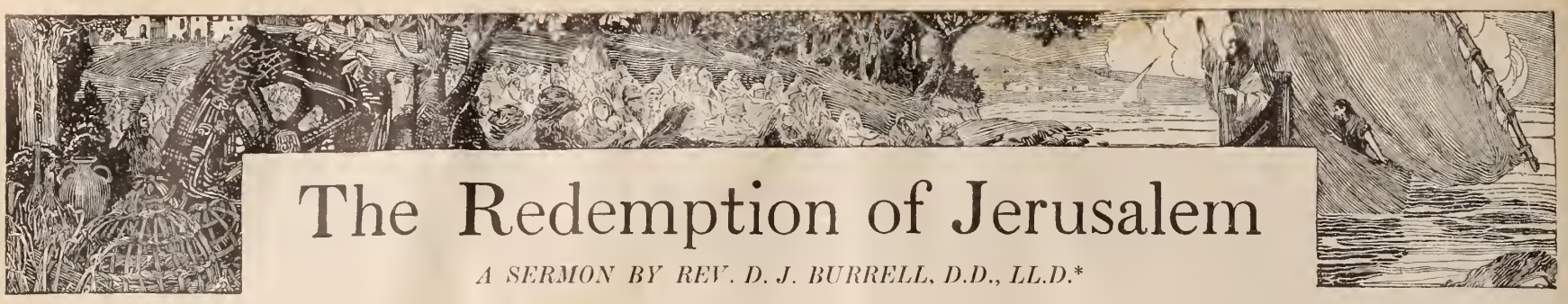
"That burglar touch was a shrewd masterpiece. In set folks thinking—wondering. Hardware was sold in tremendous volume. Two hundred new locks and even the fancy equipment in a little over a week.

"Constructive salesmanship is the kind the hardware man is doing, must do, more and more. In reality, it is insidiously making people do things they should do, in any event. The practice is ethically correct and valid. I have tried to make my folks out in the small towns look upon their own hardware stores as islands of safety for the community. You can do without a new fur coat or a diamond ring or fancy steaks, but you are robbing yourself when you let a barn door dangle on a broken hinge, or lose fifty prime white leghorns because the hen-house was built ten years ago and should be replaced by a new one that is impervious to mice, weasels and vermin. A hardware store, in war times of all times, is a center of constructive progress. It is a shop of building for the future and solidifying the past. I have sold goods in the face of pessimism. But it's simple—it's only common sense, salted and peppered, with a dash of paprika stirred in."

Old ranges came under suspicion

The stout gentleman at the end of the table crunched his last oyster cracker.

"Mister Bob," said he, "you actually make me want to go out into some small town and start a hardware store."



The Redemption of Jerusalem

*A SERMON BY REV. D. J. BURRELL, D.D., LL.D.**

TEXT—Psalm 122:6. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee."

AT the time of the Israelitish conquest of Canaan the approach was from the east. The formidable hosts of Israel, thoroughly organized and mobilized during the forty years in the wilderness, came up along the asphalt plains of the Dead Sea, crossed the lower fords of the Jordan, entered the narrow pass of Jericho and so approached the site of Jerusalem, which was then crowned by a mighty fortress of the Jebusites. But they were unable to reduce it. Four hundred years it stood as an impregnable menace to their peace. Then it was taken by David, who introduced the Ark of the Covenant and thus made Jerusalem not merely the capital city of Israel but the universal center of the worship of the true God.

It was five hundred years after this that Nebuchadnezzar laid siege to Jerusalem and, having destroyed it by fire, carried away its people into an apparently hopeless captivity. By the rivers of Babylon they sat down and wept; they hung their harps upon the willows and wept when they remembered Zion. Keeping their windows open toward their ancient city they mourned, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I count thee not above my chiefest joy!" In course of time the captives were permitted to return; the city arose from its ashes to a new career of prosperity, but only to await calamities further on.

THE next of the memorable sieges was in 70 A. D. when Titus came up with his Tenth Legion and great body of mercenaries and wound them around a the doomed city as with the coils of a mighty serpent. The events which followed have scarcely a parallel in history. The people held out until reduced to the last extremity by famine and pestilence. In their desperation they fought for the reptiles which crawled beneath the walls. The dead lay unburied in the streets. The gates were forced at length, and the garrison was driven back into the Castle of Antonia. A burning brand was thrown on the Temple and it was enveloped in flames. The golden eagles gleamed in the light of the conflagration and the standard of the Roman Empire was lifted above the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. All was over.

It is recorded that no less than eleven hundred thousand perished during this campaign, while ninety-seven thousand of the survivors were carried away into exile. The ruins were plowed over and sown with salt. On the Arch of Titus, which stands in the Roman Forum as a memorial of this victory, may be seen the long procession of captives; mothers with little children at their skirts, wounded soldiers tearing at their bandages, priests and rabbis with faces fallen upon their breasts; and above them all the golden candlestick with its lights gone out.

In the year 637 Jerusalem was again besieged by the Caliph Omar and a multitudinous army of Moslems. The feeble resistance of its inhabitants was easily overcome; and the flag of the false prophet floated from Mount Zion. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre was supplanted by the Mosque of Omar, from whose minarets for five centuries the call of the muezzin was heard, "Allah ill Allah! To prayer! To prayer! There is one God and Mohammed is his prophet!"

The Moslem spell was broken in 1099, when the Crusaders under Godfrey of Bouillon laid siege to Jerusalem and delivered it from the infidels' hands. A century later it was retaken by Saladin the Great and has continued under Moslem rule until this day.

THE Jerusalem of our time is a sordid place of about 25,000 inhabitants. The populous and formidable city of the olden time now lies buried a hundred feet below the surface of the earth. In the logic of passing events the mysterious prophet who was once heard proclaiming, "A voice from the East, a voice from the West, a voice from the four winds of heaven against Jerusalem and her people, because they have offended against God," is heard again; and again "Melchizedek, the King of Salem" lifts his hands in benediction saying, "Blessed be Abraham and the God of Abraham who hath not forgotten to be gracious unto him!" Can it be that the time is drawing nigh when Jerusalem shall shake herself from the dust, put on her beautiful garments and enter into her own?

In the vicissitudes of her history along the centuries *we observe a singular vindication of God's truth.* For these events are predicted in prophecy, in minutest detail and particular; the successive sieges, famines and pestilences, the raising of mounds and digging of trenches, the overthrow of her altars and scattering of the bones of her sacred dead, the destruction of her Temple so utterly that "not one stone shall be left upon another," the leading away of successive deportations of captives, the plowing of her ruins and their sowing with salt—all are recorded in prophecy. Thus it is written and thus it must be; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

When Napoleon was asked by an infidel friend if he could produce one notable evidence of the truth of the Scriptures in which he professed to believe, he answered, "Yes; the Jews."

HERE is also *a striking vindication of God's justice.* Be not deceived, God is not mocked: whatsoever a nation soweth, that shall it also reap.

The Lord is said to have "risen up early" to warn his chosen people of the perils awaiting them. He "sent his prophets" to admonish them, saying, "Why should ye be stricken any more? The whole head is sick and the whole heart is faint: Your country is desolate, is overthrown by strangers: and ye are left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a besieged city. Wherefore, put away the evil of your doings before mine eyes: cease to do evil, learn to do well. If ye be obedient ye shall eat of the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it!"

The Jews were called "the chosen people" because they were made the depositary of a singular trust; namely, the preservation and transmission of the Messianic hope. But they were recreant to that trust. When their Messiah came they crucified him, saying, "His blood be upon us and upon our children after us!" All subsequent history is in evidence to show that God has taken them at their word. They have been given over to judicial blindness. Every civilized nation on earth has accepted Jesus as the Messiah except the Jews. It was written of them, "The Lord shall smite you with blindness so that ye shall grope at noonday, as blind men feeling their way along the wall."

I was once present in a synagogue in Rotterdam where the services greatly perplexed me. The place was thronged with worshippers. There were no lights except a candle here and there which merely served to make the darkness visible. The high priest was chanting a miserere that enveloped the congregation in indescribable gloom. What could it mean? Then suddenly the service changed. The great chandeliers were kindled and tapers were lighted everywhere and waved aloft. Priest and people joined in a triumphant song, in which I could distinguish but one word. "Hosanna, Hosanna!" On inquiry I learned that this was the anniversary of the downfall of Jerusalem and the captivity of the Jews. "But what," I inquired, "was the meaning of the sudden light and the Hosannas?" My Jewish informant said, "This was the celebration of the Hope of Israel." Thus after nineteen centuries are they still groping, like blind men along the wall. When will the hoodwink be taken from their eyes?

IN the connection of current events with the past history of Jerusalem we observe, furthermore, *a complete vindication of God's faithfulness.* There are two salient facts concerning which the Oracles are clear: namely, the Dispersion and the Restoration.

As to the former there is no room for any difference of opinion. The oldest flag in the world is that of the Jews: two blue stripes on a white ground, with a double triangle as the symbol of unity. This is claimed to be the very standard that led the armies of Joshua when they advanced to the conquest of Canaan. Yet the Jews are the only nation on earth without a country, and of unity they have none. There are 400,000 of them in the Russian army, 250,000 in the German, 50,000 in the American and as many more in the armies of England and her allies. By this it appears that the Jews are not only fighting against each other, but fighting for every people but their own.

Their strange preservation as a "peculiar people" is another fact which can only be interpreted in the light of a special providence. Through all the vicissitudes of the weary centuries they have kept their distinctive character, their very cast of countenance, their commercial instincts and habits of life. They have come down through history like the Gulf Stream that, rising in the South Atlantic, courses northward until it empties into the Arctic Sea, all the while flowing between banks of cold water yet keeping itself apart, a volume a thousand times larger than the Amazon and of swifter current, bearing with it the genial influences of the Orient to temper the sterner climates of the North. So have this people been preserved through the centuries, scattered among all nations yet mingling their blood with none, true to their monotheistic traditions, even while rejecting their Messiah, and inadvertently contributing to the ultimate conquest of the Gospel by their loyalty to the worship of the one true God.

Is there no divine Purpose in this? If prophecy is clear as to the Dispersion, shall it be equally clear as to the Restoration? Multitudes of "Zionists" are hoping for it. Two-thirds of the land are said to be owned by the estate of Sir Moses Montefiore. This, however, is really a matter of slight moment. To restriet the splendid prospects of the Restoration to the narrow horizons of an insignificant province in a remote corner of the earth is to take a singularly meager view of the destiny that awaits this wonderful people. In any event there will surely be a spiritual Restoration; a coming to their right mind; an opening of their blind eyes. This was predicted by their own rejected Messiah when on his last visit to the Holy City he lamented its calamities, saying, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem; how often I would have gathered you, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not; and now behold, your house is left unto you desolate!" Then followed these significant words: "Ye shall see me no more until ye shall say, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!'"

IF this meant anything it meant that these people were to confess in the fulness of time, that Jesus of Nazareth whom they crucified was the long-looked-for Messiah, the veritable Christ of God. Never will the glory be restored to Israel until they fall in with the triumphal procession that has come down the centuries, waving palms and casting garments before him with the cry, "Hosanna, hosanna to the Son of David!" Never until they are prepared to crown him Lord of all.

In view of these considerations it behooves us as Christians to "pray for the peace of Jerusalem," for the peace that can only be found in a full and joyous recognition of the Prince of Peace. Let us look with confidence for the home-bringing of the chosen people; for so it is written, "I will give unto her the valley of Achor for a door of hope; and she shall sing as in the days of her youth. In that day they shall call me no more Baali, 'my lord,' but Ishi, 'my husband'; for I will betroth them unto me in faithfulness and they shall know me."

Let us pray for ourselves, also, that our ears may not be dulled to the lessons of the past nor our eyes blind at noonday. "O foolish Galatians," said Paul, "who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been set forth, crucified among you?" If the Galatians of nineteen hundred years ago were blameworthy, what shall be said of those who walk in darkness now?

And let us pray for our country. We are a Christian nation, founded by Christian forefathers on the principles set forth in the Gospel of Christ. The sign of the Cross is over us. We are bound by a Covenant as really as Israel was; and woe betide us if we ignore it. The pathway of history is lined with the ruins of nations that have proven recreant to truth and the precepts of the Moral Law. It is for us to say whether or no we shall suffer a similar fate, or by our faithful devotion to the God of our fathers be preserved until the dawning of the millennial day.

FINALLY let us lift up holy hands with our hearts in prayer for the world, this sin-cursed, war-stricken old world of ours. Heavy are the chastenings now falling upon it; but herein is the testing of our faith. The Spirit that brooded over chaos will yet bring order out of confusion. Above the roar and tumult of the Great Powers, behold the mountains full of the Lord's horses and chariots. The dust-clouds that gathered about the Turks who garrisoned the Ancient City and the Allied Armies who advanced to its overthrow shall not prevent the open vision of John the Divine: "I was in the spirit on the Lord's day and I saw the Holy City, *New Jerusalem*, coming down from God out of heaven prepared as a bride adorned for her husband: and I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, 'Behold the tabernacle of God is with men; and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God!"

*Pastor, Marble Collegiate Church (Reformed), N. Y. City.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Visiting the Great Yesterdays

SUNDAY, February 24. Deut. 4 : 32. "*Ask now of the days that are past.*" Yes, but what shall we ask about, and what kind of spoil shall we bring back from the treasures of the past? What have we in our purses or in our wallets when we return? In the life of Lord John Russell I came upon a phrase which set me enquiring about my own habits. In a speech which he made in the House of Commons he said, "We talk too much, I think a great deal too much, of the wisdom of our ancestors. I wish we could imbibe the courage of our ancestors."

It is a very suggestive word and one which may justly lead us to overhaul our ways. For it too often happens that when we go seeking for the wisdom of the past we bring back its prudence and reluctance. We go for counsel and we return with caution. We seek advice on our own new outlook and then we stand in the "good old ways." Now suppose we take Lord John Russell's suggestion, and visit our ancestors in order that we may imbibe their courage, what sort of courage should we bring back to the new demands of our own time?

Well, first of all, I think we should have courage to make new trails over untrodden country. That was one of their most shining characteristics. They were not afraid to break new ground. They would even obey the grip of a dumb imperative, not seeing the distant scene. They went forth, "not knowing whither they went." They were not afraid to take risks with God. They were not afraid to be pioneers into more scrupulous rectitude and larger freedom. They marched out, with trumpets blowing, over the roadless moors, trusting to the guidance of the Lord they served. And we, too, are face to face with untraversed country. We have new ground to break. The wilderness is before us, but we think we hear the call of the garden in the very realm of the desert! Shall we venture? Let us imbibe the courage of our ancestors and dare to leave their ways behind as they left the ways of those who had gone before.

If we drink the valor of our ancestors we shall have courage to stand by the Truth even when the crowd has gone another way. We can go to the past and talk with Mr. Worldly-Wiseman, or we can have fellowship with Mr. Valiant-for-the-Truth. Mr. Worldly-Wiseman is always in favor of safe measures, and he would go with the majority in the hope of something turning up, "you never know what!" His offered "wisdom" is always small prudence and compromise. But we need the courage of our great ancestors, courage to march with Truth in little companies, courage to "rejoice with the truth," in the absolute assurance that, in spite of all appearances, she marches to inevitable triumph. It is the courage which believes that Truth is God's leaven of the kingdom and therefore indestructible.

And we must imbibe the courage that sees the Captain, and is comparatively careless about everything else. Where is the Lord Jesus Christ in this business? There! Then forward into hardships, forward into light! J. H. J.

A Business Man's Faith

MONDAY, February 25. Luke 5 : 27, 28. "*And he went forth and saw a publican named Levi, sitting at the receipt of custom: and he said unto him, Follow me. And he left all, rose up, and followed him.*" This was a turning-point in the life of Levi. Our moments of decision determine our character and our destiny. Here was a quiet man, a business man, methodical and undemonstrative. He heard the simple sentence, "Follow me," and immediately, "without a word, rose up and followed" Christ. What lay back of this choice? Doubtless a previous knowledge of Jesus, and, deeply reposing in Levi's own heart, a conscious need, a yearning, for a more abundant life.

As we read these words anew, we perceive Levi's "reaction" to the appeal of Christ, manifesting itself in renunciation, a break with old ideas. "He left all." Then, the vitality of the impression Jesus had made upon Levi's mind expresses itself in action. He "rose up." The sincerity of Levi's surrender to the new ideal is revealed by his dedication. He "followed him." Levi was first a disciple, and then an apostle. He entered the school of Christ for training. That was the day of his matriculation.

The verse which follows these words indicates how deep and real was the work of grace in this revenue official's life. He went to work as a Christian should. He "made a great feast in his own house." He wanted to make Jesus known to as many of his friends and neighbors as possible. He invited his former associates, publicans, and others, to meet the Master. The first impulse of the sincerely converted man is to spread the good news. No one is thoroughly saved who is content to be saved alone. C. C. A.

Keeping the Lord Before Us

TUESDAY, February 26. Ps. 16 : 8. "*I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.*" Expounders of Scripture have been perplexed by the bold assertion which David makes in this text. They have declared it to be more than any human being can do, viz., to be always thinkiug of the Lord amid the multifarious duties and the distracting cares of this life. It is true that no man is so entirely consecrated to God as to be always consciously in touch with him. Hence the frequent warnings in Scripture, not to forget God.

But the text becomes perfectly clear when it is referred to Christ. In his sermon on the day of Pentecost Peter declares that David spoke these words of Jesus. In him there was an unbroken intercourse with God, so that he could declare to Nicodemus that he was in heaven, although at that moment he was conversing with the teacher of the Jews. Jesus kept the Lord before him, not only in the many hours which he spent in prayer, but also in his daily activities. He was certain that in his whole life there had not been a single step that was not taken in accordance with the will of his Father. When he declared that he had come upon earth to do what the Father had commanded him, he meant that not only the prominent acts of his life were performed in obedience to the Father, but all that he did or refused to do was so performed. He had placed himself absolutely under God, so that every preference which suggested itself to him at any time was yielded by him to the superior will of the Father. "Not my will, but thine, be done." His obedience was perfect and constant till the end, and he could truthfully declare his task finished when he expired.

This complete surrender to God filled Jesus with the assurance that God was on his side, and gave him the firmness of conviction and the courage that characterizes his public activity. This is the life that every man should live. When God demands that we should love him with all our heart, and all our soul and all our mind, he demands that we have him always before us. The life of Jesus—his whole life—is our ransom; it makes restoration for every default of ours. Next, it is our pattern; we are to have Jesus always before us, if we wish to please God. W. H. T. D.

The Free Will

WEDNESDAY, February 27. Ps. 106 : 15. "*He gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul.*" Israel lusted after flesh food rather than the manna, just as people today lust after the evils of the flesh. The body may grow soft and fat and luxurious while the soul becomes thin with spiritual barrenness. Daniel practiced self-denial, refusing the kiug's meat, while his soul fed on the richest heavenly manna. How many choose the riches of silver even if they lose the golden glory of character.

God will not break down the wall of the will. He wants no machine goodness. When he sees a man determined on an evil course, rejecting all warnings and pleadings, he gives him over to reprobate mind. The striving of the divine Spirit ceases because the heart is hardened. After such people grow rich and prosperous they are often deluded into thinking that God is on their side, because he has granted their request to increase in riches. They were, however, simply let alone, permitted to enter into temptation without hindrance, left free to do wrong, without the accusations of conscience or the gnawings of remorse.

What a blessed transformation when the covetous lover of wealth seeing the golden millstone sinking him into the depths of the dark waters, asserts his will power, surrenders his riches, crying out, "I come to do thy will, O God! I will make it my meat and drink, my all in all!" E. W. C.

Whose Shepherds Are We?

THURSDAY, February 28. John 21 : 15. "*Jesus saith to Peter. Feed my lambs.*" Peter Carter, a Christian business man of the last generation, used to teach a class of colored children in a mission school in New York. It is related that one day a stranger visited the school and was invited to address the children. He spoke about the Twenty-third Psalm and the beautiful relationship between the Oriental shepherd and his flock. He reminded them of One who called himself the Good Shepherd, and who said he knew his flock by name. He emphasized the tenderness and strength of the Good Shepherd. Closing his address he said, "Now, children, do you know who the Good Shepherd is?" Instantly many of the children cried out, "Oh, yes, we know—he is Mr. Peter Carter, he is the good shepherd." Mr. Carter was embarrassed, as well he might have been. The speaker, too, felt that the children had missed the point of his illustration. But what a tribute it was to the shepherdly heart and habits of Mr. Carter!

The apostle to whom Jesus spoke these words had failed aud fallen in loyalty to his Lord, but he was penitent and the Master pardoned his lapse and took him again into fellowship with himself, sealing the backslider's acceptance with a high and holy commission, "Feed my lambs." C. C. A.

Winning Through Faith

FRIDAY, March 1. I John 4 : 4. "*Greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world.*" David goes to meet Goliath in single combat. What a contrast! A giant pitted against a dwarf; a trained man of war facing a shepherd boy; a huge spear and a powerful broadsword plied against a sling and a few pebbles. This is not an even contest; it is too contemptible; the big husky warrior laughs and scorns to fight. But in taking the measure of his opponent he considered only physical qualities; he did not realize the supernatural force of a courageous faith devoted to the cause of Jehovah that had taken up his gauntlet. Tho battle was not to be one of muscles against muscles, and of skill against skill, but of truth against falsehood, reverence against blasphemy, calm trust in God against braggard defiance of God.

A single believer with the Lord on his side is a match to any godless opposition, no matter how formidable its dimensions. The rise and progress of the Christian religion is a commentary on this text: twelve humble men in remote Palestine start out to conquer the world, and succeed.

The lives of individual Christians are full of such uneven conflicts and surprising outcomes. It seems unreasonable, when one looks at the matter with the eyes of a man. But to the eye of faith there is nothing unreasoable in the outcome of this unequal combat. Faith expects to conquer in every conflict, not by its own strength, but by him who makes the timid bold and the feeble strong. W. H. T. D.

Humility

SATURDAY, March 2. Phil. 2 : 7. "*He made himself of no reputation.*" Jesus being in the form of God, made himself in the likeness of men, assuming the form of a servant. He gave himself away, died under shame and disgrace of a condemned criminal, on a cruel cross. The way to become godlike is not by grasping but by giving, not by self-seeking, but by self-surrender, not by strife and vainglory but by lowliness of mind. The way to God is the humble, suffering, self-denying way of the cross.

Jesus was not man; he took on him the form of man; "God sent his Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, but He was not sinful." Behold God takiug the fashion of man that he might sympathize with, suffer and die to redeem every man. He who humbleth himself shall be exalted, like the God-man who has a name above every name, a throne above every throne, where every knee shall bow in confession that Christ is Lord of all.

"Before honor goes humility." Are we like-minded, willing to suffer the loss of our good name, be cast out as evil, of no reputation for Christ's sake? Are we willing to suffer the loss of all things to win him and win men to him as he did to win the world? Was not Paul's life a vivid illustration of this idea? He was in prison for Jesus' sake when he wrote to the Philippians. His humiliation is now vindicated by the eternal weight of glory; having had no reputation among men, he stands loftiest among the mightiest in the heavenly places. E. W. C.

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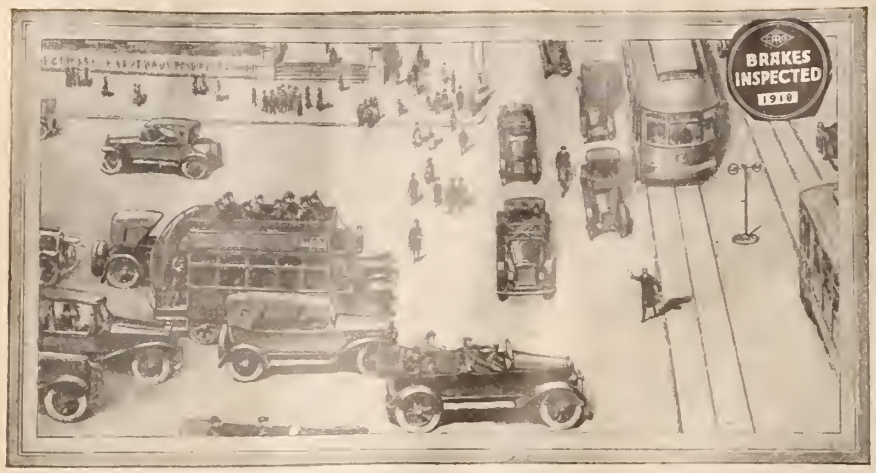

Are you sure of your brakes?

Unreliable brakes are a constant menace to your safety

The traffic officer signals you to stop and it takes six or eight feet more than you thought necessary.

Perhaps in most cases it means nothing more than a little embarrassment.

Suppose, however, it was an emergency that demanded a sudden stop.

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Your brakes have always worked and you grow careless of them. They are out of sight and you neglect to inspect them.

But do you ever stop to realize that the safety of your car and its occupants depends absolutely on the efficiency of your brakes? That lack of brake inspection, carried just one day too far, has caused more fatal accidents and the loss of more motor cars than any other source of danger with which the motorist must contend?

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Fish as Food in War-Time

Supplement the Nation's Larder with Whale and Shark Meat, the Toothsome Grayfish, Sablefish, Burbot and Bowfin

Copyright, 1918, by Frank G. Carpenter

HAVE you ever heard the inside story of how the Japanese conquered the Russians? They did it with fish. The Russians were meat eaters and their supplies in Manchuria had to be brought for more than 5,000 miles over the Transsiberian railroad. The cars were taxed to their utmost capacity and still the soldiers were hungry. The Japanese did their fighting on fish, and they brought their food in by the boatload, smoked, salted and fresh. They lived upon fish and rice.

They had an emergency fish ration about as big as a good-sized banana and of much the same shape. It was a gigantic tabloid of brain and nerve food, and with a few handfuls of rice it made a meal for three or four men. The soldiers could take it along in their knapsacks or pockets, and it was always ready for use. This ration was the bonito, one of the most common fish of Japan. In curing it the bones were first taken out and the flesh then could be shaped with the hands. It was cooked and smoked, after which it was as hard as stone and so dry that it would last for an indefinite time. It was eaten with rice or shaved off in thin slices and made into a soup. The Japanese used it in all their campaigns and it formed a large part of their food supply.

WE shall send vast quantities of dried, smoked and canned fish to Europe, but we can do even more good by increasing our fish diet here and sending more meat to the soldiers. With a view to this end, the Food Administration is advising every one to eat more fish, and thereby to let loose more of the beef, mutton and pork so much needed. The bureau of fisheries is sending out S. O. S. calls to the people, advising them what our fish supplies are and offering recipes and directions as to how they may be used to advantage. In connection with this it is investigating many of the fishes found in our waters and is adding enormously to our sea-food possibilities.

During the past week I have had a long talk with Dr. Hugh M. Smith, United States commissioner of fisheries, about these new fishes and how they will affect the food supply of the nation. I have before me, as I write, a can of whale beef, and I have just gotten up from a lunch in which the meat dish was whale stew. This meat came from an animal which gave the packers something like five tons of sea-food, enough, at a quarter of a pound to the person, to supply 40,000 men with a meat meal.

WHALE meat is not like fish meat. The whale is a mammal, and it belongs more to such animals as cattle and other beasts which suckle their young. Its young are born alive, and they get their meals from their mother, in the shape of milk, until old enough to forage about for themselves.

Whale meat, when cut from the carcass, is red, just like beef. The fat is white, and on the butcher's block you could hardly distinguish a whale steak from a beefsteak. When cooked and canned it looks like boiled beef, and that I have just eaten tastes much like beef stew or beef à la mode.

I am told that fresh whale tastes much like beefsteak. It has been served at some of the hotels and restaurants of the Pacific Coast cities, and in the markets there has had a ready sale at 10 cents per pound.

I have before me six special ways of cooking this meat, furnished by a whaling company of Bay City, Ore. One is for whale steak, another for whale stew, and others for braised whale and for curried whale on toast. There are also recipes for whale croquettes and for a pot-roast, which requires four pounds of whale meat and should be simmered slowly five hours. Planked whale steak was recently served at one of the leading hotels of New York city. It resembled young pig in texture and taste, and those who ate it said it was palatable.

THE Japanese have been whale eaters for years, and the Eskimos for generations. Shortly before the war broke out the Germans began to consider whale meat as a food for their soldiers, and they have also imported porpoises from Norway. Canned porpoise has been recently sent to our fish bureau, and the experts there have pronounced it delicious.

I am told that about 1,500 whales are annually caught in our Pacific coast waters. The average whale will produce 10,000 pounds of excellent beef, so that the possible food from the whales we are now catching will amount to something like 15,000,000 pounds every year. The whalers are beginning to realize the possibility, and some of the companies are putting up cold-storage plants with a view to packing the meat. We have whaling stations in the states of Washington, Oregon and California and in Alaska. There is one at Port Armstrong, Alaska, which caught several hundred whales last season, and among them sperm whales, sulphur-bottom whales, finbacks and humpbacks. These varieties are among the most common of the whales caught today.

The humpbacks and finbacks are found in both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and the sulphur-bottoms are often caught off the shores of our Pacific coast. The sulphur-bottom is about the largest of the whale family, and comparatively few of them would be sufficient to supply an army with meat. One was killed a few years ago which measured ninety-five feet in length and weighed 294,000 pounds.

IN connection with the whale we have an animal that lives in the water which Dr. Alexander Graham Bell has suggested might be domesticated and used to increase our food supply. This is the manatee, or sea cow, which Columbus thought was the mermaid, when he saw it on his first voyage to the West Indies. The manatee is a long-bodied animal, somewhat like a seal in appearance. The animal attains a maximum length of about eighteen feet, and the old bulls weigh half a ton. The female carries her young beneath her flipper, and she suckles it as does a whale. This animal, Dr. Bell says, was swarming in the rivers, bays and lagoons of Florida when the white man first came to America. It is now almost extinct in our country, although there is a protected herd in the Miami river, which with suitable care might be increased and add to the food supply. The animal lives upon vegetables and does all of its eating under the water. Herds could easily be kept in the Florida lagoons.

Many of the little known fishes which are now being exploited by the bureau of fisheries have already become an important part of our food supply. Take the tilefish, which was first discovered by the fish scientists in 1878, but almost destroyed, as far as our waters are concerned, by some submarine disaster which affected it in 1885. At the latter date, tilefish died by the millions, and the ocean near our Atlantic coast was covered with their dead. One sea captain reported that he had sailed for sixty-nine miles through dead fish of this kind, and it is estimated that there was a space in the ocean 170 miles long and 25 miles wide which was paved with dead tile. The number then lost is estimated by the bureau of fisheries to have been 1,400,000,000. Within the past few years the tilefish has come back, and the bureau has brought them into

the market for sale. It has shown the people that they are an excellent sea food, and the result is that 12,000,000 pounds were caught and sold last year. The fish is now one of the most popular in New York and Boston, and it will soon be eaten all over the country.

ANOTHER fish which until now has gone to waste, is the spiny dogfish, which the bureau of fisheries has dignified with a new name. The scientists investigated the flesh and found it excellent, but they did not dare to put it forth to the people under the name of dogfish, so gave it a new trademark, "the grayfish," and as such it promises to become one of our most common sea foods, fresh and canned. They are now canning grayfish on the coast of Massachusetts, and it is expected that the salmon canneries of Puget Sound will put it up during the winter, when there are no salmon to pack. The grayfish is found in both the Atlantic and Pacific. It travels about in great schools, besieging the fishing grounds and eating or driving away every fish which is too big to be swallowed. Although the canned product was first known in 1916, grayfish is now selling on the market of thirty states of the Union. It has been handled by the dealers of 128 towns in New York and Pennsylvania alone and it is cheaper than salmon, a can costing only 10 cents. The bureau of fisheries has a book of recipes telling how to cook it.

Another valuable sea product, whose name has been changed by the scientists of the bureau of fisheries, is the black cod, which is found in great quantities off our Pacific coast all the way from San Francisco to Alaska. The name has been changed to the "sablefish" for the reason that it is not a cod, in its family, structure or edible qualities. Codfish is dry, whereas the meat of the sablefish is full of fat. The fish averages fifteen pounds in weight, and can be shipped fresh or frozen all over the country. Until recently this fish was regarded a nuisance and millions of pounds of it were thrown back into the sea. Now that the bureau of fisheries has shown its value, it is becoming one of the most popular of sea foods. It began to be exploited under the name of the sablefish only about a year ago, and by last June more than 2,000,000 pounds of the frozen fish and over 1,000,000 pounds of the fresh were sold by the dealers.

THE bureau of fisheries is calling attention to some fishes of the great lakes, which until now have been practically neglected. One of these is the burbot, which might be called the freshwater cousin of the cod. Its meat is very much like that of the cod and it may be cooked the same way. It was only last spring that attention was called to the burbot as a food possibility, and already more than half a million pounds of it have been marketed by wholesale fish dealers. A vast quantity will be caught and sold this season.

The fish scientists at Washington are making all sorts of experiments in the preparation and curing of fish. They will send you recipes as to how to use salt and smoked fish, and a bulletin recently issued gives you a new recipe of that kind for every week the year through. They have also prepared directions for smoking fish, including a design for a smokehouse, which can be built for a very few dollars. They have found that many of our fishes which are not especially palatable in a fresh state are delicious when properly cured, and they say that carp, river sturgeon and bowfin are excellent when smoked.

The bowfin has been found to be especially valuable as a smoked fish and it will add greatly to our food supplies. This fish grows to a length of two feet and a weight of twelve pounds. The bowfin is found in the great lakes region, the Mississippi valley and the streams of the Atlantic coast from New York to Florida. It likes the weedy waters along the shores, going into the shallows at night and returning to the deeper places by day. It can be raised in ponds, and it is said that you can put it in a rain barrel and keep it all summer without changing the water. The bowfin can be captured with a net or setlines, or it can be caught with a hook and line. It is considered one of the gamiest of fishes.

HOW would you like to eat a shark? You will probably be doing so before this war is over, and if the fish authorities tell the truth, you will find it delicious. During the past summer they have tested six species of sharks in the government fish laboratory at Woods Hole and have fed their flesh to fifty people. The meat was cooked in different ways and was pronounced not only good for food but especially pleasing in flavor and texture. They have been smoking and salting shark meat, and the smoked shark is equal to smoked herring and can be marketed much more cheaply. They have been introducing shark meat to the general public, having it served at luncheons and dinners in different parts of the country. I am told that some of the sharks taken in the New England waters last summer were dressed and their meat shipped to New York as swordfish, bringing in the market as high as 20 cents per pound.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Gleanings from the Mission Fields

ONE of the missionaries of the American Presbyterian Church at Matsuyama, Japan, recently received a postal from a young man, not a Christian, in which he asks her to "Lead us to heaven." The card reads—

"Imagining that it will be very good for us that we consist of the party whose are anxious to study in the Bible. I wish you that, would you not teach us the Bible and lead us to the heaven, if you please or not."

A few years ago changes began to come over the Asiatic world. The Russo-Japanese War aroused the East out of sleep. Developments in China, Japan, Tibet, Russia, India, Turkey Persia, Afghanistan have shown that these Eastern peoples were reaching out for something beyond. The great War which is now going on bids fair to furnish the climax for this development in Asia. The Ameer of Afghanistan has built main roads throughout the length and breadth of his hermit empire, and is quoted as saying that after this war his country is to be opened to the advance of civilization. The greatest opportunity of all Asia lies before us. Now is the time to be given every facility in order that we may push forward and vigorously follow up our successes and opportunities.

Rev. Dwight M. Donaldson, of the East Persia Mission, stationed at Meshed, writes—"With the outlook for religious liberty in Russia which now seems to be so favorable, it would seem that the missionaries in Turkestan and Khorassan might push their work vigorously, for with religious freedom permanently established in Russia there will no longer in Meshed be the feeling that the Christian missionary in this sacred realm of Islam is living on the crest of a volcano."

Mrs. Calvin Wight, a missionary at Tangchowfu, tells of famine conditions in China. She writes: "Between us and the sea is a field of the tall grain we call gaoliang, which has been almost completely stripped of its leaves by the poor of the city, trying to find fuel for their kitchen fires. When we cut our millet, the poor came out in families, and the hired reapers seemed to take them all for Ruths, for each woman and child had 'handfuls of purpose' and went away with baskets and armfuls of grain. It seemed a pity to stop them, but the memory of one hundred mouths to feed led us to send them word to wait until the reapers were done. So the gleaners sat in groups among the graves, or by the roadside, and waited. When the last stalk was cut and carried off, they pounced upon the land and raked it bare. We had our lawn cleared of wild grass for nothing, as the gleaners were only too glad to pull up the roots for fuel."

How a Solomonic Korean magistrate treated gambling offenders is told in a letter from Missionary F. S. Miller of Chungju, who writes. "Magistrate Kim is a rare official. When he forbade gambling and a group of gamblers were caught, he took them to the market-place, had a mat spread for them, gave them a pack of cards and some capital, and told them to gamble now to their hearts' content. When lunch time came, he told them they liked gambling so much they would not wish to stop for lunch. At supper time he made the same sympathetic remark, to the amusement of the gathered crowd. The sun set, and the marketers began to leave for their homes and the pedlers to gather up their wares, but Mr Kim generously gave a servant some money and told him to buy a pack of candles, enough to last all night. When the culprits saw the candles lit, they began to plead for deliverance, and promised to move from the country if he let them off this once. On that promise he let them go, and four weary, hungry, sinsick gamblers ran for the nearest inn and disappeared the next day."

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HOWARD CHASE

By PASTOR CHARLES M. SHELDON, Author of "In His Steps"

CHAPTER VII

HOWARD CHASE was in the habit of reading his Scripture just before his sermon. And when he reached that place in the service on that memorable Sunday morning in Red Hill, he began to read from a modern version, so different from the version Red Hill people had always heard that they actually sat up and listened to it—a thing they had not done for years, as the Bible had been read in a listless, perfunctory manner from the pulpit.

He announced that his text for his sermon was the entire passage he was going to read, and simply stating the name of the author of the modern version, he gave out the passage as found in James, third chapter, beginning at the second verse; and a passage from the fourth chapter, the eleventh verse.

As Howard began to read, Deacon Burton shot a side glance at Deacon Allen, who always sat in a particular pew the second row from the pulpit, under one of the east windows.

His face was a study for the higher critic, to say nothing of a painter of church windows.

A strange conflict had been going on in Deacon Allen since the advent of the new minister into Red Hill. The deacon was a born conservative of the most conservative type. He had not had a new idea on religion for forty years. And he did not intend to have one for forty years more if he could help it. He was an implement dealer in business and he was constantly buying and selling new and improved farm machinery. But his religious mind was still using the sickle and scythe and wooden plow, and his soul recoiled with holy horror at the thought of a twine binder, a header or a traction plow in the religions field. The religion of Deacon Allen's mind had stood still in its tracks so long that it was incapable of movement or change, and his views of the Bible, of God, of inspiration, of the Atonement and the church were so defined for himself that he could no more break away from them and mark out a fresh and new road than the Chinese traveler over the century-old ruts of the wooden wheel roads from Nanking to Shansi can get out of the twenty-feet deep gullies made by the passage of millions of Chinamen for hundreds of years.

AND yet the deacon was capable of personal affection of a real and positive sort, and it was this fact that was troubling and vexing him right now. From the first handclasp with this fiery, enthusiastic, unselfish, winsome, independent young preacher, something up in Deacon Allen's conservative mind and down in his affection-stirred heart had gone out toward the minister like hunger after a meal. And yet it was a tug on the deacon's part between his intellect and his religion, such as they were, and his emotions and his friendship, such as they wanted to be, that disturbed him tremendously on this memorable occasion. And as Deacon Burton glanced at him he could hardly repress a grin even there in church at the sight of the inward struggle visible on the deacon's face.

When Howard announced the Scripture, reading from James's Epistle, Deacon Allen prepared his mind to hear the words and phrases he had always heard in church. But when Howard, with the abrupt and cheerful lack of apology which characterized his quick mind, made the statement that he was going to read from a modern version of the Bible that had just come out, Deacon Allen sat up with a start that jolted his whole body. If Howard had proposed to read a selection from Shakespeare or O. Henry, Deacon Allen could not have been more horrified than to hear his King James version calmly set aside and an uninspired set of words and phrases put in its place in the pulpit. For a moment Deacon Burton as he looked at Deacon Allen had a disturbed question on his mind, wondering if Deacon Allen would actually rise and enter a public protest against what he regarded as rank sacrilege. But no such thing occurred to interrupt Howard's even reading of the new version, only Deacon Allen's face grew sterner and more rigid in its decided disapproval as the reading proceeded. And yet, if the deacon's heart had been able to register as plain a testimony as his face, it would have been tremendously interesting to note that even with all this unheard-of heresy on the part of the minister, the deacon's affection for the young man up there was pleading with his mental and religious convictions to wait and let events take their course rather than utter the protest his life-long habits urged him to utter. He would, he said to himself, have it out with Brother Chase in private or make his protest at a formal gathering of the Board of Trustees. For this departure from a time-honored and sacred use of God's Word was not to be tolerated. He should have asked the consent of the people. He should have conferred with his deacons before doing such a radical thing. This was a dangerous example to set the young people.

DEACON ALLEN'S mind would not attempt to analyze the purpose of Brother Chase in giving this reading, and he did not try to excuse the act from any angle. He was too much disturbed mentally and religiously to analyze anything except his own disturbance. But after the first few sentences he did follow with painful attention the words ascribed to James the apostle, whom Deacon Allen had always vaguely thought of as the apostle of King James and possibly a near and honored relative.

"For we often stumble and fall," Howard began, "all of us. If there is any one who never stumbles in speech, that man has reached maturity of character and is able to curb his whole nature. Remember that we put the horses' bits into their mouths to make them obey us, and so we turn their whole bodies around. So too with ships, great as they are, and often driven along by strong gales, yet they can be steered by a very small rudder in whichever direction the caprice of the man at the helm chooses. In the same way the tongue is an insignificant part of the body, but it is immensely boastful. Remember how a mere spark may set a forest in flames.

"And the tongue is a fire. That world of iniquity, the tongue, is placed within us spotting and soiling our whole nature, and setting the whole round of our lives on fire, being itself set on fire by Gehenna. For brute nature under all its forms—beasts and birds, reptiles and fishes—can be subjected and kept in subjection by human nature. But the tongue no man or woman is able to tame. It is an ever busy mischief, and is full of deadly poison. With it we bless the Lord and Father, and with it we curse men, who are made in God's likeness. Out of the same mouth there proceed blessing and cursing.

"My brethren, this ought not to be. In a fountain, are fresh water and bitter sent forth from the same opening? Can a fig tree, my brethren, yield olives, or a vine yield figs? No; and neither can salt water yield sweet. . . .

"Do not speak evil of one another, brethren. The man who speaks evil of a brother man or judges his brother man speaks evil of the law and judges the law. But if you judge the law you are no longer one who obeys the law, but one who judges it. The only real Lawgiver and Judge is He who is able to save or to destroy. Who are you to sit in judgment on your fellow man?"

Those in the congregation who were noticing Howard's face most closely saw the tense gathering of the rigid lines that straightened his lips, and those near the pulpit caught the swift darkening of his eyes as he began to preach.

IT is doubtful if any large number of people in that audience that day could have reported that sermon exactly. But it is safe to say there was not a person ten years old who did not understand the meaning it had for Red Hill. Howard had not spoken two minutes before every one present understood perfectly that the fiery young preacher was preaching not simply to his audience but to the whole town. Its besetting sin of gossip was getting the most thorough thrashing it had ever had. There was something terrifying in the aspect of the speaker as he lashed out right and left at men and women who destroyed reputations with a sentence and blasted character with a word. And then gradually the audience became aware he was drawing the application down close to something strictly personal to himself. The story that had been going the rounds—he had used it all skillfully, making out a supposable case—suppose such a story were to get started and spread until people believed it and without being able to prove a single part of it in court; suppose the parties interested could not defend themselves except by a denial; suppose all this—what sort of a community must that be that would ruin a life or tear in pieces a reputation, cruelly denying to the parties concerned the only defense they had, and taking for granted that they were liars. The depth of such community depravity he did not attempt to measure. James put it as strong as language could put it when he said the tongue spotted and soiled the whole nature and set the whole round of life on fire, being set on fire itself by hell.

AT this point he boldly abandoned the ground he had taken of an imaginary case, and with the voice and gesture and feeling of a young prophet he rebuked Red Hill collectively for its cruel and unchristian treatment not of himself but of Inez. And as he boldly uttered her name it seemed to every one, including even Inez herself, that somehow he was defending not simply an individual but a principle. Inez, sitting there in a tumult of feeling which she did not have sense enough to analyze, nevertheless seemed to be astonishingly free from personal embarrassment, as if he were speaking of some one else, and as he went on she found herself entertaining a feeling for Howard that was new to her, a feeling of great gratitude and almost awe at the bewildering thought that he was openly and without fear shielding her reputation as if he had met some wild beast on the streets of Red Hill just ready to spring at her, and had seized it by the throat and was choking it to death. For the first time in her life the girl realized what her reputation (of which she had been ready to be careless) meant to her, and her heart beat a new note as she dimly began to feel the magnitude of the service Howard was rendering her.

And yet, after that great outburst of righteous wrath against the wicked judgment Red Hill had been eager to pass on the innocent, including Inez and himself, in the face of his direct and fiery denial of any guilt ascribed by the story that had gone the rounds, as Howard paused a second in his indignant denunciation, he caught in one sickening moment the effect of his sermon on his congregation.

It had been soundly rebuked and sat cowed and beaten by it. The terrific blows Howard had dealt, based on James's tonguelashing of the tongue, had gone home, and men and women sitting there recalling past instances in which they had sentenced the innocent,

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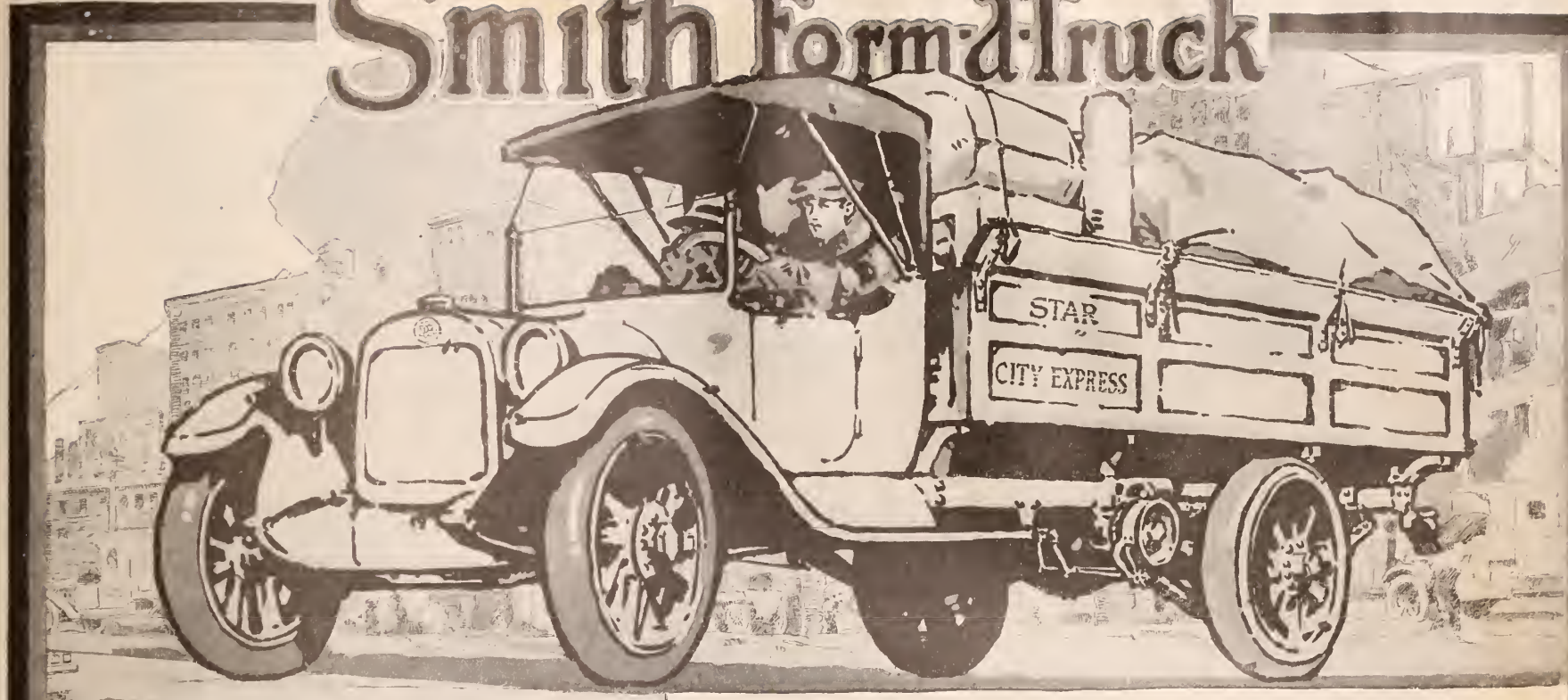

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Howard Chase

Continued from page 218

revealed on their faces a consciousness of shame.

BUT with that sure but intangible sense which a public speaker has of the attitude of his hearers, Howard caught the verdict of the people as clearly as if it had been shouted aloud:

"What you say about the gossiping habits of Red Hill may all be true, and we feel rebuked and guilty and all that; but your denial of guilt is the denial of a man who has not been in Red Hill a month, and it is unsupported by any other witness, and—" and at this point Howard felt the sting of public judgment a sting that left a certain poison in his life that was destined to linger in it for a long time even after that judgment was reversed. They were not believing him; they were still counting him guilty; they would go out from the service with their tongues in their cheeks and with the innuendo of an unconvinced mind whisper to one another as they walked home, "He put up a great preach, but—well, you know how it is. And did you watch the girl? Well—"

The whole horrible result of allowing gossip to pour its poison into the very life of the community was becoming plain to him as he paused in that second when he had looked for vindication and victory, and realized that he faced a sullen whipped audience that still held wickedly to doubt and incredulity.

He had never been nearer disaster and despair in all his life than at that moment. It seemed to him in one sharp moment as if it were of no use to be good. He staggered on his feet and grasped the edge of his pulpit to steady himself. He felt as if in another moment he would be renouncing Red Hill, his ministry, the church, and possibly his own faith.

And at that moment, when his mind was on the very balancing edge of some tragic decision, Agnes Burton stood up in her place in the chorus.

She had been sitting there through the service, her mind and heart troubled over many things. From the moment of Howard's coming into the little town Agnes Burton had begun a new existence. She was intelligent, resourceful, attractive mentally and physically, happy in her work as a teacher, surrounded at home by comfort and affection, enthusiastic over her profession without being a faddist, a cultured reader and a cheerful observer, a favorite with her pupils and honored and trusted by Red Hill, which felt proud of its high school teacher and gave her the rare tribute of perfect confidence.

HOWARD CHASE came into the little town bringing into it the one thing it lacked, an original, dominating personality, clean-minded, purposeful, happy, fiery and intensely religious without being sectarian. Not that Red Hill lacked educated men. There was more than one college and university man in Howard's congregation. But Agnes Burton had never met, except in fiction, any one like Howard and it is not betraying any secret to say that she had already permitted the thought of him to occupy far more place in her heart than was good for the peace of mind of a high school teacher who is devoted to her profession of teaching.

And her mind was troubled. Why had the minister, almost from that first day he had met her, the Sunday morning after his first sermon, seemed to be on his guard in a peculiar way? He was courteous, a perfect gentleman, if sometimes absent-minded; he was delightfully humorous; he was simple as a child in his frankness; and yet, like some invisible cord that stretched between him and some possible better understanding, in the brief time he had been in Red Hill and an occasional visitor at her father's house, a barrier was gently but firmly raised.

Why had he not asked her to refute the story going around? Was it pride, or a sense of his own sufficiency? She did not know. But as he went on with his sermon she was swift to realize the incredulity of the congregation. She saw what he felt so keenly and knew in a moment that her testimony was the one thing that could save his standing with the people. And she found herself facing the audience, the right word on her lips and the accent of absolute truth speaking with voice and eye and bodily movement.

Well was it for her and the future of Howard Chase that she occupied a unique place in the confidence of Red Hill. It had never once questioned her word, never once doubted, as her father had told Howard. And as she went on to say that she was with Rose on that particular evening from which the story had started and knew from personal knowledge that Inez had never been into the minister's study, the audience responded to her statement, and like an audible vote of confidence, Howard, as he still stood by the pulpit, saw the reversal of judgment the people had passed on his own denial.

HE had not even turned his head in the direction of Agnes Burton while she was speaking. He had remained standing there, sternly facing the people, noting with keen sensitiveness their change of attitude, a blending of emotions stirring his whole being as she spoke. And when she sat down, he still stood there, the stern look softened a little, but the spirit of abstraction on his face, his eyes with a vision of other things in them, something the people could not read.

It was very still for several moments. Then he suddenly bowed his head and offered a prayer, so tender, so close to the divine, that the quiet deepened and the people seemed moved by a real Presence from another world, a world made real by his own nearness to it. A period of several seconds after the prayer, he spoke the Benediction, but the people remained in their seats, not moving until Howard himself started to go down the pulpit steps.

He had taken one stride in his swift impulsive manner when a sudden commotion was seen in the choir seats. Agnes Burton was leaning over Inez, who had fainted. Mrs. Burton went up to the platform, and others crowded up, and Inez was finally carried out into the Sunday-school room, and Miss Burton went home with Inez when she recovered. That was one reason why Howard did not see Agnes Burton until the evening service, when she presided at the organ with the outdoor chorus. And after the first moment of disappointment he was glad he would have time to think over more at his leisure the whole event.

When he went down from the platform the first to greet him were his chum Roy Lennox and his wife. Tears were on their faces as they grasped his hands. They did not understand all that had led up to the morning, but they could not fail to understand its great meaning to Howard.

The people greeted him, as he moved down the aisle, with a mingling of shame and pride. Shame at their own conduct, pride that their minister was free from guilt. He was the center of every look, the object of all talk in the church and outside.

THE Expressman had managed to get into the vestibule, and as the crowd there was slowly going out he rubbed up against the Santa Fe Agent, who also had been able to leave his station for the service.

"I dunno just how you feel," said the Expressman. "But if there'd been a crack in the wagon small enough I'd a leaked through this morning."

"He give it to us straight, all right," said the Agent very soberly. "He run a special and had the right o' way over even Number Three."

"It'll be some time, I reckon," said the Expressman as he reached the sidewalk, "before the women do any more talkin' about Mr. Chase."

"Yes, or the men either," said the Agent. "It seemed to me the order sent out by Superintendent James applied to all the employees male *and* female."

"Are you preachin' at me?" said the Expressman cautiously. "Because if you are, I don't mind sayin' I feel mighty mean right now, and if I felt any meaner I'd be afraid I was goin' to join a church or somethin'."

"Don't be afraid," said the Agent with the blunt frankness of perfect familiarity. "You're only feeling natural."

"I hope it isn't catchin'," said the Expressman. "But I gathered from your remarks that you wasn't feelin' overly good yourself after that sermon. And I been contagiously close to you."

When Howard reached the parsonage he was met at the door by his sister, who had not waited for him to come over.

She cried, as she put her arms about him. Roy and his wife were close behind him, joining her in her congratulations and happy if tearful emotion.

"Now then, folks," Howard was saying as he laughingly lifted his sister and put her on the dining-room table, "I'm awful hungry. Put something as good as this on the festive board and I'll eat it."

HE was as happy as a boy except for that inward memory of the people's lack of faith in his own word, but he could set that aside, and did so when the meal was ready and they were together at the table.

"It was wonderful, old man," Roy said. "I knew you could preach, but I had no idea you could give it to 'em so hard."

"Was it too hard?"

"No. Not if they deserved it. But I supposed, Kate and I both, that Red Hill was an ideal place. We had no—"

"It is an ideal place to preach in," said Howard, interrupting cheerfully, "because the people need converting so bad. I never knew how bad until this morning."

"I feel specially interested in that girl in the choir," said Mrs. Lennox earnestly. "I have seen faces like hers in New York on Fifth Avenue. Why, she is a New York chorus girl type! How queer she should be living out here in this little town!"

Howard and Rose looked at each other.

"We have noted that," said Rose. And she went on to give Kate some of Inez's history. Mrs. Lennox expressed more and more interest.

"A girl like that ought to live in a big city. She will never develop in this little place." Mrs. Lennox spoke with the keen sense of a woman of wide observation, and her next remark revealed her deep interest in Inez as a human creature who had attracted her sympathy.

"Roy," she said, "why couldn't we take that girl back to New York with us and help her develop in her own atmosphere?"

"We could," said Roy, who admired his wife and respected her as well as loved her. "But how do you know she would come? You speak of it as if she were a sunflower we could pick, or a souvenir we could get at the drug store."

"No!" Rose spoke up eagerly, glancing at her brother. "There is a reasonable possibility that she would go. I tell you. Talk with Miss Burton about Inez. She knows her better than any one else. Poor girl! She hasn't any mother or sister. I don't know what her future will be here if she stays in Red Hill."

"Say!" said Roy, with sudden enthusiasm, "there's a schoolma'am for you. If I wasn't married already or was a Mormon—Howard, how are you going to tell the schoolma'am you are much obliged? I'd like to be present—"

FOR the first time since he had known him Roy Lennox felt an embarrassment in Howard's look as he sat there facing him across the table. He seemed uneasy, and did not reply even with a smile or his old familiar grin, and Roy felt his wife's foot gently pressing against his under the table.

"I'll talk with Miss Burton and Miss Clark too," Mrs. Lennox said. "I feel very certain we could, Roy and I, set that girl into the right place in New York and help her. She is one of the sort that cannot get through life without help, and somehow this morning as I

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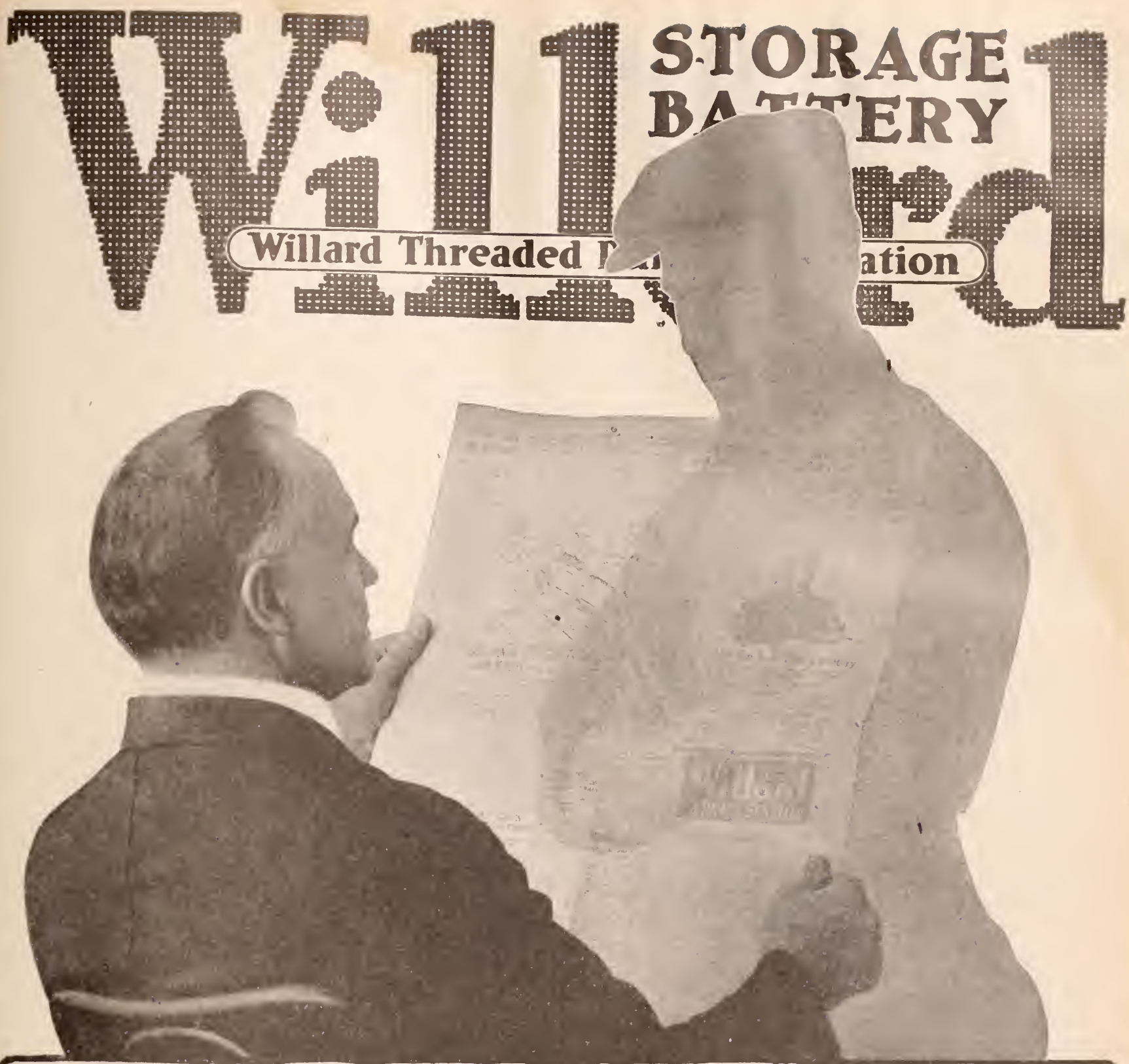
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And Miller Tires are *Geared-To-The-Road.*

Their rubber cogs prevent the wheels from slipping when you start. And they make all roads safer by resisting the tendency to skid.

Prepare for a Shortage

Few workmen can be trained to the Miller perfection. So at the best we won't be able to supply more than one motorist in fifty this year.

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To get Uniform Tires, find the Miller dealer in your neighborhood and speak for your season's needs at once.

Miller Cord Tires are extra capacity, extra resilient and extra strong. Fine, big, good looking and longer wearing than the regulation type and less expensive on a basis of mileage.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—the Team-Mates of Uniform Tires

Howard Chase

Continued from page 220

sat looking at her lovely face up there, I seemed to feel like a big sister to her, and to know I could help her."

"It would be a great thing for her if you could," said Howard, and an inward sigh of relief from an invisible burden escaped him

He spent the afternoon following the Sunday school session in getting ready for the evening service, a deepening feeling in his spirit that the results he was praying for were going to be manifest. But not even his own sanguine hopes had anticipated the reality.

The morning service had cleared the way for it. The Spirit had been moving all through that dramatic event. Howard himself had always believed in spiritual realities and lived in the happy normal healthy atmosphere of them himself. But as he came out of the parsonage that evening and started across the yard to be on hand to welcome the other ministers and the people, he was startled to observe that the seats were already filled, although it was only seven o'clock.

HE went up on the little platform and found that Miss Burton had already come over and her young people were present ready for the chorus. It was no place for him to say what he wanted, and she seemed to understand. She was as calm and undisturbed as usual.

There was not a word about the morning, and it did not seem necessary.

He greeted Brother Gray, who had just arrived. Harris, the Presbyterian man, was to preach. The ministers as they came up met him with great heartiness. The atmosphere was vastly different from that of the Sunday evening before. And over all the place a quiet brooded that was new to Red Hill.

It had known the usual evangelistic campaigns and had grown more or less callous to protracted meetings and special revival services in the winter.

The idea that the Spirit of God might come and express his might without any advertising or printing or paid professional had never dawned on the church members of Red Hill. They had always been taught that revivals were mostly man-made, as if God were a hard being to please and had to be coaxed into a town or a church and enticed into a forgiving spirit before he would condescend to convert anybody or add to the church membership.

But tonight, before the first hymn was sung, Howard, with his sensitive soul keen to divine motion, felt the stirring of power over the people.

The night was still. The sky was clear. The hearts of Red Hill had been rebuked for a gross sin. The different congregations and their pastors were for the time at least leaning in sympathy and good will toward one another.

And when Howard rose to pray, a breath from heaven seemed to flow over the place. And Red Hill began to say to itself for the first time in its history, as it sat there under the prairie stars, "What if God should show himself to us in power this night?"

CHAPTER VIII

IT will not be easy to make the average person understand the rest of this story unless he understands the full meaning of the event that took place in Red Hill on the evening of the day that Red Hill was convicted of a sin and felt the coming in of the spiritual tide over its dry commonplaces of business, amusement, and man-made religion.

Red Hill had always prided itself on its high moral and educational standard. It compared itself with towns in Missouri and Oklahoma, to the disparagement of those towns. George Clark was fond of calling attention in the Red Hill Sun to the fact that the bank deposits in Red Hill were double those in the average Missouri town of the same size.

"We don't spend our money for booze," he said in an editorial boosting Red Hill. "We believe in being decent and civilized, and if anybody in Red Hill wants the saloon and cannot get along without it we advise him to move to Kansas City and fill up on beer and whisky until he has enough. But we don't spend our money for booze."

And it was true Red Hill did not spend its money for booze, neither did it spend it for anything else in comparison with the amount it put into the bank and had to spend. The country around Red Hill was rich and prosperous. Farms were worth anywhere from $150 to $200 an acre. The bank in Red Hill received deposits of over $650,000 a year, and most of this money lay in the two banks drawing interest on long time. Red Hill had prided itself on its churches, schools, and public improvements. Yet it did not pay any of its preachers over $900 a year and rent of a parsonage, and there was not a library or a rest room or a drinking fountain or place for boys to spend time in the evening except Jake Seymour's movie, which was of very questionable value educationally or ethically. As a matter of fact Red Hill was a Pharisaic, hypocritical little town, and was crudely unconscious of the fact. This does not mean that there were no good people in Red Hill. It only means that a town can exist in Kansas minus a saloon and a house of vice and a gambling den, and at the same time be minus also any positive righteousness that pervades the community.

IT is necessary to say these plain and uncomplimentary things about Red Hill in order that we may understand the need of regenerating and living forces for the self-satisfied, self-centered population. Add to all that has been said, that no one for years, including the churches, had made any attempt to touch the farming interest around the town, and the rural conditions were, as Howard discovered later on, simply astonishing, not for any depraved conditions morally, but for a condition of absolute apathy so far as religious enthusiasm is concerned. There was a number of farmers educated in the country college, men and women, but they were seldom seen in church, and had no special interest in Red Hill except as a place for shipping out grain and stock. One of these college-bred farmers said to Howard when he began to go out and make his social survey of the county:

"Why should I go to listen to a man preach who can get only $800 a year and who offends every instinct I possess with his century-old theology and his insufferable prayers? Why should I spend my time going to a slow, uninteresting religious service that has no vital connection with real life, when I can come in contact with the best minds of the world through my books and magazines? And why should I endure the crude efforts of a church choir when I can hear the masters of music with my victrola or my Edison?"

Howard looked at this man as a new specimen.

"Would you go to church if there was a $2,500 man in the pulpit instead of an $800 one?"

The college farmer looked at Howard as if *he* were a new specimen.

"I might. But Red Hill can never get such a preacher. It can never get above $800 or $900."

"How about going to church to worship God instead of being mentally pleased with intellectual sermons and entertained with professional music? How does that strike you?" Howard said with blunt cheerfulness.

The college agriculturist got red in the face as the point was obvious, and for a moment he looked angry. Then he laughed.

"I see the point all right. You don't have to twist it around as well as jab it in. But I don't mind saying frankly, I'm not a good enough Christian to stand for that. I need the accessories of worship to make it agreeable to me. My wife is the same."

"In other words, you are an educated man making money out of God's earth, and you don't have enough real religion to worship God in a church unless the service is intellectually and musically entertaining to you. And you are

perfectly willing to spend $200 on a new piece of farm machinery to help you raise more crops to make more dollars, but you are not willing to give $20 a year to help improve the cultivating of the religious field around Red Hill. I wonder if that is education?"

Howard said it all with astonishing bluntness and left the young farmer staring at him, with clenched fists and angry eyes. And yet before the young preacher was out in the road, the college-bred farmer was asking himself when he had been preached to in that fashion, and being clear-headed enough to make a just estimate, he acknowledged, as he slowly went into the house, that the new minister might be right and something in his own definition of religion might be wrong.

All this occurred some time after that Sunday night when the Spirit of God breathed on Red Hill, but it is mentioned here to show the conditions that existed—conditions that nothing short of an upheaval in men's life-long definitions could change or improve.

AS that service went on, an atmosphere of other-worldliness began to envelop the audience. It was not due to anything in the service itself, certainly not to the sermon. The Rev. George Harris, who was the preacher of the evening, had not had any long or varied experience as a sermonizer. His sermon tonight smelled of the seminary, and the careful work of the professor of homiletics, who had a rule for sermons which was like a recipe for pie or brown bread. The Rev. Mr. Harris stirred in the ingredients with a careful hand, measuring out the proper quantity for the different parts, and then with anxious eye he watched it to see that it didn't burn or fall. He was more concerned over the sermon than over the audience, which is generally fatal to the audience. But the sermon is saved, like a successful surgical operation where the patient dies. But he was blandly unconscious of the fact, and did his best, not being used to such a crowd, and feeling somewhat embarrassed by his nearness to it, for the pulpit in his own building was carefully removed a respectful distance from the first pew of human beings, and sometimes there was no one in the first pew.

Somehow that night the sermon seemed to be mercifully detached from its surroundings. Something bigger than any sermon had seized Red Hill. It was under the spell of a divine breath that blew out of God's scented gardens, and the people sat in perfect silence, not listening to the sermon, but to another voice that spoke to them out of the silences of God, a voice they had not heard nor heeded through all the years.

And the first outward sign of that presence came right after Howard's prayer. By some merciful arrangement of the parts of the service Howard prayed immediately at the close of the sermon. If you have ever gone from a room in some vulgar rich man's house where every corner is crowded with bric-a-brac and every foot of floor space has some piece of furniture and every inch of wall some picture, into a room where the eye is gladdened and the mind refreshed by open spaces and the outline of two or three worth-looking-at objects instead of a clutter, you will understand the effect of Howard's quiet prayer after the sermon. Almost as if with a sigh of relief the people sat in a different attitude of quietness, and it was unbroken when the prayer ended.

THEN the silence was startled by a cry. It was a woman's voice—low, clear and repentant, confessing the sin of evil judging of others and calling for divine forgiveness. It was followed at once by others, men and women. It was noticeable that they did not rise, but sat with bowed heads, many of them speaking with muffled tones as if their hands were over their faces, or their tongues halted with sobs; and yet there was no superficial hysteria, no evidence of emotion that had been provoked by any man-made effort. It came—that real note of repentance—at first hand, without the mediation of a priest, as if the people had come face to face with God himself and needed no other avenue of approach to him, as indeed they had; and the four ministers sat there on the little platform, profoundly stirred over a new and unknown experience.

HOWARD was more prepared for it than the others, because his deep and sensitive spirit was always keyed up to God's approach; but even he was smitten into awe and wonder at what was going on there under the prairie stars. He could not help feeling his heart beat high with expectation, while at the same time he could not help wondering what the outcome of it all would be—what human direction the event would demand, whether the usual evangelistic appeal ought to be made.

He looked at Brother Noyes. There was a look of bewilderment on the elder man's face, as if he were at sea in the very matter that Howard was revolving. Brother Gray sat with his head bowed, his lips moving. Harris was looking first at the audience, then at Howard, as if in doubt over the whole affair, but deeply moved by it; as if wondering how such an unusual service should be closed, having never had any experience in closing a religious service other than by singing a hymn and pronouncing the benediction.

And at that point Agnes Burton began to sing. With the first note Howard's heart leaped up. He had been thinking of her through the day—her action in the morning service almost compelled it—and now she suddenly came into his mind again.

He did not know she could sing. She had not offered to do so any Sunday, but had asked Rose twice. Neither the deacon nor Mrs. Burton had ever mentioned such a gift—he wondered why, afterward—but she was singing now, the one song that such a service required; and as she went on, Howard was startled out of his usual calm judgment of himself, to find himself saying, "Of all the people here tonight she caught the one true note that ought to be sounded! What a help she would be in the ministry—in some man's life—in——"

He did not say "mine." He had not come that far yet, but it seemed to him that somehow the voice fitted in completely with one of his own deeply spiritual experiences, although he did not know music, and it did not generally affect him or move his spirit.

SHE sang, without accompaniment, in a quiet but sustained contralto, the hymn that Howard had once looked for in the church book and was disappointed not to find.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what thou dost love,
And do what thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure;
Until with thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly thine;
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God;
So shall I never die,
But live with thee the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

Every head in the audience was bowed. It seemed to Howard as he looked past Agnes Burton out into the yard that many of the people were on their knees. And when the voice ceased, the night silence seemed filled with an unseen Presence that stole out of the sky and gently and lovingly and yet powerfully put out a Benediction with its nail-pierced hand, dismissing the people from the outward service into an inward consecration where a new life was going to mark the new birth of that hitherto narrow and selfish town.

The people rose by twos and threes and went home in silence. There was no noisy hand-shaking, no exchanging of neighborly greetings. They dispersed without a word, as if the spell of the night were on them and they wanted to get home and think it over.

To be continued

Where

Bubble Grains

Seem at Home

Float in Milk

One expects to find Puffed Grains in surroundings like this. Airy, flaky, flavory—they seem to fit a dainty morning table.

But that is only one side of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. These are not mere food confections. They are whole-grain foods for one thing—almost complete foods. They are prepared in Prof. Anderson's scientific way.

Food Cells All Exploded

They are bubble grains, puffed to eight times size by millions of steam explosions. Every food cell has been blasted, so digestion can instantly act. Every granule is fitted to feed.

They are nut-like and flavory because of a fearful heat. They are flimsy and flaky because they are shot from guns. So every dainty quality has a hygienic reason.

Puffed Grains utilize the whole grain. There is no waste. They do not tax digestion, so they are all-hour foods. And every atom feeds.

Only three grains—wheat, rice and corn—are thus prepared for food. But these three grains should be served in puffed form often. No other form is so delightful, none so hygienic.

Mix with Fruit

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

and Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West

In the morning serve like other cereals, or mix with any fruit. For luncheon or supper, serve in bowls of milk. They are crisp and toasted, and four times as porous as bread.

Use like nut meats on ice cream. Use as wafers in your soups. Salt or butter like peanuts or popcorn for children after school. What other food delight can you think of that's comparable with Puffed Grains? Use all three kinds.

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The most efficient roof for

In shingle form for residences

Factories
Warehouses
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Garages
Barns, etc.

Weatherproof
Light Weight
Clean, Sanitary
Not affected by fumes and gases
Will not rust or corrode
Costs less to buy
Inexpensive to lay

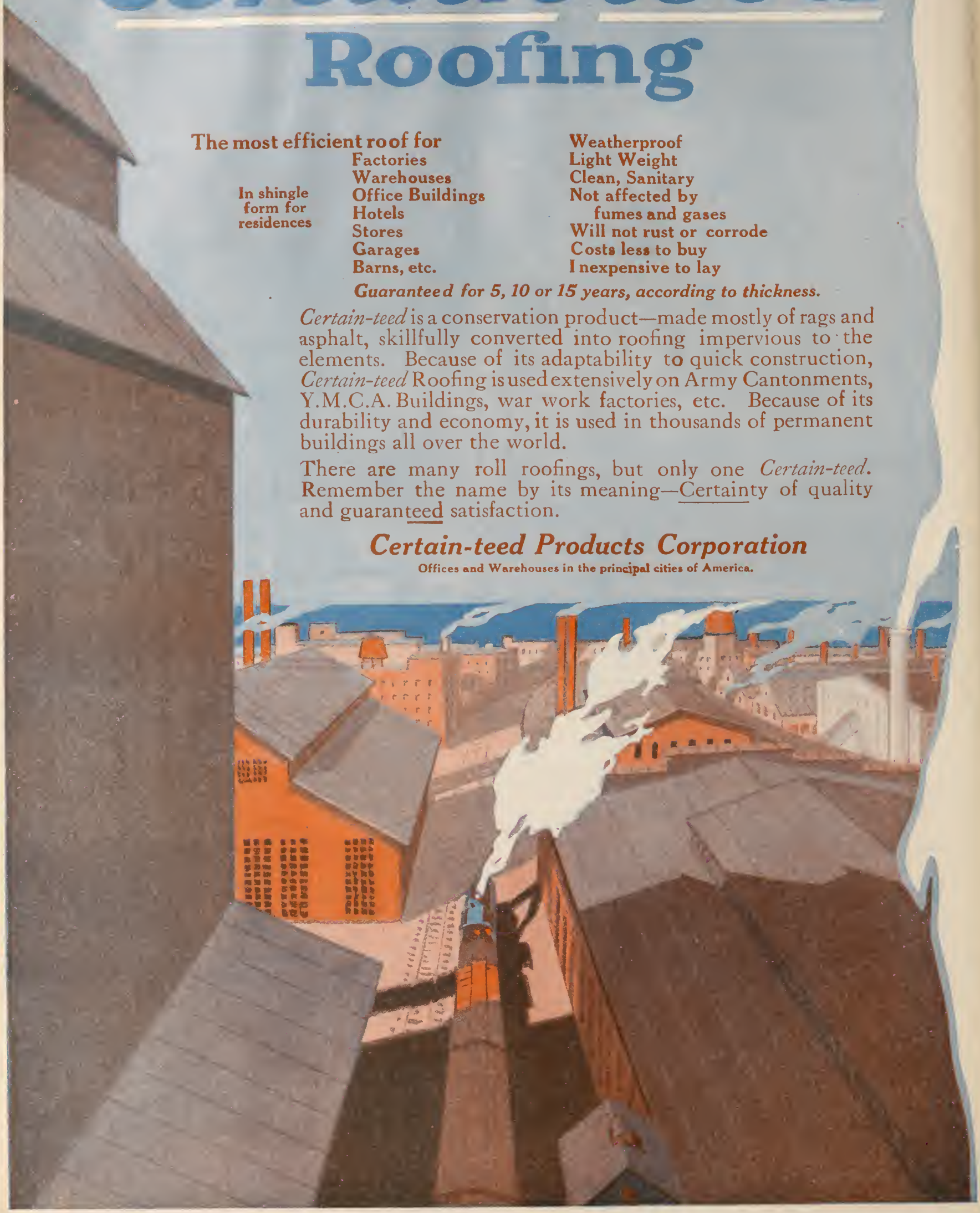
Guaranteed for 5, 10 or 15 years, according to thickness.

Certain-teed is a conservation product—made mostly of rags and asphalt, skillfully converted into roofing impervious to the elements. Because of its adaptability to quick construction, *Certain-teed* Roofing is used extensively on Army Cantonments, Y.M.C.A. Buildings, war work factories, etc. Because of its durability and economy, it is used in thousands of permanent buildings all over the world.

There are many roll roofings, but only one *Certain-teed*. Remember the name by its meaning—Certainty of quality and guaranteed satisfaction.

Certain-teed Products Corporation

Offices and Warehouses in the principal cities of America.



Certain-teed

Paints and Varnishes

Quality is as outstanding in *Certain-teed* Paints and Varnishes as it is in *Certain-teed* Roofing because all *Certain-teed* products are made under

The Certain-teed policy:

To make every *Certain-teed* product from the best quality of materials; to use modern methods and machinery in manufacturing; to employ skilled experts; to manufacture on a scale that insures minimum costs; and to sell in such volume that *Certain-teed* prices are possible.

Paint makers usually charge the same for each color. The cost of expensive colors determines the price of all. Thus most colors pay big profits.

Certain-teed prices vary for each color according to cost. Therefore, most *Certain-teed* Paints cost you less than competing paints of anything like the same high quality.

Certain-teed Products Corporation

Offices and Warehouses in the principal cities of America.

Friend: My new sewing machine is all clogged up and works awfully hard.

Housewife: You should use 3-in-One to oil your machine. 3-in-One never gums or collects dust to clog up the delicate bearings. And besides, you can use 3-in-One for lots of other articles too. I use it on locks, clocks, father's swivel chair, baby's go-cart, the ice-cream freezer, the ——

Friend: Wait a minute. Don't go so fast. I didn't know 3-in-One Oil had so many uses.

Housewife: My, yes! Why, I haven't mentioned nearly all of them. You ought to see the way 3-in-One cleans and polishes my furniture, my mirrors, windows and hardwood floors. What's more, I make my own dustless dusting cloths and polish mops and they cost me practically nothing.

Friend: You do?

Housewife: Yes, and even that isn't all. For instance, do your bath-room fixtures and steel knives and different things get rusty in the damp weather?

Friend: They surely do.

Housewife: Mine don't. I just rub them lightly with 3-in-One every once in a while.

Friend: Stop! Where did you learn about all these things you can do with 3-in-One, and how can I learn too?

Housewife: That's easy. Just write to the Three-in-One Oil Company and ask them for a 3-in-One Dictionary. They will send it by return mail and they will also send you a generous sample of 3-in-One Oil along with the Dictionary.

Friend: I'll do it right this minute. Good-bye, and thank you a thousand times for telling me all this.

FREE

Everyone should have our Dictionary of Uses and the generous sample of 3-in-One. Write for them today. A postal will do.

3-in-One is sold in hardware, drug, grocery, house-furnishing and general stores. 1 oz., 15c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz. (½ pint), 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, 3 oz., 25c.

If your dealer doesn't carry these cans, we will send one by parcel post, full of 3-in-One, for 30c.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
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3-IN-ONE

How One Brave Woman Helped Poland

Mme. Paderewska's Wonderful Dolls Brought a Flood of Gold for Her Stricken Country

By ANNA M. L. PHILLIPS

I HAVE assisted Madame Helena Paderewska, wife of the famous pianist and composer, in the greatest war relief ever undertaken and accomplished by any one woman. Since the beginning of the world war, groups of women have achieved wonders, and to the glory of my sex be it said that through their hands has gone the deepest consolation, the most supreme assistance that can possibly be given to suffering humanity. But Madame Paderewska stands alone in her work "For Poland." And what she has accomplished, the good she has done, the help she has given, will make her name go down with that of her husband as patriot and philanthropist.

At the opening of the war Mr. Paderewski and the late Henryk Sienkiewicz, author of "Quo Vadis?" founded the Polish Victims' Relief Fund, with headquarters at Lausanne, Switzerland. The home of the Paderewskis, Riond-Bosson, at Morges, on the banks of Lake Geneva, was turned into a relief camp, and until the present day it is the abiding-place, the shelter, the home of Polish refugees, whose former homes have been crushed out of existence under the war hoof.

AFTER organizing relief committees in Paris and London, Paderewski and his wife sailed for America. They arrived here early in May, 1915, and Mr. Paderewski immediately organized the National American Committee of the Polish Victims' Relief Fund. While on her way to America, Madame Paderewska visited her friend, Miss Mary Mickiewicz, the granddaughter of Poland's great poet, Adam Mickiewicz. Miss Mickiewicz has lived in Paris for many years, and her home has been the rendezvous of the Polish artists' colony, a large gathering of men and women, painters and sculptors of renown. The vicissitudes through which these people were called upon to pass appealed to Miss Mickiewicz, and Madame Paderewska, ever warm of heart, generous and ready to help the sufferers, suggested that the dolls these artists had turned to making, because there was no market for their pictures and marbles, be sent to her in America.

I shall never forget the day of the arrival of the first consignment at the rooms of the Polish Victims' Relief Fund in the Æolian Building, New York. It was in August, 1915. Mr. Paderewski and Madame were in California, and when the box with its custom-house markings was opened it seemed to me I could hear the cries of the mothers and children in far-away Poland as I lifted the little puppets and placed them in a row. What a collection it was! Thirty-one dolls, the like of which had never been seen in America! Just thirty-one little rag dolls with jointed bodies, hair made of twine or cord or fur, as the case might be, and with the typical Polish peasant dress of the various provinces. The consignment came on Friday, and on Saturday afternoon the office of the Relief Fund was closed; but so fascinating had I found these little "Waifs of Poland," as I called them, that I went back to the office and wrote about them until twilight. The next day I went again and completed what has since become so well known as "Madame Paderewska's Doll Book." It seemed to me that text and jingles never came easier. Even then I felt that these little messengers from the suffering ones of Poland to the sympathetic girls and boys of America were destined to become famous.

I WAS not mistaken about their popularity. The first sale of Madame Paderewska's dolls occurred in Bar Harbor, at a lawn party given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernesto Fabbri. When she and her husband returned to New York, the little book had so fascinated Madame that she asked me to take hold of the matter and push the sale of the dolls, in order, as she said so truthfully, "to save the lives of my people." Then it was that the active campaign for the sale of "Madame Paderewska's Polish Refuge Dolls" took place.

We started in Boston with the sale at the Touraine, the Monday following Mr. Paderewski's Sunday concert at Symphony Hall, October 7, 1915. The management of the Touraine allowed us to put a table in the corner of the lobby to the left of the door, and there, from ten o'clock in the morning until six in the afternoon, Madame Paderewska sold dolls and distributed doll books and pamphlets concerning the work of the Polish Victims' Relief Fund. In the evening we had $1,200 from the day's sale. Since then we have sold in every city where Mr. Paderewski has given a concert. If the size of the town warranted, we conducted not only a sale after the concert, in the green room or in the lobby of the theater or hall where the concert took place, but we had an additional sale at the principal hotel. In Philadelphia we realized even more than in Boston. But the banner state for the sale of dolls, outside of New York, is California. The sale of dolls at the Cort Theater after the concert by Mr. Paderewski, October 1, 1915, amounted to over $800, the largest single after-concert sale we have ever had. And the small beginning of thirty-one dolls has merged itself into a business that has supported not only the artist doll-makers but the entire Polish refugee colony in Paris. This includes musicians, writers, wounded soldiers, the old and the helpless.

NOW, any one who thinks that packing dolls and unpacking them, arranging them into an attractive display at hotels and after concerts, is an easy proposition, should have been with us on some of our short stays while on Mr. Paderewski's concert tour. The dolls, while not breakable, must be handled carefully, in order to preserve their freshness and attractive appearance. The dresses never troubled Madame Paderewska half so much as the heads of the infants. "Be very careful and wrap the heads" was her injunction to any who assisted at the sales; and reams upon reams of tissue paper have been used to swathe the flaxen hair of Jan, the son of the gardener, and his little playmate Halka's golden-cropped tresses, and give them an appearance of neatness.

"I never loved a doll before; indeed, I never had one," said Madame Paderewska; "but theso are real, they are human. They speak, they cry, they implore, they reach my heart; and I love my dolls better than any child ever has loved her pet plaything."

When the consignment was first opened, Mr. Paderewski selected as his favorite "Little Carrots," or "Zaza" as we named her—a little red-haired doll whose features were indicated by two pink patches for cheeks, a little stitch of embroidery for a mouth, and two brown polka-dots for eyes. Nobody but an artist could make such a doll, and it is Zaza that Mr. Paderewski keeps constantly on the piano on which he practices so assiduously. "She is not a doll; she has the soul of the artist who made her," the master often says; "I never tire of her. She is attentive and sympathetic, she sits still and is quiet. She interprets my music." And what Zaza is to Mr. Paderewski other dolls are to their possessors.

We have sold hundreds of Zazas and Jans and Halkas, and wo found them the most popular of all the dolls, even though their coiffures were so difficult to keep in shape.

YET the sale of dolls and other articles consigned by the Polish Artists' Relief Colony was but a fraction of the work which Madame Paderewska has done for Poland. She has the keen analytic mind which grasps big situations and at the same time takes hold of detail. Since the opening of the war perhaps no other one woman has worked so indefatigably, so steadily, and so consistently for ono single cause as the little black-haired Polish patriot whose slogan "Buy a doll and save a life" first put her into touch with the sympathetic women of America. Nor is her work completed. She has set about to establish a home for women and young girls in Warsaw, Poland, and it is to this object that she is now bending her energies.

"My girls!" she said in that sweet, plaintive, appealing tone. "Help me to help them. Don't let them go to destruction. Help me to found a home for them where they can be self-supporting."

And she is being helped, and ere long the thing will be an accomplished fact. When the war clouds pass and the work of building becomes possible, there will rise in Warsaw a homo where these girls will have the love and protection of good women, and where they will be taught to become useful, helpful housekeepers, and to do their part in rehabilitating the home and business life of Poland.

On the Band Wagon at One Hundred and One

FEW people attain tho age of 100 years; fewer, perhaps, live a continuous married life of 74 years, and hold church membership for 85 years; and still fewer who have passed the century mark are able to travel good distances with ease and comfort, to make a vigorous and lucid public talk, to walk to town at pleasure, and to look after a garden. Yet all these things, and more, are the experiences of the Rev. Philetus Beverly of Ottawa, Kansas.

At the beginning of the Mexican War Mr. Beverly was nearly 30 years of age, had been married 8 years, and was farming and preaching near the village of Chicago. He talks interestingly of making a trip down the Mississippi on a lumber raft in the 30's, of trekking from the state of New York, his birthplace, to Illinois in the year 1843, in an ox wagon, and of taking up a farm at Barrington, a few miles from Chicago, where he lived 24 years. He sold vegetables and other produce in Chicago when the village had no railroad and a population of only 500. After a quarter century of pioneering in Illinois, Mr. Beverly came on to Kansas, traveling overland in a covered wagon, for there was still no railroad in this direction. He settled at the villago of Burlingame, where he has lived to the present, with the exception of a few years spent in Ottawa. For the past fivo years he has received wide attontion and has been the subject of much newspaper comment in Kansas; his birthday has been a public event.

Mr. Beverly was born in Oxford, New York, February 11, 1817; was married there in 1833 to Miss Louisa Mix, who lived till 1907, when she was 93. These remarkable people, whose union endured approximately the allotted span of man's life, were the parents of 9 children, 4 of whom are still living, the youngest being above 70 years of age. Mr. Beverly has 64 living descendants. At the age of 100 years and 3 months, Rev. Mr. Beverly performed the marriage ceremony of one of his great-granddaughters.

Recently the First Methodist Church Sunday School of Ottawa arranged a service in honor of Mr. Beverly, and presented him with a silver loving cup.

CHARLES V. STANSELL.

The Human Interest of Havoline

Your dealer prefers to sell you Havoline because he's human. He's willing to shove any oil across the counter that you demand. But he much prefers to hand out Havoline.

Because he knows that Havoline Oil does everything for a car that it is scientifically possible for correct lubrication to do. He knows that a Havoline-oiled car will run more smoothly, last longer, need less repairing, and command a bigger cash value when trading-in time comes.

Your dealer has nothing to sell but service. He stands or falls on his ability to keep your car performing right. And he knows that correct lubrication of your car is his one best friend.

He knows that Havoline gives your car its one best chance to perform. That Havoline Oil gives a vast majority of the better class of motorists all the motor joy that modern horse-power is capable of delivering. That's the human interest of Havoline.

Havoline greases are compounded of Havoline Oil and pure, sweet tallow. Clean to handle and correct in body.

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"It makes a difference"

He stands by
BAKER'S
COCOA
and it is a good old stand-by too.

For generations it has supplied the demand from young and old for a pure, delicious, invigorating, wholesome food drink, rich in nutritive qualities and easily digested.

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Our Mail-Bag

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not controversial. All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

CHRISTIAN HERALD INFORMATION BUREAU

Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

With all the resources of the Government libraries and departments and of the public museums and their staffs and with the active assistance of national experts, this Information Bureau is ready to tell you the answer to

Whatever You Want to Know

The bureau is prepared to answer fully and promptly questions regarding food production and conservation, transportation, industrial activities, history, patents and inventions, pensions and Army insurance, legislation, exploration and discovery, Government employment and all of the thousand and one things that you want to be sure of.

Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

C. C. B., Gresham, Ore. In Acts 13:10 the distinction is drawn between the children of the Kingdom and those of the wicked one, the latter as being the enemies of righteousness, perverters of the truth, making it their business to do evil and to lead others astray. Knowing the truth, they oppose it with all the force of their nature, being inspired by the evil one, whose will they do from choice rather than from compulsion. The children of God are those who open their hearts to the truth and accept it, proving by words and deeds and by the purity of their lives and the sincerity of their faith that they are those whom Christ recognizes as his (Matt. 5:9; 15:26; John 1:12; Rom. 8:14-17; 9:8, etc.). It is nowhere implied that the children of darkness are so because it has been ordained. On the contrary, the light of divine truth is presented to all; but by resisting the appeal of truth—at first through carelessness or worldliness, or love of pleasure—the sinner ultimately becomes indifferent and hardened, and the spirit of evil finds him an easy conquest, giving ready response to any suggestions of wickedness. For any one, whether preacher or layman, to claim that all alike are children of God is to speak in direct contradiction of the truth as Jesus himself declared it. The Gospel invitation, however, is equally open to all men, and even the most hardened sinner, by sincere repentance, confession of sin and acceptance of Christ as Saviour, can obtain forgiveness and become a child of God.

Any reader of this paper knowing the present address of Florence Grace Berner, aged seventeen, will confer a favor by sending word to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Berner, Alcester, S. D.

A reader in Harbor Beach, Mich., sends us this note, which may prove serviceable to churches that are suffering from fuel shortage: "Last Sunday Dr. Moffet, pastor of the Baptist church, announced to his congregation that the Ladies' Society had bought two acres of timber, just outside the corporation, and would expect the men to be on hand Monday morning, bright and early, each armed with a good sharp ax. A bobsled would be at the church door to take them to the timber and bring them back at noon, when they would be well fed and again returned to the timber lot. The trees were to be cut and trimmed into bob loads and hauled to the church lot by teams and sleds, where it would be sawed into stove-wood. If every church in the state did this, what a pile of coal we might save!" This is a new way to help win the war and keep on fighting the battle against sin at the same time. The plan deserves to find many imitators.

E. F. M., Troy, N. Y. The question you state carries its own obvious answer.

S. S., Kenyon, Minn. According to Hebrew tradition, Adam had a number of sons and daughters whose names do not appear in the Scripture record. Genesis, chapters 4 and 5, implies this, and it is held by some commentators that there may have been a considerable population within a comparatively small geographical radius. "Land of Nod" means "land of exile."

A number of readers have answered our inquiry regarding Bunyan's "Holy War." It is evident, however, that while a fair proportion of our older friends know the book, and have felt its quaint charm and followed its story with real appreciation, very few of the younger generation ever saw a copy. Yet most of those who are familiar with it testify that it has helped to shape their religious life and their share in Christian work. We thank our friends for their letters on the subject.

J. T. H., Fremont, Ohio, writes: "I saw an article in the Christian Herald of January 2, with the heading 'Meatless and Wheatless Days.' We have a man in our neighborhood who has added 'eatless days.' He has not been moved from his bed for two years, yet he does clerical work and gets $2.25 per day, has a wife to support, pays house rent, bought two government war bonds, meets all his obligations promptly, and, besides all these, he has his 'eatless days.' He always greets his fellow men with a smile. His wife finds time from her other duties to knit sweaters for the soldiers. If any one can show greater patriotism under adverse circumstances, I would like to hear from them."

A friend sends us this little poem, which she has lovingly written and dedicated to the Christian Herald Family:

I seek in prayerful words, dear friends,
My heart's true wish to send you,
That you may know that far or near
My loving thoughts attend you.

I cannot find a truer word
Nor fonder to caress you,
No song, no poem I have heard
Is sweeter than "God bless you!"

God bless you! So I've wished you all
Of brightness life possesses:
For can there any prize at all
Be thine, unless God blesses?

God bless you! So I breathe a charm
Lest grief's dark night oppress you,
For ne'er can sorrow bring you harm
If 'tis God's way to bless you.

And so along "through all thy days
May shadows touch thee never—"
But this alone, God bless thee, friend,
Then art thou safe forever!

Martinsville, Va. MRS. P. C. WRAY.

C. S., Otis, Colo., writes: "After reading Mr. Carpenter's excellent article on 'Meat and Wheat to Feed the World,' the thought came to me that Mr. Carpenter had been slightly misinformed, and that rickets, stomach trouble and tuberculosis were caused by something besides the extra bran and whole wheat bread. I have never seen a better breakfast food than ground whole wheat, and have eaten lots of it, also plenty of bran bread and bread made partly of shorts, and never feel better than when I have plenty of it, and I have seen its good effects upon others. Also, in regard to the statement that 'The real food dictator of America is the farmer,' I have lived in this part of the country ever since wheat was raised here, and I know that, while there are a few large wheat-raisers, most of the wheat is raised by farmers who produce only a few hundred bushels each, and every one of them must take the price offered at the mills or elevators, or else take the risk of holding for an advance which does not always come. Most of the farmers have the greater part of their wheat on the market by New Year's, in order to pay their many expenses, and many have to go to the banks and renew their notes for another year. Yet every year most of them are trying to produce more wheat, except when the price falls below sixty cents per bushel, and the only way the farmer can figure a profit in the fall is to not charge for his own work or time."

Lucy D., Parker, Arizona, writes: "When I finished reading the Christian Herald today, I felt a longing to reach out and give M. S. D., of Youngstown, Ohio, a hearty handclasp. It is the unselfish love that she bears for the babes God has committed to her care that makes her feel so keenly the needs of those other little ones. I have loved children all my life, and very recently some brown-skinned children have fallen to my care. At first their skins seemed very brown; but I soon forgot the color of their skin as I came to know better the real children. I am one of those employed by Uncle Sam to train his Indian youths for useful citizenship. I love my work and I find many interesting things here, enough to keep life from becoming at all monotonous, for you know

"'The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.'

Yet, as I cannot attend church, I do get hungry for just such cheering, strengthening messages as the Herald brings to us each week. But I want even more. I wish some of you would allow me to put your names upon my correspondence list. The letters in the Mail-Bag testify to the fact that some of you write letters quite as helpful as sermons."

There may be some of our readers who would like to send an occasional letter to this lonely teacher. We will gladly give her address to any who wish it.

J. K. H., Columbus, Ind. In the Lord's prayer we ask God to lead us not into temptation; in James we read that God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man, and Christ says that God is not willing that any should perish. The better rendering of that part of the Lord's Prayer, and one more fully in accordance with the spirit and meaning of the passage, is "suffer us not to be led into temptation." The petition as it stands is simply a humble expression of self-distrust and shrinking from danger—a prayer against yielding to temptation—and is equivalent to asking for support and deliverance when we are tempted. Our Lord himself taught his disciples to pray against this danger, when he said in the garden: "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

Mrs. H. S., Lathrop, Calif. Please explain the passage in John 13:8, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part in me."

The passage is not to be interpreted in the narrow, literal sense, as has often been done by popes and emperors. It means that we must be willing and glad to do the humblest service for each other and thus to become Christlike. We must note in this passage the words "with me." The Lord does not say "in me," but "with me," showing that he meant Peter and the believer to have, with him, a share in a work of self-sacrificing love, triumphant over the world and crowned with glory. This implied that unless Peter and the believer "enter into the spirit of that self-sacrificing love which Jesus performs; makes that spirit his own spirit; sees the beauty and owns the glory of his Master becoming the servant for his people's sake, and becomes in like manner ready to sacrifice himself—if he may thereby help the humblest member of the flock of Christ—then he is going his own way, not the way of Jesus."

People are asking why bread is cheaper in England than in America. The U. S. Food Administration furnishes the explanation: "In England, a four-pound loaf of war-bread sells for 18 cents, a two-pound loaf for 9 cents and a pound loaf for 5 cents. These low prices are maintained in spite of the fact that the wheat must risk the submarine zone. The explanation is that English bread is heavily subsidized. It is cheap to the people but costly to the government. In Great Britain, the government controls all the home-grown grain and imported wheat. This is sold to the mills at a price that, under rigid control, puts a cheap loaf on every man's table. England's cheap bread, however, costs the government $200,000,000 annually. Another reason why the Englishman pays less lies in the quality of the bread. In Great Britain a much higher per cent. of flour is extracted from the wheat than even the new regulations require in America. A substitution of 20 per cent. of other cereals or potatoes is compulsory in bread-making, and 50 per cent. is allowed. The high per cent. of substitution and government controlled prices explain cheap English bread. The yearly deficit of $200,000,000 on bread production is paid by the government, but comes out of the people's pockets eventually in general taxes."

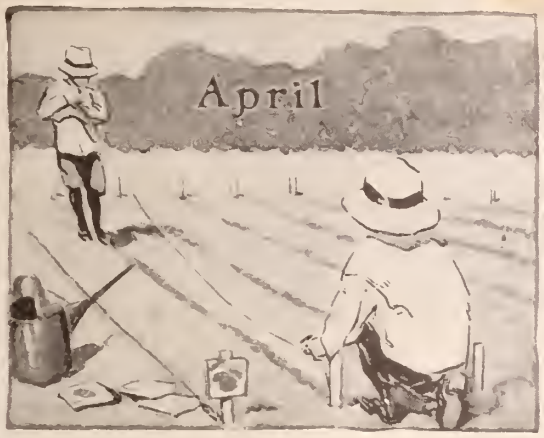
Make Your Clothes Last Longer

YOUR clothes will last longer if you take out the spots and stains as soon as they appear. The Christian Herald will send you free an illustrated book that tells how.

Hot water takes out fruit stains, but if you use it on a milk stain or an egg stain it "drives it in" and makes it worse. Soap, on the other hand, takes out grease spots and makes fruit stains worse.

There is a remedy for every stain—even the scorched spots on cotton and linen.

The free book now being distributed by the Christian Herald lists 88 different kinds of stains and tells how to remove each of them. This book contains 35 pages and illustrations. To get your free copy, send your name and address to the Christian Herald Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Enclose a **2-cent** stamp for return postage on the book.



Soon It Will Be Garden Time

YES, soon there will be a touch of Spring in the air. Soon the fields will show the brown of early March. On some of the slopes there is still a little snow but very quickly it will all be gone. And then the garden will call; the garden tools, the grape arbor and pruning shears, the raspberry canes at the end of the garden walk.

And this year it must be a real garden; must be planted so that there is no guesswork about it, because the boys "over there"—the Allies, need all the food that the big farms can supply. Yes, the home garden this year must be planted scientifically, effectively, economically.

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Pakro Seedtape will help you to have a better, a more efficient garden. It is the scientific way of planting. The seeds are evenly and accurately spaced in a thin paper tape. And a whole row is planted at a time, resulting in straight rows of evenly spaced plants. Thinning out is practically eliminated.

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Write today for the beautiful Pakro Catalog

It will help you to have a better, a more productive garden. It describes Pakro Seedtape and the Pakro, the easy way of planting.

It shows how a million garden owners saved time and money last season in planting their gardens. The illustrations are from actual photographs and reproduced in actual colors. Write for your copy today. It will be sent immediately upon your request without charge and postage prepaid.

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If you don't care for a serge suit, our big book which we will send you free contains generous samples of other fabrics: plain and fancy mixtures from leading woolen mills. Prices $15 to $32.50.

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"The Whole World Kin"

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE train was full of dusty, tired people—for it was evening time and the train was a through train that cut a great continent in half and joined two large cities. The folk who occupied the chair car had been traveling since early morning, and they were bored and inclined to be rather snappish. The porter, who brought glasses of water and cushions in answer to their fretful demands, was quite frankly nervous.

It was the conductor who caused a diversion. A fat bustling man he was, with gray hair and a pleasant smile. The smile was quite submerged as he stepped in at the doorway of the car.

"There's a woman in the day coach," he said, "with a sick baby. It's very crowded out there, and uncomfortable, and I couldn't help wondering whether one of you would be kind enough to give up your place to her. It's something that I wouldn't ask, ordinarily."

There was a traveling man in the car, and a college boy in ultra-fashionable clothing. There was an elderly couple, and a stately woman in a sealskin coat. There was a girl with rouged cheeks and too elaborate jewels; and there was another girl whose simple frock spoke of Paris. There was a thin man who wrote busily with a huge fountain pen, and a stout man who had a professional-looking bag beside his chair. The stout man spoke.

"I'm a doctor," he said. "Tell the mother to come in here. She can have my place, and I'll take a look at the child."

THE bored people in the car straightened up in their places. They forgot, in a moment's time, that they were dusty and tired of traveling. They watched the door expectantly.

It wasn't long before the conductor came back with the mother. She was a thin, pale, little mother in a threadbare frock. And the tears stood, star-like, in her eyes.

"Oh," she said, pausing in the doorway, "you're—kind!" and she bent her head over the bundle in her arms—the shawl-wrapped bundle that was a baby.

A stir ran through the car—a friendly stir that was one-half interest and one-half sympathy. It was the traveling man who spoke first. He rose quite gallantly, and taking the little mother's arm guided her to the seat that the doctor had vacated.

"I hope," said the traveling man, "that the baby isn't very sick."

As if in answer to his question a whimper came from the depths of the shawl-wrapped bundle. The little mother sank wearily into the seat.

"Oh," she almost sobbed, "I'm afraid that he is!"

The doctor, with tender hands, was putting back the shawl. The baby face was a thin little face that was distorted with pain.

The woman in the sealskin coat leaned forward.

"Can I help?" she questioned. "I had a baby—once."

The doctor was gently touching the baby—touching its temple and wrist—with practiced fingers. Quite suddenly he opened its mouth, and then he spoke, for the first time.

"It's a tooth," said the doctor—"a very mean tooth."

THE elderly couple looked at each other knowingly. They half smiled.

"John," said the wife, with a shake of her silver head, "had a terrible time getting teeth. Do you remember?"

The husband reached for her hand across the space between their chairs. It was more than a car aisle that he reached across—it was a chasm of years.

"Yes," he answered, "I remember."

"Hey, porter!" It was the doctor calling. "Bring a glass of water!"

"Yessir," answered the porter. The sullen nervousness had been swept magically from his face.

The college boy was interested, but somehow, boylike, he was a bit ashamed of his interest.

"Is the little fellow very sick?" he questioned. "Is it very dangerous to get a tooth, I wonder?"

The baby's whimper was softer now, and the doctor nodded reassuringly to the mother as he began to drop medicine from a small vial into the glass of water that the eager porter handed him.

Quite unconsciously the girl in the simple frock answered the college boy's question.

"Sometimes," she said, "it's very dangerous when teeth are coming. I have two little sisters—twins—and though we've always had a trained nurse to care for them, every new tooth is a problem and a worry! One of the babies hasn't suffered at all, but the other—"

THE doctor was feeding the medicine to the baby.

"This," he said, "will ease the pain. Poor little fellow! And by morning, maybe, the tooth will have come through. Anyway he'll not suffer so, again, for the worst is over!"

The little mother's shoulder shook. The tears that had been trembling on her lashes rolled down her cheeks. Helplessly she looked around the car.

"You've been like angels to me," she choked. "We're going on, you see, to meet baby's father. He's got a new job in Chicago and it was only yesterday that the money for our fare came. It was hard for him, saving the money and getting a little flat ready for us. We haven't seen him for a month, baby and I. And I was afraid"—she paused, a scrap of a handkerchief at her eyes, "that baby'd never get there—alive."

The man with the huge fountain pen had stopped writing long before. For the first time he spoke.

"That little woman's going all to pieces," he said briskly, but his brisk voice covered a certain understanding. "Can't some of you ladies—" he glanced impartially around the car—"take care of the little kiddy while she gets some rest?"

The girl in the Paris frock started forward—so did the elderly lady. The stately woman in sealskin held out appealing arms. But it was the girl with the many jewels that first reached the mother.

"Let me hold him," she said quite fiercely. "Blessed little thing! Let me hold him!" And the over-manicured hands that touched the shabby shawl were very gentle hands.

"ONE touch of nature," they say, "makes the whole world kin." And it's the truest thing that ever has been said. For that little suffering baby brought a carload of selfish, bored people very close together under a common band of sympathy and a common desire to help.

We were reading a story together, a writer-man and I, the other day. It wasn't a great story, but it left us with misty eyes and a certain catch in our throats.

"Oh," said the writer-man to me, "don't I wish that I'd written that story!"

"Why do you wish that?" I questioned. (For I, too, wished that I could have been the author of it.)

"Because," answered the writer-man, "it's so very human. I'd rather write something human than something subtle and unspeakably clever and great."

The human touch is the touch that seems, somehow, to make our lives worth while. If we lack that touch—and are not able to feel the spirit of fellowship that such a touch imparts—we are very likely to live our lives in a rather unpleasantly solitary manner.

It is the human touch—the one touch of nature—that makes some speakers successful orators who can play responsive chords on the heartstrings of a crowd while other speakers are never more than elocutionists. It is the human touch that has made many a motion picture star famous. More than one writer has become popular because folk, reading his stories, are impelled to say, "I've felt just that way myself." And there are even ministers of the Gospel who have been more successful at saving souls because they have been able to talk, not down from a pulpit to a congregation, but as man to man and brother to brother.

AND now, in this time of war and tumult, it is the human touch that keeps each day from being an utterly dark day. The mother with her only son (who graduated from Plattsburg) over in France can feel a certain relationship with the little Irish woman whose boy is a private in the "Fighting Sixty-ninth." And the shopgirl who is skilfully knitting gray wool into a warm sock can smile at the fashionable débutante who is struggling with *her* knitting—can smile and offer friendly advice. The silk service-flag in the limousine window tells the same story that is told by the cotton flag on the tenement house door.

Oh, friends of mine, when you begin to think that the world is full of sorrow and discontent and snobbishness—when you begin to think that gold counts for more than human kindness—look for that touch of nature, that "one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." And you'll be sure to find it—be you in shop or slum, in mansion or cottage, in a Pullman or a subway car—for it is a blessed touch that lives—and will live—wherever there are people who have minds and souls and hearts.

SOMETIMES

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

SOMETIMES, when th' way seems weary,
Sometimes when th' world seems blue;
Sometimes when yer outlook's dreary,
And there don't seem nothin' new—

Sometimes when yer pleasures bore you,
And there ain't no one that cares;
When yer life lies all before you
Like a narrer flight o' stairs—

Sometimes, when th' sun a-shinin'
Seems ter have a brassy gleam,
An' because there ain't no linin'
Storm clouds are just what they seem—

Sometimes then yer hate just *livin'*,
Hate to smile an' do yer part;
Sometimes then life seems just givin',
Givin' from an empty heart—

Then's the time ter look for laughter
In a stranger's vivid eyes;
Then's the time ter follow after
Fairy gold that always lies

Where th' rainbow seeks the hollow
Off behind th' purple hill;
Where th' winds cry "Follow, follow!"
An' th' day is calm and still.

Then's th' time to watch th' gleamin',
Of th' tender stars at night—
Stars that laugh together, seemin',
Just ter show th' world is right!

Then's th' time ter sing, and, singin',
Let some other join yer song;
Then's th' time you should be bringin'
Smiles where only smiles belong.

Sometimes when th' way seems dreary,
Sometimes when th' world seems sad,
Help somebody worn an' weary,
An' your life will soon be glad!

Tire Values
-and how to judge them-

THESE are days of conservation, a time to make every dollar do its utmost. Some basic information about tire values is opportune.

Many different makes of tires are advertised here, and elsewhere, but in a way that must make tire advertising as a whole rather confusing to car owners, particularly those with their first car.

Claims conflict, glittering generalities are the rule, the natural partiality of each manufacturer for his own product gives a sameness to the argument, all of which leaves the tire buyer who really wants to buy with discrimination quite at sea.

That is why Firestone advertising presents to the public the fundamental principles of good tires, tires as they ought to be, Most Miles per Dollar tires.

Below is shown a cross section of a Firestone Cord Tire. This is the tire that is giving car owners the greatest possible efficiency in wear and fuel economy. Each part is designated and briefly described.

Inspect, for a few moments, the vital units of this construction, and their significance in tire service and economy will be made clear. Then ask your dealer to show you cross sections of tires. You will soon be buying more intelligently, making every dollar do its utmost.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO, BRANCHES AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Tread It is no simple matter to make a tread that absorbs every small road shock and at the same time successfully repels the abrasive wear of the sharpest surfaces of pavement or highway. Yet this thing has been done. The remarkable mileage of this enduring tread is a matter of record in every section of the country

Cord and Rubber Body Each wall of stout cord in the Firestone Cord Tire is free to act untrammeled by friction with the adjoining cord walls. Firestone construction assures a flexible unity that is astonishingly strong and enduring.

Reinforcement for Sidewall and Bead One of the greatest sources of tire trouble is the "bending point." Firestone engineers have devised a special reinforcement that carries this "hinge" to the widest portion of the tire where this action has least effect.

Cushion Stock This section of fine rubber is a shield to the body or "carcass" of the tire It absorbs road blows. The Firestone method of making it from the purest rubber and of unusual thickness has added materially to its effective performance.

Most Miles per Dollar

Breaker Strip The breaker strip in form is a combination of a special open fabric and a rubber formula different from all other parts of the tire. Every road blow is spread by the breaker strip over such a large area of the cushion and the body of the tire that its damaging quality is lost.

Side Wall Here is the protecting element for the body on each side between tread and bead. A combination of great resilience and resisting power is necessary. The special Firestone side wall rubber has proved more than a match for the wear it must withstand.

Piano Wire The fine piano wires of the bead form one of the most interesting elements of the Firestone Cord Tires. The bead is the anchorage for the entire structure and must cling firmly to the rim no matter what the stress. It is a fact worthy of note that each Firestone Cord Tire contains enough piano wire to equip four pianos

Firestone
CORD TIRES

Put Your Kitchen on a War Basis

The government asks for economy—economy of food, economy of fuel. The Boss Glass Door Oven is helping to bring both to over a million American homes.

Every housewife knows how food can easily be spoiled in old-fashioned, solid-door ovens. There are only two ways to bake in such an oven. You either *guess* that things are doing all right and hope for the best or *you open the door to look.* And right there lies the greatest danger to successful baking. The slightest draught of cool air can do a lot of damage. It results in your bread being doughy, your cake falling flat or the pies coming out soggy—or otherwise your bakings burn or char. There is *always* that element of uncertainty with an old-style oven. You are never *sure* of results.

But with a Boss Oven you know, all the time, just how to regulate the heat, exactly how fast things are baking, the right time to take them out. You see, you see through the glass door. No uncertainty about that! You keep right on with your other work. A glance now and then assures you that all is well and the result is that you always have perfectly baked, delicious foods, no disappointments, *no waste.*

The Boss helps to save the nation's coal supply too. It is used on oil, gas or gasoline stoves only. Don't use your coal range now. Our industries, which are so important in winning this war, need the coal.

The Boss Glass Door Oven is the modern oven. It is easy to regulate. Its patent deflector distributes the heat evenly. It is economical to operate, handsome in appearance and will last a lifetime. The Glass Door does not steam up. We guarantee that. It is as easy to look in your Boss Oven as it is to look out your kitchen window. Buy a Boss and watch it bake, and have crisp, brown, tempting dishes, always.

Remember, all glass door ovens are not Boss Ovens. The glass of the Boss Oven is guaranteed to remain unaffected by the heat. Buy it by name and then, and then only are you certain of getting the genuine "Boss."

We shall be glad to send you our interesting booklet and the name of the Boss Dealer nearest you.

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Young People's Topics for March 3

He Died in My Stead

Epworth League Topic. John 15 : 31; I Peter 2 : 21; Heb. 12 : 2

THIS topic can be better understood today by most of us than it would have been a year or two ago. Now vacant chairs in every chapter room, filled on rare furloughs by young men in olive drab, stand as living, present illustrations of viearious sacrifice. Their lives are offered for ours. There is no inherent reason in us why our lives should be left to round out their normal days while they should face the enemy; but they go and we stay and they, if they die, die for us. Shall we say the innocent for the guilty? It might be. But Christ died for us. Innocent of all sin, he died that miserable sinners, such as you and I, might, through his sacrifice, approach the throne of God and call Jehovah "Our Father." The life of Christ revealed the Father; his death removed the barriers of sin for all of us, opened the gates of blessedness and prepared for us an abundant entrance into the holy place of the Father's love. There are some who refuse to accept the atonement of Christ because they can't understand it or fathom the reasons for its necessity. There are some things that can be experienced better than they can be explained. Christian faith proves itself. Every one who accepts the sacrifice of Christ receives in his heart, along with release from his burden of sin, the living proof of the truth. We cannot explain it. We can only thank God that he so loved us that he was willing to send his Son to die for us. Then, throwing open our hearts to be filled with his Spirit, we should seek to show forth his love that those other thousands for whom, too, he died may learn of him through us.

Christian Duty and Privilege. III. Prayer

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topics. John 14 : 12-17

(Consecration Meeting.)

"I WILL pray the Father and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever." Jesus, himself, set us the example of prayer. At every critical point in his three years' ministry we see him at prayer. We are shown Jesus returning from the hills or the desert after a night of prayer to triumph once more over every enemy and adverse circumstance. Then, in the Garden and on the Cross, he finds in prayer the strength to keep his human will equal to his divine commission. Christ was our example in prayer. If the Son of God needed to commune with the Father in prayer, how much more do we need to come into his presence on our knees! The place of prayer is still the fountain of power. To this fountain it is our privilege to go. The Saviour's sacrifice, which cleansed from us the stain of inborn and of committed sin, bought us this privilege. Like our salvation, it was bought with a price, yet to us it is a free gift of divine love. The Father waits to hear the petitions of his children. Thus it is our privilege. But it is also our duty to make full use of this privilege. Our own salvation is only an incident in the saving of the world. The thread of saving grace runs from someone else to us and on from us again to another. Someone told us of Christ, someone whose life showed enough of the divine to make us believe in the message told us. We cannot pass the message on unless our own lives radiate the sincere love of Christ and meet the world's measure of what a Christian's life should be. No matter how we try, any life we live in our own strength will be futile and weak and unconvincing. Only by frequent seasons of refreshment at this prayer fountain of spiritual power can we gain strength enough to live in this worldly world as sons of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ in the Kingdom. Therefore prayer is also our duty. It is a happy duty, a duty that brings in its performance the deepest blessing our hearts can know. Thus it can never remain merely a duty; it must always appear a blessed privilege. The privilege and the duty both are ours; the blessing that waits on prayer is ours to claim.

The Muzzled Oxen—Our Cover Picture

THE threshing-floors are usually located near the village on a hard piece of ground, or preferably on a large flat rock. Here the sheaves are gathered together and first piled up in an even number of heaps. The Israelites were commanded to give a tenth of their produce to the priests as tithes. It was in this connection that Christ said of the Pharisees, who strained only in the letter to obey the law, "Ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law" (Matt. 23 : 23).

Today these tithes are still paid in kind. A few years ago they were a tenth, but now an eighth is exacted as a government tax. So all the sheaves must be gathered into the threshing-floor, and after one of the eight piles has been selected by the tax collector, the fellah begins the laborious task of threshing the grain, which often requires months to complete.

The cattle are tied together abreast and driven round and round over the outspread grain. To protect their feet two small iron shoes are nailed to each hoof, as we infer must have been the custom in Bible days from the passage in Micah which reads thus: "Arise and thresh—for I will make thine horn iron and thy hoofs brass" (Micah 4 : 13).

As the straw is gradually reduced by this simple process to little bits, and the grain is knocked out of the ears, the farmer keeps stirring the pile and adding more to it, and when completely done he piles it up and awaits the evening breezes for the winnowing.

How is it that we see the cattle muzzled while treading out the grain (which the Israelites were forbidden to do), by a people who live up to, as we have been seeing, although unknown to them, so many of the laws given to the Hebrews? Ordinarily when treading out barley or other grain they allow the animals to eat all they want, the fellah saying that it is "harram" (a sin) to muzzle them. But the ease of a young animal that will overeat and thereby injure itself is an exception, as is also the threshing of the wheat. Wheat and bread, as we have before seen, are called "aish" (life), and are held to be almost sacred, so that any one wasting or profaning them is deemed to merit the punishment of Allah. So strict are they that if a crumb of bread is dropped by a child it is picked up by the elder ones, kissed and laid on a wall or in a crack where birds can get it, rather than have it trodden under foot. Therefore it is that when wheat is being threshed the cattle are muzzled.

Our picture was taken at the large threshing-floor at Bireh, about seven miles north of Jerusalem. Bireh means cistern or well, so named possibly on account of its possessing a good spring of water. Undoubtedly it is the ancient Beeroth, which in Hebrew has the same meaning as the modern Arabic name. It was a town of Benjamin, but before the Israelitish invasion Beeroth belonged to the Hivites, and from here and the neighboring Gibeon and other towns came the men who through guile made a covenant with Joshua as soon as he entered the Promised Land (Joshua 9).

A tradition from the fourteenth century locates Bireh as the site where Mary and Joseph first missed the child Jesus when they were returning from the feast at Jerusalem. It is today the first stopping-place for the people who have been to Jerusalem to the yearly feasts, as they go back on foot or riding asses and other beasts, a fact that helps us to feel that this medieval tradition is correct.

JOHN D. WHITING.

Beloved by the Children

THE Rev. Franklin Babbitt, the aged and venerable pastor of Grace Episcopal Church, Nyack, N. Y., passed away on January 24, at the ripe old age of 87 years. He was a man of singular activity. In a feeble frame there was lodged an indomitable spirit. For fifty-six consecutive years he had been the active rector of Grace Church, which had practically grown up under his hands.

When the Christian Herald Children's Home was founded in 1894, Dr. Babbitt was one of the first friends of the work. He was a frequent and always welcome visitor to the Home, and every summer the little guests grew more and more to love him. His fine Christian spirit and his helpful and inspiring talks made him a host of friends among the little folk, and the management of the Home was indebted to him for these kindly ministrations through all the years. There are many thousands of the Mont-Lawn children who have now reached manhood and womanhood, who will recall the pleasure which the visits of the kindly old rector always brought to the Home. His influence over these cannot be measured in words.

Dr. Babbitt was born in Saco, Maine, in 1825. His first charge as an Episcopal pastor was in a little church in Middle Patent, near New Bedford, and later he became curate of the Episcopal church at North Tarrytown, N. Y. There was at that time no Episcopal church at Nyack, and he came over the river and undertook the work of gathering a congregation and founding a church. His first meetings were held in the homes of his parishioners, and later in a schoolhouse while the chapel was being made ready for occupancy. The cornerstone of the present Episcopal church was laid in 1869.

He was an active soul-winner, and took care both of the Lord's House and the little flock that gathered in it. Those fifty-six years were years of steady spiritual and material growth. In 1911 his church gave him a golden jubilee reception and a purse of $2,000, which he turned back into the church property. He built up a large Sunday-school in connection with his church.

The Year 1917 Among the Churches

Continued from page 210

1,006, which is 532 more than in 1916. The Roman Catholic Church contributes 150 of this increase.

Changes of the Year

SOME changes are quite evident on the face of the returns. The Roman Catholic Church added to its numbers in 1916 nearly 390,000 estimated communicants; the editor of the "Official Catholic Directory" estimates the net increase for 1917 at 175,000 "population," which represents 148,750 communicants, a falling off in net gains of 241,250. The reason which promptly suggests itself is failure of immigration, which has long been a source of increase to that polyglot Church. But the slump in immigration began with the outbreak of the European War in August, 1914, and was in full force in 1915 and 1916. Moreover, the return of European aliens to their own lands was large in the first years of the War. Churches embracing foreign-speaking elements in their membership, as the Roman Catholic, the Serbian, the Russian Orthodox, the German Evangelical Synod and some Lutheran bodies, have been affected by the War, and yet have held their own and a little more. The Hungarian Reformed Church reports a net loss in membership of 4,500 in 1917, about a fourth of its entire strength in the United States.

The Baptists, Northern, Southern and Colored, have had, taken together, an aggregate net increase of 77,667, on the basis of a total numerical strength of 6,160,602, a larger increase than in 1916, but not so large as that of 1915. The Methodist Episcopal, Southern and Colored Methodist Episcopal Churches report an aggregate net gain of nearly 174,000; the Presbyterian bodies, of 54,278, to which the Northern branch contributed 38,416; the Disciples of Christ had a net increase of over 59,000; the Roman Catholic Church of 148,750; the American Old Catholic Church, of 10,000; the Syrian Orthodox Church of 5,000; the German Evangelical Church of 5,177; the Congregational denomination, of 12,200; the Lutheran bodies, of 6,603; the Protestant Episcopal Church, of 4,931; the United Brethren of 1,082, and the Reformed Churches Dutch, German and Christian, of 3,998, which was more than equalled by the loss of 4,500 by the fourth member of the group, the Hungarian branch. With a few notable exceptions, the gains of each of the denominations are less than usual.

GRAND TOTALS OF MEMBERS AND GAINS IN THE PAST SIX YEARS

Year	*Communicants*	*Increase*
1917	40,515,315	573,315
1916	39,941,811	756,867
1915	39,184,944	542,962
1914	38,641,982	782,007
1913	37,859,975	1,235,513
1912	36,624,462	528,777

Average annual gain in this period, 736,542.

Statistics of the Churches in 1917

Continued from page 211

Denominations	*Ministers*	*Churches*	*Communicants*	*Gains in 1917 Min.*	*Chs.*	*Com.*
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL						
1. Protestant Episcopal	5,622	8,120	1,071,901	24	66	4,931
2. Reformed Episcopal	b82	b80	b11,465	....	....	....
Total Prot. Epis.	5,704	8,200	1,083,366	24	66	4,931
REFORMED:						
1. Reformed (Dutch)	791	731	132,172	16	7	448
2. Reformed (German)	1,246	1,786	327,508	1	13	1,376
3. Christian Ref.	175	243	39,381	3	6	2,174
4. Hungarian Ref.	32	48	15,000	1	26d	4,500d
Total Reformed	2,244	2,808	514,061	21	....	482d
Reformed Catholic	r7	r6	r3,250	....	....	....
Salvation Army	3,072	970	29,096	60	3	893
Schwenkfelders	6	6	1,126	....	....	51
Social Brethren	r15	r17	r1,262	....	....	....
Soc. for Ethical Cul.	7	6	2,450	....	....	....
Spiritualists	....	1,500	200,000	....	....	....
Theosophical Society	....	187	7,002	....	13	1,141
Unitarians	b504	b472	b71,110	....	....	....
UNITED BRETHREN:						
1. United Brethren	1,910	3,551	346,787	27d	26d	1,082
2. United Breth. (Old Cons.)	b310	b515	r21,172	....	....	....
Total United Brethren	2,220	4,066	367,959	27d	26d	1,082
Universalists	675	868	58,942	13	3	642
Independent Congregations	s267	s879	s48,673	....	....	....
Grand Total in 1917	181,808	226,609	40,515,126	1,244	1,006	573,315
Grand Total in 1916	180,564	225,603	39,941,811	454	374	756,867

—(b) Returns of 1916. (d) Decrease. (r) Returns of a previous year. (s) Several years old.

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16th to 18th Rewards, each $20.00	60.00
19th to 21st Rewards, each $15.00	45.00
22nd to 31st Rewards, each $10.00	100.00
32nd to 51st Rewards, each $5.00	100.00
52nd to 1000th Rewards, each $2.00	1,898.00

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8th Prize—Mrs. J. M. King, Ind.	50.00
9th Prize—Mrs. Geo. Waterbury, Ohio	50.00

JUDGES OF THE 2nd Bible Picture Study

These are the eminent Bible scholars who selected the best verses in the Second Bible Picture Study. In behalf of all participants, and for itself, the Christian Herald wishes to thank them for their painstaking work. Each is a man of many and important affairs, and to carry through this careful labor so well was a gracious act which is appreciated by every member of the Christian Herald family.

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Pastor of Fort Washington Presbyterian Church, New York

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Cumming, Mrs. Ethel, Me.
Cunningham, Mrs. W. D., Ohio.
Cushmau, Mrs. L. E., N. Y.
Daggett, Emma R., Maine.
Daily, Mrs. John, Mich.
Dalton, Inza, Texas.
Dame, Mrs. Lucretia, M., Mass.
Dana, Miss Hattie F., Mass.
Darling, A. Clay, S. D.
Davis, Mrs. F. A., Wash.
Davis, Grace A., Wash.
Davis, Mrs. J. H., Mich.
Davidson, A. B., Pa.
Davison, Miss Annie, Va.
Dawley, Mrs. W. W., N. Y.
Deeker, Mrs. J. H., Ohio.
DeForest, Mrs. E. G., N. Y.
De Golier, N. E., Colo.
De Land, Mrs. Julia D., D. C.
De Loach, Mrs. F. E., Texas.
Dennie, Miss Ettie, Mich.
Denny, Sophy Belle, Md.
Derby, Miss Ethel E., Vt.
Des Marias, Mrs. John C., Iowa.
Detzler, Luther, Kans.
Devine, Kate, Pa.
Devor, Miss Cora M., Pa.
Dewar, A. W., Ill.
Dibble, Bertha H., Calif.
Dickerman, Miss Lillian E., Conn.
Dickie, Helen M., N. J.
Dillon, John F., N. Y.
Dilts, Peter C., N. J.
Dixon, Mrs. J. I., Ontario, Can.
Dodds, Miss Alma E., Pa.
Doeg, Laura M., Pa.
Doig, Miss Edith G., N. Y.
Doolittle, Mrs. John B., Conn.
Dourma, John W., Iowa.
Dozier, Miss Nettie, N. C.
Drace, Alice M., Calif.
Drexler, Louis H., Ill.
Dukes, Mrs. E. J., Ind.
Duncan, Mrs. W. P., Ill.
Du Pre, Miss Sara, Fla.
Durant, Mrs. M., Oreg.
Durant, Dorothy A., Oreg.
Durfee, Jesse F., N. Y.
Durham, Louise, Minn.
Durham, Theron, Ill.
Dyar, Miss Helen L., Calif.
East, Caroline M., Wash.
Early, L. Hunter, Va.
Eberhart, B. F., Neb.
Ellicott, Aubrey, Texas.
Ellis, Mrs. W. A., Mo.
Elvidge, Mrs. Kittie, Kans.
English, Mrs. C. C., Tenn.
Erickson, John, Ohio.
Essig, Charles, Ind.
Evans, Mrs. Mary E., N. D.
Excell J. G., Ohio.
Fabens, Hannah E., N. J.
Farwell, Mrs. Harry L., Pa.
Faulk, Miss Etta, So. Dak.
Favre, Miss Julia, Va.
Fearing, F. W., Mass.
Fee, Miss Loretta, Ill.
Ferguson, J. M., Calif.
Fernlund, Eric A., Minn.
Ferris, Mrs. Kate, N. J.
Ferris, James B., N. Y.
Fields, Mrs. A. H., N. J.
Fischer, Miss Frieda, Tex.
Fisher, Mrs. John W., Pa.
Fiske, Miss Carlotta, Wis.
Fitch, Miss Janet, D. C.
Forbes, Mrs. Thomas O., N. Y.
Foreman, Mrs. Inez E., Colo.
Francis, Mrs. P. W., Iowa.
Franklin, Miss A. Mildred, N. J.
Franklin, Mrs. J. O., Ky.
Frame, Grace M., Mass.
Frame, Mrs. A. D., Ohio.
Frampton, Mrs. Aunie L., Md.
Frank, Mrs. Edna, Calif.
Frazer, G. H., Calif.
Freeman, Ruth M., Ohio.
Frisch, Miss Marie, Calif.
Fritts, Mrs. Howard V., Va.
Fuller, Ollve Muir, N. C.
Galle, Clara M., Kans.
Gallette, Mrs. E., N. Y.
Gallup, Mrs. M. A., Conn.
Gardiner, Charles H., N. Y.
Gardner, Rev. W. H., Neb.
Gardner, John F., Ark.
Garratt, Mrs. John, Kans.
Garrett, Lilian Flora, Can.
Gaston, Mrs. Clara I., N. J.
Gault, Jesse F., Calif.
Geer, Bertha L., Conn.
Gehr, Mrs. Rebecca E., N. Y.
Gekeler, Frank A., Mich.
Gelehner, Miss Helen, N. J.
Genoways, Mrs. L. C., Neb.
Gibson, A. F., Pa.
Gibson, Mrs. C. B., Va.
Gilchrist, Miss Gara M., Mont.
Giles, Mrs. Amy M., Ind.
Gilligan, Mrs. James, N. Y.
Glass, Louise, Ill.
Gleason, Ralph E., Mass.
Goadert, Mrs. William, Ill.
Godfrey, Effie, Iowa.
Goff, Miss Bertie, Miss.
Goldsbury, Mrs. M. G., Mass.
Goldstein, Eva, N. Y.
Gordon, William Ernest, D. C.
Gothberg, Mrs. Nathaniel, Wash.
Grandstaff, Mrs. Edwin, N. Y.
Gray, Mrs. T. F., Mo.
Graybill, Miss Eugenia, Ohio.
Grecar, Mrs. W. B., Va.
Green, Mrs. C. D., Va.
Green, Fred E., Mass.
Greene, Miss Mary A., R. I.
Greer, Mrs. C. P., Md.
Gregory, Mrs. C. R., N. Y.
Griggs, Mrs. C. W., N. Y.
Grigsby, Mrs. J. A.
Guffin, Dr. A. J., N. Y.
Guile, Mabel A., N. Y.
Guntner, Mrs. P. F., N. Y.
Guy, W. L., Va.
Haggard, Mrs. D. D., Kans.
Hagstrom, Miss Ethel, Calif.
Haines, Mrs. J. F., Ind.
Halfner, Tillie, Calif.
Hallam, A. M., Ark.
Hall, Rachel G., N. J.
Hall, A. R., Colo.
Hall, Mrs. Isaac, Canada.
Hall, Mrs. W. H., Va.
Hardesty, John L., Ill.
Harper, Mrs. Chester W., Texas
Harper, Miss Mary, Ga.
Harrington, R. W., Mass
Harris, A. Dorothy, Pa.
Harris, John W., W. Va.
Harrison, E. G., N. Y.
Hart, Albert D., Conn.
Hart, Miss Eda, Wis.
Harter, Miss Mabel B., Ill.
Hartey, Annie Poe, Ark.
Hartley, Ottie, Ohio.
Harvey, M. B., Ohio.
Harvey, Mrs. Fannie C., Mass.
Hathaway, W. H., N. Y.
Hawes, Mrs. Ada M., Maine.
Haws, Miss Mary E., Pa.
Hayden, Miss Georgiana, N. J.
Hays, Mrs. Edna C., Calif.
Hayes, Paul G., Pa.
Heap, William S., Colo.
Heilig, John C., W. Va.
Heilweil, Abraham, N. Y.
Heilweil, Sarah, Conn.
Heimburger, Mrs. J. G., Ind.
Hemrick, Florence, Ohio.
Henderson, Fitch, Ky.
Henderson, Mrs. John H., Mass.
Hendrieks, Fred M., Texas.
Henley, Mrs. A. L., Va.
Henry, Mrs. Flora M., Pa.
Henry, R. F., Ohio.
Heusen, Mrs. H. P., Mich.
Herrington, W. W., Kans.
Hester, Mrs. Frances, N. C.
Heyer, Mrs. Frank, Oreg.
Hibray, Sarah, Ind.
Hickey, Mrs. Ida R., Calif.
Hickling, Dorr F., N. Y.
Hicks, B. F., Mass.
Hicks, M. E., Mass.
Hill, Mrs. A. S., N. Y.
Hills, Mrs. C. M., Calif.
Hills, Henry W., Ill.
Hinckley, George W., Mass.
Hines, Mrs. C. V., Ill.
Hirschmann, Frank, N. Y.
Hoar, Mrs. Anne B., Mich.
Hoflander, George T., Mo.

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A Talk With Participants in the Second Bible Picture Study

HERE we are—at last!—with our announcement of the winners of the Second Bible Picture Study. We fully expected that this important piece of news, awaited so patiently by our readers, would have been given you long before this; but our explanations have informed all of you of the reasons for the delay. In the Third Bible Picture Study we will do much, much better. For one thing, the Third Study comprises only 30 pictures, instead of the 60 that made up the series in the Second Study.

A glance at the two pages of names in this number will tell you who have carried off the cash rewards in the Second Study, but a flood of letters from members of the Christian Herald Family Circle lets us know that these thousand names here are few indeed compared to those who have received mental and spiritual rewards in the Study exceeding in value the cash prizes. After reading over these letters we feel sure that no participant considers that he or she has lost; where so much must needs be gained there can be no "losers."

Some of the Scores

FIRST prize winner submitted a total of 222 verses, of which 84 were "correct" or "best," and therefore 138 were incorrect.

Second prize winner submitted a total of 220, with 82 of them "correct," and 138 incorrect.

Third prize winner submitted 228, of which 82 were "correct" and 146 incorrect.

The winner of the one thousandth prize submitted 210, of which 70 were "correct."

Those were the scores of some of the cash prize winners. By the time this announcement meets your eye they will all, very probably, have received their checks. We hope to publish the photographs of the chief winners, with something about each, in an early issue.

Thanks for Your Checking Aid!

NOW as to the "self checking" system, in which our participants helped so well in determining the winners. We thank all who participated in it, and assure all that every set of verses received a careful check. In cases where no checking was received from participants we went straight to their sets and checked them ourselves. In some cases checking sheets, owing to the congested condition of the mails, and the slowness of delivery to us from all parts of the country, were late, and by the time they arrived we ourselves had checked up the sets they represented, and so could compare our result by the result on the checking sheet. We extended the time limit for receiving checking sheets, and every set received attention.

Of course our first task was to compare the highest scores shown on the checking sheets sent in with the actual sets of verses sent in, and in some cases we found that many, very probably, had lost their duplicate sets of verses, and done their checking from memory. Some of the checking sheets received showed much higher scores than the sets of verses here showed, and without doubt the participant in these cases recalled the best verse designated for a picture, and concluded that he or she actually had submitted it. Of course the sets of verses here proved in each case just what verses had been submitted. Naturally the participant would have become very familiar with all the verses in "Pearls from the Bible," and probably would have considered many of them as possible answers for the pictures, though not submitting them. So memory would play false, and the participant would credit his or her checking sheet with the verse.

Other participants, who submitted two or three sets of verses, lumped them together and turned in only one checking sheet, on which all the best verses given in all the sets were credited. Of course each set of verses stands by itself, and a checking sheet should have been submitted for each individual set of verses.

Every Set Accounted For

OUR January 2 issue, in which the best verses were published, was in many cases late in reaching subscribers—in these war times the mails are so congested that even first-class mail is frequently late. This caused concern on the part of those who feared that their checking sheets would arrive too late, but there was no such thing as arriving too late, and we saw that each set of verses here was accounted for.

You will notice that in announcing the winners this time we are only giving the name of the state in which each resides. This is done at the suggestion of the winners of the First Bible Picture Study, who stated that the publication of their house or city address resulted in a large number of letters and personal callers, well nigh overwhelming them with a flood of solicitation, advice as to how to spend their rewards, and commercial correspondence. In retrospect it had its humorous side, but was quite trying while it lasted.

52d to 1000th Prize—$2 Each (Continued)

Holcomb, Beulah, N. Mex.
Holland, Mrs. R. M., Ky.
Holm, Mrs. R. B., Wis.
Holmes, Miss Mary A., Mass.
Holsinger, Mrs. Geo. B., Va.
Holt, A. F., D. C.
Hood, Louis, Ohio.
Hood, Mrs. T. J., Minn.
Hood, Mrs. S. J., S. C.
Horner, Mrs. Walter W., N. J.
Horning, Lawrence, Wis.
Hough, Mrs. L. D., Okla.
House, Mrs. Myrtle M., Ohio.
Houser, Miss Matilda A., N.Y
Howard, Mrs. J. E., Tex.
Howell, Mrs. Annie, N. D.
Howell, Mrs. E. W., Miss.
Howell, Mrs. S. H., Miss.
Hoyle, Mrs. Jennie L., N. Y.
Hugel, W. Scott, Ind.
Huizinga, Henry, Mass.
Hull, Mrs. Mary E., Ohio.
Humphrey, Annie, Ohio.
Hunt, Miss Emily C., N. Y.
Huntoon, Mrs. Q. N., Vt.
Hupp, John C., W. Va.
Hurlburt, Douglass H., Calif.
Ingram, F. W., Ind.
Irving, Minnie, Texas.
Irwin, Mrs. D. J., Mo.
Isenberg, Mrs. F. H., Texas.
Jack, Mrs. Jennie, Ind.
Jackson, Addison G., Miss.
Jackson, Mrs. Ida H., N. C.
James, F. K., Ill.
Jamison, J. W. B., Tenn.
Jarvis, Frank, N. D.
Jeffers, Mrs. George, N. Y.
Jeffers, W. G., N. Y.
Jensen, Mrs. Jessie M., N. Y.
Jewitt, David B., Oreg.
Jillson, Hazel R., R. I.
Johnson, Cameron, Calif.
Johnson, Mrs. Dana B., Texas.
Johnson, Esther C., N. Y.
Johnson, Miss O., Mont.
Johnson, Mrs. Jennie E., N. Y.
Johnston, D. R., Va.
Johnston, J. R., Wash.
Jolls, Evelyn, Va.
Jones, Mrs. Calvin, Tenn.
Jones, Harriett Newell, Pa.
Jones, Mrs. E. Pendleton, S. C.
Jordan, Mrs. Elizabeth Goodrich, Me.
Karleen, Mrs. E. P., Iowa.
Keith, Margaret, Ill.
Kellogg, Mrs. Flora S., Ohio.
Kellogg, Ray S., Ohio.
Kells, G. W., Pa.
Kelly, Mrs. H. M., Wis.
Kemnitz, Mrs. H. G., Wis.
Kendrick, Clara, Pa.
Kern, Rosa, N. Y.
Kersey, Miss A. D., Va.
Kershner, Mrs. Mary Franklin, Kans.
Kesner, Lunda, W. Va.
Ketchum, Mrs. Irving W., N.Y.
Kimball, Miss Kate Pearl, N. H.
Kimmelshire, Mrs. E. F., Ill.
King, Henry, Ind.
King, John P., Md.
Kinter, Wm. V., Pa.
Klepper, Mrs. Annie May, Texas.
Knox, Mrs. Christine, Kans.
Knox, Miss Tinnie E., Ala.
Kohlstardt, Mrs. Samuel B., Wash.
Kram, Miss Sarah M., N. J.
Kramer, Mrs. H. L., Ohio.
La Follette, Mildred, Pa.
Lahann, Mrs. Henry, N. D.
Landrum, Mrs. J. C., Tex.
Langsroth, Miss T. A., Pa.
Latchaw, Mrs. F. A., Iowa.
Lawrence, Albert C., Ohio.
Lawrey, Nicholas, N. Y.
Leach, Nettie E., Mass.
Le Roy, Mrs. F. A., N. Y.
Leupple, Mrs. Jacob, N. Y.
Lewis, Miss Agnes S., Mo.
Lewis, Mrs. B. N., Mo.
Lewis, Mrs. E. G., Mich.
Lewis, Margaret E., Ohio.
Liggett, Mrs. O. S., W. Va.
Lindsay, Miss Jean P., Calif.
Lineberry, Mrs. Mabel Fordyce, Ohio.
Lloyd, Marcello, Pa.
Lockwood, George, Ariz.
Loretz, Frank, Ohio.
Lotterhos, P. A., Ariz.
Lucas, Mrs. Addie, Oreg.
Luerich, Mrs. Roland L., Pa.
Lusty, George, N. Y.
Lytle, Ruth, N. Y.
McAtee, Mrs. Helen, Wash.
McChesney, Mrs. Lucy J., W. Va.
McClain, Mrs. Bessie, Calif.
McClain, Mrs. Ruth, Calif.
McClelland, Ida C., Iowa.
McClellan, Mrs. Ray, Ill.
McChesky, Edward W., Ill.
McColl, Mrs. Chas., N. Y.
McCollum, C. A., Pa.
McComb, Mrs. K. G., N. J.
McCorkle, Miss Della, Ill.
McCoy, Bessie L., Mo.
McCready, Lizzie M., Pa.
McCreery, W. H., Calif.
McCullough, Mrs. Annie N., D. C.
McCutchen, Miss Minnie, S. C.
McDermid, Mrs. Elsie, S. D.
McDougall, Mrs. H. F., Ontario, Can.
McEwen, Thomas, Ill.
McFarlin, Harry, Calif.
McGuire, Mrs. J. G., Miss.
McInnis, Mrs. L. H., Ala.
McKenney, Miss Grace, Conn.
MacKay, Thomas C., N. Y.
MacKenzie, Mrs. W. Allister, N. Y.
MacKinlay, Mrs. Anne, Wis.
McKinney, J. L., Mo.
McLucas, Lillian, Maine.
McNair, Mrs. Scott, Canada.
McWillie, Mrs. N. C., Miss.
Madeira, H. S., Pa.
Mallinson, Harry H., Wis.
Manning, Mrs. C. M., N. C.
Mantzke, Beulah, Minn.
Manville, Mrs. J. B., N. Y.
Marks, Mrs. A. V., Va.
Marlette, Mrs. G. E., N. Y.
Marshall, Miss Mellissa B., N. Y.
Marson, Mrs. Emma, N. H.
Martin, H. W., Minn.
Martin, Edith A., Ill.
Martin, Ida T., N. Y.
Martin, T. B., N. J.
Mason, Mrs. Louisa, N. J.
Massey, Cyril, N. J.
Matthewson, Mrs. Minnie W., Wash.
Mayes, Frank L., Miss.
Merrell, Mrs. Morton W., Ill.
Merrill, Edna W., N. J.
Merrill, Mrs. Hy. P., Md.
Merriman, Verdene, N. Y.
Merryman, Mrs. A. V., Tex.
Mertz, William, Ind.
Michael, Miss Maud, Wis.
Miller, Mrs. C. F., Ind.
Miller, Mrs. M., Ohio.
Miller, Martha R., N. Y.
Miller, Mrs. J. R., Alberta, Can.
Millis, Mrs. H. L., Kans.
Mills, Mrs. F. H., N. J.
Milne, A. T., Wis.
Mische, Mrs. Neva L., Mo.
Mitchell, Mrs. James A., Neb.
Mitchell, Wm. Clemmer, Ohio
Moody, Mrs. Margaret H., N. Y.
Moore, Mrs. Joseph, N. Y.
Moore, Mrs. L., Ala.
Moore, Grant, Ohio.
Moore, J. S., N. H.
Moore, Mrs. S. B., Kans.
Morris, Mrs. N. D., Iowa.
Mott, Chas. A., Ohio.
Moulton, Mrs. Anna S., Me.
Mudgett, Mrs. Ella, N. H.
Murphy, Murdock L., Mo.
Murphy, Mrs. Jennie, Mo.
Myer, F. A., Pa.
Naas, Violet B., N. H.
Naylor, Vera, Iowa.
Neefus, R. C., Colo.
Nelson, Miss Clara E., Iowa.
Nelson, Morten, Wis.
Nelson, Mrs. W. H., Wash.
Neumeister, Mrs. George J., Calif.
Newton, Catherine Elizabeth, Calif.
Nightingale, H. H., Wash.
Norberg, Ragner, Calif.
Norrie, James A., N. Y.
Norsworthy, Mrs. C. N., Va.
Northrup, Mrs. F. H., Calif.
Norton, Augustus P., D. C.
Norwood, G. H., Ala.
Noyes, Mrs. George W., Conn.
Nugent, Mrs. W. H., Mass.
Oaks, Mrs. Charles Jr., N. Y.
Oaksford, Miss Martha, N. Y.
Oakwood, Mrs. Frank A., Pa.
O'Brien, Miss Annie, Pa.
Olds, Floyd J., N. Y.
Olly, Edward N., N. J.
Olson, Mrs. Olof, Mich.
Orton, Minnie A., N. Y.
Osborne, George M., Md.
Osborne, Wm. C., N. J.
Otto, Clara Elizabeth, Ill.
Palmatay, Cassanda V., Md.
Palmer, Anna Brooks, N. Y.
Palmer, Mrs. W. I., Wash.
Parker, Mrs. Addie, Mich.
Parker, Mae A. E., Mo.
Parker, Miss Phoebe A., Calif.
Parsons, Mrs. Hartley C., Ohio.
Parsons, Wilder C., Ohio.
Patterson, Andrew, N. J.
Patterson, E. A., N. Y.
Patterson, Mrs. F. W., N. Y.
Patterson, Miss Emilla, Calif.
Patterson, Harry N., Ill.
Patterson, Laura, Calif.
Peerman, E. L., Va.
Penrod, Mrs. George H. Minn.
Perry, F. E., N. Y.
Petran, Mrs. W. A., Minn.
Petri, Carl G., Pa.
Pettit, Mrs. Albert, Iowa.
Phillips, B. F., N. Y.
Phillips, Mrs. Harry L., Ind.
Phillips, Mrs. Joseph, Mich.
Phinney, Delsie M., Minn.
Pickens, J. C., Ohio
Platt, Bertha W., N. J.
Plumb, Samuel D., N. Y.
Plummer, F. Berry, Pa.
Polk, Mrs. T. M., Pa.
Pollock, Miss Jessie H., Pa.
Poole, Mrs. L. R., Ohio.
Porter, Mrs. Flavia J., Me.
Porter, Thomas J., S. A.
Post, Mrs. W. A., N. Y.
Potter, Miss Bessie M., Iowa
Potts, Mrs. J. S., N. C.
Pouder, Harriett A., Calif.
Powell, Fred A., Ohio.
Powell, Miss Maude, Kans.
Powers, A. C., Va.
Pratt, Adelaide V., Calif.
Pratt, Mrs. J. L., Neb.
Pye, Clara B., N. Y.
Rafftesaeth, Marion Paul, Vt.
Randall, D. P., Ohio.
Rankin, Miss C. E., Pa.
Rappolee, Mrs. W. A., Ky.
Ready, William J., Mass.
Reames, Mrs. Emma, Ky.
Reifern, Pearl, Wash.
Reed, Mrs. Fannie Louise, Pa.
Reed, Ida B., Calif.
Reelhorn, Dr. C. W., Ohio.
Rees, Louise P., Ill.
Rees, Mrs. M. E., Iowa.
Rees, Rev. Edward B., Wash.
Reid, Edna E., Mo.
Reider, Miss Minnie, Kans.
Reimer, William H., N. Y.
Reive, Walter S., Ontario, Can.
Remsberg, Mrs. Josephine, Colo.
Reno, Rachael, D., Pa.
Revennaugh, Mrs. Isaiah, Ohio.
Rhodes, Mrs. Chas. H., N. Y.
Riddle, Lulu B., Calif.
Rifessbark, Mrs. Dora H., N.Y.
Rigby, Miss Minta E., Pa.
Richards, A. Agatha, Mass.
Richardson, Miss Grace, Calif.
Richardson, Maymie, Ohio.
Riebardson, Mary L., R. I. Mich.
Ritter, J. D., La.
Robbins, Henry D., N. J.
Robertson, Lon A., Ind.
Robinson, Mrs. Carter B., Mich.
Robinson, French J., W. Va.
Robinson, Mrs. L. B., Mass.
Robinson, Miss Sarah L., N.Y.
Robinson, Stella C., N. Y.
Robinson, William, Mass.
Roderick, Omer H., Pa.
Rogers, Miss Alice G., Va.
Rogers, W. J., Va.
Rose, George R., Pa.
Rosenkrause, Luke D., N. Y.
Ross, Mary T., Pa.
Rowe, Lida Reed, Ohio.
Rowland, Mrs. B. D., Texas.
Rupp, Mrs. E. W., Pa.
Rupp, Mrs. Minnie U., Pa.
Russell, Florence I., Pa.
Rutledge, Mrs. J. J., Okla.
Rutner, Frances, Mich.
Ryan, Mrs. Clarence H., N. Y.
Sabens, Mrs. Elliott C., Mass.
Sadler, Miss Waneta, Ky.
Saiberlich, Mrs. Erwin, Wis.
Saiberlich, Mrs. Frank, Wis.
St. Clair, Mrs. J. C., Va.
Sanders, Mrs. Effie, Ill.
Sanders, Mrs. Joe, Colo.
Sanderson, Mary A., Mass.
Sawyer, Mrs. G. F., N. Y.
Sawyer, Mrs. William, N. J.
Sawtelle, Mrs. Leila, Pa.
Schell, Miss Clara, Mass.
Schepler, Henry J., N. Y.
Schlewitz, Max, Minn.
Schniling, H. A., Mich.
Schwoyer, Arthur H., N. J.
Scofield, Mrs. T. W., N. J.
Scott, Arthur, Pa.
Scott, Mrs. Rachael, A., Va.
Scott, William, Ark.
Seamans, Miss C. E., Minn.
Sears, Miss Nellie P., Ohio.
Seip, Homer A., Utah.
Shands, Mrs. H. R., Miss.
Shaw, Byron, Ill.
Sheean, Jennie, Ill.
Sheldon, Mrs. Gertrude B., Md.
Shelton, Miss Mary, Ky.
Shenton, Mrs. Walter F., Pa.
Shenton, W. F., Md.
Sheppe, Laura, Tenn.
Sherman, Mrs. John, Mich.
Sherwood, Charles B., Mass.
Sherwood, E. H., N. Y.
Sherwood, Mrs. Geo. W., N.Y.
Shields, Mrs. R. C., Ind.
Shreckhise, J. A., Va.
Shumaker, W. M., Pa.
Shumaker, C. W., Pa.
Shumway, Mrs. E. C., N. Mex.
Shupert, Mrs. Harriet G., Ohio.
Simison, Ruth J., Miss.
Simpson, Dwight, Pa.
Sittler, Miss Mary, Ohio.
Skellenger, Eliza J., Calif.
Slater, Mrs. J. L., Calif.
Slatery, Mrs. Albert, Tenn.
Sleeth, Mattie M., Oreg.
Sloan, Tilden, Kans.
Smith, C. Harrison, Ill.
Smith, Cora I., Ohio.
Smith, C. Leslie, Pa.
Smith, Mrs. Eli, Ill.
Smith, Mrs. E. V., Ohio.
Smith, F. Winfield, N. Y.
Smith, Grace E. M., Pa.
Smith, Hallie H., Ind.
Smith, Hattie, Wis.
Smith, Mr. J. S., Va.
Smith, J. W., Ill.
Smith, Mrs. Leonard S. Conn.
Smith, Mrs. Nina E., Colo.
Smith, Mrs. N. L., Calif.
Smith, Mrs. W. E., La.
Smyth, F. Benj., Fla.
Snodgrass, F. R., Calif.
Snyder, William Barney, Mo.
Snyder, Rosalind, Md.
Solomon, Miss Clora, Mo.
Sommer, H. Frances, N. Y.
Sorensen, M., N. Y.
Sorrells, Mrs. Forrest, Minn.
Soward, Miss Jessie May, Tenn.
Spaeth, Mrs. Jennie B., N. Y.
Speekman, T. R., Ky.
Spencer, Mrs. May M., N. Y.
Springer, Ethel, Tenn.
Staaf, O. E., Ohio.
Stagg, Miss Carrie L., Ky.
Stahl, E. W., Ill.
Stallinger, Mrs. D. M., N. C.
Starkey, George R., Mass.
Stearns, Myrtle, Texas.
Steere, Minnie F., N. Y.
Stein, Miss Bernice, Mich.
Stevenson, (Mrs. Nellie M.), N. Y.
Stevenson, Margaret W., Md.
Stewart, Blanche, Calif.
Stewart, Alberta B., Calif.
Stiles, Mrs. M. O., N. C.
Stillinger, Mrs. C. A., Mont.
Stoll, Mattie E., Wis.
Stoltz, Mrs. J. G., Mich.
Strickland, Mrs. L. L., Va.
Strong, Edith H., Calif.
Strout, Edith L., Mass.
Strubble, C. P., N. D.
Stuart, Geo. W., Conn.
Stunz, George Howard, Kans.
Stuppell, Mrs. Edwin M., Wis.
Styles, Ida M., Minn.
Sussman, Louis, N. Y.
Sweany, Orrel C., Wyo.
Sweetland, Mrs. Georgia, Ohio
Sweetman, Mrs. James T., N.Y.
Swendseid, Mrs. R. E., N. D.
Swezey, Miss Anna M., Ill.
Switzer, Barmlet S., N. Mex.
Taber, Mrs. E. C., Kans.
Taggart, J. E., Ind.
Taggart, J. C., Ohio.
Talbott, Nellie, Ind.
Tart, Mrs. E. A., N. C.
Taylor, May, N. C.
Taylor, Anna P., D. C.
Taylor, J. E., Vt.
Taylor, W. F., Wash.
Taylor, Z. L., Va.
Terborgh, Mrs. Isaac, Ohio.
Terhune, Mrs. John C., Okla.
Thalmann, Mrs. Louise, Tex.
Tharp, Mrs. B., Calif.
Thayer, Mrs. W. M., Md.
Thomas, Mrs. J. M., Ohio.
Thomas, Mrs. Lydia E., Wis.
Thompson, Josephine L., Ohio.
Thompson, Lucy J., N. C.
Thomson, Edna C., Pa.
Thomson, Edith P., N. J.
Throne, Mrs. J. C., Kans.
Tiffany, Mrs. J. E., N. Y.
Tobler, A. F., Va.
Todd, Mrs. S. J., S. C.
Thuma, Mrs. C. E., Ohio.
Thurber, Ethel M., W. Va.
Traylor, Mrs. H. W., La.
Trudgeon, Mrs. W. G., Calif.
Tschenlin, Mrs. Ethel, Ind.
Tubb, Miss Stella, Texas.
Turner, Mrs. J. W., Va.
Tyndall, R. E., N. Y.
Underwood, M. E., Va.
Underwood, E., Va.
Updegrove, Mrs. Angeline, Pa.
Upshur, Stella A., Va.
Van Buskirk, Wm. R., Pa.
VanderVelde, Mrs. Geo., Mich.
Van Dyke, Sarah, N. Y.
Van Osterloo, Mrs. L., Ill.
Vansickle, Mrs. W. M., Fla.
Van Wegen, Mrs. D. G., Pa.
Varney, Margaret P., N. Hamp.
Vaughan, Mrs Ora N. E., Ala.
Vaughn, Mrs. A. B., N. J.
Verette, Mrs. J. A., N. Y.
Vigness, Mrs. L. A., Minn.
Virtue, Ira, Colo.
Waddell, Mrs. Minnie, Calif.
Wakefield, Mrs. R. J., N. Y.
Waldron, Miss Gladys L., N.Y.
Walker, A. E., Ind.
Waller, Nellie M., S. D.
Walls, Miss Aliee, Ind.
Walmsley, Mrs. J., Ill.
Walter, Mrs. H. L., Oregon.
Ward, Mrs. Elizabeth, Md.
Ward, Miss Jessie, N. J.
Ward, Thos. H., Okla.
Ware, Miss Nannie, Ga.
Warner, Mrs. Geo. W., Ind.
Warren, Mrs. Ed., Ky.
Waterbury, Mrs. Harvey C., N. Y.
Watkins, Tim. T., Va.
Watson, Ola, Ark.
Watson, Chas. S., Md.
Watts, Miss Sarah E., R. I.
Webb, Mrs. E. C., N. C.
Weinhold, Paul G., S. D.
Wesner, Philip, N. J.
Westerman, Mrs. Harold, Mich.
Westervelt, Laura E., N. J.
Wetzel, Mrs. Ida M., Pa.
Whitlow, Ida M., Mich.
Whitfield, G. Q., Miss.
Whitmer, Amy A., Kans.
Whitney, Myra E., Maine.
Wiersen, Ida A., Ill.
Wilcox, C. F., N. Y.
Williams, Anne C., Minn.
Williams, W. W., Minn.
Williamson, Miss C. E., N. Y.
Willis, N. P., Va.
Wilson, Clifford, N. Y.
Wilson, C. G., Tenn.
Wilson, Mrs. H. R., Pa.
Wilson, Mrs. Phoebe D., Va.
Wilson, Mrs. R. C., Ohio.
Wilson, Mrs. S. F., Mo.
Wilson, Miss Sarah J., N. Y.
Winborn, R. L., Calif.
Winfield, B. H., N. J.
Winn, Mrs. J. A., Tenn.
Winter, Mrs. L. A., Calif.
Wirth, Mrs. Ella, Iowa.
Wisdom, Mrs. T. N., Wash.
Wise, Miss Nettie, Ga.
Wiser, Mrs. T. J., Va.
Wood, Miss Emma K., Wash.
Wood, Mrs. Bessie, Pa.
Woodruff, Mrs. Helen M., Mich.
Woodyard, Mrs. Ada V., Va.
Woolridge, M. M., Calif.
Work, S. E., Okla.
Wright, C. L., Pa.
Wright, Mrs. J. E. Jr., Va.
Wright, Walter P., N. Y.
Wyland, Ray O., Ill.
Yates, J. H., Calif.
Young, Edwin F., Ohio.
Young, Edith Dean, Pa.
Zeller, Elonora, Ohio.
Zlatnik, Anton, Kans.
Zuleger, W. C., Ohio.

Are you participating in the Third Study—the National Bible Picture Study—in which $5,000.00 in cash will be awarded for the best verses for 30 pictures? Read the announcement on page 240

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Jesus Bringing Peace

International Sunday School Lesson for March 3. Mark 4:35 to 5:20

Troubled Waters and Troubled Minds

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

OUR lesson section covers Mark's brief account of the stilling of the storm of the Sea of Galilee and his longer story of the calming of the Gadarene demoniac. The common factor gives us the topic—Jesus bringing peace, peace without and peace within. How fundamentally needful is this ministry of the Master, for individual life still has all its storm and stress, and the whole world is tempestuous and blatant with war-cries. We need, oh, so much, to find his secret and to learn how to receive the peace he only can impart. "My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

What a mingling of the common and the sublime we see here—the weary Man fast asleep after his day's work, unheeding the noise of the rising storm, and the calm unshaken Son of God apostrophizing the wind and the sea with quiet confidence. No storm at sea intimidates him, no mad rush of enemies makes his heart quail, no awful catastrophe renders him impotent to help and to save. He is equal to all life's emergencies. So his disciples learned then, and so his disciples feel or should feel today. Can we say with Paul, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him"? Have we truly committed all, *all*, unto him?

Our hearts sink within us at the sound of the uproar in France, where our sons are entering the fray, and we are tempted to fear the outcome. But Christ stands sure above the battle, his face marred with sorrow that such things should still be, but his soul undaunted, sure, competent, never failing any man or nation that truly looks unto him. And he is not yet defeated; his Kingdom still hastens on.

The Pilot of the Church and the Soul

Ancient commentators were fond of making that little ship a type of the Church, and such it may well be, for Christ and the Twelve were there. When the sudden tempest swept down and the waves began to beat into the boat, it was the whole future of Christianity that was at stake. And the disciples lost faith. That is why he reproached them, because they could not realize that his cause could not possibly fail. The Almighty God had an interest in the outcome, and Jesus never doubted.

So it was when Jesus was crucified and for a time the apostles believed his whole enterprise was wrecked. Remember the walk to Emmaus and the doleful tones, "We *hoped* that it was he who should redeem Israel." They had lost hope because they did not realize that it was impossible for even death to thwart him.

So it was with some when Nero and Domitian set out to exterminate the Church of Christ, and the storm was frightful indeed, but Jesus piloted his Kingdom through. So also it was when the Holy Roman Empire rose up against the new freedom of the Protestant Reformation, and some great Christians doubted. So it is today when many are exclaiming, as they see the atrocities of the war, "Where is now their God?" Let us not be faithless but believing. Christianity will ride out this storm also, and behold, all things shall become new.

Now, what is true of the Church is true of every believer whose frail bark sets out for the haven with Christ on board. Contrary winds? Of course. Black days when no rays of the sun pierce through earth's cloud? Yes, for every one without exception has experienced such. Storms when we are at our wit's end? Most saints have had them. "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses; he maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." (Psalm 107: 23-31. Be sure to read it in Sunday-school.)

If thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength whate'er betide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days.
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed.

Our trouble is that, like the disciples of old, we forget that we have Christ with us in the ship. When we cry out in fear to him, he often seems to say, "Why, I was here all the while; wherefore didst thou doubt?" Then, as he stands before us, our hearts resume their normal throb and a great calm comes, a calm that worldly men marvel at. Haven't you seen it when the bereaved mother suddenly finds that the Comforter has come? Haven't you read of young George Matheson, stricken with blindness, but never faltering in faith, so that he became a wonderful preacher and soul-winner? Is there really anything that can befall us that can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord? The peace of God which passeth understanding should so keep our hearts and minds that it should be manifest to all who meet us day by day.

Christianity and Insanity

What a pitiful story we have here of this poor demoniac, ill-treated, misjudged, driven into outrageous madness by the ignorance and superstition of the time! Even in the seventeenth century, the belief in witchcraft blackened the pages of Christian history with a record of 200,000 persons put to death! Learned judges, devout priests and ministers of the Gospel condemned poor, demented old women to a horrible fate. Yet despite such mistakes of Christians, the influence of Jesus has ameliorated the lot of countless sufferers from mental diseases and resulted in the healing of many. When Jesus came there were tomb-like cells, chains and blows for such as this man of Gadara. Now there are well-equipped refuges, beautiful grounds and skilled treatments. Why, perhaps Jesus' words were the first kind, sympathetic tones the Gadarene had heard in years! With what utter compassion any one would now speak to a soul thus afflicted! People are more Christ-like in this. Because of Jesus' teaching they are less afraid.

This poor fellow was not too far gone in mind to be restored. How tactful Jesus was! What a beautiful touch Mark gives, as he pictures the restored man, no longer naked and filthy, but sitting beside Jesus Christ, clothed and in his right mind. It is emblematic of the whole mission of the Master. He came to bring men to themselves that they might arise and go to their Father. He came to cast out the frightful hates and lusts and greeds of body and mind, that curse the earth with madness and misery. He sent forth his disciples as apostles of sanity. Paul is an example, as he seeks to calm the possessed girl at Philippi, restrains the impulsive jailor from suicide, reasons with the hostile mob of maddened persecutors. He himself had once thought himself "religious," as he went about "breathing threatening and slaughter"; but had learned the secret of poise and peace. A modern example of the sanity that Jesus brings is found in the familiar story of Africaner, the fierce and brutal savage who became such a loyal supporter of Robert Moffat in his missionary labors. Yet more typical is the story of Thakombau, the wonderful chief of the Fijians, and the transformation of wild cannibals into earnest Christians within a generation.

How strange it is that the gigantic insanity of international war should so long have resisted the influence of Christianity! Think of it! The combined brains and hearts of millions of Christians have not evolved a superior method of settling international disputes to that of wholesale slaughter! War is the last and greatest of all insanities. May there be such a unity of Christian sentiment and such a realization of the awful sufferings of men, that the first mighty resolution of the Federation of the World shall be, "This thing must never happen again."

"Fear not," was the first Gospel message. Sanity is based on an absence of fear. Our lesson shows us men afraid in a storm, afraid of demons, afraid of the insane, afraid even of Jesus himself. Back of all this present famine and battle is fear of other races, of other nations, of other classes of society. But "God gave us not a spirit of fear but of power and love and of a sound mind." This is a Pauline definition of the essence of Christianity—a sense of power that emancipates us from weakness and dread, a perfect love that casteth out fear, a sound mind that discerns real values and seeks first the Kingdom of God.

Apostles at Home

The reclaimed man wanted to follow Jesus as a companion of his missionary work. But Jesus suffered him not, but sent him as a witness among his own friends. Not every one marvelously saved is appointed a foreign missionary or a pastor. Many, like this man, are not qualified, but in their zeal seek the ordination of the Church. But, on the other hand, every loyal believer in Christ receives the commission of an apostolate at home. "Go, tell thy friends how great things the Lord hath done for thee." Mark tells us that a profound impression was made by the testimony that in Jesus is the secret of sanity of mind, and confidence in God's providence, and peace and good will among men. Let us evidence by our words and deeds that Christ brings peace even in the storm, a peace that this world cannot take away.

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives thy service find;
In deeper reverence praise.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Sunday School Methods

BY FRANK L. BROWN, Joint General Secretary, World's Sunday School Association.

Parents Who Fail

SEVEN little Brownies came to father and mother in the old home. And with each new-comer father worked harder, and mother managed even more shrewdly to make ends meet. Once in hard times it came down to butterless bread. Patches then were on my suits, but always neatly sewed. I was the last of four boys and the legitimate heir, therefore, to all that my brothers could no longer wear. And I can recall the pride when, as a boy of fourteen, I handed mother my first week's earnings as a New York errand boy.

But one thing our home never lacked. We never went short on prayer, praise and feeding on the old Book. Father was of Welsh stock, was converted early in life, taught school, loved poetry, and would walk miles to a good prayer meeting. I can see him now, his chin tilted up a bit, his face shining, as he sang with the congregation "Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned" or "Oh, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing."

My mother was born in Gloucester, England, coming to America after her marriage, with her first baby. She had backbone, sweetness, patience. I thought her beautiful, and she was.

Neither father nor mother had any modern methods in bringing us up. Mother would never go in debt, and

he first story I told was washed out with soap. When I came home from the church meeting at eleven years of age and told her I had made my decision for Christ, there were two silent, happy souls. And when we boys started a little praying band in the neighborhood that met in cellars as well as parlors, it was mother encouraged me on.

It was, after all, the atmosphere of that home, rather than particular methods that gripped and fashioned us, and the encouragement we received in our efforts to push up and on. I recall that my weekly job was to write a new Scripture text in chalk on the long face of the stone mantelpiece. I would hunt for the choicest passages I could find of the right length to be contained on that facing. Thus "upon the posts of thy house and thy gates" the divine words were inscribed, as commanded, for the family to read.

Then I remember father offering me a reward if I recited from memory the fifty-third of Isaiah. And today that great prophecy clings to my memory. And I was to have a fine Bible of my own as soon as I read through the whole Bible. So one year for a whole summer and winter I found my way each morning to the parlor, unlocked the hasp of the big family Bible, and faithfully read my two chapters. And I have today the Bible I won—a brown leather-covered book, inscribed to me by father.

Father and mother went home nearly together sixteen years ago. Seven years before their going, forty-five children and grandchildren came together at their golden wedding to celebrate the event and every one of these was a member of the church. Truly a great testimony to the influence of a Bible-loving home environment.

And the parents who fail at this point fail completely. Children have the right to such an inheritance, and bank accounts and property are no substitute. They are trash in comparison.

To those parents who do not want to fail, it is just here that a real help comes in the Christian Herald National Bible Picture Contest Plan. This plan makes it possible for parents and children to unite in the searching of the Book, in memorizing outstanding passages, in fitting pictures to texts in a fascinating way. If I had had some such plan as a boy I would have thought it a great thing.

Leaving out the question of the rewards offered, the enrichment of memory from this plan, the joy in finding a fitting verse for the picture, the good-natured family competition as notes are compared, make this a really worth-while effort. Parents would do well to try it out as a help in creating home atmosphere. Then, having proved it, tell other parents about it.

To Sunday-school teachers this plan of using the Sunday School Lessons and Home Readings and Golden Texts for the five months ending in April may offer a good way to encourage the beginning of daily family worship in thousands of homes now strangers to this blessing.

(See announcement of the Bible Picture Study on Page 240).

Sugar and Meat

MANY people who like home made candy are forced, because of the shortness of the sugar market, to give it up. The Food Administration suggests the following recipes that, though sugarless, will appeal to the lover of sweets.

Pop-corn Candy. For making pop-corn candy either honey, maple syrup, molasses, white cane syrup or corn syrup may be used instead of sugar. To one cup of syrup allow one tablespoon of vinegar. Boil together until syrup hardens when dropped in cold water. Pour over freshly popped corn and mold into balls or fancy shapes for the Christmas tree. Little pop-corn men will please the children. Mark in the features and outlines with melted chocolate.

Chocolate Dainties. Put through the meat-chopper one-half cup each of dates, figs, and nut meats. Add one tablespoon orange juice, a little grated orange peel, and one square of melted unsweetened chocolate. Mold into balls and roll in chopped nuts or granulated sugar. This mixture may be packed in an oiled tin, put under a weight until firm.

Maple Creams. Boil one cup maple sugar with one cup water until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Remove from the fire and stir rapidly until it becomes creamy. Form into balls the size of marbles, put nut meats on either side. Cool on wax paper.

It is possible, also, to make a little meat go a long way. In combination with other food products a small piece of meat can be stretched to flavor a whole dish.

Fish Chowder. Rabbit, fowl, or any meat may be used instead of the fish, or tomatoes instead of milk. Carrots may be omitted.

One and one-half pound fish (fresh, salt, or canned), 9 potatoes peeled and cut in small pieces, 1 onion, 2 cups carrots cut in pieces, 3 cups milk, pepper, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon fat.

Fry chopped onion in fat for five minutes. Put fat, onions, carrots and potatoes in kettle and cover with boiling water. Cook until vegetables are tender. Mix flour with one-half cup cold milk and stir in liquid in pot to thicken. Add the rest of the milk and the fish which has been removed from the bone and cut in small pieces. Cook until the fish is tender, about ten minutes. Serve hot.

Potted Hominy and Beef. Five cups cooked hominy, 4 potatoes, 2 cups carrots, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ pound dried beef, 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 tablespoons flour.

Melt the fat, stir in the flour, add the cold milk, and mix well. Cook until it thickens. Cut the potatoes and carrots in dice, mix all the materials in a baking-dish, and bake for one hour.

The English Manifesto on the Second Advent

Continued from page 208

educational circles, especially in the Sunday-school world, and has escaped thus far the charge of being a crank, or a fanatic, or an obscurantist, or any other thing commonly associated with a literal interpretation of the Bible. He is writing on "Evangelism, Education and Democracy," and he says:

> Sixty millions of our one hundred million citizens have no connection with any church. There are fifteen million children in this country who receive no religious guidance whatever. There are thirty-five million over ten years of age outside the membership of any church. There are ten thousand small towns west of the Missouri River in which Christian preaching is rarely, or never, heard.
>
> New sciences, new psychology, new wealth, new forms of amusement, are all factors in the decreasing interest in religious training. *We are fast drifting into a cultured paganism.* Unless the Church takes immediate steps to stem the present tide of indifference, luxury, and commercial greed, this country will soon cease to be a Christian nation—if, indeed, a country in which three out of four of its citizens are without active church relations can be said to be a Christian nation now.

If the professor is stating facts as they are in the United States, it will scarcely be disputed that conditions are not radically different among our Allies. And if so, how can such a world and such a paganized church pass intelligent and sober judgment upon a "Manifesto" like that under consideration? "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant." (Ps. 25 : 14.)

Is it possible, therefore, that the world and the Church needed a spiritual shock at this time, and were these English divines, after all, led of the Holy Spirit in this Manifesto?

Alas! that it should so soon have been forgotten!

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PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 207B Odd Fellows' Bldg., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

How the Quake Crushed Guatemala

A Missionary's Personal Experience

KNOWING something of the spirit of the readers of the Christian Herald, and of the interest they have in the welfare of the needy, I have thought that it would be fitting to write something of the ruin of the City of Guatemala, Central America. I am a missionary who came to this country in 1901 and have come to love the country and the people. I am now working under the auspices of the Central American Mission, founded by the Rev. C. I. Scofield, D. D.

On the night of December 25 last, at about 10:25 o'clock, there came an earthquake that made most people believe that it would be safer outside of their houses than inside. It was a beautiful moonlit night, but rather cold. We are now in the dry season here. A series of earthquakes had begun on the night of November 17, and the quakes were so frequent that people were getting somewhat accustomed to them; but the one that came on Christmas night seemed to be of a different temper. The first shock did not destroy many houses, if any, although it is said that one house fell and crushed seven people to death. People rushed out into the streets and waited to see what would happen next. We live out of the city, yet not far from the railroad station and some of the busy sections. Mrs. Butler and I gathered up the two smallest children, and with the others we all rushed out into a little cement yard between two wings of the house. But we soon found we were not in a safe place, so we forced a little gate that let us out into the edge of a little forest of cedar that adjoins the house. We had only a little clothing, and were soon shaking from the cold—not freezing, but we are up at an altitude of nearly five thousand feet above sea level.

WE spread out a pallet on the ground and huddled up close together. Truly it was something rather awesome, to lie out there on the ground and feel old Mother Earth heave, swell and tremble as if uncertain whether she should open her mouth and swallow us alive, or breathe hard and send us up into the heavens along with a stream of lava. We could hear the crash of falling buildings and the crying out of the people over in the city. Later on, two of the boys and I went back into the house to get more clothing, and we found that three of our beds were covered with bricks and wreckage.

Had it not been all so exciting, we would say that the hours dragged along; The dogs barked and vultures flew hither and thither; some birds wailing out a kind of weird shriek. We waited to see what the next morning would reveal. Morning came and people looked on the ruins of what had been the proudest city in Central America. Multitudes were doing what they could to rescue the most necessary things from their fallen homes. People who had feasted the day before now found themselves homeless and foodless.

People began to leave the city in any way they could. Some went on the train toward the Pacific Ocean. The railroad north, toward the Atlantic side, was put out of commission for several days. Some walked out while others went in carriages and mounted on horses or mules.

Out in the cemetery, scores of corpses had been tossed from the vaults where they had rested for a while. Relatives and friends reburied some of these remains, and others were burned.

THE president of the republic has been active in providing for the needs of the people, and now, at several different points, food is being distributed free. The parks have been given over for the building of temporary shelters. Little sheds of various descriptions crowd up close to one another. Some are built of wood, some of carpets, sheets, sacks, or corrugated iron, and some are walled in with pianos, wardrobes, organs, and almost anything one would ordinarily find in a home. There are people who have no covering but the clothes they wear, which are too scanty for comfort.

Many of the Catholic churches are wrecked. Walls that had been standing for hundreds of years were split and tumbled down; images of saints that had stood in their niches for decades, and before whom multitudes had prostrated themselves, now lie sprawling in the streets in ruins. The Presbyterian church, school and hospital are badly wrecked. The church building of the Central American Mission is so damaged that some of it will have to be taken down and rebuilt.

The heavy earthquake that came on January 3 shook down many houses that had stood the previous shake and damaged others so much that many believe it a very conservative estimate to say that ninety per cent. of the houses in Guatemala will have to be rebuilt from the ground. There are no houses for rent. Missionaries are outside, living under temporary shelters. Most of us missionaries believe that we should stay here and lay ourselves out in the work of the Lord. It is no time to run away.

Already supplies are being sent in by the Red Cross—corrugated iron roofing, tents and disinfectants and other things also.

SOON after the disaster, we missionaries held a meeting for consultation as to what we should and could do. We decided to send a cablegram to the Christian Herald and ask for help. Rev. W. B. Allison, of the Presbyterian Church, was chosen as the one to send the cablegram. He sent it and received for answer the word that a thousand dollars had been cabled. Hon. D. H. Scott, of Paris, Texas, treasurer of the Central American Mission, cabled a thousand dollars as soon as he heard of the disaster. We believe that God's people will respond liberally just as soon as they know the situation. Any one who would like to help the missionaries of the Central American Mission to build a sheet-iron house can send the funds to Mr. Scott, the treasurer, in caret of the Christian Herald.

We sincerely hope that it will not be long before the Lord comes back to the world; but while he tarries let us press the battle. J. T. BUTLER.

Guatemala City, Guatemala, C. A.

THE following gifts have been received and applied to the relief of distress in Quatemala.

J. N. W., Clinton, Minn., $10.00; A. B. G., Thompsontown, Pa., $4.00; H. O., Tacoma, Wash., $7.00; Mrs. L. S., De Kalb, Ill., 25c.; Mr. and Mrs. V. T. L., Scattle, Wash., $5.00; M. N., Faribault, Minn., $1.00; Mrs. R. S. C., Leeton, Mo., $5.00; W. S. H., Dover, Del., $1.00; Mrs. W. A. A., Morcland, Ga., $3.50; Mrs. J. E. S., Worland, Wyo., $5.00; D. R. B., Sycamore, Ohio, $2.50; T. F. M., Embreeville, Pa., $1.00; E. H. K., Chicago, Ill., $2.00; H. B. H., Lowell, Mass., $2.00; J. B. P., Brooklyn, N. Y., $10.00; Mrs. L. P. C., Twin Falls, Idaho, $3.00; F. H. W. and family, Kiowa, Colo., $1.00; E. G., Gilman, Ill., $4.00; In the Name of my Blessed Saviour, $25.00; L. A. G., Millan, Idaho, $5.00; Friend, Metamora, Mich., $1.00; M. McM., Gould Sta., Que., Can., $10.00; H. M., Fairport, N. Y., $10.00; Mrs. L. B., Lawrence, Mich., $1.00; A. B. C., St. Regis Falls, N. Y., $1.00; Mrs. H. K., Berlin Heights, Ohio, 50c.; Mrs. J. H. A. and family, Coffeyville, Kans., $5.00; Mrs. J. D. C., Mountain Grove, Ont., Can., $10.00; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Z., South Bend, Ind., $3.00; Friend, Bergen, N. Y., $2.00; Friend, Walkerton, Ind., $10.00; Mrs. J. G., Barrington Centre, R. I., $2.00; Mrs. W. E., Jacksonville, Ark., $5.00; Mrs. A. J., Des Moines, Iowa, $1.00; Mrs. M. E. F., Okarche, Okla., $2.00; C. N., Los Angeles, Cal., $5.00; Subscriber, Dclaware, Ohio, $1.00; Mrs. S. D. W., Bellingham, Wash., $3.00; Mrs. N. J. C., Waynesboro, Miss., $2.00; Mrs. S. A. B., Grand Junction, Colo., $1.00; E. A. C., Ortega, Fla., $6.00; W. K. M., Woodbourne, Pa., $2.00; R. L. N., Hazleton, Iowa, $2.00; J. A. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., $1.00; S. M. M. Banks, Oreg., $1.00; Mrs. R. E. S., Chattanooga, Tenn., $1.00; Mrs. L. R. B., Scottsville, Va., $2.00; E. L., Elwood Nebr., $4.00; R. A., Elmore, Minn., $1.00; Mrs. E. V. J., Roxbury, Va., $3.00; Mrs. M. McG., Rochester Mills, Pa., $4.00; Mr. J. B., New Virginia, Iowa, $25.00; Mrs. C. A. W., Springfield, Ohio, $1.00; Mrs. Z. C., Cortland, N. Y., $2.00; Mrs. A. H., Remington, Ind., 50c.; Mrs. W. B. B., New Britain, Conn., $1.00; W. J. S., Mercer, Pa., $1.00; E. S. P., Sterling, Ohio, $1.00; Mrs. P. E., Griswold, Iowa, 50c.; Mrs. M. D. N., Healdsburg, Calif., $1.00; Mrs. J. K., Piedmont, Fla., $1.40; Mrs. J. M. S., Valley Mills, Texas, $3.00; Mrs. W. F., Eitzen, Minn., 65c.; Mrs. G. M. P., Aniwa, Wisc., $1.00; Mrs. F. A. B., Central Lake, Mich., $1.00; Mrs. M. A. B., Shelby, N. Car. $1.00; Miss R. C. N., Rockingham, N. Car., $1.00; J. E. D., Banner, Kans., $1.50; Mrs. S. T. B., Charlottetown, P. E. I., Can., 50c.; Mrs. C. L. P., Woodbury, Conn., $1.00; Mr. J. S., Cecilton, Md., $2.00; C. W. P., Clinton, N. Car., $1.00; C. B., Witten, S. Dak., $2.40; Mrs. D. K., Media, Ill., 75c.; M. R. J., Winnebago, Minn., $2.20; J. W. B., Camden, Me., $5.50; Mrs. L. L. G., Helena, Mont., $10.00; Mrs. G. B. P., Sage, Mont., $12.00; J. W. K., Northampton, Pa., $5.00; Mrs. M. A. S., Lexington, Ga., $1.00; Miss A. C. L., Milford, Mich., $1.00.

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3 {Improved Memory
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5 {Ability to Concentrate
6 {Evening-hour Entertainment
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YOU are indeed mistaken if you believe that the only benefits possible to receive from the $5,000.00 Bible Picture Study are Bible knowledge and cash prizes.

Participants who are now happily competing and those who took part in past Picture Studies tell us what an astonishing measure of benefits came from participation—valuable and almost priceless gains which surprised and delighted the entrants.

You yourself will find, when you enter the Picture Study, what a treasure house of rewards it is. You will find there the gems of improved memory, after you have traveled the path of seeking the best Bible verses for the 30 pictures. You will discover the jewels of increased ability to concentrate on any subject, after having put your mind to deciding which of the verses you have found fit the pictures *best*. Your conversation will begin to sparkle with the riches of an increased and improved stock of words, gleaned unconsciously from your concentration upon the wording of the greatest of all text books—the Bible. The active play of your intellect will be reflected in other tasks you undertake, and the influence of the Bible Picture Study will go with you into all your work.

These are some of the things explained by the participants whose letters appear at the right. Read them refully—and join the simple, easy, wonderfully helpful Picture Study *at once*.

Picture No 21

Like a Golden Chain

I cannot refrain from writing you a bit, regarding the work you are doing through your paper. I find the "Picture Contest" a delight and helpful in more ways than one; it brings to the surface the beauty and helpfulness of many "gems" contained in the Book of Books; it arouses our minds to activity, that have more or less become dormant, it helps us to concentrate—to ferret out and bring to the surface the early Bible gems, once impressed on our memory, but now forgotten, because of the crowded everyday life of the present time. Surely the Christian Herald is doing a great work—reaching out through all the land—and each contestant like unto a link of a golden chain. I am glad to be one of those links, for I find the study delightful and profitable.—Mrs. H. C., Vt.

Counts His Many Gains

I wish to add a word of praise to that already written of the Bible Picture Contest. It has been a source of much pleasure and profit to me; among the things it has taught me are: To enjoy the riches and beauties of the Bible, as never before; concentration of thought, increased powers of observation, attention to details, and to exercise my judgment; to make decisions. I consider all these important—expecially to young people. Then, too, the necessity to study the Bible in order to work out some of the pictures, all these things fix the mind with the truths and teachings of the Bible as nothing else can. I have enjoyed the Contest very much.—Mrs. C. N., N. C.

Much Helped in Memory

I do consider this as a great work and a good thing for all of us. I am very much helped in my memory already. My age is seventy-five; am a widow and live alone, and oh, what company it has been for me these cold winter days and evenings. So thank you all who have been engaged in the starting of this great idea. Mrs. H. E. L., N. Y.

Picture No. 22

How You Will Compete

THE Bible Picture Study consists simply of 30 pictures, a short list of about 2000 Bible verses, and an Answer Book—nothing more.

You will look through the official selection of Bible verses, which we publish in handy form as our Reference Book, and select the Bible verses which in your opinion are best illustrated by the pictures.

Then you will write your chosen verses for the 30 pictures in your Answer Book, and send it in to us.

Those who submit the best verses for the pictures will be awarded the cash prizes listed below.

$5,000.00 Cash in 1,001 Rewards

1st	$1,000.00	4th	$250.00	7th	$75.00
2nd	750.00	5th	125.00	8th	50.00
3rd	500.00	6th	100.00	9th	26.00

10 Prizes of $10.00 each	$100.00
20 Prizes of 5.00 each	100.00
962 Prizes of 2.00 each	1,924.00

In the event of a tie for any prize the full prize tied for will be paid each final tying participant

Picture No. 23

OUTFIT ORDER FORM

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Bible House, New York

Gentlemen: I enclose $2.10, for which enter my subscription to the Christian Herald for one year and send me, postpaid, the complete *National Bible Picture Study* Outfit, with rules and all news about the competition.

Name.....

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The complete *National Bible Picture Study* Outfit, consisting of the official Reference Book of 2,000 Bible verses, called *International Bible Readings*, and the Answer Book with

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to *any* Christian Herald book offer, or any magazine clubbing offer, which includes the Christian Herald for one year, and we will send you, postpaid, the *National Bible Picture Study* Outfit also.

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If you send us a *new* 6-months' subscription for the Christian Herald, remitting the regular subscription price of $1.00, we will send you, postpaid, a complete Outfit for doing so. Ten cents added to this (a total remittance of $1.10) will bring a complete Outfit to the *new subscriber* also!

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The complete Outfit for participating in the $5,000.00 Bible Picture Study consists only of the Reference Book, called *International Bible Readings*, with the Answer Book, and all 30 pictures. We guarantee all 30 pictures to all who order the outfit.

One of the offers to the left for the Christian Herald and the Outfit surely fits your needs. Decide upon one and send in your order *at once*.

The Reference Book, *International Bible Readings*, is not a haphazard selection of Bible verses, but the actual International Sunday School Lessons, Golden Texts and Daily Home Bible Readings, published in full, for the five months starting December, 1917, and going through April, 1918. Thus while competing in the Picture Study you will be memorizing the Bible stories chosen by the eminent Lesson Committee, and in the Reference Book you will have a helpful volume which you will treasure for itself.

Or if you secure the Outfit to give away, think what a joy the *International Bible Readings* will be to some one else, who perhaps may gain light and understanding from its pages.

Do not delay about obtaining the Outfit. Competition without expense is made possible under the rules free on request.

The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

AN old subscriber and a long-time member of the Prayer League notieed the omission of the column from a reeent issue and wrote to the editor as follows:

"I ean't help writing to mention what it (the Prayer League) has meant to me. One day, in perfect despair over the mental torture of a sister's suffering, I read through the requests for prayer and the answers to prayer. I was impelled to write and ask help for this sister. Later on I wrote to give thanks for her great improvement. For two years she has been in wonderful condition. From that time I have always turned to the Prayer League column first, and have devoted time in praying with the others for their sufferers. It has developed in me a power for answered prayer. I have been in communion with the Author of prayer in a way I never experienced before."

E. R. H. asks God's people to join her in prayer that her daughter may be restored to health. She also earnestly joined her prayers to those of the nation on the day when the President had ealled all Christians to pray for a righteous ending of this terrible world war.

"Praying Mother" testifies to three answered prayers. Over three years ago she asked prayers for a oung man who was a slave of drink. He has not touehed liquor for a long time, and his friends are proud of him. She also asked prayers for a young physician who had been led away by the reading of so-ealled "liberal" literature. He has since professed his faith in Jesus, but is still indifferent to the ehureh and means of graee. Also for the wif of the same young physician, when she was desperately ill. Her life was spared, and it is hoped and prayed that she may be an instrument in God's hand to influenee her husband. Now "Praying Mother" asks prayer for the gifted young wife of a minister, who is to undergo an operation, that if it be God's will her life may be spared. Lastly she prays for herself, that a great depression may be lifted from her spirits, and that God may sustain her by his grace while passing under this cloud.

A. Z. asks the prayers of the Prayer League in behalf of her sister, who has been made the victim of unprincipled men who have tried to secure possession of her property.

C. S. praises God for his presence and aid in bringing her and her child through the dark valley of death.

B. I. M. and family see the hand of God in protecting them from the bombs of the enemy during reeent air raids on London and ask prayers that certain diffieulties be resolved for them.

M. P. testifies to answered prayer in deliveranee from sore finaneial straits, and thanks God for his wisdom and goodness in not answering a prayer, the granting of whieh would have resulted in a calamity.

Workers of the Bronx Gospel Hall of the National Bible Institute of New York are devoting two nights a week to prayer meetings in the homes of converts. At the close of the first meeting an Italian woman said: "I can't sit still any longer. This is my birthday, and it's the happiest one I have had since I have been here. I accept Jesus as my Saviour tonight, and I thank the Lord for bringing me here."

Mrs. L. G. A. asks prayer that a friend's mind may be restored, and that a son-in-law's wound may be healed.

S. M. C. had lost hope that she could ever be saved. She read some of the answers to people who felt they were lost. Now she feels that Jesus is her Saviour and trusts him all the time.

Prayers are asked for revivals of religion at:

Rochester, N. Y.; Bowden Junction, Ga.; Mineville, N. Y.; South Leeds, Me.; New Orleans, La.; Spring Valley, Ohio; Chamberlain, S. D.; Kunsan, Korea (for a Spirit-filled revival among Korean Christians and missions, and that many souls may be converted during the coming year); Mrs. J. P., that the people of Khandesh, India, may repent of sin and not seek help of their idols; that they may come to Christ and find salvation; Wooster, Ohio (that many may be saved during revival); Clarksburg, W. Va. (that many may be saved during revival at the United Brethren church); Jackson, Minn. (that many may be saved during revival); Leonardsville, N. Y. (that many may be saved during revival); Louisville, Ohio (that many may be saved during revival); Pittsfield, N. H. (that Sunday school scholars may be saved); Mrs. J. W. W., for an outpouring of God's Spirit on the boys in the camps and trenches; Mrs. R. D. K., Bardolph, Ill., that a pastor may be sent to a Presbyterian church.

Mrs. J. H. C. asks prayer that son's mind may be restored; M. C., that husband's mind may be restored; three friends, that their daughters' minds may be restored; C. N., that wife's mind may be restored; Mrs. I. H., that a nephew's mind may be restored; G. L., that a friend's mind may be restored; four friends ask prayer that their own minds may be strengthened.

Mrs. J. W. S. asks prayer that son's sight may be restored; Mrs. J. B., that husband's sight may be restored; seven friends, for restoration of sight for themselves, relatives or friends.

Mrs. J. B. asks prayer that husband's hearing may be restored; eight friends, that their own hearing may be restored.

Fifty friends ask prayer for a deeper work of grace, assurance of sins forgiven, or express in other ways their desire for personal spiritual blessing.

Fourteen friends ask prayer for special blessing for others; including Mrs. M. H. G., that our President may be guided in the right way by divine power.

E. A. O. asks prayer that a mother may be cured of the liquor habit; four parents, that their sons may be cured of the liquor haibt; M. D., that husband may be cured of the liquor habit; C. J. S., that a man may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs. A. L. H., that husband may be cured of the drug habit; Mrs. H., that son may be cured of the tobacco habit.

Ninety-eight friends ask prayer for the healing of friends or relatives, including Mrs. M. K., that daughter may pass safely through an operation; another, Mrs. E. B., that daughter may pass safely through an operation; twenty-five friends, for healing of self, including Mrs. W. M., that health may be restored without an operation; A. M. G. asks prayer to overcome nervousness; Mrs. C. S., that husband may be cured of cancer of the ear; Mrs. C. S., that mother may be cured of cancer of face; A Daughter, that mother may be relieved of intense suffering of cancer; Mrs. G., that daughter may be restored to health and strength without an operation; M. D., that sister's operation may be successful; Mrs. E. M. M., that T. H. may be fully restored to health and strength; E. J. R., that a man may be cured of cancer; forty-eight friends, for healing of themselves; H. J. T., Mrs. H. C. B., and E. M. P., that use of limbs may be restored; Mrs. L. S., L. H. B., Mrs. E. N., that their health may be restored without an operation.

Thirty-six parents ask prayer for the conversion of sons; nineteen wives, their husbands; sixty-seven, other relatives and friends.

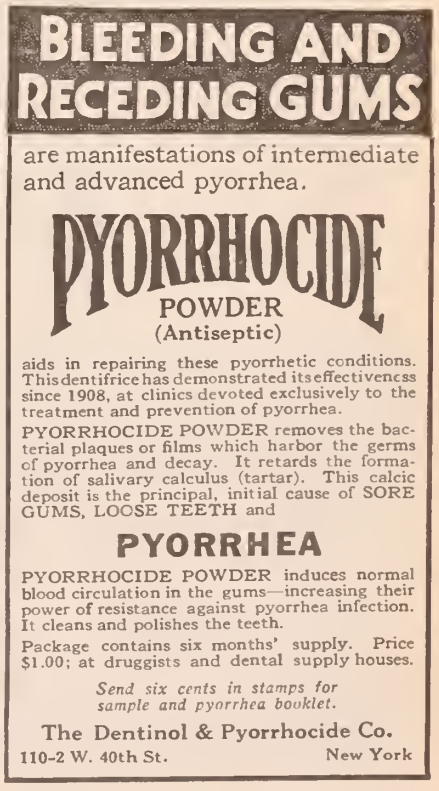
Thirty-six friends asks prayer for help or guidance in financial matters.

Thirty-one friends ask prayer for the granting of various desires and needs, including five friends who request prayer for world-wide peace.

Acknowledgments of answered prayer have been received from the following:

Mrs. O. S., Rockville, Neb.; One in Deep Trouble, Rockwood, Canada; Mrs. A. L. H., White Plains, N. Y.; M. S., Maywood, Neb.; E. H. L., Iona, N. J.; F. E. B., Farmington, Mo.; A. C. B., Philipsburg, Pa.; M. D., Wesleyville, Pa.; A Reader, Williamson, N. Y.; J. B. C., Carpenter, Ohio; C. P. B., Biggsville, Ill.; Mrs. J. R. S., Charleston, S. C.; Mrs. J. M. S., Verona, N. J.; S. M. W., St. Andrews, Fla.; A. S., Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. M. L. B., Kissimmee, Fla.; Mrs. F. E. M., La Fayette, Ohio; Miss J. F. W., Harlan, Iowa; Mrs. L. J. B., Wauchula, Fla.; Mrs. L. W., Buchanan, Va.; Mrs. S. D. K., Harmony, Pa.; Mrs. N. P. W., Torrington, Conn.; Mrs. A. C. M., Cuba, Mo.; Mrs. A. K., Goldson, Ore.; M. G., Charlottesville, Va.; A Subscriber, Boonton, N. J.; Mrs. S. E. B., Maxwell, Ala.; M. S. C., Tropic, Fla.; A. R., Turner, Me.; E. M., Winnipeg, Canada; S. J. H., Sidney, Neb.; Mrs. R. H. W., North Clarendon, Vt.; Mrs. F. K., Enid, Okla.; Mrs. C. S., Jackson, Mich.; Mrs. G. A. B., Towanda, Ill.; E. M. P., South Leeds, Me.; Mrs. A. F., Lincoln, Mo.; Mrs. F. E. W., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. E. C. M., Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. K. H., Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. B., Dalton, Ga.; C. W. B., Louisville, Ohio; Mrs. F. H., Slingerlands, N. Y.; A. J. B., Reynolds, Ga.

What a blessing it would be if a little self-conceit could be pumped out of some men and a little self-confidence pumped into others!



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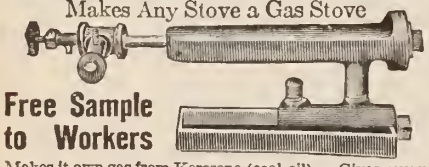

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A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 209

to create such new bureaus and divisions of departments as might seem necessary, to extend or limit the functions of existing bureaus, and to coordinate the work of all and put every branch of the government in step with every other branch. The powers granted by the bill were, however, so broad that many leaders in Congress declared that its passage would amount to the abdication by Congress of its coustitutional powers. The bill was referred to the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, where it was possible it might remain throughout the session. Meanwhile the Senate was discussing the bills designed to create the War Cabinet or a Munitions Director, the bills being supported by Senators Hitchcock and Wadsworth and the Administration being defended by Senator John Sharp Williams and others. Very little that was new was brought out in the additional speeches. Secretary of War Baker was heard further by the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate on February 6, and was especially questioned regarding the possibility of getting to Frauce the number of men he had indicated in his first statement before the committee. The Secretary reminded the committee that he had set that figure of 1,500,000 as the number that could be reached if ships could be obtained, and he iusisted that he was still hopeful of success in securing the transportation, although he was not prepared to give definite figures. The testimony, however, made it apparent that in addition to the American ships now afloat there is to be a certain amount of tounage transferred by the British admiralty to the American transport service, and American shipyards are depended upon to make up the balance of the needed tonnage.

TRANSPORTATION AND SHIPS. President Wilson himself ou February 5 checked up personally the shipping problem, holding a conference with Chairman Hurley of the Shipping Board. According to the figures furnished the President 1,000,000 men on the fightiug front would require from 4,000,000 to 7,000,000 tons of shipping in continuous service. It was said that there was in sight available 4,000,000 tons, and that during the year from 3,000,000 to 6,000,000 tons more would be constructed. Chairman Hurley insisted that the patriotism and industry of American labor and the engineering skill and industrial equipment of the United States would produce the 6,000,000 tons.

GERMAN STRIKE BROKEN. Dispatches of February 5 and 6 from Berlin and adjoining neutral sources indicated that the radical measures taken by the military heads had restored normal eonditions in the factories; but it was said that the methods adopted—the refusal to treat with the representatives of the strikers and the arbitrary military actiou—had not increased the confidence of the people in the government. Deputy William Dittman was tried by court martial for inciting to high treason and was given a sentence of five years' imprisonment with an additional two months for resisting public authority. Dittman denied that he had promoted the strike. He declared that the strike was only a demonstration against a peace with annexations and in favor of peace by understanding. The papers that published the details of Dittman's trial were suppressed.

GUILTY. In the criminal braneh of the Federal District Court of New York on February 5 a jury found guilty of conspiracy against the commerce of the United States, Franz von Rintelen and ten others, mostly German subjects who had been charged, with him, with placing bombs on vessels outward bound from American ports. The court sentenced each defendant to serve eighteen months in Federal prison at hard labor and to pay $2,000 and costs.

MUCH TOO IDLE. The third of the "idle Mondays" found the transportation systems of the country still fighting against unusual cold, although storm conditions were not as bad as on the two previous Mondays. It had been hoped that Monday, February 4, might be the last on which the American industry would close down to give coal and transportation interests an opportunity to catch up. Because of the cold, however, the transportation interests lost rather than gained ground, especially in the neighborhood of New York, where ice conditions made navigation almost impossible, and it was announced that the Monday order would be continued for at least another week.

PERFECTING METHODIST UNION. The Methodist Unification Commission, after a two weeks' session at Savannah, Ga., completed its work on Febraury 3. According to the plan all the negro churches would be organized into a general conference of their own, electing their own bishops and general officers. The various braneches of Methodism would be divided into regional and subregional conferences, the whole being united under a constitutioual council, which would have jurisdiction over all the subordinate conferenees both in the Uuited States and in the mission fields. The plan agreed upon must be ratified by the General Conferences of the two churches. The general conference of the Methodist Church which met in 1916 adjourned subject to the call of the chairman. It is probable that it will be reassembled in Atlanta in May to hold a joint conference with the Geueral Conference of the Southern Church, at which the historic breach between these two great branches of Wesleyan Protestantism will be closed in a complete and vital union.

ASSEMBLY FOR 685,000. On February 4 Provost General Crowder announced that the last increment of the first draft of the National Army would begin to move toward the training camps on February 23, the movement continuing for five days and adding at its completion 685,000 men to the armies of liberty and democracy.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. The first month of national operation of the railroads in spite of the storms and almost impossible weather resulted in the release of 4,000 cars and in an appreciable decrease in delayed exports, although 500,000 tons of ammunition for France were said to be still lying in American ports. . . . The eight-hour commission headed by General George W. Goethals reported to President Wilson early in February that the first year of operation of the Adamson law had not brought a general eight-hour day into railroad operation, but that it had increased the pay of the 400,000 trainmen about $60,000,000 a year, an increase of about 24.59 per cent. in wages. W. G. Lee, head of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, testifying before the Railroad Wage Commission on February 5, charged that the breakdown of the railroad systems of America, under the overload of war ume requirements complicated with unseasonable weather, had been brought about intentionally in order to discredit the eight hour law and Federal control. . . . The government eommission investigating the collision which resulted in the explosion in Halifax Harbor and the wrecking of the city held that Captain Lamodee and Pilot Mackay of the French munition ship Mont Blanc had violated the rules of navigation. The pilot and captain were arrested and charged with manslaughter. . . . The American Red Cross up to January 8, 1918, had appropriated for foreign relief work a total of $79,450,727.35, of which over $30,000,000 went for relief work in France. . . . The War Department on February 4 issued a warning to hunters against killiug carrier pigeons of the raeing homer type. It stated that any pigeon in the air might be a carrier pigeon under government supervision, and its killing might be a serious loss to the American army. . . . Plans were made by the Food and Fuel Administrations in February for the harvesting of a large additional amount of natural ice in order to save ammonia from ice-making to be used in the making of ammuuition. . . . Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt was operated on at the Roosevelt Hospital in New York City on February 6 for the reduction of abscesses resulting from illness during his expedition to Brazil.

Progress of the War

NOW that Americaus are holding their own sector of the battle line General Pershing's daily reports are carrying the names of men killed and wounded in action. The lists do not as yet indicate anything more than routine work. The American artillery has scored both on enemy attacks in formation which it dispersed and against airplanes which it drove back. At one point the Germans were forced by American artillery to abandon a section of their first line trench which American scouts reported as completely demolished. The American sector is now fairly well located as on the Eastern leg of the St. Mihiel salient, north of the Fortress of Toul which lies slightly west of Nancy. According to the newspaper eorrespondents some of the American trenches are not more than 60 feet from the Germans' first line, in some places lying in marshy ground with the Germans holding the dominating heights, although the German observation posts are under constant American artillery fire. The exact location of the American sector as well as its extent is not made public.

General Pershing on February 6 sent to the American people the message "Make a bridge of ships to France."

Maj. Gen. Peyton C. March, Chief of Artillery under General Pershing, will returu to the United States to become acting Chief of Staff of the American Army, Gen. Tasker H. Bliss who holds the title of Chief of Staff being attached to the Supreme War Council.

Two American aviators made their first offensive flight on February 6 in company with a French bombing squadron. Returning from a successful trip behind the German lines a squadron of German planes was encountered and one of the American pilots attacked and destroyed a German machine. This being the first triumph of America's new airfleet.

Once more the week has passed with nothing more important than mutual trench raids and patrol engagements with a slight increase in air fighting but a considerable increase in the intensity of artillery duels, especially arourd Verdun and on that sector of the Italian front in whieh the Austro-Germans were recently driven back. Here the Italiaus, during the early part of the week completely repulsed a well organized counter-attack. Venice and other cities in its neighborhood suffered two air raids during the week. The damage was slight. Italian airmen in return bombed the enemy airdromes.

The week's toll of the submarine warfare was 10 British ships of over 1600 tons and 5 under. Italy lost one steamer under 1600 tons. The French lost two over that figure and one under. Secretary Daniels asserted on February 6 that while there was no patent cure for the submarine, the Allies were "getting the best of it." British reports coincided with the Secretary's statement, crediting the gain to new devices in use by the Ameriean ships.

General Maurice, after a month spent in visiting the fighting lines, told the Associated Press that in spite of transfers from the Russian front, the Allies were still stronger than the Germans on the Western front.

Berlin reported, on February 9, the conclusion of peace with the Ukraine.

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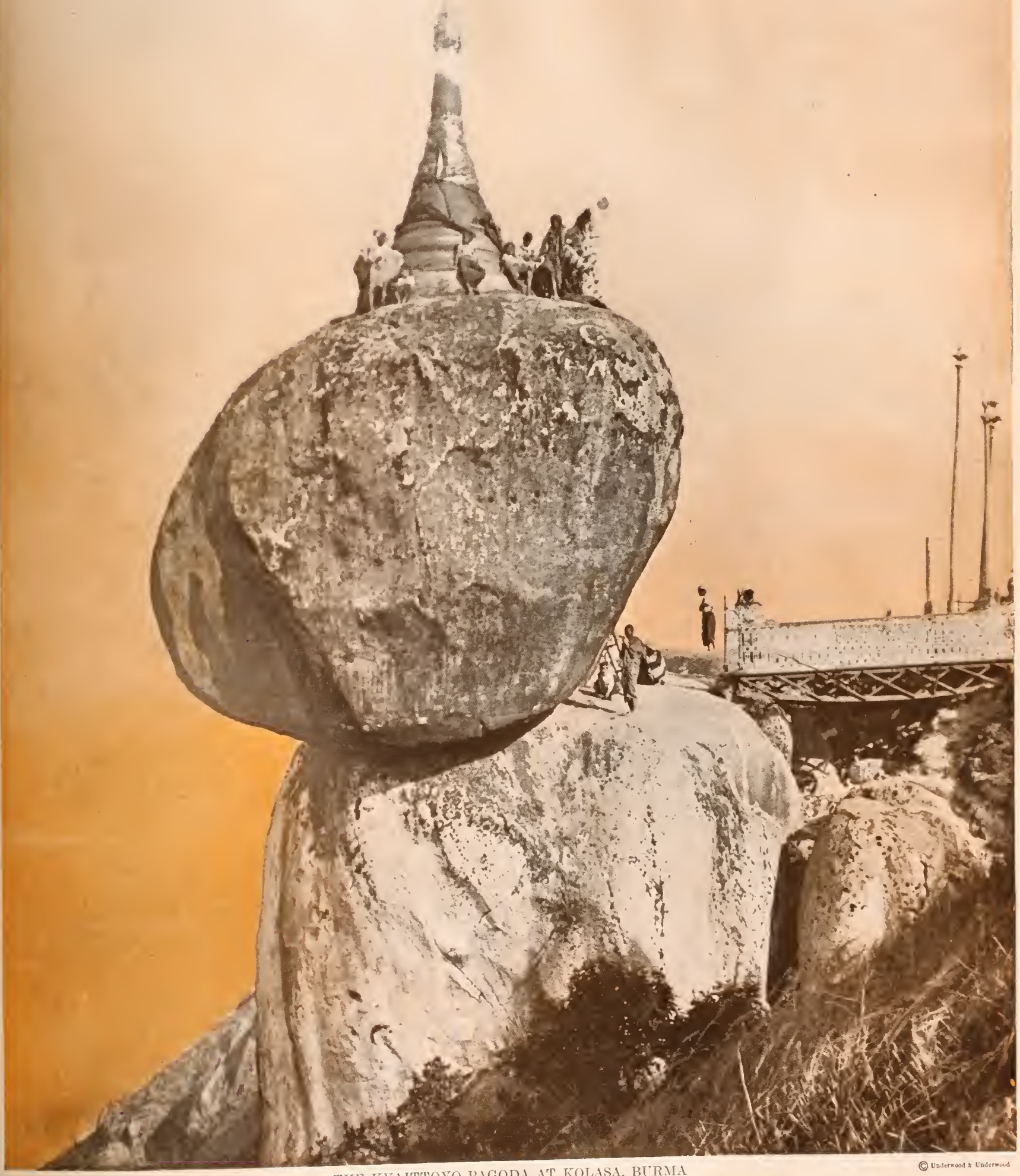

THE KYAITTOYO PAGODA AT KOLASA, BURMA

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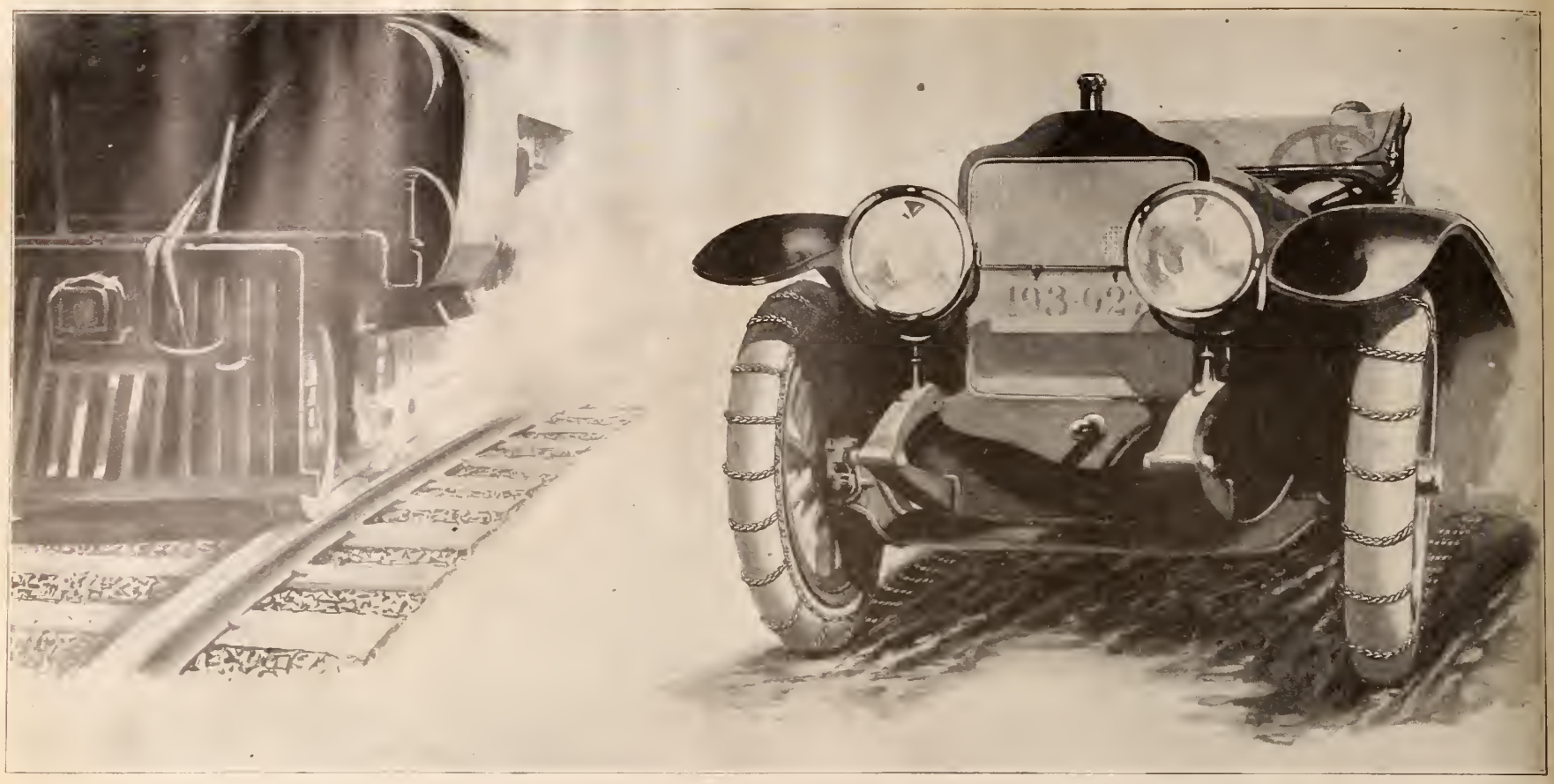
The rock is believed by the faithful to be kept in balance by a hair of Buddha himself imbedded in it beneath the shrine



Front Wheel Control

Weed Chains on front tires of motor cars are as necessary as flanges on front wheels of locomotives

The front wheel skid is the greatest cause of the many automobile accidents which keep the newspaper columns sprinkled with harrowing accounts. Appreciating this fact *The Scientific American* in the following editorial advocates the use of Tire Chains on the front as well as rear wheels.

"The majority of automobile owners fit chains to the rear wheels only, and appear to consider this ample insurance against accidents from skidding, but this practice is a doubtful economy, for, although the rear wheels, thus armed, may hold the road fairly well, the really bad accidents too often result from the inability of the driver to control the course of his machine. Any old bicycle rider knows that he can retain the control of his machine and maintain his balance when the rear wheel skids badly as long as the front wheel holds its grip on the road, but that he becomes helpless whenever the front wheel slides. The same conditions are true in the case of the automobile, but in an exaggerated degree, for its weight and the average speed both tend to make the grip of the front wheels on the road precarious, and a skidding front wheel is not much different from a broken steering gear in the possibilities of disaster. Recognizing these facts, it is apparent that chains are fully as necessary on the front wheels as on the rear."

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

The refugee camp at Port Said, Egypt, where American dollars are saving Armenian and Syrian lives

Bible Lands in Hunger's Grasp

The Crisis Now at Hand in Famine Relief Work in Armenia, Syria and Palestine

"I AM hungry—oh, so hungry!" This plaintive cry arrested a missionary as he was passing through a deserted Armenian village. It came from the lips of a little child stretched out in a doorway. Too weak to keep up with the refugees, she had been left all alone to die of hunger. Four hundred thousand wretched little children like this one have been found and gathered into orphanages in Western Asia. In Lebanon alone they died at the rate of 1,000 a day last winter. Funds must be had at once if any are to be saved this year."

Such is a keynote of the bitter cries for help that are ringing out upon the world from Armenia, Syria, and even from Palestine itself. The devastation of these ancient lands is beyond description. The sufferings of their peoples are only beginning to be told.

Cable advices and letters received by the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief show that the crisis of the suffering among the war refugees of Palestine and all the Near East is now being dealt with by the missionary workers. It is a bitter battle, in which hundreds of thousands of destitute have to be succored, in order to avert a tragic close to all the efforts that have been put forth in their behalf during the past months.

These messages show heartrending conditions among the destitute Syrians and Armenians, not only in Palestine, but in Gaza, Cairo and other points in Egypt. They tell of crowds crying for bread in Jerusalem—Jews and Christians together, starving on Christmas Eve: of unspeakable distress in Bethlehem (the name Bethlehem means House of Bread), where Christ was born.

THE city of Gaza has been almost wholly destroyed by the constant fighting which has taken place there since last April. Not a single roof has been left in place. The inhabitants have all been driven out, absolutely destitute.

After wandering about homeless and in the most deplorable condition for nearly three years, twenty-three survivors out of a total of 250 Armenian refugees from a village near Cæsarea in central Asia Minor have just arrived at the Port Said refugee camp. The suffering these people have been through is beyond words.

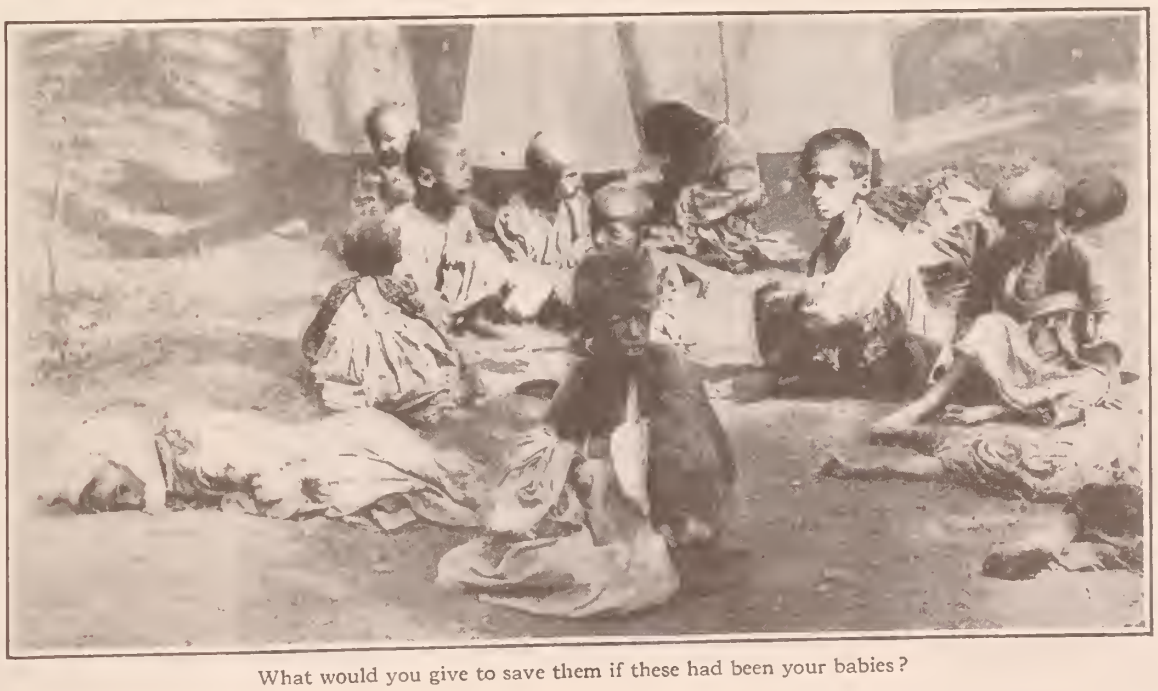
Dr. Scrymgeour, of the new government corps in Palestine, writes that wheat and bread are so scarce in Jerusalem that they can only be obtained at "famine prices" and that the shortage of fuel is most acute. Other advices from reliable missionaries, dated at the beginning of the year, stated that in Jerusalem wheat was $20 a bushel, flour $80 a barrel, potatoes $60 a bushel, bread 40 cents a pound, milk 40 cents a quart, sugar 26 cents a pound, and eggs 12 cents apiece. A later cablegram gives assurance that "though prices are high, it is possible to obtain supplies. MacFarland, unable months ago to make direct purchase of grain, now secures quantities wholesale. Opportunity for relief limited only by amount of funds at command." Through the relief committee grain is to be sold at cost price, or less than cost price, to the poor of Jerusalem and to those of the middle class who are in greatly straitened circumstances.

Reports from nineteen relief centers, cabled by Mr. Fowle, of the relief committee, are that "Funds so anxiously awaited by distributors bring life and hope to multitudes, especially thousands of orphans. Work and workers everywhere are regarded as truly serving and are generally treated accordingly. Emphatic plea for doubled appropriations. Suffering appalling."

RELIEF that is systematic and effective is rapidly being organized all the way from Cairo to Jerusalem and beyond. The direct administration of the relief work in Palestine has now been centered in the Bishop McInnes Committee, which, since the British occupation by General Allenby, has been given official cooperation. Missionaries Hayman and Trowbridge have joined this committee. It is an excellent organization and its supervision is a guarantee that contributions will be used to the best advantage. Twenty-five thousand dollars of American funds were transferred to this committee on December 19.

A Jewish committee is now organized in Cairo for relief in Palestine, and, since the British Government favors the Zionist movement, it is expected that this Jewish Committee with its counterpart in Jerusalem, may be given equal privileges with the Bishop McInnes Fund, and may perhaps be organized with it in one relief administration under the military. A dispensary has been opened in Jerusalem with two native doctors in charge and a staff of nurses, but it is crowded far beyond its capacity. Dr. Lloyd, formerly the physician in charge of the Church Missionary Society Hospital in Omdurman, Sudan, has been doing very effective work in Khan Yunis, Deir Seneid and other points in Southern and Central Palestine. He is a very skilled doctor, knows Arabic well and has had ten years' experience in the Sudan. He is gradually working northward and eastward, as his medical unit is a mobile one, and he is thus able to care for the emergency cases. At the same time Dr. Scrymgeour, who is an honorary member of Bishop McInnes' Relief Committee and holds a high post in the medical administration of Palestine, has established a valuable clinic in Jerusalem itself.

"There is the greatest need for relief in and



What would you give to save them if these had been your babies?

about Aleppo," writes Mr. Fowle, "and it is there that the largest amount is expended under the able direction of a Swiss business man. An orphanage of about 1,000 children is the largest single relief measure. It costs about 25 piasters per day per child, and even then they work from morning to night. The orphanage uses a flour mill day and night, and makes its own bread. It also sells some with a profit. Other departments are shoe-making and repairing. Cows are kept and butter made for sale. Gardening for vegetables, which are peddled about town by the children, as well as used in the orphanage. Lace-making, weaving of cloths, barber shops, carpentering, etc. The orphanage occupies four large houses, one of which is given gratis by the Swiss director. On November 22 there were 100 children without beds (sleeping mattresses), and 150 in almost the same condition. Children and adults are coming back to the city in large numbers. From Aleppo, some of our funds are sent to a nearby place, where 180 children have, till now, been cared for by a young man whom I know. Herr Ehmann has about 600 children, as well as 50 college girls, and many poor. He wired November 22 for more money. Mr. Caldwell asks for an increased relief grant. They have laid in supplies for the poor. I can only say that we are all doing our best, and that everywhere our work and our workers—American, German, Swiss, Dane or Ottoman—are regarded as truly serving the needs of the poor, and in general are treated accordingly. In this city we are helping all nationalities and faiths, and hundreds of sick, of poor, and of children are tonight sheltered and fed as a result of what we have done."

IT is probable that a new city will be built to replace the destroyed Gaza, but in a more healthful location. Mejdel may temporarily be made the center of trade and government. Most of the people of Gaza will have to be cared for as refugees for some months, although the able-bodied among them will be provided with work.

The following messages were received from Dr. Chambers, missionary in Constantinople by way of Switzerland, February 4: "Workers in Turkey, despite privation, are being preserved in health and able to continue work. The attitude of the authorities is conciliatory, and there is no serious obstruction to the work. Orphanage work is steadily increasing in volume. Deported people are coming back in large numbers to the cities where they are easily reached. Work encouraging."

A letter received from Cairo, Egypt, Feb. 6, reads: "Miss Graffan, who is taking charge of over 250 orphans in Turkey, begs for larger appropriations. The increased cost of supplies makes it almost impossible for her to meet the constantly increasing demands of her work."

Rev. Stephen Trowbridge, chairman of the Committee for Relief in Egypt, writes, Jan. 1: "Somewhat more than 500 of the 4,000 Armenian refugees who were rescued two years ago last September and brought to Port Said, have found occupations outside and have left the refugee camp. . . . It is a great satisfaction that we have heard from Jerusalem that permits are being issued for Mr. Hooper, Dr. Lasbrey and Mr. Grace, all of Bishop McInnes' staff, to proceed at once to Jaffa to take charge of both the hospital and orphanage work, and to do whatever the military authorities desire in the way of general relief in the region surrounding Jaffa."

Mr. Trowbridge also writes that the Turks stripped the town of Jaffa, leaving the aged and children helpless. There are thousands of refugees in the city and diseases are rife. Three cases are cited to illustrate the present relief. A girl ten years old and her blind father are the sole survivors of a large family. A prominent Jew of Gaza was brutally shot by a Turkish captain and lay helpless in the street for three days. A Syrian, compelled by the Turks to handle dynamite, had both hands blown off, and his wife and four young children were found gaunt and wretched. Innumerable kinds of relief are required. The distress in Syria is authoritatively reported as very serious.

AN interesting feature reported by Mr. Trowbridge is the fact that Egypt, through the Coptic Church, is contributing help for the Palestine sufferers. In olden days, when there was famine in Palestine, there was "corn in Egypt," and it was the reliable source of supply. Today the Egyptian fund is already caring for 150 orphans in Jaffa, and will soon be ministering to thousands of the children throughout Palestine.

Stray refugee families need help in earning a living; some can get along if they have their rent paid for them; others have been helped by the donation of a sewing machine. They are then employed to make much needed garments for the Syrian Relief Committee and are thus enabled to support their own families, and at the same time help the destitute Syrians.

The Red Cross Committee reports that in Cairo the number of adults dependent upon the Diet Kitchen, established for the prevention of pellagra, is diminishing; there are now only 175, but the number of children in need of this extra food is increasing all the time.

"Monthly remittances are urgently solicited in order to carry on the work of relief in Palestine," Dr. Chambers cables from Geneva. "Generous gifts have been sent from England, but they are not nearly adequate to meet the pressing demands reported from the Lebanon District, where the distress of the refugees has reached the most appalling stages of starvation and disease."

Many readers of the Christian Herald have already given generously to this deserving relief work, but the urgency of the need and the fact that the situation, as presented by the missionaries, has become critical, makes a further appeal necessary. All gifts for the relief of Bible Land Sufferers should be sent to the Christian Herald which is co-operating with the Committees in the field. Relief sent quickly now will be of the utmost aid in saving precious lives.

IN ARMENIA

By Margaret E. Sangster

IT will be springtime soon, and springtime flowers
Will grow again upon each grassy hill,
And all the land will ring with mirth until
The world seems filled with joyous elfin bowers.
The apple blossoms, pink, in fragrant showers
Will seem like baby faces calm and still,
That sleep the sleep of peace and of good will
Through all the golden light of springtime hours.

And yet the springtime, in one foreign land,
Will bring no blossoms, and the babies there
Are pale and wan; they do not seem to care
That this is springtime. All they understand
Is that they suffer in the dusty heat,
And cry for bread when there is none to eat.

To Plow What Was "No Man's Land"

Fifteen Hundred American Tractors Will Help Produce 2,000,000 More Tons of Food in France

By HENRY MORGENTHAU, Jr.

AMERICAN tractors—1,500 of them—sent by the U. S. Food Administration, will battle hunger in France When spring comes they will be in the field.

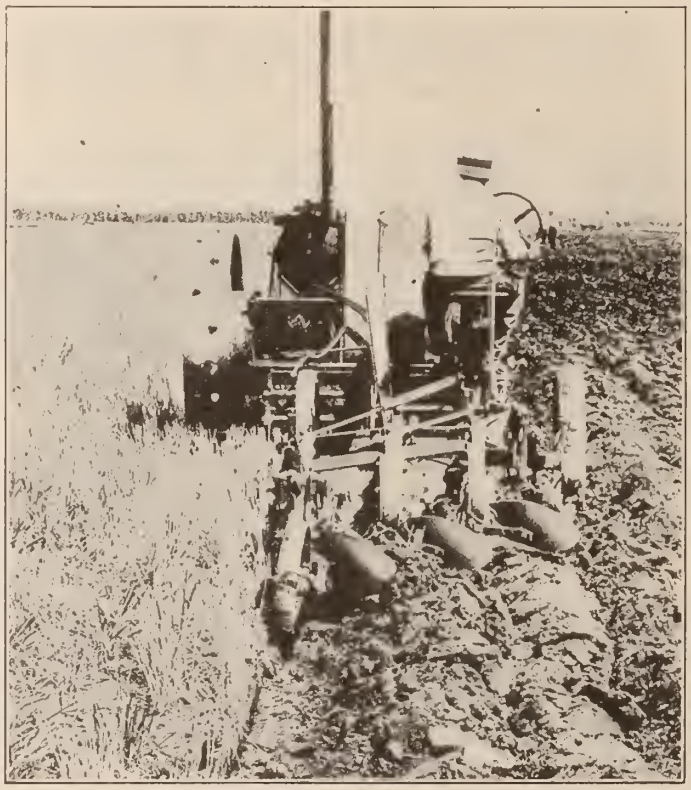
French crop production in 1917 was more than one-third less than in the year before the war. All able-bodied Frenchmen up to fifty years of age are fighting, and though the women, children and old men have made heroic efforts to maintain the agriculture of the country on a normal basis, the burden has exceeded their strength and endurance. One acre out of every four in France now lies idle from sheer lack of man and animal power to plow, seed and harvest crops upon it. So this expedition of 1,500 farm tractors and plows with experts to put them in operation, not only will increase the French harvest in 1918, but the presence of these powerful farm machines preparing their land for crops will cheer French hearts.

The first 100 tractors were sent to France on the deck of a naval transport and the entire number will reach there in plenty of time for spring plowing. They will operate mainly in the battle-scarred portion of northern France which has been re-taken from the Germans. There property lines have been largely obliterated. The fields are consequently large and the batteries of tractors will be able to work most effectively. Thus in a few months food crops, especially wheat and potatoes, will be growing in French soil plowed by American tractors—soil that a few months ago was the "No Man's Land" between the great battle-lines.

THE French have for several years been operating American-made tractors, and with characteristic thoroughness they have kept careful records of the work accomplished, fuel consumed, repairs and other details of the work. Satisfied with the general results, the French government by legal enactment January 2, 1917, created a credit of $6,000,000 for subsidizing agricultural co-operative societies and groups of farmers for the purchase of tractors. In some instances the government has advanced 40 per cent. of the price of the tractors to aid and encourage farmers in securing them. The tractors and plows are being purchased by the French High Commission with money loaned to them by the U. S. Treasury, and the expense of the mechanics who accompany them is being met by adding a lump sum to the purchase price of the tractors.

Judging from past experience these outfits will plow about half a million acres for wheat, potatoes and sugar beet this spring, and a million acres for fall planting of wheat. When operated in large fields, as in the re-conquered zone, the tractors work in batteries of ten, preferably all of the same make. With each battery there are ten drivers, two blacksmiths, two mechanics, one cook and a manager in charge, who has a clerk to assist him. In addition, there is a field man who lays out the work for the tractors, and several motor trucks which serve as workshops or for hauling provisions, repairs, fuel and supplies. Machines of medium size and relatively simple construction have been selected. They are of the 9–18 and 10–20 horsepower sizes. The plows used are self-lift gang plows having three 12-inch bottoms.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The idea of reinforcing the waning agricultural strength of France with American tractors originated with Henry Morgenthau, Jr., who writes this article. Mr. Morgenthau is the son of Henry Morgenthau, former American Ambassador to Turkey. The Food Administration has designated Henry Morgenthau, Jr., to follow the machines to France and put them in operation. This article, written just before Mr. Morgenthau left for Europe, will be followed later in the season by an account of how the tractors were managed and what they accomplished



Plowing the way to victory

THESE batteries of tractors are subject to the orders of the Minister of Agriculture, notwithstanding the fact that 75 per cent. of the operators are soldiers. The problem of getting competent operators and mechanics has been one of the most difficult to solve. Mechanics at present employed on the batteries of tractors either are men relieved from military obligation, wounded men who have not regained their strength, or inexperienced young men below draft age. The Agricultural Service also has sought to employ as mechanics cripples from the re-education schools, who have studied mechanical courses for a few weeks.

The tractor expedition will include a limited number of experienced American mechanics, who will help supervise and instruct the French in the operation of the machines. It is planned to conduct American lines and to organize the 150 new batteries in the shortest time possible and also to assist the French Minister of Agriculture in distributing the tractors and operating them economically.

In addition to the beneficial effect the machines will have on the morale of the French people, the land plowed by the tractors in 1918 is expected to produce 1,500,000 tons of sugar beets and potatoes and 450,000 tons of wheat; and this increased production in France, amounting to nearly 2,000,000 tons of food, will obviate the sending of about 400 large shiploads from America through the perilous submarine zone.

President Wilson Replies to Teuton Spokesmen

WITHOUT previous notification, unexpectedly and somewhat dramatically, President Wilson appeared before Congress on February 11 and addressed the representatives of the Nation as follows:

Gentlemen of the Congress:

ON the 8th of January I had the honor of addressing you on the objects of the war as our people conceive them. The Prime Minister of Great Britain had spoken in similar terms on the 5th of January. To these addresses the German Chancellor replied on the 24th, and Count Czernin for Austria on the same day. It is gratifying to have our desire so promptly realized that all exchanges of view on this great matter should be made in the hearing of all the world.

Count Czernin's reply, which is directed chiefly to my own address on the 8th of January, is uttered in a very friendly tone. He finds in my statement a sufficiently encouraging approach to the views of his own Government to justify him in believing that it furnishes a basis for a more detailed discussion of purposes by the two Governments.

He is represented to have intimated that the views he was expressing had been communicated to me beforehand and that I was aware of them at the time he was uttering them; but in this I am sure he was misunderstood. I had received no intimation of what he intended to say. . . .

Count von Hertling's reply is, I must say, very vague and very confusing. It is full of equivocal phrases and leads it is not clear where. But it is certainly in a very different tone from that of Count Czernin, and apparently of an opposite purpose. It confirms, I am sorry to say, rather than removes the unfortunate impression made by what we had learned of the conferences at Brest-Litovsk.

His discussion and acceptance of our general principles lead him to no practical conclusion. He refuses to apply them to the substantive items which must constitute the body of any final settlement. He is jealous of international action and of international council. He accepts, he says, the principle of public diplomacy, but he appears to insist that it be confined, at any rate in this case, to generalities, and that the several particular questions of territory and sovereignty, the several questions upon whose settlement must depend the acceptance of peace by the twenty-three States now engaged in the war, must be discussed and settled, not in general council, but severally by the nations most immediately concerned.

He agrees that the seas should be free, but looks askance at any limitation to that freedom by international action in the interest of the common order. He would without reserve be glad to see economic barriers removed between nation and nation, for that could in no way impede the ambitions of the military party, with whom he seems constrained to keep on terms. Neither does he raise objection to a limitation of armaments. But the German colonies, he demands, must be returned without debate. He will discuss with no one but the representatives of Russia what disposition shall be made of the peoples and the lands of the Baltic provinces; with no one but the Government of France the "conditions" under which French territory shall be evacuated; and only with Austria what shall be done with Poland.

In the determination of all questions affecting the Balkan States he defers, as I understand him, to Austria and Turkey; and with regard to the agreements to be entered into concerning the non-Turkish peoples of the present Ottoman Empire, to the Turkish authorities themselves. After a settlement all around, effected in this fashion, by individual barter and concession, he would have no objection, if I correctly interpret his statement, to a league of nations which would undertake to hold the new balance of power steady against external disturbance.

IT must be evident to every one who understands what this war has wrought in the opinion and temper of the world that no general peace, no peace worth the infinite sacrifices of these years of tragical suffering, can possibly be arrived at in any such fashion. The method the German Chancellor proposes is the method of the Congress of Vienna. We cannot and will not return to that.

What is at stake now is the peace of the world. What we are striving for is a new international order based upon broad and universal principles of right and justice—no mere peace of shreds and patches. Is it possible that Count von Hertling does not see that, does not grasp it, is, in fact, living in his thought in a world dead and gone? Has he utterly forgotten the Reichstag resolutions of the 19th of July, or does he deliberately ignore them? They spoke of the conditions of a general peace, not of national aggrandizement. . . .

The peace of the world depends upon the just settlement of each of the several problems to which I adverted in my recent address to the Congress. I, of course, do not mean that the peace of the world depends upon the acceptance of any particular set of suggestions as to the way in which those problems are to be dealt with. I mean only that those problems each and all affect the whole world; that unless they are dealt with in a spirit of unselfish and unbiased justice, with a view to the wishes, the natural connections, the racial aspirations, the security and peace of mind of the peoples involved, no permanent peace will have been attained.

They cannot be discussed separately or in corners. None of them constitutes a private or separate interest from which the opinion of the world may be shut out. Whatever affects the peace affects mankind, and nothing settled by military force, if settled wrong, is settled at all. It will presently have to be reopened.

Is Count von Hertling not aware that he is speaking in the court of mankind, that all the awakened nations of the world now sit in judgment on what every public man, of whatever nation, may say on the issues of a conflict which has spread to every region of the world? The Reichstag resolutions of July themselves frankly accepted the decisions of that court. There shall be no annexations, no contributions, no punitive damages. Peoples are not to be handed about from one sovereignty to another by an international conference or an understanding between rivals and antagonists. National aspirations must be respected; peoples may now be dominated and governed only by their own consent. "Self-determination" is not a mere phrase. It is an imperative principle of action, which statesmen will henceforth ignore at their peril.

We cannot have general peace for the asking or by the mere arrangements of a peace conference. It cannot be pieced together out of individual understandings between powerful States. All the parties to this war must join in the settlement of every issue anywhere involved in it, because what we are seeking is a peace that we can all unite to guarantee and maintain, and every item of it must be submitted to the common judgment whether it be right and fair, an act of justice, rather than a bargain.

THE United States has no desire to interfere in European affairs or to act as arbiter in European territorial disputes. She would disdain to take advantage of any internal weakness or disorder to impose her own will upon another people. She is quite ready to be shown that the settlements she has suggested are not the best or the most enduring. . . .

But she entered this war because she was made a partner, whether she would or not, in the sufferings and indignities inflicted by the military masters of Germany against the peace and security of mankind; and the conditions of peace will touch her as nearly as they will touch any other nation to which is intrusted a leading part in the maintenance of civilization. She cannot see her way to peace until the causes of this war are removed, its renewal rendered, as nearly as may be, impossible.

This war had its roots in the disregard of the rights of small nations and of nationalities which lacked the union and the force to make good their claim to determine their own allegiances and their own forms of political life. Covenants must now be entered into which will render such things impossible for the future and those covenants must be backed by the united force of all the nations that love justice. . . .

If territorial settlements and the political relations of great populations which have not the organized power to resist are to be determined by the contracts of the powerful Governments which consider themselves most directly affected, as Count von Hertling proposes, why may not economic questions also? It has come about in the altered world in which we now find ourselves that justice and the rights of peoples affect the whole field of international dealing as much as access to raw materials and fair and equal conditions of trade.

Count von Hertling wants the essential bases of commercial and industrial life to be safeguarded by common agreement and guarantee, but he cannot expect that to be conceded him if the other matters to be determined by the articles of peace are not handled in the same way as items in the final accounting. He cannot ask the benefit of common agreement in the one field without according it in the other. I take it for granted that he sees that separate and selfish compacts with regard to trade and essential materials of manufacture would afford no foundation for peace. Neither, he may rest assured, will separate and selfish compacts with regard to provinces and peoples.

Count Czernin seems to see the fundamental elements of peace with clear eyes, and does not seek to obscure them. He sees that an independent Poland, made up of all the indisputably Polish peoples who lie contiguous to one another, is a matter of European concern, and must, of course, be conceded; that Belgium must be evacuated and restored, no matter what sacrifices and concessions that may involve; and that national aspirations must be satisfied, even within his own empire. . . .

If he is silent about questions which touch the interest and purpose of his allies more nearly than they touch those of Austria only, it must, of course, be because he feels constrained, I suppose, to defer to Germany and Turkey in the circumstances. Seeing and conceding, as he does, the essential principles involved and the necessity of candidly applying them, he naturally feels that Austria can respond to the purpose of peace as expressed by the United States with less embarrassment than could Germany. He would probably have gone much further had it not been for the embarrassments of Austria's alliances and of her dependence upon Germany.

AFTER all, the test of whether it is possible for either Government to go any further in this comparison of views is simple and obvious. The principles to be applied are these:

First—That each part of the final settlement must be based upon the essential justice of that particular case and upon such adjustments as are most likely to bring a peace that will be permanent.

Second—That peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were mere chattels and pawns in a game, even the great game, now forever discredited, of the balance of power; but that,

Third—Every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned, and not as a part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims among rival States; and,

Fourth—That all well-defined national aspirations shall be accorded the utmost satisfaction that can be accorded them without introducing new or perpetuating old elements of discord and antagonism that would be likely in time to break the peace of Europe, and consequently of the world.

A GENERAL peace erected upon such foundation can be discussed. Until such a peace can be secured we have no choice but to go on. So far as we can judge, these principles that we regard as fundamental are already everywhere accepted as imperative except among the spokesmen of the military and annexationist party in Germany. If they have anywhere else been rejected the objectors have not been sufficiently numerous or influential to make their voices audible. The tragical circumstance is that this one party in Germany is apparently willing and able to send millions of men to their death to prevent what all the world now sees to be just.

I would not be a true spokesman of the people of the United States if I did not say once more that we entered this war upon no small occasion and that we can never turn back from a course chosen upon principle. Our resources are in part mobilized now, and we shall not pause until they are mobilized in their entirety. Our armies are rapidly going to the fighting front, and will go more and more rapidly. Our whole strength will be put into this war of emancipation—emancipation from the threat and attempted mastery of selfish groups of autocratic rulers. . . .

We are indomitable in our power of independent action, and can in no circumstances consent to live in a world governed by intrigue and force. We believe that our own desire for a new international order, under which reason and justice and the common interests of mankind shall prevail, is the desire of enlightened men everywhere. Without that new order the world will be without peace and human life will lack tolerable conditions of existence and development. Having set our hand to the task of achieving it, we shall not turn back.

I hope it is not necessary for me to add that no word of what I have said is intended as a threat. That is not the temper of our people. I have spoken thus only that the whole world may know the true spirit of America—that men everywhere may know that our passion for justice and for self-government is no mere passion of words, but a passion which, once set in motion, must be satisfied. The power of the United States is a menace to no nation or people. It will never be used in aggression or for the aggrandizement of any selfish interest of our own. It springs out of freedom and is for the service of freedom.

The Kaiser's Way to Peace

ON the same day that the President thus again proclaimed the charter of the world's liberty, Kaiser Wilhelm succinctly expressed to the Burgomaster of Hamburg the attitude of Germany's ruling class, closing thus a short statement, in which he admitted "We often entered false paths":

"We ought to bring peace to the world. We shall seek in every way to do it. Such an end was achieved yesterday in a friendly manner with an enemy which, beaten by our armies, perceives no reason for fighting longer, extends a hand to us, and receives our hand. We clasp hands. But he who will not accept peace, but on the contrary declines, pouring out the blood of his own and of our people, must be forced to have peace. We desire to live in friendship with neighboring peoples, but the victory of German arms must first be recognized. Our troops under the great Hindenburg will continue to win it. Then peace will come."

Scotland Honors Tuscania's Dead

OUT from a little Scotch seaport as yet unnamed went on February 12 a slow procession. Down from the overhanging clouds came copious showers of rain, and the little procession was shrouded in a clinging mist as it climbed the low cliffs of the coast to the last resting-place upon the seaward-looking crest.

An auto truck came first. In it were seventeen bodies which the sea had returned of those which it had taken from the ill-fated Tuscania. Following the truck marched a squad of khaki-clad American soldiers, and then came hundreds of villagers, anxious to show the utmost respect to the soldiers of the cousinly Republic over seas. One of the villagers bore the Union Jack and one of the soldiers the Stars and Stripes.

In one long trench they placed the seventeen bodies. The soldiers sang the Anthem of the Free, and and when the notes of "The Star-Spangled Banner" had died away the Scots sang "God Save the King." Then across the grave rang out those parting shots which speed upon their way the souls of soldiers dead, and as the frozen clods fell upon the coffins of these brave boys the number of the Tuscania's dead who had been buried reached 171. One grave held forty-nine of the crew and passengers of the torpedoed liner. Careful records were kept of all the bodies buried, each body being numbered and each being placed in a separate coffin, but because it had not been the business of any particular officer to see that it was done, the identification tags of many of the bodies belied their names, since they carried no number by which they could perform their office; hence in every grave a certain number of coffins were listed each as bearing the remains of an "unidentified private." For each of these unknowns a mother's heart somewhere was breaking.

On February 13 the War Department estimated the probable loss of American soldiers on board the ship at not more than 170; 260 of those aboard were unaccounted for, but in dispatches to the department the names of more than 260 had come garbled so they could not be deciphered, and, allowing for duplications, it was expected that the straightening out of these names would eliminate the list of unaccounted for.

In a telegram to the War Department General Pershing gave high praise to the British War Office for its efficient cooperation in the rescue of the survivors of the Tuscania, including in his commendation the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross.

A British colonel at the Scotch port first mentioned announced, on February 12, that the people of the nearby countryside had started a public subscription to erect a permanent monument to the Americans.

American army officers in cooperation with the British War Office arranged for the creation of a camp in Ireland near the point where the majority of the survivors were landed. In this camp the men were expected to rest for a few weeks.

Sir Cecil Spring-Rice
Former British Ambassador, died February 14

Lord Reading
New British Ambassador and High Commissioner

Major Benjamin F. Wade
Senior military officer on the Tuscania

A Week in the World's News

FULL SPEED AHEAD. It was officially announced on February 13 that the order providing for heatless and workless Mondays had been suspended, but that the preference list for coal deliveries was to be continued, and that the embargoes against shipment of certain classes of freight would also be continued. The State Fuel Administrators were still left with authority to continue the heatless Mondays within their own states if conditions made it necessary. A week of moderate weather without storms, coupled with strenuous and cooperative efforts of the Fuel and Railroad Administration, was said to have resulted in a very material improvement in the car situation, congestion being greatly relieved and the movement of freight facilitated, although it was said that there would be somewhat of a shortage of fuel during the balance of the winter, resulting in temporary inconvenience to those industries not included under the preference.

COMPROMISE ON WAR CABINET. A conference on February 13 between the President and Senate leaders of both parties resulted in practical agreement as to the terms of the bill which would provide for the necessary speeding up of War Department machinery and that measure of reorganization requisite to the proper conduct of war operations. It was suggested that the bills introduced by Senator Chamberlain for the War Cabinet and for a Munitions Director would probably be dropped and that the bill introduced by Senator Overman would be rewritten so that it would give the President power to reconstruct the War Department without any sacrifice of power or prerogative on the part of the legislative branch of the government. Leaders of both parties predicted the early passage of the compromise measure.

Senator Baker announced on February 10 the division of the General Staff of the Army into five bureaus, each to be under an executive officer, such officer having direct power and being responsible to the Chief of Staff. The new divisions were named as follows: The Executive Division, the War Plans Division, the Purchase and Supply Division, the Storage and Traffic Division, and the Army Operations Division.

GOVERNMENT MAY TAKE SHIPYARDS. With 5,000 carpenters on strike in shipyards working on government contracts, and with a threat of the possible extension of the strike until it would include 50,000, the suggestion was made in Washington that the government use the power of the Shipping Board and commandeer all the shipyards of the country, thus bringing the whole labor question directly into government hands. Labor at present in the yards is d ssatisfied, wage increases of from 40 to 60 per cent. being demanded. With the yards in private hands operating under variously phrased contracts, the adjustments necessary to equalize these wage increases are greatly complicated. With unified government operation, however, wages in all yards could be standardized, greatly simplifying the whole problem, and placing the employees directly in the government service. In this situation, where patriotism would be expected to overcome the restriction on individual effort sometimes laid by union rules, definite charges are made that the men are being prevented from giving the full service of which they are individually capable. Chairman Hurley of the Shipping Board on February 14 addressed a telegram to the President of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, warning him that the shipyard strikes were equivalent to the severing of the lines of communication with the troops in France, and asking him if he thought that the fathers and mothers whose sons were making the sacrifice at the front would be willing to sit patiently by and permit such a paralysis of the life line between here and the boys "over there." Without threatening, Chairman Hurley advised that the shipyard strikes be brought to an end. At the same time draft boards called before them striking workmen, the inference being that strikers could not expect exemption from the draft granted to shipyard workers. This action of the draft boards was resented by the men and disapproved by the Shipping Board. In reply to Chairman Hurley's telegram the head of the carpenters' union replied that while he did not approve of the local strikes he was powerless to prevent them. He suggested that the obligation to consider the element of patriotism rested equally upon the employers and that it was unfair to ascribe unpatriotic motives to workers seeking to remedy unfair conditions. A suggestion that labor for the yards be conscripted was opposed ardently by Samuel Gompers, who declared it repugnant to all ideals of free government.

It appeared probable, on February 16, that President Wilson would give the shipyard problem his personal attention. Representatives of the unions were said to have indicated that the present difficulty could be solved and future trouble avoided by establishing a uniform wage in all yards, by cutting out profiteering at the root, and by improving transportation so that the supply of materials would be adequate, enforced idleness for lack of material being a potent factor in discontent.

WASTING MILLIONS. It having been charged that the work of building the shipyards at Hog Island, near Philadelphia, for which the American International Corporation has the contract, had been carried on with great waste of money and with prodigal expenditures for land and materials and with fabulous profits to contractors, President Wilson, on February 14, instructed the Attorney General to make a thorough investigation "with a view to instituting criminal process in case the facts justified it."

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. The Post-office Department on February 12 called for bids for five airplanes, which when delivered will be used to institute an airplane mail service between Washington, Philadelphia and New York. The planes are to to be delivered no later than April 25. . . . The House of Representatives on February 12 passed a bill already approved by the Senate appropriating $50,000,000 to provide housing facilities for employees of shipyards working on government contracts. . . . United States Secret Service men examined the crew and passengers of the Holland American liner Nieuw Amsterdam with great care. When the liner reached port early in February she was put under guard. No persons were permitted to communicate directly or indirectly with any person on the ship until each had been examined and had satisfied the agents of the government as to his purpose in visiting America. The care thus taken was due to information that a representative of the German spy system was on board, and the careful search was rewarded by the apprehension of Reint Sobering, a German subject who was a second steward on the liner, and who was detected trying to hide an envelope, which he said had been given to him by a married sister in Rotterdam, to be delivered to a person in the United States whom he did not name, his sister having told him that the note was a love message from a friend in Germany to her fiancé in the United States. The contents of the envelope were found to be a new secret code for use by the German spy system in the United States. . . . At the meeting of the Republican National Committee in St. Louis on February 13 Will H. Hays of Indiana was elected chairman, succeeding Chairman Willcox, who resigned. . . . Following persistent but premature reports of his death on February 11, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, convalescing at Roosevelt Hospital, continued making steady improvement toward ultimate recovery. . . . Arrangements have finally been completed for the mutual drafting in Canada, England and the United States of men of these nations liable to military service and resident in any of the others. . . . Railway shop men were announced, on February 13, to be seeking an increase in wages that would amount to $82,000,000 for the whole country. It was declared that men were leaving the railroads for better paid industries, and the experience of one railroad was cited which had hired 8,200 men within a certain period, losing within the same period 8,700. . . . Abdul Hamid II, 34th Sultan of the Ottoman Empire and the 28th to rule in Constantinople, who was deposed in 1909 by the revolt of the young Turks, died on February 11 at Constantinople from inflammation of the lungs. He reigned as Sultan from 1876 to 1909; reigning during the disastrous war with Russia in 1877–78.

HIGH COMMISSIONER REACHES AMERICA. Earl Reading, Lord Chief Justice, British High Commissioner, and Special Ambassador to the United States, landed at an American port on February 9. In a statement made to representatives of the press he praised President

Continued on page 270

The Biggest Business

GREAT as are our commercial ventures, imposing as are our financial institutions, far reaching as are our trade relations, there is a business greater than all: the Business of Making Christians. Next week Edward S. Babcox, a layman who sees in large measures the things of the kingdom, will unveil for us some elements of this greatest business.

Next week also Rev. Alexander Robertson, D. D., of Venice, who told us how Venice kept aerial watch, will tell us how Venice faced the danger and stripped for defense.

Frank Carpenter has found a lot of interesting buildings in Washington. Over parks and upon open spaces have sprouted office buildings that grew overnight. But we will leave it to him to tell you about it.

Dr. Jowett's March message is to those who have "no oil" in their lamps.

The center plate of pictures will next week appear in that most wonderfully faithful reproduction known as Rotogravure which will be its manner of dress from this time on.

The Redeeming of a Pirate Land

By MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

ABOUT fifty miles south of the mouth of the Yangtse and just outside the wide mouth of Hangchow Bay lie the Chusan Islands, like irregular-shaped potatoes heaped into the big end of a funnel. On the map the islands look like small dots in the vast expanse of blue sea; but when the small, filthy steamer noses its slow way among them, one wonders where the channels lie; for the sharp hills pile up on all sides, and their broad slopes, covered with garden-like fields of wheat, beans and buckwheat, seem to shut off every exit from the fine harbors.

In the "good old days," when England found land-grabbing easier than modern nations find it, she occupied the islands. Sir Hugh Gough was the leader of the party of occupation, twenty years before America had burst into war over slavery. But Dr. Lockhart, a medical missionary, had preceded the military party by a whole year; and here, among the island homes of the Chinese pirates, he established the first missionary work in China north of Canton. Milne came two years later, and in the city of Dinghae—where I have just been photographing Buddhist priests and showy Buddhas—Gutzlaff tried to hold Christian meetings but failed. The Chinese in this beautiful archipelago were friendly to foreigners even at that early date, though it was too early for evangelistic work. But it was only a few months later that a missionary named Cole established in the town of Dinghae a printing office, with a type foundry and both English and Chinese type, thus attempting to bring back to the land of the earliest block type the enlightening influence of the printed Word.

Dr. Goddard of the Baptist mission was the next worker of importance, and to this day the Chinese tell of the loving service of the man. Today the work among these charming islands is in the hands of Mr. L. C. Hylbert, and there is only one missionary society, with eight stations, at work among the 300,000 people who live in the archipelago.

Elizabeth, the four-and-a-half-year-old daughter of Mr. Hylbert, cuddled up into my lap before sunrise this morning and said, "I don't like to have my papa go away so much," and I sympathized with her. Mr. Hylbert spent one week at home during the last two months, and even these hurried visits were filled with executive work and provisioning for the next trip.

We came out from Ningpo this morning on the rolliest, filthiest old tub that ever veered her way through narrow channels and bumped with a thud against a floating wharf. Ten of us occupied a tiny room, where every occupant tried to see what made my typewriter print, and where every window was filled with one or more swarthy heads, with bulging eyes and open mouths. I mention this because it proves that the Chinese are as curious as Americans are, but without the restraints that the well-bred impose on themselves for the sake of appearances.

At one landing-place I saw where a group of pirates were shot a year or so ago. Mr. Hylbert missed the performance because the boat reeled away from the port just before the firing squad did its work. But there were some Chinese junks lying in the roadstead, with the flag of the Chinese navy fluttering at their mast-heads and tiny cannon of the model of '42 poking their snub noses over the side in a vain attempt to scare somebody. I had just such a cannon two sizes smaller, for my tenth Fourth of July, in the days before we got safe and sane and sensible and substituted spellbinding for the bombast of the firecracker and the backfire of the toy pistol.

Singkoming, Chusan, once a pirate port

THERE are about three hundred of the Chusan Islands, and sixteen of them are large enough to win a place on a map. Chusan itself is forty miles long and twelve miles wide. The islands are really mountain-peaks projecting from the water, and some of them rise to a height of 1,500 to 1,800 feet. The beaches are sandy in many places, and the National Young Men's Christian Association of China has chosen one of the islands as the scene of a summer conference like that at Northfield or Geneva.

In the fertile valleys, and hid from the sea by low hills, lie the villages of the islands. The orchards produce luscious oranges and the islands form the poultry district for Ningpo and Shanghai. But salt and fish are the main products. The salt is derived from sea water by natural evaporation and subsequent refining. The water is pumped upon sandy fields, on which there soon forms a white crust of salt, which is scraped off and thrown into vats filled with straw. Water is poured in and the brine drips down through the straw filter, leaving the sand on top of the straw. One dealer bought one hundred thousand dollars' worth of salt from one single island in one year, so it seems that as long as the ocean does not run dry Chusan will not starve. As the salt gabelle is one of the main sources of Chinese revenue, this industry is a considerable factor in national credit.

Ningpo is the third greatest fish-market in the world, and smells as though it were the greatest. Ten thousand ships sail out from this port, and this means that seventy thousand men gain their living from the sea. But Ningpo is only the market for the fleets that have the Chusan Islands as a home base. Whole hillsides can be seen covered with drying fish, which later go to all parts of China. All the boarding-houses in America could not use this finny mass in fishballs, and the number of prunes required as dessert for the meal would keep California so busy raising them that they would have no time to worry over race questions. The most common kind of fish is a tapefish which looks as if it were painted with aluminum paint and seems to be as meaty as a rawhide shoe-lace.

Eight steamers a day stop here at Dinghae, and the harbor opposite the city is as fine as any on the Asiatic coast. Archdeacon Moule, an Englishman, asks: "What if that occupation under Sir Hugh Gough had been permanent and England's authority had been paramount over the beautiful archipelago? England would have had her left hand on the central pulse of China's great artery, the Yangtse, and her right hand within striking distance of Japan." English churchmen have a wonderful knowledge of strategy, and the saddest word of England is that which concerns some small island which was not incorporated in the greatest empire on earth in time to avoid international jealousy.

The hills of Chusan are overlaid with gardens, clear to the top

MR. HYLBERT is getting the Chinese gentry interested in the day-school at Dinghae. The Christian day-school which has been established there has so far surpassed the other schools that several influential men are conferring as to how the work can be enlarged. This morning we have been inspecting possible locations. One is an old, tumble-down official residence of former days, which can be rented for five dollars a month. Beside it is another official residence, which cannot be rented but can be bought. The buildings of both pieces cover the greater part of an acre and a half,

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OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · Managing Editor GEORGE H. SANDISON · Secretary THEODORE WATERS

The Spirit of Forgiveness

ARE we not to forgive others as we expect to be forgiven? How does God forgive? When you walked on the sands of the seashore, you noticed that the next rolling billow washed away all the prints of your footsteps. Is it not so that the blood of Jesus washes away all the stains of sin? Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though red like crimson, they shall be as wool. Scarlet and crimson are considered ineradicable colors. Blood is the bleacher that makes them white. Christ's sacrifice is the antitoxin for the poison of sin. He is the Lord, your Healer, that you may be made blameless, without spot or wrinkle.

God forgives forever. He sinks our sins, like a millstone, in the bottom of the sea. The ocean of His love flows over them in eternal oblivion. He will never make mention of them again, for they are separated as far as the East is from the West—an infinite distance. They are hidden in the land of annihilation.

Can we forgive men their trespasses as God forgives us? Can we be like Him? Christ is made sin for us; by His stripes we are healed; therefore, God, the Father, can tear the black page from the Book of Life, blotting out our sins as a thick cloud. He turns His back upon our past, taking the forgiven soul into His arms of tenderness as a mother would a child.

Forgiveness, it is said, is the odor which flowers yield when trampled upon. The poet truly says,

> The sandal tree perfumes, when riven,
> The axe that laid it low;
> Let man, who hopes to be forgiven,
> Forgive and bless his foe!

Should we not, like our Lord, pray for those who despitefully use us, loving our enemies and blessing them that curse us, as Christ did on Calvary? Behold, your Saviour, beaten with rods, crowned with thorns, mangled with nails, what is His cry? "Father, forgive them!" His blood flowed for pardon, He rises from the tomb to forgive, He ascends to heaven, to be the pleading Intercessor for guilty souls.

What kind of a world would earth become without forgiveness? Adam fell; Abraham lied; David sinned; Peter denied; Paul murdered; all the disciples forsook Jesus and fled. What if there were no mercy enduring forever, no hope, big with immortality, no peace, like a gentle river? Could God be just and continue the creation of man through all the centuries, with no possibility of restoration and pardon? Such a condition is unthinkable. The Cross is the golden glory of the world's hope; the Christ is the infinite Forgiver and Saviour; through Him, man is redeemed and enters a more glorious Eden, the very Paradise of God.

The Hope That Lies Beyond

IN one of his wonderful allegories, Turgenieff, the famous Russian author, gives a dialogue between two mountains, the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn. These giants have been asleep, waking only at long intervals during which ages pass. The elder mountain, the Finsteraarhorn, tells what he sees from his outlook in cloud-land: ice and snow everywhere, over hill and valley and woodland—eternal ice and snow. And they sleep again. Ages pass and they reawaken. The older mountain takes up the interrupted theme to tell the lesser that woods, trees, verdure and shining lakes are now visible, with little creatures dotting the landscape, which he calls human beings. Again slumber and an awakening. Further ages have passed. The human multitudes have increased and are in conflict. They sway and surge in the struggle, and the air is fouled with smoke. Across the valleys and streams and along the sides of the everlasting hills the conflict rages, leaving in its train the prostrate victims. The wise old peaks speculate on this sight which they cannot understand, and again resume their slumbers. Once more they awaken in the bright sunrise, and the Jungfrau asks her companion what is visible below. "Ice everywhere; clear, sparkling ice and snow—the eternal snow. All the rest is gone." "It is well," says the other mountain, "let us resume our sleep."

Turgenieff's fable—many may recall the story, for it is not new—emphasizes the feebleness of the race of men and the pettiness of all their ambitions, set beside the tremendous forces of nature and with the power of Omnipotence overshadowing all things, capable of imposing eternal silence with a gesture. An ever increasing number of earnest souls, like sentinels upon the heights, yet not uncomprehending, are watching the struggle. Above all the material surroundings, they are catching glimpses of a spiritual warfare. They see in the surging of the millions yearning for freedom and justice and peace, and dying for it, a picture of the upward struggle of the race. They feel that in this conflict there is, in the tremendous suffering and sacrifice, an expression of the great desire which God has planted in the hearts of men for a better world. They feel that the spiritual forces are working on the souls of men. Always the upward struggle must be accompanied by sacrifice. At every step, this has been the history of human effort since the beginning of things. This further vision, which grows with increasing clearness as the war draws to a conclusion, is influencing men more and more. They are getting increase of faith in God's good providence, which will make even the tides of human conflict work out His plans.

And this is what we mean when we speak about a better world after the war. How can it be otherwise? It must be a world in which there will be a more general recognition of justice, of truth, of human liberty, of equality—a world that will come back to God as the sovereign of the universe, and to Jesus Christ as the Saviour of men. This is the inspiration that comes to all thoughtful Christian people, who are balancing up the gains and losses of the war. Not a new map of Europe or Asia, nor a new distribution of governments and boundary lines, but a world that shall be glad to fling away its idol-worship of wealth and power and militarism and commercial supremacy, and whose peoples will be ready and willing to cooperate in all that makes for human betterment and Christian civilization.

We are receiving many letters inquiring as to the outlook after the war. Roughly sketched, this is the outlook as we have given it above. We rejoice that America, more than any other of the nations, has sounded the clear note of hope, and of confidence in world betterment when the struggle is over.

Abdul Hamid

WELL-NIGH forgotten by the world, since the revolution which resulted in his dethronement in 1908 the rejected Sultan Abdul Hamid is dead in his prison. He was in his day the most cordially hated of monarchs. Cruel, crafty and fanatical, his reign was marked by a series of massacres in the name of religion, which have hardly been equalled in any age. Many readers of the Christian Herald will remember his treatment of the Bulgarians and Armenians, thousands of whom were ruthlessly slaughtered by his fanatical adherents, the mandate for their execution having gone forth from Yildiz Kiosk. Jews, Greeks and Syrians also were robbed and hounded to death, and their possessions seized. Those were times of grave peril for the American missionaries in the Near East. No life was safe—either of man or woman—in all Asia Minor and in European Turkey and its dependencies. Yet though European conferences stormed at the outrages by "the unspeakable Turk," they did virtually nothing to stay Abdul's hand. His final overthrow came from his own subjects, who were sick of his ill success in diplomacy and war. In his reign the Ottoman power began to crumble. Egypt, Bulgaria, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Crete and other territorial possessions slipped out of his grasp and were lost irredeemably. The empire shriveled and the disintegrating process has been continued. Palestine and the Caucasus are lost to Turkey, while the tribesmen of Arabia, and even the "sacred cities" no longer recognize the authority of the Sublime Porte.

"The evil that men do lives after them." Abdul dead, will be remembered by the Turks as the one who stripped the Sultanate of its ancient power and privileges and brought many evils upon the nation; but by the Christian world he will be remembered as the butcher who made Armenia a shambles.

How Every Woman Can Help

RATHER confusing is the news that six states are doing 75 per cent. of the country's food saving work. There must be something wrong somewhere, if this estimate be true. There must be extraordinary indifference, or neglect, in some localities. Food Administrator Hoover has put the situation very clearly in his telegraphed message to the New York Committee of Women on National Defense. "To furnish food to our army and to a world of women and children abroad," he writes, "requires two things: ships and food itself. Providing the ships is the duty and work of the government, but providing the food is the duty and work of each and every one of us. All that we can send until the next harvest must come from the savings of the people, from the little savings of each of us, all added together. This great food problem will be solved, if we all contribute our part, according to our means."

This message applies with equal force to the women of the whole country—mothers and daughters, mistresses and servants, in homes, hotels, boarding-houses, restaurants. In this conservation campaign, the women are supreme; they can make it a triumphant success if they will. It is very definite war service, and great issues hang upon its faithful and efficient performance.

The Christian Herald would urge that in every home which it enters, these facts should be kept in mind, and constantly in view as well, in order that the nation's food conservation program may be helped to attain complete success. "Service," it has been well said, "is the keystone of the victory arch in this war," and the part that is being played by our loyal mothers, wives and daughters is the heart of the keystone itself.

The Inland Waterways

IT is announced that under government control of the transportation facilities of the country a far-reaching program of development of the inland waterways will be put through. Director General McAdoo has forecasted the expenditure of several hundred millions in equipping streams and canals to cooperate with the overburdened railroad system in handling traffic.

The streams and canals were the first lines of traffic in the development of our country. For slow freight this form of transportation was always efficient and cheap, and can again be made so. The private management of railways deliberately and systematically discouraged and destroyed this traffic. One of the great advantages of the government control lies in the fact that all good means of traffic will be utilized to their full possibilities.

Use of the great rivers of the country, notably the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri, the Director General declares to be an imperative necessity. These rivers now are carrying only a relatively insignificant proportion of freight. With additional craft they can effect immense relief to the overtaxed railroad lines. The Director General even prefers spending money on the development of waterway transportation rather than on the railroads.

As a war measure this is imperative. It will be no less important as a permanent means of public convenience and utility.

Churchgoing and Matrimony

CITY people are learning what has been known to the way-back country folk from time immemorial—that churchgoing leads to love and matrimony.

The institutional church scheme is proving wonderfully productive of marriages. One church, with its large Sunday school, its gymnasium, athletic clubs, sociables, picnics and its hundred other interests, is averaging about a dozen marriages a month. The big choir of 150 members has been keeping Cupid and the parson on the jump. Fortunately, the law restricting marriages of teachers does not hold in Sunday schools, and several have taken advantage of the privilege.

Human nature is much the same in all grades of life the world over. The bashful young man of the country whose soul is in his gaze across the meeting-house at the girl of his choice in her Sunday best, and who at last generates enough courage to wait for her at the door and ask to see her home, is not different either in instinct or in temperament from the more polished and more bold young man of the big city. Love levels us all.

In the country and the small towns the church is the center of social intercourse; and to thousands of young men and young women who have gone into the cities to work, and have few connections or acquaintances there, the church serves the same social purpose. The young women in city boarding houses who have no opportunity to meet young men of their class, nor any place to receive them, find both in the institutional church.

"The club and social life for the city's young people," says a Brooklyn superintendent, "is most beneficial. While I would not say that it is a necessity for church existence in a large city, I must say that it is very helpful to our work in the church and helpful as well to the young."

In these times of hasty, reckless marrying the church courtship exerts its beneficent influence. The truest and most perfect unions are contracted through the wholesome friendships begun in the churches.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

John L. Sullivan Dead

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, former heavyweight champion of the world and the most picturesque figure the prize ring ever knew, passed away the other day at his home, Donelee Ross Farm, at West Abington, Mass. The pugilistic ring never brought fame to any man as to John L. Sullivan. For a period of more than ten years, from the time he defeated Paddy Ryan in 1882 and later the English Mitchell in Paris, becoming the world's champion heavy-weight pugilist, till he was defeated by Jim Corbett in New Orleans in 1892, his personality and methods of boxing dominated sporting circles in this country. He was so popular and so well known that "John L." meant Sullivan. He was born and brought up in Boston. He was large and powerful. He is said to have lifted a piano. Having become the physical champion of the world, he was knocked out by John Barleycorn. He said so himself. He said that he made about a million dollars in the prize ring and spent most of it for whisky. He was a perfect terror, a devil, when drunk. He cleaned out the policemen and the bartenders, and smashed the bottles and mirrors of the saloons at a beautiful rate. Then he would settle generously for the damage done. His friends knew, and he admitted, that it was the effects of rum that disabled him so that Corbett took the championship away from him. But this quick-witted Irish boy, this genial-hearted man, when gray-haired, reformed, asserted the real manhood that was in him and knocked down John Barleycorn and won the long fight. One night, at the end of a long spree, he vowed that he would never take another drink. In the morning he awoke and saw a bottle full of champagne on the table by his bed. Consumed by the fierce alcoholic thirst as he was, he resisted this temptation and renewed his vow. He had made such pledges and broken them before, but this time he resisted the craving which had so often mastered him, and this vow he kept till the day of his death. He became a radical Prohibitionist and went over the country delivering temperance lectures. His last days were full of kindness and charity. In his reform and in his active work for temperance, benevolence and piety he was obedient to this injunction: "*Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.*" (*1 Tim. 6:12.*)

42,000 Patents in Year

INVENTION in this country has reached high-water mark. In one year forty-two thousand separate patents were issued to inventors by the United States. The character of some of the inventions is worthy of note. In the electrical, mechanical, and industrial, the new discoveries have conserved material energy and expense and ministered to the welfare of society. The inventive genius, the industry and the thrift, as well as character, of the American people are largely responsible for the nation's wealth. The inquisitive instinct which leads the American mind to invention was possessed by the Greeks, and went out into the field of art, letters, philosophy, government and religion. There is this reference to it: "*For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing.*" (*Acts 17:21.*)

Horses and Slippery Pavements

THE people have had a hard time this awfully cold winter. The shortage in coal compelled one of the richest men in America to instal oil stoves in his palatial residence, and caused the children of the poor to cry with cold. The season has been hard on the horses too. Many have slipped and fallen on icy streets and broken their legs and had to be shot to be put out of their misery. Some fell into holes along the lines of subway construction in New York. Much of the suffering of the poor horses has come from the carelessness or cruelty of the drivers or owners. They have piled on the wagon too heavy loads for good roads, much less for those blocked with banks of snow. Through sheer stinginess, they have left on the horses' feet the thin shoes already worn smooth, rather than go to the blacksmith and get them roughshod, and the poor dumb brute, so anxious to pull his load, slips with every foot at every step and then falls down in the harness. To the icy street is added insufficient feeding in some instances. A stable manager was fined $75 and costs the other day for starving to death four thoroughbred horses which his employer had taken to winter on his farm, one of the horses being Robert Emmet, a trotter valued at $2,500. It is bad enough to mistreat a cat, that may carry disease to the baby, or the dog that might go mad and bite child; but what of the ingratitude and meanness of a man who would be cruel to his faithful horse that supports him and his family? One of the most blessed institutions of this country is the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which answers the pitiful plea of the beast for mercy, and lays the strong arm of the law on the driver who causes the pain. The good man, without the demands of the law, will be good to his horses, in accordance with this Scripture: "*A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast*" (*Prov. 12:10*)

Straw Hats in Winter

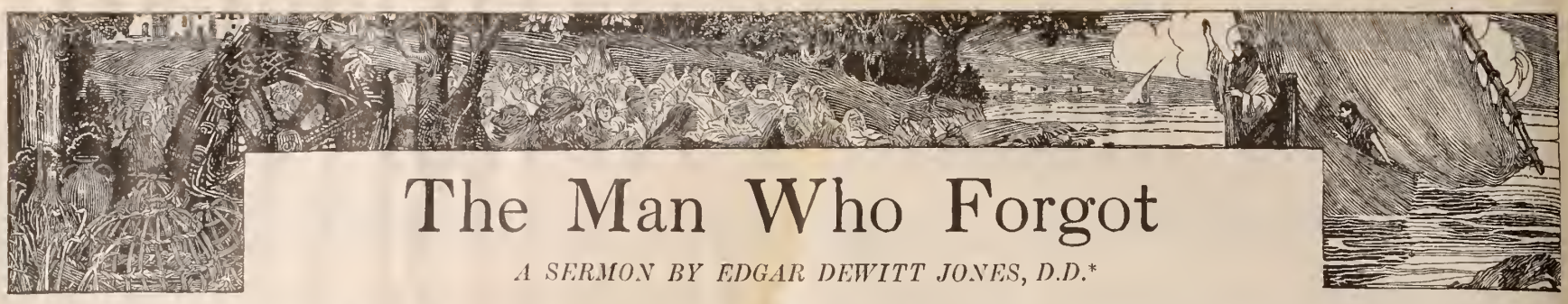
THERE are men in certain shops in America who wear straw hats all the year round. They are engaged in electrical work of one kind or another. They not only have their hands protected by gloves, but the straw hat acts as a non-conductor of the fluid and protects the head against danger. The stiff brim and the crown touch the wire and save the head. A workman wearing a felt hat with which a live wire was touched received through it a bolt that killed him, whereas if he had worn a straw hat, it is said the tragedy would have been avoided. The elements of nature—water, fire, electricity—as servants are useful and beneficent; as man's master, they are terribly destructive. In man's mastery of the subtle electrical current, in his practical use of it as an instrument of industry, benevolence and piety, he is imitating the Creator, who made and directs it as thus described: "*Who hath divided a way for the lightning of thunder, a watercourse for the overflowing of waters, or to cause it to rain upon the earth, where no man is?*" (*Job. 38. 25, 26.*)

Solved Fuel Problem

WHEN the coal gave out at Lawrenceburg, Ind., the citizens took their axes, went out to the forest, felled big trees, and chopped them into cordwood as a substitute for the fuel ordinarily used. The other day more than 900 physicians, lawyers, preachers, merchants, bankers, artists and citizens generally went out to the banks of the river where three camps had been established and chopped wood all day, and at night 600 cords were stacked on the ground. And the men had as much fun as work. This wood was sawed in shorter lengths for stove wood and delivered to buyers by dealers who had no coal. The professional men and captalists were charged $6 a cord, the workingman $3 a cord, and to the poor who had no money to pay it was freely given for nothing. It was a beautiful thing for the people of Lawrenceburg to adjust themselves so promptly, wisely and generously to the fuel emergency. Instead of shivering and looking for the coal car, they got up and warmed themselves, first with their axes, and then with the wood they cut. When the people get behind an enterprise it is bound to go. The fuel problem in Lawrenceburg was solved as the problem of mason work was solved in building the wall of Jerusalem, by the people taking hold of the job. "*So built we the wall; and all the wall was joined together unto the half thereof, for the people had a mind to work.*" (*Neh. 4:6.*)

Left-Handed People

NEARLY everybody is born right-handed, and yet two, and some authorities say four, out of every hundred are left-handed. In a test of 2,000 school children it was found that 4½ per cent. of the girls and 5½ per cent. of the boys used the left hand in preference to the right. The popular impression has been that to be born left-handed is a misfortune and to a certain degree a hindrance, to be cured as soon as possible by teaching the children to use the right hand in preference. This is a mistake. Nature made no slip at all. She intended to make the person left-handed by making the right lobe of the brain larger, throwing the emphasis on the muscles of the left arm. Hence the time and labor in curing the person of left-handedness is lost, and makes only a moderately efficient right hand at the cost of the efficiency of the left. The left-handed person would have no difficulty in using the right for shaking hands, or in taking food from the tray of the waiter brought to the left side of the diner at the table, or in learning to write with the right hand, though it would seem better for the pen to be used in the left hand, where the instinct to do so is strong, rather than make a botch of it with the right hand. In most of the callings of life there will be the greatest efficiency if the left-handed person will do what Providence seems to have intended—give the preference to the left hand. Not only in the use of the organs of the body does Providence make the path of preference plain, but also in the selection of a calling in life—the profession, business or trade that will incur the least resistance, and in which the individual will have the largest measure of usefulness and happiness possible. If any boy ever played snowball with a left-handed school-fellow called a "southpaw," he knew that he would get it in the face, breast or legs, as the thrower intended. Or if the test were made as to who could knock a tin can off the top of a stick a certain number of yards away, with a stone, it would be seen that the left-handed boy would be far in the lead; thus illustrating the fact stated in the Bible that it takes a left-handed man to hit a mark with a stone. Here it is: "*Among all this people there were seven hundred chosen men left-handed; every one could sling stones at a hair breadth and not miss.* (*Judges 20:16.*)



The Man Who Forgot

*A SERMON BY EDGAR DEWITT JONES, D.D.**

TEXT—Gen. 40 : 23. "Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him."

THESE verses are from the heart of the incomparable story of Joseph. They bear upon a singular episode of that famous character's life, and they paint the picture of a man who forgot. Young Joseph was cast into prison on a false charge, but even in prison it was impossible to subdue him. He was a man of influence among the other prisoners, and the keeper committed their welfare into Joseph's hands. It came to pass that the king's chief butler and chief baker were also cast into prison and that they had each a peculiar dream which sore perplexed them. Seeing their countenances troubled Joseph asked the reason. They told him of their dreams and Joseph gave them the interpretations. He told the chief butler that his dream signified his restoration to Pharaoh's favor; and the chief baker that his dream foreshadowed the loss of his life.

Of the chief butler Joseph made a very natural and reasonable request. He asked that when the butler regained his liberty and his office that he remember him and make mention of his case to the king that he might be released from an unjust imprisonment. In due season the chief butler was restored to his high position; but alas! he forgot Joseph, who remained a prisoner two years longer. Then Pharaoh dreamed a dream that greatly distressed him. He slept and dreamed again, a second dream that added to the perplexity occasioned by the first. The king's wise men and soothsayers were assembled but none could interpret the dream. At this critical juncture the chief butler presented himself before the king, saying, "I do remember my faults this day." Then he recounted to Pharaoh Joseph's interpretation of his dream and that of the chief baker. Straightway the king sent for Joseph, who made himself ready, appeared before Pharaoh, heard his dream and interpreted it fully. Furthermore, he advised the king wisely as to his future policy with regard to the fulfillment of certain events forecasted by his interpretation. From that very hour high honor and position were conferred upon Joseph. He was made second to the king himself in authority, and his fame spread throughout the land.

IT is not Joseph, however, who engages our thoughts in this study; but instead the strange conduct of the man whom he had befriended. How account for such conduct? Why did the butler forget Joseph? Was it because his tasks had so accumulated that all his time was taken in gaining that which was lost while he was a prisoner? Is it possible to excuse him on the grounds that Joseph was crowded entirely out of his mind because of manifold and exacting duties? Hardly! One cannot conceive of any man under any circumstances so placed as to permit even onerous and continuous round of duties to crowd out the recognition of such a kindness as Joseph did the chief butler.

Did the butler ignore Joseph because of any fear he may have had of the king? Was he fearful that by calling attention to Joseph's case he would jeopardize his own position or possibly his life? That is possible. Did the chief butler fail Joseph because he disliked to be put under obligation to him and therefore repudiated the obligation when freedom was secured? Perhaps. Or still again, was the chief butler one such who believed himself to be a superior being, accepted every favor as a matter of course, and dismissed straightway any sense of obligation from his mind? That may have been the case.

These are interesting questions, although we cannot answer them. We do not know precisely why the butler forgot Joseph, but we may be sure that it was not because of a poor memory. A man may forget to mail a letter for his wife, to return a book or umbrella, and charge the same to poor memory; but when a man forgets a kindness done him, a faulty memory is not the reason, be sure of that! The chief butler's sin was thoughtlessness, and that is the commonest sin in all the world.

WHAT a family of forgetters the human race is! How numerous are the thoughtless, the negligent, and the careless! "I didn't think." "I forgot." "I was thoughtless." Are not these confessions of not only thousands but literally millions of mortals? The sin of thoughtlessness is a manifest weakness of humanity. How prone we are to forget one another! We make numerous promises that we never fulfill. We announce plans that we never carry out. How often we forget those nearest and dearest of earth! Friends separate and vow to keep up a regular correspondence. For a while letters are interchanged each week, then a month intervenes, then they come and go intermittently, then rarely, and finally cease altogether. Not infrequently I meet a mother or father who informs me that somewhere out in the wide world, just where they know not, they have a son from whom they have not heard for years. Once in a great while it is a daughter, and alas! far away, who has forgotten the old home. Forgotten! What a pathetic word! And akin to it is that other word equally sad—"forsaken!"

How we forget God! As children we remembered him. He seemed nearby then. We saw him in the beauty of the spring morning. We traced his countenance in the clouds. We beheld him in the glory of a starlit winter night. We heard him in the wind of the treetops and we listened to his melody in the weird, wild note of the water fowls. We heard him in the music of the surf beating on the rocky shores. We sensed his presence when mother sang her lullaby or father with patriarchal grace read from the Holy Book or lifted his voice in prayer.

ALAS, how many people forget God! There are hundreds in our own city today who have forgotten the heavenly Father. They remember sport; they remember business; they remember society; but they forget God. They know the latest play, but they do not know God. They never pray; they never read the Scriptures; they never read a religious book; they never attend a service in the house of God unless it be a funeral of friend or neighbor. So far as they are concerned God is as though he were not. They are strangers to the still, sad music of humanity, a note which none hear until they listen to God.

How we forget Jesus Christ our Saviour! We remember the thrilling story of Columbus discovering America. We forget the wondrous narrative of Jesus' rediscovery of God. We remember Alexander who wept for more worlds to destroy. We forget Jesus who shed tears because Jerusalem refused to be saved. We remember Washington at Valley Forge. We forget Jesus in Gethsemane. We remember Mad Anthony Wayne storming the heights at Stony Point. We forget Jesus with his calm countenance set like flint toward Jerusalem.

HOW prone we are to forget the three years of Jesus' public ministry, his matchless teaching, his habits of constant communion with the Father, his love for little children, his affection for the outcast, his complete freedom from artificial standards, his sympathy with the common people, the stroke upon stroke which fell so tragically the last few days of his earthly career, his betrayal by Judas, his denial by Peter, his makeshift trial, the cruel blows in his face, the mockery and spitting upon him, the scourging, the sorrowful way to Calvary, the spikes driven through his hands and feet to the timbers of the cross, the lifting of him up to hang between two robbers, the same exposure and degradation, the three hours of darkness, the great heart-breaking cry—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—the descent from the cross, the burial, the sealing of the tomb, the women weeping at the sepulcher; then lo! the young man in white, the empty tomb, and the Christ victorious over the grave and regnant evermore. How prone we are to forget the Life of lives, the Wonder of wonders!

Oh, we are a family of forgetters! We belong to the great company of the thoughtless, and the sin of thoughtlessness is the most frequent occurrence in all the world. "Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him." The chief butler and you and I have much in common.

THERE came a day of awakening for the chief butler. For two years he restrained himself and stilled the voice of conscience. For various reasons he forgot Joseph. Then came his sovereign's suffering. No one could interpret this strange dream. O, if Joseph were only known to the monarch! The windows of the palace were darkened. Pharaoh had taken to his bed. The voices of music were brought low. The servants tiptoed through the hallways. The atmosphere was heavy with gloom. Oh, if some one could only interpret the king's dream. The soothsayers and astrologers had failed.

Then, thank God! the chief butler came to himself. He presented himself before the king, saying, "I do remember my faults this day." Then he told the story of Joseph in prison. From that time on I fancy the chief butler could sleep better at night. From that time on a new power came into his life. He had confessed his sin of thoughtlessness and made amends to the best of his ability. He spoke out; he made a plea for Joseph. Joseph was rewarded. Pharaoh was pleased. For the chief butler the long night rolled away and daybreak was everywhere.

If the sin of thoughtlessness be the most common in the world, thank God the hour of awakening is not infrequent and many are the means utilized to make us think. Sometimes bereavement with its sombreness and its heart pangs tends to make us thoughtful. The mystery of death sometimes banishes, as day the night, the careless and thoughtless and indifferent attitude of men and women. Sometimes the veriest trifle—a snatch of song unheard for many years, the fragrance of a flower, the touch of a child's hand, the sound of a voice, the note of a bird. Sometimes an apparent incident strangely stirs us up by way of remembrance, and like the chief butler we confess, "This day I remember my faults."

IN no realm of life is the tendency of thoughtlessness so relentless and strong as in the spiritual. Thus the Bible from beginning to end, in history, in law, in prayers, in parables, in prophecy, in proverb, line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, strives to put us in remembrance of our duty to God and man. The "remember texts" of the Bible are many and exceedingly eloquent. In the bold and brilliant parable of Lazarus and the rich man there flashed out like forked lightning the awful words of Abraham to one whose sin was that of thoughtlessness, "*Son, remember!*" In a solemn passage Jesus uses an allusion dark with tragedy, "*Remember Lot's wife.*" Writing from prison, and perhaps chained to a soldier while he dictated a letter, St. Paul writes to the Colossians, "*Remember my bonds.*" To Timothy he writes, "*Remember Jesus Christ.*" Especially significant is Peter's reference in his second Epistle to the need of reminding his hearers lest the sin of thoughtlessness be their undoing. Thus he writes, "And I think right as long as I am in this tabernacle to stir you up by putting you in remembrance."

THE church is God's great means of putting us in remembrance of our duty to him and to one another. Consider its mighty memorial institutions and its monuments of grace. Look at its ordinances:—baptism, a memorial of the death, and burial, and resurrection of Jesus Christ; a symbol of the believer's death to sin and resurrection to a new life in Jesus. The Lord's Supper, instituted by Christ for his disciples. Of this institution he said, "This do in remembrance of me." The loaf, emblematic of Jesus' body; the fruit of the vine, emblematic of his life blood; the one marred for us, the other shed that we might live. Moreover, this memorial supper is a reminder of our identity with Christ's body and the spiritual food we may feed our souls upon daily. The Lord's Day itself is an ever-recurring reminder of Christ, his triumph over the grave, his victory over sin. Upon all sides God has beset us, behind and before with reminders of his goodness and love. How can we be thoughtless, heedless, and indifferent, save at the peril of our immortal souls? It becomes us every one to say with the chief butler, "This day do I remember my faults."

Winter Hopes

By MARY DAVIS

I NEVER thought of telling Him
The cares that blurred my bit of sky;
He seemed too great and far away
To heed such simple folks as I.

Till once I wandered in the woods,
When winter ruled our northern land,
And found the buds of next year's spring
Protected by a sheltering hand.

God's love lay heavy on the woods;
It rested on the things asleep.
It blessed the squirrel and his store,
It touched the warm wool of the sheep.

A tiny bird with merry chirp,
Settled upon the sedges dry,
And munched the seeds placed there for him,
By Him who hears the sparrow's cry.

And there within the winter woods,
While winter ruled our northern land,
The secret of God's love grew bright;
I groped and touched my Father's hand.

* President, International Convention, Disciples of Christ, and minister, First Church, Bloomington, Ill.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Power of Darkness

SUNDAY, March 3. Col. 1 : 13. "*He hath delivered us from the power of darkness.*" I think that one of the great perils of the present time is in this paralyzing power of darkness. The world is full of sorrows. Millions are walking in the gloomy shadow of death, or in the almost equally oppressive gloom of the fear of death. The terrible gusts of our day are blowing out many friendly lights!

How, then, shall it be with the darkness? Shall it be a hostile darkness which induces spiritual paralysis, or shall it be a strangely pervaded darkness which is the servant of a sovereign hope and peace?

There is here a great call for the saving ministries of our Saviour Jesus Christ. Never was the believer in Christ more privileged with opportunities of service. It is our ministry, in Christ Jesus, "to give light to them that sit in darkness." We are called to go here and there as lamplighters on dark roads.

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so!" We are to retell the old story of redeeming love and grace. We are to tell it with quiet confidence as those who know and believe it. And it is amazing what one can do, who has the assurance of faith, in steadying doubtful and trembling hearts! It is amazing what one confident soul can do among a whole shipful of panic-stricken folk when he quietly says, "Sirs, be of good cheer; I believe God!"

The watchman on the mountain, with his good news of breaking day, gives heart to everybody in the darkened vale. "In thy light have we seen light."

J. H. J.

My God and Your Need

MONDAY, March 4. Phil. 4 : 19. "*My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.*" What are our deepest needs? We need strength and constancy; inward reenforcement and comfort; peace and poise; knowledge and love; hope and joy. We need forgiveness. Ah, how much we need forgiveness! We all need it, and the holiest among us are the most conscious of their need. We need new motives to high endeavor. Our human nature, like a cheap clock, quickly runs down. But is not all our need expressed when we say we need God? Our lives are poor without God, whatever else they may be supplied with. Deprived of all things else but God, a life may be infinitely rich.

A soldier had fallen in No Man's Land and lay helpless all through the night. At first he was hopeless as well as helpless. Then God spoke to him, came into his heart, became at once the greatest and the most intimate fact of his life. Wounded and bleeding, death hovering near, he felt richer and was happier than he had ever been before. God was supplying all his need, for God stooped low to take that life into friendship with Himself.

Christ is the medium through whom God ministers to our needs. If God is like the sun in the sky, Christ is like the sunshine. He warms our hearts, heals our diseases, enlightens our minds, redeems our lives from destruction. The Word made flesh to dwell among us may also dwell within us.

C. C. A.

Troubles and Triumphs

TUESDAY, March 5. II Cor. 4 : 7, 8, 9. "*We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us. We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.*" How truly these words describe the experiences of a Christian life! The soul that has received the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ has a treasure. The great revelation which has come to it of its present state under grace and its future state in glory begets a profound feeling of happiness. The Christian may become lifted up with pride because of the wonderful favor that God has bestowed on him. He may expect that all men should recognize his exalted position. His life ought to be a most pleasant one.

Instead he finds that his rest is often disturbed. Doubts assail his certainties; fears dash his hopes; his rejoicings are accompanied by tremblings. Like the disciples with their Master on that memorable voyage across the Galilean Sea he started out with the sun shining brightly and the sea calm, and suddenly he is caught in a squall, and the waves are buffeting his ship on every side. He labors for a righteous cause in which all men should be on his side and support him. Instead, he is opposed, and put upon the defensive. His every success costs him a great effort, his victories are achieved after fierce struggles, and the pleasures which they ought to bring him are mixed with many a painful reminiscence. All this happens to remind the Christian that he is bearing his heavenly treasures in earthen vessels. He is still in the flesh, subject to the common frailities of the human nature. His pilgrimage leads through a hostile country, for the world because of its carnal mind is at enmity with the Christian's Lord. Satan, whose dominion over the Christian has indeed been broken, is not willing to abandon his old claims and tempts the Christian again to sin. If the Christian is not overcome by his enemies—and he is not—he cannot ascribe his victories to himself but only to the power of God, who upholds him under all difficulties.

W. H. T. D.

The Eternal Habitation

WEDNESDAY, March 6. II Cor. 5 : 1. "*We have a building of God, eternal in the heavens.*" The animal and the savage, who are low down in the grade of being, do not mourn long for the dead. "Out of sight, out of mind." As manhood has risen in the scale of being his aspirations and belief in a future life have enlarged. Now, the loss of friends means reunion beyond. The memory of the departed grows brighter as one nears the undiscovered country. We find that we belong to two worlds, the physical and the spiritual, and that we must enter the higher to complete the happiness and usefulness of our being. Christianity means the union of the present and the future—they are really like our Lord's seamless robe, one throughout. Eternity is here in our hearts as well as among the redeemed.

The spray of the Jordan, the baptism of death, makes no change in the purity of the spirit, any more than the crossing of a bridge makes transformation of the passenger. One change there will be in our social surroundings—the wicked will be separated from the good like the tares from the wheat. Man cannot succeed in his fight against God. He cannot even harm or interfere with nature and her laws. Can he bind the sweet influence of the Pleaides or loose the bands of Orion, or stop the flow of the sunlight, or chain the power of gravitation, or control the winds and the seas? Never! Man is a pigmy before the power of the Highest.

Who shall separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord? No human power or creature or devil or things to come will ever move a single child of God a hair's breadth from His bosom.

E. W. C.

Hearing God's Voice

THURSDAY, March 7. Heb. 3 : 7, 8. "*Today, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.*" Do we speak of realities when we speak of hearing God's voice? Let us confess we are dealing in symbols. Only the young child or the savage imagines he hears God's voice in the thunder and in the noise of mighty cataracts or rushing winds. And yet, though we think poetically, we think truly when we speak of hearing God's voice. We think truly when we speak of hearing the voice of duty. Is not duty the master of every ethical human being? Do we not hear love's sweet, compelling voice? Why then may we not hear God's voice? We do. He speaks to us through history, through the moral law, through the Scriptures, and supremely through Jesus Christ.

Humboldt had an Arab guide whose eyesight was so keen that he saw with the unaided vision the moons of Jupiter. The eye can be trained. So can the ear. The trained ear of a naturalist hears voices that the rest of us are deaf to. So does the trained ear of the musician. The trained ear of the life-saver in the surf at Atlantic City distinguishes among a thousand merry voices the one cry for help, the call of distress. Some people can hear the voice of God where others think there is utter silence. It is the part of wisdom to train the spirit to recognize the voice of God when He speaks. For God speaks, not only through nature, the moral law, the Bible, and Jesus Christ, but through the providences of our lives. He speaks through the crises of our lives, through single episodes which assume the character of crises. A youth sat in a Sunday service, and during the sermon was impressed that this was the time of all times for him to bring his hitherto indefinite thinking about religion to a definite point. It came to him as he listened, "This is the day of my visitation; it is now or never." He yielded his will to the Supreme Will and afterward he was heard to say again and again, "I am glad I settled it when I did."

C. C. A.

The Willing Mind

FRIDAY, March 8. II Cor. 8 : 12. "*If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.*" To a person that is willing and eager to serve with others in a common cause the perception of his inability is distressing. He is forced to remain inactive at a time when much depends upon his being active. A great opportunity for doing good is before him but he cannot meet it. He feels like a prisoner of war who has come out of the battle unscathed and then must surrender, while he sees his comrades still fighting. The situation becomes aggravated when a person's inability to serve is misinterpreted. We cannot actually show other people the eagerness, the burning desire to serve, to help, to be active, that is in our hearts and is fairly consuming us; we can only say that we are willing.

How comforting, then, is a text like this to a willing worker! God, who sees what no man can see, is willing to accept the good inclination in the place of a good action. He prizes a fervent prayer in behalf of some noble enterprise as highly as a thousand dollar gift. And so should we. The thing which is of primary importance in any undertaking is really the willing mind, the cordial interest, the enthusiastic determination to help. That must come first, and then come the busy hand and the open purse. We should sympathize sincerely with all who cannot do what they would like to do. Even a poor man's interest in a noble cause is a valuable asset in a campaign. Such people feel discouraged enough by themselves and we should not discourage them still more by open or veiled contempt. It goes without saying, however, that this text applies only to such as are really willing to work, but cannot. It does not protect those who shield their unwillingness by pretending that they lack the capacity and means for service. Let them bear in mind that they must make their assertions not only before men but before the all-knowing God.

W. H. T. D.

Transfiguration

SATURDAY, March 9. Mark 9 : 2. "*And he was transfigured before them.*" The Transfiguration was Raphael's last and greatest work of art. There is a vast contrast between the upper portion of the picture, representing the glory of Christ and of the Apostles, and the lower portion, where an evil spirit is in possession of a child, whom the disciples had failed to cast out. Nine Apostles are on one side and the afflicted family on the other. Heaven and earth appear to have come together more completely than in any other scene in Christ's life.

The Transfiguration was evidently for the purpose of strengthening Christ for the decease which he was soon to accomplish on Calvary. Moses and Elias, representing the law and the prophets, were present to single out the Master as the Founder of a new dispensation. The scene was also no doubt for the purpose of impressing Peter, James and John with the majesty of Christ's divinity. That wonderful hour never faded from their vision in all their future labors for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

The illumination of the glorious mount was not chiefly for the joy and delight of the earthly and heavenly company, but to give them strength for the victories which they were to win in the valley. They were not to sing and shout, "It is good to be here," but to use the power bestowed, like that of the Pentecost, for the uplifting of the fallen and the comfort of the troubled. Christ is the central Personage of both scenes. He is the fulfilment of the law and the prophets, the one who can cast out evil spirits and rescue a race from sin and death.

Is not one meaning of this event that all believers may become like Christ in transfiguration beauty, when we reign with him in his glory?

E. W. C.

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"HOWARD CHASE"

By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

CHAPTER VIII—*Continued*

THE four ministers sat on the platform, after the people had gone, as if by common consent agreeing to confer together over the event that had marked the day.

Howard asked them to come into the church, and by a united impulse they kneeled in the little Sunday school room, where Howard led in a prayer that seemed to break down all formality and open up the whole avenue of a real brotherhood. The others followed, and when they rose from their knees the tears on their faces spoke, more eloquently than any words, of the real emotion of their hearts.

"Brothers," Howard said as they came out of the church upon the platform, "it's been a wonderful evening. No one can tell what will come of it. But I believe if we go along quietly and normally, doing our regular work, we are going to see some remarkable things in Red Hill and the country."

"How about getting an evangelist to come in and start regular revival services?" said Brother Noyes. "Although it isn't the time of year for it."

Howard looked at him curiously.

"Looks to me," he said gently but in his abrupt manner, "as if we had a pretty good evangelist now. The Holy Spirit has started a revival here. Why not let him continue it? Can we improve on it by getting some man to come in?"

Brother Noyes looked uneasily at his younger brother, then a rare smile crossed his face.

"The whole thing is so new that I spoke in terms of my old habits. But there must be some man direction of this God-begun movement. What is to guide us in this matter? What is our duty?"

"I don't see that we have got to map out any set plan. Let us go about our regular work tomorrow, and in every wise way keep our spirits open. This event is so plainly from God that it cannot fall to the ground. The people are repentant. We have claimed the promises here tonight. We are united in our one purpose to help bring into the community the life of the Master. If this thing is of God, as it clearly seems to be, I am convinced we shall be led to do our part in the wisest ways."

Howard spoke with a positive note that none of the other men could command, and without jealousy or argument they let him take the lead, feeling instinctively that something in him fitted him for such leadership.

So they parted for the night, none of them, however, not even Howard, understanding that event, or the ultimate effect it was destined to have on the future of Red Hill.

Monday morning around the breakfast tables of Red Hill the talk was usually the same worn-out commonplace—the weather, the show, the crops, the local politics or the local gossip. This Monday it centered about the meetings of the day before at the Congregational church and in many a home the Bible was read and prayer offered and thanks given at the table where such recognition of a Divine Being in man's affairs had not been made within the memory of the household.

AT the parsonage breakfast, Roy Lennox and his wife were tremendously interested in Howard's account of the meeting held with the other ministers, and expressed the greatest faith in the regenerating processes evidently begun.

Then the talk drifted quite naturally to Inez and her future.

"I'll have to start for New York soon, Howard," Roy had said. "There is a possibility that the Seminary will put me to work in the Riverside Settlement. And Kate is anxious to see how the girl will respond to her invitation to go with us. What do you think she will do?"

"I believe she will go," Rose said eagerly. "You and Miss Burton talk it over and then go and see Inez."

So that afternoon, after a long talk with Miss Burton, Mrs. Lennox and she went to see Inez, whose father had excused her from work at the shop on account of her fainting at the close of the service.

They found Inez pale but interesting-looking and rather fluttered by the call of Mrs. Lennox, with no hint in her own mind as to its meaning. She was totally unprepared for the question Mrs. Lennox finally put to her, after Miss Burton had led up to the reason for the call, telling her of Mrs. Lennox's interest in her welfare and her soon return to New York.

"How would you like to come to New York with Mr. Lennox and me? Somehow, from the first time I saw you, I seemed to feel as if you belonged to a city, and at the same time," Mrs. Lennox went on, with a leaning toward Inez that touched the girl's imagination and stirred her affection, "at the same time, it seemed to me that if you came to a big city you ought to have a big sister to look after you. I wonder if you would be willing to let me 'Big Sister' you for a little while in New York?"

INEZ sat up on the couch where her visitors had found her, and her eyes glowed. Her fingers closed around a motion picture magazine she had been reading and she looked first at Miss Burton and then at Mrs. Lennox.

"In my dreams I'm always walking the streets of big cities," she murmured, repeating what she had said once to Agnes Burton. "But I don't know that my father could spare me from the shop. And what could I do? How could I"—she thought of saying "afford it"—and then stopped, eying Mrs. Lennox with a childlike look that betrayed at once her ignorance of the big world and her eagerness to see it.

Mrs. Lennox seemed to anticipate her thoughts.

"Of course, Mr. Lennox and I will want you to come into our home and be our guest. But you would not want to be idle or just a sightseer all the time. You could be learning something—finding out what you could best do, and making the most of yourself." Mrs. Lennox spoke with a charming frankness that Inez liked, but she still hesitated, glancing under her half-closed eyes at Miss Burton.

"You talk with Miss Burton about it," said Mrs. Lennox. "I will let you be alone. I believe it will be better so. But I shall be greatly disappointed if you do not say yes."

She took Inez's hand as she rose to go, and the girl felt drawn to her, she was so much in earnest, and so genuine.

But as soon as she was alone with her teacher she turned swiftly and with an impetuous gesture.

"So this is your scheme to get rid of me. I believe you want Mr. Chase all to yourself!"

Ah! Inez! How swift is love's understanding of love! You saw in the school teacher's whole attitude that Sunday when she cleared the minister's reputation—you saw what not even gossip-loving Red Hill saw—the teacher's heart.

"Inez!" was all she could say; but Inez caught at her hand.

"Forgive me! I am so unhappy! But I will go away. It is like a story in a book, happening to me! But I don't know what father will say!"

She was excited over the possibility of a dream about to come true, but now that it was in a way to be realized she began to be fearful of the unknown.

Miss Burton talked with her about it all, explaining to her what it would mean to be with people like the Lennoxes. And before she went away Inez was eager, if her father would consent, to go to New York and start new experiences.

"Do you suppose they would be willing to let me study for the stage?" was one question out of many that Inez put to Miss Burton.

"I don't know, Inez. But I know perfectly well they will not get in the way of your doing anything that will help to make a real useful woman of you. Promise me you will not do anything to harm God's wish for you, Inez."

"I promise," the girl said, crying a little, "if I only can find out what he does wish. Some one must know. I don't seem to myself."

SHE brushed the tears away and smiled at her teacher as she rose.

"And promise me you will send me an invitation to the wedding soon." She said it with an air half serious, half jesting. "And, oh, yes, there is one other thing. I want you to tell Mr. Chase something. I feel ashamed to tell. And I may not have any opportunity if I go to New York soon. Promise me you will."

"Why, of course I will, if——"

"It's perfectly proper. Perfectly," said Inez, with an air that made Miss Burton laugh. "Tell him that the lilacs on the pulpit the first Sunday he preached were put there by me."

"*You* put them there!" Miss Burton turned rosily red.

"Yes. *I* did it. Was it very wicked! But I think he's been guessing about them ever since! It doesn't seem fair to leave him guessing."

And poor Inez fell back on her couch crumpling the motion picture magazine into a shapeless wad as she cried and laughed together, her head buried in a cushion and Miss Burton standing over her, in despair over her impossible moods commingled of childishness and grown-up womanhood.

Mrs. Lennox called that evening at the Burtons to find out what Inez's decision was, and was delighted with Miss Burton's report. She went with her the next day to see Mr. Clark, and after a long and doubtful talk with him secured his consent to his daughter's going.

So Inez, in a fever of eagerness to go and misgiving about leaving, began her simple preparations. There was a pressure of work in the office that she told Mr. Lennox she must help her father meet, which might mean several weeks, but Roy Lennox was getting greatly interested in the new developments following the Sunday night meeting, and Howard had any number of plans for using him in a county survey, so Mrs. Lennox arranged to give Inez time to prepare for her new life, pleased at the girl's evident sense of responsibility toward her father and counting the time well spent in acquainting herself with Inez and also helping Rose and her brother in the new program of church and parish life that the revival began to open up to them.

FOR as the first few days succeeded one another following that Sunday when Red Hill caught its first real vision of a Divine Presence, the normal naturalness of the whole thing gradually crept upon the hearts and minds of the ministers and the people.

By a general agreement all the churches united in one mid-week service going from one church to another. These meetings, which were well attended, as time went on became the center of very important decisions and ultimately the starting place for Red Hill's community life; but there was no unusual or superficial or hysterical excitement, no outward signs of miraculous intervention. Elder Noyes confessed to a feeling of disappointment.

"I supposed we were going to have a great revival after that clear manifestation. If we had brought Evangelist Colman here right off I believe we could have worked up a great revival that would have shaken Red Hill. We made a mistake not to call him."

Howard looked at Elder Noyes earnestly.

"What do you call what we are having now? Postmaster Long has doubled his church subscription. Judge Roland has joined the church. Rod Cartwright has paid his grocery bill. Angus McCall has settled his feud with Roderick Loder. The farmers are beginning to come to the mid-week meeting. Sister Jane Snowden apologized to Sister Whitehall in front of the post-office for giving her short weight on her butter last spring. What more could you ask? If we are not having a revival, what is it?"

HOWARD'S grin was irresistible. Elder Noyes succumbed to it. But he still felt like entering a protest at the lack of great meetings and some religious excitement. Howard called his attention to a number of other clear signs of the presence of the divine power in the town.

"Have you noticed how interested the people are getting in real religion? Stop anywhere on a corner Saturday and listen to the talk. What are the people talking about? The war? The crops? Politics? The high cost of living? The boom in wheat? Not a bit. They are discussing the need of a better schoolhouse, the character of the show, the need of a library and some place for the boys at night; they are talking about the Bible, and going over your sermon or Brother Gray's or mine. Have you noticed what the people are beginning to read? Golf's bookstore sold all their Bibles last week. And I started a subscription list for a leading religious weekly a few days ago and got nearly every family in my church to take it. They all take either the Topeka or Kansas City dailies now, but no religious papers. All these things point to a revival, Brother Noyes. Almost without knowing it, we have a revival on our hands."

Elder Noyes shook his head a little doubtfully. It was not the kind of a revival he was used to, and yet he could not refuse to acknowledge the fruits of the Spirit.

"And there's another proof that we're in the midst of a revival," Howard continued as he walked along with Brother Noyes, coming out of the post-office; and as he talked he held Brother Noyes by the arm. "The churches are getting brotherly. Why, I feel quite chummy with you, and the first time I met you I didn't know just what to say." Brother Noyes turned his head to look at his young brother and a tear dropped over his cheek. Howard did not appear to notice it, but went on: "And the greatest sign to my mind of the present of a great power in Red Hill is the gathering sentiment for a closer community life. Did you notice that last week when we had for our subject, 'What can each one of us do to help make Red Hill a better town?' what a crowd we had, and what interest they all took and what answers they gave? Why, Brother Noyes, if the people of this town and county once begin to ask that question in earnest we will have the biggest revival on our hands we ever had."

Howard's enthusiasm was contagious. It swept up over Elder Noyes like a freshet. He could not withstand it. And when he parted with Howard at Deacon Burton's store, he was muttering to himself: "I am beginning to think a lot of him. Just the age my boy would have been if he'd lived. God help me!" Brother Noyes went on to his little home, musing over that tragedy few knew about. To Red Hill he was an elderly, somewhat pompous, not specially interesting man. But a long stretch of self-denying years in the ministry in small churches with meager salary had put its devastating hand on Brother Noyes, brave old soldier of the Cross, carrying his burdens silently and quietly through the dusty years. And Howard was creeping into those dry places of his heart. It was a way he had, Howard Chase, Red Hill, Kansas. Ah, what miracles love can work between men! It is, and always will be, the great miracle worker of the ages.

COMING out of Deacon Burton's store that day Howard met at the door Mrs. Burton and Agnes. They had no errand at the store, but stopped to get the evening paper which was left at the store. The Deacon generally brought it out home with him.

They were going back to the house, and Howard walked along, discussing the events of the midweek meeting of the day before and finally a mention of Inez by Howard led Miss Burton to ask:

"By the way, when are your friends planning to leave for New York?"

"Pretty soon, I think. But I could put my chum to work on the county survey. I don't want him to go."

They had reached Deacon Burton's house, and Mrs. Burton asked Howard to come in. He accepted, with a slight hesitation that Agnes Burton noted, but Howard's action was so indefinite in its meaning that the school teacher did not dwell on it.

Mrs. Burton sat down for a few minutes with her daughter and the minister, talking over church matters; then, without anything more than a few words about getting supper, she went out of the room. Blessed be the *tact*, or any other word you wish to use, of thoughtful mothers.

"Miss Burton," Howard said quickly, "this is almost the first time I have had to thank you personally for your action on that Sunday——"

"You are not going to thank me for that——"

"If I don't, you know without my saying anything that I will never forget what it means to me."

"I am sure—" she began, and paused because he was gazing at her so earnestly—"I am sure it was——"

HOWARD sat there silently, seeming to be abstracted even in her presence, caught in one of his moods of retirement that were characteristic of him, so far removed from rudeness that Agnes Burton was not offended, only more deeply interested in him; and she waited quietly for him to resume his usual clear, wide-awake attitude toward life; and she laughed when he suddenly exclaimed: "Oh! I beg pardon, Miss Burton! But you were saying——"

"I don't remember, it's been so long since I said it."

"I wonder if you know where I was all that time. I was thinking——"

"Not of what I said, I am sure," said the school teacher, laughing again.

"Yes, I was," he replied, but in such an impersonal manner that his answer meant nothing.

There was rather an awkward pause, and she finally broke it by saying:

"Inez wished me to tell you something for her, and I promised. She seemed to think you ought to know. Do you remember seeing some flowers on your pulpit the first Sunday you preached in Red Hill?"

"Yes. They were so prominent I couldn't help seeing them."

"Inez wanted me to tell you that she put them there."

"They were very nice flowers," Howard said gravely. Something in his voice and manner set Miss Burton off in a laugh so catching that Howard, after a slow grin, followed.

"Poor Inez! But she will begin a new existence with the Lennoxes. I believe there is a good future for her."

"She will see New York at its very best with them," Howard eagerly assented. "If she has any good future, they will help her to find it."

Agnes Burton asked a few questions about Howard's chum, which he gladly answered, and in answering unconsciously let in the light on some of his own seminary life.

As he rose to go she said, unexpectedly, a slight color betraying her personal anxiety:

"Mr. Chase, are you well? It seems to me you don't look—you look tired."

"Well, to tell the truth, I *am* tired. I don't just know how to account for it. Last few days I have not been at my best. Guess I need more exercise."

She looked at him apprehensively as he walked toward the door. He lacked that characteristic swiftness and leopard-like swaying gait that people were getting used to.

"You are working too hard," she said softly, as if anticipating some trouble. "You do three men's work. You will break down."

"Oh, I think not; I never broke down yet. Thank you for telling me about Inez and those flowers," he said awkwardly. And with an abrupt good-by he went away.

THAT evening after supper, he said to his sister, "Rose, I'm going over to see Jake Seymour. I haven't heard from there for two or three days. I won't be out long."

When he knocked at Seymour's modest house across the Santa Fe tracks the Agent opened the door, and, seeing Chase, he stepped outside and closed the door.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Chase, but Jake's got typhoid. Doc Vaughn took his blood test today, and found the germs. He's been comin' down with it now for several days. We thought it was his accident, you know. But Doc is mad. He says Red Hill folks are too stingy to fix up the water works, and the milk gets no decent test, and he says, Doc does, that it's enough to make a cow kick over its own pail to see how quick some folks are to die early so's to save the expense of a long obituary on their tombstones."

"Are there any other cases in town?" Howard asked when the Agent paused.

"I heard Mrs. Wilson's little girl had it, and two or three other kids."

"No! Why, it's murder!"

"That's what Doc says. And there's no way to get the Grand Jury to convict. I thought I better tell you about Jake before you went in."

Howard followed the Agent in and spoke a cheerful word to big Seymour. He was too sick to do much more than murmur a word of thanks for Howard's interest in him, and Howard came away after putting his hand on Seymour's big fist and saying cheerfully:

"The Lord bless you, brother. You've got a lot to live for yet. Your show isn't half over. Keep up a good heart!"

When he reached home Rose was in the kitchen. He went into his study and sat down at his desk and started to work on his sermon.

Fifteen minutes later, Rose, passing by the open door, looking in, was startled to see him, not at his desk, but lying on a couch by the bookcase.

IT was such an unusual habit for him that she came in and went up to the couch, and found him asleep.

She put her hand on his head gently, but the movement roused him, and he opened his eyes.

"Howard! What is the matter!"

"I don't know. I seem to be tired. Too much excitement in Red Hill. Not quiet and soothing like New York."

He grinned, and sat up slowly, looking at Rose as if seeking an answer to a question that trembled on his lip.

"You have never been tired in all your life," she said, with a feeling of terror.

"No. Time to begin. But I *am* tired." He lay down again. "I'll be all right by Sunday. I've been worrying some. Deacon Allen got after me again today. He says he is going to call a meeting of the deacons and trustees and have the church take action on several matters, especially my use of an unauthorized version of the Bible. Deacon Allen was born three hundred years too late. He ought to have been a member of the state church in Queen Elizabeth's time. He could have had no end of fun persecuting pilgrims and helping to fill up the Mayflower and starting America off all right."

His voice trailed off into a whisper, as he fell back into a doze again.

Rose went out and ran across the street to Dr. Vaughn's. He was not there. Up at the Wilson's, his wife thought. Rose ran up there, found him, and got his promise to come right over to the parsonage.

Two days later all Red Hill, including the country, knew that Howard Chase, the new minister, had come down with typhoid, and within the week that followed they knew that in the little room off the sitting-room a great fight was going on over the strong athletic body for its final possession by the forces called Death and Life.

And Red Hill felt the event like a personal conviction. The town council met and condemned its own cowardice and selfishness in not taking steps to guard its own health. And as the days passed, and Life retreated before Death in that little room, Red Hill fell on its knees and prayed for the victory for the young man who had come to mean so much to it. Groups of men and women stood out in the street silently watching the doctor when he went up the steps or came out, questioning him. Rose and Mrs. Lennox and Roy, with the trained nurse brought from Topeka, went about the house, silent, lips moving in prayer, faces white and drawn over every movement in the little room.

ONE night, very late, when it seemed likely that Life would flicker out of that strong tenement and close the earthly door to any other tenant, Roy Lennox came out on the porch for a breath of air, his heart crying out for his chum, his soul beating hard at the gates of God's mercy to spare this beautiful life that seemed so necessary.

As he stepped out, he was startled by a movement on the little porch.

There at one end of it, close by the Madeira vine, kneeled a girlish figure—Inez—her hands clasped—tears on her cheeks, no cry to disturb the one within, but a voiceless anguish of appeal. And at the other end of the porch stood, in the shadow, Deacon Allen, his head bowed, the muscles of his face moving convulsively.

Roy went up to the man. He did not know what to say to the girl.

"Is there any hope?" asked the deacon. "The doctor would not answer me when he came out. I thought perhaps——"

"We have done all we can. We must leave the final answer with his God," said Roy, and with a handclasp of the deacon and a glance at the crouching girl, he went back into the house.

CHAPTER IX

THE Expressman was visibly and audibly and externally excited. This excitement he tried to communicate to his horse and wagon, both of which had been on the retired list for several years but had not actually retired because of financial and other reasons which the Expressman had never communicated to either of them.

But he was now urging both of them, and himself, in the direction of the Santa Fe station, and when he arrived he collided with the edge of the platform so violently that he was thrown off his seat backward into the wagon, where the Agent, who had come to the little window, caught a confused glimpse of legs and arms as the momentarily recumbent figure of the Expressman struggled to the perpendicular, ornamented on his back more or less picturesquely with the excelsior.

Before the Expressman was on his feet, the Agent heard him say in between remarks to the horse, and other exclamations not intended for publication, "Mr. Chase is out of danger! Mr. Chase is out of danger!"

"Hooray!" yelled the Agent, waving a ticket to Osage City out of the window. And he added before going back to the ticket window, "I was just going up on the street as soon as Number Ten got away, to inquire. "Did the Doc tell you?"

"Sure! I got it right out of his own mouth. I've been sittin' right out in front of the parsonage in my wagon last two days. An' I see some mighty curious things!" The Expressman lowered his voice. "Two nights ago what do you think I see! I see Inez Clark go up the parsonage steps and kneel down on the poreh an' —"

"Do you remember what Mr. Chase said about gossip!" said the Agent, sternly.

"This ain't gossip," said the Expressman.

"What is it?"

"Just human interest. Mr. Chase said it was all right to have that."

"We-ll—go ahead," said the Agent, a little doubtfully. "You saw her kneel down on the porch, an'——"

"An' that's all—" said the Expressman. But he added quickly, "Deacon Allen was there that night. He's been terrible worked up over the minister. They say he was cryin' that night when it looked as if Mr. Chase was gone. I never see him cry except when he lost a dollar on a binder."

"But Mr. Chase is going to get well—" the Agent said, lingering by the window to make sure of the good news.

"He sure is, if he don't overeat. Everybody'll be sendin' in chicken pie an' jell an' things. I wouldn't mind bein' him when it's safe to eat again. I'd be willing to exchange pulpits with him any time."

THE Agent had to go back to the ticket window where in his excitement over the news of Mr. Chase's recovery he sold a lady a ticket to Pauline who had asked for one to St. John. After correcting this little mistake, he came back. The Expressman was still picking excelsior out of his clothes and looking very much pleased over the news about Mr. Chase.

"There's another thing I've been noticin' lately," he said as the Agent opened up the key to Lawton.

"Is this more gossip?"

"Naw. More human interest. We're allowed to have that. Miss Burton, she's been going around looking like a ghost during the minister's typhoid. That typhoid has gone awful hard with her."

"Have you seen her lately?"

"No."

"I bet she's gaining today," said the Agent pensively.

"What do you know about it?" said the Expressman jealously.

"Not a thing. You don't, either. But Red Hill won't object any."

"No. They have my consent. An' I'll haul their trunks for nothin' when they go off on their trip."

"Better not talk about this," said the Agent lowering his voice.

"Naw. I never thought of it till you mentioned it."

If the Agent and the Expressman rejoiced over the minister's recovery, what shall be said of Red Hill generally? There had never been a time in its history when it poured out such a collective stream of kindly feeling as it now poured into the little parsonage. Red Hill had never known the rare joy of loving somebody like that. The experience was so new that it did not know how to take it and Howard did not know how to receive it as the days went by.

HE sat propped up in the little bedroom, rapidly convalescing, while Roy and Kate and Rose vied with one another to show their affection for him. The bureau and the little table and two chairs were covered with flowers, and Howard was bewildered by almost hourly messages sent in by neighbors.

"Where'd that bouquet come from?" he asked Roy, who could hardly contain himself over his chum's recovery.

He pointed a white finger at a particularly lurid bunch of flowers evidently personally conducted together, to which there was attached a freight-car tag. Roy brought it up to the bed where Howard could read what was written on it in lead pencil.

To be continued

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Eighty per cent of all delivery nowadays calls for that combination—sturdy construction that guarantees delivery on schedule; and speed capabilities that promise quick service.

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But when the first Reo "Speed Wagon" was announced, there was much wagging of heads and much speculation as to whether through "punctures" etcetra, more time would not be lost than gained.

No need to go into that now—the truck itself has given the most conclusive reply to all such objections.

And the immediate future is going to see still greater developments in pneumatic tired trucks.

Why already we see five—yes and ten—ton trucks mounted on pneumatics—up to twelve inches diameter!

Speed—that is the first essential in modern business.

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And speed beyond ten or twelve miles an hour is possible only on pneumatic tires.

They save the chassis—relieve the mechanical parts of the wicked shocks of rough roads and bad pavements.

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This ¾-ton Reo being one of the first, represents longer experience as well as sounder engineering.

From the first it proved itself equal to every demand.

Yet the Reo engineers have, from time to time, refined and improved it wherever chance offered.

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In upkeep—ask your Reo dealer for comparative facts and figures. They will be a revelation to you.

¶ Prudent buyers will not delay ordering the motor cars or motor trucks they need. ¶ Demand is already increasing and will still further increase as our industries get in o their war-time stride. ¶ More and more the intelligent business man is coming to realize that we must accelerate—not dwaddle along. ¶ The motor truck will be more necessary than ever—for traffic will be heavier, more goods must be moved. ¶ On the other hand, motor car factories have all curtailed their regular output in order to help out with government work. ¶ Result, an under supply opposed to an over demand. ¶ Obviously, there will not be enough to go round. ¶ A large percentage of prospective buyers will have to be denied. ¶ The tardy will surely be disappointed. ¶ Those who foresee the conditions and protect themselves by immediate decision and prompt placing of orders with definite delivery dates specified, will be counted among the "lucky" when the big drive begins.

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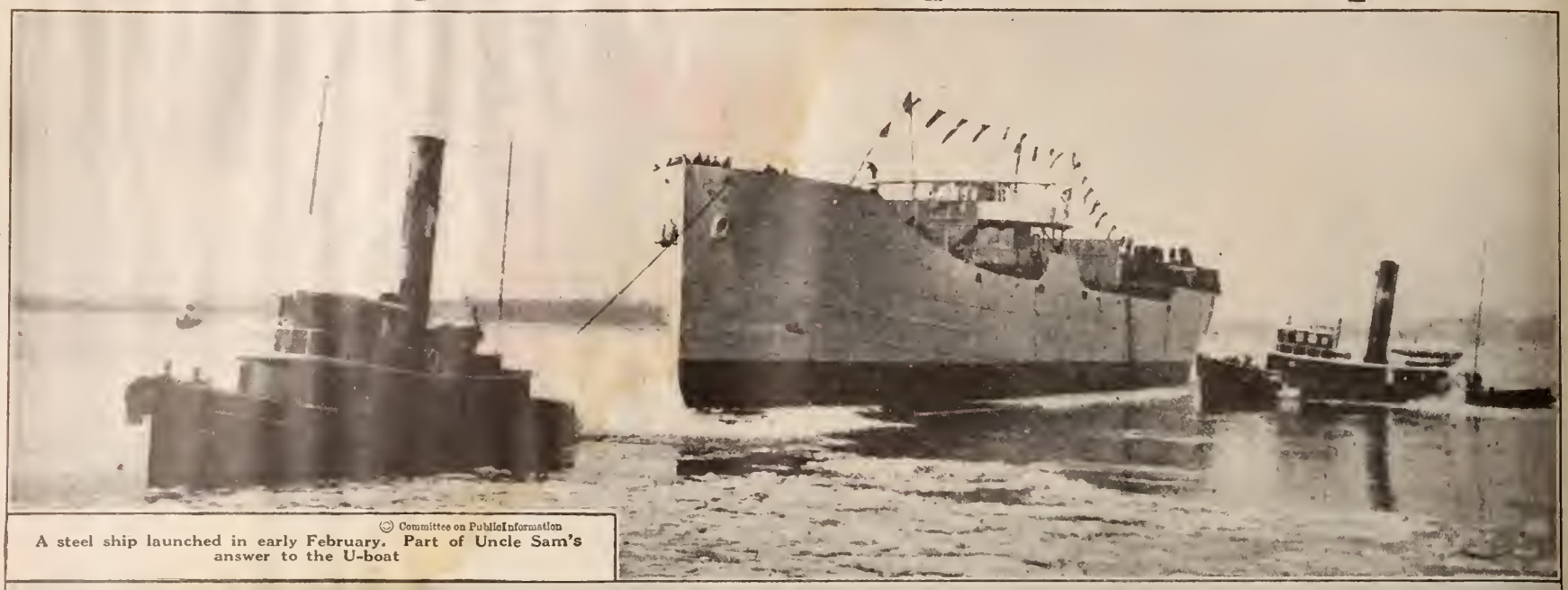

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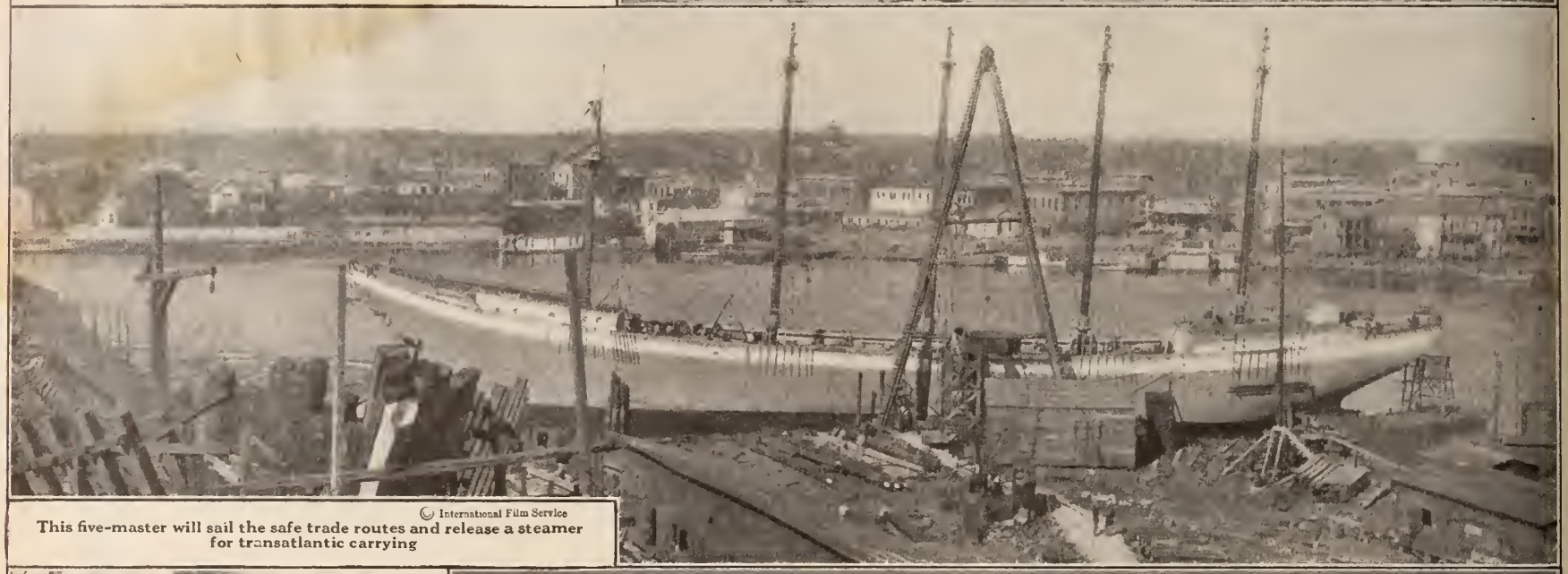
A steel ship launched in early February. Part of Uncle Sam's answer to the U-boat



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Ships mean victory. These men are setting the first frames of a standardized steel ship

The Ohio River got wild in January and the ice took a heavy toll of barges and river packets

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Real soldiers now, citizens only five months ago. Men of the 308th Inf. National Army, in their first parade in New York City, February 4

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Sammy's new trench cap, steel helmet fits over it

Paris headquarters of the American Army and Navy Y. M. C. A.

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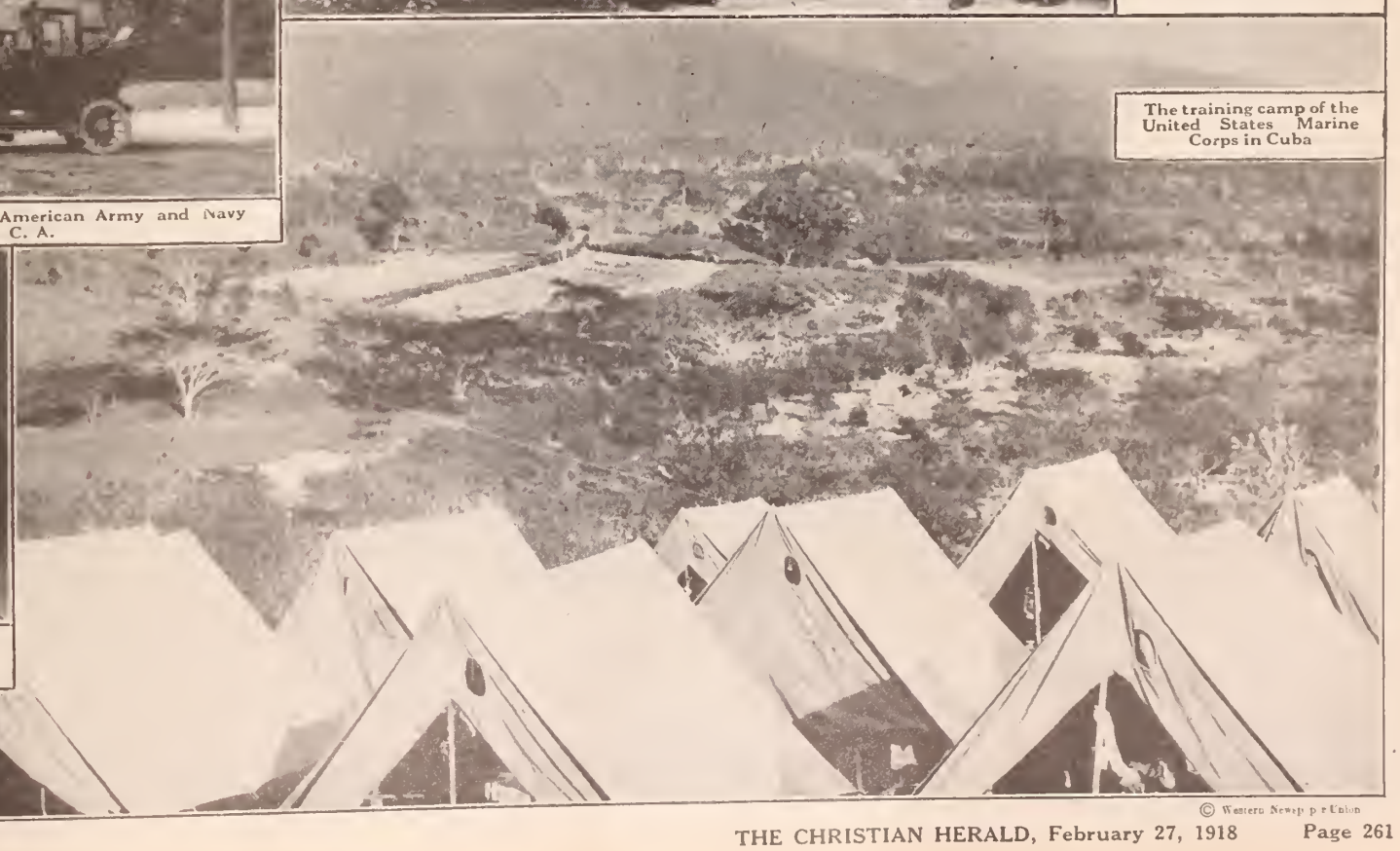

The training camp of the United States Marine Corps in Cuba

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OUR MAIL-BAG

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and is not controversial. All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

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Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

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Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

S. F. H., Mays, Ind. We must have the spirit of forgiveness if we ourselves expect to be forgiven. In the Lord's Prayer this is clearly set forth in these words: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us." To cherish hatred in our hearts and go to the throne of grace in that state is futile. See also Matt. 5 : 23; 6 : 14; 18 : 21, 35; Mark 11 : 25; Luke 11 : 4; 17 : 4; II Cor. 2 : 7; Eph. 4 : 32; Col. 3 : 13; Jas. 2 : 13; Matt. 5 : 44; Luke 6 : 27; Rom. 12 : 14, 19. Our forgiveness should be ready in the heart and on the lips, even though it be not reciprocated by those who have injured us. We are told to forgive, not merely seven times, but seventy times seven, implying that even toward the hardened offender we should feel more pity than animosity. It may be advisable in some circumstances, for the offender's own sake, that forgiveness should be withheld, just as it is good for some men to be taught, by a sharp lesson, that they cannot do wrong and hope to escape the consequences. But the Christian must not cherish animosity in his heart, nor any vindictiveness, but rather be ready to forgive freely, at the first opportunity and on the slightest sign of contrition. God loves the sinner, though he hates the sin, and we must try by our love rather than by our severity, to follow the divine example. We have known of cases where the injured party broke down all the barriers of hardness and rebellion by extending forgiveness, even before the first sign of repentance on the offender's part, and where such magnanimity bore splendid fruit and transformed an enemy into a true friend.

Mrs. E. C. B., New York City, writes: "After reading the article in this week's Christian Herald, entitled, 'I am that Clown,' I am led to add my little mite to the Bowery Mission. I am an old actress myself, but by the grace of God, instead of falling a wreck by the wayside, as I might easily have done, He has brought me into a safe harbor for which I thank Him day and night."

Evelyn G., Yonkers, N. Y. The Prayer League department will continue to be one of the spiritual features of the Christian Herald during the current year.

Are you, who read this paragraph, helping in any way to cheer up some brave but lonely American boy in camp? If you are not, then read this suggestion from a Christian Endeavorer in Corsica, S. D., and note how quickly it set others to work. Mr. A. B. Hulsebos is the vice-president of the local Christian Endeavor Society in the Reformed Church. He writes: "At our Christian Endeavor Society on December 30, I made a suggestion that we get a group of volunteers—as many in number as we have boys in camp—who would write each one letter a week to some one of the boys. This suggestion carried, and volunteers were gotten in less time than it takes to mention it. This week a letter has been sent in the name of the Christian Endeavor Society to each of our boys in camp. Next week, each volunteer will write to a different one. A great deal of good could be done by a big united effort on the part of all Christian Societies along this line. The aim in all the letters will be the same: to have the boys bear in mind that their Christian friends at home are thinking of them."

Reader, Wapello, Iowa. The school and church matter is one that should be decided by the people of the district themselves. Certainly there ought to be enough God-fearing, public-spirited men and women who, by uniting forces, could set the matter right.

C. F., Ind. 1. On June 6, 1912, the volcano of Katmai, in the Aleutian Islands, Alaska, threw up ashes and volcanic dust, which fell 900 miles away and reached a height of 40,000 feet. A fissure 1,000 miles long was made across a part of Alaska. 2. The great majority of volcanoes are situated near the sea, but a few are found inland. 3. Icarus is the name of a mythological character. According to ancient Greek legends, Icarus and his father Dædalus were imprisoned on the Island of Crete, and attempted to escape by making wings of feathers and wax, and Icarus fell into the sea and was drowned. 4. It is certainly true, both in religion and morals on the one hand, and in the mental and physical also, that misuse of a faculty or gift leads to its loss. It is a universal law.

D. D. Blauch, Johnstown, Pa. In your issue of January 16 is an article entitled "Propheey Fifty Years Ago," by Rev. Michael Baxter. When reading this article, my mind went back to years ago when I first began to read the Christian Herald and Signs of the Times. A history of the origin and progress of this valuable paper would be very interesting at this time; I can, however, recall some of its prophetic teachings, which had considerable impression upon me. It was, in fact, one of the things that led me to a closer study of the prophets and their teachings concerning the end of the age. Many of the statements then made were hooted at as sensational rather than Scriptural, like the preaching of Dr. Wild, who about the same time preached in Brooklyn. Dr. Wild was one of the most enlightened exponents of Anglo-Israelism in America. His sermons were considered as wild in imagination as was his name; yet a few years ago, one of the leading New York papers said that many of his statements, made about eighteen years earlier, have come true. He died a few years ago near Toronto, Canada. My impression is that some of his sermons were published in the Christian Herald. Perhaps some one familiar with the facts could enlighten me upon the subject.

Dr. Wild's teachings, we think, were discussed on several occasions in the Christian Herald. Although it did not print his sermons or lectures, it commented upon his views on prophecy, some of which were remarkably clear and precise.

Rev. G. J. Williams, Vicksburg, Miss., writes: "I don't believe I could do without the Christian Herald. I get so much wholesome instruction out of it to carry to my people. In presenting the war to my people the Christian Herald has been my safeguard, and has helped me to get my people to see the need of patriotism. I am pastor of four congregations in the Mississippi Delta. I raised last Sunday at the New Hope Baptist Church at Estill, Miss., for the Red Cross Society, $190. All my congregations sustain our President who is at the helm of this great government."

L. A. S. The whole subject is covered in Dr. Gray's articles, now appearing in the Christian Herald.

Bible Student. How would feigning himself a madman gain David security from the Philistines?

In peril of his life among the Philistines (I Sam. 21 : 15), David hit on a device the success of which depended on a prevailing sentiment of the East. The peoples of the East have peculiar ideas of devil and spirit possession, and attribute to such cause diseases such as epilepsy, hysteria, lunacy and delirium. They have a respect for bad spirits and fear to touch or injure them, lest they should take revenge and affect the injurer in like manner. All sufferers of this class are therefore shunned. Of this peculiar belief David took advantage, and thus gained freedom of movement.

Rev. S., St. Paul, Minn. Why was the birth of Christ announced by the angels to the lonely shepherds?

Dr. C. Geikie says on this point: "To have received such surpassing honor from above, they must have been members, though poor and humble, of that true Israel which included Mary and Joseph, Zacharias and Elizabeth, Simeon and Anna—the representatives in those dark days of the saints of their nation in its highest past. They must have been men looking out, in their simple way, toward the invisible and eternal, and seeking that kingdom of God for themselves which was one day, as they believed, to be revealed in their nation at large."

Miss G., Brooklyn, N. Y. Please explain John 10 : 41.

John's mission had no need of miracles. Miracles may be necessary as credentials of a speaker, or to call attention to a message, or to provide illustration of spiritual truths. John came like one of the old prophets and was accepted by people in that character; hence nobody asked for credentials from him. John's message was really the old prophetic message, with the difference only that he told his hearers that the King—the Messiah they had been waiting for—was now close at hand. Besides, miracles were not needed by John, as everybody flocked to hear him. Neither were they required for the illustration of his message, for he offered the rite of baptism, which enabled penitent souls to give outward expression to their change of heart and mind.

Mary G., Lott, Texas. We cannot pass on the merits of religious writers. There is a supreme test for all of them. Do they support the Scriptures and teach the Gospel?

The Land with a Pitiful Past and a Wonderful Future

DO you know Santo Domingo, land of contrasts? It is the cradle of American civilization, and yet half a wilderness. The bones of Columbus lie in one of its cathedrals, and its forests and mountains are almost as wild as when he found them.

It is a land of many poor, and yet there is much gold in its rivers, its forests are filled with precious woods and its soil possesses fertility which centuries of careless cultivation have not impaired.

It is within a week of New York, and yet there are bandit barons in its mountain fastnesses who live in fourteenth century fashion.

It is a country of turbulence and trouble, and of health and beauty and charm—a land with a pitiful past and a wonderful future.

An official booklet on Santo Domingo, richly illustrated, published by the Pan-American Union of American Republics, will be sent free to any reader of the Christian Herald. Mail your name and address, with a 2-cent stamp for return postage, to the Christian Herald Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

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J. T. H., Scranton, Pa. When the question "Who art thou?" was asked of Jesus and was prompted by mere curiosity, or when it was asked with the object of getting evidence from his own lips for the purpose of prosecuting him, it would have been unwise to satisfy the questioner. When, however, he was speaking to the woman of Samaria (John 4 : 26), there was no ambiguity: "I that speak unto thee am he." Under the adjuration of the high priest, too, he announced plainly (Mark 14 : 62): "Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed? And Jesus said, I am."

Mrs. G. M., Genoa, Wis. Trinity Church in New York is not built on part of the Anneke Jans property, although the church owned or now still owns some of the Jans' property. The government cannot interfere with this title, since the question has long since been settled in the courts.

O. P. F., Milton, Wis. Yes, the peace of God may dwell even in men who go to war. A Christian suffers long and allows his enemy to do much harm to him before he rebels, but there are things not to be endured. A Christian nation suffers long, but finally, in the interest of self-preservation, or for the purposes of a great and righteous cause, must finally take the sword of defense, and this purpose can not be said to be in conflict with God's peace. God is a God of order. He put us on this earth to make it habitable and to live thereon in peace and comfort. If conditions arise that threaten, we certainly have the reasonable right to change them.

B. D. M., Granville, N. Y. The book you inquire about does not contradict anything written by Dr. Gray. The author is the pastor of a prominent Presbyterian church in Brooklyn, and is a regular and valuable contributor on the Christian Herald staff. We think the book well worth reading.

Mrs. B. R. E., Boston, Mass. Where are the Ishmaelites now?

The mixed Arabic tribes are regarded as the descendants of Ishmael. Some of these tribes still retain the names of certain of Ishmael's sons, as the Nabatheans, the descendants of Jetur and Naphish (east of the Jordan), the Edomites, the province of Dumah in Arabia, etc. Their tents and camps are scattered over the eastern confines of Palestine and over Arabia from the Egyptian border to the Euphrates River.

Reader, Albany, N. Y. Please give some information on the Gulf Stream.

It is an ocean current in the North Atlantic and takes its name from the Gulf of Mexico. It is chiefly caused by the heaping up of the waters in the warm equatorial current in the Gulf. It flows from the Gulf as a current 2,000 feet deep, and fifty to 100 miles wide, along the east coast of the United States. At Newfoundland it merges with the general eastern movement of the waters of the Atlantic This movement is caused by the prevailing southeast winds. The movement or "drift" divides; one washes the west coast of the British Isles and reaches the Arctic by three arms; the other goes south along the coast of Spain and west coast of Africa.

The Prayer Battalion

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE Reverend Eva Ryerson Ludgate smiled at me and extended a warm, friendly hand. The morning sunlight, caught in her fluffy, gold-brown hair, discovered an answering sparkle in her eyes. I found myself trying hard to reconcile her likeness to the mental picture that her formal, business-like little note had given me.

"You wanted," I said at last, "to tell me something about a new—society?" I hesitated over the last word.

Miss Ludgate

She sank back in my big office chair and clasped her hands, like a very earnest little girl.

"Suppose," she asked rather diffidently, "suppose I begin at the beginning?"

"That's exactly where I want you to begin," I told her. And so, with her steady, earnest gaze on my face, she began.

"I was sent over last summer," she told me, "to attend the conferences in England. You see, I have been an ordained Congregational minister for five years. And of all the meetings that I attended while I was over there, the one that left the most marked impression with me was a single day of prayer which was observed by women.

"All of the women at that great prayer meeting had men in the army or navy. Many of them were the mothers and wives of men who had given their lives for their country. They prayed with a sincerity that I had never before seen. One woman, mourning her two sons, spoke to me. I shall never forget what she said. 'If it had not been for prayer,' she told me, 'I should have gone mad!'

"That was the birth of my idea—my idea that I want to tell you about today. For I knew that there would soon be women in our country who would need prayer, even as that English woman needed it. I knew that when the casualty lists began to come in the women of America would require divine comfort.

"The idea was with me night and day. I thought of it, I talked of it, I asked advice about it. And finally it all narrowed down to the idea of a 'Prayer Battalion'—a movement to link up the service flag with prayer and with the church.

"THE motives and the methods of the Prayer Battalion are very simple. It is proposed that there shall be a battalion in every church, to meet perhaps once a week. There are no dues, as the society will be entirely supported by voluntary contributions, and the only purpose of it is to band together for prayer and comfort the women having members of their families in war service.

"The Battalion should be founded under the direction of any church or other religious organization, and the chairman should be a woman who has a member of her own family in service, and she should be registered by her pastor. The membership in the Battalion is accomplished by the signing of the Covenant Card, which reads:

" 'I covenant with God and the members of the National Woman's Prayer Battalion for the duration of the war, to pray daily for Our Country and for the Soldiers, Sailors, Doctors and Nurses who are fighting for us at home and abroad.

" 'Not only will I pray for them, but I will do all in my power to promote their physical and spiritual well-being.

" 'I will endeavor to attend meetings for prayer and intercession, and will do my utmost to enlist the help of other patriotic women.'

"There should be two classes of members in each battalion—Service Members and associate members. The service members are those having members of their immediate families in war service, and the associate members are those not having members of their immediate families in war service, but who believe in the principles of Freedom and Democracy for which our men are fighting.

"If possible, the prayer meeting should be held on a Red Cross Day, so that the members of the Battalion can not only pray for their men but work for them. The prayer meetings should be brief, consisting of the reading of a passage of Scripture from the 'Pocket Treasury' (a little book two by three inches long, containing the choicest portions of Scripture. It will be invaluable to the woman who is not familiar with her Bible). The members may pray silently or audibly as they prefer, but it will be found helpful, whenever possible, to mention those prayed for by name. Opportunity should frequently be given for the reading of excerpts of letters received from the front. We are anxious that there shall be no lonely members of the Battalion, and it is hoped that at the close of every Battalion meeting the members will take time to greet the strangers and their friends.

"THE slogan of the Battalion is 'Take time to pray every day,' and the emblem of it is a white cross, to be attached to the red border of the service flag of a church or house in which there are Battalion members. The Battalion now has members in eleven states and expects soon to have a band of praying women that will reach from coast to coast. Its headquarters are at the offices of the New York Federation of Churches, and the executive secretary of that organization, Dr. Walter Laidlaw, is rendering invaluable service in the work of administration."

Miss Ludgate paused, a glorified look on her sweet face.

"When," I asked her, "do you think that the women of our land will most need the Battalion? When their boys go away, or——"

"When the casualty lists come in!" Miss Ludgate told me. "For when the name of the bereaved woman is given, she will receive love and sympathy from the local battalion, and when it is deemed wise, a messenger will be sent to her from headquarters. When the casualty lists come in, the knowledge that other women wish to comfort and aid her in her sorrow will be a great help to any woman!"

"It's such a friendly thing!" I said, rather inadequately.

"It is, indeed," answered Miss Ludgate. "A deaconess said to me a few days ago that she had always longed for some opening that would enable her to approach the women who have service flags in their windows. The Prayer Battalion has given her that opening."

This is the story that Eva Ryerson Ludgate told me. And, though I have not repeated it with her sympathy and conviction (for she has lived with the idea for months, has made it a part of her very being!) I think that her quoted words will catch your interest.

It is a time for prayer, and Miss Ludgate's mission is to call a nation to prayer—to help a nation to meet bravely its Calvary and as bravely to carry its cross.

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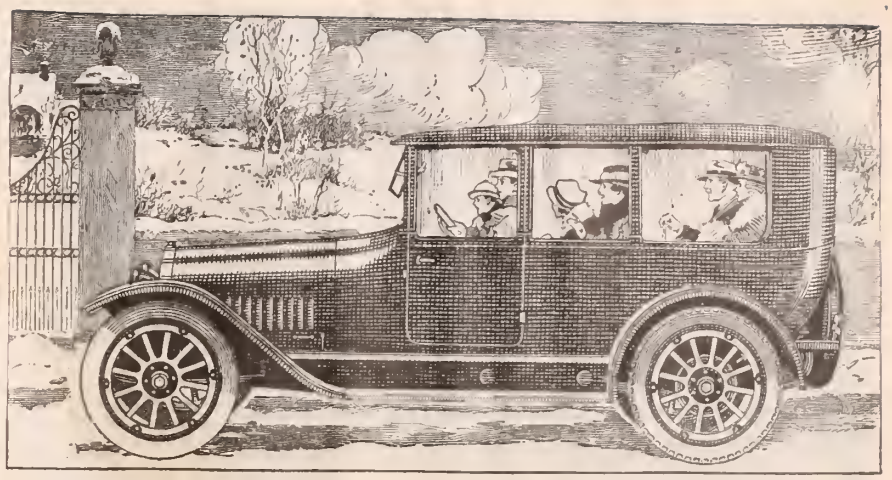
Who fights the fight of honor and of right;
A little word of prayer to keep his courage
And faith serene through terror's darkest night.
A word of prayer to God who watches o'er him,
When he is sad (your boy, so far away!)
A little word of prayer for one who loves you.
A little word of prayer, *and every day!*



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Jesus Restoring Life and Health

International Sunday School Lesson for March 10

Mark 5:21-43

Christian Missions. I Medical Missions

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph. D.

AFTER the calming of the Gerasene demoniac Jesus returned to the Capernaum side once more and again the throngs assembled. Mark tells us two incidents of this period that are especially dear to the Church. One is the story of Jairus's daughter; how one of the synagogue rulers, naturally hostile to Jesus, was driven by his need to beseech Christ's compassion and aid. None ever sought his help in vain. The other little gem of the Gospel, told in eight sentences only, portrays the afflicted woman who touched the hem of Christ's garment in the midst of the throng and received his blessing.

Christ's Attitude Toward the Sick

First of all let us look into the Gospels to see what Christ's attitude toward the sick really was. First of all there was that boundless compassion which distinguishes true Christianity from paganism with its indifference and oftentimes positive inhumanity. Then there was in him an appreciation of the reality of pain and suffering, which makes us wonder how any one can set up the pretense of the unreality of sickness, can teach that suffering is always due to "error" when Christ himself suffered in body and groaned in spirit, though he was so sublimely free from human fault and ignorance. Finally Jesus felt that human misery had a fundamental appeal to conscience and must be ministered unto to the limit of our abilities. It is no wonder then that to Christianity the world owes the hospital, the leper colony and the marvelous ministry of the nursing profession.

And yet it is also true that Jesus never allowed the abnormal to obsess his attention to the exclusion of the healthy, nor the ministry of healing to crowd out the culture of the soul. Spiritual truth has a priority which must not be denied. Neither must a church give itself up to the body and neglect the spirit.

We may therefore recognize joyfully that medical missions have always been truly evangelistic, with good news for sinners as well as for the sick. The medical missionary is a missionary indeed. He never thinks that good health is the sole need of a nation. Everywhere the healing art has been a bell to call men to worship. Everywhere the followers of the Great Physician have been like him in showing by a life of ministry the reality of the Gospel they preach.

Christ's Attitude Toward Death

While our missionaries are not able to raise the dead, literally, yet many of their achievements are spiritually equivalent to that supreme miracle. But with reference to actual physical death what they are able to do is to change men's attitude toward it until they regard death as Jesus did. This is superlatively important. The heathen world is tormented by horrible beliefs and the civilized world is beset by the gravest doubts of any future life at all. Both need the Christlike view.

Some people have told me that the raising of Jairus's daughter does not help them because our children are not restored to us here and now. That of course is true, but it is not the chief point of our lesson. After all the little Hebrew maiden had to die again. The secret of Jesus is this: that death is not irrevocable. We are too apt to think of it as final, irretrievable disaster. Not so with Jesus. He was fond of using the word *sleep*, which Coningsby Dawson describes as death done up in sample bottles. Sleep is mysterious enough: consciousness gone, the sleeper helpless. But a word recalls the resting soul. So the New Testament teaches us that God is able to awaken his beloved out of the sleep of death. The raising of the daughter of Jairus is a confirmation of our instinctive hope that death is not the end; that a loving Creator will not let his children really die.

> Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
> Thou madest man, he knows not why;
> He thinks he was not made to die;
> And thou hast made him: thou art just.

That same great Christian poet tells us in the opening verses of "In Memoriam" that faith alone is sufficient for us still. The world war has hurried thousands out of this world before their time, and never before was there such a need of Christ's conviction of immortality. So he would have his ministers comfort the bereaved of all nations with the words he gave to the faltering ruler: "Fear not, only believe."

Why Make Ye a Tumult and Weep?

It does seem as though we must take note of Christ's distaste for the funeral customs of his day. You can see it in nearly every one of these Gospel incidents. Fortunately we have no longer the tumult of hired mourners. We do not cry out and mutilate ourselves as the ancients did. We needs must mourn, yet not as those without hope. God understands our sorrow and sense of separation. We must learn to look on death as

> but a stair,
> Built with divinest art,
> Up which the deathless footsteps climb
> Of loved ones who depart.

Ought we not to discourage the wearing of black? It is so natural to wish to drape one's self in crêpe veils; but it is scarcely Christian. I confess I feel it to be incongruous, after some saintly soul has ascended to the reward of a consecrated life, to receive a letter with a wide black margin from wife or from son. Even those most sorely bereaved had caught a glimpse of glory at the memorial service. Yet custom bade them dress like night instead of dawn.

What are we going to do when our splendid boys give their lives for the great dream of freedom for the world? Make lamentation, wear black, go downcast? Or raise our heads high and smile through tears, as we remember that they have joined the noble army of martyrs for God's cause?

Jesus the Children's Saviour

This is our topic for younger classes, and it is well chosen. Our boys and girls simply cannot grapple with the problem of life and death. Even to the twelve-year-old all our teaching is incomprehensible. But they can and do learn of Jesus' wonderful kindness, such as is shown by his response to this father whose only child was terribly ill. Picture him leaving the crowd to go to help. Tell them of the interruption of the poor suffering woman and of how he paused to comfort and to help her in her affliction. Then dwell on the little girl's conception of Christ, as he took her hand and called her "Talitha," little lamb. She was not afraid of him, we may be sure. She was never after afraid of sickness or of death, we hope. Jesus was her Saviour and her Friend in time of need.

Those of us who are older know that Jesus has truly redeemed all childhood, setting the child in the midst, making us realize the importance of his play and his love, for the future of the Church. Missionaries tell us that civilization may be graded by the attitude toward child-life.

Our Sunday School Workers' Library ought to contain at least one book on Medical Missions. Can we not get such a book now to celebrate this lesson? Choose from this list, or at least send to your own Foreign Missionary Society for free leaflets to use:

Christian Missions and Social Progress (Dennis), Appeal of Medical Missions (Moorshead), Medical Missions (Williamson), The Claim of Suffering

(Paget), Opportunities in the Path of the Great Physician (Penrose).

We need to know how our representatives have abolished the awful superstitions about evil spirits causing disease and substituted Christian care and modern science instead. What a wonderful incarnation of the spirit of Jesus is the life story of Robert Moffat and David Livingstone and the scores of successors who have labored in the dark places of Africa! The hospital at Uganda with its loving ministries of learned men and gentle women to the scourged negroes of the interior is a powerful example of vital Christianity. Dr. Mackenzie's dispensary at Tientsin, China, with its ministry of brotherhood and cheer, actually resulted in more genuine conversions than the devoted efforts of his fellow workers who confined themselves to preaching alone.

The consecration of all our talents is the lesson of medical missions. Teaching sanitation to the plague-cursed villages of India is a ministry acknowledged of Christ. Caring for the insane Syrians at the Waldmeier Home among the cedars of Lebanon is actually carrying on the fifth chapter of Mark today. Gathering the orphan children of Armenia and healing their diseases is only echoing the gracious "Talitha cumi" of the Lord. Some of our boys and girls are destined to be physicians. If we interpret this lesson aright we may, under God, give a new healer to the waiting millions abroad whose need is so much sorer than our own. David Livingstone left us this challenge:

"You carry out the work which I have begun. I leave it with you." Does it not echo the Master's Commission to the Church?

Young People's Topics for March 10

Making the Most of Ourselves

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topics. (Eph. 4 : 11-16.)

TO each of us is given one spark of life, years made up of fast succeeding days, certain talents, certain tendencies and certain environments. Out of these we must construct what is known as our life, our individuality, the thing that people know as us. We may make an awful botch of it. We may build a structure fit to endure throughout eternity. We choose success or failure when we decide our attitude toward Christ, the Saviour of mankind. With His spirit as the governing principle and active force within us, we will be able to mold from this hopeless mass of days, abilities and environments a life complete, fruitful, happy, without serious fault or blemish. We are to come through the knowledge of the Son of God to the perfection of our manhood, even "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." This is the ultimate spiritual goal which will glorify in its attainment every material good which our lives have gained but, lacking which, material good becomes as ashes of a forlorn hope in our hands. In His power we are to make the most of ourselves. What can we say then if our gift of prayer falling into disuse has left us dumb before the throne of grace; if our gift of sympathy has been palsied by too insistent thoughts of self; if our hand of help to the brother fallen is weakened by some little sin persisted in; if though conscience cries the alarm, our glowing minutes have been wasted in unprofitable diversions or employed in occupations which His Spirit could not bless? What can we say when we face Him at that day? What can we say when we face ourselves?

The great manufacturing plants of today waste nothing. In the lumber mills even the sawdust is burned and the scraps become fiber for furniture and rugs and process silk for neckwear and hosiery. The scraps from our clothing enter into shoddy or paper. It is a standard joke that the packing plants lose only the squeal. The by-products of munition-making are fabrics and fertilizers. Leather scraps make fiber board. Only the loose ends of our lives are lost. Industry is a science, but living is more or less of a hit or miss proposition unless it is lived in Christ. Only then does it become a science and only in Him can we make each fragment of our time, our energies and our opportunities unite with the others into a complete life that will represent the most of which we are capable.

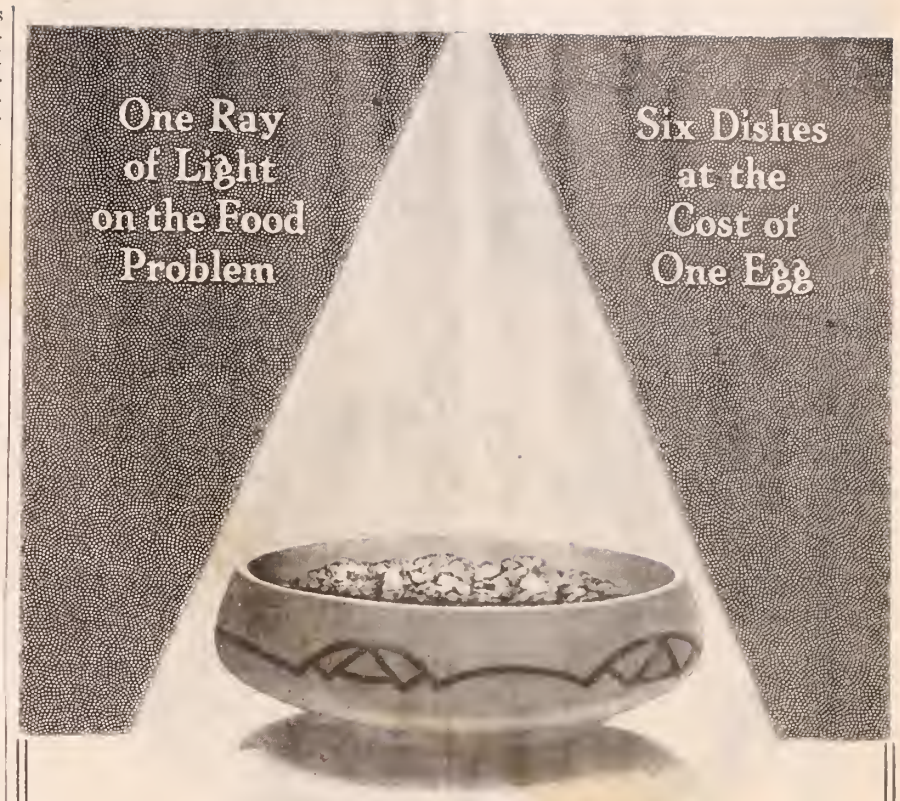
The Voice of God in the Life of Today

Epworth League Topic. Heb. 1 : 1, 2; 4 : 6, 7.

WHILE painting in definite colors what is to be, the Bible cannot be said to be a book of the future. Its messages are always for today. Thus as in the reference above it says "Today if ye will hear His voice harden not your hearts," in another place it says "Now is the day of salvation." Jesus bade the rich young man to go at once and sell what he had. He sent the blind man immediately to the pool of Siloam. Even the great commission to disciple all nations began with the word "go," imperative mood, present tense, and in this mood and tense it has ever remained. Summing up and fulfilling all of the prophets, Jesus Christ became the voice of God to his generation and to all the generations following. Since the day when the wondering disciples saw their Lord taken up into the clouds of heaven, the voice of God has not been stilled. It has been heard in every age and in every country through the lips of men filled with the Spirit of Christ. It may even speak through you if your heart is filled with his love, your life redeemed by his grace, and your purposes directed by his will. There are many who think they hear the voice of God in the life of today. Some hear it calling the warring nations back to mutual faith and international good will. Some hear it calling for armies that democracy, the child of the Gospel, may triumph over every adversary. Some hear it calling to greater faith and deeper consecration. May it not be that this is the call today of the voice of God in the lives of men?

Preaching the Gospel Out On the Highways

THE Brighton Beach Gospel Work brought its sixth and most successful yearly campaign of open air Gospel service on the seashore to a close early in the fall. The director of the work reports that eighty-two persons, this year, accepted Christ, which makes a total of 461 conversions in six years, while thousands of others asked for prayer. The total attendance this season, 88,408, when added to the number previously reported, makes a total of 850,666 for the last six years. These services are held just off the boardwalk, out in the open at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, on Saturdays and Sundays, and consist of singing, Scripture exposition and short Gospel talks. They are not under the auspices of any society, church or denomination, but are held by volunteer workers from the various churches of Brooklyn, and are supported by free-will offerings. The expense in reaching the more than three-quarters of a million persons has averaged three-tenths of one cent per capita. The proportion of those who accepted Christ to the number of persons reached this year is 1 to 1,000. Some may think that this proportion is small, but according to military statistics it takes one thousand bullets to kill a man, and recent reports from the European war show that it takes a man's weight in lead to put him out of commission. We may not therefore be surprised that the same proportions govern the spiritual realm. Among the speakers at these meetings this year were Mr. A. H. Alexander of Charlotte, N. C., Rev. W. H. Hoople of Brooklyn, Mrs. Edna Rost of the Gospel Tabernacle, Mr. J. N. Morgan, Rev. Fred Schiverea, and Mr. W. E. Stephens, director of the work.



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Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Sweetbits

1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2½ cups uncooked Quaker Oats.

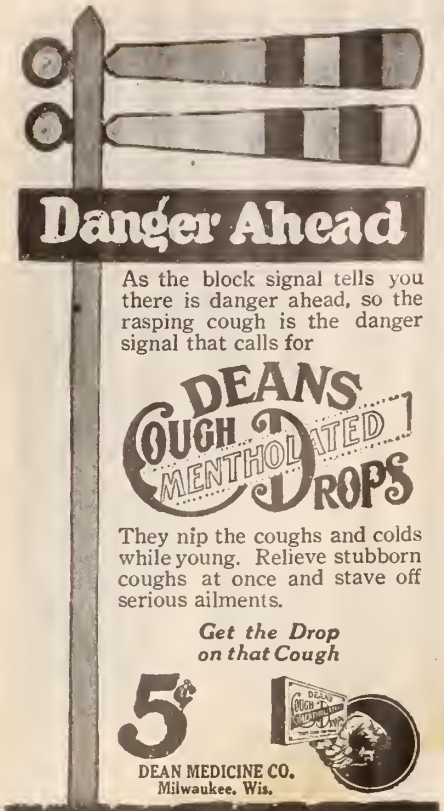
Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of egg stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

Quaker Oats Muffins

2/3 cup Quaker Oats, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.



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Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

THE other day, fellow Adventurers, I had occasion to run up to a farm community in the northern part of Westchester County, State of New York, and had an adventure in neighboring which I think you would like to hear about. The region is a prosperous one, and exeeedingly beautiful. In its glistening winter snows, it seemed like a child's dream of fairyland.

We drove from the station to my friend's farm, through a still, sparkling-white world. The hills were like white glass. The trees were inky-black silhouettes. The half-frozen snow of the road glittered like mica. I had never seen anything lovelier!

My first few hours at my friend's farm—which stands on a hillock and commands a glorious sweep of dazzling white valley and distant, shining hills—were spent in breathless enjoyment of the beauty all around me. Then my friend called out that she was going around among the neighbors on some errands, and that if I cared to come along I could. Did I want to go along? Well! You'd have to live in the city for a while to know just how I felt.

Muffled to our noses, and slipping and sliding over the glassy ice of path and field, we laughingly made our way to the nearest farmhouse: a big, comfortable one. And right here I must confess that I spent the remainder of the morning at that one neighbor's, while my friend went about her errands. For I found, at that farm, a wide-awake, restless, talented, lonely young girl, who rebelled awfully at the monotony of life in that community and longed to get away. It wasn't (she explained) that she didn't like every one there; she did. Her family had lived there for three generations. This community—this farm—were her heritage. She loved them, in a way.

"But it's so dead here!" she said bitterly. "There's never anything going on!"

That was challenge enough for me. (You know, it really isn't safe to talk community doings—or lack of doings—in my hearing!) Off came my hat, and a few mufflers and sweaters and coats. And a moment later, my new little neighbor and I were thrashing the whole thing out.

"Haven't you any good times at all here?" I asked. "Parties, or club meetings; anything to break up the monotony? Surely there must be something!"

"Well," she confessed, "we have a club for the older people. But the young people hardly ever get together."

"Then," I replied earnestly, "it's time something was started! Why not start it yourself? You can, here in the country, where you know every neighbor for miles around. In the city—off in some little forlorn apartment—you'd find out the real meaning of loneliness. I know, for I've lived in both the country and the city. I tell you, the so-called "advantages" of the big towns can't take the place of old friends and neighbors. And as for those very "advantages," they can be had right out in the country if any community will really make an effort to have them."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

I TOLD her what certain wide-awake rural communities, scattered over the land, had accomplished. I told her about:

1. A little village in California which has had the pluck and determination to erect an "Arts Club," where ambitious young painters exhibit, musicians hold recitals, and the club gives a monthly reception (with a good program), to which the whole community is invited.

2. About a town which has built, in the woods just outside it, a little open-air theater. Here, every summer, a play or "pageant" is given, every one in the town, who will, taking part. This pageant is a source of revenue for the town. But it means far more than this. It is usually based on the history of the region. It unites the hearts and talents of all the people. And it gives the town a big interest all the year round.

3. The spelling and singing schools recently described in Adventures in Neighboring.

4. A little town in Massachusetts that started a free library from a handful of books.

5. The reading-circle, sewing-class, and athletic association we have heard of through the exchange columns of this Department.

And as I told my little rebellious, lonely neighbor about these undertakings of other plucky women, her shoulders straightened resolutely, her face lighted with eagerness, and when I left she followed me to the door, promising to "get something started" at once, no matter how simple it was.

"I wish we could have that singing-school," she laughed. "It would be lots of fun! And it might lead to bigger things!"

"Of course you can have it!" I responded. "And there's no telling what it may lead to: perhaps to a big Arts Club here, where you could study under the very best city teachers. You know," I added, "there is many an artist or musician who, if he knew you had a center of art started here, and if your club would invite him to spend a week-end out here now and then, would gladly criticize your work. All artists are idealists, and lovers of homemade cake and sleigh-rides. Try them, and see. You'll get help and advice that money couldn't buy!"

As I picked my uncertain way back toward my friend's farm, I turned for an encouraging wave. Our little neighbor was smiling at me from a window.

HERE is an adventure which will rejoice their hearts, and which may offer a hint to some thoughtful adult!

The "Want to Know" Club

For two winters I found the following idea very successful in arousing and interesting the young folks of my community.

I first sent an invitation to some thirty young people, asking them to meet at my house on a certain evening if they wished to know "Why?" Their curiosity aroused, they all came! I had the rooms decorated with question-marks, and a simple lunch ready. At table I announced my plan: that we organize ourselves into a club for study of the common things around us. I told them I had always wanted to know the "Whys and Wherefores" of the things we used every day; and suggested we find out together, having some good fun along with our study. Their response was enthusiastic. And when (to test out the "study" part of my plan) I picked up the salt-cellar, then the pepper, then some glass, and asked questions about them no one knew anything. Did they want to learn? Well, I wish you could have seen their eagerness!

We named ourselves the "Want to Know Club." As our badge, we adopted the question-mark. I was elected president, and at once arranged where we should meet next time. For our first subject I selected "Potatoes," giving out thirty topics on the potato, each member to study up and give us a little talk on his particular item. We also planned the supper for our potato meeting. It was to consist of nothing but potatoes, so we had to think hard. We decided to have them fried, baked, scalloped, made into cake and used in so many different ways that besides having fun over it, many of us learned how to use the common potato. Each member was to bring one potato item for the menu.

That potato evening was a great success. Clever decorations, and place cards (with jingles) stuck in potatoes, showed originality and imagination. We gave our talks while at the table, each one rising. It was all good fun and very informal. I started the ball rolling by giving a history of the potato bug, passing around some colored drawings. Then we had the origin of the potato, which brought in quite a bit of history; then the countries where grown; the various kinds of potato; the keeping qualities; the cultivation and handling of the various kinds; and the transportation problem. The remarks made by a young fellow about seventeen on the transportation of potatoes were wonderful, showing how thoroughly he had investigated the subject.

This potato meeting was followed by an "orange" evening, and, at Easter time, an "egg" evening. The subjects are endless, and can be made absorbing, even exciting. For this, a leader is required: some one with enthusiasm who will plan the subjects weeks in advance. For instance, we once sent to Florida for orange blossoms and facts as to how the fruit was packed.

I will not dwell further on this, but hope our successful adventure will be tried out by some other community.

MISS N. E. BARNARD.

How I should love to help start a "Want to Know" Club in certain rural communities I have lived in, where the boys had no gathering-place but the corner store, and the girls had nothing in the way of companionship. For young folks will have diversion! More and more, communities are beginning to realize this, and to provide wholesome fun right there at home. Often some one man or woman has had the vision to see this, and to get things started.

HERE is an instance of that: an adventure from a dear little Vermont neighbor who is an invalid confined to a wheel chair:

Combatting the Pool Room

Here in our town, we thought we had done everything to throw the right influences around our young folks, as we have a beautiful church and a good graded school. Yet, as we had provided no wholesome amusement, the town pool-room became a menace to our boys and young men. Here they gathered, night after night, hearing the worst sort of language and being surrounded by evil influences. I was told about this, one day, by an unhappy mother, who expressed the wish that the place should burn down. I told her we must combat the pool room by offering our boys and young men some wholesome amusement and a decent gathering-place. I promised to see what I could do to help.

I appealed to the teachers, asking them to lend a hand and keep quiet about it. They agreed gladly, and set to work. A snowshoe hike was planned, and proved to be a success. Then Union Hall was rigged up for basket ball, which met with great enthusiasm. Now our boys and young men have fine times there, instead of at the pool room, which is gradually losing its hold on them.

MRS. E. C. DANA.

Just think, dear neighbors, of the boys and young men of a whole community being helped by one delicate little woman in a wheel-chair! Doesn't it make you stop and think?

HERE, third on our program, is another delightful adventure along lines of community fun.

A Literary Society

I have been greatly interested in "Adventures in Neighboring," and thought maybe the other neighbors would like to hear what my neighborhood is doing this winter.

In a schoolhouse, ten miles from a very small town, we hold school on week days; church and Sunday school on Sundays; and our literary society on Saturday nights. The very same people, for the most part, attend all three occasions: some coming six or seven miles to be present. Our literary society is held every year during the winter months; but each year we try to add new features. This winter the society chose two leaders who, in turn, chose sides as for a spelling match, each side being required to give a program. The side giving the best program was to be served with an "oyster supper" by the losing side, outside persons acting as judges.

Well, these programs were certainly fine! They included up-to-date plays, readings, recitations, and music of various kinds. Delicious refreshments were served each evening, and a small admission fee from the audience paid all expenses. The literary society expects, in the near future, to take the best from each program and give it in a nearby town. I hope this will suggest to some other community a way of having wholesome fun.

MRS. DUNCAN CALDER.

THIS has been rather a sober meeting, dear Adventurers; but after all, life is serious for most of us right now. And besides, our earnest moments are our noblest. I hope that out of today's earnest visit will come beautiful adventures; that each one of us will hold out to some lonely or needy neighbor (between now and our meeting a fortnight hence) a "cup of cold water" in His Name.

The Redeeming of a Pirate Land

Continued from page 251

and the two plots can be bought for two thousand dollars, thus insuring a good day-school of a suitable home and a chance to grow.

Of all sad tales of missionaries, the saddest, which I hear about once a week on the average is: "When I came here, I could have bought that whole plot for——" an amount about one-fifth what the price is today. Present-day recruits to the mission field will be able to say the same thing. Prices are rising with living conditions, and the very agencies that have induced progress have suffered from it by the increased cost of land and buildings. I have never seen a single piece of mission property that is not worth much more now than it was when it was bought. Unearned increment represents a large part of missionary assets today.

China is covered with day-schools, which would not exist were it not for Christian missions. The greatest need in native evangelistic work is the ability to read and write, and this need is being ministered to by thousands of schools at which an American would laugh, but which are bringing a new day into the village life in China. Often the missionary supplies nothing for these small schools except the place in which the school is held, which is very often the dingy room of an old house. The teacher chosen is one known for his Christian character, and his only pay is what he can get in the way of tuitions. Obviously, college graduates cannot be expected to enter Christian work in this way. Sometimes the mission gives the teacher a small salary of five dollars or so a month and lets him have the tuitions that he can gather from the students. Of course, the amount of tuition is fixed by the mission. Many teachers have developed good schools under this system, but the best men are in such demand that they are usually hired outright by the mission, which hires the buildings and pays all the bills and receives what fees there are. Often the preacher and his wife assist in all types of these schools.

The interesting fact is that in thousands of dingy hovels all over China today Christian and secular instruction is being given at very little cost to thousands of the boys and girls of China, many of whom come from wealthy homes but find in such humble day-schools better instruction than anything the government is yet furnishing. Government competition in this field is rapidly improving, according to the plan advocated by C. T. Wang, of building the educational system on the lines of a pyramid, with a broad, strong foundation, rather than spending public money on universities and colleges. China does not need university graduates as much as it needs a populace that can read and write. Primary schools are inexpensive and efficient. Here is where the first big competition between mission and government schools will come.

THE big Chinese merchant is as honest as a December day is long. He is even more honest than that, and his word is as good as his bond. The big Japanese merchant is as honest as any man is whose practice is to kill the goose every time he sells a box of matches. The Japanese servant is as honest as any one I know, including fraternity brothers who "borrow" what they need from a fellow's wardrobe. The Chinese servant has to have shifty eyes in order to watch his master and find ways of beating him at the same time. Even the missionary, in saving the morals of an entire race, is too busy to prevent his servant from making a "squeeze" play every now and then. Some of them even steal home while the missionary snoozes and allows petty dishonesty to flourish under his own roof. A missionary has to eat, and cooks are few and far between; so he preaches while his cook practices.

No one can explain the paradox of Sino-Japanese honesty, so my snap judgment may be as good as the next one's. The big Chinese merchants have learned through the centuries that honesty is the best policy, and they act accordingly. Japanese servants know that dishonesty and a jail record are consecutive experiences, so they are honest. The Japanese merchant was formerly a social outcast who had to use his wits to beat the gentry, and he has not yet learned that steady trade is better than immediate profits. The Chinese servant lives among soft-hearted people in a land where the police system and department of justice are not well developed. As far as non-Christian lands are concerned honesty is not a race characteristic but a result of long experience. The Chinese have a tendency toward gambling, and the most honest merchant may be too avaricious to be a good banker.

The most surprising thing to me in Japan was the large variety of opinion and feeling on various questions. I had supposed that Japan thought and acted as a unit. But there seems to be no more unity of thoughts and desires than there is in the United States. Japan is undergoing an evolution which is the result not of unity but of difference of opinion. In all things except those directly connected with the emperor, the Japanese are developing through conflict of diverse desires and beliefs.

In Chusan, on the other hand, the thing that impresses me most of all is the sameness of outlook and thought. Peking is a distant city. Politics is the game of the few. Political movements concern only a certain class. Meanwhile, China plods along just as she has plodded, filthy, immovable, satisfied with little, untouched with modern thought. Enough examples can be found to prove that this is not entirely true, and this opinion is given not as a universal truth, but as a contrast with life in Japan.

Leaders in China are seeking democracy and a republican form of government with a zeal that cannot be matched in Japan, where a party of elder statesmen and a divine emperor form a strong conservative class. In Japan, the people are progressive, the government conservative. In China, the government is so progressive that it cannot catch up with itself, but the land holds uncounted millions of those who welcome any change that makes life more comfortable, but who are strongly conservative in every way. The Japanese are light and vivacious. The Chinese are heavy and solid. The one accomplishes. The other endures.

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IN a recent union tabernacle meeting Evangelist E. J. Forsythe, a member of the Interdenominational Association of Evangelists, had unusual opportunity to present to the people the cause of patriotism and to make an appeal for renewed and increased Christian consecration.

Dr. Forsythe has two sons who have been associated with him in evangelistic work, both of whom have joined the army as soldiers and are now overseas with the Canadian forces; and along with them went Mr. J. H. Rhodes, who has been pianist with the party for several years. These three young men were in the tabernacle service on Friday night prior to their departure for Europe. At the close of the sermon Dr. Forsythe asked these young men to come to the front and reconsecrate themselves fully to Christ for service, not only for their country but also for the Master. As soon as they had responded to the call he asked for all young men under twenty-five years of age who were Christians and who desired to make a full surrender of their lives to God to come and stand with them, and in an instant many responded. Then a call was made for all young men under twenty-five who would accept the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour and King to come forward, and again the response was immediate and large. The young men coming under these calls completely filled the space in front of the platform. It was a wonderful service and made a deep impression upon all those present.

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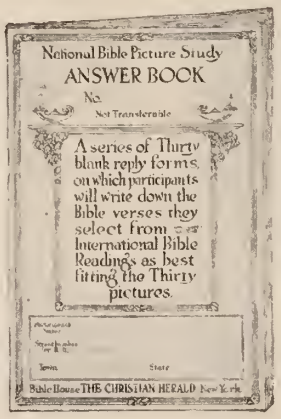

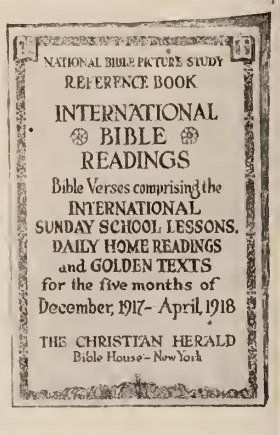

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General Pershing Calls for More Chaplains

THE following cablegram has been received at the War Department, Washington, D. C.:

"To the Adjutant General, Washington, For the Secretary of War.

"1. In the fulfillment of its duty to the nation, much is expected of our army, and nothing should be left undone that will help in keeping it in the highest state of efficiency. I believe the personnel of the army has never been equalled and the conduct has been excellent; but to overcome entirely the conditions found here requires fortitude born of great courage and lofty spiritual ideas. Counting myself responsible for the welfare of our men in every respect, it is my desire to surround them with the best influence possible. In the fulfillment of this solemn trust, it seems wise to request the aid of the churches at home.

"2. To this end it is recommended that the number of chaplains in the army be increased for the war to an average of three per regiment, with assimilated rank of major and captain in due proportion, and that a number be assigned in order to be available for such detached duty as may be required. Men selected should be of the highest character, with reputations well established as sensible, practical, active ministers or workers, accustomed to dealing with young men. They should be in vigorous health, as their services will be needed under most trying circumstances. Appointees should of course be subject to discharges for inefficiency, like other officers of the National Army.

"It is my purpose to give the chaplain corps through these forces a definite and responsible status and to outline, direct and enlarge their work into co-operative and useful aid to the troops.

(Signed) PERSHING"

"Mother" Clarke, Soul-Winner

WHEN Dr. Philip Yarrow arose to speak at the funeral of Mrs. Sarah D. Clarke, "Mother" of the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago, recently, he quietly said: "Here lies one of the great women in the history of the church." Many sons and daughters of the mission and many Christian workers, among whom was Mrs. William A. Sunday, wife of Billy Sunday, who was converted at the Pacific Garden Mission, were gathered at the funeral service, which was held in the First Congregational Church, Morgan Park, Ill.

Mrs. Clarke, when a young woman, upon the solicitation of a college friend, determined to become a Christian. A few years later, seeking lost souls became the passion of her life.

After the great fire in 1871, in Chicago, most of the churches did not rebuild in the business district of the city, a condition which left little invitation to a better life for those who had fallen low in sin in that section of Chicago. Among these "down-and-outs" Colonel and Mrs. Clarke began their work. "A little room with a seating capacity of about forty; a few wooden benches; a wheezy organ; some home-made mottoes and oil lamps hanging on the side walls, comprised our paraphernalia," wrote Mrs. Clarke, describing their first quarters. While her husband preached, she would go about in the audience of drunken and rough men to keep order, and many a boisterous fellow was quieted by the presence of the calm but authoritative little woman.

Since that year, 1877, up to the present time, the Pacific Garden Mission has kept its doors open every night to all who wished to enter. At times when finances were low and the mission could not hold its own, Mrs. Clarke gave up her little trinkets and valued personal articles which she had received in former days, that the mission might not be forced to close its doors. For 6,000 nights, in all kinds of weather, in company with her husband, and after his death alone, she went daily from Morgan Park to Chicago, to the mission which she loved more than any other spot in the world. For thirty years she never failed to pray in the Cook County jail with every criminal who was condemned for murder.

Six years before her death she was incapacitated for work by an injury, but she sat daily in her room in Morgan Park and wrote letters to "her children," as she called the converts of the mission, and unceasingly prayed for them. "It takes a long time to pray," she would say. "There's a whole country to pray for. I must pray first for those in prison, in the jails and penal institutions; then for the saloon keepers, that they might be converted."

Among the hundreds whom Mrs. Clarke together with her husband helped out of darkness into light were Billy Sunday, the late Harry Monroe, and "Mel" Trotter, the two last-named being well known Rescue Mission workers.

E. S. SCHUSTER.

The World's Coal

THE National City Bank of New York has issued a compilation which shows that the coal output of the United States in 1917 is greater than that of any previous year, being nearly 45 per cent. of the total world production. In 1860 we produced less than 10 per cent., or only 15,000,000 short tons; in 1917 our production is estimated at 650,000,000 short tons. Practically all the anthracite coal is mined in Pennsylvania, which is by far the largest coal-producing state. The estimated supply of the United States is 3,527,000,000,000 short tons, China coming next with 1,500,000,000,000, of which she mined in 1913 a scant 15,432,000 tons. Great as is our production, we have taken out since 1800, when coal mining commenced, only about one-half of one per cent. of the original supply. While we have the largest supply and the largest production, our exports are less than other countries with a smaller supply, Great Britain and Germany, with 82,000,000 and 37,000,000 short tons respectively in 1913, both excelling the United States with only 23,000,000 short tons. In 1917, however, we have increased our exports by about 20 per cent. Before the war the steamships of the world consumed about 75,000,000 tons a year, valued at about $250,000,000. The total amount is now probably much less, on account of the smaller number of vessels and the increased use of oil as fuel.

Christian Science Replies

IN your issue of December 26, the reverend doctor who discussed "The End of the Age and How to Meet It" makes reference to Christian Science and other forms of Theosophy and Buddhism, with the same lack of warrant that is found in the implication that this religion has gained its hold in the world through "woman's susceptibility." In classifying Christian Science with Theosophy and Buddhism he has fallen into the common error of grouping religious beliefs which have nothing whatsoever in common. Between the teachings of Christ Jesus, which the Christian Scientist constantly strives to emulate, and the doctrine of the reincarnation of Theosophy, the Nirvana and Karma of Buddhism, there is a gulf as wide as that between the philosophy of Plato and the Gospel of St. John. Christian Science is the religion of Love, the teaching and practice of Jesus reproduced in the twentieth century and demonstrated as the way to present-day salvation. Whether its hold is due to woman's susceptibility may be judged from attending the Sunday services and Wednesday evening meetings, or public lectures, where will be found as large a percentage of men as in any other religious denomination, and among them a goodly sprinkling of business and professional men, who find in this teaching the religion of the Master exemplified and made plain.

New York City. ALBERT F. GILMORE.

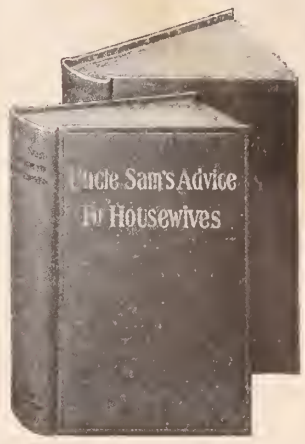
People who are always talking about doing their share have the arithmetic of life figured down mighty fine.

We may talk of streets of gold and gates of pearl, but the presence of Christ and the absence of sin will make heaven.

DO YOU KNOW

MOTHER—How to make a homemade fireless cooker?
FATHER—How to plant a vegetable garden?
DAUGHTER—How to can home-products for sale?
SON—How a homemade "drier" for fruits and vegetables is constructed?
ALL THE FAMILY—How to cut the meat bills down? What food little children require? How to store farm produce? What "goodies" honey will make? What a cheap, nourishing meal is? How to keep food in a small apartment? How to preserve eggs? What to put in the school lunch-box? How to make cheese serve for more expensive food? How the new breads are made?

IF NOT, CONSULT



Uncle Sam's Advice to Housewives

That Book of a Thousand Helps Which Not Alone the Housewife but

EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

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A Book for Home Folks, Compiled from Government Bulletins and Endorsed by the Food Administration and the United States Department of Agriculture

Uncle Sam's Advice to Housewives (a beautifully bound book in two volumes) is the first collection of United States Household Bulletins ever brought out in book form.

While some of these bulletins may be had free of cost from the government, others would have to be paid for.

By buying these two volumes, you procure (in condensed, everyday, practical form) the very best household and home helps Uncle Sam has ever thought up for the assistance of Mrs. America.

All the "theoretical" talk has been—for your benefit—eliminated from the bulletins enclosed within the covers of these two valuable volumes. So that only the most "homey," practical, usable information has been retained.

These books are not a set of food-conservation orders, although some hints along this line have been included. These books are not the kind you will put in the glass-lined bookcase out of the dust. For you will find them too helpful for that. Eventually they will find their way to your kitchen shelf—just where you can seize them when there is something you want to know that a cook-book cannot tell you—for instance—

How to fashion, quickly and from the materials at hand, a homemade fireless cooker!
How to cook cabbage so it will not upset the digestion of the family!
What to put in the children's lunch-basket so that they will be sufficiently nourished!
How to make yesterday's left-overs into a palatable soup!

These are only a few random hints. There are hundreds of others, applicable to everyday home-kitchen needs. There is a whole chapter on "cheese," for instance; and one on "honey," and another on making "bread" at home. And in the chapter on "meats," there are splendid suggestions as to cutting down the meat bills, without lessening the nourishment, by combining meat with other foods, extending its flavor and nutritive qualities.

And Do You Know, Also

That this is not alone a book of kitchen hints—not alone (despite its title) a book for the womenfolks?

That every member of the family will enjoy the book and find in it the answer to some vexing problem?

The young mother will find a wonderfully illuminating chapter on "food for young children."

The high-school girl will find some of the most delectable (and economical) candy receipts in existence. And she will learn, too, in the "honey" chapter how to prepare new refreshments (at little cost) for her next party.

The father of a family, or an enterprising son, will find—in the remarkable chapter on "The Home Vegetable Garden"—full directions, down to the smallest detail, for the planting and raising of a kitchen garden.

The housewife, with more fruit on hand than the family can use while fresh, will find here two splendid methods of canning—the sort of canning that never spoils and which can be placed on the market if the housewife so desires.

Any member of the family, after reading this book, can store (so that there will be no danger of spoilage) or dry for future use all vegetables and fruits not eaten or canned. Full descriptions of how to make the storehouses and how to construct the driers are given.

Pickling, salting, and the preserving of eggs are made so clear—in certain chapters in this book—that a child could follow the directions.

And last, but by no means least, the book states clearly, simply, just what food, and what daily amounts (roughly speaking) the average family requires for its daily health. Are we eating too much—these days? Perhaps not. But it may be that we are eating the wrong foods, if we would avoid doctor's bills and not empty the family purse. There is a chapter devoted to this practical question.

And so, a "word to the wise is sufficient." We would like our subscribers to have the benefit of obtaining this book, at these rates. And this notice is merely to let you know that requests for this book are coming in from the general public. These requests we cannot very well ignore. And the edition is limited. So—if you have any intention of buying *Uncle Sam's Advice to Housewives*, enter your order at once.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York

A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 250

Wilson's war aims, declared that all Britain was solidly back of him, and expressed his sorrow at the loss of life on the Tuscania.

Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, former British Ambassador to Washington, died suddenly at Ottawa, Canada, on February 14. He had served his nation in various diplomatic posts for over twenty years, being appointed Ambassador at Washington in 1912.

250,000 FOR SHIPYARDS. During the week of February 10, the Emergency Fleet Corporation, acting through the State Councils of National Defense, engaged in a nation-wide endeavor to enroll 250,000 metal-workers, electrical workers, carpenters and ship-builders, not for immediate work in the yards, but as a labor reserve from which men may be called as the yards are ready to put them to work. The first half of the week saw thousands of men of all ages and of every nationality crowding the registration office, the week ending with about half of the desired number enrolled. The registration of men was continued.

COMMERCE BOWS TO WAR. President Wilson on February 15 issued a proclamation making effective on the following day a license system covering the entire export and import trade of the nation. The action was taken in the interest of the public safety. The Shipping Board, the War Trade Board, the Railroad administration, the Food administration and the War and Navy Departments will cooperate in the reorganization of American Commerce necessary under the proclamation. It is expected that the reorganization of routes and the elimination of relatively unnecessary imports and exports, with the full utilization of the 500,000 tons of neutral shipping under American charter, will release about 1,000,000 tons of ships for use in the transporting of men and materials to France.

The Progress of the War

THE principal events of the War during the past week have occurred along what was once the Eastern front. Germany and her Allies finally succeeded in making a peace treaty with the Ukrainian People's Republic, the treaty being signed at Brest-Litovsk on February 11. The treaty provided for the ending of the state of war, for an evacuation of occupied territories, and for the institution of diplomatic and consular relations. The contracting parties mutually renounced reimbursements of their war costs and prisoners of war were to be allowed to return home or to move freely. The item of principal interest in this treaty was the last which provided for the immediate resumption of economic relations and the exchange of goods.

The Republic of the Ukrainia will embrace the former Ukrainia, Volhynia and part of Russian Poland. Ukrainian territory in the Austrian province of Galicia in which there are 4,000,000 Ukrainians will remain under the Austrian flag.

The population of the Ukrainian Republic is in the neighborhood of 28,000,000, and it is possible that the food stuffs in storage in this granary of Russia may somewhat relieve the stress of hunger in the Central Empires.

Trotzky and the Bolshevist representatives refused to conclude a peace with Germany on the terms proposed by the German representatives. Instead Trotzky announced that a state of peace had ensued between Russia and the Central Powers and that the Russian army, except a force retained as a border guard, would be demobilized. Later came reports that demobilization had been halted and that a Red Guard was being organized for the defense of the revolution. By refusing to sign any commitment Trotzky placed the German occupying forces in a peculiar position. They were practically in the position of having secured something and not knowing what to do with it, and it became apparent as the facts were studied by both Teuton and Allied observers that it would be necessary for Germany to maintain a considerable force of men along the old battle-line until some definite assurance could be obtained against an invasion of the occupied provinces by the Russian Revolutionary Army. A German army council at Imperial headquarters was reported on February 15 to have decided that the attitude of Trotzky and the expiration of the armistice on February 14 restored the former state of war. Resumption of military activity was suggested with Petrograd as its ultimate objective. The Central Powers were reported to have given an ultimatum to Rumania demanding that she conclude peace. This was later denied, although it was said that Rumania had been offered the Russian province of Bessarabia, which her troops now occupy, in exchange for the Dobrudga now occupied by the Bulgarians. The Rumanian cabinet resigned on February 10. Until Germany succeeds in eliminating Rumania she will need to maintain a considerable army also on the old southeastern front.

In Italy the Italians and Allied artillery were kept busy during the week repulsing attempts of the Austrians to regain the positions recently lost west of the Brenta River.

The front in France and Belgium became increasingly active during this week, and Secretary Baker, in his regular review of the military situation, declared that the signs more and more pointed toward the imminence of the great German offensive which has been expected since December.

Berlin reported on February 9 the capture of American prisoners near Xivray, 10 miles east of St. Mihiel. Gen. Pershing reported on the same day that an American patrol had been ambushed in No Man's Land on the preceding night and that 5 Americans had been killed, that 4 were missing and one wounded.

All along the Western front the mutual "body grabbing" raids have been in progress each side seeking to secure persons from the other in order to identify the troops facing them. In these raids the Allies seem to have had slightly the best of it.

The French, in a raid which amounted to a minor attack, eliminated a German salient south of Tahure in the Champagne on February 13, attacking and penetrating enemy trenches over a front of half a mile to the depth of over 1200 yards, organizing the ground gained. The Germans did not counter attack. 177 prisoners were taken. French army headquarters reported that in this attack "Very effective support" had been rendered by American batteries, although it was not stated whether these batteries were working under direct American command or were batteries in training serving under French general officers.

The English made raids in the Cambrai area and in the neighborhood of Lens.

During the week submarines sank 13 British vessels of over 1600 tons, 6 under that tonnage and 3 fishing craft. The Italian losses were 4 steamers of more than 1600 tons.

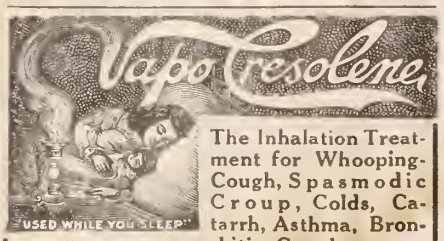
It was officially announced on February 13 that against the submarine losses, for the first year of ruthless warfare of 6,000,000 tons, the total output in Great Britain had been 1,164,374 tons and in the United States 901,223 tons, or a total of 2,064,697 tons; about one-third of the losses.

An attempt on the part of the opposition in the British Parliament to place the government in an uncomfortable position failed on February 13 by a vote of 159 to 28. Various attempts were made in the Commons to embarrass the government by forcing from Lloyd George more details of the powers of Versailles Supreme War Council than he thought should be given at that time. The Premier replied that the decisions of the council had been unanimously concurred in by the representatives of Allied nations present at the conference and that Sir Douglas Haig and Sir William Robertson were present and were in full agreement with the others as to the military operations to be undertaken. While refusing to state what these plans were the Premier indicated that the armies of all the Allies were to be united against the enemy.

During the past 3 weeks the German submarines have sunk 3 Spanish vessels and have attacked an Italian vessel in Spanish waters. The Spanish government has protested over these violations of her neutrality.

On February 14 Paul Bolo, known as Bolo Pacha, before a court-martial in Paris, was convicted of high treason and sentenced to death.

German torpedo boat destroyers, on the night of February 14, made a raid in the Straits of Dover, overwhelming a patrol fleet of British drifters and trawlers out hunting a submarine which had been sighted. In a 45-minute action one trawler and 7 drifters were sunk.



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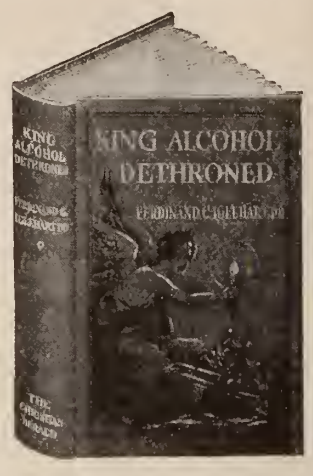
"King Alcohol Dethroned"

"King Alcohol Dethroned"

By

DR. FERDINAND C. IGLEHART



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Here is what Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan have to say about "King Alcohol Dethroned":

From Theodore Roosevelt

My dear Dr. Iglehart:

I thank you for the copy of "King Alcohol Dethroned" and appreciate your sending it to me. I wish to congratulate you on what has happened in Congress and the success that is crowning your long fight against alcoholism. The American saloon has been one of the most mischievous elements in American social, political and industrial life. No man has warred more valiantly against it than you have, and I am glad that it has been my privilege to stand with you in the contest.

Faithfully yours,
Theodore Roosevelt.

From William Jennings Bryan

My dear Dr. Iglehart:

I write to thank you for the great service you have rendered the cause of temperance and prohibition in giving to the public the results of your experience and observation in your book entitled "King Alcohol Dethroned." It comes out just at the right time to aid in securing the ratification of the amendment recently submitted. It deserves, and doubtless will have, a large sale. And what joy you must feel in the certainty of an early victory for the reform for which you have toiled so long and so faithfully. You have been a pioneer in the greatest moral movement of this generation, and, having endured the pioneer's sacrifices, no one will begrudge you the pioneer's reward. I congratulate you upon having lived to join in the shouts of triumph and to receive the credit due you for foresight and courage.

I am, Very truly yours,
W. J. Bryan.

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Or, we will send a copy to present subscribers as a reward for sending us one new yearly subscription to the Christian Herald with..... **$2.00**

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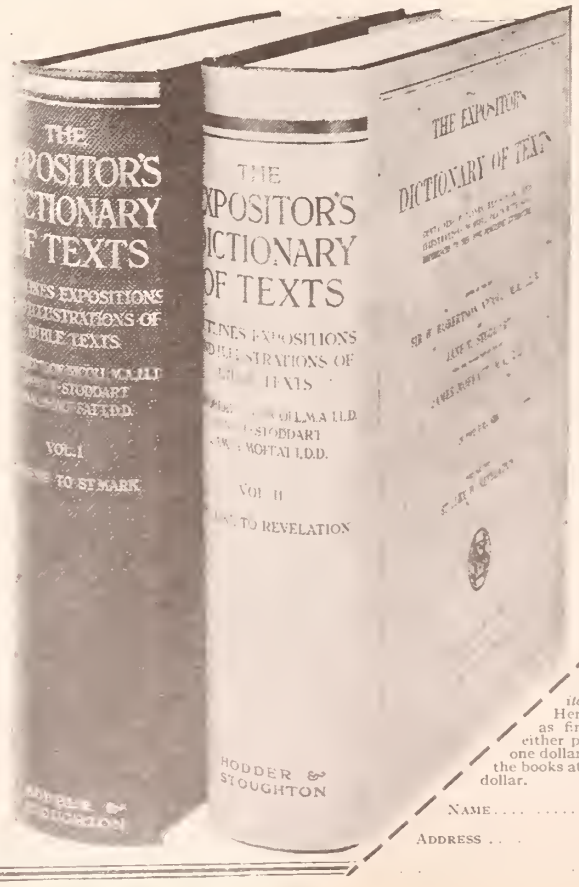

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The Venice of peace times, one of the streets which you do not have to navigate

How Venice Faced the Danger

Removed Its Priceless Art Treasures, Sent Off Its Surplus Population, and Stripped for Defense

By REV. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, D.D., Venice

VENICE, I believe, has been saved. Every day that passes renders it less likely that the Germans and Austrians will reach it, so that our hope of its security is daily strengthened. But a few weeks ago things looked differently. Then the Germans, on the left bank of the Piave River, near where it falls into the Adriatic, were within twelve miles of the city. As their big guns carry thirty miles, they might have "held up" Venice; but providentially they had no big guns there. Still, the danger of invasion seemed so imminent that the admiral in command (for Venice is under naval, not military authority) thought it well to order the evacnation of the city.

We British and Americans were first asked to leave for places of safety. Then a census was taken of the Italian population, so that boat and railway accommodation might be provided for them, and all panic and confusion avoided. As two-thirds of the population could not afford to pay railway fares, at their present high rate, free passes had to be provided for them; besides which, as a large proportion of these could not afford to live out of Venice, lodgings and food had to be secured also. Finally all things were arranged, and in the course of little over a week, 100,000 had gone—many poor people by boat to Ancona, Rimini, and other places on the Adriatic coast, and others to Genoa, Florence, Rome, and winter resorts on the Riviera.

SHOPS were then closed. Banks and insurance offices removed their valuables and archives to other cities, where they had branch establishments. The Caffé Florian, which all travelers know, in the Piazza San Marco, closed its doors, which had been open Sunday and Saturday for a hundred years!

Then the authorities had to think of the public monuments. The Minister of Public Instruction was communicated with, who at once sent experts to advise and assist. First attention was directed to St. Mark's Horses—as Samnel Rogers calls them

> "The four steeds divine,
> That strike the gronnd, resounding with their feet,
> And from their nostrils snort etherial fire."

When Italy declared war on Austria in May, 1915, they were taken down from the terrace above the main portal of St. Mark's Church, and stabled under an arch on the ground floor of the Ducal Palace. But now, this would not obviate their being carried off to Vienna or Berlin, should the Huns reach Venice, just as Napoleon carried them off to Paris in 1797. Accordingly, they were removed from the Doge's Palace, put on board a war-ship and taken to Ancona. There they were unshipped, conveyed to the railway station, and sent off to Rome, where they arrived safely a few days ago. In Rome they have found a quiet and secure resting-place in the old Castle of St. Angelo, across the Tiber, where it is to be hoped they will remain until victory crowns the efforts of the Allies and peace returns to the world, when they will make a return journey to Venice.

PERHAPS I may here be allowed to rectify a very prevalent error in regard to "St. Mark's Horses." They are generally spoken of as made of bronze, and if so, they must have been cast. Bnt there is no bronze about them and they were not cast. They are made of the finest copper, and were beaten out—by hand in sections. I have often traced and pointed out to American travelers the zig-zag joinings of the pieces. Of course, these were at one time invisible; for the horses were covered with a thick coating of pure gold. But that has gone, to a large extent, having been scraped off by French and Austrian soldiers.

ANOTHER statue that has been conveyed by sea and land safely to Rome is the great equestrian one of the famous General Colleoni, which stood on its lofty pedestal in the Campo of S. S. Giovanni e Paolo. Ruskin says of it: "I do not believe there is a more glorious work of sculpture existing in the world." This statue is, of course, of bronze, and was modelled by the Florentine sculptor and painter Andrea Verrocchio in 1481, assisted by his more famous pupil, Leonardo da Vinci. After Verrocchio's death, it was cast in bronze by Leopardi. There is a story told to the effect that when Leopardi had finished his work, he qnarrelled with the republic over it. As he could not come to a settlement he knocked off the horse's head and escaped to Florence. The republic ordered him to return, but he refused, saying: "I have knocked off the horse's head, it is trne, but I can put it on again; bnt if I come to Venice and you take off my head, you could not put it on again." The republic forgave him, assured him of his life and reward, and he returned and finished his work. Other monuments that have been removed are those of King Victor Emmanuel on the Riva dei Schavoni, and of Fra Paolo Sarpi, in Campo Fosca. Then the bells of San Marco have been taken down from the lofty Campanile and sent off to safety. So also have most of the bells of all the churches throughout the city. I do not speak of the pictures which were in the Belle Arte, and in the different museums and churches, for these were all sent away over a couple of years ago, because of the danger of their destruction from the air.

I HAVE said, in the opening sentence of this letter, that I believe Venice is now safe. Let me now give my reasons for saying so. Venice on three sides, north, south, and east, is surrounded by widespreading,

shallow lagoons. Through these wind water-ways (canali) deep enough for big ships to navigate, and which are marked off by groups of thick poles (pali) driven deeply into their banks. But even with these, no ships dare enter without a pilot. Pull up these "pali," as the old republic did when Venice was threatened from the sea—as for example by King Pepin—and no boat could possibly get near the city. Of course, with modern cannon, that would be no defense today; but in the lagoons there are Italian battleships and English monitors, and in the Adriatic ships of all the Allies are keeping watch and ward. The coastline to the north is not far distant, only some twelve miles. Travelers who visit Torcello, the island nearest it, can follow its outline quite easily. But I do not suppose any Americans have ever tried to reach it. They would find it impossible to land. There are miles of marsh, thickly covered with reeds and brushwood. An enemy could never come through it. But that is Venice's northern line of natural defense, which, of course, is strengthened by Italian gunboats and English monitors. These can throw shells twenty and thirty miles landward, and so they have steadily driven the Germans farther away—northward up the left bank of the Piave River, and eastward from it. Besides this, the banks of the Piave have been cut, and the land for miles on either side of the river has been inundated. This was rendered possible by the fact that these rivers—the Piave, Sile and Tagliamento—as they flow across the Venetian plains, are not in beds below the level of the surrounding land, far less in ravines, but, owing to the amount of débris they bring down from the Dolomites, their beds have been raised ten, twenty, thirty and even forty feet above the level of the fields by their banks. Enormously broad, high banks of stone and soil keep the water in its place. The difficulty is not to inundate the country, but to prevent it from being inundated! I have seen boats slung from tree branches, to be used by the peasants in the event of the rivers bursting their banks in times of flood, which they too often do.

THE one chance that the enemy has to reach Venice is by Mestre, from the west. That is what they hoped to do. Indeed, they were so sure of effecting this, that the Kaiser granted the request of the Sultan, that he should fly the Crescent from the top of St. Mark's Campanile on Christmas Day! Christmas Day is long past, and not only are they not nearer this goal, but they are farther from it. The defenses to the west of the city are unusually strong. English, French and Italian troops are there, vigilant and courageous. We feel our fear rebuked by Isaiah's words: "Who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, and hast feared every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy? And where is the fury of the oppressor?" Our confidence is "the Lord will keep the city," that he will put "his hook in the nose of our enemy, and his bridle in his lips, and turn him back by the way by which he came."

Venice, January 18, 1918

Caring for Venice's Refugees

PAUL U. KELLOGG, in the Survey, gives a description of the work of the American Red Cross in helping to engineer an organized evacuation from Venice. This opportunity had been seized for the American Red Cross by the American consul, B. Harvey Carroll. "Early in November," he writes, "the Red Cross headquarters in Rome had dispatched him 65,000 lire, and he had drawn on it to help refugees reaching Venice from the invaded districts to the north; to keep going, under the American flag, a comfort station at Mestre, a junction point on the mainland, which had reached the last of its resources and through which refugees and exhausted and wounded soldiers were passing in a stream; also to open an American Red Cross comfort station at Chioggia, where the Venetian refugees were boarding the trains; and, more especially, through three gifts of ten thousand lire each, to assist in transplanting the organized work of institutions which in the many months of war had provided employment for the unemployed. . . . With Red Cross funds he had gotten together supplies and manned the canteen, with his two consulate assistants.

"At first they had to buy piecemeal ten loaves of bread here, ten there, and canned foods. But the market was easier in Venice, because so many people had gone; he had secured authorization to buy wholesale, and now wanted to organize buying for storage for any emergency and for use in the further evacuation. The canteen had been able to provide meals at a cost of one lire per person—less than fifteen cents. It provided hot coffee to the grown people and hot milk for the babies; hot soup, bread and meat or bread and cheese, with a few special delicacies for invalids. Each family was given a bag to put goods in, and these were carted from the boats to the cars. There they were turned over to the owners, who looked after them on the long trip, for so congested was the travel that sometimes two or four days were spent in getting down the coast. In this way, 8,000 people had been transported in the last ten days, and the American Red Cross canteen had fed as many as two thousand in twenty-four hours and provided food for them en route. . . . We left with Consul Carroll the sum of 200,000 lire for supplies and assistance to the migrating Venetian groups.

"Next we went, by many turnings, past closed shops and along calli with but few passersby, to the Teatro la Fenice, where the Commitato Civile had its headquarters. Here the people came for the tickets that would get them transportation, or food if they were to remain. We passed through a knot of black-shawled women clogging the little alleyway, and a guard of soldiers was drawn up in the open space at the entrance. Women, old men and children were waiting their turn on the stairs or in the corridors.

"The first work of the committee was for soldiers' families, but it soon broadened out along many lines. It helped float the loan in Venice with one hand, and carried on a sanitary campaign with the other. It had raised something like 3,000,000 lire from voluntary contributions to carry on general civilian relief and provide work.

"The well-to-do people of Venice are not industrialists who make their money, but people who inherit from old families. These had decreased rents and otherwise helped out during the war poverty, but with this class largely gone, little was coming in now to tide the committee over their great emergency. It was maintaining ten popular kitchens. Eight days before, it had been giving fifty thousand rations; today, so swift had come the need, it had given twenty; and altogether, through free distributions and economic sales, it was providing for 15,000 families, or 60,000 people.

"So it had come about, in the present emergency, that the committee had broadened its work once more and taken up the responsibility of functioning in connection with the evacuation of the city."

The great horses of St. Mark's

Questions on Prophecy Answered

By JAMES M. GRAY, D.D., Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has asked for another series of articles on Prophecy, which I am glad to furnish, and with gratitude to God that the preceding ones found so wide a reading and that their ministry was blessed. Naturally they gave rise to questions, some of which the editors forwarded to me and which I will try to answer in this and the following article before launching further into the new series.

A number of the questions revealed unfamiliarity with the Bible, especially when we reflect upon the efforts of the last half century or more to extend its study in the Sunday schools. Indirectly they impressed one with the great need of a weekly periodical like the Christian Herald going into many homes, and the great responsibility upon its management to see that its readers get "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

A few of the questions were not really questions but just expressions of dissent from some of the views presented. For example: that the Jewish nation would be rehabilitated in Palestine proved a surprise to some, and even intelligent and educated people were found capable of so reading the Bible on that subject as to make it teach the very opposite to the truth. This may be discussed again more at length in a later article, as the successes of British arms in that quarter of the world, and especially the capture of Jerusalem, make it a very live subject just now.

However, a moment is taken at this point to answer a single question upon it. One inquirer asked, evidently in no contentious spirit and with a serious intent, "Who are meant by them that had fallen down that Jesus will come again to raise up?" The reference is to Acts 15 : 16, and the teaching there is that "the tabernacle of David" is in mind, or in other words, the kingdom over which David reigned. This kingdom, which is the kingdom of Israel, has fallen down; it has gone out of existence for the time being; but when Jesus comes again its ruins will be repaired and it will be set up on the earth once more. In that day Israel will become the great missionary nation to other peoples, and through her testimony "the residue of men" (i. e. the Gentiles) will "seek after the Lord." Read the whole chapter down to verse 18.

ANOTHER theme whose treatment brought unhappiness to some was that of the apostasy and the Antichrist. That Babylon means the papacy and that the man of sin is the Pope, is one of the beliefs of the Reformation period that is still held by not a few with more tenacity even than the doctrine of justification by faith itself. There was good reason for the Reformers feeling keenly on that subject, and good excuse for their misunderstanding the Scriptures concerning it; but history, to say nothing of Sacred Writ, has proved them to be wrong. We know how erroneous is the teaching of Roman Catholicism as compared with the Bible and how soul-destroying it is. And we know also that the character and conduct of its hierarchy in many places closely resembles what the Bible teaches about Antichristianity and the Antichrist. But to closely resemble a thing is not the same as being the thing itself.

In the fulfilment of prophecy three-fourths of the evidence is not enough. To reach a conclusion on that basis breeds all sorts of confusion. The prophecy must be fulfilled completely, if God's Word shall be honored and our faith sustained. We do not hesitate to say that Roman Catholicism is a daughter of Babylon whose features resemble her mother's very closely, but still the daughter and the mother are not identical.

AN exception is made here in order to discuss one of the letters we have received on this subject. It is a little longer than most, but in other respects quite typical. The correspondent refers to the Pope's assumption to be the "vicar of Christ," and says, "his assertion is Antichrist." Of course he does not mean just that, because it would negative his contention. The Antichrist, whoever he may be, is a person and not an "assertion" merely. But what the correspondent means is that such an assertion on the Pope's part is anti-Christian, with which we fully agree. Indeed, the whole system of Roman Catholicism is anti-Christian, and as such it is one of the contributing elements, and a strong one, in creating a political and religious situation favorable to the rise of the Antichrist; but this is different from saying that the Pope himself is that person. At another place in his letter the correspondent quotes Paul as saying that "this whole popery is an untruth, a lie, hence is Antichrist." But he does not mean just that

Continued on page 291

Ourselves as South Americans See Us

By CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER

"IN temperament and traditions North and South America are worlds apart," said a keen Brazilian in answer to my question as to the differences between the Latin Americans and the inhabitants of the United States. In these days, when the two Americas are being brought inevitably closer to each other in trade and political matters, when the new routes of communication for travelers and the new alignments consequent upon war conditions are being cemented, it is important for both parts of the Western Hemisphere to give thought to those mental and spiritual understandings without which it is certain there can be no lasting international cooperation.

He who travels widely in the Latin American countries today and meets the keen, cultured, alert men and women who stand for the leadership of state, of society and thought in these regions, is soon impressed with at least two convictions: first, that we here in the United States have often made the mistake of thinking of these people as connected only with revolutions and the red-hot tropics; and second, that by reason of their traditional emphasis upon literary, legal and artistic pursuits inherited largely from European sources, the Latin Americans are fitted to teach us something. They can show us a quality of courtesy and consideration of the feelings of others. They have produced some of the best jurists and diplomatists of this hemisphere. Their home life and their love of children, their care for their dependents, their hospitality, and their devotion to the beautiful, whether in the love for flowers and dress, or in the construction of business houses and palatial homes, are all matters which we of the more practical, efficient North may study with benefit to ourselves. These people emphasize friendship to such an extent that it is difficult to do business in Latin America without friends. As it is often stated, "If the South American really likes you, your success is certain." He will sacrifice in a financial way in order to do business with a man whom he likes, that is, a man who is willing to understand his ways, who is not rude or crude, and who mixes politeness with his trading ability.

ONE typical Latin American of the higher class stated thus to me his idea of the difference between themselves and us: "We are Latins in our likes and ambitions; you are Anglo-Saxons. There is a distinct difference in the attack upon the same problem — the problem of life. You like to work along practical lines, and you make business of first importance; even your homes, your pleasures and your mental and spiritual satisfactions come secondary. We here in South America, by reason partly of climate and inheritances from our forefathers in Spain and Portugal, do not lay stress on working as you do. Industries do not come as naturally to us. Letters and politics are easily accepted by our temperament. We like to get the most possible out of life in connection with our pleasures and our friends. In other words, you live to work, while we work in order to live."

We Americans may not altogether agree with this analysis of the situation, but it is doubtless the attitude of many thoughtful men in the republics south of us. These look upon the United States as a tremendous business and industrial country. It is to them a new country. If they want modern machinery or other modern utilities, they turn to us. But when they wish to spend a holiday, or wish models for clothes, or social usages, or books, or languages, they turn to Europe, the great capitals of Paris, Vienna, Rome, Madrid or Lisbon. In each one of these old centers they are at home in the language and in the customs, and the inhabitants cater to the Latin Americans far more carefully than we have been accustomed to do in the United States.

The samples of commercial agents which we have sent to Latin America at times have also led these Southerners to have little respect for our gentlemanhood, upon which they lay great stress. Our sailors in the past have acted strangely and boisterously in their harbors and port cities; the government agents whom we have sent to these republics in the past have not been chosen always with discrimination; in some cases they have not commended to the South Americans either our manners or our morals. Our lack of attention to the amenities of life in connection with commercial contacts have made at times an unfortunate impression.

IT is not strange that these antipodal ideas concerning a matter so vital as bread-winning bring misunderstandings. I have talked with scores of business men in South America who have been united at least in this point, namely, that they can not see the value of any man's working or continuing in business after he has earned enough money to make it possible for him to live in any degree of comfort. The Spanish American inherits certain of the ancient medieval ideas about the "gentleman," who, like the high-caste Brahman of India, has been intended from the foundation of the world to occupy a special and selected field of leisured competence, while far down below him, with a wide gulf between, is the laborer or common worker, who was created to till the soil and to keep shop, incidentally being ready at all times to wait upon the gentleman.

In countries like Chile, where so many of the old families are living at present upon the nitrate industry, and Argentina, where these same aristocrats sub.ist by reason of their fortunate possession of wide tracts of the productive pampa, the favored sons have not been obliged to exert themselves even to make a living, and this fact has helped to increase rather than to diminish, among this part of the population, the respect for industry and modern business. These people are quite willing to let the foreigner with his utilitarian ways build and run his railroads, work his mines and inaugurate modern enterprises for the preparation and export of the national products. The South American's interest in this kind of endeavor is limited largely to the amount of money which his agents are able to pass to him on occasion from his investments.

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The American Legation at La Paz, Bolivia

In religious matters the point of view between the two Americas differs considerably, as their traditions have brought to each a diverse experience. In countries like Peru, Ecuador and Colombia the Roman Catholic faith, which is the religion of virtually all of Latin America, has stronger hold than on the East Coast in the countries of Argentina and Brazil. The priests and the church generally are more influential in politics west of the Andes than east of them, where modern industries and closer contact with present-day world conditions have tended to break up the religious medievalism seen in some Latin American states.

THE Continental Sunday prevails throughout South America, and is a day for outdoor amusements, for family gatherings and holiday making. The women especially cling to the church throughout these countries, while the men are becoming more and more indifferent. American educational missions are doing good work in many places, especially in the two flourishing preparatory schools in Santiago, Chile, in Buenos Aires, and in the famous Mackenzie College of Sao Paulo, Brazil. The latter college gives large attention to engineering as well as to other branches of liberal training, and is one of the best institutions of its kind in all of South America. The Catholic schools, which are attended by the sons and daughters of the higher classes of society in many of the republics, do not have the reputation of training the youth practically, but emphasize religious dogmas and give considerable attention to the literary side and the polite accomplishments of music and art.

Here, again, historical background must be studied to get the point of view of Latin Americans regarding their religion as regarding that of other nations. South America was settled for the most part by men who cared far more for adventure and gold than for the rights of conscience. The Spanish American can hardly understand the New England religious outlook, for his ancestors gave him a very different heritage from the one flowing down from the Puritan settlements. The priests came to the South American countries along with the adventurers and early colonizers, but they came bringing the authoritative religion of the Middle Ages, a faith quite different from that of the individual conviction and Bible reading habits of the New England settlers. The present tendency is to separate church from state in South America, as Brazil and some other republics have done already, and with that separation the hold of the native faith upon the thoughtful men and students especially has diminished in strength.

THERE is in general a widespread ignorance in Latin America regarding the United States and American characteristics—almost as impregnable as that in this country regarding our Southern neighbors. The newspapers give more attention to European events than to happenings in our northern Republic. The routes of travel have been east and not north, and the trade has gone more generally to Europe until recently, because Europe has catered to the needs and the methods of doing business on the part of South Americans.

Changing attitudes and sentiments are growing out of the enforced conditions consequent on the great war. South American business men are discovering our markets and our schools, and by travel northward are learning to know us better. They are returning home with different ideas of the "Yankee." They are sending students to American colleges in ever greater numbers, and as these return they do much to carry true ideas of the United States. Our treatment of time, our social movements, and the participation of women in public life are strange to these people. They admire our business efficiency, even while they do not care in many cases to copy it. These are a highly sensitive and proud people, taking pride in their own ways of doing things, and conservative of old customs and old friendships.

The present need of the two Americas is for closer personal contact, for more mutual consideration the one of the other, and for reciprocal relations on a basis of human equality.

RUSSIA CRUMBLES

GERMANY did not long permit Trotzky's State of Peace to charm the already befuddled mind of the Russian proletariat. That Russia wanted peace goes without saying. That Lenine and Trotzky promised it is assured—but such a peace! If these two adventurers had been in Germany's pay, as has been freely charged, they could hardly have proven more profitable servants. Destroying first the Russian national will by driving a wedge of class interest into the already widening chasm between the bourgeoisie and the workmen, soldiers and peasants, the Bolsheviki held through each uncertain week the trembling balance of power in the Russia which had abolished authority and which Kerensky had sought in vain to invest with a new national consciousness. Meantime soldiers were sent home, units at the front were encouraged to become friends of the one-time enemy, and the stage being laid, the futile peace discussion at Brest-Litovsk was instituted. Futile indeed was it from the Russian standpoint, for she got no peace although she opened her frontiers to the enemy. Taking full advantage of the opportunity thus offered, Germany dealt with the only portion of the Russians which held a semblance of responsible government, making peace with the Ukrainians. By this move she separated Great and Little Russia and took 28,000,000 people and vast stores of food stuffs out of the reach of Trotzky's filmy jurisdiction. It soon became apparent that the Ukrainians had not only made peace with the Teutonic powers but had become their potential allies, since German and Austrian troops were asked by the Rada to come to its relief against the energetic efforts of the Bolsheviki to overturn its authority. Teutonic troops were sent to the Ukraine and two great armies were set in motion from the former fighting front. One, under General von Eichhorn, moved toward Petrograd and the other, under General von Linsingen, toward the rear of the Bolshevist army attacking the Ukrainians. On February 18 the dispatches showed the Bolshevists finally triumphant in Kiev, the capital of the Ukraine, following fighting which cost 4,000 lives and left 7,000 wounded on both sides. While the Russians were thus fighting among themselves, the Germans were throwing their troops across the former battle-line on a front of over 400 miles, crossing the Dvina, which had marked the end of the great Russian retreat, taking the town of Dvinsk and driving on toward Petrograd. South of the great Pinsk marsh, they had gone on in the direction of Kovel in Volhynia. In these two advances the Germans met with only the most desultory resistance; a half-hearted attempt was made to blow up the great bridge crossing the Dvina at Dvinsk, but what was left of the Russian army fell back before the Germans with little resistance, the retreating army corps blocking the roads leading back from the front. It was reported on February 19 that Germany's peace terms, which Trotzky had so dramatically rejected, had included the cession of the occupied territory and an indemnity of $4,000,000,000 in gold. Later, it was said that the indemnity demanded was only $1,500,000,000. On the 19th Lenine and Trotzky were reported to have asked Austria by wireless whether she intended to participate in the resumption of active hostilities, and on the same day it was reported that Trotzky and Lenine had agreed to sign the peace treaty along the line demanded by Germany. Taking note of this report, the German authorities, while pressing their troops to further advances, demanded of Trotzky the delivery to some German authority of a signed agreement. With this demand Trotzky was said to have complied, sending a signed surrender by messenger to Dvinsk. Meanwhile the Germans were advancing swiftly, taking the towns and fortresses of Minsk and Rovno in Volhynia and advancing more than 25 miles along the Riga-Petrograd railway, crossing well beyond the former Russian positions. German troops also crossed on the ice to the mainland, opposite the Oesel Islands, marching toward Reval. On February 21 Petrograd was suffering a reign of terror at the hands of marauding bands, Russian Bolsheviki troops were withdrawing from Turkish Armenia to attack the Don Cossacks in the rear, while other Bolshevist troops were attacking the Cossacks and the Ukrainians from the north and west. There was a report that General Kaledines, hetman of the Don Cossacks, had committed suicide.

February 21 also brought a report that German cavalry was within 175 miles of Petrograd with practically no opposing forces intervening. The Germans had already taken nearly 10,000 Russians, 1,350 guns and 1,000 railway cars, many of them loaded with food.

Also a great fleet of 45 German naval vessels was moving on the naval base of Reval, which the Russians were said to be destroying and evacuating, their naval vessels being useless.

On February 22 Trotzky was reported to have ordered all Russians to resist the Germans and to fight for "every town, village, street and house." Coming coincidently with the report that the Council of People's Commissaries had decided to sign the German peace terms it is difficult to decide whether the order for resistance preceded the decision to submit or whether Trotzky is making peace and fighting invasion simultaneously.

February 23 the Russian wireless dispatches reported that Germany had offered to renew the peace negotiations on the following conditions: Both nations to declare the war ended, the provinces of Russia now occupied by her enemy with some additions eastward to be transferred from the territorial protection of Russia to that of Germany, Germany and Austria-Hungary declaring their purpose to define further the fate of these regions in agreement with their populations. Livonia and Esthonia to be immediately cleared of Russian troops. On the same day Ambassador Francis reported that the Bolsheviki intended to fight and that the legations in case Petrograd were abandoned would follow the provisional government further into Russia.

On February 24 it was announced that Lenine and Trotzky had accepted the German terms and that the conference at Brest-Litovsk would be resumed and a treaty signed. German troops were approaching Reval and were also drawing near Kiev, the Ukrainian capital.

On the Forward Deck

WITH the Church flag flying the men of the battleship gather under the shadow of her guns to hear the Chaplain tell the Gospel story. What kind of a message does he bring them? You will know next week.

And speaking of sermons, a man who has dared to throw himself and his whole future at the feet of Christ, a man who has lived by prayer and walked by faith will bring you next week a vital, logical, scriptural sermon on "The Life of Faith and Prayer."

Russia is a riddle as yet unsolved. Woman there, as elsewhere, has been a power too little known and too lightly estimated. Marie de Perrott will next week unveil a little of woman's part in the Russian Revolution.

Next week, too, Frank Carpenter tells of the building of monster locomotives.

Howard Chase and the deacon's daughter find life apart impossible, and Miss Connolly goes a neighboring to the Bowery Mission.

A Week in the World's News

WILL YOU COOPERATE OR OBSTRUCT? This question was the final thrust of a noteworthy telegram which President Wilson sent to the General President of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, Mr. Wm. L. Hutcheson, on February 17. In this telegram the President called the attention of Mr. Hutcheson to the fact that the strike of the carpenters in the shipyards was "in marked and painful contrast to the action of labor in other trades and places," and told Mr. Hutcheson that "No body of men have the moral right in the present circumstances of the nation to strike until every method of adjustment has been tried to the limit. If you do not act upon this prineiple, you are undoubtedly giving aid and comfort to the enemy, whatever may be your own conscious purpose."

Mr. Hutcheson decided that he would cooperate. Orders were sent to all of the striking local unions ordering them back to work. In later conferences with Chairman Hurley of the Shipping Board, Mr. Hutcheson, however, evidenced a tendency to continue to insist upon the granting of some of the demands of the union, particularly upon the demand for the closed shop; a demand which the government absolutely refused to consider.

The Department of Labor on February 17 announced the personnel of the joint conference of employers and union leaders who will be expected to lay down the bases of the relations between capital and labor during the war. The first session of the conference was set for February 25 at the office of Secretary of Labor Wilson. The employers' representatives were: Loyal A. Osborne, president of the Westinghouse Electrical and Mfg. Co.; Chas. F. Brooker, of an Engineering Co.; L. F. Loree, of the Delaware & Hudson Co.; C. Edwin Michael, of Va. Bridge and Iron Co. The workers' representatives were: Frank J. Hayes, president of the United Mine Workers of America; Wm. L. Hutcheson, of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America; J. H. Franklin, of the Brotherhood of Boiler Makers and Iron Shipbuilders; Victor Olander, representative of the International Seamen's Union, T. A. Rickert, president of the United Garment Workers of America.

It was announced on the twentieth that since February 1 th shipping available for allied requirements had been increasing, due in part to anti-submarine successes, to rerouting of ships and to new eonstruction. It was stated that with shipyards working at full eapacity the total of available tonnage would rise steadily.

NEWFOUNDLAND LINER ASHORE. The liner Florizel, operated by the Red Cross Line between St. John's, Newfoundland, and Halifax and New York, ran on the rocks at Broad Cove on the Newfoundland coast, 20 miles north of Cape Race, just before daylight on February 24. The ship had apparently lost her bearings in a blizzard which drove her off her course. Mountainous seas prevented rescue work until the following day, when, although the bow was slightly above water a fire was shot over the hulk. Later it was reported 42 were saved. The ship carried 78 passengers and a crew of 69.

AMERICAN BATTLEPLANES TO FRANCE. Secretary of War Baker on February 20 revealed the fact that, although shipments had been scheduled to begin in July, the first consignment of American battleplanes equipped with twelve-cylinder Liberty motors was already on the way to France. The Secretary stated that 2,500 planes ready to take the air at one time was the greatest number that had been available to either side in the war as yet. He further stated that for every machine in the air it was neeessary to have two in

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American artillery being reviewed just before taking its position on the Lorraine sector in France

The Business of Making Christians

By EDWARD S. BABCOX, an Ohio Layman and a Leader Among Advertising Men

BEING a church member, more or less active, I am interested in Christian work in all its departments.

Because I am a business man, I see our great commercial world as a swiftly revolving dynamo, creating and storing up energy for itself all the time. The business world, as a unit, is characterized by a splendid poise which results from its prosperity and confidence. If, somehow, we can switch off into the veins of our church body, some of the pulsing, vibrant force which builds business, it could not help but do good.

Now the Church—speaking generically—is here to perpetuate the teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Church is to religion what our shoe factories are to the great shoe industry in Rochester—the visible, tangible evidence of activity. Many churches in their present activity—or lack of activity—remind one of a corps of musicians organized into an orchestra—Pryor's Band, for example. Those men are musicians, not business men. So every organization of this kind needs and has a business manager to schedule its tours, make its plans, and show a profit at the end of the year. It is not sufficient that they be good professional artists. There is another important link in the chain which is needed.

Now, most churches are well organized on their evangelical side. Our ministers are good men and they preach good sermons. We have many societies in the churches, all apparently doing their share. Sunday schools, missionary societies, Christian Endeavor, and all the rest are busy. But just what are they accomplishing? That's the question.

As I have observed and studied the church situation during the last few years, it seems to me that the chief need is for a definite conception of the business of the modern church, and then the application of tried and tested business principles to accomplish that end.

In all reverence, therefore, I say that today the active modern church recognizes that it is in business—real business, big business.

A growing pastor of such a church was on a train one day, and finding himself seated beside a fellow passenger, he said, "What's your business?" His traveling companion replied, "I am a salesman. I sell typewriters. Here's my catalogue. By the way, what's your business?" The pastor replied thoughtfully, "Why, I am a salesman, too. Here's my catalogue." He handed his companion his Bible.

LOOKED at as a business proposition, the Church is trying to do just what all business organizations are trying to do—to create business for itself, i. e., to make Christian people. Boiled down, that's the essence of all church activity—to make Christians. Beside the task of Christianizing the world, all its other duties fade into the shadows.

All right, then. We agree that the Church's business today is to make something—create something—which did not exist before—Christians.

Did you ever stop to think who is the one great Creator? Well, one night I was reading at home—just browsing through a number of books looking for some mental meat—and I opened the Bible. I read in various places, and finally turned to Genesis, chapter 1, verses 1–5, and there I found a masterpiece on business, because those five verses deal with the rudiments—the heart and soul of all business, whether it be making typewriters or making Christians. In those verses you read that, after the Lord made the world, he made light. Why did he do that? Our modern interpretation tells us that light means understanding, knowledge, information. Therefore the Lord spread understanding and knowledge when he made light. He made it easy for the people who were to populate the world to see and understand some of the great vital problems which they must solve.

That's the keynote of all productive business—light, understanding.

People who don't go to church, people who are not Christians, simply do not understand the Church. They are in the dark and need light. If they did understand the Church and its object in the world, they would support it and attend it, because that's the only reasonable, rational thing they could do. But what are you and I doing to reach these people who do not understand? Getting back to our business again, what are we doing to reach the people who are not customers of the Church?

But, you say, "We do a lot for the people who do come to church." Of course we do. But those who stay without—the sheep outside the fold—those are the people we must reach.

Stripping the Church of its trappings, and getting down to bed-rock and brass tacks, we must conclude that it has a product to sell and a price to get. *It's a quality product and its price is net. There is no discount.* A man must believe and have faith; he must abjure selfishness and self-interest. He must love his neighbor as himself, to be saved and to be a true Christian. That's the price he must pay for the product which the Church and Christianity offers—salvation.

That seems very reasonable, you say; but the great question now is, how are you going to put your selling campaign into effect?

We are agreed that the modern church must be a business organization. It has (in a high and reverent sense) a product to sell. It asks a high price. Now how shall we market such a commodity?

Well, we are right in the position of the modern sales manager who has a big factory turning out goods on the one hand, and a big public to which he might sell the goods, on the other. The sales manager knows that the public won't buy the goods of their own accord, as a rule. Now, science and psychology tell us that in selling, our process divides itself into five logical steps. If you were to sell me a piano, for instance, you would have to do five things:

1. Get my attention.
2. Arouse my interest.
3. Stir up my desire.
4. Convince me that I needed the piano.
5. Get me to sign the order—action.

That's the science of salesmanship.

WHEN we try to make a Christian of a man who is not a Christian, let's be logical. Suppose you know a man who ought to join your church and be a good strong worker. Don't go at him and say, "Come on, Frank, and join our church. There's a lot of fine people over there, and you ought to be one of us. We need you and you need us, so come over next Sunday and join."

Don't you see that in doing that—and many of us have done it—we are trying to get action before you have gotten a man's interest or aroused any desire on his part to join your church? You must first show him why it would be to his advantage to take the action you suggest. You must show him not only what he can do for the church, but what the church and Christian fellowship will do for him.

Look at the foreign missionaries who build hospitals, schools, factories, etc., before they attempt very much along the lines of real Christianizing work. Those hospitals and schools interest, excite and convince the heathen that the Christian force behind them must be good. When they see their sick healed and their ignorant taught, they are all ready for the final action which comes in any selling process. A rousing sermon, or close personal work gets this action and the result is conversion.

Our foreign missionaries, in this respect, are *better salesmen of Christianity* than some of us at home.

Every good salesman recognizes his competition. There is little time to dwell on it here, but it would pay each of you to get a copy of the Saturday Evening Post of February 1, 1913, and read James H. Collins's article entitled "The Business Side of the Church." There you will see how saloons, lodges, labor organizations, etc., attract, interest and hold their men. The price is cheaper. They extract no self-sacrifice, but offer rather a satisfaction of physical appetite, fellowship with their kind, and do not attempt any raising of moral standards.

Don't ignore your competition when you are seeking members and workers for your church and C. E. Society. Remember that a fly likes honey better than vinegar, better even than water. If you are going to get men away from the places I have mentioned, you have got to offer something more attractive, more interesting, and you have got to convince them that it will be to their advantage to attend.

NOW, hastily to crystallize all this into a workable plan which can be put into operation in your own C. E. Society or church.

The first thing to do is to put *little cards*, with space for name and address, *into your pews* before every service. Print a paragraph on the card something like this:

> If you haven't attended this church before, and would like to get in touch with some of its officers and members, and learn more about us and our work, please sign your name and address below. If you have no other church home, you are welcome here.

Whenever a card of that kind is signed, that's your nibble—your prospect. Follow it with a call. See that that person is called upon within a week if possible, either by the pastor or some active member. Make sure that every person who attends your church or society gets a kindly reception and a real demonstration of some of the spirit of fellowship we preach about. Some churches are not unlike refrigerators.

Organize some way to get a line on the new-comers in your parish. If a business man moves from city to city, he is very soon approached by various clubs and business organizations, which invite him to attend meetings here and there, get acquainted, or take a hand in the activities. Lodges do this. Some saloons cultivate their "prospects" pretty carefully. But so far as I know, most of our churches devote their energies to calling on people who are already members.

Another way of keeping in touch with members and non-members is the church bulletin or magazine. Such a publication can do for its church what the modern house organ or business magazine does for a business organization, provided it is well edited, filled with strong, virile articles, and appeals to people as it should.

Now, advertising is a selling force—a great force in business. Think a moment. "Uneeda"—"Kodak"—"Sapolio"—all words made by advertising. It has cost millions of dollars to make "Uneeda" mean to you and me "Freshly baked crackers in a moisture-proof, air tight package." Each of those names is a copyrighted trademark and stands for a familiar product, simply because millions of people have been taught their significance. They understand them.

Advertising is a great civilizing force. It is a salesman with enough assistants to call on all his prospects at once. Thousands of the brightest men of this country are engaged in the various phases of advertising work. Over $600,000,000 was spent in advertising during 1917.

JUST one example of what advertising has done in Rochester, N. Y., for a great cause which stands as close to church work, religion and Christianity.

About twenty-five years ago, a small house was secured at Charlotte, near Rochester, N. Y., and a few sick babies were taken there during the summer, to get away from the torrid heat of the city. A few people knew about it, and these few and their friends supported this beginning of the Infants' Summer Hospital. The work continued each summer for twenty years or more, and four or five years ago the Rochester Ad Club, learning of it, espoused the cause and gave an entertainment, raising about $2,000 for the babies. The same thing was done the next year.

But one summer the directors of the hospital invited the Ad Club to a luncheon at Charlotte, and while there the members were shown through the hospital, and saw the great work which was being done. It was pointed out that the buildings were in bad shape, and that unless new buildings were constructed during the winter, there would be no Infants' Summer Hospital the next summer. Because of lack of heating facilities, many babies could not be kept warm during a cold summer. Tiny tots, almost skeletons, some of them lying quiet and still in their little white cribs, were pointed out to the men, and of one of them the nurses explained that "this little fellow wasn't expected to live day before yesterday, but a physician brought him down in an automobile, and the cool lake breezes and pure milk are going to make him well."

Incidents of this kind touched the hearts of the Ad men. The entire club was swept right off its feet by the dire need for immediate action which was made clear to us by the hospital officers.

So the club immediately undertook the job of raising $100,000 for the Infants' Summer Hospital, opened up the Babies' Bank on Main Street, started advertising in the newspapers, street cars and elsewhere, and the amount was raised.

Now, if advertising and selling and sound business management can do more in three months toward popularizing the Infants' Summer Hospital in Rochester than was done without these factors in twenty-five years; if these methods can build up giant corporations and make coined words so well known that they find their way into our dictionaries, why cannot these forces be utilized in the business of making Christians?

If I read the signs aright, the day is not far distant when we shall see a number of churches using at least a page a week. One-half that page will be devoted to sound logic and argument written by representative pastors about Christianity and the Church, and the other half will be devoted to regular church notices of the different denominations.

It seems to me that this fire has long been kindled. It is simply a question now which church, which pastor, will take the initiative, create interest, apply the match, and thus carry the blessings and good news of the Gospel to thousands and thousands of men and women who will never be reached in any other way.

One of our Akron pastors tells how he preaches to thousands each day. He has a small electric illuminated bulletin board, about 3 x 7, on the church lawn. Passersby read his sentence sermons, which he culls from many sources. At night the bulletin board is lighted. Cars stop there and many people enjoy and profit by his enterprise.

He believes in reverent, sensible advertising. When all pastors do, the church will have more customers. Hundreds of advertising men all over America are ready to help.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

Christian Service

THERE should be no such thing in reality as an idle Christian. God has something for each of us to do, if we are truly His. He needs helpers and He loves to be helped. There are those who, through age, inexperience, or inadequate preparation, or for some other reason, consider themselves unfit for any kind of effort to win souls; yet there are precedents aplenty which would help them to an opposite conclusion. Dr. C. A. Blanchard tells of an old lady of fifty, quite deaf, who determined to become a missionary; and she did, and her work was blest in the inbringing of many souls to Christ. Bella Cooke, fifty years bedridden, was the messenger of salvation to many to whom her sick-room became a sanctuary.

Perhaps it may be said that these are exceptional cases; but to the willing and ready heart God calls again and again, and insistence brings recognition and compliance. Some of those who became spiritual leaders and prophets were called more than once. Moses heard the call twice before yielding. Jonah, too, heard it and needed to be disciplined before he gave willing obedience. It is true, these were for service on a large scale; but all whose souls have been lighted and liberated by the Gospel are due to do some service, no matter how humble or small. It is a draft in which there are no exemptions—all are liable to Christian service. And the first step in that service opens up to the worker a new view of life and its beautiful significance and possibilities.

Great men and women for great tasks, and it is altogether right that the worker should be efficient; but the same power which gave a tongue to Moses when he pleaded that he lacked eloquence gave him also a full spiritual equipment and control of his temper. "I will be with thy mouth and teach thee what thou shalt speak," was the clear promise, and the same pledge has been realized in the case of thousands of humble Christian workers, who were without special gifts until they became spirit-filled. God never fails to equip those who undertake for service whole-heartedly. It may be on simple lines that they have to labor, and among plain folk; but whatever their station, they are made equal to its needs. Where special training is desirable, the way is always opened. One by one, difficulties are removed until the moment comes when the worker faces his task in readiness for it.

There are thousands of God's people in this land today who are rendering service of which the outer world knows little or nothing. Yet it is a service pleasing in His sight who knows the sincerity of the hearts of those who serve. Their field may be in the home, or in the narrow circle of their acquaintance, where the seed of truth is sown as opportunity offers. The simplest may have a share in such a ministry as this, where kindness, gentleness, and a deep and sincere trust in divine leading are in evidence and shed an unconscious influence on others. We grow to larger things through experience, some slowly, others more rapidly. There are many aids available to facilitate spiritual growth and efficiency. There are Christian training schools and institutes where equipment can be had for every grade of worker. Contact with Christian veterans in the service is also available and from such the novice is always sure of a welcome and of helpful cooperation.

The Power of Unity

IN the course of his fiery eloquence, Evangelist Billy Sunday frequently says certain things that dig deep into the consciousness of the average thinking man and stick there. Speaking in Dr. Burrell's famous pulpit in the Marble Collegiate Church the other day, the evangelist discussed "Modern Religion" in its various forms, and especially "liberal" religion, which he regarded as an anomaly in a world where sin and its tragic consequences remain unchanged. Then he suddenly struck a powerful chord. People, he said, were asking, "Why don't you preachers get together? There are too many different brands of religion. You preachers haven't any business sense," to all of which he retorted happily enough, though hardly to the point.

We wonder what kind of a sermon Mr. Sunday would preach if he took Dr. Carroll's church statistics, published lately in the Christian Herald—showing the existence of no less than 167 different religious denominations and branches of denominations in the United States—as his theme, and the Master's conception of His church in John 10 : 16 as the text.

There is strength in numbers only when united, whereas division is always weakness. An army has many brigades, battalions, and regiments, each with its own leaders; yet at the order to advance it operates as a single unit. If each division chose its own time and direction and objective, the forward movement would end in confusion and disaster. The Church must learn the lesson of unity, if it is to undertake the great work that lies before it. When Mr. Sunday goes to the front "somewhere in France," he may bring back as the result of his observations some practical views on fighting the forces of sin with a united Christianity.

Preventable Fires

THE chief causes of destructive fires are ignorance and carelessness. Of the more than $200,000,000 annual fire loss in this country, more than three-fourths is preventable or partly preventable. Figures compiled by the National Board of Underwriters confirm this ratio year after year. Of the preventable causes of fires the first in destructiveness is defective chimneys and flues, the second is improper care of stoves and furnaces, and the third is cigarettes, cigars and pipes. Among the other common preventable causes are hot ashes, matches, open lights, rubbish and litter. These accumulate a loss of $60,000,000 a year, of which every dollar could have been and should have been saved.

The matter is of such grave national moment, particularly at this time of strict conservation, that President Wilson has felt called upon to say: "Preventable fire is more than a private misfortune. It is a public dereliction. At a time like this, of emergency and of manifest necessity for the conservation of national resources, it is more than ever a matter of deep and pressing consequence that every means should be taken to prevent this evil."

The time will surely come when such fires will be recognized as culpable and calling for punishment.

The Great Ideal

SINGLENESS of aim is the secret of victory. A thousand duties there may be, yet one single ambition wins the prize, just as focusing the rays of the sun brings the power. The concentration of forces at a given point decides the destiny of armies. A single individual absorbed by one high ideal has changed the face of the world. Livingstone exclaimed "This one thing I do! I will open the door of a great future for Africa." Morrison did the same for China; Judson for Burma; Luther for Protestantism. Great discoverers have been equally men of one purpose. To do one thing completely is to do all things. Put your foot upon the first rung of the ladder and never stop climbing.

Europe is beginning to understand the attitude of America in the war. Statesmen, as well as the common people, are being impressed with the ideal which this nation has kept steadily in view. "The American army is entering into action in France," said Albert Thomas, former Minister of Munitions, "and its part will be a growing one. Nevertheless, America has a greater rôle than that of its army. . . . President Wilson can become not only the leader of American democracy, but the leader of a world democracy."

Our nation must present a solid front to win the war. We must be the UNITED States—divided we fall. The lukewarm, listless and indifferent impede progress. The fault-finders and critical partisans waste precious time and achieve nothing. Absolute devotion to the ideals of the nation are essential to victory. Our soldier boys have one ruling idea: they know they are going into the path of danger; but they are willing to suffer the loss of all things for the enthronement of liberty throughout the world. It is thus the youth of America are pressing forward toward the mark, to win universal harmony among the nations.

Food Supply as the Farmer Sees It

THROUGH all the lectures, conferences, demonstrations and meetings of special organizations, provided as a part of the annual Farmers' Week program at the New York State College of Agriculture, first of all stood out the all-important subject of food production and food saving. Hardly a meeting or lecture failed to touch upon this subject in some phase or other.

F. D. Wolcott, New York banker and organizer of the relief work in Poland, brought home the urgent need for saving food. "The armies of our allies are well fed," he said, "but the civil populations of England, France, and Italy are tottering on the verge of starvation. The whole world war at present is hanging on a hair, and the food supply is holding it in balance." It is up to the United States, said Mr. Wolcott, to preserve this balance.

Jane Addams, the famous settlement worker of Hull House, Chicago, told of woman's part in the food situation. She said in the past woman has always helped in agriculture and in Europe today she is helping even more than she has in the past.

President Schurman of Cornell scored price-fixing, saying the farmers could hardly be expected to raise bigger crops if they felt there was a possibility a price might be fixed which was below cost of production. "The big part of the food problem is production," he said; "conservation is important, but it won't produce one litter of pigs in all the United States."

State Commissioner of Agriculture C. S. Wilson, formerly a professor in the college, sounded a warning against frenzied farming which might look solely to present production and not to the future. One orchardist, of whom he knew, was considering cutting down his orchard of fifteen years' growth to raise other crops. Fruit is a food, and a needed food, declared Commissioner Wilson, and to destroy such an orchard would be a mistake. "Never before," he said, "have the farmers had as good an understanding of the problems confronting them as now. They have sifted from the quantities of suggestions, good, bad, indifferent, insane and hysterical, some of the good ones and now have a pretty definite plan of action for the coming season."

Another important plan suggested by the State Food Commission during the week is a state-wide drive for a greater use of milk and potatoes. The dairying industry in the state is seriously threatened, it is claimed, unless the great surplus milk can be used and thus prevent the slaughter of the dairy cows.

Preachers' Pensions

IN these days of generous giving to all worthy objects, it is gratifying to note that the general movement among the churches for making adequate provision for the superannuated ministers has been greatly energized. At the meeting of the Interdenominational Secretaries of the Protestant Churches in New York lately the whole subject was very thoroughly discussed.

It was shown that the Protestant churches have in their treasuries, available for preachers' pensions, $33,000,000, and are actively engaged in campaigns which will bring this amount up to $65,000,000, or possibly even more. The Protestant Episcopal Church was the first to complete its campaign, securing $8,500,000; the Methodist Episcopal has $12,000,000 for the same purpose in its treasuries; the Presbyterian Church has $6,559,000 and hopes to bring this up to a total of $10,000,000; the Northern Baptists have $2,000,000 and will try to add another $1,000,000; the Congregationalists have $1,000,000; Methodist Episcopal Church, South, $1,200,000, which it is asking to make $5,000,000; the General Synod of the Lutheran Church is in a campaign for a substantial fund, while various other denominations, including the Presbyterian Church, South, and the Church of Christ, are working energetically on the same line.

It is a fine thing to make provision for the old and faithful ministers. There is no more worthy or deserving body of God's servants this side of heaven. Sadly underpaid as a rule during their active careers, the pastors who have passed the age of active service should be cared for with loving generosity. In this time of liberal giving for so many good causes, we know of none which is more to be commended than the Aged Preachers' Pension Fund. Church members of all denominations have here a duty which should not be neglected. It should be a fixed charge on their resources. Many of these old ministers have spent the better part of a long lifetime in active ministerial service. They have led multitudes to Christ, and have given to the service of Christianity, good citizenship and the upbuilding of national character more than any other class of men could possibly render. Let us reward them while they are with us, and show by our love and appreciation that the old saints are neither forgotten nor neglected.

You will have an opportunity to do this in the campaigns that are now being started to raise the necessary funds to place the Aged Preachers' Pensions on a sound basis. If the 24,000,000 members of the Protestant churches of America were to act unitedly in this great benevolence the work would be accomplished out of hand.

Have the angels written "Loyalty" against your name? Loyalty to your Young People's Society, to your pastor, to your church, to Jesus Christ?

Wonderful War-Time Building

The Thirty-two Great Cities Housing a Million Men That Have Sprung Up Magically. Washington, Too, Transformed

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The new building of the Ordnance Department on Virginia Avenue

© G. V. Buck

UNCLE SAM, builder! His plans are beyond the wildest dreams of the Arabian Nights, and his achievements make Aladdin look like a piker. There has been nothing to compare with him. Uncle Sam raises his hand, and two-score military cities spring into being. King Kufu kept 100,000 men at work twenty years in constructing the great pyramid, and it took him ten years to make the road necessary to bring the stones from the quarry. Uncle Sam has made hundreds of miles of concrete road in the forty or fifty military cities I have referred to, and within a few months in Henry Park, halfway between the Capitol and the White House, he has just about completed in less than 100 days a great office building, which has a floor space more than twice as great as the ground upon which the mighty pyramid of Cheops is built.

WHEN the war began, the government service was running along at plow-horse speed. There were thirty or forty thousand employees who had been trained in the dilatory, red-tape methods of peace, and Uncle Sam had to put into action an army of new cost-efficiency experts and speed the old service up to the war. Billions of money were appropriated by Congress and gigantic plans were soon under way. The government sent out its requirements and hundreds of our best business men volunteered and came here from all parts of the Union; some of them accepted salaries which are less than 2 cents per week. Many brought their assistants, and, in addition, thousands of new clerks were demanded. They came by the trainload.

Within a few weeks the great department structures were overcrowded, the vacant buildings of Washington were rapidly filled, and large apartment houses in process of construction were taken over and used for war activities. Some of the big office buildings of the city were commandeered; the tenants were told to move out, and various branches of the government moved in. This was so with many apartment houses in which people were living. And still the clerks came, and Uncle Sam cried for more. He soon found, however, that in order to use the employees he had to have places where he could put them to work, and he is now scheming to build them quarters where they can sleep overnight.

The first question was to create office buildings in which the work could go on. Many of these have been built and acres more are in process of construction. The first to go up was that which now forms the main offices of the Council of National Defense. It was built within forty-five days. Nevertheless, it covers half as much ground as the National Library and its floor space is almost four acres. This was followed by a big two-story building for the Food Administration, which covers about twice as much ground as the pension building, famous as the largest brick building of the world. Then came the offices of the Fuel Administration, a double row of rooms running around a great court, with a front as large as that of the White House, and with a wall three times as long; and after that came the ordnance building, on Virginia avenue. This has a front larger than that of the National Treasury, and it covers more ground than the great granite structure which houses the departments of State, War and Navy. Nevertheless, it is nothing in comparison with the demands of the bureau by which it is filled, and great buildings to accommodate the overflow are now almost completed.

Entrance to the building of the Council of National Defense

© G. V. Buck

THE buildings I have described are all west of the White House, on ground that was once a part of Davy Burns' farm, the old homestead of which was still standing when I came to Washington several decades ago. In addition, new buildings are going up in all parts of the city, and the greatest office building ever created in the United States will have been completed by the time you are reading this letter. It was built in less than four months, and that notwithstanding its ground floor is so large that you could put the national Capitol building, the national Library building and the State, War and Navy building upon the same space and have something to spare. The building covers ten acres and it has in the neighborhood of thirty acres of floor space. It is made in three great units, with a heating plant in the center which fills the steam pipes running back and forth through this thirty acres and making every cubic inch of it warm. All of these buildings are of frame with walls of metal lathing nailed on to studding with building paper on each side. The lathing is covered with stucco, and the inside walls are a thick pasteboard with wood strips over the joints. The buildings have double floors, and when completed they look much like the better class of suburban residences or the stuccoed houses erected at seaside resorts. They are lighted by electricity and heated by steam. They are built to last only for the time of the war, but there is no reason why they should not be standing ten years from now. They have all gone up within the past six months.

TAKE, for instance, the series of great storage buildings which are to be erected for supplies and munitions at certain terminal points. These are already begun. They are going up at the chief ports where the railways and ships come together, and where

Continued on page 294

"NO OIL!"

A SERMON

By

*REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.**

TEXT—Matt. 25:3. "They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them."

THERE are few things which are more disagreeable than a burning lamp which is short of oil. The flame is unsteady, flickering, fuming, spitting, smoking, giving far more discomfort than light. And there are few things in the moral world more disagreeable than people who keep their lamp burning with inadequate supplies of oil. They are unreliable, fitful, cheerless—altogether making far more smoke than fire. Hard duties cannot be sustained by a transient impulse, by the strength of a good resolution. He who is going to discharge Christian duties consistently will need unfailing springs of oil; he will need to feed his soul with eternal truth.

We cannot have exercise without bread; we cannot have the lamp burning without oil; we cannot have duty without truth. But we are all prone to think we can. There is nothing more common than for men to take up duties which they have not resources to discharge, to light lamps which they cannot keep burning. Here in the Bible is a whole host of duties, things which we have to do and things which we have not to do.

And men come and lay hold of these Christian duties, and they say: "We will make these our lamps. We will keep them burning in our daily life." And they light them, and they burn for a little while, but soon die down. How is it? They have taken the Biblical lamps without Biblical oil. They are trying to be godly without God; they are trying to be Christians without Christ, and they utterly and miserably fail.

LET us look at this. It is of sufficiently common experience to claim our serious thought. I am sure you must have again and again heard men who have been trying to live a good and dutiful life express themselves in this wise: "I get on very well for a time, and then . . ." Then their lamp goes out because they have no oil. They are trying to do Christian duty without Christian resources.

One of the most primary duties to which we are called is that of faithfulness, uprightness, scrupulous integrity, unbroken loyalty to conscience. Men vow themselves to discharge it. Young fellows especially, plunging with fresh, frank impulse into business life, resolve to observe the duty with absolute strictness. They light this lamp with faithfulness, and they begin their business career.

What do they find? Their eyes are opened to the cunning ways in which wealth is made. They see the success of deception. They mark how dishonesty multiplies its stores. They see all the many short cuts to desired ends. They see how easily one man cuts out another by a little sharp and crooked practice. They see that a serpent can twist and wriggle himself into places and positions into which a man with rigid moral backbone can never get. They see that their fiercest competitor is not the honest trader, but the trickster. They begin to suspect that trickery cannot be fought with weapons of rectitude, that only by more trickery can trickery be vanquished. Then after the suspicion follows the design: "That man is offering his soul for thirty pieces of silver; I can cut him out by offering my own for twenty. Shall I do it? Is faithfulness essential? Does integrity pay?" His lamp is going out; it needs oil! His resolution is dying; it needs food! Duty is waning; it needs to be fed with spiritual truth!

HOW is it to be done? Great Christian duties have to be sustained by great Christian roots. Botanists will tell you that, speaking roughly, the roots of a tree are as far-spreading as its branches. There is as much growth underground as there is above ground. There is as much unseen as there is seen. A great tree requires a great rootage, and so does a great duty. Every duty which the Lord prescribed demands an immense rootage. It requires the infinite! You can go through the Sermon on the Mount, and mark every duty, and opposite every duty you can write the words: "If grown, must be rooted in the Eternal!" But what do men do? They come to the Lord's life, and they take out what they call the morality, the moral duties, and leaving all the rest, they say: "These we will grow; with them we will adorn our life." You may as well try to grow an oak tree in a thimble! Divorce the duty from the infinite truth on which it feeds, and it will always be a dwarf.

For purposes of experiment I tried a little while ago to grow some wheat in a saucer. The seed germinated, sprouted; the blades shot up to the height of three inches, and then drooped and turned yellow, and "because it had no deepness of earth, it withered away." That is what a great many of us try to do with Christian duties; we try to grow them in shallow saucers, when they can only be grown in the infinite. Great Christian duties draw their food supplies from eternal truth, and apart from those supplies they will be lean and starved, and will ultimately die. The duty of faithfulness to men finds its support in the eternal truth of the faithfulness of God. A young fellow must feed on that! It must be tremendously difficult—I think it is impossible in these days—for any man to be scrupulously faithful to his own conscience, who does not feed himself on the great truth that God will be faithful to him. When the lamp of my faithfulness is flickering, and I am wondering if the path of honor is the way of safety, I will feed the lamp with the oil of this truth: "My God is faithful." When wickedness appears to have a momentary triumph, and integrity appears to be vanquished, and the lamp of my resolution needs to be revived, I will feed it with the oil of this eternal truth: "My God is faithful!"

ANOTHER duty to which we are called in the Christian life is the duty of unselfish service. We are called to light the lamp of service. Well, a great many respond to the call. They take up the duty. They light their lamps. But how many there are who just burn up the oil of a little impulse, and then go out! Some take up service in the Sunday school, burn brightly for a little while, and then go out! Others interest themselves in one or other of the many institutions established to redeem the world, burn a little while, and then go out!

We all know these people. They are well-intentioned; they are good-hearted; but when they take up a duty, you know just how long they will burn—a week, or a month, or a year—and then there will be a flicker of excuses, prior to the light going out altogether. How is it? They have taken their lamps, but they have taken no oil with them. They are trying to do spiritual exercises on a starved soul. They are trying to do Christian duty without the bread of Christian truth. They do not draw upon any great eternal resource for power to sustain them in their service, and so their strength is spent.

What do they need? Food, bread, the Bread of Life. Look back across the ages, and call to the apostle John and ask him how it was that amid the cruelties of imprisonment and persecution he kept the lamp of duty burning in service for his fellows, and this sweet answer comes ringing back across the years: "I love—because He first loved me." Call to the apostle Paul, and ask him how it was that, amid the perils of false brethren, he could keep the lamp of service burning, and Paul sends back the response: "He loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*."

THAT was the apostolic resource, and that must be our resource today. The lamp of service is kept burning in hearts that feed on the Saviour's love. They who take up Christian duties without it are as virgins who take their lamps but take no oil to feed them. "He first loved me," says John. "He loved me and gave himself for me," says Paul. If you wish to be consistent in the doing of Christian service you must realize the Saviour's love. That keeps duty ever blazing with a bright and steady light

Oh, men and women, this thought of the Saviour's love for you is a tremendous power for restoring flickering lamps; it fills them full of oil. Men who endure to the end, whose lamps burn out throughout the years, are men who feed daily on the eternal love of Christ.

I remember, some little while ago, noticing, in a parched and barren pasture, a thin line of beautiful green grass stretching across the whole breadth of the field. That thin line of green grass—green in the burning rays of the hottest summer noontides—marked the course of a tiny stream, which quietly bathed its roots, as it stole away on its secret bed. And sometimes in the parched field of human life, where one and another droop away from Christian service, I have known men and women whose services kept fresh and bright and beautiful, amid all manner of fierce attack, amid the harsh, dry glare of ingratitude and disappointment, and I have said to myself, "The river of life is secretly bathing their roots. They are feeding upon the Saviour's love."

So feed, and you will endure. Abide in Christ, and the lamp of service shall burn for evermore!

* Pastor, Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Untraversed Continents

SUNDAY, March 10. Eph. 1 : 7. "*The riches of His grace.*" There is always very grave necessity that we should be reminded of the untraversed stretches of country in our own being. There are forests which hide wonderful possibilities. There are new trails to be cut in the domain of thought and imagination which will open out vistas of light and beauty. What discernments are awaiting development! What sleeping powers, like the sleeping princesses in the old legend, are ready to spring into vigorous life and service! Yes, there are reaches of our own being which are like higher latitudes in undiscovered country.

Paul was very objective, and his counsels of exploration would lead us away from ourselves. "Not I, but Christ!" "While we look at the things which are not seen!" "Beholding the glory of the Lord!" "Looking unto Jesus!" There are hidden wonders in the untrodden realm of the divine love. There are new trials to be followed through the tropical luxuriance of redeeming grace. What we have already discovered is only as the finding of a single leaf as compared with boundless forests! It is only as the glint of a single nugget as compared with the wealth of unfathomable mines!

And the wonderful thing is that we can use our common circumstances as implements and ministers of exploration. We can use a dark circumstance to find a bright one. They say in Yorkshire—"Never a nettle without its dock!" Never a pain without there being at hand some compensating balm! Let the nettle lead you to look for the dock. Let the sting send you after the balm. Let some disappointment send you exploring for the riches of hope in Christ Jesus. Let some seeming failure stir you to gain the patience of unanswered prayer. Let some bereavement make you a zealous discoverer of the consolations of eternal life. Let your sin drive you in almost fierce quest of redeeming grace. Every circumstance may be used as an instrument of discovery, and every day we may advance more deeply into the higher latitudes of the wonderful love of God.

J. H. J.

Debtors to the World

MONDAY, March 11. Rom. 1 : 14. "*I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise.*" A debt is something owed. Our word "ought" comes from the word "owe." I "ought" means I "owe it." Paul recognized that he owed something to the world—not alone for what the world had done for him, not chiefly for that reason, but chiefly because of what he had found which the world did not possess. When we think through to a conclusion the matter of our indebtedness to the world both for what it has done for us, and what we can do for it, we shall confront one of life's greatest duties.

It is a startling fact that one-half of the world is without scientific medical knowledge; that one-half of the world is poor, under the burden of economic conditions which promise no improvement until and unless civilization rests upon a Christian basis. Millions of people in Egypt, Arabia, China, India and Africa suffer from preventable and curable diseases. We have the best medical and surgical science of the world. We send our manufactured goods to the world; shall we send mere chattels and not send the very best we have? There is an economic basis for foreign missions and the world is rapidly coming to a knowledge of it. But underneath and superior to all economic reasons for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts is the apostolic reason of personal and inalienable obligation. Enlightened Christians are debtors to the unenlightened world. C. C. A.

The Sustaining Love

TUESDAY, March 12. Rom. 8 : 35, 37. "*Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.*" The question has been raised whether the love of Christ, the enduring quality of which under the most adverse circumstances the apostle asserts in this text, is the love which Christ bears to us, or the love which we bear to him. As a matter of fact both views would be tenable.

The annals of the Christian Church, especially in the early centuries, are full of records of heroic endurance. Many Christians were subjected to the trials which the apostle mentions, and yet their love of the Lord was not quenched by them. It is not unlikely that the apostle himself had knowledge of instances of this kind when he wrote these words. In their tribulations the Christians proved themselves more than conquerors because their love of Christ not only caused them to despise their torments but in not a few instances won their tormentors for Christ. Besides, there are many unrecorded instances of Christian endurance and fortitude: thousands of Christians today suffer in silence and unobserved by their fellow Christians, and it is only their love of Christ that gives them the strength to bear up under their trials.

But the apostle in this connection is really speaking of "the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (v. 39.) From *this* none of the unhappy events which he mentions shall be able to separate us. Jesus embraces as his very own these suffering saints whom the world treats as castaways and regards as an offscouring. While they are being tried, their chief concern is not whether they still love Christ but whether Christ still loves them. This assurance it is that the apostle wants to make very strong in this text: when everything goes against the Christian and the whole world turns away from him with disgust, Christ continues loving him, yea, comes closer to him and lets him feel his affection for him.

W. H. T. D.

The Full Price Is Paid

WEDNESDAY, March 13. Heb. 6 : 1. "*Let us go on unto perfection.*" There are many beginners in the Christian life who never go on unto perfect love and completeness in Christ. They are callers at the back door, waiting to receive scraps, when they might enjoy the fulness of God's blessing. It is said that a traveler who once took a trip on the Mississippi ate his meals for several days from a bag of crackers and cheese. At last, longing for a full dinner, he asked the purser the price of a meal. The reply was, "Your ticket includes all meals." Do not many Christian people deny themselves of the greater blessings of God's munificence, when they might continually enjoy an abundance of the divine presence, far above all they could ask or think? We all know that there is no extra charge for the baptism of the Holy Spirit for perfect love, soul purity and heart holiness. On Calvary, Jesus paid it all. The ruby drops of his precious blood wash all our sin away.

What did Jesus say? "O fools, and slow of heart to believe." "Behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you, that ye may be endued with power from on high." Did not the loving father say to the cold-hearted elder son, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all I have is thine"? But he would not go in to the feast of abundance, for he preferred the company of the servants, the crusts and crumbs.

Christ's redemption is a full, free and mighty salvation. Its joy is unspeakable and full of glory. Its hope is big as eternity; its peace is like the bosom of God. The Master calleth for thee, to climb the Alpine peaks of holiness. When you reach those summits, you will never after seek

"To lay your finite measuring rod
On the infinitude of God."

E. W. C.

Kept from Falling

THURSDAY, March 14. Jude 24, 25. "*Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, . . . to the only wise God, our Saviour.*" When Jude wrote these words he may have been thinking of Jesus' intercessory prayer in which the thought of keeping and being kept occurs thrice. The word he uses is not unknown in the vocabulary of military men, and carries with it the suggestion of such a safe keeping as calls for an armed guard. It is the same idea as that of Peter, who speaks of being "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

So, "kept" and "saved" are related: we are to keep some things in order that we may be kept, and we are both to keep and to be kept in order to be saved. We are to keep ourselves in the love of God and to be kept from falling. This is human cooperation with divine interposition.

The inscription on the monument which marks the resting-place of a saintly servant of God consists of a single word underneath the name and the dates of birth and death, and that word is "Kept." Let us be sure of this, that though we may not keep ourselves unto salvation, we may keep ourselves in close fellowship with One who is "able to keep us from falling and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." We must keep close to our Keeper; we must keep him in sight every day, and, if the darkness hides him from our view, we must keep him in thought until the clouds are dispelled and the shadows vanish away. C. C. A.

One in Spirit

FRIDAY, March 15. 1 Cor. 6 : 17. "*He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit.*" When men have formed an attachment for one another that springs from purely unselfish motives, their hearts beat in unison and they habitually think the same thoughts. They have become one in spirit. One always tries to say and do what pleases the other. When a servant really loves his master and desires nothing else than to serve him, he watches the master's slightest movements; he regulates all his habits, he arranges his hours for sleeping and waking, for rest or labor, so as to be of the greatest service to his master.

When we become thoroughly joined to Jesus, our spirit is merged in his. He controls all our actions. Our thinking and willing is in response to his wishes. We come to understand by a sort of spiritual instinct what we ought to do to please him. As our physical organism is under the control of our mind, hands, feet, eyes, ears, promptly obeying the impulses that emanate from the soul, so the spirit of the Christian is under the regimen of the spirit of Christ. It does not require great arguments and much persuasion to make the Christian obey. Obedience is his very life. In Christ he lives and moves and has his being. The reason why the Bible contains so many admonitions, warnings, pleadings that are addressed to Christians is, because they are still in the flesh and sin still besets them. This is what renders their service still imperfect, and disturbs their union with the Lord. These admonitions are to remind them of their wonderful relation to Christ. Every genuine act of obedience, however, which they perform is not wrested from them by the logical force of some statement which they hear, or by the urgency of a plea that is made to them, or the persuasive power of a speaker, but it springs from their own love for Christ, of which they only needed to be reminded. W. H. T. D.

The Eyes of the Heart

SATURDAY, March 16. Eph. 1 : 18. "*Having the eyes of your heart enlightened.*" The eye of the understanding has its own realm of vision, its own limited horizon, but the eye of faith and love of the heart sweeps all heavenly horizons. The veil of unbelief is not on the eye of the mind so much as on the heart. Tennyson's words, "I have felt," are a blessed consummation to the soul. We learn more from Christ's look of love than from any other source, for love is the instinct of the heart and the heart has loftier reasons than the intellect can give. It seizes absolute truth, beholds the invisible, and is conscious of the immortal. Reason is like a creeping child, while faith, a bird of paradise, brings back the leaf of promise to the believing soul.

One cannot prove the glory of the morning; it is a fact beyond demonstration. Such is the sun of righteousness to the soul.

When your child nestles in your arms, it is not reason that prompts you to caress it, but love burning in the heart. God does not guide his children so much with the reins of reason, just as you would guide a horse, but by his blessed personal presence. Love may be tempered by reason, but the great Corliss engine of the heart is the mighty power of love. When you give yourself to Christ, you will become like him, have his mind, and then you will do as you have a mind to, for it is his mind and heart that is Christ in you, the hope of glory. Do you believe in Jesus? Then you see and possess the beauty of salvation, the love that passes knowledge. E. W. C.

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"HOWARD CHASE"

By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

CHAPTER IX—*Continued*

HOWARD reached out his hand, turned the tag so that its message could be deciphered and read: "From the expressman and the Agent. Bought with a check for a poem which the Agent expects to get."

Howard almost had a relapse as he read it.

"Place that on the foot of the bed. It'll help me to get well," he gasped, letting his laugh down into his old-time grin. But there were tears behind the grin, as there often were.

"When I get well enough, I'll make the Agent send me a copy of that poem. Tell me about the church, Roy. How's everything going?"

"Fine, all right. You didn't know I've been preaching for you, did you? Haven't dared to tell you before, for fear it might retard your recovery. But I've had a great time. Only I wish you'd tell me how you manage to keep your folks awake. Some of your best people fall peacefully to sleep before I get to the second hymn. They look so happy, I can't bear to wake 'em up. The only time they rouse up is when I say something about you, so I mention you often. And—oh, yes, you'll be interested to know Deacon Allen comes regularly every morning on his way down town. He was here the night we thought you were going." He did not mention Inez.

"Everybody's very kind," Howard murmured. "I didn't know—"

"All the ministers have been here. They've kept up the union mid-week services and the Sunday night. I heard something about a curious letter Brother Noyes had had from his Mission Board. But I don't know what it is. He said he wanted to counsel with you when you were able."

"Has any one else called?" Howard asked after a while.

"'Any one else!' Why, you old bach, the whole town has called. You've been the most called-on man in the history of the town."

Howard grinned again, but rather sheepishly, and Roy Lennox, looking gravely at him, was saying to himself:

"I've half a mind to tell you, but I guess I won't. Some things are better to find out for yourself."

BUT as he sat there by the bed he pictured Agnes Burton, as he had caught the look on her face as she presided at the little organ, bravely trying to conceal her feelings and knowing all the while she was betraying her deep interest in the outcome of the struggle going on at the parsonage. Do what she would, exercise all the self-control of which she was capable, and she was capable of a great deal, she could not conceal from herself that her heart was there, not here in this little church, and when Lennox began to preach she could not help seeing in his place the fiery, unconventional, wide-awake minister, unlike any one else in Red Hill, as he swung around the little pulpit, sometimes, in his eagerness, putting one foot out over the edge of the platform until she was afraid he was going to fall off, and then with one swift stride he would be over near the chorus end of the platform appealing to all the young people there to lead the clean life, while her own heart beat quick as his eye flashed and his whole bearing spoke of power and the joy of living. And she could see the faces in the congregation—faces she had known since she was a little girl—and noted the astonishing change in them; no longer apathetic or sleepy or indifferent, but awake; interested, for the first time since they were born, in a religion which was becoming as real as money and as big as all outdoors. She could almost laugh there in church as she watched Deacon Allen struggling with his conservatism and his affection, gasping as Howard tore in pieces some life-long doctrine or habit, and tears in his eyes as the next minute he touched some tender chord of memory in the old man's heart not touched for long dry dusty years.

AND she knew, as she sat there, her mind and heart over in the parsonage, that if it were not for a world-wide conventionalism which made women repress their feelings, she would rise from her place in the chorus and go swiftly over across the little yard and fall on her knees before Rose and beg her to let her be near him. She could not by any effort conceal her interest, and during those days her face, as the Expressman told the Agent, was like a ghost's, if ghosts have faces. And more than the Expressman saw it, and commented on it. For Red Hill, in spite of all that happened, had not become angelized yet sufficiently to let go of the Expressman's "human interest"; in this particular case feeling a glow of more than ordinary "interest" in seeing a romance wrought out before their very eyes.

With Howard's sure and complete recovery Agnes Burton, almost at a bound, recovered her usual joyful and animated appearance. So that, by the time Howard was able to go out and meet her for the first time, she presented a picture of health and loveliness that struck him with an unpleasant sense of irritation. His first greeting was rather formal. As for herself, she was struggling again to repress her joy and replied to his commonplaces with others. And he did not understand how, if she did care, as she had seemed to that evening she had asked him if he was well, she could be going about looking so glad and so gloriously healthy and happy.

Stupid! Ah, yes. But, then, Howard Chase was a child, almost, as to his real knowledge of womankind.

THERE came a day early that fall when Howard was able to resume his pulpit and parish work, and Roy Lennox and his wife had made their plans and fixed the date for their departure, with Inez, for New York.

They were all together at the parsonage the evening before the day they were to leave, and George Clark, Deacon and Mrs. Burton and Agnes were guests at the evening meal. Inez sat between her teacher and Mrs. Lennox, and the talk at the table flowed back and forth.

Inez was silent, grave, even serious, as she listened. She sat there doubting over many things, anticipating and dreading the future, and wondering how it was all coming out.

After the meal Mrs. Burton, the deacon, Clark, Agnes, and Mr. Lennox seemed to form a group for a moment, while Howard had gone into his study to get a circular Roy had been asking for, and Inez went out into the kitchen where Rose was busy.

"Miss Chase, will it be all right if I see Mr. Chase just a moment? I only want to say a word to him—I—"

Rose looked at her. She was trembling. A look in her face expressed a feeling that made Rose want to take her in her arms as if she were a little sorrowful child who had lost a cherished toy.

"He's in the study now. I only want to say a word."

Rose nodded, and Inez slipped back into the sitting-room, and in through the half-open door of the study.

Howard was at his desk, and before he could prevent it she had fallen on her knees and seized his hand and carried it to her lips.

"Oh, Mr. Chase! You are good. Pray for me. I'm not a bad girl. But I'm afraid—now—I thought when you were going to die that I could not live. I never meant to do you any harm. Pray for me, won't you? I'm going to be afraid down there."

Howard gently withdrew his hand and put it on Inez's head. And at that moment it seemed to Inez as if in some real way her feeling for the minister changed from what it had been to one of lasting respect and confidence as her friend and pastor.

He was saying, "Inez, remember you are going to be in the home of two of the best people in all the world. You were born to be a useful and happy woman. You will have the help of their counsel and friendship. And promise me, Inez, promise God that you will not get in the way of anything that will help to make a useful and happy woman of you."

"Miss Burton asked me the same thing," said Inez simply.

She was on her feet brushing away her tears, a different look on her face, as Howard said cheerfully, "We all expect great things of you. And don't forget what you've promised."

"No, I won't, Mr. Chase." She said it impulsively. "And I'll never forget your great kindness to me and what you did that Sunday."

"It's going to be all right," said Howard.

NEXT day an interested group was down at the Santa Fe to see Mr. and Mrs. Lennox and Inez off on Number Ten. Red Hill knew all about the invitation given to Inez by the Lennoxes, and various comments were made, for it is not to be understood that Red Hill ceased to talk about its neighbors and one another all on account of one sermon. That would be pushing the miracle too far. But much of the "human interest" insisted on by the Expressman is a good thing. So Red Hill thought of the astonishing good fortune that had come to Inez and talked accordingly.

The Expressman ventured to say to her after getting her trunk checked for her: "You look prettier than any picture I ever see. I bet New York folks 'll turn around and look at you when you go walking up Fifth Avenue. But I hope it won't turn *your* head any to have 'em look around."

Inez blushed and shook the Expressman's rough and not over clean hand, and the tears came as she remembered his many little acts of kindness.

The Agent came up also, somewhat diffidently holding out to Inez a typewritten card which he said she could read after the train started.

"It's a pity the Santa Fe don't run to New York," he said. "You'll be all right up to the Dearborn Station, then you'll have to watch your step the rest of the way. That's the reason I thought you might remember what's on the card."

He didn't say it was his own literary effort, but Inez and Mrs. Lennox guessed it was as they read it:

> Safety first on cars and trains.
> Saves many travelers aches and pains;
> And no matter how great the hurry,
> Safety first saves time and worry.

THE last view the little group at the station had of Inez was the sight of her between Mr. and Mrs. Lennox on the rear platform as Number Ten swung through the bridge over the creek and disappeared around the curve of Red Hill bluff. And Howard Chase as he turned back to his work breathed a sigh of relief, and offered a prayer full of hope for this one of his flock.

He took up his work with his accustomed energy and enthusiasm. As the time went on he began to realize some changing conditions.

In the first place, his long illness and absence from his pulpit had affected his congregation somewhat. The first Sunday he appeared, the church was filled. Then as the weeks succeeded one another, his congregations dropped off. No community or church lives on the mountain top all the time or strikes twelve every hour. And human nature in ministers being about like the same thing in other people, Reverends Noyes, Harris and Gray had put on an extra spurt of ecclesiastical effort while Howard was ill.

But Howard was not one of the easily discouraged type, and he had a strain of doggedness in his make-up that some men of brilliant and quick action completely lack. He "pegged away," as he said to Rose, with the firm belief that if he continued to make his services attractive and worth while, people would come any way.

So he went after one thing and another, getting acquainted with the farmers, starting a census of the town and getting ready to propose a scheme he had been brooding over during his convalescence, to unite in one general interest the entire life of the town.

INCLUDED in this scheme was the straightening out of the film business, and one day when big Jake Seymour was well enough, Howard went over to his little house to talk matters over and see what could be done.

Seymour greeted him very cordially and frankly expressed his doubts about reforming the business. He was going to open his "movie" in a few days, and he showed Howard a printed list of films he had had a friend send him from Kansas City.

"These titles here on your list marked with the red pencil, what are they?" Howard asked.

"Those are films passed by the Appeal Board over the censors."

"Tell me about that," Howard said, in his rapid-question manner.

THE motion picture man went into the history of the censorship of films in the state, Howard interrupting often.

"Then do you mean to tell me that the Appeal Board, consisting of the Governor, the Attorney General and the Secretary of State, sometimes do not see these films that go out advertised as passed over the censors?"

"Sure. If they happen to be out of town some one in their offices, some subordinate clerks, pass on the film, and it goes out over the state 'Passed by the Appeal Board over the censors'. And let me tell you right now that one of the worst pictures ever shown in Kansas a few weeks ago went out over the condemnation of the censors with the Appeal Board's endorsement, and not one of the members of the Appeal Board ever saw it.

"Then, see here, Mr. Chase. We're up against it here in Red Hill, because I'm on a lock system, and have to take what is sent me. And I don't have time after the stuff comes in on Number Five to look it over. And then I can't afford, of course, to take big reels put out by the producers of the high-class stuff. They charge seven dollars and a half as a minimum for any film they send out. After I've paid my express and rent and lights and heat and incidentals I don't ever make over twenty-seven a week, and in the off seasons I don't clear much more than ten or fifteen, and that ain't much, even if I am an old bach, in these time of high living."

"And they sure do send me some of the worst stuff. It's old and patched up and cheap. I mean the film, and the stories are the limit. Cowboy stuff and love slush that makes you want to get into the picture and knock the bloomin' lid off the hero and the heroine. Excuse me for using that word blooming, but it's a substitute for a stronger one. I'm ready and willing to help the preachers clean up the movie, but will you tell me how to clean up the authors who write the skinaros and the picture fellers who turn the characters in the silly stories

into next door to idiots and insaners. You've got to go back of the Appeal Board and its absent members, and back of the Censors who have to pass judgment on what's sent 'em, and back of the exchanges who are simply selling what they get, clear back to the men and women who write the rot that gets made up into nightmares.

"I tell you, Mr. Chase, if you can help put the right kind of show into this town you will do the kiddies a lot of good. For, believe me, they are getting some pretty seamy looks at tough life that ain't doin' 'em any good, and when the Appeal Board or its substitutes pass a film that the Censors rejected they don't seem to give a thought to the kiddies; it's only grown-ups they seem to have in mind. But I see more kiddies than any one else at the show here, and it's so everywhere."

Howard talked with Seymour a long time, found him a rough, rugged soul, but with an honest heart and a real love of the kiddies, and came away feeling that the show problem in Red Hill was not a simple one; but, setting his resolute will and fiery enthusiasm to the working of it out, assured that Seymour would help, not hinder, any real honest effort to better the conditions.

AND then, as the fall months passed, and winter began, Howard Chase came into a new experience—so new, so unexpected, so humiliating, that he felt as if he were losing his identity and were some one else reincarnated.

Number Five brought the daily mail from the East, and one night as Howard sat in his little study Rose brought in a letter which kept brother and sister up late, debating on the right course.

The letter, addressed to the Rev. Howard Chase, Red Hill, Kansas, was from a minister living in Maine, telling Howard of a cousin of Howard's father, relating a pitiful story of trouble, and after many details closing with the assurance that there was nothing but the poorhouse for this cousin unless Howard, the only near relative, the only relative of any sort, in fact, would assume the obligations of kinship and either take the cousin into his own home or pay for his board and room at a private house. The letter also intimated that in all probability there would be need of a private nurse and doctor before the winter was over, and other personal obligations which would increase the expenses.

"It's Cousin Alfred!" Howard exclaimed. "How often father used to speak of him and his unfortunate business venture! And to think of him facing the poorhouse! Why, he's a university man! But we can never let him go to the poorhouse! It would disgrace the family! It's not to be thought of!"

"And I don't see how we could take him in here!" Rose said, anxiously. "He's too old and feeble, according to this letter. And besides, with all your church, and—"

"No. That isn't feasible, Rose. We must send him the money, and let this brother do what he offers in the way of finding a place for him."

"But you haven't any money, Howard!" said Rose with a feeling of dismay and almost terror. "You told me the other day you had only $250 in the bank."

"Sister," said Howard cheerfully, "you let me manage this. This is a man's job. I'll get the money. We simply can't let one of the Chase family go to the poorhouse! Why, it's unthinkable! But you leave it to me. I'll manage it. It's my lookout."

A RAPID and exhaustive correspondence followed with the brother in Maine, and as a result, after being convinced that there was no other course open, Howard sent on half of his savings to meet a long-standing indebtedness and provide for the first two months' care in a private house. And he breathed freer to think an honored cousin of his father was not in the poorhouse.

Then he set himself resolutely to increase his salary. He had tried the pen while in the seminary, and knew he had a gift that way, but had not wanted to take the time from his sermon-writing.

But now he sat up until one and two o'clock writing articles for money. A young people's magazine paid him $15 for a religious editorial, and asked him for others. He responded with two a month, and the little yellow check came with pleasant promptness. And during those three months following the receipt of the letter from Maine he opened up a vein of anecdotal items that brought him small sums ranging from two to seven dollars apiece.

But then came a new experience, that at first bewildered, then angered, then humiliated him. And following that feeling he had a fear, a real penetrating fear, the kind that makes the cold sweat break out on a brave man when he wakes up suddenly at night and sees no way of escape from a sure danger.

Deacon Allen served as church treasurer. The first six months of Howard's pastorate the deacon paid him his check every Monday—$17.25. Howard, who had come out of seminary with a little surplus, put half the check into the bank, gave his sister the rest, and contented himself with drawing on small amounts by check as he needed it. The expenses of the parsonage were not heavy, and Rose, who was a miracle worker as a housekeeper, managed to keep almost within the amount Howard gave her.

BUT as that eventful winter crept on, Deacon Allen's check was less and less prompt. Sometimes with a half apology he would hand Howard a part of the amount, saying something about the difficulty of keeping up the pledges, or muttering a word about the hot dry summer and the discouraging outlook for crops.

Let us hasten to add that Deacon Allen was not personally actuated by any small or mean motive so far as church finances were concerned. But following a life-long habit of thinking, in common with nearly every other member of the church, he gave as little as he dared to the annual expense, and went on the supposition that Howard had some means somewhere (look at his rich New York friends) and it did not matter much if the salary were not paid every week. Of course it would be all made up some time at the end of the year, when they always faced a deficit and covered it with a more or less painful surgical operation on the pocketbooks of the few loyal men who would either double their subscriptions under pressure or help buy the articles the Ladies' Aid Society had first extracted from their husbands in the raw material, made up into Christmas gifts to themselves.

But as the holidays approached and Deacon Allen's checks suspended altogether for two weeks, Howard faced a condition he had never dreamed could be possible. The deacon had explained that the furnace needed repairing, and a number of other necessary items like insurance, and so forth, must be met. That week an urgent letter from the brother in Maine, supplemented by two large bills from a doctor and a nurse, brought a response from Howard that drew the last dollar out of his bank, and for the first time in his life he faced debt.

He had had a horror of it all his life, and by superhuman efforts had managed to keep clear. But now he faced it and did not see any way out, and for the first time in his life he felt humiliated, deeply and cruelly.

And why, asks some hard-headed business man, didn't the fool go to his Board of Trustees and tell them to pay him or find another preacher?

Yes. Ask the ministers, some of them missionaries on our own Kansas frontier, why they don't resort to heroic measures to raise their own salaries! And see what answers you get.

Under other circumstances, Howard would have gone to Deacon Burton. But several reasons were in the way. How could he make his private affairs public, tell the people, or even Deacon Burton, that because he had assumed the kinsman's obligation to keep a relative out of the poorhouse he was seriously embarrassed financially? The church was under no obligation to support his relatives. That was his affair. He could not make the public a confidant in his private matters.

But there was another reason why it was out of the question to go to Deacon Burton

To be continued

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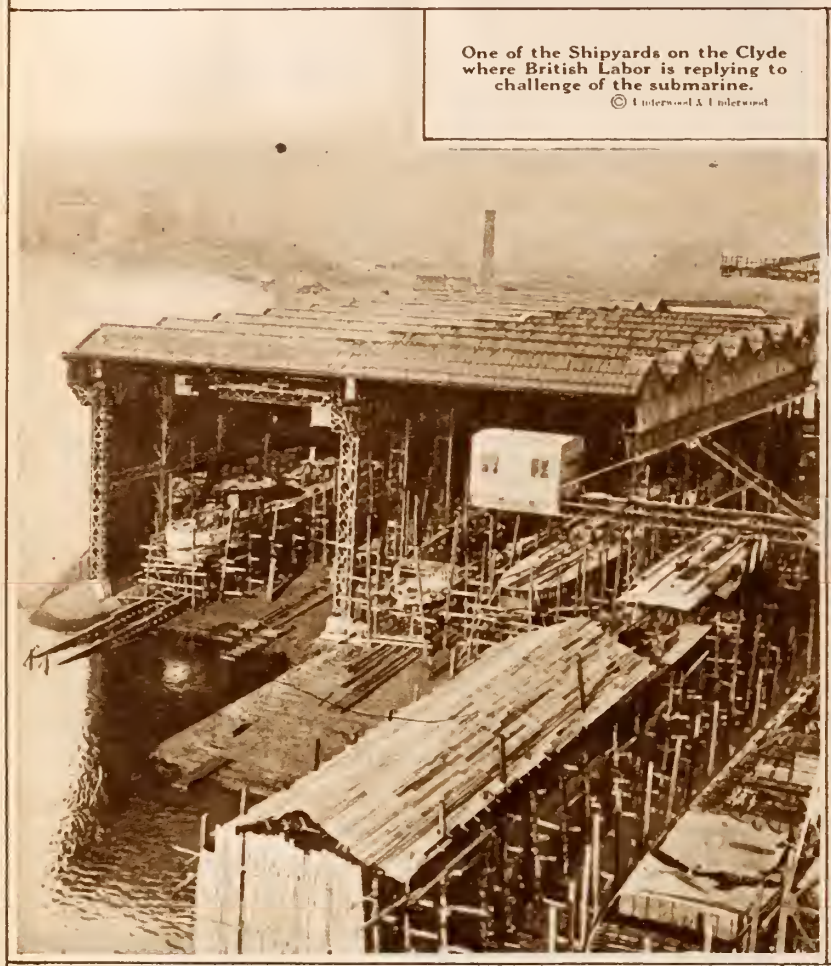
SHIPS AND SOLDIERS

Pictures of Things Told in the News

Mrs. Henry T. Rainey, wife of Congressman Rainey. Chairman of a committee that is giving women vocational guidance and helping them prepare for government positions. Many former stenographers are helped to brush up.

William P. Kenney, former newsboy, now president of the Great Northern Railroad. Mr. Kenney entered railroad work in 1890 as a clerk in the office of the C. G. W. Ry. He became a vice-president of the Great Northern in 1912.



One of the Shipyards on the Clyde where British Labor is replying to challenge of the submarine.

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Letters from home. As the Red Triangle ar

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A few of the 2,000 men who enrolled in one day in New York for work in the shipyards.

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Our Mail-Bag

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and is not controversial. All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

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Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

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Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

JOHN G. WILLIAMSON, Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va., writes this letter which many will read with interest: "In the February Gissue of the Christian Herald, Constant Reader,' New York, asks a question as to how the soldiers on the firing line and in the cantonments stand on the question of reading the Testament and the issues of the Christian Herald. Now, being a soldier myself, and one vitally interested in the religious side of soldier activity, I wish to say what has been my observation and the truth of the matter. I find men here are reading their pocket Testaments in larger numbers, and as a rule, are more prompt in attending services, than if they were in civilian life. Hence my conclusion is that money spent in Testaments is absolutely used to a good end. It has been the custom here for men to come without Bibles or Testaments, and their people seem to forget this, in their attempts to furnish them other things, especially eats. Now, as to the other phase: Do the boys read the Christian Herald? I say yes, but in Company G, 317th Infantry, where I am, there is only one paper sent and fully fifty men are reading it. We are furnished here a great deal of reading material, but as a rule it is all back numbers, ranging from 1917 to the current numbers. You are authorized to use the two paragraphs above or the whole letter, if you wish, for the benefit of the persons who may be interested."

We regard this letter, from a Christian soldier, as fairly presenting the situation, not only in his own but in other camps. Testaments are not only needed, but they are welcomed and, better still, they are being used, and will continue to be used, to win many souls. We wish we could supply the soldiers in the camps with enough Christian Heralds to meet all requirements.

Rev. Worth M. Tippy sends the very practical suggestion that friends, in writing to our boys in camp, should send cheerful letters, and not those of the depressing sort. He quotes from a letter on this subject received by the Council of National Defense in which the writer says: "If the home folks in some way were made to realize that it is difficult enough for the boys to concentrate on the serious task in hand, and give their best thought and energy to training for service, they would no doubt be glad to write of the more encouraging side of things, and such matters as would help, instead of hinder." General Johnson, in command at Camp Upton, suggests that if ministers could bring the matter to the attention of their congregations and induce them to write letters of the "cheer up" sort, they would render a real service to the army administration.

W. M. C., Wilmington, N. C., writes: "In these days of food conservation, I think too much emphasis cannot be put on the use of sea-food. I enclose a clipping about the rise of shark meat, but I want to add, from my own experience, that broiled or fried 'glaucus' (let us not call it 'shark') is much superior to smoked shark. If horseflesh were called 'cheval' steak, it would sell more readily, I am sure. 'Beef' sounds more appetizing than 'cow meat' would (to say nothing of 'bullflesh' or 'ox meat'). Let's give horseflesh and shark the new names of 'cheval' and 'glaucus.'"

In a recent article in the Christian Herald, Frank G. Carpenter wrote quite appreciatively of shark meat, and recommended it as a suitable fish food. As to horseflesh, we read that it is now used a good deal in Paris and doubtless in other European cities also, but it has not yet been considered here.

B. N., Guthrie, Okla. The subject is not in our line, and we would advise you to consult with a reputable physician.

D. E. R., Elm Creek, Neb. It is proposed on both sides in the present war that there should be entire "freedom of the seas" after the war. This implies free intercourse for commerce by water in all parts of the world. The phrase which has frequently been used in the past, of this or that nation "ruling the seas," simply means that the nation in question has had the largest navy.

M. D. N., West Lafayette, Ohio. "I have read the article in the Christian Herald of January 30, not with interest, but sadness. When any church or minister has to resort to picture shows to draw a crowd, I believe that minister has failed in his mission. The power has departed, the power that comes from God to build up and strengthen his followers and add to his Church. 'Oh yes,' says one, 'I want to belong to the church; but I want to do as I please.' There is danger of belonging to the Church and not to Christ. Too many in the churches are not converted, and that is the kind of food they want and relish best, and that is the reason they crowd the movies, theaters, etc. The Church and Sabbath were not made for such performances. The crowd will soon weary of them, as they have of church services, and will seek some new thing that may come along to amuse them. We need Billy Sundays all over our land to draw the crowd, to hold up Christ and the cross, to show the people their sins and the need of repentance and faith in the Son of God. When a man is filled and led by the Holy Spirit, that church will draw without picture shows. If the people want these, let them take them in any night in the week, but help us to keep God's day holy. A company of soldiers was to leave. Friends thought to entertain them before leaving, with music, plays, etc., and at the close they replied, saying, 'We thank you but tomorrow we go to the front. We face death and we are not prepared for it. We want to know about our souls' salvation. The above is but a faint picture of thousands over our land today; they want to know of Christ and his blood applied to their souls to fit them for heaven. They want God's Word not 'movies,' to show them the way of life everlasting. May God supply all their needs!"

J. S. C., Montgomery, Ala. 1. The two genealogies are found in Matt. 1 and Luke 3. 2. No one has the right to assert that any truly repentant sinner is lost. God's mercy is boundless, and "whosoever will may come." 3. We know nothing whatever about the phenomenon in question, although it may have been a mirage, as you suggest. 4. There are still unevangelized areas in a large part of Tibet and other sections of Central Asia, a good deal of Western China, considerable of the interior of Africa, and, we believe, some parts of South America. 5. Christ came to call not the righteous, but sinners to repentance. We think, on the showing made in your letter, you should continue with the class, if it is as you describe. 6. It is a matter for your good judgment to decide. It is hardly a question of morals. 7. We are not especially interested in theosophy. 8. You can help those around you chiefly by your influence and personal example. As for church-going, it should be remembered that it is enjoined upon us "not to forsake the assembling of ourselves" in worship, and that "a day in thy courts is better than a thousand." Further, "Them that honor me I will honor." It would be well to state to your pastor something concerning the conditions you describe, and act in co-operation with him. If he be a true shepherd, he will try to lead the errant ones into the fold. 9. We are afraid we cannot answer your last question.

E. F. Montgomery, Ala. Certainly, Christ taught kindness to animals. See Matt. 12 : 11, 12 and Luke 14 : 5. The application to animals in general, as the companions and servants of man, is quite justifiable.

M. J. H., Grafton, W. Va. There is no such passage in the Bible. It may, however, be in some of the apocryphal books, which are bound up with some large editions of the Bible; but we cannot say this positively.

W. L. A. S., Rosboro, Ark. Your questions are controversial.

Mrs. R. B. Montreal, Canada. Who were the Nethinim that went from Babylon to Jerusalem with Ezra, and what was their position in the Jewish polity?

"Nethinim" is the name given in the Hebrew book written after the exile to those hereditary temple servants who were assigned to the Levites to perform the subordinate duties. The name means "devoted," or "set apart." Leading Jewish commentators agree almost unanimously that the progenitors of the "Nethinim" were the Gibeonites whom Joshua decreed to be perpetually hewers of wood and drawers of water. Those Gibeonite bondsmen or slaves were diminished by the persecutions of Saul and under David, and other rulers. Aliens and captives of war were consigned to the duties of "Nethinim," doing menial service, not only to the priests, but to the people at large. This view is confirmed by the fact that there are many foreign names on the list of those who returned from exile in Babylon.

R. S. McL., Yates Center, Kan. Please explain Matt. 5 : 22, "Whosoever shall say, thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire."

The use of such an expression denotes on the part of the speaker a bitter heart and a great lack of sympathy and charity for others. It implies not only angry temper, but a scornful, contemptuous feeling that is inconsistent with the love and meekness which characterize Christ's disciples, leaving the reasonable reference that the person so speaking is by no means a Christian, and is therefore in danger of condemnation.

Constant Reader, Cincinnati, Ohio. For two young people, who are deeply in love, to marry against the wishes of the young woman's mother, might be a very unwise step to take. Young people are apt to overlook obstacles which to older folks may appear serious. It is probable that the lady's mother, in objecting to the union, may not be influenced by any selfish considerations, but solely by a desire for her daughter's welfare. At all events, her objections should not be thoughtlessly overruled. Hasty marriages are usually followed by long and bitter regrets. If both young people are true Christians, they will doubtless succeed in winning the mother's consent in the end after she has been convinced of the young man's worthiness.

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An Appeal for Constantinople College

By PROFESSOR SAMUEL T. DUTTON

EARLY in December a cablegram from Constantinople came to the New York office of the Constantinople College, reading: "Arrived. Safe, well. College good condition. Patrick."

In ordinary times such a cablegram would provoke no comment, but today its brief words are full of deep significance. It means that Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, the president of Constantinople College, a woman and an American, managed to penetrate into the Ottoman Empire, from whence all but those belonging to the nations of the Central Powers are kept rigidly away. Probably no other American could have accomplished such a feat. But Dr. Patrick, known for her large-minded devotion to the women of Turkey and for her unfailing service in their education these many years, obtained special permission from the heads of the Turkish government to pass unchallenged the barriers that separated her from her college. She has joined her gallant faculty of American women, who, notwithstanding inconveniences and hardships and all the darkness and uncertainty of war time, have stood by their college for three long years.

The college has as many as 350 students this year, including Greeks, Armenians, Turks and Bulgarians. As in times past, it continues to give a liberal American education to those who flock to its doors for inspiration and learning.

It has been customary to regard Constantinople College merely as an educational institution. Today we must look at it in a different light. Today it is not only a college of high standing, but it is also a relief station for many kinds of distress. Within its walls it harbors needy and destitute girls, those who have felt the pinch of war only too keenly, and the bitterness of persecution. While it educates its students, it shelters and protects them at the same time. Nor does its relief work stop here. It has made of itself a center for the poor of the immediate neighborhood, where they can come for help and work, where they know they will meet with kindness and sympathy. Like a light on a hilltop, the college shines for humanity in a country torn by war and ravaged by affliction.

DR. PATRICK told, while she was in this country, how the students of the college, many of them poor themselves, helped the refugees by distributing food and articles of clothing which they themselves had made. The college at one time volunteered fifteen hundred garments for the hospitals. The money for this scheme was collected by a committee made up of representatives of the student body and the faculty.

The friends of Constantinople College as well as the indefatigable president and her colleagues are busy making plans for the future. With that sureness of vision which they have acquired through long practice, they see that in the reconstruction period after the war leaders will be needed, especially leaders among women. It is their dream that Constantinople College shall have the joy and privilege of educating those leaders for the stupendous task which the new generation must take upon itself, to rehabilitate a war-torn country and uplift its broken peoples. They desire that in the future Constantinople College alumnæ shall go out equipped not only in the liberal, but also in the vocational and practical arts, and bring their own people out of a past full of war and bitter memories, into a present bright with the promise of peace and prosperity and advancement.

AMONG the practical departures which Constantinople College is contemplating are a training school for teachers and a medical school, where both women doctors and nurses may be trained.

Normal schools for teachers are very few indeed throughout the empire. Teachers are what Turkey needs, hundreds and thousands of teachers. What can a country do without education? In the great city of Constantinople of a million and a half inhabitants there is no place where teachers can be trained. The college has given courses in pedagogy, has in fact made a brave beginning, but there is much more to be done.

Any one familiar with conditions in the East knows how imperative is the need for doctors and nurses. The reports of the medical missionaries, who are doing a heroic work, show only too plainly how much unnecessary suffering could be avoided if only there were more good doctors, and how great is the ignorance concerning the very rudiments of hygiene among the mass of the people. There is no medical school for women in the whole of the Ottoman Empire. Even nurses must in most cases obtain their training abroad. Is it to be wondered at that Constantinople College longs to fill this very present need, by a well-equipped medical school with its complement of a training school for nurses?

Here lies the real ambition of these splendid American women, who have so much at heart the welfare of Eastern girls,—to make them leaders, to give them the torch of learning, not in one branch but in many, that they may in turn light all the untrimmed lamps throughout the empire.

CONSTANTINOPLE College is at present in great need of funds. In order that she may carry out these extensive plans for leadership, that she may continue to administer relief to suffering neighbors, that she may be kept running at all, she must have many generous friends. We feel confident that Americans only need *know* of this imporant work and this unique opportunity to be deeply interested in it. The appeal is made to you, readers of the Christian Herald, for contributions to help Constantinople College for Women. Will you not respond? Any sum will be gratefully received. No sum is too small, no interest too slight, and every dollar is a help. Contributions to this cause made through the Christian Herald will be promptly forwarded.

America's responsibilities have increased a hundredfold in the past year. Nowhere, however, is the path for uplift and service plainer than in the Near East. Let it never be said that an American institution in Turkey suffered at any time for a lack of friends. It never will be said. For they have never been wanting in the past, and how can they fail now in this hour of greatest need?

Make Woodlots Productive

THE farm woodlots of New York State are not producing more than one-fourth of the timber they should furnish, according to the forestry department of the State College of Agriculture. They should be brought to a high state of productivity as a war measure. A large part of the coal now used in rural districts could well be supplemented or supplanted by wood from the farm timber tract. A great deal of land in New York is better fitted for timber than for any other purpose. At least forty per cent. of the state is already in timber. Twelve per cent. is in farm woodlots, most of which owe their existence to circumstances coupled with neglect, rather than to any carefully laid-out plan.

Our Hour of Trial

NOW is the hour of our testing.
We must save, serve and sacrifice.
If we are selfish, or even careless,
we are disloyal; we are the
enemy at home!
"Food Will Win the War!"
Whose food? German or American? The world awaits your
answer.
We must save, serve and sacrifice.

There's a Pepsin Tooth Paste

Which Dentists Now Advise

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

To Destroy the Film

The greatest foe your teeth have is a film. Nearly all tooth troubles are caused by it. And many serious diseases nowadays are traced to the germs it breeds.

It is that slimy film which you feel with your tongue. It clings to the teeth. It gets into crevices and stays, resisting the tooth brush.

That is what discolors — not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food particles which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth — the cause of decay.

It breeds millions of germs which cause many diseases. Pyorrhea is chiefly due to those germs and to tartar.

The reason for brushing teeth is mainly to combat that film. But the old methods utterly failed. The best-brushed teeth will often discolor and decay. And tooth troubles have constantly increased.

That is because the damaging film is largely left intact. Many tooth pastes, it is found, make it more difficult to remove.

Now a way has been found to combat that film. Able authorities have proved it by three years of clinical tests. Now, with their approval of the product, we urge you to prove it — a way called Pepsodent.

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Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous, and the object is to constantly dissolve it.

Pepsin was not used before because it must be activated. And the usual activating agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth.

But science has now found an activating method which cannot harm the teeth. That method is used in Pepsodent — and in Pepsodent only, because of the several patents.

Three years of clinical tests have proved that Pepsodent can solve the film problem. It destroys the film and prevents its accumulation. Those who know this feel that every person should have a chance to prove it, and at once.

So we offer a One-Week tube. Send the coupon for it. Use it like any tooth paste—it is delightful.

Then watch the results. Note how clean your teeth feel after using. Note how your teeth whiten as the film disappears. You will see for yourself that Pepsodent does what was not done before.

You will then know the way to clean, safe teeth — an easy, pleasant way. It is vitally important.

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Jesus Sending Forth the Twelve

International Sunday School Lesson for March 17

Mark 6: 1-31

Christian Missions. II. General Principles

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph. D.

FROM the varied material of the Sixth Chapter of Mark we are to select the sending of the twelve as our central point of interest and to gain from it if we can some general principles of all Christian missionary work. We may find a natural connection between the story of the rejection at Nazareth and Jesus' attempt to enlarge the influence of his ministry by commissioning his helpers. Coming as it did after so much outside hostility, the opposition from his old neighbors made him realize that he must perpetuate his teachings in able apostles ere he should himself suffer the fate that had befallen John the Baptist.

So we have the account of a "trial trip" by these novices in evangelism, undertaken only after long instruction and much practical observation of the Master's methods. It reminds us of the absolute necessity of eager young Christians subjecting themselves to years of preparation in order to become worthy representatives of their Lord. Untrained workers will fail in meeting the complex situation of our time. We must give our best and *develop our best* for Christ's use.

The new recruits went off on their six little circuits and then returned at an appointed time for conference with their Leader and discussion of their experiences. Later he repeated the practice tours, on one occasion sending forth seventy volunteers. This is still a practical model for evangelistic work on our foreign fields where numerous native workers, after receiving instruction in the rudiments, are sent forth to "learn by doing."

The Village Christ

The spell of great cities is upon men nowadays. Country boys, budding artists and authors, physicians, even ministers and missionaries are restless till they can locate in some busy metropolis. But the missionaries, closest to Christ perhaps, are the least susceptible to this lure. At all events they find that the only way to permeate huge masses of heathen peoples is to go forth in the villages and "throw away their lives" teaching and healing.

Jesus lived to be thirty years of age in a small town of no reputation. When he undertook to choose his apostles, he did not go up to Jerusalem for them. And the greater part of his ministry was spent going "about the villages teaching" (Mark 6 : 6). This is the method of patience and lowliness which most missionaries are called to follow. It means that we must have humility and unselfishness like his. He did not establish his kingdom by going to Rome, the capital of the world, to wear a triple crown and gorgeous robes and to impose his will on the souls of men. He lived and toiled in Galilee, then sent forth likeminded men, until the earth was leavened with the Gospel.

It does us good to hear of consecrated men of ability who build up country parishes where the church is the light of the community, and who resist the tendency to emigrate to the great centers. It is fine to learn that Robert Moffat captured David Livingstone for Africa by that thrilling phrase "the smoke of a thousand villages."

Some Elements of Missionary Methods

Let us take Mark's brief summary of Jesus' instructions to the twelve and see if we can find in them some at least of the fundamental principles involved. Certainly these are not hard and fast rules, for Jesus dealt with spiritual laws and not with petty details. As a matter of fact, we see here certain elements of all Christian endeavor whether on the foreign field or on the frontier at home, or in the local parish of a church. Let us take them in the order mentioned by Mark.

1. *Fellowship in Effort.* Jesus sent them out by two and two. It is interesting to notice how that continued to be the New Testament practice: e. g. Peter and John (Acts 3 and 4), Paul and Barnabas (Acts 13 and 15), Paul and Timothy and Barnabas with Mark (Acts 16 and 17), and others. It is the natural order, giving strength, poise and dignity to the mission. Luther had his Melanchthon, the talents of one supplementing those of the other, as John seconded Peter, as Sankey seconded Moody in his work.

Very often the exigencies of foreign missions have necessitated loneliness like that of Damien in the early days at Molokai, but many of our missionary heroes are named in pairs and in groups, e. g., the Moffats, the Judsons, Stewart and his Lovedale associates.

In our Laymen's Movement and Every Member Canvass we have learned to revive Jesus' plan in doing all sorts of religious work. He believed in Team Work for the Kingdom. A Christian is seldom called to be a free lance.

2. *An Authoritative Commission.* Christ wished to impart to his helpers the confidence and fearlessness that are inspired by a mighty cause. He "spoke with authority," and he gave to them a charge to do the same. In another place he tells them not to be anxious in defending themselves but to regard themselves as the spokesmen of God. In St. Paul we see the mighty power that comes from an assured commission from on high. He was "an ambassador" from the King of kings, and all timidity and self-distrust vanished to plague him no more.

No one wants to hear a hesitant and equivocating preacher. No missionary should go forth uncommissioned. Indeed the ordination of his church, the charge from his denominational board, the prayers and supplications of his fellow members, are to him as voices of Christ, enduing him with spiritual power. It is no longer necessary for men to go without friends, without support from Christ's Church. Whether we teach a class, or go among the poor and ignorant to minister, or engage in personal work, we should go fearlessly, knowing whose we are and whom we serve.

3. *Simplification of Personal Wants.* It is always eminently fitting for Christians to live the simple life, and conspicuously so in the present need of mankind. But evangelists, missionaries, preachers must especially guard against even the appearance of self-indulgence, both for their own sakes and for the sake of those to whom they go. "Seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness" must be incarnated in them. Can you picture an anxious, worried, fussy person succeeding in winning a strange land to Christ? Or even winning a next door neighbor to trust in Him?

Jesus had nothing against good equipment. These men were simply going on a brief neighborhood trip. Later, he told them to prepare for changed conditions, and not to become vagabonds when he was gone (Luke 22 : 35). He did not want begging priests. Today, we may be sure, he would approve the shipment of printing presses, hospital supplies, and the means of civilized life to his apostles—all to be used for the blessing of men. But he does demand devoted lives dominated by a spiritual ideal.

4. *Singlemindedness.* The conventionalities of Galilee called for endless formal social visits from house to house. Jesus commanded his disciples to make the first hospitable home their headquarters during their brief stay in a village, and to waste no time on useless distractions. He would not have the niceties of etiquette sap evangelistic energies. They had not gone forth to eat and to drink, but to publish the good news of the grace of God. Likewise he urged them to waste no energies upon fruitless localities when the whole

world called. They were not to worry if rejected by some miserable town. Just shake off the dust and forget it. Go further. The story of Paul is a striking commentary on this teaching. No pioneer can afford to spend his time on hopeless propositions. He must do his work where it will count.

The Twofold Expression of the Evangel

Jesus always gave a double charge to his ambassadors. It is most concisely given in an old text of Luke 9 : 2, "He sent them forth to preach the kingdom of God and to heal." All missionaries have to remember this. They have a message to deliver and a ministry of helpfulness to fulfill. The two go hand in hand as in Jesus' life. We make a terrible mistake if we disparage social service and limit God's apostles to evangelism in any narrow sense. The records of our great missionaries are Christ-like in this respect. They have healed the sick, taught sanitation as well as worship; have emancipated women, unbound feet, fought against slavery and polygamy and alcohol, and striven for economic betterment and justice between man and man.

The Missionary's Furlough

Jesus not only believed that the laborer is worthy of his hire but also that even missionaries should have vacations. To be sure, they are often postponed and interrupted, as was Jesus' plan of "going apart to rest awhile" in our lesson text. But furloughs are necessary to the fullest usefulness of the workers, in order that they may confer together as did the twelve, in order that they may give an account of their endeavors to the people at home, and that the strain on mind and body may not break them down. Sometimes wonderful things may be accomplished by the missionary while he is on furlough at home. He may unexpectedly win precious recruits.

Young People's Topics for March 17

The Art of Living with Others

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topics. I Peter 3 : 8-16

A GREAT many books are published on the art of living and the science thereof. After all, science is an art and art is a science. The art of living is one thing as usually considered and the art of living with others is quite another. In most of the treatises on the art of living, the writers expend their energies in outlining ways of getting the most possible out of life just for ourselves. They emphasize the first person singular. The art of living with others, however, contemplates the placing of self in the background and puts the emphasis of its thought on the third person plural. Almost the first element of success in this art is courtesy. Courtesy, without fail, places the wishes or comfort of others before our own desires. Next in importance is kindness—kindness of act, of thought and of speech. Many a heart that wishes to be kind finds itself completely balked by a tongue which wishes to be smart and delights in satire. Therefore he who would live with others must "refrain his tongue from evil." Not only must the seeker for perfection in this art avoid doing evil to others, but he must avoid evil for himself; for no one can live successfully with others who carries into their company an evil reputation. Finally, he who would live well with others must avoid contention and must care little for his own way.

After all, there is no reason why we should have our way at the expense of another's will unless our way is so much better than his that argument to prove it is unnecessary. Many a friendship has been ruptured by an unnecessary argument which ended in personalities. Often indeed the tongue, being worsted, has called in the fist and fingernail reserves, and often friendships have been torn asunder in a good old fashioned row. A contentious person is not fit to live with others; is in fact hardly good company for himself. It is not necessary to reply to every insinuation against us. If we are innocent of the accusation, the mere charge, although it annoys, will soon fall of its own weight, to the great discomfiture of the accuser. If we are guilty, no amount of denial or of contrary assertion will establish the fact of our innocence. Contention, therefore, is worse than useless, for it accomplishes no good, and is fruitful of evil. Simmered down, the art of living with others is the art of loving others better than ourselves.

Making the Most of Ourselves

Epworth League Topic. Eph. 4 : 11-16

THIS was the topic for March 10 for the Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Societies and was accordingly treated in this column in last week's Christian Herald.

Questions on Prophecy Answered

Continued from page 276

either, for Paul never mentions popery. He discloses what he means when he says that "the Pope fulfils Paul's description in II Thess. 2 : 3–12." But here he is mistaken. The Pope's blasphemy and arrogance have been very great, but he has not yet opposed and exalted "himself above all that is called God, or that is worshiped." His very title "vicar of Christ," disproves that. Nor does he, as God, sit "in the temple of God showing himself that he is God." The Vatican or St. Peter's at Rome is not the temple of God and is not called by that name. Roman Catholicism does not attach the word "temple" to its church buildings.

The temple Paul has in mind is the historic one in Jerusalem, which is to be rebuilt by the Jews in the latter end of this age. Our correspondent does not believe this, and affirms that "we have no Scriptural evidence that the temple ever will be rebuilt"; but in this he again errs, "not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God." He errs at still another point, when he takes exception to the remark in our article that the Antichrist has yet to appear. He quotes Paul's saying that "the mystery of iniquity" was already at work, as a proof that the Antichrist existed over 1,800 years ago. But "the mystery of iniquity" and the Antichrist are not one and the same; the Antichrist develops out of the mystery of iniquity, and the apostle himself testifies that the former had not been revealed in his day, but was yet to come (verse 8).

BUT why take such pains with this question? Is it merely to refute an opponent? By no means. Time is too short and space in the Christian Herald is too valuable for that. It is to make clear the teaching of Scripture on a very serious matter, and one that grows more and more serious as we "see the day approaching."

We may be mistaken indeed, but it looks to us like a case of spiritual camouflage. That French word has sprung into the limelight during the progress of this war, and we have come to learn that it means some kind of humbug for the deception of the enemy. A current illustration is the dictaphone. Quoting the Electrical Experimenter, the thing a commander is most interested to know is just when the enemy will leave his trenches to make an attack. That information might be obtained by dictaphones, but the question is, how are they to be placed in the enemy's trenches? The problem is supposed to be solved by properly "camouflaging" them, so that they will have a rather innocent appearance. In other words, let them be made up to look like cobble-stones, or pieces of log or any other object that would not arouse the suspicion of the enemy.

In some such way as this, Satan is now acting with reference to the great move he is soon to make. That move is when he is cast out of heaven and down to this earth (Rev. 12 : 9–13), and will give "his power, and his seat, and great authority" to the beast (Rev. 13 : 2). In the meantime he would

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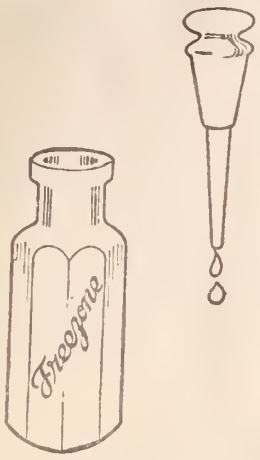

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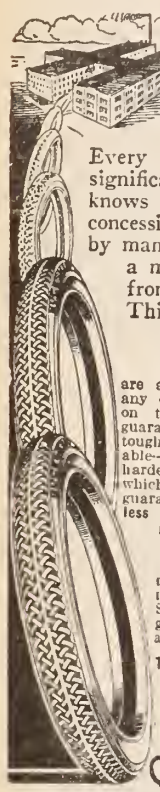

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divert our thought from the real beast by occupying it with a humbug. He would keep us from watching out against the greater enemy to come, by concentrating our attention upon the lesser enemy that now is.

TO speak plainly, the Papacy is an enemy of truth, and the Pope himself is no dim foreshadowing of the Antichrist, but that monster, when he arrives, will find his way prepared for him through Protestant Berlin as well as Catholic Rome. To quote Nietzsche, the great German philosopher, whose teaching is so largely responsible for this war: "While preparing to found a world-empire, Germany is also preparing to create a world-religion. No cultured European nation since the French Revolution has made any experiment in creative religion. . . . The present bent of mind at the universities among the most cultured is toward the religion of Valor, which speaks thus:

"You have heard how in old times, it was said, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth'; but I say unto you, Blessed are the valiant, for they shall make earth their throne. Again it has been said, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit'; but I say unto you, Blessed are the great in soul, for they shall enter into Valhalla. And ye have heard men say, 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God'; but I say unto you, Blessed are the warmakers, for they shall be called—if not the children of Jahve (Jehovah) the children of Odin, who is greater than Jahve (Jehovah)!"

If such "bent of mind" were limited to Germany, we might not seriously fear; but the philosophical and religious teaching which underlies it is rife in every nation of Christendom, including our own. Our colleges and universities are permeated with it, and our pulpits in many cases are its mouthpiece. By such philosophic and religious teaching is meant that which ignores, or questions, or outrightly opposes the Bible as the revealed will of the only true God, the incarnation and essential deity of Jesus Christ, his impeccable humanity and the infinite value of his atoning sacrifice for the salvation of sinful and lost men.

This is what is true in Protestantism today, and has been true for a long while; and it is laying the ground and preparing the way for the real Antichrist, who is yet to come, and whose description and history were given in the earlier article which elicited the above remarks.

Happy Endings

By
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"WHY," I heard one girl question another, "do you always read the last chapter of a book first?"

The girl questioned hesitated before she answered.

"Beeause," she said at last, and quite honestly, "I hate unpleasant things. And if a book has an unhappy ending I won't trouble to read it!"

"That's awfully silly," said the first girl. "Some of the most splendid things ever written have had tragic endings."

"I know it," sighed her companion, "but I don't want to be made unhappy by reading even great things. The world is too full of misery. I want to skim over it lightly so that I won't be badly hurt."

I, too, have a habit of reading the last chapter of a book before I legitimately reach it. I had never stopped before to reason out why I did it, and at the words of the second girl I found myself wondering whether we both had the same reason, and whether it was a worth-while one.

It's perfectly justifiable to want to avoid unhappiness. It's perfectly sane and logical to want to know only the sweetest and most laughter-filled corner of life. Sorrow and premature age go hand in hand, grief and joy seldom know each other. And yet—

I WENT to a house party not long ago and met there a dear little old lady with fluffy white hair and sad eyes; a little old lady who had known the pangs of parting and sacrifice, who had loved and lost. And she said to me, with a wonderful *seeing* look in her eyes:

"I wouldn't give up one of the sorrows that I have had to bear! I wouldn't give up one of them! They've been part of my very life."

DID you ever, when you were small, go to some seaside place? And, sitting happily in the sand, did you ever dig the foundations of a wonderful castle o' dreams? I have.

I remember, once, that I planned to dig a specially pretentious castle. It was to have a moat and a drawbridge and a turret; it was to be as grand as a castle of sand could be. And I dug down, with a will until I reached sand that was first sticky, and then very damp, and then at last really wet. Then I saw that my castle would have a pool of water for its foundation unless I stopped digging.

My mother was sitting not far from me, on the sand. I hurried to her side.

"There's water underneath!" I told her.

Mother looked up from her sewing. "Of course there is," she said.

"How," I questioned resentfully, "can I make a real castle, when I can't dig down without coming to water?"

"No one," answered my mother, "ever digs far into the sand without coming to water!"

It's easy I fancy, to skim over things lightly without ever getting below the dry sand of life. Many people do. Many of them, after a peep at the last chapter, go on to another less wonderful story because the ending of the first one isn't happy. But they aren't getting as much out of life as they imagine. For one cannot go down deeply into life without finding grief, any more than one can dig down deeply into the sand without finding water!

I saw a man, a very old man, yesterday. His hair and his beard were white and his shoulders were bent. But I noticed that his face, when I drew near to him, was curiously unlined.

"Somehow," I said to my companion, "that man's face doesn't match the rest of him. Somehow he seems a bit wrong. He has the forehead of a child."

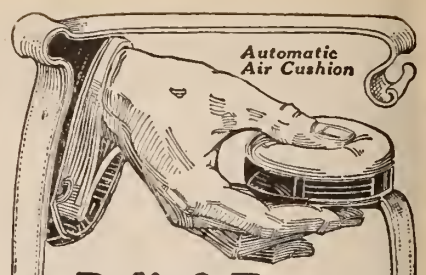
"Probably," answered my companion, "he has the mind of a child, too, and the reasoning power of a child. A face with no lines on it, *an old face*, is not particularly desirable. It isn't only sorrow that leaves its mark. Thought and deep feeling and sympathy leave their lines, too!"

IN this time of trouble, one must try not to go too lightly along. We need laughter and song now more than we ever did; but there are those of us who need help, too, and comfort and sympathy. While there is a war going on, a too light-hearted attitude is sometimes a bit unkind, and laughter—too much of it—may be thoughtless.

This is a time when the book of life must be read even though some of the chapters may have unpleasant endings. For the book of life is being filled with more history than ever before, and there aren't as many pages being left now for songs and light-hearted verse. We who want to leave it unread because we fear the hurt of it, must remember that others are being hurt, too.

IF the Christ-child, grown to a man, had been afraid to read His book that ended in victory only through the agony of the cross—afraid because of the suffering and the tears that were crowded into the chapter of Gethsemane and Calvary—the great story of Christianity would have gone unwritten, unread, unlived. If others had been willing to skim lightly over life, this same wonderful story would have died in its infancy. But they were not afraid. They walked bravely through life, some walked bravely to death.

And if we are afraid to face the suffering and want that are going on all over the world during this time of war, we shall not be able to help. We should sing and laugh and do our bit of smiling; but we must dare, at this same time, to dig deeply under the dry sand of life, despite the sorrow. We must dare to go on bravely reading, even though we fear that the reading may hurt us.



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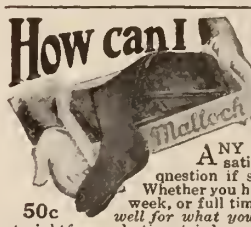

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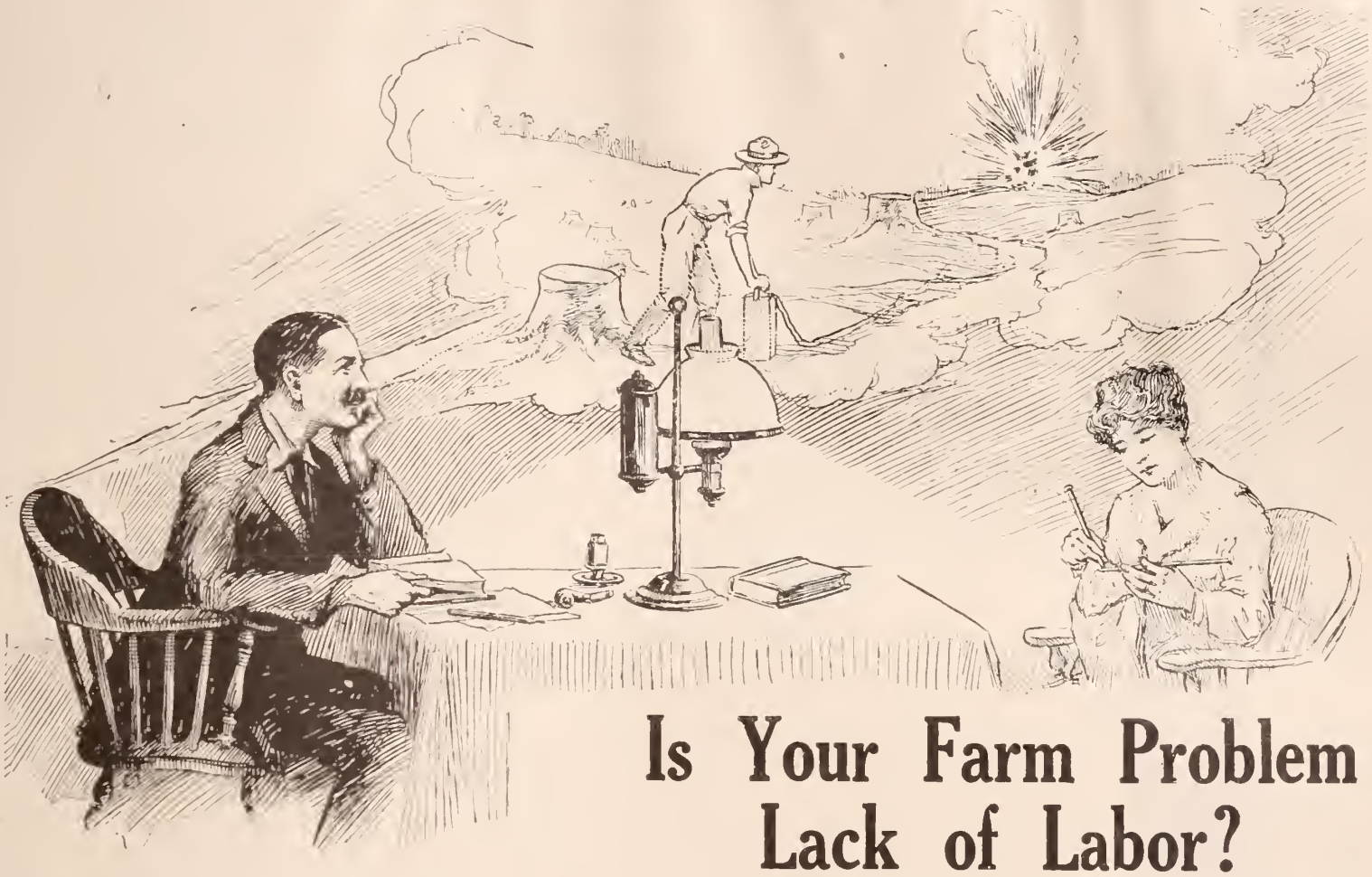

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Continued from page 281

food and all sorts of supplies have to be kept until they can be sent off to Europe.

The buildings are different from those of the cantonments, and the structures here at Washington which I have described. They have to be carefully built and with special regard to their use. Those going up near New York will cost more than has been expended upon all these new buildings at the National Capital. The amount will be $8,000,000, and that single unit will have more than one mile of piers and bulkheads. The structures will cover more than two hundred acres. There will be 250 of them, and they will range in size from mere sheds to great warehouses.

ANOTHER great branch of building construction is in connection with the housing problem. The truth is there is no shortage of labor in the United States, but there is a great shortage of housing facilities in the industrial centers where the war work is done. This has to be remedied, and Uncle Sam will soon have under way a large number of industrial cities. One of these already arranged for will cost $35,000,000. It will be built for the emergency shipyard at Hog Island near Philadelphia. Another will be created near Newport News, and others will probably be built at sixty or seventy places, scattered here and there over the country. These cities will be laid out after the best of modern civic planning and they will continue to exist after the war is over as model industrial centers. Great Britain has already put more than $500,000,000 into such buildings, and it is said that she will have to spend at least a half billion dollars more.

Of somewhat the same nature are the new buildings planned for the rapidly increasing clerical force here at Washington. The city is now overcrowded and 20,000 more clerks will be added this year. The Council of National Defense has been asked to make immediate plans for buildings that will take care of these clerks.

AND now let me say a word about the cantonment cities which Uncle Sam has already constructed. They have been built and paid for. Their cost was just about $134,000,000, and that was $16,000,000 less than the amount Congress appropriated for their construction.

The military cities had to be erected in different parts of the country and under all sorts of physical conditions. In some places the ground was flat, in others hilly and in others it had to be drained. The speed with which these cities were erected has never been equaled. At Camp Devens, Mass., for instance, the 1,728 buildings making up the cantonment city were erected at the average rate of forty minutes per building. The whole city was constructed within eleven weeks. Twenty portable sawmills cut the lumber at the site to save hand sawing. The 20,000 doors and 70,000 windows required were made in mills throughout the country. In addition to the quarters for the men, the structures included 20 administration buildings, 55 storehouses and 331 stables. During the job 135 motor trucks and 200 wagons were used, and the work was so mobilized that lumber was shifted from the cars to the mill at the rate of one-half million feet per day and carted by trucks from the machines to the buildings where it was needed.

THE organization and plans for all of this work, and also for other great building schemes which the government has now under way were created through the Committee on Emergency Construction of the Council of National Defense. In order to give you some idea of these great undertakings and how they have been carried out I have had a talk with Major W. A. Starrett, the chairman of that committee. Major Starrett is one of the chief industrial officers of Uncle Sam's great labor army. A leading architect of New York City at the time the war broke out, he has been accustomed to dealing with large contracts. The first subject that came before the committee was the cantonments. In reply to my questions regarding this, Major Starrett said:

"The problem was staggering. The government had to provide thirty-two great military cities and build them from the ground up. It had to gather the building materials from widely scattered parts of the United States, transport them to the places where they were needed and create the organization and plans for doing the work. Congress had decided to appropriate $150,000,000 for the purpose, and this vast sum of money must be efficiently and economically spent. The committee had to organize the working forces, and it needed the very best men of the country; for the job had to be done within a short space of time. The first thing was to make the contracts and plans."

MAJOR STARRETT showed me one of the contracts. It is a printed pamphlet of only eleven pages, but it has served for the expenditure of more than $134,000,000, and it covers all the conditions of construction of these thirty-two cities. The building has been done without any dispute to speak of, and that at a cost far less than the average amount which the public pays for such work. The ordinary charge for the superintendence and erection of buildings is 8 and 10 per cent. of the cost. By this contract 10 per cent. could be charged only up to $100,000, and after that the fees grew smaller as the amount involved rose. In no case could they exceed $250,000, and this notwithstanding that the estimated cost of some of the cities was more than $9,000,000, and the actual cost ran above that amount.

When the cantonments were built it was found that the average fee, instead of being 8 per cent., or 10 per cent., was just about 2.98 per cent., and this notwithstanding no charges for overhead were included. In many cases the contracting firms undertook the work largely on the grounds of patriotism and to show that they could do quickly the biggest jobs Uncle Sam had on hand.

I WAS interested as to how the contracts were let. The building was such that it could not be given out on competitive bids, and Uncle Sam wanted only the best men in the country to have charge of it. To make the selection the Council of National Defense sent out inquiries to the different parts of the United States as to the most honest, experienced and ablest men who were doing big jobs of this kind. The men finally selected were proud that they were called upon to do the work, and almost no disputes have arisen regarding the contracts. The question of labor was fixed by taking union prices and union rules of each locality and going by them. There were no strikes of consequence, and that notwithstanding as many as 160,000 men were working on these cantonment cities at the same time.

In addition to these cantonment cities Uncle Sam has built a number of great aviation camps for the Signal Corps. The latter have cost over $21,000,000.

The new buildings at Washington which I have described were planned under the direction of Major Starrett and his committee, and the great storage buildings for supplies and ammunition have come under the province of that committee, and were the result of the great work done by the storage committee of the Council of National Defense. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 278

reserve, and that, at best, the life of a plane was not over two months. Also for each plane in active service, forty-six men are required for ground work, handling, repairing, tuning up, etc.

Coincident with this came a report from a correspondent in France, that control of the air over the American sector was now held by the enemy. While this dispatch got by the censor, it was not officially confirmed.

THE RAILROAD BILL. The Administration bill providing for National operation of the Railways during the war and for eighteen months thereafter passed the Senate on February 22; the House was expected to vote within a week. As passed by the Senate the bill gives the President power to do anything that may be necessary to make the roads serve the national emergency. Rates may be made subject to review by the Interstate Commerce Commission and arrangements for compensation for the use of the roads, to be based on average net returns for the years 1915, 1916 and 1917, are also to be subject to review by the Commission and to appeal from its decision to the Court of Claims. Short line railroads, which Director General McAdoo did not consider essential to Government operation, are included in the roads to be operated under the new law.

FOOD CRISIS NEAR. Food Administrator Hoover announced on February 21 that unless immediate and drastic embargoes were laid against other merchandise in order to clear the rails for the movement of food to interior terminals and the seaboard we would be unable to keep our agreements as to the rationing of our Allies and a food shortage in the Eastern States would result within sixty days. Director General of Railroads, McAdoo, replied that if Mr. Hoover would advise him of the location of foodstuffs and their destination the railroads would not fail.

MOVING THE GOODS. The warm weather of the 2nd and 3rd weeks in February enabled the railways of the country to make a concerted attack upon the accumulation of freight on sidings and in terminals. As a result the number of stalled cars on February 19 was only 89,774 as against 160,904 on February 6. The British government by rearrangement of schedules and rerouting of ships had, during the same time, provided so many cargo vessels that the former accumulation of foodstuffs was not only cleaned up, but on February 20 ships were actually waiting at eastern ports for wheat and other foodstuffs still in transit.

WHEAT AT $2.50. The House Agricultural Committee, on February 18, completed the food conservation bill. It was reported that the blanket authority asked for by Food Administrator Hoover had been withheld, and that the bill would confer upon the President specific authority for the control of the manufacture and distribution of foodstuffs and all public eating-houses. The Senate Agricultural Committee on the same day was advised by C. H. Hyde of the Oklahoma State Council of Defense that unless production was increased, wheatless weeks were imminent, instead of merely wheatless days. The committee ordered a favorable report, on February 19, on the bill by Senator Gore, fixing the price for the 1918 wheat crop at $2.50 a bushel. President Wilson and Food Administrator Hoover were reported as opposed to the legislative fixing of such a price at this time, the President, by proclamation on February 23, continuing for 1918 the 1917 price of $2.20.

ZULULAND FLOODED. According to press dispatches of February 18 floods in the Unvolosi River Valley in the sugar district of Zululand, following a terrific storm, had destroyed the railroad bridge at Mazude, Zululand; 300 persons had been drowned, while villages and plantations had been destroyed.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. The new British suffrage law increased the number of persons entitled to vote in Great Britain by 8,000,000, of whom 6,000,000 are women over thirty years of age, who will constitute about two-fifths of the whole number of voters. . . . The Department of Agriculture is making plans for the trying out of women as farm laborers. . . . Fire in the Salvation Army barracks at 124-130 W. 14th St., New York City, on February 21, drove 115 persons from the building and took the lives of two young men, student officers, preparing for work in France.

Progress of the War

IT should now be comparatively safe for any man, Samaritan or otherwise, to travel the Jericho road; for, on February 21, Jericho, the Jordan country south of it and the highroad to Jerusalem were firmly in British hands, after a three-day action by Australian troops under General Allenby, across a difficult country and through heavy rainstorms. The total advance was in the neighborhood of 8 miles. Meantime other British forces advancing over a wide front north of the city of Jerusalem penetrated 3 to 4 miles behind the Turkish positions. The British front from Joppa to the Jordan measures about sixty miles.

For another week the action on the Italian front and the western front from Switzerland to the sea has been confined largely to artillery battles, which have become more and more intense with better fighting weather. Vigorous trench raiding has also been indulged in by both sides, and there have been many air raids, French and British planes bombing railway junctions and concentration points behind the German line, while Italian aviators on February 21 bombarded the railway station and troops in transit at Innsbruck in the Austrian Tyrol. The Germans three times raided Lonon on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday nights, February 16, 17 and 18. The third attack was futile, being driven off by the defenders. In the other two, 27 persons were killed and 41 injured.

The Germans made a determined attempt on February 19 to recapture the trenches taken by the French, with American aid, on February 13, southeast of Tahure. Enemy forces succeeded in occupying temporarily certain elements of the trench system, from which they were later driven out, taking 125 prisoners back with them.

The French troops on February 20 entered the German positions over a large front in Lorraine north of Berus northeast of Nancy. The French returned with more than 400 prisoners.

American forces appeared on another portion of the front on February 22, when in a fight between patrols, on the Chemin-des-Dames in the Aisne sector, American troops killed one German and captured one, returning with one man slightly wounded.

Submarine sinkings for the week of British merchantmen were 12 of over 1,600 tons, 3 under that tonnage, and one fisherman. No French ships were sunk.

The announcement that Gen. Sir Wm. Robertson had resigned as British Chief of Staff was somewhat qualified on February 17 when it appeared that he had been given his choice between the position as British representative on the Supreme Allied War Council or the position of Chief of Staff with somewhat diminished powers. He chose neither, and he was therefore succeeded as Chief of Staff by Gen. Sir Henry Wilson.

A German submarine on February 17 bombarded the British Channel port of Dover but was driven off by shore batteries after firing about 30 shots. One shot destroyed a home, killing one child, and injuring 3 men, 1 woman and 3 children.

It was reported on February 20 that, according to the latest figures received at American army headquarters, 204 Americans lost their lives on the Tuscania. Of this total there had been identified and buried 3 officers and 137 men; unidentified buried, 1 officer and 31 men, and 32 men were missing.

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Picture No. 27

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Picture No. 28

Picture No. 29

Our desire is to bring as many as possible into the wonderful *Study*, and so we have worked out a 6-months' offer for all our friends—old and new ones—including the Outfit with it at the usual additional price of 10 cents. The offer—and it will be a popular one—is for the Christian Herald for 6 months, new subscription, or renewal or extension of a present subscription, with the complete *Bible Picture Study* Outfit and all the 30 pictures, for $1.10.

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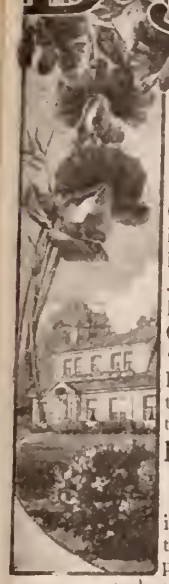

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Palestine Fighting Famine

"THE long-awaited opportunity for relief in Palestine has arrived," writes Chairman Trowbridge from Cairo to the American Committee for Syrian and Armenian Relief. "Sickness and destitution are serious, especially in the cities. I estimate that fifty thousand sufferers are directly accessible. Bishop MacInnes's committee is well organized, with representatives already in Palestine, but funds in hand are very inadequate. The refugee hospital established near Gaza is crowded, and three more are required. Seed, grain, clothing and medical supplies can be secured in Egypt for Palestine relief. British military authorities offer all possible transportation facilities and urge immediate action. We recommend your granting sixteen thousand dollars monthly to the MacInnes Committee. Fox, manager American Red Cross, Cairo, is sharing the responsibility. Conditions in Syria are appalling."

In a letter dated January 8, Mr. Trowbridge says: "Three members of our staff are granted passes to Jaffa. Probably twenty thousand are destitute in Jerusalem. Three hundred tons of rice is being forwarded from Cairo. Medical relief is being established; our five doctors are working incessantly. Will you cable funds monthly? Twenty-three Armenian exiles reached Port Said after inconceivable sufferings. They have wandered two and a half years from a village near Cæsarea through the Asia Minor mountains and Arabian deserts. Two hundred and twenty-seven perished en route."

ADVICES from consuls and relief workers in the district about Tiflis are that the condition of refugees is most critical and the responsibility is almost entirely on the American committee. The problem is more difficult from the unsettled internal conditions. New workers have made possible large extensions. Partridge, Compton and Orvis are at Alexandropol with 41,000 refugees. Elmer is greatly enlarging the work at Etchmiadzin, where there are 10,000 refugees, and hopes to start a new center at Ashdarag with 10,000 refugees. White is in Erivan in industrial work. James is feeding 15,000 in Novobayazid and Ackhta, where prompt help must be given to save the people from death by starvation. Williams is located at Van and reports terrible need of relief for 20,000 refugees. Heald at St. Gamarloo and Kirk at Bullak are in industrial work and food distribution among 15,000 refugees. Raynolds begs more for individual relief. The Home Orphan Department is taking on 3,000 more children in Erivan province, 1,000 at Kars, and 1,000 at Van. Other districts, not yet touched, must soon reach 20,000. The committee is besieged by appeals from all districts. Delegations of hungry people, often numbering hundreds, come long distances begging for bread and refuse to leave without food or promises.

THE American Committee has to assume the work hitherto borne by the Russian government and Armenian organizations. Unless this is done promptly, numerous orphanages caring for about 10,000 children, and many asylums for old people, will have to close, leaving the inmates homeless and destitute.

The Persian government urgently requests more help for refugees. The grants were soon exhausted and available supplies are rapidly disappearing. Wheat is ten dollars a bushel. Winter is increasing the suffering. Funds are needed immediately to save starving thousands.

Richards writes from Western Persia as follows: "The food situation is desperate here now, and with it has come the inevitable sickness and death. More fresh refugees are coming into Urumia and the villages near by, and there is not nearly enough food to feed the people already here. By the time you get this letter the conditions will be frightful, and the people will be dying like sheep."

CONDITIONS in Central Persia are indicated by this cablegram from Douglas at Teheran: "The distress is appalling throughout the district. Almost any amount could be used for general relief. Drought prevented crops. Locusts and foreign troops have eaten the remainder. Great Moslem populations everywhere are starving. Scores are dying. Distressing appeals come from all the cities. The country is impoverished. The only hope is in American liberality."

U. S. Minister Caldwell at Teheran has reported to the State Department that beggars multiply and hundreds swarm the streets, piteously crying and begging, and at times in their desperation assaulting the besieged. Similar conditions are reported from all parts, provinces and cities of Persia.

To the Presbyterian Board has come the following cable from Teheran: "Forty thousand destitute in Teheran alone. People eating dead animals. Women abandoning infants. Esselstyn feeding 1,200 daily at Neshed. Only limitation is lack of money. Need $100,000 additional for March."

CHRISTIAN Greeks in large numbers have been deported from their homes along the Black Sea coast, suffering and many of them dying from hunger, exposure, hardship and resultant diseases. Many thousands of them have escaped to Trebizond, within the Russian lines, where they are now ministered to by our relief agents. It is estimated that a quarter of a million Greek refugees from Asia Minor are now in Thrace, Macedonia and Greece proper, where they are practically homeless and in urgent need of food and clothing.

An American consul in Asia Minor cables: "The 120,000 or so dependent persons in my consular area have no other resources for bread, and once the relief (from America) stops, these people will disappear from the face of the earth."

There is no room for question as to the honesty and effectiveness of relief distribution in Asia Minor. All authorities agree in substance with the typical statements of two American consuls, who affirm: "Every dollar which is contributed for the relief of suffering Armenians and other Christian people in the Turkish Empire will reach the persons for whom it is intended, and no part of such funds will fall into the hands of others."

Additional Gifts to the Christian Herald Fund for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of the War

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The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

ON January 19 the Memphis Noon Prayer Meeting celebrated its fourth anniversary, which happened also to be the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Robert E. Lee, which it has been the custom of the Prayer Meeting to celebrate annually. In spite of a severe snowstorm and blizzard, about 100 people attended, and an old member said it was the greatest meeting he had ever attended. A successful business man and city missionary testified that four years before he had been a "down-and-out bum." One day he was passing the church and noticed the sign, "Come in, rest and pray." He says he didn't simply make a resolution; he made a revolution, and he couldn't have done it all by himself. Another business man testified that he had never made much more than a mere living until he came in touch with the Noon Prayer Meeting and put his business in the Lord's hands. Then he found the truth of the promise: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The Noon Prayer Meeting does not forget the faithful workers who occupy what some would call from a worldly point of view a more humble station. The pastor presented the colored janitor with an offering in appreciation of his serving of meals and his leading many to Christ as they worked with him in the kitchen.

A member of the Prayer League in a recent letter suggested that we form a Prayer League Fund to which each member of the League should contribute according to his ability each month, she herself suggesting that she was willing to give a dollar a month, the money so raised to go to the Bowery Mission. From its inception the Prayer League has been kept entirely free of any financial entanglement. The Bowery Mission is doing a good work, and every dollar it gets is put to good use; but we do not wish the members of the Prayer League to feel that their membership is in any way based upon their ability to pay. The Prayer League is essentially a band of sincere believers who meet to unite their petitions for the salvation of souls and the good of the coming Kingdom. If the salvation of souls includes the remedying of physical ills and the supplying of material needs, those also are included in the objects of the League. The editors do not see any way in which a financial obligation could be coupled with the purposes of the Prayer League without impairing these purposes and weakening its power. We shall be glad, however, to welcome any member of the League as one of the faithful band of earnest souls whose gifts make possible the work of the Bowery Mission.

Mrs. E. S. thanks and praises God for answered prayer for one who had wandered away from Him into ways of grievous sin.

Mrs. E. A. S. praises God for restoration of the eyesight of a dear grandson. She asks prayer for a daughter who must go through an operation and for bodily and spiritual strength for herself.

Mrs. J. F. W. acknowledges answer to prayer for the well-being of a son who was in a military hospital and asks grace to be able and willing to give her son to the service of his country in its hour of trial. She asks prayer for the mental healing of a sister and child, and that an operation may be avoided.

Z. C. B., of China, asks some reader or readers of the Prayer League column to take Mr. Tseh, of Hochow, China, as their substitute on the mission field, and to help him with their prayers and their financial aid. He is doing a great work and fifty-three converts have been baptized on his circuit this year.

G. W. H. K., after threescore and eighteen years, or 28,470 days, of his life have come and gone, praises God in a beautiful prayer which he sends to the League, in which he says: "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me during all this period. I acknowledge every blessing that has come to me as a gift from the bountiful Father, to whom I give praise and thanks."

F. H. B. asks the prayers of the League that wife's eyesight be strengthened, that she be relieved of trouble in hands and feet, and that she be cured of salt-rheum.

Prayers are asked for revivals of religion at:

Walnut, Neb.; Johnson, Wash.; Nashville, Tenn.; Sandborn, Ind.; Clearwater, Fla.; Cuero, Texas; Wendell, Idaho; Carlisle, Ky.; Clear Lake, S. D.; Pittsburg, Pa.; Elm City, N. C.; New Britain, Conn.; Laurel, Md.; Hartford, Conn.; Huntington, W. Va.; Paden City, W. Va.; Seymour, Conn. (for nation-wide prohibition); Chicago, Ill. (that Billy Sunday's campaign may be successful); South Jacksonville, Fla. (that many may be saved during revival); Defiance, Ohio (at Mount Zion Church); D. H. (for deepening spiritual interest in this country).

Mrs. B. C. and Mrs. B. G. M. ask prayer that husbands' minds may be restored; three parents, that daughters' minds may be restored; J. C. G. that brother's mind may be restored; five friends, that minds may be strengthened; eight, for mental restoration for relatives and friends.

Rev. H. P. L. asks prayer that sight of left eye may be restored; Mrs. C. M. R., that son's sight may be restored; A Mother, that husband's sight may be restored; three friends, that mothers' sight may be restored; J. T., that wife's sight may be restored; thirteen friends, for restoration of sight for themselves, relatives and friends.

Thirteen friends ask prayer for restoration of hearing for friends, relatives and themselves.

Eight friends ask prayer for special blessings for others.

Fifty-five friends ask prayer for a deeper work of grace, assurance of sins forgiven, or express in other ways their desire for personal spiritual blessing.

Four parents ask prayer that their sons may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs. O. C. F., that husband may be cured of the liquor habit; seven friends, that friends and relatives may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs. W. D. P., that son may be cured of the morphine habit; seven friends, that friends and relatives may be cured of the tobacco habit.

One hundred and twenty-one friends ask prayer for healing of friends or relatives, including Mrs. E. A. B., that husband may be cured of cancer; Mrs. E. G. M., that son may be cured without an operation; E. B., that sister may be cured of tumors without an operation.

Thirty-three parents ask prayer for the conversion of sons; twenty-three wives, their husbands; fifty-two friends, for the conversion of relatives or friends.

Thirty-six friends ask prayer for help or guidance in financial matters.

Fifty-four friends ask prayer for the granting of various desires and needs, including twenty-three friends asking prayer for peace.

Acknowledgments of answered prayer have been received from the following:

M. V. L., Pleasantville, Pa.; M. N. H., Stevensville, Mich.; Mrs. A. G., Traverse City, Mich.; Mrs. C. W., Oil City, Pa.; Mrs. M. J. V., Bushnell, Ill.; Mrs. B., Lisbon, N. H.; L. J. F., Pittsburg, Pa.; H. M. P., Dundas, Ill.; L. M. W., Maryville, Tenn.; S. T., Brashear, Texas; E. B. C., Nottawa, Mich.; S. A. M., Elmira, N. Y.; J. B. H., Lancaster, Pa.; W. S. H., West Virginia; M. E., Urbana, Ohio; Miss J. F. W., Harlan, Iowa; Mrs. M. E., Carrollton, Ohio; Mrs. M. R. B., Remington, Va.; V. M., Savannah, Ga.; Mrs. A. M., Falsen, N. D.; Mrs. C. E. W., Columbus, Kan.; J. T. M., Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. W. H. P., Suffield, Conn.; Mrs. J. F. H., Trenton, N. J.; M. A. B., Hale, Mo.; A Friend, Elizabeth, N. J.; Mrs. G. W., Wilmington, N. C.; E. B., Thayer, Kan.

THE General War-Time Commission of the Churches, at the request of the War Commissions of several communions, sends out a call to the Church throughout the United States for the joint observance of the month of March as a time of special penitence and prayer and intercession. A booklet, "New Ventures in Faith," for the use of churches or of small groups or of individuals, containing meditations and suggestions for prayer for the entire month, and so arranged as to be of service in following months, has been prepared and can be obtained at ten cents per copy or $10 per hundred copies from the General War-Time Commission of the Churches, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, and from the War Commission of each denomination.

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Russia Fights Back Invasion

RUSSIA'S acceptance of Germany's peace terms changed the face of Europe. It cut off from Russia 160,000 square miles of territory and 20,000,000 population, and pushed her back from the Baltic, leaving her helpless and impotent, economically and physically, and burdened with an indemnity of $1,500,000,000 to the Central Powers.

Despite this surrender, the German forces relentlessly swept forward to take Petrograd, yet not only met with strong resistance, but were overtaken by a command from Berlin to halt.

The newest German demands had included the policing of all the principal cities of Russia. The advance was along all possible lines of invasion, from Reval, where the Gulf of Finland and the Baltic Sea had been opened, through Lithuania, Poland, Ukrainia and the Cossack countries to the Black Sea, and across in Asia Minor, where the Turks had retaken Trebizond, and even in far eastern Siberia, where a German garrison of former prisoners of war was established at Irkutsk.

The Russian people were not submitting without a tremendous struggle. The demoralized and demobilizing army had been replaced by the Red Guard of resistance, and at Reval, Pskov, Kolenkowitz and elsewhere fierce opposition was made to the German advance, while people of all classes were called out at midnight and set to digging trenches for the defense of Petrograd. When the invading forces were within eight hours of Petrograd, the American, Japanese, Chinese and Siamese embassies, altogether some 150 persons, left the invested capital by special train for the east. Arrangements were made to move the Americans in Moscow to Samara, 500 miles eastward.

THE German offensive, under the command of General Hoffman, began two hours after the armistice expired, at the important city of Dvinsk, which was taken without a struggle. The town and fortress of Reval, capital of Esthonia and commanding the Gulf of Finland, were occupied after a battle. Pskov was taken, but the Russians rallied and there was street fighting for several days. Pskov was the headquarters of the Northern Russian Army. It is about 160 miles southwest of Petrograd. Advances rapidly followed to Pernau, where the Esthonian Battalion enlisted, to Dorpat, where 3,000 prisoners and many hundreds of automobiles were taken, and, south of the Pinsk Marshes, to Rovno, at which latter place the whole staff of the Russian special army fell into German hands. At Zhitomir, about one hundred miles east of Rovno, contact was established with Ukrainian troops. Near Kolenkowitz Russian forces threw themselves against detachments which were pressing forward into the Ukraine along the Pripet, but were thrown back by a sharp attack, and the town and railway station were taken by storm. Within a few days the troops of General von Linsingen's army group covered more than 186 miles on foot, by rail, and in motor cars. According to reports from Arensburg, 20,000 German troops refused to attack their former enemies.

GENERAL COUNT MIRBACH, commanding the armies occupying Esthonia and Livonia, issued a manifesto to the population declaring that they were now under German police power. He ordered the release from prison of all barons of Esthonia, declaring they are under the protection of Germany. The Bolsheviki had arrested and imprisoned many German nobles and business men, seizing their property.

It was reported from Petrograd that the Germans were executing Red Guards, treating them as outlaws, but releasing and disarming soldiers of the regular army. Berlin advices received in Amsterdam, as forwarded by the Central News, reported that a state of siege had been proclaimed "in consequence of events in Poland" at Czenstochowa, Lodz and Wloclawek, important towns in Western Poland.

The Japanese, according to certain reports on February 27, intended to take action in Siberia at an early date. The situation in Siberia was then considered extremely grave, owing to the inability of the Cossack General Semenoff, head of the anti-Bolshevik movement in that vast territory, to secure Allied support, for which he had appealed to the Japanese.

Japan has addressed the Allied Powers and the United States urging them to join in military operations in Siberia, to save the vast stores of war supplies held there and along the Siberian railroad. These are largely of American and Japanese manufacture, and have accumulated enormously, owing to the lack of transportation facilities. Japan's desire is to prevent them from falling into German hands, and to accomplish this she is ready to take military action, in cooperation with Allied and American forces. The United States has some 20,000 troops in the Phillippines and considerable naval strength in Asiatic waters. No decision had yet been reached at this writing.

The peace terms submitted to Russia at the Brest-Litovsk conference by the Central Powers are now stated to have been as follows: "Russia should surrender 160,000 square miles of territory, having a population of 18,000,000, and pay an indemnity of about $1,500,000,000. The Central Powers were prepared to return to Russia 7,000 square miles in the Grodno Government, Province of Lithuania. Russia should agree not to spread revolutionary propaganda in the Central Empires. The commercial treaty which was abrogated at the beginning of the war should be reconstituted and extended thirty years."

The approximate area of Lithuania and Poland is about 161,000 square miles, and the population in 1915 was approximately 25,500,000. Of the total population Poland contributed nearly half, but it must now be much less than that.

CHANCELLOR VON HERTLING, in a speech before the Reichstag on February 25, declared the German attitude in Russia as follows:

"After the breaking off of peace negotiations by the Russian delegation February 10, we had a free hand as against Russia. The sole aim of the advance of our troops, which was begun seven days after the rupture, was to safeguard the fruits of our peace with the Ukraine.

"Aims of conquest were in no way a determining factor. We were strengthened in this by the Ukrainians' appeal for support in bringing about order in their young state against the disturbances carried out by the Bolsheviki.

"If further military operations in other regions have taken place, the same applies to them. They in no way aim at conquest. They are solely taking place at the urgent appeals and representations of the populations for protection against atrocities and devastation by Red Guards and other bands.

"They have therefore been undertaken in the name of humanity. They are measures of assistance and have no other character. It is a question of creating peace and order in the interest of peaceable populations.

"We do not intend to establish ourselves, for example, in Esthonia or Livonia. In Courland and Lithuania our chief object is to create organs of self-determination and self-administration. Our military action, however, has produced a success far exceeding the original aim.

"To safeguard the fruits of our peace with the Ukraine, our army command drew the sword. Peace with Russia will be the happy result."

A RUSSIAN proclamation, issued February 26, calling on the people to defend the capital, says:

"Germany has formally refused to grant an armistice, and German detachments continue to advance. Resistance thus becomes the principal task of revolution. Russia's strength lies in her wide territories, and the government can, and if need be will,

retreat. If the threat against Petrograd increases, the government will remove to Moscow or another city.

"In spite of the fact that the government has accepted the peace conditions imposed by the German and Austrian governments, the Imperialist assassins are, nevertheless, continuing their monstrous advance into the interior of Russia.

"The cursed minions of William and the German Kaledine, together with the White Guards, are advancing against and shooting the Soviets, reconstituting the power of the landlords, bankers and capitalists and preparing for the restoration of the monarchy.

"The revolution is in peril. A mortal blow will be struck against Red Petrograd. If you workers, soldiers and peasants wish to retain power and the power of the Soviets, you must fight these hordes, who are now seeking to devour you to your last gasp.

"The decisive hour has struck. Workers and all oppressed men and women, you must swell the ranks of the Red battalions. To arms, all of you, that the struggle may only cease with your last breath!"

Austrian Foreign Minister Czernin sent this wireless message to Foreign Minister Trotzky in reply to the latter's query as to whether Austria would conclude a peace with Russia: "Austria, in concert with her allies, is ready to conclude negotiations of peace with Russia."

A SPECIAL cable to the New York Times dated at Petrograd on February 25 stated that the Russian troops almost without exception had flatly refused to fight; that the peasant soldiers, interested merely in getting land, caring nothing for the revolution, had started eastward in an almost uncontrollable tidal wave; that the Russian army was Germany's strongest weapon and that in driving it toward Petrograd they were driving a stampeding herd of cattle that would trample anything in the way. The correspondent declared that while the revolutionary workmen would put up a guerilla fight against the Germans, they could do nothing against the Russian army, which must disappear before the revolution could begin to create a real military force. He declared that the workmen of the towns were eager to fight. In a proclamation issued by the Bolsheviki February 27 resistance to the German invaders was declared the principal task of the revolution. Russia's greatest strength was ascribed to her wide territories, and the government announced that should the threat to Petrograd increase they would remove to Moscow. Then it said that, "if Germany's plundering raid should advance the task of the government would be to destroy the possibility of a simultaneous catastrophic decision by the Germans. They are attempting to crush the authority of the councils."

While the Bolsheviki seemed unable to muster sufficient forces to do more than hold the German advance, the fighting in the Don Cossack country was reported as resulting in their favor, Rostoc-on-the-Don having been captured on February 25 and the capital, Novo Tcherkask, on February 27. Continuous fighting was also in progress between Rumania and Bolsheviki in Bessarabia. At the request of the population Sweden landed forces on the Aland Islands off the coast of Finland, but at this writing Sweden had not acted upon the request of Finland for military assistance on the mainland. The German advance seemed to have somewhat slowed down at the points nearest to Petrograd, attempts to take Vitbesk having been foiled and a railway bridge destroyed. Further south near Dubno the invaders captured a division staff and 200 men, while north of Dorpat two regiments were taken.

Reports to Petrograd on February 27 indicated that there had been a considerable stiffening of Russian resistance to the German advance. German detachments which moved out of Luga were met by Russian troops which drove them back and which also occupied three small stations within twelve miles of Pskov, in the neighborhood of which city large Russian detachments were concentrating. Germans pushing forward further south, from Orsha, were also forced to retire, while German attempts to cross the Beresina River were foiled. Reval, the Russian naval base which was taken by the German army was fired on from Norgen Island, off the port, which had remained in Russian hands.

A request, received in Petrograd, on March 2, from the Russian delegates in the reconvened peace conference at Brest-Litovsk, that a special train with a sufficient escort be sent to meet them near Pskov, was taken by the Bolsheviki to indicate that the conference had been broken off. It had been reported earlier that the German delegates had notified the Russians that a treaty must be signed in three days.

Meantime the Germans had continued to press their advance, concentrating a division at Pskov, moving slowly toward Luga and driving forward some thirty-five miles beyond Polotzk, midway between Dvinsk and Vitebsk. The Russians had destroyed the railways and stores and the Germans advanced here through a barren land.

Further south German forces cooperating with the Ukrainians reached the River Dnieper, taking a strongly fortified bridgehead by storm. Austrian troops also entered the Ukraine in response to appeals for help from the Ukraine government.

Meantime Petrograd was preparing for a siege. Appeals were sent to the provinces for food, and soldiers who had gone home were asked to give their arms to the workmen who were rapidly being organized into a defense force.

The embassies of all the Entente nations were, on February 28, established at Vologda, 300 miles southeast of Petrograd. The Bolshevist government had returned to the capital, but the evacuation of civilians not necessary to defense was continuing.

A Battleship Sermon

By Chaplain H. H. Lippincott

United States Navy

I AM to speak to you this morning on a great theme. I am to tell you of the men who remember destiny. The scope of my theme reaches back into the dim beginnings of things in the past, and leaps out beyond the narrow confines of tomorrow.

To remember destiny is to remember God. To forget either is to play the part of a fool. Let us then, this morning, forget the roll of the ship we're in, and turn our attention to this worthy challenge.

Though it be important to remember destiny, the fact remains that the choice sons of far vision are appallingly few. The world is too busy to turn its thoughts to the things beyond its greedy touch. Cold, dead material pursuits hold a strangle grip on the masses of men. The daily routine of life's seemingly weary grind has killed many a man's loftiest aspirations. Indeed I would wager this morning that there are many on this old man-o'-war who have "lost out" in their reach for the noblest and best things, simply because they have let the routine grind be their master. There are those on board who have forgotten their God and are therefore not prepared to meet their Maker.

But the world outside our ship is no different. There are thousands who go year after year with little or no thoughts of God. They live and plan and work without him. Only a few dream out beyond their own little world and catch the flashes of destiny. And the destiny of which I speak is not the grave, but rather God's big, unending world beyond the grave. God made us for more than the present life we live. In that world beyond we can alone find out the full purpose of our creation. Only a few see this in all ages; but they, few though they be, are the sparkling gems in the stream of humanity.

THE men of far vision are the men who do things. To remember destiny is to be worth while. The man who forgets the purpose of his life is little more than driftwood, but the man who feels the spell of things to come will be the master of his fate. The men who remember the golden goal of all our life are the ones who bring things to pass. They reach out beyond the present world of things and feel after truth, until they are strangely conscious of a burning conviction, much akin to the passion of the Christ who said, "I must be about my Father's business." They, too, feel that they must be about something—they are no longer the same. Eternity has echoed in the deeps of their souls; they never will be still. Forever now there surges within them the restless tide of destiny. They speak with a certain air of authority; and why shouldn't they? They have heard, they have seen, they have felt, and therefore they command. They are no visionary dreamers, they are the positive forces that shake the world. The world of things over which others stumble, they master as mere stepping-stones to higher things. They champion the cause of the sons of men, and care for the needs of their souls. They stand forever a warning to the world not to forget its Maker.

THESE men, with lofty souls and far-sighted vision, are the men who pay the price. They live a great life, they bring things to pass; but the cost of such living is staggering. I am not speaking this morning of an easy way covered with roses; it is the path of sacrifice and thorns of which I speak. It is stained with the blood of great prophets and made sacred by the noblest souls that have lived. But the choice sons of far vision face the costs and pay them. Nothing can stop them in their fearless drive for the golden sceptre of their destiny. Fire, storm, wind, and wave they master. They ride into the teeth of death with drawn sword, and defy all the demons of the underworld. They meet the hounds of hell with the lashing whip of confidence, till the fiendish growls fade into the quivering whimpers of frightened cattle. To remember destiny, to live for destiny, is but to be not afraid to die.

The men who constantly remember, live and plan and work in view of their ultimate destiny, are the men who leave pathways for the world to remember. They are the forcegleams of that hidden world that makes this world worthliving. Erase the mighty-souled prophets of Israel, blot out the philosophers of Greece, forget the Christian statesmen of both continents, and tell me what kind of a world we would have! These men seem the marks of God in the sands of time. And indeed it is true that God reveals himself to the world only through personality—these men are his revelation and in them we can read the voice of God. They seem the gleaming hope that never will be still.

IT is for this reason that humanity turns to the life of the Christian's Christ. In him alone gleams in all its fullness that hope which the human soul so deeply craves. He is the way, the truth and the life.

We are met this morning, my fellow shipmates, in this forward compartment of the berth deck for our church service. Here I have gone over, in a broken talk, one of life's burning truths. You have been sitting there listening to me, and I am wondering what your thoughts are. I would that every man aboard this good ship had settled his relation to Christ in the proper way. We are all traveling the same journey to a destiny. What it shall be is determined by what we say it shall be. All that's good in life whispers to you. The church back at home has no doubt again and again thrown down to you the Christian challenge. Christianity offers you all you can ask or think, and God pity you and your poor soul if you turn your back on its priceless offer. You can this morning definitely tie up with the Christian program. You can settle, once and for all, your destiny. Yes, you yourself, on board this old ship of steel, can become one of those choice sons of far vision. You can walk that pathway made sacred by the blood of noble spirits. You can feel the surging tides of another world within you and have God's eternity echo in the deep recesses of your soul. Will you refuse the heaven that's offered you and be without God when he can be had for the asking?

The Shuttle in the Loom of Trade

American Locomotives Built by Thousands to Speed the World's Traffic

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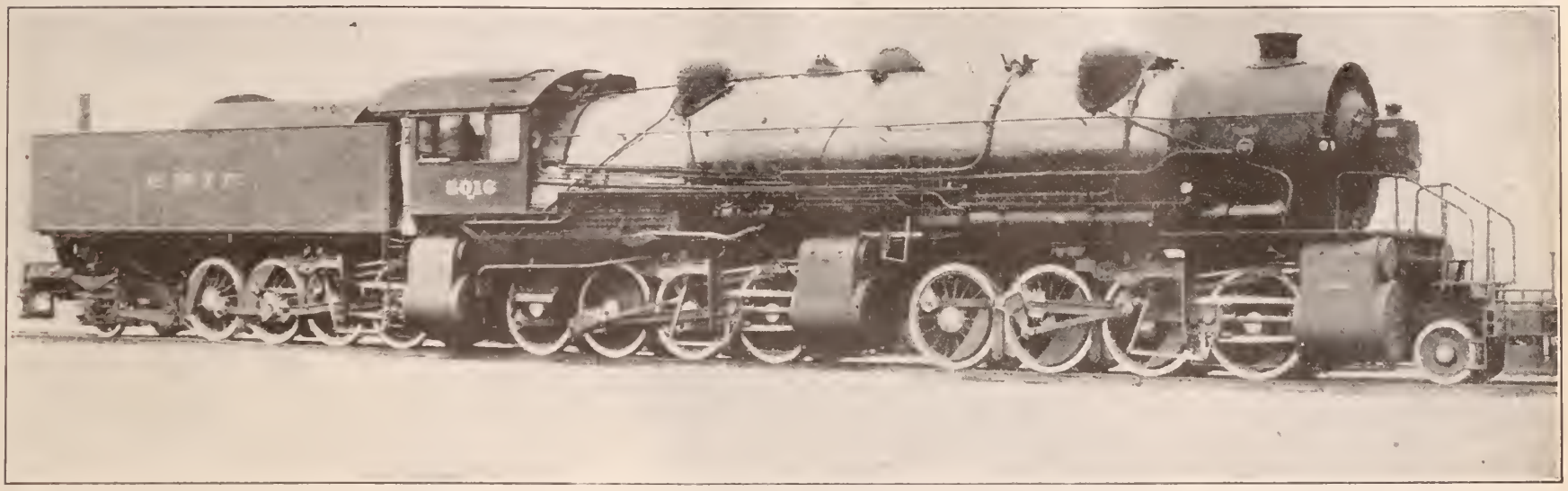


The Centipede, built to take hold. It will pull a freight train five miles long

WHEN war was declared we had about 65,000 locomotives. The number was greater than that of the railway system of any other nation or people, but it soon fell short of the transportation demands.

We have tens of millions of capital invested in locomotive works, and there are between thirty and forty companies which are making steam and electric engines of one kind or another for railway use. They are all working at their fullest capacity and the principal ones are turning out engines at a speed which no one deemed possible a few years ago. During 1917 the number of locomotives ordered from our shops by this country and our allies in Europe was more than 7,600, and of these more than 2,000 were ordered by the United States government for service on American railways in France. Over 2,800 were contracted for to be exported to England, France and Russia, and something like 2,700 for the United States and Canada. In the first order given by the government a locomotive was turned out within twenty working days after the order was placed, and the American Locomotive Company, the Baldwin Locomotive Company and others have been pushing their work as never before.

THE Baldwin Locomotive Company here at Philadelphia is the largest single locomotive plant in the United States, its output running side by side with that of the American Locomotive Company, which is a combination of a number of locomotive concerns formed in 1901. The Baldwin company, at certain times during the past few months, has turned out seventeen railway locomotives per day, and it is now producing at the rate of 2,500 or 3,000 locomotives per year. It has made eighty-eight in one week.

And such locomotives! They are of all sizes and for war work of every description. They range from the little donkey engine used in the logging camp to get out the wood for the shipyards to the great 2-10-2, or Centipede type, which aids in rushing the vast loads of food and other materials to the seaboard. The Centipede is the heaviest engine ever built. It weighs 853,000 pounds, and it can move a solid train of freight cars almost five miles in length. These engines include also the small double-headers that are now being made for work behind the lines in France, and the fast passenger locomotives which are carrying our troops at sixty miles per hour to the transports which will take them across the Atlantic. They include engines for the coal mines and those which are carrying fuel all over the country. They include the locomotives which burn fuel oil, and the electric engines, which many believe will be the railway locomotives of the future. They include, in short, engines of every description for use not only by ourselves and our allies, but for almost every country all over the world.

IN order to show you what we are doing in building locomotives, I have spent a day in the Baldwin shops, going through the plants where 20,000 men are employed, and talking with the officials in charge. The shops in Philadelphia, covering eighteen acres, have always been considered remarkable. When the plant was started, away back in the times when Andrew Jackson was President, it was a mile and a half from town and was surrounded by forests. Now the great city has grown up to and swallowed it, and there are three big high schools within a stone's throw of where they are making parts of steam engines.

The business has long since outgrown Philadelphia. The Eddystone plant, twelve miles up the Delaware, which was first used for the overflow, is now the main factory, and it will probably take in the Philadelphia plant at some time in the near future. It lies in the arms of three railroads, and Atlantic steamers can come to its wharves and load locomotives for Europe. The plant altogether covers 400 acres and there are single shops whose gound floor is twice as great as that of the Capitol building in Washington.

THE beginning of the locomotive is in a little valley in the Alleghany Mountains at the Burnham steel plant. This has a capital of $16,000,000, and it pays out in wages $100,000 a week, but it is a part of the Baldwin locomotive works. The furnaces and mills cover 160 acres, and it has a single machine shop which is three-fourths of a mile long. The castings are taken from Burnham to Eddystone, where they are forged and often reshaped for the engine.

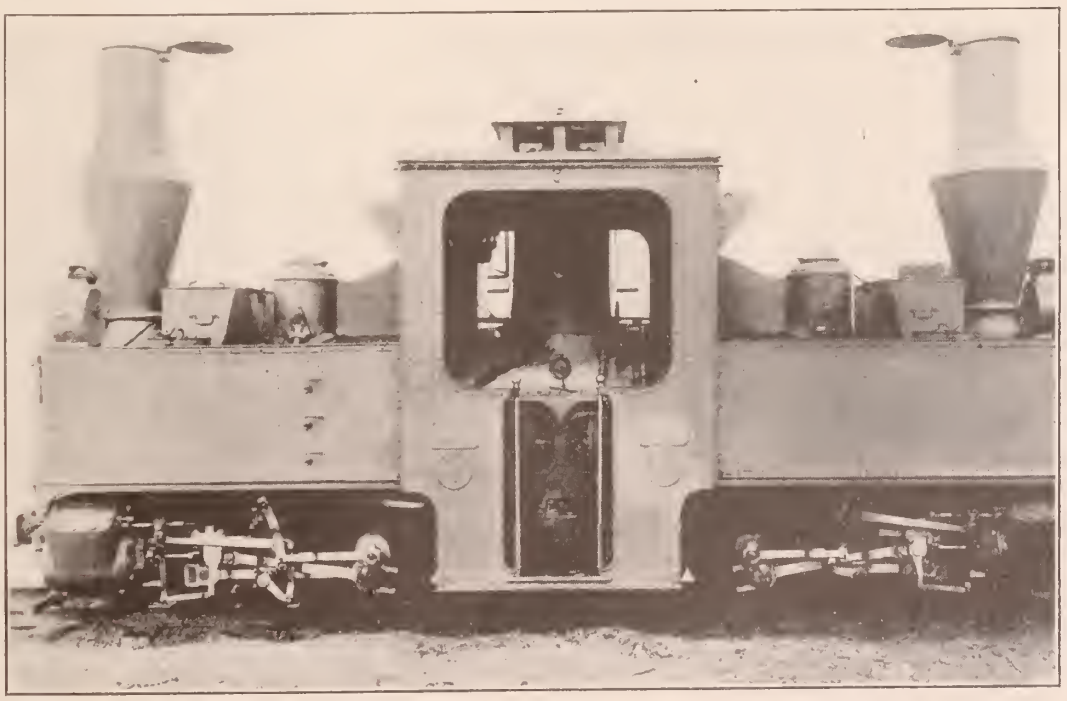
There are hundreds—I might almost say thousands of parts in a single locomotive, and each part has to be made from drawings and cast and forged and smoothed to the right shape. After that it is brought to the erecting shop and there assembled into the engine.

This seems an easy process until you realize the enormous size of a locomotive, and the way in which the many parts have to be handled and welded and fitted to shape. The size of the larger locomotives is enormous, and single parts weigh many tons. It takes the most powerful machinery to handle them, including overhead cranes so powerful that one will lift up a whole locomotive as though it were a bag of feathers and move it back and forth through the shop or in and out to the tracks on each side.

THE immensity of everything is astounding. The fire box of a big locomotive is so large that the ordinary narrow-gauge engine of the old style could be put inside it. The low pressure cylinders are so big that a man can sit upright within them, and the heating surface of the tubes and flues measures more than 6,000 square feet. The material has to be made so it will withstand the heaviest weights. That on the driving wheels, for instance, is 475,000 pounds, and that on the truck wheels is 30,000 pounds. The largest engines now have twelve wheels on each side, with guiding wheels at the front.

So much coal is used in these big locomotives that the fuel cannot be shoveled in by the fireman. It is dumped by machinery automatically into the fire box. The fireman pulls only a lever and the coal is carried in from the tender and spread evenly over the grate.

In the center of the erecting shop, high up under the roof, reached by stairs, were the offices of the shop, with a platform about them. I climbed up and looked down upon the mighty stable in which they were grooming and polishing these huge iron horses. In some places the engines were moving out at the back, entirely complete and ready for work. In others they were in parts, resting on trucks. Here they were lifted by overhead cranes and carried high through the air to the track outside the shop to make room for other engines within.



Either way is forward. This type of engine operates on the light railways behind the front in France

THERE the men were busy working on fire boxes, screwing together the steel walls of which they were made and riveting the ends of the screws by pneumatic machines. Here they were putting the scores of tubes into the boilers, and farther over they were covering the great cylinder which holds the hot water with sheets of asbestos half as thick as your fist.

But the story of the locomotive is one of infinite

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The German Chancellor Proclaims Agreement

SPEAKING before the Reichstag on February 25, the Imperial German Chancellor, Count von Hertling, declared: "I can fundamentally agree with the four principles which, in President Wilson's view, must be applied in a mutual exchange of views, and thus declare with President Wilson that a general peace can be discussed on such a basis."

He stated that one reserve must be made, and that was that the principles must also be recognized by all states and peoples. Referring to President Wilson's declaration that in his previous speech he, the Chancellor, had been talking to the court of the entire world, Count von Hertling declared that he must "decline this court as prejudiced." Taking up President Wilson's four basic principles one at a time, Chancellor von Hertling declared, in relation to the first one, that each part of the final settlement must be based upon the essential justice of the particular case, and upon such adjustments as are most likely to bring the peace that will be permanent, "Who would contradict this?" He also readily gave unconditional assent to the second clause, which declared that peoples and provinces should not be bartered as pawns in the discredited game of the balance of power. He felt that the third clause, which declared that territorial settlement must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations, was included in the assent to the second clause, and he assented in principle to the President's fourth requirement, that all well-defined national aspirations should be accorded the utmost satisfaction possible, without introducing new or perpetuating old elements of discord.

If he had stopped there his speech might have represented a considerable step toward the ultimate convening of the peace conference, but he qualified the declaration, that Germany did not contemplate the retention of Belgium, by declaring that "we must be safeguarded from the danger of a country with which we desire after the war to live in peace and friendship becoming the object or the jumping-off ground of enemy machinations." He also declared: "Our warfare, even where it must be offensive in action, is defensive in aim." He gave considerable time to an explanation and defense of Germany's new advance in Russia. (This part of his speech was noted on page 303). The history of the peace negotiations at Brest-Litovsk, coupled with Germany's defensive invasion of a practically defenseless country, were held in most of the Allied capitals to nullify and contradict the Chancellor's assertion that Germany was ready to make peace on a basis of international justice.

Speaking in the House of Commons on February 27, Foreign Secretary Balfour of the British Cabinet told the members that he was unable to find in Von Hertling's speech any basis for a fruitful conversation or a hope for peace. Mr. Balfour said also that the final fate of the Russian provinces and of Rumania and of Armenia must ultimately be decided by the peace conference.

Common opinion in London was reported to be that there could be no peace with militarism flushed with conquest, and this opinion "had been strengthened by the spectacle of the Chancellor cooing like a dove while the Prussian eagle was fastening its claws in its victim."

It was expected that Count Czernin would also reply, and consultations between Secretary Lansing, Colonel House and the President were taken to indicate that the President would soon again address these Teutonic spokesmen.

A Week in the World's News

BROWNING GUN A SUCCESS. About 300 witnesses, including French, British, Italian, Belgian and American officers, senators, representatives, and some 50 reporters, witnessed the official tests of the Browning automatic machine gun on Feb. 27, at the government rifle range at Congress Heights near Washington. The light rifle is air-cooled and weighs about 15 pounds, the heavy gun is water-cooled and weighs about 34½ pounds. Both guns use the same ammunition as the Springfield rifle and the modified Enfield rifle. The light gun shoots 20 shots in 2½ seconds and can be reloaded for another 20 shots in another 2½ seconds. The water-cooled gun shoots 250 rounds without reloading. The air-cooled gun can fire about 350 continuous shots before it is necessary to stop to cool the weapon. The water-cooled gun has fired as many as 400,000 shots without overheating. The light gun can be fired from the shoulder when it is sighted like the ordinary rifle, and it can be fired from the hip during an advance. Both models functioned perfectly in the tests and it was announced that three factories were now turning out the light gun and that production would reach several thousand a week before June. The deliveries of the heavy gun were also to begin soon.

© Committee on Public Information

An officer demonstrating the new Browning machine gun, which will soon be in action in France

RUSSIA YIELDS TO TEUTONS. On March 3d Berlin reported, "By reason of the signing of the Peace treaty with Russia, military movements in Great Russia have ceased." Petrograd confirmed this, reporting that in addition to the previous demands for alienation of former Russian territory the new ultimatum of the Central Powers had demanded the restoration to Turkey of the regions of Karaband, Kars and Batoum in the Russian Caucasus, comprising most of Russian Armenia. This territory was wrested from Turkey by Russia in four wars, 1828–29, 1854–1855, 1877–78 and the present war, although Russia had already agreed to restore the major portions of her most recent conquests. This demand upon Russia, which she felt herself powerless to refuse, was made on the pretext of the right of peoples to self-determination; it results in throwing practically all of Armenia again under the Turkish yoke. New massacres were reported at Samsun, a village of 13,000, near Tribizond, the entire male Armenian population being killed.

HOOVER SAYS EAT MEAT. Because of the loyal adherence of the people to the program of food conservation, and the resulting increase in available stocks, and also to make it easier to secure grain needed for export, Food Administrator Hoover, on March 3, relaxed materially the regulations regarding the eating of meat products. He now makes Tuesday, instead of meatless, merely beefless and porkless. The new schedule is Monday and Wednesday wheatless, Tuesday beefless and porkless, one meal each day wheatless.

ROOTING FOR GRAFT. Five members of the Senate Committee on Commerce reached the Hog Island Shipyard on Feb. 25 to make the inspection ordered by the Senate. The committee went all over the yard and at the close of the inspection Senator Ransdell of Louisiana and Senator Harding of Ohio were convinced that much of the criticism regarding the expenditure in this construction was unjustified. Sen. Ransdell said, "There is nothing like this yard in the world, and the main idea seems to have been to build ships rapidly. This extreme desire may have led to a number of mistakes, but I see no reason why the government won't have a valuable asset in Hog Island."

HOUSE PASSES RAILROAD BILL. By a vote of 337 to 6 the House of Representatives on Feb. 28 passed the Administration Railroad Bill amending it only to the extent of providing for government operation of short line railroads. In this the House agreed with the bill recently passed by the Senate. The Senate bill provided that government operation should cease 18 months after the conclusion of a treaty of peace, while the House bill, as passed, set the time at 2 years. The two bills also differed in that the Senate provided that the President's power to make rates should be subject to review by the Interstate Commerce Commission, while the House bill made the President's power absolute The bill went at once to conference.

UNIONS WOULD BUILD SHIPS. Representatives of union labor submitted to President Wilson on February 28 plans under which they claimed it would be possible to turn out 5,000,000 tons of wooden shipping during the coming year.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. The naval tug Cherokee foundered on Feb. 27 in a gale off the Maryland coast. Ten survivors and the bodies of eight others of the crew of 39 were landed by rescue boats. . . . The bill authorizing the expenditure of $50,000,000 for housing facilities for shipyards went to the President for his signature on Feb. 26. . . . Col. Roosevelt was reported on Feb. 28 to be convalescing rapidly from the serious operation which took him to the Roosevelt Hospital in New York early in the month, but it was said that his left ear would be deaf. . . . Director Gen. McAdoo, in orders issued on Feb. 27, placed all responsibility for the operating of the railroads in the hands of the regional directors, retaining the direction of car service in his own office. He instructed that locomotives and shop labor were to be transferred from one road to another according to the needs of the general service, and that there must be no interruption of work by questions arising between employers and employees. . . . The Army has sent out a request to American travelers for their Baedekers for France, Belgium and Italy, the army needing every copy obtainable and the former source of

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Is the Food Administration Worth While?

WHY is Hoover and what is he doing? is recognized by the Food Administration as a proper question. Next week Dr. Howard B. Grose, in an article written specially for the Christian Herald, answers both these questions and some others and tells how the members of the Christian Herald Family may do their part in the Conservation and Production of Food.

Maynard Owen Williams is busy now in relief work in Russian Armenia. Next week, writing from Tiflis, he takes us down the valley of the Volga and to the Great Fair at Nizhni.

Next week also Dr. Gray will tell us what the prophets have foretold regarding Christ's Future Earthly Reign.

Howard Chase finds in next week's instalment that his Gospel has begun to work out in the hearts of some people in Red Hill. This story will end in the Easter issue, March 27. Waiting impatiently to follow it is a new serial, "The Measure of a Man," by Mrs. Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. You will find it a good measure, you will admire the man, and you will love the woman, who is of course no small part of the story.

A Review of Recent Events in Pictures

© Western Newspaper Union

Under steadily falling snow, acclaimed by a crowd that packed the line of march, ten thousand of New York's own boys of the National Army from Camp Upton were reviewed on Fifth Avenue February 22

© Press Illustrating Co.

The Greek King reviewing his newly organized army. Left to right: Greek Minister of War, the King, General Braquet, Chief of the French War Mission to Greece

© Underwood & Underwood

Men hunger with the unlimited resources of the ocean scarcely touched. First of a fleet of twelve steam fishermen about to be launched at Portland, Maine, to seek the food treasures of the sea

© Underwood & Underwood

The Russian troops in France were withdrawn from the fighting line because of Bolshevik disaffection. Some of them, however, volunteered to fight again. These were organized into a brigade known as the Russian Legion, and this picture shows them, with their Siberian bear mascot, on the way to the front

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

The Way Out

ONE of the clearest thinkers among our American churchmen today is Dr. Robert E. Speer, chairman of the General War-Time Commission of Churches. In a recent public address he reviewed the favorable and unfavorable elements in the present situation as they affect the interests of the Church in America. Two things he regards as genuine signs, viz., the increasing interest of our soldiers in religion and the growing cooperation between the denominations. We believe intelligent public opinion will stand behind Dr. Speer. He does not fail, however, to note the difficulties in the way of spiritual work. Among these he indicates "the sterilization of men's minds under military discipline," the cost and hindrances of Church division, the existing moral torpor among our people as a whole, and the consequent danger to religion and the Church.

There is little doubt that our soldiers have more religious opportunities than they had been accustomed to in civil life. Dr. J. Ross Stevenson emphasized this point, and added that there was no room in the camps for a sectarian divisive spirit; while Dr. Frank Mason North scored a distinct point when he asserted that the time had come for each denomination within the Church to consider about its own hearthstone how far the things it had deemed its own peculiar possession were really essential, and whether, in the new spirit of the times, the barriers that separate the denominations from each other might not be burned away. Such statements a year ago would have been regarded by many as radical; now they are accepted as entirely logical.

It may well be asked by thoughtful churchmen, and especially by denominational leaders, how the multitudes of our soldiers when they come back to civil life will regard denominations. Dr. William Adams Brown has indicated the way out of this difficulty: "The Church, first of all, must test herself by the basic principles for which she stands, and the need of their application to the social and international world. Clearly," he urges, "if we are to meet the issues of the new world, we must meet them together. A united world requires a united Church. If we ask God for victory for the cause to which we are committed, let us ask him, first of all, that this cause be triumphant within ourselves. Confessing with shame the sins of our past, our narrow vision, our unhappy divisions, let us pray him to make us one in his spirit, an instrument which he can use for the world's redemption."

We would ask our denominational friends to think over these views expressed by Church leaders, in considering the great problems created by the war. These problems must be dealt with, and the sooner the Church applies itself to this duty resolutely, self-sacrificingly, and in the spirit of the great Founder, the sooner it will find the way out of its troubles.

Methodist Unification Progressing

THE joint commission on Methodist unification did not reach an impasse, as many feared it might, at its recent meeting in Savannah. On the contrary, it reached a tentative agreement which seems likely to be definitely accepted at its final meeting in St. Louis, April 10. In its two weeks' session it gave to the chief difficulty an unlimited discussion as to the place in the proposed union which the Negro members should take, and good temper prevailed throughout. The Southern Commissioners would have preferred that the 340,000 colored members of the Methodist Episcopal Church should be organized, with others of the same race, into a separate and independent body, as the Southern General Conference proposed four years ago. The Northern Commissioners, with some exceptions, were unwilling to eliminate their colored brethren, and felt that the organic relations between the two races should not be broken. The desire for unification being very strong on both sides, all labored hard to find a solution mutually acceptable. This solution finally took the form indicated in paragraph 4, in the following outline of the plan of unification:

1. A General Conference in which all elements should have representation, and which should have supreme legislative power and administration in that which concerns the Church as a whole;
2. A Judicial Council to decide appeals and constitutional questions—a new feature in Methodism;
3. Six or more Regional Conferences in the United States, each having legislative power over the affairs of its own jurisdiction and the selection of bishops, under certain restrictions;
4. Five or more Central Conferences, grouped on geographical and racial lines, embracing annual conferences in the foreign mission fields and among the colored people in this country. These Central Conferences to have limited representation in the General Conference, and to select their own bishops when they have 150,000 members. They may also become Associate General Conferences when they have 600,000 members, with practical autonomy and modified representation in the connectional bodies.

This plan would group the white annual conferences of the two Churches in the United States into six Regional Conferences, meeting once in four years; and the colored conferences in this country and the conferences in Europe, Eastern Asia, Southern Asia, and Latin America into five Central Conferences, with ten delegates each in the General Conference. The fear of the Southern brethren that the Northern Commissioners were aiming at social equality for the Negro was set at rest, and they accepted the proposition numbered 4 "as a basis for determining the status of the Negro within the reorganized Church," with only three dissenting votes, two episcopal and one lay.

In the interval before the final meeting at St. Louis on April 10, the sentiment, of the South particularly, will be tested. It seems highly probable that the plan will be accepted and reported to the Southern General Conference which meets in Atlanta in May. If so, and that body ratifies it, the Northern General Conference will be convened to finish the work. If the Southern Church does not take favorable action, unification will be delayed, not defeated.

The Consumers Protected

THOUGH retail prices of all commodities are high, they are not as high relatively as wholesale prices. Retail merchants are being held strictly to account and there is little unjust profiteering.

Figures given out by the Department of Labor show that during 1916 phenomenal advances were recorded in the wholesale prices of many commodities belonging to the groups designated as farm products, food, cloths and clothing, fuel and lighting, and metals and metal products. In December as compared with January, there was an increase of 30 per cent. in average wholesale prices of farm products, which include many food articles in the raw state, 28 per cent. in wholesale prices of food, 40 per cent. in cloths and clothing, 60 per cent. in fuel and lighting, and 47 per cent. in metals and metal products.

During 1917 pronounced increases took place during the first 8 months, the advance from March to May being particularly noticeable among farm products and articles used for food. From June to August there were declines in the food and the fuel and lighting groups, and in the aggregate September prices were below those of the preceding three months. From October to November most commodities increased sharply in price. Average wholesale prices for the year 1917 were 75 per cent. higher than those for 1913, the year before the war began.

Notwithstanding these inevitable increases, the consumers have been well protected by the Federal Administrations against undue extortion. The retail prices of most of these commodities have fluctuated at a relatively lower level, as compared with prices in 1913, than have wholesale prices. This is particularly true of bacon, lard, butter, milk, eggs, flour, corn meal, and potatoes. Comparing prices in December, 1917, with the average in 1913, it is seen that only two articles of twenty-eight important food commodities show a larger per cent. of increase in the retail than in the wholesale prices. These are dressed poultry and granulated sugar in New York. In most of the other months of 1917 the retail prices of these articles were relatively lower than were their wholesale prices.

"He That Hath Understanding"

IF this were an age which believed in omens, there might be considerable significance attached to the fall of Jerusalem. One of the many writers who are still discussing that event calls attention to the fact that the Holy City has always fallen in the direction in which history, both political and religious, has been moving. "From the days of David it has been conquered by the great conquerors. Today it is in Christian hands. The omen is, indeed, auspicious. We shall have many pronouncements as to the end of the world, now that Jerusalem has fallen. Pessimism is not a sign of faith. Jerusalem in its falls has had historical rather than miraculous meaning."

This, from the Biblical World of Chicago, is meant as a reproof of those who regard the liberation of David's ancient capital from infidel rule as having any significance beyond what attaches to a mere incident of the war. It seems to have escaped the attention of the faculty who edit the periodical in question that the redemption of Jerusalem is capable of a very positive interpretation in the light of prophecy, and that the Christian Church has become fully awake on this point. Some of the most distinguished Biblical scholars, here and in Europe, are agreed that the event marks the end of "the times of the Gentiles." They point to the historical record of the city's capture by Omar in 637 A. D., then to the passage in Daniel 7 : 25, and finally to the discovery that the 1335 year reckoning, according to Turkish chronology —fell on 1917, which year was to be blessed to the Jewish race, because it would witness the deliverance of their ancient seat from the oppressor.

Prophecy, which runs like a vein of silver through the Scriptures, part disclosed, part hidden, has been too long put aside as though it were a sealed book, unprofitable to investigate. May we not look forward to the time when the study of prophecy both in the Old and New Testaments will be an important feature in all ministerial preparation?

The Soul's Anchor

EARTH would be joyless without the soul brightness of hope. Hope is the angel cheering us when burdened, tried, persecuted and helpless. Hope sustains the soldier on the battlefield, the sailor on the ocean, the prisoner in the cell. Hope in the promises of men is often groundless and blasted, but hope in God, in His Word and in His Son Jesus Christ, rests upon the enduring Rock of Ages. If our Lord were still reposing in a Syrian tomb, our hope would be vain; but He is risen, He is the Resurrection and the Life; because Christ lives, we shall live also. He is the living Christ, and ours is the living hope. There are many dead hopes in the world, but there is One that is alive forever more.

Hope in God and you will praise Him with a joyful heart. The object of hope is victory over sin, death, hell and the grave, and the possession of the heavenly inheritance. A worldly life cannot inspire such hope. The righteous only have hope in His death. Hope cannot be bought with wealth, influence or power. It is a free gift unto all men who will have Christ in them, the hope of glory.

The values of this soul condition of hopefulness are unaffected by vicissitudes, seasons or times. It is an anchor to the soul, grasping the everlasting foundations of eternity. It is the powerful engine of life, drawing the train of treasures toward the city of God. He gives His children the blessed hope, which beholds with unspeakable expectation the distant glory reserved in heaven for you. While journeying onward, we are kept by the power of God until we reach the eternal home. A banker once said to his faithful clerk, "I have given you ten thousand dollars in my will. I have also decided to pay you the interest, six hundred dollars, during each year of my life. That will help keep you until you enter upon the inheritance." Christ has made us heirs of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away, reserved for us, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. His keeping power is as essential as the glorious possession.

Tokens of Spring

SPRING has come again. We know! For this morning as we walked past a flower-shop we glanced in at the window of it and saw a great bowl of golden jonquils and tulips massed together. And the yellow glow of them swept out across the dull March weather in a smilingly triumphant way.

Flowers of springtime! One always thinks of them together. One always thinks of a meadow dotted with the blue of violets, of arbutus hiding in the deep wood, of narcissus on the river bank, of faintly pink blossoms in the orchard. Springtime and flowers mean nearly the same thing. Far across the sea the meadows of many lands are torn into trenches and the damp woods are plowed and broken by shot and shell. Over the sea, orchards and fields are no longer spots of beauty. Where scarlet poppies blew there are redder flowers growing, and where purple flags sprang toward the sun, there are new graves. And when the war is only a memory, there will again be blossoms in the renewed orchards, and spring flowers will again grow shyly in the peaceful depths of the woods. The poppies will be lovelier than ever before among the untrampled wheat, and the purple flags will be more regal, because they spring from the sleeping-place of heroes.

It is spring again. The yellow tulips and jonquils told us so this morning, and they told us more—much more. For they told us that, no matter how heart-weary the world may be, no matter how wars may rage, there will always be a returning springtime, with its blessing and its flowers.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Three Great Churches Unite

ALTHOUGH the consolidation of three great churches in New York had been talked of for some time, the announcement from their pulpits on Sunday, February 17, that a joint committee had unanimously recommended such action, came as a great surprise. These three, among the most famous Presbyterian churches in the United States, are the Old First Church, at Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street; the University Place Church, at University Place and Tenth Street, and the Madison Square Church, at Madison Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street. It will be necessary for the congregations of the three churches to adopt the plan of consolidation. The First Church congregation voted unanimously in favor of it, but the other two churches postponed the consideration of the matter. Should the congregations adopt the plan of union the action of the New York Presbytery will be necessary to ratify it. The three pastors are men of preëminent ability and widespread reputation. They are all old men with long pastorates, knowing no dead line. Dr. Parkhurst is seventy-five, and has been pastor at Madison Square thirty-eight years. Dr. Alexander is seventy-four and has held his pastorate thirty-four years; Dr. Duffield is sixty-three and has been pastor of the First Church twenty-six years. These ministers have all scuffled with the discouraging problem of the "downtown church" and have come to as wise a solution of it as possible. Each church had a large endowment fund, a necessary anchorage in a business, foreign or needy population, so the merger will have $1,200,000 of an endowment to begin with. The three church properties are worth $2,000,000 more, making a working capital of $3,200,000. These pastors and the body of laymen who have stood by them have felt the evangelistic call, and instituted missions to the poor and neglected populations, including the Emmanuel Chapel, the Bethlehem Chapel and the Italian Mission owned and operated so successfully by the University Place Church, and the Madison Square Church House. It is understood that the merger contemplates the pensioning of these old honored pastors. It is to be hoped that this union will be effected and will result in what its promoters desire: the carrying of the Gospel and a Christ'ike benevolence to the poor and neglected, in obedience to the command: "*Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.*" (*Luke 14 : 23.*)

Idlers Drafted for Work

GOVERNOR EDGE signed a bill recently passed by the New Jersey Legislature providing that all loafers, tramps, and other idlers of the male sex in the boundaries of the state should be conscripted for some useful employment during the war. The law requires able-bodied males between the ages of eighteen and fifty to be regularly engaged in some useful, lawful business, profession, occupation, or employment necessary for the protection and welfare of the state and the United States. A method of procedure is provided which imposes penalties for non-compliance. The act does not include workmen out on a strike, nor the use of the men drafted to work as strike-breakers. The working people who believe in work were generally friendly to the bill. This is an excellent law, that could be wisely copied by other states. In war or peace, industry is the basis of all physical, mental and moral progress. Hence the Almighty made it a law as a part of one of the Ten Commandments. "*Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work.*" (*Ex. 20 : 9.*)

Notorious Loan Shark Dead

A MAN widely known as a "loan shark," who had offices in sixty-three American and Canadian cities, where he carried on the business of lending money to the common people at an extortionate rate of interest, died the other day. He lent money to those drawing salaries and to humble wage-earners at an enormously high rate of interest. And in a large number of instances he would sue on the notes and foreclose on the security, afflicting the borrower and his family after taking everything they had in the world. To protect himself against annoyance, indignant rebuke and possibly rough physical treatment, he employed women to take charge of his offices, who with bland voice and manner told the debtors they were only employees and had no option in the matter, but were compelled to obey orders, and then proceeded to rob the poor victims without mercy. But the thousands that the shark had wronged had some satisfaction in seeing him caught in the net of the law and punished by a fine of $1,000 and a term in the penitentiary. In sentencing him the Justice rebuked the prisoner in a blistering fashion. The man's attorney, family and friends went to the Governor of the state with 25,000 notes representing $500,000, and told him that they would make a bonfire and burn them all up if he would release the prisoner. But, the Governor feeling the sentence just, the offender concluded that, as the disgrace was on him already, he would serve out his term and keep his notes and securities. In the early history of the race the word "usury" meant interest on borrowed money, carrying no dishonor with it. But moneylenders then charged such outrageous rates of interest that the name came in more modern times to stand for extortionate rates of interest, and civilized society has made a legal rate of interest and calls the illegal rate usury. The Mosaic law left no room for loan sharks, as it did not allow a man who loaned money to a poor man to charge any interest at all. This is the text of the law on the subject: "*If thou lend money to any of my people that is poor by thee, thou shalt not be to him as an usurer, neither shalt thou lay upon him usury.*" (*Ex. 22 : 25.*)

Blackfoot Indian Chief Dead

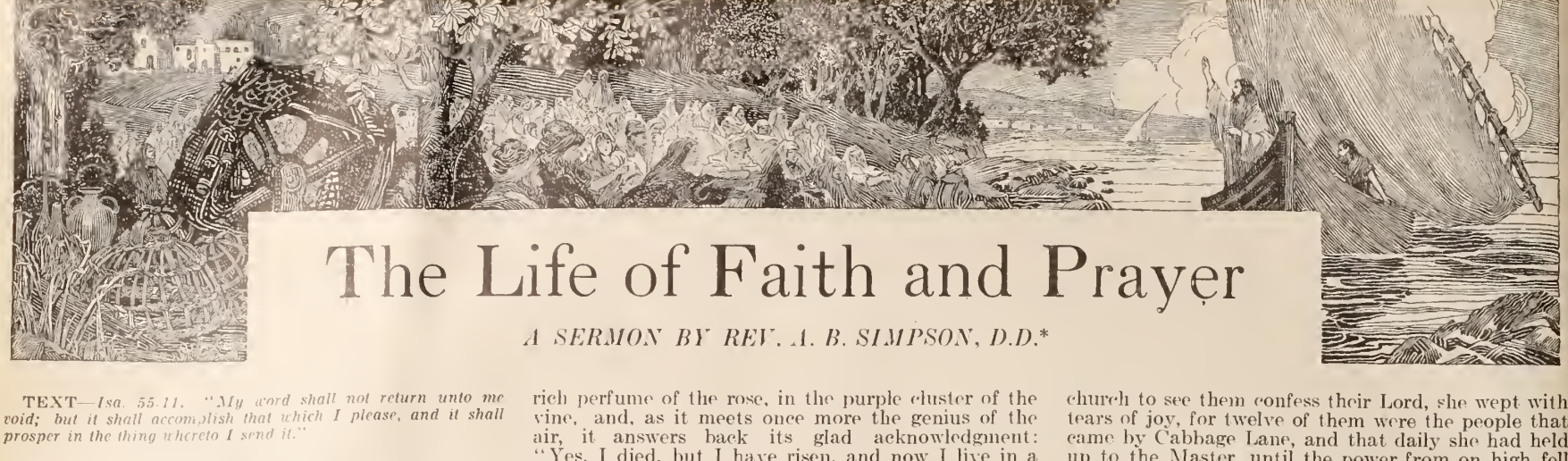
THREE BEARS, famous old chief of the Blackfeet Indians, died February 10 in his home lodge on the Glacier National Park Reservation, Montana. He was a little more than 100 years old, as near as the oldest living Blackfeet braves can reckon. The only way they figure his age is that in his conversation concerning boyhood days he used to relate that John Quincy Adams was the first great pale-face chief of the nation he recollected hearing the Indians talk about. Adams was inaugurated President of the United States in 1825. Three Bears had often said that at that time he was using the bow and arrow with arms strong enough to kill black bear on the mountainside. With the passing of Three Bears one can count on the fingers of two hands the Indians now alive who lived in the real bow-and-arrow days. Three Bears was famed as a warrior as a result of the many encounters during the early 60's into which he led the Blackfeet braves against the belligerent Sioux tribes. The old Indian chief was buried with the highest rites of his race. The hand of this Indian touched the primitive age of the bow and arrow, but the white man sold his people firearms and fire-water with which to kill the neighboring tribes and destroy themselves. When Three Bears was born the Blackfeet Indians numbered nearly 500,000. When he died there were but 5,000 of them left. This old Indian's face brings a feeling of sadness and shame to many American hearts at the cruel and unjust treatment of his noble race by the white man. A great opportunity for evangelism was afforded our forefathers; but instead of using truth, righteousness and love to save the red man, they used the rifle and whisky bottle to annihilate him, and would have done so if the national conscience had not asserted itself and restored to him a fragment of the lands stolen from him, shut off intoxicants from him, taught him farming and other useful arts, instructed his children in the schools, and brought the Gospel of Jesus Christ to them. The result is that many of the Indians are industrious, educated, thrifty, useful, upright and happy. The result is that the noble red men are not to be extinct in this country, but are increasing each year in numbers. In 1890 they numbered 243,000; in 1900, 270,000; and in 1910, 305,000, not including those in Alaska. In the nation's present treatment of the red man there is illustrated this truth expressed by an inspired singer of Israel: *Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.*" (*Ps. 85 : 10.*)

Miners Demand American Flag

AUSTRIAN miners in Crawford County, Kansas, caused much apprehension a few days ago when they threatened to strike and tie up the coal mines. Investigation by Federal authorities revealed the fact that the miners refused to work unless an American flag was displayed in each mine. The mine operators, who were loyal men, quickly complied with the demands. The Austrians then returned, each man saluting the Stars and Stripes as he entered the mouth of the mine. This under the circumstances is a beautiful picture of loyalty to our government. It is because people from all nations, including those against which we are warring, are true to the flag that our nation is so strong and so united in the present contest. The incident illustrates also the fact that the man who digs the coal out of the earth to warm the homes, to turn the wheels of industry, to load the ships with food, clothing, fuel and munitions for the Allied armies is as necessary to win the war as the superb boys who have gone out to do the fighting. It is well for the Christian to show his colors in the moral battles of life, to have the banner of the Cross where people can see it, at the mouth of the mine, over the mill, store, shop, office, or home, as a symbol of Christ's infinite love. The relation of a flag to an army in time of war is thus referred to: "*Terrible as an army with banners.*" (*Song of Sol. 6 : 4.*)

Wind Scatters Dollar Bills

A MERCHANT was entering a bank in Newark, N. J., the other day when a gust of wind lifted his hat from his head. Instinctively he threw up both hands to catch it. In doing so he let go 595 one-dollar bills which he held in one of his hands and the wind scattered them in every direction. He ran frantically after them trying to gather them up, and citizens near by aided him. A traffic policeman seeing the dilemma also rendered service in recovering the flying money. But when the depositor counted what were picked up he was 200 one-dollar bills short. The wind got a few but some of the "kind friends" took the most of them. How does the poor weak heart of man crave money, and how often do men take it from their neighbor! Perhaps nine out of ten of these men would have thrown a brick through a jeweler's window and taken the diamonds, or held up a man on a dark street and taken his purse, but for fear of detection. In this case the danger of detection was small and they became robbers. In the flight of the money and loss of the $200 there was illustrated this great truth: "*Riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven.*" (*Prov. 23 : 5.*)



The Life of Faith and Prayer

*A SERMON BY REV. A. B. SIMPSON, D.D.**

TEXT—*Isa. 55:11. "My word shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it."*

THE keynote of this passage is found in the eighth and ninth verses: "For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts." God's thoughts and ways, both in nature and in grace, are transcendently higher than man's, and the principles of His government often seem to our short-sighted sense and reason like paradoxes and contradictions. Several of these principles are illustrated in this beautiful figure, drawn from the elements and operations of nature.

The beneficence of forces, which seem at first sight to be only baneful and alarming. The snow and the rain appear to be destructive forces. There is nothing more terrible than the cyclone sweeping over land and sea, wrecking the dismantled ship, flooding the swollen river, sweeping away the forest and the town, and leaving behind it a tract of desolated homes and lifeless human beings; unless it be the terror of the snow, the fierce blizzard, burying beneath its winding-sheet the shepherd and his flock and the shelterless traveler on the mountain waste, or hurled down from Alpine heights, as the overwhelming avalanche that buries in its ruins the mountain village or the surprised wayfarer. And yet these forces and elements are among the most useful and beneficent in the whole economy of nature. Take away the rain from India's plains, and the horrors of famine follow. Send the showers to the mighty wastes of Arizona, Utah, and Colorado, and lo, the wilderness and the solitary place shall rejoice and the desert shall blossom as the rose. What makes Palestine today a desolation? The failure of the rains. And what is beginning to restore some of their ancient verdure to the hills of Judah? The gradual return of the early and the latter rain. And even the snow, with its terrible avalanches and its blinding blizzards, is the storehouse of the river and the fountain.

And so in the economy of grace it is likewise true, that the things which seem most forbidding and disastrous often hide God's richest blessings. Even sin and sorrow, even disease and death are transformed by the alchemy of grace into occasions for man's highest good and God's most signal glory. Out of Adam's fall comes Christ's redemption and man's union with God. Out of death, with its humiliation and terror, comes the better resurrection. Out of human sorrow comes the discipline that sanctifies and revives the precious gold of holy character and heavenly grace. Even sickness becomes the occasion for the Master's healing touch and quickening power. Happy they who have learned to paint the rainbow on the rain-cloud, and find the fountains of life mid the snow-clad mountain heights!

THE apparent waste of natural forces and their conversion into other forms and forces of helpfulness and blessing. There is nothing that seems more prodigal than the waste of nature. The showers fall and sink into the ground, and seem to be lost. The rain cometh down from heaven and returneth not thither; the rivers run into the sea and become absorbed in the ocean's brine. All this seems like a waste of precious material, and yet science has taught us that no force is ever wasted, but simply converted into another form in which it goes on its way with an altered ministry, but an undiminished force.

Some one has represented in a sort of poetic parable a little raindrop trembling in the air, and questioning with the genius of the sky whether it should fall upon the earth or still linger in the beautiful cloud. At last the timid crystal drop, with one tear of regret, disappears beneath the soil, and is speedily drunk up by the parched ground. It has gone out of sight—apparently out of existence. But, lo, the root of yonder lily drinks in its moisture; the sap vessels of that damask rose absorb its refreshing draught; the far-reaching rootlet of yonder vine has found that fountain of life, and in a little while that raindrop comes forth in the snowy blossom of the lily, in the rich perfume of the rose, in the purple cluster of the vine, and, as it meets once more the genius of the air, it answers back its glad acknowledgment: "Yes, I died, but I have risen, and now I live in a higher ministry, in a larger life, in a better resurrection."

So it is with the Word of God and the life of faith. Wasted it sometimes seems. The message falls and the echo ceases, and the curtain drops and nothing is manifest. "I have labored in vain; I have spent my strength for naught," is, perhaps, the preacher's cry; but silently that Word of God is working out its mission; that soul is springing into life; that purpose is forming into action; that promise is ripening into faith, and it shall accomplish that which He has pleased. The preacher may pass out of sight, but in his place a score of lives will rise to carry on the work. The text and the sermon may be forgotten, but a transformed character will come forth. "I cannot tell," said the humble shepherd's wife, "what sermon it was that led to my conversion. I cannot even explain the creed and the catechism, but I know that something has changed me. Last summer John and I washed the sheep in yonder stream. I cannot tell you where the water went, but I can show you the clean, white fleeces of the sheep. And so I may forget the doctrine, but I have its blessed fruit in my heart and life."

THERE are many spiritual forces in God's great husbandry that man's records will never trace, but all the same they are doing their work and will mingle with the great mass in the harvest. Dr. Gordon tells of a poor old colored auntie who was a cripple in her wretched suburb, called Cabbage Lane, and seldom even got to meetings, but she knew how to pray. And so when the revival was coming on, the deacon took care to tell Aunt Dinah all about it, and ask her to pray for souls. And the old auntie asked about a number of people, Massa So-and-So and Mrs. So-and-So, who passed her little hut on their way daily. Were they Christians? "No," he said. And so, one by one, she counted them up and she told the Lord about them. Scarcely one of their names she knew, and none of them ever heard of her; but when the glad harvest time came and forty souls were gathered into that fold, and old auntie hobbled into the church to see them confess their Lord, she wept with tears of joy, for twelve of them were the people that came by Cabbage Lane, and that daily she had held up to the Master, until the power from on high fell upon them and brought them to the Cross. These are the raindrops that disappear from human ken, but God follows them, and the record yonder will give credit to every silent prayer and falling tear and unknown factor, and then he that sowed and they that reap shall rejoice together.

Much of our work for God must ever be of this character. We cannot crystallize into human statistics and ecclesiastical communion rolls the results of our labor. The best part of it is like water spilt upon the ground. We have watered some of the Lord's plants; the Lord is glorified; the Lord is pleased, and the Lord's heritage that was weary is refreshed. Let that suffice.

THE gradual processes, both of nature and of grace. The rain has to have time for its fruition. First it must water the earth; then the earth must spring forth and germinate; then must come the blade and the bud, and then the seed for the sower and the bread for the eater. It is all there, and yet it takes waiting patience and long delay. There are two kinds of Christian work. There is the quick harvesting which God sometimes gives—the joy of gathering in the laden sheaves. But there is the slow, patient sowing and the long waiting; yes, and the knowledge that another shall reap what we have sown, and that the flowers shall bloom above our dust before the harvest comes. That is the kind of work that needs faith and God. That is the mother's work as she slowly trains for God the life that is to finish her mission when she has passed away. But when the reckoning day shall come, it will be found that both shall share alike in the recompense and the harvest joy.

Let us not forget the intimate connection suggested here between the sowing and the feeding. Seed for the sower reminds us of the worker's trust. Bread for the eater reminds us of the soul's needed portion. We must feed as well as sow. We must prove first the precious bread before we give it to others, and yet we must not forget that it is a trust and not a luxury, given to us that we may feed upon it and then pass it on to the starving world.

THE certainty and efficacy of the result. "It shall not return unto Me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please." No force, even in nature, is ever lost. The whisper that you breathe upon the air in some form will go on forever. The faintest impulse upon the atoms of that ether ocean on which we are sailing through immensity will influence every other atom to all eternity. You may not see the result, but it is traveling on all the same. Every word we speak for God, every prayer we breathe, every touch of a loving hand, every heart throb of sympathy and holy purpose, tells in some way, and will forever tell for God and the betterment of humanity. We do not labor in vain. We cannot fail. The cup of cold water may be given to an unworthy person. The direct purpose we had may seem to be defeated, but God has that act in His holy keeping, and some day we shall meet it again and receive from His hand, with compound interest, the fruit of our investment for Him.

THE transformations of grace. "The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing . . . and instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree." The mountains represent the difficulties, the obstructions, the barriers that meet us in our work. But God will turn these into occasions for praise and monuments of victory, and the very mountains that stopped our way shall break forth before us into singing.

His thoughts are not our thoughts, nor our ways His. By contraries, and in spite of all probabilities, He works His mighty way. Let us, therefore, take Him for the hardest things, and we shall find some day that the very jewels of our crown shall be forged out of the rugged rocks that cut our bleeding feet on life's rough way. Or, to change the figure, the avenues that shall line our palace home shall be planted with the myrtles and the palms which were formed out of the thorns and briers of our earthly lot.

* Founder and President of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, Interdenominational.

JUST YESTERDAY

By John H. Styles, Jr.

JUST yesterday she held him to her breast,
A tiny, helpless, blue-eyed baby boy,
And dreamed of days when he would stand a man
Before her. Oh, her soul was filled with joy—
Just yesterday!

Just yesterday her loving hands caressed
His tousled, wind-blown hair and freckled face,
And bound the hurts he knew. How tenderly
She kissed each little scratch and bruised place—
Just yesterday!

Just yesterday she saw him graduate
And scarce could realize her boy had come
To manhood's threshold. Oh, her heart beat high
With hope for him, her stalwart, manly son—
Just yesterday!

Just yesterday her country called her boy.
She did not weep or rail at circumstance,
But bravely bade him do his duty clear.
He kissed her; then he went away to France—
Just yesterday!

Just yesterday her hands were hard at work
With bandages; and as she rolled them tight
She whispered: "Maybe they will be for him,
My boy, who's somewhere over there tonight."
Just yesterday!

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Our Present Helps

SUNDAY March 17. II Tim. 1: 16. "*He oft refreshed me.*" The apostle Paul was great in recognizing the springs which welled up and sang in the lives of others. He was a very skilled diviner in discovering hidden waters in other people's fields, and he rejoiced in the bounty, and he drew from its resources refreshment for his own soul. It is easy to recall some of the crowd of eulogies which he has written about the fidelity and ministry of his fellow believers. He is like a pilgrim who has come upon wells of water as he trudged a hard and weary road, and who at every stopping-place has left some recorded message of grateful appreciation.

And surely that is one of the gracious ministries appointed by our Lord. He mediates his inspirations through one soul to another soul. If we ignore or neglect these waters, we are impoverishing our own souls by limiting the Holy One of Israel. Whenever we become spiritually exclusive we rob ourselves of spiritual treasure. If we just journey on alone, and presume to carry all the cordials we need in our own wallet, if we regard ourselves as self-sufficient, and independent of everybody else, our spiritual life is surely shrinking, and we are not growing in the grace and knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. The wells appointed for our nourishment and refreshment are to be found in the lives of others. Every minister of the Gospel ean witness to these surprises of discovery. He goes out to make a pastoral call, and lo! the sheep becomes the shepherd.

"All my springs are in thee," cries the psalmist. Yes, and so they are, but sometimes the water comes to us through the medium of our fellows—an Epaphroditus, or a Titus, or a Mary of Bethany, or a Mary Magdalene. God gives us his water, but in the manner of the giving he draws us together in a more intimate fraternity. J. H. J.

Justice and Immortality

MONDAY, March 18. Gen. 18: 25. "*Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?*" The average man has moral intuitions which, if they are not infallible, are usually dependable. If death ends all, if the verdicts of earthly courts are final, if there is no Highest Court in the world to come by which the unrighteous judgments of earthly courts shall be reviewed and reversed, then the universe is not moral, eternal justice fails.

See how often good men suffer and how often evil men flourish; how often men whose hands have taken bribes and whose lips have spoken lies are courted, flattered, sumptuously fed; how often he who keeps his conscience clean is left to fight the battle from the under side.

Dives in purple and fine linen, Lazarus in rags. It is the old, old way, the world's way, but not God's way. It is not right. It requires another world to make it right.

Not that the good man wants revenge, nor that he desires to see the evil man suffer. Let the wicked be happy if he can be, for his time is short. By all the martyr-fires and prison cells and dungeon chains of faithful witnesses to truth, eternal justice promises a world to come. The question of immortality resolves itself, at least in one phase, into this: Is the universe moral? We think it is. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" C. C. A.

The Bridegroom of the Soul

TUESDAY, March 19. Song of Solomon 2: 13. "*The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.*" The tender scenes which make up the Book of Canticles and are filled with the ardent affection of conjugal love are the strong effort of God to make us understand the imagery which is found everywhere in the Bible and represents Jesus as the Bridegroom of the soul. We sing of "Jesus, Lover of our soul"; we want to "fly to his bosom." The soul that has been garbed in the glory of Jesus' righteousness and stands before her heavenly Liege in the beauty with which he himself has adorned her sees in these bold images no sensuality but only a great and holy truth.

The bondage of winter that bound life with fetters of ice and snow has been broken. So has the winter of our discontent under sin been turned into a glorious summer by the Sun of righteousness that has come with healing in its wings. Out of this dead heart of ours has blossomed a new hope; our cold affections have begun to teem with a new love. The spring of grace has changed our old heart into a garden of God. Like the glorious life that throbs in nature this new life of grace that pulsates in our hearts belongs to God, to Jesus.

Fair are the meadows,
Fairer the woodlands,
Robed in flowers of blooming spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer;
He makes our sorrowing spirits sing.

W. H. T. D.

Uses of Memory

WEDNESDAY, March 20. Psalm 119, 16. "*I will not forget Thy Word.*" Memory may be called the library of the mind, where thoughts are stored; the phonograph of the soul, where voices are echoed, or the photograph of the heart, where loves, friendships are pictured, to adorn forever the gallery of the soul. What a contrast between a loving memory of the true, the beautiful and the good, and the memory of revenge, hate, malice and lust!

Think of turning the portrait of Christ to the wall of forgetfulness, as well as those of our most faithful and dearest friends! Think of trying to forget home, church, country and God, so as to keep more vivid the scenes of revelry and debauchery!

Memory is said to be "the only Paradise from which we cannot be turned out." It is richer than vaults of gold, more lasting than honors, titles or treasures of the world. But it is a monitor as well as a recorder. "Son, remember," is the silver bell of conscience, warning the soul to remember his Creator, and not to forget those dearer to him than life.

A widowed father gave nearly all his earnings for the musical education of his daughter. After ten years of his sacrifice and loneliness, she returned from Europe to thrill with her songs the great audiences that greeted her. But she refused to recognize her humble father in his lowly and penniless condition. Such ingratitude and forgetfulness seem unbelievable. But it is only a sample of the greater sin of forgetting the words and person of the world's Saviour and Friend, who gave us richly all things to enjoy—life, love, happiness and heaven. Forgetting him and his book is the monstrous sin of men. E. W. C.

The Self-Knowledge of the Heart

THURSDAY, March 21. Prov. 14: 10. "*The heart knoweth its own bitterness.*" If out of the heart are the issues of life, in the heart is the bitterness of life. These bodies of ours do not trouble us half as much as our hearts. What are the possible sources of heart-bitterness? Certainly one of them is the memory of an imperfect past.

Keen as may be the bitterness of the heart in memory of an imperfect past, keener is the bitterness of the heart which knows itself held in slavery to present sin. The past is beyond recall but the present is still within our grasp. What of this present? Are we free? Is this capacious self of ours a prisoner to its own sordid desires?

It is the peculiar peril of some otherwise radiant personalities that, free from any hideous memory, and free from the domination of present sin, they are in bondage to distressing anxiety about the future. They are in bondage to fear.

Every heart knows its own bitterness, but may it not also be written that some hearts know the cure of their own bitterness? By the bitter fountain of Marah there was a sweetening branch. There is a sweetening branch by the side of every fountain of bitterness in life. And is that sweetening branch not the rood, the Cross of Jesus Christ? The magic of its power clears all the clouds away from the imperfect record of the past, delivers us from the power of present evil thoughts and habits, and gives us hope, a great, strong, beautiful hope for the future, the little future of our years on earth, and the infinite future of life beyond the count of years. C. C. A.

The Brother's Burden

FRIDAY, March 22. Gal. 6: 2. "*Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.*" The apostle is deeply concerned that the mutual relations of Christians shall not be disturbed by a selfish, insolent and sullen temper. There are degrees of spiritual-mindedness: not only does one Christian differ from another in this respect, but there are in the lives of individual Christians seasons when they are more spiritual-minded than at other times. Through ignorance, lack of watchfulness, inherited frailties, plausible temptations, or enticing examples, Christians may fall into an erroneous notion or an immoral act. This may happen more frequently to some Christians than to others, but it does occur in the lives of the best Christians. In such a case the stronger brethren are invited to regard the fault of the weaker brethren as a burden which they must bear.

"Bearing another's burden," however, does not mean to connive at a brother's sinning and to readily condone his offenses, but it means to add one's own strength to the strength of the erring brother which has evidently failed. Those who are advanced and confirmed in knowledge and grace should do their utmost, in a meek, patient, and tender manner, to convince and reclaim the erring brother. The stronger brethren will be powerfully aided in such endeavors by a reflection upon their own weakness, which may cause them to fall before the tempter as easily as the weak brother fell.

It will keep them from being unforgiving, or extremely harsh and censorious. They will with all the power of Christian love in them strive to reclaim the erring brother from his evil way, lead him to a due recognition of the sinfulness of his act and of its fatal tendency.

They will sympathize with the erring brother, offer him their assistance in the spiritual struggle to which they urge him, try to remove dangerous influences to which he is exposed, and break the power of the peculiar temptations which he has to face. Above all, they will carry the trouble of their erring brother to the Lord in prayer and ask Him for wisdom and fraternal devotion, that they may be able to minister counsel and help to their brother in his hour of need.

That is the law which Christ imparted to his disciples in his parting discourse, the law of serving love, by which he said, men would know that they were his disciples indeed. W. H. T. D.

To Him for Rest

SATURDAY, March 23. Matt. 11: 28. "*Come unto me and I will give you rest.*" Several great artists have pictured our Lord with extended arms and loving looks of compassion, as he cries to the multitude, weary and heavy laden, "Come unto me and I will give you rest." The Danish artist Bloch has portrayed Christ in this attitude with a number of persons who have answered his invitation and are now closely standing about his person. One is a criminal, whose hands are bound with chains. He stands in a hesitating way, wondering if he will be received by the divine Master, thinking doubtless in the language of the poet,

Weary of earth and laden with my sin,
I look to heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.

Another, who has just touched the robes of Jesus and is believingly resting his head upon the person of the Christ, has an expression of peacefulness and rest beyond words to tell. An old man with his staff sits on the opposite side, reclining against his Saviour, rejoicing that heaven has come down to earth to greet him in his closing years and to open the gates of life to his soul. The mother, daughter and son on the left appear filled with ecstasy at this near vision of the matchless Preacher. How beautiful for the mother to bring the children to him who says, "Son, daughter, give me thy heart!"

No richer words ever fell from lips Divine than these, "I will give you rest." We should emphasize every word in that immortal sentence, for each word stands for an immortality of glory, happiness and blessing for the great family of God. E. W. C.

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Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" and the Story It Tells

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

SOME people—many people—know the story of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird." Everybody should know it. And now that the Arteraft Pictures Corporation has put the story into a perfect picture, there is no reason why every one should not know it.

The story is a simple story—an allegory. Everything in our daily life, including fire, water, bread, sugar, milk, etc., is personified, and a soul given to all. The thread of the story is carried by two children who go in quest of the Blue Bird—meaning Happiness.

The days before Christmas two very human little children, a little boy named Tyltyl and his sister Mytyl, the children of Daddy Tyl and Mummy Tyl, peasants, were envious of the prosperity of the rich children who lived nearby. Madam Berlingot, their neighbor, had a little daughter who was ill, and she asked Tyltyl and Mytyl to let her little girl have their pet dove, which she craved, but the children selfishly declined.

After they are put to bed, the Fairy, Berylune, appears and by means of a magic diamond shows them the souls of all things, which come to life in the shape of symbolical figures. Even the cat and the dog are given the power of speech. The Fairy then takes the children in search of the Blue Bird, and they visit the Palace of Night, where they meet Sleep and Death, and the various sicknesses, the terrible Wars, the Stars, the Dew, etc.

The quest continues to the graveyard, which they reach at midnight. The graves open and the dead come to life, and the cemetery is transformed to a flowery bower. The children again meet their grandparents, long since departed, who express joy that they have not been forgotten. Here they also find their brothers and sisters who have died, and a glad reunion takes place in Memoryland. These scenes are obliterated by the Fog of Forgetfulness, and in the Palace of Luxuries a sumptuous banquet is in progress, the Luxuries gorging themselves with the plentiful food. Seated around the table are the Luxuries of Being Rich, Landowner, Satisfied Vanity, Drinking When Not Thirsty, Eating When Not Hungry, Knowing Nothing, Doing Nothing, Sleeping More Than Necessary, and Fat Laughter, all in symbolical types. The gluttons invite the children to join them, but Light sheds her radiance and the banqueters, unable to withstand the pitiless glare, take refuge in the Cavern of Miserie, with shrieks of dismay.

In the Cathedral of Happiness the children meet the Joys, including Children's Happiness, Being Well, Loving One's Parents, Pure Air, Blue Sky, The Forest, Sunny Hours, Spring, Rain, and Innocent Thoughts. The Great Joys then appear, including Being Just, Being Good, Fame, Thinking and the Peerless Joy of Maternal Love, which is symbolized by the mother of Tyltyl and Mytyl, and is seen glorified by mother love.

"It is heaven every time you kiss me"

In the Azure Palace countless unborn children await their advent upon the earth, and at the doors are the mothers. These children represent all classes, from the humblest worker to the rulers of the earth. Time opens the gate for the children born that day, and they depart, equipped with something to make their marks in the world, for good or evil.

The children, Tyltyl and Mytyl, are taken home by the Fairy, their hunt for the Blue Bird having been fruitless. Many birds have been pursued and caught, but they died immediately and changed colors, so that the real Blue Bird has not been captured. In the morning the children awaken with different conceptions of life. They greet their parents with affectionate embraces, and everything seems cheerier and brighter to them. Thoughts of the little girl begging for the dove in her semi-delirium induce them to give her the bird, and lo! it turns to a Blue Bird. They have found the Blue Bird of Happiness in making others happy.

The Christian Herald does not often feel that it can heartily endorse a film. For many film stories are, regrettably, not the sort of thing that one could take one's small, or older, son or daughter to see. But the "Blue Bird" is the sort of film that holds a lesson worth learning. It is the kind of a film few people have dreamed of producing—an idealistic picture made real by splendid acting and remarkable photography.

Several points stand out from the story—stand out by sheer beauty of word and action. When the children go at twelve o'clock to the graveyard to see the dead arise—when they tiptoe fearfully in through the door and walk, in frightened silence, past the yawning tombs, one can perfectly understand why folk fear death. But, when suddenly the graves burst forth into blossoms and the roses and lilies grow fragrantly all about, one sees the Easter story re-told in a marvelous way. For the little boy, astounded, asks: "Where are the dead?" and the girl-child, with a triumphant smile upon her face, answers: "There are no dead!"

And then there is the place where the children, in the Palace of the Joys and Delights, meet their mother, who is known there as the Joy of Maternal Love. And she says to them: "Will you recognize me when I am dressed in my faded dress, back in our cottage?"

And the children cry: "But we want to stay here, with you, in Heaven!"

And she smiles and says, "Heaven is every time you kiss me!"

The moving picture has come to stay—come to stay with its unlimited possibilities for good or for evil. And the Blue Bird is the sort of picture that can not fail to do unlimited good. It will be a delight to children, but only the grown-up can read their lives into the search for Happiness. It will be a dream, a fairy-tale come true, to your boy or girl; but to you it will be the meaning of life, told poetically but none the less truly.

The Blue Bird is a milestone in the production of motion pictures. We hope for more pictures of the same sort.

New Light on the Name of Abraham

By PROFESSOR ALBERT T. CLAY, Yale University

AMONG the recent accessions to the Yale Babylonian Collection a tablet has been found that has important bearing upon the historical value of the Old Testament story of the patriarch Abraham.

Half a century ago the theory was advanced in Germany that the patriarchs were not to be regarded as historical persons. This gave rise to many other efforts on the part of certain scholars, in which it was claimed that the patriarchs were originally deities, who in time were degraded to the ranks of men. Others regarded them as personified clans or tribes. It was in the late days of Israel, they claim, that some Jewish writer "created" the character of Abraham, in order to idealize an ancestor for the nation, and thus projected backward the beginning of the Hebrew race. In other words, this writer of fiction interwove his story of the patriarchs with historical facts, and thus created what has been handed down as history.

It is only necessary to examine certain Biblical dictionaries and commentaries to see what an effect such efforts have had in relegating the story of the patriarchs to the region of myth or fiction. The fact is that these theories have been popularized to such an extent that they are brought within the understanding of the Sunday school scholar, who is taught not to regard the patriarchs as historical.

IT is impossible to discuss these theories in the compass of this article. It is sufficient, however, to say that they are purely hypothetical, and that they have needed modification, whenever archeology has brought to light any facts bearing upon the question; while, on the other hand, hundreds of facts have been brought to light which show that we have facts of history with which to deal. We have seen these theories advance from the position in which it was declared that the whole historical background of this period in the Old Testament was a creation of the fiction-writer, to the position held at present, that the background is acknowledged to be in strict accordance with fact. They are now willing to admit that archeology has restored the very historical atmosphere for the Old Testament stories; but they add—and here they arrive at the same results—we look in vain for any references to the patriarchs themselves on the monuments. It is scarcely possible that any archeologist will ever expect to find references to the patriarchs on the royal inscriptions of Babylonia or Egypt. But while this is true, many other discoveries have made it perfectly reasonable for any, except those who are skeptically inclined, to believe, without any doubt, that the patriarchs were actually historical personages. One of the discoveries is here set forth.

IT has been urged as one of the arguments of these critics that the name "Abram" was of late origin; that it means Ab, "the father," and ram, "is exalted." Thus the name gives evidence, they have claimed, that the writer coined it for this fictitious ancestor of the Hebrews. Later the argument was modified, and it was held that the name did not occur in inscriptions prior to the tenth century B. C., the earliest occurrence of the name being on the walls of Karnak in Egypt, where Shoshonk, in recording his invasion of Palestine, mentions "the field of Abram" as one of the places he conquered. In the thousands of inscriptions of an earlier period, they claimed, the name is not found. Moreover, the fuller form of the name, i.e., "Abraham," is not found as early as the form "Abram." The argument based on the silence of the inscriptions was here applied, as has so frequently been done, but again it proved to be futile.

A few years ago it was discovered that in several Babylonian tablets from Dilbat, not far from Babylon, a certain Abram is mentioned. The name is written A-ba-am-ra-am and A-ba-am-ra-mu. These tablets were written in

the reign of Ammi-Zaduga, king of Babylon, just a little later than the time in which the patriarch lived.

The Babylonian Collection of Yale University possesses several hundred letters of this same period, known as the First Dynasty of Babylon, during which time the patriarch lived. One of these letters was written by Hammurabi, the contemporary of Abram, who is known as Amraphel in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis. In the collection were three letters in their original envelopes of clay. The reason that they remained unopened was doubtless due to the fact that they were exact copies of letters which had been sent, and were preserved in the archieves. One was addressed: "To Ibiq-Ea," another to a woman: "To Elmeshum," the third had nothing written on the envelope. Alt three bore the seals of the senders. They were such fine specimens of case tablets that at first it was thought advisable to leave them intact for exhibition purposes. Later, however, it was decided to open two and leave the third one intact. Strange as it may seem the one addressed to Elmeshum *contained the fuller form of the name of the patriarch*, for which archeologists had looked in vain for years.

IN a volume of these texts which has just appeared, entitled "Early Babylonian Letters from Larsa," by Dr. H. F. Lutz, this inscription and the translation are published. It reads as follows: "To Elmeshum thus speaks as follows Sirum. May the gods Shamash and Tak, of the temple Eshara, for my sake preserve thy life forever. Establish according to this fashion thy sisterly relation, for we have grown up together since we were small. Thou hadst acquired since a protective genius. Thou didst not reduce at all the price of 15 she of silver; but yesterday I took Abraham when thou hadst come. Not until thou hadst overcharged me didst thou comply."

The name Abraham is Hebrew or Amoritic, not Babylonian. At the time, many Western Semites were in the land, which fact itself throws light upon the story of Abram's life in Ur of the Chaldees. The individual referred to in the letter may have been a servant. But suffice it to say that we have here the occurrence of the name Abraham, written A-ba-ra-ha-am, in the very period in which the patriarch Abraham lived. In this way one of the chief arguments on which rests the theory of the critics disappears. Moreover, the name does not mean "the father is exalted," but "the father loves," namely, the child to which the name was given.

NO one would attempt to identify the individual who is mentioned in this letter with the patriarch. Doubtless, as the investigations continue, other occurrences of the name will be found in the tablets of that period, for, as mentioned, the land of Babylon was full of Western Semites at that time. It is not impossible, if the city Ur in Southern Babylonia prove to be Ur of the Chaldees—as it is regarded by many scholars—that tablets will be found in the ruins of that city in which the names of the family of Terah occur. Discoveries quite as remarkable and as romantic as this have actually been made. But this would simply put the capstone upon the mass of archeological evidence that has been gathered, upon which rests the belief in the historicity of the patriarchs.

Chinese Concordance Completed

AFTER twelve long years of labor on his own part and that of a number of Chinese helpers, the Rev. Henry G. C. Hallock, Ph.D., of Shanghai, China, saw the completion of his Concordance of the Bible in Chinese. Writing to a friend in America on the past 29th of November he said: "This is Thanksgiving Day and I have special cause for thanksgiving. The first copy, completed, of the third and last volume of my Chinese Concordance of the Whole Bible was delivered to me today, and I have O. K'd it for the binders. . . . God has healed, has renewed my youth, until the work is done—after twelve years. I am more grateful than I can tell."

Dr. Hallock is a member of the Presbytery of Steubenville (Ohio) and has been a missionary in China for nearly twenty-two years, most of the time at Shanghai. His Concordance is being issued in three volumes of one thousand pages each, and contains five million Chinese characters. It contains four hundred thousand direct and indirect Bible references. It follows the Radical order of characters, and is the first and only concordance in the language after what we know as the Word Plan, like Cruden's or Strong's. It will meet a long-felt need. It is just what the Chinese preachers, teachers, helpers, Sunday-school teachers, Bible-women, Christian Endeavorers and all literate Chinese Christians need in the study of God's Word. Twelve years of closest application and many thousands of dollars have been required for its preparation and printing. One of his fellow missionaries on the field, Rev. J. W. Davis, D.D., Ph.D., wrote to Dr. Hallock saying: "Accept my congratulations on finishing this work. It is the hardest job yet done by any missionary and reflects honor on the whole body."

Important features of the work are that it contains a dictionary in Chinese, a dictionary in English, a text-book of Bible names, an index according to Radicals, an index according to the number of strokes, an index according to the Peking Romanization and an index according to Standard Romanization. If one knows any character in a Bible verse, he can find the verse.

To illustrate what the book means to the Chinese, the author tells this story: "A senator requested his secretary to look up a verse of Scripture that he wished to quote in an important speech. The secretary was out for a few hours. On returning he was asked for the passage. The secretary replied that he had read through Genesis, Exodus and Leviticus without result, but would doubtless find it ere he had read through the Bible. He was curtly directed to look up the Concordance. Never heard of such a book! It was pointed out. The passage was found within three minutes!"

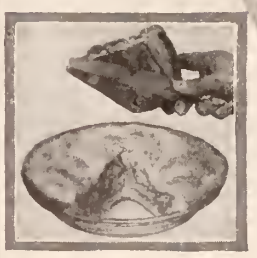
Dr. Hallock is founder and now secretary and treasurer of the National Tract Society for China, and is issuing the Concordance at cost price, in order that it may be widely used. He says of it: "My one ambition has been and is to have it inexpensive—for the good of all—in the reach of all."

For fourteen years Dr. Hallock has issued a Chinese Christian Almanac, of which several million copies have been sold, the circulation now being over three hundred thousand per year. It is a booklet of nearly one hundred pages, printed in the Chinese character, and sells for what would be about two cents in our money. It is in use among the native Christians all over China. Dr. Hallock has also written many tracts in Chinese and not a few hymns, especially hymns for Sunday-school use. He conducts a number of Sunday-schools in the native districts of Shanghai, having over eleven hundred pupils. He has a Sailor's Home, and also does evangelistic work, street and chapel preaching among the Chinese in Shanghai. He is a native of Steubenville, Ohio, and has three brothers in the Presbyterian ministry, Rev. Dr. G. B. F. Hallock, of Rochester, N. Y., Rev. Dr. Robert C. Hallock, of Dundee, N. Y., and Rev. William A. Hallock, of Honeoye Falls, N. Y.

A Cry from China

LITTLE HAI IEH TSI (the "Abused Leaf"); a Story of Childhood and its Perils in Heathen China. All who are interested in sweet and innocent childhood will find this a fascinating story. A postal card addressed to "China Orphans, Christian Herald, Bible House, New York," will bring you free copies of this illustrated booklet.

Pyrex makes all your undercrusts crisp and brown like the top



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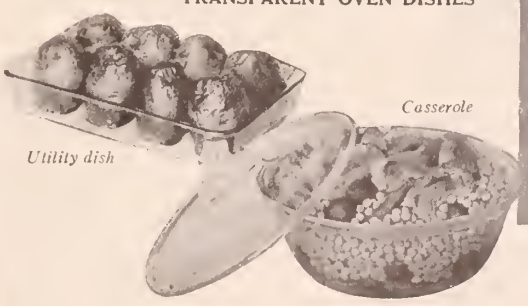

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HOWARD CHASE

By PASTOR CHARLES M. SHELDON, Author of "In His Steps"

CHAPTER IX—*Continued*

HOWARD had at last come to the place where he could not escape his own conviction that Agnes Burton was necessary to him. The events of the winter had made it more and more clear to him in a multitude of ways that cried out with insistent clamor for her to come and stand by his side and be his helpmeet. And he had begun to hope from more than one tone or look that Love's song was not far from her lips if once he should go to her boldly.

But now! What could he offer her! He was a beggar! Actually a beggar! He support a wife! Why, in a few days he would not be able to pay for the bread on his own simple table! He a married man! And this church, that had made a definite pledge to him in writing to pay him a certain wage for his services, did not think his services worth enough to keep its word, and expected him to live on promises and excuses, and yet it would criticize him if he did not pay his bills or did not keep up with his outward appearance and his outlay for books and study that was required of an educated minister of the Gospel.

He went out of the house one evening at this time the day after he had drawn his last bank deposit, and, telling Rose he was going down town after the mail, he walked along through the dimly lighted streets, fear and shame and humiliation tugging at his heart.

There was only one letter for him, a long envelope with the magazine's letterhead across the corner.

He had not written them anything for several weeks, and out of curiosity to see what they were writing him for, he paused by the little desk near the door and opened the envelope.

Its contents startled him. He read the closely typewritten pages over again, and he was absorbed in the contents when some one going out close by him caused him to look up.

It was Miss Burton. He took off his hat and said good evening. She returned his greeting, and they walked out of the post office together, Howard still holding in his hand the letter from the magazine, and in spite of the presence of the school teacher so near him—or was it because of it? deeply pondering on the way which had suddenly opened for him a new career in life.

CHAPTER X

THE distance from the post office to the Congregational parsonage was only five blocks, but enough happened in that distance to make future history of tremendous importance for two lives in this story. As they came to the first corner where there was a street lamp, Miss Burton could not help seeing the envelope which Howard was holding rather awkwardly in front of him as he strode along. Under the stress of his emotions caused by Miss Burton's presence and the contents of the long envelope, he was swinging along at a rather rapid gait.

They had walked as far as the corner of a second block with the exchange of only commonplaces when she said:

"I thought I recognized an article of yours in that magazine last week, Mr. Chase. You do write for it, don't you?"

"Yes. What was the name of it?"

"'A New Religion.'"

"What would you think," he said suddenly, as if a sudden resolve had seized him right there, "of the influence a writer in such a paper might exercise, compared with, say, a minister's position?"

THE question was so abrupt and so strange that she did not answer instantly.

"Why," she said, as they passed another corner, "it would be an important position and a great place for influence. But is any place equal to that of the ministry?"

"Yes. That is— Yes. I don't see why it isn't. The printed page reaches more people. It speaks oftener. And I don't see why it isn't the greater pulpit."

"Perhaps it is," she said, a feeling of uneasiness beginning to creep over her. "But I supposed you chose the ministry because you were convinced it was the greatest career a man could choose."

"I did, Miss Burton. But I don't know but I may change my mind." He went on speaking half in his abstracted manner, and half as if he felt her interest in the matter. "Do you know what is in that envelope?"

He held out the letter in front of him, and stared at it as if he needed the assurance of its sight to persuade himself he had received it.

"No, of course. I—" she shrank away from him a little, as a cold fear crept over her in anticipation of what was coming.

"Well, I may as well confess to you first of all—I—that letter contains an invitation to me from the editor to come on the staff of the magazine as the Social Life editor at a salary of $2,500 a year, and I've about made up my mind to accept."

"You—have—made up your mind—to—"

SHE stammered, and if Howard had been able to see her face he would have noted the fear and surprise on it. The confession smote her cruelly. The thought that he was planning to leave Red Hill, the added thought that financial motives were tempting him, the thought that he was going to give up his career in the ministry, affected her so profoundly that after her first exclamations she walked on in silence, trying vainly to still the quick throbbing of her pulses.

"Yes," he went on, still speaking more to himself than to her, "I believe I'll accept it. I've done my work here."

"Done your work here! Oh, Mr. Chase! You have only just begun! You have only—"

She did not dare go on, her voice shook so.

"Pardon me," he said gently, as if coming back out of his abstraction. "I don't know just why I have told you this. It came to me as a great surprise only a few minutes ago. Somehow I seemed impelled to say what I did. There are reasons why I am making this decision. Some time I may be able to tell you more fully."

For a moment he looked at her with a look she longed to interpret, but they had reached the parsonage, and Rose was out on the little porch.

"O Howard!" she called, "Mrs. Wilson sent word down to ask if you wouldn't go and see Lida. She seems worse, and is calling for you."

Little Miss Wilson had been neglected of late, but her illness had been one of the sorrowful results of the carelessness of the town authorities, for all during Howard's struggle, and long after he was convalescent, little Miss Wilson had continued to lie in the grip of the fever or its after effects. All through the fall, and now into the winter, she had lain like a wee small white blossom, a lesion of the heart sapping the childish frame.

AND all through that time, after Howard was out and at his energetic task again, it had been his almost daily habit to stop in and see Miss Wilson on his way down town. They had grown to be great friends. And Mrs. Wilson in a moment of remorse, during one of those visits, had made full and tearful confession of her part in the gossip about Inez, and Howard had, of course, cheerfully and fully forgiven her.

He brought little Miss Wilson funny pictures and bits of interesting fossils he found on the bluff and odd little tricks he had learned, and her trembling hold on life, "Doc" Vaughn told the Agent, was, he believed, actually due to Howard's calls.

So tonight, with an abrupt farewell to Miss Burton, he turned toward the Wilsons'.

Rose invited Miss Burton to come in and look over some music. She hesitated, but finally came in, and Rose was startled by her look as she came into the sitting-room.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing."

But Rose knew it was something, for as the time in Red Hill had sped on, she had guessed the school teacher's heart, and the two had grown to have deep affection for each other, but no open word of confidence about Howard had as yet passed between them.

They looked over the music a few minutes and then Rose expressed a wish to try it out over in the chureh with the organ, and as the room had been warmed for some afternoon gathering, they went over and practised for a little while.

Miss Burton, however, was evidently so indifferent to the music, and so distracted by something else, that Rose finally stopped in her singing and said,

"You're not looking at all well. Let's go over to the house, and when Howard comes back we'll have a cup of tea together. Come, dear. And if you're in trouble, let me—"

They were out in the little yard, and as they crossed over it, Agnes Burton made a resolve. They were hardly in the parsonage before she turned to Rose. As they came in Rose noticed that Howard's study door was ajar, but there was no light in the room. Agnes was clutching Rose by the arm, and saying,

"I can't keep it to myself any longer. I'm as bad as Inez. But, oh, Rose, did you know your brother is planning to leave Red Hill and the ministry, and I can't bear to think of his going—"

"I know all about your feelings," said Rose calmly. "But the other is news to me. What do you mean by 'leaving Red Hill and the ministry'?"

"He told me himself on the way from the post office. He has received an offer from a prominent magazine to go on the editorial staff at $2,500 a year, and he has decided to accept the offer, resign his ministry and go away!"

ROSE CHASE was a young woman who had seen so much trouble of a peculiar kind that her mind was steady and her heart not easily disturbed. She heard the news from Agnes without any great excitement, and her response to her friend's agitation almost shocked her.

"If Howard has decided on that, I don't blame him. Twenty-five hundred dollars is more than he would ever get in Red Hill if he stayed here twenty-five hundred years."

"I didn't suppose," Miss Burton began falteringly, "that financial reasons could tempt your brother. I—that is—I supposed he was committed to the ministry for life—that he—"

And at that point Rose forgot herself for a moment, as the thought of Howard's self-denial and his financial struggle rushed over her.

"And why should not a minister have some financial ambitions like other men? Do you know the church has not paid Howard a cent for more than five weeks? He has spent his last dollar to help—we haven't anything saved up. Why shouldn't he begin a career in a position where he can earn a living like other men, instead of breaking his heart over an impossible situation! You know, Agnes, that this church would let my brother go on preaching here indefinitely, until he grew useless in the ministry, and never offer to pay

Continued on page 316

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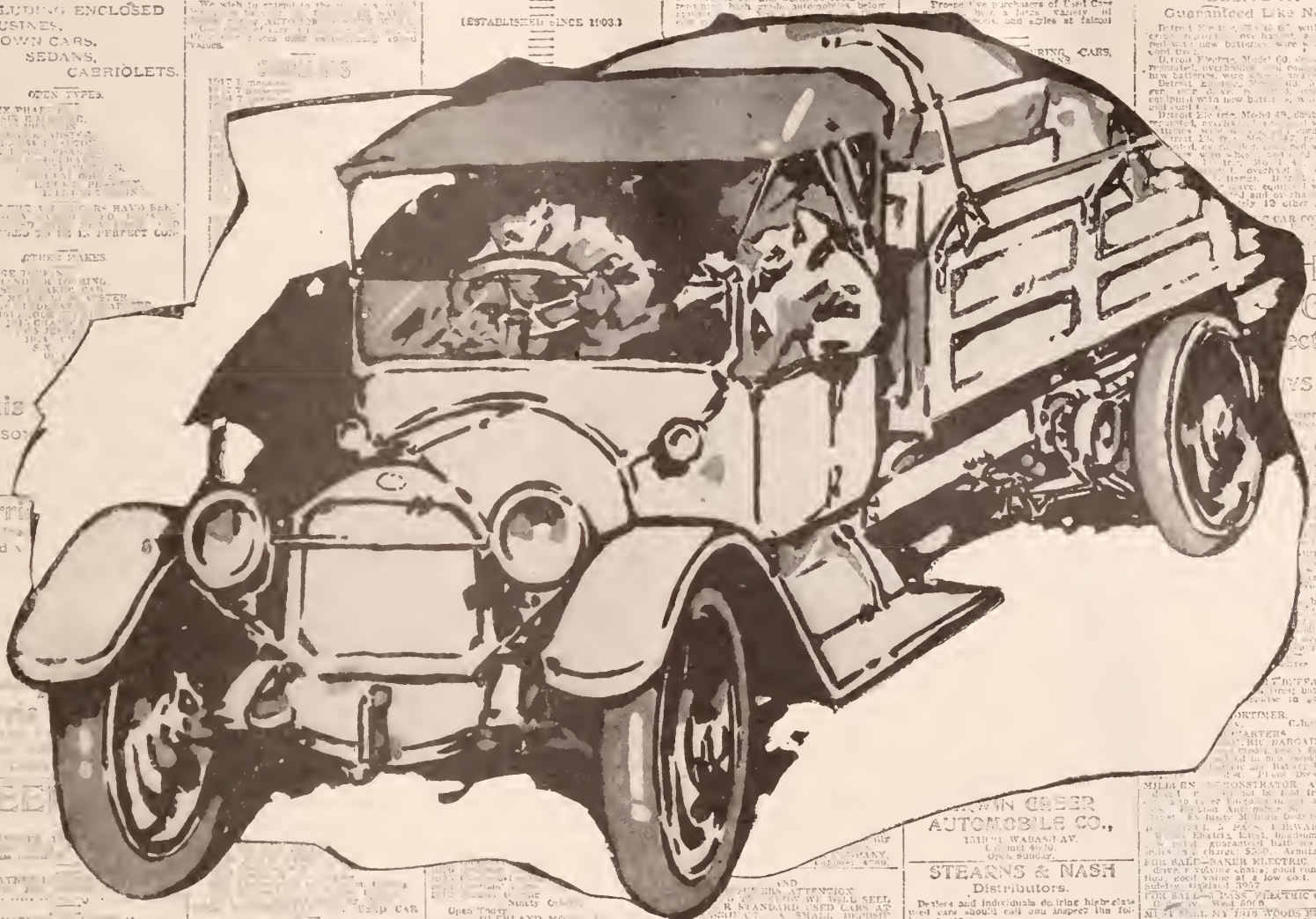

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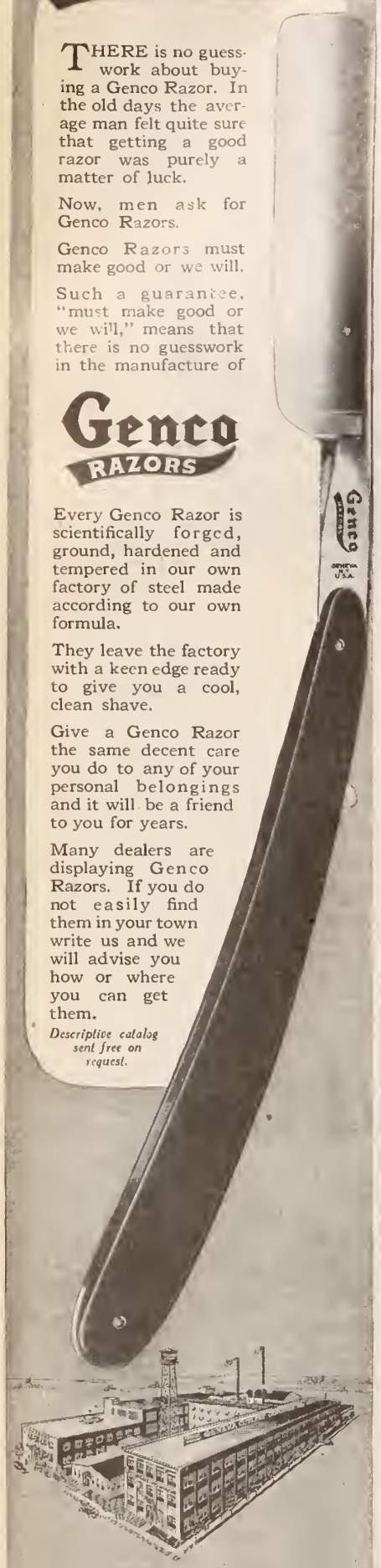

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Howard Chase

Continued from page 314

him a cent more than he is getting now. Churches all over Kansas do that to their ministers. Can you blame him for not being willing to go on living a life of such humiliation? I hope he will accept the offer and leave Red Hill. It doesn't appreciate him enough even to pay him his pitiful little wages!"

Rose glowed with righteous wrath as she spoke, and Agnes, her face white, and her eyes staring at the unusual sight of gentle-spirited Rose towering up in anger for her brother, gasped for breath, and when Rose ceased she finally cried:

"Oh, Rose! How cruel! I didn't know! I had no idea he was living under such— Oh, forgive me, dear! To think that I was judging him to be mercenary! To think that he whom I love more than life——"

AND at that point both young women were startled by the sight of a person coming out of the little study, and Howard was there standing in the doorway, one hand on the edge of the door as if to steady himself, and his clear gaze fixed on his sister.

"We didn't know you were there, did we, Agnes?" Rose managed to gasp.

Agnes's reply was inaudible.

"I went up to the Wilsons', but the doctor was with Lida and said it was best for me not to see her tonight. And so I came right back here, and went into the study to do some thinking. I didn't mean to hear anything I ought not——"

"Oh, well, you and Agnes can untangle it. I wash my hands of the whole affair," said Rose shamelessly. And with the words she retired to the kitchen, the door to which she closed with a good decisive bang as she disappeared.

WHEN, after considerable moving about of dishes, pots and pans, she finally came into the sitting-room after knocking discreetly on the kitchen door, Howard opened it, embraced her, and then with his well-known grin, a chastened and glorified grin, turned and presented her to the young woman standing there, blushing and tearful, but transfigured, with the words:

"Rose, here is your sister that is to be. There didn't seem to be any other way to untangle the matter. We discussed the situation from every angle, but after what Agnes said to you, and what I have been saying to her, there seemed no other way out but to get married so we could discuss it without being overheard the rest of our lives."

"And is she going to be a minister's wife, or an editor's wife?" asked Rose a little later, as she poured out tea and watched the lovers, with a delight she did not attempt to conceal.

"That's a matter we haven't decided yet," said Howard. "I feel like leaving it to Agnes."

"And I'm perfectly willing to leave it to Howard," said the school teacher, the roses on her cheeks and the starlight in her eyes.

"Well!" exclaimed Rose. "If you two keep on like that all your married life, you'll never get anywhere."

"We don't want to get anywhere, do we, Agnes?" Howard said. "One place is as good as another now."

"You'll be needing a hired girl, no matter where you are," said Rose gently. "And they're scarce. I wonder if I can apply for the position. Best of references, of course."

"You're engaged right now," said Agnes.

WHEN Agnes and Howard reached the deacon's, it was still early, and as they came in, Deacon Burton and his wife were seated at the dining-room table, the deacon reading a Kansas City daily, and Mrs. Burton sewing in her leisurely, quiet manner. It was a perfect picture of happy married life, and the lovers exchanged glances in one swift moment, each silently revealing to the other what it meant in future vision of their own home.

Deacon and Mrs. Burton were always glad to see Howard, and tonight they greeted him heartily and asked him to take off his overcoat and spend the evening.

Howard complied with the request to remove his coat, and sitting down in front of his deacon he said gravely,

"Deacon Burton, did you know there was a movement on foot in our parish, a determined movement, to break up our chorus?"

"No! Why, it can't be! The chorus is perfectly harmonious! Agnes! What——"

The deacon paused, puzzled by a look in his daughter's face, and Mrs. Burton, who had dropped her sewing at Howard's abrupt statement, gazed keenly from him to Agnes with a dawning knowledge. But the deacon still faced Howard questioningly.

"You are likely to lose your organist, I think. She has been invited to go to Boston, and she has promised to go if she can get the consent of her parents."

Mrs. Burton had risen, and Deacon Burton was fumbling with his glasses, as Howard went over to Agnes, and the two stepped around in front of him, Agnes blushing and tear-gleaming as her father held out both hands to the minister.

"I don't care what happens to the chorus. A duet like this suits me, all right. Been praying for it ever since you came."

"So have I!" said Mrs. Burton, boldly.

"Mother!" Agnes said, as her mother came and put her arms around her, while Howard, after a moment, spoke the same word.

Deacon Burton was so excited that he tried to mop his forehead with the newspaper. And when Howard finally went away, the good deacon with a faltering voice put his hand on his shoulder and said,

"My son, I don't know another man in the world I would rather trust her with than with you. This is a happy day for mother and me."

BUT when the family was alone, Agnes Burton came and stood before her father, and there was a gleam in her eye that revealed the trait that had given her such a unique standing with the people of Red Hill, a perfect passion for truth and justice and fair dealing, so strong and aggressive that it seemed more masculine than feminine. She was happy tonight, happier than she had ever been in all her life, in the love of a strong and splendid life, and her heart sang hosanna over it. But she was also indignant, with a glorious anger that transfigured her.

"Father!" she said, and her voice and gesture were eloquent with her new experience, "Do you know that our church is going to lose the best minister it ever had or ever will have, because it is so selfish and mercenary that it will not even take the pains to pay him promptly the pitiful salary it promised him?"

"What! Not pay him! Not pay him!"

"Yes! I have learned tonight that Mr. Chase—Howard—has not had a cent from the church for more than five weeks."

"Then Deacon Allen is to blame," said her father, the angry color rising on his brow. "This is his way of showing his feeling towards——"

"No. No, father! I don't believe Deacon Allen would do that! It's all a part of our miserable, narrow, unjust view of the minister and his service. You know for years we have always treated all our ministers this way. And it isn't because we are poor and don't have the money. Look at the men in our church. There's Deacon Allen himself. Worth twenty thousand—"

"Thirty," said her father shortly.

"And Judge Vail. He has just bought a new car."

"Yes, paid $1,950 for it. He told me himself."

"And there's Mr. Yoder, and Mr. Claridge, and Mr. Allston and Mr. Myron and Mr. Colfax, well-to-do farmers. Any one of them could pay a thousand dollars a year to the church and never feel it, and you told me yourself, father, that not one of those men ever pledges over ten a year. Think of it! Ten dollars a year for services like Howard's. And they don't pay that on time, or until our regular annual appeal to make up the deficit. And look at the money the farmers are making over their wheat and butter and eggs and meat! And the church gets a pittance. I tell you, father, I am not going to stand in the way of my husband going out of the ministry into something else, if the church does not think enough of him to pay him, not what he's worth—they couldn't raise enough in Kansas to do that—but to give him a laborer's fair wages, and pay them on time."

DEACON BURTON looked at her with a gleam of admiration. Then he turned to his wife.

"Isn't she splendid! Mother, I don't think the minister made any mistake. She'll look after his material interests if he is too spiritual to do it himself."

"Yes, I certainly will, father. But I don't believe you and mother or the church realizes the conditions. I say Red Hill will lose the best and most useful man who ever came into it, just because it is so mercenary that it will not pay for the best."

"You said, and he said tonight, something about going away. I didn't take it seriously. Daughter, tell me what you mean."

"I mean, father, that Howard has a splendid offer to go on a leading magazine as one of the editors at a salary of $2,500 a year."

"Twenty-five hundred! You don't think our church could ever pay a sum like that, do you?"

"I do! They are amply able to do it. Of course I know they won't. And Howard would not expect it. But he has a perfect right to make his choice."

Deacon Burton sat there eyeing the passionate figure, his gray eyes thoughtful, his mouth stern. At last he said, "I don't blame you, daughter. There is something wrong with our Christianity when we pay thousands for material things and hundreds for the spiritual and eternal. There is one thing we *can* do, and that is, to live up to our contract with Mr. Chase; and I'll see that within twenty-four hours his salary is paid."

"Oh, father!" Agnes was down on the floor by his knees, putting her hands on his face, looking up at him like a child.

"I am not pleading for justice for him because he is too feeble to do his own, but because I feel the cruelty of it all. As Rose told me tonight—I almost choked as she hinted—they are supporting some one—" Then, proudly: "He is a man. I am proud of him. He is able to make his way. Look at this offer! And he told me himself that if it had not come he would never have asked me to be his wife. But now—now—yes, father, if he should choose, I will go with him—yes, to the end of the earth I will go."

"Mother and I hope you would," the deacon said, tears coursing over his face. "He *is* a man! And Red Hill will, I hope, some time find it out."

"But they will not find it out until it is too late, father. He's proud, in the right way. I don't want him to leave the ministry or Red Hill. But it is the only way he can make a living or maintain his self-respect. You cannot blame him, and the church cannot criticize him for leaving."

"I'll see to that salary," Deacon Burton said as Agnes rose and went over and sat down by her mother. "And I'll see that Deacon Allen——"

WHEN Howard reached the parsonage he sat up with Rose late, going over the great experience of the evening. Rose found that, instead of being thrust out of the circle, she was included more affectionately within it, if that were possible.

Howard Chase went into his study and sat at his little desk, his eyes on the picture of his Lord, his whole being moved by the great joy that had come to him that night, and finding his soul responding to the spiritual emotions that were a real and healthy part of him.

He was, in one true sense, awed by what had come to him. He had not intended to speak to Miss Burton until he had decided on his future. But his chance knowledge of her own feeling coming to him as he sat there in the darkness of his study, the sure knowl-

edge that he held in his own hand the ability to make her a home, the insistent cry of his own need of her added to all the rest, had precipitated his action, and she had pledged herself to him with sacred, joyful, tearful consecration of all she was, to be his wedded wife, no matter what his decision as to his future. She trusted him fully, and believed in him implicitly. And it was that great fact more than anything else that awed and humbled him now in the midst of his great joy. Before he retired that night, there in the little study he fell on his knees before his desk and thanked the good God for the priceless boon of a woman's love.

Next evening, while Howard was in his study, the bell rang, and going to the door, he faced Deacon Allen.

There was a queer look on the deacon's face, as if the day had contained some unusual experiences.

HE sat down, and after mopping his brow with an unusually big handkerchief he put his hand in his coat pocket and brought out an envelope.

"There is your back salary and a month in advance, Brother Chase. I regret, the church regrets, the inconvenience we may have caused you by our delay in making you the payment."

"Thank you," said Howard simply. And he added frankly, "The money will be very acceptable, I assure you, and I appreciate the advance payment."

Deacon Allen gazed at him seriously. "I trust, Brother Chase, that you are not thinking of leaving us, that you are not planning to go away. We need you here."

"I have not made up my mind, yet, what I shall do," Howard replied gravely.

"Of course, we can never pay you what you could get elsewhere," the deacon continued, looking wistfully at Howard. "We know that quite well, and we wouldn't want to stand in the way of your advancement. But we need you here, and it would be a great loss if you should leave us."

"You don't mean, Deacon Allen, that you would miss me personally. Just think! You wouldn't have to be worried over my theology any more."

Howard said it, not flippantly at all, but with a frank good nature that Deacon Allen had at last come to understand.

The old man gazed at him seriously. Then a rare smile crossed his plain face. His lips quivered, and the next instant a tear, a real human tear, dropped down on his rough, wrinkled hand.

It was so eloquent of the deacon's real feeling that Howard did not know what to say or how to act. At last he put out his strong right hand and laid it gently on Deacon Allen's. And the old man understood, and from that hour a friendship was cemented between the old and the new man that I verily believe nothing, not even the use of any number of unauthorized versions of the Bible, will ever destroy.

Next day all Red Hill knew that the minister was engaged to Miss Burton, or that she was engaged to him, or that both of them were engaged.

And to do Red Hill justice, it was honestly and cheerfully and unanimously in favor of the engagement. As the Expressman said to the Agent:

"They needn't put off the wedding on our account. I never did believe in these long engagements. It's an awful waste of flowers and candy and electricity an'——"

"What do you know about it?" interrupted the Agent. "You never was engaged except to get trunks down to the station."

"You don't have to be everything to know something," replied the Expressman. "But there's a thing worryin' me some. Have you heard Mr. Chase is likely to leave Red Hill and go away after he's married?"

"No. 'Tain't true."

"Maybe not. But I got it pretty straight. He's goin' onto some magazine or other down East. They've offered him $5,000 a year. The church couldn't raise that much in a lifetime. That is, not all to once."

"I don't believe Mr. Chase'll go just for money."

"No. But he might go for other reasons. But I hope he won't. We need him here."

WITHIN the next two days all Red Hill, including the country districts, knew that Howard Chase, the Congregational minister, was likely to leave and go back East, taking his wife with him. For once Red Hill began to wake up to the value of an individual, as well as to an acre of land or a bushel of wheat or a fat hog. Groups of farmers discussed the story, going over the probability. Howard's future salary had now grown from $5,000 to $12,000 and even $15,000 a year. Most people did not blame him for going. The church people discussed the question gravely, but there was no general agreement among them as to any course of action to keep Brother Chase with them. If he had an offer like that, it was out of the question to prevail on him to remain in Red Hill.

Howard himself faced a real crisis, and was deeply concerned over it. The letter must be answered, and he was not clear in his heart or mind as to the right answer. He talked it over one evening with Agnes. Rose was present at the request of each of them. Howard had frankly told Agnes about Cousin Alfred and the poorhouse.

"No one can know this but ourselves," Howard had said. "But it is of no use to conceal the practical facts, or deny that the expense of Cousin Alfred's care will be heavy. The question is whether I can meet it with my salary here, and keep up my own expenses, and keep out of debt. I would almost as soon be in the poorhouse as in debt. And besides, I have a wife to support now. Or shall have soon." (It was now March, and they had fixed on the first of May for the wedding.) "And I can support her on this offer."

They were sitting in the little study and Howard laid his hand on the envelope which lay on his desk.

"I don't see any other way," Rose said. "The church will never offer you any more than you are getting now. You cannot afford, either of you, to refuse this offer. It will never come to you again."

HOWARD looked first at his sister and then at Agnes. Agnes Burton returned his look with perfect understanding of what he now said.

"I made the ministry my choice. I deliberately went into it, knowing its hardships and its small financial returns. It will always be this way. I have a hunger to preach. I love people. I seem to feel as if I were breaking a sacred vow to God if I leave the ministry to go into an editor's sanctum. But I don't know just what else I can do under the circumstances. Agnes, I wish—I wish you could decide it for me."

"Howard! I will go where you go. I will accept your decision as my own. I have no choice but yours!"

"But," said practical Rose, "I don't see that there *is* any choice, really. Howard cannot meet his obligations on the salary here. He can meet them with the editor's salary. And while I know he is born to preach and do parish work, and ought not to go out of the ministry, what else can he do?"

They talked over the matter from every angle. And when Howard came back from Deacon Burton's after going home with Agnes, he went over it again with Rose.

"I might write more," he had said, "and in that way perhaps make enough to keep Cousin Alfred."

Rose had doubted this, but Howard had held to it with some emphasis.

He went into his study after Rose had retired, and eyed the envelope as if it were a live thing tormenting him. Suddenly he kneeled and spread his hands out over his desk, the envelope under them. Then, when he rose, he seemed to have fully made up his mind.

He directed an envelope to the magazine editor, and then began a letter.

He had written two or three sentences, when a gentle rap at the door brought him out into the sitting-room.

Mr. Wilson was on the porch.

"We think Lida is dying, Mr. Chase. Could you come up?"

Without a word Howard put on his hat and coat, and went out with Mr. Wilson, leaving his unwritten letter lying on his desk.

To be continued

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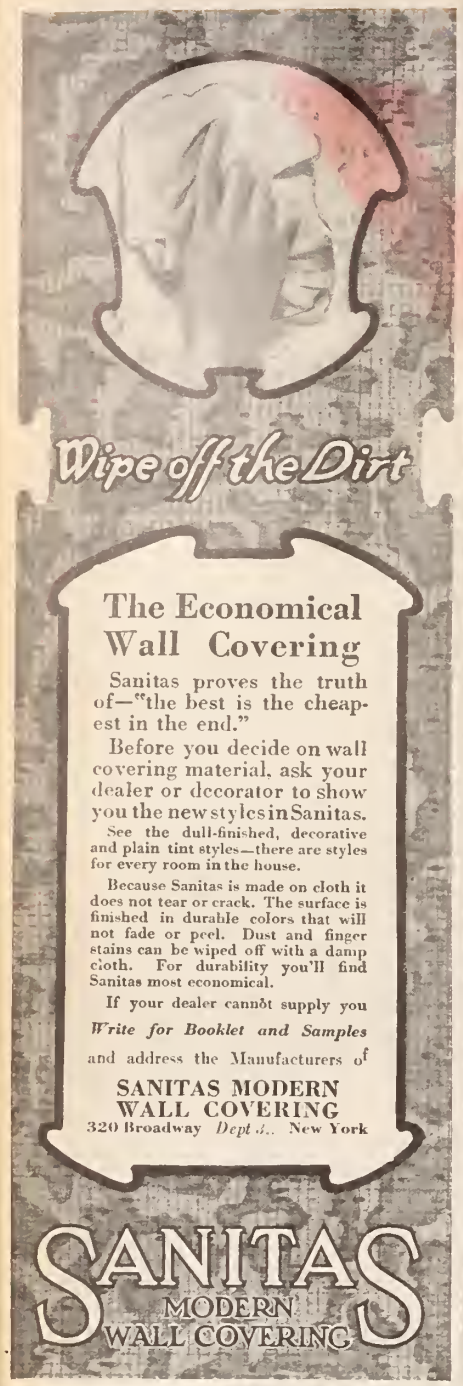

Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them Into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

IT took place on a rainy evening—the adventure in neighboring I am going to tell you about: on such a dismal night indeed that, as I boarded a car in the darkness and rain, I almost regretted I had promised to be present.

For the adventure I was hastening to was an entertainment for the men of the Bowery Mission, gotten up by a young business woman of the Christian Herald whose friends had generously consented to give of their talent. The idea delighted me. But such a night! I wondered if either performers or audience would come.

The Bowery Mission is situated on the East Side, so the ride to it is rather a depressing one. To make matters worse, I took the wrong car, and had quite a walk through narrow, dark streets, where occasional flashes of light from swinging saloon-doors or dingy shops revealed the wet pavement and the fine rain and the hunch-shouldered men and boys who slouched past in twos and threes.

The mournful dripping sounds, the sordidness of everything, the discouraged look of those muffled figures: all these filled me with a horror of the place and a great pity for these men and boys who had drifted here from every corner of the earth.

It occurred to me to wonder just what the Bowery Mission meant to them. I had never been to the Mission, although I had heard about its wonderful work for years. Yet, as I threaded my way through those bleak, terrible streets, I was overwhelmed with doubt. It seemed to me nothing could possibly penetrate the despair I read in the faces of the men and boys who scuffled by.

In this mood I plunged from the darkness of a side street into a cheerful, down-at-heels avenue lined with bright stores. Over it the elevated trains rumbled. Along it street cars clanged. And across it some late arrivals were hurrying into the doorway of the Bowery Mission.

With the hope of finding at least a few benches filled, I entered. The sight that took my breath was a great, beautiful, white-stone hall, literally packed with men and boys—rows upon rows of them, crowding the benches from where I stood clear up to the far-off platform. A few men turned as I entered. And what faces! It seemed to me as if all the defeat and bitterness in the world burned in them.

In a daze I followed the usher to where some other Christian Herald workers sat (the only women in that great hall of uncouth, disheveled, hard-eyed men), and the program began.

It was an amazingly good program: from violin solo and recitations to final ballad. And the men, avid, absorbed, drank it all in hungrily.

Deeply moved, I watched them. And never shall I forget how their tense muscles relaxed, their faces softened, their eyes lost the set stare of bitterness and discouragement. At last "Mother Machree" was sung—by a sweet, womanly girl, such as many of those defeated men had known in a better, manlier past. I suppose that song hurt: bringing back memories of mother or sister which had lain forgotten for years. At any rate, when the singer urged all to join in the chorus, many seemed unable to utter a word. One tousle-haired young fellow, with smoldering black eyes, sat staring at the floor.

Other songs followed: nursery ballads, some quaint old-English lyrics; and at last—sung straight into the bitter hearts of those crushed men and boys on that rainy night in a city's slums—a song with a message of hope that rang like a trumpet out over that sea of upturned faces: a song about the goodness of God!

It was sung twice, and the second time shoulders straightened, mouths tightened more resolutely, the very atmosphere of the East Side seemed to lift, letting in the sunlight of "another chance."

This was followed by a hymn, in which all joined.

The program over, their spiritual needs met, the men formed in line for the bread and hot coffee their undernourished bodies craved. And thus ended the most heart-rending and beautiful adventure I have ever been privileged to witness: an adventure carried out by one young member of the Christian Herald Family in the Mission that is a monument to a departed member.

AND now, dear neighbors, let us turn over to a brighter page in life's book: to the remarkable story of how a little rural community of one hundred souls struggled to have educational and religious advantages.

Building Schoolroom and Church

In 1911 we had, in our little town, a two-story, shackly frame building; the lower story used for church, the upper for school purposes. The building was very uncomfortable and badly in need of repairs which the residents felt unable to afford. However, on Thanksgiving Day of that year, the house caught fire, and teacher and pupils were barely saved.

In 1912 we organized a Sunday school. A physician (a non-professor), kindly tendered us the use of the upper story of his office as Sunday school room. The place was unsafe for a large crowd, so we could not have church service. We women tried to enthuse the men to build; but could not. So we took the business in hand. We also wanted to provide a place where school could be held; as the children of the town were having to get their schooling in outhouses as a makeshift.

We hired a contractor to build a house for about $700. The men helped with this. And here we had school every day, and church and Sunday school on Sundays. After a little, however, this place proved inadequate, for we wanted to have the Baptist Association with us. So we rallied and talked about building a real church. The war was almost on us then; and some were panic-stricken. I think we would have been afraid to undertake such a task, if one brave woman had not stood up and "spoken in meeting," declaring: "If we say we will build a church we can do it!" She is the wife of the physician who let us have his office for Sunday school meetings.

We made this same doctor chief builder and architect then and there; and now we have a neat brick building with steel ceiling, acetylene lights, basement with furnace, and nice, curved, highly polished gum pews. We had the Association, and Good Cheer, with us last month. Today that physician is a church member and our Sunday school superintendent.

We built this church without having bazaars, suppers or grab bags. We simply put our hands in our pockets, paying as we went.

The population of our town is about one hundred. Our church numbered only six male members and twenty females before our last revival, August 1917. Our church building, with the furnishings and the doctor's work, has cost us about two thousand dollars. We are now planning toward the purchase of an instrument for music.

Can any rural church beat this? And wasn't the burning of the old house a blessing in disguise? MRS. E. J. WILBOURN.

THIS brings us, dear neighbors, to a brief adventure which delighted me: especially the part about that little rural schoolhouse and the loving aid given it. I want more such accounts. Won't you send them to me?

Helping a Rural School

We are a little club of farm women, in a rural section of Maryland. One of the first things we did, after organizing, was to "pool" our magazines: which means much to country women with a limited home book-shelf and very little spending money. Later on, one of our members heard of a library in a nearby city that was willing to send discarded books to clubs or societies. We wrote, asking for a few, and received a generous boxful, among them a number of juvenile books. These books for little folks we carried to a dreary, decrepit rural school, where they were vociferously welcomed. Such a needy, unattractive school that was: without one redeeming feature to cause lagging little feet to hasten! We felt sorry, and determined to see what we could do. First we added curtains, then a picture or two, and finally a "first aid" box; and we hope to do more, for our little club is helping to develop a community spirit here; and we are all beginning to realize that if we lack good roads, good schools, in fact all good things, the fault is ours. We must not give our moral support alone, but must (to quote the pledge of one of the largest societies in the civilized world) "look up, lift up and lend a hand." MRS. ED. LOVETT.

AND now, fellow Adventurers, we have come to the end of this week's visit, except for our Forum, which every week is growing in importance and interest. I want to thank all the generous neighbors who have so lovingly contributed to it, and also to urge others to do so.

Your plans for our "American Community Club" are coming in in a steady stream, which will, I hope, continue while the contest lasts.

I would like, furthermore, to thank the following for sending in their "adventures in neighboring": Mrs. J. Garret Kemp; Mr. Wm. A. Shinn; Mrs. Cora Powers; L. E. W.; Mr. Leonard J. Priestly; L. E. M.; Mrs. N. W. Kuhn; Alice M. Howe; Mrs. A. H. R.; Miss Helen A. Hutchinson; A. P. W.; Mr. Melven Booth; Mr. Theo. J. Bodner; Mrs. O. L. McReynolds; Mrs. Carl Peterson; Mrs. L. C. Keek; Miss J. L. A.; Mrs. W. A. Wilson; Mrs. E. C. Dana; Mrs. James Baley; Miss June Rose; Mary Weinch; and a host of other neighbors whose names I have not room to list today. Just what adventures in neighboring, out of all these, I shall be able to use, it is impossible to tell. But I wish to express my appreciation of every neighbor's desire to be of service.

Neighbor's Forum

This is not an Adventure in Neighboring. I just thought I'd like to tell you about a bunch of girls (The Polio Club,) all of whom had infantile paralysis in 1916. Our club began by another girl and I being introduced by letter.

Although separated by a whole state, and though we have never seen each other, we became fast friends through correspondence. Together we started the Polio Club,—for girls, like ourselves, who had had poliomyelitis. That was in June. Now the club has nine members: the youngest being thirteen, the oldest a married lady. The idea of the club is to write circular letters and make them as cheerful and interesting as possible. Lately we have been trying literary stunts, like writing rhymes, etc. It certainly makes one happy to see a big letter, with a nine-cent stamp on it, coming in the mail.

Most of us belong to the "wheel-chair brigade," and cannot walk very much yet. But we firmly expect to some day! We keep busy, and therefore do not find it so very hard to keep cheerful: except sometimes. We have done lots of Red Cross work. If you know of any "polio" girls, Miss Connolly, won't you put them in touch with us, please?

MISS ALICE R. THRALL.

I would suggest to Mrs. N. H. W. that she interest one or two others in the boys' and girls' need of a Sunday school, and that they organize one at once. They must not mind the opposition. Every good cause is opposed. If they will work on, before very long the results will be seen and the whole community will get interested. LEONARD J. PRIESTLY.

I certainly appreciate the letters from my neighbors! I shall write to them, in the near future, through the Neighbor's Forum. I have been thinking over this whole situation, day and night almost, and have made a small beginning by calling on sick neighbors. Through these, I shall get to know everyone.

MRS. N. H. W.

I am glad you contemplate admitting us men. We stand in need of gleaning some adventures in neighboring besides those obtained at the "corner store." The Men's Brotherhood described recently would exert a great influence on the social, intellectual and moral development of any community.

MR. O. E. ULNESS.

In the Christian Herald of January 16, I saw a letter from Mrs. N. H. W. which aroused all my sympathies. Should work or play bring those boys within call, one of these cold days, this neighbor might invite them in to warm up at the kitchen fire: thus warming hearts as well as fingers. Then she might call on the neighbors, with knitting or darning, telling them of her need for neighbors. After this she could visit the school teacher and offer a small sum as prize for a paper on some patriotic subject. These papers, by the pupils, should be judged, and the best ones read at an evening gathering. All decorations and other matters connected with this evening party should be seen to by the boys. I think Mrs. N. H. W. would find that this would create a new community feeling.

MRS. EMILY OSARD.

Whether You Are Buyer or Seller

There is a definite message for *you* in this picture, whether you are at the present moment interested in used cars or not.

It involves something which is equally important
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—to the man who intends to buy a new car
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Jesus Ministering to the Multitude

International Sunday School Lesson for March 24
Mark 6:32-56

The Challenge of Human Need

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

PHILANTHROPY may be claimed as a distinctively Christian virtue, for the love of man as man, the compassion upon men in the mass apart from their graces or their deserts, is very largely a heritage from the spirit of Jesus Christ. Paganism used to regard men in numbers with contemptuous indifference. A characteristic phrase is the Greek "hoi polloi," the many, with its inevitable touch of scorn. The Pharisees called them "the people of the land" or "they that know not the law" and regarded these common people as accursed. The noble Roman looked with scorn upon the "proletarians," people who have many children, as un-Christian exploiters of the poor have looked upon them ever since.

All these viewed the throng with curled lip as if to sneer, "Silly sheep." Christ, on the contrary, saw all the helplessness and folly, but yearned over the multitude with a shepherd heart of love. And Christ's attitude has come to prevail in all his true followers. I recall a time when I threw on the screen a picture of a vast crowd of Hindus assembled at the Ganges for an idolatrous ceremony. I did not have to appeal for Christian sympathy and help for their obvious need, for I could see on the faces of my audience the compassion of Christ. Not long ago, a man was bitterly denouncing our German enemies. A friend exhibited to him a picture of a group of them taken prisoners, in rags and wounds, haggard and worn, being ministered to by French captors. Instantly his countenance changed. "Poor boys!" was all he said.

Our First Reaction—What Can We Do?

The woes of the world are too much for us. When we first confront a starving multitude, we have the same helpless feeling that the twelve apostles experieneed. What can we do? Are we not in worse case than the twelve on the shores of Galilee long ago? For we look out upon nations, millions, in hunger and want. Many sincere Christians are trying to dismiss Armenia and Belgium and Poland from their minds because they feel they eannot help. A good deacon recently said to his pastor, "Why do you bring in the sufferings of Armenia so often? It interferes with the quiet, helpful atmosphere of our worship." Just as in the sixth chapter of Mark, when they said to Jesus, "Send them away and let us continue the conference we planned to have together."

This same sense of inadequacy to the task moved a loyal churchman to say, "The war appeals are so many and insistent. We must give up our program of world missions. We can't do everything." Yes, the task is gigantie—a billion souls outside the knowledge of the Christ! But dare we withdraw our teachers, our medical missionaries and our evangelists, while men are hungering for the Bread of Life?

Jesus' Calm Insistence—"Give Ye Them to Eat"

Just as in those days gone by, so now the spirit of Christ will not let us dismiss the multitude from our minds and hearts. "Give ye them to eat," he says, and lays upon our souls a responsibility that we cannot escape if we would. Some one must care. Some one must help. Some one must make the attempt in faith. Because it is just as true now as then that when some one cares, truly eares, then the problem begins to yield its solution.

When the burden of India got upon the souls of the Careys and the Judsons, then the satisfaction of India's age-long spiritual thirst was begun. When the intolerable eonditions in the slums got upon the soul of Jacob Riis and his fellow workers, then the tenement problem in New York began to be solved. When Thomas Mott Osborne felt that he absolutely must do something for the prisoners in Sing Sing, then a new era in American penology was at hand.

Consider for a moment the awful, world-old misery of human slavery. From the dawn of history until yesterday, untold millions had groaned in bondage. So great a man as Edmund Burke said that it always had been and doubtless always would be, and endeavored to dismiss it from his mind. But Wilberforce in England and Garrison in Ameriea felt that Christ had commanded them insistently to free the slaves, to the last bondsman. They dared to face such giant wrong, at first almost alone, and finally they accomplished the impossible.

Today men still repeat that there have always been wars and always must be. But still the Prince of Peace is holding before his Church the ideals of human fellowship and good will, and consecrated apostles are laboring to make this present war the last great international conflict.

His Requirement—The Consecration of What We Have

Because they had not two hundred shillings' worth of bread they were going to do nothing. They might at least have offered the five barley loaves they had. The little lad who gave these so willingly evinced the right spirit. He was "doing his bit." More than that, he was doing his best. I am afraid of this notion of doing one's bit. Our people are interpreting it to mean giving doles here and there, buying a bond and subscribing a dollar, and giving five cents to missions each week. In England the expression originated among men who gave all they had and all that they were, and then modestly realized that it was only a "bit" in the face of the awful need. We cannot win this war nor can we evangelize the world and bring in the kingdom by petty services rendered in a petty spirit. We must consecrate what we have—all of it—even though we think it insignificant compared with the need.

We have too many who because they cannot do great things are leaving undone the share they could accomplish. Too many "would give a hospital or an ambulanee if I could," and are not buying all the thrift stamps they might. Too many "would adopt a Belgian family if I were able," but are not saving five loaves by wise eeonomy in the kitehen. Indeed there are doubtless among our young people in our Sunday schools David Livingstones and Alexander Mackays who will never go forth, because "there is so little I can do." Hold up before them the example of Mackay, who said, "I am an engineer, and I propose, if the Lord will, to go as an engineering missionary. I know the plan is entirely new and will be difficult to work. I hope especially to connect Christianity with modern civilization." Read of his marvelous success in Uganda, which happened to need engineering and Christian character.

Under God We Have More Than We Think

It may be confidently stated that we always have more than we think. Certainly, when Christ takes in hand our gifts they beeome divinely adequate to situations we never dreamed of meeting. You would never expect the Fourth Gospel, with its key-text "God is love," from the stormy youth who wished to call down fire from heaven on the Samaritans. You could scarcely look for the ministry of our glorious Y. M. C. A. organization from George Williams's efforts to gather his fellow dry-goods clerks into Bible study groups back in 1844. Those who have given to the Red Cross ought to know that it is the direct result of the labors of a man who felt that he must do what he could to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded in wartime.

Yes, we can do more than we think. It is not our duty to estimate how much, but do what we eau. God takes care of

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the increasing. We can do more than we think because we have more than we think. Five years ago, it would have been hard to convince the average American family that they could afford to own bonds. Now, with higher prices for everything needful, nearly every family owns bonds and is about to buy more. We thought we could not give to works of mercy but by pennies. Now we are giving in dollars and in hundreds of dollars for the various emergeney funds. What a tremendous impetus the work of Christ would receive if the same spirit were to spread through the Church with regard to missionary gifts!

Conservation—The Sin of Waste

Conscious of infinite resources, Christ was a teacher of thrift. He lived in a land where waste, as we know it, was almost unheard of. The campaign for food conservation is part of a new era in American life. We are learning that we are rich members of a great world family and that our brothers and sisters are on short rations. Could any Christian waste while his brethren suffer? The war is teaching us what Paul tried to teach the early Church, "None of us liveth to himself." The Sunday school class is a good plaee to cooperate with Mr. Hoover, for, after all, the appeal is chiefly based on a Christian regard for the needs of a suffering world.

By all means assign different boys and girls to bring in reports on great Christian philanthropies, finding the names of those who have done great things for orphans (as Barnardo), for the freed people (as Armstrong), the unfortunate (as Booth), and the imprisoned (as Howard). Read up on some of these and tell their story, as of Howard the wealthy landlord, who out of Christian pity took up the duties of a prison warden and spent his life in bettering conditions, dying of prison fever at last. Compare the recent efforts of Thomas Mott Osborne in our country. Ask in eaeh case if there is anything we can do.

Today Christian philanthropy eonfronts a more vital task than ever, which is embodied in the ery, "Not charity, but justice." It is not enough to alleviate poverty, but we must seek to abolish it. Not enough to better the prisons, but to keep boys from becoming criminals. Not enough to save a few souls, but we must create a Christian eommunity that will produce innumerable genuine ehildren of God.

What are we doing in the face of human need today? Christ is saying to his Church once more, "Give ye unto them."

Sunday School Methods

By FRANK L. BROWN, Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

How to Apply the Spiritual Truth of the Lesson

SEVERAL hundred teachers have been called into council to answer this question for Christian Herald readers out of their experience. The method of applying the lesson's spiritual truth necessarily differs with different ages. The answers here given apply above the Primary Department.

A teacher of male adults (aged nineteen to twenty-three) says: "I aim to let them deduce spiritual lessons from the situations, and I then enlarge upon them. Young men at this age are concerned with individual and social problems."

A teacher of young men, seventeen to nineteen: "I try to prove that these spiritual truths and powers are dynamic forces open to the control of individuals."

A teacher of a mixed class (nineteen to twenty-four): "I try to know their needs and problems and make my applications fit. If it goes home to present wants the method doesn't matter."

A teacher of sixteen-year-old girls: "I try to make the application so simple and beautiful that every girl wishes to go home and practice it during the week. They report their success the following Sunday. I find this plan most interesting."

A teacher of boys (ages twelve and thirteen: "I generally apply by telling a story, illustrating the concrete application."

A teacher of girls of same age: "I vary the application as much as possible. When I find they are intensely interested I drive the truth home by Scripture verse or illustration."

A teacher of seventeen-year-old girls: "I ask these questions: 'What personal duty is there in the lesson for us? How can we this week make this practical? Have we done anything of the last lesson's teaching that has developed us?'"

A teacher of young men, sixteen to twenty: "I give my boys home work on the subject that will make them think. In the lesson teaching I am keeping in mind the need of each boy's life."

A teacher of young ladies: "I used to wait until the close of the lesson; but now, all through the lesson, I try to bring Christ in, and find it a much better way, and have more attention paid."

A teacher of fifteen-year-old girls: "The girls are a great help here. I have succeeded in getting them to ask 'Why?' when assertions are made. Then I usually get various ones to answer the 'why.' I watch the spiritual life grow in these answers and then answer as I see it. Then we compare answers and see why some answers lack spiritual insight. Most of my girls are very frank in their answers though often mistaken."

Other methods suggested are: "Sentence prayers from everybody once a month." "A verse of Scripture they think appropriate to subject." "I get the class to tell me the lessons and how to apply to present-day life." "I give them a question and let them think out and apply it themselves." "I never preach. If they cannot get the truth from the lesson without tacking on a moral they don't get it at all."

Replies from teachers of beginners' classes (three to five): "I try to make the lesson personal by asking children's opinion of the wrong way and the right way." "After bringing out the lesson truth I have a song ready bearing upon it." "I tell the story and let the child apply it."

From primary class teachers: "I refer back to Golden Text and apply it by a story or application." "If they haven't absorbed the spiritual truth by the time I have finished the lesson story without my 'rubbing it in' I have failed in that lesson."

Mount Hermon Boys in the War

MOUNT HERMON SCHOOL for boys, founded by the late Evangelist D. L. Moody occupies a unique place among educational institutions. Its boys are self supporting, or at least very extensively self assisting, and have come right out of the very heart of American democracy. Very low tuition charges, manual work—especially agricultural—a religious atmosphere, liberal but definite, and a course in the English Bible, make a combination not exactly duplicated. The boys have shown the patriotic spirit of the founder, for D. L. Moody was ever a Christian soldier and his work in the Christian Commission during the Civil War is still widely remembered. His son Paul is in France as a chaplain with the American forces and the Mount Hermon students are to be found "doing their bit" in the home camps, on the sea, in the trenches and on the battle line. Several have been "killed in battle." The school list contains the names of five hundred boys who are known to be in the service. Principal Cutler served on the C. R. B. for six months in Belgium and half a dozen other members of the faculty are now engaged in actual army work or in the work of the Y. M. C. A. One old student is a colonel in the Canadian army; while in the American army one student is a colonel and four have the rank of major. There are numerous chaplains, captains and lieutenants. One of the majors is in charge of all the railroad arrangements connected with the over-seas transportation of troops, and another Hermon man is directing the religious work of the red triangle throughout the entire Eastern Department.

All this has deeply affected the school. First, the fundamental principles—the D. L. Moody constitution, so to speak—Bible Study, dignity of work, religious training, a chance for the handicapped, education for service, have received a new baptism, as it were, and are emphasized and appreciated in a new and living way. Second, the older boys and young men who have hitherto made up the school constituency are no longer available as students. They are going, going, gone! And so the school has had to face a serious question and decide whether to suspend operations entirely during the period of the war or to change the minimum age limit and admit younger boys. Naturally the latter alternative has been adopted, and the younger boys are coming, many parents and guardians gladly availing themselves of the unusual opportunity.

(The gray annealed iron burners weigh 8½ lbs. each. This is typical of the quality used in constructing the entire stove.)

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Baking with an iron-door oven is mostly guesswork. You're never sure. If you open the door to look, a little cool air gets in and your cake drops flat or the pastry comes out soggy. If you *don't* look like as not they'll burn.

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The Gospel Need in Russia

By PASTOR WILLIAM FETLER

President of the Russian Bible and Educational Institute, Philadelphia

I AM a native of Russia, of the Province of Courland, and a Lett by birth. From my earliest memories I have been inclined for missionary and self-sacrificial work. Probably that was partly due to my father having been one of the early Russian Christian preachers of the Free Evangelical type. Some of my early recollections as a boy go back to having seen my father while fulfilling his duties as a Gospel preacher attacked by a mob with stones, the windows of our Gospel hall broken in, and revolver shots heard in the streets. At the age of nineteen I went to England, where I spent several years in preparing, as I thought at that time, for missionary work in China. As the time of my graduation came near, Russia, however, was partially opened to a free evangelistic work, Czar Nicholas II having published a manifesto of religious liberty. Returning there in the year 1907, I was enabled to establish large missionary centers in Petrograd, Moscow and Riga.

The work grew very rapidly. I started in the city of Petrograd, at that time still called St. Petersburg, with a mission hall holding about four hundred people; then another hall, still another; we rented two theaters, two concert halls and over half a dozen other mission halls in various parts of the city; the rent for all of the halls on an average being about eight hundred rubles a month. The need for a large central building was seen, so we started to collect funds from our converts for a large tabernacle, which was subsequently built to hold about two thousand people, and was completed at an expense of $125,000 in American money.

THE Russian converts from the Greek Church were very zealous in helping with this work; they not only gave all they could out of their earnings, very often from thirty to fifty per cent. of all their money, but they brought of their gold and silver ornaments, such as rings, bracelets, earrings, gold and silver crosses, silver tea- and tablespoons, and other things of that sort, so that when I went for a lecture tour to England to raise more funds, I took a basketful of these goods to be sold there for that purpose. The widow of a Russian painter, Yasnofsky, who had been a professor of art in a Moscow institute, presented for the same purpose a dozen fine paintings by her husband. The self-sacrifice of the Russian converts seemed unparalleled considering their previous spiritual condition. This was very remarkable. Hundreds had been habitual drunkards. The religion to which they formerly belonged, namely, the Greek Orthodox State Church, of which the Czar was the head, thought little of developing the religious and moral forces of the people, but to keep them ignorant seemed to be made especially propitious for the church. If the Russian pilgrims as they made their way in tens of thousands toward the Greek Church monasteries and sanctuaries brought enough money to the monks, that was about all that was expected of them. The illiteracy of the people throughout Russia has been due very largely to the inattention of the Greek Church clergy in matters of education. Immorality has been awful and spread wholesale.

You could then understand such people coming by hundreds to our Gospel meetings, and on hearing of some better life they would cry out, even before my sermon was finished: "Pray for me! I have been a drunkard for twenty-five years: I am perishing!" A woman would get up, confessing her sins; a man would get on his knees right in front of all, confessing almost every imaginable sin—theft, drunkenness, adultery, murder, and what not. Hundreds of them have been reclaimed. Sometimes people of education would rush to the repentance seat at the pulpit. I remember once a Russian count, a descendant of one of the heroes of the Russian Napoleonic War, kneeling amid dozens of others and asking to be led in the paths of righteousness.

THE first few years after my return from England I had considerable liberty while Stolypin was the Prime Ministe and Harousin Minister of Foreign Religions. I was given the privilege by the Minister of the Interior to travel throughout the country and hold meetings. However, the priests raised considerable persecution during my work in Moscow. Then Stolypin was assassinated at the hands of a revolutionary. The Church of the Holy Synod came to their power again, making the ministers of state simple tools in their hands. My Sunday schools were closed; limitation after limitation was invented, and numerous spies began to visit our meetings.

At first the Russian government tried to persuade me to enter the ranks of the Greek Church, offering me the position of bishop and then archbishop. I preferred to remain a persecuted sectarian with an unbribed conscience, rather than enjoy the glory of such a position and become a dead preacher. I found, however, that nothing stifles the tongue of truth so much as gold. The situation grew worse and worse. For five years a court procedure was carried against me in Moscow, until the autumn the war broke out, when I was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in a fortress because of my activities in Moscow. Not being satisfied with that, the Greek Church dignitaries incited the government to take further measures. At one of my meetings in Petrograd a police officer came presenting an ultimatum that I should not allow anybody else to preach in my pulpit save myself, and that I should not visit any other churches or cities but my own. I refused. Next day I went to see the Prime Minister, His Excellency Goremykin. That was in the year 1914, two months after the war started. The Prime Minister's wife had been in my meetings, yet, not unlike the wife of Pilate, she could not influence her husband from taking severe measures against the hated Stundist or sectarian. I asked him to revoke the severe order against our Gospel work; if not, I said, "We cannot obey the Czar more than God and Christ, who is the Czar of all czars." "Put us in prison, send us to Siberia, cut us in pieces," I was forced to declare, "but we will speak the truth and the Gospel of liberty so long as our tongues move within our mouths."

Shortly afterward, at a Saturday night prayer meeting in my church in Petrograd, while we were engaged in singing, I was called out by one of my deacons; a police force was waiting outside. The police inspector presented an order by the military governor that I must be immediately arrested, put in prison and sent to Siberia. No explanation or reason was given. Not an hour was given me to settle my business. I was forbidden to go downstairs to say good-by to my church. As a murderer or some other awful criminal I was marched, with my crying wife by my side, along the streets to the prison gate, where I was put in a small cell behind two iron-barred doors, with several other criminals. No extra bed was found for me, so I was told to sleep on the same bed with another prisoner. I did not know what was to come; perhaps a cold Siberian grave was awaiting me. Later I was let out of the prison with permission to go to Siberia at my own expense. Three days later I was allowed to go to America instead.

SINCE the revolution what a remarkable change has taken place! One of my friends has written me that the very prison in which I was put has been razed to the ground by the revolutionary forces, and the chief police inspector under whose power I was arrested has been killed.

I arrived in this country, in the city of New York, in the early part of May, 1915. My chief reason for coming to

America was a vision which I had conceived for 2,000,000 Russian war prisoners in Germany and Austria. Prevent ' from preaching in Russia, I saw an opportunity of reaching them in their misfortune. So I formed a committee in New York to which a number of the foremost religious leaders in this country gave their support and influence. Among them were Dr. J. H. Jowett, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City; Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly; the editor of the Christian Herald; Dr. W. I. Haven, secretary of the American Bible Society, and many others. As a result of that work millions of copies of tracts and Scripture portions have been spread among the war prisoners. The influence has been great, as our reports tell us, and the chief thing is that when they go back to Russia after the war they will be, each one of them, a reformer and preacher of the simple evangelical Gospel and a transforming power among their countrymen in thousands upon thousands of centers.

Three months before the Revolution I was led to associate myself with some American friends to establish a Russian missionary and educational school in the city of New York. Six months later I transferred my headquarters to the city of Philadelphia. I came to Philadelphia without a cent of money for that work. The blessing of God has been great. I have now more than a hundred students in the school, who have come from all parts of the United States and Canada. Most of them have been former drunkards and men of immoral life. Few of them have had even five or six months' learning before in Russia; not one of them could read or write his own language. In our curriculum one of the basic things we have introduced is the English language. I want each one of my students to become proficient as far as possible in that. I want my students, when they go back to Russia, to become leaders among their own people, and to be able to remain in contact with the English-speaking world. I want them to receive American Christian papers. We shall endeavor to supply each one of them with a small English library before they go back to Russia.

WE are teaching all of the elementary subjects in our school—history, geography, mathematics, some sciences, and much time we devote to music. I am specially desirous of having them play on some brass musical instrument, because for the first time in the history of Russia we can have open-air services.

I am convinced that these students of the Russian Bible and Educational Institute will be the best and most lasting link of friendship between the New Russia and the United States, these two largest commonwealths of the world. But thus far we have been able to touch only the fringe of the Russian colony in the States and in Canada. There are hundreds of thousands yet to be reached.

I started practically alone. On the property which cost us $45,000 I have been able thus far to pay only $5,000. Our accommodations have already become too small, and I should like to receive at least two or three hundred more students before many months. I do not believe in the parasite system of educating foreigners in this country. I believe they must be taught to do all they can for themselves. Thus my students during the first six months of the existence of the school have paid more than $7,000 toward their food and rooms. With sufficient help I want to enlarge the work and influence hundreds of Russians before they go back to Russia. Each one of such men reached now will mean a better feeling in Russia for the American people.

A Call to Church Unity in War Time

TO our Fellow-Believers in all the Churches, Greeting:

The present crisis confronts the Church with the possibility of coming forth from the war either with a diminished or a vaster power. Today the churches must face realities. A divided Church cannot stand.

Today everywhere the people are combining their industries to make the Allied nations one mighty power in the war. Even on the lower plane of economics, the churches are not uniting to save waste as in many places they might do. How many tons of coal and units of electricity might be saved if thin congregations in large edifices should consent this winter to worship together!

Far more than this: today the Young Men's Christian Association represents Christianity before the world. The many churches stand as an unorganized, scattered line of support behind its well-organized line of volunteers. As they go forward the separate church-units are not in position to let the world know that behind them stands the reserve power of the whole Church of God. Today some of our ministers at the front, forgetting the denominational names of the churches that sent them, on battle-fields and in hospitals are working side by side as servants and priests of God. At home they are held apart. Today the government of the United States is apportioning chaplains among the different denominations. The Red Cross only for our charity; our denominational names and churchly vestments for our religion!

These things ought not so to be. The crisis of Christianity requires the subordination of all things divisive. Without prejudice to existing personal relations or official fidelities, the whole Church is called today to make one sacrificial offering of all things held to be of value in one great venture of faith for God. Today we should take counsel, not of our fears but of our hopes, as did our fathers before us. Today our fears may be our disloyalties.

Bishops, clergymen, laymen: shall we loiter in the way, disputing about many things, when in the suffering of the world our Lord is crucified afresh for the sin of modern civilization? The hour commands unity. By some decisive act our faith in it should be made fact. That might be done if, for example, as a war measure we should put in cantonments, in regiments and on battleships chaplains and ministers, from whatever church they may come, commissioned not by their own communion only, but by joint ordination or consecration sent forth with whatsoever authority and grace the whole Church of God may confer, bearing no mark upon them but the sign of the Cross. At some single point of vital contact—that or something better than that—the Church might act as one.

Something must be made the visible fact of unity today, if the Church is to become tomorrow the power of God to save the world. This cannot be too long postponed. These times require quick decisions.

Therefore we, the undersigned, representing different communions, lay before you this appeal for action, asking for response and for such suggestions as may seem to you timely.

The foregoing appeal is signed by a very large number of clergymen, representing all the leading denominations, including Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Disciples, Moravians, Lutherans, Friends, and evangelical bodies. There are among the signers the presidents of theological seminaries, Yale, Union, Princeton, Andover, Pacific, Chicago, Boston Divinity School, Rochester, Dartmouth, Auburn, Carleton, Whitman College, Beloit College and others; also the present moderator of the Congregational National Council, and several former moderators. The chairman of the committee is Rev. Newman Smyth of New Haven. Some of the leading signers are Dean Charles R. Brown of Yale; President McGiffert of Union; President J. Ross Stevenson of Princeton; Rev. Washington Gladden, Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, and President MacCracken of Vassar.

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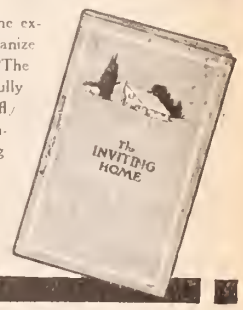

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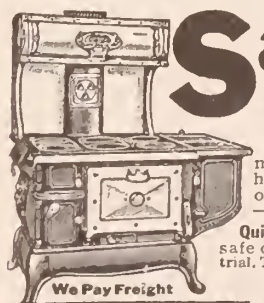

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What Armenia Has Suffered

By Hon. HENRY MORGENTHAU, Former Ambassador to Turkey

FEW nations have suffered as much as Armenia. So terrible and continuous have been the atrocities to which it has fallen victim that the very name of Armenia has, to most of us, become synonymous with martyrdom. Its sufferings during the present catastrophe have been greater than any known in the history of the world. None of the fearful horrors perpetrated in the various zones of the war can compare with the tragic lot of the Armenians.

The final and worst measure used against the Armenians was the wholesale deportation of the entire population from their homes and their exile to the desert, with all the accompanying horrors of the way. No means were provided for their transportation or nourishment. The victims, among whom were included educated men and women of standing, had to walk on foot, exposed to the attacks of bands of criminals especially organized for that purpose. Homes were literally uprooted; families were captured; men killed, women and girls violated daily on the way or taken to harems. Children were thrown into the rivers or sold to strangers by their mothers to save them from starvation. The facts contained in the reports received at the embassy from absolutely trustworthy eye-witnesses surpass the most beastly and diabolical cruelties ever before perpetrated or imagined in the history of the world.

THE Turkish authorities had stopped all communication between the provinces and the capital in the naïve belief that they could consummate this crime of the ages before the outside world could hear of it. But the information filtered through the consuls, missionaries, foreign travelers, and even Turks. We soon learned that orders had been issued to the governors of the provinces to send into exile the entire Armenian population in their jurisdiction, irrespective of age or sex. The local officers, with a few exceptions, carried out literally these instructions. All the able-bodied men had either been drafted into the army or disarmed. The remaining people, old men, women, and children, were subjected to the most cruel and outrageous treatment.

In Mamuret-ul-Aziz the people were subjected for two months to almost unbelievable torture, the families of the better class being dealt with most severely. Feet, hands, chests were nailed to a piece of wood; nails of fingers and toes were torn; beards and eyebrows pulled out; feet were hammered with nails, as they do with horses; others were hung with their feet up and heads down over closets. Oh, how one would wish that all these facts were not true! In order that people outside might not hear the screams of agony of the poor victims, men stood around the prison wherein these atrocities were committed, with drums and whistles.

On July 1, the first 2,000 were dispatched from Harpoot. They were soldiers, and it was rumored that they would build roads. People became frightened. Whereupon the vali called the German missionary, Mr. ——, and begged him to quiet the people; he was so very sorry that they all had such fears, etc. They had hardly been away for a day, when they were all killed in a mountain pass. They were bound together, and when the Kurds and soldiers started to shoot at them, some managed to escape in the dark. The next day 2,000 more were sent in the direction of Diarbekir. Among those deported were several of our orphans (boys) who had been working for the government all the year round. Even the wives of the Kurds came with their knives and murdered the Armenians. Some of the latter succeeded in fleeing. When the government heard that some Armenians managed to escape, they left those who were to be deported without food for two days, in order that they would be too weak to flee.

ALL the high Catholic Armenians, together with their archbishop, were murdered. Up to now there still remained a number of tradesmen whom the government needed and therefore had not deported; now these too were ordered to leave and were murdered.

As this massacre of the Armenians, judged both by the numbers involved and the methods used, was the greatest single horror ever perpetrated in the history of humanity, the question will often be asked, How many Armenians were actually murdered or died of starvation or exposure? How many were driven into a miserable exile? Following the important collection of documents made by Viscount Bryce is a careful summary of the facts. The total Armenian population in the Turkish empire in 1912 is here placed at between 1,600,000 and 2,000,000. Of these 182,000 escaped into the Russian Caucasus and 4,200 into Egypt. One hundred and fifty thousand still remain in Constantinople. To this figure must be added the relatively small number of survivors who escaped death, and are now living in hiding or are scattered in distant provinces. We must conclude that a million Armenians were hurried out of their homes in the peaceful villages and populous towns in Asia Minor. The murdered number from 600,000 to 800,000. The remainder, in pitiful want of the barest necessities of life, hold out their hands to the Christian fellowship of America.

Additional Gifts to the Christian Herald Fund for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of the War

Miscellaneous Amounts

Mrs. W. B. F. White, $63.80; Mr. & Mrs. Fred Busse, $8.25; W. H. Boulter, $4.00; H. P. Petersen, $17.70; ——, Cleveland, Ohio, $3.30; Friend, Elizabeth, N. J., $4.00; Friend, Flemington, N. J., $4.00; Mission Sabbath School, Eskridge, Kans., $3.95; R. P. S. S., Eskridge, Kans., $6.05; Thru the Mennonite Board of Missions & Charities, Elkhart, Ind., $29.00; In memory of N. G. F., $14.00; Mrs. Geo. Wyman, $300.00; Mrs. R. H. Overall, $40.00; Mrs. Sarah A. Thayer, $6.00; Wm. S. Clark, $7.00; Mr. Emma Wason, $100.00; Ladies of First Baptist Church, Omro, Wisc., $8.00; C. D. Wolfe, $1.20; M. H. W., Plattsburg, Mo., $1.30; Sunday School, Menlo, Wash., $17.42; Miss Anna K. Hoersch, $15.00; Friend, Quaker Street, N. Y., $60.00; I. H. N., Bethlehem, Pa., $8.00; Maurice Gilmore & Family, $20.00; Geo. Ravn, $42.19; Public School, Morell, Ky., $2.25; Filson Epworth League, Filson, Ill., $4.00; A. H. Gottschall, $100.00; Mrs. Maggie Farrow, 10c; Miss Annie Perry, 10c; Annot Lyle Kerr & Sisters, $1.25; Roy Hubbs, $15.00; Kitty McFall, 35c.; Gladys McFall, 20c.; W. R. C. Slocan, B. C. Can, 20c.; D. S. Staebler, $30.42; Free Methodist S. S., Everett, Wash., $15.00; Whiteday Creek Presbyterian Church, S. S., Dela, $26.00; Mrs. Thos. A. Brown, $7.20; T. K. Pilgren, $33.00; Frances Weaver, $8.00; Agnes Osterberg, $2.08; Mrs. B. F. Ford, $1.60 Mrs. Theodosia Emory, $49.00; "Cash," Philadelphia, Pa., $8,00; In Memory of Mabel Earl, $150.00; Gustavus Pease, $6.00; Hubert Angell, $1.25; Mrs. M. H. Berry, $8.00; Adult Bible Class, Moravia S. S., Lake Mills, Wisc., $3.56; N. E. Tinkham, $6.00; E. H. Yaggy, $20.00; J. E. McShan, $6.00; Harold A. Walbran, $20.00; M. B. Olmstead, $15.00; Mrs. Neil McVicar, $6.00; Mr. & Mrs. Salem F. & Randolph Towne, $4.00; G. H. Wary, $20.00; Mrs. R. R. Randall, 75c.; Nellie E. Meacham, $20.00; Mrs. J. M. Turner, $8.00; First Scandinavian Baptist Church, Racine, Wisc., $15.15; Wm. Sayer, $15.00; Mrs. H. Beutzinger, $1.40; ——, Philadelphia, Pa., 10c.; Mrs. A. M. Livingston, $6.00, In His Name, Los Angeles, Calif., 70c.

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Our Mail-Bag

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and not controversial. All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

CHRISTIAN HERALD INFORMATION BUREAU

Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

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Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

READER. Is there any hope for a person who is the slave of a particular sin, into which he falls every time he is tempted, in spite of his resolutions and his prayers?

Yes, there is hope, if he honestly desires to be delivered. If the thing were distasteful to him, he would not do it; so that what he has to do is to overcome his own desire and God will assuredly help him to do this, if he will ask His help. But He will not help a man who does not want to be helped. The man should carefully avoid temptation and the circumstances in which it assails him. He can assure himself that, with God's help, he *can* resist, and he should pray earnestly for the necessary strength. God will give it.

Subscriber, Pittsburg, Pa. The word "paradise" is one of wide application. It has been used in various terrestrial senses and also in the celestial sense. Its figurative application to the heavenly world is chiefly used to denote the happiness of the righteous or the pardoned in the future state. Among the Jews themselves, the Talmudical writings contain frequent reference to paradise as "the immortal heaven" to which the spirits of the just are admitted immediately after their liberation from the body. Thus the book Sohar speaks of the earthly and the heavenly paradise, the latter excelling the former as light excels darkness. It was in the acceptation of the ancient Jewish phraseology of New Testament times that the expression was used both by our Lord and his apostles. "Today thou shalt be with me in paradise." "He was caught up into paradise." "The tree of life is in the paradise of God." (Luke 23 : 43; II Cor. 12 : 4; Rev. 2 : 7.)

Reader, Norwalk, Conn. There seems to be an impression in certain quarters that the Y. M. C. A. in the army camps does not permit the celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the huts it has erected for the soldiers. We are assured that the fact of the matter is quite the reverse. All the Association secretaries at work in camps and cantonments are instructed to facilitate in every way the desire of any Christian clergyman, chaplain or civilian, to conduct sacramental services in any Y. M. C. A. building which best serves the convenience of himself and the prospective communicants. The Association's staff men attached to the buildings do not themselves conduct the administration of the sacrament, that duty being the prerogative of the chaplains; but they do all they can to facilitate it, as well as every other form of regular pastoral work.

G. E. W., Greenwood, Mass. The interpretation of the passage in Revelation to which you refer is, like many others in that book, a subject of controversy.

H. A. F., Detroit, Mich. In Gen. 5 : 3-5 we read of the long life of Adam after the Fall. He surely had ample opportunity for repentance, when he viewed the condition to which his act had brought posterity, from a state of complete happiness to one of toil and suffering. God's grace and mercy are boundless, and we may assume that Adam not only repented while living, but that he believed the Gospel which was preached to him (I Pet. 3 : 19) and in which God's plan to heal the wounds of sin was made clear to those who had not known the Gospel while living. (Your other questions are mainly controversial.)

P. J. D., Hale, Mo., writes: "When the churches are divided on the question whether a thing is right or wrong, it usually takes from forty to fifty years of preaching against an evil to eliminate it from the community or the nation. In North Missouri, thirty-five or forty years ago, most of the small towns and nearly all of the county seats had saloons, and there was considerable drunkenness, immorality and lawlessness. The churches have been steadily preaching against these evils during these years, and as a result they have been eliminated from the greater part of North Missouri, on the Hannibal Railroad running from Hannibal on the eastern border of Missouri to St. Joseph on the western. I understand that there is only one wet town between Hannibal and St. Joseph. In our own little town of about 1,200 inhabitants, the jail has been without an inmate so long that most of the people have nearly forgotten that they have one."

G. D. D., Hampton, Vt., writes: "Referring to page 1279, bottom of second column, what is there said (in the serial story, 'The Witness') is most timely. After sixty-six years of experience, I have been troubled by the same doubts expressed by Wittemore, as many more must have been. And Courtland's replies most aptly state the conclusions to which I have been compelled. God bless the author of 'The Witness' for her lucid explanation, the best I have ever seen."

M. L. T. B., Chatham, N. Y. The passages quoted are descriptive of those who live without God and who are like "the beasts that perish." The passage concerning the repentant thief was discussed recently in the Mail-Bag.

Mrs. M. A. Dawes of the Bethesda Mission, Wynnewood, Okla., sends this letter, which gives us a glimpse of Christian pioneering in the West that reminds us of missionary perils and hardships in the old days: "I have just been down to the well for water and had an inspiration to write our old friend the Christian Herald. That well was perhaps as much a gift from God as was John G. Paton's on his lone island. A few months ago, Bethesda Mission for ex-slaves of the Indians was literally blown to pieces by a cyclone. The superintendent, Miss E. Fannie Johnston, lay on her deathbed, but her triumphant faith said, 'We shall build.' One member of the board of trustees wrote asking me to come out from New England and help them reestablish the work. I found such utter destruction, my heart shrank from it, but my reply to the people was 'We cannot haul water three-fourths of a mile as they have been doing. If you will get a well, I will stay.' Now in this particular portion of Oklahoma many have bored for wells without success. It had been tried repeatedly on the mission lot. A professional well-digger came and after two attempts gave it up. Then Trustee S. W. Allen and his nephew came and bored. Later another colored man bored at another place and still another. The fifth trial brought us a well. And now, according to promise, I must stay. The basement of the wrecked building has been cleared of debris and covered with a roof. In this one room we expect, for the present, to live and hold our day and night school and our weekly class for women. The people are to erect a small building with the timber left from the mission. We have not a door nor window left. These people had good crops but were deeply in debt. The crops are often mortgaged, sometimes even before the seed is planted. We want to teach them to manage so as to live comfortably. Above all, we want to be messengers of God to them. We are four miles from town and get mail once in five or six days."

Perhaps some of our readers may care to send a cheering letter to this brave woman worker, who certainly deserves encouragement.

S. B. Z., Memo, Pa. The prophecies that remain to be fulfilled before the millennium include the prophecies of Christ's second coming, of the rise of the Antichrist and of the great tribulation.

H. P. Ford, Norwood, Pa., president of the Ruling Elders' Association of Chester Presbytery, sends this kindly note to the Mail-Bag, which we commend to readers of all denominations: "I am a firm believer in the leavening value of the religious paper. It should be a weekly visitor to every Christian home. It offsets, in large measure, the pernicious influence of literature that all too frequently finds its way into the hands and hearts of young people and children. Religious papers are, as a rule, carefully edited and filled with well-selected and helpful home reading-matter; they also keep their readers well informed on the missionary and other activities of the Church at large, both at home and abroad. A religious paper is almost an absolute necessity to the Christian who would keep himself well informed on the activities of the Church at large, and who would have the members of his household brought up 'In the nurture and admonition of the Lord.'"

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The Christian Herald Will Send You Free an Illustrated Booklet with Full Directions for the Use of Cornmeal and Sixty-one Delicious Recipes

THE Food Administration has ruled that our bread shall have not more than 80 per cent. wheat flour. At least 20 per cent. must be some substitute.

The most plentiful substitute for wheat flour in the United States is Cornmeal.

The Food Administration has also made a rule that when we buy a pound of wheat flour, the dealer must at the same time sell us a pound of some wheat flour substitute.

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Young People's Topics for March 24

Remedies for Intemperance

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topics. Eph. 5 : 15-21

THERE are varieties of intemperance. Some are intemperate in thought, some in speech, some in eating, some few in working and many are intemperate in the use of strong drink. All intemperance is sin. For sin there are many remedies but only one cure. One man seeking release from intemperance will try the power of will against the pull of appetite. For a while he may do very well; he may even dare to boast of the victory he has gained, only to go reeling home sooner or later, because he met a friend whose ridicule or insistence, or both, enfeebled that all-conquering will. Another will seek release through new associations only to fall sooner or later through some chance meeting with old associates or localities. Still another will try to work so hard that he will have no time for drink, and others will take various courses of treatment only to come back inevitably, with few exceptions, to the demon in the cup.

The writer heard once of a man who had a daughter he loved more than his life. Night after night she climbed on his knee and begged him not to drink. At last he arranged that the child should go with him to the shop after breakfast and call for him at quitting time at night. For weeks they walked safely by groggeries and gin mills, past old cronies who called in vain, until it seemed that appetite was vanquished. But one day the child was sick. The father started home alone. He missed the soft warm hand in his, his heart was heavy, the breath of the bottle swept out to him through open saloon doors and at last his feet wavered and he fell. All these remedies fail. Even restrictive laws fail more or less completely. But there is a cure that never fails, unless the victim fails to take it thoroughly. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from *all* sin. Appetite flees before the shadow of the cross. Power to overcome radiates from the risen Saviour. No matter how strong the grip of rum on the life and heart and mind and will of a man, the saving blood of Christ can sweep it all away and the drunkard may be restored. He needs but to throw himself wholly upon the Saviour, trust him completely and seek to serve him loyally. Many a drunkard has seemed to find release at our altars only to fall again, but such have tried to rely on their own returning strength and have temporarily lost their grip on the hand of God. In the Bowery Mission, and in every other place where sinful men are gathered into the Kingdom through the power of Christ's redemption, the miracle of appetite dethroned is seen month after month, man after man is restored to himself and to the world. Never yet has God failed when the man was willing to walk humbly in the way of salvation—willing to be taught and to be led. Struggles there are, many and severe, but the "Lo, I am with you alway" was meant for every miserable sinner, even the rebelling slave of drink. Remedies are useless but the cure is absolute.

The Art of Living with Others

Epworth League Topic. I Peter 3 : 3-16

THIS topic, as the Christian Endeavor topic for March 17, was treated in this column in last week's Christian Herald.

The Shuttle in the Loom of Trade

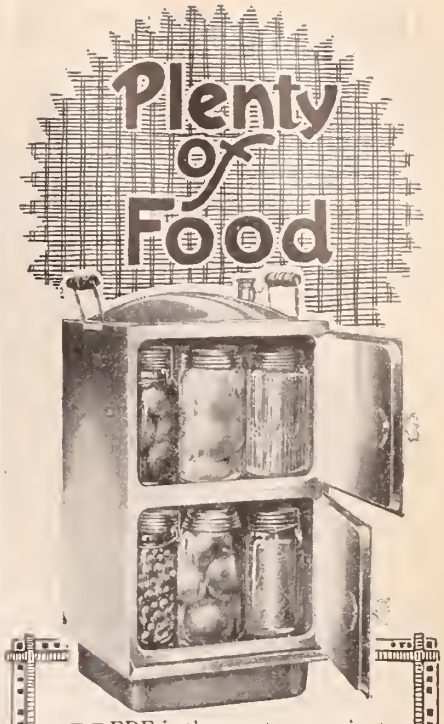
Continued from page 305

detail. Many parts of the enormous machine are as delicate as those in the watch of the engineer who runs it. The whole is an evolution or building up of many inventions, starting with the discovery of steam as a motive power. It was Richard Trevithick who first applied the steam engine to railway operation. That was when Thomas Jefferson was beginning his administration as President of the United States. A little later George Stephenson made a locomotive with four wheels and a wrought-iron boiler. It was only eight feet in length and thirty-four inches in diameter. Later he built other engines, and among them one or two which were shipped from England to the United States. None was used successfully, however, before about 1830, and it was at that time that Adam Hall built the little locomotive known as the "Best Friend" in New York city. This engine had a tubular boiler and two pairs of wheels coupled together by side rods. It was first put to work on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

AT about that same time a miniature locomotive was shown at the Philadelphia museum. It drew two small cars and was run on a circular track made of pine boards covered with hoop iron. This engine was made by Mathias Baldwin, the founder of the locomotive works of which I am writing. He made the museum locomotive go and, two years later, constructed the famous locomotive known as "Old Ironsides," which had a speed of thirty miles an hour, carrying passengers from Philadelphia to Germantown. "Old Ironsides" was a four-wheeled locomotive modeled after those of England that had been brought to this country. Its wheels had wooden spokes and rims, heavy wrought iron tires and cast iron hubs. The price Mathias Baldwin received for it, after considerable litigation was just $3,500, or not more than one-twentieth of what some of the big engines of these works would sell for today. Mr. Baldwin was disgusted with the trouble he had over the settlement and he vowed that he would never build another locomotive. Nevertheless, two years later he had completed one for Charleston, S. C., and he continued to build locomotives for the rest of his life. The story of the works is wrapped up in the evolution of railway transportation. Better and better locomotives were made from year to year and more and more were turned out. During our Civil War steel tires were first employed on some engines made for Dom Pedro of Brazil, and in 1890 the first rack rail locomotive was made for Pike's Peak. In the same year three Mogul narrow gauge engines were constructed for the Jaffa-Jerusalem railway and the following year similar steam engines were constructed for Africa. In 1895 the first electric locomotives were built and in 1902 fuel oil burners were made for the Southern Pacific and other roads. Altogether the Baldwins have built more than 50,000 locomotives of one kind or another, and their locomotives are used in hauling cars all over the world. They are, as I have said, only one of the thirty or forty locomotives factories of the United States, but they are perhaps the best example of an industry which is bound to grow in importance throughout the war and which will be of enormous value in the rehabilitation of the world when peace comes.

Luther Burbank for Corn

LUTHER BURBANK was misquoted in the statement attributed to him that a corn diet is injurious to health. He says: "I am in thorough sympathy with the effort to get corn more generally introduced into the dietary of the United States. It is in my opinion the best cereal food, except wheat and rice, and people should by all means be encouraged to use it far more liberally than it has been used, as it supplies all of the elements of nutrition in nearly the right proportions and will take the place of so much meat with great advantage to the health of those who use it. It will certainly be far better to use a good proportion of it rather than so much fine white flour."



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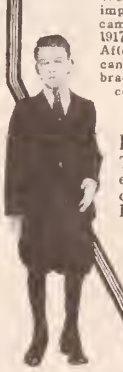

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He takes no chances when he selects these well known strains.

You may profitably apply the successful gardener's rule to your own buying. Stick to *tested varieties*.

Everything advertised in CHRISTIAN HERALD is a tested variety. When you buy the merchandise listed here, you are *choosing certainties*.

Raising Twelve Children on $20 a Month

A LOUISIANA negro school teacher is not only bringing up his twelve motherless children on his meager salary of $20 a month, but he has sent his oldest son to college and fitted him for the ministry. Naturally this has not been done without assistance. He is in need of assistanee now. His pitiful letter makes its own appeal:

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: Your reputation for genuine generosity is world-wide and you will understand very readily why I address you this letter. There are persons in this world to whom persons in need rarely appeal. Their hearts are known to be callous, and no matter how heartrending the conditions of those in need may be, their invariable reply is a refusal. This is not by any means the first letter that I have addressed to you. I have been the recipient of many copies of the Herald, which brought to me and my family joy and gladness. I have before stated that my parents were slaves, and that I was brought up on a sugar plantation by a mother who had lost one arm in a sugar mill before the Civil War. Her struggles to inspire me with an interest for mental and moral improvement only ended with her death. My father died when I was about five years old, leaving me and one sister to the care of my mother. Fortunately, my father's sister consented to raise my sister. The planter in whose cabin we found a shelter expected me to begin work as soon as I could do any kind of work around his premises. This cut short my chances of attending school, but it did not by any means dampen my ardor for books and mental improvement. By night studies I managed to acquire sufficient proficiency to pass an examination before the public school board, and was granted a third grade certificate. I have taught in this parish for more than twenty-six years consecutively, and am still teaching. I am very thankful to God to be able to say that, though colored, I enjoy the goodwill of the best white citizens of this community. I have been twice married. My first wife only lived a little over three years. There was one child, a girl, the result of our union. By my second wife there are now eleven children, eight boys and three girls. I lost my second wife August 1, 1916. She died in childbirth, leaving a girl eight hours old, now a fine, healthy child running all about.

To say that I have had a struggle to raise such a large family goes without saying. The salary of $20 per month, which has been the rule here for teachers of the third grade in colored schools, made the lot of all colored teachers hard indeed. I thank the Lord that there are to be better conditions in the near future. The school terms of 4½ months I believe will be lengthened next year. The help you extended last year came just at a time that I was almost in despair. My youngest children needed clothes for the winter and I was not able to put on such clothes as to keep up appearance as a public school teacher. Therefore I appealed to you for aid, requesting that you use your best endeavor to send me some second-hand articles to help me through the winter. Instead of old clothes, you kindly forwarded a check for $12, which I am sure was a direct answer to prayer, for it came at a time of my greatest extremity. I am a Christian and have done my best to instruct my children religiously. I am a member of the A. M. E. Church, and have served for years as secretary, trustee, steward, superintendent of Sunday school and class-leader. It has been quite a task to keep my children in school and provide clothing, books and the necessities of life. I still hope to see some result for all of my labors. One son—the eldest—has attended college and is now pastor of a church in this town, although he is only about twenty-two years old. I have hopes of seeing him become a strong worker in the Master's cause. If possible to help me through this winter, if you can interest some friend to send a few old clothes to my youngest children, whose respective ages are five years, four years and one year, you will help me more than you can realize.

The Christian Herald is constantly in receipt of notice of similarly deserving cases. A considerable fund for immediate relief in many directions would be a genuine helpfulness at present.

The World's Need*

IT may be that through all the years in which we have prayed "Thy Kingdom come," we have had neither a clear vision of the Kingdom, nor a glowing loyalty to its perfect plan. But we live in the beginning of a new era. The great essentials of life are clearer today than ever before. Earth's need of a Kingdom of God is everywhere acknowledged. With increasing force you have felt this, as you have climbed with the King these three tragic years. And you have felt that he was leading you to this mount of vision for some personal touch, some word of power that should make you his inspired messenger, his victorious soldier. If you are ready, that word will be spoken, that touch will be given. And when it comes you will be "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might"; you will henceforth pray "Thy Kingdom come" with a new knowledge and a new loyalty. That prayer will conquer the enemies who threaten the Kingdom of God within you. That prayer will reveal countless opportunities for service for humanity, for the King and the Kingdom; opportunities in your own family, your city, your parish, your school, your office—you will see them all as strategic centers to be completely won and kept for the King. That prayer will rob danger and difficulty of all their darkness and make them radiant with the light of the King's presence. "Thy Kingdom come" is a key which opens all things, but only when the key is thrust into the lock. Obey that prayer and you will feel the calm certainty which moved a farmer to place on a weather-vane on his barn the words "God is Love," and in answer to the question why he placed such a changeless truth on anything so variable, replied: "Because I want my neighbors to see that I know that God is love, whichever way the wind blows."

A million homes are beginning to know and to understand a beautiful new guest whose name is Sacrifice. Without her, no greatness of soul is possible; with her, no greatness is impossible. She is redeeming mankind today, and no one in America can afford to miss her blessing. At this moment the most precious rights of humanity are trembling in the scale. Millions have died for these, perhaps millions more must die. But they must not die in vain. The victory will be gained for the light of the world. Yes, but it cannot come until the armies of light are united in purpose and principle, in complete, self-sacrificing loyalty to the King of kings and his truth.

That is the answer to the question: How long will the war last? It will last until Sacrifice leads us unto the heart of life's meaning. Some day the world will love Sacrifice, and not compel war to bring her to our homes. Health is God's will for us, not disease; and peace, not war. But when our neglect or disobedience brings pain; when we bring on war, the Good Physician must offer the bitter draught to effect a cure, the Divine Surgeon must cut deeply to save the life. The war must not end until it ends right. A thousand times you have heard that said. It is true. The soul is of more value than the body, and the soul of the world than the bodies of millions. The faithful ones are with Christ, and none can hurt those who ride with him in the army of heaven.

*From "The High Call," a Series of Discourses for the Times, by Rev. Ernest M. Stires, Rector of St. Thomas' Church, New York. E. P. Dutton & Co., publishers.

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A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 306

supply of new copies, Germany, being closed. Owners of Baedekers may deliver them to their local public library for the use of the Army. . . . Costa Rica experienced a 48-hour rebellion on Feb. 23 and 24, government forces routing the insurrectionists and restoring order. The rebellion started to be a revolution, but couldn't get up speed. . . . The general elections in Spain on Feb. 24 resulted in the return of the Liberal party to power. Candidates of Germanophile tendencies appeared to have been generally defeated. Disturbances were reported in Valencia and Mercia, and there was rioting in other places. The Liberal triumph forced the resignation of the Alhucemas ministry which had been severely criticized for failing to take energetic measures toward Germany in regard to submarine sinkings of Spanish ships . . . London newspapers on Feb. 26 reported that lawlessness was spreading alarmingly in the west and south of Ireland. The law was said to be ignored in the counties of Clare, Sligo, Roscommon and Mayo. Sinn Feiners at Galway were said to have torn and burned an American flag. . . . Beginning March 15 parcel post packages for delivery for the first, second or third zones may be as heavy as 70 lbs. and for other zones as heavy as 50 lbs. . . . Earthquakes near Swatow, China, on Feb. 16 and 17 wrecked buildings over a wide area, destroying several villages and causing the death of between 200 and 300 persons and the serious injury of some 200 more. . . . The meeting of representatives of capital and labor at Washington on Feb. 25 resulted in the choice of former President Wm. H. Taft and Frank P. Walsh of Kansas City, formerly chairman of the Federal Commission of Industrial Relations, as members of the National Committee on Labor Policy, Mr. Taft representing employers and Mr. Walsh labor. . . . . President Wilson has declared in favor of a simple and dignified but thoroughly earnest celebration of the coming July 4. . . . Sales of Thrift Stamps were on the boom in February, sales up to Feb. 25 being approximately $65,000,000. . . . Two army doctors, responsible for bad hospital conditions at Camp Doniphan, near Fort Sill, Okla., were ordered before a court martial by the War Department. The conditions were corrected. . . . The next Liberty Loan will probably be offered to the public on April 6, the anniversary of the declaration of war.

The Progress of the War

ALONG the whole western front, for another week, fierce artillery duels have continued with trench raids more and more approaching in their extent minor attacks. In upper Alsace, on Feb. 24, at Lower Aspach the French penetrated deeply into the German lines destroying German defense works and bringing back 15 prisoners and a machine-gun, but left 14 prisoners in German hands. The English also captured prisoners in a raid near Broodseinde northeast of Ypres.

American troops in company with a French patrol penetrated the German lines in the Chemin des Dames sector on Feb. 24, aiding in the capture of two German officers, 20 men and one machine gun. There were no American casualties in this raid. On the same day Gen. Pershing reported the death of 5 airmen killed in accidents at the training camps. It was also announced from Washington that Gen. Pershing had received several 12-inch rifles and some 14-inch naval guns mounted for service on land, the 14-inch gun being the most powerful in the war next to the guns of British battleship Queen Elizabeth. Some of these guns had also been sent to Italy.

The sector northwest of Toul held by American troops saw some hard fighting during the week. On the 25th, a German bombardment with gas shells killed six men and sent 80 to the hospital; the men not adjusting their gas-masks quickly enough. The guns from which these shells came were destroyed the next day by the American artillery. It was announced on the 27th that the total American loss to that date was 100 men killed, wounded or missing.

On the first of March the Germans made the attack on the American trenches in Lorraine for which their gas attacks and intense bombardments were intended to pave the way. They sent forward some 240 men behind a sweeping barrage, but when these men jumped into the first line American trenches they met American bayonets and fists. While this hand to hand struggle was proceeding, an American captain of the West Point class of 1917 led his men into No-Man's Land and waited for the Germans to start back home. When they tumbled out of the American trenches, those that were left to tumble, he met them with a terrific cross fire. While this struggle was continuing in trenches and before the wire entanglements, the American artillery began sweeping the ground in front of the German lines, catching many running Prussians who had had enough of American ways of fighting. The attack was made by men of the Seventy-eighth Reserve Division of Hanover. Losses were heavy on both sides. The American trenches and the ground in front held many German dead when the fight was over and three were taken prisoners. General Pershing later reported the names of twenty-five men wounded in action and of two others accidentally killed, and on March 3 he sent the names of a lieutenant and 4 men killed in the fight of March 1, and of 8 others wounded. The report of March 3 also carried the names of 5 men wounded in other actions, of 4 killed, of 2 dead of wounds, and of 5 dead from various diseases. Complete plans of the American positions were found on the body of a German captain.

American troops on the Aisne front, on Feb. 28, repulsed a strong German attack which followed a heavy barrage fire. There were no American casualties in this action although one man was killed and two wounded by enemy shell fire. A German gas attack left one American soldier dead and 8 suffering from the effects of the gas. The men in these actions were reported to be New England troops. An attack near Chavignon was driven back by French and American troops on March 1. Berlin claimed ten American prisoners.

It was reported on Feb. 28 that a court martial had sentenced to death 4 American soldiers caught sleeping on sentry duty but that Gen. Pershing, though having authority to carry out the sentence, had referred the cases to the War Department for review. The same report told of one American soldier executed for a murder by assault upon a French child. Gen. Pershing in this case acted swiftly under the authority vested in him.

On Feb. 27 the British hospital ship Glenart Castle, recently repaired, was torpedoed and sunk in the Bristol Channel. The ship went down in seven minutes. She was outward bound to France to bring back wounded. Of the 350 persons on board over 160 were lost.

U-boats during the week sank 14 British vessels of over 1,600 tons, 4 under that tonnage and 7 fishing vessels. One French ship was sunk, while Italian shipping escaped. The Spanish steamer Neguri, the fifth in recent weeks, was torpedoed near the Canary Islands.

For a number of months there have been reports of a German raider in the South Seas, but the sea is large and the utmost efforts of the Allied navies did not suffice to run the raider down, although one or two vessels she had turned into commerce raiders were overtaken.

On Feb. 25 Berlin announced "The auxiliary cruiser Wolf has returned home after 15 months in the Atlantic, Indian and Pacific oceans." The British admiralty credited the Wolf with having sunk 11 ships which had previously been reported missing. The German admiralty, however, on the 27th declared that the Wolf had destroyed at least 25 enemy merchant vessels or vessels in enemy trade with an aggregate tonnage of 210,000.

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CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

CALL UP FAMILY CIRCLE, PLEASE!

The Editor Has Another Little Phone Talk with Our Friends

I THINK it was in November that I last had the pleasure of a visit on the phone with my friends of the Family Circle. And how these months have sped, with their heavy snows and zero spells and their meatless, heatless, wheatless days and their burden of domestic cares! Yet God is good and Spring is on the way, and there are signs a-plenty that the war is breaking up and that there is to be an end of the sorrow and sighing.

Seated here at the phone, imagination brings before me the picture of many family groups of my friends in their own homes. The wood fire crackles and sings. The sparks fly from the logs and the glow gives the room a homelike, cheery aspect. Mother is in her favorite rocker and father sits nearby, and they chat in lowered tones while the younger folks amuse themselves. Perhaps they talk of the son who is away at the camp, or it may be of a daughter who is with the Red Cross. The war has brought changes to many of our home circles, but, thank God, we are trusting Him to bring the loved ones back to us. We know they are safe in His keeping, and this is what gives us strength to bear the separation.

I can picture to myself your young folks, spending the long winter evenings sometimes in reading or singing, or the girls knitting sweaters for our boys at the front, and even the old folks "doing their bit" in some way to help the nation. And then there's the Bible Picture Study, which I know many of you have already in your homes. What a fine way it opens to make the boys and girls acquainted with God's Word!

As you know, we have already had two Bible Picture Studies in the last two years, aggregating 100,000 contestants. This year's study promises to be the biggest of all, as we have made it a part of the International Sunday School Lessons. And the charm of it is that the whole thing can be done right by your own fireside, with the older and wiser heads directing the younger. Every picture in the series is related to the International Sunday School Lessons or the Daily Home Readings, or the Golden Texts, for December, 1917, and the first four months of 1918, so that the Study really accomplishes a double purpose: it familiarizes each contestant with the 2,000 Bible verses which are read and explained in the course of the Sunday School Lessons and Daily Home Readings all over the land, and gives each a chance to earn a substantial reward. If you have not yet introduced the Bible Picture Study in your home, I would strongly urge you to do so now. The enrollment will close on April 22, 1918 (but participants will have until May 31, 1918, to send in their Answers), and I am sure you will find the experience one which you would not miss for a great deal, if only for the moral and spiritual good that is done to the children, besides making them capital Bible scholars. Then, too, there are $5,000.00 to be distributed in a thousand-and-one rewards, the prizes being graded from $1,000.00 down to $2.00.

But far above all the prizes you will value the benefit to the young contestants, for "Searching the Scriptures" gives wisdom and a knowledge of God and His will, which, after all, is the chief end of our life here.

You remember the story of the mother who gave to her son, as he was starting out in the world, a Bible. "My boy," she said, "I have no money to give you; but within the covers of this Book lie the greatest riches; seek until you find them." The lad searched the Bible and found great riches, not few, but many—among them salvation, high ideals, noble purposes and success in all his undertakings, for he modeled his life upon the principles he found there, and he realized the truth of the promise that God honors them that fear him and serve him according to his Word. For search of the Scriptures can never be in vain. It brings enlightenment of mind, enlivenment of the heart and enrichment of life. Happy, indeed, are those who begin this search in childhood, for their whole lives are formed true to truth.

This is why I am talking with you today, for it is on my heart to impress upon all my friends of the Family Circle that study of the Bible is, first of all, a duty, and then it becomes a pleasure. Ask any Christian man or woman of your acquaintance if it is not so, and they will tell you from experience that it is to them a joy which they would not miss for all the world. I have by me a note from one of the doubly successful contestants in the last Bible Picture Study, which says: "Thanks for the prize received; but the greatest prize I got out of the Bible Study is the abiding zest and joy with which I now study the Bible." So this is why I am talking with you today, in the hope that every home where the Christian Herald goes may have some members of its little flock enrolled in this delightful Study. I would feel that I had missed a great opportunity if I did not urge this upon you.

Speaking to my friends of the Circle through the telephone makes me think of the story of Gyges, the "invisible visitor." He found a ring which, when he turned it round on his finger, with the signet palmward, made him invisible, so he could go where he pleased. Now, to talk over the phone is rather a poor apology for a personal visit, and some of these days, ring or no ring, I hope to spend a good deal of time in making a round of real visits among you; but it must be when peace has healed the wounds of war.

Here we publish three Seeds to scatter among friends and acquaintances. Will you help by handing them around? Please do so—cut them out, and hand or mail them to friends. Let us work now as never before, for this is planting time, and the seed of Christian love will grow if we but plant it!

So good-by for a time, dear Family Circle of the Christian Herald. I have had you on the wire a long time today, but I had important tidings to give you.

Geo. H. Sandison
Managing Editor.

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Complete Bible Study Outfit **35c**

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Enclose 35 cents and mail to Christian Herald, New York, N. Y.

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Name .....

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Enclose 35 cents and mail to Christian Herald, New York, N. Y.

This ¾-Ton Reo Will Serve You "Coming" as Well as "Going"

Mr. Merchant, had you thought of this?

You need no longer depend upon the uncertain supply of green goods, eggs, butter and other farm produce which varies with the weather and the farmer's mood.

One day a feast—an over supply. The next a famine.

Nor need you trundle down to the city market at four A. M., paw over tons of stuff vainly searching for a little of the quality you like to serve your customers.

Your ¾-ton Reo "Hurry Up Wagon" will serve you just as well—and even more profitably in the collection of such goods—as in the delivery of them.

Instead of waiting to see whether one or fifty farmers come with the fresh things you need—why not go to the source and be sure not only of the quantity but the quality you desire.

Phone the farmer, or truck gardener, the night before. Tell him the market quotations and how much of each kind you'll need.

He'll have them ready, and in less time than you'd waste in jostling and haggling in the market for "fresh" produce that has already become stale and half spoiled by handling, your Reo will be back to the store with the day's needs of the freshest and choicest.

This Reo is ideal for such service. Being pneumatic tired, it will negotiate rough country roads just as easily as does your Reo touring car. Speed is 22 miles per hour normal.

And upkeep is the lowest of any truck of similar capacity—your Reo dealer has the figures to prove that.

The difference you'll pay for farm and garden produce by this plan will soon pay for your Reo Truck—for every farmer knows it costs him more to deliver by horses, than to raise his stuff.

If he figures he gets paid a fair price for his produce—then the team works for nothing; and if he gets wages for the team—he gives away his produce.

Under this plan you can buy cheaper—and he will net more.

Your supply will be steady and of superior quality.

At both ends, this Reo will make money for you and increase your trade tremendously.

For fresh goods and quick delivery service are the two greatest factors in business building today.

See this Reo Truck—ask your Reo dealer for facts and figures.

Then place your order at once—for demand is great and output this year is necessarily limited.

Only those who order early can hope to obtain Reos.

REO

Salient Features

Long Wheel Base—128 inches.

Speed—22 miles per hour.

Pneumatic Tires—34 x 4½ inches. So equipped this truck is capable of speed such as a solid tired vehicle cannot stand.

Wheels—Timken bearing, front and rear. Artillery type, second growth grade "A" hickory. Demountable rims.

Springs—High quality spring steel. Semi-elliptic. Adjustable supports and shackles, all provided with grease cups.

Motor—35 horse power. Four-cylinder, cast in pairs with heads integral. Has been standard in practically its present form for nine seasons.

Ignition—Jump spark; current supplied by Remy generator, which also furnishes current to storage battery for electric lights and starting device.

Cooling System—Positive water circulation, by gear driven centrifugal pump.

Transmission — Sliding selective type, three speeds forward and reverse. Hyatt roller bearings throughout.

Drive—Propeller shaft of heat-treated, high carbon steel with two enclosed universal joints from transmission to bevel gears in rear axle

Clutch—Reo made, multiple disc type.

Brakes—Two sets both acting on rear wheel hubs.

One Rod Control—same as Reo automobiles.

Front Axle—Drop forged "I" beam section with integral yokes. One-piece drop forged steering spindles. Timken bearings.

Rear Axles—Full floating type. One or both shafts may be completely withdrawn without jacking up the car, allowing removal of differential and drive gears. Timken bearings. Accessible.

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Reo ¾ Ton Speed Wagon
$1175
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EVERWEAR Flexweev is "whole-Family" hosiery—dressy without being frail—durable without being coarse—comfortable because it is built to the shape of the foot.

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Speak Clearer, Breathe Easier—

Luden's Give Quick Relief

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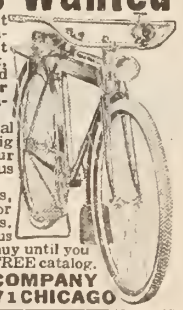

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TIRES Lamps, Horns, Wheels, Sundries, and parts for all bicycles—at half usual prices.

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This FREE Shoe Book

is crowded with photographs and descriptions of Ez Wear Shoes for Men, Women and Children. Ez Wear shoes are sent postpaid, guaranteed to combine comfort, style and quality, to fit perfectly or **money back. Amazingly low prices.**

Send for your copy today.

The G. C. Simon Shoe 1589 BROADWAY BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Tells why chicks die

E. J. Reefer, the poultry expert, 642 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is giving away free a valuable book entitled, "White Diarrhoea and How to Cure it." This book contains scientific facts on white diarrhoea and tells how to prepare a simple home solution that cures this terrible disease over night and actually raises 98 per cent of every hatch. All poultry raisers should certainly write Mr. Reefer for one of these valuable FREE books. (Adv.)

Gave Her Life to Save Men

THERE are men and women living in these days of whom it may be said truthfully, as it was spoken of the martyrs in Paul's time, that they were those "of whom the world was not worthy." Such a career was that of Letha Watts, a frail young Southern woman, who identified herself with the work of the Prisoners' Relief Society of Washington, D. C., almost from the day of its foundation.

Shortly after Earle E. Dudding organized the Prisoners' Relief Society, and opened his office in Huntington, West Virginia, he found that he needed the services of a stenographer. Mr. Dudding had known what it was to be a prisoner, and in his own personal experience he had felt the obloquy and the lack of consideration which such a one must face at the hands of society, in the struggle for rehabilitation as a self-supporting citizen. He had been converted before his liberation, and he had made it the great business of his life to form an organization which should not only help the families and dependents of prisoners while they were deprived of their wage-earners and providers, but which would aid the convicts in finding employment after release. In his operations it was necessary for him to be away from Huntington—where the Society had its offices—a good deal of the time.

The morning on which his advertisement for a stenographer appeared, "a slip of a girl" came into the office and said she had read it and had come to take the position. She talked so brightly that she impressed Mr. Dudding. She had been a resident of Huntington all her life, where her people were well thought of but poor. Somewhat gruffly, he told her to sit down at the machine and demonstrate her ability as a stenographer and typist. The trial was satisfactory, and the nineteen-year old girl was engaged and entered upon her duties. And there was certainly work enough to do. She was loaded up with letters, for the Society found sympathetic support in many places; but she faced the work bravely and did it so well that very soon she was in full charge of the office. She became, as Mr. Dudding says, "the brains of the organization, and her enthusiasm and ability carried things along as I could never have done alone." After a time, and when she had thoroughly identified herself with the work, she went out with Mr. Dudding on some of his speaking tours in behalf of the organization, and fairly divided the honors with him.

The time came, however, when the little, slender figure could no longer stand up under the strain that was put upon it. The slim girl had become, in addition to her other duties, treasurer of the organization, which multiplied her work greatly. Moreover, she had served at a merely nominal salary, for she knew that the Relief Society was still struggling, and that every dollar that came into the treasury was needed for work among the thousands of prisoners for whom it was endeavoring to provide a way of rehabilitation. Through her own efforts positions had been secured for many of them, and they had been put on the right road that led back to manhood and to honest lives.

Then the time came when Letha Watts grew so feeble and sick that she was no longer fit to perform her office duties; yet she would not give in. Finally she was removed to her home, but the care and attention that were bestowed upon her came too late. She lingered for some time, always thinking of her work and inquiring how the Society was progressing. She had given it more than three years of her life, and had put into those years all of her strength and ability. Feeling the end near, she dictated a message for Mr. Dudding and asked some one to take it for him. It was her last conscious act. She closed her eyes and soon passed away. The rest of the story is told by Mr. Dudding.

"This was the message which poor Letha left for me, and I know that she was thinking, even at the moment of death, of what she could do for others:

"'Dear Dr. Dudding: Leaving this world of pain and sorrow 6:30 P. M., to where I'll be happy with all who have been faithful.

LETHA ALDERSON WATTS.'

"I sent, to be laid upon her breast, twenty-four lilies, representing her age, for she was twenty-four in last December. She was a splendid Christian girl, and literally gave her life for others. These poor fellows owe her a debt of gratitude which they can never repay. I feel that it was a great privilege to have such a consecrated helper in our work, and that her association with us was a great blessing."

Miss Watts is survived by her mother only. She has an uncle who is or was a practicing physician in Huntington.

In her work for the Prisoners' Relief Society she knew no hours and recognized only work to be done. She burned the midnight oil night after night, when as a matter of fact she should have been away in a different climate, under conditions that might have led to physical restoration. But she would not leave her work nor could she be driven away.

The Prisoners' Relief Society will greatly miss the services of this devoted worker. Mr. Dudding himself is an invalid; yet he is giving every ounce of his strength to the work. Many of the Christian Herald readers have taken an interest in the organization and have helped it to carry through its efforts for the prisoners, and it is hoped that many more will do so. The inspiration of this girl's example should stir many to help a movement that was worthy of such loving service.

There could be no finer appreciation to Letha Watts than for a host of friends to help the struggling Prisoners' Relief Society and put it on a secure foundation, as a memorial to this young girl who, like a true martyr, gave her life for others.

Missionaries in the Midst of Rebellion

THIS letter comes to us from a well-known missionary in China: "Your kind letter of 16th Nov. 1917, with enclosed check for $50, to hand. Many thanks. We are having just now a time of great unrest in the provinces. On Dec. 11, a great number of our soldiers in Sian rebelled. Their plan was to kill the governor. They were not successful in this plan, but for two days and nights we had a general fight in the city. The rebels got possession of the South City gate, the Central Tower in the city and several other important places. It was not pleasant to be right in it, I must say! About 600 people were killed and a good deal of property destroyed; but I am glad to say that no foreigners were hurt nor their property molested. Both parties seemed to take good care not to do any damage to the foreigners. This is quite a change from the attitude of 1900. When the rebels were driven out of the city, they fled south and west from Sian. They have since then been fighting at several places and a number of soldiers have been killed on both sides, together with a great number of civilians. There is a great deal of unrest still in Sian and the merchants have their shops closed. The Bank of China has sent to us their valuable papers and a large sum of money for safe keeping. They trust our premises, which are undefended, better than their own place, which is guarded by soldiers!

"In spite of all this political unrest, the Mission work is going on very successfully. I think this is the best year in the history of our Mission. I believe a greater number of new converts have been added to our various churches during this year than we received during our first fifteen years of work in China. We have, as a mission, great cause to be thankful to God for this great success. To him be the glory for all. Permit me, on behalf of our Mission, to thank the Christian Herald for all it has done for us in supporting orphans and native helpers.

Sian, Shensi. "W. H. HAGQVIST."

MTG

NO MORE GRAY HAIR!

The free trial bottle of MARY T. GOLDMAN'S HAIR COLOR RESTORER proves how quickly gray hair disappears when this scientific restorer is used. Simply applied with special comb; leaves hair clean, fluffy and natural; does not interfere with washing. Make this test on a lock of hair and you will never accept a cheap imitation. Then buy a full sized bottle from your druggist or direct from me. **But be sure that the bottle you buy is the *real Mary T. Goldman's.***

Send for trial bottle today and say whether your hair is naturally black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown. If possible, send a lock in your letter.

Mary T. Goldman
726 Goldman Bldg.
St. Paul, Minn.
Established 50 Years.

Free Trial Bottle

Crooked Spines Made Straight

Use the Philo Burt Method 30 Days at Our Risk

NO MATTER how serious your case, no matter **what else** you have tried, the Philo Burt method consisting of a **Scientific Appliance** and a course of special exercises will help you and probably **wholly overcome** your affliction. We are so sure of this that we will make an Appliance to suit your special condition and let you decide, after 30 days, whether you are satisfied. We make this unusual offer simply because in over 30,000 cases we have **absolutely proved** the wonderful benefit this Method brings to spinal sufferers, young and old, and in all kinds of cases.

There is no need to suffer longer or to bear the torture of old-fashioned plaster, leather or steel jackets. The Philo Burt Appliance gives an even, perfect adjustable support to the weakened or deformed spine and brings almost **immediate** relief even in the **most serious cases.** It is easy to put on or take off. Does not chafe or irritate. Is light and cool. The price is within reach of all. You owe it to yourself or the afflicted one in your family to **find out** about it. Describe your trouble fully so we can advise you intelligently. Write today for our **free book.** It gives full information and testimonials.

Philo Burt Mfg. Co., 207 Odd Fellows Bldg., Jamestown, N.Y.

Established 1879

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a *neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: **"No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."**

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

A SMALL FARM in California will make you more money with less work. You will live longer and better. Delightful climate. Rich soil. Low prices. Easy terms. Sure profits. Hospitable neighbors. Good roads, schools and churches. Write for our San Joaquin Valley illustrated folders free. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Commissioner, Santa Fe Ry., 1983 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

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"The book the Inventor KEEPS." Worth more than all other patent books combined. FREE on request. Write

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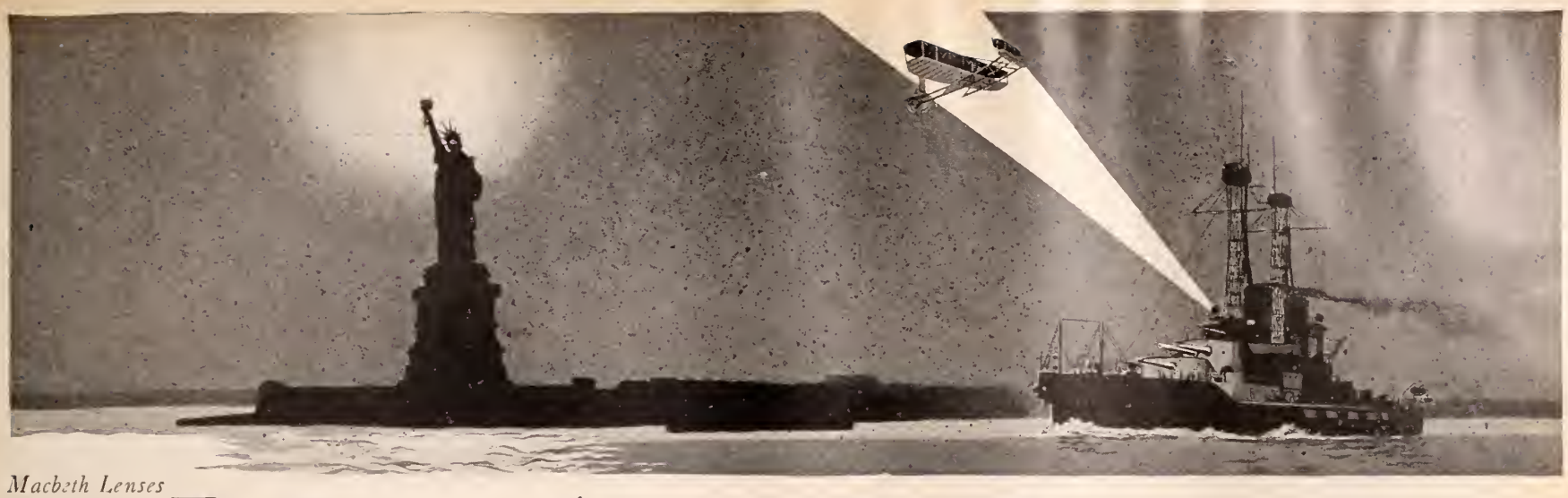

Macbeth Lenses are used in the torch of the Goddess of Liberty

Macbeth Lens

Why Wait for the Law to Force You?

GET this green glass visor lens at once!

Help eliminate the perils of night driving—help make the roads safe for *all*, yourself, other motorists and pedestrians.

Lights that glare and blind are both dangerous and illegal. To weaken your lights to insufficiency in order to evade arrest is a risky compromise.

This lens gives you the benefit of *all* your light, complies with laws, does not blind others, and adds a smart touch of distinctiveness to your car's appearance.

It is built with the same scientific accuracy and skill that has established Macbeth-Evans as world-wide lens authorities.

For battleships, lighthouses, railroads and searchlights where the finest is demanded, Macbeth experience and expertness is sought.

Get this same degree of lens efficiency on your car.

The front surface of the lens is divided into five horizontal prisms—each inclines at an angle determined with *scientific accuracy*.

These prisms re-direct and bend the rays of light at the correct angle to give a *long* light and concentrated brilliance *on the road*.

The concave recesses in the back of the lens spread the light laterally, thus providing the very essential *side* lighting for turning corners.

It requires seventy-two hours to build one Macbeth lens.

What other lens receives such skill and care? Get Macbeth at once!

Price per pair $5—Denver and West $5.50—Canada $6—Winnipeg and West $6.50

Macbeth lenses are for sale by leading jobbers, accessory dealers and garages everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us.

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company, Pittsburgh

Branch Offices in: Boston; Buffalo; Chicago; Cincinnati; Cleveland; New York; Philadelphia; Pittsburgh; San Francisco; St. Louis.

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Burpee's Seeds Grow

FOOD
Will Win The War
PRODUCE IT!

The United States Government has advertised that Food Will Win the War! Surely without food our armies could not endure. So even should you serve in no other way, plant a garden and help Win the War!

Food is Scarce—Labor is Scarce

The farmer's son has gone to war, so who then is to increase the production of food? Vegetable food must be grown in the home garden! Every man and every woman and every child who can possibly do so must plant a garden and produce food. If you have a backyard only 20 feet by 20 feet you can produce vegetable food enough for your family for many months. You can reduce the high cost of living! But not only this, by growing your own vegetables you are releasing just that much food for our Army and our Allies abroad. FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR—PRODUCE IT!

If you have never had a garden then start to plan one now. To make it easy for you we have prepared a special Collection of Vegetable Seeds for the Home Garden. This Dollar Box of Vegetable Seeds is listed below. It contains sixteen Burpee Specialties, a garden plan and cultural leaflet—and all are mailed to your door for $1.00. Just send a dollar bill and ask for Collection No. B 16.

BURPEE'S DOLLAR BOX—COLLECTION No. B 16

Bean—Stringless Green Pod
Bean—Fordhook Bush Lima
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Beet—Improved Blood
Cabbage—Allhead Early
Carrot—Chantenay
Lettuce—Iceberg
Lettuce—Wayahead
Onion—White Portugal
Parsley—Moss Curled
Radish—Scarlet Turnip
Salsify—Sandwich Island Mammoth
Swiss Chard—Large Ribbed White
Tomato—Chalk's Jewel
Turnip—Red or Purple Top Strap-Leaf

Just send a dollar bill and ask for Collection No. B 16. It will come to your door by return mail.

BURPEE'S ANNUAL FOR 1918

Do you want a copy of the Leading American Seed Catalog? BURPEE'S ANNUAL has been enlarged for 1918. It contains reliable information about "Seeds that Grow," and it will be mailed to your door free upon request. If you want this, just ask on a postal card for the Burpee Book No. 16. Plant a Garden and help Win the War!

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SEED GROWERS PHILADELPHIA

NOTICE TO READER: When you finish reading this magazine place a 1 cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employee and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapping—no address. A. S. Burleson, Postmaster-General.

Christian Herald

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SUBSCRIPTION, $2.00 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

NEW YORK, MARCH 20, 1918

VOL. 41—NO. 12. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

The marsh is filled with wistful light; the tired birds fly low;
And, in an opal dream, the night creeps through the afterglow!

KING "8"

The KNOWN Car Will Have A "Waiting List" This Year

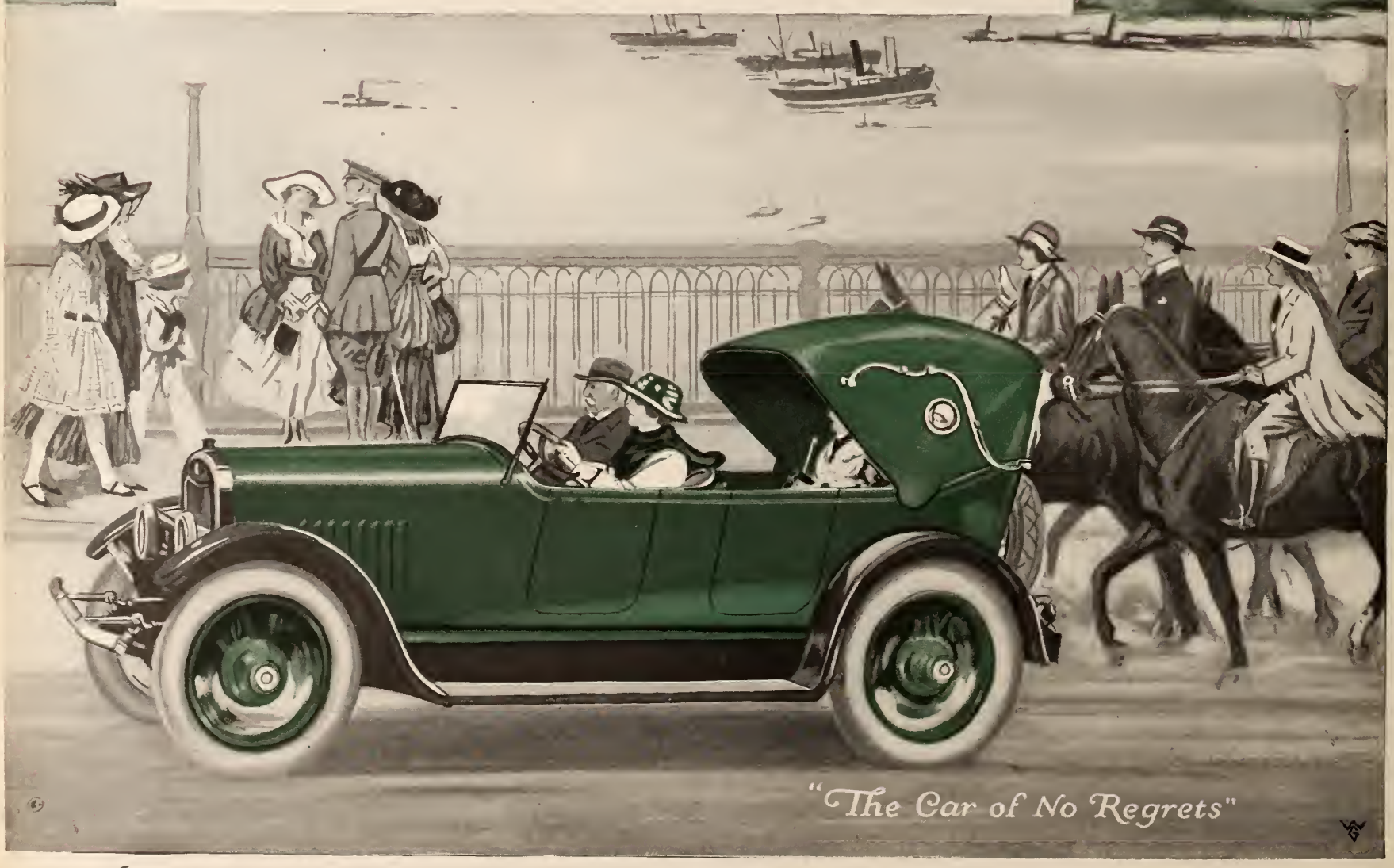
UTILITY is now the national buying reason. The public wants only cars of proved reliability built by established companies. With output reduced because of war manufacture there will be a shortage of preferred cars. If you expect to buy a KING this year, ORDER EARLY.

Following a successful but smaller "Eight" and a popular "Four," this sixty-horse power King is beginning its third year of world-wide operation, with practically no mechanical change except a general refinement which continues at all times. The chassis has proved its power, stamina and economy in every climate the world over and its recent use for armored cars and war ambulances is final evidence of its reliability under all conditions.

The King "Foursome"—a body type originated by this Company, and now widely followed—was declared by many to be the handsomest at the New York Automobile Show. You are urged to examine and drive this remarkable car. A 7-passenger Touring Car and a 7-passenger Sedan are two other popular King models.

Send for Catalog and Name of Nearest Dealer

KING MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT



THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

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Writing home. Letters tie the spirit of the home to the life of the camp

In the Heart of the Camp

PROBABLY not one in a thousand among our average citizens has any adequate notion of the extent and variety of the work that is going on in Uncle Sam's training-camps. In spite of the fact that almost all the camps have many visitors, few of these stay long enough as a rule to see more than what lies on the surface. There is an inner life at each of the camps which is not apparent to the casual observer, but which has very much to do with results, both as to moral character and physical efficiency.

It is just about a year ago since Secretary of War Baker appointed the Commission on Training-Camp Activities, under the chairmanship of Raymond B. Fosdick of New York. Its duty was to supply the normalities of life to nearly a million and a half young men who would pass through these camps in due course, as well as to keep the outskirts of the camps clean and wholesome, physically and morally. When it is remembered that these boys in camp have left families, homes, friends, clubs, churches and college gatherings, libraries, athletics and their customary amusements—in fact, all the ordinary social relationships to which they have been accustomed—to enter on a strange, new life in which almost everything is subordinated to the need of creating an efficient fighting force, the importance of the Commission's work becomes apparent. Contentment for the average man cannot be maintained without the normal relations of life, and it is this task—the establishment as far as possible of social ties and recreational and relaxational opportunities—which has been the duty of the Commission. It goes without saying that a very important part of that task has been to prevent and suppress those vicious influences which are ordinarily associated with military training-camps, and this has been done most thoroughly and effectively.

TO the success of the Commission's plans, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the American Library Association, the Playground and Recreation Association, the Travelers' Aid Society, and a number of other organizations have largely contributed. Healthful sports, singing classes, entertainments, moving pictures and other forms of amusement help to pass away the leisure time agreeably. Each camp has its post office, its cooperative store and its regimental exchange.

When it is remembered that some of the camps contain as many as 50,000 men, the problem of arranging and ordering the leisure time is by no means a small one. The Y. M. C. A. is a leader in all healthful recreative arrangements, and its entertainments are free of charge. Its religious work is absolutely non-sectarian. Each cantonment of the National Army and each National Guard camp has its own recreational and social buildings. The average auditorium seats about 3,000, and there are considerably over 300 buildings of this extent, either completed or under way. There are over 150 tents, 40 x 80 feet, and 400 special outfits or equipments, for Association work, an outfit including piano, motion-picture machine, phonograph, office supplies, post-cards, pens, ink, stationery and reading-matter, all free to the young soldiers. It is estimated that the entire equipment of the Y. M. C. A., in all the training camps together, will cost ultimately about $11,000,000, which is furnished by private subscription. There are over 2,000 war work secretaries in the field under appointment, with a thousand more coming. These include physical and educational directors; indeed, it is the aim of the organization to supply every service for which there is a legitimate demand. In the largest sense, the Y. M. C. A. has come to be the "big brother" of our National Army.

To still further stimulate the social side of camp life, a weekly newspaper of eight pages, called Trench and Camp, is being published and circulated in each of the thirty-two national guard and army camps, under Y. M. C. A. auspices. Each of these has the local doings of the camp in which it is circulated. The Association buildings are freely placed at the disposal of army chaplains for religious services, and the gatherings are so regulated that the same building can be used in turn for Protestant, Catholic and Hebrew worship.

ONE outstanding feature of the work that is being done for the new troops is that conducted by the Playground and Recreation Association of America. Nearly 100 communities are being helped and directed in their efforts to make life agreeable for the thousands of men in the camps near them. Eighty-seven representatives of the Playground Association are engaged in this preparatory work, and care is taken that the recreations should be clean, wholesome and abundant. The cities near the camps are taking generous interest in the work of doing what they can to lessen the tedium of camp life for the soldier boys. "Take a soldier home for dinner," has become a popular slogan. On one Sunday, in a single community, 5,000 of the boys were thus entertained, each carrying away a pleasant recollection of a delightful afternoon. The contiguous cities have placed at the soldiers' disposal their public amusement sources, including swimming-pool, shower bath and baseball fields, and many of them have installed "comfort stations" and drinking fountains, "rest rooms" and khaki clubs, while automobile rides, community song services and band concerts fill up many an afternoon and evening's program pleasantly. Soldiers' families or relatives who visit the camp are also taken care of, and the Y. W. C. A. is putting up a number of "hostess houses" for the special purpose of providing a place within the camp where a soldier can meet his family and friends.

One of the worst features of army camp life in the

Bible class in a cozy corner of a Y. M. C. A. hut

past has been the "red light" districts. These have been sternly excluded, under the direction of the Commission, and in a number of places there has been a clean sweep of the vicious element, notably at Deming, New Mexico; El Paso, Waco, San Antonio, Fort Worth and Houston, Texas; Hattiesburg, Miss.; Spartanburg, S. C.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Alexandria, La.; Savannah, Ga.; Charleston, Columbia and Greenville, S. C.; Douglas, Ariz.; Louisville, Ky.; Montgomery, Ala., and New Orleans, La. Vice resorts, wherever they existed in the neighborhood of a camp, have been abolished.

"The average of intelligence in our ranks is as high as that of the officers' corps in any other army," said Brigadier-General O'Neil, commanding one of the infantry brigades at Camp Travis. General O'Neil has seen thirty years' service in Uncle Sam's regular fighting force and knows whereof he speaks. He urges those men in the new National Army who may have natural qualifications as officers to train themselves unceasingly for higher posts.

A few Sundays ago Camp Upton was the scene of a remarkable religious service. It was the opening of the new church headquarters adjoining the administrative building of the Y. M. C. A. It was erected by a committee which represented six different communions: Baptist, Congregationalist, Episcopalian, Lutheran, Methodist and Presbyterian; and it is open to all the religious bodies represented in the camp. The first meeting was addressed by the commanding general, who expressed his cordial sympathy with the project and spoke highly of the value of the religious forces to the morale of his troops. The Camp Upton Church is not a union church, but a headquarters where each communion, in its own way, can make provision for the spiritual needs of its own followers. If they choose to worship together, there is nothing to prevent.

The new church headquarters at Camp Upton

The Soldier's View of Camp Life

By T. H. Alvord

An army Y. M. C. A. secretary requested the men who were sitting around his bungalow writing letters to put down on paper a frank statement of the value the Association has been to them. The result was interesting and illuminating, for practically the entire range of Y. M. C. A. activities was covered. The educational, physical, social and religious values were expressed, and then besides there was a certain note running through the letters indicated by one of the men when he said: "A letter such as this is diffieult to write, because it deals with those things one feels rather than sees and talks about."

The policy of the Young Men's Christian Association has always been to minister to the mental, physical, social and spiritual natures of men. If a man is to be equipped to his highest capacity, his intellect must be developed, his body cared for, his social instincts given play and his moral and spiritual fibers strengthened. The entire program of the Y. M. C. A. in the training-camps is based upon this premise. In accord with it the Association has in each camp an educational, physical, social and religious work director, and this man is in every case responsible for all of his department activities, which are carried on by the respective secretaries in each bungalow. Each has its important place in the four-fold program. Each contributes a definite factor toward the development of Christian character. Each is fundamentally essential. And this must not be lost sight of or misunderstood—that the underlying object actuating the efforts of every department and of every secretary is to make Christianity vital.

"This life would seem almost impossible to some of us if it were not for the Y. M. C. A. It certainly does a world of good." "No words can express the feeling of fellowship that the Y. M. C. A. has given in the camp here. Not only has everything been done for the comfort and pleasure of the men, but the way in which it has been done shows that the men in charge of the work are Christian gentlemen." "I would rather spend my evenings at the 'Y' than in town or anywhere else." "The Y. M. C. A. surely is performing a wonderful work, and the Y. M. C. A. men do all in their power to make our life more cheerful." "If a soldier has the blues," says an officer, "take him into a Y. M. C. A. building, and he'll be all right again in a little while."

THESE few expressions from soldiers, possible of duplication hundreds of times, and showing a certain impression which the Y. M. C. A. makes upon the lives of men, are quoted by no means to minimize the value of distinctly religious work in the camp or to intimate that it is unnecessary. Far from it. The purpose is rather to suggest the attitude which it is very essential to create among the men in order to make the religious work most effective. The Y. M. C. A. secretary approaches his task with the definite object of developing Christian character, but he realizes fully that the means to that end is service, that the rendering of service means a point of contact. And so he simply plays the part of a man among men, doing with a contagious smile and a cordial and response-drawing greeting the endless number of helpful tasks.

"Well, where've you been?" was the outburst of a rough soldier in a bungalow a few nights ago. And as the secretary addressed replied that he had been away sick, the reply came back, "If you'd been here I wouldn't be putting in time at the guardhouse now." "Why?" asked the secretary. "Because when I used to come over here evenings to the 'Y' to see the shows and while away the time, we were pretty good friends, you know. But after you left, somehow, I got tired of coming over. And then one night I shot off to the city and overstayed my pass three days. Now the guardhouse for me."

The temptations of army life are severe. Every one knows it. And a man can slip so very gradually that he has to watch himself every minute. Here the Y. M. C. A. performs effective work—the conserving of those religious standards which both the men and the officers possessed in civilian life. Take these statements; they are significant: "I, as a soldier in the field, say that without the Y. M. C. A. many a man would fall, not in battle, but in sin. I know, for I myself am one of those men." And this, from a sergeant: "There are many things the Y. M. C. A. does for me, but the greatest is this—it brings Christ nearer daily. I believe the Y. M. C. A. in the army will be the cause of thousands of boys striving to live clean, Christian lives during this war, boys who otherwise would perhaps forget God entirely. One thing it is doing for me is keeping me clean and conscientious, with a desire to live right and a determination to come out of this war as good a man as I was when I entered."

Many are the boys who have kept true to their mothers' teachings; many are the mothers' earnest prayers which have been answered, because in the camp there is the Army Y. M. C. A. Every Sunday morning, Bible classes are held in the Y. M. C. A. bungalows, frequently around the fireplace, and the greatest interest is manifested in these simple, informal meetings. Following them come the services in the bungalow auditoriums, the buildings at this time being at the disposal of the regimental chaplains. And in the evening another service is held under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and made attractive usually by special music. One other evening of the week, also, is devoted to a distinctly religious service in the bungalows, largely a song service, and the atmosphere which pervades that meeting is of the finest and most refreshing kind.

ONE feature of the Y. M. C. A. policy is to organize group activities in each company, so that when the company leaves camp it may take with it the definite group organization. With this in mind a definite goal is mapped out for Bible class work. An organized class in each company; a multiplication of small groups composed, for example, of squad members, fraternity brothers, graduates of the same college; the formation of a plan to discover and train leaders from the ranks; the enlistment of men in carrying the Testament; the development of a camp atmosphere which makes it as natural for a soldier to carry a Testament as to carry his gun. The Bible classes meet regularly in the barracks week-day evenings, moral and spiritual questions are frankly discussed, and as a result individual men are brought closer to Christ and the tone of the barrack life is greatly improved. A case demonstrating a value of group religious activities is found in one of the Eastern cantonments, where, on the Sunday following total quarantine, 183 religious meetings were held throughout the camp by the soldiers themselves.

"Dear Dad," one soldier writes home after he has been in camp for a few weeks and the novelty of the new life has worn off, "I want to tell you that since I've been here I've discovered that I have a soul, that my soul needs a Saviour, and that that Saviour is Jesus Christ." This is not a solitary example.

Germans Grip Russia, Finland and Rumania

PENDING the meeting at Moscow, on March 12, of the All Russian Congress of Workmen's and Soldiers' delegates to which had been referred the ratification of the treaty of peace, the German advance into Russia ended for the time being with the consolidation of the line between Jamburg, on the railway from Reval to Petrograd and only sixty-eight miles from the capital, and Gdoff, east of Lake Peipus and south of Narva.

It was reported in Petrograd that banks had been reopened, the property of landlords restored and other conditions approaching the old régime revived in towns occupied by the Germans.

Notwithstanding the signing of peace, the Bolshevik government continued arrangements to transfer all the state institutions to Moscow, Nizhni-Novgorod, and Kaza. The Bolshevist leaders were prepared to withdraw even as far as to the Ural Mountains rather than submit to the defeat of the revolution; and Leon Trotzky was quoted as declaring a holy war to be possible. United States Ambassador Francis was, on March 7, temporarily quartered with the Siamese and Brazilian diplomats at Vologda. A few Red Cross and publicity workers were still in Petrograd.

The Petrograd Council, while recognizing the German terms as those of "political bandits," was told by M. Zinovieff, its president, that Russia's representatives were obliged to sign the peace agreement as a tactical measure owing to the situation brought about by the Ukraine's acceptance of ignominious peace terms. The Petrograd Council instructed its representatives to Moscow to vote to ratify the compact signed at Brest-Litovsk.

Agreement between the Bolsheviki and Germany regarding the independence of Finland was followed by a peace and trade treaty between Germany and Finland, signed on March 8. Finland, by the conditions of the treaty, agreed not to cede any territory or grant territorial rights to any foreign power without the previous consent of Germany, who undertook to exert herself to secure the recognition of Finland's independence by all the powers. Germany's intervention in Finland at first appeared likely to give offense to Sweden, whose troops were already occupying the Aland Islands, but Sweden did not object when it was shown that the action was in answer to Finland's request.

A peace and trade treaty between Rumania and the Central Powers was signedMarch 5. It provided for the cession to the Central Powers of the Dobrudja as far as the Danube and portions of the frontier region of Rumania bordering on Austria-Hungary. Rumania also undertook to further the transport of Teutonic troops through Moldavia and Bessarabia to Odessa. In the German Reichstag the Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs said regarding the future of the Rumanian throne that the dynastic question in Rumania was an internal one.

Is the Food Administration Worth While?

By HOWARD B. GROSE, D.D.

THE United States Food Administration has been going now for six months. Is it worth while?

The independent American citizen certainly has a right to ask this question of an organization which presumes to dictate how many slices of white bread he can have at a hotel or restaurant; interferes with his regular habits by prescribing all sorts of meals and days—wheatless, meatless, porkless, almost everything but eatless; declares that hoarding of necessaries is a peculiarly heinous crime punishable by $5,000 fine or two years' imprisonment or both, whether the hoarder be a firm or individual; puts producers and distributors of foods under license; pledges millions of families to membership in the biggest voluntary governmental organization on record; and in a word, proposes to change the food habits of a nation, willy nilly.

And this question and others are still asked, in spite of all the information that the Christian Herald and other papers have given concerning this new thing in our history. Hence this answer.

Is it worth while? To answer one question by another, in Yankee fashion, What is the supreme purpose for which the Food Administration was established and exists? *That supreme purpose is to secure and ship over seas for the armies fighting our battles and the Allies back of them, the food necessary to feed them all and win the war.*

It is essential that the American people understand that this is the supreme purpose. To this every energy is bent. For this every appeal is made, every plan projected, every rule and regulation adopted, every order issued. Other things are important but this is all important. "Food will win the war"—that first slogan put out by Mr. Hoover has rung itself into the American consciousness and never been superseded. Its truth becomes steadily more apparent. Each new cable from Lord Rhondda emphasizes it. The conditions in France and Italy drive it home. The growing number of our own boys on the battle-front forces it into our very hearts. *Get food over there! We must!* And we must keep on doing it as long as the war lasts—and longer.

To do this was what the Food Administration was born for. What was the tremendous two-fold task laid upon it? (1) To ensure the production, conservation and shipment of the vast amounts of wheat, meat, sugar and fats required from us as the only available source of supplies; and (2) To do this while equally ensuring our own people against any serious diminution of their food supplies.

Here was something absolutely necessary to be done, if the war was to be won. To lower the high cost of living was undeniably desirable, but to get food was indispensable. Food must be conserved, regardless of cost or any other consideration, save the health of our people—for we must win the war. Food has been conserved to a remarkable extent. We have not sent abroad all that was needed or asked, for reasons some of which were beyond human control; but we have kept the wolf off the edge of the Allies' front yard, have saved the situation thus far, and intend to save the thirty or more per cent. required to save it permanently. Which sufficiently answers the query, Is it worth while? Why, but for the Food Administration, the Prussian system would almost certainly have been doing in all France today what it has done and is doing in corrupted, disrupted and robbed Russia, in starved Serbia, in ravaged Rumania, in despoiled Belgium and northern France—in all the places it has pillaged and desecrated.

The six months' achievements have been made possible by the voluntary cooperation of the American people and American big business. The securing of this cooperation is in itself a great achievement. The Lever Act establishing the Food Administration gave only limited powers, leaving the larger part of the work to persuasion. Would people of this democracy do voluntarily what in Europe had to be done partly by compulsion? That was the test. The Food Administration declared the utmost confidence in the response if the situation and needs were made clear, and food conservation was seen in its true relation.

The campaign of education was at once started. Representatives of the varied business interests to be affected were called to Washington for conferences, as were representatives of the churches and fraternal orders with their reach into the homes, of the religious and trade press, farmers' and home journals—the leaders, in a word, of public opinion and commercial activities. The result was that they went away pledged to cooperation; and I believe the Food Administration owes much of the solid support it enjoys to this policy of taking the public into conference, stating the situation frankly, consulting widely, inspiring confidence, and making the people feel that every man, woman and child of them is doing something to help win the war by eating corn bread instead of white bread, by eating more potatoes and less meat, and by all the other ways of substitution.

The educational and informational campaign has been carried on vigorously and continuously. Many think the Food Administration has set a model for output and outreach. By fair and frank treatment it has made the press its invaluable ally. Probably no great movement has ever received more hearty support by the American press, which has not failed to appreciate the significance of food as a war factor. Think what it means when great dailies will print across their front pages such reminders as "This Is Meatless Day," and when papers like The Christian Herald, with such pressure on its space, will give pages like this to further the conservation cause.

Then, too, the public signs greet one everywhere; store windows display food exhibits; attractive posters are found in all communities; informative literature of a practical sort has been sent broadcast but with definite aims; speakers have been furnished to use the potent influence of the human voice and personality in reaching thousands of audiences; local war kitchens have taught how to make substitute foods; the pulpit has lent its aid; chambers of commerce, civic organizations, farmers' institutes, public libraries, chain and department stores—an endless list of helpers have contributed to the common end of bringing the food need home to the people.

Results? For one thing, over 13,000,000 families have signed the pledge cards of Food Administration membership. This means that from fifty to sixty millions of the people, over one-half of our population, belong in this loose but none the less effective sense to the food conserving forces, making this the largest and most remarkable voluntary membership to be found on the globe. As yet we have not been called upon to make anything like real sacrifice. If we should be, this prepared and pledged constituency will be ready.

For another thing, the prodigious nature of which is not easily understood, big business has been brought into voluntary agreement and cooperation to an extent hitherto undreamed of. Three things the Food Administration was bound to prevent, so far as was humanly possible in war time—profiteering, speculation and hoarding. The Food Act did not give sufficient power to stop these vicious practices. It is difficult to appreciate what the results attained through voluntary agreement mean to the country. This made it possible to keep the prices of flour and sugar and other necessaries down, where otherwise they would have gone soaring as in other war periods.

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Two cartoons that tell the story

PUZZLE—FIND THE SLACKER

President Wilson Halts Japan

LATE in February General Foch, interviewed by an American correspondent, urged that America and Japan seize Vladivostok and as much as might be necessary of the Siberian Railroad in order to restore order and to save the immense stores of food and ammunition awaiting transportation to the former Russian battle-line from falling into the hands of the Germans, either through utter collapse of Russia or the treachery of the Bolsheviki. A few days later it was announced that Japan had sent a memorandum to the Allies suggesting that she should take the action outlined in General Foch's interview. At first it seemed probable that such an expedition would be sent into Siberia and that it might be international in its organization, American troops participating with Japanese in the occupation and policing of Vladivostok and the eastern portion of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, some suggestions even carrying the occupation as far westward as Lake Baikal. On March 4 it was definitely announced that Japan would occupy Vladivostok and its vicinity as a measure of protection to her own interests and those of her Allies, and on the fifth the French, British and Italian Ambassadors were reported as about to make a joint request upon Japan to take the necessary steps to safeguard Allied interests in Siberia. It was declared that no disposition existed on the part of the Allied nations to insist upon any form of guarantee by Japan, the action of Japan being held to be in effect an attempt to secure the position of their former ally against a former and a present enemy. The Russians apparently did not so regard it; a message, received on March 4 from John F. Stevens, head of the former American railway missions to Russia, then at Yokohama, Japan, reporting that there were rumors that the Russians were blowing up bridges along the line of the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

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The harbor of Vladivostok, whose stores of waiting goods Japan would protect

ON March 6 Washington announced that the American Government had not assented to Japan's armed occupation of Siberia and would not do so. It was said that the American Government could not consistently sanction, even by the rule of silence giving consent, the occupation of Russian territory by Japanese armed forces where the purpose could not be construed as intended to assist in winning the war against Germany. The attitude of President Wilson regarding intervention in Mexico was recalled; he having been willing to send troops to defend the honor of the nation and safeguard lives, but unwilling to invade the territory of any nation merely to protect investments.

On the seventh it was reported that informal verbal exchanges were being made at Tokyo between the American ambassador and the Japanese government. It was said that the American Government felt that, by whatever term of the diplomatic lexicon Japan's action might be called, it did not feel that conditions in Russia necessitated or justified the placing of Japanese troops on Russian soil. It is apparent that the American Government, which has been industriously furthering the growth of democratic ideals on Russia and the Central Empire, feared that all that had been gained for democracy might be forfeited if Japanese troops entered former Russian territory; the very evident danger being that disorganized Russia from a former friend might, by the Japanese invasion, be transformed into a present enemy, which, even with her man power disorganized as it is, would be a potent danger under the leadership of Germany. It was announced on March 5 that, if a Japanese expedition entered Siberia, the Chinese would send 20,000 troops into the former Russian territory simultaneously with the Japanese.

Lord Robert Cecil declared in London on March 8 that the German menace in Siberia was serious, and urged that Japanese intervention be not further delayed. He declared that German officers were already organizing former German prisoners of war in Siberia, and that certain elements of the Bolsheviki were in collusion with the Germans. Prince Lvoff of the former Kerensky Government was reported on March 10, as directing from Peking the organization of a Russian division to fight with the Japanese against the Bolsheviki. Other forces were being gathered in the Cossack country to cooperate.

A Week in the World's News

WOMEN BACK THE PRESIDENT. Special elections in four congressional districts in New York City on March 5 gave an opportunity for the exercise by the women of the newly conferred franchise and for an expression by all the people of the measure of their faith in the government. The result of the election was a sweeping victory for the four Democratic candidates, which was considered a definite vote of confidence in the Administration. Though only 35,000 women registered in the four districts, 90 8-10 per cent. of those registered cast their ballots, while only 33 7-10 per cent. of the men registered took the trouble to seek the polls. Some of the men were reported to have been led to the polls by their newly enfranchised spouses. The sidewalks near the polls were lined with baby buggies, which were looked after by women workers while the mothers marked their first ballot.

GAPING SEAMS DELAY LAUNCHINGS. The Emergency Fleet Corporation made it known on March 8 that wooden ship construction on the Pacific coast was being seriously delayed by lack of experienced calkers, 600 being needed and the union having been able to supply only 185. The contractors were ordered to secure men and machinery from every available source. The construction of 162 vessels, to be launched before December, 1918, was involved in delay.

TO FILL COAL BINS. In order to avoid as far as possible a recurrence next winter of the recent coal shortage, the Fuel Administration announced on March 8 that plans were being made to fill private bins during the spring and summer, but that no hoarding would be permitted. The retail price is to be reduced 30 cents on April 1st.

STILL SWINGS HIS HAMMER. Wm. L. Hutcheson, president of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, was, on March 6, reported as still in opposition to the President of the United States, the officials of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, Samuel Gompers, and the presidents of the seventeen other national and international unions concerned in the shipbuilding enterprise. It was reported that a final conference had on that date broken up with Mr. Hutcheson's demands denied and with him leaving the conference room in a bad state of mind, suggesting that another strike might not be averted. The principal bone of contention appeared to be the policy adopted by the government to maintain the open shop in all shipyards, giving an equal opportunity to all labor, union and non-union, the Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board standing between labor and exploitation and insuring justice to all concerned. Mr. Hutcheson appeared to seek some special privileges for his own union which could have been granted only by granting equal powers to the other unions concerned. In this demand the other union officials refused to participate and the labor leader practically found himself a stranger in his own camp. Another strike was still possible.

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND STRONG. The Provost Marshal General's office had ready early in March complete plans for the drafting of from 800,000 to 1,000,000 additional men during 1918. Definite announcement as to the numbers of men to be drawn and the dates upon which they were to report were held back pending the amendment of the selective draft act to provide that the draft shall be in proportion to the number of men qualified in class 1-A in each district, and that all men shall become liable to military service as they reach the age of twenty-one. About 80,000 men are still to be called under the first draft.

PICKETING WAS LAWFUL. The Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia on March 4 decided that the picketing of the White House by the militant suffrage members of the National Woman's Party was not in itself unlawful. The conviction of the pickets in the District of Columbia police court was reversed. Suits for damages against the present and former wardens of the District of Columbia workhouse aggregating $400,000 had already been brought by eight of the women imprisoned for picketing, and it was said that 218 others were in line to press their claims if they so desired.

HOME RULE LOSES CHIEF. John E. Redmond, successor of Parnell in the leadership of the Irish Home Rule movement, died March 6 after a surgical operation. Mr. Redmond's entry into public life was through an humble clerkship, and he was elected to parliament at the age of 25, taking the oath on February 2, 1881. From the outset he waged a fiery parliamentary fight against the opponents of Home Rule on the one side and the advocates of revolution on the other. While other leaders were trying to persuade the Irish people to take advantage of England's war troubles to gain their ends, he persisted in his parliamentary struggle for self-government, and exhorted the Irish to loyalty, calling on the young men from the recruiting platform. Mr. Redmond was a man of education and culture, and

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Get Out Your Yardstick

HOW would you measure a man? There are many standards and multiplied rules. Whatever your rule, however, Harley Bruce will more than satisfy it. The first chapter of Mrs. Lutz's new serial will greet you in next week's Herald as Howard Chase bids you adieu.

Next week, also, Margaret E. Sangster tells in measured verse the story of the immeasurable love by which the thief found Paradise.

Frank Carpenter, on discovery bent, has found out some interesting facts which he tells next week regarding the vocational training of workmen for special requirements of the government and of disabled soldiers for self-support.

The Glorious Easter Hope! What better subject could Dr. Remensnyder have chosen for the Easter sermon? That comes next week, too.

Christ's Future Earthly Reign

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D., Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

I

AMONG the questions raised by the previous articles on prophecy was one as to whether there would be a second incarnation of Christ. On the supposition that He is to reign on the earth, it was supposed that He must be in the flesh as a man.

He is indeed to reign over the earth, but this does not make it necessary that He shall reign on the earth. The article on the Millennium in the issue of December 5 referred to this. That "His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives" (Zech. 14 : 4), we accept literally; but it does not necessarily carry with it the thought that He shall remain there, or in any other earthly locality, throughout the millennial reign. Indeed, the touching of the mountain with His feet is the signal for its division into two halves and the formation of a great valley in between. As the prophet Nahum says, "The mountains quake at Him, and the hills melt; and the earth is upheaved at His presence, yea, the world and all that dwell therein" (1 : 5).

But as to a second incarnation, this is unnecessary and of course impossible, except in the sense that all things with God are possible. In His resurrection body, Christ could be present or vanish in an instant. He could ascend up into heaven or remain upon the earth at His will. It is in this body that He now appears in the presence of God for us (Hebrews 9 : 24), and it is in this body that we may look for Him to come again, as He was seen to go (Acts 1 : 11).

Indeed, there is danger in pressing the thought of a reincarnation of Christ, for such is the teaching of many of the false religions now being imported from the east, like Buddhism and Theosophy and the Order of the Star of the East. They believe that a great teacher will soon appear in the world, and they would have Christians suppose that he is our Saviour. But such is not true, for the Christ they speak of is not the one revealed in the Bible. Their Christ is named in the same breath with Buddha and Confucius and Zoroaster and other leaders of Pagan cults. They make no mention of sin, of sacrificial atonement, of judgment, of the Holy Spirit. They are simply preparing the way for the Antichrist, and we need to be on our guard against them.

II

AN interesting letter was received from a correspondent who took the position that the Transfiguration of Christ (Matt. 17) was His coming in His kingdom in miniature, and we think the position was well taken. Quoting from the present writer's "Prophecy and the Lord's Return":

> "When He comes the second time, He will appear on the earth and yet He will be apart from the earth in the air, and here (in the Transfiguration) we see Him in that relationship to both. When He comes the second time, it will be *in glory*, and here we see His face shining 'as the sun,' His raiment 'white as the light.' When He comes the second time, the dead saints will be with Him, and here we see Moses, representing that resurrection, talking with Him. When He comes the second time, the saints who are alive and remain on the earth shall be caught up in the clouds to meet Him "in the air," and here we see Elijah, representing that translation, also talking with Him. When He comes the second time, Israel in the flesh will sustain a mediatorial relationship to Him, and the glorified Church on behalf of the Gentile nations; and here we see Peter, James and John, representing Israel in the flesh, occupying this place of wonderful privilege and fellowship. Thus appears the whole story of the second coming in a kind of picture, and yet it is all real. No wonder that it brought so much encouragement to the disappointed and wondering disciples."

That the correspondent was not in error in thus conceiving of the Transfiguration is made sure by the words of one of the witnesses on that occasion: Read for example, Peter's testimony in his second epistle where he says (1 : 16–18):

> "We have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eyewitnesses of his majesty.
>
> "For he received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory; This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.
>
> "And this voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with him in the holy mount."

Here we have not only Peter's testimony to the fact but his inspired comment upon the testimony. The transfiguration, he says, was "the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Not that it was exhaustive of His power in that direction, nor that it meant His coming in its entirety; but as a foregleam of that momentous event in its various particulars, it established its certainty as something that is to be.

III

AND yet all this testimony is not satisfying to some. Another correspondent wrote, "We do not understand at all from Scripture that the people, whom God is now calling out from all the nations for His Name, are to reign with Him over the millennial earth." And then he states the grounds of his objection. It will be interesting and instructive to consider them:

(1) He says: "There is to be no millennial earth here. The only place in the Bible that speaks of a thousand year reign is Revelation 20 : 4, and it does not at all indicate that it is to take place here on this earth."

Where, then, is it to take place, may we ask? The preceding chapter, to which this one bears the closest relationship, is speaking of the earth. There are the kings of the earth and their armies gathered together to make war against our Lord Jesus Christ, and there is He seen smiting the nations and ruling them with a rod of iron. Immediately following the account of the thousand years' reign, we are told that Satan, loosed from his prison-house, goes out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth. "And they went up on the breadth of the earth and compassed the camp of the saints about the beloved city." It is not until after this that the earth and the heaven flee away.

Perhaps this correspondent had not seen the article on "The Millennium: When, What and Where?" when he wrote thus. Therein it was stated that, while the thousand years specifically is named but once in the Bible, yet the period to which that phrase refers is named again and again, and we quoted Moses, David, Isaiah, Amos, Peter, Paul, John and Jesus Christ. Indeed, as Nathaniel West says: "There is a text in what is known among scholars as the 'little apocalypse of Isaiah' (24 : 21–23) which so closely resembles Revelation 20 : 1–4 as to be called its companion piece."

(2) The correspondent quotes Revelation 20 : 4 which reads: "And I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus. . . which had not worshipped the beast,. . . and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years." And then he adds, "This certainly does not include us of the present time. We have not been beheaded, and are not likely to be. In other words, we are not martyrs for Christ, and it seems presumptuous to put ourselves in the company of these martyrs for this special reign. We who are caught up at the coming of the Lord will be in the general reign with Christ, but not in this special reign."

That he is not very clear as to this "special reign" is evident from a later statement in which he says that it is a reign "with His martyrs somewhere else than on this earth, and that it is now taking place."

There are two errors here. In the first place, Christ, considered as to His human nature, Christ the God-man, is not now reigning anywhere. As God, He is reigning over the universe, of course, just as He has done ever since He created it; but as the risen and glorified man He is "sat down on the right hand of God, from henceforth expecting till His enemies be made His footstool" (Heb. 10 : 12, 13). In that day, however, i.e., when His enemies are made his footstool, He will come again, "and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David, and He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever" (Luke 1 : 32, 33).

In the second place, the reign of the martyrs can not now be taking place, because the martyrs themselves have not yet been martyred. They are the martyrs of the tribulation period which is yet to come, and in which they will suffer at the hands of the Antichrist (see Revelation 13 : 15–18).

And finally, it is no presumption for us "to put ourselves in the company of these martyrs," because the context itself does that for us. For example, it says that "This is the first resurrection," and good exegesis makes this harmonize with "the resurrection of the just" (Luke 14 : 14), and "the resurrection of life" (John 5 : 29). All believers are counted in these resurrections, and necessarily in that.

But why are the martyrs singled out? For a very good reason indeed. Up until this time, the Church had been in the air with Christ, and was now about to enter with Him upon His earthly reign. Meanwhile Antichrist had been reigning on the earth, and these martyrs had refused to acknowledge him and had paid for their loyalty with their life. But now he is tormented and they are comforted. He is bound and cast into the bottomless pit for a thousand years, and they are raised from the dead and exalted to a place with the Church, which is Christ's body, and they reign with Christ a thousand years.

IV

IN the foregoing it has been assumed that, when Christ comes in the air and the Church is caught up to meet Him there, it is from that location that He and His Bride shall reign over the earth.

Such is a common understanding among premillennialists, but it is not by any means the only one. For example, Luthardt, a distinguished German commentator, says unhesitatingly, "The Church does not remain in the air, nor is she retired into heaven, but, after her translation, accompanies the Bridegroom hitherward to the Holy Place," by which he means some glorified place on the earth in which she shall be separated from the as yet unglorified part of humanity. Dr. Nathaniel West agrees with this, and warns us not to "rob corporeity of its rights in the resurrection, or dissolve under the idea of 'glory' the resurrection body into a gauzy texture ballooning in the sky."

There is not space to amplify on this, but should the interest warrant, it will be a pleasure to do so at some later date. It would seem that they who hold this view confuse features of the life of the Church in the millennial age with some that shall maintain in the eternal age to follow; but further study and meditation on our part might remove this difficulty.

Purified as by Fire

"THE disciples were called Christians first at Antioch," and that name that is above every other name, "Christian," is the name to which the followers of Christ adhere and will ever show their allegiance. All other names are subsidiary to this one, and it is the name exalted above all others.

There has been a tendency fortunately lessening of late years to substitute the lesser names of religious bodies for the supreme name of the Founder of the Christian religion; but there is evidence that the great world-war is intensifying the already growing sentiment of brotherhood in the various churches.

Those who enter into the fraternity of warfare for the good of humanity, and march under the banners of civilization, of right and justice, those who touch the heart and hand, and meet and are inspired by a common devotion, cannot fail to have their fellow-feeling made manifest in the closer ties of religious understanding and sentiment. Thus will prejudice and passion pass more quickly from religion, and the world will say, "Behold how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." And the name "Christian" will connote all that the name Christ signifies to the separated bodies of believers, who are yet one in the fundamentals of the faith of the Gospel.

The churches, inspired by a common purpose and supported by common ideals, are working now among the soldiers in the different camps, and will continue to unite their efforts for the baffling of the forces of sin that seek to flaunt their banners in the face of the nation. The churches seeking to do the work of their Master as he would have them do it, with respect to the enhancement of human experience through the contributions of religion, will find in this work a common basis for devotion, and for benevolence, and for service, that will exalt all those who engage in it.

Hence, out of the war the American churches may be expected to come with a more settled determination to "know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified."

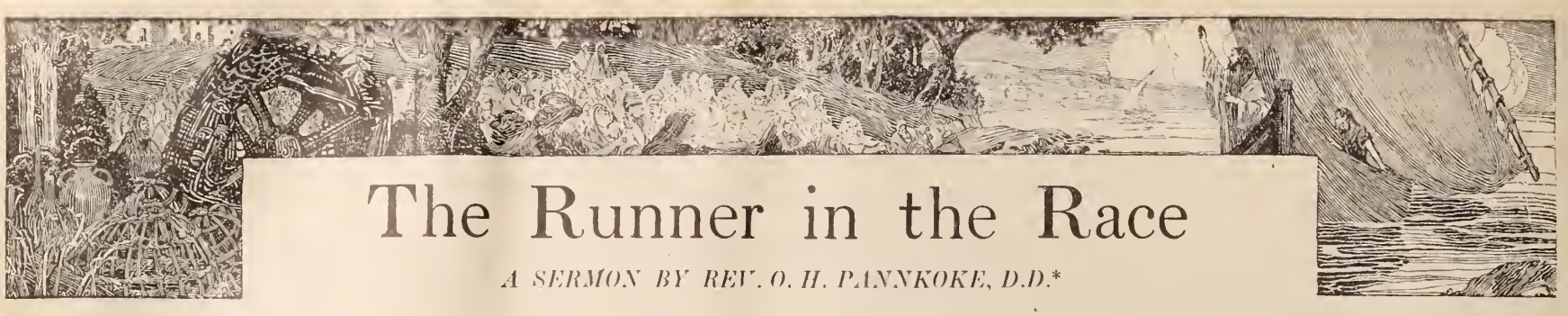
They will come to feel that those who have entered into the work of arms for the service of the human race have shared the sorrows and met the approval of the One who came into the world in order to defeat the wiles of the devil and to deliver men from the shackles of sin.

Hence the churches will be brought much closer in the ties of their idealism and devotion, as they partake of the bread of affliction and the wine of sorrow. They will feel that the one true devotion is that which inspired the Saviour of men in his infinite service and sacrifice for the uplift of the human race. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me," were his words.

And through the pains of betrayal, and through the suffering of Golgotha, or through the loneliness of Gethsemane, Christendom has been drawn closer to the effectual sacrifice. And this shall be the tie that shall prevail over all men in the realm of faith.

The faith of the future will be an intense and quickening faith that has been forged in the fires of affliction, and it will be precious to all true believers.

W. H. ENGLER.



The Runner in the Race

*A SERMON BY REV. O. H. PANNKOKE, D.D.**

TEXT—1 Cor. 9:24. "So run that ye may obtain."

PAUL has in mind the picture of a foot-race. It is a superb spectacle to see the athletes strain every muscle, each trying to reach the goal first. They have trained long and hard for the day and are fit for the task.

But here is one in marked contrast to the others. He is trying, but his efforts are ineffective. He is not in condition. His muscles are flabby; his breath comes in gasps. Half-way down the course he must stop. What a sorry spectacle! What a lack of manliness!

Here's another. He appears in perfect condition, but his efforts are listless. His eyes are dull. One passes him and he makes no effort to regain the lead. We wonder what may be in that head of his. Perhaps there is excuse for his listlessness; he deserves our sympathy. But he goes down to defeat. He is one of that countless number that have gone down to defeat. "So run that ye may obtain."

My friend, *how are you running your race for Jesus?* Are you unfit for the race, untrained, weakened, so that you are a sorry spectacle beside the strong and able? "So run that ye may obtain." We are unfitted in the race for Jesus, if we permit our passions to sap our spiritual manhood. When I speak of passions, I don't mean the coarse, the big passions that burn out character and soul and leave men like an oak that has been struck by lightning and which stands charred and torn, a black specter reaching up into the sky. No running for Jesus when such devastation has gone about!

There are little passions more insidious through their very smallness, little passions which men think they can play with until they are mastered. The little vanity, the petty selfishness, the occasional self-indulgence, the little grain of worldliness, the little touch of temper. Their name is legion. They are like a web of gossamer thread that binds men down and stunts their effort when they ought to be up and doing.

IT is said that when Gulliver came into the land of Lilliput, the little people could not find ropes strong, heavy enough, to bind what they thought a monstrous giant. While he was asleep they staked down every single hair. He was just as effectively bound as though loaded down with chains of iron. Some people are bound by ropes of sin. Others are bound by the gossamer threads of little passions. But they are bound firm and fast. When God's word dins in their ears, "So run that ye may obtain," they find they are bound.

How pitifully small looks the athlete who cannot refrain from strong drink and heavy food and thus loses the race! Well doth Paul say: "They abstain for the sake of a corruptible crown." You are a Christian athlete, running for an incorruptible crown which was bought with the precious blood of Jesus. God is watching you. Jesus is calling to you: "He that would follow me, let him deny himself." Before your eyes is the splendid example of the apostles and the illustrious company of Christians who overcame their passions, small and great, in order that they might be followers of the Lamb.

Has it ever struck you how serious a thing Christianity is, how many failures come about because men are playing at Christianity? How plain it is that the athlete cannot indulge himself in food and drink and at the same time hope to win. Jesus says: "He that puts his hand to the plow and looks back is not worthy of the Kingdom of God." That is the make-believe Christianity, which has become a habit, but has no depth; which believes it can combine the service of God and loyalty to Jesus with indulgence of self.

You are serious, my friend. But the little passions come again and again. At times you feel happy that the combat is won. You are not tempted; there is calm. You are confident your enemy is in your power. Lo! when you least expect it, he rises on you again; again you are the slave. He comes like the rise and fall of the tide. It recedes, leaves bare, large wastes of sand. Children build castles and fortresses on it, perchance with the thought that the ocean will be kept back. But the ocean returns and washes away all their puny little efforts. So it goes with all our little passions. They recede. We rejoice that we have conquered. But they come back again and wash away and engulf all our hopes. And at times they rise, whipped along by the storm, and make deep inroads. We stand aghast!

What are you going to do, my friend? You're going to quit in despair? Back into the race, my friend! "So run that ye may obtain." Stumble along the road, your path marked out by the Lord, even if you can't do any more than stumble along.

TRADITION tells that during the persecution of Christians under Nero, Peter was prevailed upon to flee and save himself. On the Appian Way he met the Lord. In surprise, he asked: "Lord, whither art thou going?" The Lord answered: "Back to Rome to be crucified again, because my apostle lost courage." And Peter returned to be crucified.

If you are going to quit, my friend, remember Peter and the Lord on the Appian way. Back to your post!

You're going to quit the race because you cannot overcome? Jesus is by your side. When Emperor Constantine was faced by the enemy he is said to have had a dream. The sign of the cross appeared in the sky. Below it was written: "In this sign thou shalt conquer." Our many foibles and earth-born desires are the army of the enemy. The sign of the cross is held on high. In that sign we shall conquer. Nay, Jesus shall conquer for us. Jesus does not give advice. He *does* things. He came not to *show* salvation. He came to establish salvation by the ransom of his blood. On in the race, my friend, though the eye become dim, though the heart pound in the breast as though it would break. Look not aside. Look up to Jesus; from him will come strength. In your very weakness his grace is made perfect. We run a poor race for the Lord, if we permit our disappointments and failures to make us faint that we stop in despair. "So run that ye may obtain."

Here is another man in the race. He seems fit and in condition, but there is no life in his efforts, no spring to his movements. He is listless. He is passed by others, but does not seem to try to hold his place. Shall we call him a quitter, or is there some reason that holds him back and takes away his courage? You are that runner if you permit your disappointments and little achievements to stunt your efforts for the future. There are hardships in our life. Perhaps they are so heavy that they make us stop short in our way—a deed that leaves us spent and despairing, without hope of ever getting away from it; a shadow that remains in our life, haunting us and marring every effort, depressing us with its somber hue.

PERHAPS they are small and irritating in their very insistence. You know how a little grain of sand placed under the eyelid will irritate and result in blindness unless it is removed. So these are little failures in our Christian efforts, little disappointments in our Christian hopes and achievements, little backslidings in our Christian conduct. It begins to rub on our soul until the soul is sore and tired. A lifeless listlessness comes over our actions. We run indifferently. We try no more. Perchance we quit.

Back to the course, my friend! So run that ye may win the crown. You are a quitter if you turn aside. God hates a quitter. What glory is there in winning a race without competition, without difficulty? What glory is there if we obtain the crown by being carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease?

Under your eyelid, the grain of sand will make a festering sore. Place that same grain in the shell of an oyster and lo! that unseemly grain becomes a precious pearl. Turn your difficulties into pearls of achievement. That is a noble faith which makes of every obstacle and disappointment a stepping-stone to greater courage, an incentive to purer achievement.

How pitiful it is when the disappointments and failures in our Christianity dwarf men and make them small, when God has given them the quality to be big. Bigness or smallness is a matter of character, and not of position. I have found big men and women in worn clothing and in sod huts. I have found pitifully small men and women in high positions, surrounded by all comforts; small through their very selfishness and vanity. How sorry a thing it is, my friend, when those whom God has gifted to be great in his kingdom, to be leaders and guides to others, are dwarfed by their disappointments and become listless and perchance stop. Instead of leading the army of Christ, they are only sorry stragglers.

Back to your task, my friend! Strain every muscle. So run that ye may obtain the crown, the courage of victory flushing your cheek and sending the blood coursing through your veins! Jesus is by your side. The disciples sailed over the Lake of Galilee without the Saviour. The storm arose. They were sore afraid. Jesus walked on the sea, and banished their fear: "Peace, be still, it is I." Then Peter called: "Bid me come to thee," and Jesus said: "Come." He walked safely on the troubled sea. On the other side of the tossing sea of life with its many failures, Jesus is standing. When courage runs low, he calls to us, "Peace, be still, it is I." When hope goes low, call to him: "Lord, bid me come to thee," and He will answer, "Come." And you will stand safely on the waves that filled you with fear. "So run that ye may obtain." Do it for Jesus' sake. Do it with Jesus' help, and your victory is assured.

*Lutheran Pastor, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Led by Her Faith

THE dwellers of the tenement filed slowly out and stood ten deep lining the walk from the narrow doorway to a white hearse waiting at the curb. These poor, with due regard for the proprieties, spoke in hushed tones or stood silent.

From out the dim mouth of the tenement came hackmen, each bearing an armful of flowers, mostly in the form of wreaths and crosses. The crosses indicated a Christian funeral, though the tenement was overwhelmingly Yiddish. Then came the clergyman, bareheaded, and after him a small white, satin-covered casket, bearing within it a jewel that would shine and sparkle no more in the gloom of New York's East Side. The family followed, the father, hard-faced, smitten, hopeless; the mother, closed-veiled and sobbing quietly.

The waiting crowd showed more deference than usual. It is customary at such times to make verbal as well as mental appraisement of the probable cost of the funeral, to contrast the elegance of the casket with the neighborhood's last burial, to take careful count of the coaches filled with flowers, and to note the number of carriages. For the tenement believes in scattering money like a spendthrift when it buries its dead. The sharp tongue of criticism that scores frugality on such occasions piles up a heavy burden for the mourning poor. But no spoken comment was made by the sympathizing onlookers.

Although the stricken family lived in the tenement, they were not of it. The coaches were numerous and two open hacks were completely filled with flowers. But no order was given for the usual parade around the block. This is a satisfying concession presumably for the benefit of the neighborhood, more especially when the carriages are numerous and the floral display elaborate.

The rain was falling gently as the last coach door clicked shut and the procession began its journey to the silent city. The bystanders dispersed quietly. The eyes of some were red with weeping, for all the tenement knew that what it loved best had gone.

Lily had died on her fourth birthday. Her going was no surprise, for she had been sick for weeks, but it was a shock. Enoch, the Scriptures tell us, "walked with God." Lily walked with Christ. She knew him, she talked with him, she told her mother how in her dreams he was so often with her. Jesus was as real to Lily as a playmate. On the last morning upon which her eyes opened, she beckoned her mother to her and whispered, "He is coming for me today." And sure enough, before evening he came. The tenement did not believe in Christ, but it believed in Lily. Lily's happy face had brightened the dark halls, her laughter had rung out as she climbed the crooked stairs to the fourth floor front. The neighbors felt more lenient toward Christ because Lily spoke so rapturously of him.

No student of the occult will ever tell us how often the thoughts of the living visit the deserted cities of the dead. The name may long since have grown dim upon the stone, youth may have given place to tottering age, but still men's hearts will worship at the shrine where lies the sacred dust. Happy are they if they have heard Christ's word of another and continuing city; if they have caught the significance of that declaration, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

Every Sunday found Lily's father sitting by her grave. Neither rain nor snow nor storm could stop him. His little four-year-old daughter, who had climbed every night into his lap, had found her way deep down into his heart. Often as she had sat upon his knee her sweet-faced mother would hear her evening prayer. The father listened but said nothing. He had no faith in his wife's God nor in Lily's Christ. The cold mold of Greenwood encompassed all his treasure.

One blustery Sunday night in autumn the father came home late from his vigil. "Anne," said he abruptly, "Lily gave me a message for you today." "Yes, William," said his wife quietly, laying down a photograph of Lily that she was holding. "She asked," continued the father, a tremor of resentment in his voice, "Why does my mother never come to visit me?" "No, William," said the mother sadly, "my little Lily never sent me such a message. My Lily does not lie in Greenwood. I know where Lily is."

The father stared but was silent. That night the mother opened her Bible and read aloud—something she had not done since Lily died. When she had finished reading, "In my Father's house are many mansions," and began to pray, two heads were bowed.

JOHN R. HENRY.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Malady of Not Wanting

SUNDAY, March 24. Luke 6 : 25. "*Woe unto you that are full.*" Some of our Saviour's severest words were spoken to just this sort of people. The people had no sense of want. They were fully contented. Their journey was ended, and they had arrived at their goal. There was nothing alluring them which was still beyond their reach. There was no urging hunger for the beyond. Desire was dead. They were full! When they looked upon the Master they had no vision of untraversed worlds. There was no beauty that they should desire Him. They saw nothing they wanted. Now people of this kind were the gravest problems with which our Lord had to deal. He could light the smouldering lamp of a poor publican who, in his dejection, would not so much as lift his eyes to heaven. And he could recover some poor woman who was a sinner, and who stood before Him in aching silence. But who can pour wine into a full cup? Who can place treasure in a locked hand? Who can teach those who know everything? Who can save the righteous? "Woe unto you that are full!"

"The ill of all ills is the lack of desire." So sings Faber, and we can test ourselves whether or not that greatest ill is lodged in our own life. All we have to do is to get into the presence of Jesus Christ. Have we any sense of want when we stand before Him? Have we any sharp conviction of poverty? Is there anything in our souls which resembles the stricken feeling of utter crudeness which afflicts some amateur artist when he brings his own works among the finished works of a great master? Is there any height, or depth, or breadth which stagger us in their range? Is there any holiness glistening far above us like virgin snow on Alpine heights? Is there any love, stronger than sin, or death, or hell? Is there any grace, invincible as granite, and yet tender as the violet that nestles in a cleft of the granite? When we stand before our Saviour have we any sense of awful want? Have we any vision of unsearchable riches? Or are we full, and we want none of it? Do we say, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up! Take thine ease"? Then our satisfaction is the ominous sign of spiritual death. Woe unto you that are full.

"Blessed are ye that hunger now!" But suppose we do not hunger, *and we know we do not?* Well, we can take sides against ourselves. We can set our wills against our own desireless hearts. We can force ourselves upon our knees in the presence of the Lord whose grace and beauty we do not crave. We can tell Him we have no fire in our grate, and we know it, and that the pity is we have scarcely any desire for it. And we can say to Him, "Thou seest how great is my need of Thee!" We can present our desireless hearts for His recreating grace. And what will happen? "In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert." And some day, and perhaps very soon, the desireless heart which is thus offered to the Lord shall break out in singing, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon the earth that I desire beside Thee." J. H. J.

Bodies Mortal and Immortal

MONDAY, March 25. I Cor. 15 : 44. "*There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.*" Some day we shall have to lay these bodies of ours aside, just as we lay aside wornout garments. We shall have to move out of these earthly tabernacles, just as we have to vacate old houses. Our bodies are mortal. The word "mortal" is a truer translation of the apostle's thought than the word "vile" in the well-known text, "Who shall change our vile bodies." Our bodies are not vile unless we make them so. But they are mortal, because they are material. They are death-doomed. "Earth to earth and dust to dust." But the spirit, ah, the spirit, what becomes of that? It returns unto the God who gave it. Yes, but how? Disembodied, or clothed again in another body? To answer this question Paul wrote this wonderful chapter. He says we have two bodies, two kinds of bodies. Lest our faith fail he expresses the same thought in several different terms. He speaks of death as being unclothed, and of something which takes place the moment after death as being "clothed upon." No sooner does the spirit leave this body than it takes up another.

Are we anxious to know what sort of a house we are going to move into, when we move out of this mortal body? This much is clear: our spiritual bodies are to be invisible to those who still live in the flesh. They will resemble the body which Christ wore after his resurrection—not subject to the ordinary laws which limit earthly bodies; possessing new faculties of which we can have now but faint conception. If Jesus' resurrection body be the type of ours when we shall lay aside mortality, we shall be satisfied. C. C. A.

The Shepherd of the Sheep

TUESDAY, March 26. Heb. 13 : 20, 21. "*Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ.*" Giving his life for the sheep was one of the tasks of the Good Shepherd which Jesus had set for himself. His return from the dead is also for a pastoral purpose: the sheep would have scattered, if he had not come back to them and rallied them around him with words of cheer and hope. In the risen Lord God is to wayward men the God of peace. He is reconciled to them through the blood of that everlasting covenant of redemption which He established soon after the fall. He loves Jesus' sheep for Jesus' sake; therefore He restored the Shepherd to them after a few painful hours of separation. The Shepherd's return, moreover, brings with it the promise of great things which the sheep, the believers, shall accomplish through Jesus Christ. The same wonderful power which brought their Shepherd out of his grave is to be manifested in them and by them in every imaginable good work. With Christ, their risen Redeemer, Christians are to walk in a newness of life. They are to throw off every influence that enfeebles and deadens the activities of their soul. Continually reviewing, with a grateful heart, the glorious meaning of their Lord's Easter victory, they will be inspired with a love of God and his kingdom of righteousness such as they had not before. W. H. T. D.

Inseparable from His Spirit

WEDNESDAY, March 27. Ps. 139 : 7. "*Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence?*" The ideal of Buddhism is an idol, sitting cross-legged, solemn, silent, negative, the image of dead desire. Hundreds of millions vainly seek rest and peace beside a feelingless figure of stone. The Christian's God is eternally alive, infinitely able to supply all human need. What a transition from a lifeless stone to the bosom of infinite compassion and affection! It is like the mighty change from a prison to a palace.

What a boon to know that your God is of infinite power in holiness, goodness, perfection of love, peace and happiness; to know that He is omnipresent, everywhere waiting for your coming, preparing for your pleasure and usefulness, embellishing His worlds for your research, creating riches to make you munificent!

Only the infinite personality of the most high God meets all the requirements of an immortal spirit. Mysterious and vast in His greatness, yet

"Closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands and feet."

The soul of God and the soul of man are united as the only real powers and loving union with the angels in the wide universe of creation. All other forces are controlled by this Divine and human partnership.
E. W. C.

Bringing Immortality to Light

THURSDAY, March 28. II Tim. 1 : 10. "*Jesus Christ, . . . who hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.*" It is one of the great features of the spiritual dynamics of Christianity that the Gospel places a firm belief in a future life among the guiding principles of our religion. There is no spur to virtue, no incentive to perseverance in righteousness, no moral uplift, no freedom from the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh and the pride of life to be compared with that which comes from a firm belief in individual immortality.

We are living now, this is sure. We shall not be living here long. This also is certain. But we shall keep on living just the same. Are we sure of this? Christ was, and His vision took in the whole circle of life. Thus we see it. There is an Eye which from the throne of the universe sees the whole circle of the earth. God sees life as a whole. Christ saw it thus, and He spoke with absolute certainty of the life to come. There are many abiding-places in our Father's house. The universe is His house. Each world is a separate mansion, and each mansion has many chambers. The child of God, when he moves out of this mansion, enters another more beautiful and great. We shall take with us only so much wealth as we have amassed, measured by standards of eternal value. Love will last. Generosity will last. Truth will last. Honor will last. Fidelity will last. These spirits of ours will last, for Christ hath abolished death.
C. C. A.

Death Disarmed

FRIDAY, March 29. I Cor. 15 : 55–57. "*O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.*" With this defiant apostrophe and jubilant exclamation Paul concludes his presentation of the doctrine which had become controverted in Corinth, that of the resurrection of the dead. He has related it to Jesus. The entire life-work of Jesus has been crowned with glory by his own resurrection. That work was performed for our sake, in our stead. He has fulfilled the law for us; therefore we need not fear its accusations. He has wiped out our sin by his immaculate life and his holy death; therefore our guilt has been removed. He has robbed death of its power by rising again on the third day; therefore we need not dread this last enemy that must be overcome by us. Death has been completely disarmed to everyone who grasps the significance of Christ's living and dying. Death can harm men only because of their sin; for it is the wages of sin. Sin can be argued against men only on the basis of the divine law which they have broken. Death is the terrible conclusion that follows from these fatal premises, sin and the law. If the premises have been canceled, the conclusion is impossible. W. H. T. D.

Triumph Over Death

SATURDAY, March 30. John 11 : 25. "*I am the resurrection and the life.*" No one doubts death. Death is as certain as life, yea, it is the apparent conqueror of life. No mortal returns to tell of the world beyond death. Every explorer's lips are sealed except One, who is the Author of life and the Victor over death. He changed the name of death, calling it "going away," "an exodus," "a coming for you."

Paul calls death "a departure"; a putting off of a worn-out tabernacle that the occupant may enter his mansion. Death here is abolished; life lives. Death unclothes that we may be clothed upon with immortal vesture. Death becomes a messenger conducting the soul into its new apartment of celestial splendors. He helps the corruptible to put on incorruption; he gears the wheels of life into the eternal movement. "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory."

Because Christ is risen, we shall rise with Him; the angels of light encircling the tomb of Jesus proclaimed a risen Redeemer, that the world might be filled with the joy of hope.

Jesus commissioned a woman to tell the first story of His resurrection, while He ascended to prepare a place in His Father's house or all the redeemed. To doubt Christ's Word is to doubt Him. To everyone that believeth, He is the life-giving Saviour. What time the heart is troubled, it trusts and rejoices, believing that He will one day take us where we shall hunger and thirst no more, where tears never fall and sorrows never come, where the Lamb of God shall feed and lead them unto the living fountains of water. These wonderful words should deliver every heart from the bondage of the fear of death. We should behold the glorified Christ in our thoughts, coming from His entombment, traveling in the greatness of His strength, mighty to save.

"He giveth His beloved sleep," that we may have a beautiful awakening, see Him as He is and feel forever safe and satisfied. E. W. C.

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The White Loaves of Samara

By MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

Passed by the Russian Censor

Tiflis, capital of the Russian Caucasus, where Williams is now at work

SAMARA, on the Volga, which is the Mississippi of Russia, is an American city of the Kansas-Nebraska type, overlaid with a set of signs that look like a bilingual in the Latin and Greek alphabets, with a few extras added to confuse the unwary traveller. "HOMEPA" is perfectly good English, especially if you see it, as I first did, in the two parts HOME and PA. But the Russian, analphabetic as he is, chooses to pronounce this word, which means hotel, as though it were spelled NOMERA. But when the well-intentioned Russian names a theatre for unspoken drama with the suggestive title "Sphinx," he starts it with a "C" and wanders outside the entire Latin alphabet, in order to convey his meaning.

The stores of Samara, its streets, its women and its street cars the size of a piano box,—if one met them in Alliance, Nebraska, where I spent a week one afternoon between trains, he would proudly stamp them with a "Made in the U. S. A." label and speak of them with his thumbs thrust into the armholes of his vest.

Samara lacks nothing to make it American except a common language and an alphabet which a Frenchman, Englishman, Filipino or Swede could understand. The sporting goods stores wear the same grim aspect that used to delight the American Nimrod in the good old days when shooting was a pastime rather than a duty, and the kodak store sells talking machines, post-cards and picture-molding in the manner so well known along the Mississippi. An ice-cream soda fountain would complete the picture, but the Russian sees so much ice in eight months of winter that he takes a vacation from it the rest of the year.

Samara is 900 miles by river from the Caspian and 1,100 from the limit of navigation on the Volga at Tver. It is the hub from which three spokes of iron radiate to Siberia, Turkestan and West Russia. Fermented mare's milk has done for Samara what denatured food has done for Battle Creek, and here one can discuss symptoms ad infinitum.

THIS thriving trade center has a grain elevator that looks like a city hall and a city hall that looks like a barn. Architecturally, it owes much to the trees that hide it from the river, and it is only here and there that a structure whose massive stone work was only too evidently laid on with a trowel or poured into a form, sticks out like a sore thumb. It has the usual number of Greek Orthodox churches with bulbous domes, and a Polish Catholic cathedral whose angular lines remind one of the living skeleton talking to the fat lady.

There is a city park surrounded by a fence and a row of boot-blacks and containing a statue of Alexander the Second, who, since he had a monument erected to him, must have been a Czar. This monument is the finest thing in Samara, and the best I have seen yet in Russia. At one corner of the group there is a whiskered peasant, typifying the first step these admirable heroes of Tolstoian literature took from serfdom to become anarchist hoarders of grain. A second corner shows a Circassian officer with a fine straight nose and his toilet set stuck into the cartridge pockets of his beautifully tailored tcherkeska. He is shown breaking his sword over his knee in recognition of the fact that the Caucasus was once conquered by Russia.

A THIRD figure is that of Asia, casting aside her veil in order to see more clearly this slow-moving master who has penetrated with his armies to the heart of Central Asia. The last is an emancipated Balkan woman, a Bulgarian perhaps, freed from the Turk in 1877–78 to gain strength to fight him in 1912 and ally herself with him in 1915. All in all, it is a really fine monument, with Alexander the center of interest, as a reminder to the Russians in 1917 that a Czar had his uses, even if he was a tyrant, for Russia just now is not in a conquering mood.

All aboard for the Nizhni fair. An ox cart of the Volga district

We slid down to Samara on the bosom of "little mother Volga" in two fine steamers, with a break of journey at Kazan. A night train carried us from Moscow to the fair city of Nizhni-Novgorod, where we put up in a summer hotel and a winter climate.

Nizhni is a delight to the eye, with several churches piercing the sky-line and a half a dozen cobbled roads piercing the grassy slopes in order to carry goods and passengers from the lower town beside the Volga to the upper town, where the upper classes live. The Oka joins the Volga at this point, to the vast improvement of both, and the harbor is alive with shipping.

THE great fair at Nizhni is an annual exposition which is visited annually by half a million people, for each of whom there is half a thousand roubles' worth of goods of all sorts, if he cares to buy. There are eight thousand booths and shops and the annual turnover usually amounts to a hundred million dollars. But just at present, not one shop in fifty is open and the goods displayed are shoddy and cheap.

The Nizhni fair has continued for a century and the traffic in furs, cotton and hides has grown to enormous proportions. The goods are not sold by sample but are all brought in to the fair, which failed this year not so much for a lack of buyers as for a lack of materials. I spoke a few words with some Chinese women who had come all the way from Hankow, China, so one can see that this vast concourse of buyers and sellers from Kamchatka to Arabia is not a county affair, with horse races as a drawing card.

In one of the booths in the main building, where flash-lights, cigar lighters, cheap razors, ordinary and safety, and other knick-knacks were on sale, we exchanged a few words with a Russian girl who had lived in Boston for several years. She is the only returned Russian I have met yet whose dialect is not that of Manhattan Island. She was doing well in Boston, but she developed a longing to see the home folks and the old country and now she is behind a counter at the Nizhni fair in a bad year.

I ADMIRE the authorities for having discovered a way of making galvanized iron roofs anything but ugly. As one looks down on the fair from the heights of Nizhni, the long, regular lines of shops with painted iron roofs form a sea of soft green in the midst of which a glittering white church shows its stately dome. A little nearer the Volga, there is a great Russian church with cream-colored walls, a green roof and silver domes that is simply too good to be true, even

in the land where magnificent churches are the national skyscrapers.

Two elevators carry passengers from the riverside to the heights and one of them pierces the mottled wall of the fine old Kremlin and lands the traveler in a lovely park, from which one can see the sun set behind the river and the silver-tipped structure of cream and gold which dominates the view beyond. To the right, across the Volga, the vast plain of Russia stretches away to the horizon, a lovely but melancholy landscape studded with bulging haystacks and jeweled with beautiful churches with bulging domes. Bulk is the impressive thing in Russia, even during a war. The coat-of-arms of the New Russia should contain a cornucopia in a conspicuous place, for even when one eats black bread in real Russia, it seems as though the supply were boundless.

FROM Nizhni the Professor, the Interpreter and I went out to the little industrial city of Sormova, a homely village which has squatted down around a very businesslike group of factories where twenty-five hundred men are employed. A chuggy little boat carried us at just the proper speed up the Volga for four miles, at a cost of eight cents.

Sormova has several town wells, with a bucket on one end of the rope and a log of wood on the other to balance the bucket. Some day, a bright man with ideas will change the log of wood for another bucket and make the thing work vice versa instead of single track. The log houses are neat, with flowers in most of the windows and curtains that convey every impression of an intimate acquaintance with the wash-tub. We had our lunch at a little inn where the lower floor was filled with laborers and soldiers and the upper floor was reserved for those who knew that a table cloth was neither a receptacle for sunflower shucks nor a polishing rag for high boots.

The three of us ordered two portions of borssch. The Professor, who was hungry, thought three portions would be necessary and it was only my veto on that amount that prevented them from serving it in the tank of the village fire-engine. We had to leave some of the food as it was, which is a sufficiently rare occurrence in Russia to be worthy of mention. The waiter was a big, brawny fellow who had the body of a farmer and the whiskers of an English butler.

The main street of Sormova used to be a fine broad patch of land, which was alternately a dust-bin for the village hens and a swimming bath for the ducks. But the revolution hit this tight little town when it was in a happy mood, and the whole populace went out into the woods in honor of the occasion and brought in small trees, which are planted there in four fine rows, well protected by wooden frames. They also dug a ditch as a glorified gutter and set up a sign which reads something like this:

"The Avenue of Liberty. Set out in honor of Russia's day of liberation. Care for the trees and protect them. Water them and teach your children to love them, together with everything in Nature."

NOT a bad sentiment at all, and the day may come when this scrawny avenue of trees will grow up into something more beautiful than the famous Krieges Allee. The idea of teaching children to love and respect something is worthy of notice, for in Russia, children are not brought up. They just come up, a fact which may or may not account for the lack of standards and moral character among the people. Fickle as Dame Nature is, she can't change as rapidly as Russian politics, and in choosing her as a recipient of loyalty, the parents run no risk of having to change the party name overnight. Nature is about the most constant factor in Russian life today.

There was to have been a meeting in honor of the semi-anniversary of the Revolution, but for some reason that was postponed. We met some workers and chatted with them until one of them took us to a People's Garden, established by the Temperance Society to combat the power of vodka. Sormova deserves a white ribbon from the W. C. T. U., for the workmen of this city voluntarily gave up vodka, forced the Government to close its vodka monopoly shops, and had the town all cleaned up and the wives smiling two months before the Czar forced vodka out of the lives of the entire nation. This signal victory of public sentiment is worthy of the very highest praise, for the factory owners not only did not aid in abolishing vodka, but even opposed the conscientious efforts of the workmen's committees. It required an appeal to the Minister of Finance in Petrograd before the fathers of Sormova could lead the happy families into the People's Garden of a Sunday afternoon, instead of getting drunk.

The directors of the Temperance Society set us up to a very nice impromptu lunch of cheese sandwiches and unlimited tea, and we had a good talk all round. The men were neat, respectful and intelligent, but could not understand why the American workman, with his right to go out on strike and to combine into unions, doesn't demand ten hours' pay for eight hours' work. In Russia, until the Revolution, strikes and trade unions were not allowed; and since capital here has expected and received a much higher return for its money than is usual in America, a new division of the profits between capital and labor appears inevitable.

In Sormova, the women, who suffered most from

A peasant's home in the Caucasus

the vice of vodka, did not form a society to advocate suppressing it, and for a very good reason. In Russia, the woman is the equal of the man and votes with him in the same organization. Just why Russian women should enjoy such unusual freedom is not entirely plain. But the fact is that Russian women are the only women I have ever seen who are as free, as self-reliant, as mind-their-own-business-for-they-have-some, as thoroughly progressive as American women.

Russia is a land without militaristic spirit among men or women, and the women get by worth what they had no need of using force to get. Russia has eagerly copied the latest fashion in the thought life of Western Europe and equality of women, started as a hobby, to prove how advanced Russia was, has continued as a common-sense measure and has proven how advanced Russian women are. The women who have championed revolution in Russia have been such admirable types that no mere men, and least of all Russian men, would have the temerity to suggest that they are not equal.

IN Nizhni Novgorod, the rouble is a weakly little thing, as the result of government activity in the Mint. But at Kazan, we came in contact with two factors in the present Russian situation that were entirely new. The rouble shows considerable backbone in Kazan, and there, for the first time, we came to a place where wages have advanced faster than the cost of living. It is a delight to reach such a city.

A powder-making village near Kazan had blown up a few days before we arrived and it was an exceptional building that had a majority of its windows unbroken, while in some places the force of the explosion carried away the sash as well as the glass. Rumor had caused us to be anxious for the existence of the city, but Kazan was untouched by the fire that accompanied the explosion.' As there are many German prisoners in Kazan, it is well that none of them were suspected of being the percussion cap. The extreme socialists, whose methods have been atrocious, are thought to have had a hand in the matter, but powder under certain conditions is liable to start something all by itself, and there is no real ground for thinking that the catastrophe was more than an accident.

Below Kazan, there is a ruined city named Bulgari which illustrates the place the Volga valley has had in the race movements of history. Amulets made by the Finns, beads made in Venice and Genoa, mirrors of polished bronze from Cathay, lustrous tiles in Arabic and Cufic script, crude Byzantine crosses and an Armenian monument, all tell of the varied influences in this Volga city of the eighth to the fourteenth centuries. Bulgari once numbered 150,000 inhabitants, most of whom were of the Turko-Mongol tribe which later moved farther to the south and west and settled in Bulgaria.

THE Finns had a superior culture, but lacked the military organization of the Slavonic and West-European peoples and their culture fell before Kultur. The blue eyes and blond hair of the present-day Finns are the result of the triumph to culture with a "K" over culture with a 'C". The fine bronze work of the Turkish tribes, which has been found at Minusinsk, in Siberia, is far better than any contemporary product of West Europe. In Vyatka, where the oldest bronze works found anywhere in East Europe were unearthed, there can be detected a decided Asyrian influence. A catalogue of the many tribes that now make up Russia is long and varied, but the list of tribes and races that have used the Volga Valley as a trade route would exclude few among the races of Eurasia. In fact, there is one spot in Russia where a group of 350 Yenesei Ostiaks have persisted in a tiny island of a sea of tribes, preserving a culture that closely resembles that of the American Indian, although the nearest American Indians are many thousands of miles distant.

Prof. Adler, of Kazan University, who showed us his carefully arranged museum of relics from Bulgari, has just acquired a hunk of rusty metal which was once a coat of mail, buried in an earthenware jar, but which the ignorant peasants have used in attempting to locate deposits of gold. It is a rare experience, in these anxious times in Russia, to step into a museum and there, among the relics of the ages, realize that the present phase of disorganization and disgrace is temporary and not representative.

BUT the many races of Russia and the many religions and sects serve to point a moral to the people who have thrown off Czardom but have instituted nothing equally efficient in its place. Just as the Russian pilgrim requires an ikon to represent his god, so the Russian people require a political ikon, to whom they can look as a representative of law and order. Republics are not made in a day, though short-lived revolutions may cast off age-long oppression.

A trip from the bread lines of Petrograd, waiting for black bread that may not be forthcoming, to the white loaves of Samara, which would serve as patterns for cart-wheels, emphasizes the fact that a land plentifully supplied with food can starve through lack of organization and order. In the past, the Volga, with its myriad huge barges and its impudent little tugs, has been an important factor in feeding the large cities in the north. But the government set so low a price for grain that the farmers refused to sell. The cost of labor had advanced greatly and the factories were producing so little that the manufactured articles which the peasant wants in exchange for his grain, were almost unobtainable at any price. Patriotic or not, the peasants refused to sell for two and a half roubles grain which had cost them six roubles to grow. The soldiers were not fighting, the laborers were not working and the farmer refused to feed drones in return for paper money whose value was rapidly falling.

THE day we were in Kazan, the government raised the fixed rate of two roubles and a half for thirty-six pounds of grain to five roubles. But the grain has not begun to start north and in seven weeks more this huge artery of Russian life will be frozen over. Not only that, but the warm May of last spring, which brought a bumper winter crop, wilted the spring crop of grain so that the peasants of Samara, Saratov and Simbirsk, on the lower Volga, only got back their seed. Siberia has a bumper crop, which will begin to emerge from its hiding in answer to the call of a doubled price, but the railways may prove inadequate to keep even a small stream of food flowing into winter-ridden Petrograd.

The government has tried in many ways to get food into the capital, but though the military men who were trusted with the food supply were many of them honest, they were not Hoovers, and if the big cities of Russia starve it will be disorganization and not lack of food in other parts of Russia that will be responsible. The Northern Caucasus has a big crop this year and much of that may get to the north. But "little mother Volga" has been ignored this year, and her children may suffer on that account.

Idleness is the sticky fly-paper of life.

When God says, "Go!" there is always a trail that leads through.

Many people walk up to the door of opportunity, wonder which way the knob turns, and then are caught napping upon the couch of idleness, hard by the door.

"HOWARD CHASE"

By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

CHAPTER XI

LITTLE Miss Wilson would never go dancing down the sidewalk in Red Hill any more. She would never again come shyly but in perfect confidence out to meet the minister as he went down town to the post office, and, putting her moist little hand into his, gravely and affectionately confide her life problems to him.

For the Angel of Death had claimed her that night when Howard was sent for. That is, by the Angel of Death we mean the criminal carelessness and mercenary negligence of a community of so-called Christian people, who thought more of their own ease and money and pleasure than of spending the time and means to guard the health of their own children. The Angel of Death is a pleasant little fiction, good to use at funerals. In reality, the Devil of Disease did the business of rubbing out a precious life, and it was a human devil walking around Red Hill complacently under the name of one of its respectable citizens known as the Mayor, who was, under the by-laws of the Town Council, also the Superintendent of Public Health. The Mayor was an easy going, well-to-do business man, a member of Brother Noyes's church, and a frequent visitor in his pastor's home. He was one of the prominent figures at little Miss Wilson's funeral, which the Methodist Sunday school attended in a body. It would have been a life-long shock to the Mayor if, at that service, Brother Noyes had turned to him and said: "Mr. Mayor, under the regulations of this town you were the guardian of the public health of its citizens. You are the real human cause of this innocent child's death. And in some way you will have to account for it to God, who is your Judge, and may he have mercy on your soul!"

OF course good Brother Noyes never said anything of the kind. Ministers do not say such things at funerals. I wonder if the lies told by ministers at funerals will be written by the Recording Angel in a special volume labeled "Facts About the Dear Departed; Covered Up, Falsified, and Ignored for the Comfort of the Family by an Easy-Going, Soft-Hearted, Feeble-Minded Clergy."

Brother Noyes took the path of least resistance. He knew, as well as Howard, who sat through the service, tortured by the entire course of it, that little Miss Wilson's death was due to the Mayor's carelessness and cowardice. And yet he alluded more than once to the providence of God, And as Howard sat there listening to it all, it sounded like blasphemy or worse to lay the blame of man's wicked carelessness on a loving God.

The service made a profound impression on Howard, not because of anything Brother Noyes said, but because of what he did not say. As he sat there thinking of all the formalism and pretense and hypocrisy of a superficial religion it seemed to him that Red Hill was full of it, and that no place on earth was better fitted for a real Gospel than right there. And what hope was there for it under present conditions? Four feeble and incompetent churches. No common bond of interest between the town and the country, because there was no common bond among the people of the town itself. A narrow, self-centered, sordid, uninterested town. With good people in it, a minimum of crime and poverty, but also a minimum of positive and affirmative enthusiasm for anything worth while.

AND why talk about establishing Christianity over in Europe when in the heart of America there was so little of it? And why go to New York or Boston and try to influence life with the pen when it was a living voice that the world needed more than the printed page after all? And how could he resign from the ministry into which he went knowing all about its hardships and self-denials? Somehow, as that funeral service went on, and he abstracted himself more and more from its concrete and external expression of un-Christianity, his heart and mind flamed up into white heat until, when Brother Noyes gently turned to him and asked him to offer a prayer, his whole passionate feeling burst out in a perfect torrent of longing for vision of God right then and there that would convict and inspire and redeem the people, until they would love God and keep his commandments, and learn from the loss of this child of His the mighty meaning of the great, great word, "Life."

People who heard that prayer will never forget it. Something about it smote their apathetic consciences as with an angel's wing. One man said afterward, "I don't know what it was, but there was something in what he said that made me afraid of myself." And another said, "I wanted to go home and straighten out my affairs, and ask my wife to forgive me for a cross word I said to her that morning."

At the cemetery Howard listened to the service at the grave, then silently shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and walked home. It seemed to him he would choke to death if he rode back in the carriage with the Mayor and the other pall-bearers.

THIS was Wednesday. The letter to the editor of the magazine had been sent the day following little Miss Wilson's death. No one in Red Hill knew the contents of that letter except Howard, Agnes and Rose. It must be said that when the postmaster at Red Hill canceled the stamp on that letter, he held it up to the light and wished for an X-ray eyeball.

But when Howard walked up into his pulpit the following Sunday, people felt as if something out of the ordinary was coming. A life-long habit of watching everybody's private affairs had given Red Hill a gift of morbid telepathy, so abnormally keen that it seemed able to detect to a degree any unusual mental excitement, or the symptoms that led up to a "situation" or a "dramatic climax." The thing came very near being uncanny, it was generally so exact in its diagnosis of what would happen at a public gathering.

The service went on as usual up to the sermon. But the people were not going to be deprived of the expected "event" of the day, for before he began preaching he stepped out by the side of the little pulpit and, eying the people seriously, he spoke, restraining his own feeling, until the calmness of his voice seemed to deny the real importance of what he was saying:

"I wish to make a statement here today which it seems necessary to make on account of other statements which have been made, and in order to let the people know what they ought to know. There has been submitted to me an offer to leave the ministry and Red Hill, and take up journalistic work. It is not necessary for me to go into details. But all I want to say here this morning is that I have refused this offer to leave the ministry, and will remain here, for a time at least, if this church wishes me to stay."

At that point a thing happened that broke all records in the history of the church.

Some one (the Expressman told the Agent next day it was Deacon Allen) started a feeble hand-clap. It was taken up and spread over the church until it grew so loud it waked up old Judge Randolph, the one inveterate chronic sleeper of the congregation, whom no minister, not even Howard, had ever robbed of a nap after the service had been going twenty minutes. He stared around him in surprise, and turned with a bewildered look to his wife. She whispered to him in a loud tone—for the Judge was a little, just a little, deaf —"Mr. Chase is going to stay."

AS soon as the Judge caught the meaning of it he joined in the applause, his face beaming with honest delight. For in spite of the fact that he had not heard a sermon clear through for more than twenty years, he did like Howard, as he met him between Sundays, and had to acknowledge he was different from all the other ministers in Red Hill.

Howard had planned to say a few more words, but the episode of the applause seemed to make it unnecessary. He paused as the excitement quieted down, felt an unusual glow of joy over the spontaneous act of the people, and then gave out his text and began to preach. Even Judge Randolph, jolted out of his customary nap, stayed awake during that sermon, and at its close, when Howard came down into the aisle, the Judge was the first to greet him as everybody crowded up to shake Howard's hand, and men as well as women had tears on their faces and did not seem to be ashamed of them.

"After all," Howard's own eyes filled as the people crowded up, "they do like me. And I like to be liked. They are sheep without a shepherd. I cannot leave them."

"It was worth ten dollars to be there," the Expressman told the Agent, who had not been able to leave the station, because Number Ten was late.

"I suppose that's what you put in," the Agent said.

"I'm a-goin' to increase my subscription to Mr. Chase's salary. We can't afford to lose him."

"What have you been giving?" the Agent asked with more or less incredulity.

"That's one thing people are not supposed to know," the Expressman replied. "I been guessin' for twenty-five years how much Deacon Allen subscribes, an' I bet I can come pretty clost to it, but I don't know exact."

"You wouldn't have to guess much," the Agent said, as he rose to sell a ticket to Topeka.

WHEN he came back to the window the Expressman said, "I felt disappointed over one thing yesterday. I was lookin' for an announcement."

"I thought Mr. Chase made one."

"He did, but I thought he'd add a N. B. or a P. S. or something."

"About what?"

"His weddin'. People are gettin' anxious to know when and where it's going to be."

"You don't expect him to advertise that from the pulpit, do you?"

"I've heard the date has been fixed for May 1. But I hain't heard whether it's at the church, or at Deacon Burton's. They could have it outdoors in May, so everybody could go."

"They won't let you in without a dress suit," said the Agent.

"I'm a goin' in my wagon," said the Expressman. "So's to get their trunks on time. An' there won't be no old shoes nor ribbins on 'em either, if I haul 'em."

AFTER the Sunday evening service of that memorable day Howard and Agnes and Rose reviewed the event, and again Howard repeated his reasons for his decision and his plans for the future.

"I answered that letter, as you know, my dears, because I simply could not go out of the ministry. I've figured out we can economize. And Agnes is willing to live the simple life. I can write more. Yesterday I got a check for $50 for a funny story. Think of that, people. Fifty dollars just for one little story of fifteen hundred words. And I believe I can make things go here for a while. I don't need to sleep eight hours. I can do with six, and—"

"Isn't he wonderful, sister?" Rose whispered to Agnes. And Agnes Burton simply nodded. She could not trust herself to speak. Howard was striding across the little room, his eye flashing, his arms tense but not nervous, his whole body keeping time with his mind, the physical glory of his being illustrating in a subtle manner his inner and spiritual self, and Agnes Burton was fascinated yet humbled at the sight of him, as he gently moved, not a rough expression of coarse fiber, but a sense of power which faced great odds and dared them to overpower him. And over and above all, she rejoiced in his decision to remain in the ministry, and she was ready without reserve or shrinking to share with him fully in all that the decision might mean to them both.

During a part of that evening Rose discreetly disappeared at intervals, and in one of them Agnes said to Howard demurely:

"Do you think a man and—and—his wife, ought to share everything—troubles, secrets, plans—er—everything with each other?"

"Certainly I do!" replied Howard positively. "It is the only basis of happy married life. There is no other."

"Very well, then, my lord," said the school teacher, her cheeks glowing and her eyes sparkling, "I have something I want to share with you." And with the words she suddenly put into Howard's hands a little bank book, with her name on the outside.

HE took it, a look on his face so bewildered that she wanted to laugh, only she was a trifle afraid, as she watched him. Mechanically he opened the little book at a place where a slip of paper had his name written on it, a check, making payable to Howard Chase the sum of $1,275.62, and endorsed by the school teacher's signature.

"It is my dowry," she said, as he turned a questioning gaze upon her. "It is one-half of my savings of several years, and it is just as much yours as mine. I will not come to you unless you take it. You have asked me to give you myself, and I have given. And this simply goes with me. You cannot have one without the other. You said we ought to share everything. And we will, won't we?"

Rose had just opened the kitchen door, but she gently stepped back and closed it, and waited a reasonable time.

When she re-entered she said: "Have you been quarreling?"

"Yes, and made up," said Howard promptly. But he was still agitated unusually.

"Is it time for me to retire again?" asked Rose unblushingly.

"Don't go, sister, stay and help me to settle this question. Do you think I ought to take this money?"

"Of course I do," said Rose promptly. "Take all you can get. You can give your wife a dollar or two once in a while if she really needs it."

Red Hill will never forget the occasion of the wedding when Howard Chase and Agnes Burton were married on the first day of May that year. Howard had always had a horror of display at weddings and funerals. Agnes shared his feeling. But they both realized that the public had some claim on them, and finally agreed to have the service

in the church and, if the weather was kind, to have a reception out on the lawn. When the announcement was finally made it was so general that the phrase "the friends of Mr. Chase and Miss Burton are invited" covered all necessary conditions.

"There wan't nothin' said about dress suits," the Expressman told the Agent. "You can wear your everyday clothes and be welcome."

"How about presents?" asked the Agent.

"Not a word. No flowers either, nor poems. But I think you ought to give Mr. Chase that one about the bachelor. His wife would frame it."

"I've got something to give them," the Agent said with a grin, and an unusually pleased look.

"Tell me," said the Expressman, pleadingly.

"I will, if you won't tell any one."

"I won't even tell it to the horse," the Expressman solemnly promised.

"Nor the wagon," the Agent echoed.

THE night of the wedding was a perfect Kansas May night. Brother Noyes performed the ceremony in the church, which was packed with all of Red Hill that could get in, and the rest stood out on the lawn, "like the crowd at Senator Woodbine's funeral," as the Expressman said, "only different." The church chorus sang appropriate music. And the church furnished refreshments out on the lawn to everybody. The farmers came in for fifteen miles around, and came up and shook Howard's hand as he stood proud and handsome by the side of the school teacher. "The finest looking couple in the state!" the Washburn college graduate farmer told a neighbor, the college farmer who had told Howard on the occasion of his visit that he and his wife required the refinements of worship in order to make them go to church. This man seemed unusually thoughtful during the evening, and twice took occasion to tell Howard he was glad he had decided to remain in Red Hill.

When the evening was finally over and the last guest gone, Howard and his wife and Rose went over to the parsonage. Rose had kept open house there, presiding over the presents and showing them to the crowd that all during the evening made a procession through the rooms.

"Look out here!" said usually quiet Rose, but tonight she radiated electric excitement in four directions.

She led the way to the kitchen, and waved her hand around.

"There! Mrs. Chase! Talk about the high cost of living! There's groceries to burn, for a month!"

"I hope some one remembered to send us a can-opener," said Howard, as he looked at the display of canned goods which covered the kitchen table several feet high, while groceries and vegetables of every description were piled on the floor through which Rose had made lanes leading to closets and doors.

"We can begin here by the stove and eat our way over to the sink, and then start over there by the cupboard and by the middle of next week we can get to the cellar door," said Rose, as she led the way back into the sitting room to direct the bride's and groom's attention to presents brought in that evening which they had not yet seen.

AMONG them was a long envelope containing an interesting communication from the trustees of the church.

To Rev. Howard Chase,
Pastor Congregational Church,
Red Hill, Kansas.

DEAR BROTHER: In view of your faithful and efficient services since you came to us a year ago, and as a slight token of our appreciation of your sacrifice in remaining with us, the trustees and the church ask you to receive the enclosed, and also wish to inform you that at a meeting of the church held last night it was voted to increase your salary this year to twelve hundred dollars.

Wishing you and Mrs. Chase great blessing, we are, Very sincerely yours,

H. S. ALLEN,
Chairman Board of Trustees.

R. F. BURTON,
Senior Deacon.

A check for one hundred dollars was attached to the letter. But the surprising thing about it all to Howard and Agnes was that the church could hold a meeting, vote such an increase, and no whisper of it reach them until now. And as a matter of fact, the event surprised Red Hill as much as any one.

Howard and Agnes examined other presents, a really bewildering display, and as they finally went into the study where Rose had put certain articles, Howard found a letter in the middle of his desk, with the familiar Santa Fe mark on the envelope.

The typewritten address disclosed the identity of the author.

"Ah! My friend, the Agent! I recognize his typewriting!" said Howard. "Come here, Mrs. Chase, I have an inspiration that this is for you as well as for me."

And he was right. The Agent enclosed a poem on "The Bachelor," to which was pinned a check for ten dollars from an Eastern magazine. The Agent's note said—

DEAR MR. AND MRS. CHASE: The enclosed verses will be published some time. They got past the editor while he was asleep at the switch, and he made out the check before he was wide awake. Please accept the same with my best wishes. May you have a pleasant and profitable journey over the Matrimonial Road, and meet with no wild circus trains on the trip. May your signals burn clear and your orders give you the right of way over the Sunday excursions. If you should ever travel on a real railroad let me recommend the Santa Fe. It is the only road running into Red Hill, and on that account the only road running out again. Its rule is "Safety First," and I hope you will never take it to go out of town without buying a round-trip to come back. Your friend,

THE AGENT.

HOWARD, with his arm about Mrs. Chase, the two handsome heads close together, read aloud the Agent's literary effusion which had managed to break into print in the unguarded moments of the editor at an expense of ten dollars:

He belonged to the bachelor class,
And every day,
He was heard to say,
"It's a weary world! Alas! Alas!"

He's no more in the bachelor class,
Because he has found,
By looking around
In this weary world, a lass, a lass.

As he finished reading, Howard looked around at the lass, and you can guess what he did.

"Thank God! I *have* found a lass! May he make me worthy of her!" was his prayer that happy moment.

And—oh, yes, we had nearly forgotten the Expressman's gift. All through the evening, in between the unnumbered refreshments he managed to get acquainted with, the Expressman had been seen at times hovering dimly on the outskirts of the lawn, where Howard thought he could catch an outline of the horse and wagon out in the road. When he took his turn to extend congratulations to Howard and Agnes he said, "Mr. and Mrs. Chase, if you are going to go off on a trip, I'll haul your trunks down to the station for nothin', and glad to do it. And I'll sit on 'em all night to keep the boys from doin' anything to 'em until you get away."

Howard thanked him heartily and told him not to tell any one, as it was not known, but he would make him the custodian of a secret. The plan was to go to Topeka in a day or two, but Mrs. Chase and he did not wish to let it be generally known.

The Expressman was so gratified over this act of confidence that he kept the secret absolutely for more than an hour. Then he managed to circle around the yard in between the refreshments until he found Howard again.

"Mr. Chase," he managed to whisper, "would you mind if I told the Agent about that trip? I'll just bust if I can't tell some one. And he and I work the trip business together."

"You have my permission, all right," said Howard gravely. "Tell him to be sure to make out the tickets via Pauline."

AND that evening, after coming out of the study with the Agent's poem, Howard stumbled over a suitcase which stuck out behind the edge of the casing.

It was from the Expressman, and it represented considerable savings. Rose silently eyed it with some disapproval, as it was not made of the highest-priced leather. But Howard said, "We'll have to go on that trip now, anyway, or it will be the disappointment of his life. And I'll be proud to carry his suit-case all the way."

And so it came to pass that he did. And Agnes and he had the satisfaction of getting out of Red Hill so quietly that there was hardly any one down at the station but the Agent, and the Expressman who sat on the trunks until the train came in, and showed the greatest pleasure at the sight of the suit-case which Howard insisted on holding prominently in front of him as he bade the Expressman good-by.

They spent a blissful week in Topeka; called on the Governor, who asked them to come again; climbed up to the top of the State House dome so that they could tell the Expressman about the view; went out to Washburn College and admired the view of Burnett's Mound so much that they finally walked out there and were rewarded with the sight of a wonderful sunset; spent a part of the hundred-dollar check on Kansas Avenue, and returned on Number Five to Red Hill, where the Expressman greeted them with a receptive smile and insisted on taking their trunks up to the parsonage free.

Then Howard and his wife settled down to the regular church and parish life.

It was the happiest, most divinely human period of all their lives, and they were profoundly and unquestionably glorified together. But all that did not obscure or hide or minimize certain facts which Howard's one year's experience had already sharply impressed upon him.

The four churches fought for their existence in a pitiful way. Try as hard as he would, Howard could not conceal the fact that, as the weeks and months went on, his task really grew no easier, and in spite of all the spiritual vision the people had received, the town had no community spirit. One day in July, when the heat of the Kansas summer was over the prairie, Brother Noyes came past the parsonage yard where Howard was sitting.

THE Methodists had not rebuilt. The days had gone by, and they had worshiped part of the time in the other churches and part of the time in the movie show place, which Jake Seymour had let them have for a small rental. But to Howard's surprise the contemplated new church did not materialize, and according to his own uninquisitive habits he had not ventured to quiz Brother Noyes about it.

He stopped now, and at Howard's invitation took off his coat and sat down.

"I suppose you've wondered, Brother Chase, why we haven't begun to build. Well, the plain fact is, brother, we have had some trouble with the Mission Board. Things have dragged along, and we have been encouraged to hold on, but no funds are forthcoming, and we have been put off so long now that we begin to think the Board does not intend to do anything. We are not able to build without help, and" (he lowered his voice) "do you know, the business men are beginning to hold back on subscriptions. Men like Deacon Burton and Mr. Wilson are beginning to complain about the number of churches in a small town. Of course," Brother Noyes added, with a sad smile, "I read enough to know what is going on among the churches in America along the line of federation, and all that. And to tell the truth, my dear brother, I think the community idea will have to prevail for the preservation of the church itself—I mean all churches—but until some of my older people die, or get converted, I don't know how it will be possible here."

They talked over the situation a long time, and to Howard's great surprise, when Brother Noyes opened his heart to him he found the older man was in perfect sympathy with Howard's plans, which were taking shape along the line of some sort of union effort that would lift the community out of its commonplaces and give the churches some right to exist.

ABOUT this time in Howard's and Agnes's experiences came interesting letters from Mr. and Mrs. Lennox concerning Inez. They had kept them informed about Inez from the beginning, but these July letters brought some new developments.

Mrs. Lennox wrote: "Inez is a remarkable girl in many ways. She is a child and grown woman at the same time, and is a creature of moods and sometimes of passion. She has absorbed the city life as if she had always lived here. I shudder to think what might have become of her if she had come to New York by herself. She tells us that the only thing that has kept her from doing wrong is her thought of us. That is reward enough for all the care and anxiety we have felt for her.

"We have discovered that she is genuinely fond of little children. That is a great virtue. But we have also discovered, or rather she had discovered for herself, that she has a gift for children's stories. Roy suggested to her lately that if she could put some of these stories into a scenario, the film companies here might do something with them. She has become deeply, even passionately, enthusiastic over the suggestion, and is spending nearly all her time over a child's story illustrating the growth of two children living in exactly opposite conditions. She has met at Edison's a young photographer who seems to understand her perfectly, and he says he will help her in any way he can to visualize her story if it is accepted for the picture play. His name is Andrew Morris, and he is, I think, one of the plainest-looking men in New York. But Inez never seems to think of it, only being interested in his photography, which is of a peculiar kind. The young man himself is all right. And his plainness of feature is offset by a beautiful voice. No, I don't think Inez will fall in love with him, but I can't answer for the other thing.

"Inez has the making of a beautiful, useful, happy woman. We are doing all we can for her. If she should succeed in her story effort, it may determine her whole future. She will stay on with us as long as she is willing to be with us. We have come to love her as if she were indeed our very own."

JULY slipped into August and August into September and September into fall, and the glory of the prairie flooded Red Hill with matchless days and nights. And Howard's church problems grew with each succeeding month. He had all through the summer made careful study of the town and the country surrounding. His survey had given him certain clear and definite conclusions. And standing out above everything else, always was the plain fact that the churches were not doing what they ought to do, and above all that Red Hill had no community conscience or consciousness, and life was commonplace and dreary and wasteful and narrow and tasteless to most of the seven hundred inhabitants.

He studied the thing from every angle. He had long talks with Agnes and Rose and Deacon Burton. He went out again, more than once, to see the young Washburn College graduate farmer, and after every visit left behind him a more deeply interested and thoughtful man. But as November slipped away and December began, he was no nearer his dream of the Best Thing for Red Hill.

To be concluded next week

"Howard Chase" in Book Form

PASTOR SHELDON'S fine story, "Howard Chase," is just issued in book form by the George H. Doran Company, publishers, New York. This story of a big man in a small town—the most gossipy town in Kansas, of Howard Chase the minister, with whom all the attractive young ladies of the district fall in love, of the foibles and follies of church folk, and the redemption of the town by the creation of the Community Club which dispelled the spirit of gossip and narrowness and self-centered satisfaction, and recreated a clean, wholesome, spiritual atmosphere, is now ready for you in permanent form. "Howard Chase" in volume form, neatly bound, can be purchased of the Doran Company at $1.25.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

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Linking with God

IT was unquestionably sound advice which the Archbishop of York, during his series of discourses in old Trinity Church, New York, gave to his audience when he said that if the American people would "link yourselves with God," it would be "one of the greatest things accomplished by the war." In a previous sermon, he had urged that they should consecrate themselves to their country and to the moral issues of the high cause on which they had embarked. This the nation has already done. To link themselves with God is to "get right with God," individually, as communities, and as a nation—to repent of our sins and obtain forgiveness and to range ourselves on the side of the Divine will in all things. Only by sincere repentance and by humbling ourselves before the Ruler of the universe and seeking to know His will, can such a union be attained. Every nation has its besetting sins; we have ours. Let us, then, humble ourselves before Him and seek His guidance and direction.

Easter is at hand, and will soon dawn upon a world in turmoil. In an appeal to the Christian churches of America, recommending an Easter week of prayer, the thought is thus expressed:

"In a day when the world is tossed as a boat in the sea, it becomes us to seek God, who measures the waters in the hollow of His hand. Called to serve our own generation, our highest service should begin in lowliest bowing before Almighty God our Father. Since no Easter like that we now approach ever dawned upon the world before, it is manifestly wise that in a new purpose we give the week preceding to a fellowship of Prayer and Intercession. Seeking Him whose unabated love keeps us from being consumed, let us prepare our hearts as guest chambers made ready for the Lord. In united prayer we shall know each other better, in drawing near to Christ we shall draw nearer to each other the whole world around, in praying for one another, the hurt of our own heart may be healed."

This is the spirit in which we should greet the coming Easter. We would rejoice to see a great movement having for its purpose the drawing of the nation nearer to God by prayer, by holier living, and by ceaselessly seeking to know His will and to do it. We need this in our homes, our municipalities, our legislatures, our churches—everywhere.

The Farmers' Spring Drive

THESE are the days in which the biggest of all our national industries—the farms of America—are making plans for the great spring drive. Unless all signs fail, there will soon be in the field, guiding many thousands of plows, an army larger by far than any now in the war zones. Tractors by the thousand, teams by the tens of thousands, will turn up furrows innumerable. Brawn and muscle will press on and "over the top," to prepare for a harvest that will give life and strength to the world.

For over a year, we have been feeding 16,000,000 among the peoples of lands across the sea. We have fed 8,000,000 British, 4,200,000 French, 2,000,000 Italian and a smaller number in Russia. We have fed to starving Europe's noncombatant populations and to the soldiers of the allies, 110,000,000 bushels of good, sound American wheat and wheat flour and 648,000,000 pounds of pork and its products. In three and one-half years, our farms have supplied 212,750,000 bushels of oats, 24,310,000 of corn and 3,618,000 of rye, besides butter, cheese and milk products.

It is imperative that this should be continued during the coming year and even increased. And this, in addition to the supplying of home needs, puts the farmer on his mettle. On the success of his spring drive will depend largely the well-being and possibly the fate of nations. He knows that he is fighting scarcity at home and gaunt famine abroad. Yet he has the courage that is equal to the situation. Abundant seed is available for the planting of the mammoth farms of the great Northwest, and also for the smaller farms of the Middle and Eastern states.

Yet, with all their forces mobilized, the farmers of America will this year be short-handed. At the very time when American agricultural labor should be most abundant, it is a problem to find enough men for the work. But there will be no failures nor half-hearted efforts. As soon as the frost is out of the soil, work will begin and it will be pushed, and pushed vigorously, until the last furrow is turned and the last field fertilized and plowed and harrowed and seeded and rolled. Sun and shower and dew and assiduous cultivation will do their work, and then will come in due time the blessings from the Lord of the harvest.

Paganism and Pessimism

MISSIONARIES who can speak with authority on educational and spiritual conditions in Japan record the singular fact that suicide among Japanese students is probably more prevalent than among students in any other land. Whether this is due to exceptional sensitiveness and nerves that are high-strung, or more directly to the extraordinary competition of students to secure places in the government schools, is a matter for conjecture. There are probably few men better informed on missionary conditions in the Far East than Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, who has sent us some very remarkable statistics in connection with this suicidal mania, which point to the conclusion that the cause is spiritual.

One student of nineteen, before taking his life after failure at an examination, wrote to his father: "Having missed the road to success, I go into the night.... The days of a man's life are but fifty sad years—the end—dust." In 1914 there were 241 suicides under sixteen years, 801 between sixteen and twenty, and 3,086 between twenty and thirty. Some years earlier—1902—an epidemic of student suicides startled the country. One university graduate, brilliant and widely known, flung himself into the river above the famous Kegon waterfall near Nikko, and his body was found a few days afterward, battered among the rocks, 600 feet below. He left a letter in which he had written: "I have studied all that science and philosophy have to teach about the problem of existence. I have examined all the religions for their answers to the problem of life. Nowhere have I found anything satisfactory. I now go into the other world to search for the solution myself."

Led by this example, many other students ended their careers on the same spot in like manner. These cases multiplied until guards were stationed at the head of the waterfall to stop the tragedy, and a barricade of posts was built; but the human cataract could not be stopped. No less than 248 men and women ended their lives at that tragical spot! Many others found the same solution in the volcanic crater of Asama—how many no one knows.

The truth is that the pagan religions are proving more and more unsatisfying. They are decadent and disintegrating. And it is probably inevitable that, in the breaking-up process, many beautiful lives must pass out and many noble careers be wrecked. This very fact that such conditions exist in Japan, showing the pessimism that springs from paganism, should become an incentive to increased missionary effort for the spread of Christianity. The Japanese themselves perceive this necessity. Major Gen. Hibiki, who recently visited New York, has said: "When Tokyo is a Christian city, Japan will be a Christian nation. When Japan is a Christian nation, the Orient will have been saved!" With Japan Christian, the conquest of the East would be greatly simplified.

Who will help Missionary Gulick and his associates to do this pressing work?

Saving the Potatoes

AN appeal in behalf of the dehydrated potato is being made by the Department of Agriculture in a campaign to save the surplus potato crop, which, it is stated, is doomed to spoil in enormous quantities unless immediate steps are taken to utilize it.

The surplus is estimated by the Department to be between 100,000,000 and 125,000,000 bushels. Michigan is said to have approximately 20,000,000 more bushels than there is a market for because of the railroad congestion. The home garden movement and the plea to the farmer to increase his potato acreage are responsible for the remarkably big yield. On the other hand, the zeal of the housewife and restaurateur in living up to the doctrine of food conservation lessened the demand.

"Eat more potatoes" is the slogan of the new campaign. The potato, the Department claims, has never received proper recognition as a food in the United States. The consumption per person in this country is three and one-half bushels. Before the war Germany was eating eight bushels per man.

The Department's first action is to urge the housewives in the producing centers to use the fresh potato in their bread-making, since potato can be added to wheat flour in amounts up to thirty per cent with excellent results, and the Food Administration has listed it as a flour substitute. They are also urged to substitute it as far as possible on their daily menus for other food.

It is the housewife in the consumption centers suffering from a potato shortage because of lack of transportation facilities whom the department will endeavor to familiarize with the uses of the dehydrated potato. The chief value of dehydrated vegetables at this time lies in their saving of car space. A dried potato weighs about one-fifth as much as the fresh product. Modern methods of drying fruits and vegetables preserve their nutritious properties and natural flavors and, when cooked properly, the difference between them and the fresh products in taste is scarcely distinguishable. The English and French armies use millions of pounds of dehydrated potatoes and other vegetables.

Dehydration being comparatively new as an industry in this country, there are not enough plants to help preserve to any appreciable extent the potato surplus that is worrying the farmer and the government. It is better, says the Department of Agriculture, to feed potatoes to stock than to let them rot. It may be trouble to cook a meal of potatoes for a cow, but the Department bids the farmer to think of the saving it means in this day of the high cost of stock feed.

Scientists in a Tangle

BY way of a diversion from more serious topics, the evolutionists have stirred up anew the age-old discussion of man's origin. Professor Wood Jones of London, having convictions and disdaining to longer remain silent, has flung down by way of a challenge to the scientific world the assertion that Darwin was an egregious blunderer and that apes were not the progenitors but the descendants of the race of man. He declares that the find of what anthropologists have called the "Talgai skull" in Australia has revealed that it really belongs to an age so remote that it must be set down as being the skull of a human creature who lived before apes appeared on the earth.

This is very interesting and must have been tremendously exciting to evolutionists generally, since we find them simultaneously rising at points far remote from each other, to take up the Englishman's challenge. Prof. Franz Boas of Columbia University, New York, gleefully grasps the opportunity and counters by claiming that both Darwin and Jones are wrong—that neither the human race nor the monkeys descended from one another, but both sprang from some animal belonging to an age far earlier than any of which we now have a geological trace. Dr. Boas brings Professor Smith of Sydney University, Australia, into the arena as the man who classified the "Talgai skull" as that of a young proto-Australian, probably a bushman. Next comes Dr. Norris, President of the Royal Society of Queensland, who admits that geological evidence of the antiquity of the Talgai remains was lacking. Last to enter the circle of scientific controversy is Dr. Edward Hickley Bradford, of Harvard, who disagrees with them all and caps the climax of discussion by proclaiming that the true line of human descent led back to the lizard, and that the race of men must trace its remotest ancestry to the great saurians, from which sprang not only human beings, but dogs, horses and monkeys also. Just when a break occurred in the lizard family resulting in this strange development, or whether the breaks occurred at long intervals apart, none of the scientists could or would explain. There will need to be a good deal more of deep digging and hard thinking before light comes on these confusing points.

This inextricable tangle hardly puts the science of anthropology in a very favorable light. If guesswork were to command a premium, each of these distinguished gentlemen would certainly have earned it. There is in this discussion a strong reminder of the poem which a famous American wrote many years ago, describing the exciting scenes of a meeting of archeologists on the Stanislaus, when, as one of the foremost speakers was advancing his theories, somebody put in a protest and the speaker was abruptly stopped—by "a chunk of old red sandstone." We do not suggest, of course, that any of these gentlemen in the present case deserve such treatment; but it does seem like a mockery of science that a discussion should develop on lines which do not converge at any point, when the old Bible, which is not a scientific manual, disposes of the whole subject with a brief and dignified reference, clothed in such nobility of language and clearness of expression that none need misunderstand. And as far as history and investigation have led up to the present time, this record of Genesis has never been successfully contested.

Winds of March

By
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

JUST before Easter the wind is bitter cold.
The trees look gaunt and sullen, the world seems worn and old;
And the ground is bare and muddy, the sky is swept with black;
Adventure lies behind you and there seems no going back.
When the chill of pallid winter is a prowling beast and bold . .
Then it's just before Easter,
And the wind is bitter cold!

And then comes Easter—and the wind is soft and low,
And the trees are drifted over with the white of blossom snow,
And the ground is green and springy and the sky is bright and blue,
And the world is all adventure that is ever calling you.
When the beauty of God's heaven rests upon the earth below . .
Then it's Easter, joyful Easter,
And the soft winds blow!

MAGAZINE covers for March are given to the display of pretty, perplexed girl faces, with umbrellas, blown inside out, above them. March illustrations, on calendars, picture hats rolling blithely away from their irate owners. Poems speak of March as a lion, a lion fierce, untamed. March is always thought of as the most unpleasant month in the year, the most primitive one, the most bitterly cold one. And yet March is the last month of winter, and spring, with its fresh grasses, and soft breezes, and delicately sweet flowers, is waiting, with April and May in its train, just around the corner.

Perhaps it's because March is the last month of cold weather that makes it seem so hard. Perhaps that is the reason why March winds seem so much more cruel than January and February winds. (I myself have had hats blown off and umbrellas turned inside out in November and December, but I haven't resented it as I would have resented the same things in March!) Perhaps it's because folk are so weary of winter, so wistfully anxious for the coming of spring, that March seems so especially long in weeks and days and hours.

I ONCE knew of a settlement house that was struggling to get along in a particularly poor part of a great city. Two brave women were giving their little capital, their time, and their very lives, so that they might bring a bit of joy and the story of a Wonderful Love into a dreary slum.

"We will start this work," they said, "and God will make the way clear for us to finish it!" And so with prayer and hope in their hearts they spent their small amount of money to buy necessary things for the house and for the poor people who came to it for help in the time of pain and trouble.

The capital lasted for nearly six months. And then came a day when the settlement house was without food and fuel, when the folk who came for help had to be turned away with empty hands. And then came another day more hopeless than the first, and another.

It was on the evening of the third day that one of the women, no longer brave, collapsed.

"Our money is gone!" she said bitterly. "We have no food, and the house is cold. It's winter, and what can we two do—alone?"

The other woman, though hungry, was still brave. She still trusted.

"We are *not* alone," she said gently. "God is with us!"

The first woman spoke even more bitterly.

"Sometimes," she said, "I find myself wondering if God *is* with us. Sometimes I find myself being rather sure that he isn't. I'm hungry, I'm cold, and—I'm through!"

The other woman looked at her piteously. She saw their part of the slums left still dark, still without the hint of a Wonderful Story.

"Just give it one more trial!" she pleaded. "I'm sure we won't be allowed to fail!"

The first woman set her lips.

"I'm going to stay here tonight," she answered. "Tomorrow——"

And she turned away with an air of finality.

All through that night, in that chill, barn-like house, one woman prayed for a sign for guidance, while another, rolled up in insufficient blankets, slept fitfully. And then morning came.

They rose grimly, the two of them, and dressed. Because there was no food there was no breakfaast to get. And then suddenly, out of the stillness, came the postman's whistle at the door.

"A letter!" whispered one woman. But the other one, running to answer the shrill summons, murmured:

"The hand of God!"

The envelope that the postman brought held a letter and a check.

"I felt," read the letter, "very strongly, last night, that some one was needing help. And so I got out of my bed, and dressed, and wrote this letter to you. Why God made me think of you I do not know! I hope that this check will help you, and if you need them there will be other checks." And the letter was signed with the name of a nearly forgotten friend.

The two women looked at each other, wordlessly, for a moment. And then one of them spoke.

"I should have trusted more," she said. "But the way looked very dark!"

And the other woman answered her with a glory in her eyes and a note of triumph in her voice.

"We were not alone!" said the other woman; "*and it is always darkest just before dawn!*"

THAT settlement house is the largest one in a great city now. It is able to help as it wanted to help. But the two women who are still the heads of it often remember that night when despair was so very near, when faith itself seemed just about gone, and hope was dying.

"It's always darkest just before dawn!" The old saying will ever carry a ring of truth. It was in the darkness just before dawn that the Indians—perhaps the craftiest fighters of all—made their fierce attacks. It is in the time just before dawning that doctors fear for their very ill patients, for vitality is lowest before dawning. The time before dawn is the hardest time to bear.

And, as it is always darkest just before dawn, so is it always coldest just before spring. It is quite natural that March, the last month of winter, should seem the coldest month of all. It is quite natural that March should seem longer, more trying, than other months. And yet, if we try to remember that spring is waiting around the corner, waiting smilingly, the winds of March will take on a different aspect and will seem just sent to heighten our anticipation and to make spring seem more wonderful when it does arrive.

The Army and Navy Canteen

"DOING one's bit" is an expressive phrase these war days. Every good American detests the word "slacker," as applied to himself, even by implication; so the loyal American man or woman lends a hand anywhere and everywhere. In years past the army and navy canteens have been spoken of collectively, but "canteen" usually implied liquid refreshments for our boys in uniform until our Uncle Sam began to hedge it about with restrictions.

Among the modern army and navy canteens is one established by the generosity of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., at 21 Beekman Place, New York. Here our brave defenders can find home comforts and what they need to eat and drink at a nominal sum, music, books, magazines, comfortable chairs, baths, individual writing-desks, etc. Mrs. Vanderbilt and her daughter Muriel have personally presented kit bags to many of the men, and New Testaments have been supplied by the Y. M. C. A. Prayer books have also been given to those who desired them. All were highly appreciated.

A simple lesson in dishwashing

A stands for Any water—hard or soft

B stands for Batch of dishes—no matter how greasy.

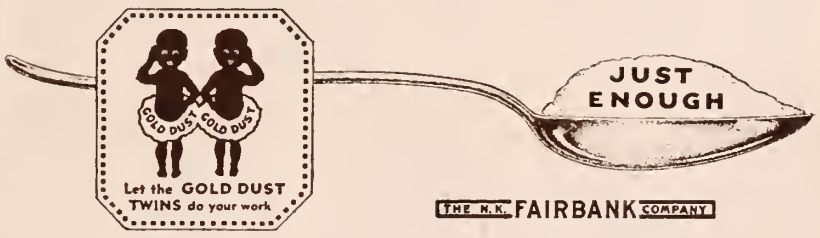
C stands for Correct amount of Gold Dust for a dishpan of water

THOUSANDS of women with no time to waste over their dishpans now use Gold Dust—because it dissolves the grease so nicely.

They also use Gold Dust to clean—without scratching—the finest porcelain bathtubs and lavatories. Also, to keep the kitchen sink sweet and clean, because Gold Dust dissolves the grease, leaves no sediment to clog the drain and rinses out beautifully.

But, of course, they make sure it is really Gold Dust they use.

GOLD DUST
The Busy Cleaner



THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

SNAP
AT
OVER

© Underwood & Underwood
Red Cross nurses, soon to sail to France, studying French at St. Paul's Chapel in New York

© Harris & Ewing
W. R. Castle, Jr., of Honolulu, who will organize the Red Cross Bureau to supply, to relatives and friends, news of American fighting men

© International Film Service
Sammy on leave, en route to the Y. M. C. A., is welcomed and escorted by Paris shop girls

© Underwood & Underwood
A French submarine chaser armed with one of famous seventy-fives, the world's best field gun

© Western Newspaper Union
The Mayor's Committee of Women on National Defense helped defend New York against the coal famine by supplying wood to the poor

First p
Council
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of the A
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SHOTS
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© Committee on Public Information

Artillery may decide the battle. Here is a part of one of Uncle Sam's crack new artillery divisions, off for battle practice at a training camp

© Kadel & Herbert

American troops just arrived in France going aboard the transport to unload supplies. The black spot in the upper corner is the mark of the censor's hand

Underwood & Underwood

of Interallied Naval
le to right: Admiral
de Bon, France;
ritain's First Lord
al de Revel, Italy;
i, Japan. Back row, left to right: Admiral Fremantle, Great Britain; Capt. Twining, U. S. N.; Rear Admiral de Lostende, France; Capt Crease, Great Britain; and Admiral Sir R. Wemyss, Great Britain's First Sea Lord. British official photo

A group of English labor leaders just leaving the conference at Nottingham, where labor pledged its energies to the nation

Why Folks Need Bran

Your Doctor, If You Ask Him, Will Say This:

Bran is Nature's laxative. It was put on wheat to supply the needed roughage.

Omit it, and fine foods clog the system. Then most folks must take drugs.

A Bad Habit

Drug-taking is a bad habit, and it grows. Right living—right food—will make it unnecessary.

A bran-mixed diet is the proper inner cleanser.

Sunnier Days

The morning bran dish now saves many a dull day, many a grouch. It is a smile-breeder, a source of good cheer.

It helps to keep one fit.

Not Clear Bran

Clear bran is unnecessary. It is uninviting.

By doctors' request, we have made a delightful cereal dish which is 25 per cent bran flakes. It is called Pettijohn's.

We use tender bran, so it isn't gritty. We use flake bran to be doubly efficient.

And we hide it in a welcome dainty, in luscious cereal flakes of wheat and oats.

A 7-Day Test

We urge you to make a one-week test. See how Pettijohn's betters your breakfasts, see how it betters your days.

See what it adds to your spirits and your vim.

Let the results of that one-week test decide the bran question for you.

Start tomorrow morning.

Pettijohn's

A Flaked Cereal Dainty

55% Wheat Product - 20% Oats 25% Bran

A breakfast dainty whose flavory flakes hide 25 per cent unground bran.

Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent Government Standard flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe.

Both sold in packages only.

Our Mail-Bag

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and not controversial.

All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

CHRISTIAN HERALD INFORMATION BUREAU

Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D C.

With all the resources of the Government libraries and departments and of the public museums and their staffs and with the active assistance of national experts this Information Bureau is ready to tell you the answer to

Whatever You Want to Know

The bureau is prepared to answer fully and promptly questions regarding food production and conservation, transportation, industrial activities, history, patents and inventions, pensions and Army insurance, legislation, exploration and discovery, Government employment, and all of the thousand and one things that you want to be sure of.

Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

MRS. B. F. M., Rockhill, S. C. Personal salvation is the individual heart getting right with God and receiving forgiveness. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," is the declaration of Scripture, which means simply coming in sincere repentance for your sins, to accept Christ as Saviour, to confess him as such before men, and then to ask divine help daily to keep you true to your new allegiance. It is true that we must work out our own salvation (Phil. 2 : 12, 19), but it is God who worketh in us. God gives the Word of Life; we must do the believing. He gives the pardon, we take it into our own heart and life; he gives power, but we must do our part in using it; he gives his Spirit to work in us the works of the Spirit, but it is ours to give gladly to such work our heart, lips, tongue, voice, words and actions. In short, we place our whole life in his keeping, and putting all doubt and fear aside, live and work and act as he would have us.

Reader, Minneapolis. The question of forgiveness and the Christian attitude thereon has been repeatedly discussed in the Mail-Bag.

F. G., Morristown, N. J. There is no record of the number of Christians at the close of Jesus' ministry, but it may have been considerable, as we are told in various passages in the Gospels that many believed on him. In Acts 1 : 15, however, there is a definite starting-point, where we have the first actual Christian Church assembly, with 120 souls present. Doubtless there were more than these, many times over, throughout the localities where the Saviour had addressed the multitudes, who, we are expressly told, "heard him gladly."

Dr. Katherine Wambold, a missionary in Korea, sends this incident to the Mail-Bag, showing how a little tact applied at the right moment relieved her party and herself from an awkward predicament. She writes: "Last month I was going to Sang Sim Ni, one hundred li (33 miles) from Seoul, to meet the Christians there for a study class with the women. The roads were bad, it was growing late and my Korean assistant and I were walking, in order to make it easier for the jinriksha men. We were going along a new road on the side of the hill, with a wide river at the foot. As we approached a crowd of men working, they all ran toward us, and told us to go back, which we did at once, and all was quiet. I then asked for the foreman—a Japanese—and he explained that 'hito' (people) might go on that special piece of road, but no beasts nor wheels, and that we must go back, cross the river, then cross back to the road farther on. It was a great disappointment, as I should miss reaching the meeting-house that night, where the Christians were gathered; but I wished to say something soothing to the man, so I said, 'Shitsei ai i-ashi mashita,' ('I have been very rude, please excuse me'), and smiled as well as I could. But after I had walked a short distance, the foreman came running after me and said if the men would carry the jinrikshas across the new part of the road, so that the wheels did not touch, we might go. This we did, with very light hearts, obeying the letter of the law and the spirit too, I hope. Fortunately this Japanese was conversant with Korean speech, so we could understand each other. We parted with bows and smiles, my parting words being, 'You surely must be a Christian, to do so kind an act as this.'"

The superintendent of a small Sunday school in California, writes to the Mail-Bag asking if some church or Sunday school which thinks of discarding its old supply of hymn-books would like to help this needy school by giving it the books. An old set of the "Make Christ King" hymnal would be especially appreciated. The Christian Herald will furnish the address to any inquirer.

H. H., Bucklin, No. 1. "The fear of God" is to be interpreted in two ways: first, as fear in the sense of reverence and loyal obedience to his laws, and second, in the sense of realizing that God is just and that the unrepentant sinner must face the consequences of violating his laws. The whole message of the Gospel is that God desires man's loving obedience, and that none need fear him if they turn from their sins and obtain forgiveness. I John 4 : 18 pictures the Christian life from which all terror is removed when it says, "perfect love casteth out fear." 2. It has often been observed that aged saints, as the time of their departure draws near, have experiences that cannot be explained except on the principle that, as the hold on the affairs of material life relaxes, the veil between time and eternity grows thinner and more transparent, and the senses are susceptible of spiritual perceptions to which those absorbed in the affairs of the world cannot attain.

A. D., Greensboro, Ala. 1. Admiral Mahan was for many years our leading authority on naval matters, and is still frequently quoted. 2. It has been estimated that fully 60 per cent. of the adult population of the United States are engaged, either directly or indirectly, in agriculture and its related callings.

R. E. C., West Finley, Pa. The questions you mention are largely controversial.

An Earnest Seeker. Would God be pleased if there were no evil in the world?

He certainly would; and when his Son returns to rule, evil will be eliminated. This, despite the passage in Isa. 45 : 7, "I form the light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil." This passage does not refer to moral evil, but to discord or disturbance in the order of the universe as a whole. Thus as light and darkness are opposites, so, in the next clause of the verse, peace and disorder are opposites. Evil is the negation of good, and distinction must be made between natural and moral evil. Among natural evils are wars, earthquakes, storms, plagues, or whatever disturbs or disarranges the perfection of natural things; whereas moral evil is thought, word or act that is contrary to the revealed law of God, and is therefore sin. It is the peculiarity of Hebrew writing to delight in contrasts. Thus in the passage in Isaiah the prophet uses the converse of the peace he had been talking of. He uses the word "evil" in the sense of punishment or misery. It is the state of the nation that he is considering. It serves God and is faithful to him, and is prosperous. The prosperity comes from God. It deserts and disobeys God and is punished by captivity and oppression. They are the logical results of disobedience, and as God permits the punishment to follow the sin, in that sense he creates the condition which men regard as an evil. There is a similar argument in Rom. 11 : 22. Moral evil he never creates, for evil is the negative of good. God is the source of all goodness, and "no evil dwells in Him"; but with the withdrawal of his guiding and protecting Spirit from man, evil comes.

Mrs. H. G. L., Grooville, N. Y. The letter v. is an abbreviation of the word "verse," and vv. means "verses," the doubling of the letter indicating the plural.

B. L., Beaver Falls, Minn. (1) Is it true that after having made man, God was sorry for what he had done? (2) Is suicide an unpardonable sin?

(1) The passage Gen. 6 : 6 can best be understood by remembering that in our language, suited to our nature and experience, we have no expressions really suitable to describe the mind of God. God cannot change (Num. 23 : 19; I Sam. 15 : 29), nor be affected with sorrow like man; but in language suited to human understanding he is described as about to alter his visible procedure toward mankind. From being merciful and long-suffering he was about to show himself a God of judgment by employing the powers and agencies of the system in which they had been placed as the instruments of these punishments; and as that impious race had broken his laws and filled up the measure of their iniquities, he was about to introduce a display of divine justice. (2) No murderer (and a suicide is a self-murderer) has eternal life abiding in him (see I John 3 : 15). Any person who, having his reason and his mental powers unimpaired, deliberately kills himself, gives evidence by his act that he is not and never has been a true Christian, and therefore cannot have an inheritance in heaven. On the other hand there is no doubt that a large proportion of those who commit suicide are of unsound mind at the time. The brain is unbalanced and the person is not responsible for his act. We may be quite sure that if a Christian loses control of his faculties and in that condition kills himself, we have no right to assume that by that act he forfeits his claim upon divine mercy and forgiveness.

J. T., Lake Town, Utah. Is fasting a duty? Does it promote consecration?

Fasting has been practised in all ages of the Jewish and Christian Church, and, as will be seen from Matt. 6 : 16–18, not always with the best motives. When it is practised with the object of fitting the soul for close communion with God, or of bringing the body in subjection, it is good. Self-indulgence leads to carelessness and indifference to spiritual things, which may be corrected by an occasional or regular fast, and that, too, need not be only from the pleasures of the table. The purpose of the fast should be clearly kept in mind. It is not to win merit, but, by disciplining the body, to help the spirit to come nearer to God and to gain spiritual power.

Mrs. H. T., Cortland, N. Y. What Scriptural proof have we that we shall know each other after death?

We find the assurance of heavenly recognition in a number of passages in the Old and New Testaments. David said of his dead son, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me" (II Sam. 12 : 23). See also the parable of Dives and Lazarus, which teaches recognition. See Phil. 3 : 20; Heb. 12 : 1; Matt. 17 : 3; Rev. 6 : 9; Rom. 14 : 12; Luke 16 : 23; Rev. 6 : 9, 10; I Thess. 4 : 13-18; Heb. 13 : 17; Matt. 8 : 11. These and others indicate the preservation of identity. We have no reason to doubt that the redeemed will know each other, that pure friendships begun on earth will there be perfected, that we shall know the saints and our own dear ones. Heaven is the Christian's fatherland, where we shall see our friends and know them.

The Most Important Member of the Family

IS the baby in the cradle—the most important to you—the most important to the nation.

Do you know how to take care of your baby in the best possible way? Do you know how to give him the best possible chance to grow up healthy and useful?

Your baby is of such value to the nation that a committee of some of the most prominent physicians in the United States have written a little book on "The Care of the Baby."

A Book on the Baby

that tells how to feed him, bathe him, dress him, weigh him, where he should sleep, how many hours a day he should be in the air, all the things necessary to keep him in the best of health, is about the most useful thing that the mother or father of a baby can own.

You can get this book free by mailing your name and address to The Christian Herald Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. enclosing a two-cent stamp for return postage.

All Helping Armenia and Palestine

WITH the continued opening up of Syria, Palestine and Armenia, as the Turks are forced backward, news of suffering and destitution steadily multiplies. Relief organization is being rapidly effected and funds are pouring in from many sources, but the need is very great and will be continuous. There comes a constant stream of cablegrams and letters, detailing the terrible situation and appealing for help.

Dr. F. J. Scrimgeour, military head of medical relief in Jerusalem and Bethlehem, writes: "A few days ago when inspecting the cleaning of streets inside the old Damascus gate I heard a voice from the dark recesses of a low arched tunnel running into the foundations of an ancient house. The recess was filthy beyond description and the stench from the refuse of months most offensive. Yet lying on a few rags on the heaps of loose stones which formed a floor was a woman with three small children. She did not speak when she saw me but seemed merely to utter a cry and the children were sobbing. I was able to converse with her in Arabic and she told me that neither she nor her three small infants had tasted food since noon on the previous day and had lain out in the cold for nights. We have had bitter weather and the children were clad in rags and looked blue. For the time I was able to find them bread but we are searching for means of giving more permanent relief to such desperately urgent cases of actual starvation. Some nights ago two of the officers of our staff found a poor boy lying on the ground not far from the Jaffa Gate. He was moaning, but our officers not knowing Arabic were uncertain whether he was injured or ill. However, they got an ambulance and the patient was sent into one of our civil hospitals. There was no doubt as to his condition when we came to examine him; he was a victim of starvation, and all that night our nurses tried to assist his powers of vitality. At first he seemed to rally, but his sufferings had been too prolonged and he sank next afternoon and died from sheer lack of nourishment."

Stephen Trowbridge writes from Cairo: "Reports from very reliable sources have reached me regarding the Lebanon district, and they indicate that the distress has reached the most bitter stages of starvation. By all means reserve a good part of your funds to help the poor people that survive in Syria and farther north just as soon as the ways are opened."

W. Nesbitt Chambers sends on this appeal received by him in Switzerland from Syria: "I beg you very much to help us. We cry to God and beg you. Perhaps there is somebody in Switzerland who will help that our orphans die not from hunger. All things are now three times as dear as in the time before the war, and my funds are exhausted. Two of our orphans left us, saying 'we cannot endure hunger any longer.' My heart bleeds for them because of the place to which they have gone. I beg of you help us. Help us to save these orphans from the grave.

"I send this," Mr. Chambers adds, "as a reminder of the suffering through which not only the destitute are passing, but through which our agents are passing in their endeavors to relieve the distress. This comes from one of our centers, and I have no doubt that supplies have been sent in since it was written. The indications are that a great deal is being done to relieve the distress, but there is a great deal that we are still not reaching."

Cleveland H. Dodge, treasurer of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, announces receipts of $681,618.99 for the month of February, making a total of $8,240,168.92 collected by the Committee for Relief in the Russian Caucasus, Persia and Southern Palestine. The Committee have already cabled $7,210,367.55 to the field.

New apportionments amounting to $955,000 were made at the Executive Committee meeting of March 1st. This money was alloted as follows:

$250,000 for relief in the Russian Caucasus, via Tiflis; $200,000 were sent to Persia, via Teheran; $200,000 to Eastern Armenia and Western Persia, via Tabriz; $150,000 for relief in Asia Minor, via Constantinople; $100,000 for relief in Syria, via Beirut; $50,000 for Palestine, via Jerusalem; and $5,000 to Armenian refugees in Port Said.

Two checks of $70,000 each were received by the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief the week ending March 1. One came from the Canadian Sunday Schools, the other from the City of Portland, Oregon.

Additional Gifts to the Christian Herald Fund for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of the War

Gifts of $50.00 Each

Mrs. Annie E. Walters; Mrs. T. A. Allen; Mrs. W. W. Gilmore; Friend, Mosquero, N. Mex.; Mrs. Virginia C. Stapels, Lydia E. Herr; O. C. Stanton.

Gifts of $15.00 Each

Orra S. Yoder; Mrs. K. Mangold; David Stewart; Rosanna L. Brown; Mr. & Mrs. E. Kay; Mrs. N. A. Dobson.

Gifts of $10.00 Each

Mr. & Mrs. A. J. Blair; Friend, Honolulu, T. H.; Mr. & Mrs. Geo. Jack; "In memory of Mrs. Annie M. Eaton"; Miss M. E. Hall; S. S., M. E. Church, South La Gloria, Cuba; M. Wikham; "Kendall"; Tennie Severtson; Mrs. W. E. Moore; Rudolph Grunder; H. L. H., Ohio; Y. P. Society, German Bethel Baptist Church, Anaheim, Cal.; S. S., German Bethel Baptist Church, Anaheim, Cal.; Mrs. D. Wagner; A. C. McI.; M. D. Cole; Woman's Missionary Society, St. Paul's Reformed Church, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Geo. Miller; H. J. K.; A. Malberg & Family; J. G. Mann; R. E. Hopkins; Chauncey Pollock; Z. Z. Dodds; Mrs. S. J. Johnston; Alice Conway; James E. Perry; Friend, Elizabeth, N. J.; Mrs. Nannie Harris.

Gifts of $2.00 Each

Mrs. Anna P. Unger; Fred de Vries; Geo. W. Dieter; Tom & Betty; Mrs. Sarah H. Steele; Mrs. M. E. Venable; Friend, Conneaut Lake, Pa.; Mrs. Bartlett; Friend, Ransons, Va.; M. R. Benchley; Mr. & Mrs. C. Crozier; Harry Judd; Mrs. J. E. G.; Mrs. M. A. Evenden; Mrs. McCoy; Mrs. W. R. Ross; Mrs. J. H. Fulcher; W. S. Jenkins; Mrs. M. C., New York City; John Kohnke; W. H. Ferguson; Katherine McPhee; Mrs. F. A. Hough; Mrs. S. P. Riffell; Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Thayer; Jos. D. Mitchell; Mr. & Mrs. G. E. Nighthart; Mrs. E. E. Rowland; H. B. Belmer; Sunbeam S. S. Class, First Reformed Church, Pella, Iowa; J. J. Watkins; Anna R. Tappan; Miss M. Niblett; Mrs. Wm. Armstrong; Reader, Eastlake, Tenn.; Mrs. J. H. Short; T. G. Ellis; H. G. B.; Wm. B. Leck; Subscriber, Orosi, Cal.; Friend, Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. Susan Hodder; Jas. Huddleson; E. P., Hillsdale, Ore.; Rev. Giles B. Cooke; Mrs. C. J. Sonnema; Subscriber, Phillipsburg, N. J.; F. Aug. Lillebee; Frances R. Preston; Friend, Upton, Mass.; F. Reynolds; Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Rankin.

Gifts of $1.00 Each

Mrs. James Olsman; Mrs. Verna Karr; ——, Hoboken, J. N.; Friend, Nyack, N. Y.; W. H. Day; Ralph Busse; Reader, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. M. C. M., Modesto, Ill.; Dr. Henry L. Miller; Mrs. Samuel Harper; Mrs. J. P. Moore; Pearl Kinsworthy; Mrs. Jas. B. Rowe; Walter Nowland; F. P. Strathern; Franklin F. Paine; L. H. S., Indiantown, Va.; Friend, Cincinnati, Ohio; Helen Knappenberger; Friend, Wellsboro, Pa.; "A Lonely Mother"; Master J. Russell Bailey; Mrs. Carrie Alrick; M. B. C., Mooresville, N. Car.; Mrs. Lydia A. Farr; Caroline Sears; A. A. Robinson; J. Sehaedel; Fannie Smith; I. Bailey; S. C. M., Fergus Falls, Minn.; Mrs. E. Rau; Henry J. Glendenning; J. H. Groseclose; Elsie M. Pendell; Wm. McNeely; "In Jesus' Name," Abilene, Kans.; Miss Stella V. Cox; In His Name, Massachusetts; Mary Wood; Reader, R. I.; Mrs. Mary McDonald; Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Overmyer; Mrs. G. L. B., Cortland, N. Y.; I. Peters; Friend, Johnstown, Pa.; Mrs. W. E. Nills; Mary Putnam, Mrs. J. L. Brainard; J. L. Eason; Friend, McKeesport, Pa.; Miss Mabel E. Mohn; Mrs. Margaret Carson; Mrs. Ida May Adams; John L. Hoffman; In His Name, Bangor, Me.; ——, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. J. A. P. Suffield, Conn.; Mrs. M. E. Whitaker; Reader, Madison Lake, Minn.; Elizabeth Norris; E. B., Martins Ferry, Ohio; Henry West; Mrs. Jacob Currie; W. A. Crosby; Mrs. A. S. Warriner; Johanna Hollmann; Friend, Hebron, N. Hamp.; Mrs. Bertha Briggs; Friend, W. Newton, Mass.; E. T. Dalton; Mrs. A. Klippen; Mrs. W. J. G. Dawson; ——, Holland, Mich.; Frank C. Rideout; J. F. Perry; Nellie Knapp; C. E. Furman; D. E. Herron; Samuel Millesack; Mrs. Margaret P. Osborn; E. M. Willmarth; J. W. S. Granberry; Mrs. Julia L. Mitchell; Miss Susan Rheem; C. L. R., Barber; Mrs. Ida M. Smith; Lauri T. Terry; Wm. E. Probst; Mrs. S. A. Reeder; Louis C. Hanskin; Mrs. M. J. Duggan; Mrs. Ragene King; Mrs. Esther Stuller; E. C. Carrington.

Additional acknowledgments in subsequent issues of the Christian Herald

"Only one man in 25 makes good in the Miller Plant"

By Creating Uniform Builders We Created Uniform Tires

Each Man a Master—Each Tire a Masterpiece

MILLER Tires are known far and wide today as the Uniform Mileage Tires. That means wherever Millers are run under like conditions, they wear the same.

That 99 Millers in 100 outrun standard guarantees.

Of all the some 429 brands on the market, there is no other we know to equal this.

Miller UNIFORM MILEAGE Tires

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

How Miller Succeeded

Such uniformity has been the aim of tire makers for years. For who could tell, when he bought a tire, whether it would run 5000 miles or fail at a thousand?

Miller found the solution—not in machines or methods—but in men.

We discovered that workmen must be uniform or their tires (mostly handwork) can never be.

By training crack squads—a regiment of champions—we reduced the variab'es in tires to the smallest fraction.

Each Man Rated

When tire builders come here, each one must take our training and then pass our tests.

Then our efficiency experts keep a record of that man and his work.

To pass our inspectors, the tires he builds must reach our 99% grade. If ever a Miller comes back, the builder's score is penalized.

Under this rigid system, only one man in 25 makes good. But those who do are masters all.

Their average efficiency is 96%.

Geared-to-the-Road

There is no excuse longer for buying tires on luck. Miller means certainty. And safety, too, due to the tread that is *geared-to-the-road*.

Mark how the sharp rubber cogs engage the ground.

A Limited Number

Only about one motorist in 50 will be able to get the Miller Uniform Tires this year.

It takes time to train men to Miller perfection. And even so, but few can ever become masters.

To make sure of securing your season's supply of Millers, you must speak at once.

Only good dealers are authorized to sell them. Find the one in your neighborhood without delay.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—the Team-Mates of Uniform Tires

Which Do Boys Like Better?

Puffed Rice or Flour Foods?—Ask Them

You know the need for whole-grain foods, with their minerals and vitamines. But do you daily practice the ideal way to serve them?

Graham muffins and rice croquettes are nearly whole-grain foods. But note how they differ from Puffed Grains.

In Puffed Rice and Wheat every food cell is exploded. Every granule is fitted to digest. So the body gets from Puffed Grains all that Nature stored there.

Puffed Grains are like bubbles—airy, thin and flaky. Their flimsy crispness makes them most enticing. They taste like nut confections. You can serve them morning, noon and night. Children never get enough. And they never tax the stomach.

Puffed Grains supply whole-grain food all day long, and in many forms. At breakfast one eats them with sugar and cream, or mixed with any fruit. For luncheon or supper they are floated in bowls of milk. Between meals children eat them dry like peanuts. They are used in candy making, as wafers in soups, as garnish for ice cream.

So users of Puffed Grains may get whole-grain food in plenty. And in a form where every atom feeds.

Puffed Rice **Corn Puffs** **Puffed Wheat**

Each 15c Except in Far West

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No other form of wheat, rice or corn compares with Puffed Grains as hygienic food. Serve all of them in plenty.

Puffed Rice

Young People's Topics for March 31

Lessons from the Risen Christ's Forty Days

Christian Endeavor and Epworth League Topics. (Easter Meeting.) John 21: 10-17

TWO intervals of forty days, the Saviour knew; one in the wilderness when, after fasting, he hungered and the tempter came, the other after the tomb when he gave to his disciples final instructions and the proof of his divinity which prepared them to preach the Gospel of salvation to the uttermost parts of the earth. Never in all the years of man's search after God has there been another forty days like this, which bridged the time from the resurrection to the ascension. First, Mary, weeping in the garden, heard with joy the loved voice of her Lord and flew on winged feet to bear the message, "He is risen!" Then followed the various appearances, ten in all, including two in the upper room (the second the occasion of Thomas' declaration of returning faith), the appearance to Peter, the appearance on the walk to Emmaus, the appearance on the shores of Galilee, the appearance later to some five hundred, and lastly appearing to the eleven, commissioning them to preach his Gospel in all the world and promising to go with them always even unto the end.

It is probable that our hearts are most closely touched by four of these appearances: the one to Mary, who, having suffered much, having been forgiven much, and having loved much, was the first to see the Lord; the second in the upper room where Thomas lost his doubts in the full flood of complete revelation; the third in the walk to Emmaus, where He was known in the breaking of bread, and the fourth by Galilee, where Peter expiated his three denials in his thrice avowed affection.

"My Lord and my God!" cried Thomas convinced. So we, driven almost to despair by constantly assailing doubt, may cry, when by faith and prayer and the doing of the doctrine, we have proven it of God and have prepared our hearts for the full revelation of the Christ.

How often, in the breaking of bread, we find anew the Saviour's presence! In sharing our loaf we open our hearts, and what a comfort to feel that as we journey he is by our side, the unseen Guest at every meal, the unseen Listener to every conversation, the unseen strength that fortifies our wills and gives us courage to press on.

And our denials! Not as heinous perhaps as Peter's, but just as cowardly and with less provocation. How often, by word or by deed, or by failure to speak and act, we deny the faith we profess. How sweet then the assurance that he will welcome us on the shore of our sea of self, ready to feed our souls, ready to receive our love, ready to commission us to feed his sheep. But let us not get into the easy notion that forgiveness gives warrant for new denials. Peter, forgiven and commissioned on Galilee's shore, never again denied his Lord. Neither judges, jails, nor any device of man nor the devil could again swerve Peter from the pathway of faith and duty.

And yet one more appearance, the last, when he went to be with the Father, and his disciples beheld him taken away out of their sight. "In like manner as he went shall he appear again." Is not that a blessed promise? The other appearances were for the early church, the last will be repeated for the church triumphant. And for this appearance we, who love him today like those of old, are bidden to watch.

Lighthouses in Africa

B. Y. P. U. Topic. Matt. 5:16

MATERIAL for this topic may be secured by addressing the Department of Missionary Education, 23 E. 26th St., New York City, enclosing 10 cents to cover cost of mailing.

The Automobile in War Time

"TAKING over the operation of the railroads by the government will bring further recognition of the passenger car and motor truck as transportation factors," said Alfred Reeves, general manager of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. "Director General McAdoo is certain to require that more passengers and freight for short distances be carried by motor vehicles and thus relieve railroad congestion at terminal points. With many passenger trains taken off, people must make greater use of motor cars. If the government retains control of the railroads after the war it is almost certain to coordinate the transportation of freight, express and postal matter, all of which pass over the railroads. The Post Office Department will establish motor truck rural mail and parcel post service out of all the larger cities, and motor stage lines and freight service between points on the railroads and towns without rail connection will be developed. This means an enormous development in the use of motor vehicles. The government has already shown its recognition of the possibilities of the motor truck. This is especially true of the Postmaster General. He has installed them in most of the large cities and has recently called for bids for inter-city motor service between New York and Philadelphia, New York and Hartford, Conn., and Detroit and Toledo. He wants Congress to authorize him to establish motor truck parcel post service within fifty miles of each of fifty of the larger cities, and has even offered to take over all the delivery work of the retail dry goods merchants in New York City, proposing to have the stores mail their packages as parcel post matter. Although the presidential proclamation did not mention the express companies, it will become almost necessary to take over their operation also. With the collection, transportation and delivery of mail and express matter in the hands of the government, a natural and very much to be desired additional function will be the collection and delivery of all package freight. This has become a pressing necessity to relieve the confusion and congestion at the freight houses and piers. The coordination of freight, express and mail service will be of immense benefit to the public, will increase the revenue of the railroads and the Post Office, and will incidentally do more than the present war to build up the motor truck manufacturing industry."

ON the American farmer rests the responsibility of feeding the armies in Europe and the civil population of the United States and to a large extent that of England, France, Italy and Belgium. At the same time he is confronted with labor shortage, high wages and increased cost of keeping horses. These conditions make it necessary for him to increase his efficiency and that of his land.

To do this he must use time and labor-saving machinery, said Charles Clifton, president of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. The tractor affords the farmer means of increasing production without more men or horses. The automobile and truck furnish transportation that is essential to the farmer. With a truck it is practicable to haul a load forty to fifty miles and return the same day. This is important in view of the freight congestion. The speed of the truck enables the farmer to take advantage of dry weather, when roads are in good condition. It permits him to get benefit of market conditions when prices are high. Every passenger automobile means at least one horse dispensed with. Each horse requires five acres of land. By the car, the farmer can devote five acres to raising staples for human consumption. A truck takes the place of at least one team, and will do the work of five or six horses. This will release ten to thirty acres for the support of three to ten human beings.

Is the Food Administration Worth While?

Continued from page 341

Not that the cost of living has been materially reduced—that was beyond the power of the Food Administration. But the people ought to realize from what they have been saved by the prevention of profiteering, speculation and hoarding through the introduction of the licensing system. This is the only means by which retail prices can be influenced and extortion checked. When you read of wholesale merchants who have been put out of business for extortion or hoarding, or letting carloads rot, you may know that the Food Administration is doing all in its power to protect the consumers and make prices as reasonable as possible. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been saved to the people. But never forget that this is secondary—that the supreme object and purpose of the Food Administration is to secure the substitution and saving and reduction of consumption necessary to get wheat, meat, sugar and fats over to the armies and the Allies.

Again, the organization has been perfected until it spreads its network over the entire country. Through the policy of decentralization Federal Food Administrators have been appointed in all the states, with public information directors, county administrators, and the means necessary to carry food conservation into every local district and family. This leaves the broad policies and the direction where it must be, at the center, and distributed the agencies so that local conditions can be met and success secured for the whole.

I have said nothing of production, because that is too large a subject. It was settled for 1917 before the Food Administration was born. Careful plans of stimulation have been laid for this year. One thing is certain, that the home or kitchen garden will be a great aid. Every family that can possibly raise its own vegetables and fruit should so do. A pig in every available back yard is one of the suggestions. The boys and girls can do their bit. The churches can go into cooperative canning of vegetables raised in the home gardens, and lay up a supply to be given to the needy during the coming winter—for we must expect the food conditions to be more severe. This will be true even if the war ends this summer. The peoples will still have to be fed, and we are the storehouse.

Is it worth while? The Food Administration's work is essential to winning the war, and that is our first and greatest task, from which nothing should divert us. But its work goes much deeper than that in its effects. It is a national educator in conserving the nation's health as well as its food supply. It is serving a moral and religious end, as surely as a physical requirement. Many things will be different and better after this war—and one of the things will be the food habits.

All of us therefore should take an interest in food conservation. Do your part to help. Do not grumble at the "fifty-fifty" purchase plan or any other. Practice substitution, saving, whatever is necessary. Be cheerful and not critical. Realize that we have come to no hardship—to nothing that would measure up against the privation and suffering and heartbreak of the French woman or the Italian, to say nothing of Belgian or Armenian men, women and children. Prices are high. They are bound to be in time of war; do not charge that against the Food Administration. Appreciate the things it has accomplished, and the steady purpose animating all its activities. Realize that food conservation is not a fitful fad but a fateful fact, involving both national preservation and international obligation; that every slice of white bread saved or not eaten here may feed a hungry child abroad; that the hand stretched out from the American table reaches to the trenches or tables in France; and that by following the Home Card requests of the Food Administration, each one is really helping to win the war for liberty and righteousness.

The Food Administration is not afraid to show its teeth to lawbreakers. Several distributing agencies were heavily penalized in January for violations of the Administration's regulations. Three unlicensed retail grocers in Pittsburgh—M. Shapiro, B. Block, and Sam Gelman—have had their supplies of licensed food cut off by order of the Food Administration, as a result of unjust and unreasonable charges for food commodities. S. R. Jennings, Shreveport, La., lost his license as a dealer in cottonseed meal and cake through failure to make delivery on advanced contracts. The Tidewater Tie & Lumber Co., Newport News, Va., licensed to deal in foodstuffs, suffered the same fate. The Food Administration showed that its license was merely a cloak for the operations of Lester Bros., also of Newport News, whose license had been revoked in December. The license of I. Swirsky & Son, wholesale grocers of New Haven, Conn., was revoked on January 28. They had been found guilty of extracting exorbitant prices for sugar. Louis Hoffman, of New York, lost his license on January 31, after having been found guilty on similar charges. Promises that sugar would be given away with theater tickets caused the Food Administration to suspend, for the entire month of February, the license of D. Nochimson, wholesale grocer of Paterson, N. J., who had sold 400 pounds of sugar to the manager of the theater. The Clio Oil and Fertilizer Co., in Clio, S. C., lost its license because it had hoarded cotton seed. Canton, Ohio, branch of the General Baking Co. was forced to donate $3,000 to the war funds of the Young Men's Christian Association, Red Cross, etc., because its manager had sold 2,800 pounds of sugar to 28 employees, and had made other sales in unreasonable quantities.

How to Make "Victory Bread"

"VICTORY BREAD" is the name chosen for the breads and rolls that contain one-fifth or more cereal other than wheat. Under regulation, bakers are not permitted to sell any except this mixed cereal bread, and are required to observe the "Victory Bread" substitutions.

This happy name can be applied to sweetbreads, crackers, biscuits, cookies, cakes and pies that contain one-third more of these substitutes, and to batter cakes and waffles that contain three-fourths of substitutes. The baker, like the housewife who buys her cereals on the new 50–50 plan, must run his bread-making on a limited amount of wheat flour, but the great demand for wheat-saving breads insures the sale not only of "Victory Bread," but of breads containing an even higher percentage of wheat-flour substitute than is required under regulation.

In one respect the housekeeper has a decided advantage over the baker. He must produce a bread that will stand twelve to twenty-four hours' delay and handling before reaching the table, while her homemade bread can be transferred from stove to table in a few seconds. Women will no doubt use this advantage to produce 100 per cent. wheat-saving breads, such as corn bread and buckwheat cakes, which could well be termed "Victory Plus" breads.

Housekeepers will be interested in the following list of substitutes that reflect in a strikingly interesting fashion the diversified farming of the nation and various breadmaking experiments:

Bran, shorts, middlings.

Milo flours and similar flours and meals.

Corn flour, corn meal, corn grits, hominy.

Edible corn starch, barley flour, rolled oats, oat meal.

Rice, rice flour, buckwheat flour, potato flour, sweet potato flour.

Bean meal, peanut meal, cassava, taro and banana flours, and other products of similar nature.

What new breads will housekeepers contrive from them? Report your successes to the Christian Herald or to the Food Administration at Washington.

22 Million Families in the United States

4 Cups of Wheat Flour to the Pound

If each family used 4 cups of flour less per week, the saving would be 22 million pounds or 112,244 barrels ***every week.***

The greatest help housekeepers can give to win the war is to make this saving and ***it can be done*** by using this recipe in place of white flour bread.

Corn Meal Biscuits

¾ cup scalded milk	¾ teaspoon salt
1 cup corn meal	1 cup white flour
2 tablespoons shortening	4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Save ¼ cup of the measured flour for board. Pour milk over corn meal, add shortening and salt. When cold, add sifted flour and baking powder. Roll out lightly on floured board. Cut with biscuit cutter and bake in greased pan fifteen to twenty minutes.

Our new Red, White and Blue booklet, "Best War Time Recipes," containing many other recipes for making delicious and wholesome wheat saving foods, mailed free—address

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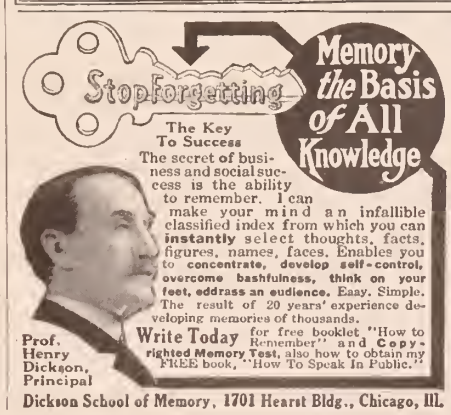

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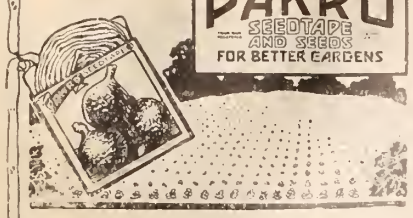

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Jesus Our Example in Service

International Sunday School Lesson for March 31. Phil 2 : 1-11

A Review Lesson (Mark, chapters 1 to 6)

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

WE have completed six chapters of Mark this quarter. Now as we review the fruits of our study we can surely agree with the men who selected Paul's great sentence in Phil. 2 : 5–8 as the key text for our summary today. Read it with your study notes of Mark before you—Paul's declaration of the Mind of Christ. The Unselfish Christ of whom Paul speaks is the same person whom Mark pictured for us. Mark received his information about Jesus from Peter, we believe, and we know how different Peter and Paul were in their thinking and writing. Yet each gained all his inspiration from the same great Exemplar. In him all Christians are one, however diverse their duties and their gifts. And to him all worthy guides point, even to him who went about doing good.

I. Self-Regardless in Consecration

At the beginning we have a picture of the quiet unknown man from Nazareth humbly stooping in Jordan for the baptism of John, gladly submitting to a rite of consecration which seemed to him valuable for the future of the Kingdom. Then we see the struggle with temptation and the victory won by utter devotion to the will of God regardless of any appeal to self-satisfaction or to self-glory, even when presented with skilful quotation of the Messianic Scriptures. This is the same Jesus whom Paul describes as *obedient*, a word that expands in meaning in the light of the Gospel till it sums up complete and self-regardless consecration. Here is our Example. He cannot be followed by those who will withhold anything in their dedication of a life to God. And there are so many of us who are holding something back. "Lord, I will follow thee, but" there is something that I reserve the right to consider paramount to your claims. There are some of us who put limits upon our consecration, but as a matter of fact a limited consecration is no consecration at all. He would be no missionary who consecrated himself to work in Africa on the coast but under no circumstances would think of going into the interior. In the early days of New England, the churches once had a Half-way Covenant, which a man could take without committing himself before the world as an out-and-out Christian! Fortunately the thing didn't last. Even while it was operative, it was understood that no one who had taken only the Half-way Covenant should participate in the communion. They realized that fellowship with God and Christ depends upon wholesouled devotion. If we have any "half-way" church members today, it surely is because selfishness of some sort mars their service. Back of all genuine service is consecration to a cause. Of this truth Jesus is a supreme example.

II. Self-Effacing in Teaching

Mark presents us with a self-effacing Teacher who speaks much of the Kingdom and leaves it to us to exalt the King. When he refers to himself he merges his identity with the whole human family of God and calls himself the Son of man, rather than the Son of God. "He suffered not the demons to speak, because they knew him." To the cured leper he said, "See thou say nothing to any man." So tremendous was the impress of his personality that the natural question constantly arose, "Who then is this?" But Jesus preferred to say naught of himself, so that gradually his disciples for themselves identified him as Messiah and Lord. Of course "he could not be hid," but there was no trace of self-consciousness and nothing of the poseur about him. As an actual fact what he was spoke even louder than what he said, just as Emerson held is always the case, either for good or for evil.

So he is our example in our teaching: indefatigable, patient, tactful, suiting his message to the minds of his hearers, and always making much of the message and saying naught of the Messenger, yet somehow living out the truth he taught. I think that the Church abounds still in self-effacing teachers. Remember the protest of William Carey, when hailed and honored by the church at home. He objected to so much talk about Dr. Carey, Dr. Carey, and so little about Dr. Carey's Master. Carey utterly forgot self in his teaching, but India saw Christ in his countenance nevertheless. Just so our schools and churches are full of ministers and teachers who never think of self while they expound the truth of the Gospel. But others need to think of their Example and to be more like Christ in this respect.

III. Self-Forgetful in Ministering to Need

There was only one thing that could draw Christ from his all-important work of teaching the Word of God. That was the cry of human need for aid. He never could resist the call for compassion. What drafts it made upon his time and strength, as he moved through throngs healing the sick, calming the demented, cheering the distressed. How weary Jesus was, drained in body and spirit from the grapple with the things that hinder and hurt men. Sometimes "they could not so much as eat bread," because of the throng that clamored for his care. When he sought a brief respite the people pursued him. But how cheerfully he gave up his vacation and ministered unto them!

His example lives on in Christian physicians, nurses, and social workers without number. He stands again surrounded by the suffering poor in Judson King's account of medical work in the Congo in "Missions" for February. Worn by the day's demands the missionary is about to retire, when he is summoned on a case of life and death which keeps him up all night. In the morning the vanguard of the next village's representatives await to importune him to hurry on.

What awful need cries for Christlike service in our time! Yet some of our Christian people still slumber in their self-centered routine. They must hear the challenge to awake to serve—whether it be in the ever-present avenues of charity at home or in the new endeavors made necessary by world-wide war.

IV. Unselfish in Sharing His Mission

Some well-meaning workers make the mistake of trying to carry the whole load alone. Some seem to think that they alone are able to do the thing that counts. Jesus Christ was free from the subtle temptation to monopolize his own mission that has made men so often cranks and fanatics instead of builders of the future. Divine and unique as he was, he early planned to share the enterprise with the ordinary men who surrounded him. He was fundamentally coöperable. He knew how to utilize the talents of inferior people, and to impart to them the glory of his cause. He gladly accepted the fellowship of the humblest, giving to them a share in the founding on earth of that Kingdom which God himself had sent him to begin.

Paul was like Christ in welcoming coöperation. He delighted to push forward his colaborers while he stood in the background. He rejoiced to see his Timothy and Titus and Archippus assuming important places in the Church. His letters teem with personal references ascribing honor to others, as in Philippians he bestows five glorious words on Epaphroditus of Philippi, "my *brother*, and *fellow worker*, and *fellow soldier*, and your *apostle* and *minister*."

That is a successful Bible school in which every scholar feels himself a partner in the enterprise. That is a successful church where pastor and officers know how to make every member responsible as much as they. That is a successful society where the president knows how to lead and to develop leaders as well.

The Spiritual Beauty of Humility

Humility is of the very essence of unselfishness. The proud can scarcely put self to one side at all. It is a lovely thing to see a really great soul "in honor preferring others." In fact, true humility is shown by contact with inferiors—it is pretty easy to be humble before those who outclass you. But Jesus showed a beautiful consideration to those who were not at all worthy to be compared with him, and a gentle respect and deference to those who were being overborne by the world at large. He emptied himself, he made himself of no reputation, he humbled himself—"wherefore God highly exalted him."

Haven't the greatest souls you have known been Christlike in displaying a humble spirit? It is only the little souls that are jealous of their prerogatives. One of the wonderful things about Thomas à Kempis's Imitation of Christ is the genuine humility of that true saint of God. I love to read his "prayer of a humble and a contrite spirit." In it he says:

"O Lord my God, who art supremely to be loved, remember my poverty; that I am a frail man, not a holy angel; a great sinner, not an innocent lamb; one that prayeth coldly, not one that gloweth in contemplation; and therefore I am not worthy to be counted, nor to appear, nor to be named, among the number of thy devout worshipers."

Thomas à Kempis also testified to the importance of humility in the Christian order by writing in one of his pithy chapters on that theme: "Better it is to have a small portion of good sense with humility, and a slender understanding, than great treasures of science with vain self-complacency."

The Joy of Service

Those of us who have the privilege of teaching will find it possible to classify all our lesson topics and golden texts under the four aspects of selfless service seen in Christ which we have so briefly noted. And have we not already caught the note of deep underlying joy in the soul of the Christ of God? The joy of service is a holy joy. It has a substantial quality that the world's pleasures absolutely lack. No matter how hard the task, rather indeed because the task is both difficult and needful, the consecrated worker enters into the joy of his Lord. The motto of the crown of England is "I serve."

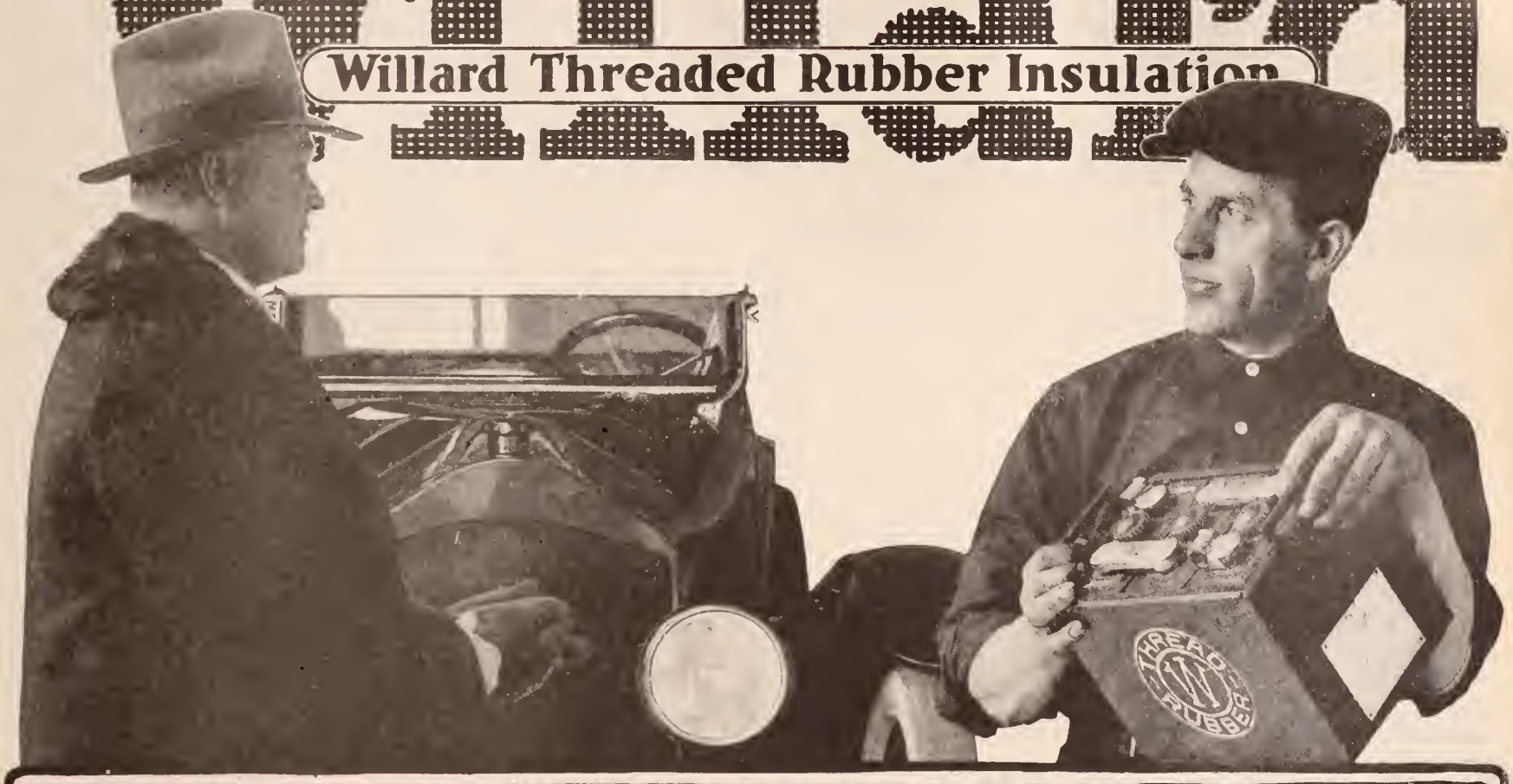
In Africa and Asia

A REVIVAL has begun in Wad Madani through the ministration of Rev. Ibrahim Girgis, Sudan secretary of the World's Sunday School Association. He also spoke to the classes in the government school. Mr. Girgis tells the following incident: "The chief clerk in the railway office in Wad Madani attended the meetings held every night during my stay in the town. He used to come earlier than the hour on which the service commenced, and began to bring others with him. Evidences of Christ and the new life appeared in his face and in his mind, though he did not publicly join the church. He asked me to get him Bible study helps and sermons. When I left the town many came to see me off. One man caught my hand, led me aside and said, 'I wish to tell you about the work of God's grace in the chief clerk. Last night after the meeting he came and spent a long time in our house in prayer. He is resolved to serve God even if he has to leave his government post in fulfilling his purpose.'"

In China the Sunday School Union is carrying forward very definite evangelistic work. Particular work was accomplished in two Summer Conferences in Peking, Tientsin, Hangchow, Nanking and Shanghai. The Sunday school, church and Y. M. C. A. leaders are linked in this work. The "Adult Bible Class Movement" will receive great impetus from such campaigns.

W·I·S·A·L STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation



"Is There Really Much Difference in Batteries?"

The answer is easy, if you distinguish between the *big things*, on which battery life and efficiency depends, and the *little details*, which are less important individually, though taken all together they make considerable difference between high-class, well-built batteries on the one hand and cheap batteries on the other.

Let's consider the little things first—strength and durability of box and jars, size of terminals, quality of sealing compound, careful selection, testing and mixing of the lead oxides for plates, design of grid, and so on.

Which battery has the biggest and highest average of all of them?

Isn't it logical to suppose it is the battery which is built by the largest and oldest builder of automobile starting and lighting batteries—with the widest experience and most complete facilities?

—the battery which has *year after year* been used as standard equipment by *about 85% of all car-builders?*

Such leadership could not be established and maintained except by superior quality in every detail of design, material and workmanship.

And now consider the *big* difference—one on which the life of the current-producing plates is directly dependent—INSULATION.

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

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It is one of those rare discoveries that go to the very heart of the battery—transforming it into a newer, still better product.

It is a thing battery engineers wanted *for years*—a really practical *hard rubber* protection for battery plates.

All sorts of ways had been tried to devise a rubber insulation that would preserve the superior insulating qualities of rubber *without* either *decreasing the voltage* or *increasing battery size and weight*.

The problem was to find the proper method of allowing the battery solution to *pass through* the insulation, this being necessary to assure the proper voltage.

Willard found the answer by piercing the hard rubber insulation with 196,000 tiny threads.

The results have been so remarkable, the demand for the Still Better Willard has been so insistent—that you owe it to yourself to get the facts at first hand.

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That does not mean that you must buy only *un*tried goods. Quite the contrary. Anything you buy through the advertising columns of CHRISTIAN HERALD has been tried and proved worthy. CHRISTIAN HERALD is a trial court for buyers.

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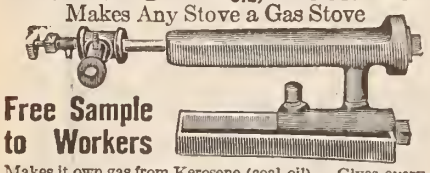
Your decisions, too, will always be favorable when they follow the judgment of this court.

Hold your buying trials in CHRISTIAN HERALD.

AGENTS—KEROSENE (COAL OIL) BURNER
Makes Any Stove a Gas Stove



Free Sample to Workers

Makes it own gas from Kerosene (coal oil). Gives every home a gas stove. Absolutely safe. Cheapest fuel known. **Wonderful Labor Saver** Agents just coining money. Women wild about it. No coal or ashes to carry. No more danger from gasoline. **Safe, Clean, Odorless, Cheap** Every home a prospect. Low price makes quick sales. Easy to carry and demonstrate. Big profits. Your territory is open. *Write today.* **Thomas Burner Co., 3524 Gay St., Dayton, Ohio**

Save All Your Chicks

E. J. Reefer, the poultry expert, 242 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is giving away free a valuable book entitled, "White Diarrhoea and How to Cure it." This book contains scientific facts on white diarrhoea and tells how to prepare a simple home solution that cures this terrible disease over night and actually raises 98 per cent of every hatch. All poultry raisers should certainly write Mr. Reefer for one of these valuable FREE books.

HOW TO MAKE A LAWN
A twenty-page booklet telling what to do and how to do it. Also a 130-page catalog. **FREE** Will help you beautify your home. Write today.
IOWA SEED CO., Dept. Des Moines, Iowa

ORNAMENTAL FENCE
40 designs—all steel. Handsome, costs less than wood, more durable. We can save you money. Write for free catalog and special prices.
KOKOMO FENCE MACH. CO.
439 North Street, Kokomo, Ind.

Do You Hear As Easily As This?

There is no longer any need for you to hear imperfectly, for straining to hear or being conspicuous in any way. Over a quarter of a million deaf people are now hearing clearly with the Acousticon. And since the perfecting of our new 1918 Acousticon—smaller, better, and just as strong as ever, it is no more noticeable than in the above picture.

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Just write us, saying, "I am hard of hearing and will try the Acousticon." We will send you, delivery charges paid, the

1918 Acousticon
FOR TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL
NO DEPOSIT—NO EXPENSE

All we ask is that you give it a fair trial in your own home and amid familiar surroundings. Then there can be no doubt of whether it improves your hearing.

If it does not do so, we want it back without a cent of expense to you for the trial, because we know it is good business policy to have none but satisfied and enthusiastic customers—that's the only kind we now have. Write for your FREE TRIAL today.

GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO., 1314 Candler Bldg., New York
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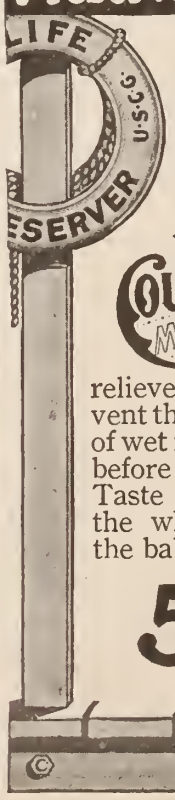
Preserve Your Health



Always ready for emergency, the Life Preserver prevents loss of life to water-travelers.

DEANS COUGH MENTHOLATED DROPS

relieve sore throat and prevent the serious after-effect of wet feet—destroy coughs before they become serious. Taste good—are good for the whole family — from the baby up.

5¢

Get the Drop on that Cough

DEAN MEDICINE CO.
Milwaukee, Wis.

The Head Surgeon's Patient

A True Story of the War by HEDGAR PLUVIANNES

IT was in a military hospital, in an out-of-the-way corner of Normandy. This hospital had been rather hastily organized, and everything was on a modest scale, as were so many things at the beginning of a war for which no preparation whatever had been made. Nearly every week arrived a convoy of seriously wounded, directly from the front.

Oh, the sad sights, in the gray, damp November mornings or the misty twilights; the long, slow trains, carefully stopping at the obscure little station! The white forms carried away, the bandaged heads, the pale, weary faces, all in a line toward the ambulance near by, between the leafless trees. And the great, solemn silence, enveloping the ominous scene. . . .

In a snowy bed a big wounded soldier is moaning. His hard, sour face has a shut, defiant air, mixed with anxiety. His leg has been pierced in several places, and some bullets are still there. The head surgeon has gently told him, this very first morning, that he was not sure the leg could be saved.

"But of course I will do my very best, you know that, my boy," he had added, looking at him with his kind brown eyes. "You must not give up hope. I only warned you in case it becomes urgent, and so that it may not be too great a shock to you." And he had passed on.

After the surgeon's visit, the wounded man asked the nurse: "Who is this doctor? I seem to know his face."

"It is quite possible," she answered. "You may, in any case, have seen his photograph. He is Doctor X from Paris." And she named the most famous French surgeon of the day.

The soldier opened his eyes wide. "Do you mean that he *stays* here? In this small, unknown place?"

The *infirmière* smiled. "What does that mean to him? Men are men, everywhere. . . ."

THE next morning the wounded man waited impatiently for the doctor. When the dressing was done, with the minutest care, in the gentlest way, the soldier said rather brusquely, to hide his emotion: "Monsieur le Major, have you seen my livret?"

"No, boy, I have not seen it."

"Then you don't know that I am a légionnaire?"

[In the French army, the doctors alone have the title of major. The livret is the book of civil and military identity carried by each soldier. The légionnaires are a regiment of men who have been condemned to punishment, either in their civil or military life.]

"How does that affect me?" said the Major.

"Well, I wondered if you would be so kind to me if you knew what I am and had read all about my condemnations."

The great surgeon smiled and pinched the soldier's cheek. "My poor boy, I don't care what you *were*. Now I know you are a soldier of France; you have fought valiantly; you are wounded. Why should I look at your livret? It is not my business. I am not a gendarme!" He was laughing, standing there, imposing and erect, gathering his tools; he added brightly: "No, I am no gendarme. I am only your friend. Good morning, lad. You may perhaps keep this naughty leg of yours, if you are very good and quiet . . ."

When he had gone, the légionnaire, who could not turn to the wall, covered his face with a newspaper that was on his bed and, underneath, indulged in the first tears he had shed since he was a little boy of twelve.

THE days passed. He watched narrowly all around him: nurses, doctors, and, above all, the head surgeon, to discover any sign of disgust or of disdain toward him. He could see none.

He knew that in the bed next to him the son of a noble French house was suffering like himself. Could it be possible that this young man of high birth, great fortune and honorable past would receive no better attention than a poor wretch who had been many times in prison, and had only just begun to be sorry for it? Yet, incredible as it seemed, it was so.

In spite of the most attentive watching, he could see no difference, except, perhaps, on his own side, a little more kindliness, tinged with pity, in the famous surgeon's voice, when he personally dressed the wounds every day.

Then the soldier thought of his motherless childhood, without love or caresses; of his first fall into evil ways through the bad examples of older and wicked friends. He thought of his long, weary days and nights in prison: his heart full of hatred and rebellion against those who had put him there, and never the least feeling of repentance. He thought of the despising look of good people when he came out, the difficulty of obtaining work, the poverty, the loneliness. And then, as an only way, the next fall into still uglier sins. . . . And through it all, nobody had ever been kind to him, had ever loved him. . . He had become an outcast, until he had come here, where one of the greatest men of the country had called him "my boy," and said he was "his friend!"

TIME went on only too rapidly. The leg was saved, though still stiff. The soldier's health was excellent. The hour had come to leave this hospital, to give his place to another.

The morning he went away he asked a private interview to say good-by to the head surgeon. He found him in his laboratory and thanked him heartily for all his care and kindness.

The famous doctor stood up and put both his hands on the young man's shoulders. "My child," he said gently, "I have a favor to ask of you."

"Of me?" echoed the soldier. "Oh, Monsieur le Major, what can that be?"

The surgeon looked very serious and fatherly. "Promise me to live, from this day, a different life. I don't know what you have been guilty of, and I don't wish to know. But I want you to promise me to become an honest and good man, with God's help."

The big soldier, with the defiant air, who had been, perhaps, a redoubtable "Apache," bowed his head, and in a childlike gesture leaned it against the great surgeon's arm. Then he burst into tears, broken down by the man who had revealed to him the possibility of a new life. He wept over the wasted years, his dark past.

At this moment an assistant, entering the room, saw a strange, unexpected scene.

The celebrated scientist had passed both his arms around the légionnaire's shoulders and was kissing his forehead. He also had tears in his eyes, but the man who until then had believed himself despised and fallen forever was suddenly transfigured under this paternal embrace. At this supreme hour a divine spark had lit in his dark soul a wonderful fire that nothing could ever extinguish. He felt he could, indeed, live another life. God had not forsaken his poor soul, since a good man had loved him and gathered him to his arms.

And he thought of a simple story he had heard when he was a little child . . . the story of a prodigal son, who had come home to his father. . . .

Love had done it for him also!

Sailors' Savings in War Time

THE annual report of the Seamen's Church Institute of New York City shows that in 1917 the Institute received the unprecedented sum of $533,459.24 in seamen's wages, for safekeeping and transmission. The pay of the sons of the sea has been larger than ever before, on account of bonuses offered to both sailors and firemen on vessels passing through the U-boat zones. Men who were getting $30 a month before the war are now drawing $60, which, with a bonus of fifty per cent. for hazardous trips, has brought their earnings up to $90 a month. Rev Archibald R. Mansfield, D. D., the superintendent, said that sailors and firemen are especially prudent these days about conserving their cash and sending it to their families, or putting it in the Institute's bank.

Power Conserved
MEN and women, urged to crowd the most service possible into every day, turn more and more to the motor car as the greatest conserver of time. And with this added need for the car is coupled a desire for unusual economy in operating cost. Most Miles per Dollar, from gasoline, tires, and car has become a national duty as well as a matter of personal thrift.
Firestone Cord Tires have an extra advantage now because they are extra thrifty. They save gasoline. Owners report from two to five miles more per gallon. They save car repairs because the mechanism is spared shock and vibration by their supreme resiliency. They save a wide margin of tire expense because the greater mileage they deliver far exceeds their added cost. Equip with Firestone Cords all around and enjoy these savings with extra safety and assurance of uninterrupted travel. See your dealer.
FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO
Branches and Dealers Everywhere
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CORD TIRES

The Men Who Serve You

THE Pullman car employees are in a distinctive sense the representatives of the Company. They are continually on dress parade; their conduct is a matter of supreme importance.

Each Pullman car has its porter, and on every train is a Pullman Conductor, in charge of all porters on the train. Either is at your service throughout the journey for information or to supply any special wants within his power.

Courtesy and thoughtful attention are among the most important things that the Pullman Company has to sell; and they must be of high quality. A careful record is kept of the manner in which each employee does his work; and rewards of extra pay are given for perfect records.

It is noteworthy that twenty-five per cent of the eight thousand porters in the Pullman employ have been for over ten years in the service of the Company; and some have been in its employ for forty years. Pensions are provided for men retired from active service and provision is also made for sick relief for all car employees.

There are no rules for passengers save those which conduce to the comfort of all travelers; but the rules for employees, made in the interest of the passengers, are many and minute..

THE PULLMAN COMPANY
Chicago

You Can Be So Well

Do you know, ill health or chronic ailments, in nine out of ten cases are due to improper food, poor circulation, insufficient exercise, incorrect breathing and incorrect poise.
Remove those unnatural conditions and your ailments vanish.
This may surprise you, but I am doing it daily; I have done it for eighty thousand women.

Without Drugs

I will send you letters of endorsement from eminent physicians and tell you how I would treat you.
Physicians endorse my work—their wives and daughters are my pupils.
Don't let writing a letter stand between you and GOOD HEALTH, ANIMATION, Correct Weight and a perfect figure. Write me now—today—while this subject is uppermost. If you will tell me in confidence your height, weight, and your ailments, I will tell you if I can help you.

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BLEEDING AND RECEDING GUMS

are manifestations of intermediate and advanced pyorrhea.

PYORRHOCIDE
POWDER
(Antiseptic)

aids in repairing these pyorrhetic conditions. This dentifrice has demonstrated its effectiveness since 1908, at clinics devoted exclusively to the treatment and prevention of pyorrhea.

PYORRHOCIDE POWDER removes the bacterial plaques or films which harbor the germs of pyorrhea and decay. It retards the formation of salivary calculus (tartar). This calcic deposit is the principal, initial cause of SORE GUMS, LOOSE TEETH and

PYORRHEA

PYORRHOCIDE POWDER induces normal blood circulation in the gums—increasing their power of resistance against pyorrhea infection. It cleans and polishes the teeth.

Package contains six months' supply. Price $1.00; at druggists and dental supply houses.

Send six cents in stamps for sample and pyorrhea booklet.

The Dentinol & Pyorrhocide Co.
Dept. E, 110 W. 40th St. New York

The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

"THERE is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear." Why should a child still cry when it is folded tight in mother's arms? Does it not trust? The very closeness of its snuggling tells of trust. Yet it sobs on until caresses have brushed fear aside, and love has steadied unstrung nerves. In many things we are like children. Assured of God's love, knowing that he careth for us, we are nevertheless in panic before the threat of suffering or trouble and cry out that he has forgotten us, that we are lost. Even when we climb by faith into the very arms of the Father, we sometimes fear lest in our unworthiness we shall be cast out. How foolish! It is not our unworthiness but his righteousness that weights the scale; not our misdeeds but his love; not our deservings but his forgiving. Can we not trust him who loves us to lead us safely on through all of life? Shall we who love God go on, greeting each day with trembling, veiling each noonday sun in expectation of evil, locking out the shades of evening in fear? Perfect love casteth out fear. His love is perfect toward us. When our love is perfected in him there will be no fear. And when shall we be better brought to perfection than in the sacred hour of prayer? Let us then clear away the dust of neglect from our altar of prayer and lose our fears in the communion of the secret place.

F. C. C. had tried every known cure for the liquor habit, except one—effectual fervent prayer, which, the apostle James tells us, availeth much. Then one dear friend, who had stuck to him through thick and thin and through right and wrong, pleaded with him to write to the Prayer League. Now he is free from the clutches of the fiend, and finds that all he had lost in the spiritual and material world has been added unto him. He has moved into a large city for the more successful prosecution of his business, and now asks the League to pray God to give him strength to resist the temptations which abound in his new home.

Mrs. A. M. R. praises God for bodily healing, and asks for blessing, both spiritual and temporal, on her mother and her husband.

B. M. writes from England to tell of the air raids and prays that a daughter may be able to overcome her great fear. The family has been wonderfully preserved so far, as only one bomb has been dropped near them.

W. F. writes from a community in which the church, organized fifty-five years ago, has fallen on evil days. It has a membership of about eight persons, a Sunday school almost deserted, and a pastor who works for $250 a year and supports himself by teaching the public school. But it has a summer resort near by, with a large dance hall and well-attended Sunday baseball. The church had one effective revival forty years ago. Now W. F. asks the counsel of old experienced Christian workers, and especially prayer for a baptism of the Holy Spirit, for which a remnant in this church is waiting.

C. A., now over seventy, is worried by the memory of the sins of his youth, and over the fact that when he prays his prayers "don't seem to mount very high." The League will add its prayers to those of this brother. Now our brother should remember that Jesus came to save just such as he was, and that our feeling about it is not what counts, but the great fact, and our faith which lays hold of the fact. We are saved by faith, and our prayers mount heavenward on the wings of His love. He also longs to be cured of deafness if it be God's will.

F. J. D. makes three definite requests for prayer: "First, for ourselves, that our lives may be brought into harmony with God's will; second, for our friends and enemies throughout the world and the speedy end of this war with a righteous peace; third, for those who know not God, or, if knowing him, have no regard for his claims upon them."

Prayers are asked for revivals of religion at:

Elgin, Texas; Elk Point, S. D.; Paoli, Ind.; Greenwood, Canada; Coles, Ill.; Jewell, Kan.; Poplar Ridge, N. Y.; Hamlin, Texas; Prescott, Canada; Franklin, Ind.; Pine Bluff, N. C.; Edmeston and Garrattsville, N. Y.; Kirkwood, Mo.; Garfield, N. J.; Eugene, Ore; Chicago, Ill.; Airlie, Ore.; Anglum, Mo.; Salem, Iowa (that many may be saved during revival); Libby, Mont. (that many may be saved during revival); Sentinel Butte, N. D. (at the Rocky Butte Church); Philadelphia, Pa. (for a gracious outpouring of God's Holy Spirit in the M. E. Church); Chicago, Ill. (for the success of Billy Sunday's meetings to be held next month).

R. H. asks prayer that Rev. John Cameron may be sent to Garrattsville, N. Y.; Mrs. M. H. A., Airlie, Ore. (that an evangelist may be sent to the community).

Eight parents ask prayer that their sons' minds may be restored; F. E. B., that mother's mind may be restored; six friends, that sisters' minds may be restored; nine friends, for mental restoration for themselves, relatives or friends.

Mrs. M. asks prayer that husband's, son's and own sight may be restored; four friends that mothers' sight may be restored; Mrs. R. B. G., that husband's sight may be restored; sixteen friends, for restoration of sight for themselves, relatives or friends.

Mrs. L. M. asks prayer that son's hearing may be restored; Mrs. A. B., that son's hearing may be restored; two wives, their husbands'; Mrs. W. A. F., that mother's hearing may be restored; A. W., that sister's hearing may be restored; Mrs. C. M. H., that Mr. S's hearing may be restored; nineteen friends, that their own hearing may be restored.

Sixty-seven friends ask prayer for a deeper work of grace, assurance of sins forgiven, or express in other ways their desire for personal spiritual blessing; including B. M., Hampstead, England, for safety from the air raids.

Twenty-four friends ask prayer for special blessing for others; including E. B. C., for the safe return of all our boys.

Six parents ask prayer that sons may be cured of the liquor habit; four wives, their husbands; Mrs. J. O. F., that an uncle may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs. E. H., that nephew may be cured of the liquor habit; B. M., that a friend may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs. A. E. S., that son may be cured of the drug habit; I. H. N., that a young wife may be cured of the drug habit

One hundred and twenty-three friends ask prayer for the healing of friends or relatives, including Mrs. S. B. R., that son may be cured of cancer; F. H. B., that wife may be fully restored to health and strength; Mrs E. A. Z., that daughter may be healed without an operation; O. B., that daughter may be restored to health and regain the power of speech; E. R., that a little girl may regain the use of limbs; M. A., that a pastor may be restored to health; Mrs. D. A. G., that husband may pass safely through an operation; Mrs. F. N. F., that husband's operation may be successful; one hundred and eight friends, for healing of self.

Forty-one parents ask prayer for the conversion of sons; twenty-seven wives, their husbands; sixty-six, other relatives and friends.

Thirty-six friends ask prayer for help or guidance in financial matters.

Fifty friends ask prayer for the granting of various desires and needs, including three friends asking prayer for world-wide peace; Mrs. E., that we may have a good rain at Randlett, Okla.

Acknowledgments of answered prayer have been received from the following:

Mrs. L. D., Syracuse, N. Y.; D. M., Westport, Calif.; Mrs. L. H., Llano, Texas; Mrs. V. C. D., Leslie, Mich.; A. T. M., Corvallis, Ore.; Mrs. M. M., Sacramento, Calif.; Mrs. J. H., Marshfield, Mo.; F. S., St. Marys, Ohio; M. W. B., Port Carbon, Pa.; Mrs. W. A. M., Brunswick, Me.; A. J. M., Glengarry, Canada; Miss R. W., Laurens, S. C.; A. H., Princeville, Ill.; E. H., Waupaca, Wis.; Mrs. R., Northville, S. D.; F. E. S., Morning Sun, Ohio; Mrs. E. M. M., Canandaigua, N. Y. Mrs. E. R. H., Ingersoll, Okla.; A Woman, Winsted, Conn.; Mrs. H. W. Stevenson, Liberty, Texas; Mrs. N. D. K., Concord, N. H.; S. D. L., Alden, Ill; Mrs. E. W. J., Little Rock, Ark.; Mrs. M. S. B., Palmyra, Mo.; M. N., Barton, Vt.; M. C., Mobile, Ala.; Mrs. C. M. H., Burlington, Iowa; J. P., Bainbridge, N. Y.; Mrs. V. M. R., Fruita, Colo.; L. A. B., Lincoln, Neb.; Miriam, Mercer, Pa.; Mrs. W. H. H., Eatonton, Ga.; F. E. B., Farmington, Mo.; Miss C. F., Montgomery, Ala.; Mrs. W. C. U., Gonzales, Texas; M. M. J., Jacksonville, Ill.; A Mother, Montana; A. S., Cincinnati, Ohio.; Mrs. M. T. W., Bloomington, Ill.; Mrs. A. F. G., Albion, Mich.; Mrs. C. F. M., Warrenburg, Mo.; Mrs. G. M., Spearfish, S. D.; Mrs. E. M. L., Stouchburg, Pa.

Helping the War Sufferers in Bible Lands

SINCE the last report of contributions received for the destitute in Armenia, Syria, etc., by the publisher of the "Sabbath School Bode" of Paterson, N. J., the following amounts have been received by him from Sunday Schools and others connected with the Christian Reformed Church of America.

Receipts announced in the Christian Herald Feb. 13..	$2,105.60
Remitted to Armenian & Syrian Com. at New York....	2,000.00
Balance.....	$105.60
S. S. Chr. Ref., Whitinsville, Mass.....	6.00
Chr. Ref., Denver, Col.....	25.00
P. Donker, Aumsville, Oregon.	5.00
Chr. Ref. Ch. Classis, Pella, Iowa.....	156.36
Chr. Ref. Ch., Overisel, Mich..	26.53
Chr. Ref. Ch. Ladies' Aid, Zeeland, Mich.....	25.00
Chr. Ref. Ch., Oskaloosa, Iowa.	10.00
Mrs. L. Tromp, Chicago, Ill....	2.00
Mrs. Wm. Stob, Chicago, Ill	2.00
P.vd Bosh and Children, Edgerton.....	5.00
Friend, Moline, Mich.....	10.00
E. R. and family, Corsica, S. Dak.....	5.00
Friend, Toadlena, N. M.....	5.00
Some friends, Steen, Minn.....	65.00
Friend, Grand Rapids, Mich...	5.00
Chr. Ref. Ch., Brooten, Minn.	15.00
Chr. Ref. Ch., Volga, S. Dak...	20.00
Chr. Ref. Ch. Ladies' Aid, Orange City.....	20.00
Chr. Ref. Ch., Hospers, Iowa..	107.50
N. N., Hospers, Iowa.....	20.00
Chr. Ref. Ch., Platte, S. Dak...	28.01
" " " Corsica, S. Dak..	50.00
" " " Inwood, Iowa...	17.25
" " " Hull, N. Dak....	10.52
" " " Y. W. C. A., Rock Valley, Iowa.....	20.00
Received up to Feb. 28, total..	$766.77

The Christian Herald received from Mr. James Tanis of Peterson, N. J., a certified check for $766.77 which has been forwarded to the Armenian and Syrian Committee in New York.

An Epoch Making Prohibition Book

WE told our readers editorially how complete and convincing a book Dr. Iglehart's "King Alcohol Dethroned" was. The best critics of the country, after reading the book, agree with this opinion. Mr. William Jennings Bryan in his Commoner, Dr. Albert Shaw in his two-page editorial review of the book in the Review of Reviews for January, Dr. Lynch, in a page editorial comment in his Christian Work, and many others, unequivocally and enthusiastically commend the book as being a wonderful production. A number of them say it is by all odds the ablest anti-alcohol book that has ever been written. Dr. Willis Fletcher Johnson, who has had an honored place in the editorial department of the New York Tribune for thirty-nine years, thinks so and says so in the issue of the Tribune of February 23 in these words: "There have been bigger books published on the subject, with more flamboyant and melodramatic exploitations of 'horrible examples,' but we should doubt if there is one in existence better calculated to convince the reader and to serve as the campaign manual of anti-booze warfare than this scholarly, restrained, but cogent and poignant volume, which appeals to reason and not to passion, to science and not to superstition, and at every turn to impregnable truth." The Christian Herald from its beginning, when there were almost no prohibitionists, until now, has been a sane but radical enemy of the liquor traffic. It is with peculiar pride that this paper has given to the public Dr. Iglehart's "King Alcohol Dethroned," which Senator Sheppard, who had charge of prohibition legislation in the Senate, says is an epoch-making book, whose influence in the final settlement of the prohibition question will be incalculable.

We will send a copy of "King Alcohol Dethroned," postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year, for $2.40. Or, we will send a copy to present subscribers as a reward for sending us one new yearly subscription to the Christian Herald with $2.00.

Protecting the Soldiers

THOSE who have felt that our boys in uniform were not sufficiently safeguarded against the liquor evil or who have been disquieted by rumors of regulations being relaxed will be glad to know that a revision of President Wilson's regulations of last May prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor to soldiers, which makes it an offense punishable by fine or imprisonment to *give, serve* or *deliver* as well as *sell* liquor to an army officer or enlisted man, has been announced by Raymond B. Fosdick, chairman of the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities, who denies published reports to the effect that the original ruling had been relaxed, declaring the revised regulation much more stringent in its provisions than the old one.

The primary object of the new regulations is to stamp out the illicit traffic in liquor or bootlegging around army camps. Under the old provisions of the President's order, only the sale to officers or enlisted men in uniform was prohibited outside of zones. There was no prohibition against giving, serving or delivering it to a soldier in a private home or elsewhere outside such zones. In this way bootleggers and unscrupulous liquor dealers outside these zones were enabled to evade the law without violating it technically.

Chairman Fosdick, in making public the new order, has asked the cooperation of liquor dealers and café proprietors in preventing all sales of liquor to be consumed off the premises. This plan has been adopted in San Antonio, Texas, and Alexandria, La., and has resulted in immediate improvement because it cuts off the supply of liquor to bootleggers. Many liquor dealers' associations and individual license holders have already put such a rule in effect, and Mr. Fosdick states that the government may make such action compulsory in certain cities, unless conditions in those places materially improve.

Among the Workers

THE Moody Bible Institute Colportage Association, Chicago, during the past five months has forwarded nearly 100,000 religious books and Scriptures to the various camps, forts and war ships.

TO give liberally of her talents for nearly a half-century is the record of Mrs. Nancy Price Krohn, of North McGregor, Iowa. Mrs. Krohn has often been called "the song-bird of the Mississippi," living as she does in a vine-clad cottage on its shore. When sixteen years of age she began singing in public and arranging church concerts. For forty-five years she was a member of the Methodist choir, and for forty-seven years has missed the song service in only three Protestant funeral services in the town.

THE Bureau of Mines has just issued a chart on the subject of resuscitation from gas asphyxiation, drowning, and electric shock. This chart is suitable for posting at the mines, in police and fire stations, bathing houses, and all industrial establishments in which there is danger from gas asphyxiation, drowning, or electric shock. It shows the Schaefer, or prone, pressure method of artificial respiration, which is the latest and most approved method advocated by eminent physiologists of the country. The bureau is issuing it in the hope of inducing the adoption of this standard method of resuscitation throughout the country and with the hope that the instructions presented may result in the saving of human life. Copies will be sent free of charge to all persons requesting it as long as the edition remains in stock. Address Bureau of Mines, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

A NEW SERIES OF PROPHETIC INTERPRETATIONS

By Prof. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D.
Dean of the Moody Bible Institute

A FEW days ago, an elderly pastor who has been greatly honored by his denomination—one of the largest in this country—and whose eloquent sermons have made him famous, entered the Christian Herald editorial rooms and said: "I want to tell you that for the first time in my life, I preached a sermon last Sunday on the Second Coming. In all my ministry of nearly half a century, I had never once taken this subject. Indeed, like most other pastors, I had regarded it as something theoretical, if not doubtful, and at best so far away as not to be within the domain of practical theology. Now, however, my eyes have been opened. At the request of a friend, I was led to look up all the available references in Scripture to the Second Coming, and in the course of this work there flashed upon me a spiritual illumination such as I had never before experienced. I now see that it is a tremendous error for the Church to neglect this great and inspiring theme, as it has done. It should not be a sealed book. It is true—Jesus is Coming! I found in the New Testament alone nearly 300 verses making either direct or indirect allusion to the Second Coming. I found also that as the First Coming was clearly foreshadowed in the Old Testament prophecies, so the Second Coming is foretold in the New, with equal clearness and far greater emphasis and with divine authority by the voice of Jesus himself, and confirmed by His disciples."

THIS is the new attitude of an astonishingly large number of clergymen in practically all the denominations today. Their eyes have been opened. They see that it is the duty of the Church everywhere to take note of the great events now happening in the world and their relation to prophecy. Dr. Gray's wonderful series of articles in the

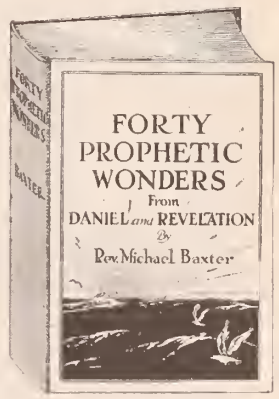
CHRISTIAN HERALD

has been used as a means to enlighten the understanding of many preachers as well as laymen. In hundreds of pulpits where the Second Coming was rarely or never alluded to in times past, it is now a standard theme, overshadowing all others. The end of the "Times of the Gentiles," the impending return of Israel and the restoration of Palestine, as well as many other events now taking place, indicate that we are in the border-zone of prophetic fulfilment.

IN Dr. Gray's article, in this issue, he deals with "*Christ's Future Earthly Reign.*" With reverent scholarship, he gives an interpretation of this great theme, marshalling all the passages from the Gospels and Epistles in its support. Dr. Gray is not a sensationalist, but he is an illustration of sound scholarship, applied with rare consecration to the greatest theme since the dawn of the Christian era. It will appear in the Christian Herald within the next few weeks, and if we may judge from the multitude of inquiries concerning the series, it will have a nation-wide audience of readers.

"FORTY PROPHETIC WONDERS"

By Rev. MICHAEL BAXTER



WE have ready for delivery that remarkable volume written, many years ago, by the Rev. Michael Baxter, entitled "*Forty Prophetic Wonders.*" This book is known to very few now living, and is remarkable for many things. Dr. Baxter was an enthusiastic student of prophecy, and had collated all the best authorities of his own and preceding times, and they are set forth in his book with his own comment and interpretation. As an example of his perspicacity, it can be stated that among the conclusions he then reached were the following:

1. 1907–1919, Great European wars, beginning 24 to 10 years before the end of the age, including probably a German war or revolution.
2. 1919, The Euphrates (or Turkish Empire) dried up—Turkish power over Judea may notably decrease about the same time.
3. 1919–1925, Great revival among Christians everywhere and preaching of the Advent.
4. 1917–1919, Formation of the Ten-Kingdomed Confederacy foretold in Dan. 2 : 8.
5. 1922–1929, Jerusalem to be restored and the Temple rebuilt.

Dr. Baxter's book goes much further than this, both before and after the dates indicated. It is the most complete setting forth of Scripture prophecies to be found anywhere. He himself never assumed to fix dates, but assembled the views of eminent students of the subject and gave the average of their computations. It is, in his view, a time of the unfolding of many mysteries, and the outcome of his many years of devotion to the great prophetic themes will have a wonderful fascination for all readers.

His book will be welcomed by all who love the Scriptures, and its influence will be to lead many to take a new view of the meaning of life, and of the great purposes of the Creator and Redeemer for the salvation and purification of the world.

SPECIAL OFFER { **"Forty Prophetic Wonders," postpaid, the Christian Herald, One Year (52 issues), regular subscription price $2.00, containing Professor Gray's new series of articles on Prophecy** } **$2.10**

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 199 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN: For the enclosed $2.10 send me, postpaid, "Forty Prophetic Wonders" by Rev. Michael Baxter and the Christian Herald for 1 year.

Name.....

Address.....

DON'T YOU WANT TO WIN $1,000.00?

In the Third Bible Picture Study?

OUR Third Study—called the National Bible Picture Study—is out of the preliminary stage now. All 30 pictures have been printed, and they will all be sent you at once, with the Reference Book of Bible verses and the Answer Book. You have until May 31, 1918—just think of that!—to search out the best verses for the pictures. Accept our invitation, and join our helpful home competition *today!*

Here Are the 30 Pictures of the Third Bible Picture Study, Greatly Reduced in Size

Picture No. 1.

Picture No. 2.

Picture No. 3.

Picture No. 4.

Picture No. 5.

Picture No. 6.

How You Will Compete in the National Bible Picture Study

FIRST

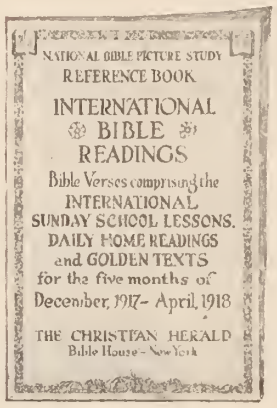
Right after supper you will get out the handy little reference book, called *International Bible Readings*, and be prepared to search through its 2,000 Bible verses for those that most fully fit the 30 pictures.

SECOND

You will spread the 30 pictures out on the table before you, just as you have them spread out before you on these two pages here. Then you will read through the verses in the reference book, comparing them to the pictures.

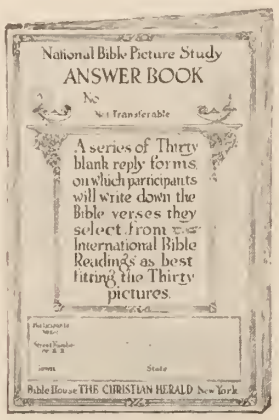
THIRD

You will select the best verses for the 30 pictures, and write your chosen verses in the Answer Book. Lastly, you will sign your name and address on the Answer Book cover, and send it in to the Christian Herald.



What Enjoyment!

Yes, and what *solid, lasting* Bible study, too! You must order by April 22, 1918, at the latest, but you will have until May 31, 1918, to solve! That time will pass so pleasantly, however, that it will speed by—order at once!



$5,000.00 in 1,001 Cash Rewards for the Best Verses

1st	$1,000.00 Cash	7th	$75.00 Cash
2nd	750.00 Cash	8th	50.00 Cash
3rd	500.00 Cash	9th	26.00 Cash
4th	250.00 Cash	10 Prizes of $10.00 each	100.00 Cash
5th	125.00 Cash	20 Prizes of 5.00 each	100.00 Cash
6th	100.00 Cash	962 Prizes of 2.00 each	1,924.00 Cash

In the event of a tie for any prize the full prize tied for will be awarded each final tying participant

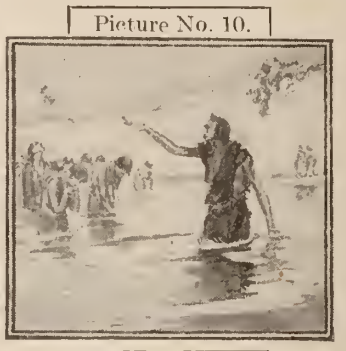
Picture No. 7.

Picture No. 8.

Picture No. 9.

Here Are the 30 Pictures of the Third Bible Picture Study, Greatly Reduced in Size

Picture No. 10.



Picture No. 11.

Picture No. 12.

Picture No. 13.

Picture No. 14.

Picture No. 15.

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And Six Months of Christian Herald

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York.

Gentlemen: I enclose $1.10, for which send me the Christian Herald for 6 months (new subscription or renewal) and mail me, postpaid, the complete National Bible Picture Study Outfit, consisting of the Reference Book, Answer Book, and all 30 pictures, with rules and full information.

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Use order form to the left.

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for sending us a friend's *new* 6-months subscription, with regular price of $1.00, we will mail you the Outfit and all 30 pictures free. If $1.10 is sent, you and new subscriber will EACH be sent the Outfit and all pictures!

HOW THIS MAN JUST WON $1,000.00

In the Second Bible Picture Study

HOW happy are all those who competed in the Second Bible Picture Study, recently ended! Not only are the cash prize winners glad they entered, but we have many letters from those whose sole prize was that of increased Bible knowledge, greater spiritual understanding and insight—and they realize and declare this is far more precious than the gold. Yet read what two of the prize cash winners say.

WILLIAM N. WYSHAM, Maryland
Winner of 1st Prize, $1,000.00 in cash, in the Second Bible Picture Study.

HERBERT W. LANDIS, Ohio
Winner of 4th Prize, $400.00 in cash, in the Second Bible Picture Study

THEY'RE JUST *FOLKS*—SAME AS YOU ARE!

1st PRIZE WINNER
Helped by his Wife

YOUR letter enclosing check for $1000.00 has been forwarded to me from my home in Maryland, and in thanking you for it I will also tell you about my method of procedure in taking part in the Contest.

I may say that I took part in the First Contest, but failed even to get one of the smallest prizes. I enjoyed working on it very much, however, and so was glad to have the opportunity of trying again. In the Second Contest I at first determined to send in only one Answer Book, but acting on the advice of the winners in the First Contest, published in the Christian Herald, I sent for a second book at the last moment, incidentally giving pleasure to a friend by subscribing to the "Herald" for her. That second book won the prize.

I took a great deal of time in searching "Pearls from the Bible" for possibly appropriate verses, keeping only a very few pictures in my mind at a time. This sufficed for most of the pictures, but some of the hardest pictures required hours of study in order to find any verses which seemed to fit. After all possibly appropriate verses were obtained, the elimination process began, and here the keen judgment of my wife was of great value, for she ruled out some of my "pet" verses at a glance and I don't think she ever made a mistake. By selection and elimination I thus secured the verses which I felt could not he disregarded, and the use of two books enabled me to get all of those necessary verses before the judges. In some cases naturally they failed to think as I did, notably in the case of Picture No. 4. I wish to thank you most heartily for the check.

Sincerely yours,
WILLIAM N. WYSHAM.

4th PRIZE WINNER
Finds the Money a Godsend

YOUR telegram informing me that I had won fourth prize in the Second Bible Picture Study, came as a very welcome surprise I assure you and I wish to thank you for same. I am a letter carrier and have a wife and three small children and with the prices of living necessities going up I could hardly keep clear of debts and this prize money will enable us to get some few things we would otherwise have had to do without. But if I hadn't won a cash award, we feel that we are greatly benefited through the study by the increased knowledge and understanding of the Bible. I found it a real pleasure and would recommend this method of Bible study to any one, as I think it is the very best way possible to get the meaning clearly impressed in one's mind. I would advise any of the readers of The Christian Herald who are not now using this method to send for an outfit and start. I am sure if they are not interested in it now they will be before they have studied this way very long. The harder the pictures seemed to be to solve, the more interested I would get and I have actually sat and studied on one certain picture till late in the night before that pleasing feeling assured me that I had conquered it to my satisfaction.

The photo is one taken with my family.

HERBERT W. LANDIS.

Other Pictures and Letters of Prize Winners Will Be Published as Received

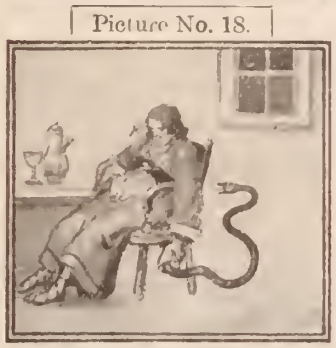
You MUST Win the Prize of Added Bible Knowledge. How Much More You Win Depends Upon Yourself! Enter the Third Study TO-DAY! You Have Until May 31 to solve!

Here are the 30 Pictures of the Third Bible Picture Study, Greatly Reduced in Size

Picture No. 16.

Picture No. 17

Picture No. 18.



Picture No. 19.

Picture No. 20.

Picture No. 21.

Picture No. 22.

Picture No. 23.

Picture No. 24.

Here are the 30 Pictures of the Third Bible Picture Study, Greatly Reduced in Size

Picture No. 25.

Picture No. 26.

Picture No. 27.

Picture No. 28.

Picture No. 29.

Picture No. 30.

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All for $2.10

Christian Herald one year, new subscription or renewal (Regular price alone $2.00) and also complete *National Bible Picture Study Outfit.*

Use order form to the left.

Or Add 10 Cents

to *any* book offer, or any magazine clubbing offer, which includes the Christian Herald for one year, and we will send the Outfit too.

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Timothy 2:15

Correspondence Bible Study

This year The Moody Bible Institute offers eight strong courses for systematic Bible study by correspondence. For all unable to attend a Bible Institute, correspondence study is a practical, efficient and economical method of securing a deeper, clearer knowledge of the Bible. Our courses are thoroughly tested and popular. We have a course for everyone, young or old, beginner, student or instructor.

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has a fully equipped department, exclusively devoted to teaching by correspondence. You will be instructed by competent, practical Christian teachers. **Over 5000 students in all parts of the world last year studied one or more of our courses.** Now is the time to write for further particulars. Our courses will satisfy your needs.

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ANY WOMAN will receive a satisfactory answer to this question if she will just write to us. Whether you have only an hour or two a week, or full time, *our plan will pay you well for what you do.* Ours is an honest, straightforward, time-tried way that has increased the *cash* earnings of thousands of women. You ask no favors of anybody. If you will only try, *we will help you* to make money taking orders for

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and underwear—*at mill-to-wearer prices.* Our line is complete and includes a variety of fabrics, weights, styles, colors, grades. Your customers buy from you precisely the goods they desire and need at prices they are pleased to pay. *Satisfaction guaranteed.* No experience necessary. Our "Money Back" outfit, FREE fabric samples and "Guide to Success" will start you toward a pleasant, permanent business of your own. *We pay all express.* Prompt deliveries. Write for details.
Malloch Knitting Mills, 783 Granville Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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30,000 SOLD—FIFTH YEAR
More Comfortable, Healthful, Convenient

Eliminates the out-house, open vault and cess-pool, which are breeding places for germs. Have a warm, sanitary, odorless toilet right in your house. No going out in cold weather. A boon to invalids. Endorsed by State Boards of Health.

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Tells why chicks die

E. J. Reefer, the poultry expert, 642 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is giving away free a valuable book entitled, "White Diarrhoea and How to Cure it." This book contains scientific facts on white diarrhoea and tells how to prepare a simple home solution that cures this terrible disease over night and actually raises 98 per cent of every hatch. All poultry raisers should certainly write Mr. Reefer for one of these valuable FREE books. (Adv.)

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Pews, Pulpits, Chairs, Altars, Book Racks, Tables, Desks—EVERYTHING. The finest furniture made. Direct from our factory to your church. Catalog free.
DeMoulin Bros. & Co. Dept. 54. Greenville, Ill.

A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 342

won the respect of his political enemies. He made several visits to America, always in the interest of Irish freedom.

La Follette Rebuked. Following the lead of the State Senate, the lower house of the Wisconsin legislature on March 6 by a vote of 53 to 32 adopted a resolution condemning Senator Robert La Follette and all others, "who have failed to see the righteousness of our nation's cause and who have failed to support our government in matters vital to the winning of the war."

Our Annual Bonfire. Loss by fire in the United States in 1917 totaled $230,000,000, the greatest in the nation's history except in 1906, in which year the San Francisco conflagration occurred.

Billy Sunday Quits the Capital. The Sunday campaign in Washington made a whirlwind finish on March 3, when 18,000 jammed the tabernacle, while 10,000 more were turned away. In the campaign Mr. Sunday preached to more than a million persons. More than 15,000 converts followed the sawdust trail to the evangelist's warm handclasp, and the free-will offering for Mr. Sunday totaled $16,332.

Dry Forces Unite. Meetings in New York City during the latter week of February resulted in the Union of twenty-eight temperance associations into the National Dry Federation, in which they will pool their resources and their energies. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Anti-Saloon League were neither of them included in the Federation, but the new organization and the two old ones will pull together in the fight for ratification of the prohibition amendment to the national constitution. A hot fight is on for the ratification of the amendment by the Empire State.

Agreement on Railroad Bill. The House and Senate conferees reported the Administration railroad bill back to the respective houses of Congress on March 7. In its final shape the bill provided for government control for twenty-one months following the conclusion of peace. The President's rate-making power was retained and was made subject to review by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Fewer Autos. A meeting of the national Automobile Chamber of Commerce in New York City on March 7 resulted in an agreement between the automobile industry and the War Industries Board by which it was provided that automobile production, for the present year, would be reduced by 30 per cent.

Senate Passes War Finance Bill. The Senate on March 7 by a vote of 74 to 3 passed the Administration's War Finance Corporation Bill.

Fragments of News. If you feel moved, as some already have, to add a "Liberty Gift" to your check for the Income Tax, Uncle Sam will take it as an evidence of patriotic purpose. . . . The suggestion was made in the Senate on March 2 that labor be conscripted for work on the farm if no other scheme should be devised to insure a record crop. The Food Administration is planning the organization of a big army of boys to work on the farms during the summer. . . .The House of Representatives on March 6 passed a bill declaring that all strikes called to obstruct war industry are conspiracies and attaching to the instigation of such strikes a penalty of 30 years' imprisonment and a fine. . . . The Senate Judiciary Committee, on March 6, refused, 9 to 6, to report the Overman Bill, which would authorize the President as a war measure, to coordinate the departments of the government. Senators object to the bill as granting dangerous powers, which they thought should not be granted, even though the President would probably not misuse them. . . . Mark L. Requa said on March 6 that there was no shortage of petroleum for immediate needs, and that the chief problems were increased production and 100 per cent. transportation. He suggested that, while the government would not take over the oil fields, there would be a probable pooling of facilities, including transportation by land and sea. He said also that there was no disposition at this time to shut off supplies of gasoline for pleasure automobiles.

The Progress of the War

THE Russian situation still continues to dominate the war.

A German semi-official agency in Berlin was quoted as saying: "We have acquired a direct free route via Russia to Persia and Afghanistan." Thus it appears that Germany's peace with Russia, the Ukraine and Rumania gives her a new route to India in lieu of the Bagdad route at present blocked by the British forces in Mesopotamia. The Japanese drive through Siberia is, therefore, looked upon by Allied military leaders as the only answer which the Entente can give at the present time to Germany's progress eastward.

As the days pass it becomes more and more evident that the peace which may be ratified by the Russians at Moscow on March 12 will in all probability be a peace of enmity. It will last only so long a time as may be required to constitute from the present disorganized condition an army willing to fight for Russian liberty.

With Russia out of the way Germany is left free if she is permitted to hold the initiative to use her strength and that of her allies against the Entente Allies on any one of five fronts, Mesopotamia, Palestine, the Balkans, Italy, and in the west.

Meantime in Italy and along the western front, in France and Belgium, the artillery exchange increases in intensity, while attacks on a more and more ambitious scale are met and made by both sides.

Premier Clemenceau on March 3 decorated two lieutenants, two sergeants and two privates of the American forces for heroism displayed in repulsing the German raid on March 1st. In this first serious action 20 Americans were killed. On March 8 the Germans opposite the American sector were said to be vigorously preparing for a new attack.

Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the British Admiralty, on March 5, declared that submarines were being destroyed in increasing numbers; that they were being destroyed at least as fast as the Germans could build them, and that the chance that a submarine would return from the waters around England was 1 in 4 or 1 in 5. British vessels sunk by submarines during the past week numbered 18, 12 of over 1,600 tons and 6 of less.

American forces on March 6 were reported in the new position in Lorraine, where they assisted in repelling a German raid. This shows American forces as active in four portions of the battle line; in one of which, northwest of Toul, they are holding something over 8 miles of the front. Secretary of War Baker's arrival in France was announced, on March 10.

The British troops reported successful raids during the week east of Arras and in the neighborhood of Lens. In the Ypres sector a German attack over a front about a mile was repulsed by British troops after certain elements of forward positions had been lost and regained. German attacks were also repelled by Belgians. In these actions the Germans took some prisoners and lost some. German air raiders on March 8 again raided London. 11 persons were killed and 46 wounded.

The British are continuing their advances in Palestine, having driven northward to the depth of 3 miles on a frontage of 18 miles along the Jerusalem-Nablus Road. On March 10 the occupation of Hit, west of Bagdad, in Mesopotamia, was announced. Paris suffered an attack on March 8, thirteen persons being killed and fifty injured. One raider was brought down.

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6 Roses Hardy Everblooming On their own roots ALL WILL BLOOM THIS SUMMER **25c**

Sent to any address post-paid; guaranteed to reach you in good growing condition.

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Ophelia, Salmon Flesh.
Madison, Pure White.
Mrs. B. R. Cant, Dark Carmine.
Rosemary, Bright Pink.
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SPECIAL BARGAINS
6 Carnations, the "Divine Flower," all colors, 25c.
6 Prize-Winning Chrysanthemums, - - - 25c.
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How to clean mops and brooms

After mops, brooms and brushes have done their share of the cleaning, they need a bit of cleaning themselves. The grease and oil with which they come in contact lodge in the mop and bristles. Try dissolving a heaping tablespoonful of Gold Dust in a pail of hot water. Swish the mops and brushes up and down in this water. They will come out fresh and sterilized because Gold Dust so *thoroughly dissolves the grease.* (Advertisement.)

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Comfort Indoor Closet
Odorless-Sanitary-Germ-Proof

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Cover Story Inside

THE REAPERS

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ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 2128 Berkeley Bldg., New York City
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WHY MISS THE SUPER PLEASURES OF LIFE?

Why not enjoy yourself as others enjoy themselves who are more highly alive and who have super energy, super health, super vitality and super powers of every character, through conscious evolution?

Why deny yourself the keenest of pleasures? Why miss the extreme joy of life? Why miss the super pleasures?

IF you cannot exert your greatest possible brain and body power for long stretches at a time; if you cannot complete big tasks without feeling the need of rest afterwards; if you cannot be just as alert, as quick, as vibrant, as energetic at bed time as you are in your freshest morning hour; if you cannot resist and throw off the fatigue elements so that you are never *compelled* to rest or even let down in your activities of *mind or body*—if you cannot do these things you do not know what it is to live! You are sacrificing golden treasures and golden pleasures, you are giving up at least one-half of your rightful proportion of joy, happiness, pleasure, health, energy, vitality, strength and success—you are missing at least *fifty per cent.* of what you could easily secure out of life simply because you are so easily overpowered by negative elements.

You Are Only One-Fourth to One-Half Alive!

If you are inclined to lean up against something when standing—if you are inclined to let your shoulders droop when sitting—if you want to go to bed early,—if you are tired upon arising—if you feel that you must "be careful" not to do things that you would like to do—afraid to eat what you like, or work late and hard; or if you have a pet list of mental and physical "dont's"—you are missing at least three-fourths of what life holds for you!

You are only one-fourth to one-half as alive as you think you are! The billions of tiny cells of which your body and brain are composed, are of varying degrees of activity—some are alive, some are weakened, some are practically lifeless and some are totally dead. The activity of your body and brain, their resistant powers against fatigue, their ability to think, create, accomplish, are entirely dependent upon the degree of activity of all the cells. Most people have a predominant quantity of antagonizing, non-alive cells, which master and overpower the live elements, making them easy victims of "averagitis."

Are You Suffering From Averagitis?

Averagitis is the disease of being only an average, or below average person, instead of an *exceptional* person. Most people are only *average* in health, *average* in wealth, *average* in mental capacity, *average* in everything instead of being *exceptional* in health, *exceptional* in wealth, *exceptional* in mental capacity, *exceptional* in *everything*.

Perhaps you think there is no hope for you—that Nature has made you what you are—that it is natural for you to get tired—that Nature governs your destiny—that nothing you can do will change your position or prospects. The truth is that Nature makes us only as great, as mentally alert, as physically powerful as we *compel* her! We hold in our hands our own fate. One man molds ordinary nothings while the sculptor molds the same clay into magnificent masterpieces. So do some of us mold our *own material* into ordinary nothings while others make of themselves locomotives of energy, power, activity, and giants in mental equipment.

You are Nature—Nature is You. The material with which you have to work is the billions of cells in your system. By *cultivating* and *developing* these cells through CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION you can become as exceptional *as you desire* in every department of the body, including the brain, mind and personality. Conscious Evolution can so develop the brain and nervous system, the heart, the liver, the kidneys, the muscles, the stomach, in fact every organ and part of the body so that you will not know what it is to feel tired or listless, you will not know what it is to have indigestion or any of the ailments or complaints that sufferers from "averagitis" must have! Conscious Evolution will make you look better to others and to yourself. Conscious Evolution will so supply you with *reserve* energy that you will not suffer from over-eating or over-exertion,—you will be able to withstand excesses, break Nature's laws,—make your own laws of Nature. And the most remarkable thing about Conscious Evolution is that no drugs, medicine, appliances, apparatus, cold baths, violent exercise, or any other dangerous or disagreeable element is required—there is nothing to give up, nothing to do that you will object to; it requires an average of less than fifteen minutes a day, and the beneficial results are noticeable after the *first five minutes!*

Don't Labor Under Handicaps

Conscious Evolution can make your brain so quick-acting, so powerful in thought, so fatigue-proof, so eager to grapple with problems that your material success will amaze you! Conscious Evolution will make you so great in health and mind power that it will never be late enough for you to feel sleepy, or early enough for you to want to remain in bed, and no task will ever be dreaded. You will not be handicapped by detracting physical disorders or mental inefficiency because you will have left them behind. You will not know there is such a thing as failure.

Without the knowledge of how to Consciously Evolutionize every cell, tissue and organ of the body, you are depriving yourself of pleasures and advantages for which you have been wishing all your life—you are living an inferior life, you are denying yourself the success that can easily be yours. Why deny yourself the super pleasures and super joys, the real and substantial happiness? How long will you let your negative elements rule you?

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

One of the waste places which blossomed in 1917 under the hands of school boys and girls

President Wilson Calls for a "Home Garden Army"

Every Yard to Be a Garden Plot With 5,000,000 Boy and Girl Workers

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

PRESIDENT WILSON has written Secretary Lane of the Interior Department, expressing the hope that "every school will have a regiment in the Volunteer War Garden Army." The army of school children, it is hoped, may raise this year produce amounting to $500,000,000. This is what the President has written:

MY DEAR MR. SECRETARY: I sincerely hope that you may be successful through the Bureau of Education in arousing the interest of teachers and children in the schools of the United States in the cultivation of home gardens. Every boy and girl who really sees what the home garden may mean will, I am sure, enter into the purpose with high spirits, because I am sure they would all like to feel that they are in fact fighting in France by joining the home garden army. They know that America has undertaken to send meat and flour and wheat and other foods for the support of the soldiers who are doing the fighting, for the men and women who are making the munitions, and for the boys and girls of Western Europe, and that we must also feed ourselves while we are carrying on this war.

The movement to establish gardens, therefore, and to have the children work in them is just as real and patriotic an effort as the building of ships or the firing of cannon. I hope that this spring every school will have a regiment in the Volunteer War Garden Army.

Cordially and sincerely yours,
WOODROW WILSON.

Hon. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior.

IT is Secretary Lane's idea that is being worked out through Commissioner Claxton of the Bureau of Education, to have five million boys and girls of the schools in every city, town and village in the country, captained by forty thousand teachers, produce as nearly as possible all of the vegetables, small fruits and eggs for their home consumption. To the extent that each district is able to supply itself with these food products, the railways will be relieved of the burden of transporting them, and the Allies in Europe and our own soldiers on the battle front will get that much more of the food of which they are in need.

It should not be imagined, because hundreds of thousands of food gardens were planted throughout the United States last spring, that the work of adding to our food supplies is to stop there. It is equally important that city dwellers should continue this year and next year, and perhaps the year after that, the work of utilizing our back yards and vacant lots.

It is perfectly possible for those who are thrifty and patient enough to look after their own gardens to provide food for themselves, their families, and perhaps some of their neighbors.

Unfortunately, a good many have been deterred from attempting a back yard garden because they believed the soil was unfitted to grow crops of any sort. But now a new method of cultivation has been introduced, by which it is possible to raise excellent crops on a bed prepared on most any kind of soil; even on a brick or cement pavement, or the tarred or tiled surfaces of the roofs of buildings, if need be.

This new system of gardening is called the "sandwich bed" method, and has been tried out with really marvelous results by its inventor, Benjamin F. Albaugh, known nationally as an enthusiast in the subject of city lot gardening. Mr. Albaugh is authority for the statement that three square rods can be made to produce a large part of all the vegetables needed to supply the table of a family of five or six persons throughout the season. He himself has repeatedly produced on such a plot various kinds of vegetables which at a low estimate would have cost $75.

IN making a sandwich bed, the first thing to do is to place a layer of straw or stable litter or leaves, about five inches thick, upon the surface selected, and then tramp or pack it rather firm and smooth. Over this spread a layer about one inch deep of rich, fine stable manure. Another layer of stable manure about two inches thick goes over this, after which a hose should be turned on and the mass given a thorough soaking, care being exercised to stop before leaching begins.

The next step is to spread evenly over the bed at least four inches of street scrapings, avoiding, however, streets that have oil or asphalt in their construction. If street scrapings cannot readily be obtained, a composition of equal parts of fine river sand, rich garden soil and old, fine stable manure may be used instead. This should be thoroughly mixed by shoveling over in a heap, and then, after it is in place, tramped until it is firm. The bed is then ready to plant, and if properly tended will yield wonderful results.

In some instances the real sandwich bed is not possible or practicable. If this be the case, and the soil is yet reasonably fertile and in good condition, excellent results may be obtained by the following method:

Procure one load of rich stable manure for each square rod of ground and dump it near where the beds are to be made. Then with a spading fork, beginning at one end of the bed, spade a furrow across the bed, fill the furrow nearly full of manure, and tramp it down firm. Now spade another furrow, throwing the dirt from this over the tramped down manure in the first furrow. Fill the second furrow with manure and tramp it down as before, and then throw over this the dirt from the third line of spading, continuing this process until the entire bed is spaded.

FINEST vegetables can be grown on hard, stony or alkaline soils, where ordinary cultivation would be utterly fruitless. For best results plants need aeration at the roots. If air cannot penetrate to the roots, the plant languishes and dies from suffocation. When the surface of the ground is covered with water, the plant suffers in the same way and for the same reason. The "sandwich beds" can neither be drowned nor smothered. The air circulates through the several layers of materials, and if too much water is applied, it readily passes through the fibrous beds and does no harm. Other advantages of these beds are that the fertility is placed just where

it can be easily absorbed and assimilated by the plants, the fibrous nature of the bed causes it to warm up earlier than does the natural soil, and the decaying mass of fibrous material retains moisture to such an extent that only a nominal quantity of hydrant water is required.

A steel garden rake, a spading fork, a small garden trowel, a long handled shovel, a manure fork, and a small hand sprayer are about all the tools that need be purchased. A hand sprayer with a quart Mason glass jar for a reservoir has the advantage of blowing the spray at right angles from the barrel of the machine. With it the under side of the leaves can be effectually reached, and this is often essential to success. The barrel should be of brass, as many spraying compounds are corrosive on iron. With this little machine, and a supply of Bordeaux mixture, hellebore, tobacco extract, or tea, Paris green, aphine, etc., the careful gardener is well fortified against attacks of insects and fungi.

THE provisioning of the country will be much aided by the educational work among boys and girls of the United States which has been carried on through the cooperation of the Department of Agriculture and the rural school garden clubs of the various states. The younger generation has been stimulated in the raising of vegetables and fruits on waste land and in the back yards in the cities and towns.

An example of what can be accomplished by the pupils of rural schools was strikingly demonstrated last year by the Cook County, Illinois, Garden Club, which had a membership of 2,387. The club cultivated over 260 acres of land, upon which grew nearly $48,000 worth of vegetables. After deducting expenses the club members had a net profit of $41,629.28. If these 2,387 boys and girls had not grown these gardens, probably 75 per cent. of them would have been idle—doing nothing—throwing away time and energy. The gardens gave helpful exercise, stimulated interest and encouraged thrift and ownership.

The economic side of the problem is astonishing, but greater still, and of far more importance, is the wholesome moral influence brought to bear upon the lives of these young people, who are receiving most excellent training in doing worth-while things.

FORTUNATELY it isn't necessary for many boys and girls to resort to the sandwich bed for a garden. Thousands live in the small towns and open country where rich soil or soil that can be readily enriched is plentiful and ready for action. Manure may be scarce, but leaves, so often raked up and wasted in bonfires, are good substitutes for manure and are as easy to spade under. A sandy soil enriched with last year's leaves will make a good return to the one who cultivates it. The leaves help to hold the moisture and their rotting tissues feed the growing plants.

The boy or girl who rises with the sun, who puts in the before-breakfast time cultivating a patch of garden, is a soldier of Liberty just as truly as the man in khaki who tumbles out of his tent at the call of reveille. The boy or girl who tends a crop to maturity, who gathers in beans and peas and beets and potatoes, is defending America and her cause as surely as the soldier in the listening-post who detects and foils an enemy raid.

The children abroad are doing more than would ordinarily be considered their fair share. On their small shoulders has fallen much of the load their fathers carried in times of peace. But with sturdy will and manly and womanly resolution, they have performed the heavy tasks.

GRAYSON M. P. MURPHY, of the American Red Cross, has seen children in France, too small to see over the backs of the sheep, acting as shepherds. "This war is not a war of armies, but of peoples," he has said. "The life of every man, woman, and child in Europe is affected by it to an extent that is inconceivable here in America. In France alone 3,000,000 men have been put out of commission by the war—killed, disabled, or taken prisoners. Try to realize what it would mean to America to lose 10,000,000 men, and you will see why every one left in France must do his utmost to keep the country going. I have seen children six and seven years old working in the fields, carrying their little fagots through the village streets and driving the flocks home at night—little tots who couldn't see over the backs of the sheep.

"They are the children of the men who are fighting for us on the battle fronts of France, of Italy, and of Belgium. Soon your own fathers and brothers will be fighting beside them in the trenches, shoulder to shoulder. We must stand solidly behind them with help and encouragement, all of us down to the last man, woman, and child. You, the boys and girls of America, must find a way to let them know that you are backing them to win the war with every means at your command, that America is a real friend."

The Need for the Easter Message

IT was Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, that dear mother-hearted, consecrated poet of a generation ago, who sang:

"Wherever the soul of a people, arising
in courage and might,
Bursts forth from the wrongs which
have shrouded its hope in the
gloom of the night,
Wherever, in sight of God's legions,
the armies of evil recede,
The truth wins a soul or a kingdom,
the Master is risen indeed!"

Such lines as these come like a tonic to the grieved spirit at Easter in war time. They bring refreshment and cheer. For never in our history was the message of Easter more needed than now.

The recurrence of Easter calls to mind the world's greatest tragedy, the crucifixion of Christ. How awful it must have seemed to the followers of Jesus over nineteen hundred years ago, when he was so cruelly slain and buried in a sealed sepulcher!

How terrible it seems to us today that barbarities are practiced upon innocent peoples; that men fall upon and rend each other till there are mountains of dead and rivers of blood; that the highest inventive skill and philosophical minds have been diverted to the uses of destruction and revenge!

Easter comes to remind us that just as Christ was not annihilated by cruel oppressors and unbelievers, so the ideals of Christian faith and practice have not been destroyed. They live because they are divine; and when "the stone has been rolled away," the dense massed clouds of carnage and bloodshed will vanish and the Christ shall come into his own again!

Only the coming of Easter could bring this note of hope. Only the great tragedy which it commemorates could visualize the future for us. Easter crowns majestically the unfolding promise of undying faith, and even if the world sends up echoes of discordant conflict, Eastertime's message gains in impressiveness of meaning on that account.

Is there any who can doubt in the face of the facts the Scriptural declarations that Christ shall "reign until he has put all enemies under his feet; and the last enemy that shall be destroyed is Death"? "Death is swallowed up in victory."

So, in the words of Mary Lowe Dickinson:

"Fling out your banners, brave toilers;
bring lilies to altar and shrine;
Ring out, Easter bells, he is risen; for
you is the token and sign;
There's a world moving sunward and
Godward; ye are called to the front,
ye must lead!
Behind are the grave and the darkness;
the Master is risen indeed!"

J. A. S.

Chicago Welcomes Billy Sunday

By RALPH M. MORPHETT

"I AM looking forward to having the time of my life in our meetings in the dear old city." Such was the way in which Evangelist Sunday referred to his Chicago campaign, when he talked matters over on the occasion of his flying visit, just prior to the start of the meetings in Washington.

"It was in Chicago," he added, "that I found my life and my wife—two of the very best things that ever came my way. Dear old Pacific Garden Mission! Colonel George Clarke and Mother Clarke and friend Harry Monroe are precious memories to me. I never think of Chicago without recalling that eventful night when I decided to quit sin and yield my life to God; and so, for the blessing that came to me and for which I owe a great debt, I am going to try and get even by giving Chicago ten weeks."

It is an open secret that the workers who accompany Mr. Sunday to the city—and their number is being augmented for this campaign—are each anxious to be at their very best, so that everything shall combine in making the Chicago mission, in every sense of the word, a record one.

In the spring of 1917 a Chicago committee of one hundred was formed, and from that period to the present moment all have been busily engaged making plans and enlisting the cooperation of pastors and churches. In September last Dr. Howard Agnew Johnson delivered a series of addresses on "Aspects of Personal Work" in churches in different parts of the city. During January of this year a systematic effort was made to cover the city with neighborhood prayer meetings, and these were started early in February. Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, met at these home gatherings for prayer. Many pastors state that the meetings have resulted in a deepening interest in the regular services of the church. At one large Chicago church the attendance at the week-night service doubled.

THE enrolment of 40,000 in the Men's Adult Bible Classes, even before the start of the campaign, was another movement that quickly gained impetus, and the latest reports indicate a sure "going over the top." Three choirs, two mixed and one of men, have been organized, and together they total close upon 6,000 voices.

From the plans already made it is predicted that the noonday meetings for women and girls in the business section will be one of the most successful features of the campaign. It is proposed to open several lunch rooms in the "Loop District," and in these a meal consisting of three sandwiches, cake, milk or coffee and pickles will be provided for a dime, and while it is being served, short addresses are to be given. Many women prominent in the religious and social life of the city are deeply interested in the promotion of this effort. The Sunday-school teachers are cooperating in a plan to reach the high school pupils and the grade schools also.

There are many who, during the preliminary work, have rendered valuable help. A convert, Al Saunders, has told in over a hundred churches the story of his conversion during Mr. Sunday's visit to Scranton, Pa.

IT WAS the wish of the committee and also of the evangelist that a site for the Tabernacle should be secured in Grant Park on the East Side of Michigan Avenue, but this was not practicable. A suitable site was secured on the north side of the city, near Chicago Avenue and the Lake. The location is about fifteen minutes ride from the center of the city, and accessible from all parts. The tabernacle is the largest ever built for "Billy Sunday," being 348 feet long by 247 feet wide. It will seat 12,000, or 800 more than any previous Sunday building, and when vestibule partitions are lowered, 4,000 additional can stand within hearing. There are 2,500 seats on the platform; 2,000 of these will be occupied by the choir. Five hundred thousand feet of lumber were used in the erection of the Tabernacle, and the cost totaled $67,000. One hundred tons of sawdust has been already used to cover the "trails." It is planned to have 500 ushers and doorkeepers on duty at each service. Two hundred secretaries and a like number of personal workers will also be in attendance. As no babies are allowed at the services, a check-room has been provided for the little ones, and nurses will be on hand to care for them while the parents and friends are in the meeting. A restaurant with accommodations for 1,000 persons is a feature of the building.

THE meetings extend from March 10 to May 19. On Sunday, three services; on week days—Tuesday to Saturday—two services. Considerably over 300 churches are cooperating in the campaign. The tabernacle was dedicated Sunday afternoon, March 3, an audience of about 10,000 being present.

Bishop Thomas Nicholson of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the course of his address, referring to Mr. Sunday, said: "If Chicago will give Billy Sunday half a chance, I believe he will lead a movement as significant to Chicago as the revivals of '57 were to this nation, or as the Wesley revivals were to England." Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, in speaking of the evangelist and the campaign, said: "There is coming to Chicago the greatest voice of modern times to speak in favor of right and of truth. When our boys return from Europe, they will find this a better United States because of the patriotism of Billy Sunday. They will also find Chicago a cleaner and better city, because of his visit here."

The specially prepared responsive service at the opening was indicative of the hopes entertained by the committee as to the outcome of the campaign. It read thus:

"We dedicate this Tabernacle for the rebuilding of broken homes and neglected family altars; for the establishment of broken faiths and the payment of forgotten vows; for the mending of broken hearts and the healing of shattered lives; for the encouragement of everything wholesome, uplifting and righteous; for the destruction of evil in places high and low; for the winning of the lost through the power of a crucified and risen Redeemer."

I AM authorized by Evangelist Sunday to send you this message:

"My Christian love to the editor and staff of the Christian Herald. Chicago tendered me the greatest ovation I have ever received during the twenty years of my work as an evangelist. I preached to more than 50,000 persons last Sunday. The Chicago papers are reporting the meetings magnificently. The organization of our campaign is practically perfect. I am planning to go to France in July."

Trades for Disabled Soldiers

What Our Government Is Doing to Make Its Maimed Heroes Self-Supporting—*By FRANK G. CARPENTER*

Copyright, 1918, by Frank G. Carpenter

I HAVE spent this morning with the Federal Board for Vocational Education. This is one of Uncle Sam's new organizations which will bulk large in winning the war, and in enabling our industries to compete with those of other nations after the war is over. It has also to do with the training of the wounded when they come back from France. The board was arranged for on a peace basis by an act of Congress last spring, with the idea of giving mechanical and technical training to the millions of our boys and girls who are going into agriculture, industry and commerce. It was to be paid for by the national government and the governments of the states, and was to include all sorts of occupations of an industrial nature.

THE work had hardly been started when the war began, and the machine was taken over to be used for the training of certain mechanics, machinists, special laborers and technicians for the United States Army. It is now establishing schools for this purpose all over the country, and it is sending out directions for the information of the training centers for military purposes in every locality. There will be evening classes and Sunday classes, where the drafted men can attend between the time when they are selected and their departure for the cantonments, and before many months it is expected that all the technical and trade schools of the country will be drafted into the service, the work to go on during the next summer vacation. There are altogether about 122 technical and engineering schools in the United States, and these include such colleges as the Boston Tech., the Yale Scientific School, the Armour Institute of Chicago and the Carnegie School in Pittsburg. All will probably be used for the training of soldiers next summer. It is also planned to use such public schools as have machine shops and manual training equipment, and if these are not enough to supply the demand the government will employ certain of the industrial plants for night schools.

THIS war is not like any other in history. It is a war of efficiency of machines and machinists. If the United States is to win it must have machines equal to or better than those of the enemy, and it must have machinists and technicians able to use them and keep them in repair. For every man who fights there must be at least one skilled man behind the lines. Much of the work involved is that of the foundry or factory rather than that of the old-time battle-field.

The Germans have understood this and prepared for it. The scheme was planned out by Prince Bismarck forty or fifty years ago, and schools were organized to teach the people all sorts of trades and occupations, and especially those that might be of value in war. The employers of all workmen under eighteen years of age had to give them time to attend these schools, and the government watched over the training. As a result, the German army is made up largely of experts. For instance, the Germans had, when they marched into Belgium, according to the secretary of the International Acetylene Gas Company, 20,000 machinists who had been trained in the use of oxy-acetylene gas for the welding and cutting of steel in the destruction and repair of guns and machinery. This gas makes a flame that will cut through twelve inches of steel as though it were cheese. It will cut a big gun in two within a few minutes, and applied to the bore of the gun, will destroy it within a few seconds. By it, all kinds of steel may be welded and all weapons of war repaired. We have only a few mechanics who can do this class of work, and some man has given a quarter of a million dollars to start schools to teach such experts for the war. I understand that that work is now going on, and that the experts will be sent to France at the earliest possible moment.

Making woodworkers in the Joffre School in France

THESE welders are only one class of the new mechanics needed by the army. The government is sending out questionnaires to all the men on the conscripted lists. It asks them to give their trades and professions and the work of various kinds in which they have been engaged, and from these papers it is trying to build up a corps of machinists to be sent with the soldiers to France. It has found a great lack in every branch of expert men needed, and this includes all kinds of mechanical work. The need is so great that the adjutant general of the army has recently sent out a letter to the commanding generals of the departments, and the chiefs of bureaus of the United States, instructing that men be trained for the army under the advice of this board. The letter cites eighty-seven different occupations in which especially trained men are needed. Among the most important are electricians, blacksmiths, engineers and auto and gas-engine men. Expert automobile machinists are wanted for the repair factories and in the garages and in the field. Motor truck drivers are needed and also foundrymen and those who can do all kinds of masonry and carpenter work. The army calls for different classes of miners and railroad mechanics. It needs bridge-builders and steel-metal workers as well as wireless operators, telephone and telegraph repairmen and mechanical experts as to all things connected with structural steel.

From the trenches to toy-making and a livelihood

THE chief of the Signal Corps estimates that they will need 79,000 such men for the aviation branch by the 1st of next June. These men will include more than 14,000 cabinetmakers, 14,000 chauffeurs and 14,000 coppersmiths and metal workers. The service needs 2,600 welders and an equal number of men who can repair ignito and magneto machinery. It needs 7,200 to repair instruments of various kinds, and 21,600 men skilled in working on motors. The board has outlined courses and directions for students who wish to become a part of that service.

The United States Signal Corps needs also 15,000 radio and buzzer operators, and the training of these has already been inaugurated in many parts of the country. Many of the drafted men are taking up the study. Upon first assignment to radio or buzzer work, the soldiers' wages rise to $36 per month, and as he grows more expert they become $51 per month, and if he gets to be a master signal electrician he receives $81 a month. The preliminary training necessary to fit the drafted men for this service requires about 200 hours, and enables a man to send and receive a minimum message of twenty words of five letters. The instruction is given free and the Federal Board would like to have teaching classes established over the United States.

THE Federal Board for Vocational Education has prepared courses of instruction and questions for the examinations of applicants who want places in the Signal Corps, and also for some of the other branches of the army. The requirements are not easy and the work demands experts. Take, for instance, the soldier who wishes to enlist in the Quartermaster's Reserve Corps as a motor truckman. He has first to pass the physical tests, and then to answer twenty-five questions as to the operation and care of motor trucks. If he does this successfully he is given shop work, which includes the adjusting, repairing and lubricating of the parts of the truck. He is next taught to drive, not in the ordinary way, but in that which will enable him to do his work in war time. A part of the driving is straightaway and a large part of it is zigzag, including the swift turning of corners. The zigzag driving is in and out of stakes which have been driven down into the ground to represent a curved course, and the student must wind the truck about through them without knocking them over. Later the stakes are brought closer and closer together and the man winds about between them at various rates of speed. Later he has to learn to back through the zigzag lines, and then go backward and forward without touching the stakes.

Another important work of this war training board will be in connection with the rehabilitation of our disabled soldiers and sailors. It will take

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Russia's Soviets Yield to Germany

PRESIDENT WILSON on March 11 sent to the All-Russian Congress of Soviets, scheduled to meet at Moscow on the following day, a message of sympathy which was calculated both to assure these representatives of the Russian people that they were not deserted by their former Allies, and to strengthen them for the difficult deliberations before them. In some quarters it was felt that the message might result in the rejection of the so-called peace terms imposed upon Russia by the Teutonic Powers, but few expected anything under the existing circumstances but ratification. At their first session, on March 14, the delegates voted, 453 to 30, to accept the German terms. The message of the President is printed elsewhere on this page. Thus the President expressed his confidence in the Russia that is to be, and held out to the sorely pressed leaders of this revolution within a revolution the assurance that America's strong arm would at the proper time strike from them the shackles of autocracy now closing about the body of their liberties. The President was not alone in his confidence in Russia. John R. Mott, a member of the Root Commission, was quoted as declaring his belief that Russia was sound at heart, and that out from the inner turmoil of the present would come a stabilized, free and independent nation, which might again be an acceptable ally in the fight for world freedom. Meanwhile plans were still making for the intervention of Japan in Siberia.

Tokyo dispatches of March 12 reported negotiations between the Japanese and the Siberian government; the Siberian government being a Socialist republic, which has not recognized the authority of the Bolsheviki, and whose armies were actively resisting the advance of a Bolshevist force eastward along the line of the Manchuria railway. This army, under the leadership of Gen. Semenoff, was on March 12 said to have retreated into Manchuria after being defeated by a superior force of Bolsheviki, the accuracy of whose fire indicated that former German prisoners might be participating in the action. Relief trains were sent forward from Harbin. Chinese troops prepared to resist any advance of the Bolshevists into Manchuria. Prince Lvoff, who was last week reported as in Peking organizing an expedition against the Bolsheviki, was reported from Petrograd under arrest.

Bolshevist propaganda was said to be gaining in eastern Siberia, especially permeating the ranks of the railway men, and there were various uncertain rumors of expeditions under German auspices being formed to seize Vladivostok before Japan could act. Meantime Japan was moving carefully, there being no inclination to take any action which might drive Russia toward Germany. Dispatches of March 14 indicated that Japan was watching the council of Soviets and would take no action pending the decision of the council. Foreign Minister Motono stated in the Japanese Diet that Japan had received no request from her Allies to send troops, but that an exchange of views was proceeding.

March 12, the first anniversary of the revolution which deposed the Czar, was celebrated quietly in Petrograd. Work was suspended, but there were no demonstrations in this once imperial city, now being slowly deserted by its population, who for weeks had been steadily moving eastward on trains, on sledges and on foot.

President Wilson's message met with the fullest approval of the British Liberals, being regarded in London as a move of high statesmanship. President Samuel Gompers of the American Alliance of Labor and Democracy also sent a message to Russia on March 13, assuring the people of Russia that the organized workingmen of America awaited eagerly for some indication as to how they might help Russia.

Rumania, on March 13, seemed to have discovered that the peace treaty which she signed, hard at best, might possibly mask even further hardships, when new demands were presented calling for further "rectification" of the boundary, which rectification left additional sections of former Rumanian territory in Austrian hands. The Teutonic Powers also made prompt use of Rumania's agreement to facilitate the passage of troops to Odessa, this great southern port of Russia having been occupied by German and Austrian troops on March 13. A careful study of the peace treaty with the Ukrainians developed the interesting fact that Odessa was not definitely included in the territory of the Ukrainian republic. This, coupled with the facts that Trebizond in Turkish Armenia, on the opposite shore of the Black Sea, had been retaken by the Turks, and that from Trebizond through Persia there is a direct route to India, made some correspondents wonder what the German high command might propose to make permanent in this quarter of the territory of her former enemy. There was fierce fighting in the Ukraine on March 14 between German troops and Bolsheviki reinforced by German and Austrian deserters.

The Allied military commissions to Rumania, the American Red Cross representative and the American military attaché left Jassy for Odessa on March 9. Austria and Germany had agreed to the repatriation of these representatives of the Allies but attempted to hold them in quarantine for 30 days. At this writing it was not known whether the party left Odessa before its capture by the Germans. The Germans entered the naval port of Nikolayev, 70 miles northeast of Odessa, on March 17.

The complete domination of Finland by Germany was evidenced by difficulties placed in the way of Allied diplomatic staffs seeking to reach Sweden through Finland, some Americans being detained, by the "escape" of the Finnish Premier from Helsingfors to Germany, and by the landing of German troops at strategic points and their movement inland.

The Congress of Soviets received President Wilson's message and replied expressing its appreciation to the laboring and exploited classes in the United States. The Soviets also, in the name of the Russian Republic, expressed "to all peoples who are dying and suffering from the horrors of this imperialistic war, its warm sympathy and firm conviction that the happy time is near when the laboring masses in all bourgeois countries will throw off the capitalist yoke and establish a socialist state of society." The congress also received with some enthusiasm the message sent by Samuel Gompers.

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Wheat ready for export at Odessa, Russia's Black Sea Gateway, entered March 13, by German troops

President Wilson's Message to Russia

May I not take advantage of the meeting of the Congress of the Soviets to express the sincere sympathy which the people of the United States feel for the Russian people at this moment when the German power has been thrust in to interrupt and turn back the whole struggle for freedom and substitute the wishes of Germany for the purpose of the people of Russia?

Although the government of the United States is, unhappily, not now in a position to render the direct and effective aid it would wish to render, I beg to assure the people of Russia through the congress that it will avail itself of every opportunity to secure for Russia once more complete sovereignty and independence in her own affairs and full restoration to her great role in the life of Europe and the modern world.

The whole heart of the people of the United States is with the people of Russia in the attempt to free themselves forever from autocratic government and become the masters of their own life.

(Signed) WOODROW WILSON.

Redeeming the Holy City

A SONG of praise arose from Jew and Christian when General Allenby's British forces drove the Moslem from Jerusalem; but those were terrible days that preceded the deliverance. Next week, in letters just received from Palestine, the Christian Herald Family will see the terror and will rejoice with the rescued.

Maynard Owen Williams tells next week about the Russian Church, and as this church ministers at the Holy Sepulcher he, too, ends his story in Jerusalem.

Dr. Gray's next portrayal of prophetic truth makes clear what the Bible teaches regarding a General Judgment. Watch for it next week.

Next week also an authoritative article on Church Union, a report from the missionaries in Guatemala who administered relief to earthquake sufferers for the Christian Herald Family, the second chapter of "The Measure of a Man," in which you begin to discover the rule and a double page of pictures in rotogravure.

A Week in the World's News

LOYALTY THE ISSUE. On March 11, former Governor Francis E. McGovern withdrew his candidacy for the Wisconsin Republican nomination for United States Senator, placing himself in the service of Congressman Irvine L. Lenroot. The special primary election was scheduled for March 19. Representative Lenroot based his candidacy squarely on the complete support of the nation in the world war, on absolute and unequivocal loyalty. He was opposed for the Republican nomination by James Thompson, candidate of the La Follette following. Victor L. Berger was running for the Socialist nomination. He remained in the race in spite of the fact that he was indicted in Chicago under the Espionage Act. It was generally expected that a large part of the Berger following would vote for Thompson, the Wisconsin law making it possible for any person voting in the primaries to vote for nominees of any party he chooses. The whole country watched this campaign to see how Wisconsin should declare herself.

NEUTRALS UNDER DURESS. The situation of Holland and the Scandinavian countries grows daily more difficult. After months of negotiation agreements were finally concluded between these neutral states and Britain and America by which necessary foodstuffs would be supplied to them. In return for food the neutrals accepted rigid restrictions on their own exports to Germany. These agreements were fiercely assailed in the German press, were declared unneutral and violative of Germany's understandings with the same nations. On March 12 it was announced that the German Central Purchasing Co. had canceled all contracts

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Around the North from West to East

At the left. The Archbishop of York, the ranking clergyman of England, who came to America to bring a brotherly message to Christians here and to help the Church to grasp its opportunities for service in the great struggle which unites the two nations He preached first in America on March 3, occupying first the pulpit at St. John's Cathedral and later preaching at old Trinity Church

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At the right. Thomas Riggs, a member of the Alaskan Engineering commission since May, 1914, a pioneer of the Territory, which has been his home since 1897, who has been nominated by President Wilson to be Governor of Alaska

The Kremlin in Moscow, Russia's historic fortress and former residence of Czars, which may become once more the seat of government as Petrograd is abandoned

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This food stowed away, "Sammy" will be ready to turn his smile on the enemy

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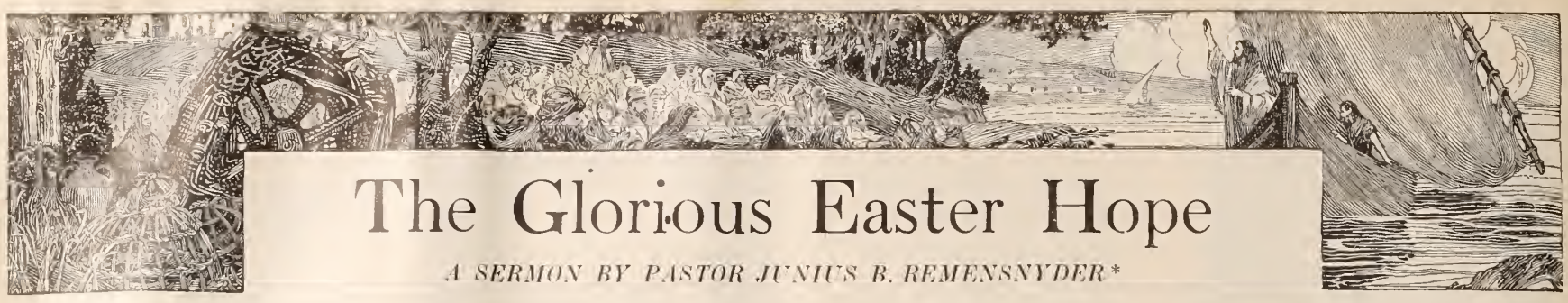
It is such men as these who make Japan ready to strike in Siberia



The Glorious Easter Hope

*A SERMON BY PASTOR JUNIUS B. REMENSNYDER**

TEXT—Matt. 28:8. "And Mary Magdalene and the other Mary departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy."

THE revulsion of joy thrilling these holy women on the first Easter Morn is like to our experience today. They had been passing through a dark and gloomy week of black calamity, when suddenly gladness and joy unutterable broke upon them. So Holy Week has led us through the deep shades of penitence and sorrow to Gethsemane, the Last Supper, Good Friday and the Cross, leaving us in silence and darkness at the sepulchre. But now, lo, as at Christmas, an angel brings joyful tidings to them. Here again an angel voices the greatest, gladdest, most blessed truth that ever thrilled the ears and elated the souls of men: "*Christ Is Risen.*"

Thus our week of sorrows and our way by the Cross, lead us to this brightest morn of time, to the shining mount of immortality, to the glorious vision of eternal life. What a gift is life! What a joy it is to live! The joys of sight and the visions of the eye; the joy of activity and work; the joy of high and noble aims; the joys of the heart, of friendship, and love; the joy of elevated thoughts; the manly joy of overcoming difficulties; the high transports of doing good and sacrifice for truth's sake; the joy in the sense of the beautiful and sublime in nature; the ecstasies in the rapt harmonies of music; the joy in religious worship and prayer—what tongue of archangel can tell the joy, the bliss, the rapture, embraced in this all in all—life!

But sweet, varied and glorious as is this gift of life, we see confronting it the black, spectral, inevitable figure of death. Who, then, but must study this question which concerns his happiness more deeply than all else? This death, which steadily creeps toward me, will it really wrest from me this priceless possession of life? This is the supreme thought for every living soul to reflect upon on Easter Day. To study in the light of the Gospel of the Resurrection.

NATURE here is our first teacher. She is full of emblems of the Resurrection. Could you forecast the golden fruit from the withered blossom, or the bird from the broken shell, or the brilliant-plumaged insects' wings from the chrysalis coffin from which it emerges? So Spring is full of signs. Every Spring, in forest, garden, and field, death is swallowed up of life. All winter the trees stand stripped and bare; the shrubs, the grasses, the flowers sleep in a cold white sepulchre of snow. But in the Spring comes the dawn of a new life. The drifts melt, the fountains flow, the rivers burst their ice bonds, the trees put forth buds and leaves, the grasses awake from their chill slumbers, and the crocus and myrtle peep from the ground—the advance-guard of that lovely army of flowers which will decorate the whole summer with their plumage.

It is the Resurrection time of the visible creation. It is the Easter of the world. It is nature's prophetic answer to the inquiring soul of man, and it is full of hope. It is the grand Epic of Immortality, written by the finger of God upon the strata of the earth.

We find ground again for a hope of future life in *ourselves*, in our reasonings, in the human mind as it seeks to look into the future. And here we must take the greatest minds, those gifted intellects, the geniuses, who have flashes of perception into the eternities and infinities that are not given to ordinary minds.

SOCRATES, as he drank the cup of fatal hemlock, said to his friend Crito, "Remember that you will not bury *me*. But my spirit will have flown to a better world." Kant, king of modern philosophers, postulated the soul's immortality on the ground of our need and yearning, of the passionate call for it of the *heart*, which sees farther than the head. Victor Hugo, representing the great masters of literature, writes: "I see future and eternal life before me as a certainty. It is like a light, so brilliant that other things cannot be seen. But the light shines in that future, and that is all I need." And Tennyson, speaking for the poets, who live on the transfigured altitudes of vision, says: "I can hardly understand how any great imaginative man, who has deeply lived, suffered, thought and wrought, can doubt the soul's continuous progress in after life." Nature and the human soul are instinct with prophecies of immortality.

Still, giving these testimonies all due weight, they but amount to what Addison calls "this pleasing *hope*, this fond desire, this *longing* after immortality." And when we turn from the perusal of these naturalistic arguments to the Easter Gospel, see the grave robbed of its prisoner, hear the trumpet-tongued angel sitting on the stone rolled from the mouth of the sepulchre, and behold the crucified and buried Christ in risen, glorified form, proclaiming to the ends of the earth: "I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore," then do we feel as though we had passed from the mists and shadows of opinion and hope, into the clear, open sunlight of fact and certainty.

Only one life has ever fully solved this darkest of all mysteries. Only one life has ever won the victory over death. Only one truth gives us positive assurance that we are to live forever. And no wonder, then that as today men read everywhere in their churches the blessed Easter Gospel, there should ascend from all lands and races and homes and hearts such an outburst of rapture as only was heard when the Almighty One laid the corner-stone of the creation, whereat "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy!"

"AND Mary Magdalene and the other Mary departed quickly from the sepulchre with *fear and great joy*." A mighty truth at once thrills us with two emotions, joy at its glory and fear at the mighty power of God. It was almost too great and glad to be true. From the Cross of defeat and agony to the glory and triumph of Easter. From death and the sepulchre, to Resurrection and life. O what an infinite leap! Their bounding emotions could not be kept within their bosoms. "And they did *run* to bring the disciples word." So is this the Church's great festival of gladness. She has followed her Lord to the Cross, where he suffers such pains and woe as God alone can bear, that Divine love may offer an infinite sacrifice for the sins of men. Now she acclaims him in his risen glory, victor over death, and Lord and King forevermore.

And in our gladness, let us think what is involved in this great Easter fact? First, if we are to live hereafter, our *plans should take in eternity*. Here is the vital difference between the worldly and the religious. The worldly person lives and plans and labors only for time, and so he must die "as the fool dieth." To him death is the end of all, so he tries to get what good he can out of the present life and dies without hope. This short-sighted folly our Lord reproved in the words: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" But the Christian feels that this life is but a seed sown for eternity. Hence he lays his plans for the larger life eternal. He disciplines his soul: he seeks to do good, he serves God; so that he may so enter that future world that he can meet his Judge and enter upon a state of happiness. Easter teaches that our brief life here is but to plan, to build, to prepare in every thought, word, and deed for the larger and more wonderful life eternal.

THE Easter Gospel again teaches that we should not be depressed by *present hardships and trials*. The primitive disciples had to endure many sacrifices to be faithful to Christ, but how they all faded into nothing when he stood before them in risen splendor, saying: "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth." This explains the differences in human conditions. How trivial, whether one be rich or poor, at ease or in suffering, when life is but a step in our endless career! End life with death, and then what advantage is there in humble service, self-sacrificing heroism and patient martyrdom for the common good? It all comes to one ignoble end. But break a doorway through the farther side of the grave, and make it a thoroughfare to immortal life, and we have a compensation for the hard and bitter experiences that may be our lot.

We need the Easter light to behold a God of Love, to throw a rainbow in our tears, to weave sighs into songs, to bring joy out of suffering, and to show us that earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal. This feature is strikingly illustrated by the diverse inscriptions of the primitive Christians in the catacombs, and those of the pagan sepulchres. The pagan epitaphs were such as "Eternal Sleep;" Eternal night;" "Eternal House;" expressing tragic melancholy and despair. But the Christian inscriptions were "dormitory"—a temporary resting-place; "Here sleeps our Beloved;" "Sleep in Peace;" "Here rests in Hope,"—grief of separation assuaged by the blessed Easter faith, the certainty of reunion in a happier world.

What wonderful glimpses the Easter Gospel gives of the *nature* of that life in the hereafter! It is a *Resurrection*. Not alone the soul is to continue its existence, but our bodies are to rise again. Said the risen Lord to the disciples, "Behold my hands and my feet that it is I myself." That is, his body was identical with his earthly one, even to bearing the marks of the nails on the Cross; yet it was a glorified body, vanishing, and appearing, rising in the air at will, pure and holy, so that he would not suffer even the saintly Magdalene to touch it. Says Luther: "Men and women, boys and girls, just as here, will be in that world. And like the risen Saviour, we shall be as the angels, traveling in the body like a flash, so that at will we can in a moment be on the earth beneath, or in heaven above." And the Christian naturalist Mivart, argues that while eternal youth will crown all, still the characteristics of each in this life will be retained. The mother will clasp her fond little child as she lost it; the husband the wife, recognizing the familiar features that endeared them on earth. Wonderful and glorious as will be the changes, still there will be an identity so that we shall know the dear face, thrill at the fond voice. So also, shall the faculties of the soul—the personality—be wonderfully quickened and brightened. Our mental powers will have new force, strength and range. These are but glimpses indeed. Yet they have a sure foundation in the facts attending the Resurrection of Christ, who is the "First-fruits" of our own. And they show that our future eternal existence, body and spirit, will be such as we now live, only with every blemish removed, and every faculty heightened—a life immeasurably larger, happier, grander.

The book of Revelation gives us a sublime picture of that life, saying: "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for *there shall be no night there*."

THE infidel Renan truly says that Christianity is built upon the belief in the Resurrection. Bishop Wescott writes: "The ground on which the Apostles rested their appeal was the Resurrection, the duty they felt was to bear witness to it." Christ's triumph over the grave vindicated this divine claim and guaranteed all his promises. Hence, from a weak and downcast band, they went forth with an all-conquering faith and assurance to preach the Gospel. Because of the Resurrection they knew that the new faith and new hopes would transform the world. Their passion for spreading the glad tidings became contagious. Every new disciple saw in the *future* the universal triumph of the Church.

While the Greeks and the Romans looked *back* to a glory that had waned, the disciples of Jesus, after the Resurrection, looked forward to progress and victory. For other religions the golden age of the world is in the past. Christianity ever presses on with its look to the future.

In Westminster Abbey there is a splendid white marble sculpture in memory of Handel the musician. He is composing his famous oratorio, "The Messiah." Above, in the heavens, is an angel playing on a golden harp. Handel's face is turned upward, and as he catches the heavenly strains, he writes the words: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The thought portrayed is that the Risen Saviour is alive forevermore, inspiring and leading his disciples on the earth.

THIS is the great Easter lesson. We have a risen and living Saviour ever present with us. And as this assurance made heroes and conquerors of the early believers, so should it gird and strengthen us today.

Great as are the obstacles confronting the Church in our time, if every Christian but caught the inspiration of the Easter Gospel, if we but realized the presence and leadership of the living, glorified Christ, these opposing forces would speedily be overcome by our irresistible might.

The Resurrection has ever been the motive force of missionary zeal. Animated and sustained by it, men and women have risked their lives to proclaim the greatest victory of time to those pining in darkness and the shadow of death. Nor can any true Christain keep this glad, blessed truth sleeping in his heart. Christ has risen. He *lives in you and me*. This is the glorious Easter Gospel. Let it awaken within us a joyous faith: a newness of zeal, a rededication of service, that Christ may show forth in our lives of active piety on earth, and that we may rise and reign with him in the life forevermore.

*Pastor St. James Lutheran Church, New York City.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Discovering the Word of Life

SUNDAY, March 31. Ps. 119 : 71. "*It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes.*" The Word of God waits upon life, and it unlocks new treasure at the magic touch of appropriate circumstance. Some happening in our life proves to be the key to a closed casket, and when we bring the happening and the Word together the casket is opened, and the spiritual treasure is disclosed.

It is by no means needful that the key should be a heavy iron key, the symbol of some black experience. It can be a golden key, such as is used on some gay and festive day when we open a church or some home of cheery entertainment. Some brilliant happening in our life can discover wealth in Bible fields which we have never seen before. A triumph can open out a doxology. A joy can be like the first sunny ray that struck the statue of Memnon and elicited response.

But the surprise is more surprising when some harsh happening smites the rock and the sweet, refreshing water gushes forth. It has happened ten thousand thousand times that a dark experience has discovered divine promises which we had never seen or scarcely noticed in the brighter days. We did not know the light was in the ear until we entered the tunnel. Some little psalm begins to shine! Some word of the Master begins to blaze like phosphorus in the dark waters! Some word of an apostle rises upon our darkening twilight like the evening star! And we begin to learn God's statutes in our afflictions.

It is a wise practice, if I may so put it, to expect these surprises of revelation. "The Lord hath yet more light and truth to break forth from His holy Word." Let us be on the lookout for it. Let us expect that each novel experience, whether it be grave or gay, is appointed to be a minister of revelation, and let us turn to the Word and watch for the unveiling. Let us regard our circumstances as the servants of our souls.

J. H. J.

Living Sacrifices

MONDAY, April 1. Rom. 12 : 1. "*I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.*" It were worth while to study the "beseechings" of Paul. These are the points in his letters which are most fatherly, most lover-like. Masterful man as he was, he was moved to passionate tenderness by the grace of God. The first verse in this chapter strikes the key-note of practical Christianity. Some months before the great war commenced, an Englishman, much interested in religion, visited America, and at the close of his visit said, "I fail to hear the note of sacrifice struck in American religion." He had found the weak point in American religious life. Too few of us take our religion seriously. The average Christian probably spends more time and more money in seeking recreation than he spends in seeking the kingdom of God and God's righteousness.

Most of us know what it is to make sacrifices in order to found a business enterprise. The greatest merchant in America began his business career on so small a scale that he did his own delivering in a handcart. Multitudes of people know what it is to sacrifice in order to get an education. The most successful young physician in one of the great cities of America boarded himself during his college course and breakfasted regularly on a bowl of crackers and milk. The world is learning what it is to sacrifice for the sake of patriotism. Fifty millions of men in the nations now at war are presenting their bodies living sacrifices. One in every ten of them has already crowned that sacrifice, sealed that covenant with his own blood.

Sacrifice for the sake of sacrifice has absolutely no virtue, but sacrifice for high ends becomes within itself a religious act. No one of us can deprive himself of anything he holds of value, surrender anything he would care to keep, abstain or refrain from anything which would give him pleasure, devote time or strength to a good cause, cast his influence into the balances and save a lost cause, for duty's sake, for the sake of high sentiment, for the sake of loyalty to Jesus Christ, who does not thereby approach the sacrificial altar of the Invisible and Eternal God.

C. C. A.

Proof and Faith

TUESDAY, April 2. John 20 : 29. "*Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.*" Besides the peculiar warning which these words of the risen Lord conveyed to doubting Thomas, there is a larger meaning in them that applies to the Church in all ages. Our Lord by no means has sanctioned a kind of faith that does not seek convincing information regarding the matters to be believed. The Lord himself offered Thomas the evidence which led to the doubting disciple's glad and adoring profession: "My Lord and my God."

The Bereans who subjected the preaching of Paul to the test of the Scriptures are commended for so doing. "Prove all things!" is a standing rule among Christians. There is indeed a vast difference between skepticism which habitually questions and impugns the validity even of the best evidence that can be offered, and the spirit of examination which is eagerly seeking for that very evidence and is glad when it obtains the evidence. Doubt is not a necessary element in the search after truth, but that search can be instituted with devout reverence. Doubt, however, leads to unbelief, if not promptly checked. The searching of the Scriptures in which a believer is engaged is not for the purpose of detecting flaws in God's Book, or for having his misgivings concerning points in his creed verified, but to dissipate any fears that he may have entertained and to have his faith vindicated afresh.

It is to faith that God has appealed in all ages, and the evidence which He has offered to faith has been in all ages in the word that He has spoken. The evidence for faith in the Lord's resurrection was available in God's word before ever Christ rose from the dead, and Cleopas and his companion were reminded of this fact on Easter Day and reprimanded for their slowness of heart to believe all that Moses and the prophets had spoken regarding the matter.

W. H. T. D.

The Martyr Spirit

WEDNESDAY, April 3. Dan. 3 : 18. "*But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.*" Every true follower of Christ has the martyr spirit. He does not seek to redeem his life with the loss of his integrity. The convictions of these Hebrew heroes had reached permanency; not a nerve trembled in face of the fiery furnace.

Are there not other fires as hot as the Babylonian burnings? Job in suffering could say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Paul, before the bloody ax, exclaimed, "I am ready to be offered; I have fought a good fight." Jesus warned His disciples not to be afraid of them that kill the body.

The shield of faith protects every one as it did these Hebrew martyrs. The form of the Fourth is with you in every fiery crucible, which only burns away the bonds and purify the spirit. Are not many persons silent in the presence of moral evil who should speak? But they fear to offend the king, the party, the social customs, the Babylonian usages. They compromise until influence becomes paralyzed.

"I will take away your property," said the judge to Cyprian of Carthage. "You cannot," he replied, "for my treasure is in heaven." "Then I will banish you." "You cannot, for I can go nowhere where Christ is not with me." "Then I will take your life." "You cannot, for my life is hid with Christ in God."

Huss died for the truth; Luther lived for the truth. Let God decide which it will be for you. Some trust in princes, in powers of state, but we will trust in the God of love. He will deliver us. If we suffer with Him, we shall reign with Him in glory.

E. W. C.

Good That Is Evil Spoken Of

THURSDAY, April 4. Rom. 14 : 16. "*Let not your good be evil spoken of.*" The first step in the program of the Christian life is, Cease to do evil. The second is, Learn to do good. The third is, Learn to do good in such a way as to commend religion to the world. Some otherwise good people fail to appreciate the importance of right methods of being good and doing good.

Our good is often evil spoken of because of our thoughtlessness. The woman who looked askance at a stranger who had been shown into her pew did not really mean to hurt that stranger's feelings, to send her away from church that day with the inward resolution never again to enter its doors, but such was the effect of her lack of thought. Our good is often evil spoken of because of the unnecessary harshness of our manner. It is an oft repeated excuse of offenders of this kind, "I was born with an unfortunate disposition; I am brusque, and have no fineness of touch; it is hereditary." This is an attempt to dodge responsibility, to transfer the censure to our ancestors—who cannot defend themselves. Harshness of manner may be temperamental, but it is hardly constitutional. It is an ungracious and harmful habit, and it can be cured. Those who ride roughshod over other people's sensitive feelings need to take a new lesson in the school of the compassionate Christ.

Sometimes our good is evil spoken of because of our lack of charity—not the charity that feeds and clothes the poor, but the charity that Paul speaks of, the love that "suffereth long and is kind." It was an oft-quoted saying of a distinguished jurist, the late Judge Joseph A. S. Mitchell of Indiana, "We can not be like God in justice, power, wisdom or holiness, but we can be like Him in being merciful."

C. C. A.

Tasting God's Goodness

FRIDAY, April 5. Ps. 34 : 8. "*O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.*" The fact that God is good and that his tender mercies are over all his things may be grasped by the intellect of man upon inspection of God's creation and his benevolent providence. Men may be excited to admiration and eloquent praise of God by observing with what lovingkindness he directs the affairs of the universe. But a far deeper appreciation of the goodness of God is obtained by our personal experience of his favor.

The proof of God's goodness is made by man's trust in him. When we take God at his word, when we see in his general promises specific offers of help for our particular needs, and risk to place ourselves unreservedly in his almighty and wise hands, we shall, like David, become blessed people.

Men's curses are turned into divine benedictions for us. This blessing comes to believers through Jesus Christ, in whom the grace and lovingkindness of God has appeared. To the saints in the Old Testament Jesus was not revealed as directly as to us. They were taught the goodness and mercy of God by types and emblems. But the revelation of God's goodness which they had received proved sufficient to fill their hearts with intense satisfaction and their mouths with eloquent praise. Ought not the fuller revelation which we of the new dispensation have received of the grace abounding make us far more efficient expositors of the goodness of God?

W. H. T. D.

The Mission of Beauty

SATURDAY, April 6. Eccles. 3 : 11. "*He hath made everything beautiful in his time.*" Beauty is one of the outer doors of the temple of the soul, where God first knocks for admittance. The flowers and foliage, the trees and hillsides, the rivers and valleys, are spread out to awaken the love of the beautiful in human hearts. Music and painting, sculpture and architecture, poetry and song, are ministering spirits of heavenly origin to arouse the beauty of holiness in the soul.

The mission of beauty is divine, leading on the admirer, entranced with loveliness, until he sees the King in His beauty and falls in love with the Lover of his being. If beauty aids worship in earthly temples, how much more in the heavenly? If the soul, being attracted by the beautiful, possesses also the power to picture grand portraits of nature's glories for itself and others, then we become like nature and nature's God, beauty being the handmaid leading us up to the Divine. Stars are more inspiring than clouds; sunlight than shadow, but love is greater than beauty.

The true and the good are married by the beautiful standing between and illuminating both. The universe being a temple of beauty, some have worship only for the sublime edifice, forgetting to bow in adoration before the King within. Though the heavens declare the glory of God, they are not Himself. A banquet with the King is infinitely more to be desired than to feast the eyes upon His robes and riches, for the golden sunsets, the awakening day, the dewy jewels of the morning, the birds and flowers are but reflections of the beauty of holiness from the face of the Christ.

E. W. C.

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The Measure of a Man

By GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL LUTZ
Author of "The Witness"

CHAPTER I

THE house was old-fashioned, and darkly pleasant, set back from the street with a stretch of lawn, and a wide veranda in front of one wing. There was moss on the roof where the tall elms hung over, and there was a quiet air of dignity about it. A comfortable hammock swung between two resinous pines near the dining-room veranda, with a carpet of needles beneath; a couple of magazines and a book lay in the hollow of the hammock ready for use.

At the left of the quaint old front door with its double-settled stoop a young girl in white was stooping over a pansy bed picking the riotous bloom, and above her in the tallest elm a thrush was uttering translucent notes. They seemed to thrill and find an echo in her heart. She made a lovely picture against the dark of the old house with the morning light playing over her hair and bringing out red and gold threads in its brownness.

Suddenly a whistle, clear and sweet as the bird's, interrupted the thrush, and the color sprang to the girl's cheeks. This was what she had been half waiting, hoping for, fearful lest it would not come. She turned and rose, her hands overflowing with pansies, her eyes bright with welcome. Yes, there he was, her old friend and comrade of the childhood years, come back after four years of college abroad for his summer at the old family country-seat, and he had not forgotten her! He had come the first morning, at once, to see her!

He swung the gate open joyously, shouting. "I thought I'd find you here, Janet," and stepped aside to let his companion pass—a girl in pink with a fluffy parasol. Janet had not noticed the other girl until then. A kind of cool dignity seemed to fall upon her as she looked, and she came forward slowly, with welcome in her face but with a reserve in her eyes that had not been there a moment before.

He swung the gate open joyously, shouting, "I thought I'd find you here, Janet"

THE girl at the gate had apparently not seen her at all. She was mincing along on her little high-heeled white pumps and discoursing most absorbedly with the young man, giggling contagiously, and gazing up into his face from beneath her tilted parasol in a most compelling way, fairly obliging him to pay some attention to her in spite of the fact that he was evidently all eagerness to greet his old friend. She was golden-haired, blue-eyed, with a ravishing artificial complexion; her costume was most elaborate and diaphanous, well calculated to make the natives of the simple village stare. Janet had full opportunity to study her, and to note the changes that four years had made in her old friend, Harley Bruce, before the three were actually face to face and the young man had grasped her hand and was eagerly looking into her eyes. There was something in his look that might have made her catch her breath had they been alone, but she was conscious of an appraising stare from the eyes of the baby-doll by his side that steadied her self-control.

"Let me make you acquainted with Lotta Lomond," said young Bruce lightly, as if to get rid of a trifling duty; and the beauty by his side swept her lashes down and up again, with an impertinent tilt to her chin, in acknowledgment of the introduction, and continued to stare appraisingly, impudently, half resentfully, at Janet, as if she were an annoying interruption that must be got rid of.

There was nothing, however, about Janet's costume to merit the criticism of her visitor. Her linen frock with its simple lines was of a cut and fashion that showed it had never been bought nor made in that town. Lotta Lomond's eyes lingered on the details of pocket and girdle and button long enough to be surprised at that. The white suède rubbersoled, heelless oxfords and silk stockings were irreproachable, and the face of this country girl was undeniably beautiful. As she stood there beside the visitor with her fresh complexion, her easy graceful manner, the sunlight falling over her rich brown hair and her hands overflowing with pansies, it was like a rose looking at a bunch of cotton flowers on a last year's hat. Lotta Lomond, half conscious of the disadvantage, stared to disconcert the other girl. It was an old weapon of hers against all rivals. It seldom failed. But there was something about this cool gray-eyed girl that seemed impervious to a stare. It was Lotta Lomond, not Janet Grayson, who felt uncomfortable. Nevertheless she succeeded in creating an atmosphere that Harley Bruce had never known before when he was in Janet's company, and he looked uneasily from one girl to the other and wondered what was the matter.

"Hello! Is that the same old hammock!" he cried. "Sha'n't we go over and have a good old-time talk? Can I get some chairs, Janet?"

BUT Lotta Lomond asserted herself decidedly.

"Indeed, Harley, that's quite impossible. I'm in a great hurry to get back with that embroidery silk for mamma. You said you were coming in for a minute on an errand. Come, get it done and let us go on to the store quickly!" Her tone was quite possessive, as if Harley were her special property. Janet looked at her wonderingly. Could it be that Harley had chosen her, was engaged to her, perhaps? Her eyes widened with the thought.

Lotta Lomond turned to the simple country girl with a half contemptuous simper.

"Men are so irresponsible, aren't they, Miss Grayson? Come, Harley, hurry up!" and she poked him playfully with her parasol.

Harley frowned, but his natural courtesy forbade his showing his annoyance further. If his mother had taught him anything, it was to be polite.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Lotta. I didn't know you were in a hurry. Of course, if you must, but that hammock looks good to me. However, it's only a delayed pleasure. We've a great deal to talk over, you know, Janet. Four years is a long time. Well, if I must hurry: we came over to tell you the plans for the day. Mother's got a crowd over at the house and we're to take an auto trip right after lunch, returning in time to dress for dinner. This evening I believe they have an impromptu play on hand. We want you to join us, of course. Don't say you've anything else on hand, for we simply won't take no for an answer. And we'll call a little after one for you. Will that be all right? If I get a chance I'll run over again this morning just to talk over old times a bit. But you'll be ready at one, anyway, Janet?"

ALTHOUGH Janet gave a tacit consent she was inwardly seized with an aversion to accepting the invitation, and she watched the two go down the walk—Lotta already simpering and gazing absorbedly into her companion's face—with a growing feeling that the afternoon's excursion would not be to her liking. As they opened the front gate she almost called after Harley to say she would not go, and then held herself gently in reserve, questioning her own motives severely. What was this feeling struggling wildly in her heart? Jealousy? Was she jealous of Harley's friendliness with this offensive young person? If it was jealousy she must take herself in hand and put a stop to it. This was no broadminded way to go into life, stopping aggrieved because some other girl had come on the scene. Harley had been away four years. It stood to reason he would have new friends. He might even be engaged. She had told herself that before she knew he was coming, yet it had not hurt, not like this. What was it that made her heart freeze up at sight of this over-dressed doll walking with Harley? Was it because she did not look his equal, did not appear to be a friend worthy of her old friend? She walked slowly over to the hammock and sat down trying to think it out. She hoped this was the reason. She did not like to think she was just plain jealous of any girl that happened to have his friendship. There had never been any love-making between herself and Harley Bruce. It had just been a delightful boy-and-girl comradeship, a rare one, in which each shared the other's pleasures and joys, studies and interests, holidays and work; but still no romance about it. Janet liked to think a friendship like that could have outlasted the separation and come back unchanged, without anything to spoil it. Whatever the future held for them, she wanted to keep the past. Harley grown up, with a foreign education, and herself grown

up, with a college education in one of the finest American institutions, might not be so perfectly suited to one another's ideals as the boy and girl Harley and Janet had been; but she liked to think that the past, beautiful as it had been, would not be hurt in any way. And here, right off at the start, she was putting up a show of jealousy toward a little pink and white butterfly of a girl that she didn't know the first thing about! What in the world was the matter with her? Well, she would go that afternoon and try to get a different attitude. She would show them all that she and Harley were grand friends, and she would show that Lotta Lomond girl that she was broader than to mind her foolish little impertinences. She would be herself and make them all like her, and show Harley she was his old comrade, ready to join in with his friends as she had been to love his dogs and horses and stray rabbits in the old days.

NEVERTHELESS it was not with a very cheerful face that she went to make ready for her afternoon; and her mother, watching furtively, anxiously, asked at last, gently, as if she were not really noticing much:

"Didn't Harley come over yet?"

"Oh, yes, he came."

Janet drew the faintest, most imperceptible bit of a sigh as she said the words. Her mother flashed a quick keen glance at the girl's drooping face.

"What's the matter, dear? Is he changed?" she asked after a moment. It was what she had been fearing ever since she heard the Bruces were to open the old house and come back for the summer after all the years of absence.

"Oh, no," said Janet quickly, with hurried alarm. "At least not that I noticed," she added lightly. "But, you see, he had a girl with him, a very dolled-up person from the house-party, and she wouldn't give us a chance to speak, scarcely. It was disappointing, of course, not to be able to talk a little; find out what he had been doing and all that; but then, of course, I wouldn't have cared to talk over old times before a stranger; and it would have been rude, too, even if we had wanted to. Harley said he would run over again this morning if he got time, though I thought I saw a look in that baby-doll's eyes that didn't mean to let him. But he'll get here later, of course. He seemed awfully glad to get back, and he's looking fine, older, of course, and more manly, but just altogether what you'd expect. They came to ask me to go motoring this afternoon and to come to dinner afterward. They are getting up some kind of a play," she finished bravely, having made out quite a good case for her old friend.

THE mother's face relaxed.

"Oh, he came to get you, then! Well, of course, he has to pay some attention to his mother's guests, and you can't expect him to run away and leave them right off the minute he gets here. Of course, he isn't a boy any more. He is the host of the house. Why, I think it was very nice of him to come so soon even for a minute! I'm glad they asked you. You've had a dull time this spring. But of course they would ask you," she added with an anxious glance toward her daughter which softened into the old look of love and admiration. Why shouldn't they ask her? She was a girl to grace any occasion.

But Janet hadn't noticed the slip. She was trying to remember just how Harley had looked when he first took her hand in greeting.

"I'm glad we got you those two extra evening dresses," said her mother with satisfaction. "You'll be over there a great deal now, I suppose."

"I don't know, mother. I'm not so sure," said Janet thoughtfully. "I can tell better after this afternoon is over." And she went upstairs to get ready.

IT was a perfect day, and Janet, as she drew on her pretty blue motor cap, glanced from the window where the big motor car was just in sight and could not help a thrill of joyful expectancy in spite of all her forebodings. She noticed with relief that the front seat beside Harley, who was driving, was vacant. Then he meant to have her sit with him, and they could have a good old-fashioned talk and bridge the years of their separation. Perhaps after that she would not feel so strange.

She lingered just a second to admire the grace with which he swung his big form from the car and hurried up the brick walk to the house, with all the apparent eagerness of his old boyhood days. Then she ran quickly down to meet him.

The introductions to the rest of the party had just been performed, and Harley was about to help her in the car, when her mother called from the front door, holding out her forgotten motor veil. The young man sprang back to get it, lingering a moment to speak to Mrs. Grayson.

It was while Janet's back was turned for just that instant looking to see what her mother wanted that a sudden change took place in the car. When she turned back again Lotta Lomond was climbing nimbly into the front seat, and the young man whom they called "Tad" who had sat beside her had stepped out and was holding the door open for Janet to take the seat beside him in the middle of the car.

Janet looked up in dismay, met the saucy challenge of Lotta's cold eyes, hesitated, looking back toward Harley, and then, seeing nothing else to do, stepped in and quietly sat down in the seat indicated. If Harley wished to change the arrangement when he came he would know what to do.

Harley certainly did not look pleased when he came striding back.

"What's the idea of the change?" he asked, glaring back at Janet's companion. "I thought we were all nicely fixed."

Lotta pouted.

"Tad was bad," she declared childishly. "He had a grouch on and wouldn't talk. Besides, I adore sitting in the front seat, and I've a lot of questions to ask you."

With a troubled look toward Janet, Harley took his seat and sent the machine flying down the street, but Janet noticed he did not smile nor respond to Lotta's chatter.

Janet sat back and tried to keep from showing her disappointment. The afternoon had suddenly lost all zest. But of course she must be agreeable to Harley's friends, and there would surely come a time pretty soon when she and Harley could renew their acquaintance unhindered. She took stock of the company for a moment.

THERE were two pretty girls on the back seat, sisters, Rose and Lily Gardner by name, and a young Mr. Thatcher, whom they called "Billy," squeezed between them. He was stout, with billowy elbows, and lolled without much regard to the ladies, who, however, appeared to enjoy it. He wore loud garments and gaudy jewelry.

At their feet sprawled a second young man, named Eddie Love, who was much engaged in tying Miss Lily Gardner's shoe, amid many screams and giggling reproofs. The four were utterly oblivious of Janet's presence. She turned to the man by her side and found him regarding her with a curious, amused stare, as if he had been waiting for her to discover him.

He was older than Harley by ten years, with handsome, heavy features, dark, limpid eyes, and an air of being bored with a world to which he felt infinitely superior. They called him "Tad," but she presently discovered that his name was Thaddeus Wiltrone. His arm was stretched across the back of Janet's seat familiarly, and he looked at her now with that steady impudence that some men of the world affect. Janet felt an instant aversion for him, but controlled it. She must not let her childish disappointment influence her judgment.

"You surely never belong to this dull little hole of a town!" remarked the man, with that intimate searching gaze and privileged tone that forces its way offensively into the citadel of the soul. Janet felt an odd desire to throw something at him and in spite of her best efforts an angry flush stole slowly into her cheeks.

"I was born in Springdale," she answered haughtily, in a quiet tone of withdrawal that invited no further question.

"But you never stayed here all your life," went on the offensive tone, the bold eyes still upon her face as if he would read her mind.

"I have lived here always except when away at school or college!" still haughtily.

"Of course! I *knew* you had been away. You have the sophisticated air that can never be cultivated in a dump like this. You never find a perfect specimen of womanhood like yourself in a country village."

JANET felt herself growing angrier than she had ever been in her life before. If it had not been for the determination to make the best of the afternoon she would have asked Harley to put her out of the car at once. But after all, was she to fly from the first insolent man who crossed her path? Had she not enough dignity to command respect from any man? Could she not be mistress of even a situation such as this? It was plain he took her for a very young country lass, with a trifle of education, who could be easily reduced to foolishness by a few compliments. She turned to him with a swift little lifting of her sweet brows, and a cool indifferent tone. He should not see that she was annoyed at his presumption.

"You do not like our little village, I take it."

Her eyes swept the vista of the long shaded avenue lingeringly, and somehow she conveyed the impression that it mattered very little to her whether such as he liked her native heath or not.

"Could any one be said to really *like* a God-forsaken little dump like this?" he drawled. "Except, of course, such homesick creatures as my young friend Bruce here, who has come back, in spite of all his mother could do, hoping to be a boy again and find all the delights of childhood. He, of course, will soon discover his mistake and be as bored as the rest of us."

"Oh, you're mistaken," said Janet lightly. "It's not a God-forsaken town. We have three churches here, and the majority of the people still believe in the Bible. It strikes me that you will find many of the cities much more God-forsaken than Springdale. Most of us are very fond of it, or we should not be here, you know. Did you ever hear of the man who planted a row of sour, gnarly apple-trees all around his orchard of choice apples, so that people who wanted to steal would look at them first and taste them, and not think it worth going farther? Perhaps Springdale doesn't have all its beauties right on the outside, for any chance comer. You have to get into the secret of it before you can enjoy it. Most things that are worth while are like that, don't you think?"

But Mr. Wiltrone merely stared. What manner of girl was this in sweetly simple garments, with a face like a child angel, and the unconscious calm of a woman of the world, who presumed to talk to him with such assurance? He almost suspected hidden irony, yet her face was so innocent, the outline of her profile so pure, one could scarcely believe she intended it.

THEY were passing through the brief business part of the village; a placid cluster of market, post-office, dry goods and grocery stores. Down the street, hobbling grotesquely between his good foot and his poor twisted short leg, jerked along the village cobbler. He was a feature of the town, a little crippled man who had grown old in the service of the villagers, and they all loved him. Not a young man or maiden of the time but had loved to stand at his low broad window and watch him cobbling shoes, sitting crosslegged on his little stool. Not one but had hoarded with joy bits of red and blue and white leather scraps that he had given them. Janet and Harley had been among those who hung about his charmed window and carried their bits of leather back to get "Old Gimpty" to pierce them with wonderful round holes with his awl. Gimpty was as much a part of the village to Janet and Harley as the streets and the mountains round about, and they always hailed him with smiles and happy salutations.

Suddenly Lotta Lomond pointed a dainty finger straight at the gray-headed cripple and laughed a gay carol of derision:

"Oh! Oh!" she shouted, "Look at the hoppity man! Tad! Tad! Just look at that funny hoppity man! Doesn't he look for all the world like the cricket you caught this morning and pulled off his hind leg? Look! Look! Did you ever see anything so funny in all your life!"

She was almost screaming with laughter, and her words rang out clearly as they passed the old man hopping along with his cane. Thaddeus Wiltrone arose from his seat and stared languidly, amusedly back at the cripple, who had stopped on the walk and was gazing after them with sad comprehension in his face.

Janet leaned forward and touched the other girl on the shoulder:

"Please don't!" she said earnestly, "That's our little shoemaker, and he's very sensitive about his deformity."

HER lips were trembling, her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were bright with excitement. Miss Lomond turned around and looked at her in astonishment. Then her cherry lips curled in a scornful sneer:

"Oh, pardon *me!*" she drawled, "I wasn't aware he was one of your *friends!*"

"He is!" said Janet quite simply. "He's been a friend ever since I was a little girl and he made my first pair of doll's shoes. I wouldn't have his feelings hurt for anything!"

As Janet sank back in her seat she suddenly became aware of Harley glaring angrily at Miss Lomond.

"For heaven's sake, Lotta! Haven't you any sense at all?" he snapped. Then to Janet:

"Was that old Gimpty, Jan?"

But before Janet could reply Lotta's laugh rang out derisively:

"Oh, Harley! Excuse *me!* I might have known I would be stepping on your toes. I suppose, now, that queer old creature is a friend of yours too?"

"He certainly is!" roared Harley, to Janet's infinite relief. Then Harley did care, after all! He hadn't quite lost his old love for Springdale and Gimpty and the dear old days!

"Give me a cigarette, Harley, I want a smoke!" announced Lotta suddenly, and pounced on Harley's nearest pocket. "Have one, girls?" she said.

JANET sat rigid, trying not to show her disgust. The girls with whom she companioned did not think respectable women smoked. It happened to be her first experience in the company of girls. "Tad" was studying her features, leisurely inhaling smoke and puffing out little rings that floated almost into her face.

The back seat struck up a drinking song with shouts of hilarious mirth and riotous laughter. The car was passing the homes of several of Janet's mother's friends, where members of the family were sitting on the piazzas and looking up curiously as the party skimmed by. Janet's cheeks grew red with shame lest they should recognize her in such company; with an underlying trouble also in her heart lest they should recognize Harley and misjudge him thereby.

In the midst of it all Harley sat silent, driving like mad. He had long ago exceeded the speed limit. He had cast one quick apprehensive glance at Janet and settled into grim silence.

SOFT on the distance appeared a white house set in green acres on the edge of a small village. Janet looked with longing eyes as it drew rapidly nearer. Oh, if she were sitting on that quiet porch talking to Aunt Nan.

Quietly, unnoticed, Thaddeus Wiltrone had passed his arm along the back of Janet's seat. Now he drew it nearer to her, quite carelessly at first, as if it might have been pure accident, until his puffy white hand finally rested ever so lightly against Janet's shoulder, with just a hint of tendency to go further if encouraged.

Janet suddenly sat up very straight and leaned forward, touching Harley lightly on the shoulder.

To be continued

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

America's Hand to Russia

PRESIDENT WILSON'S brief message to the Russian Soviets is voluminous with meaning. It is not to Russia alone, but contains special hints to Germany, to Japan, to England and France, not to be mistaken. It deals not with expediency but with justice and righteousness. It is fitted both to war and to peace.

It is fitting that Russia, which has ever lent to our nation the hand of friendship, should now in her extremity see extended to her our hand of gratitude and brotherly love. Traditional friendship is a high consideration, but President Wilson has found still higher ones to act upon. The right of Russia to "complete sovereignty and independence in her own affairs and full restoration to her great rôle in the life of Europe and the modern world" is a transcendent consideration, as is also the right of all peoples, great and small, to "become masters of their own life." The concern here shown is not for the shifting lines of empire, but for the fixed, straight line of principle. World thought is lifted up into the purifying and propelling current of moral forces.

It is unthinkable that the Russian people should have been left to their fate unhelped. That their plight is due largely to their own folly makes them all the more subject to our sympathy, patience and helpfulness. Russia needs humanity and humanity needs Russia.

To the Allies, Russia has ceased to be an asset and become a liability. The giant of whom so much was expected, and who long fought so valiantly, now lies among our casualties, not to be deserted in distress and despair. It is too soon to forget that 2,000,000 Russians gave their lives to our cause.

Our President's message of hope and courage can hardly fail to meet response from the breaking heart of Russia; but, whatever the result there may be, the spirit and force of this message of faith and freedom must make a profound impression upon all other peoples. In darkened Russia it may relight the candle of reason; whether it does this or not, to ourselves and to the world it is a ringing reaffirmation of our high purpose in the war and in the peace to follow.

It has its special meaning to our own people. We have known from the first that we would accept no aggrandisement from this war. We know now that we will shirk no responsibilities in it.

The Palestinian Problem

NOW that Jerusalem is held by the Allies, it constitutes a great and immediate problem. In the past, the Christian Church has done all too little for Palestine. What a glorious opportunity is now open since it has become accessible to systematized effort! Land of the prophets, the apostles, the early martyrs, birthplace of the faith we love and cherish, it ought to be and it must be first in our thoughts, our prayers, our godly enterprise. It would seem that the whole Christian world owes a thank-offering to God for lifting the bonds of the infidel from the Holy City, and that this cannot be better paid than by a union of the Christian nations to make the emancipation complete and glorious.

There are many splendid features that might form a part of the work of restoring the ancient land. True Christianity works with the hand and the head, as well as with the heart, and the new Palestine should become a field for loving and ceaseless effort on the part of God's people, until it blossoms with schools, hospitals and useful industries, and until the waste places are fully redeemed and made like a fruitful garden. Every blessing that love can devise should be its endowment, for the world owes more to Palestine and its people than it can ever repay.

In this crusade, greater and nobler than all its predecessors, the Christian Herald should have a definite part. It has had a ministry to the orphan children of China, India, Japan, Armenia and other lands. Its readers have reached out literally to the "uttermost parts" with their prayers and their hands of helpfulness. And it would be to them a logical and a very precious work were they to found in Jerusalem an orphanage for the little ones, some of whom may be the descendants of those children in that far-off time, whom Jesus took upon his knee and blessed.

All up and down through Syria, from Aleppo to Damascus and from Cairo to ancient Moab, the need of missionaries is being emphasized by our missionary leaders in Christian lands. That there will soon be a great enlistment for Gospel service not only in Turkey, but in Arabia, China, Japan, Northern Africa and the Balkans is assured. In many places the devastation of war makes the work of mission rehabilitation a necessity. Depleted ranks must be filled and the battalions of workers augmented to urge forward, more energetically than ever, the task of the Great Commission. All the leading denominations are filling their treasuries for this forward movement, which is the chief business of the Christian world today. More and more is the conviction growing that if all our available wealth were expended upon it, it would be well spent, and the investment would bring the richest blessing.

The Stars of Service

SERVICE glorifies life. It gilds even the most commonplace surroundings. We are reminded of this the moment we look about us; everywhere, in the mansion of wealth, the humble cottage, the counting-room, shop, factory, foundry, church and library—our eye lights upon the Service Flag with its stars. Sometimes there is but a single star, indicating that one brave heart has gone out from that home to front fate in behalf of world freedom. Or it may be a whole cluster of stars that announce to the passers-by that some church or bank or great emporium has its band of heroes away "over there," absent but unforgotten.

A poet has sung of service in these sympathetic lines, which will touch many hearts at this time:

The little house is brown and down at heel,
The casements crumble, and the porches sag,
Complaining hinges hold a crooked gate
And from the chimney sullen smoke wreaths lag;
But, as I pass, within a window hung
I see a service flag with triple stars—
And all at once the walls grow tall and fair,
And not an ugly line their beauty mars;
Carved, stately pillars welcome at the door,
A beckoning finger from each chimney starts,
And, in a moment changed, the little house
Becomes a palace filled with royal hearts.

All honor to the stars of service on their snow-white field! Let us pay our tribute to the splendid self-sacrifice they represent. May their lustre shine undimmed and may they be there to wave a welcome to our returning heroes in due season.

Mrs. Lutz's New Serial

CHRISTIAN HERALD readers know and like the stories of Mrs. Grace Livingston Hill Lutz, and the coming of another serial from her pen is like the visit of an old, true friend that brightens the hours with entertaining and enlivening incidents of life.

"The Measure of a Man," beginning in this issue, increases in interest as the thread of the story strengthens. There are good character studies, surprising turns in the tide of fortune, love that is faithful through all suspense, and a happy conclusion.

Harley Bruce, who appears in the first chapter, holds the interest from first to last, growing in strength to the test which measures him as a man.

We assure all who begin this story now that they will find it of steadily increasing interest to the end.

The Power of Your Dollar

NEVER has any war in history caused such an outpouring of the manhood and wealth of the nations as the present struggle against despotism. The appeal it makes to the conscience of humanity is being answered with the same religious zeal that attended the raising of the Crusaders' armies.

The war has brought to every American a conviction of responsibility toward his government, and of personal concern in the welfare of the state. The wish to help in the winning of the war is none the less genuine because one does not happen to be among the millions who have gone into the army or the navy, the munitions plants or the shipyards. Nor is the desire limited to the great legion of women and girls registered with the Red Cross and the Food Administration, nor to the volunteers who labor for the Liberty Loans. This feeling is shared by hundreds of thousands of other loyal Americans who have heard the call to duty, and who are anxious to reply to it, but who do not know how to fit themselves into the intricate mechanism of modern warfare. They may be imbued with all the fire and zeal of true patriots and nevertheless find themselves standing by, unable to help. To this patriot the following is presented:

The economic output of America will win the war just as surely as the charge over No Man's Land. Each should seek to increase his productivity. It may not be that he is called upon to make airplanes, submarine chasers, gas masks or loaves of bread for the fighters. It may be that his particular job is just to add to the power of his dollars.

Some may think that their dollars have attained the maximum of usefulness and energy when they have bought food or clothing, or paid the rent bill, or the monthly commutation ticket. Briefly stated, the pre-war theory of money that was most popular was connected with the idea of "circulating the dollar." The thought is put thus vaguely, because it was held by many people in that indefinite form. Saving may be all right, it was conceded a bit doubtfully, but you had to be careful or you would start hoarding money and then where would the nation be? Rather than be accused of a desire to stow it away under the bed in a tin box, most men would let it slip out of their hands.

In this year of war, 1918, that easy-going principle is just as antiquated as the Monitor and the Merrimac. It cracks immediately under the strain of modern war economics. The dollar, a weapon of the most intense power, cannot be thrown away without thought. It must be used again and again. The dollar that used to go for luxuries is to be saved. Score one point for the owner of the dollar when he has put it aside. Then it is to be put into Liberty Bonds. Score one for the man in service, who is outfitted and armed through the loans. The labor that is used in manufacturing the luxury can be turned in the direction of vital necessities that the Government wishes to produce for the Americans at the front. Score another for the soldier and sailor. In a great many cases, the material that went into the making of the luxury could be used for the same end. Score a third point for the fighting man. Thus the man who diverts his dollar from extravagance benefits himself once and his defenders three times. He is adding fourfold to the power of his dollar!

Blocking Prohibition

THE Assembly of New York State has voted for a referendum on the proposition of ratifying the National Prohibition resolution which was pending in that body. The Constitution provides distinctly that after the passage of the resolution by Congress, a ratification by two-thirds of the state legislatures is all that is needed to make it legal and operative. The referendum was the device of the liquor men to prevent the ratification of the amendment by the Assembly at a time when it seemed imminent. It appeared likely on March 14 that the New York Senate would concur in the proposal for a referendum, and that the Governor, although favoring ratification at once, would sign the bill. There is little doubt that the National Prohibitory resolution will be ratified by the thirty-six states necessary. It can even be done without the vote of New York and eleven other states besides. Yet stranger things have happened than for New York to ratify the resolution this year, as the Prohibition leaders hope, or if not now, then at some other session of the legislature within the seven years prescribed by the act. It is nowhere believed that this eleventh-hour strategy will save the situation for the liquor men, although it may delay it a little.

If the verdict of the whole people were to be fairly recorded, we believe that drink in America would be put out of sight not only for the period of the war, but for good and all. In a majority of the states and through Congress, the nation has already demanded that the drink traffic be curbed for the nation's welfare. Its permanent suppression is only a question of time. Surely, then, it is unwise and unpatriotic in the last degree to give to any class of citizens at this critical juncture the privilege of wasting our grain in the manufacture of drink when all the crops of the coming season will be insufficient to meet the imperative need. Even Germany has closed her breweries and turned them into meat-packing factories. We trust that Governor Whitman will use the veto on this referendum proposition. The whole situation is too grave to permit of such eleventh hour political tinkering.

War-Time Mottoes for American Homes

By the National Food Administration

. . Make your home service reach the firing-line.

. . We have to put every ounce of effort behind the men behind the guns.

. . Any food consumed over and above the needs of the human body is wasted.

. . From now until next harvest watch your grocery list or there will be no groceries to list.

. . The man who grows more food adds to the wealth of the world; the man who grows dollars may be adding only to his own wealth.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Quails Starved and Frozen

THE terrible winter has been hard on the smaller varieties of wild life. In many districts the quails and rabbits have been starved and frozen to death in great numbers. The slaughter of large numbers of these creatures by the severe winter in Indiana and Illinois has been reported. The six weeks of snow and zero weather prevented the birds and rabbits from getting what corn is left in the fields or from going to the farmyards for feed. Weed seeds were covered up by the snow. Hawks, owls and foxes preyed upon the quail, which because of their starved and frozen condition could not get out of their way. A farmer in Indiana says he first noticed a few quail in his hog lot. The number increased day by day until eighty of them were roosting under an old shed and coming for food whenever the hogs were fed. On one farm the rabbits wore a path, more tunnel than path, from their burrow to the shocks of corn. In these regions where the game has been thinned by the winter many of the sportsmen have formed organizations to protect the quails and rabbits that are left even during the open season, which begins in November. There is a story of quails, not in decimated numbers, but in enormous quantities, furnished to the children of Israel for food on two occasions in the journey through the wilderness. The quails on passing from Europe into Asia appeared on the shores of the Red Sea and of the Mediterranean in immense numbers. The Lord caused a strong wind to drive countless numbers of these birds into the camp of Israel, where they were captured for food. There is this reference to it: "*And the people stood up all that day, and all that night, and all the next day; and they gathered the quails.*" (*Num. 11 : 32*).

To Melt Silver Dollars

IT is in the mind of Congress to authorize the melting of 150,000,000 silver dollars now stored in the treasury to supply silver bullion for export to our Allies and to pay trade balances. Simultaneously, one and two dollar silver certificates now issued on the basis of the coins in storage will be withdrawn from circulation, and Federal and Reserve banknotes of the same denominations issued in their place. The silver dollars would be melted only as needed and eventually would be reminted from silver to be bought by the government during the next year. Legislation now drafted would authorize these measures and in addition would empower the treasury, through the director of the mint, to buy all the silver produced in the United States at a price to be determined by agreement with producers. The silver product during 1917 amounted to 74,000,000 ounces. It is the desire of the government to push it up to 100,000,000 ounces this year. There is a universal demand now for metal for monetary purposes, and to settle trade balances. And it is said there is an arrangement between our government and Great Britain to buy the output of the United States and possibly of the world to supply the need of the Allied nations at this time. From the earliest history of the race silver, next to gold, has been counted the most precious metal and has been used as money. There is this reference to the use of silver as a circulating medium very early in human history in the purchase of the tomb of Machpelah in which to bury Sarah: "*And Abraham weighed to Ephron the silver which he had named in the audience of the sons of Heth, four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant.*" (*Gen. 23 : 16.*)

Making Maple Sugar

THERE are as many as sixty varieties of the maple tree, which is found in the north temperate zone, notably in North America, the British Isles and India. Perhaps a half-dozen varieties yield sugar. The one supplying it the most abundantly is called the sugar maple (Acer saccharinum). The wood of the maple tree has a satiny appearance and is used extensively in making furniture. It is sometimes finely marked, with undulations of fiber, and is then known as bird's eye maple, used in veneering. But at this time we stand under the maple trees not so much interested in the number of the species, or in the furniture it will make, as in the fact that it makes maple syrup and maple sugar, so delicious as articles of food. The trees are tapped in February, March and April, according to the locality and season, and when warm days and frosty nights encourage the flow of the sap, an augur hole is bored in the tree near the ground a half-inch deep at first, and gradually increased to two inches. A spout is driven into the hole and the sap runs into troughs or other vessels, from which it is carried to a boiler over a hot fire and boiled into syrup, to be used in that form, or poured into molds to make blocks of maple sugar. Four gallons of sap yield about one pound of sugar. A single tree yields from two to six pounds in a season. Rude sheds are constructed and a camp made in maple sugar time. Those raised among the maples will never forget the good old times they had in the sugar camp in the spring, and he who has had genuine maple molasses on his buckwheat cakes will never think of taking anything else if he can get that. Honey was the sugar of the Hebrews. There is no record that they had anything answering to our maple sugar, though they imported a cane similar to that from which our sugar is made. There is this reference to it: "*To what purpose cometh there to me incense from Sheba, and the sweet cane from a far country?*" (*Jer. 6 : 20*).

Bible Through Seven Wars

MRS. ALDEN CARVER NAUD, of Gordon, Wis., is the owner of a Bible which has had a most eventful history. It was printed in London 208 years ago and shortly after came into the possession of the Carver family, who have retained it ever since. It has figured in the history of the United States in a definite way, having been carried by representatives of the family to whom it belongs, through all the principal wars in which the country has engaged. It was first taken to the French and Indian War, and afterward passed safely through the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Philippine War, and is now being ushered into the World War by Max B. Carver, a brother of Mrs. Naud, who is a soldier at Camp Lewis, Wash. The volume is a bulky pocket talisman, nearly cubical in shape. Its pages are yellow with age and the type is fading. The reading is difficult owing to the fact that the f's and s's are similar. It is an interesting fact that the Bible has always been safely returned by the soldier who carried it away. We sincerely hope and pray that young Carver, after a heroic and victorious service may be permitted to return safely to his family and bring back the historic Bible to his sister. As important to the soldier as uniform and gun, is the Bible, the food and inspiration of the soul, which tells how to live and die. To the patriots of the Carver family the holy Book they carried has verified this truth: "*Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.*" (*Ps. 119 : 105*).

Fence-Wire Bridge

THERE is a boisterous mountain stream in the West which is spanned by one of the most wonderful bridges in the world. It is not the heavy bridge for wagons and horses or motors or freight trains, but it is a suspension bridge for the tread of children's feet. In a certain community, the children had to cross this turbulent river to get to school, and boats had to be used to transport them, and this was quite dangerous. And so the citizens concluded to build a suspension bridge that would be inexpensive. They donated their work and had public entertainments to buy the fence wire necessary for the purpose. So they built the structure 662 feet in length, with the main span 380 feet and 63 feet above low water level. Out of the vigorous West come many beautiful examples of progress in the education of children, in mastery over nature, and in happy community life. It is remarkable that the word "bridge" is not mentioned in the Bible. They doubtless had bridges of some sort over some of the streams of Palestine. Ruins of a few have been found which are of Roman architecture. It is likely that the Jordan had at least two bridges, though the Scriptures make no mention of them. But most of the people crossed that river at places where it could be forded. There is this reference to the method of crossing the river: "*And they went down after him and took the fords of Jordan toward Moab, and suffered not a man to pass over.*" (*Judges 3 : 28.*)

New Radio Spans Sea

A NEW wireless station just erected at Stavanger has succeeded in communicating easily with American stations in a trial. Regular trans-Atlantic service between Norway and the United States will be started whenever the American government grants permission. Stavanger is on an inlet of the North Sea on the west coast of Norway, 100 miles south of Bergen. From there to the nearest American point is about 3,300 miles. Science is making wonderful contributions to religion. The spade of the scholar, in digging among the ruins to find the doings of men, discovers the handwriting of God. The astronomer, in discovering and photographing new worlds, opens a door which reveals the face of the Almighty, the Maker of them all. The fact that a man can communicate with his fellow across an ocean either with or without a wire makes it easier to believe that man can talk to God, and God can talk to man, by the wireless of prayer. It requires as much faith to believe the one as the other, and one is as true as the other. The communication between a man in Norway and one in America by wireless illustrates the fact announced by one of the inspired writers, that God has sent the electrical current everywhere in the earth. "*He directeth his lightning unto the ends of the earth.*" (*Job 37 : 3.*)

Fishing Boat Rescued

A DISABLED fishing schooner with sixty passengers and crew was towed to shore the other day by a coast guard cutter. The sea filled the engine room and stopped the motor. The vessel drifted all night in constant peril. Another boat in a storm was rescued long ago. "*Then he arose and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm.*" (*Matt. 8 : 26.*)

The Desert Path

By Margaret E. Sangster

The camel tracks led whitely across the desert sand,
And one came riding after with furtive mystery;
Ah, one came swiftly riding, a dagger in his hand,
And he was bent on plunder - a nomad thief was he!
He did not heed the starshine that glimmered from on high,
For laden beasts had traveled along the lonely way.
He did not see the glory that swept the Eastern sky,
For he had far to journey before the dawn of day.

He followed through the desert, and then at last he saw
An inn upon the outskirts of some small village place;
And there were camels resting before the stable door.
He left his horse, crept nearer, with greed upon his face;
And peering o'er the threshold, he saw that gold was piled,
With precious stones and incense, before a little Child.

II

A thief he was by calling, who to the stable came,
A thief whose youthful fingers had learned to steal their fill;
A thief he was who valued his heritage of shame,
Yet, standing by that doorway, he did not want to kill!
A thief he was, but - watching - he saw a Baby face,
And, bending near, a Mother, whose joy was undefiled;
And for one breathless moment across the stable space,
The Baby's eyes gazed at him - and then the Baby smiled!

A thief he was by calling, but there beside the door
He saw a Holy Vision - he knelt and tried to pray -
And something, thrilling, whispered of love forevermore.
And then he rose, half-weeping - and it was Christmas Day!
A thief he was by calling, who felt the Father's plan,
But back across the desert there silent rode a *man!*

III

The years are met as milestones upon a winding road,
And some slip by like shadows, and some are fair with flowers;
And some seem dreary, hopeless - a leaden chain of hours -
And some are like a heart-throb, and some a heavy load.
The thief, a thief no longer, a lonely figure strode
Heart-weary down life's pathway, through tempests and through showers,
But always prayed that somewhere, among sweet-scented bowers,
A Baby's smile might show him where happiness abode.

For he was often hungry - a thief, reformed, must eat -
And there were folk who shunned him, and turned his plea away;
And there were those who scourged him from out the market place -
They were the ones who told him to earn his bread and meat!
Yet ever he walked onward, and dreamed of some fair day
When he would find the Christ-Child with love upon His face!

IV

Where work lay for the asking it seemed that men might work,
But prejudice was rampant in every shop and field;
And, "What if you *are* trying, *my* scythe you may not wield!"
Men told the thief, who answered - "Indeed, I will not shirk!"
And carpenters and builders turned from him with a smirk,
And farmers hurried by him to house the harvest's yield.
And so he took his dagger, all rusted, and his shield,
And sought again the highway where thieves and jackals lurk.

And yet the spark of manhood still flamed within his heart,
And still he saw the Baby, beyond the stable door;
And oftentimes at even, as crimson daytime died,
He knelt, a sorry figure, from all of life apart.
And, "Oh, if I could see Him - and feel His love once more,
"If I could see Him smiling, I would not steal!" he cried.

V

It was a glowing ruby that caused the thief to fall,
But - he was very hungry, and lonely, too, and cold;
And youth lay all behind him, a tattered funeral pall,
For he was very tired, and he was growing old.
It was a glowing ruby that lay upon the breast
Of one who had not earned it, who wore it with a sneer;
The thief was very weary, he only longed for rest;
He was too wan for caring, he was too numb for fear!

It was a glowing ruby - he held it in his hand -
His hand was thin and withered, it shook beneath the gem;
He took the vivid ruby, the ransom of a land,
And tied it firmly, tightly, within his garment's hem;
And then he shuffled forward, but like a thorn within
His soul he bore the torment of bitterness and sin!

VI

They caught him when the morning had tinged the Eastern skies;
The gem was found upon him, as red as guilty blood;
He stood, his head sunk forward, with listless, shallow eyes,
And hopelessness submerged him like some unholy flood;
A thief he was by calling. The Law? The law was great;
What chance had he for pity? His fate was sealed and done;
He was unclean, an outcast, a menace to the state;
A thing to be avoided, a stain against the sun!

They led him to his hearing, the hall was still and light;
A judge was seated higher, who passed him with a glance;
And suddenly, forgetting his weariness and fright,
The thief cried, leaping forward, "I did not have a chance!"
The judgment hall was spacious, and coldly white and wide -
And coldly came the sentence - "He shall be crucified!"

VII

They nailed him, God's creation, upon a cross of shame;
They nailed him up with laughter, they heeded not his tears;
And people looking at him were moved to soulless jeers,
And agony was on him - a searing, breathless flame!
And then, as he hung sobbing, a sudden feeling came
Of peace that, reaching toward him across the sound of sneers,
Was like a burst of music that one more feels than hears -
For, from somewhere beside him, a Voice had breathed his name.

Ah, he was weak with anguish, and yet he turned his head,
And saw a cross beside him, and on the cross a Form;
And he forgot the tumult, the horror and the storm ---
And someone, down below him, said "Look, the thief is dead!"
But, safe from fear and torture beyond their scornful cries,
The thief had gazed at Heaven in Christ's triumphant eyes!

"HOWARD CHASE"

By Pastor Charles M. Sheldon

Author of "IN HIS STEPS"

CHAPTER XII

IT was Saturday night, and Agnes and Rose had left Howard in the study while they had gone down on the street to do a little shopping. Saturday night had always been a sacred time with Howard, whose habits demanded quiet for that period, on into the late hours, in preparation for Sunday preaching.

Tonight he was unusually abstracted and introspective. He sat gazing at the Christ, his whole being stirred to do and be as a disciple. But at the heart of his desire sat, grim and unmoved, this Red Hill problem of a community spirit. What good had his preaching done? The town was in the grip of tradition. The churches were a burden to the people, not a help. The very fact of so many spoke of the failure of their definition of Christianity. It was a reproach to the Master, a denial of his prayer that they might be one. And his own efforts were wasted. His own success spelled failure for his brethren in the ministry. Was it worth the effort? What hope to bring together a community that had no together spirit?

His soul gathered more and more in abstraction, removed from his outward surroundings, and he had never been more completely isolated, when he was startled by a loud ring at the door. He started up and, almost running out into the sitting-room, opened the door and confronted Lida's father, Mr. Wilson.

"May I see you a few minutes, Mr. Chase? I know it's Saturday, but—"

Mr. Wilson was a small, unobstrusive man, owner of the elevator and flour mill at Red Hill. Everybody said he had lots of money, but few people except the wheatsellers had ever seen much of it. He had several times that summer and fall, in brief chance meetings with Howard, hinted at something in the way of a memorial to little Miss Wilson, but not even in his wildest dreams had Howard imagined so great a thing as quiet Mr. Wilson now proposed. He did it in a very few words.

"Mr. Chase, I have heard you speak more than once of a community center in Red Hill, a building into which all the people could gather for the common interests, and where various enterprises could be carried on like boy's club work—gymnasium, reading room, lecture hall, music, where the town administration and so forth could all be housed, a place the people could call their own, and into which and out of which could center the interested life of the place.

"Well, Mrs. Wilson and I have talked it over. We will start that idea by giving toward such a building the sum of $5,000, as a memorial to Lida. You were her greatest friend, outside the family. We feel as if this building would not only represent a memorial to our child, but be something you would know how to plan and carry on for the common good. Will you undertake this matter, if we can find others to join us, as I believe we can? For $10,000 we ought to be able to put up the proper building and equip it."

IF Mr. Wilson had come into his study and proposed to Howard that they unite to start a joint in Red Hill and send for a carload of beer at once, Howard could not have been more astounded. He was so overwhelmed by the fact of his longing coming true that for a few seconds he stared at Mr. Wilson without a word. Next minute he had him by the hand, and was trying to voice his feelings. Then, with his accustomed energy, he had seized a piece of paper and was sketching out in the rough his thought of the building and the various things to go into it. When Mr. Wilson finally went away, after modestly disclaiming any credit for his part in the memorial, he left behind an excited young minister pacing the little room exultantly, his heart singing hallelujah!

He could not compose himself to his sermon-making at once, but he had gone back to his desk to sit down, when the bell rang again. This time, to his surprise, it was the young Washburn College graduate farmer. He had never called on Howard before, but now he apologized as Howard eagerly, and in anticipation of something unusual, took him by the arm and drew him into the study.

When they were seated the farmer said, gazing with deep earnestness at Howard, "Mr. Chase, I owe you more than one apology for my selfish lack of cooperation in your plans for Red Hill; but the thing has been coming to a head with me all through the summer and fall, and I saw your light as I was driving home, and felt the impulse to come in and consult with you over a scheme following out your own idea of a community center where we can head up all the interests of the people in town and country. During the last two years I have been greatly prospered. I have talked over this with my wife, who is, as you know, a Washburn graduate. And we have agreed to put in, say, $2,000 to start with toward this community idea, helping to raise a building, if that is your thought, and really doing something to tie up the common life interests of all the people in town and out. We want to give a better account of our stewardship as educated Christians. We want to prove to ourselves, at least, that we are worthy of our Alma Mater and doing something to express our gratitude for all she did for us. We don't know how to do it better than in this way. I want to counsel with you about it."

HOWARD sat staring at him open-mouthed. If the Washburn graduate had proposed that he and Howard start a gambling hall down on the street over the post office he could not have been more bewildered. When he recovered himself he told the farmer about Mr. Wilson. Two excited young men got up and gripped each other's hands. As each of the men had been athletes in college the grip was fairly successful as a grip. Then they sat down and talked it over.

The farmer had been gone only a few minutes when Agnes and Rose came in. Without a word Howard put an arm about each and whirled them bewildered round and round. Then to prove he was not drunk or crazy he told them the fairy story of Mr. Wilson and the Washburn College graduate farmer. An excited parsonage group had little sleep that night. Howard swept his proposed sermon into the waste paper basket and next morning went into his pulpit and preached the community plan in a fiery, enthusiastic, but not visionary sermon that kept Judge Randolph awake most of the time and everybody else all the time, and closed in a thrilling announcement of Mr. Wilson's and the farmer's offer.

It was so great a surprise that the people took it in dead silence. Then they applauded. The Expressman told the Agent as they walked home that he never knew Mr. Wilson was worth over $10,000.

"That's going to be some building, accordin' to Mr. Chase. I gathered he intends to have everything in it except a joint. He plans a cafeterium and a movie and a swimmin' hole for the kids and I don't know what all. We'll all have to subscribe. Better get a move on your typewriter. Maybe you can get past that editor again when he ain't lookin'."

Matters moved fast after that memorable Sunday. The whole town woke up as never before in its history. During the week following Deacon Burton subscribed one thousand dollars. Judge Randolph and his wife put in five hundred dollars. But the surprise of the town was Deacon Allen. He came to Howard the next day after the sermon and put in his hand a check for two thousand dollars to be put into the Library part of the building, stipulating that no editions of the Bible go into it except the King James.

It was the most exciting week Red Hill ever knew or ever will know. Before another Sunday the ten thousand dollars had been subscribed, and more kept coming in from the country, due to the efforts of the Washburn College farmer, who kept his machine hot in a country canvass, and Howard called a mass meeting of the town to construct a committee, seek for plans, and consult generally.

There were some croakers and opposers. There always are for every plan ever proposed for human betterment. But Howard's enthusiasm, tempered by a great fund of practical common sense, had the right of way. The community idea had the right of way, too, and the town, for once in its life, sat down to a feast of imagination spread with the promise of idealism come true. Why are some people so afraid of the millennium coming to pass? Is anything more useful than the ideal, or more idealistic than the useful?

There was a good deal of speculation as to what would become of the churches under this community idea. Howard steadfastly held to the opinion that that problem would work out in time, and his opinion proved singularly true. Elder Noyes, after a series of experiences with the Board which do not belong to this story, was on the point of resigning from the ministry when Howard prevailed on him to stay on in Red Hill and take charge of one of the departments in the Community House. He proved to be unusually efficient as the Librarian and Director of Reading. Brother Harris, who had a gift with boys, gradually worked into the general management of the Playgrounds and Boys' Club Department. And Brother Gray, after various experiments, proved his great usefulness in directing the lecture and musical courses which have made Red Hill famous in Kansas. The churches did not combine at first except in a real union of common service in the Municipal and Community House. The Methodists, after endeavoring to hold together and even rebuild without the help of the Board, gradually came into Howard's congregation. One of the potent factors in this was the refusal on the part of the business men to subscribe to all the churches as they had done for years. And as time went on the plan of heading all the church organizations up into one gained more and more favor, so that within the next two years plans were under way to perfect that organization.

HISTORY was made fast during those two years. George Clark gave a vacant lot next his printing-office on the main street. The building went up under the careful supervision of the committee, the whole town looking on, and the Expressman in particular spending leisure time, of which he had a large and unused quantity, in seeing that everything was according to specifications. And when it was finally completed, one night, Red Hill collectively, every man, woman and child, went into it and proudly realized it belonged to the whole town and the country. That was a great evening in its history, and its climax, every one agreed, came when, after a great talk by Howard explaining the plan and purpose of it all, the Washburn College graduate farmer, in a neat speech, presented Howard and his wife with a beautiful framed photograph of the building, and a testimonial signed by nearly everybody as a token of their appreciation of what they had done. For the first time in his life Howard could not command his feelings. He broke down and received the picture in silence, tears on his face as he stood there by the side of his wife.

One other significant event must be recorded of general and peculiar interest to all Red Hill, that centered in the building, and that was the night, one year later, when Jake Seymour proudly, and with an excitement that threatened to set the booth and all its contents on fire, put on in the Assembly Hall the children's play written by Inez and photographed by Andrew Morris.

The play itself was called "The Other Child," and Inez, remembering the Agent's literary ambitions, had asked him to write the verses that served as a prelude. The theme was National Prohibition, and it was wonderfully worked out, with the photographs by Morris, who sat by the side of Inez that night, and all Red Hill knew that Inez was going to marry him some time that winter, and wondered that such a girl as Inez could take up with such a plain-faced man. But, as Inez said to Howard and Agnes during her visit, the Lennoxes also coming on to see Inez's triumph, "Mr. Chase, I love Andrew because he first taught me, next to you, the real value of things; and I am happy with him. Yes, really so."

There was an immense crowd in the hall the night Inez's film was on and Howard, Agnes, Rose, Roy, Kate, Inez, her father, Andrew (as they had begun to call him), Deacon Burton, Mrs. Burton, Deacon Allen, the Agent and the Expressman were all together in one section, intensely interested in Inez's first photo-film play. When Jake Seymour put his hand out of the little opening of the booth and came over to shake Inez's hand and congratulated her, the whole audience thronged about her and Howard knew that Inez had conquered in the battle of life as he had prayed she might.

"ARE you going to come out of that trance? Rose and I were later than we expected. I just peeped in here to see how the sermon was coming on and saw you were a thousand miles away—"

Howard looked up and stared at her in perfect bewilderment.

Then he said slowly, "What day is it?"

"Saturday, you foolish boy."

"I mean, what day of the year?"

"Why, it is December 9."

"Year what?"

Agnes looked at him in some alarm.

"Nineteen-sixteen. What is the matter."

"I dreamed it was two or three years more. Mrs. Chase"— he drew her down into his lap—"I have had the most wonderful vision of the spiritual rebirth of Red Hill. Listen to me. Wait! Ask Rose to come in. I must tell it before I forget it."

Rose came in, and Howard told them. They laughed and cried together. But before he was through he had made up his mind, and when he walked into his pulpit the next morning he told the people his dream.

It made a profound impression. At the close of that day, after all the services at the church, and after all the people had gone, Howard and his wife came out and walked across the yard to the parsonage. On the little porch they turned around. Red Hill was there, its lights twinkling, the bluff

Continued on page 392

If There Were No Railroads

This ¾ Ton Reo Could Do 80 Per Cent of the Carrying

AS A MATTER OF FACT it does just that now in certain frontier regions where, as yet, no railroads exist.

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HEAVY MACHINERY is carried on mammoth motor trucks and trailers, while all supplies are taken to, and refined products from, the mines to the nearest city in the speedier, more versatile Reos.

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SO YOU SEE WE COULD, if we had to, get along without railroads.

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TIRES ARE BIG—34″ x 4½″. That's in keeping with the Reo policy which never skimps.

"50 PER CENT OVERSIZE" in all vital parts—axles, driving shafts, gears, bearings, tires, etc.—results in that Dependability that is Reo, and guarantees you against overloading.

EXPERIENCE has taught us that in the designing and building of a truck we must protect the owner against the average driver's liability to overload.

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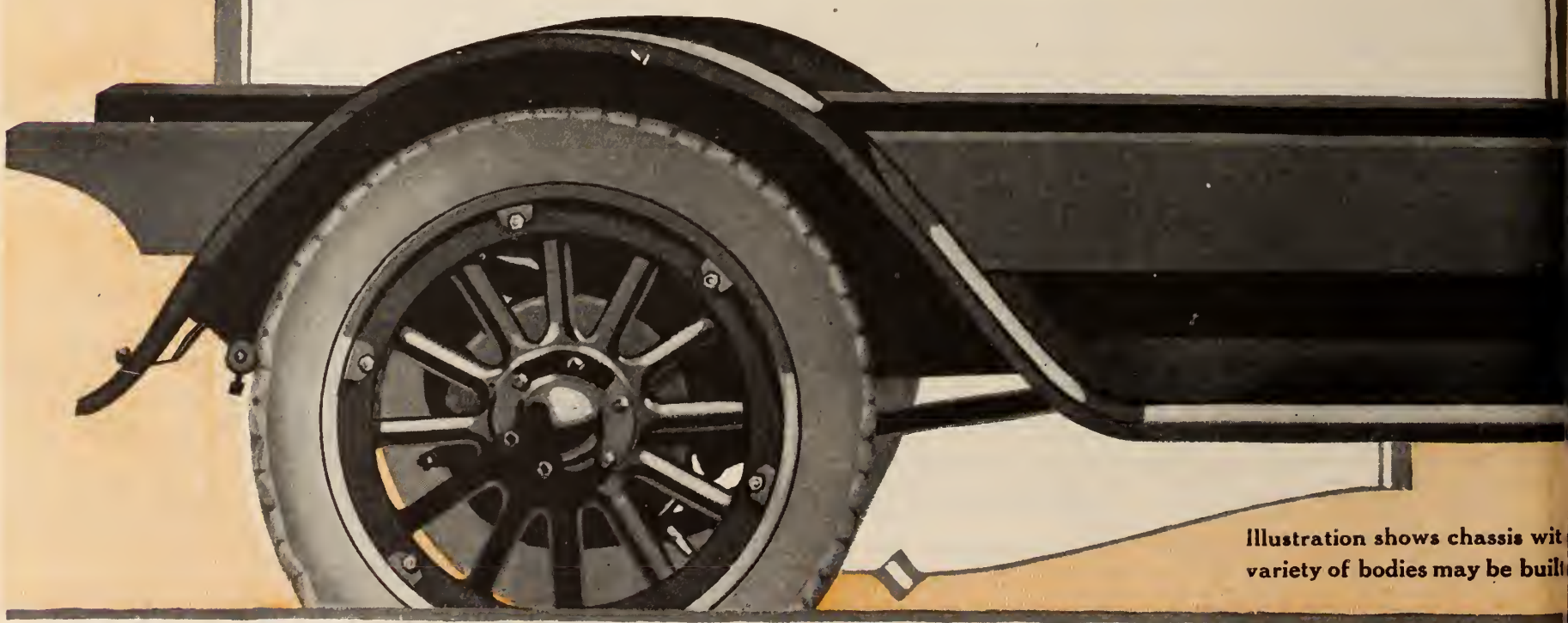

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Quaker Oats

The Superlative Flakes

In Quaker Oats you get the extra flavor without any extra cost. Ask for this exquisite brand. These flakes are made from just the rich, plump, luscious oats. All the little, starved grains are discarded. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of Quaker Oats.

When such oats are sold at the Quaker Oats price, you should make sure to get them.

12c and 30c per package in the United States, except in Far West and South where high freights may prohibit.

Quaker Oats Griddle Cakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water. 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour). 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

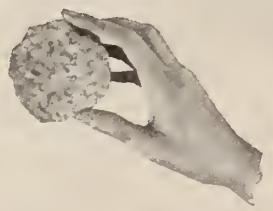
Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Muffins

¾ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Sweetbits
The Oat Macaroon



1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
2½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

Our Mail-Bag

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and not controversial. All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

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Questions and Answers

C. H. C. sends the following interesting comment: "I was especially interested in the question that recently appeared in the Mail-Bag, asked by a reader from Jackson, Miss., as to what constitutes a call to the ministry. May I kindly give the answer of the late George Muller of Bristol, England, which I regard as very complete and Scriptural? Mr. Muller asks the question, concerning ministers or elders, 'How do such come into office?' Answer: 'By the appointment of the Holy Ghost, Acts, 20 : 28,' 'How may this appointment be made known to the individual called to the office, and to those amongst whom they may be called to labor?' Answer: (1) By the secret call of the Spirit, I Tim. 3 : 1; (2) confirmed by the requisite qualifications, I Tim. 3 : 2–7; Titus 1 : 6–9; and (3) by the Lord's blessing resting upon their labors, I Cor. 9 : 2.' In I Cor. 9 : 2, Paul condescends to the weakness of some, who were in danger of being led away by factious persons who questioned his authority. As an apostle—appointed by the express word of the Lord—he needed not such outward confirmation. But if he used his success as an argument in confirmation of his call, how much more may ordinary servants of the Lord Jesus employ such an argument, seeing that the way in which they are called for the work is such as to require some outward confirmation?"

W. D. S., Bartley, Tenn. The subject you suggest is wholly controversial. Where the Scripture says nothing on which to base such an argument, why should we question the record, instead of accepting it precisely as the evangelists have written?

Mrs. C. O L., Madison, Minn. The subject you mention belongs to the category of controversial topics. We note with pleasure what you say regarding the movement of Union churches, and hope with you that such a truly Christian movement may soon bear great fruit.

Mrs. O. O. S., Nazareth, Pa. When were the Israelites first called Jews?

The appellation "Jew" is derived from the patriarch Judah, and was originally applied to all members of that tribe, and also to subjects of the separate kingdom of Judah, in contradistinction to the seceding ten tribes, who retained the name of Israelites. During the captivity and ever since, the term "Jew" seems to have been applied indiscriminately to the whole race. The name first occurs in II Kings 16 : 6.

Mrs. H. T. C., Formosa, Kan. Please explain Matt. 6 : 3.

The context shows that Christ is uttering a warning against ostentation in service and charity. The good we do is to be done for Christ's sake and to please our heavenly Father. If it is done for the sake of getting glory among men, or to gain a reputation for generosity, we lose the reward that God promises to those who make it their chief aim to please him. The right and the left hand are simply a figure, implying unostentatious kindness.

James L., New York City. You know the conditions of salvation and can judge for yourself whether you have fulfilled them. Christ said (John 10 : 27), "My sheep hear my voice and they follow me, and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish; neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." Try earnestly to follow Christ, to be like him, kind and patient, forgiving and sinless. Study his character and teachings as described in the Gospels, and make him your example. Pray that you may have his Spirit, and try to get your friends and companions to love him and trust him, too. You may be sure that God will keep his promise. Do not be watching continually your own feelings, but try to do all the good you can. Get out of yourself by doing something for others. There will never come a time when you can say, "I am saved and vigilance is unnecessary"; but if you honestly strive to live the Christ-like life, trusting in him, he will help you and keep you from falling.

S. T. M., Cleveland, Ohio. It is well to give heed to the prickings of conscience. If you feel in your heart that some one has been wronged, even inadvertently, by what you did, you should heed the call of conscience to make restitution. Circumstances may make this impossible in the ordinary sense; but if you cannot restore direct to those who suffered loss—if there is no way to do this that you can think of—then it is open to you to devote what you consider the full equivalent of the amount involved, be it big or little, as an offering to the Lord's work. What you did was without thought of wrong-doing, and will be forgiven if you ask it.

C. W., Everett, Mass. How old was Samuel when his mother weaned him? And how old was he when his mother dedicated him to the Lord?

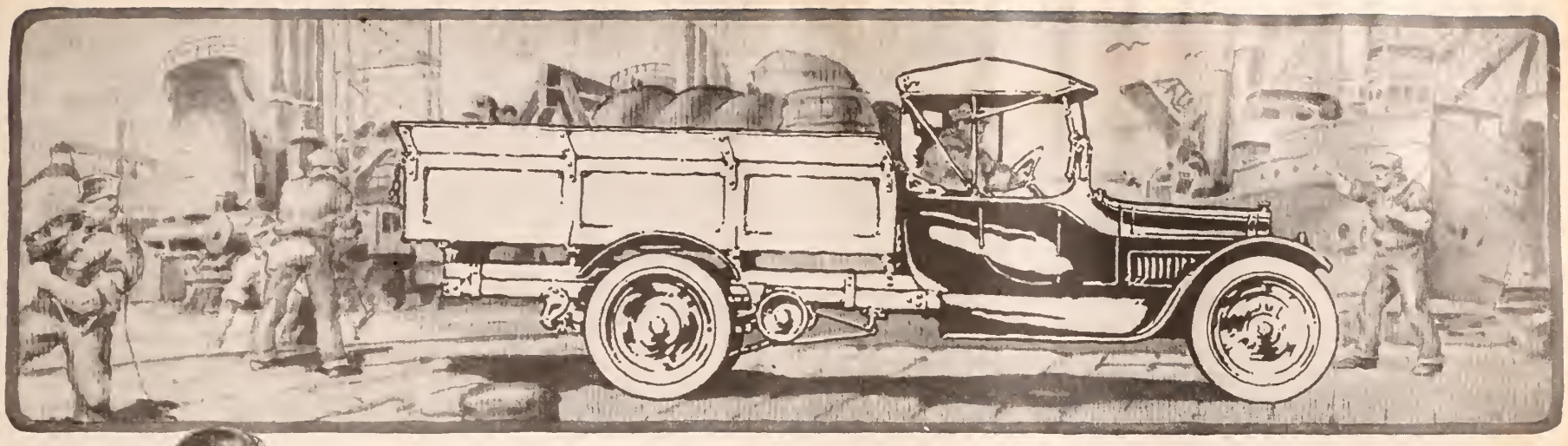
Oriental mothers in those days nursed their children until they were from thirty months to three years old, and the day on which the child was weaned was kept as a festival. It cannot be stated how old Samuel was when this took place, but from the fact that he was not weaned until he was placed in the care of Eli and dedicated to the Lord, the fair assumption is that he must have been about three years old

Inquirer, Reading, Pa. Why are the Jews persecuted and ostracized in many lands?

One cause is that they possess greater business ability than their non-Jewish competitors, and excite the envy of their fellow-citizens who regard them as injuring their business. Another reason is that they are a money-lending race, and it is often more convenient to persecute a creditor and to drive him away, than to pay him. The Jew, more than other races, is exclusive and he does not intermarry with Gentiles. Certain writers have suggested that it is probable that God is permitting the Jew to be made uncomfortable in the lands of his adoption, in order to turn his desires toward his own land, whither he must eventually return. See Jer. 43.

B. O. H., Milltown, N. B. 1. John the Baptist was ordained for his work even before his birth. The angel Gabriel proclaimed the character and office of the wonderful child, foretelling that he would be filled with the Holy Ghost from the first moment of his existence, and appear as the chosen forerunner and herald of the long expected Messiah. See Luke 1 : 15, 16, 17. The divine mission of John was the subject of prophecy many centuries before his birth, for Matthew (3 : 3) tells us that it was John who was prefigured by Isaiah as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" (Isa. 40 : 3); while by the prophet Malachi the Spirit announces more definitely, "Behold I will send my messenger and he shall prepare the way before me." 2. John only knew that, at a definite time after his own call, his Master would show himself.

Rev. C. S., Peru, Ill. Thanks for your kindly note and suggestions, which are appreciated.



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Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them Into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

IN New York, dear neighbors, the "groundhog" behaved very badly this year! He's a stubborn little neighbor, at best; and this winter he must have been in an especially gloomy mood. For back to shelter he ran, with hardly a glance at his dancing shadow and with no thought at all for us poor two-legged animals whose burrows are not half so cozy as his!

But the selfish always over-reach themselves. So while Mr. Groundhog has been snoozing away in stupid comfort, Old Father Winter has stolen a march on him (and that's not a pun, either!), to the joy of us shivering, two-legged humans. Yes, spring is on the way. It is almost here. I insist that it is, despite sarcastic friends who pull their coat collars up about their ears. For I can feel it, and smell it. And so can the hurrying children, and my neighbor's puppy, who sits blinking happily in a patch of sunshine.

There are daffodils in the florist's windows and spring bonnets on Fifth Avenue. There's sunlight and laughter, and a tingle in the air, and the sound of merry voices. Who dares to say that spring has not come!

YOU do? And you? And you? Ah, dear skeptics, read the following adventure in neighboring—a joyous springtime adventure being carried on while you read this—and, convinced that I am right, go get your spade and your seed packet and join the war-garden brigade!

War Gardens

Being interested in conserving food, and also in out-of-door life, I am at present conducting an adventure in "war gardens." You have heard the motto: "If we can't fight we will feed a soldier"? Acting on this, I have persuaded the children of our town to plant gardens, sending to our congressman for seeds and also procuring free packets from the seedmen, who give them gladly. Some of the girls, in addition to their vegetable plots, have laid out flower gardens, from which they expect to distribute flowers to the sick and shut-ins, to churches and the nearby almshouse. A committee of three visits each boy's or girl's garden every so often, in order to encourage the children and plan for an exhibit in the fall, when the young gardeners will sell their vegetables. The parents are all intensely interested, and are sending to Washington for Farmers' Bulletins and booklets on cooking and sanitation. The effect on the whole community is wonderful!

MRS. HATTIE J. HALL.

To those of us who have never known the thrill of gardening, here is a challenge, and a chance, not only for fun but for real patriotic service. For it is food, we are told, that will win this war. So every basket of potatoes raised by a boy or girl will help to keep an American soldier at the front.

AND speaking of patriotic service, here is another fine instance of it, containing a suggestion for all of us. For there is nothing dearer to the anxious hearts of us American mothers, wives and sisters than helping the Red Cross.

Community Food Sale for the Red Cross

Our community was determined to raise money for the Red Cross, somehow! But how? We decided to try a "food sale," and all the business men were visited. They became interested, and promised to help. Next some circulars were printed, soliciting donations of food from every one. Any kind or quantity of food was welcome, from a potato to a tub of butter. The interest aroused was wonderful. On the day of the sale, the "store" was opened at eight o'clock, and the food began to pour in. (The store had long been empty, and the landlord let us have it for the day. We had decorated it with American flags and Red Cross emblems.) Every one brought something. There were tea, coffee, cocoa, condensed milk, flour, corn meal, rice, barley, oatmeal, beans, peas, potatoes, butter, meat, sugar, etc. One little girl brought in two apples! (I would have liked to fill a basket full of the good things for her.) Some of the food was bought back by the persons who brought it.

We also had home-canned fruit, vegetables and home-made bread and cake. A can of home-canned wild blackberries brought a dollar, as the man who bought it said it was worth that to him. The community charged the same prices for the food as all the local stores did. At 2 P.M. everything was sold, then we got busy again, as we were to have music and a lunch in the evening. For this the tables and chairs were all loaned, also four oil stoves which made the store nice and warm. The lunch (which was meatless, sugarless and nearly wheatless) was a Brown Lunch, consisting of baked beans, war bread, apple-sauce seasoned with cinnamon; molasses and chocolate cakes; coffee; cocoa—each portion being five cents. We all spent a very pleasant evening, and the sale was quite a success, as it brought in over one hundred dollars. The band also gave its services free, so the community had no expenses whatever.

MRS. OLGA SHAFFER.

OUR next adventure, dear neighbors, is a quaint, jolly one, which will delight the young folks and perhaps a few of us older ones as well:

Our Parcel-Post Box

I have been so interested in the neighboring page, which I wish came every week instead of one in two, that I thought perhaps some of my small rural neighbors would like to hear about a scheme I enjoyed when a child. You know, children on a farm do not have much time for their own, especially during the school year; but how they do enjoy letters! My mother realized this, and as I was the only child in the family and lonesome for playmates, she suggested a little post-office box (a small wooden box) under the corner of our front porch, she herself writing letters to me. How eagerly I watched that box, hoping a letter had been left in it! The news of the box spread; and as several children passed our house on their way to school, and my cousin had been let into the secret, we soon found letters addressed to more than one person; and what fun it was to make little envelopes for them! Sometimes we would find grapes or something else good to eat, so it became a sort of parcel-post box, you see. It drew the older folks together as well as us children, for our elders became greatly interested in helping us with our letters and goodies, and, in fact, often exchanged messages or gifts themselves, through our little box. Now don't you think that was a pretty way of neighboring?

S. P. B.

HERE is a heart-warming adventure of another sort:

A Wood-Chopping Bee

I have greatly enjoyed Adventures in Neighboring, and thought that perhaps my experience might interest the Neighbors. My husband and I are retired farmers; retired because of the infirmities of age, he having passed his eightieth birthday and I living on borrowed time. A year ago last July, he fell and was so severely injured that he was unable to get out for a long time. Even now he is practically confined to the house. All this time our neighbors have been very kind to us. We had a wood lot, but as help was scarce, we failed to find any one to get in the wood for us. Just here a kind neighbor and her husband talked the matter over, and she asked us if we would like to have a "wood bee." Then she got busy with her telephone, and the result was that men came, went into the wood, and cut down trees—cutting them into sled lengths. Others came and drew it in, and then two young men brought their buzz-saw; and the wood was sawed, split and piled, ten cords of it ready for use! There were fourteen men in all who did the work. Wasn't this a beautiful adventure in neighboring?

MRS. A. P. W.

I think we will all agree that it was! And now, fellow Adventurers, I must step aside for a moment to make room for the Forum, which every week becomes of more definite value, due to your big-spirited generosity.

The Neighbor's Forum

DEAR MISS CONNOLLY: I want to thank you and the Christian Herald Neighbors for the many fine letters I am receiving from all parts of the United States. I am answering every one, and it is "real fun." MISS J. T. B.

HOW TO PRESERVE CUT FLOWERS

Here is a bit of "flower wisdom" which may prove helpful to my Christian Herald neighbors. Before removing the beauties from the box in which they arrive, sprinkle them with fresh cold water. Then make some good strong soap-suds (which take the place of roots), and place the flowers therein, taking care not to pack the stems too closely. Every morning, the flowers must be taken out of the suds, their stems clipped a wee morsel, and the flowers laid sidewise in cool water. See that every stem is well covered, let lie for a few moments, sprinkle with fresh water, shake and return to the suds, and your flowers will look as if just that moment picked. Change the suds every three days. Follow this rule carefully, and at the end of a whole month compare your flowers with those a day or two old, which have been carefully crammed into a vase of water, and mark the contrast. Even after the fifth week, some flowers will look passably well. This is certainly worth a trial by "flower-lovers"!

MR. C. H. HENDRICKSON.

DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD NEIGHBORS: I am living on a farm about twenty miles from town. I am new to this part of the country, coming here last November. I have become acquainted with the young people here, and I like them very well; but I am rather opposed to their way of amusement. They have many dances and some card parties, and not many of them go to church. I don't think dancing is right. How can I get my neighbors interested in church? And how can I get some other amusements started? It is very lonesome out here for one who has always lived in town as I have. The neighbors are widely scattered. I am seventeen, and all the rest of the young people are a few years older. So I am rather lonely. I like to write and receive letters, and I wonder if some of my Christian Herald friends or some lonesome girl would like to write to me?

MISS B. M. T.

How many Neighbors know that if they will stand on a thick rug, or several folds of carpet, while doing their week's ironing, they will not have such a backache or such tired feet afterward?

MRS. A. B. E.

Here is my war-bread recipe. May it help some of my Christian Herald Neighbors!

1 yeast cake
1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon molasses
1½ qts. lukewarm water
4 heaping cups of rye-Graham flour
2 cups bran
wheat flour

Let the yeast cake soak twenty minutes in 1 cup of the water; then mix as follows: water, molasses, salt, yeast, rye-Graham flour and the bran. Mix with a large wooden spoon for about 10 minutes, then knead in about two cups of wheat flour; sometimes a little more, sometimes less. Let stand overnight. In the morning, form into loaves and let rise; then bake from 1½ to 2 hours. This bread is very healthy, and my friends are delighted with it.

O. S.

MRS. N. H. W.: Why not take the very worthy work of the Red Cross as a means of bringing those women together? Get your materials from the nearest distributing point, and ascertain the most desirable house in your neighborhood for an afternoon's work. Have two or three good selections during the work hours, and arrange for another meeting. Ask some indifferent one to keep a record of the work done. Incidentally the Sunday school idea can be talked over, and a Sunday school founded, to meet in the schoolhouse. Through the Sunday school, the "boy problem" can be gradually solved.

H. S. F.

I have been reading "Adventures in Neighboring," and think one cannot speak too highly of this Department which offers us the opportunity of freely exchanging our experiences. In this manner, so many who have wished "things were different" in their community, but were at a loss how to improve matters, can do so by following the suggestions offered here from time to time.

MISS H. E. M.

MISS N. E. BARNARD: Your article, "The Want to Know Club," in the Christian Herald of February 27 was very interesting to me. I am a new president of a Sunday school class of twenty-four young ladies in a small town. Once a month we have a social evening at different homes. I am trying to introduce educational amusements, and think your idea is best for my use. I would be very thankful if you could help me by sending, at my expense, a few of your programs and readings, telling me where you found your facts and history.

A NEIGHBOR.

Today's meeting, fellow adventurers, has been part grave, part gay: like life itself. But hasn't it been friendly and altogether delightful! I have enjoyed every minute of it.

I am sending this to print, a whole week before the date set for the close of our Club-Plans Contest; so I cannot report on that until our next meeting, two weeks hence.

Future Engagements of the Evangelists

THE following engagements of workers belonging to the Interdenominational Association of Evangelists have been furnished by Rev. Parley E. Zartmann, general secretary, Winona Lake, Indiana:

James A. Armstrong party—July, Bradyville, Ia.; Aug., Elmo, Mo.
G. C. Baker—April, Council Bluffs, Ia.
W. E. Biederwolf party—April 14, Carthage, Mo.
Chester Birch—April, Shawnee, Okla.; Summer months, Chautauqua work.
Callis-Grenfell party—April, White, S. D.; May, Burke, S. D.; June, Tulare, S. D.
B. J. Clark party—April 10, Glendive, Mont.
D. L. Coale—Spring 1918, Orange, Tex.; Helena, Ark.; Uvalde, Tex.; Waxahachie, Tex.; McKinney, Tex.; Baton Rouge, La., Sherman, Tex.
W. S. Colegrove party—April, Lansing, Mich.
Crossley-Russell party—Until April 7 London, Ont.; April 14–May 1, Madoc, Ont.; May 5–28, Palmerston, Ont.
W. A. Erwin party—Oct.–May, North Dakota.
M. P. Fikes party—April, Peru, Ind.
A. J. Fitt—April, Paxton, Neb.; June, St. John, Kans.
F. J. Forsythe party—April, Iron Mountain, Mich.
Hart and Magann—April, Shoshone, Idaho.
Rev. E. R. Hermiston party—April, Gonzales, Calif.; May, Monterey, Calif.
A. H. Hibshman—Until June, Pennsylvania.
I. E. Honeywell party—Until April 14, Minneapolis, Minn.; May 26, Chicago Heights, Ill.
N. W. Jennings—April, Falls City, Neb. May, Sunnyside and Spokane, Wash.; June Whittier, Calif.; July, Oak Hill, W. Va.
Andrew Johnson—July 7, Camargo, Ill.
E. DeWitt Johnston party—April–May, Paris, Ont.; June–July, Wingham, Ont.
Bob Jones party—April, Mobile, Ala.; May, South Boston, Va.; June, Columbus, Ga. July, Gadsden, Ala.
Klein-Clark party—April 7, Denton, Tex.; April 28, La Grange, Ga.; June 9, Hodgenville, Ky.; July 7, Van Buren, Ark.
John M. Linden—Until May 19, Sunday party Chicago.
H. C. Mosher—Until April 7, Syracuse, N. Y.
W. P. Nicholson—Until July, California.
Paul Rader party—Until April 21, St. Louis, Mo.
G. Clark Read—Until April 7, Stewartsville, Ind.
Milton S. Rees—April, Indianapolis, Ind.
Chas. Reign Scoville party—Until April 14, Yuma, Ariz.; April 21, Trinidad, Colo.
William A. Sunday party—Until May 19, Chicago, Ill.; May 26–July 7, Duluth, Minn.
Taylor-Preston party—Until April 14, Mauston, Wis.
O. E. Williams party—Until April 7, Tampa, Fla.
E. L. Wolslagel—April 7, Shreveport, La.; April 28, Lynchburg, Va.; May 22, Ensley, Ala.; June 16, Chase City, Va.; July, Jackson and Andrews, N. C.
Zoller and Sutherland—April, Bently, Mich.

These evangelists are in Y. M. C. A. work at the camps named:

Wm. Asher—San Antonio, Tex.
J. V. Baird—Camp Funston, Kans.
A. M. Bruner—Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.
D. B. Bulkley—Camp Funston, Kans.
H. C. Clase—Camp Custer, Mich.
Harold R. Coffin—San Antonio, Tex.
Wm. H. Collison—
E. R. Dow—Texas camps.
Chas. H. Forsythe—France.
R. A. Hadden—Camp Kearney, Calif.
F. O. Kelley—France.
F. F. Leonard—Camp Meade, Md.
J. C. Ludgate—Camp Cody, N. M.
Milford H. Lyon—Various camps.
A. R. Lytle—Camp Cody, N. M.
Wm. McEwan—Camp Devens, Mass.
J. B. McMinn—Texas camps.
Thos. G. Makin—Camp McClellan, Ala.
C. E. Marty—Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.
C. M. Meyer—Camp McArthur, Tex.
Earle Naftzger—San Antonio, Tex.
L. K. Peacock—Camp Dix, N. J.
L. F. Peckham—Camp Kearney, Calif.
E. B. Pratt—Camp Funston, Kans.
M. B. Simmons—Camp McArthur, Tex.
Henry W. Stough—Various camps in the Southwest.
George Trimby—Camp Dodge, Ia.
Melvin E. Trotter—Various camps.
Ray G. Upson—Camp Sherman, O.
M. B. Williams—Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.
Special Salvation Army work—A. A. Fletcher, Hugh A. Knowles, C. A. Potts, Chas. T. Wheeler.

Keeping Time With the Program

ALMOST two years ago the Baptists of the Northern Convention started in on their five-year program to secure:

A million additions to the churches by baptism.

A missionary force of 5,000 men and women at home and abroad.

Two million dollars for the ministers and missionaries abroad.

Student pastors in 25 universities.

One thousand Baptist students in theological seminaries. Fifteen thousand in colleges and universities. Six millions for additional educational endowment and equipment.

An annual income of $6,000,000 for missions and benevolence.

At the end of the first year the church had already attained more than one-fifth of the goals in most directions. Now, in the Challenge Legion, an opportunity is being offered to the Baptist young people for a greater share in the five-year program, with a special emphasis placed on the recruiting of leadership for the church of tomorrow. Organizations of the Baptist Young People's Union are asked to pledge the following action: They are asked to enroll in the Challenge Legion and to conduct within at least four weeks after enrollment a meeting for the study of the five-year program. Then they are asked to learn the share of their own church in the program and the local progress toward accomplishment. Then they are to organize according to plans which will be furnished by the Commission on Young People's Work of the Northern Baptist Convention and they are to report progress on April 1 of each year. The Challenge Legion societies are asked to plan for the last week of March a special effort in evangelistic work, making it "Win-My-Friend Week." A special effort is to be made to secure the entire membership as proportionate givers. So far as possible every member is to be enrolled in a regular Bible study course and in a missionary study course and the claims of higher education are to be presented to the entire membership. The principles of Christian social service are to be studied and each society is to seek an opportunity to engage a group in some definite form of helpfulness. Finally the members of the society are to pledge themselves to pray singly and together for the goals of the five-year program. No B. Y. P. U. chapter can afford to miss the spiritual blessing which will come with active membership in the Challenge Legion.

Full information can be secured by addressing William E. Chalmers, D. D., Educational Dept., American Baptist Publication Society, 1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Music at the Bowery Mission

THE Workers in the Bowery Mission have for years felt that there is as much inspiration in high class music as there is in a good sermon. Therefore during the months from October to June, they hold weekly concerts which are made possible through the exceeding courtesy of many of the best artists in New York City—such as Hans Kronold, Dr. William Karl, Bruno Huhn, Madame Charlotte Lund and Kathryn Platt Gunn. It would do your heart good to see how the music lifts these homeless, friendless, jobless and hungry men out of themselves, and you would be quite astonished at their wonderful appreciation—not only of simple ballads, but of numbers that partake of a "classical" nature.

One Tuesday evening this winter, a member of the Christian Herald Family was instrumental in arranging a concert for the Mission men. She was amazed at the wonderful and generous appreciation. They not only clapped their hands, but cheered and kept continually calling for more. Every number received an encore. Among the artists who made this concert possible were Margaret Graham, soprano; Edith Maldwyn, contralto; Marion Leland, dramatist; Gladys Bowen and Mary Ackerman, pianists; John Charles Link, violinist; and last but not least, Professor Earl H. Leavitt, organist.

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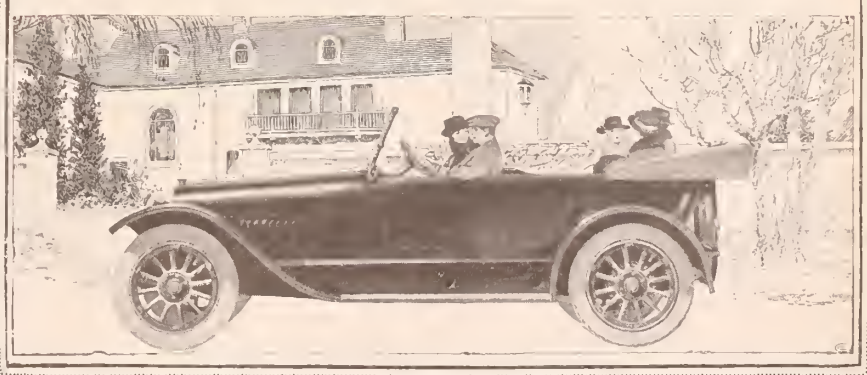

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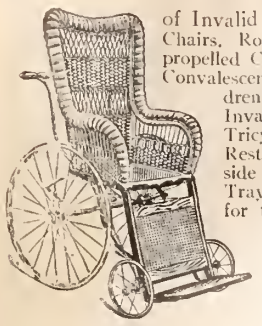

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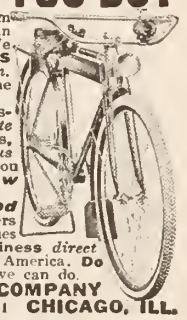

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Save All Your Chicks

E. J. Reefer, the poultry expert, 242 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is giving away free a valuable book entitled, "White Diarrhoea and How to Cure it." This book contains scientific facts on white diarrhoea and tells how to prepare a simple home solution that cures this terrible disease over night and actually raises 98 per cent of every hatch. All poultry raisers should certainly write Mr. Reefer for one of these valuable FREE books.

And It Was Easter

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WITH bent head the Tramp plodded along the road. It was a particularly muddy road, for spring was on the land and the frost was creeping oozily out of the ground. The Tramp's feet sloshed up and down as he shuffled along, and his frown was a very dark one.

"What a worl'!" he growled.

The spring was on the land. A bird sang lustily from a wayside tree, and the grass along the sides of the muddy road was young and tenderly green. The sky was blue and cloudless, and there were shy violets in the shadiest nooks. But the Tramp, his head bent forward, saw only the muddy road that stretched in front of him like a slippery brown ribbon. "What a worl'!" he muttered again.

Far off came the sound of church bells—a clear silvery chime that rang across the quiet country.

"Must be Sunday!" observed the Tramp. "Not 'at I care!" he added.

The road dipped down into a little alley, tree-shaded, and turned an abrupt corner. The Tramp followed it unambitiously. At the abrupt turning he paused for a moment, then shrugged his shoulders and went on. For around the corner, less than two miles away, lay a town.

The Tramp did not like towns, particularly on Sunday. On Sunday the family feeling of them made him bitter. But the town just ahead was such a dreamy, peaceful little spot that it drew him forward quite resistlessly. The church spire, rising in white silhouette against the blue of the sky, seemed somehow to beckon him on; the little brightly painted houses held a certain calm lure.

"I s'pose," he grumbled, "'at I kin walk *through!*"

THERE is always a beginning to every town—a place where a road stops being a lonely road and becomes a friendly little thoroughfare, dipping in, in a neighborly way, at every possible gate. The road began to be a part of the town at a place where a small cottage stood in a tiny clearing, a small cottage that, in the summertime, would have been vine-wreathed and fragrant with the scent of many flowers. It was a small cottage that looked like a home.

The Tramp, standing in the middle of the road, kicked angrily at the mud with one shabbily grimy shoe. He himself scarcely knew that the sight of the little cottage raised vague longings in his soul and an even vaguer hurt in his heart. A dull resentment clutched at him and made him turn suddenly away from the small cottage. It was as he turned that he heard a sharp rap on the window glass. He wheeled in the mud, more from instinct than desire.

There was a face in the casement window—a little old face framed in thick waves of white hair—an animated little face that caught the gleam of the springtime in two china-blue eyes.

"It can't be me she's wantin'," reasoned the Tramp. He looked behind him to see if the knock had been to summon some one else.

The window of the small house swung out with a sudden joyous abruptness. A flute-like little voice spoke.

"Man," called the voice, "come here!"

The Tramp answered, but his tone was surly.

"What fer?" he questioned.

"I want," said the little voice, "to see you closer!"

"Why," questioned the Tramp quite rudely; "why don't you come out here, then?"

THE flute-like voice grew suddenly as old as the white hair that framed the face in the window.

"I can't walk," said the voice sorrowfully.

The Tramp cleared the space between the road and the window. But he did not hurry.

"What's th' idear?" he questioned as he strode across the new grass.

The little old face in the window was smiling again.

"I was lonely," said the voice. "There wasn't no one in th' house. Every one in th' village, I reckon, has gone t' church. I've had no one t' talk to all mornin'!"

"Ain't yer scared"—the Tramp's voice was strangely eager—"ain't yer scared ter tell me that yer alone? I might rob yer!"

The little old lady laughed delightedly. Her cheeks glowed with a faint pink and her small hands were clasped together in a glee that was almost childish.

"Ain't you funny!" laughed the little old lady.

"But," said the Tramp grimly, "I'm a bum—that's what I am!"

The little old lady regarded him with mirthful eyes.

"I had a boy your age once," she told him. "He's married, now, 'n' gone out West. He uster like trampin' in his old clo's same as you do. *I know!* Won't yer come in?"

The Tramp answered her laughter with a shamefaced grin. But he brushed his feet on the door mat before he stepped into the cottage.

THE room that met his gaze was spotlessly clean and the little old lady was even smaller than he had thought her. Two crutches leaned against her pillowed wheel chair.

"It's good," she told him, "ter have comp'ny. I like comp'ny. You kin talk ter me. . . . Sit down."

The Tramp sat clumsily down in a cosy chair and twiddled his hat in his hands. "I ain't much on talkin'," he volunteered at last.

"Then"—the little old lady reached down into the capacious pocket of her silk frock—"then you can read to me." And she drew a little black-bound volume from the pocket.

"Why!" The Tramp was plainly mystified. "It's—a Bible."

Quite apparently the little old lady did not hear him.

"You can read the story for this day," she went on blandly; "the wonderful story!" and her little old hand held the book toward him.

The Tramp took the book in one grimy fist. There was nothing else to do.

"What?" he questioned blankly, "is th' story fer today? What is terday?"

"Why"—the little old lady leaned forward and the pink of her cheeks deepened—"why, it's Easter! That's what it is!"

Easter! The Tramp, the black-bound book in his hand, thought back to other Easters when there had been a real home, and a church all lily-decked, and a well-known Easter story. Quite suddenly he choked.

"Begin," said the little old lady, and her china-blue eyes looked out of the window toward the town that lay dreaming in the spring sunlight, "begin at the place where Mary Magdalen an' th' other Mary come to the sepulcher—"

THE Tramp bent his head quite low over the book and fumbled awkwardly with the thin, gilt-edged pages. The little old lady still stared across the town. At last she spoke.

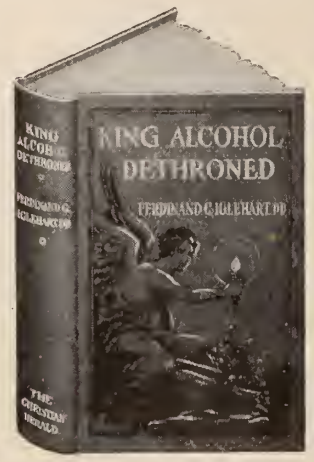
"Can't you find your place?" she questioned.

Very suddenly the Tramp was at her side.

"You're th' first lady," he said quite without prefix, and brokenly, "who's been decent ter me fer—years. Since I went ter th' bad! I'm a no-good, I am!

"King Alcohol Dethroned"

"King Alcohol Dethroned"
By
DR. FERDINAND C. IGLEHART



DR. IGLEHART'S book tells the whole story of the nation's revolt against Drink, from the beginning up to the present time. It is a masterly presentation, so complete in every detail that it is equivalent to a whole library on the subject. He has enlisted the aid of the men who are foremost today in all the sciences, and in every leading line of business, in setting forth the successive steps through which our nation is becoming emancipated from strong drink. There is hardly an American of prominence in any line of activity, hardly a name that carries weight in legislation or on the public platform, nor yet a single writer of ability in dealing with the subject, who has not made personal contributions to this wonderful book.

Here is what Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan have to say about "King Alcohol Dethroned":

From Theodore Roosevelt

My dear Dr. Iglehart:

I thank you for the copy of "King Alcohol Dethroned" and appreciate your sending it to me. I wish to congratulate you on what has happened in Congress and the success that is crowning your long fight against alcoholism. The American saloon has been one of the most mischievous elements in American social, political and industrial life. No man has warred more valiantly against it than you have, and I am glad that it has been my privilege to stand with you in the contest.

Faithfully yours,
Theodore Roosevelt.

From William Jennings Bryan

My dear Dr. Iglehart:

I write to thank you for the great service you have rendered the cause of temperance and prohibition in giving to the public the results of your experience and observation in your book entitled "King Alcohol Dethroned." It comes out just at the right time to aid in securing the ratification of the amendment recently submitted. It deserves, and doubtless will have, a large sale. And what joy you must feel in the certainty of an early victory for the reform for which you have toiled so long and so faithfully. You have been a pioneer in the greatest moral movement of this generation, and, having endured the pioneer's sacrifices, no one will begrudge you the pioneer's reward. I congratulate you upon having lived to join in the shouts of triumph and to receive the credit due you for foresight and courage.

I am, Very truly yours,
W. J. Bryan.

We will send a copy of "King Alcohol Dethroned," postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year, for $2.40

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I drink, and I can't hol' a job! I ain't out trampin' fer fun, like yer son uster. I'm trampin' cause there's nothing else ter do. I didn't know where this road would lead me—I didn't care! I didn't know what day it was—an' I didn't care about that, either! I'm a no-good. *I can't fin' my place!*"

The little old lady leaned forward until her hand touched the Tramp's ragged sleeve.

"But if you knew," she asked quietly, "that somebody cared—that somebody wanted ter help you?"

The eyes of the Tramp looked very frankly into the eyes of the little old lady.

"This is th' first time in years," he told her, "that I've even wanted ter try!"

It was a long moment before the little old lady spoke.

"Before my son grew up," she said at last, "before he got married an' went out West ter live, if ever he was troubled, or unhappy, he'd come ter my chair an' kneel down, an' we'd pray together——"

The eyes of the Tramp were still looking deep into the eyes of the little old lady. And as the little old lady gazed back she saw a light growing in them—a light that was like the resurrection of a man's hope and faith—like the re-birth of a man's soul.

Far off, in the heart of the little town, the church bells chimed again. The service was over. With a dry sob the Tramp knelt beside the old lady's chair.

WHEN a neighbor woman, breathless, came up the walk toward the cottage they were sitting together talking confidently, the Tramp and the little old lady.

"I stopped in to get you a bite of dinner," said the neighbor woman as she bustled through the door, "and to tell you about the Easter sermon. My land!" she exclaimed, catching sight of the Tramp, and eying his ragged garments with disfavor. "Who's this?"

"It's right nice of you to drop in," answered the little old lady, and one could see the shadow of a dimple in her cheek as she smiled. "And this" (her words were very soft!) "this is just a boy come home."

How Seven Girls Fought "H. C. of L."

THE "High Cost of Living" has been met in battle and vanquished by the young women of the senior class of the Normal and Collegiate Institute, Asheville, N. C., maintained by the Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Northern Presbyterian Church, New York. Twenty-one cents is the total cost of food per day per person in each of the two dainty and attractive home cottages on the grounds of the institution, where families of seven live in plenty and have every comfort of the home. This amount covers every item of expense save heat and light. The sum of $44.10 is given each of the house mothers at the first of every month, and around the library table the members of the household hold an evening conference as to its spending, and decide what foods shall be bought and used during the month.

The honor guests at luncheon recently were Col. Fred A. Olds, director of the Hall of History, Raleigh, N. C., Mrs. N. Buckner, General Secretary, Carolina Baraca-Philathea Association, Prof. J. Edward Allen, Superintendent of City schools, Warrenton, N. C., and N. Buckner, editor of Asheville *Energy*. It was a delightful meal, served in the hospitable home manner. The menu was eggs in cheese omelet, bread as good as can be made anywhere, butter made from the milk of the home cow, cocoa and cream of the highest quality, with dessert of gelatine and whipped cream. The total cost of this meal for the nine persons was 93 3/5 cents, or an average of ten and three-tenths cents each. This is a slight increase over the regular cost per meal per person. Cost of the luncheon was: cheese soufflé 30 1/5c.; bread 12c.; butter 8c.; cocoa 21c.; gelatine and cream 24 2/5c. Deducting cost of the dessert from the total cost of the entire meal leaves 71 2/5 cents, or an average of 7 4/5 cents per person. Dinner in the other cottage home was composed entirely of vegetables, viz.: creamed carrots 8c.; baked potatoes 9c.; butter 9c.; bread 10c.; baked apples 13c.; total cost 49c. for nine persons, an individual average of 5 4/5 cents.

Home making and home economics are part of the regular curriculum for the senior class of the institution, whose members occupy the two cottages forty-five days, in the various capacities of homemaker, housekeeper, assistant housekeeper, cook, assistant cook and milkmaid.

The happy family in cottage number one consists of Misses Alice Carroll, Nashville, Tenn., house mother; Jessie Davis, West Asheville, homemaker; Louise Ramseur, Shelby, housekeeper; Maria Fletcher, Sandhill, assistant housekeeper; Lillian Williams, Spartanburg, S. C., cook; Irene Osborne, Fletcher, assistant cook; and Ruth Pharr, Union, S. C., milkmaid. In cottage number two, Mrs. Lula R. Lancaster, Pasadena, Cal., house mother; Mary Orpin, Asheville, N. C., housekeeper; Effie Sample, Charlotte, N. C. assistant housekeeper; Addie Huggins, Moore, N. C. homemaker; Stella Lawing, Kittyton, Tenn., cook; Irma Wade, Laurens, S. C., assistant cook, and Kate Alexander, Huntersville, N. C., milkmaid.

One day's record of the battle against the H. C. of L. shows: breakfast 28c.; lunch 42 1/6c.; dinner 54 1/3c.; total $1.24 1/2. Could Mr. Hoover ask a better record for seven folks?

The three hundred girls in the institution, of which Dr. John H. Calfee is President, are Appalachians, every one of them, coming from the mountains. As they pass out from the institution they go to become real housekeepers and homemakers.

Some Food Administration Recipes

CRYSTALLIZED FRUITS. Use your own preserves. Peach, pear, apple, quince or watermelon rind will do. Drain from the fruit all syrup possible. Cut any size desired, sprinkle with sugar, and dry in the warmer or a very slow oven. It may be necessary to sprinkle the fruit again with sugar during the drying. When dry enough not to be at all sticky, sprinkle with sugar and pack in layers with wax paper between. This fruit may be used for dipping in bitter chocolate for bitter-sweets.

Fruit Paste. Put through the meat-chopper enough cherry, peach, or quince preserves to make a half-pint with the juice. Heat fruit and add two tablespoons of gelatine, previously softened in a very little cold water. Stir well, and continue stirring until it begins to cool and thicken; then pour into oiled dish to make a layer one inch thick. Let dry slowly, sprinkle with sugar, and place in box with waxed paper between the layers. A mixture of dried apricots and dates may be used for this paste. Wash apricots and soak overnight in enough water to cover. Pour off water, bring it to a boil, pour over apricots, and let stand until cool. Put apricots and dates through meat-chopper, and proceed with the proportions as given.

Tamale Pie. Two cups cornmeal, 2 1/2 teaspoons salt, 6 cups boiling water, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 pound Hamburg steak, 2 cups tomatoes, 1/2 teaspoon cayenne pepper or 1 small chopped sweet pepper.

Make a mush by stirring the cornmeal and 1 1/2 teaspoons salt into boiling water. Cook in a double boiler or over water for forty-five minutes. Brown the onion in fat, add the Hamburg steak, and stir until the red color disappears. Add the tomato, pepper, and 1 teaspoon salt. Grease a baking-dish, put in a layer of cornmeal mush, add the seasoned meat, and cover with mush. Bake thirty minutes.

Shepherd's Pie. Two cups cooked meat, 1 cup stock, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1/4 teaspoon salt, pepper, 2 cups mashed potatoes.

Put diced meat into a baking dish. Add brown sauce made of fat, flour, seasonings and stock. Cover top with mashed potatoes, brush with fat and brown in oven.

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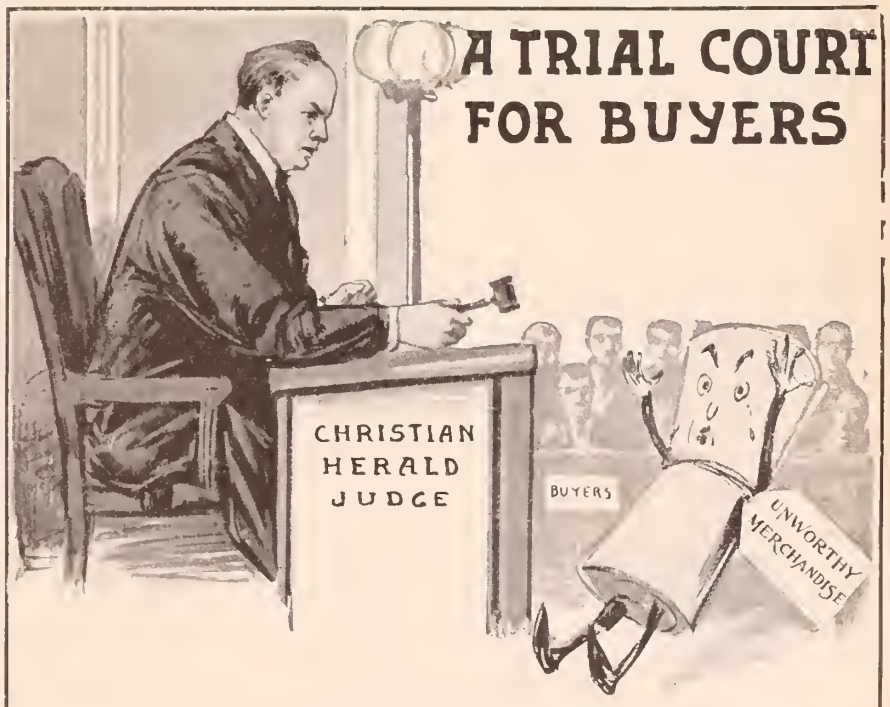

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How to Avoid Rheumatism

By DR. W. H. VAIL

THERE exists as great a variety in the forms of rheumatism as there are opinions respecting what constitutes the essential characteristics of beauty. When an individual suffers from gout he is afflicted with a specific ailment, but when he has rheumatism he may have any one of a dozen different forms of disease, all classified under the head of rheumatism. To understand how indefinite the name rheumatism is, take this definition of rheumatism, as found in one of our best lexicons: "Rheumatism is a variable shifting inflammation or neuralgia or malady with aching pains, affecting sometimes the joints and sometimes other structures."

WHILE we would not think of calling rheumatism a children's disease, yet the great majority of cases of this malady occur between the ages of five and twenty-five years; that is, the first attack, for rheumatism, having gained an entrance into the system, loves to renew the acquaintance at intervals upon the least provocation. In fact, some of the best medical authorities tend to the belief that what we popularly call "growing pains" in children is a form of rheumatism, and were it treated as such, very often subsequent and more formidable attacks of this obstinate ailment might be prevented.

Again, rheumatism is a disease which is not hereditary, in the strict sense of the term, yet the tendency to it in succeeding generations is as strong, or even stronger, than in the case of most diseases which were formerly considered inherited.

Without exhausting the list of the varieties of rheumatism, we would consider here four general classes. First, acute inflammatory rheumatism, or rheumatic fever; second, sub-acute rheumatism; third, chronic rheumatism; and lastly, muscular rheumatism. Acute rheumatism is the form that is accompanied with fever, painful and swollen joints, is sudden in its onset, and well deserves the adjective acute. This is the variety which shows itself early in life, is constitutional in its nature, including, perhaps, the "growing pains," and in certain epidemics is infectious, which means that the microbe is in the air, or is communicated in some way from person to person with amazing rapidity. The relationship between the acute and sub-acute forms of this disease is difficult to determine. Some consider sub-acute rheumatism merely as repeated attacks of the acute variety. Certainly we have the same symptoms, though as a rule in the sub-acute cases they are milder in form, but more stubborn in character. Like all diseases, rheumatism possesses its individual micro-organism, or bacillus, which is always present where the disease exists, and the name of which is diplococcus rheumaticus, and which is claimed to be the specific cause of acute rheumatism.

CHRONIC rheumatism is a term applied rather loosely to a great variety of chronic joint affections, which sometimes are the result of repeated attacks of acute rheumatism, sometimes of gouty origin, or the result of repeated exposures to wet and cold, where proper care has not been exercised.

Muscular rheumatism includes painful affections of certain groups of muscles or integuments, attributable to inflammation of their fibrous or tendinous attachments. Like chronic rheumatism, this variety has for its cause, as a rule, exposure to cold and wet, often after violent exercise and profuse perspiration, when the clothes are not changed. The chief varieties of muscular rheumatism are lumbago, in which the muscles of the lower part of the back are affected; intercostal rheumatism, affecting the muscles between the ribs; and torticollis, or stiff neck, affecting the muscles of one side of the neck. Here it is that we approach the dividing line between rheumatism and nervous diseases of the same regions, such as lumbago and sciatica.

Naturally when we approach the question of avoiding attacks of rheumatism, we would expect to face a very complex problem, but when we bring the whole subject down to the rules which should govern our daily lives, we shall find the situation not as complicated as was feared. We are aware of the fact that the medical profession is changing its views as to the acid condition of the blood acting as the cause of the attack, especially in the acute form of the disease; but that does not do away with the fact that in all cases of acute rheumatism the blood and tissues involved are always loaded with acids, and immediately resort is made to alkalies and baths for the relief of the system, and the cure of the patient. While the bacillus may be necessary for the occurrence of the attack, yet it is a question whether the disease could or would occur when the blood was not thus loaded with acids. Therefore, in order to prevent attacks of acute rheumatism, do not allow the system to become loaded with acid accumulations; and the same rule holds good in relation to the other varieties of this disease. The same careless method of living which leads to auto-intoxication and indigestion will naturally tend to attacks of rheumatism of one form or another. The thing to do is to see to it that the secretions and excretions of the body are kept in active service, through the use of proper articles of diet, the thorough mastication of the food, and the ample supply of liquids, such as water, milk and the mild fruit acids, avoiding such articles as tomatoes, strawberries, and especially grapefruit, as well as any extremely sour fruits. At the same time remember that mild lemonade, oranges and other mild fruit acids become alkaline through the processes of digestion and thus tend to prevent the acid condition of the system which might lead to the occurrence of rheumatism.

Howard Chase

Continued from page 383

in dim outline, a clear winter sky starset over all, the little church across the yard white in the darkness, the faint flutter of some prairie creature out on the section road, and Howard, Agnes by his side, looked up, and after a moment he said:

"Why may not my dream come true for Red Hill?"

"I believe it will. Let us work and pray to make it real," his wife replied.

They stood there silently a moment, and then went into the parsonage.

"Isn't it rather cold out there to be courting?"

"We were not courting," said Howard gravely.

"What were you doing?"

"Dreaming," he answered. And Agnes added: "Some dreams come true. Maybe ours will."

THE END

"Howard Chase" in Book Form

PASTOR SHELDON'S fine story, "Howard Chase," is just issued in book form by the George H. Doran Company, publishers, New York. This story of a big man in a small town—the most gossipy town in Kansas, of Howard Chase the minister, with whom all the attractive young ladies of the district fall in love, of the foibles and follies of church folk, and the redemption of the town by the creation of the Community Club which dispelled the spirit of gossip and narrowness and self-centered satisfaction, and recreated a clean, wholesome, spiritual atmosphere, is now ready for you in permanent form. "Howard Chase" in volume form, neatly bound, can be purchased of the Doran Company at $1.25.

Trades for Disabled Soldiers

Continued from page 373

charge of the cripples and wounded as they come home from France and lie in the hospitals, and teach them such trades and occupations as they may be able to carry on when they have sufficiently recovered to go out into life. There are at present something like 13,000,000 wounded and crippled soldiers in Europe, and among these are more than 3,000,000 who have lost one limb or another.

If 100,000 disabled men are sent back to the United States during the first year of our fighting, at least 20,000 of them would require vocational re-education to overcome the handicaps incurred in the service. Wounded soldiers will be so trained that they can make a livelihood. Four teachers will be needed for each 100 men. All of the teachers will have to be especially trained, and the government is preparing to start this work under the direction of the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

THE work of training must be begun just as soon as possible in order to prevent the men from becoming discouraged and drifting into the ranks of dependents. Re-education puts spirit and life into them, and they begin to improve as soon as the training begins. French figures show that 80 per cent. of the men who have been trained in the hospitals have become efficient laborers, whereas only 5 per cent. of those who have taken up such training upon leaving have been of any value.

I have before me some photographs of crippled soldiers who have been rehabilitated and gone back to work. One man who has lost an arm is working at a carpenter's bench; he is using a drawing knife, which could only be done by means of his artificial arm. Another picture is that of a blacksmith at work at an anvil. The man has four artificial limbs. A pair of pincers take the place of the fingers and thumb of one hand and the hammer fits into a hole in the other wooden arm. A third picture shows a class of cripples learning the tailoring trade. Three or four one-legged men sit on the table working away at their sewing.

THE government is taking a census of the trades where such men can be used, and it is looking into the requirements of all branches of industry. Many owners of factories have said they are willing to take in these wounded men, and not a few of the trades in certain sections have agreed to employ skilled cripples, if they should be furnished. This is so of the leather trade of New York. The variety of work seems to be practically unlimited. In the wheat fields of western Canada, war cripples with artificial hands and feet are running farm tractors.

It is interesting to know what they are doing in the rehabilitation of the crippled soldiers of Europe. The Germans have listed every wounded man as a military asset and they have brought this work so near perfection that they are able to use more than 80 per cent. of their wounded in the war industries back of the lines, while of the remaining 20 per cent. from 10 to 15 per cent. are able to support themselves by trades taught in the hospitals.

THERE are fifty re-educational establishments in France, most of which are connected with the hospitals. All are receiving more or less government assistance. Some of the men work in shops that are established for the purpose. Others go out into the industries and others live at home and come to work at the shops. There is one school at Lyons, named after General Joffre, which is now teaching bookkeeping, shorthand and typewriting, and also paperstitching, shoemaking, woodworking and carving, as well as toymaking. The toymakers have made a profit from the start. A great deal of work of this kind is going on in Canada, where it is found that something like 80 per cent. of the men discharged from the hospitals are able to return to their vocations. Of the remainder about 10 per cent. are trained to new trades, and the remaining 10 per cent. need only a limited amount of vocational training.

The Federal Board believes that the United States should educate its men along all such lines as a business investment. It wants vocational education established all over the country, so that special training schools may be open to all. We have now something like 14,000,000 people engaged in manufacturing or mechanical work, and not one in a hundred has had special training. The board believes that such schools would not only pay their own way, but that they would greatly increase our natural wealth. We have now something like 25,000,000 people over eighteen years of age engaged in farming, mining, manufacturing and other industrial pursuits. If we can add 10 cents a day to the wages of each of these by training, the increase for the whole would be more than $2,500,000 a day. It would be $750,000,000 per year, and if we make the increase of wages 25 cents a day the profit on the whole would be a total increase in the income of our laborers of more than $6,000,000 a day, or more than $1,800,000,000 per year. It would more than pay the interest on the bonded debt we are likely to have when this war is over.

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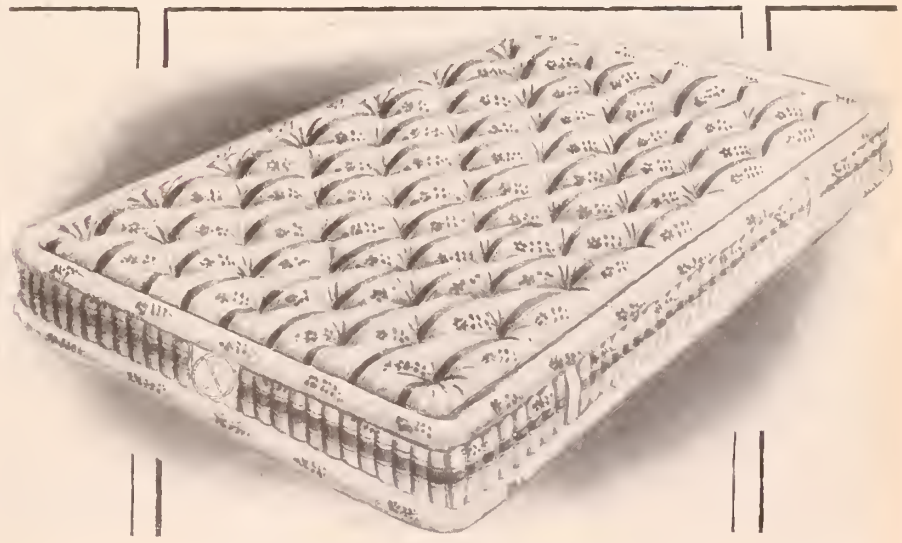

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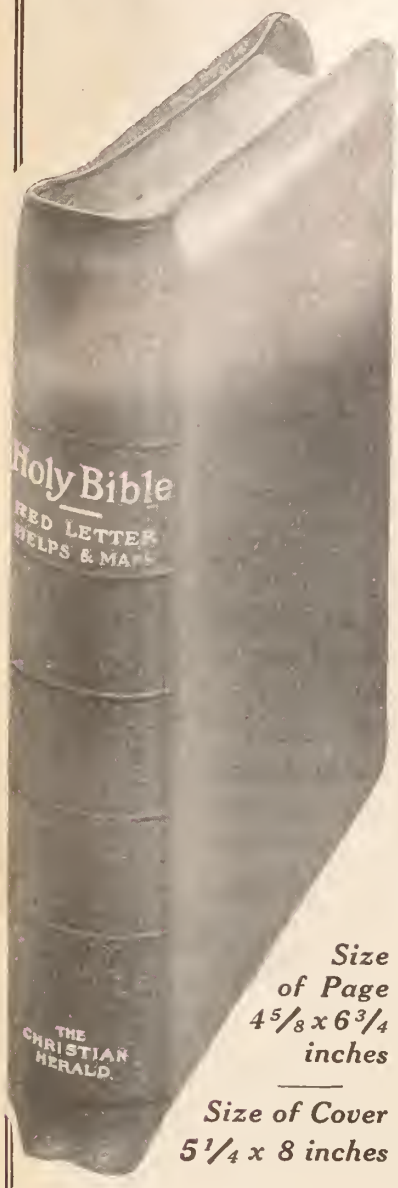

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Christ in America

By REV. CLYDE F. ARMITAGE

General Committee on Army and Navy Chaplains

THE Cross of Christ proceeds to certain victory. His believers should no longer doubt the ability of their Saviour to win the world. He without whom not anything was made that has been made will not allow his creation to defeat his purpose in building it. The Church has long preached to the world his plan of redemption, and the world is recognizing now that he is working out his plan.

Does the faith of the Church endow her with his spirit of victory? To a person with spiritual discernment it should be clear that although old things are passing away, and all things becoming new, the Christ increases still.

To none of us do the horrors of the present appeal so poignantly as to the Lover of men; but shall he not see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied? The Christ, whom death could not kill and whom the grave could not hold, is making mighty conquests, and of his dominion there shall be no end.

THE Church is with the Master and her progress is a mighty achievement. A noted Christian leader said at the beginning of the war: "The range of our usefulness and leadership in the years after the war will be determined by our usefulness and the reality of our practical ministry in the war." Then the Church shall be a loved center of blessing after the war. For, although frequently criticized until it is said that in no wise like a mighty army moves the Church of God, a just estimate would give large credit for the work done. It is the work of the Church, bringing the spirit of the Master into society, that has given us a cleaner Army than any nation has had in previous wars; that has prompted the nation, indeed, to fight for humanity as we are now doing; that has caused her sons to enlist by tens of thousands; that induces the public to economize and cooperate in every way requested by the departments of our government. Her offerings to benevolent causes during the stress of these times have been not only maintained, but increased, and her ministry to the suffering at home and abroad has multiplied and intensified. Every week has brought appeals from official and voluntary organizations of various characters, but none of these have fallen upon deaf ears. Laymen and pastors strive alike to do their bit, do their duty, do their best.

ONE of the best signs of the time is the way men are personally turning to the Saviour. Soldiers, sailors and marines, and civilians as well. Whose heart has not rejoiced as he has read of the way the men welcome religious services, read the Bibles and Testaments that are distributed, and record their allegiance to the Master? The experience of ministers who have been privileged to work among our military forces has been a blessing, and has reheartened some at home whose recent successes have been small.

The conditions that prevail today have increased the essential democracy for which Christ pleaded. Discriminations are being lost and lines of demarkation obliterated. The various corps of the Christian Army are in closer harmony and nearer to unity than ever before. The same spirit appears in the work of the world. The selection of public servants and trustees has been lifted above party lines. That democracy for which we are fighting to make the world safe is every day a more tangible reality.

As the world learns the doctrines of the fatherhood of God, it evolves the practice of the brotherhood of man.

AMERICA'S awakening to a sense of her duty has brought her a sense of her power. In the face of the world's catastrophe she begins to do her utmost with comparatively no lowering of labor standards and with a marked rise in her social and moral plane. A spirit of stewardship has seized the nation. A country that hardly knew that her soldiers and sailors were a part of her population, pledges every institution and every effort to their present success. Our schools teach government and patriotism with new avidity. They have learned the pedagogical and personal value of expression in helpful and practical work. The fraternal orders of the country have developed their benevolence. All our institutions have responded to the needs of the times beyond the hopes of the most optimistic. The Church has not simply endorsed what the institutions and the government have done; but these are operating in the spirit of the Master as conveyed through the teachings of the Church. The response on the part of the Church is as notable as any. She may once have forgotten her ministers who became chaplains for the soldiers and sailors, but she is now alert in every part for every phase of America's welfare, both military and civil; and her efforts are major factors in the ultimate successes.

Out of the awfulness of the present carnage and demolition are already appearing the blessings that God would release. Those are bold to say that the war is necessary to the evolution of the world. Those are daring to say that God found it necessary to introduce these blessings through such a direful calamity. But it would be better to be bold or daring than to close one's eyes to the results already manifest. The thunder of the war's artillery has shaken the foundation of autocracy and lifted the rights of the people immeasurably. The world has been brought close together.

THIS gives a challenge to a world evangelism that shall carry the message of Christ's salvation to all parts of the earth, according to his Great Commission. Destruction of the liquor traffic has been hastened. The freedom born of the struggle is already manifest in its social phases, its political aspects, and its ecclesiastical relations. Out of the tragedies of the times has been revealed the world's need of Christ. His faithful followers and the whole Christian nation have been called upon to fill up that which was lacking of the affliction of Christ. Humanity is seized with a determination toward divinity and is working out the will of God.

SERVICE

I

"BUT I have so little, so little to give
That it's not worth while, in a way."
A woman was heard to utter these words
As the war waged day by day.

II

"So little to give!" Can we bear to hear
This feeble, paltry cry,
While the ones we love fall hour by hour,
And others go forth to die?

III

Has she never thought that just one soft touch
Or the glow in a woman's eyes
Can often relieve the sickening pain,
Help still the shuddering cries?

IV

"So little to give!" Is it possible
That she hasn't even a prayer
To give to her God, in confidence
That it puts someone in his care?

V

"So little to give!" Ah, show her the way,
Dear God, that she consecrate
Thy gifts, while she joins the throng of those
Who serve, though they stand and wait.

LENORE McCALL.

Young People's Topics for April 7

Christian Duty and the Privilege. IV. (Bible Reading)

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topics. Ps. 119 : 9–16 (Consecration Meeting)

HE would be a poor lawyer who, from his admission to the bar, seldom opened a law book, and attempted to practice on what he remembered of what he learned at school. Few of us would patronize a doctor who felt it unnecessary to continue his studies even as he practiced the healing art. Yet some Christians attempt to go through life with no more knowledge of the Word than they have learned in Sunday school or in a catechism or confirmation class. What wonder that there are so many half-hearted Christians, that there is so little real spiritual life among such multitudes of church members. A dusty Bible is an almost certain sign of a shrunken faith. In the 105th verse of this same Psalm the singer cries: "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." In the 97th verse, "O how I love thy law! It is my meditation all the day!" and in the 103d verse "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!"

The Bible is a spring of living water; a storehouse of the heavenly manna; a messenger of the Father, and a guide for the faithful; its words have inspired our greatest poets, and the faith it reveals has been the strength of the greatest leaders Christendom has known. In it the weak become strong, the fearful gain courage, the dumb learn speech, the sinner finds salvation, and the saint a consecration that leads to perfection in Christ. A closed Bible is a tragedy. It is our duty as Christians to make the Bible an open book in our homes. It is our privilege to make its messages a part of our every-day life. His Word hid in our hearts will speak through our testimonies, will bless our meditations, and will remain in living words upon the tablets of our memory.

Understanding and Doing Christ's Will

Epworth League Topic. Eph. 5 : 15–17; John 2 : 5; 7 : 15–18

THE 17th verse of the 7th chapter of John, included in the reference for this topic, is the key by which the topic may be unlocked; "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

It is impossible to understand God's will, which is Christ's will for us, unless we seek earnestly to do his will. The apostle told the Christians of Philippi to let this mind be in them which was also in Christ Jesus, and the mind which is in Jesus he outlined as one which acknowledged fully all its power, but which humbled itself even to take the form of a servant, becoming obedient even unto death, for which God also exalted him. We cannot know God's will for us until we have humbled ourselves and offered ourselves fully for service, no matter how menial, for any sacrifice, no matter what suffering it may entail. When with this mind we go to our knees in prayer we may confidently expect that from between the horns of his altar will come to our minds and hearts an understanding of his will which will enable us to go forth and to do it.

Women Helping the New Liberty Loan

REPRESENTATIVES of thirty National societies of women were present at a meeting of the Advisory Council of the National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, held in New York March 1 and 2. Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank, chairman of the Advisory Council of the National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, presided. Mrs. Fairbank stated that 6,000,000 women represented at the meeting had pledged themselves to extraordinary efforts in behalf of the third Liberty Loan. Church societies of all denominations, including Protestant, Catholic and Jewish women, have promised to erect Liberty Loan booths in their parish halls for the sale of Liberty Bonds. The National League for Woman's Service has given its word to maintain, in every town where it has an organization, a booth in a park or other public place, from which members will provide public speaking upon the Liberty Loan. The National Woman's Stage War Relief Society is arranging a definite plan for a Liberty Loan drive among actresses. The Woman's Farm and Garden Association, which is sending its land army of women out in units, has instructed the head of each unit to act as Liberty Bond spokesman among the farmer folk of her community. The National Federation of College Women, which is issuing patriotic propaganda through films, has pledged itself to put out a Liberty Loan film as part of its campaign, and the Woman's Auxiliary of the Bohemian National Alliance, representing 600,000 Bohemian women, has organized for the sale of bonds and divided its membership into groups for that purpose.

The Reapers

By JOHN D. WHITING, American Colony, Jerusalem

Photographed by American Colony, Jerusalem.

AFTER the lentils and similar crops of the bean family have been gathered in, the barley harvest comes next and lastly the wheat.

When harvesting the men wear a leathern apron and sometimes a large padded glove. The women have none of the protections provided for them. Sickles are of two kinds, one, the *kaloosh*, is small and with quite a dull edge and is employed when the crops are short and scanty. These do not cut the straw but rather help pull up the grain by the roots or break off the brittle stalks. The other, called *manjal*, is much larger and supplied with short slanting teeth and is used on the tall well-grown grain fields.

Reaping with these simple implements and binding the sheaves with their own straw, a considerable amount is left behind and many of the ears drop off, but once the reapers have advanced they, actuated by almost religious scruples, will not pick up that which has been dropped, even though they be severely poor themselves, for they unwittingly follow a command not given to them but to former inhabitants, the tillers and reapers of this land: "And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corners of thy field when thou reapest, neither shalt thou gather any gleaning of thy harvest; thou shalt leave them unto the poor, and to the stranger." Lev. 23 : 22.

In the fields then during the harvest we see gleaners at work. They are poor women and girls, villagers who have no fields of their own to harvest, or possibly the wives and daughters of the hired reapers, who often find it more profitable to glean than to work for wages in the harvest fields.

It is a common occurrence to find a kindly landowner allowing a destitute woman to "glean even among the sheaves," for usually they are prohibited from gleaning before the sheaves have been taken away, just as fell to the lot of Ruth the Moabitess when "Boaz commanded his young men, saying, Let her glean *even* among the sheaves, and reproach her not." Ruth 2:15.

As the gleaners pick up here and there the stray ears of wheat or barley (the word corn in our Bible refers to wheat), they are bound into neat little bundles which the gleaner drops behind her as the reapers do the sheaves, and no one will molest or touch them. But at even all are collected and the heads beaten out with a stone or stick on the surface of some large stone or flat rock, and the winnowed grain is carried home every night, usually in the large white veil which covers the head. "So she (Ruth) gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned." Ruth 2:17.

Our photograph shows three women and a man at work in a field of barley on the top of Mt. Scopus, which is a continuation of Olivet to the north. Here Titus, with his Roman army, encamped on these heights about Jerusalem during that awful siege when, in 70 A. D., the prophecy of our Lord concerning the Temple that "there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down," was, to the letter, fulfilled.

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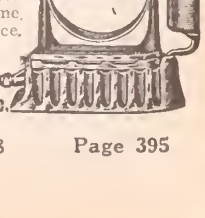

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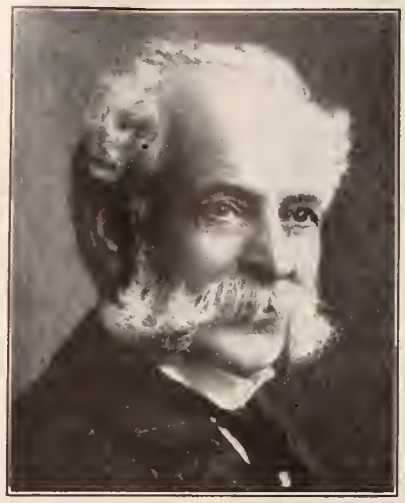

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You have until April 22—but no later than that—to order. But you will have until May 31 to send in your sets of verses—sets postmarked as late as that final day will be accepted, even though they are delivered to us several days later!

So you have *plenty of time to compete and compete well*. Indeed, some participants in the *Picture Study* deliberately wait until all the pictures have appeared, so that they can then sit down in the evening with all 30 pictures before them, and within a short period of comparison select the most fitting verses from the reference book, and write them in the Answer Book.

Hurry to start—with the knowledge that you will have all the time you should require to give the competition your best judgment, and to submit a set of verses that may gain first award!

WE announce today the Judges of the *Third Bible Picture Study*, in which our readers are now participating.

Probably every name is well known to you, and these are men in whose judgment you will have the greatest confidence, for they are not only deeply versed in the Bible, but also men of proven good judgment, who will discriminate keenly as to the applicability of different verses submitted for a picture.

Why not enter the National Bible Picture Study right now—*today*—and submit a set of verses that will coincide with the decisions of this eminent Committee of Judges? You have just as great an opportunity to win the $1,000.00 in cash, first award, as any person anywhere, and while you are competing the gain in knowledge and understanding of the Bible will be exceedingly great. Yet this spiritual and intellectual gain will be acquired almost without your realizing it, while you are pleasantly competing in the absorbing Bible entertainment. Start today!

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Winner of Sixth Prize, $100.00 Cash, in the Second Bible Picture Study, Thanks the Lord

I THANK the Lord for "The Christian Herald," The Bible Picture Contest, and for the sixth prize. I enjoyed the First, the Second still more, and am now enjoying the National Bible Picture Study.

The profit derived is beyond description and the study does not conflict with my housework, for I can wash dishes or sew on buttons just as well, when thinking about the verses and pictures.

I read "Pearls from the Bible" through fifteen times and regretted having to stop and send in my reply book. I am thankful for my increased Bible knowledge and I thank the Christian Herald for my generous reward.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. H. E. Staples.

Don't you think *you* could submit a set of verses that would prove to have been well selected? Everybody has the same opportunity everywhere—order today and know that you will surely win one prize, the prize of increased Bible knowledge!

Hurry! You have till May 31st to submit your answers, but only till April 22nd to order outfits!

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Jesus Sets Men Free

International Sunday School Lesson for April 7. Mark 7:1-37

"If therefore the Son shall make you free, then are ye free indeed"

Christian Enfranchisement

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

CHRISTUS Liberator—so we can interpret the mission of the Man of Nazareth who came to set men free from sin, to deliver them from bondage, to soothe their pains and woe, to calm their frantic strife. Jesus the Great Emancipator—that is the thought we will seize upon for our study today. How marvelously his life answers to Isaiah's description of God's chosen Ambassador anointed with the divine Spirit to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the dungeons of earth, to send light to the nations! How fearlessly he went about that work of his! He ran counter to age-long prejudices, to vested interests, to a mistaken interpretation of religion itself. He never flinched. "The bravest, freest spirit ever breathed."

Jesus Sets Men Free from Traditionalism

In this chapter of tales about the liberating Christ, the first incident brings him into conflict with ceremonialism in religion. There is a certain tendency for all human activities to become stereotyped, and for organized religion especially to become enswathed in its own forms until the spirit well-nigh stifles. The great reformers, the mighty prophets, are always men who cut through the outward trappings and reveal anew the heart of God. Judaism was legalistic by nature, and the protests of Isaiah had been forgotten when Christ came. How often he brushed aside tradition with his "Ye have heard it said by them of old time . . . but I say . . ."

He comes back to the reality of which the rite is a symbol. The Pharisees still made much of the ceremonial of handwashing, but had forgotten its symbolic meaning of clean hearts, of sanctified wills. They still recited the old prayers and psalms, but without contrite spirits and humble confession of sins. Jesus sadly but sternly quoted Isaiah's immortal rebuke of mere ritualism:

"This people honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me."

Then he distinguishes between the Divine will and human traditions. "Ye leave the commandment of God and hold fast the tradition of men." We shall never outgrow the ten commandments. But how we outgrow the ancient theological controversies and such practices as praying by rote and invoking others than Christ to help us!

Christian ethics has a deeper foundation than mere custom. It is based on eternal principles of right and wrong. But Christian practice is another matter. Our forms and ceremonies, our ways of working and worshiping, must be adaptable to the varying needs of men. How strange that half of Christianity should hold to a fixed form of worship in an ancient language! How singular that in the other half so many people still cling more tenaciously to their sectarian traditions than to the big vital essentials of faith and service!

Jesus shows how often ritualism actually defeats the purposes of religion. He uses an example that was familiar to his hearers. If a man pronounced the word "corban," which means "consecrated," over anything, he was free from the obligation to use it for ordinary purposes, even if he changed his mind about giving it to God! So if an ungrateful son said "corban" over his wages, he was exempted from helping to support his mother, even though he did not give the money to the Temple! Of course, originally the practice meant that an offering, once vowed, was sacred and exempt from conflicting claims.

There is the gravest kind of danger that reliance upon ordinances will replace faith and good works.

Jesus defines the things which count most in religion. They are the thoughts and desires of the heart. Religion is not primarily concerned with eating certain kinds of meat, or keeping fasts, or taking communion, or wearing certain kinds of clothing. It has to do with the inner life of the spirit. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.

Thus Jesus set men free from the burdens of the scribes and the Pharisees and their modern counterparts. He would banish bitter discussions of "orthodoxy," and substitute prayerful conferences of fidelity to the advancing Kingdom of God. He would put all forms and observances in their true place as auxiliaries and helpers of the people, who are not to be slaves of the letter but sons of the Spirit. "For ye received not the spirit of bondage again unto fear; but ye received the spirit of sonship, whereby we cry Abba, Father."

Jesus Sets Men Free from Disabilities of Race and Sect

When Jesus concluded this controversy with formalism, he went apart to the region of Tyre for a quiet season. Here a poor Syrophenician woman sought him out with such faith as he had not seen among the strict Jews who had been antagonized by his teachings. How little worthy were his countrymen to have precedence and to glorify themselves as God's only children. To the woman he said, "Don't you know that we Jews consider ourselves children in God's house and you Gentiles as the dogs?" The woman was meek, wise, and humble in her rejoinder: "Even the household dogs pick up the children's crumbs." Faith puts the best interpretation on every emergency.

Jesus set her daughter free from her affliction. But more than that, he set the woman free from the disability of her race and sect. Christ speaks to all faithful souls. Some of us have been studying the ministry of Robert Moffat. We learned the incident where Moffat asked the Boer farmer to call the Kaffir servants in to the prayer circle. He responded that they might as well call in the baboons and the dogs. Then the missionary applied the story of this woman, and the old Boer for the first time realized that Christianity recognizes no human boundaries.

Jesus' supreme ministry of liberation is exerted upon sin's prisoners and upon those who have fallen into spiritual deadness, deafness and dumbness. We have in our lesson the tale of a man who could not speak distinctly or hear at all. Jesus called his attention to his ears and his tongue, and looking upward he opened new possibilities to that cramped and handicapped mind. Just as soon as we begin to discuss and apply this teaching, we find ourselves compelled to make it an analogy of the spiritual case of so many of God's children,—deaf and dumb to his grace. They have ears to hear but they hear not, they do not see, they do not say what he would have them say. Jesus touches their hearts and they feel the impact of the unseen. He still makes those who were deaf to humanity's appeals hear the call to sacrifice and love. He still makes those who were dumb in spirit abundant in prayer and praise.

"If thou knewest the gift of God," he says to those who are letting life go by undeveloped, wasted, misspent as that Samaritan woman who met him by the well-side. Thank God, today, like her, they respond and become heralds of good tidings.

Miracles in Transformed Men

Yes, there are plenty of modern miracles in transformed men and women. Here is a boy, rough and ready, sometimes at Sunday school, sometimes off on all sorts of adventures. We didn't believe he could be aroused to noble Christian idealism. Then in the army camp he became attached to a manly, whole-souled Y. M. C. A. secretary, who became his hero. Together they planned and prayed and studied the Bible. The lad writes of the great thoughts and high ideals awakened in him: "I never knew what Christ meant before. I must live for him and for his Kingdom." Here is a girl who seemed to some rather frivolous. A vision of service has dawned upon her soul. She is studying hard to have the most to give in consecration. She sings with a spiritual quality that startles her hearers. Her life is beautiful.

These young people are enfranchised Christians. The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus has set them free from the law of sin and death. They are free from spiritual dulness, no longer blind and dumb, but seeing and giving thanks unto God. Others are waiting for the Christ to pass by, in the person of some one speaking "in His name" to touch the imprisoned spirit and set it free in Him. Christ the Liberator is commissioning us to break the bonds that remain. "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you."

Sunday School Methods

By FRANK L. BROWN,
Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

How the Herald Contest Helps Individuals and Schools

FROM Mr. M. H. Bigelow, superintendent of the First Presbyterian Sunday School, Atlantic City, N. J., comes this unique plan of using the Christian Herald Bible Contest Pictures so as greatly to increase the interest of the whole school in the lessons.

Mr. Bigelow obtained from the Herald 60 pictures from the first Herald Contest and had the whole 60 pictures placed on ten slides, six Bible pictures to a slide, by Underwood & Underwood. Mr. Bigelow obtained from the Herald a number of these pictures and distributed them each Sunday to pupils in the Junior, Intermediate and Senior Departments of the school. The pupils would work during the week to discover the Scripture verse that would fit the picture, and the next Sunday the answer would be thrown on the screen.

The pupils were given credits for the following points: attendance, punctuality, getting the right verse, learning the right verse of the previous Sunday.

Mr. Bigelow says: "You would have been surprised to have seen the interest the pupils took in the study and also the teachers and many outside the classes. They purchased books and made note books, and I felt that I had found something worth while. When this third contest started I again took up the matter to see if we could not take up the study of these pictures as a school, purchase for example a subscription for each class, and then furnish each pupil with an outfit."

Some fine testimony as to the great personal value of this Bible text searching came from some who were successful in winning prizes in the last Herald Contest.

A lady from Virginia wrote: "This (third Contest) is especially interesting to me because it is connected with the Sunday school lessons, as I have been a constant Sunday School worker and student for thirty years."

A Kansas correspondent said: "I found it to be a very fascinating way to study the Bible message. I also soon discovered that this unique way of searching the Holy Scriptures for its priceless gems proved to be a wonderful source of inspiration to me."

From Florida: "Even if I had not received a prize, the pleasure and gain obtained in searching for verses to fit the pictures would have rewarded me. I am, of course, participating in your third Bible Picture Study, and find it as entertaining and instructive as the last one.

From California: "The profit derived is beyond description and the study does not conflict with my housework, for I can wash dishes or sew on buttons just as well when thinking about the verses and pictures. I read 'Pearls from the Bible' through fifteen times, and regretted having to stop and send in my reply book."

From Syracuse, New York: "I know more about the Word now than before your Contests were started, although I had read the Bible through twice before."

From Ohio: "I enjoyed working on the Second Contest and learned there were many things in the Bible I didn't know were there, although I read the Bible through years ago."

A Pennsylvania man writes (he won third prize): "I wrote on separate pieces of paper all verses that in my judgment fitted the pictures, and then sorted them out until what I considered the best remained. This took place sometimes quite early in the morning as my time is pretty well taken up with other things the rest of the day and night."

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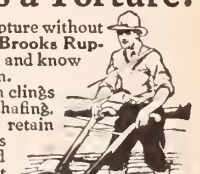

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A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 374

with Norway. The Netherlands government, held in terror by German pressure, while not refusing, nevertheless failed to sign the agreement that had been arranged. Great Britain and America announced, therefore, on March 14, that unless the agreement was sooner consummated, they would, on March 18, exercise their rights under international law and take possession of all Dutch shipping, some 1,000,000 tons, lying in their harbors. It was declared that owners would be fully compensated both for the use of their vessels and for their loss if it occurred, and that the ships still afloat would be returned when the war was over. It was also announced that Holland would receive the same food supplies and other concessions as if she had completed the convention, but that foods and other materials would be held for her at Allied ports, and that she would be at liberty to use her 1,500,000 tons of shipping now in home ports to secure these goods.

Selling Them Out. A. Mitchell Palmer, Alien Property Custodian, having called attention to the fact that a great many of the industries which have come under his control were more or less directly owned by the German Government, or persons connected therewith, and that many of these companies were making profits which would accrue to the nation's enemy, and also that there was a widespreading strain of German financial influence throughout America, permeating many industries, the Senate on March 11 voted to give authority to Mr. Palmer to seize and sell all German owned or controlled property in the United States. It was said that German owned or controlled factories and other properties represented investments of considerably more than a billion dollars, and that many of them were ammunition plants and factories at present making equipment for the United States government.

The Profits of War. Berlin was reported on March 11 to be greatly stirred by revelations through a parliamentary subcommittee of profiteering by big firms at the expense of the government. The Daimler Motor Company was said to have advanced the cost of a motor car from £250 to £600, and to have charged for motors, of which it had a monopoly, as high as £750. The exorbitant profits made by the company were said to have been covered by falsifications, the books showing the payment of higher wages than were received by the men. The great Krupp organization, in which the Kaiser was said to hold shares valued at nearly $5,000,000, was also reported among the profiteers.

Fisheries Dispute Ended. The controversy between the United States States and Canada over the Newfoundland fisheries has been settled for the duration of the war. The joint commission representing the two governments has agreed that vessels of either nationality may use the ports of both nations at will without any special license.

Liberty Means Packard. Emlin S. Hare, president of the Packard Motor Company, declared on March 12, that the Liberty Motor had been turned over to the government by that company; the motor representing some $500,000 in investments and three years' work on the part of the Packard engineers. The motor is a twin six. On March 13 it was announced that the first fighting seaplane equipped with a Liberty Motor had been tried out and accepted, and that a big fleet would soon be added to the forces engaged in submarine-hunting. America's quantity production is already beginning to tell, over 2,000 airplanes having been completed, and many motors having been shipped abroad.

The Second Red Cross Drive. In the week from May 20 to 27 the American Red Cross will come before the American people with a request for another $100,000,000. The first campaign had already on March 1, resulted in collections of $105,000,000, of which $77,721,918 had been appropriated, France receiving $31,000,000. All the expenses of the Red Cross work are paid by the membership fees; every dollar collected from these drives being used for the work for which it is subscribed.

Going Dry. While the New York legislature was sidestepping the prohibition issue, the Senate of Rhode Island defeated a resolution for the ratification of the Federal Prohibition Amendment and the legislature of Texas passed a bill which will make the state practically bone dry on April 15, and absolutely dry after the fifteenth of June. On March 11 new regulations were promulgated in Canada by which all of the dominion, except the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, will go dry April 1, and these two provinces will follow on December 31.

Fragments of News. Secretary McAdoo announced on March 11 an issue of $500,000,000 of treasury certificates at 4½ per cent. On March 13 it was announced that the total issue of treasury certificates, which would be met by the sale of the third Liberty Loan, had at that date reached $1,255,000,000. . . . Great Britain, on March 12, announced further restrictions on the brewing industry to save 200,000 tons of grain yearly. . . . The Senate on March 13 adopted the conference report on the Railroad Bill after the conferees had eliminated an amendment forbidding the states to increase railroad taxes. The House concurred on March 14.

Up with the Sun. The House of Representatives on March 15, voting 252 to 40, passed the Day-light Saving Bill, previously passed by the Senate, the House, however, including April and October in the new regulations. The Senate on March 16 concurred in this extension. According to the act standard time in the United States will be divided into five zones, and the time in these zones based upon the 75th, 90th, 105th, 120th, and 150th degrees of west longitude, the last including only Alaska. At 2 o'clock A. M. of the last Sunday in March of each year standard time is to be advanced one hour, and at 2 o'clock A. M. of the last Sunday in October it is to be returned once more to the astronomical time. It is estimated that, with time thus measured, thousands of people will be given an extra hour for recreation and outdoor work, insuring the success of many thousands of home gardens, and that in addition the lighting saved will represent a large reduction in the consumption of coal.

The Progress of the War

SWEEPING low over the German trenches, American observers with French pilots, on March 12, saw some 200 gas-projectors being made ready for a monstrous gas attack upon the American trenches. The positions were photographed, the photographs developed, and in a very short time the American batteries were playing a tattoo on the German positions; the gas-projectors were quickly destroyed and there was no attack. On the following day four more groups of these projectors were destroyed by American artillery fire. This sector, which was referred to when the Americans first reached France as a quiet sector of the Lorraine front, has in the last two weeks become one of the most active. The Germans apparently started out to show the American troops the exact nature of war. Following the repulse of the first two attacks, the Americans began to do a little illustrating on their own account.

On March 5 the Rainbow Division of National Guard troops repelled a wicked attack made with flame-projectors, gas, and other devices of frightfulness. On the 10th American troops made three big raids in cooperation with the French in the neighborhood of Luneville. Advancing behind a sweeping barrage the raiders ran past the Germans' first line, penetrated to the second line. They found the positions leveled by artillery fire and the enemy gone from the first line. On the second line strong points and dugouts were bombed and destroyed. The Americans returned, after 45 minutes in the enemy's positions, without the loss of a man. Many dead Germans were found in the positions.

On the 11th the Americans without French support again raided the German positions in the same sector. The German artillery reply to the American bombardment was speedily silenced. This time the raiders advanced behind a box barrage, the exploding shells of the protecting screen forming three sides of a rectangle, thus protecting the flanks of the raiders. Another American party raided German trenches south of Richecourt on March 12. Thus for a week Americans have carried the battle into the enemy's territory, preventing his contemplated attacks, destroying his material, shattering his guns, and, judging by the fact that the Germans fled before the last two attacks, somewhat weakening his morale. On the 14th American troops occupied, held and consolidated over a mile of German first line trenches. The new trenches being in higher ground improve the American position.

The Germans, on March 16, attacked the American forces in his old trenches near Luneville, but was unable to dislodge them. On the extreme right of the sector near Toul German raiders succeeded in entering the American forward positions but were promptly driven out.

Secretary Baker was in conference with General Pershing in Paris on March 10, and it was announced that he would make an inspection of every detail of the American line, communications, and training camps before returning home. The cruiser on which the Secretary went abroad was a part of the convoy of 10,000 troops. The trip was made without sighting a submarine, although there were two scares.

The total losses of the American troops in France were given on March 17 as: Killed in action 144, killed by accident 141, died of disease 659, lost at sea 237, died of wounds 28, executed 1, civilians 7, gassed 6, suicide 11, unknown cause 14, wounded 573, captured 21, and missing 14—total killed, wounded and missing, 1,856.

English and French troops also continued to make raids in force on the German lines during the week; the French being especially active in Lorraine and Alsace. In Champagne, west of Monte Carnillet, the French, on March 15, recovered certain trench elements which they had lost on March 1st. The English were most active in the neighborhoods of St. Quentin, Cambrai and Ypres, their long-range guns bombarding Cambrai. The Germans have not permitted the French or British to conduct raids without counter-raids.

French troops, west of Avocourt near Verdun, on March 17, entered German trenches on a front of 1,400 meters, penetrating some 800 meters. Berlin claimed the capture of 200 prisoners in the repulse of this raid. The Germans attacked in Champagne near Mont Carnillet, being repulsed by the French.

Aside from an attempt of the Austrians to cross the Piave, which was frustrated by the destruction of their boats by Italian artillery, the Italian front was comparatively quiet during the week. There was some indication of a beginning of a Bulgarian drive in Macedonia. In Palestine the British continued to press northward from Jerusalem.

While the fighting on the ground was little different from the week preceding, activity in the air increased considerably. The Germans again bombarded Paris on March 9, some 60 machines crossing the battle line, of which only a few reached the capital. Thirteen persons were killed and 50 hurt. Zeppelins again appeared over England on the nights of March 12 and 13, but were unable to penetrate far inland. The port of Hull was bombed both nights, one woman dying of fright under the first bombardment. Hartlepool received four bombs on March 14, which killed five persons and injured nine. British airmen in the first ten days of March maintained control of the air over the British front, destroying 39 German planes and forcing down 40 others, losing 15 machines themselves. On March 14, 24 German machines were downed at the cost of 5 Britishers.

Submarines during the week sank 15 British vessels over 1,600 tons, 3 under that tonnage. Four French ships under 1,600 tons were sunk, while one Italian of over 1,500 and one of less was sunk. Two Norwegian ships were torpedoed during the week. A German submarine on March 10 attacked the British hospital ship, Guilford Castle, homeward bound from South Africa, as she was entering the Bristol Channel, but her pumps were able to control the water and she made port. She had 450 wounded aboard.

Turkish troops on March 14 occupied the city of Erzerum in Turkish Armenia, overcoming the resistance offered by the Armenians, who with the Georgians are reported to have an army of 250,000 ready to defend the districts in the Caucasus surrendered to Turkey by the Bolsheviki.

GERMANY'S secret plans of conquest have been again brought to the light in a remarkable manner by the publication of a secret communication sent by Berlin to Vienna last year, outlining Germany's intentions. It was written by the then Chancellor Michaelis, and through some means fell into the hands of Hugo Haase, leader of the Independent Socialists in the Reichstag, and was read by him to the Main Committee of that body. The following significant passages are quoted from the secret communication of Chancellor Michaelis:

"The motive of all of Germany's acts is the lack of territory, both for the development of commerce and colonization. Germany has to solve two problems—the freedom of the seas and the opening of a route to the southeast. And these two problems can only be solved through the destruction of England. . . .

"Our object is the permanent securing of the German Empire in Central Europe and the extension of its territory. No one who understands the significance of this war can doubt that, in spite of our wish to be moderate, we shall not allow ourselves to be deterred from extending the borders of the empire and from, under all circumstances, annexing such territories as are fitted for colonization and are not subjected to the influence of the sea power.

"We can weaken her (Russia) materially by taking away her border territories, the Baltic provinces. By using skillful policies the Baltic provinces can easily be Germanized. They will be settled with Germans and their population will double itself. That is the reason why they must be annexed. . . . The frontier between the German Empire and Poland must be materially altered.

"In the Vosges, the boundary line must be improved by the annexation of some valleys, so that the German frontier troops can no longer be fired upon from French territory. France will lose Briey and a strip of land west of Luxemburg. The value of Briey in an economic and military sense is evident from the fact that 16,000,000 tons of iron ore are produced there. For the safeguarding of the German and Luxemburg iron industry, Longwy must remain in our hands."

These extracts are from a document which promises to become historic, as showing the real purpose of Germany as contrasted with the profuse declarations made by the Chancellor to the Reichstag regarding Germany's desire for peace and its repudiation of any wish to make violent conquests.

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IF YOU want to become a nurse but cannot spend three years in hospital training or are past hospital age limit, send us your name and address on a postcard. We will mail our yearbook explaining the C.S.N. Correspondence and Home-Practice Method of studying trained nursing at home, with a book of actual nursing experiences state age.

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Would your brakes hold in an emergency like this?

You are speeding peacefully along when suddenly a fire-engine shoots out of a side street. There is ten feet leeway in which to stop. You jam home the brakes and the engine goes across in front of you.

That ten feet was space enough because your brakes held.

Five hundred times a year your brakes have stood between you and an unfortunate accident. But because they have always responded, don't grow careless of them.

Know the condition of your brakes

A simple inspection now and then will insure continued safety.

Have your garage man look at your brakes today. Possibly only a simple adjustment is necessary to increase their efficiency.

If they need relining have him put on Thermoid Brake Lining. It will give certain safety for the longest time for three reasons.

1. More material, greater service—There is over 40% more material and 60% more labor used in the manufacture of Thermoid Brake Lining than in any woven brake lining.

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Have your dealer inspect your brakes today. He will show you Thermoid Brake Lining that you may see why it is so different, so efficient and long wearing. If he hasn't Thermoid we will gladly send a sample.

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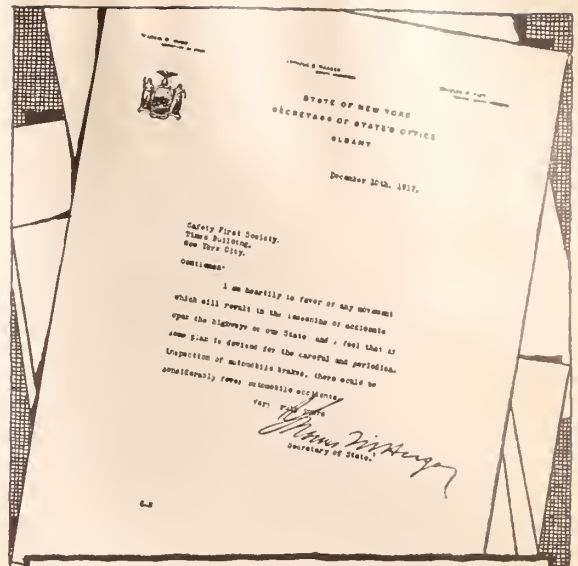


STATE OF NEW YORK
SECRETARY OF STATE'S OFFICE
ALBANY

December 10th, 1917.

Safety First Society.
Times Building.
New York City.

Gentlemen:

I am heartily in favor of any movement which will result in the lessening of accidents upon the highways of our State and I feel that if some plan is devised for the careful and periodical inspection of automobile brakes, there could be considerably fewer automobile accidents.

Very truly yours,

Secretary of State.

Brake Inspection Movement

Prominent officials, leading clubs and organizations and motorists everywhere have endorsed this big national movement to reduce automobile accidents, by having all brakes inspected before the touring season begins and regularly thereafter. Give it your support.

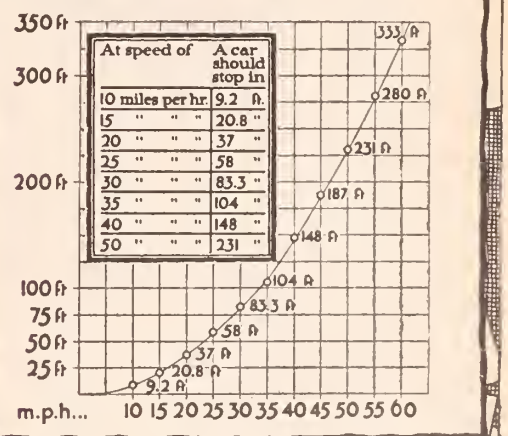
$\frac{V^2}{10.8}$ **Will your car do this?**

Automobile engineers have proved that when brake mechanism is right and road conditions average, any car should stop at distances and speeds given by the chart.

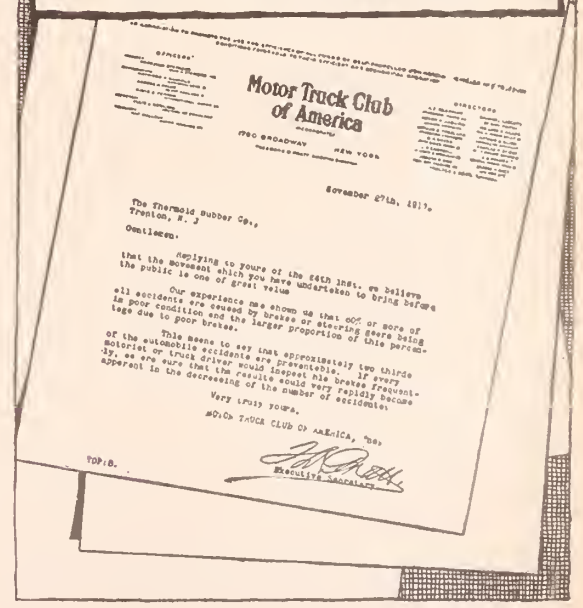
V^2 means the square of the velocity or speed of your car; 10.8 is the proved factor of retardation under average road conditions. This factor decreases on smooth, slippery roads to 6.7 and increases as high as 17.4 on rough, worn roads. The chart represents the average condition, and other conditions can readily be figured by changing the factor within the given limits.

Remember that your brake mechanism is not "right" unless its brake lining has the ideal co-efficient of friction. The better the brake lining the quicker your stop.

Thermoid Brake Inspection Chart



At speed of	A car should stop in
10 miles per hr.	9.2 ft.
15 " " "	20.8 "
20 " " "	37 "
25 " " "	58 "
30 " " "	83.3 "
35 " " "	104 "
40 " " "	148 "
50 " " "	231 "



Motor Truck Club of America

November 27th, 1917.

The Thermoid Rubber Co.,
Trenton, N. J.

Gentlemen:

Replying to yours of the 24th inst., we believe that the movement which you have undertaken to bring before the public is one of great value.

Our experience has shown us that 60% or more of all accidents are caused by brakes or steering gears being in poor condition and the larger proportion of this percentage due to poor brakes.

This seems to say that approximately two thirds of the automobile accidents are preventable. If every motorist or truck driver would inspect his brakes frequently, as we are sure that the results would very rapidly become apparent in the decreasing of the number of accidents.

Very truly yours,

MOTOR TRUCK CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.

Executive Secretary.

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Christian Herald

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A CHALET AT THE FOOT OF MONT BLANC, SWITZERLAND

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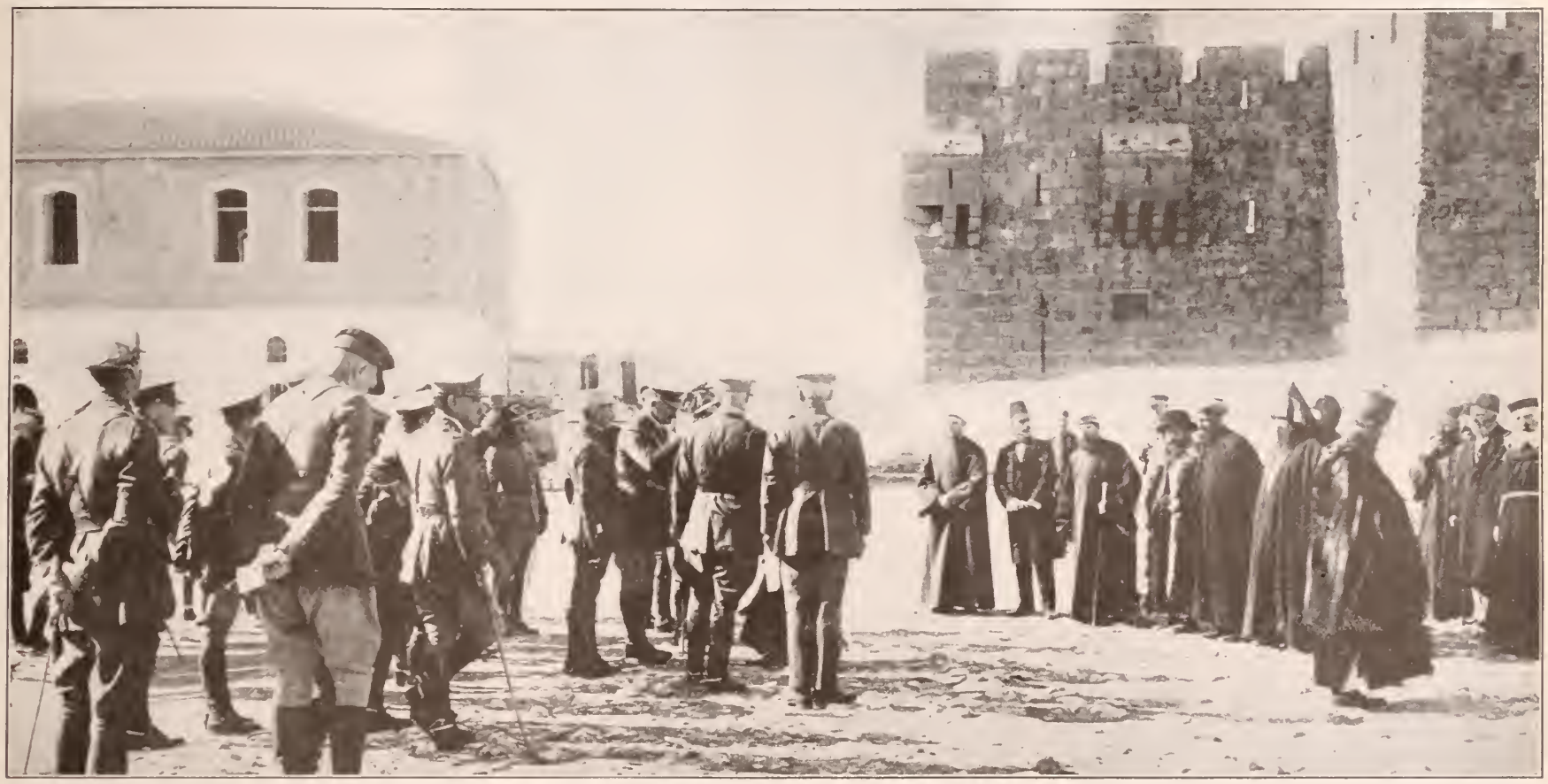

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General Allenby, commander of the Allied forces which took Jerusalem, saluting a representative of the Christian clergy, who came to learn the will of the deliverers regarding the people of the Holy City

Jerusalem's Day of Gladness

The Story of Its Deliverance by the Allies on the Day of the "Feast of Miracles"

By GENEVIEVE COWLES

THE remarkable events preceding and connected with the liberation of Jerusalem are here recounted for the first time, being taken by permission from recent private letters to a well-known Hebrew authoress, a refugee from Jerusalem, and transcribed from her lips. The Christian Herald, which is privileged to publish this wonderful narrative of personal experiences, has received full assurance of its authenticity

JERUSALEM was half emptied of its population; some had fled, some had been expelled. Of those who remained, all men who could be pressed into military service had been taken by the government, even men who were partially disabled. Aside from those drafted into military service, a large number were compelled to serve in civil capacities, to make roads, to engage in transportation activities, and so forth.

On every side one saw houses closed, with doors and windows fastened. One remembered that here such a one had lived, and active life had flourished within these walls; but now it was as if the plague had passed by. The houses and schools surrounded by gardens, where hundreds of children had played, were silent as the tomb. It was said in Jerusalem that the exiled children continued their studies in tents in Samaria. In the interior of the city, half of the shops were closed.

The inhabitants who still remained in Jerusalem were subjected to the exploitation of the government and the ravages of famine and disease. Army officials, both Turk and German, monopolized the food supplies and other provisions and sold them to the population at high prices, while there was a constantly depreciating rate of coinage. Even their own Turkish notes decreased in value. They would receive payment in paper, but counted it at the gold or silver value, to the loss of the purchaser. Thus a kilo of flour (about two pounds weight) cost $2—ten francs. After robbing their own hospitals of all supplies, medicines, instruments, linens, food and provisions, of course the Turkish officials made no ceremony in commandeering all the hospital supplies of the Jews and Christians. Hence when epidemics broke out, malarial fever, typhoid, typhus and dysentery, there were no means of properly caring for the sick, and the mortality increased from day to day. There was not one house from which some member of the family had not been lost by deportation, exile, or death.

THE intense anger of the authorities—the Turks and Germans—was concentrated upon the Zionists. Every day orders were received giving long lists of names, including whole families, who were to be deported to the north, to Damascus, or to the interior of Turkey, to Constantinople, Sivas or Angora.

Jemal Pasha no longer resided at Jerusalem. They call him "Jemal le Grand Chameau" (the Great Camel), in contrast to another Jemal, a military commander called the Little Camel. But the Pasha who took his place was, if possible, even worse. The populace of Jerusalem had surnamed him "Pasha Rasha," the Cruel Pasha. He executed his orders with ferocity. For example, he proclaimed that those who hid themselves to escape deportation should be condemned to death if discovered by the authorities. Executions had become a daily event in Jerusalem.

AFTER the Zionists had been deported or executed, the Americans became the chief object of hatred on the part of the government. By Americans one means all those who were registered as American subjects and enjoyed the protection of the United States. They were all named in the official lists, and their deportation, to the number of one hundred and twenty persons, was announced. They were to be deported to Damascus. Of course there was no expectation that the government would provide them with means of transportation or with provisions. They were expected to march on foot along the miserable trails, under the pouring rains and in the bitter winds of winter, suffering all the risks liable to arise from exposure and exhaustion. One young woman, an American subject, who was ill with fever, begged permission to remain behind until the fever should have subsided; her request was refused. The authorities insisted upon her departure with the American contingent, and she was carried in a litter. Americans were arrested in the streets and in houses, and in every place where the officials supposed they might be in hiding they were hunted and apprehended when found. One young man, an American, the director of an important concern, was seized in his place of concealment, put in irons and sent in fetters to Damascus. He has not been heard from since. A few Americans who enjoyed the special protection of the Germans received carriages as far as Nablous. The United States government refrained from declaring war against the Turks, that the lives of American subjects in the Turkish Empire might not be endangered. Here is the proof that Turkey will not respect Americans within her borders.

The establishment called "The American Colony," situated near the Tombs of the Kings, escaped persecution. From the beginning of the war the members of this colony had organized themselves as a sort of Red Cross Aid, working under the orders of the Turkish government. These colonists were enlisted from various nationalities, including Swedes, English, Germans, converted Jews, Christian Arabs, and a few Americans, including the founder of the institution, Mrs. Spafford.

WHEN the deportation of the Americans had been satisfactorily accomplished by the authorities, they began to make arrests without any formal accusation. They apprehended people in the houses and on the streets, and cast them into prison as objects of immediate deportation. Among these prisoners there was the consul of Holland, Mr. Hofian, and other prominent Jews.

Pasha Rasha, the "Cruel Pasha," was so magnanimous toward these distinguished personages that he allowed them the privilege of three days' notice before they were deported, while the others, including the Americans, had been hurried off instantly without any time for preparation.

By this time the cannon on the fortifications of Jerusalem were directed against Rama, the site of Nebi Samuel (the tomb of Samuel), which was already occupied by the English forces. The eyes of the inhabitants of the Holy City were also directed toward

the Nebi Samuel, with the prayer that the English might arrive quickly.

Unexpectedly a new order was proclaimed by Jemal Pasha, expelling from Jerusalem all the Jews and all the Christians! One can imagine the panic which seized upon the population. Even the Turkish officials were themselves embarrassed how to execute the sinister command—how to carry off practically the mass of the inhabitants of the city. But they counted upon the support of the Germans, who had experience and system in such matters.

The unfortunate multitudes condemned to deportation saw no means of salvation. They hastened to hide themselves in subterranean passages and in various other places of concealment where they could possibly hope to elude the evil hand that sought to destroy them.

It was in this darkness that the Jews awaited the approach of their greatest national patriotic festival, the "Feast of Lights"—the "Feast of the Miracles" of ancient days, Hannucca, which should now take place in a few hours.

When the sun had set and the city of Jerusalem was glorified with the rosy light of the Oriental afterglow, the miracle was accomplished—the English had arrived!

WHEN the next morning dawned over the city which had been so long desolated by famine, pestilence, terror and death, there was established the reign of a righteous peace. The great news of the joy of deliverance passed from mouth to mouth. All those who were hidden in holes and in subterranean passages came out into the light. The people threw themselves upon the necks of the English soldiers and embraced them crying, "We have prayed for you day and night!"

Jewish women made their way toward the synagogues, carrying with them the pots of oil, the offerings of the vows which they had made for deliverance. Arab Christian women carried their "oil of offering" to the Christian shrines. And the protecting English flag waved from the Tower of David. From day to day life revived. Bread was distributed, the sick cared for, the schools and shops were opened.

Hebrew, the language of the prophets, was proclaimed as the official language, with English and Arabic. The Jews heard openly from the lips of the English victors this message: "The land which we conquer is for you." The heart of the Jew oppressed for centuries now overflowed with joy.

During the years of suffering under the Turkish yoke a young Hebrew composer, his heart inflamed with passion for his country, had commenced an opera of the ancient Jewish kingdom based upon the research of music of Jewish life. He finished his opera by the light of a small lamp of olive oil in a dark cellar, while the thunder of cannon was heard in artillery fire between the Holy City and Nebi Samuel. This opera is named "Iftah" (Jephtha) and the composer is Abraham Zevi. His name as an exile was Edelson.

JOY continued for the eight days of the Feast of Hannucca. The daily life at Jerusalem has become like a fête, because the sense of deliverance is so great and the assurance of protection is exultant.

Only the mayor of the city, Hassan Effendi El Husseni, had an air of sadness. What was there passing in his soul? He had been previously a great friend of France, England and America. But in his later years a change had come over him. When the great war commenced, his sympathies were divided. At one time he was for the Central Powers; at another, he was in favor of the Allies. However, when Turkey entered the war, Hassan Effendi declared himself openly pro-German. He became alienated from his best friends, who were loyal to the Allies. In some cases he abstained even from defending his own associates. He permitted the Germans to have a free hand in Jerusalem, and he failed to protect his intimate friends, who were subjected to deportation. He did not use his influence with the military in behalf of the unfortunates who were condemned. The execution of the ediet of deportation was carried out entirely by the military.

It was the destiny of Hassan Effendi to surrender Jerusalem to the English arms. He graciously placed the keys of the Holy City in the hands of one stronger to rule than himself—Allenby!

But this act caused him sorrowful emotions, and a short time later he fell sick, and after two weeks of illness he died!

Does the Bible Teach a General Judgment?

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D., Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

I

FURTHER questions raised by the previous articles of prophecy related to the interpretation of various passages in the book of Revelation culminating in its teaching concerning the last judgment. Most of them were too lacking in general interest to warrant attention in this special way; but an exception is made of one which asks whether Rev. 17 : 8 refers to a "limited atonement." The passage reads, "And they that dwell on the earth shall wonder, whose names were not written in the Book of Life from the foundation of the world."

The thought of the atonement is not to be excluded from these words, but it is not in the foreground. The subject of the whole verse is the "beast," the Antichrist, the secular despot, possibly an incarnation of Satan, who will ascend out of the abyss and later go into perdition, and who will rule over the earth during the period of the tribulation still ahead. For further information about him, consult the article on "The Antichrist, His History and His Doom" (Christian Herald, August 29, 1917).

"They that dwell on the earth shall wonder after him," or, as Rev. 13 : 3 says, "all the world wondered after the beast." And no wonder they wondered, when we are told in another Scripture (II Thess. 2 : 4) that "he sitteth in the temple of God, setting himself forth as God," and in still another (Rev. 13 : 2–17), that there is a false prophet with him who "deceiveth them that dwell on the earth, by reason of the miracles which he had power to do." "Wonder" in this case means not simple astonishment, but a surrender of will and judgment, bringing the one who wonders under the sway and spell of the one who is wondered at.

Yet as the verse states, this will not be true of all. In Elijah's time there was an elect remnant who bowed not the knee to Baal (Rom. 11 : 1–5), and so will it be in the great tribulation. Although the Church will have been caught up to meet the Lord in the air, as we believe the Scriptures teach (I Thess. 4 : 17), yet there will be an elect remnant on the earth, both of Jews and Gentiles—converted it may be by the very event of the Church's translation—who will prefer death to allegiance to this son of perdition. (Read Rev. 6 : 9–11; 7 : 14; 13 : 15–17). These are described by contrast, in the question presented to us, as those whose names were "written in the Book of Life from the foundation of the world."

What troubles the inquirer is that some names were written there while others were not, and only the first are saved, while the others presumably are lost. His is a doctrinal or theological question that hardly comes within the range of these articles, which cannot properly discuss such matters as a limited or an unlimited atonement. But this much may be said, doubtless without controversy: (1) that the book and the writing of the names are figures of speech, indicating God's foreknowledge of the saved and the lost; (2) that his foreknowledge is not necessarily identical with his foreordination of some to eternal life and some to eternal death; (3) that the atonement of Jesus Christ is sufficient for the sin of the world (John 1 : 29); (4) that *all* may be saved who are willing to be saved (Rev. 22 : 17).

II

THIS leads to the question of the final judgment referred to in Rev. 20 : 11–15, where the words recur: "Whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire." This was dealt with in the article on "The Day of the Lord, When It Comes and What It Means" (Christian Herald, September 12, 1917), where it was said that it is erroneously called the "general" judgment. By the "general" judgment is commonly understood a judgment of all mankind at one time and one place and on precisely the same basis, which does not appear to be the Bible's teaching on that subject.

But, says the inquirer, what about Rom. 14 : 10; II Cor. 5 : 10, and Matt. 25 : 31–46? These passages will be quoted later, but in the meantime let us reflect that the day of judgment, as presented in the Bible, is not a day of twenty-four hours merely, but one covering a great length of time. "The Day of the Lord," mentioned before, is equivalent to the day of judgment, and it covers at least a thousand years, *beginning with judgment, ending with judgment, and characterized by judgment* more or less, all the way through.

I. *There is a judgment of Christians*, true believers, the members of Christ's body, which will take place when Christ comes for his church. It is to this that Rom. 14 : 10 and II Cor. 5 : 10 apply. The first reads: "We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ." And the second, "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." The pronoun "we" in these cases refers only to Christians, as may be seen from the contexts, and especially from the introduction to both epistles (see Rom. 1 : 1, 7 and II Cor. 1 : 1). This is not a judgment unto condemnation, but rather an inquiry into the conduct of disciples, in order to give unto them "before the eyes of all a gracious reward of tried fidelity," as Van Costerzee expresses it. Compare further I Cor. 3 : 2–15.

II. *There is a judgment awaiting Israel as a nation*, which shall take place on the earth, and doubtless with particular intensity in Palestine, whither that nation will have returned at first in an unconverted state. The time will be after the translation of the Church, and when Christ will be revealed with his saints and with his holy angels for the deliverance of the children of thy people; and there shall be a time of trouble such as there never was since there was a nation, even to that same time; and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book." That it is a final judgment for some of them at least seems involved in the language which follows: "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt."

III

THERE *is a judgment of the Gentile nations*, also on the earth, commencing perhaps with the judgment upon Israel and following after it. It is to this that Matt. 25 : 31–46 applies, beginning: "When the Son of man shall come in his glory and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory; and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats."

Observe that those who are here judged are called "nations," and the meaning is living nations, i.e., nations existing on the earth at the time. It does not refer to those who have died, and nothing is said about a resurrection having taken place. For parallel scriptures see Isa. 34 : 1, 2; Ezek. 39, the whole chapter, where, as in other instances in the Old Testament, the word "heathen" should be rendered "nations"; Joel 3 : 2; Zech. 14 : 1, 2.

Observe also that the ground on which this judgment is passed is peculiar, different from any other judgment named or to be named. The sheep are divided from the goats according to the kindness or unkindness shown to a third class of persons called the "brethren" of the Judge. This third class is taken to mean Israel or the Jews, and doubtless during the tribulation period. There is no mention of a formal trial here and no opening of books, but "a calling up of rebellious or obedient subjects and the passing upon them of their sentence of penalty or reward." Nothing could be more distinct from the circumstances of the last judgment, which will be spoken of in a moment. And yet there is a finality to this also, for they that have done wickedly go into everlasting punishment, "but the righteous into life eternal." For comparative scripts, see Jer. 25 : 15–33; Dan. 2 : 44, 45; 7 : 9–14; Joel 3 : 2; also II Thess. 2 : 8; Jude 14, 15; Rev. 19 : 11–21.

That there is much difficulty in the application or interpretation of certain parts of this scene of judgment is not disputed, but it would require more than one article of the present length to deal with it in any satisfactory way. Here we can speak only in general terms and state conclusions in broad outlines.

IV

THERE *is a final judgment* (Rev. 22 : 11–15). (1) Note the time, after the thousand years (9–10). How long after is not revealed; but whether it be brief or extended, it clearly differentiates it from all preceding judgments. (2) Note the location, not in heaven, neither on earth, for the time has come foretold by Peter, "in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up" (II Peter 3 : 10). (3) Note the characterization of the judged. They are the dead; and by "the dead" is doubtless meant all who have died from the very beginning, excepting those who have been judged in the earlier periods. In other words: *all men* will be judged at some time. There will be no exception to this rule; but the judgment will not be general in that all will be judged *together* and by precisely the same rule. (4) Note the record and the basis of the judgment: "they were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." No believers are in this judgment, it would appear, for the thought of faith appears to be excluded from it, as well as that of reward. See also Christ's promise in John 5 : 24. There are two stages in this judgment as another puts it: first, a reference to the "other books" to show that the works of the wicked deserve death; and second, the opening of "the Book of Life," to show that by unbelief they have rejected life. (5) Note the awful sentence of the judgment; "the second death," "the lake of fire."

May God deliver the reader from it. And this will he do beyond a peradventure, to all who receive the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour and confess him as Lord.

The church at Rembercourt after German gunners had completed their work of destruction

The Highways of the Hun

By FRED B. PITNEY

Mr. Pitney served on the Western Front as special War Correspondent for the New York Tribune. He has had splendid opportunities of close observations of the ruins left by the Hun

(Written exclusively for the Christian Herald)

GERMANY has swept a wide path of devastation and destruction across eastern France and one of the things that strikes home most forcibly on one who has seen this area is the tremendous amount of destruction that was done merely for the sake of destroying. Take, for example, the little village of Rembercourt, near Verdun. The Germans never entered it. They fought a battle on the hills southeast of the town, where the struggle went on for four days. And during that time they shelled Rembercourt constantly. They shelled it so effectively that the church, dating from the twelfth century, was destroyed and only one house in the town was left with a roof on it.

A few miles away is Beauzee. Neither French nor German soldiers marched through its few streets. But the Germans stopped on the nearby hills long enough to batter the church to pieces and drop shells through the roofs of half the houses in the village. Royaumeix is another town in this region that has suffered the same fate. The Germans were not there, but they got near enough to throw their shells into it, and throw them they did. There was no military object, for they were retreating at the time, their road had not passed through Royaumeix nor were the French soldiers following them on that road. But the village was there. It offered a good target, and the Germans shelled it.

The same is true on every sector of the front. I have traveled the whole distance, from the North Sea to the Swiss border, and there is not one place where I have not seen this furious and frightful destruction. I have seen whole villages razed to the ground—not a house left standing, not a shelter for man or beast.

Two of the places that recall themselves to me with especial distinctness are Betheny, northeast of Rheims, and the valley that stretches itself out from the foot of the massif of the Moulin des Vents, near Fort St. Thierry. Both are within the French lines. One mounts the hill from Rheims to Betheny, and I suppose what the Germans disliked about it was that it commanded a splendid view. So they set about their work of destruction. And they did it very methodically, just as they accomplished the ruin of Rheims. An officer in the front line trenches told me that every day at three o'clock four German shells whistled over his head and fell in Rheims. They were timed so exactly that he set his watch daily by the first shell. I never heard that watches were set by the shelling of Betheny, but the work had been done with such precision that there was only one place left in the village that had any resemblance to a shelter.

It was the church, and the reason it resembled a shelter was that in one corner the soldiers had put up a rough board roof from the wreckage strewn in the streets and constructed an altar from the fragments of stone. The walls of the church were battered in, the tower lay in the roadway, and the roof was mangled and splintered, unrecognizable pieces of something that might once have been an entity lying on the floor in an unformed mass. The soldiers had cleared away the débris in one corner and built their little chapel. From time to time a German shell knocked another piece of the wall through the new imitation roof, and it had to be repaired. Every time a storm came the chapel had to be rebuilt. The day I was there two soldiers were clearing up after a storm, while the soldier priest was industriously rearranging the altar pieces that had been scattered by the explosion of a shell in another corner of the church.

There is something tremendously inspiring in these chapels at the front. When man thinks of God under a rain of shells, God is real and personal and very close. He takes shape, assumes a certain substance and becomes definite. I was speaking of this one day to a French officer.

"Yes," he said, "there is a very close connection between God and battle. One cannot say with precision what it is, but war seems to bring a realization of other things. Many of our priests were soldiers first."

BUT there is another point to be mentioned in connection with the churches in the battle zone and that is the mania of the Germans for destroying them, for a mania it seems to be. I stood in the road at Ablains-St.-Nazaire, in Artois, two hundred yards from the church and saw the Germans drop shell after shell on what remained of the structure. Some soldiers had been clearing up the débris after the last bombardment. They retired half way to us and the two groups stood and watched the destruction. We were perfectly safe as long as we stayed beyond the range of flying fragments of stone and steel. For the church was the target and there was not the slightest danger that a shell would fall elsewhere.

And that brings me to my second place, the valley at the foot of the massif of the Moulin des Vents. It is a valley that lies like a landlocked harbor surrounded by high wooded hills. On its peaceful surface are dotted three towns—Pouillon and Villers-Franqueux at the foot of the hills and Thil, like an island in the plain. Out beyond Thil a straight line of white road runs and on the far side of the road are Courcy and Loivre, while in the distant haze are Briomont and the woods and château of Briomont.

Standing on the wooded slopes of the massif, one looks down into Pouillon, Villers-Franqueux and Thil. No inhabitant is left in any of the three villages and one literally looks down into them—looks down into the empty houses through the great holes gaping in the roofs. They are withered skeletons of homes that were, poor, pitiful relics of happiness that was. And here again the churches have been the special targets of the German cannon. Walls of houses stand, splintered ends of roof beams still sway gently in the breeze. But the churches are razed to the ground.

THE church of Thil is like a Roman relic standing in a graveyard where time and weather and neglect have despoiled the graves. Where was the altar is a heap of powdered masonry. Behind it is the one section of wall that still bears a measure of resemblance to its former self. And that is all.

I do not remember another point where such a wide panorama of the destructive fury of the Germans is to be seen, unless it is the flat fields of Belgium, where the eye can embrace three towns in one sweep. And there it is the same story of roofless houses, walls half standing and the churches the special targets. I remember the church of Pervyse as a most grim and desolate spectacle.

It had stood in the center of a little place or square, and all the houses surrounding the square were leveled. At a little distance there was here and there a wall, but nothing around the square but broken bricks and mortar scattered over the ground. In the center was the end wall of the church with a transverse section of the belfry still rising from it. Parts of the side walls stood and from them pieces of the skeleton framework of the roof projected themselves. Tall grass and weeds sprang through the great cracks in the old stone floor. Gray clouds lowered overhead and cannon boomed in the distance. It was grim and grisly, indeed.

THERE is one other place from which I recall a great panorama of war's destruction, but it I saw in the midst of battle. It was from the heights of Vaux on the north bank of the Somme, during the great combined French and British offensive in 1916. Vaux was at my feet, to the right was Curlu and to the left Bray-sur-Somme. On the low plateau across the marshy river bed were the site of Dompierre and the ruins of Herbecourt and Hergnicourt, while in the far distance were the white houses of Mont St. Quentin, dominating Peronne, hidden in the valley around the bend of the river. Between us and Mont St. Quentin was the wall of smoke and earth, rising and falling, like the spring tide rolling in on an ocean beach, built and rebuilt by the French and British shells falling with unremitting precision on the German lines.

Vaux, at our feet, was a stunted, uninhabitable ruin. Curlu was a splash of red devastation on a white field. Bray-sur-Somme was a collection of shell-wrecked houses, where the inhabitants lived in the cellars. Dompierre was a memory. Herbecourt and Hergnicourt were two sections of wall four feet high and a few stones scattered in the fields and along the road. Mont St. Quentin awaited its fate.

Such is German-made war. No thing that God made or man loved remains in the path over which it has swept, but a deep and abiding horror of it and all that it means, of the spirit that made it and keeps it in being, lies in the soul of all who have known it.

In the name of humanity, buy Liberty Bonds and help to end this frightful scourge.

If Your Paper is Late

BECAUSE the Government is properly devoting every branch of the railways to the maximum of war service, the mails are necessarily delayed. The Christian Herald is mailed strictly on time. If it is several days late in reaching you, you can only wait. It is what everybody, every subscriber to every periodical, is doing. Please do not complain. We are helpless. War supplies must have the right of way.

Before the Iconostas in Russia

The Multitude of Churches Which Still Flourish Despite the Revolution—*By MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS*

Passed by the Russian Censor

A Revolutionary demonstration before the Cathedral at Vladivostok

© Western Newspaper Union

TO ignore the Church in Russian affairs is to notice the transitory and remain oblivious to the eternal. At a time when Russia is in an acute state of political, economic and social revolution, the Russian Church is undergoing evolution; but it is the greatest stabilizing force in a republic which is still unsteady on its legs. The Church is still regnant among spiritual bodies, for the Russian peasant recognizes the Church as instinctively as he acknowledges God. Temporal affairs are in a state of chaos, but the millions of Russia still bow in worship.

Russia is a land of religion. From every urban hill, the glittering domes of churches rise above the relative monotony of Russia's regular sky-line. In every village scene the church steeple tops the view and white-walled houses of worship add a touch of life to the deep green of sheltering forests. Small chapels stand beside the metropolitan thoroughfares, tiny oases of devotion among the bustling marts of trade. As the street cars pass the bronze portals of great churches, passengers release their hold upon the straps to cross themselves. The Russian soul seeks entity and finds it only in the invisible.

The Russian church is not only the setting for scenes of unparalleled pomp and splendor, but also the haven of the sin-sick soul and the humble worshiper who bows in true repentance before a forgiving God. It is not only the shrine for those whose religious sense is satisfied by kissing sacred ikons, but also for those who seek, behind the gilt of banner and the jeweled portraiture, the Being whose presence is felt but not perceived. Here superstition lives, but here, too, reverence finds expression. These mighty monuments mock the One to whom their domes are raised, but in the cool recesses of their naves, distress gives way to peace and selfishness to love. It is so with churches everywhere.

ONE of the queerest churches in Russia is the Cathedral of St. Basil, in Moscow, which a wicked ruler raised in memory of the conquest of Kazan. Its dozen domes remind one of the nightmares of cubists and futurists. They might well crown a temple of bacchanalian orgies rather than a Christian shrine. The weird decorations of the bulging domes, "like upturned beets," are painted in such colors as a child would choose, and sealy shapes like pineapples are topped with glittering spires. Three centuries of rain and sleet have done their best to soften and to heal, but zigzags, knobs and dizzy whirls distinguish the exterior view.

The interior is divided into eleven small chapels connected by doorways so low that all must bow in passing. It might typify the Russian tendency to split into irregular and insignificant sects instead of uniting in a truly worthy whole. Above the central chapel there rises a lofty dome, yet so narrow are the confines of the chapel that it seems more like a well. The labyrinthine huddle of mean rooms is confusing and unimposing; yet a friend who visited the church said it was the first one that ever caused him to want to buy a candle and worship. St. Basil's will always remind me of a warty toad, whose ugliness age cannot efface, rather than some simple parthenon whose beauty time is powerless to destroy. But in the early morning mists, as one sees it silhouetted against a leaden sky, from beneath the arch of the Iberian Gate the motley domes of St. Basil take on a dignity and charm which remind one of a Maxfield Parrish painting of some fantastic castle in Spain.

To me, none of the ten churches within the Kremlin walls are impressive. Ivan Veliki towers the highest, but it is far from imposing. From one side it resembles a tower rather than a church, yet it has no such quiet dignity as one finds in the Kutab Minar, near Delhi, or the towering dome of St. Sophia with its flanking needle minarets. The other cathedrals are dropped around with careless abandon and a nice disregard for the cost of gold-leaf; but none of them dominates a vista or gathers about itself the other masses in pleasing array. The Kremlin is a mighty whole, composed of many unimposing parts. Its long, red walls and splendid gates produce an effect of simple strength which cannot be found within their portals.

The interiors are as disappointing as are the groups of domes which distinguish the exteriors. None are large, none are truly intimate. The effect is of surplus gilt and multiplicity of saints which remind one of the gopurams of India. Spindle-shanked saints, whose emaciated figures seem too weak to support their gilt halos, alternate with knights in armor.

I ATTENDED a magnificent but impressive service in Uspenski Cathedral, where in earlier days the Czars were crowned. As each prelate entered, he was greeted with a kiss by his fellows. One side of the church was filled with a staging and the center was left vacant, except for a large number of towering priests, with shaggy manes and heavy beards. They were so magnificently dressed that one forgot the rags of the man beside him and the sweaty smell of the man in front. High up in the dome was a giant figure of the Deity, and two shafts of light striking across below it strove to proclaim the presence of life and light to those who crowded the dim cathedral, where the smell of candles and swinging censers smudged the air.

A giant priest with a voice of a dull monotone chanted something in some foreign tongue, while from the heights of Ivan Veliki there sounded a tonal background of booming bells. The masses of people crossed themselves and bowed while the sweet voices of the boy sopranos rose above the bellowed bass. On a score of rotund forms cloth of gold glittered in heavy folds, and everywhere there was the cold glitter of jewels belonging to the Church. Soldiers were there with Red Cross maids, or supported on rude crutches. The seller of candles expertly thumbed over the roll of bills, while a peasant woman stepped out of her light boots and into the rude and heavy ones she would wear on her long trudge home. An old lady with sunken cheeks and tired eyes sought the blessing of a somber priest and kissed his hand in return for his service.

On the red carpet in the center, stately ranks of bearded prelates wearing jeweled miters. Crowded into the darkest corners, the common people. The bird-like notes of the boy singers and the cannon-like boom of the bells. The shaft of sunlight revealing the impurity of the smoke-filled air. The wilting candles in the hands of huge bearded forms in cloth of gold. The masculinity of the service and the femininity of the audience. Uspenski was a scene of contrasts. As a spectacle, the service lacked only dramatic fire to give it life. As a sacred service, it seemed to lack divine fire; and it was with a lifting of the spirits that I stepped forth into the fresh air beneath the unflecked blue.

That night I went back. The service was still in progress. But the two long shafts of light had given up and withdrawn from the alien scene. I went out into the colonnade which surrounds the extravagant monument to Alexander II, and watched the last light of dying day fade away behind the myriad domes of Moscow. Most prominent of all was the great gold bubble of glittering grace that showed the position of the stately Church of the Redeemer. Fifteen million roubles it cost—money wrung from rich and poor to erect a church of undeniable dignity and charm. Fifteen millions, when peasants were hungered, when laborers were sweating in the dim factories belonging to those who paid them small wages and did not allow them to strike. Fifteen millions of roubles spent for a single edifice representing an institution that seemed to many to be the handmaid of governmental oppression.

AS darkness settled down to meet the deepening shadows below the shining domes, I entered the tiny church of St. Alexis. Only one priest was visible, and he was clad in somber black. Sweet voices were raised in song, and around him, dressed in the simple clothes of the peasant women, were the singers, their bright eyes shining in the light of the flickering candles that they held. At one side there was a long row of women and girls waiting to receive a blessing from a priest in a side chapel. There was glitter in this church too, but here was no theatrical display, but life itself. The singers were not professionals, but simple folk whose souls broke forth in simple but charming song.

Late one afternoon I entered the Cathedral of St. Isaac in Petrograd. A soldier with several medals on his breast was kneeling before an ikon representing the crucified Christ. A woman in black crossed the dimly lighted space and knelt in prayer in a dark

corner. A white-haired old lady entered on the arm of an erect young man in uniform, who limped along with the aid of a cane. Then a guard noticed me and dragged me away to see pillars of malachite and jeweled ikons. One by one he pointed out the riches of the great show-place, and finally he took me behind the altar and showed me a gilded model of the church in which we were standing. He really expected me to be interested in this vest-pocket edition of the fine old church. He had spoiled it as a house of reflection and worship, and now he dragged me away from its own majesty to see its gold puppet in a glass case! If that isn't a church guide all over again, what is? In England, at Durham, a church guide led me into the very midst of a service to show me the lofty dome. If churches are houses of worship, why allow smooth-manne red men in frock coats to turn them into side-show exhibits in expectation of a trifling tip?

The Lavra Pilgrimage Russian Church at Kief

© Kadel & Herbert

THE church of the Resurrection in Petrograd is in its exterior a newer and more garish St. Basil's, whose architect must have conceived the nightmare domes while in a fit of delirium tremens. The interior contains nearly four times as much mosaic as St. Mark's in Venice. Some of the work is excellent, one bit, containing some lovely Easter lilies, being especially charming. The mosaic which is considered to be the best is a representation of the Crucifixion by Parland, but there are many others, including enough apostles, prophets, martyrs and Church fathers to confuse the most erudite.

The church was built over the spot in the street where Alexander II was mortally wounded in 1881. The pavement has been preserved to show the effect of the explosion, and those with a strong imagination can detect traces of royal blood near by. With the changing seasons this elaborate and expensive church, with jasper, malachite, Ural stones and pearls enough to satisfy a five and ten cent store clerk, has changed from a monument of a tyrant to a memorial of the brave but lawless act of a nameless bombardier. No one was worshiping there, but the guide was a fine-looking man of excellent manners, dressed in a fine long coat, with bright brass buttons. The Church of the Resurrection is a fine building, as far as the interior is concerned; and when the Russian Church comes to life and attracts worshipers as well as tourists, it will be a meeting-place worthy of the best.

BUT the real shrine of the worshipful Russian is hundreds of miles away, and I have seen ten thousand Russians beneath its humble dome. It is the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem. Beneath its roof are the fourteen stations of the cross and—according to tradition—the exact spot of Calvary. The Stone of Anointment is there, and in the largest chapel is a stone marking, as the visitor is assured, the exact center of the world's center. The Holy Sepulcher is there, too. In the courtyard of the church sit priests in rich vestments, going through a ceremonious washing of the feet, each of them wearing an emaciated Christ in heavy gold pinned upon his rotund form. On Easter day there bursts forth from the side of the Holy Sepulcher, through metal troughs thoughtfully provided, the Holy Fire from heaven. Such is the credulity of the masses of the pilgrims that it is held as a veritable miracle.

As an awe-inspiring aggregation of renowned religious relics, legends, traditions, miracles and showy display, the Church of the Holy Sepulcher is the unparalleled attraction of the Russian Church, and is probably without a counterpart in the whole world. There is certainly nothing like it in Russia proper.

When the Churches Cooperate

By REV. ROY B. GUILD, Secretary Commission on Inter-Church Federation

A GREAT moral and political victory was recently won in Pittsburg because there the churches of fifteen denominations are closely bound together in an organization which makes united action possible. They employ an executive secretary who gives his full time to the directing of their mighty force in the service of their city.

There was a day when the corrupt politicians scoffed at the churches. In fact, they welcomed the antagonism of the churches. Then the church that touched political issues was more likely to be smirched than to effect reform. This is all changing now that churchmen are uniting and voting as they pray. The churches united, using political methods for Christian ends, are becoming a terror to the evil-doers. The plan used in Pittsburg is to so organize the voting power of the churches that every man will be registered, that each voter shall be fully informed regarding issues and candidates, and that each ballot shall be cast as a Christian service to the state.

This plan has been vigorously pursued for five years and in that time the organized Christians of Pittsburg have seen corrupt officials resign and others give up campaigns for reelection, they have seen the red light district abolished and human interests brought to the fore in local politics. Today the average Pittsburg candidate is anxious to deserve the good will of the church folks.

Community Evangelism is another field in which churches are gaining power by united action. City wide evangelism conducted by local church federations is referred to as the Simultaneous Evangelistic Campaign. Each year a greater number of cities adopts this plan. For a large city the success is practically dependent upon an inter-church organization having an executive secretary who can attend to the carrying out of the details of the campaign.

THE city in which this plan has been worked out most carefully and followed up most continuously is Indianapolis. For this reason it has come to be known as the Indianapolis Plan. The secretary of the Indianapolis Federation of Churches, Rev. Morton C. Pearson, thus outlines the program and its practical results:

"The plan comprehends a well-organized campaign beginning September 1 of each year and continuing until Easter Sunday. A strong evangelistic committee of ministers and laymen including representatives from the Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association, Young People's Federation, City Sunday School Association and Adult Bible Class Movement is appointed in the month of May each year. This committee works out an outlined plan of cooperative evangelistic work covering the entire period, each month's program containing some outstanding point of emphasis. This outline of evangelism is then submitted to the Ministers' Association, where it is worked over and finally approved. Each pastor agrees to make it the working program of his church for the period.

"At certain stated times throughout this period of evangelism all the churches of the city are opened for intensive evangelistic effort for two weeks or longer, at which time the Federation conducts great noon down-town theater meetings where the attendance ranges from 800 to 2,000 daily. This noon meeting is thoroughly interdenominational and intensely evangelistic. Usually some outstanding evangelistic pastor is brought to the city to speak at these noon meetings.

"The reports from the churches gathered immediately following last Easter and covering periods of one year each show additions to membership during the first year to be 3,500; the second year, 7,000; the third year, 8,000, and the fourth year, 1917, 8,000."

EVANGELISM and social service are inseparably linked in the program of the united churches. To do this work a new religious order has been developed. It is filled from the ranks of the clergy and the laity. There are now twenty-five executive secretaries in the United States. The number is growing steadily. In a few years it can confidently be expected that there will be more than one hundred such secretaries employed by city and state federations.

No community having two or more churches can adequately meet its religious needs without having some kind of inter-church committee or organization. The tasks being performed by local federations come under two heads: the correction of wrong conditions and influences, and the establishing or strengthening of those that are good. The two words, "corrective" and "constructive," define the two tasks.

Sacramento, Calif., is one of the smallest cities having a full-time executive secretary. The results have more than justified the expense. This in the face of the fact that the Protestant population is proportionately much smaller than in most cities. Yet through organized and continuous cooperation the attitude of powerful elements is being changed.

The Federation has taken the leadership in Sacramento and its vicinity in the fight for a dry California. When it first entered the contest, the church people were so indifferent that it was found that very few had registered. The Federation secured registration deputies in the churches. The registration was so thoroughly conducted that in about one-sixth of the Sacramento precincts a full 100 per cent. of the church vote was finally reached. The Federation was largely instrumental in preventing election frauds and obtaining an honest count. It succeeded in reducing the moist majority in this very wet city 18 per cent. It has already taken local charge of the Dry California Campaign, which precedes the election of November, 1918. The Federation has proceeded upon the theory that religion can not thrive in a community dominated by a ring, supported by the enormous profits from alcohol and vice.

A FEDERATION of Churches is to the religious life of the city what the Chamber of Commerce is to the commercial and industrial life of the city. No truly modern city can get along without both. By a federation of churches is meant the churches themselves as churches, consulting and cooperating officially, through accredited delegates, for all accepted common tasks. The reason for forming a federation is found in a common task which cannot be performed by the churches working separately. The need may be a campaign for the enforcement of law or the organization of the amusements of the city or the development of a Bible teachers' training school which will make the Sunday schools even better than the public schools. A survey of the city will reveal plenty of reasons for getting together and working hard. Charity workers, hospital guilds, professional evangelists, reformers can mobolize the churches for a campaign, but the churches have laeked the ability to mobilize themselves.

Continued on page 425

The Great Western Offensive Opens

THE great German offensive on the western front, which began on March 21, developed speedily until it attained unprecedented proportions. It soon became apparent that the immense resources of the Teutonic powers had been far larger than could have been foreseen, and that Germany was prepared to make enormous sacrifices to attain its purpose. In the first four days of the fight, the Allies' lines, from Arras on the north to La Fère in the south, were pierced to depths varying from seven to eleven miles. At the outset, on Thursday Mareh 21 (the first day of Spring), the attaek was largely confined to the Cambrai section, on ground which had already been made famous by the fierce struggles of last Fall. Spreading with inconceivable rapidity, the conflict soon became general up and down the long line. St. Quentin, which the British had threatened since the establishment of the Hindenburg line, was the center of the main attack at the end of the second day. The first, second and third British lines were successively forced back by the massed Teutonic forces, although the cost of their advance was a tremendous toll of human life, the solid German ranks presenting a point-blank target for the British machine-guns and heavy artillery.

On Saturday, Mareh 23, the battle had spread over a front of fully fifty miles, and was still reaching southward. The Allied defenders held their line stubbornly, and the positions one by one were only relinquished when it became evident that there was danger of a turning movement on the south. All night Saturday the battle raged furiously, but the Germans, despite losses, would not be denied. The sacrifice of life in this bitter struggle was probably the heaviest that has been known during the present war.

Sunday, March 24, saw the British forces holding a new line which ran north of Peronne to Arras, and south along the banks of the river Somme to Chauny. Bapaume, Combles and Peronne were still held firmly, but a heavy German thrust bent the line baek westward at Peronne, and that place and Ham, to the southeast, were in German hands. On the next day, March 25, however, the battle at Bapaume was resumed with intense vigor, the Germans being hurled back to the east bank of the Somme, between Peronne and Licourt, while the German drive north of Bapaume was checked. It was evident that the gigantie struggle had not reached its maximum and that strong attacks would develop. At some points it was stated that the British were outnumbered three to one.

South of La Fère lies the forest of St. Gobain, and here, it is reported, the Germans had stationed a new and heavy gun of enormous range. This weapon is said to be the first of its kind ever used in warfare, and it has a range of over 70 miles. This gun, placed in a skilfully concealed shelter, was trained on Paris, 75 miles distant, and for two days at intervals of 20 minutes the French capital was shelled. The whole city was mystified as to the source of this bombardment, which at first was attributed to some new type of airship. Not until Sunday night was the source of the projectiles discovered, and then only after long search. Although the loss of life was not large, the mystery attached to the incident powerfully stirred the people, who regarded it as a new illustration of German "frightfulness," designed to terrorize the capital. This long-range gun is said to have been built in Austria, and it was reported that each charge cost $4,000.

The Story of the Fighting

DETAILS of the great offensive, gathered from all sources, official and otherwise, form a new and thrilling chapter in the world's history. Germans who had been captured by the British toward the middle of March, set the date for the attack as near the 20th or 21st. On the 18th, neutral war correspondents were reported to have been invited to see the grand smash, and on the 21st, at 4 A. M., the guns began to pound the British trenches from the River Scarpe to La Fère. A distance of fifty miles, with a more intense envelopment of fire on the sides of the salient which the British, last November, drove into the Hindenburg line near Cambrai. Here, over a sixteen-mile front, from Lagnicourt, on the north to Gouzeaucourt on the south, the artillery battle reached an intensity never before experienced in the war, 1,000 German guns here being placed twelve yards apart.

After five hours of this the massed German troops were sent forward against the British positions. The waiting British machine-guns took a merciless toll, yet the masses came on, driven by the imperial will to force a German peaee upon an outraged world. "Victory must not and will not fail us," said the Kaiser. "Clear the way to peace," said Hindenburg, and the Kaiser and von Hindenburg and von Ludendorff were watching the assault. So on they came, and the British were ready, grimly ready, hopefully ready, and glad of a chance to take the ultimate measure of the modern Hun. They swept swaths through his ranks with their machine-guns and forced him back at close quarters with knives and bayonets. At nine in the morning the field-gray masses began to flow toward the British line from Lagnicourt southward along the northern leg of the Cambria salient. At the same time, behind a smoke screen, other forces attacked the ridge running north from Gouzeaucourt. All day two vast armies were locked in deadly combat, and the fighting extended south to Hargicourt and north to Bullecourt. At the end of the day hard fighting still continued, the Germans had spent thousands of lives for a few British outpost positions and several slight penetrations into the battle positions. Maps captured on officers who were taken prisoners, showed that at no place had the enemy attained his objectives and though losing severely Haig could telegraph "The line holds."

THE battle raged again on the 22nd, the German troops being sent forward in three waves, followed by special shock troops, against the desperate resistance of the British. Forty divisions were identified during the two days' fighting, indicating that a total of 400,000 to 500,000 men were being kept in action by the German commanders. British airplanes flying low dealt out a merciless fire with their machine-guns, others bombed railway junctions and concentration centers and others swept back the German planes, some of which, however, were able to assist the infantry by flying above the British trenches with their machine-guns working. The artillery fire was so intense that it was heard in Dover and in Holland and even in London.

At the end of the seeond day, Berlin claimed the capture of the British first line, over the whole front of attack, 16,000 prisoners, and 200 guns. General Haig admitted some retirements, but announced that fierce fighting was continuing in the British battle positions. The Germans were held at Croisilles by the heroic resistance of the British 3rd Division, but penetrated southwest of Croisilles, about a mile, to St. Leger where they were stopped and driven back. About five miles further south they took the village of Doignies more than a mile west of the point of attack but here also a counter attack restored the village to British hands. As the second day closed the fighting was most intense about Croisilles and Hargicourt.

The German attack was backed by Austrian artillery, Austria being reported also to have agreed to look after the eastern front. Bulgarian troops were also said to be in reserve behind the German lines.

SATURDAY, the third day of the great offensive, opened with the British fighting in their battle-positions, roughly from three to four miles behind the advanced posts, the battle-line running from Croisilles through St. Leger, Mory, Doignies, Heudicourt, Roisel and Roupy to the junction of the Crozat Canal and the Somme southwest of St. Quentin and northwest of La Fère. In this latter district and northward to Heudicourt, over a front of about twenty miles, the enemy on Saturday made his greatest effort to break through and at last succeeded. Although the British held over the whole northern sector of the battle-line, the concentrations of men and guns sent westward from St. Quentin were so tremendous that the British defending troops were overwhelmed and retreat became imperative. The retreat here forced withdrawals to the northward and southward and this movement continued throughout Sunday. Sunday evening found the Germans fighting desperately for Bapaume with Peronne and the line of the Somme southward to Ham in their possession. At Ham, the battle-line crossed the Somme and passed through Chauny, some five miles southwest of La Fère, to a junction with the French near Coucy. The left wing of the French armies was also in action on Sunday, having fallen back some three or four miles to keep in toueh with the British. Sunday afternoon the Germans forced crossings of the Somme south of Peronne; but General Haig reported that the troops that crossed were being dealt with.

ON Sunday, the German High Command claimed a great victory, declaring that they had defeated the British 3rd and 4th armies and parts of the Franco-Ameriean reserves. General Haig on the other hand reported the repulse of multiplied assaults over much of the line, and a continued retirement to prepared positions northward of Peronne, while the line of the Somme southward was being held.

As a part of the general "frightfulness" Paris was on Saturday and Sunday bombarded with ten-inch shells from a long range gun located somewhere in the forest of St. Gobain west of Laon. The distance between the gun and the Paris City Hall was approximately 76 miles. The shells fell in Paris intermittently at intervals of from 12 to 20 minutes throughout the two days. Ten persons were killed and fifteen or more wounded by this bombardment.

By Sunday afternoon the British had identified in the fighting ninety-seven German divisions, or approximately 1,164,000 men, about one-half of the German forces known to be available on the western front. The exact strength of the forces of defense has not been given, but at all places the British were greatly outnumbered. Only in the air were the British in the ascendancy and here, on Friday and Saturday 94 German airplanes were brought down, while on Sunday alone, 54 German machines were downed while Treves and Mannheim were bombed effectively.

At one point 100,000 Germans were thrown against 2000 yards of the front. Southwest of St. Quentin, where three British divisions had for months faced the same number of German divisions, the attack was made by eight divisions. On the front of some of the British divisions the Germans had a gun of some sort every twelve to fifteen yards, while along much of the front the men were massed at the rate of a division to a kilometer, about 12,000 men to ⅝ of a mile. Never in the history of man has such a concentration of men and guns been made or such an attaek launched. Never has such a price in blood been paid for such a measure of victory.

THE British held their ground, mowing down assault after assault, until their own ranks were too depleted for further resistance. They then fell back, foot by foot, to new positions where the same thing was done over again. Correspondents reported the retirements as made in good order, with heroic rear-guard actions covering each withdrawal. In general, the British were able to withdraw their guns, the captures of the Germans being made largely on the first day. Following a torrent of explosives and bursting metal, the Germans advanced in masses, shoulder to shoulder; gaps made by machine-guns and shrapnel were filled as fast as made, and the standing wire was cut by hand as the machine-guns ate into the field-gray masses. But there were more men in the assault than any condensation of fire could kill or stop, and the fighting almost everywhere came to close quarters. The assaulting troops came forward, two companies in line, with light machine-guns, followed by more machine gun companies, followed again by other assault troops and still more machine-gun companies, the intervals between the assaulting waves being about 100 yards. Then, 200 yards back of these, came the trench mortars and then the field artillery, which kept close on the heels of the advancing infantry, and finally, in some places, the Uhlan cavalry. The artillery bombardment extended to a depth of over five miles behind the lines attacked.

Continued on page 426a

The World's Greatest Battle

THE battle now raging in France is the greatest battle in the history of the world—greatest in number of men engaged, in power of armament, in length of front, and greatest in the issue involved.

The world war is distinctly a conflict between irreconcilable ideas, between two systems of government, two civilizations, and one or the other must go down. The policy which would make all human souls mere cogs in a vast military machine, and the policy which would make government the expression and the instrument of popular power, are contending for supremacy.

The decision may be long delayed, but the outcome cannot be doubted. Brutal Might may have its boastful day, Freedom may bleed and Civilization be shaken, but the end is not until Right has triumphed.

Our faith is not so much in the power of our armies, magnificent as they are, as in the resistless power of the righteousness of our cause. Every instinct of the civilized heart, every aspiration of the Christian soul, every promise of God to men, is a firm assurance of our eventual victory.

Not all the battling, nor the greatest part of it, falls to our brave men at the front. Upon us at home falls the sacred duty of undivided devotion, unstinting sacrifice, consecrated prayer and unfaltering faith.

Bay
Goodwin Sands
The Downs
Walmer
Dover
STRAIT OF DOVER
Calais
Sangatte
C.Blanc Nez
C.Gris Nez
Boulogne
Le Portel
Desvres
Hucqeliers
Etaples
Montreuil
Berck
Campagne-lès-Hesdin
Hesdin
Rue
le Crotoy
Cayeux
St. Valery
Crecy
Abbeville
Eu
Somme
Authie
Canche
Auxy-le-Château
Doullens
Bourbourg
Gravelines
Dunkirk (Dunkerque)
Ft. Mardyck
Bergues
Guines
Ardres
Marquise
St.Omer
Hazebrouck
Aire
Merville
Armentières
Wormhoudt
Poperinghe
Cassel
Bailleul
Langemarck
Passchendale
Dixmude
Furnes
Yser R.
Ypres
Zonnebeke
Menin
Wervicq
Comines
Warneton
Mouscron
Tourcoing
Roubaix
Lille
Neuve Chapelle
Lorgies
La Bassée
Sachin
Carvin
Lens
Liévin
Noeux
Béthune
Auchel
Bruay
Fruges
Agincourt
73
Aubigny
St.Pol
Erévent
Arras
Croisilles
Bullecourt
Beugny
Bapaume
Albert
Villers-Bocage
Corbie
Amiens
33
Boves
Oisemont
Picquigny
Blangy
Poix-de-Picardie
Aumale
Neufchâtel
Conty
Ailly s.-Noye
Rosières-en-Santerre
Moreuil
Grandvilliers
Formerie
Forges-les-Eaux
Marseille-le-Petit
Argueil
Songeons
Gournay
Breteuil
Crèvecœur-le-Grand
Froissy
St.Just-en-Chaussée
Beauvais
Montdidier
Roye
Nesle
Ham
Guiscard
Chaulnes
Roupy
Péronne
Villers-Bretonneux
Albert
Ostend
Bruges
Ghistelles
Thourout
Wynghene
Ruysselede
Ghent (Gand)
Eecloo
Selzaete
Waerschoot
Somergem
Evergem
Aeltre
Lokeren
Beveren-Waes
Stekene
Hoboken
St.Nicolas
Tamise
Zele
Termonde (Dendermonde)
Lichtervelde
Ledeberg
Thielt
Wetteren
Alost
Assche
Ardoye
Roulers
Iseghem
Waeregnem
Oudenarde
Grammont
Ninove
Courtrai
Renaix
Leuze
Ath
Steenkirk
Soignies
Hal
Lessines
Tournai
62
Fontenoy
Peruwelz
Jemappes
Frameries
Mons
Binche
Maubeuge
Hautmont
Avesnes
Landrecies
le Cateau
le Nouvion
Marcoing
Cambrai
Beauvois
Berlry
Solesmes
le Quesnoy
Forest of Mormal
Valenciennes
Denain
Anzin
Somain
Douai
Aniches
Maulde
Condé
Pecquencourt
Lourches
Flers-en-Artois
Arleux
Bellicourt
Bohain
la Capelle
Lesdins
Guise
St. Quentin
Vervins
Aubenton
Ribemont
Crécy
Marle
Montcornet
Rozoy
Serre
Wassigny
La Fère
Laon
Sissonne
Forest of Gobin
Folembray
Coucy-le-Château
Anizy-le Château
Chevregny
Vic-sur-Aisne
Cuffies
Soissons
Vailly
CHEMIN DES DAMES
Pierrefonds
Venizel
Braisne-s. Vesle
Cormicy
Fismes
Reims
Ville-en-Tardenois
Orlchy-le Château
Villers-Cotterêts
Neuilly St. Front
Betz
Nanteuil-le-Haudouin
Château Thierry
Mézy
Dormans
Varennes
Épernay
Châtillon-s. Marne
Verzy
Avize
Vertus
Plateau of Sézanne
Esternay
Fère Champenoise
Montmirail
Sept. 6 - 12, 1914
BATTLE OF THE MARNE
La Trétoire
Meaux
Nogent
Lizy-s. Ourcq
Changis
Rebais
Coulommiers
Petit Morin
Gr. Morin
Lagny
Vincennes
Paris
St. Denis
Gonesse
Argenteuil
Montmorency
Écouen
Juilly
Dammartin
Germans, 1914
Pontoise
Meulan
Mantes
Poissy
St.Germain
Houdan
Versailles
Forest
Tournan
Boissy-St.Léger
Dagny
Aube
Seine
Epte
Oise
Aisne
Vesle
Marne
Ourcq
Ourq
Somme
Canal du Nord
Canal de la Somme
Canal de la Sensée
Canal de la Deule
Canal de la Haute Deule
Canal de la Lys
Canal de la Basse Deule
Canal de la Scarpe
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OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

The Supreme Hour of History

WE ARE living in a period of war the most awful and eventful in the history of mankind. Our country has taken her place in the great conflict, and Americans are living in hope of a victory that will assure peace hereafter. Wealth, suffering, misery, devastation—life itself—may be the cost, but the victory of a righteous peace will make all mankind satisfied. It will be a glorious climax to millenniums of struggle. If it overthrows thrones and establishes the rights of the common people, it will be the achievement of the ages. If it breaks down the barriers of division between churches in the great family of God, making them a unit before all the forces of evil, instead of battling against each other, our Lord's prayer will be answered, "that they all may be one."

If the war shall inspire the youth of the world to live for high principles instead of pleasure, for grand endeavor instead of ease, for righteousness instead of ruin, for others rather than self, then the young manhood of our nation will find its soul and come out of the furnace of war without the smell of evil upon its garments. In the way of the Cross, we do not throw ourselves away. We lose life to save it. Give yourself away and return to yourself, enriched, redeemed, glorious!

What a privilege, then, to live in this supreme crisis of all history, to help prepare the way of the Lord for his universal reign of righteousness among all kindreds, peoples and tongues. After the struggle there will be a resurrection of principle. Already hearts are burning anew with the truth of heaven and the hope of evil's overthrow. They know that "God is still in his world," and that out of this crucifixion of the nations will arise the spirit of Christian liberty. May we choose the way to the heights through suffering.

Secretary Baker at the Front

SECRETARY BAKER took the country by surprise when he visited the battle-front in France. That trip was one of the best things he has yet devised. He went there that he might see for himself what our great American army is doing, and the results of his observations as cabled home have not only given widespread satisfaction, but they have intensified the American war spirit as nothing else could possibly have done. We can readily believe him when he writes that he has had the busiest time of his life, and that he feels that he will be a better War Secretary for the experience.

What he saw went far beyond what he had ever imagined. All the preparations of the American forces he found on a scale of vastness of which he did not dream. He found evidence everywhere that the great appropriations for the war were being wisely spent. He tells of inspecting gigantic supply depots and storage warehouses, great airdromes with innumerable hangars to accommodate the thousands of aircraft which will soon control the situation overhead. He saw splendidly equipped hospitals, enormous training camps, with miles upon miles of railway tracks and great lines of locomotives, giving quickest communication for troops and guns, and which would be sufficient to accommodate the great host of American fighters yet to come.

But he saw more. He has seen our gunners along what he feliCitously calls "the Frontier of Freedom," pounding the Germans with Yankee shells with deadly accuracy, battering their gas machines into junk, and capturing their trenches as though it were an ordinary everyday occurrence. And he has come in contact with the spirit of our men and is assured that, man to man and gun to gun, they can more than hold their own.

All of this and more has inspired the War Secretary with a greater confidence than ever. His terse, clear-cut picture of the situation at the front, where our brave troops are nearer to the German border than any others on the long Allied lines, should spur the American people to "speed up" their work of preparation. Our war industries should be inspired to redouble their efforts. Every true heart should work with multiplied energy to put a mighty fleet on the seas—to make, as someone has expressed it, "a bridge of boats to Europe"—over which men, munitions, supplies and everything needful could pass in such a mighty stream as would meet every possible want. Our munition makers, our aircraft builders, our Liberty motor constructors, seeing the great opportunity and appreciating the need of haste, should now strive by every means to increase their product. If we do this, the crisis of the war will soon be reached and victory will be in sight.

Secretary Baker tells us that our whole army abroad is fired with courage and patriotism and is confident of success. Our men look to the workers at home to put on the steam and make their mightiest effort this spring to supply all the needs of the forces in the field. And our citizens can aid magnificently in this by subscribing liberally to the new Liberty Loan now about to be launched, so that it may go clean "over the top."

That the magnitude of America's preparations is not overlooked by Germany may be gathered from the tone of the Teutonic press. The Muenchener Neuste Nachrichten of recent date discusses the advisability of another peace effort by Germany and Austria, and says: "If agreement with America could succeed before its war machinery assumes irresistible momentum, the whole Entente will be unhinged." But neither peace notes nor delays will change America's attitude on the western front, for in all probability it is there that the great conflict must ultimately be decided which will restore peace to the world and assure democracy to its peoples.

The New Day

TURNING the hands of the clock an hour forward is in itself a simple thing; it does not alter the time a minute nor hasten or retard by a single second the earth in its whirl upon its axis or in its sweep around its orbit.

It changes nothing but our own standard of measurement—but which, it happens, is the main thing in our lives, mental, moral and spiritual. Upon our standards of measurement depend all our seeing, thinking, doing, aspiring. The whole material world, as well as the spiritual, is to each of us according to his standard of measurement.

Though the length of the day is not changed toward us by our change of standard we are thereby changed toward it. To us the same old day becomes a longer and brighter day. We greet it in earlier freshness and complete our labors in the fulness of its glory, and its lingering twilight gently ushers us into the sweet shades of well-earned rest. A day is an epitome of a lifetime; according to one's standards of measurement he embraces its opportunities, chooses and performs its tasks, and achieves the fulfillment of its promises. According to his standards are the brightness of the dawning, the zest of his work, the usefulness of his day, and the splendor of the sunset.

The change in the clock is not the only change in our standards as a people. We have gained a new vision of life which embraces the struggling, the oppressed and enslaved of all the earth. We thrill with a new meaning of liberty and gird ourselves more firmly for the fight to maintain its responsibilities and extend its blessings, at whatever cost of life and treasure. Because of new standards our national life is larger and fuller to us, just as our day is longer and brighter. America fills a bigger place in the world today, has wider vision, longer reach, and higher mission. It fills too big a place for autocracy, force and oppression to exist in the same world with it. Our glorious nation aroused has set standards not only for ourselves but for all that love liberty.

The New Liberty Loan

THE ruthless aggressions of the invading Teutonic forces in Russia make our own purpose and task in the great war more and more clear to us, while daily reports of the heroic conduct of our boys in France and of casualties among them bring the war close home. Fast developing events convince beyond any cavil that America is not only rightly and irrevocably in the war, but also destined to bear the great burden of it and to force its decision.

We are in the war to win it. We are waging it for no selfish purpose, for no aggrandizement, but for a righteous peace which will be a blessing to all the peoples of the world. We will wage it patriotically and persistently until we have fought it through and won it according to the highest ideals and noblest traditions of our country.

The present business of the United States is war—war to exterminate autocracy and unrighteousness and to establish peace and justice among the nations of the world.

The President has stated that the war can be won only if all the people of the country unite in the common purpose. No one group of people, or two groups, or three groups, can win the war. It can only be won by the united and continuous cooperation of every man, woman and child.

The third Liberty Loan, soon to be launched, will undoubtedly exceed in amount not only its two predecessors, but any single war loan ever offered. Its success is assured if the entire nation responds to the offering and every citizen prides himself on patriotic self-denial, that he may subscribe to the limit of his ability. We have all got to get behind the government, which is devoting its entire energies to waging a great warfare for freedom. This warfare requires putting men in the field and keeping them fed and clothed. It requires the production of ships and shells, guns and rifles, motor trucks, horses, saddlery, aeroplanes, hospital supplies, food and a great variety of goods, the production of which calls for vast industrial plants from one end of the country to the other, manned by millions of men and women who serve their country as effectively as our soldiers and sailors.

If the American people continue to require all the pleasant and comfortable luxuries which they consumed before the war, they are making it necessary for these thousands of factories and shops, employing millions of men and women, to produce articles which do not help to bring peace a day nearer, when they might be devoting themselves to the production of the necessary things which will help to bring the war to a victorious conclusion.

Both things cannot go on together. We have pledged the honor of our country and our people to fight this war to our last dollar and to our last man, if necessary. America does not break her word.

As a united people, consecrated to the great task which lies before us, we cannot fail. There must be no division of opinion, no slackness of purpose, no holding back. We confront a condition that is all-compelling; we aim at a purpose that is all-inspiring.

Stamping Out the Spies

RUSSIA was ruined by German spies who, long before the beginning of the war, were working insidiously throughout the Czar's empire. The whole nation was honeycombed with them, and when the crisis came, the millions who should have stood up unitedly for the defense of a free and independent Russia, crumbled because of treason and went ignominiously to pieces. Scarcely less extensive has been the German spy system in America. Under the skilful control of Von Bernstorff, by whom it was largely financed, it seems to have threaded the country to an extent that has hardly yet come fully to light. The arrest of Mme. Storch, political spy and adventuress, with her associates, Mme. Nix and "Baron" de Beville, and their treasonable plottings, furnishes a case in point. They are all shown to have been in the pay of Germany and to have had associates both here and abroad with whom they were in treasonable communication. They will probably be sent to France to be dealt with by the authorities there, who will doubtless give them their due.

It is a time for sifting out the dangerous element who persist in plotting against this Republic. With a great war on our hands, we cannot dally with treason, hidden or overt. Our eyes are open, and we will not tolerate in our midst the circulation of the secret poison which sapped the life of Russia, and brought ruin on a brave people who deserved a better fate.

Send in Your Suggestions

MANY readers of the Christian Herald will welcome the news that Marion Harland, who for a number of years was one of our most valued contributors, has returned to the fold of our Family Circle, and that articles from her pen will appear regularly in these columns every week. Marion Harland will have special charge of a Department dealing with household problems, more particularly those that relate to the economic and healthful feeding of the family in war-time. In countless thousands of American homes this is a burning question today. Marion Harland probably knows more about kitchen difficulties and the best ways and means of dealing with them, than any other woman in America today. She will invite the housewives belonging to our Family Circle and their friends to tell her their difficulties, and will give them the aid of her long experience to help overcome them.

Now we wish to ask a favor of our readers: Won't the ladies put on their thinking-caps and tell us just what they think would be the most appropriate title for Marion Harland's new Department? It must be simple, of course. It need not be more than three or four words—at most not over five. So we now cordially invite all of the ladies of our Family Circle to join in this helpful service to their favorite family journal, and send us on postals their suggestions for a title. To those who suggest the most appropriate, we will gladly send our best acknowledgments and give them a leading place on the Roll of Honor besides.

On the Frontier of Freedom

SECRETARY OF WAR BAKER used this happy phrase as he stood beside a Sammy in a listening-post, from which he looked aeross No Man's Land at the German barbed wire and the piled-up parapets of the enemy's trenches while shells whistled overhead. Following conferences in Paris Secretary Baker inspected every detail of the American expedition, from the ports of debarkation to the warehouses behind the front, the communieations, the aviation fields, the rest stations and hospitals, even the whole tortuous length of the front line of the American seetor; for Secretary Baker before he went expressed the opinion that he would return a better Secretary of War, and he omitted nothing in the way of instruction that might yield him necessary knowledge.

On Mareh 19, he entered the zone of fire in the automobile of the general commanding the division. The Secretary wore a trench coat, khaki breeches, a colonel's boots, and a shrapnel helmet. He carried a gas mask, in the use of whieh he had been drilled. As the party was entering the trench system a sentry demanded the pass. "Division Commander and Secretary of War," replied the general, to the confusion of the sentinel.

Mr. Baker displayed the keenest curiosity, asking an explanation of every unfamiliar thing, its purpose and use, and particularly showing familiarity with military technicalities whieh could only have been gained by careful study. He was interested in the caliber of the shells bursting nearby, and he recognized the rattle of a machine-gun, when a watchful American prepared a reception for a too-daring German. The seetor which Mr. Baker inspected was being held by the Rainbow Division, several of whose officers and men had already received the French War Cross for valiant action. Some of the troops were from Ohio. Several men were known personally to Mr. Baker. With these he talked about their homes and families. The Secretary was greatly pleased when told in answer to a question that the American shooting was much better than that of the enemy. He entered the dugouts, made his way along the muddy trenches on the duck boards and stopped on his way back at a little roadside cemetery where, under the waving tricolor, itself red, white and blue, lay the bodies of the first American soldiers who died in that section for France and the freedom of democracy. Visiting a hospital he met a wounded man who said he had been granted the French War Cross, but did not wear it because of the American army regulations, and Mr. Baker replied, "I now give you authority to do so." To the Forty-second, or Rainbow Division, which so peculiarly represents all of America, the Secretary paid a high tribute for military efficiency. "I thought," he said, "you marched well when I last saw you" (the Secretary reviewed the division before it sailed), "but what I have seen of you today gives me a new standard of comparison. . . . I feel that you have all grown to better manhood, and that the steel of your spirit now has the fighting edge. . . . Your own communities and the nation as a whole may be proud of your good conduct and clean life, which go with clean hard fighting and the principles for which you fight."

During the week American artillery has held the upper hand of the German guns. On the 18th a very annoying battery of trench mortars was located after much difficulty and put out of action by high explosive shells. On the following day gas and explosive shells silenced German 37 millimeter guns which were firing from the cemetery at Richecourt. The gunners were driven out of the position. American trench raiders fought hand to hand with the enemy on March 20, after penetrating his positions east of Luneville, where his first and second line trenches were destroyed by American artillery fire. On this front, on March 22, several Germans surrendered to the Americans.

An American cruiser in the Pacific, on March 19, captured a small German sea raider, the Alexander Agassiz, whieh had been fitted up at a Mexican port, from which it had just sailed. The Agassiz was heavily armed but too small for active sea raiding. It was surmised that the crew expected to eapture a larger vessel, whieh might be better suited to their purpose.

Secretary Baker eoncluded his trip to the war zone on March 20, with a visit to Verdun, a eall at Great Headquarters, a visit to Domremy, the birth place of Joan of Arc, and a review, with General Pershing, of a brigade of the First Division of American troops landed in France, all of them veterans of the trenehes, tanned and fit and ready. Secretary Baker was expected to spend Palm Sunday in London. General Pershing's reports of casualties for the week show: killed in action, 22; prisoners, 1; killed in accidents, 13; died of disease, 68; died of wounds, 14; wounded, 120; missing, 24.

The Gun Division of the Bureau of Ordnance has equipped 16 large plants for the manufaeture of mobile artillery and plans a total expenditure of $2,000,000,000. Great mobile maehine shops, mounted on auto trucks are also to be supplied to the forces abroad so that neeessary repairs to damaged guns may be made almost on the spot.

The Ameriean Y. M. C. A., on March 24, had 1600 persons, 300 of them women, in Franee, at work at the front, behind the lines, in camps and in cities and towns. Some of the 500 reereation centers under their care are in hay lofts, some in tents, some in ruined châteaus, but all are keeping our boys fit. The Y. M. C. A. is also serving hot drinks free to all men entering or leaving the trenches.

A victory poster for the Third Liberty Loan

A Week in the World's News

MY KINGDOM FOR A SHIP. This might be a modern version of King Riehard's plea. The one thing most needful to the life of the world today is ships. Sir Eric Campbell Geddes, First Lord of the British Admiralty, on March 20 told the House of Commons just where the Allied nations stood in the matter of tonnage. He also announced the appointment of Lord Pierrie, Britain's foremost shipbuilder, as Controller General of Merehant Ship Building. According to Sir Erie the world's net tonnage, exclusive of enemy ships, had fallen 2,632,297 tons sinee the beginning of the war, and now stood at about 42,000,000 tons. The loss of tonnage from all eauses in 1917 was about 6,000,000 tons. This has been partly made good by new construetion and by the seizing of enemy ships in American and Brazilian ports. In the last quarter of 1917, 1,200,000 tons were destroyed, 420,000 tons were built in Britain and 512,000 tons elsewhere in Allied and neutral yards, making a total of 932,000 tons, and showing a net loss of 268,000 tons. Great Britain at present has 47 shipyards, with 209 berths, engaged on ocean-going merchant vessels. An increase by 80 per cent. of necessary repairs to naval craft had kept busy forces of men whieh might have produeed 500,000 tons of merchant ships. During February 2,500 additional men were set to work in the yards and shortages of material were made good. Sir Erie declared that it was neeessary, now that the destruction by the submarines was held at a small figure, to increase production only 100,000 tons a month in order to overtake the present rate of loss. The Dutch ships taken over by the United States and Great Britain on March 20 added a million tons to available shipping, more than counter balancing the deficit in construction in favor of the U-boat during the last three months. Seventeen British ships, eleven of 1,600 tons or over and six below that figure were lost during the past week. France lost one ship of over 1,600 tons and two of smaller tonnage. Two more Spanish ships have been torpedoed.

The war trade board, on March 22, issued new regulations governing imports into the United States by which the importation of a long list of nonessential articles was placed under drastic regulations. It was expeeted thus to release 350,000 tons of shipping for more necessary carrying.

An agreement with Japan, consummated on March 20, also provided for the delivery to the United States, in exehange for American steel, of 150,000 tons of merchant ships. President Wilson, in explaining the action regarding the Dutch ships, declared that Holland was under duress and was left without free will, being unable because of German threats to consummate the agreement for the use of her shipping in the service of the Allies and the interest of her own well-being. The government and press of Holland were reported as very bitter against Great Britain and the United States because of the seizing of the ships, and Germany was reported as threatening to throw a submarine bloekade around Holland to prevent any more of her ships from going to sea.

The first commandeered Dutch ship to hoist the American flag sailed, on March 23, from an Atlantic port on a voyage to South America.

On March 24 there were 230,000 men building ships in Ameriean yards and arrangements were afoot for the employment of 150,000 more within six months.

ANOTHER "SCRAP OF PAPER." In spite of the signing of the peace treaty with Russia, German troops have continued the invasion of that distracted land. On March 20 the oeeupation of Petrograd by the Germans was felt to be only a matter of hours, the Germans being only 150 miles south of Petrograd and there being no sign of any organized resistanee. The German troops were also advaneing in southern Russia being only five hours' march from Kherson, whieh they took on the 21st, while a movement against

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Over the Top

WE have heard of sermons from stones, but for next week's stirring message. "Over the Top with the Stars of God," Dr. A. E. Keigwin, one of New York City's Christian leaders, takes his text from the service flag.

Frank Carpenter has turned his inquiring mind toward the munition factories. He found out a lot about shrapnel and shells, and the skill of women in delicate mechanical processes. You'll know as much as he when you have read next week's Herald.

Then there is the Hostess House at the cantonment. We have sought a real human story that would show the inner life of these places where the military life and the home life meet. It will appear next week.

Next week, too, a double page of pictures in Rotogravure, another meeting of the Neighbors, and the third chapter of "The Measure of a Man," in which Harley at last meets Janet alone.

Costly Living and Cheap Religion

A SERMON

By

*REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.**

TEXT—II Sam. 7 : 2. "The king said unto Nathan the prophet, See now, I dwell in a house of cedar, but the ark of God dwelleth in curtains"

THIS is a most striking contrast to which the great king had just awakened. He himself was dwelling in a house which, in splendid proportions and completeness of equipment, was the glory of the land. But the house in which the ark of the Lord was resting was a frail, shifting, precarious tent of the fields. The selfward side of life expressed itself in cedars; the Godward side of life enshrined itself in curtains. The selfward side was costly, the Godward side was cheap. That which directly related to the eternal interests was tabernacled in common linen; the worldly interests were clothed in silver and gold. The contrast is just that of expensive living and a cheap religion.

Now, this old-world contrast suggests many lines of fruitful meditation which are pertinent to our modern life. This is very evident in the contrast which prevails between the nature of our homes and the character of many of our churches. The one is symbolized by the cedar and the other by the curtain. To the one we give our best, and to the other the second best. In music and in art, we demand the excellent for our homes; but we are often contented with the commonplace in the house of God. And, truth to say, many people so consistently relegate the secondary to their church, that they have come to attach almost a sacred value to the common and the unimpressive, and to regard it as specially hallowed and sanctified. They have made a grace of the ugly, and a virtue of the imperfect and incomplete.

It is evident that the contrast also prevails between our domestic ardor and our civic apathy and indifference. We insist upon our domestic affairs being well managed and orderly, inviting and nourishing, while civic affairs go unheeded and are allowed to persist as best they may. Homeward we are intense; cityward we are lax and loose. Homeward we are ardent; cityward we are lukewarm and cool. There is order at home; but riot may run unheeded in the next street.

AND certainly the contrast prevails between our home-enthusiasm and the lukewarmness of our ministries to the foreign field. It is certainly true that we dwell in a house of cedar. The religious privileges into which we are born are rich and bountiful. Ours is the knowledge of the secret of eternal life and light and hope. Our liberties are airy and roomy, and our feet stand in a large place. Yes, ours is "a house of cedar," a strong house, "a house of defense to dwell in." But beyond the homeland, privilege is scanty and liberties are few. Fear and superstition are rampant, and religious life trembles in a very fragile and uncertain tent. In the rude tempests of life, the heart is stilled and stricken with fear, and the tent-pegs are often tugged from their holdings. It is the old contrast.

But it is not along these lines that I want to place the emphasis of our lesson today. I want to observe the more particular bearing of the text upon the selfward and Godward side of the individual life. There are multitudes of men who put their best into the selfward side of life. Amid the alternatives of major and minor purposes it is the major which is impoverished. The Godward side is the cheap side. On the self side they take infinite pains; on the Godward side anything will do.

HERE, then, is a very certain standard of judgment. How much do we invest on the Godward side? Our religion is valuable, and comes to be valued according to what we spend upon it. That is true even on the lowest planes of life. We value a thing in proportion to the money we pay for it; but it is also true on the higher place. Liberty was infinitely precious to our fathers, because it bore the marks of sacrifice. It was crimsoned with the red stain of their own blood. We are inclined to hold our liberties cheaply because they cost us nothing.

It is even so with the highest ministries of religion itself. If we give our religion "the leavings"—the leavings of our time and strength—then our religion will become a thing "left." If we give it our best, it will rear itself as the most exalted presence in our life.

Well, then, how much have we invested on the Godward side? Have we invested only as much as would purchase a curtain, or have we secured the strength of cedars? How much capital have we sunk in the cause of the Kingdom? I am not using the word "capital" in the poor and paltry sense of money. Money, after all, is the poorest stuff in our locker. There is finer capital than that in our inheritance, and how much of this have we expended on the diviner side of our life? Let the question be made more pertinent still.

How much energy of thought do we invest on the Godward side? Try to realize the vast expenditure of thought in other realms. Think how much thought is invested in the getting of money, and in the pursuit of carnal pleasure, and in the quest of knowledge and of wisdom. And think, too, of the amazing ingenuity employed in the quest. Men are busy inventing all sorts of contrivances to make these things their own possession. And then turn from all these to the Godward aspect of human life! Is it not like passing from a strong cedar to a frail curtain, from a tenacious fiber to a brittle thread? How little thought men give to their religion!

I am not now speaking of the mere study of theology, but of the quest of a godly life. Many a man delights in theological subtleties who is engaged in no commanding crusade for the nobilities of a sanctified life. It is of the higher quest that I now speak, and I declare that there are multitudes of men who invest vast stores of thought-capital in the realms I have named, but little or next to nothing in the quest of goodness and holy fellowship and nearness of intimacy with their God. What we need in our day is a revision of our investments and a more lavish expenditure of thought on the Godward side of it.

AND let me ask again, how much will-power do we expend on the God-side? Does the contrast find expression in the old symbolism of cedar and curtain? Take one side of a man's life: his will pounds away like a powerful motor. Take another side; his will is as weak and forceless as an anæmic pulse. On one side his energy is like a mill-stream; on the other, the energy trickles like a rivulet in time of drought.

This is a most extraordinary phenomenon in human life. There is one room in our life where there is engine-power enough for anything; in another room there is not enough power to give birth to even a sluggish motion. Particularly is this manifest in the selfward and the Godward side of life. We grasp business, but we only tickle religion. And so the Godward side of really strong men hangs loose and limp as a curtain, while these business relationships are strong as cedars. The explanation of many a religious failure is "want of capital." Men need to invest more "will" in the realm of their religion. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . . with all thy *strength*." "Bring unto the Lord glory and *strength*." It is needful to put as much will-power in the quest of godliness as in the pursuit of wealth.

AND lastly, how much of sacrifice have we on the Godward side? What is the extent of our contribution to the general cause of the Kingdom? Is it niggardly or bountiful? Does it find a fitting symbol in the costly cedar or in the tawdry curtain? What is our offering in the matter of time? There are many people who will give money to the Kingdom, but who refuse the costlier gift of time. They want all their time for their business and their pleasures. These realms shall have the cedar, the other realm may have the curtain.

And what do we give in the matter of sympathy? I am not referring to thin, diluted, bloodless sentimentality, but sympathy with passion at its heart, sympathy pulsing with pang and pain. Do we make any contribution of this kind, or is our sympathy the nerveless process in which there is no blood transaction, and in which the heart remains unbroken? Is our sympathy cheap, or is it red with costly sacrifice?

All these are searching questions, which each man may apply to his own heart. We know where the capital power of our life is primarily invested and we know what is the extent of our speculation in the Kingdom of our God. Let every man take the inquiry into his own spirit and answer it in the secret place of the Most High.

*Pastor, Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City.

He Giveth Rest

WHAT though the Eden morn was sweet with song
Passing all sweetness that our thought can reach?
Gilding its flowers Noon's chariot moved along
In brightness far transcending mortal speech.
Yet in the evening shade did God draw near;
Oh, welcome, sorrow, so that He appear!

Prosperity is flushed with papal ease,
Granting indulgences to pride of word,
Clothing our soul in pomp and vanities.
Ah! no fit dwelling for our gentle Lord!
Grief rends those draperies of pride and sin,
And so our Lord will deign to enter in.

Then carefully we curb each thought of wrong,
We walk more softly, with more reverent feet,
As in his presence-chamber hush our tongue
And in the holy solemn quiet sweet
We feel his smile, we hear his voice so low,
And we can bless him that he gave us woe.

What cares the sailor in the sheltered cove
For the past perils of the stormy sea?
Dear from grief's storm the haven of his love,
And so he bringeth us where we would be.
We trust in him, we lean upon his breast;
Who shall make trouble when he giveth rest.

MARIETTA HOLLEY.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Troubled Heart

SUNDAY, April 7. John 14 : 27. "*Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.*" Whenever Ian Maclaren was called to a house of sickness or sorrow he always read to the troubled folk the fourteenth chapter of John. Nothing was ever used as a substitute for this. "If one is sinking into unconsciousness," he said, "and you read 'In my Father's house are many mansions' he will come back and whisper 'mansions,' and he will wait till you finish, 'where I am there ye shall be also,' before he dies in peace." In such critical hours there is something so vital, so satisfying, so pacifying in our Saviour's assurances of God and his wonderful preparations of redemption.

But it is not only in the last crisis of the great translation that we need the fourteenth chapter of John. There are sore convulsions in life when death is far away, and we sometimes wish it were near. Death might solve our troubles; life itself is the problem. We have suffered some heavy shock. Our circumstances are all upheaved. Familiar landmarks have been removed. We have lost our bearings.

What is to be our resource in these troubled hours? Our Lord calls us to hold to one Center, and to one only. If we get away from that Center everything else will be erratic and eccentric. If we abide there everything will take its appropriate place. "Believe in God, believe also in me!" We are to trust the Father as unveiled to us in Jesus Christ his Son. We are to fling ourselves, with all our weight of care and sorrow, upon his loyal and loving strength. We are to hold there, nay, to rest there, and the troubled incidents will begin to arrange themselves in divinely purposed ranks. If Christ be lifted up he will draw even these convulsive happenings into destined and friendly order. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. J. H. J.

Lest We Forget

MONDAY, April 8. Ps. 90 : 12. "*So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.*" Time is a part of eternity. If we are in eternity now, and we are, it is very easy to see that the character of eternity depends upon our use of time. Today is the only hold we have upon eternity. This hour is a little fragment of eternity. So, eternal issues flow out of our actions now. When shall we ever learn the value of time? A great English scientist who never willingly wasted an hour said, "He who wastes so much as an hour of time has no proper sense of the value of life." The career of every notable man or woman in the world is marked by this characteristic if not explained by it—a keen sense of the value of time.

There is the story of a king, who, unlike most kings, was distinguished for his philosophic view of life. He said, "I count that day lost in which I have done no good thing." We may count that day lost which does not add to our knowledge of God and of his Word, the knowledge of God's habits and his thoughts.

That day is lost which leaves no record of word of praise, no prayer of thanks, no thought of gratitude to God.

What is true of prayer is true of praise, that he who prays but rarely, prays not at all. Prayer and praise are not occasional notes in the organ of life, but pipes in the organ, absence of which means serious loss to the music, discord instead of harmony. Here and now we are to work out what God has wrought in us by his Holy Spirit, the passion for goodness and the quest for truth. Only as we redeem the time do we prove ourselves worthy the great redemption.

C. C. A.

Testifying to Truth

TUESDAY, April 9. III John 3, 4. "*I rejoiced greatly, when the brethren came and testified of the truth that is in thee, even as thou walkest in the truth. I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth.*" The task of a teacher of Christian truth in a world that lies in wickedness is so arduous, his disappointments are so many, that his successes become to him, indeed, occasions of a great heartfelt joy. He rejoices with the angels in heaven when he has succeeded in inducing a hearer to accept the truth that saves. Still greater is his joy when he observes that the good beginning in grace is followed by a conduct worthy of the Gospel of Jesus. It is the joy of a spiritual father who has begotten a child by the word of truth and then watches the splendid development of the child. In the realm of divine grace, greater joy, indeed there cannot be.

In the present instance the joy of John over the exemplary conduct of his ward Gaius was increased, because others had reported to him how well the work of grace which John had begun in Gaius had been prospered. Gaius had been honored by having John for his teacher. Now the teacher is, in turn, honored by his apt pupil, and the teacher's instruction is publicly commended to men by the excellent results which it has achieved in the pupil. Instances of this kind are not as rare in the church as one might think; they are only not observed as frequently as they should be, nor is the lesson which they convey always made as prominent as it might be. Every well-trained Christian is such a rich compensation for a teacher's labors, that every teacher will acknowledge with profound gratitude to the Head of the Church, that it overcomes all the fruitless toil in his ministry, all the vexations, the opposition, persecution and mockery to which he found himself exposed.

W. H. T. D.

Faith Triumphant

WEDNESDAY April 10. Matt. 15 : 28. "*O woman, great is thy faith.*" Faith is the key to secular, as well as spiritual life. Christ says, "I am the door." The key of faith will always open the door into Christ's kingdom. The door of opportunity has been opened and nature's wonders revealed by such men as Columbus, Newton, Franklin, and Edison using this key of faith. Faith is the victory that overcomes the world. Without faith it is impossible to please God and to save men. Unbelief is the paralysis of the soul hindering every movement towards truth and righteousness. Faith is the golden link connecting with the eternal throne of God.

The Syro-Phoenician woman's faith was especially distinguished because she persisted in believing notwithstanding the silence of the Master, who spoke not a word of reply. Falling at His feet, she cried still louder for mercy for her afflicted child. The more the disciples said "Send her away," the stronger was her determination to stay. At last, when Christ put the sublime test to her great faith, saying, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and give it unto dogs," she, accepting the humble position of a dog, cried out in piteous appeal, "Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat the crumbs which fall from the Master's table." Then Christ's heart of compassion burst its bounds as he exclaimed, with matchless tenderness, "O woman, great is thy faith," and her daughter was made whole from that very hour. E. W. C.

The Beauty of Humility

THURSDAY, April 11. Rom. 12 : 3. "*I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think.*" There is nothing which more obstructs the will of God in the lives of some of us than our foolish and wicked pride, our self-centeredness, our insistence upon our own views, wishes, preferences, dignities, rights. Not only America, but all the world, reveres the memory of Abraham Lincoln. There was a man who reached the summit of earthly fame, but who never allowed personal ambition to stand in the way of his largest usefulness to the world. That he was ambitious there can be no doubt. He valued the good opinion of others, but never for praise did he forsake the path of duty. Never did he allow the mere possession of power to make him a tyrant. He had the saving grace of humility. Humble he was, yet never so strong, so high, so worthy of fellowship with immortals, as when he made least of his rights and dignities. Herein most statesmen fail. Napoleon sought crowns for himself, his brothers and his favorites. Such ambition defeats its own end.

The most powerful figure in Europe today is a king without a capital, a man who lives in the trenches with his own homeless and exiled soldiers. The most powerful figures of history have been men who gave up thrones, rather than men who grasped them. The King of all history is One who left his throne, who put on the garments of human flesh in order that all of us might be kings and priests unto God, his Father and ours. C. C. A.

True Well-Wishing

FRIDAY, April 12. III John 2. "*Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth.*" Regard for the earthly welfare and physical health of our acquaintances is considered a mark of good breeding even among worldly men. Solicitous inquiries regarding these matters may be nothing but a form of politeness. Among Christians even these seemingly trivial matters are spiritualized.

The principle of brotherly love which regulates the entire conduct of Christians embraces also concern for the secular prosperity of our brethren. We are to rejoice with them that do rejoice; their good fortune, success, advancement, personal well-being is to be a cause of rejoicing to us. For have we not prayed that God might bestow these very things upon our brethren? Our acknowledgment of their happiness, accordingly, is virtually an expression of our satisfaction that our prayer has been heard.

Our wishing health and prosperity to them, when we meet them or write letters to them, as John did to Gaius, is an assurance to them that our cordial interest in them as brethren in our common faith is still alive and active, and prompts us to connect them habitually with the great primary Source whence all good gifts and all perfect gifts descend to men, the Father of lights and his Son Jesus Christ.

When Christians voice sentiments like those in our text, they do not merely exchange conventional courtesies, but bind the ties which connect them in a Christian brotherhood more firmly, and are mutually benefited by the kind wishes they express for one another, because the Lord Jesus blesses such wishes.

But there is a reminder here that a person's health may be of two kinds. We do not consider it unbecoming to inquire after a person's physical health, but to inquire after the health of his soul is frequently considered quite improper. Why should it be? Is not the sound condition of the soul of much greater importance to a person? Let us not wait until our friends and acquaintances are sick before we speak to them about their spiritual interests, the grace of the Lord Jesus, the infallible truth of God's word, implicit confidence in the promises of Scripture, but let us make these matters occasionally topics of conversation with them when they are in the best of health.

W. H. T. D.

Songs Amid Sorrow

SATURDAY, April 13. Matt. 10 : 29. "*Not one sparrow shall fall to the ground without your Father.*" It is said that just before the batteries opened fire at the battle of Gettysburg, an officer noticed a mother bird sitting beside her nest pouring forth a flood of song. Then the long day through, the cannon roared and the shell shrieked and the cries of wounded men were everywhere, but in the moments of occasional cessation from firing, the officer saw that the little bird took up its song. So it is that the children of God are given songs in the night of conflict and agony.

Once, a bird's nest was seen on a slender limb, hanging over the mighty Niagara. There the bird nested and sang amid the roar of the cataract, as joyous as though far away from danger. The birds do not worry about being protected amidst terrors, being fed in hunger, housed in storms or hanging over precipices of danger. They sing on, in beautiful faith and trust. Our Lord uses them as an illustration of what our faith should be. We should consider the birds, for they have neither storehouses nor barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. How much better are ye than the fowls of the air?

The birds come and go, but we go forever. Should we not sing in the evening time with the robins, "He giveth His beloved sleep," and rise with the lark in the morning, chanting, "When I am awake, I am still with Thee"? The whole round world was created for us, with all its animal life; therefore we should not doubt God's providence. He that careth for the sparrow will watch over his children. We certainly need his providential care, for our journey is through deserts of drought, valleys of sorrow, perils of enemies. E. W. C.

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The Measure of a Man

By GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL LUTZ
Author of "The Witness"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT

JANET GRAYSON and Harley Bruce had grown up as playmates and school comrades in the village of Springdale until Harley left for college. When on his return he called at the Grayson house, he was accompanied by Lotta Lomond, whose appearance and manners were in marked contrast to the simplicity of the village girl. Harley took the girls out for a spin in his car, in which they were accompanied by Thaddeus Wiltrone, a worldly-wise young friend of Lotta's. The company proved so uncongenial to Janet that she sought some means of escape.

CHAPTER I—*Continued*

LEANING close to Harley, so the others did not hear, Janet said, "Harley, please, would you just as soon stop at Aunt Nan's for a minute? I'd like to speak to her."

"Sure!" said Harley, sweeping her a look and smile out of his grouch, and in a second more the car came to a stand-still before the little white house, and Harley was helping Janet out.

"I'm going to manage to get you on the front seat beside me on the way back," growled Harley in a low tone as he opened the gate for her. She cast him a look of gratitude, but flew up the walk as if her feet had wings.

She swept like a young storm up to the porch of the little white house where Aunt Nan was enjoying the afternoon sun as she worked.

"Aunt Nan, you want me to help you very much right away! *Say* you want me, and you *can't do without me!* Say it *quick*, please, Auntie."

"Why, surely, child, I always want you," said the astonished lady, looking up from the cherries she was stoning. "I'm making preserves, and I would be delighted to have your help. Certainly I *must have* you *right away!* What in the world *is* the matter, Janet?"

But Janet had flown out to the gate again.

"I'm very sorry to disappoint you, Harley," she said demurely, "but I find Aunt Nan needs me this afternoon. I'm sure you'll excuse me, and I hope you'll have a very pleasant ride."

She turned with the last word and fled back to the house, for she saw by the mutiny in Harley's face that he would not let her go without protest. But on the porch she turned and waved her hand.

"We're going to stop by for you on our way back!" called Harley, "You stay here till we come for you! We won't be later than five!"

But Janet only waved a graceful little hand.

But Janet only waved a graceful little hand

CHAPTER II

JANET enveloped her pretty dress in one of her aunt's long gingham aprons and stoned cherries as if her very life depended on it.

"It was just a motor party, aunty," she explained, "and I didn't fit, that was all; I had to have some excuse to get away."

"Who were they?" asked her aunt, studying the girl's sweet face understandingly. "Anybody I know?"

"Just a noisy set that Mrs. Bruce has brought down from New York," answered Janet evasively.

Her aunt swept her another keen glance.

"Has Harley come back?" she asked after a moment.

"Yes, he got here last night," answered Janet coolly. "But I've scarcely seen him yet. He seems to be rather tied up at home. He came over this morning to ask me to go this afternoon, but I haven't had a real good look at him alone yet, so I'm not sure whether he's the old Harley or not. Aunt Nan, do you want me to empty this bowl into the kettle for you? It's getting rather too full, isn't it?"

Aunt Nan was wise. She said no more. She knew Janet did not wish to talk about Harley, but she watched her niece keenly, and now and then a look of deep satisfaction and relief floated over her face. It had been a matter of deep speculation and anxiety between herself and her sister whether this darling of their hearts would find her old companion of her childhood days the same true knight as when he went away; and whether if he were changed for the worse the girl's young eyes would be clear enough to see and hold herself to her own fine course. But they might have known, she sighed pleasantly to her relieved heart. Janet was not the kind of girl to idealize an unworthy object. She was not weak enough to deceive herself with false excuses.

What had happened, the aunt wondered, as she watched the bent head and flushed cheeks, for Janet's color rivaled the cherries in vividness, and her aunt knew that it had been no trifle that had brought that look to the girl's face. Had the young man proved himself unworthy so quickly? Or what?

But she asked no further questions, and Janet chattered on excitedly about the Springdale people; what the Sordens were going to do with their big house now that their father was dead and there was no money to carry it on; about the Aid Society and the way the ladies trimmed the church every Sunday with wild flowers; about her mother and the pretty white dimities she had at last consented to wear instead of black and white as had been her custom; about anything but Harley Bruce and the motor party from which she had escaped.

Aunt Nan wisely followed her lead and said nothing more about Harley Bruce, although she could think of nothing else.

The cherries flew from the basket into the big yellow bowls under the white fingers of Janet, and what her aunt had expected to be an afternoon's task was soon over.

Janet glanced hurriedly at the clock. It was only three o'clock. No danger yet.

"Now, Aunt Nan, we're going to do these up. Where are the jars? Can I get them?" she said eagerly. And although her aunt protested that she must not spend any more of the beautiful afternoon shut into the house, Janet went steadily to work, following her aunt's directions with swift skilful fingers, and by half past four the cherries stood in shining rows of jars on the kitchen table, and Janet was washing her hands.

"You're going to stay with me tonight, dear," said her aunt. "We'll telephone home to mother, and then we'll make waffles for supper. Your Uncle Frank will soon be home, and he can take you back tomorrow morning when he drives down to the train. He can just as well take the train from Springdale as from our station."

But Janet already had her hat on and was gathering up her cloak and veil. There was a look of breathlessness in her face as if she had reached the limit of waiting.

"Thank you, auntie," she said, kissing her hastily; "but I really couldn't. I want to catch the next car back. Sorry about uncle and the waffles, but perhaps you'll have them next time. Bye-bye, I must hurry!" and she was gone.

OUT the kitchen door, scuttling down through the barnyard and the back pasture, over a fence, two fences, breathlessly speeding across a cornfield with the distant whirr of the country trolley in her ears! She climbed the last fence and stood rosy and panting just as the trolley came in sight over the hill. She had won! She had escaped from the motor party! They might even now be stopping at Aunt Nan's door, but they would not find her there; and Aunt Nan was wise enough to have a nice neat little excuse ready for her.

Aunt Nan, wise woman, had climbed to the second story hall window with a field glass and was watching her; just as in the old days she or Janet's mother used to watch the little trudging figure of the child Janet with her lunch basket in her hand going off to school alone. They always let her think she was doing everything "her own self," but their loving hearts kept watch from afar lest any danger should beset her steps. Aunt Nan was younger than Janet's mother, and had spent a number of years in her sister's home before her marriage, when Janet was a child, so the girl was as dear to her as if she had been her own. When she saw Janet safely on the trolley she went downstairs thoughtfully. Now, why had Janet been in such a hurry, and gone the back way instead of taking the trolley on the upper pike, which would have been much nearer?

Thoughtfully Aunt Nan went about her preparations for supper. She was recalling the days when Harley, a little boy, used to spend most of his time playing with Janet. That was when he was often left with nurse or caretaker in the country house,

while his mother and father went to more lively places for their summering. There had been one whole winter when Harley stayed in the old Bruce house, with a maiden aunt, a tutor and the servants, while his people were abroad. That was when Harley was fourteen. He might have been said to have been partly brought up by herself and Janet's mother in those days. She went over again the summer when his mother suddenly pounced down upon him in the midst of all his eager plans and ordered him off to camp with a lot of boys he didn't like. Harley had rebelled stoutly, and but for Janet's mother, who talked with him calmly and gently about his duty to his parents, he might have been very disagreeable about going. The summers that followed had been broken with brief glimpses of Harley, who was being rushed through preparatory school. But the last summer before he went abroad he had spent two months in the old home, and the friendship between the two young people had been charming to watch, an almost ideal companionship, save for the lurking fear that something might wake them from their pleasant comradeship too soon and make them fancy they were in love before they were old enough to choose their future.

AUNT NAN, happy in her own late romance, had said good-by to the boy rather regretfully and somewhat wistfully when he went abroad. So many things might happen in the year, and he was such a charming, unselfish, fine, courageous fellow. Would he learn to put some one else in Janet's place while he was gone, or she some one else in his? It had seemed too bad to separate them when they had been so perfectly suited to one another. And yet they were only children, and she reflected that it might be a kind Providence that was taking him so far, for no one could tell what he might be going to turn out to be, especially with a worldly mother like his. And so the sisters had talked it over guardedly and on the whole been relieved that he was gone, although they both loved him.

But the years had brought no one to fill his place with Janet. She had been sweet and happy in her home and popular in her school, and had talked eagerly of Harley, reading frankly the pleasant letters that came at intervals from him describing his travels. But as the time drew near for his return Janet had grown reticent, seldom taking a part in the conversation when it chanced to touch on the Bruces. So had Janet's aunt and mother grown anxious.

THE motor party returned soon after Janet had gone, and Aunt Nan, placidly announcing that Janet had gone on the trolley, took deep satisfaction in watching the disappointment on the young man's face. She was not at all sure that she wanted Janet to care for him, but she was very sure that she wanted him to be adequately appreciative of the loveliness and worth of Janet. Also her sense of romance demanded that the young man should be true to his old comrade and be eager to have her company, even though he might not be the one she would pick out for her niece's life companion. She watched the handsome face cloud over with the same frank transparency wherewith he had been used to show his feelings in the old days, and decided that there was still a good deal of the old Harley left, even though he might have had a glossing over of this world's polish to cover the good true stuff underneath; and while she was glad that Janet had gone, and had not showed too much eagerness for his company, she still had a very warm feeling for the boy—yes, he still had enough of the boy about him to be likable, and Aunt Nan could afford to be cordial seeing that Janet was safely on her way home by this time. Somehow she hoped the boy would win out in the end and conquer Janet, but she was glad Janet was making him work for her friendship.

Harley was glad to see Aunt Nan, for she had always been a good friend of his, and he tried to be demonstrative in greeting her, but she could see he was deeply disturbed at not finding Janet.

SHE lingered at the door as the car glided away. Loud, clashing voices, bits of harsh laughter, a fragment of coarse slang floated to her. She had a good glimpse of Lotta Lomond's cynical, triumphant look as she turned her vapid little painted face toward Harley coming back alone to the car. Aunt Nan thought she understood why Janet had stoned cherries that afternoon instead of going motoring. It needed but a glimpse to show her what the atmosphere had been. She stood for a moment thoughtfully looking toward the evening sunset preparing in the West, and then went to the telephone and called up a number.

"Is that you, Mary? Well, Janet went home half an hour ago on the lower trolley. She ought to be there pretty soon."

"On the trolley!" came the voice of Janet's mother over the wire.

"Yes, she's been helping me can cherries all the afternoon. I wanted her to stay all night, but she would go home. The party in the motor came back for her just now, and the driver seemed mighty disappointed not to find her here. She seemed sort of wrought up, and didn't explain much. If I were you I wouldn't bother about it. Let it work out. Jan's all right. She got the right idea. I just thought I'd give you a hint so you wouldn't be startled and would have a chance to think it out. Besides, I wanted to be sure she got home safe all right, going that lower trolley and having to change at Hapgood's Corners just when all the workmen are coming home from the mills. You let me know if she doesn't get home all right pretty soon."

"She's just coming in the gate, Nan. Thank you. I guess I won't let her know you told me. Good-by."

Mrs. Grayson met her daughter at the front door.

"My dear! You're home so soon! You didn't come in the car! Is anything the matter?"

"Nothing, mother, only I didn't fit in that crowd, and I got Harley to let me off at Aunt Nan's. I came home on the trolley."

"But wasn't that very hasty judgment, dear?" her mother asked anxiously.

"No, it wasn't! If you had been there I almost think you would have jumped right out in the road before you got there. Mother, they were *unspeakable!*"

"*They!* Not Harley, too?"

"I'm—not sure! I *think* not. He couldn't very well help things—Oh, mother, I can't talk about it just now; I must think it out first. Would you very much mind if I went right to bed? I'm so tired, and I have a little headache."

"That's the best thing you can do, dear. Go right up and I'll bring you a bit of toast and a cup of tea. You get a good sleep and things will look all right in the morning."

MRS. GRAYSON did not fold her daughter in her arms and kiss her as she would have liked to have done. She was wise enough to realize that the girl had been under a heavy strain and that the least bit of tenderness would break down her self-control and make a mountain of grief out of what might turn out to be but a molehill of disappointment. So she slipped away with a pleasant smile to the kitchen to make ready a tempting little tray.

She had no more than finished and come down stairs again when a car stopped noisily at the gate and Harley dashed up to the door, his face excited, a look of real anxiety in his eyes.

"Mother Gray!" he cried, dropping back into the old name he used to call her when he was a boy; "is Jan home yet? She gave me the slip. I'm terribly disappointed."

Mrs. Grayson's resentment cooled, as had her sister's before the boy's open distress. He always had a way of winning people.

"Yes, she's at home, Harley, but she had a headache and she's gone to bed. I'm sorry, Harley, but I'm sure she'll feel all right in the morning."

The young man's face showed such blank disappointment as he echoed her words, "Gone to bed!" that she was almost minded to go up and make Janet slip on something and come down to him. Then a glance at the noisy party at the gate reminded her that Janet probably knew what she was about when she went to bed before dark.

"Then she'll not be able to come over to dinner this evening?"

"I'm afraid not, Harley," she answered gently. It was hard to disappoint this boy whom she had loved genuinely for so many years.

HARLEY turned without a word and walked slowly down to the gate with his head drooping dejectedly. She noticed that he did not pay any attention to the loud greetings that assailed him as he got into the car and drove off. With a sigh of regret she turned back again, wondering if Janet had really meant to hit him so hard, or if she had not quite understood the situation. She could see that Harley's disappointment was genuine. Yet she dared not put a meddling finger into the matter. Her girl must work this life problem out for herself. It was the only way. And she could safely trust Janet's clear-eyed judgment, she was sure, even with her heart pulling in another direction. She gave another sigh for the world of girls who must push through alone to the solution of just such perplexing questions, though all around were willing wise ones who would fain reach out helping hands yet dared not, because each soul must live his life himself after all, and choose his own way through the wilderness. Through her mind floated a line of an old poem:

> I, nearer to the wayside inn,
> Am weary thinking of your way.

And then she smiled again as she realized that each individual wanted to live his own life through and find the joy for himself that was mingled with the sadness. Several times before she slept she stole into the girl's room and stood with bated breath listening; but Janet's breath came regularly, as if she slept without a thought of perplexity; and, relieved, the mother went away to her own rest.

IN the morning, however, Janet was astir early, and came down dressed for a journey. To her mother's look of surprise she answered:

"I'm going up to the city, mother, to get done that long-delayed shopping. I ought to have gone before, but I couldn't spare the time from summer. I think I'll stay till the late train and take dinner with Hester. You know she has written three times begging me to come to her. You needn't worry about me. I'll go there before dark, and Hester always takes me to the station in the car."

"Oh, Janet! Do you think you'd better?" asked her mother, remembering Harley's disappointed face the night before. "I am sure Harley was expecting to come over this morning. He seemed greatly disturbed that you had a headache and he couldn't see you last night."

Janet's face was inscrutable. She was silent for a moment and then she said quietly:

"Yes, I think I'd better go. He didn't *say* he would be here this morning, did he?"

"Why, no," said her mother; "he didn't *say* so, but he *looked* it. He was quite upset."

But Janet's face hardened.

"I think I will go," she said.

A few minutes later Janet, in dark blue taffeta, with a trim little blue straw toque and a bunch of fresh pansies at her belt, went swiftly to the station through the fresh summer morning.

Half an hour later, it being the first minute that his code of etiquette allowed him to call upon a young lady who went to bed the night before with a headache, Harley came bounding up the walk and called out joyously to Mrs. Grayson, who was watering the flower beds:

"Morning, Mother Gray! Isn't Jan up yet? I couldn't wait another minute."

He was good to look upon as he stood there in all his young strength, arrayed in white flannels, the sun shining through the trees on his crisp curls, his face all eagerness as if he were but fifteen. The mother in her hated to spoil that eager joy in his eyes.

"I'm sorry, Harley," she said gently, "but Janet found she had to go to the city this morning. It was something she had been putting off for weeks."

Harley dropped blankly down on the front steps.

"Gone to the city!" he said as if he couldn't quite comprehend. "Oh, Mother Gray! Why didn't you call me up? I'd have gone along. You didn't use to like to have her go to the city alone (reproachfully)! You never used to *let* her!"

"I know," sighed the mother, "I don't like to let her yet, but she's grown up, you know, and she's been away to college. I can't keep her a baby always."

She smiled ruefully.

"Besides, Harley, you're a man. I shouldn't have felt free to call on you for a service like that."

"Now, Mother Gray! Don't you know me better than that! After all these years!"

Harley's tone was reproachful and hurt.

"How do I know you after all these years, Harley? You may have changed."

"But I haven't changed!" he said impetuously. "You don't think I'd change do you? Mother Gray is that why Janet ran away from me—because she thinks I'm changed?"

"Why, Janet didn't——"

MRS. GRAYSON paused and lifted truthful eyes to the young man's face. She knew Janet had run away. She could not tell him Janet hadn't. The polite phrase lingered on her lips while her eyes told the truth.

"She does!" said the boy bitterly, now wholly a boy. "Jan thinks I'm changed! And she doesn't like me, and that's why she ran away!"

He had risen and flung himself half away from her, his face showing deep feeling.

Mrs. Grayson put her hand on his arm, her heart much moved for him.

"Janet doesn't know whether you are changed or not, Harley. Don't you understand? She hasn't seen you in four long years."

But Harley kept his face turned away and was silent. Suddenly he flashed a question:

"Mother Gray, is Jan engaged?"

"Oh, no, Harley!"

"Is she—Does she care—Is there anybody else?"

"Why—not that I know of, Harley. She hasn't very many intimate friends."

Harley turned with a relieved look in his eyes, and grasped her hand in his old impetuous way.

"Thank you, Mother Gray," he said, a world of meaning in his eyes. "Jan's wonderful, don't you think? She's grown more beautiful, too, and I didn't think that could be. I haven't seen a girl in Europe that's her equal. Say, do you know where she went? If I'd go up on the noon train do you think I could find her?"

"I don't know," hesitated Janet's mother. "She had some errands and was going to see our lawyer, but she is dining with a friend——"

Harley's face went down again.

"Oh! Then she won't be home till the late train. Well, perhaps she wouldn't want me around. I'd better wait, I suppose. But anyhow I'll meet the train."

The mother eyes watched him go away, watched him critically, anxiously, lovingly, and could find no flaw in him. What had Janet seen? Or missed?

Then after all Janet came back on the seven o'clock train. Hester had been away at the seashore, so there was nothing to keep her later. Besides, it seemed to Janet that she had been away a week.

She slipped into a little cool white frock, ate her supper and went out to the hammock. Harley thought she was not coming till the late train, so she would not be disturbed, and she could perhaps think out her perplexities before he came; whether she should go to bed with another headache, which was even worse this time than the evening before, or face him and have it out.

To be continued

What the 'Quake Did to Guatemala

Christian Herald Relief the First to Reach the Stricken City

GUATEMALA CITY is slowly recovering from the effects of the series of destructive earthquakes which laid a large part of the city and the surrounding country in ruins. The work of restoring such of the wrecked buildings as can be made habitable is now being pressed forward vigorously. Relief work among the destitute and homeless is also going on energetically, as the following letters, received by the Christian Herald, show: "Some time ago, we received your cable putting $1000 at our disposition for the suffering people of this city. There are two missions at work here and this money has been equally divided among them, and we have been expending it, asking God for daily guidance and direction in the matter for the alleviation of the suffering of the people. A goodly part of it has been expended in buying corrugated iron roofing and furnishing clothing, buying rice, beans, etc., for the people and in a number of other ways which I am sure you would most heartily approve of.

"We appreciate your immediate relief in this matter, and your prompt response to my cablegram. The very promptness of your gift increased its value, as it came before any other relief had reached us. You were first on the ground with your gift. Will you kindly thank the readers of the Christian Herald and all those who were instrumental in sending this money, not only on behalf of the missionaries but on behalf of the people who received it, who showed their gratitude in a way that greatly touched our hearts?

"There is still a great need, in spite of all that has been done. The greatest of these needs facing us at present is the need of corrugated iron roofing to shelter the people. In the month of April, or May at the latest, the semi-annual rainy season commences, when we have the great torrential downpours of rain that will simply soak about half the people who have as yet no adequate covering. If it were possible to put a couple of thousand or more sheets of this roofing at the disposition of the people, selling some of it at cost to those who are able and willing to pay for it, and distributing the other, it would be a great blessing to the people at this time.

"There is also great need of clothing. It might be that many people at home could furnish us with second-hand clothing. This should not be too heavy, as we never have winter weather. A great many of the necessities of life can now be purchased here, but many of the people have no money with which to purchase them, so as always, by the means of ready money, we can help people help themselves. We are seeking to use great discretion in this matter of helping others, avoiding the danger of pauperizing them in any way.

"Assuring you of our most hearty appreciation of the gifts you have already sent, and that which you may send, and with a promise to use all our energies and care and discretion in the distribution of same, I am, WM. B. ALLISON."

Guatemala City, Feb. 12.

Rev. A. E. Bishop of the Central American Mission writes: "I cabled in the first days of the disaster. Mr. Allison of the Presbyterian Mission turned over to our Mission half of the thousand dollars cabled him, the Presbyterian Mission and the Central American Mission occupying this city working on comity lines.

"We trust your Christian Herald readers are responding to the appeal which you set forth in your valuable paper. We assure you of our gratefulness and are confident that the Lord will not forget this labor and ministry of love.

A. E. BISHOP."

Central American Mission, Guatemala City.

At the top, American consulate after the earthquakes; at the left above, ruins of the Roman Catholic church of Santa Teresa; at the right, what was left of the railroad station; lower picture, a general view of the stricken city

Additional Gifts to the Christian Herald Fund for Guatemala

F. D. Van V., Biloxi, Miss., 40c.; J. M. M., Seacliff, N. Y., $3.00; J. L. P., Frederic, Wis., $5.00; Mrs. H. L. S., Spring Grove, Va., $2.00; Mrs. J. T., La Porte City, Iowa, $1.00; Mrs. A. H., Antioch, Nebr., $1.00; L. G., Harrison, Ohio, $1.50; I. P. S., Northfield, Me., $1.00; Mr. & Mrs. C. E. T., Milwaukee, Wis., $1.00; Mrs. J. R. R., Bangor, Pa., $10.00; H. J. S., Asbury Park, N. J., $1.00; H. W. T., Norristown, Pa., $3.00; W. W., Laramie, Wyo., $5.00; E. F. W., Hannibal, Mo. $5.00; S. L. McC., Canonsburg, Pa., $25.00; A. M., Natick, Mass., $2.00; Mrs. K. B. D., Baltimore, Md., $5.00; Mrs. M. F. U., Wytheville, Va., $1.00; Mrs. MacN., $1.00; M. M., Elmira, N. Y., $1.00; Mr. & Mrs. P. S. P., Williamsburg, Mass., $2.00; Miss B. H., McComb, Miss., $3.00; L. V. J., Mole Hill, W. Va., $3.00; E. C. R., West Point, Va., $5.00; Rev. & Mrs. J. H. W., Cambridge, Vt., $3.00; Mrs. I. C., Madison, Wis., 50c.; Mrs. R. T., Greenwood, Miss., $5.00; Friends, Bowling Green, Ohio, $5.00; O. G. C., Ogden, Iowa, $10.00; Mrs. G., Brooklyn, N. Y., $3.00; C. H. W., Wharton, N. J., $1.00; J. M., Antioch, Tenn., $2.50; Mrs. L. E. O., Balaton, Minn., $1.18; Mrs. C., Toledo, Ohio, $25.00; Friend, Redding, Conn., $1.60; M. S. W., Syracuse, N. Y., $10.00; Mrs. H. E. G., Brunswick, Ohio, $2.50; D. M. P., Echo, Minn., $1.00; E. P. P., Bridgewater Corners, Vt., $2.00; C. F. M., Monclova, Ohio, $2.00; M. J. A., Grand Forks, N. D., $1.00; Mrs. R. V. M., Little Rock, Ark., 25c.; L. M., Rockville, Md., $1.00; Mrs. R. E. A., Findlay, Ohio, $3.00; Mrs. G. H. C., Bemus Point, N. Y., $3.00; M. S., Fond du lac, Wis., $10.00; W. A., Adams, Ill., $5.00; M. J. P., Cascade, Iowa, $5.00; Mrs. E. A. J., East Cleveland, Ohio, $2.00; Mrs. E. J. L., East Cleveland, Ohio, $2.00; Mr. & Mrs. J. B. H., Bird in Hand, Pa., $5.00; Mrs. B. N., Porterville, Ala., $1.00; Miss M. C., Bethlehem, Pa., $2.00; Mrs. S. C. McA., Pocahontas, Ill., $2.00; Mrs. S. H. L., Ladysmith, Wis., $2.00; Friend, Lebanon, Ohio, $1.00; H. M. E., Maplewood, N. J., $1.00; Mrs. A. G. R., Jackson, Miss., $1.00; A. E. N., Jackson, Miss., $1.00; W. M., Preston, Minn., $1.00; Mrs. R. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y., $3.00; W. J. H., Olivet, Mich., $5.00; I. C., Granada, Minn., $5.00; Mrs. G. S., Canaan, N. Y., $1.00, Miss H. R., Strafford, Vt., $3.00; E. E. S., Mt. Morris, Mich., $1.00; Mrs. C. V. J., Smithfield, N. C., $1.00; J. W. W., Allenville, Ill., $10.00; C. H. R., Allentown, Pa., $3.00; F. B. T., Gettysburg, Pa., $1.00; Mrs. E., Farmington, N. Mex., $1.00; "For Jesus Sake," Line Lexington, Pa., $1.00; Friend, Flemington, N. J., $1.00; J. R., Brooklyn, N. Y., $1.00; E. G. D., Kirksville, Ohio, $5.00; J. A. P., Rosedale, Mich., $10.00; Mr. & Mrs. H., Polk, Ohio, $15.00; A. E. S., Pensacola, Fla., $2.00; E. L. H. & Sister, West Phila., Pa., $3.00; Miss A. T., Urbana, Ill., $1.00; "In His Name," Knox City, Mo., $5.00; Mrs. A. M., Petoskey, Mich., $5.00; E. E., Nichols, N. Y., $5.00; Mrs. A. B. H., Lane, Idaho, $1.00; Mrs. McI., Los Angeles, Cal., $1.00; B. M. R., McClellandtown, Pa., $5.00; Mrs. J. D. R., Maxwell, Cal., $10.00; J. F. A., New Providence, Pa., $1.00; Friend, Trenton, Ky., $5.00; Mrs. H. O., Overton, Nebr., $1.00; Mrs. J. J. Washington, Ark., $4.00; Mrs. W. D. L., Hebron, Ill., $1.66; Mrs. A. M. R., Harvard, Nebr., $5.25; N. W. M., Los Angeles, Cal., $5.00; Mrs. R. E. D., Allentown, Pa., $2.00; C. L. V., Pasadena, Cal., $5.00; Mrs. S. A. W., Shickshinny, Pa., $1.67; Friend, Muscatine, Iowa, $2.00; Mrs. A. B., Nashua, Iowa, $2.50; Mrs. F. H. R., Thomas, Okla., $1.00; R. W., Tidioute, Pa., $5.00; W., Tidioute, Pa., $10.00; J. D. H., Bells, Tenn., $1.00; Mrs. H. J. T., Grangetown, Tex., $1.00; Mrs. A. B. L., Clinton, Ind., $5.00; Mr. & Mrs. V. T. L., Seattle, Wash., $9.00; E. D. B., Hoosac, Mont., $5.00; Missionary Soc., Third Ref. Ch., Kalamazoo, Mich., $5.00; E. P., Bennet, Ill., $5.00; Mrs. C. S. J., Santa Barbara, Cal., $2.00; M. L. S., Palmyra, N. Y. $2.00; Mrs. M. E. K., Canova, S. Dak., $3.00; Mrs. F. L., Alliance, Ohio, $2.00; Friend, Marshalltown, Iowa, $5.00;

Additional contributions to be acknowledged later.

The Girl Who Hated Lessons

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"I HATE my Latin," said the Schoolgirl. Quite crossly she threw her book across the room. "I hate my Latin, and I hate my algebra, and my English, and my French. I hate everything about school. *I hate school!*"

The Writer Lady had come into the room and quietly seated herself in the huge armchair. The Writer Lady visited the Schoolgirl's mother, and she loved the Schoolgirl very much indeed.

"I couldn't help hearing you just now," she said rather soberly. "Put down your home work for a moment, dear. I have a little story to tell you."

The Schoolgirl loved the Writer Lady very much, too. She ran across the room and perched herself cozily on the arm of the huge chair.

"There was once another girl," said the Writer Lady, "who hated lessons. And so while she was in school she laughed, and joked, and drew silly pictures, and wasted time generally. And at last, because she felt that she hated school, she stopped studying altogether, and stayed at home.

"It was all very nice for a while, and then suddenly the girl discovered that her friends knew more than she did. She found that there were books that she couldn't understand, and words that she couldn't pronounce. She found that her vocabulary was very limited. When anybody quoted something in Latin or French she had to guess at the meaning. She didn't know.

"The upshot of the matter was that she began to study again. It wasn't easy, for she did not have regular class hours and regular teachers. She found that it was more difficult for her to grasp things than it had been when she was younger. When she wanted to write she found that she lacked words, and it was long before she began to make any progress. And though that was years ago, she is still studying—trying to make up what she lost. That's the awfulness of wasting opportunities—they never come again in just the same way."

The Schoolgirl slid down from the arm of the chair, and, walking across the room, picked up the discarded Latin book. Quite suddenly she spoke.

"Did the girl tell you all this?" she questioned.

The Writer Lady laughed softly—a bit sadly. "I was the girl," she answered.

AN old proverb tells that opportunity only knocks once at the door—once in a lifetime. And then that opportunity, if the knock is not answered, goes quietly away and never reappears. And every small chance that one has to personally improve oneself—whether that chance be the studying of a hated lesson, or the doing of a small kindness for someone else—is perhaps the shadow of a knock at the door of your life.

I once knew a man who was a rather clever business man. But he had never really arrived, in the big way that his friends hoped that he might arrive, at the head of his profession. Once he spoke to me about it.

"Sometimes," he said rather wistfully, "I feel that my great opportunity has come and gone."

"What do you mean?" I questioned.

"Once, rather long ago," he told me, "there came the offer to me of a bit of work that I would have liked to handle. It was pleasant work, but there was no money in it, particularly, and I felt that I should concentrate on something that would mean more financially. The man who offered me the bit of work was sorry when I refused to do it. 'I know,' he told me, 'that there's not much in it now. But in time it will develop into something worth while.' But I was out after money, and though I felt instinctively, *though I knew*, that he was right, I wouldn't let myself take a chance. And I went out after things that have always had enough money in them, and not much of inspiration.

"The bit of work did develop. The man who took it is now famous and looked up to. And I am still doing work that is not particularly pleasant. And the tragic part of it is that I know it's my own fault."

"I'm sorry," I said. It was all that I *could* say.

"When I was a schoolboy," the man went on, apparently irrelevantly, "there was one study that I particularly didn't like. I knew that if I ever got to understand it I *would* like it. But it required more effort than I wanted to use, and so I dropped out of that class and used my time following the line of least resistance. The studies I worked over were the ones that it wasn't hard for me to get. And yet, when I came to college, the one study that I had dropped was my biggest obstacle. It kept me from going to the head of my class. It was another opportunity that had knocked, and that I hadn't answered."

EVERY one of us, I fancy, is meeting lessons in the school of life. We're doing it every day. And some of us petulantly toss away the book that will teach us correctly, just as the Schoolgirl tossed away her Latin book. It's hard to recognize some of the lessons that are hard to learn as opportunities.

But they are opportunities, every one of them. There isn't a lesson in life that hasn't been given to us for some perfectly good reason, just as there isn't a lesson in a school or college course that isn't necessary to that course.

In school it is the headmaster who decides that one should have a certain amount of Latin or algebra. In life it is God who decides the number of our lessons and the need of them. The headmaster, out of the depth of his experience, knows what it is best for us to learn. God, out of the wideness of his knowledge and love, knows also what we must master before we can call our life complete. And so every lesson that we throw aside is a directly negative answer to God's plan for us.

And like the Writer Lady, though we study for years after we discover our mistake, we can never quite catch up with the lessons that we didn't learn at the proper time.

THE KNOCK

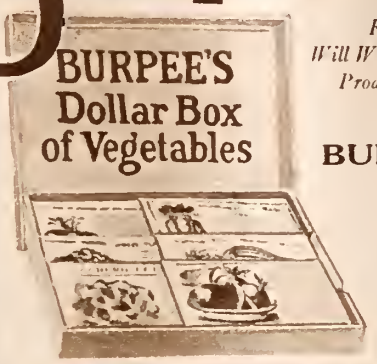
I HEARD a knock at my cabin door
As I sat by my hearth one day;
It was winter then, and I watched the flames—
Watched in a listless way.
Then I heard a sigh, and the wind swept by
And I heard the tempest groan,
And I heard faint footsteps steal away,
But I, listless, sat alone!

I sat alone by my writing desk,
And my study door was tight,
And I wrote my thoughts in a stilted way,
Through the whole of a summer night—
And I heard a tap at my study door—
But I held my pen in my hand—
And I heard sad footsteps falter past,
But I did not understand!

I walked through the woods at autumntide,
When the earth was red and gold;
And I gathered leaves from the lowest branch,
All that my hands could hold.
And I heard a knock at my very side,
But I did not turn to see,
For I thought that I heard a woodland bird
That pecked at some forest tree.

Ah, now I wait for the gentle knock,
And my door is open wide;
And I watch in vain for a guest to come—
A guest I may bid inside!
But the days are long, and my every song
Holds sorrow and fear and pain,
For I know the knock that I did not heed
May never come back again.

Burpee's Seeds Grow



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Cabbage—Allhead Early
Carrot—Chantenay
Chard—Large Ribbed White
Lettuce—Iceberg
Lettuce—Wayahead
Onion—White Portugal
Parsley—Moss Curled
Radish—Scarlet Turnip
Salsify—Sandwich Island
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On Sea and Land
At War and At Work

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Roland Burns, two and a half years old, selling War Savings Stamps at the Public Library in New York. If you can't buy from him any Boy Scout or Banker or Postmaster, and many other folks, will take your order

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Not yet in France, but soon to be. Men of America's new army coming out of a gas station, preparing to meet a gas attack "over there"

Jewish young men of New York who have enlisted in the British army for service in Palestine

© Western Newspaper Union

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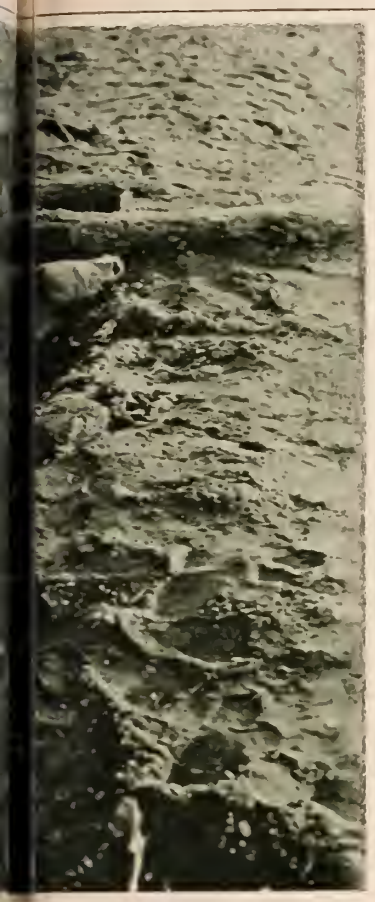
Frank P. Walsh, Chairman Industrial Investigation Commission



Underwood & Underwood

Uncle Sam, middleman. The Parcel Post, in California, is carrying produce from field to family

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buil ng ships. Just after this picture was taken, the yac," first of a fleet of 5,000-ton wooden steamers, b g built for Britain, took the water

© Committee on Public Information

American troops holding part of the front line trenches in Lorraine

© International Film Service

Arctic explorers of Donald McMillan's party. Lieut. Fitzhugh Green taking soundings through the ice. At the right E-Too-Ah-Shoo, Arctic guide, who was with Dr Cook and who helped Peary corral the pole

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Our Mail-Bag

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and is not controversial. All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

CHRISTIAN HERALD INFORMATION BUREAU
Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

With all the resources of the Government libraries and departments and of the public museums and their staffs and with the active assistance of national experts this Information Bureau is ready to tell you the answer to

Whatever You Want to Know

The bureau is prepared to answer fully and promptly questions regarding food production and conservation, transportation, industrial activities, history, patents and inventions, pensions and Army insurance, legislation, exploration and discovery, Government employment, and all of the thousand and one things that you want to be sure of.

Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

MARY C. F., Hitchcock, Ala. There is not and never has been any Scriptural warrant for denominations among the churches. Christ prayed that his church might be one; but such is the weakness of humanity, and such the greatness of divinity, that no man or set of men as yet has been able to comprehend fully all that lay within the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. Thus it has happened that individual teachers, grasping with a certain degree of conception certain elements of the truth more fully than others, have emphasized these elements, and have gathered about them those who were like-minded, and this school of thought has developed into a denomination. Within the denominations, certain elements of doctrine have again appealed more strongly than others, and groups so affected have split and developed new groups, thus going on from division to division until their multiplication has been almost a mockery of the Christ whom all profess to serve. Yet each of these branches of the church universal has done a certain service in bringing to the world a clearer comprehension of some part of the truth. Now, we are beginning to see the folly of it all, and are seeking to remedy the weakness of our divisions by the strength of united effort. In the larger cities, the churches are uniting in federations, cooperating in certain special efforts, and creating a Christian community conscience, which never could have been realized while church fought church, instead of all of them fighting sin. In the smaller towns unnecessary churches are being dropped, and all the Christians are uniting in one or possibly two churches, affiliating with the denominations most strongly represented in their united membership. The wisest thing for your little town with its 500 inhabitants and four empty church buildings is to unite and form a Union church—a Christian duty, that can unite all in service. Loyalty to a denomination is all right, but failure to attend church because we cannot find the service of our own denomination is often the beginning of the total loss of Christian faith.

Mrs. L. M., Bloomington, Ill. Are all sins pardonable, except the sin of blaspheming against the Holy Ghost?

Christ distinctly says so (Mark 3 : 29). Were they not, how would any of us finally fare, for we are all born in sin (Rom. 3 : 9), and none is righteous nor doeth good? If Christ had not come to save sinners, and bring them pardon for their sins, all must have been lost. The one unpardonable sin is held to be attributing the works of the Holy Spirit to Satanic agency.

H. M. J., Waterbury, Conn. Though fish is plentiful, prices are high for the same reason that butter, eggs, flour and coal are high. There is much evidence that profiteers and unpatriotic dealers are using the war, with its attendant commercial and transportation problems, as an excuse for taking advantage of the public.

Mrs. G. B., Clarksville, Iowa. 1. Since the new dispensation, the purely Levitical prohibitions have lost their force. 2. Christ teaches us to love our enemies and to pray for them that use us badly (Matt. 5: 44), and the experience of earnest Christians shows this to be the best way to "hurt" an enemy—that is, to win him over. 3. Any game may be wrong if played with wrong motives, but only the innocent amusements of children and grown-ups are pleasing in God's sight. He wants his children to be happy and contented. 4. Your requests for prayer have been referred to the Prayer League.

Inquirer. 1. Please explain full significance of the word "perish" in John 3 : 16. 2. Give some Bible reference to the immortality of the soul.

1. To understand the word "perish," we must bear in mind the purpose of Christ's coming, which was to save from that which threatened mankind, namely, perdition—the state of being lost to all good here and hereafter. In the succeeding verse, the apostle speaks further of Christ's mission, which was also to judge the world, and "to judge" corresponds to the "may perish." This shows that the word "judge," though not in itself equivalent to "condemn," has reference to a judgment which may tend to condemnation. The whole question of judgment and condemnation lies with God, and it is useless for us to speculate or to go beyond what the Bible plainly teaches on the subject. 2. Read Rom. 2 : 7; 1 Cor. 15 : 54.

Subscriber, Waterbury, Conn., and Mrs. R. B., Syracuse, N. Y. We cannot warn too much against any sect or creed that does not give all glory to God and which denies the fundamentals of Christianity. The theory of the mastery of the mind over certain bodily ills is as old as the hills.

J. S., Caledonia, Mich. Was the Samaritan woman of Jacob's well converted at her conversation with Jesus?

When Jesus revealed himself as the Messiah of whose coming she had feelingly spoken, she found the truth for which she had been seeking, and for the reception of which her heart was prepared. Her own belief she expressed to the Samaritan men in the question: "Can this be the Christ?" To have declared herself convinced would have done little to persuade the men of the village; but by putting the question to them she not only expressed the great conviction in her own heart, but she aroused in others that which is the forerunner of knowledge.

C. D. H., Bassetts, Va. Tradition has it that the Gospel was first preached in China by the Apostle Thomas. Early in the sixth century the Nestorians came. Rome first sent missionaries in the thirteenth century, and the Greek Church was established in Pekin in 1685. The first Protestant missionary was sent by the London Missionary Society in 1807. In 1814 the first convert was baptized.

Subscriber, New Jersey. Please explain John 3 : 36, last clause.

As against the believer, we find here placed in contrast the man who disobeys; not an unbeliever, but one who wilfully goes against the power given to the Son. The Father having given all things to the Son, the power over all men is in his hands; therefore he that does not receive him by faith is guilty of disobedience of the Son's authority.

S. R., Indiana. That Judas felt remorse for his crime is shown by his course in returning the bribe money, or rather casting it down at the feet of the priests in the sanctuary, and then taking his own life. See Matt. 27 : 5. We nowhere read, however, that he repented. Remorse and repentance are not identical. One may feel remorse at having adopted a wrong course, when another choice might have given him greater advantage, and yet without the inward conviction that he had been guilty of sin. Much has been written about Judas and his sin, and one writer has even attempted to make him appear as overzealous in having done what he did to force Jesus to assume the title and authority of a king. The Gospel record, however, attributes to him no such motive. He was deceitful and treacherous from the beginning (see John 6 : 64-71; 18 : 3-5).

A. K., Lackawanna, N. Y. There is no mention of midweek prayer services in the Scripture, but there are many passages that urge and commend prayer at all times. See Matt. 6 : 6; 26 : 41; Mark 13 : 33; 14 : 38; Luke 18 : 1 and other related portions. In view of all that is available on the subject, no one can contend that a midweek prayer service is unauthorized.

L. E. Franklin, Jefferson City, Tenn., writes: "Prayer is the only language that moves the heart of God. His finger will place the handwriting on the wall in Europe's war. Our part in America is to hasten that hour. Then are we not slackers of the worst type if we do not hold up the hands of those who are fighting our battles? Why should not the American people take the initiative and devote a part of every church service to prayer for our brothers 'over there,' on the sea and in the air? Would it not strengthen the morale of our army? We have a heatless day, a meatless day and a wheatless day; why not have a prayerful day—one Sabbath day each month? And when the hour for service arrives, let all assemble in the churches and with united voice appeal to the God of hosts to confuse our enemy and give us the victory."

A. N. A. L., Pittston, Pa. 1. Playing cards for prizes is gambling. 2. The passage you quote is sound Scripture, and quite applicable today. 3. The whole question under discussion, as far as it relates to the multiplicity of church organizations, is one that must be solved in the near future. The great point at issue is church unity on the essentials, and Christian cooperation, rather than rivalry and needless wasteful competition such as now prevails. We consider the discussion timely and helpful.

J. D. E., Allentown, Pa. The statements made in Scripture as to the character of God, in Ps. 145 : 8, 9; Nahum 1: 2 and Heb. 13 : 8, in one place represent him as slow to anger, and in another as one that revengeth. These statements are not contradictory. The wrath of God is all the more terrible because of his love and his long enduring patience. Paul places the two attributes in juxtaposition and shows how they are consistent (Rom. 11 : 22): "Behold therefore the goodness and severity of God."

Reader, Bay City, Mich. The warning that men's days should be an hundred and twenty years (Gen. 6 : 3) has been held by some to imply that the ark was that length of time in building. The words, however, are frequently interpreted as declaring that in future that would be the normal length of life; but it is evident that this was not the meaning, because the ages of men living after the flood, as given in Gen. 11, are still of great length.

Get Rid of Rats and Mice

RATS and mice are the worst animal pests in the world.

They destroy food, spread disease, ruin clothing, carpets, and other property.

In the United States, rats and mice each year spoil crops, food and other property valued at more than $200,000,000.

This destruction is equivalent to the gross earnings of an army of 200,000 men.

Rats and mice on your premises are not only expensive; they are dangerous to health.

Get rid of them. The Christian Herald is ready to help by showing you how to do it.

This week the Christian Herald offers free to its readers a valuable illustrated book of 24 pages entitled "House Rats and Mice." This book sets forth clearly the most practicable methods for dealing with the pests and getting rid of them. It is published by the United States Bureau of the Biological Survey.

To get a free copy, you have only to send your name and address with a 2-cent stamp for return postage to the Christian Herald Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Ask for the book by its title, "House Rats and Mice."

Jesus Requires Confession and Loyalty

International Sunday School Lesson for April 14

Mark 8: 1 to 9: 1

If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me

The King's Highway of the Cross

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

AFTER those stirring days in Galilee, when the rising hostility of the Pharisees was becoming more and more marked, Jesus took his little band of loyal ones away for a quiet conference in the mountains. They reached the most northern point touched by our Lord in his earthly wanderings, the neighborhood of Cesarea Philippi, with its wonderful dominating peak of Mount Hermon covered with glistening snow. Here for a short time he found the privacy he sought until gathering crowds began to claim his help once more.

He had time for the heart-to-heart talks he wanted with his disciples. He sensed the approaching crisis and was anxious to find how permanent was the impression made on the twelve. He also wished to prepare their minds and hearts for the certain fate which he knew to be impending over him. During that week or two spent in walking from village to village, and climbing the mountains, he seems to have made his greatest impress on the men who were to continue his work after him. The value of quiet, meditative, cumulative personal conferences was appreciated by the Master. Ever since then men have profited by religious retreats, conventions and conferences that have really shut out the world for a season that the Master might speak and be heard.

Opinions About Christ

As they walked and talked Jesus inquired as to the impression he had made on others. He wanted to contrast the conviction of the twelve with the passing opinions of the world. During this early ministry he had said little about himself and his place in the Kingdom. In fact, it is to the Gospel of John with its detailed exposition of the closing week of Christ's ministry that we have to look for teachings about the person of Christ. He had discussed in Galilee the Kingdom of God, its principles, its ways of life, its eligible list, its true members. He had discoursed in varied parables on the practical application of pure religion to life and conduct in the social relations. Now he asks what men think of himself.

It is interesting to glean the impressions of his ministry as manifested here and in other places by the reported words of outsiders. His work was prophetic—the highest title they could give to it. The least they said was that he was "one of the prophets." They were blinded to calling him a Messiah because of their prejudiced ideas as to what a Messiah would be. But they did call him another Elijah, another John the Baptist. And these were men unafraid of kings. The Nazarene was no gentle weakling as some have pictured him; if he was instinctively compared to the rugged Tishbite who had proved more than a match for King Ahab, he must have been a strong and compelling figure.

Peter's Great Confession

We do not appreciate highly enough this confession which so moved the heart of Jesus. Peter was a rough and ready man. Jesus was his neighbor, his friend, then his teacher, then his Master. Day by day Peter had seen everything there was about this Man who had called him. And now he boldly confesses him the Christ of God. We are apt to underestimate our intimates. No man is a hero to his valet. But the character of Jesus made the greatest impression on those nearest. Those who knew him best first called him divine, not those far away.

Besides this, Peter and the rest had overcome a great misconception of Messiahship in so great a degree that they could conceive of this humble, homeless wanderer being the long-awaited Christ. No king in regal pomp, no conquering soldier, but this divine teacher and friend, was the Messiah indeed. No wonder Jesus said that flesh and blood had not revealed the truth to them. It was the very revelation of God within teachable hearts. Christ had not lived with them in vain.

And I think it true that we all have more or less faulty ideas as to our Messiah until we have walked with him a good part of the way of life. It is only after a mature Christian experience and much thought and prayer that the true Kingship of Jesus dawns upon us in all its force and fulness and transfiguring power. Then with awe and holy joy we say softly unto him, "My Lord and my God."

"Thou art the Christ!" said Peter. No other answer is adequate. This is the Christian creed, to believe that Jesus is the fulfilment of the age-long search of the soul, that he is the revelation of the nature of the Father, that in him and only in him does life reach its highest meaning.

Yea, Amen. Thou changeless one, thou only
Art life's guide and spiritual goal;
Thou the light across the dark vale lonely,
Thou the Eternal Haven of the soul.

Jesus' Loyalty to His Mission

But even Peter had only partially sensed the Messiah's true service to man on behalf of God. He still had much to learn. Jesus states plainly now the very hardest teaching of all: himself must suffer and die for the world. How steadfast Christ was, with that hideous cross looming more and more plainly in view! How he rebuked all suggestion of avoidance of it, as plainly implying compromise on his part, swerving in loyalty to his Father's cause. The tempter had so spoken long before, suggesting some other way than the way of the cross.

Peter was moved to dissuade Christ by reason of the seeming defeat involved. But loyalty never hesitates to accept personal defeat and death for God's will. Peter was warm-hearted, as usual, but his advice was fatally wrong. It was really tempting because the right way for Christ, as for us, was so hard. But there is no easy way to save a sinful world. One must give oneself utterly. There is no royal road of glory but the King's Highway of the Holy Cross, as deep-thinking Thomas à Kempis tells us so well. Look up his chapter on the Way of the Cross.

The Loyalty Demanded of Christians

The same sort of loyalty is essential to the followers of the Messianic leader. Jesus went right on to apply the rule to all. If *any* man would *come after me*, he too will find that the only sure path into the Kingdom leads by way of a cross. And the cross means no trifling thing, no mere bearing of petty grievances, no easy relinquishing of extras. The cross means consecration even unto death, and that shameful, unappreciated, ignominious death. Not every Christian comes to the cross in literal fact, of course. But every genuine, sincere and worth-while follower of Jesus has that willingness, that self-dedication, before he shares the full joy of his Lord. It is only those who have given all, at least in spirit, who can fellowship with Him who gave all that he had and all that he was for them.

That is why we see at once the Christliness of the great missionaries who are the Church's inspirers in every age. We can see how they fulfilled the pledge:

I'll go where you want me to go,
I'll do what you want me to do,
I'll be what you want me to be.

But we ought not to fail to see loyalty at home, among the humblest members of our own church. If you have never

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seen a really fine Christian in your own church fellowship, then your eyes are faulty; they do not see what Christ surely sees. If you do not see loyal strugglers after the very fashion of Peter himself, you must lack charity, if not spiritual vision. They are with us, all around.

Above all, do not let us allow Peter's crowning blunder, which comes as naturally to us as to him, to put us also in the tempter's place. That is, let us be careful to avoid advising our loved ones, our own boys and girls, to look for the easiest way. How many Christians have been guilty of advising youths not to study for the ministry, girls not to go to the missionary training school, only the thwarted Master knows. What a dreadful thing when some soul courageously choosing the way of sacrificial service, whatever it may be, hears a trusted friend saying, "Be it far from thee; this shall never be for thee." Why, you are stabbing the soul-life of your friend! Remember how Jesus turned in quick sorrow to rebuke Peter.

Because the law of life is sacrifice, the lower must be subordinated to the higher and the flesh to the spirit. Without sacrifice seeming life is really death, seeming gain is heavenly loss. The whole world knows this now. All philosophy agrees with Jesus as to the high cost of selfishness. The givers truly save, the keepers starve their own souls. "Earth gets its price for what earth gives us."

Friends, there is just one redeeming feature of this awful war. That is, men are learning to give. Our sons offering their lives have become nobler than ever they were before. Our brothers and sisters giving their means lavishly, their time until utterly worn out, their prayers and earnest thoughts, yea, their children, have become sons and daughters of the unselfish God who so loved that he gave, and gave his best. The world indeed is being crucified afresh, and in some quarters the Son of God is being put to shame. But from this Calvary there shall come in God's good time another Easter and an enlarged entrance into the Kingdom of God for all the world.

Sunday School Methods

BY FRANK L. BROWN, Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

Memorizing Living Truth

ONE of the greatest assets in any life is the memorizing in boyhood and girlhood of great hymns and Bible chapters and passages. Many a man and woman in later life has reason to be grateful beyond measure for those stored-up treasures which are brought out to strengthen, help and comfort the life in hours of temptation, disappointment and sorrow.

It is a good thing not simply to learn these passages but in the Bible to mark them and give them names that will make them familiar and cherished friends.

The West Virginia Sunday School Association has selected twenty-five Bible chapters to be memorized by any boy or girl not over sixteen years of age and to be recited at the Annual Convention of the Association. Success in this recitation is to be rewarded by the presentation of a bronze medal.

On one side of the medal is an open Bible with the words inscribed on the pages: "Thy Word have I laid up in my heart." On the other side is inscribed: "Presented for memorizing twenty-five chapters of the Bible."

These chapters are as follows:

1. Genesis 1. Story of the Beginnings.
2. Exodus 20 : 1–17. The Law.
3. Psalm 1. True Blessedness.
4. Psalm 8. Jehovah's Glory and Man's Dignity.
5. Psalm 19. The Works and Word of God.
6. Psalm 23. The Shepherd Psalm.
7. Psalm 51. A Contrite Sinner's Prayer for Pardon.
8. Psalm 90. Our Eternal God.
9. Psalm 91. God is our Refuge.
10. Psalm 100. All Men Exhorted to Praise.
11. Psalm 103. Praise for Jehovah's Mercies.
12. Ecclesiastes 12 : 1–7. The God of Youth.
13. Isaiah 40. The God of all Comfort.
14. Isaiah 53. The Man of Sorrows.
15. Matthew 5. The Beatitudes.
16. Matthew 6. Sermon on the Mount.
17. Matthew 7. Sermon on the Mount.
18. Luke 2 : 1–20. The Birth of Christ.
19. Luke 15. God's Welcome to the Sinner.
20. John 14. The Comforter.
21. John 15. The Rule of Daily Living.
22. I Cor. 13. The Law of Love.
23. I Cor. 15. Assurance of Immortality.
24. Roman 8. The Spirit of Adoption.
25. Hebrews 11. Heroes of the Faith.

These twenty-five do not exhaust the line of fine memory chapters, and those which should be learned and marked by teachers and scholars. For instance, we have Ezekiel 36, Purity Chapter; Romans 3, Sin Chapter; Romans 10, Salvation Chapter; John 9, Light Chapter.

Any Sunday school or any teacher could well have such chapters indicated in writing or in print and distribute them to scholars to be memorized, say one new chapter a week, and then have a public recognition before the church when the work has been well done.

The Christian Herald Bible Picture Contest Plan may also be used for this purpose by selecting from the text book of Lessons, Home Readings and Golden Texts certain memory verses and passages then to be recited at the close of the series of lessons. The Christian Herald will be glad to forward samples of this Contest plan upon application.

"The Inner City"

THE St. Louis Church Federation, an organization of the Protestant ministers of St. Louis, at a meeting at the Schuyler Memorial last Monday heard a report of "Inner St. Louis," the district which is in the eastern section of the city, which contains one-half of the city's population, three-fifths of the saloons and four-fifths of the crime. The report was read by the Rev. A. H. Armstrong, chairman of the Committee on Comity of the St. Louis Church Federation. At the meeting it was decided to call a conference to provide for the betterment of this section of the city. In this district there are 73 Protestant churches and missions with a membership of 33,238. One of the special problems that confront the ministers of St. Louis in adopting a plan for the alleviation of the distressing conditions of "Inner St. Louis" is the fact that nearly one-half of the population is foreign born, and many are negroes. In this district there are 168 paid ministers and church workers, compared with 320 in the other sections of the city. The foreign born in this district are segregated in groups and are employed mostly in the factories of the city. The investigators found these conditions, which lead to most of the crime: Bad housing, many divorces, and much desertion and non-support. More than 78 per cent. of the arrests made in St. Louis during the year 1916 were made in the "Inner City." The same conditions obtain during the first eight months of 1917. The death-rate of tuberculosis was 520 here as compared with 396 deaths from that disease in the western section of the city during 1916. The St. Louis Provident Association during that year had given subsistence to 16,575 persons.

The St. Louis Training School

FOR the last five years the St. Louis churches, in conjunction with the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Church Federation, and the St. Louis Sunday School Association, have maintained a training school for the young men and women of St. Louis to teach them to become efficient Bible teachers.

Fifteen courses are offered, covering all departments of Sunday School work, and the school is in charge of twenty-eight leading men as the faculty, with Professor George Platt Knox, assistant superintendent of the St. Louis public schools, as the dean.

All the members of the faculty give their services to this work without charge, and the rooms are furnished to the students by the Y. W. C. A. free.

Last year the school had an attendance of 304, the largest of any year in its history, and it expects a larger number this season. The pupils who attended last year were from eighty-seven churches and from twelve denominations. The pupils are capable persons who are actively engaged in the work at their home churches.

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Making the Truck Work Both Ways

NECESSARY and valuable as is the horse to the small farmer, many of them are finding it to their advantage to operate a light half-ton or one-ton truck. The trucks by their superior speed make possible the reaching of better markets and they also insure early arrival—a tremendous advantage in any market.

Loading the truck right in the field

One firm of truck-growers in Kent Co., Delaware, by the use of a half-ton truck was able to reach the Wilmington, Delaware, market forty-five miles away. They could not sell cabbage in their local market; potatoes brought but 30 cents per basket. At Wilmington cabbage brought 75 cents to $1.00 a basket, and potatoes 65 cents. On blackberries they gained $1.70 a crate by reaching the better market, and other products brought similar profitable increases over the home market which depended on rail transportation and the services of commission merchants. In one season they made 4,500 miles and sold $1,575 worth of produce and then earned back most of the operating expenses by hauling freight from Wilmington for their local merchants on the return trip.

Food Regulation in England

THE English food controller, Lord Rhondda, has fixed maximum prices for certain commodities and has put the people on a sugar ration so that now not more than half a pound per week is allowed to each individual. A sugar ticket for each member of the family is now required. The application forms when complete are sent to the grocer, who then forwards to the head of the household retail sugar cards for each individual who signed. This card is the authority for the person whose name it bears to receive his sugar. If he removes to another locality or another household he must present his card at a post office and will be given a "ration paper" entitling him to a supply of sugar from any grocer in his neighborhood. Other commodities will be parceled out under similar restrictions if the shortage becomes acute.

Some of the maximum prices established are interesting as compared with prices in this country, where the pinch of war has not yet been felt as it is on the other side. For example, roasted coffee can not be sold at more than one shilling sixpence (36.5 cents) per pound; butter must be retailed at not more than two shillings sixpence (60.8 cents) per pound and margarine is purchasable at a maximum price of one shilling (24.3 cents) per pound. The list of commodities upon which a maximum price has been fixed is rather long, and these will serve as fair examples.

The food controller has promulgated a large number of regulations covering the buying and selling of food, the object being to discourage waste and promote conservation. Information received by the United States Food Administration indicate that prosecutions of violators are frequent. A few examples from an official source are illuminating:

A baker was fined nineteen shillings sixpence ($4.74) for throwing six mouldy loaves of bread into a manure pit.

At Southampton, a merchant was fined £100 ($486.65) on six counts, charging him with selling potatoes at a price above the fixed maximum. He demanded £22 ($107.06) per ton instead of the legal £11 10 shillings ($55.96).

The wife of a collier pleaded guilty to a charge of wasting bread and was fined £5 ($24.33). A policeman had found two or three stones (28 to 42 pounds) of bread in a swill tub. The defendant's husband and three sons, all colliers, earned £11 (53.53) per week, and from one baker 62 2-pound loaves were purchased in three weeks, an average of 12 pounds per person over the food controller's allowance.

For feeding bread to fourteen dogs a certain woman was fined £5 ($24.33). She gave the dogs bread and milk for breakfast.

A certain minister was fined forty shillings ($9.72) for obtaining thirty-six pounds of sugar in order to preserve fruit. "He had only four plum trees in his garden, with half a dozen plums on them."

A fine of £25 ($121.66) was assessed against a woman for hoarding sugar. The police found forty pounds in the dining room and 103 pounds hidden under a bed.

Several milk-producers were fined for charging a retailer one shilling eightpence (40.5 cents) and one shilling sixpence (36.5 cents) per gallon, the maximum allowed being one shilling fourpence (32.4 cents).

Nearly eight per cent. of the eggs marketed in the United States are lost through spoilage or breakage. Much of this loss could be prevented through community egg circles.

Loyalty in Little Things

THE whole great problem of winning the war rests primarily on one thing: The loyalty and sacrifice of the American people in the matter of food. If we are selfish or even careless, we are disloyal; we are the enemy at home. Now is the hour of our testing.—*U. S. Food Administration.*

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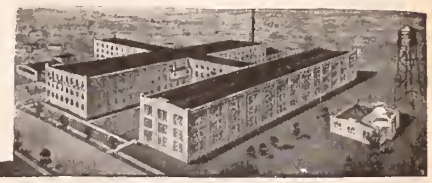

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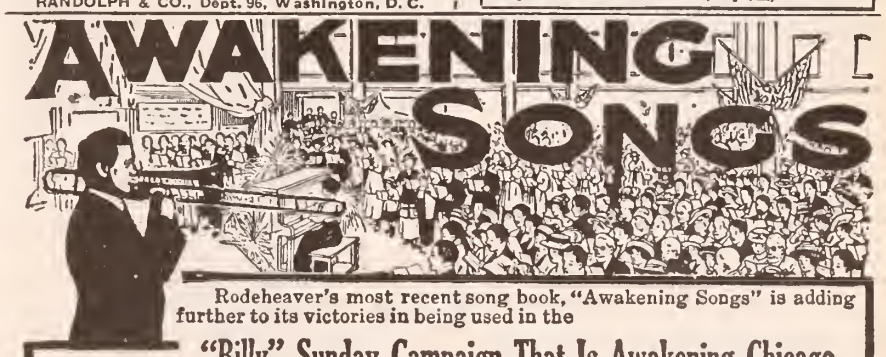
AWAKENING SONGS



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Camp Merritt

IT is all summed up in the parting incident which I observed one Sunday evening when I was about to return from camp to the railroad station to speed homeward. The rays of the setting sun were turning the snow-covered fields of New Jersey into sparkling sheets of silver. I was seated in the bus waiting to start, when a mother approached with her son. She was a plain little woman, hallowed by the dignity of sacrifice. He was an upstanding, clean-cut young fellow, the kind a mother can well feel proud of. Before he handed her into the bus he kissed her and their eyes moistened. Then the gears meshed with a grinding sound, and we were off. He remained standing looking after while she looked back to him until a bend in the road blotted him out of view, a proud little smile playing about her face moistened by the tears of mingled fear and hope. When she could see him no more, she looked down and folded her hands in prayer. She had bade her last farewell to her son. God only knew whether he would return, for Camp Merritt is one of the embarkation camps of the United States troops, from which they depart for France.

On the day that we were there, a Sunday, we saw men continually coming and going with bags containing their belongings over their shoulders. There were men there from every state of the Union and from most of the training-camps, awaiting the order to embark. In the week, rumor had it that 18,000 men had left.

Not all of them are so fortunate as the young man we saw, to have their loved ones bid them farewell at this camp. Many parents, however, and friends come from great distances. The hostess house, conducted by the Y. W. C. A., on the edge of the military reservation, has many interesting stories to tell. It forms the meeting-place for fathers and mothers to greet their sons in camp. The camp authorities facilitate this service in every possible way.

WHEN we stepped into the front hall of the large mansion acquired by the Y. W. C. A. as hostess house, every room was filled with visitors chatting with soldiers. Miss Butler, who has charge of the building, told us that as high as seven hundred visitors came a day. I asked her about the spirit of the men and their relatives. She said the men are jubilant to move. It means change from the routine of training camp. They are anxious to see the other side. And the women, too, the mothers and wives, are brave. Only when they come and find their soldiers gone, then they break down. One wife, a war bride, came all the way from St. Louis to bid her husband farewell. When she arrived, he was gone. Her disappointment was more than keen. Yet she bravely bore it and returned to do her part at home. One woman, a wealthy, refined Southern woman, came up from South Carolina to see her son. She was willing to sleep anywhere and forego all comforts only to be near her son. One family came from Cuba and stayed two weeks. Their son had enlisted among the first when the country's call for volunteers was published.

But touching as it is to realize that many men take along with them the strengthening cheer of a parting word from loved ones, only a small percentage are thus favored. Tens of thousands pass through, only a few hundred meet friends or relatives. It would seem that the spiritual forces of America would concentrate at this point with a farewell message of Christ that would reach all and leave no heart untouched.

The Y. M. C. A. is doing all it can to meet the call. Its work at Camp Merritt has a very strong positive Christian ring. The men, too, turn out in three weeks in one of the huts there were 156 decisions for Christ. One case illustrates the force of Christianity at this hour of parting from the home land. He was a preacher from Montana. For some reason or other he had left his congregation. He joined the army and went with it into Mexico, and now he was here about to go to France. When he broke with his church, he broke with Christianity! It was at an evening service in the Y. M. C. A. hut. The secretary had dwelt on the sixth petition: "Lead us not into temptation." The backslidden minister had heard him, and he came up, and made his confession and promised to stand on Christ's side in the months and years that are before him.

IT is, of course, impossible to do much extended work. The men come and go so quickly. Sometimes they come at night to leave the next morning. Every effort is bent on making the spiritual work of the companies self-sustaining, by organizing Bible-classes in every unit, that should have their teachers and officers in that unit. In many cases that has been very successful. An ice plant company had a group of twelve men prepared to carry on the work. When the order was given late one evening for them to move the next morning at five, they obtained permission to go to the Y. M. C. A. building and there they had their last meeting on the home shore with prayer and Scripture reading, consecrating themselves to their work.

Much depends on the attitude of the officers and public officials. When the officers encourage a Christian life the task is easy. Many do. Some decidedly don't. I received an interesting communication from Governor Edge of New Jersey in regard to the religious work at Camp Merritt. He writes:

> I have always been an enthusiastic advocate of the work in and about the training cantonments of the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., churches and kindred organizations, for the reason, principally, that they are well organized, directly on the ground, and therefore in a position to do the work most effectively and with the least cost and effort. It is needless for me to dwell upon the value of the social and religious work such as organizations of this type are doing. In fact, I might say that the aim has been to maintain a high standard of morals among the men in the military service and to provide social and athletic diversion rather than to dwell particularly on any form of worship. In other words, there has been a most refreshing lack of religious prejudice or bigotry in and about the training camps. To pass through these cantonments and to see large buildings maintained by the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Junior O. U. A. M. and other organizations all of them conducted along the same lines, striving hand in hand to cooperate for one end, the physical and moral improvement and general betterment of the soldier, is to me a most inspiring sight.
>
> None have an ax to grind. The sole aim is patriotism. It is well known that the moral side of a soldier's character must not be neglected if his training for service is to be of the one hundred per cent. order. This is what our organized societies are endeavoring to do and there is no question but what their work is of equal importance with that of military instructors.
>
> I only hope for the continued support of the public for all such activities which are not of the visionary kind but are on the job because they are on the ground.

The churches in the vicinity of Camp Merritt are as thoroughly organized as any group of churches near a camp. There are perhaps a dozen churches within the vicinity of the camp. None of these, however, is really a large church. The churches have set themselves a very elaborate program, to establish a normal social life by drawing the men into the home life of the community and into the activities of the church. As many as 800 men have been sent by the Y. M. C. A. into the various churches of a Sunday. Furthermore, the camp surroundings are clean and a good deal of the credit belongs to the church people, though the leadership was in the hands of the mayors of the surrounding towns.

But with the best of efforts the local churches cannot hope to cope with the task unaided. The men come and go too quickly and there are too many. At times there are over 30,000 men in camp. Camp Merritt is the point where every denomination must make its supreme effort for the men that have gone out from its churches. It is the last opportunity where American Christians can bring the comfort, strength, the appeal of Christ Jesus to their sons on the home shore. O. H. P.

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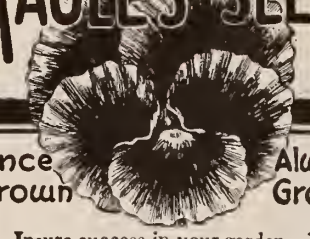

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The Little Child-Waifs of France

"THE Godmother of Good Works" is the name which has been given to the Department of Civil Affairs of the American Red Cross in France. And of all the good works that are done, none is quite so appealing to the heart and imagination as that which is done for the French children.

Here is a story which can best be told just as it comes from France:

She was just a tiny bit of a French child, not more than three or four years old. She was wandering about the Casino at Evian, quite independently, and found herself in the line of repatriated children, waiting to be examined by the American Red Cross doctor.

She may have been lost, but she seemed very happy, humming a vague and wandering scrap of a tune. What she had been through, back where the German army rules, no one knew; some of the grown-ups were weeping with joy to be among friends again. It came her turn to be examined.

"What is your name?" the Red Cross nurse asked.

"Marcelle," piped the four-year-old.

"And your other name?"

"Je ne sais pas!" (I do not know.) the child answered, with the unconcern one reserves for trifles.

The nurse was bothered. She had a card to fill out. . . . and here was a child come back to France that did not know its own name!

"Don't you see her there!" asked the nurse. "Which is your mother?" And she pointed to a whole crowd of them.

"Which one?" Marcelle echoed, a little plaintively. Then she found her brave answer by climbing up into the nurse's lap, did this Frenchwoman of four years:

"Ici, tout le monde est ma mère, tu sais." (Everybody is mother to me here.)

The Red Cross nurses are proud to be the "mother" of such children as these, who have just been sent back to France by the Germans because they are too young to be forced to work and because they did not want the burden of feeding them even the meager children's rations any longer.

Here is another story from one of the American Red Cross children's refugees:

"Two little sisters, Yvonne and Pierrette, were among the first to come to the Château des Halles. Yvonne is ten years old; Pierrette is eight. Their father and mother both died long before; they have no distinct memories of them. Before the war they lived with an older sister and a friend in Lens. The friend was repatriated with them, but went to Paris; the sister was left behind. Lens is a mass of crumbled brick and stone now, shattered by a six months' rain of shells; but Yvonne and Pierrette were sent to Belginm in the spring, and they do not know.

" 'Are you going to Lens?' Yvonne asks me, as I say good-by on leaving the château.

" 'I can't,' I say. 'The Germans are still there.'

" 'But they won't always be there, will they?'

" 'No,' I answer with assurance born of faith.

" 'And when they are gone, you will go to Lens?' she urges.

" 'I'd like to!'

" 'Well, if you do go to Lens,' Yvonne instructs me, 'you tell my big sister Marthe—she lives at No. 3131,' and she gives me the name of a street where no single house now stands erect—'you tell Marthe that it's nice here, and that I want her to come here, too.' "

Incidents like these are all part of the day's work of the Red Cross worker in France. The tragedy of the children—that is the thing which, they say, is beyond words, beyond all powers of description. For the children of France they are constantly asking for more support from the people of the United States. They are aiding directly in the saving of 50,000 of the coming generation in France. They hope to aid in lessening infant mortality in France from 80,000 to 40,000 deaths a year.

This is one of the many great works on behalf of which the American Red Cross, belonging in a very literal sense to the American people, since it now has more than 23,000,000 members, makes its second appeal.

The American Red Cross "Over There"

THE Department of Civil Affairs of the American Red Cross in France was instituted upon the arrival of the Red Cross Commission on June 12, 1917. It was placed under the charge of its present director on July 24 with a staff of thirteen persons. The staff of the department now numbers 364 persons, not including 138 members of the American Friends' Unit.

From a shelter for refugee children, the department has grown since July 24 to include work in 63 towns and cities besides Paris, and it is extending aid in hundreds of cities, villages and hamlets.

Seven hospitals, with a combined capacity of 942 beds, of which 472 are for children and 470 for tuberculous patients, are now operated directly. Money granted by the American Red Cross has enabled the English and American Friends to extend the work of their maternity home at Chalons, and to establish and operate a general civilian hospital of thirty beds at Sermaize. Red Cross money will complete a tuberculosis sanatorium of 300 beds near Paris and one of 123 beds in a Paris hospital.

Twenty-eight dispensaries, three of them in Paris, are in operation.

A refuge at Toul houses 466 children and mothers from gas-bombarded villages; thirty children under four years of age, are cared for in a Friends' home by Red Cross money; and a refuge for old and infirm repatriates at Cannes has been enabled to reopen its doors by meeting half the cost of operation, above the amount allowed by the French Government.

Aid to repatriates returning from occupied France and Belgium begins at Evian, near the Swiss border, where each train is met by automobiles and ambulances. Since the establishment of the service 13,708 children have been examined and 367 treated in the Red Cross hospital at Evian. Children are sent to a Red Cross hospital near Lyons; tuberculous repatriates are referred to a Red Cross hospital in Lyons; and the thousands of homeless old men, women and children who leave Evian, 600 each day, to be billeted in strange departments because their own villages are devastated or in enemy territory, are to be met from now on by American Red Cross delegates, who have been cooperating with local organizations, for some weeks in advance, in re-establishing livable homes.

In Paris this department has made an examination of all unfinished apartment buildings, and it has already turned over nineteen buildings, which will house 554 families or 2,800 persons, to refugee and housing organizations for completion.

A survey has been made of French re-educational schools to enable war cripples to become self-supporting; the information thus gained is being sent to the United States in written and photographic form.

In the reconquered region there is an organization through which distribution of farm machinery, furnishings, clothing and food is made through local agencies. In villages allotted to the Red Cross by the French Government a gang of Belgian workmen, under Red Cross direction and pay, are repairing houses and barns.

In most cases the Red Cross has cooperated with existing organizations through grants of money or goods. The total amount of money thus contributed to January 1, 1918, is 1,620,244.37 francs. In all 397 grants of goods have been made to 322 organizations.

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Albert J. Heinzman, Texas.

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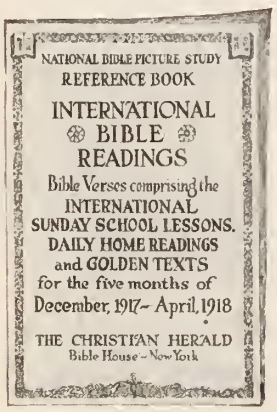

TO the left is *International Bible Readings*, the reference book of about 2,000 Bible verses. From these verses all must choose their best verses for the thirty pictures. Verses not found in the official list cannot be accepted as answers.

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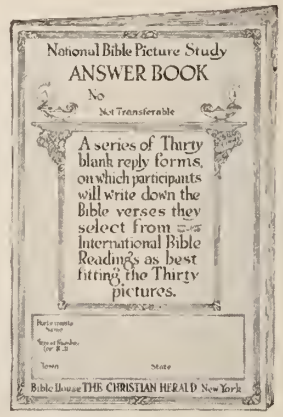

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If you send us a *new* 6-months' subscription for the Christian Herald, remitting the regular subscription price of $1.00, we will send you, postpaid, a complete Outfit for doing so. Ten cents added to this (a total remittance of $1.10) will bring a complete Outfit to the *new subscriber* also! All 30 pictures will be included in each Outfit.

Love Makes the Stitches

SHE was a little Austrian woman, and she was crossing the ocean on a great hostile liner. Most of the other women were the wives of Englishmen, and they could not forget that her country was at war with their land. They ignored her, and she was left much to herself. And yet—

One morning as she was walking up and down the deck in her solitary way she passed the steamer chair of a middle-aged Englishwoman who was knitting at a gray woolen sock. And suddenly she paused in her walk and held out both of her hands.

"Oh," she cried, in very good English, "will you not let me knit a few rows on that sock?"

The Englishwoman looked up. And her face was cold and rather hard. "I think," she said, "that you would scarcely want to knit on *this* sock! For it is going to an English colonel—my husband!"

The little Austrian woman looked at the colonel's lady. And there were tears in her eyes. "Listen," she said in a low, shaking voice. "I, myself, have a son. He is an officer in the Austrian army. But if you knew my son I do not think you would hate him! If I knew the colonel, your husband, I do not think that I would hate him, either. . . ." She paused for a moment before she went on, and then—"Now that the world is torn by war," she said, "we women must do what we can to keep a little love in it . . . May I, perhaps, knit a few rows on the sock?"

Silently, but with tears in her own eyes, the Englishwoman handed over the gray wool.

That, during this war, is the women's mission. They must keep alive in this world the spark of love. And they can do it by knitting—knitting socks and sweaters and mufflers for the tired, cold, homesick boys who need them.

"The Patriotic Yarn Association" has made it possible for the women of our country to do their bit of knitting by offering to them the best knitting worsted on the market at the lowest possible cost, allowing only for the expense of distribution, with the understanding that they will make it up into garments for men in the service of the United States and the Allies.

They desire to reach the individual knitter direct that she may be unrestricted in the distribution of the finished garments, provided only that she knit solely for the above-mentioned cause and give her word of honor to that effect. They also gladly help c t small organizations of recognized reputation working for patriotic purposes.

The Patriotic Yarn Association is located in Room 801, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Miss Rosalind Wood is the president.

Mail orders are promptly filled. And samples and prices will be sent upon request.

When the Churches Cooperate

Continued from page 407

The simultaneous evangelistic campaign is now practically a whole-year program. The Atlanta Executive Committee has met for lunch once a week for six years. A leader is necessary, therefore someone must be on the job all the time, and think out plans in terms of the whole city and see that they are put into execution. The Chamber of Commerce would not be worth the cost of room-rent without a capable secretary. The Federation secretary is the chief strategist and the executive committee is the Board of Christian Strategy. In the large city he should be engaged for full time and should be the peer of any other recognized leaders, because his task is a difficult one. He must be the Christian statesman of the city.

This is a community task and must be upon the hearts and shoulders of the community men, the laymen. Ministers are not always men of the community. The average pastorate is three years. Ministers come and ministers go, but the laymen stay on. Laymen must accept larger responsibility. From the beginning there must be the combination of ministers and church members in the organization. It must be the whole church and all the churches in united action.

The example of Jesus makes it plain that it is not the business of the church to build itself out of the community, but to build up the community out of its own life. Too often ministers are used like mustard plasters. Apply them locally and leave them just so long as they draw. The official boards of churches and missionary superintendents have established wrong standards. Promotion depends on large congregations and contributions. Not a bigger church, but a better city is the new demand. The latter is the best guarantee for the former.

This does not necessarily mean the lack of interest in the denominational connection. It only makes that secondary. It is the team play of each for the victory of all. We may think of one denomination as the infantry, another as the cavalry, another as the artillery, another the aviation corps, another the engineering corps. Each unit of the division is important, but each must be subservient to the mission of the whole army. Only in this spirit can success be assured.

When the churches become Christian in their relation to one another, as they approach the community they will redeem the community—"Let no church seek its own, but each its neighbor's good."

A Record-Breaking Circuit "Rider"

WE all know something about the history of the early Methodist circuit-riders—the great distances many of them rode to fill their appointments. I want to give a record which will compare with that of Bishop Asbury. The man I have in mind is living now, in the state of Illinois. While Asbury crossed the Alleghany Mountains sixty times, and was said to have been in the saddle more than Napoleon Bonaparte, yet our friend, who is a humble pastor in the M. E. Church at Maunie, Ill., has made a record in the past six years not unworthy of comparison with any ever recounted. While the early Methodist itinerants won their fame on horseback, our friend made his record on foot. He has been in the ministry for only six years, but during that time he has walked, in order to fill his appointments, over fifteen thousand miles! This is not guesswork. He has kept a diary with all the accuracy of a United States census. Here are the figures for six years: 20,000 miles traveled, 15,000 miles walked, 1,500 sermons, 100 funerals preached, longest circuit forty miles around, shortest circuit twenty miles, longest day's walk thirty-two miles and preached four times that day, shortest day's walk to fill regular appointments during the six year's ministry, nine miles. He not only walked to fill his regular Sunday appointments, but during revival meetings, for three weeks or more, he would often walk many miles per day. He never missed a single appointment on account of sickness. The first year of his ministry he received only $400, and gave away $100 of that to benevolent purposes. He is in perfect health—does not use stimulants of any kind. He was ordained by Bishop Charles W. Smith in 1913. He is married and has three children. His name is Rev. W. A. Sharp, Maunie, Ill. Can you beat the record?

ANDREW JOHNSON.

Bedford, Ky.

It takes the real thing in religion to attract a boy. He pries off veneer from a life as he would shingles from a born.

Parent or Child Who Is to Blame?

We often hear parents complain of the bad habits developed by their children as though the children were at fault, when in reality the parents have no one to blame but themselves.

When a child is obedient, respectful, unselfish, sweet tempered, etc., it is because right methods of home training have been employed. And the reverse is equally true—disobedience, disrespect, selfishness, deceitfulness, and other undesirable characteristics in children are due to wrong methods in child training.

Not only are a child's habits, whether good or bad, due to the methods used by the parents, but the child's entire future depends upon the training received at home. Character is nothing more than an established set of habits.

The trouble has always been that we have never given any really scientific study to the question of child training—we have not searched for the cause of disobedience, the cause of wilfulness the cause of untruthfulness, and of other symptoms which, if not treated in the right way, may lead to dire consequences. Instead, we punish the child for exhibiting the bad trait, or else "let it go." As a result, we do the child an actual wrong instead of helping it. What we should do is to attack the trouble at its source.

Do your children play in a way that will harm or help them? The wrong kind of play can do a child more injury now and in after life than no play at all.

A New System

There is now a new system of child training which has completely revolutionized old methods, founded upon the principle that confidence is the basis of control.

Under this new system children who have been well nigh unmanageable become obedient and willing, and such traits as bashfulness, jealousy, fear, bragging, etc., are overcome. But the system goes deeper than that, for it instills high ideals and builds character, which is of course the goal of all parents' efforts in child training.

Physical punishment, shouted commands, and other barbarous relics of the old system have no place in this modern system. Children are made comrades, not slaves, are helped, not punished. And the results are nothing short of marvelous.

Instead of a hardship, child training becomes a genuine pleasure, as the parent shares every confidence, every joy and every sorrow of the child, and at the same time has its unqualified respect. This is a situation rarely possible under old training methods.

To put in practice these new ideas in child training, strange as it may seem, takes less time than the old method. It is simply a question of applying principles founded on a scientific study of human nature, going at it in such a way as to get immediate results without friction.

The founder of this new system is Professor Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. (Harvard and Columbia), who has written a complete Course in Practical Child Training. This Course is based on Professor Beery's extensive investigations and wide practical experience, and provides a well-worked-out plan which the parent can easily follow. The Parents Association, a national organization devoted to improving the methods of child training, has adapted the Beery system and is teaching the Course to its members by mail.

Nothing Else Like It

Membership in the Parents Association entitles you to a complete course of lessons in child training by Professor Beery. These lessons must not be confused with the hundreds of books on child training which leave the reader in the dark because of vagueness and lack of definite and practical application of the principles laid down. It does not deal in glittering generalities. Instead, it shows by concrete illustrations and detailed explanations exactly what to do to meet every emergency and how to accomplish immediate results and make a permanent impression. No matter whether your child is still in the cradle or is eighteen years old, this course will show how to apply the right methods at once. You merely take up the particular trait, turn to the proper page, and apply the lessons to the child. You are told exactly what to do. You cannot begin too soon, for the child's behavior in the first few years of life depends on the parent, not on the child.

This Book Free

"New Methods in Child Training" is the title of a little book which describes the work of the Parents Association and outlines Professor Beery's course in Practical Child Training. The association will gladly send a copy free on request.

If you are truly anxious to make the greatest possible success of your children's lives, you owe it to them to at least get this free book which shows how you may become a member of the Parents Association and secure the fine benefit of this wonderful new way in child training. Merely mail the coupon or a post card or letter, but do it today, as this offer may never be made again.

Do You Know How—

- to instruct children in the delicate matters of sex?
- to always obtain cheerful obedience?
- to correct mistakes of early training?
- to keep child from crying?
- to suppress temper in children without punishment?
- to discourage the "Why" habit in regard to commands?
- to prevent quarreling and fighting?
- to deal with supersensitive child?
- to cure impertinence? Discourtesy? Vulgarity?
- to remove fear of darkness? Fear of thunder and lightning? Fear of harmless animals?
- to encourage child to talk?
- to teach child instantly to comply with command "Don't touch"?
- to inculcate respect for elders?
- to engender interest in work or study?
- to teach honesty and truthfulness?
- to cultivate clearness of speech and thought?
- to break a child of sucking thumb?
- to prevent fickleness? Jealousy? Selfishness?

These are only a few of the hundreds of questions fully answered.

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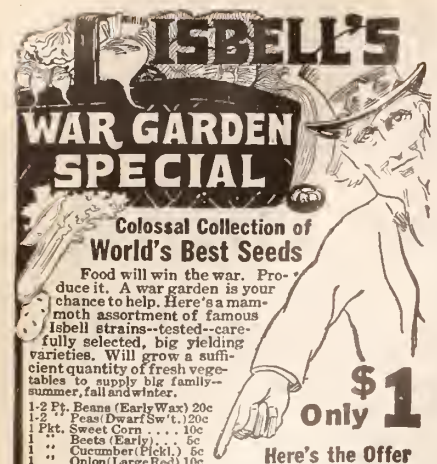

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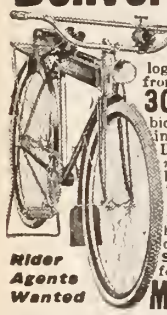

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A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 409

Moscow was in process, three armies advancing from as many directions. There was talk of moving the government from Moscow to Saratoff, 450 miles southeast, or to Nizhni-Novgorod, 266 miles northeast. The Germans were also advancing in the Ukraine. Leon Trotzky was reported on the same day to have asked the American military mission for ten American officers to assist him in organizing and training a new volunteer army, in which he was being assisted by former Russian officers. This army to be is variously estimated as from 300,000 to 750,000 men and it is to be held in readiness to assist the German people when they seek to throw off the imperial yoke. Trotzky also requested the services of American railroad engineers and transportation experts to reorganize the railways, and asked as well for American railway equipment, locomotives and cars.

The premier of Japan announced recently that no invasion of Russia had as yet been decided upon. Conferences were still being held at Tokyo on March 20 regarding the proposed expedition, and it was announced on March 21, that the Mikado would soon hold a crown council to decide the question of intervention. The Government party and the cabinet were reported as opposed to intervention.

Wisconsin is Loyal. Senatorial primaries held in Wisconsin on March 19 resulted in the victory of representative Irvine L. Lenroot, Loyalist candidate for the Republican nomination for United States Senator, over James Thompson, who was handicapped by La Follette backing. In the Democratic primaries Joseph E. Davies outran his opponent more than 4 to 1. Victor Berger, having no opposition, was nominated as the Socialist candidate on a platform demanding the withdrawal of American soldiers from France. Wisconsin will meet the test again in the election on April 2.

Half Rations of Wheat. The Food Administration announced, on March 23, that in order to meet the necessary requirements of the Allies and our army and navy, America must use no more than half of its normal consumption of wheat. Householders are asked not to use more than one and three-quarter pounds of wheat per person per week and bakers are asked to reduce the weight of loaves of Victory Bread from one pound to three-quarters of a pound. The use of wheat in the manufacture of anything other than food products is prohibited. There was said to be some hoarding of wheat, due to the agitation in Congress for a $2.50 price.

Give Wings to Three Billion Dollars. If it is true that "money has wings," it is equally certain that dollars must be spent if the American army is to control the air. The Aero Club of America on March 19 urged that the government's aircraft program be expedited by the immediate appropriation of $3,000,000,000, the appropriation at the last session of Congress of $640;000,000 being only a beginning. The aviation section of the signal corps is to be increased to include 11,941 officers and 153,945 men. It is said to take two airplanes to train each aviator, and six planes to keep a man fighting for a year, with a spare motor for every motor in use. This means 80,000 airplanes and twice that number of motors, with more schools for aviators and mechanics. The aircraft program of America is said to be sixty days behind schedule, because of difficulty in securing needed materials, principally spruce timber. Activities of the I. W. W. having resulted in slower production, a total of only 12,500,000 feet was received to January 1 when 50,000,000 were required. The labor situation has been taken vigorously in hand, and production will be speeded up.

Hertling Defends Treaty. Chancellor von Hertling, addressing the Reichstag on March 18, declared that the Russian treaty contained "no conditions whatever which dishonor Russia, no mention of pressing war indemnities, no forceful appropriations of Russian territory. A number of the border states have severed their connection with the Russian state, in accordance with their own will, which was recognized by Russia. We have not contemplated and do not contemplate opposing the justified wishes and endeavor of Russia to liberate itself. If in the telegram from Washington it was thought fit to express to the Congress assembled at Moscow the sympathy of the United States at a moment when as it says the German power obtruded itself, in order to bring success to the battle for freedom, then I put that calmly aside with the rest." On the 18th the premiers and foreign ministers of the Entente nations assembled in London issued a protest against Germany's action, in the name of the German peace, toward the Russian people. The protest concluded: "Peace is loudly advertised, but under the disguise of verbal professions lurk the brutal realties of war and the untempered rule of a lawless force. Peace treaties such as these we do not and cannot acknowledge. Our ends are very different. We are fighting, and mean to continue fighting, in order to finish once and for all with this policy of plunder and to establish in its place the peaceful reign of organized justice."

Fragments of News. Henry D. Davison, chairman of the American Red Cross War Council, told the Associated Press in Paris, on March 18, that the American Red Cross was prepared to keep the soldiers in touch with their families and to look after the business interests of soldiers which they did not have time to attend to before entering the service, securing the appointment of guardians, taking care of mortgages, paying taxes, and taking care of legal procedures that become necessary. . . . The Naval Committee of the House, on March 19, reported the Naval Appropriation Bill, carrying a total of $1,327,600,000, larger by over $800,000,000 than any prior naval bill. The bill authorizes an increase in the strength of the navy from 87,000 to 180,000 men, and provides for the carrying forward of the three-year construction program of dreadnoughts, battle cruisers, and other large ships which had been temporarily sidetracked for the rapid construction of destroyers and other small craft needed for anti-submarine operations. . . . While the Pacific made the first splash, the Atlantic was not far behind, the first wooden ship built for Uncle Sam on the eastern coast being launched at Kearny, N. J., on March 20. . . . Six hundred calkers, chippers, riggers and riveters went on strike on March 19, at the shipyard of the Baltimore Dry Dock and Shipbuilding Company. The men were working on mine sweepers for the navy and merchant ships. They struck for more pay, asking $10.56 a day for chippers and calkers. . . . An explosion in a grenade depot at La Courneuve, north of Paris, on March 15, caused the death of 16 persons. . . . The state of Delaware, by a vote of 13 to 3 in the Senate, on March 18, became the ninth state to ratify the National Prohibition amendment. . . . Henry Ford urges America to "Fight for peace, and do it in such a manner that the whole world will understand that we mean business and that we are in it with all of our hearts and souls until the finish." In line with this sentiment he suggests the building of fast small tanks that could be easily handled, could be built in large numbers and operated by a small crew. . . . Premier Alhucemas of of Spain, who, after resigning on March 9, was persuaded by King Alfonso to continue in office, again resigned on March 19. . . . Former Premier of Spain, Antonio Maura, succeeded, on March 22, in forming a new cabinet. The cabinet includes four former premiers, Dato, as Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Romanones as Minister of Justice and Alhucemas as Minister of the Interior. . . . President Wilson, on March 19, took steps to coordinate the work of the war industries board, the railroads, the food and fuel administration and the shipping board in a way to eliminate conflicts in priority orders covering freight shipments. . . . On March 18, American Secret Service agents arrested in New York two women and two men who were supposed to be important members of an international spy system operating in this and Allied countries in the interest of Germany. All of the persons arrested were wanted in France, where most of them hold their citizenship, and where they will be tried on charges of treason. American law did not permit so serious a charge. The authorities recommended the deportation of the quartette as undesirable aliens, and by order of the President they will be turned over to the tender mercies of the French Republic. . . . The Senate Judiciary

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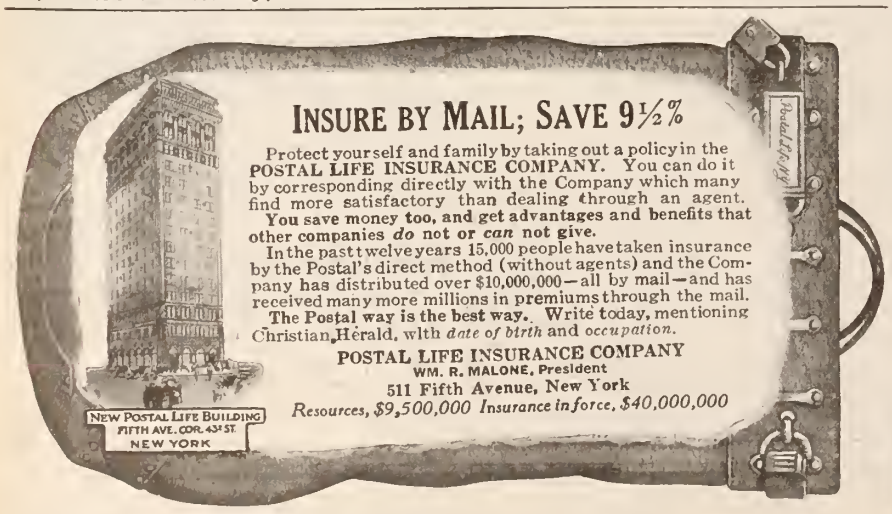

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Committee, on March 20, issued a favorable report on the Overman bill, empowering the President to make necessary reorganizations within the administrative departments of the government. The committee was deadlocked on the bill for a number of weeks, and its final report was looked upon as another triumph for the Chief Executive. . . . German agents operating in Beluchistan were reported, on March 20, to have succeeded in instigating a revolt of the natives, the Kohtrans, cutting telephone wires, firing on trains, destroying government property, and attacking two British posts. They were repulsed with many casualties, but their attitude was said to be still aggressive. Beluchistan is between India, and Persia, and is a British protectorate with an area of 132,000 square miles and a population of about 1,050,000. . . . The President signed the Daylight Saving Bill on March 19. . . . A measure was introduced in the Senate on March 21, which would give the government power to requisition, in war time, any property, real or personal, of any citizen, compensation to be fixed by competent authority. . . . President Wilson, on March 21, issued a proclamation providing for participation in the war by persons whose religious creed forbids fighting. They are to be assigned to the medical, quartermaster's and engineer's corps. . . . Austria on March 20 made new demands on Rumania, asking the surrender of all territory west of a line from east of Red Tower Pass to the Danube near Ghilramar. This would give Austria all the passes through the former mountain barrier along the old frontier. . . . The Senate voted 49 to 78, on March 21, to make the 1918 wheat price $2.50 per bushel. . . . Railway Director McAdoo, on March 21, created a division of capital expenditures to decide upon the necessity of all new extensions, terminals and equipment. . . . The Fuel Administration on March 21 announced a zone system for coal distribution by which the industries of each section of the country will be served by the mines nearest them, eliminating unnecessary long hauls. . . . The seized Dutch ships will be armed, manned by American naval crews and put to work carrying grain to the Allies . . . American dye manufacturers have at last satisfactorily solved the secret of properly producing synthetic indigo and America will therefore be forever free from dependence upon German dye factories for this important color.

The Great Western Offensive Opens

Continued from page 406b

ALTHOUGH the first reports of the fighting had to do with the neighborhood of Cambrai, the main attack was south and west of St. Quentin, where the enemy took the village of Essigny before midday on the 21st and reached the Crozat Canal by nightfall. Here he was held, and the intense pressure was shifted northward driving toward Moncy, ten miles west of St. Quentin, where a narrow wedge was finally driven into the British lines, sometime on Friday, but at fearful cost. Desperate fighting followed, the British several times retaking towns and positions temporarily lost, but ultimately the British lines north and south of this wedge were withdrawn, until Peronne was passed and the defenders were at last in position behind the Somme.

Meantime the former salient, the result of last November's attack toward Cambrai, was the center of a wicked fight. Here the British withdrew under incessant attack until their line ran west of Croisilles, St. Leger, Mory, and Vaux, east of Bapaume, swinging southeast to Gouzeaucourt and Nurlu, then bending sharply westward to Bouchavesnes and then south to the Somme and west to Peronne. This line held against all assaults throughout the fourth day of battle, and was still holding as dawn broke for the fifth day's struggle.

The German official bulletin, of March 25, referred to the advance as a great victory, claiming to have defeated the British, and announcing the capture of 45,000 troops, 600 guns and 300 machine-guns. The British, however, while admitting the terrible impact of the staggering blow they had received, remained confident of the ultimate defeat of the enemy and called attention to the objectives as yet unreached. Maps taken from captured officers showed that the plans contemplated an advance all along the line of 8 kilometers the first day, 12 the second day and 20 the third, a total of about 24 miles. At the end of the fourth day, he had gained an average of about ten miles, with an extreme penetration of about fifteen miles at one point near Peronne, and was being strongly held along the whole line. Also it was pointed out that the British had as yet used few reinforcements, the divisions originally in the lines fighting the successive rear-guard actions by which the enemy's advance was made so costly that estimates of his probable losses ranged from 30% to 40% of the forces engaged or in the neighborhood of 350,000.

The Germans attempted to smother the English batteries with gas, but the British were ready and the gas found few victims, although it forced upon the gunners the handicap of working in masks.

ACCORDING to a correspondent of the Associated Press, the hardest fighting of Saturday occurred east of Peronne, in Genlis Wood. Here the line swayed between the opposing forces all day, a British counter-attack, late in the afternoon, restoring the positions, which were afterward given up as the line was withdrawn behind the Somme.

According to the correspondent the Germans brought up 110 new batteries, totaling 700 guns on one short section of the front.

The attack on the first day was under cover of a fog, which enabled the assaulting columns to approach close to the British lines before machine-guns could be concentrated on them, and which also made difficult the work of the airmen. Where No Man's Land was wide, the fog hindered the attack; but on the whole it was an advantage. On the succeeding days the visibility improved.

"The enemy's gunfire," quoting this correspondent, "destroyed much of the British wire, and the rest was forced by sheer weight of human bodies. The front and support lines were smashed into a confused mass of earth, and the German storm troops took them without much delay. They were lightly held, and the English and Scottish battalions fell back in good order on the main battle-line. The enemy's waves still came on, mown down by the British machine-guns and by the field artillery, firing with open sights. Their dead and wounded were piled up in heaps, but this did not check for long the dense masses that followed for further sacrifice.

"Near Epehy, a company of Leicesters held Vaucelette Farm, though entirely surrounded they would not surrender and were either killed or captured."

Similar strong points, heavily armed and supplied with food and munitions for two days, held out to the limit and greatly delayed the German advance, enfilading the columns marching toward the front and selling themselves dearly. Some of these rear-guards cut their way through to the British lines.

IN Paris the attack was welcomed in that it ended suspense. It was said that in political circles the making of the attack was taken to indicate that the internal position of Germany was less satisfactory than had been pretended and that the enemy had been forced to put destiny to the test. However, it was held that the four months' delay had given the Allies ample time to prepare. Nothing but confidence in the ultimate outcome was expressed, although it was admitted that the battle would be long and desperate.

LONDON faced the crisis soberly doggedly. One result of the attack was to end the bickering of some of the labor unions over further drafts of men for the front. While some retirements had been expected, the average Londoner was not prepared for the extent of the British retreat before the German impact. The breaking of the line before St. Quentin and of the second battle-line east of Peronne left the British public gravely anxious. It was apparent that the strategy of the German High Command was aimed at the driving of a wedge between the armies defending the channel ports and those defending Paris, an end, which if attained, would justify whatever gigantic losses it might cost.

The German reference to the defeat of American reserves was unexplained by any official reports from General Pershing, although Washington cabled for full information.

The reference to American reserves in the German communications of Sunday was explained by the announcement, on March 25, that American engineers had rendered efficient and valuable transportation service to the British armies. There was also a suggestion that an American division might be included in the mobile reserves under command of the Supreme War Council and might therefore be in action.

MONDAY, March 25, began with the Germans fighting for the crossings of the Somme between Peronne and Ham, and for possession of the ruins which were once the city of Bapaume, about which so much desperate fighting centered in the Battle of the Somme. The German official bulletin for March 25 claimed the capture of Bapaume and of Nesle seven miles west of Ham, and told of fierce fighting for the possession of Combles, midway between Bapaume and Peronne. General Haig's reports told of fresh attacks northward and southward of Bapaume, but did not indicate any further withdrawal there, while the bodies of German troops which had crossed the Somme between Licourt and Brie were reported as having been driven back. The German attacks around Bapaume according to General Haig were stopped by rifle, machine-gun and artillery fire and the enemy was driven back with great loss.

Other reports gave color to the German claim regarding possession of Nesle, as the British and French, the French having taken over a portion of the line, were reported as counter-attacking, but successfully, between Nesle and Ham.

President Wilson sent this message to General Haig, on March 25, "May I not express to you my warm admiration of the splendid steadfastness and valor with which your troops have withstood the German onset and the perfect confidence all Americans feel that you will win a secure and final victory."

While this battle was in progress, German artillery was intensely active along the whole front from the sea to Switzerland, especially near Ypres, on the Aisne, near Rheims in the Champagne, and at Verdun. The French completely defeated German "shock" troops attacking near Nomeny in Lorraine, and near Souain in the Champagne country; and, in hand-to-hand fighting, drove the enemy back after he had attacked and penetrated some positions between Caurières Wood and Bezonvaux, north of Verdun. The Italian front also saw heavy fighting on March 24.

Reports from Rome, on March 25, told of great concentrations of men and guns by the Austrians in apparent preparation for another drive on Italy, perhaps to be made simultaneously with the drive on the west.

A German general Auffenberg is reported in Copenhagen dispatches of the same date as stating that "the present offensive is only a link in the great offensive," that "the most violent fighting will be near Verdun," and that "important things should happen in Italy."

A GERMAN attack near Blemeray in the Woevre, on Mar. 23, was broken up by the French fire and, on March 24, a German attack on the French south of Juvincourt was repulsed. On the

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21st as the Germans were attacking west of Cambrai the Canadians launched a gas attack near Lens, using 5,000 drums of poison gas. This was followed by an intense bombardment, which swept through the gassed areas. No infantry attack was made.

For days before the 21st. the aviation sections of the opposing forces struggled for mastery of the air. The advantage remained with the Allies, and the German blow found the British expecting it both as to time and place.

As a prelude to the grand assault German torpedo boats and destroyers, on March 21, bombarded the French port of Dunkirk. English and French destroyers engaged the enemy and sank two destroyers and two torpedo boats. One English destroyer was damaged but made port. The German admiralty admitted the loss of two ships.

Strikes, demanding peace, are again spreading in Austria.

Hudson Maxim on Long Range Guns

Hudson Maxim, one of America's highest authorities on ordnance, holds that the mystifying reports of shell fire directed on Paris from a distance of 75 miles is not necessarily a fabric of imagination, but that the construction of a gun capable of that feat is possible. He estimates the length of the gun at 100 feet and length of the powder chamber 30 feet. Popular Science Monthly, in a recent issue, stated that plans had been drawn for a monster gun 375 feet long and with a bore of 60 inches. This giant weapon would have a range of 100 miles and fire a shell 26½ feet long, weighing 100 tons.

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Order direct from this "ad." or write for our free Catalog. Dalsimer's Nurses DeLyte shoe is specially designed for women with tender feet. Made of soft, pliable Duree Kid, with no seams to hurt the feet; flexible soles, rubber heels. Lace or button, high or low. Sizes 1 1-2 to 10, widths AA to F. Price $4. Postage prepaid. Button shoes 50c extra.

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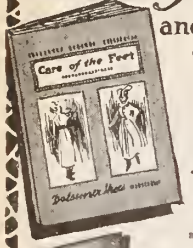
"Care of the Feet"
and Illustrated Catalog



This valuable book, by Dr. Leon S. Dalsimer, tells how to avoid and correct the tortures of foot troubles. Also illustrates and describes our full line of Perfect Fitting Shoes for Women, Men and Children.

All Sizes!

Dalsimer Shoes come in all sizes from 1 1-2 to 11 and all widths from AA to F. Most foot troubles come from poor fitting. Our great range of sizes and our 39 years' experience enable us to fit you perfectly. Thousands of customers everywhere say Dalsimer Shoes are unequalled for Comfort, Style and Quality.

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Same as the famous shoe illustrated above except this shoe has short vamp and is a little more shapely. Has Duree Kid vamp and black cloth top. Price, $4.50 in lace or button. Sizes 3 to 9; widths C, D, E, F. Sizes 9 and 10, $1 extra

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I can improve your figure—build up your strength—fill out your neck, chest, etc.

I KNOW I can because I have helped over 35,000 women gain 10 to 35 pounds.

One pupil writes: "One year ago I weighed only 100 pounds—now I weigh 126, and oh, I feel so well and SO rested!"

I can help you attain your proper weight. In your room. Without drugs. By scientific, natural methods, such as your physician approves.

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Tell me your faults of health or figure.

I respect your confidence and I will send you my booklet, free, showing you how to stand and walk correctly.

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AGENTS: BIG MONEY

New Water-Proof Apron
Made of vulcanized rubber sheeting. Color, dainty light blue with white check. Guaranteed. 5 sizes and styles. For housewives, children, men and women in factories, laundries, restaurants, butchers, shop men, etc. Saves clothes, acid-proof, grease-proof. Won't crack or peel off.

Make Steady Income
Work spare time or full time. This new apron sells like wildfire. Easy to demonstrate. A prospect in every home. Often sell 5 to one family. Miles sold 25 in 14 hours. Haas sold 78 in 3 days. Any man or woman, young or old, can make big money. Write for terms and samples today.

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KIDDER'S PASTILLES Standard relief for (Inhalation.) ASTHMA
All Druggists, 40 cts., or trial size for 2c. stamp.
SIOWELL & CO., 48 A Main St., Charlestown, Mass.

The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily Prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an aeknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby beeoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

"GOING to God for a lost world must precede going to a lost world for God." Under the inspiration of this quotation The Great Commission Prayer League is issuing a call to all Christians to unite in prayer for a world-wide revival. They urge all children of God to besiege the throne of grace for an outpouring of the Spirit "upon the entire body of Christ," and their plan is for daily prayer with special intercession on the first Sunday of each month and during the first week of each quarter. No one would question the world-wide need of redeeming grace. Only the Spirit of God in the hearts of men can make the world truly safe for democracy. Prayer for universal obedience to the Divine will is therefore a highly spiritual and truly patriotic exercise of Christian privilege. We have no hesitation in recommending that the Christian Herald Prayer League join wholeheartedly in this prayer for world-wide revival.

I. M. again asks prayer for the conversion of a very dear friend, for God's blessing upon this friendship, for divine help in the institution of a home, and for vigorous health for herself and other members of her family.

R. N. D. tells the Prayer League about God's gift of eight sons and three daughters, two of whom were called home, and all of whom were consecrated by both parents to the service and call of God. All are members of the church and two have offered themselves for special missionary service. R. N. D. asks that God may accept them, that they may enter joyfully into the field or place that He shall assign them, and that there may be a great revival of God's Church in the world.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. G. write: "Will you add your prayers to ours that the little daughter whose picture we are enclosing may be made whole?" She is seven years old, but has never walked or talked and is not able to sit up without help, but seems normal in other ways. They also pray that their struggling church, the only American one in the village, may be strengthened.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. R. write from the republic of Honduras in Central America to tell of a direct and unmistakable answer to prayer.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. H., missionaries to the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians in Oklahoma, ask the prayers of God's people for (1) an interpreter in their Cheyenne Indian work; (2) a revival of interest on the part of the Christian Indians, and for the unsaved to come to church; (3) bodily healing for a daughter, and (4) for a grandson. They give thanks for the return and conversion of a wandering son.

"One Who Prays," a young married woman, asks the prayers of the League for the healing of her husband, who is suffering from tuberculosis of the throat. She tells of a wonderful answer to prayer in the case of a child who was given up by the doctors, and makes bold to ask a similar manifestation of divine mercy in her husband's case.

Mrs. L. J. B. prays for bodily healing for her brother-in-law, and for the conversion of her son-in-law, her husband, and her husband's brother; also for the Sunday school that they are thinking of starting in the neighborhood.

Prayers are asked for revivals of religion at:

Keefeton, Okla.; Scranton, Texas; Oswego, Kan.; Staplehurst, Neb.; Maywood, Neb.; Columbia Falls, Mont.; McCune, Kan.; Calgary, Canada; Georgetown, Me.; Addison, N. Y. (that many may be saved during revival); Randleman, N. C. (that many may be saved during revival); Minneapolis, Minn. (that many may be saved during revival); Aspinwall, Pa. (that many may be saved during revival); Goldsboro, N. C. (that many may be saved during revival); Aurora, Ill. (at the First Congregational Church); Gainesville, Ga. (that many may be saved during revival held at the Baptist church); G. W. H., Calumet, Okla. (for a revival of interest on the part of our Christian Indians in their church duties and for the unsaved to come to church); M. J. B. (for the conversion of twenty); Rockford, Ohio (that a class of young men may be saved); Prescott, Canada (for a revival throughout Canada and the British Empire); Honesdale, Pa. (that the saloons may be closed); A. T. C., North Leverett, Mass. (that a pastor may be sent to the North Sunderland Baptist church); Mrs. M. J. J., Island Creek, Md. (that a minister may be sent back to the church); Mrs. G. W. H., Chambersburg, Pa. (that a minister may be sent).

Five parents ask prayer that sons' minds may be restored; two friends, that their mothers' minds may be restored; A Reader, that husband's mind may be restored; twenty, for mental restoration for themselves, relatives or friends.

Mrs. A. G. asks prayer that son's eyes may be healed; Mrs. O. I. A., that husband's and own sight may be restored; Mrs. J. J., that a growth near eye may be cured; Mrs. W. R. M., that sight may be restored without an operation; M. J. and Mrs. H. C. Y., that their mothers' sight may be restored; two wives, their husbands'; twelve friends, for restoration of sight for themselves, relatives or friends.

Twelve friends ask prayer for the restoration of hearing for friends, relatives or themselves.

Twenty-one friends ask prayer for special blessings for others.

Sixty-one friends ask prayers for a deeper work of grace, assurance of sins forgiven, or express in other ways their desire for personal spiritual blessing.

Three parents ask prayer that their sons may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs. M. J. H., that husband and sons may be cured of the liquor habit; five wives, that their husbands may be cured of the liquor habit; four, that friends and relatives may be cured of the liquor habit.

Four parents ask prayer that their sons may be cured of the tobacco habit; two wives, their husbands; L. B. C., that three men may be cured of the smoking habit; M. J. B., that father may be cured of the tobacco habit.

One hundred and twenty-five friends ask prayer for healing of friends or relatives, including Mrs. R. P. R., that mother may be restored to health and regain the use of limbs; Mr. and Mrs. H. G. J., that son may be cured of impediment of speech; M. M., that husband may be cured without an operation; A. E. T., that pastor's health may be restored; Mrs. S. S. G., that a friend may be cured of cancer; ninety-six, for healing for themselves, including Mrs. G. M. S., to regain the use of limbs; C. B. W., that a growth on jaw may be removed; M. C., to be cured of stammering; Mrs. S. E. A., to regain the use of limbs.

Thirty-six parents ask prayer for the conversion of sons; including L. M., that sons may be saved and return safe from the army; twenty-six wives, their husbands; forty-eight friends, for the conversion of relatives or friends.

Forty friends ask prayer for help or guidance in financial matters.

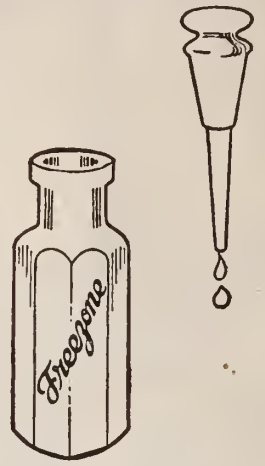
Thirty-one friends ask prayer for the granting of various desires and needs, including five friends requesting prayer for world-wide peace; Miss M. K. S., for rain at Corpus Christi, Texas.

Acknowledgments of answered prayer have been received from the following:

Mrs. F. J. B., Fergus Falls, Minn.; F. H., Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. G. C. S., Jet, Okla.; S. E. L., Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. C. E. S., Allen, Pa.; Mrs. A. M., Bolette, N. D.; S. S., Martel, Ohio; Mrs. H. C. T., Overall, Tenn.; A Reader, Logansport, Ind.; Mrs. E. L., Boyne City, Mich.; A. E. A., Lowryville, S. C.; J. and M. L., Amboy, Ind.; Miss L. F. R., Dillon, S. C.; A Reader, Milton, Iowa; A Friend, Pinewood, S. C.; R. H. M., Harding, Me.; L. B. C., Bourbon, Ill.; Mrs. J. E. J., Georgetown, Me.; H. F. D., Oxford, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. R., Ruatan, Honduras, C. A.; Mrs. H. C. Y., Crisco, Iowa; Mrs. E. A. N., Geneseo, N. Y.; Mrs. M. E. S., Indiana, Pa.; A Reader, Boulder, Colo.; F. M. G., Junction, Ill.; A Subscriber, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. H. M. P., South Leeds, Me.; C. H., Camden, N. J.; E. B. C., Nottawa, Mich.; B. H., West Berkeley, Calif.; Mrs. N. C. A., Senoia, Ga.; Mrs. A. C. R., Wellsville, N. Y.; Mrs. M. H., Alhambra, Calif.; W. L., Taylorsville, N. C.; W. R., Markesan, Wis.; Mrs. G. W. S., Upper Sandusky, Ohio; Mrs. B. H., Clarkson, Ohio; A. L. B., Providence, R. I.; G., Atlanta, Ga.; B. M., Rockingham, N. C.; F. S., St. Marys, Ohio; A. H. S., Creston, Iowa; Mrs. E. C. A., Moreland, Ga.; Mrs. E. B. M., Westmoreland, N. H.; Mrs. H. M. C., South Bend, Ind.; A Devoted Mother, Meridian, Miss.; A Sister, Billett, Ill.; Mrs. M. E. S., Bangs, Texas; Mrs. A. J. B., Pickens, S. C.; Mrs. J. F. D., Mansfield, Mass.; Mrs. W. A. M., Eden, Ala.; A. M. M., Ingersoll, Canada; A. V. Z., Decorah, Iowa; A Member, Jonesboro, Ga.; Mrs. B. C., Truro, Iowa; Mrs. E. W., Parker, S. D.; Grateful Believer, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. E. C. M., Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. M. S., Lyons, Kan.; E. M. C., Saratoga Spa., N. Y.

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns so they peel off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

A small bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at drug stores anywhere.

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are manifestations of intermediate and advanced pyorrhea.

PYORRHOCIDE POWDER (Antiseptic)

aids in repairing these pyorrhetic conditions. This dentifrice has demonstrated its effectiveness since 1908, at clinics devoted exclusively to the treatment and prevention of pyorrhea.

PYORRHOCIDE POWDER removes the bacterial plaques or films which harbor the germs of pyorrhea and decay. It retards the formation of salivary calculus (tartar). This calcic deposit is the principal, initial cause of SORE GUMS, LOOSE TEETH and

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PYORRHOCIDE POWDER induces normal blood circulation in the gums—increasing their power of resistance against pyorrhea infection. It cleans and polishes the teeth.

Package contains six months' supply. Price $1.00; at druggists and dental supply houses.

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ANY WOMAN will receive a satisfactory answer to this question if she will just write to us. Whether you have only an hour or two a week, or full time, *our plan will pay you well for what you do.* Ours is an honest, straightforward, time-tried way that has increased the *cash* earnings of thousands of women. You ask no favors of anybody. If you will only try, *we will help you* to make money taking orders for

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and underwear—*at mill-to-wearer prices.* Our line is complete and includes a variety of fabrics, weights, styles, colors, grades. Your customers buy from you precisely the goods they desire and need at prices they are pleased to pay. *Satisfaction guaranteed.* No experience necessary. Our "Money Back" outfit, FREE fabric samples and "Guide to Success" will start you toward a pleasant, permanent business of your own. *We pay all express.* Prompt deliveries. Write for details.

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What the Norwesco Laboratories Have Done For American Motorists

NOT until science invaded the automobile field did the motor car come into its own. Chemistry held the great master key. Out of the test tube came steel of greater strength; rubber of greater resiliency and longer life; aluminum, light, strong, and flawless—materials of such quality as only science could produce.

So, then, it is to the chemical laboratory that the world owes the automobile of ultra efficiency. But science did not stop there. It provided the means of maintaining this great efficiency.

In the Norwesco Laboratories, Frederick R. Hall, motorist and chemist, surrounded by a group of able associates, produced a line of automobile utilities that are Chemically Correct—***efficient, safe, thoroughly dependable***—

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First of Norwesco utilities to prove its worth to motorists was Se-Ment-Ol—the radiator cement that "Finds the Leak and Fixes It."

Motorists have used 1,308,937 cans of Se-Ment-Ol. They know it as the certain cure for leaking radiators—they know it cannot injure hose connections, radiators or water-jackets—they know it is quick, sure as solder—and far cheaper.

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Probably your dealer carries Norwesco products. But if you cannot get them in your community, check the coupon for the articles you want and enclose retail price with it, giving the name of your hardware and accessory dealer.

Our 24-page booklet, "The Proper Care of Your Car" will interest you. Mail the coupon for a copy.

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SE-MENT-OL
Radiator Cement

Finds the leak and fixes it

Sure as solder and does not lay up the car. Acts instantly. Chemically Correct.

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SKALEX

Prevents Engine Overheating

Cleans the rust, scale and lime out of radiator and water-jackets. Makes your cooling system 100% efficient again. Has no caustic action—cannot injure radiator or hose connections.

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For leather and Pantasote. Waterproofs and preserves the top—restores the original color—makes the fabric soft, pliable and durable. It penetrates—will not rub off, crack or chip. Fine for upholstery. Price: U. S., pints, 75c; quarts, $1.25. Canada, $1.00 and $1.65.

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UTILITY BLACK

Brings the New-Look Back

Dries in one hour, hard and glossy. Use it on body, fenders, hood, radiator, top bows—any place where there are scratches to cover or mars to hide. Fine for under side of fenders—keeps rust away. Price: U. S., half pints, 60c; pint, $1.00. Canada, 80c and $1.35.

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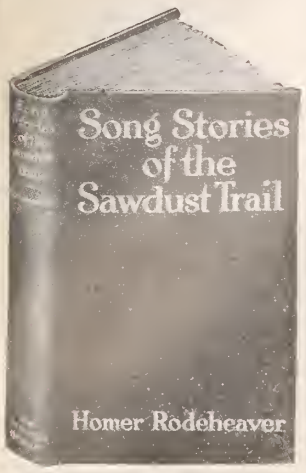
Easy to work with. Gives an efficient, tight valve—a smooth, even seat—with less work and trouble. Contains no ground glass or emery. Consistency always the same. Price: U. S., 4 oz. double end can, 40c; 1 lb. can for shop use, $1.00. Canada, 50c and $1.20.

CHRISTIAN HERALD BOOKS

SONG STORIES OF THE SAWDUST TRAIL

By HOMER RODEHEAVER
Billy Sunday's Tabernacle Choir Leader



YOU can sing the songs, for Rody's book gives them all in full, words and music, ready for the piano or organ.

Homer Rodehcaver, who, as everybody knows, is Billy Sunday's choir leader, and who has a wonderful gift like that of Sankey, has written a book with the attractive title "Song Stories of the Sawdust Trail."

"Rody" in his book tells the story of his most famous songs—of which the words and music are familiar to hundreds of thousands of Americans who have listened with eagerness and delight to his singing and who have joined in the choruses. And each song has an individual history of its own. He tells how a humble, homekeeping woman, striving to "do something" for God, made herself and multitudes of others happy by writing the four simple, touching verses which the world knows as "Brighten the Corner Where You Are," and which radiate the finest kind of practical Christian teaching. He relates how another song, "My Father Watches Over Me," sung at a mission service, called a poor, sick criminal and wanderer back to Christ and happiness. "Molly and the Baby," another of Rody's favorites, won a poor struggling drunkard back from his cups, and his evil associates, to his wife and family, and tells how all his former happiness was restored.

We will send a copy of "Song Stories of the Sawdust Trail," postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year, for $2.40

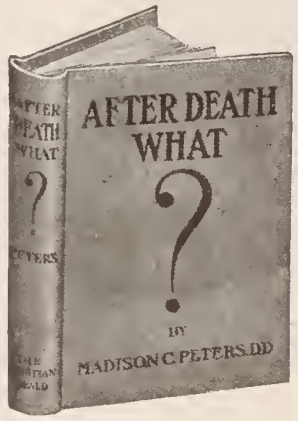
Or, we will send a copy to present subscribers as a reward for sending us one new yearly subscription to the Christian Herald with $2.00

AFTER DEATH, WHAT?

By REV. MADISON C. PETERS

WHEN the late Dr. Klopsch published "After Death, What?" some years ago, the book was received with tremendous enthusiasm and the editions published by him were soon exhausted. Successive editions were not published, yet the demand through the intervening years has been large. For this reason we have thought it wise to bring out an entirely new edition of this wonderful book.

It is impossible to give more than the briefest glimpses of the rich character of the contents of this attractive volume. Among the subjects discussed are: "Does Death End All?" "Light After Darkness," "The Soul between Death and the Resurrection," "Heavenly Reunions," "The Joy and Comfort of Faith in Immortality," "Occupations in Heaven," "Our Children in Heaven," and many others, including poems of comfort and master minds on the life beyond. In addition to the above masterpieces of thought and literature, it contains a vast collection of golden gems from the greatest historians, philosophers, preachers and poets of all ages and nationalities on other phases of the future life.



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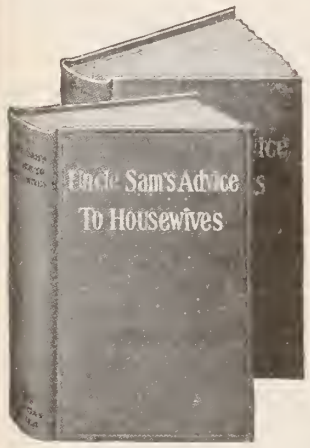
UNCLE SAM'S ADVICE TO HOUSEWIVES

TWO SPLENDID VOLUMES



FOR many years the United States Government has been employing experts to study the most economical methods of preparing foods with a view to telling the housewives all over the country how to get better and tastier food for less money.

The result of these investigations has been printed in pamphlets issued by the Government. But no general collection has ever been made until this one, which has the approval of the United States Department of Agriculture and of Herbert Hoover's Food Administration.

MORE THAN A COOK BOOK

Lessons on Food Conservation	Food for Young Children
Fresh Fruits and Other Staple Foods	What the Body Needs
The Home Vegetable Garden	Care of Food in the Home
Drying Fruits and Vegetables	Home Canning of Fruits and Vegetables
Home Storage of Vegetables and Eggs	Preservation of Vegetables
Economical Use of Meat in the Home	Preservation of Vegetables for the Table
Bread and Bread Making in the Home	Corn Meal as a Food
Home-made Fireless Cookers and Their Use	Cheese and Its Economical Use in the Diet
	School Lunches

We will send a copy of "Uncle Sam's Advice to Housewives," Volumes one and two, postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year, for $2.50

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CAP'N ABE, STOREKEEPER

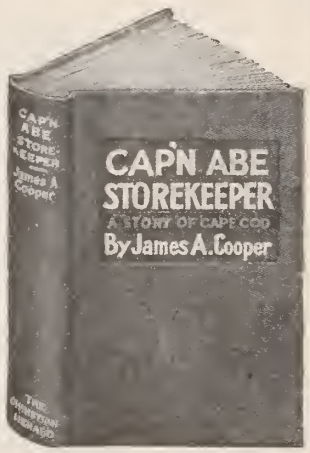
A CAPE COD STORY

By JAMES A. COOPER

DO you like to read about doings on Cape Cod, among the quaint characters who inhabit that locality? Would you like to read of what happened to a high-bred city girl when she suddenly landed down there to take up her living with a relative she had never seen? Would you like to read how loquacious Cap'n Abe, the storekeeper, who could tell more marvelous yarns than any other man on the Cape, suddenly disappeared, and of how his brother from "furrin parts" appeared to take his place?

Would you like to read about a most perplexing mystery that came near being turned into a tragedy, and of how a man who was a rank coward at heart forced himself to play the part of a hero? In this volume, humor and pathos are well mixed. Many of the doings along the Cape shore are taken from life. Tender love scenes are not lacking; and there is high excitement when a great storm wrecks a vessel off the coast and it looks as if some of the loved ones might be drowned.

To meet Cap'n Abe, is *never to forget him.*



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Or, we will send a copy to present subscribers as a reward for sending us one new yearly subscription to the Christian Herald with $2.00

SPECIAL BIBLE PICTURE STUDY OFFER—Add 10 cents to the price of any offer on this page and a complete Outfit for the National Bible Picture Study will be sent postpaid.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York

Young People's Topics for April 14

How to Enjoy Sunday

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topics, Isa. 58 : 5–14

THERE was a time when the full measure of the old Pharisaic law of the Sabbath seemed to have engrafted itself upon the evangelical churches of Christendom. Sunday became not only a day of worship but a day of terror to all whose spirits called for action. Christ himself, however, said that the Sabbath was made for man. He and his disciples paid little attention to the man-made ordinances with which the Sabbath was hedged about. The Christian Church from early centuries ceased to celebrate the Jewish Sabbath, celebrating instead the Lord's Day, the anniversary of the resurrection of the Saviour. As Christians, we should keep this Lord's day as unto him. In proclaiming the Sabbath, it was written that the Lord rested on the Sabbath day, and that, therefore, he blessed and sanctified it, The Christian Sunday, while it is governed by grace and not by law, can only be blessed when it is sanctified to the service of the Saviour. Anything that we can do in his name it is well to do on Sunday. Anything in the doing of which we would feel ourselves condemned if Christ should suddenly appear in our midst, should be left undone. This is indeed the only rule which we can state that would stand against all argument.

There is no reason for Sunday to be a dry and somber day. Worship it must have, but worship should be the happiest act of the week, for in worship our souls commune with the Father, through the sacrifice of the Son, and by the revelation of his Spirit. From worship we can readily pass to acts of kindness, for these can certainly be done in his name. And worship may also include hours spent in the out-of-doors, where we can become acquainted with the Creator through the things he has made. Sunday should be a day of rest, through recreation, through the doing of things worth while; a day for the reunion of old friendships, for the renewing of old faiths, and for the recreating of the spirit of devotion within us. Anything that serves these ends is well done on Sunday, and, it might be added, on any other day of the week.

Factions in League Life

Epworth League Topic, I Cor. 3 : 1–10

HUMAN vanity and the ungodly desire for personal preferment have wrecked more worthy enterprises than the world knows of. There is no place in the spirit of Christianity for factions of any nature or degree, but Christianity from the beginning has found frail human nature handicapping it by bickerings and petty strife. Before the Church had passed the half-century mark Paul found it necessary to warn the Corinthians against this very thing, and he told them that it was carnal, in other words sinful. We cannot be true Christians until we are willing to be less than nothing for his sake, until we are ready to be set at naught for him, to be despised and misrepresented, and to take it cheerfully for his sake. The cause is everything, the individual is nothing. It makes no difference whether John Smith or William Brown is elected president of the League so long as he is thoroughly consecrated to the service of the Saviour. It may be that some who wanted Smith will be disappointed in the election of Brown, but the election once over friends of both must rally around the successful candidate and yield to him all of their enthusiasm and ability in spiritual power in order that the great thing, the work of the League, may go forward. An ambition to be chairman of a committee, charged with important business, is a worthy ambition, unless it carries with it the refusal to serve on the committee at all except as chairman. When a Leaguer can work with equal enthusiasm in the cabinet or in the kitchen, real service for the Kingdom may be expected at his hands. Neither wealth, nor birth, nor education, nor friends, nor any other creature, can fit a Leaguer for leadership. Only the spirit of Christ in the heart can so prepare him, and if thus prepared, he will be used of God, and no factions or divisions will impair his usefulness.

Preaching to a Burglar

ONE of the speakers at the recent opening service of the New York Evangelistic Committee was Bill Hoffer, watchman in a suburban factory now, but who a few years ago was an improvident, careless, impious mechanic in the Bronx. He told how he had strolled into a meeting and heard that which changed the current of his life. Not long afterward he changed his business because of its associations, and became a watchman in a jewelry factory. After he had been there for several months, he heard one night the sound of a window being forced and he investigated. He found a window raised and a man climbing in. The burglar was balanced across the window-sill when Bill called out:

"Young fellow, if you were right with God you would not be breaking in here tonight to rob this place!"

The watchman paused to let his words sink in and also to let his burglar look up and see that there was a revolver back of the warning. Bill had his man thoroughly covered. The burglar had a pistol too, but it was in his hip pocket and could not be reached without relinquishing his hold on the window casing and taking a fall.

"You had better get right with God," Bill continued, "or you will land in jail."

Again a pause to let the words have due effect, and then the watchman told the burglar his own story. Memories of home were awakened, although the gun was not lowered, for Bill did not intend that his congregation should leave while he was preaching. The young fellow's eyes filled with tears, and he told the watchman of a good mother at home who had tried to bring him up right. Finally, under the direction of the watchman, the burglar uttered a prayer, promised to reform and was permitted to depart.

Of course, the reader expects that it was a case of "when the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be"; but letters have come from a city in the western part of New York state, telling of a fellow who now has a good job and is the pride of his mother and is, somehow, very happy over it all. The young worker is none other than Bill Hoffer's burglar, transformed by grace.

Called Higher

EARLY in 1918 an old friend of the Christian Herald, John L. Bennett, answered the final summons of our Lord. He was 87 years of age and had been a staunch Prohibitionist, a conscientious Christian and a helper in every good cause. He was a great friend of the Christian Herald and subscribed for it, for many years.

Mrs. Belle H. Custer, Philadelphia, Pa., 77 years; Mrs. C. Cornuand, Dallas, Texas, 86 years; Abbie M. Hawley, South Woodstock, Vt.; Miss Flora Wentz, Delta, Ohio, 51 years; Mrs. C. Springer, Whitten, Iowa, 88 years; Mrs. E. M. Cooper, Alhambra, Calif., 84 years; Mrs. John C. Tittle, Harrisburg, Pa., 82 years; Mr. K. Storie, Gouverneur, N. Y., 81 years; Charles Craft, Kennett, Calif., 84 years; Mrs. Annie McMath Adair, Olympia, Wash., 84 years; Mrs. Regina Lauppe, San Francisco, Calif., 82 years; Mrs. E. Wertz, Lodi, Ohio; Ruth C. Chopson, Warren, Ind., 85 years; Sylvester Watson, Stark, N. Y., 86 years; Mrs. Elizabeth McCleneghan, Atlantic City, N. J.; Mrs. Amelia F. Johnson, Chicago, Ill., 71 years; Mrs. Carl Susick, Warren, Mich.; Miss Dodson, Altenheim Home, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. Clark, McMinnville, Ore.; William Marshall, Rutland, Ill., 82 years; Mrs. Nancy Hursh Rupp, Shiremanstown, Pa., 84 years; Rev. George Perkins, Oak Hill, Ohio, 89 years; Mrs. W. H. White, Hartshorne, Okla., 71 years.

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Photograph by Brown Bros.

The winding road will soon be all aflower with blossoms gay,
While winter, broken-hearted, bowed of head, will creep away.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

A battery of British heavy howitzers in action against the German hordes

Halting the German Offensive

Allies and Americans Confidently Prepared for the Great Counterblow—Frightful Hun Losses

AT the beginning of the second week of the great western offensive, the Germans had not gained any strategic victory, although their "drive" had carried them forward at certain points. Every foot of ground was won at terrible cost. As the week closed, the Allies were holding their lines firmly everywhere and at several points had made distinct and even important gains. There was a powerful German drive in the Arras sector, where on March 28 seven divisions of the enemy made a furious assault. They were stubbornly held and repulsed.

Montdidier, 36 miles west of St. Quentin, was taken by the German army of the Crown Prince on March 27. Beyond Montdidier, the invaders were checked and driven back.

East of Montdidier, at Noyon, the French not only held their line against strong attacks, but in counter-attacks they gained and firmly held a mile and a half on a six-mile front. This situation may become one of immense importance. The Allies are in great force on both sides of the German wedge, and the British and French reserve—a great army held for the opportune moment to strike—is ready to be utilized, should the time be favorable for the counter-offensive.

It was definitely announced, on March 29, that General Foch would assume supreme command of the Allied armies in France and Flanders, and that he would direct the Allied answer to the German challenge.

The Story of the Battle

AS we went to press last week the German drive was in its fifth day. The Germans had just entered Bapaume and the battle for the crossings of the Somme was at its height, with British and French counter-attacks driving the Germans back between Nesle and Roye.

The Germans threw forward immense masses of men on both sides of Nesle, and on the night of the fifth day of fighting, March 25, Nesle, Guiscard to the south of Nesle, and some smaller villages farther to the east were evacuated by the British and French, whose troops took up positions on the heights commanding the shell-torn towns. By exerting tremendous and overwhelming pressure in the fight for the bridgehead across the Somme at Ham, the enemy finally succeeded in crossing the river during the fifth day of fighting. Farther north British artillery smashed bridge after bridge and raft after raft, with which the Germans essayed to make the crossing; numbers here as elsewhere finally won forward, but at fearful cost. On the evening of the fifth day, the Allied line, straightened out by some further withdrawals of troops which had held their ground, left the old battle-line north of Wancourt, passed west of Croisilles, Mory, Bapaume, east of Combles, crossed the Somme a little west of Peronne, held the west bank of the river as far south as Brie, then passed west of Nesle, Guiscard and Chauny, joining the former battle-line again in the southern part of the forest of St. Gobain, slightly to the north of Anizy. All of this day a terrific struggle continued on the old battle-ground of the Somme, fought over in 1916, for the possession of the village of Longueval. Similar battles of masses against men marked the fighting near Ervillers, south of Croisilles, and at Nesle. Ervillers finally fell into German hands, and at Longueval a deep salient was driven into the British lines.

There was, however, in all this fierce fighting evidence that the Germans were growing weary. In spite of the fact that the British troops who had been fighting already for four days were still fighting and weary themselves, the German penetrations with each hour of the battle grew less, and sector after sector of the British line was holding against all assaults.

The Germans were still replacing weary men with fresh troops, but the width of front on which they were maintraining their intense pressure was gradually narrowing. Gen. Pershing, on March 25, announced that two regiments of American engineers were fighting with the British and French, and later reports indicated that one American division, some 27,000 men, was operating with the French reserves.

The Germans, on March 26, announced that penetration of the British trenches near St. Quentin had been made by their new tanks, supported by some captured British tanks.

ON the sixth day of fighting the old battle-front from which the British drive of 1916 was started was reached in two or three places, and the Germans pressing westward from Bapaume reached within striking distance of Albert, which they took that evening. As the fighting of the seventh day began, the line north of the Somme left the original battle-line at the Scarpe River, passed west of Monchy, through Wancourt, Henin Boiry, Beaumont-Hamel, west of Albert, and through Bray to the Somme. South of the river the British lines were drawn back to conform to the lines on the north. Through the whole of the sixth day terrific fighting occurred in the neighborhood of Chaulnes, between Nesle and Roye, and on both sides of Noyon. Although maintaining his pressure all along the line the enemy was unable to attain driving force except in the direction of Roye and about Albert, where the British toward the end of the day were driven back to positions on the hills commanding the towns. French troops cooperating with British also fell back to the hills commanding Noyon, and on these hills the Allied troops stood fast. The Germans strove insistently to drive out from Albert, and also made desperate efforts to go on from Roye in the direction of Amiens, their evident purpose being both to defeat the British armies and to drive a wedge between the British and French. After six days of fighting the British were still undefeated, the line

Pershing Speaks for the Nation

GENERAL PERSHING thus placed himself under General Foch's command. "I come to say to you that the American people would hold it a great honor for our troops were they engaged in the present battle. I ask it of you, in my name and in that of the American people. There is at this moment no other question than that of fighting. Infantry, artillery, aviation—all that we have— are yours to dispose of as you will. Others are coming, which are as numerous as will be necessary. I have come to say to you that the American people would be proud to be engaged in the greatest battle in history."

was not broken, but only moving backward. The British had not yet used their reserves; while though the French had taken over part of the battle-line, their reserves also were practically untouched. The Germans had driven forward in such a way as to expose both flanks to attack, their left flank being especially vulnerable because the British held the famous Vimy Ridge, north of the Scarpe, the eastward bulwark of Arras. The German High Command itself evidently realized the insecurity of their positions for they announced, on March 27, "The enemy holds strong reserves south of the penetrated front with which to attack our troops from the flank." And Ludendorff was quoted as saying: "Victory has been won but no one can foresee what will result from it."

Courtesy British-Canadian Recruiting Mission

British dugouts before St. Quentin, where the first blow of the German attack was struck

BUT on the seventh day the line held. The Germans, after a succession of determined assaults on Ablainville and Bucquoy, west of Bapaume, won only a meager foothold in the village of Ablainville. On both sides of Albert and south to the Somme, they exerted all their power to force the crossing of the Ancre Brook. South of Albert the British at first fell back, but late in the day they drove forward and in this counter-attack retook the villages of Morlancourt and Chipilly north of the Somme and the village of Proyart south of the river. The end of the seventh day found Haig's troops holding the strongest line they had held since they began to retreat before the German masses.

Berlin's report of the same day's fighting could only state that "On both banks of the Somme, our armies are engaged in a slowly progressive attack."

All through the night of the sixth day and the bright sunshine of the seventh, the British airmen were busy bombing and machine-gunning the German troops encamped in the open fields and woods. They reported the roads clogged with men and guns and the fields black with German troops. German airmen bombed Amiens and neighboring villages.

PREMIER LLOYD GEORGE, on March 27 sent a message to Lord Reading, British High Commissioner in America, which was made public in New York. The Premier said: "We are at the crisis of the war. Attacked by an immense superiority of German troops, our army has been forced to retire. The retirement has been carried out methodically before the presence of a steady succession of fresh German reserves, which are suffering enormous losses. . . . The dogged pluck of our troops has for the moment checked the ceaseless onrush of the enemy. . . . But this battle, the greatest and most momentous in the history of the world, is only just beginning. Throughout it the French and British are buoyed with the knowledge that the great Republic of the West will neglect no effort which can hasten its troops and its ships to Europe. In war, time is vital. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of getting American reinforcements across the Atlantic in the shortest possible space of time."

From several other sources have come expressions indicating the urgent need for an early victory of immediate action by America on a large scale. General Leonard Wood, just recently back from France, told the Senate Military Affairs Committee, on March 25, that in his opinion the British and French would be able to hold the German attack and to regain the lost ground. He expressed the opinion that to be of tangible assistance to the Allies, America must land 2,000,000 to 2,500,000 men in France as soon as it can be done and that at least 2,000,000 should be there before the end of the year. He advocated the placing of 5,000,000 men in training at once, and urged the utmost speed in the construction of airplanes and of ships. The General recommended the training of American troops in the principles of open warfare, as well as trench fighting.

British official photograph © Underwood & Underwood

The Church of Notre Dame de Brevieres at Albert. Since the early days of the war the statue of the Virgin, a mark for German gunners, has held this precarious position

PHILIP GIBBS, in a special cable to the New York Times, March 26, said: "For six days they, the British, have been killing the enemy as he advanced across the open of the old barren battle-fields nakedly exposed to their fire. Our riflemen in some old trench of theirs or ours on those battle-fields of the Somme, which were left derelict for a year, shot down German troops as in the old days of Le Cateau, and lay their ranks out in dead and wounded, but immediately the gaps are filled up by those gray swarms behind, and our weakened forces go further back to a new ditch or road from which they fire again and fall back again because the enemy is reckless of the cost of his advance and his tide never ceases its drift. Our men have been fighting for six days and nights like this. The enemy has to pay dearly all the way along and the British have never lost heart or courage to keep the German hordes in check long enough for an orderly retirement."

By the sixth day the fighting had begun to assume less of the character of trench fighting and more of the character of that war of movement which the British and French have been trying to force upon the Germans from the beginning and which the Germans, of late, have been declaring themselves desirous of attaining.

On the seventh day of battle the the Germans made desperate efforts to break through southwest of Roye, pressing attack after attack against the the French along the whole front as far as Noyon. East of Montdidier the French were compelled to yield some ground. Elsewhere the enemy's violent assaults were completely checked. Montdidier is only 55 miles from Paris and in pressing the French back here the Germans have crossed the old line from which they retreated in 1917.

As this first seven days' fighting ended it was announced that the total British losses in killed, wounded and prisoners was little over 100,000. Estimates, based on

Con't on page 463

Among the Shrapnel-Makers

A Visit to One of Our Biggest Munitions Plants and the Wonderful Things One Sees There—*By FRANK G. CARPENTER*

Copyright, 1918, by Frank G. Carpenter

I HAVE just returned from a visit to one of the largest munitions plants in the United States. It has been in existence since the war in Europe began, and has furnished hundreds of thousands of steel shells and many millions of shrapnel, which have been showered down on the Germans.

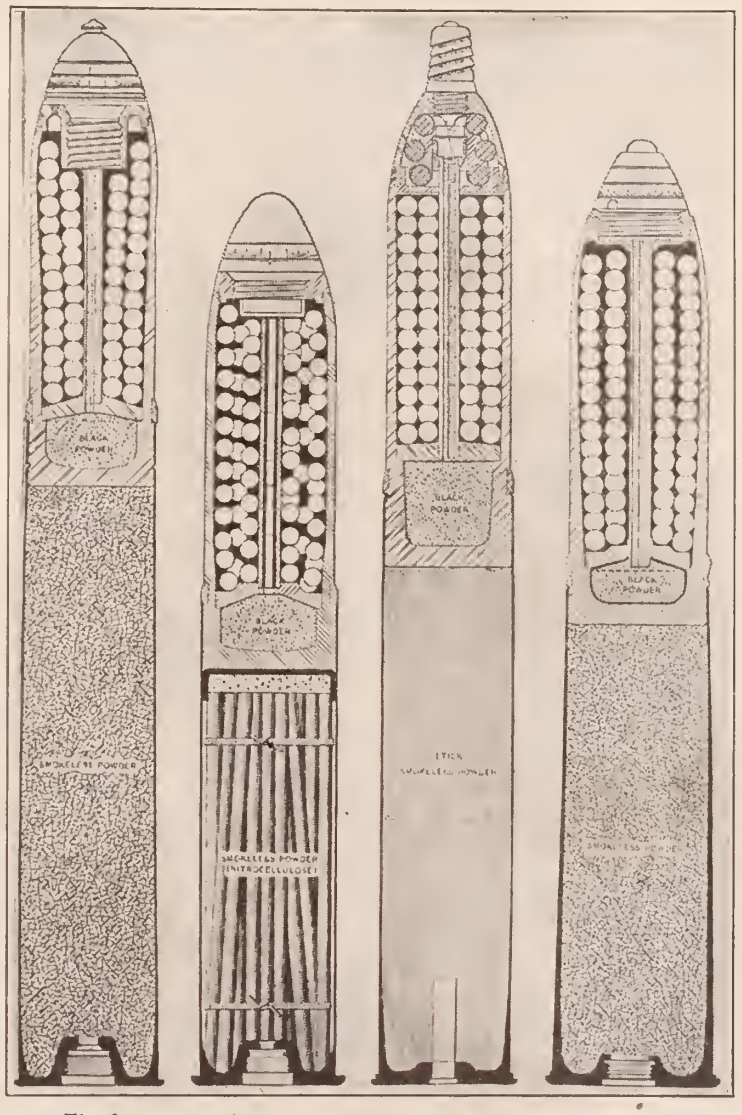
The great establishment was created almost in a night by one of the big industrial plants of the United States. The parent company had long been engaged in other work in iron and steel and it added this plant to satisfy the demand for munitions on the part of the Allies. It put up great buildings of glass and steel covering something like fifteen acres, and started thousands of men and women to work. Many of the men were expert machinists, and under the high wages offered they were soon turning out three-inch shells by the hundreds of thousands a month. The women were not skilled, but they were weeded out from the standpoint of efficiency, and today some of them surpass the men in certain branches of the manufacture. About one-fourth of the force is now made up of girls. There are 3,000 of them, and they are as regular, or even more regular, in their attendance than the 9,000 men who work with them. In many of the departments men and women work side by side.

I was interested in watching the women as they handled these deadly tools of destruction and death. There is nothing warlike about them. They are bright-eyed, healthy, rosy-cheeked girls, differing from the ordinary American industrial workers only in their costumes. This is a suit of khaki, consisting of a blouse and overalls. Many wear caps of the same material, which cover the whole of the head, excepting the face, over which a long visor falls.

AS to the different classes of work done by the women, these include the handling of intricate machinery and most of the processes employed in the making of shrapnel. I saw them pouring bullets into the steel shells, measuring them out in cups and passing them to men who pour in the melted resin, which holds the balls in place until they are ready to fly out in a leaden rain on the enemy. I saw them grinding the linest of machine tools, holding the tools against emery stones until their edges were shaped to exactly fit the gauges, which they applied now and then as the grinding went on. I saw girls measuring and gauging the size of the shrapnel, everything connected with which must be so accurate that it fits to a thickness one-third that of a single hair of your head. This means that almost every part must be measured and tested again and again as it goes through the process of manufacture. Women are experts in making such measurements, and they measure not only the steel shells which contain the bullets of the shrapnel, but also the brass containers behind, in which the powder is stored. They also make the primers, and measure out the powder of the shrapnel. I saw some who were weighing smokeless powder and putting it into the brass jackets. This work is dangerous. Each girl has her own little room on the ground floor, with safety doors so hung that they will burst open at a touch from the inside and allow her to fly into the open air. This is so of all the rooms where the powder and deadly explosives are handled; and no one is allowed to go in that part of the works who carries matches or anything that might create an explosion. The separate rooms are used so that if an explosion occurs in one room the fire may not get to the others before the inmates have had a chance to escape.

SHRAPNEL might be called the bullet of the most common field gun now used in our great war in Europe. It is employed by all of the armies, and since the war began it has been dropping balls of lead by the millions in an almost continuous rain over the war zone of Belgium and France. The German field artillery regulations say that it is by far the best projectile against all human targets which are not under cover, and the French have used it with terrible effect. It is the French type of shrapnel, the 75 millimeter, which is most largely used by the Allies, and the average shrapnel used today by all of the armies is of about the same diameter, namely about three inches.

The completed shrapnel, ready for putting into the gun, is a little less than three feet in length and about big around as a man's arm at the biceps. It consists of a steel shell, which is perhaps fifteen inches long, filled with lead bullets half an inch thick. The steel shell is the projectile. It does not burst during the firing. The range of a three-inch shrapnel shell is more than three miles. It goes out of the field gun at a speed of 1,900 feet per second, and flies from twenty-one to twenty-five seconds before it drops to the earth. When still flying, the fuse bursts forth, and the bullets pour out in a great cone covering a space about as long as a city block and as wide as the street running through it. The effect is to make of a single projectile a flying mine, which showers something like 300 bullets, any one of which can put a man out of the fight, and which covers a radius which is sixty or more feet in width and 750 feet long.



The four types of shrapnel used on the battlefiel s of Europe

DURING its retreat from Belgium to Paris, the French army in one week fired about 900,000 rounds of shrapnel, and that shrapnel alone is said to have cost over $15,000,000. The amount being used on the western fronts is many times greater. The first shrapnel sent from America to France during this war cost something like $18 apiece. The cost is much greater today.

But come with me for a walk through this great munitions plant and see something of how these deadly projectiles are made. The great buildings are of two stories. They cover acres and are largely made of steel and glass. The walls are almost all glass and the shops are as light as day. They are of enormous size and each is a maze of machinery with men and women working at and among it. Every machine and every person is speeded to the fullest capacity.

The first thing made is the shell itself. This comes to the plant in the shape of forgings consisting of the finest and toughest of steel, which have been run through high-power forging machines, and reduced to the shape of rough iron pipe of about the same shape as the shell. This work is done under enormous pressure. Some of the machines for making the forgings exert a pressure of 240,000 pounds to the square inch, the metal having been previously heated in a furnace more than 1,900 degrees Fahrenheit. The forgings are punched out of billets of steel, the pressure on the end of the punch being about ten tons to the square inch. By means of these enormous pressures the metal is kneaded like dough into just the right shape.

This is only the beginning, however. The hollow, pipe-like forgings have to be made tougher and harder. They must be rounded off into a nose at the front end and cut by machinery to the exact shape and size of the gun. After this they are loaded with their wells of death and the fuses put in.

THE bullets which are put into the shrapnel steel shell are not of ordinary lead. They are a mixture of lead and antimony, which is harder than lead. They are not cast, but are pressed out of lead wire by machinery that will turn out 840 bullets a minute. Each bullet is a half-inch in diameter and they weigh about forty-one to the pound. There are between two and three hundred of these bullets in the shell chamber. They are sent forth by a charge of black powder in the base of the shell. They are packed around a tube which runs from the fuse at the front end of the shell to this powder, a wad of gun cotton plugging the pipe just over the powder. This gun cotton is terribly explosive. It looks just like cotton; but if a match touches it, it will go off in a flash or, if struck with a hammer it will blow you to pieces. As I looked at them putting the stuff into the shells the manager of the works told me how a rat ate up some not long ago and how his remains spattered all the surroundings.

SOME of the most interesting work on the shells is in connection with the long brass cartridge case which holds the smokeless powder that sends the shrapnel forth from the gun. These cartridges are of the same diameter as the shell and a foot or more in length. They are fitted onto the shells and they contain the explosive force that sends the projectile to the point where the bullets fly forth. These cases start as brass disks about as thick as a lead pencil and as big around as the bottom of a tin cup. They make their way through press after press which squeeze the brass into shape. A great steel finger from the bottom of the press touches the brass disk and pushes it out into a cone or cup as gently and as easily as you press your finger into a kid glove. The disks at first are thick cups; but they grow thinner and longer at each operation, until they become the beautifully shaped cylinders which hold the powder. They are now more than a foot long and their ends have been milled like the edge of a coin.

All this is intricate and hard to understand. But the fuse of the shrapnel is more intricate still. It is like putting a watch on the end of a cannon ball, and setting it so that when the ball flies for a certain distance through the air the explosives inside will go off. This is just what is done by the fuse of the shrapnel. It is a brass plug of the shape of a cone, which is screwed into the end of the shell. This plug contains such explosive machinery that a twist of the wrist on the part of the gunner will set within twenty-five seconds the time at which the explosives inside will go off. This is adjusted just before the shell is put into the gun, and it is timed according to the distance the projectile will be from the gun when the ignition occurs. At that time the explosive runs down the tube to the base of the shell, and sets off the black powder, which drives the bullets forth in a shower. The shower has a range of about 750 feet, and the gunner so times the fuse that the rain of lead envelopes the enemy.

THE black powder increases the velocity of the bullets about 300 feet per second over that of the shell. They fly out with such force that any one of them is capable of putting any man out of action who stands within some hundreds of feet of where the shell opens.

The number of shells of shrapnel made in this country is almost beyond computation. This is so not only of shrapnel, but of powder and explosives of all kinds. Before the war one company was making about 400,000,000 pounds of military powders per annum, another was turning out 800 twelve-inch shells per day, and a third making 600,000 loaded time fuses a month. The orders of the Allies ran into many hundreds of millions of dollars and it is said that almost $2,000,000,000 worth of war supplies were contracted for by J. P. Morgan & Co. alone.

The New Liberty Loan Now Open

ON April 6 the third issue of the Liberty Loan was offered to the people of America. It was announced on March 25 that this loan would be for $3,000,000,000, that it would draw interest at 4¼ per cent., and that bonds of the two previous issues could be converted into the bonds of the Third Liberty Loan. The bonds will also carry a provision for the creation of a sinking fund at 5 per cent. through the period of the war, and for one year thereafter. The convertible feature will end with these bonds, for they will not be exchangeable for bonds of later issues, but it is not expected that these issues will need to carry any high rate of interest. It was also announced that the Secretary of the Treasury would ask Congress for authority to issue bonds to the amount of $4,500,000,000 in addition to those now authorized in order to provide for future issues. The House passed the Liberty Loan Bill on March 30. The Bill authorizes the issuance of $8,000,000,000 in certificates of indebtedness, and $4,500,000,000 of Liberty Bonds in addition to the $3,666,000,000 now authorized but unissued, fixes the interest rate at 4¼ per cent., and authorizes further loans of $1,500,000,000 to our Allies.

In announcing the loan Secretary McAdoo said: "I am sure that the people will respond to the Third Liberty Loan with the same loyalty and enthusiasm that characterized their support of the first two loans. The great events now happening in France must fire the soul of every American with a new determination to furnish all the dollars and all the material resources of America that are needed to put an end to the execrable atrocities of German militarism. Defeat faces the Kaiser and we must hasten it by asserting American might with increased vigor in concert with our gallant comrades."

The new Third Liberty Loan will be offered in the same denominations and on similar terms to those of the second. Bonds will be issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, and $1,000, and the instalment payments may be made 2 per cent. with the subscription, 18 per cent. in two weeks, 40 per cent. one month later, and the final 40 per cent. one month after that. It is probable that the banks will sell the $50 bonds on the basis of $1 a week as in the last Liberty Loan.

A Week in the World's News

SENATE TALKS SHIPS. In one of the bitterest debates the Senate has known since America's entry into the war Senator Lodge of Massachusetts and Senator Poindexter of Washington, on March 26, attacked the ship and airplane records of the Administration, while Senator Overman and Senator Hitchcock defended the Administration. Senator Lodge severely arraigned the Administration for failing to get more than one American airplane to its forces in France, and declared that out of all the fuss and furor over ships only two ships had as yet been put in service of the hundreds which were to be built. Senator New of Indiana astounded the Senate by declaring that of the 12,000 airplanes which the Aircraft Production Board had expected to build by July next only thirty-seven would be ready. Senator Hitchcock said that he had been assured that 2,000 airplanes would be ready for the American Army in France by July 1. Senator Poindexter criticized both the Aircraft Board and the Shipping Board for failure to take advantage of offers on the part of timber owners to furnish spruce, and on the part of corporations to build ships. When the debate was over and the atmosphere had cleared one fact stood out: that such mistakes as had been made and such failures as were admitted were being rapidly transformed into efficient performance. The attack on the Shipping Board, however, brought an answer from Chairman Hurley, in which he pointed out the handicaps which our shipping program had faced. He said that at the beginning of the war there were thirty-seven steel shipyards in America, and that since that time there had been located eighty-one new steel and wooden shipbuilding yards; eighteen of the original thirty-seven had been expanded. There are now building 235 new steel shipways, twenty-six more than exist in all of England. He said that it took Germany forty years to build up her military machine, and that in less than eight months we had built up a shipbuilding machine which, when it goes into full swing, will defeat the military machine of Germany. He called attention to the fact that it had taken Henry Ford sixteen years to develop his enormous standardized production, and that it had taken the United States Steel Corporation twenty years to perfect an organization one-half as large as the Emergency Fleet Corporation. He also stated that the Skinner & Eddy Co. had launched an 8,800-ton vessel in sixty-four days from the laying of her keel, and that another California builder had brought three 9,400-ton ships to completion at once. On March 1 there were 8,205,708 deadweight tons of steel vessels under construction, of which 3,045,508 tons represented contracts with private parties, which had been taken over by the government. The whole program for steel ships was 28 per cent. complete on that day. 655,456 tons had been completed and put in service, an amount in excess by 50 per cent. of the total production of American yards in 1916. On March 27 Chairman Hurley made public his statistics in the shape of numbers of vessels completed, which showed a total of 188 vessels launched, of which 103 had been put in service; 3 of this 103 were ships contracted for by the Emergency Fleet Corporation since the beginning of the war, the other 100 being ships that had been ordered by private purchasers and were requisitioned by the government.

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The big Jersey City fire which destroyed a storage warehouse and the Erie shops, with a loss of more than $1,500,000

ODESSA AGAIN RUSSIAN. On March 27 Soviet and Ukrainian troops, after a bloody battle in which naval forces took part, reeaptured from the Germans the city of Odessa, and also Kherson and Niekolayev, at the latter of which the Germans were said to have taken possession of 2,500 ships, including uncompleted dreadnoughts, submarines, destroyers and two cruisers, and a large number of merchantmen. Vienna on March 29 denied that Odessa had been lost. Ukrainia is apparently awake to the menace to its own liberties contained in the presence of German troops within its borders. A request by the Rada to Germany to stop the advance of her troops in Ukrainia was said to have been met by the reply that Germany had been invited to restore order, and could not leave until this was accomplished.

The German commanders have demanded the surrender by the Ukrainians of 85 per cent. of their grain and all of the sugar from their refineries, except that needed for local consumption. Peasants in different parts of Ukrainia have risen to resist the German food requisition, and fighting is taking place.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR JOINS FRANCIS. Dispatches from Moscow, on March 24, stated that the French ambassador, on behalf of all the Allied diplomats stalled at Tammerfors, Finland, had applied to M. Joffe, Petrograd Commissioner of Foreign Affairs, through the Danish legation, for permission to return to Petrograd and proceed to Vologda, where the American embassy is now established. M. Joffe granted the desired permission, but said it seemed strange that Russia's allies should ask permission through neutrals to enter a friendly country. The Italian, Greek and Serbian legations were with the French ambassador at Tammerfors. The British chargé succeeded in reaching Sweden. The remainder of the British embassy was believed to be with the French. The Siamese and Brazilian legations and the Chinese and Japanese diplomats were with Ambassador Francis at Vologda. Trotzky was reported, on March 27, to have approached the Entente with a new proposition for the organization of military resistance to the Germans with Allied support. He was also reported, on March 26, to have asked for the return of John F. Stevens, head of the American Railway Commission, to assist in the reorganization of the Russian railway system.

EXPLOSION KILLS SEVENTEEN. It was announced on March 25 that an explosion of a depth bomb on board the American destroyer Manley in the war zone had resulted in the death of seventeen members of her crew, while seventeen others were missing and sixteen were injured. The explosion was the result of a collision between the destroyer and a British warship. The Manley made port. The American steamship Chattahoochee, formerly the Hamburg-American Liner Sachsen, was torpedoed and sunk in the war zone on March 25. The vessel was engaged in American army transport service.

THE CLASS OF 1918. The Senate on March 29 passed the bill providing for the extension of the Selective Draft Act to all men who have become twenty-one since June 5, 1917. The bill was sent to the House. The War Department has been delaying the call for the Second Draft pending the passage of this bill, which, it is estimated, will add 700,000 men to the number already registered. The Senate on the same day passed the bill, already passed by the House, to bring alien women under the regulations of the espionage act.

DRAFT RIOTS IN QUEBEC. Serious disorders, which were still in progress, were reported from Quebec on March 28, as a result of an attack by civilians upon a squad of police engaged in round-up deserters under the provisions of the Military Service Act. Militia quelled the riots after the office of the Quebec

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The Route to India

GERMANY'S peace with Russia has been widely heralded as opening a new route to India. Next week Maynard Owen Williams tells a story of Transcaucasia and of the people the Teuton will have to tame before his route will be safe for sleeping cars.

The Christian Herald Family has a proprietary interest in the Chinese children of the Fukien Industrial Homes. They send you all a message next week.

Have you been borne on Angels' wings over depths of sorrow and above pinnacles of promise? Dr. Burrell talks to us next week about the Ministry of Angels.

How do the "Kingdom" and the "Church" differ? They are not the same thing. Dr. Gray tells next week how they differ and why.

Hostess Houses at Work

By MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

A SPACIOUS room, beautiful with the dignity of simple lines and gay with chintzes. Big cushioned chairs pulled into informal circles. A double-faced fireplace showing on both sides laughing, roaring flames. Such are the Hostess Houses built and run by the Young Women's Christian Association in sixty-eight military centers in the United States.

Hostess Houses within are as alike as twins despite variations in contour and curtain colors. Only the eye of the Hostess knows them apart. You and I could not tell the house at San Antonio, Texas, where a hundred thousand soldiers do their shopping, from the house in Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky, where Illinois shakes hands with Indiana.

The windows of the cantonment houses look out upon similar landscapes of broken ground, treeless streets and wooden barracks. In Camp Doniphan, Oklahoma, they tell us dust lies a little thicker than elsewhere, but Camp Funston, Kansas, claims the deepest mud. In every camp all the weather of the state concentrates in the company street. Hospitality rushes to cover. Would you study the domestic life of the soldier? Choose the Hostess House for your observation post.

The reading-room of the Hostess House at Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga. At least two men are reading

The reception-room is crowded with complacent khaki-puteed legs, bright, perky Easter hats hatched at the beginning of Lent, muddied white kid shoes, bloated lunch bags growing thin, babies crawling under tables, a lad humming "They say we're going over the ocean," the rattle of knives in the cafeteria, an all-seeing hostess who appears to see nothing, laughter, low whispers, little jealousies and big kindnesses, furtive boredom, yawns, jokes, open love-making—and the white set face of a woman looking into the future.

The white-haired mother talking to her only son through his newspaper is protesting,

"But, dearie, don't the boys wear their rubbers at drill?"

The most wonderful man in khaki, sunning his boyish egotism in the adoring gaze of the prettiest girl in the universe, is explaining, finger by finger.

"I can count 'un,' 'deux,' 'trois,' but I'll be hanged if I can remember 'four'!"

The stout, blue-kerchiefed woman rolls despairing eyes at the alert young woman behind the information desk:

"My man, they give him uew 'Meriean name in army. You no know my man's new name?"

If you really wish to Sherlock-Holmes which cantonment you happen to be visiting, having, we will assume, lost your memory between the railroad station and the house, here are some clues:

If a white-capped chef pops a smiling face out of the kitchen door to inquire, "How many's been served?" and if the Filipino bus boy clatters his tray onto a table, dashes to the front of the cash register and whoops back, "Eighteen hundred and six and what do you know about that!" returning to his tray on his hands in order to wave his feet exultantly, why then you recognize Camp Lewis, Washington State, where the help is reported to take an intelligent interest in the housework.

The Hostess House where arrived one morning an electric sewing machine for nurses' use, a baby's bed for sleepy infants calling on father in camp, cut flowers with daily follow-ups, and a shower of bath towels, all slight tokens of the esteem of Little Rock citizens—that house was in Camp Pike, Arkansas.

The posters in Virginia railroad stations begging; "Meet me at the Hostess Houses where they keep the Home Fires Burning," refer specifically to the house at Camp Lee, but the description fits all the houses.

THE Government sanctions the building of these temples to domesticity. No cantonment gets one until the commanding officer sends to the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association a formal written "please." Sixty-eight are in operation, under construction or authorized. Requests are still coming faster than they can be filled. The Hostess House Committee in New York meets weekly to say, "Yes," to impatient commandants. The Hostess House is the Good Fairy of the cantonment.

The more obvious social side of the houses is widely known: the occasional weddings, the constant family reunions, the corn popping over embers, the jolly music, and the quiet confidences. But only the hostesses know the black surge of finality against which struggle the women who smile so gayly. Out of the need of the soldiers' women folk has developed a social service for women, stretching from Camp Devens, Massachusetts, to Camp Kearny, California.

The Hostess Houses have been forced into a sort of social settlement work. A tubercular and penniless wife established herself in a Pacific camp on the chilly doorstep of the Personnel Department. A clinging vine accompanied by two offspring arrives in a Southern camp looking for a waitress's job. A romantic-eyed fiancée makes a long railroad journey to be with the beloved. What's to be done with them? A painted Jezebel can be thrust summarily out of camp accompanied by the military police, their eyes rolled piously upward. But a wife must be treated with respect.

"Take her to the Hostess House," orders the exasperated commandant, in as polite a tone as he can muster.

So the Hostess Houses have had to go into the social welfare business. Hostesses have not been supplied with red tape. No pigeon holes for "cases" exist. The solution of each problem must be found immediately.

Emergency secretaries are placed in some large camps to give their entire attention to these crises. Such a worker is a home-and-camp visitor. To her is turned over the sad duty of welcoming a hurriedly-summoned mother with the news of her son's death. She must persuade a giddy-pated child war bride to sit by the fire when her jealous husband's on duty. A frantic soldier turns to her to discover whether his vanished sister is lost, strayed or stolen. She must remove quietly from a barracks a wife gone quite mad with anguish. And somehow she must get back to their homes all the feeble mothers and bewildered wives who spend their last

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Liberty Bonds to Stop Massacres

GERMANY in this war is allied with Turkey and Turkey's part in the war has been concerned principally with the massacre of Armenians. What Turkey has done has been told in the House of Lords of the English Parliament by Lord Bryce, formerly British Ambassador to America. He said:

"The massacres are the result of a policy which, as far as can be ascertained, has been entertained for some considerable time by the gang of unscrupulous adventurers who are now in possession of the Government of the Turkish Empire. They hesitated to put it in practice until they thought the favorable moment had come, and that moment seems to have arrived about the month of April. That was the time when these orders were issued, orders which came down in every case from Constantinople, and which the officials found themselves obliged to carry out on pain of dismissal.

"There is nothing in the precepts of Islam which justifies the slaughter that has been perpetrated. I am told on good authority that high Moslem religious authorities condemned the massacres ordered by Abdul Hamid, and these are far more atrocious. In some cases the governors, being pious and humane men, refused to execute the orders that had reached them, and endeavored to give what protection they could to the unfortunate Armenians. In two cases I have heard of the governors being immediately dismissed for refusing to obey orders. Others more pliant were substituted and the massacres were carried out.

"To give one instance of the thorough and remorseless way in which the massacres were carried out, it may suffice to refer to the case of Trebizond, a case vouched for by the Italian consul, who was present when the slaughter was carried out, his country not having then declared war against Turkey. Orders came from Constantinople that all the Armenian Christians in Trebizond were to be killed. Many of the Moslems tried to save their Christian neighbors, and offered them shelter in their houses, but the Turkish authorities were implacable. Obeying the orders which they had received, they hunted out all the Christians, gathered them together, and drove a great crowd of them down the streets of Trebizond, past the fortress to the edge of the sea. There they were all put on board sailing boats, carried out some distance on the Black Sea, and there thrown overboard and drowned. Nearly the whole Armenian population of from 8,000 to 10,000 was destroyed—some in this way, some by slaughter, some by being sent to death elsewhere."

This is a part of the record of Germany's ally—Turkey—in the war. Yet, it still remains to be said that of all the nations of the world Germany alone has made no protest against the Turkish massacres in Armenia in which it is estimated that 800,000 unoffending men, women and children have been murdered brutally in cold blood.

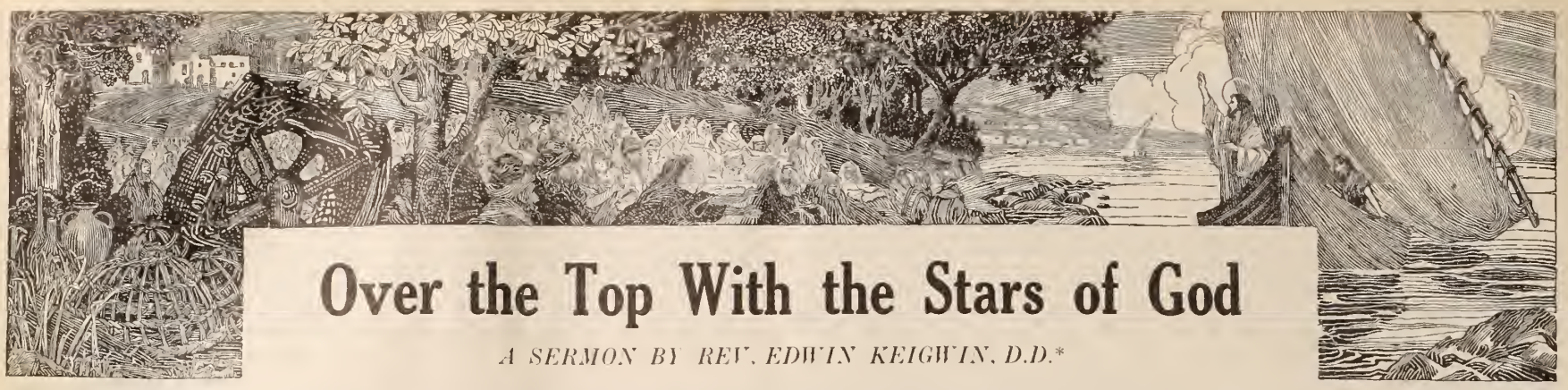
It is against this self-styled "cultured" nation, that sees no wrong in the massacre of an entire people, that America is fighting in this war for the liberty of the world. There is not an American who has the right to hold back in this great struggle from the aid his country demands of him.

The nation demands of every citizen that he shall save for his country's welfare.

Save labor and save money. Save labor in order that money may be saved.

Save money to lend to the Government to wage the war to a victorious issue.

There is only one investment today for the patriotic American and that is Liberty Bonds. It is by buying Liberty Loan Bonds that we lend our money to the Government, and it is the duty of every one to save to buy Liberty Loan Bonds that America may be victorious in the war, and that neither Germany nor any other nation may ever again be free to countenance such crimes as Turkey has perpetrated in Armenia in the name of Mittel Europa and German Kultur.



Over the Top With the Stars of God

*A SERMON BY REV. EDWIN KEIGWIN, D.D.**

TEXT—Dan. 12:3. "They that be wise shall shine as the firmament: and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

THIS is propheey. Here is the service flag in the Old Book. More than twenty-four hundred years ago it is described with great minuteness by a man of inspired vision.

The book of Daniel is a state paper, so to speak. It resounds with clashing armies, the noise of heaven's artillery, the collapse of mighty empires and the fall of thrones. But it ends with a shout of victory, and the ushering in of an era of peace and righteousness by a procession of service stars.

The text is from a chapter entitled, "The Last Things." We are now entering the era of last things. Wherefore I believe our soldiers are the embattled stars of Dauiel's vision. Think of it! They play a part in the greatest chapter of history. The spotlight of propheey and revelation is upon them. The centuries look down from the galleries. The boxes are filled with seers, apostles, heroes, martyrs. It is a moment of breathless suspense—a great act in the drama of human destiny. They that are stars shall shine.

Now, it is really quite remarkable that the identical symbol of Daniel's propheey should have been thus chosen. Eaeh star is a soldier. An unprecedented use of the star. Stars have long emblemized nations, colouies, states, official stations. But so far as I am aware, this is the first instanee where man has been honored by a plaee in the starry field of a national flag. Is this chance? Is it coincidence? I doubt it. To my mind, we have in the flag before us a striking example of the unconscious harmony between the work of man and the plan of his Maker.

When I returned from the mountains last fall and saw so mauy of these service flags displayed throughout the city, my curiosity was greatly aroused. It was several days before I found any one who could even tell me the significance of the flag. None was able to enlighten me as to its origin. Did it origiuate with the government? No. Had Congress legislated it into being? No. Yet there it was, this flag of mystery, floating from residence, business house and church.

THEN eame the surprising revelation that the emblem was born in a father's heart. In a moment of inspired patriotism, Captain R. L. Queisser, of the Fifth Ohio Machine Guu Company, conceived the idea. Says he, "The thought came to me that both my boys, who were officers in the Guard, would be called out, and I wondered if I could not evolve some design or symbol by which it might be known that they were away in their country's service, aud which would be to their mother a visible sign of the sacrifice her sons were making."

Whence eaue this idea to Captain Queisser? I venture to believe that the source of the inspiration was the same as the source of Daniel's visiou. The inspired are those who think God's thoughts after him. There is something so natural and normal about God's workings. The Divine purposes ripen so unostentatiously that one is sometimes tempted to question the fact of supernatural influence.

The designer was probably quite as unconscious of any divine leading as he was of the sweeping popularity of this invention of his heart. But what of that? It is doubtful if any who fulfil the great purposes of God realize at the time what they are doing. When King Cyrus liberated the captives of Babylon, and bade them return to their native land and rebuild Jerusalem, his motives were probably purely political. Nevertheless, he thereby fulfilled, to the letter, words spoken of him by the Hebrew prophets one hundred and thirty years before Cyrus was born and one hundred and fifty years before the Jews had become captives.

Certainly it is a service flag of which Daniel writes. Certainly, in America the Service Flag has made its first appearance. Therefore I conelude that these stars which turn many to righteousness must at least have some reference to the flag upon which we are looking, some message for soldiers before me in person or in spirit, some compensating hope for the relatives of those who have joined the colors.

Our soldier boys are the embattled stars in God's Service Flag. As such they take their stand on yonder firing line, beside Joshua, Gideon, David and men of like stature. A thrilling moment it should be when a yoiug man steps from the monotony of private life into a world movement pulsating with eternal possibilities. To be a soldier in such eircumst nces is to be thrice armed, with inspiring vision, abiding faith, intrepid confidence.

After a memorable victory of demoeracy over militarism, long, long ago, a poetess composed an immortal song celebrating the battle, in which oeenrs the line:

"The stars in their eourses fought against Sisera."

Sisera was the war-lord of his day. Whether Deborah's allusion is to the prowess of General Barak's soldiers, or to some unusual astronomical influence whieh turned the tide of battle, I am unable to say. The words may embody a bit of poetic fancy. Or they may record a prevailing belief that supernatural influences nerved the patriotic endeavors of her countrymen in that unequal grapple between unprepared idealism and military efficiency. Be that as it may, we know this much at least: the meu who followed Barak went forth as champions of a great ideal, to stamp out the barbarism of a mad imperialism. And they did it. Somewhere in America a modern Deborah, at this moment, is tuning her harp that some day she may sweep its strings and sing of our Service Flag, "The stars in their courses fought ag inst Germany."

THERE is an even more striking resemblance between Daniel's service flag and our own. Both stand for righteousness. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." Surely, two parallelisms in one brief text could hardly be mere coincidence.

Righteousness! When did America send her soldiers into battle with that particular word upon their lips and graven upon their hearts? Not conquest, empire, nationalism, or defense, is the word of rouse-ment. Not even liberty, fraternity, equality. The challenge of the hour is "Righteousness." It strikes at the very root of the disease of which all the other words are symptoms of either decline or recovery. "Remember the Maine" was vengeful. "Righteousness" is ennobling.

This is an unusual, I may almost say, an unprecedented battle ery. Truly heaven hath inspired both the starry emblem and the new purpose of which the Service Flag is symbol and sign.

Righteousness! Could there be a more inspiring word for a moment of supreme dedicatiou? Could a loftier note be struck? Is there a chord in the human heart more soulful, more uplifting, than the one upon whieh we are now playing? Might it be that America has found the lost chord of whieh Sir Arthur Sullivan sings so poignantly? Is this the "Grand Amen" (so be it) that came from the soul of the Infinite One and enters into ours? Who knows? We can but hope that it is.

We take up the gauntlet and draw the sword with righteous indignation set aflame by the long, indisputable record of vows broken and barbarities practiced by the enemy. Our hearts have been steeled for this gruesome task by the perfidy and intrigue of false friends. Our purpose is made resolute by the memory of Belgium, the Lusitania, and Edith Cavell.

THESE are stirriug and inspiring thoughts for this occasion. There must be no misgivings, no uncertainty as to the justice of our eause, or the ultimate outeome of the service we are about to render. We are on the winning side because it is God's side. It was Thomas Carlyle who declared that righteousness is nature's own law; in that direetion move all the tendencies of the universe, and they eannot be conquered.

The Central Powers boast that tyrants are secured upon their thrones by the favor of God. But that is not true, because it is not righteous. They tell us that nations are born to be ruled by a superior nation. But that is not true, because it is not righteous. They loudly proelaim from the housetop that might is right. But that is not true, because it is not righteous. God and righteousness are synonymous throughout the Bible. So I do not hesitate to affirm most dogmatically that America is on God's side in this war.

What have I to say of Germany's claim that God is on her side? Simply this: It is not true. Her every plan and effort in the war thus far has been in the opposite direetion from that in which the tendencies of nature and God are moving. She is battling against a current of iufluences destined to grow broader, deeper, and more swift as they near the confluence of designs human and divine.

Furthermore, there is a vast difference between "Myself and God" and "God and myself." To the German mind, God is an appendage to human foresight and efficiency. With Americans, the thought is different. We take upon our lips the words with which Gideon and his little company of three hundred went forth to meet the hosts of Midian: "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

Thousands upon thousands of our young men have already joined the colors, and more are mobilizing. I know the spirit of these men and the motives that actuate them. It is not too much to say of them that they are entitled, by every preparation of mind and heart, to a place in the starry field of such a service flag as Daniel has described. And I have reason to believe that what I say for our own soldiers is equally true of the rank and file of that vast Allied army at the front.

In fact, the American contingent which is now overseas has given noteworthy evidence of the holy purpose for which the Service Flag stands. Stacy Aumonier, a British writer, read it in the faces of our boys as they recently marched through Trafalgar Square. "They eame, marching in fours, the vanguard of Uncle Sam's army. They were solemn, bronzed men, loose of limb, hard and strong, with a curious set expression of purpose.

"Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

"And they looked neither to the right nor to the left; nor did they look up or smile, or apparently take any notice of the cheers we raised. We strained forward to see their faces, and we cried out to them our welcome. Fully a thousand men passed in this solemn procession."

THERE is a delightful little story of a Boston miss which conveys so beautifully the thought I have been seeking to impress that I tell it at this point: This little girl was gazing upward from a southern window as night eame on, and noting resplendent Venus in the sky, she ran to the door of another room and called, "Mamma, Mamma, eome quick and see! God's hung out his service flag and it has one star in it."

When I read this incident, my mind went back to the time when God raised the window of heaven and, leaning far out, spread a wondrous service flag with one dazzling star upon Bethlehem's sky, because of his interest in the cause of Righteousness. And I seemed to discern, with new and unusual clearness, the mission of God's only begotten Son, as also the highest mission of the sons of men. If Righteousness be sincerely our goal, then the service which we are now rendering must make us co-laborers with God; and sometime, somewhere upon the field of conflict, we shall surely meet with Jesus, the Captain of the world's salvation, the King of Righteousness.

Ye sons of brave sires, if ye be as noble as they, aud worthy of the inheritance whereof ye boast, baptize your souls in the spirit of pure service which this flag emblemizes; then, rising from knees of dedication, go over the top with the Stars of God.

The Happiness Road

IT'S only just a little road,
The road that leads
To happiness. It's made of faith
And kindly deeds;

Of pleasantness, of words that bless,
Of thoughts that heal;
Of very silent giving up
For others' weal.

The road that leads to happiness
Is easy taking;
Beside it grass springs fresh and green,
And buds are breaking.

Oh, there are folks from far away,
And folks we know there.
So let us two take hands some day,
And oh, let's go there!

Mary Carolyn Davies

* Pastor, West End Presbyterian Church, New York.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Place of Unveiling

SUNDAY, April 14. Col. 1 : 10. "*That ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God.*" First of all we see a pilgrim on a journey, keeping to the appointed path with vigilant fidelity. Then we see his spirit illumined as by some mystical dawn. An inward light appears "which keeps the way before him always bright." He enters into a fuller knowledge of God. And the matter to notice is this—the revelation comes to him on the road. The holy light meets the traveler. We do not talk ourselves into the knowledge of the Lord: we walk into it. We start out for something, we venture upon some errand, we accept some commission of Christian service, and the enlightening ministry joins us on the road, and we become light in the Lord. "Light is sown for the righteous," and they reap the shining harvest as they go along the way. We "walk worthy of the Lord," and we thereby "increase in the knowledge of God." Yes, we walk into the larger day.

But there are great differences in the walkers, and therefore there are great differences in the measures of their spiritual knowledge and enlightenment. Mr. Fearing and Valiant-for-truth were both on the same road, and they were going in the same direction, but what a contrast in the style of their walking! Valiant-for-truth had a fine stride as he swung along the road in purpose and song. Mr. Fearing was nervous and tremulous, uncertain about the Lord's promises, and uncertain about the divine provision. The character of our walk has much to do with our enlightenment. Valiant-for-truth was on the lookout for opportunities of service. His road was to him an unending series of possible doors. Mr. Fearing was looking for traps, and snares, and pitfalls! And so while Valiant-for-truth stepped forward into an ever-brightening dawn, Mr. Fearing trudged along in perpetual twilight.

But if we are to walk into the light our walk must not only be one of obedience, it must be one of communion. We must not only walk in love, we must walk with God. And in this traveling companionship we can both speak and listen. We must neither be deaf nor dumb. The great Companion, who walked with the two disciples to Emmaus, listened to them as they told him their disappointments and fears; and they listened to him as he talked with them by the way. And as they walked and talked their hearts began to glow with a strange burning. "Did not our hearts burn within us?" And then the burning changed into a shining, and they knew him: he was made known unto them in the breaking of bread. Walk and know!

J. H. J.

Our Most Difficult Lesson

MONDAY, April 15. II Cor. 12 : 10. "*I take pleasure in infirmities.*" Life is full of disagreeable incidents, but it is possible to rise above them. Paul said, "I have learned to be content." Where did he learn that lesson? Was it not of One who endured all things—the contradiction of sinners, the shame of the cross, counting it joy that he might fulfil his ministry? We have much yet to learn from Christ. We have to learn how to suffer and grow strong, how to smile when the heart is heavy, how to hope when the heart is breaking.

Much depends upon the cause or the person for whose sake we suffer the disagreeable. Many a woman cooks for her own family who would not so cheerfully enter the domestic service of another household. Many a mother acts as nurse to her own children who could not be induced to perform the same service for strangers. It makes all the difference in the world for whose sake we serve and suffer. Let us be convinced that the Master calls us to lowly service and we will engage in it with exceeding joy. Who of us would not feel honored to wash his feet, to gird ourselves with humble raiment that we might wait on him? Well, he wants us to do our duty, whether it be agreeable or obnoxious, and by so much as we do it cheerfully, we are serving him. This consideration alone is sufficient to lead us to accept the unpleasant tasks of life. They are means of self-discipline, and they are a part of "the King's business."

C. C. A.

Godly People

TUESDAY, April 16. Ps. 12 : 1. "*Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men.*" The passing away of righteous men from a community is to be regarded as a public calamity, because such men interpose themselves as a wall between their wicked fellowmen and the avenging justice of God. God hears the intercession which his children make for the sins committed by others in their time and place. Abraham's pleading that the judgment upon Sodom and Gomorrah might be stayed secured the rescue of Lot. During the rebellion of Korah the fervent prayer of Moses and Aaron turned the wrath of God from the whole congregation of Israel. On another occasion Moses sought to turn the eyes of God from the stubbornness and wickedness of the Israelites and asked him to remember his servants Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. For his own sake "and for his servant David's sake" God defended Jerusalem during a siege. By Ezekiel he told the Jews in captivity: "I sought for a man among them, that should make up the hedge and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it: but I found none. Therefore I have poured out my indignation upon them." What a valuable asset, then, are righteous, godly people to a city or a country! They win favor for a whole land. For their sake God mitigates his judgments and even spares their wicked fellowmen. When God prepares to smite an apostate race in his anger, he frequently removes the faithful. The pious ancestors of Noah had all departed before the flood came. Bearing these facts in mind, we can well understand why David can view the demise of pious people in his day with alarm. Our departing saints are, indeed, in no danger: they are going home to their rest and their reward. But we who are remaining behind are feeling the loss which we are incurring through their home-going. That loss is not confined to their immediate dependents, but to the whole age in which they had been living.

W. H. T. D.

Forgiveness

WEDNESDAY, April 17. Rom. 5 : 8. "*While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.*" A mother, driven from her home by an unfeeling landlord, perished in the mountain snows of Scotland. In a sheltered nook, wrapped in the mother's clothes, her little child was rescued. The boy never forgot the story of his mother's love, but he did forget the love of Christ, who died for him while he was a sinner. It is therefore Christlike to risk one's life to save an enemy from perishing. Can you pray for those who despitefully use you and persecute you? Jesus did, for his crucifiers. Can you do good to them who hate you? The heavenly Father sendeth his sun and his rain on the evil and the unjust. Can you forgive men their trespasses against you as God forgives you? If you can, you will save yourself and may rescue the lost.

The hand of forgiveness and the spirit of love are the only influences that can break down the prison doors of hatred and rescue the prisoner. The sun, with its gentle rays of light and warmth, is more powerful than lightning, earthquake or volcano. It is the sun of divine love that gives life to the soul garden more than any other forces. Dying in the trenches or on the battle-field for one's country is heroic, but dying to save the soul of your enemy is a loftier moral pinnacle. It is Calvary reaching into the heavens of splendor. One must never hate people but ever abhor, as you would a wild beast, evil actions, a wicked spirit and devilish designs. Even though a human face has become the portrait of a terrible monster within, yet Jesus died to cast the devil out.

E. W. C.

Who Are the Saints?

THURSDAY, April 18. Rom. 1 : 7. "*Beloved of God, called to be saints.*" The non-religious and the unreligious world greatly err in their idea of the meaning of the word "saint." Thoughtless people imagine that the term is applicable only to those who are faultless. Such is not the New Testament sense of the word, as students of the Scriptures well know. One who is far from perfect may be a saint—he is simply not a perfect saint. Perhaps the best thing that can be said about the most faithful Christian is that he is "called to be a saint," and that he is endeavoring to follow his calling.

When a child enters school he is "called to be a scholar," but scholarship lies more in the spirit of his quest than in his attainment of it. We do not scorn the claim of a very imperfect scholar, provided he be willing to study, that is to say, obedient to his high calling.

Professor John R. Slater, in his study of Browning, gives us a significant phrase, "the glory of the imperfect." Because Browning saw the glory of the imperfect he is the supreme religious poet of our day. He knew that no man is what he is at any one time, but rather that he is judged in heaven's light by what he is *compared with what he was.* God does not demand angelic perfection in human character, but he does expect that we shall daily be "going on to perfection."

C. C. A.

Opportunity

FRIDAY, April 19. Est. 4 : 14. "*If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargment and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed: and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?*" The thought here uttered is the gist of the teaching of the book of Esther. If there had been no other purpose why this remarkable book was written, this one would suffice. Mordecai beholds the Jewish race in dire straits in Persia, where they were exiles. But he is not dismayed: even amidst the most immediate and imminent danger he is certain of the deliverance of his people. He is troubled only about one thing, viz., that his relative Esther might not recognize the grand opportunity afforded her by being elevated to the station of the king's consort, to render assistance to her suffering people in their dire necessity. God has placed Esther so close to the king that she is able to thwart all the cunning machinations of the king's wicked counselors. Perhaps that was the very reason why God permitted this humble Jewish maiden to become the Persian queen. God has made it possible for her to render most distinguished service to the covenant race. If through fear or indolence or pride she should fail to render that service, she will injure only herself. Faithless to her trust, she will be cast aside by God as a worthless tool, and he will find him another agent for effecting the salvation of his people. He is unlimited in his resources. If the prophet will not obey him, he will make a dumb beast put the prophet to shame. If men will not proclaim his goodness, he can make stones cry out and deliver his messages. No one can ever become so great and wise and powerful that God could not dispense with his service. But no one to whom God has opened up an opportunity for usefulness can afford to let that opportunity slip. By his failure to respond to God's call he does not only lose merit, but he incurs actual guilt. He is hiding his talent in the earth, and sorry will be his reckoning.

W. H. T. D.

From Dust to Splendor

SATURDAY, April 20. Isa. 61 : 3. "*To give them beauty for ashes.*" The beautiful life of holiness rises out of the ashes of sin at the touch of Jesus. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree." Instead of a burnt-out soul, a palace of splendor; instead of a branded brow, a garland of beauty—a diadem of glory; instead of death, a risen life. The pathway back to God is from the dust and ashes of the desert of sin to the splendors of peace in Christ. How can immortals sit in the solitude and misery of an ash-heap when they may become the children of the King? Which will you have, the transient or the permanent, the momentary or Christ's eternal legacy of praise and blessing? One prayed for a friend, "May you be with the rich on earth and with the poor in the world to come," but we cannot serve two masters; we must choose beauty or ashes, the oil of joy or mourning, the garment of praise or the spirit of heaviness, ashes and sackcloth or royal robes of whiteness that brush the streets of gold.

O for the true, the beautiful and the good, not the false, ugly and evil!

He who has made everything beautiful in its season in nature produces more transcendent loveliness in soul ornamentation. He can remove the daubs of sin and Satan, bringing out the original glory of the Divine image in the human personality till mortals become worthy of a place alongside the angelic and saintly in the realm of immortals.

E. W. C.

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OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

The Moral Offensive

WITH the great German offensive against the British lines in France comes the opening gun of America's great moral offensive against the Hun. This arrives in the shape of Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo's announcement of the Third Liberty Loan.

The advance of the German hordes in France may be minimized, when it is considered that such a proceeding is a mere single act in a great drama that is yet to be wholly played out. There is a very old saying that a single swallow does not make a summer; likewise, a single victory does not make lasting success in a war. Even this advance of the Germans cannot properly be called a victory, for, up to this time, the British lines remain unbroken. The fighting has merely shifted from one front to another and in a month or a week it may shift again. That is what the American troops are in France for, and that is why, before the summer is ended, many more American troops will land in France.

It is known that Germany laid up thousands of tons of material to make her drive possible, and to do this she had to raise enormous sums of money. The extent to which Germany can carry on war, after her many reverses and checks, should bring poignantly home to every American the necessity for funds for our own military establishment. Superior equipment and plenty of ammunition are necessities in this war, and assurance must be given to our troops that they will get them. They must be made to feel that all America is behind them, whole-heartedly supporting them in this war, which must have but one conclusion.

We must dedicate ourselves to the obvious duty that faces us, the supreme sacrifice until the long awaited moment arrives when the great bells in all our cities ring for peace. Man has climbed too far to slip back into the slough of darkness.

FROM primitive days, man has advanced with uplifted forehead, feeling a light on his face and vaguely seeing a wavering dream before him. Even the most savage of men in ancient days were not wholly dead to the spiritual voices that called to them to rise in the night and seek the lovely day. Their savagery was tinged with a realization of spiritual concepts that science seems to have removed from certain people who stand in places of power today.

The cruelty of the Hun far outweighs that of the early savage races. Their cruelty came from ignorance. It was their method of clinging to life; might was right in those days. But the Hun knows better. He possesses all the fruits of civilization, yet he wilfully chooses to follow a road that can lead only to destruction. This is the method of a people who have calmly and dispassionately weighed good and evil, and reasoned that evil was more advantageous to their material success. The world refuses to believe this and there is but one way to test the argument. Both evil and good must fight it out, as they have always fought it out since the dark hosts of Lucifer assaulted heaven and since Satan appeared to Christ upon the lofty mountain-top. For a time evil may seem to have the advantage; but this is but for the moment. Good must eventually triumph, for it seems to be a law of nature that that which is worth while endures, while the meretricious things perish. History bears this out and there is not an autocracy in any really enlightened land today. Certainly Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey cannot be called enlightened lands. We once thought the first two were such, but time has shown our grievous error. The Teutonic people have much to learn. Perhaps the chiefest thing they have yet to learn is democracy.

Teaching another people is a terrific task and often it seems to be impossible. Argument seldom convinces an antagonist, but sometimes it gives him food for thought and eventually he reasons out the thing for himself, arriving at new conclusions totally at variance with the old.

SUCH must be the way with the German people. The idea of a sudden revolution convulsing that country appears to be rather remote, for the German proletariat is constantly fed on false hopes aroused by the Russian debacle. This was to them a great victory, and it has been exaggerated by the military caste. The drive on the Western front will also be over-emphasized. For instance, half a dozen Americans are defeated by several hundred Germans during a scouting affair. The incident will be doctored up so as to appear like a great victory for the German people. In this way the unrest in Germany is kept in check, and the deluded people continue to follow their false gods.

This is the crust of delusion that must be broken through, and while quite often a military victory will not do it, a moral triumph will succeed. *Each Liberty Loan that America issues successfully is a moral triumph.* There have been two of these and, while the Germans scoffed at them, there is no doubt that their effect was fatal to the absolute unification of Germany's population. There is unrest in Germany, although the censors strive zealously to conceal it. There have been strikes there, and there will be more as the war goes on. The German people cannot hold out forever, and this must never be lost sight of. The Third Liberty Loan comes as another moral blow that will help disintegration of the Kaiser's plans.

In speaking of disintegrating factors, it must not be assumed the Third Liberty Loan will greatly affect the German people. Indeed, it is doubtful if the fighting men on the front ever hear of the loan. Still, its effect will reach them in the resistance of thousands of American troops buoyed up by the fact that a united people stands behind them, giving them guns and ammunition, courage and confidence. Even the Germans who are in the cities and may receive news of the Third Liberty Loan will not immediately demand peace. The moral effect of the loan will be deeper than that.

IT will act as a lever for the thought of many people, turning over old shibboleths based upon fallacies and clearing the way for new thought. As in an argument one is not immediately convinced, but goes away pondering over certain doubts that have been aroused and so eventually arrives at a new aspect of the problem involved, so the Third Liberty Loan will come to the German people. They will dismiss it for the moment with an off-hand gesture, but it will plant the seeds of troubling thought and in many minds will come to full fruition.

A few German thinkers will consider world affairs more deeply from the impress left by a successful Liberty Loan, and thought is ever contagious. The unrest will spread still further that unrest which already manifests itself in the interior of Germany, and so the thought of the German people will gradually assume a new tinge.

No one believes or attempts to prove that the Third Liberty Loan is the single factor that will cause new thought to awaken in the German people. It is but one factor, but it is a very great one.

The success of this loan must be assured. There must be no doubt of its complete success, for Germany is waiting and watching. America is in the war solidly to combat the nefarious aims of the German rulers, and the Third Liberty Loan will prove to be another manifestation of the unity of the American people. For the sake of the future, this loan must go through successfully.

Buy Liberty Bonds, preach Liberty Bonds, pray Liberty Bonds! With a clear conscience and a good heart, let us press forward, holding nothing back. Our dear ones at the front are offering their lives for the cause of righteousness and justice. If we denied them our fullest support in the greatest of struggles we would be unworthy of the name of Americans. *Buy Liberty Bonds and help them to win the war!*

Help for Country Schools

MRS. MARY C. C. BRADFORD, president of the National Education Association, proposes a program for better rural schools and asks Federal aid to the extent of $140,000,000. This program would be worked out, according to her plan, in ten years, one-tenth of the proposed money being spent each year, the government to cooperate with the state and county.

Mrs. Bradford's program would have the Federal government spend as much as the state government to improve rural schools. It provides that it shall not go into effect until June, 1921, proposing that in the intervening three years the United States Bureau of Education wage a campaign to educate the country to the need of better rural schools. It proposes that Congress appropriate to the Bureau two hundred thousand dollars to carry on this propaganda work. The general scheme is to reduce the number of rural schools in the country by consolidation and to provide each rural schoolroom with a professionally trained teacher.

The great mistake in American rural education has been that we have educated our boys and girls away from instead of toward the farm. In many sections the rural school term is less than three months each year, and there are thousands of rural schools with such poor daily attendance, such short school terms and such poorly qualified teachers as to make them unworthy of the name of school.

The Kaiser and "Frightfulness"

IT is stated that the German Kaiser, while in the battle area recently during the great offensive, was deeply impressed by the terrible devastation. Well might the war-crazed monarch be appalled at the results of his efforts at world-conquest. Viewing the smoking ruins of what had once been towns and cities, and the great heaps of unburied German dead lying where they had fallen, the Emperor said to Gen. Ludendorff: "How glad we should be that our country has been spared such terrible things. When mankind changes, these things also will change; but first mankind must begin to change."

Not a single regret for the countless thousands of his subjects who had fallen, but rather an expression of gloomy satisfaction that the thing happened where the German people could not see the horror of it—the wholesale slaughter of their kindred, as victims of his insane ambition for conquest. Truly "frightfulness" must be kept from the eyes of Germany at whatever cost. It was the vandal spirit that prompted the utterance—that same spirit which inspired the outrages on the defenseless Belgians, which justified the barbarities in Poland, and which is now celebrating "an orgy of rapine" in Lithuania.

We believe in God, in divine justice, and in the ultimate triumph of right over wrong. This war will be won by the union of all the forces of right, with Omnipotence guiding.

Our Just Cause Must Win

MILITARY experts tell us that we are again at a crisis in the war. The enemy is exerting his full force, and is met with brave resistance. The net result of the gigantic battling in Picardy cannot be foretold, it may or may not be decisive. If the enemy loses here, he still has other fighting fronts; if he gains here, then the war will go on until those gains are overcome and more.

As to the great battle now raging the condition is far better than it may appear on the surface of the reports. All the tremendous force of combined enemy resources, together with their advantage of careful preparation and favorable start, has failed, after more than a week of struggle, to achieve any decisive objective. The British army in an orderly falling back to new positions is losing nothing in strength of resistance, or morale, while its ability to make a counter-attack at the proper moment is not to be doubted. Lloyd George's ringing appeal to America to get reinforcements across the Atlantic in the shortest space of time, means to us only that it is not for England and France alone to fight off the avalanche of barbarism.

To our own people, this battle is peculiarly significant in that it is America's baptism in the war. We have gone in to do whatever part falls upon us, even though it becomes the leading part. Our entrance has clarified the real issue, and it is an issue which inspires manhood everywhere to fight to victory.

In the light of our President's noble utterances it is clearly seen that this world war, itself, great as it is, is a conflict not of men only but of ideas, not of nations merely but of abiding principles. We no longer look for peace, nor will accept it, along the lines of mere restorations of wrongs or allotment of territory, seeing now that these would only be concessions to a condition that is a constant threat to all that is just, and a constant restraint upon all that is righteous in human relations.

Upon the one hand is the principle of human rights and the promise of a world safe for democracy, and on the other hand is the arrogant principle of State organization founded on fraud and force.

This is the issue, and the battle now raging is but another and more stupendous phase of the old struggle, a struggle as ancient and inevitable as the thirst for power and the love of liberty, a struggle in which men have sacrificed and died in millions all the way from Siddam to Picardy.

This cause can suffer reverses but it cannot know defeat. Wrong carries within itself the germ of failure, the rot of dissolution.

To compromise is to betray the cause of civilization. We have put our hands to the task and will not turn back. Our hearts are in it and we cannot falter. Our souls are set upon it and we shall not fail.

He who never thinks of his friends will soon have no friends of whom to think.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Wife His Other Half

IRVING BACHELLER, in an article in the American Magazine for April, entitled "The Rungs in My Little Ladder," shows what value failures often are; that a business failure of his that left him poor in middle life had turned him suddenly into authorship and into a happy, useful and prosperous career. In recounting his helps in the literary world, he says this of his wife: "The best of these many friends has been my wife, whose faith in me and whose courage and affection in trying days have never failed, and who has ever been my frankest critic. Better than anything in my books is this candle of love and faith which burns in our home." This is a just tribute that most men could pay to their wives. Woman's hand is delicate, but very strong in helping a man over obstacles and up the hill of life. Her love has much to do in making him great. Woman's character, helpfulness, and affection are the rungs in the ladder over which many men have climbed to business and professional success. Some wives are handicaps that hinder success or bring positive failure to their husbands; but the rule is that wives are invaluable aids. They are the man's other half. This element of helpfulness to the husband is according to the divine thought thus expressed: "*And the Lord said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him a help-meet for him.*" (*Gen. 2:18.*)

Sawing Down Trees

THE Forest Department of the city of Berlin has just tested a new device for felling forest trees which they have pronounced a success. It is a chain saw driven by a motor about ninety pounds in weight. In its trial in the Grünewald forest it cut through the trunk of a tree thirty inches in diameter in two minutes. The motor will run ten hours on a little over a pint of gasoline. The machine will not only saw down the tree, but will also cut it up into pieces very quickly. It is a question whether nature or human economy will welcome this little, swift tree-killer. Our forests have been slain so mercilessly that public opinion and law have called a halt, and have rather demanded that new trees be planted and the dismantled forests restored. Nature has avenged the butchery of the trees in bringing drought and sterility. The Hebrews had no chain saws with motors, but they had the iron ax with which they felled their forest trees. There is this reference to it: "*For one cutteth a tree out of the forest, the work of the hands of the workman, with the ax.*" (*Jer. 10: 3.*)

Northern Potato Seed

FOR years it has been the aim of potato-growers to plant only "northern grown" seed. The supposition has been that potatoes grown in a colder climate were more hardy and vigorous in germination than those grown where it is warmer. Tennessee growers sent to Ohio, and Ohio to Wisconsin, and Wisconsin to Canada, for seed. Virginia farmers sent to New Jersey, and Long Island and Pennsylvania sent to Maine for their seed potatoes. Now, it seems that the reason for the superiority of northern seed was not a matter of climate at all, except that the short season and early frost cut down the vines before the tubers had matured, and that such potatoes not fully matured were more virile and prolific than the ones matured by a longer season. In a recent lecture at Columbia University, Professor Frank J. App, of the New Jersey College of Agriculture, said that "northern seed" could be home-grown in any of the potato-growing states by planting seed the first of July and letting the frost kill the vines before the tubers matured and keep them over to plant in the spring. And one of the most prosperous potato farmers in America gave as one of the reasons of his large yield and fine quality the fact that he grew his own seed every year, planting it July 1 and letting the frost get the vines and cut short the maturing of the seed, which was then about the size of a hen's egg. The transportation of northern seed from long distances has been attended with considerable inconvenience and expense, and it might be worth while for the potato farmers in these days of food conservation to try the experiment of raising northern seed on their own ground. There is no record that the Jews knew anything about the potato. Columbus came to the Western Hemisphere to find gold. He found the potato, which has been a perpetual gold mine. Potato and other farmers who are getting their seed ready to put in the ground might call to mind the promise: "*While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.*" (*Gen. 8: 22.*)

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Smashed False Weights and Measures

THE authorities of Alameda County, California, in their crusade captured 4,800 false scales and measures of metal and 11,800 milk bottles under size and piled them up on the court-house lawn in a heap weighing several tons. Officers of the state and county Bureau of Weights and Measures took huge sledge hammers and smashed the lying machines into a thousand pieces. In the scrap heap there were 600 pounds of brass, 100 pounds of tin, 1 ton of wrought iron, and 1½ tons of cast iron. The whole junk pile was sold at public auction for $292.50, and the bottles brought $25 as old glass. Those thieves who juggled the machines, so that they gave light weight and short measure, should be under double contempt for robbing the people in war time, when it is so hard for the ordinary man to meet living expenses. The climax of villainy was reached when with bottles too small they stole milk from the babies. A man in the underworld, when he wants to describe the meanest man he knows, says "he would take candy from a child." The child can do without candy but not without milk. If the guilty men can be caught they ought to send them up for a long term for starving the babies. It is estimated that $382,000 was saved to the families by the discovery of the fraud in the size of the milk bottles alone. This false weight and measure business is going on all over the country. It will be well for the authorities to awake to the fact and imitate the officers of Alameda County. We are told how sorely displeased the Almighty is with false weights and measures. "*A false balance is abomination to the Lord; but a just weight is his delight.*" (*Prov. 11:1.*)

Eagles Fighting Aviator Killed

CAPTAIN MORTUREAUX, a pilot in the French Aviation Service, arrived in Paris on furlough from Salonica recently, bringing with him two stuffed eagles which he had shot down with his gun when they attacked him during a flight he made over the Bulgarian lines in Macedonia. This is said to be the first case in the record of European aviation when a bird attacked an airplane. The fight between the eagles and the aviator was witnessed by British and French troops in the advanced trenches over which the contest was fought. The soldiers picked up the two dead eagles as they fell from the clouds and gave them to Captain Mortureaux as trophies. One is a male, the other, the larger, a female. They measured nearly ten feet from wing to wing tip, and stood over four feet in height. These eagles did not see any reason why a thing that looked like an airplane should have any business in the territory which as king and queen they had ruled with such undisputed authority, and they resented the intrusion. They had such sharp, strong beaks and such powerful claws and were so fond of meat, that they concluded to make a mess on the French captain. As they have no difficulty in overtaking and killing an antelope and devouring it, they did not hesitate to attack the birdman; and if he had not had his gun handy he might have suffered serious injury. Through all time the eagle by his swiftness, keen eye, courage, power and persistence in fight, has been the symbol of the hero in battle; and from time immemorial until now soldiers have worn the wing of an eagle or something made like it as a badge of courage, of determination to win in battle; and honored, patriotic, and heroic orders have called themselves eagles of one sort or another. The Bible has much to say about this king of birds, this sovereign of the upper air. There is this mention of its high flight, and home, and search for its prey: "*Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high? She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock . . . From thence she seeketh the prey.*" (*Job 39: 27-29.*)

Finger Prints Detect Crime

MARKED decrease in crime is credited to the finger print system by Magistrate McAdoo of New York. He said: "Finger printing has been in operation since 1910, during which time 129,555 impressions have been made without a successful attack on their reliability, thus proving that the marks on the fingers of each human being have an individuality of their own." Nature is against wrong. The very tips of the fingers testify to a man's crime. The Scripture expresses this truth: "*Be sure your sin will find you out.*" (*Num. 32: 23.*)

The Measure of a Man

By GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL LUTZ
Author of "The Witness"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT

JANET GRAYSON and Harley Bruce had grown up as playmates and school comrades in the village of Springdale until Harley left for college. When on his return he called at the Grayson house, he was accompanied by Lotta Lomond, whose appearance and manners were in marked contrast to the simplicity of the village girl. Harley took the girls out for a spin in his car, in which they were accompanied by Thaddeus Wiltrone, a worldly-wise young friend of Lotta's. The company proved so uncongenial to Janet that she sought some means of escape. This she found in her Aunt Nan's cottage, near which the highway ran, where she spent the afternoon, returning by the trolley, to the great disappointment of Harley Bruce, who was bored by the gay and thoughtless crowd who had thrust themselves upon him. The next morning he called, but found that Janet had gone on a trip to New York, from which she returned on an evening train.

CHAPTER II—*Continued*

JANET sank down with a sigh in the hammock and let her eyelids drop shut in the restful starlight with the resinous piney smell in the sweet air. How much better it was to be here than in the hot noisy city! She let her thoughts drift a moment as she relaxed her weary body.

Suddenly, upon the quiet village night a whistle pierced like the note of a clear-voiced thrush; a peculiar soft call in the distance, coming nearer all the time, with a ring of something sympathetic and resonant in it that no other whistle ever seemed to have. Harley was coming down the street! He would go on by, never dreaming she was there! She would lie still and listen in the darkness. How it thrilled her soul to hear that dear familiar whistle again! How it brought tears to her throat and eyes to think how that whistle had once been all for her in the dear childhood days when he used to invent ways of signaling to her so that others would not know! Probably he had forgotten it all, now that he was grown up. And of course he thought she had. She was a young woman now, with a college education. He would not dream that she looked back to those days of roaming the woods and canoeing in the creek with him, as the nearest to heaven this earth could ever show to her. And he must never dream it. He had been in different society. The world had taken its hold upon him. Her quiet simple life would seem puritanical to him now, her ways too simple and unsophisticated.

She could not think of the experience of the day before without an inward shudder. The coarse laughter, the jibes and banter, the loud behavior of the girls, and the vapidness of the men! How could Harley stand for it for a moment? He must have changed, or he never could have endured it at all!

"Jan! It's really you at last!"

ON came the whistle, growing clearer all the time. Was he alone, or were some of that obnoxious crowd with him? She shrank within the hammock, and half resolved to flee to the house lest her white dress would be noticed. But no, it was too late; for there was a bright light in the hall, and she could not get in without being seen. Besides, the whistle was quite close now, and there was only one person's footsteps ringing on the pavement. She would keep quiet and hear him pass.

But he did not pass. He stopped at the gate with that little cadence in the tune that he always used to give to warn her he was coming, and came swinging up the path whistling the old tune that she used to love, worn threadbare now by time and use, but thrilling the same chords of memory still:

"From the desert I come to thee!"

What was he doing here now? Had some one reported her arrival on the early train? She held her breath with her heart beating wildly, and he came on up to the very steps. Then the whistle stopped abruptly, and he stood in the stream of light from the doorway, peering into the darkness over by the hammock:

"Is that you out there, Mother Gray?" he called, and then came with swift strides. "I thought I'd run in and have a nice old-fashioned talk if you don't mind, till the train comes. I'm not disturbing you, am I?"

He paused beside the hammock and looked down, and with a voice in which the thrill was electric exclaimed: "Jan! It's really you at last!"

CHAPTER III

JANET rose up in the darkness and stood before him. Harley put out both hands and took hers in a quick firm grasp.

"Jan, why did you run away from me?" His tone was low and earnest.

Janet half drew back and tried to free her hands, but he held them firmly.

"Why, I—Harley, you know I didn't fit in that crowd. You know why I ran away! You know it was a relief to every one to have me get out at Aunt Nan's!"

She flung her head up and faced him soberly, gently defiant.

"The gang's a mess, of course, and I didn't blame you. But why did you run away from *me?* You know you did, Jan, last night and today. There's no use in denying it. Now why did you do it?"

Janet hesitated, looking at him in the darkness. The light from the house made a background upon which his fine earnest profile was clearly silhouetted. There was something about his manner that would not be denied. Yet how should she answer him? She drooped away from him and was silent.

He dropped her hands as suddenly as he had taken them, and half turned away, saying bitterly:

"Then it's true. You do think I am changed, and you don't like me or trust me any more!"

She stood a moment regarding him with troubled eyes. For an instant he stood silent, then he suddenly turned on her, almost fiercely:

"Jan, is that true? Have I changed?"

Janet dropped back on the big couch hammock with a gesture of despair.

"Oh, Harley! I don't know! Have you?" She said it with a note almost of desperation.

Harley dropped down beside her, talking earnestly:

"Jan! You've got to tell me what is the matter with me. I swear to you I didn't know I was changed. I don't believe I am. What was it made you think so? Those fools my mother brought down with her? You know I don't enjoy that sort of thing, but society is made up of it, and what is a person to do?"

"Harley, when you went away you hated that sort of thing so much you couldn't have been a part of it. You *just couldn't!*" said the girl with tears in her voice.

"And was I a part of it?"

Janet was silent.

"Was I?"

"Weren't you? At least to some extent?"

"You mean my bringing that fool girl down to your house yesterday morning? Well, I certainly didn't want to do that. She floated out to the street and waylaid me when I was almost at your door, attaching herself to me in the most ineredible manner. You certainly would know I wouldn't want a thing like that around when I came to see you! You saw how she maneuvered to keep you out of the front seat when I had it all fixed for you."

JANET did not answer. She could not think of words to voice the situation as it lay in her mind. The young man watched her narrowly in the dim light. He could see the lovely outline of her cheek half turned away, and the soft white throat above the muslin frock. He felt rather than saw the perplexity and dissatisfaction in the troubled brow.

"Jan! You mean the cigarette case? But I don't smoke mueh. I honestly don't. Of course when one grows up and gets out into the world—in college—why one—sees some things in a broader way—" he finished lamely and gave a vague indefinite sweep with his hand to finish out his argument.

"Those are only—details!" said Janet wearily. "I was not referring to any particular action. One's actions come from prineiples, you know."

"And you think my principles have changed?"

There was a long troubled pause. At last Janet turned to him with a question that seemed to gather and fling at him all the force of her scattered fears:

"Harley, are you going to teach your Sunday school class tomorrow?"

"My Sunday school class!" in startled amazement. "My Sunday school class! I didn't suppose they were in existence; or if they were, I thought of course someone else had them."

Again Janet did not reply, and the silence was pregnant with thought.

"You think that's another thing in which I'm changed. Of course. I know I was no end of interested in them and all that; but it's a long time, Janet, and I've been living in a world where they had no Sunday schools. I have no doubt I'd be as crazy about them as ever if I'd get them around me again. Tell me about them, Janet. Are they all here yet? There was Ted Chafney! Bright little chap! And Buck Walters! He had a lot of pep! I declare I'd like to see them again. You don't mean they've kept up the Sunday school stunt all these years! Why, they must be some size by this time!"

"They are all here!" said Janet quietly. "That is, they are all here but little Ned Minturn, the lame boy who went about in a wheeled chair, you know. He died last winter. They must have sent you word. I know his mother wrote you a long letter. She got the address from mother."

"I never got it!" said Harley, deeply moved.

"Little Ned left a message for you that he would be waiting at the gate to meet you in heaven, and you mustn't forget and look for a wheeled chair, for he would be *walking* there! He said tell you he was awful sorry he couldn't wait here till you got back from college, because you promised to tell him all about sports in foreign colleges; but he guessed you would understand how much you had done for him, because now he didn't mind dying since you had taught him that it was only a better kind of living."

The young man's head was bowed.

"Jan, that makes me feel small!" he said huskily.

After a moment the girl went on in a quiet voice.

"The boys have stuck together just as you left them. They've had several teachers, most of them the teachers in the high school, but they've never cared for them much. I'm sure it's been the memory of what you did for them, and of what you were, that has kept them true to their promises. I think they most of them still carry the little Testaments you gave them, and not one of the class smokes. There was a story that Fatty Gorman was caught smoking a cigarette down by the old swimming hole by two of them, and they ducked him until he cried for mercy and declared he never would do it again. Ted told him they wouldn't have you disgraced that way; that they would put him out of the gang if they ever caught him at it again."

THE girl paused breathless. She felt as if she were running a long sharp knife into the heart of a friend and turning it in the wound. She dared not turn to look at him.

"Jan, that makes me ashamed!" he said humbly.

"Their last teacher went off for his vacation three weeks ago," Janet went on, "and they wouldn't let any one else take the class. They've come regularly every Sunday and taught themselves, taken turns or something, and been as quiet and orderly all gathered in a group around their table. They said they were going to wait for you. They said they knew you would want your old class back when you came."

There was a long silence, broken only by the chirp of a cricket in the grass by the hammock. Janet's hands were cold as they lay in her lap, and she hardly dared draw a full breath, so momentous seemed the moment. Would he understand? Would he pass the test? Or had he grown too far away from it all?

Suddenly he straightened up.

"Sure, Jan, I'll teach my class!" he said quietly, and after a minute, "I'll teach it if you think I'm fit for it. I guess you couldn't have made me see the difference in myself any better than by showing me the picture of what those boys thought I was. Jan, I didn't realize how far I'd got away from some things, but I guess you saw right away. Well, you'll have to tell me what the lesson is."

Janet turned with shining eyes toward her old friend. Her heart leaped up with relief and joy. He couldn't be quite changed when he had responded so readily to the appeal of his boys, even though he had called Sunday school a "stunt," which he never would have done in the old days.

They went together to the library and drew up to the big study table where they used to study their Sunday school lessons in past years, and Mrs. Grayson watched them with interested eyes and tender heart, wondering timorously what the outcome was to be. Surely, surely the boy could not be so much changed when he could still sit down to a study of the Bible! Or was he doing it for Janet's sake? She watched them keenly and could not be sure.

HARLEY went home at what was a late hour for Springdale, but the tide of merriment was at its full when he reached the house. Somehow the giddy laughter grated on his ears, and he did not feel in the mood to spend the next two hours with them. He paused on the front walk where he could see his mother's guests through the long windows, and hear bits of conversation and laughter. Lotta Lomond floated out on the piazza on the arm of Thaddeus Wiltrone, gazing languishingly up into his face. A flippant sentence of hers rang out in the still sweet night and seemed to pollute the moonlight and the scent of the pine trees, under which he stood in deep shadow. A moment later he heard Lotta say fretfully: "I wonder where Harley is!" A great distaste for the society with which his mother had surrounded him surged over him. He stole softly around through the garden and climbed the rose trellis to his own window as he used to do when he was a boy; wondering to himself how ever in the world he had stood Lotta Lomond even for an hour. He found himself hating the way in which she had spoken his name, a kind of possessive way as if he were her property. He frowned in the darkness, and then forgot her as the vision of Janet rose in his mind.

THE late revelers were still sleeping next morning when he arose and prepared to answer the summons of the sweet-voiced church bell. Something clamored joyously in his soul, like the return of a precious memory, as he went across the dewy lawn and took the short cut to the church. Anticipation mingled with dread stirred his spirit, for now in a few minutes he would be with his old Sunday school class, and they would no longer be the adoring little kids they had been when he left, ready to follow his slightest suggestion. They were sturdy young fellows with maturer minds, and they would watch him critically and test him to see if he were all that he had once professed. Would they see a lack? Would their keen eyes discover how he had changed and fallen away from his high ideals?

He drew a deep breath, half a prayer for courage, as he entered the familiar old church door, like one who is plunging into cold and unknown waters where there may be hidden rocks.

Five minutes later he sat with his group of shy fellows around him, his hands still aching from their welcoming grasps, his cheeks still burning from embarrassment, but his heart warm with the fellowship that he used to love when he was a boy.

The boys stole furtive admiring glances at him when he was not looking: at the cut of his clothes, the close-clipped hair, the handsome face, with something akin to a group of devotees about an idol. During the opening prayer he underwent the shock of reversion back to his former self, and comparison with his present self. Janet's words of the night before when he asked her if he was changed rang in his ears: "Oh, Harley! I *don't know! Have* you?" Had he changed? Was it so noticeable that these bright-eyed lads would notice and lose their faith in him? And he *cared!* Yes, he cared very much. There was enough of his old self left not to want their ideals shattered, as he instinctively knew they would be shattered if he turned out to have lost his old standards and principles.

They grouped about him earnestly with shining eyes of anticipation, their shyness still upon them when the time for the lesson came, and he felt his own smallness and inability in their presence. Somehow he managed to pull himself together and bridge the years of their

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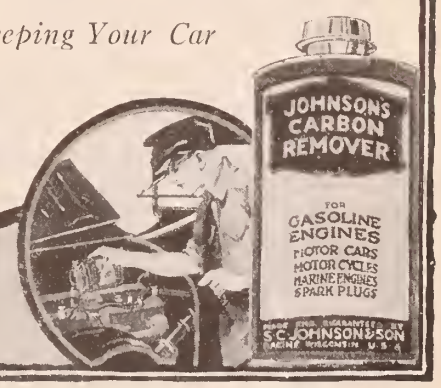


"I Bought It With My Candy Money"

Here are grain bubbles so nut-like and flavory that children will spend candy money for them. Perhaps you have known them, as we have, to do it.

Hungry children after school eat them like confections. Crisped and lightly buttered they are fascinating tidbits—far better than peanuts or popcorn.

They are used like nut meats in home candy making and as garnish on ice cream. They taste like nuts, and vastly excel them by their airy, flaky texture.

Eat Them Dry

Yet Premier Foods

Yet they are foods—scientific foods, invented by a great food expert. They are the greatest foods made from rice, corn or wheat, because of their ease of digestion

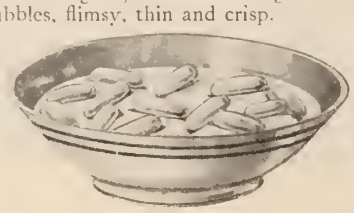
Two are whole grains steam exploded—puffed to eight times normal size. One is pellets of hominy puffed to raindrop size.

All get an hour of fearful heat, which gives that wondrous flavor. All are shot from guns, and thus changed into bubbles, flimsy, thin and crisp.

Mix with Berries

Every food cell is exploded, so digestion can instantly act. They do not tax the stomach, yet every atom feeds.

Remember these things. Puffed Grains are superlative grain foods. Food experts wish that every grain could be prepared in this way. No other process ever known so fits a grain for food.



Float in Milk

Puffed Rice **Corn Puffs** **Puffed Wheat**

Each 15c Except in Far West

Make them more than breakfast dainties. They are for luncheons, for suppers, for playtime and for bedtime. They are for eating dry, for mixing with fruits, for the bowl of milk, for soups, or for serving with sugar and cream.

There are three of them, each with a different flavor, so Puffed Grains are ever new. Let no day pass without them.

separation with a story that held their attention from the start. He had not lost his gift of tongue. Janet, looking that way over the heads of her own strenuous class of boys, rejoiced secretly to see them absorbed in the lesson as of old.

His old place in the choir awaited him when Sunday school was out, and Harley went to it almost eagerly, as if the act of the moment could bring back the fact of long ago. He did not know that his mother with one or two of her guests had drifted into the church quite late in the service and sat down near the door. He had turned his chair sideways so that he might watch Janet at the organ, and he had eyes for nothing else.

AT the close of the service Mrs. Grayson smiled at him from the aisle and in quite the old tone said: "Coming home to dinner with us, Harley?" and Harley answered eagerly:

"I sure am, Mother Gray!" and so the three slipped out the side door of the church by the choir loft and away across the lawn to the Grayson house, while his mother and her guests sat in the big car in front of the church and never knew he was gone till they sent the chauffeur to search for him.

It was blessed to the boy who had lived in hotels and pensions or his mother's elaborate establishment for so long to get back to the dear old quiet dining-room where he and Janet had spent so many happy hours; to sit beside the small round table, just they three, and eat the delicious stewed chicken and little biscuits with plenty of gravy and currant jelly that had always delighted him so, the sponge cake with strawberries and cream, and feel he was a part of this sweet little home once more, taken into the secret of its intimacy as if he really belonged. It was pleasant even to jump up and help carry out the Sunday dishes so that the "girl" could get away early to her own folks; even to hear her say again, "Now, Mister Harley, don't you go messing up my clean kitchen floor with them chicken bones! You got too big a load, and you'll be sure to drop something!" for all the world as she used to say it ten years before!

Then they took some books and went out to the hammock under the pines, but they didn't read much, only turned the leaves over and reminisced dreamily about what used to be; or told each other incidents of the past four years.

There was so much to be said. Each moment it grew better to be together, and the distance that had seemed to separate them at first was less and less as they watched one another and saw the same dear traits cropping out, the same little tricks of motion and speech that had been familiar in time past.

ALMOST before they knew it the shadows grew long upon the grass under the pines, and the bell for evening vespers startled them into hurry. Janet rushed in to smooth her hair. Harley borrowed a comb just as he used to do and smoothed his. Then they hurried over to the church as the last stroke of the bell rang out.

The setting sun through the rich old stained-glass windows, the deep shadows of purple hush in the church, the sweet old hymns, the tender voice of the old minister in prayer, all wove a holy spell about the two, as they sat the service through with happy hearts from which the mists of doubt and question about each other seemed mysteriously to have cleared.

There were clear yellow expanses of light in the sky when the service was out, and little flames of coral clouds picked out with fiery gold were gathering in the west. The evening star flashed out as they walked back to the house. Harley had visions of staying the evening, and of helping Janet to get supper, cocoa and cold chicken and apple sauce with big sugar cookies; but in the shadow of the pines there arose from the hammock a very impatient and disdainful young man, who had been sent from Mrs. Bruce to summon her son summarily to his home. Two of the guests had found it necessary to take a train from a neighboring town and his services were required as chauffeur to convey them thither. With rebellious look and reluctant feet he tore himself away.

It was like a sudden cold breath in a warm spring air to have Harley summoned away so suddenly. But there was so much that was pleasant to be thought over and hugged to her heart that Janet scarcely felt it. She was rejoicing in Harley, her old friend Harley, back again. Surely, surely, after today she might be certain that he was not altogether changed!

AFTER supper she threw a big soft white cloak about her and went out to the hammock to think it over. The birds in the tree-tops were settling to rest with many a sweet throaty note of good-night, and a holy quiet seemed to fill the air. Now and then a distant gust of laughter echoed from the Bruce's big colonial mansion, a block and a half away. It seemed to grate on the Sabbath quiet and bring a pang to Janet's heart. Harley had been summoned back to a world where Sabbath and quiet were unknown!

The laughter broke forth again, mingled with snatches of a popular song. She could hear a car being driven around to the front of the Bruce house. The "honk! honk!" of the horn rasped out impatiently, and cut her like a knife. That Lomond girl would be going, of course, and would sit beside Harley again. Janet felt a sharp pain of jealousy and took herself in hand promptly. Why should she feel that way about any girl with whom Harley chose to ride? She had no rights in him beyond those of an old friend. He had spent the greater part of the day with her, and she ought to be satisfied. Of course, he owed something to his mother and her guests. Still, she hated to think of him off on another "joy ride" with such company, and just after the beautiful day of service and quiet. It seemed incongruous and out of harmony. The Harley that he used to be would not have stood it. He would have found some way out of it. Was there then some weakness, some lack of fine feeling?

SHE stopped abruptly and determined not to go further into the matter. Harley had stood the test of the morning. He had gone back to his class, and entered into the services of the day with apparently his old interest. She was being disloyal to him to question any more. She would just take comfort in thinking how beautiful it was to see him with his boys again in Sunday school, in feeling once more the thrill of his tenor in the morning's anthem; of rejoicing anew in the way he treated her mother, and seemed to enjoy the simple home cooking. More than this she would not allow herself to think. If Harley's eyes had dwelt admiringly upon her more than once that day and brought the glow to her cheeks and the brightness to her eyes, that was not for her to recall just now. She must first find out what he was, and whether he was changed.

The automobiles tooted on their way at last, out the old Portage Road, and left the Sabbath evening silence unbroken, save by a few droning voices on the piazza of the old boarding-house up the street. The birds were all asleep. The pines were whispering softly with a passing breeze. Janet leaned down on the cushions of the hammock and almost forgot the things that troubled her in the quiet and the sweetness of the things that had pleased her.

FIFTEEN minutes later she suddenly became aware that the footsteps that had been coming down the street had paused at their gate. The gate clicked, and a silken rustle was added to the footsteps.

Janet sat up and watched the woman in light garments who came slowly, almost uncertainly, up the walk as if she were not quite sure whether she had come to the right place or not. When she reached the path of light that was flung out from the front door Janet perceived that it was Mrs. Bruce. Of all women to come to their house! Mrs. Bruce! She had never been there before save once when Harley was a little boy and she came after him and was very angry because he had not been at home to receive her. Why had she come now? Had Harley perhaps not gone home after all, and his mother was after him again? She was an insufferable mother, the girl could not help thinking. Then the

thought flashed over her, "Perhaps Harley has asked her to come! Perhaps she has come to be nice and invite me over there! If she has I suppose I shall have to go, although I don't a bit enjoy the prospect, especially on Sunday evening. I won't go Sunday, but if she asks I'll go tomorrow, perhaps."

Then Janet came forward from the darkness to meet her visitor, and Mrs. Bruce, seeing her light cloak against the dark pines, came on to meet her.

"Is this where the Graysons live?" she asked before they were close enough to see one another.

"Yes, Mrs. Bruce," said the girl pleasantly. "This is Janet. Will you come into the house, and I will call mother."

"Oh, no," said the lady quite decidedly, "I don't want to see your mother. It was you I came to see. Can't we sit down over here where you were sitting? I just wanted to speak to you a minute or two."

THERE was something in the visitor's tone that chilled Janet's ardor, something that seemed almost a slight to her mother in the way she declined to see her, but the girl answered, "Certainly," and led the way to the commodious hammock under the pines.

Mrs. Bruce did not exclaim over the beauty of the spot or the fragrance of the pines, as did most guests who were privileged to sit there at that hour of the evening. Instead she sat down on the very edge of the cushion as if she meant to stay but a minute, and seemed utterly oblivious to her surroundings.

"My dear," she began in a tone of great condescension, "I have come to explain to you one or two matters which you may not understand."

There was a sort of a hissing purr in her voice, as if she were talking to one far beneath her and trying to be exceedingly kind. Janet felt all her former prejudice rising in antagonism. She sat down at the extreme end of the hammock away from her guest and held her chin and shoulders up with dignity, answering not a word. The smooth voice went on:

"It is difficult, of course, my dear, for a young girl to form a correct idea of certain things shut away from the world as you have been, in this little narrow village."

SHE paused impressively, but Janet's manner did not help her any. If she had been at all sensitive the speaking silence must have checked her voluble tongue, but she was not a sensitive woman. She went on suavely:

"Of course I know that you and my son had very good times together playing when you were children, and it is perhaps natural that you should expect the intimacy to go on, now that your childhood is over. I thought it only kind to come and help you to see how impossible this would be for Harley after his broad education in this country, his travels in the Old World, and his association with a highly cultured class. He could hardly be expected to find anything in common with a person of different and lower tastes. Moreover, he has now his social position to fill, which his inheritance makes an important one. It never brings a girl a good reputation for a man in another station to pay her even a slight attention. You understand what I mean, I am sure, my dear? Not that my son would mean any harm. Young people are so thoughtless! But I felt after what happened today that I really ought to warn you. I hope you will take it kindly. I am sure I have the utmost charity and sympathy for you; but you can readily see, perhaps it has even occurred to you before I came, how utterly unfitted you are to be Harley's friend *now?*"

She paused with a haughty graciousness in her manner for her victim to agree with her.

Janet, alive in every nerve, and keenly aware of every poisoned arrow that had been shot into her proud quivering heart, furious as only such a fine young spirit as hers could be, paused only to get control of her voice before she answered steadily:

"No, Mrs. Bruce, I have not thought about that at all! I have been too busy since Harley returned trying to find out whether after all this separation and change he is still the kind of person *I* want for *my* friend! When I have settled that question I may think about the other!"

Mrs. Bruce sat erect and stared in the starlight for the fraction of a second. Then she said with freezing hauteur:

"Indeed!"

And again indignantly:

"Indeed! And what possible objection, may I ask, could you find to my son?"

"There might be a great many, Mrs. Bruce, but I would not care to discuss them with you. If you wish to pursue this subject any further, I will call my mother and you may talk to her."

JANET arose, with swift steps crossed the lawn and vanished into the house.

In amazement the visitor watched her go; and then, suddenly realizing her own position, arose precipitately and started for the gate by the most direct route. Safely on the sidewalk, she glanced back and saw a graceful woman with gray hair and dignified mien standing in the doorway shading her eyes with her hand and looking out into the darkness of the lawn. Mrs. Bruce quickened her steps with a vague feeling of discomfort and was soon out of sight.

"Who would have imagined a little country girl would take it like that!" she murmured to herself. "The little spitfire!"

To be continued

The Great Issue at Stake

BY DR. COSMO GORDON LANG, Archbishop of York and Primate of England

"COME to England and France quickly with money, ships and food. There is a terrible strain upon my countrymen in the trenches. We are not whining and asking for sympathy; but you will be cheering us to new hope if we know that all the power and resources of your country will be given to the future of civilization.

"You cannot send as many men as you wish, but you can send other things. Send money. Where men cannot go, money can. The ocean cannot stop it. Your dollars are the only bullets that will never miss their mark. You are going to have a great Liberty Loan soon. Put all the vigor into it that you can. Don't delay. We are asking you as brothers and partners to come and help us. Every man, woman and child can help in this fight, to free the world from the menace of German domination.

"We have to settle whether the spirit of irresponsible autocracy or the spirit of freedom is to prevail among the nations of the world. So vast and fundamental an issue naturally draws all the free nations of the world together. It must be settled now and forever, cost what it may.

"The world must decide whether it will submit to the domination of a spirit which, if it were to prevail, would plunge the nations into a long, restless career of military rivalry. On such an issue there can be no such thing as compromise. We must be worthy of our task. We must recover for the world the atmosphere of Freedom!"

Hoarding Food

ANY one buying and holding a larger supply of food now than in peace time, except foods canned, dried or preserved in the home, is helping to defeat the Food Administration in its attempt to secure a just distribution of food and the establishment of fair prices.

The food-hoarder is working against the common good and even against the very safety of the country.

Hoarding food in households is both selfish and unnecessary. The government is protecting the food supply of its people.

How Dentists Clean Their Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Not In Old Ways

A great number of dentists nowadays employ a new method of teeth cleaning. And they have proved its efficiency.

It is a pepsin dentifrice called Pepsodent—a scientific product for combating film on teeth.

That slimy film which you feel on teeth is their chief enemy. Nearly all tooth troubles are due to it.

That is what discolors—not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds portions of the food which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth—the cause of decay.

Millions of germs breed in it, and these may cause many serious troubles. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

It gets into crevices, hardens and stays and resists the tooth brush. The ordinary dentifrice cannot dissolve it. So most careful people, every few months, go for a dental cleaning.

Must End the Film

Millions of people find that brushing fails to save their teeth. It may remove the food debris, but it doesn't end the film. And that is the tooth destroyer.

Now science has evolved a way to constantly combat this film. It is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. For the film is albuminous matter.

This new way is called Pepsodent. Its object is to dissolve the film, then to daily prevent its accumulation. That means to constantly defeat the teeth's chief enemy.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth. But now a harmless activating method has been found. Five governments have already granted patents. And that is employed in Pepsodent.

Able authorities have proved this product by three years of clinical tests. They all agree that it seems to solve the problem of the film. So, to quickly bring it into general use, we now urge everyone to test it in their homes.

Send the coupon for a One-Week tube. Use it like any tooth paste, then watch the results. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Note how they whiten as the fixed film disappears.

You will quickly see that Pepsodent does what nothing else has done. And you will want those good results continued. Cut out the coupon now.

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Sold by Druggists in Large Tubes

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Being American-made through and through, Genco quality has built up the largest exclusively high-grade razor factory in the world. The uniformity of Genco forging, hardening, and tempering is unequalled.

In the hand of your barber a Genco Razor also means uniformly clean, cool shaving. Keep a Genco at his shop for your own exclusive use. To do so is sanitary and sensible.

Many dealers are displaying these razors in the counter case shown above. Look forit. If you do not easily locate a GENCO razor in your town, write and we will advise you where or how you can get them.

Booklet, "A Real Shave," free

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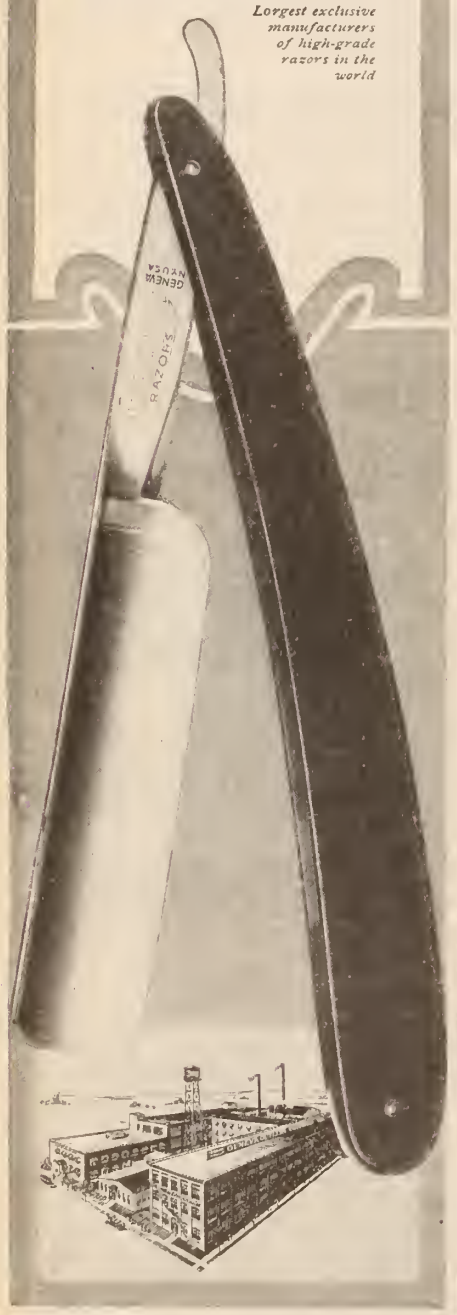

War Relief Work in Palestine

IN the midst of a wide stretch of desert, absolutely bare of any growing thing, is a little group of refugees, old people, women and children, with one precious donkey that by dint of effort or stratagem they had been able to save. Their babies they carried on their backs, and what was left of their worldly goods they had loaded on the little donkey. Their men had been taken months before, and they had been driven from their homes by the Turks, so they went out not knowing whither they went, hoping somehow, somewhere, to find food and shelter.

Mr. C. T. Hooper, in a personal narrative from Gaza and Jaffa, gives this and other equally heart-touching cases.

Three young children were found in a street in Jaffa extremely weary and hungry. When questioned about their home they explained that both father and mother had recently died in Jerusalem, and that they had set out to walk to the sea. The forty-five miles of road through hills and valleys in this war zone they had traversed alone and on foot.

Mr. Hooper found the old Church Missionary Society hospital had been used by the Turks for wounded. Foul dressings and every sort of refuse had been dumped in the courtyard and accumulated, until the place was filled with an overpowering stench. The floors likewise were filthy and stained.

IN the relief hospital in Jaffa the 150 children had to lie on the cold tiling, without any bedding or even a bit of straw. And it has been very cold in Jaffa and Jerusalem recently. Mr. Hooper was able to find some worn flour sacks, thin and full of holes, but most welcome and useful. Each child now has one of them. He also distributed the clothing and blankets sent from Port Said upon the first appeal, and began giving out pieces of flannelette to be sewn into garments. But the people went out and traded the cloth for food, so it has been necessary to organize, and to employ a number of women in sewing up dresses and clothes.

The needs of the people in the country farther north are more serious and compelling. So that as the army moves on toward Syria there will be increasing demands upon the staff and funds.

Every day brings to the American Committee Headquarters cablegrams and letters that tell of the terrific suffering in the Eastern War Zone.

From Trowbridge at Cairo comes the following dated Feb. 9: "A strong central committee is organized in Jerusalem, with MacInnes presiding, Cleland treasurer and Trowbridge secretary. Four commodious buildings are secured and others are available. Work is begun along the following lines: feeding fifteen thousand destitute during the temporary food crisis; Jewish committee feeding another fifteen thousand; Egypt supplying foodstuffs; hospitals stripped by Turks are being re-equipped; three relief clinics are working efficiently; orphanage opened for two hundred and another urgently required. The main drive is for industrializing all relief work. The American colony will manage the boys' trade schools on an extensive scale. One hundred thousand additional is required from America for carrying Palestine budget three months and purchasing motor trucks. British staff workers are en route and much expedition is necessary for reaching towns pillaged by retreating Turks. Lovell's blind school is intact but destitute."

SHEED cables from Taraus, Persia, Feb. 4th: "Famine is driving refugees over the open border. Many are perishing en route in the heavy snow and bitter cold. Naked and hungry men, women and children from a warm climate in zero weather suffer heart-rending agonies and there are many deaths daily. The relief bakery is giving a half pound of bread daily. We must double its capacity and are establishing other bakeries. Enrollment of orphans, weaving of clothing and building of roads continue. Must increase industrial work. Large spring sowing is essential if we are to avert similar conditions next year. Workers are needed. The Persian government urgently requests more help. The entire region is looking to America as its only hope. The condition of refugees is desperate. Six hundred thousand dollars is needed. Thousands are starving."

Trowbridge cables from Jerusalem, via Cairo: "Your first remittance bought two hundred tons of rice, wheat and medical supplies. Thousands thank America. Workers are now in Jerusalem, Bethlehem Clinic and Hebron Hospital. Jerusalem Dispensary and Orphanage, with one hundred children is opened. Over two hundred and fifty in Java orphanage. Food is very scarce, also fuel and clothing. Fifty thousand sufferers are directly accessible at Jerusalem. Funds in hand very inadequate. Urge immediate action. Conditions in Syria are appalling."

UNDER date of Jerusalem, February 3, Rev. Stephen Trowbridge writes to Bishop MacInnes:

"General Clayton assured me that not later than February 7 *three railway trucks* will be allowed *daily* from Kantara east to Jerusalem itself, for relief foodstuffs—primarily for the 300 tons of rice and for further supplies of wheat, rice and other staples which you and the Jewish Committee may be able to secure in Cairo. Later, clothing, medical supplies, etc., may be sent up in the same way. But the primary need is certainly for food. And I think that our committee should help the Government, just as far as it can in this emergency. The margin of supplies is very narrow in Jerusalem. After February three trucks will also be allowed for merchants and for an open market for goods coming in. The section through the Judean hills is narrow-gauge, necessitating transshipment at the point where the narrow gauge commences. A construction train has actually come through to Jerusalem, but the pressure for military supplies will not slacken, and I think General Clayton has dealt generously in allowing relief foodstuffs, 25 tons per day, after February 7. Wheat is required even more than rice, perhaps, if it can be had in Egypt at a reasonable price. But there is no wheat, and the Government stores, which are being given out to an immense number of poor through the community heads, are now reduced to three days' supply. A large percentage of families have sold every bit of furniture, and some even their bedding and changes of clothing, for food.

"Petroleum is practically unobtainable here. People go to bed at dark.

"The American Colony people have served the poor and sick in the city with such unfailing devotion and self-sacrifice all through the desperately hard times of the past three years, that I hear words of gratitude and appreciation about them on every hand. The new Government is evidently satisfied that they are loyal and that they should be given a very real share in relief organization. They have some very sad cases of distress which we must help without delay. Their funds are very low."

Cleveland H. Dodge, Treasurer of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, has announced contributions totaling $88,746.59 for the week ending February 19, 1918. This makes a total of $8,459,000.67 collected by the Committee to that date for relief of the sufferers in the Eastern War Zone. Among the gifts were $5,000 from the Christian Herald; $10,000 from citizens of San Francisco; $1,000 from Mrs. Thompson, Waterbury, Conn.; $1,000 from citizens of Paterson, N. J.; $1,500 from the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Boston; $1,325 from the Missionary Board of F. M. Church of Chicago; $10,000 from citizens of Grand Rapids, Mich.; $2,500 from Spokane, Wash.; $1,000 from Citizens of Cleveland, O.; $2,000 from the publishers of the Literary Digest; $23,157.76 from Sunday schools of the United States, and $36,204.27 from miscellaneous sources.

THE first months of baby's life particularly reflect the life of the mother. A fretful child shows the mother's nerve-weakness, poor blood—improper preparation for her ordeal.

But even after the baby has come it is not too late for a nursing mother to make amends. The addition to her diet of a concentrated food-tonic like Sanatogen gives her nerve cells the exact food Nature requires, enriching the blood, aiding digestion and adding reserve strength and vigor so necessary if she is to "feed two" with real success.*

And the remarkable fact that Sanatogen is so speedily assimilated by even the weakest system is still *another* reason why it has proved so effective in bringing a keener joy in living to women in many conditions of poor health—the anaemic, the nerve-weary, the "socially-tired," or the aging. Aren't you one of those whom Sanatogen can benefit now?

*Dr. C.W. Saleeby, an international medical authority, voicing the opinion of thousands of physicians, says: "For the nursing mother there can scarcely be a better special addition to the diet than Sanatogen It is a true tonic because on all the counts of its composition it is a true food and in some special way a nerve food."

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FREE SAMPLE OFFER

Sanatogen is sold by all good druggists, in three sizes from $1.00 up. To readers of this magazine a free sample will be gladly sent, together with a charming little book by Richard Le Gallienne entitled "The Art of Living." Address The Bauer Chemical Company, 26F Irving Place, New York City.

Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913

Sanatogen

ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

From the Top of a Tower

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I STOOD upon a tower set in the city's sea,
A dizzy man-made spire that cut an untamed place,
And for one breathless moment I gazed across a space
Of air and sky and sunshine, that awed and humbled me.
For there, above the city, instead of standing free,
I knew the sudden pressure of God's unswerving grace—
I felt His mighty handclasp, and seemed to glimpse His face,
And caught the ringing message of things that ought to be.

I stood upon a tower; the city far below
Lay quiet in the sunlight; I could not hear its cry;
And all at once the meaning of much I longed to know,
Came to me through the spaces. I felt content and high.
Far down, the ant-like people were darting to and fro—
I silent stood, and listened, between the earth and sky!

WE stood on the top of the Woolworth Tower, the Soldier Man and I, and looked down over the great City, "For," the Soldier Man had said, "I'm going to France in a few days and I want a picture of New York to take away with me, a picture I can't forget."

I had never been on the top of the Woolworth Tower before. The Soldier Man had. Perhaps that was why he looked at me rather quizzically as I walked with an almost too certain step to the edge of the balcony. Perhaps that was why his hand was on my arm to draw me back as I glanced over the high railing.

I glanced almost casually over that railing. And then, for I was not accustomed to heights, I drew back, a bit faint and dizzy, from the edge of the balcony that seemed suddenly to become the edge of the world.

"Is it always like that!" I gasped.

The Soldier Man did not laugh. One does not laugh too easily when one is fifty-seven stories up in the air.

"For a person with the least bit of imagination," he answered, "it is always like that!"

I leaned back against the stone side of the tower and felt the universe thundering about my ears. I had a strange caved-in feeling and yet, too, I had a stranger impulse that seemed to be drawing me to the edge again.

"I wouldn't dare come up if that railing wasn't there," I said at last in a rather small voice.

"Neither would I," agreed the Soldier Man, "it's too—big."

I STEPPED again to the railing and looked down. Again the giddiness caught at me, but I was able to see more clearly, with less shrinking. I could see the great streets that stretched, canyon-like, below me—the great trolley cars that seemed like toys, the huge buildings that were dwarfed and shrunken when one looked down upon them. And I could see the people. . .

"It's an old comparison," the Soldier Man was saying, "but there's none better. Those people, below, *do* look like ants!"

They did look like ants, the people below. It seemed as if I could step on them and crush them, could push them over in hundreds if I had wanted to. But I was fifty-seven stories up. And then suddenly the realization struck me that I would look the same way to them if they were on the tower and I in the street. And I wondered if my goings and comings would seem as futile to them: as their goings and comings seemed to me. And I realized that they would.

"How are you feeling now!" the voice of the Soldier Man broke in upon my thoughts. "Does it still get you!"

"Yes, it still gets me," I answered him, "and I'm feeling very humble!"

"It makes me feel humble, too," the Soldier Man said slowly, "and——"

I interrupted. "And reverent!" I told him, "very reverent. It's even more marvelous to look at than some splendid bit of nature—a mountain, a waterfall, or a chasm. Because God has created the mountain all by himself—because his hand, his hand that could do anything, has scooped out the chasm, or made the bed of the waterfall. Here, looking over these huge buildings, looking over this city that's almost too large to believe, we're looking at something that *men* have conceived and constructed with the power that God has put into their brains, and the strength he has put into their hands. We're looking at a work of God's that is a double work! That's why I feel reverent."

"I understand," said the Soldier Man. "Come, let's look at the other side—where there's a river and boats!"

I did not get the same sense of height from the river side of the tower. The buildings that had made the streets into canyons were gone, and the shining water seemed scarcely fifty-seven stories below. The river looked kinder, happier. The river was beautiful. And yet——

"Let's go back," I said, "and look at the streets again. It's terrible, but I can't help liking it in a way. It fascinates me." And we went back and looked down again at the human ants that scuttled over the streets.

It was after we had left the tower and were walking across City Hall Park that I began, again, to get my breath. I found myself laughing, a bit hysterically. The Soldier Man laughed, too.

"Are you thinking," he questioned, "about how you are looking, now, from up there!" And he glanced back at the tower.

"No," I told him, "I'm only thinking of how wonderful it would be if everyone in the world, every once in so often, could go to the top of a tower and look down. It would take all of the conceit out of their hearts. It would give them a new sense of values. I don't think that I'll ever feel satisfied with myself again!"

LOOKING down from a tower is an adventure. It is more than an adventure, it's an experience. And it's a worth-while experience. Because a person who has seen his fellows reduced to ant-size has seen a miracle, and has been given a remarkable point of view. And so, having had that experience, I can't help wondering whether the people who live in the mountains or on other high places are kinder and better and surer of themselves than those who live, with the hurrying crowds, in the lowlands? It seems as if, eternally looking down on others, they must find time to think unhurried and wonderful thoughts.

Most of us, however, must live in the valley places, because our homes and our daily tasks are there. Most of us belong to the ant-like throngs. But none of us need, because we seem like ants from fifty-seven stories up, to be ants. We have the right to go, every once in a while, to some place where we, too, can look down; where we, too, can be above the world. Perhaps that place may be the tower of an office building; perhaps it may only be in the innermost part of our souls.

"I will lift mine eyes unto the hills," says the beautiful old psalm, "from whence cometh my help——" And we, who may never be able to go to the really high places of the world, may follow its teachings. And by spending a few minutes in a tower, or on a hill, or by merely fixing our gaze on some splendid up-standing landmark, we may realize very clearly that "My help cometh from the Lord, *who made Heaven and earth.*"

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IT is easy to have your furniture and floors "just as good" as in the best home in the land if you use Kyanize Varnishes and Enamels. They give that touch of refinement to every part of the woodwork in your home—including furniture. A good brush and a few strokes with Kyanize makes an almost magic change in the appearance of your home.

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BOMBS
THE

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It takes more than barbed wire to stop a British tank. German troops are now instructed to let them pass and attack them in the rear

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LISTEN! The shrieking whistles cry the warning: "An attack from the air; take cover!!" And then, before the people can crowd into cellars or caves or subways, the crash of exploding bombs, the fall of shattered walls, the cries of the half-buried, give witness to the aim of the pilot, whose whirring flight is already making him invisible. An air raid is over and the living come forth to count their dead and to appraise their damage. The Germans have raided Paris and London, they

© International Film Service

General Pershing on a visit to a French aviation field, watches aviators in flight

© International Film Service

First photograph of American engineers wounded at Cambrai. Left to right, F. Haley, New York City; J. C. Geiger, Kansas City, Mo.; W. H. O'Neil, New York City; French soldier; Charles Geiger, Chicago; French soldier; E. W. Darland, Petersburg, Ill.

© Underwood & Underwood

On the cliff at Mull of Oa, Islay, Scotland, these survivors of the Tuscania and these new-found friends participated in the burial services over the bodies of forty-four of the Tuscania's dead, interred on the shore. 300 feet below. Some women of Mull worked all night to make the American flag

B FROM
HAIR

A British pursuit machine sending a German hydroplane to a watery grave

From a painting by Henri Farre

© Underwood & Underwood

bbed Venice and Padua and Verona, but they have not been to lay the game alone. Allied squadrons have bombed German s ang the Rhine and Austrian towns beyond the Italian lines. he wo pictures, here first published in America, were recently n l photographers of the Italian air service. They show the tor does just released, falling toward the Austrian city and il be of Trieste, the submarine nest of the Adriatic.

© Central News Photo Service

A simple fireside in Flanders, within the range of German gas shells

The barrage, that wall of smoke beyond the line of stakes, has just passed, and the French troopers are about to leave their trenches for a grenade attack upon the bomb-proof shelters of the enemy

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Our Mail-Bag

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and not controversial.

All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

CHRISTIAN HERALD INFORMATION BUREAU

Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

With all the resources of the Government libraries and departments and of the public museums and their staffs and with the active assistance of national experts this Information Bureau is ready to tell you the answer to

Whatever You Want to Know

The bureau is prepared to answer fully and promptly questions regarding food production and conservation, transportation, industrial activities, history, patents and inventions, pensions and Army insurance, legislation, exploration and discovery, Government employment, and all of the thousand and one things that you want to be sure of.

Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

MRS. N. A. B., Georgia, sends us the following: "I wish that you might devise some plan of cooperation with your large Christian family, by which we can appeal to our President to set apart one day each week for a day of national fasting and prayer, that God may be with us in this war, bringing it to a speedy but righteous end. We read in II Chron. 20 : 3-6 of Jehoshaphat's prayer and his fast proclaimed throughout Judah. The answer is recorded in verses 15-24 of the same chapter. Again, in Isa. 37 :14-20, we read of Hezekiah's prayer and its answer in verses 33-38. May we not take courage in these dark days to ask great things of God? He is the same yesterday, today and forever. His power is no less. We are fighting for a righteous cause. When we realize that this battle is not ours but God's, why should not we, his followers, ask our Father to hear our prayers? The government is asking for meatless and wheatless days. Why should we not have catless days, or at least fast for one meal on a day set apart each week, and spend that time in prayer? By so doing we would help feed our Allies, bring a spiritual blessing to our own souls, honor God by asking his blessing, and show to the world that we, as a nation, still trust in the God who had power to stop the great Assyrian army by sending the death angel into its camp. I trust that some effort may be made toward this national prayer and fast day."

L. O. We are not to judge others. Your friends may be better Christians than you think, though they may not show it. There are many who need tactful encouragement before they can be brought to talk unreservedly about the spiritual life. In these days of sorrow and suffering there are opportunities for the soul-winner which should not be disregarded.

Inquirer, Germantown, Pa. Charles Stelzle gives the drink statistics boiled down to a nutshell, thus: Spent for liquor annually in the United States, $2,000,000,000, which is equal to what the nation spends for bread and clothing; it is three times as much as the cost of maintaining all of our public schools, it is equal to the value of 535,000 workers' homes costing $3,800 apiece; it is twice the capital of all the national banks; it is twice the value of all the church property in the United States; it is twice as much as it costs to run the Federal government in peace times. Write to Mr. Stelzle, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York, and he will gladly send you all the available statistical facts on the liquor question.

P. L. E. God's Word distinctly warns against cheating and taking advantage, and calls such practices evil. Any one who gets the better of another by unfair means, or by trick and device, even though he may violate no law, is guilty in God's sight.

S. K. Wharton, Canada. Please explain Luke 11 : 24, 25 and 26.

1. Our Lord is here speaking allegorically of the Jews. They had idolatrous tendencies and were cleansed of them in Babylon. Upon their return to their own land, they became seemingly reformed; they swept out idolatry, but developed Pharisaism, because their reformation was not of the right kind, not being from within but from without. 2. Your question on Revelation will doubtless be treated in one of the series of articles by Dr. Gray.

I. T. M., Dubbs, Miss.; P. S., Pittston, Pa. Christ gave us an example of cheerful obedience to governmental regulations (Matt. 22 : 21), and the apostles encouraged their hearers to like efforts (Rom. 13 ; 1-4) and made obedience to and cooperation with the government a Christian privilege and duty.

B. T. J., Gisger, Ala. The evil spirits driven out by Jesus (Mark 1 : 34), were angered and desired to harm Him who had driven them out. They knew that Christ's time to reveal himself had not yet come, and that he did not want news of his good deeds to be yet noised about (see Mark 1 : 44). But Christ did not want such unworthy witnesses.

A. W., Landesburg, Pa., writes: "Enclosed find check for $20, to help alleviate the suffering among the Armenian people. If the suffering in the world is due to wickedness—as I believe most now are willing to grant—I feel that your paper might do much to help to overcome evil in this country, if you would urge the government to close down every institution in which liquor in any form is manufactured. Grain is needed for food and fuel for heat, and neither should be wasted. The running of automobiles on Sunday for pleasure is taking many men and women away from our churches, and thus depriving our people of help from the source of all spiritual power. I therefore urge that the government should put a ban on all pleasure-riding on Sunday, first because it takes people from the church, and second because it is a waste of fuel."

Rev. Joseph H. Odell of Troy, N. Y., puts in this communication some very straight talk concerning the duty of the average American at the present time. He writes: "President Wilson cannot win the war alone. Our splendid men in khaki cannot win the war alone. Battleships cannot win it; artillery cannot win it; aircraft cannot win it. If this war for fundamental human rights is to be won, the victory must come through Americans putting one hundred per cent. of their Americanism into the conflict. Money is circulating personality. If my money is wasted, a part of my personality is wasted; if my money is given to charity, I am transferring a part of my personality to other and more needy people. If I hoard my money, I am burying some of my personality. If I put my money into Liberty Bonds, I am building a part of my personality into Democracy. The men who face the foe in France are giving all of their personality for the establishment of Justice and Honor and Truth in the world; they will only succeed if the men and women at home, sheltered and comfortable, put some of their personality into Liberty Bonds."

E. D. G., Interlaken, Mass. Why is it that Christians, or those making such profession, so seldom speak of the coming of Jesus? If they loved him in very truth, would they not delight to speak of his coming? Why do they not obey the injunction "Watch?"

The only answer to this question, which has been asked repeatedly, is that the Church has discouraged the discussion of prophecy. Many earnest pastors are now convinced that it was a mistake to do this, and are preaching on the prophecies. The Christian Herald, in the articles now being contributed by Dr. Gray and other able writers, is making a thorough presentation of the subject on conservative lines. These articles are the product of trained Christian scholarship, and ought to be read by men and women of all denominations, especially in view of the great changes that are now taking place throughout the world.

C. N. M., Austin, Texas. America had inhabitants probably thousands of years before its discovery by Columbus. There are evidences still remaining of the habitations of races, some of which were partly civilized. Their origin is an unsolved mystery. Your questions on prophecy will be submitted to Dr. Gray.

Mrs. A. F. M., San Bernardino, Calif. The question is a controversial one, which the Mail-Bag could not decide.

H. R., Ottawa, Ill. There are many courses in Bible reading available, which you can procure through a bookseller. No study in the world is so richly repaid. "Searching the Scriptures" gives wisdom and a knowledge of God and his will toward the entire race of men. It shows us the true meaning of life, the right path of duty, and it opens up to us a vision of the life beyond. It gives us a thousand hopes and aspirations which we can get nowhere else. Best of all, it gives us the knowledge of salvation and eternal life through Jesus Christ.

M. M., Bertrand, Neb. As far as can be learned, orange blossoms were first worn at weddings by the ancient Saracens, and they have been worn in Europe ever since the days of the Crusaders. Their general adoption, however, is recent. The Saracens were related to the Arabians and are said to be descended from Sarah, Abraham's wife. The orange blossom was typical of fruitfulness.

A. A. S., Hayward, Minn. Amsterdam, Holland, is noted for its diamond cutting and polishing industry, in which thousands of skilled workers are employed.

L. D., Garnavillo, Iowa. In dreams it often happens that the impressions of our waking hours are idealized, and this was apparently your mother's experience. The gleam of a "shooting star," at the time of telling about the dream, was a singular coincidence—nothing more.

Mrs. G. W., Newburgh, Canada, sends us a copy of Frances Ridley's Havergal's poem, "Without Christ," which has a special fitness for these strenuous days, especially the three verses below:

"I could not do without him,
Jesus is more to me
Than all the richest, fairest gifts
Of earth could ever be.
But the more I find him precious
And the more I find him true,
The more I long for you to find
What he can be to you.

"But with him, Oh, with Jesus!—
Are any words so blest?
With Jesus everlasting joy
And everlasting rest!
With Jesus—all the empty heart
Filled with his perfect love!
With Jesus—perfect peace below,
And perfect bliss above!

"Why should you do without him?
It is not yet too late;
He has not closed the day of grace,
He has not shut the gate.
He calls you; hush! He calls you!—
He would not have you go
Another step without him,
Because he loves you so."

The Care of Food in the Home

IS an important part of good housekeeping. Food properly kept means health safeguarded and money saved.

"*The Care of Food in the Home*" is the title of a 32-page booklet which will be sent free to any reader of the Christian Herald.

This book tells how to prevent mold in food, the forming of ptomaine poisons and the growth of germs; how food should be guarded against flies and dust; how to care for the ice-box; how to store meats, fats and vegetables, milk and groceries; and much other valuable information along this line.

"*The Care of Food in the Home*" is a booklet of real interest and value to every woman who regards the keeping of a healthy, cheerful home as an occupation worth all the knowledge and study she can bring to it. A free copy will be sent to any reader of the Christian Herald. Send your name and address with a 2-cent stamp for return postage to the Christian Herald Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. Ask for "*Care of Food in the Home.*"

The Soldiers' Mail

THE following statement is authorized by Hon. Otto Praeger, Second Assistant Postmaster General:

Parents and relatives of soldiers in France are urged to take into consideration conditions in connection with the mails to the troops abroad, when they receive complaints about delay in delivery of mail. They can rest assured that a soldier who is with his commnnd and not absent on detached duty, or for other causes, will receive his mail in approximately thirty days from the time of the mailing of letters. Instances are innumerable where mail has been received in between fifteen and twenty days, but on the other hand there are a great many cases where soldiers have failed to receive their letters or packages within a period of from two to three months from the time of their mailing.

When mail does not reach a soldier within thirty days from the time of mailing, it is due, sometimes, to a temporary irregularity in the sailings of steamships and transports; it is due, sometimes, to the fact that the military authorities in France, possibly for military reasons, have not promptly advised the Postal Agency of the location of the troops, if they are newly arrived or if they have recently changed their location; it is due, sometimes, to the fact that the soldier has been to the hospital or has been on detached service away from his regiment, and the mail orderlies charged with the readdressing of the mail have been slow to forward the letters to the new address.

There are on file with the Post Office Department 1,080 complaints about the delay of the mail to the boys in France. Of the relatives of soldiers who have thus complained, 237 have already written to the Post Office Department advising that since the complaint their addressees in France are receiving their letters and parcels. The Post Office Department desires to receive the complaints about mail which indicate a delay of more than six weeks, as each complaint is followed into the camps and trenches, where a report is obtained either from the mail orderly or his commanding officer on the cause of the delay. In this manner the Post Office Department has been able to get gratifying results in the movement of the mail both while it is in its custody and after it passes out of its jurisdiction into the hands of the military authorities.

When it is considered that about *three million pieces of mail a month go to the soldiers in France* and the boys are not located in one compact line but scattered over France, the delays, though unfortunate and sometimes heart-breaking to relatives, are almost negligible in quantity.

One of Our Industrial Allies

THE National Automobile Chamber of Commerce issued a call to the automobile manufacturers of the United States to support the government in its war on autocracy. The result was that 150 manufacturers, at a meeting in Detroit, voted unanimously to turn over the vast facilities of their industry to the government as fast as it can make use of them. The manufacturers are in the meantime keeping their organizations intact so as to be in shape to use all their industrial and financial strength in the government program. They propose to reduce passenger car production as the government may need their facilities for war production. Rather than give munition orders to companies that would have to build new plants, advantage will naturally be taken of the already existing plants, in which an immense amount of work is now being done. Nine manufacturers offered the services of their engineers to work with the committee at Washington during the war. Reports from 27,500 dealers showed their willingness to help win the war by reorganizing themselves in view of the new situation. Over 600 manufacturers in thirty-two states, with a capital of $736,000,000, pay $275,000,000 annually to 280,000 workers, who in the year ending June 30 produced 1,806,194 motor vehicles, worth $917,470,938. Each year $288,000,000 in wages are paid to 320,000 workers, who make automobile bodies, parts and accessories. Last year 18,000,000 tires were made, valued at $450,000,000. The 53,300 dealers and garages in the United States, with $184,000,000 capital, employ 230,000 people.

In the year ended June 30 there were exported 64,834 passenger cars and 15,977 trucks, mostly to the Allies, to a value, including tires and accessories, of $133,411,000. In the United States there are now 4,500,000 automobiles; 400,000 of these are trucks and transport 6,000,000,000 ton-miles of goods in short haul traffic, which would otherwise have to be handled by the railroads.

Consecrating Our Money

By REV. J. H. JOWETT

THE Liberty Loan is not merely an investment of our money; it is a consecration of our money to a sacred cause. We shall never feel the constraint to put our money into it until we have a glorious ideal of the liberty we want to defend. If liberty means little or nothing, then we shall hand over our money as it may best serve our own material ends. But if liberty is a tremendous thing—part of our most precious inheritance—we shall willingly lay down our money, not for any pecuniary return, but because of our ambition to retain liberty as one of the cherished possessions of our race.

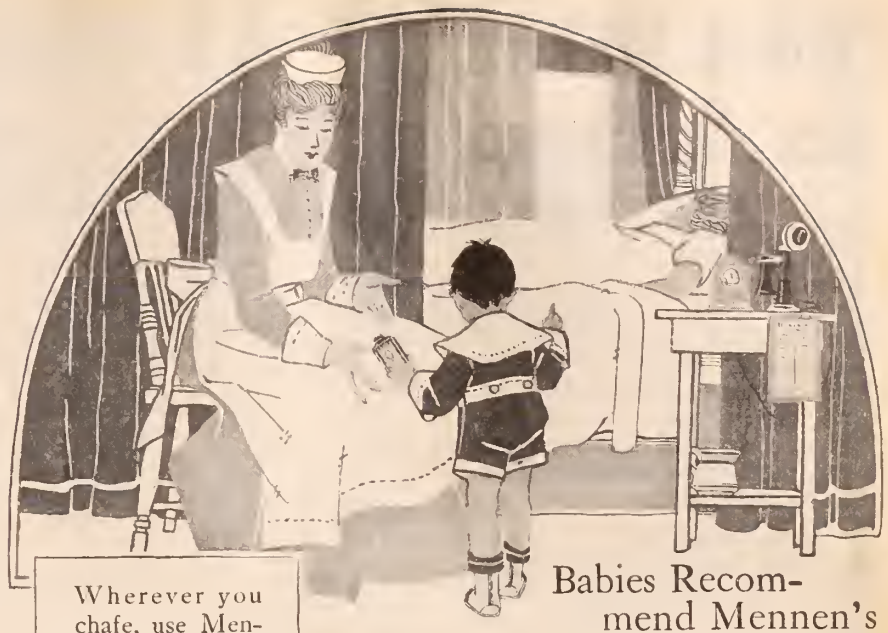
Happily the passion for freedom is one of the rarest of spiritual flames and it cannot easily be quenched. Again and again militarism has sought to crush it, but it has seemed to share the very life of God. No menace of material strength has ever been able to destroy it. The mightiest force in all history has not been the power of threat, and powder, and sword, but the breath of invincible aspiration for freedom, which is the very breath of God. In all the centuries, men have been willing to defend their freedom with their blood. Many of the men of our own country are ready to make that great sacrifice.

It may be that we shall not all be called upon to lay down our lives in the sacred cause; but surely we shall all be ready to lay down our money! He is a poor patriot who is not ready to bleed for his country! He values his liberty only as a pawn who will not lay his all upon the altar!

I have confidence that the people of America will pour out their substance with unbounded consecration, and will hand down to a succeeding generation the liberty which we have received from our heroic fathers.

Food Rather Than Tobacco

ACCORDING to figures compiled by the Bureau of Crop Estimates, U. S. Department of Agriculture, last year in the United States, 1,446,600 acres of land were used for the production of tobacco. These acres are among the richest in the country, principally in the States of North Carolina, Kentucky, Virginia, Ohio, and Tennessee. It is hardly necessary to estimate the number of bushels of wheat, corn, or potatoes this million and a half acres of rich land would raise, to say nothing of the vast army of workers now employed in tobacco production who would become available for producing food if these acres were so planted. The area planted to tobacco has been increasing for the past three years, the 1917 area exceeding that of 1916 by 33,200 acres, and exceeding that of 1915 by 76,700 acres. Tobacco is not an essential product so far as winning the war is concerned, and its cultivation should be discouraged for the present at least.



Wherever you chafe, use Mennen's freely. It prevents friction.

Babies Recommend Mennen's

They know that a silky film of Mennen's Talcum Powder—all over—smooths irritated skin, prevents chafing, soothes, cools and comforts. Use Mennen's after your bath, or in tight shoes.

There is a big difference in Talcums. Some are good and some are inferior. Mennen's was the first Borated Talcum and we believe that nothing better is made.

Mennen's Talcums—all with the original borated formula which has never been bettered—include a variety to satisfy every need: Borated; Violet; Flesh Tint and Cream Tint, each charmingly perfumed; and the new Talcum for Men which is neutral in tint and delightful after shaving. Send 5 cents for a trial can of any one brand, or 25 cents for any five.

Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co.
Laboratories:
42 Orange Street, Newark, New Jersey

MENNEN'S
TALCUM POWDERS

Now in the new large-size economical can

"That's Why Everwear Fits So Well"

"IT has a *lasting* snugness at the ankle—always looks so dressy."

"You'll find EVERWEAR very durable, too. Notice the specially reinforced toes, heels and tops? I'd recommend it, not only for yourself, but for your whole family."

People who want durable hosiery that is stylish will be pleased with EVERWEAR. It wears surprisingly long and, due to the Flexweev feature, the ankle always looks neat and trim.

EVERWEAR is real "whole-family" hosiery—for occasions or for everyday—a genuine economy in times like these.

You can get EVERWEAR everywhere—many colors and weights—silk, lisle or cotton—and in a wide range of prices.

Everwear TRADE MARK Hosiery

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO.
172 Fifth St., Dept. 204 Milwaukee, Wis.

Be sure the next hosiery you buy bears the thrift stamp—"EVERWEAR."

When Johnny has the Croup!

That's a cough with a croupy rattle, so hurry for the Musterole and rub it in right over the chest and neck. How it will tingle at first and then grow ever so cool. And how it will reach in and penetrate right to the spot! It will dissipate all that stuffy congestion that causes that hacking cough.

Why *shouldn't* grandmother swear by Musterole for colds and coughs? It is better than a mustard plaster—good as *that* was in the old days. And the explanation is this:

Musterole is made of oil of mustard and other home simples. It penetrates under the skin, down to the part. Here it generates its own heat, and this heat disperses the congestion. Yet Musterole will not blister. Musterole, on the contrary, feels delightfully cool a few seconds after you apply it.

Try Musterole for Bobby and Helen and Dorothy's croup—and for your own cough, too. Try it for rheumatism — it's a regular router out of all congestions. Always keep a jar handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole. 30c and 60c jars—$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

LUDEN'S MENTHOL CANDY COUGH DROPS

More uses than any other Cough Drops—

Singers, speakers, salesmen, outdoor workers—all use Luden's.

Whatever their irritation of nose, throat or air passages, you'll find *quick relief* in Luden's.

Look for Luden's Yellow Sanitary Package

5c as usual
Sold Everywhere

High School Course in Two Years Learn at home, in spare time.

Here is complete and simplified high school course that you can finish in two years. *Meets all college entrance requirements.* Prepared by leading members of the faculties of universities and academies. This is your opportunity. Write for booklet and full particulars. No obligations whatever. Write today—NOW.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Dept. P-2494 Chicago, U.S.A.

Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them Into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

WE are gathered today, dear neighbors, in the World Hall of the Christian Herald, for a discussion of club plans.

I cannot tell you how deeply your letters have impressed me: your beautiful, idealistic letters! For they propose a fellowship far nobler aud infinitely more delightful than the usual club, with its rules and red tape; they suggest a club without officers or organization, dues or ceremony of auy kiud—just a great whole-hearted unit of unselfish men, women and childreu, cooperating in the daily task of making this old world of ours a better one to live in.

That is very crudely described, perhaps. An ideal is hard to define on paper. I think you state it (iu your letters) far better than I can. Instead, therefore, of simply echoing you, I think I had better publish the prize letter and all the others we have room for, so that you may have the thrill I had when I first read them:

Suggestions for Our Club

I think we, who have found help from our unpretentious Adventures in Neighboring, can gain more inspiration and spread wider the spirit of neighborliness by banding ourselves into a club. It must be as simple and cosmopolitan as possible: formed uot for names on a membership roll, but for deeds accomplished. Its basic principle must be that taught by Jesus in his parable of the Good Samaritan and brought home to his hearers in the question: "Which of these, thinkest thou, proved himself neighbor to him who fell among thieves?" Why may not the aim of our club be to prove ourselves good neighbors to all who need our help, be they far or near, and to spread the gospel of neighborliness; our motto, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"; our members, all who agree to adopt our aim and motto; our fees, a daily deed of neighborliness; our officers, our conscience as Chief Executive, with Miss Connolly as Chronicler; our pledge, "Believing in the principle of the Universal Neighborhood as taught in Christ's parable of the Good Samaritan, and desiring to prove myself a neighbor to my fellowmen, I hereby pledge myself to daily acts of neighborliness toward any who may need my help"? I can conceive how we might be helped to remember our pledge, and how others might be influenced to join us, by the use of printed slogans such as these: "Who is my neighbor?" "My neighbor wants a lift and I will give it." "Perhaps my neighbor is of my own household." "Prove yourself a neighbor." "The whole wide world a neighborhood." In whatever form it may appear. God bless our club for furthering neighborliness!

Miss Harriet C. Moore.

That, dear neighbors, I have chosen as the prize letter, because of its practical idealism, and also because of its adaptability to our needs. From the point of view of a knowledge of organization and parliamentary law, many other letters surpassed it. And these I appreciate sincerely. But the more I thought of it all, and reflected on the opinion (voiced in so many of your letters) that the world was already overburdened with organizations making demands on us all—on our pocketbooks and time—the more I became convinced that for us to add another organization to these would be to convert our joyous exchange of experiences into a care and burden.

I DO hope you will all agree with me. I have given weeks of earnest thought to this, for I feel that our homey little club (or big club!) is important. And I want it to be right: for all of us. I want it to be a sheer delight and inspiration—a great unorganized fellowship. As one Missouri neighbor has put it:

Three cheers for Adventures in Neighboring, which so soon has grown into a Community Club, broad and high, with windows raised to let in the sunshine, and doors opened to men as well as women! Our men neighbors need us, and we need them. We each need to hold up our little light and brighten, not only "our corner," but throw the light of kindness far and near so that we may all have a taste of the good works and happy acquaintances possible through our meetings in the Christian Herald World Hall. And may we each be as eager to give, as to receive, some little token of love: such as a suggestion, experience or "adventure," to cheer and brighten another's heart.

Mrs. Helen Woods.

Isn't that a jolly and beautiful way of deseribing our new fellowship? I think it is. Here is a suggestion from a neighbor in Wisconsin:

My plan—for our club—would include every one; and I think the condition for eligibility should be a need, or the heart for another's need. The only dues ought to be a letter to the Neighbors; the eonstitution and by-laws should consist of the Golden Rule and the command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." For our motto let us have: "Live in a house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man." Our aims for the coming year might include deeds of loving kindness; overcoming our own faults; war gardens; patriotic work; work for the schools and social eenters; baby welfare; food conservation; home cheer; kindness to animals; clean literature.

Mrs. Josephine Bagan.

Another letter, breathing good cheer and high idealism, is as follows:

In our last issue of the Christian Herald, you were soliciting opinions concerning the founding of small rural clubs under the auspiees of your department in the Christian Herald. I will, in view of that invitation, express my ideas on the subject. I live about three miles, out in the country, from any town, and I consider your plan one of the very best you could advance and we sanctiou. How much good it may ultimately do, time only can tell. Could not each community (that wanted to start a local community club) arrange its own fees, merely receiving a general plan of organization, advice, programs and encouragement from the American Community Club? There are a good many young people, of sixteen years, in my neighborhood, who would enter heartily into such a plan. It would not only give them diversion, but be a source of improvement mentally and morally. We could have musie, talks and games. This gathering would bring our young people of all classes together on a social level, interest them in the community, and finally interest their parents. Who can guess at the lasting good that might result?

N. Carolina.

THAT is an excellent suggestion, ueighbors. I hope this little local Community Club, and others like it, will be started; and if so, it will be our pleasure (as the parent club) to help arrange it, afterwards providiug it with programs. Following is the same hope, expressed in another way, by an Ohio neighbor:

Yes, I think a Community Club, with various sub-clubs in villages and farming communities, would be an ideal arrangement. Because of large experience, the Community Club meeting in the World Hall of the Christian Herald could outline programs for the branch meetings, suggesting needs, entertainments, community betterment, etc., and providing a veritable bureau of outlined information. This would ereate enthusiasm in easting out the "god of work" and placing in his stead that state of human kindness and sociability whieh makes for the promotion of all that is good and elevating.

L. E. M.

And here is what a Montana neighbor has to suggest:

I think it a splendid idea for us to form ourselves into a club. I know, out here in Montana there are lots of lonely men on homesteads who need just such neighboring. They are too isolated even to attend the Farmers' Meetings. They are too far from church (in more than miles) to attend; and if they can be induced to become readers of the Christian Herald (and many of them are already), I know they would enjoy the club and the Adventures in Neighboring, and be greatly helped. Miss Connolly suggests no "dues or don'ts"; but I think we should have a few do's—"Do try to be neighborly": "Do cast a beam of sunlight into darkened lives"; and "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Here's hoping we may soon have a great meeting of the American Community Club. And, oh joy! I can entertain the club even though I am circumscribed by a small house and lameness!

Mrs. I. F McC.

Following is another fine comment:

I am very much pleased with the new department in the Christian Herald, Adventures in Neighboring; and I think it should be made into a club: a very broad, all-inclusive "Universal" club, with a circle for our emblem, without dues or don'ts, officers or rules. And it should not exclude W. A. S. because he is a man; but should include all who wish to join and in any way contribute: by offering suggestions or adventures, by asking help or taking an interest. In this way, I think our club (without any organization at all) will become very helpful.

Mrs. Ellen Holt Lipe.

And don't you think the next is an interesting opinion?

My first thought on reading your suggestion that we organize was that it would be a fine thing to do, and I intended to tell you so. My second and last thought is, that the page just as it is can't be improved. It seems to me there is danger, in these days, of too much organizing. My idea would be to let the page remain just as it is, only allowing the men the same freedom and fellowship as the women. I don't know how it could be any more enjoyable and altogether delightful.

Mrs. John N. Rowell.

I LIKE the frankness and sincerity of that statement; and I agree that there is, indeed, "too much organizing" today. But it did not occur to this writer that we could have our club—all the joy of being united—without becoming a hard-and-fast organization of any sort. It was the winner of our prize letter who saw this most clearly, although nearly all your letters contained the same idea.

Dear Adventurers, we *can* be a club—The American Community Club! Why not? The only true bond between people is sympathy. Distance cannot lessen that, nor can close proximity always create it. For instance, a highly organized club, full of quarreling, bitter members and factions, is an example of people apparently united but really very far apart.

So long as our hearts are united (the way they are uow), does it matter if the one who needs a word of help lives in New York State and the one who furnishes it lives in Idaho or Alabama or Oregon? Not at all! For the time being, those two neighbors are closer together—more truly "neighbors"—than if they lived on the same street and never showed each other any kindness.

SO, fellow Adventurers, let us call ourselves The American Community Club, our headquarters being the Christian Herald World Hall; our members, all those who long to be of service to humanity; our motto, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"; our emblem, the circle; our meetings, the bimonthly exchange of Adventures in Neighboring we are all taking part in.

This fellowship will require no change in our arrangements. After all, from the very first we have been a great unit. So let us continue as we have begun, with only this difference—that all members shall feel freer than ever before to "neighbor" with each other and also to appeal for suggestions and advice, as to starting a local community club (a branch of our great club), as to what programs to give before clubs already started, or as to how to cope with distressing community problems. We shall, of course, continue to publish our adventures, paying a dollar for each one used.

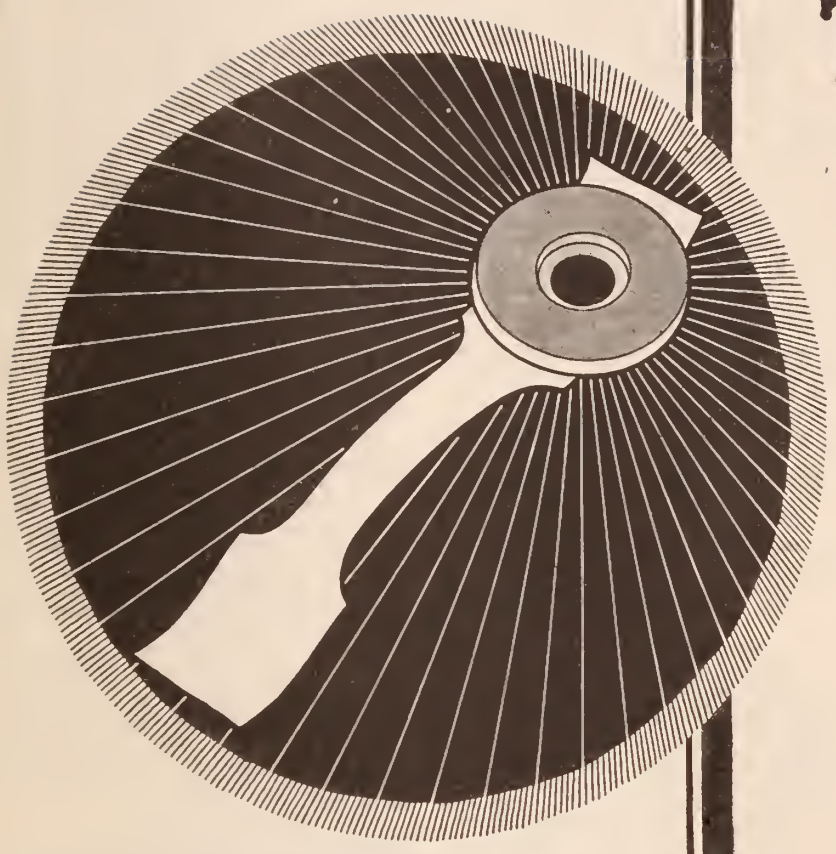
AND now, before turning to the Neighbor's Forum, I should like to quote the following letter from Virginia, because it expresses so beautifully the homey feeling of being "part" of a club, however simple the club may be:

I do think we neighboring ones would feel more at home if we were a club. I never belonged to a club, but I know how much more at home one feels with those that belong to one church. There is a feeling of relationship that I just can't explain. I think it would be a good idea to allow the men to be a part of it, as men need neighboring as well as women.

Mrs. Edith Rupert.

This brings us, fellow members, to today's Forum; into which I have

Continued on page 464



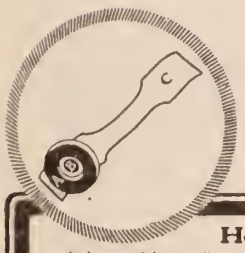
B&B

Blue-jay

Corn Plasters

Stop Pain Instantly
End Corns Completely

Large package 25c at Druggists
Small package discontinued



How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B&B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe, and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

This magic spot ends corns

Place it on your throbbing corn tonight. It takes but a second.

Relief will come instantly, because the felt ring relieves all pressure.

The medicated spot of wax soothes while it works.

You will wonder why you waited so long.

Tomorrow your corn will not hurt as it has today.

And within 48 hours the corn will come out easily, painlessly.

Blue-jay is the gentle, certain way, discovered by a great chemist. Blue-jay Plasters are made by Bauer & Black, famed for surgical dressings.

Paring is extremely dangerous and only a makeshift. Infection is possible. Harsh and mussy liquids are disagreeable.

Blue-jay is irresistible to the average corn. Once in a while an old and stubborn corn requires a second treatment.

Tonight prove these truths yourself. It cost so little. Then you will never let a corn hurt again.

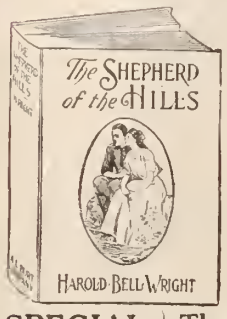
At all druggists—25c per package.

BAUER & BLACK
Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc.
Chicago and New York

NOVELS OF HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

IN response to the many requests of the readers of the Christian Herald we have arranged to include the works of Harold Bell Wright in the Christian Herald Book offers. Harold Bell Wright Books are among the most remarkable works of the present age. Over a million copies of these really remarkable stories have already been sold. Well printed on good book paper and bound in attractive covers.

The Shepherd of the Hills



THIS fascinating, realistic story of the Ozark Mountains brings you in closer touch with all mankind. If you can read it without tears, your heart is hard, and if you do not laugh at times, humor plays a small part in the drama of your life. Amidst all the ordinary literature of the day, this story is as a pure, white stone set up along a dreary road.

SPECIAL OFFER { The Shepherd of the Hills, postpaid, The Christian Herald, 1 year..... } **$2.50**

The Winning of Barbara Worth

IN this present-day story of desert life and the national reclamation work we have as clean and wholesome a book as a man ever wrote; a story of big things, strong people, and high ideals. The plot, through which there runs an intense love interest, is mighty in its conception and is carried to a satisfactory close with the smoothness of running water. It is one of big incidents and rapid action, and bears a message as broad as humanity itself—The Ministry of Capital.

SPECIAL OFFER { Winning of Barbara Worth, postpaid, The Christian Herald, 1 year..... } **$2.50**

The Calling of Dan Matthews

BIG Dan, that manly man of convictions; Hope Farwell, so delightfully refreshing; the old Doctor, true philosopher and poet, and poor little crippled Denny, so sympathetic, loving everything and everybody, are masterful character creations. Unless you are a man or woman living without hope, without aspiration or ambition, laughter and tears, read this great book.

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Their Yesterdays

THIS is the love story of a man and a woman in which there is sentiment, pathos, and realism. This story is told with charm and grace. Its poetic daintiness is especially fine. Its style is unlike the heavy stroke of a sword, but is rather the skillful thrust of a rapier. "Their Yesterdays" exalts life and love, honors the home, and supremely glorifies the wife and mother. A delightfully wholesome book.

SPECIAL OFFER { Their Yesterdays, postpaid, The Christian Herald, 1 year..... } **$2.50**

SEND ALL ORDERS TO

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BIBLE HOUSE, N. Y.

Jesus Transfigured

International Sunday School Lesson for April 21. Mark 9: 2-29

The Mount of Vision and the Valley of Service

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

MARK rightly places the Transfiguration immediately after the Great Confession of Peter, "Thou art the Messiah," omitting any incidents of the intervening week. For not only was the face of Jesus irradiated by new light as he drew nearer the cross, but the disciples themselves looked upon their Master with new and seeing eyes. The one of whom Moses wrote in the Law and whom the prophets promised was present with them!

It happened that, just as the true greatness of their Companion began to dawn upon the Galileans, there also came this mountain-top experience, when the life of Jesus himself touched the high point of exaltation in its earthly history. The glory from within the soul of Christ and the wonder of the awakened disciples combined in an experience which the simple words of Mark do not pretend fully to describe.

The Transfiguration a Glory from Within

It was a spontaneous spiritual experience, not something carefully planned. Jesus had gone up into the mountain to pray and to commune with the Father, seeking the high place as naturally as the psalmist lifted up his eyes unto the hills. He took with him the three who were oftenest the companions of his prayer life. He wrestled with the mighty problem of his rejection and the seeming failure of the cross, which the horror of the disciples had brought clearly before him as a stumbling-block to them and others. More clearly than ever, he saw that there was no other way, and he gave himself wholly in sacrifice. The glory of his spirit shone forth with a light of unearthly radiance as his high purpose and holy dedication was renewed. The face of Moses shone when he descended from Sinai, though he knew it not. When Stephen was brought before the Sanhedrin (Acts 6) to make his defense, "all that sat in the council saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." Yes, we have many of us seen transfigured faces. The transfiguration of Christ was the supreme example of the inner glory of the consecrated soul, with an infinitely greater radiance. It was Divinity shining through the veil of humanity.

A Preparation for the Ordeal to Come

To Jesus, this wondrous event was only preparatory to the testing time before him. His spirit was confirmed in its assurance that the way he was going was the appointed way. He was strengthened by the fellowship which he had with Moses and Elijah, representatives of the great company of God's ambassadors who had placed their all upon the altar, and had given themselves for the unappreciative multitudes. Here he overcame the human shrinking from death which he shared with us all. Henceforth it was to be not a catastrophe but an incident, "an exodus" as Luke calls it, implying the entrance into another and superior phase of experience. He had definitely accepted the cross, and thereafter it could not take him by surprise. The approval of his Father rang through his being, and all was well.

Its Significance to the Twelve

Scarcely less epochal was the transfiguration scene to the little group of loyal followers. Only they could not accept its message as final in the way Jesus did. Again and again they show a hope for earthly triumph—for some other way than the way of the cross. But never again could they fairly say that they had not been forewarned of the cost of Messiahship. The future colloquies with Jesus were interspersed with inquiries as to *how* his task could be successful, when he himself must suffer.

Besides, they never after put Jesus into the category of ordinary men, to be disputed with and threatened, as Peter had attempted at Cesarea with his new-found Christ. They knew him now for a man far above the reach of their little minds. The same God who had commissioned Moses, now pointed to this new Teacher, saying, "Hear ye him." They began to treasure up his words for the guidance of the future.

Then, too, they were heartened against the natural difficulties of the days to come, for the glory of this hour could never die. After a week in which they had tried in vain to escape from Jesus' prophecy of his death, they had this reassuring vision of God's approval and blessing upon the course which the Messiah had mapped out for himself. They still must walk by faith, but faith had received new heart and confidence in a high moment of spiritual insight. The brilliant hours of light help us to press on when all grows dark around us. Our exalted experiences of worship in the sanctuary help us to hold steadfast during the daily grind. The times of high revival create reserves of strength upon which we can draw when the evil day is upon us.

For the man who has caught one glimpse of the transfigured Christ there can never again come a darkness so black that hope will completely die. Not only so, but John was reaching after a great principle when he said that "we shall be like him when we see him as he is."

The Secret of Christian Transformation

Who shall fathom the complete secret of the transforming power of Christ? It is a realm where unseen forces play, and there is much of mystery. But the disciple is not greater than his Lord, and we can see at work in the soul of Jesus some of the influences that partly account for the changed countenance and glorified body.

These things happened "as he was praying," Luke tells us. Prayer does change things, and among the things it most noticeably changes are faces. Indeed, there is a picture called "Praying Hands," where actually the every detail of finger, palm and wrist is instinct with some mystic quality of devotion. But the face of a man who really becomes a man of prayer will manifest the fact. Martha Tarbell quotes the instance of a young missionary in China who was called by the natives "Mr. Gloryface" because the light of God shone through his countenance. Paul speaks of our seeing "the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," and so we do. But the world that knows him not must see that light of God in the faces of his transformed followers. The world will not see this except we are in communion with our Father by prayer, as Jesus was.

Another factor in this scene on the mount was Christ's communion with the leaders of the past. He had fellowship with the noble spirits who in other days had walked the hard path of sacrifice. He realized that he was not alone in his mission; Moses and Elijah reached out from the eternities to urge him on. His work was a part of the great maturing purpose of the Almighty, and linked with the past and the future. Though he seemed alone, he was not really alone.

The appearance of Israel's lawgiver and her fearless prophet in this story is somewhat paralleled by a fact I have noticed in our nation today, namely, that in the camps and at all public ceremonials the names of Washington and Lincoln are on every tongue. Our boys going forth to their sacrifice on the altar of freedom are only carrying on the spirit of the founders of the Republic. Thousands of them are being transformed by this fellowship, partly realized and largely unconscious, with the heroic past. They walk with a surer tread, though the road is harder and more dangerous than any they ever trod before.

And this is ever true in the Church of Christ. We are transformed because we have fellowship with St. Paul so

Continued on page 458

Will You Invest Your Money With Uncle Sam Now?

or

Let Germany Take it away From You Later?

BE practical. Look squarely at the facts. We will either invest our money with Uncle Sam now, at good interest rates, to help him win this war, or we will give it up later to pay Germany's war cost—and as much more as Germany chooses to collect. **Invest in**

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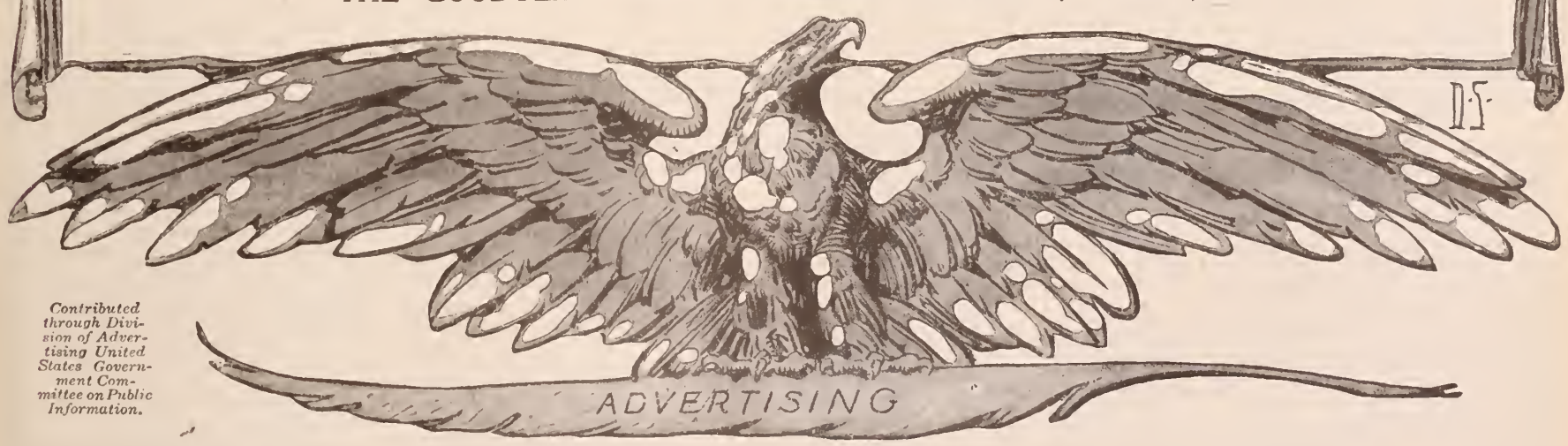

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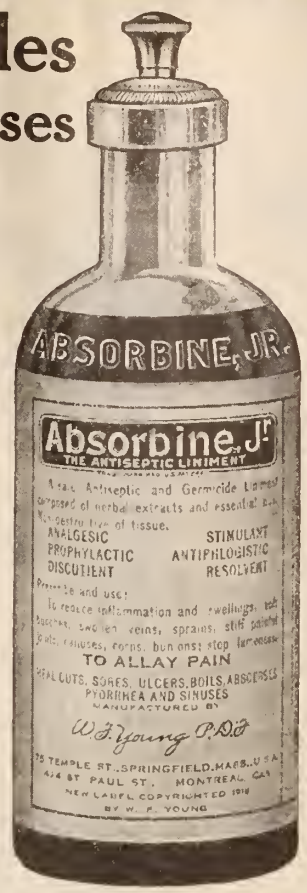
Sprains, Cuts, Bruises

here is an antiseptic germicide and liniment—

one that is healing, cooling and soothing—Absorbine, Jr. is more than a germicide, more than a liniment—it is **both.** It means prompt relief from aches and pains—it keeps little cuts and bruises from becoming something more serious.



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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
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is especially good for children's hurts because it is so harmless and safe to use—made of pure herbs and positively non-poisonous.

It is needed daily in and about the home—for the numerous little hurts that come through work in the kitchen and about the house, the stable, the garage and the grounds. Use and prescribe Absorbine, Jr., wherever a high-grade liniment or germicide is indicated.

To reduce inflammatory conditions—**sprains, wrenches, painful, swollen veins or glands.**

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Absorbine, Jr., is powerfully efficient and very economical—only a few drops are required at an application.

$1.25 a bottle at druggists or postpaid

A LIBERAL TRIAL BOTTLE will be sent to your address on receipt of 10c in stamps. Send for trial bottle or procure regular size from your druggist to-day.

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 5 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Success with Ferns

Are your plants, vines and shrubbery doing well? Have you had success with your flowers or do they look sickly and thriftless? Do you realize that "scraggly" plants are worse than no plants at all? The difference between weak, thriftless, off-colored plants, and healthy, luxuriant, rich colored flowers and foliage, is the difference between success and failure. If your plants are not doing well, chances are they need food. They are being starved and are an eyesore and a source of annoyance rather than pleasure, but don't throw them away; use

Red Snapper Plant Food

RED SNAPPER PLANT FOOD is a wonderfully rich, very nutritious, yet harmless fertilizer for plants of this kind. Its effect can be noticed within a few days after the first application. Color of foliage becomes a darker green and flowers and blossoms take on a beauty of coloring and size beyond all expectations—the wonder and admiration of all who see them. It is made from the head bones and nitrogenous cartilage of the South American Red Snapper fish, dried under intense heat, mixed with other organic plant foods to make a perfectly balanced ration, then ground and bolted in flour mill machinery into a fine meal. It is thoroughly sterilized, clean and sanitary, to be used in the finest homes and conservatories as well as for outside use. Put up in 2 lb. cans including an 8 oz. package of RED SNAPPER Plant Tonic which is used to give the plants quick start. Price 50c. Also put up in 12 1-2 lb. sacks. Price $1.50.

Florists, Grocers and Druggists sell RED SNAPPER Plant Food. Ask your dealer. If he does not keep it, send 25 cents for trial package and we will also include our flower booklet entitled "HOUSE PLANTS AND FLOWER GARDENS—Their Care and Culture."

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The Magniphone is the latest achievement of Science in its ability to aid failing ears and overcome deafness. It works wonders. You can try it at home free of expense. Easy to get; made by the thousand; highest quality; lowest price. If you rent it five months we give it to you. Ask now for our Special Offer to next 1,000 customers.

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Those disfiguring streaks of gray can be easily combed away with **Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.** It isn't a dye, but a real restorer—a pure colorless fluid, clean and clear as water, that restores the original color in from 4 to 8 days.

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and special comb and prove this is true by actual test. Treat one lock as directed and see how magically it is restored. Say exactly the natural color of your hair—black, dark brown, medium brown, light brown—better, enclose a lock in your letter. Order full sized bottle from us if you prefer not to buy from your druggist.

MARY T. GOLDMAN 728 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. *Est. 50 yrs.*

Jesus Transfigured

Continued from page 456

often, because we have come to be well acquainted with St. John. And inevitably the men and women who have felt most keenly the call to enter the "glorious company of the apostles" and the "whole army of the martyrs," have changed most completely into their likeness. Who can say how many missionaries have remembered that Paul was in prison and sang songs with Silas in the night? How many, think you, there are in the Church who have remembered that the psalmist "was brought low and He helped me?" How many have become leaders because Judson and Livingstone beckoned them on!

Exaltation No Bar to Service

After the Mount of Vision came the Valley of Service. From communion with Moses and Elijah and with the Father who sent them, Jesus descended the hillsides with his perplexed and troubled companions of every day and found in the village below the sick boy, the agonized father and the defeated group who had tried to help. It was the old, common scene once more—man's suffering and yearning and need and faithlessness. But Jesus instantly recognized its claim upon his love. The exaltation of a short time before was no bar to humblest ministry; indeed, it was for the compassionate Christ the surest preparation for service. His experience of glory did not separate him from human need, but gave him rather the power to meet it successfully.

So shall it be with us. The man who has the loftiest view of God will bow to the lowliest and hardest duty. The soldier who enlists with a thrill of dedication to the cause of humanity, will plod on through the dreariest marches and willingly accept tedious fatigues. The young minister who *sees Jesus only* as he accepts the ordination of the Church, will accept the village opportunity and preach to rusties because God calls there. The Christian will rejoice to climb the Mount, and he will also rejoice to descend into the Valley and, bearing another's burdens, so fulfil the law of Christ.

Rhythms in the Spiritual Life

This chapter helps us lest we be discouraged by the alternations of our own experience, with its lights and shadows, thrills and dull monotonies. For even Jesus did not always live on the heights. There were times when "he rejoiced in spirit"; but there were also times when "he groaned in spirit." So it is with every one who follows him. That is why we need the renewal of the Sabbath and the place of prayer; that is why we ought to keep a tryst with him. They that wait upon the Lord do not experience an untroubled calm. They have storms and stresses, and ofttimes grow weary; but their secret is that *they renew their strength.* At times when we feel that we have grown weak, Jesus comes and takes us with him up into a high mountain apart. Then, like Paul, we say, "In him that strengthens me, I am able for anything."

Sunday School Methods

BY FRANK L. BROWN, Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

Bible Picture Contest Echoes from Maine to California

HOW personally beneficial the plan to fit Scripture texts to Bible pictures has proved in former Christian Herald Contests is shown in recent letters from all over the country. Many of those who have taken part in these past efforts have entered the new National Bible Picture Study Plan with enthusiasm. The fact that the Uniform Lessons, Bible Home Readings and Golden Texts form the basis of this new Contest makes it especially interesting to Sunday school workers.

Read what these enthusiasts say:

From California: "I found your Bible Picture Study both a *game* and a *study*. As a game it was one of the most interesting I have ever known. As an instructive study perhaps the greatest good it did me was to awaken in mo an appreciation of the beauty of Bible literature. Although I had a fair knowledge of the Bible from the religious and historical side, I had not thought of it much as literature. But as I repeatedly studied the verses I gradually came to see that I was studying literature of the finest kind. This revelation, with all that it means, seems a priceless reward for a few spare hours of study."

A New York lady writes: "I have enjoyed the study and recreation very much, and I wouldn't willingly part with my increased knowledge and enjoyment of the Bible for any money. One family to whom I commended this last Contest (and whose father lay very ill at the time and has since died) said, 'It has been such a comfort to us in our sorrow!' And the poor sick father, too, as long as he could, helped them fit the verses to the pictures, and when he could no longer do that, he enjoyed the reading of the verses to him."

From Alabama comes this: "The Bible Picture Study has stimulated my Bible-reading, and the most eagerly looked for and the most thoroughly enjoyed hour of the day is the one devoted to the Contest study."

A Kentucky lady says: "I hardly know which benefited me most, the Picture Contest or the post-graduate course I have just completed under the Sunday School Board. I hope you will keep up the Contests. I am saving pictures for my little girls, who are too little to notice them much now. I think it will be fine mental exercise for children. I used to teach, and I would have been so glad to have had something like that for Friday afternoons, when children are tired of regular routine work.

A mother from South Dakota: "I am now a student in the Department of the Moody Bible Institute as the result of these Bible Picture Contests, which I have enjoyed so much. Although in poor health myself and the mother of a family of four splendid children whom I am keeping in school, yet I enjoy these Bible Picture Studies, on which I spend my time when I am resting, and when I am not able to work."

And from Maine: "I am in the Third Contest, not for what I may get financially alone, but for the insight I am longing to get in the Bible, which I can get in this way much more quickly by aid of the pictures than by study alone."

On another page of the Christian Herald will be found details of the National Bible Picture Contest now running.

The World's Greatest Y. M. C. A.

MORE than a million men entered the doors of West Side Y. M. C. A., 318 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City, during 1917, many in khaki or blue, the uniform being their admission card. Membership grew to 8,049, increase 191, and the branch is still the largest in the world, despite enlistment and the draft, and the number called for Y. M. C. A., Red Cross, or other service. West Side's nearest competitor is Boston Central, about 7,600. There is a salaried force of 237 and 2,866 committeemen; in educational classes were 5,215 students, with 68 teachers and 148,491 attendance; of the students nearly 2,500 were graduated from the automobile school. A new departure was the establishment of an Airplane Mechanic's School. The employment department received 3,898 applications, of whom 3,123 were placed with the 8,824 employers seeking help. In this, West Side branch is fourth in the country. Detroit leads. Under the religious department were held 871 meetings in the building, 1,120 class sessions, 1,531 shop meetings, grand total 4,004 meetings and classes. In shop meetings Adams Avenue branch, Detroit, leads America, having the big auto factories in its district. The library has 44,454 volumes and 191 periodicals on file. The branch has attracted the attention of magazine and special writers and has become in many ways a national institution. West Side branch has come to be one of the "sights" of the metropolis.

When there are warm hearts in the pews the fire burns in the pulpit.

Alas for the man whose heart shrinks as his bank account expands!

"United We Stand—Divided We Fall"

The Unfair Second Class Postage Law Threatens Sectionalism of Thought and Feeling

IF you would like to perform an act of real service to your country, at a cost of just three cents to yourself, read this little article through. And then take your pen in hand and write.

The magazines that come to your home every week or month are facing a very unpleasant necessity, through the action of Congress at the last session.

The necessity is this: Either they must stop coming to your home, or they must cost more postage for every copy.

Moreover—and here is the unjust feature of the law—they must cost more in proportion as you live farther from the place of publication. The postage increases run from 50 to 900 per cent.

As most of the magazines are published in New York, this means that all who live in the Middle West or the Far West or the South are penalized by Congress under this law.

The new law will divide our country into sections separated by barriers of dollars and cents; barriers in a country where unity of thought and feeling has been considered vitally necessary ever since the days of the Pilgrim Fathers.

This is the most pernicious feature of the new law. Postage on periodicals should be the same for all parts of the United States, just as it has always been and just as it is for letters.

This 50 to 900 per cent. postage increase on magazines is not a war tax. Publishers were already taxed by excess profits and income taxes. It is not a war tax; Postmaster-General Burleson has so stated in his annual report when he declared it is permanent postal legislation—unless repealed through your protests to Senators and Congressmen. Will you write, telegraph, or urge the passage of resolutions of protest against this destructive law?

WHEN this country was very young, Congress decided that magazines and newspapers should be carried through the mails at a flat rate of one cent a pound, regardless of the distance. The argument was that a big country like this needed all possible freedom of intercommunication to bind it together. The more a man in the East wrote to his friends in the West, the more interchange of information there was between North and South, whether by letter or through the printed page, the better solidified country we would have. So Congress argued in the early days. And it decided that every United States citizen, whether he lived in the city or the country, whether on the Atlantic coast, or along the Mississippi, or on the Pacific, should have his letters delivered to him, and his magazines, at a fixed flat rate.

This system has worked pretty well in this country. Never before in the history of the world have a hundred million people, stretched out over so vast a territory, been held together as a unit. Always, elsewhere, there have been different dialects and customs and ideas. But we Americans have no dialects; we have no geographical divisions of customs or interests. We are one people. And to the national magazines belongs much credit for this phenomenon.

The business man in New Orleans who gets a good idea passes it on through his trade paper, and the business man in St. Paul and Philadelphia and Spokane adopts it. And everywhere you find men speaking the same business language and following the same business methods. The farmer in Maine who discovers how to increase the productiveness of his soil sends out the good news through his farm paper, and a million other farmers read and welcome it.

Under the zone system all this would be changed. The man of the East would be an alien in thought and interest to the man of the West. The great majority of magazines will continue to be issued in New York, and under this act of Congress every man or woman who lives at a distance from New York will be penalized on that account—the penalty growing larger the farther West and South he or she may live.

TWICE Congress has appointed commissions to investigate the zone idea. Both commissions reported unanimously against a zone system. The last commission, headed by Justice Charles E. Hughes, said:

"It would seem to the commission to be entirely impracticable to attempt to establish a system of zone rates for second-class matter."

The zone system of postage in effect inflicts a punishment upon you for living in the South or West. If you claim that there is no reason for you to be punished—that living in the South or West is no crime—then you agree with the position which the periodical publishers upheld before Congress.

But the publishers were not strong enough to influence Congress. If you are to be protected from this injustice, you will have to take the matter up personally with your Senator and Congressman. Congress does not care much for any publisher or group of publishers; it cares a great deal for your vote.

At a critical time like this we want to bind our country together stronger than ever in sentiment and purpose. Anything that tends to divide, sectionalize, or create differences of thought is pernicious. This is precisely what the Zone System will do if not repealed.

You must not forget that the Zone System for mailing magazines is already a law, although it does not go into effect until July 1. We must fight vigorously, day and night, to have this unjust imposition set aside before July 1, if we can. We are doing our part. We are leaving no stone unturned, but, without your cooperation, our efforts can accomplish next to nothing.

Canada has been at war since 1914. This is an object lesson for us. The area of Canada is actually greater than the United States. The population of Canada, however, is considerably less. Canada, all told, has less than eight million people; the United States has over one hundred million. You would naturally think that, with her small population, the second-class postal charges would be much higher in Canada than with us. They are less. Think of it! The postal charges for mailing magazines and newspapers in Canada is just one-fourth cent per pound. One-fourth cent, mind you. This is exactly one-fourth our present rate. And even with the one-fourth-cent rate, Canada makes a profit on her Postal Department.

Is the Postal Department of the United States losing so much money that such a tremendous increase in postal charges on second-class matter is a necessity? No! A thousand times, no! The Postal Department of the United States in 1917, made a profit of over $9,000,000. It is not an institution run for profit. It is a public service—run for the people. Even after paying out $50,000,000 for Rural Free Delivery, the Post-Office Department made $9,000,000 in 1917.

A Letter from You Will Help a Lot

IF you believe it is unfair to lay a penalty upon people because they live at a distance from New York, why not assert that belief where it will do good?

If you believe in the right of every citizen to have his mail delivered at the same rate, why not say so in a way that will be effective?

If you believe that no sections should be discriminated against in the cost of their reading matter, why not use your influence?

Write to your Congressman and one or both Senators.

Do this now for your own sake and for the sake of keeping the national periodicals really national and keeping the nation solidified.

Your Postmaster will give you the names of your Congressmen and Senators. Simply write to them that you believe the zone system of second-class postage is wrong in principle and will be unjust in practice, and that Congress ought to reconsider the matter.

WE URGE YOU TO DO IT WITHOUT DELAY. The Christian Herald.

THE publishing business is the only business in the country that is voluntarily and enormously contributing to the aid of the Government without any charge whatever. Not only the Christian Herald but many other periodicals offered to the Government all their profits during the war. This offer was declined, but the Government is constantly being donated unlimited space by hundreds of periodicals which in the aggregate is of almost incalculable cash value. The manufacturers of steel, munitions, ships, clothing and of every other sort of needed supplies *sell* their products to the Government, and are deemed patriotic in merely increasing their output and their own profits. The periodicals' great salable commodity is space, and this to the value of billions of dollars is being freely and gladly *given* to the Government without thought of price. Uncle Sam comes to the editor and says—"You have a tremendous circulation—please help us get the truth before the nation." All right. So the Liberty Loan people write to the editor and ask him to help sell their bonds—and he does. The food administrator asks the editor to help get the truth about food to the people—and the editor does. The fuel administrator asks the editor to help educate the people about coal—and the editor does. And the War Savings Stamp people ask the editor to speak up for them—and the editor does. And the periodical publisher's only regret is that he has not wider circulation and still more extended service to give to the Government, free of charge.

PROFESSOR J. W. LINN of Chicago University makes a remarkably clear statement of the case in the interest of public education. "What I would like to do," says Professor Linn, "is to point out the result on the nation if you increase the price and limit the circulation of newspapers and magazines.

"You shut off the farm journals, as these proposed zone rates would shut them off," says Prof. Linn, "and you decrease the productive power of this country by millions of dollars. You shut off the trade journals, and you decrease the manufacturing power of this country by many more millions. You shut off such a journal as the Christian Herald, and you shut off an agency that has raised over four million dollars for charitable and religious organizations in ten years, and that in so doing has enormously increased the interest of people in giving, which is one of the things that a democracy absolutely has to learn the value of. . .

"You know what would happen—you know that the prices to subscribers would rise, and circulation would narrow—and just who would lose out? Why, just exactly the people who must have the reading habit if this is going to be a democratic nation—the small-town people, the country people. These publications are printed in big cities; the first zone, the cheapest zone, would be in and near those cities. That means you have shut off education just where it is needed. The cities will read anyway; there are many educational opportunities in the cities anyway; but the small towns and the rural districts depend to a large extent on newspapers and magazines.

"You shut out those boys and girls, those men and women, from the reading habit. You shut them out from the freest possible circulation of ideas, just at the time when the freest possible circulation is most essential.

"I say as a college teacher, a man who has been in the educational profession almost a generation, that in my judgment you could hardly stab nearer the heart of the nation than by stabbing at the country circulation of newspapers and magazines.

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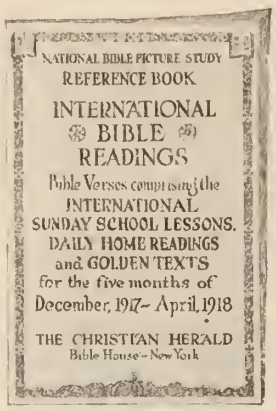

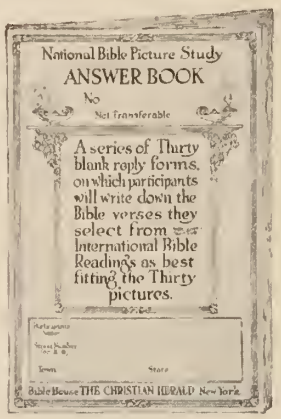

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CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 438

Chronicle had been wrecked and a fire started in the office of the City Registrar, had destroyed a large number of exemption records. On April 1 Quebec was practically under martial law.

Eat Meat. The Food Administration on March 29 suspended for 30 days the order establishing "meatless" days. This was due in part to considerable movements of animals to market and in part to the desire to save wheat. Deputy Food Administrators were ordered to seize hoarded wheat in case farmers refused to market surplus stocks to their hands.

The War in the East. The British have advanced steadily during the last week, both in Mesopotamia and in Palestine. On March 26, the British struck a blow 22 miles northwest of Hit, in Mesopotamia, which resulted in the capture or destruction of almost the entire Turkish force in that area. While the infantry attacked the Turkish positions, the British cavalry executed a wide turning movement which blocked the enemy's retreat; 3,000 prisoners, a divisional commander, 200 other officers, one German officer and a few German non-commissioned officers, 10 guns, 2,000 rifles and 600 animals were captured. The British troops pursuing the remaining fugitives had advanced 45 miles northwest of Hit on March 28.

In Palestine the British at the end of the week were at Essalt, 35 miles north of Jerusalem, and still advancing. British troops had crossed the Jordan, where on March 28 they were converging in the town of Amman, on the Hedjaz Railway. On the following day the railway was reached and cut.

Krupp Made the Gun. The Kaiser on March 27 publicly thanked the Krupps and their co-workers "for this achievement of German science and labor," meaning the gun that had been bombarding Paris for a week at a range of over 70 miles. It has been established that the gun is a rifle of about 9-inch caliber and that the shell weighs about 200 pounds and carries about twenty pounds of explosive. The shells had done little damage, until Good Friday, when one of them struck a church full of people at prayer, killing 54 and wounding 90. The French port of Dunkirk has also been under bombardment by long range guns.

More Ships Sunk. The loss by mine and submarine of British ships in the week ending March 27 rose to a total of 28, sixteen of over 1,600 tons and twelve under that figure. One fishing vessel was lost. The Italians lost three steamers of over 1,500 tons and five small sailing vessels. The French lost one steamer of over 1,600 tons and five under that tonnage.

American Guns Busy. There has been active artillery work during the week in the American sectors near Toul and Lunéville. The American guns were reported, on March 26, to have leveled the enemy's trenches and to have smashed his dugouts in the neighborhood of Richecourt, forcing "Fritz" to give up the village. Sniping has been active, with the American sharpshooters holding the advantage, and American patrols have continued to dominate "No Man's Land." The total casualties reported by General Pershing for the week ending March 31 were: Killed in action, 16; killed by accident, 11; died of disease, 58; died of wounds, 9; wounded, 110; missing, 4.

An American patrol of five men on March 29 captured a German outpost of six men. Two Germans were killed, the other four were brought into the American lines, fed up and questioned. They gave much valuable information and one was so enthusiastic over his treatment by the Americans that he wanted to go back for his brother.

From Russia to Italy. Italian official dispatches of March 28 reported that forty new Austrian divisions, almost half a million men, had been distributed along the Italian front. The troops had been transferred from the Russian and Rumanian fronts. Italian guns were harassing the enemy and Italian patrols and advanced posts were in touch with his patrols. No British or French troops were withdrawn from the Italian front to meet the great German thrust in the west.

Fragments of News. It was reported, on March 25, that the Dutch cabinet had decided to refuse the grain offered by Great Britain and the United States in exchange for the seized Dutch ships. . . . The United States Food Administration has announced that the schedule of guaranteed prices for wheat extends to June 1, 1919, regardless of the end of the war, and will apply to all wheat harvested in the United States throughout 1918. . . . Citizens of all faiths and nationalities united with the Knights of Columbus in the diocese of New York in raising a fund of $2,500,000 for the Knights of Columbus work in the camps for Catholic soldiers. The drive ended with $4,000,000 subscribed. . . The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, on March 25, announced a new plan to govern the relations of the company with its employees through a system of conferences at regular intervals between the officials of the company and the elected representatives of the workers. . . Explosion of chemicals in a storage warehouse at Jersey City, on March 26, resulted in a fire which destroyed the warehouse and the adjoining shops of the Erie Railroad, damaging or destroying twenty locomotives and a large number of freight cars, the damage being estimated at over a million and a half dollars. . . . The agreement was consummated with Japan on March 28 for the exchange of ships for steel. America is to receive twelve ships of 100,000 tons dead weight capacity May 1, and about 200,000 additional tons later.

Allies Help Russia. Moscow dispatches of March 30 told of assistance being rendered by British and French officers in the training of the new Bolshevist army. British marines and French soldiers are also assisting the Russian troops in resisting the advance of the Finnish White Guards. Captain Webster of the American Red Cross and Captain Hicks of the British army, appointed to investigate, reported that the rumors of the arming of German and Austrian prisoners and the consequent threat to the Trans-Siberian Railway, were greatly exaggerated. A few deserters from the Teuton armies had joined the Bolsheviki, received arms and cooperated in the action against General Semenoff.

Viscount Motono, Japan's Minister of Foreign affairs, said in a speech to the Diet on March 26: "If Japan's interest in Siberia is threatened, the government will be bound to take prompt and appropriate measures. But even in that case Japan would not fight against Russia. Our empire will certainly never imitate Germany in aggression."

Nation May Take Packing Houses. President Wilson on March 31 appointed a commission to investigate the meat industry of the country and report to him. The commission includes the Secretary of Agriculture, the chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, the chairman of the Federal Tariff Board, the Secretary of Labor, and the Food Administrator. According to Mr. Hoover the nation faces the alternative of abandoning entirely direction of war purchases and conservation measures, because they affect prices, the continuance of the present national policy, or action by the government to stabilize prices. The first would stimulate profiteering and speculation, the second would be ineffective and the third would involve the government in some additional financial responsibility, but would protect the poor from involuntary conservation due to prices they can't pay.

Halting the German Offensive

Continued from page 436

the number of divisions withdrawn from the fighting, and on the stories of prisoners regarding losses in their units, placed the German losses at not less than 300,000 and above that as high as 500,000.

THE eighth day of the big battle in Picardy saw the Allied lines standing practically unbroken against the continuing, but in most quarters weakening, assaults of the enemy. The German thrust on the sixth day toward Montdidier was not stopped until the French reached the heights west of the town, which, with Pierrepont four miles north, remained in German hands. All the efforts of the enemy on the seventh and eighth days to widen or deepen this salient failed completely against the French resistance, his only advance being thrust back by French bayonets which also reconquered three small villages north of Montdidier. On the south side of the Somme the Germans forced the British back slightly by crossing in force from Chipilly. From the Somme northward to the neighborhood of Arras the British line held completely, although there were minor attacks near Bucquoy, Ablainville (which had been retaken by the British), Boyelles, Puisieux, and at Dernancourt which the enemy entered only to be driven out again.

The most desperate action of the day occurred east of Arras, where the Germans, attacking with six divisions, some 70,000 men, overran the outpost positions of the British defenses, but were held firmly in the British battle positions. At 5:50 A. M. the enemy sent a whirlwind of artillery fire into and behind the British positions on both sides of the Scarpe along a front of seven or eight miles, the immediate objectives being two heights separated by the stream, Orange Hill and Telegraph Hill.

At the other end of the battle-line the French turned from the defensive to the offense and drove into the German lines between Noyon and Lassigny, making a gain, over a front of more than six miles, to a depth of a mile and a quarter and retaking three villages. It was expected that the British would drive in on the opposite flank of the German salient, moving south from Arras. The Allies were said to have a mobile reserve of 800,000 of their best troops ready for the counter-offensive through which they expected to turn the Kaiser's momentary victory into permanent defeat. The German attack at Arras may have been intended both to render their own position more secure and to forestall the expected British attack on their flank.

Paris dispatches told of great service rendered by the American Red Cross to the thousands of refugees from the reinvaded district who flowed backward in a steady stream from the battle-lines. Working in close co-operation with the French Red Cross the Americans furnished transportation, lodgings, and hot meals to the refugees, their work according to the correspondent being spoken of "in terms nearly of reverence."

THE ninth day of battle was more important for what it promised in regard to Allied action against the German attack than for the variation of front resulting from the continued pressure of the enemy.

Although predicted and expected, although supported by the insistence of President Wilson and the agreement of Premiers Lloyd George and Clemenceau, absolute unity of command was not achieved until the appointment, officially confirmed on March 27, of General Ferdinand Foch, French master strategist, as commander in chief of all the Allied armies. Under him the British, Belgian, French, Portuguese and American armies will be a single sword, which will carve its way to victory and doom Germany to defeat. General Pershing enthusiastically placed himself and all of America's resources at General Foch's command, wiring to Washington: "Have made all our resources available, and our divisions will be used if and when needed. French are in fine spirits, and both armies seem confident."

The Germans did not repeat, on the 29th, their attacks of the previous day east of Arras. Those attacks resulted in a bloody repulse. The German objective was Arras and Vimy Ridge. They overran the British outpost positions and were stopped at the battle positions. Southeast of Telegraph Hill they occupied the village of Neuville-Vitasse and they gained a slight footing on Orange Hill. The attack westward toward Arras was made by six German divisions with four in reserve, while the attack southeast of Arras engaged eleven divisions.

South of the Somme, between the Somme and the Avre, the Germans concentrated superior masses against the Allied salient north of Montdidier, which they succeeded in flattening out, the Franco-British forces, after sanguinary fighting, falling back to a line running east of the villages of Hamel, Marceleave only 12 miles from Amiens, Mezieres, and Neuville-sur-Bernard, to the line of the Avre near Pierrepont. All attempts of the Germans to drive farther west from Montdidier were repulsed and the French drove the enemy back southwest of Montdidier, retaking the village of Montchel.

THE tenth day of furious battle found the Germans again pushing hard toward Arras, this time from the south-east in the regions of the villages of Boiry and Boyelles. Although pressing the assault with considerable strength and with fresh troops the enemy was repulsed everywhere.

From Arras southward to the Somme there was considerable fighting but no changes of position. South of the Somme the Germans delivered their biggest assault of the day, engaging the French from Moreuil, northwest of Montdidier, around the apex of the salient to east of Lassigny, a total front of about twenty-five miles, and engaging the British to the north of this half way to the Somme. Mezieres was first taken by the German troops which pressed forward two miles further northwest to Demuin, where the British held, and counter-attacked retaking the village and pressing on toward Mezieres. To the southward the Germans succeeded in advancing the apex of the salient nearly two miles at one point, taking from the French the villages of Anbvillers, Grivesnes, Cantigny, Mesnil-St. Georges, Montchel and Ayencourt. Here the enemy was again held.

THE eleventh day of fighting, Easter Sunday, was the Allies' day. Although the Germans were still attacking, pressing forward in full strength south of the Somme and making minor attacks elsewhere, they made no appreciable gains anywhere and were thrown back at crucial points. East of Arras the British retook Feuchy and advanced their line on both sides of this village, northwest of Montdidier. British and French troops retook, lost, and again recaptured Moreuil and the wooded heights to the north of it. Between Moreuil and the Somme in the valley of the Luce the Germans at first gained slightly but were later thrown back. South of Moreuil between it and Lassigny the French drove forward against intense German pressure retaking the villages of Ayencourt and Montchel, capturing several hundred Germans and completely defeating and foiling the enemy. (The advance of the Germans on the tenth day had put them within five miles of the Amiens-Paris railway.)

The French promptly accepted General Pershing's offer of American troops and on March 31 the roads leading from the American training camps to the battle-front were full of American motor lorries and horse-drawn equipment interspersed with solid columns of marching men, all slipping and splashing through ankle-deep mud under a pouring rain, but the men happy at the thought of active work and singing "everything from 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' to 'Tipperary.'"

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

Hostess Houses at Work

Continued from page 439

dollar to reach the camp and the loved one.

Worried and helpless soldiers report to the Hostess Houses tragic situations of women too plucky to complain. A woman whose husband had gone to France remained at her boarding house on the outskirts of one camp because she couldn't pay her board. Her overdue Government allowance did not come. She couldn't leave and she couldn't stay. Her husband had gone supposing that she was provided for. He had, she said, troubles enough of his own.

A Western camp has in adjacent towns dozens of girls whose husbands have been sent to France. Two or three girls are living together in one room, sometimes in destitute condition. They are courageous girls who would never think of asking for help, yet they are too inexperienced to know what to do.

Women translators are sent by the Y. W. C. A. into cantonments where are gathered our foreign-tongued citizens from the mining districts and the industrial centers. The translators found in one camp two companies of Slavs who could speak no English, could write no letters home and had never heard of "exemptions" or "separation allowances." Eighty of them had large families of small children.

Syrians, Croatians, Slovaks, Hungarians, Ruthenians, Bohemians, Italians, Poles and Lithuanians are good enough to be in our army. By that same token, it's up to us to see that they understand and utilize all governmental provisions for the protection of their families. Many of the wives left behind, a West Virginia visitor tells us, are only what we call high-school age. Thousands of boy-husbands in the army have girl-wives at home. The Young Women's Christian Association feels keenly the responsibility of these young creatures.

Back of the sixty-eight Hostess Houses in the military centers, stand about a thousand local branches of the Y. W. C. A. A woman in distress at a camp can be helped not only there by the Hostess House, but later in her home city by the local Association. The Hostess Houses are the dramatization of a work which has been developing for half a century.

Incredible anguish is now the burden of the women of the world. Only very superficial people expect to alter this condition by ignoring it. American women are entering the sisterhood of sorrow. To women there can be no enemy mothers, no enemy wives. Whichever side wins, the women of both sides lose. The women on whom the lot falls are often too dazed to understand what is wisest to do. They think the world has ended for them. It hadn't. The rent must be paid and the children kept in school. Women must learn to live without their men. Perhaps for a year. Perhaps for a lifetime. They must continue to live when every fiber of their being cries out for death. When the blow strikes hardest and gray lethargy engulfs a woman, other women must gather quickly to help her. And that quick onrush of strength to safeguard weakness, of wisdom to offset foolishness, of all-enveloping, protective love—that is what the Young Women's Christian Association undertakes in its Emergency War Work.

Adventures in Neighboring

Continued from page 454

tucked all the fine comments on the club there was not room for elsewhere:

Neighbor's Forum

I love the very idea of a club, for I know it is going to be a godsend to those (just like me) who are shut off from other clubs on account of family ties, business pressure, or being strangers in a new community. I wish we might put some of our choicest "adventures" in book form, to give to those who love the club, and to others with sad hearts.
LEONA D. BARNES.

I am glad that you are going to give the men folks a share in this club. They can get out among the neighbors quite often and pass the good word along. THEO. J. BODMER.

How wonderful that our great paper should give us a fellowship club: a league of ministering comrades! R. E. DIMMITT.

I am very glad you are thinking of admitting us young men to membership in the new club, and I hope it will succeed far beyond your expectations. WALTER E. WARREN.

I think it would be a good adventure for us to unite. We would feel more as if we were a part of something tangible. MRS. E. J. W.

I hasten to write "yes," in favor of a Community Club. Perhaps we could have branch clubs (local ones), each reporting through its secretary to the main club, things interesting and apt to be helpful. A NEIGHBOR.

I believe the founding of a Community Club would be helpful and beneficial to us all. And it would enable the shut-ins to have a part in the outside world. I think a club would draw us all closer together, and give the feeling of friendliness that comes from being part of a circle. MRS. ROSE ECKLEY.

I propose that every member of our new club be required to send in at least one helpful hint or suggestion for our page during the year. MRS. J. H. DUNN.

I am sixty-five years "young" and greatly interested in the proposed American Community Club. The interesting incidents in Adventures in Neighboring come close to our homes and hearts, and we feel like grasping the hand of the other fellow with a hearty "God bless you!" Having been a devoted reader of the Christian Herald for many years, I am interested in any feature that adds to its columns. JAMES BALEY.

Your proposal to organize a "Community Club" struck me so forcibly that I felt as though I would like to throw up my cap (dusting), and say, "Hurrah!" I think the idea just what is needed. Let us have no red tape or parliamentary rules—just a fellowship of neighbors. I propose we dispense with election of officers, and that we make the Christian Herald the "Home" of our club.
MRS. N. H. W.

The greatest difficulty of clubs in an isolated district seems to be getting together in times of bad weather or busy seasons. I wonder if (in our case) the telephone could not be used, branch meetings held on the line, plans made, reports given, opportunities explained, etc. H. K. M.

The name of our club should be "Association of Neighborhood Circles." Our badge should be a round blue pin with a white rim, on which is inscribed "Neighborhood Circle." (Blue indicates true, white service.) Our motto should be "Bear ye one another's burdens." Let the Herald office be our central circle. Instead of a president, the members could elect an advisory circle, they to appoint a chairman and assistant out of that circle—the assistant to preside at all meetings which the chairman could not attend. A cabinet of men, not to exceed five, could be chosen as a consulting body. When conditions were favorable it would be well to form segments, these to meet at a common center about once a month. Cities and large towns should not be used as centers, for this would introduce problems very difficult of solution. Let the objects of the circle be social improvement, community activities, and lightening of burdens—especially bereavement, sickness, and so forth. There should be no dues imposed, but voluntary contributions could be received in a closed receptacle. In this way the mite-givers would not be known. A small part of the offering could be transferred to the Central Circle and used for printing, or cases of special need, each case to be determined by a committee at the Christian Herald.
MR. W. A. SHINN.

I had hoped, as you know, to print a list of names of all who contributed to this contest in any way. It was my intention to publish a kind of "honor roll" of all contestants. But to my surprise, such numbers of contestants entered that the publishing of all names has proved impossible unless we give up most of our space to it, a fortnight hence. And I know you would not approve of that. So I wish, before bidding you good-by for another two weeks, to thank all contestants, personally and in the name of The American Community Club.

New Food Administration Rules

THE United States Food Administration on March 23 issued the following new advice and instructions, of which we published a short summary last week:

If we are to furnish the Allies with the necessary proportion of wheat to maintain their war-bread from now until the next harvest—and this is a military necessity—we must reduce our monthly consumption to *21,000,000* bushels a month, as against our normal consumption of about *42,000,000* bushels, or 50 per cent of our normal consumption. Reserving a margin for distribution to the Army and for special cases leaves for general consumption approximately 1½ pounds of wheat products weekly per person. Many of our consumers are dependent upon bakers' bread. Such bread must be durable and therefore requires a larger proportion of wheat products than cereal breads baked in the household. Our Army and Navy require a full allowance. The well-to-do in our population can make greater sacrifices in the consumption of wheat products than can the poor. In addition, our population in the agricultural districts, where the other cereals are abundant, are more skilled in the preparation of breads from these other cereals than the crowded city and industrial populations.

With improved transportation conditions, we now have available a surplus of potatoes. We also have in the spring months a surplus of milk, and we have ample corn and oats for human consumption. The drain on rye and barley as substitutes has already greatly exhausted the supply of these grains.

To effect the needed saving of wheat we are wholly dependent upon the voluntary assistance of the American people and we ask that the following rules shall be observed:—

1. Householders to use not to exceed a total of 1½ pounds per week of wheat products per person. This means not more than 1¾ pounds of Victory bread containing the required percentage of substitutes and one-half pound of cooking flour, macaroni, crackers, pastry, pies, cakes, wheat breakfast cereals, all combined.

2. Public eating places and clubs to observe two wheatless days per week, Monday and Wednesday, as at present. In addition thereto, not to serve to any one guest at any one meal an aggregate of breadstuffs, macaroni, crackers, pastry, pies, cakes, wheat breakfast cereals, containing a total of more than 2 ounces of wheat flour. No wheat products to be served unless specially ordered. Public eating establishments not to buy more than 6 pounds of wheat products for each ninety meals served, thus conforming with the limitations requested of the householders.

3. Retailers to sell not more than one-eighth of a barrel of flour to any town customer at any one time and not more than one-quarter of a barrel to any country customer at any one time, and in no case to sell wheat products without the sale of an equal weight of other cereals.

4. We ask the bakers and grocers to reduce the volume of Victory bread sold, by delivery of the three-quarter pound loaf where one pound was sold before, and corresponding proportions in other weights. We also ask bakers not to increase the amount of their wheat flour purchases beyond 70 per cent of the average monthly amount purchased in the four months prior to March 1st.

5. Manufacturers using wheat products for non-food purposes should cease such use entirely.

6. There is no limit upon the use of other cereals, flours, and meals, corn, barley, buckwheat, potato flour, et cetera.

Many thousand families throughout the land are now using no wheat products whatever, except a very small amount for cooking purposes, and are doing so in perfect health and satisfaction. There is no reason why all of the American people who are able to cook in their own households cannot subsist perfectly well with the use of less wheat products than one and one-half pounds a week, and we especially ask the well-to-do households in the country to follow this additional programme in order that we may provide the necessary marginal supplies for those parts of the community less able to adapt themselves to so large a proportion of substitutes.

In order that we shall be able to make the wheat exports that are absolutely demanded of us to maintain the civil population and soldiers of the Allies and our own Army, we propose to supplement the voluntary co-operation of the public by a further limitation of distribution and we shall place at once restrictions on distribution which will be adjusted from time to time to secure as nearly equitable distribution as possible. With the arrival of harvest we should be able to relax such restrictions; until then we ask for the necessary patience, sacrifice and co-operation of the distributing trades.

Nation Must Eat More Potatoes

DURING the next five months potatoes *must* be used more freely, unless the nation becomes guilty of blamable waste. Unfortunately last year's large crop was of poor quality. Early frosts killed the vines and left only small, immature, watery tubers in large areas, and hard freezes before harvesting injured tens of thousands of bushels.

The Food Administration is using every effort to secure proper sorting and grading. The public will not buy freely such assortments as some growers are now bringing to market. Much of the stock is scabby, cut, insect-chewed, frost-sweetened and even rotting, with a considerable proportion of nut and marble sizes, trash and dirt.

The shipper will sort and grade where the farmer does not and will make the farmer pay for this work. It is consequently the part of wisdom to do this work at home. At home the small potatoes—those with small scab spots, with cuts or with other injured areas—can be used on the table.

Potatoes too small or too badly injured for human use are still valuable as hog feed, better if boiled; in the form of pork they will bring good money. But in the shipper's dump pile, they are a total loss.

Shippers have the support of Uncle Sam in adopting the two grades recommended by the Department of Agriculture and the Food Administration. At present the use of these grades is not compulsory but is urged to eliminate waste at its source and thus assist in improving transportation conditions. The Food Administration already prohibits licensed handlers from shipping, or selling for food purposes from points of production, potatoes which are not practically free from frost injury and decay and entirely free from specified injuries and diseases, dirt and foreign matter.

The Cost of a Dog

FLANDERS can't be much hotter for dogs than some of the farm papers are making the United States. Just lately we haven't seen the sheep raiser's respects paid to this well-known night raider any more trenchantly than *Farmer's Guide* has paid them in the following: "Someone estimates that it costs $34 per year to feed a dog. This includes all kinds of dogs from the common mongrel to the fancy lapdogs utilized by society women in lieu of babies. Some dogs are useful and earn the cost of their feed, but there are a good many of them that are a dead loss to their owners. Not only are they a loss, but there is a certain class that is an absolute detriment to the community. This is certainly a time to save feed by getting rid of the useless dog population. Fewer dogs and more sheep will help win the war."

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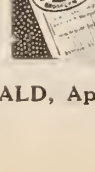

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Young People's Topics for April 21

How and What to Read

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topics. Phil. 4 : 8; I Tim. 4 : 13

BACON said, "Reading maketh a full man." It is possible, by judicious selection of books, for one whose education has been meager to make himself well informed and welcome in the company of well-educated people. It is also possible for a well-educated person to fill his mind with trash to such a degree that no one associating with him would know that he had once had the benefit of schooling.

The text quoted in Philippians is a most excellent one for any reading which we contemplate. If we read only what is true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report, virtuous and praiseworthy, there will be little in our reading to contaminate our minds; but many of the modern magazines and a large percentage of the modern books will be left by us unread. In deciding what to read, there can be no question that we should put the Bible first, for it is the foundation of our faith, as well as the greatest of books. Even the longest lifetime is too short in which to gain all of its treasures. When we go on to choose other books, we are safe with almost any standard author, providing we apply the text of the verse outlined above. A book is not necessarily untrue because it relates events that are pure fiction. Some fiction is truer than facts, and "Pilgrim's Progress," perhaps one of the greatest works of the imagination, is, next to the Bible, one of the best books for Christian reading. A book is not necessarily impure that treats of sin and its results. It is necessary for those who would be well informed and well armed to know both the good and the evil of modern life. It is entirely wrong and destructive to all good thinking to dwell upon what is impure; to revel in the details of sin. Books and magazine articles that do this must be avoided. In general, we can safely read books that are true to life, as it is, even those which may contain some things that jar our sensibilities. They may possibly need jarring, for only when we know enough of what is wrong to be earnestly angry about it and determined to end it, can we really be an efficient part of any army fighting for the right.

As to how to read, there are many ways. A commuter's time may be better spent over good books than over the average newspaper. The best time for reading is the quiet evening hour when the family is together; the day's work then is done, and one can be relaxed and at ease in mind and body. For Bible reading there is no time better than fifteen minutes just after we rise, although this book may be read profitably at any time and in any place. A mother or father can do both themselves and their children a service by spending an hour after the evening meal in reading aloud some good book, with all the family gathered about to listen. If the members of the family are old enough, it is good practice to take turns at reading aloud. In reading for instruction and personal development, it is not worth while to force oneself to read when the mind does not respond, and the thoughts of the printed page do not transfer themselves to our minds. When we begin to yawn and have to read sentences over to get the drift, it is time to cease reading. This is a good time to have a little music, or, if the hour be late, to seek that rest in sleep which is the restorative for tired minds and bodies. In all things let us read what we read in order that we may be more effective members of the Kingdom of God.

Seeing Ourselves as Outsiders See Us

Epworth League Topic. Rom. 12 : 3; Prov. 22 : 1; I Tim. 3 : 7

ONE cannot think of this topic without thinking Burns' lines:

O wad some power the giftie gi'e us
To see ourse'f's as ithers see us.

Even our mirrors do not tell us the truth, for they have to speak to our eyes; but photographs untouched by art are faithful reproductions of our appearance, and so the impressions that we have made upon the hearts of our friends and acquaintances are faithful reproductions of the thing we are. It is not always possible for us to know how we appear to outsiders; but if we are to be really effective in the service of the Lord, we must appear to outsiders as the sincere followers of Christ we mean to be. As a general rule, outsiders do not see us in meeting; they see us only in the life outside. If in meeting we pray for consecration, and outside our tongue is flippant regarding sacred things, how is an outsider to know that we seek the highest service? If in meeting we pray "Forgive us our trespasses," and outside we are busy trespassing upon the rights and feelings and memories of others, how are they to know that we prayed for forgiveness? It is not often given to us to see ourselves as others see us. We may be conscious that they do not like us, or that they do not trust us, but once in a while some one more truthful than tactful may paint for us a word picture of ourselves which, though we recognize it, leaves us aghast; or sometimes a crossed telephone wire may give us part of a conversation about ourselves that will burn our ears before we hang up the receiver. In general the world outside is too kind to say just what it thinks of us, or to let us see ourselves through its eyes. The only thing we can do, therefore, is to be so true, so consistent, so kind and just and considerate, that those outside who see us will not only see us, but will see through us the Master whom we serve.

Merry Moments

LOST IN THE DESSERT. Little Pearl had spent the night at the home of her married sister. The next morning she appeared undecided whether to return home or to accept her sister's invitation and remain to luncheon. Finally she slipped out into the kitchen, held a whispered colloquy with her sister's maid, then called up her mother's cook.

"What you goin' to have for dessert, Annie?" her sister heard her ask over the 'phone. "Stewed prunes!" echoed the child in disgust. "Well, that settles it. Birdie is goin' to have ice-cream. I stay here."

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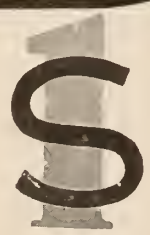

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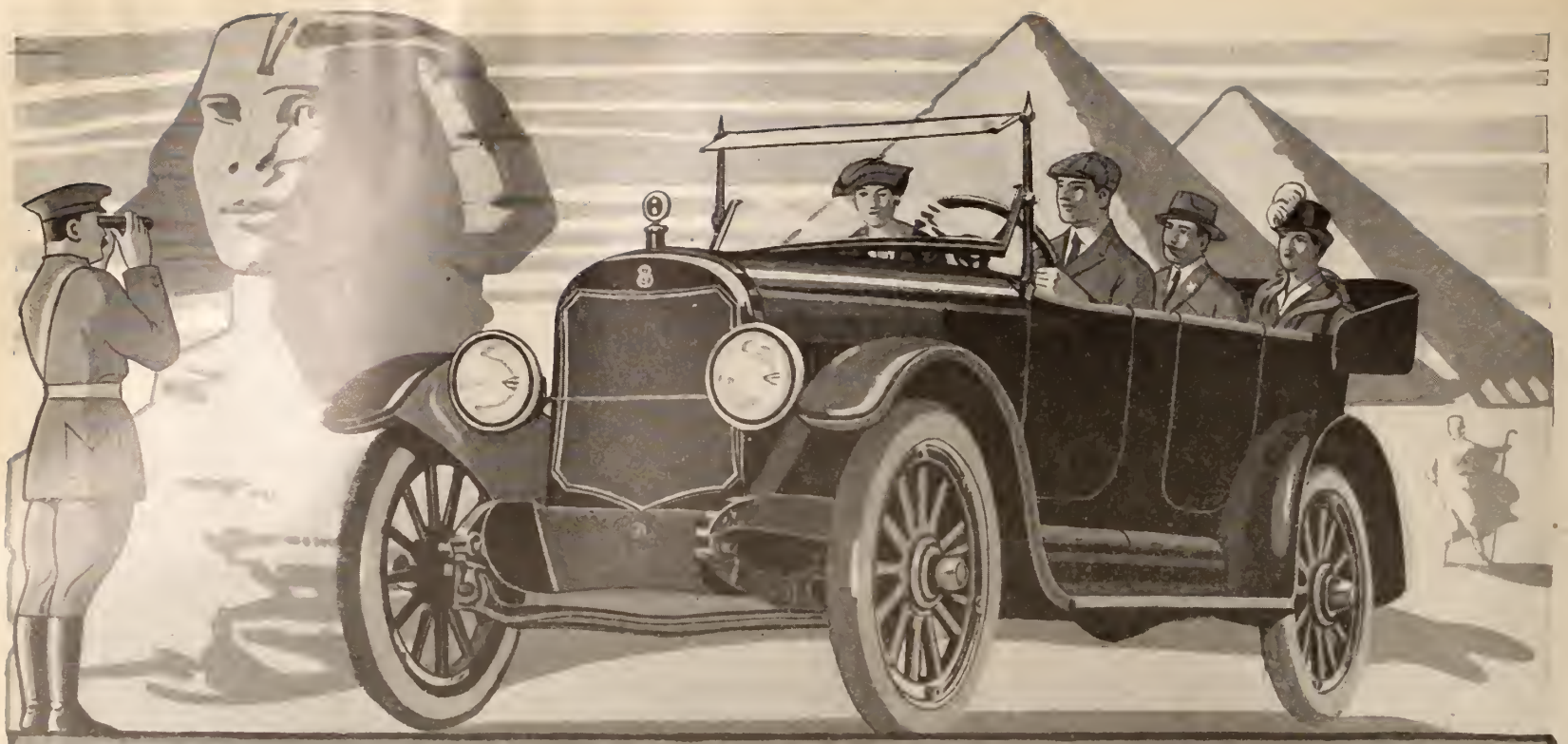

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The car shown above is the seven-passenger Touring model. FOURSOME—is the King 4-passenger sport model and the handsomest of its type. A 7-passenger Sedan, richly finished, is the popular closed model.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

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The Polish Legion, Poles who have volunteered to fight for France and freedom, setting out for the fighting front

THE GREAT BATTLE IN PICARDY

After a Few Days of Comparative Quiet Germany Attacks with 350,000 Men at Great Loss to Herself

APRIL opened with the German advance stopped, and with both sides digging in. In spite of the failure of recent attacks which Berlin camouflaged by calling them Allied repulses the German press asserted that the weather, not the Allies, had stopped the advance, it being necessary to repair roads for the bringing up of munitions and supplies. It was apparent that all of Germany expected the drive to go on, and was still confident that Amiens would be taken.

Gen. Foch, however, was quoted as saying that Amiens would not be taken and it was definitely announced that the great army of maneuver of the Allies under Gen. Foch's immediate command had not furnished any of the reinforcements which had been used to build the new Allied lines of resistance against further German efforts toward the sea. In England, in France and in America, possibly in Germany too, the military men and peoples were waiting expectantly for the counter-stroke of the Allies or a renewal of the drive.

The Story of the Fighting

THE very evident slackening in the German impetus on the 10th and 11th days of the battle in Picardy became a complete halt on the 12th day, when the Germans driving ahead in the region north of Montdidier succeeded in taking and retaking the village of Moreuil and woods north of it, only to lose both again and to be driven back all along the fronts which they were attacking. British troops retook the village of Hangard west of Demuin, while French troops regained the village of Grisyesnes. North of the Somme, the British repulsed German attacks on the outskirts of Albert, and attacking, gained ground in the neighborhood of Serre and Hebuterne. On the following day, April 2—the thirteenth day of fighting—the British made good their captures in the neighborhood of Hebuterne, and repelled a number of determined attacks east and southeast of Arras, not only repulsing these attacks but retaking Ayette village, 8 miles south of Arras. In all of this fighting the Allies captured prisoners and machine-guns. The Allied aviators reported the Germans massing troops between the Somme and Montdidier, movements which they made as difficult and expensive as possible by frequent bombing and machine-gun attacks. The efforts of the enemy to bring up his heavy artillery over the shattered waste which lay behind him were also impeded by Allied airmen who dropped bombs and directed the fire of long-range guns. There seemed to be no question, however, that the Germans would be forced, when the new concentrations were complete, to reopen the attempt upon Amiens, or admit themselves defeated. Meantime the Allies were making the necessary preparations to halt any further attacks on the ground of their impact. The British and French troops which had fought the ten-days' battle, back from the line of attack to the present lines, were replaced with new troops, American troops coming forward began work behind the lines, and taking over quiet sectors of the front relieving French veterans for the great battle.

It was announced from London, on April 1, that as a result of consultations in France and communications exchanged between London and Washington, the full force of the American army at present in Europe would be thrown into the struggle, American units being brigaded with British and French units. It was added that a double tide of new fighting men would soon begin to set in from America to Europe, one tide going through the present port of embarkation to the old American training zone, while the other would flow through some other port directly to the fighting front. Arrangements were made for the use of British transport vessels in American service, and it was reported that the boats at the disposal of the American Army would be increased through the use of some of the commandeered Dutch vessels. America is to have no small part in the defeat of Hindenburg's attempt to force a German imperialistic peace on the democracies of the world.

All through the first two days of April, the Allies, with the Germans hopelessly throwing away men against their unwavering fronts, were bringing up the heavy guns, the men, and all of the equipment necessary to insure the final defeat of the Germans, who were already far behind their schedule, Hindenburg having been reported to have promised himself an entry into Paris by April 1. During these same two days, both sides were digging in, establishing once more a system of trenches, the British to insure the defeat of any attempt of the Germans to advance further, the Germans to make as certain as they could their tenure of the captured ground—some thousand of square miles—which has cost them from 25 to 70 per cent. of forty of their choicest divisions, and a serious crippling of some thirty more. Forty German divisions have been so completely wrecked that they have been taken out of the battle.

The fighting on March 30 and 31 around Moreuil and Hangard was sanguinary in the extreme. The Germans were determined to go on, while the French and British were equally determined to prevent a further advance. Fighting came to close quarters and the final victory did not rest so much upon the banners of the Allies as upon their bayonets, the Germans being forced back by British, Canadian and French troops at the bayonet point. In one or two difficult wooded sections the bayonets of the infantry were assisted by the swords and lances of British and French cavalry, which did fearful execution among the enemy troops, helping mightily to parry the smashing blow, which the two crown princes of Bavaria and Prussia had struck desperately at the fast solidifying fronts before them. The Germans were driven back in confusion, and the 13th day of the great battle saw no attacks, while over most of the front of the great advance the action reduced itself once more to raids

and patrol encounters in which the Allies had a distinct advantage.

ON April 1 the Germans directed a heavy artillery fire, using more than 4000 shells, half of them gas shells, against the sector held by American troops in the neighborhood of Toul. American artillery replied effectively, but no infantry action followed. It was raining, and the American troops were moving in what the correspondent described as an indescribable mud. He pictured the roads as thick with great columns of American fighting men, artillery and transport, the artillerymen being especially proud of their French "75's," each gun having been given a pet name, and each gunner looking forward eagerly to the part he might be assigned in the great fight.

On April 2 it was announced in Washington that Secretary Baker had placed a ban on the making public here of any information concerning the forces in France. It was announced that only information coming through Gen. Pershing's headquarters would be made public, and that no more casualty lists would be issued until further notice. Secretary Baker was in Rome on April 2, having visited the Italian headquarters on April 1, and some of the Italian training camps, but being prevented by unfavorable weather from making a proposed tour of the fighting lines.

THE 14th day of fighting was marked by violent artillery duels in the section west and north of Montdidier, the German batteries showing a constantly increasing fire, and it was expected that another desperate effort was to be made to break through in this region. In the neighborhood of Fampaux, north of the River Searpe, the Germans sent forward a strong raiding force which was repulsed. The British further north, in the neighborhood of Loos, captured 31 prisoners and a machine-gun in a raid on German trenches. The British also made a successful raid near Poelcappelle in the Ypres sector. In the neighborhood of Lassigny, the French pushed forward for a slight distance north of the village of Plemont. The British air service brought down sixteen German planes and two balloons, at an expense of eleven of their own machines.

The most interesting development of the 14th day was a report of a speech made on the previous day by Count Czernin, Austro-Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs to the Vienna City Council. Count Czernin told the Councilmen that Austria and her allies had done everything possible to avoid a new offensive, but that the Entente would not have it. He joined the German Chancellor in acknowledging the availability of President Wilson's four points as a basis for a peace discussion. Then he said, "A short time before the beginning of the offensive in the west M. Clemenceau inquired of me whether and upon what basis I was prepared to negotiate. I immediately replied that, in agreement with Berlin, I was ready to negotiate, and that as regards France, I saw no other obstacle to peace with France than the desire for Alsace-Lorraine. The reply from Paris was that it was impossible to negotiate on that basis. There was then no choice left." He stated that whatever might happen Austria would not desert Germany's interests any more than Germany would desert Austria's, and that they were not fighting for imperialistic or annexationist ends, but for defense, for political existence, and for the future. Count Czernin's speech was looked upon in Allied capitals as the beginning of a new Teuton peace effort, and as an attempt to drive a wedge between France and her Allies by making it appear that the whole war was merely an attempt to restore her lost provinces to France.

Premier Clemenceau declared categorically that Count Czernin had falsified.

The starting of a peace drive at this time was generally looked upon as a practical acknowledgment that the great German offensive had failed. With the Brest-Litovsk peace and the Rumanian and Ukrainian pacts and their subsequent history in mind, the Entente countries and the United States can hardly be swerved from the great principles for which they fight by any attempt on the part of Teutonic statesmen to make capital out of Alsace-Lorraine. The free nations of the world have set themselves the task of smashing, once and for all, that militarism which attempts to make might the synonym of right. The nation that tried to browbeat the Serbians and its sister in crime, which outraged Belgium and northern France, which sunk the Lusitania, which executed Edith Cavell, which condoned the massacre of the Armenians, which committed outrages against defenseless women and children, and which has broken every law of nations which interfered with its present purposes—these two partners in crime against civilization—should not expect to have the same success with the enlightened nations of the west that they had with the ignorant masses of Russia.

The correspondent says these French cooks' exuberant joy was caused by the message, "The Yanks are coming"

A machine-gun pit on the Somme front, from which a few Britishers were able to pour a withering fire into the advancing Teutons

ON April 4, the fifteenth day of battle, the Germans, true to the forecast of the preceding day's bombardment, sent forward their storm troops against the Allied lines, west and northwest of Montdidier and west of Albert. Along the nine miles of front, of which Moreuil is the center, eleven German divisions, about 120,000 men were thrown against the Allies. At the end of the day Moreuil, which has frequently changed hands of late, the woods southwest of it and two small villages, Mailly-Raineval and Morisel nearby, remained in German hands but with the French dominating them from heights to the west. Grivesnes to the south, half way to Montdidier, marked the southern limit of the assault which extended northward ten miles to the Somme. Ten times the German masses charged against the Allied wall of fire and ten times they were repulsed. The gains made near Moreuil were unimportant. At Grivesnes the attack was not only repulsed but French counter-attacks carried the Allied line eastward somewhat from its position in the morning. North of Moreuil the line was held by British troops who stood fast except to the west of Hamel, near the Somme, where the line was pressed back a short distance to positions east of Villers-Brettonneux, eight miles from Amiens. Here they remained steadfast. North of the Somme the Germans attempted again to make progress westward from Albert. Although attacking desperately with large forces they were completely repulsed.

The French, on April 4, made successful raids in Champagne, near Rheims, and at Verdun, bringing back prisoners and machine-guns. German raids near Rheims, Verdun and in Lorraine were repulsed.

April 4 saw American forces holding another sector of the line, a sector in the Meuse Hills south of Verdun. They celebrated their entrance to this sector by repulsing a German raid, on an outpost position, which followed heavy artillery fire.

General Pershing has received from King Albert of Belgium the highest Belgian order, the Grand Cross of the Order of Leopold.

"THEY are completely stopped," said General Foch, when, after attacks with twenty-nine divisions, some 350,000 men, against a sixteen mile front—attacks which he pressed with all his force throughout the whole of the day and night of April 4—the enemy was unable to continue the effort. April 5, the sixteenth day of the battle, saw both the French and British retaking some of the terrain which was included in the enemy's comparatively insignificant gains of the day before.

In addition to the gains recorded earlier in this article the Germans took some ground southwest of Albert at Dernancourt and pressed on from the woods north of Moreuil to Castel. Before the fighting ended the battle had spread northward past Bucquoy and eastward to Noyon. In counter-attacks the British restored the former line at Dernancourt and improved their positions near Hebuterne taking prisoners and machine-guns. The French also gained ground near Mailly-Raineval and in the northern and western

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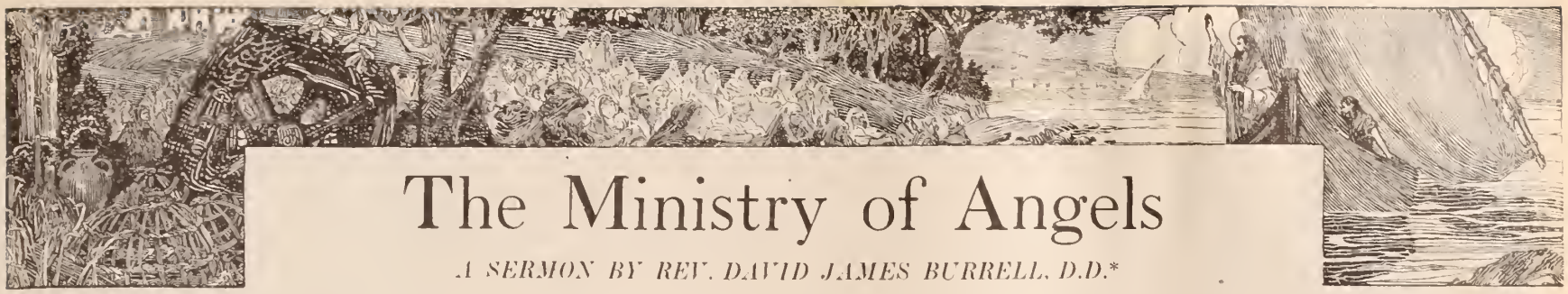


The Ministry of Angels

*A SERMON BY REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D.**

TEXT—Psalm 91 : 11. "He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

THE belief in guardian angels is so generally entertained as to furnish a clear presumption in its favor; but presumption is not proof, and popular opinion is not infrequently at odds with established facts. We want to know definitely, beyond all ifs and peradventures, whether our friends in heaven are really interested in our welfare or not: and this can only be discovered by learning what the Scriptures have to say about it. No spiritual truth is certified in any other way. We may fondly dream of life and immortality; but there can be no assurance without a Thus-saith-the-Lord behind it. To the Law and the Testimony, therefore. Let us open the Bible and search it.

To begin with, the Scriptures assure us of *the reality of the future life*. They are postulated on the truth of immortality so distinctly that they would be meaningless without it. They represent heaven as a place peopled by angels and spirits of just men made perfect. In the vision of Isaiah he saw the Lord sitting upon a throne high and lifted up; "and above it stood the seraphim." In the vision of John the Evangelist he saw "a great multitude which no man could number standing before the throne, clothed in white robes with palms in their hands, crying, "Blessing and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and power and might be unto our God forever and ever!" Intimations like these abound in the Book from beginning to end.

There is furthermore a clear announcement *as to the nature of these heavenly beings*. They are of different orders and gradations, even "as one star differeth from another star in glory." There are angels and archangels, seraphim and cherubim and saints triumphant; but they are all alike in their adjustment to the conditions of the spiritual life. Our Lord assures us that "in the resurrection we shall be like the angels." (Mark 12 : 25.)

All are free from the limitations of time and space. They are equipped with faculties and capacities that we can scarcely imagine, we who are "cabined, cribbed, confined" in this tabernacle of flesh. The Psalmist says that they "excel in strength."

IT is recorded that while Daniel was kneeling in prayer for the deliverance of his people, "even while he was yet speaking, the angel Gabriel flew swiftly and touched him at the time of the evening oblation, saying, 'I am come to show thee that the streets of Jerusalem shall be built again and its walls even in troublous times.'" Now consider what that means. If the sun is ninety-five millions of miles from the earth, as they say, then the latest of our aeroplanes flying at the rate of four miles a minute would require sixty years to reach it: yet Gabriel came from heaven to earth as it were in the twinkling of an eye! It is for reasons like this that God's messengers are likened to "winds and flames of fire." They know no weakness or weariness. Being without sin they are likewise free, from all the ills that human flesh is heir to. And this is the glory that by God's grace shall yet be revealed in us!

Still further we are advised *as to their occupations*. They "rest not day nor night" from doing the divine will. Their particular business is ministry: as it is written "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister unto them who are heirs of salvation?" This brings the truth very near to us.

Why should not our loved ones in heaven be interested in our behalf? All over our country there are wives and mothers knitting for loved ones "somewhere in France." The censor forbids their knowing precisely where they are, just as the divine censorship is drawn through all mere unprofitable curiosity as to our translated friends: but the knitting goes on nevertheless, and morning and evening prayers are said for those who are "somewhere" on the firing line. Is it to be supposed that our friends in heaven are less deeply concerned for us?

But this is not enough. We want more specific and authoritative information; and fortunately it is provided in the Word of God. If we open the Old Testament at the account of the Creation we shall hear "the morning stars singing together and all the sons of God shouting for joy." And as we turn the pages we shall find them singing and shouting for joy all along the way. An angel leads the children of Israel on their journey through the wilderness, and in battle angels and ministers of grace defend them. An angel visits Abraham as he sits in the doorway of his tent in Mamre. Another speaks to Gideon as he is flailing behind the wine-press. When Jacob in his despondency lies down at Bethel with his head pillowed upon a stone he sees a ladder of light on which angels are ascending with his prayers and coming down with blessings upon him. Daniel is befriended by angels in the den of lions. They minister to Elijah at the brook and hover above him in the beleaguered city of Dothan so that behold, "the mountains are full of God's chariots and horses." They appear to Moses at the burning bush and thenceforth never forsake him. They come to Hagar and her famishing child, sinking with weariness in the desert, and open her ears to hear the ripple of a brook; whereupon she calls the place *Beer-lahai-roi* that is, "Thou God seest me." Time would fail to tell of the ancient worthies who in like manner received messages from the throne of God.

Now open the New Testament; and you shall straightway hear a rustling of wings. An angel brings the Annunciation to the virgin mother. Old Zacharias waiting in the Temple and hoping against hope is assured—by the same Gabriel who had brought a like message to Daniel five hundred years before—that the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings. Out on the plains of Judea the shepherds awake to hear a multitude of the heavenly host singing, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will towards men."

AS Christ sets out upon his ministry the angels go along with him. At the close of his temptation in the wilderness they minister to him. In the Mount of Transfiguration he receives two heavenly visitors who, though they had died five hundred years apart, are acquainted with each other and show their familiarity with mundane affairs by conversing with Jesus as to "the decease which he was about to accomplish at Jerusalem." There were angels hovering over his Cross; else why had he just previously said to Peter, "Put up thy sword into its sheath. Thinkest thou not that I could pray to my Father and he would give me more than twelve legions to defend me?" Angels rolled away the stone from his sepulchre and announced his resurrection. A convoy of angels attended him when through the open heavens he returned to "the glory which he had with the Father before the world was." Had the ears of the disciples been opened they might have heard them crying, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and let the King of Glory enter in!" As it was they were addressed by two men in shining apparel, saying, "Why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go"; that is, in the clouds of heaven and all the holy angels with him.

Nor did these celestial visits cease with the ascension of Christ. The apostles in their subsequent work were heartened in the same way. When Peter was in prison an angel came to him saying, "Rise up quickly"; and straightway his chains fell off. When Philip the Evangelist was preaching in Samaria an angel bade him "Arise, go down to Gaza along the desert road." And again the time would fail me to tell of Paul and Cornelius and others who were thus guided and safeguarded along the journey of life.

The question, however, is not one of ancient history but *Are these ministries for us?* Why not? It is true indeed that, inasmuch as we have the Scriptures, there is no such need of angel communications as in the olden time. He who formerly "spake at sundry times and in divers manners, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son"; and "If the Word spoken by angels was steadfast how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation, which was spoken by the Lord and confirmed unto us by them that heard him?" But though we are no longer under the necessity of communicating with God through intermediate beings, this does not affect the importance of their ministerial office.

They are as deeply concerned in our welfare as ever. Otherwise why are we informed that "there is joy among the angels in heaven over every sinner that returneth from the error of his way"? Or why are we warned against the putting of stumbling-blocks in the way of children, since "their angels do always behold the face of their Father in heaven"? The familiar picture of a "Little Pilgrim" walking all unconscious of danger along the edge of a precipice while a guardian angel follows with hands laid upon his shoulders, was not drawn with a pencil dipped in imagination. Blessed be God for the assurance that he is thus solicitous for the welfare of the least of his little ones!

Nor are the "heirs of salvation" forgotten in the article of death. It is written of Lazarus that he was "carried by angels to Abraham's bosom," that is, to the innermost place of heaven. What means the light that shone upon the face of Stephen when he "fell on sleep" amid a shower of stones? He saw heaven opened and the Son of Man standing to welcome him; and those who witnessed against him testified that his face shone like the face of an angel. Not once, but again and again have I seen that light on the faces of God's people as they passed on—the light of heavenly vision and the recognition of loved ones. A soldier dying in a field hospital asked his nurse for a drink, saying, "Bring me two cups, one for me and one for him." Not understanding, she said, "There's no one here." His strange answer was, "Cannot you see him?"

It is scarcely necessary to repeat that this doctrine of the guardianship of angels must be received with salutary caution. For that matter, all spiritual truths must be safeguarded by careful and prayerful reference to the divine Word. Our text itself was wrested by Satan out of its plain significance in the forlorn hope of leading Christ into sinful presumption. "If thou be the very Son of God," he said, "cast thyself down from this pinnacle of the Temple and prove it; for is it not written 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee and they shall bear thee up in their hands lest thou dash thy foot against a stone'?" No one knows better how to distort Scripture to base uses than this prince of the power of the air.

The same truth is perverted by false teachers to bring us into wrong relations with saints and angels. In Paul's letter to the Christians of Colosse he says, "Let no man beguile you into a voluntary humility and *worshiping of angels*." The office of these celestial beings is not intercessory but ministerial. We have one Mediator, even Jesus Christ the righteous. At the close of John's apocalyptic visions, when he would have fallen down to worship before the feet of the angel who had revealed them, he was thus admonished: "See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow servant. Worship God!"

We have need also to guard against what are called "lying spirits"; and never more than now. In our natural but unwarrantable desire to communicate with friends in heaven we are asked to believe that these celestial beings are not above the tipping of tables and ringing of bells in closed cabinets and writing bad grammar on secret slates. This is abhorrent not only to sound piety but to common sense.

If anything were to be gained by our holding communication with heavenly beings we should doubtless be permitted to do so; but with the wealth of Scripture and the privilege of prayer at our command, there would be nothing but the profitless gratification of curiosity to show for it. Wherefore it is not strange that the way is closed against it.

This however does not affect in the slightest degree the assurance of their continued ministry. So far forth, the Scriptures are perfectly clear; and we are always safe when we steer by the chart. We are never safe in taking away aught of that which is written or in adding one jot or tittle to it.

But what profit is there in clarifying this Scriptural truth? Much every way. For one thing it gives us to understand that we are living in a large world—a world that laps over on another that reaches infinitely beyond it.

FOR another thing it assures us that we are living in a good world with a good God over it. He is round about us with his Providence. He has sent his only-begotten Son into the world for our salvation. And, in addition to all this, he has provided for our care by the present ministry of friends who have passed on before us.

And finally we are thus informed of the probationary character of our present life. "I paint for eternity," said Zeuxis, when asked to account for his attention to details. In like manner Paul writes, "*Seeing that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses*, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us and run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith." He was thinking of the Olympian games. The athletes are standing at the crimson line. The galleries are full of spectators on every side, waiting to see the contestants run their race. We are not alone in our eagerness to "run that we may obtain." All heaven is thronged with celestial beings looking down upon us. "Wherefore, forgetting the things which are behind and reaching forth unto those which are before, let us press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

*Pastor, Marble Collegiate Church (Reformed), New York City.

President Wilson Replies to Germany

"Force, Force to the Utmost" Is the Key and Climax of His Liberty Loan Address

THE President, at Baltimore on April 6, the anniversary of America's entrance into the war and the opening of the Third Liberty Loan drive, brought his audience to their feet in enthusiastic acclamation by declaring for force to the utmost.

The text of the address was, in part, as follows:

"FELLOW citizens: This is the anniversary of our acceptance of Germany's challenge to fight for our right to live and be free, and for the sacred rights of freedom everywhere. The Nation is awake. There is no need to call to it. We know what the war must cost, our utmost sacrifice, the lives of our fittest men, and, if need be, all that we possess.

"The loan we are met to discuss is one of the least parts of what we are called upon to give and to do, though in itself imperative. The people of the whole country are alive to the necessity of it, and are ready to lend to the utmost even where it involves a sharp skimping and daily sacrifice to lend out of meager earnings. They will look with reprobation and contempt upon those who can and will not, upon those who demand a higher rate of interest, upon those who think of it as a mere commercial transaction. I have not come therefore, to urge the loan. I have come only to give you, if I can, a more vivid conception of what it is for.

"The reasons for this great war, the reason why it had to come, the need to fight it through, and the issues that hang upon its outcome, are more clearly disclosed now than ever before. It is easy to see just what this particular loan means, because the cause we are fighting for stands more sharply revealed than at any previous crisis of the momentous struggle. The man who knows least can now see plainly how the cause of justice stands and what is the imperishable thing he is asked to invest in. Men in America may be more sure than they ever were before that the cause is their own and that, if it should be lost, their own great Nation's place and mission in the world would be lost with it.

"I CALL you to witness, my fellow countrymen, that at no stage of this terrible business have I judged the purpose of Germany intemperately. . . We must judge as we would be judged. I have sought to learn the objects Germany has in this war from the mouths of her own spokesmen, and to deal as frankly with them as I wished them to deal with me. I have laid bare our own ideals, our own purposes, without reserve or doubtful phrase, and have asked them to say as plainly what it is that they seek.

"We have ourselves proposed no injustice, no aggression. We are ready, whenever the final reckoning is made, to be just to the German people, deal fairly with the German power, as with all others. . . . For we ask nothing that we are not willing to accord.

"It has been with this thought that I have sought to learn from those who spoke for Germany whether it was justice or dominion. . . that the German leaders were seeking. They have answered, answered in unmistakable terms. They have avowed that it was not justice but dominion and the unhindered execution of their own will.

THE avowal has not come from Germany's statesmen. It has come come from her military leaders, who are her real rulers. Her statesmen have said that they wished peace, and were ready to discuss its terms whenever their opponents were willing to sit down at the conference table with them. Her present Chancellor has said—in indefinite and uncertain terms, indeed, and in phrases that often seem to deny their own meaning, but with as much plainness as he thought prudent—that he believed that peace should be based on the principles which we had declared would be our own in the final settlement. At Brest-Litovsk her civilian delegates spoke in similar terms; professed their desire to conclude a fair peace and accord to the peoples with whose fortunes they were dealing the right to choose their own allegiance.

"But action accompanied and followed the profession. Their military masters, the men who act for Germany and exhibit her purpose in execution, proclaimed a very different conclusion. We cannot mistake what they have done—in Russia, in Finland, in the Ukraine, in Roumania. The real test of their justice and fair play has come. From this we may judge the rest. They are enjoying in Russia a cheap triumph in which no brave or gallant nation can long take pride. . . Their fair professions are forgotten. They nowhere set up justice, but everywhere impose their power and exploit everything for their own use and aggrandizement, and the peoples of conquered provinces are invited to be free under their dominion!

"Are we not justified in believing that they would do the same thing at their western front if they were not there face to face with armies whom even their countless divisions cannot overcome? If when they have felt their check to be final, they should propose favorable and equitable terms with regard to Belgium and France and Italy, could they blame us if we concluded that they did so only to assure themselves of a free hand in Russia and the East?

"Their purpose is undoubtedly to make all the Slavic peoples, all the free and ambitious nations of the Baltic Peninsula, all the lands that Turkey has dominated and misruled, subject to their will and ambition and build upon that dominion an empire of force upon which they fancy that they can then erect an empire of gain and commercial supremacy—an empire as hostile to the Americas as to the Europe which it will overawe—an empire which will ultimately master Persia, India and the peoples of the Far East. . .

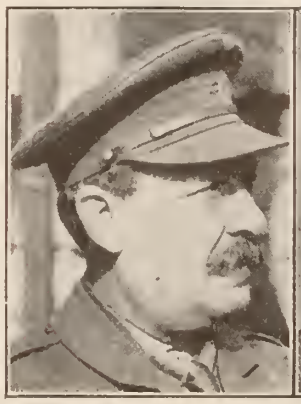
"THAT programme once carried out, America and all who care or dare to stand with her must arm and prepare themselves to contest the mastery of the world, a mastery in which the rights of common men, the rights of women and of all who are weak must for the time being be trodden under foot and disregarded, and the old, age-long struggle for freedom and right begin again at its beginning. Everything that America has lived for and loved and grown great to vindicate and bring to a glorious realization will have fallen in utter ruin and the gates of mercy once more pitilessly shut upon mankind!

"The thing is preposterous and impossible. And yet is not that what the whole course and action of the German armies has meant wherever they have moved. . .

"What, then, are we to do? For myself, I am ready, ready still, ready even now, to discuss a fair, and just, and honest peace at any time that it is sincerely purposed—a peace in which the strong and the weak shall fare alike. But the answer, when I proposed such a peace, came from the German commanders in Russia, and I cannot mistake the meaning of the answer.

"I ACCEPT the challenge. I know that you accept it. All the world shall know that you accept it. It shall appear in the utter sacrifice and self-forgetfulness with which we shall give all that we love and all that we have to redeem the world, and make it fit for free men like ourselves to live in. This now is the meaning of all that we do. Let everything that we say, my fellow countrymen, everything that we henceforth plan and accomplish, ring true to this response till the majesty and might of our concerted power shall fill the thought and utterly defeat the force of those who flaunt and misprize what we honor and hold dear.

"Germany has once more said that force, and force alone, shall decide whether justice and peace shall reign in the affairs of men, whether right as America conceives it or dominion as she conceives it shall determine the destinies of mankind. **There is, therefore, but one response possible from us: Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust.**"



Evangelist Gipsy Smith, for three years in Y. M. C. A. work at the front, now in America for a round of the camps

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Dr. George Adam Smith, president of Aberdeen University, noted Bible scholar, in America on a special mission

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Congressman Irvine L. Lenroot, on April 2 elected to the Senate to represent loyal Wisconsin

A Week in the World's News

PRESIDENT SIGNS BOND BILL. President Wilson, on April 4, signed the bill recently passed by Congress authorizing the selling of Third Liberty Loan Bonds at 4¼ per cent. On the same day the Treasury announced that the Loan Campaign would continue until May 4, and that partial payments for bonds might be made—5 per cent. on subscription, 20 per cent on May 28 35 per cent. July 18, and 40 per cent. August 15. The amount of the bond sale is to be $3,000,000,000. and over subscriptions and the bonds are to be due in ten years and to be exempt from taxes on the same basis as the second issue. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing set its presses to work immediately on the signing of the bill, the first bond printed being a $50 "baby bond." Forty thousand bonds were printed the first day, 100,000 in the next two days, and thereafter the presses turned them out at the rate of 500,000 a day. Never in the history of the country has there been such a complete organization for any purpose as has been created for the selling of this third issue of bonds, which are to furnish the sinews of victory. Committees have been organized by states, counties, cities, and even in the smaller towns, and every bank is a Liberty Loan center. Every house in the Union is to be visited or is to receive through the mails Liberty Loan material. The Boy Scouts of America, nearly 300,000 strong, will cooperate with local committees in the house-to-house work, their campaign to be conducted between April 20 and 30. The Scout in uniform is Uncle Sam's official messenger. The Scouts who make creditable records will receive appropriate recognition.

The German drive has given impetus to the Liberty Loan, for it has brought American troops into the active fighting and America now realizes that it is really at war and that serious days are ahead which will require not only loyalty of lip but a patriotism that will penetrate the pocket and bring the last dollar into the service to which our boys are giving their lives. In New York City the beginning of the Liberty Loan drive was initiated by a flight of seven airplanes from the aviation field at Mineola, which bombarded the city with Liberty Loan literature, while small boys went from house to house ringing the door-bells, with no interference from the cops, presenting to those who answered pasteboard duplicates in miniature of the Liberty Bell of '76, bearing the inscription "Ring it again." If the ring was not answered the pasteboard bell was hung on the door-knob.

The metropolis, notwithstanding the fact that the opening day was a half holiday, perhaps because it was, subscribed for nearly $100,000,000 worth of bonds on the opening day. Although New York's quota is only $900,000,000, the city plans to subscribe half of the total offering, or $1,500,000,000. Some 200 communities, by reporting their quotas subscribed in full, qualified on the first day for the right to fly the Liberty Loan flag.

General Pershing, commander of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, sent to the Third Liberty Loan Committees this appeal:

"Every dollar invested in the Liberty Loan is a dollar invested in American manhood.

"Every dollar subscribed as a result of self-denial means partnership in the hardships and risks of our men in the trenches.

"Every dollar subscribed will confirm the determination of our people at home to stand by its army to a victorious end.

"An overwhelming subscription to the Third Liberty Loan will be a patriotic expression of confidence in our ability as a nation to maintain all that we hold dear in civilization."

SHIP LOSSES DROP. Losses of British merchantmen through mines and submarines in the week ending April 3, were less than half those of the preceding week; six merchantmen of 1,600 tons

Continued on page 496

Fighting Frost and the Foe

THE North Sea in Winter tests our sailor lad. Icy spray that cuts, and near-frozen waves that coat every exposed surface with a slippery crust, are added to the number of his enemies. But he defeats them all. Next week's Rotogravure spread shows four photos, published first in the Christian Herald, which bring the dangers of the sea and the triumph of victory home to us all.

The Great Missionary Enterprises of the modern church are movements of a century. Methodism's centennial is soon to be. The full story will be yours next week.

It is some months since we told you that Miss Sangster and Robert Riggs had reconstructed Fairyland. The first glimpse comes next week.

Frank Carpenter has seen the chips flying and has heard the riveters at work. Next week he tells how ships are building and how fast in busy yards from Maine to Texas and from Seattle to Los Angeles.

The Man and the Men of the Hour

General Ferdinand Foch, Master of Armies, under whom the Allied forces are united in one mighty host to crush the foes of Democracy and human rights.

At the right. The glistening deck of the "Faith," the world's largest concrete ship, 320 feet long, displacement 7,900 tons © Underwood & Underwood

The Germans can mass troops. So can Uncle Sam. Here is the 328th Infantry, N. A., passing in review at Camp Gordon, Ga.

© Committee on Public Information
American Artillerymen bound for the front and action

British machine gun squad, intrenched in a shell crater, taking its toll of Germans

The wedding of an orphan. The bride with Miss Hartwell beside her and the guests in front of Miss Hartwell's home

Her Battle Won Through Prayer

The Remarkable Story of the Founding of a Great Industrial Orphanage Work in China. An Opportunity for Every Reader to Adopt an Orphan

By EMILY S. HARTWELL, Foochow

FEW records of consecrated missionary enterprise are so wonderful as the following story, from Miss Hartwell's own pen. One might almost feel justified in saying that she has written it with her soul, so full is it of the evidence of faith in God and dependence upon his will and guidance. She pleads in behalf of a great work, already wonderfully successful, and in which the Christian fathers and mothers of America should be glad to have a share. The cost of orphan support under the adoption plan is $25 a year.

FOR ten years I prayed God to open the way for starting an orphanage at Foochow. During all those years, he made it clear to me that I must wait until the Chinese themselves took up the matter, and I also received the impression that, when they did, the Chinese superintendent of the Orphanage should have a wife who was a foundling. With all the need and all my yearning, the hand of God was laid upon me simply to wait and pray. One day I heard that one of the students in Foochow College—where I was teaching all those years—had gone to Borneo. I immediately had the strongest possible feeling of rebellion against his leaving. I felt that he must return and graduate, and that God would some day bring him back. His contract was finished and there was no reason for my feeling. It was all wrong, I felt; but there it was, and my heart never once thought of him without that same determination; he *must* come back!

YEARS rolled by, and one day a spruce young man in foreign dress and without queue—a most unusual thing those days—came into the parlor with outstretched hand, asking if I knew him. How changed he was! and still I guessed right and immediately said: "Here you are, and you are to stay and graduate, and I shall not take no for an answer, because I have felt you must do so from the day you left." "All right," he replied; "I am willing."

He had been interpreter for a court in Borneo and had married a foundling, who had been living in an English missionary's home ever since she was three years of age. She was a trained girl and so could do much to help her husband. I asked him to be my accountant and teacher in Chinese, and the two moved into my home; I provided a better place outside for them later, until he graduated. He said he had always wished to work for the orphans; so, with him in view as the superintendent—which agreed with what the Lord had shown me was to come—I was able to secure funds for his support, and when he graduated, he received his first month's instalment and went to visit his father's home at Kutien before he began work. On his way home he contracted malignant erysipelas and died ten days after graduation—a great shock to my hopes and a bitter loss to the work. I felt I must go to Kutien and mourn with his family. The grief in my heart was great and the test to my faith was hard to accept; still, I knew God must have some one to fill his place and so fulfil His promise to me.

Superintendent Yeh with a batch of new boys just received into the Fukien Homes

Friends went with me on the way up, and, on hearing of my loss, told me that the only Chinese they had known who had always said he wanted to work for orphans was a young man in Shanghai. I did not know him, but, strange to say his wife was also a foundling, taken when a baby, so that the foreign friends who trained her did not know the slightest thing about her ancestry. Rev. G. H. Hubbard was then going to Nanking to the National Christian Endeavor Convention, and I asked him to call and see Mr. Li and ask if he would undertake orphanage work.

AT that time none of us knew of the Chinkiang Orphanage Committee or the Christian Herald funds. Mr. Li indicated his willingness, but it was felt that he was too valuable in the college, where he was acting as part teacher and part pupil, to be spared. Later, after a visit from myself to the family, Mr. Li agreed to be our superintendent, and as there was some delay in securing Christian Herald aid (as our orphanage was interdenominational and unconnected with any mission) he went to Japan to study the Ishii Orphanage at Okayama the better to fit him for his work when it would open. Bishop Lewis became sponsor for the Chinese pastors and volunteer missionaries of the Board of Managers; funds for 200 orphans were secured from the Christian Herald, and the work was started which now has the larger amount of the necessary funds for the younger children guaranteed by the Fukien provincial government, so that the orphanage is a permanent institution, with the larger part of its gifts assured, as Governor Li said, not for seven years but for all time.

Strange to say, yet proving how God leads in each step of the way, the condition of receiving aid from the Christian Herald fund was that the money should go *only for orphans*, and nothing could be furnished toward a superintendent. In all other instances, the superintendence was furnished by some foreign missionary whose salary came from the Board supporting the missionary, but the Fukien Homes was to be under Chinese superintendence from the first, so God has raised up a friend to give me support for the Chinese superintendent, and he was provided even before funds for children were secured.

Again, to show how precisely God keeps control if we trust in him, when

the revolution broke out that deposed the Manchu dynasty and ushered in the Republic of China, Mr. Li felt his first duty was to the new republic, and accepted an office in the Foreign Board. Our consul told us that we could not employ an official of the Chinese government lest complications might arise. At this same juncture, but entirely unconnected with these happenings in China, the donor of Mr. Li's salary found it impossible to continue her gifts. The falling off of the funds coinciding with the failing of his purpose, a change was inevitable.

At this juncture, the Pacific Coast Chamber of Commerce party visited China. Consul Gracey invited me to be among those to help receive the party, having been asked by the viceroy and Tartar general to invite a few foreigners to do so. From the first, it was made clear to me that we must in some way bring the Christian Herald Orphanage to their attention. Consul Gracey said there would be no opportunity, as the program was full and no time was given for seeing anything but government institutions, so that the missions must be entirely left out. Nevertheless I prepared. I decided to meet them at the Anchorage and come up in the boat with them and then show pictures. Superintendent Li arranged to have the Orphanage boys line up on the wharf and escort the party to the Foreign Board, where they dined.

The boys became enthusiastic. They made flags—two for each boy, one with the words "Christian Herald Orphanage," the other with a big "Welcome" on it—and they lined up on the wharf at ten o'clock in the morning, the time set for the arrival of the party. But the ship did not arrive. There had been failure to rush the stokers some days back, and the steamer came into port hours late. The tide was low when they took boats for Foochow, and although we left the Anchorage at five, we were stuck on mud banks again and again, until it was nearly ten at night instead of in the morning when we reached the jetty. All day long those boys had waited, not even daring to go away for dinner lest they miss the party. Shopkeepers had taken pity on them and given them cakes from time to time, but they never left the spot. They weren't going to lose their chance to wave those flags and greet that party for half a dozen dinners!

IT was night and the flaming torches lighted up the white coast and the waving "Welcome," and "Christian Herald Orphanage," blazed out as it were from a hundred banners, as the party filed, one by one, in sedans up the street. As one of the party remarked afterwards, if they forgot everything else of their trip, they could never forgot the Christian Herald Orphange and those boys and their banners. The elaborate dinner lasted till midnight, but the boys had not yet greeted their own viceroy and Tartar general; so they stayed on, and when the party and the great Chinese officials left in the still hours, the little orphans were still there, waving their banners and speaking their welcome, which was written in both English and Chinese.

The next day the girls of the Orphanage sent bouquets to each of the ladies of the party with their words of welcome, to which Mrs. Moulton of Riverside, California, the secretary of the ladies of the Chamber of Commeree Party, sent in reply a message of appreciation and thanks. The party were due to leave next day and the carefully arranged schedule of official entertainment was all left out, but the orphans were not. Being about all that was left, they shone like a bright star in a night when most of the stars overhead are invisible. Another thing, the long trip from the steamer gave me time to explain fully the photos and maps I had prepared. God heard my prayer to send just the right ones to my boat. I waited to help all on the boats first, so those left to come on my boat happened to be the chairman and secretary of the ladies and others of the party. These were the most important ladies of the whole company, and they became so interested in the Orphanage that, since then, they have furnished most of the funds for the new superintendent who followed Mr. Li.

BUT let us go back to the time before the Orphanage, when God provided for my former family of twenty orphan children. There is one street in Foochow City, every stone of whose irregular pavement could tell a tale of some prayer of mine, for I never took my sedan down that pavement without being impelled to offer a prayer for that special street. Strange I have never been called to prayer for another street but this; and as I rode along, I often asked if I should not enter some house and speak to some person, but I never had any such permission; only I must fulfil the service of constant prayer for that street.

Years rolled by and still I felt I must pray. Finally I understood why. Having been granted funds with which to open day classes for women, I asked for guidance where to open the work. Each direction where my judgment led seemed blocked. Then, one Sunday, a strange Chinese lady came to church and greeted me, saying, "I have decided to become a Christian and want my whole family to be so. I hear you wish to open a class for women. Will you come to my house and hold it!" She lived on my "prayer

Boys of the home at work in Klopsch Hall

street" and had been led to Christ by the homecoming of her son, a Chinese physician on a gunboat which had been stationed at Port Arthur, where he heard the truth through some Lutheran missionaries. I then understood why my service had been simply one of prayer. The teaching was to be done at Port Arthur until this time. The money and the opportunity had come together. I could not tell how many women would wish to attend in that district, so I replied, "Certainly I will, if that is God's opening, but you must find out how many women will come to study." The next Sunday she returned with the names of fifty, the largest class we have ever had, and many things have grown out of this beginning fostered in prayer.

AMONG that group of women in the Station Class was one who seemed well-to-do. She had fine prospects, but during the year her husband suddenly died of cholera, and she was left with six young children, one a baby boy. One Sunday I went down to find her swollen-eyed, looking as if she would never stop weeping. After the Christian Endeavor meeting I asked what was the trouble, and learned the "go-between" was at her home, waiting to close the bargain to sell her baby for her, and the women had persuaded her to wait until I came to see if some way would open to avert this. How could I bear to be the means of bringing a woman to Christ and stand by and see her children sold, one by one, into heathenism? I then said I would ask God to help care for them and to assume the support of the family. God then sent me money for two, through a letter from a lady in America whom I had no recollection of meeting, but who knew about me and wrote me saying that she had two children, and wished to have each of them have a namesake in China, so she wrote to ask me if I would find two children, a Rachel and a Norman, for her. The children were waiting and needed no finding, so God provided.

When I went to America on furlough, I had a waiting list of children, and was praying God to lead me to friends to adopt them. I was worn out and went to Castile Sanitarium to Dr. Greene, who told me that I must not open my mouth to talk missions for a month. I dared not ask for permission, when one after another asked me to speak. There was a lady there from Nashville, Tenn.,—Mrs. Byrd Douglas, who was soon to return home—and each day when I passed her on the verandah, she would catch hold of my arm affectionately and say, "Oh, Miss Hartwell, you will talk some Sunday night before I leave, won't you?" Finally I said, "I want to, but you know the doctor won't agree; but if you ask perhaps she will allow it to please you before you leave." So she asked and the doctor consented.

When I went to the sanitarium I had been led to pray about the table at which I was to sit. That table, or rather its occupants, gave me support for my family of children. This was the way of it. That night, I talked to a lady, the widow of a former governor of Vermont, Mrs. Farnham, who was moved to give a five-dollar bill which was found in her husband's pocket when he died. It was a very precious five-dollar bill and she wanted to make it grow, so she went around and asked others to give, and she secured pledges for five children for my family. That was consecrated money, and it turned into consecrated children. Mrs. Douglas' boy became the valedictorian of his class in English in Foochow College and then entered the ministry, choosing a place no one else wanted. Last November he was called home, but he left his little son with the wish that he should fill his place when he is grown to be a man. Another of the boys is now the general superintendent of the Sunday school work for his mission, and his sister is entering upon special evangelistic work, in connection with the girls' college from which she has graduated. One is now teaching in one of our girls' day schools. Her brother is a working man, earning an honest living.

WHEN the Revolution came and the Manchus were driven out, Miss Wiley and I were raising funds to feed a list of 1,100 needy ones. The son of Mrs. Farnham helped organize the Beacon Hill Farm Association and Mrs. Byrd Douglas was chairman of a committee that raised funds for the Cordelia A. Greene Memorial Girls' Industrial School, in which not only the Manchu girls of the Beacon Hill Farm Association live, but some of the girls of the Christian Herald Homes also.

And now I am praying over the children's pictures for the Christian Herald—just what children's pictures shall go in, and just when they shall be printed, and just who shall be led to see them and to adopt the children who need foster-parents.

Somewhere there is a father, or mother, or brother, or sister who wants to adopt one of these boys or girls. It is all in the great Father's heart of love and when his time comes, it cannot fail; but we must pray to know his time. Mary Lyon taught her girls that she feared only one thing, which was that she would fail to know or do her duty. God has led me to many a closed door and bid me wait; but when His time came, the door always opened.

I have thought it would interest you to see the new home of us women missionaries of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, Chicago, which I have had the task of buying during the past few years. It was built originally by the abbot of Kushan Monastary (the third most famous monastary in China and located on the Kushan Mountain,

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List of Children at the Christian Herald Industrial Homes, Fukien, China, for Whom Supporting Patrons Are Needed

No.	Name	Sex	No.	Name	Sex
1	Dang Iok-hang	Boy	37	Uong Nai-da	Boy
2	Pang Ging-guang	"	38	Dang Leng-ting	Girl
3	Sieu Bo-lung	"	39	Uong Ming-gang	Boy
4	Sieu Bo-ciong	"	40	Ngu Cu-ing	"
5	Sieu Bo-tai	"	41	Ding Kaik-goi	"
6	Ding Ing-ang	"	42	Song Iu-sik	"
7	Ling Bo-gang	"	43	Ding Huo-de	"
8	Ding Kie-chiong	"	44	Li Ci-huang	"
9	Iong Go-hung	"	45	U Cing-hua	"
10	Ding Si-ging	"	46	Li Long-de	"
11	Ding Lang-ding	Girl	47	Li Lik-muoi	"
12	Ding Nguong-sa	Boy	48	Dang Sie-ing	"
13	Ding Chung-lung	"	49	Uong Hieng-su	"
14	Ding Do-huo	"	50	Ling Ling-seng	"
15	Dung Uak-bo	"	51	Ding Chiu-hiong	"
16	Ling Cing-mieu	"	52	Uong Nai-dong	"
17	Ngieng Su-huak	"	53	Kiu Dai-muoi	"
18	Li Sing-ceng	"	54	Uong Nguong-do	"
19	Ling Ek-deng	"	55	Ding Do-nguong	"
20	Diong Ching-gu	"	56	Giong Heng-Lang	"
21	Ding Cai-chioh	"	57	Uong Cung-cio	"
22	Dang Mi-o	"	58	Uong Heng-do	"
23	Cieng Seng-gi	"	59	Li Ming-liong	"
24	Ling I-da	"	60	Ding Chung-guang	"
25	Uong Lik-giong	"	61	Ciong Tieng-sing	"
26	Ling Bi-daik	"	62	Ling Lieng-caung	"
27	Sia Ding-gieng	"	63	Ling Ai-cio	Girl
28	Luk Sieu-gie	"	64	Li Muoi-hua	"
29	Dieu Ngi-sung	"	65	Lau Suoi-ing	"
30	Co Tieng-ong	"	66	Ding Sang-oi	"
31	Kiu Hau-u	"	67	Uong Ing-sing	Boy
32	Ding Bing-tai	"	68	Ngu Daig-guok	"
33	Ding Huo-liong	"	69	Uong Ing-oi	"
34	Sioh Lieng-ho	"	70	Li Ching-uang	"
35	Diong I-uoh	"	71	Saeng Cie-ing	Girl
36	Uong Diong-diek	"	72	Ma Seuk-ging	"

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

By Prayer and Fasting

ON the first day of the month, a resolution was introduced in the United States Senate by Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, requesting the President to proclaim "a day of public humiliation, prayer, and fasting, to be observed by the people of the United States with religious solemnity and offering of fervent supplications to Almighty God for the safety and welfare of our cause, his blessing on our arms, and speedy restoration of an honorable and lasting peace." The introducer asked for immediate consideration of the resolution, and it was adopted without debate.

With a Song on Their Lips

THERE is an inspiration in the picture of 100,000 Americans—the flower of our nation's young manhood—going singing into battle. Such a scene, though presented in but a single sentence by the cable, thrills all who read it. We seem to see that gallant army advancing with sunlit faces, to which the confidence of a great and just cause and the certainty of ultimate victory impart a splendid enthusiasm that can best find its expression in song.

If any one ever had a thought that the hearts of our people are not in this war, that thought is now dispelled. For many months past the war spirit has been growing, until now it has become a national conviction that this Republic, with its unlimited resources, must take its part in the gigantic struggle between despotism and democracy. As we see our brave lads departing by tens of thousands to join their brothers at the front, the spirit of America is awakened within us and our hearts and prayers go with them.

Always, down the whole line of our national life, we have fought on the side of freedom and humanity. Now we are at the crossroads in the greatest of struggles, and for the same principles for which American blood has been poured out on many a battlefield. We shall not regret sacrifices if they come, for the cause is one which we firmly believe has the divine approval. And it is in this spirit, this belief, that our men, advancing on the plains of Picardy, go singing to the front. They fight that tyranny may fall, that liberty may be made secure for the nations of earth, and that wars may cease and enduring peace be restored to the world. May God bless them and keep them! May he who is ever on the side of righteousness, fight with them against the enemy, and crown their efforts with such results as will be a glorious augury for the future welfare of the world.

Time for Spiritual Stock-Taking

WITH the announcement of the Third Liberty Loan, it is necessary for many of us once more to have a spiritual stock-taking. We have to ask ourselves not only if we are prepared to assist our government to the utmost, but whether we can do so whole-souledly and with complete satisfaction.

To many, the thought of war is abhorrent. The mere fact that the United States is at war may be sufficient to cause us to rally to the support of our country; but unless we can honestly and earnestly accept this war as our own, and feel that it is a war for righteousness and justice, the feeling of abhorrence will persist. Can we say with Elihu Root: "This is not a war for Serbia, nor for Alsace-Lorraine, nor for Poland, nor even for Belgium; it is a war between civilization and barbarism, between Odin and Christ!"

Perhaps we can even say this, feeling every word to be true, and yet be unable wholly to rid ourselves of the somber thought of the hundreds of thousands who are being hurried into eternity. At such a moment we are reminded, not of the utterance of any present-day publicist, but rather of the solemn words of the psalmist: "As for man, his days are as grass, as a flower of the field so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting, and his righteousness unto children's children, to such as keep his covenants, and to those that remember his commandments to do them."

It is for this righteousness that America is waging this war. And our children and our children's children will be proud that it was waged; for it is by this righteousness and by this alone that America as a nation can be exalted and made worthy of enduring.

Bearing these facts in mind, we can enter confidently and even gladly into this campaign to raise the necessary funds with which the war may be hastened to a speedy conclusion, and a peace promulgated that shall have the promise of permanency.

For some of us to do our full part will unquestionably involve sacrifice. What will be the effect of these sacrifices? It will be said that we shall clothe, feed, and protect our American soldiers; that we shall help to support those valiant missionaries, the army chaplains. All true, but behind lies a still larger truth. We shall be entering into the fuller, richer Christian experience. Through sacrifice, the life of the individual will be quickened spiritually and the life of the Church marvelously expanded.

Sacrifice for righteousness sake! Is it not that we may have lacked just that willingness to sacrifice? May not this have been the very reason why we have marked the mercy drops falling, but wondered why the showers of blessing did not pour upon our work?

To those who realize the cause for which appeal is made, the sacrifice demanded should be a means of grace. Such will give cheerfully and immediately, and they will prize the privilege of aiding the effort to establish righteousness and justice in the world.

Buy Liberty Bonds, preach Liberty Bonds, pray Liberty Bonds!

In many churches it has been the custom to inscribe on rolls of honor the names of those represented by the stars of the service flag. In the new Liberty Bond campaign, it should be the pride of every church and every Sunday school to have a roll of honor, on which are inscribed the names of those who have held in memory and helped to support and comfort the boys who grew up in the Sunday school, and who, "somewhere in France," yearn to sit once more in the pew.

It is for the Church to show that religion is not a failure because the heathen rage, and their people "imagine a vain thing" which they blasphemously call "the German God."

The task of raising this new loan will tax the efforts of all who love their country and who love righteousness. Let us approach our share in this task with our prayers supplemented with our pocketbooks, so that when the campaign is ended, America may repeat the words of Abraham Lincoln: "Nobly sustained as the government has been by all the churches, I would utter nothing that might appear in the least invidious against any." And the great War President invoked the blessing of God upon the Church.

Save Wheat and Save Civilization

WE have got to reach the point, each one of us, where we define every decision in our lives as an act of war policy. Everything that we do, plan, eat, wear, must be analyzed and measured from one single point of view—will it contribute to the carrying on of the war, or will it contribute to its prolongation? There is no other thing in the world for us just now but to define everything in our lives as acts of military necessity or policy.

The present necessity for us is to get a clear conception of the relation of wheat in the human diet and to divest ourselves of all preconceptions that a life of generations of ease, indolence and luxury has bred in us.

We are accustomed to regard wheat as a more or less indispensable article of diet. It isn't. Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor, of the United States Food Commission, officially declares: "Wheat is an article of luxury, and absolutely nothing else. Wheat possesses over oats, corn and rice absolutely no nutritional quality for man or beast. It has no more protein, and no better protein. It has no more fat and no different fat. It has no mineral salt better or in larger amounts. It has no more fuel or better fuel. It is just *one* of the cereals, and there isn't the slightest evidence that it is the best one, because, so far as comparative tests are concerned in animals, it isn't the best one; it is very far from the best one. Our predilection for wheat is solely a question of taste, comfort and convenience; it is absolutely nothing else."

We have all to decide whether we will serve the Allies, who need help the most, or whether we will serve ourselves who need it less. We had better begin serving the Allies now. They are fighting our cause. Shall we fail to make the sacrifices necessary to sustain them?

America has had the easier part in the war up to this time. The present crisis throws responsibilities upon us which we must not hesitate to bear. The gravest and most pressing of these responsibilities is defined by Food Administrator Hoover in a recent speech at a national meeting of hotel men.

"Our wheat situation is today the most serious situation in the food supply of the whole Allied world," he said. "We have had a stock taking in the early days of March and we find that our harvest was less than it was estimated. There is also another and more bitter difficulty in the delays of shipping, in the growing scarcity of ships, that has thrown a larger burden upon the American people in feeding the Allies than we had anticipated. We had all expected that the Argentine supply would be available in Europe before this time. Those supplies will not arrive for another two months in quantity, and even then will be less than we had expected. The consequence is that the supply of breadstuffs in Europe is at its lowest ebb. There is but one source of supply, and that is the United States.

"Therefore, my message is small and concrete—the service that we ask of you, that we ask of every well-to-do, every independent person in the United States today is, that he shall abstain from the use of wheat in any form until the next harvest."

The Food Administration has never taken the attitude of the general in command giving orders. Its attitude to the public has been consistent, that it should ask for service, that it should ask for self-sacrifice, that it should tell in a clear and direct way the why and wherefore of every request.

But inexorable circumstances form laws unto themselves, and disobedience means inevitable disaster. The people of our country must awake to the fact that bread is even more decisive than bullets and that every ounce of wheat saved helps our cause.

Support for Our Boys Over There

MOST Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Archbishop of York and Primate of England, is very anxious to see the Third Liberty Loan succeed. Coming from England, he realizes acutely the need for aid. Great Britain is battling splendidly to hold back the Prussian hordes, but America must help back her up. The final outcome of this war admittedly rests in the hands of the Americans. The archbishop says:

"Although I am only a visitor to this country, I am happy to add one word to the many appeals which are being made at this time, that the people of America should do all that lies in their power to insure the success of the Liberty Loan. I have been impressed and refreshed, since my arrival in this country, by the vastness of the resources which the United States is able to place at the disposal of the Allied cause; and of the widespread and increasing determination of the American people to carry the war through to that end for which the free nations of the world are now happily united in a common effort."

There is no more practical way by which this determination can be expressed just now than by the securing of a steady flow of money from all classes of the community into the coffers of the government.

The sooner the irresistible might of this great Republic is organized and put into full action, the sooner the war will end. Every dollar invested in government securities works to shorten the war, to save the lives of American soldiers and sailors.

From hundreds of thousands of American homes, in answer to the call of their country and in obedience to the demands of humanity, American boys have gone forth and today are confronting danger and death. The duty of us who remain at home in safety to afford the means to make these boys powerful and victorious is a most imperative one.

The Preachers Appealed To

EVERY minister, priest and rabbi in the United States is to be asked to join in the campaign that aims to insure this year record-breaking crops of every farm product.

The United States Department of Agriculture, through the States Relations Service and by co-operation with the Federal Council of Churches, is sending a special letter to all preachers, asking their assistance in the Food-Production Campaign.

The preachers are being asked to get in touch with county agents and with the State Extension Service, which represents the State Agricultural College and the United States Department of Agriculture, and to devote as much time as possible during the remaining days of April to enlightening their people regarding the necessity of local food-production. They are being furnished with data regarding the great burdens upon the transportation system of the country, and, in sections where the food-production is insufficient for local needs, a special message is being sent to urge increased production to meet local demands.

No class will be found more ready to respond to any and all demands upon its patriotism than the ministry. The service now requested is a most important one.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Inclusive Sacrifice

SUNDAY, April 21. II Cor. 8 : 5. "*They first gave their own selves unto the Lord.*" They gave their own selves to the Lord, and then they gave their money. The one followed the other in natural and vital succession. If the first gift is sincere, the second gift is certain. If the first gift is partial and hesitant, the second gift will be maimed and reluctant. The vital gift of self is gloriously inclusive of every other offering. It is the whole circle which encloses the varied segments. It is the integer which covers the fractions. It is the great surrender which draws everything else into its train.

When self has been yielded to the Lord, all other interests and possessions in our life will bear the marks of the Lord Jesns. Everything and every circumstance will be regarded and welcomed as part of the surrendered host. The healthy spiritnal life is not so much a procession of sacrifice as a spirit of inclnsive consecration. The queen bee has winged her flight in a certain direction and the entire swarm is in her train.

Now this is the secret of the Christian life, to make the inclusive sacrifice. Religions life is inevitably tedious when it consists of a conscions yielding of our smaller things and a withholding of our central strength. It is one thing to surrender individnal dollars, it is quite another thing to consecrate our wealth. It is one thing to build altars here and there on the road, it is quite another thing to consecrate the journey. It is one thing to be religious in spasmodic conflicts, bnt it is quite another thing to hallow the entire campaign. If our self is kept back from the Lord our religion will be a procession of reluctances and irritations. Every cirenmstance will present a separate problem instead of being caught up in the sweep of a mighty conseeration. And that is the trouble with a great many people. They try to be religious in smaller surrenders while the great surrender has never been made. And these smaller snrrenders encounter curbs and restraints, and the sonl is annoyed and discordant. The large surrender brings us into God's large place. We pass into the glorious freedom of God's children, and his statutes become our songs. J. H. J.

The Beatitude of the Hungry

MONDAY, April 22. Matt. 5 : 6. "*Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.*" In answer to the qnestion of a scientist, addressed to some hundreds of bright young men and women, as to what induced them to take the first step in the Christian life, two persons, one a woman and the other a man, replied, "I felt homesick for God." "I felt my life was incomplete without Christ." The prayer of Augustine strikes this same note: "O God, thou didst make us for thyself, and we are not at rest except in thee." A generation ago a young and brilliant college professor wrote in his diary, an intimate personal journal which he intended no other human eye to see, "What I want is Perfection; what I am hungry for is the Absolute, the Unconditioned. I will be satisfied with nothing short of the Infinite." The man was sick, but his mind was not sick. His thoughts were clear as any star. Our age has seen no more brilliant mind than that of this man—Henri Amiel. He was still young when he knew he was afflicted with an incurable disease. Indeed, he knew he was dying when he said, "Nothing but the Eternal can complete my life." That was yearning, longing, hunger and thirst. And, in our best moments, we all have it. The fnnction of religion is to satisfy this deep desire of the soul for experiences which transcend the limits of earth and time. "Oh taste and see that the Lord is good." "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."

C. C. A.

Conscience

TUESDAY, April 23. Rom. 2 : 15. "*Their conscience bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another.*" Paul is speaking of the Gentiles, but what he says about conscience applies to all men. They all have in their heart an approving or disapproving censor of their actions. The conscience in them is an inexorable judge, who will not be bribed or intimidated, whose decisions are flashed into man's consciousness quick as lightning, and whose verdict is always quite simple and intelligible: Guilty, or Not guilty. Men can ignore the decision which their conscience renders upon their actions; by habitually setting aside its ruling they can render themselves inpervious to its warning voice; by a supreme effort they may momentarily stifle their consciences. In such cases there is said to be a sleeping or a dead conscience. But the conscience is not really dead. "As the winter-frozen serpent seems lifeless, but is only benumbed, and when brought to the fire again feels and uncoils and stings, so when conscience is asleep it is not dead." Suddenly it awakes, it may be because of some outward provocation, as a remark during a conversation that has some bearing on certain facts of a person's inner life, bnt it may also be withont any palpable cause. Thonghts are arising in a person's mind for which he cannot acconnt by anything that he is engaged in at the time. He is made to wince as if an accuser has pointed a finger at him. Men cannot rid themselves of the invisible inspector, not only of their public acts, but of their most private thoughts. The important question now is: How can a person make this silent monitor in his bosom his friend? For if he is not his friend, he will be his enemy. Jesns alone can give a person a good conscience. His atoning sacrifice has purged men's consciences. Baptized into him, we have onr hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience. By constantly appropriating the merits of his sacrificial life and death, we keep onr conscience at peace, and his godly teaching and example enforce the nrging of our good conscience and keep ns from wanton sins against our conscience. W. H. T. D.

His Power to Save

WEDNESDAY, April 24. II Cor. 3 : 18. "*We are changed into the same image by the spirit of the Lord.*" Jake Parsons, a worthless, drunken wretch, awoke from a night's debauch a changed man. He says that on that night, "Jesns appeared to me in my sleep. His face seemed so pure, so lovely and so friendly to me that when I awoke I found I loved my Savionr. I conld no longer displease him. He did not speak to me, he only looked at me, but his look told me I could be forgiven and purified. When I looked at him, I was too happy to be afraid, and when I looked at myself, I was too afraid to be happy." It is said that for thirty-five years Parsons led a blameless life till he fell asleep in Jesus. One such experience should be sufficient to assure doubting hearts that Christ is an almighty Saviour.

If our God in nature can evolve the diamond out of black carbon, if he can create the rich ruby and opal out of sand and clay, if he can grow the whitest lily out of the blackest earth, why should we doubt his ability, by his own higher alchemy, to transform the darkest heart into the whitest purity? Nay, more, if man can produce beautiful paper from black rags or from the dark log of a tree, if he can make shining porcelain out of mud, valuable statuary out of worthless stone, ornamental and useful glass out of sand, if man can reproduce all the forms and figures of nature, the sunsets, the mountains, the forests and flowers, and by hitching God's forces to his chariot can make them carry all his commerce, turn all his wheels, if man can turn night into day, distance into nearness, copying the bird and the lightning in the flight of his thought and person, if he can perform miracles like these, shall we limit his Maker, who has endowed man with such mighty faculties, and who has created the forces which enable men to act with almost superhuman power? Who, then, will question the ability of the heavenly Father to bring purity out of sinfulness, strength out of weakness, heaven out of hell?

E. W. C.

Christianity's One Great Theme

THURSDAY, April 25. John 1 : 4. "*In him was life, and the life was the light of men.*" Phillips Brooks was talking with a little gronp of his friends. He said, "I have preached a great many sermons, bnt as I review them, they may all be inclnded in a single one. I have had bnt one theme and one plea." It was supremely trne of that princely preacher. His theme in youth and matnrity was ever the enrichment of life by the acceptance of Jesus Christ as the absolute revelation of the Father. That theme never grows old or tiresome. It is capable of infinite variations. The primary colors are few, but think what beauty flashes from them. The musical notes are few, but think how love and life, with all their emotions, are expressed by them.

This indeed is the great message of Christianity to the world in all ages. Human life is the same. Burdens are still heavy. Phantom lights still beckon, which, if we follow, will lead ns into deep morasses or over perilous precipices. Selfishness is still selfish, and sin is still spiritual death. God is near, and Christ is God's answer to our need for more abundant life. We have as much to leave as the early disciples had when they left all and followed the Master. We have as much to gain by following him as they had—and as much to lose if we hear his voice and fail to follow him, in whom alone is life at its best. C. C. A.

The Perfect Love

FRIDAY, April 26. II Cor. 12 : 15. "*I will very gladly spend and be spent for you; though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved.*" Thus spoke Paul, the great apostle, to the congregation at Corinth. Of all the disheartening experiences with which his ministry among the Gentiles was replete, the soul-trials which he underwent because of the unjust censure of his person and his labors by the Corinthians were the most painful. The words at the head of this meditation occur near the close of his glorious defense. They show that the humiliations to which he had been subjected had not made him peevish. He still commands powers of resistance which are able to defeat the powers of opposition arrayed against him. That power in him is his unselfish love. He has gloried in the fact that his ministrations have cost the Corinthians nothing. He provided his own support while serving them. What he has earned by the labor of his hands he will willingly spend in their service, and in addition he will spend himself. He will wear himself out, devoting the last ounce of strength in proclaiming to them the love of Christ who became poor that we might be made rich, and in gniding them with the gentle patience of a loving friend into the full knowledge of that heavenly trnth and compassion for sin-blinded and ungrateful men that is without parallel in the annals of the human race. He expects nothing in return for the absolnte sacrifice which he is making of himself and all his powers of body and mind. Love should beget love, but he is willing to forego also this happy reward of his generous service. Even if the reverse should happen, and he should receive an increasingly cold treatment for his redonbled zeal in loving them, he will not complain. The elevated sentiments here avowed were fully carried ont. Ultimately they won the day for Paul also at Corinth. Love conquers all obstacles and is conquered by nothing. W. H. T. D.

Cut Down in Youth

SATURDAY, April 27. Ps. 102 : 24. "*I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days.*" Every young soldier in the world war can well pray that prayer. Is it not natural to long to live till the harvest time of life, till the ripened grain is ready to be gathered into the garner? How unnatural for the sun to go down in the morning; how we long to journey till the evening time when we wrap the drapery of our couch about us and awake in God's eternal morning! Here we behold one of the cruelties of the awful demon War. What an appetite the monster has for the youth of the land who are just stepping across the threshold of being! Millions of throbbing hearts, buddir g hopes, bright eyes and rosy faces have failed to satisfy the terrible hunger of the maw of war. Other millions are crowding in where these have disappeared, down his hellish throat.

O War! What a waste of riches is drunk up in thine awfnl maelstrom! Not of gold only, but of golden manhood. Would that war itself could perish as the beast dieth rather than the noble, heroic young men.

One consoling thought we have: life is not in years, but deeds; one may be old and yet unprepared to change worlds. If for you to live is Christ, to die at any time is gain, for you enter sooner the broader field and grander opportunities of the endless future, and are shielded from the temptations and trials of time. Remember that your divine Captain finished his work while in young manhood, and that you are following him up your Calvary of self-sacrifice for your country and yonr God. E. W. C.

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Across Turkestan in War Time

Seat of the World's Ancient Civilization as Seen at the Present Day.—*By MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Turkestan, Bokhara and Afghanistan, through which our correspondent has just traveled, have suddenly become a new theater of the great war, as the Central Powers' proposed route to India and China, cessions by Russia giving over this vast territory to Teutonic exploitation.*

HISTORY, like Homer, was born in several different places, and enough cradles of civilization are recognized by scholars in which to rock the world. The claims of Egypt and Mesopotamia have been repeated so often that even Damascus runs the risk of being disputed when she claims to be a genuine *antika*, mellowed by time. But there is something to be said for Turkestan. The Murghab, the Zeravshan and the Oxus are as old as the Nile, the Tigris and the Euphrates, and the peoples who live beside them are as wrinkled and bent with age as are the Egyptians. But the hands that once rocked the cradles of civilization no longer rule the world.

Our doorway to Turkestan was Krasnovodsk, a mediocre city consisting of a railway station, two churches, several wharves and other things too numerous to mention. It has spread itself out at the base of some tawny hills very much like the African hills along the Red Sea and basks in the desert sun with a supreme disregard for its own slovenliness. Not only is the railway station the main architectural feature of the town. Its sentimental value is only equaled by that of the several wharves. If history ever emigrated from Krasnovodsk, it simply obeyed the common impulse.

From here, the Central Asia Railway runs southeast as far as Duschak, keeping as close to the Persian frontier as possible, after which it turns to the east and north till it reaches the mud walls of Bokhara. Then it goes on past Samarkand and splits into a Y whose arms reach to Tashkent and Andizhan, directly south of Omsk and north of Bombay. From Andizhan to Chengtu, in West China, whence I set out on my Russian pilgrimage, is about two thousand miles overland and I went seven times as far to get there.

TURKESTAN is a monotonous laud of desert dust and dreariness. Yet it is traversed by six large rivers and in mauy places irrigation has made it a fertile land. Its inhabitauts insist that in spring there are green spots here and there, but iu few places is there enough rain to give an annual housecleauing to the dusty trees and shrubs. Turkestan, including the Khanate of Khiva and the Emirate of Bokhara, is three times as big as Texas, yet it is almost lost in the Russian domain. It has as many people as New York and Massachusetts combined and there are as few Russians there as there are native-born Americans in Manhattan. Its two largest rivers keep a small sea about the size of Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts from drying up into a salt pile.

The first point of interest along the line is the Akhal Oasis, which can easily be distinguished in spring but resembles the desert in the late fall and winter. It is the largest oasis in Turkestan, 160 miles long and about ten miles wide. Here dwell the Tekke Turkomans, huge, fine-looking men who wear sheepskiu hats a foot high. Many of them are more than six feet tall and one of them, looking at the Professor, who is six feet five, had to admit that his great skyscraper hat was all that saved him.

The Turkomans used to be the most dreaded robbers in all of Central Asia aud the Russians had a hard time conquering them. The last stand of these magnificent rascals was at Dengil Tepe, where Skobeleff stormed their great mud fortress after a siege of more than three weeks and defeated 25,000 armed men with one-fourth their number. In those days, the Russians were fighters, but one wonders how they ever had the courage to attack these desert giants, whose eruelty was well known. The Turkoman

Tekke Turkomans in their sheepskin hats

caps must have had much the same effect as did the heavily moustacked war masks of the Japanese samurai.

When one sees how well the erect Turkoman with his stalking camel or his loping horse fits this desert vastness he wonders why the Russians wanted to conquer them and humble them as they did. Was it the valley of the Indus that beckoned them as it had Alexander's army, or was it protection against these robber bands?

AT Geok Tepe, which is the station beside the mud walls of the old Turkoman fortress, there is perpetuated a silly insult to the conquered race. Here stauds a museum where the triumphaut Russiau exhibits paintings of the storming of the fortress and of the torturing of Russian soldiers by the Turkoman troops. For Russia at present to lord it over the lordly Turkomans is a strange anomaly, but the indomitable spirit of the desert men is said to have been broken. That individual Turkomans are not lacking in bravery is shown by the unusually large number of Georgian crosses among them. I snapped a picture of one Turkoman hero who had served in Galieia during the great retreat, while he sat on the steps of this museum which Russia has erected as a gratuitous insult in the heart of Turkoman territory.

The Turkomans owe as much of their charm to their fantastic headgear as does Gaby Deslys. Wheu they remove them and reveal the shaved heads and embroidered skullcaps underneath, they seem commonplace. Yet there are many of the older men whose majesty of bearing is not a matter of costume alone. Their red cotton gowns or *khalats* give them a princely stateliness which the trousered Russian with his shirt floppiug lacks.

We passed by New Merv and went on to Bairam Ali, named after one of the sons of Timur, which is the station for Old Merv and the demesne of the Murghab, formerly the property of the royal family. Bairam Ali resembles the great Pyramids in that it stands between the desert and the sown. Accompanied by the twenty-year-old Commissar, a remarkably intelligent young Russian upon whom devolves the task of governing the district with a decreasing police force, we visited the various ruins which mark the spots where the successive editions of Merv stood. Merv is mentioned in the Zoroastrian books of wisdom and like every other old city owed its existence to a river—the Murghab. Seleucus Nikator once founded a colony here and for a considerable period it was the home of a large band of Nestorians. But it was not until the Arabs, to whom modern civilization owes so much, took charge, soon after the death of Mahomet, that Merv became a true metropolis. Huge dams were erected on the Murghab and the entire oasis was well watered from the irrigating ditches. Merv then rivaled Bagdad as the greatest city in the Orient.

Five centuries later, Jhenghis Khan, enraged by the death of his son before the ramparts of the queen city of the world, utterly destroyed it. The Arabic writers assert that nearly a million persons were killed at this time. Arabic writers estimate figures in a typically free handed way.

For two hundred years Merv was a ruin, but in the fifteenth century it was rebuilt and continued to exist until 1795, when the Emir of Bokhara destroyed the wonderful dam at Sultan Bent and thus turned the lovely oasis into a desert. Massive as they are, the ruins of Old Merv are devoid of interest. The young Commissar in speaking of the ruins said, "What sighs and tears these crumbliug walls have cost!"

Three beautiful horses, furnished by the government and driven by a picturesque old coachman in a red shirt and sash, black vest and white coachman's hat whirled us back through the various sites of ruined cities to the small towu of Bairam Ali where a new system of irrigation is building up a new city. Old Merv is an interesting proof of the "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi" phrase but it was built in "Sic Transit" style, of sun-baked bricks. Only a battered mosque, a great convent and several huge bee-hive ice houses remain above the scarred plain where great cities stood.

AFTER lunch, we set off through the demesne for Hindoo Kush, where there is a dam and an electric generating station. There was not time to drive to Sultan Bent, the site of the old dam and of a new one whence the water comes for irrigating the demesne of 300,000 acres. The government maintains a fine experiment station and sells water to the farmers, but does not farm any large part of the estate itself. There is a modern cotton ginning mill in Bairam Ali with machinery for extracting cottonseed oil and making briquettes for fuel from the hulls. But this year has been a very bad year on the demesne.

Many of the laborers are Austrian prisoners. One can't help liking these fellows. They are industrious. They mind their own business but salute stiffly when noticed. I have never heard of their making trouble and the Russians are said to like them as workers.

The thirty-mile drive to Hindoo Kush was full of interest. On both sides were the well-irrigated fields of the demesne and one could always see the transmission towers which the ignorant shepherds use as observation points until the high pressure current kills them. A tradition has grown up that a devil lurks in the wires and the Afghan shepherds are gradually coming to give him a wide berth.

Pheasants ran along beside us at many places and as night drew on a jackal stopped in his flight to howl a protest. We visited the black tents of two Afghan

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How the Kingdom and the Church Differ

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D., Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

I

ONE of the articles in last year's series on Prophecy was entitled, "God's Covenant with David, or The Coming Kingdom," in which it was stated that God is not now and in this age setting up his Kingdom, but doing something else, namely, building up his Church, which is called the Body of Christ. The time will come it was added, when this Body will be completed and the Church caught up to "meet the Lord in the air." (I Thess. 4 : 16–18). Afterward, Christ will return to the earth and in him God will set up his Kingdom which is the Kingdom promised to David and now in abeyance.

A later article bore the title, "The Place of the Church in the Plan of Redemption," where it was shown that the Church did not come into being until after the death, resurrection and ascension of Jesus Christ, *i. e.*, on the day of Pentecost. It was also shown that the Church has a particular and a limited work to do on the earth, *i. e.*, the building up of itself until, as a spiritual organism, it is complete or perfected, when the translation above referred to takes place.

The management of the Christian Herald believes that something more on the above themes was called for by its readers. In this article, therefore, the Kingdom and the Church are brought together in one view, in such a way that it may be seen more clearly how they differ.

II

TO speak first of the Kingdom. The word is a translation of the Greek "basileia," and is never translated any other way. There are two phrases descriptive of it in the New Testament, "the Kingdom of God" and "the Kingdom of Heaven," which in the popular mind are identical and interchangeable, but this is an error. The first is the broader and more comprehensive term, universal in fact, "including all moral intelligences who are willingly subject to God." These are the good angels, the saints of all past and future dispensations, and the true Church of the present dispensation. (See Luke 13 : 28, 29; Heb. 12 : 22, 23.)

On the other hand, the Kingdom of Heaven, as distinguished from the Kingdom of God, is a limited designation, and takes its rise in the divine promise to David in II Samuel 7 : 10–17. The story is like this: At the creation of man God gave into his hands the dominion over all the earth, which man lost to Satan at the fall, the latter then becoming the "prince of this world" (cf. Gen. 1 : 26–28 with Matt. 4 : 8–10, and John 14 : 30). Immediately, however, God revealed his remedial purpose in Jesus Christ, the seed of the woman, who should bruise the serpent's head (Gen. 3 : 15). This purpose was to restore the dominion to man, and through man, again to bring it back to himself. Two thousand years later this purpose further revealed itself in the divine call of Abraham to become the father of the nation of Israel (Gen. 12 : 1–7). This nation was to be instrumental in the execution and fulfilment of the original purpose. Again, one thousand years after the call of Abraham, and when the nation which had come out of his loins was established in its land, and David his descendant was reigning over it, that purpose still further revealed itself in the promise to David that the Lord would set up his seed after him and establish his kingdom forever (II Sam. 7 : 10–17). This is the beginning of the Kingdom of Heaven.

It is called "the Kingdom of Heaven," not because it is to be realized or manifested in heaven, but because the thought of it originated there, in God's purpose of love and grace toward his creatures, and because it is heavenly in its principles and in its authority. In other words, to quote Dan. 2 : 44, it is "the Kingdom of Heaven" because "the God of heaven" shall set it up, but it will be set up on earth, nevertheless, and will have Jerusalem as its capital (Isa. 24 : 23; Joel 3 : 16, 17). At first it will be established over Israel when she shall have been regathered to Palestine and converted to Jesus Christ as her Saviour and Messiah; but ultimately it will be established over the whole earth (Ps. 2 : 8; Isa. 2 : 1–4; Ezek. 37 : 21–25; Zech. 9 : 10).

Furthermore, the thought that God is to set up the Kingdom of Heaven should be dissociated in our minds from any idea that man will set it up. That is, it will not be brought to pass by any legislation of men, nor by any international treaties. Neither will it come by "persuasion," through the preaching of the Gospel and the progress of Christianity for example, but rather by the exercise of divine power and through purifying judgments on the world powers in connection with the second advent of Christ (See Ps. 2; Isa. 9 : 7; Dan. 2 : 35, 44, 45; Zech. 14 : 1–9; Rev. 19 : 11–16).

As the Scofield Bible says, "it is impossible to conceive to what heights of spiritual, intellectual and physical perfection humanity will attain in the coming Kingdom," but we know it will mark an age of peace and righteousness. The meek will inherit the earth in those days; longevity will be increased; beast ferocity will be removed; justice and equity will be the rule; and the great majority of earth's inhabitants will be saved by the grace of God, for

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Across Turkestan in War Time

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colonies and bought some saddle bags from the miserable occupants. Both of us wore overcoats, but the Afghan children, dirty of face, white of teeth and bright of eye, were almost naked. The old sheik at the second place beamed with delight when I greeted him in Arabic with the customary "Peace be with you, brother" and none of the people lived up to the fierce reputation which the Afghans have won by right. At two in the morning, with the full moon still flooding the cold desert with light, an Austrian prisoner came to drive us to Yolotan on the Merv-Kushka. The day had been hot but now the cold air three degrees below freezing nipped our cheeks and added a new note to our knowledge of Turkestan. Early morning found us in Merv, pawing over the lovely rugs in the great semi-weekly market, which is twenty times as big this year as it usually is, due to the fact that the cotton crop is a failure and wheat is selling at unheard-of prices, so that rugs are the last barrier to the wolves of hunger.

TOLSTOI in his fairy-tale of Ivan the Fool tells how the devil, seeking to gain the upper hand in Ivan's kingdom, offered gold for everything until the day came when, on trying to buy a herring with a gold piece, the woman replied,

"I don't want it, my good sir. I have no children to play with it, and I myself already have three coins as curiosities."

The Turkomans have almost reached the same point in regard to the new money which the Russian Government is printing off as fast as presses can run.

A hundred and fifty miles beyond Merv, the train rolls out onto the long iron bridge over the Amu Darya. The history student will weary you with the fact that the Amu Darya is the ancient Oxus; that Alexander fought here and that Antiochus Theos once ruled this territory. But no modern Russian burdens his mind with that material. He knows the Amu Darya as the river in whose valley grows the Tehardzhui dienya, a muskmelon which half the world would die to taste and the other half would die from overeating.

For the present, we will skip past Bokhara and Samarkand, those two great cities with a wonderful past, and enter the great plain of fertile Ferghana, next door to the Pamirs, with India beyond and Chinese East Turkestan. For Ferghana is a land with a future. When the Wagon-Lits car attached to the Petrograd express slips into the station of Audizhau after its 2,770-mile run, it finds itself in one of the most beautiful and wealthy parts of the Russian domain. And the secret of the wealth is cotton. Ferghana produces nearly one-half enough to supply the Russian people, and while the Moscow factories are idle and long lines of women wait all night in the Red Square in order to buy enough cotton cloth for one-third of a dress, baled cotton is mounting higher and higher in the warehouses and stacks of Andizhan and Kokand. Alexander, Jhenghis and Timur were not so dependent upon locomotives.

We were in Kokand on the day of the Thieves' Market, which did much to make me realize how needy Russia is. There were wagon-loads of stuff there which we would pay to have carted off to the dump. But there were many articles that were quite worth while. Kokand makes a specialty of the goitre and one person in five carries one in a prominent position. The bazaars there are dimly lighted out of deference to the class of goods that are sold.

A dress suit of Turkestan

Andizhan, however, is the brightest little city one could expect to find. An abundance of sidings, good warehouses and plenty of rolling stock greeted the eye.

Andizhan was formerly the terminus of the railway, but fifty miles have recently been added and another line reaches to Namangan, traversing the well-watered plain between the mountains that block the way to Kashgar and the others that slope away to the Hunger Steppe, home of the nomadic Khirgises. In Andizhan, one will see dromedaries and camels in the same long string, and here the driver does not ride a diminutive donkey but swings along on the back of the foremost camel.

BETWEEN Andizhan and Namangan one passes endless fields of cotton with the white bolls lighting up the dark brown mass of stalks. Cranes strut about looking for frogs in the well-watered fields and rushing waters abound.

Between Kugai and Utchkurgan we saw scores of mud wall enclosures built in seven tiers of huge blocks and from ten to fourteen feet high. Inside were the homes, the barnyards and the sheepfolds and the idea seemed to be to catch the sun and ward off the cold winds that sweep across this plain in winter. At the corners of the walls there was a curving up-slant, reminding one of the Chinese temple roof and possibly indicating Chinese influence here in the heart of Asia.

Andizhan was our terminus. But the thought of Kashgar and of the pass into India, away from the puffing locomotives and the electric lights, made us wish that it was our starting point for a longer journey to the valley of the Ganges or the heights of Tibet.

The Measure of a Man

By GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL LUTZ
Author of "The Witness"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

JANET GRAYSON and Harley Bruce had grown up as playmates and school comrades in the village of Springdale until Harley left for college. When on his return he called at the Grayson house, he was accompanied by Lotta Lomond, whose appearance and manners were in marked contrast to the simplicity of the village girl. Harley took the girls out for a spin in his car, in which they were accompanied by Thaddeus Wiltrone, a worldly-wise young friend of Lotta's. The next morning he called, but found that Janet had gone on a trip to New York, from which she returned on an evening train. Next Sunday Janet was relieved to see Harley at his old place as teacher of his class of boys in the Sunday school. But on Sunday evening she received a visit from the aristocratic mother of Harley Bruce, who had come to explain to Janet how impossible it would be for her son to find anything in common with a simple country girl.

CHAPTER IV

WHEN Janet came dashing in at the front door her mother was seated quietly in the library reading at the big mahogany table under the drop light. The girl appeared in the doorway breathless, like a sudden bit of landscape torn out of a storm. There was lightning and thunder in her white face and flashing eyes, there were drenching tears behind the flashes. With the breath of a sob she gasped out:

"Oh, mother! Go out and talk to Mrs. Bruce quick! I can't!"

"Why, dear child!" said her mother aghast, "what do you mean?"

But she was gone up the stairs, and when her mother reached the hall there was nothing but the echo of her turning key in the lock of her door above. Bewildered, Mrs. Grayson stepped to the front door and looked out, but her eyes were blinded by the light and she saw nothing. She went uncertainly down the steps and peered out into the yard, but there was no one there. With a confusion of fears she went up and tapped on Janet's door, calling gently:

"Janet, dear, let mother in."

At first there was no response but smothered sobs, but finally the door was reluctantly opened and Mrs. Grayson sat down on the bed and took her daughter in her arms, soothing her gently until at last she was comparatively quiet.

"Now, dear, tell mother all about it."

The girl shuddered and the tears came once more.

"Oh, mother! I can't! It was dreadful! I hate her! Yes, I do, mother! I can't help it!" sobbed Janet wildly.

"Why, darling! What can be the matter! You must explain! Has anything happened to Harley?"

"Don't speak his name!" said the girl shrinking visibly, "I never can look him in the face again!"

"Oh, yes, you can, daughter! If Harley is all right he can't be affected by anything his mother has done, I'm sure. She always was a peculiar woman, you know."

"Oh, you don't understand, mother! Such disgrace! Such humiliation!" moaned Janet.

"There, now, Janet! You are going too far. There is no disgrace where you have done no wrong. Come! Explain this matter to me at once. What happened? Why did Mrs. Bruce come here?"

WHEN the story was finally told Mrs. Grayson sat silently smoothing her daughter's hair.

"Dear," she said at last, "if I were you I wouldn't mind that so terribly. We've known what Mrs. Bruce was for years. It is humbling to your pride, of course, to have her take you for a common, ignorant girl who is running after her son; but inasmuch as we know, and Harley knows, that this is not so, what can it all really matter? Of course it makes me indignant that she should take my pearl of a girl for a creature like that; but then she doesn't really know you, hasn't seen you for years until tonight, remember, and you say she only saw you in the dark then. It seems to me that the very sound of your voice must have conveyed some sense of what you were to the dullest ears, but I doubt if she has fine perceptions. She couldn't have or she wouldn't tolerate the people she has around her whenever she comes here. They are always loud-voiced, gaudily dressed, coarse-looking people. She might not be able to appreciate my little girl even if she saw her in broad daylight. It is a wonder of wonders that Harley has always been so fine with such a mother. You think he is just as fine as ever, don't you, daughter?"

"Oh, I don't know," sighed Janet wearily. "He seems so, but he has to live with such people, and there are so many things pulling him another way, and I have had so little chance to talk with him about real things——"

"But I thought he seemed glad to be back on Sunday——"

"Yes, I know," sighed Janet, "but somehow since his mother has been here everything is all mixed up again. I can't bear the thought of her, and I can't see how I can ever speak to Harley again!"

The girl dropped her face into the pillow and sobbed softly. Her mother patted her gently on the soft hair and was silent awhile. Finally she said thoughtfully:

"How would you like me to go and see her, Janet?"

Janet sat up on the bed as if she had been shot up, and her eyes flashed in the darkness.

"No, no, no! Mother! Never! She shall not have a chance to insult you too!"

"Why, she could scarcely do that!" laughed her mother amusedly, "and I really don't think I should mind if she did. I know that I have quite a large circle of people who respect me and who loved and honored your father. Why should a selfish, foolish woman like that annoy me even if she does choose to misunderstand me? She couldn't insult me if I didn't take it as an insult, dear."

"Well, she shan't have a chance," flashed Janet excitedly. "And I think it is a great deal better not to say a word, as you said first. I wouldn't have Harley know what his mother said for the world. He really loves you a lot, mother dear, and I know it would hurt him like everything that his own mother had insulted us. He may be changed in some things, but I know he wouldn't stand for that. He said once you had been more a mother to him than she had. No, mother, let's just keep quietly on our way. I'll go away a lot. I'll go over to Aunt Nan's—and perhaps—Harley will—get out of the way of coming."

SHE arose suddenly and walked over to the window looking out into the dark garden, but her mother could see the swell of her throat as she tried to keep back the tears. She longed to take her little girl in her arms and protect her from all the sorrow and harshness of the world, but she knew that could not be, and while her heart burned with indignation against the woman who had wrought such havoc of Janet's friendship, she felt that the experience might yet work out for good.

"Well, there is one thing about it," said Janet in a conquering voice as she whirled back to the light again with a steady face. "I shan't get invited to any more dinners and things over there, and I shan't have to get up excuses to keep away from that disgusting crowd they have over there. I'm sorry for Harley, for I don't believe he likes them any better than we do; but he's got to choose some time what kind of things he will have in his life, and he might as well do it now as ever. Come, Mummie, let's forget it. Come down-stairs and I'll play you the Beethoven Sonata you love so much."

JANET dashed cold water over her face, and they went down to the piano, putting aside the disagreeable subject for each other's sake. Janet played as she did not often play, and her music said deep things to her anxious mother. When they kissed each other good-night they both wore cheerful faces; yet each knew that the other's heart was burning with the sting of the insult that had been given, and with anxiety about the friend whom they had loved so long. They lay down to rest, but not to sleep, for a long time; and once Mrs. Grayson, hearing a soft drawn sigh and a stirring in her daughters' room, called softly: "Jan, dear! Are you awake?"

"Yes, mother."

"Well, I just wanted to tell you that I thought you made the very best reply to that woman that could possibly have been made. It was sweet and dignified and calm, besides telling her the plain truth! You couldn't have done better if you had prepared for the interview for months."

"Thank you, mother," said Janet in a relieved tone, "I was wondering about that."

"It was all right. Now dear, aren't you going to sleep?"

"Yes, Mummie, right away. How about you?"

"Oh, I'm asleep long ago!" And then they both laughed in a tender happy way they had over their little loving deceits.

Late on the quiet of the night under a waning moon, two motors drove up to the Bruce mansion and unloaded. Janet heard voices calling sharply through the stillness, but somehow a peace had fallen on her troubled spirit and she slipped away to sleep again.

HARLEY threw a light suitcase over to the piazza, where it slid emptily along the boards, and ran his car around to the garage. Then without saying good-night to the guests he stalked in the back way and upstairs to his mother's room, where she lay among silken cushions in a becoming negligé reading a novel.

"Mother," he said gravely, standing before her, "I've come to have this thing out with you. I can't stand this kind of thing any longer. That was a frame-up tonight to get me off on another joy ride with that abominable gang! If they have got to stay around here any longer, then I leave! The girls are a mess and the men are worse! I'm ashamed to drive through the streets with them. And those two girls didn't *mean* to leave on that train at all! Their suitcase was empty! There wasn't any such train as we started for, and when we got there the station was all closed up, not a soul around! Those fool girls just sat there and giggled! Now I'm *done!* I thought I ought to tell you."

His mother looked annoyed.

"Harley! for pity's sake don't try to be dramatic. It doesn't suit your style. You've been in a bad humor ever since we got here. It's the place. I knew it would be so, and I didn't want to come, you remember! I wanted to go to the shore, where there would have been some life——"

"It's not the place," interrupted Harley. "It's a perfectly good place! It's the people. It's these girls you've brought down! They just infest the house. I can't stir but one of them is tagging me, and I'm sick of my life!"

"Harley, you are the most exasperating boy in the world! Where you ever got your low tastes and old-fashioned ideas I don't know. I'm ashamed of you from morning to night. I came down here to humor your whim to stick yourself off in the backwoods where there isn't a thing to do and nothing to be had fit to eat, and you repay me by prancing off to a country church and making yourself ridiculous singing in an uncouth country choir! Then you go off nobody knows where and leave your guests——"

"*My guests!*" cut in Harley. "Well, I rather guess not! I wouldn't have one of them if I were cast on a desert island! They aren't fit to have around!"

"Well, you certainly are hard to please, but there's another girl coming tomorrow whom you will like, I'm sure——"

"Another girl!" groaned Harley in disgust. "Heavens!"

"She's a perfectly charming girl. She's the governor's daughter! She has a large fortune in her own right."

"Hang the governor's daughter! I don't want to see another fool girl, and I won't! Do you suppose it makes her any better because she's the governor's daughter? She's only had that much more chance to get spoiled. Charming! They're all charming, only they don't charm me!"

"No, they don't charm you!" said his mother indignantly, throwing down her book and sitting erect. "Nothing charms you but a little ignorant country girl! I'm mortified to death. Ever since we came you've done nothing but run after that girl down the street. I thought after all your education and travel you would hold yourself above such things. And if you won't do it for your own sake you ought to be gentleman enough to do it for hers. You know perfectly well what it means to a simple village girl to have a man of breeding, fortune and good looks paying her attention. You know it always brings her disgrace!"

"Mother! What do you mean?"

HARLEY'S tone was stern and commanding. He was white to the lips with anger.

"I mean that I won't put up with your actions any longer. I simply won't have you running with that Grayson girl any more. Lotta says you actually invited her here to dinner, and took her with you on a motor trip! It is an insult to girls who are our guests to have you flaunt an attachment like that openly! When gentlemen do those things they at least contrive to do them secretly!"

"Take care!"

The young man clenched his hands, and took a step toward her.

"If you were a man I'd have to knock you down for that!" His voice was trembling, and his face was white with anger.

"Oh, don't let that hinder you in the least!" sneered his mother contemptuously. "By all means knock me down! You will feel much better after it. But remember that I happen to control your fortune. If I choose to cut you off you have nothing left but this place and five hundred dollars a year, barely enough to keep the place in repair!"

"What's a fortune at such a price?" he flashed, standing tall and straight with burning lights in his eyes. "I could at least run the farm and earn an honest living like a man. That would be infinitely better than being the human parasite that I am now, no better than a tramp! But, mother," and he drew a deep breath and sought to get control of himself, "you can not understand! You must have been somehow misinformed, or you would not cast contempt and insult on one of the whitest souls that ever walked the earth!"

"Oh, *really!* A youthful sentimentalist to be the judge, of course. Well, she may be white-souled enough for all I know, but she'll have to walk her way apart from you hereafter. I suppose she thought she had you hard and fast because her mother used to let you stay there hours at a time when you ought to have been at home with your tutor. But I've disabused her mind of that idea. I don't fancy she'll try to come here any more after last evening. I had a little talk with her and opened her eyes to a few things."

If Mrs. Bruce had not been so complacent over what she had done she would have noticed the peculiar quality of her son's voice, and his face as he

looked steadily at her and said in a low, startled voice:

"You have been talking to Janet Grayson?"

"Yes, I have been talking to Janet Grayson!" she mimicked. "Is there any law against that? I merely let her know that she wasn't in your class at all, and she needn't expect anything more from you. I gave her to understand, too, what it would mean for a girl in her station if a man like you spent much time in her company. I think she understood!"

"You said *that* to *her!*"

Harley's face was aghast. After looking steadily at his mother for a moment he hid his face in his hands and groaned. There was silence, while his mother surveyed him with a half disgusted triumph. Then he lifted his head and said in a low tone: "You must apologize." His voice was like a command.

"Apologize!" sneered his mother haughtily. "*Never!*"

"Oh, mother! You don't know what you have done! She will never get over it! She—"

"Oh, don't worry about her!" interrupted the mother, utterly mistaking his meaning. "I can assure you she recovered instantly and gave me a sample of her sharp, nasty tongue. She may have a white soul, but you can't say as much of her tongue. She actually had the audacity to say she wasn't sure whether *you* were fit to be *her* friend or not!"

Harley lifted his white face for an instant and looked at his mother as if she had dealt him a blow. Then he quivered from head to foot, and dropped his head with another groan.

"I was afraid she felt that way!" he murmured in a low tone of agony, "and she's about right. I'm not!" Then he turned with one last stricken look at his mother and went away down the hall to his room.

"You—*fool!*" called his mother with the utmost contempt in her face and voice, and then settled back to her book again. Harley would come to himself in the morning and be ready to bend his will to hers, of course. He always had. Let him have his tantrum by himself. How tall and handsome and like his father he had been as he stood there flashing his eyes at her when he was so angry! He might be something to be proud of if he only would act like other young men! Well, just wait till the governor's daughter came, and they would see!

Then the fortunes of the hero of her book engrossed her once more, and her ruffled brow gradually smoothed.

HARLEY did not come to the breakfast table, and his mother, thinking his ill humor was not yet passed off, let him alone; but when he did not appear at lunch time she was vexed and went in search of him. She found no sign of him in his room, and none of the servants could give any account of him. It was most annoying, because she wished him to go to the station to meet the governor's daughter, Miss Granniss, who was to arrive soon after two o'clock.

After lunch Mrs. Bruce sent the servants in every direction, even sending one to the Grayson house to see if her son could be found, but no Harley appeared. She herself searched his room carefully, hoping at least to find a note which would give a clue to his disappearance, but there was not even a scratch of the pen to relieve her anxiety. Not that her anxiety was for her son's safety. Far from it! She never had been known to waste time in anxious solicitude for his welfare or comfort. But her plans were upset by this continued stubbornness and absence of her son, upon whom she had counted to entertain this girl, who, to tell the truth, was somewhat out of her own line. She was not a little exercised to know how the various elements of her present household would mix, and she had counted on Harley to be a sort of insulator between the two. For Mary Granniss had the name of being rather exclusive and conventional, and nothing would have tempted her hostess to invite her if she had not been the governor's daughter, and of fortune so fair.

But Harley was undeniably and unfindably absent when Miss Granniss arrived, and Mrs. Bruce was forced to make the best of matters and send the chauffeur to meet the train, vexed anew at the thought that Harley was missing this excellent opportunity to make his first impressions upon her. What would she think of the absence of the son of the house when it had been particularly stated in the invitation that he would be at home?

SHE welcomed the girl effusively and sent her off to her room to rest, while she plied anew her search for Harley. Surely, surely he would return in time for dinner! But dinner time came, the meal was delayed as long as possible, and still he had not come. His mother with ruffled spirit but with smooth brow and smiling lips told of an unexpected business trip to the city which must have delayed him longer than he had intended; and they sat down at last, the guest of honor looking about the table in vain for some congenial face.

Mary Granniss was a tall, handsome girl with a manner that made her at ease in any company, but which somehow made the members of the present company ill at ease. There was something about her fresh, beautiful face and cultured speech that made Lotta uncomfortable, and silenced even Thaddeus Wiltrone. She was not the kind of girl on whom he usually plied his arts. She had too frank and keen a way of looking straight through a man and making him conscious of all his weaknesses and shortcomings.

The Gardner sisters, with Billy Thatcher and Eddie Love, carried on a furtive conversation among themselves full of giggles and glances; but the party did not seem to assimilate. With every word that Mary Granniss uttered her hostess wondered more and more why the girl had accepted her invitation; and as if the girl read her thoughts she suddenly said:

"Mrs. Bruce, I wonder if you know that I have a friend here in Springdale, a girl whom I love very dearly? She was my roommate in college. In fact, the hope of seeing her again was an added inducement for me to put aside three other almost engagements and accept your most kind invitation."

"Oh, how delightful!" cried Mrs. Bruce, snatching eagerly at a diversion from the labored conversation. "Where is she staying? Who does she visit here? Do tell us, and we will send for her at once. I am sure anybody stranded in Springdale will be glad to get away to a company of young people."

"Oh, she isn't visiting, she lives here!" said Mary eagerly, "and I'm sure you must know her. Nobody could live anywhere in the vicinity of Janet Grayson and her mother and not know them. They are most delightful people. Tell me, does she live near? I haven't seen her for a whole year, not since commencement last spring, when we both were graduated."

IT is a pity that Janet could not have been there to see the look of arrested eagerness on Mrs. Bruce's face pass into startled chagrin and horror, and be quickly reduced to a mask of pleasant courteous smiles. It is well that Harley did not have the pain and mortification of seeing the difference it made to his mother to have a distinguished guest speak well of Janet.

"Janet Grayson!" she murmured in a well-feigned attempt to recall the person. "Oh, yes, I believe there is such a person living here, or used to be. I think Harley knew her. You know, we have been away so many years, and have been back but a few days, so that we have scarcely had time to look around and search out our old friends. So Janet Grayson is a friend of yours? Why, how altogether charming! We shall have to look her up!"

Mrs. Bruce's remarks were by no means made easier by the fact that Lotta Lomond's stare was upon her, in amused scorn; but she struggled bravely through, wondering what in the world she was to do now. Would there be any possible way of diverting this strange girl's thoughts from her one-time friend and averting the calamity of having to open again relations that had just been so satisfactorily closed?

"Yes," went on Mary Granniss, "we are the dearest of friends. Her father was on the supreme bench of this state when my father began to practice law, and they were close friends all their lives. You know Judge Grayson belonged to the old Graysou family so noted in this state; and they are the very refinement of culture. Mrs. Grayson belonged to one of the old New York families, and she has all kinds of money; but you never would suspect it, she is such a sweet, homey, unassuming sort of person. You know her, of course? Isn't she a dear? My mother just loves her. And Janet is the brightest girl I know. In Vassar she took all kinds of honors and scholarships and things; and yet so dear and lovely with it all. She's a perfectly charming girl!"

MRS. BRUCE'S face had grown crimson with mortification, and then turned white with fear and humiliation as the recital went on. Shades of all her ambitions! What fatal blunder had she made? Judge of the Supreme Court! Old families! All kinds of money! Vassar honors! What would she not give to go back and undo the past twenty-four hours! Oh, if this girl with her revelations had but come on Saturday!

It appeared that Mary Granniss, once on the subject, could talk of nothing but the Graysons, and Mrs. Bruce, adept in guiding conversation though she was, frantically searched her brain for some more engrossing topic to introduce and failed. But this time the entire table was giving attention, even the giggling Gardners being reduced to awe over the memory of the brief ride they had taken in company with this paragon; and Thaddeus Wiltrone with somewhat heightened color was trying to recall his part in that afternoon's experience. It was not often that his discernment fell so wide of the mark.

Mrs. Bruce was searching about in her mind for some excuse for her own blindness. What right had such distinguished people to hide themselves away in that old-fashioned house, and in that isolated village? How could she be expected to know that the girl who had played with Harley had been anything but a little common village child? It was Harley's fault. Why hadn't he told her? Then her nerves fairly snapped at her guest's next question:

"You will take me to see her the first thing in the morning, won't you, Mrs. Bruce? I feel as if I could hardly wait over night. Couldn't I telephone her? You have a telephone, haven't you, even in the country?"

Mrs. Bruce gave the signal to leave the table, and tried to smile in an unconcerned way as she said indulgently:

"Oh, not tonight, my dear. Wait until morning. We want you all to ourselves this one evening at least, without any old friends to absorb you. And wouldn't it be best to send for her to come to you? I think it would. I'll send a note over the first thing in the morning. And now, shall we go into the other room—or out on the piazza—which?"

It was like trying to mix oil and water to live through that difficult evening and try to harmonize the various elements of her house party. They simply would not mix; and it was evident that the guest of honor had nothing in common with the other guests. To her hostess's infinite relief she withdrew quite early in the evening on the plea of having a slight headache after her journey, and Mrs. Bruce left the other young people to themselves and retired to her own room to think what she should do next and how she could word a note to Janet Grayson that would prevent her coming to see her friend; at the same time leaving nothing to be desired in the way of courtesy.

CHAPTER V

THERE was an air of insolence about the note which Mrs. Bruce finally sent by her servant to the Grayson house next morning, which neither its delicate perfume nor the rich cream-laid vellum on which it was written could dispel. It was not even addressed to any one; and the servant had instructions to hand it to any one who came to the door and wait for an answer.

It happened that Mrs. Grayson was standing on the front path with the watering can in her hand, wherewith she had just been watering the pansy bed when the servant arrived. Janet had been on her way to Aunt Nan's more than half an hour. Mrs. Grayson adjusted her glasses and read:

"Miss Mary Granniss desires to announce to Miss Janet Grayson that she is a guest of Mrs. J. Breckinridge Bruce, and would be glad to see Miss Grayson if she should care to call upon her."

Mrs. Grayson looked keenly at the man.

"Who sent this note, Mrs. Bruce or Miss Granniss?" she asked.

"Mrs. Bruce give it to me," said the colored man, "that there's her writin'."

Mrs. Grayson pondered a moment:

"Then you may tell Mrs. Bruce," she said deliberately, "that Miss Grayson is away on a visit."

The man touched his hat respectfully and was gone, and Janet's mother went into the house trying to think what to do next. She knew that Mary Granniss was deeply beloved by Janet and that it would be a great disappointment for her daughter to miss seeing this dear friend; but under the circumstances of course it would be utterly impossible for Janet to go to her at the Bruce's. It was well that she was already gone to her aunt's. But the mother was not at all satisfied with leaving the matter here. She was very fond of Mary Granniss herself, and felt that some further explanation was due her, so she sat down at her desk and wrote:

"DEAR MARY: Janet will be deeply grieved to miss you, but I am at home and shall be very glad to see you. Run over as soon as you can, dear. Very lovingly, MARGARET GRAYSON."

THEN Mrs. Grayson went out and wiped the breakfast dishes for Hannah, the maid, while Hannah carried the letter to the post office. As she wiped the dishes she pondered whether she would call up Janet and tell her what had happened. She decided to wait awhile and see what developed before complicating Janet's affairs any further. Janet would perhaps feel that she ought to come home, and yet if she did, and if she tried to see anything of Mary during her stay at the Bruce house, it would be most difficult to keep out of Harley's way, and to keep him from finding out what had happened between his mother and Janet. Mrs. Grayson momently expected a visit from Harley, and her thoughts were much perplexed as to how she should answer him if he demanded to know where Janet had gone.

However, Harley did not come. Meantime the morning wore on, she ate her solitary lunch, changed her morning gown for a daintily made white dimity, and sat down in the big cool living-room to await results. The postman came on his afternoon rounds. He would have her note tucked in among others in the big brown leather bag he carried. In a few moments more Mary Granniss would very likely be in possession of it.

To be continued

The Y. W. C. A. Denies a Canard

THE absurd story, widely circulated in the daily press, that three thousand girls had been hired by the Young Women's Christian Association to dance with soldiers at Camp Lewis, Washington State, under ministerial chaperons, is denied in every particular by the National Board of the Y. W. C. A., and by the local association officials in Seattle. The news agency which sent out the story subsequently sent out a denial. Mrs. James Stewart Cushman, chairman of the War Work Council of the National Board, states that the one hundred and thirty-two workers in hostess houses in the cantonments are mature women employed as hostesses, cafeteria directors, and emergency war workers. The one hundred and one recreation leaders placed in club centers near cantonments are specially chosen to interest girls, and incidentally their men friends, in games and athletics. Wholesome recreation for girls is one of the objects for which the Association exists. No funds have been appropriated for the entertainment of men.

THE NEW RE

¶Of all the new models announced this year this Reo Light Four enjoys the
can produce enough cars to supply all who want Reos. ¶That condition is a
design and in refinements of mechanical details is this Reo really new. ¶It is
practically its present form for longer than any other American Motor Car. ¶
that great class of automobiles most suited to the needs of the average Ameri
concentrated their skill, not to designing new models from year to year, but to
soon see several features of this new Reo copied in other cars. ¶Just that y
rear universal joint is displaced by the flexible Thermoid coupling—no further
glance its superiority. ¶Reo is first in this—others will surely follow. ¶F
engineers always have accepted Reo as a leader. ¶The feature mentioned is
mentals this is that same wonderful Reo. ¶Dependability and low upkeep as
consistent Reo policy, founded on Reo Good Intent and carried into effect by R
New Light Four—is all its predecessors were, plus many little but most valuab
Folk. ¶Demand, as we've said, is, at this writing, almost hopelessly in excess
Reo—always has been." ¶We must admit that fact. ¶Proudly we do so.
for that matter—is to see your Reo distributor at once; place your order; make
delivery. ¶Today won't be a minute too soon. ¶Price of Five-Passenger T

REO MOTOR CAR CO

"THE GOLD STA

LIGHT FOUR

e test over-demand. ¶At this time it looks as if the big Lansing plants never ilute to Quality and to a consistent policy long sustained. ¶For, only in body e atest edition of the greatest Four ever built—a car that has been standard in ha Reo Four, refined from time to time, always maintained its leadership in n user. ¶Reo engineers—the pioneers and always the most progressive—have iing this, until now it is as nearly perfect as is humanly possible. ¶You'll ay note it when it comes, we call attention to the fact that in this model the ry about lubrication at this point. ¶Study the principle. ¶You'll see at a Reo engineering is sound engineering—Reo judgment is accurate. ¶Other y one of many details of the New Light Four that are better—yet in all funda- nd in this New Light Four are the logical and the inevitable results of that e perience and the matchless Reo facilities. ¶In a word, this latest Reo—this refinements and clothed in the handsomest body ever designed by the Reo f ne possible output. ¶But, we hear you say, "That's a chronic condition with S the only way to be sure of obtaining a Reo of this model—or of any model c sh deposit so there'll be no question about it—and specify an early spring ring Car as shown is $1225 f. o. b. Lansing, Mich., plus Special Federal Tax.

PANY, Lansing, Mich.

ARD OF VALUES"

OUR MAIL-BAG

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and not controversial.

All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

CHRISTIAN HERALD INFORMATION BUREAU

Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

With all the resources of the Government libraries and departments and of the public museums and their staffs and with the active assistance of national experts this Information Bureau is ready to tell you the answer to

Whatever You Want to Know

The bureau is prepared to answer fully and promptly questions regarding food production and conservation, transportation, industrial activities, history, patents and inventions, pensions and Army insurance, legislation, exploration and discovery, Government employment, and all of the thousand and one things that you want to be sure of.

Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

H. G. J., Bismarck, N. D. It has been an almost universal practice among prominent men who were great Bible lovers, to mark the Scriptures. Some marked the Bible for emphasis, others made marginal notes, usually referring to related passages; while still others characterized or grouped certain parts of the Bible. Moody, the great evangelist, marked the entire Bible copiously, and this marked Bible was to him a convenient guide whenever he desired to speak on any subject, with all the passages connected conveniently indexed. Charles H. Yatman had a system of Bible marking peculiar to himself. He was one of those who first divided the Bible into prayer, praise, helpfulness, sickness, blessing, and over a score of other divisions, each containing all the passages of its particular class. Cromwell marked on his Bible all the passages that related to war, and had these printed in a little volume which he called "The Souldier's Byble," of about sixteen pages, with stout leather covers, which his "Ironsides" could carry in their pockets. There is little doubt that a very large proportion of Bible students have some method of Bible-marking which they find helpful and useful for quick reference. Certainly, to mark a Bible designed for public use, as in a church pew, would be out of place, but we can see nothing wrong in marking one's own Bible which is read in privacy at home. We ourselves remember passages we marked more than half a century ago, and which were more deeply impressed upon the memory by that act.

Mrs. W. J. C., San Diego, Calif. I have received the Christian Herald and Dr. Gray's lectures (which came in pamphlet form). It would be impossible for me to say in a few words how much I have enjoyed them, as well as others to whom I loaned them. . . . How much we enjoy the Christian Herald would require a string of Rev. Billy Sunday's adjectives to explain. Some people are eager to learn about Christ's Second Coming, and others are after everything else. There seem to be more isms, creeds, etc., on this coast than is believable. May God keep us true to himself and to Jesus Christ his Son.

A Subscriber. We do not think any one would be refused admission to membership in an orthodox church who believes in God, in Jesus Christ as Saviour of the world, and in his atonement and resurrection. All the rest is of secondary importance to these. We are not to judge of other men, even the unregenerate, but rather to do all we can to assure their spiritual awakening and to lead them to seek forgiveness.

We have the following from a poor pastor in North Carolina, whose name and address we will give to any interested reader: "I gave a good deal of my time, when I was younger, trying to build up the Lord's work in destitute places, as pastor of weak country churches. Now, at the age of about fifty, I am laid on the shelf, the churches wanting better educated and younger men. I have no pastorate now. I marry people, preach, conduct funerals and supply for other pastors sometimes, for which I get a little something. I have an afflicted limb, which bothers me in trying to do manual labor. Had I gone into business or engaged in some secular work entirely, I might now have plenty to eat and wear. I make out to get enough to eat to keep from starving, but I am in need of clothes. I have had no overcoat all winter. A good brother gave me ten dollars some time ago to help buy me some clothes, but I had to buy food with it. If you will speak of my needs in your paper, perhaps some of your subscribers have some slightly worn clothing they will send me. I still read the Christian Herald and have done so for, I suppose, nearly a quarter of a century. A friend sends it to me after reading it."

Several Readers. A club has recently been organized among the nine hundred women employees of the War Trade Board in Washington, to provide dormitory and boarding facilities at nominal rates, to establish educational and war work classes, and to maintain club-rooms for social recreations. The club is an outgrowth of the successful work being done by the Board to establish personal relations with the many workers. A twenty-room house at 2100 Massachusetts Avenue has been leased, and other dormitories will be established at an early date.

J. C. K., Ithaca, N. Y. When Liberty Bonds are lost, stolen or destroyed, the loser writes to the Division of Loans and Currency of the Treasury Department, at Washington, D. C., and the chief of that division, Mr. William S. Broughton, entrusts the matter of examining into the cases and recommending such as are subject to relief to the hands of a woman. Miss R. L. Lindsey is this woman, and she has been in charge of this work of investigating the cases of lost bonds for many years, so that Liberty Bond issues only add volume to work of a familiar character. Only registered bonds which are lost or stolen can be duplicated, although coupon bonds which have been destroyed may be replaced under certain conditions.

Mrs. A. S., Plattsburgh, Ohio. God reserves to himself the right to give or withhold the boons for which we pray. He knows better than we do what would be for our good to receive. As a wise and kind father does not grant every request his child makes, but, because of love for the child, refuses things that would be harmful to him, so God does not answer all of our prayers. Think of Paul's thorn in the flesh which God did not remove (II Cor. 12 : 8), even after repeated prayer. When your prayers remain unanswered, you may know that the heavenly Father has some wise purpose to serve in not granting your petition, and you should acquiesce in his will, whatever it may be.

G. K. J., Philadelphia, Pa. Chronology, or the division of time, is of two kinds: mathematical and historical. The earliest form of chronological computation was by generations, or "the lives of leading persons in a nation." The Greeks measured time by Olympiads, or periods of four years each. The Romans dated events from the building of their city, the Mohammedans from the Hegira or flight of Mohammed in 622 A. D. The Romans and Greeks used their systems long after the birth of Christ. Until 1600, France computed by periods of fifteen years. The adoption of the Christian chronology did not generally begin until 527 A. D. Babylon, India, and China had elaborate systems of their own. The Hebrews reckoned from Creation.

D. L., Keokuk, Ia. It is a question in what part of the River Jordan Jesus was baptized. The evangelists would seem to imply that it was at Bethabara, "beyond Jordan," and John distinctly asserts that "these things were done there." It is also held by some that it took place at a point near Jericho. Other Bible students say the oldest Mss. declare that the baptism took place at Bethany.

M. A. S., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Please explain Ps. 84 : 3.

There are two possible explanations. One is that a custom "existing among several nations of antiquity may have crept into the Jewish nation, of never disturbing the nests of birds that were built within their temples or without. Such bird-nests were regarded as under God's special protection. The other explanation, and one more probable, is that one line of the poem is lost." The Psalmist's meaning evidently was that as the sparrow had found a nest where safety was assured, so had he found such a resting place—the altar.

Anxious. Generally speaking, the name "Jesus" refers to the person of the Saviour, while "Christ" refers to his character of Saviour and to his ministry as working out the purpose for which he came on earth. There is no material difference in the use of either name.

Mrs. R. E. F., Meyerstown, Pa. The regimental band in the American army is a part of what is called the headquarters company, being directly under command of the regimental adjutant. The members of the band rank as privates, corporals and sergeants, the same as the members of any other company. The bandmaster has the rank of sergeant.

E. S., Newark, N. J. Paul was probably baptized by Ananias. As will be seen by reference to I Cor. 1 : 14, Paul regarded the matter of the person who administered the rite as of secondary importance. In I Cor. 1 : 13, he meant being initiated into the Mosaic Covenant. He was comparing the position of people under the old and new dispensations, and exhorted those under the new to be careful not to lose its blessings, as the Jews lost those of the old.

S. A. N., Fenton, Mich. Baron Morimura is a distinguished banker and exporter of Japan. He was born in Tokyo in October, 1859, and worked his way up from obscurity, and for two decades was the leading importer and exporter of Japan. He was once director of the Bank of Japan, and is now a director of the Morimura Bank. He was created a baron in 1915.

F. L., Covington, Ky. Bolshevism, the name applied to the new revolutionary order in Russia, is regarded by some writers as a religious rather than a political system. "Your true Bolshevist," says one authority, "believes in the Golden Rule, and he also believes in the land being for the people, and that those who farm the soil should hold it." The Bolshevist leaders are intense, earnest and emotional, holding views which others might pronounce fanatical, and which have been crystallized by long-continued oppression and cruel injustice. They come closer to Christianity—rough and uncultured, but sincere—than many who talk much of the religion of Jesus but put very little into their lives.

M. O., Dayton, Ohio. "Sinn Fein" is Gaelic and means "Ourselves Alone," or, more freely translated, "Ireland for the Irish."

Reader, Kremlin, Mont. There are two ways of doing things—God's way and the way of the world. If all could be persuaded to accept God's way and follow it faithfully, in perfect obedience and trust, it would be well with them. But such perfect faith and trust do not exist anywhere today, save in the hearts of those who are living in daily communion with and dependence upon God, and who are true disciples of Jesus Christ. All of your argument, therefore, resolves itself into this concrete proposition: that the Gospel is the only power that can save the world. We have seen the failure of non-Christian civilization; we can only work and believe and hope for a Christian civilization to come.

R. S. D., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Leon Trotzky, the revolutionary leader in Russia, is not of Russian stock. His real name is said to be Leon Braunstein, and, according to several correspondents claiming to be well informed, he is of German-Jewish descent. When escaping from exile in Siberia, the name Trotzky was written on his passport, and he has used it ever since. He is educated and is an ardent Socialist of the Marxian type.

M. N. J., Decatur, Iowa. This journal is neither premillennialist nor postmillennialist. It teaches what the Scriptures say concerning the Second Coming, but leaves time and circumstance to be disclosed when God sees fit to do so. It teaches all so to live that they will be in accord with the divine will in the matter of prayer and preparedness. Without espousing any aspect of the controversy, it tries to make reasonable presentation of all phases of the question, by men whose scholarship and reverence for God's Word cannot be successfully disputed.

M. M. W., Alabama. Please explain II Peter, 1 : 2.

The blessings of grace and peace multiplied will abound only as we abide and advance in divine knowledge, namely, in knowing God. "It is making me," as one careful student puts it, "better acquainted with a thing I knew before, a more exact viewing of an object that I saw before afar off." This spiritual knowledge which brings us into closer relation to God through Jesus is the secret of grace and peace.

Mrs. Charles H. C., East Stroudsburg, Pa. The question whether the brethren of Jesus mentioned in the New Testament as James, Joses, Simon and Judas were his proper brothers and thus children of Mary and Joseph is an open one. Some hold they were relatives or cousins. The early fathers of the church held that Mary had no other children. Several modern commentators hold to the opinion that the brethren in question were the sons of Joseph and Mary, and that Mary's mother's sister had two sons named James and Joses.

A Reader, Boone, Iowa, sends this interesting comment: "The only right interpretation of the word 'generation' (Luke 21 : 23) is that given by Farrar, who says that 'the word *genea* in the original is *race;* and that the Saviour referred to the Jewish race.' Farrar refers also to the fact that the Jews remain a distinct race. I also notice that in the Danish translation of the passages of Scripture referred to, the word 'race' is used."

E. P., Bennett, Ill. The fifth petition is rendered by some, "forgive us our debts"; by others, "forgive us our trespasses." Both are correct, as both relate to the same moral obligations not fulfilled by us, that is, sin.

O. T., Pasadena, Calif. Please explain II Peter 1 : 6.

The word "temperate" has undergone a change in the last few years in popular usage. To be temperate meant moderate in the use of intoxicants, then it came to mean total abstinence. The word here means self-control—to be self-controlled in everything and master over one's appetites, to do nothing in excess, to have control over emotions, feelings, mind, speech, actions. This temperate life is the victorious life, and it can be attained only through the workings of the Holy Spirit.

German War Practices

AN official book of 96 pages has been issued in Washington under the title of German War Practices.

A copy of this book will be sent free to any reader of the Christian Herald.

It sets forth the details of the system that has made Prussianism a word of reproach for generations to come.

It describes specific instances, individual cases, as well as broad policies such as that of Belgian deportation.

It is based on official sources: the archives of the State Department, German official proclamations, reports of American officials, as well as the field diaries of German soldiers.

It contains statements especially prepared by Herbert Hoover, Frederic C. Walcott, and Vernon Kellogg.

To get a copy of this free book, send your name and address with a 2-cent stamp for return postage to the Christian Herald Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

In a Far Place

By
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THEY sat around the phonograph—three men who were far from home. It wasn't a new phonograph and the music that came from it was rather shrill; but, after all, it *was* music. And it brought a touch of home into the dingy little cabin.

The song came to a sudden, shrieking stop, and the oldest man rose abruptly from his place to turn off the machine. He sighed as he lifted off the needle.

"It's years," he commented to himself, "since I've heard real music. In this forsaken place there isn't"—he paused as he fumbled through the pile of battered records—"there isn't anything real!"

"But," it was the youngest man who spoke and there was an eager note in his voice, "but some of us, you know, have got to go to the forsaken places of the earth. Some of us have got to be pioneers, or else there wouldn't be any nations—much!"

The oldest man fitted a second worn disc onto the phonograph and turned the crank half-heartedly.

"Here's another," he said gruffly, "five years old, anyway, I reckon. How I wish that we had some new music!"

"You're discontented tonight, Bill!" The youngest man's voice held a note that might have meant reproof. "What's the matter!"

The man named Bill cleared his throat before he answered.

"The mail came in today," he said in a voice that he tried to make casual. "There were papers with the mail, and the papers were full of the war. Every regular man's at the front fighting. I'm not. . . . that's why!"

The Boy was talking excitedly

THE man who had not spoken moved out of the shadow. His eyes held a serious light as he looked up.

"Ah, Bill," he said—and his voice was a resonant voice that must at one time have been a singing voice—"the boy here is right and you're wrong. The nation has sent some of her men—most of them—to the firing-line. A few of them have had to go to the far places. We're in the last class. That's all!"

The oldest man stretched out a hand as the song on the phonograph jangled into silence. He turned it off with a jerk.

"If the papers hadn't been full of it all I wouldn't feel so," he muttered; "but the papers *are* full of it. Want to see them?"

The youngest man was out of his place in a flash. "Want to see them?" he echoed. "Do I *want* to see them! Well, rather!"

The oldest man burrowed in his pocket and produced a few crumpled sheets. The youngest man pounced upon them eagerly.

The man who had been looking on from the shadow moved over to the window and stared out. The stars seemed very large and very near the earth. They do sometimes in far countries.

"I was in a war—once"—he said slowly, half to himself. "It wasn't pleasant, even though it wasn't much of a war, compared to this one. I was under fire quite often. And yet I know how you feel, Bill. I'm envious of those fellows back there, who are living it. . . But the Boy's right, we are pioneers! And there must be pioneers."

The Boy was talking excitedly, his eyes lifted from the crumpled paper.

"This is great stuff!" he was saying. "Did you read this, I wonder, about the battle in the air! It's like a page from some marvelous romance! And about the chaps who went 'over the top' with never a gun! I don't blame you, Bill, for feeling too far from it all." His voice died away and his eyes lowered again to the paper.

THE man named Bill put a new record, rather nervously, on the machine. It had been used less often than the other records, and the music of it crept out, rather sweetly, through the cabin. It was a women singing a lullaby.

The man by the window spoke.

"That girl has a right pretty voice," he said approvingly. "A right pretty voice. I wonder——"

The Boy interrupted. The paper hung loosly from his hand.

"We've not played that before—not lately—have we?" he questioned. "If you all knew how that song takes me back! My mother used to sing it to us when we were little tads. It's an anachronism to hear it in this cabin at the end of nowhere——"

The man named Bill spoke, and softly.

"Us?" he questioned. "How many of you were there, Jimmy!"

"There were just two of us," answered the Boy—"me and my kid brother. He was a wild boy if ever there was one! He was younger than I was; but, say! he could beat me out at any game. We were great pals—" his voice drifted off.

The oldest man spoke with a curious intensity. Perhaps it was his tone that made the man by the window turn and stare.

"Where is your brother now?" he questioned.

The Boy hesitated for a moment, and he flushed before he answered. At last he spoke.

"I don't know, Bill," he answered. "We were pals, we were; but I don't know. You see, I'd gone into the service before he was out of college, and I couldn't keep my eye on him for the last two years. And those last two years were hard on him. . . . He was sort of wild, you see, and I wasn't there. I'd always been his balance wheel, and without me he was like something let loose. He got into some sort of a scrape—" The boy's voice crept off again into the stillness.

THE man who was standing in the shadows moved forward. One noticed that, though he didn't speak often, he usually spoke at the right time.

"There, old fellow," he said, patting the Boy's shoulder with a firm hand, "you don't have to go into details with us. We understand. . . . Take that record off the phonograph, Bill, it's run down!"

The oldest man got up stiffly and jerked the machine to a standstill. But he didn't speak. For the Boy was talking again.

"But I want to tell you about it," he said. "It's been heavy on my heart for this good while. Because he's all the family I've got, no matter where he is or what he's done. And we were always great pals.

"He got into a nasty mess, there, at college. And there was a great deal of explaining to do. And I reckon he was in the wrong. For one morning he just wasn't there. And he hadn't left any trace. . . .

"I got leave and went up to find him, if I could. My mother'd always told me that I must look out for him; I was the oldest, you see. And I went to the president of the college and asked questions. I'd always been in quite right with the faculty. I was the steady sort, you see; not brilliant like my brother, but—steady. And I'll never forget that the president looked me in the eye and said: 'Only a chap that was yellow would run away—only a chap that was yellow.' And I had to go back, when my leave was up, with only—that."

The oldest man was leaning forward. His face showed, a tense, white blur, in the lamplight.

"And you've never heard a thing?" he questioned.

"I've never heard a thing," answered the Boy. His voice was rather stifled. "You see, the kid was wild and impetuous, and—well, the president of the college didn't know. It wasn't that he was yellow; it was just that he was a kid and couldn't understand until it was too late. He's been sorry, I know, ever since! That's why I haven't heard from him. Because he won't come back until he has atoned in some way. He was the youngest, and he always looked up to me . . . to my opinion. . . ."

THE Boy choked and stared down suddenly at the paper in his hand. It shook a bit as though the hand that held it wasn't quite steady. "It was that lullaby that brought it all back," he said in a voice that somehow matched the unsteady hand. "She used to sing it to us. She never lived to know about Dicky——"

"His name was *Richard!*" The oldest man had started—was leaning forward—"*His name was Richard!*"

The face of the Boy went suddenly rather white. His hand crumpled the bit of newspaper.

"What do you know about him?" he asked in a strange voice that was very even. "All night you've been nervous and different. You've had something on your mind — about Dicky. What is it?"

The man who didn't speak often had taken the sheet of newspaper quietly from the Boy's hand. His glance traveled feverishly over the printed page. At last he found what he was searching for. . . .

The man named Bill was talking. "I read it in the paper when the mail came in," he said huskily, "I sensed right away, that it was *him*. I'd heard of him before, you see, and it's a strange name—Richard Ridgeway."

The Boy's voice cut like a whip through the slow sentences.

"In heaven's name," he asked, "what is it?"

The voice of the man who seldom spoke read, suddenly, from the newspaper—read seriously, with an intonation that might have fitted a great cathedral.

"Richard Ridgeway—killed in action—in the twenty-second year of his life!" he read, "after holding single-handed a machine-gun position until reinforcements could arrive." He paused.

THE Boy was standing, straight and tall, by the phonograph. He looked like a sleeper who has been wakened suddenly in a too brightly lighted room.

Continued on page 497

If you could watch

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in the cylinder

If you could see the cylinders of your automobile motor cut in half, with the piston going, you would see the reason for Havoline Oil.

You would see a film of oil evenly spread between piston rings and cylinder side. You would see the piston moving with lightning-like rapidity, hundreds of strokes per minute.

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Then, too, that fine film of Havoline between piston and cylinder wall acts as a seal to prevent the gases escaping between cylinder wall and piston. Should these gases break through they would eat into the oil, and kill its lubricating quality, then would begin your motor's breakdown. If you could see this you would know that Havoline is the safest oil you can give your motor under all conditions.

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Jesus Rebukes Selfishness

International Sunday School Lesson for April 28. Mark 9:30-50

The Failure of Selfishness

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

AFTER the great experience of the Transfiguration Jesus continued his walks and talks of instruction with the twelve as they journeyed about the quieter sections of Galilee. He continued to stress the necessity of suffering and sacrifice in his way of life, and the disciples continued to stumble and fail in the effort to grasp so unworldly a teaching. How repugnant to the unspiritual man is humility of spirit! How instinctively we shrink from sacrifice until the glory of the unseen is revealed to us! Surely we can be sympathetic in our attitude toward Christ's blundering followers when we read the sad story of their contention during the journey home to Capernaum, though it contrasts so strikingly with the scene on the mount, and the words of their Lord and ours. Have we not known the time when self-interest has prompted strife among modern disciples even within the portals of the Church and after a mountain peak of worship too?

The Dangers of Privilege

In fact, such is human nature that it seems clear that their recent privilege had aroused their selfish ambitions. Perhaps the argument had originated among the three who had received the highest distinction. Peter and James and John had gone up with Jesus to the Mount of Glory. Which of these was actually first in the Master's esteem? Then we can imagine the rest of the group disputing the pre-eminence of the three. Perhaps they accused them of forming a clique within the little band. Even Christians are prone to be jealous of one another's leadership. It is very bad and very sad. Privilege should mean responsibility, but too often it means pride and self-will.

Just because they had found the Messiah, just because they shared the high hopes of great things to come, they disputed with one another on the way, who was the greatest.

Ashamed of Their Ambition

If it is natural to be selfish, it is also instinctive to be ashamed of selfishness. Jesus asked, oh so gently, what it was that interested them so tremendously on the way. But they held their peace. He did not have to rebuke them harshly, directly, because their own consciences condemned the self-assertiveness that had characterized the whole discussion. When they faced Jesus Christ their ambitions and claims seemed unworthy.

How is it with you and with me? Would we dare to tell Jesus what things most interest us and what are the real objects of our striving? Are we greedy for place and power, and little concerned to serve and to give? These are searching questions, and it is best to face them now.

The True and Christian Emulation

But we must not make a mistake that has greatly harmed religion in the past, namely, to decide that Christ wishes to have his followers supine, nerveless, and colorless. He does not condemn ambition, but wrongly directed selfish ambition. He does not want his disciples to lose their energy and vim, but to use them unselfishly. So he points the way here in a beautiful and positive teaching. "Do you want to excel?" he says. "Then be humble. Do you wish to be truly great? Then minister unto others; for true greatness is never found in self-seeking, but in serving a cause or in doing for men."

This is the true and Christian emulation; to excel in service, rather than in precedence or wealth or fame. Have a high ambition, but not a vain one. Remember that the mightiest saints have had the biggest desires, but in the right way. Paul said, "I must see Rome." He had an ambition to preach Christ in the very capital of heathenism. Zinzendorf made this gigantic claim, but in the most Christ-like spirit: "The world is my parish." Livingstone "thought in terms of continents," and would not rest till he had explored Africa as his contribution to world-evangelism. Ambition makes the missionary, for he says, like Stewart of Lovedale in his boyhood, "I shall never be satisfied till I am in Africa, with a Bible in my pocket and a rifle on my shoulder to supply my wants." The emphasis is not on the personal pronouns, but on the vision of work to be done for God.

Competition in well-doing is quite different from the clutch for power. It fulfils Jesus' word, "Whosoever would be first, let him be servant of all."

A Hymn of Service

In our school we are using a beautiful anonymous hymn of service. You can readily find music that will suit it.

Love thyself last. Look near, behold thy duty
To those that walk beside thee down life's road;
Make glad their day by little acts of beauty,
And help them bear the burden of earth's load.

Love thyself last. Look far, and find the stranger
Who staggers 'neath his sin and his despair;
Go lend a hand and lead him out of danger,
To heights where he may see the world is fair.

Love thyself last. The vastnesses above thee
Are filled with spirit forces, strong and pure;
And fervently these faithful friends shall love thee;
Keep thy watch over others, and endure.

An Example of True Greatness

Jesus was wonderful in his object lessons. He called to him the little child of the house (perhaps it was Peter's) and took him into his strong arms of love. Then he told the twelve that in the eyes of God it was a greater thing to treat a little child with kindness than to win the highest of earthly honors. Indeed, to receive one of such little children in the name of Christ is to receive him, and receiving him we receive God.

Do you want to serve God? he asks. Then minister to childhood! What an arresting thought for us as teachers in the school of the Church! Are we realizing the splendor of our opportunity? If your work has become an old story to you, picture Jesus Christ with a child on his lap asking you if you love as he loves. Imagine him standing by your side as you prepare this lesson, saying unto you as he did to Peter of old, "Feed my lambs." Are we really giving them the Bread of Life that will make them strong in the Lord and in the power of his might?

An Uneasy Conscience

Something was troubling John as he listened to Jesus, and with his keen insight gripped his principle more clearly than the others. "Teacher," he asked, "what about our attitude to others who think they are serving thee? We found a man who was unselfishly ministering in thy name, but we forbade him, because he was not a member of our group." It had seemed the right thing to do at the time, but now John feels that it was the same old self-assertiveness and jealousy at work. Jesus confirms John's new point of view. Arrogant exclusiveness is really a form of selfishness. "He follows not *us*." Yet according to his light the stranger was following Jesus, doing just the sort of thing that Jesus used to do. The persecuting spirit is more anxious about following our ways than in following Jesus' ways. The church during the centuries has made the same error too often. It makes a present-day student of the Life of Christ wonder if the councils and dignitaries really read their New Testaments. How could they read "Forbid him not" and then denounce, imprison, put to death, men who were preaching Christ and ministering in his name, even if they were not ordained by the established church?

Toleration an Evidence of Unselfishness

The better spirit of cooperation among Christians of every name is an evidence of a genuine humility and brotherliness in Christ. No longer do little groups arrogantly claim to be the sole custodians of the entire body of truth. We are beginning to understand what Jesus meant when he said that no one could do a mighty work in his name and then very easily work against him. All religious men are at least favorably disposed to God's will, however partial is their apprehension of it. We have a sense of fellowship with all who sincerely seek to serve. It is still marred by the exclusiveness of certain sects who claim a monopoly of grace, but all rightminded people today are tolerant.

Christ's great prayer was that his disciples might be one. As we look out upon the great needy world today, let us learn the lesson which St. John took so deeply to heart that it softened his whole character and brought brotherliness to the front in his view of the Gospel. If any missionary has scored a success let us rejoice with equal joy, whether he belongs to our denomination or not. If any organization has ministered to our soldiers and sailors, or cared for the homeless refugees, or protected little children, let us honor it whether it is our organization or some other. With so much need, with so much to be done, with so many awaiting the ministries of Christ, it is more vividly true than ever before that "he that is not against us is for us." Let us claim as brothers all who are casting out the demons of hate and lust and drink. Let us fellowship heartily with any man who will do Jesus' work in Jesus' spirit.

The Value of Even the Smallest Service

Jesus pointed out that even the smallest service carries with it its own sure reward. How much more then the greater service which they had been so narrow as to forbid! It is an absolute fact that every act of ministry, every deed of love, brings the truest and most worthwhile of rewards: an increased capacity for God, a greater Christliness of soul. The most desirable thing earth or heaven can give is to be like Christ. One becomes like him by unselfish service.

It is the daily good turn that makes the genuine Boy Scout, not the uniform or the book learning. When our scouts tell us their good turns we are glad to find that the homeliest duties have been the means of bringing out character. In that deep true sense "all service ranks the same to God."

It is not the deed that we do,
Though the deed be never so fair,
But the love that the dear Lord looketh for,
Hidden with holy care
In the heart of the deed so fair.

The Sin of Hindering Others

Jesus passes to the opposite thought. If it is glorious to do the least of services, even to give a cup of cold water in Jesus' name, it is hideous to put the least stumbling-block in a brother's way. We all realize that it is dreadful to do any one a physical injury, but most of us fail to realize the guilt of doing any one a spiritual harm. But to hurt a soul, or to lead one into temptation, or to confuse the very conscience of another, is the crowning iniquity.

It seems as though Jesus must have been thinking of the frightful harm caused by dissensions between his followers, and the spiritual wickedness of intolerance and exclusiveness. The unknown disciple whom they had censured so severely might be dissuaded from a life of ministry, and all who should have been redeemed through him might be left in their misery. Only God knows what "might have been" had all selfishness and arrogance been cast out from the hearts of Christians everywhere.

Sunday School Work and the War

By FRANK L. BROWN, General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

"WHAT is the effect of the war upon the world's Sunday schools?" is the question frequently asked in these days by Christian people.

It is encouraging to know that never has Sunday school progress been so great as in these very years when the spirit of pessimism is so much abroad. It is realized too by leaders in church and state in all countries that in the strategy of world reconstruction the Sunday school, because of its numbers, world-wide organization and leadership can be trusted to put the right moral basis under the future. It has the needed message of world brotherhood, with the binding power of the Bible studied now by 35,000,000 Sunday school scholars the world over. This organization has penetrated every country, and the gain in Sunday school membership in the last four years has been at the rate of a million a year. The principal gain has been in America, which has now 20,000,000 in its Sunday school membership. In England and her colonies there are some 10,000,000 enrolled in the Sunday schools. India alone has 600,000. In the Philippines, where sixteen years ago there was not a single Sunday school, there are now well on toward 100,000 members. In Japan there has been an increase of 40,000 in the last two years. So alarmed indeed have the Buddhists in Japan become at the Sunday school increase in numbers and strength that they have organized a Buddhist Sunday School Association in opposition to that of the National Sunday School Association of Japan. They have taken outright some of our Christian songs, substituting "Buddha" where "Jesus" occurs. Korea enrolls 200,000 in its Sunday schools. China's membership of 200,000 is being pushed up by live American methods.

DURING the war the Sunday schools have cared for their increased expenses due to graded literature, and have contributed largely to the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and Armenian Relief campaigns. The secretary of one denomination took to Washington a check for $100,000 contributed by the Sunday schools of that denomination for Red Cross work. The Washington officials were so surprised by this exhibition of the patriotism of the Sunday schools that they gave increased recognition to the Sunday school War Council in Food Conservation and other measures. And at the recent Christmastide the Sunday schools cooperated in placing $1,000,000 at the disposal of the Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee to care for the 400,000 Armenian orphans in Bible lands.

THEN, too, the Sunday schools are keeping alive the spirit of the boys who have gone out from their membership as soldiers and sailors. Then you can measure increasing interest in the Sunday school by the popular demonstrations in its interest which are occurring in all the fields.

In the city of Rosario, in the interior of Argentina, South America, there were 2,500 children from forty Sunday schools in one great Sunday school parade. Recently another such parade occurred in Santiago, Chile. In Manila, in the Philippines, 5,000 Sunday school delegates, who had come in from a radius of sixty miles, knelt in the baseball park, under the open sky, to dedicate themselves for better and bigger schools. They later formed a torchlight parade a mile long.

In the city of Shanghai, China, a while ago some 10,000 Chinese Sunday school scholars came together in a great recreational day in one of the principal city parks. The Chinese Mercury, in commenting on the personnel of that gathering, said: "If China is ever to be regenerated, as it must be, we can trust its reconstruction to young people of the type that we saw yesterday in that Sunday school gathering." In Seoul, Korea, 16,000 Sunday school members of that city formed one of the most impressive demonstrations ever held in the Orient. They marched and countermarched in the old palace grounds which had been reddened with the blood of Christian martyrs, and the singing and Amens of this great company were wonderful in their volume of enthusiasm. In Japan there have been repeated parades of the Sunday school forces. One of these reached 12,000 in number, and so impressed the Emperor as it marched by the palace grounds in Tokyo that he ordered the hoisting of the flag in recognition.

THE Sunday school is meeting the call for its service as a character-making institution by a world-wide organization. This great world-wide organization is directed by a World's Sunday School Committee with headquarters in New York and London, and with representatives in every field. Business men like Mr. H. J. Heinz, Hon. John Wanamaker, Mr. E. K. Warren, and Mr. Arthur Harris are giving of their means, energy and ability to forward this work.

Baron Shibusawa, one of Japan's greatest leaders, searched up and down Japan for some plan that would shape the moral and business character of future Japan. At a dinner of business and Sunday school men in Chicago he said that he discovered that the product of the Christian Sunday school was the thing he was after. And he is backing up the Sunday school work in Japan, and is one of the leaders behind the invitation to hold the next World's Sunday School Convention in Tokyo, following the war.

ANOTHER factor of great promise is the world-wide increase in Bible study by men. In America three million men are enlisted in organized Bible classes. In Europe one organization alone, the Scripture Gift Mission, has distributed over 10,000,000 copies of the Scriptures to soldiers. Our own American Sunday school children have given nearly a million and a half of Gospels and Testaments to European soldiers. Our own soldier boys are being generously supplied with these.

In China, as the result of the campaigns by Dr. Mott and Sherwood Eddy, thousands of China's scholars and civic leaders are now gathered in Bible study groups under a pledge that they will follow the light of the Word even if that light leads them to Christ. In Foochow 5,000 students meet weekly under this plan. At Kiukiang and other places city officials are turning over Confucian and other temples for Sunday schools and Bible study.

In China, the Philippines, Japan, India and Korea, great Bible study and evangelistic campaigns are now under way, the leadership being both American and native. In Manila a small group of young men organized a Bible class, calling themselves "We brothers of 99," intending to secure 99 men for their class. They recorded one Sunday an attendance of 717. Up and down the Yangtse Valley great Bible classes have been organized on American lines. In one city in Korea a body of 900 men engaged in Bible study met for two weeks at six o'clock in the morning in an unheated room with the thermometer around zero, often as low as 10 degrees.

In America in the last two years a million young people in their teens have been organized in 45,000 Bible classes in the Sunday school. They are feeling the pulse of this world movement and are responding to the world call. Everywhere in the foreign field America's spiritual leadership is recognized, backed by America's unselfish motives in the world struggle. These young people and millions of others in the Sunday school will pour their gifts and life in increasing measure into the world's spiritual regeneration, and America's Sunday school leadership and American methods will go hand in hand with American statesmanship and business push in shaping a new world order. And this new world order will have its finest and surest foundation in the character produced by the Sunday school.

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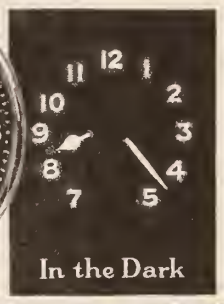

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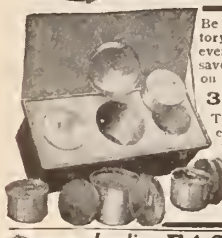

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The Right Kind of an American

How Frank Hoyt Gailor, Rhodes Scholar, Showed the Stuff of Which a Bishop's Son Is Made

By FRED B. PITNEY

THIS is the story of an American boy in the Great War. He is Frank Hoyt Gailor, son of the Bishop of Tennessee.

Before the war Frank Hoyt, as he was known to his family and friends, was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, a big, strapping young fellow, twenty-two years old, a football, baseball and tennis player and one of the best athletes at Oxford. Nineteen-fourteen was the year the Harvard second crew went to Henley and walked away from all the rest in the eight-oared race. Two American crews, Union Boat Club, of Boston and Harvard, fought out the finals between them on July 4. It was unprecedented and Frank Hoyt was the happiest man at Henley.

No one in England imagined at that time that the country would soon be involved in the greatest war in history. The murder of the Archduke Ferdinand had taken place at Sarajevo a week before, but the general belief was that Austria would be reasonable, Serbia would be yielding and the affair would be arranged without bloodshed. But, at any rate, if war came, it would be confined to the southeastern corner of Europe. Sir Edward Grey was still the greatest living diplomat and statesman and the English people rested safe in their estimate of his adroitness and ability to find a way out of the threatening difficulties.

A month later the war was in full course. Von Kluck had crossed the Belgian frontier and King Albert, instead of lying down before the German might, had called out his armies. Gailor came up to London from Oxford. He was very restless.

"You know," he said, "a fellow has to do something. You can't sit still and watch this sort of thing go on."

He was in and out of the office a dozen times a day. "I've got to have something to do," he said. "Give me some work."

"Do you want to enlist?" I asked him.

"It's those Belgians," he replied. "I want to do something to help them."

I gave him work and he put in fourteen or fifteen hours a day, as we all were doing. But he got more restless instead of less so. The Belgian situation worried him constantly. He could have enlisted in the British army at any time, and every little while he would come in with some new story of an American he had met wearing the British uniform. But it was the injustice to the Belgians that was worrying him, the destruction of their country, the ruin of their homes and the outrages they were suffering, and the starvation.

Finally, Hoover formed the Belgian Relief Commission and Frank Hoyt Gailor came in with the proposition, "Boss, can I have leave to go over to Belgium?"

"How are you going?" I asked him.

He was all smiles. "For the Relief Commission," he answered. "I'm going to get into this and do something."

He was gone three months on that first trip. Part of the time was spent in Brussels, but he was all over Belgium, distributing food to the starving inhabitants. Oxford, at that time, would let the English students off for the period of the war, but she still insisted that the Rhodes scholars should put in a certain amount of time each year in college. "Business as usual" had not yet disappeared from the English vocabulary and Oxford was trying to prove that even the greatest war in history could not prevent her from being the greatest university in the world. Gailor had to give up war work to go back and put in a term at Oxford or lose his scholarship.

But what he had seen in Belgium was too much for him. He could not pursue his studies in scholastic quiet at Oxford with the thought of Belgium always with him. He came up to London again within a few weeks.

"I think I am going to get it fixed to go back to Belgium," he said.

"You can't keep out of it," I remarked.

"I have been over there and seen it," he replied. "You have no idea of what those people are suffering and how they are treated."

You will observe that Gailor's thought was still of Belgium and the people of Belgium. His idea was not to go into the army and fight the Germans. It was to help the Belgians.

So he went back. The next time I saw him was several months later in Paris, where I had been transferred. He came to my apartment there and announced, "I am going into the American Ambulance Corps."

"When did you get back from Belgium?" I asked.

"Just out," he replied.

"Why?" I asked.

"Couldn't stand it any longer," he said. "Those Germans. And, besides, they wouldn't let me stay any longer."

"Tell us about it," I suggested.

"I was not only in Belgium this time," he began, "but in the invaded regions of France, near Lille and down around Sedan. Those people had nothing to live on except what the Relief Commission sent in. The Germans took every bit of food away from them. And we had to fight the Germans all the time, we had to keep the closest kind of watch on them and check up our warehouses twice a day to keep them from stealing our stuff. We would lose cars in transit and then trace them into the German depots and have to fight with the Germans to get them back again. They didn't care anything about the people starving to death. All they were thinking of was stealing our food for their army, while they worked to death those who did not drop in their tracks from starvation.

"Down near Sedan, there was a little old lady living alone in a little house beside the road. I saw her one day as we were going along in our car and stopped to speak to her. She could not cultivate her little land and was living on roots she found in the woods nearby. I had a little flour with me and I gave it to her. She cried. She said it was the first white flour she had seen since the Germans came. I asked her why she stayed there and she said the Germans would go away some day and she was trying to keep the home until her son came back from the war. Every day as long as we stayed there, I went to the old lady and carried her something to eat. And the Germans hated me for it.

"They had a guard with me all the time. I couldn't even sleep alone. Two German officers slept in the same room with me. And they hated America and were always sneering about America and insulting Americans. They said insulting things about President Wilson all the time.

"One evening at dinner, when they were busy insulting the President, I told them they were not very well bred to sit there at our table, where they had not been invited, but had forced themselves upon us, and insult us and our President. But I said we Americans could stand it very well, because we, with our President, had it all over them with their Kaiser.

"And they said, 'What do you mean, you with your President have got it all over us with our Kaiser?'

"'Why,' I said, 'we chose our President because we wanted him, but your Kaiser was wished on you.'

"The next morning they sent to Brussels and demanded that I should be recalled. So I was sent back to England. Now, I want to get where the fighting is and help fight those fellows. They've got to be licked. This world will never be a fit place to live in until they get theirs."

Gailor got into the American Ambulance and was sent with a field section up to the Bois le Pretre. That was in the autumn of 1915. February 17, 1916, they were moved down to Bar-le-Duc and two days later they went to a little town opposite Verdun on the left bank of the Meuse. On the 21st the big German attack began.

From then until the middle of April the section worked from their little base town of Souilly right up to the front, bringing in wounded. They made an average of four trips a day and were constantly under fire. Their cars were riddled with shrapnel and shell holes. One village they had to pass through was under observation from the German lines, and the cars were always shelled as they went through that village. They would come up to the first houses and stop a minute or two, while the driver got down to have a last look at his engine. Then, they would dash through the village at top speed, with the German shells tearing up the road behind them and ahead of them.

Gailor's engine was struck by a piece of shell one day, while he was in the middle of the village. He had to get down and spend five minutes repairing the engine under fire. This was only one of the incidents of the work. At night the Germans sent star shells over the village so they could watch for the ambulances and shell them. But the American boys never stopped their work. They lost twenty-four cars but not a wounded soldier.

Back from Verdun came Gailor with a new determination.

"I am going to fight in this war," he declared.

"I thought you were in the Ambulance," I said.

"That isn't enough," he replied. "I've got to fight. I've seen the Germans from both sides, now. In Belgium and northern France I saw them at work on their own side. That was bad enough. It made me feel that I had to get in it in some way to do something against them. Now, I have seen them at work from this side, and it isn't enough to do something against them. I have got to fight them. And I am going in the army."

Frank Hoyt Gailor went back to England once more. He and some of his friends among the American Rhodes scholars talked it over and six of them left Oxford to go into the army. Gailor went into an Officers' Training camp in England, and before America entered the war, a year ago, he was an officer in the British Royal Artillery.

I like to think of Frank Hoyt Gailor. I am tremendously fond of that boy, and I admire him greatly. It was a splendid thing to watch him grow and develop as he did in less than two years. He always had it in him. There was never any mistaking that. But in July, 1914, he was a big lovable, likable boy that one expected something of some day, when he settled down to serious work. Two years later he was just as lovable, just as full of happy courage, but the big crisis had come and he had risen to it. He had not disappointed his friends, but made them prouder than ever of him.

He typifies the spirit of America in the war, we think, and it is good to have this concrete example to help us appreciate what our young men are doing—not only the young men, but all Americans. For we are all, men and women, young and old, making sacrifices, doing our bit to help win the war. One of the things we at home are doing, one of the big things, is buying Liberty Bonds. Let us think of Frank Hoyt Gailor and the two million other young men like him at the front and buy more bonds to help in the greater sacrifice in which they offer themselves for our sakes.

THE Bulletin of the Student Volunteer Movement issued in January, 1918, gives a summary of calls for workers in foreign missionary service, from which it appears that 60 mission boards and societies have asked for 1,046 workers, divided as follows: Asia, 740; Africa, 97; South America, 63; Central America, 6; Mexico, 53; West Indies, 27; Europe, 1; Canada, 8; and the United States, including Alaska, 51. The boards ask 403 workers for evangelistic work; for educational work, 348; for medical work, 220; and for miscellaneous posts of usefulness 52. The Student Volunteer Movement seeks to align Christian students and keep them in touch with the secretaries of the mission boards of the denominations, so as readily to supply the latter with educated young men and women who can be trained for special lines of missionary work.

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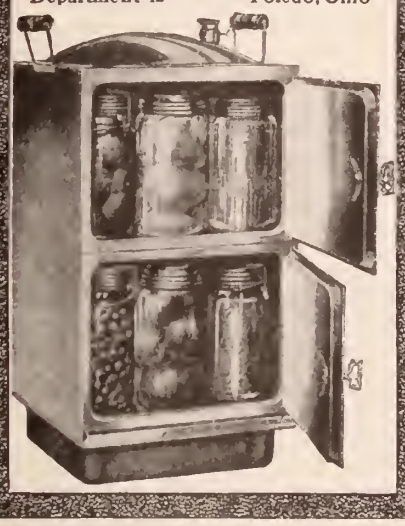

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Through Literacy to Light

"THOUSANDS of men of draft age are learning to read and write in order that they may communicate with their families when away at camp," is the statement of Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, heroine of the Moonlight Schools of Kentucky and president of the Kentucky Illiteracy Commission.

"In Kentucky we started to concentrate our work on these future soldiers last summer. During the hot nights of July and August, the men who were expecting to be called in the second draft worked eagerly and patiently. We had special soldiers' readers bound in red, white and blue. The first page began 'I go. I go to war,' and one of the first sentences was 'There is the camp. There is the flag.' By the time they were drafted most of them could sign their names to Liberty Bonds and write home to their people. One boy told me with pride that he could now write to his mother and to young ladies."

The National War Council of the Y. M. C. A. has adopted these soldiers' readers for use in the camps.

The Army of Righteousness

WITH the offering of a Third Liberty Loan come new appeals to patriotism. These are fitting and worthy our most serious consideration. But beyond patriotism is a still stronger appeal.

America is calling on behalf of the boys in uniform whom she must feed, and clothe, and protect; she is calling to her sons and daughters to redeem the plodges she has given; she is calling to them to redeem themselves and draw nearer to the American ideal.

But with the call of America comes the call of Humanity. Not merely for ourselves, for our boys, for our honor, but for a suffering world we must make this Third Loan a magnificent success.

The crucial period of the war has arrived. When the big German drive began, civilization seemed to hang in the balance. Men held their breath as they read of the advances being made by the foe. Would the British line hold? It swayed, it bent—but, thank God, it held!

In those tense hours Americans no longer saw as through a glass darkly, but face to face. They saw the Beast in all his horrible ugliness. Resolutions were made. Anything rather than that America should be invaded by such a horde as that which had devastated Europe.

Now, as the days go by, as the immediate menace to ourselves diminishes, even while the risks of those who represent us at the front increase, we are able to appreciato more fully what those others have suffered for whom we entered the war, and the anxiety with which they issue their call in the name of Humanity.

THE British premier has not disdained to tell America how serious the situation is as he sees it, and the urgent need of every help we can give immediately.

The stricken nations must not appeal in vain. We are called upon to wrestle against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. It is our fight here at home just as much as it is the fight of tho men in the trenches.

We must realize this. We must keep the realization always before us that we have been drafted for the Army of Righteousness. We must confirm every resolution and apply them to work for the Liberty Loan. The day should be started with the purpose of doing all we can in office, in shop, in home, for the cause.

It will not suffice that we buy Liberty Bonds. There is no great service in investing a certain amount of money at fair interest. We would not merely loan to Humanity as we loan to America. We would give to Humanity. Then let us give freely. Let no call upon personal comfort, upon time, upon social engagements be ignored. Rather let them be accepted readily as opportunity to draw near in spirit to those who have suffered martyrdom that liberty should live; let it be eagerly seized upon to unite us with those of our own blood who have offered their lives, if necessary, that "government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

THE one thing that shall make the success of this Third Loan so emphatic that it shall bring cheer and encouragement to our Allies as well as to our own soldiers now locked in the greatest struggle of the war, is individual solicitation.

Something more than the raising of money is involved in the outcome. It is to be seen whether the nation is to experience a new birth. This result will not be effected by oratory or by articles in magazines and newspapers. It will be effected by heart-to-heart talks in which individuals come to see clearly their duty to one another as well as to their country, in which they will reach a better understanding of one another. Employer and employee, getting together to work for humanity by participating shoulder to shoulder in this campaign, shall never in the days to come be so far apart as they have been in tho past. Sectionalism, prejudice, shall be minimized.

All who enter upon the crusade shall share in the final triumph, glad in the knowledge that they have strengthened themselves while they fought for the cause.

Plan now to do your part as a good soldier in the ranks. Make those arrangements that will be necessary to leave you as free as possible for what you have to do. Organize your home circle; give all a share in the work, and inspire all with tho glory of that work.

A Soldier Boy's Death-Bed

IT was 8:30 P.M. The Y. M. C. A. building No. 43, Section 3, Camp McArthur, Waco, Texas, was filled with soldiers from the Wisconsin and Michigan troops, comprising Engineers, Signal, Ambulance Corps and Quartermaster's Department. Some were writing letters to mother, loved ones and sweethearts. Others were busily engaged in reading the magazines and books furnished by friends at home. Outside, in the light of the moon, men were playing checkers and chess.

A different scene was being enacted at the base hospital, a mile away. Carl —— of Troop B, First Wisconsin Cavalry, had been operated on a few hours before, but owing to his delay in calling the doctor's attention to his trouble, hope for his recovery was abandoned. The Christian nurse in attendance asked him if he wished to see a minister. He replied, "Yes," so Secretary R. A. Norton was called and Rev. Benjamin F. Butts, the Christian Herald evangelist, was also told of the request. A motor was secured and the two were taken to the hospital, Ward 11.

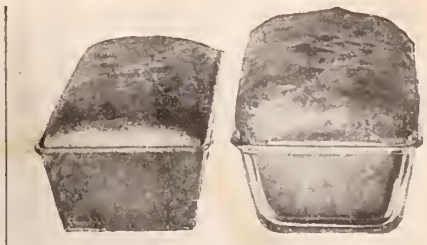
"The parson," as the boys in camp call Mr. Butts, asked the dying soldier boy if he would accept Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour and King? He replied that he would. Then another question was asked: "Do you believe Jesus accepts you now?" "Yes, I do," was tho answer, spoken with a firm, steady voice and a smile upon his face. After a few minutes' talk and a brief prayer, calling upon the Holy Spirit to seal the dying soldier's decision, the evangelist withdrew, first asking the nurse to call him again if he were needed. At 10:30 P.M. the call came for him to return to the hospital at once. A passing auto was hailed and the hospital was reached in a few minutes. Carl was unconscious and breathing his last. At one side of his cot stood a Catholic nurse and on the other a Protestant nurse. With the dying soldier boy's hand clasped in that of the evangelist, prayer was offered that the Heavenly Father would receive this trusting soul, and that he would sustain the sorrowing relatives in their great loss. As the two nurses joined in the closing "Amen," the young soldier of Camp McArthur quietly passed into eternallife, trusting in Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

If We Could Only Know

SAID a gentleman in the audience to a food-conservation speaker in the quiz period: "If there were only some way by which we could know, when we do not buy meat or sugar or eat white bread, that we were really helping to get that much-needed food to the soldiers or the Allies, there would be no trouble about getting the people to substitute and save."

Well, according to the statement made by the Food Administrator, that can be known practically. For instance, he says, "*Every grain of wheat and every ounce of flour and bread saved now is exactly that amount supplied to some man, woman, and child among the Allies.*"

Of course it is not altogether easy to visualize, but the logic is clear enough. If you do not buy the retailer can not sell to you, and the less he sells the more he will have to sell to the Allies.



Baked in old-fashioned pan Baked in Pyrex

Bakes bread an inch higher

These loaves were made from the same amount of dough and baked in the same sized pans in the same oven at the same time!

Try this test yourself with any ordinary pan and Pyrex. You will be amazed at the difference!

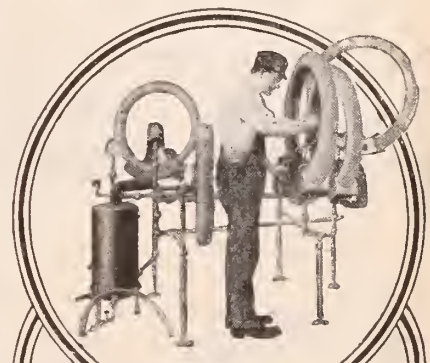
When you cook in an ordinary pan, only one-third the oven heat reaches the food. *All* the oven heat floods through Pyrex. Every food baked in Pyrex is more evenly, thoroughly, deliciously cooked.

Dealers everywhere sell Pyrex. Each dish is guaranteed. Oven heat does not break it. It lasts a lifetime. Try your first dish today. You will say it cooks so much better, is so much cleaner, so much more beautiful, that you will never again use an old-fashioned pan.

Send today for the free illustrated booklet "New Facts About Cooking." Pyrex Sales Division Corning Glass Works, 243 Tioga Avenue, Corning, N. Y

Manufactured by the World's Largest Makers of Technical Glass

PYREX
TRANSPARENT OVEN DISHES



Make This Your Business at a Big Yearly Profit

Repairing and Retreading Automobile Tires.

There isn't a business you could get into that offers such sure possibilities of success and fortune. One man and a Haywood Tire Repair Plant can make lots of money monthly. Scores are doing it. This year there is a greater demand than ever for tire repair work.

"30 Million Tires to Repair"

That's not a myth nor some man's dream. It's an actual fact. Tire factories everywhere are building new buildings—enlarging their plants for the biggest period of prosperity in the automobile business. **30 million tires will be manufactured and every one will need repairing.**

No Experience Necessary

No previous training, no apprenticeship, is required to enter this business—not even the faintest knowledge of tires. If you have a little mechanical turn of mind, you can quickly become an expert. We teach everything. You learn in a week. Handle all kinds of jobs—figure prices at big cash profits. Nothing is easier to master completely.

Richard A. Oldham

For 20 years Mr. Oldham was an Illinois Central Telegraph Operator. He resigned his position, and at 58 years of age took up tire repairing with a Haywood Plant 27. Recently he wrote us, "I have earned as much in four months as in 2½ years as telegraph operator."

INVESTIGATE. Send the coupon below, a letter or postal. This brings full information—and a big interesting catalog. Tells all about tires and how to repair them. Shows how to make money—to become independent. Do this today—NOW—before you forget it.

Haywood Tire & Equipment Company
651 Capitol Ave. Indianapolis, Ind.

FREE CATALOG COUPON

Haywood Tire & Equipment Co.
651 Capitol Ave. Indianapolis, Ind.

Gentlemen:—Please send me your catalog, details and plans for starting ambitious men in the Tire Repair business.

Name .....
Address .....
.....

SURE YOU CAN PAINT IT YOURSELF!

AND you will be delighted with the result. Just apply a coat or two of Effecto — a few hours of interesting work — a dollar or two for Effecto and a brush — and you won't even think of buying a new car.

Effecto is a durable, quick-drying high-luster auto enamel — *not* a wax or polish. Seven live colors to choose from. Keep a can of the Black handy for touching up rusty spots on fenders and chassis. Effecto Top and Seat Dressing renews old tops and upholstery.

Send for Color Card and Name of Local Dealer

Sold by paint, hardware and accessory dealers. Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 143 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y In Canada, 89 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

GUIDE POSTS ON THE ROAD TO ECONOMY

War-time buying need not mean *stinted* buying. We should buy necessities as usual, but with *more than usual* care. We should know what we are getting.

Here CHRISTIAN HERALD can help. Its advertising pages are guide posts on the road to economy. You get what you pay for when you buy anything advertised in CHRISTIAN HERALD. Goods or service cannot be offered here unless exactly as represented.

You take no chances with doubtful goods when you get your buying leads through the advertising columns of

CHRISTIAN HERALD

Young People's Topics for April 28

Daily-Vacation Bible School

B. Y. P. U. Topic. Zech. 8 : 5

NO doubt the streets of the New Jerusalem will be a safe playground for the children; but the streets of our modern cities, with their congested traffic, their trucks and street cars and autos and pushcarts, their mud or dust, and their accumulated refuse waiting for the cleaner, are deadly enemies of child-life, schools of crime, and second only to the houses that face them as breeders of disease.

The heart of humanity bled for the children of the streets and the result has been playgrounds, fresh-air homes, (one of the first permanent institutions of this kind was the Christian Herald Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, Nyack, N. Y., which was opened in 1894,)river and lake excursions, yet still there are children in the highways. As far back as 1866, some one in the First Church in Boston thought of opening a free summer school for the children. From then until 1894 there were sporadic outbreaks of the same idea. In the same year, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor in New York City secured the use of four city school buildings in which they maintained classes in manual training and allied subjects. In 1897,. the New York School Board adopted vacation schools as a permanent part of the public school system. Then the churches began to realize the opportunity that the vacation school offered to them to reach the people of their neighborhoods through the children. In 1907, there were nineteen Vacation Bible Schools reported in American churches in four American cities, in which seventy teachers met 5,083 children. In 1914 there were 297 such schools in sixty-seven cities, with 1,940 teachers and 64,535 pupils.

The public vacation school is made a vehicle for additional work in the common branches, although it includes play and manual training. The church school is interested solely in the spiritual instruction and physical well-being of the child. Its session opens with devotional exercise followed by twenty minutes or less of music and calisthenics, then comes a half-hour of Bible story, not study, and drill, then an hour of handwork, then play under the guidance of the teachers, then the closing exercise. In the afternoons the teachers visit the homes or take the children on outings.

These schools reach many children whom the Sunday schools do not touch; they have proven especially effective in neighborhoods where the people were of foreign origin, Jewish or non-Protestant. Attendance is voluntary; discipline is gained by love and interest instead of through fear of authority. The Bible teaching, told in simple sentences by consecrated teachers, sinks into receptive minds, and, with the Gospel songs that the children carry home, affects the whole life of the neighborhood. The children gain new ideas and ideals and are better men and women and better Americans because of the vacation school. Juvenile delinquency and street accidents diminish wherever the vacation school operates.

The teachers, who are usually public school teachers or college men and women on vacation, and who serve most often without pay, gain much themselves. They learn how to make Christ real to a child, and a minister who can do that will find few grown-ups asleep in the pews. They learn the psychology of childhood and are therefore better teachers, ministers or parents in the years to come. They get for themselves a deeper spiritual experience, and they learn many things they need to know about the different races which are being merged into the American of today.

The Vacation Bible School is not necessarily confined in its application to the big city churches. It will be a blessing wherever there are children who care enough to come. Full information about the whole subject with plans and programs and courses of study may be secured by addressing the American Baptist Publication Society, 1701 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Power of the Cross in City Slums

Christian Endeavor Topic. Luke 14 : 15–23

THIS topic is closely allied to the B. Y. P. U. topic above. The child is the best medium through which to bring Christ to the slum. In the slum, sin and ignorance, poverty and suffering join hands for mutual multiplication. The adult population suspects the church, sometimes justly; it either loves its sin or is helpless in its toils. The adult of the slum is not hopeless, but every circumstance of his life bars his way to the cross. But the child, through the Sunday school or the Vacation Bible School or the settlement classes, may find the Saviour and learn of his love and his power. Through the child it is often possible to reach the parent, and many a neighborhood has been transformed by the power of the Cross working through a mission Sunday school and the children it taught. The Cross uplifted in the slum shames its sin and purges its filth. One by one it rescues lives and sends then, transformed in heart and reenergized in purpose, back to steady work, respect and prosperty. Slowly it leavens the lump about it. Once that center of infection, the saloon, is gone forever, the byways of the slum will more quickly become the highways of our Lord.

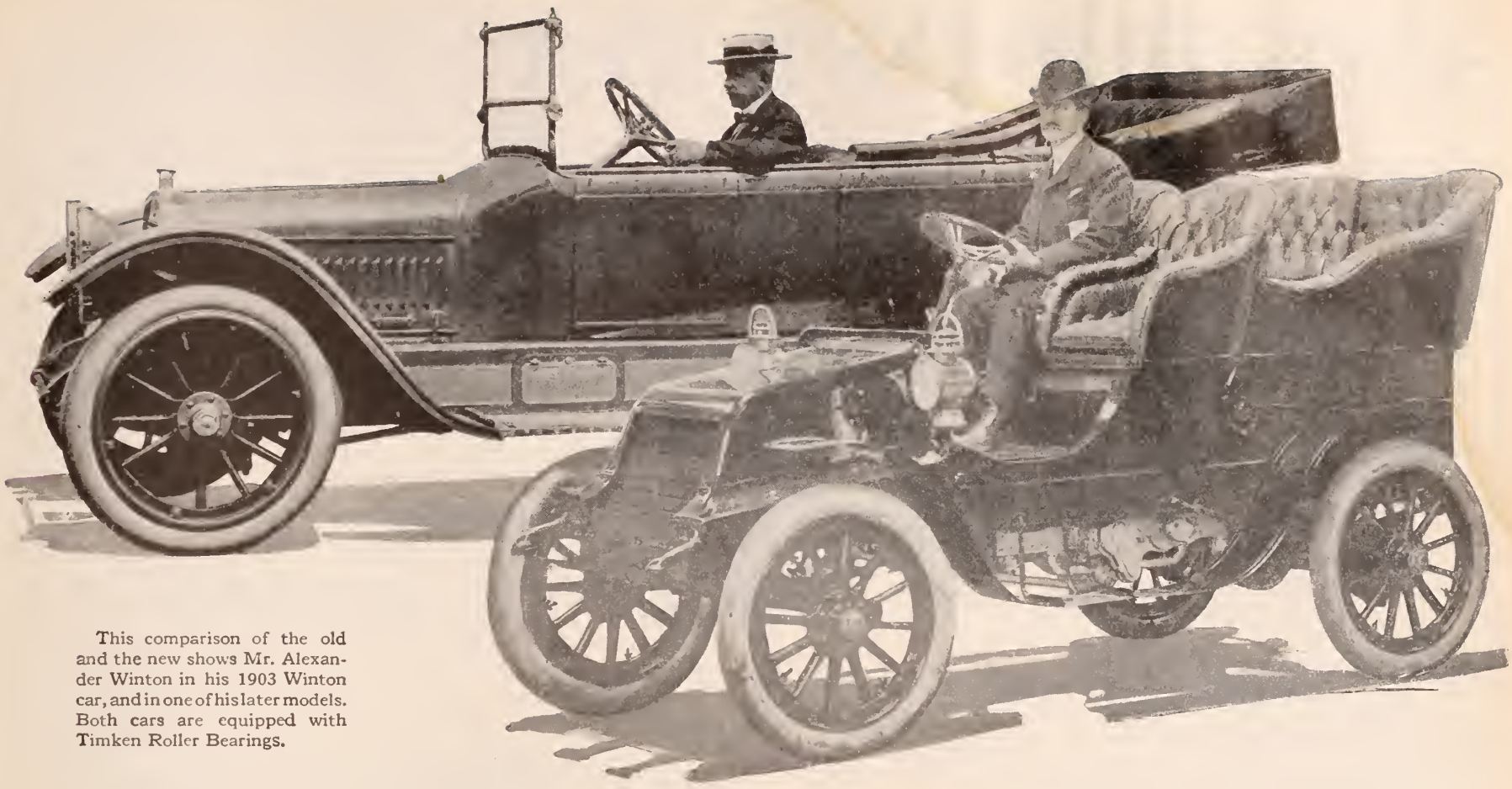
The Ruin of a Masterpiece

Epworth League Topic. Eph. 2 : 10; I Cor. 3 : 16, 17; Rom. 5 : 12

WOULD you destroy the temple of God? The world hoaps execration upon the Germans because their guns have wantonly destroyed a master piece of man's art, the cathedral of Rheims. Yet you would destroy a masterpiece of God, your soul, by defiling the temple in which it must reside, your body. If the soul and body were less closely related, the disaster might not be so great. But when the body yields to appetito, the soul is weakened, and when the mind yields to lust, the soul is strangled. When the thoughts turn to slander, the soul is shriveled; when the purposes of the heart turn toward falsehood the soul is withered. When worldly ambition rules the life, the soul is imprisoned; when faith ceases, the soul dies. Thus the masterpiece is ruined, for a man whose soul is dead in trospasses and sins is a temple razed. Rheims can never be fully restored. But as for your sins, if you believe in the crucified, risen and glorified Saviour, they will be blotted out, and your body, by the power of the Spirit, will be swept and garnished and made fit again to be a temple of God, blessed with his spirit, perfected in his love.

S. S. Superintendent 64 Years

FOR lengthy Sunday school affiliation, probably there is no other person in his state who can equal the remarkable record of Professor William Moyer, of Freeburg, Snyder County, Pennsylvania. Born in Freeburg, September 27, 1834, the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Moyer, founders of the Musical College of that town, he early in life became a member of the Lutheran and Reformed Sunday School. He is serving his sixty-fourth year as superintendent, and has also served as teacher, librarian, and secretary during the seventy-eight years in which he has been a Sunday school member. He was present at the first State Sunday School Convention of the Pennsylvania State Sabbath Association, held in Philadelphia, 1862. He highly prizes a gold medal presented to him by the association. He has also taken a great interest in music, and has conducted the choir of the Reformed congregation since 1855. In addition to his many other duties he has been justice of the peace since 1872, and was county superintendent of the Snyder County public schools 1863 to 1872, and 1881 to 1884. Despite his eighty-four years of active life, he is hale and hearty, and has never worn glasses.



This comparison of the old and the new shows Mr. Alexander Winton in his 1903 Winton car, and in one of his later models. Both cars are equipped with Timken Roller Bearings.

One Specification that Hasn't Changed

If you should see one of these old models on the street today, would you recognize it as the fore-runner of the impressive touring car or limousine of 1918 made by the same company?

So swift and sweeping has been the development of the automobile, that hardly a trace survives of the original design.

Mechanical changes are as great as those in outward appearance. Motor-construction, lubrication, cooling, carburetion, lighting, starting, ignition, suspension — wherever you turn you find many radical changes.

But out of sight at the points of hardest service is one important link between past and present, one part so good that it could not be improved in design, one specification that is unchanged after all these years — *Timken Roller Bearings*.

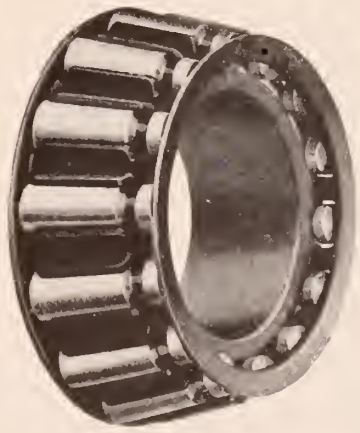
Cars cover greater distances now than they used to in the early days. They are higher-powered and carry heavier loads; but Timken Bearings stand up to all demands of road and load in modern models as perfectly as they did in the earliest ones. In fact there has never been any demand for a better bearing than Timken.

And when now and then we run across a survivor of that first generation of motor-cars, we almost invariably find the original set of Timken Bearings still in place, and giving a good account of themselves.

Timken steel and Timken refinements in manufacturing have given Timken Bearings still finer quality; but in every principle of design the bearings started right — and no improvement has been either possible or desirable.

This record is so unusual, so remarkable, that you owe it to yourself to learn the reason why. You'll find it in the booklet "How Can I Tell," sent free at your request.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio



TIMKEN BEARINGS

5 MORE DAYS!

Last Warning:

BIBLE PICTURE STUDY OUTFITS MUST BE ORDERED BY APRIL 22d

But—

YOU WILL THEN HAVE TILL MAY 31st TO CHOOSE AND SUBMIT YOUR ANSWERS

FIRST DAY FOR SENDING IN SETS—APRIL 23d: LAST DAY—MAY 31st

YES, orders for Outfits mailed by you even on the last day to order—April 22nd—will be filled by us even though the orders may not be delivered to us until several days later. The postmark on the letter will show you ordered on time.

We will mail your Outfit to you at once, including all the 30 pictures, so that you will be able to start right away to comparing pictures and verses, and writing your selected verses in the Answer Book.

Participants will have until May 31st to mail or bring in their sets of Answers, and sets postmarked that day will be accepted, even though they arrive later.

Your Complete Equipment

All you need to participate in the Third Bible Picture Study are the Reference Book of about 2,000 Bible verses (called *International Bible Readings*), the *Answer Book*, and the 30 pictures. You choose from the Reference Book of verses those that best fit what the pictures show, write your chosen verses in the Answer Book, and send it in to the Christian Herald. Those who make the best selections, according to the decisions of the Committee of Judges, will receive the $5,000.00 in cash rewards, divided into 1,001 prizes.

Order your complete Outfit *today*—you will be delighted to find what untold benefit is gained by participation!

Read These Important Directions

Be sure, in sending in your set of verses, to attach full postage. Tell the postal clerk that the package goes as first class mail, upon which postage is now 3 cents for each ounce or fraction. One Answer Book, in an envelope or light wrapper, will require at least 9 cents postage; if the wrapper or envelope is heavy, still more postage will be required. Have your set of answers weighed by the postal clerk.

Do not fold or roll your set—wrap it up flat.

In order that there may be no mistakes as to the final dates in the Third Study we print below those portions of the Rules which bear upon them:

"Participants may order Outfits up to and including April 22, 1918. Orders mailed or tendered after that date will not be filled. Participants may submit Sets of Answers after April 22, 1918, but not later than May 31, 1918—which is the last day for submitting answers. Sets of Answers sent by mail must be mailed not later than May 31, 1918. Sets of Answers sent by express must be delivered at the express office on or before May 31, 1918. Participants who present Sets of Answers at the Christian Herald office personally or by personal messenger must do so before 5 P.M., May 31, 1918."

THESE MEN WON $2,400.00

IN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

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WILLIAM N. WYSHAM, Maryland
Winner of $1,000.00 in Cash,
First Prize in the Second Bible
Picture Study

ALBERT J. HEINZMAN, California
Winner of $800.00 in Cash,
Second Prize in the Second Bible
Picture Study

PAUL B. SMITH, Pennsylvania
Winner of $600.00 in Cash,
Third Prize in the Second Bible
Picture Study

YOU MAY WIN $1,000.00 IN THE THIRD STUDY

Still open to all, with plenty of time in which to select your answers and submit your sets.

$5,000.00 IN CASH WILL BE AWARDED IN THE THIRD STUDY

SPECIAL OFFERS—GOOD ONLY TO APRIL 22, 1918

All for $1.10

Christian Herald 6 months, new subscription or renewal (Regular price $1.00), and complete *National Bible Picture Study* Outfit, including all 30 pictures.

All for $2.10

Christian Herald one year, new subscription or renewal (Regular price $2.00), and complete *National Bible Picture Study* Outfit, including all 30 pictures.

Or Add 10 Cents

to *any* book offer, or any magazine clubbing offer, which includes the Christian Herald for one year, and we will send the Outfit too, and all 30 pictures.

Or As a Reward

for sending us a friend's *new* 6-months subscription, with regular price of $1.00, we will mail you the Outfit and all 30 pictures free. If $1.10 is sent, you and new subscriber will EACH be sent the Outfit and all pictures!

That Little War Garden of Yours

By WINIFRED BLACK

THERE is a new idea in the U. S. School Garden Army. It's this: What are you going to name your own little plot of ground, little sister, if you are lucky enough to have one of your own in your own back yard?

What are you going to call your potato patch, brother, you with the bright eyes, that weren't so bright the day you went down to the station to see big brother off with his regiment?

Oh, yes, you fell in behind the soldiers and kept fine step to the music of the band and held up your head, and felt big enough and strong enough to march a thousand miles and take a million German prisoners; but when he had gone and you went home and mother put her arms around you and laid her head on your shoulder and asked you to help her to be brave, something queer happened to your heart and you have never felt quite the same since, have you?

And now they are beginning to tell you in school about Russia, and what a rich country it is, and how much it will mean in food if the Germans really get possession of it; and at home sometimes your grown folks look pretty serious and you wonder if it could be possible. No, it isn't; and you are going to help make it impossible, you and those strong little brown hands of yours. You and your brave heart and your loyal soul. You and your war garden that you are cultivating for Uncle Sam.

You'll have good luck with your garden or good success with it. There isn't much luck in the garden business. It all just simmers down to hard work and the right kind of care, and it is going to be hard work, too. Nothing easy about it; not a thing!

You wouldn't want to be doing something easy, would you, with big brother in the trenches and Uncle Sam calling you to help?

There will be hot days when your back aches and you want to go swimming; and cool days when your knees ache and you want to curl up in the loft of the barn and read, and go out in the lot and play baseball, especially if you're a catcher and have a perfectly good catcher's glove; and you will have to stick to the garden and do your work for Uncle Sam.

What are you going to name that little garden of yours!

I will tell you what I am going to name mine—mine is going to be called Sam Brown, because Sam Brown is a boy who never had a chance in his life till the war broke out, and then he saw his chance and took it, and he is over there in France today fighting for you and for me and for Uncle Sam, and I am going to name my little garden after him.

WHAT are you going to name your garden? Who is the soldier you know? Who is the one you think of, when you hear them singing "Over There" and "The Long, Long Trail"?

It's a long, long trail he's following, that brave boy—a long, long, trail and far away from home and those who love him. May he follow it till it turns and brings him home again—home to love and shelter and friendship—home to the old fireplace and the old books and the old songs at evening, and to the little brother who has been so faithful to his memory ever since he's been gone.

And in the meantime, let's name the little garden in our own back yard for him, so that if there is a county fair and some of our garden truck goes on exhibition, the name of our particular soldier boy will be there at the booth for every one to see—and remember.

Come, little sister; you are doing your part, too, and doing it faithfully whether you are tired or not; whether you wish you could go down town and have an ice cream soda and forget that there was such a thing as a rake or hoe in the world. You are the comfort of your lonely father's heart nowadays.

Where's that picture of the boy in uniform? Your own particular soldier?

You wouldn't take anything in the world for it, would you? How handsome he is, and how brave! It makes your eyes fill with tears of pride even to think of his name. Call your little garden after him and write to him over there in the trenches and tell him about it, and just wait till you get back his letter in reply.

"Sam Brown"; that is going to be the name of my garden.

What is going to be the name of yours?

Her Battle Won Through Prayer

Continued from page 477

near Foochow) but the Chinese government would not allow the abbot to open the woman's industrial school he had built the house for, so it was offered for sale and we secured it. There are sufficient grounds, so that we can entertain large companies of Chinese, and when Orphanage boys and girls grow up and are married, they will be married from this home, to which they are always welcome.

You will see among other pictures, one of a bridal group. I sat beside the bride. Her wedding veil is the new style adopted by Chinese brides who wish to follow semi-foreign style. This was a rose pink and quite becoming, but it looks white in the photograph. The boys in lighter clothes at the right of the picture are our Manual Training School boys of the Orphanage, who are taking the Higher Primary course together with manual training. At the left the girls are those belonging to the Orphanage and Beacon Hill Farm Association, who are at home from the different denominational and government schools at which they study during term time, but who come back to the Cordelia A. Greene Memorial Industrial Home for vacation, where they are taught to sew and prepare their own and the Orphanage boys' clothing. Only the boys and girls in the Higher Primary courses were invited to the wedding, but the little girls sitting on the ground came to see, with their mothers who attended.

As you look at the faces of the Chinese boys and girls, most of them just coming into the years when they need more advanced training, you will rejoice at the privilege of helping them to fulfil God's purpose and will for their wonderful and beautiful land. There is a long list of other boys needing special industrial training to fit them as Christian industrial leaders for this great land, with the largest undeveloped resources of mineral wealth of any country on earth. The young republic looks to the strongest republic for help in these days of beginnings.

If you can adopt a boy or girl, how happy will you be; if you cannot, then cut out their pictures and you can pray for them every day. Perhaps you can give toward the industrial work they so much need; perhaps you can tell some one else and pray that others may become interested to help this great need to be met.

A nation can only become what that nation's boys and girls make it become. The boys and the girls are the hope of the world for America and China. These two nations are opposite each other on the Pacific Ocean; if the two republics speak peace, may the Pacific realize the prophecy of its name—pacific waters, pacific peoples on the waters,—telling a different tale from the troubled waters of the Atlantic and Mediterranean; but if this is to be so, it must be because you and I help make it so by our prayers, our words and our works. The Christian Herald will receive and answer all applications for adoption and all gifts intended for the work. I leave the whole problem in your hands, hoping and praying that every little orphan will find a Christian Herald patron by adoption, and that you may find a great blessing in the work.

Among the Workers

TWELVE hundred officers at the Presidio training camp at San Francisco have signed this pledge, formulated by the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. "We undertake to maintain our part of the war free from hatred, brutality or graft, true to the American purpose and ideal. Aware of the temptations incident to camp life and the moral and social wreckage involved, we covenant together to live the clean life and to seek to establish the American uniform as a symbol and guarantee of real manhood. If we become officers we pledge our example and our influence to make these ideals dominant in the American army."

ARTHUR M. HARRIS is about to sail for Y. M. C. A. war work in France. Mr. Harris is actively identified with organized Sunday school work, being superintendent of the First Baptist Bible School of Plainfield, N. J., a leading officer of the New Jersey Sunday School Association and Treasurer of the World's Sunday School Association. Recently Mr. Harris' son enlisted and the father said: "I expect some one to look after my boy, and now I want to do my part in looking after other fathers' sons."

REV. GEORGE P. HOWARD has been on a Sunday school evangelistic tour in Chile and states that on the first evening 412 were present and at the end of the week 828 were crowded into the church in Santiago. As a result 150 new converts were gained who were promptly put to work winning others.

EVANGELIST Rev. R. E. ("Bob") Johnson and party continue work in the Tabernacle at Carney's Point, N. J., with increasing interest and results. The people, learning of a shortage of coal, offered donations. An auto was sent to their homes and two tons or more were gathered in that way; the tabernacle was kept warm and services not allowed to close.

MOUNT HERMON SCHOOL, the famous boys' school established by the late Evangelist Dwight L. Moody in Northfield, Mass., has been obliged, on account of the war, to make a very important change in its policy with regard to the admission of students. Hitherto the average age of the students has been twenty, and the minimum age at which boys would be received, sixteen. It has now been decided to open to boys under sixteen all the advantages which the school offers in preparation for college, its opportunities for Bible study, its agricultural department and its laboratories. In its nearly forty years of existence, over 9,000 boys, chiefly from the country towns and villages of New York and New England, have been enrolled in the Moody schools, and nearly 1,000, including students in attendance during the past year, have entered some branch of war service.

Remember the Bowery Mission

THE Bowery Mission has received a check for $100 from W. B. Zimmerman, of Elizabeth City, N. C., being the amount of a legacy left the Mission by Mrs. Catherine E. Zimmerman of Elizabeth City, N. C., Mr. Zimmerman is executor of the estate.

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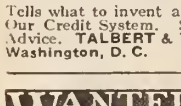

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A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 474

or over were sunk, seven under that tonnage and five fishing vessels were lost. The Italians lost three vessels of more than 1,500 tons and ten small sailing vessels. On April 3 Edwin N. Hurley, chairman of the Shipping Board, sent a telegram to the manager of every shipyard engaged in government work, in which he declared that production in March had proven a keen disappointment, the production being eighteen ships, of 162,200 tons, completed and delivered, and thirty-six, of 232,786 tons, launched. Chairman Hurley's message was to the effect that "The American people want ships, not excuses." It was announced also on April 2 that thirty vessels, of a total of 250,000 tons, would soon be delivered by Japan, and would be put into transatlantic service. It was also announced that private capital in Oregon had agreed to construct 150 wooden ships of 3,000 tons each, to be equipped with sails and Diesel oil engines, to be used in the Pacific trade and to release fast steamers for the Atlantic.

On April 3 the Senate Commerce Committee, after hearing testimony which showed that ship construction was being delayed through the lack of material, adopted a resolution empowering its chairman to call and urge upon the President the facilitating of steel shipments. The Committee was told that twenty keels could have been laid at Hog Island in the preceding week had steel been available, and that at this one yard they were 55,000 tons behind their schedule of steel shipments from the mills. Orders were issued by the War Industries Board, on April 4, to all steel mills to speed steel to the shipyards.

Tokyo dispatches of March 28 confirmed the reports as to the agreement between Japan and the United States, and announced that a total of 450,000 tons would ultimately be delivered to this country.

In order to secure more eastbound tonnage, no delay will be permitted in future in the loading of cargoes at European ports. The west bound trip will be made in ballast if cargoes are not ready.

Wisconsin is Loyal. The election for senator in Wisconsin, on April 2, on which the eyes of the whole nation were centered, resulted in the election of Irvine L. Lenroot, by a plurality of more than 10,000 votes over the Democratic candidate, Joseph E. Davies. Victor L. Berger, on an anti-American platform, ran a poor third. The votes stood: Lenroot, Republican, 142,527; Davies, Democratic, 132,203; Berger, Socialist, 96,802. Both Lenroot and Davies promised complete support to the Administration in the conduct of the war. Davies's campaign had been strengthened by a personal letter from the President expressing the hope that he would be elected. The vote itself was a sufficient condemnation of La Follettism, but to make it emphatic the voters of Wisconsin snowed under the La Follette candidate for the State Supreme Court, electing his opponent by a majority of more than 75,000. The only fly in the ointment of Wisconsin's loyalty is an increase of 280 per cent. in the Socialist vote, the Socialist candidate for the Senate in 1916 receiving but 28,908 votes. The Socialist mayor was reelected in Milwaukee, which also gave Berger his largest single block of votes, but the non-partisan candidates for treasurer and controller were elected over their Socialist opponents. The Socialists made a net gain of one member on the Board of Aldermen, which they do not control.

Armenians Drive Turks. Dispatches received from Moscow through London on April 4 reported the recapture from the Turks, by an Armenian army corps assisted by volunteers, of the city of Erzerum. The Armenians were also reported to hold a line extending some 100 miles running eastward from Erzerum. The Armenians were supposed to be operating in connection with the Georgian army of 250,000 men, the organization of which was reported by the Christian Herald correspondent, Maynard Owen Williams, some months ago. Since the Turks had already reached and lost Batum it would appear that the Georgians and Armenians had succeeded in driving them back in the neighborhood of sixty miles. The Russian Black Sea Fleet was also reported as having a successful engagement with a Turkish-German fleet, and Petrograd reported unsuccessful attempts of the Ukrainians and Germans against Odessa. Russia is forming an army of 1,500,000 men, reenlisting all of the old officers who are willing to serve the present government.

Turkish official reports on April 6 claimed the capture of Ardahan and the heights west of Sarikamish in the Russian Caucasus, and declared that the former Russo-Turkish boundary had been crossed in the direction of Batum. The Armenian-Georgian army is said to have in use all of the artillery of the former Russian army of the Caucasus. Armenian factories are making ammunition. An Armenian organization in New York is said to have received a cable message asking for immediate and generous help from the Allies.

Fragments of News. The announcement that the government was going to commandeer platinum was transmuted to the minds of a great many women into a desire for their personal ornaments of this metal. The government has received a great many pieces of jewelry which it has no authority to accept, and which it has no facilities for using. When the government wants privately owned platinum in present use it will make a definite request for same. . . . Provost Marshall General Crowder, on April 5, proposed to the President revisions to the draft regulations which would put slackers to work. Every registered man who has secured deferred classifications will be given to understand that such deferment is a privilege and not a legal right and that it will be revoked if unfair advantage is taken of it. Idlers, gamblers and followers of other "harmful" pursuits will, if the regulations are amended, lose their exemptions and be drafted at once.

Uncle Sam's army on April 1 totaled 1,506,084 men and 127,712 officers, divided as follows:

	Officers	Enlisted Men
Regular Army	11,006	501,218
National Guard	15,438	410,652
Reserve Corps	101,268	78,250
National Army		515,964
Totals	127,712	1,506,084

Of these 100,000 are Smiths, 1,500 are William Smiths, 15,000 are Millers, 15,000 are Wilsons, 1,000 are John Browns, 1,200 John Johnsons, 1,040 George Millers, and, of 262 John J. O'Briens 50 have wives named Mary.

The War Department on April 6 issued a call to the states for 150,000 men to report to the colors in the five days beginning April 6. . . . President Wilson on April 6 appointed Edward R. Stettinius and Frederick F. Keppel to be Assistant Secretaries of War. Mr. Stettinius will have charge of all purchases and will be, in effect, a Minister of Munitions; Mr. Keppel will have charge of the non-military activities of the soldiers, looking after the comfort of the men and supervising their amusements. . . . The Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board on April 6 adopted a uniform wage scale for all workers in the shipyards on the Atlantic coast, extending to other yards the scale adopted at Philadelphia and Baltimore.

The Great Battle in Picardy

Continued from page 472

outskirts of Cantigny, northwest of Montdidier. Between Montdidier and Noyon the battle was largely an artillery duel but the French won some ground near Orvillers west of Lassigny.

There were two interesting announcements on April 4th and 5th. One was that American aviation mechanics had rendered invaluable assistance to the British air corps in the groundwork necessary to keep a maximum number of machines in the air. The other was that Italian reserves were also under General Foch's command, indicating that the western front, in the thought of Allied chancellories, ends no longer at the Swiss frontier but at the Adriatic.

The Italian intelligence service reported great concentrations of Austrians on both sides of Lake Garda and evident preparations for an attack against the lines guarding Brescia and Verona. A break through here would force an Italian withdrawal from the Piave line which Austria apparently considers too strong to be attacked since she is reported to be moving troops from the Piave line to make up her attacking force in the Trentino.

April 6th, the anniversary of America's entrance into the war and the seventeenth day of the battle in Picardy, saw the Germans held fast along the whole front from Montdidier to Arras. At Mesnil-St. Georges, at Monchel, at Hangard, where the Allied positions were improved slightly recovering gains made by the Germans on the day before, and at Demuin all in the Montdidier region, and at Mont Renaud, near Noyon, the French broke up or repulsed enemy attacks. East of Noyon and southeast of Chauny in Coucy wood, where the new fighting lines merge into the old front, the Germans launched a series of violent attacks. The French resisted on the line of advanced posts until heavy losses had been inflicted on the enemy and then fell back slightly to prepared positions. The British front north of the Somme saw only local engagements, following the night of the sixteenth day, in which the intense German pressure was maintained, with slight gains southwest and north of Albert, which they could not extend. Elsewhere the British threw back with great loss the German massed attacks.

On April 7th, the eighteenth day British counter-attacks recaptured the ground taken by the Germans on the 5th in the Aveluy wood north of Albert and made further gains in the neighborhood of Hebuterne, taking men and machine-guns. Attacks on Bucquoy were stopped by artillery fire. The Germans continued their attack in Coucy wood making some further progress, reaching the villages of Bichancourt, Antreville, and Barisis, near the southern edge of the wood, and claiming the capture of 1,400 men. This action was apparently intended to give the Germans more elbow-room for their drive toward Amiens and to relieve French pressure on their left flank. The German official report of this day's fighting also told of the repulse of French and British attacks along the Montdidier-Arras front showing conclusively that, for a time at least, the direction of the fighting along this front had been reversed and that the attacker himself was being attacked.

The American forces in the sector northwest of Toul celebrated the first day of their country's second year as a belligerent by repulsing, on April 7th, two hard pressed enemy raids, which came to close quarters in the outpost positions. One raid was covered by a box barrage and the other by a gas shell bombardment.

Secretary Daniels announced in an address on April 6th at Cleveland that the American Navy now had at work in the war zone abroad a total of 35,000 men under command of four admirals, that the force of 150 ships included battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines and submarine tenders, gunboats, coast guard cutters, converted yachts, tugs and various other vessels and that America was fighting the submarine over a million square miles of sea. The whole force is commanded by Vice-Admiral Sims. Rear Admiral Wilson is in France, Rear Admiral Niblack is in command in the south, Rear Admiral Rodman commands the battleships and Rear Admiral Dunn is on special duty. The Secretary stated that one detachment of destroyers had in six months steamed over 1,000,000 miles, attacked 81 submarines, escorted 717 single vessels, and 86 convoys and had spent a total of 3,600 days at sea. Only two American vessels have been sunk by submarines, the destroyer Jacob Jones and the converted Aleedo.

The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

THE Senate of the United States on April 1 adopted without debate the resolution printed on the editorial page of this issue of the Christian Herald.

For months earnest Christians have been hoping and praying that the head of the nation would call the people to its knees, that we might meet with true faith, with humble penitence and with God-given purpose the Kaiser's blasphemous claims to the favor of heaven. But whether or not the President calls to prayer, the members of the Christian Herald Prayer League may well spend the noonday hour in supplication that the nation may receive God's guidance in this time of strife and may be strengthened by his power to battle victoriously for the right.

A. S. C. asks prayer that Christian harmony may prevail in a community where one pastor is serving two churches.

Mrs. M. acknowledges an answer to prayer in the recovery of her young soldier boy in a distant camp, and asks the prayers of the League for an aged mother in Wisconsin.

B. L. writes from a heart full of joy that a brother, who was on the ill-fated Tuscania, has written from a hospital in Ireland that he was rescued. B. L. now asks that if it be God's will the brother may return, and also that the great war may soon cease.

P. A. S. prays that a way may be opened to send some Bible students from an Indian school to the tribes; also that an aunt who is crippled may be cured without an operation.

C. M. K. and wife greet the Prayer League from the far-off island of Oahu, Hawaii, where they are doing Christian work among the men of many nations who labor on the great sugar plantations, and ask the prayers of the League that God's blessing may rest upon them.

Prayers are asked for revivals of religion at:

Gastonia, N. C.; North Leverett, Mass.; Merriam, Ill.; Winfield, W. Va.; Greenville, Ohio; Oxnard, Calif.; Selma, Iowa; Waterville, Vt.; Ooltewah, Tenn. (at the Greenwood Church); Montrose, Kan. (at the M. E. Church); Olney, Ill. (at the First Reformed Church); Hutchinson, Kan. (for the success of a revival); Portland, Ore. (that many may be saved during revival); Cincinnati, Ohio (that many may be saved during revival); Laurens, S. C. (that many may be saved during revival); Portland, Ore. (for a church that has been organized for uplifting the fallen); Niagara Falls, N. Y. (that many may be saved during revival at St. Paul's M. E. Church).

Miss S. T. A., South Carver, Mass., requests prayer that a minister may be sent this year

Mr. and Mrs. N. M. F., Larussell, Mo., ask prayer that two churches may be united as one; Mrs. I. M. N., Rough and Ready, Calif., that a minister may be sent to her church.

Four friends ask prayer that their mothers' minds may be restored; Mrs. R. C. H. that son's mind may be strengthened; eleven friends, for mental restoration for themselves, relatives or friends.

R. A. asks prayer that father's sight may be restored; fifteen friends, for restoration of sight for themselves, relatives or friends.

Thirteen friends, for restoration of hearing for themselves, relatives or friends.

Forty-four friends ask prayer for a deeper work of grace, assurance of sins forgiven, or express in other ways their desire for personal spiritual blessing.

Ten friends ask prayer for special blessing for others; including Mrs. M. L. W., that two nephews may return safely from the war zone; M. D. B., for a blessing upon the men of our country.

A subscriber asks prayer that a physician may be cured of the liquor habit; A Friend, that three sons may be cured of the habit; Mrs. H. B., that husband and son may be cured of the liquor habit; H. C. C., that son may be cured of the liquor habit; five friends, that relatives or friends may be cured of the habit.

One hundred and fourteen friends ask prayer for the healing of friends or relatives, including C. V., that sister may be healed without an operation; K. J. B., that daughter may pass safely through an operation; K. B., that niece may gain the use of limbs and learn to talk; K. E. that a missionary may be restored to health and strength; Miss J. F., that nephew may gain the power of speech; seventy-two friends, for healing of self; including Mrs. H. C. G., to regain the use of limbs; F. C., to be cured of stammering; A Mother, that an operation may be successful and health fully restored; D. H., that daughter may pass safely through an operation; Mrs. R. F. W., that mother may pass safely through an operation; D. H. S., that a friend may be cured of cancer; eighty-nine friends, for healing of self; including Mr. L. A. H., to be healed without an operation; A Mother, to pass safely through an operation.

Twenty-nine parents ask prayer for the conversion of sons; thirty-nine wives, their husbands; fifty-six, other relatives and friends.

Thirty-four friends ask prayer for help or guidance in financial matters.

Thirty-two friends ask prayer for the granting of various desires and needs, including Miss M. C., for rain in West Texas; three friends, for world-wide peace.

Four friends ask prayer that relatives or friends may be cured of the tobacco habit.

Acknowledgments of answered prayer have been received from the following:

Mrs. S. R. W.; Miss F. W., University Place, Neb.; Mrs. G. R., Williamsport, Pa.; Mrs. J. J. W., Tuscola, Ill.; Mrs. E. M. S., Spencer, N. Y.; Mrs. M. S. H., Wayo Mills, Canada; Mrs. M. L. B., Kissimmee, Fla.; A Subscriber, Scranton, Pa.; Mrs. M. H., Grooville, N. Y.; Miss I. E. K., Harrisonburg, Va.; Mrs. E. H., Huntoon, Canada; A Believer, Lyons, N. Y.; L. E. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. R. G., Boulder, Colo.; Mrs. F. C. R., Newark, N. J.; M. W., Hemp, Va.; Mrs. E. O. L., Grooville, N. Y.; Mrs. J. M. S., San Antonio, Texas; Mrs. L. L. C., Grenada, Miss.; Mrs. S., Billings, Mont.; Mrs. S. E. S., Urbana, Ill.; J. A. S., Montgomery, Ala.; J. M. S., Hutchinson, Kan.; Mrs. G. H. A., Garrison, Kan.; A Friend, Pinewood, S. C.; S. E. P., Greenfield, Ohio; A Believer, Lockport, N. Y.; Mrs. K. J., Louisville, Colo.

In a Far Place

Continued from page 487

"Yes?" he breathed. "And then—Go on!"

The resonant voice read along through the short newspaper story—read through the brief clipping that was as brave as it was brief. But it was only when it spoke of being mentioned in dispatches—spoke of a War Cross laid over a silent heart that the Boy broke down—

"And I'm here!" he half sobbed—"while he—he was only a kid, and reckless—was out there, doing real things! He needn't have held that gun position, but he did! And I was sitting here, safe, thousands of miles from it all—not helping——"

It was Bill who answered him.

"Not helping!" he said, and the hand that he laid on the Boy's arm was a tender one. "Why, if a nation doesn't have pioneers——"

Quite suddenly the Boy flung off the hand—"It was bravery," he said, "but it wasn't necessary that *he* should be the one—I always felt that—he'd come—back—It was recklessness——"

The man who held the paper in his hand spoke.

"He has come back," he said quietly. "And it wasn't recklessness—or even bravery. It was his atonement!"

There was silence in the little room as the Boy sat with his head in the crook of his elbow. And then, suddenly, moved by some half-blind impulse, the oldest man turned to the phonograph. The record that he set on it was a record chosen at random, but as the first bars of it sounded, the Boy's tear-blind eyes were lifted and the paper dropped from the hand of the man who sat beside him.

SOMEWHERE in the midst of a red chaos of war mud-stained figures were fighting and going bravely out to meet the Bravest Adventure. But there, on the outskirts of a far place, three men, dim-eyed, stood erect in a lonely cabin, and listened to their nation's anthem.

The wife of a self-made man is often very much dissatisfied with his job.

When a man says: "The milk of human kindness has run dry," ask him if he has fed the cow.

If You Love Your Country—
UP WITH THE STARS AND STRIPES

THE least thing you can do for your country is to—show its flag. Let your neighbors know that yours is a patriotic home. You'll need this flag for holidays too—in fact for every day during these strenuous times.

A Large-Sized Old Glory, six feet long and four feet wide. The very Flag you've wanted. It will add much to your celebration of Memorial Day and Independence Day. You'll need it, too, for other National Holidays and local celebrations when the American Flag is indispensable.

The illustration is an actual photographic reproduction of this splendid large flag, which we have procured for readers of the Christian Herald. To insure durability the stripes are double-stitched. Excellent bright colors, guaranteed not to fade, nor shrink. Pole is not included.

Let your children get their first lessons in patriotism in your own home. If you stand solidly behind the great principles of Freedom and Human Rights, let the flag tell it. Pledge your allegiance to your country by displaying "Old Glory." We will make it easy for you to show your colors. Here is an offer that brings you "Old Glory" at half the price you would pay for a similar flag if purchased in a store—and at the time it is most needed. At this critical time in the history of our country you should display the Stars and Stripes.

By placing an order for thousands of these Flags, we were able to purchase them at a considerable reduction. We are glad to give readers of the Christian Herald the benefit of this saving in the liberal offer mentioned above. This flag cannot be purchased in a store for less than $1.50.

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Foods That Fight!

We all know that the chemist in his laboratory has to be extremely careful in combining chemicals or he will cause an explosion. But what many of us do not know is that the human body, plants, flowers, everything—every drop of water and every bit of food are composed of exactly the same elements that the chemist handles so carefully. And in our ignorance we continue to juggle foods about carelessly—we mix them at our own pleasure—we pour them into our stomachs in such combinations as would cause an explosion if mixed in a chemist's retort.

That is what we mean by "Foods That Fight." There are many foods, good in themselves, but when poured into the stomach in improper combinations, attack each other as one vicious bulldog attacks another. You can imagine how this "fighting" disturbs the proper work of the stomach and connecting organs of the body.

Why We Get Sick

Health is a natural condition. Nature, if not interfered with, would keep everyone well. But we heedlessly or unconsciously put obstacles in Nature's way—we eat "foods that fight"—or we in some other way disobey Nature's laws and then we become sick. All disease is caused by the violation of Nature's Own laws.

Of all Nature's laws, the law of Nutrition (converting and absorbing food into the body) is probably least understood—and consequently most often violated. So little is it understood, indeed, that one eminent scientist estimates that 90% of all human ills are caused, directly or indirectly, by disobedience to this one law.

The Law of Nutrition

Yet this law is very simple. It sets forth only three fundamental principles: First, that food must be selected which will supply all the elements that the body needs. Second: that food must be eaten only in such combinations as will agree chemically. Third: that the correct proportions shall be eaten so as not to supply too much of some things and not enough of others.

Obey these three rules and you increase bodily health, strength and vigor. Disobey them and you disturb Nature's systematic working, weaken your resistance and invite disease.

True Purpose of Food

The true purpose of food is to promote growth and sustain life.

That person enjoys the best health, the keenest mental and perceptive powers, the highest mental and physical organism, who can select and feed upon such articles as will supply all the things the body needs in their purest form and in right or natural proportions.

But the best food is often rendered useless—many times positively harmful—by taking quantities larger than can be digested or in combinations that are chemically inharmonious.

The Secret of Health

The remedy for all disease is *to remove the cause*. Medicines may give temporary relief. Permanent cure can be effected only by removing or correcting the cause of the trouble.

When you consider, therefore, that a majority of all disease is caused by stomach disturbances, you see how important it is that we study very carefully how to keep the stomach in its natural healthy condition and how to restore that condition after it has once been disturbed.

How, for example, can you prevent stomach disturbances if you do not know the "foods that fight"? How can you decrease your weight unless you know the foods that make fat? How can you increase your weight and strength unless you know what foods supply fat and strength? How can you keep the body well unless you know what makes it sick?

One Great Authority

One of the greatest—if not the greatest—students of this subject is Eugene Christian, the eminent New York Food Scientist, whose work has secured for him an enviable reputation throughout the country. It is to him we are indebted for putting in simplified form the fundamental principles which underlie all the processes of building, rebuilding and keeping the human body in repair.

This he has done in a course of what he calls Little Lessons in Corrective Eating. These lessons—there are 24 of them—contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons. They tell not only the foods that fight but hundreds of other things about food that we all ought to know.

Every point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the physical and mental change you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

Little Lessons in Corrective Eating and Christian Herald for One Year

$5.00 Value for $3.00

Nearly two hundred thousand sets of Eugene Christian's Little Lessons have been sold during the past two years at $3.00 each, but through a special arrangement with the publishers, the Christian Herald is able to offer its readers this remarkable set of lessons, together with a year's subscription to Christian Herald for only $3.00. This means a $2.00 saving.

The Christian Herald has fully investigated Eugene Christian's food system and can confidently recommend it to its readers. Already over 7,000 of our subscribers have bought sets of these books and have fully tested their value. Their approval confirms our opinion as to their merits. Eugene Christian's system is not to be confused in any way with the medical systems; it is wholly scientific hygiene reduced to the last point of simplicity. We believe that its adoption by all of our readers would result in their overwhelming endorsement of it; hence, being fully convinced of its merits we see no reason to withhold the Christian Herald's unqualified commendation of a system which is capable of doing so much good.

Only a limited number of the Little Lessons are available, however, so immediate action is necessary. Mail the coupon today.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
299 Bible House, New York City

Gentlemen: You may mail me "24 Lessons in Corrective Eating," by Eugene Christian. Five days after I receive them, I will either send you $3, in full payment for them and for a year's subscription to the Christian Herald, or remail them to you.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

How the Kingdom and the Church Differ

Continued from page 481

the knowledge of him will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. Especially should it be noted that Satan will then be removed from the scene and from active participation in human affairs. (Rev. 20 : 1–5).

And finally, as showing more clearly the relation of the Kingdom of Heaven to the Kingdom of God, let it be repeated that the Kingdom of Heaven has for its great object the ultimate establishment of the Kingdom of God in the earth. That is to say, the "Kingdom of Heaven merges into the Kingdom of God," when Christ, having "put all enemies (of the Kingdom of Heaven) under his feet," "shall have delivered up the Kingdom (of Heaven) to God, even the Father" (1 Cor. 15 : 24–28).

III

COMING to the thought of the Church, it is the translation of the Greek word "ecclesia," which means the called-out ones, as when a number of people are called out from their private concerns to a public meeting, an assembly of some kind. In the New Testament it is used (1) to designate a local church, as when Paul speaks of "the church which is at Cenchrea" (Rom. 16 : 1); (2) a group of churches, as when he speaks of "all the churches of the Gentiles" (Rom. 16 : 4); (3) the visible body of professed believers, "all the churches of Christ" (Rom. 16 : 16); and especially (4) the body of the truly redeemed in this dispensation, no matter of what locality, or to what class they belong, "the Lord added to the Church daily" (Acts 2 : 47) "the Church which is His body" (Eph. 1 : 22, 23), "the Church of the firstborn" (Heb. 12 : 23). These are the called-out ones in the sense that God, by his Holy Spirit, has called them out of the world unto himself through the exercise of their faith in Christ. They have been "delivered out of the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of the Son." (Col. 1 : 13.)

Thus we see that the Church is not revealed in the plan of God till we reach the New Testament. Then it is that Christ appears on the earth, he who is the Seed of the woman promised in Eden, the Seed of Abraham and the Seed of David, the Son who should proceed out of him and in whom his Kingdom (*i. e.* the Kingdom of Heaven) should be established forever (Sam. 7 : 12, 13). "In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea, and saying, Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand" (Matt. 3 : 1, 2). And Christ himself at the initiation of his ministry in Galilee did the same (4 : 17). But Israel did not repent, but instead she kept on in her wicked way and rejected "him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write." When this rejection became evident and fixed at the time of Peter's noble confession of him as "the Christ, the Son of the Living God," then it was that Christ announced the new program about the Church which had been "kept secret since the world began" (Rom. 16 : 25). He said "upon this rock," *i. e.*, upon this confession of me, "I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Matt. 16 : 18). This building process began on the day of Pentecost, and has been in process ever since, and will continue until the building is completed, when "the Church which is His body" (Eph. 1 : 22, 23), will be caught up to meet its Head in the air (1 Thess. 4 : 16–18). (See the previous article referred to, "The Place of the Church in the Plan of Redemption.")

It thus appears that the Church at present bears something of the same relationship to the Kingdom of Heaven that the latter bears to the Kingdom of God; in other words, it has for one of its objects at least, the ultimate establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven upon the earth. (Eph. 5 : 29–32; 1 Tim. 2 : 12).

IV

A FEW confirmatory evidences of the distinction between the Kingdom and the Church may be appreciated. For example, consider (1) the terms used in representing each. The Church is "built," the Kingdom is "set up." The first word is never used in connection with the Kingdom nor the second in connection with the Church. Consider (2) the relationship sustained by men and women toward each. The Church has its "elders," its "messengers," its "servants," but the Kingdom has its "heirs." We "see," we "receive," we "enter," we "inherit the Kingdom," but these terms are never used in Scripture of our relationship to the Church. Consider (3) the way in which reference is made to each. The "advancement" and "extension" of the Kingdom are spoken of, but the "cleansing" and "edifying" of the Church. (4) The Kingdom is a unit, the Church an aggregation. The word "Kingdom" is never found in the plural, but "Church" is very commonly referred to thus. (5) The Church will reign with Christ, but the Kingdom will be reigned over by Christ and his Church. (6) The Church is an election, taken out of all nations; the Kingdom will be universal. (7) The Church is now in the world and longs for the time when it will be delivered out of it, but the Kingdom is still in abeyance and prayed for in the familiar words, "Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." (8) The Church is temporal so far as its establishment on the earth is concerned, but the Kingdom is an everlasting kingdom.

Years ago there lived and ministered in Boston an earnest though somewhat eccentric individual known as Father Taylor, pastor of the Seamen's Bethel. He was a godly man but not very cultivated, and one day, while preaching, he became considerably tangled in his utterance and broke out with the words, "Brethren, I seem to have lost the track of my nominative case; but one thing I know, I'm bound for the Kingdom!" He was right. Though he had been in the Church a great many years, he realized that the Kingdom was still future. Father Taylor, in other words, was not guilty of the blunder of a university president (also a minister) whom we have seen quoted as follows: "The Christian Church is the Kingdom of God on earth, viewed in its objective or institutional form. God's Kingdom among men is as old as human history!"

V

THERE are two or three textual objections to the foregoing that may suggest themselves. For example, what about Christ's words, "My Kingdom is not of this world," and "The Kingdom of God is within you" (John 18 : 36; Luke 17 : 21)? And the words of Paul, "For the Kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Spirit" (Rom. 14 : 17). Some have found embarrassment in reconciling the first with the idea that the Kingdom is to be an earthly one; but there is no more conflict there than in the case of the Church. Christ's Church is not of this world, but it is in the world. It is the same with the second text, which the margin renders, "The Kingdom of God is among you, or in the midst of you." The Kingdom could not in any sense have been within the persons to whom Christ addressed these words, because they were the wicked and contentious Pharisees who were expecting the Kingdom to come by such methods of observation as they could appreciate. Christ's words rebuked them. The Kingdom was already in the midst of them, or among them, in the sense that the King was there, if only they had eyes to see him. And as to Paul's words, of course, righteousness, peace and joy are already in the earth, but this does not constitute the Kingdom to be set up after the coming judgment on the nations, and which is to constitute the throne of David.

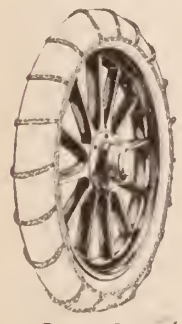
Hence we see that the true attitude of the Church today must be that of the best days of her history, one of loyal and loving expectancy, as she continues to pray: "Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Reflections After the Skidding Accident

Reflections that show Tire Chains as the only real dependable device for the prevention of skidding, do not come to some motorists until their bare rubber tires skid and carry them upon the rocks of disaster. How strange it is that some men are never guided by the experience of others, never take the lesson home to themselves until too late.

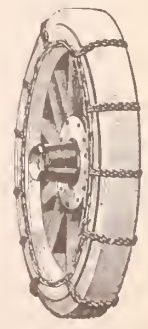
They read the newspaper accounts of disastrous skidding accidents caused by lack of Tire Chains, but they do not heed the warning. They wait until the skidding of their own bare rubber tires results in death, injury or car-damage before they realize that tires are safe on wet-slippery-skiddy roads *only* when encased in Tire Chains.

Weed Tire Chains for Pneumatic Tires



The world's largest automobile insurers, after long and vast experience in handling automobile accident claims, strongly advise the use of Tire Chains on every automobile they insure. The Aetna Life Insurance Company, The Aetna Casualty and Surety Company and The Automobile Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., now print on their automobile policies the vital information that Tire Chains are the only real dependable device for the prevention of skidding. Could anyone imagine a stronger endorsement?

Weed Tire Chains for Solid Tires



Weed Chains on Your Tires Reflect Your Prudence and Intelligence

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In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line — All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes — From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain

Saving the Money That Slipped Through Their Fingers

How an Investment of $2.00 Grew to $7,000 in Seven Years Without Speculation

BY ARTHUR H. PATTERSON

MR. AND MRS. B. live in Connecticut. He is a clerk in the office of a manufacturing plant. They have been married ten years, and for the first three years of their married life they not only failed to save but actually went in debt over $400. They now have two children, own a comfortable cottage home which is appraised at $3,500 and is clear and free. They have savings-bank accounts of $1,800 and $1,700 invested in 7% preferred securities. And every dollar of this money has been saved from salary during the past seven years, an average of $1,000 per year.

I am going to tell you their story, or rather let Mr. B. tell it as he related it to me. If you are facing the crisis in your affairs which the B.'s faced in those early days of married life, it may help you to meet it and come off victorious.

Listen to what Mr. B. says:

I am now 37 years of age; married and the Daddy of two children. When I was married I had exactly $750 on hand in cash, inherited from my father's estate. Up to that time I never saved a nickel and if this money hadn't come as a windfall, we could not have been married. I held a good position and was earning $2,000 a year. That was in 1907. For the next three years Jane and I just let things run along, living comfortably on my salary. The $750 which I inherited went for furniture and home needs and we did manage to buy—on the spur of early married ambition, perhaps—$300 more of furniture which we paid for out of my salary. But all the rest of it went for clothing, rent, food, amusement, books, cigars, etc. We spent it as it came and it was always a race between our cash and our bills to see which would be on top at the end of the month. Usually the cash lost. But the bills didn't press or worry me. I ran accounts with tradesmen who knew me and knew I was good for it. But gradually the bills distanced the cash and at the end of three years I was in a hole just $400; and then the situation grew serious because we had a baby and in order to pay the emergency bills of the occasion, I had to let my other creditors wait and they became restless.

Jane and I had tried time and time again to live within my salary and save a few dollars, but it wasn't any use. We lacked the backbone somehow and didn't have the necessary system to help us see it through. One day I came across a remark made by James Hill, the railroad builder, and it set me thinking. It burned itself into my brain. It was this:

"*If you want to know whether you are going to be a success or failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will fail as sure as you live. You may not think so, but you will. The seed of success is not in you.*"

I went home and that evening Jane and I had a long heart-to-heart talk. We sat up until one o'clock, studying, planning, debating, wondering how we could change our shiftless, easy-going habits so that we could feel that we were going to be classified with the successful ones and not the failures.

We made up our minds that from that night on not a penny would be spent for other than bare necessities until every debt had been paid. We resolved to live on half my salary, reasoning that if other people whom we knew could live respectably on $1,000, there was no reason why we shouldn't. Then Jane said: "We ought to keep a cash account and put down just where the money goes. We can't go by guess-work any longer. We've been living that way for three years. We'll begin now to keep a record of our money."

What Jane said brought to my mind an advertisement which I had seen only a few days before, about an Expense Book for family accounts. So I got the magazine and found the ad. It told about the Economy Expense Book for personal and household accounting. The description told me that it was exactly the thing we needed and before going to bed I wrote a letter ordering a copy. In a few days it came, and Jane and I had an interesting session studying it and entering the Cash and Expenditure Items which we had been keeping tab of since the midnight resolution.

That book taught us something about the science of home economics. We learned, for instance, that in a properly arranged budget a man earning the salary I did could save, without stinting, at least 30% of his salary. But we were beating that figure. We had raised the ante to 50% and that without suffering for a single need. Of course, we had cut out the theatre, the cigars, the expensive lunches and we'd begun to get acquainted with some of our discarded clothes all over again. And I learned that rent consumed in the balanced budget 17½% (which was about our cost); food was 25% and we cut it to 21%; clothes, 17%, we chopped to 5% that first year, and it never rose over 10% the first four years.

We started on the new system in April, 1910. The following April when we balanced the books for the first year we found this result: Every single bill paid and $653 in the savings bank! Glorious! We were out of the woods and for the first time in my entire business career I had visions of success on which I could actually stand without breaking through into the quicksands of despair. We celebrated that night in good style with a dinner and the theatre and that's become part of the program ever since—the annual dinner of the board of directors, Jane calls it.

The rest is easy. We were on the right track and once started nothing could turn us back.

We stuck right to the original program for three years, living on half my salary and saving the other half. Then I got a raise of $250 and that made it quite a bit easier. A year ago I got another raise, bringing my salary up to $2,500, where it now stands.

I've never had the least trouble, since starting on the first page of my first copy of Woolson's Economy Expense Book, in living within my income and saving money. That book brought us, not only independence, but it changed me from a worried, half-baked existence into a self-respecting, successful man. I am in a position, as the result of our joint efforts, where I need look to no man for favors; and further than that, my success has brought us into a circle of friends, both business and social, who value us because we are looked upon in our town as "worth while" and "the sort who are getting ahead."

****

Woolson's Economy Expense Book is designed to keep track of the income and expenses of the average family in a systematic manner. Each book is made to contain the records of four consecutive years.

No knowledge of bookkeeping or accounting is necessary to properly keep a Woolson Book. The lifetime experience of an expert accountant is in the book. He devised it for his own household and planned it so his wife could keep it.

Two minutes daily is sufficient to keep it written up to date. At the end of each week and month and year you not only know where every penny went, but you will have an analysis and comparative table of all the various expenditures, showing just what it went for. Every detail of money management is provided for by a simple, easy system that a 12-year-old child could handle.

This book has proved truly a godsend to thousands because it has taught them a sure way to manage their finances. With it you know every minute just where you are money-wise. It automatically shows every penny of income and outgo; just how much for groceries, dress, rent, medicine, amusement, car-fare, etc.—and all this instantly and plainly. It is not complicated or tiresome. In fact, once you have started keeping a Woolson Book you will find it fascinating as a game and a miser for saving money.

The publishers are desirous, while the interest of the American public is fastened on the problem of high-cost-of-living, to distribute several hundred thousand copies of the new greatly improved edition, and are doing it in this way:

Merely write to them and ask that a copy be sent you without cost for a five-days' examination. If at the end of the time you decide to keep it, you send $2.00 in payment, or if you wish to return it, you can do so without further obligation. Send no cash. Merely fill in the coupon, supply business reference, mail, and the book will be sent you immediately.

GEORGE R. WOOLSON & COMPANY
118 West 32nd Street, New York City

George R. Woolson & Company,
118 West 32nd Street, New York City.

Without obligation please send me, all charges prepaid, your Woolson's Economy Expense Book. I agree to send $2.00 in five days or return the book.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

C.H. 4-17-18

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Drawn especially for the Christian Herald, by Willard H. Ortlip

FOR very, very fresh dish-towels—for an immaculate sink with sterilized drain-pipe—for a sweet, sanitary refrigerator—for cheerfully clean floors—for a gleaming clean bath-tub, be sure it is really Gold Dust you use.

Some women always seem to have time to help others. Have you noticed how many of them help themselves by using Gold Dust—for quicker dishwashing?

BUY BONDS OR WEAR THEM

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

New York filled Broad Street from curb to curb to show its allegiance and buy bonds

The Nation Greets the Liberty Loan

AMERICA'S new Liberty Loan for $3,000,000,000, the third of its kind, has set a new world record in the science of money-raising. It has swept on far along the road to success in a whirlwind of enthusiasm. Long before the period of its public offering closes, on May 4, it is believed that it will have gone "over the top," with a huge margin oversubscribed.

Our first issue of Liberty Bonds was a new experience for the nation. A certain degree of education was still necessary for the flotation of the Second Liberty Loan. In the first two Loans, the country has already absorbed $5,808,000,000 of Liberty Bonds. It would surprise nobody if at the conclusion of the third flotation, the total in Liberty Bonds should aggregate $10,000,000,000 or over.

The Third Liberty Loan found the country not only ready, but enthusiastically expectant. For weeks in advance of the opening of the Loan, the nation had been taking in deep draughts of inspiration from many sources. First, there was the news from the front in France, where our brave soldier boys were fighting shoulder to shoulder by the side of the Allies. When the great attack in Picardy began, day after day patriotic Americans looked at their morning papers with increased interest. Every mention of American daring and every item that told how our troops were more than holding their own and meeting every test, gave new zest to the desire to back them up by buying Liberty Bonds. Every loyal heart from the Atlantic to the Pacific was glad that America had been in time to have a part—and not an inconsiderable part, either—in the greatest battle in history, possibly the final struggle in the war for democracy, justice and righteousness. These events of the three greatest weeks of the war, laid a foundation for the Third Liberty Loan which left little necessity for further education of the people, assuring plenty of workers and ample subscriptions everywhere. Liberty Loan Committees had their forces marshaled and ready for the opening of the campaign. In all the states, from the big cities down to the smallest villages and hamlets, the workers were ready for the great event to begin. Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, the busiest man in America, had his forces at work everywhere, and himself spoke at many gatherings.

At 9 A. M., on Saturday, April 6, the great three-billion loan to win the war was officially declared open. Simultaneously, all the wheels of the vast mechanism devise by the management of the Loan Administration were set in motion. In the spring sunshine, immense crowds assembled in all the cities, and to the universal accompaniment of stirring music, patriotic oratory, Liberty Bells ringing, and impromptu parades, the subscriptions began to flow in like a flood, from Maine to California, and from Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico. New York with a quota of $900,000,000, went well over the one-hundred-million mark on this first Saturday, the actual total subscribed being in the neighborhood of $105,000,000.

More than 200 communities throughout the country were able to report their entire quota raised, and in many cases even exceeded, in the first day's subscriptions. The question immediately arose as to which town would be able to claim the prize as the first to reach its quota. There were apparently 45 towns tied for first honors, and it was expected that at least 100 would finally qualify for a part in the multiple tie. Lynn, Mass., was probably the largest city to reach its quota so quickly. Sioux City, Iowa, Joliet, Ill., and Burlington, Vt., were first in their respective classes. Indeed, so fast and furious was the rivalry, and so emphatic the success of the Loan in these places, that Secretary McAdoo decided that, temporarily at least, no more reports as to totals reached in the campaign in the different sections should be announced, since he felt that the final success of the drive might be imperiled by overconfidence.

On the evening of the opening day, Liberty Loan Rallies were held in 10,000 schoolhouses in forty-six states, to celebrate the opening of the Loan. These were scenes of enthusiastic congratulation and the patriotic addresses and songs fitly marked the close of a memorable day in the country's history. Everywhere was the universal conviction that, long before the month allotted to the work, the Loan would go "over the top" with a rush and away beyond.

On April 9th, Secretary McAdoo made a plea for the largest possible oversubscription, declaring that no greater blow could be dealt the Kaiser than a tremendous overtopping of quotas all over the country. President Wilson's inspiring address at Baltimore was echoed all over the country in the multiplied subscriptions of ardent patriots.

Secretary McAdoo, after warning against overconfidence because the loan had started with every indication of great success, said: "Let us not stop when we have reached our quota. Let us go forward and make the quota three or four times as great, if it is possible to do it, and let us at the same time make the number of subscribers to these bonds three times as great as it was before. There is no answer that will carry such discouragement to the enemies of America and of civilization as that 20,000,000

Americans have subscribed this time for Liberty bonds. We can get the 20,000,000 if we stay in the fight and make up our minds to do it.

"If we do this it will mean that the loan will be widely distributed, that it will not strain the resources of the country, and it will mean in addition that we shall not have three billion dollars, but four billion or five billion, to help our gallant men in this supreme test of all time for the liberties of the world."

On April 10th, the ban against the publication of total subscriptions was lifted in part, reserve banks being permitted to announce the total of subscriptions actually completed. The New York Reserve Bank was able to report on this basis $157,097,350, which included the subscriptions received up to the evening of the 9th.

Secretary McAdoo, again urged the danger of overconfidence. In spite of the enthusiastic response of the first days, the mounting totals, and the quotas exceeded, it was still, and will be until May 4th, necessary for every person under the waving folds of "Old Glory" to sell all he can and to buy all he can, and to put into the effort the last ounce of his influence and strength that America's answer to the German challenge of brute force may be unmistakable and irresistible.

By Monday of April 10, 600 communities had reported oversubscriptions and claimed the right to fly the Honor Flag. Official awards of the Flag had already been made to about half that number. In the great cities the volume of subscriptions continued to increase. A change in weather conditions made no impression on the public enthusiasm. In New York, so great was the enthusiasm that the Liberty Bell was kept ringing almost continuously. Drives in the financial, commercial and manufacturing districts, speeded up subscriptions greatly throughout the week. Rich and poor, millionaire and worker, capitalist and employee, bought their bonds side by side. The biggest subscription announced from any section of the country was $35,000,000 from the U. S. Steel Corporation. Banks, railroads and brokerage houses were heavy buyers. The New York Metropolitan district, by the morning of April 11, had $135,950,400.

AT the closing of business on Friday, the contributions reported by the Federal Reserve Banks for the leading cities as follows:

New York	$205,100,000
Philadelphia	31,597,750
Boston	46,361,200
Richmond	6,916,150
Atlanta	3,259,750
Chicago	55,210,000
Cleveland	33,989,150
St. Louis	29,268,400
Kansas City	13,267,750
Dallas	15,347,250
San Francisco	11,426,600

The first five days of the four-weeks' campaign had been an unqualified success, being more than double the total for the first five days of the Second Liberty Loan drive. The fifth day brought up the total of subscriptions in the five New York City boroughs to $168,787,700.

From all other sources throughout the country, $451,744,000 was reported up to Friday afternoon.

Over 100 additional claims were filed for Honor Flags, up to Friday morning. The San Francisco district won 95 Honor Flags and 167 were claimed in the state of Oregon by towns and villages that had gone "over the top."

It was announced on Thursday afternoon that the state of Oregon had, on the showing of official returns, completed its quota. The State of Iowa had also made its quota but the Chicago Reserve Bank on Friday morning had not yet received the official returns. Both states felt that they had just started. Oregon had already subscribed $19.50 per capita and the city of Portland $48.90 per capita. Portland and Toledo, Ohio, were rival claimants for the first honor flag for cities in the class of 100,000 to 250,000. Both passed their quota in four days, Portland raising $10,120,000 and Toledo $10,700,000. Out of 168,000 persons in Toledo, 46,200 bought bonds.

HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOURS?

Douglas Fairbanks turns from the movies to move bonds. He is addressing the crowd shown on the page ahead

Ten Congressmen See the Trenches

By Hon. C. C. DILL

[Mr. Dill, who represents in Congress the Fifth District of the State of Washington, was a member of the party of Congressmen who recently made a tour of the Western front in Europe.]

THE war is so big that America must supply millions of men and billions of dollars. This is my conclusion after visiting the French, English and Belgian battle-fronts from Switzerland to the North Sea.

It is impossible to give the details of the trip taken by the ten congressmen in this statement, so I shall give only a brief outline. We sailed on the American liner *St. Louis*. The *St. Louis* has five guns. They are manned by crack crews of American naval gunners. Besides, it was convoyed through the submarine zone by American destroyers. The maneuvers at sea, the practice shooting at targets, the sailing without any lights whatever through the darkness, and the impossibility of sending any wireless messages to the outside world, impressed us all very forcibly that we were moving into the world of war.

At Liverpool representatives of the British foreign office and of the American embassy took the members of Congress off the steamer shortly after the ship arrived.

We left for London at 2:30 P. M., and arrived at 7 P. M. Our first impression was that it was a city of darkness. This was because of the dim and hooded street lights. The British officials there wanted to entertain us for two weeks before taking us to France, but we dared not stay more than three or four days if we were to cover the battle-fronts and return for the opening of Congress in December. During that period they made a most wonderful use of the time. First they took us to some of their great orthopedic hospitals. We were most impressed at Ruehampton and Shepherd's Bush, where they remake broken men, where the legless are enabled to walk and the armless to do almost everything a man with arms can do.

We saw wives and mothers in some wards, sitting beside the parts of men that were left after operations which had just been performed. They had that wonderful look in their eyes that only those who have made the supreme sacrifice can have. We saw perfect physical specimens of men from twenty to thirty-five years old, whose nerves were broken, whose brains could not function—saw them learning to walk like babies of only twelve months of age, saw them trying to make their bodies do the many things they had always done before. We saw men with every conceivable kind of injuries, being cured and remade and all but hypnotized into believing they could still play a useful part in this world of struggle.

WE also went to St. Dunstan's Hospital for blind soldiers, where soldiers whose eyesight has been shot away are taught the trades and sounds they could not learn while they could see. All this was before we had seen the war itself.

Then we were taken to the House of Commons and the House of Lords, as guests of honor, on the day when England's greatest statesman told of the wonderful deeds of valor of her sailors and soldiers on water and on land and over and under both. We had already seen the destruction in various parts of London caused by Zeppelin raids, just two days before our arrival, and as we hurried to our hotel that night along deserted streets at 11 P. M., we heard from every corner the cry of "Take cover!" being given by policemen and boy scouts, while the people hurried into basements and cellars.

We attended services in St. George's Chapel, the chapel of the king, and sat in the seats of the Knights of the Garter. Here we were honored again when at the close of the service, the organ pealed forth "The Star-Spangled Banner." That was the first time that tune was ever played in the king's chapel.

THEN we went to France. With two dirigible balloons circling over the boat and five destroyers riding around it, we all realized fully that it was a real danger zone.

In Paris it required two days to make arrangements for the trip to the front. During this time there was not an idle hour. General Pershing entertained us at dinner We were taken into the crypt of the tomb of Napoleon and on the same day we laid a wreath on the tomb of Lafayette. We saw the Y. M. C. A. hotels for our soldiers and visited the American headquarters. Again we visited Red Cross hospitals and saw more of the wonderful women and men who are nursing back to life the soldiers who have all but died.

In military care, under the direction of Colonel Parker of the American army and Count LeMoix of the French army, we went to the battle-fronts. It was just at the time when French troops were leaving for Italy. We saw thousands and tens of thousands of infantry on the march, the long lines of lorries, the big guns, the roadside kitchens, and camouflage of every imaginable kind. We saw Soissons and its ruined cathedral. We visited Rheims and what is left of that once marvelous cathedral. While there we met and talked with Cardinal Lucon, who has never left his church, although it has been struck by 370 shells. Then we went to Verdun—Verdun, the mere mention of which makes the blood of every French soldier tingle with sadness and pride—sadness because of the terrible losses of men; pride because of the wonderful deeds done there by the brave men whose bodies are ground into the very earth of those hills. That day will never be forgotten by a single American congressman who was in that party. Colonel Dehay, the commandant, led us to the pulverized and shell-pocked top of Fort Souville, the point where the French stopped, overwhelmed and threw back the German hosts. He described the battle in great detail. Then, with a swing of the arm covering the whole hill, he said to us with a voice that quivered with emotion. "If all the men who fell here were evenly distributed, there would be five dead men to every square meter (yard) of ground."

Next we visited the American headquarters and the American camp. There we met the generals of Pershing's staff and saw that magnificent body of young men who form the vanguard of the great American army that is to follow. We saw them in their training camp, we saw them building hutments, we saw them living in the towns and mingling with the people among whom they are billeted, and they were everywhere healthy, cheerful and determined.

FROM there we went to the Champagne and Aisne country, visiting large areas of the devastated regions of France, held for from two to three years by the Germans. We visited that great battle-field of the Somme, where in three months fighting the Allies lost 900,000 men and the Germans 750,000 men, but which the Allies won. We stood on Vimy Ridge and looked across to Lens, then still held by the Germans.

The last part of the trip proved the most exciting and the most dangerous, because it was our trip to the Belgian front-line trenches, only ninety feet from the Germans. It was there that the snipers and German machine-gunners fired upon us.

We all realized our trip had been remarkable, both in the honors paid us and the things shown us. We went to see the war as it is and our trip was a wonderful success.

The supreme duty of the present is for every American to support and aid his country in every way possible in winning this war. We may differ sometimes as to methods and policies to be followed before the policy has been determined upon, but once the majority have spoken, all differences should end in a wholehearted and united support, that victory and peace may be the more quickly won.

General Haig Commands Britain's Lines to Hold

At the close of the third week of the great offensive, the struggle was still indecisive. There was strong evidence, however, at many points that the strength of the German advance had diminished, and the Allies were holding the enemy in check at practically all the vital points. Fierce fighting had taken place south of Ypres in the struggle for the conquest of the Messines Ridge, but all attacks had been repulsed. There had also been heavy fighting near Bailleul and Neuve Eglise, but they remained in British hands according to last reports. An incident of the week was the evacuation of Armentieres, which was heavily bombarded with gas shells. Berlin cablegrams claimed the capture of a portion of the garrison, with its officers. The Germans also claimed to have made progress south of Bailleul, and there was sharp fighting at Vieux Berquin and Merris.

Up to Sunday, April 14, there was no material change in the general situation. The Allied battle-line had materially stiffened during the week. Little has been reported during the week relative to the struggle for Amiens, which is doubtless yet to be renewed.

Our American troops have rendered an excellent account of themselves in several sharp fights with the enemy during the week, with comparatively few casualties among our boys. The French general commanding in a neighboring sector personally congratulated the commander of the American units on the excellent offensive qualities of our men and the fine resistance they put up against superior numbers.

Hindenburg is reckless of lives. These people in Germany are asking for the missing

The Story of the Fighting

On April 8, the nineteenth day of the battle in Picardy, the Germans continued their pressure against the French between the Oise and the Ailette and also began an intense bombardment on the British front from Lens north to the neighborhood of Armentieres. The British lines north of the Somme from Albert to Arras, especially in the neighborhood of Bucquoy, were under heavy fire. South of the Oise, the Germans made progress, the French withdrawing to the western bank of the Ailette.

On April 9, the intense bombardment which had continued since the Sunday night before along the British front north of Arras was intensified. The back areas within five miles of the line were heavily gassed. Early on the 9th, the twentieth day of battle, the German infantry advanced against an eleven-mile front between Givenchy and Fleurbaix. The lines in the center of the attack were held by a couple of Portuguese divisions. Here, as at St. Quentin on March 21, the main effort of the enemy was aimed to drive a wedge between the lines of different tongues. All through the 9th and 10th of April the battle raged furiously. The village of Givenchy was twice lost by the British and twice regained. The British left flank was withdrawn slightly at Fleurbaix, but the British center with the Portuguese troops was pushed back over the marshy ground for a distance of more than five miles. Both Vimy Ridge on the south and the Messines Ridge on the north were still firmly in British hands.

On April 10 the fighting spread northward of Armentieres as far as the Ypres-Comines Canal. South of Armentieres the Germans succeeded in crossing the Lys and establishing themselves on the left or northern bank of the stream. South of Estaires to Givenchy the line, which here protected the important base of Bethune, only four miles away, stood fast against repeated assaults. At Givenchy over 750 Germans were made prisoners. North of Armentieres the Germans penetrated the British first position and fought their way into Ploegsteert Wood, but failed to gain the heights, although they created a dangerous salient about Armentieres.

April 11, the twenty-second day since the opening of the attack in Picardy, saw the crest of battle sweeping again over the plains of Flanders. From Givenchy north to Hollebeke, east of Ypres, the Germans continued the intense pressure of the preceding five days, making their greatest efforts from Estaires north to Wytschaete. Early in the day Armentieres was given up by the British, who straightened out their front along a line about four miles west of the town. This line, from the river Lys to Hollebeke, held throughout the day, although positions changed hands frequently. The British reserves were coming into the lines to meet the fresh German divisions, which Hindenburg was throwing into the attack in desperate attacks. During the whole of this day the British were still outnumbered. In the neighborhood of Ploegsteert the enemy made some progress. The day ended with the heights still in the British hands and the German troops suffering under a withering fire.

In the fighting of April 12 the Germans maintained with thirty divisions, over 300,000 men, their heavy pressure against the British lines along a front of about twenty miles. At the southern end of the line near and north of Givenchy as far as Lestrem the enemy made no permanent gains. Between Lestrem and Messines the Teutons forced their way ahead until they were beyond the village of Merville, ten miles southeast of Armentieres, and were fighting for the village of Bailleul, eight miles northwest of Armentieres. Ploegsteert Wood and village were taken and the British were fighting west of that position at the village of Neuve Eglise.

In spite of their gain the Germans were still held off the high ground, but the positions on the Messines Ridge were becoming outflanked. As on the eve of the battle of the Marne Joffre commanded "advance at all costs and die where you are rather than give way," so at this critical juncture in the new battle of Flanders General Haig issued an order to "all ranks of the British Army in France and Flanders" as follows:

"Three weeks ago today the enemy began his terrific attacks against us on a fifty-mile front. His objects are to separate us from the French, to take the Channel ports, and to destroy the British Army.

"In spite of throwing already 106 divisions into the battle, and enduring the most reckless sacrifice of human life, he has yet made little progress toward his goals.

"We owe this to the determined fighting and self-sacrifice of our troops. Words fail me to express the admiration which I feel for the splendid resistance offered by all ranks of our army under the most trying circumstances.

"Many among us now are tired. To those I would say that victory will belong to the side which holds out the longest. The French Army is moving rapidly and in great force to our support. There is no other course open to us but to fight it out.

"Every position must be held to the last man. There must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight to the end. The safety of our homes and the freedom of mankind depend alike upon the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment."

The Germans made another determined thrust toward Amiens on April 12, in the neighborhood of Hangard and Hourges. At Hourges they failed, Hangard they penetrated, but were driven out later by French counter-attacks.

THE Germans on April 12 made a powerful attack on Allied positions in Brule wood in the Apremont Forest south of Verdun, penetrating some advanced trench elements. A counter-attack by French and American troops restored the position, the Americans taking twenty-two prisoners.

In Flanders, in the fighting which has come to be called the Battle of Armentieres, the British on the 13th and 14th became a stone wall against which the German forces dashed in vain. Although Berlin claimed progress, the progress represented yards where miles had been the objectives, and British counter-attacks, at the points of greatest danger, strengthened their positions. The enemy brought intense pressure to bear on Saturday against the British right wing from Givenchy to Festubert. He gained nothing. At Locon on the Lawe northwest of Bethune the British regained the village. Before the Forest of Nieppe, west of Merville, guarding the railroad center of Hazebrouck, terrific assaults resulted in negligible gains. From Merris to Bailleul, although assailed by wave after wave of men and artillery fire, the line held. Neuve Englise became German on Saturday morning but was converted again to British allegiance by a counter-attack. It and the rest of the positions protecting Messines Ridge remained British through a Sunday in which German blood was poured out in ceaseless stream as attack followed attack. Sunday night found the Teuton balked at every point of the long line of battle from Ypres to the Oise.

ON April 8 a large German patrol attempted a surprise attack on the American outpost northwest of Toul. The concentrated fire of American outposts, with light and heavy machine-guns, quickly drove the Germans back to their own lines.

On April 11, after a 72-hour bombardment, a force of more than 800 storm-troops attempted an attack on the American position. The fighting came to close quarters, but the Germans retired beaten.

The brunt of this fighting was borne by two regiments of the Rainbow Division, the former 69th of New York, and the former Second Wisconsin Infantry. Gen. Pershing's reports for the two days carried a total of 234 casualties.

The Germans on Saturday and Sunday, April 13 and 14, tried desperately to reverse the defeat they suffered on Thursday at the hands of the Americans. Prisoners reported that they had been ordered to penetrate the American third line at all costs. They did not pass the first line, and when they were well started for home the Americans chased them past the second German line.

Early Sunday morning the Boche came back. Under a wicked barrage they entered the American front-line trenches, there to meet a warm reception with bayonets and hand grenades. In the American trenches the Germans left behind them 34 dead, 30 more lay in No Mans' Land. A conservative estimate placed at 200 the Germans killed in five days' fighting on this narrow sector.

By direct instructions from Secretary Baker, the War Department on April 9 and 10 resumed the practice of giving out the number and names of soldiers dead, wounded and missing in France. From April 1 until April 14 casualties reported by Gen. Pershing were: Killed in action 64, killed by accident or unknown causes 30, died of disease 99, died of wounds 27, gassed 3, wounded 954, and 37 missing.

Her Right to Alsace-Lorraine

THERE has been a great deal of discussion in the air regarding unofficial exchanges between Austria and various members of the Entente looking toward a separate peace for that polyglot kingdom. A great many rumors have failed of verification and statements have been made and denied, but there was just enough smoke to indicate fire somewhere. Recently, M. Clemenceau declared that Emperor Charles of Austria had recognized the claims of France to Alsace-Lorraine. This assertion was followed by a telegram from the Emperor to the Kaiser accusing M. Clemenceau of "piling up lies to escape the web of lies in which he is involved, making a false assertion that I in some manner recognized France's claims to Alsace-Lorraine as just." Following this assertion of innocence, M. Clemenceau promptly made public an autographed letter written by Emperor Charles in 1917 and placed in the hands of President Poincaré of France on March 31, 1917, by Prince Sixtus de Bourbon, Emperor Charles' brother-in-law. The letter was in part as follows:

My Dear Sixtus: The end of the third year of this war, which has brought so much mourning and grief into the world, approaches. All the peoples of my empire are more closely united than ever in the common determination to safeguard the integrity of the monarchy at the cost even of the heaviest sacrifices. . . . Nobody can question the military advantages secured by my troops, particularly in the Balkans. . . .

France, on her side, has shown force, resistance, and dashing courage which are magnificent. . . .

Therefore, it is a special pleasure to me to note that, although for the moment adversaries, no real divergence of views or aspirations separates many of my empire from France. . . .

With this in mind, and to show in a definite manner the reality of these feelings, I beg you to convey privately and unofficially to President Poincaire that I will support by every means, and by exerting all my personal influence with my allies, France's just claims regarding Alsace-Lorraine.

Belgium should be entirely reestablished in her sovereignty, retaining entirely her African possessions. . . .

Serbia should be reestablished in her sovereignty. . . .

Having thus laid my ideas clearly before you, I would ask you in turn, after consulting with these two powers, to lay before me the opinion of France and England, with a view thus to preparing the ground for an understanding on the basis of which official preliminary negotiations could be taken up and reach a result satisfactory to all.

It would seem from this that there was some basis for the persistent rumors that Austria sought a separate peace. It would appear also that Kaiser Karl might need to do a little explaining to Kaiser Bill.

A Week in the World's News

TO MAKE THE IRISH FIGHT. On April 9 Premier Lloyd George, after reviewing the history of the present German offensive, laid before Parliament the proposal to draft every able-bodied man from 18 to 50, and in some cases to 55 years of age, the draft to be applied, for the first time, to Ireland. The Premier referred to the fact that the Germans are calling up 550,000 efficient young men of the 1920 class, aged 18½, and proposed a combing of the industries. All occupational exemptions are cancelled.

The Irish conscription proposal provoked an outburst from the Irish members. When Lloyd George referred to the draft of Irishmen in the United States, a member shouted, "But not by the English!" "It is a declaration of war on Ireland," said one. "You come across to take us!" cried another.

The Premier coupled with the proposal for conscription in Ireland the definite promise that the government would soon present a bill for Home Rule. He declared that the report of the Irish Convention which had just concluded its proceedings afforded the British Parliament an opportunity of approaching the vexed question of Home Rule with more hope of success. The House immediately voted the government leave to introduce the Man Power Bill and on April 10 the Man Power Bill passed its second reading in the House by a vote of 323 to 100.

Sir Horace Plunkett, Chairman of the Irish Constitutional Convention, transmitted to the Prime Minister of Great Britain a report of the proceedings in which he outlined the proposed government as follows: The Lord Lieutenant is to hold office for six years. The parliament is practically a state legislature, except that it controls the Post Office. It can make no laws interfering with religion. It consists of a Senate and House of Commons. The Senate consists of one Lord Chancellor, four Catholic bishops, two Episcopal bishops, one representative of the General Assembly, three mayors, of Dublin, Belfast and Cork, five Irish peers, eleven nominees of the governor, fifteen representatives of commerce and industry, four of labor, eight of county councils, total sixty-four. The Commons consists of 160 representatives, six of whom represent the universities and twenty are nominees of the governor (to disappear after fifty years). A parliament lasts five years. Ireland is to have a separate exchequer.

The Liberty Bond Ball starting from Buffalo to New York City. Guided by two "Uncle Sams" it was pushed by buyers of bonds, a push for each bond

THE AIRCRAFT SITUATION. Two reports came from the Senate Military Affairs Committee on April 10. The majority report criticized the government for its delay, vacillation, and neglect to avail itself of information from various sources, the delay being held to account for the failure to supply the army with airplanes. The charge was made of misleading the public by misrepresenting the progress of the aviation program and of having no broad plan looking to the future development of warplanes. The report urges expansion and ceaseless effort and recommends that an executive officer appointed by the President be placed in charge of the aviation program. Only 15 combat planes, the report says, have been completed, and only one has been shipped to France. The production of Liberty motors, the report holds, is "gravely disappointing."

The minority report holds that the Signal Corps has done a great work in the face of unparalleled obstacles. The minority report also takes issue with the majority regarding the Liberty motor.

SIX BOATS SUNK. In the week ending April 10, mines and submarines sunk four British vessels of more than 1,600 and two of less than that tonnage. France lost two ships of more than 1,600 tons. It was announced on April 9 that the United States had been able to put into transatlantic service to carry men and munitions to France, a total of 2,762,605 tons of shipping, 390 ships in all, of which 322, with a tonnage of 2,365,344, were of American registry. That total included only a small part of the more than 500,000 tons of Dutch ships recently requisitioned.

JAPANESE AND BRITISH LAND AT VLADIVOSTOK. On April 6 the message came from Vladivostok that, on the 5th, British and Japanese sailors had been landed from ships in the harbor. The action was stated to have been taken as the result of riots in which three Japanese lost their lives. The Japanese troops did not interfere with the life of the city, merely patrolling the streets and maintaining order. The British official information indicated that the landing was a purely local affair, and that only some 50 British sailors were landed as a guard for the British consulate, while two companies of Japanese sailors were also landed for the purpose of protection.

On April 8, dispatches from Moscow quoted Nickolai Lenine, Bolshevist premier, as declaring that Russia might have to declare war on Japan.

The Associated Press reported that American marines were landed at Vladivostok on April 5 with the British and Japanese forces.

YOU NEED NOT LISTEN TO TREASON. The Sedition Bill, passed by the Senate on April 10, prohibits disloyal words or acts, or obstruction of the draft or Liberty Loans. The bill affixes to such acts or words the penalty of imprisonment for 20 years, or $10,000 fine, or both. It was not passed without protracted debate, the opponents of the original bill holding that a chance remark or an honest criticism ought not to come within the proscribed acts. The amendments as carried consisted in the insertion of the word "wilful" in the provision against the use of "disloyal, profane, scurrilous, or abusive language" about the government, flag, army or navy of the United States, and the substitution of the word "intended" for "calculated," in reference to such words. A Senate amendment also provides for dismissal of Federal employees who may make disloyal remarks.

BESSARABIA JOINS RUMANIA. A telegram from Bucharest on April 14 announced that the Bessarabian Diet had voted for a union of that province with Rumania. According to an Associated Press dispatch from Petrograd, under date of April 10, the Commissioner of Commerce announced that the terms of peace cost Russia 301,000 square miles of territory occupied by 56,000,000, or 32 per cent. of the entire population of Imperial Russia. The provinces lost contained one-third of the total mileage of railways in Russia, produced 73 per cent. of the total iron, 89 per cent. of the total coal, contained 1,800 savings banks, 268 sugar refineries, 918 textile factories, 574 breweries, 133 tobacco factories, 1,685 distilleries, 244 chemical factories, 1,615 paper mills, 1,073 machine factories, and brought to the Imperial Government, annually, a revenue of 845,238 rubles.

THE PRESIDENT TAKES COAST FLEET. In order to relieve transportation congestion along the Atlantic coast and provide better transportation for coal, cotton and other commodities, and to secure certain vessels for overseas work, President Wilson, by proclamation on April 11, took over all the ships and properties of the Clyde Steamship Co., the Mallory Steamship Co., the Merchants and Miners Transportation Co., and the Southern Steamship Co., all operating ships between Atlantic coast ports.

SUBMARINES BLOCK SPAIN. Because of Spain's recent agreement with the Allies for the routing of her ships and for the exchange of her products for necessary cotton and other materials, Germany on April 11th without notice put into effect a submarine blockade of Spanish ports.

COLLIER MISSING. The United States naval collier Cyclops, in a voyage from South American ports to the United States with a cargo of manganese, was officially reported overdue on April 14th. The Cyclops left a West Indies port on March 4 with one engine out of commission. She carried 293 persons, 57 of them passengers. Since March 4 nothing had been heard of the ship.

The Women Also Help to Fight

NEXT week—there is always a next week, one issue is always on the heels of another and the editor has always two on his mind or his heart or where ever he keeps his responsibilities—next week we shall have a glimpse of woman's share in the vital things of the day.

Mrs. Abby Gunn Baker came all the way from Washington to bring the editor a story of the army of girls that is being mobilized at the Capital to do Uncle Sam's detail work and some of his executive work, too.

Miss Helen Hoffman has brought from England a tale of the courage and energy and efficiency of England's women whose backs are bearing burdens while their hands blister and their lips still smile.

Miss Sangster also bears her testimony to the work of American women in war time.

But, not to forget the men after all, Dr. Jowett brings a ringing message, his last before his return to Europe, to the Soldiers of Christ, Dr. Gray once more opens the doors of prophecy, and Maynard Owen Williams traces the trail of vodka in Russia.

Liberty Bonds or Prussian Bullets

Men and Machinery of the War

© Committee on Public Information

American troops, newly landed in France, going through a French village on the way to their training camp

President Wilson's latest and best picture, taken at his desk in his study

Two Chinamen, of 100,000 or more at war work in France, praying before a joss house they have built Canadian Official Photograph

Boy Scout ringing the Liberty Bell and the door-bell

© Sun Printing and Publishing Assn.

An American woman and a Yankee tractor. A food producing combination hard to beat

British Official Photo © Underwood & Underwood

Disabled tanks are not necessarily useless. The Tommies find them excellent rooms for dugouts, good outpost positions, and comfortable billets for a good snooze when rest is possible

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

To Each One His Own Part

THE official motto of the United States—"E Pluribus Unum"—"Out of many, one"—adopted in the beginning, was never more truly applicable than now.

Each soldier in the battle-line, though he counts but one, holds a crucial place. The many units form the one front. The separate links make the chain. Defection at any single point may mean disaster.

Just so, each dollar in a Liberty Bond, though it be but one dollar among billions, does its indispensable service.

The soldier is but one man, yet the destiny of his nation depends upon his devotion—upon his filling his place. The force of an army of millions is no more than the multiple of the force of one man.

In the same way, the total financial resource of our nation at the supreme crisis is nothing more nor less than the sum of the dollar devotion of its individuals.

That the chain is no stronger than its weakest link is an old and true saying. It is alike true that the heart of our nation is no stronger than the hearts of our citizens; its will, its force, its victories, its triumphant achievements are not one whit greater than the sum total of our individual devotion.

What are *you* worth to America and civilization in this time of test? Is *your* service in manhood and money up to your share? Would the multiple of *your* contributions make the safety of the nation secure? If not, you are a skulker in the rear, not a soldier in place at the front, while the decisive battle is raging; your place in the fighting line is vacant, deserted, vulnerable to the enemy. Your own just part is an infinitesimal share of the whole; none can do it but yourself; if you fail, you betray a most sacred trust and must answer as a shirker to your neighbors, to your country, to your own conscience and to God. Each has his part to do, however small, and is man or not according as he does it.

Secretary Baker at the front in France picked up a spade out of the trampled mud and handed it to a soldier, remarking, "It might get lost." The trivial incident tells better of the great War Secretary's efficiency than can the many future volumes to be written as history. A little thing is a spade, trampled in the mud of a battle-front, but at a moment of need the ready spade may be magnified into a mighty implement

The great battle victories, all great deeds and achievements, are made up of a series of little parts—little in themselves but important in their place and glorious in their share of the grand result.

Our nation, fighting not only for the life of our own liberty but for the preservation of liberty wherever it exists and for its extension throughout the world, is locked in a death struggle with the forces of autocracy and oppression. It is our own battle—the battle of manhood everywhere. Our brave boys are eagerly rushing to the front, each to do his manful part. On us at home the slighter but no less sacred duty falls to support and sustain them to the full extent of our resources and the limit of self-sacrifice.

The Third Liberty Loan depends largely for its success upon the small savings of the great multitude. It was so designed, in order that every man and woman and child may each do his own part.

Every true American worthy of the blessings of our free institutions will deem it a sacred duty, and yet not more a duty than a precious privilege, to do his full share toward sustaining our country's defense at the fighting front, and upholding the light of liberty before all the world.

The Making of a Minister

SOMETIMES we think it is very hard to define precisely the qualities that go to the making of a good minister. Gospel soundness and sincerity being assumed, what other qualities of character are most desirable? There are many people who put amiability first, holding that the most effective pastor is one who is a "good mixer" and everywhere welcomed. Then, again, it is frequently the case that a sermon on simple Gospel lines, delivered in language which uses few if any oratorical flourishes, comes nearer to satisfying the hearts of the hearers than a brilliant oratorical discourse, in which, while we may admire the speaker's ability, we find little nourishment.

President Wilson has been thinking along this line lately and has written his estimate of the qualities that make a good minister. This is his view of the matter: "You do not have to be anything in particular to be a lawyer. I have been a lawyer and I know. You do not have to be anything in particular, except a kind-hearted man, perhaps, to be a physician; you do not have to be anything, nor to undergo any strong spiritual change in order to be a merchant. The only profession which consists in being something is the ministry of our Lord and Saviour—and it does not consist of anything else. It is manifested in other things, but it does not consist of anything else. And that conception of the ministry which rubs all the marks of it off and mixes him in the crowd so that you cannot pick him out, is a process of eliminating the ministry itself."

Paul, who had a wide and varied ministerial experience, told the church in Corinth what little store he set by excellency of speech, or personal wisdom, in proclaiming the Gospel. He knew nothing "save Jesus Christ and him crucified." He modestly acknowledged that he had no trust in his own powers of persuasive words, but in the power of the Spirit to use him in setting forth the Gospel among men. Indeed, the whole of these four first chapters of First Corinthians might be studied to advantage by ministers and congregations. A great deal of wasted effort might be avoided, and that spiritual consecration and concentration realized which is the true road to success in the ministry.

The Coming Prophetic Conference

STUDENTS of prophecy and all who study the Scriptures will be deeply interested in the call for a Bible Conference on "the Return of Our Lord and Related Events," which is to meet in Philadelphia on May 28-30. The call is signed by nearly thirty pastors, representing different denominations. In the course of its deliberations, the Conference will take up for discussion the themes which, in these days of prophetic fulfilment, are uppermost in the minds of thoughtful Christians everywhere. The restoration of Israel to its own land is already apparently in process of fulfilment, and will, of course, be considered. Such an assembly should furnish a new impulse to missionary work at home and abroad, and should also give stimulus to prophetic study by the churches. Today, the Blessed Hope of the world centers on Jesus Christ.

We would ask that Christian people everywhere pray that the conference may be wisely guided; that extreme views and all tendencies toward fanatical interpretation might be avoided, and that one result of such a gathering might be realized in a new consecration, a firmer trust in God and his goodness, a more loyal obedience to his will, and patience, prayerfulness and preparation for the revealing of the divine purpose in the great trial through which the world is now passing.

The President's Clear Call

IT would be difficult to conceive of a more vivid and convincing statement of the American attitude in the war than that which is conveyed in the President's Baltimore address, on the anniversary of our acceptance of Germany's challenge "to fight for our right to live and be free and for the sacred rights of free men everywhere." Coming as it did at the opening of the new Liberty Loan, it has exerted a tremendous influence upon the popular mind. "The nation is awake," says the President. "There is no need to call to it. The war may cost our utmost sacrifice, the lives of our fittest men and, if need be, all that we possess." And the response of all classes has been shown by the spontaneous and universal approval of the Loan.

Americans understand now, better than ever before, the causes that have drawn us as a nation into the great war. They know what our boys at the front are fighting for, and what the hundreds of thousands who are being rushed across the sea to join them are going to the front to defend. This whole nation, military, naval, official and civil, stands squarely behind the President, and our people will sustain the government in its resolution, knowing that it is a war in which there can be no drawback nor hesitation, and the great stake of which is the liberty and freedom of the world, involving our own among the rest. Were the Teuton hordes successful, what has happened in Belgium, in Poland and in Russia would probably be the fate of both France and England. The widespread Teuton plottings and conspiracies, no less than the wanton destruction of American lives, are all a part of the plan to subdue and destroy free governments, to subjugate free peoples, and to shatter the ideals of human freedom.

It is to check, conclusively and forever, this evil spirit, which would win the mastery of the world by wrecking it, that America is in the war. The Huns have reverted to Odin worship, in which might is omnipotent everywhere, while right, justice, freedom, law, civilization, mercy, are discarded terms. Our task in the war is to restore these to the world, and to "redeem it and make it fit for free men like ourselves to live in," and this we mean to accomplish at whatever sacrifice.

This is the key to the enthusiasm which has greeted the new Loan, an enthusiasm which will meet with equal readiness any and all demands that may be made upon our people to carry the enterprise to a triumphant issue.

The Honor of Simple Service

THERE is no such thing as a passive faith. Our faith is either active or non-existent. Good works are various and their degrees and gradations infinite. To one person good works may be accomplished by an unfailing cheerfulness; to another they may be included in a tongue that knows only kindness, that spreads goodness, that credits good intentions, that strengthens good faith and cements good comradeship; to still another they mean an honest measure and a truthful count, while others will find them in manifold charities performed quietly, privately, and without ostentation. Again, there are those to whom good works may mean the open, vigorous championship of some urgent reform. To many they do mean that satisfaction is not to be found where less than all of the life is given in unselfish service, in order that men may know the Saviour.

We learned not long ago of a young woman who suffered, yet whose light of Christian faith shone so clearly that her sufferings were glorified in a life transformed. An accident had doomed her to lifelong invalidism. There were times when the useless limbs were torn by excruciating pain. Yet she smiled even when the pain brought tears to her eyes. Her thought was always for others; her fingers were constantly busy sewing on little garments for children who she knew would be insufficiently clad, or knitting wraps as a protection against the cold, or making something useful as a contribution to the funds of her missionary society. Always cheerful, always trusting and always sure of the Divine love, her life became a blessing to many, and there were not a few who took their first yielding steps of faith under her gentle guidance.

It is not always the great and glittering service that is most acceptable. Many whose incomes are small, and whose opportunities are few, have denied themselves many things without a murmur, that they might do what lay in their power in rendering simple service. There is more honor and heart satisfaction in self-denial than most people imagine, and once tried, it will surprise them to find that they would be glad to do it again and again. As the Spartans developed strength and agility from their simple method of living, and their abstinence from luxuries, so the humble Christian finds the spiritual side of character strengthened, developed and lifted up through the regimen of simplicity and self-denial.

Make the Loafers Make Good

THERE was once a king in Egypt, Amasis by name, who, according to early historians, had a law passed under which every able-bodied man within his realm was compelled to appear once a year before the governor of his province and, under pain of death, to give satisfactory evidence that he was earning an honest living. Long afterward, Solon, the Greek statesman, on learning of this statute, decided that it was "a sensible law," and it was forthwith adopted by the Athenians. We are not informed how the idea worked out, but unquestionably it was a spur to industry and must have set the loafers to work. We ourselves have a pretty considerable army of idlers, and they are by no means confined to the large cities. War conditions have impressed us with the need of universal occupation, and we are not surprised to learn that the legislatures of New Jersey, Maryland, West Virginia and several other states have set the example of passing laws making idleness a crime, and calling upon the local authorities to put idlers and loafers in jail. Such a law would be a benefit in every state. There is, however, a broad distinction between habitual idleness and incidental unemployment. For the unemployed who want to work, help is to be given by the authorities. There is little doubt that the modern revival of the old Egyptian anti-loafing law, properly enforced, would produce good results. Even in these busy days there are altogether too many who are idlers by choice. They are parasites, whether they be rich or poor. We have no room for sluggards, idlers and time-wasters. The sooner they are made to square their shoulders and set to work, the better.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Water Under Nevada's Desert

THE early settlers never dreamed that underneath the desert districts of Nevada were streams of water. And it is only recently that science has called practical attention to these natural reservoirs not far beneath the surface of the soil. In an investigation recently made by O. E. Meinzer, of the United States Geological Survey of the Department of the Interior, in the Big Smoky Valley and adjacent areas near Tonopah, Nevada, the character of the vegetation and other surface signs show that the ground water stands within ten feet of the surface over an area of 130,000 acres. The measurements made indicate that tens of thousands of acre feet of water are annually contributed by mountain streams and by rainfall to the great underground reservoir, and that about the same quantity of ground water is annually discharged into the atmosphere through the soil and the plants in the shallow water area. It was estimated that, in an area of 240,000 acres, the ground water lies within fifty feet of the surface, and that in an area of 335 acres it lies within a hundred feet of the surface. Detailed maps were made showing the location and extent of these areas. Nearly the whole of Nevada is included in the Great Basin, once occupied by an inland sea, and afterward by several great lakes, which have also disappeared. The state is practically rainless and sterile. Its rich deposits of silver discovered in 1859 pushed it into notice and into statehood later. The state is a desert and has to resort to irrigation. Perhaps eight per cent. of the soil by this process is brought under cultivation. The people of the state are much encouraged by the discovery of water in the Big Smoky Valley, and are already talking about plans for tapping it for agricultural purposes. The turning of the desert into a garden by the use of streams under the earth is thus used to illustrate the reclamation of the waste places of the heart by the river of life in the Gospel: "*Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.*" (*Isa. 35 : 6.*)

Honeymoon in Airplane

RECENTLY Lieutenant Laurence B. Sperry of the Naval Aviation Service, stationed at Governor's Island, brought his fiancée, Miss Winifred Allen, in his large airplane from her home in Massapequa, L. I., to the army post on Governor's Island, where they were married. At 7.30 o'clock the next morning the lieutenant took his bride in his airplane on their honeymoon. They went sailing away above the clouds, and in just fifteen minutes to the dot they landed at Copaize, L. I., a naval aviation station just twenty-five miles away as the bird would fly. The groom introduced his bride to the young aviators, and then they took the air again and landed in the door-yard of her father's home at Massapequa, where a wedding breakfast awaited them. A New York City reporter phoned Mrs. Sperry for a report of the trip. Among other things she said: "We did not do much talking on the flight. It was all too wonderful for words, with the tremendous folds of the clouds billowing below us! We were up 4,000 feet, but I was not cold; my husband bundled me up in leather wrappings. I was not afraid, for I had been up with the lieutenant before. Then I had such confidence in his wisdom and skill in the mastery of his airship." The Bible often refers to marriage as the type of the most sacred relation of God to man. There is this lesson drawn from a newly married couple: "*As the bridegroom rejoiced over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee.*" (*Isa. 62 : 5.*)

Seattle Municipality Sells Salmon

SEATTLE sells fresh salmon right out of the streams for seven cents a pound.

When a municipal fish market was opened in Seattle, Wash., and salmon placed on sale at the above quotation, police reserves had to be called out to maintain order. Thousands of people literally fought each other to gain a position at the counter. This continued for several days until the municipal authorities increased their supply to meet the public demand. On the opening day 2,000 pounds of salmon were sold in less than two hours. The same amount went in less than that time on the following day. A ton of salmon a day is now sold at the municipal market. The fish is sold to the city by the state and taken from the state hatcheries. By selling the salmon at seven cents a pound, the city is able to clear expenses on the operation. What a splendid undertaking this is, in the great, thrifty city of Seattle! Partly on account of prices caused by the war and partly on account of the greed of unscrupulous dealers, the people have been robbed on the right hand and on the left by extortionate prices. The story and picture of the fish-market in Seattle made the housekeepers wish their city would give them such an opportunity and relief. The tendency of the times is toward such social reforms as the municipal fish market suggests; not destructive, but constructive. Fish was a popular and wholesome article of food among the Jews. Fishermen had an important part in the foundation of the Christian Church. There is this incident in the life of our Saviour: "*And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish.*" (*Luke 24 : 42.*)

Government Forbids Killing

THE United States Food Administration announced the other day that there should be no killing of hens, and no trading in live or freshly killed hens. Traffic in cold-storage or frozen hens was allowed. This order was to increase the supply of eggs, already too low, and to keep them from going higher in price, and also to leave an abundant supply of eggs for hatching purposes. The Agricultural Department and Food Administration united in asking that the hens be spared; but so little attention was paid to the request, and the merciless slaughter was so continued, that the authorities made the peremptory order forbidding the killing of hens, old or young, or in dealing in them alive or freshly killed with the penalty of loss of license, a fine of $5,000, or imprisonment for two years, one or all three penalties. The war has pushed up prices on eggs and poultry and so has human greed pushed it up on all food products. It is wise in the government to do all in its power to keep down the price of foodstuffs and push up the scale of wages, so that a fair adjustment may be made between producer and consumer.

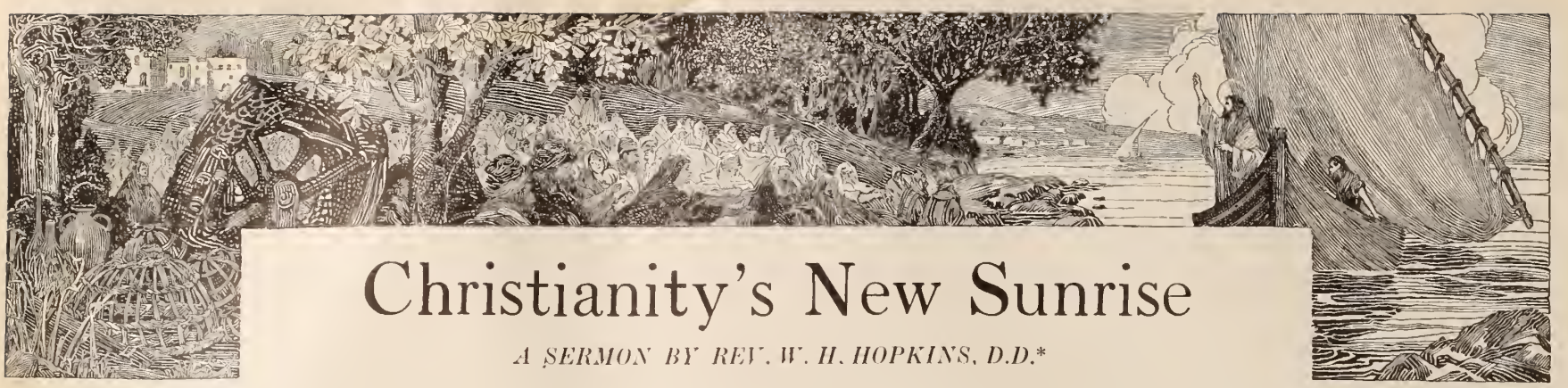
An order has just been issued by the Food Administration at Washington giving permission to kill hens again after the 20th of April, and their heads will be caught by the ax. The hen is a very ancient and valuable institution. She was furnishing eggs and chickens to the Chinese when Abraham was a boy, and supplied her product to Syria, Greece, Rome and all the other empires down to our own. She enriched the bill of fare of the Jew. Christ refers to her care for her young to illustrate his love, and to her product, to teach one of the greatest lessons of the Bible—God's eagerness to answer prayer—in these words: "*If he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?*" (*Luke 11 : 12.*)

New Artificial Eye

A BRITISH surgeon claims to have found that an artificial eye made of cartilage is superior to that made of any other material, and is placing it in the sightless sockets of the wounded soldiers. He says there is no shrinking in the cavity, and that the muscles adjust themselves to it so that they regulate its movement. Whether the experiment of the surgeon proves successful or not, his eye of cartilage, like all other men-made eyes, are for appearance only. Not one ray of light passes through them. They are darkness itself. Those who have lost an eye are not so unfortunate as those who have lost their spiritual eye and replaced it with an artificial one. Christ in his Sermon on the Mount describes the conscience as the eye of the soul, and pictures the dismal condition of those whose spiritual vision has been destroyed in these words: "*The light of the body is the eye. . . . But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!*" (*Matt. 6 : 22, 23.*)

Chimney Gas Poisons

ONE hundred and forty-three men and women working on the three top floors of a building in New York were made ill lately by mysterious fumes. The Department of Health sent a specialist to the building to investigate the cause of the trouble. Dr. Harris, head of the Bureau of Preventable Diseases, reported that the poisoning came from the carbon-monoxide gas from a chimney on the roof, which was wafted through an open door at the fire-escape landing. He said the Health Department had encountered the poisoning influence of carbon-monoxide gas before, but he had never known so many persons to be overcome in one building with it. Coal gas, as a servant, makes light and heat; as a master it becomes a deadly poison. There are subtle poison fumes that bring insensibility and death to the soul. They are to be found in idleness, in dangerous places of employment, or evil amusements. The call to come out of this stupor of sin that goes down into death is thus expressed: "*Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.*" (*Eph. 5 : 14.*)



Christianity's New Sunrise

*A SERMON BY REV. W. H. HOPKINS, D.D.**

TEXT—Matthew 20: 25-28 and Matthew 23: 8-10.

NEXT to the interest in the front line trenches of Europe, the interest of thoughtful men centers round about the thought of the world-reconstruction after the war. That we are on the eve of the most stupendous changes the world has ever seen all thinking men agree. It is not merely a new map of Europe that is coming; nations are dying and other nations are being born. What the final outcome for the nations of the earth will be no man can tell. Neither can any one tell what the changes will be in the political, the social and the industrial world. For the past four years everything has changed, from the way in which the woman keeps house to the way in which the man runs his business. Nothing is the same, and nothing will be the same in the days after the war.

It is a settled fact that the world never can go back to where it was. The Church is no exception. That it is to go on, there is no doubt. That it will be purified, given a larger vision, a greater responsibility and a greater work, there can be no doubt. What kind of a Church will it be? All that it is to be no one can tell. There are, however, some guide-posts along the way; some tendencies and some underlying facts which in a large measure will determine its future.

The Church of tomorrow will be a spiritual Church seeking to transform into everyday life the spiritual principles of Jesus. The age of materialism has ended in the most awful hell the world has ever seen; as a result men are turning to the spiritual verities. In the supreme hour of crisis men have ever cried out with Peter of old, "Lord, to whom shall we go?" As never before in history men are turning to Jesus Christ. All other teachers have failed, everything in the world has failed.

A few years ago, there were many who believed that education would meet the needs of humanity. The mere mention today of German Kultur ends all argument. The reader of history will remember that the Pharaoh of Exodus was the most brutal as well as the most educated of all the Pharaohs. They will also remember that the age of the Medici in Italy was the age of the renaissance of learning, as well as the age of cruelty and torture.

But a few years ago, we were told that the only hope of the world lay in science. Today, earth, air, sea, are at the mercy of the inventions of science. It has become a great destroyer instead of a great preserver of life. We are learning that science alone can concoct deadly poisons which kill people, and that it is inherently no saving power. Imperialism and power of organization, along with all other efforts to meet the world's needs, have failed. The cry of the hour is "Back to Jesus." Thinking men are seeing that there is no hope save only in the rebirth of the simple teachings and the powerful life of the Man of Galilee. Getting back to Jesus will be a getting back to the spiritual verities; it will necessitate the putting of the Kingdom first.

In the age which is dawning, we are going to say less about the idealism of Jesus. We are going to put forth more effort to make that idealism a part of the daily life. Men are going to hold a larger perspective—they are going to realize the end of life. The spiritual Church will be a guide in helping toward this new reconstruction.

II

IT will be a unified Church—a Church answering the Master's great prayer "that they may all be one." There are three influences which unfailingly draw Christians together. Whenever a company of people in prayer or elsewhere draw near the Christ, they always draw near to each other. In these days, when men are getting back to Christ, of necessity they are being brought nearer to each other. Whenever we meet a common enemy, there is a tendency toward union. Just now the Christian world is meeting a common enemy in a way it has never met in days gone by. The very fact that the Church has been paralyzed facing a great need is the reason for its being today unified. The needs of tomorrow will be greater than the needs of today.

In America, there must be the making of a Christian Nation, which will include the Christianizing of the social order and the reaching out to the unevangelized masses. Outside of America there will be the reaching out to the unevangelized masses in all parts of the world. In the face of a fact so stupendous, there can be nothing less than a unified Church.

Then again, when we are united in a common task, we are always drawn nearer to Christ. The Church in China or India is of necessity far more united than the Church of America. As we face the common task there must be a drawing together. The soldier boys in the trenches are finding out how little the divisions of Christendom mean. What they are after is the real Christian message, and they are not caring whether it is the Methodist, Baptist or Congregational message. It is the basic fact that they are seeking, and it is the basic fact that the world needs. The ecclesiastical leaders of the world may continue to oppose church union; it may have to come in spite of them. But as sure as God is in heaven, the coming days are to see the end of sectarianism and denominationalism. The four hundred years since Martin Luther have been years of division. The next quarter of a century is to be a time of getting together.

III

IT will be a Church emphasizing the Democracy of Jesus and his fisherman band of disciples. The whole world is today thinking, talking Democracy. The trenches of Europe present the most supreme illustration of Democracy that this world has ever known. When the boys come home we can be sure that they are going to demand Democracy. Yet it is worth while to remember that for the last quarter of a century "Democracy" has been a word to conjure with. We think of Democracy as one of the basic facts of American life; yet in how far has America realized the Democracy of Jesus?

Have we Democracy in the Church? So far as Church government goes, forty per cent. of the churches are democratic. In how far they are democratic in their life and their ideals, is an open question.

Have we Democracy in education? A recent educational report from Washington indicates that we have in America over five and a half million people past ten years of age who cannot read and write. We are told that one-twentieth of all the soldier boys cannot make good soldiers because they cannot read their war orders or their camp regulations. A large part of America is totally void of anything in the way of education. On the other hand, we have a few who go to colleges, universities and end in post-graduate courses. Have we Democracy in education?

Turning to the business and industrial world, we ask again the question, have we Democracy? Last year we were told that we had in this country 22,696 millionaires. Seventy of them report an annual income of over two millions each. One-tenth of our population holds nine-tenths of our possessions. Put over against this the fact of our poverty and our pauperism; the fact that, aside from the submerged tenth, there is another tenth on the verge of bankruptcy and want. We have a long way to go before we in America realize the Democracy of Jesus. The Church of tomorrow will need to be a democratic church in order that the great ideal of Democracy for the world may be fully realized.

IV

THE Church of tomorrow will be an international Church. For a hundred years the world has been rapidly growing smaller. First there came Fulton's steamship, drawing the two continents together. Then came Stephenson's railway, connecting with bands of steel the distant parts of each country. A little bit later there was the Morse telegraph and the Atlantic cable. Now we have the Marconi wireless, the airship and the submarine. In a large measure the air above and the waters beneath the earth have been conquered by man. The world has become so much smaller that the neighborhood includes all races of mankind.

A new day has come. Man's provincialism must go. The new brotherhood will be a brotherhood bigger than national boundary lines. The Bolsheviki of Russia have thrown a new note into the world harmony. Whatever may be the chances of history, the note of internationalism will stay. The church of tomorrow will be an international church. It will face the greatest missionary opportunity of the Christian centuries. With this world outlook and this world brotherhood, it will seek to make Jesus known in every community throughout the inhabited world.

V

THE Church of tomorrow will be a humanitarian Church; a Church interested in the everyday welfare and the everyday needs of humanity. It will not forget man's eternal relationships. It will believe in the great spiritual realities of life. It will keep the end in view at the beginning. As a means towards reaching that end, it will be interested in everything which makes for the welfare of society. That old slogan, "The whole Gospel to the whole man and the whole community," will become the ideal of the Church. In the days that are just before, it must be the whole Gospel. Long enough the world has been satisfied with the mutilated Gospel. We must in this new age take the whole thought of Jesus—all the phases of his life. And it must be a Gospel reaching the whole man; not merely caring for his devotional life, but remembering his physical, his social needs.

The Y. M. C. A. has been pointing the way. Hereafter the Church open one day a week will be an impossibility. It must minister to all the needs of life. It must be interested in everything which makes for happy homes and for the welfare of young and old in the community life. It will be a Church with a larger program, facing greater opportunities and meeting greater needs than any church the world has ever seen. We are at the dawning of a great new age in the world's history.

Just before the Master left the little band out of which he formed his Church, he said to them: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do, and greater even than this shall he do." The Church of tomorrow, more than ever did the Church of the past, will realize the greater things; it will be a Church recognizing the one Master and seeking to make his life, his standards, his program, realized throughout all the world.

*Superintendent of the Southeast (Congregational) Home Missionary Society, Atlanta, Ga.

Babylon

BABYLON is falling as every city falls;
The vines that were her necklace are throttling her walls;
The waters of her channels are sinking in the sands;
And winds wear down her columns with a million patient hands.

Was it but a week ago? a century? a day?
When we went down to Babylon, and all the world was gay?
Houses hung with purple, and women on the roofs,
And rushes in the roadway beneath the horses' hoofs?

The king passed by in splendor, in flash of gold and pride,
And then the crowds strolled homeward to where the barges plied,
To toil in teeming warehouse and caravanserai,
Where every day and hour the camel trains filed by.

They tell me now that Babylon is choked with sand and vines.
A few old serfs still live in vaults, where our king stored his wines,
And keep a foot-path open to that last failing spring
Which was his courtyard fountain; and three old women sing
A low and endless story within the dancer's hall—
No other sound but sifting of sand grains through the wall.
The sand drifts at the corners and chokes the street-booth where
You bought your bordered tunic, the day that we were there.

The road is long to Babylon, and yet how gladly I'd
Have ridden down to Babylon, once more, before I died!

MRS. WILLIAM HALLER

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Dynamics of Expulsion

SUNDAY, April 28. Mark 9 : 29. "*This kind goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting.*" The evil spirit was still enthroned. The disciples had been unable to cast it out. The victim remained in his awful servitude. In some way or other the divine liberating energies had been impeded and did not flow in emancipating strength. The disciples commanded, but there was no expulsion. Their word did not issue as a work. The words which they spake were not spirit, they were not life. There was something wrong. The ministers were not equal to their task. Their power was inadequate. The current was defective, and in these relationships a defective current always means there is something wanting in the wires. We are not straitened in God, we are straitened in ourselves. "Why could not we cast him out?"

In answer to their puzzled inquiry the Lord gives a twofold explanation of their defeat. First, he traces their lack of power to a deficiency of prayer, which always implies imperfect spiritual communion. And with this primary lack he names the neglect of fasting, which has resulted in the physical imprisonment and oppression of the spirit. The body had been allowed too much license, and the spirit was given too little freedom.

The obtrusiveness of the body always disinherits the soul. For when the body usurps dominion the freedom of the spirit is impaired. The soul is like an eagle which is confined to the barnyard when he was made to wing his flight through vast reaches of the upper air. The soul is imprisoned in the inch instead of journeying in the infinite. The spiritual powers, which were intended to explore the secrets of God, move on the surface of things. And so it comes to pass that, being straitened in ourselves, the grace of God is straitened. God has no large, open medium through which to pour his holy power. And because of lack of power we can not hurl iniquities from their thrones. We see the evil tyranny, but we cannot move it! We command it to go, but it laughs in our faces! "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." J. H. J.

The World's Sunrise

MONDAY, April 29. Mal. 4 : 2. "*But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.*" It is easy to account for the Renaissance in Europe. The conquest of Constantinople by the Mohammedans in 1453 and the consequent breaking up of the Byzantine Empire drove thousands of scholars out of the East into Italy and other parts of Europe. They brought with them their precious books, Greek and Latin classics, their passion for the beautiful and the sublime. A revival of learning inevitably followed. The long-neglected Greek New Testament began to be studied with a new devotion. Presently the revival of learning proceeded side by side with a revival of religion. Great spiritual forces were at work. Shakespeare came at the end of a new creative period.

When Jesus came into the world there had been no moral renaissance for more than five hundred years. It was all dark. Midnight was everywhere. The Gospel burst upon the world like a meteor across a starless sky. In Judea, about the year 30 A.D., there was a revival of religion which has had an influence in the world's history far more intense and widespread than that of the revival of learning at the beginning of the modern age. We look for the cause of it, and what do we see? A great religious Genius, original, underived—the supreme religious Genius of the ages. There is nothing in his age or in any preceding age to explain him. C. C. A.

Hezekiah's Trials

TUESDAY, April 30. Isa. 38 : 17. "*Behold, for peace I had great bitterness: but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption: for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back.*" Hezekiah's bitterness was caused by his sins; for it ceased the moment he recalled how divine mercy had disposed of his sins. The consciousness of his guilt was the supreme cause of his unrest. There were other causes: his country had been invaded; his throne was in danger; his people were suffering; his religion was derided by pagans. All these calamities could be interpreted as signs of God's displeasure. Perhaps the Lord had cast him off; and if he had, was he not amply justified in doing so by Hezekiah's sins? When this fear seized Hezekiah, joy passed out of his life. His soul was brought to the pit of corruption. The glory of his kingship, the delights of his palace, the esteem of his countrymen, afforded him no pleasure. He turned from them with a feeling of bitterness: what could these earthly comforts avail in spiritual distress? Unless the favor of Jehovah were added to his joys, those joys could be no real joys.

Now it must be remembered that Hezekiah was a member of the Church that had been given the promise of the Redeemer, and that he was a believer in the Messiah. The spiritual unrest visited upon him was therefore for the purpose of endearing to him the remission of sins through the Redeemer. God permits his saints at times to become dispirited and disgusted with themselves, in order to lead them to a better appreciation of his mercy and goodness. He saddens hearts, in order to gladden them; he wounds like an expert surgeon, in order to restore to the patient perfect health. When gloomy thoughts settle on the soul, the God of grace is in that gloom, to dispel it, and to make the believer for whom he has accepted the ransom of the blood of his Son see that he holds no anger against him. W. H. T. D.

New Views on Old Truths

WEDNESDAY, May 1. Eccles. 7 : 10. "*Say not thou . . . that former days were better than these.*" Whether the world is growing better is one of the great questions of the times. Will Christ's kingdom win the world to himself in the present dispensation or after his second coming? The progress of the past thousands of years incline us to the former view. During the past century, mighty reforms have been consummated, to say nothing of the wonderful discoveries in science, art and invention. It is well known that aged persons are inclined to depreciate the present in glorifying the past, whereas, should we not forget the things that are behind, pressing forward to the more glorious possibilities of coming time?

Should we not use the microscope for the past and the telescope for the future? True, the roots of the tree of life are in the past, but its branches and fruitage are ever growing greater and broader in the tomorrow. Christ's golden kingdom is coming as the result of divine power and human cooperation. We do not behold improvement in nature, because sunlight, air, earth and ocean are already in perfection. Music is as beautiful and melodious as when first emanating from the Divine One; love is an elementary essence of his being. But man, having fallen from his glorious estate, is rising upward and onward toward the country of his nativity. In this development we often have new views of old truths, the remodeling of some of the grand structures of righteousness, making them more ornamental and attractive.

Israel was unwilling to be remodeled by the Messiah, who came to fulfil the law and the prophets, not to destroy them. He presented the old in new dress. So the Episcopal Church of England regarded John Wesley as an innovator, and Methodism thought the same of William Booth and the Salvation Army. Entirely new teaching must be untrue, but every development of the old will appear grander to-morrow.

E. W. C.

A Plea for Clean Living

THURSDAY, May 2. James 1 : 21. "*Wherefore, lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the engrafted Word, which is able to save your souls.*" James Moffatt's New Translation of the New Testament gives us a striking paraphrase of these words: "So, clear away all the foul rank growth of malice, and make a soil of modesty for the Word, which roots itself inwardly with power to save your souls." Difficult as it may be to escape contamination in the present evil world, there is no doubt the world was vastly more corrupt when this epistle was written. That old pagan civilization was openly unclean. There are modern pagans who believe that was a better age than ours because of its very frankness and candor. It hardly seems so. Our times have this advantage over the ancient ages in one respect, as regards corrupt conduct: we do not practice unmentionable vices as a part of our religion, and that old world did. We all agree that religion — not alone the Christian religion, but any religion worthy of the name—demands pure hearts and clean minds. We believe that any other kind of religion is of the devil.

It was a great step in the progress of humanity when Judaism laid emphasis upon the necessity for personal holiness, for the Hebrews were surrounded by unclean peoples. Then came Jesus, with a new emphasis upon purity. He gave sanction to the Hebrew ideal of purity, vitalized, spiritualized and intensified it beyond measure. Jesus' words, "Blessed are the pure in heart," and James's words, "Lay apart all filthiness and overflowing wickedness," were spoken in the spirit of the father who lays his hand upon the shoulder of his son, as he leaves him to go out into the world or into the army, and says, "Come back home the same sweet, clean-living boy you go away."

C. C. A.

The Measure of the Burden

FRIDAY, May 3. Ps. 6 : 3. "*O Lord, how long?*" This familiar cry of cross-bearers is not an inquiry regarding the duration of the trial through which they are passing, but a veiled complaint. Its real meaning is: "It is too much, O Lord, what I am made to suffer!" Many a fretting soul has thus spoken to God, and yet has carried its burden of grief for many years after. Chafing under the delay of the divine help which had been earnestly sought in prayer, the afflicted have taken the measure of their power of endurance, and have impatiently declared that the limit had been reached, only to learn that their calculations were altogether wrong.

The true measure is taken by Him who lays on the burden. He knows how to adjust accurately the trial of his children to their strength. Let us not lend our tongue to the peevish heart to utter its premature groans of despair. Let us not become offended at our Father in heaven, when he deals with us as he has dealt with some of his best friends; when he lets us cry for his aid a long time, and knock at his door with desperate zeal, without giving a sign that he has heard us. No answer to our prayers is nevertheless an answer. The answer reads: Be quiet and wait; suffer without pining; do not give up the race when you begin to pant; hope on and wrestle on! There is one Psalm (Ps. 13) which the same speaker has commenced with this bitter complaint: "How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?" Do you remember how he has ended this Psalm? This is what he says: "But I have trusted in thy mercy; my heart shall rejoice in thy salvation. I will sing unto the Lord, because he hath dealt bountifully with me." When the line is crossed beyond which our loving Father had placed our relief, and we look back, what a paltry thing our long griefs will seem compared to the joy and comfort that we found prepared for us!

W. H. T. D.

His Nearness

SATURDAY, May 4. Ps. 139 : 7. "*Whither shall I go from Thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence?*" The ideal of Buddhism is an idol, sitting cross-legged, solemn, silent, negative, the image of dead desire. Hundreds of millions vainly seek rest and peace beside a feelingless figure of stone. The Christian's God is eternally alive, infinitely able to supply all human need. What a transition from a lifeless stone to the bosom of infinite compassion and affection! It is like the mighty change from a prison to a palace. What a boon to know that your God is of infinite power in holiness, goodness, perfection of love, peace and happiness; to know that he is omnipresent, everywhere waiting for your coming, preparing for your pleasure and usefulness, embellishing his worlds for your research, creating riches to make you munificent! How the sweet singer of Israel must have enjoyed his vision of the Infinite when he sang:

Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there;
If I take the wings of the morning
And dwell in the uttermost part of the sea,
Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And the darkness hideth not from thee.

Only the infinite personality of the most high God meets all the requirements of an immortal spirit. Mysterious and vast in his greatness, yet "closer is he than breathing, nearer than hands and feet." E. W. C.

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Photo. Courtesy of Centenary Commission

Representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, meeting in joint session to perfect centenary plans

Standing, left to right, Tyler Dennett, W. G. Cram, E. H. Rawlings, S. Earl Taylor, W. F. McMurray, H. B. Dickson, L. C. Murdock, C. G. Hounshell, R. A. Ward. Sitting, left to right, Dan B. Brummitt, R. C. Diffendorfer, W. B. Beauchamp, Bishop James Atkins, John F. Goucher, Bishop Wilson S. Lewis, Miss Belle Bennett, Mrs. R. W. MacDonell, John T. Stone

The World Challenge

How the Methodist Episcopal Church Is Meeting It

By HELEN A. BALLARD

METHODISM has ever had a habit of looking forward, so the delegates to the General Conference which met at Saratoga Springs in May, 1916, were not surprised when the Committee on Foreign Missions proposed that the culmination in 1919 of one hundred years of Methodist missions be appropriately celebrated. The General Conference approved the proposal, authorized the Centenary Celebration, and set apart the years 1918 and 1919 for this purpose. Acting upon this authorization and the instructions of the General Conference, the Boards of Home and Foreign Missions appointed commissions to make a careful survey of every mission opportunity and responsibility in the world, and named a World Program Committee to use this material in working out a constructive plan of celebration. The Centenary World Program was the result.

THE purpose of the Centenary is to provide a worthy celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of Methodist missions, through:

Prayer, which shall revitalize and reconsecrate every individual member of the Church and bring to all peoples a deeper spiritual life and a more Christian nationalism.

Stewardship, which shall make giving an act of worship and bring to every Church member a keener realization that all that he is and has—all spiritual, mental, physical and material possessions—are but gifts to hold in trust and to share for the bringing about of God's Kingdom.

Education, which shall give every layman a more intimate acquaintance with his brothers in this and other lands, and make him a bigger, better, more active World Citizen.

Finance, which shall enlist loyal Methodists everywhere in underwriting the World Program during the Centenary years of 1918 and 1919, calling for $40,000,000 for home missions and $40,000,000 for foreign missions, covering a period of five years. The World Program Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, which met in Memphis, March 19–21, fixed upon $35,000,000 as the goal for home and foreign missions of that body, with no limit placed upon the amount which might be raised.

With Christianity facing the severest test the world has yet known, with practically every country on the globe in the throes of transformation and reorganization—nothing less than a concerted effort of all Methodism could provide a worthy celebration of the missionary activities of the Church.

THE whole of the year 1918 is set apart as a period of education, during which the entire Church will be made acquainted with the mission needs in all lands and with the constructive program which has been planned to meet them. The actual time set apart for raising the $80,000,000 is not yet decided upon, but the financial drive will take place some time between January 1919 and the climax of the Centenary, the actual celebration of which is scheduled for the last week in June of that year. If war conditions permit of this celebration, it will take place at Columbus, Ohio.

The remainder of 1919 will be given up to sectional meetings in the North, South, East and West, for conserving the inspiration and enthusiasm aroused through the educational period and the Columbus celebration, and for crystallizing plans and preparing for the new century.

One of the goals set for the Centenary is to give every Church in Methodism a missionary passion which will make it evangelizational at home and truly missionary in its outreaching to the ends of the earth—a Church in which each individual member recognizes it as his sacred obligation to promote the world-wide plans of Jesus Christ.

The actual World Program is a constructive program of education and evangelization which is to be promoted in the first five years of the new century. But the work scheduled for the first five-year period is only a preliminary part of the great hundred year's task. It is the beacon light whose rays shall stream down the years and light the way for increasingly great efforts to come.

THE Joint Centenary Committee, composed of four men from the Board of Foreign Missions and of four men from the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, with Dr. D. D. Forsyth, who is the Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Home Missions, as Chairman and Dr. S. Earl Taylor, who is Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions as Executive Secretary, is the executive body for directing the details of carrying out this great Centenary World Program. From this National Committee, the Centenary organization will be carried down through the Church.

The officers of the Centenary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church South are: Bishop James Atkins, Chairman; W. W. Pinson, Executive Secretary; W. B. Beauchamp, Secretary, and W. G. Cram, Associate Secretary.

There is nothing haphazard about the organization methods for the promotion of this great program. Every plan has been worked out in detail, and the whole movement has been put on a strictly business efficiency basis headed by strong business men.

The Joint Centenary Committee has its offices at 111 Fifth Avenue. Clergymen from the different districts congregate there for conferences and enthusiastically get down to the definite proposition of how they can push the Centenary at home, for they believe that its success is not a question of promotion by a group of high-salaried men but of live, consecrated workers within the Church. There a group of trained workers, under the direction of Tyler Dennett, Executive of the Department of Publicity, produce forceful and picturesque literature for the use of the local Church, articles for the newspapers, the religious and secular press, publish "The Centenary Bulletin"—a weekly newspaper for workers, and act as a clearing house generally between the missionary on the field with his wealth of first-hand material, and the Methodist-reading public.

ANOTHER department of the Joint Centenary Committee is its Training School in Methods where speakers for the Centenary—men from the ends of the earth—meet with the secretaries, members of the executive staff and certain of the Bishops who administer the work in foreign ands, for discussions of the message, the method and the details for carrying out the Centenary Program, and relating it to world conditions of today, in order that they may start upon their field work well equipped with information and inspiration to impart to the Church constituency which they visit. Different groups of men are now making transcontinental speaking tours for the purpose of bringing the Centenary before the local Church. In numbers, enthusiasm and effect, the meetings are fulfilling the best expectations of the promoters.

Believing that the deepest missionary need of our time is spiritual, Dr. W. E. Doughty, who resigned his position as Secretary of the Interdenominational Laymen's Missionary Movement to become Chairman of the Department for the Development of Spiritual Resources of the Joint Centenary Committee, has organized a great prayer league known as The Fellowship of Intercession, to mobilize the spiritual forces of the Church through an army of Intercessors.

An organized campaign to secure a million tithers for Methodism is being promoted by Rev. Ralph S. Cushman, through the Stewardship Committee.

"Keep your eyes off the total," is the advice of Dr. W. B. Hollingshead, Executive of the Department of Allotments and Statistics, to the local Church which is asked to get in line for financing the Centenary World Program. Dr. Hollingshead does not believe in placing the burden entirely upon the wealthy members of the Church, but in democratic giving. Like the Government in the case of the Liberty Loan, Methodism will pride itself not on the large amount raised but on the number of givers.

Eighty millions a large sum of money?

Yes, but Dr. S. Earl Taylor in presenting the estimates made from the figures of the survey of the needs of the various fields, said: "I have personally visited most of the work under direction of the Board. My own judgment, after having gone over the work, and especially looking into property and the matters of expenditures, is that the estimates are under, rather than over in almost every instance."

"METHODISM is saying two things in this hour when the hearts of men are quaking," says Bishop Luther B. Wilson. "'We dare to believe tremendously in God. We believe that he is still able to do and do abundantly above all we ask or think.' We are saying also in the hour when the necessities of life at home are most pressing, 'we are lifting up our eyes, we are reaching out our hands to the ends of the earth. We do not believe that this is a moment for fine economies when the world is at stake. We believe sufficiently in God's power in the world to take up this task.'"

Some results expected of the Centenary are that it will give every layman, from the eastern corporation magnate to the alert, hustling Middle West farmer a bigger world consciousness; that it will make of him a Christian not only in good standing but in good motion; that it will be a tremendous force for the promotion of a bigger, better, more active world citizenship. Already it is stimulating the individual church member to a more consecrated prayer life and to a more thoughtful and analytical reading of the best newspapers and magazines.

Wherever the Centenary World Program is being presented, it is making every man, woman and child in the Church realize that all that they are and all that they have—their spiritual, mental, physical and material resources—are but given them to hold in trust to be used for the happiness and help of others, for the promotion of world citizenship and of God's kingdom.

Ships, Ships, More Ships

Frank G. Carpenter Tells of America's Glorious Response to the World Demand for Ocean Tonnage

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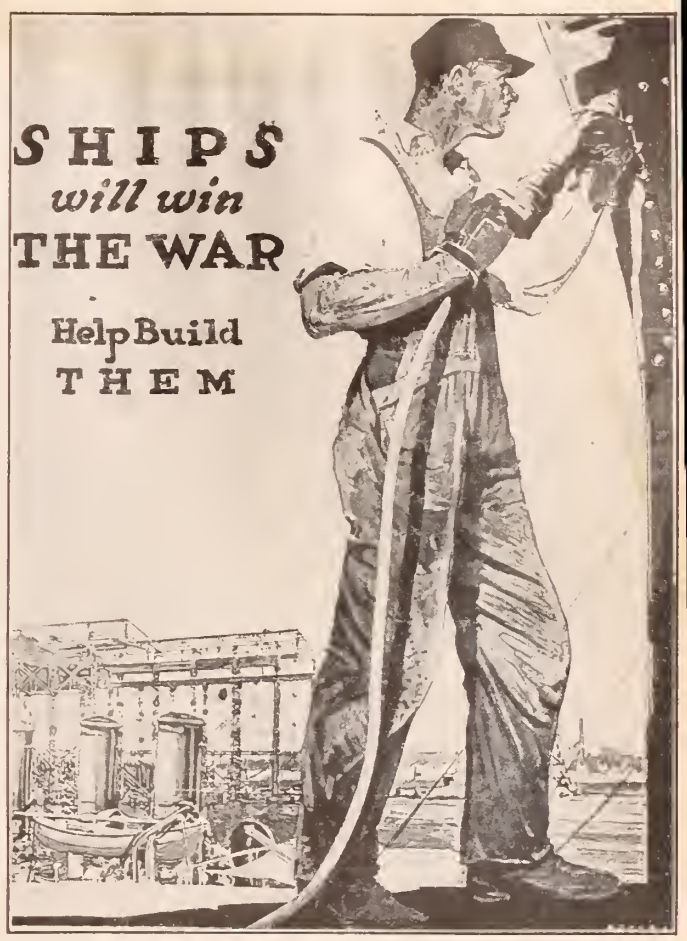


The riveter at work. A poster that is helping to build ships

COME with me to Hog Island, and see the biggest shipbuilding operation in Uncle Sam's mighty shipbuilding program. Fifteen per cent of all the steel merchant ships now contracted for by the Emergency Fleet Corporation will be constructed there. Many of the ways are rapidly approaching completion; the keels of the first vessels have been laid, and the parts of which they are to be fabricated have begun to flow here from the different factories all over the country.

A few months ago the place where the shipyards now are was covered with grass as high as your waist, and in places with bushes as high as your head. It was deserted and desolate. Six miles, as the crow flies, from the great bronze statue of William Penn, on the top of the city hall in Philadelphia, it was as lonesome as the valley of the Jordan near the Dead Sea—a dismal island of desolation in a great ocean of business activity. There were shipyards to the north of it, shipyards to the south of it, and ships were building on both sides of the Delaware for miles up and down stream. Not far away was the Philadelphia navy yard; and from there now and then flew the airplanes of the Aviation School across the way, frightening the birds which nested in the rushes.

Today Hog Island is one of the liveliest labor centers of our live war activities. That part of the island which skirts the Delaware River, not far from where the Schuylkill flows in, has been almost lifted out of the swamp. It is cut up by wide roads of thick planks, hundreds of two-story buildings have gone up, and from 15,000 to 25,000 men are employed there building ships. The shipyards cover hundreds of acres. The tract which the government has leased is equal to nine 100-acre farms, and this has been surrounded by a tight fence of pine boards about eight feet in height.

MORE than half of the vessels to be constructed at Hog Island are of just the same length and almost the same depth, although not so wide, as Noah's ark. Taking the cubit of the Bible as a foot and a half, the usual estimate, it was just 450 feet long, 75 feet wide and 45 feet deep. The order for ships from the Hog Island yards includes seventy steel steamers, each of which is to be 450 feet long, 58 feet wide and about 40 feet deep. In addition to this, fifty more steamers are to be made, each of which is fifty feet shorter. The big ships have just about half the tonnage that has usually been estimated for the leviathan of the flood, its greater capacity coming from its increased width and depth. Noah's ark was made of gopher wood and pitched without and within. Gopher wood has often been identified with our cypress, which is to be largely used in the ships of the Emergency Fleet program.

The Hog Island vessels are to be of steel throughout. Each vessel will have about 20,000 parts and these are to be made in 1,000 different factories throughout the United States and sent here to be assembled. Much of the work of making the parts will be done by the large bridge-making companies and structural steel plants. They will make the plates, manufacture the rivets and punch the holes. The whole order will require about 380,000 tons of steel thus worked into parts; and when the work is well under way it will take something like 500 cars daily to bring in the material. The daily train required for that purpose, if the cars were all joined together, would be four miles in length. Inside the yard itself there are now more than eighty miles of railroad tracks, and the rolling stock includes twenty-five locomotives, 500 freight cars and fifty passenger coaches. In all, more than 75,000,000 feet of lumber will be required for the construction and over 10,000,000 feet will be used in the shipways themselves. There are twenty acres of buildings now under roof.

THE ways, 50 in number, extend along the Delaware River for almost two miles. They slope gently up from the water and each consists of a long row of blocks, laid one upon another, where the keel of the ship is to rest. Most of the ways are now completed, and some have vessels rising upon them. Others are still in process of construction and we can see the enormous work required to build a plant of this kind. In the first place the shipways must have a solid foundation. The weight of each vessel is some thousands of tons, and it must rest as firmly as the house on the rock. The foundation is made by driving down piles or great trunks of trees, sixty or more feet into the earth.

In one place I saw them driving piles made of concrete. In this case a steel finger almost as large as the pile forces its skin of steel far down into the earth. It is then withdrawn, and the concrete mixture is poured into the skin and hardens to stone. Some piles of this kind are sunk to a depth of seventy-odd feet, and within a few hours after driving are as solid as the wooden tree trunks under the shipways adjoining.

The government already has between $20,000,000 and $30,000,000 invested in the Hog Island plant, and a bomb or a fire could do endless damage. It is for this reason that the big fence, with barbed wire guards, was built, and for the same reason no one is admitted to the yards without a pass, and every vehicle that goes in is carefully examined. There are acres of barracks for housing the men, great stables for hundreds of horses and mess halls where 2,000 and more can be fed at one time. Very near us is the Y. M. C. A., which, when in full swing, will be the largest industrial Y. M. C. A. of the world. A great deal of welfare work has already been started. The laborers who come in from everywhere are constantly changing, and already more than 100,000 men have had a hand in the work. On one day of last month 26,000 men were on the job.

Philadelphia has always been one of our chief shipbuilding centers, and they have been making ships here from the days of William Penn until now. If you could climb to the top of the city hall tower, and, standing by the statue of William Penn, look up and down the Delaware River you would see that it is dotted with shipyards for a length of perhaps fifty miles. Indeed it is often called the American Clyde, and within a few months it will be turning out steamers more rapidly than the little river which connects Glasgow with the sea.

Framing the hull of a wooden ship. Mr. Carpenter says it looks like a basket. Whatever it may appear it will help carry the nation and its allies to victory

THE shipyards already cover something like thirty square miles. They begin about twenty-five miles north of Philadelphia at Bristol. There the Merchants' Shipbuilding Company has just established a fabricating plant to build vessels for the Emergency Fleet Corporation. It has a dozen ways already completed, and five keels have been laid. A little farther south on the same side of the river is the Trailer Shipbuilding Company, and then come the great yards of the Cramps, who have been noted as shipbuilders for generations. Still further south on the opposite side of the river in Camden is the J. H. Mathis Shipbuilding Company and below it on the same side of the river is the great New York Shipbuilding Company, which is now in the hands of the government and is turning out ships as fast or faster than any other plant in the country. It has nineteen cargo vessels in the different stages of construction, and a new battleship for the Navy, the Idaho, almost completed.

Below the New York Shipbuilding yards at Gloucester, N. J., is the Pennsylvania Shipbuilding yard, which launched more than 27,000 tons of shipping last year, and will greatly increase its output in 1918; and still further south is the New Jersey Shipbuilding Company.

On the western side of the river opposite these plants is the navy yard at the lower end of the city of Philadelphia, and south of that just below where the Schuykill runs into the Delaware is Hog Island. South of Hog Island is the town of Chester, where are the Chester Shipbuilding Company and the Sun Shipbuilding Company, and still further south in Delaware at Wilmington are the yards of Pusey & Jones and those of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation. All of these establishments are now owned or directed by the United States Government, and their army of employees is working overtime to supply the losses caused by the submarines of the Germans.

Continued on page 530

The Measure of a Man

By GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL LUTZ
Author of "The Witness"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

JANET GRAYSON and Harley Bruce had grown up as playmates in the village of Springdale until Harley left for college. When on his return he called at the Grayson house, he was accompanied by Lotta Lomond, whose appearance and manners were in marked contrast to the simplicity of the village girl. Next Sunday Janet was relieved to see Harley at his old place as teacher of his class of boys in the Sunday school. But on Sunday evening she received a visit from the aristocratic mother of Harley Bruce, who had come to explain to Janet how impossible it would be for her son to find anything in common with a simple country girl. Mary Granniss, daughter of an ex-governor, came to visit Mrs. Bruce, who was astounded to learn that her visitor had been a schoolmate of Janet Grayson, and that one reason for her visit was the desire to see her old friend. Mrs. Bruce was obliged to send a note to Janet announcing the visit, but Janet was spending a week at her Aunt Nan's, and Mrs. Grayson answered the note, inviting Mary Granniss to call.

CHAPTER V—*Continued*

MARY GRANNISS had come down to breakfast that morning with eagerness, looking forward to seeing her friend Janet very soon. She had decided to tell Janet that she simply must invite her away from this uncongenial atmosphere. She had secretly been wondering what on earth Janet could have found in the son of this woman to have liked, for if the son should prove anything like the mother he must be intolerable. But then very likely Janet and he had only been friends as children. She had been a fool to accept this invitation merely because she thought these Bruces, whom she had met casually at a house party in the mountains, were friends of her friend. She had already planned how she might cut short her visit here, and spend part of the time with Janet.

It was therefore most disappointing to hear Mrs. Bruce's smiling announcement at the breakfast table that Miss Grayson was away on a visit. Mary looked at her hostess blankly.

"But wasn't there any message?" she ventured to ask. "Isn't Janet's mother at home?"

"No other message, my dear! I'm sorry. We shall have to make it very gay indeed for you, to help you forget these friends of yours."

MRS. BRUCE had regained her high spirits and meant to make the most of her distinguished young guest. She had telephoned to her lawyer in New York to hunt up Harley and send him back at once, and she had persuaded herself that he would probably return on the morning express, or at the latest on the next train, which reached Springdale just after lunch. Meantime she exerted herself to get her guest away from Springdale for the morning. She felt that fortune was favoring her in sending that nuisance of a Janet Grayson away from home. She announced that they would motor to a country club some twenty miles across country and attend a tennis tournament, and she called up some friends of hers at a distance and arranged to have them meet her at the country club for lunch.

Mary was intending to insist upon going to the Grayson house to see Janet's mother. Mrs. Bruce saw it in her eyes, but left her no chance to suggest it, hurrying them all from the table into the waiting cars and off for the day. Mary was much disappointed, and bored to extinction by the whole party, but, she had accepted Mrs. Bruce's hospitality, and in common decency she must be courteous. The morning dragged its weary length away, and half the afternoon. Mary was glad when they started back. She had not seen much of their hostess that morning, for to tell the truth Mrs. Bruce had spent most of her time in a telephone booth frantically telephoning here and there, to her friends, to clubs, to summer resorts, to hotels, anywhere where Harley might have taken refuge, hoping to loacte him before returning home.

But when they finally reached Springdale again it was three o'clock and no news of Harley yet. His ambitious mother was fairly frantic trying to think how to hold and interest this most difficult guest until the whim should send her son back again. And it was so vexatious, now that she really had the kind of girl who would be likely to interest Harley, that he should stay away.

MARY meantime had gone up to her room, determined to find a way to slip quietly out of the house while the rest were taking naps and look up Mrs. Grayson. In her room she found Mrs. Grayson's note, much to her relief. Now she would slip out and have a nice quiet talk with her dear old friend, and together they would fix up some plan for her to get out of this uncongenial atmosphere. Either that or she must cut her visit short and go home at once, for she would not stand another day here.

She slipped on a little pale blue muslin, smoothed her hair, took a plain white parasol, went quietly out down the stairs, and was just about to make good her escape from the house, when Mrs. Bruce stepped out from the library.

"Why, my dear! Not sleeping? Where in the world can you be going? Haven't you had enough exercise yet today? You really are unquenchable, aren't you?"

Mary answered simply:

"I've just had a note from Mrs. Grayson. I'm going to see her. It isn't far from here, is it? I'm sure I shall easily find the way. I was going to ask a servant."

"Oh, my dear! I couldn't think of letting you go there alone! It really is due that I should make a formal call since she is your friend. Couldn't you put off your visit till tomorrow, dear? You must be so tired after the morning's exertions. Mrs. Grayson surely would understand."

MRS. BRUCE was standing in the shadow of the portière and the consternation in her face was not visible to Mary, so she had no idea of the perturbation in the poor woman's mind. She saw, however, the firm set of the thin lips, and realized that she had a difficult force to deal with. For some reason Mrs. Bruce did not wish her to go to Mrs. Grayson's, that was plain. She could not possibly know, of course, what alarm Mrs. Bruce was experiencing at the thought of what might happen if the Governor's daughter should have an opportunity of a private conference with Janet's mother. Mrs. Bruce had resolved that no matter what else suffered she would not let that happen.

But Mary Granniss was fully as determined not to have company on her intended visit.

"Oh, that is not the least necessary, my dear Mrs. Bruce," she protested eagerly. "Mrs. Grayson will not expect it from you when she knows you have your house full of guests. You see, I am very intimate with them, and I will just run in and see her a little while and learn all the news about Janet. You can easily make your call tomorrow if you wish. I will explain how busy you were."

But Mrs. Bruce's thin lips set close, and a dark flush of color rolled over her sharp, determined face.

"Oh, very well, if you insist," she said coldly, "I will have the car at the door in five minutes. I couldn't think of letting you go on foot." And she touched the bell and ordered the car at once. Of course Mary could do nothing else but sit down and wait. But when the car came around to the door Mrs. Bruce, who had excused herself for a moment, came rustling down the stairs in an elaborate hat and white gloves.

"I found I could go just as well as not," she explained affably, as she stepped into the limousine and opened her card case to seek out the requisite number of cards.

Mary was so vexed and disappointed that she could scarcely talk at all during the brief ride, but Mrs. Bruce was voluble in the extreme. She filled every minute with a minute description of Harley's trip and stay abroad.

NOTHING could have been more suave and gushing than Mrs. Bruce's manner when she reached the Grayson house. She smiled and said how delightful it was to renew this dear old acquaintance after all these years of separation, exactly as if she had been in the habit of visiting Mrs. Grayson as often as her son had done.

The maid had let them in and put them in the big cool living-room, with its simple luxury, which, even to one so fond of show as Mrs. Bruce, showed cultivated taste and no lack of funds wherewith to indulge it.

Mrs. Grayson came to them at once, graceful, sweet, dignified, and folded Mary in her arms with a tender kiss. But when it came to her gushing hostess, Mrs. Grayson drew herself up with sweet dignity and looked her visitor straight in the eye. There was nothing of belligerence in that look, nor even of rebuke; simply that clear, calm, keen gaze that searched the little soul of the other woman and showed her that she knew. She did not assert her position. She did not have to. One glance was enough to show the cultured gentlewoman; and she stood there in her sweet confidence, and with her look confused the woman of the world, and put her in her right place. Afterward Mrs. Bruce, in the retirement of her chamber thinking over the interview, could not remember one word that had been addressed distinctly to herself, one look but that first searching one that seemed to pierce through the veneer of her life and search down into the depts of herself.

They sat down in her charming living-room and conversed; Mrs. Grayson the gracious hostess, yet holding her irreproachable position as a woman of culture and undeniable social prestige. Names were mentioned familiarly which were the open sesame to the social world, and represented to Mrs. Bruce her highest social ambitions; yet between Mary Granniss and this quiet elderly woman whom they were calling, they seemed but household intimates. There was nothing boastful, nothing intentional, apparently, in their mention; they came but naturally as from habitual use.

MRS. BRUCE did her part bravely at participating in the conversation, but not a single one of her sentences carried and became a part of the general topic. They floated off about the air like painted bubbles and died unnoticed. And yet there was not one second when she could put her finger on a single word or action, not even a lifted eyelid, that she could say was rude. She knew that she was being absolutely ignored, as if she had fallen unseen into some kind of an invisible pit, yet she could find no way to call attention to herself in such a manner that they would either have openly to neglect her, or pull her up and into recognition. It is safe to say that Mrs. Bruce had not passed so uncomfortable a half-hour in years; and when she rose to go it was not even at her suggestion that the visit had come to an end. Mary Granniss was managing the whole affair.

"Now, dear, how long did you say you were to stay?" asked Mrs. Grayson innocently. "Janet would be broken-hearted not to see you. She is only over at her aunt's at Rosedale, and if you can spare the time she will be delighted to have you come to her. The trolley goes by the door and it is but a half-hour's ride!"

Mrs. Bruce looked aghast! She was just congratulating herself on having got almost out of a trying situation, and here it was flung full-fledged upon her once more; and in worse form than ever, for the sharp tongue of the daughter might give more than a look to reveal to the distinguished guest her abominable mistake.

"Oh!" she cried eagerly, fairly choking in her haste to get the words out. "Why, Rosedale is right at the door. I can take you there this afternoon if you wish!"

Mary Granniss turned with delighted surprise.

"Oh, are you sure it will not put you out?" she asked. "I should love to see Janet without delay, but I do not like to inconvenience you. Couldn't I put you down at the house and then go on myself? I would do quite well alone such a short drive."

But Mrs. Bruce was determined to go to Rosedale, and she made her adieus as elaborately as she had entered; while Mrs. Grayson stood calmly watching her with that same clear curious gaze. One lovely smile she gave Mary as she bade her good-by, and Mrs. Bruce got into her limousine with a feeling that she had been put outside the pale irrevocably by one woman whom she might just as well have had for her intimate if she had only known she was worth while.

Mrs. Grayson watched the car out of sight, and then went quietly to the telephone and called up her sister.

When the Bruce limousine stopped before Aunt Nan's door that lady was sitting calmly in a big willow porch chair half sheltered by vines and porch screens. She wore a pretty pale green voile and was knitting industriously at a great brown army sweater that filled her lap. There was a good breeze on the big wide porch drawing through the stone arches; and there were other willow chairs, deep and comfortable with cretonne cushions and pillows, and a luxurious hammock couch with more pillows; and big quaint foreign fans of curious weave; and on the round willow table was a tray with glasses and a tinkling pitcher of some cool translucent yellow drink that smelled of oranges; but nowhere was there any sign of Janet.

Aunt Nan got up to welcome her guests with a little smile of well feigned surprise on her face, and came forward, but gave no sign that she knew the handsome girl who came eagerly up the steps and asked for Janet. But Aunt Nan only smiled for answer and looking at the elder lady said:

"This is Mrs. Bruce, I believe, is it not? I think I remember seeing you several years ago."

OH, how Aunt Nan enjoyed saying that! She rolled it as a sweet morsel under her tongue, and her eyes were twinkling mischievously. She remembered the occasion so well when she had told Mrs. Bruce some plain truths about the way she was treating her son, as only an indignant young girl can wax eloquent in what she considers a righteous cause. But of course Mrs. Bruce didn't know Aunt Nan from Adam now, and Aunt Nan was calm in her consciousness of a becoming gown and an inviting home. Also she had an advantage over her guests of having been prepared for the interview. She turned then to Mary, holding out a gracious hand:

"And this is——?"

"Miss Granniss," said the girl; "a friend of Janet's. Her roommate from college."

"Not Mary Granniss?"

"Yes."

"Why, how delightful! You know your name is a household word! Janet will be wild with delight! Run right up stairs to her. She is in her kimono getting cooled off. She went on a long walk this morning with a friend. Go right up softly and surprise her. The first door to the right at the head of the stairs. How pleased she will be! And, Mrs. Bruce, shall we sit down here and have a glass of orangeade? Won't you

sit in this other chair. I think you will find it more comfortable. Let me take that knitting out of your way. It does occupy so much room. I suppose you are up to your eyes in knitting too. Have you joined the Red Cross here yet? They are after everybody to help, and of course they'll want you. I belong to the Red Cross and the Emergency Aid both. I think I ought to do all I can when I have so much time on my hands. Isn't this war the most absorbing awful thing? It really changes one's whole outlook on life, doesn't it?"

Mrs. Bruce sank into the big chair uncertainly and with distraught face. She had been taken unawares and was dreadfully put out that Mary had been spirited away so suddenly for a private conference with Janet, where she could have no hand in the conversation; but there really seemed no way for her to get around this glib, impertinent person, who was so much at her ease. Who was she, anyway? Another member of an illustrious family with money who chose to pose as simple country people? She sank back in the chair reluctantly and wondered how she could contrive a way out of the situation.

"Oh, really," she said as she languidly accepted the frosty glass, "I haven't thought much about the war! It doesn't interest me in the least."

"Oh, but it will," said Aunt Nan emphatically, "when your son gets into it. I fancy all our young men will be there before this is over."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Bruce sharply. "It's all politics and sentiment! No, indeed! Harley knows better than to do any such foolish thing. He had the craze, of course, when it first began to be a fad to enlist, but I gave him very clearly to understand that I wouldn't have any such thing."

"But the draft, Mrs. Bruce. You forget that. Of course he has been registered."

"Oh, yes," shrugged the lady, "I believe he was registered, but his number is away up in the thousands somewhere. It will all be over before they get to him. But even if it wasn't, I fancy there'll be ways to get around that."

"I fancy not!" said Aunt Nan emphatically, "but even if there were, Harley never struck me as the kind of young man who would be willing to try to get away from a duty."

"You seem to know a great deal about my son," remarked Mrs. Bruce with a disagreeable laugh. "Perhaps you can tell me whether he has been around in this neighborhood today? I've been very anxious to get trace of him. He went away without leaving word where he would be." She looked at Aunt Nan suspiciously, as if she might have Harley hidden somewhere about the place. She was wondering if he might have been the "friend" with whom Janet went walking. But Aunt Nan shook her head.

"I was wishing he would run over," she said brightly, taking up her knitting again, "because I want some young man to try on my sweater and see if it is large enough. I've been making it a new stitch and I'm not just sure if it's right. Won't you have another glass of orangeade, Mrs. Bruce?"

AUNT Nan chatted on pleasantly, while Mrs. Bruce sat uneasily, trying to contrive a way to summon Mary to go home. There was a twinkle of mischief lurking in Aunt Nan's brown eyes. Her visitor wondered if Janet could have told her aunt about her. The afternoon seemed to grow warmer as it waned, and her face felt congested. She wished that she had not come! that she had let her queer guest go off by herself a-visiting! She almost wished that she had never heard of Mary Granniss!

Meantime upstairs in Aunt Nan's cool big guest-room the two girls were overjoyed at being together again.

"But how in the world do you happen to be visiting Mrs. Bruce, Mary dear?" asked Janet after the first greetings were over. "I had no idea you knew her, and I didn't know that she ever invited anybody as sensible and charming as you to her house parties."

"Well, Janet, it was the biggest blunder I ever made, and I guess she thinks so too. I am sure I don't know how she ever came to ask me. It's no compliment to me that she did, if I may judge by the rest of the mob she has there at present. But anyhow she asked me; and when I heard she lived in Springdale and found I had a few days before I was to meet mamma at the shore I accepted with alacrity, thinking what fun it would be to drop down here and surprise you. I thought of course the Bruces were your intimate friends because you used to talk about Harley Bruce, but I'm beginning to think you have very poor taste if they are your choice."

"No, Mary, we're not friends at all. I scarcely know Mrs. Bruce, and I can't say I admire her companions. It *was* her son Harley of whom I used to speak. We were inseparables when we were children. He is, or was, quite different from his mother," she said earnestly.

"I should hope so," said Mary significantly. "He hasn't been at home yet since I arrived yesterday afternoon. His mother has chattered of him almost continually, though, but I can't say I have been very desirous of seeing him."

"Oh! He has been away" said Janet with a look of sudden brightening. "I'm so glad! No, I mean I'm so sorry! for I would like you to meet him."

"Well, I'm not likely to unless he arrives tonight, for I simply will not endure another day with that insipid company! I'm going to tell Mrs. Bruce on the way back that I have decided to go down to the shore at once. I had a letter from mamma this afternoon, and she said if I found it convenient I might run down and see that everything is in order in the cottage. Why couldn't you and your mother go along?"

"Why, perhaps we could," said Janet thoughtfully. "I'll tell you what—I'll ask Aunt Nan to get uncle to motor us all down for a day or two, and then you could come back and visit us here at Aunt Nan's until your mother is ready to come."

"How perfectly fascinating! Do you suppose Aunt Nan would have me? You know, I haven't been really introduced to her yet."

"*Have* you? She'll be *delighted!* But you won't want to say anything to her before Mrs. Bruce, of course, and I'm not going down, dear, if you'll excuse me to her. Suppose you take the morning train—there's one at nine-thirty from Springdale—and get off here at Rosedale. I'll be down at the station probably with uncle and mother and the car, but if they can't go for any reason I'll get on the train with you. I'll call you up if there is any change to be made, but I dislike to phone there, as I have never had anything to do with Mrs. Bruce, and I had an experience a few days ago with those guests of hers that was not very pleasant."

"I can imagine! Well, I'll hang around the telephone as much as possible this evening. It seems a long and dreary waste to pass through before tomorrow morning. Positively, Jan, those people and I haven't an idea in common! But I'll get through it somehow, now that there's a prospect of better things tomorrow. I hope that paragon of a son doesn't arrive. I shall hate him, I know; and I do want to keep a good opinion of your judgment in friends."

"Oh, you won't hate him," said Janet earnestly, "I tell you he's very different from his mother. He—well, of course, he's been away a long time," she finished evasively.

Mary looked at her keenly.

"You dear child!" she said irrelevantly. "You're just as sweet and real as ever, aren't you? It hasn't spoiled you one mite to grow up. In fact, I suspect you of not being a day older than when you first came to college. Now I really must go down to that poor beset woman. She didn't want to come here at all, but she *would* in spite of all I could do, and she's well-nigh distracted about that precious son of hers because he doesn't turn up. She wants to be at home this very minute, but for some reason she wouldn't trust me to come alone. I'm like a young prisoner in that house. I haven't done a thing I wanted to since I landed except come here. I may be put in a padded cell if she suspects I'm going to leave soon. If I don't arrive on that train you better gather a battalion of soldiers and come and rescue me. Bye-bye, dearest! Till tomorrow!" and she stooped and kissed Janet softly on the cheek.

JANET, with flushed cheeks and eyes that were less shadowed than when her guest arrived, stole to the window to watch the car drive away. In her heart was a little tune going over and over without words. It was founded on the thought that Harley had not stayed away from her all day because of his mother's influence. He did not know, of course, what had happened. Perhaps by the time he returned it would all be forgotten somehow, his mother gone away or something, and he need never know the humiliation of it all. She could not bear that the fair friendship of their childhood should be blighted in his mind this way. She was glad she knew he was away, glad that a way was opening for her to leave home and go to the shore for a few days. What a splendid schemer and protector Aunt Nan was? And what had been Mrs. Bruce's idea in daring to come there anyway?

But somehow after all she was not deeply troubled about Mrs. Bruce, and she went about dressing for dinner, humming snatches of a bright little song; while Aunt Nan, listening below, smiled to herself and pondered. Something had lifted the burden from the dear child's heart and brought the song again, and she was glad.

MEANTIME Mrs. Bruce was conveying her guest back home in no enviable frame of mind. She had no means of knowing what had gone on between Mary Granniss and Janet Grayson, and she was fairly frantic to get home and find out whether Harley had arrived. Mary thanked her for bringing her to see her old friends, and admired the landscape politely, and Mrs. Bruce did her best to keep her mind on the conversation. At last as they were nearing the house Mary said pleasantly:

"Mrs. Bruce, I'm afraid I shall have to cut short my visit with you. I had a letter from my mother this afternoon asking me to look after some matters down at the shore where our cottage is located, and I have decided that it would be best for me to start tomorrow morning. You know father has been quite ill, and mother wants everything to be comfortable there when she brings him down."

Mrs. Bruce was always quick as a flash to see an advantage.

"Oh, my dear! I'm so sorry your visit must be interrupted just when I am expecting my son home. I am almost sure he will be here this evening. But we will only say interrupted. Harley will be delighted to take you down in the car, and bring you back when you have completed your mission. What time did you want to start? I don't think you would need to leave before ten. It is only a two hours' trip down there. I'll try to arrange to go with you myself and chaperone you. If any of the others want to go too they can take the touring car. Then we can stay over night or as long as you need to, and bring you back with us. That will be quite a pleasant innovation."

"Oh, thank you Mrs. Bruce!" said Mary quickly, "That is very kind, but it will be impossible! I have already promised to go down with Janet and her mother. I must leave here on that nine-thirty train!"

Mrs. Bruce did her insistent best to move Mary from this decision, urging her to telephone and change her plans, or at least to ask Mrs. Grayson and her daughter to go with them then in the Bruce cars; but Mary was firm, and Mrs. Bruce saw that her prize guest was slipping gracefully through her fingers. If Harley did not come tonight and save the situation all would be lost. Harley *must* be found at once!

As soon as Mary had gone to her room to dress for dinner Mrs. Bruce sent for her chauffeur:

"Morton, I want you to go back to that house in Rosedale where we were calling just now and find out if Mr. Harley is there, or has been there. You will know how to drive observantly by several times and find out. If necessary wait until dusk when the lights are on and go near to the house. If you can't find out in that way, perhaps Miss Janet Grayson, who is visiting there, can throw some light on his whereabouts. Understand, Morton, Mr. Harley *must be found* and brought back *tonight!* It is ten dollars on your wages this month if you do it; fifteen if you bring him in time for dinner, at seven o'clock. Do you think you understand?"

"Yes, madam," said Morton, eyeing her with his keen, sly little eyes, and he bowed and left the room. In a moment more Mrs. Bruce heard the car speeding out into the road again.

To be continued

The Overwhelming Answer

FOR years Protestant Christianity prayed to the Father to open the doors of heathen lands that the Gospel might be taken to those who struggle in the darkness of superstition and ignorance. One by one the Spirit tore from their hinges the doors of opposition, until today thousands of souls are ready to be garnered into the Kingdom. The missions are thronged with seekers whom the missionaries and their helpers are too few to handle. In the Missionary News of March 17 the following interesting compilation was given to enable those who desire the bringing in of the Kingdom of God to visualize the work for missions which might be done by money now spent thoughtlessly, or for necessities that might be done without. The list is as follows:

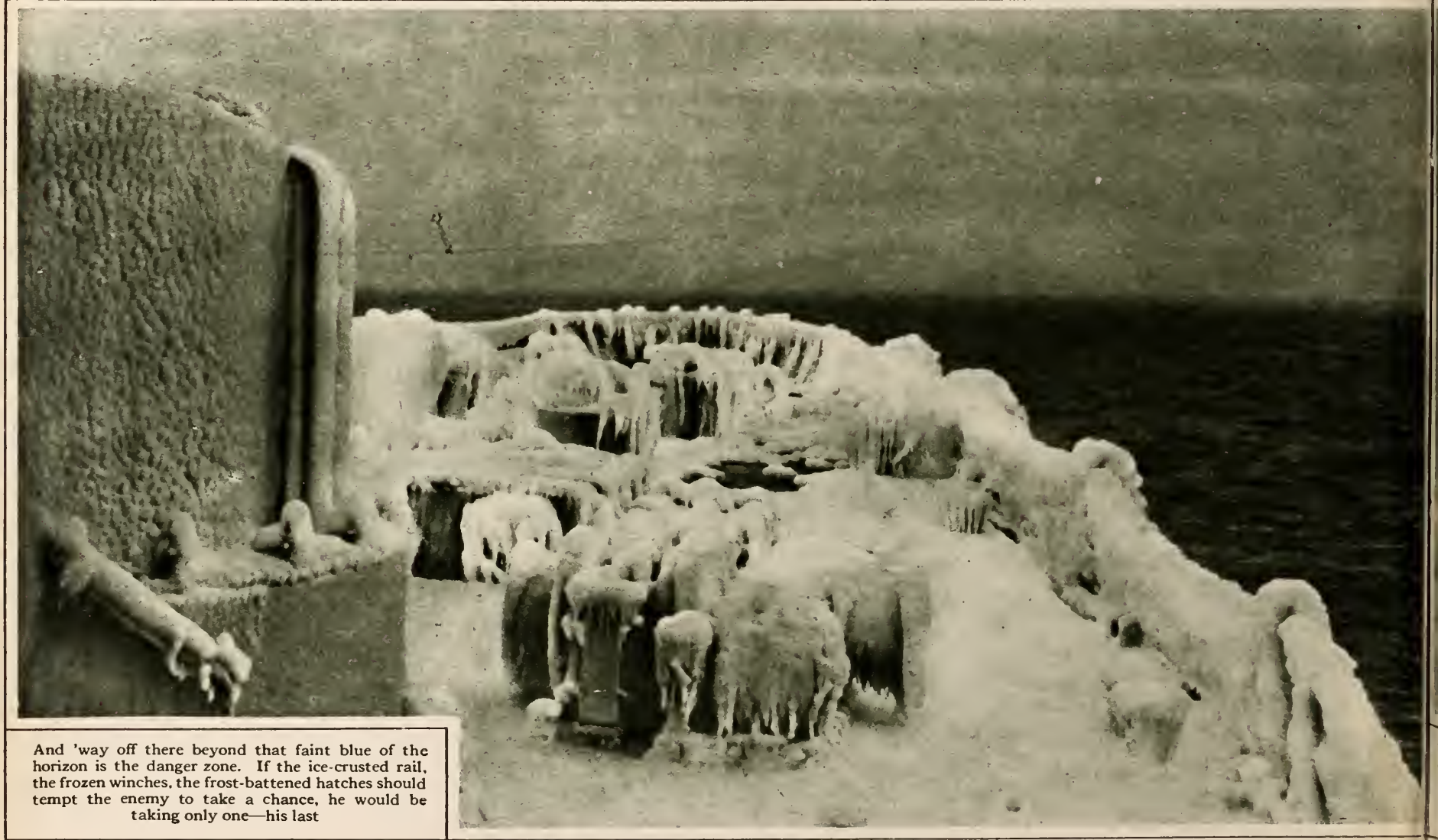
A streetcar fare, 5 cents. Will keep an orphan in one of our orphanages one day. A sundae, 10 cents, will maintain a student in a training school in India one day. A movie ticket, 25 cents, will provide for a patient in a Mission Hospital one day. A box of candy, 50 cents, will pay a missionary's travel in China one day. A theater ticket, $1.00, will enable a mass movement boy in India to attend school one year. A pair of gloves, $1.50, will keep an ordained preacher in India, Korea, or Africa one week. A box of cigars, $2.00, will lay two bricks of the College Chapel in the heart of Rome. A man's hat, $3.00, will pay for a thousand tracts in a native language. A pair of shoes, $5.00, will provide treatment for 200 cases of malaria in India. A new Easter hat, $7.50, will enable a Japanese boy to earn his way through three months in a Christian School. Material for a dress, $10.00, will furnish a hospital bed in Bidar, India, for a year. A hired car trip, $15.00, will provide support for an orphan in India or China for a year. A spring overcoat, $20.00, will furnish the lumber for a church in India which the native Christians will gladly build without pay. A suit of clothes, $25.00, will help a young boy in South America to a year of Christian education and save him from skepticism. A winter overcoat, $30.00, will support a Bible woman in China or India for a year. A set of furs, $40.00, will keep twenty boys in a day school in China one year. A vacation trip, $50.00, will buy a good stereopticon, with which the story of Christ can be made real to ignorant yet hungry souls in many lands. An evening dress, $60.00, will supply a busy missionary with a typewriter whereby he can multiply his efficiency. Repapering a house, $75.00, will give a year of theological school training—the equipment for a life of greatest service—to a native Japanese. A diamond ring, $100.00, will build a chapel in which the gospel can be preached for years in one of several fields. A victrola, $250.00, will build a good church whence the sweetest of music will rise to the throne of God. A piano, $300.00, will keep two ordained preachers in several fields for 365 days. A Ford car, $400.00, will, if sent plus freight, enable a missionary to do two men's work. A new garage, $500.00, will endow a scholarship in some lands which will turn out a trained educated native preacher once every three or four years. A motor boat, $1,000.00, will build a memorial church in one of many fields. A modern automobile, $2,000.00, will put a missionary family in the field and support them through their year of language study. A pearl necklace, $3,000.00, will buy land, put up buildings and finance for a year a circuit center in India whence fifty or even sixty villages can be reached by a native pastor. A high-priced car, $5,000.00, will put a new missionary family in the field and support them for three years.

THE MEN OF OUR NAVY FC

Gripping Pictures of Our Navy at W

Photos © Underwood & Underwood

THE boys, our boys in khaki and olive drab, went safely over wintry seas to France and the fight. But the boys in blue of the Navy fought rain and sleet and storm to keep the lurking submarine away, until the fighting ships looked like icy phantoms. But back of that frozen turret and those ice-muzzled guns there was waiting always a hot and ready welcome for the enemy: behind the canvas wall of the bridge above, keen eyes were always facing the tempest and the frost; alert, watching every wave crest and hollow for the fugitive periscope; and if that bell had sounded the alarm, neither ice nor sleet nor wind could have saved the enemy



And 'way off there beyond that faint blue of the horizon is the danger zone. If the ice-crusted rail, the frozen winches, the frost-battened hatches should tempt the enemy to take a chance, he would be taking only one—his last

FOUGHT MORE THAN U-BOATS

at Work, Here Published for the First Time

Censored and Passed by the Committee on Public Information

The storm is past, and in a quieter sea and under a smiling sun, they heave to with ax and crowbar to free the ship of her glistening coat.

There wasn't room on this gun for all the ice the old ocean was ready to give away, so it was crowded on and wrinkled up; but a shot or two would have cleared the barrel of drapery had the enemy appeared

A Week of Bran

A prime spring cleanser is a bran food—Nature's laxative.

Try it for a week in Pettijohn's—a delicious morning cereal.

Watch its effects on spring languor. Mark how fit one feels. You will not forget the lesson, we believe.

Better Than Drugs

Indoor life and fine foods tend to clog the system. Nature calls for roughage.

The old remedy was drugs. But a better way is proper food. And the best is bran.

It's Delightful

Clear bran is uninviting. That's why millions so neglect it. But in Pettijohn's we hide the bran in flavory cereal flakes.

This dish is ever-welcome. No cereal food was ever more delightful. So the joys of bran come in a joyous way.

Try it now—each morning for a week. Then judge it by its taste and its effects.

Most folks who do that will ever after serve this dish frequently. And every doctor will advise it.

Order it at once.

Pettijohn's

A Flaked Cereal Dainty

55% Wheat Products 20% Oats 25% Bran

A breakfast dainty whose flavory flakes hide 25 per cent unground bran.

Pettijohn's Flour —75 per cent Government Standard flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe.

Both sold in packages only.

Our Mail-Bag

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and not controversial. All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

CHRISTIAN HERALD INFORMATION BUREAU

Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

With all the resources of the Government libraries and departments and of the public museums and their staffs and with the active assistance of national experts this Information Bureau is ready to tell you the answer to

Whatever You Want to Know

The bureau is prepared to answer fully and promptly questions regarding food production and conservation, transportation, industrial activities, history, patents and inventions, pensions and Army insurance, legislation, exploration and discovery, Government employment, and all of the thousand and one things that you want to be sure of.

Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

ALMOST DISCOURAGED. The passage in Heb. 10 to which you refer deals with an aggravated form of backsliding—those who sin after receiving "full knowledge" of the truth, and who, after being enlightened and experiencing a certain measure of grace, apostatize either to some religion which is opposed to Christianity or to absolute infidelity. Such a case is not the result of ignorance or error, but of moral wickedness; in fact a deliberate sin against the Spirit and a presumptuous sin against Christ as our Redeemer, who is thereby crucified afresh. But while, humanly speaking, such cases are so difficult to deal with that they baffle our most earnest efforts, they are by no means impossible with God, who, through the operation of the Holy Spirit, can melt the heart of the presumptuous sinner and bring him, through boundless mercy, to see his sin and to seek divine forgiveness. Such a salvation is one of the miracles of grace and proves that God's mercy is indeed boundless. It is well when a sinner begins to realize the wickedness and ingratitude of his backsliding. It is well, too, that he should grieve over it, for remorse in such a case is wholesome discipline. And, further, the very fact that he is troubled about the "unpardonable sin" may be accepted as absolute evidence that he has not sinned beyond the reach of grace; for if he had, he would have neither remorse nor repentance, but would be wholly indifferent to the result of his acts. With respect to your other question, we would say that while many of the promises in the Old Testament were given to the Jews especially, they are (with certain specific exceptions), applied under the Gospel interpretation to believers generally.

J. R., Seattle, Wash. From the beginning of the war in 1914 to date, the U. S. beef exports to the Allies have totaled 616,000,000 pounds of fresh and 203,000,000 pounds canned beef; of wheat from July 1, 1914, to January 1, 1918, we have sent 389,000,000 bushels, and of wheat-flour 24,600,000 barrels. Wheat is their great need for the next harvest. Our pork exports to the Allies from July, 1914, to January, 1918, have aggregated 3,000,000,000 pounds.

Mrs. E. H., Okanogan, Wash. 1. New York is at present the largest city in the world, its population being 5,602,841, and that of London 4,522,964. The population of metropolitan New York is estimated at 7,500,000, while that of metropolitan London is 7,252,963. 2. The water flows through the Straits of Gibraltar from west to east, entering the Mediterranean Sea from the Atlantic. It has also been demonstrated that there exists a westward flowing counter current, which carries off the surplus waters of the Mediterranean.

Mr. H. K. S., Cleveland, Ohio. The invention of the gas engine is a much disputed matter. As far back as 1678, Abbe d' Hautefeuille invented an engine for the employing of the explosive power of gunpowder. Two or three years later, Christian Huygens and Denis Papen put into practice d' Hautefeuille's theories. Since that time there have been many improvements on the gas engine. The first practical gas engine is said to have been invented by Lenoir, a Frenchman, in the year 1860.

Mrs. J. B. McC., Scavey, Kan., sends this striking message from the letter of a soldier boy: "As long as the churches are only half filled, the prayer meeting and Sunday school neglected, and our people go on in a gay, indifferent manner, just so long are present conditions going to remain and the war to continue. When God's people forsake their sin and return to him, his hand will stay the hand of slaughter." This is good, sound Christian logic, and it would be well for not only Churches but Individuals to ponder it. Repentance and prayer are the secret of assurance and power, as through them we come into harmony with God and work in line with the divine purpose.

C. W. L., Kingman, Kan. The phrase, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," was used by John Philpot Curran in his speech at Dublin in 1808.

R. H., Canada. The apostle tells us (Rom. 13 : 1–4) to be subject to the higher powers, which means our governments, for there is no power but of God; the forces that be are ordained of God.

Uncle Sam Tells the Startling Truth About the Common Cold

HE says it is the most prevalent disease in the United States.

He says it is highly contagious—that every time you are afflicted with this widespread and dangerous malady you take it from someone else.

He says that every person who has a cold should be put to bed and placed under the care of a competent physician.

He says that pneumonia kills more people in the United States than any other disease excepting tuberculosis.

He says that aside from the fearful loss of life, colds cost America fabulous sums in the reduced efficiency of the millions of people who annually suffer from them.

The United States Public Health Service has prepared a short special paper on colds, telling what they are, and how to avoid them.

This paper tells the meaning of colds, their causes, the manner of their spread.

You should have a copy of this paper. It is worth a great deal to any man or woman to avoid the suffering and inconvenience caused by even the mildest cold.

Every parent should know how to guard himself and his children against colds. *This knowledge may easily be the means of saving the life of some member of the family.*

The Christian Herald Information Bureau will send you a copy of this valuable paper free. Send a two-cent stamp for return postage with your name and address to The Christian Herald Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C., and a copy of the paper on "The Common Cold," will be sent you promptly.

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Mrs. H. S. S., Pittsburg, Pa. Regarding the War Risk Insurance Bureau sending policies to parents or notifying them in case of death, the Bureau says they are not going to send out policies, but will deliver government receipts to the soldiers or sailors, or to the persons named by the boys when they take out their insurance.

Mr. W. F. B., Ann Arbor, Mich. With regard to the work in the great mission fields in 1914, the following number of converts was reported from the more important missions operative in the countries named:

Country	Stations	Communicants
United States	14,802	1,080,849
Canada	461	16,643
Great Britain and Ireland	19,495	756,927
Continental Europe	6,917	563,167

J. B. R., Rushford, Minn. The suffering of the soldiers in the Crimean War first directed the world's attention to the systematic care of the wounded. In 1859, when M. Henri Dunant was visiting Italy, he was caught in the dreadful carnage of the Battle of Solferino. He ministered to the wounded, and organized volunteers in the vicinity to help him in the work. Soon after, he formulated the first proposal for volunteer associations to care for the wounded. His appeal resulted in a conference held at Geneva in 1863 and an international conference in the same city in 1864. The Geneva Convention was the formal beginning of the Red Cross, the name being derived from the insignia adopted by the Conference, a Greek cross in red on white ground. The American association of the Red Cross was organized by Clara Barton in 1881. The flag of Switzerland with the colors counterchanged was adopted as the flag of the Red Cross Society. The religious significance of the Red Cross flag is connected with the Cross of Christ.

Mrs. A. A. M., Clear Spring, Md. We cannot understand why the price of the Christian Herald yearly subscription had to be advanced to $2 to meet additional expenses, while you propose to send it for two years for $3, or at the old rate of $1.50 a year. Please kindly explain in the Mail-Bag.

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Marion Harland's Corner

(In this opening article, the best known and most competent authority on Household Problems invites the cooperation of Christian Herald housewives. She will answer all letters on the subject of this Department.)

Marion Harland

A SHREWD student of the times in which we live has asserted that "cook-books written even a dozen years ago will be found useless and misleading by the housewife of today. Materials, quantities and qualities have changed utterly. The most experienced cook must learn methods and ingredients over again, as if she were a novice in her profession."

Yet I dare begin this series of practical conferences with my fellow learners in the New School with a quotation from the Familiar Talk which formed the preface of the first cook-book written by myself forty-odd years ago.

> I should not deserve to be your confidante if I did not know for myself how often you are heart-weary with discouragement; with much producing of ways and means; with a certain despondent looking forward to the monotonous grind of the household machine; to the certainty, proved by past experience, that, toilsome as has been this day, the morrow will prove yet more abundant in labors and in trials of strength and nerves and temper. How, try as you may to be systematic and diligent, something is always "turning up" in the treadmill to keep you on the strain.

How true the words were then has been abundantly proved by the grateful testimony of many thousands of readers who have talked with and written to me on this subject. If the counsel and sympathy embodied in the Talk were needed then, they are tenfold more timely now. While I affirm that the general principles of practical cookery—such as measuring, mixing, baking, boiling, etc.—laid down in the manuals of housewifery we studied with advantage fifty years ago, remain substantially the same, it would be a waste of time and space for me to explain the radical and perplexing changes that beset us today in the way of restrictions and the introduction of novel materials.

Each of us knows by actual and present experience the problems which confront us daily and hourly in well-ordered households that seemed to "run themselves" in what we sigh over as the "good old times before the War." Already "old"—although it was but four years ago that we sat in peace under our own vines and fig-trees, and paid equitable prices for the comforts of life.

THE awful shadow of the Great Tribulation oppresses the heart and spirits of every citizen of our whilom happy and prosperous country, from the President down to the street-cleaner. There are no exceptions in any class. The burden laid upon the average housemother is not a light one. Every article of food has trebled or quadrupled in price, and there is very little, if any, larger allowance of ready money in her hands for household expenses. In many homes the income has even diminished. As if these circumstances were not enough to make marketing and catering a grievous study, limitations are laid upon the purchase of what she has been accustomed all her life to regard as the necessaries of decent livelihood. She will tell you plaintively that she is "willing to do without luxuries. She can understand that one must put up with plainer fare when there is so much suffering at home and abroad. But it is a difficult problem when she finds prescribed for her just how much meat and flour and sugar she may buy at one time. She wonders how she is to train her boys to fill the places left vacant in the ranks of soldiers now in the field, if growing lads are denied enough 'hearty' foods to make bone and muscles."

It is my earnest desire and hope, in opening this series of familiar and friendly talks with such sufferers, to help solve their problems—not to ignore or make light of them.

WE women of America are as certainly fighting the battle of Armageddon as if we were under arms in the trenches. The irksome self-denials we practice are none of them purposeless. When we abstain from red meats on certain days, or satisfy ourselves with half the quantity we used to eat, and submit meekly to the grocer's refusal to sell us a pound of flour unless we buy at the same time a cereal of some kind—we feed fighting men and starving, naked orphans overseas. We would reckon no privation as intolerable, if the soldier or orphan were brought to our door to plead for victuals and raiment. When we rack our brains to feed our own home brood with "food convenient" (that is, nourishing) for them, by the clever substitution of Indian meal for flour, and vegetables for flesh-food; when we produce as satisfactory results with half a pound of sugar as we were wont to do by the use of twice as much; when instead of buying butter at the iniquitous prices now demanded for it, we make diligent inquiry of judicious friends who have found one of the dozen "substitutes" now in the market every whit as palatable and nourishing as the real thing made from the milk of the cow—in each and every one of these actions you are serving your country and humanity.

NOW let us take counsel together as to what aid our Common Sense Corner can render to the great cause we have in hand. I know the hearts of American women too well to have any misgivings as to the cooperation I count upon from you. It is my purpose to lay before you, from week to week, matter that will put you into possession of interesting material supplied by the department of the government which has charge of the Administration of Foods. But you can render important aid to fellow housewives by writing freely to me of your several experiments, your successes and failures, and asking advice upon points that perplex you. Write briefly and frankly, *addressing me in care of the Christian Herald.* Should you desire a personal reply by mail, enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. I trust, however, that inquiries and information will be for the general good. Let the motto of our Corner be:

"*To do good and to communicate forget not.*"

Life is too short and the times are too stringent to warrant anybody in keeping for her own use a bit that may ease a strap or buckle in another's ill-fitting harness. In the great scheme of God's universe there is nothing insignificant. Glorify everyday tasks into duties done in Christ's name. Rest assured of the sublime truth that

> In just that very place of his
> Where he hath made and keepeth you,
> God hath no other work to do.

"Communicate" to us your helps and your hindrances under the new order that rules your housekeeping plans. We are one in the affliction—for in many instances it is nothing less. Almost a half-century of work done for and with you have made me sure of my "constituency."

MARION HARLAND.

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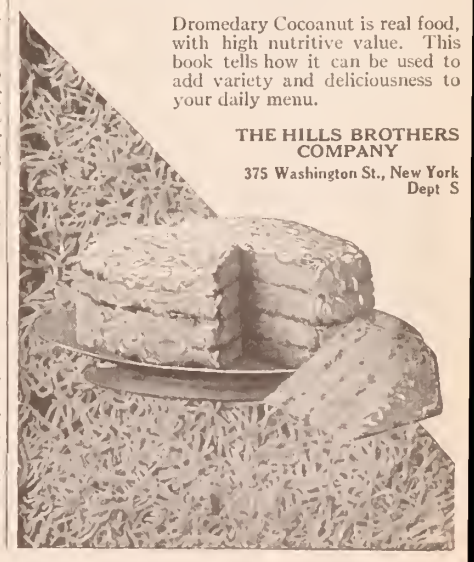

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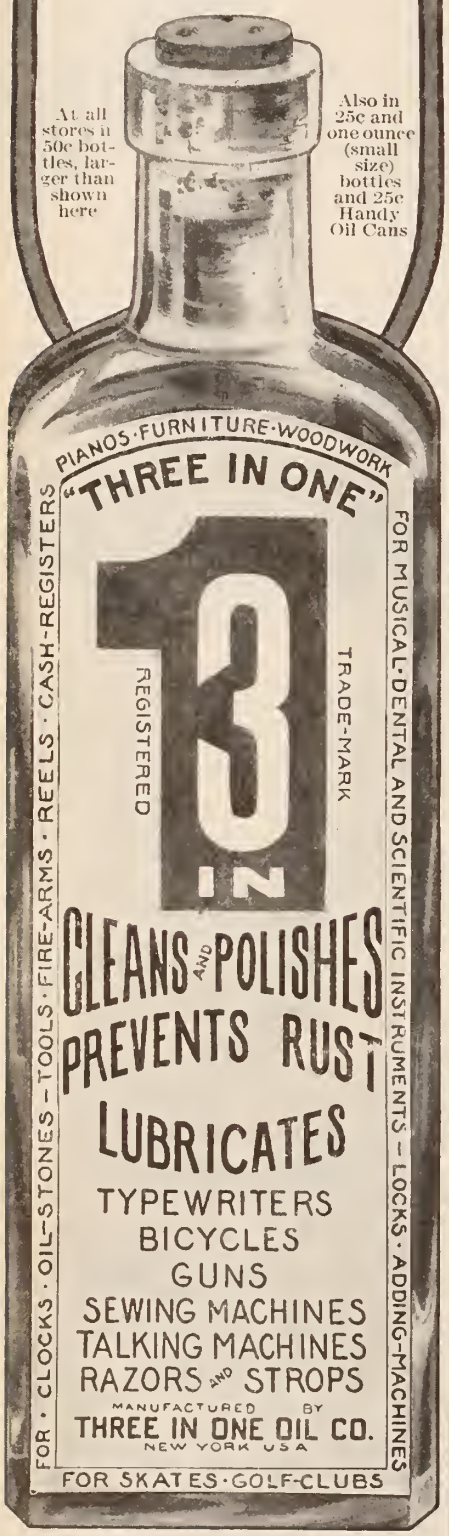

Jesus Sets New Standards of Living

International Sunday School Lesson for May 5. Mark 10: 1-31

The Peril of Riches

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

THAT'S what Jesus does—he sets new standards of living, higher, more challenging in spiritual power, more alluring in their moral purity. He gives new inspiration to those who are sacrificially seeking the best, and of course he brings a corresponding sense of rebuke and moral failure to those who deliberately make the Great Refusal. The honest man who confronts the Master has come to a parting of the ways—henceforth he will be better or worse. For he will plainly see a standard that calls for all that he has and all that he is. If he reaches out toward it, he reaches higher ground than he knew before. If he rejects it his soul will not soon know happiness again.

The rich young ruler of our story is a most attractive personality—bold, frank and ingenuous. He was not one to be intimidated by the rising tide of hostility to Jesus, not even to the extent of coming to him by night like that other noble inquirer. He hastens to him openly, eagerly, on the highway, and did not hesitate to kneel in recognition of character that moved his soul within him. He had still the hero-worship of youth, and cared not who should know that he paid homage to this Man. And how naive he was with his quick reply, "All these I have kept from my youth up!" Why, certainly he had left the Ten Commandments far behind, and was pressing on!

We have many such straightforward, clean, manly youths in our America, in the schools, in offices and factories, in the army and navy. As I go about among the class I speak of, I feel we need not be so mawkishly concerned about this group as some people seem to be. Yet, like Jesus our Lord, we can and do care most tremendously that these choice young men should both seek *and find* the best.

Therefore we must have the searching message of the Christ brought to bear somehow upon these eager and impressionable souls. Thank God, there are many men serving in the Christian Associations who know how to do it, and hundreds of ministers who, if given any sort of chance, will bring them face to face with Jesus in the way. Our boys are looking for the "great adventure," and nothing is too high or too hard for them. Rightly presented Christ's challenge to a life given for God and humanity will seem to them the very thing for which they were longing, as they sought for light concerning their destiny.

The Quest of Righteousness

The quest of happiness is not more universal than that of righteousness. It is strange that the drama and literature so often fail to realize this. That is why religion has a more inclusive appeal than either. Man's spiritual nature always and everywhere in normal and healthy minds hungers and thirsts for righteousness. Not only among ancient Jews, whether as fine as Abraham or as faulty as Jacob, and not only in the mystic East with its cults and customs, but among the moderns, like Luther trying vainly every precept of the fathers, and America with her scores of sects, we find man still the seeker after the Eternal Goodness. Not the youth of Judea only, but the young manhood of all the earth asks, "What is the way that is the way of life?" and "What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?"

Almighty God cares about this. When Jesus saw this young man's unsatisfied soul he was profoundly moved, even as he was later when Philip transmitted the request of the Greeks, "Sir, we would see Jesus."

It is in response to this heart hunger for righteousness that God has revealed the moral principles of life. They have their most classic form in the great prophets of Israel, but the sages and prophets of all lands have pointed out the same fundamentals of right and wrong in human desires and relationships. The best brief epitome is found in the Ten Commandments of Moses. Jesus used them freely, as in the present case, where he left out several and added "Do not defraud." He summarized them in a fashion that shall never be forgotten as being based on love to God and love to one's neighbor as himself.

The way of the commandments is the way of obedience and scrupulousness and morality. It is a way in which the feet of little children may be set, and their pathway rightly directed for life. It is a hard way, too, since the temptations of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life assert themselves in the body and mind of youth. It is a high way, and the man who can say, as did this young Jew, "All these I have kept from my youth," is a reliable employee and a comfortable neighbor to have. It is an elevating way, because those who have been most successful therein have nearly always been, like this man, and Paul as well, most conscious of lacking "something more."

It is not the highest way. Jesus showed him a more excellent way. It phrases itself inevitably in terms of renunciation, and yet it is more thoroughly positive than the way of Moses. "This do, and thou shalt live." The way of the commandments is far more largely, "These things do not, and thou shalt live." And yet Jesus' way speaks of giving all, of denying one's self, of taking up the cross. Jesus' way presumes the foundation of Moses and the prophets. They exhort a man not to harm his neighbor, Jesus urges doing him all possible good, in this case giving away all one has. They teach gratitude toward neighbors, he love to enemies. They inculcate just dealing, he sacrificial service and generous devotion. They suggest setting apart the tenth, Jesus says there are occasions that call for giving up all. And his spirit calls for complete dedication and self-surrender.

Not often does he call for parting with one's goods immediately as here. That was due to special circumstance, but he insists on the spirit and readiness so to do. His religion is not to be found in the realm of metaphysics and theology merely, but in the realm of social life, of business and family life and citizenship. He does not always bring the challenge just as he brought it to this man of great possessions, but ere long he brings it to each seeker as practically and as critically as here.

The Peril of Riches

More often than abstract theorists realize, the field of money and goods is the storm center where lives are spiritually made or wrecked beyond repair. How frequent are Christ's references to the problem of wealth and of labor! Is there any single topic upon which he has more to say? He speaks more frequently of the use and the abuse of money than of regeneration, or any other doctrine in the abstract.

But although he says so much on this theme, it is false exegesis to claim him for any particular school of economics. Not economics but man's spiritual welfare was his point of departure. As he looked on that choice young man, he realized the danger of his becoming a Dives, consumed with selfishness and caring nothing for Lazarus lying in misery at his very door. The snares of life for this man lay in ease and selfishness and spiritual pride. Nothing would serve his highest nature better than to forsake his riches, and to fellowship with the humble Teacher who had not where to lay his head. So Jesus, the great Physician, diagnosed this case, and the event proved his insight. The young man loved his money more than he loved Christ. He deliberately rejected the unspeakable privilege which we now know would have followed his renunciation. Does not the application come home to our hearts that communion and privilege always wait upon renunciation?

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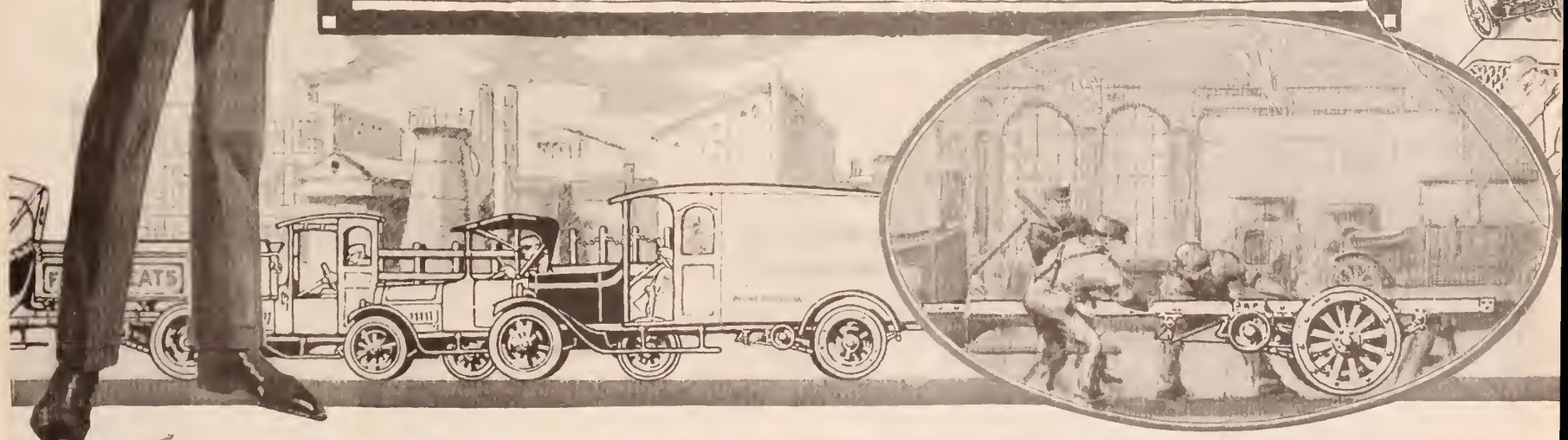

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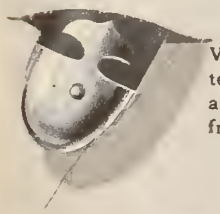

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Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

TODAY'S meeting, fellow Adventurers, will be rather an earnest one. For I should like to bring to your attention a bit of news vitally important to all of us who live in farm communities.

The matter is this: a temporary solution of the labor-shortage problem has been hit upon, tested and perfected; and it is now being carried out under the auspices of "The Woman's Land Army of America": a new patriotic organization with headquarters at 32 Fifth Avenue, New York, and branches in every state and county.

This organization is now enrolling (in each state and county) all woman and girl applicants for farm labor, seeing that they measure up to requirements, forming them into "units" with a chaperone-housekeeper to each unit, and sending a unit of the desired size (4 to 70 workers) to every farm community from which a request comes in.

Each unit thus sent houses, equips and maintains itself. Frequently it camps.

The farmers may employ these workers by the hour, day, or piece work: the unit assuming losses due to rainy weather.

"But," you may protest, "it is unbelievable that untrained women and girls, many of them from city life, could possibly make good at farm labor!"

I went through that phase of doubt, myself. And so I investigated. Here are the facts:

NOW in England there are 258,000 farmerettes on the land. While right here in the United States, last summer, units of young American women, composed chiefly of city-bred college students—although in addition, there were dressmakers, clerks, teachers, artists and so on—worked on farms at Newburgh, Poughkeepsie and Mount Kisco, New York, and at Mahwah, New Jersey, doing every sort of farmwork, including ploughing, harrowing, planting and transplanting, cultivating, thinning, weeding, hoeing, potato planting, fruit picking and assorting and packing for market, mowing, both with scythe and mowing machine, hay raking and pitching, reaping, shocking grain, fence-making, milking; the stronger women doing the heavier work, the others being given work requiring deftness and speed.

Not one girl of all these failed to make good!

So much for the farmers' side of the question. What about the workers' side?

In reply to that, let me describe for you an interview I had with one of these plucky young pioneers, a Miss G., the niece of a prominent New York clergyman, who obligingly called at the Christian Herald offices.

My first impression, as Miss G. came walking into the office, tall, straight as a young tree, with glowing skin and clear, steady brown eyes, was that here was the most gloriously healthy creature I had ever seen. There was an air of quiet power about her, too; of dignity and good breeding.

It seemed incredible that this correctly-garbed young city woman had ever worn overalls and worked eight hours a day for a whole summer at back-breaking farm-labor.

"Did we like it?" she echoed, as I questioned her. "We loved it! I'm going out again this summer."

"Wasn't it pretty hard?"

"Yes, at first. The day seemed long; and we had backaches and blisters. But—we soon got hardened. And then we began to enjoy it. We'd come home from a day's work dead tired; take a plunge, have a good dinner, and be ready for fun all evening."

"Then you advise other girls to try farmeretting?"

"I do!" she urged earnestly. "It's not only interesting, and good for you, but you know you're helping to win the war. And that's what counts!"

With a smile—just a friendly flash of white teeth in a sun-tanned young face—she rose and hurried away. And it seemed to me the very breath of outdoors went with her.

Dear Adventurers, do help me spread the news of the existence of this army, so that the young women of your community may enlist when vacation days come; and so that the farmers of your region may be encouraged to plant extensively, knowing that at any time by writing to the Woman's Land Army, they will be able to procure the farm labor they require. There is a very noble "neighboring job" for you!

NOW, fellow Adventurers, turning away from serious matters for a moment, let us go a-neighboring on the prairies with this plucky, happy-go-lucky young homesteader.

A Stovepipe Adventure

Some of the neighbors who watched my cabin being built on the lonely quarter-section which I proposed to make good on all by myself, were jealous because I had two chimneys and one of them was of brick. The one that was not of brick was in the eight-by-eight kitchen—a pipe pointing thinly to the sky and securely wired to the roof.

The extravagance of these chimney arrangements lay in the fact that I could not cook on my little heater and I could not heat with my kitchen cooker.

As time passed, winds and rain did their work on the slim little kitchen pipe, and it began to have a threatening slant which should have warned me that some day, when the weather was wild, away would go the pipe and then—no more cooking until help arrived!

My nearest neighbor was almost a mile away: a mother with two little children and a husband who was far from well. They were having a terrible struggle on the homestead, and should have been forgiven for any seeming slight to neighbors' troubles.

One Sunday morning, however, I lighted my kitchen fire, and—wished I had not, for the smoke filled the place and I had to take the wood out of the stove. I ran out to look, and sure enough, my smokestack was gone across the plains!

About an hour after this discovery, glancing out of my window, I saw a little procession coming along the gumbo: my friend's husband with a baby on his shoulder and one end of a ladder supported by his free hand; at the other end of the ladder, my friend, and trotting by her side the little son, carrying a bundle that appeared to be about all his baby strength could manage. In my friend's free hand was a length of pipe!

"We have looked at your smokestack every morning," she said, "to see if it was all right, and this morning it was gone. The horses are so tired and so thin, we did not want to break their day of rest, so we came this way to fix up the pipe."

The little lad of six was lugging along hammer, pliers, staples and wire: all fastened together.

I should have laughed, but my laughter was wet with tears! Such sweet neighboring was an adventure that would melt selfishness and indifference out of the receiver's heart, no matter how hardened it might be. When I tried to thank them, they stared at me.

"What else would you have us do!" they exclaimed. "Ain't you our NEIGHBOR!"

And never shall I wear a sweeter name than that! MRS. ADA MELVILLE SHAW.

Doesn't that little true story, dear neighbors, tug at your heartstrings and fill you with love for your fellow-beings! Ah, I am sure it does!

AND now we must hurry on to our next adventure: again a Western one, but this time an instance of neighboring on the part of a whole valley:

Adopting a Family

In this letter I shall try to tell you how our club of rural women, assisted by the whole community, performed an act of neighborly service.

Our club consists of about forty members, and our dues are a dollar a year; so we have between thirty and forty dollars in our treasury each year.

Two winters ago, the mother of one of our less fortunate families needed the care of a specialist. We found a place where she could have medical attention and board, free of cost: the only expenses being her carfare and medicines. We sent her off, and then adopted the family: a father and three young children, for the winter. In order to buy the children

TRADE YALE MARK

The sense of security —Yale

The house that confronts the world with the trade-mark "Yale" on its locks and hardware, is the house that gives to its occupants the real sense of security. They *know* they are *protected* and *guarded* better.

Yale locks and builders' hardware have a definite duty in the world. And Yale locks and builders' hardware have been living up to that duty for half a century —to safe-guard and secure.

And the trade-mark "Yale" on them is a visible outward evidence that the product bearing it represents the inside superior quality that comes from material fineness, designing skill, real artisanship, years long experience and highest manufacturing practice.

See that trade-mark "Yale" if you want Yale security. You can't get it unless you do see it on Night Latches, Padlocks, Door Closers, Cabinet Locks, Builders' Hardware and Chain Blocks.

Yale products for sale by hardware dealers

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.

9 East 40th St., New York City

Chicago Office:
77 East Lake Street

Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd.,
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A watchman that knows no clock—with an unyielding grip that lets go only to its own key—that's the Yale Padlock. ¾ inch to 3½ inches in size—many styles—many prices.

shoes and overshoes, a tax of twenty-five cents was levied on each club member. In addition, donations of new or made-over garments were solicited; and the whole valley gave freely, with the result that the children were clothed better than ever before in their lives.

Then we gave a benefit entertainment at our town hall, clearing sixty-five dollars. Aided by donations of food from different families, this sixty-five dollars paid the mother's expenses and the family's grocery bill during the winter.

MRS. THOS. E. BELL.

That adventure is one of the finest that has ever come to my desk. All honor to that dear neighbor and her valley!

HERE is a homey, practical little adventure of another type. I think many of us will want to try this one out.

A Rural Exchange

Living in a strictly rural section, where time is money and but few are educated to do anything except the ordinary work at home, still we women folks found a need of "pin money" without a way of earning it.

So we started the plan of exchanging (selling), between ourselves, our services or our home-made products.

For instance, one lady who has an evaporator does evaporating for herself and her neighbors, handling corn, peaches and apples. Another cans strained honey for sale. Another grows cucumbers for pickle. Another makes a good "sweet clover" ointment and a "sticking salve." Still another cuts out patterns of children's garments, and another writes booklets of choice recipes. On every product thus prepared for sale, is a label containing the maker's name and the price of the article.

On a certain day in the fall all these neighbors come together and sell or exchange their products. This "Exchange," as it is called, takes place in a school building, and one of the neighbors nearby cares for all the small children, so as to give the mothers a "free day." The mothers enjoy this Exchange more than a fair or circus! Each one goes home cheered, encouraged, and financially better off.

Besides the few things I mentioned, many others are exchanged: hop pillows, to give to invalids as Christmas gifts; pine pillows made from pine needles gathered by the children and articles too numerous to mention. Now what better kind of neighboring could there be than that! MRS. HATTIE J. HALL.

Which brings us, dear neighbors, to a beautiful, spiritual adventure in neighboring sent in by a brother neighbor of ours who is now in his ninety-sixth year.

THERE is a wonderful lesson in this noble little letter. And there is inspiration, too. Read it, and see if you don't feel better—manlier or womanlier—for having peeped into this dear old minister's heart!

Taking Comfort to the Neighbors

I am an itinerant Methodist preacher on the reserve list. When I retired we settled in a suburban village near a city. Everything was new. There was no church organization there. The people were scattered. There were a few of each denomination. I was at a loss to know how to help. I instituted a preaching service at the schoolhouse and brought preachers from the city. Only a few people would attend.

But finally, our neighbors began to pass away by death. That opened a way to help. The first to die was the son of a Catholic family. I wrote to the father and mother and received a very cordial reply, with thanks for my sympathy and counsel. Some time after, the father died, and I wrote again to them. Again it was deeply appreciated.

When the wife of a prominent citizen suddenly passed away, I wrote to him, and received sincere thanks from the son and his wife. Last spring the only daughter of another neighbor died. I called, the day before the funeral, to show my sympathy. I felt their loss deeply and proposed to the mother that I pray with her. "Not today," she said; "but to-morrow at the funeral." So I made the opening prayer, at the pastor's request, and was most earnestly thanked.

The result of my neighboring? More love, confidence and real neighborly feeling than could otherwise have been, between us all.

REV. H. C. NORTHCOTT.

Until a fortnight hence, fellow members of The American Community Club, I give you greetings! And I wish you a May Day fragrant with the breath of spring flowers and merry with the ring of children's laughter.

Shame on the man who says, "The woman tempted me." Chances are that his backbone is out of plumb.

Gospel cream is needed to give richness to the milk of human kindness.

How to heat a church

A new system, cheaper to begin with and costs less to operate

A CHURCH is the most extravagant, wasteful building in town to heat.

One room in use; others silent, and unused. Wasteful low fire, wasteful forced draft, wasteful banked fire! Simply operating the furnace the worst way possible nearly all the week!

The trouble is that *no furnace* is built to heat different parts of a building intermittently.

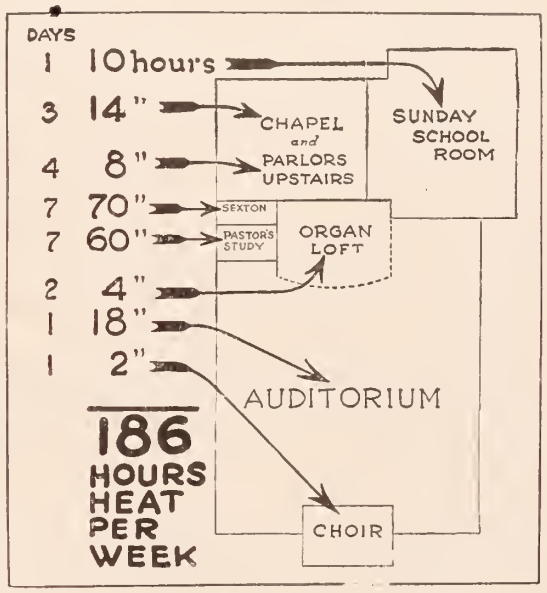
When the trustees are hard-headed business men, they see that a furnace, expressly planned to supply heat constantly and *evenly*, day and night, cannot be operated intermittently and jerkily, without fearful waste. Therefore they demand a radically different type for heating their church.

The Grinnell Ready-Heat System uses gas in self-regulating and self-ventilating radiators.

Grinnell Ready-Heat turns itself on only in the room or rooms to be used. By thermostatic control it heats the room quickly to any desired temperature and holds it there, without any further attention.

MARK THIS: Grinnell Ready-Heat is not like any other form of gas-heating. As a matter of fact, it is most hygienic of any form of heating, because all the products of combustion are drawn into a central flue and carried away. The pastor's residence, churchhouse, etc., at a distance, can be connected to the same duct.

Its ease of operation, its cleanliness, the fact it releases basements for other uses than the storage of coal and ashes, makes it an ideal system for many business-buildings and residences.



A net saving

1. Grinnell Ready-Heat is cheaper to install because expensive boilers and furnaces are not required.

2. Cheaper to operate since even an unskilled person can run the system; no ashes to dispose of.

3. Gas bills are generally less than coal bills.

Let our experts submit you a heating-plan. Write for booklet and give us kind and size of your present heating system, size of building, with full information as to number of hours per week the different rooms are used.

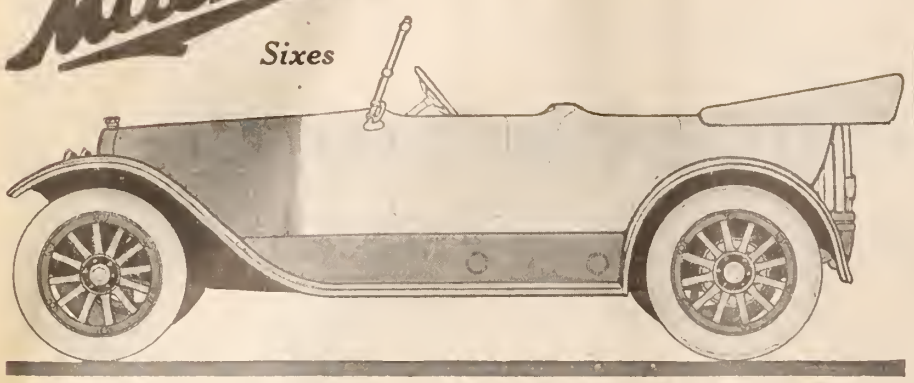
Address the General Fire Extinguisher Company, 276 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL READY HEAT RADIATORS

Keep the Air Pure

Mitchell

Sixes



A Great $1250 Six

This Year's Supreme Value

THE new Mitchell is the only Six this year with 120-inch wheelbase and 40-horsepower motor selling for as low as $1250. See what this car offers in everything you prize. See what extra values we attain through factory efficiency.

The car is long, low, roomy and impressive. The motor is our finest type, the final result of many years devoted to Sixes only.

The new-style body, built in our own new body plant, is a superb creation. The finish coats are fixed by heat.

The equipment is extra-complete. The rear springs are shock-absorbing to give you unique comfort. And all our scores of new improvements are embodied in this car.

New Standards

This car, like all new Mitchell models, is built to new standards of over-strength. We have added many specialists to the Mitchell staff—experts in endurance. They have studied every part to make this car a masterpiece of sturdiness.

Last year's Mitchells were the final result of 14 years of development. Yet never before in a single year have we worked out so many improvements—all due to these new experts.

Mitchell C-42—at $1525—offers equal over-value. No car in either price-class this year offers anything like these values.

Where We Save

We save through wonderful factory efficiency. We build the complete car—chassis and body—under scientific methods. We have worked for years to equip this plant to build the six-type economically. To build it better than our rivals, to give you more, and to sell at smaller profit.

Go see in these new models the final results of these efforts. They will amaze you and delight you. Also write for our new catalog.

Mitchell D-40

A high-grade Six with 120-inch wheelbase and 40-horsepower motor. Built as Touring Car, Roadster, Sedan and Coupe. Touring Car price, $1250 at factory.

Mitchell C-42

127-inch wheelbase, 48-horsepower-motor. Built in 12 new-style bodies. Touring Car price, $1525 at factory.

Prices subject to change without notice.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc., Racine, Wis.

[631]

Young People's Topics for May 5

Progressive Christians

Epworth League Topic. Heb. 5 : 12, 6 : 1; II Peter 1 : 1-11

A GREAT many people live the rest of their Christian lives in the moment of conversion. They know the exact minute, hour and day on which the Lord spoke peace to their souls. Some of them even remember all the attending circumstances and will be found twenty years later telling what great things the Lord did for them on that one day so long ago. That is all very well. It is proper that we should have a real experience of religion, but a Christian life that means anything will not stop with the glory of conversion. It will add, day by day, those powers which growth in grace brings to the loyal heart. If our lives are to be multiplied in the lives of others we must be strong in the Lord and able to communicate to others the faith of our own hearts. Peter, in the references for this lesson, outlines a complete course in Christian growth.

If to our faith we can make the progressive additions outlined by the apostle, we will not only be too busy in well-doing to mar our Christian influence with pettiness, or gossip, or unkind acts, but we will find ourselves achieving a power for Christ such as we have envied in others in the early days of our Christian life.

Christian Duty and Privilege. V. Conduct in the Home and School

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topic. Eph. 6 : 1-9; Mark 5 : 5-19

MANY a person who has a reputation for good nature abroad fails to carry that reputation across the threshold of his own home. Many a home, nominally Christian, is full of contention, parents nagging their children, the children yielding ungraciously to the requests of those whose wish should be their pleasure, the servants, if any, coming under the same spell and leaving at more or less regular intervals, and even the dogs and cats meeting newcomers with an air of suspicion. It is hard for such a home to send into the world those who shall convince sinners that they need Christ. But there are other homes, the very entrance into which is a benediction, where soft-voiced parents have but to request and younger feet and hands are swift to reply; where servants stay on and on and household pets partake of the general good nature. From such homes have gone forth strong men and women who have led the world upward, who have made the spirit of Christ visible to the lives about them. It is the duty of all who name the name of Christ, to meet others with consideration, need with helpfulness, sharp words with kindness, and contention with patience. It is the privilege of Christians at home and in school to exemplify in their own lives that spirit of love and service which made Jesus of Nazareth, the Great Teacher, loved of thousands in his ministry, and which was especially characteristic of His mission as the Saviour of mankind.

AN Educational Guide for Foreign Students has been issued by the International Committee of Y. M. C. A., 124 East Twenty-eighth Street, New York. In publishing this Guide an effort has been made to give general information concerning foreign students in North America—their number, distribution, activities, and problems. The Guide is being distributed in Spanish, English and Japanese editions among educators, government officials and prospective students in Latin America, the Orient and other parts of the foreign field.

LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Listerine cleanses and keeps clean the fresh wound and hastens natural healing by preventing infection.

Manufactured only by
Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Easiest To Play

The Saxophone is the most popular instrument today in America and the easiest to learn to play. Unrivaled for home entertainment, for school, church and lodge. In big demand in orchestra dance music. Most beautiful tone of all wind instruments. With the chart we send you, you can learn to play the scale on

The Saxophone

and Easy to Pay

in one evening. Practice is a pleasure because of quick results. In a few weeks you can be playing popular airs. Be the first in your community. Send today for free booklet and easy payment plan; also Catalog of True-Tone Cornets, Trombones, Clarinets and other Band and Orchestra Instruments.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
259 Jackson St., Elkhart, Ind.

GRAY HAIR

Restored in 4 to 8 Days

Not dyed—but restored to its original color! Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a pure colorless liquid, clean and dainty as water. You simply comb it through the hair and the gray disappears.

Send For Free Trial Bottle

Explain just what color your hair was before it turned gray—black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown. Better, enclose a lock with your letter.

We will send you the trial bottle and special comb with which to apply it. When you want the regular size you can get it direct from us if you prefer not to buy it from your druggist.

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St. Paul, Minn. *Established 50 Years*

Invalid Wheel Chairs at Manufacturer's Prices

We are the only makers of Invalid Chairs selling direct to the user. Send for our large free Catalog F showing many styles.

FRANK S. BETZ CO.
Hammond, Indiana

WILL SAVE YOUR CHICKS

Any reader of this paper who will write P. J. Kelly, the Poultryman, at 25 N. 2nd St., Minneapolis, Minn., will receive a Free Copy of his new booklet, "White Diarrhoea in Baby Chicks." It tells how to prevent, remedy and save the whole hatch. It's free; write for it at once. (Adv.)

This FREE Shoe Book

is crowded with photographs and descriptions of Ezwear shoes for Men, Women and Children. Ezwear shoes are sent postpaid, guaranteed to combine comfort, style and quality, to fit perfectly or money back. Amazingly low prices. *Send for your copy today.*

The E.C. Simon Shoe 1589 BROADWAY BROOKLYN NY

PURE — WHITE MOUNTAIN — COLD

"The Chest with the Chill in it"

The suggestion or thought of the word "Refrigerator" instantly brings to mind "WHITE MOUNTAIN." Why? Because of its world wide recognition as the standard of refrigerators. The home is not really quite complete without a "WHITE MOUNTAIN" refrigerator. Catalogues and booklets showing over 200 different styles and sizes mailed upon request.

DUPLEX CIRCULATION — GERM PROOF

MAINE MFG. CO. REFRIGERATORS NASHUA N.H.

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

Bone-Dry!

Until It is Filled by Our Service Station for Your Car.

Another Exclusive Advantage of

Threaded Rubber Insulation

Thus for the first time has been realized what has been the dream of engineers since the infancy of electric starting and lighting.

When you buy a Still Better Willard with Threaded Rubber Insulation—you know it's brand new *because it is made and shipped to the Service Station* BONE-DRY.

Not a drop of acid touches it till it is ready for immediate service. The battery solution is put into it, and the battery fully charged, just before it goes on the car.

The reason that this is the only type of storage battery which can be and is shipped bone-dry is because it has Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation between the plates.

In addition it is the one automobile starting and lighting battery with the advantages of complete protection to the life of the plates through a hard rubber insulation that neither lessens voltage nor increases the size and weight of the battery. It is a brand new battery when you get it and a better battery as long as you have it.

When in service on your car, however, it must be filled with distilled water at regular intervals, like any other battery.

You owe it to yourself to learn all about this remarkable Willard improvement in battery quality. It costs a little more, but the slightly higher price is far offset by the assurance of dependable starting and lighting.

Go to the Willard Service Station and let them tell you all about it. Meantime, write Willard Storage Battery Company, Cleveland, for an interesting free book, "The Story of 196,000 Little Threads."

"19 HOURS to a GALLON"

Low Cost Cooking

Thorough rapid cooking and baking at much lower cost than with either gas, coal or wood, make Detroit Vapor Stoves a perfect answer to the national demand for economy in food and fuel.

Wickless Burners

They are like gas stoves in construction. No wicks or wick substitutes are used. Durable iron burners vaporize the oil so that they burn a gas instead of a liquid fuel, giving an intensely hot blue flame that can be regulated to any requirement.

The kettles go on as soon as the match is struck. Double walled ovens distribute the heat and use it twice.

The National Food Administration considers the use of oil cookstoves a very important help in the necessary conservation of coal for war purposes.

DETROIT VAPOR STOVES
"Work Like Gas"

Burn Oil, Gasoline or Distillate

Each stove is complete in itself, fuel supply and all. No piping or pressure tank.

Some good dealer in your town sells Detroit Vapor Stoves. Go to his store and ask for a demonstration. Also write for our free Stove Book C3. Write today. (60)

The Detroit Vapor Stove Co., Detroit, Mich.

Over the Bargain Counter

Webster defines a bargain as "an advantageous purchase." Under that definition anything you buy through the advertising columns of CHRISTIAN HERALD is a bargain, and CHRISTIAN HERALD itself may be likened to a bargain counter, piled high with all kinds of worthy merchandise.

Any of these articles are an advantageous purchase for you because they are wholly reliable, sure to satisfy.

Value counter would be an apter designation for CHRISTIAN HERALD because whatever merchandise changes hands here is a good value—worth its price. No other kind is ever displayed on this counter or permitted to be placed here.

The simple fact that a thing appears here is sufficient recommendation of its worth—instantly stamps it "an advantageous purchase."

CHRISTIAN HERALD

Following Others

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

MY manuscript basket today held a tiny article by Susie A. Mathis of Memphis, Tennessee. Mrs. Mathis drives an automobile, and she has used it as an example to teach a lesson and to point a moral. I am going to quote her article in full:

"The storage battery on my car needed recharging and my lights were well-nigh out. So dim were they that in the glare of the hundreds I was meeting, I could hardly detect the roadside and almost ran, several times, into the wood that grew close to the road. Suddenly a car going my way crashed by at a dangerous rate of speed, but the temptation to keep up and follow its rear light overcame me, and I opened my throttle and pursued. On we went at this mad gait, bouncing over rocks, car tracks and tiny gullies—treacherous enough perhaps to break an axle—for any or all of which I would have slowed down carefully or avoided them altogether, had I been choosing my own way.

"About a half a mile of such experience brought me to my senses, and I resumed my usual speed, trusting that by going slowly I would get safely home.

"How prone we are to follow others! Especially if they move rapidly!

"They have bright lights, they are attractive and move with such velocity that we find neither the time nor the place to ask, 'Where are you going?' It is usually the bumps that bring us to our senses.

"*Keep your moral storage batteries charged and follow your own light!*"

MARIAN ELLIS went to school with me. She was a sweet little girl with big, trusting blue eyes and a mass of fluffy hair—the type of girl that one feels like protecting from the great world and its disillusionments. Her voice was never raised in contradiction, her pleasant little smile was never dimmed by a shadow of wilfulness. She was always ready to resign her amusements in favor of ours—she was always ready to play her games in our way, even when her way was the better one!

Naturally she was rather popular with our childishly domineering set, for what child doesn't like to have his own way? I remember confiding one day to my Favorite Teacher that I liked Marian better than any of the other girls.

"Just what, I wonder," questioned my Favorite Teacher musingly, "is her chief charm?"

"She's so—sweet!" I answered, rather limply.

"Just what do you mean," continued my Favorite Teacher, "by 'sweet'?"

"I mean," I tried to explain, "that we all like her 'cause she always does things our way. 'Cause she never fusses when we cross her. 'Cause she never has any special thing she likes best. She always seems glad to do what we want her to, even when it's something that gets her into a scrape, or tears her frock. That's what I mean!"

"Well,"—my Favorite Teacher leaned her firm chin on her capable hand—"that's all very nice, now, *for Marian's friends:* but—" And suddenly my Favorite Teacher seemed to have forgotten my presence—seemed to have forgotten that she wasn't talking to herself—"but it's going to be mighty hard for Marian herself, when she's older!"

I LOOKED at my Favorite Teacher wonderingly, and I felt, as I looked, the shattering of an ideal—for it seemed to me that my Favorite Teacher was lacking in judgment and good common sense. Marian was a comfort to all of us; why should the very characteristics that made her so pleasant react, later, to her disadvantage?

And yet, later, I found that my Favorite Teacher had been right. For Marian's lack of decision made everything very hard for her. When she grew out of short skirts and hanging-down hair, she did not grow out of her habit of depending on other people—and following where they led. Our town, while she was still very young, marked her with the stamp of its disapproval because she followed the most showy crowd—tho flashy, dominating powers that half-compelled her to go in their way. She did many indiscreet things because she was not strong enough to follow her own weaker lights. A few of us who had always known her realized that it was not recklessness on Marian's part; that it was only lack of decision—the same lack of decision that had helped to make her such a charming child. But we could not make others realize what we understood.

Everybody knows a certain one of Æsop's fables about a man and a boy and a donkey. They know how people coming past and giving advice influenced the man and the boy, so that they first lost their personal comfort and then they lost their donkey into the bargain. And nobody, reading the fable, feels in the least sorry for them; because the reader understands that if they had had the strength of their convictions, they would not have come to grief.

WHEN your lights are dim, it's necessary to drive slowly if you want to get safely home. There will always be other lights flashing by at a reckless speed, which you may wish to follow; but if your own lights are too low to see by, it's rarely safe to follow another's lights. For another's lights, no matter how brightly they gleam through the darkness, may be a will-o-the-wisp that will eventually lure you away from the road into some wood, or swamp, or morass. And if you follow too fast in order to keep those other lights in sight, you may come to grief on the rough stretches of road that you would have avoided had you been following your own way. "It is usually the bumps," writes Mrs. Mathis, "that bring us to our senses!"

There will be bumps in every road of life—no matter through what pleasant places that road may lie. For no road can be absolutely smooth. But if you are careful, the bumps need have no unpleasant after-affects; they can be taken easily and made to serve as a lesson and a warning against other bumps to come. If you follow your own lights—lights of truth, and faith in yourself and others, and good common sense—you'll have small cause to worry. But if you follow other lights, striving pitifully the while to keep up with them, nearly anything may happen!

It's easy enough to follow a crowd—
Sheep do!
But I fancy a sheep would never care
Whether it got—well, anywhere;
I don't want to be a sheep myself—
Do you?

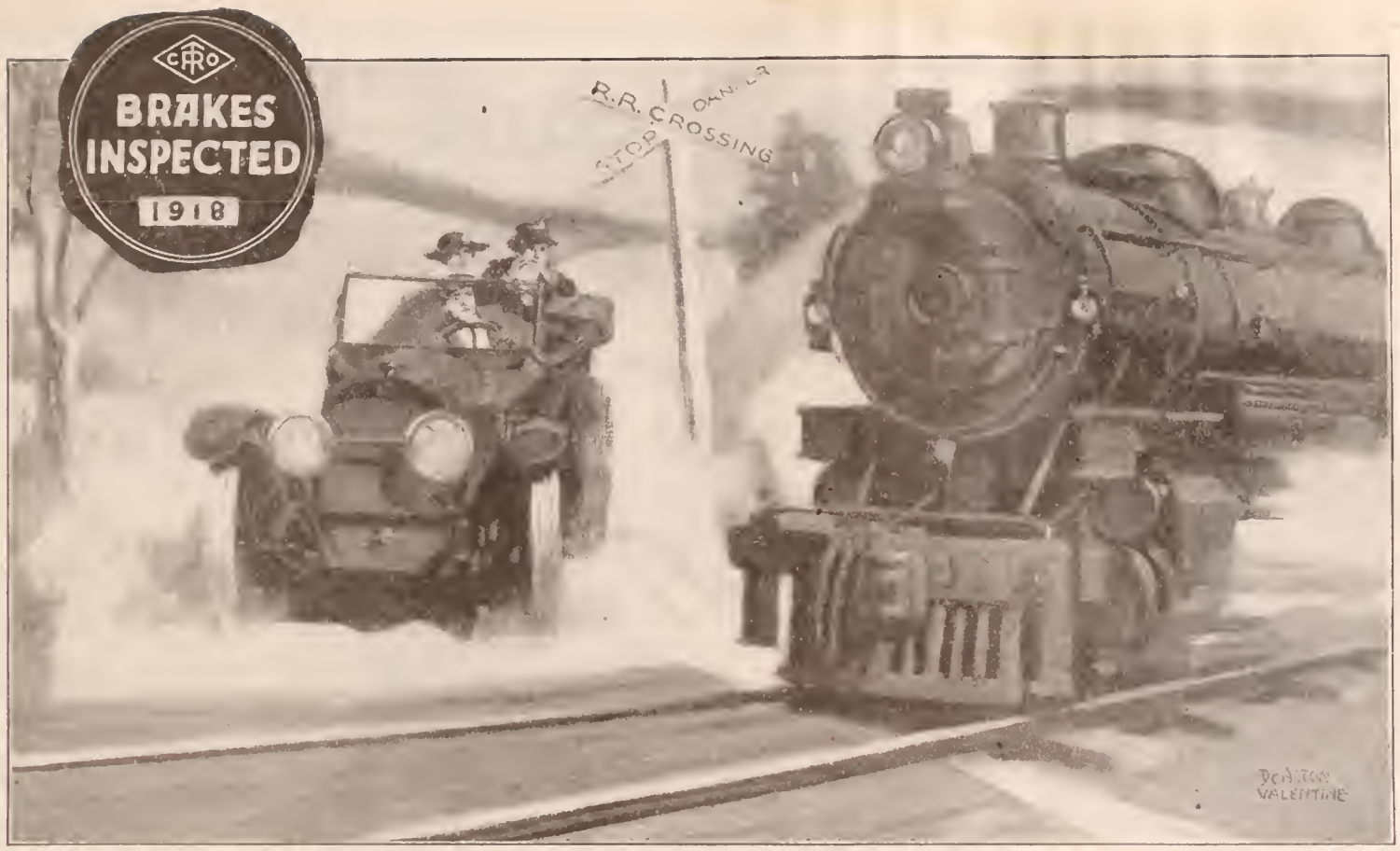
It's easy enough to follow a crowd,
But I
Would rather go in a worth-while way,
Making my path from day to day. . . .
It's easy as following others if
You try!

Back to the Simple Life

"GO back to the simple life," writes Mr. Hoover; "be contented with simple food, simple pleasures, simple clothes. Work hard, pray hard, play hard. Work, eat, recreate and sleep. Do it all courageously. We have a victory to win."

LE PAGE'S GLUE HANDY TUBES
MEND - DON'T SPEND

A SMALL FARM in California will make you more money with less work. You will live longer and better. Delightful climate. Rich soil. Low prices. Easy terms. Sure profits. Hospitable neighbors. Good roads, schools and churches. Write for our San Joaquin Valley illustrated folders free. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Commissioner, Santa Fe Ry., 1983 Ry. Exch., Chicago.



How quickly could *you* stop?

Don't wait for an emergency to test your brakes

WHEN the unexpected happens can you count absolutely on your brakes? At the moment they are most needed will they act quickly, surely and safely?

They are out of sight and for that reason are frequently not given the attention which they demand. Yet on their efficiency depends your enjoyment and safety.

With so much depending on good brakes is it wise for you to neglect them?

A simple inspection by your garage man will tell you definitely if they are safe. Perhaps only a slight adjustment is necessary to make them dependable instead of doubtful.

If they do need relining you most certainly want to know it.

Endorsed by automobile manufacturers

The engineers of fifty-one leading manufacturers, ten axle makers, and countless jobbers and dealers have selected Thermoid Brake Lining because they know its dependability.

1. More material, greater service—There is over 40% more material and 60% more labor used in the manufacture of Thermoid Brake Lining than in any woven brake lining. This abundance of material and labor must mean longer wear.

2. Grapnalized—an exclusive process which creates resistance to moisture, oil and gasoline. Under ordinary conditions of service, Thermoid is impervious to any kind of moisture.

3. Hydraulic compressed, uniform throughout—Every square inch of Thermoid is hydraulic compressed at a pressure of 2,000 pounds.

Because of this Thermoid is uniform all the way through. It cannot compress in service. There are no soft spots to wear out. It must give uniform service until worn cardboard-thin.

The measure of Thermoid value

These three exclusive features form the measure of Thermoid value to the motorist—his assurance of longest, safest service at the lowest possible price.

Have your dealer inspect your brakes today. He will show you Thermoid Brake Lining that you may see why it is so different, so efficient and long wearing. If he hasn't Thermoid we will gladly send a sample.

Be sure to accept no substitute, our guarantee protects you. ***Thermoid will make good—or WE WILL.*** It is positively guaranteed to outwear and give more satisfactory service than any other brake lining.

Thermoid Rubber Company

Factory and Main Offices: Trenton, N. J.

Branches:

New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Indianapolis, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Boston, London, Turin, Paris

Canadian Distributors

The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company, Limited, Montreal
Branches in all principal Canadian cities

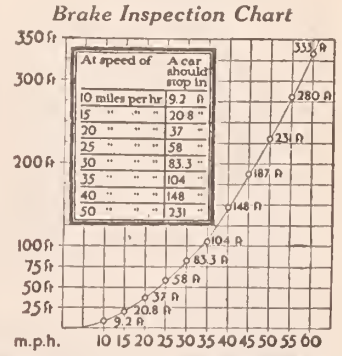
Brake Inspection Movement

Prominent officials, leading clubs and organizations and motorists everywhere have endorsed this big national movement to reduce automobile accidents, by having all brakes inspected before the touring season begins, and regularly thereafter.
Give it your support.

$\frac{V^2}{10.8}$ **Will your car do this?**

Automobile engineers have proved that when brake mechanism is right and road conditions average, any car should stop at distances and speeds given by the chart.
V^2 means the square of the velocity or speed of your car; 10.8 is the proved factor of retardation under average road conditions. This factor decreases on smooth, slippery roads to 6.7 and increases as high as 17.4 on rough, worn roads. The chart represents the average condition, and other conditions can readily be figured by changing the factor within the given limits.
Remember that your brake mechanism is not "right" unless its brake lining has the ideal coefficient of friction. The better the brake lining the quicker your stop.

Thermoid
Brake Inspection Chart



Makers of "Thermoid Crolide Compound Casings" and "Thermoid Garden Hose"

© Thermoid Rubber Co., 1918

"Surely Sober Second Thought Will Prevent Any Such Blunder"

—Woodrow Wilson.

THE Christian Herald believes that the new zone system of second class postage regulations will be harmful not only to American publishers but to all American business, including the supreme business of making war in the most vigorous and the shortest manner. It is a dangerous experiment to increase the mailing costs of American publications at the very time when the production of American publications should be encouraged and not discouraged.

Every dollar that the Post Office Department can save by decreasing the postal facilities of the American periodicals will be faithfully reflected in the loss of hundreds of dollars to the Government in other ways.

Every decrease in the circulation and the influence of the national periodicals will be faithfully reflected in a decrease in the business activities, the business productivity, the taxable capacity and the solidarity of thought, ideal and purpose of the entire nation.

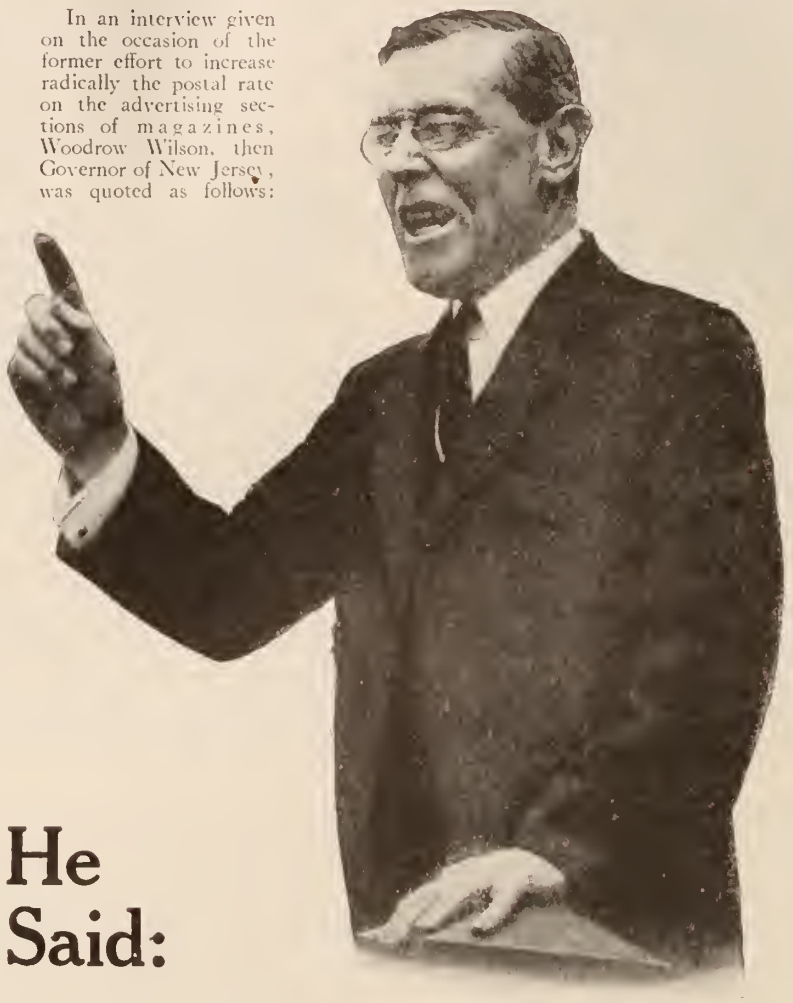
It is simply impossible to overestimate the greatness of the aid which the American press has given to the Government in the huge task of mobilizing the resources of the country, both military and economic. It is absolutely correct to say that without the help freely and enthusiastically given by the American press the Government could not have succeeded in floating the Liberty Loans, in selling the millions of War Savings Stamps or in putting in operation the machinery of food and fuel conservation.

WHEN the oppressor in 1774 desired to curb the growing spirit of independence and union among our colonial forefathers, he raised the postal rates on their newspapers and periodicals of that day to a prohibitive cost in order that they might not be able to come to a common understanding and purpose. This is the same kind of law—the most disastrous and destructive law ever passed in the history of postal legislation. Huge postage increases will destroy opportunities for periodical reading today just as certainly as it did in 1774, when the old royal and despotic authority deliberately raised postage rates for the purpose of destroying reading matter and its accessibility. Now, one hundred and forty-two years later, a Congress of the United States raises postage rates on newspapers and periodicals by increases of from 50 to 900 per cent. The logic of high cost is inevitable—reading will be decreased. The economic law that increased cost means decreased consumption is bound to work whether it is put in action by autocratic royalty or by the hasty thoughtlessness of our republic.

THE periodicals of national circulation are the great mediums for the exchange of public opinion on this great continent, for the creation of a national spirit, for the welding together of the thought and feeling of a widely diversified population scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Only by the instrumentality of such publications is the creation and the crystallization of a national sentiment, a national ideal and a national aspiration possible.

The national periodicals have obliterated sectional differences of opinion and purpose. In the pages of the periodicals the peoples of the East and the West, the North and the South, find a complete exposition of the issues, of the events, of the vast and multiform life of the country as a whole.

In an interview given on the occasion of the former effort to increase radically the postal rate on the advertising sections of magazines, Woodrow Wilson, then Governor of New Jersey, was quoted as follows:



He Said:

"It must be that those who are proposing this change of rates [magazine postal rate increase] do not comprehend the effect it would have. A tax upon the business of the more widely circulated magazines and periodicals would be a tax upon their means of living and performing their functions.

"They obtain their circulation by their direct appeal to the popular thought. Their circulation attracts advertisers. Their advertisements enable them to pay their writers and to enlarge their enterprise and influence.

"This proposed new postal rate would be a direct tax, and a very serious one, upon the formation and expression of opinion—its more deliberate formation and expression just at a time when opinion is concerning itself actively and effectively with the deepest problems of our politics and our social life.

"To make such a change now, whatever its intentions in the minds of those who propose it, **would be to attack and embarrass the free processes of opinion.**

"Surely sober second thought will prevent any such mischievous blunder."

A Letter from You Will Help a Lot.

IF you believe it is unfair to lay a penalty upon people because they live at a distance from New York, why not assert that belief where it will do good?

If you believe in the right of every citizen to have his mail delivered at the same rate, why not say so in a way that will be effective?

If you believe that no sections [should] be discriminated against in the cost of their reading matter, why not use your influence?

Write to your Congressman and one or both Senators.

Do this now for your own sake and for the sake of keeping the national periodicals really national and keeping the nation solidified.

Your Postmaster will give you the names of your Congressmen and Senators. Simply write to them that you believe the zone system of second-class postage is wrong in principle and will be unjust in practice, and that Congress ought to reconsider the matter.

WE URGE YOU TO DO IT WITHOUT DELAY.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Now is to be crippled or destroyed this agency, this homogeneity, by making it impossible, through prohibitive zone rates, for the Eastern periodical to reach the West and for the Western periodical to reach the East.

We face the establishment of distinct zones of publication, distinct zones of thought, feeling, ideals and purposes.

We face the destruction of that great force which the periodicals have been creating—the forces of a united public opinion and crystallized national and moral sentiment.

IN our neighbor country, Canada, the Government has adopted an exactly opposite policy. That Government has fully realized the vital importance of the assistance given by the Canadian press, and by way of grateful acknowledgment has *reduced* the postage rate upon Canadian publications fifty per cent. during the period of the war.

Canadian second-class mail rates were formerly one-half cent per pound, while ours were one cent per pound, and this former rate of one-half cent per pound has been reduced by the Canadian Government to one-quarter cent per pound.

Nor are these rates limited to the boundaries of Canada. They apply to publications sent from Canada to any part of the British possessions. The Canadian publisher can mail his publication to England, to South Africa, to Australia or to India at the rate of one-quarter cent per pound.

In France the Government has so deeply realized the powerful assistance of the French press, and the necessity of maintaining this assistance, that it has actually gone abroad to purchase print paper with public money, and to transport this paper to France in order to help the French press to maintain its circulation.

The striking contrast between the policy of Canada and France, after three years in the war, and that of our own Government calls for careful consideration.

THE postal function is a service to the American citizen, and cost is not the basis of a postal rate, but the value of the service is. The postal function is sympathetic with and identical in principle with all other great Government functions, the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Commerce, of education in local functioning of school departments; for in none of these is the cost of service to any individual citizen made the basis of a rate to him. It is a national social service to be paid for as a whole, as a social necessity, and not individually. There is no more reason to expect a profit in the Post Office Department than in the Agricultural Department, although the Post Office Department did make an excess of $9,000,000 last year.

THE words of Woodrow Wilson are noteworthy. They might have been written yesterday, so apt is the description and so pointed and stinging is his indictment of the dull folly and destructiveness of this postal legislation.

"Surely sober second thought will prevent any such mischievous blunder."

Will you help to repeal this unjust and disastrous law?

Bring these facts to the attention of your church, your society or the organization to which you belong; adopt resolutions demanding the repeal of this destructive law.

TROCO

The Successor to Butter

Made From the White Meat of Tropic Cocoanuts

WHILE European countries have long used butter made from cocoanuts, America has perfected the de luxe product. The flavor of Troco is only rivaled by the finest dairy product. The more critical you are the better you will appreciate the quality of Troco.

Your enjoyment of this new delicacy is increased by the thought of its appetizing ingredients. The fat from the same dainty white cocoanut meat you use shredded on cake and pure pasteurized milk is an appealing combination.

The fastidious care used in every process of making is another recommendation. The makers of Troco specialize in this one product.

High Nutritive Value

Troco, like butter, is invaluable energy food of the highest nutritive value. It is equally digestible and easily assimilated.

It is not a substitute for butter, but really butter's successor, solving the butter problem for millions.

Keeps its crisp, firm, sweetness perfectly during Summer weather. Just give it the same care you do butter.

Old laws, made before this great discovery, compel us to label it as an oleomargarine, but Troco contains no animal oils—and no preservatives—it is made only from vegetable fats and milk—wholesome, natural ingredients. A capsule of the same vegetable coloring used by butter makers supplied with every carton by your grocer.

Judge It for Quality Alone

Troco wins users on quality alone. You should judge it from this standpoint only. Compare it to the finest creamery butter you have ever used. Serve it without explanation. The unanimous verdict will be "Please pass the Troco."

Cook Book Free

Write for the new Troco Cook Book, it helps solve the problems of these highpriced days. Sent Free with our compliments.

TROCO NUT BUTTER COMPANY,

42 — Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.
220 E. Superior St., Chicago, Ill.
30 E. 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

What You Buy

When You Buy Food

First, you buy calories—the unit of nutrition.
In Quaker Oats you get 1810 calories per pound. In meats, eggs, fish and chicken—averaged—you get 750 calories per pound. So Quaker Oats excels there by 141 per cent.

You buy body-building elements and minerals.
As a flesh builder Quaker Oats is almost the same as lean beef. In lime, phosphorus and iron it is vastly superior to beef.

You buy palate-pleasing qualities.
No other grain food which Nature gives us can match Quaker Oats in flavor.

And you consider—or should—the cost.
In Quaker Oats you get 1000 calories for five cents. In meats, eggs, fish and chicken—averaged—those 1000 calories cost 48 cents. That is almost ten times as much.

Those are the overwhelming reasons for using more Quaker Oats. Make it your basic food. Make it the entire breakfast. Mix it with your flour foods to add flavor and save wheat.

Quaker Oats

The Doubly-Delicious Flakes

Quaker Oats won its world-wide supremacy by its exquisite flavor. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the big, rich, luscious oats.

We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

That flavor makes oat foods doubly delightful. And it costs you no extra price. Get it.

Cost comparisons based on prices current at time of writing
13c and 32c Per Package
Except in Far West and South

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
2 cups boiling water
¼ cup lukewarm water
½ cup sugar
1 cake yeast
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Sweetbits

1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2½ cups uncooked Quaker Oats.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

Quaker Oats Muffins

⅔ cup Quaker Oats, 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Ships, Ships, More Ships

Continued from page 513

THEY are building the wooden fleet along the Atlantic all the way from Sandy Point, Me., to Jacksonville, Fla., and along the Gulf of Mexico from Tampa to Port Aransas, in Texas, within a few miles of Mexico. They are building ships at forty different yards on the Pacific, beginning at Salmon bay, north of Seattle, and extending south to Wilmington, Cal., not far from Los Angeles. They are building them on the great lakes and on a half dozen rivers not far from the sea. In all there are more than one hundred shipyards making these vessels, and there is an army of more than 100,000 men who have been more or less trained in wooden shipbuilding engaged upon them. A considerable number of vessels have already been constructed, and by the 1st of next July I am told that 200 of the new wooden ships will have been put in the water, and a little later seventy will be carrying cargo abroad. By fall we should be launching one wooden vessel a day.

THE work of getting out the timber for the wooden ships has been largely handled by the big lumber and sawmill associations of the country. In the south the work has been done by the Southern Pine Emergency Bureau and other bureaus, and in the west by the West Coast Lumber Emergency Bureau, all organizations of which most of the mill owners are members. Mr. Lynde Palmer, the manager of the West Coast Lumber Emergency Bureau, tells me that something like 5,000,000,000 feet of fir will be cut in the states of Washington and Oregon this year, and that 10 or 15 per cent of this will be suitable for shipbuilding purposes. The orders of the eastern yards include 65,000,000 feet of large timbers, and among them about 7,000 pieces of spars and masts. Some of the masts are ninety feet long and about two feet in diameter. They are all hewn to an octagon shape in the woods before they are shipped. The West Coast Bureau had exported in the neighborhood of 50,000,000 feet by the first of April.

Four hundred and thirty-four ships have been contracted for. The aggregate tonnage of the wooden fleet will equal more shipping than was made by Great Britain in the year before she entered the war, or about four times as much as the United States was annually building prior to that time.

Submit Your Answers to the National Bible Picture Study, by May 31, 1918

PARTICIPANTS in the *National Bible Picture Study* may now submit their sets of verses, and all sets *must* be submitted by May 31, 1918. Sets mailed as late as that final date—May 31—will be accepted, even though we receive them much later; the postmark will show that they were mailed on time.

The following excerpt from the Rules gives the directions for submitting sets. Everyone must follow these directions:

"Participants may submit sets of answers after April 22, 1918, but not later than May 31, 1918—which is the last day for submitting answers. Sets of answers sent by mail must be mailed not later than May 31, 1918. Sets of answers sent by express must be delivered at the express office on or before May 31, 1918. Participants who present sets of answers at the Christian Herald office personally or by personal messenger must do so before 5 P.M. May 31, 1918."

Tell your postal clerk, when he weighs your set of answers, that it must go as first class mail, upon which the postage rate is now three cents for each ounce or fraction. One Answer Book, in a thin envelope or light wrapper, will require nine cents in stamps. If wrapper or envelope is at all heavy, the postage will be twelve cents or more.

Be *sure* your set of answers carries sufficient postage! And do not fold or roll your set of answers; wrap it up *flat*.

DEAF?

"I Now Hear Clearly"

You, Too, Can Hear!

Inasmuch as 300,000 users of the "ACOUSTICON" have had the same results from it as Mr. Garrett Brown, whose photo appears above, we feel perfectly safe in urging every deaf person, without a penny of expense, solely and entirely at our risk, to accept the

1918 Acousticon

For 10 Days' Free Trial DICTOGRAPH PRODUCT **No Deposit No Expense**

Since the perfecting of our new 1918 "ACOUSTICON"—smaller, better and just as strong as ever, it is no more noticeable than in the above picture.

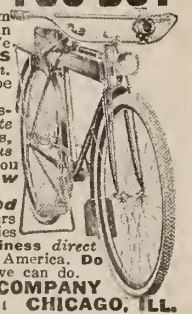
All you need to do is to write saying that you are hard of hearing and will try the "ACOUSTICON." The trial will not cost you one cent, for we even pay delivery charges.

WARNING! There is no good reason why everyone should not make as liberal a trial offer as we do, so do not send money for any instrument for the deaf until you have tried it.

The "ACOUSTICON" has improvements and patented features which cannot be duplicated, so no matter what you have tried in the past, send for your free trial of the "ACOUSTICON" today and convince yourself—you alone to decide. Address

GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO., 1314 Candler Bldg., New York
Canadian Address, 621 New Birks Bldg., Montreal

TRY BEFORE YOU BUY



Select the bicycle you prefer from the **44 styles** colors and sizes in the famous **"Ranger"** line. We send it on approval and **30 DAYS' TRIAL**, *freight paid to your town.* Return it if not pleased and the trial costs you nothing.

Write at once for large illustrated catalog showing *complete line* of bicycles, tires and supplies, and particulars of *most marvelous offer* ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our ***low prices*** and *remarkable terms.*

RIDER AGENTS Wanted —Boys, make money taking orders for Bicycles, ***Tires*** and Sundries from our big catalog. **Do Business** *direct* with the leading bicycle house in America. **Do not buy** until you ***know*** what we can do.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. M 71 CHICAGO, ILL.

Don't feed Rats – Kill them with
Common Sense RAT EXTERMINATOR
"destroys without odor"
Sold by dealers for 25 years – 25¢
DEALERS: Write us for our make good or money back proposition.
COMMON SENSE MFG. CO. BUFFALO, N.Y. TORONTO, CAN.

"I always keep a box of **BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES** in my pocket. I find them splendid in soothing throat irritations, in relieving tickling, coughing and hoarseness, and in strengthening the vocal cords." Medicinally prepared, they are not a confection. The 10c. size box fits the vest pocket. Don't be without them. At all Druggists. 10c, 25c, 50c, $1.00. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will mail any size upon receipt of price.
JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

Use Cuticura Soap To Clear Your Skin

All druggists: Soap 25. Ointment 25 & 50. Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. M, Boston."

WANTED AN IDEA! THINK OF SOME SIMPLE THING TO PATENT. Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," and "How to Get Your Patent."
RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 95, Washington, D. C.

Patent Sense "The book the Inventor KEEPS." Worth more than all other patent books combined. FREE on request. Write
Lacey & Lacey, 135 Springer Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Your stove will like this hint

Wherever there's a stove there's bound to be drippings—especially greasy ones. Because Gold Dust is such a gentle, effective grease-dissolvent most housekeepers keep a package handy. Try it on the zinc, tin or galvanized iron *under* your stove. Try it *on top* your stove where grease has sputtered from the skillet. Try it on the drip tray on your gas range. You'll like the way Gold Dust gets rid of the grease. You'll like the fresh cleanliness Gold Dust leaves behind it. (*Advertisement.*)

NOTICE TO READER: When you finish reading this magazine place a 1 cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employee and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapping—no address. A. S. Burleson, Postmaster-General.

Christian Herald

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VOL. 41—NO. 18. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Photograph by John Kabel

The silent lake is swept with gold; the setting sun's last ray
Is like a benediction at the closing of the day!

COPYRIGHT 1918 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

WHEN lace curtains come from the tub without needing first aid from needle and thread, it is almost certain that they have been washed with Ivory Soap.

The thick, lasting Ivory suds loosen the dirt so effectively that the curtains do not have to be rubbed on the board.

Ivory Soap itself is so pure and so free from uncombined alkali and all other harsh ingredients that it does not weaken a single thread.

Lace curtains can be washed repeatedly with Ivory Soap without showing any sign of wear from the washing. Its use makes for beauty and longer life in all delicate fabrics.

To Wash Lace Curtains

SHAKE and brush to remove the dust and soak in Ivory Soap suds over night. Work the curtains gently up and down in the suds and squeeze them between the hands to get the dirt out. Put them into clean warm suds and keep changing the water until the curtains are clean. Never wring curtains by hand; lay them on a strip of cloth and put carefully through the wringer. Rinse well in several waters, and put through hot, moderately thick starch. If the curtains are white, the starch should be blued; if cream color, strong coffee should be added to it. Pin each point carefully to the drying frame and set in the air to dry. Two or three curtains may be dried at the same time on one frame. If you have no frame, lay clean sheets over the floor of an unused room, stretch the curtains into shape, square and true, and pin each point so that it will not slip. If points are out of shape when dry, they may be dampened with a cloth and ironed.

IVORY SOAP . . . .

IT FLOATS . . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

The personnel of the first contingent of the Red Cross Palestine Expedition

Bottom row, left to right: W. C. Groeniger, G. S. Pease, H. W. Carson, J. M. Vance, M. Ogden, T. Waters, Dr. E. St. J. Ward, W. S. Dodd, C. E. Clark, J. K. Marden, H. C. Hurd, J. Norman, E. H. Williams. Top row, left to right: H. S. Huntington, Jr., G. F. Loehr, G. C. Hunter, B. C. Milliken, J. H. Nichol, S. Edgar, E. O. Jago, A. A. Bacon, J. A. Brown, A. E. Kelsey

On the Way to the Holy Land

The Red Cross Expedition and Its Purpose. The Pilgrim Ship and Its Passengers

By THEODORE WATERS

[The American Red Cross recently appointed a Commission to visit Jerusalem, and it is now "Somewhere on the Atlantic." A representative of the Christian Herald, Mr. Theodore Waters, is one of the active members of the Commission, and in the letter below he tells of the journey and the problems to be encountered. Christian Herald readers have always taken a deep interest in the Holy Land, which has been lately so wonderfully redeemed from Moslem rule, and toward which the eyes of Christians and Jews throughout the whole world are now turned with earnest expectation. During the coming months every successive step in connection with the Commission's work in Palestine will be described in Mr. Waters' correspondence, which will appear in these pages.]

IT is now nearly a week since the "pilgrim ship" left its dock to carry the Palestine Commission of the Red Cross to the land of the halt, the maimed and the blind. It is plowing steadily onward through the sea, and as each day goes by one gets a very definite idea of the great purposes and the high ideals of those on board. Here are nearly sixty young men and women, bound in spirit like the Crusaders of old, to rescue the Holy Land from the terrible incubus that hangs upon it. And what an incubus it is, unhappiness, want, sickness, starvation, death, the whole gamut of human misery.

But these Crusaders, unlike those of old, are carrying not only the methods of civilization into this unfortunate country, but the power, the spirit, the knowledge and the enthusiasm to rejuvenate the country, not only in a spiritual but in a material aspect as well. There are missionaries returning to work from furloughs interrupted by the war. There are missionaries who have never been to the Holy Land before, but full of enthusiasm for the work. There are doctors full of the knowledge of modern medical discovery and eager to put it into practice among the disease-ridden people. There are nurses galore, ready to assist the medical men in helping the people back to health. There are men and women social workers who will go about the cities and the villages studying conditions, helping the people to immediate relief, and endeavoring to plan the best ways to bring about a betterment among the inhabitants and make it permanent. There are sanitary engineers who will plan necessary reforms in the sanitary condition of Palestine.

And down under us, in the hold, is an advance shipment of supplies to enable these earnest pilgrims in a great cause of health and prosperity to bring about the objects of their desire. For instance, there is a rock-crusher, 4 concrete mixers, cement, metal piping and other equipment, to teach better methods of drainage. The people of Palestine, for the most part, now depend on rain water from the roofs. There are agricultural implements which the experts will distribute among the people to teach them modern farming. There are three farm tractors, a road-making machine, 15 one-ton motor trucks, 4 gas engines, 4 lighting plants, a hoisting engine, an ice-making machine, and 5 touring cars to enable the members of the Commission to move about the country rapidly. Down in the hold are 100 sewing machines which the women at the Holy Land will be taught to run. In the matter of money value the chief part of the cargo is the big supply of medicine. Other shipments will follow; for Palestine is no small place, and it will take a deal of work to make it whole again.

BUT on shipboard, the magnitude of the task in nowise disheartens those about to undertake it; not that they do not appreciate its extent, but their enthusiasm is unbounded and their faith is of the kind that moves mountains. But it is not all enthusiasm and faith on our stanch ship. Every hour of the day is full of work necessary in preparation for the greater work to come. It is a steady but interesting routine.

Lieut. Col. E. St. J. Ward, Deputy Commissioner

© Press Illustrating Co.
Dr. John H. Finley, Commissioner

Major Theodore Waters

AT six in the morning, the picturesque, white costumed East Indian awakens us and bids us prepare for the first morning tea. Then the bath, followed by the morning drill for the men and women, and general calisthenics. It is somewhat strenuous, particularly for those unaccustomed to it; but it should make us hard as nails by the time we reach Palestine. At eight we breakfast, the meal being followed by morning service. At nine we take an hour's lesson in Arabic, the language of the Holy Land. At ten there is generally a lecture on Palestine. At

twelve, dinner, the principal meal of the day, during which we talk to one another in such Arabic as we have acquired. At two-thirty there are lectures in French, followed perhaps by lectures on various phases of the work ahead. At five or five-thirty there is more drilling. At six, the evening meal followed by an evening of song or story. When the moon is up and the weather fine, the travelers love to gather on deck and tell their experiences, their aspirations and their hopes. It is then that we are able to see more clearly each other's characters, plumbing depths of earnestness that perhaps had been unsuspected. It is then that we obtain a truer insight into the ideals of these earnest workers in the uplift of the world. Some of the experiences of the missionaries who have worked in the Holy Land recall the terrible need of the poor people there for just such help as we can give them. Here is one which shows the awful depths of misery to which a people can sink.

"I remember," said the Rev. E. O. Jago, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, seven years a missionary in Palestine, "when we were building the American Church in Jerusalem, Rev. Paul Joiner thought it would be a good idea to give a weekly meal to the lame, the halt, and the blind of the city. The church had been built to the second floor and it was decided to feed the people up there. Announcement was made, food was procured, and we awaited the day of the feast. At the hour fixed I was attracted by the noise of a gathering throng. I looked out of the door and I was appalled at the sight. Literally hundreds of miserable creatures were coming from all directions. Some of them were tapping their way along the street; some, who were blind, were feeling their way from post to post, or along the walls; some were down on the ground literally dragging their emaciated bodies along through the crowd. And such sounds, the cries of the famished!

"Upstairs was a big pot filled to the brim with boiling rice, presided over by some native workers. The mob squeezed and pushed its way upstairs, the more active first, the weaker next, the actually decrepit last, fighting, pushing, crying, cursing—Christians, Mohammedans, Jews. They surrounded the pot, crowding each other closer and closer to the steaming hot mess, till I thought they would thrust their hands into its smoking middle. The food was dealt out, they snatched at it, thrust it into their mouths, smeared their faces with it and licked their lips voraciously. It was all too little to satisfy their hunger. They ate it to the last morsel and went away grumbling and calling for more, some even hanging around until dark in hope more might be forthcoming. That was just before the war, in normal, prosperous times, as it were. What can it be *now?*"

Nurses attached to the Palestine Expedition

MISS MARY BUTTERFIELD, of the same mission, spoke feelingly of the sufferings of children: "The little children are the ones who suffer most. I have heard them in front of our church, sobbing and wailing all day long for food. I have seen them picking dirty orange peels out of the muddy streets, while their elders passed by uttering the cry of the starving, 'Ya Rubbie Zhua'ni' (Oh God, I'm hungry). I have seen whole families down by the Jaffa Gate with hands extended begging for food. Mother, carrying infants but with empty breasts, crying and wailing were constantly to be seen. You could not go on the streets without having some one clutch at your sleeve and beg for something to eat. That was last year, and the condition was getting worse instead of better. As you say, what can it be today?"

"The conditions where I am stationed are quite as bad," said Rev. S. Edgar of the Reformed Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, "particularly among the Ainsaireh people, commonly called fellaheen; and this is especially true concerning the women. The religion of this tribe is pagan and is a secret religion, and there is no place anywhere in it for the woman; that is, she is left entirely without any religion. This comes from their teaching, which says that woman is not a creation of God at all, but of the devil; therefore why educate her? why should she be given any education or care or help? In this theology of theirs, woman is nothing but a chattel, and they live this out in its fulness every day. The child life among this people is very little better than that of the women, especially for little girls. The great ideal seems to be among them to raise the girls and hasten the day when they can sell them to be wives, and this is the really crowning event in the life of any woman among the fellaheen. Mortality among the children is very great. Children's diseases, such as measles and smallpox, sweep villages of the child-life. Having no doctors where the missionaries are not found, they are left to their own heathenish course of treatment, which means practically death.

"During the days of the mobilization of the Turkish army in the present war, the Turkish government commandeered all the grain belonging to these people, and their animals also, leaving them in starvation, no provision being made in any way to remunerate them. The famine has continued since the beginning of the war. No reports have been given out as to the real suffering among these people. In one of the large coast cities an American consul and missionary were accused by the Turkish government of being friendly to the fellaheen and were taken away from their stations and interned somewhere in the Turkish empire. This is but an index of the attitude of the Turkish government toward any one who would attempt at any time to alleviate the awful condition of the population.

"During the days of mobilization, a party of Turkish soldiers were commanded to visit one of the fellaheen villages, conscript all fighting men within the village, and those who failed to report were to be shot dead on the spot, even without a single question being asked. On arriving in the village, they read the list of men required and then demanded their provisions from the sheikh. The sheikh replied: "Last week your officers came, took all our fighting men, took all our grain, wheat and barley, took our copper vessels, and not a cent by way of remuneration. Now you ask for our fighting men. You cannot have one." The soldiers remained all night, and each soldier took one of the women of the village and kept her all night. In the morning there was a council of war among the chiefs of the surrounding villages. After the council of war they came and took two of the soldiers, tied a rope around their heels, hung them to a fig tree with their heads down, while the women carried armsful of straw and set this on fire, not that it might burn hastily, but that it might smoke the suspended soldiers. In this condition they were held for three hours by way of compensation for their night attack on the women. Three of the other soldiers returned to the city and reported to the commander. A whole company of soldiers were sent to wipe out the villages, but the commander, on hearing of the dastardly acts of the soldiers, made peace with the villagers, so the thing was settled.

"This is just another of the many instances of the treatment of the people at the hands of the Turk. It is no wonder that it is impossible to find patriotism in Syria."

THERE were other tales of the miseries and even the sordidness of the people. Some of them were too terrible for details, stories of the villages where the people, bound down by their poverty and the fatalism of their kind, seem unable or unwilling to lift a hand for their own betterment. One missionary told of seeing a woman carrying a baby in her arms in one of the villages of Palestine. The child's eyes were covered with flies, they hung from its eyes in two black masses. The missionary was horrified. "My God," he cried in the vernacular, "don't you see that those flies are eating the child's eyes out of its head?" The woman remained undisturbed. "Well," she said, "if God wills it, so be it."

No wonder trachoma is the plague of Palestine. And yet they say it is even worse in Egypt. It has been said that any two Arabs seldom have more than three eyes between them.

"Nevertheless," remarked Colonel E. St. John Ward, the leader of the expedition, "it is not fair to blame the condition on the people of Palestine. It is the result of centuries of misrule and oppression. Ever since the time of Alexander the Great, Europe has taken toll of the East; each nation has organized its expeditions, not for what it would give the East but for what it could get out of it. Palestine and Syria, lying in the road of all the invaders, have paid tribute not only to the passing armies but to the conquerors of whom they became subjects. Since the Middle Ages Turkey has been the dominating power in Palestine, and Turkey has never been obsessed with the idea of liberalism or modern development. She is of the East, Eastern; her tendency has been to retrograde, not to advance. Her idea of government has been autocracy, to squeeze from the people of the subject race every last penny that taxation could exact. The result as it exists in Palestine is not unnatural.

"But times have changed, and while 'East is East and West is West,' nevertheless, in the spirit of cooperation at least, the twain are slowly meeting. The old idea of merely exploiting the East is surely breaking down. How this may be is exemplified by the occupation of India and Egypt by the English. I think no one will deny that these countries have been bettered by the occupation, and so the time has come for the West to impose its influence on the East, and in the end to help it work out its own uplift. America's part in this movement is particularly opportune and happy, and this Red Cross expedition is an expression of what may be done. Faith, hope and charity can surely enter in here. An appreciation of the ancient spirit of the people, together with the more material help we can give them—better food, better sanitation, newer and better ways of earning a livelihood as exemplified by American enterprise—these can bring about an awakening that will be of lasting benefit."

"The sad part of it all," remarked Professor A. Edward Kelsey, "is that all the sickness, the dirt and the squalor of Palestine is preventable. There need not be any more illness there than there need be in any warm country where modern methods have been introduced. Severe poverty could be reduced to the veriest minimum. The waters of Mount Hermon could be utilized not only for drinking purposes, but to provide power for operating all sorts of factories, trolley systems and electric lighting plants, to say nothing of irrigating systems, all of which with proper regulation would presently banish pestilence, provide work for thousands of people, promote agriculture, enable the country perhaps to recover its forests—in short, make the desert to blossom like the rose.

"It could be done, I say, but only with the cooperation of the American people. It will take great organization and large amounts of money; but if every person who has the uplift of the Holy Land at heart will contribute his little bit, the great end to be desired will surely be accomplished."

The Red Cross Expedition to Palestine

FROM Red Cross headquarters in Washington the announcement was made on April 16 of the sending of the Commission to Palestine. Dr. John H. Finley, Commissioner of Education of New York, is to be at the head of the Commission, which has about sixty members. Its work includes comprehensive plans for the relief of the people of the Holy Land, who have suffered greatly by the war. Famine and disease, especially typhus and cholera, are epidemic, and the condition of a large portion of the population is deplorable. Dr. E. St. John Ward, professor of surgery in the American University at Beirut, submitted the plan of relief which has been adopted by the Red Cross, and for which the War

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The Age and Its Apostasy

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D., Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

I

THE Christian Herald thinks, and thinks rightly, that there are certain strategic words in the study of prophecy which, if made clear to the people, would do much to solve many of its difficulties. For this reason it is proposed in this and one or two following articles to attempt a glossary of such words.

Take the word "age," for example. How often it is used! "This age" is spoken of; "the god of this age," "the end of the age," "the millennial age," etc. What does it mean? The word occurs some forty times in the New Testament though it is commonly translated "world" (Greek "aion"). Here are some instances: "The harvest is the end of the world" ("age"); "what shall be the sign of thy coming and of the end of the world" ("age"); "he not conformed to this world" ("age"); "the powers of the world ("age") to come." (See Matt. 13 : 39; 24 : 3; Rom. 12 : 2; Heb. 6 : 5). It represents various periods of time, but of that we need not now speak.

A more interesting question is the object or reason of the "ages." Chapell's "Theology" suggests that it may be the opposing forces of Satan and his hosts in the heavenly places that causes them; for he regards them as so many stages in the divine warfare, so many epochs in the execution of the plan of redemption. There are concealments of God's purpose in the ages which may be necessary in order to obtain victory (Matt. 24 : 43); or, as he remarks further, even the cycles of the heavenly bodies may have something to do with them, for "there is a wonderful harmony between the material and immaterial worlds."

However, for our present purpose it is more practical to observe that "age" is commonly used as synonymous with "dispensation" (Eph. 1 : 10), which means "a period of time during which man is tested in respect of obedience to some specific revelation of the will of God." The Scofield Reference Bible speaks of seven dispensations:

(1) That of Innocency, when man was subjected to a very simple test, and warned of the consequences of disobedience (Gen. 2 : 17).

(2) That of Conscience, when man was responsible to do all known good, and abstain from all known evil, and to approach God through sacrifice (Gen. 3 : 23—7 : 24).

(3) That of Human Government, when man became responsible to govern the world for God (Gen. 8 : 1—11 : 9, especially 9 : 5,6).

(4) That of Promise, which was exclusively Israelitish, when the descendants of Abraham came under a covenant, wholly gracious and unconditional, and which lasted until, at Sinai, Israel accepted the law (Gen. 12 : 1—Exod. 19 : 8).

(5) That of Law, extending from Sinai to Calvary (Exod. 19 : 9—John 19 : 30).

(6) That of Grace, which begins with the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ and extends to his coming again (John 1 : 17; II Cor. 6 : 2).

(7) That of the Kingdom, or the Millennial Age, which continued from Christ's Second Coming onward for a thousand years (Rev. 20 : 1-4).

Some find an eighth dispensation revealed, that of the "Fulness of the Times" (Eph. 1 : 10), and identified by them with the age when Christ shall have delivered up the Kingdom to God, even the Father, (I Cor. 15 : 24-28), a subject so large as to demand a separate article to define it.

It will be recalled that all of these "ages" passed into one another without any change of a catastrophic character except the Flood. There were changes revolutionary in principle, but they were not felt immediately and universally over the earth or over the race. In some cases they were slow of accomplishment or in reaching a consummation. The age of Innocency ended in the expulsion of man from Eden. The change to the dispensation of Promise effected little at first, outside of the family of Abraham; while that from Law to Grace, although in some particulars the most revolutionary of all, came to pass without the knowledge of the world beyond Jerusalem. And how much of the crucifixion was known or understood even within its walls, and how little were its general inhabitants affected by it!

Such may be the case when the present age passes into that of the Millennium. The descent of Christ into the air and the translation of his body, the church, to meet him there, may not seriously, nor for very long, disturb the rest of mankind. A seven days' wonder, it may soon be forgotten. And the judgments to follow on the ungodly nations may seem at first only a repetition of the present "frightfulness" and its accompanying tribulations. Indeed, the effects of the passing of this age into the next will be continuous doubtless for a thousand years. (See the earlier article, "The Day of the Lord—When It Comes and What It Means.")

II

"APOSTASY" is another word worth dwelling on because of its large place in the study of prophecy, and because of the serious relation it bears to the current history of the church or world. The word is not in the Bible, but that for which it stands is frequently named in the New Testament.

What does it mean? But first, what does it *not* mean? An apostate is not an ordinary unbeliever in Christianity, a pagan for example, who has never heard of Christ and his gospel. Neither is he a backslidden Christian—one who, through sin, has lost his fellowship with God, and for whom forgiveness and cleansing wait on his penitent return (1 John 1 : 9). An apostate is not one who simply errs as to some specific truth of revelation, of which he may be as yet ignorant (Acts 19 : 1—6). Nor is he a heretic merely, for, as another says, heresy may be accounted for by the snare of Satan, and at the same time be consistent with the holding of a measure of the true faith (II Tim. 2 : 25, 26). An apostate is different from any of these, in that he is one who once knew, or professed to know and to hold the truth of Christianity, but who has altogether and definitely renounced it. That is not to say that he has renounced the whole of it, or the outward appearance and the profession of it; but that he has renounced the vital part of it, the Godhead of Christ and redemption through his sacrificial death; that which really makes one's life a part of the life of God, through the reconciliation of the cross (Phil. 3 : 18; II Pet. 2 : 11).

The "apostasy," therefore, is a condition in the professing Church that expresses a definite and permanent falling away on the part of many from "the faith which was once for all delivered to the saints" (Jude 3). The parables of our Lord in the 13th of Matthew all predict this, but very especially that of the wheat and the tares, where, to quote another, "the supineness of the servants affords opportunity to the enemy to sow tares where good seed had been already sown." The evil once introduced would be removed only by judgment at the end of the age.

The Church had not been formed when these parables were spoken; but hardly had it come into existence before they began to be fulfilled. Listen to Paul in his address to the elders at Ephesus: "I know that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them" (Acts 20 : 29, 30). Compare also his words to the Church at Rome (Rom. 16 : 17, 18), to that at Corinth (II Cor. 12 : 20, 21), Galatia (Gal. 4 : 8–10), Philippi (Phil. 3 : 18, 19), Colosse (Col. 2 : 4–23), and the well-known predictions in II Thess. 2, I Tim. 4, and II Tim. 3.

III

TO dwell on that in II Thess. 2. In his first epistle to this church, Paul had enlarged upon that aspect of the second coming of Christ, associated with the translation of the Church to meet him in the air (4 : 13–16). But in this second epistle he does the same for that later aspect of the same event, when Christ shall descend from heaven with his holy angels in flaming fire to judge the wicked and disobedient (1 : 6–9). It would seem that some in that Church supposed that this had already come, that their tribulations at the hands of persecutors were nothing less than part of the general sorrow to be experienced in the "Day of the Lord."

But Paul disabuses their minds of this. "Let no man deceive you by any means," he says: "for that day shall not come except there come a falling away (apostasy) first, and that man of sin be revealed," whom he describes.

He then adds, "the mystery of iniquity doth already work," i e., the apostasy had already begun, "only there is one that restraineth now, until he be taken out of the way." The meaning of this seems to be that there was some power exercised in the earth and over Christendom preventing the full expression of this iniquity, hindering the apostasy from coming to a head. Whatever this power may have been, it seems still to be working and exercising its restraining influence. Perhaps it is the semblance of Christianity, as represented in the nations of Christendom; perhaps it is the presence of the true Church not yet translated; in any event, it is the Holy Spirit himself acting in or through these or other agencies.

When he, i e., this restraining power, shall be removed, "then shall that wicked (or lawless one, the Antichrist) be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming." In other words, the apostasy will be brought to an end with the destruction of the chief apostate.

IV

THE modern development of the apostasy dates back to the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, in the rise of the destructive criticism of the Holy Scriptures. When man's faith in the inspiration and authority of the Bible is undermined, the whole structure built upon it must eventually crumble; which explains what we hear now on every hand in the scouting of the deity of Christ, the lost condition of the race, the need of redemption through a sacrificial atonement, eternal retribution of the wicked, and practically all the fundamentals of revealed truth.

And there is a close relation between this and the judgments on the nations synchronizing with the end of the age. Sooner or later, ecclesiastical corruption paves the way for the open revolt of the kingdoms and nations of the earth "against the Lord and against his Anointed." A writer in the New York Evening Post remarks, that "the Bolsheviki are doing more damage to the Central Powers today with their ideas than they were ever able to do with their bayonets"—a principle that has a wide application. The United States and the Allies will be able to overcome the artillery and the submarines of Germany, we confidently believe; but the poison gas of her universities, pouring through the theological seminaries of our land, is a more lasting menace.

The Tune That Mother Sang

SOME years ago, on returning from a Sunday school tour in the Lake Superior region, we were storm-bound two days in a fishing hamlet on an unfrequented part of the inhospitable shore. Accommodations were typical of such a place. In the public-house, dignified as "hotel," the most popular place was the bar, just off one corner of the sitting-room.

Conversation was unedifying, and the opportunity for its change by a stranger was not yet; so I wandered upstairs to get the bearings of the room assigned me for the night. I seemed to be a favored guest, for in the room I found an apology for a piano.

Now, my strong point, if I have one, is not instrumental music. Much as I thrill with real music, I show my good will by avoiding torture of my fellow creatures by my own crude performance. Believing everybody at a safe distance, however, I sat down and began thrumming over on the keys with one hand a familiar tune which was singing itself into my soul. Soon I heard a shambling step on the stair, and a silent figure stole behind me.

Despite my unwelcome audience, I struggled through the verse, when my friend apologized for intruding. There was a choke in his voice as he spoke, for in the matter of temperance it was quite clear that he was less than neutral.

"Excuse me, mister, for trespassing," said he, "but I couldn't help it; when I heard that tune I had to come."

"Is it a tune?" I asked.

"Why, sure it is," he replied. "Play it over again, will you?"

I responded to this my first encore, while my friend tried to sing the words that seemed to have clung to him like some cherished memory. His singing was about as near Caruso's standard as my playing was to that of Paganini, but at the end of the stanza he was quite overcome.

"Where did you learn that hymn?" I asked.

"My mother used to sing it every night before we went to bed," he answered huskily. "She's been gone fifteen years now. My tears don't often leak before strangers, mister; but that old tune, and the words it brought back, got me! I can hear her now, as she would say, 'Jim, don't forget to try your knees before your back.' And I don't mind telling you, stranger, that I never climb into bed until I've first knelt down. Understand, I don't pretend to pray, lest the Almighty should smite me; but I dassn't miss lest I should die before morning."

Here was a bit of flotsam from a mother's heart that had been stilled for years and which had somehow drifted to this bleak shore within my opportunity.

He was my guest until my departure, and I may add that he was held from temptation until thoroughly sobered; then, behind the closed door, we had heart-to-heart talks about his mother's God and his mother's Gospel. Finally we said good-by, not without strong hope on both sides that his newly awakened life might find permanent anchorage and might furnish one more striking instance of the far-reaching Gospel power of a mother's love and a mother's prayers.

Syracuse, N. Y. ALFRED DAY.

Secretary Baker Home to Push War

SECRETARY BAKER reached an American port, on April 16, on one of the former German liners now in Uncle Sam's service, and reached his desk in Washington late the same day. It was announced that he had returned from his trip abroad prepared to concentrate every energy on expediting the movement of American fighting men to France. Mr. Baker saw all that there was to be seen of the war; from the port of embarkation to the battle-front, going over every element of the fighting machine, link by link. Mr. Baker found hundreds of miles of American made railways, new docks and bridges, so increasing port facilities that transports now make the round trip in sixteen days against sixty early in the winter, and warehouses full of war materials, which, if put end to end would make one continuous warehouse from Washington to New York. Before leaving France Secretary Baker gave to Gen. Pershing the following message to be given to the officers and men of the American expeditionary forces: "After a thorough inspection of the American Expeditionary Forces I am returning to the United States with fresh enthusiasm to speed up the transportation of the remainder of the great army of which you are the vanguard. What I have seen here gives comfortable assurance that plans for the effectiveness of our fighting forces and for the comfort and welfare of our men have been broadly made and vigorously executed. Our schools and system of instruction are adding to the general soldier training the specialized knowledge which developed among our French and British associates during the four years of heroic action which they have displayed from the beginning of the war. Fortunately the relations between our soldiers and those of the British and French are uniformly cordial and happy, and the welcome of the civil population of France has been met by our soldiers with chivalrous appreciation in return. We are building a great army to vindicate a great cause, and the spirit which you are showing, the courage, the resourcefulness and zeal for the performance of duty, both as soldiers and as men, are not only promising of military success, but are worthy of the traditions of America and of the allied armies with which we are associated."

The Secretary reported to the President, on the 17th, and expressed surprise that anybody should be depressed over the situation on the western front. He expressed enthusiastic admiration for the indomitable spirit prevailing among the people of our co-belligerents. The determination to win he reported everywhere apparent among the officials, soldiers and private citizens of the Allied nations.

The Secretary told the newspaper correspondents at Washington that any man who went to France would have an increasing sense of admiration for the magnitude, thoroughness and speed with which the American Army had done its work. "They know no hours and no limitation on labor. The question is to get the most done possible and the amount done is an amazing story." The Secretary said also, "the condition of our soldiers in France is a thing I am very happy to have the opportunity to tell. Our boys are well physically—big, strong, robust and healthy—and they are well in every other way. Their spirits are high, their behavior is most admirable, their relations with the French people and the French soldiers and the British soldiers are cordial and sympathetic and wholesome. The enthusiasm expressed by all those who have been on the battle-line is that they want more. The American soldier has made good in France." The Secretary closed his interview thus:—"The big thing for America to do is to support the war—support it financially, support it in sentiment, belief, confidence, and courage. The right arm of America is in France, and it is bared ready for action and striking hard. The rest of the body is over here, and we must support and invigorate that arm. That means subscriptions to the Liberty Loan, and it means the adoption of the sort of confidence in our army in France which its own activities justify and deserve."

Correspondents reported that there was a notable speeding up of all manner of war work on the advent of the returned Secretary.

A Week in the World's News

OUR BOYS IN ACTION. Following the costly repulse of her picked troops on the French and American trenches northwest of Toul, as related last week, Berlin issued a report telling of the taking by storm of American trenches eastward and southeastward of Maizey, north of St. Mihiel.

The week from April 14 to 21 passed without any reports of major action on the part of American troops although the daily casualty lists told a story of steady fighting. The casualties for the week totaled, killed in action 42, died of wounds 19, died of disease 32, killed by accident or unknown cause 4, wounded 211, prisoners or missing 6. General Pershing suggested that some of missing would be found later in other units.

After a bombardment, declared by ambulance men who worked at Verdun to be more intense than any which marked that battle, the Germans at sunrise on Apirl 20, launched the most determined assault so far delivered against the Americans, northwest of Toul. The adjoining French trenches were also attacked. Against the American front the Germans sent forward, behind an intense barrage. 1,200 picked troops, in three waves. The American battery positions were heavily bombarded with gas shells. Our gunners, however, working in gas masks, put down an effective counter barrage which greatly weakened the force of the attack. The enemy was able to press back our boys somewhat from their front positions, although they gave way slowly fighting every inch of the way and pouring a murderous fire from machine guns, rifles and automatics into the advancing enemy. During the morning the Germans entered the village of Seicheprey within the American lines. They were almost immediately driven out by a counter-attack and before evening the Americans had reclaimed all but a few outpost positions. These positions were cleared up during the night and the 21st saw the original line restored in both the French and American sectors. The Germans lost heavily. Press dispatches reported three Germans captured and no Americans missing. Berlin claimed a penetration of a mile and a quarter into the American lines and the capture of 183 prisoners and 25 machine guns. The Germans were also repulsed on April 20 on the sector held by American and French troops north of St. Mihiel.

TO BUILD SHIPS. Following a conference covering several days between the President, Edward N. Hurley, Chairman of the United States Shipping Board and Charles Piez, Vice-President and General Manager, Charles M. Schwab, America's greatest steel master, was called to Washington and at the urgent request of the President accepted the position of Director-General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. It was announced that Mr. Schwab would have complete supervision and direction of the work of ship-building. It was announced that the various ship yards in spite of delays in material were pushing production at an increasing rate. Records of 103 and 104 days from the laying of the keel to ultimate delivery, ready for service, being made on vessels of eight and nine thousand tons capacity. One of the principal duties of Mr. Schwab will be to keep in the closest possible personal touch with the yards. He was quoted as saying, on April 18, that the work done by Mr. Hurley and Mr. Piez had been prodigious, splendid and magnificent, that a good foundation had been laid, that we were getting good results, and that he, himself, was filled with enthusiasm and confidence. Mr. Schwab said: "I do not want to have any man in the shipyards working for me, I want them all working with me. Nothing is going to be worth while unless we win this war, and every one must do the task to which he is called. What I know is that I am going to build ships, and I know it can be done."

It was announced, on April 19, that Mr. Schwab would make his headquarters in Philadelphia. Nearly 50 per cent of the steel ship yards are within easy access from Philadelphia. It was also announced that the contracts in process of execution called for a total of 4,364,202 tons. Of 730 ways in use throughout the country 398 are for steel ships, 165 of which are in the Philadelphia district.

Vice-Admiral Von Capelle, addressing the main committee of the Reichstag, on April 18, declared that the new U-boat construction exceeded the losses and that the effectiveness of the submarines had increased. He claimed that the U-boat was still sinking six times as much tonnage as the British were launching, and declared that construction in America and Japan could not be considered as favoring the situation in England since it was needed for the requirements of the two countries themselves.

Shipping Board officials in view of Von Capelle's picture of submarine success said, on April 19, that since the war began in 1914 no more than 40 American ships had been lost from all causes and that only three or four vessels had been lost since America entered the war and armed her ships.

German submarines in the week ending April 17 sank 11 British ships of 1600 tons or more—4 under that tonnage, and one fishing vessel. The French lost no ships of more than 1600 tons and but one under that tonnage. The Italians lost one steamer of more than 1500 tons and two sailing vessels. The American steamship Lake Moor, manned by a naval crew, was torpedoed in the war zone April 11. On April 20, five officers and thirty-nine men of the crew were missing, five officers and twelve men had been rescued. . . . The American steamship, Florence H, was destroyed in a French port, on April 17, by an internal explosion; thirty-four of her crew of seventy-five were rescued.

CZERNIN RESIGNS. Following the publication of Emperor Charles's letter to the President of France, the following telegram was sent by the Emperor of Austria to the Emperor of Germany: "Clemenceau's accusations against me are so low that I have no intention to discuss longer this affair with France. My cannon in the west is our last reply.

"In faithful friendship,

CHARLES."

Count Czernin, Austria's Foreign Minister, who had known nothing of the letter, promptly handed in his resignation, which was accepted, but the Austrian Foreign Office issued a statement declaring that the letter delivered to the French was a forged letter substituted for a letter which was to have been delivered. It was announced from Paris, on April 17, that the first letter had caused the Allies to demand an explanation, and that a second letter came through Prince Sixtus, which the Allies decided did not permit them to continue the conversation. Baron Burian, who has formerly held the portfolio, succeeded Count Czernin as Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister,

MAN POWER BILL PASSED. The man power bill including the provision for conscription in Ireland passed the British House of Commons on April 16 by a vote of 301 to 103. In the discussion on the bill Premier Lloyd George declared: "It is desirable in the interest of the war that we should settle the Irish question and produce something like contentment in Ireland and good will in America." Mr. John Dillon, Chairman of the Irish Nationalists made a hard fight for the omission of the Irish clause. The bill was immediately taken up in the House of Lords where it passed its second reading on April 17. Upon the passage of the

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French scouts lying in wait for a German patrol

Their Lines Unbroken

THE army of girls in Washington marked time this week while Mr. Water's story of the Palestine expedition, just released by the Red Cross, took first position in the paper. Next week the girls will be right up in front where they belong.

Next week also Miss Sangster and Robert Riggs will lead you back into "The Woods of Yesterday."

Frank Carpenter hasn't heard the voice of the guns, but he has listened to the noise of the gun shops. Next week he tells us how great guns are making for the great battles of the greatest war.

Next week also Miss Connolly goes neighboring with a British tank, on recruiting duty. Then she unfurls the Red Cross.

And next week you will hear an evangelistic message from Dr. Biederwolf, you will read a new story from the camps, you will see more pictures in Rotogravure, and you will look into the navy's charge against Philadelphia.

Anniversary of Lexington Sees Germans Stopped

ANOTHER week of tense anxiety has passed. For another seven days the maddened Boche has stormed against the bayonet barbed line of British men, stormed and fallen and stormed again in ever-increasing numbers until the human rampart across his path was battered and pressed back. Each backward step of the battling British cost the Huns a fearful price, but they paid it and offered, for the victory so necessary to their state, still more of the currency of German blood. But it was vain. When Bailleul fell and Wytschaete and the heights of Passchendaele were given up, the Allied commanders were through with retirements. The British fell back not only to take up new positions but to meet the French reserves which General Foch had started early in the week to meet the German threat of overwhelming numbers. On April 18th the French were in action beside the battle-weary battalions of their Allies and April 19, Lexington Day, saw the embattled sons of liberty once more turn back the minions of tyranny. The line held and assault after assault was tried only to meet defeat. The Hun was halted! Not only were the French in line, but the Italians were coming, and German sources were quoted to show that 220,000 Americans were in the front line, in Lorraine near Verdun and in Champagne. Some Frenchmen could be in Flanders because Americans were in Lorraine. Lexington Day was well celebrated.

Their backs to the wall, bare to the waist, wreathed in the dust and smoke of battle, these British gunners keep their big howitzer hot with messages of death to the oncoming Huns

The Story of the Fighting

STRIKING northward from Merville to Neuve Eglise with three picked and fresh divisions, the Germans on April 15 and 16 pressed back the doggedly fighting British to the heights north and west of Bailleul and Neuve Eglise, west of Wulverghem and of Wytschaete. At Merville seven desperate assaults were beaten back, while to the southward, east of Robecq the British improved their positions in the face of German attacks and concentrated artillery fire. Attacking at first with eleven divisions, the German force in action in Flanders on April 15 had grown to twenty-three divisions, which were kept storming forward under a terrific artillery fire against the rifles, machine-guns and artillery of the British. Five German divisions had been put out of action on April 16. Gains were made thus by sheer weight of numbers but at reckless cost. At the end of the day of April 16 the Germans were at last on the high ground at the southern end of the Messines Ridge, having penetrated west of Bailleul to Meteren, and west of Wytschaete to St. Eloi. British counter-attacks put Wytschaete and Meteren again in Allied hands, but continued German attacks compelled the British to retire again to positions to the westward. On this new line, running from the Nieppe Woods to Wytschaete, a twelve-mile inferno of terrific battle, the British on April 17 again brought the Teutons to a halt.

Meanwhile, since the old Ypres salient, the result of last summer's successful fighting, was becoming seriously outflanked, the British on Monday and Tuesday, April 15 and 16, withdrew their forces from the whole of the Passchendaele Ridge, the northward extension of the Messines Ridge. The Germans reported on April 17 the reoccupation of Poelcapelle, Langemarck, Passchendaele, Becelaer, and Gheluvelt. The military situation indicated that further progress by the attacking forces might force the giving up of the whole Ypres salient, including the town.

As April 18 opened, General Foch, in supreme command, was keeping the whole enemy line from Ypres to Rheims under an intense fire, was moving French troops and British reserves to the support of the British, who, tired from a week's fighting against an army continually replaced with fresh troops, were again holding up the enemy's masses which still pressed forward over ground heaped with his dead, and was apparently making his preparations for the counter-measures which should write failure across the record of another German drive. It had been reported that Hindenburg or Ludendorff had declared that 1,000,000 men were not too many to pay for victory. The British machine-guns were collecting the payment on these terrible days about Bailleul, Merville and Wytschaete, and to the northward. One crew had fought their guns until they had replaced their gun-barrels forty times.

Major General Maurice, just returned to London from the front, on April 17 said that since the first attack on March 21 the Germans had used 126 divisions (about 1,700,000 men), of which 28 had appeared in the battle of Armentieres. Of the 126 the British alone had met 79, the French alone 24, and the British and French together 23. The British had fought 28 German divisions twice and one three times, and the French had fought four divisions twice.

According to the latest available evidence the Germans have along the whole western front about 200 divisions, or 2,600,000 fighting men. There is no way to determine the exact strength of the Germans behind the lines, in the engineer corps and non-combatant troops. The French have approximately 3,000,000 men in all kinds of service, but this could not mean more than 1,500,000 available for mobile fighting. The British have nearly 5,000,000 men in uniform. Of these about 1,000,000 are in training at home; about another 1,000,000 are divided between Mesopotamia, Palestine, Macedonia and the garrison stations throughout the Empire. This would leave about 3,000,000 men for service in France, of whom probably half are in the firing-line or in support and reserve, while the other half guard communications, operate transport service, and carry on the multiplied duties of the quartermaster's, ordnance and commissary departments. Apparently, then, the Germans have thrown upwards of 1,000,000 men against the British 1,500,000. But the fighting line is never held by more than one-third of the whole force available, and the Germans have concentrated masses against narrow fronts. While the British have been moving reserves to the support of the line attacked, the enemy has therefore had the advantage temporarily of a strength of from 2 to 1 to 5 to 1. For tactical reasons both on the Somme and at Armentieres, the Allies fought a delaying action, using as few men as possible, and did not oppose the Germans man for man until it was necessary to bring the German progress to a halt. Before Amiens the Germans met superior forces both of men and guns. On April 17 it appeared that they were soon to meet the same sort of stone wall in Flanders, but there was increasing evidence that Allied superiority was not yet sufficient to warrant the risk of a great stroke, the failure of which would mean disaster. Meantime the German mass attacks with their consequent wastage and American transports with their constant deliveries of troops in France were gradually giving the Allies the superiority of man power necessary to a victorious offensive.

APRIL 18 saw the new Allied lines held tight from Givenchy to the sea, although the Germans massed troops for three determined attempts at further progress. On the sector from the La Bassee Canal at Givenchy north to St. Venant on the Lys west of Merville ten divisions of Teutons were thrown against four British divisions. The attack was preceded by a day of intense gunfire which was directed especially against the bridges over the canal. Terrific and stubbornly repeated assaults were broken up and driven back while prisoners were taken. At nightfall the battle was still raging before Givenchy. North of Merville along the line west of Merris and Bailleul, north of Neuve Eglise and west of Messines and Wytschaete the enemy, on the afternoon of the 18th, after heavy shelling sent his waves of storm troops against Mount Kemmel, the dominating height of the Messines-Wytschaete Ridge. He was sanguinarily repulsed. Northeast of Ypres along a four-mile front from Langemarck to Kippe four German divisions were hurled against the Belgian troops. The first impact gave them a footing in the advanced positions which an immediate counter-attack took from them along with some 600 prisoners. Thus for another twenty-four hours the German hosts were forced to pay a high price for no advantage. From several correspondents also came word that the 18th saw French troops in action at threatened places in the line, while the roads leading to the battle positions were blue with the advancing Allies of the men in khaki.

At the point of the German salient reaching toward Amiens, the French, on April 18, attacked on both sides of the Avre, over a front of 2½ miles from Thennes to Mailly-Raineval. The French reached the outskirts of Castel and the western slopes of the heights dominating the Avre, taking several

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Binding the Wounds of Armenia

By
MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

Illustrated with Photographs by Rev. E. A. Yarrow

Two pictures of refugees from Van, remnants of the retreat. You will notice that the remnant is of women and children only. The men are gone

RECENT political development in Russia and the Caucasus have placed in jeopardy the lives of many thousands of Armenians, and the only reliable agency to which the distressed people can turn in this crisis is the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief.

Whether any such body can cope with a problem which is rapidly assuming tremendous proportions is a question. A government commission, with power to requisition supplies, advance credit and regulate transportation, may be a necessity if stricken Armenia is to be saved. For the condition is growing alarmingly worse than it has has ever been.

Tiflis is far more attractive than Van, and carries off its part as the capital of the new Transcaucasian Republic with a prouder spirit of bravado. But what the theaters and well-dressed crowds that throng the Golovinski do for Tiflis, refugee boys, spinning tops among the ruins, and brave-faced women, spinning wool in the sunshine before the blackened doors of thrice-sacked Van, do for this city of the gallant defense and the pitiful retreats.

I passed down one of the Van streets in the early morning. Some refugee boys, scantily clad, were sliding down a miniature hill in a blackened kerosene can and shouting with delight. As I returned, I met a motley crew of ragged urchins, running along gleefully, each with a battered tin, on their way to a food distribution. In front of the mud house which is the gubernatorial mansion, I saw a girl of six with her single cotton garment open to her waist. She was barefoot in the snow, but on her face there was a cheery smile. She seemed as happy as the most coddled scion of wealth along Riverside Drive. When women whose husbands have been massacred refuse to take life sadly, how can one help admiring their spirit? When orphan children, who haven't a friend on earth, run around barefoot in the snow and smile like cherubs, how can one be sad?

Yet a man might drive through every street of Van and not see one dwelling that looks really habitable. What the Turks could not do to this city after they entered had already been done by the Armenians, to prevent their riches from aiding the Turks and inspiring them to further advances.

Van was once a city of lovely homes. Agha Beg, whose home on Van's Broadway is now a toothless hag with yawning openings, says that in all of Turkey he never saw finer rugs and furniture. Yet the round table which the governor now uses as a desk is a broken thing which refuses to come together into a unified whole, and the benches which flank it are spavined and weak in the knees. The other furniture of this room of the executive mansion consists of a rude board table whose parents were a packing case and the legs of an incubator. Van sacrificed all before the approach of the Turk, as Moscow did before the advance of Napoleon. But Van, the ruin, is a place of stout hearts and homely cheer.

Captain Gracey, traveling in Turkey after the massacres of 1908, found a village which the Turks had burned. The roofs had fallen in, as have most of the roofs of Van, but the walls were still standing, and inside one of these walls, growing out of the wood ashes which once were roof timbers, were tomatoes, corn and eggplant, sown by an Armenian. Out of the ashes of a ruined and desolate land the Armenian people are planning to build a new freedom. What can you do with such people?

OUT there to the south, beyond the indefinite line between the trenches which the Russians have left and the other indefinite line, miles farther on, where the Kurds are holding the so-called Turkish position, there have been, ever since the spring of 1915, Armenian men, women and children, living and going about their occupations in the broad "No Man's Land" at the Turkish front. They are fighting off small raiding expeditions, and when a real Turkish advance comes these intrepid minute-men will bear the first onslaught. The determination and virility of the Armenians is startling!

The American Mission premises, where there was once a flourishing work in all branches of missionary activity, are now utterly ruined. But rising above the stark walls that once formed homes and orphanage and hospital and school is the steeple of the mission church, with its cross untouched! Higher than any other landmark towers this symbol of a living force, ready to take its place in a rejuvenated community. There is a future for Christian missionary work in Van. Two of the loved workers have given up their lives for the people among whom they labored, but others stand ready to take up the Christian standard and make it stand for love and sympathy among a needy but independent people. Christ comforted many in the great retreat, but he is back in the city of lovely gardens and ghastly ruins, ready to give purpose to the future of Van.

Van's condition was not as bad as that of many of the villages farther west, where the Armenians formed a smaller proportion of the population and where they had no chance to resist their cruel rulers. There has been no massacre at Van. That took place when the long caravan of refugees had reached the narrow pass at Bergri and were fired on by the Kurds. Many of Van's men are living in the Caucasus, eagerly waiting the call to return to their old fields or to take up arms against the hated Turk. But if every one of them comes, it will be a perilous defense, and with every one that comes, the food question becomes more alarming. A tiny band of these minute-men has occupied each position that the Russians have left and sooner or later help is bound to come. Nations whose success depends in a measure on the valiant defense of Armenia will not leave her unassisted.

If you had slept for months on cold and frosty ground one of these would be well named a "comfortable"

There is awful suffering in some parts of Erivan province, and starvation and deaths from exposure are reported. There are two reasons why this is not true in the city of Erivan. One is the local committee, composed of Dr. Raynolds, Mr. Yarrow, Mr. Maynard and Mr. Gracey, and assisted by Dr. Kennedy and Mr. Welch. The other reason is the generosity of thousands of loving souls in a distant continent, who have answered the appeals for aid and have made it possible for me to tell the glad news that the suffering here has been reduced to a minimum.

But the local committee cannot cope with the situation, much longer, even in the restricted area which they now serve. The

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Speeding Up the Liberty Loan!

The Nation Responding to the Call to Buy Liberty Bonds and Win the War

IN the last week of the Liberty Loan, the whole nation is working with increased energy to assure success before May 4, the closing day. President Wilson has personally taken a hand in speeding up subscriptions. He issued a proclamation, calling for subscriptions to the Loan, setting aside Friday, April 26, as Liberty Day, and asking the people of the United States to "assemble in their respective communities and liberally pledge anew their financial support to sustain the nation's cause." It is confidently expected that his proclamation will arouse the enthusiasm that is necessary to greatly stimulate the work of the campaign and bring the desired result.

The billion mark of the Loan was well passed before the end of the second week of the drive. When two-fifths of the selling days of the campaign had elapsed only 36 per cent. of the minimum amount of $3,000,000,000 had been obtained.

Subscriptions by districts up to April 19 follows: New York, $318,249,850; Chicago, $180,040,800; Cleveland, $95,950,000; St. Louis, $92,800,950; Boston, $91,770,700; Philadelphia, $82,874,000; San Francisco, $70,844,350; Kansas City, $49,131,000; Minneapolis, $40,000,000; Dallas, $33,959,800; Richmond, $27,048,600; Atlanta, $7,064,850.

Over-confidence caused the Liberty Loan to lag behind its schedule. Following the superb start, every one was so sure the Loan would be oversubscribed that, toward the middle of April, subscriptions all over the country fell short of the anticipation. It was evident that nothing short of a tremendous increase of activity everywhere would carry the Loan "over the top" with the oversubscription that had been confidently looked for.

THE Treasury Department authorized this statement: "Sales since the first days of the campaign, when they started with a rush, frankly are not up to expectations. There is a feeling of disappointment, particularly in the large cities. The country districts are doing better than they did during the previous campaigns; but the gains that they are making are not of sufficient size to offset the lack of sales in the larger communities. The need for constant, steady driving by sales committees, every day throughout the remainder of the campaign, is plain. Only persistent daily and hourly effort will restore the campaign to the rate of speed which it had acquired a week ago, possibly under the impetus of the start of the honor-flag race."

The pace must pick up. Big efforts to drive home to Americans of only moderate circumstances their duty to subscribe to the limit are being made everywhere. Bank literature, speakers at scores of meetings daily, house-to-house canvassers, all hammer away on this point. And virtually every bank is doing its part to make payment easy by putting out bonds on a partial payment plan, calling for either weekly or monthly payments.

The President Proclaims a Liberty Day

A Proclamation by the President of the United States of America:

AN enemy who has grossly abused the power of organized government and who seeks to dominate the world by the might of the sword challenges the rights of America and the liberty and life of all the free nations of the earth. Our brave sons are facing the fire of battle in defense of the honor and rights of America and the liberty of nations. To sustain them and to assist our gallant associates in the war, a generous and patriotic people have been called upon to subscribe to the Third Liberty Loan.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do appoint Friday, the 26th day of April, 1918, as Liberty Day. On the afternoon of that day I request the people of the United States to assemble in their respective communities and liberally pledge anew their financial support to sustain the nation's cause. Patriotic demonstrations should be held in every city, town, and hamlet throughout the land, under the general direction of the Secretary of the Treasury and the immediate direction of the Liberty Loan Committees organized by the Federal Reserve Banks. Let the nation's response to the Third Liberty Loan express in unmistakable terms the determination of America to fight for peace, the permanent peace of justice

For the purpose of participating in Liberty Day celebrations, all employes of the Federal Government throughout the country whose services can be spared may be excused at 12 o'clock noon, Friday, the 26th of April.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

WOODROW WILSON.

THE Liberty Loan Committee has emphasized the call to the small investor to go the limit in subscribing, to make the big bond sale a genuine success. Personal savings of the past and present that have not been deposited in banks, and savings of the future is the most desired basis of subscription.

Interesting changes in percentage appear in the various Federal Reserve districts. The St. Louis district was on April 19 still at the top of the list, with 71 per cent. of its quota subscribed. Dallas was back in second place with 42 per cent., displacing Chicago with 40 per cent. Minneapolis was fourth, with 38 per cent. Kansas City had fallen from fourth to fifth place, with 37 per cent. The rest were as follows: Boston, 36; New York, 35; Philadelphia, 33; San Francisco, 33; Cleveland, 31; Richmond, 20; Atlanta, 7 per cent. In the New York district, to fill its $900,000,000 quota, daily contributions averaging about $36,000,000 for the remaining working days of the drive were essential to the success of the Loan.

New York city, in its mighty effort to raise the

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Binding the Wounds of Armenia

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greatest need of the moment is for men, and this need is increasing. And the present measure of support must be vastly increased at once if the refugee population is to be carried through the winter. For a tremendous burden which has hitherto been carried by Russian and Armenian charitable societies is now being shifted to American shoulders.

IF the American relief work here is stopped for a single week, deplorable conditions will prevail. But the more important fact is that Russian charity, which has been the greatest factor in staving off death through hunger and cold, is now stopped because of the chaotic political condition of Russia itself. The majority of relief work in Armenia has not been done by the American Committee, but by numerous Russian and Armenian philanthropic societies, and these societies are rapidly becoming bankrupt. The American Committee has conducted some very interesting experiments in relief. It is now called to meet the awful situation alone. It cannot possibly do this without more workers and money.

Now that the Bolsheviki control the banks, the food supplies and the railways, organized Russian charity for the Armenians is an impossibility. Although the Transcaucasian peoples have set up their own government, they are without funds or credit. Armenians in Russia, who would give generously to Armenian relief, find their own funds jeopardized. The paper rouble is rejected by the farmers, who say that a pood of wheat in hiding is better than a sheaf of valueless bank-notes, and there is no authority to requisition grain. A month ago the American Committee was promised three carloads of grain a day, but the new political crisis has prevented the delivery of a single pound.

The majority of the Armenian refugees are in Armenian villages. Relief workers are unable to understand how they escape starvation. They know that work cannot be had, that not one refugee family in ten has enough food or money saved up to provide for a single week, and that food and clothing are almost unobtainable; and yet the 130,000 refugees have managed to live. The only explanation is the charity of the Armenian villagers, who have had little enough for themselves, but who, when pressed, are willing to divide their last crust with others less fortunate. With the rouble decreasing in value, with food becoming increasingly scarce, and with even cotton cloth almost unobtainable, these good Samaritans will be forced to cut off this small but by no means insignificant stream of petty charity. The burden on the American Committee is bound to become more grave.

SOME ask, "Why don't the refugees do something to support themselves?" To no family is the American Committee giving full support. Its only complete support is of one hundred picked boys in the Erivan Orphanage, which is under the supervision of Dr. Raynolds, whose direction of the Orphanage at Van was marked with unusual success. The rest of the support is partial.

More than eleven thousand fatherless children are being aided in four hundred and fifty villages. Each child has been given ten roubles a month, which is about one-fourth what it costs to support the child, but which has made a tremendous difference in conditions in these many villages. Suits of rough but warm material are being hastened to these children as fast as refugee men can wash the wool, refugee women can spin it, refugee weavers can weave the cloth, refugee tailors can make it up into suits, and refugee agents distribute it. But the main support of these fatherless children is falling upon their mothers or other relatives, or on such tender-hearted souls as took charge of them after the great retreat from Van.

One woman has her child. The other saw her two daughters horribly mutilated

The weavers and the shoemakers, who are fashioning rawhide sandals from untanned skins, are working at full speed. Lives depend on their industry. But lack of capital and looms prevents the wool spinners from receiving all the work for which they appeal. The wool is spun on such small hand-spindles as the Bedouin and Chinese women use. The wool is held in one hand and the small spindle is whirled between the fingers. When a length of wool has been spun, the spindle is held against the dress to prevent it from unwinding, and the yarn is wound onto the spindle until it is full. Eleven hundred women are spinning wool by this primitive method, but the number of looms is still so small that these women cannot be given work enough to occupy all their time. Each woman is allowed to spin only a pound of wool a week, and for this she receives as many roubles as at present cost American givers fifty cents. Each of these women could double her output, but without more looms the yarn can not be utilized. Hundreds of women are knitting sturdy homespun socks, but even this provision against winter cold and snow cannot keep pace with the spinning. Lack of looms is the greatest difficulty. There are enough refugee carpenters to build these looms, but hitherto the metal shuttles and combs could not be had nearer than Moscow. Arrangements have just been made to have a local Armenian manufacturer produce these necessities, although he says he will lose money on the deal.

Everything has been done to eliminate the machine and to provide work for as

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OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

Your Part in This War

ALL true Americans have a part to play in the great war that is now convulsing the world. A war of might against right, of ruthless terrorism against justice and mercy, it has already swept over a large area of the old world, desolating cities, desecrating shrines, and enslaving populations.

All of Europe and a part of Asia are passing through a Gethsemane of trial. Human freedom is in deadly danger. Even our own highest ideals and greatest interests are threatened, unless we come quickly and overwhelmingly to the rescue and turn the tide to victory.

Are *you* doing your share in this war—*you* who serve at home and who have not been called to face the shells and bullets at the front? Are *you* making your money fight by buying Liberty Bonds?

Liberty Loan month is nearing a close, and it has been a wonderful experience. Perhaps no other nation has ever witnessed such a spectacle as has been going on in these past four weeks. Big corporations and capitalists converting their millions into the purchase of Liberty Bonds, knowing that in so doing they are making the best investment the world has to offer. Little rural boroughs jostling each other in hearty rivalry to double and treble their quotas. Rich and poor, capitalist and laborer, being good-naturedly cheered as they push their money to the front to win the war.

And it is well worth winning! Indeed, if we did not put our shoulders together in columns as close as those of our brave boys at the front, we would be lacking in all the qualities of patriotic citizenship. For the man or woman who in a world crisis turns a deaf ear to the country's call to service, we have little respect. Duty to God and country are linked in the Liberty Loan. It is to be a strong defense to you, and to your children after you, against the same tyranny that has enslaved Belgium, Russia and Finland, and which is striving to destroy France and England and to grasp world dominion.

Buy Liberty Bonds if you do not want to go into bondage to the Kaiser. Buy them now, if you do not want to pay indemnities hereafter. Buy them to save yourself from bitter regrets and to shield your good name from ignominy, that will be the deserved lot of every one who evades a clear duty in this hour of stress and danger. *You*, who have thus far been shielded from the horrors of war, buy them to help to bring the victory that will restore peace to the world. America looks to you to justify her pride in her sons and daughters, and to help her in crushing tyranny, and making this old world of ours "a fit place for free men to live in." Do this, and the great Loan will close in triumphant success. If every loyal American does his and her full duty now—does it to the limit—the Liberty Loan will clear the way to victory.

The Children of Palestine

THERE is a world of sympathy in this letter which we have just received from two devoted American missionaries who are conducting a notable work at Cardenas, Cuba. It strikes a chord which should awaken the interest of all who love little children, and who feel especially drawn toward the children of the Holy Land, the sadness of whose lot in these war times may be partly imagined but cannot be described.

"Since sending you our letter, day before yesterday, our Christian Herald of March 27 has come, and we have read the editorial 'The Palestinian Problem,' with special interest in the reference to the proposed work for children in Jerusalem. We think it ought not to be called 'orphanage' work. Jesus said to his disciples, 'I will not leave you orphans,' as it is translated in the margin of our English Bible, and in the Bible text of some other languages. Jesus would have the little children in homes, rather than in orphanages. He says to them, in substance, 'I will not leave you orphans. I will come to you—come to you in homes, and in the persons of men and women who will be fathers and mothers to you.' He wants every child to have a home. He wants every child to have a father and a mother, or at least a mother. Here is an opportunity of centuries—the opportunity to help Jesus to not leave these children orphans.

"The homes should be made self-supporting as soon and as fully as possible. The 'fathers' and the 'mothers' should be men and women who will go forth to this work, trusting in God to supply all their needs and all the needs of the children under their care; and they should be men and women who know how to make one dollar do what two dollars have done before. Each community would need its teachers and its pastor, and, at first, probably its doctor and its nurse. But as time passes, the doctor and the nurse would find much time for other things than doctoring and nursing.

"Think of what your Children's Home at Mont-Lawn means to the children who can be in that Home for a few days in the year, and then try to think of what the Children's Homes in Palestine would mean to the children who could be in those homes for 365 days in the year."

MR. AND MRS. ELMER E. HUBBARD.
Industrial Home, Cardenas, Cuba.

These missionary friends have sent $100 (the profits of their dairy) to be the foundation stone of the first Home for Homeless Children in Bible Lands. A number of years ago, our readers helped by their contributions to establish the missionary work at Cardenas; now the "bread cast upon the waters" comes back as a gracious gift for this farther enterprise which is full of promise. We know of no work that would give richer returns in all that is worth striving for. Clearly, such is the conviction of our Cardenas friends, as we believe it will be of all who take counsel with their own hearts about what they may be able to do for the little ones of the Christ-Land.

"Every Spud a Bullet"

"LET us make 'every spud a bullet,'"—said John Mitchell, chairman of the Federal Food Board for New York State, in making his statement that the New York State Food Commission and the Federal Food Board are waging a campaign to urge all of our people to eat more and more potatoes. This campaign is to be waged for three weeks.

Potatoes are coming into the market plentifully, and during this week farmers will release the large quantities that have been held up because of the hard winter and other reasons which made it almost impossible to get the winter's supply to the city markets.

"Experts of our board," said Mr. Mitchell, "have made an agreement with the dealers in potatoes, whereby the full price will prevail until the winter supply is entirely consumed. The consumer will pay a dollar and forty-five cents a bushel, delivered to the home. This is a slight reduction in the price constituted in our official market reports until now. The farmer will receive 90 cents a bushel. The remainder will be divided among the shippers, receivers and retailers."

In order to prevent an enormous waste of this edible vegetable, it is most urgently requested that every family and the hotels and restaurants do the best they can to help consume the winter's supply. Very shortly the new crop will begin rolling into our markets and it is our duty, that is, the duty of all of us, to get into this campaign with all the enthusiasm and vigor of Americans who want to win the war.

By eating plenty of potatoes Americans can materially reduce their consumption of wheat products, and this complies with the request of the Food Administration to cut the national consumption of wheat products to 50 per cent.

Like many of the problems we have had to meet, it is useless for any of us now to worry about the reasons for this enormous supply of potatoes or why they were not sooner brought to our markets. What all of us should do is to jump in and eat the potatoes as freely as is humanly possible.

May Queens Then and Now

IT is not so very long ago since the coming of May was celebrated, here and in lands across the sea, by merrymaking and song. Every village had its May Queen, some happy, clear-eyed girl, radiant with the lure of youth and springtime.

We hear little about May Queens this year. The girls who sang and danced and made flower baskets and talked of "love beneath the silver moon," have other things to do. They are rolling bandages now instead of filling May baskets. And the carefree merrymaking of other May times—well, there is not much time for it!

The girlhood of France and England and America has work to do, just as a certain girl of olden France had work to do. They have seen a vision and have answered a call, just as surely and bravely as she saw a vision and answered a call.

So there is not much time to spend, this year, in the fashioning of flower baskets. There are so many munition factories to be tended, so many fields to be plowed, so many suffering soldiers to be nursed back again to health and usefulness. But the modern girl, with the fire of youth lighting up the clear eyes of her, is glad to give up her play time, glad to do the work of a world that is struggling to throw off the burden of war!

Maytime with its merrymaking and songs used to be fun a few years ago. Doubtless, a few years from now, Maytime will again mean parties and dances and music. But this year the May Queens have laid aside their flower garlands and their gilt paper crowns to put on the helmet of compassion, and the shield of faith and to take up the weaponry of work—the armor of the modern Joan of Arc.

The Tax on Reading Matter

PERIODICAL publishers pay every tax levied on manufacturers, every income tax and every other tax to which any business class is subject. But, in addition, periodical publishers alone have had the rate for transporting their manufactured product raised from 50 to 900 per cent.

An increase of 15 per cent. in freight rates to manufacturers generally was deemed all that they could possibly bear. Many believed even this would be ruinous. Yet periodical publishers are forced to stand an increase of 50 to 900 per cent.

Periodicals should be distributed as freely as possible. The Post Office Department is for public service, not for profit. Yet the mailing rate fixed for periodicals under the postal zone law is the highest of all freight rates—higher even than express rates.

A comparison of quotations of rates under the "zone" system will readily convince anyone of the injustice to periodicals and their readers:

Low Express Rate per pound on Perishable Foods		High U. S. Gov't Rate per pound on Clean, Neat Periodicals
	OHIO TO NEW YORK CITY	
2¾c.	Butter or Chickens	5c.
	INDIANA TO NEW YORK CITY	
3½c.	Eggs or Chickens	6c.
	WISCONSIN TO NEW YORK CITY	
3 9/10c.	Honey per section (approx. 1 section per lb.)	6c.
	ARKANSAS TO NEW YORK CITY	
4 6/10c.	Nuts	7c.
	TEXAS TO NEW YORK CITY	
6 3/10c.	Nuts	9c.
	SEATTLE, WASH., TO NEW YORK CITY	
7c.	Fresh Fish (packed in ice gross weight 15 lbs)	10c.

This means strangling the periodicals, for the increased cost is prohibitive to multitudes of readers.

It means ruin for many periodicals.

It means restricted circulation for all others.

It attacks the whole mechanism of merchandising through advertising, and penalizes the reading public.

Write to your Congressman and Senators about it.

A booklet giving full information about this law will be sent to anyone requesting it of the Christian Herald.

Patriotism That Sacrifices

THAT "blood is thicker than water" is a good old saying which generally holds true. But in the spirit of these times and upon the issue now at stake, the alien enemy among us who is not wholeheartedly with us is the most detestable and dangerous of all enemies. Against all who by reason of their enemy birth, connections or sympathies are naturally under suspicion of disloyalty to the United States, the espionage laws cannot be any too strictly and relentlessly enforced.

But at the same time, it is no more than just that the high quality of loyalty to liberty which breaks the old bonds of blood and asserts and proves its true American patriotism and devotion, should be recognized with full appreciation.

America is a melting pot in which many peoples of many nations and races have become blended. Not lineage, but loyalty, is the true test.

The Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church of St. Louis, founded seventy years ago, and said to be the oldest church of that denomination in the United States, voted last week to discontinue the use of the German language. The Holy Cross Lutheran School also decided to discontinue the use of German, making the twenty-second and last Lutheran school in the city to take this action.

This worthy action, involving sacrifice prompted by patriotism, is not to be overlooked. Most of us, who have nothing of established custom to give up in order to express our loyalty, are apt too lightly to estimate the patriotism that rises to voluntary sacrifice of customs formerly held harmless and sacred.

Venetia Enslaved by the Teutons

An Appalling Record of the Crimes That Followed the Conquest of Italy's Beautiful Province

By REV. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, D.D., Venice

VENETIA, a large part of which is now unhappily in the hands of the Austrians and Germans, I happen to know very well, and not the country only, but the people who dwelt there. And it is truly heartrending to see what has befallen them and their properties. Perhaps, the words of the prophet Joel, combined with those found inscribed on an Assyrian tablet, best convey a general idea of it: "A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth. The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness. Before their face the people shall be much pained; all faces shall gather blackness." "I strawed the earth with their bodies, as if they had been beasts of the field. I took their cities in possession. I led them away captive. I carried away all their goods and their treasures. I burned their cities with fire. I made of them heaps and a desolation. I laid upon them the grievous yoke of my dominion."

What the locusts did the Germans have done. They have turned a "Garden of Eden" into a "desolate wilderness." What the Assyrians did they have done. They have taken the cities of Venetia into their possession. They have led many people away captive, and upon those that remain they have laid the grievous yoke of their dominion, and they have carried away all their goods and treasures.

LET me speak shortly of these two things: first of what has befallen the people, and secondly of what has befallen their goods. The Germans have divided the portion of Venetia they occupy into five districts. In the center of each is a well-known town, after which the district is named. These are Udine, Cividale, Gemona, Tolmezzo and Pordenone. To these there falls to be added the great Dolomite region of Cadore, so well known to American travelers. Each of these districts has its staff of officials, and over all is the commander-in-chief, who has his headquarters in Udine, and who issues the rules and laws to be enforced upon the people. Some of these laws are: (1) All men, women and children above fifteen years of age are obliged to work in the fields every day, including Sunday, from 4 A.M. till 8 P.M., but to be given half an hour's rest in the morning, one hour and a half at midday, and half an hour in the afternoon. (2) Men who are lazy at their work will be superintended by a German official, and when the agricultural work is over will be imprisoned for six months and every third day be fed on bread and water. (3) Women who are lazy will be taken out of Italy and forced to work. When the work is over they will be imprisoned for six months. (4) Children who are lazy will be beaten with a stick. (5) The commander reserves to himself the right to punish all lazy workmen by giving them twenty strokes with a stick.

The groups of officials in each of the five districts and in Cadore are rigidly enforcing these rules. "Agricultural work" does not mean necessarily working in the fields. It consists in digging trenches, throwing up embankments, making fortifications, and doing other military labor. From time to time one or two Italians who were installed by the Germans as motor-car drivers and officers' servants, manage to escape across the Piave and so to Venice. From them we learn the miserable condition of these once happy and prosperous farmers and peasants. They are simply slaves, and badly treated as such, for their masters have little interest in preserving them in health, or even in life.

Signor Guidica, a Venetian merchant, assures us that at Zenson, on the Piave, where the Germans attempted to cross the river, they forced women and children to go in front of them. Their hope was that the Italians would refrain from firing and allow them to cross. This they could not do, and so not a few of these poor helpless creatures were killed. Two men, one a soldier and one a civilian, who escaped across the Piave on the night of February 10, not only confirm all I have said, but have given us many more sad instances of Austro-German cruelty. Not only have the people to slave all day, but even their nights are by no means secure. They tell us how of an evening a group of Austrian or German soldiers will come to a house, and entering (for the doors are not barred) call out, "We have come to have some pleasure." The family may be in bed. That does not matter. They have to get up, light a fire and candles, clear a room or the kitchen, and entertain these soldiers. They have to sing, or play, and if there are young girls the soldiers seize them and force them to dance with them and not unfrequently to spend the night with them. All of the people, young and old, are not only forced to work as slaves, but they are badly clothed and badly fed. They actually suffer from hunger and from cold.

SO far as I have been able to judge, from long and almost yearly sojourns among them, the tone of morality among them is very high. Summer after summer my wife took with her a large supply of portions of Scripture, the Gospels, Epistles, and a little book containing our Lord's discourses and the Gospel of St. Luke, for distribution. These were not only always accepted readily, but the people came to our house to ask for them, and those who got them this year would show us their copies the next, often bearing marks that proved they had been read and reread.

Now I must state a lamentable thing. Austria and Germany are deliberately trying to demoralize and debauch these people! What I have already said of the visits paid to their houses at night by Austrian and German soldiers proves that, but that is not all. Low cinematographic shows are opened in all the towns and villages (a thing unknown before) and girls and women have to go with soldiers to them. Also at Udine, depraved singing and dancing women have been imported from Vienna, who perform nightly in the newly opened theatres. I once heard Mr. Gladstone say at a great public meeting: "It would be impossible to lay your finger on a spot in Europe and say, 'Here Austria has done good.'" And now the same might be said of Germany. It is a sad thing that these nations develop the worst side of their subject peoples.

Profiting by article 3, many women and girls have been deported into Austria and Germany. Indeed, members of families that my wife and I knew well—some of whom have worked for us in their own homes and in our house at Venice—have been so dealt with. Their fate can be imagined, but not described.

NATURALLY, all arms had to be surrendered at once. One can understand that as a legitimate military measure. But not the following order, that all food had to be given up—food in private houses, in shops, in stores and barns. Nothing was to be retained. Then there was officially instituted a search for art objects. I am glad to say that a month before war was declared, all the pictures of Titian, Cima, Pordenone and other masters were removed to Florence and Rome. Also the famous Giorgione at Castelfranco and many art objects from the museum at Cividale. Then, after war was declared, the supreme military commander, with the consent of the Minister of War, began the systematic removal of historic and art objects from churches, local museums, and municipalities. But as this was said to alarm the people, it was too quickly stopped. Then art objects in private houses were untouched. The result is, that the Germans are boasting of the number of pictures, missals, codices, miniatures, enamels, porcelains and other valuables they have secured, of which an exhibition has been opened in Berlin.

Another class of objects plentiful throughout Venetia was articles of copper and bronze. As travelers know, almost all cooking vessels in Italy are made of copper, and so are all the caldrons used in farm and dairy work. Also, as in Venice, so throughout Venetia, the pails used in carrying water are of bright copper. These have all been seized by the Germans. They have also robbed the churches of their bronze bells, and even carried off bronze statues, such as the large equestrian one of King Victor Emmanuel II, which adorned the chief square in Udine (the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele II). Americans know well two classes of articles, bronzinos and brides' chests. The former are beautifully shaped vessels of bronze, and the latter are made of thick carved walnut. Both classes of objects have an intrinsic and an antique value, being generally one or two centuries old. These, and all kinds of antique furniture, have been carried off.

SO far, the objects taken, with the exception of food supplies, were not such as to endanger life, nor even create insupportable hardships. But now objects have been taken from the poor people which do both. I quote the words of the two escaped Italians to whom I have already referred: "With the pretense of searching for disguised Italian prisoners, or for Austrian deserters, a group of German soldiers go at midnight to a house. If the proprietor does not resist, they simply steal things and go away. If resistance is offered, the inmates are beaten and arrested for having insulted the Kaiser's uniform. When there is nothing worth stealing, the soldiers abuse the women, irrespective of youth or of advanced years. Hundreds of houses have been abandoned. These they sack completely, carrying off not only everything they find in them, but the very doors and windows and floor tiles and roofing, leaving only bare walls. The officers make a particular search for crystal and for linen and lace and silk goods. These they carefully pack and send to their families." In one word, the enemy has made of Friuli, Cadore and the parts of Venetia he occupies, a second Belgium.

Germany and the Germans have certainly gained much; yet, whatever may be the feelings we entertain toward them, envy need not be one. Many months ago a cartoon represented a meeting between the Kaiser and King Albert of Belgium, when the Kaiser said: "Albert, you see you have lost all." Albert replied: "Not my soul." This recalls to the mind our Lord's words: "What is a man (or a nation) profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And we know that even the world, such a man and such a nation cannot keep. "Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity. For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb. Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shall thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

THERE has been little change in the military situation on the Italian front during the last two weeks, although rumors have been current of an expected Austro-German offensive. Late cablegrams from Rome report intermittent artillery activity on the Asiago plateau and at various points in the Largareno valley, with occasional attacks by enemy detachments, all of which, however, were repulsed. The Italians, together with French and British troops cooperating, seem to be confident of their ability to hold their lines. A number of aerial fights have taken place. There would seem to be no immediate prospect of a renewal of the artillery attack on Venice.

A Prayer for Venice

By

W. Livingston Larned

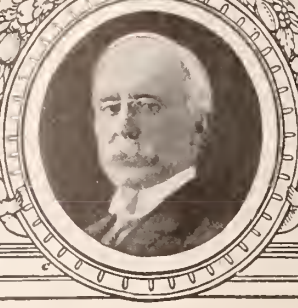
A PRAYER for Venice. . . May the Fire
Of War beat 'round it, helplessly;
The sword's keen thrust and sudden ire
Leave this fair realm of Romance free.
We cannot ever countenance the thought
Of Venice, in the bloody Maelstrom caught!
(Her skies are beautiful to see,
Woven of tapestries of red and gold;
And little boats, like Argosies of Light,
Forever come and go—and paths are bright
That, when the World was Young, were Old.)

A Prayer for Venice. . . May the Rage
Of War find here a poignant shame!
Or, Pity that is shown for Age
Hold back the Hot Breath of its Flame.
We cannot see these peaceful ways laid bare,
And only smouldering Ruin scattered there!
(Her Nights are rich Brocades of Song,
And tho' Love had been dead for years,
It stirs within the troubled breast.
Old Memories Time had put to rest
Awake, to Consecrate our tears.)

A Prayer for Venice. . . May the Dread
Of Grim Dawns, draped in Cannon-Mist
Leave here no black mark of its dead;
Nor foul the altars we have kissed.
We cannot bear the thought of Venice, prone,
So many Holy Centuries she's known.
(Her bright canals and tiny shops;
The Sunshine, woven in her hair:
More Shrine than City—wond'rous place,
With Reverence shining in its Face!

"KEEP VENICE SACRED," is our Prayer!)

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST



A SERMON

By

*REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.**

TEXT—I Chron. 12 : 33. "Of Zebulun, such as went forth to battle, expert in war, with all instruments of war, . . . which could keep rank: they were not of double heart."

TO encounter this living passage in these statistical chapters is as though one were looking through a pile of receipted bills and snddenly discovered a love letter! Or it is as though one were going through the Tower of London, moving amid the mere semblances of warriors, and were suddenly to come face to face with a living soldier!

It is a eulogistic description of warriors in the days of old. I want to transfer the description to the Kingdom of God, and to regard it as portraying the characteristics of all true soldiers of the Christ. It will be only a further elaboration of a favorite New Testament figure. The army, the soldier, active fight, all afford common metaphors to the apostle Paul. "Fight the good fight." "I have fought the good fight." "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil."

"*Expert in war.*" A man does not become expert in warfare immediately he enlists in the army. Nor does a man become an expert fighter in the cause of the Kingdom as soon as he has surrendered his life to the Lord. At the first we are only clumsy warriors, and we often fight in a way which would ensure our certain defeat if the warfare were waged on the ordinary field. We are often ignorant in our fighting, or thoughtless, or ill-informed, or rash, or we have no plan of campaign. We sometimes half condemn and half justify men by the apology that they are "all right, but they go about it in a foolish way." Or we say that a man's heart is all right, but he is wanting in common discernment. And so much has to be done before we can become expert campaigners under the banner of the Cross. How, then, can we become proficient?

FIRST of all, it is admirable exercise to study past campaigns. Napoleon was the most careful student that the world has ever known of the great generals of the past. He was continually busying himself in their plans of campaign, in their mode of approach, in their manner of fighting, and the means by which they husbanded their triumphs. And surely it would be equally wise for spiritual warriors to become familiar with the great soldiers of other days. It would be a rare education to study the apostle Paul; to note how he went about his work, what plans he made, what strategies he fashioned, and how he secured his victories. Or we may take a man like Moody, or Drummond, and carefully watch his doings as he approaches a soul and engages in contest for the Lord. Or it may be that we have some intimate friend who is rarely gifted with the power of winning his fellows for Christ. Let us be willing to be instructed, and diligently study how he sets about it, and by what means he overcomes the adversaries which lie in his way. Let us study past campaigns.

Then, if we are to be expert in war, we must be masterly in the use of changing tactics, alternating them as occasion requires. A great general has recently said that "tactics should be changed every ten years." The change should be far more frequent in the warfare of the kingdom. It sometimes appears to me as though every man required individual approach, and our tactics must be shaped accordingly. I think it is unwise to treat all people alike, and to rigorously follow one plan of campaign. It is unwise to employ no other ministry than tracts, making it a habit to give tracts to everybody.

Some people are repelled by the ministry, and Satan's chances are increased. I think it is very unwise to seek to win children in the same way as we should set about the conquest of hardened reprobates. It is not necessary to have a penitent bench and all the implements of a revival mission. We can surely use simpler methods, and by the simplicity far more effectually accomplish our aims. I am perfectly sure that many a devoted soldier loses many a battle just for want of reasonable tactics; his methods are too rigid and too uniform, and he has not the requisite adaptability to reach the manifold temperaments of men.

AND it must ever be remembered by every man who wants to be expert in war that in dull drill is laid the foundation of all military strength and power. What is done upon the private parade-ground has a very intimate relationship to what is done in the open field. The obscure drill is directly related to the public struggle. When I am diligent in drilling my body, and "keeping it under," subduing all its appetites and passions, and allowing no carnal craving to usurp the sovereignty of the life, I am acquiring facilities by which I shall render splendid service on the field.

And it is even so with the drilling of the mind. Let us settle it with ourselves that the Lord can use us better when we offer him our best. A well-drilled mind is a better instrument than a mind obtuse and only half awake. It is a splendid thing for young people to resolve that they will discipline their minds so as to be able to offer a fine organ to the Captain of their salvation. Every bit of honest drill is well invested labor. Many a man fails in conflict with the public devil because of inefficient preparation.

And to mention only one other requirement if we are to become expert in war—we must attend to the continuity of our supplies. A good warrior has not only a line of operation; he keeps open his line of communication. He sees to it that while he is at the front the roadways are kept open by which he can be supplied with ammunition and food. And we soldiers of the Kingdom are poor fighters if we go unfed. We need to be continually fed with inspiration—that is, with power. And we need to be continually fed with revelation—that is, with light. And these things cannot be accomplished unless we keep "open to God." A good soldier must see to it that the communications remain unblocked, and that he "prays without ceasing."

"WITH *all instruments of war.*" The experience of these old-world soldiers covered every variety of instrument, and they were able to use any particular one which was most fitted for their immediate purpose. I have already referred to the use of manifold tactics, and it is only a re-emphasis of this which I wish now to enforce. There are many instruments which we can use, and we must be expert in the use of all. For instance, there is the instrument of speech. A man is becoming finely accomplished when he can wield this instrument deftly and well. A really expert soldier of Jesus can speak a word and slay a foe. To know just when to speak, and how to speak, is one of the finest attainments of the soul.

There are occasions when speech would be quite ineffective, and when silence is terribly destructive. We can slay an unclean jest by withholding our applause. We can put people to healthy shame by "answering nothing." "Jesus stooped and wrote on the ground," and the conscience-stricken men stole away one by one!

And then there is the instrument of kindness. There is magnificent destructiveness in this sanctified weapon. "If thine enemy hunger, *feed him!*" Yes, it is marvelously true, we can "kill by kindness!" There are other implements which I need not name; these which have been mentioned shall stand as typical of the rest. We must be diligent in tactics; we must drill ourselves in the use of them, and thus become expert in "all instruments of war."

"*Which could keep rank.*" What an accomplishment! They could fight alongside other people. They could keep step with other soldiers; they could obey common orders. What a grace, I say! There are some people who cannot work with other people. They declare that they like a committee of one! They cannot "keep rank."

There is a word of the apostle Paul which always seems to me to be fragrant with sweet and blessed eulogy. "I beseech thee also, *true yokefellow.*" It is one of the finest compliments that the great apostle could pay to his fellow. Here was some friend of Paul's who was a splendid companion to work with! He was a grand sharer of the yoke! He could work in pairs, and the one whose burden he shared felt the graciousness of his service. "And other of my fellow laborers, whose names are written in the Book of Life." They were all able to "keep rank," and they were splendid comrades in a common cause.

NOW there is one thing which greatly helps a regiment to "keep rank," and that is a band of music. And I know of nothing which is more helpful to comradeship in the army of the Lord than the spirit of praise. If we sang more together we should better keep step together. Our very hymn-books are proof of how we can keep rank to the accompaniment of song. In the fervor of praise many apparent incongruities become fused into a gracious union.

"*They were not of double heart.*" These warriors of Israel did not wear one uniform, and carry on secret intrigue with the foe. And so with the expert warriors of the Lord, they do not serve God and mammon. In the true soldier there is no alien affection pulling back his reluctant feet. A man who goes out to fight for the Lord must be single-minded, and must not leave his heart behind in treasure which is buried elsewhere.

"A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." He cannot be depended upon either day or night, in the trying hour of waiting or in the strenuous season of battle. "His heart is not in it," and therefore he cannot fight with the certain confidence of victory. "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

*Pastor, Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Influence of a High Aim

SUNDAY, May 5. Phil. 3 : 14. "*I press toward the mark.*" And that mark was Christ! The apostle pressed forward to the seizure of his vast inheritance, the full fellowship of the Saviour, the unbroken communion with his Lord. That was the mark which blazed before this man's eyes both night and day. Every other interest was only on the road to this, and had to be taken on the way to the greater. If there was anything which could not be taken on the way, the apostle left it behind. That was his test of everything: Can I take it with me toward the mark? Will it join my ranks and march with me on my eager journey? Yes? Come away, then! No? Then not all the worldly lures on this planet will make me tarry by the way! I must leave them all behind. I count all things but refuse that I may win Christ!

It was this severe singleness of aim which gave the apostle's life such terrific force. Nothing loiters on his road. Everything he does is swept into the current of his dominant purpose and shares its pace. The little things catch the spirit of the big aim. His very salutations tingle with power. His smallest fountains play with an energy which tell you they have come from the hills. And what about his biggest things? What force there is in his doxologies! And what holy violence there is in his prayers! And what intensity there is in his penitences! His one commanding aim makes every one of his activities a child of strength.

But a high aim is more than a minister of power. It is a gracious means of illumination which, like the headlights on a car, throws its beams on the road that stretches before us. A high aim is a means of prevision; and when the mark is Christ it endows the soul with the rich and companionable powers of sight, and insight, and foresight. A high aim is, perhaps, not so much light as sight; with the high aim of the apostle we look at everything through the very eyes of the Lord.

One further thing may be said. A glorious aim reacts in vitalizing ministry upon the entire being. It is curative. A big holy aim is very hostile to the petty ailments of the mind, as it is also very destructive of the mean diseases of the heart. And through a healthier mind and heart we give ourselves a chance of more exuberant physical health. Perhaps it is true, in a larger way than we usually think, that "He shall quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you." J. H. J.

A Place Prepared

MONDAY, May 6. John 14 : 2. "*In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.*" Who can look at the heavens, says a Christian writer, without thinking of these words of Jesus? In the hour of parting from his disciples, as he is about to return to the home whence he came, he invites them to regard his home as theirs. He has made it their home by his sacrificial life and death.

While the Jews were breaking down the temple of his body in which he had chosen to dwell, he was building a house for his followers, eternal in the heavens, which is to afford room for all who accept the guarantee of his word that it was built for them.

These words of Jesus raise our eyes longingly to the mansions of the blest. Some day the fetters that bind our aching hearts to this earth will be struck from us, and, released from bondage to the flesh, our soul shall soar upward and enter the beautiful palace of our Lord. In the light of the beautiful hope which these words of our Forerunner rouse earth's joys grow dim and the luster of its glories pales in the radiance that streams from those stately halls where the saints made perfect walk in the presence of their Redeemer, in the joy and freedom that has no end.

This promise of Christ shatters with its powerful rays the gloom of night that settles on the believer in his dying hour and turns it into the dawn of the morning of eternity. W. H. T. D.

Abiding Influence

TUESDAY, May 7. I John 2 : 17. "*The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.*" From a little distance above the earth we mortals must appear like ants, laboriously toiling, carrying mysterious burdens, building strange chambers for our treasures, wearing our lives out doing ridiculously inadequate things. Yes, but seen from a greater distance there is another aspect of life. He who put us here endowed us with a desire for permanence, a longing for unbroken continuance of influence, an insatiable instinct to build for eternity. "Thou has put eternity in our hearts." It is an almost universal impulse to endeavor to project our lives into the future, to lay hold on something changeless. Christianity answers this longing, saying, "It is only one world that passes away, the outer world; there is another world, an inner world, that is imperishable. Live in it and for it. Grow rich in it, build nobly for it. Ally yourselves with forces that abide." This is the message of the words, "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever." Did he that wrote these words abide forever? The fact that we read them today answers the question. Jesus said of a certain woman, "Wheresoever this Gospel is preached, there shall what this woman hath done be told." Is it not so? To a little band of obscure men who followed him, Jesus said "Ye are a city set upon a hill." The world has looked to that city and to that hill for eighteen centuries. A humble woman served the poor in Joppa, and we know her name, and rejoice in her resurrection. A boy with a luncheon-basket offered his bread and fish to feed the Master and the Master's friends, and that deed is immortal. A rich man offered his family burial-vault for the sepulcher of a crucified Carpenter, and lo! all our hopes of immortality bloom in that garden. C. C. A.

Mother

WEDNESDAY, May 8. Prov. 6 : 20. "*Forsake not the law of thy mother.*" Between Easter and Children's Day, how beautiful to observe a Mother's Memorial Day; the white carnation, the memory flower is an emblem of the purity and fragrance in the lives of holy motherhood. Jesus, Home and Mother are words that touch the heart of the world deeper than any others. If it is an angel mother, she makes heaven more inviting; if still in the earthly home, she is the guide and unchangeable friend, moving about in sweet ministries and loving service.

A friend said to S. S. Prentice, "I congratulate the mother who has such a son." He replied, "Rather congratulate the son on having such a mother." Richter says, "To a man who has had a noble mother, all women are sacred for her sake." The mother, more than any other, affects the moral and spiritual part of the children's character. She is their constant companion and teacher in formative years. The child is ever imitating and assimilating the mother nature. It is only in after life that men gaze backward and behold how a mother's hands and heart of love molded their young lives and shaped their destiny.

No child can fully realize the intensity of a mother's anxiety as she bids good-by to the son or daughter going out of the old home to enter school or business life. She realizes that she will not be able to give counsel as in their younger days; she does not need to promise to remember them in her prayers. She cannot help praying—every breath is prayer. Oh, that the youth of America may be true to their mothers and their mothers' God! E. W. C.

Rest for the Weary

THURSDAY, May 9. Matt. 11 : 28. "*Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" There are three possible ways to find rest. One of them is by cessation of work. It is not given to many of us to rest ourselves thus, for the pressure of our unfulfilled tasks is too great. A second way to rest is by the readjustment of burdens. The scientific farmer rests the soil by the rotation of crops. The bookkeeper who grows weary of sitting at a desk, takes his books to a higher desk and writes while standing. Indians on a long journey who find it not possible to stop to rest, are said to have the habit of picking up a log or rock and carrying it along for a distance; then when they throw it down, they feel rested. They have rested some muscles by bringing into play other muscles. The third method of finding rest is by all means the most satisfactory. It is by increase of strength. Then, whatever burdens have grown heavy or whatever added burdens may be imposed we are equal to the demands made upon us. "As thy day is so shall thy strength be." The promise of the Master's words in the verse quoted above evidently points to the inward reinforcement of life: "Ye shall find rest *unto your souls.*" Perhaps we are nearer our Saviour's words when we read the promise, "I will rest you." There are strong souls by association with whom we are mysteriously but immeasurably rested. Power flows from them to us. The charging of a storage battery is a physical symbol of what occurs when we come into contact with spirits like these. The companionship of Christ in daily life is the secret of a strength that passeth explanation. C. C. A.

Christ Our Advocate

FRIDAY, May 10. 1 John 2 : 1. "*We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.*" The reconciling work of Jesus for the world was finished when he returned to sit at the right hand of the Father. Nevertheless he acts continually as the sinners' Reconciler, now that he is with the Father. The record of his finished work has been left on earth in his holy Gospel.

When the believer who has accepted the expiation of his guilt by Christ is again overtaken by a fault, or views with dismay his daily shortcomings, let him not doubt the sufficiency of the redemption of his Lord. Not only does the Gospel tell him that the grace which reclaims men from their error is renewed for them every morning and abounds over all sin, but he is assured by a text like this that his Lord and Saviour has a perpetual interest in him, and makes the atoning sacrifice which he rendered for the sinner to tell in his behalf all the time.

Again and again is the merit of Jesus' work thrown into the balance of divine justice in behalf of the sinner, and the sinner's daily justification secured. Christ the High priest of our profession is a priest forever, and his intercession in behalf of those for whom his blood was shed is also a priestly function. It is through him as our Advocate that we have access continually to the throne of grace in our supplications. And a result of his intercession for us is that we are preserved in our sonship with God the Father, and that our renewal to the image of God in spiritual knowledge and righteousness goes forward. From the ever-continuing mediation of Christ between God and man the daily life of his believers here below takes on a heavenly coloring: under every feeling of sin and infirmity believers are confident that the union which has been formed between them and God is made indissoluble by the continuous intercession of their Advocate. They need no one else to plead for them. W. H. T. D.

Self-Will

SATURDAY, May 11. Ps. 106 : 15. "*He gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul.*" Israel lusted after flesh food rather than the manna, just as people today lust after the evils of the flesh. The body may grow soft and fat and luxurious while the soul becomes thin with spiritual barrenness. Daniel practiced self-denial, refusing the king's meat, while his soul fed on the richest heavenly manna. How many choose the riches of silver even if they lose the golden glory of character!

God will not break down the wall of the will. He wants no machine goodness. When he sees a man determined on an evil course, rejecting all warnings and pleadings, he gives him over to reprobate mind. The striving of the divine Spirit ceases because the heart is hardened. After such people grow rich and prosperous, they are often deluded into thinking that God is on their side, because he has granted their request to increase in riches. They were, however, simply let alone, permitted to enter into temptation without hindrance, left free to do wrong, without the accusations of conscience or the gnawings of remorse.

When moral means have been exhausted, the will is left to rush on to the brink of ruin, where the lusts of the heart and the darling desire lead the man captive.

What a blessed transformation when the covetous lover of wealth, seeing the golden millstone sinking him into the depths of the dark waters, asserts his will power, surrenders his riches, crying out, "I come to do thy will, O God! I will make it my meat and drink, my all in all!" E. W. C.

Dr. Jowett's Farewell

REV. J. H. JOWETT delivered his farewell sermon in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, on Sunday, April 14, before returning to England. In the course of his sermon he said:

"I return to England as an ambassador of your affections, which I have been privileged to enjoy for the last seven years.

"No soldier has heard the bugle more imperatively than the summons comes to me. I am too old to fight with weapons in our sacred cause, and I can make no contribution to our material strength.

"But there are forces besides those which are supplied by munitions. The moral and spiritual forces of the nation are, after all, its manifest equipment. If the morale of a people suffer, its ideals grow dim. If its enthusiasm loses its fire, all the munitions in the world will not secure its triumph.

"I return to a country which is bleeding in sacrifice and smitten with bereavement. There is no sign of mourning in my country. All the dark trappings of grief have been discarded. But though the outward garb of sorrow is missing, the hearts of multitudes are carrying a hungry pain. I go back with eager yearning to bear to them the ministry of light and consolation."

Dr. Jowett will continue his contributions to the Christian Herald notwithstanding his change of pastorate. His Sermons and Meditations will appear regularly as heretofore.

English Women as Farm Workers

By
HELEN H. HOFFMAN

WHATEVER other immediate results of war are felt today in the national life of England, one that stands out in refreshing relief to a visitor is the splendid awakening of her people to the primitive occupations of rural life.

Those who in pre-war times occupied their leisure with hours of golf, and women born to vast estates and the beauty of out-of-door life, are now successfully engaged in making their wide acres respond to intelligent cultivation and to the rearing of stock and poultry.

The growing interest and love shown by the people of the country for this new life indicate quite clearly that the new England after the war will represent a mighty change in this particular. Men and women who formerly looked upon the farmer's life as the dullest existence possible, now express themselves as surprised that any one should refer to the farm as lacking in wholesome natural interest.

With a zest that can be measured only in terms of success England's vast army of land women are setting a new record in the employment of woman's latent ability in time of need. The old antipathy to farm work felt among young women seeking a livelihood at the various doors of interest opened to women in the last quarter century is gradually dying out. At the same time, breaking down the prejudice of the farmer to the employment of women has been in the nature of things, a slow, evolving process of education and demonstration.

In places where this condition has existed for some time a better understanding has been effected between employer and employee. A new field of industry has been added to woman's expanding ambitions for economic independence, and the farmer, too, has learned many things that he had not dreamed it possible for him to know.

On the other hand, the necessities of war have stimulated interest among thousands of householders to take up the cultivation of the soil, until today the people of England, men and women, particularly women, who knew nothing of the simple, natural life of gardening, farming and stock-raising are today among its experts.

WITH the cry of "food and more food" to feed the armies of the Allies and the army of industrial workers at home, recruiting for women to till the soil has today become a part of the huge machinery of warfare, carried on by women of experience and practical good common sense.

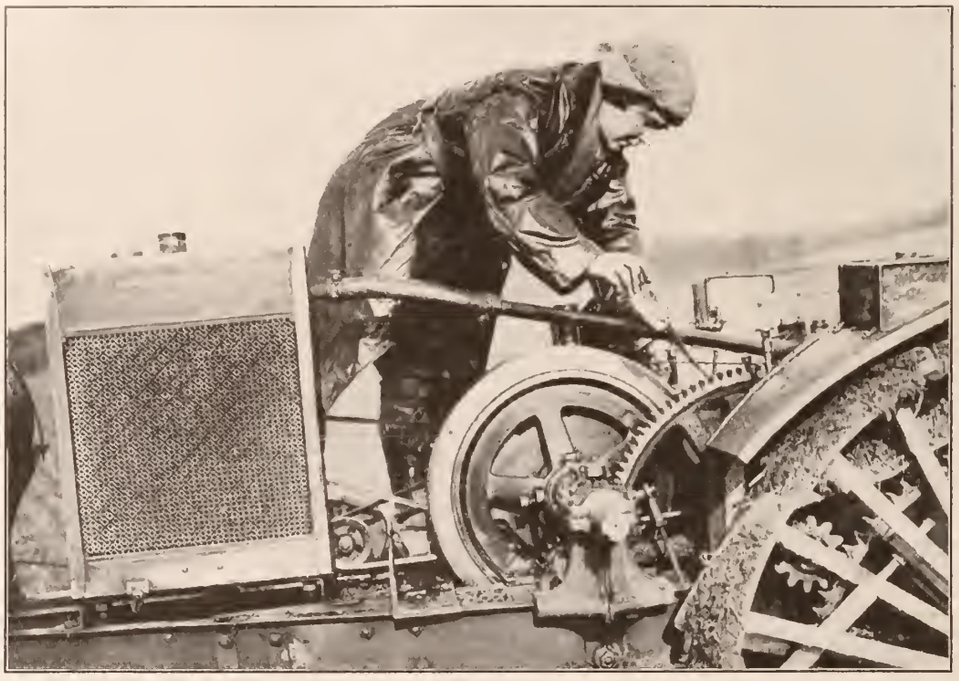
The army of land women has been steadily increasing in numbers, until this summer the number reached will be the largest since the war began.

After long, intimate, personal experience in this work, Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, widow of the former brilliant member of Parliament, now serving as Depnty Commissioner of the Woman's Land Army Committee, expressed to me the greatest optimism toward this new departure for the employment of woman's ability and industry: "Many young women who went to work on farms for purely patriotic reasons have become strong supporters of this sort of work for women," said Mrs. Lyttelton. "They realize that in this normal, healthy work, a woman is gaining something that is not given to her in many other occupations. One is improved health and another is in the gaining of experience and a very particular knowledge of value that will open the door to a later success. For instance, the possibility of attaining a managership of a farm or estate, superintending the work of women farmers, or specializing in some particular branch of this work with good remnneration.

"Girls who are accepted for this work," said Mrs. Lyttelton, "are reqnired to pass a rigid medical examination. If a girl is merely anemic this does not tell against her with ns. I have seen snch girls transformed, in a few months in the open, to wonderfnl examples of glowing health. This work has also performed wonders in the development of a girl's character. I have seen girls, serions, preoccupied, selfish, change into laughing, happy-hearted, alert yonng women, strong in body and content in mind."

Mrs. Lyttelton and her group of able assistants in this huge work have encountered every objection and every difficulty that arose in the adaptation of girls to the land life, and, one after one these problems have been carefully taken np and successfully mastered.

One of the chief objections to farm work, an objection not confined by any means to this new



The motor plow eats work but it drinks gasoline and chews oil. This lady of the land is oiling her faithful steed

condition that has arisen among these girls in England, is the loneliness of country life for young people. This objection has been met in a large measure by the women, who have gone deeply into every phase of this new life.

As was the experience of men farm helpers in many communities where the farmer's family could offer no accommodation for housing them, the girls have had to solve this difficulty in many instances. And a very happy solution of the problem has been worked out by the girls, frequently with the help of the local Land Committees. Where this sitnation has arisen, girls from neighboring farms have joined in making a club and a home for themselves by leasing a small honse convenient for all and sharing the expense of its support. This arrangement has proven highly satisfactory to a large number of girls through the country and has added materially to the brightness of their lives. To give a further personal touch to this work there are the traveling inspectors who keep in touch with the army of workers, throngh district committees, composed of women of leisure, who devote their time to this work, so that every girl farmer feels that she is actually always in tonch with the organization, and in this way can communicate any desire or suggestion that she has to make.

THE Welfare section of this work, of which Mrs. Margaret Hughes is the head, represents another strong link between the girl and the city she has left. Hundreds of letters from the girls find their way to Mrs. Hughes's desk in the course of a week. Many of them contain requests of a varied natnre. Others write for information as to how other girls are progressing in their work, and the advice of others is sought by the girls themselves regarding little things they encounter in their work. In looking after the personal interests of the girls, Mrs. Hughes has bronght happiness to scores of these farmers by acting as shopper for them. Sometimes it is for ribbons or yarns or materials for a new gown, or even bits of household articles for the girls who nndertake to fit themselves up a bit of home by clubbing together.

The newest medium of interest supplied by the organization for the purpose of keeping the girls more closely in touch with each other and the variety of work being done in different parts of the country, is a monthly magazine devoted to their interests. It is known as the Landswoman. It contains technical articles on various subjects of general interest to land workers, photographs of the girl workers and letters from many of them relating their experiences and their progress on the farm.

ONE thing the farmer has learned is that women are especially fitted for caring for stock. Why shouldn't this be so? They make pets of the animals by the very great attention paid to them, and no farmer has ever complained of the lack of care bestowed by his women farm hands upon the members of the barnyard family. I think this is one of the things that has served very largely in converting the farmer to a strong faith in his new helper. Another thing the farmer has learned in setting aside an old prejudice against the woman farmer is that she is conscientious in her work and that she can be depended upon to look out for the innumerable little details involved in carrying on this work, until today the farmer has a high respect for the woman who helps to carry on the work of his farm.

While today most of these girls can boast of a six weeks' special training arranged for by the committee, yet the first few weeks of the girl farmer at actual work represents the crisis in her new career. But the percentage of those who feel that the work is too taxing or that country life is not preferable to city employment and who quit during the first or second months is small indeed. For the less restricted life of the country with its variety of interests appeals strongly to the girl from the town who has known the routine of office, kitchen or shop.

One of the strongest objections to this class of work by the girls themselves made a few years ago, was the remuneration. But gradually the committee has been working for an increase in wage, and at the same time, looking to the future benefit of the girl by the employment of efficiency tests at intervals.

One of the high testimonials of the work of women farmers comes from no less a person than Queen Mary, who has shown a decided interest in the several girls employed on the royal estates. "These girls have shown an aptitude for gardening and the care of stock that is truly wonderful," her Majesty told a member of the committee.

In not a few cases where a farmer has been loath to employ women helpers his admiration finally for the work and character of his woman helper has led to matrimony. In many other instances women farmers, grown to prefer country life to any other, have married discharged soldiers and settled on farms of their own. I believe women will always hereafter be actively identified with the carrying on of the land and stock-raising. They have proven that they are peculiarly fitted for this work, and they realize that it is one of the healthiest occupations for women and that the independence that goes with such work is something to be desired.

IN addition to the big army of salaried land women there is an ever-increasing number of women cultivating the soil who have merely taken this up for their own personal benefit. That is to say, for the growing of vegetables for the home table. Most all of these women declare that a couple of hours each day spent in the garden has improved their health immeasurably.

The desire on the part of the home women for gardening has been met by the government throngh the Board of Agriculture, which has arranged to provide applicants with snitable allotments.

That some arrangement will be effected whereby all those who care to continue gardening or farming on a small scale after the war appears to be within the limits of reasonable expectation. At any rate, the woman farmer, introduced by the exigencies of war, is no longer an adventure, but a pleasant reality.

How Our Women Help to Win the War

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

VERY few people know how bravely the women of America have risen to their emergency—how efficiently and gallantly they have met the revised economic conditions. To the average onlooker, the woman who knits gray socks and khaki-colored sweaters is the only real war worker, and the woman who uses no wheat flour is the only one who is helping Hoover. And yet government bulletins—official ones—tell a vastly different story—a story that has to do with farm labor, and Liberty Bonds, and scientific cooking, and reconstruction work, and Naval Reserve departments.

NOW that the spring is here perhaps the most important branch of our Women's War Work is the Women's Land Army of America. The system is like that which has been so widespread and successful in England, and while in the opinion of the committee, it may not be feasible in the very different agricultural conditions in our Western states, it may prove of great value where farms are small and agriculture intensive.

It is also through the work of women that the "U. S. School Garden Army" has been started. Women have promised that their children shall be given a garden and taught to make things grow. In San Francisco alone eight thousand women have pledged themselves to see that some one particular child joined the War Garden Army. Many little children across the sea will be kept from starving by the efforts of the children of America.

THE girl-employees of the United States Shipping Board and Emergency Fleet Corporation have adopted a costume of forester green that is neat, cool, and attractive. Girl ambulance drivers and chauffeurs are wearing khaki-colored uniforms. Munition and factory workers have have their standardized dress. And standardization of women's clothes as a war economy measure will be urged at the biennial meeting of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs to be held in Hot Springs, Ark., from the 29th of April to May 8.

"With every month of the war, with increasing labor, expense and responsibilities," says an editorial in the current issue of the official magazine of the organization, "every intelligent woman in the country longs to be released from any form of slavery to clothes. We are learning to look with respect upon uniforms when worn by men and women in the proper way, and the uniform style of street clothes is as inevitable as some of the other things brought about by the war."

To quote further: "Revolutions in the manner of dressing have always followed great wars. The fashion in men's as well as women's garments changed and varied in accordance with styles set by the court until the French revolution and its expression of democracy. Since then, they have adopted a style of dressing which from year to year changes in minor detail but not in form.

"In women's wear nothing like this has prevailed. And it is our fault. First, because we have made clothes a pastime—a part of the competitive social procedure; second, because we have been willing to remain in ignorance of the causes which produce certain effects, and neglected to learn the principles of economics related to the business of buying; third, because, while rebelling at the waste of time and money entailed in following the fashion, we have not been sufficiently courageous to break away from our traditional ways of approaching the clothes problem. Standardization is a principle, not a uniform; it does not mean adopting a single form of dress for every single occasion, but it does mean that women ought to accept a form of street clothes as unchangeable as the man's suit.

"We are only discussing street clothes, not house clothes. There should be a place where a woman can express her personality and where she can use the delightfully beautiful fabrics of the present day."

THEY came, with eyes that were dazed and dull,
To a land of Liberty;
Came to a land where folk might live,
A land that was "of the free."
They carried packs on their tired backs,
And their shoulders bent with dread;
They did not know what the land might be
That lay like a path ahead.

They stayed, and their eyes grew bright with faith—
With faith in their fellowmen;
And some found work with a pick of steel,
And some with a flaming pen.
And they challenged dread with an upflung head,
And a proudly singing soul;
For the stranger land had come to be
A road with a shining goal!

And then there sounded a call, and they
Looked up from their work and knew
That dread and fear had come creeping back,
While the sighing war wind blew.
Silently then, the pick and pen
Were laid in the dust aside,
For the land was changed from a path and goal,
To a land of *men*, who died!

Their eyes looked back o'er the troubled sea,
Eyes that had once been dazed;
And they saw a Europe spent and worn—
Its altars and temples razed.
And the ones who might went back, *to fight*,
Over the ocean foam;
And the rest bought bonds that they might help
The land that they now called HOME!

THE Naval Aircraft Factory at Philadelphia has opened its doors to Women. The order was approved by Secretary of the Navy Daniels, and the Civil Service Commission so notified its district secretary. I am quoting from their letter:

(1) It is authoritatively reported that there is not a mechanical operation in the construction of airplanes in England that is not, somewhere in the United Kingdom, being performed by women.

(2) Since it is the desire of the Manager of the Naval Aircraft Factory not to employ men of draft age unless necessary and since it is probable that male labor will become increasingly needed, if not for the army, then for other government production, it is respectfully recommended that special ratings on the Schedule of Wages at the Labor Board of the Philadelphia Navy Yard be opened to women for the Naval Aircraft Factory only.

Rutgers College of New Jersey has offered to give any ten women who apply to them a short course in tractor operation. This is another new branch of service for women, and still another is the organization of a Service Corps of trained alumnæ, ready to go to any part of the world in War Service, which has been organized by the girls and former students of Bryn Mawr College. The War Service will send trained women not only to France but also to Italy, the Balkans, and possibly to Russia. The workers will be doctors, nurses, and social workers who are capable of doing any sort of work that may be rendered.

COOKING has always been a woman's business. That business, in this time of meatless Tuesdays and wheatless Thursdays and economical everydays, is not an easy one. But the State College of Agriculture at Cornell University, working with the government, sends out on request many bulletins helpful to the housewife.

LAST but not least comes the work women are doing in behalf of the Liberty Loan. On April 6, ten thousand Liberty Loan meetings were held. Approximately that number of women spoke at them. Increased co-operation between the National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee and the Liberty Loan Committees organized under the Federal Reserve banks has produced splendid results. And it is announced, as an example, that 75 per cent. of the women's bonds taken in Washington were purchased by women in the government service. This statement is made by Mrs. Karl F. Kellerman, in charge of the campaign. The women in government service took over $1,284,000 worth of Liberty Bonds of the second issue, an average of a $100 bond for every woman in Federal employ at Washington.

This is a very brief outline of the work that our women are doing to help the nation in its time of need. It is such a tremendous work that one is unable to give anything but a brief outline of it, and it is being carried on in a quiet and tremendously efficient way. American women are doing things that no women have ever before dreamed of doing.

"Women," says a certain war bulletin, "are the buyers for the world. Women are the conservers."

And we, who are watching the women of our country, would like to add that women should be hailed, with the fighting men, as the saviors of the world.

GLIMPSES OF THE GREAT FIGHT I

© Committee on Public Information

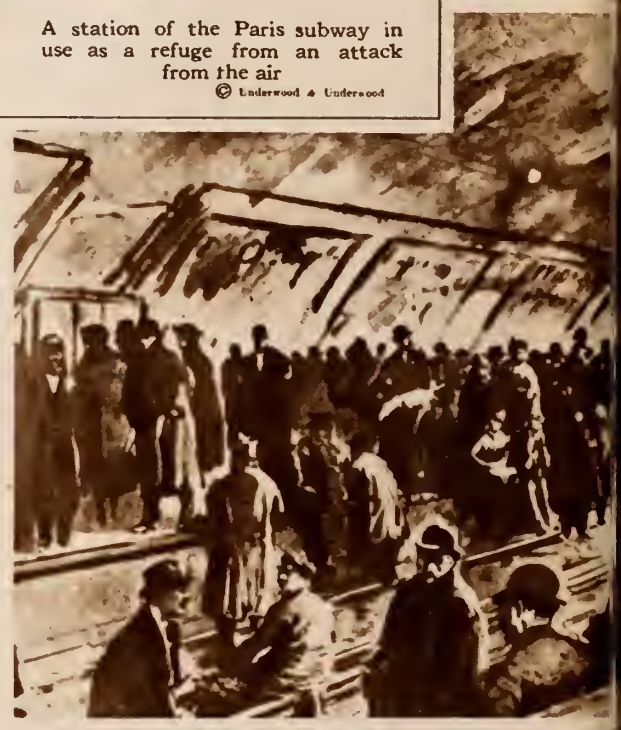
The lookout post. American troops standing guard.

Australian official photo © Underwood & Unde

The new Battle of the So
Australian wounded at an emer
dressing station near the fro

A station of the Paris subway in use as a refuge from an attack from the air

© Underwood & Underwood



Italian official photo

This Boche bombed an Italian town, but Italian guns brought him down behind their lines.

© Central News Photo Service

German soldiers who drove too far on the plains of Picardy and became British prisoners

© Kadel & Herbert

American troops in France fully equipped, leaving with their transport for the front. Each man carries entrenching tools.

WHICH LIBERTY MUST TRIUMPH

© International Film Service

Col. Roosevelt and his grandson, Archie, Jr., whose father, wounded in France, has never seen him

© Central News Photo Service

The Great German Drive. British tractor pulling a big gun back to a new position. The British saved most of their big guns

© Underwood & Underwood

The unreached goal. A view of Amiens and its famous cathedral, on April 15, in range of the guns of the halted Huns

The Measure of a Man

By GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL LUTZ
Author of "The Witness"

CHAPTER V

BUT Harley did not return that night nor the next morning. The chauffeur returned at mid night to say that he had found no clue to the young master. He had even ventured so far as to call at the door and ask to speak with the young lady; but she had declared most decidedly that she knew nothing of his whereabouts. He was very sore about that lost ten dollars. It seemed somehow that he had been ill-used. Nobody had thought to save him any supper, either.

Janet, as she stood at the door and watched the chauffeur out of sight, had pondered deeply. Aunt Nan had reported how Mrs. Bruce had asked about Harley. What was the meaning of it all? Had Harley left home in a huff? Had his mother perhaps said something about her? And why did they think he was here? Did his mother feel that she, Janet, had spirited him away? Was that the explanation of the two calls that afternoon? Janet's cheeks grew rosy and she held her head high as she came back into the house. She was thoughtful all the rest of the evening. She was glad again that she was going away for a little while. But her last thought before she slept was to wonder where Harley had gone.

The next few days were full of delight, going to the shore with Mary, and bringing her back for a visit first at Aunt Nan's, and then back to the Springdale house, from which point Mary made a formal call one afternoon on Mrs. Bruce and was much relieved to find her out with all her guests.

The visit stretched out over nearly two weeks. The two girls roamed the woods, and drove about the country with Aunt Nan having most delightful times; and including now and then some of Janet's girl friends from the village. But never once did they see or hear of Harley Bruce; nor did Janet mention him. Mary wondered a little about it, but was too good a friend to ask questions. Finally, the day came when Mary had to leave to fulfil another engagement of long standing, and Janet was left at home again with her mother.

Somehow the sharpness of the ent that Mrs. Bruce had given had worn dull in the happy days Janet had passed with her friend. She did not dread quite so much lest she might meet the woman on the street. Moreover it was rumored that the Bruces were off on an extended motor trip at present, so for the present there was no danger of any more annoyance in that direction. Janet wondered much about Harley. Had he returned yet, and was he on the trip with them, or what had become of him?

She was lying in the hammock out in the cool darkness of the pines thinking this over that first evening after Mary left, when suddenly she became aware of a rosy light that was growing brighter and stronger every minute and throwing the deep shadows on the lawn into weird relief. She had scarcely had time to wonder what it meant when a wild cry, "Fire! Fire! Fire!" burst upon the soft night air and was followed by other voices taking it up, and the huddling hurry of a small town in excitement tearing to the scene of a fire.

JANET rushed to the gate, but could see nothing but a great light in the sky, for the thick hedge and heavy growth of tall trees shut off the view. The fire was in the direction of the Bruces, however, and seemed very near. She turned and rushed back into the house and up-stairs to a third-story window, which gave a wide view above the tree tops, calling to her mother as she went. Mrs. Grayson followed her and they watched together at the window as the long red flames leaped up and dyed the sky. It was the Bruce house. The whole west wing was aflame. It must have been burning some minutes before it had leaped into light and warned the town. It looked like a great, beautiful set piece of pyrotechnics, with its classic white pillars, stately verandas, and wide-spreading roof. One could not think that the beautiful old house would burn, it had been there so many years and seemed so substantial, so much a part of the scenery, as if it were somehow immortal. Yet the flames were leaping over it joyously, piercing now in little gleeful flames through the very roof and licking round the pillars hungrily. Janet could hear the snap and crackle of the fire, the breaking of the window-panes as the flames conquered one by one. They could see wild figures dashing through the rooms, and things being thrown out the windows, and crashing on the mêlée below.

"Do you suppose there is any one there but the servants?" Janet asked her mother in an awed whisper.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Grayson. "Hannah thought she heard a car come home about five o'clock when you were down at the train with Mary. They may have returned. I don't suppose there is anything we can do. Perhaps we ought to walk up that way and tell some one to offer our services if there is anything that's wanted."

"Oh, mother! Must we? They have enough to help them. It isn't likely anybody stayed in the house, or got hurt or anything. Oh, mother! Isn't it awful that a house can burn up that way and just *not be* any more! I'll go if you think we should, but what could we do?"

"We'll go down to the gate and ask some one. There'll be people coming back pretty soon," said Mrs. Grayson.

They went down-stairs.

"Hark! That's the Rosedale engine coming to help!" cried Janet.

A MAN on horseback came riding back from the fire madly, urging his horse to a gallop. The crowd made way for him. Some one cried out to him, and he answered.

"He says some one was hurt, mother! I'm sure I heard him say some one was hurt—burned, I think he said! He is going for the doctor!" She clutched wildly at her mother's arm. "Mother, I guess we'd better go and see."

"No; wait, dear! We couldn't possibly do anything. If some one is hurt they ought to be brought here. This is the nearest house. There's John Patterson. Call to him. Tell him to bring any one here who is hurt.

Mrs. Grayson hurried into the house and in a few minutes more Janet came in:

"They are bringing her, mother. It is—Mrs. Bruce! Oh, mother! What shall we do?" Janet seemed almost unnerved for the moment.

Mrs. Grayson stood up from the sheet she was tucking in and looked at Janet in horror for a moment; then a look as if an angel hand had touched her on the forehead overspread her face, and she said gently:

"Why, we'll have to let her come, Janet! We couldn't do anything else! Perhaps God is sending her here for some reason!"

"Of course, mother!" said Janet. "What can I do to help?" There were instant lines of sweet self-control around her lips that made her look like her mother.

"Put on those fresh pillow cases. Is she much hurt? Did you hear?"

"Tommie Butcher didn't know. He had been sent down to ask if they might bring her here. She is burned, Tommie didn't know how seriously. She had been heating a curling-iron over an alcohol lamp, her maid told them, and her lace sleeve caught, and the curtain, she thinks."

"Poor soul!"

"Here they come, mother! Are you ready?"

"All ready! Let them come up!"

Janet flew down to the front door and stood aside while the little procession of blackened, disheveled men bore the moaning burden up to the guest-room; the doctor with his case giving gruff directions; the neighbors, curious, kindly, ready to help, yet knowing only how to get in the way; Aunt Nan, who had come over in the car when they heard the alarm, fearing lest her loved ones were in danger. It was all so strange and dreadful. The terrible ruddy light still in the sky; the mad, weird shouts of the firemen; the occasional crash of oak beams, the smell of smoke, and the noise in the usually quiet street. It seemed hours that it had been going on.

Janet slipped about everywhere, bringing bandages, answering questions, running errands, white and efficient; while her mother stood beside the bed of horror upstairs and helped the doctor.

GRADUALLY the night settled down and people dropped away. The curious and the weary were gone. The light in the sky died. The Rosedale engine went home; and by and by the home engine clattered by, the men calling hoarsely and suddenly hushing their voices in awed question as they passed the house. Then everybody went home but the doctor, and Aunt Nan, and Mrs. Spellman, who was a trained nurse. Janet saw her uncle go out and run his car into the old barn back of the house. By and by he came in and she got him some bread and butter, coffee and doughnuts. She set out a lunch for the doctor and the others too when they should be able to take it. Her uncle sat down in the big chair in the living-room and dozed, and the soft footfalls and moaning were mingled above stairs. Two of the Bruce servants with bleared eyes and blackened faces came and inquired about their mistress. Some one had taken her maid away to another part of the town. She was in hysterics and utterly useless in the present crisis, declaring that it was not her fault; that her mistress had sent her away to the kitchen on an errand to the cook and lighted the alcohol lamp in her absence. She just came back in time to see the flame leap up and catch the lace sleeve of her negligée. Over and over she repeated the tale. The men servants who told it had awe in their faces, but no love for their mistress. Common humanity brought pity. They sneered at the guests who had fled in panic, caring only to secure their own belongings. They said "that kind never got hurt; they always took too good care of themselves!"

AFTER they were gone Janet remembered she had not asked them for Harley! Where was Harley? Had he been in the house? Had he been hurt? Some one ought to find out. And she roused her uncle and made him telephone to the inn where the servants had gone for the night. All the time her heart was saying: "O God, take care of Harley! O God, don't let Harley be hurt." She stood trembling while her uncle telephoned, yet when the answer came that Mr. Harley had not been at home she trembled still more violently. Where was Harley in all this? How long had he been absent? Suppose his mother should die? What could they do? How would they find him?

Aunt Nan came down after a while and told Janet her mother wanted her to go and lie down; there wasn't anything she could do now, and she must rest. So Janet went and lay down on the big couch in the shadowed alcove, but her eyes were wide open and she stared out into the room wondering, and tried to make real all that had happened. How strange that Mrs. Bruce should be here in their house, dependent upon them for her very life! She tried to recall the scene when Mrs. Bruce came over and sat in the hammock and insulted her, and for the first time since it had happened she found she could think of it without the hot, angry blood pouring into her cheeks. Somehow with that poor scorched body lying in mortal agony upstairs she could not be angry and insulted any more. She could only think that it was Harley's mother. And what if it had been Harley!

Night passed. Day came. Janet opened the front door and looked out. Some flakes of charred linen lay on the porch where they had dropped from the stretcher as they brought in the sufferer. The girl shuddered as she looked. The brightness of morning seemed a mockery after the night. The doctor came down looking wan and gray. He shook his head at Janet's questioning gaze.

"Pretty bad!" he said. "I don't know how it'll turn out. I'm going down to telegraph for a man from the city hospital. I don't like to take the responsibility alone. Don't you know where Harley is, Janet? He ought to be here!" and he looked keenly at the girl.

But Janet shook her head sadly.

"The servants say he hasn't been at home for several days. I've been away myself, you know. But I'll try to find if anybody knows where he is."

WHEN the doctor was gone she went to the telephone and tried to locate some of Mrs. Bruce's guests. For a time it would seem as if they must have disappeared from off the earth, so completely had they vanished from anybody's ken. But at last a servant remembered that Mr. Wattrous had asked the whereabouts of the public garage, and when Janet phoned there she discovered that entire party of guests had been motored over to a summer hotel a few miles beyond the Country Club for the night. She called up the hotel, and after a trying delay a high-keyed voice said sharply: "Well?" She was sure it was Lotta.

"Is this one of Mrs. Bruce's guests?" she asked.

"Yes. This is Miss Lomond!" replied the voice disagreeably. "Have they found my trunk yet?"

"I don't know, really! I am calling up to find out if you know where Mrs. Bruce's son is? The doctor thinks he ought to be sent for at once. His mother is very low."

"Oh, *mercy!* No, I don't know where he is. He hasn't been home for three weeks. His mother talked a lot about his being off on business, but I don't believe she knew where he was. They don't think she is going to *die*, do they? How horrid! I never was mixed up in anything like this before. It makes things awfully unpleasant. I suppose she would rather die than be scarred for life though. Do you know whether they got the trunks out of the house before the roof fell in? I got all my things in my trunk before I left my room, and I should think they ought to have been all right, don't you?"

"I don't know, really!" said Janet with disgust, and hung up the receiver, turning away to the window sick at heart, and looking out on the pleasant lawn where only so short a time ago Harley had been walking up from the hedged gateway with a cheery smile and whistle! She shuddered at the thought of all that had passed since. And where was he now? How would they find him?

THE day droned on, and the great doctor from the city came. Her uncle brought him from the train and waited to take him back. Mrs. Grayson and Aunt Nan lingered much in the room above. The doctor came down with grave face and said he didn't know what the outcome would be, that there was still hope.

Janet felt that a leaden weight had settled down into her soul. She walked heavily, and sat down in the hammock inertly. She could not settle to anything. There seemed to be nothing that she could do anywhere

but just wait and hold at bay the shadow of death that was hovering over the house.

Her uncle came back from the train and asked her to go with him over to the summer hotel. He wanted to try again to get some clue to Harley's whereabouts. She could see the city doctor had given little encouragement.

They went over to the hotel and her uncle interviewed Thaddeus Wiltrone and Mrs. Gardiner, but got no further light on the subject, save the name of Mrs. Bruce's lawyer in town, and the address of Harley's club. The rest of the morning was spent in telephoning to the lawyer and the club, with the result that they found that Mr. Harley Bruce had not been heard from since he left his mother's home in Springdale three weeks before.

When they had done this Janet went out to the hammock and sat down to think of all the dreadful things that might have happened to Harley; then with a dreadful ache at her heart she went back to the house and tried to find some way to be useful. But the long hours dragged away and the night came on again. Neighbors stole awesomely in to ask after the sufferer. Janet met them and answered their questions. Gradually the house settled down to the battle with death that was inevitable.

AS the hours passed into days and Janet began to realize what was before them all, she faced the future with a startled fear at her heart. Was it possible that they were to go through this long siege of anxiety alone? That Harley would not come at all?

The great city doctor came and went. Mother and Aunt Nan and Mrs. Spellman stuck by their post in the sick-room with only little intervals for rest and food. Hannah kept things going in the kitchen; and there was really little for Janet to do but answer the telephone and see the people who came more and more to inquire. As the days went by and suffering and the possibility of death gave a dignity to the frivolous woman whom they had never any of them liked, the sympathy became more genuine, and the plain villagers showed their true human hearts in many little ways.

There came a day when the great doctor was telegraphed for in haste, and came and stayed all night; when Mrs. Grayson did not leave the sick-room even for a minute. Complications had set in, and the frail life in the tortured body almost slipped away. Then, slowly, gradually, uncertainly she wavered back again to earth, and the word began to go forth that there was hope of her recovery. All this, and still no word from Harley.

The confinement, hard work and anxiety began to tell on Mrs. Grayson. Aunt Nan took her off for a ride one day, and Janet took her place in the sick-room awhile to let Mrs. Spellman make something in the kitchen.

THE invalid lay, still swathed in bandages. Her eyes were shaded from the light, and her querulous voice was weak and fault-finding. She demanded water, and wanted her pillow arranged differently. The nurse had thought her asleep or she would not have left her in Janet's inexperienced hands. But Janet had been about the room enough to know what to do, and with gentle care she performed all that was asked of her. With the first touch almost Mrs. Bruce seemed to recognize a new hand, however, and something indefinable came into her voice, a kind of wonder, one might almost say embarrassment. She asked to have the compress taken from her eyes and a screen arranged so that the light from the window would not be so bright. Then she was very quiet. Janet could feel that she was being watched as she went to the window and drew the shade lower, and then sat down quietly in a chair. The silence grew oppressive. There was something uncanny in that gaze coming forth from the swathing bandages. Janet stirred uneasily.

"I wonder if you would like me to read to you," she said suddenly.

There was no answer for a moment, then the woman, utterly ignoring the question, said sharply:

"Who are *you?* You haven't been here before, have you?"

"I am the daughter of the house," said Janet gently.

"You are Janet Grayson, aren't you?" There was a touch of impatience in the voice again.

"Yes, Mrs. Bruce," answered Janet simply.

"I suppose you think I'm being punished for what I said to you! It certainly was a strange thing that I was landed at your house. I'm sure I'm very sorry you and your mother have had all this trouble."

"Mrs. Bruce—" began Janet.

"No, don't say a word! I know what a fiend I've been! It wasn't an easy task to take care of me, and your mother has been like an angel! Of course I'm mortified to death at it all, and to think I should have made such a dreadful mistake! I don't suppose you'll believe me when I tell you that I had no idea you belonged to a good family and were educated! I supposed you were just a common little village girl. I was simply stunned, of course, when I found your father was a judge and you were a college graduate!"

"Don't think of it any more, Mrs. Bruce," said Janet with a ripple of amusement in her voice. "I assure you my birth and education have forgotten the slight long ago."

"Well, I hope I've apologized. Harley told me I would have to, and I said I never would, but of course I didn't know who you *were* then."

"*Your son knows about it?*" said Janet in a startled voice. She put her hand swiftly to her throat.

"Oh, yes, of course I told him, and he was furiously angry. He went away declaring he would never come back till I apologized, and a lot of raving like that. But I've apologized now, and you can tell him he can come back. You know where he is all this time, I suppose."

"No, Mrs. Bruce, I haven't seen him since the night you came here."

"*You don't know where he is?* He didn't come to you at all! He's more of a fool than I thought he was, then! I'm sure I don't know where he got all his whims. I never did understand him, anyway. Well, it was all his fault in the first place. If he had explained to me who you were all this never would have happened; but I suppose you'll never quite forgive what I said to you. I hurt your pride, and that is hard to heal."

"Mrs. Bruce," said Janet turning slowly toward the bed, "It wasn't just what you said to me, it wasn't who I was or what I had become by education, that hurt me. It was that you could think any decent girl who was your son's friend would do the things you seemed to think I would do. My pride wasn't hurt. You hurt my *heart!* But I accept your apology, and we'll forget all about it now."

"You needn't worry about me," said the voice, which was almost querulous again. "I've been wanting to say this to you several days, and it won't hurt me to talk. But you may get your story if you want to. You're a good girl. And if Harley ever comes I hope you'll tell him I apologized."

"I will," said Janet gently, and turned away to hide the shadow in her eyes. Oh, where was Harley Bruce?

SHE went and brought the story and read it in a sweet clear voice, a pleasant little story of romance woven in a background of home and love and courage. There was no motion from the sick woman And presently the regular breathing in the silence that followed the cessation of her voice showed Janet that her patient was asleep.

Outside the gate clicked and steps came up the walk. It was the hour for the postman. Janet rose softly and slipped from the room, down to the door. Yes, there were letters, two of them—one for herself and one for Mrs. Bruce; her own thick and bulky, the other holding but a single sheet, and both in the same kind of envelope, with a curious triangle of scarlet in the upper left-hand corner. When she looked at the writing her heart fairly stood still. They were addressed in Harley's clear strong hand!

To be continued

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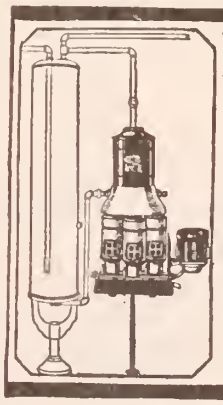

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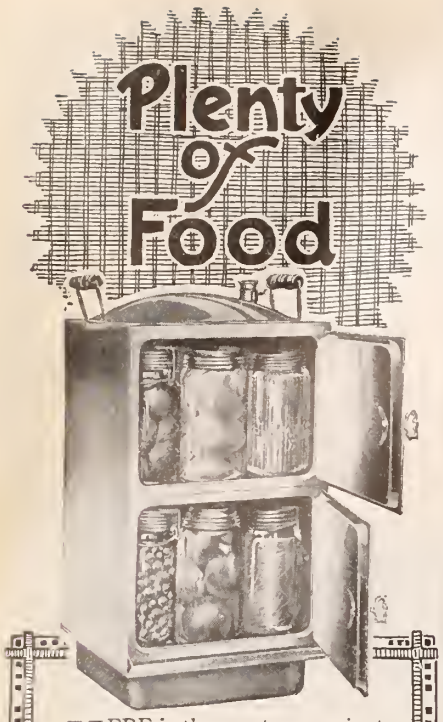

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Our Mail-Bag

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and not controversial.

All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

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Questions and Answers

B. W. R., Caldwell, Idaho. The taking of the definite step—the acceptance of the offer of salvation through Jesus Christ as Saviour and Redeemer—may be done either in the quietude of one's own home or in the presence of others. The latter has the advantage, in that it complies with the Scriptural injunction to acknowledge Him before men. Jesus himself said: "Every one who shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God." Such acknowledgment in the presence of others, therefore, brings a special blessing and gives strength and joy to the believer. There are many who make the great resolution in secret, however. One's own conscience must prompt him as to the course to adopt. It makes little difference whether the vow to renounce our sins, to accept Christ and to follow him hereafter, be taken in the crowded auditorium of some great Gospel gathering, in the seclusion of one's chamber, on the mountain-top, or afar on the sea, if we are sincere in our repentance and our desire for forgiveness. He is ever ready to hear, to forgive, and to keep us day by day. It is a battle that none of us can win in our own strength; but if we trust in him and consecrate our hearts and lives to him, he will cleanse us and keep us, and the work of regeneration by the Holy Spirit will be accomplished in us. In conversion we *turn* to God, in regeneration we *receive* from him. No man can be the author of his own regeneration.

D. R. B., Wharton, Texas. 1. Christ says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor" (Matt. 11 : 28), and the Psalmist assures us that "he will regard the prayer of the destitute and not despise their prayer" (Ps. 102 : 17). Christ taught us to pray and to seek everything we needed in prayer. 2. Any of us may fall from grace; in fact, many do temporarily. The danger is ever present (see 1 Cor. 10 : 12), but by the grace of God, by watching and praying, we can avoid the fall from which there is no rising and that leads to destruction. If we keep close to Jesus, we shall stand till his time comes to remove all temptation and take us home. 3. The soul never goes into the grave, hence cannot remain with the body till the resurrection. Paul said, II Cor. 5 : 8, that he was willing to be absent from the body and present with the Lord. He refers to the subject again in I Thess. 4 : 14, when he speaks of Christ bringing with him, before the resurrection, them who sleep in him. The parable of Dives and Lazarus implies that the resurrection had not taken place when Dives made his petition to Abraham, inasmuch as the five brothers were still living (Luke 16 : 19-31).

Mrs. W. W. T., Springfield, Mo. The "abomination" spoken of by Daniel is believed to have referred to the Roman eagles, hated of the Jews, but worshiped as idols by the Roman soldiers. They were the standards of those who desolated the temple. This construction is strengthened by a reference to Luke's account, Luke 21: "When ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies." Others think it referred to some desecration of the temple by Jewish zealots which occurred at the same time, and which was accomplished under the pretense of a defense of the temple.

Miss N. S., Sanger, Calif. There are several passages in Scripture besides the one you mention (I Cor. 15 : 41), that would seem to indicate the probability of degrees in heaven. Daniel's famous passage relative to the soul winners, who will shine as the stars forever, is one of them. Paul implies a similar diversity, when he speaks of one star differing from another in glory; so did Jesus in his reply to the two disciples for whom it was asked that they should sit at his right and left hand in his kingdom. The parable of the talents also bears a similar interpretation.

J. C. F. 1. The question whether Mary had other children than our Lord was treated in the Mail-Bag of April 17. 2. Marrying of cousins is considered hygienically wrong.

M. W., Smithfield, Ohio. Heb. 6 : 4 and its context refers to those who sin after receiving full knowledge of the truth (see I Tim. 2 : 4) and who after having been enlightened and tasting a certain measure of grace and the spirit of truth (see John 14 : 17-29) apostatize to Judaism or infidelity. Such sinners crucify the Lord anew. In the backslider there has been no complete dedication, otherwise there would be no apostasy. I John 1 : 9 emphasizes the assurance of forgiveness and acceptance of the faithful. As to the return of the backslider, that lies with God, with whom many things are possible that to us seem impossible. By a miracle of grace the backslider, though beyond human recall, may in God's abundant mercy find refuge and forgiveness.

A. B. C., Shippensburg, Pa. We agree with you that it is unfair to ask us to save grain and then let the breweries have it for their purposes. Protests have, we believe, been made along these lines. Give the Administration time. It is doing wonders every day. Our President is in this war for a good cause and will not allow intolerable conditions at home. Trust in him and his helpers.

C. L. B., Berne, N. Y. The motto, "United we stand, divided we fall," first appeared on the Revolutionary flag under the picture of a snake divided in sections. It first appeared in literature in the poem by George P. Morris, entitled "The Flag of Our Nation."

D. H., Blossburg, Pa. The official history of the American flag began on June 14, 1777, when the American Congress adopted the following resolution: "Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States shall be thirteen stripes alternating red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation." It is stated that the symbols on the flag were suggested by those on Washington's family coat-of-arms. In Monroe's administration it was decided to add a new star for every state and to retain the original thirteen stripes.

Reader, Wishek, N. D. As you were born in this country, you are a citizen, regardless of the nationality of your parents.

Subscriber, Northfield, Ohio. 1. The food and clothing sent to Syria and Armenia are obtained largely by private subscriptions throughout the United States. 2. The fabulous prices charged for foodstuffs are largely due to the high cost of transportation, etc. 3. At the present moment there is little question that Syria, Armenia and Palestine are the countries most urgently in need of help in the form of foodstuffs.

Emily D., Baltimore, Md. We think you have done splendidly in persuading so many of your friends to buy Liberty Bonds. You might add to your battery of argument, if you will, that a $100 bond will clothe a soldier or feed him for eight months, or it will buy five rifles, or 145 hot-water bags, or 2,000 surgical needles—in fact, there is a whole list of things it will do.

Anna N. A. L., Pittson, Pa. Cards, as we have remarked on several occasions, are the implements of the gambler. It is well to bar them altogether and thus "avoid even the appearance of evil." There is a mighty difference between card-playing and a contest of knowledge, in which equal opportunities to secure recognition are open to all. What is a school or college examination but a contest of knowledge? All life is competitive, and if we exclude this characteristic there would be practically no progress in the world. Even in the spiritual life, the race (or competition) is recognized. We are to endeavor to excel in all good works and in loyal service, that we may become an inspiration to others. But you do wrong to confuse such a competition with gambling. In the one, the motive is high and noble, and the results in every way commendable. The Bible has strong encouragement for all who strive to excel in well-doing. In the other (gambling) the motive is low and mercenary, and the results unworthy and debasing. In the one, there is neither trick nor device, and no cunning, crafty methods of securing undue advantage; while the other is marked by such methods at every step. There are other gambling games besides cards, and it is well to let them all severely alone. What would you think of a friend addicted to dice, bookmaking on horse races, and the like? You wouldn't be liable to trust funds to his keeping, nor would a bank do so if its officials knew. On the other hand, you cannot surely be unaware of the fact that there are many opportunities open to those who excel on really meritorious lines. Who would think of condemning a prize scholar by suggesting that his honors were the result of gambling? To your other question, we would say that God has had his witnesses in all ages, and in many lands—men and women who, with the light they had, served Him acceptably. But when, in due time, the Saviour came, he brought "life and immortality to light," and we, who now live in the new dispensation, have the inestimable advantage of fuller Gospel knowledge, of which the earlier ages had only foreshadowings. We cannot deal with your other questions in the limited space of the Mail-Bag. You would find a copy of the book, "Difficult Bible Questions Answered," exceedingly helpful.

O. L. S., Cincinnati, Ohio. Your letter and the sentiments it conveys are out of key with the spirit of this nation. You evidently have no part in the "righteous indignation" that has stirred our people to the use of force to put down a tyrannous and brutal power which has already laid half the world in ruins and which unless halted, would destroy the other half and wreck our own fair land as well. The Church does right to invoke all the forces at our command, material and spiritual, to bring an end to the power that is the cause of this world war, and to pray that the mad and wicked ambitions of Germany may be utterly crushed—as we believe they will be most effectually.

J. E. H., Bridger, S. D., and others. Persons who wish to find friends in the army should address the Adjutant General, War Department, Washington, D. C., stating the company and regiment of the soldier whose address is desired. If the soldier is in France he may be addressed "American Expeditionary Forces." If he has enlisted in the French or English army he might be reached through the Ambassador to France or England.

J. E. L. Your question has been often answered in these columns. Read Rom. 2 : 14.

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Easy to work with. Gives an efficient, tight valve—a smooth, even seat—with less work and trouble. Contains no ground glass or emery. Consistency always the same. Price: 4 oz. double end can, 40c; 1 lb. can for shop use, $1.00. Canada, 50c and $1.20.

How The Norwesco Laboratories Discovered SE-MENT-OL

"FINDS THE LEAK AND FIXES IT"

IT happened several years ago that out on a lonely road and miles from a garage, the radiator of a certain automobile suddenly developed a leak.

Not an uncommon incident—but it was a subject of great interest to one man in particular, a friend of this motorist and a practical chemist.

The leak was mended with solder and iron, after much inconvenience and at considerable expense. Then another leak followed—and another—with the same costly process of repair.

Soon the radiator was discarded and the chemist friend got it to experiment on. He had seen the need for a radiator cement; some chemical preparation that would work from within the radiator itself. SE-MENT-OL, produced to-day by Frederick R. Hall and his associated chemists in the Norwesco Laboratories, is the result. It is the first of many chemical automobile utilities now bearing the brand name—

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SE-MENT-OL is a "Chemically Correct" radiator cement which quickly "Finds the Leak and Fixes It"—permanently—without the least possibility of injuring the radiator.

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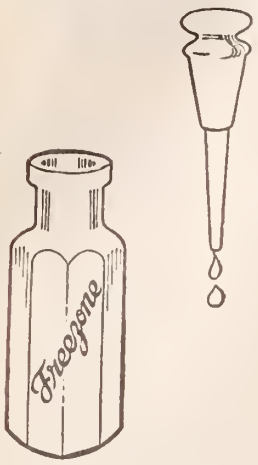

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Jesus Faces the Cross

International Sunday School Lesson for May 12. Mark 10:32-52

Greatness Through Suffering and Service

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

THE disciples must have well known the determined purpose of the Jewish authorities to rid themselves of Jesus, and now, as he presses forward eagerly on the Jerusalem road, they are astonished. He seemed to be almost anxious to reach the climax of his career and to face the cross which he was now so certain awaited him. Again and again he outstript his fellow travelers until he strode on ahead alone. Then there would be whisperings and questionings and fears. Doubtless some of the company turned back.

But we can at least partly understand this urgency of the Master. The man who has offered himself for the hazardous expedition into the enemy's territory, the soldiers who crouch in the trenches awaiting the command to go "over the top," these men are restless and impatient for the hour to strike. Moreover, the prophet or the martyr who sees clearly the course that is before him, welcomes the last great witnessing for the cause. When we have staked all, given all, we can scarcely rest until our offering is accepted, our sacrifice complete.

So Jesus, calling the twelve to him, stated quite plainly that he was desirous of hastening to the capital, facing the enmity and misrepresentation and once for all having the decision of his nation and its church. Undoubtedly he was yearning for fuller sympathy from them, for some expression of loyalty, for an offer of comradeship from some few at least of his friends. When it came at last, it came strangely.

The Request of the Sons of Zebedee

At this crisis James and John awaited a convenient opportunity for speaking to him privately. They have a request to make. They want preferment and honor in his coming triumph, to sit at his right and left in his Kingdom! We are accustomed to pour censure on this revelation of self-seeking, and in truth it jars harshly upon Jesus' pure notes of utter self-renunciation. But let us be more sympathetic to our poor blundering fellow-disciples. There is much good in their hearts, as Jesus looks upon them with his matchless understanding, as they stand there, so young and eager, in the road.

They could not believe that Christ would be overcome and defeated. He must conquer and reign, no matter what opposed him. Was he not the Messiah? Did they not know his wondrous power? Now, there is an essential faith and optimism in them which we all need. Doubtless they were in crude error as to the manner of his triumph; but they knew he must be the victor, somehow, sometime. So do we.

When he pointed out that sacrifice and suffering must precede that victory, they were unabashed, unafraid. They were willing and able to follow on; they could win with him the prize. Beneath their self-confidence was a real loyalty and a genuine consecration, as well as unbounded worship of his personality. They had put their worst foot foremost, but whatever else they were, they did not mean to be shirkers. They will go on to Jerusalem with him, come what may, no matter how bitter the cup is to drink, no matter how fiery the baptism he must undergo. Underlying their crude ideals, was a response to the longing for fellowship left unexpressed by Christ when he had turned in the way and told the twelve of the events to come.

"We Are Able." "Ye Shall"

The Master reminds them of the price which must always be paid for true glory; he asks if they are able to share his cup, to be baptized with his baptism. Swift and sure came the prompt answer, "*We are able.*" How little they knew! Yet, according to their light, they were ready. The presumptuous element is still strong; but there is more and more the element of dedication. They would follow in his train, no matter how steep the ascent to heaven, no matter how great the peril, toil and pain. There was something worthy in them that Christ recognized and honored. He smiled upon them, as the seasoned veteran smiles tenderly upon the recruits who long to get into action, though they realize not the ordeal to which they would run.

The youthful Livingstone little knows the agonies to come when he essays to evangelize Africa: the lion's paw, the awful fever, the lonely death. But he goes forth to partake of the sufferings of Christ, like Paul, pressing with confidence to the task. Adoniram Judson, sailing for India with eager spirit, could not foresee the awful months in the death-prison at Ava. But he felt able to carry the message to the men of Burma. To such men, as to James and John long ago, Christ responds, "Ye *shall.*" And it was so with the children of Zebedee. Each endured persecution, the first unto death, for the sake of the Kingdom they had so lightly essayed to win. They profited by their Lord's present teaching as to the seriousness of life and the heavy costs of leadership.

The Suffering and the Glory

It was Paul who first clearly formulated this great truth that our fellowship with Christ in his cross must precede our sharing his crown. The cup to be drunk and the baptism to be undergone are typical of the great truth that the passive virtues of endurance, of fortitude under suffering, of loyalty in persecution, are of highest value in the Christian way. Perhaps we may say that it is not the achievement that the world applauds; but the secret anguish it failed to note, which made our hero-missionaries what they were, which made our martyr President the influence he still is for us. Then let us not fail to see that our personal woes, our heavy burdens, our bereavement and trouble, may be the instruments of chastening to bring us into the likeness of the Great Sufferer.

So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee.

How to Be Truly Great

Of course, the ten were highly indignant when they heard of the selfish request. We can see in their indignation a jealousy and a self-seeking of their own. But Jesus calls them together and restates the whole matter of Christian greatness of the only sort of rank which his Kingdom knows, the greatness of service. He contrasts the heathen idea with the Christian. The great ones of earth are they who have power, and wealth to lord it over their fellows. The great ones of heaven are they who serve most purely, who minister unto the many. It is a flat reversal of human and selfish ideas of glory.

If they must compete with one another, let it be in well-doing. He told them plainly that place-hunting disqualifies men from apostleship; those who would be first shall be last. They have asked for thrones; he would furnish them basins and towels, and set them to washing the bleeding feet of tired, straying humanity. They ask to sit by his side; they must learn to run his errands. Not to sit but to serve. The Christian must put away desire to rule, to be rich, to be leader in the eyes of men. Ambition for power and place is the danger of the self-reliant young James and John today, as always of the eager and the virile type. There are still those who follow after the sin of Diotrephes (III John 9), who loved to have the preeminence. They foment strife and hinder the church. The Lord's servant must not strive, but rather be prepared unto every good work. His whole spirit and aim is for others and not for himself.

This is the way to greatness of character. This is the way to the bringing in of the Kingdom of righteousness and brotherhood. Many want to accomplish the objects of Christ, but are unwilling to adopt his methods. They do not see that humility and patience and love will ever win in the great struggle of humanity. But all other ways have failed far more grievously than the way of service. Its achievements are more durable than the conquests of the Cæsars. True victory lies in giving and in ministering, not in gaining or in ruling.

Christ Subject to His Own Law

The supreme service is in giving one's life for others. Greater love hath no man than this. When Jesus faced the cross, he interpreted it under the law of service. He gave his life a ransom for many. It is an inspiration to remember that so many of his followers have followed him even in this. Paul laid down his life for the Gentile world. John Hus and Hugh Latimer gave their bodies to be burned to free the Church. Today, thousands of men are giving their lives a ransom for the democracy of the future. They are fulfilling the law of Christ.

We may think that we would die for him. We should fail in the supreme test when we face our cross, if we do not know how to live for him and to serve him day by day.

Sunday School Methods

By FRANK L. BROWN, Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

Question Box

QUESTION. What plan would you suggest for training young people for church membership?—J. N.

A. Each denomination of course has its own method. Three very good books may be suggested for use in classes of young people preparing for church membership: "Chapters of Blessing and Counsels by the Way," Henderson (Methodist Book Concern); "Being a Christian" (Dr. Gladden); "Probationer's Hand-Book," Hannan (Methodist Book Concern.) The last-named book, while prepared for Methodist classes, is valuable to all.

But there is a most important part of the young people's training which must be cared for, namely, to prepare for definite service. Church membership is not the end but the beginning of real Bible Christian life. And the pastor, superintendent, or teacher should have these young people elect some form of Christian service and then train them for it. Three practical books which outline such service training plans and which can be used as text-books in this training class are: "The Way to Win," Fred B. Fisher (Abingdon Press), indicating successful methods in the local church; "Sunday School Officers' Manual," Brown (Abingdon Press), which describes plans for many forms of Sunday school, church and community service; "The Modern Church," Rev. Philip A. Nordell, D.D. (Scribner's), which suggests the many avenues of service.

Q. Give the three best and most concrete suggestions as to plans for men's and boys' work in the Sunday school.—A. H. S.

A. 1. Give older boys in the school some definite responsibility in assisting in school management, serving on school committees and occasionally planning and running a "Boys' Sunday."

2. Promote a Leadership training class to train older boys for definite service as missionary superintendent, secretary, chorister, social work, etc.

3. Have the men make a real survey of the community in the interest of the protection of the boys of the school and neighborhood from bad influences and environments—and make provision for wholesome recreation.

How easy it would be for us to plow other men's furrows!

Don't let one little insignificant thorn make you forget all the roses of life.

Binding the Wounds of Armenia

Continued from page 541

many refugees as possible, thus making direct gifts of money, with the consequent pauperization of the people, as infrequent as possible.

In Erivan there are scores of Armenian women who spend the time they have to wait in line whirling the little spindle which is their only frail weapon against suffering. They produce material for clothing for others while they wait for the money with which to buy clothing for themselves. All these women and girls ask is for more work so that they can earn more.

Erivan is a busy place these days. In the cold waters of the Zanga, which later joins the Araxes, forty men stand washing wool, beating out the natural oil and then drying the washed wool on the rocks. In the cotton-carding room, twenty-five men card the white mounds with one-stringed instruments like a harp. These few men provide material for more than two thousand women, who spin the wool or cotton into yarn or thread. In most cases, each of these workers represents a family.

Formerly, as many as a hundred women were always padding quilts with wool or cotton, but the great value of calico and the fact that the need for quilts has been largely met has stopped this work except on small quilts which will protect the tiny newcomers among the Armenians from the cold of winter. Warm flannelette baby outfits are supplied to these citizens of the Armenia that is to come, and pure milk is provided for three hundred children and sick women who need it.

In the great warehouse there is a carload of calico which the Committee bought for a fifth its present value, and which they are holding to barter for food when the need becomes more acute. There are tons of wool and cotton, all of it locally produced. The ability of the Armenians in home industries and the presence of raw wool and cotton near at hand have done much to make possible what relief work has been accomplished.

The health of the refugees is being well cared for. Dr. Kennedy, who served with the British army for two years, meets a long string of poorly nourished women and anemic children every day. Drugs are supplied free when they can be had, but available supplies are often adulterated and the need for pure drugs and dressings is very great.

ONE of the remarkable features in the Armenian relief work is the dependence upon missionary workers, and missionary school graduates for its success. Mr. Yarrow says that never before has he so realized the value of Christian missions in which he has had a part as now, when almost every department is dependent upon the loyalty, moral stamina and willingness to sacrifice of young men who have been under missionary influence for years. Orphans saved in the 1896 massacres are helping to save the lives of other orphans whose parents were killed in the massacres of 1915. Others are fighting to end the power of the Turk in the land where his cruelty and incompetence to rule have been repeatedly proven in incidents that have added dark blots to the pages of human history.

Aside from the work in the city of Erivan, the American Committee has a fine work under the direction of Mr. Heald in Alexandropol. Four new workers have just arrived to enlarge the work there, and three new workers will reach Erivan next week. Aside from these two centers, there is industrial work in Etchmiadzin and Gomerloo. There is great need to extend the relief work in these two centers. Outside of Erivan, Alexandropol, Etchmiadzin and Gomerloo, the only relief work possible until more workers and money arrive is the partial support of the fatherless children in most of the villages of the province.

This Home Orphan Department, under the supervision of its founder, Mr. E. A. Yarrow, accomplishes the maximum good at the minimum expense of money and foreign supervision. Out of the refugee population of 130,000, most of whom are women and children, there are probably twenty thousand fatherless children whose need is acute. Only about half of them are being helped by the American Committee at present. About 7,000 orphans are being cared for in orphanages under Armenian direction, and the probability is that the support of many of these will soon fall to the American Committee. The centralized orphanage is far more expensive than the partial or complete support of orphans in the homes of relatives or friends, and to place any large number of fatherless children in institutions is out of the question.

THERE are various features of the work which I would like to see Christian Herald readers support. Five hundred dollars a month will make it possible for three hundred children and sick women to have a daily allowance of pure milk. A like amount will pay the expense of the Erivan orphanage, in which a hundred of the brightest boys among the refugees are being trained for leadership through academic and industrial training.

But I recommend very strongly that Christian Herald readers, of whose generosity I have seen splendid fruits in Japan and China, should assume the support of at least five thousand refugee orphans or fatherless children in the homes of those who love and care for them. For each of these children thus partially supported, two dollars a month will be required, at least until food prices are lower, and their support should be continued for a sufficiently long period after the end of hostilities to enable the mothers or guardians to become rehabilitated in the towns from which they were driven without warning by the massacring Turks. I know of no greater opportunity for worthy relief work than this—to keep a helpless child in a home where it will receive loving care.

Important as other work is, I believe that the most urgent need is that the Armenian refugees shall be kept alive until happier days will make possible better things. Other forms of help will not avail if the refugees starve or die from exposure. The most helpless of all are the fatherless children and the mothers to whom these loved ones are a fearful burden. Two dollars a month will save a young life of infinite possibilities. It will make it possible for a loving mother to prevent her offspring from being snatched from her breast by the grim messenger of death. Before spring twenty-thousand of these young children will depend upon the American Committee for support, wholly or in part, according to how much work the parent or guardian can find to do. I earnestly ask that Christian Herald readers at once assume the responsibility for five thousand of these helpless children. Thank God, none of them are starving yet. But they surely will unless help is continued.

This then is the present condition. Erivan city, Alexandropol, Etchmiadzin and Gomerloo are free from immediate starvation and death from exposure, thanks to the work of the American Committee and other relief agencies. In four hundred and fifty villages the most needy children are being saved from suffering and hunger. But aside from these two measures, suffering is great and rapidly increasing.

The great change that has come is due to the collapse of the Russian government and Armenian aid through political chaos. This will necessitate a doubling of the work of the American Committee in all lines, or great numbers of deaths and untold suffering will surely follow.

The fruits of all previous relief work may be lost unless the Committee can assume a larger burden. "We must assume a larger burden," say these overworked men and who have given their best for the relief of a martyred race.

ON April 1st the Christian Herald in the name of its subscribers sent a check for $15,000 to the Chairman of the Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee, the receipt of the same being acknowledged on the following day.

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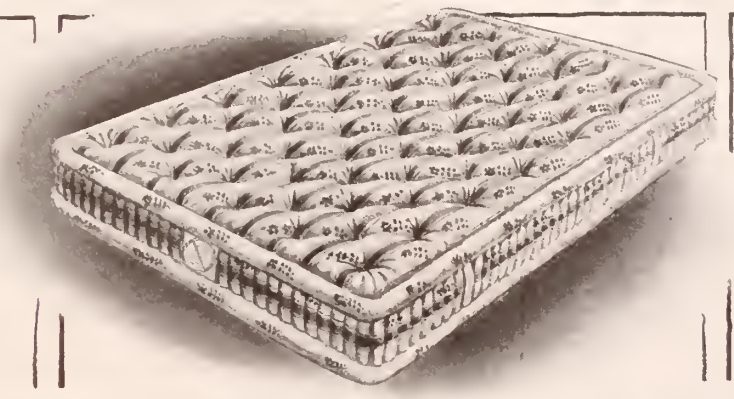

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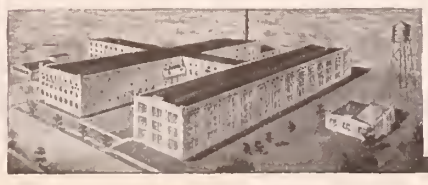

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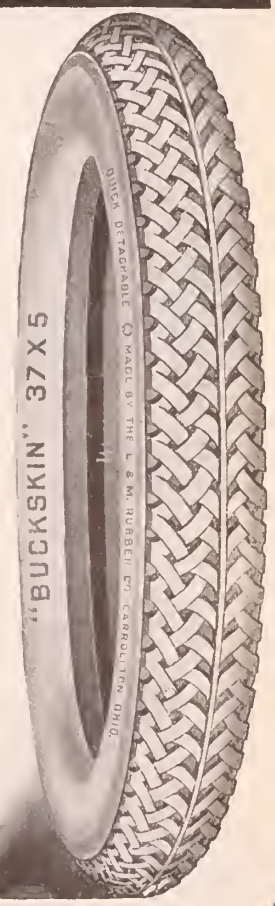

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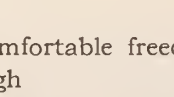

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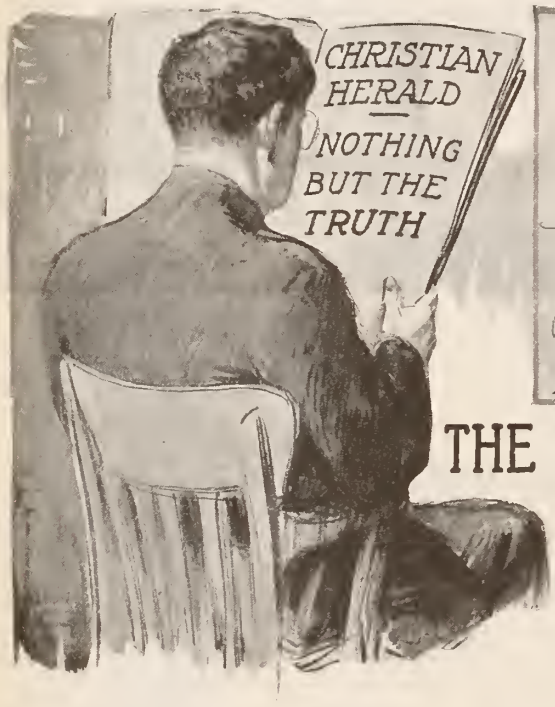

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By PAUL SHIMMON

Representing the Nestorian Patriarchate in America

BINYAMIN MAR SHIMUN (Benjamin My Lord Simon), patriarch of the Nestorian Church, whose death at the hands of Mohammedan Kurds is announced in the cable dispatches, was the one hundred and thirty eighth Catholicos of the East and was recognized as the civil head of the Assyrians of Kurdistan and even of Persia. The manner of the death of this great Church Prelate is still shrouded in mystery. The following telegram received through the State Department on April 12th for the Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee tells of it briefly:

"No communication with Urumia, Salmas, several weeks. The last reports famine Urumia. Mar Shimun killed and the Assyrians are still fighting but the Persian plan to exterminate Assyrians with the assistance of Turks is probable. Most of Syrian men may be killed, leaving the others absolutely desolate and unprotected; also it is generally believed there is much danger for all Christians in that region."

Mar Shimun, murdered Patriarch

The isolation of the Nestorian Assyrians is probably the most tragic event in the history of this war. A small nation, out of touch with the world war they were drawn into its vortex and engulfed by it. The Assyrians have paid the supreme sacrifice in the death of their Patriarch, and very likely of all among them who were able to use the arms given to them by the Russians, who now evidently have retreated and left these Christians to face the combined fanaticism of Turks and Kurds and Persian Moslems. Mar Shimun is the first Church and civil ruler to pay the supreme sacrifice in this war.

We loved and almost adored our Patriarch. He was only thirty-one years old when he met his fate and had been our chief Bishop since 1903. He was educated under the hands of special teachers and also enjoyed the tutorship of the Clergy of the Archbishop of Canterbury's Mission, one of whom resided for twenty-five years at Kochannes, the Patriarchal seat and who died there. Kochannes is in the center of a triangle running from Mosul (Nineveh) to Lake Van, thence to Urumia in Persia and back again to Mosul. The whole Patriarchal family is held in the highest reverence by the neighboring races, even by the wild Kurds and the devil worshippers (Yezidis). Men visitors, on entering Mar Shimun's room took their hats and kissed his hand, while women visitors placed one hand on their breast and with the other touched the Patriarch's hand and kissed it.

Mar Shimun was a most affable man. There was something princely about him, yet he was thoroughly democratic in his ways, and would converse with the humblest of men. Such personages in the East have great influence. One of his chief functions was to settle disputes arising in his dioceses and among the members of his flock. Among the highlanders in Kurdistan, the Church and state are one, and all important disputes were ultimately decided by His Beatitude.

There being no hotels in the East, the Patriarchal House was the largest guesthouse in Kurdistan. Surma Khanim, the charming sister of the Patriarch, presided over it. Like the Patriarch, she is a Nazarite, as are the Nestorian Bishops in the East, who abstain from meat all their life. Usually a Bishop is succeeded by one of his near relatives, who is brought up from childhood with the hope of becoming his successor; and sometimes more than one person is raised up for the purpose, and the choice is left to the Patriarch and his flock. We know nothing yet of the safety and escape of his successor.

Mar Shimun was the third of his family who have paid the sacrifice of life in this war. His brother Hormuzd was a student in Constantinople when the war broke out. He was brought to Mosul, and nothing has been heard of him since. His brother Eshia died during the flight in 1915. Then his people, after a great stand against the combined force of Turks and Kurds, were driven out of their mountain homes and crossed into Persia, where they were looked after by the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief. The Russians made great use of the splendid fighters of the mountains. Their young men performed deeds of valor and even the Russian Cossacks were amazed at their audacity and their skill in climbing the slopes of the mountains.

The new order of things in Russia brought all nationalities concerned into a great plight. Rumania, Serbia, and Armenia were more deeply involved than the nations in the West. The Assyrians numbered some 125,000 before the war, exclusive of the Jacobites and the Chaldeans. There is no doubt that the greater part of the 125,000 are involved in the disastrous situation indicated in the telegram referred to above—at least that part of them who are still left after the great toll of the past three years' persecution is taken into consideration.

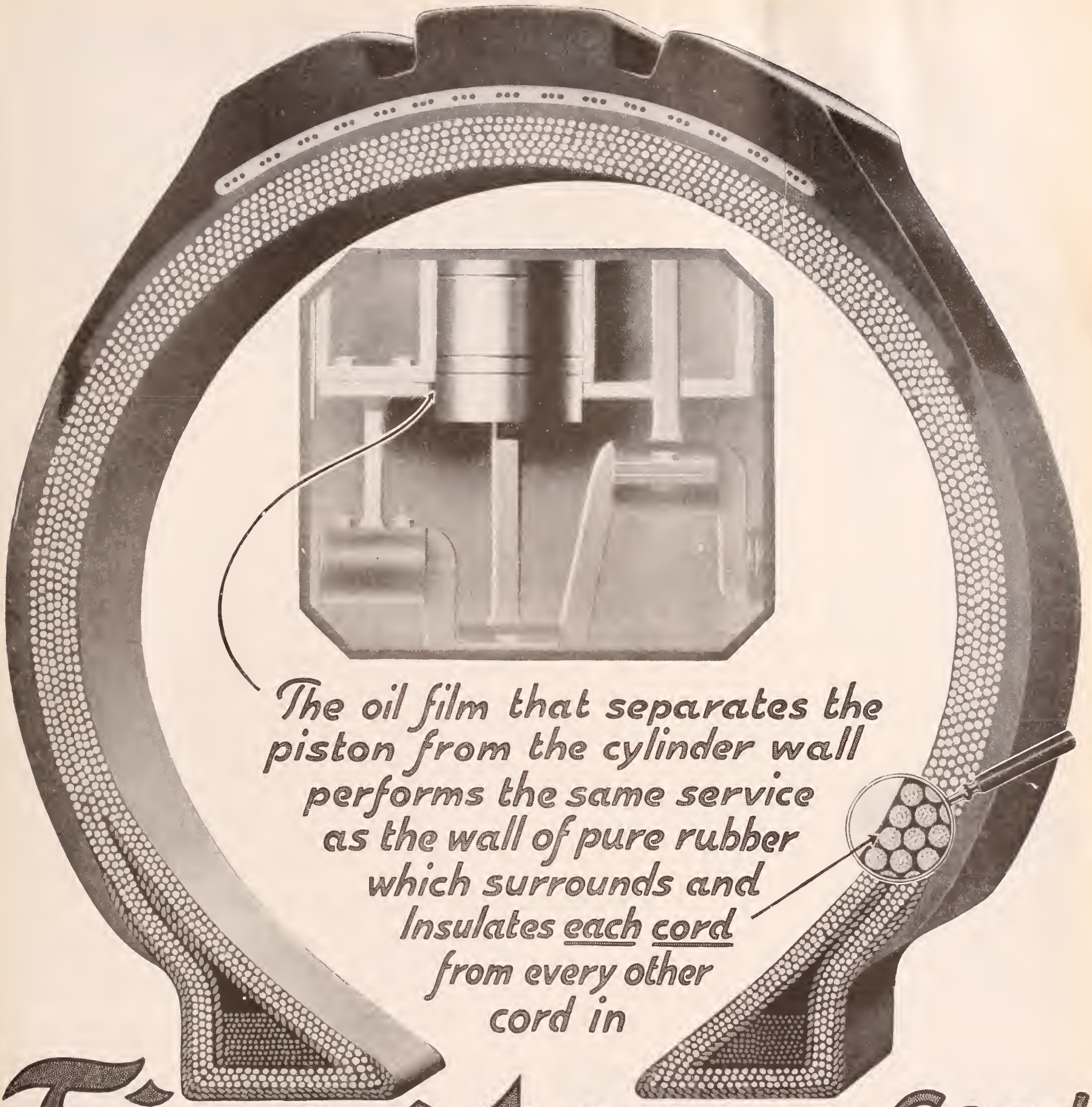
For years the Christian Herald has been one of the best friends of the Nestorians. And even now America is the last and best friend of my fellow-countrymen. The American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief and its auxiliaries has sent about two million dollars to these and other afflicted races in Persia, and even to Kurds, Jews and Persians. Mar Shimun has often expressed his debt of gratitude for their great work.

Lady and General Azgapetian, Armenians connected for two years with the Russian Red Cross in Persia, who had seen much of Mar Shimun and of his sister Surma, called at committee headquarters in New York to express their great sorrow at the news of the Patriarch's death. The General said: "Mar Shimun was a man of liberal ideas and high principles. He was naturally very anxious as to the future of his nation, but hoped that, under the protection of the Russian army, the remnants of their once great people might yet be saved from extermination. He was looked upon by his people not only as their Patriarch but as their King. Still he was a man of extremely gentle and unassuming ways, winning the hearts of all. He had a very high opinion of the Americans and always spoke with gratitude of the generous assistance they had given to his suffering people. He seemed to have a strong premonition that he would ultimately become a martyr."

Mar Shimun's people in the United States mourn him deeply, and in many places they have held special services, fasting all the day in his memory.

A great nation which is undertaking to carry on a great war, as America is now doing, and yet finds time to give of its life and substance to rescue our people, cannot die. The life of such a nation is imperishable.

The Hebrew Christian Alliance of America will hold its fourth annual conference at the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, May 29–31. The call for the conference sets forth that its object is to bring Hebrew Christians in the United States into more brotherly relations, on the basis of a common salvation in Christ, to give counsel and encouragement to converts, to demonstrate that the relinquishment of the Jewish religion does not necessarily involve abandonment of the desire for a home in the ancient fatherland, nor apostasy from the Jewish people, who are kinsmen of the Hebrew Christians.



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Marion Harland's Corner

The Garbage Pail

THE title is unpleasing. The thing it represents is undeniably repulsive. Yet the subject connected with it has been deemed sufficiently important by the corporations of our principal cities to demand official investigation. Of the results of this I shall have more to say presently.

As a keynote to the estimation in which the unsavory receptacle of domestic refuse is held by a certain class of household workers, I may be pardoned for quoting a story reported to me less than six years ago by a woman of unquestionable veracity. Through the dining-room door, which was ajar, she overhead a colloquy between cook and waitress.

Said the cook: "There's no surer way of telling whether folks are quality or common people than watchin' of the garbage-pails when they come down on the dumb waiter. There's the fam'ly what lives in the apartment above ours. They're the real sort! Sometimes the pail is so full the top won't go on, and it's always real full. Not with just the scrapings of the plates, you bet! If there's chops or slices left loose on the dishes they ain't saved to be cooked over. And it's so with bread and cake and potatoes, and carrots what is too small to be worth peelin', and speeked apples and the like. There's nothin' mean about that fam'ly!"

As an evidence of the wide disparity of opinion between individuals and corporations, I set over against this anecdote part of a conversation I held half a year ago with a city physician of extensive practice who had accepted a position on the commission appointed by the Food Administration Bureau to look closely into this very matter of domestic wastefulness. Without giving warning of their coming, the committee visited scores of apartment houses in humble and in fashionable residential districts, and made official returns of results.

"We all know, of course, that we Americans are the most extravagant of all civilized nations," said the doctor to me. "But I own I was amazed at the reckless improvidence of what may be called our 'well to-do classes.' The garbage-pails were a disgrace to housekeepers and servants. Would you believe that we counted in fifteen pails in one district no less than five loaves of bread from which the baker's or grocer's paper wrappings had never been removed? Half and quarter loaves were too frequent to be counted. Slices of cooked ham and beef, whole onions, carrots and potatoes, slices of cake, stale cookies, biscuits and rolls were found in quantities that would have fed many a poor family. It was monstrous and incredible!"

This is no exaggeration, but simple and disgraceful fact, that should put the women of our country on their guard.

To the housemother who has never so much as glanced into the pail consigned daily to the city scavenger, I would make this note of warning a matter of personal and present interest.

This same garbage-pail is an important utensil from the viewpoint of health and cleanliness. It should be scalded regularly, and each day lined with several thicknesses of paper to absorb moisture and prevent corrosion and rust. The top should be similarly protected and fit closely. These are details the cook is likely to neglect unless she knows that her employer has a personal eye to them and considers them essential. Keep the pail clean and dry, and it will outlast by years one in which dregs and wet are allowed to collect.

NOW for the main thing, to be regarded jealously and persistently: Allow nothing to go into the pail that may be made useful in any department of housewifery. Not a scrap or crumb of bread should ever find its way to the garbage-pail. Make this rule absolute. In future talks we shall deal with the many ways in which these fragments may be utilized. Be it a wheaten, or oaten, or barley loaf, or a corn-meal muffin, see to it that it is saved. Dry single slices or scraps in the oven without letting them brown, and when they are cold crush into fine crumbs and put away in jars or boxes in a cool, dry place. Of their ultimate end, more anon.

Cold vegetables should be sorted and set aside to be warmed over, or to add richness to soups and stews. Not one teaspoonful of stewed tomato or apple-sauce—least of all, of mashed potato—should ever make acquaintance with the paper-lined pail. The skins of oranges, grapefruit and lemons, cut into shavings and dried in an open oven or in the sun, then pounded fine, make spicy flavoring for puddings and sauces. Or, should you not fancy these, utilize the brittle shavings as kindling. They catch fire readily and burn like pitchpine splinters. One woman I know cooks apple peelings tender in enough water to cover them well; sets them away over night; strains out the liquid next day through mosquito-netting, pressing out every drop of the juice; sweetens it and boils it down, and uses it for pudding-sauces. Apples should never be pared for "sauce." The best part of the fruit lies next to the skin. Cut them up, cores and all, cook before sugaring them, and press through a colander. Then sweeten while hot. You will be surprised by the superior flavor of sauce made thus to that cooked in the old way.

It should not be necessary to say that cold rice and other cooked cereals may be worked up to advantage in divers ways. Of that, too, I shall be glad to speak in future chapters.

AFTER eliminating from the maw of the Garbage Pail the articles of which we have treated, there would seem to be little left to be thrown away except what our self-appointed judge of "the quality" describes as "plate-scrapings." If we have lent a dutiful ear to Mr. Hoover's injunctions respecting the "clean plate," we have discarded once and forever the silly notion of leaving something on the plate "for the sake of manners." The rule was designed in far-off days to prove to hosts that guests had had all they could eat—and more. In this day when "waste not, or somebody will want!" is the watchword in every well-conducted household, the wise mother trains her flock not to overload plates at the outset.

In the work of apportionment to larder and to pail, it will be seen that little falls into the latter. Bones are too valuable to be consigned to it because they have been cooked once. Collect them from plates as well as from dish, dash hot water over, and set away in the refrigerator those that have been "picked." They are then cleared from the suspicion of "germs." When you have a good supply on hand take time to break them into pieces an inch long to expose the richness of the marrow left in them, put over the fire without salt, cover deep with cold water, and cook slowly for hours. Salt, then, and let them get perfectly cold before you skim the fat carefully from the top to keep for "shortening." It will save lard and butter. Strain the liquid, add vegetables cut small, season to taste, and you have the base of a nourishing broth or thick family soup.

YOU are not the sensible woman I take you to be if you have not found out that the outside and coarser leaves of lettuce, the "tops" and tougher stalks of celery which are unfit for salad, may be cooked and creamed into palatable vegetable dishes. In fact, surprisingly little is left from the market-basket for the paper-lined pail. Up to date I know of no way of disposing otherwise of the parings of potatoes, carrots, radishes and turnips. Our Cornerites are invited to send in hints on this point.

If our instructions be followed faithfully, your neighbors may comment unfavorably upon your "quality." That is, if they are of the vulgar variety themselves. True gentlehood has higher standards of breeding. When the queen of England gives up her motor-car and returns to the old-fashioned carriage and horses to save gasoline for the army ambulances, the patriotic American wife and mother ought to regard it as a solemn obligation to count pennies where she once handled dollars. No right-minded woman now hesitates to purchase food in small quantities and to make every pound of provisions "go" as far as it will.

I would make this Corner a veritable Housewife's Exchange through which all may give freely of what they have learned under the strain and stress of the times, and profit gratefully by the experiences of other practical and patriotic workers in the same great school.

Our next talk will embrace recipes especially adapted to the altered conditions in which we are living and learning.

MARION HARLAND.

Agents: Big Money

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"The Furniture That Blooms In The Spring"

Along with the early Spring flowers comes house-cleaning days, comes new furniture, comes re-upholstering.

This Spring there also comes something worth while, in the nature of an upholstery fabric—of interest to every housewife—a splendid, long-wearing, economical upholstery material, which can be subjected to severe wear; can be easily cleansed with soap and water, without fear of harming.

Chase Leatherwove Galloway is the name of this wonderful upholstery fabric, which has been highly endorsed ever since the first day it was manufactured—some 21 years ago.

Ask your furniture dealer about Leatherwove Galloway, or write to L. C. Chase & Co., 89 Franklin St., Boston, Mass., for samples. (Adv.)

The Red Cross Expedition to Palestine

Continued from page 536

Council appropriated $390,000 as a beginning. The work is to be done in conjunction with the British Syrian and Palestine Relief Fund and the American Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee, with the last named of which the Christian Herald has been cooperating in relief work up to the present time. There will be four medical Red Cross units to combat prevalent diseases, and the purpose is to establish a large, well-equipped hospital at some suitable point as early as possible. Lay assistants will aid by devoting their time to general civilian relief, distributing food and clothing, and assisting in the rehabilitation and reconstruction of devastated areas. The present appropriation is intended to cover a period of six months.

Dr. Finley will leave for the Holy Land very soon for an indefinite stay.

Included in the Commission are Dr. Ward, already mentioned, who will hold an important post; Theodore Waters of the Christian Herald corporation, New York, who will represent a large constituency which has the welfare of Palestine deeply at heart; Jesse K. Marden, Boston; Charles E. Clark, Elyria, O.; William S. Dodd, Montclair, N. J.; Harry C. Hurd, Indianapolis; Harry Warren Carson, Danville, Ill.; Giles S. Pease, Worcester, Mass.; Julius A. Brown, Hartsdale, N. Y.; James H. Nichol, Auburn, N. Y.; B. Carter Milliken, Roselle, N. J.; A. Edward Kelsey, Portsmouth, R. I.; Arthur A. Bacon, Geneva, N. Y.; William C. Groeniger, Columbus, O.; Jacob Norman, Malden, Mass.; Frank H. Williams, Portsmouth, O.; Montgomery Ogden, Orange, N. J.; J. Milton Vance, New York City; Graham C. Hunter, Riverside, Cal.; Edmund B. Chaffee, New York City; Ethan O. Jago, New York City; Samuel Edgar, Greeley, Col.; R. Livingstone Methany, Beaver Falls, Pa.; Harry S. Huntington, Jr., Roselle, N. J.

With the Commission goes a large equipment of medical and surgical supplies for use in the hospitals, automobiles for transportation, and trucks to be employed in general service work.

Mr. Waters, who was called to this service in the early part of the movement, has the rank of Major. It will be remembered by many readers that Mr. Waters, shortly after the outbreak of the war, was sent to Europe by the Christian Herald and took the first cargo of supplies on the steamship Jan Blockx from England to Rotterdam, and thence by canal into Belgium, personally supervising its distribution in a number of the stricken Belgian cities and surrounding districts. He visited Brussels and, with the aid of United States Ambassador Brand Whitlock, organized a Christian Herald Relief Committee, which did excellent work. He also visited a number of the other warring countries, organizing, with the cooperation of the American ambassadors, committees in Berlin, Lodz, Belgrade, Vienna, Galicia, Constantinople, Paris and London. His letters, which appeared in these pages, were the history of a great humanitarian work in which tens of thousands of the good people of America succored the widows and orphans, and were the means of saving many lives and relieving a vast amount of suffering.

Mr. Waters, whose first letter appears in this issue, will find time in the intervals of his official duties to write fully concerning the progress of the great work which the Red Cross has undertaken in the Holy Land.

Additional Gifts in the Christian Herald Fund for War Widows and Orphans

Gift of $200

Mrs. A. W. Kay.

Gifts of $100 Each

E. Becker; Mrs. B. Friess; Mr. & Mrs. A. B. & Emra Larkin; W. H. Howard; St. Paul's Union S. S., Imler, Pa.; G. B. Trulock; J. Haas; Puget St. Assembly Hall, Olympia, Wash.

Gift of $75

Prairie Lawn Ladies Aid Soc., Wilcox, Sask., Can.

Gifts of $50

J. H. Beltz; W. P. Lane; F. M. Cole; Mrs. T. A. Allen.

Gifts of $25 Each

John Cook; A. Eisler; A. Mottaz; Associate Presby. Ch., Albia, Iowa; Margaret Betyemann; Sadie R. Anderson; H. Page Salmon; Alice B. Hope; Wilbur Newhall; J. J. Mathews; Mrs. C. A. N., Columbus, Kans.; Christian Ref. Ch., Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Amelia Grafke; Aug. F. Wegner; Mr. & Mrs. L. W. Belknap; Two Friends, Chambersburg, Pa.; O. G. Simpson.

Additional contributions will be acknowledged in subsequent issues of the Christian Herald.

Stomach Acidity -the Cause of Over Fifty Diseases

By S. D. HOPKINS

IF I were asked to sound a health warning that would be of the greatest possible benefit to mankind, I should say emphatically—"Beware of acid stomach." For acid stomach is the cause of fermentation which, bad enough in itself, is the forerunner of over fifty ills that sap the energy and vitality of its victims. I venture to say that 90 per cent of all sickness starts with acid stomach.

Nature provides hydrochloric acid as one of the digestive fluids, but too much of this acid causes fermentation, hurries the food out of the stomach and carries the acid all through the body. As a consequence, poisons (toxins) are formed which are absorbed into the blood, causing autointoxication, nervousness, mental depression and countless ills of which this is but the beginning, as a glance at the accompanying chart will show.

Every one of the vital organs in time becomes affected—the heart, the liver, the kidneys, the intestines, the nerves and the brain all decline, for the stomach is the Power Plant of the body.

Stomach remedies only neutralize the acid because they are stronger than the acid. This ultimately ruins the lining of the stomach. The acid being neutralized is absorbed into the blood only to come back to the stomach in greater quantities at the next meal.

Go to the Source

How much more sensible would it be to attack this disorder at its source. Instead of attempting to neutralize acid after it had formed, why not prevent it from forming in the first place?

Superacidity is caused by wrong eating, and the remedy must be found in the field of the cause—in eating correctly.

The individual sufferer from indigestion, acidity, fermentation, gas and such disorders has not carried his experiments with food very far. If he had he could easily cure himself as Eugene Christian, the famous food scientist, has proved beyond all doubt.

The reason which led Eugene Christian to take up the study of food in the first place was because he himself, a young man, was a great sufferer from stomach and intestinal troubles.

So acute was his affliction that the best specialists of the day, after everything within their power had failed, gave him up to die. Educated for a doctor himself, Christian could get no help from his brother physicians.

Restored His Own Health

Believing that wrong eating was the cause and that right eating was the only cure, he took up the study of foods and their relation to the human system. What he learned not only restored his own health in a remarkably short space of time, but has been the means of relieving some 25,000 other men and women for whom he has prescribed with almost invariable success, even though most of them went to him as a last resort.

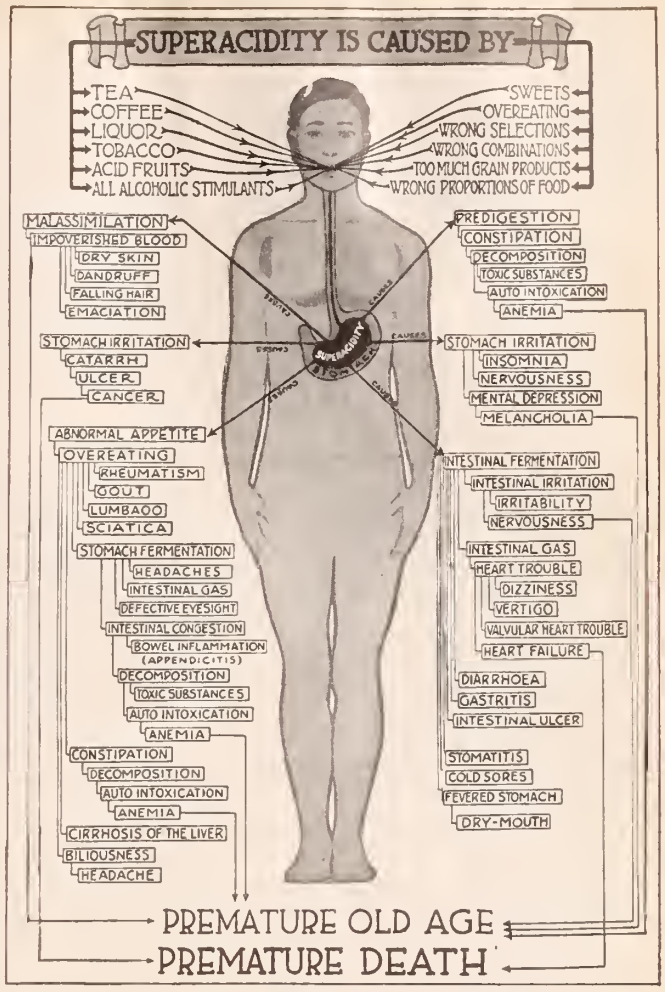
Christian says that all stomach and intestinal disorders—with their countless sympathetic ills—are caused by wrong selections and wrong combinations of food, and that right combinations of food will positively remove every stomach and intestinal disorder by removing its causes.

No one would think of putting salt into an open wound, and yet we do worse than that when we keep putting irritating acid-creating food combinations into our stomachs already surcharged with acid.

The Foods You Like Best

Christian believes in good foods deliciously cooked—the kind all of us like best and which may be obtained at any home store, hotel or restaurant. He says that most of the things that we eat are all right—but that we don't know how to combine or balance them.

Often, one food good in itself, when combined with another equally good food, produces an acid reaction in the stomach; whereas either of the foods alone or eaten in combination with some other food would have been easily and perfectly digested.



Study This Chart—

Shows the Cause of 90% of All Diseases

Unfortunately, each food we eat at a meal is not digested separately. Instead, all of the foods we combine at the same meal are mixed and digested together. Consequently, if we eat two or more articles at the same meal which don't go well together, there is sure to be acidity, fermentation, gas and all kinds of digestive trouble.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a course of little lessons which tells you exactly what to eat in order to overcome the ailment which is troubling you.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering all conditions of health and sickness, including acidity, constipation, and all including disorders, from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons. They also tell you how to reduce and how to gain.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered and clearly explained that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will remove the causes of your disorder the day you receive the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

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After thorough investigation by the editors of Christian Herald of the Little Lessons in Corrective Eating, by Eugene Christian, we take pleasure in making them available to our readers with our absolute endorsement.

So convinced is the Christian Herald of the merits of these books, we will send the set on approval. Examine them for 5 days. If you decide to keep them, send us $3 within 5 days, and we will also send you the Christian Herald for one year (52 issues) regular price $2.

Over two hundred thousand sets have been sold during the past two years at $3 each, but in order to bring the Little Lessons within the reach of every one we have made a special arrangement with the publishers which enables us to offer our readers this remarkable set of lessons, together with a year's subscription to Christian Herald—52 big numbers—for only $3. This means a $2 saving.

Only a limited number of the Little Lessons are available, however, so immediate action is necessary. Mail the coupon today.

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Address .....

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DO you know, ill health or *chronic ailments*, in nine out of every ten cases, are due to improper food, poor circulation, insufficient exercise, incorrect breathing, incorrect poise, and restless slumber?

Remove those *unnatural* conditions and your ailments vanish.

This may surprise *you*, but I *am doing it* daily: I have done it for 80,000 women.

I give you exercises to strengthen any weak organs.

No Drugs or Medicines

You follow my directions in your room.

You can weigh exactly what you should.

Medical magazines advertise my work; leading doctors approve it; their wives are my pupils.

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Constipation	Indigestion
Dizziness	Weakness
Rheumatism	Colds
Torpid Liver	Malassimilation

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Let us tell you of many other good things built into VUDOR Porch Shades exclusively, send you illustrations in color, and name of dealer.

Hough Shade Corporation, 242 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.

A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 538

bill in the House of Commons, members of the government set about drafting a Home Rule bill. It was said that general opinion favored a federal measure which could be made applicable to Scotland, Wales and England. Close observers of sentiment in Parliament declared that never on the surface at any rate had Ireland such a good chance for a form of self-government. Meantime, the very threat of conscription appeared to be solidifying the long divergent parties in Ireland into a measure of agreement never before known.

BATUM FALLS TO TURKS. An official statement issued at Constantinople, on April 15, announced the capture by the Turks after a two day battle with the defenders, of the city of Batum in the Russian Caucasus. The Turks also claimed advances east of Lake Van, which would indicate that they are attacking and pressing back the Georgians and Armenians on both flanks.

GERMANS LAND IN FINLAND. Berlin dispatches, on April 16, told of the landing of troops east of Helsingfors in Finland. After overcoming difficult ice conditions the troops pushed forward toward Viborg, which since the fall of Helsingfors had been the headquarters of the Finnish Red Guard. Dispatches from London placed the number of Germans in Finland at 40,000, while information coming through Stockholm indicated the continued success of the White Guards against the retreating Red Guards, who on April 16 had evacuated Abo. According to the Swedish information the backbone of the Finnish revolution had been broken.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SHAKEN. Beginning at Barstow at 3.30 o'clock on Sunday afternoon April 21 an earthquake shock was felt throughout southern California. It was most severe at Hemet, San Jacinto and San Bernardino, but did considerable damage in Pasadena, Los Angeles, Long Beach and Santo Monica. Walls were cracked, plate glass windows were broken, chimneys were toppled over and the people were badly frightened. Many people were hurt and two deaths were reported.

CITY MUST BE GOOD. Because of uncontrolled vice in Philadelphia, where politics and police were hopelessly entangled, Secretary Daniels let it be known that the city must be cleaned up or the government would take drastic action. As a result the police department was reorganized, divorced from politics and practically commandeered the nation. Lieut. Col. C. B. Hatch, U. S. M. C., was appointed by the Navy Department to cooperate with police in removing conditions that threatened the health and efficiency of both soldiers and sailors. More than 200 property owners were notified that they must eliminate vice from their buildings.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. The Catholic directory for 1918 gives the number of Catholics now in the United States as 17,416,303, a net increase of 393,424. . . . The American steamship A. B. Jennings and the British steamer War Night, both loaded with naphtha and inflammable oils, collided off the British coast, on March 24. The War Night caught fire and 37 of her crew died in the flames. . . . Thirty-nine cities in New York state voted on April 16 and 17 for the first time under the local option law, 20 went dry and 19 wet, those voting dry putting out of business about 30 per cent of the 2100 saloons whose licenses hung upon the ballots. The women of New York voted in this election with no apparent influence upon the result. . . . The House of Representatives on April 18, voting 167 to 97 refused to concur in the Senate amendment to the agricultural bill which fixed the price of wheat at the local elevator at $2.50 a bushel. The bill was opposed because it was said that it would add 1 cent to the price of each loaf of bread. The Senate passed the amendment after the President had proclaimed a price of $2.20. . . . President Wilson, on April 20, by proclamation, extended to women of enemy alien birth all the regulations and restrictions as to residence and registration effective in regard to enemy alien men. . . . The House, on April 20, passed the naval appropriation bill carrying a total of $1,312,000,000. . . . The House, on April 19, amended the naval bill to authorize an increase of the Marine Corps from 30,000 to 75,500. The men thus raised will be rushed to France. The action was taken on the request of General Pershing.

Anniversary of Lexington Sees Germans Stopped

Continued from page 539

machine-guns and 500 prisoners, of whom fifteen were officers.

The night of April 18 saw the end of attacks along the front of the battle of Armentieres. At Givenchy the enemy secured a limited footing at one or two points in the advanced positions. Elsewhere he suffered a complete repulse, especially south of Mt. Kemmel where he had made great preparations for the storming of the heights, the 117th and 11th Bavarian divisions and an Alpine corps, all hill fighters, being concentrated against Kemmel, which must be taken or outflanked before the Germans can go much farther west. Prisoners agreed that the German infantry had suffered heavy losses from British artillery fire before opening the day's attacks.

April 19th saw only local attacks, south of Mount Kemmel and in the neighborhood of Givenchy. The slaughter attending the repulses of the two preceding days had apparently destroyed the enemy's striking power. The day was marked only by an intense artillery fire on both sides. British counter-attacks northeast of Robecq and at Givenchy and Festubert completely restored to British hands all the positions penetrated by the enemy in the fighting of the two days preceding.

The most significant development of the day was the announcement by Premier Orlando, in the Italian Chamber of Deputies, that Italian forces had gone to France to form the right wing of the Allied army and that Italian regiments would soon be in action in the great battle. The announcement was received with great enthusiasm by all parties in the Chamber. It was reported that Italy could send 500,000 men to General Foch for use in the western front without endangering her own defense.

April 20th and 21st saw no material change in the positions of the armies in Flanders and in Picardy. British counter-attacks on Sunday southeast of Robecq and northeast of Bethune put them in possession of some German outpost positions. A German attack on the Belgians and British northeast of Ypres was stopped by artillery fire. Along the whole front of the recent battles both sides were busy getting ready for the next move. If Ludendorf had more men to gamble with, the Allies were ready to meet, shoulder to shoulder, such attacks as might develop. If the month's desperate fighting had left the enemy too weary to go on, General Foch was in a position to turn the tables and clinch the German's partial defeat with a complete allied victory.

After a bombardment with over 50,000 shells which set the city afire from end to end, Rheims was reported on April 20 to be no more than a ghastly ruin. The shell of the cathedral still stood.

GRADUALLY out of the mist of early reports there are coming interesting stories which explain the disaster before St. Quentin on March 21, 22 and 23. The British fifth army, under General Gough, here held a long line of well-placed trenches. In front of the first line were strongly held observation posts with machine-guns so placed that no enemy could advance without meeting an almost annihilating crossfire and enfilading fire. The whole setting of men and guns was mathematically, tactically and humanly perfect. But crossfire requires observation, and the whole carefully planned system of primary defense was rendered useless by a dense fog which covered the whole battle-ground. The observation posts and machine-gun posts were overrun before the British knew the enemy had left his trenches. Thus the German waves swept practically unbroken into the British battle positions. All the carefully made plans of defense were scrapped. It became a case of each unit battling for a new position against an overwhelmingly superior enemy. The Fifth army was badly broken and the retreat toward the Somme was on. As always in open fighting when an army is pressed by superior numbers, there were times when adjoining corps or divisions would be separated and their flanks left in the air. Every time this occurred the enemy faced his much-sought opportunity to break through.

One of these penetrations, between Ham and Peronne, offered such a serious threat to the security of the British armies that a hurry up order was given to Major General Carey, in command of certain detachments behind the lines, to gather around some squadrons of cavalry such a force as he could and fill the gap. General Carey assembled his headquarters clerks, and advanced to take the positions assigned him. On his way he accumulated men from every element of the non-combatant forces. He had blacksmiths and mechanics of various sorts, clerks, cooks, messengers, road builders and commissary employees, many of them of little military training, most of them middle aged or old men. These he had to train to fight while they did it, to operate machine-guns while they were trained against an advancing enemy, to fight rear-guard actions while they learned the tactics of delay. Out of this motley force Carey produced an army that for five days fought the Boche to a standstill, figuratively and actually, and effectually blocked the gap until French and British reserves came up and took over the work. One of the principal elements of this heroic force was a battalion of United States Engineers. They had fallen back before the advancing enemy, being assigned the task of destroying a great ammunition dump, which done, they retired further and dug trenches. Under Carey, these engineers turned from pick and shovel to rifle and machine-gun and so acquitted themselves as to win the written commendation of General Rawlinson in command of the British army in this sector.

The final report on the work of the battalions of engineers, who fought so bravely in General Carey's mixed division, gives the total period of their fighting as thirteen days and their losses as 22 killed, 53 wounded and 45 missing.

A Sermon to Fishermen

It is customary in Lunenburg, the "Gloucester of Nova Scotia," to preach a farewell sermon in the spring to the men of the fishing fleet just before they sail for the Banks. This brief sermon was preached to four hundred men, in the Methodist Church of Lunenburg, N. S., on a recent Sunday evening, by Rev. E. E. Crowell, B. A.

MEN, the time has again come when you are called to sail away. I know that many of you dread to go. For the past few months you have enjoyed the comforts and pleasures of home and family, and this breaking away is hard for all concerned. However, it is the call of duty, and your response is: "We're ready!" You remember that there are those depending upon your labors: mouths to be fed, feet to be shod, bodies to be clothed, homes to be sustained, and good causes to be supported; therefore you go, that you may meet these legitimate demands like men!

There is another view that must not be lost sight of, and that is, as fishermen you are producers; you are one of the groups of people that stand between the world and want. You plow the seas to secure the harvests of the deep. Every time you come alongside of your vessel with your dory load, you can say: "Here is food for more families; we will beat off the wolves of starvation with cod from the Banks." May the great Father above protect and prosper you, as you go forth to help supply the larders of the world.

I am perfectly aware that some of the things I am about to say do not apply to all of you; but I feel sure that every man will recognize his portion. When you leave the pier, you say, "Haul in your bow line," "Let go your spring," "Let go your after line." You even say to the anchor, "Let go of the mud." Are there not a few other things that you ought to "let go," for this trip and every trip? In the first place; Let go the booze! If in some port to which you go, you can get this by backdoor or hidden way, don't do it. Don't consider it smart to evade or defy law. It is no evidence of high manhood to go aboard a newly arrived vessel from a foreign port, and hint around for a bottle packed in straw. Don't carry "anything on your hip"—larger than a handkerchief. Rum is an enemy, and is to be dealt with as any other enemy; that is, to be watched, beaten and destroyed. The man who peddles booze is no friend to the community, and should be ridden out of town on a rail, and then told to get a ticket without a return. "The danger of the saloon is the safety of the people. Prohibition is like the railing on a bridge, it is to keep reckless drivers from going over." Be helpers in the struggle. Keep your brain clear and your nerve steady. If you are a drinker you are an enemy to your country, because you encourage the traffic which takes the grain for beer that ought to go for bread. Give your money to your family, a worthy comradeship to your wife, a good example to your children, and your heart to God.

Let go profanity. It is a foul, degrading, sinful habit. If you speak lightly of high things, you will hold them lightly; and no man can afford to speak lightly of God. When you take that name in vain, you empty it of its meaning. The profane man contaminates children and disregards the feelings of those who are purer than himself. The swearer advertises that he cannot control his temper or his tongue. Moreover, profanity is usually a sign of a rather vacant or lazy mind and a limited vocabulary.

Let go the unsavory story. One mark of a gentleman is to speak respectfully of women. If a woman is not worthy of your respect, do not degrade yourself by considering her name, even in a joke. Every woman is somebody's wife or mother, or sister or daughter; speak of her as you would like others to speak of yours.

A good haul on the fishing-grounds means not only your enterprise but God's goodness. Praise him; let every successful day be a thanksgiving day! Always bear in mind that there is One member of the crew whose name is not on the ship's papers. In storm or calm, God is near. He loves you every one, and there is not a thing he will not do for your good, if you will only walk uprightly. If distress or danger presses a prayer from your lips, he will hear you; or if, which is much better, prayer rises from your lips like water from a fountain, he still hears and is ready to help. Trust in him who is strong to deliver and "mighty to save."

Some day you will take your last voyage. When you do that, may you leave behind you a wake that will show that during all these years you were really sailing for the great Home Port; and when you "make the land," may you know that it is the Glory Land; may the light you see be the light of the City that is never darkened by a sorrow or a sin; and may the first voice you hear be the voice of him who shall welcome you with a "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Sail away, sail away, and may the blessing of God go with you and abide!

Send in Your Books

PARTICIPANTS in the *National Bible Picture Study* may now submit their sets of verses, and all sets *must* be submitted by May 31, 1918. Sets mailed as late as that final date—May 31—will be accepted, even though we receive them much later; the postmark will show that they were mailed on time.

The following excerpt from the Rules gives the directions for submitting sets. Everyone must follow these directions:

"Participants may submit sets of answers after April 22, 1918, but not later than May 31, 1918—which is the last day for submitting answers. Sets of answers sent by mail must be mailed not later than May 31, 1918. Sets of answers sent by express must be delivered at the express office on or before May 31, 1918. Participants who present sets of answers at the Christian Herald office personally or by personal messenger must do so before 5 P.M. May 31, 1918."

Tell your postal clerk, when he weighs your set of answers, that it must go as first class mail, upon which the postage rate is now three cents for each ounce or fraction. One Answer Book, in a thin envelope or light wrapper, will require nine cents in stamps. If wrapper or envelope is at all heavy, the postage will be twelve cents or more.

Be *sure* your set of answers carries sufficient postage! And do not fold or roll your set of answers; wrap it up *flat*.

Food for a Youngster's Day

PLAN meals like these. Here are two sets of the right kind for your youngster. Grown people will like them, too. If sometimes these seem too much work, bread and milk alone will make a good meal.

BREAKFAST

No. 1	No. 2.
Apple sauce.	Stewed prunes.
Oatmeal with milk	Cocoa (weak).
Milk to drink.	Brown-bread, toast and butter.

DINNER

No. 1.	No. 2.
Stew, with carrots, potatoes, and a little meat.	Fish, with white sauce.
Rye bread.	Spinach or any greens.
Creamy rice pudding.	Corn bread.
Milk to drink.	Milk to drink.

SUPPER

No. 1.	No. 2.
Cream of bean soup.	Baked potato.
Crackers and jam.	Apple Betty.
Milk.	Milk.

—From U. S. Food Leaflet No. 7.

Why Germany Cannot Rule the World

Dr. Gray Shows what Prophecy Clearly Foreshadows on This Subject

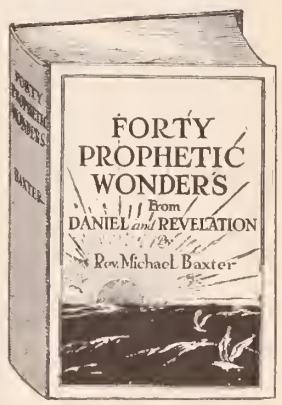
By Prof. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D.
Dean of the Moody Bible Institute

THE further along we get in Dr. Gray's latest series of contributions on Prophecy, now running in the Christian Herald, the more interesting they become. Every article leaves a deep impression upon the mind of the careful reader and brings a flood of light on topics which to him have been wholly unexplained till now. In his article on "How the Kingdom and the Church Differ," he makes clear as noon-day the distinction with which comparatively few Bible readers are familiar. Another of his articles, published elsewhere in this issue of the Christian Herald, deals with the "Age and Its Apostasy"—another extremely difficult topic which he illuminates so that all may understand. The next article to come, which will appear two weeks hence, is still more vital to the moment, the title being "Why Germany Cannot Rule the World." A little later will come another contribution showing the bearing of prophetic fulfilment on the events of today, the title being "Prophecy Changing the Map of Europe."

Another article for the near future is a "Glossary of Prophetic Words" which is a complete *vade mecum* or guide-book for the student of the Bible, and which will prove a wonderful help over the "hard places." Can you, who read this, define the prophetic meaning of "Age," "Antichrist," "Armageddon," "Beast," "The Coming," "The Parousia," "The Times of the Gentiles," "The Dispensations"? Who are "Gog and Magog"? What is the "Remnant"? What is understood by "Restitution"? What does a "Week" signify in prophetic time? All of these are vital to the student of God's Word.

"FORTY PROPHETIC WONDERS"

By Rev. MICHAEL BAXTER



WE have ready for delivery that remarkable volume written, many years ago, by the Rev. Michael Baxter, entitled "*Forty Prophetic Wonders.*" This book is known to very few now living, and is remarkable for many things. Dr. Baxter was an enthusiastic student of prophecy, and had collated all the best authorities of his own and preceding times, and they are set forth in his book with his own comment and interpretation. As an example of his perspicacity, it can be stated that among the conclusions he then reached were the following:

1. 1907–1919, Great European wars, beginning 24 to 10 years before the end of the age, including probably a German war or revolution.
2. 1919, The Euphrates (or Turkish Empire) dried up—Turkish power over Judea may notably decrease about the same time.
3. 1919–1925, Great revival among Christians everywhere and preaching of the Advent.
4. 1917–1919, Formation of the Ten-Kingdomed Confederacy foretold in Dan. 2 : 8.
5. 1922–1929, Jerusalem to be restored and the Temple rebuilt.

Dr. Baxter's book goes much further than this, both before and after the dates indicated. It is the most complete setting forth of Scripture prophecies to be found anywhere. He himself never assumed to fix dates, but assembled the views of eminent students of the subject and gave the average of their computations. It is, in his view, a time of the unfolding of many mysteries, and the outcome of his many years of devotion to the great prophetic themes will have a wonderful fascination for all readers.

His book will be welcomed by all who love the Scriptures, and its influence will be to lead many to take a new view of the meaning of life, and of the great purposes of the Creator and Redeemer for the salvation and purification of the world.

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Here are Stories of the Trenches—behind the big guns—on the firing step—"over the top"—"no-man's land"—the barrage—the bayonet charge—taps.
Here are Stories of the Ambulances—heroism of the nurses—silent suffering of the wounded—nobility of the women—skill and daring of the doctors—scenes at the hospitals.
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Young People's Topics for May 12

Denominational (Christian Endeavor) Fellowship

B. Y. P. U. and Christian Endeavor Topic. I John 1 : 1–7

"IF we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleaneth us from all sin."

The sons of darkness can have no fellowship with the sons of light. Sin bars the soul from the company of the saints. We walk by faith in the light of God's love, revealed through the Son. He stands illumined in the full favor of the Father, for he shared the Father's love for men enough to be a willing sacrifice for their redemption. If we love until we can rejoice in sacrifice, then we, too, as redeemed sons, shall walk in the light of God's favor. But if we harbor jealousy of another's success; if we covet the place of leadership for the adulation it brings; if we let our tongue dabble in mischievous tales; if we permit our minds to dwell on the gross and the impure; if we demand profit at another's loss; if we deal by a scant rule and a short measure, we will draw the veil of darkness between us and him. We could not stand the light in which he dwells, much less walk with him.

Fellowship means both a condition of sharing and a common endeavor. Between Britain, France and America just now there is developing a fellowship of devotion. United in suffering and in purpose, they wrestle together against the brute force of a nation which has turned its face against civilization, a nation that prays to God but worships Mars. Between Christians in the same communion a similar fellowship exists. Each church has its shibboleths and its points of emphasis. We enjoy the company of those whose religious thinking coincides with our own. We work happily with those who strive with us for the same goals according to similar methods. So there is a real fellowship within denominational lines. Christian Endeavor, however, overspreads denominational lines. It is one of the most potent of the forces which are helping to make the denominations subordinate, as they should be, to the great purposes of the Kingdom. Through Christian Endeavor, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, and all the other "ists" are adding to their denominational fellowship that wider fellowship which unites them in spirit and in purpose with all those in all connections whom Christ has redeemed and who walk in his light.

Epworth League Anniversary

Epworth League Topic

Send to Central Office of the League, 740 North Rush Street, Chicago, Ill., for Program.

Speeding Up the Liberty Loan

Continued from page 541

great quota, resembles a great fair. Hundreds of gayly decorated booths in all parts of the city, enormous banners floating above the streets, speeding automobiles gayly hung with colors, and with passengers tooting for the success of the loan, give the streets the appearance of a big festival. The old-time "procession" of boyhood days would have turned green with envy at the sight of the beautiful ladies, the gold-braided musicians, the well-groomed animals, elephants, camels, and horses—comprising the first circus parade seen in Manhattan for many a year—all bearing banners boosting the big loan. Who could have imagined years ago those haughty monsters, the elephants, parading and silently pleading for cooperation in winning a world war?

AT a meeting of moving picture interests on the New York Theatre Roof $787,000 was raised in twenty minutes for bonds. They will make it a million.

Reports from practically all parts of the country indicate heavy subscriptions by the foreign-born element. At six meetings held recently in Baltimore, $1,125,000 was pledged by Italians, Bohemians, Poles, Lithuanians, Jews and Germans. Americans of German birth in Pittsburg have subscribed $137,000, and the foreign-born in Cleveland and Chicago are doing great work.

Women are doing great work in the campaign, according to reports. They have sold $12,000,000 worth of bonds in Pennsylvania, and in forty-five Indiana counties they have been responsible for the sale of $4,492,850 worth.

A statement from the Treasury Department, issued on April 18, gave this inspirational touch to the campaign:

"Tonight, the eve of the anniversary of the battle of Lexington," five twentieth century Paul Reveres will ride from Wichita, Kan., over various highways, carrying a message from Chairman C. L. Davidson to district and county Chairmen. Instead of horses, automobiles will be used, and speakers will be carried to spread the Liberty Loan message among rural residents. Each car will carry a Boy Scout bugler to announce its arrival. The message which will be distributed broadcast follows:

" 'A bond in every home! The war isn't over; neither is the loan campaign. Every idle dollar is an enemy alien. Put every county over the top.' "

In response to the suggestion of Secretary McAdoo, strong appeals were made from thousands of pulpits on Sunday, April 21, in behalf of the Loan. In the metropolis, practically every church audience heard a Liberty Loan sermon at the forenoon service.

The program for the parade in New York, on Friday April 26, included among the marchers 20,000 mothers, wives and sisters of American soldiers and sailors, each carrying a service flag with the stars to represent the members of the individual families in service at the front. It is believed that such an appeal must produce great results and stimulate subscriptions.

From a Treasury Official in Washington, the following comment on the Loan campaign was given:

"One of the most striking developments of the present campaign is the prompt response from States whose population is largely rural. All of the States which have now exceeded their quotas are agricultural States. The list includes Iowa, Oregon, Arkansas, Kentucky, North Dakota, Montana, Utah, and possibly Minnesota. The Minneapolis District was the last to start its selling campaign and claims the attainment of its quota in six selling days.

The battle is being waged bravely, and with every one actively helping and buying to the limit it is hoped that the nation will be gladdened by the announcement of success at the close.

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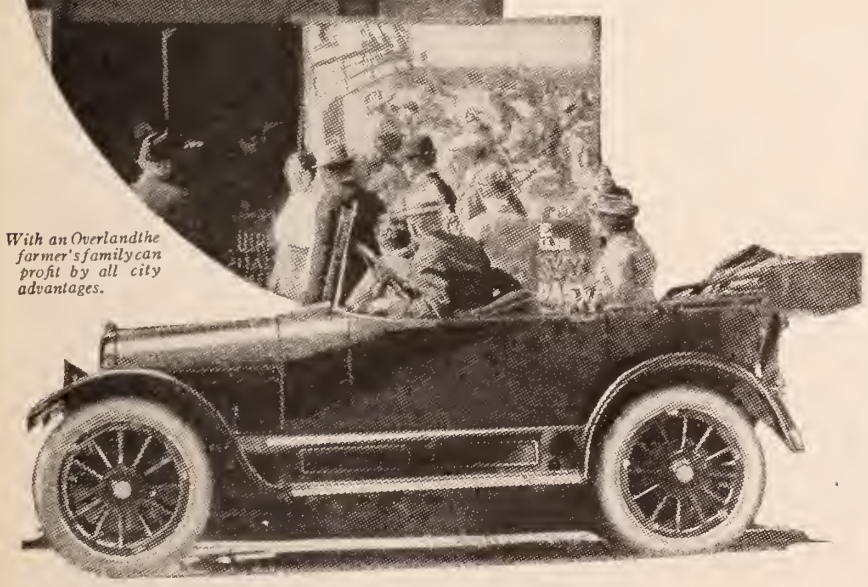

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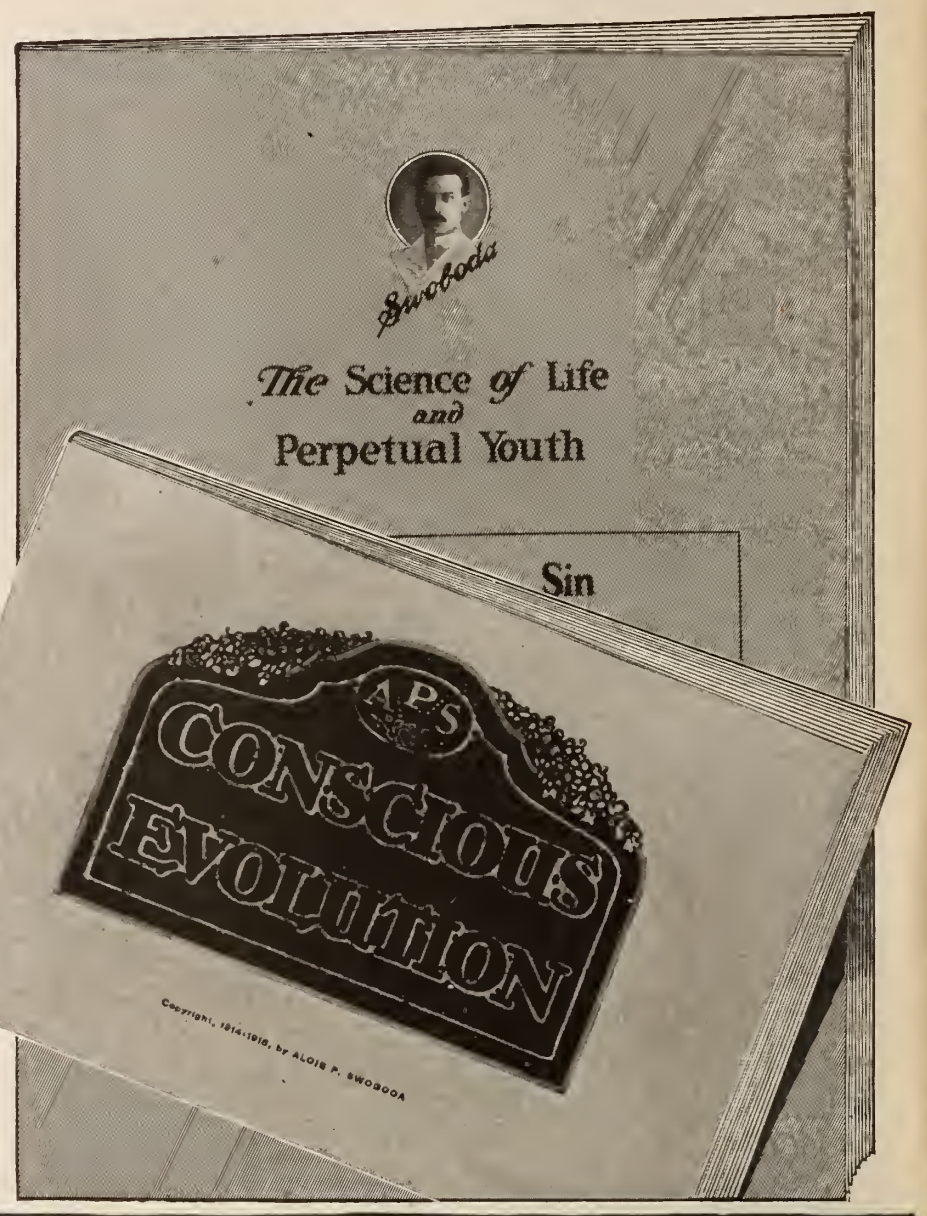

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"Conscious Evolution has done all for me that you promised and I am simply radiating good health. I can hardly believe it myself, it has made such a great change in me. I am in better condition than I have been for twenty years and am chuck full of energy and ambition. Tasks that were a burden to me in the past are now easy and a pleasure. I have no money to burn or throw to the birds, but if you were to offer me one thousand dollars in good hard cash and put me back where I was before beginning your system, I would say, 'Nothing doing.' I enjoy the work you have mapped out for me and am impatient to get at it

"I SHALL BE SIXTY-SIX YEARS OLD NEXT AUGUST and if you were to see me right now you would say 'forty,' and, as a fact, I am better, stronger, and have more energy than the average man at forty. I have only you and your system to thank for these things, and I want to thank you from the very bottom of a grateful heart for what you have done for me. I am a man now in every sense of the word, whereas I was only a fraction of a man and rather a small fraction before profiting through Conscious Evolution.

"The strangest part of it all is that my hearing is greatly improved. The muscles of my shoulders, back and abdomen are immense, and I have forgotten that I have a liver, kidneys, heart, or any other organs, except my stomach, which makes a loud call three times a day. I have lost all desire for stimulants."

"I AM SEVENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE, and in three weeks your system has apparently made a new man of me. I am so enthusiastic over Conscious Evolution that it is difficult for me to control myself, and not do more than you say. I want to thank you for the interest you are taking in my case. When I wrote you for your instructions I was in a very desperate condition. I have never been sorry for one minute that I have written you. On the contrary, I want to thank you for what you are doing for me. I am getting along fine; I am a wonder to myself. It does not seem possible that there could be such a change in any one in such a short time."

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"I must state that the principle of your system is the most scientific, and at the same time the simplest, I have ever heard. You do not misrepresent one single word in your advertising."

"Just think of it, five weeks ago I was ashamed of my physique, to-day I am almost proud of it. I am delighted with Conscious Evolution."

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"Doctors told me I had hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure. They advised me exercise. Conscious Evolution reduced my blood pressure and made a new man of me."

"The beauty of your whole advertisement is that every word of it is the truth. Your system is the most wonderful in the world; it gave me new energy, strength and life, in other words, it made a new man of me. I have been an advocate of your system since the first day I used it. I have withstood a mental strain during the past year which would have broken my health had it not been for your system."

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"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 20 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

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"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Your system developed me most wonderfully."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact, personally or otherwise."

"Your diagnosis and explanation of my brain trouble was a revelation to me. I have had the best physicians of my State, but your grasp of the human body exceeds anything I have ever heard or known. I have read your letters to many people, also to my physicians, who marvel at them."

"I feel that I must express once more my sincerest and warmest appreciation of the benefit you have given me. Had anyone told me that I could possess such fine quality of body and such development as I do at present, after nine weeks of Conscious Evolution, I would have said that they were raving mad. You have proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that you can do everything you say, in fact, I believe you really do more than you promise. Results have been so startling in my case that I feel that I have been born again. At the time of writing I feel full of life, energy and ambition. My body has assumed a most graceful shape, of which I am more than proud and thank the day that I ever heard of you. I could write you a whole lot about your Conscious Evolution, I feel so thankful. There is no better value on God's earth than what you offer, and anyone who doubts your statements must be indeed more than skeptical. I would consider it an honor to have you use my letters in every way you think fit."

"I am very thankful that the Lord directed me to Conscious Evolution through 'The Christian Herald.'"

Evolution — consciously brought about through Conscious Evolution—is the beginning of a new era. Will you continue to live in the old conditions, or do you intend to enter into the new life—the better life, the superior life, the pleasurable life, the joyous life, the successful life, and the happy life?

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Christian Herald

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"BROTHERS!"

Photograph by Western Newspaper Union

The WOODS of YESTERDAY

Childhood's not so far away.
You can find it any day.
If you turn, and backward creeping,
Find the woods where magic, sleeping,
Wakes to greet the searching eye—
Ah, the woods where pixies fly
Airily from tree to tree;
Where the humming of a bee
Is a witch's voice invoking!
Blackest magic quite provoking!
Where a robber band is hiding,
Where a brownie troop is riding,
Bucking beetles:
I have seen
Devils' ring, and fairy green;
Hollow logs that gnomes lived under,
Caves where elf-land hid its plunder.
Childhood's not so far away.
In the Woods of Yesterday.

Childhood's not so far away,
If you wander back with me,
Where the shadowed willow tree
Takes an almost human form,
Where a far-off thunder storm
Is a fairy fight at sea....
What if hair is streaked with grey,
When the heart is young and dancing,
When the eyes are ever glancing
At the magic few may see?

Childhood's not so far away;
Come with me, and we will stray
Through the Woods of Yesterday!

Margaret E. Sangster

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

Photo by Edmonston, Wash., D.C.

Mrs. Marshall, whose husband is immolated in the Vice-Presidency, has organized some wives of senators into a knitting class, which is connected with the United States Senate Red Cross Unit

Left to right, Mrs. Pomerene of Ohio, Mrs. Reed of Missouri, Mrs. Gore of Oklahoma, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Pittman of Nevada, Mrs. Robinson of Arkansas, Mrs. Knox of Pennsylvania, Mrs. Frances of Maryland, Mrs. Sheppard of Texas

Our Army of Girls at Washington

By ABBY GUNN BAKER

THE declaration of war hurled an avalanche of work upon the great departments of the government at Washington, particularly those of the Army and Navy. Then when the first draft came and all the departments lost many of their young men clerks the situation became so serious that the Civil Service Commission began advertising for young women to fill the new positions created by the war as well as those which the draft had made vacant; and young women from almost every state in the Union began responding to the call.

It was not realized at that time what an influx of young women would come to Washington to take these positions; but when they began to arrive daily, first by dozens and then by forties and fifties, the general secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, Miss Florence Brown, who is blessed with a broad vision of the possibilities for the work of the Association, and who has unusual executive ability, saw that some provision should be made for boarding-places for the girls before they reached the city. She wrote the War Department, offering to cooperate in finding suitable homes for the new young women. In June, July and August the girls continued to come in increasing numbers. Every day brought fresh instalments of them to the city, and suddenly they began flocking into the G Street Y. W. C. A. building.

"The War Department sent us to you. Where shall we go to find boarding-places?" was the cry of the girls to the secretaries.

THE need of this action on the part of the government was evident to any one who took an interest in the new girls. They arrived in such numbers that in less than three months, last fall, forty-two hundred of them had applied to the Y. W. C. A. for boarding-places. They are still coming, and many of them are having their first experience in being away from home. One evening a Washington woman who is actively identified in many kinds of war relief work sat opposite a young girl at a dining-table in a restaurant on Capitol Hill. The girl, who was exceedingly pretty and who looked exceedingly young, was evidently a stranger. By gentle questions the older woman drew from the girl her story. She lived in a state in the extreme southwest of the country. She had seen the fascinating advertisements of the Civil Service Commission for government positions in Washington, she had taken the examination, and had received her appointment by telegram. She knew no one in Washington, but the salary offered was fabulously large to her, and she determined to come.

"But your mother, how did she feel about it, and what did you expect to do when you reached here?" questioned the Washington woman.

"Oh, mother didn't want me to come, of course," replied the girl lightly, "but it was too good an offer to miss. I didn't 'now anybody living here, but I had heard of two boys in our township who had come to Washington to take Civil Service positions, so I telegraphed them to meet me. They met me all right, and they were just as nice as they could be. They said it was awfully gritty of me to come on alone."

"But what did you do?" gently insisted her interrogator.

"Well, it was dark when I got here, so the boys took me out for my supper, and then they took me to a hotel for the night."

"To a hotel, and you alone?"

"Y-e-s, I'll own I was pretty badly scared," the girl blushed as she spoke. "It was the first time I had ever been in a big hotel. But I gritted it out, and the next morning the boys came and took me to the office where I was to report for work."

"How did you find a boarding-place finally?" again asked her companion.

"Well, when my chief at the office asked when I came into town and where I was staying he seemed surprised about the hotel, and he asked me what I was going to do for my supper, and then they took me to a hotel for the night."

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"Well, when my chief at the office asked when I came into town and where I was staying he seemed surprised about the hotel, and he asked me what I was going to do for my supper, and then they took me to a hotel for the night. I told him I didn't know, I supposed it was up to him, as he was my boss. He looked awfully sober, but he was just as game about it as he could be. I guess he telephoned to all the friends he had in town before he found me a place. After a long time he came back and gave me the address of a widow he knew and told me how to get to her house. She was awfully good to take me in, for she had never had roomers before. She gave me the nicest kind of a room, and gives me my breakfast every morning before I go out. I get my lunch in the office building and I get my supper—I mean dinner, we call the six o'clock meal supper out home—wherever I like. I think I was awfully lucky, don't you?"

Most of us will agree that she was far more than lucky.

SO many of the girls come without the slightest idea of where they will be housed after they reach Washington. One stormy, snowy afternoon last January this same Washington woman was called to her telephone and asked if she could see a girl who had come from the same town in the West in which the Washington woman was reared. Of course the girl was invited to the house, and in a little while she appeared. She told her hostess that the Civil Service had advertised in their home papers, in a city of about twenty thousand, and that thirteen of the girls living there had taken the examination; all of them had passed and had been appointed by telegram from the War Department.

"Three of us have come on together now, and the others will come in a few days," said the girl. "We do not know any one in Washington, but the Baptist minister out home knows your brother and he gave us a letter to you, because he said he was sure you would find us boarding-places."

And it was five o'clock in a stormy winter afternoon in crowded Washington, where boarding-places were at high premium! However, the faith of the Baptist minister was honored, and the three girls were comfortably housed, but the Washington woman devoutly hoped that the remaining ten girls would give her a little longer notice of their expected arrival.

Stories of this kind could be multiplied indefinitely, and it was that condition which led the Washington churches to organize hospitality committees to look after the young women who are strangers. The pastors appealed from their pulpits, urging every family in their congregations who could spare a room in their home to place it, at reasonable terms, with the church hospitality committee. They urged also that wherever it was possible the family should board the girls as well as provide rooms, in order that the girls might be thrown under home influence. The result has been fairly satisfactory, and hundreds of girls have thus been taken into the family life of Christian homes.

While this last statement is true it must not be overlooked that the churches have by no means reached all of the girls, nor indeed half of them. The Y. W. C. A. has kept steadily on with its part of the work. In addition to placing thousands of the newcomers in private boarding-places the Association opened two large buildings of their own. Through the generosity of Mrs. Elizabeth Somers, the founder of one of Washington's best-known fashionable finishing schools, the Mount Vernon Seminary, the Association secured the two buildings at Eleventh and M streets, formerly used by the Seminary. In addition to naming a most reasonable price for the buildings Mrs. Somers turned them over to the Association completely furnished. They were immediately filled

by the young women government clerks, and there was a long waiting-list. The Association maintains also two cafeterias where several thousand young women have their lunches daily. The G Street building is well equipped with reading and rest rooms, a spacious gymnasium and swimming-pool, beside several class- and sewing-rooms where the girls are made welcome at all hours.

IN addition to providing boarding-places for the girls the churches of Washington have added many social and other features to their usual weekly programs. Classes have been formed in the Sunday schools especially for the new girls, where every girl who joins is brought into the home of the teacher and becomes an especial object of interest to the Christian Endeavor Society or other young peoples' organization of the church. It has become a custom also in the larger churches to keep the buildings open Sunday afternoons where members of the hospitality committee are present with the young people of the church to welcome not only the girls who are strangers but the soldiers and sailors who come in great numbers. At six o'clock a buffet supper is served without price and with a cordial welcome to the strangers. An acquaintance hour follows, and there is always music, when everybody sings—and how the men in uniform do love to sing! Before the hour closes some distinguished man or woman usually makes a short talk. At eight o'clock the entire company goes into the church auditorium for the evening service. The wife of the Vice-President, Mrs. Marshall, and the wife of the Secretary of the Navy, Mrs. Daniels, frequently help to receive at these church entertainments, and Mrs. Baker, the wife of the War Secretary, who has a gifted voice, often sings at the different churches during the social hours.

Social clubs of all kinds have been organized for the new girls. At the Church of the Covenant, Presbyterian, which has led all the other churches in the work for the soldiers and strangers, a music club meets every Tuesday evening and free instruction is given in voice culture and note-reading to the girls who are strangers. Another evening of the week, at this church, is devoted to recreational pleasures. On other evenings Red Cross work is carried on, and French classes are maintained for those who wish them.

At Calvary Baptist Church an organization called simply "The Girls' Club" meets on Friday evenings. As an illustration of the diversity among the girls— fifty-four were present at the first meeting of the club and they were from twenty-four different states. The big banquet hall of the church building is thrown open to the club, where classes in surgical dressing, knitting and other Red Cross activities are conducted. The pianos of the church are placed at the disposal of those who care to use them. Instruction in French is given for those who care to learn by an efficient French teacher, and the Sunday school library is thrown open to those who wish to use it. The object of the club is to make the girls feel that the church building is a home for them, so the big roomy kitchen, with its long tables and gas ranges, is open to them, and fudge parties are one of the popular features of the club. Easy chairs and rockers are provided for those who would rather sit and chat together than to join in the activities. Miss Mary Glascock, who is the superintendent of nurses in one of the large hospitals of the city, is at the head of this club, and her efficient practical training explains much of the success the club has made.

Several of the other leading churches also have clubs for the girls of the same kind. But the Y. W. C. A. is conducting much the largest of any of them.

This Y. W. C. A. club was an outgrowth of the Billy Sunday meetings and is a continuation of the organization of the business women's meetings which were held during the Sunday campaign. At the close of Mr. Sunday's meetings the young women organized themselves into a Business Women's Club and became auxiliary to the Y. W. C. A. Miss Belle Bagley, the sister of the well-beloved wife of the Secretary of the Navy, who is employed in one of the departments at Washington, was made president of the club, and a full roster of other officers were elected. This club meets in the Y. W. C. A. buildings and has educational classes as well as those for physical culture, swimming, and dramatic art. They use the library and the assembly halls of the building and carry on all kinds of Red Cross work. Once a week the club gets together for a jolly good time, when good things to eat are served and all kinds of "stunts" and entertaining features are given by the members, or by outside talent.

WHAT the girls are making of their stay in Washington, and what it might mean to them, is pretty clearly illustrated by a conversation that took place between two of the girls at one of their clubs recently.

"I thought I'd die of loneliness when I first came to Washington," said a young girl from Maine one evening when talking with a friend at her club. "I got in a boarding-house when I first came here where the landlady evidently had determined to make all she could out of us, with the least outlay possible on her part. She filled every nook and cranny of her big house. The 'new girls' were her victims, though she told us repeatedly that she was doing her 'patriotic bit' by taking us in. She took us in all right on the average of forty dollars a month apiece, and we calculated it cost her fully ten dollars per person to feed us. She brought soldiers home with her from church for Sunday dinners, and if they were handsome young officers they always went with her daughters for an auto ride after dinner. If they were only plain privates in khaki the rest of us girls could have them in the parlor. Sometimes she got left on that dicker, for some of the private soldiers went a long ways ahead of her officers.

"Well, we stood it as long as we could, but after we joined the club and found that boarding-places weren't nearly as scarce in Washington as we had been led to believe, nor as high-priced, our emancipation day came, and several of us have found mighty pleasant boarding-places elsewhere. Still," she added energetically, "it costs a lot of money to live in Washington, and I have found as far as money goes I saved as much on a salary of six hundred dollars in Maine as I'll be able to save on twelve hundred dollars here."

But the girl who answered her had learned far more truly what living in Washington in these epoch-making days might mean. Said she:

"I've found it expensive to live here too, but have you taken into consideration the advantages—the Library of Congress, the public buildings, the art galleries, the beautiful city itself? But aside from that, think of being in Washington, the capital of our nation, when history is being made as it is today! Think of being able to see the War Congress and the world's greatest people whom the war is bringing to Washington! We are seeing history made, and that is wonderful, but I think too, sometimes," she added shyly, "that I am doing my bit for my country by being in the government service now, and surely that is an honor none of us would miss."

Religious Activities in the Soldiers' Camps

By REV. H. B. ROLLER, Evangelist

IT is quite evident of late that trouble may become a means of spiritual understanding. It seems as though some men must be knocked down or removed from their environments before they really get a true vision of life. Truly man's "light affliction, which is but for a moment, is working out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." God permits the bitter to be mixed with the sweet. Man often gets so busy digging in the soil for dollars, so busy in his business pursuits for gain, so busy in professional life for standing and salary, that he will not look up at the Sun of Righteousness until the Lord puts him on his back.

The psalmist says, "For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in his pavilion. In the secret of his tent shall he hide me. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Then, like the sun's rays bursting forth through the dense, dark, storm-threatening clouds, the psalmist exclaims, "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

With these words as introduction, I want to point out a bright side of the soldier's life, as I saw it in Camp Taylor, Kentucky. While in a union revival meeting in an Indiana town I received two invitations by telegram, asking me to spend the time from March 25 to 31 in Camp Taylor. The Holy Week was set apart as a special time to conduct evangelistic services in the camp. The following special speakers were also called to conduct these meetings: Dr. Vance from Nashville, Tenn., Dr. Fox from Springfield, Ohio, Dr. Hanson, recently in charge of the religious work in a camp in Texas, and Dr. Mantle from England. Each man was assigned to a Y. M. C. A., where he preached each night, with special services during the day as occasion demanded it. With Rev. E. Y. Mullins, D.D., president of the Southern Baptist Seminary, at Louisville, Ky., as Camp Religious Work Secretary, and around him other men of faith and devotion, the spiritual work is well looked after.

I WAS assigned to Y. M. C. A. building No. 157, in the Field Artillery Department of the camp. Since thousands of readers whose sons and relatives are in a camp have not had the opportunity to study camp life or inspect the religious work of the camp, I trust I will not be considered out of place when I go somewhat into detail, for I want the readers to know that the young men have every chance they need to live clean, act clean, and, if need be, fight clean.

The attendance at the religious service is always voluntary, but we never lacked for good attendance. I was fortunate in being associated with very fine, sincere, Christian workers, and shall never forget the Y. M. C. A. secretaries, who were so eager to do all they could to encourage me and show their appreciation of the efforts to lead men to Christ. Religion seemed to beam from the very countenances of those men.

Congregations who wish to break their pastors of preaching long sermons or reading manuscripts in the pulpits, should give them a vacation and let them preach to the soldiers. If they do not come back cured, their case is hopeless.

The speaker must grip his men and hold them absolutely or he loses his audience. It is a constant study to know how to hold every man and get the truth to reach the heart of the soldier. Mr. Gerald Karr Smith, business manager of the Y. M. C. A. work in the camp and a song-leader of experience, usually led the music, assisted by a chorus-choir of soldier-boys. I saw to it that my sermon was brief and to the point, since the religious service was not always the only attraction of the evening, but occasionally it was preceded by a musical or illustrated lecture, and occasionally was preceded and followed by other attractions. Our services were held at 6:15 or 7 P. M. The attendance varied on account of the war movements, as the soldiers are constantly coming in and going out of the camp. When the song leader gave a chance to choose a hymn some one was liable to call out, "Where's my Wandering Boy Tonight?" That song was more frequently called for than any other song in the book. The men love hymns and sing well. The old Gospel songs seem to be preferred to some of the new songs bordering on ragtime music.

ON the second night when I asked how many men wanted to be subjects of prayer, about twenty-five raised their hands. When we gave an invitation on the third night for men to come forward, a number responded at once and later signed the War Roll Card, which reads like this: "I hereby pledge my allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour and King, and by God's help will fight his battles for the victory of his kingdom. Name, Regiment, Regimental Number, Camp, Home Address, Member of Church, and Church Preference. Date." Some of those who signed the cards are members of some branch of the church. We did not hand out cards through the audience, for we wanted men definitely committed to Christ by coming forward. It was a grand sight to see men come forward with moist eyes and determination on their faces. Frequently men came to see us alone about their spiritual condition. In the quiet moments while the men were coming forward and the names were being signed, it gave us a chance to get at the heart of the soldier and definitely commit him to Christ.

On the afternoon of Easter Day, we spent about three hours in the base hospital, calling on the sick. Songs were sung, flowers were distributed, and over 300 scrap-books and joke-books arranged for soldiers were given out to invalids. Many of them thanked us for our kindness. I most highly recommend this method of cheering the inmates of the hospitals. More than 400 calls were made that afternoon on the 1,500 patients in the wards. Frequently we saw the New Testament and the Bible used by the soldiers or lying by their side on the cot. Free stationery was furnished to all the invalids who desired it. When we came to contagious wards we furnished the material to the chief nurse to be distributed by her. In one ward we entered the department of the "furious ones," kept under close guard, behind locked doors.

ON former occasions I went through the "dirty wards," as my guide called them, where hundreds of cases of venereal diseases are being treated. If any one wants to know what the sin of impurity leads to, there is the place to visit. It is sad in the extreme.

It was easier for me to preach and warn men that night than usual, as I had seen the great need of a clean life in order to fight a clean battle. It was a pleasing sight to see how the faces of the soldiers brightened up one night when I showed the true greatness of our government in removing the temptation of liquor from them, and the red light district could not live or be permitted within five miles from a cantonment, and made plain to them that no soldier need to go wrong, even if he enters the maelstrom of liquor and immorality in Europe, for soldiers can set their faces against these things like flint, if they will.

It is for work along these lines that the Y. M. C. A. is being used of God to provide a social center, free from enticements of evil, to provide entertainment, innocent amusements, and religious instruction, and to found "a home away from home." I found some of the finest Christian characters in the meetings. There are scores of men in the ranks who are men of deep piety and consecration, with great ability and are Christian leaders, exerting a good influence among the men.

ON my closing night I asked for an expression to learn how many men were members of some church, and it was encouraging to see the hands raised. Among the number who came out definitely that night for Christ and signed the War Roll card,

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"The City of the Sun"

Wonderful Cuzco. Its Inca Builders and Their Descendants Today. *By CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER*

THE traveler who is able to endure high altitudes will look long about the world today before finding a more picturesque or interesting historic spot than the region of the Peruvian Andes, the original home of the Incas. Cuzco, the City of the Sun, was their capital and the seat of the old dynasty that ruled an empire extending from Quito in Ecuador to the southern coast of Chile.

Here on the west coast of South America there existed a civilization in the early part of the sixteenth century when the Spanish conquerers arrived which was more advanced and productive of agricultural results, especially, than that which has been seen since under the rule of the Peruvians of Spanish stock.

When Pizarro and his adventurous followers came to Peru, there were nearly eight millions of these Inca inhabitants in this country alone, industrious, law-abiding, practicing the arts of road-making, irrigation of lands, and the tilling of the soil, making the table-lands of this sequestered section one of the most prosperous parts of the American continent at that period. The llama trains followed by the stolid Indians still climb the Cordilleras along the ancient Inca highways, and the remains of fortresses and temples and tombs, together with the mountainsides still bearing the scars of an industrious agriculture, speak eloquently and pathetically of days that are dead, the days when the sun god ruled alone.

Although these Inca remains are found throughout the Andean sections of Peru, the capital city of these races of men, who lived and worked and carried on an ordered civilization long before our fair North American lands were discovered or settled, continues to be the great center of interest to those who find in these early ruling races of South America subjects of fascinating study. Every part of Cuzco is remindful of the past. It is one of the most antique and spectacular of cities. It is too remote to have been very thoroughly modernized as yet, though a railway recently built, and owned by an English company, connects it with the west coast at Mollendo, after a two days' train ride. "Soroche," or mountain sickness, is common to travelers visiting these lofty regions where one reaches over 14,000 feet above sea-level. Yet the proximity to the equator affords a climate capable of permitting many kinds of agriculture on the rolling plains and in the rich valleys of this mountain world. White men are comparatively few. Mixed breeds abound. The Indians do virtually all the work, and under conditions that resemble slavery much too closely.

AS one enters Cuzco through a wide green valley studded frequently with Indian villages, he finds this old and famous seat of power lying in a hollow of the hills, with green mountains all about and an air of remoteness and age afforded by the decaying buildings and great Inca walls and temples. It is at once evident that the city with its wide plazas was built for a much larger population than that which is found there today. The sanitary condition of the town reminds one of Seoul, Korea, before the Japanese arrived. The medieval air of ecclesiasticism is felt in the old churches, the cathedral, and in the monasteries filled with Spanish priests. The Indians whose famous capital here at Cuzco ruled the land, now sell their trinkets and vegetables in the market places under picturesque booths and clad in their even more picturesque ponchos and flat, round hats; or bend double beneath their heavy loads as they trot through the winding streets.

The Plaza des Armes of Cuzco is unforgetable. It is a sea of color, color everywhere. There are Indian men and women in variegated clothing from the distant Sierras, modern cholos wearing hats made in Germany; a team of mules drags the antiquated Cuzco horse-car and long trains of lofty-necked llamas sweep by you each with his back-full of alpaca from the high interiors.

We called it a four-ringed circus, and so it is; as you sit in this great flower-filled square, more than eleven thousand feet above sea-level, the semi-tropical sun shedding its warmth radiantly upon your head through the thin, transparent, cloudless air, you find yourself wondering which way to face lest something of the strange ever-unfolding scenes escape your gaze. One side of the square is lined by a row of little shops filled with fifty-seven varieties of merchandise in which predominate gay-colored saddles and diverse accoutrements for the burros and pack animals, with profuse decorations of red and green and blue wool; before these shops sit Indian and cholo women holding in their hands spindle spools which they manipulate dextrously during the intervals of trade, spinning the wool and weaving it into the poncho and caps and full shirts of the native dress.

Part of the old Inca Wall and the Temple of the Sun, Cuzco, Peru

Above these quaint places of merchandise in the top of these two-storied houses that spread out over the sidewalks are homes with elaborately carved balconies overhanging the street in old Spanish fashion, and with red tiled roofs that glitter in the sun.

On another side of the plaza stands the ancient cathedral, built as one is told of the famous Inca stone and containing the brother of Pizarro and that Spanish conqueror's partner, Almargo. On the doors of the chapel of Santiago, adjoining the cathedral, one can read the legend preserved in archaic sculpture of St. James coming down visibly on his white horse, standing with lance in rest, turning the tide of battle in favor of the Spaniards, thus noting the last throes of the famous Inca empire.

On still another side of the square, you can study the remarkable façade of the old Jesuit church and the ancient University of Cuzco founded in the sixteenth century, which buildings are said to be connected by an underground passage, associated with many an historic intrigue in the days that are dead.

These great piles of ancient masonry look straight away to the east where the great megalithic fortress of Sacsahuaman, that cyclopean structure often called the ninth wonder of the world, tops the hill 600 feet above the city, and where one climbs to behold the rock remains which guarded the aboriginal Inca empire of Manco Capac. On the summit stands a cross bearing the inscription to the effect that he who climbs the hill, kisses the crucifix and says a prayer at the foot of the cross, to him a hundred days of indulgence shall be granted.

Here one can sit for hours and dream out again the scenes that were enacted on these bounding terraces overlooking the heart of the Inca city. It was an agricultural empire—this far-famed empire of the children of the sun. It was a kingdom of labor, and a nation that depended upon the land. On one great slope of hill which is now waving with golden grain, the Cuzconian will point out to you the place where in order to dignify labor the old Inca kings were wont to initiate with their own hands the seasons of planting and harvest. The Inca king, amidst pomp and festival, would go to the terraces of the Colcompata, and begin to break up the soil with a golden pickax, while the populace stood below in the famous square with uncovered heads. Later when the maize and quinoa had ripened he again went out amid the rejoicing of the multitudes to signalize the harvest time by plucking the first fruits of the high standing grain. These harvests were under the direct supervision of the Inca Son of Heaven, and seeds from this first harvest were distributed throughout the empire.

No one can journey through this land of the Incas, behold the great roads and aqueducts and see the scarred faces of the mountain which were in other centuries cultivated to the very summits, and realize that the irrigation of the present day is still carried through the trenches that old Inca hands prepared, without feeling a high sense of respect for this people who antedated the Spanish conquest and in many respects were superior to their victors.

IN these ancient days such vices as now fasten themselves upon the Indian were virtually unknown. Lying, stealing, and adultery were punishable by death in the Incas' reign. Instead of the present condition of drunkenness and sloth, too apparent in many of the Indian communities, the old ancestry showed sobriety and an industry that has rarely had its equal anywhere on the face of the earth. Is it to be wondered that one finds certain old families or tribes directly descendant from the Inca kings who hold themselves proudly aloof and bear in their faces and general attitudes a conscious dignity of lineage that disdains association with the diluted racial stock that now for the most part has become the servile vassal of the semi-white man?

The brown faces of the Indians who follow their llamas through the dusty streets of Cuzco give food for thought. They are dark, sorrowful, somber faces, and reflect the unspeakable tragedies that the last four centuries have wrought upon the natures of a once noble race of men. These people who efface themselves in the presence of the white man, turning out to give him space as a pariah might make a wide circle around a Brahman in India; these men who work for twenty-five cents a day, or are impressed for long periods of labor for the price of the coca leaves and alcohol that the landowner or the gangster may give them; this long-suffering race upon which all Peru lives at present, and upon whose ignorance and superstition the Roman Church thrives and grows arrogant in the Andean tableland; these tillers of the soil and keepers of sheep and alpacas on the cold windy slopes of the pampas where white men cannot live, dwelling in vermin infested huts that are breeding places of typhus and a dozen deadly forms of destruction, seeing even about Cuzco 90 per cent. of their children die before they are two years of age; these are the sad descendants of those 200,000 Incas who inhabited Cuzco when Pizarro came to loot and to kill, and to carry away out of the Cuzco temples alone $100,000,000 in gold treasure, giving in return a destiny of labor and slavery.

IN the cathedral and in fact in all of the forty or more churches of Cuzco, where barely 20,000 inhabitants now remain of the once populous city, the traveler will see the pathetic vision of the Indian bowing with his head touching the stone floor, his face a study of abject fear and ignorant awe. In spite of the fact that the scales of justice seem to have been held so unevenly by his rulers in Peru, the strength of the race is revealed in many ways. On his small bit of land in the fastnesses of the high ranges about the City of the Sun, he lives an independent and often happy existence, an ardent worshipper of the life-saving tropical sun.

To Put Liberty Loan Over the Top

On April twenty-seventh, the subscriptions to the Third Liberty Loan officially received and acknowledged totaled $2,178,877,050, and subscriptions were coming in at a constantly increasing rate. The twenty-sixth, pursuant to the President's proclamation, was Liberty Day throughout the land. In hundreds of cities parades expressed the loyalty and confidence and determination of America. In Philadelphia the Liberty Bell was followed by 30,000 school children and civic and military organizations.

Throughout the South there were parades, mass meetings, community singing and increasing pressure from every side to wipe out the stigma of being last in the list to make their quotas. Individual towns which had won their Honor Flags were striving to carry the totals far beyond, while efforts were redoubled in the cities, which like the cities in the north, were lagging.

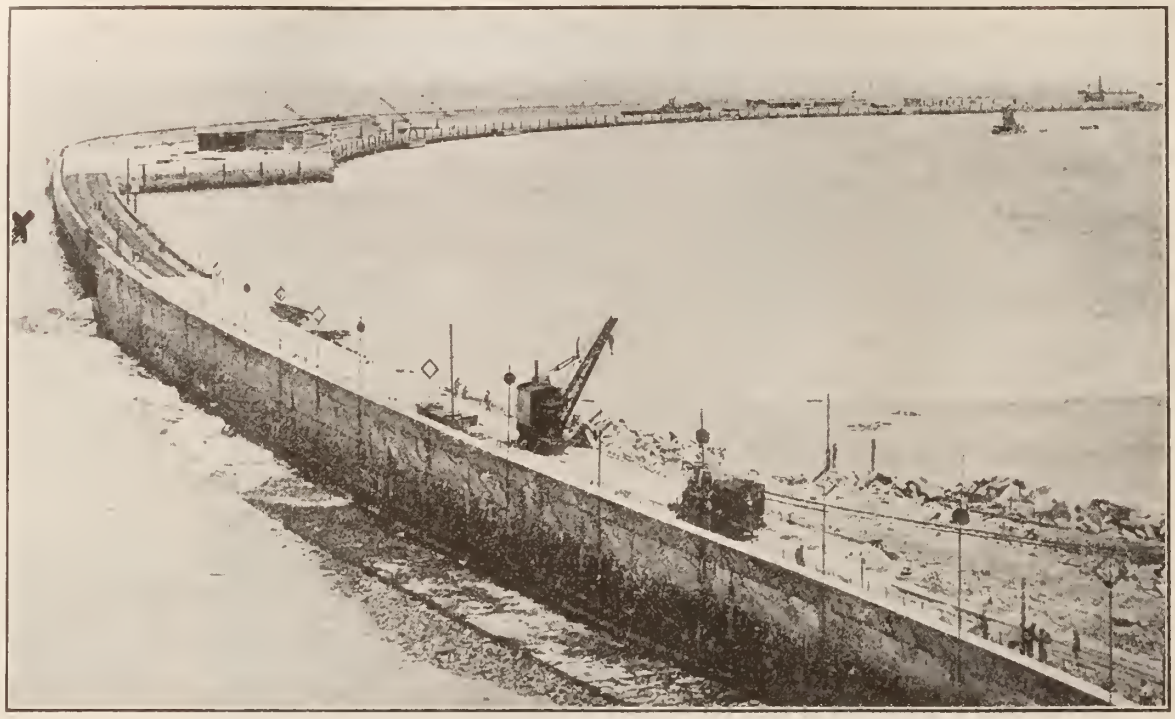
In New York City an interstate parade marched up Fifth Avenue to 54th Street, led by two mothers each of whom had six sons at the front. The marching mothers with their service flags were the feature of the parade, in which 35,000 men and women marched for Liberty. One of the banners was inscribed: "We Give Our Sons — They Give Their Lives —What Do You Give?" And this was the spirit of the parade and of the day. The parade was reviewed at the Public Library by Gov. Holcomb of Connecticut, Gov. Edge of New Jersey, and Gov. Whitman of New York, by Mayor Hylan of New York City and by the mayors of the principal cities in the three states.

Liberty Day turned in to the New York Federal Reserve Bank subscriptions to ling $35,950,850, the largest since the opening day of the campaign, placing the district's total at 56 per cent. of its $900,000,000 quota.

President Wilson celebrated Liberty Day by reviewing a parade in Washington and by making a second subscription of $2,000 to the Third Liberty Loan. His first subscription, two weeks earlier, was $1,000.

On April 27th Minneapolis district led the country with 119 per cent. of its quota subscribed. The St. Louis district, the first to reach its quota, had 110 per cent.; while the Kansas City district counted 100 per cent.; Chicago 82 per cent.; San Francisco 78 per cent.; Dallas 77 per cent.; Cleveland 66 per cent.; Boston 73 per cent.; Philadelphia 69 per cent.; and New York 59 per cent.; Richmond 55 per cent.; Atlanta 34 per cent.

The last week of the campaign opened with the Boy Scouts making a house to house canvass to glean where the men's committees had harvested, and with the Liberty Loan Committees in every district redoubling their efforts to make the over-subscription reach a total which would mark the Liberty Loan a Victory Loan and a body blow to the watching enemy.



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The great Mole at Zeebrugge. (x) The viaduct over the channel probably destroyed by the submarine explosion

A Week in the World's News

German Ultimatum to Holland. According to press reports of April 23, Germany has presented an ultimatum to Holland demanding the right of transit for sand and gravel and also for war materials crossing Dutch territory, both on the Dutch Canals and on the railways. Early in the year the Allies protested against the transportation across Holland of sand and gravel used by the Germans in constructing concrete defenses. Germany claimed that their position of neutrality. There have been rumors that Germany had concentrated forces of cavalry and artillery on the Dutch border in greater strength than the covering troops which she has held along the boundary for the ordinary purposes of administration. It was also rumored that the Dutch forces, numbering some 500,000 men, which had been mobilized at full strength since 1914, might have to be demobilized and sent home because the financial burden was becoming too great for Holland to carry. On April 25 the Dutch Foreign Minister, Jonkheer J. Loudon, told the Dutch Chamber that the question between Holland and Germany was a very serious one, but he could not say more about it. It was announced on April 26 that all leaves of absence had been stopped in the land and sea forces of Holland.

Publishers Protest Postal Raise. At the annual meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association the publishers of the daily press of the nation went on record in regard to the new postal rates effective July 1st, as follows:

Whereas, The revision of the postal provision of Section III of the act of Congress approved Oct. 3, 1917, and which is to take effect July 1, 1918, will be unworkable in practice and most unfair and oppressive to the newspapers of the country and the reading public.

Be it resolved by the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, that Congress, if insistent upon legislation of this character, be urgently requested to modify said law in so far as it applies to newspapers alone, upon the general line as proposed by the McKellar amendment, or if the time be considered by Congress to be too short to do this, that Congress be urgently requested to suspend the provision of said law in so far as it applies to newspapers until a complete and intelligent investigation can be made of the subject of newspaper postage.

If these rates are felt to be so burdensome by newspapers, few of which have any circulation beyond the second zone, it is obvious that the rate must be revised if justice is to be done to the periodical publishing interests upon which the American public must depend for that fair statement and free discussion of the news without which it can form no intelligent judgment or opinion.

Our List of Heroes. Although no word has come during the past week of any outstanding actions in which the men of the American army have won further glory except the reference to the Franco-American front at Hangard, Gen. Pershing's daily reports of casualties have indicated constant touch with the enemy. On April 26 a report covering the activity of the marines told of 25 killed, 12 of whom had died of wounds 2 who had been killed by accident, and 251 had been wounded. Although the marines were among the first in France, their work along the line of communication was so valuable that they were not permitted to follow out their slogan of being "the first to fight." As the numbers of trained troops in France grew the marines were at last given their longed for opportunity. Gen. Pershing's reports of casualties for the week in the forces other than the marines show, killed 40, dead of wounds 20, dead of disease 31, killed by accident or unknown causes 12, wounded 279, prisoners 2.

Army Aid for New York Police. At the request of the New York Police Department the Army, on April 24, placed in New York City a detachment of soldiers, under Capt. T. N. Pfeiffer representing the law enforcement division of the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities, to co-operate with the police in the suppression of undesirable conditions affecting the general welfare of soldiers and sailors. This action followed a number of midnight and early morning raids on all-night restaurants and chop suey joints, in many of which soldiers were found to have been served with liquor and to be in undesirable company. It was also reported that whiskey peddlers were active in the city and that the police had not been able to control the situation.

Centralizing Aircraft Production. Secretary of War Baker, on April 24, announced a re-organization of the aircraft division of the army. John D. Ryan of Montana, a member of the Red Cross War Council, was appointed Director of Aircraft Production for the army. Brig. Gen. William L. Kenly, was appointed Chief of the Division of military aeronautics, which will train aviators and operate the aircraft. Maj. Gen. George O. Squier, Chief Signal officer of the army, will give his entire attention to the administration of signals. Mr. Howard L. Coffin, who has been Chairman of the Aircraft Production Board will remain a member of the Council of National Defense and will cooperate with Mr. Ryan.

The Saint Paul Turns Turtle. The American liner, St. Paul, just out of dry dock, turned on her side as she was entering her pier in New York on April 25. Three men of her crew were missing. It was supposed that an ash port had been left open on the port side. Divers at once took up the work of righting the ship.

Would Elect Lords. Lord Bryce's committee on the reform of the House of Lords, reported on April 24 recommending that the House consist of two sections, one of 246 persons, selected by members of the House of Commons, according to groups and the other to consist of persons chosen by a joint standing committee of both Houses of Parliament. The latter group would number about one-quarter of the total membership. The proposed second chamber would not have power to amend or reject a financial bill passed by the House of Commons.

The New Czar. Dispatches received from Copenhagen on April 27 reported rioting and a counter-revolution in Petrograd, and told of a persistent rumor that the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch had proclaimed the former heir apparent, Grand Duke Alexis Nikolaievitch, Emperor of Russia. Observers of Russian events in Scandinavia have predicted a revolution in Germany's interest, while others have found a spirit of revolt and a growing restlessness due to the continued aggressions of the central powers.

Britain's War Bill. The budget of the British government for the coming fiscal year was presented in the House of Commons, on April 22, by Andrew Bonar Law, Chancellor of the Exchequer. The estimated expenditures for the coming year he placed at £2,972,197,000 or a little over $14,000,000,000, of which he estimated

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He Died for His Enemy

THAT is what McCrea did, the man who was "Only a Snipe." Roland Williamson will tell the story in the Christian Herald for May 22. From then until Fall there will be a new story each week and September will introduce the big new serial which we can't tell you about just yet.

Next week you will know the full Measure of the Man as Harley Bruce sails for France.

Next week also Dr. Gray follows the Path of Prophecy into the field of War and shows how it may be impossible for Germany to win in the conflict she began.

Also next week Dr. Roy B. Guild follows up his article on Federation by telling how churches are being strengthened and reborn, through union, in the smaller towns where Christian unity is most needed.

And also next week, another of Maynard Owen Williams' letters tells how he looped the loop around Mt. Ararat.

Germans Still Driving Toward Amiens and Ypres

IMPELLED perhaps by popular expectation of victory, for Germany waits impatiently for the peace which her masters had promised should come after this greatest of battles, the German hosts on April 24 with big guns brought up and lines reformed again swept forward on the Somme and in Flanders. The advance on the Somme was made with 50,000 men, some four divisions, one of which was newly arrived from Russia. The waves of men came forward not in masses, that has proven too costly, but in open order, with light machine-guns fired from the shoulder whilo ammunition carriers followed closely with heavier machine-guns just behind to meet any counter-attack. German tanks too had a part in this thrust toward Amiens. But British, Australian, French and American men and guns stopped the thrust and threw back the enemy for negligible gains, so that his 50,000 men were halted and Amiens stood safe. Perhaps, after all, the fighting below the Somme was only a feint, for the enemy's strength was thrown desperately against the lines in the hills back of Messines Ridge and as this was written a bloody battle was raging all about Mont Kemmel, the dominating height which once lost to the enemy gives him the key to the plains and the long-held salient about the embattled city of Ypres.

It Was a Real Fight

THE raid made by the Germans, on April 20 and 21, against the Americans, in the neighborhood of Seicheprey, proved to be more than a raid, it was a real battle. Instead of 1200 picked storming troops as given in the earlier reports, there were more than 3000 of the enemy's best, outnumbering our men 8 to 1. The raid had been carefully rehearsed on similar ground behind the German lines, and the men were equipped with emergency rations and trenching tools, indicating that instead of being a raid in the ordinary sense, tho attack was a definite attempt to take ground and hold it.

According to German reports the village was taken by storm and was found full of American dead. Bitter hand to hand fighting ensued from street to street and from house to house, the Americans presisting until they were almost annihilated. Dense columns of American reinforcements were reported to have been badly mauled by the German artillery, while the German airmen attacked the reserves with machine-guns. The Germans claimed to have evacuated the position after blowing up the defense works and dugouts and reported their own losses slight, while those of the Americans were severe. They claimed also tho capturo of 5 officers, one doctor, 178 men and 25 machine-guns. There had been no confirmation or contradictiou from Washington of the Berlin dispatches on April 26, but the French official dispatches and the stories of American correspondents indicated that the American total loss was about 200 of whom about 20 were wounded and less than a score killed, that the Germans retirod from Seicheprey under the pressure of the American and French counter-attacks and that their losses were heavy, over 300 dead being counted in the American trenches and between them and the German positions. The Germans took away their wounded with them. The positions from which the attack was launched were on the high ground overlooking the American outposts. Back of the American lines was a steep hill covered with a small rectangular grove, called the Wood of Remières, while the village of Seicheprey was on the further slope of the hill beyond the wood. The Germans succeeded in getting into the wood on Friday and in working through it during the night in small groups supported by machine-guns. From the vantage point of the wood the attack on the village was launched on Saturday morning. The Americans fought from house to house and from street to street. Machine-gunners, ordered to retreat, stuck to their posts and were found by their returning comrades with a circle of dead Germans around them. A cook grabbed a rifle and fought until killed.

Fighting with hand grenades, a section of twenty-three men held out throughout the day in the northern outskirts of the village, refusing to surrender, and when the village was again American, nine of the twenty-three were still fighting. Tho Germans' hold upon the village was quickly shaken, and before Saturday night the enemy was on his way home, not voluntarily, as he would havo the world believe, not victoriously, as his returns would indicate, but driven back by men a little better than himself. The German correspondents declared that the attack was made to teach the Americans a lesson. The French correspondents repliod that the Germans "broke their nose" in the attempt.

The artillery fire which preceded the German attempt to break through the American lines was a hurricane of shrapnel and gas shells. The fire was concentrated on the American telephone and telegraph wires so that at times communication had to be maintained by courier. The men of the signal corps restored the wires in the face of heavy bombardment, almost as fast as the enemy's shells broke them. In a village near the line two girls of the Salvation Army regardless of bursting shrapnel served coffee and doughnuts to the men going to and coming from the fight. The officer in charge of this sector finally ordered the girls to the rear, because of the danger of attack; but they declared that they were not afraid of the Germans. As they left they were cheered by the soldiers.

THE BRITISH FLEET BLOCKS U-BOATS. On the night of April 22, a dark, stormy night, British naval forces under Admiral Reyes with French destroyers cooperating behind a smoke screen that covered the Belgian coast, raided the German held Belgian ports of Zeebrugge and Ostend with the object of bottling up the German submarines in the two harbors. Five obsolete cruisers were filled with concrete. Another old cruiser, the Vindictive, with two ferry boats carrying troops, attacked the Mole of Zeebrugge but was discovered, before she reached her objective. The night was immediately turned into day by star shells and the German batteries concentrated their fire upon the Vindictive, which although hit, was not disabled and succeeded in getting alongside the mole with her consorts. The marines and blue jackets immediately stormed the German works on the mole, a semi-circular breakwater which protects the entrances to the canal leading to the port of Bruges. The garrison on the mole was driven back to the mainland, while the shore batteries concentrated their fire against the British, and against the squadron of destroyers and small craft which supported the action. The men of the storming party were armed with special mortars and with flame throwers, and they completely destroyed guns, warehouses and munitions on the great mole. Undor cover of this attack three of the concrete laden cruisers maneuvered for position. One of them ran aground, the other two succeeded in anchoring across the channel, where they were promptly sunk. Their crews escaped to the auxiliary vessels. Two of the other cruisers were run ashore at Ostend. It appeared probable that the objective had been completely realized at Zeebrugge. The measure of success at Ostend was not known. The British lost heavily, as was expected, every man who went on the expedition having volunteered with full knowledge of the danger. A German torpedo boat attempting to escape from the harbor was torpedoed. Two old English submarines loaded with explosives were used in the enterprise and one of them was driven against the piling approach of the mole which it destroyed. The gates of the canal locks were also thought to have been destroyed, and it was considered probable that the port of Zeebrugge would be of little further value to German submarines, while tho use of the port of Ostend was restricted as the result of the raid. This action was looked upon in Allied naval quarters as the beginning of an offensive against the submarines which has been talked of more than a year and which American naval authorities have been understood to have been urging. The state of the German mind may be indicated by the fact that one of the German marines, fleeing from tho British marines on the mole was heard to cry out: "Donner und Blitzen! It's the Americans!"

Naval aviators on the following day found that twenty yards of the mole near the shore at Zeebrugge had been destroyed and that sunken objects appeared to block the channels both at Zeebrugge and at Ostend. The reported damage to the canal locks was not verified. Berlin declared the raid a failure, reporting the sinking of five cruisers off the coast and of three destroyers and a number of motorboats. The British reported the loss of one destroyer, two motor boats and two launches.

GERMANS RENEW ATTACK. After several days of bombardment along the whole front from Flanders to the Oise the Germans, on the morning of April 24, started a violent bombardment of British and French positions around Mont Kemmel in Flanders and on the British positions from Albert north of the Somme to the Avre south of the Somme, and on the French positions southward to beyond Hangard. Fighting was especially severe in the neighborhood of Dranoutre, northeast of Bailleul and two miles southwest of Mont Kemmel, near Albert, at the village of Villers-Bretonneux south of the Somme, and at Hangard south of the Avre. Tho first attack was repulsed along the whole line. If the Germans could have pressed back the French at Dranoutre, Kemmel would have been outflanked. The day's fighting left the northern positions unchanged. At Albert and at Festubert, the British not only repulsed attacks but gained some ground. At Villers-Bretonneux the first attacks were repulsed. New attaeks were made with three tanks leading the advance. The day closed with the Germans in possession of the village,

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A Tax On Intelligence

THE "zone" system of postal taxes on second-class matter, forced into the War Revenue Bill at the extra session of Congress, is a matter of so much concern to the reading public that they ought to understand its full meaning.

Briefly, this provision not only raises all rates for carrying newspapers and periodicals through the mails, but it divides the country into "zones," and imposes a charge on readers increasing with the distance of their residence from the place of publication, and amounting, in the case of people living in the zone most remote, to six times the present rate of postage!

It is not a war measure, but properly belongs in a postal bill. It is not a revenue measure, for the chances are that it will decrcase rather than increase revenue.

It is not necessary to boast about the national service performed by the magazines. Everybody knows it, including the sullen politicians who resent it. These publications are a necessity in the daily lives of the people. They are more necessary than a good many things we wear or eat. Thirty or more years ago a sensible Congress, having in mind the importance to the nation of the general dissemination of good literature and sound information, provided that this class of matter should be carried by the Post Office Department at a rate of one cent a pound. The rate was fixed, not for the benefit of the publishers, but for the benefit of the public. Upon this rate the great magazine circulations have been built up.

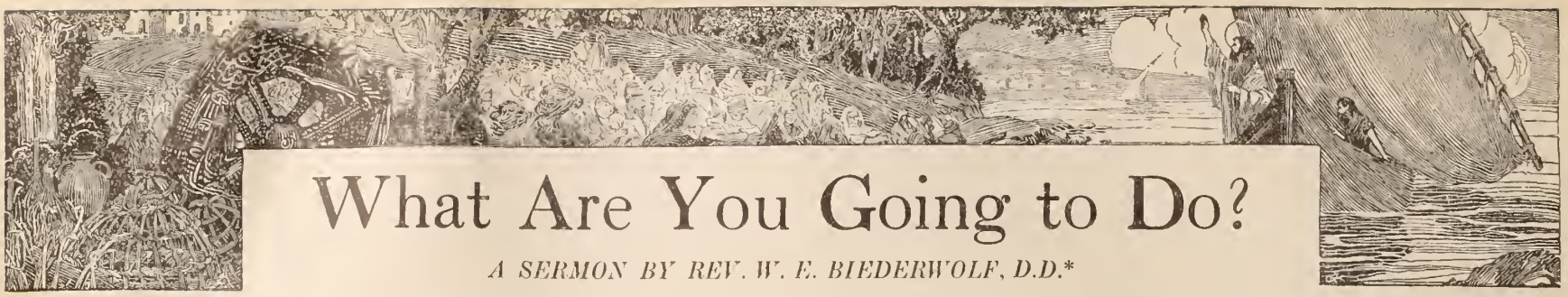
With the circulation came advertising, and from the advertising revenue rose the possibility of paying high prices to authors and artists for their stories and articles and pictures. Under the existing rate a ranchman in Wyoming or a fruit grower in Florida can have delivered to him for five cents a week such a collection of the works of the best authors and draftsmen as forty years ago he could not have obtained for twenty times that sum if he lived next door to the old Corner Book Store in Boston.

An important feature of the low postal rate was that it was uniform throughout the United States. A reader in Oregon or southwestern Texas paid no more for his magazine than a reader in Boston or New York or Philadelphia or Chicago. A reader on the farm got his paper as cheaply as a reader in town. Instead of isolated groups of local publications reflecting the jealousies or animosities of their separate neighborhoods, there has grown up a large number of publications that have been bound to cultivate the good will of all sections of the country. They are a clearing-house for the exchange of ideas between communities widely separated, between South and North, East and West, town and country. They send their messages everywhere and illuminate the problems of one section for the enlightenment of others. A man in New Mexico enjoys the same reading at the same cost as a man in Maine, and by that much is directed toward the same way of thinking on national subjects.

It is now proposed to destroy the fruits of this wise system by discriminating against readers who happen to live at a distance from the place of publication. Congress virtually says: "If you live in the South or West and want to read Eastern publications, we intend to fine you for the privilege." What this senseless bill actually provides for is not a tax on production but a fine—a fine on reading! A man in Cambridge, Mass., will pay one cent and three-quarters postage per pound on magazines published in Boston, a man in Carolina three and one-quarter cents, and a man in Postmaster General Burleson's own district five and one-quarter cents.

The tax is essentially a destructive blow at good reading for the whole public, an impost on information and intellectual advancement, and an inciter of narrow sectionalism. As such the public should insist on its modification. But a majority of the congressmen who voted for the bill did so, no doubt, from a misconception of the facts and without considering the results, and it may be possible to induce Congress to vote a postponement of this unjust tax until after the war is over.

Every one who is interested in the dissemination of intelligence to all alike throughout the whole country can help secure such postponement. Nothing counts so much with a Congressman as a letter from a constituent. Many Christian Herald readers are writing to their Senators and Representatives at Washington, declaring the postage zone system for periodicals unfair and requesting postponement of its operation. Many thousands more should write such letters at once, if the disaster is to be prevented.



What Are You Going to Do?

*A SERMON BY REV. W. E. BIEDERWOLF, D.D.**

TEXT—John 20 : 28. "And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God."

SUPPOSE anybody should talk like that to you and call you Lord and God, what would you say? You'd say what Peter said to Cornelius. You remember Cornelius was about to worship Peter, and Peter took him by the hand and said, "Stand up; for I also am a man as thou art."

But did you ever notice that Jesus never rebuked Thomas? He accepted his worship and commended him for it.

Who was Jesus? Do you know, there is not another question in all the realm of human thought quite so important as this one, unless it is the question of what you are going to do with Jesus after you find out who he is.

There are problems, of course, connected with the person of Jesus which no human intellect has ever fathomed or ever will. The greatest minds of the world have grappled with his deity and his incarnation and the general mystery that surrounds his personality, and their noble efforts have brought us much that satisfies and helps. But they have said, one and all, that their explorations have been like those of Sir Isaac Newton, who, in his search after knowledge, said he seemed like a schoolboy walking by the sea-shore and picking up a pebble here and there, while the vast deep rolled unexplored at his feet.

There's no doctrine that's been pounded like this one. Of course, we can't agree on every little thing, and I've absolutely no patience with these cramped and contracted heresy-hunters who are eternally whetting their theological razors and trying to split ecclesiastical hairs with a view to stirring up a muss because of some little deflection of doctrine on the part of somebody else. But when it comes to the one thing upon which the whole system of our Christian religion rests, the deity, the divinity of Jesus Christ, we must be of one mind. This fundamental truth must be accepted. Deny it, and you knock the keystone out of the arch, and the whole thing comes down with a crash.

And now some one steps up and says, "Biederwolf, you're confusing your terms when you talk about deity and divinity in the same breath." Well, I'd like to know the difference between the two. There is but one who is divine, and he is God; and if Christ was God, if the apostle John was right when he said, "The Word was God, and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us," then Christ and Christ alone was divine, as God is divine. If a difference between deity and divinity must be admitted, let it not be the kind of difference that some people want to make, a difference that makes Jesus Christ less than he really is. That at once robs him of his Saviourhood and strips him of his power to redeem me from my sin. I tell you, I want a God to be my Saviour.

DO you know that the unbelievers of this world have tried to outdo each other in applauding the character of Jesus Christ? Pilate called him "the man without fault." Diderot called him "the unsurpassed." Napoleon called him "the Emperor of Love." David Strauss called him "the highest model of religion." John Stuart Mill called him "the Guide of Humanity." Lecky called him "the highest pattern of virtue." Pecant called him "The Holy One before God." Martineau called him "the divine flower of humanity." Renan called him "the greatest among the sons of men." Theodore Parker called him "the youth with God in his heart." Francis Cobb called him "the regenerator of humanity." Robert Owen called him "the irreproachable." But none of all of these will do. Doesn't the Bible make it plain enough, and doesn't your own conviction corroborate it, that no man, however great or wise or good, can save his own soul, much less the soul of any other man?

If there ever was a time when both the world and the church needed a clean, clear, concise reaffirmation of the fundamental fact upon which Christianity rests; and without it we have nothing more than a creed as insipid and lifeless as the humanitarianism of Auguste Comte and a religion as effete and worthless as Matthew Arnold's "dilettante gospel of sweetness and light," that time is now.

What about the seething social unrest of our day; the criminal decrying responsibility for existence; the toiling, struggling masses clamoring against what they believe to be the unjust and pathetic inequalities of the present-day economic system; the scholastic testing everything under the searchlight of experiment; modern society which, too often, alas, is little more than refined paganism, atheistic in head and superstitious in heart, seeking to relieve its sense of emptiness by horrible extremes of voluptuous indulgence? What about it?

Is it not true after all that the world's ache at the bottom is a heart-ache? What kind of a Christ, then, shall we give to it for the healing of its wounds and the righting of its wrongs? Shall we give it the Christ of John Stuart Mill?

Some ministers preach as if this was a thing no longer essential to the Christian faith. Our churches are filled with members who know little if any difference between the Unitarian Church and their own. Why is this? It is because we preachers have been remiss in defining the faith.

That the Bible writers claimed that Christ was divine and that Christ himself claimed to be divine in a qualitative sense that no other man is divine there can be absolutely no doubt whatever. Isaiah in so many words called him "the mighty God, the everlasting Father." (Isa. 9 : 6). John said, "The Word of God," and "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." (John 1 : 1, 14). Paul said he was "God manifest in the flesh." (I Tim, 3-16), and called him "The Lord of glory" (I Cor. 2 : 8) and "God over all" (Rom. 9 : 5).

Could they have said all this about you or any other mere man?

DON'T tell me that Christ didn't claim a divinity different from that of any other man. He claimed his deity on the threefold ground of his divine knowledge, his divine power, and his divine authority.

I. As to his divine knowledge. He said, "No man knoweth the Son but the Father; and no man knoweth the Father but the Son and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him" (Matt. 11 : 27 and Luke 10 : 22). What a daring, what a tremendous statement! How profane and how shocking if he were only a man! Would any mere man dare to say that he knew God as well as God knew him? Would you?

II. As to his divine power. Among other things, he said these three:

1. That he had the power to do whatever the Father did. "Whatsoever things the Father doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise." What man ever used language so daring as that and claimed the full right and power to do all that the eternal Father had the right and power to do?

2. That he had the power to raise the dead. "As the Father raiseth up the dead and quickeneth them, even so the Son quickeneth whomsoever he will." He said he would raise up his own body (John 2 : 19-21), and that the day was coming when all the dead would hear his voice and come forth out of their graves. How could he do this if he were not divine in some sense that no other man has ever been?

3. That he had power to forgive sins. He said so in so many words. The Jews were right when they asked, "Who can forgive sins but God only?" But Christ not only claimed the right and power to do so, but he emphasized his claim and proved it by a miracle.

III. As to his divine authority. He said in the plainest terms that he will be the Universal Judge at the last great day. He said, "The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son." He says that he "will sit on the throne of his glory," and all shall be gathered before him.

What mortal could say things like these? Who is this that professes to be able to scrutinize the thoughts and secret motives of men, to sit in judgment upon their words and their needs, and who claims the authority to grasp and wield the divine thunderbolts of retribution, if he be not something more than a man? Did ever man make a claim like that?

These are only a few of his claims. He said, "Before Abraham was, I am." Could you a man, say that? He said, "Glorify thou me, O Father, with the glory I had with thee before the world was." Could a Gladstone or a Napoleon say that? He says to the weary soul, "Come unto me and I will give you rest." Could you, a man, say that? He says that faith in him means eternal life. Could you, a man say that? He said that he was sinless. He said, "Which one of you convinceth me of sin?" Could you or any other man say that? He not only allowed Thomas to worship him as Lord and God, but he distinctly said in so many words, "All men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father." Could you, a man, say that about yourself? He says he is coming again in the clouds with great glory. Could you, a man, say that? He says he is going to bring his holy angels with him.

A man who can read the New Testament and not see that Christ claims to be more than a man, can look all over the sky at high noon on a cloudless day and not see the sun.

Oh, I know your verse. You say, "Didn't Jesus say, 'My Father is greater than I?'" Yes, and God was greater than Jesus was in his humanity. But your verse knocks the props out from under your own argument. Because if Jesus was only a man, what need was there that he should tell us that his Father was greater than he was? Suppose you should get up and say, "God is greater than I am." We'd say, "Well, you fool, sit down; don't you suppose we know that!"

NOW let us go a little farther. Why do I believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ?

1. I believe it, in the first place, for the reasons just given. Because the Bible writers said he was divine, and because Christ himself claimed that he was divine.

2. I believe it, in the second place, because of his matchless character. He never for a single second wavered in the sublime self-consciousness of who he was.

Then look at the universality of his character, its completeness and its moral perfection. Born in a particular race and in a particular age, the whole world, in our age as well as in his, has found in him its ideal and the answer to its every spiritual appeal.

Every man has some good points, but Jesus Christ had them all; and he had them all in absolute perfection. He was the only impenitent man that ever lived. And he died that way. He prayed for others and said, "Father, forgive them," but he never prayed for himself and said, "Father, forgive me," because there was nothing in his life for which he needed to be forgiven.

3. I believe it, in the third place, because of his masterly teachings. "He spoke as never man spoke." That's what the officers said when they came to arrest him, and they were right. If the books that have been written about his words were gathered up they would fill a thousand Congressional libraries, but his words alone would hardly make a vest-pocket edition. But their heights have never been scaled; their depths have never been sounded.

4. I believe it, in the next place, because of his marvelous influence. The biggest proof of the deity of Christ is just Christianity itself. Harnack's book, "The Expansion of Christianity," does not allow the deity of Christ; but read it and tell me how such things could ever be wrought save by a power divine. What did Darwin mean when he said, "A man about to be shipwrecked on some unknown coast will devoutly pray that the lesson of the missionary will have reached that far"? He meant that where the Gospel has not gone civilization has not gone, and such a shipwrecked man would likely find himself in the soup tureen of a tribe of husky cannibals. Take Christianity out of civilization; take it out of art, music, literature, and most of all out of the human heart and life, and you'd have mighty little left worthy of the name.

5. I believe it, in the next place, because of his mighty works. Jesus said, "The works that I do bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me." Look at his miracles, and like Nicodemus you will have to say that God was incarnate in the man who did such wonderful things.

But greater, after all these, are the miracles of his grace; and these he is doing today as in the days of old. He is redeeming all kinds of people. He takes the rich and shows them how really poor and naked they are. He takes the self-sufficient and shows them how really dependent they are. He takes the moral man and the moral woman, strips them of the worthless rags of self-righteousness, and redeems them one and all to a new and powerful life.

Yes, and he does the same thing for the roué. the debauchee, the drunken sot. The chemists took the black, foul, filthy residue of the refinery and made it into pure white, transparent paraffin. That's wonderful enough, yet a man can do it. But a man can't take a human heart that's black with sin, and make it clean and white like snow; he can't take a human character befouled and besmirched with the pollution of hell and transform it into one of the world's mightiest instruments for righteousness. It takes a God to do that!

Jesus Christ takes a poor, staggering, drunken river-thief and transforms him into a man of whom

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*President Interdenominational Association of Evangelists.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Returning from the Wilderness

SUNDAY, May 12. Luke 4:14. "*And Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee.*" Jesus returned from the wilderness clothed with added power for the ministry in Galilee. He came back from the place of temptation enriched with the spoils of conquest. The wilderness had been the scene of spiritual conflict. Our Master had been at the familiar place in life where there are many roads but only one right one. And the wrong roads were decked with all sorts of shining allurements. And the allurements were all the more perilous because they had a suggestion of religion and piety about them. The wrong road was made to look as though it led up to a Church. There was a sound of church bells as though a subtle temptation had been wedded to a call to worship. That is the most insidious trial in life, when the church bells are ringing on the broad road that leadeth to destruction.

But our Master knew the broad road even though it was carpeted with flowers. He knew the egotism which lay concealed under seeming homage. He knew the difference between faith and presumption. He knew the infinite contrast between a swelling imperialism and the holy Kingdom which he had come to found in sacrificial blood. And so with all his might he fought the tempter and overthrew him, and with richly invigorated strength he went forth to his work in Galilee. The wilderness had been to him the arena where the athlete puts on strength and beauty like a robe.

And so, too, it may be with us if we are in Christ. Our wilderness may be our armory. The place of the meeting of the four roads may be the sanctuary of a larger equipment. Our perplexities may be our educators. Our antagonisms may be our servants. Our temptations may be our endowments. In the name and fellowship of Christ our Lord we can regard the threatening wildernesses as possible houses of power. There are brave things to be done on those desolate roads, and great trophies to be won. And when the brave things are done, and the trophies won, and we go forth into Galilee, the folk in Galilee will wonder at our mingled gentleness and strength.

J. H. J.

Prayer for Guidance

MONDAY, May 13. Ps. 143:10. "*Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God; thy Spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness.*" The prayer for the guidance of the Holy Spirit is a typically Christian prayer. The heart of the believer in Christ that has been touched by divine grace has learnt, among other things, to distrust its natural wisdom and the strength of its moral resolves. It has realized that in its endeavor to cling to the Reconciler, Christ, and to lead a pure and upright life, it is opposed by forces that are not flesh and blood, and hence cannot be defeated by mere human ingenuity and prowess. Against the spiritual wickedness which constantly assails the believer, attacking either the truth of the believer's creed or the saving virtue, there must be placed a spiritual force which God alone can supply. Accordingly the true believer is ever in a docile frame of mind toward God: he wants to be taught by the Spirit of God, and led into straight paths. The Spirit of God, being himself God, is good; his instruction and directions can aim only at what is good. The Spirit of God is a Lover and Teacher of righteousness, and all who submit to his tutelage are trained in uprightness. The natural intellect and will of men, being subject to the promptings of the carnal mind, are neither good nor upright, not even in Christians while they are still in the flesh. They become good and upright only to the extent that they obey the impulses which the Holy Spirit through the gracious word of God exerts upon them. Our carnal reason may be offended at the manner in which the Spirit of God leads us, and may balk at being thus led. Our natural desires, being thwarted by the Spirit within us, may rebel. Still, the believing soul will continue praying, "Teach me and lead me, thou good Spirit of my God."

W. H. T. D.

Excellent Loving-Kindness

TUESDAY, May 14. Ps. 36:7. "*How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God!*" The late Dr. Howard Osgood of Rochester maintained that in every instance in which we find the term "loving-kindness" in the Old Testament, we are at liberty to substitute the word "grace," and that in every instance in which we find the word "grace" in the New Testament we do not go far astray if we substitute for it the word "loving-kindness." Doubtless there is a doctrine of grace in the Old Testament. God's grace is eternal. He loved us before the world was, and chose us from before the world's foundation. He will love us until—and after—the world's last hour of doom. God's loving-kindness is excellent because of its eternity. Human loving-kindness has a time limit, but God's has not. Moreover, God's grace is excellent because of its pure benevolence. Who of us deserves salvation? What man ever earned it? "God commendeth his love to us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Then God's loving-kindness is excellent because of its methods. Many an act of human kindness is wrought so tactlessly that it gives offense without meaning to do so. How gentle is God's approach to human life! With more than a father's pity and more than a mother's love the Eternal touches and teaches us in order that he may lead us into the way of life everlasting.

It is the testimony of practically all the students who sat under a certain college professor recently gone to his coronation that he never was impatient with even the most stupid. Only rarely did he indulge in words that left a sting. The wilful and the vicious he could reprove with words that fairly blistered, but his tenderness to the timid, his care not to wound the feelings of the sensitive, earned for him the title "saint," by which he was affectionately known to many. He had learned patience in the school of Christ, and his loving-kindness was excellent because it was derived from God.

C. C. A.

Parental Love

WEDNESDAY, May 15. Prov. 6:20. "*Keep the commandments of thy father.*" If Mothers' Day is not changed to "Parents' Day," then Fathers' Day should be universal. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is the command of the Heavenly Father. Surely the father feels the responsibility of teaching and training the children equally with the mother. The home is controlled by both parents and should be magnified on these memorial days. It is the head of the river of church and national life, of school and business life.

When children obey their parents in the Lord, both father and mother live again in the lives of their household. How beautiful is parental love! How faithful and undying! Like as a father loveth his child, so the Lord loveth. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." "If parents give good gifts to their children, how much more will your Heavenly Father give good things to them which ask him." God thus presides over his innumerable family as the parent over the humble home.

Bishop F. W. Warne of India tells how his aged father put his hands on his head, blessing him in the patriarchal manner, and then prayed all that night for his son's conversion. The mother telling her son in the morning how the father had passed a sleepless night was the means of his immediate conversion. This is parental religion, the church in the home. Such a father and mother are our best friends, our first friends, our last friends, and our eternal friends. There are no substitutes for parental care. There are no richer gifts to posterity than the children of Christian parentage. To be a parent is to be a priest in the home, a patriot in the country, a partner with the Almighty.

E. W. C.

Cleansing of the Spirit

THURSDAY, May 16. Ezek. 11:19, 20. "*I will put a new spirit within you; and I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them an heart of flesh: that they may walk in my statutes, and keep mine ordinances, and do them.*" The blessings of salvation, although they lie ready for every person in the Gospel of Christ, are not realized by the individual sinner except by an operation of the Holy Ghost upon the sinner's heart. "No man," says Paul, "can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." The story of the great reconciliation effected by the sacrificial life and death of the Son of God finds no ready acceptance with men in their natural state: they claim that their intelligence and ethical sense are scandalized by the teaching that they have been restored to the favor of God by the vicarious living and dying of another. The preaching of Christ crucified proves to the Greeks foolishness and to the Jews a stumbling-block. The natural man receiveth not these things; they must be spiritually discerned. The Spirit of God must remove from the natural heart of men the conceit of self-sufficiency, viz., that they are wise enough of themselves to plan, and morally strong enough of themselves to achieve, their own salvation. As the redemption of Christ was procured for men without their aid, so it is also secured to them, not by their own reason or strength, but by the gracious operation of the Holy Spirit, who induces them to accept Christ as their Saviour. That is what Scripture calls removing the stony heart and putting in its place a heart of flesh. This is spoken metaphorically; it does not signify a surgical operation, but a spiritual metamorphosis, by which natural blindness in regard to spiritual matters is removed from the intellect and natural impotence from the will of man, and man is induced to bow in glad submission to the gracious terms which his Redeemer proposes to him for his salvation in the Gospel. Accordingly, the outpouring of the Holy Ghost was as necessary for reclaiming the world from its lost condition as the sacrifice on Calvary.

W. H. T. D.

First, Disciples; Then, Apostles

FRIDAY, May 17. Rom. 1:1. "*Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle.*" We can not be disciples of Christ without being in some sense apostles as well. A wounded prisoner said to a chaplain of the enemy forces, who ministered to him on the field of battle, "If there is anything in your religion which makes a man feed his enemy and give him drink—if there is anything in your religion which makes you do what you are doing, you may talk to me about it." The most of us have little influence over any one to whom we have not been of some service. It takes a faithful disciple to be a successful apostle. Familiar is the story of the candidate for church membership who was asked under whose preaching he had been converted, and who replied, "Under my aunt's practicing." With all our professions and confessions, with all our creeds and prayers, what poor apostles we make, apart from our fidelity to the ideas and ideals of Christian discipleship. Do we want to be apostles? We must first prove our discipleship. How shall we prove it? By wearing a smile where now we wear a frown; by cultivating "an intense desire not to have our own way"; by giving up what we have long clung to so tenaciously. There is eloquence in character. There is permanence of power in the testimony of one who is a faithful servant of Jesus Christ. No argument avails against the testimony of one whose life is patterned after that of Christ. The best evidence of Christianity is the life of the Master brought down to date. As Jesus was the incarnation of the Father, we must incarnate the mind and spirit which were in him. A man who had greatly wronged another was freely forgiven. As he clasped the reconciled hand of the man he had sorely injured he said, with entire sincerity, "Now I know that Jesus lives!"

C. C. A.

The Family of God

SATURDAY, May 18. Eph. 3:15. "*Of whom the whole family in earth and heaven is named.*" Our Divine Father built the earth and heavens as a sanctuary for his children. When the earthly home was finished, he called it "very good." It must have been an hour of supreme interest when man became a living soul and the house of Eden had an inhabitant. The Father God could not bestow his affection upon planets, forces, laws or worlds, for they could not reciprocate his love. He longed for beings in his own image and likeness, who could know and love him as he loved them and be companions in his household forever. We are aware that this planet is only a temporary residence, a vestibule to the permanent palace in the heavens.

The whole family of God is in two great divisions, but dwelling in one great mansion home. Some are in the lower story; others in the higher outlook, but all have the family resemblance and joy, being born not of the flesh or the will of man, but of God. He sends the spirit of his Son into our hearts so we may delight to cry, "Abba, Father," and to say when we pray, "Our Father, who art in heaven."

There are many figures used in speaking of the Church of the living God. It is called a building fitly framed together, a tree spreading its branches over the earth, a vine laden with fruit, a body with many members, a bride with the bridegroom; but the idea of a family is the nearest and dearest of all other comparisons. He is the Mother God and the Father God; we are his offspring, and though sin once estranged us, like the prodigal we have come home to the Father's house, feeling the embrace of his fellowship. Jesus has washed us in his own most precious blood so the Father could kiss our tears away and whisper the pardon of our sins. After being tenants here, we will become residents yonder, where angels will join the family and sing with us, "Unto him be glory and honor and power forever and ever."

E. W. C.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

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Religion in War Time

IT was doubtless inevitable that the great war should stimulate the production of books on religion. They have come upon us like a flood from the presses, both here and in Europe. Occasionally, however, a volume of unusual spiritual power appears, which deeply stirs the souls of men in these trying days, bringing to us all the needed message of an ever-present God and Father, who will not leave the faithful unsuccored nor the supplications of his believing ones unanswered. A book of this type is "Prayer in War Time," by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, who has long been recognized as a leader in spiritual thought not in England only but also in America, where his writings are well known.

Dr. Nicoll is an ardent advocate of and a believer in prayer. "In these days of trouble," he writes, "many are seeking God who hardly gave him a place in their thoughts while the sun shone on them." This is a time for prayer and supplication and intercession, and the more the spirit grows, the more intense our petitions are, the more frequent our assemblies, the happier will be the prospect that our trials will bring us spiritual enrichment. God waits for the cry of his troubled children. He tells them to call upon him in the day of trouble and he will give answer. He asks to be entreated. And the petitioners need to be constantly reminded of the Divine fullness and of Christ's own words, "Ask and ye shall receive."

But prayer needs not only to be importunate, but strong in faith. The more we pray the greater becomes our faith. "Prayer," writes Dr. Nicoll, "succeeds through the intensity of will force put into it." Importunate prayer is prevailing prayer. We must put a heroic trust into our petitions. Nor should we forget that if we pray in the name of Christ, we have the assurance that we need but ask in order to receive.

There is a rare opportunity for the Church today. It is lawful and right, our author holds, to pray for our troops that they may be spared to return to us victorious. We ought to pray for a speedy and decisive victory; if we are not ready to pray for it, then we have no right to desire it. And if we maintain "a continual siege of heaven," lifting up our hearts in Christ's name, then "even as the days are saturated with thought about the war, they will be saturated with prayer about the war; and when we have prayed enough, the war will end. Those of us who believe in prayer, therefore, should see to it that it is not prolonged by our neglect."

"First Righteousness and then Peace"—meaning, of course, a righteous peace. Righteousness is "the granite foundation of our faith, the keynote of Christianity, and Jesus is the King of Righteousness." We can afford to and ought to have our days of humiliation and prayer, for God will not despise humble hearts. We must confess our sins and our unworthiness, for that is of the very essence of prayer. Yet humiliation should not shut out our real petitions. We must ask and go on asking. We may pray for anything that concerns Christ's Kingdom and the glory of God, and we may rely upon its coming. So we ask for victory—the victory for righteousness, for justice, for freedom for humanity—and these will all come, for God is behind those who are fighting for these things. And at every step of the way we should unfailingly give thanks for all the mercies shown us, and for every encouragement. All struggle involves sacrifice and if we pray much and trust much, He who is faithful and who Himself gave the greatest Sacrifice of all, will give us strength to endure the struggle and grace to bear the burden.

In conclusion, Dr. Nicoll writes: "It is no longer Germany but a fiendish power—naked Evil—that we are fighting, and we can fight but one way, for reason and persuasion are out of the question. So our hesitations vanish." Prayer, the strongest weapon in the Christian's armory—*our* prayers—should sustain and inspire our heroes at the front and bring the final victory. "Prayer in War Time" is a book that deserves to be widely read and which cannot fail to prove helpful to many at the present time.

The American Spirit

STORIES of the intrepidity of our brave boys at the front show that the American spirit needed but a great cause and a fitting opportunity to prove that it still lives, and that it is the same spirit that has carried the nation forward in all its enterprises in the past.

General Foch, on learning of the gallant stand of our boys when they in conjunction with the French troops repulsed a strong German raid recently, made particular inquiries concerning the affair, afterwards declaring his conviction that the American troops were "the equal of any soldiers in the world today." This commendation from the hero of the Marne, now the commander-in-chief of the Allied armies, must bring a thrill of gratification wherever it is read. Not only have the Allies a warm place in their hearts for our young heroes, but the Germans are rapidly imbibing a wholesome respect for them, also. Picked "shock troops" have failed to strike them with panic; they have stood the brunt of deafening artillery, hurricanes of gas shells and the onset of masses of the enemy, and on every occasion, have acquitted themselves in a way to excite the admiration of the home folks.

Lord Reading, Britain's special ambassador now visiting this country, at a dinner at the Waldorf Astoria at which many Allied representatives were present, told his audience that America's entrance into the war "lifted the conflict to a higher level." This was possibly the most striking compliment he could have uttered. He, too, applauded the American spirit in the field which brought victory nearer and made it more assured. "It is the spirit that makes impossible in this war anything like defeat," he said, and he urged his hearers to carry forward that same spirit of cooperation and unselfishness, that the world might be freed from giant military dominion.

Where all are fighting so bravely, it is invidious to draw distinctions. Yet, we must accept these spontaneous tributes to the spirit of America, as illustrated in the splendid soldierly bearing and gallant behavior of our men at the front. It is the spirit of coming victory.

How the Children Can Help

WAR has been transformed. In a great world-conflict, it is now seen that all ages and classes are capable of service. Even the children can help, and it is a splendid showing which is being made by the young folks of America today. Yet their part in winning the war has just begun. In the Thrift Stamp Campaign, Secretary McAdoo has given them an opportunity to stand side by side with their grown-up brothers in carrying forward the war for freedom and democracy to a successful issue.

Here are the figures that demonstrate the importance of the Children's Campaign, now under way: There are 20,000,000 boys and girls in the schools, capable of earning and saving 25 cents per week and applying it to the purchase of a Thrift Stamp. Assuming that every child could save one stamp a week, it would mean $5,000,000 toward winning the war. Kept up for one year, the great army of 20,000,000 young folks would turn into the Treasury $260,000,000.

All over the land, the school children are "doing their bit" splendidly. A monthly "drive" would inspire them to keep it up enthusiastically and would bring in the laggards besides. Surely the goal is worth striving to reach. One year's work of the children would equip a good-sized army. It would build a fleet of U-boat chasers. It would equal the cost of a full squadron of warships. It would provide a great fleet of aircraft, or cover the cost of a supply of ammunition to win a great offensive.

This is what the youth of America can do. And it will be done, if the parents and the teachers of our land make it sufficiently clear to them. Teach them to save their nickels, dimes and quarters to help Uncle Sam win the war.

Our Voluntary Conservation

IN a speech before the Pittsburg Press Club, Food Administrator Hoover stated that roughly, every 5,000 tons of food to the Allies requires 15,000 tons of shipping from Australia, 10,000 tons from the Argentine and 5,000 tons from North America. Every steamer we can save from these long journeys means the possibility of an additional shipload of American soldiers and munitions to France. If the Allies were compelled to go to these more remote markets for their whole food supply today, it would require over 2,500,000 tons more shipping than is at present in use for this purpose. If North America could next year provide the whole of the Allied necessities, we could save 1,500,000 tons of shipping. Every ship we save is a ship built. The weight of our blow against the Germans will be limited not alone by the ships we build, but by the ships we save.

If the Allies were forced to rely wholly upon the remote markets for their food, we could have no soldiers in France today. Nor will the burden grow less in the near future, for every ship we build will be needed to replace losses and to increase our army at the front. This is conservation of ships, as well as of food.

Therefore the whole war food problem is simply and solely a determination of the amount of food that can be spared from North America; the marginal amount must be drawn from the more remote markets.

Probably there is not another nation in the world in which the proportion of individuals with a willing sense of self-sacrifice is so high as in this people of ours, and in which a sufficient voluntary reduction could be obtained.

The programme, therefore, as Mr. Hoover explains, has been a hazard upon the number of people of this kind in the United States; but it may now be said with perfect assurance that we shall have performed our national duty, the Allies will have been fed during this harvest year, so far as the obligation falls upon us, almost wholly upon a voluntary footing. Far beyond this, it justifies the belief in the high idealism and willingness to sacrifice in the American people.

Dr. Jowett's Message to Our Readers

MANY Americans will regard the voluntary closing of Dr. J. H. Jowett's ministry in New York with sincere regret. Yet they cannot but feel that he has followed the clear path of duty in responding to the more urgent call from the other side. His nation-wide ministry through the Christian Herald will continue uninterruptedly, however, as this letter below will inform our readers:

"The Editor kindly asks me to send a brief message before I cross the seas to my native land.

"It has been a great joy to have such intimate communion with the readers of the Christian Herald, and I am grateful for the many assurances that have come to me that I have been helped in the service of others. I feel that the believers in Christ Jesus have a wonderful opportunity, in these days, of manifesting the power of the risen Lord. It is for us to shine with the light of life in this gloomy season of general depression. The optimistic songs must be heard in our camp. We must be children of light, heralds of the morning. It is not for us to speak of midnights or of any darkness that cannot be changed. We must proclaim the inexhaustible power of the Gospel of grace. We must tell the whole world that in the love of Christ there is saving dynamic for the uttermost need. The Church has come to the day of her great opportunity! Let her call out her reserves and gloriously manifest the power of His resurrection!

"I do not call this a farewell message, for I am only crossing the seas and shall still be counted in the fellowship of your great Family.

"Yours sincerely,
"J. H. JOWETT."

It is a pleasure for the editors and readers of this journal to have from one of the great spiritual leaders and preachers of our time the assurance that he will still speak to us weekly words of cheer and comfort in the Meditations, and at regular intervals through the sermonic page. These years of his ministry in the Christian Herald have been fruitful ones. Now that he is leaving us, he will carry with him the abiding love and esteem of every member of our Family Circle, and will be accompanied by their prayers that he may long be spared to fill out to the fullest measure, his lifetime work of Gospel presentation.

Evening Call for Prayer

A READER of the Christian Herald in Virginia sends this excellent suggestion, which is especially worthy of adoption at the present time.

"I wish to call your attention to what follows, that it may serve as a suggestion for your weekly paper, should you see fit, to the end that others may follow:

"Every evening, at seven o'clock, some church bell is rung here, as a signal for every one within its sound to go to prayer for the Allies in France, during the present conflict. Our pastor pro tem., Dr. William Hervey Woods of Baltimore, stated that he knew of only one other town that was doing this, and further, that while we were late in going into this war, we certainly were very late in taking to concerted prayer. All this, in spite of the fact that by way of heaven is the shortest cut to France."

Christiansburg, Va. E. SHELTMAN.

Each selfish act is a brick in the wall of a self-made prison.

The fires of true love warm a man's heart; the counterfeit merely scorches his fingers.

Do you make life comfortable or uncomfortable for others? Think it over until tomorrow.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Most Perfect Telescope Lens

WHAT is said to be the most perfect telescope mirror in the world, and the second largest, has just been completed in Pittsburg and shipped to the Dominion Astronomical Observatory in Victoria, Canada. The mirror is 73 inches in diameter. The largest is a 100-inch mirror made four years ago for the observatory at Wilson, California. Nine years was required for the grinding and polishing of that, while the one just sent to Victoria was completed in a little less than four years. The large piece of glass, which in its finished state weighs two and one-fourth tons, was made in Belgium and shipped from Antwerp in August, 1914, just one week before the war was declared. The requirements about this lens were that its greatest error should not be more than 1-250,000 of an inch. The greatest error in the work just completed is 1-400,000 of an inch. The mounting and general equipment for this lens is completed and is being set up at the observatory. The instrument weighs fifty-five tons. The polar axis is twenty-three feet long and weighs ten tons. The telescope tube is thirty-one feet long and weighs ten tons. The mirror cell, weighing, with mirror, six tons, forms the bottom or lower end, while to the upper end is firmly attached the signal skeleton tube constructed of structural steel. The mirror, which is twelve inches thick at the edge, is pierced centrally by a hole 10 6-8 inches in diameter. Astronomy along with other sciences has made giant strides. With the old telescope worlds and systems were revealed. But under the new great lenses, millions of worlds rush into view, and the man who looks at them can weigh them, locate them, determine their velocity, and even photograph them. Lincoln said to a young printer, one moonlight night as they were walking just out of Springfield, Illinois, "I do not see how any man could look up at the stars in the heavens and be an atheist." They worshipped the stars in olden times, but did not know much of their nature or movements. The Jews looked up to God as the Author of them all. Their ideal poet looked up to the firmament and comparing the material greatness of the stars with the littleness of man's body, and the superiority of man over them, said: "*When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?*" (*Ps. 8 : 3, 4.*)

Autos Substitute for Life Boats

THE steamship Kershaw went aground and was wrecked recently 175 yards off the shore at East Hampton, N. Y. The storm was so fierce that the life-boats could not be used. The life-savers rescued the passengers in a manner never known before in those parts. They rigged a breeches buoy and worked it by putting a hawser over the top of a building and making it secure behind it, and fastening the other end to the top of a mast of the ill-fated vessel and pulling it back and forth. Two citizens brought their automobiles and furnished the motor force by alternately running up and down Ocean Avenue till all the passengers were landed by the buoy, the captain of the ship being the last to leave it. It is said that the ship was a total loss. This wreck calls to mind the one in olden times when the ship ran aground and was destroyed and not a single life was lost. There were no professional life-savers on the coast like our superb men in our country, nor automobiles to work any buoy, but the captain first ordered those who could swim to jump into the water and make the land, and then he ordered the rest to get planks and pieces of the broken vessel as life preservers, "*and commanded that they which could swim should cast themselves first into the sea, and get to land; and the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And . . . they escaped all safe to land.*" (*Acts 27 : 43, 44.*)

Airplanes Steered by Knees

A NEW steering appliance has been adopted by some of the airships, especially in war service. The steering is done largely by the knees, leaving the hands, heretofore needed on the wheel, free to load or shoot a gun, drop a bomb, or work a chemical fire-extinguisher. Man is made with a bird nature, a soul which is capable of overcoming the pull of the flesh and the earth and the gravitation of moral evil, and flying into the altitudes of the spiritual and divine. The Holy Spirit as the motor, and the human conscience guided by God's revealed will as the steering wheel, are necessary to sail this airship safely through the upper mental and spiritual seas. Man has wings like a bird with which he flies, and also feet like a bird with which he walks. The bird does not stay on the wing all the time. It cannot do so. It has to come down to the earth to get its food and sleep and make its nest and rear its young. Man has to use his feet much of the time, walking on the earth, making his living, founding a home, dealing with society, and meeting mental, moral and spiritual obligations by service with material, earthly instrumentalities. The divine strength secured by faith is as necessary in this walking process on the earth as for flying with wings in the upper air. This tremendous thought the prophet thus expresses: "*They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.*" (*Isa. 40 : 31.*)

Birthday of Representative Government in Japan

JAPAN recently celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of the granting of her national constitution. The late Emperor belonged to a family that had ruled Japan for 2,000 years. The monarchy was absolute. The Mikado a generation ago saw that the Western nations had a something, a life, a progress, which his people did not possess, and he and a group of great statesmen put their heads together to find out the secret of success. They sent their most gifted men to England, America and other countries to investigate free institutions. Steadily they came up to the granting of a constitution and a parliament, and for the first time in the modern history of the world, they changed the government from an absolute monarchy to a popular government, without bloodshed. Almost all the best things, almost all the rights of the people, have had to be paid for with blood. Japan is a hereditary monarchy. The cabinet consists of ten ministers of state, presided over by a prime minister. The House of Peers has about 330 members, male members of the royal house, life peers or peers elected for life or for seven years, and other persons nominated by the Emperor. The House of Representatives has 369 members, elected to a term of four years by citizens who pay a government tax of at least ten yen a year. The monarchy was so limited by the constitution and the parliament that the people were allowed a hand, not only in national, but in local affairs as well. There has recently been some serious difficulty and friction because the ultra monarchists led by the Elder Statesmen seemed inclined to disregard the constitution and the voice of the people, and there was this official declaration: "No Elder Statesman, not being responsible under the constitution, should be listened to under any circumstances, so that the working of the constitutional government may have full play." Religious as well as political liberty was guaranteed by the constitution. Only recently, when the question of the relation of the government toward Shintoism arose, there was this official announcement: "Whatever opinion may be held with reference to shrines, the government will maintain a neutral position, on the ground that religion should be free." It is this freedom, political and religious, granted by the constitution, that accounts for the miracle of the modern Japan, and is such an encouragement to the Christian missionary. It was the Christ of Western civilization that woke Japan up. "*If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.*" (*John 8 : 36.*)

Photograph Early Papers

THE New York Historical Society is endeavoring to complete its file of Bradford's New York Gazette, the first newspaper printed in New York City, by photographing facsimiles of copies in other collections not owned by the Society. William Bradford, the famous colonial printer, established the paper in October, 1725. The most complete file of the earliest copies of the paper are owned by the New York Society Library, and it is the privilege of taking photographs of some of these early copies that the Historical Society is asking. The Massachusetts Historical Society began a similar work a few years ago in reproducing a file of the Boston News Letter, the first newspaper in America. By this photographic process the files, now simply historical relics and curiosities, are turned into a practical help to the student. In ancient times, the Jews preserved their historical records with great care that they might be read with profit by posterity. Of the record of the wisest of kings it was written, "*Now the rest of the acts of Solomon and all that he did and his wisdom, are they not written in the book of the acts of Solomon?*" (*Kings 11 : 41.*)

Animals Spreading Disease

A WRITER in a current magazine makes a severe indictment against the lower animals for communicating diseases to the human family. It is charged that the faithful family horse will spread glanders, rabies, lockjaw and other terrible diseases; that the pet dog or cat are circulators of hydrophobia, fleas and ticks; that the mosquito is the rapid transit for malarial and yellow fevers; that oysters bring typhoid, and fish make tape-worms. The severest indictment is made against the cow. Many men of science contend that the cow spreads the great white plague. These discoveries of science prompt the people to provide against these diseases that the lower tribes innocently communicate to them. There was One who lived in the world, who cured all the diseases of the body for those who came to him for remedy, and who now cures all the moral and spiritual maladies that flesh is heir to: "*And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sicknesses and all manner of disease among the people.*" (*Matt. 4 : 23.*)

The Making of the Big Guns

By FRANK G. CARPENTER

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I HAVE headed this letter "Somewhere in America." I might just as well head it "Everywhere in America," for the work of which I write is going on in two score or more of industrial centers all over the United States. That work is the making of guns, munitions and supplies for the United States Navy.

Under the promise of secrecy as to the character of the materials, the output and the details, I have been able to visit some of these factories. Everywhere the machinery is being speeded to highest tension, and tens of thousands of expert employees are at work day and night. The product goes forth in priority orders, crowding even the coal and food to the sidetracks. Many of the cargoes are secret. They may go out labeled as ordinary freight or in packages that give no idea of their character, and under names that serve as a camouflage to the spies.

In some of these places they are making big guns, in some they are turning out torpedoes for submarines, and in some they are making smokeless powders and terrible explosives, the deadly chemical compositions of which are a secret.

In one nest in the mountains more than 1,000 miles from any seaport, and in a country almost as wild as it was when Columbus discovered America, I found a dynamite plant covering acres. It was guarded by soldiers and surrounded by fences of barbed wire charged with electricity, and with watch towers at every few rods. It may be located there on account of its proximity to certain supplies.

In the south there are plants manufacturing explosives which use vast quantities of cotton, a whole bale of 500 pounds going, it is said, into one charge of a single big gun.

In every iron smelting center they are turning out shells or other projectiles, or the armor plate which protects our great ships of war. Here a little factory may make a single intricate part of some engine or munition supply, while not far away may be a mighty steel works whose furnaces are manufacturing iron ore into the huge ingots needed for the great guns of our battleships.

ALL this work is systematized and directed by the bureau of ordnance of the Navy Department at Washington. The officials know just what is going on at each plant, what supplies there are there and how they may be taken most quickly to the places where they are needed. They have vast warehouses of easy access to the sea, containing parts of every gun and piece of machinery used on the hundreds of vessels and these are so marked that they can be sent on cable orders to any part of the world.

I went through one establishment of that kind where they had 80,000 different items in the goods and supply parts on hand in the storerooms, and that factory was shipping an average of 1,000 articles every twenty-four hours.

Moreover, every one of the supply parts bears marks which show just where and when it was made and the inspectors through whose hands it has passed. If a defect occurs in any of the ordnance or munitions that go to the ships the part that fails can be easily traced back to the shop where it was made and to the very workmen who made it.

The work I have seen is remarkably efficient. Many of the plants have been built up on orders given by France and England before we entered the war, and since then they have been greatly increased. Some of them are turning out shells by the millions and small arms by the hundreds of thousands. They are making smokeless powder in vast quantities and munitions of all kinds as never before. Some of the factories cover many acres and there thousands of employees are at work night and day.

The plant described in this letter is under the direct charge of the government. It is one that makes big guns and other equipment for the navy. Its departments embrace all sorts of industries and its machinery is such that it can make anything from a brass rivet to a flying machine, from a screw, weighing a small fraction of an ounce to a gun for a dreadnought so big and so heavy that special freight cars will have to be built to carry it from one place to another.

Here we are in one of the shops. It covers more than an acre and the vast roof of glass is high overhead. The interior is a maze of machinery and the noise which comes up makes you think of the confusion of Babel. You look this way and that, and there are so many new and strange things that your eyes are dazzled as in a kaleidoscope.

The big gun on this speeding Torpedo Boat Destroyer is ready to fire on any enemy in range, while the depth bombs almost covered with the swirl at the stern will quickly write "finis" over the career of a submerged foe

About the shops in various stages of work are great logs of steel, some as big around as the largest oak tree and so long that if stood upon end they would almost touch the glass roof, which is fifty or sixty feet above where we are standing. Some of the steel logs are polished, showing the marks of the lathe which has cut them out into the mighty cylinders that form our big guns. Others are as dull as the iron when it comes from the forges, where the tubes of these mighty rifles are prepared for the lathe. Other guns are being cut by the lathes. The hard steel is shaven off as though it were cheese and it drops in great spirals of silver upon the dirt floor. The lathe for the fourteen-inch gun is more than 100 feet long, and it has a swing of eight feet. It cuts the hole in the log to a diameter of fourteen inches, forming the bore of the gun.

The outside of the tube or barrel is now cut to the right size by the lathe, and after this a steel jacket weighing many tons is put on to strengthen the gun and great hoops are added. The jacket comes to the shop in the shape of a hollow ingot as high as a table and so long that you could hardly get it into the average parlor. It is cut to the right diameter by the lathe and is shrunk onto the barrel after much the same principle that a blacksmith shrinks a tire on a wheel. This is done in such a way that when completed the whole seems to be one piece of metal. This adds enormously to the strength of the gun, and makes it so that it will withstand a pressure of fifteen to twenty tons to the square inch.

THE next process is rifling the gun for the shells. This means that spiral grooves must be cut inside the barrel in such a way that the shell will be given its rotary motion as the powder drives it forth to the muzzle. The machine that does this cuts the grooves at just the proper depth, width and length, and a cut too deep or too long or anyways wrong would ruin the gun. Considerably more than $100,000 worth of metal has gone into the weapon, and the importance of care and accuracy can be easily seen. The work of making the guns includes many industries and the skilled mechanics use all sorts of tools. There are something like 200 machines employed to work on each gun before its parts are made and assembled into the wonderful fighting machine of our great battleships. The machinery for loading and sighting the guns and that for firing them are wonders of mechanism. The weight of the gun is 134,000 pounds, and this huge mass must be raised and lowered and pointed this way and that with the slightest expenditure of manual effort. A single man can sight the gun and fire it, and the mount upon which the gun stands is so made that it will receive and absorb the tremendous force of the recoil without shocking or straining the turret of the vessel in which it stands. These mounts are made in another part of the gun shop and a single piece of their bronze castings sometimes weighs as much as ten or twelve tons. The construction of the mount is quite as important as that of the gun and the work of making it, on account of the great number of parts employed, requires as great a variety of tools as is to be found in the gunshop itself.

NOW come with me outside the shop and look at one of these fourteen-inch guns as completed and ready for shipment to a great man-of-war. It will give us some idea of the weapons Uncle Sam is now turning out for fighting the Germans. This gun is one of the largest and most effective of the world. We have many like it on our dreadnoughts and still larger guns are now being made.

We stand at the breech of the gun as it lies on the blocks. The diameter here is so great that the jacket rises high over our heads. We turn and walk along the polished barrel pacing the distance from one end of it to the other. The gun is so long that if it were stood upon end it would reach to the roof of a five-story house. We stop at the front end and look at the muzzle, from which the huge projectile flies forth. It is fourteen inches in diameter, or almost as big around as the head of a flour barrel. I could easily crawl in and have room to spare. The gun weighs sixty-seven tons. It would take 134 horses to haul it if it were put upon wheels on an ordinary road.

The projectile or shell which it uses weighs 1,400 pounds, or more than two-thirds of a ton. Stand the shell upon end and it would reach to the height of your shoulder. It is fourteen inches through, or twice as large around as the average telegraph pole. The charge for the gun is powder of the smokeless variety. It consists of many little cylinders, each of which is pierced from end to end by small holes. It takes two or three bushels of these cylinders to fire off the gun, and the weight of the powder for a single charge is about twice the weight of the heaviest man.

AND then the effectiveness of this mighty weapon. The mammoth projectile I have described is loaded by means of machinery, and the charge is fired by electric or percussion primers. There is only the touch of a button or the pulling of a lever and the huge shell flies forth from the muzzle at a speed of a half mile per second. It weighs 1,400 pounds, but it starts out like lightning. It goes so fast that we can not comprehend its velocity. The muzzle energy

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Philadelphia's Moral Clean-Up Begun

THE nation will not permit its fighting men to be destroyed by vice or defrauded by professional gamblers. Several communities which sheltered various varieties of the human parasite which preys upon men have been warned to clean up. In most cases a warning was enough but Philadelphia appeared to have a very complete case of chronic debauchery. At the close of a week during which Philadelphia failed to comply with the demand of Secretary Daniels of the Navy to wipe out the vicious resorts of the city, the United States Government, as noted last week through Lieutenant Colonel Charles B. Hatch, of the Marine Corps, took the police department of that city out of the hands of Mayor Thomas B. Smith, and his appointees Director of Public Safety William H. Wilson, and Superintendent of Police James R. Robinson, and placed it in charge of Captain William B. Mills, head of the traffic squad.

Lieutenant Colonel Hatch said the government had not commandeered the police force in the full meaning of the word, but the government was determined to clean up the city if the police could not do so. Captain Mills is said to have told the Colonel that in forty-eight hours after he took control he would show that he had the situation firmly in hand. "I am acting for Secretary Daniels," said Colonel Hatch, "and he has no desire to take the control of the police out of the hands of the municipal authorities. We intend to see, however, that the young men in the service are protected and that evil resorts are wiped out."

Captain Mills, who is the first appointee of the American government to supplant the regular officials of a city in territory not at war with the United States, joined the Philadelphia police force in 1905, after having acquired a fund of experience in his army service, which included a campaign in the Philippines and the Boxer insurrection in China.

In the present condition of affairs Captain Mills is empowered to complain to Colonel Hatch about any one in the municipal service who is caught "playing politics," and the mayor will dismiss him by direction of the military authorities.

THE text of Superintendent Mills's talk to the captains and lieutenants as reported by his own stenographer was as follows:

"The problem which I have been called upon by my superiors to solve can only be met by full co-operation on the part of every man in the Police Bureau.

"I am not going to request that co-operation, but I am going to demand it by enforcing a discipline that ultimately will work out for the betterment of not only the city, but every man in the Bureau who has ability.

"Discipline of the kind that I demand can only be obtained by a complete severance of all fetters on the police, either political or personal. Get out of politics, pay no political assessments, forget your friends who want political favors done, and do police work only if you wish to hold your jobs. This is my first order, and it will not be repeated.

"To emphasize my position, let me say to you that in the future the recommendation of a politician will be a handicap rather than an aid to any policeman either seeking promotion or in trouble as a result of violation of orders.

"Responsibility for police work will reach from the patrolman on the beat all the way up the line.

"Captains and lieutenants will be free to make any changes for the betterment of the service. In the future politicians will not dictate assignments of any character.

"And remember, orders will be issued once; there will be no reminders.

"The police department is now a business house, and I have laid down our business principles. There is no camouflage about this, I mean every word I say. You can do whatever you want in your divisions and districts, as long as you tell me about it. The thing I want done in police work is nothing but police work, and each of you will be held strictly accountable to me."

Director Wilson read over a copy of Superintendent Mills's talk and said he approved every word of it. Asked if he was still in charge of the Philadelphia police force, Mr. Wilson replied that he confirmed every word of the peppery instructions of Mills, saying, "I am co-operating with Captain Mills and will back him to the limit." The Mayor said virtually the same thing.

ALL this came as the result of an unenviable notoriety which Philadelphia had gained through its police department. The city was considered too corrupt for our soldiers and sailors. These conditions were revealed to the world outside by a report made to the Secretary of the Navy by Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick.

It was claimed by the city's apologists that the charges of Mr. Fosdick were based on unsubstantial evidence. But Mr. Fosdick stood by his charges and even added that Philadelphia had grown steadily worse, and gave a list of 68 resorts, which, he said, was by no means complete and represented only a small portion of such places scattered over the city, every one of which enjoyed "protection." The Philadelphia Inquirer said: "Philadelphia is wide open. Gambling is prevalent. Viciousness is running wild. Thieves and highwaymen stalk abroad. Men and women of the classes who prey upon the public go about their business unmolested. Robberies are so frequent that they no longer provoke comment. District Attorney Rotan spoke the truth when he declared that the police were demoralized. But they have been going from bad to worse. And today Mr. Fosdick declares as the result of his inquiry that they are 'corrupt.'"

Lt. Col. C. B. Hatch, U.S.M.C.
Naval representative in Philadelphia

Capt. W. B. Mills
Acting head of Philadelphia's Police

Divine Providence in the War

By J. H. HOTSON

GOD'S ways are not our ways, neither are His thoughts our thoughts. We are apt to think, if we only had almighty power and the resources that have been available, how beautifully we could have directed this war to a successful outcome long since. In fact, those who believe that "not a sparrow falleth on the ground without your Father" might well believe that Providence could have prevented the war altogether.

But in His governance of human affairs, God has infinite things to provide for, involving infinite ramifications and interrelations, of which we can know but little. He takes the long, the eternal view of what is best for individuals and for nations.

The Kaiser and the German people make the frequent assertion that God is on their side; that, as their ally, the God of Germany has helped them to victory and has punished their enemies. Their enraged cry is, Gott strafe England, Gott strafe Amerika, Gott strafe everybody that dares lift up a hand to resist enslavement by God's chosen people, the Germans. On the other hand, the Allied nations believe that God's providence is working in their favor. Which is right? Let us consider for a moment a few facts:

A powerful nation, filled with the lust of conquest and robbery and a boundless lust for dominion, deliberately prepared for this war through many years. The rulers of that nation had long since cast from their hearts as a useless encumbrance the image of the God of Love, known to us in the person of the meek and lowly Nazarene, and erected in His place the horrid image of the God of War, who is the Devil and Satan.

LAYING aside for the moment all thought of German atrocities, it is plainly against the Divine order for one nation to enslave another. The Lord's management of human affairs has led from freedom to freedom for the people of the earth. Peoples and classes of people have one after another been emancipated from various forms of slavery. Women are becoming freed from ancient injustices and wrongs, children from too early labor, and everywhere we note that the spirit of liberty is in the air. Germany's ambition runs flatly counter to this manifest trend of the Divine operations.

Again, we are taught by the whole spirit of the Bible that the Lord guards man's freedom as the apple of His eye—that He nowhere forces man to love or serve Him—man is entirely free to choose. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," is the spirit of both the Old Testament and the New. If God is so jealous of man's freedom in spiritual things, shall He not be respective of man's freedom from external bondage? The question answers itself. The assumption of the Kaiser that God is helping him to force other peoples into bondage to him is a plain insult to the Deity.

But there is a third consideration which seems equally potent and which alone would lead us to the conclusion that the influence of Divine Providence has been and will be exerted in the direction of victory for the Allies—and that consideration is the welfare of the Germans themselves. We should not forget that the Lord loves the Germans. There is no partiality in His love. He sends His rain on the just and on the unjust. And because He loves these cruel Prussians, He seeks to prevent them from falling into yet greater depths of evil, by humbling their pride and diminishing their power and their opportunities to do evil. The lust for dominion grows with what it feeds on, until it waxes so great that it would challenge the Almighty. Give success to the Prussian war lovers, and their pride would tower up to heaven and their self-deification would know no bounds. It is a divine law that "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." And with the failure of the Prussian war lords to win this war, the German people may be expected to cast out the rulers who brought their country to defeat and ruin, set up a government of the people, and begin to enjoy some of the benefits of freedom—not alone political freedom, but the freeing of their minds from the poisonous sophistries of the Prussian war doctrine.

It was obviously necessary, on the other hand, that the Allies should not snatch a too easy victory, else they, being merely human, might have become puffed up with pride in their military prowess and become difficult neighbors for other nations to live with.

To the merciful spirit of the Lord this fratricidal strife must be infinitely abhorrent. But where He cannot restrain men from deeds of wickedness, He overrules and directs the results of their actions as far as possible for good. He is preparing the ground for the orderly growth of His kingdom upon earth, which can only be established in a reign of peace. He is guiding the world into an age when wars shall be no more. The growth of the spirit of peace in the world in the last quarter century has been marvelous. Let us hope and pray that this is the last organized onslaught of the powers of hell upon the sons of peace on earth.

Those who believe in the watchful and living Providence of God over his wayward children can discern numberless evidences, great and small, that the trend of events is being irresistibly guided by the Lord to one inevitable conclusion.

Numberless examples could be cited. How often by a narrow margin have the Allies escaped disaster. From the beginning of the war the Germans time after time have reached out to grasp the fruits of victory, and the cup has been dashed from their lips. It is written in the book of fate that their power for tyranny and conquest shall be broken.

WAR is a terrible and hateful thing. But there are worse things than war. A worse thing would be the loss of human freedom. Germany offered the world the choice of but two things: slavery to Germany or war. The world chose the only alternative it could possibly accept. Peace-loving America hoped against hope that it might be spared the necessity of descending to the slaughter pit. We had no choice but to go. Built as we are, with this Godgiven instinct of freedom in us, God help us, we can do no otherwise.

Having taken up the gage of battle, we must fight German militarism with the only arguments they understand. War cannot be waged with kid gloves and rosewater. It is a grim business. The Christian in war should cast out all hatred from his soul, and instead thereof implant an iron resolution, an unshakeable determination to apply unfalteringly the knife to the world fester and cure the body of humanity of the dread war disease. The Christian loves peace so passionately that he is willing to fight for it even to the death.

Shall we fold our hands and say: "Providence will bring it right in the end. Why should I worry?" Suppose

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Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

"IS this Miss Connolly?"

My questioner—a quiet, forceful officer attached to the British-Canadian Recruiting Mission—appeared suddenly around the tank Britannia.

Trying to appear calm, I convinced him that I was the person privileged to ride, that morning, in the great steel monster against which the gaping New York crowds (for the tank stood in Union Square) were shoving me in their excitement.

With a brief command to his men, the officer disappeared; and there followed tense moments of preparation. While I waited, my glance strayed to the tall buildings closing us in, and on up to the serene sky above them.

It was the most peaceful of spring mornings! From every roof-top, banners of smoke waved. My glance dropped from those emblems of a nation's prosperity to the khaki-clad soldiers at work on their great war-engine. And my heart flowed to overflowing with love and gratitude. These "boys" had been in the battle of Arras, and so had the tank. Both were battle-scarred in our defense.

I knew that any expression of gratitude would only bore the men; but the tank would not mind. So I reached out my hand, where I stood, and stroked it.

It broke into violent purring. The crew had started the engine! I looked up. The young recruiting officer was mounting the Fifth Avenue bus which was to follow the tank and from which he was to address crowds all over the city.

"Ready!" one of the crew called to me.

I looked for the door. Somehow I had expected to step into the tank through a tall, narrow door, or to clamber to the top and descend inside. But instead, a horizontal slit opened under the bulging side, and through that I scrambled (with as great dignity as possible) into the warm, dusky interior of the monster.

THE crew crawled in after me, closing the door. The engine beat louder. There were excited sounds from the crowd (now invisible). We were off!

Instantly a terrific jolting set up, accompanied by a deafening clatter. Talking was almost impossible. The throat ached with the effort. I know nothing to compare the din to, unless it might be riding in a wagon, without tires, loaded with steel rails, over a rutty road.

Dazed by the racket and vibration, I sat in the rear, beside a gearsman. At the front sat the driver. The others were in their places.

The entire middle of the "steel caterpillar" was taken up by the engine: a great 150-horse-power affair, using eight gallons of gasoline for every mile. Around me, on the walls, were the cases of ammunition. Before my face were two machine-guns. Two others were on the opposite side of the tank; and there was a gun at the front and one at the rear. It was all very grim. And as I sat there, in the semi-darkness in that jolting, clattering fort, with the faint odors of stale powder and grease and gasoline in my nostrils, and those quiet khaki-clad men all about, something clutched at my heart.

"How is the recruiting going?" I shouted at the man beside me.

He made a megaphone of his hands.

"Splendidly! If you've got any British and Canadian friends, tell 'em they can enlist by getting in touch with their nearest recruiting station or writing to us at 220 West Forty-second Street, New York."

I nodded.

"What do you use the tanks for, Over There?"

"To locate machine-gun emplacements; cut barbed wire; upset the morale of German troops; take small objectives; assist the morale of our own troops, or cut a pathway through the woods," he called back.

JUST then we turned a corner, one side of the great caterpillar standing still while the other was kept in motion. Now we were on cobblestones, apparently. The jolting became almost unbearable. The din, too, increased. I thought of a boiler-factory shaken by a continuous earthquake.

"Could a shell pierce this?" I asked.

"If a direct hit; not otherwise. The steel is 7-16 of an inch thick."

"How many men go in a tank, when in action?"

"Usually eight: a driver, brakesman, two gearsmen and four gunners." He added, smiling, "This tank is twenty-six feet long; seven feet, ten inches high; and nine feet broad. It weighs thirty-two tons. And when in action, even the driver's window is closed, periscope being used. At night we follow white tapes laid down for us."

I could not have listened longer. A great faintness had swept over me; and I ached in every joint. I asked to be put down. The tank stopped, one of the slit-like doors opened, and I rolled out into the sunlight of lower New York, to the huge delight of a great crowd which had instantly gathered.

We were at the Williamsburg Bridge; so the tank started on across it, toward Brooklyn, accompanied by the bus from which the recruiting officers addressed the fascinated, following crowd.

I watched until the tank had waddled out of sight, then—with a little prayer for the success of the day's recruiting and a feeling of thankfulness that I had had a small (if unseen) part in it—I made my way dizzily to the nearest street car.

You, too, dear neighbors, are having patriotic adventures these days. Your letters to me overflow with them, and I have decided to fill today's page with your accounts, making this meeting of the American Community Club a patriotic one.

FIRST, however, I should like to share with you a little story of the Spanish-American War, which I chanced to hear told the other day, and begged permission to repeat. The incident was witnessed by Mr. Otto Koenig, now president of the Christian Herald, but then a private in the Astor Battery and one of the twenty thousand volunteers who rushed to Dewey's support after the battle of Manila Bay.

The city of Manila had not yet been quelled and policed. This had to be done. And it was to accomplish it that Dewey asked for, and was supplied with, the force of twenty thousand men.

The battle which ensued is known to history as "The Taking of the City of Manila"; and it was practically bloodless. A few of our "boys," however, were killed. Among these was a little first sergeant who was dearly beloved, especially by one of his superior officers, Lieutenant C. C. Williams; and it fell to the lot of Lieutenant Williams to have to read the burial service over the body of his first sergeant. He made the effort, beginning bravely; with the open grave before him, and the men grouped about, and the pitiless tropic sunshine beating down on the coffin of the American lad who would never return home.

Suddenly his reading became confused: choked. He stopped, struggling for control. But the words would not come. Turning away, he thrust the book into the hands of his captain, who had stepped forward, and the burial service proceeded.

To me there could be no more beautiful instance of the fellowship which should, and so often does, exist between our American soldiers, irrespective of rank. And I cannot help wondering if any martial honor that has since come to that officer (now Chief of Ordnance of the United States Army and one of the great men of his time) will have as much weight, with Him above, as that moment of heartfelt grief, beside an open grave, almost twenty years ago.

Courtesy American Red Cross

A poster that needs no title

NOW, dear neighbors, turning over life's calendar to the present year and month, let us consider the needs of our soldier boys of 1918, finding help and inspiration from our experiences.

A "District School" Entertainment for the Red Cross

Our Red Cross chapter was out of money and in debt. What was to be done?

Some one suggested that the old folks give a program. The idea seemed to take; so we called a mass meeting of our Red Cross women. The plan was enthusiastically received by them, and volunteers were called for. Then the question came up of what kind of entertainment we'd have. An old-fashioned "district school" was proposed, and decided on.

We induced all the older people to take part. These costumed themselves as schoolchildren, in clothes as old-fashioned as they could procure, and spoke such old pieces as "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," "Mary Had a Little Lamb," and so on. Some sang old-fashioned songs. One played on the Jew's harp, and others gave drills. Two or three, costumed as parents, came in to visit the "school," and gave addresses. The entertainment was a huge success! It had been well advertised, and our auditorium was packed, netting us over seventy dollars.

MRS. P. G. KIBBEY.

IN case money-raising adventure does not appeal to you, here is another plan, which resulted in the raising of an even larger sum:

Our Red Cross Fair

The Red Cross Drive was on. Everyone had been solicited; every dollar raised that could be; or so it seemed, until a man of the town suggested that we hold a Red Cross Fair. He offered to construct the booths, and did so, being assisted by our Red Cross chapter and all the boys and girls in town. The Fair was advertised to last three evenings and to offer the following entertainments: Pin Wheels, Crazy House, Athletic Show, Lunch Counter, Fortune Teller, Candy Booth, Striking Machine, Parcel Post, Big Snake, Bazaar, Wild Man, Ball Rack, Fat Man, Shooting Gallery, Feeding a Soldier, Fish Pond.

The Fair was held in a large vacant hall, booths lining the walls. In the center was a merry-go-round operated by man power. The admission to the hall was five cents; and on the right of the entrance was the bazaar, filled with aprons, dust caps, knitting bags, home made dolls, doilies, bonnets and so on! The ladies loved to linger here. The next booth was an advertisement of our town's music store, and contained a victrola with some one to operate it. Just beyond was the "Big Snake." It cost all of five cents to see him. The Parcel Post Booth was very popular. There were large packages, small ones, lean ones, fat ones: all donated and sold for ten cents each. It was hard to keep the booth supplied, so fast did the packages sell. At the Fish Pond you could find the children in crowds. This Pond was very simple. A screen was placed across a booth and two fishing poles supplied. The children threw the line over the screen, behind which were seated two little boys who hung postcards, flags, pennants, Liberty buttons or toys on the hooks, so that every one fishing caught something. This cost five cents for three fishings.

A little farther on was the Feed-a-Soldier booth: popular with the older boys. This consisted of a barrel with a muslin cover over the top. On this cover was painted the face of a soldier. The mouth was cut out, and you paid five cents for three biscuits and threw them at the opening. If you succeeded in getting all three into the barrel, you received a

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A Day of Brave Mothers

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I WAS visiting a training-camp a few days ago. It was on the eve of a certain regiment's departure for duty overseas, and the boys were busily preparing for the first step of the long journey that ends in France. Their orders to move had come suddenly and rather unexpectedly, so suddenly and unexpectedly that there had been no time to bid friends and loved ones good-by. Some of the boys were whistling as they packed their kit bags, but others were frankly blue. One of the boys, a stranger to me, spoke aloud as I was passing.

"We're going awful sudden," he said. "I wish we weren't!"

"But it's easier to go suddenly," I said, as consolingly as I could. "You haven't time, when you go suddenly, to worry about anything, or to get nervous."

The boy seemed to brighten for a second. And then again his face lengthened into sober lines.

"That's right," he agreed; "*but I would like to have seen my mother, once, before I left!*"

As he spoke I felt my mind going back over the years to a certain little girl standing on a street corner with a broken doll clasped to her breast. She was sobbing bitterly, and there were passersby who stopped to console her.

"I've broken my doll," wailed the little girl, "and I want my mother!"

"Can't I help?" questioned a kind young lady. "Isn't there anything that I can do to patch up the baby doll?"

But the certain little girl spoke with an ungrammatical firmness.

"Mother is what I want when I feel bad!" said the little girl.

THE twelfth of this month will be Mother's Day—the beautiful Sunday that is set aside in honor of all mothers. It has always been the custom to wear a white carnation on that day, a flower that signifies love and faith and purity. This year, more than ever, should Mother's Day be observed, but I think that the white flower of motherhood should be linked with the red badge of courage.

For in this year the mothers of Ameriea are proving their courage. They are giving their sons bravely to the cause of Freedom—giving them with smiling faces and souls that are proud, despite their sorrow.

I think that there is hardly a woman in this our land who is untouched by the great war that is sweeping the world. Every time one sees a company of soldiers down the avenue, one thinks instinctively of the woman who stands silently praying behind each erect form. And when one multiplies the number of men in each company by the number of troops that are marching away in different states, and then thinks of the woman hearts that are beating in time to their steady tread, well. . .

YES, this is the year of brave women! From all over the country they write to me; from the East and the West, the North and the South.

"Four of my sons are in training!" one mother tells me; and "My only boy is now in France!" says another. A woman, with two sons already killed in service, writes that her last child is driving an ambulance on a western front! There are so many letters, and though some of them are marked with the stain of tears, *all of them are brave letters.*

And it's because they know that their mothers are brave that the boys are turning to them. Friendship and love affairs are swept quite away in the overwhelming current of a something far greater. It is his *mother* that the boy in the trenches writes to when he has a moment to spare; it is his mother that he longs for when he is sent suddenly away; it is his mother that he asks for when he is wounded—his mother who kissed his baby bruises to make them well, and who heard his halting little prayers at evening time.

MOTHERHOOD has always been a sacred thing. That is why churches and Sunday schools have set aside a day in honor of all mothers; that is why people, the nation over, wear white carnations. But now motherhood is almost more than a sacred thing—it is a trust. It is to the living mother rather than to the mother of memory that we turn on this Mother's Day. It is to the living mother whose task it is to keep brave the heart in her boy, to let the light of her courage shine upon his soul and the warmth of her love be his shield and buckler.

This is a war in which idealism should play a large part. And the manhood of America is going into it with the highest ideals possible. They are going into it with chivalry and gentleness, and faith in a God of Right. It is from his mother that every true man gets his first and most permanent ideals; it is the lesson learned at his mother's knee that proves the most worth while. That is why the courage of American mothers is such a necessary thing—why their high ideals and higher hopes will help us to win in the great conflict.

And so, as on the twelfth of May we pin the white carnation to our coat lapels and frocks, let us think of the new, more radiant motherhood that it stands for—the motherhood that is as unflinching as the motherhood of ancient Sparta and as tender as the love of another Mother who laid her Baby in the straw of a manger, while the angels sang a song of peace.

A YOUNG soldier wrote to me this morning. "This war," he told me, "is almost harder for the ones who are waiting at home than for any one else. And the ones who are waiting the most bravely and patiently are the mothers.

"Take my mother, for instance. I know that every time it rains she worries for fear I'll take cold. I know that she worries about everything from torn clothing to shell fire. And yet I don't think of her as constantly worrying, because she sends me such cheery letters—letters full of hope and faith and courage. Even the day that I marched away I looked back over my shoulder and saw her smiling and waving her handkerchief.

"Somehow, with that picture of her in my mind, I feel that she's being braver than I am!"

"I WOULD like to have seen my mother once before I left," the boy in the training camp told me. "I would like to have seen my mother *once!*"

Yes, he would like to have seen his mother, because he knew that there would be no breaking down, no flood of tears to send him downhearted on his journey! That is not the way of the American mother at this crisis. The American mother waits until she is alone to cry, and smiles into the face of her son as she gives him godspeed. Because she knows that her courage will be his courage.

So, on this Mother's Day, let us bow our heads in reverence to living mothers—mothers who are giving their sons to their country. They are bearing a cross and bearing it more than bravely. They are keeping up the morale of an army and a nation. And their prayers winging up to the Father in heaven, are the prayers of a faith and courage as high as the faith and courage that one finds on the firing line.

A PRAYER

DEAR God, send thou thy strength
To keep our motherhood in this their hour—
For oh, dear God, their tenderness and power
Are reaching far across the angry sea
And turning, every day, new hearts to thee!
Send thou new hope to them, and ease the aching
Of gentle hearts that are too brave for breaking;
And make them know their courage, like the light
Of silver stars, is glowing through war's night!

Dear God, when all the nation wears their flower,
Send motherhood thy peace in this their hour!

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OUT OF THE SMOKE AND DUST OF

© Underwood & Underwood
Hewlett, L. I., its quota of the Liberty Loan three times over-subscribed, raises the honor flag with two stars

Nothing is wasted in war that can be salvaged. This Frenchman is stripping the leather from German helmets picked up in No Man's Land

© Kadel & Herbert

© Underwood & Underwood
A street in Bailleul, for nearly a week the center of the fiercest struggle of the Battle of Armentieres

You have heard of drumhead court-martial. This is a drumhead pulpit. An Episcopal service in the Field in France

British Official Photo

BATTLE

The light railway cars which brought fighting men to the battle on Messines Ridge, carry away the wounded

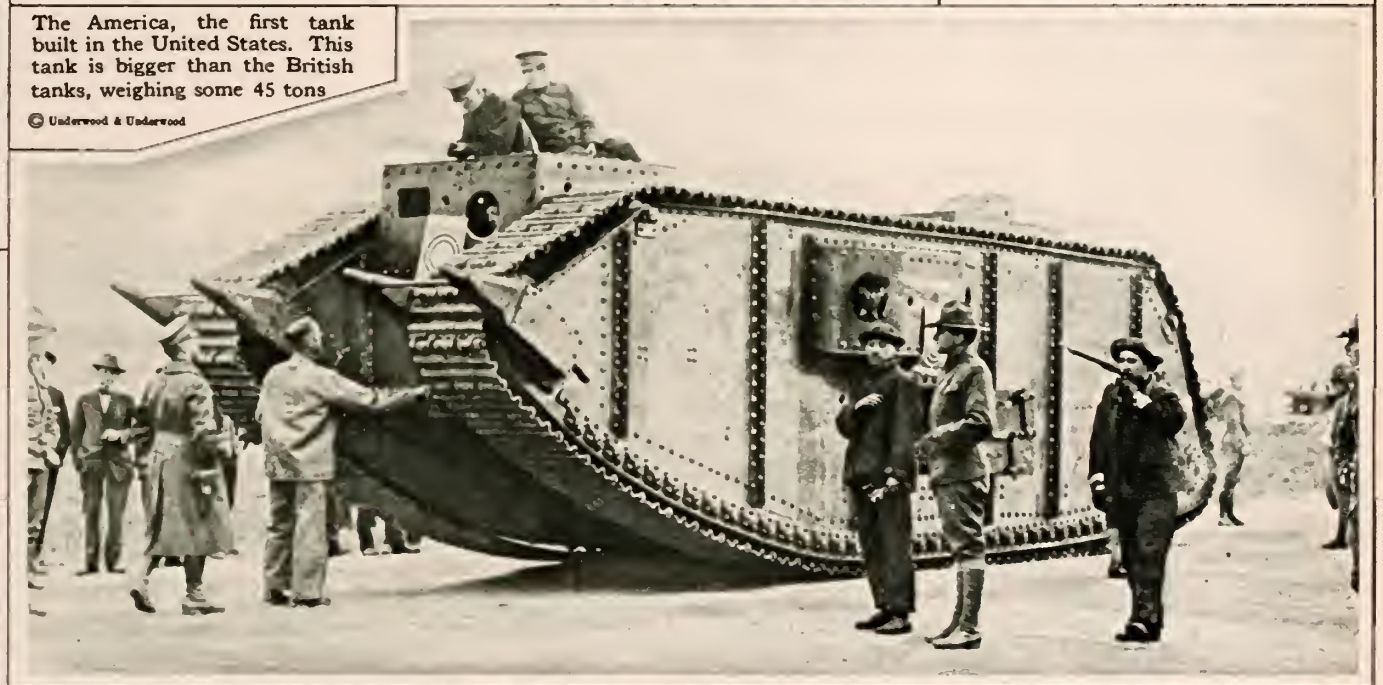
British Official Photo © Underwood & Underwood

British Official Photo © Underwood & Underwood

General Allenby, Commander of the British Forces in Palestine, leaving the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem

The America, the first tank built in the United States. This tank is bigger than the British tanks, weighing some 45 tons

© Underwood & Underwood



Fighting men coming up to Messines Ridge on the light railway, all equipped to drive back the Hun

British Official Photo © Underwood & Underwood

Keds

The Most Comfortable Hot-Weather Shoes

LAST year many thousands of persons who tried to buy Keds were disappointed. The enthusiastic welcome accorded these high-class, rubber-soled canvas shoes left us unable to take care of the public's huge demand.

This year more than 50,000 dealers in the United States stock Keds in a large variety of styles so that there should be no difficulty in obtaining these good-looking, durable sport-shoes.

The fine quality of Keds workmanship is beyond dispute. None but materials of unquestioned value are used in their manufacture. For style, economy and comfort, Keds are indeed without equal.

You may wear Keds on all occasions—at home, at the club, at the office, on the street, in the country. Whatever the business or pleasure, there is a style to suit you.

Keep these three grades of Keds in mind when buying. Look for the name "Keds" stamped on the sole.

National Keds
$1.50 up

Campfire Keds
$1.25 up

Champion Keds
$1.00 up

Sizes for boys and girls cost less

United States Rubber Company
New York

Our Mail-Bag

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and not controversial. All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

CHRISTIAN HERALD INFORMATION BUREAU

Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

With all the resources of the Government libraries and departments and of the public museums and their staffs and with the active assistance of national experts this Information Bureau is ready to tell you the answer to

Whatever You Want to Know

The bureau is prepared to answer fully and promptly questions regarding food production and conservation, transportation, industrial activities, history, patents and inventions, pensions and Army insurance, legislation, exploration and discovery, Government employment, and all of the thousand and one things that you want to be sure of.

Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

B. F., Dayton, Ohio. Your question, "How do Christian soldiers regard the attitude of the Church today?" is very well answered by a lieutenant in the United States Army, who writes in "Trench and Camp," one of the National Army publications: "Can't the churches do something to stop it all? Undoubtedly they can. In the first place they can refrain from diverting the thought of the country from the one great issue. America has only one task just now. That task is to stop the war by winning it; and by winning it so decisively that the monstrous thing which reared its ugly head shall remain inert to the end of time.

"Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;
And this be our motto, 'In God is our trust.'"

Can't the church do something? Yes! It can preach the kingdom of righteousness as a forerunner to the reign of peace. Righteousness first—then peace! Now it is 'peace, peace, when there is no peace.' The most effective way for the Church to deal with the present crisis is to preach a gospel of unselfish devotion to the common cause. And if the Church would reach the ultimate in her effort, let her translate that gospel into terms of food-saving, of labor conciliation, of bond-buying—of doing."

L. E. T., Muncy, Pa. "There is one aspect of the food situation that has not received proper attention: that is, the matter of bird protection. Insects, according to the government, destroy food each year worth more than a billion dollars. I suffered severely last year from grasshoppers. I don't know how many bushels of apples and peaches I lost—a great many dollars' worth—because they had been nibbled by hoppers, thus allowing rot spores to enter the fruit and cause decay. And we suffer from the Hessian fly, which cuts down our wheat, and potato bugs, which ruin our potato vines. From the ravages of white grubs, the larvæ of the June bug, I lost almost half of the value of a small planting of potatoes last year. I sold the nibbled tubers at less than half of what I got for whole potatoes, and was glad to get even that price. What I suffer on one small farm can be magnified by some millions. You see where it puts us. Beyond any question the government estimate of a billion dollars' damage is conservative. And with food so scarce as it is now, we simply don't dare lose a billion dollars of food if we can prevent it. By protecting our birds we can very largely prevent this loss. We have numerous bird laws, but they are not uniform in the various states, and there is terrible slaughter of migratory birds. We have a bird treaty with Canada, which Canada observes, and which we treat as a scrap of paper. All that is lacking to make this treaty effective is action by the House of Representatives. The Senate has already acted. If the House will give Uncle Sam power, he can make the treaty effective and stop the slaughter of migratory birds in this country. One vote in Congress will do it."

This little "Grace Before Meat," By William B. Roystone, may be found serviceable in the homes of many readers of the Christian Herald:

"Our Father!
May all that we receive, Lord, be
Right in thy service used, that we
May always find new strength in thee!
Amen!"

G. C., Seattle, Wash. Ten great paintings by old masters which are considered to rank as the highest are chiefly a matter of opinion. Following are among the best known paintings in the world: Raphael's "Madonna," Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" and the "Last Supper," Michael Angelo's "Creation of Man," Botticelli's "Judith and the Head of Holofernes," Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Age of Innocent Cherubim," or "Angels' Heads," Gainsborough's "Mrs. Siddons," Van Dyke's "Charles I and Family."

A. N. A. L., Pittston, Pa. The Statue of Liberty was produced by F. Bartholdi, a distinguished French sculptor, and presented to the people of the United States by the people of France, in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of American independence. The statue is made of bronze and was paid for by popular subscription in France. It was placed in position in 1885 and dedicated October 3, 1886.

Mrs. R. M. T., Clark, Pa. Early in the seventeenth century submarine boats were being studied and invented, and by 1727 fourteen types had been patented in England alone. The first successful and practical submarine is credited to Simon Lake, born in Pleasantville, N. J., September 4, 1866. In 1894 he built the Argonaut, Jr., at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., and in 1897 he designed the Argonaut.

Mrs. C. E. S., Homer, N. Y., asks if it would be correct for a child to take wheat bread to school on wheatless days. It would not. The Food Administration is doing its best to do without wheat bread entirely on wheatless days. By this means alone the United States can meet the Allies' needs.

C. T. M., Elizabeth, N. J. The Department of Agriculture says that a wheatless meal calls for absolutely no wheat. There are many people in doubt as to whether bran muffins should be used during the wheatless meal. The Department of Agriculture says that this can be used.

Mrs. H. M., Glenwood, Iowa. Regarding delay of mail to and from soldiers in France, the Post Office Department says that this is due to congestion in the Army Censor Board, as all letters going to boys in France are censored, and all letters coming to the United States have to pass the same censorship.

Mrs. J. N. P., Southbridge, Mass. Women workers are most needed in the war as telegraph operators, telephone operators, stenographers, clerks, in munition plants, and in many other lines of service. If you wish to enroll for service, communicate with your State Chairman of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense. In regard to religious work, we suggest that you communicate with a church doing work for the soldiers, or the Red Cross, or the Y. M. C. A., or that you apply to your nearest Y. W. C. A.

Mrs. S. J. F., Walden, N. Y. Regarding what kind of war work you can do at home, we suggest you could make scrap books for soldiers in the hospitals, or roll bandages for your Red Cross chapter. We also suggest that you enroll with the Woman's Section of the Council of National Defense for service. You might collect magazines and books for the soldiers, and send them through the Red Cross to the camps, or send them to the nearest recruiting station.

Miss H. M., Denton, Mich. The government is not training nurses, but desires only those who are graduates of a school which gives at least two years' training in nursing.

O. S., Los Angeles, Calif. The Department of Agriculture says that if, when cooking, you cut down the number of eggs, more baking powder must be used.

Miss H. S., Napier, W. Va. The U. S. Supreme Court has decided that it is not unconstitutional to draft men for service abroad.

Mrs. F. A., Cassville, Wis. Jerusalem is first mentioned as having been overcome by Joshua when its king, Adonibezek, made an alliance against the Jews. Later, it was captured and burned, according to the account in Judges 1 : 1–8. About B. C. 588 Nebuchadnezzar took the city after a three years' siege and, razing its walls, destroyed its temple and palaces with fire. In A. D. 70 it was captured by the Romans, who demolished the whole city, the temple included, except three towers and a part of the western wall; since that time it has undergone many sieges and its defenses have been repeatedly cast down, but never to the same terrible extent as in the disaster in the Roman era.

A. H. W., Greenland, N. H. The ways of the Lord are past finding out, and in his mercy, goodness and wisdom, he makes use of ways and means of which we know nothing. We cannot say what means he has of saving those who have never heard of Christ, but are certain that he will not let any one suffer for the lack of not having heard of him. Christ came to save all the world.

John H. S., California. The only explanation we know of is that, since Jesus loved John best, he wanted to give the care of Mary the mother to him with whom, he felt assured, she would be best taken care of.

S. E. M., Lost Nation, Iowa. 1. The object of Christ saying (John 13 : 15) that we should keep his commandments is to point out by what conditions alone the communion between the Saviour and his disciples can be preserved, and its greatest blessings—the presence of the Advocate—be enjoyed, namely; through love. This love consists also in a loving surrender of ourselves to the sole object, says a commentator; of glorifying the Father, analogous to the loving self-surrender of Jesus. "My commandments" are not merely commandments which he gives, but which he has himself first received and made his own. 2. Please read Matt. 28 : 19; John 3 : 5–6; Acts. 2 : 39; Mark 10 : 14; Mark 18 : 10–11; Acts. 16 : 15, 33; I Cor. 1 : 16. 3. We choose sound Gospel sermons as they are submitted and approved by us and do not prefer any denomination over another.

H. R. H., Philadelphia, Pa. The last eight chapters of Ezekiel refer to the period of final restoration. Ezekiel was one of the earliest exiles, who were carried away with the king and chief nobles before the destruction of Jerusalem. The latter chapters read as if they were written soon after the news of the capture and destruction of the city reached him in Babylon. He had already pointed out the cause of the national troubles in the desertion by the people of their God. He proclaimed forgiveness to the penitent. He predicted in detail the retribution which should fall on their enemies. Then, his mind oppressed by the national humiliation, he looks far ahead and sees a future glory surpassing all that had gone before, when the ancient theocracy should be restored and God himself would reign over them.

Reader, North Dakota. 1. The man in question was very foolish, to say the least. 2. We are not to judge others.

A. J. P., Elsmere, Neb. Evolution is a threadbare subject and discussion of it would lead nowhere.

The Fly Is Your Worst Enemy

THIS is no mere sensational utterance; it is a cold statement of fact.

Listen to one of the most eminent scientists of the country, a man trained to weigh every word he says:

"Flies are conceived in iniquity, bred in filth and lead a life of crime. They occupy no place in the economy of man."

That is a strong indictment, but it is not a jot too strong.

The American people have come to realize the danger of the fly and are campaigning strenuously against him.

Flies must be fought, and fought in the *right way*. To fight them is the duty of every community to its members, and of every individual to the community.

Send your name and address, enclosing a two-cent stamp for return postage to the Christian Herald Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C, and you will receive, free of charge, a manual specially prepared to help you swat the fly while he is still a maggot.

Palestine's Fight With Famine

WHILE the American Red Cross Palestine Expedition continues on its way to Jerusalem, the plight of the people of the Holy City, and of many thousands all up and down the coasts of Palestine, continues to be most distressing. A cablegram received on April 15 by the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief in New York, from Missionary Trowbridge, through our State Department in Washington, says:

"Fifteen hundred Armenian survivors of many thousands exiled from Adana, Kharne, Marash, Aintab, Ourfa, and Kessab, two and one half years ago to the wilderness east of the Jordan, have been found trekking to Jericho. For months they have been compelled by the Turks to break stone on the roads. They have been brought to Jerusalem in British motor trucks. Although weary and hungry, their faces lighted up at the first glimpse of the Mount of Olives. Six thousand Syrian refugees are expected this week. We will equip expeditions to meet the exiles, and will provide industrial relief if additional funds can be sent."

More than 100 pages of carefully prepared reports have lately been received from Palestine and other centers of suffering. Only now is the world beginning to realize all that the unfortunate people of the Christ-land have endured under Turkish oppression, and especially during the four years since the beginning of the war.

A record of the present situation in Jerusalem says: "The need for food here is becoming imperative and the suffering is growing intense. When camels and donkeys employed in the transport columns become exhausted and likely to die, the hungry people who are hanging along the borders of the caravan rush in immediately when they see an animal fall. The neck is cut in a moment, and within ten minutes not a bit of flesh is left on the bones." Scenes of this character have been witnessed again and again by the chaplains. They have seen women scratching at each other in their desperate efforts to grasp a bit of the flesh. Famished women have been found lying in the road between Bethlehem and Jerusalem. Bread in the Holy City costs about ten times what it did before the war, and fuel is unprocurable; 4,600 persons are being fed from a single soup kitchen.

FROM Jaffa, which has now but 5,000 population out of a former population of 60,000, comes this note of conditions: "There is much suffering among the people here for lack of food, although things are not so bad as in Jerusalem. Today I saw some of the British soldiers offer some porridge in a bowl to a few boys, and it was amazing to witness the way they rushed at and devoured the food to the last particle. Most of the suffering is among poor children and old people. They go about with a dazed expression of helplessness, and many seem to have gotten beyond caring whether they live or die. It is reported that there is great need in Hebron, also, but what can we do?"

An orphanage which was lately opened has spread its fame through the neighboring villages. Officers send in foundlings from all the surrounding country. Nearly every day soldiers bring in little children. One soldier brought a baby he had found. He had been caring for it himself, feeding it with condensed milk for several days. Another was brought in on a stretcher, who had been found in an old deserted building. Every morning groups of people clamor at the orphanage gate. One widow came with her seven children. Her husband had been killed and she was absolutely without means.

BLINDNESS, total or partial, is frequent in the Orient. Miss Lovell, who has a school for the blind, has had a hard battle to keep her charges alive. With a little borrowed money they procured a very small quantity of lentils and olives and a little wheat, and then the matron and the girls prayed earnestly that God would send some one to help them. The Turkish paper money, which they had in hand when the Moslems evacuated Jerusalem, is now good for nothing. When help came, the scene was touching. The girls started to sing, but their song, which was at first one of pure joy, was soon broken by tears, also of joy, and the relief officers were so touched that they wept with them for sympathy. Finally, one of the girls began a Hallelujah anthem, about those who had been brought out through "great tribulation."

Eleven hundred children are being cared for in the various orphanages, and plans are well under way to greatly increase this number.

Women and children in Jerusalem are now being employed wherever possible in industrial work. There is, however, a serious shortage of sewing thread, which hinders the plan. The Relief Committee is investigating the development of industries, trades to be taught, plants required, staff for management, and funds required to begin. Thus a good deal of helpful preparatory work will be done in anticipation of the arrival of the Red Cross Commission.

A Syrian in New York has received a letter from Jerusalem lately, from a native of Beirut, formerly a student of the Syrian Protestant College, but who managed to escape during the troubles and reached Jerusalem. He writes: "I am surprised today that I am still living to write this letter to my friends and relatives. I am sorry to tell you that your wife died of typhus in April, 1917. About 15,000 died of typhus in Beirut alone. My brother Elias died of the same disease—also many other acquaintances. I wonder if after a year you would be able to find 10,000 men left in Beirut. Hunger, poverty, disease and atrocity of the Turk will hardly leave any men in the city. I am now under the English rule in Jerusalem, and am very happy that I got free."

For War Sufferers in Bible Lands

THE following donations have been received for the destitute in Armenia, Syria and other Bible Lands through the publisher of the "Sabbath School Bode" (Messenger), of Paterson, N. J. The gifts are mostly from the Sunday schools of the Christian Reformed Church of America:

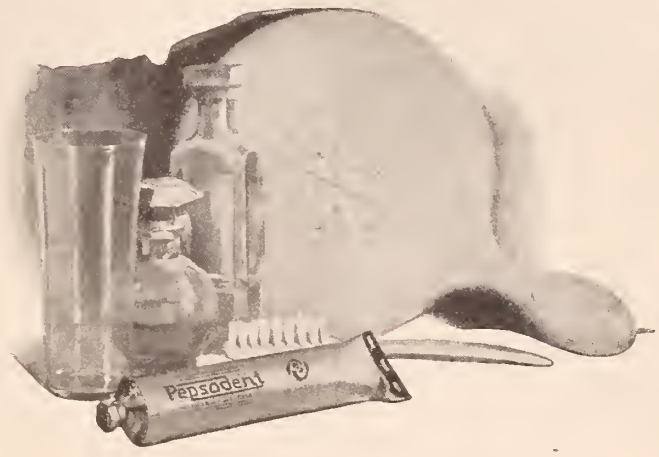
Chr. Ref. Church, Crookston, Minn., $2.50; Cleveland, Ohio, $18; Kalamazoo, Mich., $16.52; Prinsburg, Minn., $75.43; Friend, Hull, Iowa, $1; Pettinga's class, 4th St. Chr. School, Paterson, N. J., $4; Girls 9th and 10th grade, Chr. H. S., Holland, Mich., $15; Chr. Ref. Ch., Eddyville, Iowa, $1.30; Galesburg, Iowa, $11.50; Tracy, Iowa, $11; Elpis, Iowa, $16.15; Luetor, Kan., $60.03; E. Saugatuck, Mich., $7; Classis Pacific, $103.66; Young People's Society, Prinsburg, Minn., $25.50; total, $368.59. Previously remitted to Armenian Committee and acknowledged in the Christian Herald of March 20, $2,766.77; total contributions from the Sabbath School Bode, $3,135.36.

Korean Sunday Schools

THE Koreans are now prepared to work their Sunday school problem in a thorough manner. Much in the way of Bible study has been accomplished during past years. They have had practically the entire congregation in their Bible school, but this fact has prevented intensive work among the children. A missionary puts the matter very directly when he says: "We have had 33 years in Korea now—just one generation. It has been an adult generation. Now comes the generation of children. You know we have always had our church Sunday schools which every one attends, from grandpa down to the babies, but we have not had Sunday schools for the children until recently. Last May we set a man to work to cover the 120 churches of our denomination in this province, and to try to organize children's Sunday schools in every possible church in addition to all we had before. I am not sure of the total that he started, but I think it is over 20. I have over half that many in my own 45 churches, and they are doing well."

Look at Your Teeth In a Week

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



Give Pepsodent a Chance

This is to urge a free one-week test of a new-day dentifrice. Let it prove its own results.

Pepsodent is a scientific dentifrice, based on activated pepsin. Its object is to combat the film, the cause of nearly all tooth troubles.

Able authorities have proved its effects by four years of clinical tests. As a result, Pepsodent is fast supplanting old teeth-cleaning methods. Let a week's use show you why.

All dentists and most people know that brushing teeth in old ways does not save them. Statistics show that tooth troubles have constantly increased.

Teeth brushed twice daily still discolor and decay. Tartar accumulates. Most people over forty suffer pyorrhea.

The trouble is not with the tooth brush. It lies in a film, which the brush alone can't end. Now a way has been found to combat that film, and everyone should know it.

What That Film Does

Your teeth's chief enemy is a slimy film. You can feel it with your tongue. Dentists call it "bacterial plaque."

That film is what discolors—not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth—the cause of decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So nearly all tooth troubles are due to that film. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays and resists the tooth brush. And it forms a ceaseless danger.

That film is albuminous. So Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

Until lately, a pepsin tooth paste seemed impracticable. Pepsin must be activated else it is inert. The usual activator is an acid, harmful to the teeth.

But science has found a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method—used in Pepsodent—makes possible this form of film attack. So Pepsodent is fast displacing the old inefficient cleaners.

Send the coupon for a One-Week tube. Use it like any tooth paste, and watch its effects. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Note how they whiten as the fixed film disappears. The results will not long be in doubt.

After that week, you will not return to old ways, we believe. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT OFF REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Sold by Druggists in Large Tubes

Endorsed by Dentists

(108)

One-Week Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.

Dept. 129, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail One-Week Tube of Pepsodent to

Name .....

Address .....

The Greatest Book of the War

"THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND"

Over Half Million Already Sold

By THE JUNIOR SUB
(Ian Hay)

A war book straight from the trenches, and such a one as only a trained novelist could have written. Graphic, absorbing, full of humor, and with bits of superb character drawing that make the men at the front seem like old friends.

The "Junior Sub," who writes this account of the experiences of some of the first hundred thousand of Kitchener's army is Ian Hay Beith, author of those deservedly popular novels, "The Right Stuff," "A Man's Man," "A Safety Match," and "Happy Go Lucky."

Captain Beith, who was born in 1876 and therefore narrowly came within the age limit for military service, enlisted at the first outbreak of hostilities in the summer of 1914, and was made a sub-lieutenant in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. After training throughout the fall and winter at Aldershot, he accompanied his regiment to the front in April, and, as his narrative discloses, immediately saw some very active service and rapidly rose to the rank of captain. In the offensive of September, Captain Beith's division was badly cut up and seriously reduced in numbers. He was transferred to a machine-gun division, and "for some mysterious reason"—as he characteristically puts it in a letter to his publishers—was recommended for the military cross.

The story of "The First Hundred Thousand" was originally contributed in the form of an anonymous narrative to Blackwood's Magazine. Writing to his publishers last May, Captain Beith describes the circumstances under which it was written:

"I write this from the stone floor of an outhouse, where the pig meal is first accumulated and then boiled up at a particularly smelly French farm, which is saying a good deal. It is a most interesting life, and if I come through the present unpleasantness I shall have enough copy to last me twenty years. Meanwhile I am using Blackwood's Magazine as a safety-valve under a pseudonym."

It is these "safety-valve" papers that are here offered to the American public in their completeness—a picture of the great struggle uniquely rich in graphic human detail.

A perfect facsimile of the copy sold at $1.35, of which hundreds of thousands have been sold.

Special Offer

"The First Hundred Thousand" (postpaid) The Christian Herald, 1 Year..... **$2.50**

The Christian Herald
Bible House, New York, N. Y.

The Measure of a Man

By GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL LUTZ, Author of "The Witness"

CHAPTER VII

JANET dropped the letters in the pocket of her linen skirt and flew back to her post up-stairs, swift and soft as a bird in her going. The sleeper did not awake, and she sat with folded hands and wildly beating heart in the darkened room and tried to think what those letters contained. She dared not read her own lest the rattle of the paper awaken the sleeper, and perhaps arouse her to question. It was exceedingly doubtful whether the doctor would let Mrs. Bruce know of her own letter yet. Janet wondered if hers would give any light on the question. At least now she would be able to communicate with Harley and let him know of his mother's condition.

It seemed hours before the nurse returned and Janet was free to go to her own room and read her letter. She tore open the envelope with trembling fingers. The postmark on both letters was blurred. She could not tell where they had been mailed, and strangely enough there was no address at the top of the letter. It began abruptly:

DEAR JAN: When I went away I didn't know whether I would ever dare to write or see you again. I was so ashamed of the mess mother had made, and so covered with humiliation over the mess I had made of myself, that I wanted to disappear off the face of the earth.

Ever since I came home I had been finding out that I hadn't become the man I had always meant to be at all. Even before mother told me how doubtful you were of my worthiness for your friendship, I felt instinctively that I had disappointed you and it made me very unhappy.

You have always been the greatest girl on earth to me, Jan! There never has been any other! All these years we have been separated I've been waiting for the time to come when I might come home and tell you of my great love for you. When I saw you I knew that I had not half realized how wonderful you were! It made me begin to look myself over and see whether I was worthy of you. I'd never thought about myself that way before, conceited cad that I was! I'd always meant to be worthy of you, of course. It never occurred to me that I was falling short.

But I've come face to face with myself at last, and I know what a rank, rotten, lazy parasite I've been! I tell you, Jan, things looked pretty black to me that night after mother told me what she'd said to you, and what you'd said to her. I didn't blame you! Not an instant! It was just the way you ought to feel! It was the way I felt about myself then. I hated myself and all that I had ever done; and when I realized what my mother had said to you, who are the purest being in all the world, and the most wonderful,—I wanted to go and kill myself, seeing she was my mother, and a woman, and I might not punish her for the insults she had heaped upon you. I seemed crushed under the thought that *my mother* had done such a thing to you!

At first it seemed that there was nothing, *nothing* that I could do, and that I could never look you in the face again. Gradually, before morning came, I realized that there was just one thing I could do, and that was to stop living on my mother's bounty, and be no longer bound to live the idle, lazy life, among uncongenial companions of her choosing, that she insisted upon. So long as I was accepting the generous allowance she had given me since I came of age, I could not of course refuse to do as she wished. It has galled me for a long time, and my coming to Springdale this summer was a feeble attempt to throw off the yoke and be a man. But I saw that night how far I had fallen short of the true measure of a man, and I saw there was nothing to do but go away at once and try to see if I could make a man of myself.

It was almost light when I made this decision and I took my hat and slipped out of the house without anybody knowing. I walked down the street past your house, and then I couldn't stand it to leave that way so I vaulted over the hedge and went over to the hammock under the pines where it was all dark. Perhaps you will think me an awful fool, but I lifted up the pillow on your end where you used to sit when we read together, and kissed the dear old couch for good-by. If I never came back you would not know. I went and stood under your window in the group of lilac bushes and looked up. I prayed that God would keep you, and make me worthy to come back and tell my love to you some day. Then I struck out across country.

I knew just where I was going. I'd had it in mind some months, ever since our country got in war, in fact; but mother made such a row about it that I weakly gave in, though I knew I was a rotten slacker for doing it. I'd been lying around living on my mother's money when God and my country had been calling me to duty! I'm a man twenty-four years old, and I've been acting like a child! I've been letting other people decide big questions for me when I ought to have been following the voice of my own conscience! I'll admit that you and Mother Gray would make pretty good consciences for any fellow, but I suddenly knew that even if you and she should try to persuade me to give up what I was going to do, that I would have to do it anyway, because an inner voice had spoken and I must follow where it led. Besides, I knew in my heart that you both would think I was doing right.

Jan, I want you to know that I haven't drawn another dollar of my allowance since I left home, and I don't intend to.

I went straight to the recruiting station when I got to the city and signed up. I didn't want to try for any snug job. I wanted to begin at the bottom and see what I had in me. Well, if I can find out anywhere in the world I guess it's here, Jan. I was examined in a few days and sent to camp; and at first it was something awful! There were all sorts! Mostly foreigners, and some of them weren't fit to have around, before they got them sorted out. I saw more of the seamy side of what life can be in the first twenty-four hours in camp than I've seen before in all my twenty-four years, and it's worse than all you read about it, Jan. But I'm glad I came. I'm up against a tough proposition, and that's what I needed. There's that about the life here that's bound to make a man think. One has to be either better or worse for coming. With God's help I mean to be better. There's every chance here to go to the devil if you choose, but *I don't choose!* I mean to come out of this a man or—not come out! Men talk of this being a Holy War. You don't see much of the 'holy' part in camp, I tell you; but I believe a man can make it a holy war if he will. Already I've felt the longing to try to help some of these poor guys. They're lonesome and homesick and don't know what to do with their idle time; and always before them is the black, uncertain future. Jan, I'm not going to forget God. I'm going to try to help some other fellows find him if I haven't forgotten how. Tell Mother Gray that, please!

We're in the ambulance corps, and we've got a peach of a young captain. He's a medical student, and he certainly is a prince! He tells us he thanks God every day that his work is to help men, and not to kill them. Our work will be right at the front, working from the firing-line to the trenches. I'm glad it's so. I don't want to shirk. We have things better now than at first. There are some dandy fellows in the bunch in our corner of the barracks, a bacteriologist, a theological student, a lot of medical students, two law students and a teacher. We're working hard and trying to keep cheerful; but some times, Jan, when the lights are out at half past ten and we are in our bunks and all is quiet, one thinks of home and it gets almost too much to bear, especially for a fellow who knows he hasn't been all he might have been while he was at home.

But training-camp life is almost over for me. Word has gone forth that we are to sail in a few days now; we are not sure just when. We are to go up to the camp near the city tomorrow, and be there ready for orders. After that it will be only a question of hours when we leave. That is the reason why I am writing, Jan. I want you to know where I am gone, and to ask you to pray for me that I may be a man through whatever is before me. It would be wonderful if I could have had a letter from you before I left, and could have said good-by face to face, but I've thought it all over and decided I have no right to ask that. Besides, it would be terrible to wait and hope and then not get any; and be thinking through it all that perhaps you could not forgive, and overlook what has happened. So I'm not going to send you my address now. It's better so. I deserve it. It's the first step in my own self-discipline.

If I come back I'm coming straight to you, Jan, and lay my great love at your feet and ask you to marry me; for all that I am doing is done for you and God, and I carry your beautiful image in my heart to be my guardian angel.

My darling, good-by, until I can come back a man. Your unworthy friend,

HARLEY EVERETT BRUCE.

WITH thrilling heart and eyes that brimmed with tears Janet finished her wonderful letter. She read it over again, and then pressed it to her lips and kissed it again and again. Slipping to her knees beside her bed she knelt so with her lips on the letter and silently prayed. She knew now why her soul had been filled with anguish since Harley had gone away. She knew now why she had been so distressed at any evidence that he was not all she had hoped he was. She loved him! And, wonder of wonders, he loved her! Had loved her all the years! And now she saw that there never had been a time when she had not loved Harley Bruce, and that always her soul had been waiting for him. That nothing else but his love could have satisfied.

And over all the joy of her soul there rang a shout of gladness, like a grand sweet song, that Harley was a *man!* He was worthy, of her deepest love! He had proved it by this step which he had taken! Nothing could now shake that conviction. Separation, War, Peril, even Death might come. She saw their shadows hovering near. She knew that the pain of their approach was only held in abeyance by the sweetness of this first wonder of Harley's love. Yet, come what might, they could never take this from her, that *he whom she loved was a man*, and had cast everything else aside to answer the call of God; to go to prove himself against the foe of freedom.

By-and-by she heard the gate click and roused to action. There were things to be done, and she must not linger here now. There would be a long time to linger and think by-and-by, not now.

SHE glanced from the window. Her mother and the doctor were coming up the walk. She must ask the doctor about Mrs. Bruce's letter. Quickly bathing her face and smoothing her hair, she hurried down to meet them as they lingered talking in low tones in the hall.

"She will be able to go away in a week or so now, I think," said the doctor. "It is strange we do not hear from the son. But she does not seem to fret much about him."

"No," said Mrs. Grayson, "I don't think they have ever been very close to one another. You know, they have been separated for long periods at a time."

"Yes, I know," said the doctor, "Seems strange, doesn't it? He's a fine fellow. I should think she would be proud of him. But a woman like that is not fit to bring up a boy. I guess you've been more than half mother to Harley."

Janet stepped up to her mother with the letter.

"Mother," she said, "what shall we do about this? Here is a letter from Harley to Mrs. Bruce. It came this afternoon. Shall we give it to her?"

The doctor took it and looked speculatively at the postmark:

"H'm!" he said significantly.

"That's what I thought! That's the Y. M. C. A. envelope. He's enlisted! Well, he's got more pep than I thought he had! Good for him! I guess you'll have to let her have it, Jan. She's out of danger, and it can't do her much harm. She may take it hard at first, but I doubt it. And anyhow, we can't take the responsibility of opening it, she is so near well. You can't tell how soon he may be going over. She'll have to know. Take it up, Jan, and offer to read it to her if she's awake. I'll hover around the door and see how she takes it."

WITH cheeks like roses and eyes like stars Janet went swiftly up to the guest room. She could hear the sick woman's voice in querulous complaint. She was awake. Lightly she stepped inside the door and stood beside the bed. Her voice was very gentle when she spoke.

Continued on page 586

Across the Seas They Call

Across the seas from every war-torn nation in the Allied cause there comes the call for Red Cross help.

It comes from soldiers who have grimly faced the gleaming bayonet steel and poison gas and screaming shells, and who now lie with parching throats and throbbing wounds.

It comes from soldiers sick with fever, pneumonia, tuberculosis.

It comes from soldiers crippled, mutilated, blinded, who can no longer fight and must be taught and trained for useful occupations.

It comes from the unfed, shivering, helpless prisoners in the German prison camps.

It comes from little children, orphaned, homeless, slowly starving day by day, by tens and tens of thousands, in the hell-blasted, German-conquered districts where Hohenzollern ruthlessness has spread the blackest pall of human desolation the world has ever witnessed.

It comes from mothers in the pillaged zones of war whose hearts and souls have been made numb with horror.

From all these millions of suffering human beings, not only in Belgium and France but also in Serbia and Roumania and Armenia, in Italy and Greece, there comes across the seas the call for help—help that because of the frightful burdens placed upon our Allies *can not be given unless it be provided by the American Red Cross.*

To you, to every patriotic home, to every loyal heart in all America, an appeal will soon be made for funds to carry on this work, to carry succor to the stricken "over there," and to stand behind our own brave boys.

And when that appeal is made, every loyal, generous-hearted man and woman and child who breathes the air of freedom in America will be ready—ready to sacrifice petty comforts and luxuries, ready to sacrifice even the *necessities of life*, in order to have a worthy share in this most merciful of causes.

Every dollar, and *ALL* of every dollar, contributed to the Red Cross War Funds is spent for *WAR RELIEF*, and spent under the careful supervision of experienced, capable business men. All administration expense of Red Cross work for other than War purposes (such as the Halifax and Guatemala disasters) are taken care of out of membership dues, and the interest which accrues from the banking of the War Fund has made actually available for War Relief at least one dollar and two cents for every dollar contributed.

This Space Contributed for the Winning of the War by

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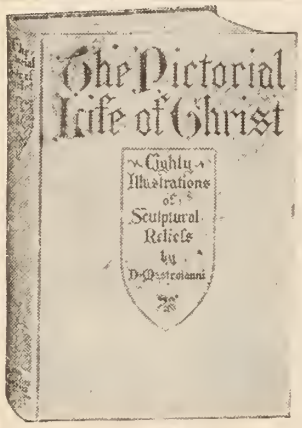

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EIGHTY magnificent sculptural illustrations by the famous Italian master-sculptor, Domenico Mastroianni, who has "imbibed the very spirit of the Holy Land." In his scenes, every figure stands out with vivid distinctness and almost startling clearness of detail. The characters, postures, and surroundings are those of Nazareth and Jerusalem. We see the Saviour himself—a commanding figure of royal dignity blended with divine pity, yet withal intensely human—"in all things as we are."

In simple, attractive language, the story of the life of Jesus is told by the Rev. Ira S. Dodd, who has adhered faithfully to the narrative in the Gospels.

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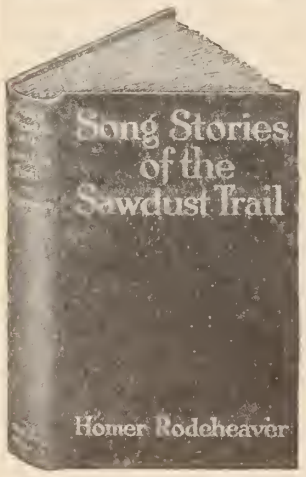

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CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

The Measure of a Man

Continued from page 584

"Mrs. Bruce, a letter has come with Harley's handwriting. Would you like me to read it to you, or would you rather wait until you are allowed to read it for yourself?"

Mrs. Bruce caught her breath in the midst of another plaint and seemed to fix her attention from beneath her compress with the curious habit of the blind.

"You may read it!" she said briefly.

Janet opened it and read, her voice trembling just the slightest as she voiced Harley's words to his mother:

DEAR MOTHER: I know that you will not be pleased with the news that I have for you, and I am very sorry to annoy you: but the time has come when I must do what I think is right. I have enlisted in the Ambulance Corps and am about to be sent to France. We shall be here for a few days yet, probably not more than three or four, and if you wish to send me any word you can do so at the address below. I shall endeavor to do honor to my father's name, and hope you will not have cause to be ashamed of me. Your son,

HARLEY EVERETT BRUCE.

There was silence in the room for a space after Janet had finished reading the letter and folded it with tender trembling fingers. Then the mother's voice spoke from the bandages with querulous contempt:

"Poor fool!"

Janet's lips shut hard in a thin angry line, and the lights in her sweet eyes fairly blazed. To say this of her own son, who was so nobly rising to his country's call! And she had been pitying the mother a moment since that she had merited but this brief note from her only child! Janet hesitated before she spoke. It would not do to argue with a woman who had just escaped from death.

"Mrs. Bruce," she asked gently, "do you want us to send for your son before he sails? They will probably give him a furlough to see his mother when they know how ill you have been."

THERE was a long silence. At last the woman answered:

"No, I believe not. Harley and I never agreed! We shouldn't agree any more now that he has done this absurd thing! I hate uniforms! They make me shudder; they are so gruesome! No, I don't think I should care to see him in one. It is so unnecessary! And besides, I wouldn't want him to see me such a fright all done up like a mummy!"

Janet stood aghast before such a state of mind. She hesitated.

"But, wouldn't you like to send him a message?" she asked gently. There were tears in her eyes. Tears for the motherless son whom she loved.

"Oh, yes!" answered the woman carelessly, "Tell him his allowance will go on just the same, and be put in the bank. When he gets over his romantic escapade and wants to come back it will be there!"

Janet, wordless with indignation, walked quietly from the room. Down stairs she told the doctor and her mother what had occurred.

"H'm!" said the old doctor, putting back a bottle into his case. "I fancy this won't be needed. I rather suspected as much. Didn't do much good for her to be tried by fire! Didn't leave enough pure metal even to silver-plate her poor little soul! I don't know why such women are in the world!"

When the doctor was gone Janet drew her mother into her own room and handed her Harley's letter.

"I've had a letter from Harley, too, mother," she said tensely; "and, mother, I've got to go and bid him good-by!"

Her mother looked in her eyes understandingly, and with a light of utmost sympathy in her face began to read the letter.

JANET waited, looking out the window, until her mother had finished the last page. Then she turned swiftly and went over to her.

"Mother!" she said earnestly, "I *must* go!"

Mrs. Grayson looked up through a beautiful mist that had suffused her eyes, and smiled.

"Of course, dear!" she assented at once. "We will start on the early train in the morning. The full address was in Mrs. Bruce's letter, was it not? Then we shall have no trouble in finding him."

Suddenly she stood up, put her arms about the girl and kissed her:

"My darling!" she whispered; "to think joy and sorrow should have come to you together so!"

"It is *all joy*, mother!" said Janet, lifting her head high.

"That's right, dear! I'm proud of you. Now run down and telephone Aunt Nan and see if she and your uncle can arrange to come over in the morning and stay till our return. Ask Hannah to press out your blue crêpe de chine. I noticed it was wrinkled the last time you had it on. And then you'd better pack the suitcase. I'll have all I can to do to get ready to leave the house."

"You dear mother!" exclaimed Janet ecstatically. "You never fail me, do you!" And with a hug and a kiss she was off to prepare for the journey.

Late that evening, when everything was done and no one about to notice her, Janet slipped silently from the house and stole to the hammock underneath the pines. Softly she lifted the pillow at one end and put her lips shyly down on the old canvas cushion. Then she slipped quietly back to her room again with an exalted look upon her face.

To be concluded next week

The Bible in Our Greatest Port

WHEN it is remembered that the sales of the Bible far exceed those of the "six best sellers," and that its distribution is pushed by all sorts of agencies, from the churches to incorporated societies and private individuals, it seems strange that there should be such a thing as a home without a Bible. In New York City especially many newly arrived immigrants had never seen a Bible until they met the agent of the New York Bible Society at Ellis Island. What is done for these immigrants and for our soldiers who will carry the Bible with them will influence multitudes not only in our country but throughout the world. To perform this work the first New York Bible Society was founded in 1809.

During the war of 1812 this Bible Society performed the same patriotic service in distributing Bibles to the United States troops as is performed today by the society which succeeded it, and which bears the same name. This is attested by the annual report of 1814, in which it is recorded that Bibles were given to "troops at Harlem, at Staten Island and on armed vessels," and were also "sent on board ships for gratuitous distribution among their crews." During the Civil War the society distributed to the soldiers 273,194 copies of the Scriptures.

In the Spanish-American War more than 11,000 Books were distributed to New York troops. In 1916 more than 12,000 Scriptures were given to the men who went from New York to the Mexican border.

In the present war the society has thus far distributed 150,000 volumes to the soldiers, and 300,000 portions are being printed. These are bound in khaki-colored cloth, are lettered on the outside, "Active Service Testament," and contain a message to the soldiers from Colonel Roosevelt and one from General Pershing.

The regular work of the society, under the secretaryship of Rev. George William Carter, has three departments—City, Immigration and Marine. The distribution the past year totals 469,317 volumes. Of this number the City Department distributed to the poor in all languages 433,235; to the immigrants were given 19,857; and to the sailors 16,225. These numbers include Bibles, Testaments and Gospel portions.

Marion Harland's Corner

Concerning Certain Cereals

As might have been anticipated, the first queries brought to my desk, after the Corner was opened officially, have to do with what one distraught housewife calls a "glut of cereals," consequent upon the "hold up" in wheaten flour. A woman, whose work among the poor and in settlement-houses has won for her a national reputation, thus stated the case in a personal interview:

The cupboard shelves of these poor souls literally groan under the weight of packages of what one described to me as "dry stuffs." They must buy with every pound of flour one of rice, barley, oatmeal or cornmeal. Most of them do not know how to cook these properly, and look upon them as hardly better than rubbish. Now, every educated person knows that they are highly nutritious, and that they may be made palatable in skilful hands. You will be doing hundreds of women a real kindness by telling them of different ways of preparing these "dry stuffs," which will make them acceptable at family meals. Why, nine-tenths of them do not know how to boil rice properly! They serve it up as a sort of grayish paste, unpleasant alike to the eye and taste. One told me that she "thought rice was only fit for sick folks and babies, and poor stuff at that." Can you help them to clear their shelves and nourish their families?

Fellow housewives who know the value of rice as a vegetable and a sweet; how relishful are combinations of this our most useful cereal, with meat, tomatoes, cheese, etc., will not find fault with me for devoting a share of our allotted space today to answering our settlement worker's request. She speaks within bounds in saying that an immense percentage of cooks do not know how to boil rice. Who of us has not shuddered away from the gluey paste she describes? Will readers bear with me while I tell, as briefly as is compatible with the importance of the case, of the one and only right way of cooking rice plain as a breakfast cereal, or a toothsome vegetable to accompany a meat course at dinner?

Plain Boiled Rice

Bring a quart and a pint of water, slightly salted, to a fast boil and drop into it half a cupful of raw rice already picked over, washed and drained. Boil *hard* for twenty minutes before taking out a grain and biting it to make sure it is tender. If it be soft, drain off every drop of water and set the pot, uncovered, at the back of the range for two minutes to dry off; then turn out carefully into a heated vegetable dish. *No spoon should touch the rice while in cooking.* Every grain should be whole and separate from the rest. Shake the saucepan up and down three times while the rice is boiling, to loosen the grains from the side of the vessel. Eat hot, seasoning with salt and pepper. It is delicious eaten with cream for breakfast, or with a simple custard as a plain dessert and with gravy in the meat course.

Take pains to prepare rice in this way once, and you will never speak slightingly of it again.

Rice and Cheese Pudding

This is a good substitute for meat on days when flesh foods are forbidden.

Boil a cupful of rice as directed in last recipe, using a quart and a pint of boiling salted water, then proceeding as with the plainer dish. Drain well, and stir into it with a fork, so as not to break the grains, a tablespoonful of butter (or a substitute for butter), the yolk of one egg beaten into six tablespoonfuls of milk, and three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Turn into a well-greased mold and set in a bake-pan of hot water to cook, covered closely for an hour. Then uncover, and brown lightly. Dip the mold into cold water to loosen the contents, and turn out upon a hot dish. It is particularly nice if served with a rich tomato sauce, poured like gravy upon each portion after cutting the pudding into slices.

This is a dish which every "plain cook" flatters herself that she can make. It is not ten years since the mistress of one household, where "good living" was established a half-century back, learned of a refining touch that lends daintiness to a homely sweet.

Eggless Rice Pudding as a Dessert

Wash, pick over and drain a scant cupful of raw rice, and turn into a rather deep pudding dish. Scatter over it four tablespoonfuls of sugar and a saltspoonful of salt, together with one of mixed ground spices. Lastly, pour over all a quart and a cupful of sweet milk, and set in a shallow pan of cold water. Cover the pudding and put into the oven. See to it that the water in outer pan does not boil away. At the end of half-an-hour, peep at the pudding, and should it be hot, stir up from the bottom with half-a-dozen strokes of the big spoon. Repeat this at the end of an hour, and again fifteen minutes before the pudding is fully done. Serve hot or cold, as you may prefer. If cold, set on the ice until needed.

The triple stirring from the bottom of the dish adds far more to the excellence of the dish than one might suppose.

The "glut of cereals" may be further abated by making up your mind from the first that you *will use* them, and to advantage. For—and this should lead the resolutions in force—you are serving your country and your fellow-creatures by doing this. Every American woman who is not incorrigibly stupid and wilfully "set" in her ignorance, knows by now that each barrel of wheaten flour we can save in this country goes overseas to feed the men who are fighting for our rights, our liberty and our lives. Cornmeal does not bear transportation so well, and there are other reasons why the armies must have wheaten flour. Says the Best of Books: "If the iron be blunt a man must lay to it more strength." If your stock of provisions has been curtailed in quantity and deteriorated in quality, you must bring culinary skill to bear upon the duty of feeding your family. Study what to do with "left-overs" after resigning yourself to the "left-outs."

Make it a point of honor no less than of duty, to abstain from the use of whatever you can do without, and to bring conscience and ingenuity to bear upon what is hardly less obligatory upon conscience—to reconcile John and the children to what you have done.

We hope to give you many illustrations of this new line of duty. For the present we content ourselves with one.

In planning meals for today, you have come upon a cupful of boiled rice left over from yesterday and, of course, carefully set aside in the refrigerator. You had arranged to have creamed chipped beef for supper—or by whatever name you dignify the heaviest meal of the day. With baked potatoes and a cup of coffee, and for dessert, canned peaches, husband and boys must be satisfied. With brown bread and butter as a filler, of course. You would like to surprise them by tickling their appetites with something really "nice."

Try this recipe, warranted good by those who have brought it into active use once and again, when confronted by the cold boiled cereal:

Rice and Cornmeal Muffins

Half-cupful of cold boiled rice (or hominy); half-cup of cornmeal; three-quarters of a cup of milk; half tablespoonful of shortening; one egg; one teaspoonful of baking-powder; a pinch of salt, and a level teaspoonful of fine sugar.

Beat the melted shortening into the rice with a fork; next stir in the milk; add the meal sifted twice with the salt, the sugar and baking-powder. Last of all, add the egg whipped *very* light. Bake in greased muffin-tins and eat while hot. They are very good, eaten with syrup or honey.

The "more strength" comes in here, as in all kinds of cookery, in strict observance of rules. The egg must be whipped very light; the mixing of all the ingredients must be thorough. Don't fall into the fatal blunder of tossing together second-best materials in a slap-dash, slovenly way because they are cheap.

Puffed Rice Dishes for Lilac Time

About lilac time the demand for Puffed Rice reaches zenith. Don't miss it for a day.

Every dish of berries calls for these crisp, flaky bubbles. Without them it's like shortcake minus crust.

Mix With Berries

Every bowl of milk, at noon or night, needs these airy, toasted globules. Nothing else has half of their delights.

Just Grain Puffs—Nothing Added

Puffed Grains are so flavory, so enticing, that they hardly seem like grain foods. But they are.

Puffed Rice is simply whole rice steam-exploded—puffed to eight times normal size. Its flavor is due to a fearful heat—its flimsiness to puffing.

It means a whole-grain food, easily digestible. Every food cell is exploded.

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Puffed Rice **Corn Puffs** **Puffed Wheat**

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Garnish ice cream with Puffed Grains. Use them in candy making. They taste like bubbled nut meats.

Use them as wafers in soups.

They are more than breakfast dainties — more than milkdish crispies. Enjoy all their delights.

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(1899)

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Jesus Exercising Kingly Authority

International Sunday School Lesson for May 19
Mark 11:1-33

Christ the Lord of Our Lives

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

THE Triumphal Entry is a scene dear to Christian hearts because for once at least the Christ we have learned to love was welcomed and honored. For one short afternoon he was the center of an enthusiasm that his character and services had fully justified. Just for once he allowed the homage due a king to be paid to him. He not only permitted but actually encouraged the proclamation of his Messiahship.

He encourages the formation of the little procession with its symbolic fulfilment of Zechariah's prediction of the lowly and peaceful king. He allows the cheering Galileans to escort him with the honors reserved for royalty. He declares his Messiahship openly—but he still holds to its purely spiritual meaning. He knows himself able to withstand any attempt to give it political and national meaning. He sees clearly that in this way he can leave the strongest possible impression of the nature of his Kingdom.

The People Who Watched the King

A close study of the Gospels convinces us that it was chiefly "the multitude of the disciples" who made up the triumphal procession. With them were other pilgrims from Galilee going up to the feast. The Orient loves pageantry and excitement, and we read that "all the city was stirred." Few of the people of Jerusalem knew much about him. But now they heard, "This is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth." The angry priests and scribes knew well who it was, and the present enthusiasm was just the sort of thing they had feared. They made known their objections, they announced their disapproval.

All this reminds us that "this thing was not done in a corner." The incidents of Palm Sunday were productive of much publicity and furnished the basis for Peter's Pentecost appeal later. It was necessary for all the people to be brought face to face with the Son of Man. The Gospel with all its messages of universal importance needed then, and needs still, to be brought out and advertised before the world.

The Searching Glance of the Christ

There seems to have been something piercing and unforgetable in the Master's look. On several pages of the Gospel we see its potency, and its effects are recorded. Before that glance the temple police flinched and fell back. At a look from Jesus' eyes Peter remembered his professions of loyalty and wept bitterly. With what heavenly compassion he viewed the needy multitudes. Here we read that he entered the city and the temple and "looked around about upon all things." We wonder what things they were that impressed him most.

What would he most carefully notice with approval or disapproval in *our* cities? What would he think of the vile drinking-places that still disfigure most of them? We can but wonder how he would view our factories and stores, our stock-exchanges and our courts. Surely it is a proper and worthy study for Christian men and women to seek to estimate from Christ's point of view our complex centers of population. The City Mission Society, the Welfare League, and all the other agencies of municipal well-being are rightly within the view of the Church, whose Master's eyes searched Jerusalem.

And what of our temples too? For he seems to have sought eagerly in the Church of his day to find, if he could, some adequate conception of her task, some evidence of her power in the doing of her appointed work. He seems to have been greatly disappointed then. We wonder if he is disappointed still. Ask yourself, ask your class of boys and girls, men and women, to look around about on all things in your church and see what Jesus would censure or commend. What are we doing for God and for man?

The Barren Fig Tree

THE tree without fruit came under that searching glance the very next day. It was in full leaf, the fig-tree's sign of fruitage, but in spite of its outward show it had produced nothing. To Jesus it was the veritable emblem of that temple he had visited and of that religious system with which he had already clashed. So he speaks before his friends of the curse of God upon hypocrisy and false pretense by dooming the tree to continued fruitlessness. It is an acted parable. Its application to the priesthood was patent to them all.

What a sad and dreadful emblem for a church! A barren fig-tree! For Jesus applied to institutions as well as to individuals the pragmatic test: "By their fruits ye shall know them." The test of a church is the kind of people it is producing. Our Christian churches are barren fig-trees unless they are increasing the sum of human goodness in the world. Their proper fruits are Christ-like men and women, who shall be as lights in the world. If they produce insincere or unhelpful people they have failed. If they produce nothing, have no effect whatever on the masses, they have more than failed. The question has been raised, What think ye?

It seems to us that with all their shortcomings the churches have not failed, because they have sent forth into the world men of the missionary spirit, they have furnished the inspiration of manifold good works, they furnish at this crisis the men and women for the Red Cross, the Young Men's Christian Association and all the multitude of unselfish organized agencies of helpfulness to a needy and distressed generation. Without the Church, would not the dark hour of international strife and hatred be blacker and more hopeless than now?

Christ the Reformer

In the cleansing of the temple we see Christ as the typical reformer, remedying abuses in the conduct of the house of God. He was very angry to see the courts open to money-making and questionable practices which should have been the place of a pure worship, free from any taint of selfishness, and a real invitation to the seeking souls of men. All nations were to be welcome here for contact with the Divine Spirit. Instead was an atmosphere of the marketplace, that put each visitor on his guard against petty exactions. No wonder he was indignant. He felt as his follower, Luther, felt fifteen centuries later, when the priests made the Christian doctrine of forgiveness a source of revenue to a corrupt hierarchy. Each saw the sin of trafficking in holy things, in making merchandise of the hunger of souls for peace with God. Surely there can be nothing more offensive to God than the commercializing of religion.

Such was the majesty of His presence, or the guilt of his adversaries, that they fled before him. The multitudes must have been profoundly impressed. Then it was that the chief priests sought how they might destroy him. Their vested interests were at stake, their profits from this wretched business were menaced. They had only murmured at his scathing indictments so long as they were confined to speeches. When they saw he really intended to do something they plotted to kill him.

The men of Christ's own heart, who have cried out against religious tyranny, who have declared plainly against priestcraft, against formalism, have ever met with the same venomous hatred, the same determination to put them to death. But whenever conditions have degenerated into anything resembling what Christ then

saw, there have not been wanting the reformers, the lovers of truth and right, to dare to challenge the false leaders and to speak fearlessly for God. We need them still, these Christians who cannot be silent where little children are abused, where religion is travestied, or where the doctrine that might makes right is preached once more.

God gave us angry men in every age,
Men with indignant hearts at sight of wrong.

Christ's Authority

So at length these chief priests and scribes venture to challenge him in the very temple courts and ask by what right, by what authority he has done these things. Like all externalists, they were always looking for credentials. Besides he seemed so confident, that they were a bit afraid that he might have some authorization unknown to them. "Who gave thee this authority?"

Now, Jesus well knew how they would scoff at any assertion of direct authority from the Almighty. They did not recognize the authority of truth and right. What they recognized was the laying on of hands. The issuance of royal edicts, and the declarations of earthly courts. So Jesus did not answer directly but asked them what they thought of the baptism of John—whether it was divinely authorized or was it human arrogance and folly on his part. Of course, he was prepared to say that if they acknowledged John, his own authority was from the same unseen and spiritual source. But they had refused to believe John. On the other hand, they were afraid to deny John's ministry, because the people held him to be a prophet. So they pretended that they did not know. Jesus replied that since they did not know how to decide, he certainly could not submit his authority to their incompetent tribunal. "Neither tell I you." They had confessed their inability to deal with the question.

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign;
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

Like the pilgrims on the Jerusalem road, we have acclaimed Jesus as our Lord, the fulfilment of God's promises to our fathers, the ideal of our souls. We acknowledge his divine authority, the authority of perfect righteousness and purity. Shall we not see to it, now, that we place all that we have and all that we are at his disposal? Shall we make ready the temple for his coming, seeing to it that at least his Church is holy and void of offense in his sight? Shall we not take our message out into the city, the nation and the world, that he who is Lord of our lives may speedily become Lord of all lives, that the kingdoms of this world may become the Kingdom of our God and of his Christ?

Sunday School Methods

By FRANK L. BROWN

Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

How a Class of Sixteen-Year-Olds Succeeded

IN the Bushwick Avenue Central M. E. Sunday School of Brooklyn, the sixteen-year-old scholars are given special attention. Two large groups are made of these, one of boys and one of girls, in the last year of the Intermediate Departments. They are called the "Advanced Inter M. Class."

The teacher of the class, Miss Maybelle Bosse is a comparatively young woman. She has one associate, Miss Ethel Cochrane, and in the class are forty girls of that impulsive, altruistic age when the dangers are so great and the possibilities just as great.

To promote good attendance the class was divided for a time into two sides—the Reds and the Blues—each side selecting a Captain, the idea being to see which side for, say six months, should have the best attendance record, the winning side to be entertained in some manner. Everyone takes part in the lessons. Instead of using the graded lesson, the class has been making a general study of the New Testament. They started with the Book of Matthew, taking sometimes one, sometimes two, sometimes three chapters a week. They learned to know in what Chapter to look for the Beatitudes, Lord's Prayer, Baptism of Christ, Birth of Christ, Temptations, etc., and after completing the twenty-eight Chapters, a test was given on the following questions; covering also a few outside items.

1. Quote five verses from the Book of Matthew.
2. (a) Name the twelve disciples.
   (b) In what Chapter are these found?
3. (a) How many books in the Bible?
   How many books in the Old Testament?
   How many books in the New Testament?
4. (a) How many Chapters in the Book of Matthew?
   (b) Name the books of the New Testament.
   (b) Quote key verse of Matthew and tell where found.
5. Quote the Apostles' Creed.
6. Where are the Ten Commandments found in the Old Testament?
7. (a) How many times did Satan tempt Christ?
   (b) In what Chapter is this found?
   (c) Name the temptations.
8. In what Chapter does the Lord's Prayer appear?
9. Quote the Beatitudes in order. Tell where found.
10. What are the last two verses in the Book of Matthew?

On the first Sunday of the year, the teacher asked the girls to make two New Year resolutions. One of them was to bow the head every time a prayer was announced, and to keep it bowed and to follow the prayer, not simply in Sunday school, but everywhere. And now on Sunday, when the Superintendent mentions the prayer, every head goes down immediately.

Then a resolution was made to be real "Pollyannas" this year—to try to find something to be glad about, no matter what happened. And later this class took as their name "The Pollyannas," and trying to live up to it in every sense of the word. The class is organized and meets monthly. Absentees are visited by the Membership Committee and the Mercy and Help Committee has visited the sick and distributed flowers. They also have a "Book a Month Club," in charge of a class librarian. Each girl brought a book at the start, and at the monthly meeting, books are exchanged. At the end, the books will be returned to their owners.

The new plans include a "Mothers' Social," a plan to get the mothers all acquainted; a "Sunshine Tea," and the making of home-made candy for an Easter Sale to provide funds for the department. A Bible Alphabetical Verse Contest has been started, the first Sunday being a verse beginning with the letter A, and going on Sunday by Sunday until W is reached.

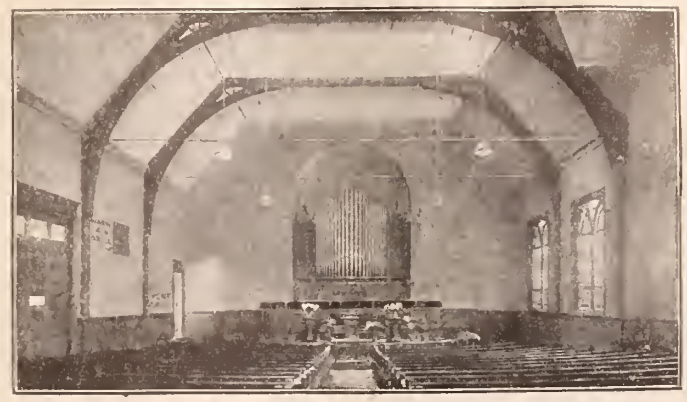
Young people do not drop out of the Sunday school under such a program. They are held so well that two hundred are annually added to the membership of this Church from the Sunday school.

Among the Workers

THE Committee of Reference and Counsel, representing the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, has invited Mr. E. P. Turner to act as its secretary. This arrangement does not alter Mr. Turner's relation to the Student Volunteer Movement, of which he is general secretary.

DID any one ever hear of a poor farm or a correctional farm that practically paid its way? Of course they exist, but nearly always the farming seems a sort of side issue that is almost never profitable, and the inmates, left largely to their own devices, seem to rust into fixed positions from which it is difficult if not impossible to dislodge them. The Kansas City Municipal Farm, for misdemeanants, is one of the most interesting exceptions to the rule of non-profitable correctional farms. With an average population of 300 last year, it cost the public only $2 per inmate to operate. There are 201 acres, from which last year $12,000 worth of products were harvested.

THE National Conference of Social Work meets in Kansas City, Mo., under the presidency of Robert A. Woods, head of South End House, Boston, May 15-23. Prominent social workers will take up such subjects as the problem of Society in Its Relation to Children, Delinquency and Correction, Health, Public Agencies and Institutions, The Family, Industrial and Economic Problems, The Local Community, Mental Hygiene (with a paper on War Neuroses from Shell Shock after the War), Organization of Social Forces, Social Problems of the War and Reconstruction. The Conference sermon this year will be in the nature of a symposium on the Relation of the Church to Social Work, and the speakers will be representatives of the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish faiths. William T. Cross, 315 Plymouth Court, Chicago, is the secretary of the Conference.



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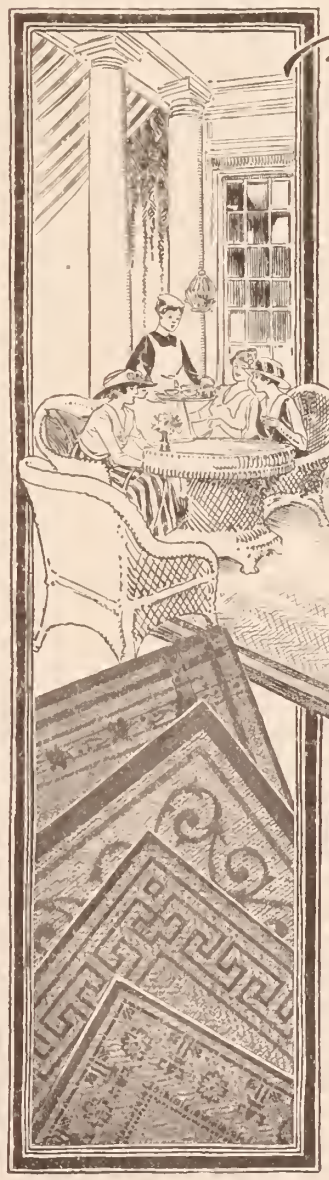

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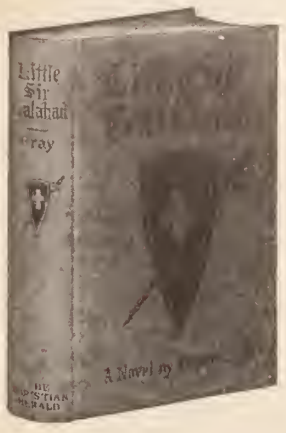

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The War Side of the Red Cross

THE Military Affairs Department of the American Red Cross had, up to January 1, served in its canteens at its front 700,000 rations, and was then giving, at 15 cents, hearty hot meals to 20,000 men each day. It controls three and subsidizes ten metropolitan canteens, at which 2,983,277 meals were served to soldiers in the last four months of 1917. It is expected that the work will be doubled in the next six months.

The Medical Division of the Department has three hospitals. One at Neuilly has between 500 and 600 beds, a dental clinic, an ambulance system which serves all the hospitals in Paris, and a train which runs to the front and brings back the wounded, and which is equipped with hospital cars for emergency operations. A second hospital, with 300 beds, contains a research laboratory, where are made valuable records for the benefit of the medical profession. Hospital No. 3 was formerly known as the Reid Hospital and was given to the Red Cross by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who now pays practically all the expense. It is a small hospital of eighty beds, and is used for the U. S. Army officers and Red Cross personnel. The department also assists five other hospitals in other cities.

A dispensary service has been created by the Red Cross at Neufchateau, which ministers to the French civil population, who would otherwise be left without medical attention, as the French doctors are mostly in the army. There are more than forty dispensaries in this system, which are served by ambulance routes.

Miss Ruth Morgan has been active in the development of diet kitchens, which have been established at various points in France. These kitchens furnish delicacies not found on the hospital bill of fare, but necessary in the feeding of patients needing a special kind of food.

Men of varied experience in army medical and surgical practice have given their services to the Red Cross in the organization of a Research Society, which at regular meetings discusses such subjects as trench fever, shell shock, etc. The Red Cross has also established a research laboratory at its Military Hospital in Evreux. In the natural course of its work this service must collect data of great scientific importance.

A Monthly Bulletin publishing digests of the most important French and English articles is widely circulated among the army doctors. Various medical manuals are also published. Two central medical libraries are planned besides circulating libraries for doctors in the field.

The Nursing Service supplies nurses to the Red Cross hospitals. The Surgical Dressings Service keeps the hospitals supplied with about 183,870 dressings a week.

Rest stations have been established along the line of communication of the American army in France, at which soldiers will be supplied with comfortable places to rest between trains, write letters, read, or eat. This is considered not only the soldiers' due, but a powerful means in sustaining their morale. A canteen for the Air Service is serving 1,280 men a day with meals. One of the small services which alleviate army life was the donation of a printing press to the aviation camp for the printing of the weekly paper, the Plane News.

One important part of the work of the Red Cross is the Recreation and Welfare Service, which supplies the soldiers in the hospitals with games, books, and other means of recreation. To each base hospital were sent every month 300 books, 400 magazines and 2,500 newspapers, besides a proportionate amount to the camp hospitals. One phonograph is sent to each ward of a base hospital, and one moving picture machine to each hospital, besides similar supplies to the huts of the Y. M. C. A. Truck gardens have been established for the hospitals, in which the convalescents can be employed and entertained.

The Red Cross has in the last four months preceding to date of the report supplied 454 legs, arms and armchairs to French cripples.

A Casualty Information Service undertakes to obtain facts about the men killed, missing and captured, which will be sent to the men's relatives.

On Christmas Santa Claus brought 105,551 pairs of socks full of shoe-laces and candy to American soldiers, and 12,000 comfort kits, 144,000 mirrors and 5,000 handkerchiefs were distributed among the French soldiers. At Chalons two Christmas trees were set up, soldiers sang and recited, the women workers sang the Star-Spangled Banner, and the poilus lifted their hats and cheered, while the American boys showed clearly their appreciation of this bit of America brought to them in a foreign land.

The Making of the Big Guns

Continued from page 576

is more than 70,000 foot tons; that is, it is strong enough to raise a weight of 70,000 tons to a height of one foot in one second. It will carry the shells a distance of more than twelve miles at one shot, and it will make them go through more than two feet of solid nickel or Harveyized steel.

The projectiles used by the navy are different from those of the army. They have to be constructed so they will not break upon striking. They are so hard and so tough that they will pass through heavy steel plates which form the armor of a battleship and explode inside, thus doing great damage, wrecking the machinery or disabling the boiler. They may break the propeller or set the magazine of munitions on fire. Such projectiles must be of the finest of steel and the alloys which form their points are so hard that no tool will cut them. A point contains a large amount of carbon, and its hardness is somewhat like that of the diamond, which will cut almost anything. The diamond is crystallized carbon.

The gun and the shells must be made so that they fit to a wonderful degree of accuracy. The shell for the 14-inch gun is exactly fourteen inches in diameter. It is so formed that, when it goes forth, it whirls around with its point always in the direct line of its course. This whirling motion is made by the rifling of the gun and the way the shell fits into it. This is of such a nature that the greatest of mechanical skill is required to make both guns and shells. In many respects both may be said to be built like a watch.

The powder used in firing the guns is made from a by-product of coal tar which under ordinary conditions is perfectly harmless. You can light it and it will burn with a flame or if left out in the open it may be struck with a hammer. But if it is confined in the gun and detonated it bursts forth with a force greater than dynamite, and this force gradually increases until it gives the enormous power which I have described.

Scrapbooks

ONE work done by the Daughters of the American Revolution is making scrapbooks for the Army and Navy. These books are greatly appreciated by the jackies, who put them in their jumper jackets, and also by the men in contagious wards of the hospitals at our cantonments.

The book consists of three or four sheets of light-colored manila paper, twice the size of an ordinary magazine. The pages are folded in the middle. On the outside cover and each inside page is a bright-colored picture, the pictures on the inside being surrounded by jokes cut from newspapers. The jokes on each page pertain to the picture on that page. "This feature brings the family together in war work and has a value from this viewpoint. The children cut the pictures, the old people watch for clean, fine jokes in the paper and together the family make the scrapbooks around the fireside during the family hour," says Mrs. William H. Wait, of Michigan.

Adventures in Neighboring

Continued from page 578

dime. The barrel was placed at an angle of 45 degrees and a hole cut in the bottom to get the biscuits out.

The Fair offered fun to everyone, old and young; and it was a great success. It netted our Red Cross chapter two hundred and eighty-six dollars. ELIZABETH B. CORTNER.

The jollity of that Red Cross Fair appeals to me, fellow adventurers; and I wish some of you would try it out this month. Let us not forget that another Red Cross "money drive" is under way, and that every penny we can spare should find its way into the coffers of that great world-wide "organization of mercy," without which this war-torn world of ours would be even a little sadder than it is. Do give, give, give, dear neighbors, knowing that every penny will be put to the very best use, and that your ten dollars may save the life of your own wounded son or brother or friend.

Twelve months of the year, give service: the work of your busy fingers. But this month—the month of May—give also of your money. The Red Cross needs money: now;—every nickel that we (the American people) can do without.

MEANTIME, however, we must not neglect our own local chapter; but must continually devise means to keep it supplied with the necessary funds. For that, the following is a splendid suggestion:

A Melting-Pot for War Service

Since the beginning of the war, our little club has been working hard and fast for our soldiers and sailors. Last week I saw that our funds were getting rather low, and thought maybe we might make a little money by having a "melting-pot."

We duly advertised the fact that we would like contributions of any old pieces of gold or silver and jewelry, even though broken, and that on a certain evening there would be a "melting-pot" awaiting any contributions our friends could give us.

I was fortunate in securing some talented friends, to brighten up our evening with songs, recitations and so on; while the pot we secured was in itself a curiosity, being nearly two hundred years old, and a three-legged, black pot at that!

We placed the pot on a table in a conspicuous place, tying on the handle a big bow of our club colors. Then we awaited results. Our friends came in and deposited all sorts of old gold and silver articles: old-fashioned brooches, bracelets, earrings, snuff-boxes, gold pens, broken spoons, forks, necklaces, umbrella tops, pocketbook clasps, button hooks, shoe-horns, rings, gold caps from teeth! A greater conglomeration I never beheld! But the best part of it all was that the articles were good, and could be sold for the much-desired coin.

I sold this old gold and silver to a friend of mine, who is a jeweler, for about $85, with which I was able to go to the Patriotic Yarn Association and buy a great quantity of excellent wool. This the girls of the club are now knitting into the socks, wristlets, sweaters and other garments so sorely needed by our soldiers and sailors. MARTHA J. JOHNSTON.

AND here, dear adventurers, is a commentary on Red Cross work so inspiring that I think every community should read it:

Red Cross Work Betters a Community

The Red Cross work for "our boys" has done more to draw this little town together than anything else could ever have done.

Ours is a prairie town, four years old, situated in northwestern North Dakota, forty miles from a town of any size. All denominations and many foreign nationalities are represented here; and business, as well as personal, rivalries have always made the town difficult to live in, as there never was any neighborhood spirit here.

Now, however, everything is very different; and we owe it all to our Red Cross sewing and knitting. Now we meet one afternoon every week for sewing, and one evening for knitting, each time in a different home—the hostess serving a lunch of one kind of cooky and one cupful of coffee. At these meetings the very friendliest spirit is shown: all differences about religion, business and so on being laid aside. The knitting needles fly, the sewing goes forward quickly; and often our women say: "It seems so good to have a reason for getting out and meeting with folks."

MRS. A. H. ROGERS.

So much for the Red Cross workers. Besides, there are thousands of busy workers along other lines. There are women working at farm labor; girls making scrap-books for convalescent soldiers; college students sending money and other aid to their representatives "over there"; great-hearted neighbors comforting bereaved or lonely "parents of soldier boys"; children writing letters to men in khaki; women serving in "hostess houses" at the big camps; and so on. The avenues are endless. Here, for instance, is a pretty custom being followed by one community:

Farewells to Departing Soldiers

As a little token of affection and esteem for the young men of our community who have been called into military service, the young people here give a "farewell surprise party" to every group that departs. A jolly good time together is the idea, and this is always had accompanied by plenty of "Hooverized" refreshments. The parents of the boys seem greatly touched and pleased; and this little farewell party makes the boys themselves feel that their loyal service is truly appreciated. To the young men who are sacrificing and risking so much for all of us at home, we certainly owe as many good times as we can provide. And I know that the memory of these good times has helped many a soldier from our community to face lonely or discouraging hours "over there." JANIE L. WILDIN.

This brings us, dear neighbors, to the end of today's visit; and again our Forum will have to be omitted. Next time, however, it shall appear and be packed with good things. For our next meeting is going to be concerned chiefly with the problems of rural mothers, teachers and little folks: for which some of you have sent me beautiful material.

Just a word: before I bid you godspeed—two Southern communities and one Western one are founding local community clubs: branches of the American Community Club. About these we shall hear more later. In the meanwhile, dear Adventurers, may He be with you and give you the light to see the needs of your neighborhood and the wisdom and strength to supply them!

Rural Church Reading Clubs

ONE of the best agencies for community social service is the Rural Church Reading Club. Not only does it render immediate service in securing intellectual development and social intercourse among the persons composing the club, but it also lays the foundation for future social service in other lines of community activities.

The Rural Church Reading Club is a community project, and no person is better fit to organize and guide its destiny than a minister of a community church. This is one of the social functions that the community has a right to expect of him.

As its name denotes, the Rural Church Reading Club is an association of individuals in a country district or rural town for the purpose of pursuing a definite course of reading. Let it be emphasized that there should be a definite aim in planning a reading course. There are many proper aims, but the wise rural leader will select one that shall lend to both personal and community improvement. The two purposes are not inimical, but complementary.

The meetings of the club should not be too infrequent. Weekly or bi-weekly meetings have been found acceptable. Meetings should begin promptly on time and should also terminate at a given hour. In the open country the calendar should be consulted and meetings arranged in the light of the moon. Evening meetings will invariably be found the most popular.

The programs of the various evenings may be varied in a great number of ways which any committee with members of originality and reading may devise. Written reports, round-table discussions, debates, reading in turn with occasional comments, teacher and class plan, dramatization of occasional subject-matter by groups of the clubs, and an occasional address by a specialist from some college—these are a few of the many ways to secure variety and to keep the club in a healthy condition. The program for the year may be printed and a sub-topic of the general topic may be assigned to each meeting.

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Germans Still Driving Toward Amiens and Ypres

Continued from page 571

which lay on the crest of the ridge overlooking the Somme. At Hangard, the Germans succeeded in entering the eastern outskirts of the village on the 24th, taking it, on the day following, losing it again, and retaking it, although they were unable to advance beyond the town, the French holding securely all of the ground immediately around it. The British, on April 25, counter-attacked at Villers-Bretonneux, supported by tanks. The Germans also were using tanks in attempting to increase their gains.

The British retook the village, the woods north and south of it and drove the Germans back almost to the position from which they had started, taking prisoner some 600 Germans.

On the front around Mont Kemmel, the Germans were able to make progress on the 25th. The fighting was furious from Wytschaete to Bailleul, being especially severe at Dranoutre, at Kemmel, half a mile northest of the summit, and at Vierstraat, a mile and a half northeast of Kemmel. Of this sector General Haig reported at the end of the day that the British and French had been "compelled to withdraw from the positions they held this morning, but the fight is still going on."

The French front in the neighborhood of Hangard was referred to in the Paris reports as Franco-American, indicating that American troops were fighting with the French against the enemy at this point. Dispatches of April 25 said that 128 wounded Americans had been sent back from the fighting front to the base hospitals.

Members of the Military Affairs Committee of the House were quoted, on April 28, as saying that plans were forming for the rushing of 3,000,000 men to France. Andre Tardieu, French High Commissioner to the United States stated at a Liberty Loan meeting in New York, on April 28, that France was ready with artillery to equip 540,000 American troops and that those sent over in excess of that number would be backed by American made guns. He also gave the French losses in the war as 2,600,000 out of 9,000,000 mobilized of whom 1,300,000 have been killed. Germany's losses in killed are estimated in excess of 3,000,000.

FRIDAY April 26, Liberty day in America, was Allied day on the Somme and perhaps, too, on the Flanders front, although Germany claimed the decision by taking the rugged height, Mont Kemmel, about which her men had surged for more than a week in futile attacks. On Thursday and Friday 120,000 troops, nine divisions, were thrown into the fighting between Bailleul and Wytschaete. At first repulsed, the enemy at last pressed through the Allied lines north of Mont Kemmel and finally swung southward and surrounded the height. A French regiment defending the mountain repelled all frontal assaults and fought to the death against the overwhelming waves of the enemy. With the height of Kemmel the Germans took the villages of Dranoutre and Kemmel. Friday morning the British counter-attacked and made some progress which they lost again later in the day. The battle was fought in a fog which, as always, favored the side making the attack. The German artillery kept the battleground and the back areas under a wild and indiscriminate fury of fire in an attempt to prevent reinforcement of the battered troops whose gallant resistance he found so difficult to overcome, but the Allied line was strengthened nevertheless holding firm just west of Mont Kemmel at and between the villages of La Clytte and Scherpenberg.

The enemy made progress on both sides of the canal from Comines to Ypres, taking St. Eloi.

South of the Somme the French attacking from Villers-Bretonneux to Hangard retook the major portions of the positions lost to the enemy earlier in the week. They penetrated the woods of Hangard and at the end of the day held firmly the western portion of Hangard itself, which changed hands several times during the day.

A German raid near Regneville, on the sector of the front in Lorraine adjoining the American trenches, was completely repulsed on the 26th, and the Allied positions into which the enemy had penetrated were all retaken.

On Saturday and Sunday, April 27 and 28, the fighting on the western front was reduced to artillery exchanges and occasional raids, except in the neighborhood of Ypres where the Germans made desperate efforts to extend their gains west and north of Mont Kemmel. One German division, recently at Verdun, appeared in the fighting. Driving west of Kemmel the Germans took from the French the village of Loere, while driving north along a spur of the ridge they drove the British from Voormezeele but failed to take the ridge southwest of the town. North of Kemmel village they were unable to make progress. South of Kemmel the French troops counter-attacked and recaptured Loere, only to lose it again, the village changing hands five times during the two days, while Voormezeele was the scene of house-to-house fighting, which culminated on Sunday night with the Germans holding the eastern edge of the village, the village itself being in British hands, and the fighting still continuing. The Germans also succeeded in crossing the canal at St. Eloi, and capturing Hill 60 on the western side.

Along the most of the line, however, furious German attacks broke against the defensive positions of the Allies. The ruined city of Ypres was again under terrific shell fire. While the course of the battle in the last week would indicate a necessity for the withdrawal of the British and Belgians from the salient of which Ypres was the center, the British official reports as yet gave no evidence of the withdrawal, although Berlin reported the British as withdrawing to the line which they held in the second battle of Ypres in April of 1915.

To those who were disquieted by the advance of the German hosts and the failure of Gen. Foch to deliver the long awaited counterblow, a French officer, as quoted by a correspondent of the New York Times, declared that there was no immediate necessity for Gen. Foch to take the initiative which he must take sooner or later, that at present both the British and French armies were busy killing Germans and killing them at a very satisfactory rate, which was their immediate object. The officer was quoted as follows: "Don't make any mistake. We have the enemy where we want him to be and we have no doubt that we can keep him there a great deal longer than it will be healthy for him. There is no reason for any anxiety as to the present situation, none whatever. The best thing that I can tell you to do is what Gen. Foch told Clemenceau nearly a month ago and that was simply 'Wait'."

The Turks on April 28 reported the capture by their forces of the Russian fortress of Kars with 860 guns.

THE RETURN OF RUSSIA. Although Germany was reported, on April 23, to have achieved a slight advantage in numbers in the west by the transfer of 40 new divisions from the Russian front, there were evidences that she would not be able to disregard that front indefinitely. British and French troops landed at one of Russia's Arctic ports, were reported to have defeated the Finnish White Guard troops in northern Finland. Korniloff and his Don Kossacks were also reported to have renewed fighting with the Soviet troops. Other reports told of an appeal by the Siberian republic to the Entente nations for support and protection, while on April 23, M. Tchitcherin, the Bolshevist Foreign Minister of Russia, was reported to have protested to Germany against the action of German and Ukrainian troops in crossing into the Crimea, which he declared a violation of the peace treaty. The Russians also protested against German outrages on the inhabitants of these parts of Russia adjoining the Ukraine, where whole villages have been wiped out because of local resistance to German measures. The German authorities replied that they could not stop military operations until the Russian government disarmed bands of armed men which were creating disorder in the Ukraine. Berlin reported on April 24 that troops under General von der Goltz had established communication with the Finnish army, and that General Kosch's troops in the Crimea had reached Simferopol, thus cutting the railway from the mainland to the fortress of Sebastopol.

A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 570

that £2,130,147,000 would need to be borrowed. He reported that British anticipations regarding the financial assistance of the United States to the Allies had been fulfilled, and that during the past year the British treasury had advanced £505,000,000, while the United States had advanced $950,000,000 to their common allies.

RUMANIA ACCEPTS. Bessarabia having proposed to unite itself with Rumania, the Rumanian King and Queen received on April 12 the homage of the Bessarabian delegates, and the union was celebrated in a Te Deum sung at the Cathedral in the presence of the Royal family, the members of the government and the Bessarabian delegates.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. The bill which had previously passed the Senate providing for the melting down of $350,000 in silver in order to gain bullion to be used in India and elsewhere in the east for the payment of credit balances against the United States, passed the House on April 22. . . . It was announced, on April 23, that the War Industries Board and the Fuel Administration planned to restrict the manufacture of passenger automobiles to 25 per cent. of the normal output after July 1, which output had already been reduced by 30 per cent. . . . Guatemala declared war on Germany on April 22. . . . The Irish labor unions on April 22 voted a general strike throughout Ireland for one day, April 23. The strike stopped street railway cars, railroads and all manufacturing activities within the island, and was planned as a protest against conscription. . . . Viscount Motono resigned, on April 23, as Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs, being succeeded by Baron Goto. . . . The House, on April 25, passed with slight amendment the bill already passed by the Senate providing for the placing in the selective draft of men who have become 21 years of age since June 5, 1917. . . . President Wilson, on April 22, declared himself opposed to a bill pending in the Senate providing for the trial by Court Martial all spies and disloyalists, taking their cases away from the civil courts. The President characterized the measure as unnecessary, uncalled for and unconstitutional.

In Times Like These

we look for guidance. New ideas of the significance of democracy, of the subordination of the will of the individual, of man as the chief end of creation, arise to perplex us. The Divine Guide alone can help us to see clearly through the engulfing fog of evil.

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Religious Activities in the Soldiers' Camps

Continued from page 568

nine were men who had never made a start before in the Christian life, and were not members of any church. The names of all who sign the War Roll cards are to be sent to Headquarters in New York City, and a personal letter is to be sent to the homes of the young men, and the Camp pastors will be notified so that they may call on these young men and bid them welcome to the church of their choice.

In addition to the work done by the Y. M. C. A. force, there were fourteen chaplains in Camp Taylor, representing the following churches: one Lutheran, one Disciple, one Episcopalian, three Catholics, three Methodists and five Baptists, who are to take care of the Sunday morning services. These services are to be conducted in the Y. M. C. A. buildings, and the Catholic services in the K. of C. buildings.

The secretaries all agree that "after all, nothing grips men like the old Gospel of Jesus Christ and the Bible." Not only in public speaking but in personal interviews with the soldiers can men of large human sympathy lead the men to know Christ.

I fairly lived among the men. I took meals with the soldiers and with the officers, and had all I wanted to eat, never suffering from indigestion, but complimented the cooks on the good meals, especially the cherry pie. On Friday night we had a graduation exercise for ten soldiers who had completed a course of study, for which they receive their diplomas. I was asked to address them on the occasion, after our religious service. After all was over we were treated to brick ice cream, cookies and mint candy, and had enough left for the large band of about twenty men. The army had done for those soldiers what could not have been done for them otherwise. Besides, many a young man who entered the army all stooped over now walks erect, and it may add years of usefulness to his life, if he survives the war.

AS I watched the thousands of soldiers from day to day, I saw but one intoxicated, and that was in the city of Louisville, near the camp. For the most part they were fine specimens of soldiers. The churches in the city of Louisville are open to the soldiers, and special programs are often arranged for their benefit, not only in a religious but in a social way as well. Everything is intended to cheer the soldiers and make them feel welcome, so as to drive the blues from them. Even the space between the big wings of the base hospital, covering many acres, is being beautified with flower beds, plants and truck gardens, to cheer the sick boys. During the weeks of evangelism I was deeply impressed as follows: (1) The soldiers feel the need of a Christ and will respond to the right kind of Gospel. The chance offered in the army camp is the greatest opportunity for soul-winning in this generation. (2) The secretaries in the army Y. M. C. A. camps are a true type of earnest Christian workers, who bid welcome to men, who can help them, if they know how, to point men to Christ. (3) The hindrances to religious work at times indicated is not apparent, but full freedom was granted, and people may without fear write their friends in the camps and urge them to take a stand for Christ.

What Are You Going to Do?

Continued from page 572

the pastor of the great Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City said that he had more power for God over the people of that metropolitan city than all the pastors combined, and whose death brought endless streams of people, rich and poor, to pile flowers on his coffin so high that they hid the pulpit, and beneath that pyramid of flowers slept Jerry McAuley.

He takes a rough and godless safe-blower, with a kit of burglar tools wrapped up in a piece of carpet, and transforms him into a Harry Monroe. He takes a poor drunken barber, who had left his wife with her dead baby in the hovel he had made for them, while he rolled in the gutter on a beastly drunk, and by the working of his mighty spirit he makes him over into a winner of souls. He took Saul the persecutor and bigot, and made him into Paul the mighty apostle, and the greatest preacher the world has ever known. He took Augustine, a young libertine of Rome, and made him a St. Augustine, the greatest theologian of his age. He took John Bunyan, the drunken, swearing tinker, touched his heart and mind, and John Bunyan wrote for us the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Try to explain such marvelous transformations of human character apart from the mighty miracle-working power of the Lord Jesus Christ, and you do violence to reason, insult the memory of all these godly men and pour contempt upon the name of the Christ who saved them.

WHEN a student in Princeton University, I went down into the lower part of New York City and worked in the old Jerry McAuley Mission. I there met that marvelous man, Samuel Hopkins Hadley, and learned from him the story of his wonderful conversion. How I used to like to sit and hear him tell it. He said, "I was a bad man and I wanted to be good. I wanted to be honest, but I was crooked. I wanted to pray, but I was always swearing. I wanted to be truthful, but I was a liar. I wanted to be sober, but I couldn't stay on the water-wagon. And I said, 'What am I to do? My ideals are all right, but I can't reach them. What must I do to be saved?'" Yes, that's the great question. If you have never asked it, I pray God you may ask it tonight. Yes, it takes One who is more than a man to redeem humanity like that.

Men and women, has he ever touched your life? Do you want a Saviour like that—a Christ who is omnipotent, one who, being "in the form of God, took upon himself the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man? And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and things in heaven and things in earth and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

There is a verse of Scripture which says, "What shall the end be to them that obey not the Gospel of the Lord Jesus?" But now, right here in this life, you can't afford to live without him. What are you going to do when your conscience walks out in front of you and points its accusing finger at you? What are you going to do when misfortune and the waves of adversity overwhelm you? What are you going to do in the night of despair when the stars are dead? The end is coming, and what are you going to do then?

I HAVE looked, as if in a dream, through the gates of heaven. I stood, as it were, by an angel's side, who was there to guard the way. And as I stood there, the spirit of a rich man came and tried to get admission. He told the angel of his wealth and the vast treasures he had gathered on earth. But the angel pointed to his gold and said, "We pave our streets with that stuff; you have not got enough to buy even a glimpse into the celestial city." And then a moral man came and told the angel who he was; told him of his morality and talked of the good works he had done. But the angel said, "Not of works, lest any man should boast; you can't come in." Then came the spirit of another man and laid before the angel his respectability, his

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

Why Germany Cannot Rule the World

Dr. Gray Shows what Prophecy Clearly Foreshadows on This Subject

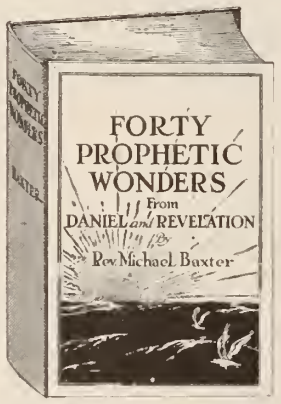
Prof. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D.
Dean of the Moody Bible Institute

THE further along we get in Dr. Gray's latest series of contributions on Prophecy, now running in the Christian Herald, the more interesting they become. Every article leaves a deep impression upon the mind of the careful reader and brings a flood of light on topics which to him have been wholly unexplained till now. In his article on "How the Kingdom and the Church Differ," he makes clear as noon-day the distinction with which comparatively few Bible readers are familiar. Another of his articles, published elsewhere in this issue of the Christian Herald, deals with the "Age and Its Apostasy"—another extremely difficult topic which he illuminates so that all may understand. The next article to come, which will appear one week hence, is still more vital to the moment, the title being "Why Germany Cannot Rule the World." A little later will come another contribution showing the bearing of prophetic fulfilment on the events of today, the title being "Prophecy Changing the Map of Europe."

Another article for the near future is a "Glossary of Prophetic Words" which is a complete *vade mecum* or guide-book for the student of the Bible, and which will prove a wonderful help over the "hard places." Can you, who read this, define the prophetic meaning of "Age," "Antichrist," "Armageddon," "Beast," "The Coming," "The Parousia," "The Times of the Gentiles," "The Dispensations"? Who are "Gog and Magog"? What is the "Remnant"? What is understood by "Restitution"? What does a "Week" signify in prophetic time? All of these are vital to the student of God's Word.

"FORTY PROPHETIC WONDERS"

By Rev. MICHAEL BAXTER



WE have ready for delivery that remarkable volume written, many years ago, by the Rev. Michael Baxter, entitled "*Forty Prophetic Wonders.*" This book is known to very few now living, and is remarkable for many things. Dr. Baxter was an enthusiastic student of prophecy, and had collated all the best authorities of his own and preceding times, and they are set forth in his book with his own comment and interpretation. As an example of his perspicacity, it can be stated that among the conclusions he then reached were the following:

1. 1907–1919, Great European wars, beginning 24 to 10 years before the end of the age, including probably a German war or revolution.
2. 1919, The Euphrates (or Turkish Empire) dried up Turkish power over Judea may notably decrease about the same time.
3. 1919–1925, Great revival among Christians everywhere and preaching of the Advent.
4. 1917–1919, Formation of the Ten-Kingdomed Confederacy foretold in Dan. 2 : 8.
5. 1922–1929, Jerusalem to be restored and the Temple rebuilt.

Dr. Baxter's book goes much further than this, both before and after the dates indicated. It is the most complete setting forth of Scripture prophecies to be found anywhere. He himself never assumed to fix dates, but assembled the views of eminent students of the subject and gave the average of their computations. It is, in his view, a time of the unfolding of many mysteries, and the outcome of his many years of devotion to the great prophetic themes will have a wonderful fascination for all readers.

His book will be welcomed by all who love the Scriptures, and its influence will be to lead many to take a new view of the meaning of life, and of the great purposes of the Creator and Redeemer for the salvation and purification of the world.

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reputation and the good name he had borne among his neighbors. But the angel shook his head and said, "There is none other name given under heaven whereby we must be saved but the name of Jesus." And then there came the spirit of another one, saying,

"Nothing in my hands I bring;
Simply to the cross I cling;

"The blood of Jesus Christ hath cleansed me from sin." And the gates of heaven rolled back on their jeweled hinges, and the angel cried, "Unto you is administered an abundant entrance into the everlasting Kingdom of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." And as the gates rolled back I saw whole armies of redeemed drunkards and numberless legions of those redeemed from the vilest sinks of sin, and whole acres of redeemed men and women who once had trusted in their morality and their good name, but gave it all up for a righteousness not their own.

Will you crown him your Lord tonight?

Young People's Topics for May 19

Education a Doorway to Service. The League Institute a Training Camp for Service.

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topics. II Tim. 2 : 15; Luke 6 : 4. Epworth League Topic. Neh. 8 : 1–12.

SINCE these two topics are so similar we will treat them together. The negro pastor who boasted of his ignorance, because he said that God had promised to put into his mouth the words that he should say, was taking Scripture too literally.

God will use to his glory all of us that there is. The more of us there is, the more he can use. The more richly stored our mind is, the greater the treasure upon which he will be able to draw. The better our education, the wider will be our opportunity under grace. It is the duty of every Christian to know as much as he can of the Word of God, of secular learning, of men and of methods. It is the duty of every young Christian to get as much schooling as he can. It is little short of a crime for any boy or girl to stop school short of graduation from the High School, unless imperative necessity forces the sacrifice. A college education should be the goal of all who are not forced to forego it. The Church needs leaders, but ignorance can only lead toward failure. It is true that some unlettered men have powerfully influenced the times in which they lived. It is true that the majority of the apostles were unlettered men, yet they were schooled for their apostleship under the Master for three years, and one apostle, whose name is mentioned oftenest today next to that of Peter, the apostle Paul, was highly educated for his time. Through his epistles Paul has probably exerted a greater influence on the Church throughout the centuries than all of the other apostles put together. If for any reason our schooling has been cut short we can supplement it by night study by following well chosen reading courses, by attending lectures, and by associating with people of education.

One of the pleasantest ways and most profitable for the extension of education along with preparation for service, a way which appeals each summer to a larger number of young people, is the plan of taking their vacations at one of the summer institutes such as Silver Bay, Lake Geneva or Northfield. With the country at war, with thousands of our choicest young men in the service of their country, it is imperative that others should be trained for leadership at home. There could not be a better time, therefore, than this particular summer for those who desire to make their lives effective in the service of the King to plan for their vacation at one of these institutes.

General information may be obtained from the Missionary Education Movement, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Epworth Leaguers, especially leaders assigned to this meeting, will do well to correspond with Ralph A. Diffendorfer, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Providence in the War

Continued from page 577

the French soldiers at the Marne had been governed by that spirit, what would have been the result? We should bear in mind that Providence works through human means. Every Frenchman in that battle acted as though the whole issue depended upon his individual efforts. When that becomes the spirit of America, only then shall we be doing our full duty.

How, then, can we help to speed the day when peace shall come to the world? There is but one way—cooperate to end the war as quickly as possible. Let not the world agony continue one unnecessary day that we can prevent. It is only by throwing in all our strength that the ravages of the war-mad Germans can be stayed. Some of us will go to the front. Some of us must stay behind. The duty of those who stay behind is to support those who go to risk their lives for the right.

To win the victory, there are two essentials: Men and things. By this time every reader knows that everything we consume beyond what is necessary for our own efficient subsistence subtracts just that much from the efficiency of the soldiers at the front. With every ounce of food, every manufactured article, that we buy beyond our bare necessities, the blood of American and Allied soldiers is on our head. We must refrain from taking what we can do without; and we must lend the money to the Government to pay for supplies for the army. We should cut our expenses right down to the bone. We should save until it hurts, and then go on and save still more. Buy the Government's war bonds. Whether a loan campaign is in progress or not makes no difference. The invading Huns do not stop when a Liberty Loan campaign ends. Every dollar you save and invest in the nation's war bonds is a stumbling-block to the Hun advance.

Remember, the more labor, materials and workshop room are released by the people at home for the Government to command, the more completely and quickly it can equip and sustain the troops, the sooner the heaped-up misery of the world will be relieved, and the more of our precious men and boys will return alive.

THE Methodist Episcopal Sunday School of Centralia, Kansas, raised $24.20 by a special collection at Christmas time. Instead of spending it for a treat the scholars voted to divide it equally between the sufferers in Belgium and in Armenia. The Christian Herald received from H. F. C. Meyer the draft for $24.20 on April 22, and the money was at once sent on its way to the chosen fields.

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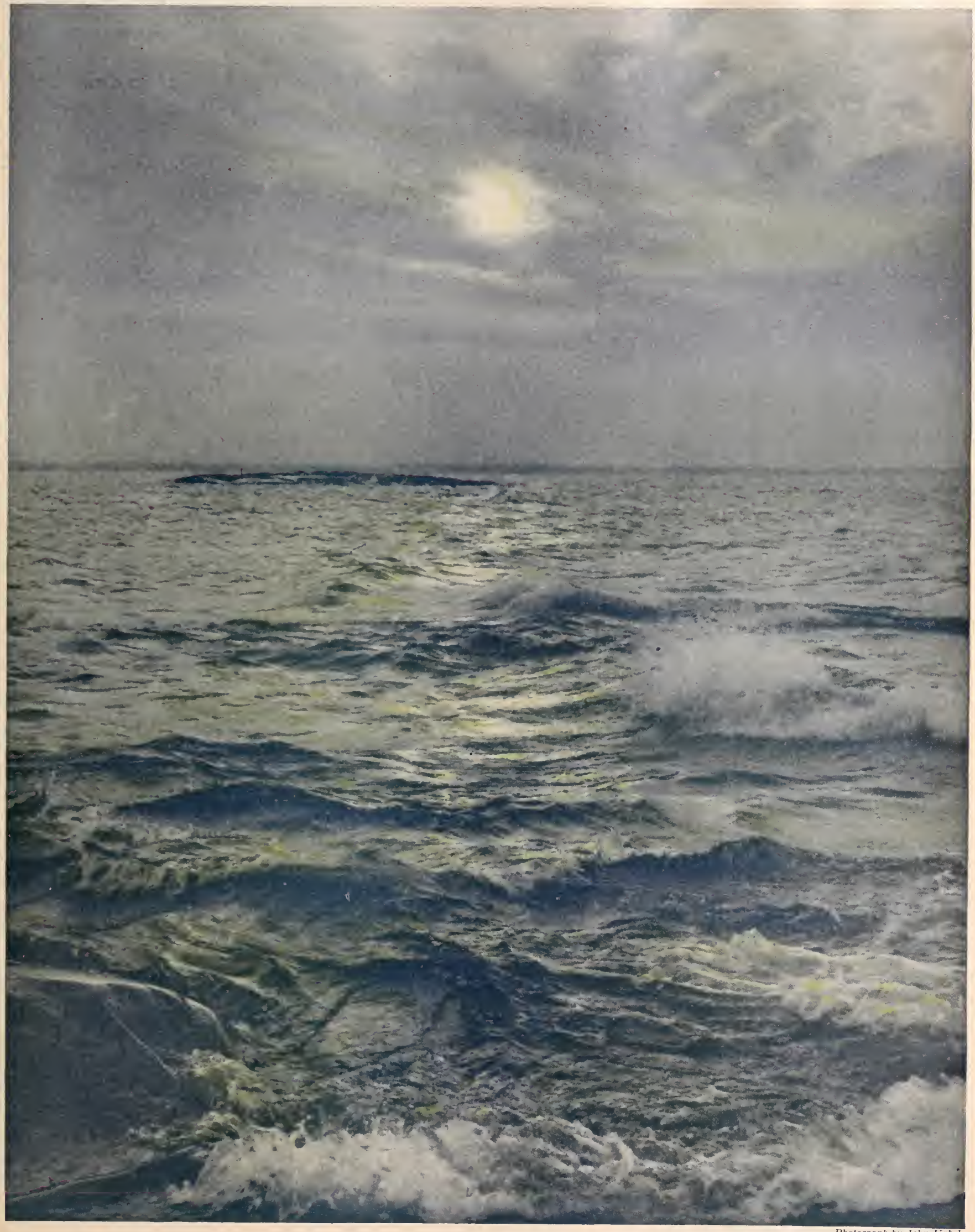

The sun shines softly on the sea until each ripple seems
A path of gold to guide us to some mystic isle of dreams!

Photograph by John Kabel

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

Mount Ararat, whose twin peaks welcomed the voyagers of the Flood

Circling Around Mount Ararat

By MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

Passed by the Censor

FROM Tiflis we rode to Erivan by automobile through some of the finest scenery that ever hid itself away from the sight of those who love such things. The car was a Blitzen Benz, which the Committee, having work in 450 villages, bought when they found it impossible to buy a Ford. The impedimenta consisted of Dr. Kennedy, whose specialty is bodies instead of motors; Captain George F. Gracey, whom Christian Herald readers supported in Urfa while he directed the industrial work in the wonderful institution of that famous heroine, Corinna Shattuck; Gregory Welch, our chauffeur, myself and Mannk, who manned the pump whenever a tire burst.

For a while we paralleled the Kura but after an hour or so we negotiated a pass and dropped into the valley of the Dzhilga. The railway goes farther around and follows that river up its valley from a point near where it empties into the Kura in the midst of a well-watered plain. By afternoon, we faced an eight-thousand-foot pass toward which the road zig-zagged in sharp hairpin turns.

The old machine cooled her feet in the rocky bed of a small river and then started to climb. On each side of us, the mountain tops were clad in snow and we wound in and out along the slope of a hill that was covered with fine trees. Night came on as we topped the rise and slid down the steep sides of the narrow valley and rolled into Karakilisse. Just then the gas gave out but our lives were safe from the robbers who were abroad that night on the road to Dilijan. Karakilisse is a summer resort, not at its best in winter. The inn was built with the idea of ample ventilation, but with water freezing in the kitchen, our bedroom lacked that cheery warmth which writers mention in describing a winter home.

JUST beyond Karakilisse there is a steep hill and when the Benz next morning turned one of the sharp corners and saw its task, it tried the ruse of snapping the copper tube leading from the pump to the manger of the steel horse. Welch got out his gasolene torch and soon had the car in running order again. One more rise and we dashed down a fine road beside a rushing stream, with wooded slopes on each side and a snow peak at the end of the lovely valley. Motoring possibilities in the Caucasus and even amid the rugged mountains of Armenia are little known, but this interesting part of the world may yet come into its own as a tramping ground for the tourist.

Dilijan is another summer resort village, picturesquely situated near the bottom of a fine valley, at the confluence of two crystal streams. There are several good summer hotels, but the main interest to us was the large school for the Armenian refugee children. A friendly chauffeur gave us enough gasolene to enable us to finish our journey, and after a luneh of turkey that had escaped Thanksgiving, we said good-bye to our host and climbed another lovely pass by means of a dozen or so long zig-zags, and jumped over the horizon to look down on the clear waters of one of the most picturesque lakes in the world.

Lake Sevan is more than six thousand feet above the sea and the clarity of its waters rivals that of Lake Tahoe. On all sides rise mountain peaks of ten to eleven thousand feet. On a small island near the western shore of this forty-mile expanse of indigo is the oldest Armenian monastery in existence. As a lonely retreat in the midst of the majesty of Nature, it would be difficult to find a finer spot.

AFTER leaving the lake, it is a fairly direct drive straight at the glistening sides of Great Ararat and his little brother, whose shape and height are almost exactly the same as those of Fujiyama. As the sun sets behind the Turkish boundary line of mountains to the west of Ararat, the massive, isolated form of the latter rises like an opalescent jewel above the hazy valley of the Arax.

Erivan is described by the members of the Committee as a lovely place. I dare not dispute them, but it is only fair to say that the American Committee and the American people have done more to make it lovely than Dame Nature did. The saving feature of Erivan is the superb view of the two Ararats, forty miles away. Beyond that mighty mass lies Armenia, and across the notch to the right of the higher mountain flowed the foot-sore flood of refugees who retreated from Van, Arjesh, Bitlis, and hundreds of smaller villages to seek refuge in the big Armenian village of Erivan. Here it was that the messengers of American love and charity found them and gave them a task to do, clothing to protect them and money with which to buy food until that happy day when they can surge back across the pass beside Ararat and begin life anew in the land they love. Ararat is a few hundred feet higher than the highest of the Alps and stands head and shoulders above any other mountains near at hand.

From Erivan, we went over to the base of Ararat at Igdir, where the relief work established by the Lord Mayor of London's Fund has its center. It was pitiful to see the number of women who came in asking for spinning wheels so that they could earn something to keep themselves fed and clothed, and who had to be put off until more wheels could be made. An interesting item in the work is the fact that for spinning a pound and a half of cotton, the women are allowed to receive a pound and a half of cotton cloth, so that the committee is giving the raw material and the labor of weaving to the women who spin the cotton into thread. But each woman is allowed to receive only three pounds of this cloth instead of the money. This scheme has been worked out so as to allow the workers to receive part of the reward they earn in materials, instead of roubles which will buy practically no materials, since there are none to be had except those produced by the relief committees and some home industry.

So great is the need for even the roughest cotton and wool cloth in Russia that there are some relief workers who advocate introducing power looms in order to help bring conditions to normal and to keep the people from suffering. The Moscow looms are utterly unable to turn out sufficient material, and even when the war is over and imported materials appear, few of them will filter through to the Caucasus. The question of clothing is becoming more acute daily, with little promise of betterment.

TWO weeks after reaching Erivan, we set out for Van. To make this trip it was necessary to loop the loop around Ararat, going first to the southeast, then across the southern side to a point only a few miles from Igdir, but on the other side of the pass. The Ararat Kurds were responsible for the detour since the Russians have deserted the military post at Orgoff.

The morning of our start was very cold, but as the sun got a little higher the ride became a real delight. It seemed as though the Ararats had never shown up clearer. Below Erivan, the plain on both sides of the Arax is well-watered and fertile, at least as far as Gamerloo, where the American Committee has spinning and weaving and where a wider work is being started. Seven new workers for the Caucasus branch have just arrived from America after five months of hard travel and tedious waiting.

On the road we met great numbers of Persians, very dirty of face and slow of foot, and many deserting Russian soldiers, who could not trust the infrequent and overcrowded trains to get them home fast enough. As we neared Shatakhteh, the machine tried a little glacier climbing without the aid of chains. The glacier won the argument and drove the auto into

the fields and irrigation ditches before it rounded the ice floe that had taken possession of the road. Shatakhteh is in Russia by virtue of being on the left bank of the Arax instead of the right; but the Russians have driven their military railway across this corner of Persia with no compunctions. Persian sentiment is pro-German and the Persians allowed the Turkish army free passage across their country for a flank blow at Russia.

THE station at Shatakhteh was absolutely full of dirty Russian soldiers—deserters from the Persian and Van fronts. They were not an admirable lot but were comparatively harmless.

Persian neutrality has been one of the drawbacks to the Russian campaign, and the Russians assert that there is no way that a Persian can be induced to fight. The latter are too homesick to fight; and though they know that the larder at home is as empty as Mother Hubbard's cupboard, they want to see their children once more before the youngsters have retreated behind the matted beard with which the Russian muzhik keeps his chest warm.

From Igdir, Little Ararat—which is the model of the church domes and the priests' hats for Armenia—is hid behind the larger peak; but from Shatakhteh, the condition is reversed and Little Ararat shuts off the view of all but the peak of the more massive mountain. Shatakhteh is a mere string of railway buildings and sheds. Russian railways are broad gauge and the Shatakhteh military line to Savalch is narrow gauge, so that it seemed like a toy line. But much of the success of the war depends upon that one life line between the Caucasus and the Van and Bitlis regions. It is being overworked at present carrying Russian soldiers away from their duties.

We had barely time to complete a very simple supper before an officer came from the hut belonging to the Zuyuz Gorodoff (or Union of Cities) to invite Captain Gracey and the rest of us to warm ourselves and eat there. There were eight or nine officers and two officers' wives around the table and we ate and drank tea and munched white bread until the time came for us to entrain. A private car had been placed at our disposal through the influence of friends of Captain Gracey, whom they knew and honored for his work in clothing distribution and repatriation for the Armenians, in addition to his supervision of the second retreat from Van. The car was small and crowded with soldiers, mostly officers who had not yet caught deserters' fever. But they had reserved three berths for us, and we had little to complain of except the heat in the evening and the cold in the morning when we moved out at four-thirty, seven hours later than the hour we had originally planned.

A clear, frosty morning found us at Maku, as picturesque a city as one can find anywhere. It is the home of many rich men who own villages in Persia, but who choose to live together here in a city that climbs a steep hill to the base of some towering cliffs which are dotted with caves that are used as fortresses by the warlike inhabitants. The people of Maku are thoroughly civilized, use electric lights and read "La Vie Parisienne." But almost every man on the streets carries an automatic revolver or high-power rifle as a part of his toilet set. The Maku men have no great liking for the Russians or the Armenians, and sedition has been incubated in more than one of the palatial homes at the base of the rock-fortress; but so far no one has had the nerve to walk up to them and take their favorite playthings. Maku is a veritable arsenal and a lot of people are kept guessing as to who is to be the victim.

Our leisurely train did not stop long at Maku, and most of the day we rolled on up through cold mountain scenery till we slipped across the Turkish frontier and stopped at the station at Bayazid. Bayazid is composed of three parts. There is the Turkish city, which was the first Turkish position to be taken by the Russians, and which is situated about half-way up the craggy peaks that separate Turkey from Persia at this point. Below it, at the edge of the plain, is a great Persian fortress or caravanserai, with a considerable group of buildings around it. A mile or so farther into the great plain that stretches across to Ararat is the conglomeration of sheds, shacks, huts and hovels that constitute the Russian military town. From Bayazid across the pass to Igdir is an easy day by carriage, but the drivers have a healthy respect for the lawless Kurds, now that the intrepid Russian tavarische have abandoned the Russian post at Orgoff, near the top of the pass and have left the travelers to their tender mercy.

A snow peak at the end of a lovely valley

THE loveliness of the view of the Ararats from Bayazid station cannot be described. Not a tree nor a house stands between the group of station buildings and the mighty mass. From here, Little Ararat is to the right and has already begun to hide behind the wide hoop-skirts of Mother Ararat. As the sun sets behind the lower mountains beyond Bayazid, the great white mass of Ararat, not as thickly covered as the side toward Erivan, stood majestic and compelling in its isolation.

We spent the night in our private car and most of the morning as well. At eleven, I asked what time the train would leave and the station-master replied that it would go at two. Whereupon the Captain and I started the long climb to the Turkish city, blissfully unconscious of the fact that the train unexpectedly came in fifteen minutes later and left after a short halt. But the Captain's secretary, Agha Beg, who was formerly a member of the Supreme Court of Van, kidnapped our private car and prevented the train from depriving us of our happy home.

Bayazid is a typical Turkish city, with narrow streets, badly paved and lined with open-faced shops tended by close-faced merchants. At the top of the city there is a large citadel with a needle minaret puncturing the blue sky above every other object except the tawny hills that form the background for the tawny village. The streets have all been renamed with Russian names and every ill-smelling alley that crawls between two mud-houses is given a high-sounding title. The Turks in Bayazid seem happy, in spite of the Russian nomenclature of their municipal highways. The road to the station has an evil reputation for hold-ups, but we did not know it until we were safe back in our car.

In the hospital belonging to the Union of Cities—which is four months behind in its appropriations—we met a doctor who had served in Manchuria and who remembered with pleasure the American correspondent, McCormick. When I asked him his opinion of the Japanese army, his reply gave a clue to the reason why the Russians now fear that Japan will take Siberia. "They have discipline and patriotism," he said. What a sentence for a Russian officer to have to utter, when the greatest indignity of all has come with the news that Chinese troops have seized Harbin so as to preserve order in that city which has been an inferno of disorder since last July, at which time I visited it. When Chinese troops can defeat Russians, the bear that once threatened every nation to the south of her is shown to be pretty sick. And when Chinese troops uphold order, a new day is dawning in the Celestial Republic. "They have discipline and patriotism!" So the Russians had once!

The demoralization of the Russian army is not so much an individual as a group movement. Starting without moral standards in any large sense, the Russian army has wofully failed. Possibly if these men are segregated they will reveal as much honor and self-respect as ever. Group decay rather than individual degredation has made Russia a disgrace. One young fellow not only gave up his chair to Captain Gracey, but sought out another for me when chairs in that station were as scarce as airplanes.

AT the station, I had a long talk with a young German-Russian whose family has had no connection with Germany since 1754. He says that all the German-Russians are on the Caucasus fronts and that most of them are anxious to see the fight carried on to the end. German is a common language in Bayazid. According to this young fellow, who had been in New York two years and a half and in Glasgow and Liverpool for several years, German-Russians can now become commissioned officers, although that right was denied them before the revolution. When I inquired which way he was going, he said, "Back to Saratov," and when I asked how that showed hatred of German methods, he smiled and said, "What can one man do when the current leads homeward?"

An Armenian who had worked for four years in Illinois, came up to speak to me. He is returning to his home in Mush, which has become a No Man's Land. Thousands of Armenians are living in homes in advance of the Russian positions, and have been for years. He has been back from America only five months and says that Russian freedom is pretty hard to bear at times. He knows the Christian Herald and is very grateful for what the American people have done for his countrymen.

"But why they give us only money, when we want our own nation? Americans say they will fight till Belgium is free once more. But what of Armenia?"

"Do you think that the Armenians could rule themselves if they had a chance?" I asked. "The different parties are now quarreling in Tiflis, when only a united Armenia can defend her boundaries she hopes to gain."

"I think Armenians can rule themselves as well as the people of Illinois," he replied. "People say to me that America and England will send money and ammunitions to the Armenian young men, and allow them to defend Armenia against the Turk. Armenian men are very glad to do this, but what if Russia gobbles us up after we win her battles? And what will the Turks do to us if they send five men against every one we have? Armenia likes money for orphans. Much 'bliged. But why are we not fit to be weaned? America says to Filipinos, 'You must govern yourselves'; but what does she say to Armenians? 'Here is some bread. When this is eaten I will give you more'; but she does not try to help us to be free"

The valleys that nestle about Ararat are fertile and the sheep grow fat

With Our Boys "Over There"

By HARRY LAUDER

WHEN his son, a captain in the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, was shot down by the Germans, in France two years ago, Harry Lauder abandoned all engagements, and gave himself up, heart and soul, to helping to win the war. He put his entire possessions into War Bonds. He traveled about England, arousing patriotic enthusiasm. Then he went to the front and lived with the soldiers in the blood-sodden trenches, singing to them, cheering them and inspiring them to fight. Oftentimes as he sang the shells were falling on every side. Recently he toured the United States and Canada, visiting seventy-seven cities, speaking to millions about the war and raising vast sums by selling Liberty Bonds. In addition to helping the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and other organizations, he is raising a fund of $5,000,000 for the relief of Scottish soldiers and sailors disabled in the war.

ON one occasion, during my stay at the front, I sang "The Wee Hoose Amang the Heather" to an audience of 15,000 Scottish soldiers at Arras.

I was watching those lads—some of them were seated, looking up into the sky, others with their elbows on their knees, others with their arms folded, all deep in thought. What were they thinking about? I will tell you. They were thinking of the folks at home and of the "hoose amang the heather." After the concert I had a chance of speaking to many of them, and I asked, "How are you getting on, boys?" They answered: "We are getting on all right, but how are the folks at home getting on?" I said "They are getting on all right, but are anxious about you out here."

The spirit of these men was shown in the message which they gave to me. "You tell the folks at home," they said, "not to be anxious about us. This is our place out here. This is where the best men in the world are. Tell them that we're going to stay here, even if it takes twenty years, because—well, just look at what the Huns have done, right and left of you, the ruin, the desolation, the indescribable barbarities."

Ay, it was true. With my own eyes I had seen the hellish work of the Hun—and no one who has not seen with his own eyes can have even a glimmer of an understanding. The boys in the trenches know that. It is because of their knowledge of Hun savagery that they are standing the hard blows and wounds that come from fighting in the bullet-swept stretches of No Man's Land. From whatever country they come—Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, America, Australia—they are inspired by the same heroic spirit. They are determined to struggle and fight, not simply to break the Hun and Prussian military system—because if it is only broken it will reassemble again—but to destroy it completely.

NOW that I have been in the war-zone, I realize that my son's life was not given in vain. And then, too, there came through the gracious agency of God that other thought—came so clearly and vividly that I know it is true—that out beyond I shall rejoin my boy. I spent many days in the trenches, the rest camps, the hospitals and the surrounding towns, and the most lasting impression that I carried away was one concerning the spiritual atmosphere which surrounds the French and British soldiers in France. All these men possess a calm, clear conviction that if they fall—no matter what manner of lives they may have lived before—they will pass into the life beyond.

"That is why we take such chances," one man told me simply. "Do you think for a moment that if life held nothing for us but the earthly body we possess, we would fight with such a confidence and eagerness? It would be impossible, because we would be doing everything in our power to preserve this life of ours. But, seeing men die as I have seen them, I know better than not to believe in a future life. And because we have no fear of death, we fling ourselves over the trenches and on to the Huns with a fierce, almost

Harry Lauder

savage joy. Because that spirit is sweeping among our men, we are going to win this war. We do not believe it possible that men who go into battle, knowing that they are fighting for a righteous cause and unafraid of death, can be beaten back forever."

I am often asked what sort of songs the men at the front prefer. As far as Scottish soldiers are concerned, I found that best of all they liked the old love songs, the old songs of Scotland, tender, crooning melodies that would help to carry them back in memory to their homes, and if they had them to the lassies of their dreams.

IT was no sad, lugubrious songs they wanted, but a note of wistful tenderness they liked. That was true of the sick and wounded and of the hale and hearty too; and it showed that though they were soldiers, they were just human like the rest of us, for all the great superhuman things they had done out there in France.

One of the concerts that I gave to the soldiers was in a Y. M. C. A. hut. But do not let the name "hut" deceive ye. It held an audience of two thousand men, although it was tight squeezing. And what a roaring, wild crowd that was, to be sure! They sang with me and they cheered and clapped until I thought that hut would be needing a new roof.

The Y. M. C. A. huts, I may add, are really the soldier's home. There is where he sits and talks of home. That is where he dreams in the quiet rest that he gets when he returns from the trenches. For that reason I am only too glad to help the Y. M. C. A., which is doing such grand work for the boys at the front.

What impression did I gain of America's war spirit during my recent tour from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back? I was astounded at the gigantic preparations that are being made with men, materials and money. I spoke and sang at some of the largest camps and therefore had a good opportunity to observe what is taking place. Away from the camps, however, I was impressed by the fact that there are many things which people in the United States cannot understand, because they are too far away from the war zone to comprehend all of it.

The farther I get away from the war zone I find there is more indifference about the war, until I think that vast numbers of people need to be inoculated with the serum of service and sacrifice. For that reason I say to people in this country who are indifferent: Wake up and have a thought of the war and its responsibilities. Those men out there are fighting for you and deserve the best from you. They are fighting for liberty, the best word in any language on the face of the earth. Collectively you have done wonderful things, but what have some of you done individually? There is work for every man and woman to do. Don't waste time in talking or criticizing the government, but do the work that needs to be done.

WAKE up, and remember that the men over yonder are facing an enemy whose motto is "no mercy." There is no mercy in the wake of the Hun. I often wonder if he expects to get any mercy himself when the time arrives. God tells us that we must love our enemies, but he could not expect us to love such enemies as the savage hordes who have laid waste Belgium and northern France.

The knowledge that the Allied cause, which is America's cause, is righteous in every sense of the word should be a source of comfort to American parents whose boys have been drafted for the war. I can also give them a word of comfort drawn from my own sad experience. To every mother and father who loses a son in the war, I would say: have a strong unbreakable faith in the future life, in the world beyond, where you will see your son once again. Do not give way to grief. Instead, keep your gaze and your faith strongly fixed on the world beyond and regard your boy's absence as though he had only gone on a journey. Keep your faith and you will help to win this war. Lose it, and your belief in what is right and your own personal self, will be lost.

One Town's War-Chest Campaign

By L. C. BUSCH, Secretary, Chamber of Commerce, Rome, N. Y.

IN giving to war activities Rome, N. Y., recently went "over the top." Thus she says to the boys "over there": "We wish you the best of luck, for we have the money to help you." A War Chest Campaign was started to aid in all war activities. The sum of $300,000 per year for the duration of the war—which is one dollar per month for every man, woman and child in Rome, figuring 25,000 as the population—was the goal. This basis was arrived at by totaling demands made upon Rome for all war activities up to the present, and making liberal increase allowances. The campaign was so successful that $350,000 was raised, or $50,000 more than was given out as the maximum, and it is expected that $50,000 more will be raised from those not yet visited or out of town. It is estimated that sufficient funds will be left over from the first year's operation to offset increased demands in the future, and that new residents each succeeding year will take care of losses through removals of subscribers and those who fail to pay their subscriptions.

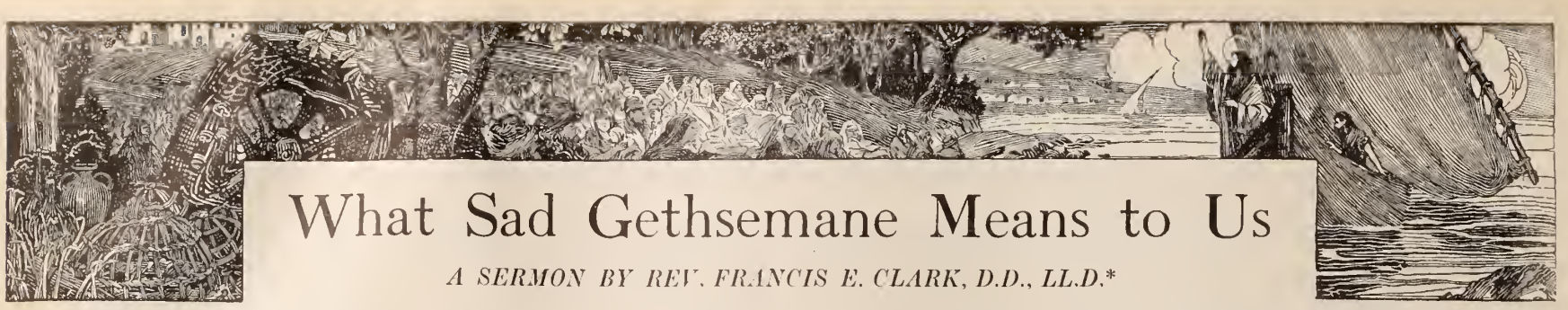
The Rome War Chest Association was formed for the following purposes: (1) to concentrate all war activities' solicitations in one drive; (2) to have one disbursing agency for all such funds; and (3) to eliminate spurious or unworthy war solicitations. The War Chest Association makes all subscriptions to the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and all other worthy activities during the war.

THE Association was incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, with sixteen directors. An educational campaign of mass meetings, theater gatherings, factory assemblages, etc., with newspaper publicity, was planned. A commander-in-chief, two generals, with nine captains each, and ten "enlisted" men assigned to each captain, were appointed. The city was divided into eighteen districts, with a captain and ten enlisted men in charge of each district. Canvassing blanks were printed and distributed to the "enlisted" men. Blanks showing name, address, place of employment and solicitor's idea of ability to give were filled in, then the blanks were assorted according to their occupational status. Factory employees were assigned to a Factory Committee; the retail district to a Retail Merchants' Committee; corporations to a Corporation Committee; wealthy residents to a Special Committee; and the balance of the blanks to a General Committee; this preliminary work was done in one week.

These committees then made actual solicitation of the parties assigned to them, using a specially prepared card for that purpose. The basis for subscriptions was as follows: Incomes to $1,200, $1 per month; to $1,500, $1.50 a month; to $2,000, $2 a month; to $2,500, $3 a month; to $3,000, $5 a month; to $4,000, $10 a month; to $5,000, $20 a month. Above $5,000 the proportion increased, so that incomes to $10,000 and upwards should take membership equivalent to ten per cent. or more. As subscriptions were made, a United States Government bronze pin, inscribed with the words, "Enlisted for the War," and initialed "R. W. C. A.," was given to the subscriber to indicate to other solicitors that the subscriptions had been taken. Home cards to be placed in home windows where subscriptions were taken read as follows: "We helped fill the Rome War Chest. Have You?" All subscriptions are payable at the Rome Trust Company. A "hold-over" committee was designated to see and secure subscriptions from all those citizens who for any reason were not seen in the general canvass of the city. A large iron-bond chest, located on the top of the Trust Company Building and illuminated at night, showed the result of each of the campaign days. Four Canadian soldiers talked at the meetings, in addition to Captain A. P. Simmons, detailed by the War Department, Congressman Snyder, Mr. Chandler of New York City, with others.

AN investigating committee of five leading citizens hears all requests for war activities aid, and reports to a disbursing committee of sixteen, a majority of which decides finally upon such requests. Any citizen who subscribes to the War Chest is automatically released from making subscriptions to any other war activities, Liberty Bonds, of course, not included.

The plan is one that may be used anywhere. It is an amplification of similar ones used in Canada and other American cities.



What Sad Gethsemane Means to Us

*A SERMON BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.**

TEXT—Mark 14:32-42. "And they came to a place which was called Gethsemane."

THE Redeemer of mankind was suffering the most heart-breaking moments of his life. He was "sore amazed," "exceedingly sorrowful even unto death." His most trusted disciples, Peter and James and John, were not sufficiently alive to the situation even to keep awake. Three times he found them asleep while he was in agony unspeakable. Even God had apparently forsaken his well-beloved Son, and answered not his prayer.

What meaning have these verses for us for whom the agony of the garden was endured? The most obvious lesson, perhaps, is found in the Saviour's words, "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." Let us not spend all our thought upon the delinquencies of Peter and James and John, and see in them, as so many do, only a type of the modern church, asleep while its Master suffers.

It is well indeed for us to make the application to ourselves, and to ask, "Am I asleep at my post? Am I recreant to my trust? When the Saviour's cause is suffering fearful assaults, am I drowsy and careless?" But to berate the church and belabor other Christians over the shoulders of Peter and John is usually as useless as it is unfair, unless done with the loving spirit of Jesus who sought excuses for his disciples even while he was suffering the tortures of Gethsemane.

Three great teachings seem to me to stand forth from these verses: 1st, the real humanity of our Lord, shown by his mortal agony and his need of earthly companionship; 2nd, the strength and consolation he found in prayer; 3rd, his courtesy and gentleness toward human weakness.

1st. Jesus' humanity was never more plainly shown in all the three and thirty years he lived on earth, than during those few hours in Gethsemane. He was "sore amazed." We are often inclined to think that he was never perplexed, never in doubt about the future, never uncertain about his father's will and purpose.

Our perplexities are among our greatest tribulations. We are amazed at the prevalence of evil in the world, at the sufferings of good people, at the enormous waste of life in war and pestilence, and we cry out in our amazement, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

IT is comforting to us to know that in such matters, too, our Lord was tempted in all points like as we. He, too, was "very heavy," and "exceeding sorrowful," and in our sad hours, when our burdens seem too heavy to be borne, and our griefs beyond endurance, we can turn to this episode in the Master's life and say to ourselves "He knoweth our frame, for he suffered a man's perplexities and griefs."

Not that there was nothing more than mere human sorrow and suffering in the garden; there was that and we know not how much more. The sin of the world was pressed into his cup until it was full to overflowing. "It could have been no mere dread of pain," writes Dean Farrar, "no mere shrinking from death which thus agitated to its inmost center the pure and innocent soul of the Son of Man. . . . It was something far deadlier than death. It was the burden and mystery of the world's sin which lay heavy on his heart; it was the tasting in the divine humanity of a sinless life, the bitter cup which sin had poisoned. It was the sense, too, of how virulent, how frightful, must have been the force of evil in the universe of God which could render necessary so infinite a sacrifice."

HIS longing for human companionship also declares our Lord's real humanity. One might think that the Father's presence would be enough in such an hour. But no, the human Christ needed human companionship. As we need a friend to halve our sorrows and double our joys, so it was with him. He taketh with him Peter (poor, inconstant, sleepy Peter) and James and John (no less drowsy, and no more able to understand the awful agony of the hour), and he said to them, "Tarry ye here and watch with me."

To the Mount of Transfiguration, we remember, the Master took with him the same three disciples. Though he was to commune with the glorified spirits of Moses and Elijah, he did not wish to forego the earthly companionship of Peter and James and John. So now, though his visit to Gethsemane was for communion with his Father, though prayer and converse with God seem to be his sole object in going thither, yet he would not leave them behind, but bade them share his vigil.

How characteristic is this of the best in humanity,—the love of sympathetic companionship. It is not good for man to be alone. When in joyous mood our first and best impulse is to share our joy with someone else. When affliction's sorest darts pierce him to the heart, a man's impulse is not like the beast's,—to crawl away into a solitary jungle to nurse his wounds, but to seek a loving friend to whom he can open his heart and tell his grief.

IT was not otherwise with Jesus. His reliance on God did not lead him to ignore men. He went from Peter and James and John only a "*little* farther" when he prayed—only "about a stone's cast." Yet, the genuine humanity of our divine Lord was shown not only in his amazement, his heaviness, his agony, but in his craving for human companionship, even such company as the uncomprehending, heavy-lidded, disciples could offer.

Is it stretching the thought unduly to believe that he still craves our companionship as well as desires our love? If he is the same yesterday, today and forever; if he is still the Son of Man, with us "alway, even unto the end of the world," is it too much to believe that he needs our companionship in only a less degree than we need his?

This thought puts a new meaning into prayer, and irradiates the Quiet Hour with a new life. When we commune with our Master we are not coming to one who has everything to give and nothing to get. It is not going to a confessional to whisper something into the ear of a high priest whose duty, but not whose pleasure, it is to listen to us. We are coming to one who is not bored by our presence; who loves to have us approach him; who (can we say it reverently?) enjoys our society.

We may be stupid and sleepy and comprehend very little of his character or mission; yet he says, "Tarry ye here and *watch with me* for I need you." We rightly dwell on our infinite need of him, on the blessedness of his friendship, on the joy of his presence; but friendship demands two people at least, joy cannot be shared without a companion, and unshared joy is not joy, even for the Saviour of mankind.

Let us not think that, with angels and archangels and the spirits of just men made perfect, our Lord does not need our affectionate companionship. Let us not make an excuse of our dull and unresponsive hearts for not communing with him. Few could be more dull-witted than Peter and James and John at this period of their career. They could sleep, even in Gethsemane. Yet he took them with him there, as well as to the Mount of Transfiguration.

IN the second place, while we recognize the human comfort which Jesus found in the presence of his disciples, a still profounder lesson is the strength he found in prayer to his Father in heaven. The scene in Gethsemane may be called the Tragedy of Prayer. "He kneeled down, fell on his face to the ground, and prayed." Again and again he did the same thing. It was no mumbled petition, no easy-chair devotion, but a soul agony of prayer that brought to his forehead the sweat "as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

Note, too, that it was a real petition that Jesus offered. He asked for something definite and immediate. "If it be possible, if thou be willing, take away this cup from me." A danger of present-day praying is that it may be resolved into mere meditation, a lazy, hazy thing which we call communion with God, in which there is no petition, no intercession. Jesus never taught us thus to pray. In the prayer that his disciples asked him to teach them are no less than six distinct petitions; even a prayer for daily bread is not omitted.

SO in Gethsemane Jesus actually asked for something,—something that had in it for him the issues of life or death. Yet every time was the saving clause without which there can be no true prayer,—"Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done," "thy will be done," and he "prayed the third time, saying the same words."

In the familiar Lord's Prayer Jesus gave us the *words* of our petitions; in Gethsemane he shows the *spirit* in which all true prayer must be offered. It took the agony of the Garden to show the world the one condition without which praying is not prayer. It is as though no other event in the world's history were impressive enough to teach us that prayer is submission, as well as petition; it is asking the Father for something definite, with but one proviso, namely: that it is his infinite will to grant it.

And here is an amazing fact! The petition of Jesus at this supreme moment was not granted. The cup did not pass from him. He drank it to the dregs. And yet *we* complain when in our careless morning prayer we ask for fair weather or health or personal success, because we do not get just what we ask for, and when we ask for it.

What a flood of light does this throw upon the whole subject of prayer. Jesus was denied his petition, for, if it had been granted and the cup of suffering—not only suffering on the Cross, but the deeper agony he was enduring for the sins of the world—had passed from him, the religion of the Cross could not have been established, Judaism and heathenism would still be triumphant, and the glorious centuries of Christianity would be unwritten.

YET his prayer *was* answered, for his Father's will *was* done, and that, too, was as much our Lord's prayer as that the cup might pass from him. So with us and our prayers. They *never* can be unanswered, if offered in Jesus' way and with Jesus' spirit.

But let no one say, "What is the use of praying, then? God's will will be done whether we pray or not. We are wasting our breath and deceiving ourselves with finespun casuistry when we offer a double prayer, first that we may have our own way, and if not, then God's way, which may be exactly the reverse of our own."

Again the great Teacher shows us the way out of this perplexity, for his prayer, though unanswered in the exact form he uttered it, was answered in reality, because strength and courage were given him to drink the cup. What mattered it whether the agony was taken away, or strength given him to endure it? Was not this answer a far more blessed and noble one than escape from the cross would have been? Thus, too, are our prayers often answered, and far more and far better is given than we asked for, had we not added, "Thy will be done."

ONCE more, we must not miss our Lord's considerateness toward his sleepy, slow-witted disciples. How gentle his reproof! "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" He even finds excuses for them which they dared not plead for themselves, for they "knew not what to answer him." He was in the darkest hour of his life, but he was not unmindful of their tired bodies. "The spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak," was his apology for their drowsiness. His own agony did not prevent him from considering their need of rest. Though they had not kept vigil with him, "Sleep on now, and take your rest," he said, when he came back the third time and found them sleeping. But even as he spoke, Judas was at the garden gate, and the Son of man was betrayed into the hands of sinners.

However, let us not take too much comfort to ourselves because of Christ's treatment of his sleepy disciples. To us, as to them, comes the command, "*Watch* and *pray* that ye enter not into temptation." The fact that Jesus dealt compassionately with their weariness after the night of excitement and anxiety and sorrow, is no warrant for stupidity or carelessness in our spiritual warfare. The sentinel who sleeps at his post is guilty of a crime that justly condemns him to death, for he may endanger ten thousand lives as well as his own. He may be spared by the clemency of his commander, as were some of our soldiers in the Civil War by the great-hearted Lincoln, but his sin is none the less.

THE watchman, someone has said, when he sees the enemy coming, is not to rush single-handed into battle; his duty is to report at once to his captain who will provide against the assault of the foe. Our duty, when temptation assails us, is to report to the Captain of our Salvation, to seek his strength and the legions which he is ready to provide.

This lesson from Gethsemane tells us how kindly considerate our Captain is, how ready to forgive, and, above all, that he himself has stood a solitary sentinel at the very gates of hell, and there found almighty strength, for in the hour of direst agony there appeared unto him "an angel from heaven strengthening him." We need no other messenger from heaven, for the divine Sufferer of Gethsemane is with us always. He knows our suffering. He craves our companionship. He tells us to watch, not alone, but with Him, and he has shown us how to get strength and courage from prayer, and that the Father will enable us, as he enabled him, to bear any cross that he does not take away.

*Founder and President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Worst and the Best

SUNDAY, May 19. John 2 : 25. "*He knew what was in man.*" Our Lord has always known what is in every man. Everything is transparent. The rose-bush does not hide the refuse-heap. The stage-play of piety does not eoneeal the life behind the seenes. We have no secret chambers. He knows all about our most private rooms. Here, at any rate, all camouflage is useless. He sees the thought that has never yet found words. He sees the ugly purpose which is hiding like a snake in the grass. He sees the desire that will not die, but which will not show its face in the street. The Lord knows all about us. We are glass houses, and everything is manifest. And this should fill us with holy fear. "Thou, God, seest me!"

But there is another way of looking at the apostle's word, and this other way is full of inspiration. The Lord certainly knows my worst, and yet he it is who has the best hopes for me. That is to me one of the most wonderful of all wonderful things. He who knows my worst has more hope for me than they who know my best. My best is only very blind and lame, and it does not offer much promise of anything very splendid that is coming. And so it is that they who are allowed to see my best, my parade days, my prepared moments, are not very enthusiastic in their predietions of the marvelous conquests that await me. But the Saviour sees my very worst. He has turned it all over. Not a thing in all the sad heritage of my past has eseaped him. And he amazes me when he seeks my intimate companionship, "that whero I am there ye may be also." Yes, he who sees my worst has invincible hopes of the best.

This wonderfully hopeful way of looking at the worst is born of his unspeakable love. For it is one of the crowning distinctions of love that her sight is not only elear insight but radiant foresight. Love is Omega as well as Alpha, and she sees the shining end from the dull beginning. But better than all else is this: he who sees my worst is ready to beeome incorporate with me in all the vital intimaey of his redeeming sacrifice. At Calvary he becomes one with the shame of my worst that I may be enfolded in the graee and glory of his best. I am bound up in the same bundle of life with the Lord my God. J. H. J.

Why Live Inferiorly?

MONDAY, May 20. Gal. 2 : 20. "*The life whieh I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God.*" Regeneration is the emergence in us of a new self, a superior self. The Christian life is superior in that it is serene. "Great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them." It is superior in that it is guided. "I will guide thee with mine eye." It is superior, beeause it is vietorious. "In all these things we are more than eonquerors."

Why should we be satisfied with a life which is inferior—with anything less than the best? We demand the best literature, the best art, why not the best life? Multitudes seem to be content with a quality of life which in their sanest moments they must know is less rational and less satisfying than the life offered them freely in the Gospel.

A soldier in a Southern eamp who confessed he had not attended church since he was fourteen years of age, was much impressed with the appeal of a visiting minister and sought an interview with him after the serviee. He aeeepted the terms of salvation, and went baek to his tent a happy man. As he took the minister's hand and thanked him for the message he said, "I do not know what made me content so long without this joy and hope, but I must have been bewitched." Sin does cast a spell over us. The prodigal at last "came to himself" in the far-off country. He had not been himself, that is, his best self, until he yielded to the impulse to return to the father's house. C. C. A.

The Self-Condemning Heart

TUESDAY, May 21. I John 3 : 20. "*If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things.*" The trials of a believer embrace misgivings inspired by the believer's own heart, whether he is really aeeepted with God, whether he can really regard God as his loving Father and himself as a child of God. In a review of his life the believer may come upon incidents whieh his memory has retained and which spell guilt to him. The heart lays hold of such matters and declares that they argue against the Christian's belief that he is in the relationship of a ehild to God. The believer's sonship with God is disavowed by his own heart. This is a very grievous trial, causing great disquietude, fear and trembling.

Against this state of uncertainty and unrest the apostle proposes this remedy: that the believer disregard his disavowing heart and take refuge with God, who will sustain the believer against the aceusations of his eonseience. What a paradox! The heart is to get away from itself. How is this possible? Through the ageney of the divine promises of grace laid down in the Gospel. The Gospel declares that God has been reconeiled by the sacrifice of Christ. All our guilt has been canceled. No one shall be able to lay anything to the eharge of God's elect. There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ. Through these assuring statements God again and again speaks to the Christian in moments when his faith is become pusillanimous, and tells him to believe the record of God's redeeming love in Christ rather than the record which his own heart holds up to him. The believer is here taught to rest his assurance, not on the sensations of peace and joy which he experiences in his inner life, not on any subjeetive ground whieh will ever be shifting, but on the objeetive ground of what God has done for him and is telling him to believe in his Word.

God is greater in justifying us than our heart ean be in eondemning us. He has said that his grace abounds over all sins. We are to be saved, not by believing that we are believers and strong in faith, but by believing God's promise of salvation.

W. H. T. D.

Giving Up Treasures

WEDNESDAY, May 22. Gen. 22 : 12. "*Now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me.*" A multitude of homes have been giving up their dearest treasures since the European war began. Not only among the soldiers in the battle front, but among the ehildren banished from ruined homes, little wanderers in hunger, desolation and anguish, falling by the roadside or lost in the wilderness. Mothers and fathers have been giving their children back to Christ from their arms of love and ean say to a sorrowing world, "I, too, am alone, without my loved ones, but, in my desolation, God is blessing me with multiplied service and showing me that 'Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.'"

All classes of society are surrendering their dear ones to the call of the nation. A physician onee exclaimed, in bitter sorrow, "I cannot eure my boy." So a millionaire might ery, "My gold is unable to save my son from facing the deadly enginery of war." A wife cannot keep her husband nor a sister her brother. How many soon will be like Raehel, weeping for her children, depending upon the comfort of the everlasting arms. The children are still yours, though surrendered; if not given baek soon, like Isaac, they will greet you in the home of the soul, where all are safe with God. You may, therefore, exclaim, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Jesus wept, and so may you; he knows when the weeping time will be over, when we shall seo that all the dark things have worked together for our good. So we may now say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Let us remember that Jesus has room for the parents, as well as the lambs, in his infinite bosom. E. W. C.

"Yieldingness"

THURSDAY, May 23. Phil. 4 : 5. "*Let your moderation be known to all men.*" Paul was a man with a stout will. He had all the foree of eharaeter ealled for in a great politieal leader or a great warrior. Wherever he was, his personality struek the dominant note. He was strongly gifted with that magnetism and forcefulness whieh are the endowment of the born conqueror. To bring such a will into subjeetion, into submission, into habitual control, is the most difficult task imaginable. We can imprison a strong man; we can even torture him into submission; but to obtain the consent of his will to live a life totally different from that whieh he had marked out for himself—that is a different thing.

Behold a slow but certain change in all Paul's proeesses of thinking, choice and aetion. It is a slow process, but not so slow that it can not be perceived early in his Christian experience. He submits to be led by an obscure diseiple named Ananias. He sits at the feet of peoplo who know much less than himself, but who know more of the Thing that he wants to know more about. Here begins a career which is as wonderful for its meekness as it was of old for its strength. In admonishing the Philippians, "Let your moderation be known unto all men," he uses a term having a signifieance much more than mere temperance, mere self-control. Indeed we render it almost literally, when we read it, "Let your yieldingness be known unto all men."

John Wesley was a powerful personality. He had a regal will. We ean not look at his picture without recognizing the inflexible commander. It was that will whieh sustained him in the most laborious life any modern apostle ever lived. The lesson Paul learned, John Wesley also learned, and he too subdued the lion in himself by generous participation in the grace of God. John Wesley had been wronged, and he eonfronted the man who had injured him with the demand for an apology. It was refused. "Will you not apologize?" at last Wesley said. His antagonist replied, "I will not." Said Wesley, "Then I will." There was Christian yieldingness. C. C. A.

The Trinity

FRIDAY, May 24. I John 5 : 7. "*There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one.*" The Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity is here set forth in a most practical manner, viz., as related to our salvation. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, all bear witness that Jesus is the Christ and whosoever believeth iu him is begotten of him. The Father loved us and gave his only begotten Son to save us from perdition. The Son loved us, and gave himself for us. The Holy Spirit loves us and fashions our hearts into temples of the triune God, in which this great incomprehensible God deigns to dwell in the majesty of his eondeseending love and merey.

This is a happy and blessed way of studying the mystery of the Three in One. Our brains grow dizzy when we begin to reason out the mathematical ineongruities implied in the teaching of the Trinity, when we attempt to fathom the eternal generation of the Son out of the essenee of the Father, and the going forth of the Spirit from the Father and the Son. This God is so inscrutable that our little reason eannot penetrate the riddle of his being; he is so great that our small intellect does not encompass him with its present faculties. Some day everything that relates to his essence and his persons will be clearly understood, for we shall see him as he is. When the light of glory shall have been diffused through our whole being, we shall study him adoringly and join enraptured with angels and archangels in the Thrice Holy, which Isaiah heard. Until then we subdue the skeptical spirit within us and defer also the eager questionings of our longing hearts of faith by wrapping ourselves up entirely in that view of the Trinity which represents Father, Son, and Spirit as a triple chain of love by which we are to be drawn from earth to heaven. W. H. T. D.

Victory Through Defeat

SATURDAY, May 25. Isa. 53 : 11. "*He shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.*" The mightiest vietories have often followed the greatest defeats. Hannibal was at last eonquered by the Fabian policy of earefully retreating before the Carthaginian army. George Washington, crossing the East River after the disastrous battle of Long Island and then retreating through New Jersey and to Valley Forge, insured the final Revolutionary victory.

It is not how a man eomports himself after his victory, but how he bears defeats, that reveals his genius and nobility of manhood. Unyielding allegiance to the truth and no eompromise with the enemy wins in the end.

General Grant replied to the question, "Do you think you are going to take Richmond?" by saying "No, I don't think—I know we will take Richmond." General Garfield exelaimed to the New York City mob, "Fellow citizens, clouds and darkness are round about him; justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne. God reigns and the government at Washington still lives." The vast multitude was transformed by sueh absolute faith in Almighty God when Abraham Lincoln, our leader, lay in his coffin.

Savonarola once said, "Do you ask me in general what will be the end of the conflict? I answer, Victory. But if you ask me in partieular, I answer, death." Today reformers receive the jeers, tomorrow the cheers, of mankind. Cannonaded today; canonized tomorrow. It was so on Calvary. Jesus exclaimed to his disciples, "Be of good cheer; I have overeome the world. I see the travail of my soul and am satisfied." And yet Gethsemane was at his feet; the mob on their way, the trial being prepared, the eross on the horizon, the sepulcher opening. Did he not behold that he was Vietor over death, hell and the grave? Lot the ages answer and tell what his blood bought, what his wounds paid, what his rising meant to humanity. He overcame the world while falling in apparent defeat on Calvary. E. W. C.

Seventeen Millions Buy Liberty Bonds

THE campaign for the Third Liberty Loan entered the final week with $2,283,301,850, 76 per cent. of the offering, subscribed. Liberty Loan committees all over the country, even in those states and towns where the quota was far exceeded, started out for a whirlwind finish that would not only pull up the total but would pile up an oversubscription that would be visible across the ocean. Almost at once the daily totals began to show a steady increase. On May 1 President Wilson, recognizing both the energy with which the campaign was being waged and the necessity for a new slogan, purchased an additional $50 bond, and the word was telegraphed from end to end of the nation that the Commander-in-Chief had bought another bond. In a little while a telegram came back from a little girl telling the President that she had "matched him." All over the nation "Match the President" clubs sprang up, not mushroom growths, but real enthusiastic clubs of people who had done and were still doing. By Friday morning, May 3, the Loan was over 90 per cent. subscribed, with the Chicago, Boston, San Francisco and Dallas Federal Reserve Districts running a neck-and-neck race to be the fourth to complete their quotas. Chicago won with Boston a close second. The city of St. Louis on May 3 became the first city of more than 500,000 population, rated according to the 1910 census, to reach its quota. In New York City the big banks, trust companies, and insurance companies, which had not been largely heard from, began to put in subscriptions of five, ten and fifteen million dollars apiece, some of them doubling subscriptions already made, while all the various committees took on renewed vigor as the city passed the 75 per cent. line.

At one o'clock on May 3 the Liberty Ball which started from Buffalo on April 6, completed its trip at the New York City Hall, being escorted from Yonkers by Boy Scouts, bands, soldiers, marines, and the cheering populace. In one office building of Manhattan an Italian boot-black sold more than $3,000 worth of bonds. With every $50 bond he gave away a shine. For, as he said, "We gotta backa de boys." Asked what was his commission, he replied, "No commish. Buy-a de Liberty Bond, I shine 'em free." Long before midday of May 3 it was evident that the $3,000,000,000 of the third Liberty Loan had been sold, and efforts of bond salesmen everywhere were concentrated on the oversubscription. The partial total announced on May 5 was $3,203,655,400, the subscription in the Federal Reserve Districts reaching the following percentages of their quotas: Minneapolis 133, St. Louis, 133, Kansas City 125, Chicago 110, Boston 125, San Francisco 102, Dallas 105, Philadelphia 110, Cleveland 94, Richmond 98, New York 101, and Atlanta 80. Later reports indicated that all the Federal Reserve districts had reached 100 per cent. of their quotas.

Ahmed Mirza, Shah of Persia, through the United States Minister at Teheran, applied for $100,000 worth of Liberty Bonds. The offer was taken to indicate both the wisdom of the Persian ruler and his friendly disposition toward the United States and its allies.

The final hours of the closing day of the Third Liberty Loan were marked by a tremendous upward move in subscriptions all over the country. Before the close of business the totals, including all districts throughout the country, showed subscriptions of $3,316,628,250. Yet these represented only the returns actually in the hands of incorporated banks and trust companies, whereas the fuller returns on Monday brought the total to $4,500,000,000. New York City went far beyond its $900,000,000 quota. There were seventeen million individual buyers in the Third Liberty Loan, being seven million more than in the second, thus setting a new record. Wide distribution of subscriptions among the farmers, the workers and the industrial classes generally, is a feature that gives immense satisfaction to the government, showing how heartily and generously the people are supporting our policy in the great war.

A Week in the World's News

AN ARMY OF 3,000,000. Following the cabinet meeting on April 30, it was announced that Secretary Baker would within a day or two lay before the Military Affairs Committee of the House plans for increasing the army to keep pace with the accelerated movements of troops to France. It was indicated that the total strength of the army would be increased to 3,000,000 men, of whom 2,000,000 would be in France by January 1, 1919. On the same day Senator Smith offered a resolution, calling upon the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate to prepare a bill to provide 5,000,000 more men for the national army, while Senator Reed introduced a bill for the training of an additional 3,000,000 men, and Senator Poindexter presented a bill for the training of 1,500,000 in addition to those already provided for. Senator Reed declared that the present Selective Draft Law would not provide more than 2,500,000 men, and that this army was far short of the army America should have to make her part in the war effective. It was announced on May 1 that the War Department was now ready to equip an additional 1,600,000 men, which would give a total of 3,200,000 men under arms. Secretary Baker, on May 2, transmitted to Congress a request of the President for authority to draft into service as many men as could be trained, equipped and transported to France; $15,000,000,000 was asked for to pay and equip the great Army which America must raise. The Secretary also requested that future draft quotas be based on the number of men in Class 1 in each district without regard to voluntary enlistments. For the present all available British and American transports are being used to carry men to France.

The Liberty Ball, somewhat battered but still rolling on like the bond sales, near the end of its journey, in New York on May 3

On May 3 it was announced that the nation then had under arms, in training camps and in the field, 1,765,000 enlisted men and 120,000 officers; that the plans of the department contemplated an increase of these numbers to a total of 2,298,000 by July 1, 1918, and an army of 3,000,000 in the field by July 1, 1919. All the training camps will be greatly enlarged.

The total casualties reported for the week ending May 6th were: killed in action 70, died of wounds 16, died of disease 43, killed by accident, or other causes 23, wounded 499, missing 23. Marine losses were 1 killed, 3 dead of wounds, and 5 wounded.

RED TRIANGLE TORPEDOED. A party of fifty-seven Y. M. C. A. workers en route from New York to England on their way to France were landed in a British port in April 29, without their baggage. The vessel on which they sailed, the British liner Orissa, had been torpedoed on the preceding night. The ship sank in twelve minutes, but all of her passengers and crew, numbering about 250, were saved except three, two members of the crew who were caught below decks, and the ship's baker, who went back for his money belt.

MORE POWER TO THE PRESIDENT. The Senate, on April 29, passed by a vote of 63 to 13 the Overman bill, giving the President the power until six months after the end of the war to consolidate and co-ordinate executive bureaus and agencies of the Government.

KEEL TO AFLOAT IN 27 DAYS. The New York Shipbuilding Company's yard at Camden, N. J., on May 4, had 85 per cent. completed and ready for launching the 5500 ton steel cargo ship, the Tuckahoe. The time from keel to launching was 27 days, 2 hours and 55 minutes. The best previous record was 55 days made on an 8800 ton ship by Skinner & Eddy, at Seattle. The Tuckahoe was promised ready for cargo in 15 days after launching.

EQUAL FRANCHISE IN PRUSSIA. The process of franchise reform initiated in Prussia by the Kaiser last July reached a crisis on May 1, when the Prussian Diet took up for passage the new franchise bill based on the principle of one man, one vote. The preliminary voting indicated that the conservative elements in the Diet would adhere to their announced program and would defeat the measure, or amend it to provide for plural voting. It was announced that this would be followed by the election of the new Diet, since the Kaiser was determined to keep faith with the electors of the Empire.

SEBASTOPOL IN GERMAN HANDS. Berlin announced on May 2 that in the Ukraine they had broken enemy resistance before Sebastopol and had occupied the town on May 1 without fighting. Later reports told of penetration by German armies into the Donetz River coal basin. It was also rumored that the Germans had succeeded in capturing the Russian Black Sea fleet which escaped at Odessa. Other dispatches also showed the German military authorities ruling with a high hand in the Ukraine, where, on May 2, they had established military rule in Kiev, and had arrested a number of the members of the government, including the Minister of War, the official explanation being, "Our efforts to restore order met with insufficient support from the government, which moreover took no measures regarding the spring sowing to meet its treaty obligations." There was every evidence of a gathering of storm of rebellion in the Ukraine against her German guests turned masters.

GERMAN-FINNISH TROOPS DEFEAT RED GUARDS. Berlin reported, on May 3, that in southwestern Finland a five-day battle near Lakhti and Tavasthus had resulted in an overwhelming defeat of the Bolshevist Red Guard and the capture of 20,000 prisoners. This battle practically clears the former grand duchy of Bolshevist rebel troops, but apparently leaves Finland as completely in the grip of German military force as is the Ukraine.

OUR NAVY ABROAD. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Secretary of the Navy, in an address on May 3 said that America had then in European waters 150 warships, manned by between 40,000 and 50,000 sailors and marines, and that the fleet was being increased at the rate of almost one ship a day.

BRITAIN MAY BUY LIQUOR TRADE. English, Scotch and Irish committees appointed to investigate the purchasing by the state of the liquor traffic were reported on May 3 to have declared in

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War in the Holy Places

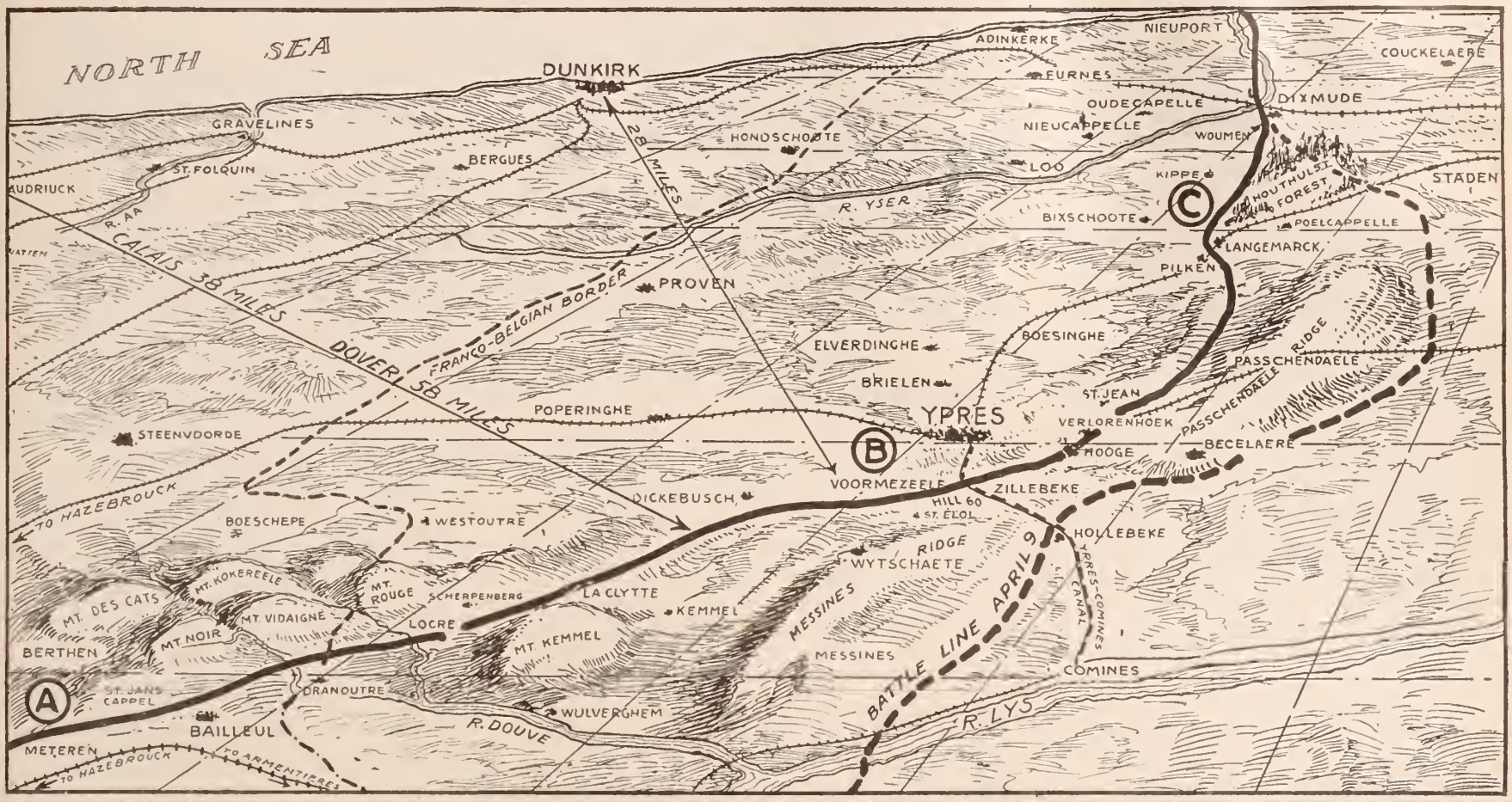
THE Turk goes to war with much ceremony. His passage through Jerusalem on the way to his attack on Egypt was a memorable pageant which will be portrayed for us next week by an eyewitness, Professor Kemper Fullerton of Oberlin.

Next week also comes the first of the summer's short stories, in which McCrea, "Only a Snipe," becomes a hero.

Frank Carpenter's nose caught the trail of the cook's galley on a man-of-war, and he followed the scent until he got a lot of inside information about the navy. He tells it next week.

And next week also Rev. Paul Rader, who dared succeed Moody in his Chicago pulpit, spreads before us in an evangelistic sermon the Banquet of Redeeming Love.

Germany's Best Troops Meet Defeat



The battle line in Flanders, against which German assaults were broken

GERMANY'S furious drive, begun in the closing days of April and which threatened to encircle Ypres, and possibly even to penetrate to the coast, spent itself before any really vital results had been accomplished. The furthest advance made by Von Arnim's offensive had carried the Teutons to the eastern slopes of Monts Rouge and Scherpenberg. On Monday, April 29, the tide of battle turned. Von Arnim's advance was halted at almost every point. The Germans were driven back from before Mont Rouge; Voormezeele and Loere were completely recaptured by the Allies, and the forces that had threatened Ypres were thoroughly routed out of their lately captured positions by counter-attacks in which the British and French united. A line of wooded heights and villages which the Germans had held for a few days only, were again in Allied hands. It is believed that Gen. Foch who personally directed the movement, had heavily reinforced the British at the critical moment when the German drive had spent its force. The fighting during the combined counter-attacks is described as terrific, the Germans being heavily punished almost simultaneously in engagements along LaBassée Canal east of Bethune on the Belgian front, at Villers-Bretonneux and along the Bailleul-Ypres front. There is little doubt, however, that the lull will be followed by a renewed attempt in force to carry through the delayed German program, but whether in the sector which includes Ypres and Mont Kemmel, or on the salient of the Somme east of Amiens, is uncertain.

Prisoners taken by the Allies say that the Germans are running short of man power and are mustering in the 1920 class. Some of these boy troops are already at the front, although not used in the fighting.

The encounter at Villers-Bretonneux on April 30, when an American force repulsed a heavy German attack, capturing prisoners and causing considerable losses to the enemy in killed and wounded, is said to have been the first occasion in which our national army, in any considerable force, have had a part in the big battle which has raged since March 21 almost without intermission. The Americans were supported by French troops, but themselves bore the brunt of the attack, handling the Huns with the promptness and vigor of veterans. In this encounter the Germans were compelled to abandon their dead and wounded on the field.

The Story of the Fighting

GEN. VON ARNIM in command of the German 4th army met a disastrous defeat, on April 29, so disastrous that the following day saw such infantry actions as occurred initiated largely by the British and French. Along the front of about fifteen miles from Meteren west of Bailleul north to Zillebeke, two miles southeast of Ypres the Germans used in the neighborhood of 100,000 troops in a desperate effort, repeated in constantly continuing assaults, to develop the success gained by the capture of Mont Kemmel, to envelop the Ypres and to drive the French and British from the three remaining heights west of Kemmel, Scherpenberg, Mont Noir and Mont Rouge. The village of Loere, lying at the entrance of the valley between Rouge and Scherpenberg had been captured by the Germans on Sunday and was in the partial possession of both sides on Monday morning. During the day it changed hands several times, the Germans being finally expelled from the village in the afternoon after a temporary penetration of the French line had permitted a few of their storm troops to set foot on the slopes of Scherpenberg and Rouge. French reserves quickly restored the situation and the French and British along the whole line fought the enemy to a standstill, carpeting the ground before their trenches with the gray clad bodies of his dead, and driving him back with a fierceness of fire that shattered his columns and decimated his ranks. The top of Kemmel was held under a concentrated artillery fire, making it useless to the enemy.

On Tuesday the Allies attacked and rectified their line in a number of places, pushing ahead nearly a mile east of Loere in the direction of Dranoutre. At the wood of Voormezeele there was a fiercely contested battle throughout all of Monday, in which the German effort only resulted in a terrible slaughter. Further south along the highway from Kemmel to Laelytte, where British and French units joined hands, a desperate effort to drive a wedge between the lines of different tongues resulted only in the shattering of the wedge. The artillery exchange during the whole day was at an intensity equal to anything yet known in the war, the Germans also keeping under fire the British lines from the Searpe north to the neighborhood of Lens. An attack was also made on the Belgians north of Ypres, meeting with the same results as those further south. The artillery battle was also moderately intense along the whole front of the Flanders wedge, from Arras all away around to Noyon, at which latter place a German attack won some ground from the French which was regained by an immediate counter-attack.

The British report of casualties in April showed a total of 52,475, of whom 1,621 officers and 7,723 men were killed or died of wounds. The losses in March were 14,090. The British alone captured 1,061 Germans in March and 5,241 in April. Germany claims captures in excess of 6,000 in the Flanders fighting but the figures are not verified. What Germany's losses have been since the fight began on March 21 is not known, although some French observers estimate the total in the neighborhood of 500,000, a very close estimate based on losses of 2,200 each by 186 divisions placed the losses at 352,000. That Germany was feeling a shortage of manpower was evidenced by an ultimatum presented to the Russian Soviet Government, demanding that Russia return to Germany all German prisoners, except those incapacitated from wounds or illness in return for incapacitated Russian prisoners, Germany retaining all those Russian prisoners able to work whose labor is in part making possible her grand offensive.

American troops were officially reported in position on the Amiens front, on April 28. The part of the line taken over by the Americans was under heavy artillery fire as the exchange of troops was made, the American artillery first relieved their French compatriots, taking up, gun by gun, the duel of steel and explosives. When their artillery was in place, the infantry marched in with the bands playing and took over from the French the designated trenches which run within from 300 to 400 yards of the German line, the high ground being about evenly divided. The Americans were acting under the French High Command in which they have complete confidence.

Escaped prisoners and neutrals coming out of Germany were quoted by a correspondent of the New York *Times*, on April 29, to show that Germany was treating American prisoners more harshly than those of her other enemies; feeding them on starvation fare and exhibiting them throughout the country as a show for the civilians.

ALTHOUGH the fusing into one of the French, British and American armies in France has changed the nature of the front, so that it is all Allied and none of it distinctly British, French or American, certain portions of the fighting naturally fall more or less exclusively to the troops of one of the Allies. On May 1 the Germans attacked heavily the sector in the vicinity of Villers-Bretonneux, where for the two preceding days the British and their Allies had been gradually pushing back the enemy. The sector under attack was held by American troops. The bombardment opened at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, continuing for two hours at great intensity, being directed particularly against the Americans, who were supported on both flanks by the French. When the bombardment ceased three battalions of German infantry were thrust forward coming to hand to hand fighting all along the line. The enemy was, however, thrust back with no gain of territory, leaving many dead and wounded lying on the ground, the Americans taking five prisoners. The American losses were reported severe. All the positions occupied by American troops have been kept under intense artillery fire throughout the week but, except on this one sector, no infantry activity beyond the usual clashes of patrols has been reported.

May 1 saw little activity on the Flanders battle ground. The Germans were busy burying their dead and removing their wounded, while the Allies were equally busy preparing for the next thrust which military men insisted the mathematics of the situation indicated must be expected. Local attacks enabled the British to improve their posi-

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OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

The Testing Time

HUMAN character is on trial in these eventful days that are now passing. It is a testing-time for nations, for communities, for individuals—a time which reveals whatever there is in each of us that is noble and enduring and worth while. It is a time when we can sit in judgment upon ourselves and estimate whether we stand for those things that are worth living and striving and suffering for; or for those that are base and ignoble. Conceal the verdict as we may from others, we cannot hide it from our own hearts. In that secret tribunal we must face approval or condemnation.

In a very special sense, this testing process has been suddenly quickened into life by the gigantic struggle of the nations. It involves the basic principle of Christianity, which is sacrifice. We have seen during the past year multitudes of our citizens responding to the call of the national defense. We have seen during these recent weeks millions of Americans pouring their wealth into the national treasury to help win a war against the spirit of world domination, which, if it were to triumph, would mean poverty, oppression and slavery, the destruction of humanity's noblest ideals, and the reversion of human progress to the days of barbarism, spiritual darkness and cruelty.

Little wonder is it, therefore, that Americans have responded universally to the call of the Liberty Loan. With our army of brave boys heroically facing death at the front, that the peoples of the world might have freedom, any other attitude was unthinkable. Our people, looking at the splendid courage of our sons and brothers over there, could not but be vividly reminded of the words of Him who said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Men are giving their lives for a great cause—the cause of righteousness and justice, the saving of the world from a tyranny that would make life in it intolerable. Nor is even one life given in vain; for every life lost has been given that we here in peaceful America may rest secure. Greater love we cannot ask. How can we repay it? We can never repay it directly, any more than we can repay the one great Sacrifice made for humanity long ago.

Yet though we cannot adequately repay the great love shown for us by these heroic souls, who laid down their lives with a smile, we can honor them by remembering their requests and seeing that others do not forget them. Often with their last breath they have pleaded that more ambulances, more hospital supplies be sent for those who remain to fight, and if necessary to die. We cannot ignore the sacrifices that have been made, and we cannot pay for them with a contribution of money, which involves no sacrifice on our part; yet we can show how glorious and noble we hold these sacrifices by aiding the government in its struggle for the cause for which our dear ones died—aiding it until we know that we are making a very real sacrifice, worthy of their example and of the high purpose in view. And we must work to induce others to do the same, even at the sacrifice of business or social interests.

When all has been done, no matter how much we may have given, we shall still feel that we have fallen far short of what we ought to have done. For our heroes who have gone gave their lives—their all—for our sake, leaving with us the example of love and loyalty and the fadeless remembrance of the courage that marched to battle with a song and faced death with a smile.

Restricting Public Information

A POSTAL "zone" system was abolished by Abraham Lincoln in 1863.

The principle has been condemned by United States Postal Commissions and postal experts.

Such a law was denounced by President Wilson when he was governor of New Jersey.

George Washington set the stamp of his condemnation upon it. In his fifth annual message to Congress Washington said:

"But here I cannot forbear to recommend a repeal of the tax on the transportation of public prints. There is no resource so firm for the government of the United States as the affections of the people, guided by an enlightened policy, and to this primary good nothing can conduce more than a faithful representation of public proceedings, diffused without restraint throughout the United States."

Despite these notable opinions, Congress has passed a law to hamper periodical reading during the war and after it by a postal "zone" system and a 50 to 900 per cent. postage increase!

The newspapers and magazines of this country are the chief educational agencies of our nation, and as such of supreme importance in our principles of government. The widest possible circulation of publications ought to be facilitated as a wise public policy.

This postal "zone" law would kill magazines and restrict their circulation in the greatest crisis that has ever confronted this nation since the American Revolution.

Woman's Great Task in the War

IN this great hour of the world's history, it is necessary that all women live greatly. At the battle-front they have performed prodigies of bravery, and some have even been decorated with the Cross of War for heroism under fire. You, too, would like to drive an ambulance and bring out the wounded under shell fire; but the work behind the lines is even more important. It is not the single act of heroism that will win the fight, but the steady sticking to the task in hand.

This is the message of the Food Administration to the women of America: Do not be confused; let nothing turn you aside. It is not a new task to which you are called, but the age-old task of feeding the family. Like the tribal women of old, we have sent forth our men children to war, and it falls to us to take up the great first task of fending for the family. But unlike that tribal woman whose horizon was bounded by the tribal hunting-ground, our horizon is the world. Our family that must be fed is made up of the great nations whose armies, united under a single leader, are facing the enemy. For those women who have eyes to see, this is the coming back into a lost kingdom.

This year's campaign is a struggle of reserve against reserve; America is the last reserve; in overwhelming numbers our forces are being moved to the front; and behind the lines the women are asked to bring up their last reserves of energy and intelligence in the practical carrying out of food orders.

The food situation must steadily degenerate as long as the war lasts. It is therefore of prime importance to add every item to the total production. No woman with a foot of growing space at her disposal can afford to be merely a destroyer of rations, a dependent on the food supplies of a starving world. The Allied nations look to America for food. One object of the Food Administration is to bring as much food as possible under control and distribute these supplies where they are most needed.

America is today the careful guardian of the needs of the world. As the Food Administration anxiously counts the dwindling bushels of wheat, it asks of every woman, "To what extent can you make your home independent of this common store?" To make the home as independent as possible of the common food pool, from which the hungry world must be fed, is woman's great task. This one thing you must do, dropping every other. The real work of woman since we entered the war has been conservation. We must hold every position we took last year, and go forward to new ground this year. A food survey to determine the year's needs will help. Back up your gardening plan with a cellar and pantry plan. How many potatoes and how many beans will you need? How many jars of tomatoes; how many of peaches? Sit down with pencil and paper and make a definite plan, remembering that every woman's real war work is to make the home pantry as independent as possible of the world pantry. Take stock of what you used during the winter and what you have left on hand. Make an estimate of your grocery orders for the past winter, and plan this year to reduce these to a minimum by substituting your own products.

Here is a practical illustration which may help you: Last fall, one clear-headed woman, who made a survey of a five-mile circuit, found she could get cornmeal, buckwheat and whole wheat flour from a neighboring mill. She canvassed the farmers and contracted for a winter supply of chickens, ducks, turkeys, guineas and rabbits, also some bacon and sausage, fresh fish and eels. When neighboring farmers killed a beef she bought a quarter, treated the family to fresh beef, canning and corning the rest. The sugar supply of her family of six she cut down to ten pounds a month, piecing out this allowance with sorghum and honey. During the long hard winter her only call on the overburdened railroad was for a little sugar, coffee, vegetable fats and seasonings. This was practical conservation, and her family was fed even better than usual.

The kind of patriotism that is most needed today is not the blare of trumpets, so much as the steady, day-by-day work which springs from intelligent insight and a lofty spirit.

The Infinite Love

WHO can fathom the depths of infinite love or describe the romance of the soul with Christ? The Bible gives comparisons of this ineffable union of the soul of man with Christ and the Father God, saying, "Like as a father loveth his children." "As one whom his mother comforteth." "How much more will your heavenly Father love and comfort you?" "Like as a bridegroom rejoiceth over his bride, so will thy God rejoice over thee." "Call me Ishi (that is, husband,) and I will betroth thee unto me forever." Human attachments are only little circles compared with the wide circumference of Almighty love.

To have Christ for your unchanging Friend, to be knit together in seamless union with him, is bliss beyond words to tell. It is to have the soul made a fit dwelling place for the King, a secret place of the Most High, where communions are enjoyed, prayers answered, sorrows soothed, sins cleansed away—a sacred sanctuary of seclusion where the Trinity dwells with man's soul. Can it be that a poor human becomes so exalted? Can we become like him in love, joy and peace, having our Lord's sympathy for humanity's needs, which are wide as the sea, deep as hell, and high as heaven?

At the marriage supper of the Lamb our union will be celebrated and Christ's last prayer answered, "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory and be one with us, as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee."

To Be on the Lord's Side

IT is well today to remember the words of Abraham Lincoln when he said, "I do not ask the Lord to be on our side, but I do pray that we may be on the Lord's side." Both sides may pray in war, but only one side can be right. The side that begins a war of aggression is in the wrong and must confess that wrong before it can stand on the side of right. When all are willing to be on the Lord's side, the war will cease. Right, instead of might, will prevail, and the spirit of brotherhood will be born on the ruins of the great conflict.

Men ask for victory amiss when they would consume the triumph upon their own lusts of gain and pride. Prayer must be according to the will of God, not prompted by our own selfish desires. God's will is right; his ways and thoughts are higher than ours. Christ came to do the will of Him that sent him, not to please himself nor to seek his own glory, but the glory of the Father God.

Unholy ambition wrecks instead of saving the world, seeking to make its own kingdom supreme rather than the kingdom of God. Our Lord came to bear witness to the truth, to save a race from the deadly disease of sin. Rulers of empire often rise upon the ruins of weaker peoples, building a throne on the foundation of human skulls. They turn an Eden of peace into a wilderness of war.

It is said that there are only two great beings in the universe, God and the soul. When trouble comes, the soul seeks shelter under the shadow of the wings of the Almighty, and there, offering up his prayers, rests in perfect security. To be on the Lord's side is to be in the ark of safety.

Swift Increase of Shipping

A TOTAL output of 240,000 tons of new shipping for the month of April was reported to the Shipping Board by Commissioner of Navigation Chamberlain. Two-thirds of the tonnage was constructed in the last half of the month.

At that rate the output of the year would approach three million tons, but Shipping Board officials are looking forward to much higher monthly totals as building gets under way.

A statement by the Board making public Mr. Chamberlain's report said:

"This total means that during the twenty-six working days in the month there were turned out on an average 9,000 tons of ship construction a day."

Such showing as this meets the highest calculations. The cry for "Ships, ships, more ships," is being answered. The increased tonnage necessary to carry our troops and provisions for them and the Allies is being supplied. American energy and efficiency prove up to expectations.

More and more shipping, coming fast and faster, will be the real and sure master of the destructive submarine.

Why Germany Can Not Rule the World

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D., Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

I

FOR nearly one hundred years there lived in England a Bible teacher, seer and student of prophecy, named Benjamin Wills Newton. He died just prior to the present war at the ripe age of ninety. In 1855, dnring the progress of the Crimean War, he pnblished a tractate to show, from the Scriptnres, that the struggle between the Western Powers and Russia mnst resnlt in the trinmph of the former—a prophecy he saw fulfilled. The German Empire was not then in evidence, and indeed, the name of Germany is mentioned only once in the tractate; bnt if it were now re-written, and "Germany" substituted for "Rnssia" throughout its pages, few other changes would be needed to make it fit as perfectly into present conditions as it did into those of sixty odd years ago. In other words, the reason, fundamentally, why Rnssia conld not control the world then, is the reason why Germany cannot control it now. The present article, thongh original in that its author is alone responsible for it, is nevertheless, in essence, the re-writing, thongh in mneh abridgment, of Mr. Newton's work.

II

EUROPE for a long while has been minns a controlling center, a balance of power. Prior to the present period, the will of Great Britain and France, unitedly expressed, was determinative of most European qnestions. But when the strength of France was impaired—as at the time of the Franco-Prnssian war—no snch controlling force remained. Gradnally, however, France has been regaining her former position with England, and at the bottom of the present war is Germany's purpose to offset the results certain to follow in that case. But she cannot finally and permanently achieve her aim, not becanse she lacks the force, or the organization, or the advantage of temporary snccess, bnt becanse a higher Power than she or any other nation has decreed otherwise.

III

IT is the Divine prophecy recorded in Daniel 2 that enables one to speak thus confidently. It was given him of God at a time when controlling power was being withdrawn from his nation of Israel and committed by God to certain nations of the Gentiles. This power had been given to Israel away back in the days of Solomon, the son of David, but because of her transgressions it was now being transferred for the time being. This transfer, be it noted, was not to the other nations of the world indiscriminately, not to others who through their own strength might be able to grasp and retain it, but to certain and particular nations which God himself indicated and to which he gave, and would continue to give, the power to execute his will. These nations were symbolized in a colossal metal image seen in a dream by Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Babylon, and which Daniel the prophet was enlightened and empowered to interpret. Scripture itself identifies the nations that are meant—or rather empires, as we now call them—as being in succession, Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome. For the supreme power of the first, compare Dan. 2 : 37, the second, Ezra 1 : 2, the third, Dan. 11 : 3, and the fourth, Luke 2 : 1.

Quoting Newton: "The sovereign controlling power of earth which was first vested in Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, next in Cyrns of Persia, afterward in Alexander of Greece, descended at last to the emperors of Rome; and within the territory once ruled by them, that sovereign power resides, and there its home will be nntil the Gentile Image comes to an end and forgiven Jerusalem becomes the 'City of the Great King.'"

By the "Gentile Image," he means that image which Nebnchadnezzar saw in his dream, and the interpretation of which afforded the occasion of Daniel's prophecy. By "forgiven Jerusalem," he means the ancient city of Palestine, restored to Israel and occnpied by her when she shall at length have become reconciled to God throngh the acceptance of the crucified Jesus as her Messiah.

"Accordingly," he goes on to say, "dnring all the rude shocks which the Roman Empire has received, the supreme determinating power of earth has never left its boundary. Invading tribes have never succeeded in removing the seat of power outside its limits. Such tribes have either lost the authority they temporarily possessed, or else, in order to retain it, they have abandoned their primeval seats and sought a new home within the divinely prescribed area." This the Tnrks did when they left their primeval seats for Constantinople."

We may be pardoned a digression here to say that, while some Biblical scholars question the application of the fonrth empire to Rome, nevertheless such has been the orthodox application from the beginning. It was early expressed by Josephus in his Jewish Antiquities, by a majority of the church fathers, by all the expositors of the Middle Ages, and by a majority of the moderns. Among these last some of the best known are Lange, Hengstenberg, Havernick, Hofmann, Keil, Gaussen, Auberlen, Kliefoth, Pusey, Barnes, Faussett and Tregelles. (Otto Zockler). The great Joseph Mede, an English theologian of the seventeenth century, first of his countrymen to attempt an explanation of the book of Revelation, places the application of the fourth empire to Rome as among the axioms of prophetic interpretation. "Having so good ground in Scripture," he says, "it is with me little less than an article of faith."

IV

NOW the point is that Germany, if we except the southwestern corner of her land, was not represented in Nebnchadnezzar's image; in other words, she never became a part of the Roman Empire. Hence the impossibility, as commentators hold, that she should be finally and permanently victorious over those nations which are so represented. That is not to say that she may not for a time be permitted, as a scourge, to successfully assail them, or even temporarily to occnpy or control a portion of their territory as at the present moment; but this is something different from becoming the mistress of those nations, and holding through them the determinative power of the earth. There may be a long and difficult conflict still ahead, for the progress of events in the Divine calendar is sometimes hindered by things beyond our ken; but so far as the end is concerned, we can say with the inspired prophet, "The dream is certain and the interpretation thereof snre" (Dan. 2 : 45).

Speaking of the "things beyond our ken" recalls the mysterious tenth chapter of Daniel, where it is revealed that centuries ago, when, in the providence of God, the time had come for the Persian Empire to succeed the Babylonian in the place of power, the angel of God was sent to confirm and strengthen Persia, but was resisted and hindered by the powers of darkness for the space of twenty-one days. The representative of the powers of darkness in this case was called "the prince of the kingdom of Persia." It is true, in other words, that not only in an individual sense, bnt nationally as well, "we wrestle not against flesh and blood (merely), but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in heavenly places" (Eph. 6 : 12). These "heavenly places" are not those of which we conceive as the dwelling-place of the unveiled presence of God, of his holy angels, and the "spirits of just men made perfect," but those which for the time being are possessed by the evil angels and Satan who is at their head.

In the crisis of the Persian snccession, Michael the chief prince, or the archangel, as we are told, came to help the angel of God against the spiritual "prince of the kingdom of Persia," and success followed; or, as the angel of God himself said to Daniel, "I remained there with the kings of Persia" (Dan. 10 : 13). There is an intimation in the same chapter that a similar spiritnal conflict ensued in the region of the heavens when, later, the succession was about to pass from the Persian to the Grecian Empire; for Satan does not pnrpose that God shall have his way if he can prevent it. Little do we know, therefore, the seriousness of the warfare now raging in the "heavenly places" as well as on the battlefields of France.

Mr. Newton reminds us that just before the Roman Empire was established as the mistress of the world, it had to pass through one of its most severe and dangerous strnggles with an earthly prince to whom the Kaiser may well be compared. Mithridates was his name, and his influence extended along the coast of the Black Sea to the Caspian. The prize contended for was Asia Minor and the East, the same as it is today. A terrible warfare was conducted, bnt he was overcome. And now, if the moment has arrived, as symbolized in the Gentile Image, when the limits of the Roman Empire are again to appear, may we not expect another struggle not unlike the first? The effectual revival of the East, and the recognized reappearance of the Roman nations there as well as in the West, would be a snpreme step onward in the development of the Divine connsels, and we might well expect a tremendous political convulsion to precede it.

Another interesting point is this: that the Roman Empire and its predecessors in the Image have their historic existence in Scriptnre as long as they are employed in that which concerns Israel in Jerusalem. One of the objects for which they were called into power was that they might pnnish and "tread down" the Holy City. Therefore, as soon as Israel was dispersed after the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, A. D. 70, a long night began to fall on the Roman Empire, although the "iron" strength which was its heritage always remained somewhere within its boundaries. For this reason we may believe that when the Jews again return to Jerusalem in unbelief to reestablish their Holy City—and are not events pointing that way just now?—we shall once more behold the Roman nations in the divided form of the ten tribes of the Image, assuming a definite relation to it and to its people. Is it then unlikely, in view of all this, that the Roman nations now engaged against Germany shall snccessfully resist her?

It is recorded of John Bright that, when he was once tempted to tnrn back in his great reform movements, he said: "If we can't win as fast as we wish, we know that our opponents can't, in the long run, win at all." Then he gathered new courage and went on to victory. "Let us in onr conflict," says another, "look np, cheer up, and go forward. Doing this, as surely as Christ has all authority in heaven and on earth, we shall finally and gloriously trinmph."

A MOMENT OF POETRY

TWO GRAVES

WITH loving care his grave was made,
My lad who died so long ago,
And gently was his body laid
Where now the roses grow.

The peaceful dead sleep all around;
I tend the blossoms by his head;
My feet may press the hallowed ground,
So I am comforted.

He lies among the nameless dead,
My soldier-lad, across the sea;
I may not guard that lonely bed,
But God doth comfort me!

EMILY PARET ATWATER.

UNAWARE

POPLAR catkins swaying in the breeze,
Burning blossoms on the maple trees,
Pussy willows soft and silver gleaming—
Sweet spring gifts to you and me are these.

Blackbird crying by the riverside,
Robin blithely calling for his bride,
Bluebird in his glorious garb a-winging—
All the gates of spring are open wide.

Frogs are shrilly piping in the brook,
Violets calling you to come and look,
Butterflies on golden wing a-flying—
Spring has softly crept to every nook.

Scents of pungent perfume in the air,
Farmers plowing furrows everywhere,
Hearts with hope renewed and courage mounting,
Spring has come upon us unaware.

MARION BERNICE CRAIG.

"BEHOLD, THIS DREAMER COMETH"

COME, oaten pipe, a prelude play!
How shall the merry noise begin?
Shall it be "Jacob's Roundelay,"
Or tune I piped to scare away
The fears of little Benjamin?

The gardens that I daily view
In lovely Hebron's home-set vale
Are not so sweet, skies not so blue
As gardens dripping with the dew
Of Dreamland's moonlit, dusky dale.

These meadows where I tend the sheep
On Shechem's wondrous fertile plain,
Hold not the joy that meadows keep
Where, watered by the river Sleep,
Grow Dreamland fields of golden grain.

Perchance the dells of Dothan throw
A fonder fragrance to the breeze;
I journey thence, but well I know
That Dreamland I would not bestow
For any one, nor all, of these.

Come, oaten pipe, here on these leaves
Let us in noontide peace repose. . . .
Again! . . . sun, moon, and stars . . . and sheaves! . . .
Why is it that my father grieves? . . .
Pit . . . Egypt . . . fame . . . what dream-wind
blows! . . .

CLARENCE URMY.

A Western Prophet Comes East

NELS THOMPSON, a Pacific Coast evangelist, housed in a "Gospel fort," mounted upon a truck, was at Seattle in April preparing for a "drive on the East," with "wicked Gotham" as his destination. He preaches "the old-fashioned Gospel" of "quit your meanness and repent," and a large number of persons in California, Oregon and Washington have been converted by his appeals.

"Billy Sunday does his work in his own way, effectively," said Mr. Thompson, at Seattle, "but I preach to more people, perhaps, and my service is the most economical. Billy must have a costly campaign and tabernacle, with a great corps of workers. He preaches to 15,000 or 20,000 upon occasions. I require no help except the help of God, and within an hour or two, in the centers of population, I reach with the Gospel from 15,000 to 25,000 persons. The number is far greater, indeed, including the thousands who read the Gospel as it is emblazoned upon the walls of my Gospel car."

There's nothing particularly new about the Gospel car, but Nels Thompson is a new kind of evangelist. He adheres to no creed, but preaches "Christ and him crucified for the sins of the world." He never asks for money, never takes up a collection, and that's his new feature of evangelistic work. On occasions in San Francisco, Portland and Seattle men have offered handfuls of money to the preacher, urging him to take it and use it for good work, but in every such case the money is refused! for the preacher said, "for I don't believe in the public financing of God's cause. I don't believe, either, that the money of sinners, acquired in sinful ways, is acceptable as an offering to God. I never accept it. Neither do I ever worry about money, for I have God's promise that he will provide for my wants, and he always does. I never give a moment's thought to the financial needs of tomorrow. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'

"I'M the living embodiment of the promises of God," continued the preacher. "I was never down and out, but six years ago an angel's whisper halted me in my career of sin, and I purchased a Bible. I read its record, its promises. I recognized it as the Word of God. I determined to repent, to right-about face, to serve God rather than the devil. For years I had been a gambler, always 'successful' as success is counted among men who 'follow the ponies.' My winnings were large, sometimes. But money failed to satisfy the longing of my soul. The joys of sin turned to ashes, and I found myself, in my regard, the chief of sinners. I implored God's forgiveness, through the mediation of Christ. I walked with and talked with Jesus as with a powerful Elder Brother. I humbly obeyed his loving advice. I was converted.

"God provided means and I built this Gospel fort on wheels, determined to spread the Gospel, the truth that had brought me freedom and light. From that day I have been happy, because I was increasingly useful in God's cause. I am going in the summer to the great Eastern centers, visiting Chicago and New York. I am engaged in mobilizing men and women for heaven—a heaven on earth and hereafter."

Thompson is a typical fighting man, of Danish nationality, for years an admirer and backer of "Battling" Nelson, the prizefighter. His methods of crusading resemble Nelson's system of fighting. He never gets "punishment" enough. He fights all odds and refuses to recognize "insuperable obstacles." Crossing the mountains near Roseburg, Oregon, Thompson was advised by highway workers that his 6,000 ton truck could not negotiate the steep grades in safety; that he probably would be hurled over one of the great cliffs. They told him of a fatal attempt made by a truck owned by the highway commission, a day or two before, when it went over a precipice, killing four men. Thompson's handsome young wife and two small children were in the "drawing-room" of his car. He joined them in a brief prayer. "We shall go over in safety," he said, "for Jesus is with us." Observers called out for him not to attempt such a "fool-hardy feat." But Thompson disregarded them and crossed in safety—the first big truck to perform the stunt.

"It is a miracle you weren't killed!" said an admiring observer.

"God is performing miracles every day, using me as his humble and eager servant," was the preacher's reply. "God will perform miracles in your life, if you will let him," and the man stood open-mouthed and listened to the Gospel.

In the congested centers of population Thompson stands under a sounding-board upon the rear platform of his car and halts every one within sound of his musical voice, calling sinners to repentance. He quotes the Bible with terrific intensity and dramatic effect. For example, every hearer halts and listens when the clarion voice rings out: "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world!" He talks to men in a manner that compels attention and frequently warns them of the penalty of neglect. "He that is often reproved, but hardeneth his neck, shall be suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy!" he proclaims, and the crowds listen to the preacher's startling explanation of the warning.

New York has been "assaulted" by Moody, Sunday, and dozens of other religious workers, but never has seen a worker possessing greater zeal than this fiery "St. Paul of the Pacific."

"The devil is in no particular place," said Thompson, "maintains no special grand headquarters, but is everywhere and in all forms. He is the evil spirit stirring up hatred and strife and filling the world with woes. He is a weakling, however, in comparison with God. Resist him and he will flee from you. Good is many times stronger than evil. Love is all-powerful, and 'God is love.'"

Such is the preacher and his Gospel. "I appeal to the highest motives to which men will respond," he said. "I try to convince them that Jesus is the best Friend that man ever had, that he died for the ungodly. When they are convinced of the truth, they surrender. The work is easy. 'My yoke is easy and my burden is light.'"

The outstanding fact concerning Thompson is that he is not after money. He will not accept any, except from private Christian sources, and then only enough to supply his meager wants. With his family he lives in the Gospel fort. It has three "rooms," well furnished, including a library well stocked with books. The living-room has been the scene of countless special prayers and the conversion of many sinners—a scene of rejoicing each time.

ALL observers of Thompson's unique methods declare their belief that he will achieve fame and distinction in his lifework. In Tacoma, Seattle, Portland and other Pacific cities he preached in the leading churches by special invitation. He never seeks invitations, however. "My divine Master directs me in everything, every day," he said, "and will be with me always in this world and the next." His faith is simple, like that of a child, and he has a peculiarly effective talent for inspiring the same kind of faith in others.

"That man is a great preacher!" said a prominent sinner at Seattle, after listening to Thompson's soul-stirring appeal, and tears suffused his eyes as he said it. "That's the first preacher that ever got my goat—the first one that has made me listen in forty years," he added; "and, boys, he is right! Listen to him; Follow him."—G. P. NORTON.

Bible Class of the 37th Squadron, 3d Provisional Regiment A. S. S. C. Waco, Texas

REV. JAMES B. ELY, founder of the widely known Lemon Hill Evangelistic work in Philadelphia, was commissioned by the War Work Council of New York to do special service in the camps of the Southwest. His labors have included Camp McArthur at Waco, Texas, the Aviation Camp at the same place, Camp Bowie at Fort Worth, and several others. Specially valuable results have been obtained through the organization of Bible Classes. These classes are now growing in number in many of the camps, and in several there is a Bible Class for each squadron. Waco Aviation Camp has now sixty-four of these classes. Thousands of soldiers have enlisted in systematic Bible Study. Commanding officers have given a hearty approval to the work, which is raising the moral tone of the camps and adding to the efficiency of the men.

Among the Workers

THE Moody Bible Institute of Chicago announces a Special Summer Music Course for the Evangelistic Singer and Player, for the six weeks extending from June 26 to August 7. It is for the benefit of pastors, evangelists, theological students, missionaries on furlough, superintendents of Sunday schools, leaders of Young People's Societies and other Christian workers wishing to become more efficient in service.

A GREAT work of grace has been done at Berea College, Berea, Ky., under the leadership of Dr. M. B. Williams, president of the Interdenominational Association of Evangelists, and at present acting as special religious work director in Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky. One of the professors in the college says it was the greatest series of meetings Berea has ever had. There were over five hundred converts, and a great many Christians were awakened and set to active Christian work. The lectures and sermons by Dr. Williams have given many a new faith in God, the Bible, and the power of a living Christ.

DR. CHARLES L. GOODELL, of New York, preached his last sermon in St. Paul's M. E. Church in that city on the evening of March 31, announcing that he would devote his efforts to religious work in the military camps for the duration of the war, and would "if necessary go to the trenches." Dr. Goodell had already spent four months as Director of Religious Work at Camp Meade. He has spent twenty-one years in various Methodist pulpits in Greater New York and was chairman of the committee which brought Billy Sunday to New York.

THE War Work of the Salvation Army is taxing that organization's supply of men and women to the limit and they are now appealing outside their own ranks for workers. Like other organizations, the Salvation army has had to yield its quota to the Armies of the Allies. Over 40,000 of its workers are with the military forces. In ordinary times, the chief problem of the Salvation Army is to find workers willing to toil long, with but little earthly remuneration. Now the draft of war need comes, and to stretch thin ranks to cover the wide front is a serious business. They have managed to commission 800 for service, but the problem of the supply of men and women puzzles them. It is hoped that a sufficient supply of like-minded men and women will be found to carry forward the blessed work.

THE Union Evangelical Church of Corona, Long Island, N. Y., has given its pastor, Rev. William Jay Peck, a vacation with pay until recovery from illness. He was smitten with apoplexy, February 5, and is now slowly recovering. He has been for many years a contributor to the Christian Herald, and a great traveler. He has been pastor of the Corona church for thirty-seven years and has had wide experience in mission work. He is the author of the New Protestant Catechism.

THE New Jersey Sunday School Association will conduct its summer school for the twenty-fifth consecutive session, in the high school building at Asbury Park, N. J., July 6 to 13. The school was founded in 1894 by E. Morris Ferguson, D.D., who was general secretary for New Jersey for more than seventeen years. The attendance last year reached 427, the largest number ever present.

Christian Unity Where Most Needed

By REV. ROY B. GUILD, Executive Secretary Commission on Interchurch Federations

THE truest test of the spirit of Christian unity about which we hear and read so much is the merging of two or more churches in the over-churched town into one, or the union of the communicants of many communions into a single community church.

We do well in these days to listen to the words of the Rev. Lanchlan McLean Watt, chaplain of the Gordon Highlanders and the Black Watch, who has come to be known as the "piping parson" for his ability to play the bagpipes. Speaking of the soldiers whom we wish to welcome back to the church when the war is over he said:

I tell you we soldiers are tired of your divisions at home. We are tired of your squabbles in the name of Christ. After the war we are not going to return to our old shibboleths that divided us. There is no bigotry in martial religion. . . . We buried the Baptist, Methodist, Catholic, Presbyterian side by side and let God sort them out.

Has not the time come when these can worship and work together this side of the grave and by their unity of spirit and service hasten the answer to the prayer of the Saviour "that the world may believe"?

The example of the Methodist and Congregational churches in Waterbury, Vermont, may be followed in thousands of places with profit to all concerned. These two churches federated for the duration of the war. The Congregational minister is serving in France and the Methodist minister is caring for the combined church. After several months' experience, the following laconic report is suggestive: "Results—Larger congregations than the joint congregation before. Larger Sunday schools. Enthusiasm of members. Good community spirit and the church actually serves. Thus far our experiment is working out to the advantage of the community and of both churches."

The plan which in this case is proving to be good for the period of the war has proved in other places to be good for war and peace. Some five years ago a cyclone swept through Dublin, Ohio, severely damaging two of the churches. On Sunday the people held a thanksgiving service in a third church which was left intact. Before the storm the total membership of the three churches was one hundred and twenty-three. After the storm the congregations formed one church becoming affiliated with a denomination not represented before in Dublin, so that there would be no ill will. In one single year the community church had grown to be twice as large as all three churches were before. A united church can be a soul-winning church.

THERE are three methods by which the Christians of any locality may make Christian unity a reality. The most common method is the one that is adopted in new communities when the first church is organized. The Christians band themselves together in a union church. It has no denominational name or relations. One weakness of this plan is that as the town grows this church becomes the corral where missionary secretaries "cut out" those having the denominational brand and put them into a separate lot.

A more serious weakness is well stated in the answer received in a questionnaire sent to a number of such churches. This defect does not counterbalance the advantages in a union church.

Church is growing rapidly, ninety per cent. increase last year. Income almost doubled in two years. Growing respect in the community. General satisfaction with Union Church. Hough's Neck is a part of the city of Quincy, located on a neck of land three miles from the city proper. Began as a summer resort (on harbor front) and still is, but is rapidly becoming winter residence place. Union Church apparently only solution of church problem for some time to come. No difficulty over belief, question almost never arises. Differences of opinion are not over denominational problems but local matters such as all churches meet. Quite ideal except for lack of the larger denominational connections. This, I am convinced, is the great weakness of the Union Church. People are liable to grow selfish and content themselves with their own little community. This has been partly due here to the smallness of the church, which has made the meeting of local expenses difficult. Perhaps it can be remedied as the church grows. But where there are so many denominations represented it is difficult to know where to send one's benevolence collections.

As I said before, there is no difficulty over denominational questions. Two Baptists are as apt to fall out with one another as are a Baptist and an Episcopalian.

I have learned this also: that no church has a monopoly of good Christians; there are as many good workers from one as from another. Among our Sunday school teachers are Baptists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Lutherans, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, and from their work no one could tell which was which. Denominational lines seem to be almost entirely forgotten, though there are several who retain connection with their denominational church and help in its support. I think it would be impossible for one to belong to this church for any length of time and retain any denominational prejudice. It is very seldom that any one refuses to join on the ground that the church is a Union Church, though we have a few, an increasingly small number, who work in the church but do not join it.

THE second method by which practical Christian unity is accomplished is the formation of a federated church. This offers a way for the union of two or more churches already organized. By this plan a church preserves its denominational entity and relationship but co-operates with one or more churches by the election of joint officers who look after the employment of a pastor and the maintenance of the local work. New members are received into the branch of the church they choose so that they may have regular ecclesiastical standing if they move to another town. Missionary contributions are sent to the missionary societies as they were sent before the churches were federated. Delegates are sent to the respective ecclesiastical gatherings. In one federated church the pastor joined the three churches in the combination that he might attend all the conventions and represent the churches. A weakness of the federated church lies in the fact that it is a sort of a trial marriage which can be annulled at any time.

The answers to two questions asked of a number of such churches make it evident, however, that it is in improvement upon the former condition. A few of the replies are very illuminating.

Most interesting are the reports of the results. In practically all cases there has been an increase in membership. Also in contributions for missionary work which are sent when designated to the missionary societies of the churches in the federation. When not designated they are usually divided between them. More encouraging still is the fact that the federated church is self-supporting, whereas one or both were often recipients of missionary aid before they were federated.

Another splendid result from the close fellowship thus established has been the influence upon the community as can be noted from such statements as these.

What the Community Gained

1. Federation saves paying two pastors and keeping two church buildings, when one is sufficient. It makes the public more willing to aid.

2. The congregation being more than doubled, there is more enthusiasm and willing to work.

3. It has silenced the criticism that the churches are competing instead of cooperating.

4. The economic and fraternal features of federation appeal to the public and bring into line people who did not patronize either church before.

The new plan has met a real need in the community and the people respond accordingly.

We combine the leadership both to the advantage of the church and the community.

Since the federation of the two churches the Union Church has been the dynamic center of the village and has been the leader in all movements for community betterment. This is a well-known fact in the community.

THE remarks made by those who are engaged in making federated churches serve the communities in which they are situated are rich in suggestion for those who are seeking light on this subject. They reveal the advantages and the disadvantages, the strength and the weakness. It should be especially noted that they indicate a tendency on the part of federated churches to blend eventually into one church.

"Good fellowship in the church. We are one church. No disposition to get the best of each other. Baptists attend Disciple conventions and Disciples attend Baptist conventions.

The outlook is good. I see no reason why the church shall not continue to grow. I notice this: there is a gradual gravitation toward absolute and permanent union. This step could be taken were it not for a few of the older members of the church who still cling to their denominational teaching. Absolute union is the ultimate solution of the problem here as it is elsewhere. Federation is only temporary.

The third method of unifying the Christian forces of a village or section of a city is the organizing of a church which is union in character but is affiliated with some one denomination. The name of Community Church is being applied increasingly to such a church to distinguish it from the ordinary union church and federated church. Such a church can more easily secure a minister; it is helped in times of need by the administrative care of some ecclesiastical body, and is vitally connected with a world-wide program. To give the greatest freedom there are two classes of members. The first are regular members as in any other denominational church. The second are affiliated members. While remaining members in the church to which they already belong, they become affiliated or associate members of this church, having all the privileges of the regular members. The one limitation is that the majority of the officers of the church must be chosen from the regular membership.

A Characteristic Letter From the Daily Mail of the Commission on Interchurch Federations

THE three weak Protestant churches—Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian—in this village are desirous to unite and form a strong union church in order to meet the social, moral and religious needs of this community.

They do not know how to effect such a union without depriving them of the responsibility and inspiration of their denominational fellowship.

Can you suggest a plan for such a union that has been tried and found practical?

Greatly appreciating a reply from you, I am

(Signed) Sincerely yours, S. K. E.
Minister Presbyterian Church.

A VERY comprehensive definition of a community church has been adopted by one denominational district body, and its churches are urged to cooperate in effecting such organizations in their several communities.

A community church is a fellowship of all those in a community who are professed followers of Jesus Christ and as such, while they may retain their denominational faith, are united to furnish a medium through which they may foster his spirit and advance his purpose.

It seeks to further the Kingdom of God everywhere, and selects and commends worthy enterprises for support without primary regard to the denominational or other auspices under which they may be conducted, and engages to transmit contributions to such denominational agencies as the givers, by groups or individuals, may designate.

It usually has ecclesiastical connection with one of the established religious bodies, and when so related there are mutual engagements of fidelity to the community spirit and program.

A community church has recently been organized in Morgan Park, Minnesota, the town recently developed by the United States Steel Corporation.

Many denominations wished to secure sites and assistance for erecting churches. In accordance with a suggested plan the matter was referred to an interdenominational committee, the desire being expressed that one large church, adequately equipped and well manned, having denominational affiliation, be erected. After months of careful study and conference an officer of the United States Steel Corporation writes as follows:

The residents of Morgan Park formed a committee to take up the question of a community church. This committee consisted of two representatives of each denomination represented in the Park. At their last meeting the committee unanimously declared itself in favor of the community church organized according to the laws of the Congregational Church. Studies are being made now with a view to preparing plans for a suitable church for this purpose. These plans ought to be ready and the building operations started some time in the early spring.

At the Pittsburg Congress on the Purpose and Methods of Interchurch Federations more interest was manifested in the discussion of Christian comity than in any other subject. For many hours laymen, ministers, missionary officers and secretaries discussed the problem of the community church. The following resolution was prepared by this group and approved by the members of the Congress:

This Congress rejoices in the rapid growth of community churches and believes that to new communities and to older towns and villages where the church life has declined, this type of organization offers assurance of enlarged church membership, spiritual strength and a new social vision. Each and every evangelical denomination is urged to encourage the organization of these churches and to adjust its policies so as to admit them into its fellowship with recognition of their character as designed to serve the spiritual interests of the whole community.

THE most encouraging fact connected with the present tendency is that in a number of states the home missionary superintendents, synodical missionaries, district superintendents and others made responsible for church extension work are uniting in the forming of home missions councils patterned after the National Home Missions Council. The state officials have the greatest responsibility for the locating of new churches and relocating or closing churches already established. There have been interdenominational organizations in Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Colorado and Western Washington. During the last year a very strong one has been formed in Southern California. The missionary secretaries in Vermont have recently formed a council. By the last of March there will be a strong council in Illinois. Several cities have followed the plan for city work. In New York City, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Denver, new churches are located in accordance with agreement with the officials of the several denominations in the Council. Little has been known of this splendid movement, which may give wise guidance to the war-time discontent with present conditions.

THE American Red Cross has donated 5,000,000 francs (approximately $1,000,000) to the soldier families of France who have suffered most from the war. The donation will be made in allotments of 100 francs ($20) to each family. Many letters have come from generals, senators, and presidents of departmental councils; and especially hundreds from those to whom the money means the vital necessities of life show how deeply the heart of the French nation has been touched by this evidence of the friendship of the American people.

The Pink Gingham Gown

By
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"THERE goes Maisie Kent in a new pink gingham!" Mis' Thompson paused with her hand on the ironing-board and stared frankly out of the window. "That girl has more dresses! Somehow, it don't seem quite right she should come out in summer clothes so soon."

The little faded figure in the wheel-chair pulled the curtain aside with a trembling old hand.

"But it's right pretty, ain't it?" she answered. "Looks sorter spring-like—"

Mis' Thompson slapped her iron down on the towel she was pressing—slapped it down with quite unnecessary vigor. "Well, why shouldn't it look spring-like!" she questioned tartly. "Ain't it Maytime? Don't things usually look spring-like in Maytime? That don't make it any righter that she should rush the seasons—an' a war goin' on! Seems like with a trainin' camp only twelve miles away she'd be thinkin' o' more serious things!"

The little figure in the wheel-chair sighed, and ignored the last part of Mis' Thompson's speech. "It don't look very spring-like in here, Hettie," she answered the first part, "now does it!"

Gloomily Mis' Thompson surveyed the kitchen with its white table, and its orderly cupboard, and its shining stove. She kicked a stray breadcrumb into the wood-box before she answered.

"Why, no, it don't," she said, for she was ultra fair; "not but what its neat an' clean!" she added hastily.

THE figure in the wheel-chair laughed. It was a strangely young laugh for one with such a lined face.

"Land, Hettie," she chuckled softly, "you always was such a hand to have things spick and span that you never had time to have 'em beautiful. I remember when you was a little girl, an' I wanted your room done in rosebud paper, that you spoke for plastered walls—'cause they'd wash off an' wouldn't fade! An' there never was enough flowers in th' house"—the old voice took on a plaintive note—"'cause they cluttered up."

Mis' Thompson took her iron back to the stove. The towel she folded carefully on the table. With great care she selected another iron, paused and put it back again.

"I guess," she said slowly, "that I won't finish my ironin' today. It's only Monday. I got all week."

"Why," the woman in the wheel-chair gasped, and audibly, "why, Hettie! I never knew you to leave yer ironin' over. I ain't said nothin' to hurt yer feelin's, have I? 'Cause you're always been th' *best* daughter to me—"

Mis' Thompson was putting aside the ironing-board. "No, mother," she answered, "you ain't said nothin' to hurt me. But you've said some truth. I ain't never had enough beauty in my life an' I reckon I kept it out of your life, too. Neatness ain't everything—" She stood the ironing-board in the corner behind the door before she went on. "Well get our bonnets an' we'll go for a drive through the country—that's what we'll do. It'll be real pretty with the trees all in blossom."

The little figure in the wheel-chair straightened almost miraculously and a faint flush played across her thin cheeks.

"Won't a hired rig cost a lot in this war times?" she questioned. "Not but what I'd love ter go!" she breathed wistfully.

"I reckon I can manage," answered her daughter; "we don't have so much!"

THE drive through the country *was* pretty. The dogwood trees were in bloom and the faint rose color of wild apple-blossoms brought a new life and a new romance to the roadside. The little crippled mother, her quick eyes darting from one side of the way to the other, grew momentarily younger and Mis' Thompson, holding the reins of the hired horse, seemed to enjoy the responsibility of driving. They didn't say much, but once; when they passed a bank blue with violets, the little old lady sighed with a sudden rapture.

"Don't seem," Mis' Thompson answered the sigh, "that there can be a war goin' on, does it? This here looks so peaceful like."

There was a sudden rustle in the small trees by the roadside, and a man stepped out in front of the horse. His face was white in contrast to the khaki of his coat.

"Stop, there!" he commanded.

Mis' Thompson reined in the hired horse with a certain deliberation. Although she did not formulate the thought, she could not help feeling that the man was an open answer to her challenge. She had said that the world seemed peaceful—that a war didn't seem possible. And here was a man in the mud-stained colors of war itself.

"What do you want!" she questioned.

The man—scarcely more than a boy he was—came to the side of the rig. He laid his hand on the wheel.

"I want you should take me to a station, quick," he told her, "I wanta get out of here, an' I don't know the way."

"Yer from th' trainin'-camp—yonder?" quavered the little old lady. She pointed a withered hand toward a row of hills. "Yer near onto ten miles away from it! The train won't take yer that way."

The boy's mouth dropped into sullen lines.

"I don't wanta go back!" he growled. Suddenly he put his foot on the step. "An' you're goin' ter take me t' th' station."

Mis' Thompson surveyed him with the flicker of scorn just touching her thin lips—

"My land! A deserter!" she ejaculated. "My land! What're ye desertin' fer?"

The boy settled himself savagely into the rig. He sat on the floor of it. "You drive ter the station," he muttered savagely, "an' no funny business! I'm goin' ter get out of it! I'm through!"

Mis' Thompson swung the horse around in silence—cut down a side road.

"Yer makin' a mistake," she said at last, and primly. "This here war's gotta be fought out. You'd oughter help!"

"It ain't my war," said the boy sullenly.

The hired horse gathered speed.

"What was yer plannin' ter do," questioned the little crippled lady, "when yer get ter th' station?"

"I'm goin' ter take a train," the boy told her, "anywhere. They won't begin ter hunt fer me till they miss me, an' they won't miss me till 'Retreat'—that's at five-thirty!"

"Yes," Mis' Thompson's voice was sharp. "Yes, you'll take a train—anywhere. But you'll never forget that yer ain't done yer part. You'll always feel yer a sneakin' slacker. You'll go through life *ashamed*—if they don't catch yer first!"

WAS it the sunlight that made the boy's eyes falter! Perhaps. But he was very young, and he tried to justify himself.

"You don't know," he told the two women, "what it's like. They're takin' us Over There ter be shot at—that's what they're doin'!"

"An' too good fer you!" It was Mis' Thompson's hard voice that broke in.

"How'd you like it," the boy's tone rose shrilly, "how'd you like it—ter be shot at an lef' ter—ter—"

It was the little crippled lady who interrupted. She spoke softly.

"Poor boy!" she said, and her frail hand touched his sleeve. "*Poor boy!* He's afraid!"

The boy turned fiercely until he could look in to the speaker's face. It was a very old face, and it was lined with the marks of pain and of age. The fierceness died suddenly out of the boy's eyes, and his mouth quivered. All at once he bowed his head in his arms. "I am!" he sobbed. "*I am!*"

OVER the top of his military hat the little lady met the stern gaze of her daughter. With her finger on her lips she motioned for silence.

The boy's face was still in his hands.

"I'm scared," he went on brokenly, "I'm a coward. But it seemed like I couldn't go on with it. I was never the fighter the others were—an' they knew it! When they found out that they could lick me—they did—*An' I don't wan' t' die!*"

The little old lady spoke. Her voice was soft.

"You ain't a-goin' ter die," she told the boy, "not without a fair chance. An' yer a-goin' back, too. You don't want that they should say that they was right—that you was a coward! You go back an' show 'em that you're not. If any one tries ter hit you, you hit back! It ain't no disgrace ter be knocked out so long as you know you're a-tryin'. If they say that yer going ter get killed you say, 'Not afore I kill some o' th' enemy!'

"My father an' my husband both went ter th' Civil War. She" —her hand pointed to her daughter, "was a baby then. I didn't cry. I said, 'You *go!*' They didn't come back, neither." The brave voice faltered for a minute. "You wouldn't want that I, a woman, should show more nerve'n you!"

The boy had raised his head. "I guess," he said, "yer right. I shouldn't have let them scare me. I should've acted like a man. But—I didn't. . . ." He sobbed suddenly.

The little old lady's hand was on his shoulder. "It ain't too late," she said. "It ain't too late! You get back ter camp now an' play th' game straight! *Don't let those other fellers say yer yellow!*"

The boy's hand reached up, touched the old fingers, "I'll try," he promised.

"But they'll miss me when 'Retreat' sounds," he said with sudden bitterness, "an' it's four-thirty now. It's near ten miles, an' I can't make it!"

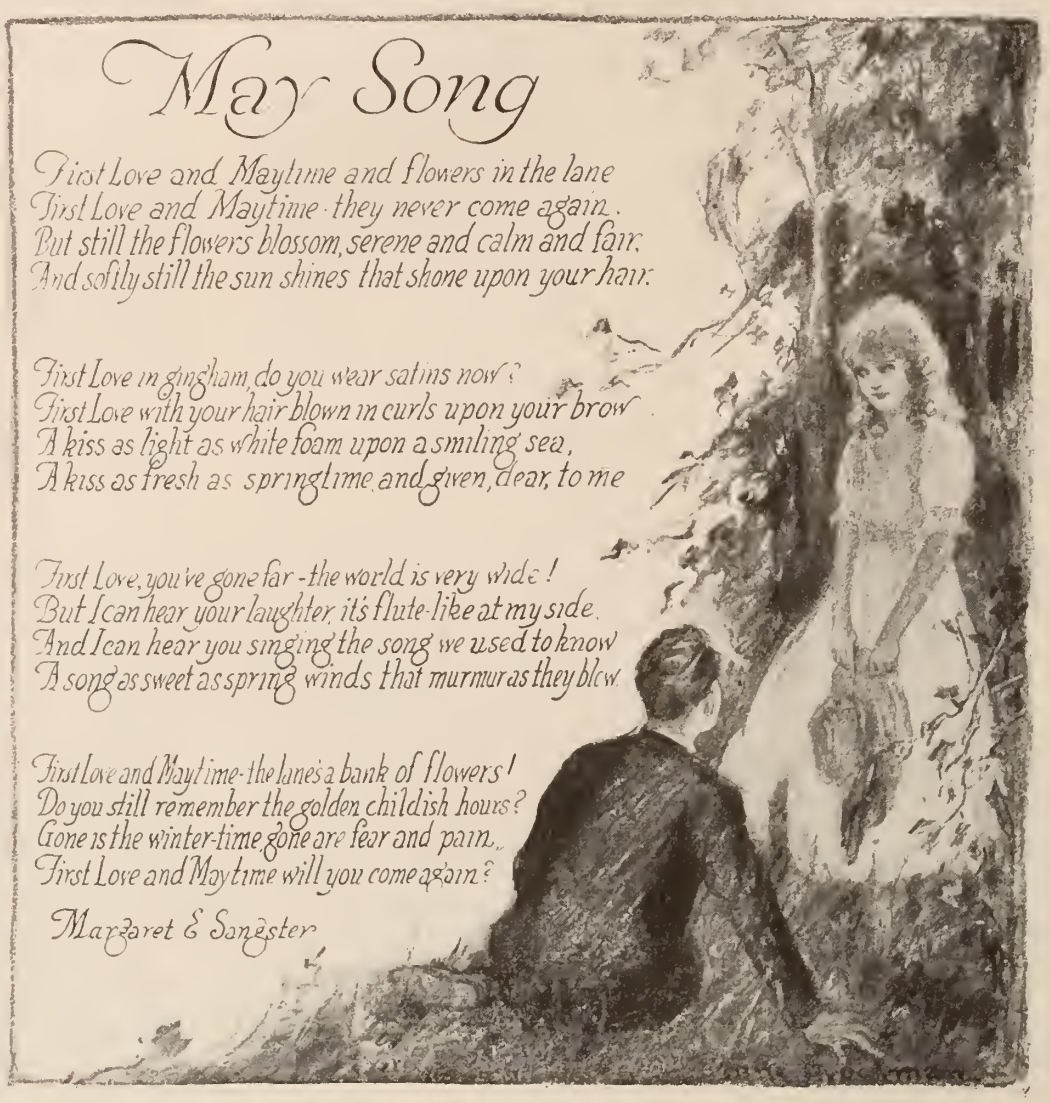
Mis' Thompson spoke. Smartly she slapped the reins over the horse's back.

"We're not more'n two miles from th' camp now. That road I turned inter was a short cut."

All about them the roadside was beautiful with the pink of wild-apple blossoms and the white of dogwood!

THAT night a certain girl hung a gay-colored gingham frock carefully on a hook in her closet.

"Seems like it's early to wear ginghams, they're so summery!" she told herself. And then she smiled. "But it's Maytime!" she said softly.



OUR MAIL-BAG

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and not controversial.

All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

CHRISTIAN HERALD INFORMATION BUREAU
Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

With all the resources of the Government libraries and departments and of the public museums and their staffs and with the active assistance of national experts this Information Bureau is ready to tell you the answer to:

Whatever You Want to Know

The bureau is prepared to answer fully and promptly questions regarding food production and conservation, transportation, industrial activities, history, patents and inventions, pensions and Army insurance, legislation, exploration and discovery, Government employment, and all of the thousand and one things that you want to be sure of.

Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

M. L. H., Memphis, Tenn. 1. "Thy Kingdom come" in the Lord's prayer is a petition that the kingdom of God may come unto us. This is effected when our heavenly Father gives us his Holy Spirit so that by grace we believe his holy Word and lead a godly life here below and inherit the Kingdom hereafter. In the petition there is meant chiefly that Kingdom of grace and glory in which we have redemption from our sins through the blood of Christ (Col. 1 : 12–14). To help in this, it is incumbent on us to take heed that the devil's kingdom be not strengthened among us by an ungodly or unbelieving life; that we exert ourselves to spread abroad the Word of God and to extend the Church, so that an increasing number of souls may be converted to God and be saved. See Luke 22: 32, James 5 : 19, 20. 2. The universal Fatherhood of God is a blessed Christian doctrine. We are all his children, because he created us, adopted us in his dear Son as his "own children," and embraces us with his paternal love and providence and supplies us with all necessaries as a father does his children. There is no doubt of this. See Eph. 3 : 14–15; Mal. 2 : 10; Deut. 32 : 6; John 1 : 12.

W. C. R., Breezewood, Pa. Luke 4 : 2 seems to imply that the tempter had been working on our Lord during the forty days fast. Matthew's and Mark's accounts do not say as much. In Matthew 4, it is distinctly stated that the tempter came after Christ had become hungered *after* his long fast. He no doubt cunningly awaited the time when Jesus was feeling a degree of physical exhaustion. But, despite the strain, Jesus did not yield to the tempter. He overcame all that enslaves unaided nature, even the solicitations of the arch-enemy.

M. C., Clancey, Mont. 1. The Sabbath was not changed, but observance of Sunday was substituted for it by the apostles and other Christians of that time, for the purpose of separating themselves from the Jewish Church. They transferred to it all the honor of the Jewish Sabbath. This day was chosen to commemorate the resurrection. 2. We cannot say whether the present will be the last war, but we fervently hope so. Dr Gray's articles appearing in the Christian Herald are to be published in booklet form, and will give you the information you desire on prophecy.

W. T. K., Boyce, Va. We cannot commend the book you mention.

Mrs. R. R. S., Depauw, Ind., asks if any reader knows the song, "The Mote and the Beam."

Mrs. O. L. C. There is no fixed rule as to the pronunciation of the word "blessed" in the Beatitudes. The meaning is the same all over, namely, more than happiness. Happiness may come from earthly things; blessedness comes from God. In the beatitudes it is not bestowed arbitrarily. A reason follows each beatitude, showing a different reason for happiness as a reward for each one of the Christian virtues or sufferings that befall us because of them.

J. K. S., Hurley, N. M. If you want to secure a position as superintendent, business manager or purchasing agent, write to the Surgeon General, War Department, Washington, D. C. To secure positions in city hospitals, communicate with the hospitals in your locality.

Miss E. B., Sanger, Calif. and others. College graduates may apply for admission to a training school for nurses, from which they are graduated in two years. Application blanks and information may be obtained from Miss Thurston, University Club, New York City. For information regarding admission to the Army Nurse Corps, write to the Superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps, Mills Bldg., Washington, D. C.

S. S. M., Angelica, N. Y. I was pleased with the good word you gave to Bunyan's "Holy War," in Christian Herald of February 20. I have read it through with pleasure several times. Bunyan's writings possess a charm that never tires the reader. His book "The Sinner's Progress" he evidently intended to be considered as a counterpart to the Pilgrim's, which is better known. It is in the form of a dialogue wherein Mr. Wiseman relates the life history of the sinner. "Divine Emblems, or Temporal Things Spiritualized," is a book of homely and simple poems for the young. In my library I have gathered other religious allegories that deserve to be better known than they are. Bernard's "Isle of Man, or the Legal Proceedings Against Sin," is dated by the author May 21, 1627. Benjamin Keach's "Progress of Ungodliness" was written in 1688, is in two parts like Bunyan's Pilgrim, the second part being "The Travels of True Godliness." The "Vision of Piers Plowman" and "The Creed of Piers Plowman" deserve to be better known than they are, but being in old English, the average reader would not be able to understand them. Rev. J. Hyatt Smith's "Gilead, or the Vision of All Souls' Hospital," is a delightful book to read. Another fine one is "The Progress of Pilgrim Good Intent," who is made out to be the great-grandson of Bunyan's Christian and Christiana; it was published in 1801 without name of author. Another good one issued in 1876 without name of author—(Who was Rev. J. R. McDuff) was "The Great Journey." Sin and its Capture by Immanuel's Army." There are many more of great or lesser merit (usually the latter class). In some the pilgrimage is made by sea voyage, of which one of the best is Rev. Geo. B. Cheever's "Voyage to the Celestial City." Nearly all are given in the form of a dream.

A. S. P., Elgin, Ill. 1. It is impossible to classify as such the heathen nations who have not heard the Gospel of Christ. 2. Following are the latest authoritative estimates of the various important creeds in the world, and the number of their followers. Christianity, 564,510,000; Confucianism and Taoism, 300,830,000; Hinduism, 210,510,000; Mohammedanism, 221,825,000; Buddhism, 138,031,000; Judaism, 13,052,846; Animism, 158,270,000; Shintoism, 25,000,000; unclassified, 15,280,000

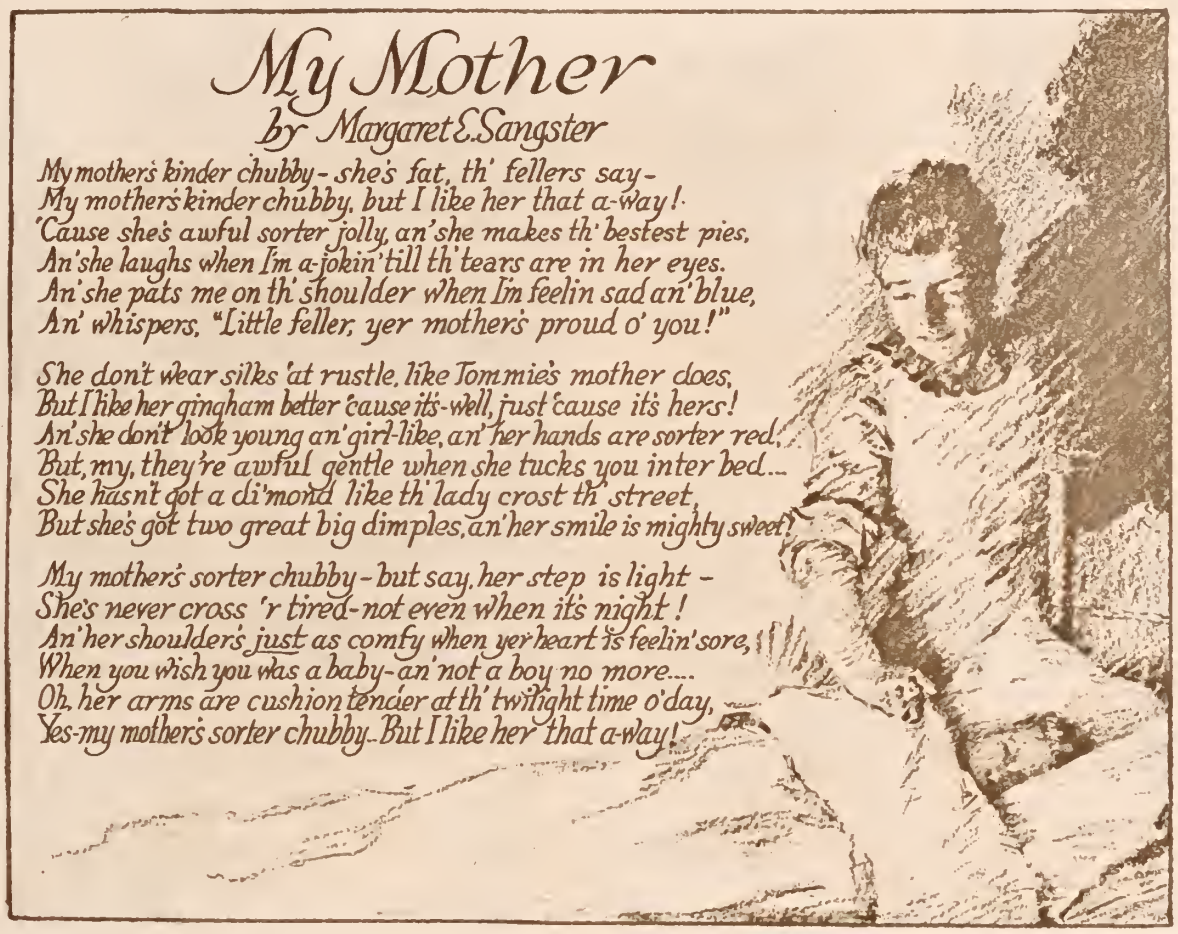
W. W. C., Harrisburg, Pa., and others. For information regarding government positions in which you are interested, write to the secretary of the Civil Service District in which you live. His address may be obtained at your post office.

J. S. G., Mullins, S. C. and others. Applications for the position of chaplain in the army should be made to the Adjutant General, War Department, Washington, D. C. Applicants are not required to have knowledge of military subjects, but must be ministers, not over forty years of age, and pass the physical tests. There is a training camp to which chaplains are now being sent, to be instructed in such military duties as bear on their work.

A. C. D., Fall River, Mass. and others. For information regarding the U. S. Secret Service write to the Chief Clerk, Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice; the Chief Clerk, War College; W. A. Moran, Secret Service, Treasury Department, all of Washington, D. C. As to securing work as a detective, it requires practical experience, which can best be obtained through cooperation with some reliable detective agency. The Chief of Police in your town can advise you as to the most reliable detective organization in your neighborhood. The head of the Pinkerton Detective Agency is William Allen Pinkerton, 137 South Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

H. W. L., Benton Harbor, Mich. The pay of a guard in the government service is from $600 to $700 a year, preference to ex-soldiers and sailors. The pay of a machinist helper at Washington is $2.88 a day. Employment in the Navy Yard is obtained through the Labor Board, at the plant where the employment is desired.

Miss K. Haughwout, 2011 North Twentieth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "We have in our church a quantity of good music and anthem books which have been used for some time, but carefully used. We will give same to any church in need of it, if said church will pay charges of transportation. Please communicate with me and I will give full particulars."



Kinds of Meat and How to Cook Them

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will send you free a 32-page booklet which is a complete handbook for the housewife to use in buying meats.

All kinds of meat are so expensive nowadays that intelligent buying is a very necessary measure of economy.

You can't tell what meat is costing you by looking at the price per pound. You must know how much of that pound is waste, and how much nourishment there is in the remainder.

All this information is clearly given in the free booklet, "Meats; Composition and Cooking." The booklet also tells the flavor and digestibility of various cuts.

For the inexperienced housewife there are diagrams showing just what part of each animal goes into the butcher's different cuts.

This is a very useful book for the housewife. To secure a free copy, send your name and address with a 2-cent stamp for return postage, to the Christian Herald Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

PICTURES OF THE WEEK

Lord Abernen, appointed by Britain to solve the problem of restricting brewing without creating labor unrest

© Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co.
The Medal of Honor, highest award for heroism that can be given an American fighting man

Where skill of
coils for motor
me

Members of the Ca
on a working mode
look like

Courtesy American Red Cross
Next week is Red Cross Week. The power in this hand depends on you

Out hunting mines, this trawler met one unexpectedly. How she ever pointed her nose toward home is still a mystery, but she was towed in

© Underwood & Underwood

t than sight. Blind men winding
ir armatures. One field open to
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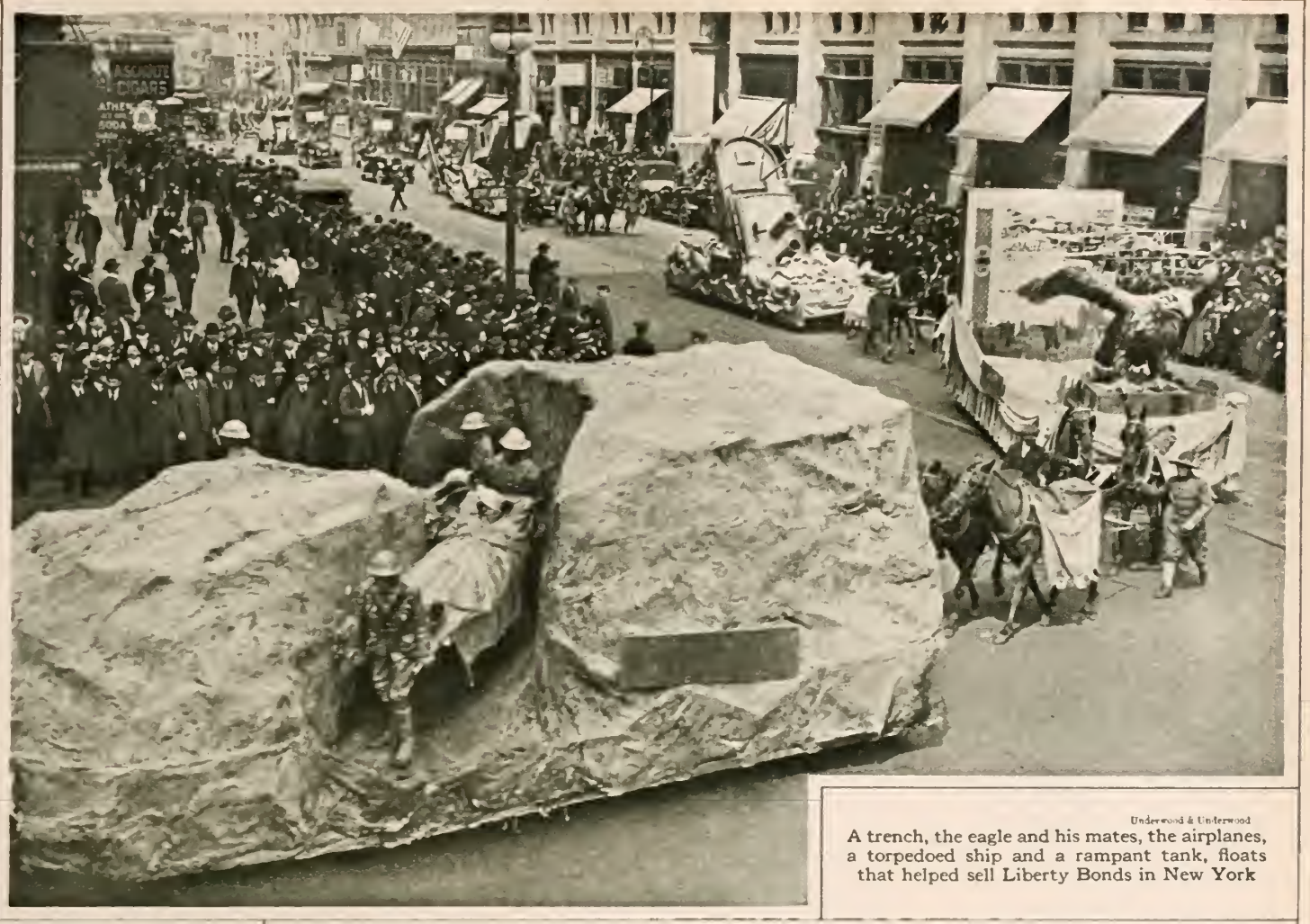

Underwood & Underwood
A trench, the eagle and his mates, the airplanes, a torpedoed ship and a rampant tank, floats that helped sell Liberty Bonds in New York

A German soldier guarding a lock on the canal at Zeebrugge, raided and materially damaged April 22 by British and French naval forces
© Underwood & Underwood

British Official Photo © Underwood & Underwood
British aviators studying the construction of a German Albatross biplane, brought down undamaged behind their lines

ALWAYS UNIFORM

The character of Havoline Oil is absolutely fixed. It never varies. It is as uniform as gold. Havoline Oil never differs, even occasionally, from its highly corrected standards of lubrication of motor cars.

We produce our own crude, pump through our own pipe-lines, ship in our own tank-cars, refine by an exact and uniform process, and distribute the finished product in the sealed Havoline container. This is your guarantee of uniformity, highest quality, full quantity, no impurities, and all-Havoline.

The unvarying uniformity of Havoline Oil explains the invariable use of Havoline by a vast majority of the better class motorists.

Havoline greases are compounded of Havoline Oil and pure, sweet tallow.

Clean to handle and correct in body

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Producers and Refiners of Petroleum

HAVOLINE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
OIL
"It Makes a Difference"

The Measure of a Man

By GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL LUTZ, Author of "The Witness"

CHAPTER VIII

HARLEY BRUCE stood with folded arms and stern face in front of the barracks, watching the throng of relatives and friends coming and going. It was visitor's day, and the camp was alive with laughter and music. Bands were playing in the distance, and football and baseball games were in progress here and there. The mess hall had been cleared of tables and chairs, and a player piano that some generous, thoughtful one at home had sent down was pealing off gay music, while the feet of brave soldiers and their sweethearts and sisters were dancing as merrily and giddily as if there were no such thing as war and marching orders in the night.

But of all that gay company who were trying to forget the parting with a song and laugh, Harley Bruce seemed the only one who had no friends. Not but that he might have had part in all the merriment, for already he had become a favorite in his regiment, and many a man had said: "I want to introduce you to my mother and sister." But Harley after a few words would slip away and stand again with folded arms, looking through and beyond all this noisy festivity, with sad eyes, thinking of the people who would not come to bid farewell to him. He shut his lips in a thin firm line, and crushed back the ache that kept rising to his throat; trying to think of what was before him, ere he could hope to come back—if he might come back—and see them once more. Already there was a new look in his face, the look of a man who had faced life and braced himself for that which was required of him.

Suddenly, as he stood there looking into the far-away, a soldier stepped up and saluted:

"Comrade, there are visitors waiting to see you at the Y. M. C. A. reception room. Two ladies. No, they did not give their names."

Half annoyed, wondering who of his acquaintances had searched him out and followed him, he strode to the Y. M. C. A. room, which because of the many attractions out in the sunshine about the camp was almost deserted.

THEY were at the far end of the room, the two whom he had come to look for, watching a regiment which was drilling in the open space beyond; but when they heard his step, Janet turned —she had been only half watching. Her heart was on the alert, and she came to meet him, shyly, quietly, both hands stretched out, and her eyes lifted to his face with the whole story of her love and pride in him written there. Her mother had not noticed his coming at once, so they had that first second of meeting alone. Harley came forward with a quick stride, a great light in his face and in his voice a humble triumph:

"Jan!" he said, and then, in a whisper that only she could hear, as he took her hands and held them in both of his, "Oh, my darling!"

Janet gave a quick swift glance about the room, saw that no one was near at that moment, and no one noticing, for all eyes were out the window; then she deliberately lifted her lips to him, rose just the tiniest bit on her tiptoes, and gave him a swift shy kiss, her cheeks flaming rosily as she did it. He, so astonished and glad and humble all in one, longed to take her in his arms right then and there and forget everybody and everything else; for the orders to move were expected that night, perhaps, and the sea would soon be between them.

But Janet had retired circumspectly and instantly in sweet confusion:

"I didn't know that there would be any other chance," she explained in soft apology looking shyly up through her lashes, "and I got yours from under the hammock-pillow last night——"

"Oh, you dear!" he breathed softly, squeezing her fingers most unmercifully, and almost devouring her face with his eyes.

Then Mrs. Grayson turned and came swiftly forward to welcome the tall soldier boy. And what did he do but take her right into his big strong arms and fold her close and kiss her as if he were her lover instead of Janet's. He couldn't kiss Janet that way in public, so he took it out on her mother. "Mother! Little mother!" he whispered. But she understood, and returned the big bear-hug warmly with her slender gentle arms. For this dear boy had been almost like her own for years, and her love for him was genuine.

TWO wonderful days they had together before the orders came to move. Mrs. Grayson took a small suite of rooms with a pleasant sitting room in a quiet hotel of the near-by city, and Harley found no trouble in getting a pass to spend the daytime hours with them.

They were beautiful hours, that swift brief courting, while sorrow waited impatiently just outside the door to lead away the beloved one. Almost the first thing Harley did when he was alone with Janet was to loosen the throat of his flannel army shirt and draw out from around his neck a slender chain of platinum on which hung a ring of platinum set with a singularly pure and beautiful diamond.

"I bought it for you in Paris two years ago, the day I got your letter about growing up, do you remember? I wanted to see you so much that day it seemed as if I couldn't stay away any longer. I felt so lonely and far away; and I had to do something to stop the ache in my heart and throat; so I went out and bought this ring—your ring! I took a long time selecting it. I remember how it thrilled me to handle it and think that some day I would put it on your finger. I wouldn't get a great showy one; I knew you wouldn't like it; but I got the best stone I could find, the purest one without a single flaw. I took it to an expert for his opinion before I would be satisfied. But when I got it and took it back to my dormitory I sat a long time looking at it, and thinking what I would say when I put it on your finger. I've worn it ever since around my neck to have it always near me, because it seemed to bring you nearer; and perhaps you wouldn't believe it. I'm such a poor unworthy fellow now, but often the pressure of that ring has reminded me and helped me to pass by many a temptation to which, just through constant familiarity, I might otherwise have yielded. I shall miss it for a while, I have grown so accustomed to going to sleep with my hand over it, pressing it close to my heart. But I shall be glad to miss it knowing that it is on your little hand. Oh, my darling!"

He slipped the ring on her finger and took her in his arms, so absorbed in her that the little platinum chain slipped unnoticed to the floor. But presently Janet saw it.

"Poor chain!" she said, "You've lost your ring! I've robbed you of your jewel! But wait!"

JANET unclasped a slender chain from about her own neck and took off a tiny golden heart with her name in delicate script on the back, and slipping it on the platinum chain she fastened it about his neck and dropped it inside his collar. "There, now you have my heart," she whispered, "my little gold heart that father gave me when I was a child. I've always worn it because he gave it to me. It seemed to make him more real to me. And now I shall like to think you have it."

He drew her close in his arms once more, closed his eyes and laid his lips on hers.

Wonderful hours! Crowded so full of all that it ought to have taken months to say! of moments of silence which there were no words to fill; of consciousness of the coming separation that might stretch into years.

"I feel as if I were going to war myself!" whispered Janet. "I'd rather go and fight than to stay behind and wait. It's we women that have got to win the war after all, isn't it, by giving up the men we love? And I'm glad and proud to have you go, Harley, but oh, dear, it's so hard to have to give you up when I've just got you!" And she dropped stricken against his breast.

"You haven't 'just got me,' Jan, darling! You've had me all the years!" he comforted her. "Wherever we are, together or apart, we have each other." And looking in one another's eyes they were strong in their great love.

Mother Grayson sat apart and dreamed of her own young love, while her heart bled silently for the days that were coming for these two she loved so dearly.

THAT second night when they came to part, after the last words were said, they hesitated a moment and then together dropped upon their knees beside the couch where they had been sitting, and Mother Grayson slipped away into the bedroom and knelt beside her bed, her eyes all wet with loving tears. They parted with the hope that they might still have another day of companionship left.

But on the third morning Harley did not come, and Janet waited all day, till late in the afternoon, when a soldier brought her word that the order had come in the night and Harley was gone.

Janet stood that night a long time silently looking out the hotel window over the great city, up to the stars, so high and far above the powerful searchlights that plowed the heavens constantly.

"Somewhere" out on the great deep her lover was looking up at those same stars and thinking of her. Her heart thrilled over his last words, and gloried in his strength. He had shaken himself loose from all that had held him down and had gone out at his country's call to face he knew not what; out on the wide far ocean where submarines lurked, and perils were thick on every hand. But God was up there above the stars, watching, guiding that ship on which he sailed. God was not conquered, would never be conquered. All the powers of the universe were his, and he would be with all those who fought for the right. Disaster and bloodshed and death might come, but there was something greater than they, something that sword could not kill, nor devil drown, nor torture break; something that was eternal, and her lover had it! Whatever came, he was gone out for God, and all was well, There were tears in her eyes, but there was peace in her heart and a look of triumph on her lips.

Her mother came quietly up behind and put an arm around her waist in tender, wordless sympathy, and so they stood looking up to the eternal stars.

THE next night they were at home. The neighbors slipped in to hear about their journey and tell the news. Roxy Porter had gone as a Red Cross nurse. Her mother had given her consent at last. The Red Cross Society had finished the two thousand and seventh garment that afternoon. A new supply of materials had just arrived for the Emergency Aid. The Ladies' Aid and Missionary Societies had decided to send a donation to the Y. M. C. A. Fund for the soldiers. Janet must be sure to come down to the knitting class in the morning and see what a lot of work they had done since she left.

Janet was glad when they were all

gone and she might slip out to the hammock and rest. Tomorrow she would knit sweaters and helmets and wristlets, strip bandages, make dressings and tampons and pads, and feel the nearer to Harley while she was doing it because she was helping the cause for which he had enlisted; but tonight her spirit was weary and bruised with the sense of her loss.

She lay down in the hammock with her cheek on the old couch cover where Harley had kissed it, and his dear ring against her lips.

The sounds of the house came distantly to her; Mrs. Bruce complaining of the weight of her bed-covers; the soft thud of a window as the nurse shoved it up or down; the tinkle of a spoon in the medicine glass; her mother and Aunt Nan talking as they moved about the house.

Presently they came into the library and sat down near the window where she could hear their voices quite distinctly:

"Yes," sighed her mother's voice gently, "it's very sad for her, of course, to lose him so soon, and have to endure the anxiety and waiting, and all the possibilities: but, Nan, I'd rather have her have the love of a *real true man* like Harley, even with all this pain, than live out her life in a commonplace way with a man who wasn't the real thing. Nan, Harley Bruce is a *real man!*"

There was more talk, but Janet did not hear it. With her cheek on his kiss, her lips on his ring, a thrill of joy in her heart, she fell asleep; and dreamed she heard his whistle ringing half around the world to let her know he was thinking of her, and that he would not forget!

THE END

Pushing Relief Work in Palestine

A THRILLING letter, full of human interest, has been received from Rev. Stephen Trowbridge, secretary of the Relief Committee in charge of the distribution of supplies of food to the needy in Palestine. The letter was written from Cairo, Egypt. He writes:

"In Jerusalem I found the poorer people in desperate straits, their clothing reduced to rags and the bread, sold in the bakeries at eight or ten times the normal prices, of a coarse and heavy variety. A great many of the middle-class and well-to-do people have been reduced by Turkish war-taxes and injustice to a state of poverty. In the Armenian monastery I found 612 exiles from Adana and Aintab; many of these people recognized me at once from an acquaintance in Turkey and crowded around me with tears and words of welcome. One after another began to tell the tragic stories of loved ones who had died on the march southward or had been banished to the wilderness of Mesopotamia.

"We are opening up women's and girls' industries for 800 of the destitute people and hope to extend this to include 3,000 within the next month or two. A great many people in Jerusalem have urged us to start soup-kitchens in different parts of the city, but I strongly believe in industrializing the relief work so as to make soup-kitchens unnecessary except for the very aged and crippled and other people incapacitated from work. Jersusalem is a wonderful old city and everyone now is filled with hope in the straightforward and just administration of the British. We have at all points received the encouragement of British officers, many of whom take a personal interest in the relief work. Our medical director is Major Scrimgeour of the Military Governor's staff in Jerusatem. Next Wednesday Mrs. Trowbridge and I are returning to Jerusalem for a month's work, after which we must be back in Cairo for May and June so as to keep up the lines of Sunday-school service which we have started.

"A CABLEGRAM from Mr. Lansing, the Secretary of State, requests that I serve as director of supplies and transport for the American Red Cross Commission of fifty doctors and nurses. The members of our Sunday-school advisory committee agree with me that if some American business man, sympathetic with the missionary work, could be found for this post it would be better for me to keep to the Sunday-school work during this coming year and to assist Bishop MacInnes in the Palestine Relief work for only a few weeks at a time. It is extremely difficult to find the right man for this post. I think the best thing will be to ask the commission to set apart one or two of their members to do this work of forwarding the supplies from Egypt; but at least Mr. Hoyman and I must meet the party when they arrive at Port Said. The whole point is that the Sunday-school work would be interrupted and the work of our newly appointed field secretary for Egypt, Mr. Mitry Dewairy, would not be as efficient as if we were working together throughout that time. I have prayed earnestly about this matter and feel that on the whole it would be better for me not to accept unless Mr. Davison of the National Red Cross has a personal conference with you and secures my release for one year.

"Our Relief staff in Jerusalem have agreed to remember daily the words of Isa. 61 : 3, so that in the pressure of the day's work, and in the midst of throngs of people, we may deal patiently and kindly, interpreting to those who have suffered the compassion and faithfulness of Christ. There are many trying experiences in the relief work, and some of the people are hard to satisfy. During February we had nearly 20 days of rain, our supplies of rice became soaked through in transit from Egypt, and we had to work very hard to dry out the rice lest it should spoil; during the month we completed the distribution of 300 tons. This really saved the city from famine, for the military governor told me on my arrival that the rations then on hand were sufficient for three or four days only; two days later our supplies of rice began to arrive from Egypt.

"Often in the evenings I walked over to the Mount of Olives and into the Garden of Gethsemane, and I thought of the old days when David first conquered the stronghold of the Jebusites; I also thought of what John Ruskin says somewhere in 'Modern Painters,' that the 'highest use of the imagination is to reproduce the scenes of our Redeemer's life.' Every weekday was crowded full of relief work, but Sundays I had an opportunity to visit the Sunday-schools which have pluckily held on during all the hard times under the Turks. The school at the American Colony has never missed a Sunday, and the same is true of the blind school under Miss Lovell. Miss Lovell is one of the two English-women who stayed on through the three years of war; again and again the Turks threatened to take her house and turn her out on the street, but in each case God mercifully overruled the threat. Two Sunday afternoons I spoke to the girls in this school; it was a great inspiration to listen to their singing; they know English better than any pupils I have met in the Near East. The Arabic-speaking church founded by the Christian Alliance has also kept up the Sunday-schools, most of the pupils being Armenian refugees. The large German industrial orphanages maintain Lutheran Sunday-schools. It is possible that our Relief Fund may take over all the work of these German schools in the course of the next few months.

I found the Syrian congregations very much broken down through poverty and lack of missionary direction, but a fresh start is being made with remarkable energy at certain points. St. George's Boys' School in Jerusalem on the day that it reopened in February received 230 boys; Mr. Reynolds, a personal friend of mine, is the headmaster. During April we plan to organize a Sunday-school for these boys. We cannot yet send through large supplies, but small packages can go by post. In this way our Arabic publications can be sent in small amounts to many Sunday-schools in Palestine. All of them being Arabic-speaking, our literature from Cairo will meet the need."

THE American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief announces contributions received during the week ending April 16, 1918, totaling $134,208.32. The American Relief Committee in Cairo have received the $50,000 cabled recently from America for relief work in the Eastern war zone, according to a dispatch received from Stephen Trowbridge. In the same mail with the aeknowledgment of the money came a report of the relief work in the Jerusalem Zone.

Eleven hundred children are being cared for in the Palestine orphanages, and plans are well under way to greatly increase this number. Up to date 2,333 garments have been given out by Miss Fisher, the relief worker; 31 persons have received tins of milk; 22 received rice, and 101 soup tickets for the new soup kitchen.

Mrs. Vester, of the American Colony, in charge of the industrial work for women, now has 250 refugees employed for plain sewing. Thousands are asking for work and the widespread distribution becomes more apparent. Women previously in excellent circumstances gladly accept the most menial kind of labor. Mrs. Vester will soon extend her industrial work to the towns of Ramallah and Bethlehem. Major Scrimgeour reported 12 free dispensaries in the Jerusalem zone. Approximately 6,500 cases have been treated. A nurse goes out from headquarters and gives one hour a day to the refugees in the Bokhara quarter. The committee are purchasing corn and other foods locally as far as possible, because of the difficulties of transportation from Egypt.

Ten thousand dollars has been sent by the Christian Herald to the American Colony in Jerusalem for the encouragement of the lace industry. The Syrian women have long been famous for their beautiful laces, and the editors of the Christian Herald have felt that they could best help the refugees in Jerusalem by giving them an opportunity to earn a livelihood.

A great number of Greeks have been deported from the coast regions along the Black Sea, the Marmora and the Ægean, into the interior, especially into the villages of Konia, Tocat, Sivas and Angora. Some have been sent as far down as the Chilican plains in the region of Adana and Tarsus, and several thousands have reached even the Syrian desert. Thousands of them are in a pitiful condition, especially the women and children.

THE American Committee is doing all in its power to relieve the terrific suffering. During the recent fighting in Trebizond many of the Greeks escaped to Batum and other places in the Caucasus, and 50,000 or more are reported in flight to Crimea. Trebizond, when it was in the hands of the Russians, was a place of refuge for thousands of exiles from the Black Sea coast towns and villages.

The American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief have 70 workers, chiefly American missionaries working without expense to relief funds, distributing relief in Syria. These 70 are in addition to an equal or larger number of workers engaged in other areas throughout Asia Minor.

The British campaign in the Near East has taken a rather surprising turn, according to latest reports. It seems British forces have advanced northward from Bagdad and east of the Tigris River to within striking distance of Mosul, terminus of the Bagdad railway. Several weeks ago another expedition was reported on the Euphrates—when last heard of, after defeating a considerable Turkish army, within striking distance of Aleppo, the junction of the Syrian and Bagdad railroads. It seemed then as if the English objective were to cut both Mosul, on the one hand, and the whole of Syria on the other, off from communication with Constantinople by one and the same blow. Therefore, Jerusalem, for the present, would appear to be safe. In Palestine the British have driven northward on both banks of the Jordan, taking Es-Salt, east of the Jordan, on May 2.

This Non-Skid Heel prevents slipping

As important in walking as in motoring is the "non-skid" idea, which means safety from slipping. For pedestrians, the best example of this idea is the Foster Friction Plug—found in

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

Not only does this plug prevent slipping, but it also makes the heels wear longer. Other advantages of Cat's Paw Heels: They have no holes to track mud or dirt—and do not mar the floors.

Cat's Paw Heels will give you foot comfort and protection every day of the year. Your whole family should wear them. The name is easy to remember and they cost no more than ordinary kinds.

Black, white or tan. For men, women and children—all dealers

Foster Rubber Company
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Originators and patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping

Face the Day with a Smile

Start with Bran

There's a bran-flaked breakfast dainty which everybody likes. But the joy of eating can't compare with the after-joy it brings.

It is bran flakes—Nature's laxative—hidden in rolled cereals. A studied mixture with a most delightful flavor—Pettijohn's.

It supplies what all folks need—the daily bit of bran.

To Make You Fit

Bran acts as roughage. When you omit it, fine foods often clog.

Then come dull days, headaches, blues.

The world would be ten times as cheerful if folks kept clean inside.

Clear bran isn't likable, so nine in ten neglect it. Pettijohn's is likable and welcome.

To serve once daily means a constant bran supply.

Try it one week and watch results. See what it adds to the joy of living. You'll not go back to branless diet when you know the facts.

Pettijohn's

A Flaked Cereal Dainty

55% Wheat Product—20% Oats 25% Bran

A breakfast dainty whose flavory flakes hide 25 per cent unground bran.

Pettijohn's Flour — 75 per cent Government Standard flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe.

Both sold in packages only,

(1910)

Marion Harland's Corner

"King Corn" and a Meatless Dinner

WE begin our conference today with a General Order from Headquarters—i. e., U. S. Administration of Food:

1. "Give King Corn a royal welcome to your Home.

2. "Corn Products containing the outer coating and germ (such as water-ground cornmeal and grits), oats and oatmeal, graham and wholewheat flour, rye flour, barley flour, and soy bean meal—should be 'kept moving' and used as soon as possible. Keep in a cool, dry, well-ventilated place. Raise bags of flour and meal sufficiently far from the floor to secure them from rats, mice and insects, also to permit cleaning the floor beneath the bags. Leave space between them for abundant ventilation. Large stocks should be reduced before hot weather."

"King Corn," as he is officially and facetiously styled, is coming into his rights. For years in certain parts of our country he has held, at best, a second-rate position. Without analyzing other reasons for this injustice, I will say briefly that few housewives know how to make really good corn breads and cakes, and fewer have taken pains to examine and compare various brands of the meal.

Summing into one sentence what I would commend to our housemother's present and especial notice—

If practicable, get the Southern water-ground white cornmeal. It retains certain properties of nutrition which are "bolted" out of the meal of Northern mills. So well is this fact now known that all the principal grocers in our cities keep the water-ground on hand and those who do not can easily order it. The Southland is the native home of Indian corn or "maize," and it has been one of the principal articles of diet in that region for centuries.

Our first recipe bears the name of "Batter Bread" in the Middle Southern States. In Florida and in Georgia it is sometimes called "spoon bread."

Apropos of this popular breakfast bread, a natural mistake was recently made by a visitor to a Virginia family. In a Canadian tour, he had heard of and eaten scores of "War Breads." Falling in love forthwith with the new variety, he asked for the recipe for "*Battle Bread.*"

Virginia Batter Bread

One small cup of cold boiled rice; two eggs; two cups of cornmeal; one tablespoonful of lard or other shortening; one teaspoonful of salt; two cups of milk.

Beat the eggs very light. If you would make the batter particularly nice, whip the whites separately to a standing froth, and the yolks until smooth. Stir the rice to a smooth batter in the milk. Melt the shortening and add to rice and milk. Sift the meal twice with the salt. Mix the beaten yolks well into rice and milk and beat in the meal gradually alternately with the stiffened whites.

Bake at once and quickly in well-greased, rather deep pie-plates and serve hot in the same, cutting with a broad-bladed knife into triangles.

There is no more toothsome cornmeal bread than this if properly made. A notable cook assures me that when eggs are dear she holds her peace and secretly uses but one egg, sifting an even teaspoonful of baking-powder twice with the meal, then proceeding as usual.

Genuine Cornmeal Pone

Much passes under the name in private houses and hotels which is a "bogus article" bearing no resemblance to the dinner and luncheon bread made by old-fashioned Southern cooks.

Sift a quart of white cornmeal twice with a teaspoonful of fine salt. Dissolve a tablespoonful of shortening in hot water. Mix the salted meal into a soft dough with cold water, adding the melted shortening as you go on, and mold with the hands into oblong cakes higher in the middle than at the ends, shaping rapidly by tossing them skillfully over and over. Bake in a well-greased pan and when done lift with a cake-turner to a hot plate. They must be broken, not cut by the eaters, and buttered while hot.

Potato Soup Without Meat

Boil enough potatoes to make a generous cupful when they are mashed into a creamy mass, adding a cupful of hot milk. The mass should be just thick enough to drop from the spoon, and perfectly smooth. Have ready a "roux" or white sauce, made by stirring together over the fire a tablespoonful of butter with one of flour. Mix this gradually with two cups of scalding milk in which have been boiled two slices of onion and a good-sized stalk of celery cut into bits. These must be strained out before the hot milk goes into the soups. Stir in to the potato-mixture and set over the fire in a double boiler, seasoning to taste with celery-salt and white pepper. Stir for two minutes after the boil begins; add a teaspoonful of finely minced parsley; boil up once and pour into a tureen into which you have put half a cupful of "croutons"—that is, small squares of fried bread.

This is an excellent family soup.

Nut Roast

One cup of fine dry bread-crumbs—oaten bread is best. One cupful of chopped nut-meats—English walnuts, black walnuts, or pecans; two eggs; a cup of hot water; a teaspoonful of onion-juice; half-teaspoonful of celery salt; one tablespoonful of butter (or substitute for butter) rubbed smooth in half a teaspoonful of cornstarch.

Mix crumbs and minced nut-meats together; stir into the hot water, the butter and cornstarch, onion-juice and seasoning, and wet the crumbs and nuts with this. Mix well before adding the yolks of the eggs beaten light. Lastly, stir in deftly the stiffened whites, bringing up the mixture from the bottom as with a *soufflé* and breaking the nuts as little as possible. Bake and serve in a well-greased cake mold. It should be as light as sponge cake and a welcome substitute for a meat-course.

While our sensible housewife will keep in mind that simplicity and economy are the ruling principles of her daily living, she must not lose sight of the truth that frugality and ugliness do not, of necessity, go together. On the contrary she should study now, as never before, what may be registered as "culinary harmonies." We have on today's menu a potato soup. Think of some other vegetable than rice, hominy, or potatoes to accompany what the French have taught us to call the *pièce de résistance*, which is to follow the soup.

Studying the ingredients of this we decide at once that stewed tomatoes would "go" pleasingly with the Nut Roast. Canned tomatoes are both popular and inexpensive, to say nothing of being eminently available as a left-over. The few teaspoonfuls left in the dish will add piquancy to the second-day soup. (Which, let me remind you, should be warmed over in a double boiler for fear of scorching the milk.)

Stewed Tomatoes

One can of tomatoes; a teaspoonful of sugar and the same of butter; salt and pepper to taste; a small teaspoonful of minced onion.

Stew all together, stirring often, for half an hour. Then run through a colander, pressing out all that will pass the holes easily, and return to the fire for a minute for the final boil-up.

Brown Betty

One advantage besides cheapness which commends this homely old favorite to the frugal housewife is that specked and small apples may be thus utilized. Pare and chop enough to make two cupfuls. Have ready a like quantity of dry bread-crumbs. If you have followed directions given in an earlier number of this series you have glass jars of rolled crusts and slices of stale bread, without cutting into a new loaf.

Cover the bottom of a well-greased pudding-dish with a layer of chopped apples, sprinkled over with a tablespoonful of sugar and dotted with butter, and a dash of cinnamon or nutmeg. Spread over this a layer of crumbs half an inch thick. Fill the dish in this order. The uppermost layer should be crumbs dotted with bits of butter. Bake, closely covered, forty minutes. Remove the cover and brown upon the upper grating of the oven. Serve hot with hard sauce.

A Business Man On Missions

SOME months ago I learned of a stenographer in Manhattan who is supporting a native preacher of China. I was told she has been very successful and had won two thousand souls for her Lord. It set me to thinking. There was born in my soul a desire to do this very thing—to have my own representative in the foreign field.

I looked forward in imagination to the time when this maiden will meet her preacher friend up in the Glory, accompanied with these thousands who perhaps never would have been there if she had not saved from her weekly wage and sent it regularly for his support.

Later on I was appointed chairman of the missionary committee of our church, and I not only became responsible for a native preacher under Rev. A. S. Paynter, founder of the Indian Christian Mission, but I began to enlist others in the work. I am profoundly thankful that our paths crossed just at this time, for I was enabled to see the possibilities which, under God, could be realized, as I talked from day to day with this brother. I presented the matter to a number who responded to my request. There was very little solicitation, but when I did present the subject, I never failed to tell them of the vision I had caught. Several came to me voluntarily, which showed plainly that the hand of God was leading. This continued till the number had reached nine.

At present there are eleven native preachers provided for, all because some of our people have caught the vision and heard Jesus say, "Go ye!" I have been asked to record this bit of experience in the hope that others may be led to do, under God, what he has done through me.

A great joy has come into all of our lives. We are soon to have the photographs of these preachers and views of the villages where they labor, and then I fancy our interest will be increased fourfold. And then, a little later, will come the joyful news that Yuhana, or perhaps Andrew, or it may be Devadaas, has won souls for our Lord; then we shall rejoice, and our joy will be complete. For this supreme moment we longingly wait and expectantly look. To Him shall be all the glory.

A recent letter from Rev. A. S. Paynter, in Ceylon, states that my native preacher, Daniel, who labors in the village of Thumbasap, a few miles from Ellore, is having marked success. Several have confessed Christ as their Saviour and been baptized. There must be many who read these lines who can support native preachers in India. Think of his joy and yours as, one after another, they come out of heathen darkness into the light and liberty of the Kingdom of God. If the money is sent month by month, we do not find it a burden.

A man in Toronto, a consumptive, who works in a railroad yard, supports four native preachers under the India Christian Mission. This man, too, has had a vision.

WILLIAM PARKER PERKINS.

Protecting the Morals of Our Soldiers

"THERE is not a single red light district existing today within an effective radius of any army cantonment or naval station where any considerable number of soldiers or sailors are in training," Raymond B. Fosdick, chairman of the Commissions on Training Camp Activities, has recently declared, summing up vice conditions around military camps. Twenty-five segregated districts located within the 5-mile zones established around military camps have been closed under the congressional enactment which provides for absolute repression in these areas, according to Mr. Fosdick. Beyond the dead line in the cities contiguous to the military camps, many more have been abolished through the joint cooperation of federal, state, and civic authorities. "Scatteration" which has invariably followed the abolition of segregation in these cities also has been combated effectively through the vigilance of the same agencies.

"Not only have the great bulk of the towns in the vicinity of camps assisted the Commissions on Training Camp Activities in cleaning up," Mr. Fosdick asserts, "they have entered with admirable enthusiasm into the Commissions' program for entertaining soldiers and placing at their disposal the recreation resources of the city. Under the War Camp Community Service, undertaken by the Recreation Association of America, the difficult task of assimilating the floating soldier population has proceeded with a heartiness which fits in perfectly with the Government policy—not simply of repressing vice but of setting up a competitive system—a system of organized amusement and clean recreation."

What the Men Say About Camp Morals

THE following letters from men who have gone out from the Dudley Street Baptist Church are indicative of the help some men are receiving through their military and naval experience:

From one who is in the Field Hospital Service:

"There is one thing certain, this war has established a clearer relation between God and man, and I think every fellow who comes back will be a better Christian and look at life in a different way. The Y. M. C. A. is doing a really wonderful work, and I don't know what the boys would do without it."

From a sailor: "We have just passed through a terrific storm at sea, the worst I have ever seen; many of us prayed for help and thanked the good Lord for our safe return. I never forget to say my prayers each night, for it gives me great confidence. The morals of the men are very high; I have been quite surprised to find what a fine, clean lot they are."

From a Southern camp: "I want you to know that I am keeping up my Bible study, prayer and church attendance. The men of my battery are a lot of fine, clean, moral fellows. I don't know just what would happen to a man who brought disgrace upon his fellows by his actions. We are standing for the best things. I do not find the rottenness in the army I expected to discover. Men in the army, the same as in civilian life, find companionship according to their desires. If a fellow wants rottenness, he can find those who will rot with him; if he wants clean living, he will find those who would die before they would stain their souls or sacrifice their morals."

From one in the Aviation Service: "The fellows in my corps are a very clean lot and very easy to get along with. I am delighted to learn that the moral conditions incidental to army life are far better than I was led to suppose by what I had heard and read previous to my enlistment. The men with whom I am associated come from some of the best homes of our country, and while some fellows use a good deal of profanity, still I think we average as high in morality as any bunch of fellows to be found in civilian life."

From the above it will be seen and appreciated that the morals of army and navy life, according to the testimony of some who are living it, are not so debased as some would have it appear, and while every intelligent person knows that human perfection is not to be found among our enlisted men any more than among the unenlisted, still it is extremely heartening to know that our boys are not in hopeless moral conditions, but find helpful, clean comradeship among their fellows.

REV. GEO. R. STAIR,
Pastor Dudley St. Baptist Church, Boston, Mass.

The Farmer and the Brewer

BESIDES the usual postmark on a letter before me, there is the slogan, "Food will win the war; don't waste it." I should like to present the viewpoint of an actual farmer, living upon a farm, tilling the soil and feeding livestock.

We live in a state that is prohibition by law, yet our flocks and our herds have felt the selfish tentacles of the brewing industry. The ideal type of farmer, I suppose, is a man who has many acres, and large herds, and who, after fattening his stock, has a surplus of grain to sell. But the ideal type misses a good many and fits comparatively few. Parts of our country are suitable for grazing, other parts for mining, others for lumbering, and so on, while other sections seem intended by nature to be vast grain fields. Transportation facilities are a complement of natural conditions, and there is no stigma of poor farming methods attached to the small rancher's plan of buying part of the surplus grain raised elsewhere and feeding it. In the Willamette Valley, beginning at Portland and extending two-thirds of the way across Oregon, there are thousands of farms or ranches of from five to twenty-five acres with their flocks of hens and their berry patches, a few cows and pigs, and few if any acres to be spared for grain fields. Moving here, from east of the Rocky Mountains, we shipped no live stock or grain. By comparing prices of grains, we found that barley was better than any other grain we could get for our hens, cows and pigs. When barley flour was put upon the list of wheat flour substitutes, barley rose to a fabulous price and became very scarce or unobtainable. With the breweries using barley to make into beer, the farmer stands a slender chance of getting enough for feed, while in parts of Washington and Oregon it is difficult to obtain enough for flour.

As owners of livestock, we are up against a difficult proposition. Not a bit of the barley supply that is needed for flour would we for a minute begrudge; but with the need of barley as human food, and as feed for livestock, every glass of beer made from now on means wasting flour, meat, eggs or milk.

What brand of conservation are breweries exemplifying?

The malt that lies in the house the brewer built does not fill the egg basket, nor make loaves to win the war. We need the barley, not the beer.

CLEON EMERY.
Barlow, Oregon.

Food and Ships

WOULD you have them want for food, for clothes, for ammunition to answer the German fleet?

Would you have them think that you had forgotten them—you in your comfort at home?

Would you have the lives of such men unnecessarily sacrificed because you had not concentrated your efforts on the thing that meant most to them?

Build, build, and continue to build ships. Make a bridge of ships to Pershing.

MAJOR FREDERICK PALMER,
Chief Censor on General Pershing's Staff.

For National time-saving

YOU have found how quickly Gold Dust dissolves the grease—how quickly your dishes dry in consequence—how brilliantly clean Gold Dust leaves them. Have you passed the word along to friends who, like you, are intent on saving time these days?

And Gold Dust has many other time-saving uses, too!

For ready reference you might wish to keep, in your kitchen scrap book, the following hints for *quicker, easier cleaning.*

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

For a sparkling clean bathroom

Even in the bathroom there's a bit of oil, a bit of grease. But Gold Dust gets rid of dark circles and rims in wash bowls and bath tubs—because Gold Dust so quickly dissolves the grease. And, you'll find Gold Dust cleans gently, without scratching or marring the surface of porcelains, enamel, tiling or nickel-plated fixtures.

Your stove will like this hint

Wherever there's a stove there's bound to be drippings—especially greasy ones. Because Gold Dust is such a gentle, effective grease-dissolvent most housekeepers keep a package handy. Try it on the zinc, tin or galvanized iron under your stove. Try it on top of your stove where grease has sputtered from the skillet. Try it on the drip tray on your gas range.

What dishwashing does to drainpipes

Almost everybody knows what clogs up the drainpipes—the grease from dishes and pots and pans, which hardens and keeps the water from flushing away bits of waste from the sink Gold Dust, when used for dishwashing, not only dissolves the grease on the dishes, but keeps your sink and drainpipe free, unclogged and sanitary.

For your ice box or refrigerator

Ice boxes and refrigerators need frequent cleansing—need to be kept always in a sweet, sanitary condition. Gold Dust does this to the very best advantage, because it so thoroughly dissolves the grease. One housekeeper says she always uses Gold Dust for this purpose, because Gold Dust so completely cleanses, rinses so easily—no danger of "soap left behind" in nooks and corners.

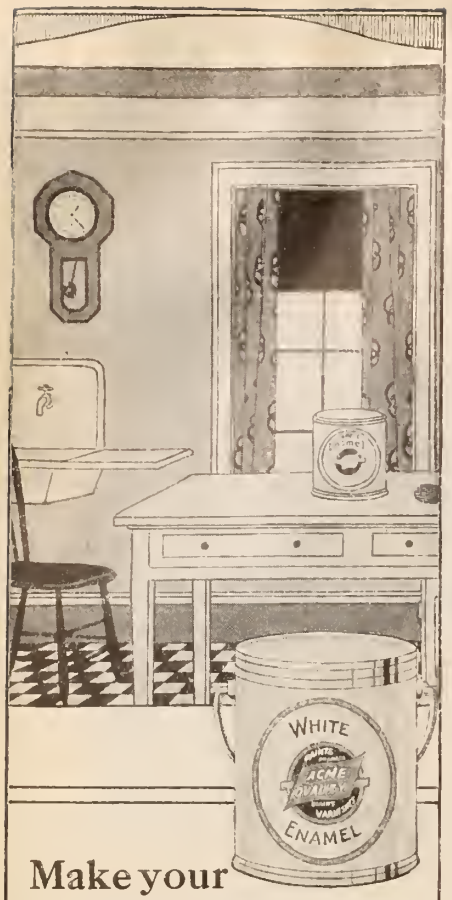
How to clean your meat chopper

If you've had trouble cleaning this useful kitchen helper, try a tablespoonful of Gold Dust in a dishpan of hot water. See how quickly and thoroughly Gold Dust dissolves the grease—how fresh and sweet it leaves your chopper On baking day, too, Gold Dust makes a quick "clean-up"—bread mixer, pans, rolling pin, spoons and all cooking utensils *thoroughly cleaned* in record time.

The secret of spotless woodwork

Pantry shelves, kitchen floor and tables and woodwork are kept fresh and spotless with Gold Dust. Many housekeepers say no other cleansing agent so quickly dissolves the grease. A tablespoonful to a pail of water is the quantity they use. "Tracked in" grime on stairs and floors also quickly yields to Gold Dust's cleansing action.

Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work



Make your kitchen sparkle like the spring sunshine!

In summer, of all times, how important it is to have the kitchen bright and clean! Such refreshing newness when the refrigerator has been "dressed" inside and out; and the stove and boiler have been "cheered-up"; and the hardworked kitchen table made all fresh; and the sink, and service buckets, and garbage can, and floor and walls—like new pins with Acme Quality Paints and Finishes. *They save the cost of new things!*

Most home furnishings are called "worn out" when they are only shabby; they will still give years of service when regularly touched up with Acme Quality Paints and Finishes.

Your interest in making old things NEW will be greatly increased by reading our two books—"Acme Quality Painting Guide Book," which answers every paint question, and "Home Decorating"—a valuable aid in home beautifying. Both will be mailed you on request, without charge.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
Dept. O, Detroit, Michigan

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ACME QUALITY
PAINTS & FINISHES
Have an Acme Quality Shelf

You'll find it valuable to have handy at all times at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotil, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; and, a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

Jesus Silences His Adversaries

International Sunday School Lesson for May 26. Mark 12: 1-44

The Great Day of Controversy

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

IN our last lesson we learned of the direct challenge which the chief priests and scribes made as to the source of Jesus' authority as a teacher. Our present chapter opens with one of Christ's parables which shows very plainly why he does not recognize *their* authority. It is the story of the Vineyard which was entrusted to faithless and selfish husbandmen, who ill-treated the servants of the owner and finally killed his son. The custodians of the Temple and its religion felt the sting of its application to them. They were afraid to seize him openly and went away to plot his ruin.

Upon their return, they began a skilfully planned verbal assault, having prepared their barbed wire entanglements and laid their hidden bombs. We have here the brief report of a whole day of controversy. A new aspect of Jesus' wonderful personality is clearly revealed: he is a master of repartee, keen, sure, unruffled. He preserves his composure and treats each proposition courteously. Any fairminded bystander must have been strongly impressed, and indeed we hear from one such who seemed to be in the ranks of the enemy at first.

Jesus silenced the whole combination of religious, political and philosophical adversaries. Though Pharisee, Sadducee and Herodian put aside their varied quarrels to overwhelm him, he was more than a match for them all. The boys in our schools admire the quick incisive retort, and will think more of Jesus if they really study this lesson today.

A Political Trap Set

With a great air of respectfully consulting the popular teacher on a matter of public and patriotic interest, they ask him whether as loyal Jews they ought to pay tribute to the Romans or not. In hope of eliciting a compromising answer they pay flattering homage to his fearlessness—he will not be afraid of the authorities; he is known to be a plain and outspoken man. They thought they had him on the horns of a dilemma. If he advised a tame submission to the alien, they hoped to undermine his standing with the common people. If, as seemed more likely, he declared against contributing to the heathen and foreign conqueror, they intended at once to betray him to the governor as an inciter of rebellion.

He saw their hyprocrisy and that they were acting a deceitful part, and said so. Then he gave his wonderfully wise and true answer. He asked them to let him see a silver coin, such as was used in paying this tax. "Why, this coin speaks for itself," he practically says. "Whose image does it bear?" When they answered "Cæsar's," he responded, "Then pay it to Cæsar." They were using Roman money, acquiescing in Roman overlordship, reaping its advantages in trade and police protection. Then there was no reason at all for refusing to pay the price. He turned all the ignominy of it back on them; they had the coins, recognized the subjugation and reaped the substantial benefits. They had asked: "Shall we give or not give?" He answered "Give, even as you have received." But he added one searching word more: "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's." God does not need money, nor does He ask for coins due to others. God asks for sincerity and truth and brotherhood. There was good evidence that they were failing in what was due to him. The problem had been turned back upon them.

A Theological Catch Question

So they tried another tack. Some different individuals came to see if so wise a man could give them a solution of a hard question in connection with religion. Since he persisted in turning all matters into religious form, they would approach him on that basis. If there is any truth in the doctrine of the resurrection, what about such difficulties as that of the woman who had had seven husbands? Whose wife will she be then? This was probably one of the stock puzzles of the Sadducees, who were fond of scoffing at immortality. Just such smart, superficial, catch questions are the usual delight of the flippant unbeliever.

Yet no doubt, every one around leaned forward to hear the answer, for it seemed a pretty hard problem to them. So Jesus very courteously but with penetrating rebuke made answer: "You stopped at the wrong point in your Scripture reading," he seems to say. "You quote the provision in the law concerning levirate marriage and leave out all the foreshadowings of eternal life. Not only so, but you limit the power of God. When they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are like the angels." In heaven there is friendship and love and every spiritual relationship, but marriage in its earthly and physical sense is done away.

But as to immortality, when God is interested in us and loves and forgives us and we love and sincerely serve Him, we are immortal. He is not the God of the dead but of the living. He is still the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and they are still his worshipping servants, fellowshipping with the spirits of just men made perfect. They have never really died.

A Sincere Questioner

From the group of scribes a man stepped forth with another inquiry. But this was asked in a different spirit, and Jesus, looking upon him, saw an honest man. Interested in the good answers which Jesus had given to the various questions commonly at issue, he deemed it a good chance to get a good solution of another. This was the standing argument as to which was the greatest commandment of the Law. So he asks the Teacher from Galilee his opinion concerning this.

With scarce an instant's pause Jesus responded by quoting the Great Schma which was repeated daily in morning and evening prayer. "Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God, the Lord is one; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." With what solemnity it must have fallen from the lips of the Master, this great statement of the unity and universality of God, and of man's supreme duty to love him with all the powers he hath given. To this Jesus appends a brief sentence from the book of Leviticus, singled out from the maze of legalistic requirements: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The uniqueness of Jesus' utterance lies in singling out this second mighty phrase and emphasizing its necessary complementary relation to the first.

The sincere scribe could not refrain from repeating reverently the mighty lines which for him and for the world were ever afterward inseparable. He wholeheartedly agreed with Jesus, and went further to say that the Teacher was right to omit from it all ritual and sacrifice and technicality as fundamentally secondary and unimportant. He for one gladly agreed. How much we would like to learn more of this candid and fearless Jew, as of others who come and go in the Gospel story. But this we have: that Jesus bestowed upon him the happy rejoinder, "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God." The others were indeed far away, but this man needed only to follow and obey the principle he had admired and approved, to enter into life that is life indeed. But alas, it is true that one may endorse the principle without carrying it into conduct and character!

The enemies of the Galilean wisely decided that there was no use in trying to catch him in his talk. Some other means must be found to be rid of him.

But he was not yet through with them. The crucial point at stake underlying all these antagonisms was their rejection of him as Messiah and of his interpretation of Messiahship altogether. Now, then, he will look into their doctrine. What is the vital qualification of the Messiah? Who is he? They answered, "The son of David." It never occurred to them to say, "The Son of God!" Messiahship to them was a matter of royal lineage, of legal claims upon a vanished throne, of political and national aspirations. At best it was an old and narrow and worldly thing. To Jesus it was far otherwise. He was not interested in being a legitimist "pretender" to a kingdom of this world. He was not interested in his own Davidic descent. He got his authorization from the Almighty direct by purely spiritual insight. For him, the Messiah was not David's son, but God's. He was builder of a greater and quite different Kingdom from David's. He was a greater than David. He was, in spirit, David's Lord.

Then Jesus delivers publicly a scathing indictment of the self-righteous leaders of Judaism. In Mark it is expressed in one vigorous snappy sentence that curls and cracks like a long Eskimo whiplash. In Matthew a full account is given of his detailed denunciation of them all, these scribes and Pharisees and priests. It must have driven them to fury. Analyze Mark's brief summary and you find them guilty of the sin of pride (walking in long robes and receiving salutations in the public places); love of power (the chief seats); inconsistency (praying long prayers while greedily taking the money of the poor); as well as of the selfishness and blindness that lay behind all these.

What a dreadful charge, and irrefutable! Woe to those who today are guilty of these same things, of pride and love of power and hypocrisy. It is they who have plunged the whole world into war.

A Note of Commendation

The chapter ends with a sweeter incident. Jesus looked about and saw one who was the very antithesis of all these things. He found some one to commend whenever he could. He let the contrast speak. In this woman he found humility, poverty, unselfishness, self-dedication. All the world has heard the story of the poor widow who silently offered the largest gift the temple received that day. It was only a mite. It was *all she could give.* It was outwardly insignificant and inwardly rich and beautiful and acceptable to God. But the Pharisee's wedge of gold and loud invocation were exactly the reverse—inwardly dross and refuse, unacceptable to him who seeth the heart.

Put vim in jaded muscles

by stimulating and arousing the circulation with light applications of Absorbine, Jr., rubbed in thoroughly. This invigorating liniment acts quickly and surely. It is fragrant and pleasant to use—leaves no greasy residue on the skin.

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Get a bottle today and keep it in your desk, in your traveling bag, in your medicine cabinet or in the side pocket of your automobile. It is health insurance of a high type.

Absorbine, Jr., $1.25 a bottle at druggists or postpaid

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W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.
5 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

The Periodical Zone System Will Aid German Propaganda

Ambassador Gerard said:

"Now we have to meet this German Propaganda. The war is not going to last forever—and you have seen what German Propaganda has done in Russia. These are grave dangers, and they only go to show what can happen in a country like Russia.

"Fortunately, they cannot propaganda this country as they can Russia, because we have great publications that go all over the country and have unified the whole country and the whole continent. That is why I am against the postal zone law passed in the last Congress putting an extra tax on papers sent from the cities where published.

"They forget that, whether these publications go from Philadelphia, from San Francisco, or from Chicago, it is the exchange of these papers from and to all parts of the country that makes one universal, united America.

"They unify the sentiment, and that is worth far more in this war than the small amount of extra postage which the Government will obtain."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

If you believe that no sections should be discriminated against in the cost of their reading matter, why not use your influence?

Write to your Congressman and one or both Senators. Simply write to them that you believe the zone system of second-class postage is wrong in principle and will be unjust in practice, and that Congress ought to reconsider the matter.

A Missionary Call for Russia

A CALL for prayer and conference on behalf of Russia's millions will be held at the Moody Tabernacle, Chicago, Ill., June 24 to June 28. The revolution has resulted in throwing open to the Gospel the largest population of white people in the world. There are 182,000,000 people in Russia, and yet there are not as many evangelical workers there as in the city of Chicago alone. Many are eagerly waiting for the Gospel. When, recently, one of the leaders of the "Dom Evangelia" Mission in Petrograd, immediately after returning from Siberia, went with his choir and workers to the large square directly in front of the Winter Palace, and conducted an open air Gospel service, large numbers of men and women assembled. After the message was delivered, the people turned to the preacher and said: "Where have you been so long? And why did you not tell us this before!" "I was in Siberia," was the reply.

The call continues: "Never since the beginning of Christianity has such an immense population of white people become accessible to missionary enterprise. The evangelization plan must embrace not only the 100,000,000 native Russians, but also the 7,000,000 Jews, the 20,000,000 Poles, the 30,000,000 Ukrainians, millions of Mohammedans (Tartars, Kurds, Kirghiz, etc.), Armenians, Rumanians and Greeks, and besides these the Bulgarians, Serbians, Croatians, Montenegrins and other related Slavonic peoples. The Greek Orthodox Church is rapidly losing its grip on the hearts of the people, and the masses may be led astray into complete infidelity. Millions of the people are looking for something different. What is it to be? Atheism, or the Gospel? If the latter, then, because of existing conditions in Europe, America must assume chief responsibility for meeting the need.

"The immediate need is the printing and circulating of at least a million copies of the Russian Bible, three million copies of the New Testament, and a large supply of the very best Russian evangelical literature. Then several hundred evangelists, colporteurs and Christian workers must be trained and equipped for service in Russia. Already one hundred Russians in America have offered themselves for soul-saving service in their native land and are now in training, and there are also hundreds of converted and educated men in Russia who have suffered for their faith and who now need to be rallied and encouraged."

A choir of about fifty students from the Russian Bible Institute of Philadelphia are expected to be present to sing their beautiful Russian hymns during conference week. Russian-speaking and other Slavonic evangelists and missionary workers of the Chicago Tract Society will also assist. All inquiries and communications regarding the Conference should be addressed to Rev. Jesse W. Brooks (superintendent of the Chicago Tract Society), chairman Conference Executive Committee, 440 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Among the well known evangelical leaders who have signed the call for the Conference are Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, Rev. W. H. Griffith-Thomas, Rev. C. I. Scofield, Rev. Francis E. Clark, Rev. Cortland Myers, Rev. William I. Chamberlain, Mr. Charles Gallaudet Trumbull, Mr. Delavan L. Pierson, Rev. Paul Rader, Rev. William I. Haven, Rev. D. M. Stearns, Rev. John F. Carson, Rev. R. A. Torrey, Mr. S. D. Gordon, Rev. S. B. Rohold, Rev. Don O. Shelton, Mr. Hugh R. Monro, Rev. William Fetler, and many others.

Called Higher

MRS. LAURA PECKHAM SAYER, one of the oldest subscribers of the Christian Herald, died at Providence, R. I., March 23, in her ninety-third year. For three years she was a shut-in and blind; so she looked forward with pleasure each week to hear the sermons read from the Christian Herald. She had a beautiful Christian character. She said her part in life was to be patient; and nobly she did her part. She joined the church at twelve years of age, grew sweet and unselfish and was loved by all who knew her.

MRS. MARY FRANCES GILLILAND died on March 10 near Willard, Colo., in her 68th year. She was baptized and joined the Christian Church at the age of 14 years. She leaves a husband and six children. Since her childhood she lived a consistent Christian life, being a constant reader of the Bible, and a subscriber of the Christian Herald for at least 15 years.

AFTER more than seventy years in the Gospel ministry, Rev. A. L. Tryon died at his home near Wesley, Iowa, on March 7, 1918, in the 93d year of his life. He had been a Methodist preacher since his 18th year and was instrumental in saving many souls. He was pastor of the Methodist Church in his town, where he had lived and preached the Gospel since 1882.

JOSIAH PILE, of Barronvale, Pa., died April 21, at the age of 92. He was a Christian Herald subscriber and a great Bible reader and Sunday school worker. He leaves eight children.

"The Witching Drop of Lemon Juice"
— See How It Improves Tea

IN the famous restaurants and hotels the world over—lemon juice is displacing cream in tea. People abroad never think of tea without a "dash of Lemon" in it. And it isn't merely "fashion" that creates this great demand.

That incomparable tang that lemons add to scores of foods especially *enhances the flavor* of the finest teas.

And lemon juice is a rare appetizer—a digestive aid—due to the valuable salts and acids it contains.

Lemon juice furnishes also the precious *vitamines*, without which no meal can have the proper balance.

Here are three reasons, besides the mere question of fashion, that should decide you to serve lemon with your tea.

Try this new way to make your tea delicious. Tea is better, and is better for you, when you have learned to "prefer lemon."

Serve the lemons sliced or quartered.

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Lemons

Ask for California Lemons. They are uniformly good and come to you *clean* and bright. They are practically seedless, juicy and tart. California lemons are sold by all first class dealers, so they are easy to secure. They cost the same as other lemons.

200 Recipes by Alice Bradley

Miss Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, has prepared 200 recipes and suggestions for the use of oranges and lemons. You can get them all in the Sunkist Recipe Book, which we will send free on request. Send a post card for a copy.

California Fruit Growers Exchange

A Non-Profit, Co-Operative Organization of 8000 Growers. Dept. E22, Los Angeles, Cal.

You've *read* Dr. Gray. *Now* you can *hear* him!

Where: In the Academy of Music, Philadelphia.

When: At the Bible Conference on the Return of the Lord, May 28th to 30th, 1918. (Morning, afternoon and evening.)

This noted Bible Scholar, dean of the famous Moody Bible Institute, who has been contributing these startling and thrilling articles on prophecy to the Christian Herald, will give two addresses on "God's Purpose in this Dispensation" and "Regathering and Conversion of Israel as a Nation."

There will be nine other equally noted teachers at this great Bible Conference.

A Choir of 500 Voices Will be Led by Charles M. Alexander

THE LIST OF TEACHERS ALSO INCLUDES

DR. C. I. SCOFIELD, Editor of the Scofield Reference Bible.

REV. P. W. PHILPOT, Pastor Gospel Tabernacle, Hamilton, Ont.

DR. W. B. RILEY, President of the Northwest Bible Training School.

DR. CORTLAND MYERS, Pastor of Tremont Baptist Temple, Boston.

PASTOR HERBERT MACKENZIE, Secretary Eric-side Bible Conference.

DR. MARK MATTHEWS, Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Seattle, Washington, and ex-Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

DR. HARRIS H. GREGG, Pastor and Bible Teacher, Winnipeg, Canada.

REV. A. E. THOMPSON, Pastor of the American Church at Jerusalem.

WILLIAM L. PETTINGILL, Dean of the Philadelphia School of the Bible and Editor of Serving and Waiting.

For information and literature write to J. Dovis Adams, Executive Secretory, Room 1310 Morris Building, Philadelphio

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How a Change of Food Restored My Life

and transformed me from a physical weakling to what my friends call a man of iron

By EUGENE CHRISTIAN

EUGENE CHRISTIAN

TWENTY years ago I was at death's door. For years I had suffered the agonies of acute stomach and intestinal disorders. My physicians, including several of the most eminent specialists in the country, pronounced my case incurable and gave me up to die.

But although I could get no hope from anyone, I still clung to the idea that somehow, somewhere, I could find help.

I went out into the country—though scarcely able to walk—to think things over. I watched the animals on the farm. I noted the scientific feeding practised. I saw how with foods alone the farmer produced the results he wanted—how, to produce more milk, he fed his cows certain combinations of foods; how, to put fat on hogs, he fed other food combinations; how, to produce muscle in horses he fed still other food combinations. I learned that *properly balanced rations* produced just the results desired and I saw how *improperly* balanced rations produced wrong results.

And then a great thought flashed through my mind. It was this: If scientific eating can produce such remarkable results for animals, why wouldn't the same treatment be effective with the human animal?

A Boy's Vitality at 60

The results secured through animal feeding seemed to prove conclusively that there was an absolutely direct relation between the foods they eat and their physical condition, and of course this must be so with man.

Having been educated to be a physician myself, I determined to try some experiments. At first I made so many mistakes that I'd go a step forward and then two *back*ward. But I persevered. I experimented and experimented and experimented. Soon I discovered a few basic laws. These I used as my foundation and gradually I began to improve until from a man who couldn't walk a city block without resting, unable to keep even the supposedly most simple meal down, so thin that the bones literally stuck out all over—from this I developed into a well man.

And I say "well" advisedly. Today I am nearly sixty years old and I haven't had a sick day in years. I work twelve to fifteen hours every day of my life and I never tire. It is a regular comment of my associates that I have more ginger, more vitality, and greater endurance than the average boy in his teens. And I owe it all to corrective eating.

23,000 Cases on Record

The above is Eugene Christian's own story of his remarkable recovery through correct eating. So amazing were the results in his own case that hundreds of people sought his advice about foods, usually after all other treatments had failed. Since then Christian has treated over 23,000 people for almost every non-organic ailment known with almost unvaried success.

One case of unusual interest was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds under weight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it he was not 50% efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 pounds. In addition to this he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another one of Christian's most interesting cases was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old—who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

Help for Everyone

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons. Reasons are given for every recommendation based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice although technical terms have been avoided. Every point is explained so clearly that there can be no possible misunderstanding.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and will find that you secured results with the first meal.

Little Lessons in Corrective Eating and Christian Herald for a Year

$5.00 Value for $3.00

Nearly two hundred thousand sets of Eugene Christian's Little Lessons have been sold during the past two years at $3.00 each, but through a special arrangement with the publishers, the Christian Herald is able to offer its readers this remarkable set of lessons, together with a year's subscription to Christian Herald for only $3.00. This means a $2.00 saving.

The Christian Herald has fully investigated Eugene Christian's food system and can confidently recommend it to its readers. Already over 7,000 of our subscribers have bought sets of these books and have fully tested their value. Their approval confirms our opinion as to their merits. Eugene Christian's system is not to be confused in any way with the medical systems; it is wholly scientific hygiene reduced to the last point of simplicity. We believe that its adoption by all of our readers would result in their overwhelming endorsement of it; hence, being fully convinced of its merits we see no reason to withhold the Christian Herald's unqualified commendation of a system which is capable of doing so much good.

Only a limited number of the Little Lessons are available, however, so immediate action is necessary. Mail the coupon today.

Send No Money

CHRISTIAN HERALD
799 Bible House, New York City

Gentlemen: You may mail me "24 Lessons in Corrective Eating," by Eugene Christian. Five days after I receive them, I will either send you $3. in full payment for them and for a year's subscription to the Christian Herald, or return them to you.

Name .....

Address .....

Put It in Their Hands

The Boys in Khaki Need and Want the Christian Herald

WHAT do they read, these boys of ours in training camp, on shipboard, and over seas? The American Library Association, through the co-operation of thousands of people throughout the country, has equipped every training station, every camp, and every ship with a circulating library. But where they have been able to place one book there are from five to fifteen men with two good eyes apiece and just as much spare time as the fellows who happen to be lucky enough to get a book.

The people in response to the Postmaster General's order to forward magazines at a cent a copy have sent hundreds of thousands in the last year to the boys in camp. But even then there were more readers than reading, and anyway it is fresh, new magazines that the boys like best. They appreciate the love that licks the one cent stamp, but there is a peculiar value in the magazine that is all your own, and was never another's.

For the past year the Christian Herald Family has been providing subscriptions to the Christian Herald with Testaments for enlisted men in the army and navy. The Y. M. C. A., the American Bible Society, the New York Bible Society, the Scripture Gift Mission, and one or two other organizations have also furnished Testaments, until it transpires that practically every man in service has a Testament. Some have two or three and the opportunity for the distribution of other Testaments is limited to the supplying of the new drafts, as they are called. But there is an insistent call far and wide from chaplains and Y. M. C. A. workers for Christian Herald subscriptions to be sent to individual men, to hospitals, to Y. M. C. A. huts and to ships.

The publishers of the Christian Herald would like to place on the subscription list every man in the service at their own expense; but in these days of mounting prices it is impossible from a financial standpoint for the publisher to supply many free copies. On the other hand, it would be unfair to the Christian Herald Family not to give them a share in the very practical work of supplying the leading religious paper of the world to the men, who, most of all, need a personal Saviour.

Not long since, a Navy Chaplain sent to the Christian Herald a list of 25 names to each of which the publisher had offered to donate a six months' subscription. The chaplain said:—"There is great need for good religious literature among the men at the training station here and to help supply it we are trying to get the various denominational papers throughout the country to give us several subscriptions for use in the hospital wards and Y. M. C. A. huts." Of the 25, eight go to separate hospital wards, two to nurses' quarters, one to the officers' hospital quarters, one to a convalescent hotel, one to the main Y. M. C. A. headquarters, and two to the Y. M. C. A. huts, while 10 go direct to the Chaplain for distribution to individual men.

Another chaplain at a naval training station writes:—"We need some Christian Heralds here. The men like it, and use it when it is given to them. Both in the camps, barracks and hospitals, especially the sick men relish and praise it. We would be greatly obliged if you could give us 50 or 100 copies more." Fifty copies each of four issues were sent to the chaplain by prepaid express on receipt of this letter.

A chaplain on a gunboat in European waters wrote:—"I am glad to report that the men on the ship read and enjoy the Herald. The individuals who receive it read and pass it along to their shipmates, 600 in number. I am enclosing a list of names. If your offer is still open will you kindly send the Herald to each and it will be read by all. I find that the men take more interest when the magazine comes to them direct. The receiver reads and takes pride in passing along *his* magazine. I am using the Testaments carefully but they are going fast." The chaplain enclosed a list of 15 names, for all of which six months subscriptions were entered.

A Y. M. C. A. Secretary wrote from a training camp:—"Through the kindness of friends we have a goodly supply of current magazines for our reading room but no Christian literature. There are 1200 men at this field." Three new subscriptions for this training camp were entered.

THESE are only four windows looking in upon the camps. The long summer evenings are coming. What will your boy be doing with his time? There will be moving picture shows, athletic contests, social events in Y. M. C. A. huts and neighboring churches; but always there will be men with time hanging heavy on their hands, too tired for sociability, too weary to stand for an hour or two to see moving pictures, nor yet ready to turn in, anxious for something worth while to fill in the hours between mess and "lights out."

Let us go with one of these men as he seeks something to do. He may have a pass, and outside the camp there is company of a sort: foolish girls with painted faces, mercenary men with games of chance which they know how to operate, peddlers of poor liquors, and some who sell drugs, store keepers who charge shamelessly for the goods a soldier buys, by-paths and pitfalls that the soldier knows only too well, yet into which he sometime stumbles in desperation because of the lack of better things to do.

The Fosdick Commission of the Army and the Navy is putting an end to much of this. But this boy which we are thinking about today is not interested in these things. He knows what is outside of the camp, he knows what is inside. He wants to read. He goes to the Y. M. C. A. hut. All the good books that are in he has read; all the books he wants to read are out. The camp's table is covered with much-read, much-thumbed, dog-eared, crumpled and soiled magazines. He tries one after another, but none satisfies. He wanders back to the barracks; sits down on his cot with an hour or two of daylight still remaining. Then down the aisle comes the sergeant with the last of the day's mail. He calls "Private Jones," and that is his name, and there, with a letter from home, is a brand-new magazine, the issue for that week, with the news of the world, good stories, and good reading, a sermon by such a minister as he would like to hear, and other articles that take him back home to the little church where his feet first found the way into the Kingdom. We see him tear open the letter first. His face lights up, for it is a good letter, a happy letter, a newsy letter, and it cheers him. He reads it three times and tucks it in his pocket to be taken out and read again and again until the next one comes. Then he turns to the magazine, reads as long as the western light is good, then lies on his bunk and reads until the fellows come in from the movie show; and barring a certain share in the jibes and jokes and rough-house that comes with the turning in of any bunch of fully alive and active men, he is still reading when the bugle blows "lights out."

It is the privilege and it is within the power of the members of the Christian Herald Family to duplicate this little scene in all of the camps, cantonments, and training stations throughout the nation, on hundreds of ships, and wherever our boys are stationed "Over There." The publisher of the Christian Herald is anxious to supply it as widely as possible to the boys in the service. They need its spiritual message; they like its stories and its news, just as you do.

AT the beginning of the war, when the demand for Testaments was insistent and the opportunity for giving them out almost unlimited, we urged you to send money for subscriptions and Testaments. Now that the Testament situation is well in hand and the con-

stant demand is for the Christian Herald alone, we again urge you to provide the paper for these chaplains, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, Red Cross workers and officers and men in the armed service of the United States who ask for it in every mail and to whom the paper is both a message from home and an inspiration for the day's work. You may order these subscriptions for any one in the service of the country and enter the subscription in his name; or you may send us the amount of money to be used in filling requests received from the field. Every dollar received will put a six months' subscription on the books, and these subscriptions will receive the first copies of each issue off the press.

General Pershing has urgently requested that the men be sent current magazines fresh from the press. These they appreciate above all others. To send them is a service as much appreciated as any of the auxiliary services which have been organized since the war began. Thousands of dollars have been sent to raise smokes for the boys; as many thousands might well be invested in Christian Heralds. The sending of literature is almost on a par with the sending of money for the Red Cross. Outside of medical treatment and hospital care the boy, who has been through the fury of the battle and has come out wounded, broken in body, with his nerves shattered, needs wholesome company, new things to think about, and something to occupy his mind while his wounds are healing. A good illustrated magazine gives him new subjects of thought, and helps to bridge over the hours of enforced idleness. No matter whether the boy is in camp with the day's work done or in the hospital itching for another crack at the enemy a Herald will find him. Wherever he is and wherever you send it its usefulness will be multiplied manifold, for the boys are proud of their magazines and will pass them around and they will be read until they are read up; sometimes even single pages are carried into the trenches to relieve the moments of tension while they wait for the alarm.

Send your checks to The Christian Herald, Soldiers and Sailors Fund, Room 93, Bible House, New York City.

Importance of the Lincoln Highway

MR. F. A. SEIBERLING, who has been elected president of the Lincoln Highway Association, succeeding Mr. Henry B. Joy, who has entered the aviation section of the government service, is one of America's "big men" of business. Mr. Seiberling is president of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, of Akron, Ohio, and brings to his new office a notable record of achievement in American industry. After a varied business experience, he founded, in 1898, the big rubber concern of which for nineteen years he has been the active head, and which today with its $110,000,000 annual business, is a monument to his business and financial ability. He is one of the men who early anticipated the need of a great transcontinental highway, and has from the inception of the Lincoln Highway been one of its stanch supporters, expending time, energy and money in its behalf. For four years he has served as one of its directors. A seventeen-mile strip of the highway just west of Salt Lake City is known as the "Seiberling Section" in recognition of his support of the great project. As a director of the United States Chamber of Commerce, he has spent much time lately in Washington, and is in close touch with the government's war program, and alive to the importance of the Lincoln Highway as a factor in the great transportation problem. About ten months ago President Seiberling established a long distance motor truck line between Akron, Ohio, and Boston, Mass., operating over the Lincoln Highway from Pittsburg to New York. The success of this line has encouraged others to inaugurate similar lines, although operating over shorter distances, until today the Lincoln Highway is being used to transport many tons of important finished and raw materials to the eastern seaboard. "The winning of the war," he says, "may depend largely upon the use made of this great highway. We see this emphasized now in the transportation of army trucks under their own power to eastern seaports, for shipment to France. A train of thirty army trucks is leaving Detroit daily, all of which are operating over the Lincoln Highway. Hundreds of business houses in the East have purchased trucks from the Middle West factories and have been unable to obtain satisfactory delivery by railroad, and are having them driven through, largely over this highway, even in the face of the heavy snows and extreme cold weather. We are alive to the importance of this great roadway in speeding up our war activities and are planning to expend approximately $4,000,000 this year in actual road work."

A Notable Conference Call

A BIBLE conference on "The Return of our Lord and Related Events," such as the regathering of Israel and the fulfilment of prophecy concerning the end of the age, has been called to meet in Philadelphia on May 28, 29 and 30, with pastors and Bible teachers of different denominations, to consider prayerfully the teachings of Scripture as to the Lord's return. The call says: "In view of the world-wide desire for clear light on the theme, we rejoice in the statement of truths concerning our Lord's return. It is to unite in securing and in giving light on this theme, and to present an unhesitating Scriptural testimony, that all interested are earnestly invited to this conference." The call is signed by Revs. William D. B. Ainey, R. V. Bingham, John R. Davies, Frederic W. Farr, H. W. Griffith-Thomas, Harris H. Gregg, Robert B. Haines, Jr., Charles L. Huston, Fred Kelker, L. W. Munhall, W. J. Montgomery, Thompson W. McKinney, Mark A. Mathews, Cortland Myers, George F. Pentecost, P. W. Philpott, William L. Pettingill, Wm. B. Riley, Max I. Reich, Wm. H. Ridgway, Edward Rondthaler, Robert M. Russell, T. Edward Ross, Robert L. Rudolph, John L. Steele, C. I. Scofield, George C. Shane, D. M. Stearns, Joseph M. Steele, R. A. Torrey, Charles Gallaudet Trumbull.

Send in Your Sets of Answers for the Bible Study

PARTICIPANTS in the *National Bible Picture Study* may now submit their sets of verses, and all sets *must* be submitted by May 31, 1918. Sets mailed as late as that final date—May 31—will be accepted, even though we receive them much later; the postmark will show that they were mailed on time.

The following excerpt from the Rules gives the directions for submitting sets. Everyone must follow these directions:

"Participants may submit sets of answers after April 22, 1918, but not later than May 31, 1918—which is the last day for submitting answers. Sets of answers sent by mail must be mailed not later than May 31, 1918. Sets of answers sent by express must be delivered at the express office on or before May 31, 1918. Participants who present sets of answers at the Christian Herald office personally or by personal messenger must do so before 5 P. M. May 31, 1918."

Tell your postal clerk, when he weighs your set of answers, that it must go as first class mail, upon which the postage rate is now 3 cents for each ounce or fraction. One Answer Book, in a thin envelope or light wrapper, will require 9 cents in stamps. If wrapper or envelope is at all thick, or several sheets of wrapping paper are used, the postage will be 12 cents or more.

Be sure your set of answers carries sufficient postage! And do not fold or roll your set of answers; wrap it up flat.

Knowledge is power—power for good when love turns on the current; for evil when selfishness governs.

How Norwesco Laboratories Met An Emergency With SE-MENT-OL

"FINDS THE LEAK AND FIXES IT"

How often this happens:

Miles from a garage, while your car is humming over beckoning roads, your radiator suddenly starts steaming. You stop, and find it nearly empty. Leaking!

The joy deserts your little trip—unless you have a can of SE-MENT-OL, the radiator cement, in your tool box.

SE-MENT-OL, just poured into the radiator, fixes the leak *permanently.* Sure as solder and far cheaper—does not lay up the car. Cannot clog or injure any part of cooling system. Price 75 cents; Canada, 85 cents.

Other Norwesco products are SKALEX, the radiator cleaner—CARBONOX, the carbon remover—NORWESCO Top and Upholstery Dressings—UTILITY BLACK, for touching up metal parts—NORWESCO Valve Grinding Compound. They are sold by most hardware and accessory dealers and garage men.*

NORWESCO
The Chemically Correct Line

The Northwestern Chemical Co.
215 State St. Marietta, Ohio, U. S. A

* Ask your dealer for Norwesco products and write to us for the twenty-four page booklet, "The Proper Care of Your Car."

Foresight *vs.* Hindsight

Today as never before it is essential to buy with foresight. Hindsight, always costly, is costlier than ever because prices are higher.

How may you know you are buying with foresight? Choose goods advertised in CHRISTIAN HERALD—that's all.

CHRISTIAN HERALD has exercised all the necessary foresight on your behalf by excluding from its pages advertising of questionable products or producers. Whatever any advertiser tells you in CHRISTIAN HERALD is dependable.

You may *foresee* satisfaction and forestall loss by purchasing things advertised in

CHRISTIAN HERALD

How a $150 Repair Job Cost a Motorist $1.50/100

ONE day Mr. Robert Hoffman of Pittsburgh discovered a cylinder of his engine cracked clear through! It leaked so badly that water filled all the cylinders, making his car useless. A $150 repair job stared him in the face!

Someone told him about "X" Liquid, the *Scientific Process of repairing leaks in the cooling system.* He bought a $1.50 can of "X," poured it into the radiator—and *saw that the water soon stopped leaking!* Today this "X" Liquid repair is standing up under 2,000 pounds explosive pressure.

"X" Repairs Leaks without Solder or Welding!

Thousands of motorists now know that "X" Liquid is the *only* process for making quick, permanent and economical repairs *everywhere* in the cooling system—in radiators, pumps, gaskets, hose connections, etc.

"X" is simply poured into the radiator. It immediately becomes a part of the water, flows through every leak—and *hardens right in the hole.* "X" repairs *every* leak with one application, and if left in the water absolutely *prevents future leaks.*

"X" Eliminates Rust and Scale!

In addition to repairing leaks—"X" Liquid loosens the rust and scale now present. It absorbs all free oxygen in the water and *prevents new rust from forming.* Moreover, "X" Liquid prevents scale from depositing itself on the metal walls. In this way "X" Liquid keeps the water passages free and clear. This gives better cooling, more power and a *saving of oil.*

Don't confuse "X" Liquid with cements, powders or flaxseed meals in liquid form. "X" is a pure LIQUID—and is guaranteed to do the work without injuring the cooling system.

"X" is the only Scientific Process for making cooling systems Leak-proof—Rust-proof—Scale-proof.

Get "X" Liquid today. Every progressive dealer sells it.

Large Size, $1.50 Ford Size, $.75

"X" LABORATORIES

644 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

YOUR OWN DAUGHTER

and the girls in your community whether in the church or not will gain in character, health and contentment if associated with the

Camp Fire Girls

It is your duty to her and to the other girls to see that their associations and enjoyments are of a kind that are constructive and beneficial.

More than 100,000 happy health-seeking girls are gaining a better appreciation of home and outdoor life through this organization.

If you have their best interests at heart you will write today for booklet telling how to organize a Camp Fire group in your own church.

National Headquarters

THE CAMP FIRE GIRLS
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Ladies **EASE YOUR FEET!**

Wear O'Sullivanized PILLOW SHOES made from softest Vici Kid. They fit your foot as smoothly as your stocking. No cloth linings to wrinkle and tear. —Light weight. Stylish appearance—A boon to tender feet and a lasting comfort. O'SULLIVAN'S RUBBER HEELS on all. Catalog free. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, N. Y.

A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 604

favor of the feasibility of the scheme. The cost is estimated at between £400,000,000 ($2,000,000,000) and £500,000,000 ($2,500,000,000).

HUNGER IN GERMANY. Washington announced, on April 29, that diplomatic word received through Berne indicated that Germany was considering a reduction in the bread ration during the month preceding harvest. It was announced that the first deliveries from the Ukraine would not begin before May. Austria is also reported to be hungering and on the verge of rebellion, lacking only leadership.

PRINZIP DIES. Gavrilo Prinzip, the assassin of Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo, Bosnia, on June 28, 1914, died of tuberculosis in a fortress near Prague, on April 30. Prinzip struck the match that the Kaiser's hand applied to the inflammable tinder of national ambition, setting the world ablaze with the furious flame of war.

BUILDING SHIPS. American shipyards in April turned out 240,000 dead weight tons of shipping, or 9,000 tons for each of the 26 working days. The record for the first four months of the year shows a total of 621,340 dead weight tons, representing 80 vessels. Eleven of 91,541 tons were launched in January, sixteen of 123,100 tons in February, twenty-one of 166,700 tons in March, and thirty-two of 240,000 tons in April. If the average of the first four months is maintained, American yards will produce 2,485,360 tons of shipping by the end of the year. There is every expectation that the total will be in excess of 4,000,000 tons. The net loss of Allied and neutral shipping in 1917 was 3,920,268 tons.

CHALLENGE POSTAL RATES. Mr. John C. Coons, First Assistant Postmaster General, asserted before the Senate Committee on Post Offices, on May 1, that the cost of carrying newspapers and periodicals by mail was from 5.4 cents a pound to 12.2 cents, depending on the distance carried. He conceded, however, that 3.86 of the 5.4 cents represented overhead charges. Publishers' representatives challenged his figures, questioned the possibility of getting accurate figures, and assured the committee that the rates should be deferred for at least a year because of the inability to get accurate figures on postal costs, and because the war and rising costs of publication were already adding largely to the cost of operation. The overhead charges figured against second-class matter were reported to represent largely the cost of carrying government-franked matter. The publishers are making a united fight for the defeat of the new postal rate. Unless the subscribers—who in the end will have to pay—are heard from in sufficient force, Congress may not take action at this session. Your letter to your Senator or Representative may wield the final influence.

IRISH CONSCRIPTION DELAYED. Conscription was to have begun in Ireland on May 1. Mass meetings throughout the island, many of them under the leadership of prelates and priests of the church, had placed much of Ireland in the Sinn Fein camp. There was every evidence that an attempt to enforce conscription at this time might defeat itself, and at the same time the rate of enlistment in the island in the forces of the Empire rose steadily, showing that not all Irishmen were slackers. On May 1, however, the British government, by an Order in Council, postponed the operation of the conscription act as it applied to Ireland, it being suggested that no attempt would be made to enforce conscription until the government Home Rule Bill had been presented in Parliament, which would not be before a week.

WARSHIP SINKS COASTER. The Savannah line steamship City of Athens, bound from New York to Savannah, was rammed in a dense fog off the Delaware Capes shortly after one o'clock on Wednesday morning, May 1, by a French warship, whose name was not given. The steel bow of the warship cut deeply into the side of the steamer. It sank in about seven minutes. Of the 135 people on board 35 passengers and 33 of the crew were saved.

PROFITABLE DELAY. Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, becoming convinced that there was a gentleman of color concealed in the conflicting reports about the aircraft situation, secured a letter from the President, through the power of which he gained certain information. He reported to the President, and later gave to the press the substance of his report. He declared that the chief signal officer of the army had been a rubber stamp for a group of American junkers who had spent nearly a billion of dollars on aircraft production without producing or delivering a serviceable airplane. He declared that there had been colossal profiteering in contracts. An investigating committee of the aeronautical society made public a similar statement on May 1, in which it charged that less than five per cent. of the available manufacturing facilities of the country had been utilized by the Aircraft Productions Board. It was apparent that Gen. Squier and Secretary Baker were misled by those upon whom they depended. The Borglum report was a subject of debate in the Senate on April 29, and May 2, the debate indicating the probability of a searching inquiry, which the President was said to favor if sufficient direct evidence against individuals was available to make the inquiry effective. Meantime American aviators flying French machines were beginning to take a regular toll of German airmen.

AUSTRIAN PARLIAMENT REPRESSED. Emperor Charles of Austria on May 4 adjourned the Austro-Hungarian Parliament and inaugurated measures to render impossible the resumption of its activities. The party leaders were notified by the Premier that the Government was prepared to impress its will by force. The action was reported to have been precipitated by the growing movement in Austria for independence or at least autonomy for the subject races of the empire. The 7,000,000 Slavs, Serbs, Croats and Slovenes are becoming insistent, and Bohemia has been long in a state of incipient rebellion. A conference of subject races was held in Rome, April 9–11, at which a program having the full support of Italy was arranged.

DUTCH-GERMAN CRISIS PASSES. The Dutch Mininster for Foreign Affairs announced, on May 5, that the period of tension between Germany and Holland had ended, Germany having agreed to limit the transportation of gravel and sand across Holland to the quantity needed for the maintenance of Belgian highways.

WILL RATION SUGAR TO MANUFACTURERS. The Food Administration announced, on May 5, that all manufacturers using sugar, except those making essential foodstuffs would have their supplies of sugar reduced this year to 80 per cent. of the quantity used in 1917. Producers of non-edible products will have to do without sugar. The action was taken to insure sufficient sugar for the summer canning season.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. The Senate on May 1 passed the bill appropriating $60,000,000 to build houses for workers in shipyards, arsenals and other stations where war work is carried on. . . . 122 American soldiers were decorated with the French War Cross on April 28 for bravery in action. 117 were from the 10th (Massachusetts) regiment, which bore the brunt of the German attack of April 12 in the Apremont Forest. . . . . The Navy Department on April 29 announced the names of three enlisted men wounded in the service, one of whom had died. . . . Cambridge University in England will confer the degree of Doctor of Laws upon President Wilson. . . . Frank Bopp, former German Consul General at San Francisco, and his Vice-Consul E. H. Von Schack, were sentenced on April 30 to serve two years each in Federal Penitentiary and to pay a fine of $10,000 each for conspiring to cause a revolution in India in violation of American neutrality. . . . Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who has been seriously ill on Herschell Island for a number of weeks, reached Fort Yukon, Alaska, on April 27. . . . Herbert Hoover at a conference of grain men in New York late in April declared that the crop outlook promised sufficient wheat for both America and her Allies in the coming year. . . . The report, that Germans interned by the United States are living on the fat of the land is entirely false. They receive only the regular garrison rations of the United States Army, as provided for by the Hague Convention.

The Story of the Fighting

Continued from page 605

tions at several points, particularly at Meteren, west of Bailleul, while the French advanced somewhat east of Locre. Mist and rain, as for the two days previously, almost completely prevented aerial work. The German High Command was reported to have explained its defeat on Monday by declaring that the attack was not intended as an offensive maneuver, but really as a reconnoisance in force to test the strength of the enemy. Inasmuch, however, as field artillery was placed well forward, one gun even coming within 700 yards of the battle-line, and as the attacks were repeated many times, it must have taken the German commander some time to fully satisfy himself as to the Allies' strength.

May 2 and 3 saw the Allies attacking for local advantages along various portions of the long battle-line, the action of the two days centering largely along the front from Villers-Bretonneux to Montdidier. On this front the French on the 2d and 3d made progress, pushing forward on the 2d in Hangard Wood, and also occupying Baune Wood, southwest of Mailly Raineval, capturing prisoners and machine-guns. German counter-attacks were repulsed. A German attempt to attack at Thennes, near the junction of the Luce and Avre Rivers, southeast of Amiens, was smothered with artillery firo and the French, attacking took Hill 82 west of Castel and advanced their lines over a front of a mile and a quarter. The Germans were reported to be massing guns and troops on both sides of the Arras salient.

The French submarine Prairial was sunk on May 1 by a collision with a merchant ship. Part of her crew were saved. The English naval sloop Cowslip was torpedoed, on May 1, five officers and one man were missing. The British torpedo boat 90 was reported on the same day to have foundered, one officer and 12 men being missing. Italy lost one small sailing vessel through the operation of submarines in the week ending April 27.

Saturday and Sunday, May 4 and 5, were marked by local attacks and artillery exchanges. The German artillery held the whole southern leg of the Flanders salient, from the Nieppe Forest along the La Bassée canal almost to Givenchy, under heavy fire. There were two local attacks, one at Locon north of Bethune and one near Hinges, a little farther west. Both were completely repulsed, the British even gaining ground near Hinges. In tho neighborhood of Locre the French and British gained additional ground making a penetration of 500 yards toward Dranoutre over a 1500-yard front, taking heights west of Dranoutre, which materially strengthened their positions.

On the rest of the front there was little activity, except at Verdun and in Lorraine where the German artillery was busy and some raids were attempted. American troops near Luneville repulsed an attempted raid while it was in the making and the artillery destroyed a small German salient.

The Italian front showed signs of growing activity also, the artillery action increasing and raids multiplying on both sides.

In the last days of the week the conditions were favorable for flying and the Allied airmen, both in France and Italy were active in bombing work and in driving back the enemy's fliers.

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and unfurl it

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Flag Day
(June 14th)

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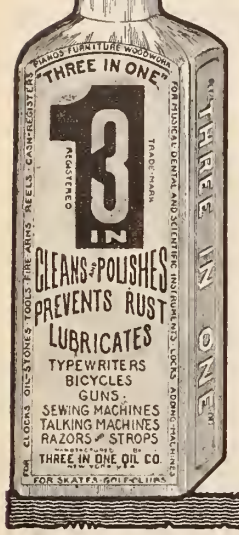

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The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL *Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.*

WE often hear the practical suggestion that God expects us to answer our own prayers. If we pray for financial help we must expect to do our best to earn; if we pray for healing we must use our will, our faith and such measures as we have reason to believe effective; if we pray for spiritual blessing, we must be much in the company of our Lord, in prayer and in the reading of the Word. There can be no passive expectation of God's prayer-answering power. So now, when we pray for victory, for the power of righteousness to rule again among men and nations, we must do our part to answer our prayer. Do we ask victory? It lies on the other side of sacrifice—our lives, our best endeavors, our sons, our dollars sum up the price. Do we ask that right shall rule? It may, when we love as *we* would be loved, when *we* deal justly, when *we* no longer covet, and all *our* steps are upright. A Liberty Bond in our strong box is a good foundation for a prayer for victory. Active helpfulness in some form of ministry to need and suffering is a step toward the international concord of our prayers. Let us pray by all means, let the heavens echo with petitions; but meantime let us work toward the answer with all the energies we possess.

J. L. K., an aged brother, acknowledges with grateful heart the comfort and peace of mind, and alleviation of bodily infirmities, which have come to him since he became a member of the Prayer League.

F. H. B. asks the prayers of the League that he and his wife may be restored to health and be cured of a chronic trouble.

A. W. K., a Christian mother, writes that her boy, who is a corporal in the army, has been told by the medical officers that he is physically unfit for army service and there is danger that he may be left behind when his companions go to take part in the great fight for a freer and better world. The boy, she says, "feels it keenly, and doesn't want to be discharged, for he feels that he must go over and do his bit. My request is: Pray for his restoration to health, that he may go and help in bringing about this world's peace. He is a Christian boy."

C. J., Detroit, Mich., sends a prayer for the ending of the war, together with one dollar, which has been applied to the work of the Bowery Mission.

Mrs. L. W. F., praises God for life and strength preserved through several weeks of confinement, the result of a fall; also for the preservation of the lives of her husband and sons. She asks prayer for the conversion of her children.

Mrs. L. M. D. praises God for the recovery of one of her two boys, who went through a difficult operation; and now she asks the prayers of God's children for the other, who is suffering from tuberculosis, and she feels that the power of God is all that can save him.

Persons who desire a prayer chart, with a subject for each day, can secure one by addressing W. F. Clowes, Africa Inland Mission, 356 Bridge St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prayers are asked for revivals of religion at:

Indian Bottom, Ky.; Somer's Point, N. J., Springfield, Me.; Lincoln, Mich.; Markesan, Wis.; Farmington, N. Y.; Florence, S. D.; Nandurbar, Khandeth, India; Shelbyville, Texas; Eastland, Texas; White Earth, Minn. (For the success of special meetings to be held beginning April 6); Chambersburg, Pa. (for a revival and for world-wide prohibition); Holton, Kan. (at the Reformed Church); Highland Park, Ill. (that many may be saved during the Billy Sunday Campaign and that Chicago may be voted dry); Junction City, Ark. (that many may be saved during revival); Chicago, Ill. (for world conversion); Portland, Ore. (for a church that has been organized for the special purpose of uplifting the fallen); Wyalusing, Pa.; St. Marys, Ga.; Knightdale, N. C.; Asheville, N. C. (for a world-wide revival); North Sunderland, Mass. (for God's blessing on revival meetings now being held); Canisteo, N. Y. (that many may be saved during revival; Mrs. G. W. C. (that Syracuse may be voted dry).

Six parents ask prayer that sons' minds may be restored; E. S. A., that husband's mind may be restored; Mrs. D. and F. L., that brothers' minds may be restored; A Believer, that mother's mind may be restored; C. N., that wife's mind may be restored; eighteen, for mental restoration for themselves, relatives or friends.

Mrs. A. N. A. asks prayer that sight may be restored without an operation; A. H. G., that son's and own sight may be restored; Mrs. A. J. H., that husband's sight may be restored; Miss M. P. S., that brother's eye may be restored; Mrs. S. L. G., asks prayer that a little boy's sight may be restored; E. A. D. and Mrs. R. B. G., that their husbands' sight may be restored; Mrs. E. M. J., that mother's sight may be strengthened; eleven friends, that their sight may be strengthened; Miss B. T., that father's sight may be restored; Mrs. N. T. H., that granddaughter's sight may be restored.

Mrs. H. H. asks prayer that husband's hearing may be restored; twenty-six friends, for restoration of hearing for themselves, relatives or friends.

Eighteen friends ask prayer for special blessings for others; including A Reader, H. F. D. and Mrs. A. G., for God's blessing on our sailors and soldiers; M. E. E., for our President, that God may be his strength and stay; A. T. C., that new pastor and wife may be abundantly blessed in their labors.

Seventy-seven friends ask prayer for a deeper work of grace, assurance of sins forgiven, or express in other ways their desire for personal spiritual blessing.

Eight parents ask prayer that sons may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs. E. M., that a friend may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs H. W., that a young man may be cured of the liquor habit; A Young Wife, that husband may be cured of the liquor habit; eleven friends, that relatives or friends may be cured of the habit.

Mrs. A. E. S., asks prayer that son may be cured of the drug habit.

Mrs. C. A. asks prayer that husband and sons may be cured of the tobacco habit; Mrs. B. F. L., that son may be cured of the tobacco habit; Mrs. G. K., that husband may be cured of the tobacco habit; Mrs. M. L. K., that son may be cured of the tobacco habit; V. N., that father may be cured of the habit.

One hundred and thirty-nine friends ask prayer for healing of friends or relatives; including B. B. T., that husband may be healed without an operation; Mrs. L. M. D., that son may be fully restored to health and strength; Mrs. F. M. that daughter and her son may be restored to health; Mrs. N. W. W., that a minister may be restored to health and strength; Miss M. P. S., that sister-in-law may be restored to health without an operation; J. T. O., that niece may regain the use of limbs; one hundred and twenty-one, for healing for themselves; including Mrs. W. H. W., that health may be restored without an operation; C. P., that use of limbs and power of speech may be restored; Miss E. J., to be healed without an operation; Mrs. R., that use of limbs may be restored; J. E. K., to be cured of cancer; H. H., that health may be restored without an operation; A. M. H., that health may be restored and regain the use of limbs.

Thirty-seven parents ask prayer for the conversion of sons; eighteen wives, their husbands; eighty-three friends, for the conversion of relatives or friends.

Forty-six friends ask prayer for help or guidance in financial matters.

Sixty-eight friends ask prayer for the granting of various desires and needs, including twelve friends requesting prayer for world-wide peace; I. S. T., that right and righteousness may prevail in this great world conflict; J. E. P., for rain throughout Texas.

Acknowledgments of answered prayer have been received from the following:

Mrs. F. J. T., San Diego, Calif.; S. A. B., Iron River, Mich.; H. F. D., Oxford, N. Y.; Miss J. C., Salisbury, N. C.; Mrs. G. W. C., Syracuse, N. Y.; A Reader, Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. L. F. B., Lewistown, Ill.; F. J. D., Prescott, Canada; A. A. M., Kenmare, N. D.; Mrs. A. S., South Danbury, N. H.; L. J. M., Monrovia, Calif.; A Friend, Monroe, Wash.; A. H., San Marcos, Texas; Miss A. W. R., Bloomington, Ill.; Mrs. J. D. G., Towson, Md.; Mrs. M. K. I., Climax, Mich.; C. I. C., Winfield, Kan.; Miss J. P., Lynchburg, Va.; Miss S. C. P., Montreal, Canada; J. P., Bainbridge, N. Y.; Mrs. M. A. M., Denver, Colo.; Mrs. E. H. L., Augusta, Mich.; M. L. B., Kissimmee, Fla.; F. S., Morning Sun, Ohio; A. S., Cincinnati, Ohio; R. W., Thomasville, Ga.; S. H., Newton, Mass.; Mrs. T. J. R., Nelson, Canada; Mrs. L. C. G., Dallas, Texas; Mrs. N. T. H., Washington, D. C.; Miss M. L., Hemple, Mo.; Mrs. H. L. S., Crab Orchard, Ky.; H. S. F., Lakeside, Calif.; C. H. B., Danbury, Conn.; Miss M. K. S., Corpus Christi, Tex.; N. W. C., Burlington, Vt.

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AGENTS

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Easiest line to sell. A prospect in every home. Often sell dozen pair to one family. Repeat orders will make you a steady income.

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What dishwashing does to drainpipes

Almost everybody knows what clogs up the drainpipes—the grease from dishes and pots and pans, which hardens and keeps the water from flushing away bits of waste from the sink. Gold Dust, when used for dishwashing, not only dissolves the grease on the dishes, but keeps your sink and drainpipe free, unclogged and sanitary. If *you've* had trouble with your sink and drainpipe, you'll appreciate this hint. (Adv.)

American-Japanese Relations

JAPAN'S relation to the world and the world war is a matter of increasing interest to millions of Americans. Is Japan playing a shrewd, selfish game, reserving her forces until the time comes to strike hard in order to reap enormous profits, to the loss and even the permanent damage of her present allies? Or is she honestly cooperating with them, ready to aid in building up a new world order, in which all nations, the small and the weak, as well as the great and the strong, shall have justice, security and opportunity? These are questions of vital importance. Indisputable facts that throw light on the situation should be keenly welcomed by every intelligent American.

These remarks are suggested by a booklet recently published by Dr. Gulick entitled, "Anti-Japanese War Scare Stories." The author has rendered an important service by running down a number of stories that have been circulated throughout the United States during the past few years. He shows that whatever may be the facts in regard to Japan's alleged sinister policies, many of the stories used to prove them have been without foundation.

It is now known, moreover, that the German Government has for years been at work seeking to foment trouble between America and Japan. German agents have circulated in America plausible stories about the "Japanese menace to America," and in Japan about the "American menace to Japan." How much of the mutual suspicion now found in both America and Japan is due to these stories it is difficult at once to decide. A few things, however, are beyond dispute.

First: Japan faces a serious economic problem because of her enormous and increasing population. She has but limited natural resources. So small is the amount of her arable land that for every square mile there are 2,688 inhabitants. Emigration to the great continents of vast undeveloped resources has, moreover, been refused by Canada, the United States, Australia, New Zealand and Siberia. In spite of her economic obstacles, Japan has, nevertheless, given her people universal education, modern methods of justice, industry, civil government and a world outlook.

Second: The policy of the European nations in their dealings with Africa and Asia has too often been characterized by selfishness, greed, fraud, aggression, and secret diplomacy. Too often have they resorted to ruthless military occupancy and annexation. In the light of these features of the policies of Occidental nations in the Far East, Japan has feared the partition of China among the powers of Europe. For it would cause her incalculable harm and prevent her from having any opportunity whatever in the world.

Third: Japan, accordingly, following more or less closely the methods of Europe, has been seeking recently to get ahead of those nations and to take the leadership of China into her own hands.

Fourth: The time has come for a new policy in the dealing of the nations. America should make this a cardinal principle at the World Peace Council. But in order that it may be really adopted and followed, provision should be made for the real economic needs of the heavily populated countries. Safety, opportunity and justice for all, small and great alike, should be the guiding principles of the peace terms. But whatever may be thought of these larger questions, it is of highest importance that our people should know the actual facts in regard to Japan's relations with America. "Anti-Japanese War Scare Stories" deals effectively with the matters which it discusses.

"Anti-Japanese War Scare Stories," published by the World Alliance for International Friendship, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City.

The World's Need of Christ

From a Sermonic Address by Rev. Robert E. Speer

IF Christ were King in the world today, there would not be a hungry mouth anywhere under the sun, nor one little crying child. Men need Christ today not for their bodies' sake only. The moral needs of the world are as deep now as they were when Christ came, and they are everywhere. If they are in America, they are in every land. Where Christ's influence has never been felt even so slightly as in our own land there those moral needs are deeper and darker still. Christianity is the only religion in the world that forbids polygamy. Every other religion either allows it or encourages or enjoins it. In a world like this there are abysmal moral needs rooted, many of them, in the unjust treatment of womanhood, that call for Christ. We protest against any denial of Christ to the world. It has a title in him equal to any title that we have. The world calls for him.

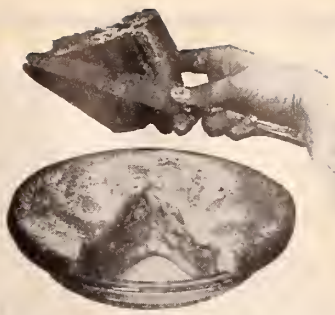
Was there ever a day when not for all men one by one, for the wants of their individual homes and hearts, but in one great mass of want, the world's need of Christ was so sharp and imperious as it is today? Who but Jesus Christ can ever bind this torn and discordant world together? We tried to do it with trade and it could not be done. We tried to do it with diplomacy, but diplomacy failed. We have tried to do it with secular education, but secular education has been unequal to the task. There is only one way in which the world ever can be united in one: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth," said Jesus Christ, "will draw all men unto me." In the one Head of all humanity, the one Shepherd of the whole flock of every race and every people and every tongue—only there can any hope of human unity ever be found. In a day when we are weary of the strife and hatred and war of the world, the need of the world for Christ protests against any abridgment of our will and purpose to share him now with all the life of men.

And we believe in not only maintaining all that we have begun, but in even now enlarging and extending every effort to carry Christ today—not when the war is over, but today—to the last ends of the world, because we know what carrying Christ will signify and what nothing else will signify to mankind.

Merry Moments

THE ELDER'S SPEECH. It was the regular midweek service of the church. The minister being away, the meeting was in charge of one of the elders. This man had repeatedly spoken about how the minister had nothing to do but to get up and talk, and of course any one could do that. So the pastor determined to give him a trial. The room was crowded with people interested in the subject of the evening. After the Scripture was read, the elder started in to discourse concerning the theme. He got off for a good start. "It's a very lovely lesson that we have for our consideration tonight, my friends," he began. Then he stopped, pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose vigorously. "I say that it is a very lovely evening that we have for our lesson," he repeated. As the sweat began to pour down his face, he tried again. "Ahem! I say that this is a very lovely consideration of this subject for the evening." The congregation was convulsed at his attempt to edify them, but they were thrown into hysterics when, shifting from one foot to the other in a wild manner, and slapping his head with his hand excitedly, he cried out: "Well, I had a fine speech for to-night, but I just clean forgot it."

HE HAD FAITH. A minister had taught his little four-year-old son to ask the blessing. One day the family were visiting and as the dinner was to be served in courses there was very little food on the table. The little boy, told to ask the blessing, said: "Dear Jesus, we thank thee for giving us our daily bread. It isn't very much this time, but we are thankful just the same."



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THIS is the philosophy of Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter, the author of "The Harvester," "A Girl of the Limberlost" and other marvelously successful stories—to bring those who read her books "closer to nature and the Almighty." Mrs. Porter has opened the eyes of thousands to the wonder and glory of the world about them. She, who has spent her lifetime with the birds, the moths, the butterflies, the herbs and the flowers, weaves into her stories the love of Nature, and every one of her novels stimulates the reader's interest in the life of the woods and fields.

Mrs. Porter's stories all have, as a fundamental reason of their existence, the author's great love of Nature. To impart this love to others—to inspire many hundreds of thousands to look for the first time with seeing eyes at the pageant of the out-of-doors—is her gift of rare quality.

Through the romance of life and the delights of nature she directs the mind upward toward the Infinite, into an atmosphere that is sweet, cleansing and exalting.

In writing of "A Girl of the Limberlost," Mrs. Porter said: "This comes fairly close to my idea of a good book. The book can, and does, present a hundred pictures that will draw any reader in closer touch with nature and the Almighty, my primal object in each line I write."

Over Three Million Copies of Mrs. Porter's Books Have Been Sold

ALL large book circulations come from only one cause—the recommendation of one reader to another. Mrs. Porter's books are wholesome, and there are more good, upright, wholesome people in the United States than any other kind. Mrs. Porter's novels are not only wholesome and clean, but they are romantic and cheerful. The people who live in their pages do things and accomplish tasks worth while, and one's soul is not harrowed by horrors.

Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter's first book, "Freckles," was published some years ago, and sold a few thousand; the next year it sold a few more. The following year her second book, "A Girl of the Limberlost," was published and began to sell. Meantime, "Freckles" went on selling more and more until it sold over 100,000 copies a year. Other books followed, until in the last six months of 1915 the sales of her books in the United States, England, Australia, and many other places sold 625,000 copies for six months alone.

Another reason why Mrs. Porter's books have so great an appeal is that the whole family enjoy them. They are not for men, women, or children, but for all three; and an important feature is that they will be eagerly read by young people, and the nature side cannot but be an inspiration.

Few books of recent years have sounded such a new and wholly refreshing note as that which dominates "Freckles." It has been read, it is estimated, by more than 5,000,000 people.

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Young People's Topics for May 26

Improving the Sunday School

B. Y. P. U. Topic. II Tim. 2 : 2

THE Sunday school is the spiritual field from which the church must harvest most of its members of tomorrow. It must, therefore, be more than a school. It must be both a teaching and an evangelizing agency. It must so teach the truths of the Scripture that they will lead the young people to a personal knowledge of Christ, and at the same time train them for Christian leadership. The Epworth League, Baptist Young People's Union and the Christian Endeavor are normal schools into which the Sunday school pupils graduate. The place of primary importance is the Bible school, for if children are not interested in the things of Christ there, it is not probable that they will be readily secured as members for the Young People's Society, as they are more likely to drift away by the time that they become eligible for membership.

The improvements are of two kinds: those that make a change in methods, with much or little apparent difference in results, and those that put new force and vigor into methods already in use, modifying them perhaps where they have shown weakness. The Sunday school like the public school has suffered from fads on the one hand and from conservatism on the other. The best that Sunday-school leaders can do is to be constantly watchful for any lack of interest in the school and constantly on the alert for new means to retain interest and to drive home truth; and to be always ready to learn new ways and new methods, if there is reason to believe that they will prove effective. The International Lessons have been greatly improved in the last year; the usefulness of the graded lesson has been greatly extended; the Adult Bible Class Movement has worked transformation in many schools. There is strength in all of these, but each school is a separate problem and there is no assurance that success will follow the same unvaried method in any particular school. Officers and teachers who want to keep their school up to the minute will do well to keep in close touch with the Sunday School Department of the church, addressing Wm. E. Chalmers, Ed. Sec., 1701 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., with the County and State Conventions and with the Sunday School Times, which is the moving force back of thousands of successful schools. Frank L. Brown's Sunday School Methods, published in the Christian Herald, offer also tried and proven means for the lifting of the school from an ordinary existence to a vital, throbbing life.

What Wrongs Need Righting in Our Town

Epworth League Topic. Isa. 58 : 6-11; Neh. 13 : 15-18

THE references for this topic seem to indicate that those who chose it had in mind the breaches of the Sabbath which are so common among us. There are enough of these: Sunday baseball, Sunday dances, Sunday gardening, defended subconsciously by many on the basis of national service, Sunday joy riding, and general disregard of the means of Grace and the things of God. All of these are among the things that need righting in nearly every town, but they are probably not all. In nearly every town, there are families that suffer hunger while others feast. It may be that their poverty is the result of their improvidence; it may be the result of illness, or of the loss of the bread-winner through some other cause. But if society were properly organized there would be no hunger while food was ample. In nearly every town some employer is grinding out the life of those who look to him for wages, fattening his pocketbook on their blood. The time is coming when his kind will no longer be tolerated among men. Perhaps in your town the liquor law is not enforced, and boys in the uniform of Uncle Sam and other boys as well are able to get the poison that unfits them for worthy work and brings them into disgrace and disrepute. Perhaps a little game is able to exist here and there under the protection of your authorities. Perhaps your town government is corrupt and the people's money is spent to enrich those who have not earned it. Perhaps the Saviour is not followed faithfully in your town by those who bear his name. Perhaps the church is in disfavor because those prominent in its councils are guilty of some of the things mentioned in this long list. These are wrongs that must be righted in the name of the Saviour of men, whose heart is crucified afresh by our failures and the failure of our Christian civilization to properly represent Him before mankind.

Doing His Will

Christian Endeavor Topic. John 15 : 8-14. "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."

HOW often we have sung "I'll go where you want me to go," and then the Spirit has told us to speak to someone across the aisle or perhaps in the seat next to us, about His love, and we have gone back and hesitated and let the opportunity pass? How often we sing "Must Jesus bear His cross alone?" and then act an affirmative answer to our question. How true it is that His yoke is easy and His burden light upon us, because we bear neither. Then we wonder why we cannot tell in meeting of the presence of His Spirit in our hearts, as some do who we have looked upon as no better than ourselves.

It is not always easy to know what is God's will for us. We may be sure, however, that it is His will that we should do good at every opportunity; that we should help wherever help is needed; that we should be ready at all times to act the part of a soldier of Christ, whatever the crisis. It may be His will to lead us in little deeds of helpfulness on through a course in Christian service to His ministry, to the public bearing of His message at home or in foreign lands. It may be that His will for us is merely that we should live His love in our own little town, building a Christian home, teaching our Sunday-school class, leading the Young People's meeting, ready at all times to testify or to pray or to serve Him in any way that offers. We can only do His will as we know it, and we can only know His will by keeping near to Him through prayer, through the study of His word, and through the maintenance in our hearts of the attitude of little Samuel who answered:—"Speak Lord for thy servant heareth."

THE installation of Rev. Dr. William H. Matthews as pastor of Greenwich Presbyterian Church in West Thirteenth Street, New York, took place Wednesday evening, March 20. Dr. Matthews was called to his present charge after a pastorate of eleven years at Grand Forks, North Dakota. He received the degrees of A.B., LL.B. and A.M. from Lake Forest University and later graduated from McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, Ill. Dr. Matthews is peculiarly well fitted for the work in Greenwich Church, which is one of the most active of the downtown churches in New York.

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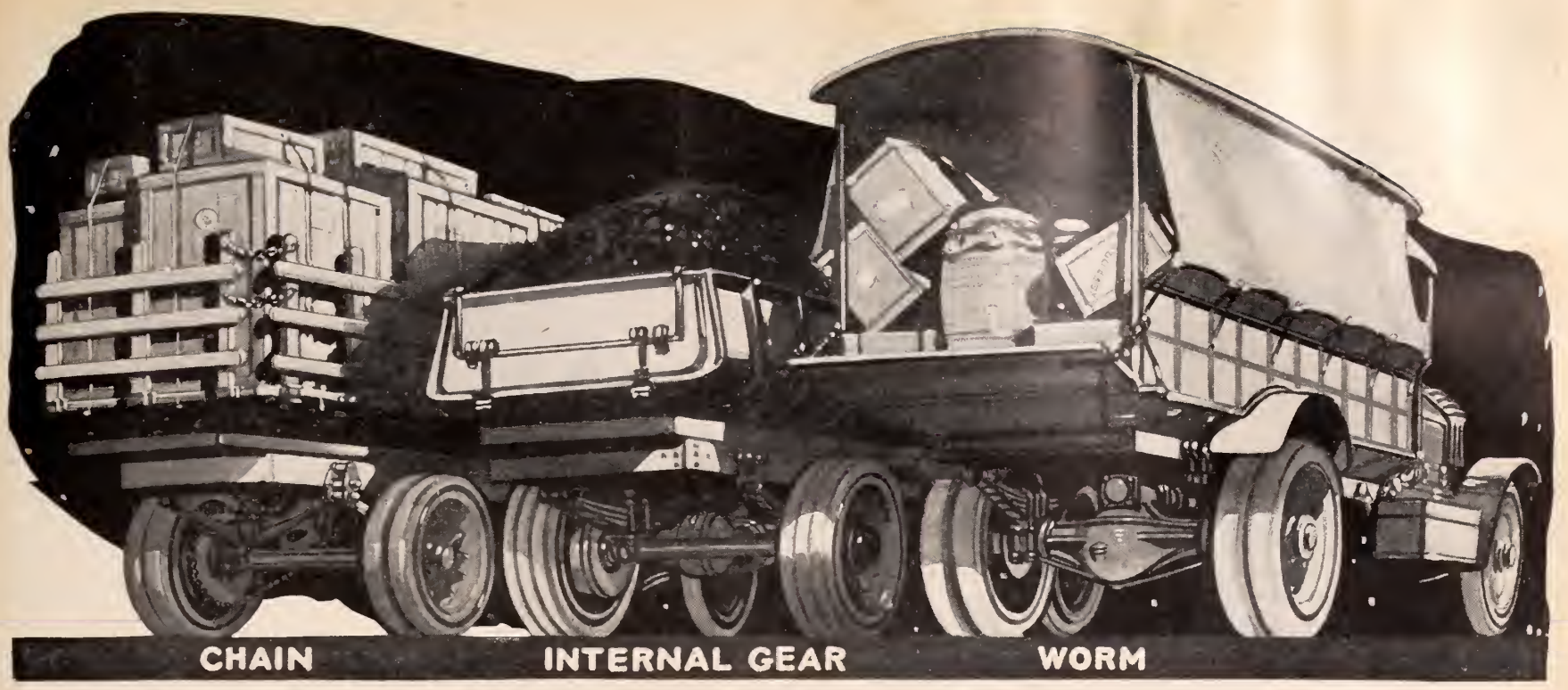

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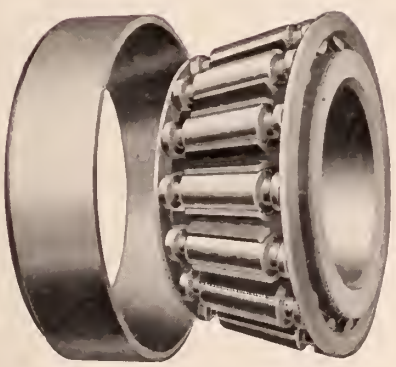

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The test of engineering experience, based not on a few but on thousands of varying applications.

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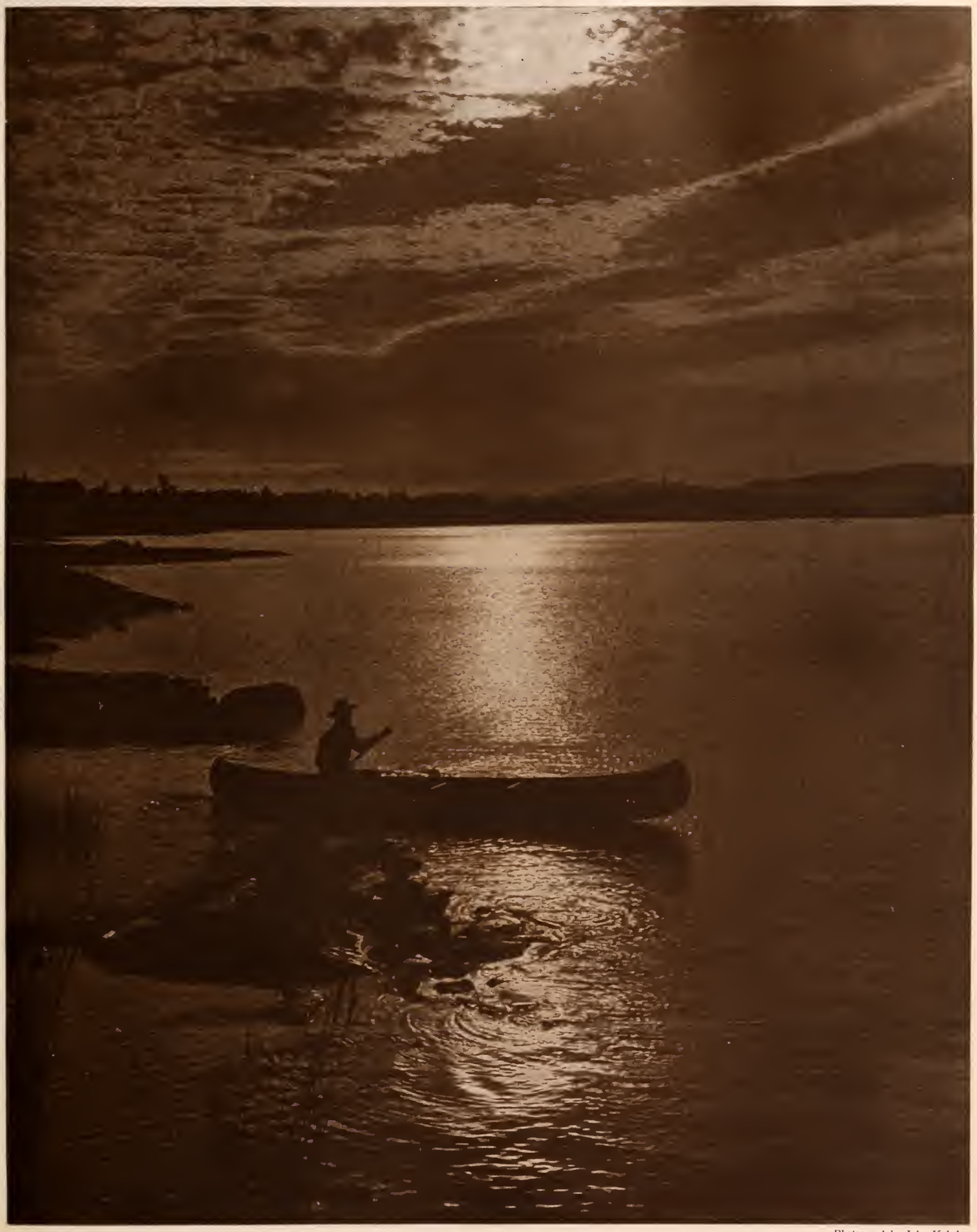

Photograph by John Kabel

My Argo is a swift canoe, another Jason I,
Who sees the lure of golden fleece reflected from the sky!

OUR MAIL-BAG

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and not controversial. All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

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Questions and Answers

SUBSCRIBER, New Jersey. you must not allow yourself to think that God has cursed you. He does not do that to those who, like you, are sincerely trying to believe and to live up to their belief. Do not let the evil one or any other agency put into your mind the thought that you have lost God's Spirit. One never does that who wants the Spirit to remain. It is only after man has turned the Holy Spirit out repeatedly and becomes indifferent, that a period of apostasy may come. God's mercy is so unfailing that all one has to do is to repent and to desire to come back, and he is welcomed with all the warmth and love that a good Father and Friend is capable of. Go to him and all will be well with you. "Come unto me, all ye that labor," says the Lord, and those that are heavy laden he wants to refresh. Go to him according to his invitation, and forget your morbid thoughts.

O. R. W., Beaverdam, Ohio. In I Thess. 5 : 3, the writer is exhorting his hearers to sobriety and watchfulness against the suddenness of the Lord's coming, and compares it to the stealthy coming of "a thief in the night." He also refers to those unbelieving and unthinking men who shall say "peace" and "safety," persuading themselves that there is no cause for apprehension. To such destruction comes suddenly and with terrible effect, and from that fate the apostle would save his hearers.

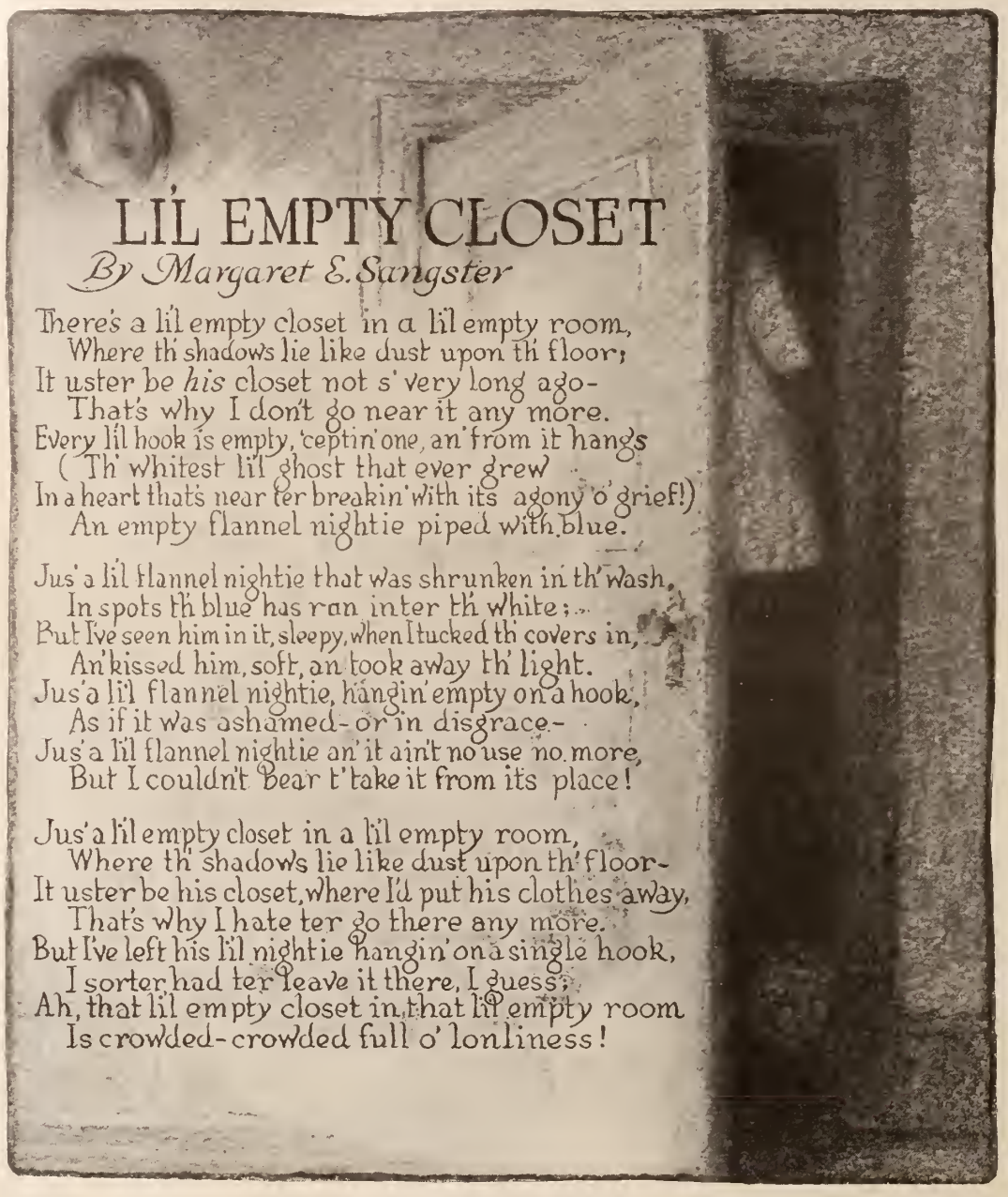
W. S. K., Woodhaven, N. Y. In I Tim. 5 : 24, the apostle gives instruction in regard to the disciplining of sinners and cautions against too hasty and severe judgment. He then warns Timothy against two kinds of sins—the flagrant and notorious, so conspicuous even before trial that they scarcely need witnesses, and against those which do not appear at first but creep on and dog the sinner's steps and at last overtake him. There are many thousands of cases around us where men and women bear on their bodies the results of their own sins, or the sins of their fathers.

J. M. 1. The state religion of Germany is a conglomeration of the Reformed and the Lutheran religions, sometimes called Evangelische or Unierte, the latter meaning "joined." This religion was instituted by Frederick William III, in 1817, and compelling Lutherans to accept it caused much dissatisfaction and bloodshed and, later, a large exodus from Germany. 2. Whether the Kaiser is regenerated or no is God's affair—not ours. Just now we are concerned in taking his power from him. 3 There can be no valid objection to Sunday school contests, rightly conducted. There is only good to be expected from a desire to excel in well-doing. 4. We can see no harm in conducting a church social. Anything that adds to the closer union of a church body is only beneficial.

A. M. K., Allentown, Pa. When and how the prophecies will be fulfilled cannot be determined by human knowledge. But amid all the confusion and commotion, the Christian is assured that, though all pass away, Jesus' word shall not pass away, hence his glorious promises remain in full force and effect as a safeguard and anchor to all believers.

Mrs. J. L., Corinna, Maine. Easter is a moving festival because its date depends on the date of the full moon, which, as you know, is changing. Easter is the Sunday after the third full moon in the year.

A. E. S., Fall River, Mass., and others. To secure employment in a government shipyard you should write to your state director, whose address can no doubt be obtained at your post office.



The English Sparrow

THIS little brown pest, whose noisy conversation under the eaves, or in our down-spouts disturbs our morning's sleep, whose filthy nests clog up the channels of our drains, and whose quarrelsome nature makes it impossible for self-respecting birds to live in his neighborhood, is doomed to go.

He is destructive and serves no useful purpose. He eats seeds and small fruit, and is careful to avoid slugs, worms, plant-lice and the enemies of growing things upon which the song birds feed. Not only does he avoid eating the things that men want destroyed, but he preys upon the nests of the song birds, breaks their eggs, and drives them away. Thus he not only fails to befriend the men whose buildings he clutters with his nests, but he deprives man of his bird friends, whose sharp eyes and busy beaks alone can keep the enemies of plant life from becoming a scourge.

The Federal government has issued a pamphlet covering the whole history of the English Sparrow, his habits, his uselessness, and the ways to be rid of him. It tells how to trap the birds and how to make the sparrow pie, pie being the only place in which the sparrow is of any use to men.

Send your name and address with two cents to cover return postage to the Christian Herald Information Bureau, Mr. Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C. and "The Sparrow Book" will be sent you free of charge.

Miss S. W., Hopedale, Ohio, and others. The nurses' training classes in the different hospitals have different entrance requirements. As a rule, the nurses are paid a small amount after their three months' probationary period. This, however, would depend upon the hospital in which you are trained. You might be interested in some of the colleges or summer schools. Most of the large universities and summer schools employ nurses. You might communicate with Columbia University, New York City, and University of Tennessee, Nashville, Tenn., upon the subject.

L. J. M., Springfield, Mass., and others. 1. Government positions are, as a rule, secured through Civil Service examinations. Write to the secretary of the civil service district in which you reside, whose address can no doubt be furnished by your postmaster. Most government positions pay a salary of at least $1,000 a year. Clerical and stenographic help is very much in demand at present. 2. The government does not give out work to be done at home.

Mrs. W. J. S., Cleburne, Texas, and others. The War Risk Insurance Bureau is not sending out policies, but is giving a government receipt, which is sent to the soldier or sailor, or at his request mailed to his home. For further information write to the Division of Military and Naval Insurance, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

L. E., Baldwin Place, N. Y., writes: "In the last Christian Herald I notice a short article on 'Preventable Fires.' One chief cause of very destructive fires through this part of the country is not mentioned: it is the non-enforcement of the law for the covering of engines, so as to prevent their throwing live coals among the dried leaves, often spreading widely, fanned by the furious November and March winds, until much valuable timber is ruined, and orchards also; and the whole neighborhood has to turn out to fight the flames which threaten homes and barns." Is it impossible to enforce this law?"

The Christian Herald has always had a warm feeling of respect and affection for genial, good-hearted Bishop Darlington. We have heard him speaking to the men of the Bowery Mission and few messages have found a warmer welcome. Here is a little poem by the Bishop, sent to us by a friend, in which the beautiful spirit of Christian service stands out in every line:

"Patient with others, but strict with myself;
Loving to give, and refusing all pelf;
Doing the right, though it brings me no fame;
Honoring Christ, because signed with His Name;
Helping the downcast, and cheering the sad;
Living our creed till it makes the world glad;
Fond of our work, of our friends, of our land;
Walking by faith, daily led by God's hand;
This is the pathway the saints all have trod,
This is the life hid with Christ's life in God."

Inquirer, Oakland, Calif. We cannot undertake to answer anonymous letters in the Mail-Bag.

D. M., Anderson, Ind., and Mrs. I. A. R., Warren, Pa., write asking the Christian Herald to urge the necessity of certain days for fasting and prayer in view of the war, and for the world's evangelization. Many similar suggestions have been received and have been laid before our readers and especially submitted to the Prayer League.

J. K. Jesus' teachings are a correct guide, no matter what any one may think or say today, as well as they were a thousand years ago

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

The advance-guard of the Turkish-Egyptian expedition about to enter Jerusalem

When the War Came to Jerusalem

By PROFESSOR KEMPER FULLERTON

Oberlin Theological Seminary

PROFESSOR FULLERTON, who is a recognized authority on Old Testament languages and literature and related Oriental subjects, was residing in Jerusalem when the war broke out. His graphic narrative of the events that followed in rapid succession: the hardships the population endured, the proclamation of the Jehad by the Turks, the marshaling of the Moslem forces, and the wonderful scenes, possible only in the Orient, are painted with the literary skill of a master-hand. He was in exile at Luxor, whither he went for rest and recuperation, when he wrote these impressions of the memorable scenes through which he had passed.

IT was on Oct. 31, 1914, that Jerusalem awoke to the fact that it was engaged in another war. The day was Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath. It happened also to coincide with the great Mohammedan feast of Bairam. Even under ordinary circumstances, most of the shops would have been closed. But when my wife and I started out for a walk in the afternoon and passed through Damascus street and into the great bazaar, the stillness was uncanny. In the long aisle of the spice bazaar we saw only two other persons beside ourselves.

It was as if a solemn hush had fallen over the strange city. It knew what war and bloodshed meant. Its memory was saddened by millenniums of tragic experiences. Were they again to be repeated? Other capitals welcomed the World War with a roar of guns and the wild cheers of war-intoxicated mobs. Jerusalem heard the news in an awed and melancholy silence.

As we wandered through the narrow, deserted lanes a feeling of great oppression came over us. The possibilities of the future were almost suffocating. But after the first shock was over and we had become adjusted to the idea that we were at last within the war zone, things went on for a time as they had before. Our greatest annoyance was the lack of any authentic news. Rumor was rife and our papers reached us from four to six weeks after publication. We were obliged to read of the battles of Mons and the Aisne after Antwerp had fallen and the Germans were advancing on Calais. But we soon began to see a change for the worse in the life about us. The Turkish army was at once turned loose to live off the country and the stores of the fellaheen were already being rapidly consumed. The government had commandeered every camel it could lay a rope on. The commonest sight we saw in the ensuing weeks was the endless train of camels literally by the thousand a day passing through Jerusalem, laden with wheat from the Hauran, ammunition and provisions of all sorts. It had been only a few short months before that we had gone into raptures over the sight of our first camel *in situ* (so to speak) kneeling in the courtyard of a Smyrna Khan!

Floor of the side chapel of the Cathedral of St. Georges broken up by the Turks in a search for concealed guns

Conscription had also begun its cruel work. One day we saw a poster in green-and-white in Bethany, warning that if any one attempted to avoid the conscription, he would be both sabered and shot in several different ways; a new association with the home of Mary and Martha! The Jews were soon suffering even worse than the peasantry. Before we left the city, seven thousand of them were being fed daily in the soup kitchens. One day we visited the Evelina Rothschild School for orphan Jewish children. They were able to give the little tots even then but one meal a day. Poor little things! When we saw them they were practising their songs for the Hanukha festival which commemorates the great deliverance from the persecutions

of Antiochus Epiphanes. It must have been hard to sing these songs of redemption in the present distress, but Judaism has perhaps grown used to this bitter anomaly in the aching centuries of its oppression from Pharaoh to Abdul Hamid.

The great ecclesiastical orders also began to realize the meaning of the changed situation. Beautiful St. Anne's Church, the property of the White Fathers, was seized and transformed into a barracks. Then the convent of the Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes, the Russian Hospice, etc., were seized. The Carmelite nuns were driven in from their veiled seclusion on the Mount of Olives. I chanced to be at the Dominican convent of St. Stephens when the Dominican Fathers were making their preparations against the time of their exile. To a lover of books and learning it was a truly pathetic sight to see Père La Grange, the famous editor of the Revue Biblique, assisted by his colleagues, moving calmly about from room to room, storing away as best they could their books and archeological treasures. The first descent upon the Anglican Cathedral of St. George was more amusing than disastrous. One morning we were told that the Cathedral had been seized and exposed to vandalism. A young boy, an assistant about the place, had informed the police that two cannon had been secreted beneath an altar of the church. The police decided after a hasty inspection that the most likely place for the burial of the artillery was at the base of an altar in one of the side chapels. They proceeded to dig a great pit through the stone flooring in search of the guilty guns. But the boy had confounded Krupp products with the products of the sacred chrism. He had failed to note the significance of the double *n*. He had been told that two ecclesiastical canons had been made at the altar and he concluded that two pieces of artillery had been hidden there.

AS the holidays drew near the situation grew more ominous. The camel freight was becoming congested. Huge bales of *tebn* and wheat were discharged into St. George's school and into St. Mary's just opposite, or heaped high at the Damascus Gate, while the camels were tethered in great herds in the neighboring olive groves, or stabled in the Cotton Grotto. They suffered terribly in the wet and the cold. A camel is never a cheerful looking beast, but an aged, wet camel (and they all seemed aged and wet) is the dreariest and mouldiest of all God's creatures. A wet cat looks like a merry sunbeam in comparison. Hundreds of these pessimists would kneel together in the mud and growl and gurgle by the hour over the times which were so wofully out of joint.

A big military camp was established just beyond the Hill of Evil Counsel, overlooking the Valley of Rephaim on the Bethlehem Road. To the north of the city just across the Valley of Jehoshaphat, near our temporary home, we watched the Red Crescent brigade march to their daily maneuvers on the slopes of Scopus. There also they were practising trench-digging. It was at this point that the English made a dashing bayonet charge when Jerusalem fell. Then word came that the army corps of thirty thousand men which had been stationed at Damascus was on its way to Jerusalem under Djemal Pascha. The Holy Flag from Medina was also to be brought to the city, to prove that the Jehad was now beginning in earnest. It must be confessed that, while we looked forward to these various arrivals with the keenest interest, our curiosity was tempered by considerable anxiety.

On Friday, Dec. 18th, the troops were scheduled to arrive. It was fortunately a brilliant day and Jerusalem went up to the housetops. As we walked to the Damascus Gate and about the city, the words of the ancient prophet came back to me: "What aileth thee now, that thou art wholly gone up to the housetops?" Three triumphal arches had been erected, one at the little mosque just north of the Tombs of the Kings, one at the Damascus Gate and one at the Jaffa Gate. The last-mentioned was set up by the Jews, who were doing their best (and one cannot blame them) to placate their Turkish masters. Their arch bore two shields with Hebrew legends. One read "Long live the Ottoman army." The other was the strangest device, the most utterly incongruous, that even the aptitude of the Oriental mind for illogical associations could achieve. It read: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; we bless you out of the house of the Lord."

A strange candidate, this Djemal Pascha, for Messianic honors from a country crushed to a sodden hopelessness and without strength even to writhe under the iron yoke of war. But the gay colors with which the Virgin, Daughter of Zion, had decked herself once more belied her real feelings. All these banners and displays of bunting were only compulsory patriotism. Every one had been ordered to decorate or be fined. But a military show will always draw a crowd, no matter what the misery below the surface may be, and so it came to pass that from the Damascus Gate to the Tombs of the Kings, the Nablous Road over which the troops were to enter the city was filled with people. Strangely enough, considering the Oriental character of the crowd, the dominant color appeared at first sight to be black. This was due to the throngs of Mohammedan women who sat perched upon the walls and roofs, on either side of the road, like crows, though apart from their color and their situation, the spiritual suggestion of their attitude and behavior was more of cows than of crows. There was a placid immobility about them as they sat all day long in the sun, munching dried melon or squash seeds that was essentially bovine. But the Nablous Road itself, except for its crêpe-like border, was full of color.

The arrival of the Holy Flag at Jerusalem

WHO can describe an Oriental multitude making holiday! I have often passed through the bazaars of Jerusalem thinking I would note down the things I saw after I returned home. It was impossible. The medley of sights and sounds is too confusing. It defies analysis. It is Joseph's coat of many colors which the Biblical writer wisely abstained from describing in detail. On this day when the new Messiah, Djemal Pascha, and his forerunner, General Kress von Kressenstein, were to enter the city, the variety of man and beast that passed by our particular section of wall almost paralyzed one's powers of observation. There were the school-children who had been instructed to turn out and do honor to "The Coming One." There was the school of Sheikh Mohammed, accompanied by a brass band, carrying toy swords in one hand and bunches of bright red pepper berries in the other and singing the chant of the Holy War: "God is God and Mohammed is his Prophet." There were two bands of Jewish school-children, one of them Yemenite Jews dressed in drab. They formed on either side the road just in front of us, and sang antiphonal hosannas so lustily that the police had to quiet them. There were close-shaved Armenian school-children protected by the Armenian cavass and, farther along, the school of the German Probst sat chattering on the wall. Dignitaries of church and state passed and repassed before us in carriages and on foot, the various consuls attended by their gold-braided cavasses, relics of the days before the capitulations were annulled (our own Consul had the self-control not to appear), the military commander of the city, an Arab from Aleppo, if I remember, on a magnificent horse, the representative of the Greek Patriarch in a carriage trimmed in green, Greek priests, orthodox Greek and Greek Catholic, with high, brimless, "stove-pipe" hats, always suggesting a fine draught on a hot day, Armenian archimandrites in their graceful black hoods, Coptic and Abyssinian ecclesiastics, the latter in a chariot so tumble-down that it hardly seemed capable of carrying them ten yards farther, but nevertheless accompanied by their cavass to lend them pomp and circumstance. There were Yemenite Rabbis with long elf-locks, dressed in the white *kumbaz* with black stripes, red shawls over their shoulders and crowned with black and red tarbushes, rich Bokhara Jews, robed in parti-colored calico quilts that looked like the loudest of mother-hubbard wrappers, townsmen in blue and purple and orange slit skirts, always in fashion over there, fellaheen in long sheepskin coats with the woolly side turned in and the brown skin showing to the weather, peasant women from the villages with sacks of *tebn* on their gracefully poised heads, stepping forward with a lithe and sinewy swing and their kirtles drawn up to their knees for the sake of the freer

Jerusalem, as of old, viewed the procession from the house-tops

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The Business of Building the Navy

One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars an Hour and How It Is Spent—*By FRANK G. CARPENTER*

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WHEN the war began most of the branches of Uncle Sam's big machine were so tied up with red tape that the wheels could move only so fast and no faster. The wheels of the Navy began to buzz as soon as the power was turned on, and they whizzed on like a dynamo as more power was demanded. According to the report of the subcommittee on commerce of the House of Representatives, which has been investigating the subject, the American Navy stands without parallel in efficiency, and its system, organized in the time of peace, is working equally well in these times of war. This report states that the 300,000 men and 1,100 ships now in the service are as promptly and as well provided for as were the 55,000 men and the 300 ships which we had before the war began. It says that the Navy is adequately clothed, fed and equipped, and that the vast appropriations made are being economically and wisely spent. It tells Congress that all is well with the fleet and that the 1918 destroyers will be built in from one-third to one-half the time prescribed by pre-war conditions.

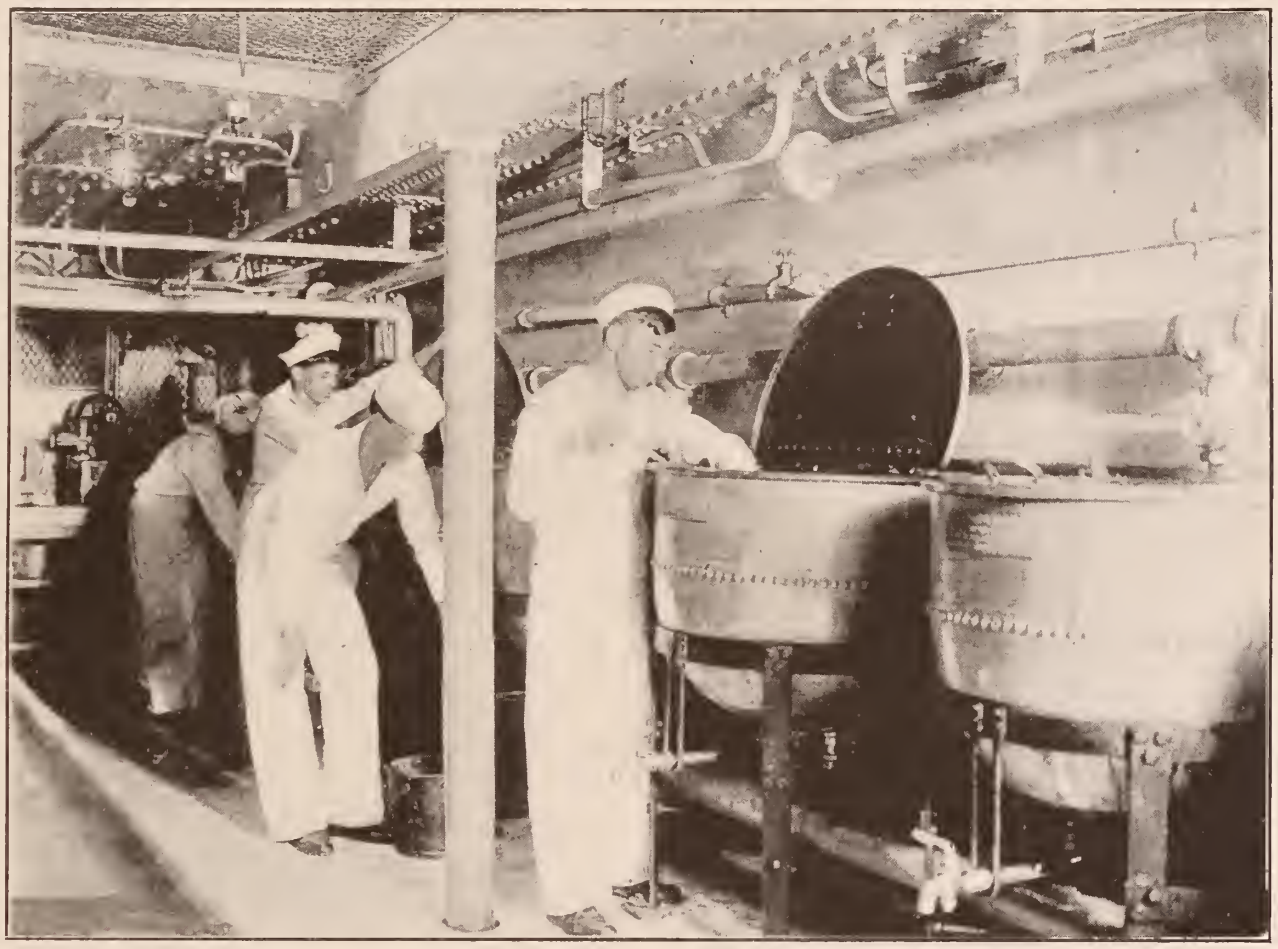
Indeed I doubt if a more complimentary report concerning a Government department has ever been made by any congressional investigating committee, and on the heels of it the committee on naval affairs asks for an appropriation for the Navy of $1,325,000,000 to be spent during the next fiscal year. Of this about $80,000,000 is for ammunition and $188,000,000 for aviation alone. Thirteen hundred and twenty-five million dollars to be spent in twelve months! That gives you some idea of the enormous growth of our naval establishment. The gourd which sprang up in a night, by the walls of old Nineveh, so that Jonah was able to sit in its shadow, or the beanstalk upon which Jack climbed into the heavens to kill the great giant, was as nothing to the expansion of our great fighting machine of the seas.

It is now more than a year since war was declared, and the civil establishment of the Navy has increased more than 500 per cent., while the money spent is considerably more than 1,000 per cent. Thirteen hundred and twenty-five million dollars! That means more than $100,000,000 a month. It means more than $3,600,000 a day or more than $150,000 an hour, day and night, all the year through.

I have before me figures showing the cost of the Navy since George Washington was President down to the time we entered the war. The first records are for 1794. The total amount spent on the Navy during that year was less than one-half as much as we now spend in one hour. In the war of 1812 we became famous as having the most daring sea fighters on earth.

During that war our yearly expenses were never as much as they will be in any three days of 1918. During the Civil War the expenditures of the Navy began at a little more than $11,000,000 per annum, and at its close the yearly cost was not much more than we are now spending each month. Our total appropriation for the Navy during the whole war with Spain was less than $169,000,000, and that sum covered three years. We shall spend more within the next five or six weeks.

AND then the size of the Navy and the change in the shipping. The vessels of the war of the Revolution were not much bigger than our harbor tugs now and their cannon were popguns in comparison with the fourteen-inch monsters of the present-day dreadnaught. The largest ships we had in our war with Tripoli and those in the war of 1812 were not half as big as the Ferris type of wooden ship we are now building, and the largest vessel of the Mexican War was of only about 3,000 tons. The beginning of the armored ship dates back to the struggle of the Monitor and the Merrimac during the Civil War, and the biggest battleship we had during the war with Spain was the Oregon, of a little more than 11,000 tons, a pigmy in comparison with the Idaho, of 32,000 tons, or some of the big battle cruisers now being built in our navy yards. The Navy of today is a big Navy in every sense that the word implies. When the European War began it ranked third in the order of warship tonnage among the world's navies, although it dropped far behind that before we entered the war. Since then it has been growing at telegraphic speed.



Navy cooks at work. A saving of one-half cent a meal throughout the Navy means $4,000 saved a day

IN order to tell you how this big naval establishment is managed, and how the enormous expenditures are handled, I have spent some days in going through the various bureaus. The department is wide open and there is no trouble in finding out how business is done. The Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, which has to do with feeding and clothing the Navy, with the purchase of all its materials and the payment of all the bills, is under Rear Admiral Samuel McGowan, who had held his position several years before the war began, and had put the department on a war basis. Secretary Daniels does not believe in one system for peace and another for war, and Rear Admiral McGowan says that a peace-time Navy is like a policeman without a club. For this reason the Navy has been on a war basis ever since Secretary Daniels took charge. It has been run on the motif of John C. Calhoun when he was Secretary of War in the cabinet of President Monroe. Mr. Calhoun said that his business was "To get ready, and stay ready all the time," voicing the same spirit as that of the young officer in command of our first flotilla of destroyers sent abroad last year. Upon the arrival of the ships in England the English admiral asked this officer when his ships would be ready to start fighting the submarines. He replied, "We are ready now."

THIS spirit was in evidence as I went through room after room of the naval section in the big building of the State, War and Navy departments. Business was going on everywhere, and that without the red tape so often complained of as to other departments since our war with the Germans began. In fact the management of the Navy business is more like that of a modern manufacturing institution than the old-style government plant. The rooms of the naval branch of the State, War and Navy building have been thrown together and in order to give more rapid access from one to another, the doors have been taken off their hinges, so that one can scan a long series of rooms at one glance.

The business of the Bureau of Supplies requires six times as many employees as it did ten months ago, and new buildings have had to be erected to accommodate the overflow. These new buildings of the Navy are nothing like the old-time office structures of Washington, where rooms were set apart for one, two or a half dozen clerks who plodded away as it were undisturbed, in what might almost be termed solitary confinement. They were famous places for gossiping and for the leisurely red-tape methods of transacting business.

The present rooms are all large. Some of those of Corcoran Court will cover at least half an acre and the hundreds of clerks work away side by side at long lines of desks that run parallel throughout the room. The whole room is in view of the chief and there is no chance to put your feet on the table and read the morning newspaper without attracting attention. Indeed, there is no temptation to do so, for the business is so speeded that the man who lags bids fair to be run over, and the spirit of getting things done and "doing it now" is contagious.

AS I went through the various rooms I learned something of how the purchases for the Navy are made. The articles bought include almost everything under the sun—there are 80,000 different items and they come from all parts of the world. The Navy has men who keep track of the changes and conditions of the business. It deals direct with the manufacturers, and in many cases it goes to foreign markets for certain supplies. Much of this work is done under contract, and there is a chain of cost-inspection officers which covers all the purchases of the seventeen shipyards which are building new vessels, and with the sixty yards doing repair work, as well as the manufacturing plants making the ordnance. The contracts are so worded that no decrease is made for war profits and income taxes, and on certain fixed contracts reductions amounting to millions of dollars have been made after going over the manufacturers' cost items.

THE Navy saves a good deal on doing its own business in feeding and clothing the soldiers. It has its own clothing factories, and it is through them that it has been able to keep its men supplied, notwithstanding the enormous demands of the war. The pre-war plans called for clothing for 90,000 men, but, as soon as war was declared, outfits for 200,000 were needed. The clothing factory at Charleston was then put on a double shift basis. It was increased in size and the great factory recently established at New York was strained to its utmost. Additional clothing was gotten from outside sources, and the whole was so speeded up that there has been practically no shortage whatever. Between the 1st of April and the 15th of last December about 200,000 blankets were issued and 40,000 more blankets were ready. Among the other items on hand were 890,000 pairs of cotton socks, 580,000 cotton undershirts and hundreds of thousands of woolen socks and heavy clothing of one kind or another. The Navy has been delivering its clothes right along. It had 170,000 enlisted men to outfit last year and the articles needed ran into the hundreds of

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A Half Million American Troops in France

SECRETARY BAKER, on May 8, authorized the statement that the number of troops in France, the exact details he did not feel at liberty to give, exceeded the number he told the Senate in January that he hoped to have there early in the year. The number he then named was 500,000 so that his statement makes it clear that America is now represented in France by more than half a million fighting men, a number probably in excess of the losses of the French and British since the first of the year. With Germany hard put to it to cover her losses, the Allied armies will steadily increase as the constantly augmented transport fleet carries America's sons to France. The Secretary stated that the men were going abroad fully equipped, and that there was no shortage of machine guns, either in France or in America. The War Department, on May 6, began an investigation into delayed deliveries of heavy Browning machine guns, of which about 3,000 were expected by June 1. The contract is held by the Colt's Arms Company. The failure is reported to have been due to disorganization by draft and labor troubles. The light Browning guns were being produced in quantities anticipated. There was reported to be some delay in production of 9.2, 8, and 6-inch howitzers. The Senate Military Affairs Committee was told on May 8 that none of these guns could be delivered in France in time to be used by our army this year. The work on the American adaptation of the French 75, or 3-inch field gun, was reported as proceeding well; the prospect was that the guns would be delivered in the expected quantity in a few months, but even on these guns much time was lost in futile attempts to improve the carriage. The question of guns took on added importance from the fact that the great increase in the army abroad raised the question as to whether or not Great Britain and France would be able to equip with artillery the great armies which America was soon to furnish.

Gen. John J. Pershing, on May 8, issued the following order to all units of the American Expeditionary Forces in France:

"To All Commanding Officers: I wish every officer and soldier in the American Expeditionary Forces would write a letter home on Mothers' Day. This is a little thing for each one to do, but these letters will carry back our courage and our affection to the patriotic women whose love and prayers inspire us and cheer us on to victory.

PERSHING."

President Asks Nation to Make May 30 a Day of Prayer and Fasting

IN response to the request of Congress and in accordance with "the reverent habit of the people to turn to Almighty God for His guidance in the affairs of their common life," President Wilson on May 11 set thus apart Decoration Day as a day of prayer:

Now, therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim Thursday, the 30th day of May, a day already freighted with sacred and stimulating memories, a day of public humiliation, prayer and fasting, and do exhort my fellow-citizens of all faiths and creeds to assemble on that day in their several places of worship and there, as well as in their homes, to pray Almighty God that he may forgive our sins and shortcomings as a people and purify our hearts to see and love the truth, to accept and defend all things that are just and right, and to purpose only those righteous acts and judgments which are in conformity with his will.

Beseeching Him that He will give victory to our armies as they fight for freedom, wisdom to those who take counsel on our behalf in these days of dark struggle and perplexity, and steadfastness to our people to make sacrifice to the utmost in support of what is just and true, bringing us at last the peace in which men's hearts can be at rest, because it is founded upon mercy, justice and good will.

A Week in the World's News

BOMBS FROM BEHIND. The course of Parliamentary government seldom runs smoothly. The Lloyd George Cabinet in England has had its troubles, and has surmounted most of them. The dispatches of May 8 indicated that Lloyd George was approaching a crisis, but that it would probably pass, with the government stronger than ever. This crisis came through publication of a letter written to the Daily Chronicle by Major General Maurice, in which he accused the Premier and Andrew Bonar Law of having misled Parliament, in making answer to various interpolations, regarding important decisions of the Versailles War Council, the strength of the English forces in France on Jan. 1, 1918, as related to the strength in the previous year and regarding the number of British white troops in Palestine and Mesopotamia. He gave as one of his reasons for making these charges at this time the fact that a large number of the soldiers knew the statements to be incorrect, and that this knowledge was breeding such a distrust of government as could only impair the splendid morale of the troops at a time when everything possible should be done to raise it. The publication of the letter brought about a storm in the House, where it was explained that General Maurice would be called before a military court, and that a court of honor, consisting of two judges, would investigate all of the facts, actual or alleged. This latter court was, however, postponed, pending a vote by the House of Commons, on May 9, on a motion by former Premier Asquith for a parliamentary inquiry. The Lloyd George government announced that it would consider favorable action on the Asquith motion as a vote of censure.

The exposures of General Maurice in the final event proved merely a stepping-stone by which the Lloyd George government emerged from a mist of criticism into the clear light of complete vindication. Mr. Asquith in the first place disavowed any intention of hampering the government or seeking a vote of censure. The Premier, however, insisted on carrying the matter to a division, after a speech in which he showed that the facts, which General Maurice claimed to have been incorrect, had come to him through the office of the general himself, and after he showed also that General Maurice had not taken advantage of numberless opportunities to correct him, had he been wrong, during the time when both were connected with the war work. Although the charges fell flat, the press discussion and the Chancellor's fearless meeting of the situation with uncolored facts resulted in a vote of confidence of 293 to 106, in which Mr. Asquith's motion for the special investigation was lost. It was announced that a court martial would soon consider the insubordination of General Maurice.

WILL SIFT AIRCRAFT CHARGES. Two investigations of Gutzon Borglum's charges regarding inefficiency of the Aircraft Production Board were indicated on May 6. The President sent the correspondence to the Attorney General, with instructions to make a searching investigation, while the Senate Committee on Military Affairs prepared for an extended inquiry. In a hearing before the House Military Affairs Committee, the following facts were developed: of money appropriated for production of airplanes $740,000,000 had been expended; the $433,000,000 remaining on hand was covered by contracts; of the money already expended $163,000,000 had been spent for engines, airplanes and general mechanical equipment; $42,000,000 for hangars and aviation fields in this country; $31,000,000 for aviation fields and other purposes in France, and $5,000,000 for gas balloons. While the Liberty Motor was still in process of perfection, it was then being manufactured in quantities and delivered at the rate of 100 a week. Of 14,000 planes ordered abroad, 1,800 had been delivered; of 8,000 foreign engines contracted for something less than 1,500 had been delivered. Between 1,200 and 1,400 aviators were actually flying with the American forces on the western front, and there were 5,000 men physically fit and ready to enter the service.

Sergeant Frank L. Bailey, flying with a French air unit, was on May 5 decorated with the 4 palms. In decorating him, M. Du Mesnil, Air Minister, paid a hearty tribute to the efficiency of the American aviators. Captain James M. Hall, one of the most capable of America's new pilots, was on May 7 reported missing after a battle with a German flier ten miles inside the German lines.

RAILWAY MEN GET MORE PAY. The Railroad Wage Commission, of which Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane was chairman, issued a report on May 8, recommending additional pay for more than 2,000,000 employees, the gross amount totaling approximately $300,000,000. The Commission made a careful examination of wage conditions, taking into consideration all increases in the last 2½ years. Employees receiving a monthly wage in December, 1915, of $46.01 to $50 will receive an increase of 43 per cent. The rate decreases as the salary increases above $50, until for those receiving $239.01 to $240 it will be 4.56 per cent.; those receiving over $240 will be increased to $250. The Commission recommended readjustment of salaries of high officials, which vary from $5,000 to $100,000 a year, and the abolishing of some and reduction of others. All increases since December 31, 1915, will be considered part of the present grant.

FOR THE LASSIES BEHIND THE LINES. The Salvation Army, 40,000 members of which are fighting in the Allied Army, members of both the Salvation Army and the Army of Liberty, began a campaign on May 5 to raise $2,000,000 for its work behind the lines, where it maintains 400 huts, rest rooms and reading-rooms, with 800 Salvation Army officers, many of whom are women, some of whom, as the war story recently developed, have shown marked heroism rather than desert their ministry.

THE GROWING HONOR ROLL. On May 8 the total of casualties in the American forces in France passed the 5,000 mark; 397 men had been killed in action, 217 by accident; 1,004 had died of diseases; 237 had been lost at sea; 138 had died of wounds, 59 from gas or other causes; 7 civilians had died, and one man was reported dead or a prisoner; 2,824 had been wounded, 49 were known to have been captured and 75 were missing. On May 13 the total for the week, for all forces under the command of General Pershing, including the Marine corps, showed: killed in action, 56; died of wounds, 31; died of disease, 41; killed by accident or other cause, 23; wounded 327: prisoners or missing, 38.

RUMANIA SIGNS PEACE TREATY. A peace treaty between Rumania and the Central Powers was signed May 6 at Bucharest. According to the treaty, the text of which was published May 8, Rumania is to demobilize all but 10 divisions, 8 reduced to peace strength, will remain in Moldavia, the other two divisions are to remain on a war footing in Besarabia until no danger exists from the operations of the Central Powers in the Ukraine. A Rumanian general staff officer is to be attached to the Teutonic supreme command in the occupied districts, which will be evacuated at times to be later agreed upon. The Rumanian occupation is not to surpass 6 divisions, the expense of maintaining them is to be met by Rumania. Rumania cedes to Bulgaria that part of the Dobrudja ceded to Rumania in 1913, and to

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SHALL WE SHOOT THE TRUMPETER?

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

IN the old fable the trumpeter captured by the enemy prayed consideration because he bore no arm, but he was answered that he incited the soldier to battle and was therefore equally dangerous. The policy of the enemy was sound. The trumpeter was an effective belligerent.

I think the German Government would consider our newspapers and periodicals as the most dangerous element of our fighting force. I think the Kaiser would rather shoot these belligerents than any other. And one can see the reason.

But for our magazines and newspapers America could not have been awakened; but for them it cannot be kept aroused to the impending peril of German world dominion.

Insidious German propaganda would lull the country to slumber but for the blare of these never ceasing trumpeters.

Beyond question it would be wisdom for the Kaiser to shoot them. But is it wisdom for our own government to shoot them? And they are effectively shot if an unwise revenue postal law drives them out of existence.

The staggering cost of paper and the unparalleled advance in labor and the price of every printing material, has removed any question of profit. This immense patriotic industry can hardly maintain itself: to now burden it with a heavy revenue tax and increased postal rates, is to decimate this arm of our fighting force. All the magazines and newspapers must stand up against the wall, not for the Kaiser's bullet, but for our own.

We must cheerfully bear the burden of this war: we must bear it to save ourselves from the murderous Hun in his amuck of frightfulness. But can we not distribute the weight of this burden so it will not entirely crush to death the little newspapers and magazines?

The spirit of every one of them is fine and noble. They are so many more trumpets blowing all over the land; calling everywhere to every man; awakening the nation, firing it, steeling it, uniting it into one common determined purpose.

Surely we can find some way to rearrange this burden so the trumpeter can live!

Write to your Senators and Congressmen in protest against this destructive and disastrous postal "zone" law!

The Little Old Book

YOU guessed it at once, didn't you? There is only one book that is *The Book*, and its power was never greater nor its spread wider than today as nations gird themselves for battle and men pray as they fight. Next week old Mariuccia sends her baby Alfredo, her fourth and last son, off to war with the Little Old Book in his knapsack and her kiss on his lips.

Next week also we tell the story of the wide ministry of the Christian Herald Family to War Widows and Orphans and to Soldiers and Sailors. Maynard Owen Williams, working now to save the lives of Armenians, tells next week some more intimate details of this work, in which so many of us have put our hearts and our savings.

Dr. Gray will next week again reveal the meaning, hidden from most of us, in the writings of the prophets, as he tells how prophecy is changing the map of Europe.

Next week also a new story of the spiritual work in the camps, which is helping to keep our army the cleanest in the world.

Keep a place open on the organ for Robert Harkness's hymn, "Lead Me." The words, by John M. Morse, are peculiarly fitting to this time, and the music is splendid.

Mobilizing for Mercy

By J. F. DOHERTY

THE Surgeon General of the Army has asked the Red Cross to supply 25,000 nurses by the first of January. Already 8,000 nurses are in the Army and Navy Nurse Corps. Over 2,000 are in France, taking care of our own wounded, or, at the request of Great Britain, serving with the British Expeditionary Forces.

Red Cross nurses have gone to Italy and Palestine. They are in Greece and at Salonica. All the world needs the Red Cross nurse. In this connection the Red Cross makes this statement:

That there may be enough nurses for the army we are mobilizing the nursing profession and urging every individual qualified nurse to make an immediate decision as to her willingness to serve with the army and navy.

Every day in the headquarters of the American Red Cross in Washington groups of trained nurses are being mobilized for military service for the cantonments at home or the war hospitals abroad. They are called like soldiers and respond like soldiers. The country is leaning upon them as heavily as on its fighters. For the United States is now fully awake to the realization that an adequate nursing force is just as essential to victory as adequate infantry or artillery or fleet.

So keen, indeed, is the realization, that every man and woman is involved. The government is calling on the general public to do its share—to make the sacrifices, fill in the gaps and promote all public and home health measures, to release the trained nurse for war duty. Those who engage private duty nurses are urged to give the preference to those nurses awaiting orders of mobilization that the financial burden may not be made too great. Practically every training-school for nurses in the United States is expanding its accommodations to take in a greatly increased number of student nurses to help meet the unparalleled situation.

Also the Red Cross has modified its former requirements for enrolment. The age limit has been lowered to twenty-one and in special cases nurses over forty are accepted. Smaller schools for nurses have been put on the accredited list, and applicants are judged on their merits. On the average more than 1,000 nurses a month are enrolling with the Red Cross nursing service, and its enrolment, 19,000, is the largest of all nursing organizations.

What it means to be a Red Cross nurse is a question that thousands, even hundreds of thousands, are asking. The answer is that to be a Red Cross nurse is to have met the standard of enrolment, and to be subject to such calls of duty from the Red Cross as are specified in the enrolment.

The Red Cross nursing service is the reserve of the United States Army and Navy Nurse Corps, and supplies nurses as needed to the United States Public Health Service. When Red Cross nurses are called on for service with the Army and Navy Nurse Corps, they receive the pay and maintenance provided by law for these corps, and are entitled to the same war risk insurance as officers and enlisted men. All nurses assigned to duty in military and naval hospitals automatically become members of the Army and Navy Nurse Corps, and after their assignment to duty are no longer under the supervision and direction of the Red Cross. These nurses wear on the collars of their uniforms the bronze letters "U. S.," indicating service under the government. Those serving directy under the Red Cross wear the Red Cross insignia.

French Official Photo

American Red Cross workers distributing food to orphans near the American sector at Toul

THE Red Cross nurse has become a symbolical figure to the world. Courage is her tradition. While countless thousands of men and women can only follow the army and navy with thoughts of eagerness and yearning, by virtue of her knowledge and skill she becomes a member of the one group of women permitted to belong to the military, directly serving the colors, sharing the fortunes and some of the risks of war.

Miss Alice Fitzgerald, R. N., the Edith Cavell Memorial nurse from Massachusetts, after nineteen months of work in military hospitals in France, wrote to her sister nurses in the United States:

"The wounds which you will be called upon to handle and dress are such as you have never imagined it possible for a human being to be the victim of and yet live. If the man is seriously crippled or disfigured, it will be well to try not to think too much of his wife, or his children, of his parents, who are anxiously waiting for news of him 'over there.' If the wounded man is going to die, shall you be able to keep out of your mind the waiting mother or the wife to whom the postman's knock will mean the bearing of the sad news? And when these thoughts are with you most of your waking hours, and many of your sleeping ones, you begin to wonder how it will be possible to face another day of it.

"Fortunately, however, there is another side of the work which makes it possible to face each day. There is the man who is getting better and who is happy in the near prospect of getting home; there is the man whom you did not expect to pull through, who, by miracle or care, is going to recover; there is the man whose brave deed is immediately rewarded by the formal presentation of a war medal and the whole ward is glad with him and is cheered by the episode; there is the man whose wife and baby have been allowed to come to see him, and every man in the ward smiles when the baby smiles. . . .

"If you feel that you can answer the call and see it through to the best of your ability, and in spite of all the hardships, you will find it the most satisfying work that you have ever done: and you will never regret having undertaken it."

RED Cross nurses slip off quietly to their foreign service, like the soldiers. Sometimes they go singly, sometimes in groups of a hundred or more. Often the city is asleep, as our nurses, veritable battalions of life, set sail for France, their clear eyes turned toward the war, their hands steady for the task that awaits them. They will know what to do when the stretchers come in; they will know what to do when the operations follow fast upon each other, they will know what to do to ease agony and bring comfort; they will know how to give to every boy and man his fullest chance of life.

Often these units of nurses are mobilized for highly specialized nursing in different branches of surgery prepared by years of the most scrupulously exacting training. Sometimes they go in groups for contagious and psychiatric work. And they may go as mobile surgical units for duty in the casualty clearing stations, ready to follow the movements of the armies, to meet emergencies singly or together, on military call, but the majority of our nurses go for general service in base hospitals.

It is the duty of the trained nurse. She is meeting life at its great crisis when all the world is calling for her help; when all the world is crying to her to prepare for the gigantic tasks of reconstruction that will immediately follow the war—tasks of guiding public health, administering schools of nursing and hospitals and dispensaries, assisting in the social progress of all the stricken countries. Never have women stood in such an intimate relation to the work and health and progress of the whole world as the trained nurse of this day and hour.

She is the soldier of life and the symbol of the new day.

The Allies Take the Initiative

ALTHOUGH it was known that the Germans had 70 divisions ready to continue the drive, 40 of which have not as yet taken part in the big battle in Picardy and Flanders, and although artillery bombardments of the hottest intensity raged up and down the battle line from Ypres to Montdidier, keeping the British and French commanders more or less in doubt as to the enemy's intentions—and even while the stage seemed to be set for the renewal of the offensive, which was expected in Germany to bring a quick decision—the initiative during the past week remained largely with the British and French. The principal action occurred south of Albert and the Somme, where, on the night of May 5, Australian troops began a forward movement both north and south of Morlancourt. In the first attack the Allied lines were pushed forward more than a quarter of a mile along a front of nearly a mile. German counterattacks were broken up. On May 6 Canadian troops raided German positions near Neuville-Vitasse on the southern leg of the Arras salient, capturing prisoners and machine guns, while a raid attempted by the Germans near Boyelles was repulsed.

On the night of May 7, the Australians again pushed their lines forward a quarter of a mile along a front of one-third of a mile west of Morlancourt, and further south, near Sailly-le-Sec, they pushed forward one-third of a mile along a front of nearly half a mile. These advances were held against determined counterattacks, the positions gained giving the Allies control of the heights overlooking Morlancourt and the German positions east of it. On the same day, May 7, after nearly two days of intense artillery fire, the Germans, using two divisions, launched an attack along a 5-mile front, from La Clytte to just south of Voormezeele. This front was held by British and French divisions who repulsed the Germans except in the center of the attack, where the forward positions were penetrated. During the day of the 8th there was fierce fighting for these positions which after several changes of hands remained on the morning of May 9 firmly in British possession, the former lines having been completely restored except to the south of La Clytte where the French had advanced somewhat into the former German positions.

While Berlin referred to this attack as a local action, there was evidence that

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OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

When God Speaks Amid War

AT this crisis in the great struggle of the nations, when civilization seems verging on chaos, and when the minds of our most earnest and capable thinkers are searching to find the way out, it is with a feeling of satisfaction that we turn to any one who can give expression in clear and hopeful terms to the thoughts that are uppermost in the minds of all good men.

Bishop Atkins, one of the foremost figures in American Methodism, in a recent address dealing with the immediate missionary duty of the Christian Church, reviewed present world conditions in words that burn like fire. They are a challenge to the Church to gird itself for the immediate task of spreading the Gospel and arousing the conscience of the nations. It is a situation that calls for strong faith and courage.

In apostolic times the Church was confronted by a hostile heathen world to be conquered, but, as the Bishop points out, "there is a much larger world now than then, and one much more difficult to conquer." All development that has come through the ages of human progress seems now to be aligned with the enemy against the religion of Christ. "The vitalizing forces of Christianity misdirected," the Bishop admits, "have made the foes of religion vastly stronger than they could have been otherwise." Civilization with the mask thrown off shows under the surface a more terrible power than the early barbarism. We are now at the critical stage of this period of world trial. "It is true," the Bishop proceeds, "that none will dare to foretell when the end will come. . . But all can see that, with the breaking up of the old order, a new and larger one must come. This new order will bring the largest opportunity for the recasting of civilization that has come to men. . . . . Let us be attent to hear God's voice to his Church as he speaks to us through the roar of cannon and the crash of nations."

Right here, some may ask whether in the past the Church has done its work well; but the time has passed by for longer discussion of the old era, and we must take up the new. Upon the character of the democracy of the future depends the entire issue in the largest sense. "The task of the Church, therefore, is, by its evangelical and educational processes, to transform the citizenship of the world into preparedness for meeting the issues of this new and larger life. This, of course, embraces not only the conversion of the heathen world, but also the readjustment of the so-called Christian nations on the basis of the altruistic ideals of the Gospel of Christ."

We believe that this new note of service is being heard and widely accepted by the Church. Not all will agree with the good Bishop that the Church will ever convert the world; that result can probably not be attained except through the transforming power and presence of Omnipotence, for in Scripture we are not led to expect it otherwise. Yet it is clearly the duty of the Church, and the mighty army of Christians behind it, to bend every energy toward the completion of Gospel dissemination and preaching throughout all lands. Nor will its task be finished until this is done completely.

The Blood-Red Cross

THE Cross on Calvary, the blood of sacrifice, the service to humanity which he lived and taught, these three make the Saviour of mankind. Christ dignified service. He said, "Let him who will be chief among you be the servant of all." And so in these later years, wherever the carnage of war has tinged the soil of nations with the blood of men, one organization has carried into those same fields the love of Christ and his spirit of service. Christian in its essence, it has well taken the cross as its emblem; ministering as it does to the wounds of war, the blood-red color of its cross is equally well chosen.

Brave indeed are these boys of ours, daring and reckless, caring only for that which is a soldier's choicest distinction, an honorable wound. If the wound be fatal, the boy has thought that out and risked it; if otherwise, he knows that gentle hands and tender hearts are waiting at the dressing-stations and at the hospitals to give him every possible chance for the recovery that means either another crack at the enemy—or home. He prefers the former, but if home it must be, this same gentle ministry of mercy will follow him across the sea to the very threshold where praying hearts have waited long for his return.

Although this is the major portion of the work done beneath the Red Cross, its ministrations are not alone to wounded men, although that would be enough in itself to warrant more than the amount of money which the Red Cross has asked at the hands of America. Wherever grim war's desolation has passed on and men have returned to the arts of peace, the Red Cross is helping to restore and reform homes and firesides, factories and industries. Wherever famine or cruel tyranny has caused thousands to hunger, there again the Red Cross exerts its power to relieve and reconstruct. In base hospitals, in emergency dressing-stations, in countless villages in France, in Italy, in England, in Syria, in Palestine and in Armenia, the American Red Cross is serving Christ and mankind. To carry forward this great work in its manifold avenues of service, the organization asks of the American people the sum of $100,000,000. Our people, who have just loaned the government more than forty times that sum, will not be slow in giving generously to the American Red Cross.

As this issue of the Christian Herald reaches your hand, the campaign for $100,000,000 for the Red Cross will be just getting into full swing. It begins May 20 and will end May 27. It should not take a week to put under its banner of Christian service the power which this money represents. Give, by all means, your money, your time and yourself. Knitting, rolling bandages, making sweaters, and wearing nice white gowns and caps, are all very well; but this week is the week we pay. It is not your money or your life but your money and his life—your boy's life—"Over There."

Patriotism and Thrift

ONE man in every six in the United States is now a possessor of at least one Liberty Bond. This takes no account of the innumerable purchases of War Savings Stamps, the sale of which is going on constantly and increasingly.

This is a magnificent manifestation of patriotism of which any people on earth might well be proud. It is most practical, most tangible proof of the popular spirit which supports the nation in its supreme test against autocracy unleashed and militarism gone mad.

But there is even more than patriotism to be counted as a national asset in this showing. The cultivation of thrift is of great importance. The lesson of thrift is not easily forgotten individually or nationally. As an incidental result of the war the bondbuyers of the country will have expanded from a small minority of its inhabitants to a majority of its adult population. We shall have become familiar with safe investment and have learned the language and practice of thrift.

For the first time we shall practically all of us have had a direct stake in the conduct of the Federal Government, with an incalculable effect on the progress of good and economical government in the future. Individually we may be transformed in great part from a nation of spenders and borrowers into one of savers and lenders. We shall all have had a training in some of the fundamentals of political economy.

Even if the Liberty Loans accomplished nothing more than this cultivation of thrift and public spirit among our people themselves, it would still be of incalculable service. But this is not all, for backed by these consecrated billions, our nation is to assert on the battle-fields abroad the human liberty and high manhood that are the sole hope of the sorely tried world.

Prince Lichnowsky's Disclosures

PRINCE LICHNOWSKY, who was the ambassador of Germany to Great Britain from November, 1912, until war between the two countries was declared in August, 1914, is the scion of a distinguished Germanized Polish family. During the tense period when negotiations were in progress previous to the break between the two Powers, he took the precaution to keep a diary in which he set down, with infinite care and detail, every incident in his negotiations with the British Foreign Office This "secret memorandum" he declares he was impelled to write that he might be able to justify himself to his friends.

The first intimation of its existence came from the publication of portions of it in a Swedish journal, the Politiken of Stockholm, in March, which came about, as he declared, through "a breach of confidence." This was followed by the Berlin newspaper Vorwärts. It was shown in these publications of parts of the ambassador's diary that the German militarists alone had pressed for war; they were inexorable. Subsequently the disclosures were brought up before the Main Committee of the German Reichstag on March 16, and stirred up a storm, as they not only support all the statements of the British Foreign Office relative to its efforts to maintain the peace of Europe, but squarely place upon the Kaiser the responsibility for the war. Even Foreign Minister Von Jagow unreservedly supports the Prince in acquitting England of the charge of causing the war. The ex-ambassador's revelation of the whole story of the deception by which the German people were led for four years to believe the oft-repeated assertions of their rulers that England started the war, and that the Kaiser was innocent and wanted peace, is one of such amazing and far-reaching interest that it should be known everywhere. The essential points of the Lichnowsky documents are given elsewhere in this issue.

Prince Lichnowsky, though now discredited in Berlin and stamped as a traitor, is by no means the only man of German birth or descent who has prized honor and truth more than imperial favor. Many good Americans who trace their ancestry to the Fatherland have not hesitated to speak from personal knowledge of facts, and to write bluntly what they know about the Kaiser's disregard of religious and moral truth. In a little booklet just issued by Professor Graebner of Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, Mo., it is related that Professor Frederick Bente in 1902 wrote in "Lehre und Wehre": "The German Emperor apparently has little regard for moral or religious truth. He employs both for the purpose of retaining and augmenting his power. Both religious and moral truth he subordinates to the summum bonum—Hohenzollernism. It is a sad business!"

Recently the Kaiser, while viewing a sanguinary battle on the Western front, is reported to have said in grief-stricken tones: "What have I not done to preserve the world from these horrors?" The correct answer is found in Prince Lichnowsky's confession.

Trying the Thing Out

L. V. ASHBAUGH, publisher of the Clover Leaf Publications, announces the suspension of the American Home Weekly and the Omaha Rural Weekly with the current issues.

This action on the part of the directors of these two corporations is due to conditions which face the publishing industry, more particularly the postal law which goes into effect July 1.

Mr. Ashbaugh said in an interview with the Editor and Publisher, "The publishing business is undergoing greater hardships than any other industry in the country. The cost of white paper is 50 per cent. above normal, all other material and labor are ruinously high, and on top of that Congress has passed a postal law which will bankrupt hundreds of loyal, patriotic publishers who have done everything possible to help in the prosecution of the war. Recognizing that there is no use of continuing under these impossible conditions, the stockholders of two of our newest publications, which have a combined circulation of 400,000, have decided to risk no more of their money in these ventures and to 'scrap' the effort and investment already made. Many more publishers will follow the same course within the next two months."

The Ladies' World, a long-established New York magazine, has also ceased publication, and there are many others. The American Newspaper Directory for 1918 chronicles the death of 616 publications in this country since its issue of 1917.

These are trying times for publications, and, with their postage being increased from 50 to 900 per cent. on July 1, the worst is yet to come.

The Senate Post Office Committee has refused to consider legislation to suspend or modify the increased postage rates. The determination in Congress is to try the thing out and see how it will work.

Among many letters received by us on the matter is the following from a reader in Dakota, Illinois:

EDITOR, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: In regard to the Zone Postal System I have written to our Senators and Congressman, and received a reply from our Congressman, Hon. John C. McKenzie. If I understand Mr. McKenzie right, the zone system is to be given a trial, which will of course hit the Christian Herald hard. Now as far as I am concerned I am ready and willing to remit the difference it will make in postage on the Christian Herald to reach me. It seems to me a man having brains enough to be on the House Ways and Means Committee should know that such a system would do harm only, without trying it out. I hope the Christian Herald will find a way out, as every reader is with you.

This killing increase of 50 to 900 per cent. in periodical postage was adopted by Congress without giving publishers a fair hearing. If Congressmen are in ignorance as to how it will work, this ignorance is voluntary. The suspension already of more than 600 publications in anticipation of the postage increase must be pretty good indication to any open mind as to how it will work.

Unless protests from the public to Senators and Congressmen are made promptly, the list of useful publications suspended will soon be rapidly increasing.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Court Unravels Baby Tangle

IN spite of the protestations of Mrs. Minnie Leoniff that she was sure she would not get her own baby, Magistrate Healy in a New York City court the other day decided that the girl babies of Mrs. Gussie Felner and Mrs. Leoniff had been exchanged in the maternity ward of a New York City Hospital on September 12, 1917, when both women were in the same ward, and ordered the women to exchange the babies they had in their possession. Mrs. Leoniff was bitterly opposed to the decision. Mrs. Felner, who had brought the suit, said that she had been perfectly sure from the beginning that Mrs. Leoniff had her baby. In the course of the proceedings, after Dr. J. J. Weiner of the hospital where they were born had been unable to determine to which mother each belonged, it looked for a time as if the babies would have to be turned over to an orphan asylum until the mothers could come to an agreement. Then Mrs. Felner offered to take both babies, saying that she would be at least sure of getting her own. Tired at last by the argument between the mothers, Judge Healy called upon the spectators in the court room to decide which baby resembled which mother, and reporters, the clerk of the court, the court interpreter and spectators were unanimous in the opinion that a mistake had been made at the hospital, and that the mothers should exchange babies. The magistrate, thinking the same, rendered that decision. With all the red tape of the hospital and all the care and wisdom of its administration, it would seem almost impossible for such a mistake to be made. Such a mixing of babies is a very serious thing; it is inexcusable and should never be repeated in that or any other hospital. In olden times two mothers went into court to determine whose baby had died and to whom the living one belonged. When the king took a sword and said he would divide the child and give a half of it to each, the real mother cried out against it and said: "Give it to the other." But the one whose child had died and who had stolen the living one, putting her dead child in its place, said, "Let the king divide the living child." And the king took the babe from the unnatural woman and gave it to the real mother. "*Then the king answered and said, Give her the living child, and in no wise slay it; she is the mother thereof.*" (*I Kings 3 : 27.*)

Earthquake in Southern California

SOUTHERN California experienced its first severe earthquake in a number of years on the afternoon of April 21. The shock began at Barstow at 3:30 o'clock. It was most severe at Hemet, San Jacinto and San Bernardino. Considerable damage was done in Pasadena, Los Angeles, Long Beach and Santa Monica. Bathers on the pier at Long Beach felt the earth shaking under them and leaped into the water. The Los Angeles City Hall rubbed shoulders across a two-inch air space with the building adjoining. Walls were cracked, windows broken, chimneys and cornices thrown into the street, and dishes shaken off the plate rails. Thousands were badly frightened, a few persons were hurt, and two deaths were reported. In the early days of southern California earthquakes were frequent, and until the era of steel structures, very few buildings were erected above two stories in height. Los Angeles and Pasadena today have their skyscrapers of steel and reinforced concrete, which may vibrate with the earth tremors but go through practically unscathed. Earthquakes are sometimes caused by the expansive force of steam caused by the internal fires of the earth coming in contact with water soaking through the bottom of the sea. Human enterprise dares the danger and builds its cities on the threatening coasts. And when the cities are thrown down, as San Francisco was, it builds them up again more beautiful and magnificent. There is this reference to an earthquake in Palestine: "*The words of Amos, who was among the herdmen of Tekoa, which he saw concerning Israel in the days of Uzziah king of Judah, and in the days of Jeroboam the son of Joash king of Israel, two years before the earthquake.*" (*Amos. 1 : 1.*)

Soldier Wanted no Mourning

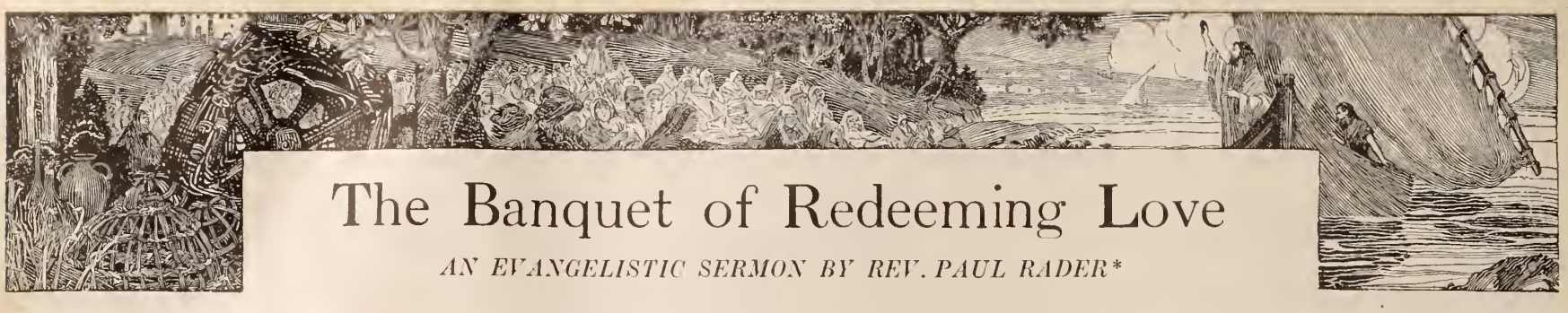
ON April 21 Lieutenant Dinsmore Ely, U. S. A., of a Wisconsin lake town, was killed in France in aviation service. A few days before his death he wrote a letter to his father, which was received after the son's death. The letter ends thus: "And I want to say in closing, if anything should happen to me, let's have no mourning in spirit or in dress. Like a liberty bond it is an investment, not a loss, when a man dies for his country. It is an honor to a family, and is that the time for weeping? I would rather leave my family rich in pleasant memories of my life than numbed in sorrow at my death." Dr. Ely sent his son's letter to his wife, who was at the family cottage in Donaldson, Wis. There the family held a funeral service for the soldier the following Sunday, placing his effects in his canoe, covering all with the national colors, and sinking it in a quiet nook of the lake which was the favorite retreat of young Ely. One of the compensations of this awful war is just such heroism as the lieutenant expressed and sealed with his blood. A nation is rich indeed that raises such sons. Not our farms, nor mines, nor mills, nor banks, nor cars, nor ships, make our nation rich; it is the priceless loyalty of our young men like young Ely, who so freely offer their lives to fight and die for a righteous cause. How can our country with such heroes fail in the contest? No men of stronger fiber, manlier equipment, or cleaner character ever marched to a battle-front than those who have gone out under the Stars and Stripes. May God bless them and give them victory, and receive to Himself those who must fall and make us worthy of them and our country worthy of their sacrifice. Pericles in his celebrated oration over the Athenian youths who had died for their country said that the gods would certainly grant a blessed immortality to such as give their lives for their nation. Christ Himself said: "*He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.*" (*Matt. 10 : 39.*)

A Watchdog Duck

A GENTLEMAN in a Western village has a rare duck, remarkable for its intelligence and benevolent service. The duck runs with the chickens and is locked up in a large coop with them at night. The name given to the duck is Dorothy. Though her feet are made with paddles for the water and the ground, and not for a perch, she roosts on the perch as the chickens do. Seeing them fly to the roost for sleep, she concluded to follow their example and learned to balance herself on the perch and get her rest. But that feat is not so remarkable as that of protecting the whole coop colony from danger at night. At the first hint of any danger, Dorothy calls out in a loud voice "Quack, quack, quack," and keeps up the alarm till her master comes to the rescue. Sometimes she sees a rat, a cat, or a dog prowling around, or even the shadow of a thief, who has business elsewhere just then. Much as she loves her master, she is half suspicious of him, for Dorothy quacks at him if he comes fooling around the coop at night. Her owner says ducks are worth so much a pound in the market, but Dorothy is not for sale, as she seems almost to belong to the family. What a beautiful life of benevolence does Dorothy, this watchdog of the flock, live! Her "quack, quack, quack" should inspire in us a new zeal in guarding those with whom we associate from the physical, moral, and spiritual dangers that would harm or destroy them. The prophet thus powerfully expresses this responsibility: "*But if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned: if the sword come, and take any person from among them, . . . his blood will I require at the watchman's hand.*" (*Ezek. 33 : 6.*)

Seaweed Substituted for Oats

EXPERIMENTS with alimentary seaweed as a substitute for oats in feeding horses seem to prove its value. The tests were conducted in France under the supervision of the government veterinarians, and horses fed on the seaweed fattened as rapidly as those having regular rations of oats. The seaweed, it is said, grows in great abundance on the Brittany coast. The conservation of food energy for man and beast, these days, is the mother of many valuable inventions. Once a learned Englishman, compiling a dictionary of the English language, defined oats as "food for horses in England, for men in Scotland." To which a witty Scotchman replied, "Who ever saw such horses, or such men?" Oats are so much in demand for human food that the seaweed will make a timely substitute for the horses. There is this mention of the food for the war horses of Israel provided by the commissary: "*Barley also and straw for the horses and dromedaries brought they unto the place where the officers were, every man according to his charge.*" (*I Kings 4 : 28.*)



The Banquet of Redeeming Love

*AN EVANGELISTIC SERMON BY REV. PAUL RADER**

TEXT—Song of Sol. 2 : 4. "He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love."

THE best banquets I ever saw were football banquets, given by some lover of the university to the victorious team. They ate, oh, how that crowd of big huskies ate! They didn't pick over things and eat a forkful and set it aside. They cleaned up everything in sight. They sang the songs of victory. They shouted out their praise of heroes and they cheered for their university.

God would love to have men eat of the great banquet of salvation and life in his Son Jesus Christ with great appetite. It is one thing to have the banquet prepared and the doors thrown open. It is quite another thing to tempt the appetite. Long ago God said: "All things are now ready," but men are so slow in coming. Their very excuses show their lack of appetite. But when they hear the shouts and the songs of those who are at the banquet, and see their happy faces, they begin to take notice. My brother, remember the world is watching to see how you enjoy the menu discussed and preached about. They are not looking at the food. They are watching your face day by day as you eat of this banquet provided by Jesus. There are so many lean souls—joyless souls—these days. They are at the banquet, they say, but the world can find no banqueting signs about them. They do not seem well fed or delighted.

ONE of the missionaries on our platform told us of a field of labor among a very strange people, and very degraded. When they talked to them they would not listen. When they sang for them they hid in their mud huts. They tried to show them trinkets but to no profit. The missionaries found that these people did not care for anything they had. "Something must attract them," they argued, "or they'll never even hear our message." Finally one of the missionaries happened to put on a hat, a sombrero, which a friend had sent him from Texas. He walked into the mud hut village with it perched on his head. Instantly he had the eyes of the men. They followed him, they came back to his house with him and watched through the windows as he sat down and, with beaming face, praised God with his fellow missionaries that at last these men had an appetite for something. The chief wanted the hat, but the missionary held back and promised to have one brought by the next ship for him and his men. They watched him as he wrote the letter and it was a great day when two men took the letter away to the nearest mailing station. Now they would listen as he told them of other things while they anxiously awaited the coming of the hats. At last they came: one for each head man. They put them on and walked among the people with pride swelling in their hearts. When they tried to go into their mud huts, kneeling down and crawling through the low, small opening, as they had in the past, they found they could not get in with the big hats on, or if they did they would crush them and, worst of all, they would have to take off their hats. You have seen your child go to sleep with its new Christmas present, a fine doll, and you know how the child felt.

Now came the change. It was either different huts or no hats. An hour had not gone by when a leading man had changed the size of the hole in his hut, and could go in and out without taking his hat off. The others soon followed his lead, and before the week was over they were building houses like the missionaries and listening intently to the Gospel.

Your joy, your broad-brimmed joy, in Jesus, like the missionary's hat, should be something to make this old sin-doped world wake up and to stir them to want something that would get them out of their mud-holes to accept the truth, and win them to the banquet which Jesus has provided. Get the joy bells in your heart, and broad-brimmed helmets of salvation, and walk among the people, calling them to the banquet provided for them, by telling of the things Jesus has done for you. Ask God so to feed you that you'll make others hungry. "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

GOD said, "let there be light." Who cares to eat in the dark? Think of a banquet without lights! Yet there are thousands of men trying to take the Bible and to understand it without that divine illumination of the Holy Ghost. Jesus said of the Holy Spirit what we would say of light. "When he is come, he will guide you into all truth." Here are men, critics of the Bible, who don't know the difference between God's treatment of and plan for the Jews before Christ, and those who are born again and are now part of the body of Christ. Then they wonder why they don't enjoy the banquet. Oh, the souls who are reaching in the dark for world peace when they should be partaking of pardon! "Let there be light," and you will see what God is serving in this present course or age. It takes divine light to enable us to sit and eat at a divine banquet, prepared by the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

THE banquet is all prepared. God's plans have all been made. God does not have to depend on a crowd of ministers in our day to arrange a Gospel for the twentieth century. The Gospel of the first century is his Gospel to this day and hour. There is only one faith spoken of in the Bible. God never says faiths; there's no "s" on it. It is the faith once for all delivered to the saints. Abraham walked up to Mount Moriah with that same faith and came down with more of it; Isaac, too, saw the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world much more clearly after they had sacrificed the ram caught in the thicket at the side of the altar. They had the same faith we have, beloved. Jesus said: "Abraham saw my day and was glad." God doesn't hold anything in his program back from his faithful ones. He said of Abraham in Gen. 18 : 17–18: "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing that I do, seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him?" Can you not see that in these two verses God opens up the whole banquet menu of the nations through the Jews and the final blessing when the Jewish nation is in its rightful place, and when Jesus sits as King on David's throne? Then he had told Abraham of his first coming and Abraham rejoiced in that and in his blood shed for sin. You see, the Gospel and the truth and the plan and the purpose of God in Christ Jesus do not need to be changed in our day. It is all fixed. The food is prepared, and it is man's part to come to the feast.

GOD'S Word is the menu, the bill of fare, the program. The Holy Ghost shows you the courses or dispensations. He will turn you to II Tim. 2 : 15; "Study to show thyself approved of God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of truth." He will bring to you things new and old, to make God's plan for men and for the world and for the heavenlies very clear. First, he always serves you with the righteousness of Jesus. He turns you to Matt. 6 : 33 in God's program: "But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Then he begins to tell you of great promises made by God and what will result. He turns to Jer. 33 : 3, and you read: "Call unto me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." You take God at his word. You call and you are not disappointed. Then he shows you a little rebuke in James 4 : 2: "Ye have not, because ye ask not." And you are encouraged to dare to ask for all you need. We feed on the bounty of himself, even on his very life. The Spirit turns you then to such a wealth of supply that you are hardly able to believe your own senses. There it is in II Pet. 1 : 2, 3, 4, and you feel ready to shout as you believe and read: "Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord, according as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue, whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature."

AT the banquet which Jesus is giving, there hangs a banner of victory. All the rejoicing is because he is victor over the world, the flesh and the devil. We partake because he has victoriously undertaken for us. Many Christians these days are asking about victory. They want to be overcomers. Yes, he conquered all our foes:

> I have overcome for thee,
> Thou shalt overcome through me;
> Fight no more with broken sword,
> Trust, oh, trust thy conquering Lord.

Oh, how few see that their struggles against the self-life are useless, and turn from it as a broken sword and live in him, and walk in the Spirit. You do not have to fail; there is victory in him. How wonderful it would be if, just now, you would give up and give over the battle to him and then trust him to undertake for you henceforth.

MRS. PEMROY fought this battle out at a little tent meeting and God showed her his ability by the way her own life had been spent. She owned a millinery store in a small town in Missouri, where she had been born and raised. Her father lost his business and she was forced to do something to make a living. She was very proud, and since she had been forced into business she had set her mark high and intended to be a great success in millinery. Mr. Henry Pemroy owned a great deal of coal land and had become very wealthy. He had told her of his love and she did love him, but her pride would not let her drop the millinery business until she had made a great success. She would say to herself that the gossips about the town would say she couldn't make a success of business and had to marry. Henry Pemroy waited around for some seven years while she struggled and wore herself down. He kept telling her that he could run a hundred millinery shops for her if she wanted them. Success was as far away at the end of the seventh year as at the first. So, on a Christmas day, while Henry pleaded, she threw herself in his arms and sobbed it out, and Henry became her husband. Henry had confided in the evangelist who was running the tent meetings. He had known him for many years. Mrs. Pemroy sat on the back seat listening as the preacher told of Jesus as our victor. She was a Christian, but victory was far from her life. To give up and let the Holy Spirit run her life was not what she wanted to do. She was having the same fight with God's blessed Holy Spirit that she had gone through with Henry. She had her plans made and she was working them with a high hand. She was the wealthy Mrs. Henry Pemroy and she wanted folks to know it. She had some great schemes to make that name famous. But God's Spirit pleaded for a full right of way and she was in the thick of the fight and the people were singing and many were going to the altar as the evangelist reached her side. They greeted each other and the evangelist said: "Are you glad you dropped the millinery business and let Henry run things, Mrs. Pemroy?"

"Yes, I am," was her answer.

"Then," said the evangelist, "you love Jesus and he wants you to throw up these proud spirit plans of yours and let him be your life." She almost ran to the altar and there she sobbed it out. And she arose, a yielded soul, ready to do of the Spirit's good pleasure. Her life became a refuge for many a storm-tossed soul and she led them to the Saviour, who was indeed her very life.

"And the greatest of these is love." Divine love; this is not just human love. This is God's great warm heart beating for us. The heart flow of him who went to Calvary is love. Perfect love, that is the victory. Perfect love casteth out all fear. All God's plan of redemption is the unfolding of his great love, and it will be His great love forever that will make glorious eternal life for us.

THE Illinois State Penitentiary is at Joliet. My good friend Dr. Brown visits the prisoners there. One case especially drew his attention, and while we were sitting waiting for meeting time the other day, he told me of it. The case was that of a young boy, who was not overly bright, and crippled or withered in his hand and foot, and his poor face anything but pleasant to look upon. He had been sent to the penitentiary for stealing chickens and shipping them away. The boy hadn't been in the prison long when the father was sent up for a precisely similar crime. The father made but one request of the judge who sentenced him and that was that he might be put in the same cell with his boy. The warden granted his request. Dr. Brown found them there in the cell together as happy as could be. The father told Mr. Brown how much he loved the boy. And Brown proceeded to tell the father that love like that was worthless when they were chums in crime—when he had to stop talking. The father was protesting.

"Oh, sir," said the old man, "wait a minute. I'm no criminal, sir. I just had to be near my boy and that's the only way I could think of getting next to him. I love him. I couldn't sleep at night without him. I couldn't think of him being locked up here all alone. So, well, I'm here. This is my boy." And he hugged that ill-shaped boy to his heart and comforted him.

The sinless Jesus came into this old penitentiary of a world and to share our cell and to take our crime upon Himself. "He brought me to the banqueting house. His banner over me was love!" Oh, let him bring you, too.

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* Rev. Paul Rader, of the Moody Church, Chicago, is one of the leaders in Western evangelism.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Blast of Burning

SUNDAY, May 26. Isa. 4 : 4. "*The Lord shall purge the blood of Jerusalem by the blast of burning.*" Here is a case of foul blood, and when the blood is foul the entire body is infected with defilement. When the stream is poisoned the deadliness touches the entire countryside. When the postman has smallpox he leaves it at every house. The blood is the courier of the body. It is the vital current, and if the blood is polluted every fiber of the flesh will share its corruption. And the blood of Jerusalem was impure. Her life was not affected by a temporary fever, or by some transient spasm of irritability or fear. She was not troubled by a slight chill which had made her lukewarm, and which had robbed her of speed and nimbleness in the paths of obedience. She was the victim of bad blood. She had become bad at heart. Her soul was poisoned. There was something rotten at the very core of her being. It was not a passing indisposition; it was a deadly possession.

How is it to be dealt with? "By the blast of burning." The figure of speech may seem confusing, but the meaning is clear. Defilement has to be met by fire. Fire is the last and greatest resource in the ministry of cleansing. When water is powerless fire is efficient. The plague in England in 1665 was burned away by the great fire of 1666. And so it is in the ministries of God. There are plagues and defilements in society which seem as though they can only be reached and removed by the fires of calamity and tragedy, and by the blasts of uuutterable woe. There are fields which cannot be cleansed by means of ordinary culture, by the plow, or the spade, or the hoe, but only by the ministry of fire. And God's fire comes! The blast of burning visits cities, and countries, and races, and through much suffering they reach a cleaner, sweeter life. The severity may appear destructive, but the destruction is the instrument of a gracious culture, as it is also the gloomy pioneer of a more bountiful life. "The frost, which kills the harvest of a year, saves the harvests of a century by destroying the weevil or the locust." God's frosts are the miuistries of coming harvests. God's fiery blasts are the fiery dawns of a better and larger day. Jerusalem is purged by the blast of burning. Our God is a consuming fire. J. H. J.

Love and Obedience

MONDAY, May 27. John 15 : 10. "*If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love.*" He is a poor soldier who enlists simply in order that he may wear the uniform. We are poor Christians who call ourselves by that name and who do not strive daily to prove our right to the title by keeping Christ's commandments. The weakness of the Church has ever been the presence in it of people who wear the uniform, the badge, the sign of discipleship, but who never seriously think of discipline, of training, of service. Not so do those of soldierly spirit interpret the Christian life.

It is related that "Stonewall" Jackson, shortly after uniting with the church, was called upon by his pastor to lead in prayer, at a midweek service. He attempted to do so, but being unaccustomed to public prayer, broke down in confusion. After the service his pastor apologized for calling upon him without warning, and promised not to ask him to lead in prayer again. Professor Jackson—for he was then only a professor in a boy's military academy—was surprised at his pastor's words, and said, "I beg of you not to refrain from calling on me simply because I made such a failure tonight. If it is my duty to lead in prayer, call upon me any time. Whether I succeed or fail is not material. I want to do my duty." Thus spake the brave soldier of Jesus Christ.

It is important that we have right thoughts and right feelings. But it is far more important that we should have the right will, a daily surrendered will. Only so do we prove our love for Christ. Let us remember his words, "Ye are my friends—if ye do whatsoever I have commanded you." C. C. A.

Faith a Shield

TUESDAY, May 28. Ps. 3 : 1–3. "*Lord, how are they increased that trouble me! Many are they that rise up against me. Many there be which say of my soul, There is no help for him in God. But thou, O Lord, art a shield for me; my glory, and the lifter up of mine head.*" Here the righteous man takes up the challenge of the ungodly. The odds seem against him; he faces a multitude of enemies, and these enemies have carefully estimated, as they think, his resources. They are convinced that he cannot hold out against them. Even God in heaven cannot help him. The righteous man has heard their defiant declaration, and then turns, not with anxious mien, not with doubt in his heart and fear in his eye, but with the utmost composure, yea, with exulting joy, to the heavenly Champion of his cause. The formidable array which he beholds and the terrifying speeches which he has heard have not for a moment shaken his confidence in the divine support which has hitherto borne him up in the strife.

His God is become greater in his esteem because of the struggle that has been forced upon him by the ungodly. They overwhelm him with the tumult of their threatening voices; he slips beneath the sheltering wings of his Protector on high and is enfolded in the peace which God alone can bestow.

Thus true faith is able to change the most unfavorable aspect of affairs into the most favorable prospects. What the believer sees and hears and experiences in his heart by means of his faith in God is far more reassuring than the sights and sounds that fill his physical eyes and ears are terrifying. His enemies have merely helped him to recognize his impregnable position. W. H. T. D.

"Seeing the Invisible"

WEDNESDAY, May 29. II Cor. 4 : 18. "*While we look not at things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.*" The most vital realities of life are invisible. We can see our friends, but we can not see friendship; that is a mere idea, a sentiment. My friend dies, and I mourn him. I keep his portrait in my memory till death stills my heart. The friend has gone, but Friendship remains. Friendship is real. So is Patriotism. It is in the blood of most of us to love one land above all others, and to honor its flag accordingly. It is so that nations are built up and that progress has been made in law and life. The nation itself may perish, but the patriot's love for his nation persists, as in the case of the Jews. Do not Belgian exiles love Belgium better than ever before? Do not the Serbians love Serbia, though their loved land lies beneath the oppressor's heel? Patriotism is real. So is Duty. Here is one who applies himself to a task. It may be polishing wood or polishing verses; it may be writing books or printing them; it may be teaching children or making clothes for them, but whatever it is it is done faithfully and well. The task may not be pleasant. It may grow monotonous. The worker may be ill paid, or unpaid, for the best work in the world is unpaid, but the task is done. This it is which makes heroes of common men.

In our search for reality, we shall easily find these three: Friendship, Patriotism and Duty. If we search a little longer we shall find Prayer. It is a fact as concrete as telegraphy or any other means of communication. It is a force as available as sunlight or radium. Prayer is not merely an exercise of the spiritual faculties. It is the cry of the hungry heart. The cry to what? To whom? Jesus tells us to whom. Jesus knew what is real. He had his feet on the solid rock, and he helps us to find our feet there. Prayer was a great reality to Jesus, because God was the supreme Reality. It was so with Paul—God was ever present in his consciousness, ever at his right hand. Out of that consciousness he wrote these words: 'The things which are not seen are eternal." C. C. A.

The Ever Living Dead

THURSDAY, May 30. Prov. 10 : 7. "*The memory of the just is blessed.*" It is said that the blood of patriots is the seed of liberty and that the soil out of which such men are made is good to be born on, good to live on, good to die for and good to be buried in.

It is blessed to know that the Blue and the Gray are now united in defense of the American Republic, standing shoulder to shoulder for the rights of mankind. Today the whole nation turns its thoughts toward the sleeping heroes and the few remaining veterans of the great conflict. Flowers will beautify burial grounds and orators will recount deeds of daring. The memories of our heroes are truly inspirations to the living. While we visit the galleries of recollection beholding the faces of those who died that we might live under the best government among men, we feel strengthened to do and dare by remembering their heroism. Forgetting to remember is the treachery of ingratitude. Every memorial service and every decorated grave should say to us, "Do this in remembrance of me."

Nineveh, Babylon and Rome forgot God and their heroes and therefore perished. In our day we should listen to the voice, "Son, Remember!" Remember to emulate the heroism, the virtues and devotion of the fallen patriots; remember to perpetuate the liberties for which they died, handing down to succeeding generations the heritage purchased by costly treasure and precious blood. Remember that the flower-strewn mounds are only upon the dust of bodies. The stars, the flowers of the sky, adorn the crowns of victors. The soldiers who won triumphs for the nation also won victory over death for themselves. We must look higher than the tomb for those who camp upon the plains of immortality. They have joined the hosts of the skies; the armies of peace, purity and everlasting friendship among the comrades of the Cross. E. W. C.

Limitless Power and Love

FRIDAY, May 31. Isa. 40 : 12. "*Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?*" Have you ever read the fortieth chapter of Isaiah entire, at one sitting? If so, you will have been struck with the change of tone in the speaker that begins at verse 12. With a call of infinite compassion the chapter opens, and the first eleven verses are ringing with joy and gladness over the salvation which God has prepared for the people. Then comes, almost abruptly, the depiction of the infinite, incomparable sublimity of God, who sits enthroned above the universe in lonely grandeur and majesty, and before whom the wealth and glory of the earth is as rotting matter and its inhabitants as grasshoppers.

Sinful man, when told of the redeeming love of God, stands stupid and doubting before the mystery of divine grace. He declares that it cannot be; it is impossible that so much love should have been expended in his behalf. So Israel of old received the prophet's message of comfort in a spirit of strong doubt, and the prophet had to expostulate with them, saying: "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God?" They were measuring God's mercy by their little standards of human sympathy.

The majestic picture, therefore, which the prophet has drawn of the limitless power and glory of God is to reinforce his message of consolation. As the power of God is immeasurably greater than the strength of man, so is his love exalted far above any human conception. This great and mighty God is the Redeemer, and he glories in the fact that all his glorious perfections have been placed in the service of his rescuing mercy. W. H. T. D.

The Source of Power

SATURDAY, June 1. Job 26 : 7. "*He hangeth the earth upon nothing.*" So far as we can see, the planets have no support or guidance. But the natural eye cannot see gravitation, electricity or the forces of the supernatural. God's Word, however, which is quick and powerful, asserts that all power belongeth unto him. He is the preserver as well as the creator of all things. Unbelief sees no visible support in the lives of God's children. There is no personal, omnipresent Protector, but the eye of faith sees God everywhere.

In the natural world, morning and night never fail; none of the moving spheres are ever a second behind time; therefore, in the spiritual realm, we should enjoy similar confidence in the rising Sun of righteousness, in the Star of Bethlehem, in the protection of Providence.

In hours of desolation and loss, when one seems to be left alone, he finds himself under the shadow of the sheltering wings of the Almighty, and though we perceive only parts of his ways, yet we do see that he was back of the beginning and is beyond the ending of time.

The millions suffering and dying in the world war find comfort and hope looking forward to where "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, where all tears are wiped away and no night comes, neither sorrow nor crying, nor pain nor death." How delightful to know that after momentary afflictions comes the eternal weight of glory. When humanity seems to be rushing to ruin without divine guidance, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," is a wonderful promise.

Oh, the blessedness of him who trusteth in the Lord! He is a branch of the living Vine, a tree planted beside the Tree of Life, where living waters flow. The souls that live and move seeing the Invisible, do not hang upon nothing. They are clasped in the arms of him who maketh the clouds his chariot and guideth the forces of the universe with his fingers. E. W. C.

Only a Snipe

BY
ROLAND WILLIAMSON

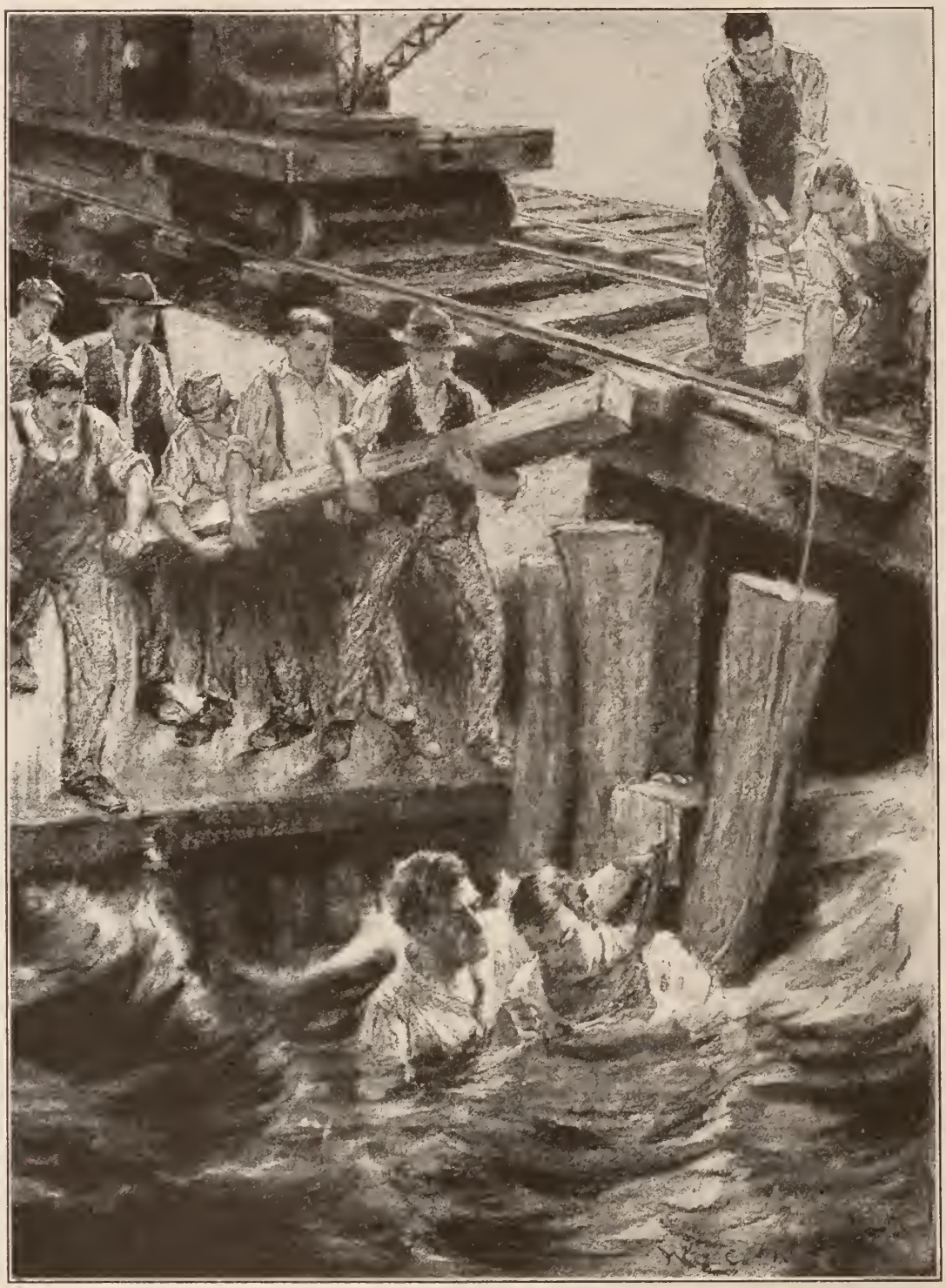
THE leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door:
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives only the worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,—
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms;
For a God goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."
—The Vision of Sir Launfal.

I NEVER hear or read any lines from "The Vision of Sir Launfal" but I think of McWillie and of a story he told me of a man with whom he had worked on the "Cisco" railroad. McWillie is a civil engineer, and as such saw all sorts of life. A man of his profession, you know, may spend all the day slopping around in mud and water, and associating with all sorts of "roughnecks," and that night be in full dress at some swell social function.

McWillie told me this story in the Bruly railway station while we were waiting for a down train. How he came to tell it was this way: A railroad employee came along and talked with Mac for a while about the work on a new branch road where Mac had been running some lines, and as the railroad man was leaving Mac called to him and asked what had become of Thompson. "He's down and out. Only a snipe now," was the reply. "Only a snipe? Huh!" said Mac with a disgusted accent on the "only."

I thought I was pretty well up on railroad lingo, having traveled for several years, but "snipe" was a new one on me, and, not wishing to wander further in ignorance, I asked my friend to enlighten me.

"There was a time when I didn't know what a snipe was myself," said Mac encouragingly. "I'll tell you what a snipe is." He climbed up on a baggage truck, settled himself comfortably, and went on: "During the high water of 1912, I was rushed up to our big bridge on the Atchafalaya to help save it. We had some gang up there, believe me. You know the Atchafalaya is one of the most treacherous rivers in the South. It is hard enough to keep up with its shenanigans when it's down, but in high water, when the Mississippi is sending some of her overplus through that way on a short cut to the Gulf, she's as full of tricks as a cage full of monkeys, as terrible and powerful as millions of gorillas, and more deceitful than Machiavelli himself.



McCrea had to hold on with one hand while he made the rope fast to Squawk

"I remember I was sent up there once, when the water was tolerably high, to investigate the foundations. I sounded backward and forward around the piers, and found everything as lovely and smooth as you would in the mildest mannered river in the world. It was too good: I became suspicious. The more I thought it over, the surer I was that she had something hid from me. My train was late, so I took my lead up above the bridge and dropped it in only to find a good solid bottom just where it should be. With any other stream I should have felt ashamed of myself, but with the Atchafalaya, no. I was on to her curves, so went up just a little bit further, dropped in my lead two hundred feet, and found no bottom!

"That river was eating her way to that bridge at the rate of more than fifty feet per day; and it would not have been many days before she would have eaten the bridge and, maybe, a nice juicy trainload of passengers. You bet there was some tall pile-driving going on there the next day; and the big cypress trees out of the 'forest primeval,' impelled by a giant pile-driver, were standing on their heads in that river bottom a whole lot closer together than they had ever been before; and that sand and mud food was so filled with those seventy-foot splinters that the old lady gave up eating it. She likely turned her attention to some poor levee miles below, where, with the help of a few crayfish holes, she'd eat her way out to thousands of acres of young sugar cane.

"But that has nothing much to do with my 'snipe' yarn. As I was saying, it was high-water time, and I had been sent to help save the bridge. The Atchafalaya was levee-top high; and it looked as if nothing short of a nice $50,000 steel bridge would appease her dainty appetite.

"It was about the middle of June, and our work-train

"lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows crawl.

"The whole gang, with a few exceptions, from the chief to the water-boy, was hot and more or less mad and cranky. One of these exceptions was a short, red-headed, freckled-faced, middle-aged man with large ears and kindly eyes. His ugliness would attract almost any one. I was used to seeing lots of ugly roughnecks, though, and the thing that got me interested in him was, first, that I recalled having seen him, about six months before, do something quite unusual, and, secondly, because I noticed that he was always doing some unselfish thing. The six months ago thing was this: It was up on the Cisco branch, where I had been running some levels for a new trestle. I was there for only a part of a day. Just before I left, I saw this little fellow, named McCrea, mix in with a little affair of one of the squawks. A 'squawk' is a 'straw boss,' that is, a sort of under-boss who works just a few men. Clothed with a little brief authority, they often get awfully stuck on themselves and become tyrannous.

"This particular squawk had a big supply of muscle and profanity and seemingly no heart. One of his men was a poor, weak, little 'Cajun, and because the little fellow just naturally didn't have the 'punch' in him to move some of the work quickly, it nettled the squawk, and it looked like he took a delight in picking on the man, and would purposely throw him in all sorts of tight places so as to burn him out. If the 'Cajun burned out, all the squawk had to do was to holler: 'Gimme another hat!' (a 'hat' is just a man—good, bad or indifferent), and he would be given another worker. Squawk didn't speak any French, and the 'Cajun didn't understand much English, but he did understand enough to know when Squawk vilely cursed him, and he said to Squawk, with a meaning shake of his head: 'Vous ne devez plus parler de cette manière,' or something like that, meaning, 'Don't talk that way to me any more.'

"Squawk either understood it or didn't understand, and thought the 'Cajun was cursing him, maybe; anyway, he gave the little fellow a mean shove, and cursed him fiercely. That little 'Cajun hopped on him like a wildcat, but Squawk was many times his match, and in a jiffy had the 'Cajun out at arm's length pounding his face into pulp. This was the opportunity that Squawk had been looking for—to teach his men his power: but he had underrated one of them—this red-headed fellow McCrea, who, in less time than it takes to tell it, had jumped into the fight, thrown the 'Cajun aside, and with a few steam-hammer blows and some jiu-jitsu movements had Squawk whipped to a frazzle. My train pulled out just after the fight, but I heard afterward that McCrea had been discharged for insubordination. I hadn't seen him again until I met him on that work up there on the bridge. I took an interest in the fellow, and soon discovered that he was always on the firing line, ready to do more than his share of every piece of work. If he was helping carry a piece of timber, and the man on his hand-stick looked worn-out or less strong than himself, McCrea would get up a little on the stick, and thus take some of the other fellow's load. He was all man, though, and saw to it that no one intentionally imposed upon him. I was standing near him on the works, and in the course of his remarks I heard him quote some appropriate line from Kipling's 'Gunga Din.'

"THAT night, after supper, he was out putting a patch on his mosquito bar, and I struck up a conversation with him by offering him some of my 'skeeter-skoot.' We chatted for quite a while. I asked him if he was Scotch. 'Well, yes,' he replied, 'in a way I am. My father was Scotch, Irish and English; my

mother is part French and English. Her father was a German Jew. I'm just a plain American.' I told him that I heard him quote some Kipling, and asked him how he liked him. Of course he agreed with me in thinking Kipling great. There was nothing of the pedant about the fellow. In fact, he murdered the King's English worse than Kipling's East Indians at times; but I soon learned that he had been a great reader—not by his saying so, for any one can do that, but because of his intimate acquaintance with many characters of good fiction who were dear to me. I talked books with him, and wished I had had some with me; though I believe a man caught with a book in daytime in that rush would have been shot on the spot; and at night the mosquitoes would have eaten you up about the lights, or you'd have burned up your mosquito bar in getting one of our dingy old kerosene lamps close up enough to read by.

"WHEN a costly bridge is in danger, railroad officials don't lose any time in placing their guests at the tea-party; and so it turned out that McCrea, who had so nobly assisted the 'Cajun, was working right along now with Squawk. McCrea was nice enough, and seemed to have forgiven everything. Not so with Squawk. He had been ragged many, many times about that beating, and was now looking for any opening for a chance to get even. Once, when McCrea jumped in and helped take off an unnecessary strain that Squawk had thrown on a negro workman, I heard Squawk say something desperately unpleasant and uncomplimentary. McCrea heard him but paid no attention to it.

"We were right in the hottest of the fight for the bridge, building braces and cribbing to break the force of the rushing water, when Squawk, who at the time was actually working, lost his balance, and fell off the bridge railing. In falling, his head struck a projecting beam that knocked him senseless. Just as he struck the water the suspender of his over-alls caught on a spike; but the water sucked his body under the timbers, and he would have drowned in a few minutes, had it not been for McCrea. There was no lack of rope at hand; and McCrea grabbed the end of one, and jumped off the bridge.

"The water was only a few feet below; but the way it was snatching and sucking about those piers and pilings was awful. McCrea didn't have to do any swimming; for he had hardly struck the water when he was driven like a chip against the pilings where Squawk was caught. The hardest thing he had to do was to hold on with one hand tight enough to keep from being sucked under, while he made the rope fast to Squawk. It only took him a few seconds to do this, and we soon pulled Squawk up on the bridge. McCrea was now holding on with both hands, with his back up-stream; but before we could untie the rope off Squawk, a big timber swirled through and struck McCrea with the force of a projectile. The end of the timber was a jagged splinter that struck right through McCrea's body below the right shoulder blade. There was no danger of his sinking, stuck on like that; and we rigged up some poles and lines as fast as we could and soon had the poor fellow along with Squawk, carrying them to the camp car.

"Squawk regained consciousness in a little while, but was as weak as a cat from the cut in the head and his ducking. Poor McCrea had never entirely lost consciousness, and suffered terribly until the King Snipe gave him morphine. His wound was fatal. A man was rushed off on a motorcycle to Birma, a few miles above, to bring a doctor; and we telephoned to have number fifty-three stop at the bridge and take McCrea down to the city. On account of the high water above, the train was delayed. The morphine eased McCrea, but didn't put him asleep; and he called for me. I knew he was dying; and in the presence of that little red-headed, freckled-faced (the freckles showed plainly now, his face was so white), big-eared man, I felt confused and ashamed. He asked me if I had a Bible.

"I didn't have a Bible, and would have given a month's salary for one, or a prayer-book; and told him so. He asked me if I had anything I could read to him. I remembered that I had a small book of Lowell's poems in my coat pocket at the bridge, and hurried off to get it. When I returned McCrea had his eyes closed. I thought he was asleep, or, perhaps, dead; but he said, without opening his eyes, 'Please read The Vision of Sir Launfal.' It was mighty hard for me to make my voice behave, but I read. When I got to that place where Sir Launfal shared his crust with, and gave water to, the leper, and read what the leper, transformed, said, I knew McCrea understood. You remember how it goes:

"'Lo, it is I, be not afraid!'
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail:
Behold, it is here, this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water his blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share with another's need:
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three:
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.

"Sqnawk, who was on a cot, just a little way off, understood too; for he came over, and thanked McCrea, and told him in a shaky voice that he was truly sorry for all he had said and done. I didn't know it was in Squawk to do such a big thing. I have heard since that he is a changed man, and is patient and fair with his gang. I sat with McCrea for about an hour—until he died. I thought a whole lot while I was sitting there—of how many of us are missing the Gate. 'Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life; and few there be that find it.' When I got up, there were tears in my eyes—and it seemed that I almost saw Him standing before me,

"glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man."

Our train was blowing for the station. McWillie slid down off the baggage truck, and said: "A 'snipe' is a railroad section hand; a 'king snipe' is a section boss. McCrea was only a 'snipe.'"

Ministers Help Win the War

THE American clergy has responded nobly to the appeal of Commissioner of Internal Revenue Daniel C. Roper that they aid in bringing peace and victory to the United States and its allies by impressing upon their congregations and the public their patriotic duty to pay cheerfully and promptly the income tax for the support of the war. Letters were addressed to 124,000 clergymen of every denomination. Hundreds of assurances of co-operation have been received. Among the replies was one from a retired clergyman, eighty-three years old, who, evidently mistaking the purpose of the message, inclosed a one dollar bill, "half of all I have in the world." "I wish it were $1,000," he wrote. "I would give it as cheerfully and willingly as God gives his children the sunshine and the rain."

The letter was returned by Commissioner Roper with a note expressing his appreciation of the spirit of loyalty displayed by the aged patriot.

Another letter was from a clergyman with a wife, three children and a salary of $1,500, of which $500 was invested in 1917 in Liberty Bonds. The children, aged four, seven and nine, have put their savings of $50 in War Savings Stamps, and the family has contributed to the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and other funds. "We are trying," he says, "to do not only our 'bit' but our utmost."

Instances of personal sacrifices in order to contribute to the government's war needs are numerous.

"Liberty Tax" is the designation given the levy by Commissioner Roper. Every dollar of it is for the defense of freedom. Last year 500,000 persons paid an income tax. This year the number will be more than 6,000,000. The income tax is payable on or before June 15, 1918.

Introducing

Mrs. IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN

Specialist in Home Economics
Lecturer for the United States Food Administration

Mrs. Ida C. Bailey Allen, one of our highest authorities on home economics is known to hundreds of thousands of women the country over. Through her conservation lecture work and her magazine articles she has earned the title of "Teacher to the American Housewife". Mrs. Allen is practical. She explains in words any woman can understand, the principles of home economics—the secrets of good cookery—the everyday problems of the everyday housewife.

Because she believes in the importance of conservation and the value of milk as a food, Mrs. Allen has consented to present a series of articles on the use of Evaporated Milk. She will include in each article, a simple conservation recipe, worked out in her own home kitchen. They will be practical recipes, for the practical woman. Watch for them.

Mrs. Allen says: "I use Borden's Evaporated Milk because it is pure and economical. The Borden system of protection begins with the frequent physical examination, by graduate veterinaries, of the cows supplying milk to the Borden factories, and the regular inspection of sanitary conditions in the dairies. Moreover, the milk itself is handled with extreme care from the time it leaves the dairy till it reaches your pantry shelves. It is subject to the most scrupulously rigid sanitary regulations that guarantee its absolute purity. It is rich whole milk with only water removed.

"Borden's Evaporated Milk is easy to use. For cooking, simply dilute with one to two parts of water. For richer milk, reduce the quantity of water—for coffee and tea, use it as it comes from the can—undiluted.

"Try my recipe for Baked Tapioca Indian Pudding given below."

Baked Tapioca Indian Pudding

4 tablespoonfuls pearl tapioca
6 tablespoonfuls cornmeal
2 cupfuls Borden's Evaporated Milk diluted with three cupfuls of water,
2 cupfuls molasses / (Or use 1 cupful molasses and omit sugar)
1 1/2 cupful sugar
1 1/2 cupful chopped candied ginger, optional
2 teaspoonfuls salt

Cover tapioca with warm water and let it soak for an hour; scald 4 cupfuls of the milk and water; add the tapioca and cook for 15 minutes. Mix together the remaining ingredients, stir into the tapioca mixture and cook over hot water till thickened and the pudding is beginning to separate. Turn into a buttered baking dish, and bake for three hours in a slow oven. Add the extra cupful of cold milk and water at the end of two hours.

Ida C. Bailey Allen

Specialist in Home Economics, Lecturer for the United States Food Administration.

Mrs. Allen's Recipe Contest

$2500.00 in prizes will be awarded for the best recipes submitted calling for the use of Borden's Evaporated Milk. Watch for announcement later or write to Dept. O-21 for complete information.

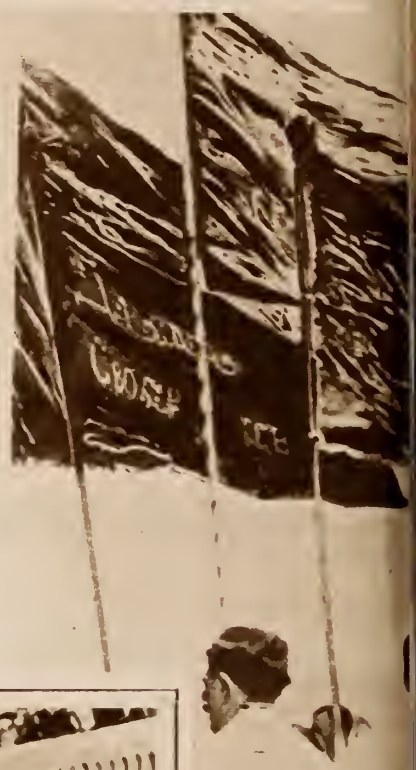
BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY
108 Hudson Street New York

Borden's
Evaporated Milk

"The Milk that Cuts the Cost of Cooking"
Write for our "Recipe Book"

A PANORAMA FROM PRESIDENT TO PEASANT

The Commander in Chief standing uncovered while the band plays The Star Spangled Banner. The President burned his hand in the British Tank Britannia, while boosting Liberty Bonds © Harris & Ewing



Secretary Baker, General Pershing and General Walsh reviewing the picked Guard of Honor at an American base in France © Committee on Public Information

Colonel Reynal Bolling, first American officer of his rank to be killed in France, shot through the heart in Picardy © Harris & Ewing

French officers and soldiers, all wounded at least once, who came to America to help put the Liberty Loan over the top. Each stripe pointed upward on the left sleeve stands for one wound

© Underwood & Underwood
Ukrainian peasant women, with banners proclaiming the Ukraine's independence

© Underwood & Underwood
German officers drilling troops of the Finnish White Guard

© Underwood & Underwood
Mrs. W. Quinn of L. I., and Mrs. L. Rosenberg of N. J., who led New York City's Liberty Loan parade, each having six sons in the service of the nation

© Central News Photo Service
Part of a group of fifty men of Pershing's forces in France, who were sent home to help put victory into the third great loan

The time your Nerves need real help

WITH work unfinished, strength all gone and nerves pleading for help—you realize that something must be done.

If you only could help your nerves the way nature would, if she had the chance. And you can. Give them a natural food-tonic such as Sanatogen.

For the experience of physicians has proven that Sanatogen supplies just what the nervous system needs, pure protein of milk combined with organic phosphorus. Being in concentrated form it not only nourishes the nerve cells, but repairs and rebuilds at the same time. One soon feels the uplifting effect of this wholesome food-tonic because it is so easily and quickly assimilated—even by the weakest system.

The keen and alert business executive, the professional man, the office worker, the student, the housewife—all find in Sanatogen that source of new strength and vitality they so sorely need in these times of stress and over-activity. Many have testified to this in writing, among them

Col. Henry Watterson
Hon. Thomas S. Martin
John Burroughs
Hall Caine
Sir Gilbert Parker
Hon. Wm. C. Adamson

* * *

Sold by Drug Stores—everywhere. Three sizes—$1.00, $1.90, and $3.60
No advance in prices.

* * *

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

Sanatogen comes as a fine white powder which may be easily taken dissolved in water, coffee, milk, etc. Sample package sent FREE on request, together with the new "Text-Book on Sanatogen." The Bauer Chemical Co., 26F Irving Place, New York.

THE FOOD-TONIC
Sanatogen
ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

I WONDER, dear neighbors, in how many of your communities there stands a dreary, neglected little school: tolerated by the parents; wept over by the discouraged young teacher; and attended by a horde of rebellious boys and girls, who detest it?

Does this describe the school situation where you live?

Then, fellow members of The American Community Club, draw your chairs closer to the platform and hear today (from the Adventurers themselves) how certain plucky women in other states are awakening the right "school spirit" in their communities by bringing pupils, teachers and parents together as comrades instead of critics of one another.

But first let us open our meeting with the haunting poem written for us today (at my request) by the sweet singer of the Christian Herald. Not being a singer myself, and yet longing to express to you the love I feel for all little rural schools scattered over the land—those wee, sma' buildings standing ankle-deep in ferns and wildflowers, or topping a wind-swept hill, or crouched at the turn of a cool, shadow-dappled country road—I implored Miss Sangster to sing of this to you, and she has done so with beauty, tenderness and pathos.

With her song echoing in our hearts, let us yield our club platform to the speakers of the day, trying to work out, from their suggestions and experiences, a practical solution of the school problems of our various communities.

To a Certain Schoolhouse

By Margaret E. Sangster

I WONDER if it's standing where it stood,
Beside the lane, so many years ago?
I wonder if the springtime winds that blow
Still find their echo in the little wood
That was our playground? How I wish I could
Take slate in hand again, and laughing go
To learn the lessons that I would not know,
And that, today, my heart would find so good!

It all seems more than years and miles away.
(Lost dreams, folk tell us, never come again!)
And yet, in some bright, in-the-future day,
When knowledge shall be laid with doubt and pain—
I know that I, a little child, will say
My lessons in that schoolhouse by the lane!

Entertaining the Teacher

I wonder how many parents in the rural districts make it a point to get acquainted with their children's teacher: the "he" or "she" with whom the children are entrusted, every day, the greater part of the year?

I had not given it a thought until this winter, when my own little boy started to school for the first time. Due to illness he has been out quite a little, so does not know the teacher very well. But among the other children, who do know her, there has been much bitter complaint of her. And I am sorry to say that the parents, instead of investigating and finding out for themselves, have been prone to believe all this.

I have not believed it, for the teacher has been most kind to me and mine: seeming eager to be of assistance. So I have done all I could to defend her.

A short time ago, one of my woman neighbors was in my house, calling. She began to complain of the teacher, siding with her boys. I said: "She seems very nice. Why don't you try to get acquainted with her? Perhaps you'd like her better. As soon as my boy returns to school I intend to invite her over for supper—possibly to stay all night."

She looked her surprise, but said nothing, and a couple of weeks later she with another neighbor were again in my house. The new neighbor began to attack the teacher; when, to my surprise, the first neighbor said: "I've told my children I'm going to invite the teacher over to supper some evening. They declare they won't come into the house; but they will."

I cannot tell you how happy I was, for I knew I had started a bit of good for the whole neighborhood. Now, every scholar will want teacher to go home for supper, because she "went to Bob's." And there will be a much better understanding between all of us: parents, pupils, and teacher.

Try this, dear friends, in your district. Also, visit the school, not once, but several times. Begin now, even though school is about to close. Make the teacher feel herself one of you, before she leaves for the summer. You will notice the difference next fall.

MRS. CLEON SUNDBY.

I hope other communities like Mrs. Sundby's will try out this Christian plan. But I should carry it even further. I should throw open that little schoolhouse, this summer, as a kind of recreation center for every one, young and old. The desks could be removed, and all the school paraphernalia stored in a safe place. I should interest every one in beautifying the place with donations of pictures and plants, rugs, tables, chairs, dishes.

Perhaps some one would loan their library; some one else their gramaphone or piano. Others could hang curtains and repaint the woodwork. Possibly the men of the neighborhood would paint the outside.

Too much trouble for a few months? Not if it resulted in the reawakening of a whole community. Not if, in the fall, the children went back to their schoolhouse with a changed attitude toward it. And why need the plan be confined to the summer months? The desks could be put on skids, which would allow the room to be used all winter as well, by pushing the desks back.

That such plans are practical, I *know*. They are being tried out daily in wide-awake communities. The following is an example of this:

A Parent-Teacher Association

Did you ever move into a locality where each family seemed sufficient unto itself? That is what happened to us. For one year, there was merely an exchange of calls between the ladies and a pleasant "How do you do?" between the men, and I used to wonder, "Will it be a deep sorrow or some great joy that will start someting here?"

At last, one day, I suggested that we have six o'clock picnic dinners. (We are farmer folk and very busy all day.) The others agreed, and this was a beginning: just a starter.

Then, our school mistress asked that we organize a Parent-Teachers Association. We did so, making the picnic dinners a feature of it. We took our dinners to the district schoolhouse, and made our gathering into a full evening affair. We women discussed school matters, while the men talked better roads. We had a victrola at these evenings, but we decided we wanted more music. So we gave entertainments to raise money, and with the funds bought and installed a piano.

And now we wonder: "Is it only a year since this began?" At one of our recent meetings the school-mistress said to us: "Oh, you good people haven't the least idea what these gatherings have meant to the school. I know you personally now: the parents of my pupils: and the pupils know that the community is interested in their work."

Recently our Japanese neighbors have been meeting with us at the school, on these evenings. They are as interested as we, and as ready to help in any movement for bettering conditions. MRS. E. G. PEARSON.

And here is an example of schoolroom neighboring planned and carried out by one loving, thoughtful woman. This act not only brought a delightful diversion to the children, but bore fruit of another sort.

Coloring Pictures at School

Most of my neighboring experiences have been with children, as I have found this the surest way to the hearts of my neighbors.

Some time ago, wishing to get acquainted with the children in our rural town, I secured the consent of the village school teacher to come to the school at noon and ask the children to color pictures.

For several weeks I met there with the children during the noon hour, and we colored quantities of pictures. The parents became interested and searched their homes for pictures, which the children brought to me. After a while we met at my home and pasted the pictures on cardboard. We sent them to a hospital, where they were enjoyed greatly by sick and crippled children. And so, in this adventure, we reached, not only the neighbors nearby, but those in a distant city.

MISS GRACE A. MANCHESTER.

Can't you imagine how, in that dreary hospital ward, tired eyes brightened, and thin little hands reached out eagerly, as those gay-colored pictures came blowing in like a fresh wind! There is a suggestion for you, neighbors, when next you happen on a group of bored listless school children.

For our fourth adventure, I have chosen this practical, constructive one, which bears so vitally on a problem almost every school district has to face:

A Boys' and Girls' Debating Club

For many years the public school in our community could not hold the boys and girls in school after they became fifteen or sixteen years of age. They would leave with only a scant knowledge of the common school branches, and in consequence were not prepared to meet the battles of life. The community had accepted the condition, feeling that nothing could be done about it.

But a young man came to this school as teacher about eight years ago, and immediately began to take hold of the problem. He first got the parents and children together, then organized a debating club. The older persons carried on this work for almost a year by themselves. But as time went on, the younger ones were induced to take part, even the most timid outgrowing their fear, and the club came to have a great influence.

The programs varied as to the material used. Sometimes they were debates, while at others they were lectures, singing, recitations, and so on. The interest in them has never flagged.

The results of this adventure have been wonderful. Many young men and women who would otherwise have quit school prematurely have received from this club enough stimulus and inspiration for them to want to graduate and take their rightful places in the world. It has seemed to change completely the ideals and outlook of many students, causing them to seek for higher and nobler things in life.

LEONARD J. PRIESTLEY.

And while on the subject of unselfish devotion to a community's educational welfare, read the following beautiful account:

Enlightening a Community

There came into our neighborhood a family consisting of father, mother and four children: the eldest a girl of about sixteen. The father was an invalid—had been for years. They were people of refinement and intelligence and were Christians. At that time our neighborhood was very uncouth, ignorant and irreligious, ignoring education and in fact anything that flavored of culture and refinement.

This new family I speak of had to hire their work done and often our young men would go there to work. The old gentleman would interest himself to talk to them about education, about books and things going on in the world outside this little spot. At first it was hard to get them to listen. They did not believe him, and were not interested. But others came and he still persisted in trying to teach them something, until there were a few that realized the condition they were in and felt that they would like to better themselves. But now (they declared) it was too late, as they were past school age, even had they had time to attend, which many of them had not, as they had to work every day for their living.

Now, the house this family occupied consisted of but one room, like most of our houses there. Yet they offered their house as a schoolhouse, and as many as would, attended at night. The father would teach them. Well, only a few came at first, but soon others, seeing the improvement in them, came too, until the "night-school" would be crowded. The daughter had to help with the teaching.

Finally the pupils got so interested that they offered to build a room to the house, which they did. And here they continued to have their school at night, after the day's labor. For the teacher's pay, they furnished wood for fuel and worked a little patch of ground that he had. There was nothing too hard to do for him or his family. After a while, they got up a literary society and made bold to go to the little schoolhouse for their meetings. The little leaven got into the lump, and in two years the whole neighborhood was so changed for the better that it seemed like a miracle.

That was a long time ago, but there are opportunities today of doing good to any

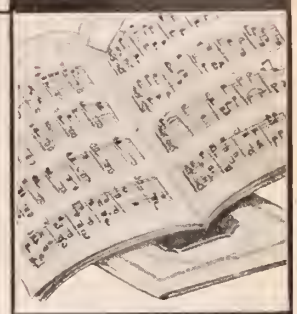
Continued on page 646

Prevents Chafing
On Hands or Feet

Mends Tears
Attach to the Under Side

Mends Music
Attaches Papers
Forms Binders

Mends Rubber
The Tape is Rubber Coated



B&B

Adhesive Plaster Tape

The Universal Mender

A Few of Its Thousand Uses

HERE is a rubber-coated adhesive tape, which costs but little and is found in every drug store.

It is strong, enduring, almost waterproof. It sticks to anything that's dry, and stays stuck. It is instantly attached without wetting.

It is the same adhesive plaster that surgeons use.

But it also has a thousand household uses. And these pictures suggest some.

Think of a strong, rubber-coated adhesive tape. One side sticks to anything, and clings like glue. The other side is fabric.

Think how many services that tape could render, almost every day.

In simply patching lawn hose it may save a hundred times its cost.

When you try it once—on anything—you will never be without it.

One should never go anywhere without having a spool along.

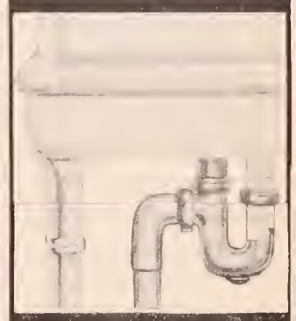
B&B Adhesive Plaster Tape is particularly adapted to these multiple uses. It is ever-ready, strong, enduring. And it has a perfect rubber base.

It sticks when you apply it. And it stays.

Our Adhesive Book — which we send free — pictures many uses and gives many good suggestions. Write a postal for it.

Stops Leaks
In Metal Pipes

Insulates Wire



Patches Tires
Or Inner Tubes Temporarily

A Perfect Grip
It Sticks Like Glued-On Canvas

For mending use, or any use, be sure you get the B&B Adhesive. It is made for all-round service.

It comes in various lengths and widths. For economy we recommend the five-yard spools, or larger.

Your druggist will supply it.

An Economical Size

B&B

Double-Sure Products

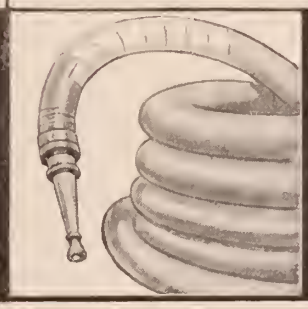
B&B Absorbent Cotton
B&B Bandages and Gauze
B&B Fumigators
B&B First Aid Outfits

All made under ideal conditions. All put up in protective packages. For safety's sake, in all these lines, ask for B&B.

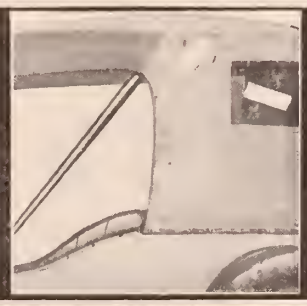
Seals Fruit Jars

Bauer & Black, *Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.*, Chicago and New York

Mends Toys
And Mends Permanently



Mends Hose
With a Rubber Wrapping



Patches Leather
Cloth or Rubber Stops Leaks

If this happened to you would *your* brakes hold?

Failure even once may cause disaster

THE most watchful driving is of no avail unless your brakes obey instantly. When you apply your brakes do they respond smoothly, quickly and surely? In city traffic, on hills, or in emergencies your safety and peace of mind depend on the efficiency of your brakes. Ninety-nine successful operations count for nothing if they fail the hundredth time.

It is easy to know always the condition of your brakes. Simply ask your garage man to inspect them regularly.

If they need relining have him put on Thermoid Brake Lining. It will give certain safety for the longest time for three reasons.

1. ***More material, greater service.*** There is over 40% more material and 60% more labor used in the manufacture of Thermoid Brake Lining than in any woven brake lining.

2. ***Grapnalized***—an exclusive process which creates resistance to moisture, oil and gasoline.

3. ***Hydraulic compressed, uniform throughout.*** Every square inch of Thermoid is hydraulic compressed at a pressure of 2,000 pounds.

Have your dealer inspect your brakes today. He will show you Thermoid Brake Lining that you may see why it is so different, so efficient and long wearing. If he hasn't Thermoid we will gladly send you a sample.

Brake Inspection Movement

Prominent officials, leading clubs and organizations and motorists everywhere have endorsed this big national movement to reduce automobile accidents, by having all brakes inspected before the touring season begins, and regularly thereafter. Give it your support.

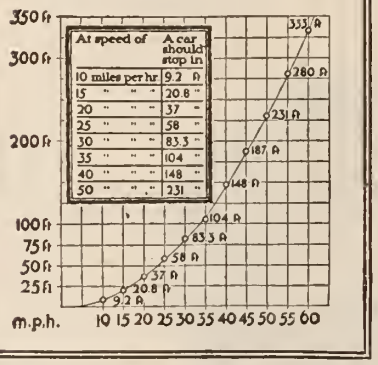
$\frac{V^2}{10.8}$ **Will your car do this?**

Automobile engineers have proved that when brake mechanism is right and road conditions average, any car should stop at distances and speeds given by the chart.

V^2 means the square of the velocity or speed of your car; 10.8 is the proved factor of retardation under average road conditions. This factor decreases on smooth, slippery roads to 6.7 and increases as high as 17.4 on rough, worn roads. The chart represents the average condition and other conditions can readily be figured by changing the factor within the given limits.

Remember that your brake mechanism is not "right" unless its brake lining has the ideal co-efficient of friction. The better the brake lining the quicker your stop.

Thermoid Brake Inspection Chart



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The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company, Limited, Montreal

Branches in all principal Canadian cities

Makers of "Thermoid Crolide Compound Casings" and "Thermoid Garden Hose"

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Adventures in Neighboring

Continued from page 644

selfish, run-down, bigoted neighborhood, if we only seek them out and try.

SARAH O. RAMSAY.

This brings us, fellow adventurers, to our Forum, which we cannot afford to miss this week. Our meeting today has been a thoughtful one, but not without its sunny, cheery note. It has been, I hope, satisfying with an earnest message to carry through the fortnight which shall elapse before we meet again.

The Neighbors' Forum

Our little rural club of women had a real adventure in neighboring not long ago, when we took our lunch and visited the school. At the close, each pupil was served with a sandwich, a slice of cake, and a glass of lemonade. Then they were dismissed, and we spent a pleasant hour over our lunch, getting acquainted with the new teacher.

MRS. H. W. S.

DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD NEIGHBORS: In paring apples, potatoes or onions (any vegetable or fruit that stains the hand when you use the indispensable small, steel-blade kitchen knife), a "cot" made of cloth, to slip over the three fingers, with the thumb piece made separately and set in, will protect the fingers from the stain that is so hard to remove. I always make the piece long enough to extend over the top of the hand to the wrist, sewing on a narrow band to button over.

MRS. N. H. W.

There is no doubt but that a local community club, a branch of our big American Community Club, will be started in this neighborhood. I wish you would send me a plan of organization and programs.

N. CAROLINA.

I am a shut-in, living with my mother. I should be glad to be put in touch with some lonely Christian Herald neighbor who would enjoy writing letters. Life is very painful and monotonous for me. MISS E. STONE.

One adventure you published took me back fifty years: when we went to Minnesota and took homesteads. It was just after the quieting of the Indians. There were only thirteen families in the county and they lived far apart. But we had school in our house in winter, while the first district school was taught in an old log blacksmith shop. We had Sunday school in a grove in summer and our houses in winter. In the course of two years the men had put up a small church, 16 by 16; so after that we had Presbyterian and Methodist preaching.

MRS. C. C. LESTER.

Germany Accused by Her Own Diplomat

ONE of the most notable documents of the war is that of the former German diplomat, Prince Lichnowsky, placing the responsibility for the war upon Germany.

The Germanic governments, in order to justify themselves to their peoples, have maintained the pretense that the war on their part was a defensive one and that England was the arch-conspirator. This pretense is now completely exposed by Prince Lichnowsky, who was the ambassador of Germany to Great Britain from November, 1912, until war between the two countries was declared in August, 1914.

Prince Lichnowsky's document supports all the statements of the British Foreign Office as to its efforts to maintain the peace of Europe and to bring about a fair and permanent adjustment of all matters which might be the cause of misunderstandings and controversy.

In 1916 Prince Lichnowsky, who is of a distinguished Germanized Polish family, prepared a memorandum review entitled "My London Mission, 1912-1914," in which he gave a detailed account of his negotiations with the British Foreign Office and of his relations with his home government during these important years, which covered the period from practically the beginning of the first Balkan War to the outbreak of the Great War. He did not intend that this paper should be made public at the present time, but seems to have been impelled to write it for the family archives in order that the truth of his own relations to the war and the political history preceding might be known at least to those close to him, and perhaps eventually to the public. By some means the Swedish Socialist journal, *Politiken*, secured the document and published it.

LICHNOWSKY says that shortly after his arrival in London, in 1912, "Sir Edward Grey proposed an informal exchange of views, in order to prevent a European war developing out of the Balkan War," and that

the British Minister by no means placed himself on the side of the Entente Powers, and during the negotiations, which lasted about eight months, he lent his good-will and powerful influence toward the establishment of an understanding. Instead of adopting the English point of view we accepted that dictated to us by Vienna. Count Mensdorff led the Triple Alliance in London and I was his second. . . .

On every point, including Albania, the Serbian harbors in the Adriatic, Scutari, and in the definition of the Albanian frontiers, we were on the side of Austria and Italy, while Sir Edward Grey hardly ever took the French or Russian point of view. On the contrary he nearly always took our part in order to give no pretext for war—which was afterward brought about by a dead Archduke. It was with his help that King Nicholas was induced to leave Scutari. Otherwise there would have been war over this matter, as we should never have dared to ask "our allies" to make concessions.

Sir Edward Grey conducted the negotiations with care, calm, and tact. When a question threatened to become involved he proposed a formula which met the case and always secured consent, he acquired the full confidence of all representatives.

HE tells of the conciliatory attitude of the British Government in reaching an agreement as to territorial lines in Africa, and as to the Bagdad Railway. This treaty, which was practically ready for signatures, was arranged with the "effective cooperation of Herr Von Kuhlmann," who is now Foreign Secretary of the Imperial German Government, but notoriously viewed with suspicion by the military party.

During these critical years Prince Lichnowsky, himself earnestly desirous of promoting peace and completely satisfied that the British Government had the same purpose in view, labored to bring about a good understanding between the countries, but the policy of his home government made difficulties for him. He was sanguine, however, of success, and when in Germany, in June, 1914, after the assassination of the Austrian Archduke, he was confident there would be no war.

PRINCE LICHNOWSKY sums up the situation which led to war as follows:

As appears from all official publications, without the facts being controverted by our own White Book, which, owing to its poverty and gaps, constitutes a grave self-accusation:

1. We encouraged Count Berchtold to attack Serbia, although no German interest was involved, and the danger of a world war must have been known to us—whether we knew the text of the ultimatum is a question of complete indifference.

2. In the days between July 23 and July 30, 1914, when M. Sazonoff emphatically declared that Russia could not tolerate an attack upon Serbia, we rejected the British proposals of mediation, although Serbia, under Russian and British pressure, had accepted, almost the whole ultimatum, and although an agreement about the two points in question could easily have been reached, and Count Berchtold was even ready to satisfy himself with the Serbian reply.

3. On July 30, when Count Berchtold wanted to give way, we, without Austria having been attacked, replied to Russia's mere mobilization by sending an ultimatum to St. Petersburg, and on July 31 we declared war on the Russians, although the Czar had pledged his word that as long as negotiations continued not a man should march—so that we deliberately destroyed the possibility of a peaceful settlement.

In view of these indisputable facts, it is not surprising that the whole civilized world outside Germany attributes to us the sole guilt for the world war.

The German Vice-Chancellor, in discussing the memorandum before the Reichstag Committee, said in part:

Some assertions in his documents must, however, be contradicted, especially his assertions

about political events in the last months preceding the war. Prince Lichnowsky was not of his own knowledge acquainted with these events, but he apparently received from a third, and wrongly informed quarter, inaccurate information. The key to the mistakes and false conclusions may also be the Prince's overestimation of his own services, which are accompanied by hatred against those who do not recognize his achievements as he expected. The entire memorandum is penetrated by a striking veneration for foreign diplomats, especially the British, who are described in a truly affectionate manner, and, on the other hand, by an equally striking irritation against almost all German statesmen.

The Vice-Chancellor characterized as false the statements that Von Moltke had urged war, that the then Foreign Secretary had visited Berlin in 1914, and that the German Ambassador at Petrograd had reported that Russia would in no event move.

HERR VON JAGOW, German Foreign Secretary in 1914, has issued a statement commenting upon and denying some of the statements of Prince Lichnowsky's paper, among them that he visited Vienna in 1914. Of the Bagdad railway negotiations he says:

When in January, 1913, I was appointed Secretary of State I regarded a German-English *rapprochement* as desirable, and an agreement about the points at which our interests touched or crossed as obtainable. In any case I wanted to try to work in this sense. A main point for us was the Mesopotamia-Asia Minor question—the so-called Bagdad policy—because it had become for us a question of prestige. If England wanted to push us out there, a conflict seemed, indeed, to me to be hardly avoidable. As soon as possible I took up in Berlin the settlement about the Bagdad Railway. We found the English Government ready to meet us, and the result was the agreement which had almost been completed when the world-war broke out.

At the same time the negotiations about the Portuguese colonies, which had been begun by Count Metternich and continued by Baron Marschall, were resumed by Prince Lichnowsky. I intended to begin later on—when the Bagdad railway question, in my opinion the most important question, had been settled—further agreements about other questions, in the Far East, for example:

Von Jagow referring to Prince Lichnowsky's policy of developing closer relations with England, instead of backing up to the limit the aspirations of Austria in the Balkans, says:

I also pursued a policy which aimed at an agreement with England, because I was of the opinion that this was the only road by which we could get out of the unfavorable situation into which the unequal distribution of strength and the weakness of the Triple Alliance had brought us.

"Political marriages until death us do part" are, as Prince Lichnowsky says, impossible in international relations. But in the existing state of affairs in Europe isolations are equally impossible. The history of Europe is composed of coalitions, some of which have led to the avoidance of wars and some to violent conflicts. A loosening and final dissolution of old unions which no longer satisfy all the conditions cannot be recommended until new constellations are within reach. That was the aim of our policy of *rapprochement* with England. As long as this policy did not provide trustworthy guarantees we could not abandon the old securities—and the obligations which they involved.

The extreme policy of Germany in supporting Austria is partially explained in this paragraph:

Our Morocco policy had led to a political defeat. Happily this had been avoided in the Bosnian crisis, and at the London Conference. A fresh diminution of our prestige was intolerable for our position in Europe and in the world.

Herr Von Jagow is fair enough to add his testimony to that of Prince Lichnowsky, as to Sir Edward Grey's desire to maintain peace. He says:

I am by no means willing to adopt the opinion, which is at present widely held in Germany, that England laid all the mines which caused the war; on the contrary, I believe in Sir Edward Grey's love of peace and in his serious wish to reach an agreement with us. But he had involved himself too deeply in the net of Franco-Russian policy. He could no longer find the way out, and he did not prevent the world-war—as he could have done. Among the English people also the war was not popular, and Belgium had to serve as a battlefield.

The Pan-German newspapers of Germany are demanding that Prince Lichnowsky shall be tried for treason. The Socialist papers give weight to his statements. The *Vorwaerts*, although now supporting the government, says that the efforts to discredit Lichnowsky's ability and discernment merely mean that the most important Ambassadorial post that Germany had at her disposal was occupied by a fool and a blockhead.

The Mannheime *Volkstimme* says that "either Prince Lichnowsky is the most incurable idiot who ever sat in an ambassador's chair, or else not a shred remains of the fiction that the outbreak of war was caused by English intrigues."

IN a speech before the Reichstag Committee, in which Vice-Chancellor Von Payer discussed the Lichnowsky memorandum, he also referred to a letter written by a Dr. Muhlon, a German of high social and business standing now living in Switzerland, but who at the outbreak of the war was a director in Krupps. Nothwithstanding his connection with the great gun works, Muhlon seems to have comprehended the awful crime against humanity involved in wantonly bringing on the war. His statement, in part, was as follows:

In the middle of July, 1914, I had, as I frequently had, a conversation with Dr. Helfferich, then director of the Deutsche Bank in Berlin, and now Vice-Chancellor. The Deutsche Bank had adopted a negative attitude towards certain large transactions in Bulgaria and Turkey, in which the firm of Krupp, for business reasons—delivery of material—had a lively interest. As one of the reasons to justify the attitude of the Deutsche Bank, Dr. Helfferich finally gave me the following reason:

"The political situation has become very menacing. The Deutsche Bank must in any case wait before entering into any further engagements abroad. The Austrians have just been with the Kaiser. In a week's time Vienna will send a very severe ultimatum to Serbia, with a very short interval for the answer. The ultimatum will contain demands such as punishment of a number of officers, dissolution of political associations, criminal investigations in Serbia by Austrian officials, and, in fact, a whole series of definite satisfactions will be demanded at once; otherwise Austria-Hungary will declare war on Serbia."

Dr. Helfferich added that the Kaiser had expressed his decided approval of this procedure on the part of Austria-Hungary. He had said that he regarded a conflict with Serbia as an internal affair between these two countries, in which he would permit no other State to interfere. If Russia moblized, he would mobilize also. But in this case, mobilization meant immediate war. This time there would be no oscillation. Helfferich said that the Austrians were extremely well satisfied at this determined attitude on the part of the Kaiser.

When I thereupon said to Dr. Helfferich that this uncanny communication converted my fears of a world-war, which were already strong, into absolute certainty, he replied that it certainly looked like that. But perhaps France and Russia would reconsider the matter. In any case the Serbs deserved a lesson which they would remember. This was the first intimation that I had received about the Kaiser's discussions with our Allies. I knew Dr. Helfferich's particularly intimate relations with the personages who were sure to be initiated, and I knew that this communication was truthworthy.

After my return from Berlin I informed Herr Krupp von Bohlen and Halbach, one of whose directors I then was at Essen. Dr. Helfferich had given me permission, and at that time the intention was to make him a director of Krupps'. Herr von Bohlen seemed disturbed that Dr. Helfferich was in possession of such information, and he made a remark to the effect that the Government people can never keep their mouths shut. He then told me the following. He said he had himself been with the Kaiser in the last few days. The Kaiser had spoken to him also of his conversation with the Austrians, and of its result: but he had described the matter as so secret that he (Krupp) would not even have dared to inform his own directors. As, however, I already knew, he could tell me that Helfferich's statements were accurate. Indeed, Helfferich seemed to know more details than he did. He said that the situation was really very serious. The Kaiser had told him that he would declare war immediately if Russia mobilized, and that this time people would see that he did not turn about. The Kaiser's repeated insistence that this time nobody would be able to accuse him of indecision had, he said, been almost comic in its effect.

Von Payer's comment upon the Muhlon disclosures was that the gentleman was suffering from neurasthenia, and that no attention need be paid to his statements since the important gentlemen quoted by him denied having made the statements attributed to them.

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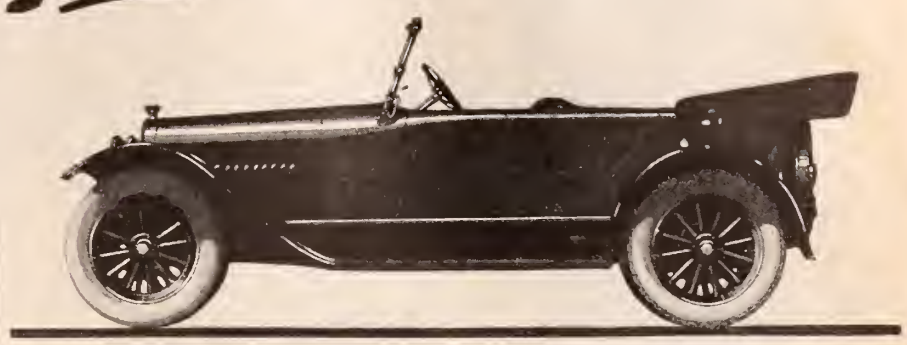

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

Jesus Warns and Comforts His Friends

International Sunday School Lesson for June 2
Mark 13:1 to 14:9

The Christian Attitude in Time of Calamity

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

THE thirteenth of Mark is the most difficult chapter in the book for most readers. Its pictures are vivid and terrible and its message tremendous.

One of Jesus' disciples, doubtless a Galilean countryman, was exclaiming at the marvelous stones in the temple foundations, which were the largest in all Judea. But Jesus was never carried away by mere physical size, and he was moved to state plainly that for all their impressiveness they would be overthrown in the downfall of the system of which they were a part. He saw clearly the tendency of the times and clearly predicted the destruction which befell Jerusalem a generation later at the most.

But four of the disciples were anxious for more definite information in the matter. When? was their very natural question, and has been a favorite theme of speculation by a certain type of religious mind ever since with reference to every word of prophecy. Jesus did not tell them when, but he warned them, first, against prematurely considering the end of the Jewish order to be at hand, and secondly against being overwhelmed by the course of events to the losing of their faith. How often, in the history of the Church, men have jumped to premature conclusions! How often, too, have they lost heart in the terrific trials that have befallen the people of God!

They were not to be alarmed at wars and tumults, nor at the coming of false Messiahs. For an account of these things see any good history of the Jews, or read Josephus, and learn of the harrowing days when Caligula and Claudius were on the Roman throne. But when the desolating abomination, the Roman army (Luke 21 : 20), surrounds Jerusalem, then they are to know that they are to flee. Jesus gives in the customary vigorous pictorial language of the prophets a picture of heaven and earth stirred by the epoch-making events. Many of these expressions are taken from Isaiah 13.

The Initiation of a World-Wide Kingdom

But even when these things come to pass, it is not for the little Christian group the end but the beginning! Out of the destruction of the old comes the opportunity of the new. The limited and Jewish order passes in blood and tears, but the world-wide kingdom of God is only just begun. Christ is manifested in power and glory, and his messengers go forth through the earth with the Good News.

Well, we know how marvelously history has unrolled the fulfilment of these words. The substance of Jesus' message of encouragement was wonderfully realized. The early church not simply survived those awful days but flourished. As he said, that generation did not pass away without some who were standing by, living to see these things revealed.

I. The Christian Unafraid in Calamity

Jesus had a very practical purpose in revealing these coming sufferings to his friends. He was not stimulating curiosity and speculation. He was forewarning and forearming them that they might be strong and of good courage. This is the first great teaching of today's lesson for us: we, like them, are to be unafraid in time of national calamity and international strife and tumult. God reigns and his Kingdom is advancing. There can be no catastrophe so gigantic as to shake his holy will. There can be nothing so unexpected as to take him by surprise.

We ought to seize upon Jesus' interpretation of such times as ours as times of travail, of the birth of the new as well as the death of the old. Out of this present war will come new democracy, new opportunity, and a new revelation of God's Kingdom among men. Believe it. God is greater than our fears.

II. The Christian to Be Loyal in Service

There is a second great teaching for us here. Christians are not only to be confident in God under calamity, but are also to be constant in service. When evil days come upon them they are to be but the more faithful and earnest. "You be on the lookout," was his watchword to these disciples. They were not to be taken unawares, but to be ready to turn disaster into opportunity. These men really made good on that basis. Take the Eighth of Acts as an illustration. When the "great persecution" arose after the martyrdom of Stephen, it became the means of wide evangelism. "They therefore that were scattered abroad went everywhere bringing good tidings."

Christians are to be like house-porters, Jesus says: always on the watch. They are to meet every emergency with renewed service. Now consider how the people of Christ are responding in the wars and rumors of wars today. There is no place on earth where loyal, sacrificial service is not being rendered. In the hideous wastes back of Armenia, faithful Christians are ministering to little orphan children "in His Name." On the battle-fields the chaplains are in the front line trenches, two American clergymen receiving the Croix de Guerre already. Who shall count the surgeons, Red Cross nurses, stretcher-bearers, and all the rest who were ready and sprang forward at the call of Christ?

Only ask yourself, "Am I doing all that I can for Christ and men?" Only pray earnestly that you may be ready when some great test comes to you.

III. The Christian Attitude Under Persecution

We must not omit one other splendid practical teaching which Jesus brought to bear effectively: Under persecution and insult the Christian attitude is to be one of calm trust in the Holy Spirit. These men were humble fishermen and they were to be haled before governors and kings! But they are not only to be unafraid; they are not even to be anxious! They are not to prepare speeches, but to have prepared souls, through which God himself can speak. The Holy Spirit will guide them. You remember that many of them obeyed Jesus literally with splendid results.

Now we do not have to suffer the things for which Jesus so thoughtfully prepared his first disciples. And yet many of us are found in situations where prepared and loyal hearts would enable us to speak for the Kingdom with power. Too often we are tongue-tied in the Bible class and the prayer meeting, where the Holy Spirit would fain speak through us to the edifying of our fellow workers. How then shall we say the wise and tactful thing for Jesus Christ in a hostile environment?

It is still a fundamental Christian duty to confess Christ before men. We must always have the inner experience ere we can have the outward expression; but we shall find, as those early disciples found, that telling that which we know, simply and bravely, will be a means of leading us into deeper knowledge.

Jesus Comforted

With such deep and yet practical teachings, Jesus was seeking to prepare the twelve for the approaching crisis. He was to be killed, and afterward great tribulations would come. Yet God would guide them, and make their witness count, and out of all these things there would come the future Kingdom.

Our lesson closes with a picture of Jesus comforted by the loving ministry of a woman, doubtless Mary of Bethany, who was ever thoughtful and responsive in service. The strong Son of God appreciates human sympathy, and how much more is it awaited by the suffering, sorrowing men and women all around us. Every heart knoweth its own burden, and we must not shut up the alabaster cruses of our love when the world's need is so great. "She hath done what she could." God grant that such may be our epitaph.

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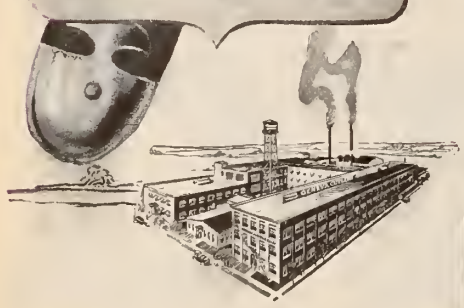

A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 634

the Central Powers the rest of the Dobrudja from the old boundary north to the Danube, making no stipulation as to the final disposition of this territory. Rumania agrees to participate in a new agreement regarding the navigation of the Danube. Rumania agrees to cede to Austria territory on the former Austrian frontier, the new line to be fixed later. All parties mutually renounced indemnifications for their war costs.

NICARAGUA IN THE WAR. Nicaragua declared war on Germany and her allies May 7, the twentieth nation to declare war against Germany.

THE CHURCHES URGE PROHIBITION. At an opportune moment the churches of America have entered the arena to do battle for prohibition. A memorial has been prepared for presentation to the President and Congress, by Bishop McDowell, chairman of the Washington Committee of the Federal Council. It sets forth that "our nation has, with clean hands and pure heart, engaged in conflict for lofty and unselfish ends, and the attainment of these ends demands all the moral powers of our people for the conservation of our economic resources, and the highest efficiency in service." These powers are impaired, the efficiency decreased, and the nation's vitality diminished by the liquor traffic and its attendant evils. Then follows this resolution:

> Therefore, in the interest of those who defend our nation, for the saving of our own supplies of food, for the highest efficiency of the industries which provide our means of warfare, and for the strengthening of the moral health of the people, we earnestly urge the President and the Congress of the United States to take steps to prevent, during the entire period of the war, by whatever means are feasible, the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor of all kinds for use as a beverage, including the importation of all liquor.

The memorial is signed by all of the National Service and War Time Commissions of the American Churches.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. It was reported on May 5 that Congress planned to pass all annual supply bills and adjourn early in July. Have you written that letter to your Congressman or Senator about the increased postal rate which threatens either your purse or your reading matter?

The Allies Take the Initiative

Continued from page 635

other divisions were in reserve ready to press home any advantage which might be gained. The point attacked was just south of Dickebusch Lake. Had the line given way, it would have given the Germans possession of the last high ground between Kemmel and Ypres and would have permitted the outflanking, had the Germans been able to progress, of the Allied possessions at Ypres and on Mt. Scherpenberg.

The Germans are still pressing on in the east, having advanced along the southern coast of the Sea of Azov to the mouth of the Don, occupying Rostov.

In Palestine, faced by attacks by superior Turkish forces, the British abandoned Essalt east of the Jordan, withdrawing their troops to the Jordan crossings. In the operations east of the river, between April 30 and May 4, the British captured one German and 49 Turkish officers, 42 Germans, 843 Turks, 29 machine guns and 6 motor lorries, besides inflicting considerable casualties on the enemy in excess of their own losses. In Mesopotamia the British at last reports were within 80 miles of Mosul.

The Italian front has been comparatively inactive although British and Italian troops have made successful raids on the Austrian positions and the Allies have maintained their supremacy in the air.

The British fleet, on May 9, completed what they had begun on April 23, when the channels at Zeebrugge were blocked by concrete filled cruisers. The old cruiser, Vindictive, which was the flagship at Zeebrugge, was filled with concrete and sunk between the jetties at the port of Ostend, almost if not quite completely blocking the channel. The port was approached as in the previous case behind a smoke screen or wall of artificial fog. The British losses were very light, one motor boat being blown up to prevent capture. The German official report declared the attempt a failure. British aviators have prevented the Germans from clearing away the obstruction at Zeebrugge, reporting the channel completely blocked. If the success at Ostend is as complete, the submarines will be forced to make the long and hazardous trip from Wilhelmshaven through the North Sea before they can get within effective range of Allied shipping. The French official statistics, issued May 9, reported the losses of Allied and neutral shipping by submarines and all other causes in April, 1918, as 381,631 tons, about 60 per cent. of the losses in April, 1917.

The British, on May 9, retook from the Germans some positions on the high ground east of Albert, which had been in German hands over night after a costly assault. French troops, on May 10, captured Grivesnes Park, 5 miles northwest of Montdidier, taking 258 prisoners and holding the position against counterattacks.

There have been no reports during the week of individual action on the part of American troops. American troops in the Montdidier region were reported, on May 10, to be holding a sector 5 miles from Montdidier in front of the Amiens-Beauvais road, where they were digging in while the artillery engaged the German guns in a mutual smashing bee, villages behind both lines being gradually reduced to broken stone and brick dust.

May 11 and 12 passed without that resumption of the great offensive for which the world had waited since April 29. The guns were busy, but the Allied guns more so than the enemy's on these days, the enemy concentrating his fire on points in the Ypres salient giving especial attention to the Trappist Monastery on Mont des Cats, which he was rapidly destroying. During the two days the French stopped and drove back a German attack near Mailly-Raineval, between Montdidier and Hangard; attacked in their own turn, making some gains and taking prisoners near Orvilles-Sorel, also in the sector facing Amiens, and in the Ypres sector, near Kemmel, improved their positions east of Loere, and recaptured Hill 44 north of Kemmel, which the Germans had held since May 8.

Berlin reported on May 11 that heavy losses had been inflicted on the Americans by means of mine bombardments southwest of Apremont and north of Parroy. No confirmation of this report came from French or American sources.

A regiment of the National Army, 2,700 strong, which had landed at Liverpool, was reviewed in London on May 11 by King George, and was cheered to the echo all along its route by enthusiastic Londoners.

A dispatch coming through Ottawa on May 12 reported that conditions on the front were now so satisfactory and the enemy so well in hand that the war cabinet had decided to hold back the American army until it is complete, then to use it in giving the knockout blow which is to bring the victory. Notwithstanding the fact that Germany now had an army of some 5,300,000 men, this force is less by 700,000 than she commanded a year ago, and less by 1,500,000 than two years ago. Her new recruits number some 600,000 a year, and her permanent losses about twice that. Her only chance to increase her army lies in Russia and the Ukraine, and her brutality and domineering disregard for agreements is making her more enemies than friends in both quarters. There were reports on May 11 that the Ukrainian situation had become so threatening that Bavarian cavalry was being dispatched from Belgium to the Ukraine.

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BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Warmth of the Next Season

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE first warm weather came with a flash of blinding heat. The city drooped under the unexpectedness of it, and the sidewalks, reflecting as they did the glare of the sun, seemed hot to walk upon. One saw women, who had fared forth in their winter coats, quivering under the weight of the sun, and strong men frankly mopping their faces with very damp handkerchiefs.

During the afternoon, a little friend of mine stopped at the office to see me. She dropped heavily into a chair and began to fan herself with a folded paper.

"It's never May!" she exclaimed petulantly. "Why, this is August weather!"

"And yet," I answered, laughing, "last week wasn't so unlike winter, was it?"

"Oh, winter!" My friend shrugged her slender shoulders. "I can't believe, now, that it ever *was* winter!"

I laughed again. For I was looking back, over a short two months, to a blustery, blizzardy day, when this same girl had called to see me and had shiveringly wondered whether the winter would soon be over.

"I don't think," she had observed, "that I'll ever be warm again. I know that spring is never coming!"

My little friend wasn't the only one, this winter, who wondered whether the spring would ever come. For this winter was an exceptionally long, hard, snowy one. It seemed to many of us as if there would never be an end to hail and sleet—as if the cruel winds would never cease to blow. And yet, with the first day of summer weather, the thoughts of winter slipped so very far into the background that few remembered the discomforts of it.

I ONCE knew a girl who wanted to become a trained nurse. When she was tiny, she used to dress up in apron and cap and play that she was bringing her dolls victoriously through frightful attacks of the measles and the whooping-cough; when she grew older she used to struggle through solemn books on "How to be useful in the sick room," instead of the stories that we usually read. And, finally, she grew old enough to enter a hospital and begin training.

The profession of nursing is usually glorified in the mind of the average girl. She sees herself giving cheer and comfort to suffering folk, and the mental picture is a romantically pleasant one. But, in reality, there is a great deal of hard work to be done before one qualifies as a graduate nurse—hard, messy work like the scrubbing of floors and the washing of dishes and the cleaning of metal instruments and wooden wainscottings, that is very far removed from the aforesaid pleasant mental picture.

The girl who had always wanted to be a nurse found out very soon that her playing with dolls and her reading had not done a great deal to make easy her chosen line of work. But, because she really wanted to be a nurse, she stuck to her colors and scrubbed and washed and polished with a good will and a certain thoroughness. But—

"My, it's hard!" she confided to me. "I don't know whether I'd have wanted to be a nurse if I'd understood just *how* hard it is. It doesn't seem as if I'll ever be finished."

During the years of her training I often heard her voice the same thought. And then, at last, came the great day when she graduated and was entitled to wear a cap and go out on cases—real cases.

"I've finished at last," she told me on that day; "but I'll never forget the way I worked to get here—never!"

And then, and I am sure that it was the biggest moment of her life, came a call to her first case away from the hospital. The patient was a little girl-child, very seriously ill—a child that the doctor in charge had small hope of curing.

"We can make the youngster a bit more comfortable," he said, "but I fancy that's about all we can do."

It wasn't exactly a pleasant case for a first one. But the girl who had always wanted to be a nurse set her teeth firmly and went into the room where the child was battling for breath. And, with knowledge and the years of her training behind her, she fought with death.

And how she fought! It was her dream come true—her dream of saving, of easing suffering. Even the doctor was surprised at the progress she made. And when the child grew better, slowly but surely better, he paid her a great tribute.

"I do not think that many women could do what you have done!" he told her.

The girl, some time afterward, told me about that first case of hers.

"It was a marvelous thing," she said, "to know that I was helping that little girl to get well. And how I thanked God when the doctor said that she would live! At that moment—" she broke off and smiled a bit mistily before she went on—"I wonder," she said finally, "whether you remember what I told you once—whether you remember how I said that my training had been so hard that I would never forget it?"

"I remember," I answered.

"Well," the girl told me softly, "I did forget the hardness of it—every bit—when I stood by that child's bedside and heard the doctor say, 'I guess we'll be able to pull her through'!"

THIS story hasn't any moral—much. It's just a bit of psychology that we, who have already forgotten the cold of the winter in the unexpected warmth of the spring, have proved again to be a true psychology.

For the human mind is so constituted that hard work and even pain and suffering can be forgotten in the joy of achievement—just as the snows of the winter time can be forgotten as the spring flowers break through the moist soil.

It's a pleasant thought, at this spring time, to carry with us. It's pleasant to know that if a victory is worth while the struggle leading to that victory may become as an erased page in the book of life. It's pleasant to think that even the horrors of war may, after years, be blotted out in the light of a new liberty and a reconstructed world.

The first warm weather came yesterday. It's summertime again. And winter—well, it doesn't seem as if it ever was winter!

The Evangelists

THE following engagements of workers belonging to the Interdenominational Association of Evangelists have been furnished by Rev. Parley E. Zartmann, general secretary, Winona Lake, Indiana:

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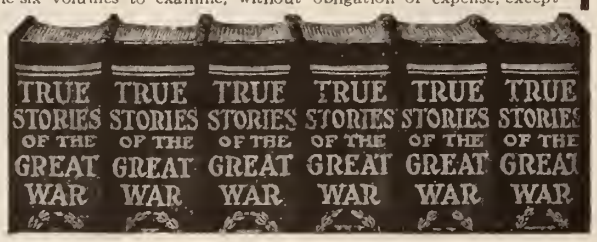

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When the War Came to Jerusalem

Continued from page 632

motion, vendors of chickpeas, squash and melon seeds, boys with green and purple sugar-cane, sucking as they went, camel trains on the lumping, bumping trot, hurrying to get out of the way of the advance guard, big donkeys and little asses and—parading along with all this motley crew—an elder of the Mormon Church, Utah!

COMPARED with the marvelous complexity of color and type in the crowd, the arrival of the troops themselves, as a spectacle, was commonplace. The soldiers were dressed in a dull gray-green, were well equipped and looked hardy. They marched at a remarkably swift pace. As we watched them file past in their modern uniforms and with their modern rifles, we might have forgotten that we were looking at an Oriental army had it not been for one detachment that was still in character. It was the company of camel riders. The camels were not of the variety I have already described. They were fine, graceful animals that paced along briskly and smoothly. The riders rode "side-saddle" and their black top-boots shone glossy in the sun. The detachment of the Red Crescent followed close upon the infantry.

The people did not want this war, at least the people of Syria and Palestine did not. There was no enthusiasm about it. Even the Holy War, upon which the war-party in Turkey relied to rouse interest, failed to enlist the sympathies of the Syrian and Arab Moslems. Nevertheless the entrance of the Holy Flag into Jerusalem on the Sunday after the arrival of the troops was a memorable scene. The crowds were of the same character as on the Friday preceding, only larger. The great flags of the mosques, green and red and gold, were more in evidence. A white camel bearing the mahmal, a kind of throne which is always used to carry the sacred carpet to Mecca, was led out to meet the flag. The camel was followed by a sheikh riding a white horse, covered with handsome Persian rugs, who sprinkled holy water from the Zemzem well of Mecca upon the crowds. The flag itself was carried into the city by an aged mufti from Medina. It was a small, red flag embroidered with gold thread.

As soon as the flag had passed us on its way into the city, my friend, Professor Montgomery of the American School in Jerusalem, and I hurried over to the Mount of Olives. From there we hoped to get a view of the celebration in the temple area below. Rain was beginning to fall as we hastened down into the Kidron Valley and climbed the slopes of Olivet. We took refuge under the broken arches of a ruined church which marks the traditional site where Jesus looked upon Jerusalem and wept over it. The poor old mufti who bore the Holy Flag into the city caught cold in the chill and wet and two days later died of pneumonia. The entrance of the Holy Flag into the Holy City ended in fiasco and tragedy, a not unfitting symbol of Turkey's ill-starred Egyptian expedition.

THAT night Mr. Gelat, the very capable and reliable dragoman of the American Consulate (now unfortunately interned somewhere in Asia Minor) hurried over to inform us that the authorities had just issued an order that all foreigners who wished to leave the country must do so by the 28th of the month, or stay till after the war was over. As we hastily packed for our flight into Egypt the full meaning of what we had been passing through began to impress itself upon me.

Jerusalem had revealed itself to us as it had to no one, perhaps, for generations. And more, we had been privileged to be in Jerusalem as an old chapter was closing and a new was opening in its history. As we watched the Turkish army filing over the slopes of Scopus—successor to Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Seleucidan, Roman, Saracen and Crusader—we realized that we were watching the coming of a nation, not to victory but to ultimate defeat. And as we saw the flag of the Prophet again unfurled in Jerusalem—the first time since Saracen and Crusader fought here for supremacy—we felt that in all probability this would be the last time in the history of the world that Islam would attempt to draw the sword in the name of Allah!

THE afternoon before we left for Jaffa, I walked along the ridge of Scopus to the Mount of Olives. It was just at sunset. Toward the East the shadows were deepening in the great billowy, blue folds of the mountains of Moab; but over the city toward the West hung the glow of the most splendid sunset I had seen during our stay in Jerusalem. A boy came out on the minaret of the mosque which adjoins the Chapel of the Ascension and in a clear, strong voice called the world to prayer. It is in mystical moments such as this that the East asserts its ancient supremacy over the West, its supremacy in religion, of which the hoary city that lay beneath me is the enduring symbol. It must have been in a moment of transfiguration such as this that the ancient prophet saw the mountain of the Lord's house, that same low-lying temple-mount upon which I was then looking down, established in the top of the mountains and exalted above the hills:

And all nations shall flow unto it,
And many people shall go and say:
Come, let us go up to the mount of the Lord,
To the house of the God of Jacob,
That he may teach us out of his ways,
And that we may walk in his paths,
And he shall judge between the nations,
And shall give decisions for many peoples;
And they shall beat their swords into plough-shares,
And their spears into pruning hooks.
Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
Neither shall they learn war any more.

Final Warning! Bible Picture Study Participants

You MUST Submit Your Sets of Answers by May 31, 1918

THIS is "sending in time" in the *National Bible Picture Study*, for sets of answers may now be submitted, and all sets *must* be placed in the mail, or delivered personally to the office of the Christian Herald, by May 31, 1918. Remember that sets mailed as late as that final day—May 31—will be accepted, even though we receive them much later; the postmark will show that they were mailed on time.

The following excerpt from the Rules gives the directions for submitting sets. Everyone must follow these directions:

"Participants may submit sets of answers after April 22, 1918, but not later than May 31, 1918—which is the last day for submitting answers. Sets of answers sent by mail must be mailed not later than May 31, 1918. Sets of answers sent by express must be delivered at the express office on or before May 31, 1918. Participants who present sets of answers at the Christian Herald office personally or by personal messenger must do so before 5 P. M. May 31, 1918."

Tell your postal clerk, when he weighs your set of answers, that it must go as first class mail, upon which the postage rate is now 3 cents for each ounce or fraction. One Answer Book, in a thin envelope or light wrapper, will require 9 cents in stamps. If wrapper or envelope is at all thick, or several sheets of wrapping paper are used, the postage will be 12 cents or more.

Be sure your set of answers carries sufficient postage! And do not fold or roll your set of answers; wrap it up flat.

Heavenly rest will be sweet only to those who perspire for God now.

Mountains of trouble shrink to molehills when a man gets a new vision of God.

Marion Harland's Corner

Barley Flour; Hulled Corn and a Meatless Luncheon

TAKING our correspondents in the order of the receipt of their letters, we have this request from a Minnesota Cornerite:

I shall be very grateful if you will publish soon some good recipes for barley flour bread and muffins, or tell me where we can get them. MRS. P. M., *Big Lake, Minnesota.*

A housewife whose reputation as a bread-maker is in all the kitchens in her township, tells me that barley flour, used alone, as the foundation for bread, biscuits, muffins, etc., is not manageable in the making, or palatable when cooked.

"It is stiff and viscid in the dough, hard and tough in the baked loaf," she explains. "I make very good family bread by sifting together twice two cupfuls of barley flour and one of wheat flour. This is particularly good and nourishing when raised with a potato sponge. For a baking which will require three pints of the mixed flours—i.e., a pint of wheat and two pints of barley—boil and mash smooth two large potatoes, making a teacupful. Stir into this, while it is hot, a rounded teaspoonful of shortening and the same of sugar. Beat these ingredients into a cream with a cupful of lukewarm water and then this with a cupful of the mixed flours. Work into a perfectly lumpless batter and add a half-cake of compressed yeast or a tablespoonful of brewer's yeast. Set aside for four or five hours, or until the sponge bubbles all over the top. Have the sifted flours, to which you have added a teaspoonful of salt in sifting, ready in your bread-tray or bowl. Hollow it in the middle and work in your sponge as with any other bread. The dough must be *very* soft—just stiff enough to be handled. Lift it to the kneading-board; rinse out the bowl with warm water to get all the dough, and work this into the rest. Knead until it is light and elastic, and set for the second rising. It should double the original bulk before you make it into loaves for the final "raise." Bake covered until the dough has gained its full height, then uncover and brown.

Our informant sends in also a tried and approved recipe for barley flour muffins, which must await our next issue.

We cannot devote as much room as we could desire to the consideration of any one of the cereals which have leaped into prominence under the pressure of the present condition of the wheat market.

Another letter hails without preamble our proposed exchange of experiences on the part of members of our informal guild:

Just what I have been wishing for!

My brother used to make "hulled corn." Now, if ever, is our time for making it. But I, for one, don't know how to do it! Will the Corner tell us and accept my more than grateful acknowledgments? MRS. C. H., *Batavia, N. Y.*

We are so fortunate as to have at hand directions for preparing hulled corn in the old-fashioned way, before patent lye and potash took the place of wood-ashes.

Hulled Corn

Stir an even cupful of clean sifted hard-wood ashes into two quarts of cold water and boil it for fifteen minutes. Let it get perfectly cold, then strain, without pressing, into a bowl. Put in the corn, already washed. The water should cover it an inch deep. Put over the fire and bring gradually to a boil. Take out a few grains to see at the end of fifteen minutes if the skins are loosened. When they may be slipped easily from the grains, pour off the water and put the drained corn into clear cold water. Rub it gently but thoroughly between the hands, transferring the cleaned grains to ice-cold water. When the "hulling" is completed, wash the corn through two more waters to rid it of all taste of the ashes. Dry in the wind, but not in the sunshine, if you mean to keep it for future use. If you wish to prepare it at once for the table, boil until tender in clear water. This is home-made hominy.

Baked Eggs

Eggs should be cheap enough by now to warrant one in using them as the principal dish of a family luncheon. As we are informed by those who ought to know whereof they speak that an egg contains as much nourishment as half a pound of meat, allow one apiece for the eaters, with perhaps an odd one in case of a chance guest. Have ready, before breaking the eggs, as many "nappies" as will be needed. These are small cups of stone, china or earthenware, warranted fireproof. Rub the inside of each with butter (or a substitute); then pour into it two teaspoonfuls of cream. Save the "top" of the milk-bottle or pan for the purpose. Add a bit of butter not bigger than a hazelnut, and set the nappies in a bake-pan containing hot water. This should come less than half-way to the top of the little cups for fear of boiling into them. Set in the open oven for a minute, or until the water begins to bubble. Draw to the oven-door and break a fresh egg into each nappie. Dust lightly with salt and pepper, and close the oven door. In less than four minutes, if the heat be even, the eggs should "form" sufficiently for eating. Use your judgment as to this, and consult the taste of those who like soft or firm eggs.

Serve in the nappies and pass thin slices of bread and butter or toast.

Apple and Celery Salad

Peel, core and cut into dice half an inch square enough apples to make a heaping cupful when cut up. Clip into inch lengths enough celery to make half as much in bulk when cut as you have of apple-dice. Toss lightly together with a silver fork and serve in small saucers or glass plates lined with lettuce. Pass with these a French dressing made thus:

Stir together to an "emulsion" a generous tablespoonful of vinegar and three times as much of the best salad oil, with a scant teaspoonful of salt, the same of powdered sugar and a quarter-teaspoonful of pepper—or paprika if you can get it. Mix slowly, rubbing all together with the bowl of a silver spoon, and set in the ice until you are ready to serve the salad, which should also be kept on the ice up to the last minute.

This may be a separate course, if you wish, or accompany the baked eggs, taking the place of a green vegetable. In either case thin slices of your cold barley bread may go around with it, or graham crackers.

If the salad take the place of a second course, you may piece out the first with baked potatoes, hot and mealy, served in their jackets.

Mock Devonshire Cream

As our traveled readers know, Devonshire cream, eaten usually with marmalade, is a popular breakfast and luncheon delicacy all over the British Isles.

A recipe for making the original cream would be useless to readers who have not access to large dairies. The "mock Devonshire cream" I offer is a really good imitation of the far-famed dainty, and may be made by any housewife who can buy cream cheese from the grocer or make "cottage cheese" in her own kitchen.

Allow for half a pound of Philadelphia cream cheese (or any other variety) three tablespoonfuls of cream. With a broad-bladed knife work by degrees the cream into the cheese until you have a snowy hillock in consistency thicker than cream, yet softer than butter.

Pass with it jam or marmalade or fruit jelly, and heated and buttered crackers—preferably graham or oaten or some other wheatless brand. The market is full of them. The "mock" cream is laid first upon a corner of the buttered biscuit or cracker, and then a morsel of the jam or marmalade. The combination is charming, as all English-born readers can testify. It should be better known to the seekers for inexpensive yet delicious desserts.

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Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Sweetbits
The Oat Macaroon

1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
2½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

(1907)

Fresh Air and Cool Air

DR. ABRAHAM JACOBI, known as the Nestor of American medicine, says: "Seventy is too much—65 is ample for persons in robust health who are actively engaged. Susceptibility to disease is developed by breathing an overheated atmosphere, and if persons can be taught to keep their houses cool enough for health, life as well as coal will be saved."

Dr. Haven Emerson, Commissioner of Health of New York, says: "A temperature of sixty-eight degrees supplies ample heat for all healthy persons. There is no question that our houses and offices are kept too warm. An undoubted improvement in the public health will take place if the American people can be persuaded to keep their houses cool enough."

"Even a baby is warm enough in a temperature of sixty-eight degrees," says Dr. S. Josephine Baker, head of the Bureau of Child Hygiene of New York. "Cool air and fresh air are absolutely essential to health."

Young People's Topics for June 2

Christian Duty and Privilege. VI. Service in Church and Community

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topic Mark 12 : 28-34. (Consecration Meeting)

Education a Door-Way to Success

Epworth League Topic. Luke 6 : 40; II Tim. 2 : 15

SERVICE is the ultimate end of faith. While we know that faith leads to salvation, we must realize that the way lies through paths of service. Heat travels from one end of a bar of iron to another because the vibrations of force which it represents are passed from atom to atom of the iron. If any atom should cease to vibrate the action would be stopped. The flame of Christian faith will travel from one end of the earth to another only as individual Christians touch in loving service those whom Christ has not yet claimed. As Christians it is natural that our first charges should be within the church; in the service of praise or of prayer, in teaching, in leading devotional meetings, or in developing the social side of religious life. But if it goes no further, our faith is of little moment, for it is only as the christian is able to spread his influence in the community that he makes his faith vital. The church reaches the community through two avenues: the avenue of evangelism, of exhortation, of spoken appeal to the sinners whom it would save, and the avenue of physical help, which by ministry to the body oftentimes opens the door to the soul. If any hunger in your town, if any suffer, if any are not properly clad, if any are employed where hours or conditions are cruelly wrong, if there is injustice anywhere or ignorance that seeks enlightenment, or worthy ambition that searches out for opportunity, these are your open doors for service in the name of the Christ whose sacrifice you emulate when you give yourself unselfishly for the good of another. It seems almost trite to add that the measure of your opportunities for service increases with your education. Opportunity is not denied to the unlettered, but learning is a gate to wider fields, and we owe it both to ourselves and to the cause of Him who died for us, and whom we would serve to the utmost, to train our minds as completely as our opportunities permit, to get all the education we can at such cost as may accrue. (See page 594, Christian Herald, May 8, 1918.)

Organizing the South for Service

IN the Southern Sociological Congress, which recently closed its seventh annual meeting at Birmingham, Ala., hundreds of the most thoughtful leaders of the South, white and colored, met with representatives of Allied governments, soldiers, Federal and state experts, and government officials, to discuss the best means to mobilize the leadership of the South for a "win-the-War" campaign. President Wilson sent the following greeting: "Will you not be kind enough to convey my warm personal greetings to the Southern Sociological Congress and express my very sincere interest in the important conferences it is holding and my confident hope that the best sort of cooperation in the great common aims of the country at this time may issue out of those conferences?"

The Congress was founded by Mrs. Anna Russell Cole, of Nashville, Tenn., "to enlist the South in a crusade of social health and righteousness."

Dr. Charles S. Macfarland, secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, opened the Congress with a powerful address on "the Moral Causes and Aims of the War," and Hon. Albert Johnson, a congressman from the State of Washington, and one of the ten congressmen who recently visited the seat of war, spoke on "the War's Challenge from the Firing Line." Dr. Stockton Axson delivered "America's Answer from the Home Line." Dr. Charles W. Stiles, of the United States Public Health Service, in a paper entitled "A Community Program for Public Health During the War," outlined a basis for nation-wide health work. Major Bascom Johnson, of the Commission on Training-camp Activities, spoke on "Keeping the Army Fit to Fight."

Dr. Max J. Exner, of the International Y. M. C. A. Committee, declared, in an address on "Moral Conservation in the Army," that the officials at Washington, after a study of the army on the Mexican border, mapped out a new policy for handling immorality in the army and navy, which undertook not merely to minimize the consequences of vice but to eliminate vice. The emphasis is placed on clean, moral living as a great patriotic ideal. Professor F. B. Dressler of George Peabody College, Nashville, Tenn., outlined a health program for the schools, in which the teaching of cleanliness and health, how to get pure water, how to exterminate flies and mosquitoes, and how to banish hookworm, would be the aim of education. Two leaders of the negro race, Monro N. Work and Principal R. Moton, both of Tuskegee Institute, presented the claims of their race to an equal opportunity in education and industry at home while their brothers are fighting for democracy in Europe.

Building the Navy

Continued from page 633

thousands and there are thousands more under contract. The idea now, is to keep on hand at the navy yards a six-month supply of clothes for all of the ships, and in addition 100,000 complete outfits.

AND then the food. It has often been said that our Navy is better fed than any other that sails the seas. Nevertheless the cost of the feeding in these times of war has increased much less than the cost of food prices in the markets on shore. In 1916 the average ration was thirty-seven and six-tenths cents and last year it rose to a little more than 6 cents higher. It is now under 50 cents. If the increase in the cost of the ration had been proportionate with the increase in the cost of food, we would have had to pay $1,500,000 more to feed the Navy than we actually did. That means a saving of more than $4,000 a day, and this was accomplished by prohibiting the purchase of patent and proprietary foods, by making such things as pies, cakes and ice cream on board ship, and by watching the leaks in every possible way. Matters of this kind are figured out to the one-tenth of a cent, and even before the war a saving of a half cent on a meal meant more than $1,000 a day year in and year out. That saving was made in 1916. Nevertheless, the surgeon general says the Navy is the best fed body of men in the world.

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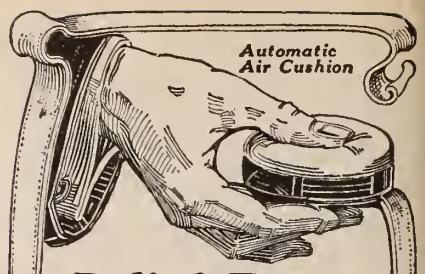

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The CHANGELING DOG

By Margaret E. Sangster

Sometimes my little dog would start,
And stand so still with every muscle stiff,
That I would know
He saw a *Something* that I couldn't see.
And I would look high up, where tree met tree,
And hold my sling-shot ready, so that if
The branches bent apart,
And *Something* flew....

My little dog, he knew
The things I only guessed!

He knew where tired dwarfs lay down to rest,
He knew where pixies kept their treasure chest,
He knew the place where, at the close of day,
The dancing little sunbeams hid away.

We used to wander through the woods, together,
My little dog and I, in pleasant weather,
And when he barked or frisked I'd feel that he
Was laughing at the things I couldn't see....

I always thought he was a fairy child
Changed to a dog, perhaps, for being wild
And running off to play with boys like me.

I often wished (and oh, I wish it now!)
That he could speak—He would have told me how
The Brownies lived, and where the rainbow gold
Was hid away.
He might have even told
How youth is kept when years *will* slip away,
And I would be a child again, today.

Right and Wrong Methods in Child Training

MANY loving parents with the best interest of their children at heart are unknowingly committing nothing less than a crime against their little ones because of the methods they use in training them in the way they should go.

Not only do these methods fail in their immediate purpose, but they work an irreparable harm in their effect on the child's future success and happiness.

Abraham Lincoln, perhaps our greatest American, once said: "All that I am and all that I ever hope to be I owe to my mother." Great men before and since Lincoln have in the very same way given the big share of credit to their parents—and how truly they spoke.

The trouble has always been that we have never given any really scientific study to the question of child training—we have not searched for the cause of disobedience, the cause of wilfulness, the cause of untruthfulness, and of other symptoms which, if not treated in the right way, may lead to dire consequences. Instead, we punish the child for exhibiting the bad trait, or else "let it go." As a result, we do the child an actual wrong instead of helping it. What we should do is to attack the trouble at its source.

Confidence the Basis of Control

The new system of child training is founded upon the principle that confidence is the basis of control.

Under this new system children who have been well-nigh unmanageable become obedient and willing, and such traits as bashfulness, jealousy, fear, bragging, etc., are overcome. But the system goes deeper than that, for it instils high ideals and builds character, which is of course the goal of all parents' efforts in child training.

Scolding and whipping are relics of the Barbarous Ages

Physical punishment, shouted commands, and other barbarous relics of the old system have no place in this modern school. Children are made comrades, not slaves, are helped, not punished. And the results are nothing short of marvelous.

Instead of a hardship, child training becomes a genuine pleasure, as the parent shares every confidence, every joy and every sorrow of the child, and at the same time has its unqualified respect. This is a situation rarely possible under old training methods.

And what a source of pride now as well as in after years! To have children whose every action shows culture and refinement, perfect little gentlemen and gentlewomen, yet full of childish enthusiasm and spontaneity withal!

Results Without Friction

To put in practice these new ideas in child training, strange as it may seem, takes less time than the old method. It is simply a question of applying principles founded on a scientific study of human nature, going at it in such a way as to get immediate results without friction.

The founder of this new system is Professor Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. (Harvard and Columbia), who has written a complete Course in Practical Child Training. This Course is based on Professor Beery's extensive investigations and wide practical experience, and provides a well-worked-out plan which the parent can easily follow. The Parents' Association, a national organization devoted to improving the methods of child training, has adopted the Beery system and is teaching the course to its members by mail.

Nothing Else Like It

Membership in the Parents' Association entitles you to a complete course of lessons in child training by Professor Beery. These lessons must not be confused with the hundreds of books on child training which leave the reader in the dark because of vagueness and lack of definite and practical application of the principles laid down. It does not deal in glittering generalities. Instead,

The New Method places confidence as the basis of control

it shows by concrete illustrations and detailed explanations exactly what to do to meet every emergency and how to accomplish immediate results and make a permanent impression.

No matter whether your child is still in the cradle or is eighteen years old, this course will show how to apply the right methods at once. You merely take up the particular trait, turn to the proper page, and apply the lessons to the child. You are told exactly what to do. You cannot begin too soon, for the child's behavior in the first few years of life depends on the parent, not on the child.

DO YOU KNOW HOW—

- to instruct children in the delicate matters of sex?
- to always obtain cheerful obedience?
- to correct mistakes of early training?
- to keep child from crying?
- to develop initiative in child?
- to teach child instantly to comply with command, "Don't touch"?
- to suppress temper in children without punishment?
- to succeed with child of any age without display of authority?
- to discourage the "Why" habit in regard to commands?
- to prevent quarreling and fighting?
- to cure impertinence? Discourtesy? Vulgarity?
- to remove fear of darkness? Fear of thunder and lightning? Fear of harmless animals?
- to encourage child to talk?
- to teach punctuality? Perseverance? Carefulness?
- to overcome obstinacy?
- to cultivate mental concentration?
- to teach honesty and truthfulness?

These are only a few of the hundreds of questions fully answered and explained, in a way that makes application of the principles involved easy through this course.

This Book Free

"New Methods in Child Training" is the title of a little book which describes the Parents' Association and outlines Professor Beery's course in Practical Child Training. The Association will gladly send a copy free on request.

If you are truly anxious to make the greatest possible success of your children's lives, you owe it to them to at least get this free book which shows how you may become a member of the Parents' Association and secure the fine benefit of this wonderful new way in child training. Merely mail the coupon or a post-card or letter, but do it today, as this offer may never be made here again.

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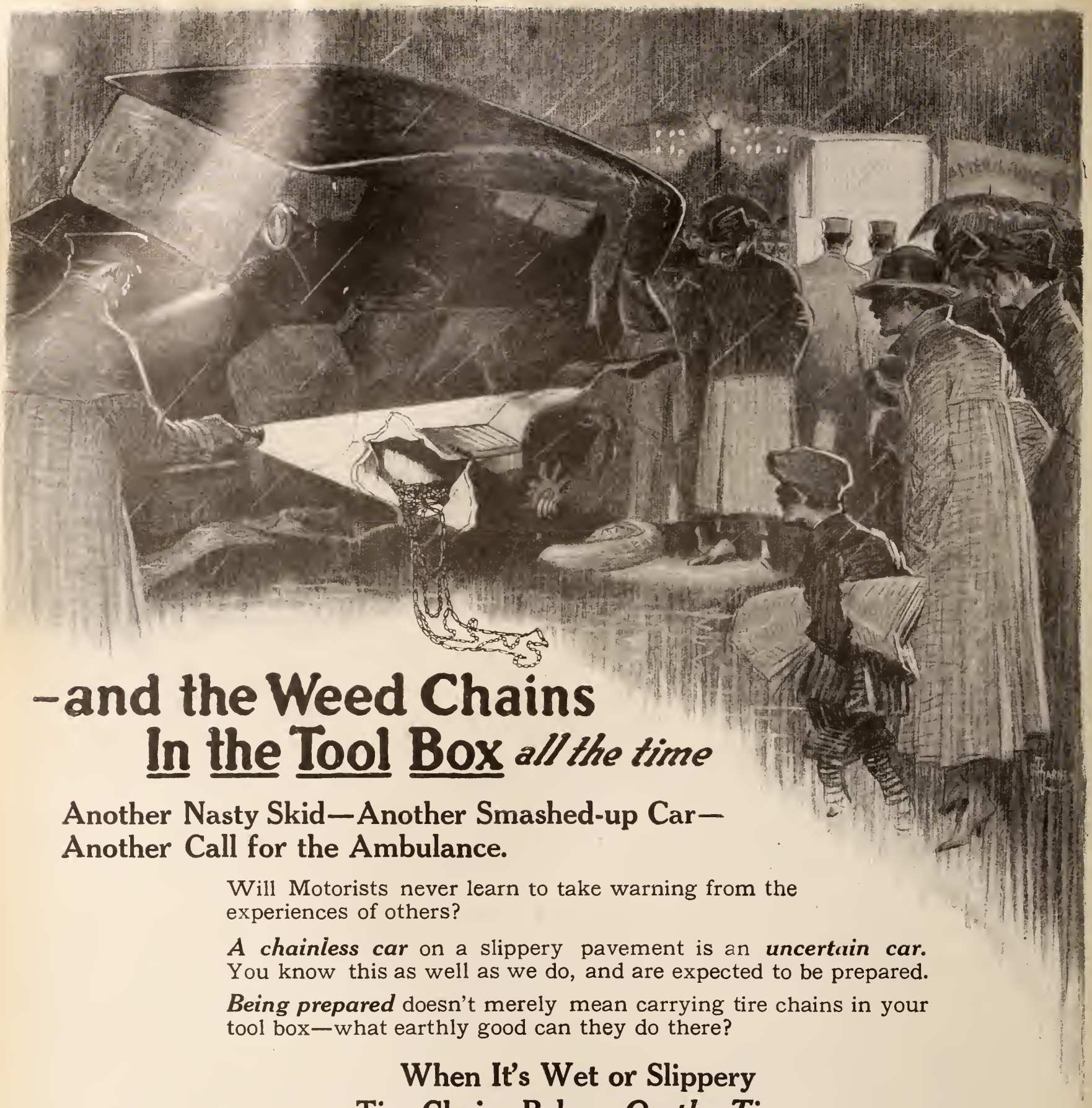
Photo by Brown Bro'hers

FROM THE NAVAL ANCHORAGE ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE IN NEW YORK CITY ON EACH DECORATION DAY THERE IS SET ADRIFT ON THE HUDSON A FLORAL BATTLESHIP IN MEMORY OF THE NAVAL HEROES OF '61'-65



—and the Weed Chains In the Tool Box *all the time*

Another Nasty Skid—Another Smashed-up Car—Another Call for the Ambulance.

Will Motorists never learn to take warning from the experiences of others?

A chainless car on a slippery pavement is an ***uncertain car.*** You know this as well as we do, and are expected to be prepared.

Being prepared doesn't merely mean carrying tire chains in your tool box—what earthly good can they do there?

When It's Wet or Slippery Tire Chains Belong *On the Tires*

You shouldn't hesitate a moment in hauling them out of the tool box ***at the first drop of rain.*** Use ***Pre***caution as well as ***C***aution.

You are to blame if your car skids. ***You*** are responsible if it swings into a pedestrian.

For Safety's Sake Put Chains on your Tires

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.

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In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

Soldier boys "Signing Up," agreeing to read and carry their pocket Testaments

Spiritual and Social Work in the Army Camps

SINCE the President's message called the first man into a military camp there has been a persistent and far-reaching effort to make those camps, both at home and abroad, stand for clean morals as well as cleanliness from a sanitary standpoint. There have been army committees, Y. M. C. A. committees, and committees of citizens in towns near camps. The nation, the church and the community have interested themselves in preventing the usual demoralization of army camps as existent in former days. There have been all kinds of safeguards and laws, mass meetings and barrack meetings.

The Y. M. C. A. is making every effort to start a general man-like revival of religion in every camp, not by huge evangelistic meetings, but by the enlistment of more and more of the soldiers themselves as personal workers, who will watch the chance to say a word in barrack or trench, and will truly live their religion.

It is an incentive for the boys to know that the general in command of the great American army in France is a Christian gentleman. His words to the boys ring as a challenge:

"To the American Soldier: Aroused against a nation waging war in violation of all Christian principles, our people are fighting in the cause of Liberty. Hardships will be your lot, but trust in God will give you comfort; temptation will befall you, but the teachings of our Saviour will give you strength. Let your valor as a soldier and your conduct as a man be an inspiration to your comrades and an honor to your country."

THE results of "Bible Study Week," in which special efforts were made to increase the number of Bible classes, enlist men in carrying and using pocket Testaments and securing signatures to the War Roll, were very gratifying. In many of the larger camps the number of Bible classes doubled. In several camps a total of from 125 to 180 company Bible classes were organized, with an enrolment of 2,800 to over 6,000 in each camp, more than 12 per cent. of all the soldiers in these camps. Tens of thousands of New Testaments were placed in soldiers' pockets; in fact, the demand for Testaments has been so great that in some camps they could not be furnished. The special work has continued in several of the cantonments, especially in the South and Southwest, where nearly 1,000,000 men are training.

At Waco, Texas, a Bible class has been organized in every squadron of four regiments, making sixty-four classes in this one camp, with 6,000 members.

More significant still, as showing the eager desire of soldiers and sailors for the truth, is the fact that over 400,000 copies of the four specially prepared courses of Bible study in book form have been called for, most of them actually purchased by soldiers. It is interesting to find that no studies are so attractive to the men of the New Army as those which relate to the life and teachings of our Lord.

THE following is the Six-Point Program of Bible Study, which has been promoted with marked success by the Y. M. C. A. in most of the great training-camps.

1. An organized Bible class in every company, battery, or squadron, with a leader chosen from the ranks.
2. Small groups for the study of the soldiers' personal, moral, and spiritual problems.
3. Leaders for Bible classes discovered, enlisted, trained and directed.
4. The development of a camp atmosphere by addresses, personal interviews, and discussions, which will make the daily use of the Bible and the organization of Bible classes a normal part of the training.
5. A Testament or Prayer Book carried and used by every soldier and sailor.
6. The wise and intelligent use of carefully selected religious literature suited to the varied needs of soldiers and sailors.

GRAND results are being obtained in the camps abroad and here at home through the Pocket Testament League. The League was originated a number of years ago in Birmingham, England, by Mrs. Charles M. Alexander, wife of the well-known Gospel singer, and has spread rapidly throughout the world, first among civilians, and, since the beginning of the war, among soldiers and sailors. Nearly four hundred thousand British soldiers have joined the movement, agreeing to make it a rule to carry Testaments with them, and to read one or more chapters daily. The movement is spreading among American soldiers, and recently such distinguished statesmen as President Woodrow Wilson, Secretary Robert Lansing, Secretary Josephus Daniels, Speaker Champ Clark, and William Jennings Bryan, and such well-known men of affairs as Henry Ford, John Wanamaker, and H. J. Heinz, have enlisted in the League.

Mr. George T. B. Davis, one of the founders and a leading worker in the Pocket Testament League, writes of his work: "For nearly three years from the outbreak of hostilities it was my privilege to help in the promotion of the League in the training-camps of Great Britain. Last year I was called back to this country by the Business Men's War Council of the Pocket Testament League to assist in promoting a similar campaign among American troops. The aim of the War Council of the League is to supply one million soldiers and sailors with Testaments, and to seek to win multitudes of them to Christ. For nearly a year Mr. Charles M. Alexander and his party have been conducting services of marvelous power and blessing on battleships, in naval training-stations and in the training-camps for soldiers. Great numbers of men in blue and khaki have been presented with Testaments and won to Christ through their efforts, backed by the prayers of God's children.

"For more than four months my associate, Mr. Philip E. Howard, Jr., and myself have been touring the military camps in the Southwestern states under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Everywhere we found the men hungry for the Word of God and the Gospel message. Perhaps I can best give the readers of the Christian Herald a glimpse of the character and methods of our work by summarizing an eleven days' Pocket Testament League campaign conducted under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. and the League at Camp Beauregard.

"At the opening meeting one hundred and forty-nine enrolled in the League, making a splendid start

for the crusade. At the next meeting a call was made for men who would form little groups to meet together nightly for Bible-reading and prayer and for pushing the campaign throughout the regiment. More than thirty men responded and a special conference was held with them at the close of the meeting. A number of the group leaders offered earnest prayers that their comrades might read the Book of books and make the great decision. This second meeting resulted in the enrolment of two hundred and thirteen men in the Pocket Testament League as daily Bible-readers, while sixty-three made profession of faith in Christ. The outcome of the third meeting was the enrolment of three hundred and forty soldiers in the Pocket Testament League, while more than ninety professed conversion.

"More than two thousand soldiers were enrolled in the Pocket Testament League at Camp Beauregard, and over four hundred accepted Christ. The demand for Testaments was so great that the supply was exhausted before the campaign concluded.

"A few days ago we were holding a brief service with a group of thirty or forty soldiers in their barracks at one of the big embarkation camps. It was Sunday afternoon and the men had received notice that they were to leave the camp early next morning for the steamer and France. It was a kind of farewell service for the men before they went across. One could feel the presence of the Spirit of God moving upon the hearts of the men in khaki as they sat singly or in little groups on their cots in the barracks room. The service concluded with a word of prayer. Then membership cards of the Pocket Testament League were given out, and the men were asked to 'sign up' to make it a rule to read and carry the little Testaments; and also to record whether or not they had previously accepted Christ as their Saviour or would do so then and there. Quietly and calmly the men filled the little cards, and surely there was joy in heaven over the results. It was found that of the twenty-eight men who joined the League, five declared they had accepted Christ previously, and twenty-three signified that they were then making the great decision."

THE War Camp Community Service not only sweetens the social life of the lonely and homesick recruits in the camps, but through them spreads a spiritual influence far and wide. From the front in France this letter comes from a soldier to a gracious hostess in Atlanta:

"At last, dear friend, I have time to write to you, and I want to begin by thanking you for all you have meant to me. You have helped an already strong faith to see the King nearer. You've enabled me to feel the strong hand of a fellow worker, and the strong 'boost' you have given me makes me feel like a Sir Galahad. I never can thank you enough for your kindnesses, and if I should neglect trying, I want you to always remember that I recognize and appreciate what you've done. I have been kept so busy that I may have neglected writing, but I feel that I just must speak to the boys about Jesus. And the wonderful part is, they are so ready to hear. I have organized a prayer circle that is going to grow and expand through the whole camp some day.

"In the Christian Herald there was a beautiful poem or hymn:

> "Send thou, O Lord, to every place
> Rich messengers before thy face,
> The Heralds of the wondrous grace,
> Where thou, O Lord, wilt come.

"Remember us boys when you pray, and I'll always include you and your interests in my prayers."

REV. ROBERT FREEMAN, D.D., pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Pasadena, Cal., who is at the head of the Religious Work Department of the American Y. M. C. A. with the Expeditionary Forces in France, has recently written from Aix-les-Bains:

"I am up here for a few days preaching at our Soldiers' Vacation Ground, on the beautiful Lac du Bourget, which the Y. M. C. A. has established for the benefit of the soldiers on furlough, as a counter-attraction to Paris with its lure and its temptations. We have a magnificent palace here for our Y. M. C. A. building, the old gambling den that cost over a million dollars to erect. Of course we could not have it for a thousand dollars a minute if gambling were permitted just now. And so we had the odd experience yesterday of conducting service where the roulette wheels had stood, and of giving a Gospel message where only the cry of the banker was heard limiting the play to a thousand francs per man."

REV. THURLEW FRASER, a Presbyterian minister and doctor of divinity, who has just returned from France to his home in Canada after a long period of service as chaplain, has no sympathy with the report that vice and intemperance and brutality are the commonplaces of the life of soldiers. For these reports he blames chiefly the medical officer who comes in contact with perhaps five per cent. of the men of his unit and makes false generalization therefrom, and the war correspondent who repeats picturesque profanity to give color to his story.

On the other hand Dr. Fraser found no evidence of the spiritual exaltation which some church dignitaries have professed to find in the army.

What Dr. Fraser found was that if a man was a religious man when he joined the army he carried his religion with him right up to the front-line trenches. In every battalion he visited he found such men. Many of the Canadian boys were deeply religious to begin with, and on this he gives the following interesting information:

"A considerable proportion of them were preparing for the ministry of various churches. In one battery I found eleven students from one of our own theological colleges. In another unit of 250 men I was told that there were five ordained ministers serving as privates. There are Sunday-school teachers, superintendents, serving both in the ranks and as officers. These men have not lost their religion because they found themselves in the army. About their religious observances the men do not talk much, but that doesn't mean they do not pray and read the Bible as at home."

The Camps Welcome the Gospel

LAST fall I was privileged to enter upon the work of a camp pastor. I was delighted. Here was a happy solution of my own problem with respect to my duty in the present crisis. The work of a camp pastor seemed to furnish a happy combination of service to the country and to the Master. And so it was embraced with joy.

I got my first vivid impression of camp-life and camp-work, on a flying visit to Camp Dix. The vast array of buildings, the great distances to be traversed, the consequent difficulty of locating men who have been referred to your special pastoral care, the hindrances which attach themselves to the holding of services—all these things stood out distinctly and served to prepare me for something far different from the workings of a well-ordered congregation. However, the appreciative, cordial attitude which the men manifested toward the local camp pastor whose guest I was, indicated wherein some of the joys of a camp pastorate would consist.

It was on the 22nd of November that I arrived at Camp Devens, Mass., destined to be the scene of my labors and my home for the succeeding five months. I add "my home" advisedly, for half the zest of camp experience would have been lost had I not been privileged to live within the cantonment. In one of the thirteen larger Y. M. C. A. buildings I found hospitable lodging as the voluntary chaplain or camp pastor representing the Lutheran Church. Men could not have been kinder than were the members of the particular Y. M. C. A. staff in charge. One feature immediately engages the attention of the newcomer in such a "Y" family—the fine spirit of sacrifice. Men, very frequently past middle age, had left comfortable homes and the joys of the family fireside for a life which, though by no means one of real hardship, could by comparison be called "roughing it." And men who I dare say had done very little manual labor for many, many years at least, were ready to sweep and clean and shovel coal, and do the hundred and one little things that must be attended to, when you do all or nearly all of the work in a good-sized building. Cheerfulness was the prevailing tone. It was in evidence in the oft-repeated "Everybody up!" that resounded through the building until the last slumberer had turned out for the day. Cheerfulness accompanied the setting-up exercises, added spice to the meals, pervaded the building until the little family left the glowing embers of the fireplace with a final "Good night." That fireplace looms up large and full of pleasing remembrances.

There was plenty of work to be done. Each one had his special tasks. And city comforts were not always in full operation. But there was vigor in the air, and the joy of living took hold of one in a manner unknown to the city-dweller. And the meals! Well, we all have friends and relatives in the army, and have heard something of the capacity of army men. The men of our "Y" messed in a regular company barrack, and were not a bit behindhand in doing soldierly justice to the steaming viands prepared by Uncle Sam. Such was the family life in the "Y" hut, a phase of this country's sudden war experience perhaps not so frequently touched upon in the press, yet one to be remembered with joy.

However, we were not in camp for pleasure, but for the sake of the men. A list of men, whose home pastors were desirous of having them looked after spiritually, had been provided. It was a surprise and a joy to visit these men in their barracks. Such greetings, such vigorous hand-shakes and eyes speaking gratitude are not on the program of the ordinary pastor. No doubt separation from home and the home church had something to do with the cordial reception. But I am strongly inclined to believe that the feeling was in response to something even deeper and more promising: namely, a new appreciation of the Church and her efforts to follow up those who had been in the fold; I trust, also, a new heart and a new understanding for the message which the Church perpetuates in the name of Christ her Lord.

Perhaps I am too much of an optimist and possibly I have not measured with sufficient acumen the results as far as these were in evidence, but my five months in camp have left me with no real lessening of the conviction that many men there are manifesting an attitude toward things religious which combines more of interest and reverence and real desire to draw closer to God than I have observed in the average man of the same age in civil life. It is in the hospital that the most striking cases of an entirely new or of a renewed interest in Gospel Christianity are observed. At Camp Devens it is the custom for the religious workers to take around a kit furnished by the Y.M. C.A. This kit is like a tool box, with various compartments for stamps, stationery, post cards, tracts, and Testaments. The worker proceeds to the ward to which he is assigned and there goes from bed to bed, supplying the needs of the men. The offer of a Testament furnishes a splendid introduction to a religious discussion. Some of the men confide that for the first time they are "thinking things over." Nearly all are ready listeners to the story of man's sin and unworthiness and God's forgiving love as expressed in the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" is a passage I used more than any others.

An impressive thing in my hospital work, was the fact that probably six or eight out of every ten Protestant men had Testaments with them in the hospital or down in their barracks. The rest, with only two or three exceptions, gladly took copies. And the Testaments are read, too. One fine fellow told me that he was deriving such comfort from his, and a few days before had offered to read to a man just brought into the ward. He met with a cruel rebuff. A day or two later the same man said to him: "Say, I'm in trouble. I'm sick, my wife's sick. Won't you read to me anyway?"

It is not only the sick in hospital who show a lively interest in the reading of the Scriptures. There are many little classes of Bible readers scattered throughout the barracks. Whole groups of men close the day by reading a portion of their Testaments shortly before the lights go out, and here and there we find a man who is not ashamed to get down on his knees in the big sleeping quarters and pray.

Two Roman Catholics came up to me after a service, and after an appreciative remark respecting the message that had been given, said: "Do you know that in our barrack, most of the men read their Testaments every evening before taps?"

"Do you mean that *many* men read their Testaments?" I asked.

"No, *most* of the men," was the quick reply.

I have used this statement quite frequently in commenting on camp work. Where in civil life will you find the group of average men, the men that go to make up a company of our National Army, of whom you can say that *most* of them read their Testaments every evening?

One unforgetable service was held in a quarantined barrack. By special permission of the captain, I was allowed to conduct it upon the resquest of some of the men in the company. We had our Scripture lesson, prayer, sermonette, and sang three or four hymns—to the accompaniment of a mouth organ! And the singing was really good.

I feel that there has been in many cases an awakening and a deepening of interest in spiritual matters. This interest is not to be confounded with homesickness, or fear of the dangers of the battle-field, with an immediate terror of things to come. The men in whom this new spirit was observed had for the most part been in camp for several months, and had become accustomed to the healthful and in many ways pleasant life, as well as to the idea of fighting abroad. On the whole a splendid "college" spirit prevailed. Yet there was this more serious undertone. Perhaps the fact that our nation has suddenly awakened out of careless slumber to the magnitude of the task confronting it, has instilled in our men a more definite apprehension of responsibility, of the seriousness of life. This may have given the initial impetus, as far as human eyes can see. And I believe that it is only in so far as the present critical times call men to repentance, that true fruit can be expected to grow out of the blood-stained field of war. We can indulge the hope that such fruit will grow.

The Church today is placed before the greatest opportunity for evangelizing the nation that she has had in decades. We must not forget that it is the *men* who have been woefully absent in many congregations. Now, they are listening with a new interest. What a blessing if we could in our day witness the re-establishment of the family pew: whole families, father, husband, brother, mother, wife, and children, at their proper posts in all the services and activities of the Church. For the sake of our men, for the sake of our nation, and for the sake of the Kingdom of our Lord, let us not turn a deaf ear to the call from the battle-front. Let us follow our men to camp and trench and fleet with the saving Gospel of Jesus Christ!

PAUL F. HECKEL.

New York City.

Saving Life in Stricken Armenia

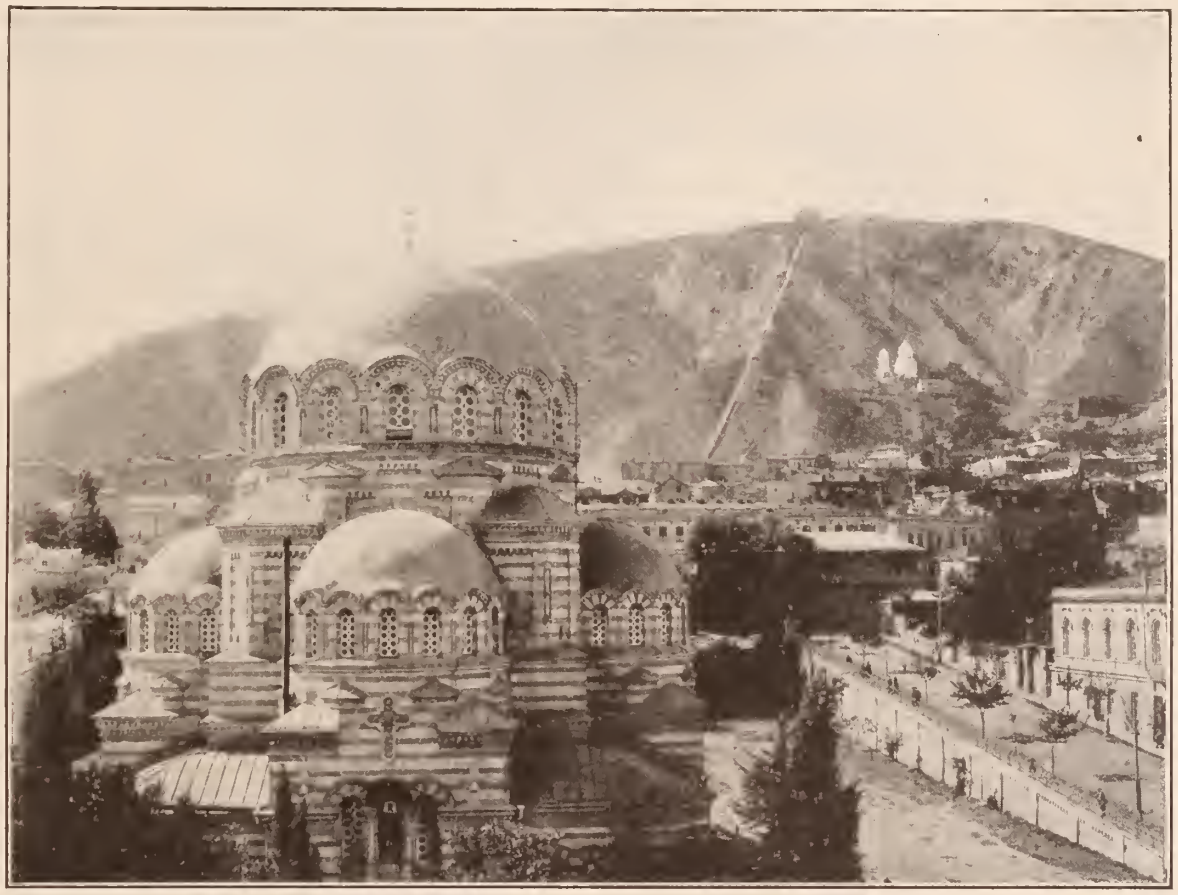
By MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

THE one unifying factor of the Armenian race is the Gregorian Church. Around this church, the development of this race as a self-governing nation must take place. Etchmiadzin is the seat of the Armenian national church. The name means "the only begotten Son is descended" and an Armenian legend has it that here Christ appeared to Gregory the Illuminator. In 303, a church was erected over the spot and today there is a canopy marking the place where the legend had its origin. The spear and hand of Gregory are preserved in the treasury of the Cathedral of the Virgin. Etchmiadzin is situated in one of the most beautiful valleys in the world, a wide expanse watered by the Zanga, the Aboran and the Arax and dominated by mountains on all sides, of which 13,445-foot Alagoz and 17,055-foot Ararat are the most prominent.

The Armenians are torn into factions, split into various political parties, given to personal jealousies and cut off from the lovely home life which has distinguished them as the most virtuous race in the Near East. Thousands of them are refugees. Many have lived so long in Russia that they have assumed the faults of the people with whom they have dwelt. The Armenians are disorganized but full of hope for the future—they are in deep trouble and suffering but they believe that a new day is at hand. They do not fear the wilderness if only a Moses will lead them. And the Moses to whom many of them turn is the Katholikos of the Armenian National church, for through years of oppression these martyred souls have constantly turned to their church for inspiration and guidance.

The time is not yet ripe in Armenia for an aggressive Protestant campaign. The Armenian Church is the logical center for any national progess and all Christian effort should be to aid the national church in its difficult task of uniting the various factions. The Armenian people have seen too much suffering and too much martyrdom to be satisfied with ecclesiastical formalism and empty ceremony. Their church is a democratic institution and their Katholikos has been chosen by the entire Armenian people.

The safest basis of judgment as to the fitness of the Armenian Church to meet the future is the way it is meeting the present. Some of the worst conditions prevailing among the Armenian refugees exist in Etchmiadzin, beneath the very shadow of the Cathedral.



The Gregorian Cathedral at Tiflis, a type of the beautiful architecture of the Armenian Church

NEAR the compound in which stands the cathedral and the palace of the Katholikos is a great square surrounded by an arched building divided into small sheds where there were shops in the days when this was a meeting place for travelers. On each side, there are about sixty of these small divisions, eight or nine feet wide and about eighteen feet deep, and at each end there are about thirty more. In each of these cubicles there is a window and a door. This building is the property of the Katholikos and the rent for these dark, earth-floored rooms goes into the church treasury.

Four or five of the shops are still occupied by tinsmiths and other artisans. In one part, the partitions have been taken down and four or five divisions are taken up by a laundry. This serves the large military hospital which occupies a new building recently erected as a new home for the Katholikos. Two or more other divisions are occupied by public baths furnished by the Association of Cities, where the refugees can have water and soap free of charge.

The other divisions are rented to refugees. The total income amounts to only 350 roubles a month. The rate charged is not exorbitant. In several of these apologies for homes, we saw women spinning cotton and wool for the American Relief Committee in order to get enough money to pay the Armenian Katholikos for the use of their rooms. Yet the officials of the Armenian Church were criticizing the American Committee for paying so much for the work done by the refugees, and imply that there is a religious motive behind all this. There is. But it is the example of Christ rather than the statistical report of an ecclesiastical denomination that dominates. The American Relief Committee is not engaged in a business enterprise, nor in denominational propaganda. It is seeking in every way to keep needy refugees from hunger and misery.

ETCHMIADZIN is only twelve miles from Erivan and conditions there early attracted the attention of the Committee in the latter center. One of the Church officials suggested that the American Committee open a branch of its industrial work in buildings owned by the Church. When the matter was referred to the Katholikos, he considered it beneath the dignity of his institution to have American relief work conducted there. But he promised to inaugurate relief work of his own because the women, hearing that he had stood in the way of relief for them through the American Committee, insisted that he do for them what he would not let others do.

There was not a large fund available, it was not well administered, the aid given was not adequate and soon the effort died a natural death. The people then appealed to the American Committee, cotton spinning and weaving were started in rented buildings, and the conditions visibly improved. The popularity of the American work aroused the Katholikos to renew his own activities and now both the American Committee and the Armenian Church are conducting relief work.

MUCH of the awfulness of the situation is lost sight of in the cheeriness of some of the refugees and the presence of young children, barefoot, dirty and clothed in rags, but blissfully careless of what the future may bring, and even tiny babies in most of the dwellings. Many an Armenian woman cherishes with more than usual love a tiny son, one of the too few males of the New Armenia.

The Association of Cities is issuing bread to these refugees, excepting the men. The allowance is one loaf to a person a day. The "loaf" is five to six inches in diameter and a little over an inch thick in the center. It is unleavened and dark brown in color. I judge that the loaf would weigh a half a pound in spite of its small size. I tried to break one to see the inside and could not do so with both hands. An old man who had acquired skill cracked it open by hitting it against a stone.

I saw no emaciated persons among the several hundred refugees, but the whole refugee population is only a few steps from actual starvation. Deaths there will be before this article can reach its readers, but as long as the Russian, Armenian and American relief societies can carry on a sometimes overlapping work, actual starvation will not occur on a large scale in the Erivan or Etchmiadzin district. The danger lies in the fact that a collapse of the Russian and Armenian relief work is imminent, and when people have been living on rocky loaves of gray bread for months, a cessation of the supply for a few days means death.

In a stable belonging to the Katholikos two hundred and fifty refugees are huddled together. These refugees pay no rent. I can scarcely believe their statement that to them only two loaves of bread are issued every day to every five persons, even when small children and infants are counted. The sanitary conditions there are indescribable and I was told after leaving that there was both typhus and smallpox among the refugees. Some of them will die.

One of the men who followed in our train had returned from America because he heard that his nation needed him to help repatriate Van. Then came the second retreat and he can get neither food, position nor passport to return to his job in Connecticut where the impulse to help his people first came to him.

As we left, another man came up to us to beg for aid. In the retreat, he saved the lives of five youngsters and brought them through safely to Erivan. He is getting ten roubles a month for each of them from the American Committee but it costs him twice that to feed them. The Committee simply does not dare open orphanages for such unfortunates, for in that case they would be swamped in a flood of fatherless children.

THE American Committee is doing all it can to avoid any proselytizing movement in its relief activities. Its members have ceased all missionary work. It is forced by the size of its activities and by the catholicity of its funds to relieve bodies only when most of the members would prefer to do a more lasting work with souls. But its work is known to be Christian and for the most part Protestant. There is no disguising the fact that American relief work in this crisis is but another phase of the Christian American missionary work that has been going on in Turkey for decades. Whether or no, the ecclesiastical formalism which is exemplified by stoles and mitres and jeweled pendants is coming into competition with the efficiency of relief work supported by Protestants, Catholics, atheists, and Jews, but which inevitably takes on the spirit of Christ. It is not a case of the Katholikos against the members of the American Committee but of stone canopies, sacred relics and revered traditions against such a spirit of helpfulness and personal sympathy as Christ exemplified. The churches that survive the fire test of a world war must exemplify something of the spirit of the Nazarene toward those who are in want, in trouble or in sin. The Armenian Church will lead its stricken people from misery to soul salvation or will leave them to seek other spiritual guidance according as it relies upon holy tradition, sacred relics and bureaucratic aloofness for its prestige or exemplifies the spirit of a living Christ which testifies to the existence of a living God. It is not enough that Christ here appeared to Gregory, but that the love of God and the sympathy of Christ shall be revealed to the stricken people who now seek spiritual guidance in a time of material want.

American money cannot estrange Armenians from their Church. But neither the antiquated spear nor the severed hand of St. Gregory can avail a church if its spiritual life is as dead as the religious relics it has preserved from a powerless past.

The American Airplane Mail

THE United States Post Office, on May 15, inaugurated the daily airplane mail service between New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, leaving Washington and New York at 11:30 A.M. and reaching the other terminal on or before 3:30 P.M., the mail being relayed at Philadelphia. On the first day, Lieutenant Torrey H. Webb left Belmont Park, near New York City, promptly at 11:30 A.M., flying away in the midst of an eloquent address, and reached Philadelphia at 12:30, cutting in half the time of the fastest limited express. At Philadelphia Lieutenant J. C. Edgerton took the pouches for Washington, which he reached at 2:50 P.M., the actual flying time being three hours and twenty minutes, slightly less than the schedule which was figured on the basis of a speed of 95 miles an hour. Lieutenant George L. Boyle left Washington at 11:30 A.M. for Philadelphia, but was forced to descend when 25 miles out and snapped a propeller blade in landing. A fast auto-truck was sent to his relief. He carried letters from the President and other government officials to Postmaster Patten of New York City. Lieutenant Howard Culver waited at Philadelphia for Boyle until 2:20 o'clock, but Boyle not appearing, he left for New York with the mail from Philadelphia, reaching Belmont Park at 3:37. He carried 350 letters, 200 for New York City and 150 for other points.

The beginning of this daily service was dignified by the presence of many officials of the government, the President being the center of the celebration at Washington. The fee for carrying a letter from Washington to New York by Air Post is 24 cents an ounce, and the government has had a special 24 cent stamp printed for this service, the stamp being good, however, for any other mail matter requiring that amount of postage. The stamp bears the design of a flying airplane. The Post Office Department is planning the extension of the air post throughout the country. The airplanes used in the service just instituted are 12 in number, and the planes and aviators have been detailed by the War Department from the regular service. The machines are training-planes, built along similar lines to the bombing machines, and are known as "one-seaters." The present plane will carry 300 pounds of material, which, at the rate of 24 cents an ounce, would yield $1,152 for each trip. Planes are being designed to carry 675 pounds, which will yield over $2,500 a trip. The service will be daily except Sunday. When weather conditions forbid flight, the mail will be forwarded by rail. The New York-to-Boston route is said to be the next one in line for the air service. Prominent experts in aviation are even willing to predict a New York-London service as among the possibilities.

On the second day the route from Washington to New York was covered without mishap by Lieutenants Edgerton and Webb, but Lieuteuant Bousal, flying from New York to Philadelphia lost his way in a fog and was forced to land at Bridgeton, N. J. The mail went on by motor truck and train to Philadelphia, being taken on from there to Washingtou by Lieutenant Edgerton.

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The Cloudland Mail. Loading in the mail sacks at Washington

A Week in the World's News

BALFOUR SAYS DOOR IS OPEN TO HONORABLE PEACE. Arthur Balfour, British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was catechised by pacifists in the Commons on May 16. Replying to their questions, he declared that Great Britain had not at any time initiated any conversations looking toward peace, but he said "if any representative of any belligerent country desired seriously to lay before us any proposals we are ready to listen to them." He made it plain that peace must be made in common with all Allies, and explained that Emperor Charles' letter to the French President had not been forwarded to President Wilson, because Prince Sixtus had distinctly said that it should be known only to the British and French Premiers, the French President and King George. He declared that there was the utmost confidence and accord between Britain and America. "There is no evidence now, nor at any time, that the German government circles contemplated the possibility of what we should regard as a reasonable peace," he said further and added: "No one was more desirous than Great Britain that the war should be brought to an honorable termination. But we are fighting as one among many Allies, against the Central Powers, who never at any time, and now less than ever, had the least intentions to meeting our wishes." Lord Robert Cecil, speaking on the same subject, declared that a peace offensive was an entirely different thing from a peace effort. A peace offensive would be designed to help the German armies in the field, and he believed that one would be soon forthcoming. On the same day former President Taft addressing the convention in Philadelphia of the League to Enforce Peace, said: "Let us have peace, but let us have war that we may have peace. We are fighting the German people led by the Hohenzollern dynasty. They maintain the undiluted and cruel doctrine that 'Might is Right.' No one in the highest flight of his imagination now can think of undefeated Germany yielding either proper indemnity to Belgium or justice to Alsace-Lorraine, nor will the unconquered ruling class consent to lift the German paw from a prostrate Russia, or give over to decent ruling the blood-stained Christian provinces of Turkey. If the wrongs of the oppressed are not righted the war will have been fought in vain." President Taft closed his address, thus: "There is but one way left to save civilization. It lies through battle-fields from Amiens to Potsdam. The black flag of Germany must be lowered in unconditional surrender."

MOTORS FOR OUR AIRMEN. It was officially announced in Washington on May 15 that the Liberty Motor is a combination of many motors. The cylinders followed those used in German, English, French and Italian factories, with water jackets applied according to the method perfected by the Packard Motor Car Company. Valve cages were drop-forged and welded in place according to methods evolved by the Ford Company. The valve mechanism followed the design of the Mercedes and the automatic lubrication the plan of the Packard Company. The cam-shaft was supplied by the Hall-Scott Motor Car Company. The electric ignition system is a specially designed Delco. The pistons followed the Hall-Scott design, the connecting rods were patterned after those in the De Dion and Cadillac. The crank-shaft followed the standard practice. The lubrication of the crank-shaft was a modification of the German practice. The water-pump was adapted from the Packard Motor. The carburetor was developed by the Zenith Company, and the engine was perfected by a committee of engineers assigned to the work by the Packard, Cadillac, Lincoln, Marmon and Trego Companies. Experiments are still being made to make the eugine suitable for fast fighting-planes. It was also announced that German planes had already been brought down in France in which the refinements of the Liberty Motor had been copied, and that the American Airplane program was no longer waiting on the perfecting of Liberty Motors, but that six other kinds were being made, at least three of which were already being delivered in quantities

JUSTICE HUGHES TO SIFT AIR SCANDAL. President Wilson on May 13 asked former Justice Hughes, his political opponent of two years ago, to conduct the investigation to be made by the Attorney General's office into the charges and countercharges recently made public in regard to the aircraft situation. Mr. Hughes promptly accepted the task. The President also on May 15 addressed a letter to Senator Martin, in which he opposed the passage in its original form of the resolution introduced by Senator Chamberlain for investigation by the Military Affairs Committee of the conduct of the war. The President declared that the phrase "the conduct of the war" might cover the complete taking over by Congress of the functions of the Executive. Following the receipt of the protest from the President, the committee changed the resolution to limit the investigation to the progress of aircraft and ordnauce production, and to the supplies and expenditures of the Aircraft, Ordnance and Quartermaster General's Departments. The President still opposed the resolution in its revised form, declaring Justice Hughes' investigation sufficient.

FRANCE FIGHTS TREASON. The court martial of the editors and directors of the newspaper Bonnet Rouge ended in Paris on May 13 in the finding of six defendants guilty of treason. M. Duval, director, against whom rested the principal accusation, was condemned to death.

HOUSE PASSES OVERMAN BILL. The Overman Bill, giving the President power to coordinate and reorganize executive departments of the government, ineluding the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Federal Reserve Banks, was passed by the House on May 14 by a vote of 295 to 2.

THE RED CROSS DRIVE. The great campaign for $100,000,000 for the work of the American Red Cross, set to begin May 20, was instituted in many cities by parades on May 18. In New York City 75,000 men and women, civilians and soldiers of all arms and services, marched down Fifth Avenue, being reviewed at Twenty-fifth Street by President Wilson. The campaign was thoroughly organized, and officials were hopeful that the final total of subscriptions would exceed $150,000,000.

TO INCREASE RAILROAD RATES. In order to cover the salary advance recommended by the investigating commission, and additional extra expenses of the American railroads which in spite of economies are causing deficits, it was announced on May 13 that Railroad Administration officials had suggested an increase of at least 25 per cent. this year in freight and passenger rates to meet the higher costs, which for the year are estimated to total in the neighborhood of $700,000,000. It is probable that a general increase of 25 per cent. will be made in freight rates, and that passenger rates will be put on a flat basis of three cents per mile.

SIXTY PER CENT. MORE SHIPS. Charles M. Schwab, Director General of the United States Fleet Corporation, announced on May 13 that the shipbuilding program would be speeded up and that he hoped to increase it at least 50, possibly 60, per cent. He said that labor was nobly doing the work expected of it and would continue to do it, and that material could be supplied, but that the prime necessity now was for boilers and engines; equipment ordered for ships building in the east has had to be sent to Pacific Coast yards to complete steamers launched there, and that as they were enlarging their plans for engine-building, the making of accessories was of vital importance. The 5548-ton steamer Tuckahoe launched at Camden was completed, keel to crew on board, in 37 days.

GERMANS LOSE ROSTOV. Moscow dispatches of May 10, printed on May 16, reported that Russian Soviet troops had driven the Germans out of the city of Rostov on the Don, the largest city in the Don Cossack country, the capture of which by the Germans was said

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The Woman in Uniform

AMERICA has as yet no Battalion of Death; her men are more than ready to fight her battles; but her women, like Moll Pitcher, are in the thick of it. They are back of the lines, but not all of them out of range of the wide-searching shell-fire. Next week Miss Sangster tells of the uniforms they wear.

Potash isn't made in a day, but it's needed every day where crops must grow on reluctant soil. The Kaiser's chemists used to furnish fertilizers for the world. They lost the business when Potsdam went to war. But the world still uses potash. Frank Carpenter tells where it comes from in next week's Herald.

A woman's faith has kept many a man from evil and exalted many another. Next week's story tells of Anne Foreman's faith and how it—but wait—you'll know in eight days.

The War Camp Community Fund is being spent to keep our boys in camp and field happy, and ready for the fight. Next week will tell you how.

A Noble Christian Life Ended

PASTOR CHARLES WAGNER, known to the Christian Herald family through his sermons and his relief work, died on May 13 at his home in Paris. His eminently successful ministry and his book "The Simple Life" had made him one of the most widely known and best beloved men of our times. He was 67 years of age.

In Paris he was the pastor of a large congregation drawn together by his earnestness, singleness of purpose and refreshing doctrine of life. His chapel in the Boulevard Beaumarchais was often so crowded that as many as 1,000 persons were turned away from the doors.

He was Chairman of the Christian Herald French Relief Committee which distributed many thousands of dollars contributed by Christian Herald readers to war sufferers.

The apostle of the simple life was an Alsatian, nearly six feet tall, broad shouldered and vigorous.

In his early life he was a shepherd. Then, moved by the inspiration to preach simple truths to the people, he went from Touraine to the capital to become the shepherd of a great flock of human beings. As described by himself, his purpose was to influence modern thinking people to return to simplicity of thought and conduct.

"I AIM," he once said, "to put before them in popular words and simple the old, everlasting truths; to persuade them to build a new home for the soul. I believe in equity and justice in private and in international relations. I wish for peace in the religious world. Man is not happy because he is not simple. This I realized when I first saw the artificial life of Paris. By simplicity I do not mean necessarily to refer to dress or exterior decoration, but I preach simplicity in the conception of life and how we use life. The key is that we must first be men and remain men, and subordinate our professions to that, whether we be bankers or tradesmen, or what not."

Through his books, "The Simple Life," "By the Fireside" and "Youth," Pastor Wagner was best known in this country. He did not begin to write until he was 38 years of age. His first book was called "Justice." Subsequently he was impelled to write "The Simple Life" and other volumes that gained wide reading in America. He visited this country in 1904 as the guest of John Wanamaker at Lindenhurst, near Philadelphia, and was the guest of President Roosevelt at the White House. In preparation for his American visit he learned the English language in thirty days. While in this country he delivered hundreds of lectures, sometimes about the simple life, sometimes about France.

ONE of the most notable events of his American trip was his visit to the Bowery Mission, where he viewed the bread-line and addressed what he afterwards described as the most remarkable audience he had ever faced. A tear glistened in his eye as he began, and his deep, rich voice trembled with unwonted emotion. He had been eagerly scanning the faces of the men, and now that the time had come for him to speak to them, it seemed as though any language, much less one that he had only mastered within recent months, would utterly fail to convey the wealth of profound sympathy that had suddenly surged into his heart for these suffering brethren of his. But the words came at last, and wonderful words they were. There was no cant, no insincerity, no patronage in this man who could say, as, surely, they had never heard any one else say so strikingly before:

"I give my love to you. I greet you my brethren—I sympathize with you. I am of the people, I always will be of the people, as I always will be a boy. Tell me what it is that makes you look so sad?"

There was something in this that reminded these poor battered and beaten men of what they had heard so many times of One, who, nineteen hundred years ago, was so gladly heard of the common people.

Pastor Wagner did not need to be told that these men had sinned. The marks of the beast were upon them. The badges of servitude to the evil one were prominent on every hand. But the one great fact that seemed to burn itself into his very innermost consciousness was that they were suffering, they were down, they were away from home. Call them back! Tell them that God loves them!

Pastor Charles Wagner in his study

WHEN visiting the Christian Herald offices during his sojourn in America, Pastor Wagner talked feelingly of his Paris work. "My purpose," he said, "was to present to my own people a clearer view of practical religion which all might understand and to bring to them a definite comprehension of the purpose for which we are placed in this world."

He felt that he had been specially called to do this work, and to become the advocate among all classes, rich and poor, of the nobler, more spiritual and less worldly manner of living.

"When I first began to preach this plain Gospel in Paris," he said, "it was in a small hall. Very few people would come to hear me; the rich were not interested and stayed away; the poor came, but they did not continue. Only the young and a few others were interested, so I preached in the mission largely to the children in those early years.

"Then the older people began to come in crowds, and they urged me to become their pastor; but I said, 'No, you are not serious enough yet. You are still too unsettled and you would not remain. I will preach to the young.' I kept them off for two years, and then they came to me again and urged me very earnestly to become their pastor, and I consented. By this time they came in crowds to listen to the plain doctrine I set before them—the doctrine of Jesus Christ, with no dogmatic theology or denominationalism whatsoever."

Pastor Wagner's Last Message

Pastor Wagner was invited by the National Committee on the Churches and the Moral Aims of the War to visit the United States and make a speaking tour, for the purpose of inspiring the churches to more effective patriotic efforts. His health prevented him from accepting this invitation, but he sent to the National Committee the following letter and asked that it be given to the American people.

DEAR FRIENDS OF AMERICA: The appeal I received from you echoed most directly and powerfully in my heart. My first impulse was to respond and to go and live a few months again with you, as I have often desired. But physical strength fails me. I must consider it somewhat as an order, dictated in these days by God's will, to remain here among my people of France, and try to recruit my vigor by greater moderation in my work.

This does not prevent my thoughts flying to you. As I am prevented from declaring these thoughts to your assemblies, I want to state briefly here my deep conviction and my faith, with the religious and moral reasons which compel us not only to fight, but to go on in this war with unshakable determination, until liberty and right are victorious.

It has been given as a binding order to every man worthy of the name and who respects the stamp put upon his being by God, his Father and Creator, never to become the slave of men. Bondage is the supreme shame and supreme misery for a man conscious of his nobility and divine origin.

IT appears more clearly every day, by the acts of our enemies, that they are endeavoring to achieve a world-wide domination. They have a prodigious strength, a deep-seated stubbornness, and they cover the falseness of their designs with the cloak of piety. It is in the name of God that they want to impose their tyranny and make everything give way and bow before them. It is in the name of God and under the guise of his elected servants that they are squandering all the patrimony of humanity, of right, and of international agreements which have been slowly established by civilization. What we have to face now is a fearful attempt to reduce mankind to slavery by usurping divine power itself. All the resources of war, of legitimate and prohibited weapons, of blandishments which appeal to the basest instincts; all deceitful arts and frightfulness are employed in order to make the hellish plan succeed. Finally, when they have covered the earth with blood and ruins, and contrived a wholesale corruption of consciences, they show us in one hand a glittering sword, and in the other an olive branch, the symbol of Peace—an olive branch with the gentlest words of the Gospel sparkling among its leaves.

Take heed, you men of Peace, with your true hearts and clear consciences; take heed, all you who steadfastly follow the immortal banner of the Crucified, rightly called the Prince of Peace. "Let no man beguile you." With clear vision gauge the occasion and measure your duty.

Who are they who are proffering peace? They are the men who let loose war, believing they would surely conquer; who violated the treaties they themselves had signed, who ransacked unoffending countries, who pillaged and burned towns, who dealt ruthlessly with the civilians of the invaded countries. They are today hurling themselves upon all the lands they can reach as upon their prey. They will not repair any damage, they will not give back the fruits of their pillage, they are even prepared to take much more. But they need peace now in order to profit by their booty; they propose peace, at the same time threatening us with their most frightful weapons.

It is the shameful peace of surrender under threats, of connivance with evildoers, a peace which means the forsaking of the oppressed, crimes unpunished, and the triumph of the lower instincts.

WE should remember, in our horror of bloodshed, of the awful turmoil of the battle, the great saying:

"Fear not him who kills the body; fear him who can destroy the soul."

Behold, this is what their peace will cost, and it is against such a peace that we ought to make war. Never has a more sacred duty rested with the men of any age. The whole treasure of our democratic and Christian convictions is in the balance. Iron fetters are ready to enchain Liberty in body and spirit. Peace under these conditions means acceptance of the Prussian military system in trade, industry, education, in the language we speak and the prayers we utter. Look at Poland, look at Alsace and Lorraine! Is it for this that the Pilgrim Fathers left everything? Is it for this that Washington and Lincoln fought the good fight? Is it for this future that American mothers wish to rear their sons? No, a thousand times no! With such a possibility hanging over us like a threatening cloud, no peace is possible. Every upright man ought to say:

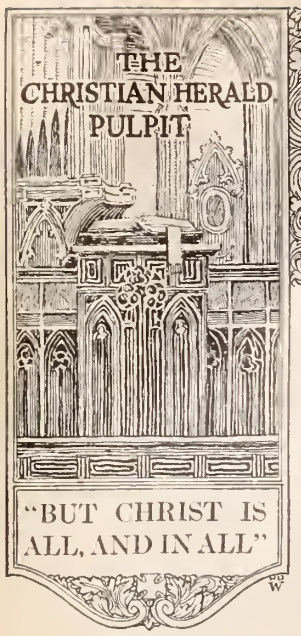
"Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; God help me!"

During the first months of this terrible war, a representative of American papers interviewed me and began thus:

"What do you think of this war, you man of The Simple Life? Haven't you in Europe gone mad?"

"A calm and quiet life," I replied, "is obviously a part of the program of the simple life, and we all here are committed in advance to that good-will toward our neighbor which is the first condition of mutual friendship. But I must ask you whether you know the life of William Tell, and particularly the soliloquy which Schiller put in his mouth in the sunken road of Kussnaeht. What does the hero of independent Helvetia say: "I live quiet and harmless." Who taught him thoughts of vengeance and of death? The tyrant and the oppressor who scorned justice and liberty. This soliloquy of William Tell the whole civilized world is applying to Germany. It is not madness. It is wisdom. It is conscience. To go on leading a quiet life when iniquity is flooding the earth, is to become an accomplice of iniquity."

SINCE I had that talk, much time has passed; every day has seen the crimes increase; each day has made the men of peaceful nations realize that under present conditions they must leave everything and rush to arms. Christ's saying is the word of today: "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." All religious and moral motives unite to make us the defenders of right. There is neither excuse nor escape; the man of violence must be overthrown if we would again lead a quiet and free life. If we offer peace, he will be our master. Let this hour find us ready and strong, determined to follow the Chief who is marching ahead, and who did not die on Calvary to doom his disciples to bondage, but to bring them forth to liberty.



The Unfinished Task

A Decoration Day Sermon

By REV. A. EDWIN KEIGWIN, D.D.

TEXT—Col. 3:11.

Dr. A. Edwin Keigwin, since 1905 pastor of the large and vigorous West End Presbyterian Church, New York City, is a son of the Manse. He was born in Iowa, educated at Lafayette College, Princeton University, and Union Theological Seminary, entered the ministry in 1895 and is the author of books, essays and sermons.

STANDING amidst the little green tents in which sleep our brave soldiers in mortuary bivouac, I am inspired by the thought that we are today fighting for the identical principles for which they contended—freedom and fraternal union. American history is consecutive. Epochs and events move forward with the orderly sequence of army units marching in review. Wherefore, in no better way can we honor the memory of the men of the sixties than by invoking the spirit of Abraham Lincoln, that in the new crisis which has come upon us we may be enabled to "carry on."

The closing hours of the Republican convention had arrived. Having been named for the United States Senate, Mr. Lincoln arose in all his gauntness and towering grandeur and began to speak.

"Gentlemen of the Convention: If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it. In my opinion, a house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe that this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; I do not expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

These few sentences give us the measure of the man and the measure of his vision. Clearly perceiving the inevitable ruin in which selfish views of state rights would involve the country, he dedicated his superb powers of heart and mind to a view of patriotism large enough to include all states and all races.

It was a remote prospect. Nevertheless, with utmost constancy he kept clearly before the people this vision and purpose. Again and again did time-serving politicians seek to dissuade him and turn him from his goal.

For instance, the evening of his memorable debate at Freeport (August 27, 1858), he announced that on the morrow he would throw down a challenge to Mr. Douglas and force him to declare himself upon this subject of state rights. He was counseled not to do so, it being foreseen that Douglas would make but one answer, and that answer would win him a senatorship. But Mr. Lincoln replied, "I am after much larger game. The battle of two years hence is worth a hundred battles like the present one." He believed that the very declaration which would win a senatorship for Douglas would bar his way to the presidency. And it did, for it hopelessly divided the Democratic party. It is not likely that Mr. Lincoln expected to be elected President two years later. But he expected to make the issue of the succeeding campaign the issue announced in his "house divided against itself" speech at the Springfield convention.

THEN came the Civil War with its high-water mark at Gettysburg. When the flood of affliction subsided, behold Abraham Lincoln again calling the people of the country to the standard he had upraised. In the words of the Gettysburg speech we perceive again his vision. "It is for us, the living, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought have thus far so nobly advanced. It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of loyalty; that the nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom." "The house divided against itself" was still uppermost in his vision.

Fifty-three years have passed since the martyred President called the American people to that dedication, and it would seem we are as far from the goal as we were in the sixties. The questions of personal liberty and state rights are as vexed and embarrassing as they were in those days. Evidently the task to which Mr. Lincoln devoted his life remains unfinished. There are still divisions among us holding us back from the full enjoyment of the American ideal, "E Pluribus Unum." The melting-pot has altogether melted. But now that the roaring hot fire of extreme necessity is again burning beneath it let us hope that all our hearts shall be melted together and all dross ladled off. Oh, may the Nation, in this critical hour, indeed have the new birth of freedom, that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

In the present world crisis, America has moved forward to the standards planted by St. Paul. She has lost her former sense of selfish isolation in the larger vision, humanity, "where there cannot be Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman nor freeman; but Christ is all and in all." How much can be concentrated in a few words! The Bible is wonderful in this respect. The finest picture of a united house, a united nation, a united world, is found in these few words.

PLEASE notice the far-reaching significance of the union here spoken of. It is a union of nationalities; "where there cannot be Greek nor Jew." The Greek and the Jew represented a distinction and distinctiveness so radical that one would scarcely believe it possible they could be united. They differed in race, customs, tendencies, ideals and language. When society is united in a genuine brotherhood, there cannot be Jew nor Greek.

"Circumcision or uncircumcision." Here we have the antipodes of ritualistic distinction. This alludes to the divisions existing among men on account of religious training and ancestry. Over matters of religious form and ceremony battles have been fought, the map of the world has been changed, and inhumanities have been practiced in the name of righteousness. Bitter has been the strife over the meaning of sacraments, vows, forms, ceremonials. And yet we have in the picture before us a union so complete that there cannot longer be differences between the circumcision and the uncircumcision.

The Barbarian and the Scythian are included in the bonds of the perfect brotherhood. The Barbarian was the foreigner, the Scythian the savage. Refinement and lack of refinement are distinctions which will not obtrude when Lincoln's dream is fully realized. Finally, "there cannot be bondmen or freemen." That is to say, social and political distinctions are to be abolished. There is to be a leveling up, and not a leveling down.

What a magnificent picture of an ideal state of society! Is this not the very goal toward which the world is now moving? "The brotherhood of man." How much we hear about it. It is discussed in the forum and from the pulpit. The poetry, the music, the art, the literature of the age pulsate with Brotherhood! Brotherhood! Brotherhood! Or as President Wilson has expressed it, "the world made safe for democracy." Ah, friends, this was Lincoln's dream. It is my dream; I hope, your dream. But the task is unfinished. Fellow countrymen, I hold before you the vision of the completed task. Let it not be obscured by any cloud of temporary expedience. I would impress upon your minds the thought that Abraham Lincoln was a prophet of better days yet ahead of us, and that his spirit stands just yonder, within the shadow of world war, calling us to finish the undertaking in which he so nobly wrought.

Must you be reminded that this is a stupendous task—a task beyond human power to accomplish? Surely every thoughtful person will exclaim with one of old, "Who then is sufficient for these things?"

BUT in our text is given not only the scope of the ideal but the process by which it is to be attained. The foundation for such a union is a kindred animating spirit, a present and all-sufficient helper. "Christ is all and in all."

Easily within reach is the goal for which men have been struggling throughout the centuries. The Brotherhood we seek is even now at our very door. When we truly open our hearts to the Elder Brother, we shall find ourselves in the bosom of a vast family. Yea, and beneath every forbidding exterior the life-blood of the All-Father is pounding away louder than yonder guns. He who does not know it must indeed be dull of hearing or feeling.

Ponder the spectacle of wasted energy! With commendable passion and impatience have men striven to promote a civilization which shall include all mankind in its beneficence. Volumes have been written proposing short cuts to the fulfilment of the dream, the completion of the task; books on economics; books on sociology; books on law and ethics; books on theology and benevolence; books on militarism and world conquest. Behold the constantly increasing number of purely humanitarian organizations dedicated to this program. Organizations for relief, for prevention, for social service, for human betterment, for political reforms, for civic righteousness. The while Jesus is standing with outstretched hands, declaring that he it is who is the Light of the world; that he is the Saviour of men; that if we will but receive him, he will make us new creatures and the world a new world.

Angels weep that men should graze the gates of Paradise, and then drive on to destruction! Oh for more men with the spirit of Abraham Lincoln; their vision clear as to the ideal; their hearts sweetened by the very bitterness of life; their eyes made tender and cleansed of all misjudgment by tears of anguish, earnest yearning and human sympathy. Men of America, women of America, I call upon you to take up this task which our immortal President laid down. Take it up in pulpit, forum, Red Cross workroom and Y. M. C. A. Take it up on battlefield or in wheatfield. I call upon you to rally to the challenge of Gettysburg; to make yourselves worthy of the ancestry of which you boast; to pass on to succeeding generations a vision unclouded, an ideal undimmed.

"WHEN Christ shall be all in all," there will be no differences. There can be no "house divided against itself" where Jesus reigns supreme in the hearts of those who make up the household. So bring the world to Christ. Perhaps you think this an idle dream; but I for one, am fully persuaded that our hopes can be realized within a single generation; yea, less than that, if we will allow Christ to enter our hearts in reality, if we will preach him as the Saviour of the world. The mind is skeptical, but the heart believeth.

Those who have read "Helen's Babies" will recall a story which the uncle tells to his little nephew Budge. During the Civil War in America, two troops of horsemen approached each other, the one from the Federal and the other from the Confederate lines. Instantly aware of each other's presence, both made a charge. But a little fellow who had been picking blackberries in the woods, at the critical moment crossed the road, stumbled and fell between the advancing soldiers, and burst into tears. An officer cried, "Halt!" The bugles sounded. A soldier dismounted, and, picking up the boy, endeavored to comfort him. Then a soldier from the other side came forward to lend a hand. Others gathered around the crying child. And they never fought the battle; for, said they, "We did not feel like fighting just then." I am not prepared to say that this is authentic history. But it is a perfect picture of human nature. Instincts have been awakened in every breast by the present pentecost of suffering, which indicate how ready we are to bury animosities and become brethren.

A recent instance is narrated by Lieutenant Conigsby Dawson. During one fierce engagement, a British officer saw a German officer impaled on the barbed wire, writhing in anguish. The fire was dreadful, yet he still hung there unscathed. At length the British officer could stand it no longer. He said quietly, "I can't bear to look at that poor chap any longer." So he went out under the hail of shell, released him, took him on his shoulders and carried him to the German trench. The firing ceased. Both sides watched the act with wonder. Then the commander of the German trench came forward, took from his own bosom the Iron Cross, and pinned it on the breast of the British officer. For the moment they were one.

THE march of events is toward Lincoln's ideal. The world is moving upward and onward. America is moving outward and forward. In some respects we are setting the pace. Certainly we are proving theories. Our cities are the world's laboratories, where experiments are tried and hopes demonstrated. When Europe declares cooperation and good-will unworkable among people of differing race and creed who live at close quarters, we point to New York, wherein there are more Irish than in Belfast, Dublin or Cork; more Germans than in Leipzig or Frankfort; more Italians than in Rome; more Jews than the entire population of Maine. It has been estimated that if the land in Greater New York were allotted equally and every inhabitant called upon to stand in the center of his own little plot, there would be less than fifteen feet between any one and his neighbor. There's proximity for you! And yet we manage to dwell to-

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Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Joy of the Lord

SUNDAY, June 2. John 15 : 11. "*That my joy might be in you, and that your joy might be full.*" It is an extraordinary thing that our Lord should speak of his joy in the dark season through which he was passing. The circumstances were most oppressive. Antagonisms were blazing with fiercest enmity. Hatreds had deepened into black passions of the midnight. Malicious nets were being woven around him. Calvary was only a stone's throw away, and on the morrow the grim cross would be on the hill! It was a very wilderness of stern surroundings. And yet the Master quietly spoke about his joy, an inward joy which these outer things could not disturb. His joy was like a well in the inner keep of a castle when all the streams of the countryside are locked in the bondage of frost. It was like the light and the fire in a cottage, quietly shining and burning while the tempest rages outside. It was a joy that was victorious over the unfriendly world.

And this inner joy has always been one of the distinctions of the triumphant saints. They have been self-possessed in the tumult. They have been radiant in the night. They have been hopefully quiet even when terrible things have shown their faces at the door. They have revealed a cheery mastery of rough and brutal circumstances. The privileged readers of "Men of the Knotted Heart" will remember that Grant was once at Ayr Station, and there was a little lad running up and down the platform, skipping and singing. A man was sweeping out the waiting-rooms, doing the most menial work about the place, and wanting an arm, and most ill-thriven looking. Grant said to him, "How much would it take to set you dancing and singing like that boy?" "No much, sir," he said, "for I'm singing inside me a' the time." And taking off his cap he lifted his face to the sky above. "Ay, sir," he said, "just that! In God's house for evermore my dwelling place shall be!" That is the victory of the saint—the inner joy which rises above the painful and crippling antagonisms of the world.

And what is this joy? It is much more than high spirits. High spirits often fail in the crisis. And it is much more than a happy temperament. Happy temperaments can be blown out like candles on a gusty night.

This joy arises from the deep secrets of spiritual satisfaction. It is the sense of health and wholesomeness when the soul lives and breathes in its native air. It is fellowship with the eternal springs. It is the assurance of allrightness in our relations with the eternal God. One gropes for all sorts of analogies to express the wealthy fact. It is the joy of the wedded union between the soul and the Lord. It is the interpassage of covenanted love. It is the interchange of sacred confidences. The soul has come to herself, and she has found herself in God, and all her springs are in him! "Have you water all the year round?" I said to a friend who had built a house in a somewhat droughty place. "Yes," he answered, "our wells are very deep!" And "there is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God!" "Therefore will not we fear, though the mountains be shaken in the hearts of the seas!" J. H. J.

Pilate's Question

MONDAY, June 3. John 18 : 38. "*Pilate saith unto him, What is truth?*" Pilate asked a noble question, but he did not wait for an answer. What is truth? In mathematics truth is simply the correct statement of relations. A truth of chemistry involves not only relationships but quantities. In history a truth is a verified fact. In philosophy truth is correspondence between our thought and the terms in which we describe it. In art truth is the correct representation of what is within view. And there is a still higher sense of truth. There is truth in life, vital truth. This truth is not a matter of mere statement, of representation. It is largely a matter of correct adjustment of persons to persons, or, let us say, of personality to personality, including the Absolute Personality called God. This is the higher sense of truth, the sense in which Jesus used the term when he said, "I am the Truth."

What is the truth about God? How simple and how satisfying is the answer when we remember a favorite apostolic phrase, "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." Christ tells us what God thinks of us, what God wants of us, what God expects to make of us. How the future stretches out before us in brave, fair lines when we see ourselves in the thought of God as God is interpreted to us in the consciousness and experience of Christ. It demands nothing less than the truth as it is in Jesus to deliver us from anxiety about what may lie beyond. With perfect confidence we confront the misgivings of our souls with the assurances of Christ. C. C. A.

The Fatherhood

TUESDAY, June 4. Eph. 3 : 14, 15. "*I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.*" The fatherhood of God was a very precious thought to the apostle Paul. His writings abound in references to this relation of God to man. In this text this favorite theme of his enters into his prayerful meditations. With the familiar address of Father, however, he unites the profoundest reverence: he accords his Father in heaven the homage of adoration.

The fatherhood of God, as the apostle views it, centers in the person and mediatorship of Jesus Christ. He that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father that sent him. Those who refuse to accept the atoning sacrifice which Jesus rendered for them and the advocacy which he has promised men in their dealings with God, cannot claim the privilege of addressing God as their Father. On the other hand, those who have accepted Christ, when calling upon the Father in heaven, are speaking from the bosom of a vast and remarkable family, part of which is already in heaven, while the other part is still on earth. They give to God here below the same title which he receives from the saints in glory. There is a part of God's great family already safely arrived at their Father's home: they are removed from all trouble and anxiety; they have no wants; their prayers are all praises and glorifications of the mercy that adopted them for the inheritance of the saints in light. But a part of the family is still away from home: it is out in the cold and wind of this earth, plodding faithfully along rugged paths to the place where they really belong, their Father's house. They know that the Father who has brought so many of his sons and daughters home already out of the stress and storm of this life will also see them safely home.
W. H. T. D.

Children's Day

WEDNESDAY, June 5. Eph. 6 : 1, 3. "*Children, obey your parents in the Lord, . . . that it may be well with thee.*" If we have All Saints' Day, why not have a day for the saints that are to be, who number about eighteen millions in the population of our country? Children's Day will help decide what all the future days of the Church and State will become. What a vast army for conquest in the battle for truth and righteousness is marching under the flag of the Cross of the Sunday school and the nation! Here our liberties are to be won or lost. Christian education to rise or fall. Greater than the battle of Thermopylæ is the peaceful fight for closed saloons, brothels and gambling dens, for an open Bible, a free church, free schools and free people.

The multitude of little folks are delighted to have a festival of flowers, birds, songs and services all for themselves. It is also a great day for the parents and friends of the children and young people; they are pleased that the church takes such an interest in the youth of the land. They listen with pleasure to recitations, choruses, music and the words from the speaker about educational duties and privileges. Then the offering for the great cause of education closes the delightful exercises.

The light of education and the Light of the World shine more clearly after the brilliant scenes of Children's Day. The bright and beautiful flowers are a symbol of childhood in their purity, beauty and fragrance. Their cheery blooms are like the bright smiles and winsome looks of these living flowers of the home. Flowers are called "the angels of earth," wooing young people to the higher life, as they follow Him who is called the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Parents, looking the way the pattering feet are treading, will follow Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. E. W. C.

God's Beseechings

THURSDAY, June 6. II Cor. 5 : 20. "*As though God did beseech you by us.*" A wilful boy came home late at night and tried to creep silently up to his room. At the top of the stairway was his mother's room, and her door was slightly ajar. Through it he heard her voice in prayer and heard his name. He could not help listening. Her voice was choked with tears, yet eloquent with love. For the first time in his life the boy clearly saw and felt the tenderness of his mother's affection. He went to his own room, fell upon his knees, and vowed a vow—which has not yet been broken—to serve his mother's God. Another such a boy, whose father was a minister, had resisted all entreaties to enter the Christian life. One Sunday evening he attended an after-service. His father stood within the altar railing, and called inquirers to come forward and kneel at the chancel. They came, singly, by twos, in groups, till the altar was crowded. The minister's son, however, did not come, and the service was ending. The pastor stretched out his arms toward the congregation, simply repeating the Saviour's message "I beseech you, come, come, come." At last the stubborn heart yielded, and the boy knelt almost at his father's feet. Afterward the father said. "As I stood there pleading, I felt that my heart would break if my boy did not come." Some mysterious intuition must have told the boy that such was the case. He said, "I was afraid father would drop dead if I did not come, but I suppose Christ was just as anxious that I should come." Indeed Christ was! The accents of beseeching broke down the last barrier between that boy and his father's God. God has a right to command, and he does command. But he also entreats. Indeed, his entreaties are much more numerous than his threatenings, his warnings, or his commandments.
C. C. A.

Abba, Father

FRIDAY, June 7. Gal. 4 : 6. "*Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.*" The opening glory of the Lord's Prayer is the title by which it teaches us to address the Deity. Not by any name that is derived from one of his transcendent attributes, his stupendous acts, or his inscrutable essence; not as the Infinite, the Eternal, the Almighty, the Supreme Potentate, are we to address him, but by that easy and endearing name which was among the first words that we were taught to lisp in childhood, Father. This very title is an encouragement; it makes access to our God easy and pleasant. What child is afraid to speak to his father? The title "Father" with which we address God also rouses confidence that our prayer will be accepted and heard. If a child trusts any person to fulfil his wish, that person is father.

Now this text in Galatians says that when a Christian addresses God as his Father, he does so not only by a choice which faith in God has suggested to him, not only because the Lord Jesus selected this name for our addresses to God in the prayer which he taught his disciples, but because the spirit of God which has been sent into the hearts of God's children thus cries to God in them and through them. The Spirit which is bestowed upon believers is, among other things, a spirit of prayer; he incites unto prayer. But he also molds the prayers of believers. Oftentimes they do not know how to shape their prayers: he supplies the thoughts and the words, oftentimes the groanings and sighings, to the believer's heart. Above all, the Spirit keeps the believers in constant and lively remembrance of their filial relation to the great and sublime God, whom puny and sinful man might otherwise be afraid to approach. He reminds them again and again that as believers in God's Son they are Christ's brothers, for the Saviour himself has called them thus. Relying on their great Brother's work of reconciliation and intercession they are to come with the simplicity of their childhood days and with that beautiful trust which characterizes children's prayers before the Lord God Omnipotent, and say: "Abba, Father!" W. H. T. D.

Worship in Song

SATURDAY, June 8. Ps. 100 : 2. "*Come before his presence with singing.*" It is said that Ibsen, Hall Caine and Maeterlinck are fatalists, writing of despair, of the iron chain, saying, "What is, must be"; and their music is called a Dead March in front of a jail, always sounding the wailing notes of misery. The great masters of sacred melody sing the lofty notes. "Unto him who is God over all and blessed forever more." Praiseful hearts find their highest flights of worship in holy song. Emerson said, "Only so much do I know as I have lived." May we not add, only so far as we have sung have we risen toward God. Faith and prayer mount up on the wings of sacred melody. Bible truths in the soul blossom into music long before the saint joins the heavenly choir.

When Bishop McIlvaine was dying, he said, "Sing 'Just as I am, without one plea.'" When that was sung, he called for the Methodist hymn "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." Then, with expiring breath, he gasped, "Sing 'Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me,'" and on the notes of that universal hymn of all Christendom he made his heavenly flight. Music charmed him last on earth and welcomed him first in glory. E. W. C.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

Uplifted Hands

IT was peculiarly appropriate that Decoration Day should have been chosen by the President for national observance as a day of public fasting and humiliation, and of prayer for the victory of our armies who are fighting for the cause of righteousness in the war. The most beautiful of all our celebrations will thus be made doubly impressive. Its sunrise will call the nation to its knees; its passing hours will be filled with tender memories of the heroes who "passed over" in former wars, and of those who within the last few fateful months have been laid to rest under the skies of France and Belgium, or in the depths of the ocean. Our sorrow over their loss is still poignant. All will be honored, and the generations of heroic dead will be kept fresh and green in our memories.

It is appropriate also that America, as a Christian nation, should hold up the praying hands of its Executive. While Aaron and Hur held up the hands of Moses in imploration during the critical struggle with the hosts of Amalek, the battle went well with Israel.

Elisha showed to his timorous servant the heavenly armies ready for the divine command to answer the call of faith.

Washington learned by experience the great truth that prayer is the mightiest weapon in the Christian's armory. Lincoln has recorded how, after a national day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, seemingly unsurmountable difficulties disappeared, all went well in the war, and the righteous end sought was finally attained.

Prayers that seek not selfish aims but the highest good; prayers that are earnest and importunate prevail because they are in harmony with the divine will, which ever places the spiritual and moral above the material things of this world. Such prayers are a challenge to the faithfulness of Him who has promised to hear and answer.

We are in this war for what we in our hearts believe to be righteous and just, and if we put aside all selfish desires and confess our shortcomings as a people, as communities, and as individuals, and implore divine forgiveness and guidance, we have the right before God to ask him to give victory to our armies. We need to humble ourselves and to repent and to take a new hold on God and his promises. How often we have in the past neglected our opportunities to acknowledge his sovereignty in the affairs of public and individual life! We also need to acknowledge Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world and as its rightful King; and in his name we may make our petitions with unshaken confidence—and go forward!

Such will be the crowning grace of this Decoration Day which we now commemorate. And may the Hearer and Answerer of prayer send an answer so rich and full, to mark the spiritual cleansing and restoration of our nation, that we may say with Israel of old: "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

The Nation's Increasing Revenue

THE huge needs of the War Department and the realization now that possibly $33,500,000,000 may be required for the next fiscal year, will have to be met, it is said, by new tax legislation increasing rates in many fields.

Of course, the news from Washington that increased income and profits taxes are impending is not pleasant, but it will cause neither anger nor dismay among the American people. This country went into the war coolly, deliberately, with its eyes open. It went in knowing that war would cost fabulous amounts in money and would involve sacrifices beside which money is as dross.

It went in prepared to give in both species without stint: in blood and in gold. It is calmly acquiescing in the legislation proposed by the War Department to call out two or three millions more from the young manhood of the country. Assuredly it will not balk or blench at a new draft upon its material wealth.

Of the $3,000,000,000 which the Federal Government expects to derive this year from internal revenue sources, John D. Rockefeller will contribute about $38,400,000. Henry C. Frick will pay the next largest income tax, $11,600,000. The twenty-nine wealthiest persons after Mr. Rockefeller will pay a total income tax of $86,100,000.

In England the tax on an income of $2,000 is 7⅞ per cent.; in America nothing for a married man or head of a family and 2 per cent. on $1,000 for unmarried men. The English income tax rate also increases more rapidly with the growth of the income than ours, a $3,000 income being taxed at 14 per cent., $5,000 at 16 per cent., $10,000 at 20 per cent. and $15,000 at 25 per cent., while our corresponding taxes are respectively two-thirds of 1 per cent., 1½ per cent., 3½ per cent. and 5 per cent.

Wealth must and will bear its full share of the cost of war, but capital must have a chance to produce new wealth as we go along. Conscription of wealth must not take the form of confiscation, or the government's chief source of revenue and market for bonds will be dried up. The Treasury Department understands this, but too many talk loosely about this being a rich man's war and a poor man's fight. It would be possible to tax accumulated wealth so heavily in one year as to leave little for subsequent levies. The wealth with which to win the war must be created year by year. To do otherwise would be a case of grinding the seed corn. During our Civil War the Confederate States fought for years without money or credit, but they continued to produce enough real wealth to sustain their armies, in spite of terrible handicaps. Rich and resourceful as America is today, we must produce what we require from year to year, and this is true of financial resources as well as of wheat.

Charles Wagner

MANY Americans will recall the visit of Charles Wagner, the gentle-souled mission pastor of Paris, to this country some fourteen years ago. This recollection will be the more vivid because of his recent death, after a painful illness brought on by his heroic work in the charities of the war. For many years there has been a cordial friendship between Pastor Wagner and the readers of this journal. His matchless sermons have frequently been preached through these pages.

He visited the Bowery Mission and gave a message of cheer and consolation to those unfortunates who had lagged in the race of life and fallen by the wayside. His kindness, his rare gift of eloquence, and the charm of a genial personality were impressed upon all who met him. Listening to his talk, one could understand something of the sweet spirit of the man who delighted the thinking world with his book, "The Simple Life," which has reached the dignity of a popular classic.

Charles Wagner was more than a theorist. His whole career is the story of service for others. He spent himself physically in his labors for the poor. His Christlike ministries of mercy and helpfulness pervaded Paris like a spiritual fragrance. There were many hidden away in homes of suffering, too proud to make their wants known to the public, who depended upon his secret generosity for the very bread they ate. As chairman of the Christian Herald Relief Fund, he succored the widows and orphans and brought the sunshine of hope into many a bereaved household.

Shortly before his death he sent through the National Committee of Churches a message to the American people, warning them against the slavery that surely awaited those nations who yielded to the powers that are fighting desperately for world dominion. He pointed to the fate of Belgium, Poland and Russia, and of Alsace and Lorraine. "To go on leading a quiet life, when iniquity is flooding the earth," he urged, "is to become an accomplice of iniquity. All religious and moral motives unite to make us the defenders of right. The world will be ruled by men without conscience if conscientious men are not ready to support the right by armed force. They understand the only way to save the liberty of the world is to say to violence, 'Halt!' . . . Let this hour find us ready and strong, determined to follow the Divine Chief who is marching ahead, and who did not die on Calvary to doom his disciples to bondage, but to bring them forth to liberty."

These words breathe the patriotic spirit of the man who long ago shook the dust of his native Alsace from his feet, that he might not become a slave and a "spiritual gendarme" of the Kaiser.

"We're in It to Win It"

THE above ringing slogan, recurring again and again in War Secretary Baker's stirring public speeches, has become a national shibboleth. Another of Secretary Baker's inspiring phrases, "Frontiers of Freedom," is adopted as the title of a collection of his speeches just published.

In almost all his speeches Mr. Baker has spoken of the principles for which we fight, of democracy at home and abroad, of the heroic dignity of our cause, and of our disdain to conquest.

Mr. Baker's book contains utterances of a fighter. He used to be a pacifist. But in the book he shows that when he talks about peace he means a victorious peace.

'I do not love war," he said at Cleveland. "I do not enjoy the idea of war; and yet there are some things dearer than life. Our fathers fought from 1776 to 1783 to establish freedom. Would we call back the Continental Army? Would we send Lafayette back to France—and Rochambeau? Would we take Washington's sword out of his hand and break it over our knee and say: 'Don't do that. We would rather live forever slaves to a tyrannous government than have a fight about it?' Would we call back any of the true wars that have been fought for principle and for the establishment of right in this world? No!"

In addressing the City Club of Boston, he said: "When we are thoughtless about it, we think of this war as being fought in France. Why, it is being fought in Boston, it is being fought in Cleveland, it is being fought in Seattle, and in Waco, Texas. We think of it as being fought by these army officers and the men in uniform in the other countries. It is being fought by you. . . . It calls on each of us to do our utmost in order that it may be successfully and speedily brought to an end."

The great War Secretary is doubly gifted. He has upon his hands the heaviest material task that ever devolved upon any man, and he is proving equal to it; while in the erudition and eloquence of his many notable speeches he presents with signal clarity the high spiritual and moral principles and impulses that have impelled us into the war and will keep us in it until we win it.

A Book You Ought to Read

THE Conference on Bible Prophecy—the most important gathering of its kind ever held in this country—is now in session in Philadelphia. Its sittings will last three days, and during that time, practically all the leaders eminent in the study of prophecy will be heard on the platform.

We are privileged to announce that, by arrangement with the Executive Committee, the proceedings of the Conference, including the addresses, will be published in an authorized volume by the Christian Herald as soon as possible after adjournment. This arrangement is exclusive. Due announcement will be made of the terms, etc., on which the book will be supplied to readers of this journal and to all who are interested in the study of the prophetic Scriptures. We anticipate a large demand for this book, which will be one of unusual interest to Bible lovers everywhere, and more especially to those who are watching world developments in these latter days, which are impressing all thoughtful minds as being times of prophetic fulfilment.

In the Conference, practically all the denominations will be represented among the speakers, including Dr. C. I. Scofield, editor of the Scofield Reference Bible; Dr. James M. Gray of the Moody Bible Institute; Dr. Cortland Myers, Pastor of Tremont Baptist Temple, Boston; Dr. Mark Matthews of the First Presbyterian Church, Seattle, ex-Moderator of the General Assembly; and a number of others equally distinguished as authorities on prophetic interpretation.

When Our Heroes Return

WE were talking with a boy in khaki, the other day..

"I wonder," he asked suddenly, "whether there'll be any good positions waiting for us when we come back from the war? Do you suppose that folk will forget about us while we're Over There? Do you think that those who stay at home will fit into all the business openings, and that we'll get left? A good many of the boys that I know are worrying about the same thing."

The man who gives up a good position to answer the call of his country has small cause to worry. True, he may find the position that he has left filled on his return by another man; but he will come back so much bigger and better, so much broader in experience and so much more worth while in every way, that he will be fitted for a better and more responsible position in the world than he has ever before been able to occupy.

And that position will be waiting for him! Because the heads of business houses will be looking for men who have been tested and have stood their test well. They will realize that a man who has bravely met machine-gun fire can meet any emergency without flinching.

No, the boy who has left his work to go to war need not worry. The controllers of a nation's business will not be slow to recognize those who have made the nation secure.

Prophecy Changing the Map of Europe

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D., Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

I

OUR last article dealt with the question, "Why Germany Can Not Rule the World," the evidence and the argument for which was drawn from the prophecy in the second chapter of Daniel.

Briefly summarized, we saw that during "the times of the Gentiles" God has committed the control of the world into the hands of particular nations, of which Germany is not one.

"The times of the Gentiles" commenced at about 600 B. C., and will continue until the second coming of Christ to set up his kingdom in the earth. The year 600 B. C. was the time when, in punishment for her transgressions, God withdrew the power to govern from Israel, to be restored again to her through purifying judgments, when Christ comes.

The particular nations to which the government of the earth was committed were represented in the colossal image of the man which Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, saw in a dream, and which the divinely inspired prophet interpreted for him and for us. They were, in their order, the kingdom of Babylon, and the empires of Persia, Greece and Rome. We quoted Benjamin Wills Newton to the effect that "the sovereign controlling power of earth which was first vested in Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, next in Cyrus of Persia, afterward in Alexander of Greece, descended at last to the emperors of Rome; and within the territory once ruled by them that sovereign power resides, and there its home will be until the Gentile Image comes to an end and forgiven Jerusalem becomes "the city of the great King."

Now the point is, as we then said, that Germany, except the southwestern corner of her land, was not represented in that image; in other words, she never became a part of the Roman Empire in the Scriptural significance of that term, and hence the improbability, if not impossibility, that she should be finally and permanently victorious over those nations which are so represented.

II

IT remains to prove this by indicating the countries that fell within the Roman Empire; and this in turn raises the question as to what period of the Roman Empire is in mind? This last is met by the consideration that "prophecy relating to Gentile dominion is always focused upon the Jews and Palestine, and has especially in view the presence of the nation in her own land." Now, it is well known that shortly after the overthrow of the Jews by the Romans A. D. 70, their national recognition as possessors of the land ceased, a period which broadly corresponds to the close of the apostolic era. This is approximately Trajan's period (56–117 A. D.), under whom the empire extended its boundaries to the farthest limit on the east. The dying Augustus hoped it might never be extended beyond the Euphrates, but Trajan's ambition led to a victorious conflict with the Parthians by which there were permanently added to his territory, Armenia, Assyria and Mesopotamia.

Defining the nations in detail, therefore, (1) those in the northwest included Great Britain, that is to say, England and Scotland as far north as the Grampian Hills. Ireland was never brought under the civilizing Roman power, which may explain her unceasing restlessness in all the years.

(2) As to the west, Gibbon is authority for the statement that the old Roman wall left the Rhine near Bingen and joined the Danube near Ratisbon. The Romans possessed everything west of this, including Portugal, Spain, France, Belgium, Switzerland, and, as stated above, the southwest corner of Germany, the lobe of the ear so to speak, which includes Luxemburg, Baden and Bavaria south of the Danube, as well as the much-disputed and contested region of Alsace and Lorraine, which will be referred to again.

(3) In the south and southeast, the Romans possessed Italy, Greece, the islands of the Mediterranean, and the Archipelago and all the territory south of the Danube. This last includes what we know as European Turkey, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and all the Austrian dominions south and west of the Danube. To this Trajan added the province of Dacia north of the Danube and to the east of Hungary, or what we know as Rumania. The central part of Hungary was never brought within the Roman Empire.

(4) In Asia the Black Sea was the northern boundary, which thence extended along a southeasterly line to the Persian Gulf, taking in Asiatic Turkey, the Bible names for which are Asia Minor, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Palestine, and, as mentioned above, Armenia.

(5) In Africa Rome possessed a portion of Egypt and the northern coast, identified by moderns as Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria and the upper part of Morocco.

To quote Newton again, "these are the countries which fall within the boundaries of the Gentile Image, and which, from the earliest period until now, have ever been the center of all that has influenced human life. The light of revelation first given to Israel, and then to the Christian Church, was set within these countries. All the civilization of antiquity was centered there, where still resides the power which at this moment is forming the character of the world. The responsibilities of these nations are unequaled."

III

LET us now consider what realignment of the nations may be necessary in order to the fulfilment of Daniel's prophecy that those of the Roman Empire are to resume their distinctness and corporate relation to each other at the end of the age.

1. It is obvious that all those countries external to the Roman limits that now exercise authority over countries within those limits will be obliged to relinquish such authority. Newton illustrates this by the case of Belgium and Holland. The former at one time was subjected to the latter, but the latter was obliged to relinquish this authority. Political reasons made it necessary, of course, but there was a divine reason back of these, namely that Belgium was part of the Gentile Image and Holland was not. Belgium was originally in the Roman Empire, but Holland never was.

This need not carry with it, however, the corollary that countries now or hereafter to be connected with or allied to the nations of the Roman Empire, and which were not so connected or allied at the time mentioned, are necessarily to be given up. For example, Great Britain need not be required to lop off the Scottish highlands, nor even to lose Ireland.

2. On the other hand, we may expect Germany to be deprived of her possessions west of the Rhine and south of the Danube. In other words, if Gibbon is to be relied upon as to the Roman wall, this means the loss of Luxemburg and Baden, and part of Bavaria, and Alsace and Lorraine.

3. By the same token there must be a radical break in the Austro-Hungarian empire, for, as Gibbon says, "If we except Bohemia, Moravia, the northern skirts of Austria, and a part of Hungary between the Theiss and the Danube, all the dominions of the house of Austria were comprised within the limits of the Roman Empire." We need not be surprised, therefore, if Hungary becomes divorced from Austria, and the latter severs her alliance with the German Empire. And when that division comes, if not before, we may expect Italy to retrieve all the territory that rightly belongs to her.

4. As to the nations farther south and east, there can be little doubt that Bulgaria will withdraw her loyalty from Germany, and that Rumania will be enabled to break the chains now binding her to the same empire on the one hand and to Russia on the other.

5. Palestine will not return to the Turk, and Armenia at last will be delivered from the awful bondage of the same tyrant.

IV

WE had pursued our study of the map to this point, when there was freshly brought to our attention a recent volume, "The Roman Empire in Prophecy," by W. E. Vine, M.A., an English Bible student, collaborator with Dr. Hogg in a valuable commentary on Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians. His work on the Roman Empire was the outcome of conversations with inquirers since the outbreak of the war, in which he drew upon the study he had given to the subject for over twenty years.

He raises the question as to whether Germany is to be considered a part of the Roman Empire because of the conquest and rule of Charlemagne in the eighth century, but apparently dismisses it in favor of the principle of interpretation spoken of above; namely, that within the meaning of the prophecy, the Roman Empire stands for its limits at the close of the first century of the Christian era. With this principle in mind, he notices "certain circumstances of past and present history suggestive of future issues," from which, even at the risk of some repetition, it is interesting to quote, because of its corroboration of the above:

1. Commencing with north Africa, the author observes that practically the same strip of territory which belonged to the Roman Empire in the times of the apostles has passed directly under the government of countries which were themselves then within the empire; and no country then outside the empire has been permitted to annex that territory since the Saracens and Turks were dispossessed of it.

2. Passing to Asia, the present war has already dispossessed Turkey of Mesopotamia, and most of Armenia and Palestine, and brought them under the control of Great Britain, a country of the Roman Empire.

3. As to Greece, it obtained its ancient province of Macedonia as an outcome of the Balkan War of 1912, and today its boundaries are approximately what they were in the Roman Empire.

4. The dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary was partly within and partly without the Roman Empire. What are now Hungary, Transylvania, and Bessarabia were without, while Pannonia or Austria west of the Danube was within. Even when, in a later century Dacia (now Transylvania, Bessarabia, etc.) was annexed, the two parts of the present dual kingdom were separate. And we all know, as Mr. Vine says, that "the separation of the two parts has been a practical question of European politics for some time, and may be hastened by present events."

5. "The northern and northeastern boundaries of Italy embraced the Trentino and the peninsula of Istria. Noticeable, therefore, are the present efforts of Italy to acquire these very districts, efforts which are likely to achieve success.

6. "Roman states north of Italy covered what are now Baden, Würtemberg, Luxemburg and a large part of Bavaria, the possibility of an eventual severance of which from Prussian domination has been much discussed of late.

7. "The Rhenish provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, originally part of the Roman province of Gallia (now France) were snatched from that country by Germany in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71. Their recovery is a supreme object of the efforts of the French in the present war."

Our author speaks in an equally interesting manner of England and her colonies, and also of the United States, should the latter continue in alliance with her, but space will not permit further attention to the subject at this time. He would be understood as speaking not dogmatically, but by way of suggestion only, and yet that the Scripture will be absolutely fulfilled he has no doubt, though the exact mode of its accomplishment is known only to God.

Fighting a Common Foe

By REV. CHARLES STELZLE

CHRISTIANITY is largely responsible for the social unrest which characterizes the present generation. For centuries it has been presenting to men the high ideals which are resulting in nobler aspirations. The people have responded to the appeal made in the name of its Founder, and we dare not now repudiate the resultant demands which have become so insistent.

Christianity has been teaching the value of the individual. The practical application of that teaching is found incarnated in the labor union's insistence upon the right of every man, woman and child to live the life which God intended should be lived by them.

Because of the Church's teaching it must stand by the workingman in his fight for the child. It must fearlessly support him in his endeavor to relieve the almost unendurable condition of the woman who toils.

Because of its repeated messages in respect to cleanliness it must champion the workers in their struggles to secure for themselves better sanitary conditions in the home and in the shop. It must fire volley after volley into the sweatshop and into everybody and everything that supports it, until the thing is absolutely wiped out of existence. Because of its well-known teaching it should give no peace until the workers have the fullest opportunity for developing the highest type of manhood and of citizenship. If only one life were involved, all this would be demanded. But there are millions in whose behalf the fight must be made.

So let us get together—the Church and Labor—in the name of our common Leader, to put to rout every foe of the higher life, whether that foe be found in ourselves, whether he be in our own ranks, or whether he be an outsider who is dominated by the greed for gold.

Just how this shall be done must depend upon local conditions. I have no panacea. I am an opportunist. I believe in getting all that I can as soon as I can. Therefore, without elaborating a cocksure scheme, I would mention some everyday principles which are fundamental.

Be definite in your demands. If you yourself do not know what you are after, you must not expect others to know it.

Be consistent. If you believe in relieving sweatshop conditions and if you would abolish Sunday labor, beware of adding to the burdens of those whom you profess to be trying to relieve.

Be patient. There is no short cut to the millennium. Rome was not built in a day. You will not correct all of the evils of your generation, but your reasonable, definite, consistent campaign will surely bring some things to pass.

LEAD ME

WORDS by JOHN M. MORSE

MUSIC by ROBERT HARKNESS

1. Lead me, O Sav - iour dear! Lead me in love,.... When dark - ness
2. When tempt - ed sore to swerve From plumb and line;.... Hold me by
3. Give me the strength I need, More grace and love..... Send Thou up -
4. When sor - rows try me sore, When joys de - part,.... Oh, then be

hides my path, Lead Thou a - bove..... Suf - fer me ne'er to fall—
Thy right hand, Sav - iour di - vine!.... Ward off the tempt - er's power;
on my path Light from a - bove. ... Take Thou my hand in Thine,
ver y near; Keep Thou my heart..... Ward off de - spond - en - cy,

Be Thou my all in all; Lead me in love; Lead me in love.
Be near in that dark hour: Mer - cy is Thine; Mer - cy is Thine.
Then I shall know Thee mine, Lead me in love; Lead me in love.
Keep me from doubt - ing Thee, Keep Thou my heart; Keep Thou my heart.

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The Little Old Book

By FELICIA BUTTZ CLARK

WHEN Alfredo Del Rosso went away to fight the Austrians, he carried with him two precious things—a leather-bound Bible, well worn, gray with use and marked in hundreds of places in pencil, and his mother's picture. Both of these were so precious that he had wrapped them up in a piece of brown oilcloth and packed them away in the very bottom of his knapsack, that they might not be injured by rain.

On the day in June when, with his regiment, he marched through the Roman streets, crowded with people who cheered enthusiastically, waving handkerchiefs and shouting: "Long live Italy! Long live our brave soldiers!" an old woman kept step with him; she forced her way through the closely-ranked men and women. Every few moments her dim eyes sought out her boy, who, with face set rigidly toward his officer, with lips tightly pressed together, as if sheer willpower prevented him from showing the emotion he felt, stepped steadily forward. The mother's tired eyes, weary with tears shed at dead of night, when none but God could see her grief, had a gleam of pride in them at sight of her only remaining son, tall, stalwart, brown, with clear, honest eyes that looked straight at one when he talked.

Alfredo was one of four sons whom she was giving to her country at the call of the king. The other three had gone a month before. They were older, and had been put on duty before war was declared. And now Alfredo must go, too! The mother drew her breath in with a deep, hissing sigh.

UP by the station there were more people, but only the mothers, sisters, and sweethearts were allowed, with other near relatives of the officers and soldiers leaving for the front, to enter and wait upon the platform till the train moved out, carrying the men they loved so dearly. War is an awful thing, a great hungry monster that devours the youth of a country, but no one can ever forget the thrill of pride and cheerfulness attendant upon the departure of a train-load of soldiers. The enthusiasm keeps one from seeing disaster ahead. They are so brave, so handsome!

Signora Del Rosso went into the station with hundreds of others. The soldiers fell out of line, scrambled into the third-class carriages, hot with standing in the June sunshine all day. On the wooden seats, some one had placed quantities of flowers, roses, lilies, carnations, those lovely blossoms which are so plentiful in Rome at this season. The soiled old wood of the railway carriage was hidden under the gay flowers. The odors were sweet and fresh. Perhaps the soldiers liked their beauty more than they did the packages of chocolate and biscuits which ladies were distributing to them.

Alfredo cast his knapsack down in a corner, and picking out a wonderfully beautiful tea-rose with delicate pink-petaled heart, he stepped out upon the platform. It was not to one of the fresh-faced, bright-eyed girls that he gave the rose, but to an old woman with browned, tough skin, and bent back, and hands that trembled as they crept into his warm young grasp. Her baby, Alfredo, was going to the war! Perhaps she was not so old as she looked. Hard work, and bearing heavy burdens, with little bread to eat and few pleasures, make a woman grow old. One thing about her, however, was ever young, and that was the love-light in her faded eyes.

The young soldier put his arm tenderly around her, and looked down at her—the little mother. Something warm ran down his cheek and fell upon hers.

"Keep the rose to remember me by, mamma," he said, trying to smile. One does not say what lies deep in one's heart at such moments as this.

"I will, caro figlio—until thou comest back."

"Yes. Until I come back," he murmured.

"Thou hast the Book, dear?"

"In my knapsack, with thy picture."

"And thou wilt read it?"

"Every day, mamma. I shall not forget it—nor thee."

The bell rang and the word of command sounded. A quick warm embrace, and the lad was gone. The mother felt as if she were entirely alone in that sea of human beings. It is in our soul-life that we are alone.

He waved to her, but her sight could not reach him. Four sons—all gone! And Alfredo was the last.

IT was up into the snows that Alfredo Del Rosso was sent, up to fight the enemy of his country by the side of the Alpine soldiers, who look so jaunty—in peace times—wearing a uniform with an orange stripe on the trousers and a hat with one cock's feather stuck straight up in the air, saucily. In July the uniforms had become soiled, and the cock's feather drooped, a little the worse for wear; but the hearts beating beneath the soiled uniform were still warm with love of Italy, and the eyes shining under the brim of the stiff hat were still glowing with courage.

In between the battles, when there was a lull, Alfredo wrote letters home to his mother, letters which cheered her in her lonely life far away in Rome. Signora Del Rosso earned her living by doing the washing for the family of a duchess who lived in a great palace, and had many servants and much riches. The name by which Alfredo's mother was known was not such a dignified one as Signora Del Rosso. That belonged to the old days, when her husband lived and they were prosperous, occupying an apartment of four rooms. Now, when life had treated her badly, she was called "Mariuccia," which means "poor old Maria."

In the second courtyard of the great palace, built of thick blocks of brown tufa, was a pool of water, running swift and cold from the long aqueduct reaching far across the Roman Campagna. Here Mariuccia washed from morning till night, beating the garments on the stone wall of the pool, or "fontana," until her fingers ached. She wondered, sometimes, how her ladies could make use of so many dainty garments, exquisitely embroidered and trimmed with costly lace. These were, however, only some of her quiet thoughts. She did not express them to the chattering servants who worked near her.

One thing drew old Mariuccia and her mistress the Duchess very close together, though the fine lady never knew it; and that was their motherhood. Each had borne four sons, and each had seen these boys go away to the war. Mariuccia was lonely, but the Duchess was even more bereft, because she did not possess the Book.

At home, in the summer evening, when her work was done and her aching fingers were rested, Mariuccia would sit down by the table in her little dark room, opening into a small court, where the odors were none too sweet. No sunshine ever came in here, and in winter the walls were green with mold, and it was bitter cold. But, as Mariuccia said, shrugging her shoulders, covered by the spotless neckerchief she always wore over her old dress; "What can you expect for the price? It is cheap. Basta! I must be contented."

She lit her candle; electric lights were not within her reach; with the princely, or dukely, hire of thirty cents

a day and a plate of macaroni at noon, one must be economical.

Then she drew from a drawer a companion volume to the one so carefully packed by Alfredo in the depths of his knapsack. It, too, was gray with use, and thumbed by patient fingers. There were few pencil-marks, because Mariuccia was not learned in things of the brain, only in those of the heart. She could read a little, and on this evening late in July, when the streets outside were full of chattering, quarreling people, when a piano-organ played "Tripoli" with unusual zeal and much noise, and a baby in the next room shrieked in pain or wrath, the washerwoman picked out the words by the light of the candle.

Many of the passages she knew by heart, they were so dear to her. She repeated them now softly and was comforted.

"Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you.

"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

"Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. . . .

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Mariuccia let the old Book fall upon her lap.

"And sorrow and sighing shall flee away," she whispered.

Then she fell asleep in her chair, with the Book lying half opened on her lap, for she was very tired. The sun had been hot that day, and even in the shaded courtyard of the Duchess's palace it had been suffocatingly warm. Mariuccia had done some more wondering as she rubbed and rubbed the white lawn and linen dresses of the young Duchessine on the stone ledge of the fountain.

THE man grinding the hurdy-gurdy out in the street played the last triumphal and patriotic strains of the Royal March and went away to a much-needed rest. The people on the streets talked till late, and then they, too, went to bed. The early dawn shone rosy in the east, and the birds began to twitter joyously in the parks and gardens of the city. It was cool now, and fresh breezes blew and woke the roses on the walls and wafted the fragrance of the starry jessamine to the men and women already on their way to work.

Still Mariuccia slept on.

But as the sun, an orb of burning gold, peeped above the horizon, a jolly round face with promises of the day, the woman stirred and sat upright. The Book fell unheeded to the floor. There was a strained look on her wrinkled, parchment face, as if she saw things not fit for mortal sight.

She stretched out her gnarled, worn hands, grasping at the air.

"Alfredo!" she called anxiously. "Alfredo! Here is mother; right here. Don't be afraid! And reach out to God, my boy! reach out to God!"

She rose, staggered, and grasping the window-sill, steadied herself as the fresh morning air aroused her to consciousness.

Passing her hands over her eyes, she drove away the vision.

"I must have been dreaming," she murmured.

All that hot day Mariuccia washed at the fountain more linen and lawn dresses, but her thoughts were far away in the mountains, and every once in a while she raised her bowed body straight and looked out into space.

"Alfredo, mother is here," she whispered; "right here by thee. Reach out to God, dear, reach out to God!"

IT was dreary up in the mountains. Down in Rome the sun shone brilliantly, the roses climbed the gray walls and nodded in the breeze; the lilies cast forth fragrance; and under the ilex-trees there were shadows, green-black.

Up on the borders of the Dolomites, where rank after rank of needle-pointed, castellated peaks rose, sometimes blood-red, sometimes purple, oftener dull gray when cloud-shadows fell upon them, there were thousands of soldiers. And one of them was Alfredo Del Rosso, son of the old woman with the knotted, seamed hands, and the warm young heart full of mother-love.

The soldiers were trying to force a pass between these jagged lime-stone mountains. They had pitched their tents in a gorge. It was very cold; the wind shrieked through the rocky chasm, coming down from a glacier lying high above.

In one of the tents at ten o'clock on a July night there were two soldiers, so weary from their hard work that they had thrown themselves down, half-dressed, upon the piles of straw serving them as beds. It was so cold, too, even in midsummer, that they needed their garments to keep them warm. One gray blanket was not enough.

They were half asleep when the flap of sail-cloth was lifted, and a young soldier entered. He shook the drops from his coat and laughed cheerfully.

"It's raining hard, to add to our delights," he said.

"Have you brought the paper, Alfredo?"

"Yes. It's late tonight, and the mule had hard work to keep its footing; the rocks are icy and slippery. Lucky that we get it at all."

"Dated a week back, I suppose," grumbled one of the men.

"Well, what of that? We'll get the news, just the same."

"Tell it quick," called out the other soldier. "I'm dead sleepy. Is it hot down in Milan?"

"Ninety in the shade, my boy."

"Oh for a little of that heat up here!"

"Hear that rain!" said Alfredo, as the drops fell furiously on the tent roof. "Well, here's the news, boys. One of the Austrian cruisers was sunk in the Adriatic by our submarine."

"Bravo!"

"A company of our Bersaglieri took a splendid position and won. Many are killed, but what does that matter? They won—for Italy."

"While we wait here and do nothing."

"Never mind, our chance will come, and we'll win our laurels yet. The Austrians are retiring. I don't see much else."

"And now I'm wide awake and can't go to sleep again," muttered the grumbler. "Just hear that rain. It sounds like cannonading."

Alfredo went to his knapsack, found a small package wrapped up in oilcloth, and took out his mother's picture. For a moment he looked at the dear face, then laid it carefully away.

He came back to the rough box on which the candle stood, bringing the little, worn Book. Each night he had read its precious words, while his companions slept.

There was bright red color on his cheeks when he said: "If you're awake, perhaps you'd like me to read something out of this."

"What is it?" asked the grumbler. The other soldier was already asleep.

"It's the Bible."

The grumbler whistled.

"So that's what you read every night. I've heard of it, but I never saw one. Fire away! Perhaps it will put me to sleep. At any rate, it'll make me forget that confounded rain." So Alfredo read from his little old Book, while the rain fell in torrents and the wind howled about the tent as if it would tear it to pieces. The passage which he chose was the one from St. Luke where the Lord said unto Simon, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught." And Simon, protesting, as was his custom, let down the nets, and they enclosed a great multitude of fishes. So heavy was the load that this ship and that of Simon's partners, James and John, sons of Zebedee, were over-filled and began to sink.

"Then Simon Peter fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord.

"But Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men. And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed him."

The grumbler's eyes were wide open.

"They were fishermen," he said. "My father was a fisherman, down near Sorrento, and many and many a time I've gone out with him in the little boat; and we've cast the net and dragged it to shore full of fish, little shining, silvery things. But we never had such a haul as that. Per Bacco! it must have been wonderful!"

"Jesus was there," Alfredo answered softly, closing his Book and laying it carefully away.

"Do you really believe in Jesus Christ?" asked the grumbler. His tone was very earnest now.

"I really believe in Jesus Christ and his power to save us," replied Alfredo.

"I wish I could believe," responded the soldier.

There was silence in the tent, while the rain poured and then ceased.

IT was still dark when the sudden order came: "To arms!" The three soldiers were on their feet in an instant. Alfredo had time to put the package covered with oilcloth inside his shirt. In fifteen minutes the grumbler was loading his rifle in the trenches and Alfredo was beside him. They were too busy to talk and too busy to fear the shots rushing viciously over their heads. Men were falling, too, but still they kept on loading and firing, loading and firing.

After a stormy night the dawn came, clear and fresh. The glacier in the clefts of the mountains glistened and the peaks turned rose-red in the early sunlight.

A shot hissed through the air and with a groan Alfredo fell. One word escaped his lips: "Mother!" Did that word reach the heart of the old woman down in Rome?

The grumbler caught his comrade in his arms and tried to stanch the blood from his wound. He removed everything from Alfredo's pockets, and feeling the package under the shirt, took that also, and placed it in his breast. If his comrade died, he would take these things to his mother. Then he shouldered the unconscious man and bore him away.

THAT day Mariuccia did a heavy washing for the Duchess. But at noontime something happened. A telegram came, saying that the youngest son of the Duchess was dead. In the palace there was weeping and mourning.

The poor enjoy few luxuries. No telegrams come to them, and the letter written by the grumbler never reached the mother to tell her that her boy was wounded.

One afternoon she returned home early from her work. She was very, very lonely. Four sons at the front, and no news. It was hard. It was unbearable.

A fumbling at the door startled her; it swung open. Her eyes were blinded by the light of the opened door in which stood a soldier in gray uniform. His arm was bandaged and in a sling and his face was pale with suffering.

"Mother, it is I, Alfredo," he said. In an instant he was in her arms.

Behind him came his comrade, who had been given leave of absence because of a slight illness. He was no longer the grumbler. His face was transformed, lightened by a great hope, for he, too, had come to know Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. That night Mariuccia opened the leather-covered Bible, precious inheritence from her evangelical mother, and while the lads in their gray uniforms sat near her she read aloud: "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

The Progress of the War

THE rumor noticed in last week's Herald that American troops were not to be used in the active fighting until the number in France warranted their use as a complete Army was denied, on May 13, both in Washington and in London.

Instead of holding back American troops, the brigading of our forces with those of our Allies is to be extended, and continued until the time is ripe for the regrouping of all our units into one grand army. It was announced on May 15 that Generals Pershing, Haig and Petain, would command, under Foch, those divisions of the Allied Army in which their own troops predominated. It was also stated unreservedly that General Foch was in supreme command both in France and in Italy, and that Italy was sending to the French front nearly as many men as was America.

Every time of quiescence on the battle front gives the purveyors of rumors their opportunity. On May 13 German prisoners were reported as declaring that Field Marshal Von Hindenburg was dead. The same rumors brought Gen. von Mackensen to the western front to command one of the armies on the Somme. Following the meeting of the two kaisers at Germany's Great Headquarters, on May 12, there was another crop of rumors, all of which placed Austria more than ever in the dominating grip of her nominal ally. It was rumored that Germany would take even more supervision than formerly over Austria's internal and external policies. Emperor Charles was reported to have made his apologies to Emperor Wilhelm for his peace letters to France, promising not to offend again, and it was rumored further that any new peace moves by Vienna would mask the hand of Berlin.

It was also reported that Germany and Austria had made plans for the creation of four new reigning houses in Lithuania, Courland, Esthonia and Finland, placing Teutonic princes in the thrones of peoples whose self-determination was to be directed by Hohenzollern and Hapsburg dynastic ambitions and necessities.

Emperor Wilhelm recently issued a proclamation concerning Lithuania, in which he announced the restoration of Lithuania as an independent state allied to the German Empire. The proclamation concluded: "We assume the conditions to be concluded will take the interests of the German Empire into account equally with those of Lithuania, and that Lithuania will participate in the war burdens of Germany which secured her liberation." This closing paragraph was taken to indicate that Germany intended to attempt the organization of armies in the Russian provinces which she has added to her Empire. There was a report from the American minister at Stockholm that Germany had served an ultimatum on the Soviet government demanding among other things the military occupation of Moscow and other large Russian cities. There was also a rumor that dissatisfaction in Germany with Austria's failure to participate in the grand offensive was exerting pressure toward greater activity on the part of Emperor Charles' army, foreshadowing an early attack on Italy.

Italian airmen, fighting their way over the Trentino against desperate attempts of Austrian aviators to drive them back, reported bombs dropped on concentrations of enemy forces which were being brought together in the valleys north of Trent. Increasing gunfire and patrol activity indicated the possibility of an early attack on the Italians by the Austrian army. Austrian attempts to take from the Italians their recent captures on Monte Carlo were repulsed with heavy losses.

THE fighting in the west on Monday and Tuesday, May 13 and 14, was largely limited to artillery duels. On Tuesday, the Germans made two attempts to take Allied positions. They attacked in the direction of Kleine Vierstratt, north of the village of Kemmel, and succeeded in sweeping up the slopes of Hill No. 44, although they were unable to hold the summit from which the French defenders quickly

Continued on page 686

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Southern Methodist General Conference

By REV. H. K. CARROLL, D.D.

ONCE every four years, the fifty-two annual conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, send clerical and lay delegates in equal numbers to the General Conference. The Conference is an impressive body of about 400 men (no women as yet), with a college of thirteen bishops, who preside in turn, with no privilege of debate. Distinguished pastors, secretaries, college presidents and laymen of eminence in law, medicine and business also take part, and among them all, bishops, ministers and laymen who keep alive the best traditions of Southern oratory.

Candler is a name known far and wide. Bishop Candler is a great preacher, trained in law as well as Gospel, a fount of eloquence, wit and humor; Asa Candler, brother of the Bishop, is a first citizen of Atlanta in business, good works, and philanthropy, and is the present mayor. Judge Candler, a lay delegate, adds luster to the name. Bishop Hendrix, senior bishop, is strong, graceful in speech, broad in sympathy, enthusiastic friend of unification. These with other bishops and ministers, eminent leaders, such as Lamar, Thomas, Du Bose, Prettyman, Ainsworth, Moore, Linn, McMurry, Cannon (some destined to be bishops), contribute to the strength and distinction of the General Conference, which occupies Wesley Memorial Church in the heart of the city. Its huge galleries were thronged for the welcome addresses on the evening of the first day, Thursday, May 2.

AMONG the many things the General Conference is expected to do are these: 1. Consider and act upon the report on unification. 2. Deal with issues created by the war. 3. Decide what shall be done with the lay program for reforms. 4. Adopt a plan for a ministerial pension fund. 5. Elect additional bishops. 6. Decide whether there shall be episcopal districts. 7. Decide whether the church constitution needs amendment. 8. Decide whether women members shall be recognized as having full rights in church and conference. 9. Decide whether there shall be missionary bishops. 10. Decide what shall be done for missions, education, etc.

The reunion of the two chief bodies of Methodism, separated by slavery in 1844–5, is evidently earnestly desired by both. The Northern General Conference at Saratoga, in 1916, went for it unitedly and enthusiastically, approving the plan previously accepted by the Southern General Conference of 1914, that is, unification by reorganization. The joint commission of twenty-five bishops, ministers and laymen from each body has already held four sessions. The outcome of the first three meetings has been described in the Christian Herald (see issue of January 2, 1918).

The meeting at St. Louis agreed upon some minor matters, but divided upon the question of Negro representation in the General Conference and hence defeated unification for the time. The difference, in a nutshell, was this: The Southern Commission, while preferring a separate General Conference of Negro Methodists, agreed at Savannah that the Colored Regional Conference should have a fixed representation of ten delegates; the Northern wanted eighteen. At St. Louis, the Southern Commission was willing to accept a minimum of eighteen and a maximum of twenty-six; the Northern asked for a proportional representation of five per cent., or forty-four, approximately. In other words, the principle of Negro representation in the General Conference was agreed to; but the numbers or precentage was not agreed to. The difference is simply a difference of number, and does not seem an insuperable obstacle. As to the attitude of the General Conference, it is well known that the bishops are divided in sentiment, Bishop Candler, chairman of the Southern Commission, opposing the plan as tentatively accepted, in some particulars, with some of his colleagues, while Bishop Hendrix is a warm friend of the plan and is confident it will obtain sooner or later. Other bishops sympathize with this view.

A preliminary struggle took place in the Conference on the third day, when Drs. Cannon, Du Bose, Thomas and others sought to have the report prepared by a committee of four presented to the Conference. The report was read to the Conference by its author, Dr. Frank M. Thomas. It closed with the recommendation that the Commission be continued, with the recognition of the generous, courteous, kindly attitude of the Northern Commissioners, and with these words: "The Commission began its labors in the spirit of prayer and ended them in an atmosphere of brotherly love." The report went to the Committee on Church Relations.

The war spirit of the General Conference, like that of Atlanta, is intense. From the opening session prayers, hymns, addresses, resolutions have been expressive of devotion to the country in its struggle, along with the Allies, against military autocracy and tyranny, and a resolution was unanimously adopted on the third day, assuring the President of the firm and loyal support of Conference and Church in all measures for the vigorous prosecution of the war.

The Unfinished Task

Continued from page 664

gether in reasonable peace and good-will, even under the stress and strain of war. From which I conclude that the hope of St. Paul, the prayer of Jesus, and the dream of the centuries are well within the realm of possibility.

In the new day now dawning, the Church must lead and set the example by putting her own house in order. The sooner Christians get together, the sooner will nations federate. No one recognized this more than the statesman whose spirit inspired this message. A close friend of the President, Mrs. Pomeroy, once asked him why he did not join the church, since he was such a devout believer in the things of the Kingdom. To which Mr. Lincoln replied, "When any church will inscribe over its altar as its sole qualification for membership the Saviour's condensed statement of both the Law and the Gospel, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself; that church will I join with all my heart." For myself, I am praying most earnestly that such a Church Universal shall be the offering which the followers of Christ will present to God when this war is over, for then will he present to us a world made one through Him who is the all and in all. What an extraordinary opportunity for the Church of the Living God!

Brethren, of every clime, race and creed, I salute you. Behold, the centuries look down upon us and the nations look up to us. I challenge you one and all to light your torches at Lincoln's altar fire, and dedicate your lives to the completion of Lincoln's task.

Jesus Faces Betrayal and Denial

International Sunday School Lesson for June 9
Mark 14: 10-72

The Memorial Supper

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

WE now confront a tremendous chapter with material for many lessons. But the intention of our Lesson Committee is to make the Lord's Supper the central theme and to study the situation which Jesus and the twelve faced as they met together in the upper room. It is familiar ground, superficially, but the wisest students confess that there are points of the deepest importance that are not quite clear to them even now. It teems with practical suggestions for our own fellowship together as disciples of Christ, and raises some heart-searching questions too. At the time when his chosen twelve are most disappointing we see him getting humble but hearty cooperation from some obscure disciple in the preparation of the room used as a meeting-place. It was "furnished and ready." Ofttimes we think our duties in the kingdom are lowly, but if Jesus asks our help in such simple things as this we can have the joy of instant readiness to do what we can.

Jesus knew that he was to be betrayed. What a horrible sensation for any one to have, and harder to bear the more refined the nature. Is there any offense more heinous than betrayal of a friend? There is something hideous in the treachery that hands over a trusting companion to his enemies. Jesus was too popular with the common people, especially the Galilean pilgrims, for the priests to risk seizing him publicly. They wanted to lay hold on him secretly, by night, and get the trial and execution over before even rumor could reach most of his real friends. Horrible as is the malignity of the sanctimonious priests who could not enter a heathen palace on a feast day, the sin of Judas is more horrible and less easily explained. Why did he do it? Lately it has become the fashion to find excuses for him, even to the pretense that he deliberately sought to fulfil prophecy. But Jesus' loathing of the traitor makes such palliation impossible. It is a mystery still, how human perverseness can sin against love. The Gospels seem to point to greed for money as a weak spot in his character. Mark links the betrayer's bargain with the anointing at Bethany, and it may be that pique and hurt feelings had something to do with it. Or it may have been that he expected an earthly kingdom as the others did, and turned against the Master when he realized it was not to be.

The feast was clouded and robbed of its joy by a sense of impending calamity. Jesus, with his heart torn in outraged love, cannot keep silent about the betrayer. What sorrow came over the group around the table! How well they knew their weakness as each asked, awe-stricken, "Lord, is it I?" Their question called for a negative answer to reassure their self-distrust. Jesus emphasized the tragedy of it; a familiar friend, one who dipped in the same dish, had sold him for gain.

Our Shadowed Feasts

So often in our gatherings in church or home, even on the most memorable occasions, we are not fully and wholly united. What is wrong? Some one has been betraying Christ? For Christ prayed then that his disciples might be one. We would do well to ask ourselves, or rather to ask our Lord, "Can it be I that am breaking the loyalty, the unity, of the cause of Christ?" The disciples were better than we; each inquired concerning himself. We are all too apt to look around at others and to forget to examine our own consciences. If the family group is unhappy, and some one is surely to blame, "Lord, is it I?" If the class is going to pieces, or the school is running down, and some one is neglecting duty, "Lord, is it I?"

The Bread and the Cup

As the celebration of the paschal feast closed, Jesus solemnly and impres-

sively took the bread, and after repeating the blessing distributed the pieces among them. Each looked at him inquiringly and waited to know his meaning. "Take it," he said; "this is my body." Then he poured the wine for each. "Drink ye all: this is my blood of the covenant." What new significance was added there to old-time ceremony! His body was to be sacrificed, and yet that sacrifice was to feed human souls. His blood was soon to be shed, yet it should refresh and heal weary men throughout the ages to come. Betrayal meant death, but death did not mean defeat. It meant larger service and sublimer victory. The shedding of his blood was the seal to a greater covenant than that of Abraham. Into its blessings might enter all the tribes of earth.

How awestricken must the disciples have been! They could not begin to understand. What eager questionings and wondrous teachings followed, as are partially revealed in the Gospel of John. Mark's brevity is characteristic and leaves the true impression of a band of men who did not even yet understand what their leader had in mind. But they did see in him a Victorious One, joining in song and prayer, and then calmly going forth to suffer and die.

Value of the Observance to Us

Some Christians, happily few in number, have disparaged the Communion because of the superstitions which have gathered round it in the dark ages. Now, thousands of Protestants entirely ignore the observance. It grieves us to see so many get up from the pews and go out when the Supper begins. For this memorial rite can be made, and should be, the very climax of all the observances of the Church. Its teaching value is tremendous. It has the great psychological advantage of being acted out by all. It is a break from the monotony of *talk* from the pulpit. It speaks for itself. We who work among the children should explain its lessons to them so that they may understand at least in part before they first participate and especially that they may not begin with wrong ideas.

Remembrance of Christ. "Do this in remembrance of me." For a company of people to be perfectly quiet for a few minutes and for all to think of Jesus Christ, is a blessing to the whole community and every home that is represented. Just to let his life and character, his sacrificial death and resurrection bear their own testimony; without question, without argument, to let every man look into the Master's face: that is communion with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Family Fellowship. What a penetrating, powerful sense of fellowship the Holy Meal brings! We look around upon each other with tenderer hearts. We think more kindly of the erring and the blundering. After all, we are brethren, children of one Father, and all in his sight weak and foolish enough. The common meal, touched with glory by its associations, makes us members together of a beloved community. We think of those who have gone on to the higher communion. We remember the stalwart saints of old regardless of sect or land. All are ours, whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas. We think of the other churches where we have worshipped and of the larger tasks of the Kingdom in our time. We are bigger, and better, and holier men and women.

Divine Care and Forgiveness. We remember God's goodness unto us. He has given us day by day our daily bread. We were brought low and he helped us. We walked through the valley of the shadow of death and feared no evil. We cried unto him in contrition and he delivered us from our sins and remembered them against us no more. We stumbled and fell, but seventy times seven he lifted us. For such a Father, so ready to give good gifts, so plenteous in lovingkindness, shall we not care for his other sheep—his lost and wandering sons? Shall we not give, even as we have received, and forgive others their trespasses against us? So at last we go forth feeling like the men who had eaten bread with the Lord at Emmaus.

In dealing with our boys and girls we must study to make the Lord's Supper combine reverence and joy; it must be solemn and heart-searching, yet in no wise gloomy or depressing. In childish hearts the dignified repetition of the words of the ordinance have lasting value for spiritual nurture. The most precious associations will gather around the observance. I cannot hear the hymn, "Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned," without the profoundest stirring of recollections of the communion in the church of my boyhood, where it was always sung as the "hymn before they went out." In our home church now, the twenty-third Psalm forms a part of the order, and young people have told me that it has taken new and memorable meaning from its connection with the remembrance of Jesus.

The Betrayal and Denial

Now we must look together at the scenes in the garden and the courtyard in Jerusalem. Familiar and sad enough they are. A false friend and a group of weak friends, and one calm, poised, lonely Man. After his agony of spirit he is equal to the emergency. Here come the rough temple police with torches and staves. And among them Judas with his mocking greeting and traitorous kiss. The Greek says, "kissed him effusively"! With lips calling him Master, and with lips saluting him with love, but with heart full of malice and greed. Shocking to us all, and we trust that few in the church share such guilt. Jesus rebukes the officials and taunts them with their cowardice when he taught publicly in the temple.

And the disciples all left him and fled! The Man of Sorrows was forsaken in his hour of need by every one of those for whom he had done so much. We ask ourselves guiltily if we have not done likewise when his cause has been hard bestead in our day. After the silent march through the night to the city, we get the picture of Peter, standing in the firelight, directly and repeatedly denying Christ. Yes, with oaths and cursing repudiating any relationship to him whom he first of all men had deliberately hailed as the Son of God! Poor Peter. "overtaken in a fault"! Let those without sin among us cast the first stone of reproach.

Sunday School Methods

By FRANK L. BROWN, Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

Live Items for Missionary Sunday

WHEN the call went out from the World's Sunday school Association headquarters in New York to the Sunday schools in different lands to do their part in helping the starving children of Syria and Armenia the response was immediate and generous for these children who give out of their little and who often give their all.

One girl in the fourth year common school of the Congregational Church at Ping Yang, Korea, writes:

"It may seem strange to send such a small bit of money to you. But as I receive something from my father daily I have saved this much by not buying things for myself for some time. I send it to you and ask you to please send it to the orphan children in Bible lands.

FUKUJU HARUTA."

A Turkish boy who had as his particular treasure a Turkish gold pound, equal in value to about $3.70, parted with it for the needy children of Syria when he learned of their utter need through his Sunday school teacher. These are the *children's mites* to match the widow's mite.

From Egypt's children has come the large sum of $2,600 for these sufferers. Over $32 of this came from the Orthodox Copts of the small village of Ghanaim. They heard of the need through friends in another village. They speak of the gift as very small, but in reality it means a great deal for these simple country folk.

Another village named Aghana made a joint offering combining the gifts of the Orthodox and the Evangelical Churches. The omdeh (mayor) of the village wrote a very earnest letter conveying the greetings of both congregations and saying that he and his townsmen wished to be associated with the Sunday school movement in this work of kindness for the suffering children in Turkey. He closed his letter with a prayer that through the new year we might enjoy the peace and presence of the Lord Jesus.

This incident is most significant from the fact that for the past generation and more there has been intense bitterness both in cities and villages between the Orthodox Coptic Church and the Evangelical or Protestant. An Egyptian friend, when told of this joint offering, said he had never heard of such a thing in this country.

From Brazil's children has come $500, and from Japan's, $300. These are the first offerings from these countries for a world need.

And now Mr. Trowbridge, the World's Sunday School secretary for Moslem children, is in Jerusalem distributing these World's Sunday School gifts to the orphaned and needy. Nearly $200,000 has already been applied to this relief work. He is establishing workshops in the lace industry, developing orphanages and trade schools. Sixteen hundred Bethlehem refugees were cared for at Jaffa.

Several thousand of the refugees from Armenia had been for three years working their way to Jerusalem through the wilderness east of the Jordan. Mr. Trowbridge had once been a missionary in Armenia. When these miserable folks met him at the crossing of the Jordan near Jericho, some recognized him with tears of gratitude. When they later saw the Mount of Olives they broke out in exclamations of praise. Work is being found for them, and food and clothing.

Wayside Sunday Schools in Korea

One of the splendid things in Korea is the way churches have been built out of little wayside Sunday schools. Some 2,500 children have been gathered into these schools recently by one denomination, the Southern Presbyterian. These schools are as simple as they can well be—a gathering of little unwashed, uncared-for children under the roadside tree, in a friendly house, or on a veranda. There is practically no organization at all, but the children are held together at first by curiosity, a potent factor in the East, and then by love.

Take the beginning of one such school. A missionary well supplied with brightly colored pictures or text cards (probably sent by some Sunday school in America through the Surplus Material Department of the World's Sunday School Association, Metropolitan Tower, New York) goes to some village and sits under some tree or by the side of the road. Very soon one child and another gathers in front of him to examine him and hear what he has to say. The missionary says a few words and perhaps sings a verse or two of "Jesus Loves Me" and gives each of the children a card and tells them to come again next Sunday and bring others.

Next Sunday he comes to the same place and the children are there to meet him.

A few will perhaps spell out with him a verse or a text. Some Sundays later the children will learn to look for his coming, and the class will take on regular proportions, and quite a number will join shyly in the singing.

It may be that a child or friendly neighbor will offer his house, his yard or a room, and from that time more or less regular work may be begun. Some "schools" we have seen have met Sunday after Sunday through a long bitter winter under a tree by the roadside, but the good done was not to be measured.

Since these schools started a few years ago thousands upon thousands have been reached. Just the other day a Korean said: "It is curious that when I used to go to such and such a village the children sang all sorts of heathen songs, but now I hear only 'Jesus Loves Me.'"

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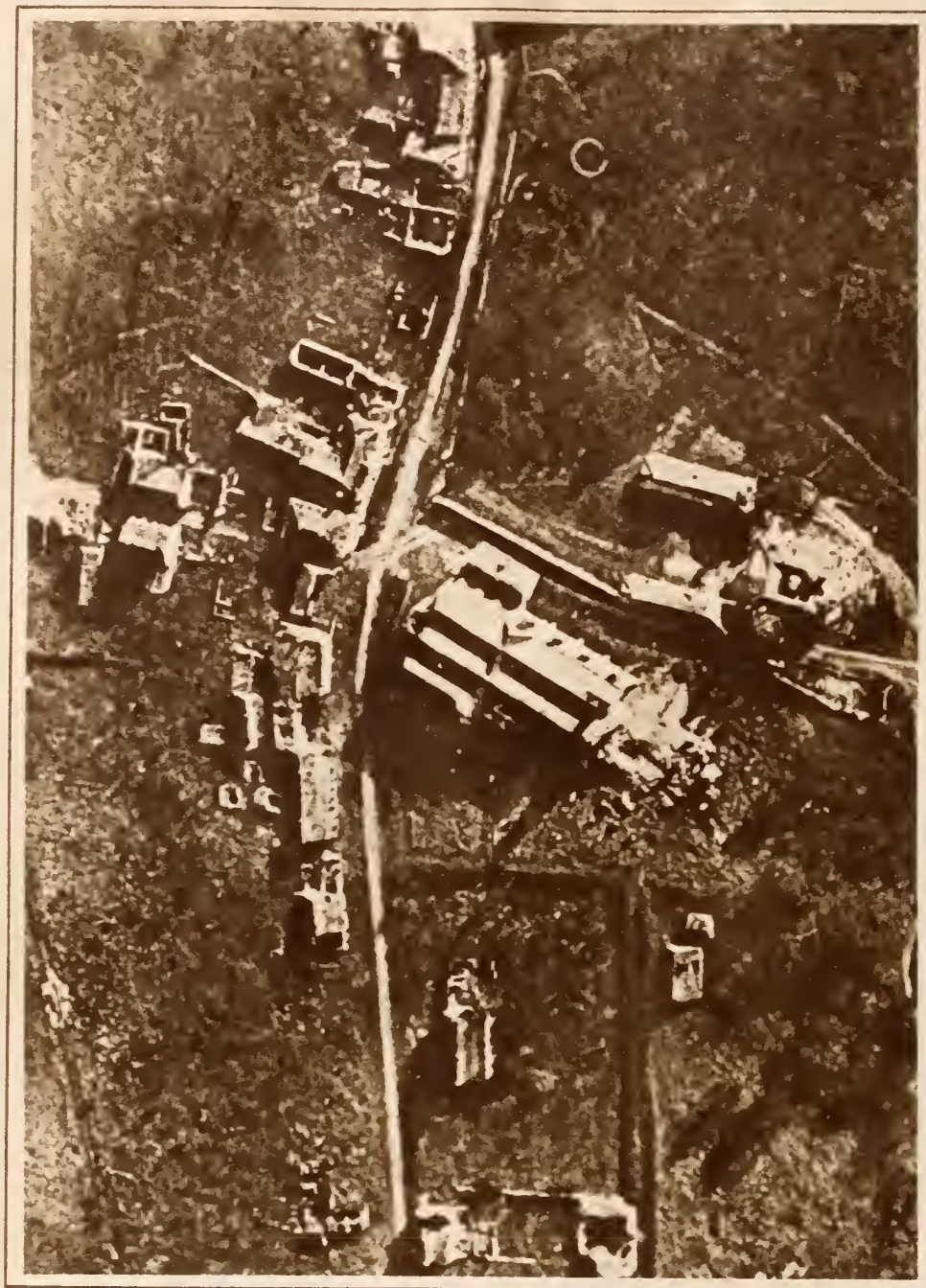

An aerial photo of a quiet French village about a notable château before March 21 (See picture opposite)

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Not Peary at the North Pole, just an officer of an American ship in the

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THE attack, that began at St. Quentin and ended
range of Amiens, became a real battle of mobile for
open warfare and the Germans met their match in the A
But there were days, hours, yes minutes, when the decisio
the devotion and tenacity of men who for the time we

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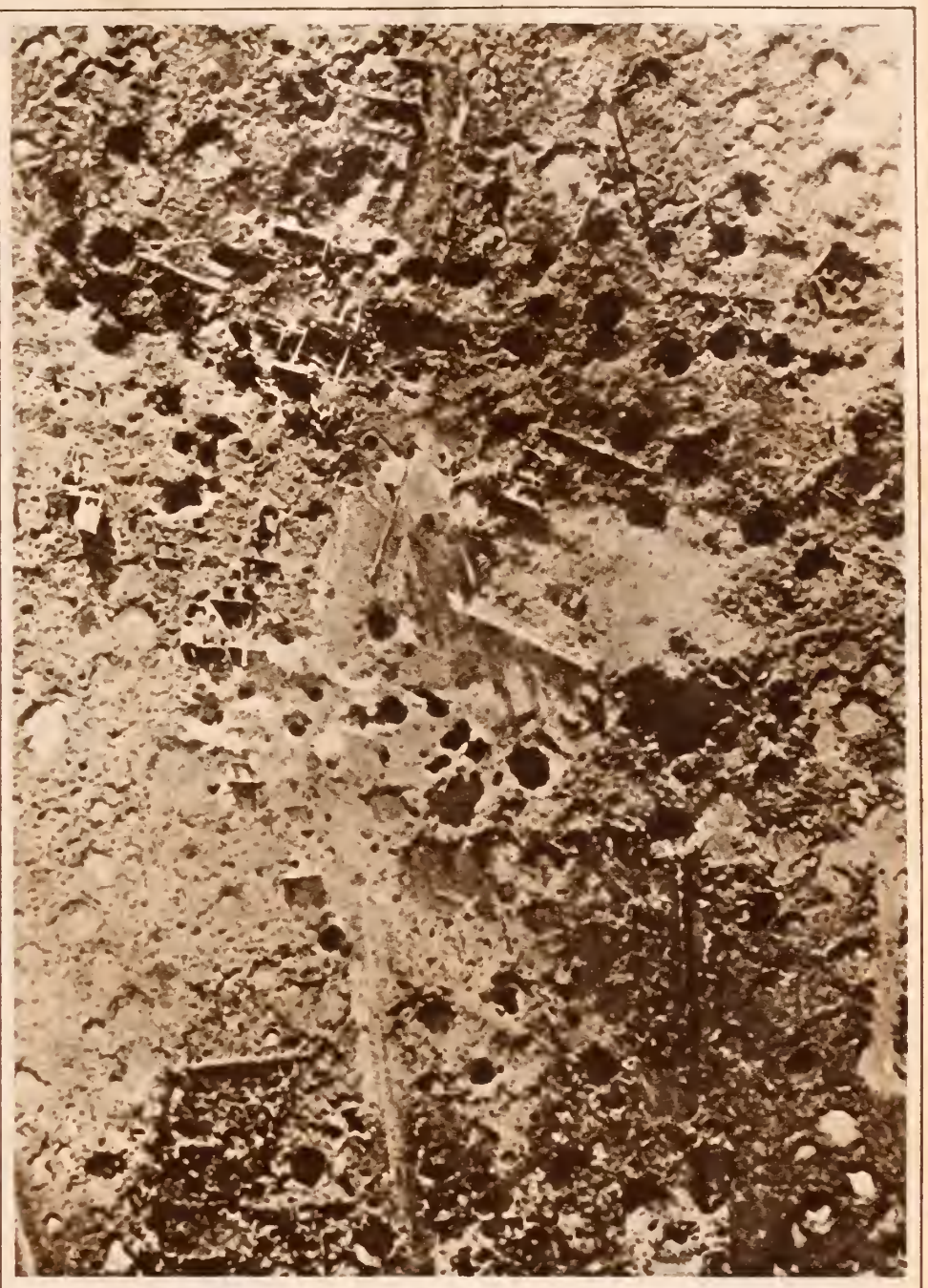

This is the same peaceful village as the airmen found it when the storm of shell fire had passed © Kadel & Herbert

...E BATTLE OF PICARDY

...te of the Christian Herald

...t the left British forces retreating through a French village; below, ...battery of 75's rushed up to halt the Hun, in position on a roadside ...ing across an unbroken field; at the right, French and American ...oops rushing toward the front to relieve the tired heroes of Britain ...no, though driven back, had destroyed Von Hindenburg's schedule

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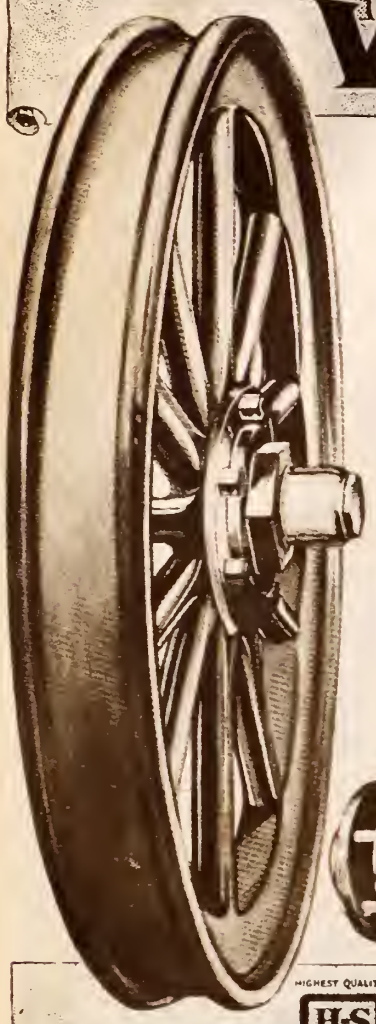

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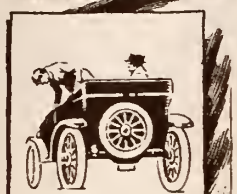

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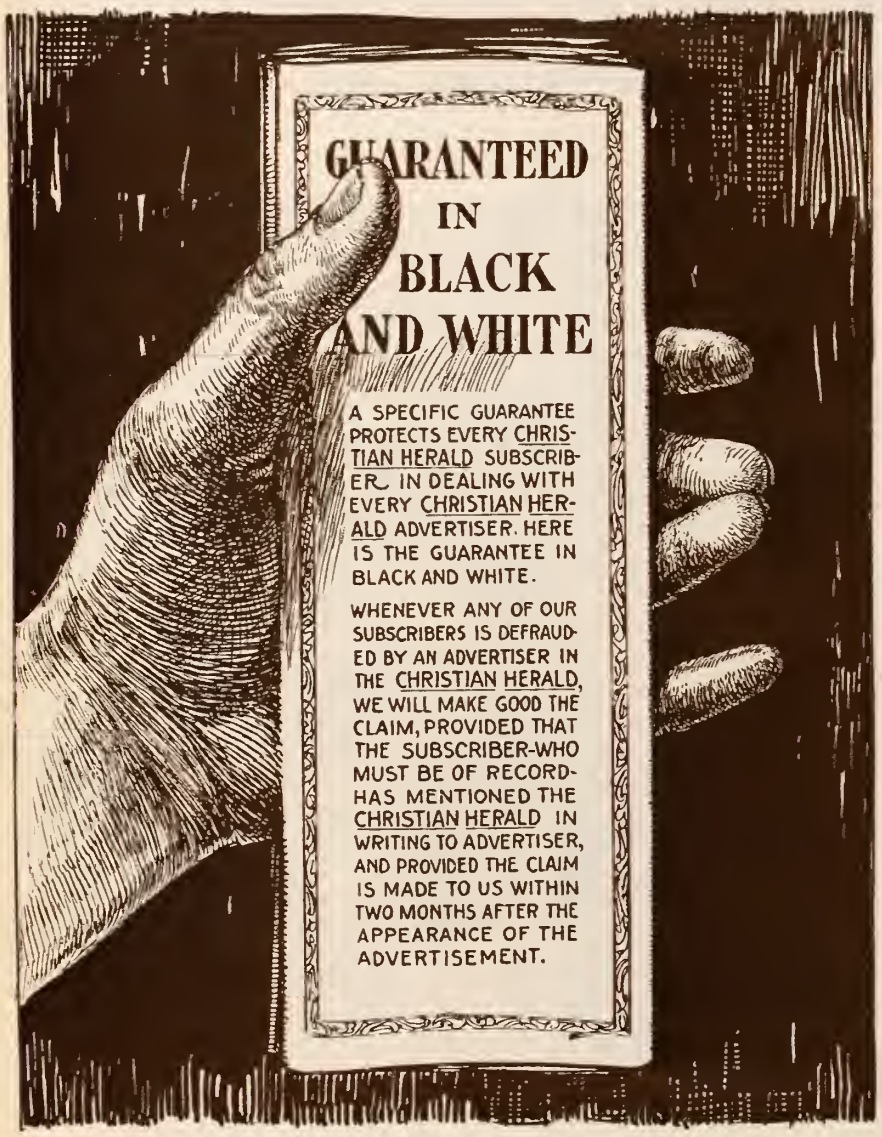

Without Warning

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IT was only a spring shower, but it swept up suddenly from out of the horizon aud beat upon the world with silver lances of rain. We, scurrying for cover in the shelter of an old barn, woudered why showers had such a disconcerting habit of blotting out the sunshine all in a moment and drenching new summer frocks.

"When we started out," I found myself saying resentfully, "there wasn't a hint of this!"

The friend brushed a few drops of water from a filmy ruffle before she answered.

"I often wonder," she said finally, "why things so often happen without any warning. It hardly seems fair to have showers come on a day as bright as this one was!"

The shabby roof began to leak, and we moved deeper into the shadow of the barn, while the great drops splashed in at the doorway.

"Oh, well," I answered, "it isn't doing us any real harm. If there hadn't been some sort of a shelter it might have ruined our clothes."

"But there was a shelter," finished my friend. She smiled. "There usually is a shelter!" she said.

The rain beat down as we stood there in the dimness of the old barn. And then, quite as suddenly as it had started, the rain faded away, aud, all at once, miraculously the sun swept from behind a cloud.

We stepped over the broken door-sill of the old barn aud out into a world that seemed like a great canvas freshly painted with paints that were fragrant as well as bright. The new leaves on the trees that stood sentinel-like along the way seemed greener than ever before, and the meadow flowers were sparkling in the sun. Even the sky seemed clearer, and the road, which had been a bit dusty, had become a brown satin ribbou for our feet to walk upon.

"After all—" I observed, "after all, this shower was worth while!"

"Even," added my friend, "if it did come without warning!" And she laughed.

THE things that come without warning are often worth more to us than they would be if we had time in which to prepare for them. The emergencies that force out latent bravery, the situations that bring to light unexpected genius, would entirely fail iu their object if they could be planned for with more or less elaboration. The boy who saved the brave land of Holland—you have all heard the story—by sitting through the night, faint from pain and exhaustion, with his little fingers held tight against a fatal hole in the supposedly strongest dike, would have lost his chance for fame had he known that the leak was going to occur, though he might have done heroic work in preparing to defeat the intruding flood.

You've probably, every one of you, knowu some person who was strengthened by the unexpected happening. You've known wasters who, thrown upon their owu resources, have become splendid men and women with real purposes in life; and you've known cowards who, in the time of fire or flood or excitement, have proved their strength and have never again been cowards. You've heard of unpleasaut things happening unexpectedly, that have made great and decidedly pleasant differences in many lives.

I heard the story, once, of a train wreck that occurred near au orphan asylum. It was not a serious affair, but there was some repairing to be done, and so a rich woman who was in one of the cars decided that, while it was being done, she would go through the asylum on a tour of inspection. She wasn't particularly curious about the place; but it was a nice day, and the building was not unattractive, and she had read all of her magazines, and she had nothing else to do. So she left the train and strolled across the orphan asylum lawn and in through the open door.

She was, as I have said, a rich woman. And she had always beeu, up to that time, a selfish woman. For she had never thought of sharing her wealth with one less fortunate than herself. That visit to the orphan asylum opened her eyes to a new world, a world of small children who had nothing of the plenty that she had always known and accepted as her due.

She had stepped through the asylum's open door with only one object—to kill time. She wandered through the different rooms, in the matron's excited charge, with a growiug interest. She begau to ask questions and the answers that she received made her heart fill with pity.

"I wonder," she said finally, "how I could help?"

The matron led her back to a comfortable little study. And they sat there until the train whistle blew, talking. And the rich woman heard of many ways in which she could help. When she left, she made a promise to come back again, and to make her second coming one that would mean something.

Under ordinary circumstances that rich woman would never have visited a public institution. She would have shuddered delicately away from the thought of such a thing. But, because she happened to be near such an institution when a train wreck happened without warning, she did visit it. Aud that visit was the beginning of many changes in many lives. Comforts and conveniences that the asylum had never dreamed of were installed; the worried matron was able to go to bed at night without tossing sleeplessly and wonderiug about too slim budgets; and the laughter of little children made glad a certain stately old manor house that had been childless ever since the rich woman grew up.

DO not look askance at the things that happen without warning. Because there's a Hand behind every happening, a tender Hand with a definite purpose—a Hand that is at once a shelter (for there's always a shelter!) and a guide.

The spring shower made the earth more beautiful. Of course, if we had known that it was coming we would have stayed, safely and sanely, at home. And if we had done so we would have missed the fresh beauty of the Maytime country after the rain. But the shower came without warning. And so we, watching it, were able to read a symbolism into it.

A Child's Wonderful Memory

LITTLE Grace Parks, age four and one-half years, is one of the most wonderful of child Bible students. She cannot read or write yet, although she she is learning both; but her memory is crystal clear. She has memorized a number of Bible passages, also the names of the twelve apostles, the names of the twelve sons of Jacob, the names of the sixteen judges of Israel, the ten plagues in order, the chain of events in the six days of creation, the fifteenth Psalm, and many other parts of the Old and New Testaments. Grace is not a precocious or abnormal child. She is well-grown for her years, bright-faced, with a merry temperament, and gives promise of growing up into a capable and useful womanhood. Mrs. A. S. Steel, Chattanooga, Tenn., founder and manager of the Home for Needy Colored Children there, is Grace's teacher. She has a number of other children about Grace's age, who are almost Grace's equal in Bible accomplishments. Mrs. Steel's system has demonstrated the capacity children have for absorbing Bible knowledge, which will stand them in good stead in after years. The Home is located at 1 Straight Street, Chattanooga. The good work that is done there is known to many readers of the Christian Herald, who have been patrons of it in past years. In thirty-four years Mrs. Steel has taken in, clothed, educated and trained over 1,500 children of both sexes. At a recent annual meeting of the Tennessee State Board of Charities, held in Nashville, the work of this Home was highly endorsed.

Young People's Topics for June 9

Finding and Filling One's Place in the World

Epworth League Topic. Acts 22 : 10; 26 : 16-19, Judges 7 : 21

THERE is a place for every one which that one can fill better than anybody else. Many persons, without doubt, fail to find their place, and their lives are fretted away in uncongenial and unprofitable work, which brings them neither fame nor satisfaction of heart. For this parents are often to blame. They choose a career for their son or daughter; plan the education for that career or get them a job that is supposed to lead toward it, thereby starting a train of fortuitous circumstances which winds a steadily enclosing web about the child for whose welfare they planned, stunting his growth, denying his ambitions, perhaps robbing him of his ideals. Others start out on a chosen career with the idea that their own force of character and the power of their will can get them anything they want. It frequently brings financial success, worldly position and the plaudits of the crowd—an empty shell when old age closes in. There is only one way to make sure that you have found your place in the world. Paul found the way, and when he found it he was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision. The first requisite for finding your place in the world is to find Jesus Christ as your Saviour. His will for you will fit you to your place and help you fill it. If you don't know his will, if you have not yet had your heavenly vision, you will find it on your knees when you have placed all of self upon the altar of his will. He may lead you along the lines of your long-time ambition. He may turn you into a channel you had not thought to follow. You can be sure, if you wait for your vision and are not disobedient thereunto, that you will not only find your place in the world but find with it the power to fill it.

Progressive Christians

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topics. II Peter 1 : 1-11

WHEN an automobile stalls, there is usually some mechanical difficulty that can be righted; when a horse balks, there are physical means for starting him again; when a Christian ceases to progress, a fresh baptism of the Spirit is necessary for a new start. Progress is the normal handmaid of faith. Having washed our sins white in the blood of Calvary, we press on toward the mark of our high calling in Christ Jesus—Christian perfection. It is a long road, a steep climb, yet a happy and joyous pilgrimage. Peter expressed it as a sum in addition. Having believed, he would have us add to our faith virtue, which is the keeping of the law. Then, through the keeping of the law and our faith, we are to learn something of Him whose Spirit is expressed in the law. Thus we gain knowledge, and having knowledge of God we are less hasty in our judgments, less impetuous in our statements, less riotous in our indulgences. Thus we accomplish temperance, and it is a short step from temperance to patience. When all of these are added, godliness or God-likeness is not far away. Brotherly kindness is naturally to be expected. Charity loves the company of those who are kind. And if, in your life, you have completed this sum, it is but natural that you should be neither barren nor unfruitful in the things of the Kingdom. A life thus multiplied must bless the world, even as it is itself blessed from above.

Scouting and the Bible Class

By JAMES G. CHANDLER

Bible-School Superintendent and Deputy Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America

THE side issues of the regular program of the Boy Scouts of America are very apt to become the main issue, and then real scouting goes a-glimmering. At least, that is my opinion as based on experience here.

Some seven years ago this proved the case with a troop we tried to organize—basket-ball, baseball, an occasional hike, were enjoyed, but not even a tenderfoot Scout grew out of it. These games held the interest and proved beneficial to only a few of the boys.

Eight months ago we realized that we had a boy problem (a misnomer—it is a man's problem).

By past experience, athletic clubs, social clubs, etc., proved a practical failure; and so this decision was reached and followed closely—to organize a troop of Boy Scouts, giving them to understand that the Scout program was to be followed almost to the letter.

As a result, troop No. 26 at the end of eight months boasts a perfect organization, with four Merit Badge Scouts, six First Class Scouts and nineteen Second Class.

The "Be Square" Bible-Class has grown from nine to nineteen and has better discipline. The Scout troop is also feeding other boys' classes of the school.

Scouting is Christianity made practical for boys, and it becomes the natural step for Scouts to become followers of the Christ.

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Why We Should Bathe Internally

ADDS MANY YEARS TO AVERAGE LIFE

By R. W. Beal

MUCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem, the most important as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit, and impress them so profoundly, that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also they have almost no conception of how a little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste poisons. Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the preeminent authority on this subject. Not only had internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mention having read this article in Christian Herald, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purposes. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but *send for the book now*, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well?

(Advertisement)

Marion Harland's Corner

Practical Patriotism and a Meatless Breakfast

THE motto for today's conference is laid to our hand by the Food Administration Bureau, with which we are in faithful cooperation:

"*Pick up the plow where it stands in the furrow. Patriotism is the practical doing of the next job.*"

From all quarters of the Union come to us proofs that our countrywomen are undertaking in good earnest the patriotic duty of dispensing with wheat flour in cookery. When the Food Administration first laid the subject before us, a vast majority of housewives were inclined to treat it lightly, even contemptuously. Many did not grasp the fact that the Commission "meant business," and that the need for action was real and imminent. Remonstrances, plaintive, querulous and incredulous, were rained upon the press and into the ears of all who would listen.

It is gratifying to note the changed tone of discussions as to the necessity of obedience to the stringent regulations imposed upon every household. Those who two months ago fretted like peevish children over the accumulation of "substitutes" in the larder are ready now to take counsel together as to the advantages of the new order of culinary operations. In short, the American housemother is showing of what sterling stuff she is made, and her eagerness to bear her part in the conflict that is convulsing the nations.

From a Kentucky family, in the very heart of some of the finest wheat-growing lands, we have the cheerful announcement: "We are having wheat bread at only one meal a day, using rye flour and corn-products instead, curtailing our use of wheat bread practically two-thirds, and doing it gladly. If our boys 'need the goods,' and the government can send them, it is all right!"

A Pennsylvania correspondent of the Corner writes: "Rye flour makes excellent paste for papering walls, etc., and saves the precious wheat. I get along nicely with the substitutes, but find that one has to make a regular business of it to get them used up acceptably, even when a little flour is added. And we all acknowledge now that the use of this must be as sparing as possible."

"A Daughter of the American Revolution," Mrs. E. R. L. (Franklin, Pa.), whose great-grandfather fought at Bunker Hill, writes in reply to the request for rye flour breads: "Can you make room for a recipe for the good old 'rye'n Injun bread' upon which our patriot forebears lived and waxed strong? I copy the formula from a book compiled by my own grandmother—a Massachusetts woman. As will be seen, this is the semi-weekly baking for a big family:

"Mash six potatoes smooth and soft with a cup of white flour and a quart of warm water. Stir into this sponge a tablespoonful of lard or other shortening and one of brown sugar. Beat five minutes and set to rise all night or at least five hours. In the morning sift into your breadtray a quart of rye-flour and three pints of Indian meal; two teaspoonfuls of salt and one of baking soda or saleratus. Sift all together three times. Now stir into the risen sponge a good tablespoonful of molasses and work the sponge into the flour and meal you have prepared, adding warm water enough as you go on to make a dough. Knead for ten minutes upon a floured board and set to rise in a tolerably warm place. When it has doubled its bulk work over again for five minutes and divide into loaves, putting these into greased pans for the last rising. This should last about an hour. Then bake in a very moderate oven for two hours at least. Rye bread requires slow and long baking. My grandmother sometimes left her 'rye'n Injun' all night in the oven, letting the lessening heat finish the job.

"Bread made thus is sweet, wholesome and full of nutriment that makes bones and muscle strong and keeps the system generally normal. C. B. M., *Connecticut*."

A Meatless Breakfast

When oranges are tolerably reasonable in price and fair in quality, there is no better way of preparing the stomach to "break its fast" than by eating half a one, extracting all the juice and letting the pulp alone. Grapes, in full season, are the next best first course.

Oatmeal Porridge

We have here an article of food which the veriest tyro in the gentle art of cookery takes it for granted she can prepare. As we have mentioned in a former chapter, she holds the like opinion with regard to boiling rice. If she has ever heard the proverb, "There's wit goes to the boiling of eggs," she laughs it to scorn. Kathleen-Dinah supposes that "any fool knows how to cook porridge." Will our reader bear with me while I relate briefly how this homely dish may be made almost elegant? In the first place, soak it over night in clean water. In the morning drain and cover well with slightly salted hot water. Set to cook in a double boiler, and as soon as it begins to smoke beat up from the bottom as you would whip eggs. Repeat this every five minutes and cook until you have a lumpless jelly, instead of a granulated paste that sticks to the teeth and clogs the digestive organs. Serve with cream. Some like to add sugar. The native-born Scotchman will scout the practice as a foreign innovation that spoils the flavor.

Codfish Balls

One pound of codfish, boiled and cold. Pick it to pieces with a silver fork, removing every bit of bone and skin, and shredding it fine. Add an equal bulk of mashed potato, and work into the mass a teaspoonful of warmed butter and a tablespoonful of milk to make a rather stiff batter. Form this into balls or cakes with well-floured hands and set them on the ice for some hours. It is a good plan to make them overnight if you wish to have them firm for breakfast. Drop into deep hot fat or dripping, and fry to a delicate brown. Drain off every drop of grease in a hot collander and serve. Stripes of stale bread from which the crust has been pared before it is quickly toasted and lightly buttered, accord better with fishballs than the heavier "rye and Indian," or hot muffins or biscuits.

In fulfilment of a promise a week old, I offer today a "registered" dessert, dinner or luncheon, compounded of barley and so few other ingredients that it lays a light tax on time and purse.

Barley Blanc Mange

Soak one cupful of pearl barley over night in four cups of water. In the morning put it over the fire in a double boiler and simmer until soft. When this stage is reached, drain off the superfluous water, if there is any, turn in two cupfuls of milk and cook half an hour. Sweeten to taste; flavor with the grated orange peel; add half a cupful of seedless raisins; turn into a mold wet with cold water, and put aside to form. When very cold eat with cream and sugar.

MARION HARLAND.

Economy in Church Work

THE Home Missions Council, an interdenominational association of home mission and church extension boards in the United States, has issued an appeal to the churches, asking that in this time, while our nation is trying to make the world safe for democracy and to abolish war as a means of settling international differences, the missionary and other agencies of the churches should economize in money and men in order that no waste of energy should impair the spiritual efficiency of the national life. Therefore the Council suggests that the denominations merge their groups in worship and release for other forms of service one or more of the ministers in overlapping parishes, and asks all denominational committees, societies and boards dispensing home mission funds to reach agreements with other denominations by which all duplications of money aid in the same community shall be eliminated and workers utilized for unhampered community work, no energies and resources being wasted by sectarian competitions or duplications.

The Prophetic Conference Programme

"IT is a happy coincidence" said J. Davis Adams, Executive Secretary of the Bible Conference on Prophecy in Philadelphia, "that the dates of our Conference run from May 28 to 30, and now comes the proclamation of President Wilson, setting aside Memorial Day, May 30, for a day for National confession and for prayer for the success of our Armies in the World War. It is providential."

Three sessions of the Conference will be held daily in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. In the morning from 10.00 to 12.00 the afternoon from 2.00 to 4.00, and in the evening from 7.30 to 10.00 o'clock. From 12.45 to 1.45 there will be held a Ministers' meeting when the speakers will address themselves especially to the ministers of the city and visiting ministers.

The Executive Secretary says that there is every indication of a large attendance. Requests have come from people all over the country, but especially from the Atlantic Seaboard and the Middle Western States, to send the literature of the Conference to their friends. A large number of applications come daily for lodging from people who are planning to attend. They come from Florida, North Carolina, the New England States, Iowa, Illinois, Pennsylvania and other states, and even from Canada.

"The program for the Conference," said Mr. Adams "has been built with a threefold object in view: First: To build up a constructive, co-ordinated teaching; Second: To carry a spirit of worship throughout the Conference, avoiding the tension which would be aroused by controversy; Third: To strongly stress the evangelistic note.

"We will ask every teacher to stick to his text, bearing in mind that these addresses will be stenographically reported and published in book form when the Conference is over, by the Christian Herald of New York City."

The first address of the Conference will be "Hath God Spoken?" by Dr. Harris H. Gregg of Winnipeg, Canada. Dr. Gregg will treat the inspiration and authority of the Bible. Dr. Scofield will speak on "What is Prophecy and Why Study It?" He will bring out whether its fulfillment is an evidence of God, or in what lies its value? After this will follow an address on "What is the Greatest Question Jesus Ever Asked?" by Dr. William B. Riley, of the First Church of Minneapolis, Minn. The first evening address will be "Did the Cross of Christ Fulfill All the Promises of God? by Dean W. L. Pettingill of the Philadelphia School of the Bible and will cover the atonement, the humiliation; is the Church a Spiritual kingdom; were the disciples mistaken in their kingdom views, etc. Dr. Mark Matthews, ex-Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, pastor of one of the largest Presbyterian Churches of the Northwest, will speak on the "Doctrine of Our Lord's Return."

On Wednesday, the general theme will be the return of our Lord as related to the present conditions and the first address will be "Where is Christ Now and What is He Doing?" by Dr. C. I. Scofield of Douglaston, L. I., the editor of the Scofield Reference Bible. Dr. James M. Gray of the Moody Bible Institute will speak on "God's Purpose in this Dispensation." Dr. A. E. Thompson, pastor of the American Church in Jerusalem for fifteen years, and who was driven out of the city by the Turks at the time of the atrocious Armenian deportation, will speak on the "Capture of Jerusalem." He will tell the story of this capture, showing Jerusalem's value to the world from God's standpoint, its place in fulfilled prophecy. This address will be followed by Dr. Gray on the "Regathering of Israel in Unbelief," showing the relation of the Zionist movement to the return. He will treat the question from the standpoint of the Jews as a Nation. In the evening Rev. Dr. Cortland Myers of Tremont Baptist Temple, Boston, Mass., will speak on "The War on German Theology." Rev. P. W. Philpot of Hamilton, Ontario, will give an address on "Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before Them."

Thursday's program will treat the return of our Lord in the program of Prophecy and make an application of the message of the Conference. The first address of the day, by Dr. Gregg, will be on "What is to Become of the Church?" Dr. P. W. Philpot will answer the question "Will There Be Any Tears in Heaven and Why?" In the afternoon session, Dr. Scofield will speak on "The Coming Glory," followed by Dr. Mark Matthews on "Has God a Program?" the order of events; why the present world conditions are not Armageddon.

"We have built up a progressive, co-ordinated teaching of prophetic study," continued Mr. Adams, "and every speaker has been asked to stick to his text. In the evening the message of the Conference will be applied and we have asked the Rev. Herbert Mackenzie of Cleveland, Ohio, to answer this question 'Does the Truth of the Lord's Return Paralyze or Energize?' Dr. Riley will deliver the crowning address of the Conference on 'What Manner of Christians Ought We to Be?'

"We believe it will be the greatest Conference of its type ever arranged in this country, and the teachers will have a rare opportunity to arouse the Church of God with this comforting, separating and energizing truth."

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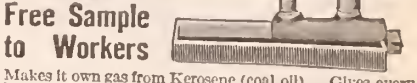

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The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

A WRITER in a recent number of the Epworth Herald asked the young people, "How wide are your prayers?" It is a question well worth considering. You remember the old man who was said to have prayed for "me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more." Much of our prayer today is of this class. When we enter our closet our vision ranges only to the borders of our personal needs and desires. Our hearts are burdened with the petty things of the immediate present. Our prayers, therefore, are narrow, perhaps selfish, surely of little avail to the world. Let us then burst the bands of self, let us catch the vision of a world redeemed, but without looking past the ignorance, and sin and degradation, the empty hands and longing hearts of the world to be redeemed. Let us pray for missions, perchance, too, for some special mission toward which our heart yearns; let us pray for our nation, for the splendid boys who bear arms today under its flag, for the men of the Red Triangle who minister to their spiritual needs, for the men and women of the Red Cross who ease the pain of wounds or illness, for the President and those in authority, that God may give them his spirit and his leading, that the great questions they must face may be decided according to his will, for the home land that men and women here may serve as loyally as those in khaki "Over There," and for our own town and church, that the power of the Holy Spirit may have free course in both. If thus widely we pray, our souls, cramped by our narrow petitions of the past, will awaken to a new understanding of Him to whom we pray, and our hearts and hands will find new energy for service in the name of Him through whose sacrifice alone we dare to pray.

Mrs. B. T. J. praises God for refreshing rains that fell after a season of drought and "eased this whole country from a terrible financial strain to one of comparative comfort." She asks prayers for the life of a daughter who is soon to pass under an operation, and for the spiritual welfare of her two sons, who are in the army and navy.

"Mother" thanks God for the cure of her son, who was an habitual drunkard, but in trying to quit the whisky habit fell into that of morphine. He is now "clothed and in his right mind," and holds a good position of trust. "Mother" writes this for the encouragement of other mothers.

Prayer is requested for a benevolent institution which for fifty years has been in the care of competent Christian managers, but is now about to pass into the hands of politicians. Many little children come within its walls for training physically, intellectually and spiritually. Let the prayer go up that Christian men and women may still guide those precious interests—that the great institution may not in any way be turned aside from its great and good work.

Prayers are asked for revivals of religion at:

Dover, N. J.; Protection, Kan.; Toronto, Canada; Portland, Ore. (for a church that has been organized to uplift the fallen); Muskegon, Mich. (for a revival at the First Baptist Church); Mallet Creek, Ohio (for special meetings to be held in August).

H. P. L. prays for God's blessing to rest upon the efforts being put forth to start a United Brethren Church.

Mrs. M. C. H. asks prayer that husband's mind may be restored; Mrs. B. L. B., that a child's mind may be restored; J. S. C., that a mother's mind may be restored; Mrs. J. H. P., that father's mind may be restored; ten friends, for mental restoration for themselves, relatives or friends.

Twenty-one friends ask prayer for the granting of various desires and needs, including Mrs. E. and Miss O., who ask prayer for rain in West Texas; A Friend, for world-wide peace; D. C., for peace; Mrs. J. R. P., that son may be cured of the tobacco habit.

THE OLD GOSPEL FOR NEW RUSSIA

Did you know that for the first time in a thousand years there is perfect religious liberty in Russia? Will you become a partner in preparing **the first party of One Hundred Missionaries now in training at**

THE RUSSIAN BIBLE INSTITUTE

1820 SPRING GARDEN STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Pastor Fetler

After imprisonment by the Czar's Government for banishment to Siberia for my Gospel work in Petrograd and Moscow, and later exiled from my dear native land, the Lord has made the wrath of men to praise him by enabling me first to help evangelize the 2,000,000 war prisoners in Europe, and, since September, 1917, to establish the Russian Bible Institute and to organize

THE RUSSIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY

of which the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman and the Rev. Prof. W. H. Griffith Thomas are vice-presidents. By all these activities I have been able to accomplish more for the evangelization of Russia in my exile than if I had been allowed to remain unmolested at home. Phil. 1:12.

A hundred resident Russian students have been enrolled for the first year. Will you PRAY that we may have spiritual and material blessing to train these men? Though the population of Russia is almost twice that of the United States, she has not as many preachers as Chicago alone. **The greatest need of that unhappy country just now is wise and strong spiritual leaders.** Both Jew and Gentile can now be reached freely with the Gospel in that great land. Fifty of these students expect to go to Chicago to be present and to sing at the great Russian Missionary Conference, June 24-28, 1918, at the Moody Tabernacle. I am also praying that we shall be enabled to pay off this year the $35,000 mortgage on the buildings of our Institute.

It costs $250 to support a missionary student for one year. Will you, or your Church, Sunday School or Young People's Society adopt one as your representative?

Information and literature may be had from the Secretary, Mr. George L. Leonard, and gifts for the work sent to Mr. G. Percy Fox, Treasurer, 1820 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia.

Yours for Russia's evangelization,
WILLIAM FETLER.
Pastor Dom Evangelia Church, Petrograd, and President Russian Bible Institute.

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W. S. S. WORTH $5.00 JANUARY 1, 1923

Christian Herald War Widows and Orphans Fund

French evacués from the valley of the Oise fleeing with such goods as they could save before the German advance

Miscellaneous Amounts

Ladies' Busy Class, M. S. S. S., Falls City, Nebr., $13.80; Bess Fife Brooks Girls, Falls City, Nebr., $1.80; Mrs. Susan H. Morton, $10.25; Union S. S., North Newport, N. H., $17.00; Members of Puget Street Assembly Hall Olympia, Wash., $80.00; Mrs. N. P., Rasmussen, $1.45; Miss Ida M. Lovett, $40.00; Van Buren Union S. S., Dunkirk, N. Y., $2.20; Friend, Maple Creek, Sask., Can., $18.00; Mrs. W. T. McClellan, $4.85; Mrs. Minnie R. Burgess, $7.50; Friend, Muscatine, Iowa, $6.00; "In His Name," Yaphank, N. Y., $4.00; Mrs. M. J. Holden, $11.00; Subscriber, Bratenhal Village, $30.00; Mrs. Mary M. Burton & Alfred Burton, $8.00; Primary Dept., Lombard Ave. Bapt. S. S., Oak Park, Ill., $8.01; P. H. Dean & Ida J. Smith, $4.00; Mrs. Ella Baldwin, $4.00; Olive Gooley, Walton, Oreg., $4.00; Mrs. Joseph A. Miller, $6.00; In the Name of Robert C. Oakes, $12.00; Mrs. Ida B. Heil & Mrs. Chas. K. Johnson, $6.00; C. A., Brown, $14.10; Mr. & Mrs. J. L. Mulder, $8.00; Herman J. Knickel, $12.00; L.—a friend, $5.50; Mrs. S. N., Dawson, 40c.; Friend, Stroudsburg, Pa., 75c.; David Junk, $40.00; Hower Family, Warren, Ohio, $4.00; Geo. Ravn, $53.56; Frank Best, $40.00; Anna M. Baker, $4.00; H. C. Love, $75.00; Sunday School, Newell, S. Dak., $9.00; Mr. & Mrs. Morlock, $98.00; Union Ch., Berea, Ky., $73.12; A. & A., Hamburg, Mo., $6.00; Carl G. Gutknecht, $19.80; Mrs. N. M. Bryan & Family, $7.00; Oscar Paavola, 10c.; S. Raff, 40c.; Ellen Davis, 10c.; May Silfer, $1.25; Signe Palmquist, 30c.; Myrtle I. Fields, $19.00; C. J. Quante, $26.50; Charity Fund, Seward, Pa., $3.20; Geo. W. Hall, $4.00; "In His Name," Foxboro, Mass., $8.00; Rev. John A. Shaw, $5.50; Jennie B. De Puy $35.00; Mrs. S. E. Ballow, $4.00; Teacher & Scholars of the Adamston, W. Va., School, $4.00; O. L. Howard, $4.00; Emil Herigstad, $6.00; C. D. Wolfe, $1.25; C. A. Graves, $6.00; F. T. & M. G. & G. T. Getman, $9.00; Bapt. Ch. Bible School, Springville, N. Y., $13.86; Friend, H. Q. Co., 17 F. A., Camp Robinson, Wisc., $5.65; "Anonymous," Casa, Ark., 60c.; L. L. Avery, $8.00; Mrs. Chas. Geller, $4.00; Mrs. A. E. Higgins, 15c.; Mrs. Bert Metcalf, $3.25; Chris. B. Foltz, $1.75; Mrs. A. F. Tavares, $3.15; Geo. Mullis, $2.90; Isaiah Cranston, $2.25; F. Albert, $18.25; Mr. Geo. Kimpel, $12.00.

Woman's Thurs. Eve. Bible Cl., Troy, N. Y., $10.60; S. S., Conway, Texas, $50.50; Missionary Soc., Long View, Ill., $16.50; Mrs. S. N. Zwetsch & daughter, $4.00; Bapt. Ch., Slate Run, $1.60; Harriet M. Townsend, $30.00; Friend, Caldwell, Idaho, $63.50; Mrs. H. F. Wettlaufer, $6.00; Mrs. W. H. Grover & Mrs. T. Whited, $22.00; Mrs. C. V. Young, $4.00; W. A. Lyle, $13.40; Mrs. H. A. Lindgren, $8.00; Archie Davidson, $8.00; Mrs. S. A. Converse, $6.00; Rev. J. S. Brownlee, $12.00; Ladies' Aid & Friends, Hetland, S. Dak., $17.00; Indian Miss. Ch., Winnebago, Nebr., $20.50; Children's Club, Canton Centre, Conn., $8.00; Friends, Caldwell, Idaho, 60c.; Private H. Jay, $4.00; Friends, Lakeport, N. Hamp., $8.73; J. E. Hastings, $20.49; E. T. Richards, $4.00; A. A. & S. A. Hoover, $4.00; Friends, Clarks Hill, Ind., $7.00; Presby. S. S., Mandan, N. Dak., $9.39; Miss Daisy Peddy, $2.25; Aladdin Union S. S., Three Forks, Wash., $15.50; R. E. Hopkins, $9.32; Friend, Quakertown, Pa., 75c.; Lee Busler, $80.00; H. H. Connell, $31.00; Young Chapple Community, Kingston, Tenn., $17.70; Brethren Ch., Astoria, Ill., $106.30; Amish Mennonite Congregation, near Grantsville, Md., $65.60; B. J. Fike, $6.25; H. B. Gibby, $6.00; Mrs. L. P. Hanly, $7.00; J. N. Welander, $40.00; Mrs. Wm. Robb, $4.00; Emma C. Curtis, $1.25; Advent Christian Church, Auburn, Ill., $3.56; A. J. G. & E. F. G., Toronto, Ont., Can., $4.00; Abbie Haywood, $4.00; Oregon S. S., Lititz, Pa., $8.00; Bim Hubbell, $1.02; Bass Lake S. S., Peacock, Mich., $4.00; Woodward Brook Union S. S., Milaca, Minn., $6.50; In His Holy Name, Paterson, N. J., $75.00; Mrs. J. S. Brown, $16.00; B. B., East Earl, Pa., $30.00; Mrs. J. A. Brown, $4.00; B. Bradford, $40.00; Mrs. Evelyn Fisher, $12.00; M. P. Ch. & others, Nashville, Mich., $9.34; Price Academy, Price, Utah, $22.75; Mrs. James Elliott, $8.00; J. H. Fand, $6.00; B. A. S. & E. R. M., Eaton Rapids, Mich., $8.00; Mrs. P. S. Wykoff, $6.00; Missionary Soc. of Vienna Circuit, Bryant, S. Dak., $2.65; Mrs. L. T. Spicher, $8.00; P. S., New Washington, Ohio, $13.58; Miss E. E. Anderson, 30c.; Edith Davis, $4.00; ——, Denver, Colo., $9.00; S. S., Amboy, Wash., $8.00; J. P. Thompson, $6.00; Wilson Armstrong, 10c.; Walleen Armstrong, 10c.; Joe Armstrong, 10c.; Theresa Armstrong, 10c.; Dhuphins Younger, 10c.; Oakes Younger, 10c.; Fugen Younger, 10c.; Earl Hamilton, 10c.; Leona Hamilton, 10c.; Rentie Hamilton, 10c.; Eugene Hamilton, 10c.; Charlie Hamilton, 10c.; Isaac Ricketson, 10c.; Mebbern Ricketson, 10c.; Juanita Ricketson, 5c.; Roy Brown, 10c.; Ursula Brown, 10c.; Lloyd Brown, 10c.; Ellis Drake, $12.00; School, Apache, Okla., $4.76; Rev. Edw. E. Mehl, $9.00; Mrs. V. S. Milbourne & Pupils, $3.80; James Edge, $31.00; Mrs. Mary Kelly, $4.00; Viola Harvey, 5c.; St. Paul S. S., Rockingham, N. Car., $2.43; Charlie Norcross, $40.50; ——, La Clede, Ill., 77c.; Pleasant View S. S., Garden City, Kans., $5.62; C. M. Barns, $30.00; W. F. Holmes, $24.00; Mrs. H. F. Eddy, $2.11; Pine Grove S. S., Dayton, Wash., $3.75; Bible Cl., Bethel S. S., Cambria, Va., $12.00; Mrs. Geo. Thomson & Others, $5.80; Mr. & Mrs. A. E. Wiley, $4.00; E. H. Knauff, $9.00; Mrs. Mary E Beckett, $5.50; Sawyer Union S. S., Fairmont, Nebr., $6.10; Five-year-old Robert F. Wagner, 1c.; Second Cong. Ch. of Coventry, Rockeville, Conn., $9.78; Elk Valley Friends Bible Sch., Waterbury, Nebr., $39.35; John Grant, $4.00; Age 4, Charles Bishop, $1.13; Edward D. Gitt, $4.00; J. L. Vineyard, $4.00; Sunday School, Raeford, N. C., $5.30; Free Meth. S. S. of Everett, Wash., $42.00; Mabel M. True, $4.00; Upperville Friends S. S., Smyrna, N. Y., $2.75; E. A. Yelland, $5.50; Barkertown S. S., Munda, N. Y., $22.00; United Pres. Ch., Garrison, Kans., $208.00; Wm. Hammill, $4.00; Delia T. Marden, $40.00; M. E. S. S., Glen Aubrey, N. Y., $16.51; Mrs. R. D. White, $11.00; S. S., Masonville, Colo., $13.30; Flower Mound S. S., Denton Co., Texas, $13.25; Mrs. Jos. Davidson, $40.00; ——, Creamridge, N. J., $5.85; High Prairie S. S., Byers, Colo., $1.75; Bapt. S. S., Filer, Idaho, $4.00; Mrs. Ella Harper, $6.00; Albert W. Franklin, $4.00; Mr. & Mrs. L. H. Brisbine, $1.25; Rea Union S. S., Rea, Mo., $13.55; Meth S. S., Middleton, Idaho, $13.67; Meth. S. S., Braden, Tenn., $8.05; Kiantone Cong. Ch. & C. E. Soc., Jamestown, N. Y., $20.55; Jas. Huddleson, $3.50; Mrs. E. C. Kellogg, $8.00.

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Continued on next page

The Ministries of Mercy of the Christian Herald Family

IN these days of world-wide war and universal suffering, it is gladdening to know that Christian America is nobly doing its share in relieving the sad condition of those multitudes who have been deprived of their possessions by the war and thrown helpless upon the charity of the world. To the Christian Herald it has been a special source of gratification that its readers have responded so liberally and so faithfully to the many calls upon their benevolence which present conditions have imposed. They have truly vindicated their right to be known as the pioneers in this form of Christian service, for since that day in *November*, 1914, when the first relief to be sent into Belgium and distributed among the starving population was a cargo of foodstuffs which had been bought with their gifts, they have labored day and night, week in and week out, all of these four years, in the true spirit of consecrated Christian service.

Their benefactions have taken a wide range. They have operated through regularly constituted Christian Herald Relief Committees in fourteen different countries, all of which have been more or less involved in the war. How their gifts have been distributed is shown in the table on the next page.

It must be a gratification to all of the contributors to know that up to the present time every remittance has reached its destination in safety, and not a dollar of their gifts has gone astray. Even when Poland was overrun by contending armies and relief work under the circumstances became an impossibility, the last remittance was returned to New York and, later, applied elsewhere.

America is still doing its duty and will continue to reach out hands full of helpfulness until the great struggle is over and peace returns. We have abundant assurances in the letters received from many of the centers of suffering, that every dollar is finding its mark and that the gifts of our readers, so freely and gladly bestowed, have been greatly blessed in the saving of those who were perishing from hunger and in the clothing of the naked and the sheltering of the homeless and destitute.

Shushan, an Armenian child

Perhaps the saddest spectacle of all is that presented by conditions in Armenia, Syria and Palestine. The ancient Bible lands have assuredly borne a heavy share in the suffering caused by the war. Their people have been mowed down like sheep, not only by the sword, but by disease, hunger and exposure. All up and down through Palestine, the missionaries represent the situation as truly pitiful. Persia is in the grasp of famine, which is aggravated by a great epidemic of typhoid. In Armenia, the country seems to be filled with destitution and beggary. Prices of foodstuffs—what little stock there is of them—are enormous, and food of any kind is almost unobtainable. A cabled missionary report on May 9 stated that "dogs, dead animals, grass, and even human beings, are eaten" in Persia.

With regard to Palestine, it is hoped that with the arrival of the American Red Cross Commission, conditions will greatly improve and much distress be relieved. The Commission, which was reported to have reached Cairo some time ago, is now due in Jerusalem. Mr. Theodore Waters of the Christian Herald staff is one of the active members of the Commission. It will be recalled by many of our readers that Mr. Waters represented the Christian Herald shortly after the outbreak of the war, and took the first cargo of relief to Belgium. His letters to this journal from the Holy Land may be expected to give a truthful description of actual conditions there, and also a clear idea of the plans for relief, which will be formed on an extensive scale. The coming opportunity to have a part in the restoration of the Christland is one that we believe our readers will welcome, and which they will not fail to appreciate in a very practicable way.

There have been many enterprises in which the Christian Herald Family Circle and their friends have been worthily engaged in the past. They have planted missions in many lands and supported them; they have helped thousands of orphans to a chance to grow up and develop into Christian manhood and womanhood; they have succored the

Continued on page 680

Christian Herald War Widows and Orphans Fund

Continued from preceding page

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A family, Armenian refugees, in their tent at Port Said, Egypt

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Continued on next page

The Record of Three and a Half Years of Mercy and Relief

American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief	$ 86,658.80
Armenian relief (distributed through missionary and other sources)	5,230.00
Special Armenian relief (per Maynard Owen Williams)	1,600.00
Special remittances through American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief	3,708.12
Belgium, distributed through Christian Herald Committee	12,500.00
England, distributed through Christian Herald Committee (in aid of Belgian refugees)	12,500.00
France, distributed through Pastor Wagner's Christian Herald Committee	17,500.00
Galicia, distributed through Christian Herald Committee (ceased when U. S. entered war)	22,500.00
Germany, through Christian Herald Committee (ceased when U. S. entered war)	12,500.00
Austria, distributed through Christian Herald Committee (ceased when U. S. entered war)	12,500.00
Holland, through Christian Herald Committee (distributed among Belgian refugees)	20,000.00
Palestine, through Christian Herald Committee	30,500.00
Persia, distributed through American missionaries	4,000.00
Poland, distributed through Christian Herald Committee (ceased when U. S. entered war)	$32,230.05
Serbia, distributed through Christian Herald Committee (ceased when U. S. entered war)	5,000.00
Albania	1,097.11
Russian Jews Relief Fund	3,000.00
American Committee for German Widows and Orphans (ceased when U. S. entered war)	7,000,00
Polish Women's Aid Fund (ceased when U. S. entered war)	1,000.00
Mme. Sembrich's Relief Fund	1,000.00
Halifax Relief Fund	5,000.00
Miscellaneous contributions for war relief, designated by givers	8.00
Total	**$327,032.08**

On May 10th, a further remittance of **$10,000** was sent to the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief; also a remittance of **$10,000** for orphan work in Jerusalem, and one for **$5,000** to Pastor Wagner's Relief Committee in Paris. The grand total of contributions to war relief in the various countries is, therefore, **$352,032.08.**

Christian Herald War Widows and Orphans Fund

Continued from preceding page

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Armenian refugees in the great camp at Port Said

Continued on next page

The Ministries of Mercy of the Christian Herald Family

Continued from page 678

suffering, fed the starving, and literally fulfilled the injunction of the Master in applied practical service.

But the calls upon their generosity brought by the great war constitute together an enterprise greater than all that have preceded it. When in God's own good time the battles are ended, the last cannon is silent and the flags furled, it will be a glorious and uplifting memory to recall the fact that every member of the Circle tried to do his or her "bit," and did it to the utmost ability, for the relief of human suffering.

The latest eablegram from Jerusalem says: "Our records show twenty thousand individuals helped in Jerusalem. Government now transporting fifteen hundred Armenian refugees Jerusalem to Port Said. Others coming from southeast. Hospital established Mejdel, near Gaza, doing excellent work. Conditions Ramallah region greatly improved. Employment provided for all. Trowbridge will meet Armenian Syrian relief and Red Cross Commissionat Port Said."

FOR thirty-three months Poland has borne the brunt of most of the titanic fighting on the Eastern front. A territory as large as Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, was suddenly transformed into one great battlefield for the tramping millions of the armies of many powers, and today is but a vast cemetery, a dreary desert of devastation, a deep black scar on the face of civilization. More than 200 towns have completely disappeared: 20,000 villages have been leveled to the ground; 1,600 churches are in ruins; 500,000 young Polish girls have had their lives shattered by the greatest tragedy that can come to a woman. The loss in destroyed property amounts to $9,000,000,000, a sum equal to the total wealth of Belgium before the war.

The number of Poles dead from starvation, disease, exposure and cannon since the beginning of the war is appalling. While the rate of army casualties resulting in death on the Western front average 1.1 per cent., in Poland the death rate is 9.8 per cent. In the majority of invaded districts not one child under seven years of age remains alive. Think of it, a country without little children: no babies cooing and laughing in their cradles, no sturdy little ones going to school. One can walk for miles along the dreary waste of grim, silent roads, without meeting a single child.

Out of the twenty million people still remaining alive in Poland eleven

Continued on next page

Even refugee children will follow a movie man. They aren't hungry now except for their native mountain peaks and sheltered valleys. Some of them live because you have given

Continued from preceding page

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The Ministries of Mercy of the Christian Herald Family

Continued from preceding page

million are homeless, subsisting on the bark of trees, on roots and on the slight help the charity of their own people can give them and the small help from other nations.

Some time last year the following proclamation appeared on the walls of Warsaw:

The Government suggests that mothers having children should send them to Germany to be brought up and educated. Mothers who are willing to make this arrangement will receive 150 marks for a boy and 100 marks for a girl. No other aid will be given.

(Signed) Governor Gen. von Beseler.

To render the above proclamation more effective, 100,000 families were immediately expelled from Warsaw to fare the best they could in the open among the ruins of devastated Poland. German charity provides for no one in Poland. Only money can buy food.

Four million dollars has been contributed by the whole world toward the relief of Poland during this war. Of this sum America gave nearly one-half.

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French children being treated by American nurses at an American dispensary in a French village. This is part of the work made possible by your money given to the Red Cross

Rushing Aid to Bible Lands

The Christian Herald, New York City.

DEAR SIRS: It is with great pleasure that I again acknowledge receipt of a check for $10,000 from the Christian Herald for Armenian-Syrian relief. This makes a total of more than $110,000 that your paper has already contributed to this work through our committee in addition to your benefactions through other channels. How urgently this money is needed you can realize from our latest cablegram from Persia, this week, which reads in part:

Great epidemic of typhoid and typhus. Famine conditions unexpectedly growing worse. Dogs, dead animals, grass and even human beings are being eaten.

Another telegram, likewise received within the week from Constantinople, reads in part:

Greatly encouraged that American people are doing so nobly for relief. Much is accomplished, but despite your large appropriations funds are not enough. Our agents are forced to curtail credits to women, many of whom die for lack of nourishing food. Large number in absolute destitution and beggary. Armenians in Damascus district not touched because funds are insufficient.

I beg to assure you that your contribution will at once be put on the cable, and doubtless within a week will be ministering to at least some of the needs suggested above.

C. V. VICKREY,
Secretary American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, 1 Madison Avenue, New York.

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Continued on next page

What Are Our Soldier Boys Reading?

"YOUR splendid offer to the men of my regiment is gratefully received and it gives me great pleasure to assist in the good work. It will require 1,000 Testaments to finish supplying our men. In reference to the Christian Herald I am sending you a list of the non-commissioned officers of the regiment. If you send a copy to each of these the whole number of men will have the opportunity of reading the paper. This plan puts one copy of the paper in each tent; the tents have five to eight men."

Thus read a letter from Chaplain McCullen of the 120th Infantry. If the Christian Herald Family should make possible a similar scattering of Christian Heralds in all the regiments at home and "over seas" there would be nearly a hundred thousand copies going to France every week, and almost twice as many going to the camps at home. This would in itself almost answer the question of the heading—"What Are Our Soldier Boys Reading?"

A chaplain of a naval vessel in answer to our offer of Testaments and Heralds wrote: "At present I am well supplied with Testaments. I am sending you a list of the names of the men who would like the Christian Herald."

Eleven copies of the paper, which you love so well, now go every week to this busy ship, which is helping to keep the sea clear of the pests in Wilhelmshaven.

With Testaments accumulating, with requests coming in by the hundreds for the Christian Herald, letters were sent to many of the United States Army and Navy chaplains asking further cooperation in the distribution of Testaments.

Since the middle of April many answers have been coming to these letters.

A chaplain of a regiment of Engineers, encamped in the middle west, wrote: "So far as our men at present are concerned we have a full supply of Testaments. We are to have about 700 new men within a few days and I should be glad to have a shipment of Testaments for them. I thank you for your interest in the boys as they are a bright, intelligent and ambitious bunch, these men of the National Army, and it is a great privilege to work with them and for them."

Five hundred Testaments were sent at once to this chaplain, and through him members of the Christian Herald Family were working "with and for" these boys.

Another chaplain wrote: "Your kind and splendid offer received. The Christian Herald is to be commended for its splendid work. In fact, I should have been greatly surprised if the great need of the chaplains along this line of Christian work had been overlooked by your paper."

This chaplain received 500 Testaments. Incidentally he advised the Christian Herald that he could make especially good use of a folding organ and of a motorcycle and side car. It is not the province of the Soldiers and Sailors Fund to provide anything other than Testaments and Christian Heralds, but if any members of the Christian Herald Family desire to have a part in equipping this chaplain with these other necessaries, the Christian Herald will be glad to be the medium of their giving.

A chaplain in Massachusetts asked for and received 500 Testaments.

Another in Maryland wrote: "It is very gratifying to know that you are interested in the welfare of the boys who are giving themselves that the nation might vindicate its right to democracy and freedom before the world. It is a great inspiration to these men to know that those who are in civil life are giving their time and money for their comfort. There is much room in

Continued on next page

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Out from their homes, away from the tide of battle, flows a tide of evacués. Another tide of khaki-clad men under the Stars and Stripes is flowing toward the battle. Testaments and Christian Heralds will help keep these men steady

What Are Our Soldier Boys Reading?

Continued from preceding page

my regiment as there is in all of them for the distribution of Testaments. The Y. M. C. A. has been handling the situation very satisfactorily so far, but there is a need right through here, when so many of the men are leaving for "somewhere." They want Testaments. We want to be able to supply them to the utmost." 300 Testaments were sent to this chaplain.

Another chaplain wrote: "Our new draft came in last week, and the Y. M. C. A. supply of Bibles has run short." One thousand Testaments were immediately shipped to Camp Lewis in Washington that the shortage might cease.

In the issue of May 15 we asked you to put the Christian Herald in the hands of the boys. In every camp there is a shortage of reading matter, especially of good current magazines. The boys want it, they are eager for it, it fills in their spare time and gives them needed information, and if the boy is in danger of temptation the hours spent in reading good literature are hours of safety. It is not necessary to tell a Christian Herald audience either of the need of or the value of Testaments. There will never be too many, although as we said in the issue of May 15 the Testament situation is fairly well in hand. We know that the Christian Herald Family will see that sufficient funds are on hand so that no demand upon us for Testaments need be disappointed. We are sure also that you will make possible the sending of Christian Heralds to the thousands of boys who ask for them either directly or through the chaplains. They are our boys; all that we have is back of them; all that they have or had is given for us. Every dollar received will provide three Testaments or will send the Christian Herald for six months to some man in the uniform of the nation.

Continued on next page

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JUST as we were sending the page to press the editor received this letter:

Dear Christian Herald:

I am temporarily helping out here and have talked to the Secretary in charge asking if 25 to 50 copies a week of the Christian Herald would be acceptable and useful. He says he would be glad to have them.

It occurred to me that an item in your paper asking for money to put your paper in this Camp (and I have no doubt this would be desired in others also) would bring the funds.

George A. Sanford.

Aviation Field No. 2, Hempstead, Long Island, May 12, 1918.

Though there was no money in hand, all these splendid gifts having already been sent on their mission to our boys, the publisher ordered 25 copies sent to Hempstead, knowing that you, good people, would furnish the funds for these and thousands more.

Contributions for Guatemala

FIRST in the field with money for relief, the Christian Herald sent altogether $1,561.87 to the Committee in Guatemala which the churches organized to administer help and assist in reconstruction. Following are additional names of donors to this fund:

R. E. B., Lebanon, Ind., $1.00; "Cash," Mauch Chunk, Pa., 50c.; A. K. C., Newton Centre, Mass., $5.00; L. G., Harrison, Ind., $1.50; Mrs. N. C. H., Duluth, Minn., $1.00; W. P., Hayden, Colo., $1.00; Mrs. H. L., Fruitvale, Calif., 10c.; P. M. W., San Francisco, Calif., 50c.; Miss M. D., Wolf Island, Ontario, Can., $3.00; J. M. F., Elyria, Ohio, $2.50; Mrs. O. L. S., Almond, N. Y., $2.60; A. S. B., Sykesville, Pa., $1.90; J. E. B., Greenville, Tenn., 10c.; J. E. H., Butler, Ind., $2.00; Mrs. N. M. F., Herkimer, N. Y., 60c.; S. C. B., Clarinda, Ia., $10.00; Mr. A. McK., Ethel, La., $5.00; Mrs. A. C., Harding, S. Dak., 60c.; E. C. B., New Oxford, Pa., $1.00; C. M. M., South Hero, Vt., $1.00; R. G. H., Pennington, N. J., $2.00; C. P. L., Middletown, Mo., $1.00; H. P., Ellis, S. Dak., 25c.; Mrs. H. T., Allen, Nebr., $1.00; Mr. S. M., Brilliant, Ohio, $1.00; A. M. S., Freeport, Pa., $10.00, Mr. L. H., Lexington, Ohio, $5.00; I. M. T., Meshoppen, Pa., $5.00; Mrs. M. A. T., Anderson, Texas, $10.00; Mrs. O. L. P., Canyon City, Oreg., 70c.; Mrs. A. M. S., Port Royal, Pa., $2.00; T. B. P., Calgary, Alta, Can., $1.00; Mrs. R. DeA., Cardwell, Mont., $1.00; Mrs. A. D. M., Milstead, Ga., $3.00; J. J. P., Fillmore, Sask., Can., $2.00; Mrs. A. C. W., Keuka, N. Y., $1.00; Mrs. W. S., Anoka, Minn., $1.25; S. I., Hitchcock, Sask., Can., $1.00; J. R. W., Rutherford College, N. Car., $1.00; Mrs. A. L. Y., Reading, Pa., $1.00; Mrs. M. B. S., Bayonne, N. J., 35c.; Mrs. G. H. W., Chester, Vt., $4.00; M. E. P., Ellwood, Mo., $3.00; Mrs. L., La Grange, Ind., $1.00; G. L. M., Winston-Salem, N. Car., $2.50; Mrs. L. L. D., Schaghticoke, N. Y., 50c.; Mrs. W. A. S., Elliston, Ky., $3.00; J. C. B., Detroit, Mich., $1.00; Mrs. J. E. M., Kokomo, Ind., $1.00; G. F. K., Blissfield, Mich., $1.00

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Contributions for Halifax

THE horror of Halifax was lightened and made more bearable by the prompt help which flowed from Christian hearts and communities unnumbered. Before the smoke had cleared the Christian Herald Family had $5,000 at work to relieve distress. The following list completes the publication of the names of those who participated in this healing work:

W. A. G., Huntingtown, Md., $1.00; Mr & Mrs. H. B. S., Somerset, Pa., $2.00; M. S. B., Spencer, N. Y., $5.00; A Widow, New York City, $1.00; Mrs. J. M. R. Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y. $1.00; Mrs. H. H. K., Paris, Texas, $5.00; F. H. O., New York City, $1.50; Mrs. F. A. W., Riverside, Cal., $70.00; A. O. W., Riversde, Cal., $5.00; Sherrills Ford Miss'y Soc., Sherrills Ford, N. Car., 75c; E. W. B., Youngstown Ohio, $50.00; E. F. T., New Rochelle, N. Y., $5.00; Miss M. C., Guntersville, Ala., $1.00; Mrs. I. M. P., East Orange, N. J. $10.00; J. E., Jeannette, Pa., $6.00, Mrs. M. K., Cunningham, Kans., $1.00; A. E. F., Genesee Depot, Wis., $6.14; W. M. W., Currituck, N. Car., $1.00; I. H. S., Elizabethtown, Pa., $5.00; M. A. G., Phila., Pa., $5.00; Mrs. A. J. O., Elmhurst, N. Y., $2.00; R. S., Lake, Ohio, $2.00; Mrs. A. R. S., Villisca, Iowa, $5.00; Miss A. F. P., Ransons, Va., $2.00, W. C. H., Lacona, N. Y., $3.00; Capt. W. L., New York City, $50.00; S. P. L., Vian, Okla., $5.00; Mrs. L. 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A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 662

to give them command of the entire coal regions of Russia. The German armies were said to be retreating.

GERMANY'S LOSSES. A German statistician, writing in Das Neue Europa of April 22, estimated the German losses from August 2, 1914, to January 31, 1918, at 4,456,961 men killed in action or taken prisoners. Adding those who died from illness or wounds, the grand total was estimated to exceed 5,000,000 men. Figures given by the British Admiralty reported five German submarines sunk recently in one week, and declared that the average weekly sinkings were showing a constant improvement. Fourteen German submarines were known to have been sunk in April. Great Britain has recently mined thoroughly 22,000 square miles in the North Sea, the mine field extending from the territorial waters of Norway to the coast of Scotland. Two American ships were reported lost on May 16; one of 9,000 tons was torpedoed, one of 7,000 tons was sunk by collision at sea. Both were in army service. There was no loss of life.

BURBANK FINDS SUPER-WHEAT. Luther Burbank announced on May 16 that 11 years of experiment had at last produced a hard winter wheat containing 14 per cent. gluten which would produce a white flour and which could be grown from Hudson Bay to Patagonia.

A $15,000,000,000 ARMY. After his return from France, Secretary Baker reported to the House Committee on Military Affairs estimates for the Army increased by $4,038,753,286. The bill carrying the appropriations for the Army for the fiscal year will provide a total of $11,771,666,847.86, to which will be added about $4,000,000,000 to be carried in the Fortification Bill for heavy artillery, making the entire amount appropriated for the Army in the neighborhood of $15,000,000,000, or about $10,000,000,000, more than for the present fiscal year.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. Negotiations were reported on foot, on May 15, for the taking over by the Canadian Government of the Grand Trunk Railway and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. . . . The Federal Grand Jury at Tucson, Ariz., returned indictments against 21 men involved in the exiling of 1186 members of the I. W. W. from Bisbee, Ariz., on July 12, 1917. The indictments charged a conspiracy to deprive a citizen of the United States of his legal rights. . . . From May 1 to 17 American shipyards launched one wooden ship a day, adding 60,000 tons to Uncle Sam's fleet. On May 15 four were sent down the ways. . . . Herbert Hoover, Food Administrator, has sold his big touring-car, releasing his chauffeur for more necessary work, and now drives a small car himself. . . . General Semenoff's Anti-Soviet Army in Siberia, is reported to be growing as he marches westward and to be nearing Lake Baikal. . . . German financial interests are also said to be buying up, at panic prices, stocks in Russian industrial concerns, while many Russians wait anxiously for the Allies to intervene before their country is wholly within the Teuton grasp. . . . Paris dispatches, of May 17, reported plans perfected for immediate intervention by allied armies in Siberia, Japan and China co-operating. . . . Prof. Edward de Valera, president of the Sinn Fein and six other Irish leaders were arrested in Dublin, May 18th, charged with having been in communication with Germany, the arrests nipping in the bud another Irish revolution.

The Progress of the War

Continued from page 669

drove them. Southwest of Morlancourt between Albert and the Somme, the Germans attacked British trenches along a front of nearly a mile, being repulsed completely, except at one point, from which they were forced in a counter-attack by Australian troops. On May 13 the Germans were reported as making strenuous preparations for another blow, and as bringing in fresh troops from the Rumanian front. To the British gunfire had been added by recent rains, the handicap of bogs and quagmires.

AMERICAN troops in Picardy on the night of May 13 met and routed a German patrol. American artillery took under its fire, on May 13, a big ammunition dump of the enemy at Cantigny. Two fires were started in Montdidier which were followed by numerous explosions. Three American scouts in the Luneville sector on the same day surprised a party of Germans in a strongly held advance post; killed an officer and four men, captured the officer's documents, and retired as German reinforcements arrived. Twenty-five Americans took up the fight.

MAY 14 saw the German artillery increasing its activity along the whole northern battle front from Lens to Ypres. There were only local actions on the part of the infantry, in which the French advanced their line slightly north of Kemmel village in Flanders on the Picardy front and captured a wood south of Hailles, east of Amiens and west of the Avre River, which they held against a strong counter-attack. The British made a successful raid near Robecq, north of Bethune. The French reported a successful raid north of the Chemin des Dames. The Germans claimed to have penetrated the British lines on the Bray-Corbie road. Allied airmen continued their control of the air, driving down many enemy machines, American pilots maintaining their growing reputation for daring and efficiency.

On May 15, 16 and 17 there were no changes in position although trench raids, especially in Italy, increased and the artillery kept steadily at work.

The total American casualties reported for the five days ending May 18 were: killed in action 50, died of wounds 29, died of disease 21, died by accident or other causes 14, wounded 282, prisoners or missing 100.

Premier Clemenceau's newspaper, published on May 16, the statement that the United States had promised to have 1,500,000 men in France by the end of 1918. The War Department at Washington did not confirm this promise, although Secretary Baker told the Senate Military Committee some weeks ago that he had hopes of getting that many men in France before the end of the year.

Gen. Pershing began on May 15 the sending of regular daily reports on the activities of troops under his command. The first day's reports, covering only the troops north of Toul and in the Lorraine sector, chronicled artillery and raiding activity and successful work in the air. Three German machines were brought down by two of our aviators. The report also completed the story of the patrol fight in the Lorraine sector. Of the three men who began it, only two returned at first. The 25 who went out to continue the fighting and to search for the missing man, penetrated to the strong point attacked by the first patrol, but were driven back by rifle and grenade fire, returning to their trenches less one man missing. Two officers went out to seek this man. Although they did not find him they killed an enemy scout, bringing back the body with them for identification purposes. The third man of the first party finally returned.

Italian naval and air forces co-operated in an attack on the Austrian naval base at Pola, early Tuesday morning, May 14, when one torpedo boat succeeded in threading the narrow 2-mile channel, eluding search lights and sentinels, and torpedoed an Austrian dreadnought of 20,000 tons lying in the harbor. Italian seaplanes brought down two Austrian battle planes defending the port without loss to themselves. An Italian torpedo boat on the night of May 12 sunk an Austrian transport near the port of Durazzo.

OUR MAIL-BAG

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and not controversial. All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to ananymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questians on all subjects ather than religian may be sent to the

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Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

E. M. Phoenix, Ariz It is unfortunately true that many who hear the Gospel give no heed to its teachings. The seed falls upon stony ground and never has a chance to take root. This applies equally to the heathen and the civilized Still, the duty remains to us to keep on with our Gospel ministry wherever it is needed, and with the spread of the Bible, for the Word itself, even without other aids, possesses power to reach the heart and transform the life. The Scriptures and many other good books besides are translated and circulated among the races you mention. We agree with your conviction that it would be a happy result if the nations "could get a clear vision of the life of Christ, that through the love of Jesus and a Christian life, people and nations might become friends, working in harmony for the uplifting of mankind and drawing all nations closer to God."

E. H., Buffalo, N. Y. 1. The priesthood of Melchizedek was of divine appointment. In Ps. 110 : 4, which is of a distinctly Messianic character, the reference to the Messiah's priesthood "after the order of Melchizedek" is very clear, and we find it again referred to in Heb. 7 : 3. This order is one which supersedes that of Aaron or Levi, and it was so recognized by Abraham (Gen. 14 : 20) in paying him tithes. In a tablet found at Tel el-Amarna, there is a letter from Ehed-tob, King of Uru-Salim (Jerusalem) who states that he did not receive the crown of inheritance but from God, and being a priest-king, he claimed to exercise his priestly office by divine right. 2. Works of necessity and mercy are not a violation of the spirit of the Lord's Day.

W. E. V., Big Sandy, Mont. We have no knowledge of dream lore and no skill in its interpretation.

Mrs. J. M. K., Lipscomb, Tex. 1. Religious controversies, and especially wrangles over denominational matters, are apt to beget bitter feelings and should be avoided. 2. "Everlasting" is a term which is sometimes used in different senses. According to the best authorities, it would occasionally he better rendered as "age-lasting," or "long-enduring," as for instance when it is applied to natural objects, mountains, etc. 3. The "second death" (see Rev. 21 : 8) implies a condition beyond all hope of restoration or reclamation, involving entire separation from God. Spiritual death may begin even in this life. As one commentator writes, in such a case "the whole man goes away forever from the glory and joy of God's presence." 4. There is no passage in the Bible which excludes a repentant soul from the divine pardon. The wilful sinner—one who, knowing the nature and penalty of sin, deliberately commits sin—is in deadly peril of condemnation, unless he repents and turns to God. His own delay in doing so may cause him to be lost; yet we have the assurance that even the worst of sinners will find forgiveness, if he renounce his sin and come to the mercy seat in the spirit of contrition and repentance.

Mrs. H. G. S., Auburn, N. Y. During this terrible war, with all its horrors, somehow the Armenians have appealed to me most because they are Christians, and it is so hard to understand why God does not protect them For years our King's Daughters have sent money to help, and both our Circle and the Juniors have just sent $5 apiece more—a drop in this hour of need. I have prayed every night that whatever good came out of this war, the Turks might be driven out of Europe and Armenia forever freed from them. I wondered if with all the influence such a paper as yours must have, you could not some way reach the President and have Armenia protected before we have peace.

In recent addresses, the President has made an earnest plea for the rights of small nations to he respected. This must include Armenia, and it is our hope that there may yet be better days in store for that unfortunate people, and that there may be an end to their terrible sufferings.

A. M., Birtle, Man., sends this practical suggestion: "Some weeks ago there appeared the published account of an Ohio schoolgirl having lost her eyesight by holding her nose while sneezing. If she had understood how simple it is to have a good sneeze without noise, or holding the nose, her distressing blindness would never have occurred, and her sneezing would not have disturbed her nearest fellow pupil. It is just this: When the tickling in the nose preliminary to sneezing has fully set in, fill the lungs full of air. This hold till the sneeze is over, and there will be no outward explosion or noise. There will be just a little extra expansion of the lungs that produces a good effect."

C. E. S., Martinsville, Ohio. The laurel wreath was first used to form a crown or wreath of honor for poets and heroes in ancient Greece. The title poet laureate was first used in England for the office of the poet attached to the royal household and was first held by Ben Jonson for whom the position was created by Charles I in 1617. He was succeeded by Sir William Davenant in 1660, followed by Dryden in 1670. Since that time the office has been held by T. Shadwell, Nahum Tate, Nicholas Rowe, Lawrence Eusden, Colley Cibber, William Whitehead, Thomas Warton, H. J. Pye, Southey, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Alfred Austin and Sir Robert Bridges.

AT THE WATERING-TROUGH

By Margaret E. Sangster

The horses watered here in summer weather,
When all the earth was calm and warm and still;
We watched them from the farm, we watched together...
Now it is winter-time, and cold, and still,
And all alone I stand, and I am lonely,
The very horses come to drink no more.
There sounds no voice to ease my heart-ache, only
The shrill winds rattle through each hingeless door.

I stand alone, and dream the sun is shining,
Upon the golden crops of healthy grain;
I try to tell myself to cease repining,
To tell myself that peace will come again.
And yet, my soul is weary, and my eyes
Can find no solace in the angry skies.

W.

S. H. L., Buffalo Center, Iowa. There are numerous recognized religious communities existing in Jerusalem at the present day. It is the seat of the Roman Catholics and Greek Catholics and an Armenian Patriarch and an Anglican Bishop. Jews constitute one-half of the population of Jerusalem, Mohammedans exceed 17,000 in number, while the Christians number about 10,000.

H. J. N. Linden, N. Y. The first steam carriage was proposed by Sir Isaac Newton in 1688. In 1790 a patent for a similar vehicle was taken out by Nathan Read However the first practical experiments were made by Nicholas Joseph Cugnot in 1769–70. There have been many experiments in airplanes. The first man to make a substantial contribution to the science of aviation was Sir George Cayley, an Englishman, in 1809. He was followed by Sir Hiram Maxim in England and Professor S. P. Langley in the United States, also by Lilienthal in Germany

J. E. D., Cherokee, Ala. The following statistics showing our annual expense bill have been collected by former President Eliot of Harvard: Intoxicating liquors, $2,200,000,000, tobacco, $1,200,000,000; jewelry and plate, $800,000,000; automobiles, $500,000,000; church work at home, $250,000,000; confectionery, $200,000,000; soft drinks, $120,000,000; tea and coffee, $100,000,000; millinery, $90,000,000; patent medicines, $80,000,000; chewing gum, $13,000,000 foreign missions, $12,000,000. Total, $5,565,000,000.

F. E. M., La Harpe, Kan. 1. In Mark 8 : 14–22, Christ uses the apostles' carelessness in taking bread and their fear lest they hunger as a starting-point for one of his wonderful lessons, and adopts the picture of the homely leaven suggested by the want of bread. He warns them against the leaven of the Pharisees and of Herod. The leaven of the Pharisees is hypocrisy; that of the Sadducees was hypocritical liberalism. 2. The words of John 2 : 4 addressed by Jesus to his mother do not convey an expression of disrespect and harshness, as might be implied from the English translation. This use of the Greck word for "woman" is consistent with the utmost respect. The Lord does give his mother a mild reproof, to the effect that the relation of mother, however precious in its own sphere, cannot be allowed to enter into that in which Jesus now stands. 3. The answer of Jesus to his mother plainly implied that his hour would come. Mary, therefore, fully believing in him, tells the servants to be ready to serve him when that time came.

Mrs. E. M. M., Titusville, Pa., writes: "In 1827 my father read Lyman Beecher's Six Lectures on Intemperance. He was a dry goods merchant in the little town of Ludlowville, Tompkins County, New York. Like all the merchants in the country, he sold whisky, but he never drank it. After reading the lectures he was so impressed with the evil that he poured the whisky he had in the store into the street, and thereafter gave all the time he could spare from his business to lecturing on temperance and to Sunday school work. This he always did at his own expense, and never but once had received anything. Once a gentleman gave him $5. He claimed as one of 'his boys' Dr. Theodore Cuyler who wrote of him after he had gone that he was an 'imperfect copy of the Lord Jesus Christ but written in large hand.' In his memory I am sending the enclosed $5 to be used in the Bowery Mission work." Our friend's letter and her memorial gift are in themselves an excellent argument for temperance.

J. S. P. The world has changed greatly since Paul's time, and woman's sphere her influence and usefulness, are very different today In Paul's time, and even later, many women, being uneducated, were the victims of false teachers and were easily duped. Now women are as carefully educated as men, have many of the same opportunities for advancement, and have taken so active a part in the activities of life, that to deny them the right of representation would not only be foolish but wrong. If you will compare 1 Tim. 2 10 and 1 Cor. 14 : 34, you will realize that Paul on the woman question was dealing strictly with local and timely circumstances.

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AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

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The President leading New York's Red Cross Parade. On his left is Brigadier-General Dyer; on his right, Secretary Tumulty and Rear-Admiral Carey T. Grayson

Nation Responds Nobly to Call of the Red Cross

THE nation took up the cause of the Second War Fund of the American Red Cross with an enthusiasm that augured well for oversubscription of the $100,000,000 sought; New York City reporting on the first day gifts of about $4,500,000 toward its quota of $25,000,000. With organization perfected to the last township, and people everywhere crowding forward with their gifts or waiting expectantly, even impatiently, for the call of the committeeman; with 22,000,000 members all active in its work of mercy, each ready to inform another of the multiplied service of the Red Cross at home and abroad, the campaign started with a momentum like that of soldiers charging over the top. By noon of the second day more than a fourth of the whole had been subscribed throughout the union.

Without giving figures in detail, five claims were filed at Washington for the honor of being the first units to meet their requirements. South Dakota oversubscribed its allotment of $250,000 by 70 per cent. on the first day. Michigan and Delaware also went over the top at the first dash. Governor Pinkham of Hawaii said the territory had oversubscribed its quota of $250,000. Peabody, Mass.; Kossuth County, Iowa; Pontotoc County, Okla.; and Yolo County, Calif.—all reported that they had passed 100 per cent. on the first day of the drive.

THE largest subscription announced was one for $2,000,000 by the United States Steel Corporation. E. H. Gary, chairman of the board, told the workers that this appropriation had been made after the corporation had received from its general counsel "an opinion that corporations may contribute direct to the Red Cross Fund." He added that "from information received it is believed that the steel corporations of the country generally will furnish proportionate amounts."

The largest personal subscription was one of $1,000,000 from George F. Baker. Cleveland H. Dodge gave $500,000. J. P. Morgan & Co. contributed $500,000, and the Standard Oil Company the same. The Utah Copper Co. and Phelps, Dodge & Co. each gave $250,000. Other large contributors were Henry Clay Frick, $250,000; Payne Whitney, $250,000; Kuhn, Loeb & Co., $125,000; Charles Hayden, $100,000; Mrs. William D. Straight and Mrs. Russell Sage, $75,000.

American Red Cross in Milan caring for refugees from invaded Venetia. Food, clothing and shelter being provided, the phonograph brings good cheer

ENTHUSIASTIC reports of the early progress of the Red Cross campaign were received at national headquarters at Washington. Messages telling of oversubscriptions in towns and counties from New England to Hawaii began to arrive early, while governors of almost all the states telegraphed promises of hearty cooperation in the auctioning of packages of wool clipped from the White House sheep.

"Every dollar contributed will help the boys who are going over there to shear the Kaiser's goat," telegraphed Governor Catts of Florida.

Governor Boyle of Nevada wired: "State that realized $275,000 by sale of Gridley sack of flour for the sanitary commission in the Civil War has not forgotten how to bid for liberty."

Justin Godart of the French High Commission said: "I have seen our wounded dressed, our old people encouraged, our women

General Pershing's wounded men in the Red Cross Recreation Room of Base Hospital No. 1, the Bronx, New York City

strengthened, our children nursed and cuddled, our homesteads rebuilt. What the American Red Cross has achieved is immense. It must be continued."

The British Red Cross, through Sir Arthur Stanley, the chairman, sent a message of greeting which said: "The British Red Cross Society, on the eve of the American Red Cross drive, cordially wishes you success in your great appeal. Your splendid work speaks for itself in every war zone and your civilian relief work has brought fresh heart to those of our Allies whose countries have suffered so severely from the devastation of war. Good luck and godspeed, and may your fresh efforts beat even the wonderful record that you achieved last year."

THROUGHOUT Greater New York the campaign opened with much picturesque detail. In Brooklyn girls sold flowers for the cause at the principal "L" stations, and in the streets ninety collies carried Red Cross saddlebags into which contributions might be dropped.

Coney Island, whose merchants and showmen gavo 10 per cent. of all their receipts for the week—a total of $40,000 to $50,000—started with a military carnival. Taking part in it were 100 sailors from the rendezvous at Fifty-second Street, Brooklyn, and thirty-nine policemen now attached to the Port Guard.

At the booths throughout the city the campaign was opened with meetings. In City Hall Park, where the Mayor's Committee of Women on National Defense has kept its Liberty Bell, President Smith of the Aldermen opened the meeting, and the wife and daughter of Mayor Hylan were among those who pinned buttons on donors.

Huge Red Crosses began to keep tally of totals in Broadway and in Fifth Avenue. In Broadway a twelve-foot emblem was moved from Houston Street one block for every $1,000,000. In Fifth Avenue the emblem stood at Eighth Street until $8,000,000 had been raised. Then it was moved forward by sailors one block for each additional $1,000,000, so that the number of the street at which it stood told the aggregate. On May 24 it was at Sixty-third street.

ALTHOUGH the success of the campaign was early assured, workers did not let up, as it was hoped to roll up an oversubscription. The necessity for those chapters, towns and States which had oversubscribed to continue their efforts was emphasized in a statement sent to War Fund managers by Henry P. Davison, chairman of the Red Cross War Council.

Mr. Davison called attention to the fact that the arrangements for the campaign were made early in the year, before the recent German drives in Picardy and Flanders, and that changed conditions called for increased Red Cross funds. For that reason he asked all workers not to lessen their efforts to obtain subscriptions until the close of the campaign.

THE way in which the American Red Cross, aided by the Army Medical Corps in France, succeeded in discovering the cause of the widespread transmission of trench fever and is therefore now able to take steps to defeat a malady which had baffled the medical men of England and France, has been described by Dr. Alexander Lambert, president of the New York State Medical Society. Incredible as it may seem, the disease, which has seriously crippled great numbers of British and French troops, and which it was feared might attack American troops in the future, was found to have been carried by body lice, the "cooties" of the trenches. The exhaustive experiments, terminating in success, which established this fact, aro hailed as a new triumph for American medical science.

The latest feat of tho American Red Cross workers in France is going into tho first lino trenches, serving coffee and chocolate to the American soldiers about to leave for their patrol in No Man's Land, and greeting the men upon their return with fresh supplies of coffee, chocolate and dry socks.

SOME idea of the activities of the American Red Cross in France may be gained from its report to the French Department of Civil Affairs for April. It has a staff of 97 physicians, 164 nurses, and 334 men and 606 women attendants, and is carrying out regular work in 119 cities and villages in France.

There are fourteen civilian hospitals, with a capacity of 1,364 beds. Forty-seven dispensaries give medical care to children, tubercular patients and refugees. The organization has 78 delegates distributing relief to refugees in 58 departments in France. In Paris 30,000 school children get supplementary school lunches from the Red Cross.

During the month 119 workers were added to the staff, 19,424 persons received medical care (a gain of 2,463 over March); 9,317 refugees were housed, and 9,594 were given employment. The total number of civilians reached during the month was 327,213, of whom 243,846 were children, 6,553 tubercular patients, 73,361 refugees and refugee children, and 3,447 were French war cripples. The increase in persons reached over March was 15,896.

The money donations to outside organizations in April totaled 633,159 francs, of which 83,933 francs were devoted to people suffering from tuberculosis, 37,764 to refugees, 10,000 to reconstruction and relief in the devastated area, 155,451 to children, and 5,911 to incapacitated wounded.

A large number of garments and shoes were given away during April. Furniture, household utensils, bedding, linen, cloth, food and coal are distributed by all the Red Cross bureaus.

DR. WILLIAM P. LUCAS, who has been in charge of infant welfare work of the American Red Cross in France for the past six months, and who has just returned to this country, says of the work there, which has touched more than 150,000 children:

"The simple part and most interesting part of the work that I have had to do with has been with the women and the children of France. We landed in France on August 11. In three days from that time wo were in Toul starting one of our biggest and most interesting pieces of work. We were helping the prefect of that department in his children's work. We have now, outside of Toul, which has since then become one of our big American Army centers, a hospital of 200 beds for women and children.

"With the co-operation and under the wing of the French government, we have had charge of all the children that come through Evian. Dr. Gelston has examined over 28,000 children in six months. We have there a hospital of 200 beds. It has been one of the sieves that has kept contagion from getting into France.

"In America there is one physician to every 500 people; in France there is but one physician to 5,000 people, and I know of communities where there is but one to 20,000 people. In the cities it is, every day, hard work, with nothing spectacular to it. The doctors are busy in dispensaries, in hospitals, in traveling dispensaries. We are doing all sorts of work. We are aiding different French societies—several hundred of them—to whom we are giving financial aid. One of the biggest sections of our work has to do with direct aid to these French organizations."

THE War Council has appropriated the sum of $100,000 to be expended by the Department of Military Relief in defraying all expenses incident to the establishment and maintenanco of the Red Cross Institute for Re-educating the Blind Soldiers. The work of the Institute will be carried out in close co-operation with the general plans of the Army and Navy for the rehabilitation of blind soldiers and sailors.

An American mission which has been sent to assist the Serbians has arrived at Corfu on the way to Salonica. It is headed by Major Francis Jager of the Red Cross.

The Wellesley College unit, which has just arrived in France, has been assigned to work in the Lyons district. This is the second group of college women to undertake work in France, the first being the Smith College girls.

The World Fight for Fertilizer

American Chemists Answer Kaiser's Threat with New Processes for Potash—*By FRANK G. CARPENTER*

Copyright, 1918, by Frank G. Carpenter

HAS the mailed fist of the Kaiser a grip on the throat of the American farmer? The Germans think so. They believe that their potash mines are the key to the food supply of the world and that when the war is over they can dictate which of the nations shall have plenty of food and which will go starving. Dr. Wilhelm Ostwald of the University of Leipzig and one of the Kaiser's privy councilors, recently warned the United States that Ameriea had gone into this war like a man with a rope about his neck. He said that rope was the potash in the hands of the Kaiser, and that it would surely be tightened after peace came.

This threat might have created some consternation four years ago. At the time the war broko out Germany had mines which were supposed to be the only eheap supply of potash on earth. She had a monopoly of the world's potash, and she kept one-half of all that she mined for her own farmers. We took more than half of the balance, and our imports amounted to several hundred thousand tons of pure potash a year. We bought more than a million tons of the raw material as it eame from the mines, and this annually cost our farmers about $20,000,000.

AS soon as war was declared the prices rose to the clouds. In 1914 muriate of potash was selling for $39 a ton. It doubled and quadrupled in value, and by December, 1915, it was $500 per ton. Then Uncle Sam began to sit up and take notice. He had had his chemical and mining experts at work before the war began. He now added to the force, and since then we have been taking potash out of certain salt lakes of our western deserts, out of the flue dust of our cement mills and blast furnaces, and from the seaweed which grows in great quantities in the waters off the California coast. The government is investigating certain rocks of the United States which are rich in potash, and the green sands along the coastal plain of the Atlantic which contain the same salt. In short, the results of our investigations are such that we expect to be able to make ourselves independent of other nations as far as potash is concerned for all time to come.

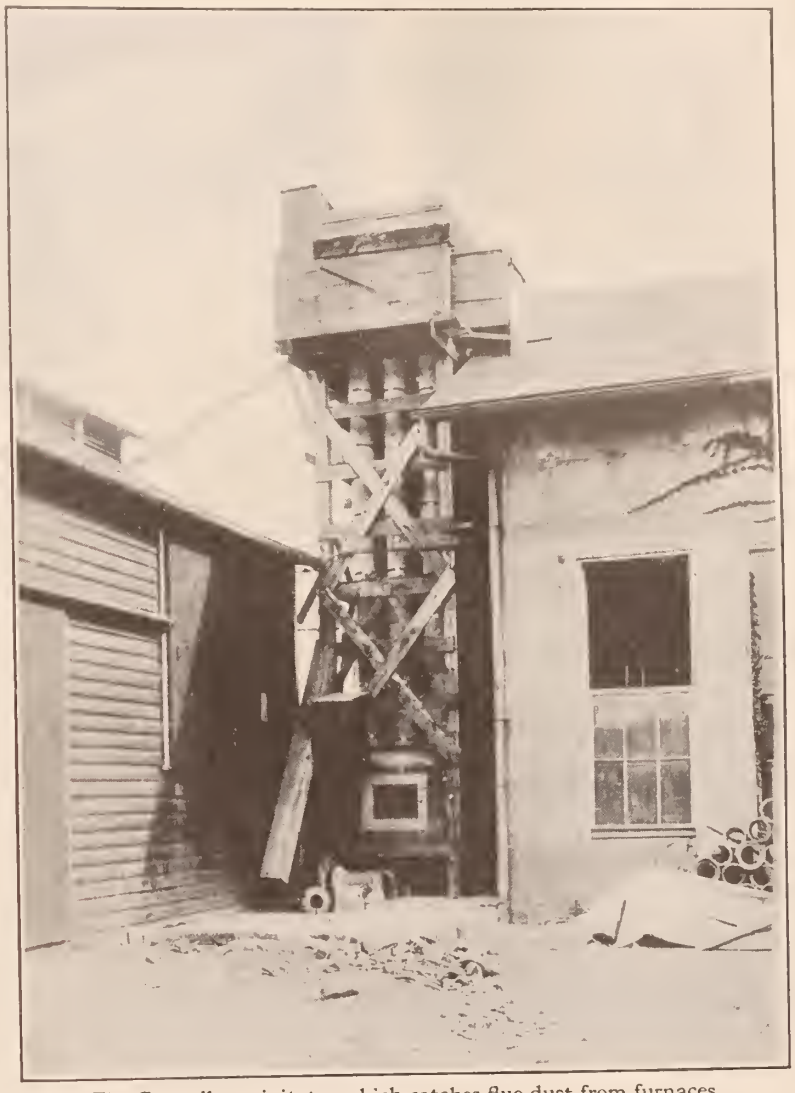
The agricultural experts tell me that potash is a great source of our food supply. It stimulates the plants; it contributes to the strength of the stalks and fills out the kernels of our cereals. We have to use large quantities of it for our potatoes and other truck crops; we use it for cotton, tobacco and oranges and also for peaches and all kinds of fruit crops. Just now the great demand for it is in the southern and eastern parts of the country.

THIS valuable stuff is an element which is scattered through almost everything all over the earth, but usually in such small quantities and in such combinations that it is not possible to get it out at a profit. Potash is found in the soil and in certain rocks. There is more of it in the crust of the earth than there is water upon the earth. It is found in seawater. The seaweed grabs the potash into itself to such an extent that some kinds of dried kelp have 500 pounds of pure potash to the ton.

Germany has the only big potash mines upon earth. They are situated in Prussia, and the best of them are under a town named Stassfurt on the Bode River, a branch of the Elbe, hundreds of miles from where they are fighting in France. The mines were discovered about sixty years ago. The daily output is 36,000 tons.

And now let me show you what we are doing to create a potash supply of our own. We had none when the war broke out. We began to produce in 1916 and during the first six months of last year we made more potash than in the entire year preceding. The amount produced in 1917 was about one-tenth of what we were importing from Germany before the war began, and the production from every principal source is rapidly increasing.

AWAY out in the Mojave desert of California is Searles Lake, where a company of capitalists has already invested more than two and one-half million dollars to get out the potash which lies in the brine under a bed of mud and crystalline salt. They have put up an evaporator house made of steel which is more than one hundred feet high, has boilers of 2,000 horse-power, and a concrete chimney which is about one-third as tall as the Washington Monument and nine feet in diameter at the top. Searles Lake has millions of tons of potash. The lake covers an area of almost 8,000 acres, and its depth is not known. The top is all salt and mud, but under this covering is a brine whose solids are about seven per cent. potash. They will soon be reducing this brine at the rate of 20,000,000 gallons a day, and from that the potash output will be in the neighborhood of 500 tons. The chief trouble is the large percentage of other salts which are mixed with the potash. These must be refined. This is to be done at San Pedro, not far from Los Angeles. Future additions to the works will probably increase the total investment to more than $4,000,000.



The Cottrell precipitator which catches flue dust from furnaces

At Owens Lake, California, they are preparing to get out potash by a new method, without the employment of artificial heat. This lake has water as bitter as that of the Dead Sea. It contains salt, soda, borax and other salines in solution. It is estimated to hold about 3,000,000 tons of potash, and a large part of this will be gotten out by evaporating the water in vats by the heat of the sun. The lake has an area of 100 square miles and it is about thirty feet deep.

THERE are salt lakes in the sandhills of northwestern Nebraska in which the potash from the great prairie and forest fires of the past are supposed to have drained. The largest of these is Jesse Lake, which covers about 240 acres. There are several companies working in Nebraska, and they are now producing a large part of our potash supply.

We expect to get potash out of the Great Salt Lake. One company is already erecting a plant there and another of large capital is expected to do likewise.

The potash in the Pacific Ocean Uncle Sam proposes to gather by means of a seaweed that grows wild in the ocean. It is the largest plant known, and it sometimes runs 100 feet from where it attaches itself to a rock by a root or holdfast. It goes from this anchorage in a flexible hollow stem, which is much like a long stick of macaroni, to the high-tide surface of the ocean and there develops into a float the shape and size of a small, empty watermelon. From this float gigantic leaves spread out over the water in every direction, covering the surface like a field of pond lilies and sometimes impeding navigation. This plant is known as kelp. It feeds upon the water and absorbs the potash. When the plants are taken out and dried about one-fourth of their contents is chloride of potash.

The Department of Agriculture has surveyed several hundred square miles of these kelp fields off the coast of California and the Bureau of Soils has erected an experimental plant at Summerland, to determine the best methods of harvesting the kelp and extracting the potash. Big dredges load the kelp on barges to be towed to the factories.

Nature's potash factory, kelp from the ocean

THE story of the potash we are getting as a by-product from our cement mills and iron ore furnaces is most gratifying. In fact, it is so encouraging that the experts believe that if all our cement mills were equipped with by-product plants they could annually save more than 80.000 tons of potash, and that, with a slight change of operation, this amount might be so increased that it would equal one-half of the supply we have been importing from Germany. This potash would come from the flue dust which has been floating away on the air from the chimneys of the cement mills, poisoning much of the vegetation about. It comes from materials that in most mills are still going to waste and whose saving would greatly better the conditions nearby. An overplus of potash kills as readily as the right quantity stimulates.

Since the war the Cottrell proeess has been applied also to saving the potash in the flue dust from the iron blast furnaces. The Bethlehem Steel Company was the first to experiment as to this saving. It has found that it could get $30,000 per annum from the potash from one furnace and that the saving from its twenty-five furnaces would equal $750,000 a year.

It is estimated that ten pounds of potash can be saved from every ton of iron that comes from the furnaces. If this is correct, the 25,000,000 tons we annually smelt would mean a saving of 250,000.-000 pounds or 125,000 tons of potash, which added to the 100,000 tons that might be had from our cement mills would make us practically independent of Germany. This is by the saving only of what until now has floated away on the air. I am told that even at the normal prices of potash this could be done at a profit.

America Third on the Battlefront

FOR weeks we have known that the boys were going "over there" by the thousands, last furloughs, last letters home before sailing, speeding troop trains and deep laden ships all told one story. We were pretty well prepared therefore for the announcement from Washington, on May 21, that America's first Field Army was in service in France, and that it numbered some 200,000 seasoned troops, and consisted of two army corps, each made up of one Regular Army division, one National Army division, and one National Guard division. This first Field Army is under the temporary command of Major-General Hunter Liggett, and one of the army corps is reported to be under the command of Major-General Charles T. Menoher. It was expected that the officers chosen for the permanent command of the field armies would be given the rank of Lieutenant-General. It was announced that further field armies would be formed as fast as the number of men in France would permit it, and that in the meantime the brigading of American troops with the French and British would continue. Earlier reports had already told of a large body of National Army troops brigaded with British reserve troops back of the line in Flanders, where they were getting their final training shoulder to shoulder with British veterans, who were enthusiastic over the aptness and intense earnestness of the Americans.

General Pershing's bullotins for the week showed more than usual activity in raids on tho part of the Americans, and chronicled the loss of America's premier flying ace, Major Raoul Lufbery, on May 18. Hostile raids were repulsed in Picardy and in Lorraine, the enemy losing killed and wounded. American airmen continued their successful combats with their German enemies.

On May 19, stung by the score of losses, which stood 10 to 2 in favor of the Americans, the Germans sent over the American lines a great armored biplane with two engines, a pilot and two gunners. The pilot was protected by a steel house. The gunners were in armor. The big swift "flying tank," as it was called, was attacked by six American pilots, who sent streams of bullets in vain against the ⅜-inch armor of the German, who was apparently inconvenienced not the least bit by the storm of lead directed at him. One of the Americans, landing out of ammunition, reported his inability to damage the German machine. Major Lufbery asked permission to try. He got above the German and swept down head first at the monster plane, then swerved off, apparently because his machine-gun had jammed. In a few moments he returned to the attack, dashing by with his machine-gun going. As he turned and started again toward the enemy his machine was seen to swerve and a thin line of flame shot from it. It hung still in the air for a moment, and then started to fall from an altitude of about 2,000 meters. When the machine had fallen some 500 meters, Lufbery was seen to rise and leap into midair. His body fell in the midst of a flower garden back of a residence in a little village, and his machine fell in flames a quarter of a mile away. The only wound on the aviator's body was a bullet hole through the right hand, apparently made by the incendiary bullet which set fire to the petrol tank of his machine. The American flyers all reported their machine-guns useless against the new German plane, but they took revenge on an observation plane which they drove down back of the American lines. Later in the day French flyers brought down the big German a few miles from the scene of Lufbery's fatal flight. One French pilot gave his life in a vain attack upon the big armored plane, but another succeeded in sending a lucky bullet through the steel armor of the pilot house. The machine fell back of the Allied lines, but the three men of its crew were dead. It was found that the plane carried six machine-guns.

The casualties reported by General Pershing for the week including May 25 are as follows: killed in action 38, died of wounds 32, died of disease 39, died of accidents or other causes 14, wounded 217, and missing or prisoners 21.

General Tasker H. Bliss, America's representative at the Versailles Conference, has been made a full General by brevet, and Major-General Peyton C. March, acting Chief of Staff, has been advanced to the position of Chief of Staff in the American Army.

© G. V. Buck, Wash., D. C.

Major-General Chas. T. Menoher

To command an army corps in France

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Major-General Hunter Liggett

To command America's field army

Representative Campbell, on May 22, placed before the House of Representatives figures authorized by the Secretary of War which showed that America now had not only more than 500,000 men in France, 90,000 sailing in the first ten days of May, but 1,000,000 more ready to go and a total of 2,078,223 officers and men under arms. Representative Campbell stated that the strength of the army could be raised to 5,000,000 in a year without taking men outside of Class 1 of the draft. He estimated the maximum man power of the Central Powers at 18,360,000 men and of the Allies at 68,879,500. It was also known, on May 22, that America now stood third in length of front held in France, the Allies standing in order, France, England, America and Belgium.

American gunners early on May 21 swathed in gas shells the German positions in Gerechamp Wood northwest of Toul. It is also announced that American chemists have prepared some gases for the Germans to try which are the deadliest yet used in warfare.

The Military Affair Committee of the House, on May 23, on recommendation of Secretary Baker incorporated in Army Bill a provision authorizing the President to draft in each fiscal year, as many men as can be equipped, trained and used. This will remove all restrictions on the size of our army which can now be made big enough for the job ahead of it.

Secretary Baker, addressing on May 24 at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York a meeting in celebration of the third anniversary of the Italian entrance into the war, brought the audience to its feet by declaring that our men would soon be fighting with the Italians.

Premier Lloyd George, of Britain, speaking in Edinburg on May 24, declared that the war was now a race between Von Hindenburg and President Wilson, Germany straining every nerve to strike a decisive blow before the American armies could be brought into the field. The Premier also stated that America's help had not yet replaced one-fifth of the shortage due to the loss of Russia as an ally, but he did not make it clear whether he meant that the Americans on the fighting front were less than one-fifth of the Germans brought from Russia to the West, or whether he had some other basis of calculation. He declared the greatest battle of the war was at hand, and expressed the utmost confidence regarding the result.

The British armed merchant ship *Moldavia*, 9,500 tons, transporting American troops from Britain to France, was torpedoed, on May 23, and sunk; fifty-six American soldiers being unaccounted for at last reports. The scene of the torpedoing was not made public, although it was inferred that the *Moldavia* was crossing the channel. She was hit amidships, and was able to keep on her course for some time after being struck. When it was seen that she could not be kept afloat long enough to make port, tho escorting destroyers took off her crew and passengers. The men saved lost all their belongings; those lost were believed to have been killed by the explosion of the torpedo or to have been trapped on the lower deck by the inrushing water. A survivor told a New York *Times* correspondent: "If you print anything about us, just tell the old folks at home that we are sure full of fight and will book this to Old Fritz as a debt we will sure pay soon."

A Week in the World's News

McADOO REORGANIZES RAILROADS. It was announced, on May 19, that the government would make available to the American railroads nearly a billion dollars during 1918, of which $440,071,000 would be spent for additions and betterments, $479,686,531 for equipment, and $18,203,774 for track extensions. On the 21st an order was issued removing all railroad presidents from active conduct of the various systems. It was said that some of these executives had failed to cooperate with the Railroad Administration. In place of these presidents, Federal Managers were to be appointed, who it was understood would not receive more than $20,000 a year.

WASHINGTON WOULD RESTORE RUSSIA. It was announced from Washington, on May 19, that those best qualified to judge the conditions of the Russian situation were constantly becoming more certain that the present situation presented an opportunity for action that would bring Russia back as a potent factor on the side of the Allies. It was suggested that military aid to the Bolshevist government would be playing into Germany's hands and that a civil commission with strong military support, supplied principally by Japan, could move westward across Siberia, organizing and giving sufficient support to local governments as it progressed. It was felt that such a movement, sincerely carried out, would soon be recognized as a friendly action by the majority of Russians, and that it would be cumulative and would rapidly gain momentum which would eventually carry it across the Urals and bring the Germans to a sudden halt in their orgy of military penetration into a country with which they are nominally at peace. Petrograd in the meantime was reported to be practically facing starvation, while much of Russia was in the same condition. Anarchy was developing rapidly under the Bolshevist government, which, however, on May 12, sent a delegation to Kiev to enter into peace negotiations with the Ukraine.

In tho meantime there appeared to be somewhat of a disagreement between China and Japan over the negotiations for their joint participation in Siberia, Japan was reported to have demanded of China that Chinese troops operate under Japanese officers; that arms and other war materials be interchangeable and that the railway zones be entirely under Japanese control, Japan agreeing to give financial assistance where needed for military purposes, to establish fortifications, and to police the zone effectively. Some sort of an agreement along this line had apparently been signed at this writing.

Siberia was reported as ready to organize an independent and anti-German government if assured of Allied military protection.

800,000 NEW SOLDIERS. President Wilson, on May 20, signed the new Selective Draft Bill at tho same time designating June 5 as the day when all young men who had reached the age of 21 years since June 5, 1917, should register for military service. The registration was placed under the direction of the Exemption Boards. It was expected that more than 800,000 would thus become eligible for military service, of whom the majority would fall in Class 1; although it was announced that all of tho present Class 1 would be placed in service before any of the new registrants were called upon.

The Provost Marshal's office announced that every registered man must either work or fight, and the work must be useful work or work in which a woman cannot be equally efficient. Gamblers, fortune tellers, waiters, passenger elevator operators, footmen, club attendants, and attendants and players in games and amusements, ushers, persons in domestic service and clerks in stores and mercantile establishments are listed as liable to be called into the army regardless of classification otherwise.

SHIPS VS. U-BOATS. In the week ending May 18, the shipyards of the United States delivered 10 steel ships aggregating 58,650 tons, and launched 2 steel and 12 wooden hulls of a total capacity of 55,200 tons. The Ship Board is planning for July 4 a unique celebration which shall consist of the putting into

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The Conference on Prophecy

AS this issue of the Christian Herald is being printed, the Bible Conference on Prophecy will be in session in Philadelphia. The speakers are men of proven scholarship, eloquent, reverent and practical, and the Conference will, without doubt, set a new mark forward in the study of divine revelation as it relates to man's affairs. Next week's Herald will bring you a complete report of the Conference, its spirit, its personalities, and its addresses. See complete announcement on page 714.

Maynard Owen Williams saw the new Katholicos installed in the ancient center of Georgian faith. He tells the story next week.

The Christian Herald Bookman, who first greets you in this issue of the Herald, will be a regular member of the family from now on. If you follow his lead you will waste no time on unprofitable reading, and will be able to invest your leisure in reading to advantage.

Next week's story, "Indian Summer," by Thomas Grant Springer, is a flickering flame of an old romance, but you will agree with Mother Grogan that "a home hearth must have the ashes o' years to bank its warmth agi.' th' winter."

President Wilson Declares Germany Insincere

IT was generally expected that Mr. Balfour's answer in the Commons, on May 16, to the persistent pacifists of Britain would be followed by some expression from President Wilson, who is looked upon now in all quarters as the spokesman of the Allied cause. On May 18, at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, the President, in opening the Red Cross drive, laid for good, it is devoutly to be hoped, the ghost of peace by agreement with tho Central Powers, until such time as the ghost shall be replaced by some solid substance of honorable purpose.

The President's address was, in part, as follows:

"I AM not come here tonight to review for you the work of the Red Cross. . . . I have come here simply to say a few words to you as to what it all seems to me to mean, and it means a great deal.

"There are two duties with which we are face to face. The first duty is to win the war. And the second duty, that goes hand in hand with it, is to win it greatly and worthily, showing the real quality of our power not only, but the real quality of our purpose and of ourselves. Of course, the first duty, the duty that we must keep in the foreground of our thought until it is accomplished is to win the war. I have heard gentlemen recently say that we must get five million men ready. Why limit it to five million?

"I have asked the Congress of the United States to name no limit because the Congress intends, I am sure, as we all intend, that every ship that can carry men or supplies shall go laden upon every voyage with every man and every supply she can carry. And we are not to be diverted from the grim purpose of winning the war by any insincere approaches upon the subject of peace. I can say with a clear conscience that I have tested those imitations, and have found them insincere. I now recognize them for what they are, an opportunity to have a free hand, particularly in the East, to carry out purposes of conquest and exploitation.

"Every proposal with regard to accommodations to the west involves a reservation with regard to the east. Now, so far as I am concerned, **I intend to stand by Russia as well as France.** The helpless and the friendless are the very ones that need friends and succor, and if any in Germany think we are going to sacrifice anybody for our own sake, I tell them now they are mistaken. For the glory of this war, my fellow-citizens, so far as we are concerned, is that it is, perhaps for the first time in history, an unselfish war. I could not be proud to fight for a selfish purpose, but I can be proud to fight for mankind. If they wish peace let them come forward through accredited representatives and lay their terms on the table. We have laid ours, and they know what they are.

"BUT behind all this grim purpose, my friends, lies the opportunity to demonstrate not only force, which will be demonstrated to the utmost, but tho opportunity to demonstrate character, and it is that opportunity that we have most conspicuously in the work of the Red Cross. Not that our men in arms do not represent our character, for they do, and it is a character which those who see and realize appreciate and admire; but their duty is the duty of force. The duty of the Red Cross is the duty of mercy and succor and friendship.

"Have you formed a picture in your imagination of what this war is doing for us and for the world? In my own mind I am convinced that not a hundred years of peace could have knitted this nation together as this single year of war has knitted it together, and better even than that, if possible, it is knitting the world together. Look at the picture. In the center of the scene, four nations engaged against the world, and at every point of vantage, showing that they are seeking selfish aggrandizement; and, against them, twenty-three Governments representing the greater part of the population of the world, drawn together into a new sense of community of interest, a new sense of community of purpose, a new sense of unity of life. . . .

"FRIENDSHIP is the only cement that will ever hold the world together. And this intimate contact of the great Red Cross with the peoples who are suffering the terrors and deprivations of this war is going to be one of the greatest instrumentalities of friendship the world ever knew. . . .

"My friends, a great day of duty has come, and duty finds a man's soul as no kind of work can ever find it. May I say this? The duty that faces us all now is to serve one another, and no man can afford to make a fortune out of this war. There are men among us who have forgotten that, if they ever saw it. Some of you are old enough—I am old enough—to remember men who made fortunes out of the Civil War, and you know how they were regarded by their fellow-citizens. That was a war to save one country—this is a war to save the world. And your relation to the Red Cross is one of the relations which will relieve you of the stigma. You can't give anything to the Government of the United States; it won't accept it. . . . The only thing that the Government will accept is a loan, and duties performed; but it is a great deal better to give than to lend or to pay, and your great channel for giving is the American Red Cross.

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In New York City every traffic pol'ceman worked for the Red Cross

"Down in your hearts you can't take very much satisfaction in the last analysis in lending money to the Government of the United States, because the interest which you draw will burn your pockets. . . .

"But when you give, something of your heart, something of your soul, something of yourself goes with the gift, particularly when it is given in such form that it never can come back by way of direct benefit to yourself. . . These things are bestowed in order that the world may be a fitter place to live in, that men may be succored, that homes may be restored, that suffering may be relieved, that the face of the earth may have the blight of destruction taken away from it, and that wherever force goes there shall go mercy and helpfulness.

"AND when you give, give absolutely all that you can spare, and don't consider yourself liberal in the giving. If you give with self-adulation, you are not giving at all, you are giving to your own vanity; but if you give until it hurts, then your heart-blood goes into it.

"And think what we have here! We call it the American Red Cross, but it is merely a branch of a great international organization, which is not only recognized by the statutes of each of the civilized governments of the world, but it is recognized by international agreement and treaty, as the recognized and accepted instrumentality of mercy and succor. And one of the deepest stains that rests upon the reputation of the German Army is that they have not respected the Red Cross.

"That goes to the root of the matter. They have not respected the instrumentality they themselves participated in setting up as the thing which no man was to touch, because it was the expression of common humanity. We are members, by being members of the American Red Cross, of a great fraternity and comradeship which extends all over the world. . . .

"It fills my imagination, ladies and gentlemen, to think of the women all over this country who are busy tonight and are busy every night and every day doing the work of the Red Cross, busy with a great eagerness to find out the most serviceable thing to do, busy with a forgetfulness of all the old frivolities of their social relationships, ready to curtail the duties of the household in order that they may contribute to this common work that all their hearts are engaged in, and in which their hearts become acquainted with each other.

"When you think of this, you realize how the people of the United States are being drawn together into a great intimate family whose heart is being used for the service of the soldiers not only, but for tho service of civilians, where they suffer and are lost in a maze of distresses and distractions. And you have, then, this noble picture of justice and mercy as the two servants of liberty. For only where men are free do they think the thoughts of comradeship; only where they are free do they think the thoughts of sympathy; only where they are free are they mutually helpful; only where they are free do they realize their dependence upon one another and their comradeship in a common interest and common necessity. . .

"IF you could catch some of those voices that speak the utter longing of oppressed and helpless peoples all over the world, to hear something like the Battle Hymn of the Republic, to hear the feet of the great hosts of liberty going to set them free, to set their minds free, set their lives free, set their children free, you would know what comes into the heart of those who are trying to contribute all the brains and power they have to this great enterprise of liberty.

"I summon you to the comradeship. I summon you in this next week to say how much and how sincerely and how unanimously you sustain the heart of the world."

The Progress of the War

ALTHOUGH on May 18 Germany appeared to have made every possible preparation for the resumption of her great offensive, the initiative still remained in Allied hands. On the night of the 18th British and Australian troops, in a swift local attack over a short front, took from the Germans the village of Ville-sur-Ancre, between Morlancourt and Albert, directly north of the former. North of the village the British troops waded waist-deep in a flooded swamp, while to the south it was necessary to first take the heavily fortified height. On tho morning of the 19th the village was entirely in British hands, the Germans being driven down to the Amiens-Albert railroad, greatly improving the British positions and increasing the difficulty of attack from that direction. In this operation the British captured more than 400 prisoners and 20 machine-guns.

On the 19th the French, pushing forward on a front more than two miles northeast of Locre, advanced their lines materially, capturing over 400 prisoners and machine-guns. Berlin declared that a French attack on Kemmel had broken down. The ground gained gave the French stronger positions on the ridge running westward of Kemmel toward Mont Scherpenburg.

On the 20th Gen. Haig's troops snuffed out a German salient in the sector northwest of Merville on the Lys front in Flanders, southwest of Locre, making advances on a front of 1,200 yards, taking 30 prisoners and six machine-guns, and holding the new positions under heavy bombardment and against a determined counter-attack.

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OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · Managing Editor GEORGE H. SANDISON · Secretary THEODORE WATERS

Losing Sight of the Cross

IT is now becoming evident that the discussion of the causes leading to the loss of spiritual power in many of our churches is not to be unproductive of good results. That the interest has spread to all the denominations is of itself a hopeful sign. Now that the need of a concerted and serious effort for spiritual restoration is very generally admitted, there is seen the further hope of a revival of those things that are essential to the future of the Christian churches of America.

We are especially glad to note that the great question at issue is now being discussed by the leaders in a broad-minded and kindly spirit. This is fortunately true of all the denominations, and is making itself manifest on both sides of the Atlantic. One of the most notable of recent addresses on the subject is that of Rev. Robert F. Horton, D.D., a prominent British Congregational pastor. There, as here, the young men seem to have been estranged from the Church, and have sought other ways of promoting human welfare and other channels through which to realize their dreams of national righteousness. Conceding this estrangement, Dr. Horton seeks to find the causes. He finds, first, that there is weakness through lack of unity on many questions that are essential to the existence and progress of the Church. Next, he finds that another obstacle in the way has been that the formulary, the rites and practices of the Church, are in many respects antiquated, and impress the minds of men as being stiff, conservative and unnatural. A third cause is that many of the teachings of the Church tend too much toward conservatism, whereas the Gospel, with its infinite variations and its innumerable impressions, is in itself ever new. Still another and very serious obstacle to the spiritual progress of the Church, he finds in the alignment with wealth, which has put the Church out of harmony with labor and its aspirations. It is charged that the Church has come to depend too much upon money and consequently treats possessors of wealth with special deference, whereas the true spirit of the Church should be that expressed by Peter: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, that give I thee. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, arise and walk." God is no respecter of persons. The ministry of Jesus was largely among the poor, and the common people heard him gladly.

There is a last reason, which many believe is alone sufficient to explain the Church's condition. Concerning this he says: "It lies in the fact that the Church has lost or overlaid the Gospel, which made the Church and which alone can give it reality and value. The Church has lost something; she does not teach that which she had as the sacred gift of God to the world, but she teaches very largely the views she takes of that great gift, or she puts the great gift aside and discusses other questions as if they were of equal importance. She has for many years past predominantly talked of love and been silent about sin; she has tried to give a rose-water view of life and to picture a God of infinite good nature, until the Cross she preaches has become an offense again and practically meaningless.

"We have come to a point in the history of the world where the realization of evil is forced upon us; rose-water views of life have no value for us. We have no room for people who are forever expatiating on the virtue and divinity of human nature. We find that a high and Christless civilization is more like a wild beast than man. Human nature stands before us in its hideous inhumanity and corruption, and we see the failure of the Church in that the Church flattered men instead of telling them what they were. The Church talks softly about their virtues instead of arousing them to a sense of their weakness. The failure lay exactly there—that the central truth of life, which is the Cross of Christ, lost its meaning in pretty phrases and empty talk about love and humanity and brotherhood. She did not teach men the truth. She went on implying that all men required was a little love to one another; she did not tell them and make them feel that what they required was holiness, goodness, the Cross of Christ as the revelation of holy love, God as holy love, the sin of man, the love of God, the Son of God made sin for man, the new birth, the absolute necessity of a spiritual life that is rooted in the nature of God and is manifested in the radical change of the human heart until it becomes sweet and pure and loving. That is where the Church has failed."

These words, which we believe to be spoken in all kindness, come as a message to ourselves. They reveal the spirit that is moving in the churches abroad and which is already being felt very widely in our own churches. While we know that there are in many of our churches ministers who present the Gospel faithfully, it is unhappily true that, as this preacher has declared of the Church overseas, there are many here who, if they put the question to their own hearts, would hesitate to answer. Does your Church exalt the Cross, or has the blessed hope it holds out to sinners been overlaid or lost sight of? Is your Church fulfilling its mission in winning souls? Has it catered to the wealth and influence of the worldly, instead of seeking the imperishable riches? Has it emphasized the virtues of individual character in elaborate ministries in which the Gospel was forgotten? If it has done none of these things, but has held up the Crucified One as the world's Saviour and its only Hope, happy indeed is that Church. It has not lost sight of the Cross.

The Second Line of Defense

THE spirit of America has been well shown by the manner in which our people have welcomed the Red Cross drive. Very quickly were the $100,000,000 rolled up and then many millions superadded for good measure. The reason for this spontaneous outflow is found in the fact that Americans no longer regard a gift to the Red Cross as a charity, pure and simple, from which no return is to be expected beyond the satisfaction of knowing that the giver has done a good deed. The Red Cross is more than any charity; it is the Nation's Second Line of Defense. The returns that come from our investment in the Red Cross are dividends in the form of a stronger, cleaner, more efficient army and navy, better able to win the war that is to save not only America but the world.

Our whole nation will be glad to see the Red Cross War Chest full and overflowing. Its work of humanity is world-wide. Its army of workers are the good angels of the training ground, the camp, the trenches and the hospitals. Countless messages from our men at the front testify to the value of the Red Cross ministries and to the love and admiration they bear that organization. Its work in the desolated lands, among the suffering multitudes in Europe, in the Near East, and wherever the conflict has swept, has been splendid beyond description.

In his message to the nation, issued on May 21, Secretary Baker paid this deserved tribute to the Red Cross: "Every battle-field in France speaks eloquent testimony of its merciful work. If the voice of the American Expeditionary Force could be heard, there would be no doubt concerning the responses of the United States. The terrors of battle are decreased and the horrors it entails are minimized by this greatest of relief agencies."

We congratulate the Red Cross on the success of its six-day drive. If the spirit of Clara Barton could but look now upon the magnificent organization which she founded, she would rejoice to see the fulfilment of her dreams of the future greatness of the Army of Humanity.

Harden on a "German Peace"

THAT free speech and the truth cannot be wholly stifled even in Germany, has been made evident on numerous occasions. In a recent issue of the newspaper, Die Zukunft, Maximilian Harden, its editor, who has repeatedly been disciplined and his paper suppressed, returns boldly to the charge that a German peace is simply a make-believe. He instances the case of Rumania, which he declares to have been tricked into a childish peace, the working out of which he likens to Shylock's iniquitous bargain with the merchant of Venice. By the terms imposed by Germany, the little kingdom—whose powers of resistance faded as the result of the Russian collapse—not only loses its chief seaport, but is condemned "to suffer, feed, clothe and pay the foreign army divisions on its soil," besides having to submit to requisitions of coal, oil and cattle, for which nothing is to be paid, as Rumania, following the magnificent example of the conqueror, "renounces" all war compensations. It is, of course, like all of Germany's peace bargains in the present war, wholly, one-sided, evil, ignoble and degrading, violating all the traditions of the generosity of the strong toward the weak.

So it has been with Belgium and Serbia, and with Russia, and so would it be with the Scandinavian countries, if the same conscienceless power were to have the opportunity. Little Finland already finds that, in welcoming the Germans to rid itself of Russia, it has fallen into far worse hands, which are expert in the whole game of plunder, from looting a city to despoiling a nation. How even Austria will ultimately fare at the hands of German absolutism, to which she is now irrevocably tied by a pledge which places all her forces at the disposal of her ally, is a problem of the immediate future. The Hapsburg empire may become a mere vassal of the Kaiser.

It would not be surprising indeed if Harden's temerity were again punished by imprisonment and the suppression of his paper; but the naked truth which he proclaims so boldly in defiance of official warnings will stir up a mighty lot of thinking among the Kaiser's subjects, many of whom, like the editor of Die Zukunft, are doubtless heartily sick of the war, which has not only cost millions of German lives but is sowing the seed from which must be reaped a harvest of enmities, shame and unavailing national regrets.

The Anti-Lynching Protest

THE shameful, humiliating conditions of which we are reminded by the negroes' memorial to the President and Congress on lynchings could be endured only by a people hardened to them by long tolerance. Our horror of atrocities abroad ought to be supplemented by commensurate horror of our own atrocities at home. If we are to command the respect of the world, or even of ourselves, we must awaken to the hideous American atrocity that is occurring almost daily and with scarcely any public comment or official check.

In the face of such a humiliating record as 222 lynchings in one year, who can sincerely profess that life is safe and human rights are sacred in this land of ours? The well-behaved negro is no safer than the ruffian, for nearly all the colored victims of 1917 were subsequently proved to have been innocent of wrongdoing. Many of them were women and children.

It is not a sectional shame, but a national one; there is no more safety in the North than in the South, for the most cruel of all massacres have taken place north of the Mason and Dixon line.

Race hatred, unreasoning as that is, is not the only license to lynchings, for whites as well as blacks are victims, on slightest trumped-up charges, and with little if any punishment of the perpetrators.

One of the greatest needs of a nation professing to be civilized and Christian is an awakening to this shameful situation.

Federal Farm Loans

THE general purposes of the Federal Farm Loan Act are to lower and equalize interest rates on first mortgage farm loans; to provide long-term loans with the privilege of repayment in instalments through a long or short period of years, at the borrower's option; to assemble the farm credits of the nation to be used as security for money to be employed in farm development; to stimulate cooperative action among farmers; to make it easier for the landless to get land; and to provide safe and sound long-term investments for the thrifty.

The machinery for the application of the Farm Loan Act is in three parts, as follows: The Federal Farm Loan Board, consisting of four members, named by the President, and the Secretary of the Treasury as chairman; the twelve Federal Land Banks located in various sections of the country; the many National Farm Loan Associations organized and controlled by the borrowers themselves, each made up of ten or more farmers.

The Federal Farm Loan Board exercises supervision over the entire system. The Federal Land Banks make the loans and issue their bonds or debentures to investors. The national Farm Loan Associations are organizations of borrowers, and through them application for loans are made to the Federal Land Banks.

A National Farm Loan Association is a group of ten or more farmers which is organized as the local unit in the Federal farm loan system. A person desiring to make a loan should apply for membership in the nearest Farm Loan Association. If there is no such association within easy reach, he should join with other farmers to organize one in his community. The most important unit of this entire banking system is the local cooperative association organized by ten or more farmers. It is the door through which the farmer borrower enters into the benefits of the system. It is the cooperative agency which gives the machinery for borrowing and investing, for voting, and for protection against loss. It is the foundation stone of the whole system.

To get the full benefit of this system, it is to the interest of the farmers to organize into these groups as quickly as possible.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Rode Up Capitol Steps

MOUNTED on a spirited black horse, a man the other day plunged through the Capitol grounds at Washington and began the ascent of the western steps. So rapid was his progress up the stairway that he was half way to the western portal before the Capitol policeman awoke to the danger of a cavalry attack. Other policemen came to the rescue and met the bold invader and his charger at the second terrace. "What's the big idea?" demanded bluecoat No. 1. "I've come to bring a little horse sense to Congress," announced the mysterious chevalier. "Well, you've got a lot of confidence to ride right in here uninvited," replied the policeman. "Sure I have," asserted the rider. "I am chock full of confidence, and the horse is chock full of sense, and between us we're going to do Congress a whole lot of good." The rider was persuaded that the easiest way to enter the Capitol was through the eastern doorways, and he permitted himself to be led to the office of the captain of police, while his horse was tethered in the Capitol park. To the captain the man explained that he was from Albany, New York, and that he had hired the horse of a livery stable in Georgetown for the purpose of sightseeing. Riding toward the Capitol, he took a notion that confidence and horse sense were necessary for Congress at this time, and concluded to ride up the steps and into the halls and give it to them. The police authorities handed the man over to the District of Columbia Health Department for examination as to his sanity. The livery stable man has had a good advertisement, but he was said to be very angry, as he did not care to have his horses featured as trained to stair-climbing or butting against Congress. It ought not to take the commission long to determine that there is something wrong in the man's mind, and yet there is a deal of truth in what he said, that the imperative need of Congress is confidence and good horse sense. Fortunately, Congress has these—has confidence in the cause and in its victorious issue, and has backed up lavishly and loyally every material request the President has made. This great truth the man emphasized, which is so necessary to Congress and all departments of the government, even to the heroes in the trenches: "*Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.*" (*I Cor. 16 : 13.*)

Governor's Six Soldier Boys

SIX sons of Governor and Mrs. Richard I. Manning of South Carolina have entered their country's service. On the enlistment of the sixth son, the other day, the New York Herald sent his father a telegram of congratulation, to which this reply was wired: "My sixth son, Vivian Meredith Manning, is enlisting as a volunteer. My seventh son is only fifteen years old. Your congratulations appreciated." Could any picture be more beautiful and inspiring than this of six splendid sons of fine lineage, education, and culture, dropping everything that the world calls most desirable and going forth at the call of duty to defend their country's flag? Beautiful, brave boys are they, and singularly honored are their father and mother in their loyalty and sacrifice. The loyalty and sacrifice of the parents in giving their sons is as great as that of the boys in offering their services. Governor Manning gave six sons, all he had of soldier age. Some parents have given an only son to the service, an only son to die for their country, calling to mind the gift by the heavenly Father of his only Son to die for the salvation of the world. "*For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*" (*John 3 : 16.*)

Horsehides and Footballs

IT is possible that the national game of baseball may be interfered with by a recent order of the government forbidding the use of horsehides in the making of covers for balls. Virtually all leather which has been used either in making the balls or the gloves and protectors of players has been commandeered by the government. The diversion of leather for army purposes will not affect the supply of gloves for the civilian population, it is said. These gloves are made of finer grades of leather. The chief occupation of the early Jew was the raising of cattle. He soon learned to make leather out of the raw hides, and he early used that leather as an important feature in his wearing apparel. As far back as the Prophets there is this mention of it: "*And they answered him, He was a hairy man, and girt with a girdle of leather about his loins. And he said, It is Elijah the Tishbite.*" (*II Kings 1 : 8.*)

Alaska Teacher Adopts Orphans

MRS. CORRINE CALL, the oldest government teacher in point of service in Alaska, is hailed by the thousands of Eskimos and Indians throughout the vast Northern territory as Alaska's "Emissary of Humanity." She has been a teacher in the Northland for nearly twenty years, and has served in most of the remote villages, in many instances being the only white person there. She has adopted four Eskimo orphans. She recently brought some Northern waifs to Seattle, Wash., on their first trip to "the outside." What an exalted calling is that of the teacher! The really great persons of the world are not those that sit on thrones, or carry swords, or found empires in blood, but those who teach the children truth and tell them how to live right and to love. The real greatness of a nation is in its intellect and in its heart. The teachers do not attract much attention, nor draw much pay, but they are the real empire-builders. Our American democracy would have been an impossibility but for our system of general education. Most of the teachers of rich and poor have the benevolent instinct as the impelling motive. It was strikingly illustrated in Mrs. Call, who went in the service of her country with her education and culture out to the inhospitable and neglected districts of Alaska twenty years ago to teach the young truth, honor, duty, love. And now she crowns her life of enlightenment and benevolence by adopting four Eskimo waifs into her own home and making them her own children. What a beautiful thing it is to do, how Christly it is, and what an example she sets to the whole nation. The Jewish law provided for the adoption of children of other parents into a family. This act is referred to as a type of our adoption into the divine family through the mission of Christ. "*God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.*" (*Gal. 4 : 4, 5.*)

Caught by Finger Print

A TINY piece of glass found in a loft of a building which had been robbed February 27, led to the conviction of the thief the other day. The inspector of police testified that the glass had been brought to headquarters, sprinkled with powder and photographed, and that the photograph had upon it a finger print which tallied in every respect with the print of the prisoner's fingers on file with the police department. The Judge sent him to State prison for two years and a half. We make our tracks in the dust or snow everywhere we go, and leave the mark of our finger prints on everything we lay our hands on. The eye, the heart, the tips of the fingers, are witnesses for the prosecution against the wrongdoer. The convict called on account of his climbing agility the "Human Ape," can appreciate this truth: "*Be sure your sin will find you out.*" (*Num. 32 : 23.*)

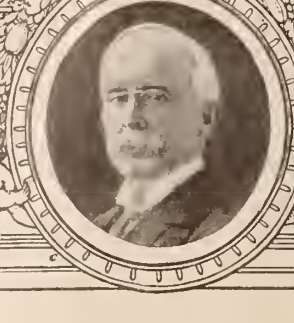
$150,000,000 Barge Canal

THE New York State Barge Canal, completed at a cost of over $150,000,000, was opened to through traffic between the Hudson River and the Great Lakes on May 15. Formal observance of the opening will be held later, probably July 4. The main line of the Barge Canal, which follows in part the route of the famous old Erie Canal from Troy to Buffalo, is 352 miles long. The tributary Oswego and Cayuga-Seneca Canals give an additional mileage of 100. The Champlain Canal, connecting Lake Champlain and the Hudson, is eighty miles in length, making the total mileage of the New York system of artificial navigable waterways 532. Traffic experts and engineers estimate the main line's capacity at 10,000,000 tons annually, equal to a half-million freight-car loads. Control of the canal traffic was taken over by the Federal government on April 17 in connection with the administration of all transportation lines. In the construction of the Barge Canal more than 100,000,000 cubic yards of rock and earth were excavated. Three million cubic yards of concrete have been used in constructing locks, dams, retaining walls, etc. Canals are of ancient origin. From the writings of Herodotus, Aristotle, Pliny and others we learn that canals existed in Egypt before the Christian era. The section of the Grand Canal of China, the one from the Yangtse to the Hwei River, 130 miles in length, was opened as early as 486 B. C. The ancient barge canals were unlike those of our time in that they had no locks by which boats could be transferred from one level to another. It is only in comparatively recent times that the principle of the lock was discovered, some say in Italy, others in Holland. Man in the construction of waterways has illustrated his creative force in imitation of that of the Almighty, who made the rivers and the channel in which they should run. The prophet thus refers to that divine creative energy: "*Thou didst cleave the earth with rivers.*" (*Hab. 3 : 9.*)

Record Time in Building

A BUILDING 230 feet long and thirty feet wide was constructed and equipped in one day at the big United States base hospital at Staten Island, New York, recently. Three hundred men went to work on the building, promptly at seven o'clock, and at noon the structure was completed. By dusk it had been equipped. We are engaged in the construction of a building that cannot be erected in a day. It is the building of character and requires time. The materials out of which it is constructed are thoughts, feelings, deeds, habits; the model is Christ; its plans and specifications are in the Bible, and when furnished it becomes the residence of the Holy Spirit. "*Ye are God's building.*" (*I Cor. 3 : 9.*)

OVERCOMING THE WORLD



A SERMON

By

*REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.**

TEXT—John 16 : 33. "These things have I spoken unto you that in me ye may have peace. In the world ye have tribulation; but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world."

"I HAVE overcome the world." And yet could there be anything more suggestive of failure than the circumstances in which these words were spoken? Treachery had broken out in the disciple band. Judas had gone out bent upon the malign purpose of selling the Lord. A mob was even now assembling to drag him to judgment, and Calvary, and death. And it was in conditions like these that the Master proclaimed his triumph!

And who was the Conqueror? A poor Galilean peasant, speaking a provincial accent, obscure and uninfluential, having no place to lay his head! Let me say it again, he is about to be betrayed, to be deserted, to be put to the most contemptuous and humiliating death! And yet this man claims to be wearing the purple of sovereignty, to be trailing mystic clouds of glory even while he was marching to the tomb! He had not gone down before the world, he had not shared its tone, he had not been inflicted by its contagion, he had not bowed to its compromises, he had not been ensnared by its seductions, he had not sunk to its degradations. He had "*overcome* the world." Let us contemplate the prominent features of the victory.

He had overcome the smiles of the world. And that is ever the subtlest and most paralyzing of all enticements. If we can make comparisons between the different moments in Christ's life, one would say that the peril was greater when they "took him by force to make him a king" than when "all men forsook him and fled." Many a man can keep his moral health in defeat who is overcome with success. An illustration can be found on the public platform. Every public man knows that there is nothing so insidious as the snare of applause.

A man can walk the narrow way when he is confronted by a hostile audience, but he is in great jeopardy when he is met by nothing but cheers. It is then he is liable to be "carried away" by the enthusiasm into grave imprudences. Ben Jonson used to say that "of all wild beasts, preserve me from the tyrant; and of all tame beasts, a flatterer."

I suppose that the culminating point of temptation in the life of the apostle Paul was not when he encountered the violence of the mob at Lystra, but when the people magnified his importance and declared that "the gods are come down" in the guise of men. Now, the Lord met this seductive smile of the world, and did not succumb to it. He was not deluded into a shining servitude.

AND he had overcome the suspicions of the world. There is something very affrighting in the contemplation of an untrue eye. Men are frequently overcome by the malicious eyes of their fellows. And this was the kind of "look" which was ceaselessly fixed upon the Lord. "And they watched him!" It is the kind of sight which misinterprets all it sees. It imputes ill motives and turns everything awry. Before that kind of onslaught many men succumb. They are driven from the post of duty by malicious tongues; they retire from the fight. A man said in my hearing some little while ago that "public life had become intolerable," and that he was determined to retire into privacy. "Good-by, proud world, I'm going home!" And this man allowed the world to drive him from the field of service. But that was not the way of the Master. He would not turn back because men fixed upon him an evil eye. He would not turn aside from the appointed way because of the unfriendly gaze of his enemies. He stood up, and strode on, unaffrighted and undeterred by malice and frown.

And he overcame the contempt of the world. Many a man can bear a wrong who cannot bear an insult. Our Lord was "despised." "He hath a devil and is mad." He was denied common courtesy. He was refused the ordinary amenities of hospitality. There was no water for him when He came in from the dusty way. There was no kiss of recognition and welcome. "He was despised and rejected of men." And yet he was not unmanned by the contempt. It did not make him hard, unforgiving, resentful, and revengeful. It did not turn him sour. He was not overcome by the treatment. He went through it in sovereign and unimpaired health and holiness. All these antagonisms, arising from smiles, and frowns, and contempts, and neglects, he faced and conquered.

And in what disposition was the triumph won? First, he overcame the world by a refusal to stoop to use the powers of the world. He would never use the world's sword. He would never use the fires of persecution. He never put his hand to mere coercives and compulsions. He sought spiritual ends by spiritual means, and he never sought to elicit the aid of unworldly kings. Herod sought his friendship. "He was desirous to see him of a long season," but the Lord refused the intercourse, and "he answered him nothing."

AND, secondly, he overcame the world by a calmness that was nourished in heavenly places. He never exposed himself to the peril of feverishness and passion. In the moments of temptation he retired to the Mount. Even in the midst of the crowd he had quiet communion with the Eternal. He knew how to make a solitude even in the very heart of publicity. He could make a sanctuary amid the very clamor of the market-place. And so he kept his spirit cool, and the perilous fire was never kindled. "I am not alone; the Father is with me."

And he overcame the world by a patience which waited for the hour to strike, and which would not be hustled into premature action. One of the first temptations with which the devil assails a man is in the attempt to prove to him that his noble purpose is infamous, or needless, or impossible. If he fails in this temptation he proceeds on quite another tack. Seeing that we are immovable in our resolves, he next attempts to make us precipitate in its execution. "Don't wait," he says. "Get it over at once! Delay is a mark of infidelity; the King's business requireth haste!" And so we are frequently "rushed," and the holy purpose is spoiled by its lack of holy restraint. Jesus refused to be rushed. "Mine hour is not yet come!" He waited thirty years before beginning his ministry, and there is a wonderful sense of quiet leisureliness about him characterizing even his public life. He waited for the clock to strike, and when it had struck he acted, and never swerved.

And he conquered the world by a love that flowed fresh and full to the very end of his days. "Having loved . . . he loved to the end." Even Calvary did not embitter his spirit! Even the shadow of death did not sour his soul by the sense of defeat. The reviling of those who passed by the cross brought no cynical response. The only reply was this: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!" And so he died, a conqueror in dying, having overcome the world in the very moment when it seemed that the world was most triumphant.

NOW we have to face the same antagonisms. "*In the world ye have tribulation.*" We have to be in the same straits. We have to encounter the perils of the smile, and the frown, and the contempt, and the suspicion, and the neglect. We, too, have to pass from shine into shadow, and to face the menace of the sword and the seductions of the crown. "*But be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.*" But what is that to thee and me? It is everything to thee and me.

There is power in the Lord's conquest to make conquerors of all. "*In me ye may have peace.*" Not in ordinances, not in bare religious exercises, not in human fellowship, not in Nature's oratory; these may all be helpful means, but they are not radical and ultimate. The deep fundamental peace is to be found only in Christ. "In me ye may have peace," but to be in Christ is to be more than a companion. Earthly relationships supply no word sufficiently intimate and immediate. It is nearer than linked arms and clasped hands; it is the inconceivable union of oneness and spirit. It is the union of the branch with the vine.

Our lives can become embedded in the Lord, and his conquering energies, like rising sap, will fill our moral and spiritual powers, until we, too, become triumphant. We become more than conquerors through him that loves us. "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

*This is the first sermon by Dr. Jowett for Christian Herald readers since his departure to resume his English pastorate. His sermons, specially written for this paper, will continue to appear regularly in the first issue of every month.

When Mother Sang

By ANNE PORTER JOHNSON

THEY tell us now her singing lacked
In tonal quality;
Her voice was never true to sound,
She often missed the key!
They say she could not read the notes—
She learned the songs by ear;
But this I know, when mother sang,
We stopped our play to hear.

"By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill"
Came trembling, solemn, low;
And "Mary to the Saviour's Tomb,"
In tones all sacred-slow.
"Sweet Galilee," and "By and By,"
And then "Sweet Hour of Prayer,"—
When mother sang on Sabbath days,
The firelight on her hair.

A hope lies deep within my heart,
That on some shining way
Where all is joy and sweet content,
And happy children play,
A group of wee ones—can it be?—
Are gathered round her chair
To listen, eager-eyed and rapt,
When mother sings—up There!

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Keeping in Tune

SUNDAY, June 9. Deut. 6 : 7. "*Thou shalt talk of them when thou walkest by the way.*" He was not to be satisfied with stated and formal times of meditation when his mind was to reverently consider the law of the Lord. He was to use his odd moments in quest of the divine treasure, and he was to nourish the divine communion in his ordinary converse as he walked along the way. He was not only to consecrate the larger seasons, when he would tune his instrument; he was to give it devoted attention whenever his circumstances provided an opening. And that, I think, is most needed counsel in the culture of the soul. We not only need the prolonged times of praise, but also the short swallow-flights of song. We want the leisurely communion, but we also want the sharp ejaculation which expresses itself in a single word. We need the long gaze at our Lord, and we need the frequent glance.

I have been told that Mr. Chase, the great American artist who recently passed to his rest, was in the habit of carrying about in his pocket small objects which he enjoyed looking at, an exquisite ring, or some rarely attractive curiosity. He had his long seasons of studious contemplation of the loveliness that he yearned to capture in line and color. But he had also moments of gazing when he turned his eyes on some beautiful thing. And we may follow his plan in the deepest things of the spirit. We can carry a divine signet ring about with us. We can carry with us through the day some great word of glorious revelation, and at odd moments we can bring it out and look into the depths of its eternal beauty. What is to prevent the busiest among us having some rich promise of grace which we can bring out and look at as we walk by the way? Perhaps we depend too much on the large and formal occasions, and we undervalue the ordinary times which stretch between these more dignified seasons, and which might be broken up into short and occasional glances at the treasures of the King. There are things we can ponder as we bow in the temple; there are lovely things we can look at as we go along the road. J. H. J.

Power Through Fellowship

MONDAY, June 10. I John 1 : 7. "*If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another.*" Light is the best possible symbol of God. It is pure, purifying, incorruptible and life-giving. Hence light is also the best possible symbol of the Christian life. All the material light in the world is derived from the sun. All our spiritual light is derived from God. To walk in the light is to walk in the way of his commandments. What if we walk in his light? What shall we have? Fellowship. Is not this greatly to be desired? Surely we all would like to live in a friendly universe. The ties which bind Christians together make large contributions to the friendliness of the world. Ours is the fellowship of mystery—we have been initiated into the common secrets of grace. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." Ours is the fellowship of suffering. Mutual trials make mutual ties. Ours is the fellowship of citizenship, and of a common task, to make the kingdom of God world-wide. Ours is the fellowship of kindred minds, that is, similarity of ideals. There is a significant statement of Lecky with reference to the early church: "There has probably never existed a community upon earth whose members were bound to one another by a deeper and purer affection than the Christians in the days of the persecutions." Also Benjamin Kidd: "Self seemed to be annihilated. All boundaries of classes, even of nationalities and races, went down before the new affinities which overmastered the strongest instincts of men's minds."

If Christians are bound together by ties so strong and so numerous as these, then what is it which keeps so many bodies of Christians apart? Traditions, inherited prejudices, misunderstandings, but, more than anything else, indifference to the Master's passionate prayer for unity. It was well said of a great pastor who left an indelible impression upon the life of his generation, "His whole life was an argument for Christian unity. He cherished all who love the name of Christ." Perhaps it may be permitted one contributor to this page to pay tribute to another. Then this may be said of my neighbor, Dr. Jowett, at the close of his fruitful pastorate in New York: Dr. Jowett's preaching has charmed the multitudes, but his personality has added wings to his words. No more catholic-spirited minister than he has stood in an American pulpit in our generation. He has exemplified in his relations to Christians of all names the rule John Wesley loved to quote: "In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity."

C. C. A.

His Perfectness

TUESDAY, June 11. Deut. 32 : 4. "*He is the Rock, his work is perfect: for all his ways are judgment: a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he.*" Filled with the Spirit of God, Moses stands before the congregation of Israel and delivers his valedictory oration. What he says he speaks in the name of God, and calls heaven and earth to witness. What need, we ask, was there of opening his address with a solemn assertion of God's truthfulness, rectitude, and probity? Can man become so degraded in mind as to impute lying, dishonesty, crookedness to God?

Yes, human nature, in its corrupt state and completely alienated from that original purity and righteousness in which it was created, has thus thought and spoken of God as a deceiver. Pagan religions recognize untruthful gods. Pagan gods are the fabrications of men's imagination.

The product cannot be better than the producer. If men will make their gods, they will make them like unto themselves. Even in the finer form of idolatry to which the human heart, left to itself, is prone, in that idolatry which does not fall down before an image but is estranged at heart from God, we find distrust and suspicion of God.

Oh, what must God suffer from the perverse and vile heart of unbelievers! What a grievous insult it is felt to be among men when their reputation for truthfulness is attacked! It rouses men to prompt and stern resentment; it is regarded as an unpardonable offense. Yet that is what every form of unbelief does to God: it gives him the lie; it pronounces him unreliable. With infinite patience God not only bears this shocking, calumny, stays his avenging hand against his base insulters, but even condescends to assure man that he is not what some take him to be: a liar. We consider it an extreme humiliation, if we must preface a statement that we are about to make with the assertion of our veracity; what an astounding kindness, then, is it on the part of God that he who is conscious of his unchanging faithfulness does not shrink from telling man that he can be trusted!

W. H. T. D.

The Nation's Flag

WEDNESDAY, June 12. Isa. 11 : 12. "*And he shall set up an ensign for the nation.*" Our Star-spangled Banner is the symbolic concentration of the principles of American liberty. Its waving folds stand for all we are and hope to be. The wealth and spirit, the power and strength of our people are behind the flag, ever following it to victory. When other nations are in peril, uttering the Macedonian cry, we answer, "Our country is the world; our countrymen are mankind."

Old Glory was first waved by Washington and now mingles with the flags of all nations as the mother of republics on many shores. The flag is the picture of the Declaration of Independence, the ensign of our institutions. None should ever be ashamed of Old Glory, especially when they remember that it has floated victoriously over Yorktown, New Orleans, Mexico, Appomattox, Manila and Santiago, and soon may wave its peaceful folds over the European conflict. We should be proud that it has never trailed in the dust of defeat or dishonor, and it ever points to grander achievements in the future of the race of mankind. Its cry is "Freedom from the golden bands of kingly power or from the iron shackles of tyrannical despots!" To die on the field of battle in defense of human liberty is glory enough for any patriot. Nothing is greater unless it be to help perpetuate freedom in the peaceful progress of truth and justice. Prosperity should ever mean larger civilization, wider human privileges, longer life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. E. W. C.

Christ's Appeal to the Individual

THURSDAY, June 13. John 12 : 26. "*If any man serve me, him will my Father honor.*" The appeal of Jesus was always to the individual. He was supremely an individualist. He never built up or attempted to build up an institution. There were institutions in that day as in ours. Judaism was an institution, a system, and he referred to it when he said, "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." That Jesus did destroy Judaism as a living faith is clear. With the decline of orthodox Judaism and with the rise of the so-called liberal Judaism (which is neither Judaism nor liberal) it is growing clearer. But Jesus destroyed Judaism by simply fulfilling it. We can destroy things very effectively by filling them so full they fall apart. A growing apple destroys the blossom out of which it grows. A ripening ear of corn destroys its own husk. A promissory note is destroyed when it is paid. Prophecy is destroyed when it comes to pass. Slavery was an institution when Jesus was among men, yet he never attacked it. He set the individual soul at liberty. He implanted the love of freedom in the heart of his people." It was as certain as destiny that when a sufficient number of souls were free, free from sin and selfishness, free in the knowledge of the truth, all slaves would be set free.

The appeal of Jesus was always to the individual. He never talked about reaching the masses or the classes— He reached them. He knew that masses and classes are composed of individuals. So to this man and to that woman he said, "Believe in me, come to me, learn of me, follow me." C. C. A.

Blessing Irreversible

FRIDAY, June 14. Num. 23 : 19, 20. "*God is not a man that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent: hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good? Behold, I have received commandment to bless: and he hath blessed; and I cannot reverse it.*" That no counsel of man can stand against the decree of sovereign God is so plain a lesson that even a cursory reader of this text must apprehend it. Nor would this be the only place in the Bible where this truth has been voiced.

But this general truth is here made very specific: the speaker declares that the intended blessing of God, once decided upon, is irreversible. On the one hand, the character of God is such that he will never go back on his own word; on the other hand, no agent whom God chooses to convey his blessing has the power to annul it. What a mighty incentive to faith in the promises of God is contained in this text!

Yea, if we remember who the speaker in this text is, and on what occasion these words were spoken, our faith will receive still greater confirmation. Balaam had come, hired as a most powerful magician, to blast the people of Israel with his withering curses, and thus keep them out of the promised land. It appears that for filthy lucre's sake Balaam was ready to employ his knowledge of the true God for this hideous purpose. God would have amply revealed his almighty power if he had merely turned the erring prophet from his wicked mission and sent him home after the reprimand which he had administered to him by the mouth of the prophet's beast. But God chose to become still more glorious by bidding the prophet to proceed on his journey and do not what the Moabite king but what the King of kings would command him to do. Balaam had come to curse; he stayed to bless. Against his own choice his imprecations turned to benedictions on his lips. Balaam had to confess: God hath blessed, and I cannot reverse it. Let us remember this when wicked men want to invoke the wrath of heaven on us. W. H. T. D.

Bearing the Cross

SATURDAY, June 15. Matt. 10 : 38. "*He that taketh not his cross is not worthy of me.*" Our Lord was no doubt contemplating Calvary when he said to his disciples, "Let him take up his cross and follow me." When Jesus became too weak to bear the heavy burden of the wooden cross, one Simon was found to bear it for him.

It is said that when Charles Simeon, a university professor, was in a great trouble he strolled forth one day reading his Greek Testament as he went and praying that some comforting passage might be given him. The first text that caught his eye was this: "They found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name. Him they compelled to bear his cross." Simon being the same as Simeon, a great blessing came upon the professor, when he had the hint that he might bear the cross after Jesus. He truly felt it a great honor that he could participate in Christ's sufferings. Should we not suffer willingly with him that we may be glorified with him forever, singing,

> Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
> And all the world go free?
> No, there's a cross for every one,
> And there's a cross for me.

Should we not deny ourselves and take up our cross as willingly as Jesus bore the cross the Father gave him for humanity, remembering that the disciple is not above his Master? If the great aim of our life is to save it, we shall lose it, but losing it for the sake of Christ and the world, we shall find it forever. Let us remember Calvary that we may know what it means to follow Christ, going with him all the way, through the garden, up the hill, down to the sepulchre, and with him, ascend to glory. E. W. C.

Anne Foreman's Faith

By
C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

IT was almost noon when Millington stopped at the low white house. He hesitated before entering the gates, for the place had the air of a gentleman's estate where wayfarers might not be welcome; yet the fields and the barns beyond gave evidence that the tilling of land was not done in play.

For several minutes he rested under the shade of the cedar hedge, trying as best he might to overcome the spirit of fear that cast its shadow over him. Once he would have walked boldly to the door and asked if he might buy a meal; but the long silent months had made him timid. It was hunger and a lack of formality about the grounds that finally won him from going farther, and sent him boldly along the walk. He had eaten very little that morning—the excitement of being free was such that he could not wait for food. Now, however, he was faint, and the last sign-post had told him the nearest town was five miles away. He knocked sharply at the side door.

"I wonder if it would be possible for me to get something to eat?" he asked the woman who answered his summons.

"Why"—the woman hesitated, and Millington saw that she was not more than twenty-six or seven, and that her eyes and hair were soft with the fulness of passing youth. As a girl she must have been beautiful.

"I have been walking since morning," Millington went on. "And if it would not be possible for me to get a meal, could you make me up some sandwiches? I want—I want to pay for them, of course."

The woman flushed.

"I—I don't think my brother would object to my giving you something to eat," she said quickly, "but—but I must confess that I hardly knew what to say to you. We don't make a practice of feeding tramps—but then you're not a tramp."

Millington raised his eyebrows, and then smiled.

"No—and yet in some ways I am a tramp. I'm out on the open road looking for work—work in the country; yet I'm not penniless—or what you'd ordinarily term a tramp."

The woman looked at him sharply. The shadow of a frown played across her face and then disappeared.

"Won't you come in?" she asked graciously. "Dinner will be ready in a minute—and if you'll excuse me I'll be back in a second."

SHE hurried into another room, leaving Millington in the hall. He went to one of the low, white-curtained windows and looked out. For several seconds he studied the garden, and turning from the window he moved about the hall studying the pictures. He did not know from that a partly opened door the woman watched him, or that from the window-seat at the end of the hall the family collie had raised himself to regard the stranger. After a minute, the dog jumped down to investigate. Millington turned, and the watching woman saw a pleased smile come over his face. He snapped his fingers at the animal, who moved nearer the man, wagging his tail. He sniffed at the ends of Millington's trousers, and then put his nose into the palm of the man's hand, as if inviting a caress. It was all that the woman wanted. The dog trusted him—somehow she felt that the dog knew. She opened the door, and came smilingly into the hall.

There was little time for talk. From the back of the house a bell was sounding the noon hour, as welcome a note to Millington as to the men in the fields.

"If you'll come this way I'll show you where you can wash," the woman said; and then, as if it were an afterthought, "I'm Miss Foreman. This is my brother's farm; I keep house for him."

"Thank you; and I am David Millington."

THE woman bowed to acknowledge the name. She directed him as she mounted the stairs, and told him they would wait for him in the dining-room. There was a mirror on one of the white-tiled walls, and Millington studied his reflection. He was tall, and very straight. The pallor which comes from confinement was missing, for part of his work had been out of doors. He was not handsome, but his mouth was delicately shaped, his eyes were keen, and his brown, ill-cut hair was brushed back to show his high forehead. He did not look a man capable of wrong; and with clenched fists he vowed that some day men would be proud of him—very proud of him!

With a sigh of determination he turned away from the mirror and ran the basin full of water. It was hot water—delicious to the touch—and he let his fingers play through the soap suds. He had never missed the luxury of hot water until this minute; and now he felt that freedom was indeed good.

As he washed his hands, he fell to wondering if he should tell these people about himself—that he was a man straight from prison. Only last night he had made his resolve that he would never try to hide the fact that he had done wrong and paid for it; but all his plans of the night before had been swept away in the moments following the clang of the heavy gates that had set him free. His original plan had been to go to the city and start work. He had never meant to take the money; he had firmly believed that the investments would prove of value; but the jury had found him guilty and he had served three years. Of course, he would pay back those whose money he had lost—every penny, as well as the interest.

The clang of the gates, the swift passing of an automobile, the mad pounding of his heart, the new shoes and clothes, they had all overwhelmed him, however, and in spite of all his resolve, he had not gone in the direction of the city, but made off for the hills which had beckoned so alluringly in the morning sunlight.

HE had no objective point in view as he wandered countryward; instead, the spirit of vagabondage led him across vacant fields, through clumps of woodland, along the edge of a softly flowing stream. Once he had fallen off to sleep at the foot of a great tree; again a sudden impulse had made him bathe in a swift running brook; and his wanderings had finally brought him to his place of comfort, and to the sweet-faced woman who had told him that they would be waiting him in the dining-room.

He wiped his hands on the soft linen, brushed back his prison-cut hair, and went down-stairs. The woman introduced him graciously, and it was good to feel the grip of another man's hand, and meet the frank gaze which was sent into his eyes. When they were seated about the table, Foreman started the conversation.

It was at the very end of the meal that Millington offered his first explanation of himself. He hardly knew what to tell them, but felt that even if these people did not ask questions, he must give some inkling of the reason for his being there.

"I don't know much about farming"—they had been talking about crops, and the opening seemed a good one—"but I made up my mind this morning that it was from the hills that my help would come. Last night I could hardly sleep for the plans that ran through my head—plans to make a fortune—and yet this morning it came over me with a sudden resolve that I must get away from the city, out into the farms and hills."

Foreman sent a quick glance in his sister's direction.

"And you could go at a moment's notice?" he asked Millington, rather incredulously.

"Yes. I haven't started my work in the city. I've been away for three years, and was on my way back. There was not any one who would vitally miss me. I can write them that I have changed my plans, and nothing will be thought of my non-arrival."

It seemed a weird story to Foreman, yet as his sister had told him there was something frankly simple about the man that made one believe in him.

"And you have no definite plans?" Anne Foreman asked.

"None, except that I must find work."

The meal was finished now, and they rose to leave the room.

"If you'd like I'll show you the place," Foreman offered, apparently ignoring the last remark. "We only raise fancy vegetables and fruits for the city markets. I'm very proud of my fields."

Millington followed him back to the big barns, and from there to the fields. Everywhere there was luxurious cultivation, rows of ripening vegetables, and laden fruit-trees. At the end of an hour they were back at the house.

"You say that you are looking for work?" Foreman asked bluntly.

"Yes."

"Can you figure—keep count?"

Something hot flashed over Millington. He could count—could he do it correctly? Could he do it honestly? Once he had thought so. Now——

"Yes," he said quickly. "I have always been considered rather an expert at figures."

Foreman hesitated a minute.

"What I need, and what I've never had, is a man who can keep track of the amount of produce shipped away, see that orders are properly filled, and look after the condition of the fruit and vegetables we ship; sort of an inspector. It would leave me free to do some work I have on hand, if I could find just the right man."

"And you think I might be the right man?" Millington asked.

Again Foreman hesitated.

"I should like you to try," he said simply.

The two men shook hands. Not another word passed between them, no question as to Millington's former existence, no questions as to honesty, nor, at the minute, even as to how much he was to earn. They went to the big room which Foreman used as

an office and spent the afternoon in talking over the details of the farm; and when it was dusk Millington knew what was expected of him.

THE summer passed quickly. The long days were filled with work, and work meant forgetting—a blotting out of what had passed, and a lending of bright colors to the future.

There were moments, fiery brands that seared deep into the consciousness, when Millington could not forget. As the days progressed they resolved themselves into two great thoughts. One of them was Anne Foreman. He had never been a ladies' man, and until Anne, no woman save his mother had ever touched the hidden springs of his heart. His mother was gone from him now, and in her place was Anne. In a thousand little ways she had helped him in the trying weeks that followed his first day of freedom; her kindly smile seemed ever to beckon him from the other side of some heart-rending hour. Slowly it came to him that he loved Anne, and his practical being told him that first he must find the way to provide for her, and must prove to himself that his feet would forevermore dwell along the path which comes not in contact with the law.

It was the shadow of the law that lent terror to his other agonizing thought. He had not meant to steal that other time; he had never wilfully taken that which did not belong to him. Yet he had done so, and they had found him guilty. He remembered that as a small boy he had been used to taking what he wanted from his parents. He had never lied about it, never hesitated to say that he had taken ten cents from his bank, or a pie from the pantry shelf. The memories set him to wondering, to asking himself if there was that in his blood which made him a thief. Now that he was once more among men, could he "go straight," as the men in the jail had termed it?

All the summer he wondered and worried. He tried to tell himself that as the days went past and he had no inclination to steal, there was nothing to fear. The thought was not reassuring, however, for he knew that he handled nothing but small sums of money, and bags and baskets. What he feared was the supreme test—the time which might never come, when he would be trusted with large sums, when he would be in a position to steal and get away.

IT was in September that Foreman came to him as he was overseeing the packing of a shipment of vegetables, and told him that he was going away.

"I've got to go, Millington; it's a case of making big money if the project goes through. I can buy two neglected orange groves for a song, and by grafting they'll pay two or three hundred per cent. on the investment in a few years' time. I've got to go, and you've got to stay here and run the thing for me."

Millington's heart leaped. He was to be trusted with the care of the great farm.

"My sister will help you; she knows that you're going to be in charge; I've talked it all over with her."

Foreman was a man of few words. Millington had long since found out that he never spoke unless it was necessary. Frequently the two men would sit for hours without ever exchanging a comment. With Anne it was different. There had been times when Millington wondered if he had not better tell her the whole truth about himself. He felt sure that it would make no difference with her regard for him, for she seemed to peer beneath his outer consciousness and, reading his soul's struggle, knew that he was a man.

With the coming of Winter, Millington's tasks slackened perceptibly. The long evenings were spent indoors, studying scientific books on farming, talking with Anne, reading to her as she sewed; or, as frequently, in silently watching the logs as they sent twisted flames up the chimney.

THEY were alone in the big living-room one evening just after Christmas. Foreman had been home and started South again. Anne was to visit him in a month's time, and she had just mentioned that it hardly seemed possible that somewhere the world was bright with grass and flowers. Outside, the wind rattled through the icy trees, and beat the snow against the window-panes. For several minutes Millington made no comment.

"Yes"—his word was a half sigh—"there are times when it seems strange to picture another world than the one which surrounds us. I remember the first year and a half in the prison, trying to think what spring meant. I was in the shop the first year, and I seldom even got a glimpse of the grass in front of the warden's office."

The thunderbolt was launched! It had not been the effort that Millington imagined, and he glanced in Anne's direction. She continued her sewing as if nothing had happened.

There was a long silence.

"I have always wanted to tell you about myself—all about myself," Millington went on. "Yet I rather feared to. I was afraid that it might make some difference to you."

The woman looked up quickly.

"It will make no difference. I have always known that there was—something. I knew that you would tell me at the right time."

Millington jumped to his feet and paced the length of the room.

"It's not much of a story"—his words were crisp—"just the old, old tale which seems new to every one who passes through the fire."

Briefly he sketched her his crime, his trial, and the years of imprisonment.

"And that's all," he concluded, "except that the morning they let me out I developed blue funk and came in this direction, instead of going into the city. The rest of the story you know."

Anne let her sewing fall into her lap.

"Yes; and ahead of you is a life which will prove that a man can do wrong and then find his proper balance."

"You think that I will find my proper balance?"

"I know it. I trust you, David." She had never spoken his first name before; her tongue lingered over its syllables.

"But I am afraid that I do not trust myself," he said rather bitterly. Then, after a pause, "Oh, Anne! if only I did trust myself. If only I was sure that I was strong enough to resist temptation; if only I felt that I could go back with my head high and keep it high forevermore. I can work, work hard, and," he faltered, "there is a reason why I must make myself very sure; why I must find a way back to the man I once was."

Millington was standing with his back to her, gazing into the fire. She rose and placed her hand in his.

"Yes, David, and some day you will know that you have won."

IT was the last week in January when Anne went South to join her brother. David went with her as far as the city, his first visit from the farm since the morning he had knocked at the door and asked for a meal. He rather dreaded the trip, and, after he had seen Anne safely on the train, turned with reluctant feet in the the direction of the big stores. There were several purchases he needed, and as he went his way, returning glances with head held high, he was reassured. Once he met a man he had known in the days before his conviction, and the man had offered his hand without hesitation. They talked for several minutes and parted. After that a greater courage was born in David, and it was nightfall when he sought a train that would carry him home.

Millington was very busy during the absence of the woman who had come to mean so much to him. In a hundred little ways he had to take her place in the household, and it was rather with dismay that he read the letter telling him she had decided to stay longer. With her letter were a number of signed checks for him to fill out, and so pay small household bills, and the hired men. As a P. S. to her letter Anne wrote:

"On second consideration, I am sending you five extra signed checks. You may need more money in an emergency. Pay off all small bills, and use your own best judgment. As you see, I am leaving the matter entirely to you; the bank account is at your disposal."

MILLINGTON frowned when he read the letter, but hastened to do as he was bid. It was a matter of two evenings to verify them, and send out the checks. When the duty was over, other labors piled up, and almost without his knowing it Millington found that Anne's visit was over, and that the melting snow and vistas of green grass spelled the fact that spring was fast approaching.

"Brother says we will have to start spring work without him," Anne told him the morning of her return. "He'll be back in a few weeks, and I'd like to have things well under way. Do you suppose you can manage?"

"I am sure of it." There was a new ring in David's tone, and Anne's heart beat higher at the sound of it.

"I am glad you feel so sure," she said quietly, and in a manner that made Millington glance at her very quickly. Was he wrong, or was there a difference in her since her return home a few hours before? "And, Mr. Millington," —she had been calling him David for weeks now—"unless you have some other work you want to do this morning, cannot we go over the accounts—check things up for the period of time I was away?"

Millington acquiesced quickly. With pad and pencil he made his explanations, and when he had finished he handed Anne two unused signed checks.

"And that is all the money you drew," she said coldly. "There is nothing else, and no other deposits."

Millington looked at her with blank dismay. She was questioning him as if she knew that something had gone wrong—as if her mind were fully made up on her subject. Through his head ran the pain-seared thought that something might be wrong—that he might——

"Yes, that's all—all that happened. Don't you see—there are receipts—and the voucher slips from the bank will show that my figures are right. Why——"

He faltered and stopped.

Anne did not look up. She was studying her brother's signature on the two checks.

"You don't think I'd—why, of course everything is all right. I know it is. I never even thought of touching a penny that didn't belong to me. Everything is quite all right."

David stepped back, and was standing with his head high, anger flashing from his eyes. His clenched fists told of his emotion.

Slowly Anne lifted her head.

"David, I *know* everything is all right. I never doubted it for a minute; only I wanted to show you that it was right." A smile broke over her face; she moved near him. "Don't you see, David, that you never even for a minute thought of doing anything wrong? You trusted yourself because you did not remember any distrust. You were angry because I doubted you. I tried to show you that you had as much faith in yourself as I had in you. You big boy, you! I knew that you'd win!"

Millington stood looking at her for several minutes.

"You knew—you planned all the time—to show me that I could trust myself as you trusted me?"

"Yes, David; I wanted you to be sure."

For a space of time they were silent.

"You want me to be sure; you cared; because you know I loved you—because——"

A blinding mist seemed to shut out the world. In this moment when he was free to tell Anne of his all-engulfing love, his lips were hushed with the wonder of it all. His groping hands found her and drew her to him. He looked down on her, and her eyes smiled up at him, seeming as twin stars to light his way to love and faith.

Happy Letters

By GEORGE HYMAN, Chaplain 326th Infantry

I AM deeply interested in the men of our Regiment. You are, at least, interested in one. I am writing this letter to suggest a very important thing which will help to make our Army better, the men more contented, and also bring about more happiness in the home folks. In all the "Y" buildings you can see the sign. "Have you written to mother?" This encouragement is given them, not so much for the good that it will do to the home folks, but because we want the men to receive letters in reply to those they write. We encourage the men to write the pleasant, happy things. This letter is to ask you to write of pleasant things in response to their letters.

Captain H. H. Pearson, of the Canadian Army, says: "Tell the women of America to write letters to their men at the front—and then more letters. It's home letters that hold the front-line trenches. If you have a relative or friend at the front, write to him often."

Lieutenant Alcide Picard, Thirteenth French Infantry, says: "What kind of letters should the home folks write to the soldier at the front? Literary quality isn't the thing most needful in them, of course. Perhaps the best of them all are the ones packed full of little homely details—accounts of the new neighbors across the street and of the words the baby has learned to say, and of how Jimmy is growing out of all his clothes and getting to look more like his daddy each day—and if he just grows up to be half so good a man, it will be all right. These are the letters that are oftenest re-read by the soldier before he goes over the top—just commonplace letters that tell of everyday happenings back home, and of the love and trust that are in keeping for him there."

Certain types of letters ought never to be sent to the men at the front. One is that written by the selfish or thoughtless woman whose closely written pages are blurred with her tears and taken up with her own sorrow in having her soldier so far from home, and her plea to him to come back at once.

Harold R. Peat, "Private Peat," writes in the current issue of the *American Magazine* to the mothers in America:

"Send your boy off with a smile. It will make you a comrade to him and an example as well. He will say to himself:

" 'Well, if mother could buck up and meet her trouble with a smile, I guess I can, too.'

"And when you write to him—and write often—don't send him 'sorry' letters. Don't moan and tell all the black things you think about. Make him feel that you are in the fight with him; that you are proud and happy about him. If he thinks you understand, he will be proud and happy himself.

"Oh, those letters that come to the trenches! You don't know, you can't know what they mean to us. No matter what we are doing, everything stops when the sergeant comes around with the mail. Maybe he hands you a parcel. That's fine—but it can wait. It's a letter you want! Words that you can imagine you hear your mother saying. For it's mother that counts first with the boys in the trenches."

When you receive this letter from me, won't you write your loved one here an encouraging, happy letter? It will mean a great deal to him as a soldier and more as a manly man. Don't tell him blue things. Tell him happy things. Say to him, "Be a man and do your best." The Commanding Officer, as well as every other officer in the Regiment, shows interest daily in the welfare of the men.

The Centuries Strike Hands for

French Official Photo.

British and French soldiers, under one command. The French are resting, the English are receiving orders, the battle is not far away

Camoufleurs, trained to deceive, simulating the color and contour of the rocks in order to observe the enemy unseen

A new vocation fo[r] ployed by the E[n]

ctory

British official Photo © Underwood & Underwood

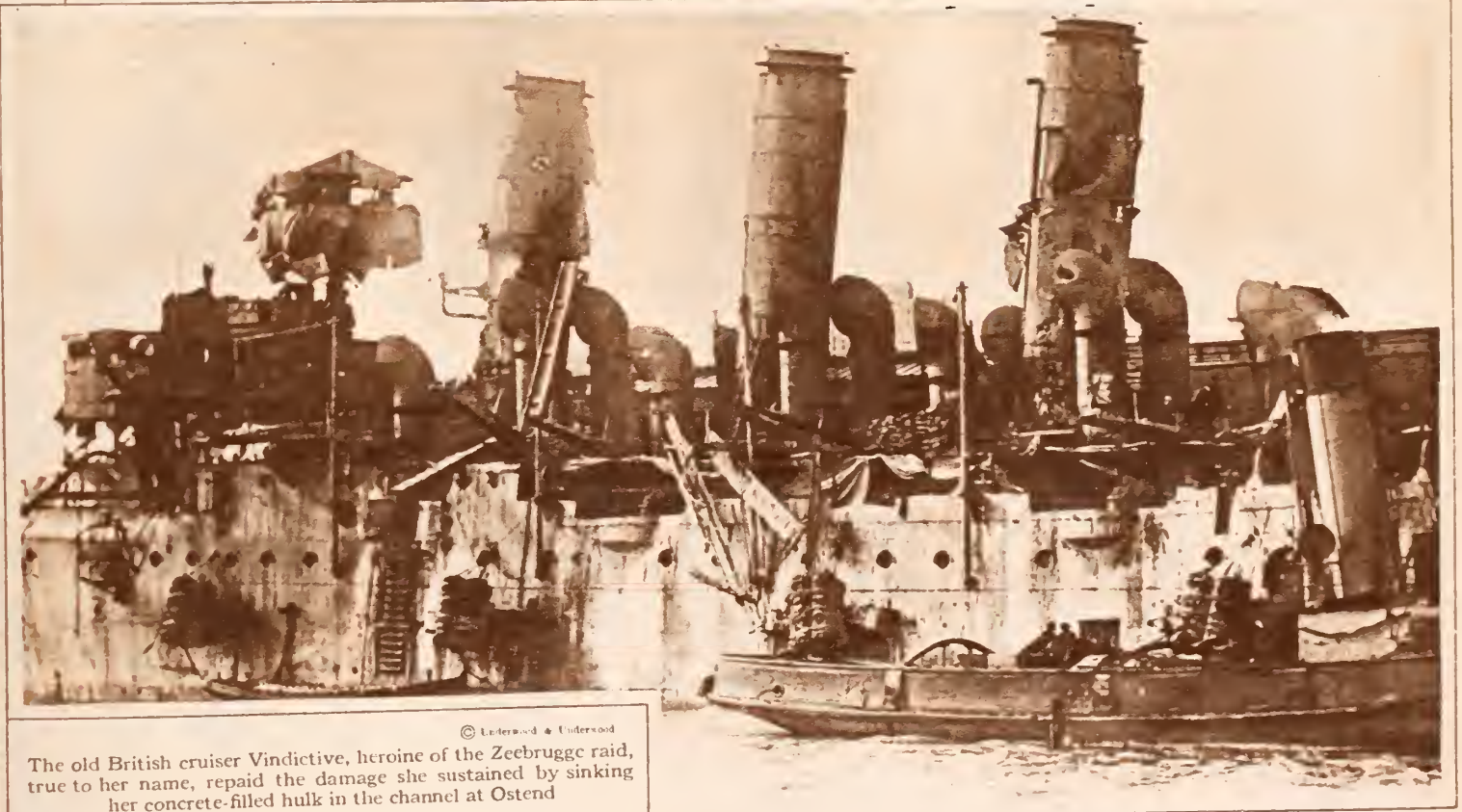
...erman wounded, side by side at ...tion, where each has received all ...awaiting transportation to the hospitals

French Official Photo

An American regiment in Picardy receiving the colors.

The Italian Government called all Rome to the old Colosseum, on April 6, to celebrate the anniversary of America's entrance into the war, pledging anew, in the arena of conquerors, faith in our common victory and purpose to achieve

...ack cleaners em... in New Jersey



© Underwood & Underwood

The old British cruiser Vindictive, heroine of the Zeebrugge raid, true to her name, repaid the damage she sustained by sinking her concrete-filled hulk in the channel at Ostend

Our Women Overseas and What They Wear

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IT was at a formal reception that I first saw a young girl in the olive drab uniform of her country. She stood out distinctively from the throngs of other women in their fluffy summer gowns—so distinctively that I turned with a question to my escort.

"Who do you suppose she is?" I questioned, "and what do you suppose she does?"

"She is a member of the Woman's Motor Corps of America," came the answer. "You'll see a good many of them about the city nowadays. If you were in France you'd see them there, too. They have volunteered to act as chauffeurs—they drive officers' cars, ambulances and buses (they're ready, in fact, to obey any orders that have to do with a motor, even to the mechanical side of it), and their uniform is just as much a part of their position as any soldier's uniform would be."

© Harris & Ewing

Yeoman, U. S. N.

© Press Illustrating Service

Y. M. C. A. Canteen workers in France

Telephone operator

Somehow one seldom stops to think of the women war workers in uniform. One recognizes vaguely that there are many women whose patriotic work should be distinguished by a certain form of dress, but a great number of people do not know that that dress has been standardized. They do not realize that the women in various branches of the service wear uniforms that are as individual as the blue of our sailor boys and the khaki of our land army.

BOTH the United States Army nurses and the Red Cross nurses wear dark blue suits with "U. S." on their collars. The army nurses also have the insignia of the Medical Corps, and the other group of nurses have a blue brassard on their sleeve, with red letters spelling across it, "The American Red Cross." Our women doctors—and there are many of them in the service—wear khaki-colored serge suits with the insignia of the Medical Corps on their coat lapels and on the front of their service hats. The women who work for the Red Cross, though not the nurses, wear an official uniform with the veil headdress that is now so well known.

The Signal Corps is sending women to France, many of them in the rôle of telephone operators. A third group of operators is being prepared for duty overseas, and the first two units are now working not far from our battle lines. They wear a uniform of dark blue with the crossed flags of the Signal Corps on collar and hat. They also wear a brassard on the sleeve, on which is embroidered a telephone receiver. The chief operator has a yellow flash of lightning embroidered across her brassard.

The recreation work and much of the army canteen work is under the supervision of the Y. M. C. A. There is a vast need in that field for women with big hearts and an abundance of loving-kindness, for problems confront the canteen worker that have taxed the brains and tact of specialists. In some cases the women are sent out directly by the Y. M. C. A., and in other cases the Y. W. C. A. workers have been loaned to the other organization. In either case the worker wears an olive drab uniform with a heavy dark green traveling cape. The insignia on sleeve, collar and hat is the triangle, with the initials, Y. W. C. A.

Army nurse

Army physician

Salvation Army

Chauffeur

The Salvation Army has found many opportunities for service abroad. Of course their work is not very different from that of the Y. W. C. A., but their training makes them peculiarly fitted for practical army positions. Many of them have been invaluable in the running of canteens and similar lines of work, and several have been mentioned in the newspapers, lately as sticking pluckily to their posts under shell fire. Their uniform is of khaki material with an insert of red on the shoulder bearing the words "The Salvation Army." The same words are printed in red on a white band that they wear around their campaign hats.

PERHAPS the most attractive uniform I have seen worn by a woman is the uniform that I first saw—that of the Woman's Motor Corps. They wear smart tailored khaki suits, of a cut that is very boyish and quite military, with a Sam Brown belt and a small cap.

Our women overseas! They're a brave army—braver than we can realize. And now that they wear uniforms authorized by the United States government, we feel that their bravery has been recognized—they have been classed, and fairly, with any other soldier who wears a uniform. For they are soldiers—soldiers whose work will take them into very real danger, which they will meet with the smiling courage that is typical of American women.

The woman in uniform should be a welcome sight—particularly to mothers who are worrying because their boys are far from home and the gentle influences of home. To know that there are women with steadfast souls, and loving hearts, and kind hands near every firing line should bring comfort, and a very real sort of comfort, to them. And the women who wear the uniform of the United States government are that sort of women—the sort who will inspire boys in a far land to do their tasks well, and—most important of all—the sort who will keep alive the ideals of home and of chivalry. The woman in uniform is the one link that draws a hearth fire near to a bleak battle field.

AND so, when you see a woman in uniform, know that she is doing a big work in a worth-while spirit. Don't think that the uniform is an affectation; that she is playing at a game that men are dying for; *because she isn't.* She is serving her country in the way her country most needs, and her uniform, (like that of her brother in arms,) is one of the marks of her service.

Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

JUST what, fellow Adventurers, are you going to do this summer to keep your communities wholesome and sane and wide awake? Nothing in particular? Ah, but you must! For this summer (really our first in the War) is going to test the fiber of the American people. Either we will sink into selfish self-absorption and brood over the war; or else we will devote every moment to making our neighborhood brighter and happier and more of a credit to the nation, so that when our "boys" do come back victorious, they will find their home towns better and cleaner and more progressive, more nobly American, than when they went away.

Here is a heroic battle in which we can all engage—even to the littlest boy and girl among us. If we can't wield a gun, we can a hoe or a broom or a washrag. We can clean our streets, and mend our fences, and freshen our homes. We can banish the blues, and smile even if it be through tears. We can cherish the old folks. We can sing around the piano at night. We can forbid pessimism of every sort. In all our leisure hours we can spread the gospel of "a nobler United States," and put our preaching into practice by cleaning up our own little corner of it.

This done, we can write to our dear ones in France with a clear conscience, filling our letters with such noble purposes and plans that our messages will be like angel visitants strengthening the hearts of our "boys," clarifying their vision, embuing them with new love of home and with fresh determination to fight for it.

This, dear neighbors, is the principal job of us stay-at-homes. The ark of American ideals is in our hands. And I know that we are not going to prove false to our trust. I know that the letters that wing their way to France this coming summer are going to glow with such glorious optimism and good tidings of home that the American soldier, standing over there in a rat-infested trench, perhaps knee-deep in water, with shells bursting uncomfortably close will smile and tuck our letters in next to his heart, knowing that the home folks are "with him" and doing their very utmost to keep the old town cheerful and abreast of the times.

Some of you are "right on the job" now. I get many fine letters from plucky men and women who, immediately after the first batch of lads left town to join the colors, began to counteract the inevitable slump. New interests were started; Red Cross chapters and patriotic clubs formed; inexpensive celebrations gotten up. Thus morbidity was driven out and life kept wholesome and bright.

IF your community is facing such a slump, neighbors, read the following earnest and dynamic accounts of how other towns and villages are meeting this problem.

A War-Time Community Club

In these war days, few rural communities feel able to afford a highly organized, expensive community club; but I think any community could have one like ours.

Our club represents twelve families; has a president, secretary and treasurer, and meets once a month at some one's home, each of the twelve families entertaining the club once during the year. Our dues are five cents a meeting for every member.

We meet always at nine o'clock in the morning and do Red Cross work until twelve, when dinner is served. This dinner is kept plain and inexpensive—the kind of meal approved of by the government and easy for a farm woman to get.

At one o'clock we commence our program, which has been previously arranged by one of the members. First there is roll call; then the minutes of the last meeting; then a song (from a Community Song Book), which is usually a national air; then the topic of the day. Every meeting this topic is different. We have had, as topics, "War: Past and Present"; "Great Men"; "Modern War Implements"; "France and our Duty to Her"; "Characters in the Bible"; and many others. We have had papers on everything connected with housekeeping, from garret to cellar, including an exchange of war recipes. Sometimes we are called upon to read or recite poems, and as one of our rules is "Do cheerfully what you are asked to do," we go at the task. By doing this, we have all grown broader and more earnest and gotten a better vision of life.

Then, too, the practical results have been many. We have done a lot of Red Cross work; have sent a box valued at thirty dollars to the charity ward of our hospital; have sent flowers to the sick; helped the poor, and sent a considerable sum of money to the Red Cross fund. Had we not been a club, we, as individuals, would never have thought of doing all these things. But being united and having a little treasury, we are able to. We call our club "Good Cheer," and it is living up to its name.

MARY A. JOHNSTON.

Can you imagine, dear neighbors, with what joy I open letters such as that one sent from Alabama? From every one of those twelve families, no doubt, some son, husband or brother has gone to the war. But has this been regarded as a cause for self-pity or "the blues"? Not a bit of it! Instead, it has awakened the finest sort of national spirit in those left at home.

HERE is another instance of community betterment which should reach the ears of the "soldier boys" from this town on the Yellowstone River:

Drinking Fountains for Town

The town of G—— lies on the Yellowstone River, at the foot of a hill known as "Hungry Joe." It has six thousand inhabitants. There is an immense amount of business transacted in it, for it is a railroad division point, also a shipping point East for stock, wool and grain. So there are men, teams and dogs constantly coming and going. Recently it had but one hotel (which was equipped with a bar), many private boarding-houses, and some rooming-houses. But there was virtually no place for a man to get a drink of water except at a saloon. The W. C. T. U. women saw this state of affairs and regretted it so much that finally some one suggested that a few entertainments and suppers be given, the proceeds to be used to purchase a drinking-fountain.

The women set to work, and the result was that they bought three fountains, instead of one. These were a bubbling fountain (with a lower basin for dogs) which they placed in front of the post office; an even larger fountain (also for man and beast) which was placed on the court house lawn; and last, but not least, an ornamental fountain for the center of a "flatiron" enclosure, which stood where three streets came together.

This enclosure had always been an eyesore. So the women had the ground spaded up and seeded to grass and flowers—which the spray from the fountain kept beautiful. Arbor Day exercises were held here, and the children planted trees about this little park. So it became a delight to every one who entered the town.

A MONTANA NEIGHBOR.

That vivid account reminds me of a similar "park" I saw last summer in a little city on the Canadian prairies. It was late in August, and I had been sitting for hours in a dusty train, almost choked. The prairies were bare and brown. The eye hungered for something green. And then I stepped from the train at Lethbridge, and my glance lit on a public square that was cool and green and filled with flowers—great glowing banks of them. I wanted to run out and kneel down and hug an armful of them to me. You know how it is. And no doubt a returning soldier boy would feel even more keenly about it. I think he would prefer that welcome to a brass band.

And even if your soldier is not apt to be home this summer to see what you are doing for your town—his town—he will love to hear all about it when you write him. The only pity will be: your having nothing of the sort to tell him.

I'M wondering how many of you will have an inspiring bit of news like this to send him about his little brothers back home:

A Little Boys' Club

Most of the boys of our neighborhood played marbles for keeps and spent their time on the street: things I did not want my boy to do. So one day I gathered all the boys at my house and talked with them, explaining the evil of gambling and showing them that they were taking the first steps toward it. Then I helped them to form themselves into a club, my only suggestion being that we mothers be considered "honorary members" and be taken into the secrets of the club.

The boys readily agreed to this, and proceeded to map out their work. They had in their pledge never to allow strong drink to pass their lips, never to use tobacco or to utter vile or profane language. They met twice a week, studied parliamentary rules for half an hour, listened to a good story, played a game, and left for their homes at nine o'clock. Once every month they had a program and "banquet," to which the mothers were invited.

One of these boys had a brother who was considered a hard character. He wished to join the club. I was fearful of his influence, so I asked the boys if they thought they could be firm enough in the right not to allow him to change their views. They talked the matter over, and finally decided they would admit this boy and see if they could not help him. He was voted in, came to the next meeting, and from that time was present regularly. He enjoyed the reading very much, and asked the privilege of coming over to my house to listen to reading for an hour three evenings in the week. I gladly consented, with the result that he was there four eveuings instead of one. It was understood that he should leave for home at nine o'clock and have a little talk with his mother before going to bed.

In the spring this boy suggested that the club rent a lot and put in a garden. I had an acre of ground, so told them if they meant business they could have the use of my lot. But I insisted they must work before and after school, and on Saturdays. They were decidedly in earnest, and it would have done the heart of any loving mother good to see those boys at their work. They were loyal and faithful, and netted quite a sum of money, which was divided between them.

If this should be interesting to my Christian Herald neighbors, I would be glad to tell them, later, how this little club became the nucleus of a much larger club for young men.

Before closing I should like to add that the unruly boy completely straightened out, becoming a great comfort to his mother and one whom we all loved.

C. S. C.

To those of you who love and understand boys—the pitfalls all around them and the need of our guidance and interest in all their affairs—I need not recommend this manly "club" of Oregon lads. For I know that by now many of you have decided: "That's just what the boys of my neighborhood need!" and have begun to plan how you can get a similar club started.

OUR next adventure is a touching act of brotherly love on the part of a whole town. Read it, dear Adventurers, and find out of what sort of stuff American men and women are made.

A House That Neighbors Built

You are all familiar with the story of "the house that Jack built." But I wish to tell you of a house that neighbors built, in a small town in the South.

It was obvious to this community that if a certain family only had a home, they could be self-supporting; while, as it was, every cent they earned went for rent.

Two kind, practical men took the matter up and evolved a plan whereby such a home could be made by small contributions, no burden being placed on any one. Personal calls were begun, and help solicited; consisting of money, material or labor. So hearty was the response that within a month a lot was purchased; then a three-room house with two porches was erected, outhouses for cow and chickens were built, a garden fenced, and a well bored, with windlass set up. Good material was used—concrete foundation, and brick flue and chimney. The lot had been set in fruit trees when bought, so there was a ready-made orchard. And when the painter was through with the buildings, an insurance agent gave a three-year policy in case of fire. Every bit of the labor was voluntary work.

The most eager helpers, however, were the men who went in wagons to move the family home. The matter had been kept secret from them, and you can imagine their surprise and joy! They were a little black-eyed widow and three children, whom misfortune had pursued relentlessly for many sad months. In their new home they were very happy, and this made it all immensely worth while.

Now this didn't happen just before Thanksgiving or Christmas, but during the blazing hot days of midsummer, when "sunny" Tennessee was a burning reality.

Do you not think it was a right neighborly action?

MRS. M. S. D.

I WILL leave you to answer that question, while I hurry on to our next "adventure in neighboring"—the last we shall have room for today. For this I have chosen a community "lark," since we must have relaxation as well as earnest endeavor, if our little corner of the world is be kept sweet and wholesome.

A Community "Good Time"

"We don't get together enough," declared one of the village men to me last summer. "Each church has its picnic, and the schools have one; but all of us, regardless of age, sex or religion, ought to get together once in a while." I agreed, and told him so.

So I was not surprised when, a few days later, the party-line phone rang and this word was passed along: "Mr.—— asks every one to bring a lunch and come to his cottage at Lake —— (some six miles away) next Saturday. He will provide coffee and lemonade, and everything at the cottage will be at the disposal of the neighborhood. This word was circulated throughout our village and to every farm house within its radius.

And people came! The novelty of an open house for everybody—rich or poor, thrifty or shiftless, hired man or minister, young and old—appealed to all. A hayload was made up in the village, and autos, carriages, bicycles, wagons—every sort of vehicle—moved lakeward on the morning designated. We had never had such a varied gathering of local people.

The cottage was open to us all, so the women took possession of the kitchen, the men and boys of the boats and fishing lines and the mothers and babies of the broad veranda, with its view of lake and hills. Every one was in the highest spirits. Old friends, who (although living not many miles apart) had been too busy to call, were greeting one another for the first time in months; some fairly near neighbors were just becoming acquainted and the new neighbors were beginning to feel less strange.

After dinner the victrola furnished entertainment for a while, and then impromptu games were played. After this we were asked to speak on anything we felt would interest the gathering. The response was remarkable. First, the needs of our local library were presented by the librarian to a much more representative audience than she could possibly have obtained at a meeting called for the purpose; and afterward there were talks on the condition of the crops, the value of various fertilizers, and so on. This was followed by more boating, some singing, and an early start for home before milking time. And every one declared that our gathering that day had been the most successful ever held in our community.

RUTH RHOADES.

This, dear neighbors, brings our meeting to an end, except for the Forum, which follows. It is my hope and prayer that this little page of ours, dropping down like a comforting thought into some war-anxious village out West, or down South, or up North, will carry with it the loving message there is in my heart for all of you: the conviction that if we stay-at-homes (with dear ones across the sea) will only strive to forget ourselves in planning for our towns, and sharing these plans with our home-hungry boys "Over There," this time of waiting and separation can be a glory and triumph instead of a sorrow and trial.

The Neighbors' Forum

DEAR CHRISTIAN HERALD NEIGHBORS: I have a class of six girls, ages 11 to 14 years, in our Sunday school. I should like some suggestions as to how to keep them interested and awaken in them a sense of duty toward the church.

W. H. C.

DEAR NEIGHBORS: I want a letter party for my birthday which comes on May 20. You don't know how much pleasure it would give to one who lives away out in the country. If you don't see this request until after the 20th, write to me anyway. MISS A. E. ATKINSON.

I would like the address of a Confederate Veteran, to cheer him up, for the sake of my dear old dad, who "went home" last month.

MISS F.

DEAR MISS CONNOLLY: Will you please send me several copies of your plan for organizing Local Community Clubs? I think I will be able to get several clubs started in the towns near here.

W. A. S.

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For cleaning and polishing fine furniture, pianos, desks, automobiles, golf clubs—all veneered and varnished surfaces.

For preventing rust or tarnish on razor blades, nickeled bathroom fixtures, stoves and ranges, tools, automobile springs—any metal surface.

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To subscribers of CHRISTIAN HERALD

Should any of our subscribers be defrauded by an advertiser in the CHRISTIAN HERALD, we will make good the claim, provided the subscriber—who must be on record—has mentioned the CHRISTIAN HERALD in writing to the advertiser, and provided the claim is made to us within two months after the advertisement appeared.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

Uplift Work in the Camps

THE Federal government has pledged its word that so far as care and vigilance can accomplish the results, the men committed to its care will be returned to the homes and communities that so generously gave them with no scars except those won in honorable conflict. The career to which we are calling our young men in the defense of democracy must be made an asset to them, not only in strengthened and more virile bodies as a result of physical training, not only in minds deepened and enriched by participation in a great and heroic enterprise, but in the enhanced spiritual value which comes from a full life lived well and wholesomely.

SO writes President Wilson in reference to the task of the War and Navy Departments' Commissions on Training Camp Activities. His statement in full appears in "Keeping Our Fighters Fit—For War and After," written by Edward Frank Allen in cooperation with Raymond B. Fosdick, chairman of these twin Commissions.

The book is an official description of just how Uncle Sam is solving the problem of entertainment, music, athletics, social activities, and other diversions for the men in service. It is official, but it is human, entertaining, told in a most unofficial way, and illustrated with photographs from many camps.

With a hundred thousand men a month coming into the camps by the new draft, there is ever increasing interest in how the soldiers and sailors spend their leisure time; how they while away the evening hours; what they do on Sundays. It is generally known that there is organized music in the camps, but in the chapter, "The Fighters Who Sing," one gets the exalting effect of 5,000 voices lifted up in "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!" And that music promotes military as well as social team-work is admirably illustrated in the following:

> The song-leader had a small motor car with space in the back for a folding organ, which enabled him to carry his work to the men in whatever part of the camp they happened to be. He had, moreover, a number of white oilcloth charts on which were lettered the words of the most popular songs.
>
> One afternoon on a trip through the camp he noticed about forty men pulling stumps. He saw at a glance that they were tired, dog-tired, in fact. Drawing up his car at the side of the road he held a hurried conversation with the officer in charge. The officer was heard to say, "By all means, try it."
>
> So the song-leader unrolled his charts and hung them on the side of the flivver, told the men to sit down on the stumps they had been pulling, gave a chord or two on the little organ, and suggested that they sing "Yaaka Hula Hickey Dula." They did. It began a trifle languidly, but the volume picked up after the first line, and they repeated the chorus twice. This was followed by that modern classic, "Keep Your Head Down, Allemand." They fairly bawled it out. The transition from lassitude to energy was marked and sudden. They didn't want to stop. . . . They went back to their work, but they yanked out the stumps with a vigor that they had lacked before. And from the distance the song-leader heard them singing:. . ."Pull away, pull away, pull away, the vict'ry's ours."

A MILLION books are in circulation among the men in forty camps and training stations. The American soldier of today reads a higher class of books than the average American citizen. There is a demand for books on war strategy, calculus, civil engineering, and literary classics, and technical handbooks; but our soldier is no highbrow, and there is a corresponding demand at the other end of the scale for Henty books and the like. Similarly, educational work covers a wide field in meeting the demands of men gathered in from all walks of life in the draft.

"Some of them speak and write the King's English; some alas, the Kaiser's German, but with strong American accent; and others anything from Russian dialect to Chinese."

English for non-English-speaking foreigners is for the most part compulsory. In such sentences as "I am a soldier of America; I am fighting for democracy; democracy is the rule of the people," the new citizens learn both the language of the country and the meaning of its privileges. The men are appealed to through their love of home to learn to write letters. Then there is French. In some camps it is compulsory, but in them all it is popular. At Camp Wadsworth, recently, it was found that ninety-two per cent. of the men wanted it. Other foreign languages are being taught in the camps also.

AMONG other "non-military" necessities allowed for by the government are many opportunities for contact with the kind of influences the men have been accustomed to at home. For in these is amelioration for the dull pangs of homesickness. There is the "He-Man" there. He acts as guide, philosopher and friend. In his position as secretary in any one of the Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, or Jewish Welfare buildings, his opportunities are unlimited. "He may write a letter for an illiterate, or engage in an impromptu debate with a college undergraduate as to the relative merits of Ibsen and Shaw; he may lead a Bible class or referee a boxing-match. He must be a good mixer first and last. . . ."

There are many reasons for these men becoming known as Big Brothers to the men in camp. They have mastered the art of personal service, these men, they know the personal likes and dislikes of the soldiers and sailors, and minister to them in surprising ways. But it is the Hostess House of the Y. W. C. A. that does most to "Keep the home fires burning." Here is an astonishing *military* discovery. "When from 30,000 to 60,000 men are gathered together in a training camp or station where discipline of necessity disregards the individual, and where each man is but a cog in the machinery of warfare, there is nothing on earth most of them want so much as to see their families and friends. A comfortable, cheerful spot where they may go and spend their time off with mothers, wives or sweethearts has given a new meaning to life for them. After such a visit the boy goes back to the discipline of his man-made world with a new courage and a new readiness to do his whole duty."

"The Hostess House," says Lieutenant-Colonel Reille, sent here by the French government in connection with teaching our soldiers trench warfare, "would help to solve a big difficulty on the other side. And I feel that it is going to be one of the ways in which our new Allies will help us." The Hostess House is furnishing the home life in camp. The War Camp Community Service is furnishing it for the men on leave. Mr. Allen has shown throughout the chapters devoted to the various branches of the Commissions' work how the government is offering every incentive to the men to lead clean, wholesome, normal lives. The idea, as set forth by Mr. Fosdick, is to make their everyday life so attractive that there would be no place for vice.

The subject of the influence of vice, disease and alcohol upon the fighting efficiency of armies in the past has not been avoided. Within six weeks after the United States had entered the war, Congress enacted under a special law provisions whereby prostitution and liquor were absolutely forbidden within military environs, and prohibiting the sale of liquor to uniformed men anywhere. The War Department expected the fullest cooperation of local communities in carrying out this law—not only the letter of it, but the spirit as well. The Law Enforcement Division of the Commissions, aided by representatives of the Department of Justice, the Army and Navy Intelligence Departments, and other agencies, were assigned this work. They sent men into the field to check up on the situation and follow up on it where the law was not being enforced. A few localities failed utterly to take the situation seriously. And wherever drastic action has been necessary, the government has taken it without hesitation.

"The war must be won by manpower," Secretary Baker has said. "The whole work of the Commissions on Training Camp Activities has looked toward the creation of fighters one hundred per cent. efficient."

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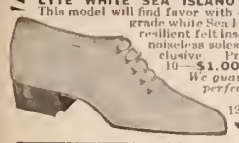

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Marion Harland's Corner

Our Letter-Box

THE first letter that comes to our hand today may be set down as a model, albeit the writer is a young housewife. It answers a request that appeared here a fortnight or so ago, for recipes for Wheatless Rye Muffins, enclosing two the writer has tried and found good. She adds a kindly word for fellow Cornerites, and having done her errand of charity and good-will, makes room for others. We commend her and other young learners in our Corner school to the good-will of their seniors. As I said a while ago, we would make the Corner a veritable Housewife's Exchange of practical experiences and the expression of common needs:

"I am enclosing two recipes for Rye Muffins for the corner. They are easy to make and very good. There is no wheat flour in either and no eggs in one of them. They are both delicious.

"I hope some of the other housewives will be able to use them and find them helpful.

Rye Muffins—No. 1

2 cups rye flour;
4 teaspoons baking powder;
½ teaspoon of salt;
2 tablespoons shortening (melted);
2 tablespoons brown sugar;
1½ cups milk;
1 egg.

Put the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar into a bowl, add the milk, melted shortening and beaten egg; mix thoroughly. Brush iron muffin or gem pans with lard, put a spoonful of the mixture into each. Bake in hot oven from 20 to 30 minutes.

Rye Muffins—No. 2

2 cups rye flour;
2 cups milk;
4 teaspoons baking powder;
½ teaspoon salt;
4 teaspoons sugar;
2 tablespoons shortening.

Mix the rye flour, baking powder, salt, and sugar, add the milk and melted shortening; mix well. Brush muffin pans with lard, put a spoonful of the mixture in each. Bake in hot oven from 15 to 25 minutes.

MARGARET C., *Long Island.*

LETTER No. 2 bears the signature of one well and gratefully known within a radius of many miles as a leader in what may be summed up comprehensively as "welfare work" in the noblest sense of the term. Just now, in the interests of health and economy, she lays before us—as co-laborers and patriots—certain problems that deserve serious attention:

"1. We are asked to eat no wheat. We have no rye flour—have had none. At first substitutes were very scarce and no rye came. Then, later, we understand no one has it. It 'goes over.'

"Our various oatmeal, barley, and corn breads are made with so large a proportion of wheat flour (war flour) that we can not call using them 'wheatless' provision for our families.

"2. What can we make out of barley alone, or with what substitute can we mix it to make a light, attractive loaf, and how prepare it? What about its effect on digestion? Is yeast better for it, and would an increased quantity make up for the lack of gluten in it? or would a baking powder loaf with egg to help on lightness be more desirable?

"3. Please give a recipe for the old-fashioned, almost unsweetened buckwheat cake, which used to appear on farmer's tables, used as johnnycake if meal was used—sometimes called 'buckwheat johnnycake.' I imagine it is just a sour milk 'stirred up' cake—but sour milk is not readily obtained even up here in the foothills of the Adirondacks in a dairy county. Must that have wheat flour? Will soda or baking-powder raise it, or must it have eggs?

"4. What are substitutes for gluten in flours?

"5. Will potatoes with more moisture, and barley with less, help each other, or are there other chemical combinations which make them uncongenial?

"6. Our grist-mill has been provided with a 'set of stones' as the men express it and we are to have the good coarse cornmeal of former days, not the milled meal with removed germ and fine and 'soggy.' We are properly appreciating this fact. Could you not suggest it to other communities?

"7. My chief query is, how to make an acceptable loaf in lightness and digestibility of something besides wheat that shall not be of corn and what to put with corn as we now put in some fine flour and graham in our steamed loaves?—MRS. D. M. D. H., *New York.*

1. Taking it for granted that the supply of rye flour in every market now equals the demand, we have answered your first and second query already by the insertion in the Corner of recipes based upon this product, and advising the use of rice and eggs to bring the dough into a comely and wholesome form. We have also given directions for making the old-fashioned rye-and-Indian loaf beloved of our grandparents. Cornerites are invited to add suggestions that will make easier a "situation" which is embarrassing hundreds of intelligent and patriotic women.

3. Does this recipe fill the measure of your fancied recollection of the (misnamed) "buckwheat johnnycake"? Allow me to remark, in passing, that the simon pure "johnnies" were made of cornmeal.

Sour Milk Buckwheat Cakes

Two cups of buckwheat flour and half a cup of Indian meal, sifted together three times with an even teaspoonful of salt and a rounded teaspoonful of baking-soda. Two cups of lopped milk, or buttermilk, half a cup of warm (not hot) water, and a large tablespoonful of molasses.

Mix the milk, warm water and molasses together and sift the buckwheat, meal, salt and soda into a large bowl. Make a hollow in the center of this and stir into the flour, etc., the mixed milk, water and molasses. Beat up very quickly, but thoroughly, and bake upon a hot griddle. A soapstone griddle is the best for all "griddles," requiring no greasing. Your cakes are thus "baked," not fried, as when cooked upon a greasy surface.

4. "Gluten," as defined by the encyclopedia, is "the nitrogenous part of the flour of wheat and other grains which is insoluble in water." We have scores of chemists among our correspondents. We appeal to them for information respecting "the other grains" here referred to. Meanwhile, a practical hint from an up-to-date housewife may relieve somewhat the present distress. She says, "I mix with three cups of cornmeal half a cup of oatmeal porridge, cooked to a jelly as you advise. It is rich in gluten."

5. I have already recommended a "potato sponge" as the best foundation for "risen bread" of which I have any knowledge.

6. I let no opportunity pass without recommending the "water-ground meal" of the South in preference to the 'bolted' products of Northern mills. This is undoubtedly the same as that turned out from your "set of stones."

7. After long and mature deliberation, I have decided to refer the chief query of the list to a Committee of the Whole. In every-day parlance, to our goodly company of working housewives.

Given the two sections of the task—(1) Law, founded upon patriotic necessity, forbids us to use wheat flour except in small quantities, so small that the limitation may be said to be absolute. (2) A cultivated palate and knowledge of hygienic laws make the "loaf acceptable in lightness and digestibility" a daily necessity in the family bill of fare. If this reminds the reader of the ancient "poser" of the "irresistible force encountering an immovable body," we need not wonder. Who will serve her generation and all faithful Cornerites by sending in a recipe for a loaf that will meet the stated requirements?

I do not speak inadvisedly in declaring that the woman who undertakes the experiment and carries it through successfully will be worthy of a high seat in our Exchange.

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Jesus on the Cross

International Sunday School Lesson for June 16. Mark 15: 1-47

Christ Dying for Our Sins

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

THE Gospel of Mark moves on swiftly to its sublime climax. The arrest of Jesus had been made by the temple authorities, and they brought Jesus to a night session of the Sanhedrin. Strictly speaking, this was illegal, so the full body reconvened early in the morning to make a political case, in order to get a death penalty, which was beyond their power. In the night they had condemned him for blasphemy, but the government would not act on that ground, so they now charge him with treason. Mark, with customary brevity, tells nothing of the attempt of Pilate to shift the responsibility to Herod. He greatly abbreviates even the trial before Pilate. But we get the clear impression that the governor was well acquainted with the character of the priests, and that at no time did he give serious credence to the accusation they had brought. In fact, in a weak-willed, half-hearted way, he wanted to save Jesus from suffering so horrible a fate as they had planned. Meantime the Nazarene, after calmly reasserting his Messianic claim, refused to make any further response to his accusers. Pilate knew the charges to be unfounded. Jesus felt that his life and teachings were sufficient refutation.

The Choice of Barabbas

Barabbas was guilty of exactly the thing that the priests charged against Jesus: insurrection and rebellion. Pilate sneered openly at their hyprocrisy in accusing Jesus of raising a revolt against Rome, and then calling for the release of another political prisoner charged with the same offense. Pilate had understood Jesus to be popular with the people, and expected to have him claimed for release, as it was the custom to please the populace by discharging some offender at the Passover season. But the fickle crowd was easily swayed by the emissaries of the priesthood to choose Barabbas, who had openly and murderously defied Rome. Once more the purely spiritual nature of Jesus' Kingdom caused the people to turn against him. They had been disappointed in his failure to seize temporal power. Perhaps the Triumphal Entry had aroused false hopes.

Even now, Pilate thought to release Barabbas and also to drop the case against Jesus. But his unguarded question, "What then shall I do unto him whom ye call king of the Jews?" was met with unexpected clamor to crucify him. At last Pilate thought it good policy to accede. Such cases were usually decided by considerations of policy, rather than justice, by Roman provincial rulers, just as today German militarism acts on policy instead of principle.

Choosing Barabbas accounts for Jerusalem's fall and destruction. There were always two Jerusalems, the Jerusalem of the prophets and idealists and the Jerusalem of the priests and politicians. Her true and subline sphere was that of the spirit, but the earthly element at last dragged her down.

As for Pilate, he stands forever pilloried before the ages, giving innocence and truth to be brutally sacrificed to please the crafty and the ignorant.

The Mockery and Crucifixion

The soldiers had heard a garbled version of the story of the prisoner, and now they read the inscription for his cross. They found in it occasion for rude sport. Weakened physically by the terrible scourging, Jesus was unable to carry his cross as was the gruesome custom. So the soldiery rudely impressed a passer-by, one Simon, whose sons were afterward well-known Christians. At last they reached the hill called Golgotha. There the rough crossed timbers were laid on the ground, and the bleeding Sufferer placed upon it, spiked through hands and feet. Then all was raised up and the foot of the cross set in a hole previously dug, the whole weight of the body resting upon four gaping wounds. Christ refused the stupefying drink. He wanted to be clear-visioned. He had still something to say, something to undergo.

Then came the clamor of taunts against the Miracle-Worker. Now was the time for him to do something really worth while! The chief priests' scornful word of mockery enshrines the sublime truth: "He saved others, himself he cannot save." This is true of all real givers of themselves in service, and Christ's miracles were always for others, never for himself. He spurned the Satanic suggestion of using his powers for himself at the very outset of his ministry (Matt. 4). Besides, he would not take advantage of anything which men, his brothers, could not also enjoy. If others must sacrifice all to obey God, so will he sacrifice to the uttermost. If others must take the awful risks of unselfishness in a world of sin and suffering, so will he. If others must die for faith and not be delivered, he will not deliver himself.

The Sufferings of Christ

Who can attempt to put into adequate words the agony of that heart of love at such an end as this for all his unfailing ministry to human need? In that hour there was wrung from his lips that awful cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Notice that even here Jesus instinctively quoted the words of Scripture, and from a psalm which he must often have pondered. God had not forsaken Jesus. At that very moment the Father was bending over the Son in supreme love and appreciation. "God never yet forsook at need the soul that trusted him indeed." God never forsook his Son in whom he was reconciling men to himself. But Jesus shared all our human woe, even to sharing the experience of feeling ourselves forsaken of God. In the darkness of that misery, Jesus repeated the familiar psalm as, for one black moment, the face of his Father was veiled by the anguish of body and spirit.

What Jesus Accomplished for Us There

How shall we describe the Cross of Christ? It is the supreme revelation of the heart of God himself. It is the supreme manifestation of God's will in a human life—absolute obedience. It is the supreme demonstration of the world's sin and sinfulness.

Dr. Rauschenbusch well describes the six great common sins of society, the organized forms of that selfishness wherein sin consists, which then and now rise up against the spirit of Jesus and will have none of him. They are religious bigotry, political graft, corrupt administration of law, mob violence, militarism and class spirit. There is no place in the world where you cannot witness one or other of these at work in antagonism to the Kingdom of God among men. The more you think of them, the more plainly you can classify the individual sins of the enemies of Jesus then, and the individual sins of men now, under one or another of these heads. Every one who participates in these things rejects Christ and crucifies the Son of God afresh. No one can look at the cross of Jesus understandingly without being convicted in his own soul. The sin of the world, which rose up in vindictive hatred against that spotless One, is our sin, my sin, and your sin, too.

But what power his death gives to the redeeming love of God! That cross makes the divine real and near and helpful and efficacious to the most ignorant or the most sinful. It is not that his death is apart from and different from his life. But it is the very summary and epitome of all that he said, and all he did, and all he was. It is all passing strange to the worldly mind; but the mind of faith has always centered unerringly on the cross as the place where the message of grace was most effectually revealed.

And how that cross does away with any slavish, legalistic, time-serving attempts to earn our own salvation! Impossible task! How humble and teachable it makes us, making our hearts as those of little children and thereby enabling us to enter into the mysteries of the Kingdom! Then, as we kneel in reverent humility, what a radiance streams from Calvary! It illuminates all of the Master's teaching about the Kingdom of God and his righteousness. We find his gracious glorious Spirit, and no longer stumble stupidly over the letter here and there.

Finally, in ways not to be expressed, it adds the requisite element of *power* to enter into that Kingdom of his. Still, as Paul wrote to the Corinthians in the first Christian generation, "the preaching of the cross is to them that are perishing, foolishness; but unto us which are being saved, it is *the dynamic of God*." As Thomas Kelly sings in one of his sweetest songs,

The Cross—it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm to fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

Discouraged Teachers

By JAMES M. DAVIS, Secretary of the Gideons

WHAT a privilege to teach, to tell again and again the glad tidings that Jesus lives, that he loves, that he receives sinners, and died for them! What promises are ours! "Lo, I am with you alway." "They that be wise (teach) shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

A dear sister had taught a class of girls for years, ranging in years from nine to twelve. She could see no results of her work, and became greatly discouraged. In such a mood she went to her superintendent, begging to be excused; that he engage for the class another teacher; that she was doing them no good.

The superintendent knew her worth, and that her labor of love was not in vain, but was bearing fruit. That same week one of her scholars, Mary, aged nine, was taken sick, and grew rapidly worse; with her father and the family physician she was taken to a city hospital. When examined, the surgeon said an operation was necessary to save her life.

Her mother was sick at home, her father was not a Christian. The surgeon said to the girl: "My dear, a light operation is necessary, and before I perform that, I must put you to sleep."

The nurse removed her clothing, put on her a little white night dress, and the child said: "I am ready, but if I am going to sleep, I must first say my prayers." The surgeon said, "Do just as you please, my dear."

Then she knelt down, clasped her tiny hands, and prayed: "O Jesus, you know where I am, that mamma is sick at home. Bless dear papa, my Sunday school teacher, this surgeon, and all for Jesus' sake."

It was too much for the father. He begged to be excused, went to his room, and falling on his knees, surrendered to God, and became an earnest Christian.

The great surgeon said, "I had not prayed for thirty years, but that night I went to my knees and begged for mercy."

The child rapidly recovered, and was taken home.

As teachers we need a fresh and oft-repeated baptism of that gracious promise, "My Word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the things whereto I sent it."

Some day, thank God, the harvest shall be reaped; failure is impossible, and those who have taught and sowed the Word in tears, shall reap in joy.

Southern Methodists Favor Unification

By H. K. CARROLL, D.D.

THE Southern Methodist General Conference has finished its work at Atlanta, Ga., and adjourned, after a session of about two weeks. In some things it has broken away from old lines of conservatism, evidently believing that new conditions create new problems, and new problems require new measures.

The conference adopted a missionary program embracing the Americas, Asia and Africa, and it proposes to raise $7,000,000 a year to meet the demands of its world program, including $1,000,000 a year for war work. All that it does in prosecuting its campaign is to be done in harmony and cooperation with other churches.

The Conference has greatly enlarged and strengthened that body of ecclesiastical statesmen and leaders known as the College of Bishops.

By the retirement, by this conference, of three bishops—Hass, Morrison and Waterhouse—the effective force was reduced to ten, one of whom is unable at present to perform full service. It was, therefore, determined to elect six new bishops, making an active body of sixteen, the largest number the church has ever had at one time. It was further decided to place one of these bishops in the Orient, one in Africa, one in South America, and one on the Pacific Slope, leaving twelve to be distributed among as many other districts in the South. This idea of episcopal districts centering about a leading city, over which the bishop is to preside and which he is assiduously to cultivate the next four years, reporting results to the next General Conference, is new to this church, though it has been tried in the Northern body. It was not altogether acceptable to some of the older and more conservative delegates.

THE new bishops are Rev. John M. Moore; Rev. W. F. McMurry, who has proved his executive ability by a successful administration of the affairs of the Board of Church Extension; Rev. W. V. A. Darlington, a strong pastor, presiding elder and educator; Rev. H. M. Du Bose, editor of the Quarterly Review at Nashville; Rev. W. M. Ainsworth, and Rev. James Cannon, Jr.—all men with faces set toward the future.

The Conference dealt with the request of the women that the rights enjoyed by their lay brethren should be extended to them. The women won by a good majority. The College of Bishops, however, intervened with an episcopal veto, holding that a constitutional question was involved, and the question must go to the Annual Conferences. An appeal was taken and the Conference refused to sustain the Chair. There was much feeling, and the Conference passed the measure again by a vote of 265 to 57. If three-fourths of the annual conferences approve, the legislative rule becomes immediately effective. Almost simultaneously with this action the Southern Baptist Convention took a similar step, and Baptist and Methodist women exchanged congratulations.

Methodist unification was the most important question before the Conference. The Joint Commission had overcome some of the obstacles to a complete agreement, but had not been able to adjust the Negro question. The Southern Commission, by a vote of 19 to 6, had accepted, at Savannah, the principle of limited Negro representation in the proposed General Conference, with a proviso that would automatically create a separate and independent Negro body when their number should reach 600,000. At the last meeting at St. Louis, the Northern Commission insisted on representation for the Negro Regional Conference equal to that of any white regional conference, which would increase the number of negroes in the General Conference from 26 to 44. But it was not solely a question of 26 or 44. The Southern Commissioners wanted negro representation to cease entirely and a separate and independent organization provided for the colored men. In the debate in General Conference, nearly every speaker thought unification desirable and was willing to have negotiations continued on the basis of the action of 1914, which recommended that the negro membership be formed into a separate body.

TWO remarkable speeches were made in the course of the discussion, one by Chaplain F. J. Prettyman, of the U. S. Senate, who thought the platform of the two churches when they do come together should be big enough, broad enough and strong enough to hold Methodists of all races, nations and peoples. The other, was by Dr. A. F. Watkyns, Secretary of the Conference, who thought his church was not so broad on this question now as were the fathers of 1866–70, and he was not willing to say that there could not be unification except upon the basis of a separate negro church. He was convinced that we ought to get closer to the negro. If we can stand behind the counter and weigh out sugar, work side by side with him in the cotton field, hire our buggies to him and give him the whip and the lap-robe, need we fear contamination in helping him to an education and in giving him a spiritual uplift?

While there were speeches on the other side, the feeling for unification became so strong as the debate progressed that the minority report, which would have practically closed the doors to further negotiation, was withdrawn and the standing vote showed only 7 men preventing absolute unanimity. When, later, Dr. Wallace MacMullen, of New York, fraternal delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church, said since the two churches were one in spirit, purpose and doctrine, they ought to be one ecclesiastically, nearly the whole Conference rose to its feet and tumultuously applauded the sentiment. There can be no question that the Conference earnestly desires unification. It has reconstituted its commission and provided for an extra session of the General Conference if an agreement before 1922 should make it necessary.

THE General Conference approved the Centenary Missionary program, which proposes to raise for foreign and home missions $7,000,000 a year for five years, beginning with 1919, $1,000,000 a year to be for war work, for which it constituted a strong commission with Bishop Lambuth at its head.

It approved a plan for the extension of the pastoral term beyond four years, where it seems desirable and when the quarterly conference so requests, and a majority of the presiding elders concur by ballot. It approved legislation raising the educational qualifications for admission to the ministry and authorizing a campaign for six million dollars endowment for its two new universities, Emory and Southwestern and for $13,000,000 for its colleges.

The Conference gave generous attention to several addresses by colored men. Dr. Neal, a very black man, of the colored Methodist Episcopal Church, said "that though the negro may go North he will come back, and that the best advertisement of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is the colored church it organized. He spoke with such eloquence that the Conference was brought to its feet several times with cheers. Dr. Walls, of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, secured a similar appreciative response. Another colored man, Dr. Gilbert, traveled with Bishop Lambuth in the Congo, acquired three native dialects while in Africa, and had so good a command of French that he wrote the Bishop's communications to the Belgian government. When the Bishop called upon the Belgian Colonial Secretary subsequently, he said the French of the letters was the best he had ever seen, except from Frenchmen and Belgians. Dr. Gilbert told the brethren of the Conference that the only difference between him and them was that he was born in "the dark of the moon."

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toast master was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

****

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"*You can do this just as easily as I do.* Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years is president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

"Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have *enjoyed* the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident and, "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear any one in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to the Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn. (Adver.)

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Send no money now. Merely mail the order blank below and we will send the flag, all charges prepaid by us. If, after five days examination, you decide not to keep the flag, return it at our expense and you will be under no obligation. You need not purchase it unless convinced of its value. But, if you decide to keep the flag, send $1.00 within five days after its receipt and $1.00 a month for two months, a total of $3.00. This pays for the flag and also for a year's subscription to the Christian Herald. 52 issues—regular subscription price $2.00 a year.

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Gentlemen: Send me all charges prepaid, for examination the large American Flag. If I decide to keep it I will send you $1.00 within five days, and $1.00 per month thereafter for two months, a total of $3.00, for which you are also to send me the Christian Herald for one year beginning at once. If I do not keep the flag I will send it back within five days at your expense. I incur no obligation in mailing this order blank.

Name .....

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A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 694

the water of every ship in every yard that can be made ready. The total loss by submarines and mines to neutral and Allied shipping, exclusive of Great Britain in April was 84,393 tons. The British loss was 220,709 tons. The rate of destruction is now about 3,500,000 tons a year and decreasing, while the rate of construction in Allied and neutral shipyards has passed 4,000,000 a year, and is increasing rapidly. Admiral Sims, American commander abroad, on May 24, declared the U-Boat beaten.

EXIT BEER AND WINE. The House of Representatives, on May 23, by a vote of 178 to 137 inserted in the Food Stimulation Bill a clause permitting the President, by proclamation, to prohibit the use of foodstuffs and fruits in the making of malt and vinous liquors for beverage purposes.

BRINGING DOWN THE FLYERS. The official statement on aerial operation, issued in London, on May 21, reported that in the two months since the beginning of the German offensive a thousand German airplanes had been brought down and a thousand tons of bombs had been dropped over the enemy's lines. On May 18 twenty-seven German planes were destroyed by the British and three were driven down out of control, while the French in two days brought down thirty-eight enemy machines. The Allied control of the air was well evidenced on a day late in May, when 120 Allied bombing machines working behind perfect protection of scout machines and fighting planes, scattered destruction broadcast in the enemy held territory. Cologne was bombed, on May 17, much damage resulting; fourteen persons being killed, and forty being injured.

IRISH REVOLUTION HATCHED IN AMERICA. The British government arrested more than 500 Sinn Fein leaders in the two or three days following the taking of Edward de Valera into custody, the arrangements being carried through like clockwork, very much to the surprise of the Sinn Feiners, who were said to have boasted that the English were afraid to arrest the leaders and would only meddle with the small fry of the organization. No disturbances occurred, and Dublin was reported as quieter than usual. The proclamation issued at the time of the arrests called upon the Irish people for greater enlistments, and was taken in many quarters to indicate that the government had abandoned conscription for the island. While this was denied it was evident that the British authorities planned to make haste slowly in this direction. There were reports, persistent and undenied, that the evidence upon which the arrests were based had come from America and that the center of the plotting had been on America's soil where Sinn Fein agents and agents of Germany were in contact. It was announced that the Sinn Feiners arrested might be interned until the end of the war, or according to the legal phrase held "during the King's pleasure" thus preventing their being brought to trial. Prof. John MacNeill was nominated by the Sinn Feiners to take the place of Prof. de Valera. MacNeill is regarded as a moderate.

HUGHES REQUESTS NO SENATE AIR INQUIRY. Former Justice Hughes, on May 18, addressed a letter to the Attorney General, in which he set out in detail his reasons for desiring that the investigation by the department of justice into the aircraft situation should not be paralleled by a similar investigation by a Senate Committee. He expressed the fear that the two investigations would be mutually destructive and stated his conviction that all necessary ends would be served by the making public of the results of the investigation which he was to conduct under the authority of the Attorney General. This letter was forwarded to Senator Chamberlain, Chairman of the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate, and it seemed probable, on May 22, that Senator Chamberlain's Committee would not investigate.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. German U-Boats are said to have again started unrestricted warfare on Norwegian fishing boats in the Arctic, throwing the fishing fleet into confusion—and Germany gets most of the fish. . . . Following a three-day celebration, the Bohemian National Theater of Prague was closed because of the charge that the celebration had led to expressions of a treasonable character and the city was declared under martial law. On the 22nd an official decree was issued at Vienna, providing that for the division of Bohemia into twelve government districts crossing national lines and giving an advantage to the German elements in Bohemia. The movement was said to have been taken to crush the Czechs. . . . Alex. F. Kerensky was reported, on May 23, to be about to take up his residence in New York City, Russian friends having purchased a house for him on Riverside Drive. . . . It was reported, on May 22, that Great Britain had warned Finland against making any fresh attacks against the Mourmansk railway. An attempt of Judge Svinhufvud, temporary dictator of Finland, to turn the government into a limited monarchy, was followed by meetings of protest throughout all of Finland. Editors of the Finnish newspapers, on May 22, by a large majority voted for a republic. . . . The Senate, on May 18, passed the Rivers and Harbors Appropriation bill, in spite of the fact that several senators charged that it had too much of the smell of pork about it. The bill carried appropriations of upwards of $27,000,000. . . . The Senate, on May 22, passed the Naval Appropriation bill adding about $226,000,000 to the appropriations voted by the House, bringing the total to $1,615,000,000. . . . While food conditions in Germany are reported as increasingly serious, and the bread ration was reduced on May 20, France faces the end of rationing. The Food Controller, on May 21, announced that the end of food restrictions was in sight and that crop conditions promised the best harvest since 1898. It was also announced that radical measures would be instituted to stop profiteering in food. . . . Miss Katherine Stinson, the aviator, on May 23, attempting a non-stop Chicago to New York flight, landed at Binghamton, N. Y., after breaking both the American record for a single non-stop flight and the American endurance record. She flew 783 miles in eleven hours and thirteen minutes. The world's record flight was made June 20-21, 1917, by Lieut. A. Marchal of the French Army from Nancy, France, to Chelm, Poland, 812.5 miles. . . . President Wilson, on May 24, ordered a reduction of 10 cents a ton in the price of soft coal, saving $60,000,000 to consumers generally, but adding to railway expenses by making all users pay the same rate. . . . It appeared probable, on May 25, that Congress would be held in session until it had enacted a new revenue bill to raise an additional three to four billions for the treasury. It was expected that the principal levies would be on incomes, profits, inheritances and luxuries. If a bill is enacted it will open the way for a repeal of the postal zone law.

The Progress of the War

Continued from page 695

The absence of air raids on Paris and London since March 21 was ascribed to the necessity, felt by the Germans, to make use of their whole flying strength against the Allies in the battle area. Whether or not this indicates the offensive has been abandoned, the Germans on May 20 resumed their air attacks on London, sending over the largest squadron ever launched against the British capitol. Few of the planes reached London, the barrage of the anti-aircraft batteries proving impenetrable to most of them. Four were brought down and a fifth fell flaming into the sea on its way home, while two more were reported to have fallen into the sea. The planes that succeeded in flying over the metropolitan area did considerable damage to property, killing 44 people and wounded 179, while six persons were injured in the provinces outside of the city. On the next night an attempted bombing raid in Paris was completely foiled, one German plane being brought down. Three persons were killed and some wounded in the environs of Paris. In the earlier hours of May 22, one plane of a second squadron succeeded in penetrating the Paris defenses. One person was killed and 12 were injured in the city.

The 21st, 22nd and 23rd of May were not marked by any important military events in the west. On the 22d the British reported further progress in Mesopotamia toward Mosul, reaching Fatha, north of Tekrit on the Tigris. Earlier in the week there were reports of a Turkish force advancing southward in Persia behind the right flank of the British in Mesopotamia; but some 200 miles of almost impenetrable mountains largely neutralized the danger from this source.

Although the British, French, Belgian and American artillery continued throughout the week to harass the Germans in every position and concentration point, American batteries in Picardy putting out of action eight of ten German batteries that had been firing at the American positions, and although the Allied armies raided and patrolled with increasing daring and effectiveness, the German army lay, through brilliant days and moonlit nights, sullen and silent, except for trench raids here and there, suffering losses but not striking back. On May 23 there was rumor, supported by a dispatch from an American diplomatic representative abroad, that Germany was drafting convicts to fill its battered battalions, that the munition factories were being stripped of men, that border garrisons were being reduced and troops hurried westward from Rumania. There was also a rumor that the German leaders were at odds, the political leaders being opposed to a continuation of the offensive which was to have brought victory in three weeks and has brought only anguish in two months. Prisoners are also said on May 24 to report a weakening of German morale under the smashing blows of Allied attacks from the air, everything from the line to the Rhine being fair gain, which the German airmen are powerless to prevent, although they are being "downed by dozens" every day in vain but brave attempts to win back the lost supremacy in the air.

The Germans find it possible to do considerable bombing back of the Allied lines, especially at night. On Sunday night a large squadron of German Gothas (their pilot, who was brought down, said he was following a railway), almost demolished a British Red Cross hospital, killing hundreds of wounded men and a large number of nurses. The hospital buildings were bombed twice within two hours.

British seaplanes bombed Zeebrugge on May 20 and 22, making direct hits on the mole and the German seaplanes base. The observers reported a German destroyer sunk by these raids, and also told of attempts on the part of the Germans to hack a new channel through the sea wall between the canal gates and the sunken British cruisers. The whole German torpedo flotilla is reported immobilized, penned in the harbor at Zeebrugge.

May 25 saw the field of battle again sodden under driving rain. German raiders near Bucquoy penetrated the British positions on May 24, and took a few prisoners: the enemy also made raids near Lens and Hill 90. The Allies raided successfully at points all the way from Ypres to Rheims. In the meantime German troops continued to press eastward in Russia, and the White Russian Republic has been proclaimed with Germany's consent. White Russia lies east of Poland, north of the Ukraine, and adjoins and partly includes Lithuania. Dispatches of May 24 reported a German division at Dvinsk, to have mutinied when ordered to France. Fifty soldiers were said to have been shot and 2,000 imprisoned.

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Books Worth While

The Heart of a Soldier. By Lauchlan Maclean Watt. George H. Doran Co. $1.35.

The author is a Scottish padre whose experience of the war began in the camps in 1914 and still continues. Scenes in hospital, illuminating bits of conversation, glimpses humorous and pathetic of daily life "up the line," on "trek" and in trench, form the substance of these intimate sketches interspersed with poems. We learn of the strange mascots and the curious customs and new vocabulary of the men. Delightful bits of Scottish dialect and flavor add to these legends and stories of the front. The message of the book is both warm with human interest and deeply spiritual. In the words of the author, "This is not necessarily a parson's book, though written by a padre. I leave others to write of battles and horrors. I wish to show from inner knowledge the lives of the men and what they really are like in the circumstances of war."

Psychology and Preaching. By Charles S. Gardner, Professor of Homiletics and Sociology in The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. Macmillan Co., New York, $2.

Most of this book is as applicable to secular oratory, narration, etc., as to preaching. This greatly adds to its value, as it permits the author to take a broad view of his subject. The first hundred odd pages are devoted to a well written and compact consideration of the general principles of modern psychology applicable to the broad subject. This portion of the book is as interesting to the general reader as to the professional, and is to be highly commended on account of its fairness of presentation and clearness of statement, as well as its freedom from dogmatic assertion. A particularly interesting and well-thought-out chapter on "Belief" is followed by two, carefully considered, on "Attention" and "Suggestion," and a very good one on "Assemblies." Then comes what is perhaps the best chapter in the book, "Mental Epidemics." The last chapter, "The Modern Mind," is evidently the one on which the author has bestowed the most labor and care, and it is also that in which he has set forth his own personal views most largely. The book is free from that monotony into which it is so easy to fall in discussing subjects of this character. There is hardly a minister who would not benefit by a careful perusal of this volume, which also can be recommended to the more general reader.

Chants of War. By W. S. Pakenham-Walsh, Trinity College, Foochow. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. 40 cents.

This is a small volume of some forty-three poems on various subjects arising from the war. The best of these are perhaps "The Road to Calais," "Mons" and "Britannia." A couple of verses of the first will give a good idea of the poetic powers of our author.

To the right were the French and the mountains, to the left were the dunes and the sea,
And the line must be guarded between them, whatever the outcome might be.
But our line was as thin as a wafer, and the gateway was twenty miles wide,
And except for the men that were with us, there wasn't a rifle beside.

Impossible! That was our feeling; impossible, yet we will try,
And as French came along in his motor, he knew we would hold them or die;
"I want the impossible done, boys, and England has done it before,
And England will do it again, boys, before this October is o'er."

The Art of Saving. By Harvey A. Blodgett. The Blodgett Co., St. Paul. 50 cents.

Mr. Blodgett thinks that saving is a habit, which may be true, but if so, like all good habits, it is to many a difficult one to acquire. The chapters on investment of savings and on banking will no doubt be very valuable to that large class of persons who are almost completely ignorant of business. The booklet ends with a timely discussion of the advantageous opportunity for the investment of savings which government bonds now offer, and will continue to offer for some time to come, and gives a timely warning against "promoters who offer investments in exchange for Liberty Bonds, the very offer proving which the promoter thinks the better security."

The Theory and Practice of Mysticism. By Charles Morris Addison, D. D., New York; E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Max Müller in his Science of Religion writes: "There is in man a faculty which I call simply the faculty of apprehending the Infinite, not only in religion but in all things—a power independent of sense and reason, a power in a certain sense contradicted by sense and reason, yet I suppose a very real power, if we see how it has held its own from the beginning of the world, how neither sense nor reason have been able to overcome it, while it alone is able to overcome both sense and reason." This faculty in religion is called mysticism, and its best-known possessors have been St. Augustine, St. Francis of Assisi, and Henry Suso.

Of late years much interest has been taken in this subject and a very considerable number of works have been devoted to it, particularly in England. The book before us, by Rev. Charles M. Addison, gives an excellent historical sketch of mysticism in the early and medieval church, while the last two chapters, "Modern Mysticism" and "Practical Mysticism," discuss the subject in our day in clear and simple language. A full bibliography of the subject adds greatly to the reference value of the work.

The Call of the Bella. By Edmund Mitchell. Menzies Publishing Co. $1.

A well-written and absorbing story. Donald Brodie, a drunken hobo, finds himself on the roadside in Arizona. A tramp companion proposes to him a robbery. He refuses to steal and abandons his comrade by "jumping a freight." A day or two later Donald reaches Riverside, California, penniless, hungry and mad for drink. Opportunity throws a chance to steal a purse in his way; he yields to the temptation and immediately leaves the place. Chance, or, better, Providence, a day later brings him to take an involuntary bath and to hear a sermon by a celebrated London divine at the university in Claremont. The sermon sends him back to Riverside to restore the stolen money to its owner. The latter, however, prosecutes him, but the judge before whom he comes is so impressed by his story and the restitution of the stolen property, and is so good a reader of character, that he places Donald on probation for a year. This year Donald passes with a Rev. John Dana, and at its end the man who yielded to temptation is a man again.

Brodie then goes home to his mother in St. Louis, and besides working in a terra cotta and tile factory, does what he can to help up his fallen fellow men. He meets one day in a back alley of the town a Jimmy Sheldon, the profligate son of the head of the Sheldon Manufacturing Company of San Francisco, drunk and penniless. How Donald saves Jimmy and by skilful management makes him appreciate the real meaning of life, is both dramatically and naturally told. Finally Jimmy goes home and Donald goes with him. Donald enters Mr. Sheldon's employ and eventually defeats an attempt by a banker named Wilmington to get possession of the Sheldon Company. Jimmy has a sister, whose courtship by Donald supplies the love element.

The book is much above the average and well sustains the reader's interest as the plot unfolds. Besides the human side of the book, many social questions, such as the relations of capital and labor, the uplifting of the weak by the strong, the nobility of toil, are treated of in the optimistic spirit of brotherhood. Perhaps the first half of the book is the best, because the action is more simple and strong; but the story as a whole is well worth a reading.

The White Queen of Okoyong. By. W. P. Livingstone. George H. Doran Company. $1.

This is a really interesting and very sympathetic biography of the comparatively little-known life of Mary Slessor, a Scottish missionary. Although primarily written for young people, it could be read with advantage by those of more mature age.

Mary Slessor, the subject of the book, was born in Aberdeen of poor parents. Her early years were darkened by her father's failings, which forced her to begin to earn her own living in the mill when very young. In 1876 Miss Slessor, after preliminary teaching in the Dundee missions, was sent to Calabar, in what was then one of the wildest parts of Africa, by the Mission Board of the United Presbyterian Church in Edinburgh. From the day she landed in Calabar till the day she died near there, just after the outbreak of the Great War, her life was a ceaseless exhibition of heroism, devotion, faith and work.

Her dearest friend describes her as "a whirlwind and an earthquake and a fire and a still small voice, all in one." Her influences over the natives in the districts in which she labored became supreme, to such an extent indeed that the British government made her consul, the first woman in the empire to hold this position, and, later on, judge; both of which offices she filled in a highly satisfactory manner.

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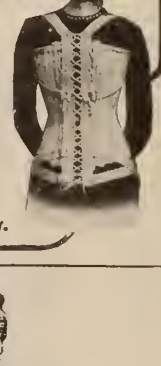

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Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

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Questions and Answers

E. J. W., Mott, N. D. When saying in the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done," if we then pray for other things that we desire, is that praying that God's will be done?

We are told by Christ to ask and we shall receive, and in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, to let our requests be made known to God. There are two kinds of gifts that we can ask for, the spiritual and the temporal. The spiritual we are to ask for without any exception or condition, because they are absolutely and unconditionally necessary for our righteousness and salvation; while the temporal gifts, because not absolutely necessary for our salvation, should be asked for conditionally. This condition is that God would be pleased to grant these gifts if they tend to the praise of his divine glory and to the promotion of our salvation—not otherwise. We must remember that God can do all we ask for and will do so, if it is good for us; but when in his wisdom and omniscience he sees that what we ask is not good for us, then he would not be a good Father if he gave it to us. We must also remember that he wants all his children to be happy and contented and wherever he can, consistently with our welfare, give us gifts that we ask for, he gives them to us. We are to come to him freely and trustingly, knowing that he will give us all we ask for, provided it is good for us to have it.

A. J. L., Chatterton, Va. Little is known of the life of Judas before his appearance among the disciples, and everything said about his family connection is mere conjecture. He was probably drawn by the Baptist's preaching, or by his own ambitions relative to the Messianic kingdom, in which he might play an important and lucrative part. Having been intimate with the finance of the little company of apostles, he probably enjoyed a measure of confidence, undeserved though it was.

S. S., St. Vincent, Calif. 1. In baptism we put on Christ. All our sins, both inherited and actual, are covered by his righteousness and washed away with his blood. The apostle says (Gal. 3 : 26, 27): "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ." and in Acts 2 : 38 we read, "Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins," etc. 2. God is no Moloch, neither is he unreasonable; hence it is impossible to conceive of a loving Father condemning a child which has not reached the age of responsibility. Christ's righteousness is imputed to all, and Christ loved children and said of them: "of such is the Kingdom." 3. The account in Luke and Matthew do not really differ materially. Each mentions both thieves, although the fact that only one reviled the Lord may have been overlooked by Matthew.

C. G., Montgomery, Mich. Please explain Matt. 27 : 52, 53; Luke 24 : 36, 37.

1. It will be helpful to remember that the Jewish tombs, unlike ours, were either natural or artificial excavations in rocks, or in the side of hills, the entrance being closed by a door or a large stone. These stone doors or rocks were moved or totally removed by the earthquake. Thus there was testimony that Christ's death had burst the bands of the grave. Though aroused, the actual rising as individuals (verse 53) did not take place till after Christ's resurrection. This extraordinary event was symbolic and supernatural. It proclaimed the victory over death. It is doubtful who the saints were that were thus raised; they may have been saints of earlier times, but probably were saints known in their lifetime to the apostles. 2. In Luke 24 : 36, 37 we have an account of one of our Lord's appearances to his disciples after the resurrection. We must not assume that Luke intends us to regard the whole chapter as the history of one day. Some authorities hold that there had been an interval between the events related in verses 36 and 50.

C. C. B., Berwick, Pa. In Luke 6 : 13 and Mark 3 : 14 we have an account of the choosing of the twelve whom Christ ordained as apostles. They were first to be trained for their work, the best preparation for which was their being with their Lord, learning of him and about him at first hand. It was in keeping with such training that the name "apostle" should be given to keep the future duty before them. The actual "sending forth" did not take place till after the resurrection. (See Luke 24 : 49; Mark 16 : 15; Matt. 28 : 19.) The passage in Matt. 28 : 19 shows that, before the resurrection, they were not ready to be sent, for they did not have as yet the chief argument for belief in their Master, namely his conquering death. The Gospel without a risen Lord is of no avail. Until the apostles had proof of this fact, their preaching would have been largely in vain.

Reader. You must not allow morbid thoughts to disturb you. Your children were given you by God for a definite purpose. Fulfil it by making of them clean-living, God-fearing boys and girls, and you will have done more for the world and for God's Kingdom than have those who never had children, and, what is worse, those who never wanted any. We must not quarrel with our lot, blaming it on fate or destiny. Remember that God, who rules all, is not only all-love, but also all-wise and all-knowing. As to what will become of your children, their heavenly Father will take care of them. Trust in God for all. He is the "Wonderful Helper" in time of trouble.

Miss G. H. O., Worcester, Mass. While we have no direct statement that Christ affirmed the Mosaic authorship or inspiration of the first five books—the miraculous narratives of the Old Testament—there is collateral evidence as to all of this right in Jesus' own words. He refers to Moses and the Prophets in his talks and arguments, as do the apostles. He refers to the history of Jonah (Matt. 12 : 39); the lifting up of the serpent by Moses in the wilderness (John 3 : 14); He quotes from the Psalms (Luke 20 : 42) and certifies that they and the Prophets wrote of him (Luke 24 : 44); and he taught from them in the synagogues (Matt. 12). Would he have done all this with writings and sayings that were man-made or unauthentic? There is no doubt about it, that one of the strong arguments for the authenticity and inspiration of the Old Testament writings is the fact that Jesus uses them as his texts, and not only refers to them, but by such use indorses them. What he did for the Old Testament we are justified in doing for the New. It speaks of him, and it is his Word (Matt. 24 : 35); why should we not believe it and accept it?

A Friend, Pa. The passage you ask about is in I Tim. 5 : 24. The apostle had been giving instructions to various members of the congregation as to church government and pastoral relations. He then says of some men that their sins are so flagrant, notorious and evident that no trial is needed to convict, while others are so well hidden and in hand that only on occasion do they at last overtake the sinner and show him in his true colors. The warning of the apostle is twofold: the one against too hasty acceptance or acquittal as to a man's fitness, the other against too hasty condemnation. The disciple is taught that if he inquires carefully and has the gift of insight, he will find out before long what men are and what they are doing.

M. C., Butler, Mo. 1. Beginning with the Parable of the Wise and the Foolish Builders in Matt. 7 : 24-27, and ending with the parable of the vine and its branches in John 15 : 1, Christ's parables, taken as complete expositions, number forty-seven. He spoke in parables freely in order to make his sayings attractive to the uncultured hearers with whom he was often dealing, and to drive home his point by the force of homely examples. Many great men have had this method of argument and narrative and have used it effectively. 2. No temple ever built is believed to have come up to the grandeur and beauty of Solomon's temple. The one restored by Zerubabbel was larger but not greater.

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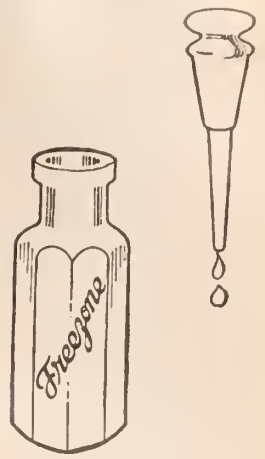

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THE widely published Call for a Conference of the most eminent Bible Teachers and Authorities on Prophetic Interpretation in the United States and Canada, issued several weeks ago, has met with a response which gives assurance that the Conference will be the most notable and authoritative gathering of its kind ever held in this country.

It will assemble in the Academy of Music, Broad and Locust Streets, Philadelphia, and will be in session from May 28 to 30, inclusive. It will be a gathering of the finest consecrated scholarship of all the Christian denominations, and its deliberations and addresses on "The Return of Our Lord and Related Events" will possess a vital spiritual interest for Christian men and women throughout the world.

Perhaps the best evidence of the widespread interest in the work of the Conference is shown in the fact that the Executive Committee has already received upwards of 35,000 inquiries by mail, while the Christian Herald, which published the Conference Call, has also received a very large number. In view of this extraordinary manifestation of interest, an arrangement has been made under which the Christian Herald will publish the proceedings and the addresses of the Conference in a volume to be issued as soon as possible after adjournment, entitled "LIGHT ON PROPHECY."

The forthcoming book, "LIGHT ON PROPHECY" will be prepared under the special supervision of the Committee of the Conference, and will receive the official authorization of the body. It will be the only volume to receive such authorization. We are confident that the addresses will be welcomed by Bible lovers everywhere, and especially by the constantly growing number of those who believe that we are living in a time of prophetic fulfilment. The book will contain all the addresses, about 20 in number, and will be about 300 pages.

There are very many who are striving to attain a clearer comprehension of the prophecies and who have said to themselves: "I wish I could sit at the feet of some really great Christian scholar—some man of enlightened understanding—and could study prophecy face to face with him." This book, "LIGHT ON PROPHECY," by presenting the spirit of the Conference and the utterances of the speakers, will give to all an opportunity to realize their desire. They will find in its pages a series of addresses which will bear reading and re-reading, and quiet studying, until the full message of the Conference is comprehended.

SPEAKERS AND TOPICS AT THE CONFERENCE

Among the leading speakers at the Conference will be many whose names are familiar in the world of religious thought, and especially to those who are interested in Prophecy.

Dr. Harris H. Gregg,
of Winnipeg, Canada, an eminent Canadian divine, will speak on
"The Inspiration and Authority of the Bible."
At a later session he will also speak on
"What Is to Become of the Church."

Dr. William B. Riley,
of the First Church of Minneapolis, Minn., will speak on
"The Greatest Question Jesus Ever Asked,"
and he will also deliver what is the "crowning address" of the Conference on
"What Manner of Christians Ought We to Be?"

Dr. C. I. Scofield
editor of the Scofield Reference Bible, will speak on
"Where is Christ Now and What is He Doing?"
At a later session Dr. Scofield will also speak on
"The Coming Glory."

Dr. Mark Matthews,
ex-Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, will speak on
"The Doctrine of Our Lord's Return,"
and later the same eminent divine will speak on
"Has God a Program?"
giving the order of events and showing why the present world conditions are not indicative of Armageddon.

Dean W. L. Pettingill,
of the Philadelphia School of the Bible, will speak on
"Did the Cross of Christ Fulfill All the Promises of God?"
covering the Atonement, the humiliation, and the status of the Church as a spiritual kingdom.

Dr. James M. Gray,
of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, will speak on
"God's Purpose in This Dispensation,"
and at a later session will give an address on
"The Regathering of Israel in Unbelief,"
showing the relation of the Zionist Movement to the Return.

Rev. Herbert Mackenzie,
of Cleveland, will discuss the question
"Does the Truth of the Lord's Return Paralyze or Energize?"

Rev. P. W. Philpot,
of Hamilton, Canada, will speak on
"Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before"
and later on
"Will There be Any Tears in Heaven, and Why?"

Rev. Cortland Myers,
of Tremont Baptist Temple, Boston, will speak on
"The War on German Theology."

Dr. A. E. Thompson,
pastor of the American Church in Jerusalem; will speak on
"The Capture of Jerusalem," showing the Holy City's place in fulfilled prophecy.

There will be other speakers, but those mentioned above will give an idea of the wide range of the Conference and of the quality of scholarship engaged in it.

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Young People's Topics for June 16

Cooperation With the Sunday School

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topics. I Cor. 3:4-9

BOTH the Christian Endeavor and the Sunday school are links that bind childhood to adult Christian service. In the Sunday school the child learns the fundamental truths and principles of Christian teaching. In the Young People's Society these truths and principles are put to work under actual conditions of daily life. Unless the child has been well grounded in the truths of Christ he will be handicapped in the activities of the Young People's Society. Each organization, therefore, owes to the other the utmost support and cooperation.

The regular announcement of all the activities of the Young People's Society should be a definite part of each Sunday school program. If there is a Junior Young People's Society, those pupils who have reached Intermediate grade should, if possible, be graduated from the Junior into both the Intermediate grade of the Sunday school and the Junior Endeavor or B. Y. P. U. If there is no Junior Society the graduates from the intermediate to the Senior department should, if possible, be invested with a firm sense of the opportunity presented to them in membership in the Young People's Society.

This attitude of mind can only be created, however, if the Young People's Society is thoroughly awake and its members are much in evidence in the Sunday school itself. For this reason the officers of the Young People's Society should make every effort to give to the Sunday school every bit of help possible. The organization of a teachers' training class may well be made the special care of the officers of the Young People's Society. They should stand ready at all times to supply from their membership teachers, officers and members of committees for the Sunday school. If the Sunday school is organized as a missionary society, the missionary committee of the Young People's Society should cooperate with the missionary officers of the Sunday school in the search for interesting material and ways and means for the making of the missionary enterprise of the church known to the children, who will be the missionary givers and the missionaries of the next generation. If there is a Sunday school picnic, the Young People's Society may well take charge of the sports, and see to it that something to eat is provided for every child. The more intimately the Young People's Society can relate itself to the Sunday school, the more certain it will be to attract to itself the young people who are reaching young manhood and womanhood in the Sunday school. Young People's Societies constantly lose members through the demands of other departments of the church and the encroachment of the cares of maturity. There must be a constant new supply of members. The Sunday school is the best and sometimes the sole source of these. In assuring itself of the maximum of growth from the Sunday school, the Young People's Society is also insuring the maximum of life for itself.

Jealousy the Handicap of Team Work

Epworth League Topic. I Cor. 13:4; Gal. 5:26; I Sam. 18:6-9

THE first essential of team work is willingness to be subordinate to the rest of the team, or to the leader. The person who won't work unless he can command, is not fit to command, and soon proves it if given the opportunity. Jealousy is futile in itself and a barrier to everything that is worth while. The person who gives way to jealousy not only fails to achieve, but loses everything of value which might have been won by a spirit of resignation and the willingness to be last until called upon to be first.

Rare indeed is the church which has not been disturbed by some one's jealousy. Mrs. J. won't serve on the reception committee because Mrs. B. is chairman. "That woman," she calls her. The reception goes on and succeeds without Mrs. J. But to those who know, her jealousy and refusal to take part cast a shadow on an otherwise perfect evening. Jealousy, because it so seldom effects a change in the plans of others, leads to the sulks, and the next step from sulking is unkind criticism, and unkindness cannot go far without associating with itself untruth. It is a short course, and quickly run, from jealousy to complete loss of spiritual power, and that loss of the consciousness of God's love which hangs like a leaden weight upon the conscience of the backslider. Often the jealous person has real ability which the church is denied through his jealousy. The committees on which he might have served are handicapped through the lack of his talent. There is a real crippling of the power of the society through his defection. Sometimes he takes a sort of pleasure in the knowledge that he has thus crippled things, but like every pleasure of sin, it turns to ashes and the sweetness becomes gall. There can be only two ends to jealousy—the loss of one's hope in Christ, or a new repentance and a banishing of jealousy forever from the heart.

Aid for the Children of Palestine

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: We enclose the $100 of which we wrote a few days ago for the homeless children of Palestine. May God richly bless all through whose hands it may go, and especially those into whose lives we trust it to go.

MR. AND MRS. ELMER E. HUBBARD.
Cardenas, Cuba, April 30.

This is the second gift of $100 which these good American missionary friends in Cuba have sent to be applied in relief and rescue work among the little ones of Palestine, who have been bereaved of one or both parents by the war, and who are now destitute and helpless.

From the Sunday School to the Orphans

ENCLOSED find bank draft for $24.20. It was taken as a special collection by the M. E. Sunday School at Christmas time, and instead of using it for a treat for the Sunday School it was decided to send it to the sufferers of Belgium and Armenia, so please have it divided equally among them.

Please publish it in your next issue as a gift of the M. E. Sunday School. Sent by

H. F. C. MEYER,
Centralia, Kan.

THE New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University recommends the purchase of GREEN CORDWOOD wherever it can be obtained *during the coming season. It should be piled loosely in cellars or sheds of village and city residences so that it will be seasoned for next winte .*

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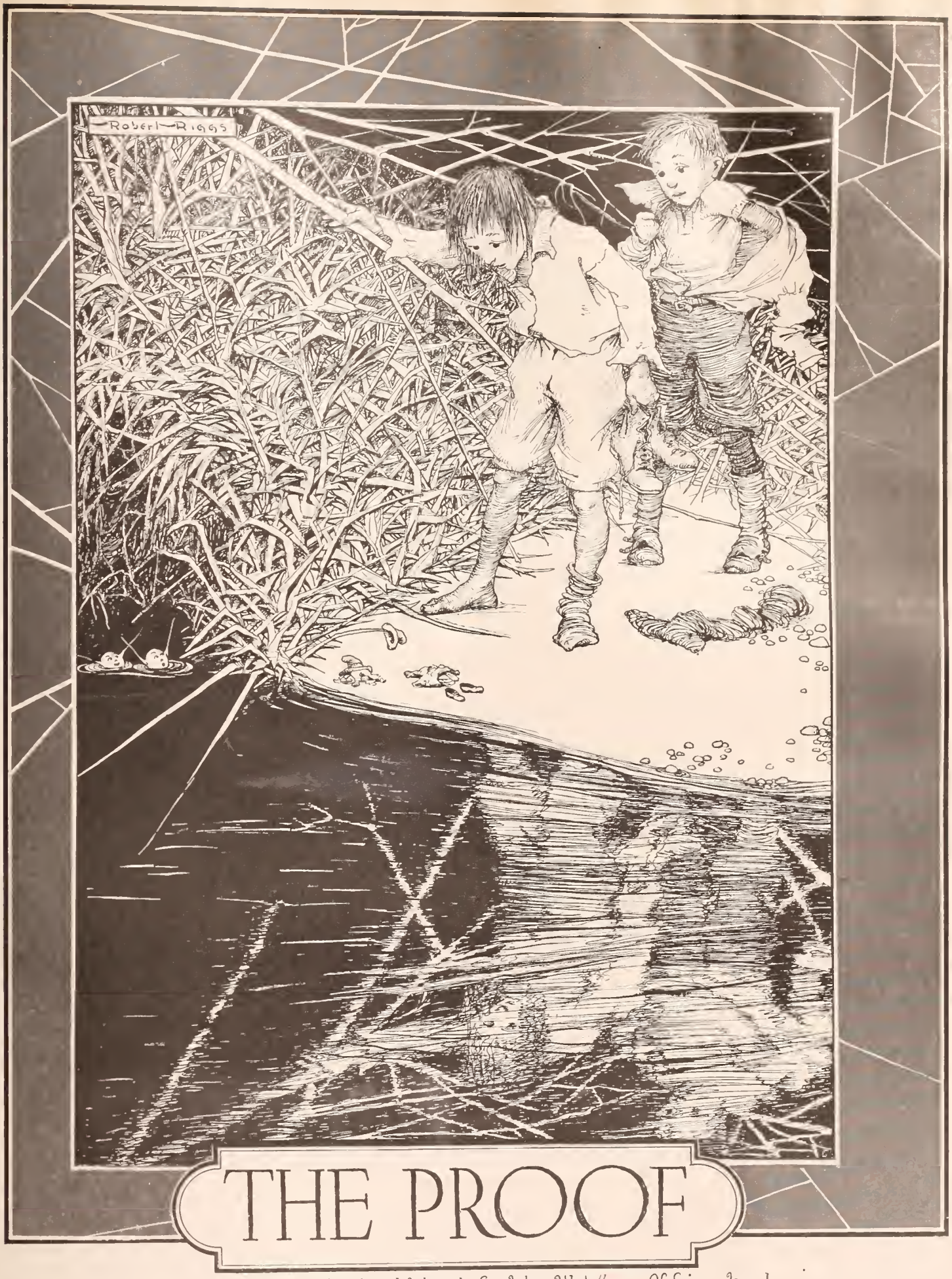

THE PROOF

We found them-and at last we knew
That fairy tales were really true!
A tiny hat; a little coat;
A shirt and trousers, mighty small,
That you could scarcely see at all;
A buckled shoe.

We found them –
At the swimming-hole.
It was a summer day, and still;
And we were whistling, until
We saw them there.
The very air
Grew charged with magic, for we knew that *they*
Were in the water not so far away!

Well, for a minute I just stared, for, oh,
I didn't dream that fairy folk *could* go
Out swimming, far away from all their band!
I thought that fairies seldom left the land.
I couldn't, somehow, seem to understand
That they were near!
I listened-hard-and I could almost hear
A little gasping breath.
We stood there thinking they'd come get their clothes.
[Which shows how little any mortal knows
Of fairy ways.]
They would have stayed for days,
And caught their death
Of cold, before they'd think
Of taking favors from a mortal hand!

We found them, and at last we knew
That fairy tales were really true.
A tiny hat, a little coat –
Just elfland clothes so very small
There wasn't much to them at all.
A buckled shoe!

Margaret E. Sangster

Borden's Evaporated Milk

Old-fashioned Strawberry Shortcake Made a New Way

Here's a brand new way to make old-fashioned strawberry shortcake—with Borden's Evaporated Milk. It's a favorite recipe of Mrs. Ida C. Bailey Allen, the noted specialist in home economics.

Mrs. Allen says: "I use Borden's Evaporated Milk in my strawberry shortcakes because I am sure of its purity, its economy and its flavor. There can be no question of the purity of Borden's Milk. It is safeguarded in every possible way from the time it leaves the dairy till it reaches your pantry shelves. Its economy is apparent when you whip it—you don't need expensive, heavy cream. Its flavor is assured by the quality of the raw milk used—from the finest herds, well-kept, well-fed, well taken care of. Try my recipe for strawberry shortcake. You'll find it delicious—a rare luxury at moderate cost.

Ida C. Bailey Allen

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

¾ cupful cornstarch
1⅓ cupfuls barley flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 rounding tablespoon butter
1 rounding tablespoon granulated sugar
½ cup Borden's Evaporated Milk, undiluted

Sift all dry ingredients together, work in butter, as you would for pie crust, add cream, beat with spoon (it will be very stiff), bake 20 minutes in an oblong pan. Split the cake with a hot knife, butter if desired, add 1 qt. of strawberries, which have been cut into small pieces, sweetened and allowed to stand before placing on cake. Serves 4 people.

HOW TO WHIP BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK

Open a can of Borden's Evaporated Milk and set the can in a saucepan full of cold water, allowing the water to cover two-thirds of the can. Bring to boiling point, but do not boil, and when the water begins to bubble, remove the can at once from the water and chill until it is ice cold. Then pour it into a deep bowl and whip with an ordinary egg-beater until it is stiff. Sweeten to taste with Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk or sugar, and add desired flavor.

A small can of Borden's Evaporated Milk whips up to make more than two cupfuls.

Mrs. Allen's Recipe Contest

For the best recipe from each state and from Canada, calling for the use of Borden's Evaporated Milk, submitted before August 1st, 1918, the Borden Company will award a cash prize of $25.00. For the second and third best recipes, prizes of $10.00 for each will be given. For every recipe accepted for publication $1.00 will be paid. In the event of ties for the first, second and third best recipes, the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

Remember, there will be a set of three prizes for every state in the Union and a set for Canada. The prizes will be awarded by a committee of competent judges to be announced later. Each recipe will be judged on three points: 1. economy; 2. excellence of the finished dish; 3. form in which the recipe is submitted. Names of prize-winners will be published as soon as it is possible to do so after the prizes have been awarded. Address, Borden's Condensed Milk Company, 108 Hudson Street, New York.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY

233 Borden Building Hudson Street New York City

Christian Herald

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When you finish reading this magazine, place a one-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
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WELL ARMED

OUR MAIL-BAG

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and not controversial. All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

CHRISTIAN HERALD INFORMATION BUREAU
Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

With all the resources of the government libraries and departments and of the public museums and their staffs and with the active assistance of national experts this Information Bureau is ready to tell you the answer to

Whatever You Want to Know

The bureau is prepared to answer fully and promptly questions regarding food production and conservation, transportation, industrial activities, history, patents and inventions, pensions and Army insurance, legislation, exploration and discovery, government employment, and all of the thousand and one things that you want to be sure of.

Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

MISS JULIA KING, Colonel's Island, Ga., sends a note showing how beekeepers can help to win the war. She writes: "The Christian Herald goes into a great many homes where bees are kept. Many beekeepers would be glad to give wax to help with the making of lambrine, to heal the wounds of our soldiers without a scar, did they know how much the wax would help. I have over 50 colonies now, working with might and main, working as hard as they can, making honey to help out with the Food Supply and the shortage of sugar, and also making wax to give to the Red Cross for the making of lambrine. We always enjoy the Christian Herald. I appreciate your kindness and interest when you helped me last year to find out where to send my wax for the making of lambrine." Miss King explains that lambrine, discovered by Dr. Barthe de Santfort several years ago, is being used in military hospitals with such marvelous effect that patients, although horribly burned, show no scars, and the treatment is absolutely painless.

Missionary William C. Terril of Inhambane, East Africa, writes to the Christian Herald: "I thank you very heartily for myself and in the name of this mission for sending me the recent gift of $180 for the work here, the same being from Mr. C. N. Tinker of Mosquero, New Mexico. I am writing to Mr. Tinker by this same mail and reporting to him in detail about this work and especially his protégés here. We are especially encouraged over the result of the treatment of our two Christian lepers, Martha and Elisa. They were discharged from the leper camp on Christmas Day as cured. Some of the medical profession would take exception to this statement. We, however, wish to say that for the past two years all open sores have disappeared and all other signs of this dreaded disease, except the fingers and toes which they lost some years ago. This mission heard of the successful use of calamugra oil in the Philippines and India, and decided to experiment with it on Martha and Elisa. At a very great cost these two have undergone a three years' treatment, and, as far as all of us are concerned, it is a remarkable success. Now they send thanks and deep gratitude to the friends in America who gave in order that they could remain at the mission and have these treatments.

[The Editor of the Medical Record, 51 Fifth Avenue, New York, to whom the two foregoing letters have been referred, writes: "Apparent cures have been obtained by chaulmoogra oil (not calamugra, as spelled by your correspondent). You can obtain more information regarding this from Dr. Victor G. Heiser, International Health Board, 61 Broadway; New York City. Ambrine is a secret French preparation used in the treatment of burns. There are, however, other preparations of the same order equally efficacious, which are employed by the British and American surgeons on the other side, and also by surgeons in this country. I do not know whether beeswax is employed in the preparation of ambrine, but it is not in many of the substitutes, which apparently are equally efficacious."]

M. B., Forest City, Iowa. The Father remembers his promises. Prayer should be a reminder to ourselves not only of his promises to us but of our obligations to him. Cease striving to have him adjust himself to your ways, and strive to adjust yourself to his ways; then your prayers will no longer fail. Prayer is the preparing of ourselves for his blessings. It is the cleansing of the cup in readiness for his wine, which awaits only the cleansing. Prayer is not simply the telling of our needs; it is the consecration of ourselves to what he wants. We are assured that what we ask with faith we shall receive. Complete surrender of the soul to God's will is the perfect prayer.

B. L., St. Hilaire, Minn. We strongly advise against the lottery plan in securing money, especially for spiritual work. The gift itself is far less important than the spirit of the giving. It is not our money gotten by hook or crook, that God asks, but self-sacrifice freely offered. There is a strong feeling against accepting for benevolence money made by any doubtful methods, and we should be on guard against any suggestion of doubt in our method of giving. The old excuse that a good cause justifies the means is no longer in favor.

BREAD AN' JAM
Margaret E. Sangster

Bread an' jam in war times!
Once it was 'at we
Had jam upon our wheaten loaf
For tea.
But now 'at dad is fightin',
An' since th' crops is dead,
There's times an' times we haven't had
Even bread!

Bread an' jam in war times
Makes us think o' when
Dad'll come a-marchin home...
Maybe then
We'll have other, bigger crops,
An' there'll be,
Lots o' bread an' jam ter eat
For tea!

Let Your Prayer Be Backed by Work That Wins

Here is a New Free Book That Tells You How to Protect Your Garden from Diseases and Insect Pests.

WHAT does your garden mean to YOU? Does it mean hard work, dirty hands and feet and a sweaty brow? Or—Does it mean the joy of watching things grow, the sweet smell of earth and fields afar. The cooling showers,—the mellowing sunbeams and the myriad sounds of Mother Earth.

Your Planting has been done—What are you doing NOW? Watching with careless eyes what nature shall do for you? Or—are you speeding up the processes of nature, to the end that you shall be the gainer?

Your Care of Your Garden—Yes, it is YOUR care—Place your seeds on a shelf and be they ever so fine, they will remain nothing but small hard seeds to the end of time. YOUR CARE is what counts—the earth you place them in—the sun—the rain—AND—YOUR CARE.

Then What—More care—and that you may do so most intelligently we shall send you this book—FREE for the asking.

Contents of This Book—Seventy-two pages. One hundred and eighty-one pictures. The largest of nearly a thousand Bulletins issued by the Department of Agriculture. Written in simple language for quick action. **You Need This Book** and need it quickly. Send your name and address plainly written to the CHRISTIAN HERALD INFORMATION BUREAU, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C., enclosing a two-cent stamp, for return postage and you will receive, entirely free, a copy of The Garden Insect Book.

L. G., Payette, Idaho. Please explain Matt. 24 : 14, 15.

As the preaching of the Gospel throughout the Roman world preceded the end of the Jewish state, so the preaching of the Gospel throughout the whole world of today may be interpreted as intimating the approaching end of this age. Whether more will accept than will reject the Gospel is not stated, but the fact remains that the universal sending out of preachers no less than the widespread apostasy is accepted as such a sign by many eminent Bible students.

Subscriber. In I Tim. 6 : 16, the apostle declares that only God hath immortality, meaning that in God alone is immortality, the very essence of his being.

Mrs. M. E. McO., Orlando, Fla. 1. The writer in Luke 21 : 25-33 is telling of signs that will precede the coming of Christ for our final redemption. It is true that he redeemed us by his death, and that nothing else save our acceptance of him as Saviour is required to make his work complete. While here on earth, however, we must be content to accept the conditions of our surroundings bravely and in good spirit, remembering that the Son of God became "in all things as we are," subject to hardship, temptation and persecution, "yet without sin." With his help we can overcome all these. 2. The generation spoken of in the passage referred to is the generation of the Jews to which Christ prophesied the destruction of Jerusalem.

Reader. In I Cor. 14 : 18, 21, the apostle is praising spiritual gifts, and among those he classes the ability to speak in a tongue understandable by his hearers. He wants his audience to join in the responses and carries out the idea that one who does not understand cannot intelligently do this. Therefore, though he, Paul, spoke many tongues, he praised God for the ability to speak so as to be understood. The men of "strange tongues," mentioned in verse 21, are the Assyrians, who were sent as a judgment to the Jews.

M. O. H., Groville, N. Y. In John 21 : 15, our Lord by his repeated question, "Peter, lovest thou me more than these?" is exposing to Peter's view the remembrance of the pride and self-sufficiency by which his fall had been hastened, and he wants him once more to assure him that he really does love the Master as he would be loved, not with the hasty assertion, "Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended"; but with the genuine warmth and sincerity that come through conviction.

S. E. K., Malvern, Pa. In Luke 22 : 36, the references to purse, wallet and sword had each a spiritual significance; but the whole is a figurative setting forth of the fact that henceforth self-defense would be their chief necessity, in view of the outward perils which would come upon them.

Layman, Wilmington, S. C., writes: "What is the most vital thing that could happen to this country in the next three months? Is it not practical religion in the home, the establishment of the family altar, reading the Word of God, and prayer morning and evening? Is not this the bed-rock of vital godliness?"

Reader, Chillicothe, Ohio. For an enumeration of the spiritual gifts see Acts 11 : 17, I Cor. 12 : 13, I Pet. 4 : 10. The gift of healing is held by some denominations as having belonged exclusively to apostolic times, while others claim that it is granted even now to those who have sufficient faith. In other words, that God's hand is not shortened that he cannot save: that in answer to the prayer of faith he still pardons our iniquities and heals our diseases (Ps. 103 : 3), and that there are well-authenticated instances, that cannot be questioned, of prayers answered for the restoration of health. You will find these matters fully discussed in the book, "The Miracle of Answered Prayer."

W. P. S., Lindsay, Calif. Paul's injunction for his hearers to be in subjection to the higher powers is in line with the general order divinely instituted throughout nature. The whole planetary system moves in obedience to law, and on our own world the recurring seasons and the productivity of the earth all move in accord with fixed principles. Paul's reference was, therefore, to powers and laws that are salutary and beneficent. These and their administrators were to be respected and obeyed. Any laws or lawmakers violating these essential principles would not fall under the law of loyalty and would be out of place and unworthy of being obeyed.

J. J. B., Bridger, S. D. A great deal has been written about the Temptation. In reading the 4th chapter of Matthew, which records it, we should take into consideration the incident at the conclusion of chapter 3. "The tempter's object," says one leading commentator, "was to get Jesus to distrust the heavenly testimony borne to him at his baptism, and to get him to regard it as but a splendid illusion," and to accomplish this he tempted him with the vision of world power. There is no statement as to the visible form assumed by the tempter. He may have come subtly into the heart and consciousness of the Messiah, without substance or visibility, using all his art and cunning to persuade him to accept the powers and crowns and kingdoms that Satan did not own, but had usurped.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

Delegates leaving the Academy of Music after the first session of the Prophetic Conference

A Great Prophetic Conference

Eminent Religious Leaders, Ministers and Laymen at a Three Days' Gathering in Philadelphia

By PHILIP I. ROBERTS

"THIS," said Dean William L. Pettingill of the Philadelphia School of the Bible, when he rose to address the great Conference which convened May 28, in the Academy of Music, "is most assuredly the very biggest Bible class I ever saw in my life."

One could not well be surprised at the remark, for the speaker stood facing a huge auditorium, thronged from floor to roof, by an audience of earnest, Christian folk, whose unquenched and unquenchable faith was enabling them to look beyond the purple mists that fill the valley of the present, to the hilltops of the future. In this gathering were men and women from twenty-three states, and also from China, from Africa, from Central America.

The men who were at the head of the Conference and recognized as leaders, included the Rev. William B. Riley, Minneapolis; Rev. Dr. James H. Gray, Chicago; Rev. Dr. Cortland R. Myers, Boston; Rev. P. W. Philpot, Hamilton, Ontario; Rev. Dr. Mark Matthews, Seattle; Rev. Dr. Harris H. Gregg, Winnipeg, Canada; Charles M. Alexander; Rev. Herbert Mackenzie, Cleveland; Rev. A. E. Thompson, former pastor of the American Church at Jerusalem; Rev. William L. Pettingill, Wilmington; Rev. John McInnis, of Syracuse, N. Y.; and others.

Although the main topic of the Conference was announced as "The Return of Our Lord," and while the speeches were based on Bible prophecy, it was not difficult to discover that neither hectic excitement nor mob-magnetism had drawn these people to Philadelphia. Here, apparently, was a host of sane, sober, self-contained Christians, who, holding to the Scriptural teaching as it has been taught and accepted by the Church since apostolic times, believe that they are now living in days of prophetic fulfilment.

NO intelligent observer can fail to discern that an immensely quickened interest in prophecy is a sign of the times. One hears of it almost everywhere. Yet it is a notable fact that extremists, alarmists and "fixed-date" men were conspicuous by their absence from the Conference, or if present, they contrived to remain modestly in the background. The assembly was of quite another order. "We do *not* know," said a balanced and able student of prophecy to me, on the opening day, "we only *believe*. Very many things we learn only by meeting them face to face, as we tread the inevitable journey that awaits us all."

Now, that is a fair and a courageous statement—one which I am quite sure reflected the tone and spirit of this notable Conference. Without definite knowledge, yet possessed by unswerving faith; without alarm or excitement but imbued by a spirit of staid, sober inquiry, those who composed it came together to ask of themselves, and each other—"What are to be the fortunes of the Kingdom of God in this world? Is it to conquer and fill the whole earth or not? How long is the present order to continue?"

One of the sanest things said during Tuesday's sessions of the Conference was uttered by Henry B. Macfarland, late Chairman of the Board of Commissioners for the City of Washington, who presided at the evening meeting. "Recent happenings," he said, "have knocked the bottom out of the old conceit that man could run the world in utter independence of God. So futile has this theory been shown to be, that even those who belong to no church, who name not the Name of our common Lord, are feeling out vaguely after God, if haply they may find Him, as after One who can reconstruct society, bring good out of evil, and light out of brooding darkness. And this is an endorsement of the view the believer consciously holds, who hopes for the fulfilment of the prophecies."

TO any judicious observer, looking at the great assemblage at the opening session of the Conference, it was very evident that the audience as a whole was composed of the quiet, serious, sober-minded type of Christian, a type very unlikely to be led away by sensational doctrine. They belong to the class of believers who are not liable to be misled by visionaries and fanatics. And indeed nothing was further from the purpose of the Conference than to stir up sharp controversies or kindle fanatical fires. The whole subject of the Lord's Coming has, to a large extent, been discredited by speculative theories and prophetic forecasts, which the Conference leaders believe have not only no warrant whatever, but are condemned in the Scriptures.

Nevertheless, there are numberless believing Christians who look forward in hope and confidence to the coming of the King, but at a day and hour which "no man knoweth, not even the angels." They hold that Christ, and Christ only, is the ideal that will work out the reconstruction of humanity, and that only in accordance with the law of His Kingdom can humanity ever enter a heritage of unity and concord.

Whoever had charge of the formation and arrangement of the program of the Conference did their work well. Thus the first day's proceedings and addresses—except for quite inevitable references—had little to do with the subject proper of the Conference at all. The theme of the whole of the first day's addresses—morning, afternoon and evening—was the infallibility of the Word of God, and the impeccable, indisputable Deity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

At the morning session, Rev. Dr. Harris Gregg of Winnipeg struck the clarion note of the Infallibility of the Word. All the chief events of the Old Testament, he averred, point onward to Christ. They were not mere incidents in the history of an ancient people, but a constant and recurrent series of signs, types and prophecies concerning Him who should come. Christ is the Theme of the Scriptures, the Perfect Example of the Perfect Standard, and the Viewpoint of the Word of God. "All other books," said Dr. Gregg, "are the books of the dead. This—the Record of Christ Jesus the Lord—is the Book of Life. Christ says the Word cannot be broken. If a man say it can, then the debate is not between us who believe it cannot, but between that man and Jesus Christ."

At the afternoon session, the speakers were Rev. John McInnis, of Syracuse, Secretary of the Montrose Bible Conference, and Dr. Mark Matthews of Seattle. The former contended that the prophets of old spoke from God and for God. They did not originate their message, but carried along by the

Holy Spirit, spoke God's mind and God's message. Dr. Matthews entered an eloquent plea for the acceptance of the assurance of Christ's Second Coming based on the evidence of prophetic fulfilment concerning His first Advent. The famous Western preacher was in fine form, earnest, emphatic, epigrammatic. Here is one of the things he said, something well worth pondering: "Where a church is true to the Infallible Word, souls are always being added to it. But wherever and whenever men have preached from an emasculated Bible, and proclaimed a mere social service Gospel, there is death in the pews and cobwebs in the house of God."

The evening session was addressed by Dr. William B. Riley of Minneapolis, president of the Northwest Bible School, and Dean William L. Pettingill of the Philadelphia School of the Bible. Dr. Riley spoke on the Church of God, the Christ of God, and the Kingdom of God, showing that to be the order of history and in conformation with God's plan for mankind. Dean Pettingill's able address was devoted to proclaiming that Christ came into the world to set forth the truthfulness of God, to fulfil the promises made to the fathers and that the Gentiles might glorify His Name and mercies. So, the opening day of this notable Conference came to a close, with everybody feeling assuredly that Christ indeed is Lord, and that the Word of our God standeth sure.

The Second Day's Meetings

THE absence of Dr. Charles I. Scofield, prevented by illness from attending the Conference, caused a widespread feeling of regret. A letter of condolence, prepared and read at the Tuesday afternoon session by Mr. Charles G. Trumbull, editor of the Sunday School Times, was forwarded to Dr. Scofield. His place and subjects were allotted to Dr. John M. MacInnis of Syracuse.

Wednesday's program was devoted to the general subject of The Return of Our Lord as related to Present-Day Conditions. Mr. W. H. Ridgway, of Coatesville, presided at the morning session, and the speakers were Dr. J. M. MacInnis and Dean James M. Gray of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. Nearly two thousand people were present at the early hour of ten o'clock. This fine attendance, coupled with a total aggregate of nearly seven thousand for the three sessions on Tuesday, furnishes some idea of the magnitude and importance of this great gathering. Let no man doubt that the hearts of men and women are everywhere being extraordinarily stirred, and made to ponder on the deep things of God.

Mr. Charles M. Alexander (who conducted the musical end of the Conference) said, as the vast audience rose to sing one of his choruses—"I don't know of anything that would jam this great building full of people on a sizzling, hot day like this, except something relating to Jesus Christ."

Dr. J. M. MacInnis and Dean Gray both gave excellent addresses—the former dealing with the question of "Where Is Christ Now, and What Is He Doing?" the latter with "God's Purpose in This Dispensation." Dr. MacInnis dwelt on Christ's mediatorial work before the face of the Father, while Dr. Gray, in his usual concise and convincing fashion, showed how God's purpose in these days was to raise up a Church that He would one day call out from the world to be His Bride.

The afternoon session was presided over by Mr. Robert B. Haines, Secretary of the American Branch of the Scripture Gift Mission. The speakers were Rev. A. E. Thompson and Dean Gray. Mr. Thompson was pastor of the American Church in Jerusalem at the beginning of the Great War, but being a Canadian, was forced by the Turks to relinquish his charge. He spoke on "The Capture of Jerusalem," and delivered an exceedingly interesting address.

"The Germans may yet enter Paris," Mr. Thompson said, "though we should all weep to see them. The Huns may again sack Rome. The flag of the Allies may yet float over Berlin. Yet none of these things would be anything more than mere incidents in the unfolding panorama of the ages, and none of us could put a finger on a passage of Biblical prophecy which their occurrence fulfilled. But when the British flag was planted on the Tower of David, we realized that this was something that was spoken of by the prophets of old. The red crescent of the tyrannous Turk is gone forever from the minarets of the Holy City, and this"—waving a Union Jack—"floats in its place."

One of the real dramatic moments of the Conference was reached at this point, as an entire audience of three thousand rose en masse to greet the flag of their British ally.

DR. GRAY addressed the Conference on "The Regathering of Israel in Unbelief," and gave a masterly résumé of what, in his reading of unfulfilled prophecy, there yet remained to be accomplished ere the ultimate destiny of the Chosen People should be encompassed. "The Jew is the one nation for Palestine," Dr. Gray declared, "and he will go back in multiplied numbers, albeit in unbelief. There shall come upon him, and upon his nation, a period of dire calamity, followed by complete restoration and replenishment by God."

The Chairman of the evening session was Dr. Howard Kelly, the famous surgeon of Baltimore. The Academy was packed to its limit when he rose to take charge of the meeting. And how those people sang! After they had finished the "Glory Song," Mr. Charles Huston said that "never in his life had he heard such a glorious volume of praise." I am quite sure I never have, and it has been my privilege to hear very many wonderful audiences sing Gospel songs. Charles Alexander can make almost anybody sing, provided they possess a note at all. But he had little or no trouble with this crowd. They just sang, and sang, and sang, in glorious waves of happy harmony!

Rev. Dr. Cortland Myers, pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston, whose subject was "War on German Theology," delivered a whirlwind address. All his oratorical and critical big guns were trained on the object of his attack. Barbarism, ruthless warfare, and the utter disregard for even conventional civilization, which have marked the Teutonic military methods of the past three and a half years, he declared to be the inevitable harvest of rationalism and the particular brand of theology which has come to be known as "German."

"It is a moot question," he said, "whether the great war which is now burdening and devastating the world would ever have been commenced, had it not been for German theology. Its dire effects have not only influenced and swayed the land of its inception, but have corrupted the thinking of the very countries which are now engaged in deadly struggle with the forces of the Kaiser. Had the churches of Great Britain and America but tackled and stemmed the insidious flow of German theology fifty years ago, the world would not now be bathed in human blood."

Dr. Myers contended that the pivotal heresy of German theology surged around its denial of the Deity, the Eternal Sonship of Jesus Christ. This denial, he said, he had fought, was fighting, and would fight, even though the very vessel on which he fought went down under him. Christ was the world's only Redeemer—tho Supreme Authority in Christian doctrine and belief. There was no Christianity, no power, no spiritual life, no hope, no victory, without an acknowledgment and acceptance of the Deity of Jesus Christ. He paid the Conference a great and significant compliment when he said: "I have had the honor and privilege of preaching the Gospel of the Son of God to thirteen millions of people; but this is the finest audience I ever saw at a religious convention in the whole of my life."

YET somehow, I could not help thinking that Dr. Myers protested too much. Rationalism—German Theology—call it what you will—is heinous enough, in all conscience—a thing to be guarded against, to be fought to the very death. Yet its effect is, I firmy believe, apt to be grossly exaggerated. Believers by the tens of thousands will have none of it, and reject it with justifiable scorn. No theory is less true than the theory that the great fundamentals are, one after the other, being destroyed—sacrificed to the modern mind. It is half-pathetic and half-humorous to listen to those who declare they have no alternative but to "guard the deposit" and who view themselves in the light of a small, forlorn and decreasing company who are making their last glorious but desperate stand around the central citadel of the faith. There is absolutely no question today of dying in the last ditch for the few relics of a once glorious faith left to us. Never in the sweep of the ages has the acknowledgment of Christ as Lord and King grown so marvelously as in recent days. In these heart-searching times, Christian men and women are crowding in with new experiences, new glimpses and revelations of the Divine Father's workings, new hints and suggestions, new dreams and visions of the unseen; and these, combined with the entrenched, ascertained truths of revelation, are composing and constituting the most glorious and august system of belief which the spiritual nature of mankind has ever been able to reach out after and understand. "Therefore every scribe that hath been made a disciple to the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a man that is an householder who bringeth forth out of his treasury things new and old."

Dr. Myers' indictment of the iconoclastic theologians is fully justified, but I, for one, do not think we have need to be afraid. For such contingencies, those who hold to the glorious truth of Christ as Saviour, Redeemer and Coming King are, or ought to be, well prepared. Yet faith, to survive, must live by its daring, by its sublimity, by its immensity. Faith must justify itself by its eagle heart. It must grow in quality and force. Then shall its possessor possess his soul in confidence, and win fresh loyalties for the new, divine unfoldings and interpretations of that deathless message which was, once for all, delivered unto the saints.

For definite application to the subject alloted him, Rev. P. W. Philpot of Hamilton, Ontario, proved himself one of the really effective speakers of the Conference. There has been quite a little tendency among the platform addresses to wander, and some overlapping. The Canadian pastor, however, stuck manfully and praiseworthily to his text on each occasion he has delivered addresses. At the evening session of Wednesday his was the closing speech, the subject being "Coming Events Cast Their Shadows." Mr. Philpot reviewed the Jewish, economic, political, moral and spiritual signs of the times. He is a premillenarian but by no means a "fixed-day-and-date" man. Those who in days gone by had professed to know the definite hour of Christ's Coming, together with those who in our own time were claiming similar prescience, Mr. Philpot denounced as having made the doctrine of the Lord's Return both difficult and unpopular. Yet it was a significant fact that in larger numbers than at any previous time, the members of Christ's Church were turning to a study of latter-day prophecy, and to an acceptance of a belief in a large fulfilment of it in the world-convulsing events of the present day.

Pastor Philpot was very human. He spoke with point and feeling, and, without playing for it, won the sympathy of his great audience quite easily.

"I have three hundred and eighty members of my church in France and Flanders," he said. "Some of them are sleeping under the poppies; the others are in the battle-lines. I have four sons fighting in the Canadian Contingent, two of whom have been wounded three times, and a daughter nursing sick and wounded soldiers and sailors in a hospital at Lagos. And it is my belief in this blessed hope of Christ's Appearing, that keeps my head up and my heart from breaking. I claim the right to read the prophetic Scriptures in the light of current events, and from the process I gather great spiritual succor and solace in an hour of sore trial, anxiety and pain."

So ended a memorable day's gatherings. The attending crowds were wonderful. An overflow meeting was held in a nearby church in the evening, when Dean Pettingill spoke to more than a thousand people. This Conference is not being held in a corner, and the echoes of its doings are going to be heard after many days.

The Closing Sessions

THE closing sessions of this notable Conference furnished remarkable evidence of the unabated interest manifested in the subject which had brought it together. Fully eight thousand people were present at the three meetings. The specific phase which found discussion was "The Return of Our Lord in the Program of Prophecy."

President Wilson's Proclamation for a day of Humiliation and Prayer was read at the morning and evening sessions. Dr. Harris G. Gregg and Pastor Philpot were the morning speakers. Dean Pettingill (taking the place of Dr. Scofield) and Rev. B. B. Sutcliffe spoke in the afternoon, while Rev. Herbert Mackenzie and Rev. Dr. William B. Riley delivered the closing addresses of the Conference. All these men did admirably, exhibiting an excellent mastery of the various subjects allotted them, and, in the main, a quite praiseworthy tolerance and entire freedom from rabid, exaggerated statement and wild, unsupported conjecture. Indeed, the whole Conference proved to be a sane, sober, reverent and even conservative inquiry into the validity and authority of the great theme which had brought it together.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, ex-Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, in addition to addressing a noonday meeting in the Garrick Theatre, presided at the afternoon session. He described the Conference as one of the most significant events in modern Church history.

"Whatever success I have had as an evangelist," he said, "I trace to my definite acceptance of the great doctrine of the premillennial return of Jesus Christ."

Dr. Chapman led the Conference in a truly wonderful season of inaudible prayer. For nearly ten minutes, one could have almost heard a pin drop, as the vast assembly, at Dr. Chapman's behest, prayed "for the President, the Government, our Allies, and the mothers, fathers, sweethearts and wives whose hearts are sore and bleeding; for our soldiers, sailors, men of the air, and for our enemies."

The following resolution was read at the closing session of the Conference, and carried unanimously:

A Call for a World Conference

THIS Bible Conference on the return of our Lord, held at Philadelphia, this May 28th, 29th and 30th, 1918, adopts the following statement of belief.

"*First:* We believe that tho Bible is the inerrant, one and final Word of God; and, therefore, is our only authority.

"*Second:* We believe in the Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ; that He is very God; and in His substitutionary death, as an atonement for sin; in His bodily resurrection and ascension; and the certainty of His second appearance 'without sin unto salvation.'

"*Third:* We believe that our Lord's prophetic Word is at this moment finding remarkable fulfilment; and that it does indicate the nearness of the close of this age, and of the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"*Fourth:* We believe that the completed Church will be translated to be forever with the Lord.

"*Fifth:* We believe that there will be a gathering of Israel to her land in unbelief, and she will be afterward converted by the appearance of Christ on her behalf.

"*Sixth:* We believe that all human schemes of reconstruction must be subsidiary to the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, because all nations will be subject to His rule.

"*Seventh:* We believe that under the reign of Christ there will be a further great effusion of the Holy Spirit upon all flesh.

"*Eighth:* We believe that the truths embodied in this statement are of the utmost importance in

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The Farthest North School in the World

By ROY A. ALDEN

AS the menacing icebergs that clogged the narrow bay leading into Point Barrow melted under the piercing rays of the May sun, the gray nose of a taut government boat chugged cautiously into this northernmost tip of Alaska. On the shore stood groups of natives, mixed with a few whites. Leaning against the railing on the port-bow, fur-clad and smiling, stood the "Big Chief of the White Race."

When the ship was landed the "Big Chief" jumped hastily ashore. The natives swarmed around to greet him as if he were a long-lost relative.

William T. Lopp, chief of the Alaska division of the United States Bureau of Education, who has done more than any other person to civilize the native, had arrived on one of his visits to one of the eighty-four native villages in Alaska where he has established government schools.

Eskimo children at Point Barrow learning the English alphabet

For twenty-seven years Lopp has sown the seeds of American civilization, education and mode of living among the 25,000 Aleuts, Eskimos and Indians of the Far North. His success is measured, not alone by the great educational system he has built across the vast expanses of Alaska, but by his exceptional popularity among the natives.

THE title Lopp bears in the North was affectionately bestowed upon him by the natives, with thousands of whom he is personally acquainted. First eyed with suspicion and scorn, Lopp has won the entire native population of Alaska to his side; and his course, first blocked with many obstacles thrown in his way by the native, is now virtually cleared.

Lopp maintains his headquarters in Seattle, Wash., and twice each year makes a swing around his Alaskan circuit. He reaches his destination in the best way possible. Sometimes he goes on a launch, tossing in the fierce current of a turbulent stream that cuts through the wild waves of an open bay; or by reindeer caravan or dog-team, winding his way through the snow-steeped trails, as the bitter northern winds lash his face.

An indomitable love for Alaska, and a determination to make the rays of American civilization and education shine in every igloo, hut or home in the native villages of the great northern territory, is responsible for his success. Outside of Alaska the wonderful results he has achieved are little known or appreciated, but in the Far North he is heralded as a big man who has accomplished big things. The white folks know him as an "empire-builder." The natives hail him as the "Big White Chief."

Mr. Lopp has 125 teachers, nurses and doctors under his direct supervision. Each teacher is a social worker who strives to promote the physical, moral and industrial welfare of the natives, besides her work in the classroom. It has always been the policy of Mr. Lopp to impart to the children such instruction as will enable them to live comfortably and to deal intelligently with those with whom they come in contact. Carpentry, cooking and sewing are emphasized in the school studies.

EVERY schoolhouse in Alaska is a social center for the accomplishment of practical ends. Most of the school buildings contain a recitation room, an industrial room, a kitchen, quarters for the teacher, a laundry and baths for the use of the native community. The schoolroom is always available for public meetings for discussion of affairs of the village.

The Alaska educational system is of an enormous extent. If the map of Alaska were superimposed upon the map of the United States, the public schools for natives would fall in twenty-one different states. There are five district superintendents. One of the districts contains fully 100,000 square miles. The villages, ranging in population from thirty to 400, are scattered along thousands of miles of coast line and on the great rivers.

SOME of the villages on remote islands or frozen ocean are brought into touch with the outside world only once or twice a year when these emissaries of the government arrive. In eight months of the year all of the villages in Alaska, with the exception of those on the southern coast, are reached only over the snow-crusted trails or frozen rivers. No place is too isolated for Lopp or members of his staff to visit. Surmounting obstacles is part of their work.

The vagabondish native of Alaska has passed. Under the watchful eye of the government agents of education his mind has been trained, his barbarous traits have been downed, and he is now living a life of usefulness.

Strangling the Periodicals

CONGRESS at its last session passed a hasty postal law increasing the postage on periodicals from FIFTY TO NINE HUNDRED PER CENT THROUGH A POSTAL "ZONE" LAW. *The postal "zone" system was abolished by Abraham Lincoln in 1863 on the recommendation of Postmaster General Blair and has since also been condemned by U. S. Postal Commissions.*

UNDER the postal zone law some periodicals will be killed—all will be crippled. There will be fewer readers, and the habit of reading curtailed. The great functions of periodicals is to assist in the spread of ideas—by printing the achievements in the world of thought, culture, and science.

Thus to shut out farm journals—as these zone rates will—will lessen the productive power of our country by millions of dollars through loss of better methods. Shut off trade journals and you decrease the manufacturing power by more millions. Shut off the religious papers and there are shut off channels that have raised millions of dollars for distressed humanity. Shut off the great periodicals of the home and there is throttled an avenue that has given expert instruction to hundreds of thousands of mothers and saved their babies to health and citizenship.

These national periodicals are printed in the big cities—and the first zone, the cheapest zone, is in or near those cities; there are many educational opportunities near cities, and the cities will read anyway. Small towns and distant districts depend to a large extent upon periodicals; thus this law increasing periodical postage where it is most needed shuts off opportunity where needed. It penalizes periodical readers.

Congressman Claude Kitchin of North Carolina, who fathered it and compelled its adoption, refusing hearings on the measure—it had been twice defeated by the Senate—stated in his speech in Congress that it was **not** a War Revenue amendment **but permanent postal legislation.**

Canadian magazine readers, even to the Arctic Circle, can receive American magazines at four cents a pound postage. Every American reader—if they live west of Missouri—**must pay almost twice as much postage, or from 4½ to 8 cents postage per pound for the same magazines!** This is what the postal "zone" law means—discrimination against American citizens of all Western States. Do you live West of Missouri—of Minnestoa, Iowa, Arkansas or Louisiana? Then this postal "zone" law discriminates against you and in favor of every Canadian reader to the shores of the Pacific and North to the Arctic Circle!

Will you help!—Sign NOW.

It is not a War Tax. It is postal legislation, pure and simple.

Repeal this law. Repeal this FIFTY TO NINE HUNDRED PER CENT periodical postage increase with its unfair, iniquitous and disastrous "zone" system. Sign the petition below and mail it. Put a cross mark in the square—save the periodicals and the work which they have done and are doing for national education and patriotism.

PETITION TO CONGRESS—Sign Here!

The spread of education, of culture, of scientific knowledge and advancement, and of our vast internal merchandising and manufacturing has been, and always is, vitally dependent upon the freest and cheapest circulation of periodicals. The penalties resulting from any restriction on the freest possible circulation of periodicals will be destructive of the best interests of our economic life and the opportunities of developing our best citizenship.

The postal amendment passed by the last Congress increasing the postage on periodicals from FIFTY TO NINE HUNDRED PER CENT with its postal "zone" system will throttle or destroy our periodicals at a time when the widest and most extensive circulation of publications is essential to the patriotism, education, and upbuilding of our country.

Therefore, I, the undersigned, do most earnestly demand the repeal of this burdensome periodical postage amendment.

Name.....

City or County.....

Street Address.....

State.....

Periodicals means much in your life. If you will help by a few arguments with your acquaintances and an occasional letter to your Congressman in a spare moment, put a cross mark here.

☞ *Will you help in securing the repeal of this iniquitous law?* ☐

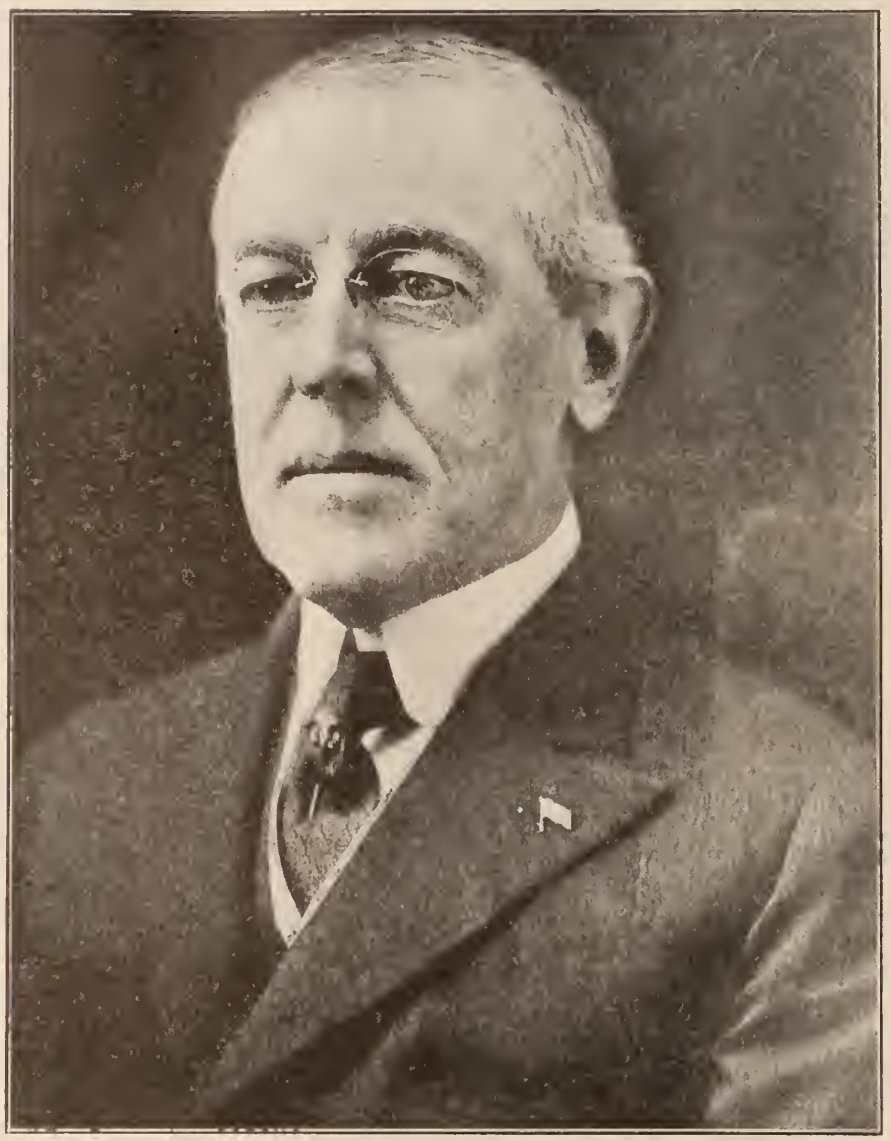
CUT OUT, MAIL TO CHARLES JOHNSON POST
Room 1417, 200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

President Wilson Asks for New Revenue Bill

ALL question as to whether or not Congress would pass a Revenue Bill to put the Treasury in shape to meet all requirement ended when, on May 27, President Wilson appeared somewhat unexpectedly before a joint session of the Senate and the House, and urged enactment at the present session of Congress of legislation to raise additional War Revenue. The President spoke for fifteen minutes, and when he finished, there was no doubt that Congress would extend the present session long enough to pass a well balanced and efficient Revenue measure, even though the campaign for re-elections went by the board.

President Wilson began by recognizing the long, severe, and valuable work of the present Congress, and by admitting also the difficulty of legislative work in summer. "But," he said, "we dare not go to the elections until we have done our duty to the full. These are days when duty stands stark and naked, and even with one's eyes closed, we know it is there. Excuses are unavailing. We have either done our duty or we have not. The facts are tonic and suffice to freshen the labor." The facts he said to be these: that additional revenues were manifestly necessary, and that it would be an unsound policy to raise too large a proportion of the New Revenue by loans; that the $4,000,000,000 to be provided by the present Revenue laws would not suffice to meet the enlarged budget which the government faced, and that it would be unfair to wait until the end of the year to pass laws taxing incomes and profits which are being earned during the year. The President said: "We cannot get increased taxes unless the country knows what they are to be, and practices the necessary economy to make them available. Early definiteness as to what these taxes are to be is absolutely necessary for the successful administration of the treasury." The President also declared that the present tax laws were marred by inequities which ought to be remedied. He also called attention to the fact that enormous loans, freely spent, produced inflations and extravagances, which made the whole economic structure questionable and insecure, a condition that could only be corrected by fair and equitably distributed taxation. He suggested the natural source of new revenue to be increased taxes on incomes, war profits and luxuries, but, he declared, it would be manifestly unfair to wait until the early months of 1919 to tax the incomes and war profits of 1918. He also called the attention of Congress to the fact that the taxes levied would not come into the Treasury until next June, and that in the meantime the Treasury must use short-time certificates to be taken up by the tax money when it became available, and in the fall a much larger sale of long-time bonds than any yet attempted must be offered to the country. He declared that it was necessary for the bankers who took Treasury certificates, to know where the money was coming from to pay them. He said, "the consideration that dominates every other now, and makes every other seem trivial and negligible, is the winning of the war. We are not only in the midst of the war, but we are at the very peak and crisis of it. Hundreds of thousands of our men, carrying our hearts with them and our fortunes, are in the field, and ships are crowding faster and faster to the ports of France and England with regiment after regiment, thousand after thousand, to join them until the enemy shall be beaten, and brought to a reckoning with mankind. There can be no pause or intermission. The volume of our might must steadily and rapidly be augmented until there can be no question of resisting; but if that is to be accomplished money must sustain it to the utmost. That," the President said, "is the situation which creates the duty. There is only one way to meet that duty. We must meet it without selfishness or fear of consequence. Politics is adjourned! The elections will go to those who think least of it; to those who go to the constituencies without explanation or excuses, with a plain record of duty faithfully and disinterestedly performed."

The President declared that there was abundant material on hand to defeat attempts of lobbyists to turn taxes to their protection or advantage. He declared also: "The profiteering that cannot be got at by the restraints of conscience and love of country can be got at by taxation." He declared his confidence that the members of the national legislature would begrudge the work to be done at Washington no more than the men begrudged theirs who lay in the trenches and sallied forth to death. He declared that the American people knew that the war must be paid for and were willing to bear the burden of the taxes, and that there need be no fear in levying taxes, so long as they were levied justly and the burden justly distributed. He said, "The great days have come when the only thing that they (the people) ask for or admire is duty, greatly and adequately done." And he closed: "Shall we grow weary when they bid us act?"



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The Commander-in-Chief

WHILE many members of Congress had felt that it was unwise because of possible partisanship to attempt a revenue bill before the elections, and others had felt that a bill could be prepared by the Ways and Means Committee, and be made ready for prompt action, either at a special session to be called following the elections in November or in December, immediately on the convening of the regular session, Congressmen and Senators of both parties responded to the President's message by preparing cheerfully to spend the summer, or as much of it as might be necessary, in passing the great Revenue Bill, which all agree is now inevitable. The tax on war profits may go as high as 80 per cent. The French tax on luxuries has been a marked success, and it is expected that the French experience will be made use of in framing the new bill. Representative Claude Kitchin, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, said he would call his committee in session in a week or ten days.

It was also announced that the Committee would begin hearings at once, so that all persons or organizations or trades interested in or affected by the new taxes could be properly heard.

A Week in the World's News

WAGES AND RATES UP. Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, as Director General of Railroads, on May 26, issued a general order putting into effect the recommendations to the Railway Wage Commission with amendments, which brought the total of additional wages to be paid to railroad employees to something in the neighborhood of $340,000,000. The order established the 8-hour day for railroad employees, and provided that negro employees should receive the same pay as white employees for the same work, and that women should receive the same pay as men for the same work. In order to meet this increase in expense and other increases in operating costs, Director McAdoo, on May 27, issued an order increasing freight and passenger rates; freight rates by 25 per cent., and passenger rates to 3 cents per mile. These increases were estimated as capable of producing additional revenue of $860,000,000. Sleeping-car and parlor-car rates were to be heavily increased. Mileage books and excursion tickets were to be abolished, with few exceptions. The commuting rates were to be increased 10 per cent. The new passenger rates were to be made effective June 10, and the new freight rates June 25. The action was taken by Mr. McAdoo after a review of the facts by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and it was announced that inequalities would be taken up later and considered. In addition to the increase in wages, the railways this year will pay $160,000,000 more for coal and fuel oil than four years ago. The Director-General declared that the United States had taken over the railroads as a war emergency measure, and they must be operated efficiently if the war was to be carried to a successful conclusion, and operated under the high costs which war conditions have created.

MEMORIAL AND SUPPLICATION. For the first time since its institution as a memorial, the boys in blue and gray on Decoration Day this year looked backward and forward to battle, backward to the battle which made the Union secure and which made every race and color equal before the law, and forward to the battles still to be in which liberty must triumph. Following the lead of the President, the nation, on May 30, met in its places of worship in humiliation of soul and in prayer for victory and the blessings of a just peace. The President attended the Central Presbyterian Church of Washington, and went in the afternoon to memorial exercises at Arlington National Cemetery. Everywhere the faltering but still sturdy steps of the veterans of the 60's were covered by the steady tramp of the boys in khaki, who were soon to fight the nation's battles on the fields of France. In France members of the expeditionary forces were up early placing flowers and the Stars and Stripes upon the graves of those who had already given their lives that men everywhere may be free. In England and Ireland, Memorial Day was observed wherever there were American troops or American dead.

RED CROSS $150,000,000 AND OVER. On May 28th the figures of the Second Red Cross Fund showed the total subscribed as $148,333,367, with subscriptions still being reported, there being every evidence that the final total would exceed $150,000,000.

GEN. WOOD KEPT FROM FRANCE. On the eve of sailing with the 89th Division of the National Army for France, Major Gen. Leonard Wood of the American Army was detached from his command and ordered to the command of the Western Military Department with headquarters in San Francisco. Gen. Wood immediately protested to Secretary Baker, and on May 28, by special appointment, held a conference with the President. No explanation of the action of the War Department was forthcoming, although it was suggested that Gen. Wood might not be in favor with Gen. Pershing, whom he outranks in the regular service, but under

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The Empty Garden

CAN a garden, bursting with blossoms, crowded full of growing plants, be, after all, empty? Maybe you think not, maybe you think it can. Whatever you think, you will find the answer in next week's story by Ethelwyn Humphrey.

Frank Carpenter has heard the noise of many waters. He has heard the purr of whirling dynamos and the crack of the electric arc. Next week he will take us from the Zambesi to Niagara,

Next week, also, if the censor will release it, we will tell you more about the Red Cross expedition to Palestine with which the Christian Herald family is so closely allied through Major Theodore Waters, Secretary of the Christian Herald.

Also more pictures in Rotogravure, more Adventures in Neighboring, a message from a Pastor's heart to all the Good Soldiers of Christ and all the regular departments that serve you each week, with no other reward than the opportunity for service.

And the next week will come the rallying call to all the good friends of the Children's Home where childhood finds its recompense.

Germans Attack and Reach the Marne

SINCE April 29, when the Germans suffered their costly defeat south of Ypres, the world has been waiting to see where and when the great offensive, of which so much had been promised, would begin again. Military experts were divided. Some held that the Germans were committed to the attack on Amiens, of which the fighting in Flanders was merely a corollary; others held that the best strategy would be an attack at some other point of the line, while the British and French reserves were massed between Amiens and the sea. There seemed to be reasonable agreement that the next attack would be either along the Aisne, west of Rheims, where success would outflank the Allies on the line between Noyon and Montdidier, and make possible the widening of the salient pointing toward Amiens, at the same time threatening Paris from a new directon; or that a drive would be made in the Champagne country east of Rheims, where success would outflank the Verdun salient, and perhaps bring a second battle on the Marne.

On Sunday, May 26, the Germans began a heavy shelling of the British line, especially south of Albert and east and southeast of Amiens, although some attention was paid to the front northeast of Bethune. There was also a reasonable increase in raiding activity on both sides.

On Monday, May 27, after four weeks in which there were no major actions, the Germans suddenly delivered a terrific blow of massed forces on the French and British lines from Vauxaillon, north of Soissons to Brimont, north of Rheims, covering a front along the Ailette of some twenty-five to thirty miles running westward from Rheims to the Forest of St. Gobain, where nestled those monster guns which have been bombarding Paris, and which after an interval of two or three weeks of silence began again on May 27 to harass the French capital. Along this front, after an intense artillery fire, described as scarcely less violent than that of March 21 (which initiated the beginning of the great offensive), a bombardment marked by quantities of gas shells, the Germans again sent forward their dense waves of infantry, wave after wave supported by tanks against the waiting French and British. The force used was upwards of twenty-five divisions or from 250,000 to 325,000 men. While there has been no evidence that Gen. Foch had anticipated an attack at just this point, an attack was expected somewhere, and every sector was on the alert. In spite of the superiority in the air held by the Allies, the concentration of the German troops against the front attacked had not been reported officially although great German concentrations had been spotted at various centers back of the Somme front. It was apparent that the Germans had again to some degree succeeded in executing a surprise by suddenly deflecting their troops in the reserve depots from the Somme to the Aisne, an easy maneuver with the railways and highways at their command.

THROUGHOUT May 27 the British and French, the British three divisions at the eastern end of the line of attacks centering on Berry-au-Bac, and the French with four heroic divisions, fought desperately to stem the advance of the enemy. At the end of the day the British troops outnumbered, more than three to one had retired to their battle positions on the sector to the right, and to their second line on the left, while the French holding the lines to the west of the British were forced to give some four miles of ground, permitting the Germans to reach the Aisne at Pont Arcy, fourteen miles east of Soissons, and ten miles west of Berry-au-Bac. Later in the day Gen. Haig reported that the Germans had crossed the Aisne and that the British had withdrawn their lines to conform to the new French front. North of Soissons, and west of Pont Arcy, French troops appeared to be holding their own against the German attack, although the German bulletins claimed capture of the entire Chemin des Dames.

On May 28, the British and French were reported to be falling back slowly, in conformity with orders of Gen. Foch, making the Germans pay a terrific price for their gains, and on the western end of the line it was said that the arrival of reserves had put an end to the withdrawal.

Some months ago there were American troops in training with the French along the Chemin des Dames, but neither the reports of the 27th nor those of the 28th of May made any mention of American forces in action on this front.

As a part of the activities of the day the Germans also attacked along a 6-mile front in Flanders, between Locre and Voormezeele. Here they gained slightly south of Dickebusch Lake, on a frout of about 800 yards. British and French counter-attacks restored the positions and the net results of two days' fighting was another costly check.

AMERICAN troops in the sector west of Montdidier in Picardy were also attacked on May 27, after a violent artillery preparation. The enemy penetrated the advanced positions at two points and was driven out by counter-attacks. The Americans did not let Fritz take any comfort from his attack and penetration of their lines, west of Montdidier, but, taking the offensive themselves, on May 28, on a front of a mile and a quarter, they swept into and around and through the village of Cantigny, takiug 200 prisoners and inflicting heavy casualties on the enemy at slight loss to themselves. The fighting lasted about forty-five minutes, and ended in a clean job which delighted our British and French Allies, who admired the hard hitting precision of the American attack. Several German counter-attacks were completely repulsed. Elsewhere along the line in the Woevre and in Lorraine, raids were repulsed and the artillery exchanges increased in intensity.

The Germans also, on May 27, attacked the Belgians in the sector between Ypres and the coast. The Belgians more than held their own in the engagements.

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"Yanks," they call them that now, resting on the way to the front

In order to make the day's story complete, the Italians took the offensive west of Trent, capturing the summit of Monte Zigolon, the town of Presna, Monticello Pass and a mountain spur east of the pass, taking beside the geography some 800 prisoners, twelve cannon and 25 machine-guns. The Italians, on May 28, struck again at the Austrians at Capo-sile, on the lower Piave front, penetrating to a depth of more than 750 yards, taking over 450 prisoners, four trench motors, ten machine-guns and much other military material, and maintaining the positions against all counter-attacks.

THE fighting of May 28 on the Aisne gave the Germans a total penetration of nearly ten miles south from Craonne, their storm troops driving forward across the Aisne at Pont Arcy and over the intervening heights to Fismes on the Vesle, a stream which parallels the Aisne for a number of miles and joins it west of Vailly. The British, however, held their ground at Berry-au-Bac and the French held north of Soissons.

Late on the 28th, or early on the 29th, the British retired from Berry-au-Bac to within about four miles of Rheims and the French retired to the environs of Soissons where they held firmly On the 29th, the French and Britisi and some American reserves were coming into action, and the German advance appeared to have been slowed down almost to a halt. The Germans, on May 28, claimed the capture of 15,000 prisoners.

THE desperate battle on the Aisne front continued throughout May 29 and 30, the French and British troops retiring in good order, fighting delaying actions, and making the progress won by the Germans cost them as much as possible of their precious man-power. On the 29th the German pressure was shifted from the center toward the two wings. The center gained some three miles southward from Fismes, while the wings advanced some six or seven miles, the British and French withdrawing to the positions, protecting Rheims on the northwest and to the western outskirts of Soissons, which the Germans held after an all-day fight in the streets. Soissons had been under artillery fire from the beginning of the drive, and had been evacuated of its civilian population and its hospital patients before the approach of the German armies.

On the 30th the Germans were unable to advance further on the flanks. They brought pressure to bear in the center and forced their way southward to Fere-en-Tardenois and Vezilly. By noon of the 31st they had approached to within two miles of the Marne, and there was some indication that Foch's reserves were being made ready to stop the German progress at this river, which gave its name to the first historic battle of the war.

The German report, on May 30, claimed the capture of 35,000 prisoners, large quantities of military material, ammunition depots, railway trains, hospitals, medical equipment, and a complete airdrome.

The German air service, which had been strangely missing from the Picardy and Flanders fronts, appeared in full force to guide the advance across the Aisne. The British and French airmen promptly accepted the challenge and the French report, on May 30, chronicled the destruction of 19 German machines, 2 balloons, and the damaging of 23 enemy airplanes. The French and British bombing squadrons were also busy on the old battle-field dropping explosives on bridges, crossings and concentration points.

The American troops which took Cantigny, maintained their positions intact against a series of energetic counter-attacks the last supported by tanks. The latest report is that there were 242 Germans taken prisoners. The American attack was made in cooperation with a fleet of 12 French tanks, which found little to do because of the accurate work of the American artillery. The Germans, on May 29 and 30, conducted several raids against the American positions in the neighborhood of Luneville and northwest of Toul. The American artillery, on May 30, scored a direct hit on a big ammunition dump east of St. Mihiel, the dump blowing up with a terrific explosion. On May 31 American raidiug troops in the Woevre destroyed a German position.

A Gernan attempt, on May 30, to raid Paris from the air was completely repulsed. The long-range gun shelled Paris again on May 30, killing and wounding 14 people.

On May 31 the Germans again attacked on both wiugs of the Aisne front On their right they drove forward across the Ailette and along the Oise, between Vauxaillon and Noyon. The French fell

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OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

The President on War Taxes

PRESIDENT WILSON argues soundly and convincingly when he says that since we are at the "very peak and crisis of the war" we must have more war revennes and that Congress cannot in fairness wait until the end of the fiscal year to apprise the people of the taxes they must pay on their earnings of the calendar year whose accounttings and expenditures will then be closed.

Opposition to present consideration of the new revenne measure has been confessedly based on fear of the political effect of the new tax burdens. Members seeking reelection would prefer to face their constituents before rather than after the record has been made. This is short-sighted.

President Wilson reads the hearts and minds of the people more accurately. The people know that war is expensive. They know that if we spare money now we shall only have to spend all the more later. They will blame no Representative who votes for an intelligent, just measure of taxation adequate to the Nation's extraordinary need.

In the virile phrase of the President, "politics is adjourned."

Whether a candidate for Congress be Republican or Democrat is of little consequence now so long as he is a good enough American to perform his duty.

Dull of comprehension is he who hesitates to vote for reasonable taxes that are needed for the winning of the war because of doubt that the people will support him.

The American people are all right in this matter and can be depended on to rebuke and repudiate not the Congressman who does his full duty in voting just taxes but the one who fails to do so.

There is no better practical politics than true patriotism.

The Shining Virtue of Generosity

COMPARATIVELY few, even among the kindest and most helpful, estimate at its full value the worth of a generous heart. There are some who regard the generous person as an easy mark for covetons schemers, and others see in him a half-brother to the spendthrift. Those who so judge have not learned to distingnish between the generosity which scatters wealth for amnsement or for vanity or sheer love of notoriety, and the sort that gives with gladness yet unostentatiously though not without discrimination and always with a worthy object in view. Of the many millions of Americans who within the last few weeks have given so splendidly to the great causes for which this nation stands, the public will probably never know the names of more than a few hundred. They were not self-seeking, nor playing for the world's applause. They know too that a virtue practiced in the limelight, loses half its value; if not all.

Hear what the wise king in Scriptnre says of the generous-hearted:

"*There is that scattereth and increaseth yet more; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth only to want. The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.*"

These words from the eleventh chapter of Proverbs are worth remembering. It shows that generosity is in the highest sense a good investment, yet only where it is practiced without expectation of return, while the niggardly soul which clutches its wealth tighter at every call, finds it dwindling in his grasp.

Mr. Kitchin's Sad Lament

CONGRESSMAN KITCHIN from North Carolina, chief sponsor for the "zone" postage iniquity, bitterly laments in a long speech the fact that President Wilson and Secretary McAdoo want his pet measure wiped out of the statutes.

Mr. Kitchin pretends to see "a hidden, unseen influence, way back somewhere," acting upon the President and Secretary of the Treasury and turning them against his measure.

In this Congressman Kitchin overlooks two very important facts. The first is that Woodrow Wilson even before he became President declared himself vigorously against any periodical postage increase, giving good reasons and adding: "Surely sober second thought will prevent any such mischievous blunder." The second fact overlooked by Mr. Kitchin is that it is the sober second thought of the nation which is now producing the "hidden, unseen influence" he decries.

It is well known that the desks of members of Congress from many of the states are loaded down with letters from their constituents protesting against the sectionalizing zone postage system. Congressman Kitchin, since he represents a section of a state in which only a fraction over four per cent. of the people read periodicals, may escape this popular appeal and not appreciate its meaning and force.

It was this same Congressman Kitchin who announced that the present revenue law was full of inequalities but he would vote for it with his "eyes shut." Shut eyes seem to be characteristic of Mr. Kitchin still. The President's clearly expressed disapproval and the inrolling tide of public protest against the "zone" iniquity find Kitchin in the same state of voluntary blindness.

Perils of the Tongue

IT is said of Rev. William Arthur, of England, the author of the celebrated book, "The Tongue of Fire," that he was able to pray in half a dozen languages, to preach in half a hundred more, and that he was able to hold his tongue in all langnages. Is not this a remarkable Christian achievement? The apostle James writes: "The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity, it is set on fire of hell; behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." He who by divine aid succeeds in controlling this unruly, untamable member, wins a victory worthy of emulation.

An old wife said to her husband, as he was driving the team to market, "My dear, why can't we live together as peaceably and harmoniously as these two old horses?" He replied: "I will tell you why; they have only one tongue between them." Families that have a tongue apiece among them, and sometimes all on fire, are liable to kindle a great conflagration, which often spreads over many countries of the world, while it takes other peoples years of struggle to make mankind safe from such burnings.

Speak evil of no man, is a commandment hard to obey, but if the heart be pure, the words will not offend, for out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh. Yet we see statesmen maligning each other in a way that shames their dignity and impairs their influence. It is said that a certain statesman lost the presidency because he gave another eminent American a tongue castigation which was never forgotten. It was a high price to pay for the privilege of unbridled freedom of utterance for a few minutes. How many pay big money for failing to hold the tongue at the right time and place!

World-Wide Advance in Prices

PRACTICALLY the whole world has participated in the advance in prices which has accompanied the war. From the peaceful banana plantations of Central America, the rice fields of the Orient, the sheep ranges of Australia, the silkworm establishments of Japan, the sugar plantations of Cuba, the tin mines of the Malayan Peninsula, the olive fields of Spain, the swine ranges of China and the bean plantations of South America and Manchuria, the advance in prices has been general, and in nearly all important articles of commerce.

In a few articles, very few, there is no advance, and in some an actual decline. Coffee, coming to us from forty different countries and colonies of the world, chiefly from Latin America and the Orient, showed an average market price in February, 1914, of 11.2 cents per pound, and in February, 1918, an average price of but 8.1 cents per pound. Cocoa, coming from a score of countries and colonies, averaged in February, 1914, 11.7 cents per pound, and in February, 1918, 10.8 cents per pound. Even India rubber, in which the world output has more than kept pace with the greatly increased world demand, shows a slight decline, the average market price having been in February, 1914, 52.2 cents per pound, and in February, 1918, 47.8 cents per pound.

A compilation shows that the prices of the merchandise being exported from all parts of the world have increased in most cases from 50 to 100 per cent. above those prevailing before the war, and are materially higher than those of one year ago.

Training in Thrift

MYRON T. HERRICK makes the impressive statement that, despite competition by the government, the drain of subscriptions to war loans and the enormously increased cost of living, the deposits in the savings banks have grown. Said Mr. Herrick:

"We are a wasteful people, but we have nevertheless had enough money stored up to oversubscribe every recent government bond issue, besides buying hugely of thrift stamps and contributing millions to Red Cross and other charities. At the same time, contrary to popular impression, deposits in our savings banks have been on the increase, so that today these combined deposits represent $10,000,000 more than the entire amount of actual money in the United States. As regards life insurance and the owning of houses, too, the American people are unsurpassed."

While this qualifying situation is no excuse for past extravagance, it is a good augury for the future. But we still waste too much.

"Home Mending"

PERHAPS there may be something worth working out in the "home-mending" plan suggested by a Chicago minister, who finds that we have an abundance of homes, asylums and societies devoted to the care of persons variously in need, "but we have no association whose duty it is to conserve the most sacred of all institutions—the family."

If a husband and wife, for instance, disagree and are in danger of separation, one of the "home-menders" may call, talk things over with an outsider's dispassion, and perhaps save the household from disruption.

In theory, this is fine. But in practice it would require tactfulness that is rarely to be found. It would have to be clearly recognized in the first place that husband and wife reserve the right to fall out, if they see fit, as one of their most precious privileges. People marry "for weal or woe," and if they want the woe it is in the contract and is their right.

The outsider who interferes might as well realize this important fact at the start. He will have to realize it before the end. It would be better for him and all concerned that he should take some good sense in with him at the door than bring experience out with him through a window.

If the right envoys can be found, and if they succeed even once in a while in their tranquilizing mission, the result will more than recompense their being many times told to mind their own business.

It can certainly be no worse to talk over matrimonial jars with a friendly arbitrator, in the privacy of a home, than to air them in a divorce court.

Progress of Municipal Ownership

BOSTON has led the way in furnishing to other municipalities a practical application of the principle of municipal ownership. In behalf of the people, the Massachusetts municipality has taken possession of the elevated railroad system. Seven cities and three towns in the suburbs which are served by the system, will share in the change. Times are changing rapidly when such a transformation, which only a few years ago was regarded as a remote possibility, can take place in a day. It is by no means improbable that progressive civic spirit may at no distant date find a way to the municipalization in our cities of markets, lighting and water supply, as well as transportation. The national government is even now considering the acquisition of the telegraph and telephone systems and may go even further. These are days of progress and each successive step indicates the decline of the old system of owning and controlling public utilities for private profit. Meanwhile, Boston leads: which city will be the next?

Railroad Rate Increases

THOUGH the increases of 25 per cent. in freight rates and to three cents a mile for passengers must add to the burdens Americans are carrying, the additional weight will be taken on cheerfully so long as the country is assured that results will be forthcoming to aid in the efficient conduct of the war.

For the rest, the public should find food for no little thought and encouragement in Secretary McAdoo's point as to the vital distinction which makes these increases "fundamentally different from any rate increases ever proposed or allowed when the railroads were under private control."

This distinction is that there is no way in which the present increases will inure to private profit. If they turn out to be more than are needed to meet the grave public exigency, they will be promptly readjusted so as to prevent any unnecessary burden upon the public; but pending such readjustment, the excess, if any, will be for the benefit of the people of the United States as a whole and not for the benefit of private railroad owners.

Government control of railroads during war may teach more than one lesson as to how railroads can be managed so as to lay fewer unnecessary burdens upon the public in times of peace. If so, such lessons will be worth many millions of dollars of present cost.

A Church Festival in the Caucasus

By MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

Received through American Diplomatic Mail. Passed by Russian Censor

A FEW miles south of the snow-ridge of the Caucasus, next door to Europe, but actually in Asia, there is a wretched little village whose fame should be world-wide. Beneath its terraced homes two rivers unite; the clear, cold Aragwa, hastening from its birthplace in the eternal snows of the Caucasus to the hot depression of the Caspian, and the Kura, sullied and dirty, swinging in from the west to make its way across the barren Transcaucasian steppe, between the mountains of Daghestan and the Armenian highlands. The Kura, reinforced by the Arax, is the only stream with enough vitality to make its way across that desolate waste of barren land; yet where it meets the Aragwa, it is the meaner river of the two.

Mtzkhet is the name of this peninsula-town. Only a Russian, with ample whiskers, can really pronounce the word. Mtzkhet reminds one of a six-pound colored baby being called George-Washington-Abraham-Lincoln-Woodrow-Wilson Jackson. There is really nothing in the peaceful and dirty little village to compare with the militant aggressiveness of its name.

Mtzkhet has claims to antiquity that make the oldest New England town appear as a mere baby; for its citizens assert that it was founded by one of Noah's sons, who strolled over from Mount Ararat one day and chose this site because of its excellent drainage. The town looks old, to say the least. Damascus has a verdant freshness about it that is as deceptive as grease paint, but Mtzkhet stands out from green fields and pastures new, like a weathered, sharp-bowed fishing smack in an emerald sea.

ON a high rock cliff opposite Mtzkhet, the kings of Georgia erected their first castle, but it was in Mtzkhet itself that Georgia was born. The Georgians admit their descent from the Accadians and Sumerians, which gives them a place among the "first families," but there is nothing in the appearance or character of a Georgian to indicate his descent. Militant in appearance, handsome of countenance, haughty of manner, a hater of toil and a lover of wine, pleasure and song, the Georgian peasant is as much a prince as the great unwashed Bedouin in his desert tent. It takes something to make a ragged peasant look like a king, and the Georgians have it. Part of them are mountaineers—the most picturesque brigands that ever carried an arsenal at their belts. The rest are agriculturists. The Georgian treats his wife and daughters well, and Georgian women never act as servants. There is so much strength in the Georgian face that the women lose their greatest charm by the time they reach full maturity.

ABOUT 347 A. D., St. Nina established a Christian church in Mtzkhet, which was for many years a center of Christian culture. The Georgians assert that they were Christians before the Armenians, but the princely but spendthrift Georgians and the oppressed but thrifty Armenians have been much mixed throughout their history. Today there are persons who call themselves Georgians and who speak Georgian but who attend the Armenian church, while Armenians, speaking their own language, are often found in Georgian churches. Throughout history, there has never been any real trouble between these two races except under Russian rule, when rich and influential Armenians, the Georgians claimed, stood too close to officialdom and oppression. Since the fall of autocracy in Russia, this cause of misunderstanding no longer exists and the proud Georgian capital of Tiflis is practically owned by Armenians today.

The Russian Armenians and the Georgians are disposed to unite in national aspirations; but the Turkish Armenians look with disfavor at the re-establishment of the ancient boundaries of Georgia, and hope to set up their own government, stretching from Erivan to Alexandretta, straddling the important Bagdad Railway and interposing themselves between Turkish-speaking Asia Minor and Arabic-speaking Syria.

For about a hundred years the Georgian people have been without a Catholicos, an exarch from the Russian Church having served in the meantime. We visited Mtzkhet on a historic day and witnessed the investiture of a new Catholicos by the Georgian Church—an event which marks entire religious autonomy in a country which is too proud to admit that they ever lost it. Meanwhile, in Moscow, a solemn Sobor is planning closer union among the many varied sects into which Russian worshipers are so fond of dividing. Every train coming into Mtzkhet was packed almost to suffocation. On the roofs were crowds of young men. The station enclosure was a scene of vivacity and brightness. But it was not until the procession from the tiny station to the massive church was formed that order appeared. At the head of the line was a fine blue banner, inscribed with Georgian characters in silver, above which there was a silver disc bearing the picture of some great saint. The banner-bearer was dressed in soft black boots, a dark brown tcherkeshka, with its narrow waist and flowing skirts, sword, dagger and cartridge-cases of oxidized silver, with an automatic pistol in its new russet case at his hip and a small Georgian skull-cap on his head. He was flanked by two swordsmen in wine-colored plush doublets edged in soft fur, scarlet trousers, soft white leather boots with gold tassels and anklets of soft white leather, trimmed with narrow stripes of red. Behind came a group of thirty or more singers, wearing the small Georgian cap, which seems to be kept in place by the personal magnetism of its wearer. Their doublets were wine-colored and edged with gold braid, but their silk trousers were bright blue. Beside them walked a handsome young man, who sang the leads in a clear tenor, and who was dressed in the tcherkeshka and the lambskin papach, which can add to the height of the short or the jauntiness of the gay. With the men singers, were several lovely young women, wearing their hair in Marguerite braids. Over close-fitting bodices of figured silk in soft tints of gray and blue, they wore flowing velvet cloaks of delicate blue material, edged in fur. Their skirts, of queenly length, were paneled in the same soft-tinted material as composed their bodices, and their soft boots were hidden except for the shapely toes. Beside the procession walked Tiflis women dressed in the styles of the Place de l'Opéra or Fifth Avenue, but the maids outshone them all.

The procession at Mtzkhet which celebrated the investiture of the Catholicos

BEHIND this group of singers, along the dusty road to the wretched little village, purred a huge motor-car, bearing dignity and repose in the persons of the noble Catholicos and three companion prelates. Forming a daisy chain about this center of attraction were twoscore or more lovely Georgian girls. Most of them were dressed in simple white, against which their raven hair and rosy cheeks showed in lively contrast, but there were a few in tailored suits and small but attractive hats copied from the latest Paris fashion sheet.

Then came the Khevsurs, burly descendants of some Frankish Crusaders, who forgot the Holy Grail in the midst of Georgian loveliness. Their coats of chain-mail gave back no glint of the brilliant sun, and their stocky faces, almost hidden in chain helmets, lacked the classic beauty of the Georgians. Their straight swords were two-edged, and each carried a shield as large as a dinner plate, decorated in repoussé designs. Their wiry but small horses sniffed at the fumes from the motor car.

Fancy dress gave way to the usual garb in the band of mountaineers, with natty tcherkeshkas and reversed carbines, who followed. They were a fitting part of the scene of tiny river and autumn-tinted hills, and had all the dash and majesty of true bandoleros. They sat their horses like knights. The end of the procession was formed of priests on horseback and laymen in autos. Behind streamed the crowds of city folk from the Golovinski Prospekt.

AS the party approached the crumbling crenellated walls that surround the towering church, the visitors halted to let the officials pass. Men in Panama hats, frock coats and button shoes stood behind rosy-cheeked schoolgirls in simple sailor dresses. Veiled beauties stood side by side with peasant women whose faces had a nobility which needed no purple veil to enhance its appeal. The broad space before the ancient church was parked with big motor-cars.

Inside the massive church, erected on the spot where the unseamed vesture of the Christ was found (after having been brought thither from Golgotha by a Jew as the tradition tells), there lie buried many of the kings of the proud but ill-fated Georgian line, the last of whom, George XIII, ceded his territory to Russia in 1801 and died that year, broken-hearted. Sixteen centuries have passed since the first Christian church was built on that site. Mtzkhet is ancient, but it is only a way station on the great highway of history.

The interior decorations of the church are simple in the extreme. The Russians systematically destroyed the old frescoes. There are many dim old paintings on canvas dating from the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries, but there is no such ornate display as distinguishes the Russian churches. The simple ikonostas of carved and gilded wood, to the left of which lies the body of George XIII, is plain and unpretentious.

UNDER the great conical dome, the new Catholicos was invested with impressive ceremonies. The fine-looking old man, his white head bowed a little below the massive gold mitre with its round crown, wore a priceless old vestment of fawn-colored figured silk. Huge priests in golden robes and with flowing manes aided in the service. Around this central group of ecclesiastics stood several Georgian princes in tcherkeshkas. The whole scene was one of militant and medieval ecclesiasticism.

Like many another auspicious religious occasion, the religious character of the affair was almost lost in the mass of other features. Easter Day in Jerusalem has a religious significance to the worshipers, but to many curiosity-seekers it is simply a show. So it was at Mtzkhet.

Real gaiety and spontaneous enjoyment prevailed. To be sure, there were sellers of quinces and grapes, roasted chickens and chestnuts, peaches and apples, but they were incidental to the real event. Joy overflowed in the great courtyard. On one side of the courtyard were the Gruzinian Regiment of handsome young men in cerise caps and epaulettes, yellow dress cords, blue trousers and black boots, polished at the top, but dusty from the long walk over the country road. They gave no sign of being starved. Black bread in huge hunks, filling rather than delicate, red caviar and red wine, bologna, mutton on spits, smoked sturgeon from Astrakhan, pickles and brown paper napkins filled the table. We were hailed by one group of young men and urged to partake of their merry hospitality. We had risen at five and eaten nothing since, and what we lacked in language we made up for in appetite. With two thumbs together in the way that an Oriental signifies man and wife, the young men spoke of the union between America and Russia. Much as the Georgians desire autonomy, their discipline remains as it was before the revolution, and they share with the Cossacks the reputation of being Russia's finest fighting men. The worst penalty for a young Georgian soldier, however, is to transfer him to a Russian regiment.

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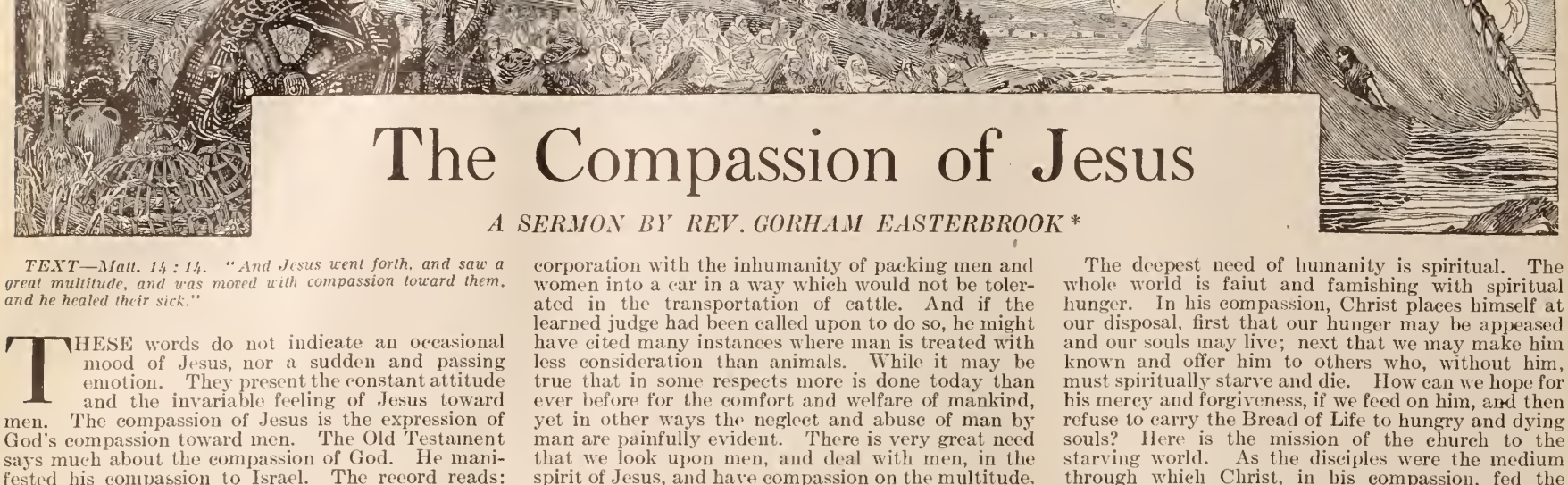

The Compassion of Jesus

*A SERMON BY REV. GORHAM EASTERBROOK**

TEXT—Matt. 14 : 14. "And Jesus went forth, and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion toward them, and he healed their sick."

THESE words do not indicate an occasional mood of Jesus, nor a sudden and passing emotion. They present the constant attitude and the invariable feeling of Jesus toward men. The compassion of Jesus is the expression of God's compassion toward men. The Old Testament says much about the compassion of God. He manifested his compassion to Israel. The record reads: "Their heart was not right with him, neither were they steadfast in his covenant. But he, full of compassion, forgave their iniquity and destroyed them not; yea, many a time turned he his anger away, and did not stir up all his wrath. For he remembered that they were but flesh." Over and over again the record declares God to be full of compassion, gracious and long-suffering, and pleuteous in mercy. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. He remembereth our frame; he considereth that we are dust." But it remained for Jesus to bring in his own person the greatest proof and the highest expression of God's compassion. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."

That great prophecy which Jesus, at the beginning of his public life and ministry, claimed for himself, he wondrously fulfilled: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, for he has anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he has sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

THE ministry of Jesus was one of compassion. "I have compassion ou the multitude." This was his habitual attitude, his invariable feeling. The expression indicates that the whole being of Jesus was profoundly moved as he regarded the multitude. His heart was full of intenso yearning. The scene is an oft-repeated one in his life. Now, it is a weary, hungry, fainting multitude that calls forth the expression and exercise of his compassion. Again, the sick are the object of his compassion expressed in healiug mercy and power. Now, his compassion opens the eyes of the blind. Now, he cleanses the lepers, indicating thus his compassion for sin-defiled men. Now, he casts out evil spirits, thus showing his compassion for those who are enthralled by evil. Now, he stands at the grave with the sorrowiug and weeps with them, calls an only brother back to mourning sisters, or raises and restores an only son to his widowed mother, thus showing his compassion for all who mourn the loss of dear ones.

Thus everywhere and always Jesus stands before us as full of compassion. And he has in no respect changed. His attitude and feeling are the same as when he was on earth. "I will send you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever." In the Divine Comforter, the Holy Spirit, the compassionate Christ is still in the world, and ministers his compassion to men. He is still touched with all the feelings of human infirmities.

CHRIST has compassion for men as human beings. His compassionate treatment of man emphasized man's superiority and worth. Recall that occasion when Jesus had healed a man on the Sabbath. At this, because of their formal and heartless religion, which exalted forms and rules above men, the Jewish rulers murmured. But Jesus reasoned: "If a man have a sheep fall into a pit on the Sabbath, what man will not rescue him? Of how much more value is a man than a sheep?" Significant question, and one that needs emphasizing today. In this materialistic age there is great danger that man may be regarded as of no greater value than an animal. In the intense struggle of life, or the inordinate desire for riches, the fierce competition which these create in business method and spirit, in the complicated and often strained relations between men and nations; in the customs and demands of society; in the attempt of some men to make profit out of the weaknesses and vices of others; in the willingness of some to prosper by the adversity of others; in many ways, there is seen to be tremendous significance in Christ's question: "Of how much greater value is a man than a sheep?"

Some ways of looking at man and of treating him give man little advantage over the animal. It was only recently that a noted Judge charged a railroad corporation with the inhumanity of packing men and women into a car in a way which would not be tolerated in the transportation of cattle. And if the learned judge had been called upon to do so, he might have cited many instances where man is treated with less consideration than animals. While it may be true that in some respects more is done today than ever before for the comfort and welfare of mankind, yet in other ways the neglect and abuse of man by man are painfully evident. There is very great need that we look upon men, and deal with men, in the spirit of Jesus, and have compassion on the multitude.

CHRIST has compassion on men because of the needs of their nature. In his human kinship with man, Christ knew the physical experiences of man. He knew by his own experience hunger, thirst, weariness, pain and sorrow. Therefore, when he looked upon the multitude that had been all day without food, and knew that they must journey far before they could procure food, and that many of them would suffer and perhaps perish, his heart was "moved in compassion for them," and, though hungry and weary himself, he would neither eat nor rest until he had ministered to the fainting people. With less compassion and little faith, his disciples had said: "This is a desert place, and the time is now past; send the multitude away, that they may go into the villages and buy themselves food." But he replies: "They need not go away." How evideut that infinite love, infinite power, infinite supply were there in the person of Jesus. Surely they need not go away. And he who would not work a miracle for himself, who refused when hungry, and tempted, to exercise his divine power to provide himself with bread, now in compassion for suffering men, exercises his divine power to feed the huugry people.

What an example of unselfishness! What a lesson of thoughtful compassiou! How is power multiplied and glorified by love! How often we refuse or neglect to help the needy, giving as an excuse, that we have nothing, or only enough for ourselves! The real trouble is that we have not love. We may have good wishes and sentiments, but these do not supply real needs. In our lack of love and our selfishness, we have such an exaggerated idea of our own necessities, that while we have far more than we need, yet we seem to ourselves to have but little, and our selfish reply to the appeal of human want is: Let them go and provide for themselves. How little of the compassion of Christ is seen iu many who bear his name!

WHAT does Christ say of such a selfish proposal? By his bounty and his love he says: "They need not go away. Give ye unto them." How? Bring what you have. Give what you can. I will use it and multiply it, so that the needy shall be supplied, and you yourself receive a blessing. What if we refuse? Remember that day and sceue and the Saviour's words of condemnation: "Depart from me; for I was hungry and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger aud ye took me not in: naked and ye clothed me not: sick and in prison and ye visited me not." But when, Lord? "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me." We need not indulge any large expectation of heaven hereafter, unless wo do what we can to make human life a little more heavenly here and now.

BUT we miss the deepest significance of Christ's compassion, if we see in his feeding of the multitude only a desire to relieve their physical need. It was always of the spiritual needs of man that Christ most thought even while he ministered to their bodily needs. Beneath the physical craving of the people he saw the spiritual hunger. Withiu the fainting body he saw the weary soul. Hence, while he fed the body, he proclaimed and offered himself to the famishing soul as the Bread of Life, come down from heaven. As he broke the bread and gave to men for their bodies, so he gives himself to the souls of men as spiritual food for spiritual hunger and spiritual life, with the assurance that whosoever partakes of him shall never hunger and never die.

It is a sad fact of human experience that with all the supply at hand, and the oversupply of many, multitudes should suffer for the necessities of life. But while physical needs are real and should be supplied, the deepest needs of man are spiritual, and the saddest sight of human life is the moral degradation and spiritual poverty in which thousands of our fellow creatures are suffering and dying, while Christ in his love and bounty is saying to those who bear his name, "Give ye them to eat."

The deepest need of humanity is spiritual. The whole world is faiut and famishing with spiritual hunger. In his compassion, Christ places himself at our disposal, first that our hunger may be appeased and our souls may live; next that we may make him known and offer him to others who, without him, must spiritually starve and die. How can we hope for his mercy and forgiveness, if we feed on him, and then refuse to carry the Bread of Life to hungry and dying souls? Here is the mission of the church to the starving world. As the disciples were the medium through which Christ, in his compassion, fed the people, so Christians today are to be the bearers and distributors of Christ himself, the Bread of Life, to the famishiug and dying souls of men and women. His command is not to send them away, but through him and with him, to feel them and restore them.

JESUS has compassion on the multitude because of their ignorance. Mark, in his account of this scene, says the Lord had compassiou on them and taught them many things. We have no difficulty in determiuing what he taught them. His teaching was not at all like that of their religious teachers—discussions about the law, traditions of men, questions of custom, form and ceremony, things which could not instruct, interest, or help them in their hour of need. His teaching was the glad tidings of the Gospel. Graciously and assuringly, he spoke to them of God in terms so simple that they could easily understand. Loviugly he told them of Salvation and instructed them in the things of the Kingdom. To the careworn and weary he brought new strength aud comfort saying: "Be not anxious, but trust in God, who knows what things you need." To the heavily burdened he offered rest; to the sorrowing he offered peace; to the sinful he spoke of pardon. Thus he dissipated the ignorance which was the cause of their spiritual blindness and distress. As the Light of Life to them he revealed the great truths of God, and illumined the way so that they might no longer walk in darkness.

WE live in au age which boasts much of its knowledge and wisdom. It is called an age of enlightenment. Education is popular and accessible. Schools, colleges, universities, libraries, and many institutions of learning abound. And all this is very well in itself, for certain purposes of life. But there is another side to all this. Much wisdom of a material sort there may be; but at the same time aud iu the same persons who have much material knowledge, there may be and often is an appalling iguorance of God and spiritual things—the things that bring peace and joy and salvation to the soul. This ignorance is so great, and is the cause of so much sin and distress, that he who looks upon the multitude with the spirit of Jesus must feel as Jesus felt—compassion for them and a desire to seek their instruction. Knowledge cannot save the soul. Science cannot remove sin. Philosophy cannot bring us into fellowship with God. Science cannot show men how to get to heaven. How pitiable the condition and need of those who are wise in many things, yet not wise unto salvation! This is the condition and need of vast multitudes in the world today. The compassion of Jesus constrains us to teach these multitudes the things which he taught, that they may not perish in their ignorance.

JESUS has compassion on the multitude because of their lack of right leadership. He said of old: "I have compassion on the people because they are scattered abroad as sheep without a shepherd." Is it not so today? Is not this the prevailing condition of humanity? What an age is this of religions misnamed and misleading, of organizations and associations, of false leaders, each and all professing to seek the welfare of man, but whose secret purpose, like that of the false shepherd, is to fleece the sheep. Therefore does Christ offer himself as the true Shepherd, knowing his sheep and known of them, calling them by name, leading them in green pastures and by still waters, restoring them when fainting and protecting them from all harm. Let it be our task to bring wandering and weary souls under the shepherding care of Him who ministers both to soul and body, and who lays his healing hand in love and compassion upon the diseased and suffering.

May Jesus fill our hearts with like compassion. The least we can do is to minister to the physical needs of men and alleviate their bodily sufferings; but if our ministry stops there, it will stop just short of what men most need.

Sinner, Christ himself calls you. Arise, come to him, and he in compassion will forgive and heal you.

*Pastor, Baptist Church, Fall River, Mass.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Largeness of Heart

SUNDAY, June 16. I Kings 4 : 29. "*God gave Solomon largeness of heart.*" Largeness of heart is the great primary gift in which all other moral and spiritual gifts become possible. Littleness of heart makes all big things impossible. The little heart has no capacity for noble entertainment. Only petty things can get in. Indeed, meanness is an imperative condition of entrance. A large heart is precious, first of all, just because of its roominess. It has marvelous powers of expansion. It always has room for something more.

Think of some of the big things that dwell with easy naturalness in the large heart. There is a roomy communion with God. The prayers have a rich and inclusive fulness. The spiritual expectations are of a wealthy order. The praises go forth like well-laden argosies carrying exports from a rich and bountiful land. The joys are big, quiet satisfactions, and not small merriments that empty themselves in an hour. And, with all these, the large heart has a roomy receptiveness. When God comes to it he finds abundant room wherein to bestow his goods. In such lives the good Lord always finds room in the inn. And while the large heart sustains a roomy fellowship with God it also cultivates a roomy fellowship with man. It is magnanimous in all its judgments. Its sympathies are like brimming springs, and they flow freely on every side. It is given to hospitality. It has the twin graces of the open house and the open hand.

Now here is a strange discovery of experience. A large heart cannot entertain a small thought or a mean mood. Littleness cannot breathe in an atmosphere of largeness. A large mind is immune from small invasions. And therefore our first and finest security against the petty enemies which carry such a deadly poison is to grow a bigger soul.

"No man, by being anxious, can add a cubit unto his stature." But in the realm of the spirit we can, by reasonable thought and consecration, put ourselves into such relationship to the Lord that we can surely obtain spiritual enlargement. The enlargement may not come to us solely through the ministry of supplication. It may come by our supplications cooperating with God in the control of apparently unfriendly circumstances. Our present lot may seem very unfavorable to spiritual growth, and yet the very antagonism may be the appointed minister of our enlargement. "In my distress thou hast enlarged me!" That is the divine paradox. We are shut up in straits, and we come out bigger men! Perhaps we entered our imprisonment as pilgrims who were only endowed with feet; we came out as birds of God, equipped with wings! But however the enlargement may come to us, and whatever be the manner of our circumstances, our growth is absolutely sure if we reverently relate ourselves to our God in faith and prayer, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord.

J. H. J.

"The Day of Jesus Christ"

MONDAY, June 17. Phil. 1 : 6. "*He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.*" What day is this to which these words refer? The day of Christ's second coming? Doubtless. The day we have been taught to look toward with longing, but not to set a date for. That will be the day of our Saviour's crowning, the day of his vindication. But there is another day of Jesus Christ, the day of his coming to us at the end of our lives, "when the shadows lengthen, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done." That day will mark the completion of his work in us, begun that first eventful day when he spoke peace to our souls, and repeated daily since. What a new view this gives us of death! Death is the coming to us of our Uttermost Friend. It is this view which changes our whole attitude to advancing years, to increasing feebleness, to old age, and to the day from which we naturally shrink with deep dislike if not with terror. This view gives us to see in death our Lord's black slave, sent to disrobe us of our flesh, and to prepare us for the audience chamber of the King. What if he shall disrobe us of these bodies? We shall not be unclothed, for all the while we have been "clothed upon with immortality."

Then there is still another day which belongs peculiarly to Jesus Christ. It is the Day of Resurrection. Then shall we know the deep meaning of those mystic words, "the redemption of the body." Then shall be brought to pass the saying, "Death is swallowed up in victory." Not long ago a distinguished military critic said, speaking of our enemies in the present war, "They are defeated already, but they do not know it yet." This is true of death. Death still has power, but long ago our Commander limited that power, and even now death is captive to the King of kings and Lord of lords. But there is yet to come a day of Jesus Christ which shall dawn without a cloud, the day for which all other days were made. There is a line in a comparatively unknown stanza of Julia Ward Howe's Battle Hymn which reads:

> And the earth shall be his footstool, and the soul of time his slave.

We have spoken of death as the slave of Christ. The poet speaks of time as another of the servants of our King. The fact is, all days belong to him who was and is and is to come.

C. C. A.

Advantages of Adversity

TUESDAY, June 18. Ps. 31 : 2. "*Be thou my strong rock, for an house of defence to save me.*" Elsewhere David prays God to be "his strong habitation, whereunto he may continually resort." During days of persecution which a righteous person must suffer, a feeling of great loneliness, of utter forsakenness, comes over him. He finds himself outlawed by men. The world has done with him; it wants no more of him. His enemies have long ago shut him out from their dwellings. His friends shun him and make him feel that his company is not desired. He is become a homeless wretch. Not that he has been actually driven out of his habitation and become an exile from his home-land; but the hostile attitude of his fellow men has deprived him of the enjoyment of his home. He wishes that he might be given wings of a dove, to fly away and be at rest.

Distresses of this kind can have only one effect on believers: they urge them to seek a closer contact with God. As men move away from them, they move up to God, and a sense of safety steals into their weary heart at the thought that God is round about them like a walled city, against which the enemies may storm and rage, but which they will never scale or break through. In peaceful times a fortress is not considered a desirable place to live in: but in times of war it seems a most desirable place. God must at times send us great hardships, to reveal to us the insecurity of our position in a world that hates him, and to lead us to a more lively appreciation of his mighty protection.

Days of ease beget security, and security has a soporific effect on the spirit of faith and devotion. Prayers become listless and lukewarm performances at such times. To disturb this fatal sense of ease and safety God often sends adversity. Trouble has a rousing effect; it is the rallying call to the new man in us, to put on the strength of the Lord. The best prayers that the heart has offered to God have been wrung from it in days of distress.

W. H. T. D.

False Gods

WEDNESDAY, June 19. Ex. 20 : 3. "*Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*" All mankind dwells either on the low plains of materialism or on the higher plateau of the spiritual. The one living and true God is worshiped and obeyed by all who live the ideal spiritual life. The multitude which has no higher aim than ease and success in this present time creates gods of its own liking. God in Christ with his Ten Commandments is too exacting for many in business life and amid the lustful pleasures and propensities of the natural man.

One builds a little toy god out of culture. He looks like a king on the chessboard of the game of life. Another, out of fashion, makes a pretty queen god. Millions follow in her train, but soon she vanishes like a rainbow. Then there are knights of chivalry, fighting for their own castles, human gods, who fall like Dagon at the first touch of the finger of death. There are a multitude of little Billikin pawns, of social custom and selfish service, second-hand gods, made of left-over materials, from the scrap-heaps of blurred brains, black hearts and visionary conceptions.

Every family in heathen or civilized countries which rejects the God of the universe has gods of its own manufacture, as a substitute for the Infinite. Oh that men would serve and worship the Creator rather than the creature! Then they would rise evermore "nearer, my God, to thee," instead of following a forlorn hope into the den of Giant Despair, where passions revel and hate burns.

E. W. C.

"Unspotted from the World"

THURSDAY, June 20. James 1 : 27. "*Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.*" The divine origin of Christianity is well authenticated by its demand upon us for purity of heart. It is the only thing that does demand it. Society does not; fashion does not; learned societies do not. The world looks on the outward appearance, but God sees beneath the surface, beneath the beauty which is only skin-deep, beneath the silken veil, the ermine robe. God knocks at the door of every chamber of reflection and desire, inquiring, "Is thy heart right?"

If people were only half as scrupulous about clean hearts as they are about clean linen! In some respects the world is very like a scullery. He must have thought so who wrote that verse in one of our Psalms: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." There are ways of keeping one's self unspotted from the world. Certain birds are provided with tiny oil-glands in the skin which keep their feathers covered with an invisible oil. Dirt will not stick to them. They have an invisible armor. Certain insects dwell in the mud at the bottom of roadside pools, yet remain as bright as burnished brass. They are provided with suction glands which interpose a stratum of dry air between them and the world about them. Christianity offers us the means by which we may preserve our souls intact. We may keep ourselves unspotted from the world. The right spiritual attitude, the act of surrender daily renewed, the exercise of prayer, or rather of *prayerfulness*, and the atmosphere which attends the presence of the Holy Spirit, are the pledge and guarantee of unspotted purity.

C. C. A.

Remembering the Truth

FRIDAY, June 21. I Cor. 15 : 1, 2. "*I declare unto you the Gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you.*" The preacher who addresses believers has a right to appeal to the knowledge and convictions which his hearers already have received from previous messages delivered to them. The illuminating power of the word of God enters the heart of men to stay, and the believer must use that light whenever he is in doubt and perplexed, as on a dark night he uses a flashlight that he carries with him. The faculty of the mind that is to do the flashing for him is his own memory. When a person becomes a Christian he consecrates also his memory to God. He stores faithfully in his mind all the instruction, admonition, and comfort that he receives at any time from his hearing or reading the Word.

The lessons drawn from the Word have an immediate use the moment they are received, but they are so rich that their full applicableness rarely appears in a single instance. On some future occasion the light which they have once given may be needed again. It may not be exactly the same occasion; there may be a slight difference in the attending circumstances, but the old truth will be found to apply to the new situation. It is therefore of the utmost importance that Christians cultivate a keen and faithful memory for the truths, principles, striking sayings, comforting texts of the Bible. We remember those things most easily with which we have made ourselves very familiar by constant use, and which we like most. If the Bible is our daily companion we shall readily understand even a remote and faint reference to anything it has said.

W. H. T. D.

Joy in the Lord

SATURDAY, June 22. Mark 9 : 5. "*Master, it is good for us to be here; let us make three tabernacles.*" The joy of the Lord is our strength for service, not for selfish happiness. Visions of the glory of God is the need of every soul, that the light divine may be flashed from mountain summits through all the valleys of life. For thirty years afterward, Peter was ever revealing the wonderful Transfiguration scene. No doubt he rejoiced that he was not permitted to build the three tabernacles to keep Christ and the heavenly visitors on the Mount for the spiritual delight of the apostles. Peter soon saw that the Mount Hermon brightness was to shine in service and sacrifice for mankind on Mount Calvary.

The Delectable Mountain range is near the end of life's toilsome journey, from which Bunyan's pilgrim could view with glorious hope the mountains round about the New Jerusalem. It is not tabernacles for spiritual pleasure, erected on the summits of this present time, but mansions of heavenly glory which the soul desires when the home eternal swings into view. On the plains of Paradise we can well exclaim, "It is good to be here," where labor is rest and toil is pleasure beyond the confines of sin, sorrow, struggle and trial.

E. W. C.

British Official Photo © Underwood & Underwood
Tommy isn't as big as his prisoner but he means to see it through

Photo by Central News Service
General Pershing is confident, witness his smile

WITH THE

© International Film Service
Lieut. Leroy Boyle, aerial mailman, lost his way en route from Washington to Philadelphia. In landing he crashed into a fence, which ended the flight

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Prof. Edward de Valera, p
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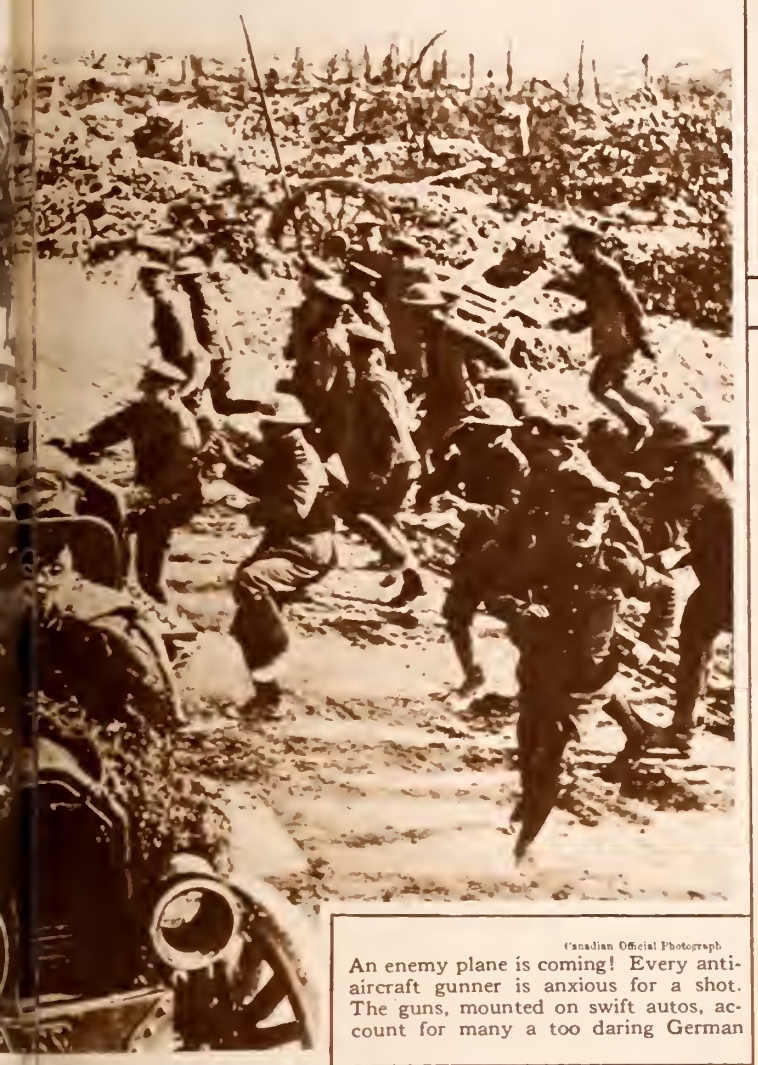
EN IN ACTION



Canadian Official Photograph

An enemy plane is coming! Every anti-aircraft gunner is anxious for a shot. The guns, mounted on swift autos, account for many a too daring German

Photo by Press Illustrating Service

Canadians leaping to the charge

© Kadel & Herbert

Major Raoul Lufbery, American flying ace, credited with eighteen victories over German planes, died fighting a flying tank on May 19

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A military funeral in France. French and American comrades pay tribute to the hero whose body lies beneath the flag he loved

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New York

Indian Summer

By THOMAS GRANT SPRINGER

MOTHER GROGAN sat with toil-gnarled hands folded idly in her broad lap. Her eyes were dim, not so much with the weariness of age as with retrospection; for it was a late afternoon in Indian summer, one of those days when the Old Year seems to lie back and dream of its youth, and its mood had laid soft hands on Mother Grogan. Through the sun-silvered autumn haze of memory she was wandering barefoot toward home over her native peat bogs, the soil of the "owld sod" once more under the springing feet of youth. The dingy walls of the tiny restaurant faded into wide vistas. The hot, stale smell of boiled beef, cabbage and onions, the heavy-odored food from which labor draws its strength seemed blown away by the breath of a clean wind. The rumble of the drays and the whirl of electric cars on the sordid avenue fell dumbly upon ears that were soothed by the murmurous quiet of the open country. Again the maiden Evening, clothed in silver mist with one bright star upon her virgin breast, and crowned as with a diadem by the crescent moon, crept soft-footed from the east across the bog. From the rough, shaggy-thatched stone hut a thin spiral of smoke rose like a sacrificial offering from a rude shrine. And Mother Grogan was Maggie Mooney once more, with the Celtic heartache of beauty like an exquisite pain in her breast, crooning a plaintive "comallye" for the very joy that made her voice break.

THE dusty screen door banged and a man shuffled in. The heavy feet of reality clumsily trampled the delicate fabric of a dream. As if to further shame her folly, her rheumatic joints had stiffened in idleness, so that she rose heavily. The poor have no right to try to cultivate roses on the rubbish heap of their existence; cabbages are more useful and hardy plants. Gray is the color of age, and when Indian summer touches it with gold it is but a mocking alchemy.

Mother Grogan ambled grotesquely to the front table, where the customer sat huddled in a heap, and began wiping off the soiled oilcloth with a rag which by its appearance did not promise much improvement. Her heart had ceased to sing, and she droned out the menu, not in a plaintive "comallye," but with the monotony of habit: "Corn beef an' cabbage, biled beef, steak an' onions."

"Steak," said the early diner in a voice the rich brogue of which was an echo to her revery. Mother Grogan looked at him sharply. He was a stranger to her, that is, if she could consider any man with the brogue of her country a stranger. He was a little man; his skin was wrinkled from exposure like a shriveled apple left too long upon the tree. The creases of his neck were filled with coal dust, and she noticed that he had a whip leaning against his chair.

"Do ye be workin' about here, I dunno?" she asked, careless of service, for the supper rush was still an hour off.

"Not me," he replied. "I'm doin' a bit av haulin' be contract from th' bunkers be the ferry b' th' rayfinery forninst th' corner there. Phwy do ye ask?"

"Fer nothin' at all but me own diversion," she replied, and shuffled off into the kitchen. But there had been a purpose to her question. From his reply she was sure that he was, as she at first suspected, a Kerry man.

KERRY! How Indian summer fell away to the spring of youth at that name! The steaming fat with its burden of onions stung her eyes as she fried the steak, but the tears that flooded them were from the pungent smoke of the peat. She finished the cooking hastily and hurried back. The old man eyed the scorched meat with evident disfavor, but it was lost on Mother Grogan as he raised his face to hers to protest.

"Ye're a Kerry man, be ye not?" she asked, and the wrinkles of his puckered frown ran into a quick smile.

"Sure an' I am that same," he answered, with a proud attempt to square his bent shoulders that would have been humorous to any but Irish eyes.

"I took heed o' that whin I heard yer brogue," said Mother Grogan, taking the seat opposite him. "Sure an' I was sittin' here dramin' o' th' owld place whin ye come in. 'Tis like th' blessed saints knew me mind an' sint some one from there t' talk wid me."

"Faith, mum, 'tis strange enough I dropped in. 'Tis early fer me supper, but 'tis a long ride home, wid th' nag t' see whin I git there, an' 'twas one o' th' byes at th' rayfinery told me I'd be gettin' me money's worth here. Sure an' he was right," he lied, attacking the burnt steak in proof, for far be it from him to disparage anything of a Kerry woman's.

Mother Grogan's red face grew even redder. When age takes on weight and floridness a blush becomes a flush, for the colors of Indian summer are not as fresh as those of spring.

"An' phwat part o' Kerry be ye from?" she asked, almost unnecessarily; for surely only the men of her own district had such a sure knack at compliment.

"Up Traylee way," he answered. "An' you?"

She could hardly trust her voice to speak, so she nodded vigorously, then swallowed the sudden lump that rose in her throat, for he had mentioned her old home.

"An' phwat might yer name be?" she pursued in a trembling voice.

"Terry Murphy."

"Terry!" It was a cry from the heart of youth. He laid down his knife and fork and stared across at her. "Terry, Terry bye, don't ye know me? Sure 'tis Maggie, Maggie Mooney!"

THE russet hand of Indian summer rolled back the curtain of the years. Again they faced each other on the blossom-starred carpet of spring.

"Maggie!" he repeated hoarsely, his voice rasping in a choke that in a boy's would have been a sob.

"Warra, warra!" she crooned, "ah, th' long, long time!"

"Sure 'tis forty years an' more," he said huskily.

For a moment they sat silent, waiting for the keen edge of sudden memory to dull.

"An' so ye came t' America," she said slowly.

"Not till long after," he replied. "After I wint back an' found ye'd took Grogan."

"'Twas a long time ye took in comin'."

"Aye, fer me heart was sore."

"An' mine?" she queried.

"Sure ye took Grogan," he defended himself.

"Wid me father dead an' you gone in foolish anger two years! Phwat was a gurl t' do?"

He sat slowly nodding his head. "I was a fool, mavourneen, an' I paid dear fer me folly. An' Grogan?"

"Gone these tin years, God rest his soul. He was a good man, Terry, an' kind t' me, kinder nor you was, but it could niver be th' same, an' he knew it."

"An' he left ye naither chick ner child?"

"Niver one, though if he had it'd o' been aisier."

TERRY leaned across the table and took the gnarled hands in his rough ones. "Maggie, acushla," he said huskily, "I've naither chick nor child meself, fer there niver was a colleen but you. I've saved a bit o' money, an' th' cart an' horse is mine. They tell me 'tis a fine green country hereabouts, as green as Ireland, but I've niver been much out o' N'Yark. It ain't too late yet, Maggie. Sure th' evenin' is a pleasant time t' sit at the door o' yer cot an' watch th' sun sink in a warm sky."

Even though his voice was cracked, to her it had the love-break of a boy's, the boy who had awakened her virgin heart. It would be sweet to watch the sunset with the man who had showed

her the dawn. Surely the clouds of midday would then drift off into a calm night.

Her one waiter, a rough Irish boy, came in pulling off his coat. She rose quickly with a cackling laugh, but to Terry's ears it was the ripple of silver.

"Sure, lad, an' ye made me forgit th' supper hour."

"I'll bide here till it passes, thin. There's feed enough for th' nag, and I'll buy me a paper an' sit in th' corner," he said as she gathered up the dishes.

IN the steam and smoke of her stuffy kitchen Mother Grogan crooned at her work. The boys came crowding in; rough, dirty fellows from the mills, the factories and the refinery. They joked coarsely, swore loudly, and bawled their orders through the kitchen door to Mother Grogan; but they were her boys; for years she had fed them and grown to love them with all the generous maternity of a childless Irish heart.

Many of them she had seen leave her to go to homes of their own; even now some of their children thronged the sidewalk. Many she had carried over the week of the pay-day drunk. Some she had fed when the prospects of another pay-day seemed hopeless. A few she had seen laid away in humble graves with no one to follow but herself. They were all her boys, and to every one of them she was Mother Grogan.

Old Pete came hobbling in with his crutches. He had come back to her first after his accident. There was Old Louie, his crony, who had sat many a day at her kitchen door before he and Pete had gone into their little business. There was this one, there was that one, each she knew by name and fame and fortune. Terry, his paper lying idly on his knee, listened with pride to the ring of every voice that spoke to her—his Maggie.

A boy came in, shaking the moisture from his cap.

"Do it be rainin' now?" asked Mother Grogan in surprise.

"Sure, you can't trust this Indian summer." And the lad took his seat.

Mother Grogan turned to the kitchen window, against which the fingers of winter's skirmishers, the rain, were tapping. The boy was right; you could not trust Indian summer; its smile too soon melted into tears, its warmth into a chill. The tears rose to her eyes, the chill crept into her heart. Love had come only to mock her with old age.

SHE kept to her kitchen till the last of the boys had gone. As the waiter put on his coat, glancing curiously at Terry lounging in the corner, Mother Grogan came to the kitchen door, wiping her hands on her apron.

"Good night, mother," called the boy, turning up his coat collar and stepping out into the rain.

She looked after him, then crossed slowly to the corner, a new light in her eyes.

"Ye heard what he called me, Terry, ye heard what they all call me? 'Tis somethin' I ought t' been called fer sure long ago. 'Tis too late now, so I must kape phwat I have. 'Twas jest th' glow o' Indian summer fer a little while, but 'tis rainin' now, and th' winter do be here."

He choked and tried to speak.

"Nay, lad," she went on; "we'll kape our little fire o' friendship wid th' twigs memory's gathered fer us, but a home hearth must have th' ashes o' years t' bank its warmth ag'in' th' winter."

And so she sent him out, riding alone into the tearful darkness, and some of the boys, passing, wondered why Mother Grogan's light burnt so late that night.

Young People's Topics for June 23

How to Have a Good Time

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topic. I Thes. 5 : 16-24

GOOD times are necessary to proper development of normal human beings. At certain ages, both boys and girls are happiest when they are noisiest; at certain other ages, only intense activity, races, contests, tests of endurance or of skill will meet their cravings. These desires for action and testing are often perverted so that the individual goes out for that kind of a "good time" which is described as "the night before the morning after." Such a good time usually implies surrender to temptations. The "good time" becomes a physical debauch, in which all that is best in the man is trodden under foot, and the morning after is, therefore, a time of repentance, often of despair. It is not necessary to break any law, moral, physical or political in order to have a good time. The best time is that which observes all these laws. Christianity is a happy faith, and Christians should be the happiest of earth's citizens. Life for the Christian should be one continual good time. There may be occasional clouds in the sky, but faith never fails to see the silver lining. There may be difficulties, but Christian assurance never doubts their overcoming. Christian faith, however, does not take out of young hearts the need for action, the desire for pleasure for itself. A Young People's Society which fulfills its whole mission must, therefore, plan wisely for many good times. Field meets, excursions, picnics, outdoor games, canoe trips, all may be used by a wide-awake Young People's Society as means for the development of deeper Christian grace. It is only necessary to remember the injunction of the Apostle in the quotation given in the text of this topic: "That with rejoicing we are to couple prayer without ceasing, and that we are to prove all things; to hold fast that which is good, and to abstain from all appearance of evil."

Epworth League Topic

Cooperation with the Sunday School. I Cor. 3 : 4-9

THIS topic was treated in last week's Christian Herald on page 714 as the Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. topic.

Christian Endeavor's Service Flag

THE officers of the United Society of Christian Endeavor have made a careful canvass in many parts of the country, to find out the average number of Christian Endeavorers in each society who have enlisted in their country's service. It has been found that on the average more than five to a society have already enlisted, and a service flag containing one star for each thousand Endeavorers in the service, with the figures, "140,000" in the center, was unfurled by the United Society, at a great meeting in Tremont Temple in Boston, where hundreds were turned away who could not gain admittance. If the Endeavorers in Canada, Australia, Great Britain and the other allied countries had been reckoned in, fully twice that number would appear upon the service flag of the World's Christian Endeavor Union, as even a larger proportion have gone from the countries which have been longer in the war. In some regiments it has been found that nearly one-tenth of the boys have belonged to such societies, and many temporary societies have been formed in the various cantonments. These societies work hand in hand with the Y. M. C. A. secretaries, most of whom have been Christian Endeavorers in days past, and the societies are welcomed as a distinct and important religious influence, by the Y. M. C. A.

A Gift from a Sickroom

ENCLOSED find $1 to buy Testaments for the dear soldier boys. I wish it were one thousand. God bless this, and I hope and pray much glory to our God may come from it. I am a helpless shut-in, without means and home, only as He provides. He feeds me daily, as surely as he did Elijah. Praise his name! You need not give my name; "Friend" will do. *He knows*, and that is sufficient. I tithe.

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Billy Sunday's Chicago Campaign

By RALPH M. MORPHETT

WITH three services on Sunday, May 19, which in the aggregate were attended by 40,000 persons, Evangelist Sunday's campaign in Chicago came to a close. During the ten weeks of meetings, the evangelist preached in the spacious Tabernacle no less than 133 sermons, and delivered in different parts of the city and on a variety of occasions, over fifty addresses, these being in the main of a patriotic nature. It is estimated that over one million persons attended the services at the Tabernacle. This means that no man has ever preached to so many people in Chicago at any one time as has Mr. Sunday, and it can be truly said that no ono has done so more faithfully and fearlessly.

Just prior to the close, I asked Mr. Sunday how far his hopes had been realized.

"I think," he replied, "taking into account the extraordinary conditions brought about by the war—and especially the tremendous interest excited over the raising of the third Liberty Loan—I feel that Chicago has done its utmost for me. The members of the Executive Committee and pastors of the over four hundred cooperating churches rallied round us in a truly remarkable manner. Their loyal support and readiness to aid in every possible way, was a constant source of inspiration.

"I have been painfully conscious, in each of my recent campaigns, of the marked absence of young men from the meetings, and this was particularly noticeable in Chicago. Of course, I realize that war conditions furnish the explanation.

"I CANNOT refrain from paying a warm tribute to the kindness manifested by the superintendent and officials of the public schools, who unhesitatingly gave us unlimited opportunities to speak to the scholars, and though I did not preach, but addressed them on matters distinctly patriotic, the religious spirit was by no means lacking. And this leads me to state, that the work among High School students and those of the higher grades at the Tabernacle, and the special meetings arranged for them at the nearby churches, has certainly been more successful than in any other city. Yes, and I am profoundly grateful for the splendid cooperation of the large employers of labor and heads of the great department stores. Rarely a week evening passed without my hearing of a long list of business establishments being represented in the audience by their workers, in numbers often running into the thousands. I shall never forget the sympathetic spirit shown to me by the officials of the Northwestern Railway Company, who, I was told, prepared one of their large sheds to enable me to address as many of their employees as possible. So I feel quite proud of dear old Chicago and its people for these and many other tokens of their good-will.

"I have often felt tired—yes, very tired at times," he added "but not tired of the work. God knows, I never enjoyed preaching the Gospel more than during these past ten weeks. I am more than ever convinced that men and women are hungry to hear more about Jesus. Yes, what this sin-stricken world needs is the 'old, old story' preached as it was in the days of the great revivalists of the past and as, God helping me, I hope to preach it until the end."

Mr. Sunday stated that it had been his hopo at the close of tho six-week Duluth campaign to visit the soldiers in France; but a recent governmental order has made this impossible, and so he may spend some time in the training camps in this country, commencing his fall work at Providence, R. I., early in September.

AT the closing service he was presented with a check for $56,000 which was subsequently increased to nearly $60,000. This was Chicago's personal thank-offering, but, in accordance with his promise, he at once handed it all over to the trustees of the Pacific Garden Mission, to be added to a fund for the consolidation of the work.

Dr. James Ladd Thomas, chairman of the Sunday Campaign Committee, presented to Mr. Sunday a series of resolutions in which the results of the campaign so far as they could be tabulated were summarized. It was stated that "thousands had taken their first step towards repenting of their sins and confessing Christ" while even greater numbers had renewed their devotion in definite acts of rededication. 49,165 "hit the trail," and of this total approximately 35,000 signed cards.

A Church Festival in the Caucasus

Continued from page 725

AS the service within the church ended, the scene outside became gayer. Circles were formed in the midst of which there was dancing. The largest circle formed to watch two giant Khevsurs in chain armor fight a duel with swords. The glitter and flash from the long blades and the click and clatter of the small shields added to the brightness of the scene. On one side, a group of attractive young schoolgirls were singing the folk songs of their race. Farther on, some young fellows, armed with tom-toms and flageolets, danced and shouted and laughed. Near the narrow gate, an old mountaineer, reminiscent of the Scotch highlands, puffed his red cheeks and pumped his brawny arms over the irregular bulge of a bagpipe. There, in that grim old church courtyard, a picturesque people celebrated their freedom from the Russian Church in a thoroughly Georgian way. Freedom is their great desire, and freedom they will have. The Mtzkhet festival marks their religious autonomy, and their political autonomy is only a question of time.

The Georgians have always had a large measure of self-government. They have a pride of race and love of national freedom which the stolid Russian peasant has never known. They are fighters to their finger-tips. For years they were forced to undergo oppression by a strong Russian government, and that government is no more. Shall they declare themselves independent? That would leave them a tiny island in a Pan-Islamic sea, buffeted by every tempest of religious or national hate.

But if Georgia, with its national aspirations, could be given local autonomy, while retaining an honored position in a great Russian democracy, Georgia might point the way to a strong government for Russia itself. The centripetal force of autocracy in Russia has been dissipated. The centripetal force of national pride and unity has not yet developed. One ministry after another has tried to bring Russia to its senses. But the provincialism which autocracy forged, democracy cannot break, and the unwieldy mass of peoples is stumbling blindly in its search for freedom and nationality.

THE Great Russian has not been able to feel the inspiration of a united republic. The soldier near Riga, while retreating, says, "Never mind, I live in Astrakhan," and the deserter from the southwestern front comforts himself with the thought, "It is a long way for the Germans to go before they reach my village." The Russian lacks the ability or desire to fight for his fellow Russians. He conceives of no danger until his own town, field or home is endangered. But the Georgian is not that type. Neither is the Cossack, that sturdy frontiersman who has defended the southern boundaries of his land for centuries. Farther north, in the Ukraine, there are nationalist tendencies. Theso nationalist tendencies among Armenians, Georgians, North Caucasus Cossacks, Don Cossacks and Ukrainians may work to disrupt the Russian state. But if each of these peoples can be given the limit of local autonomy at the same time that they yield organized loyalty to the central state, Russia may be saved from the difficulties that beset her. In her warrior tribes Russia may find defeat or strength.

Part of ancient Georgia has long been in Turkish hands, and if the Georgians could feel that they would reap the benefits of their labors, they might fight the hated Turk to a standstill and disgraceful retreat. With the back of Turkey broken, England's forces in Egypt and Mesopotamia could be sent to the German front, the Pan-German dream of a land route to the East dispelled, and the Slavic peoples of the Balkans convinced of the futility of Germany's dream. Constantinople itself, all claim to which has been repudiated in Petrograd, might be taken by forces whose center is Tiflis. Russia, lacking in nationalism, might learn her lesson in the sturdy nationalism of those Caucasians who have never given up their age-long dream of freedom.

Among the Workers

BY mutual consent the Children of America's Army of Relief was merged in the Junior Membership of the American Red Cross on March 2, 1918. The moneys on hand havo been transferred to a special fund to be known as the "Army of Relief Child Welfare Fund." This fund and all future contributions to it are pledged by the American Red Cross to be used for the destitute and starving children abroad. It may be of interest to know that tho Red Cross is feeding every day 75,000 children in France alone.

SAILOR DAY, which this year would have been observed on April 14, will occur on the second Sunday in November, in the futuro. Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield, superintendent of the Seamen's Church Institute and chairman of the Joint Conference Committee of Seamen's Societies for the Port of New York, said the change had been made to make tho observance uniform throughout the United States. The Atlantic coast had been holding Sailor Day a fortnight after Easter, while the Pacific coast had suggested a day in early spring or late autumn. San Francisco favored tho later observance because seamen from the Pacific coast go to Alaskan waters from April until October. In tho West it was a question of having an adequate attendance. The proposed change was submitted to tho seamen's societies, which left the decision to the Joint Conference for the Port of New York.

CALLED HIGHER

WILLIAM DAVIS SWITZER died in Cheney, Wash., March 16, in his seventy-ninth year. He was converted in his youth, and passed much of his life amid the stirring scenes of the Great West in its early days. He was a veteran of the Civil War, and in his profession of druggist steadfastly refused to sell intoxicating liquors or preparations containing alcohol. He was a great reader of religious periodicals and a subscriber of the Christian Herald.

J. R. Frane, Bulwinkle, Calif., 85 years; Mrs. John Anderson, Bartlett, Neb., 84 years; Mrs. John McMullen, Oberlin, Kan., 88 years; Mrs. Milton Olmstead, Avoca, N. Y., 68 years; W. T. Howard, Haddonfield, N. J.; Rev. S. N. McCann, Bridgewater, Va.; Richard Lane, Dodgeville, Wisc., 75 years; Mrs. J. J. Pryce, Coal Valley, Ill., 79 years; William Henry Lang, Raymond, Wash., 70 years; Mr. Paul Hendricks, Miller, S. D., 80 years; Mrs. R. V. Gray, Judsonia, Ark., 72 years; Mrs. Rachel J. Amsden, Groton, S. D., 56 years; Mrs. Mahala Rayner, Kingsley, Mont., 93 years.

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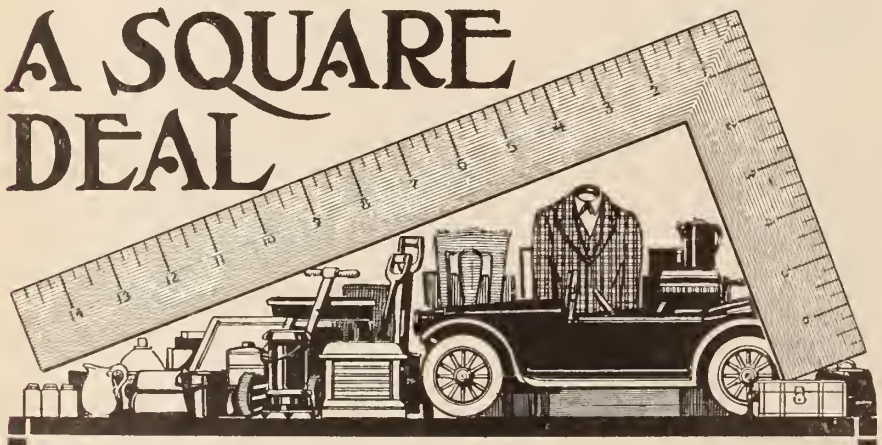

It was a former president of the United States, if we mistake not, who popularized that now famous expression, ***a square deal.***

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Marion Harland's Corner

Cornerites Respond to Perplexed Querists

A NEW YORK member leads off today in reply to the question relative to possible use for the parings tossed by the wasteful into the garbage pail:

Potatoes have more food value if cooked in their jackets. You have then only the very thin skin to dispose of. I find that carrots also are good if cooked before they are pared. I have heard, too, that the parings of turnips and onions may be utilized by washing them thoroughly, then cooking them in a bag of coarse cheese cloth or mosquito netting long and slowly. When they are very soft, press the "fleshy" part through the bag and season as thickening for family broths or stews.—H. C. H., *New York.*

A city deaconess, who has had long experience in charity work, has her comment upon the garbage pail:

Coffee grounds are the only things not saved. Carrots and turnips may be boiled unpared, or the parings may be used for soup, or mashed into a palatable dish. Potato soup from parings I never tried personally, but several of my tenement women tell me it is good, as is the broth from pea-pods. I, too, have seen practically whole loaves in the garbage pails of the poor. Dandelion salad, country women have told me, is an excellent, old-fashioned dish.—M. S., *New Jersey.*

As the season for dandelions is with us, I slip in here a recipe for making the salad commended by your informants. It is a welcome addition to dinner on a hot day and very wholesome:

Dandelion Salad

The best time to gather them is in the morning before the dew is off. Pick the young, tender leaves, wash and lay them in very cold water for an hour or so, changing for fresh should you leave them longer. Drain and pat, to make them quite dry, in a folded napkin. Heap the leaves in a chilled bowl and send at once to table. Pass a small pitcher of French dressing with the salad.

French country people have known the value of dandelions for centuries. This, which most Americans reckon as a weed, is also excellent food when cooked and served as a vegetable:

Stewed Dandelions

Pick the leaves from the stems and drop into very cold water. When they are freed from sand and dust, lift them, dripping wet, from the water and put, without draining, into the inner vessel of a double boiler. Do not add any water except that which clings to the wet leaves. Cover the inner saucepan and set in a pot of boiling water. Cook fast for half an hour. Rub them through a colander into a saucepan; stir in a heaping teaspoonful of lemon juice and (if you have it) two tablespoonfuls of cream or "the top of the milk," to which has been added just a wee pinch of soda. Beat smooth over the fire until again very hot, and serve.

The homely vegetable, thus prepared, is as palatable as spinach *à la crème*, and in the country may be had for the picking.

Returning to the batch of answers to the query which wound up our talk upon an unsavory subject, we read:

I run parings of all kinds (apples excepted) through the food chopper and give to my chickens as part of their daily food. They make quick work of clearing it away. No garbage can at our house! For not a crust or a crumb of anything is thrown away.—Mrs. P. W. B., *Pennsylvania.*

That Connecticut keeps up her ancient reputation for frugality we are assured by the next letter—from one who knows whereof she speaks:

I was brought up by a frugal mother. She taught me habits of thrift which she practiced. I do not believe she ever had a garbage pail—nor have I! What do I do with skins? *Burn* them! If one does not want to put them into the stove while wet, have a disused pan (iron preferred), drop them into it, and put them into the oven until dry, and a fire will make ashes of them in no time.

I am amazed that people can be so wasteful of good food! I always throw even very small crumbs to the birds, and one little bird comes for them whenever he sees me throw them out with a little "Thank you!"—C. E. W. S., *Connecticut.*

Another esteemed Cornerite advises the cremation of "garbage"—that is, whatever housewifely intelligence has condemned as absolutely worthless. She, too, dries the refuse between papers in the oven before burning it. I am sorry that we have not room for her letter in full. It is but fair to remark that in many cities this method of disposing of rubbish is positively prohibited on account of the odor arising from the burning stuff.

Similar objections will be urged against the plan indicated by the following:

The city garden plot affords a corner where refuse vegetables are dumped, covered with soil, and allowed to decay and form a sort of compost; or they burn well when dry and added to coal and wood in stove or heater.—Cordial Cornerite, *Wisconsin.*

FROM a valuable letter too long for insertion as a whole, in a single issue, I extract gratefully what may meet the views of a correspondent (Young Housekeeper, Vermont) who wants "something out of the ordinary run of war-time recipes, yet something that will teach us a way of setting a decent table without sending an order to the butcher that will swell bills—and our hearts!

I am but too glad to leave so able a contributor to attempt the task:

I have found a good way to use all leftover pieces of "substitute" breads, cold biscuits, vegetables of all kinds and dry bread. Break in small pieces; add all other left-overs, moisten with hot water, season with sage, salt and pepper and raw onion, cut and sliced very thin. Mix well. Put several thin pieces of beef suet into a bake pan. Pour in the well-mixed mass and bake (covered) slowly for an hour or more according to the quantity. This makes a very "hearty," savory dish. Or so my family think. The school-boy never tires of it for supper.

Carrots are very sweet and nice at this time of the year if baked. Scrape, and slice and cover with water. Add a pinch of soda, a few thin bits of beef suet; salt and pepper, added after baking 'till nearly done. Salt is hardening if added at first I think. Still, as these are not mashed, but left whole, it does not matter. Brown, by letting water all drain out, and leaving in hot oven until brown—if liked better so. I bake a good many and use some with milk as a soup, creaming them.—Mrs. E. M. H., Wisconsin.

Two more friendly notes upon the question that has excited far more interest than I had anticipated embody practical and well-put suggestions as to methods of clearing the house of useless "left-overs":

Parings of potatoes and other vegetables are cooked for fowls. Enough dry meal is added to absorb moisture. It lessens the grain-bill and helps provide eggs for the family.

People are encouraged in our town to join "The Hen Clubs" and backyards are not injured by a "run" for a few well cared for hens.

Then, it does away with the garbage-pail except for banana skins and coffee-grounds, which may be buried deep for fertilizers if there is room for a bit of garden.—L. R. B., *Connecticut.*

Potato parings, if put into the coal-stove will clean the stove and pipe of soot. I have had my soft coal stove stand until it required new pipe; without cleaning, by burning the potato parings. Until I learned this I had to buy "Zinc" scraps every few weeks to clean the soft coal stove. I burn the parings in either the hard or soft coal stove. They are more needed, however, in soft coal stoves.—W. I. C., *Iowa.*

I have seen and heard a good deal lately of dry yeast. It is especially recommended for those who live in the country and as I'm planning to spend the summer on a farm seven miles from a railroad, I should like to know something about how to use it. What is the difference between this and compressed yeast? Will the dry yeast keep better? I wish I could get the experience of some housekeepers who have used it.—Harrietta H. E., *Cranford, N. J.*

Other dwellers in the country and in suburban towns have written to me on the same subject. In the city it is easy to get brewer's yeast which is perhaps the most potent on the market. Compressed yeast, in divers forms, may be had in any country store, and is in general use. Yeast cakes of several brands are almost as popular. Will housewives who have used what our New Jersey member calls "dry yeast," tell us in what form it comes and if it has any advantage over the various "makes" of portable yeast already in the market.

A Marcher

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IN a large parade this week there was a certain marcher—a woman who wore the white apron and flowing headdress of an official Red Cross worker. She walked steadily, did this marcher, with a smile on her singularly calm face—a smile that held, perhaps a hint of triumph. One had to look at her a second time before it became apparent that the little girl who walked beside her, holding her hand, was guiding her—that her too-steady eyes, fixed on nothing in particular, could not see the flickering sunlight that fell so warmly all about her, on the changing crowds that thronged the pavements.

The marcher was Miss Lottie Gerson. And Miss Gerson is blind. Her blindness, however, does not keep her from doing her bit to help her nation win a war. For she has risen above her affliction, bravely—more than bravely. She has risen above it with undiminished energy and enthusiasm.

A sweater knitted recently by Miss Gerson was declared the most perfect sweater handed in to the Red Cross. The bandages that she rolls are splendidly efficient bandages. Sho speaks for the Red Cross—marches for it—works for it. And in doing so she glorifies her country.

SHE has the vision, though she may not see,
The vision that has called past shot and shell,
The vision that has lived through war's red hell
And spurred men on to fight for liberty.

Her path may lie afar from war's alarms,
And yet she, in her way, has done her part,
By giving from an overflowing heart,
By helpful hands, and tender woman-arms.

She cannot see the splendid sunset skies,
She cannot see the flowers and the grass,
Yet comes the feeling, when one sees her pass,
That she has clearer sight than we, with eyes!

A BLIND woman, marching in the sun, with a smile on her face! It's an inspiring sight—the sort of a sight that would make any boy, going to fight his nation's battles, proud of the ideals that are back of that nation. And it's the idealism of America that's going to win this war! If Miss Gerson, instead of marching and knitting and helping in every possible way, had stayed at home—bemoaning her fate, wondering with bitterness why she had been denied the gift of sight—a number of soldier lads, perhaps an uncountable number, who will find hope and even life through the Red Cross, would have found, instead, bitterness and perhaps death. For the example that Miss Gerson, bravely and steadfastly doing her bit, was able to point, has helped a good many folk to think a bit more clearly, to give more willingly, and to work more untiringly for the great organization that she represents.

She's typical of America, is Miss Gerson—typical of a race of people who can march and smile and do good even at the cost of personal comfort (for it can't be very comfortable, if you're blind, to march in a great crowded parade of people who *can* see!).

A GIRL friend came to see me yesterday. The picture of Miss Gerson marching in the parade, was lying on my work table, and she picked it up, casually, to look at it.

"Who's the lady?" she asked quite carelessly.

"That," I told her, "is Miss Lottie Gerson. She's a Red Cross worker, and that's a picture of her, marching in their parade."

"Yes—" my friend was looking at the other pictures in the pile on my desk—"that's nice." Her tono was unenthusiastic.

"Miss Gerson," I told her, "knitted the most perfect sweater handed in to the Red Cross!"

"That's splendid," the girl friend said—also unenthusiastically. She laid the pictures back on my desk.

"You see," I said, "Miss Gerson is blind."

The girl friend picked up the picture again and scrutinized the calm face of the marcher.

"Why," she murmured at last, and her tone was subtly different, "why, so she is!"

I didn't say anything as the girl studied the little picture. But I noticed that there was a certain intensity about her gaze—a certain intensity that was veiled, perhaps, by a hint of tears.

"It's hard," she told me at last, breaking the silence, "it's hard, I reckon, for her to help the way she does—not seeing and all. But, just the same, she *does* help! It makes *me* feel downright mean!"

"Why does it make you feel mean!" I questioned.

"Because," my girl friend told me, "it's so much easier for me to do that sort of work than it is for her to do it. And yet she's done more than I have—much more—" She paused, and then went on again.

"I hadn't thought a great deal about it before," she told me, "but I'm thinking now! I'm going to do my bit. Compared to what she does I scarcely justify my existence."

IT'S easy to get my girl friend's point of view, because it's a point of view that every normal human being, looking at Miss Gerson's picture, is bound to share. It's the point of view that any healthy, worthwhile person can't help sharing when they see some one, weaker than they, who is brave enough to carry a cross uncomplainingly and at the same time, to help others carry their cross!

Oh, people who have sound eyes—people who are healthy and well—people who have kind hearts and a desire to help—look at Miss Gerson's picture and take from it the inspiration that I have taken. Say to yourselves, as my girl friend said, "It's harder—much harder—for her to help than it is for me to help!" And then put the words into practice.

For at this time help is needed everywhere. There are countless things that patriotic Americans can do, things that will be easier far for them to do than it was for Miss Gerson to make the most perfect sweater and to march in a parade. It may be knitting, or speaking, or gardening—it may be putting courage into hearts and fearlessness into souls. But, no matter what your task is, *do it!* And if it seems hard, remember a certain marcher who walked without seeing.

REV. ALBERT E. STONE, until recently pastor of the First Baptist Church, Putnam, Conn., is an example of a plucky young minister who is anxious to serve his country. He sought appointment as a chaplain in the navy, and was found satisfactory in every way except in physical fitness, being under weight and lacking in full chest expansion. He came back to his alma mater, Mount Hermon School, Moody's famous school for boys at Northfield, and sought work chopping wood in the school forest. He worked for nearly two months during the rigorous winter until he was in condition to pass the physical test. He has received his commission and is now in service at the Newport Naval Training School, Newport, R. I.

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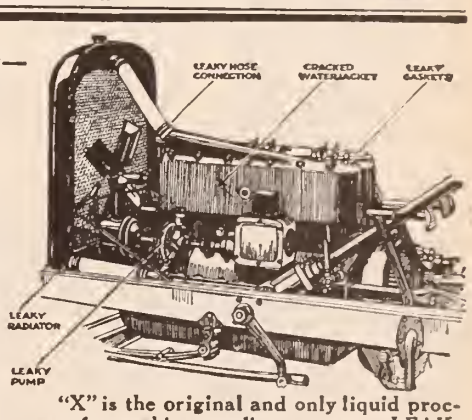

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Jesus Triumphant Over Death

International Sunday School Lesson for June 23. Mark 16: 1-20

The Assurance of Immortality

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

WHAT a contrast there is between that stricken, scattered, faithless band of disciples who forsook Jesus and fled from Gethsemane, and the group of sturdy witnesses to the rejected Messiah who went forth a few short weeks later to evangelize the world! How great the transformation of a little company of disillusioned enthusiasts weeping over a shattered dream into a glorious army of indomitable souls building on earth God's Kingdom as it is in heaven! What happened meanwhile to change them so? What intervening events worked this magic? Well do we know the cause: the glorious conviction that Christ had risen had seized upon their hearts. His cause was not lost but conquering and to conquer. He was not dead and defeated, but ever living and directing his great spiritual program personally. The cross had not been the end but the veritable beginning of world-wide redemption. It had become the sublimest emblem of the victory of good over evil, of the spirit over the flesh, that humanity has ever hailed and loved.

That First Glad Easter Day

The events of that Day of Resurrection are still hard to tabulate accurately—hence the various emphases made by different students and by the four Gospels themselves. That Christ rose is certain. That he manifested himself to his friends is sure. But what transitions of sorrow, hope, incredulous joy and glad new faith the disciples underwent is reflected plainly in the brief and sketchy sentences in our lesson in Mark today. It is only natural for us to wish for more details and exacter information than our evangelist gives us. By turning to the other accounts some supplementary description may be secured. For instance, Luke has that beautiful chapter concerning the walk to Emmaus, which has inspired and comforted thousands. Mark dismisses it with the barest sentence.

Here we see how reticent and free from any exaggerations the Gospel writers are. Imagine such stupendous incidents being stated so simply and quietly by heathen authors, if you can. Heathen lore fills columns with the supernatural exploits of its imaginary deities, but the Gospel makes no attempt to state to mortal minds how Jesus met and conquered the last enemy.

Significant Incidents in Mark's Account

Rather are we to find instruction and help in the incidental touches in our story than to match our strength against the elemental power of the resurrection itself. See the three women coming with tender consideration at the earliest possible moment with spices for the anointing which was love's last poor privilege toward the dead. Their fidelity and thoughtfulness were rewarded by the first glad tidings of the Risen One. God is so generous to us: we come to mourn the dead, he gives us the blessed news of eternal life. We think ourselves approaching the tomb where lie buried all our hopes, he greets us with an invitation to share in the making of a new era when those hopes shall blossom and bear fruit to the healing of the nations. We dread to see again the stone that has been rolled across the pathway of old friendships, we find that he himself has removed the mighty obstacles while we slept for sorrow. God is good to us.

And first of all, first among the three, was Mary Magdalene. The glorified Redeemer manifested himself, not to the world, but to a humble woman whose tender love had responded without measure to him who had saved her from worse than death.

Then the special mention of Peter in the angel's message: "Go, tell his disciples and Peter." The commentators tell us that it was because he was spokesman and leader of the apostolic band. But our hearts tell us with absolute assurance that it was because Peter's soul was in agony at the remembrance of that dark night of denial.

The Great Commission in Mark

According to Mark's account it seems that the eleven were very slow of heart to believe the good news. Any one who discounts the story of the resurrection as the invention of hysterical enthusiasts has got to explain the slow transition from doubt to certainty, the recurring "they disbelieved" of our chapter. These men were hard to convince. Finally they reached a rock-like faith. This was after Jesus commissioned them with the work of preaching a Gospel, going on with his plans, building up an organization. They seemed to become men of faith only when they realized that he had given them a mighty work to do. It is a lesson for some of us, who try to feel the pulse of our own souls and wonder if we are gaining spiritually. Religion is no such passive thing. When we catch a vision of what Jesus wants us to do, when the imperative of a great commission resounds through our hearts, then we too shall become men of faith. We shall not then hesitate and blunder about in anxious weakness. It is the men with a mission, like Paul, who are able to do all things through Christ.

That is the feeling which lies behind Mark's record of the promise of power. They were henceforth able to cast out demons, to speak with new tongues, to take up serpents and to drink deadly things and to heal the sick. Such varied manifestations were the tokens of revived faith in a transcendent Lord under the inspiration of being chosen and ordained to do his work after him.

Because He Lives We Shall Live Also

It is a great surprise to some to find how little Jesus taught in the Synoptic Gospels with regard to immortality. It was one of the cardinal truths that he took for granted. For example, he assumed the existence of God the Father and never wasted an argument to prove it. Just so he spoke of the future life. If God is a Father he will never willingly let his children utterly die. Since God loves us we must be capable of immortality. He is not the God of the dead but of the living. But apart from the sure undercurrent of confidence regarding this great issue, we can find little material for speculation. He was content, as we should be, to leave the *how* and the *where* to the Almighty One. Moreover, he found it necessary to spend all his energies in instructing and guiding men concerning our daily choices and duties which after all finally determine our future destiny.

But what a glorious light has streamed over death's dark mystery with the Resurrection of Jesus! It is the source of an assurance regarding the unseen future that the world had never known before. As Paul truly said, "Because he lives we shall live also." We can never believe for a moment that Jesus Christ ceased to be, went out into black nothingness. But he bound his destiny so tightly with that of his brethren that we share his superiority to the grave. We are certain that God could not leave him in the dust. But he would not accept for himself what he could not claim for others. When you really believe in Jesus you no longer fret about these things. We are his, and he is God's!

What are the practical consequences of the Resurrection? For the apostles, something to live for, a world to win, a faith which mocked the cross and flame, and afterward a share in the immortal friendship of him whom they had loved. Is it not so for us also? To know that the tomb is not a blind alley but a thoroughfare, that greater things await us beyond the veil, is not this the greatest incentive to nobility of life, to higher aspirations, to renewed consecration to the purposes of the Lord? We too have a world to win, a share in the coming Kingdom. Because he lives we shall live. Because we shall live, with God's help we shall live here and now the life that is life indeed.

Sunday School Methods

By FRANK L. BROWN, Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

The International Sunday School Convention, Buffalo, June 19 to 26

ALREADY many states have filled their quota of delegates to this great quadrennial convention, which brings together the Sunday school leadership of North America. The place and the times bid fair to bring together a great company to consider the relation of the Sunday school to the country's present and future.

Some have questioned the wisdom of holding this convention in the midst of the war. As a conservation measure, however, it is absolutely essential to the building up of the morale and spiritual background of the nation. It is even more necessary for the devising of plans and the launching of a program that shall be adequate for both today and tomorrow.

The Sunday school must be kept strong for its tasks of today. One of these tasks is to keep in vital touch with the multitude of boys and young men who have gone out from our schools for service.

The Sunday school, too, must be in the thick of the fight on national prohibition. It is the temperance teaching in the Sunday school ten to twenty years ago that is responsible for the temperance victories of today. The Buffalo Convention will have a strong prohibition emphasis.

Then the Sunday school must be kept headed up in its war-time philanthropies. With nearly a million dollars contributed by the Sunday schools recently toward but one such need, the American and Syrian Relief, the potential power of the Sunday school as a giver can be appreciated. But beyond the immediate giving lies the great educational influence of these world appeals upon the childhood and youth of today that will be reflected in their world citizenship tomorrow.

Another great emphasis at Buffalo will be upon the Sunday school as the church school in relation to the public school. There is now a clear admission that the church school is as necessary as the public school; that to train the mind and not the soul would be disastrous for the individual, the home and the nation.

With this conviction has come the necessity for the shaping of plans for the religious training of the nation, so that, without sacrificing at all our spiritual objectives, we should so improve the organization, teaching and administration of the Sunday school that it shall stand up strong in comparison with the public school; that these shall be twin agencies in the making of the life.

In this great task it is recognized that the teacher's life and love and work, as well as the teacher's teaching, is at the very foundation of this work of life-making, and that this must remain the supreme power of the Sunday school. And the Sunday school of tomorrow will be planned with this in view. But it will also train this teaching leadership to highest efficiency in communicating truth; it will provide for the thorough supervision of the Sunday school by trained people, and will ask church educational institutions and colleges to train pastors and students as Sunday school leaders.

The Buffalo Convention, too, will stress America and World Evangelism. "Thy Kingdom Come" will be the theme. It will emphasize Moody's great words: "If we can win one generation, we have put the devil out of business," and Dr. F. B. Meyer's words, "If the world is ever to be saved it will be saved through its childhood." This is Kingdom strategy. It is the natural way. It is God's way of making a new world.

What Buffalo shall reveal in membership advance may be suggested in the Sunday school membership report of the Census Bureau. This was recently indicated in the Christian Herald. The Sunday school membership, Protestant, in the United States is a little over 20,000,000—a stupendous total and an advance over the figures published by the International Sunday School Association for the Chicago Convention of about four millions, a gain in the last four years of a million a year.

The great patriotic rally on the evening of June 25 will have as its speakers a distinguished Canadian, and Governor Whitman of New York, besides a high national representative whose name cannot be divulged at this writing.

At Buffalo a program will be launched as to education, evangelism and patriotism, worthy of the cause and meeting squarely the challenge of the new day.

The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

"I KNOW that thou hearest me always; but because of the people that stand by I said it." Christ prayed much in secret, but he prayed also publicly for the sake of the people that stood by. We who today seek to live in him and for him must be often in prayer. The secret prayer we may not stint, for therein lies our source of power. For public prayer we should be always ready, for therein lies one of our avenues of service. Christ's public prayers were simple, short, direct and devoid of all self-exploitation or aggrandizement. His prayers brought the people that stood by face to face with the Father and planted seeds of faith in hungry hearts. If we pray according to his pattern and in his spirit, we, too, may rend the veil of unbelief and bring the light of heaven into darkened souls. If we avoid public prayer we may not only lose opportunities for service, but we may find our closet empty of the presence which once blessed us there.

J. W. C. praises God for bodily healing of members of his family. He asks prayers for the healing of others, and joins in our united prayer for world peace.

Prayers are asked for revival of religion at:

Macon, Mo.; Grow, Okla.; Foss, Okla.; Yvalde, Texas (that many may be saved during revival); Croff, N. D. (that many may be saved during revival); Grand Saline, Texas (that many may be saved during revival); Portland, Ore. (for a church that has been organized for the uplift of the fallen); Pattonville, Mo. (at the Presbyterian Church).

Rev. G. T. asks prayer that a Presbyterian pastor may find a suitable field of service in Missouri; Miss M. T. D., Inavale, Neb. (that a minister may be sent and church built up); A Reader, that an evangelist who is hampered in working for the Lord through lack of means may be provided for; Mrs. T. C. H., McHenry, Md. (to receive the right amount to rebuild the Methodist Church).

Mrs. C. M. H. asks prayer that son's mind may be restored; Faithful Reader, that daughter's mind may be restored; four friends, for mental restoration.

F. H. B. asks prayer that wife's sight may be restored; Mrs. O. B. S., that brother's eyes may be cured of cataracts; Mrs. C. H. B. and R., that friends' sight may be restored; three friends, that their own sight may be restored.

Ten friends ask prayer for special blessings for others, including S. E. I., that our boys may be kept from evil during the war; L. E. A., that a widowed mother whose son has been killed in battle may be comforted and faith strengthened.

Twenty-three friends ask prayer for a deeper work of grace, assurance of sins forgiven, or express in other ways their desire for personal spiritual blessing.

Twelve parents ask prayer for the conversion of sons; three wives, their husbands; twenty-five friends, for the conversion of relatives or friends.

Acknowledgments of answered prayer have been received from the following:

A Reader, Elizabeth, N. J.; Mrs. L. B. K., Athens, N. Y.; Mrs. J. A. C., Nyland, Ala.; M. L. W., Kingsley, Pa.; E. N., Ontario, Calif.; L. C. C., Saybrook, Ill.; L. M. D., Meredith, N. H.; F. P., Oakwood, Ohio; A Reader, Winchester, Va.; Mrs. S., Barnes City, Iowa.

A Great Prophetic Conference

Continued from page 720

determining Christian character and action in reference to the pressing problems of the hour."

It was also decided by the Conference that the next Conference should be held at Philadelphia, May 27 to June 1, 1919.

ONE thing, at least, this truly remarkable gathering made one feel, namely, that the chief business of the preacher and teacher of this specific doctrine is with Revelation. It is not so much to make the belief in Christ as Redeemer and Coming King *reasonable*, as to make it *real*. That is the supreme necessity. The doctrine must have effect on conduct. As Dr. Riley put it in the closing word of the Conference, it must produce in its proclaimers and defenders, "sanctity, soberness and sincerity." Then, as the truth shapes itself anew, with fresh vigor and emphasis in the individual souls of its advocates—to be delivered, in trust, in the power and inspiration of Him who gave it—such advocates will realize that the Highest owns them as His appointed ambassadors, through whom not only is the treaty of peace sealed again that authenticates the reconciliation between man and God, but by and through whose word, men and women shall come to yearn with eagerness and wait in patience and with confidence for the Coming of the King.

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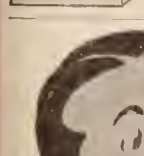

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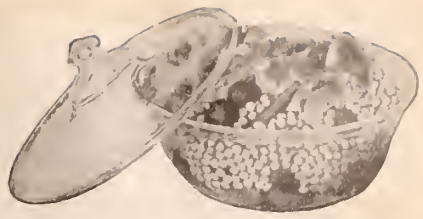

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THE Conference of eminent Bible Teachers and Authorities on Prophetic Interpretation in the United States and Canada, held at Philadelphia May 28th to 30th, 1918, was the most notable and authoritative gathering of its kind ever held in this country. The finest consecrated scholarship of all the Christian denominations was represented, and the deliberations and addresses on "The Return of Our Lord and Related Events" possess a vital spiritual interest to Christian men and women throughout the world. In view of the extraordinary manifestations of interest in the Philadelphia Prophetic Conference, an arrangement was made for the publication by the Christian Herald of the proceedings and addresses of the Conference in a volume entitled **"Light on Prophecy."**

"*Light on Prophecy*" is published under the special supervision of the Committee of the Conference, and is the only volume to receive official authorization. The book is of 300 pages, containing all the addresses, about twenty in number.

The addresses will be welcomed by Bible lovers everywhere, and especially by the constantly growing number of those who believe that we are living in a time of prophetic fulfillment.

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By Dr. William B. Riley, of the First Baptist Church of Minneapolis, Minn., and President of the Northwest Bible School, Bible teacher and lecturer.

"Did the Cross of Christ Fulfill All the Promises?"
By W. L. Pettingill, Dean of the Philadelphia School of the Bible.

"God's Purpose in This Dispensation" and "Regathering of Israel in Unbelief"
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By Rev. A. E. Thompson, A.B., Pastor of the American Church at Jerusalem.

"War on German Theology"
By Dr. Cortland Myers, Pastor of the Tremont Baptist Temple, Boston, Mass.

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By Rev. P. W. Philpott, Hamilton, Canada.

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A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 722

whom he would find it necessary to serve in France. It was also suggested that he might be sent to Italy.

AN UNLIMITED ARMY. The Committee on Military Affairs of the House sent in its report on the Army Appropriation Bill on May 25. The measure as drawn grants the President power to call as many men under the Selective Service Act as can be trained, equipped and transported to Europe. It said that the administration would have 3,000,000 men in France within the shortest possible time. The Bill authorized expenditures of a total of $11,041,681,909, and was passed by the House unanimously on May 31.

EMBALMED BEEF. The Spanish War and its unsavory meat scandal were brought to mind, on May 26, by charges filed by the Federal Trade Commission against Morris & Co., and Wilson & Co., charging then with offering for sale to the American Army meat unfit for consumption by American soldiers.

KAISERS SIGN WAR TREATY. London dispatches, on May 30, transmitted the text of a treaty between Germany and Austria, which was published in the Deutsche Volkzeitung. The treaty is signed by the German Kaiser and the Kaiser of Austria and binds the two monarchs in a close military alliance for twenty-five years, pledging the entire strength of their peoples for military purposes in order that the future war may be of brief duration. The treaty provides that all male inhabitants of both nations capable of bearing arms shall receive proper and thorough military instruction. Emperor Charles, following his return from a conference with Emperor Wilhelm, has been reported as opposing any change in Austria's treatment of her subject nationalities.

WESTERN UNION DEFIES UNION. A strike of 30,000 commercial telegraphers in the employ of the Western Union Telegraph Company appeared imminent on June 3. Former President Taft and Frank P. Walsh, representing the National War Labor Board, recommended a settlement which involved modified recognition of the union. President Newcomb Carlton of the Company declared as between unionization and Government control he would perfer the latter.

SUBMARINE OFF JERSEY COAST. On the night June 2, a German submarine appeared off the Jersey coast. The American sailing ship, Edward H. Cole, 1,791 tons, one steamship and two or three other vessels were known to have been sunk. At noon, on June 3, the total bag of the submarine was reported as in the neighborhood of 15 vessels. The port of New York was closed on June 3, no vessels being permitted to leave, while American destroyers and submarine chasers went after the pirates. It was impossible at this writing to be sure whether this was the exploit of a single U-boat or the beginning of a definite attempt to interfere with the transport of American troops to France.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. President Wilson by proclamation, on May 30, established three new National Forest Reserves, to be known as the White Mountain in Maine and New Hampshire, Shenandoah in West Virginia, and the NaturalBridge in Virginia. The White Mountain Forest includes about 391,000 acres, the Shenandoah about 165,000, and the Natural Bridge about 102,000. ... The Y. M. C. A. War Council planning to multiply by 200 per cent. its forces in France and Italy, began early in June a campaign to secure 3,200 men and 800 women for work with the American troops. . . . Secretary McAoo has authorized the combination of all of the Express Companies in the country into one big company to be known as the American Railroad Express Company to unify the service throughout the nation. . . . Thomas J. Mooney, convicted of murder at San Francisco, in whose interests labor leaders and many others convinced of his innocence had vainly sought a new trial, was resentenced to death on May 28. . . . The Madison Square Presbyterian Church of New York closed its doors Sunday morning, May 26, Dr. Chas. H. Parkhurst preaching his last sermon. The church has been combined with the First Presbyterian Church. . . . Nicholas, once Czar of all the Russias, with his family has been removed from Tobolsk to Ekaterinburg in the Urals. . . .

Germans Attack and Reach the Marne

Continued from page 723

back five miles to the line of Soissons, Epaghy, Blerancourt and Noyon, where they held the German attacks. At Rheims, the British took position in force on the Mountain of Rheims, south of the city, and the French retook Thillois to the west. South of Soissons, the advancing enemy reached the high road from Soissons to Château Thierry on the Marne crossing this road at Hartennes but being held by the French reserves from further advance along this western leg of the new salient. Southward from Rheims the line was somewhat indeterminate, the Germans being at Savigny, before Ville-en-Tardenois and on the north shore of the Marne, before Dormans. The Marne was reached on May 31 on a ten-mile front from Dormans to Château Thierry, but neither town was in German hands. The reaching of the Marne gave a total penetration in four days of fighting over 28 miles from the Ailette. The Germans claimed the capture of 45,000 men, 400 guns and many thousands of machine-guns. They were using 40 divisions with 40 more held in reserve.

THE fighting of Saturday, June 1st, lifted a little the curtain that had masked the German plan in the present battle across the Aisne, which has been dubbed, the Battle for Paris. It was evident that the battle was an attempt to widen the Picardy salient. The enemy satisfied himself with the strengthening of his positions on the Marne. But between the Marne and Rheims and the Marne and Soissons the German masses were driven eastward and westward to widen the salient. An attack was made both east and south of Rheims. The Germans succeeded in taking Fort Pompelle east of the city. A French counter-attack drove them back, taking 200 prisoners and capturing 4 tanks.

South of Rheims the Germans reached Ville-en-Tardenois on the road from Dormans to Rheims, but were unable to progress further. French reserves coming into action began on June 2 to reverse the general direction of the battle movement.

On the western leg of the salient from Château Thierry to Noyon, the fighting of June 1st gave the German masses, pressing westward, considerable gains. Northwest of Soissons the enemy gained three miles, being stopped at Nouvron and Fontenoy. Between Hartennes and Château Thierry he gained five miles along the valley of the Oureq, reaching Neuilly St. Front. On June 2nd additional gains of nearly 2 miles past Neuilly St. Front were largely lost to the French, whose forces were beginning to offer successful resistance everywhere and to attain driving force at the critical points. American and French reserves were marching into action on June 2.

THE 18,000-ton former German liner, President Lincoln, was torpedoed in the war zone at 10.40 A. M. on May 31st and sunk within an hour. The President Lincoln was in the transport service and was returning home with a crew of 700 and some wounded men, of whom 24 were reported missing.

Greek troops took the offensive on the Struma front in the Balkans on May 31, advancing 2 kilometers on a front of 12 kilometers, taking 1500 Germans and Bulgarians as prisoners.

Up with the Stars and Stripes

I SAW a great "Win the War" parade recently. I saw thousands of patriotic people marching up Fifth Avenue—mothers, there were, and Civil War veterans, and boys in khaki who had faced machine gun fire Somewhere in France. I saw stolid Indians — representatives of the world's oldest democracy—and men from the Orient; I saw cowboys, and school girls, and little yellow-haired children. And they were all marching under the same flag—the Stars and Stripes.

Standing in the crowd on the pavement I felt myself growing prouder and prouder. I wanted to shout aloud, "It's my flag, too, my flag." And all about me I could see the same sort of pride reflected on the faces of other folk who felt as I felt.

It is a marvelous thing to see the symbol of a nation go by to the accompaniment of reverently uncovered heads and stirring music. For it brings home a great truth—a truth that our boys Over There are fighting for, and dying for.

I am sure that you feel the pride in your nation's flag that I feel. And if you do—if you honor that flag and the men who are upholding it—you should have it in your home.

THESE are strenuous times. They are the times when the real patriot makes his patriotism known. And the simplest, most effective way to do that is to show the colors of patriotism—the Red, White and Blue.

The Christian Herald wants you to be the sort of a patriot who shows his patriotism to the world. And so the Christian Herald has arranged to procure for every reader who wants one, a splendid American flag (size 4x6 feet), the sort of a flag that you'll be proud to hang in your window on Independence Day—and every day. If you want one—and you surely will—send $2.75 to the Christian Herald. This will pay, not only for the flag, but for a renewal of your subscription to the Christian Herald for another year.

You can also procure this flag without cost by interesting some one who is not now a reader of the Christian Herald to become a subscriber for one year at the regular subscription price of $2.00 a year. Just send us a new subscriber with $2.00—we'll send you the flag as a reward.

Let your children get their first lessons in patriotism at home. If you stand firmly behind the principles of the nation, let the flag tell it. Pledge your allegiance to your country by displaying the flag.

I am sure that every loyal American who does not already own a flag will want this one.

Order this flag today—and unfurl it on Independence Day and every day. Send your order to me, addressed The Christian Herald, 1399 Bible House, New York, and I will see that the flag is sent to you at once.

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Christian Herald

SUBSCRIPTION, $2.00 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

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NEW YORK, JUNE 19, 1918

VOL. 41—NO. 25. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

NOTICE TO READER
When you finish reading this magazine, place a one-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING. NO ADDRESS.

Junetime, and the old home with windows opened wide,
God's flowers fragrant all about, and happiness inside.

SOMETIMES

We were a robber band
Sometimes;
And others,
We were a scouting party,
Or blood brothers
Of some wild clan -
Sometimes my pal was a fierce ogre man,
And I a knight,
And we would fight
With magic forces.

The very woods rang with a prancing tread,
Our unseen horses -
Sometimes we'd walk on tip-toe
Cautiously,
And peer around the leafy boughs
To see
Strange beasts a-graze....

The summer days
Were all too short, and all too swift in going,
And yet, unknowing,
We played sometimes that we were robbers bold
With wealth untold.

We did not dream that we were really rich
In childhood's gold.

Margaret E. Sangster

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS-WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

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Rescued passengers of the steamer Carolina who sang the Star-Spangled Banner as they rowed for shore

The Submarine War Comes Here

Twelve Ships Sunk in Three Days Along the Middle Atlantic Coast. Our Chasers Active

ON Monday, June 3, Americans awoke to a realization of the fact that the great war had suddenly come to our shores. It was a rude awakening, for over a year had passed without anything happening to disturb our equanimity on this side of the Atlantic. Now came the startling news that a force of undersea boats, operating off the Delaware Capes and along the New Jersey coast, had attacked and sunk a number of our coastwise vessels. Yet it was not wholly unexpected, for, ever since the visits of the U-boats to this country before America's entry into the war, the public mind had discounted the probability of the invasion of American waters by the submarines, sooner or later.

The first information of the raid reached New York when Captain H. G. Newcomb and ten members of the crew of the four-masted American schooner Edward H. Cole arrived early in the morning, bringing the intelligence that their vessel had been sunk at 4:20 P. M. on Sunday, June 2, some fifty miles southeast of Barnegat, N. J. While each told the same story with some difference in details, all were agreed that the attacking submarine was about 200 feet long, with over 20 feet beam and 5 feet of freeboard; that she carried a three-inch gun forward and another aft and a quick-firer amidships, and had a speed of not less than seventeen knots. Robert Lathige, the mate, a native of Boston, said:

"It was just about ten minutes to four o'clock when I saw a submarine appearing on the surface, half a mile away from the port bow. Our vessel was averaging about three knots and had been going at that speed for nearly twelve hours. The day was clear and we could distinguish objects five miles distant on the horizon. We had a cargo of coal and were bound from Norfolk to Portland. At first, when Karl V. Karlson, a Finn, who was at the helm, called my attention to the submarine, it was moving around our ship at high speed. We both believed it to be an American, probably with some of the Naval Reserve cadets on board, who were trying to have some fun with us fellows.

"I went to the skylight and called down to the captain to tumble up lively on deck, as there was a big submarine close astern, getting ready to attack us. Then I took a look at the U-boat through the marine glasses, and after a moment, when a puff of wind blew the ensigns straight, I could see that it was the German flag; so I sang out again to Captain Newcomb: 'It's no joke. She's a German submarine all right.'

"She then made three circles of our boat, doubtless to see if we carried any guns. Then she came up to our starboard quarter and an officer standing by the conning tower shouted in English, asking the name of our ship. I told him it was painted on the stern, but he repeated the question, and then I gave him her name. Our captain came on deck, and just then we got a hail from the U-boat to 'heave to' and they would send an officer on board. The tall officer with three men came off in a dingey, and he boarded us and inquired about the cargo, tonnage, and ports of departure and destination. Then he made a brief inspection of the ship, after which he came up to the captain and said: 'Get your crew together and tell them they have ten minutes to leave the ship.'"

It was 4:10 when the crew of the Cole rowed off, taking neither water nor food, and no compass, though the captain brought his sextant and barometer along. They saw the Germans attach four bombs to the vessel, two on each side, and light the fuses. Five minutes after they pulled away, the bombs exploded, and the Cole began to go down by the bow. As she was settling, the submarine fired a single shell from her bow gun, which struck amidships. Fifteen minutes later, the schooner had disappeared.

© Underwood & Underwood

The beached tank steamer Herbert L. Pratt, now salvaged and afloat

THE men of the Cole saw a cloud of smoke on the horizon, and the U-boat darted off at full speed in that direction, probably anticipating another victim. A little after 5 o'clock several shots were heard, and the men in the boat could see, some four or five miles away on the starboard, an attack on a small steamship, probably a tanker, which a little later went down by the stern. About 6 o'clock firing was again heard, but the boat was then too far off to distinguish objects clearly, although, as there seemed to be a return fire, they concluded that the U-boat had attacked an armed

Continued on next page

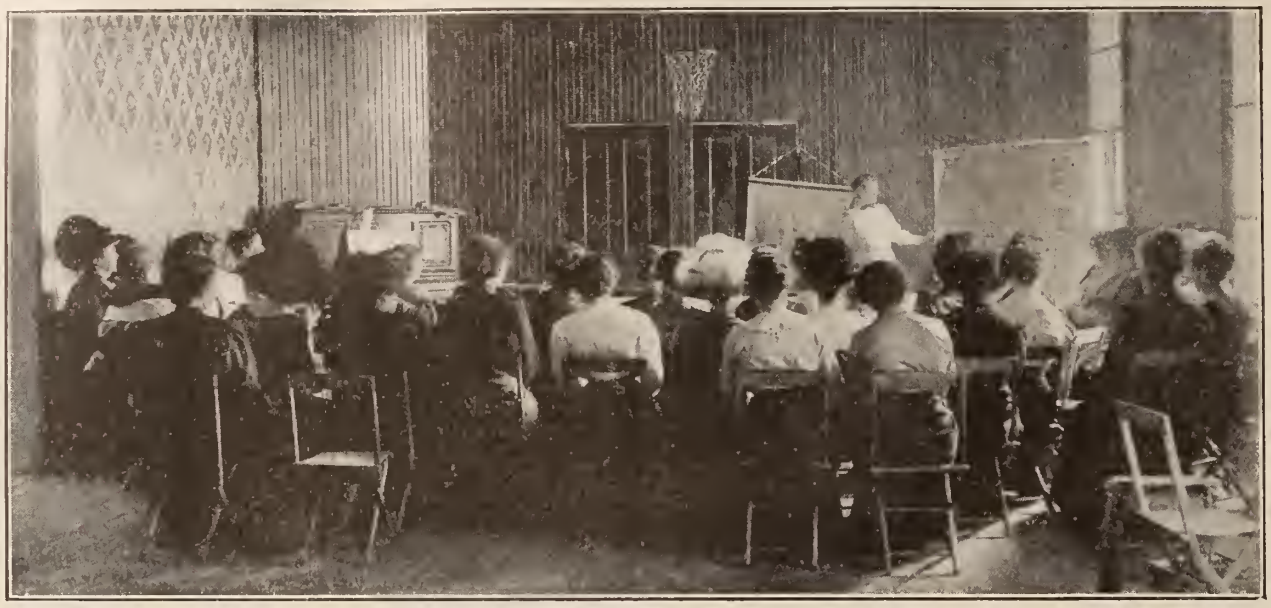
The Rural Church and the Farmer

By J. W. HENCEROTH

THE beautiful story of the vine and its branches when Christ said: "I am the vine, ye are the branches" bears a vital relation to our present-day religious and agricultural life. The great Vine, of which every country person should be a living branch, is "the country church." Yet how can it bear fruit if its members are out of harmony with one another and with Nature, are financially unprosperous, and the agriculture of the community so loosely organized that the people are in a daily struggle for the necessaries of life?

During the past few years the studies made of the country church have shown that there is a vital connection between the prosperity and spiritual life of the church and the daily and economic life of the community—between successful agriculture and religion.

In six counties studied in Ohio where agriculture was prosperous 34 per cent. of the country churches were growing and where agriculture was suffering, but 21 per cent. The great work of the country church is to convert men to Christianity, yet this conversion is making them more efficient in their life work. Many of our wide-awake churches are inspiring their members to carry the fundamental teachings and spirit of the Great Master into their daily life. As a result, the members are better citizens and farmers than are the non-church members of the same community.



Woman's session of a Farmer's Institute held in a country church in Ohio

PRACTICALLY every story of the great characters of the Bible deals with them in their relation to agriculture in their community—to nature and nature's God. The sturdy, heroic and outstanding Bible Christians were judged by their herds and flocks of cattle, sheep, horses, asses and oxen. The very fact that these men were living close to nature's God made them better farmers and herdsmen—better real citizens. Why should it be different today?

Prosperous churches and empty stomachs and pocketbooks don't go well together. If a minister can show his flock how to cooperate in raising bigger and better crops, how to market them to the best advantage and thus develop a prosperous rural folk, he will have a live, up-and-doing rural church. The rural minister of today must be a real part of his entire flock. Such a man brings the boys in rather than scares them away. We had such a man as this in our church for five years. He was always out with the boys and men. He played ball, and was a good player too. He organized a rural Y. M. C. A., a Y. M. C. A. ball team and a rural Bible class, and took an active part in the Farmers' Institutes and Farmers' clubs. He taught and preached the most up-to-date agriculture and religion for the church. As a result, the Sunday school and every church department was alive and growing. The people were prosperous and happy, and the church was alive spiritually. Such conditions as this should be in every rural community. Our ministers should be authorities on marketing, good seeds, soils, fertilizers, dairy cattle, spraying. They should know as much as they do about the Jebusites, the Hittites, and all other "ites" of the Bible, but along with this they should know more about the Millersburgites, Podunk Cornerites, and other "ites" of their community.

The Bible stories were told in terms that the people understood, and most of them are in terms of the agriculture of that time. If the great Teacher and the other authors of Bible stories were here today they would teach the same truths, but they would use modern terms. They would tell their stories in terms of purebred live stock, recleaned seed, legumes, nitrogen, phosphoric acid, potash, deep plowing, soil mulches, cover crops, automobiles, and all the other essentials that go with modern life. The lessons would be as true, as pertinent, as gripping, yes, and as sacred, as those of the Bible that are so dear to us.

Did you ever consider that practically every religious organization established as a community was settled on a farm? We need but cite the Shaker settlement of Southwestern Ohio and the Mormon settlement of Utah. In every case the religious leader was also the agricultural leader. While many do not agree with the religious teachings of the Mormons, they have to admire the way they brought down the mountain waters, irrigated the trackless deserts and made them blossom as the rose.

FARMERS are the only people of modern times whose work is intimately concerned with their daily living. They are the only people whose business, home life and religion can be intertwined as were the lives of the Bible characters. There are great principles of nature with which the farmer must work. Back of these great principles or laws stands the Infinite One that controls them, and it is our duty to know and work in harmony with these laws and the One that made them. There is poetry and romance on the farm. There is joy, money and pleasure in farming, if we, in our daily work, are in harmony with the great laws and forces of nature

With Cowper we can well say, "God made the country and man made the town." We as country people certainly have a great privilege in being close to nature and to nature's God as expressed in every tree that grows, in every babbling brook and each tiny flower that blows, as well as in the churches that raise their spires heavenward.

The Submarine War Comes Here

Continued from preceding page

vessel. The captain and men of the Cole were picked up later by the United States naval collier Bristol. There was more firing toward dusk, but at a considerable distance.

The Bristol's captain expressed the belief that as sounds of gunfire had come from different quarters, there must be two submarines working together off our coast.

Other reports followed in quick succession the news of the sinking of the Cole, indicating that the U-boat or boats were working on a wide area along our Atlantic coast.

The steamer Texel, 3,210 tons, with a cargo of sugar valued at $2,000,000, was sunk sixty miles off New York harbor on the same afternoon that saw the Cole destroyed. The Texel had only been taken over lately by the United States Shipping Board from the Dutch government. Her crew were hurried into boats and the vessel was blown up with bombs. The men were picked up after thirty-two hours' exposure on the sea and taken into Atlantic City, N. J.

A steamer arriving in New York on Tuesday morning, June 4, reported picking up at sea an empty motor boat of the New York and Porto Rico liner Carolina. The hull of the motor boat had been pierced by the fire of a U-boat's guns. The Carolina, as was learned definitely later, had been attacked and sunk at 6 o'clock on Sunday evening by U-boat 37, while 150 miles southeast of the Delaware Capes. Of 331 persons believed to have been on board, nineteen landed safely in the ship's boat at Lewes, and twenty-nine at Atlantic City, while 244 were taken up by the schooner Eve B. Douglas. Sixteen of the passengers are believed to have perished during a storm at sea through the overturning of one of the small boats. The Carolina was a stanch and swift vessel of 5,093 tons.

SO far as could be gathered up to Sunday, June 9, sixteen vessels, including the Norwegian liner Eibsvold, sunk off the Virginia Capes on June 5, had been caught in the U-boat raid and destroyed, those aboard being saved by the small boats or by passing ships later. The list is as follows:

	Tonnage	*Carried*	*Lost*
S. S. Carolina	5093	340	16
Sch. Hattie Dunn	436	6	..
Sch. Edward H. Cole	1791	11	..
Sch. Isabel B. Wiley	776	8	..
Sch. Jacob M. Haskell	1778	10	..
S. S. Texel	3210	...	..
S. S. Winneconne	1869	28	..
Sch. Hauppauge	1500	10	..
Sch. Sam C. Mengel	706	11	..
S. S. Eibsvold	1570	...	..
Sch. Edna	325	..	..
Sch. Edw. R. Baird	279	5	..
Tanker Herbert L. Pratt	7200	..	..
S. S. Harpathian	4500	...	..
Sch. Vinland	1193	..	..
S. S. Pinar del Rio	2504	29	..

The Pratt, apparently the victim of a mine, was beached and safely floated the following day. The Edna was towed in, little damaged. Trawlers picked up twelve mines in the steamer lanes leading out from the Delaware Capes which made it appear probable that the Tanker Pratt had struck a mine.

Off the Maryland coast a United States destroyer heard a German raider exchanging shots with the French steamer Radioleine. The destroyer started in pursuit of the raider, which submerged, and firing was heard for several hours by passing vessels. The Radioleine was undamaged.

Almost as soon as the first evidences of the raid were received, our coast patrol vessels began an active and wide-circling search for the raiders.

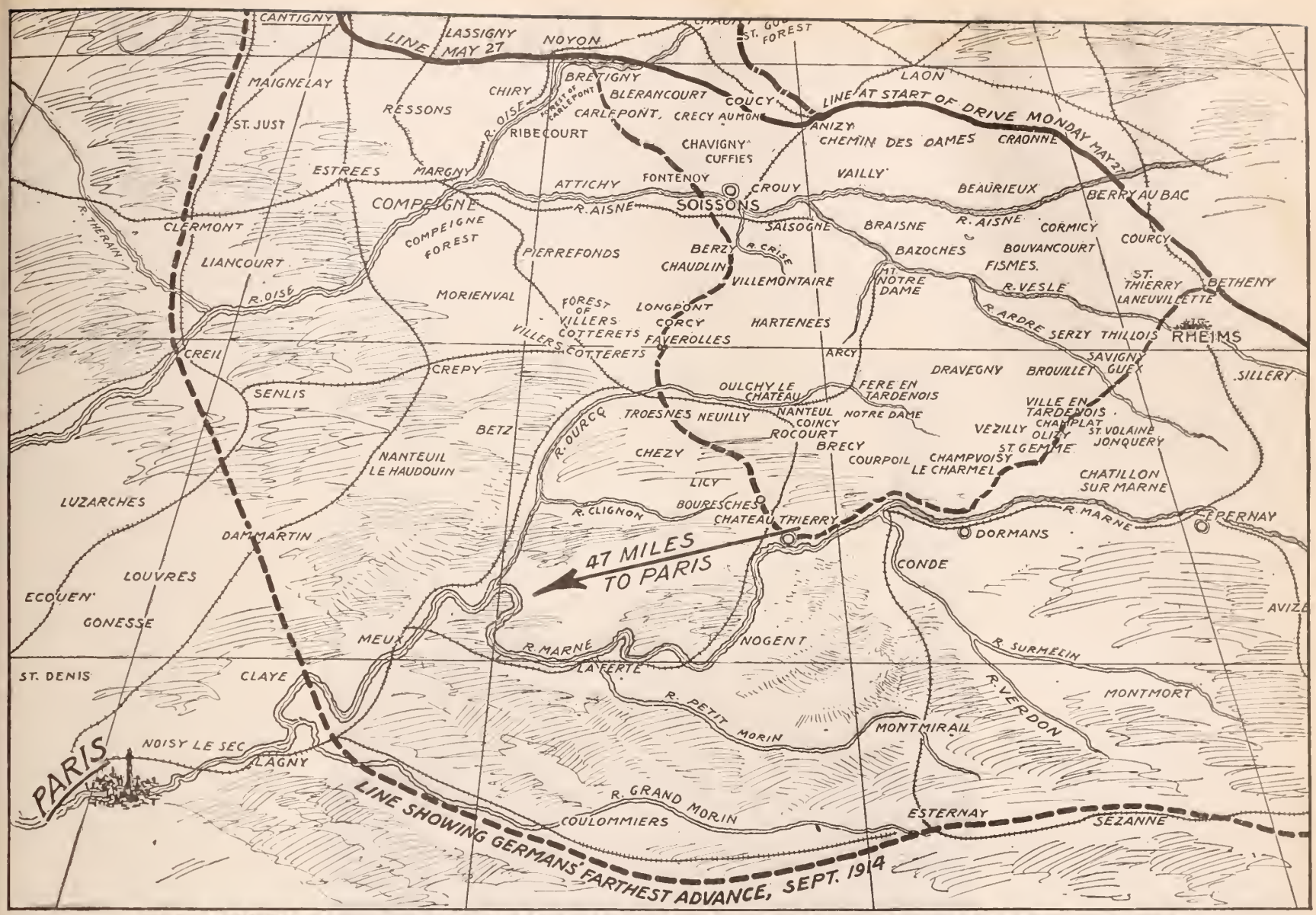
It was reported that two U-boats, the U-37 and the U-151, each with stores enough to last three months, were leading in the attacks on American shipping. Both are said to be submarines of the cruiser type, of large tonnage. It was claimed in some quarters that it will very likely develop that no less than five submersibles were engaged in the raids. On June 6 they were being hunted by American destroyers, submarines, aircraft and submarine chasers. Reports were current of the capture of one of the U-boats near Boston, but at the Navy Department in Washington nothing was known of such an event.

There were no sinkings from June 5 until the eighth when the Cuban-American liner Pinar del Rio was torpedoed seventy-five miles off the Maryland coast. These bold attacks so close to our shore have sharpened expectation as to future possibilities. One returning transport reported being chased by a submarine.

The Harpathian was attacked at 9 A. M. on June 5, 100 miles off the Virginia Capes and was apparently torpedoed. The Vinland was sunk at 6 P. M. on the fifth, sixty-five miles off the Capes. Both vessels were Norwegians and both crews were safely landed. The submarines appeared to be moving south, but had eluded the American submarines destroyers, chasers, dirigible balloons and seaplanes although their patrol was being widened and the net more tightly drawn.

POLICE Commissioner Enright, of New York, after conferring with the military authorities in connection with U-boat activities, ordered that the metropolis must be kept dark at night save for the light of the street lamps, and that the same rule must be applied to Coney Island, Staten Island and at all seaside resorts until further orders, this rule to include display lights of every character and the illuminations at seaside pleasure resorts.

The same official has issued a notice that in the event of airplane raids on New York or contiguous territory, siren horns or whistles will sound continuously for ten minutes as an alarm, and that people everywhere should "open the windows of their homes or offices and go at once to the cellar." When the danger has passed short blasts of the sirens or whistles at intervals of one minute each will signify "all clear."



The battlefield of the advance from the Aisne black line, original positions; broken line, the approximate position of the armies on June 3.

American Troops Halt Germans

AS we went to press last week the German advance from the Aisne to the Marne appeared to be ending and the battle lines were fast becoming fixed. On June 6 the military correspondent of the Berlin Vossische Zeitung sent this illuminating paragraph to the German public: "The German supreme command cannot well proceed now against the newly consolidated French front which is richly provided with reserves, and bear the great losses which experience shows are entailed by such operations." This dispatch was sent after 3 days of fruitless fighting in which the German massed attacks had been mown down by French and American artillery fire.

On Monday, June 3, the Germans made two bids for the southern bank of the Marne, crossing at Jaulgonne, midway between Château Thierry and Dormans, and surging into that part of Château Thierry, north of the Marne, expecting to cross with a rush to the southern side over the two bridges spanning the stream. American troops protecting the southern bank made short shrift of the German forces which had crossed the river, driving them back, destroying their foot bridge and taking prisoners. At Château Thierry American machine gunners reached the southern end of the bridges as the Germans began to enter in force the northern section of the city. The American troops with a company of French Chasseurs crossed the bridges, and deployed for their protection. In a short, sharp fight in the streets with their machine guns they cleaned the city of Germans, then withdrew to the southern shore, mining the bridges. Later in the day the Germans returned, swarmed onto the bridges, and when nearly across found themselves cut off by the blowing up of the center spans, while the American machine guns poured into them a vigorous fire. During the next day the American and German machine guns fought a battle across the river; the Germans being completely mystified by the skill of the Americans, in hiding their gun emplacements. The battle ended with one American killed, while some thousand Germans will not fight again. On the same day American marines rushing into action on motor lorries launched an attack against the Germans, pressing forward in the woods of Veuilly la Poterie, at first driven back, by a counterattack, they finally drove the Germans from the woods.

On June 6 American marines in conjunction with French forces attacked the Germans west of Château Thierry, driving them back for two miles along a front of two miles and a half, gaining complete control of the heights, inflicting many casualties upon the enemy and capturing 100 prisoners. The French captured 160. In addition to the prisoners the Americans captured 10 machine guns.

On the same day the Americans completed the clearing of Veuilly wood of Germans. Thursday, June 6, also saw the Germans defeated in an attempt to cross the Oise south of Noyon.

American troops going into battle at Veuilly, decorated their helmets with poppies and went into action whistling "Yankee Doodle."

The American marines, fighting southwest of Château Thierry faced a Saxon division on Tuesday, a Guard division on Wednesday, and on Thursday a crack Prussian division with a battalion of Jaegar sharp shooters.

THE American marines drove on throughout June 6, forcing back the crack Prussian troops in spite of successfully hidden and skillfully served machine guns, the total capture of prisoners by the Americans alone in three days' fighting exceeding 300, and many machine guns were taken, the crews either being captured or killed. On June 6 the Americans captured Torcy and Bouresches, while the French on their left reached Bussiares and Vinly. The Americans had taken all of Belleau wood and were fighting for the village of Belleau. Twenty-five American marines drove 200 Germans out of Torcy. After the first day's fighting a marine officer, talking to a correspondent, said: "We have not made our objective because we had none, but we have attained our object which was to stop the German drive. It is stopped."

On the eastern leg of the Marne salient, attempts of the Germans to advance south of Rheims succeeded at first in taking some ground, including the town of Bligny. British counterattacks completely restored the former lines and retook the village.

At every point of the long line, including the vicinity of Loere in Flanders, where the Germans made temporary gains early in the week, the initiative had passed again to the Allies, who were not expected, however, to carry it to the point of a serious attack, since General Foch was apparently still playing a waiting game.

The German official report of June 6 claimed total captures since May 27th of 55,000 prisoners, including 1500 officers, 656 guns and 2000 machine guns.

While American troops were putting a finish to the second defeat of the Germans at the Marne, the American air men held the supremacy in the air over American sectors at Toul and Luneville. Air scouts reported the Germans to be concentrating large numbers of troops in the region north of Toul, within the St. Mihiel salient. On June 2 it was announced that since April 14, when the American pursuit units were organized, 32 enemy airplanes had been shot down with a loss of only seven Americans. On June 3 three American aviators northwest of Toul engaged six Germans, shooting down one inside of the American lines. In May the British alone downed 518 German airplanes and seven observation balloons.

American patrols increased their activity in both sectors on the night of June 2nd and 3rd. The patrol of 40 men encountered a hostile patrol of double its size and held its ground three-quarters of an hour, and retired with few casualties, only when its ammunition exhausted.

If Germany has any doubts as to America's participation in the war, the events of this week should furnish the first premise of a demonstration.

ON Saturday, June 8, the Germans attacked heavily the positions held by the American troops at Bouresches. Their attacks failed with heavy losses, while the American troops, attacking, advanced in the neighborhood of Torcy, the French pushing forward on their left north of Veuilly.

Sunday, June 9, began with an intense artillery fire along the whole front from the Marne to Arras, especially heavy between Noyon and Montdidier. After a sweeping fire from mine throwers and artillery of all gauges, using gas shells and high explosives, the Germans attacked in force at 4:30 A. M. over a 20-mile front directly south of Noyon. The French lines south of Noyon not only held but were advanced slightly. South of Montdidier they yielded, but slightly. In the center, the Germans succeeded in going forward for about two miles and a half, although their successive attacks were murderous for their own troops. They gained a foothold in the villages of Ressons-Sur-Matz and Marcuil where they were held by the French units who had originally defended the first line. This battle was still in progress as this issue of the Christian Herald went to press. The American positions north of Montdidier and the British positions south of Arras were held under a murderous fire throughout the day, Sunday, June 9, but no infantry attacks developed, although the enemy was known to have large forces of storm troops massed near these lines.

Child Labor Law Unconstitutional

BY a vote of 5 to 4 the Supreme Court, on June 3, found unconstitutional the child labor law, passed by the last Congress, because it encroached unwarrantably upon the rights of the states to control their own commerce. The act closed interstate commerce to the products of factories in which, within thirty days, children under fourteen had been employed, or children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen had been permitted to work more than eight hours a day, or more than six days a week, or before six o'clock A. M., or after seven o'clock P. M. The law was a part of a comprehensive plan concurred in by most of the states for the conserving of the childhood of today in the interests of the manhood and womanhood of tomorrow, a plan opposed at every step by those who are willing to exploit childhood for their own profit. The effect of the State laws was so manifestly beneficial, coupled as it usually was with compulsory education laws, and the effect on industry was so contrary to that predicted, older and higher paid help proving a measure of economy rather than of expense, that few employers in any of the states where child labor laws have been in force would now return to promiscuous employment of children in mechanical processes. But there were some states in which certain employing interests were able to prevent any real improvement in the laws governing the education and labor of childhood. It was to reach these states that the child labor bill was passed by Congress. The majority opinion of the court, written by Justice Day, declared that the act, by prohibiting the movement in interstate commerce of ordinary commercial commodities, was intended to regulate the hours of labor and the labor of children in factories within the states, a purely state authority, the act being, therefore, repugnant to the constitution in a twofold sense, transcending authority delegated to Congress over commerce, and also exerting power as to a purely local matter, to which Federal authority did not extend. Justice Holmes in a dissenting opinion, declared that the national welfare was higher than the rights of any state or states, and that Congress was clearly justified. Justice Holmes pointed out as examples the oleomargarine law, the Sherman law, the pure food and drug act, and the Mann act; all of which had been upheld by the Court. A new campaign was immediately started for the enacting of a law which the court would uphold. It was suggested that the end sought might be gained by an ammendment to the Constitution extending the power of Congress to control the manufacture of goods intended for interstate commerce; or by a Federal tax on the product of child labor. Campaigns were also started to secure adequate laws in the states where childhood is not yet protected from commercial exploitation.

A Week in the World's News

THE RED TRIANGLE OVER THE SEAS. The National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. held several meetings in New York and at Atlantic City early in June to make preliminary plans for the campaign to finance its work for the second year of service to the Army. It was finally decided to ask the country for $100.000,000, the campaign to follow the fourth Liberty Loan drive. Dr. John R. Mott, general secretary, in outlining some of the things which made this necessary, told the Council, on June 3, that within the last five or six days the Germans had captured 850 Y. M. C. A. huts, and that $500,000 had been required to replace 89 huts and dugouts lost by the British Y. M. C. A. in Flanders and Picardy. Dr. Mott called attention also to the fact that in this country in the great cantonments we have 20,000 or 30,000 or 40,000 men massed together, while the same 30,000 in France will be scattered in 30 to 60 villages, each of which must have its Y. M. C. A. workers. In addition to this there is a constant shifting of troops. Another reason for the high cost of the work abroad lies in the transportation, the railway system in France being practically broken down, requiring the transportation by automobile lorries of much material that in ordinary times would go by freight. In addition the prices on the other side are much higher than in the United States, and are constantly rising. The War Work Council is determined to maintain its work on the same scale of expansion which marks the rapidly multiplying forces in America and France. This means money. No money could be better spent. Dr. Mott said one great reason why the organization would spend anything that was needed was because of the extreme devotion to the nation of the men who are "Over There." He said that one of the boys had said to him: "I have had it out with death." Dr. Mott said, "That is true of every American boy. They have thought the thing through and are ready to pay the extreme price, and that is what has put the strain of grandeur in every one of these boys. We must get more than $100,000,000. We must get overseas by September at least 4,000 more American workers, of whom about one-fifth should be women."

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American scouts creeping forward through what is left of a forest

THE CLASS OF 1918. On June 5 throughout the country, under the direction of the exemption boards, the boys who in the year just passed had become men of 21 enrolled for service under the flag of the nation. It was expected that at least 1,000,000 young men would thus be added to the available fighting material with which Uncle Sam will settle the battle for the world's liberty. As these men were registering the provost marshal sent out a call to the Governors of the states for 200,000 registrants to report to their cantonments between June 24 and 28. When these men are in khaki, the National Army will have enrolled 1,595,704 men, and the total number of armed men defending the Stars and Stripes will exceed 2,000,000.

ORGANIZE FOR WAR SAVINGS. The great money drives being over, the War Savings Stamp comes before us again. Team work and individual persistence are united in the War Saving Societies being organized throughout the country. These societies promote thrift, increase community feeling, and aid the government. If you are not a member join the society nearest you. If there is no society for you to join, start one. Full information may be obtained by addressing the War Savings Society Bureau, National War Savings Committee, 51 Chambers Street, New York City. Uncle Sam is seeking War Savings volunteers.

FROM CONSCRIPTION TO ENLISTMENT. Following the arrest of the Sinn Fein leaders, Lord French called for 50,000 voluntary recruits from Ireland to restore the Irish units in the British Army; with 2,000 to 3,000 monthly after October 1 to maintain the divisions at full strength. The proclamation also declared that measures were under consideration to make land available for the men who have fought for their country. Irish leaders of all shades welcomed this proclamation as an abandonment of Irish conscription.

THE RUSSIAN TURMOIL. Belgian officers returning home from Russia by way of Siberia and the United States declared in New York on June 2 that if the Allies would send a force into Russia immediately, all loyal Russians would unite at once to fight against the Germans, whom they hate bitterly. It appeared probable, on June 5, that an Allied expedition, in which Japanese would predominate, would soon be organized in Siberia to work its way westward. In the meantime the Germans were advancing farther into the interior of Russia. There was also a rumor of a country-wide plot against the Bolsheviki and a report of a secret treaty between Germany and Finland, by which the Finnish army would be placed under German leadership and a monarchy established under a German prince. On June 5 Russian troops were reported to have routed the Turks in Transcaucasia, the Turks and Germans retiring, massacring the population as they retired.

KAISER WANTS HIS RELATIVE. It was announced in Washington, on June 7, that Germany had demanded the release of Franz von Rintelen, a German naval officer now serving a prison term in the United States, with two more prison terms still to follow. The officer is said to be a distant relative of the Kaiser. Germany offered to exchange for him a naturalized American, named London, held in Warsaw as a spy, and reprisals were threatened in case Washington did not agree to the exchange. Secretary Lansing in refusing to make the exchange, in lieu of which Germany demanded that Von Rintelen be treated as a prisoner of war, called attention of the German Government to the fact that when it came to reprisals our opportunities were greater than Berlin's.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. It was announced on June 4 that a strike order would probably go out to the telegraphers of the nation on June 5. On the following day the Western Union Company announced bonuses of 2½ to 4 per cent., payable on October 1, to all employees who had been continually in the employ of the company since April 1. . . . The United States minister to Denmark, Maurice F. Egan, resigned on June 5 because of ill health. . . . Air mail service between New York and Boston was instituted on June 6. . . . A jury at Edwardsville, Ill., on June 1 acquitted fifteen men charged with the lynching on April 5 of the German labor agitator Prager. . . . The Red Cross drive, announced to have finished its course at $150,000,000, was swelled by later returns to $166,439,291, which was the record on June 2. . . . Penny postage ceased in Britain on June 2, after seventy years. The British domestic postage was raised to three halfpence. . . . Ramon Valdez, president of Panama, died on June 3 of heart failure. . . . The Uruguayan government has arranged for the purchase of the 980 miles of railroad in Uruguay operated by the British-owned Central Uruguay Railway. . . . Former Senator and Vice-President Charles Warren Fairbanks died at Indianapolis, Ind., on June 4. He was born May 11, 1852, in a log cabin in Ohio. . . . The Red Cross is conducting a campaign for 25,000 nurses for service abroad. It is realized that this means stripping the hospitals and communities at home, but it is expected that graduate nurses now married or retired will return to work in sufficient numbers to make good the deficiency. . . . American shipyards in May launched 71 ships and completed and delivered to the government 44 ships totaling 263,571 tons. British yards built 197,274 tons. . . . The Versailles Conference on June 3 placed all the Allies on record as in agreement with the United States in favor of a free and united Poland and in sympathy with the national aspirations of Austria's subject nationalities. . . . The revolutionary movement in China is dying of financial strangulation, but disaster threatens from another quarter. On June 6 the Yangtse was rising rapidly. Changsha was under eight feet of water. . . . The House of Representatives on June 6 passed the enabling act putting in force the treaty with Canada protecting migratory birds from ruthless killing, assuring the birds of their rights to live, and real sportsmen of game in season. . . . With the wheat crop beginning in Oklahoma, the Argicultural Department, on June 7, estimated the total wheat production of the country at 931,000,000 bushels for the year.

When Christians Fight Are They Christians?

LOYAL hearts have asked this question many times. It is a proper question. Dr. Keigwin answers it fully, patriotically and spiritually next week.

The Censor, after chipping off a little bark here and there, marked Major Waters's log of his trip from New York to Cape Town for use. You will read it next week. Major Waters will soon report from Jerusalem.

"There's a Providence that shapes our ends." Sometimes folks seem selfish and situations impossible, but they come out all right when He takes hold. Mr. Stearns's story next week points the road to those ways that are "Higher than your ways."

Dr. Gray will also explain, next week, some of the often misunderstood words connected with prophecy.

Harnessing the Vast Water Powers

By FRANK G. CARPENTER

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THE water powers of the United States are to be mobilized as a war asset. They are to be harnessed and used for the saving of coal. They are to be employed to take the nitrogen from the air in order that it may be used for explosives and fertilizers, and also to run the factories which are making the thousand and one things needed in this time of war.

This subject is now before Congress, and laws for damming the rivers and leasing the power sites will probably have been enacted by the time this letter is published. The great streams on our public lands are to be thrown open to private capital and an enormous increase of national energy will be the result.

Few people realize how large a place our water powers are likely to have in the life of the nation. They are among the greatest of our undeveloped resources and upon them our position as a world power may depend. According to estimates made by George Otis Smith, director of the Geological Survey, we have, outside Alaska, more than 55,000,000 horsepower easily available, and Uncle Sam's expert hydrographer, M. O. Leighton, has figured that 230,000,000 of hydroelectric power could be brought into use. The latter amount is more than five times as much as the available water powers of all Europe, and more than thirty times the possibilities of Germany and Austria-Hungary. According to Dr. Smith, we have more than 8,000,000 of hydroelectric horsepower already developed, which is considerably more than nine times the developed horsepower of Germany and Austria-Hungary. Moreover, Canada has enormous water power, and she is our big partner in the use of Niagara Falls and in the force that comes from the dropping of the waters of Lake Superior into Lake Huron through the Sault Ste. Marie canals. She is known to have something like 18,000,000 horsepower which can easily be developed, and she is already producing more hydroelectric energy than our allies in Europe.

The loss is enormous. Estimating it at 40,000,000 horsepower, it represents a loss of about 300,000,000 tons of coal per annum. This at $2 per ton, the lowest government price, equals $600,000,000, or $50,000,000 a month, year in and year out.

THE water powers of the world have not been accurately measured; but we know that the North American continent has several times as much as all Europe, and that the potential energy from harnessing the waters of the United States and Canada will make them the chief industrial centers of the world for all time to come. There are vast water powers in the streams that flow down the east side of the Mexican mountains, and the same is true of some of the countries in Central America.

South America has a few scattering water powers along the west coast. That region for more than 2,000 miles is a desert, but the melting snows of the Andes now run the street cars of Peru and there are large electric plants in Chile. The eastern side of the continent is susceptible of enormous hydroelectric development. The falls of the Iguazu on the eastern borders of Paraguay, can easily develop something like 4,000,000 hydroelectric horsepower. There are great water falls in eastern Brazil, which run the street cars and the electric lights of Sao Paulo and Rio de Janeiro; and there are vast water powers along the Madeira and other tributaries of the Amazon.

Africa has some mighty water falls. The falls of the Zambezi are a mile wide and 400 feet deep, and it has been estimated that they could produce 35,000,000 horsepower, or six or seven times the amount of Niagara. There are water powers on the Kongo enough to run an industrial empire, and where the Nile flows out of Victoria Nyanza are the Ripon Falls, which will some day be making the cotton cloth for the savages of that part of the world.

Asia also has great water powers, but the chief development so far has been in Japan and India, the former country using its waters for its silk mills and factories and to light some of its largest cities.

Europe has altogether about 41,000,000 of available horsepower, the chief developments being in the countries at

The great water fall of the Zambezi

war and in Switzerland and Norway and Sweden. Norway has more than one-sixth of all the water power available in Europe, and more than one-fifth of the horsepower so far developed is to be found in that country.

AS it is now, something like 230,000 cubic feet of water drops down over Niagara every second. The amount was 56,000 cubic feet more before Canada and the United States began to harness the falls, and this amount has served to produce more than 500,000 horsepower. Niagara is making nitrates for explosives. She is furnishing the electric heat which produces the grinding materials for our fine machines used to make munitions and Liberty motors. She is making aluminum for airplanes, and silicon for dirigible balloons, as well as chemicals for explosives and for hospital supplies. The factories there run night and day, but they are short now of something like 1,000,000 horsepower, and the full force of the falls could be profitably used in factories devoted to the needs of war.

Next to Niagara, the greatest potential power plant of the United States is that at Muscle Shoals, Alabama. It is there that we are putting up the enormous hydroelectric plants to extract nitrates from the air for the use of munitions. The dam site was given to the United States government without cost by the Alabama Power Company, which according to its contracts should be furnishing 35,000 hydroelectric horsepower to the nitrate plant this summer. One of the dams being erected is to be a mile wide and 105 feet in height.

IT is interesting to know where the great water powers of the United States are. The South has its full share. Something like 1,000,000 horsepower has already been developed, and it is estimated that there is sufficient fall in the rivers and streams yet to be developed to make a total of over 9,000,000 horsepower. As it is now, there are something like 14,000 water powers already in use. There are 1,400 in Alabama, more than 1,500 in Georgia, 2,600 in North Carolina and almost 2,000 in Tennessee. There are more than 2,000 in Virginia and West Virginia; and South Carolina, Kentucky, Mississippi, Missouri and Maryland have each hundreds of good-sized plants. The Tennessee River alone has an estimated horsepower of from one to two millions, and the Pedee, Santee and Savannah Rivers each have hundreds of thousands. South of the Mason and Dixon line there are a number of streams whose names are hardly known in the North which can develop 100,000 horsepower and upward, and the whole of the southern Appalachian range has a water foundation for large industries.

THE water powers of New England are not half developed, and this is so notwithstanding the census shows that New England ranks very high in its water power development. By the last census there were little more than 31,000 water powers in the United States, only 600 of which had a capacity of 1,000 or more. Of these, the six New England states had 5,700, and from these was generated almost one-fifth of our total hydroelectric power. At that time New York headed the states in its water power development, due largely to the big plants of Niagara Falls. California came second with a total of almost a half million horsepower flowing over more than 1,000 wheels, and Maine was third, with 343,000 horsepower over about 3,000 wheels. After Maine came Massachusetts, then New Hampshire, Connecticut and Vermont.

The great developed water power of the Mississippi River is that of the big dam at Keokuk, Iowa. The electric plant there has cost something like $25,000,000, and it has a potentiality of 310,000 horsepower. At Keokuk I saw machines weighing more than one-half million pounds resting on a single bearing, and above them were generators, each of which creates enough electricity to light an automobile road around the world.

In Minnesota reservoirs have been constructed by the government with reference to the navigation of the Mississippi. These reservoirs have a capacity of almost one hundred billion feet. They have increased the power of the flour mills at the falls of St. Anthony, and have improved the power plants along the Mississippi to the amount of many hundreds of thousands of dollars per annum. Reservoirs have been built for the same purpose at the head waters of the Wisconsin River; and an enormous increase of water power could be made by carrying out plans advocated by the late Senator Newlands.

THE greatest water powers of the United States are those of our western highland and of the Pacific coast states. The Deschutes River has a drainage area about as large as the states of Massachusetts and Rhode Island combined.

Washington has a number of great water powers, including those which supply Seattle. The Spokane River, in addition to the 30,000 horsepower which it can generate in the heart of the city, has several million available horsepower above and below Spokane.

On four rivers in northern California there is available 800,000 horsepower, and San Francisco gets power from electric plants in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Los Angeles has great power plants worked by water which is brought a distance of 250 miles, and the fall is such that the most of it occurs within fifty miles of the city. It has potentially 120,000 horsepower of electric energy

There are enormous water power possibilities in Alaska. For 1,000 miles north of Seattle the coast is lined with steep mountains which have a heavy rainfall and many of the islands have high water falls.

Indeed, we have all over our country an enormous amount of white coal, as hydroelectric power is sometimes called, and if it could be used it would save hundreds of millions of dollars and the labor of hundreds of thousands of men now employed in our coal mines.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

The Diplomacy of Duplicity

IT is intimated in the cable dispatches that the German offensive, which has somehow stagnated or come to a premature halt like its predecessors, is to be followed by a new and powerful "peace offensive." Allies and neutrals will be alike suspicious of such a plan. Karl Rosner, the German war correspondent whose intimate relations with the Kaiser have won him the title of Boswell to the All-Highest, has lately given to the world another of those characteristic utterances which the Kaiser usually makes the prelude to a new peace venture. It was while the emperor was viewing the desolation along the Marne—well back, we may be assured, from the actual fighting front—that he said, according to his biographer: "What suffering and misery France might have spared herself and her people, if the peace offer of December 12, 1916, had not been so criminally rejected." And this sympathetic utterance is shrewdly suspected as the prelude to a new venture in the same direction.

But there are many things that militate against belief in the genuineness of any peace overtures by the Kaiser. Maximilian Harden, as we have seen, has scoffed openly in his paper at the pharisaism of such propositions. We have already shown how Prince Lichnowsky, who was German ambassador to Britain at the outbreak of the war, stamped the whole attitude of his own government as insincere and Machiavellian. And now there come the confessions of August Thyssen, a German coal and iron magnate, who tells how the Kaiser was ready for war in 1911, when he sent one of his warships to seize the French port of Agadir, in Morocco. All his plans were laid, and it was only when his bankers protested that the country was not ready for war, that he desisted.

The statement of Herr Thyssen sheds a wonderful light on the Hohenzollern war policy at that time—a policy which has been steadily pursued up to the present moment. The iron magnate relates how a large number of business men, financial and commercial, were asked to support a Hohenzollern war policy on the ground that it would pay them to do so. He frankly admits that he was one of those who were led to agree to support the war plan when it was laid before the leading public men of Germany in 1912-13. "I was personally promised a free grant of 30,000 acres in Australia, and a loan from the Deutsche Bank of $450,000 at 3 per cent. Every trade and interest was appealed to. . . . These promises were made definitely on behalf of the Emperor, by Bethmann-Hollweg, to gatherings of business men, and in many cases to individuals. . . . They were made to at least eighty other persons (besides himself) at special interviews with the Chancellor. . . . They were confirmed by the Emperor, who on three occasions addressed large private gatherings of business men in Berlin, Munich and Cassel in 1912 and 1913. I was at one of these gatherings. . . . The emperor was particularly enthusiastic over the coming German conquest of India, and said: 'The vast revenues that the British allow to be taken by Indian Princes will, after our conquest, flow in a golden stream into the Fatherland.'"

It would be strange indeed if, after such examples of long and deliberate preparation for exploiting other countries, any government should seriously consider peace propositions from Germany now. Her "victorious peace" is well illustrated in the case of Russia, Rumania and Finland. Herr Thyssen's disclosures, coming at the present time, would make even the most conservative government hesitate to entertain any proposals from a source that has been so consistently devoted to the diplomacy of duplicity.

Russia Trusts Wilson

PRESIDENT WILSON'S declaration of sympathy toward Russia, together with the attitude of Arthur Henderson, the British labor leader, in backing President Wilson, has greatly strengthened the Allied cause in Russia.

The Petrograd newspaper Novoyeve Domosty defends the Allies and expresses gratitude to President Wilson for the friendly utterances.

Rev. Dr. Joseph Clare, a Congregational clergyman and head of the British-American Church of Petrograd, has declared on his return to this country that the people of Russia are starving not because of poor transportation of foodstuffs, but because they are afraid to plant and raise crops. As fast as they attempt to do this, their crops are confiscated by Bolshevik agents; and if they protest, they are either murdered outright or thrown into prison. Dr. Clare says that the peasants of Russia have now come to believe that President Wilson has shown genuine sympathy for them, and that if the President were to send another personal representative to that stricken country at this time, it would undoubtedly result in stopping the wholesale bloodshed and reign of terror that now exists.

Just what is best to be done for Russia in her sore need is a puzzling question, perhaps; but it is important that Russia should know, that our own people should know, and that all the world should know, that President Wilson, with our united nation at his back, is ready and willing to do for the great and as yet unwieldly new democracy whatever justice and opportunity may require or permit.

The future of the world largely depends on the fate of Russia. There is the testing ground of democracy today. In this, as in so many another grave world problem wherein human rights are critically involved, President Wilson is evidencing keen vision, sound judgment, strong courage and absolute sincerity.

The Prophetic Message

THE Prophetic Conference has come and gone. It accomplished its work well. It was in many respects the most notable religious assemblage ever held in America. During the three days' session, there was a continuous series of the largest audiences of earnest students of the Word, and especially of the prophecies, of which we have any record. As one of the speakers aptly characterized it, "It is the biggest Bible class ever known."

And this phenomenal interest does not surprise us, for the Conference dealt with the great problems that lie at the very heart of Christianity: the King and his Kingdom, and the King's Return. The Christ of the ages, the world's Redeemer and King, was exalted in all the addresses. Patient and prayerful, solemn and joyous by turns, the multitudes were reverent throughout. Constructive and helpful scholarship on the part of the speakers gave to the vast throngs light where it was most needed. The whole message of the Conference was one of cheer and confidence in the Divine Wisdom, which is working out the deep problems of Scripture and grandly fulfilling the promises. It was an expository message such as the world needs today. And it was obviously inspired of the Holy Spirit with hope and confidence, and abounded with faith in the complete fulfillment of all he has graciously promised.

The Christian Herald is glad to be the medium through which the Conference is sending forth its message to the world. We feel that the volume of addresses about to be issued is one that will meet with a wide welcome, and that it will be universally appreciated wherever it is known and read.

Our Splendid Crop Outlook

THE prospect for the crops in this country is surpassingly fine, weather conditions having been almost ideal to this time.

Reports from the winter wheat states say that there is nearly moisture enough in the ground to mature the crop. The situation as to the spring wheat is equally favorable, and a total yield of 900,000,000 bushels is indicated. Oats are now so far along and look so well that a big crop appears to be assured.

A year ago, owing to a backward spring, much of the corn acreage had not been planted up to June 1, but this year the planting was completed under uniformly good conditions.

The great drouth in Texas seems to have been effectually broken, at least over much of the territory. The cotton crop is much more promising than at this time last year.

Not only in this country but in Canada, Australia, India, Argentina and in France and England the crop prospects at present are exceptionally good.

The Submarine Raids

ALTHOUGH the invasion of American waters by the German submarines was an event foreseen, the news of the sinking of a number of American coastwise vessels, coming suddenly, made us realize that the war had reached at last to our very doors.

Germany's real purpose was doubtless to strike a blow that would consternate our people and halt the sending of our troops abroad. Instead, it has stiffened the national determination to prosecute the campaign with intensified vigor on the lines originally planned.

In creating such a diversion—which is destined to be short-lived, for we shall assuredly master the U-boats here, just as we have helped our Allies to master them in European waters—Germany practically concedes that our troops are a vital factor in the crucial struggle now going on in France. She has seen them fighting on the Marne and at Cantigny, and she looks forward with misgiving to the time when their force will be fully developed at the front, where it is growing mightier every day. And the Kaiser knows that unless this growth is checked at the source, his legions are fighting a hopeless battle.

We have been fortunate for a whole year or more in escaping attacks along our shores, although we have borne our full share of danger and suffering through submarine perils in European waters.

Good and Evil

WHO can answer the question, whence and how came evil into our world? One poet says, "Evil is only another form of good. . . . Out of evil still edueing good." In this view, evil would seem to be a diseipline for greater good. This would be true of suffering, but not of sin. But the heart of humanity feels that evil ought not to be; that it must be overcome, or the universe will be a failure. Evil is possible to every human soul, and arises from the freedom of the will and from the power of choice. Satan fell from the heavenly estate seeking to usurp divine power; he chose rebellion instead of obedience. Almighty God had the choice of creating men or machines, and he decided to make man in his own image, and for his eternal family and fellowship. Man, being a creature of freedom, has the power to cast himself down the chasm of sinfulness, or to rise to goodness and greatness under the shadow and blessing of the Almighty Father. The moral law is God's own individual nature. It could not be different. His throne would fall, endorsing evil. God ever says, "Thou shalt not." Man replies, "I will."

Eternal justice must finally banish evil from his universal Kingdom of righteousness. Our Lord knew the source of evil when he said, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murder, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witnesses and blasphemy." Here is the reason why a soul must be born again into the Kingdom of heaven, free from evil. As a judge must condemn a guilty criminal, so the Almighty must condemn the unrepentant sinner. He must protect his government against treason and rebellion, if he would preserve peace eternally in his universe.

The Housewives' Problem

OUR good friend Marion Harland, known and beloved of American housewives everywhere, writes to us that she has received from our readers a large number of responses to her request for suggestions looking to a suitable title for her weekly contributions on domestic economy in war time. These letters have come to her from every state and many are excellent. She writes:

> In all the years of my life which have been devoted to writing what may be catalogued as "Household Literature," I have seldom rebelled at the limitations of space as I do now in examining the goodly pile of letters laid before me. As readers know, it was proposed by the Christian Herald, in announcing the renewal of my connection with the magazine, that readers and friends suggest titles for the department. Choice of a name would be made when all the returns were in. No more flattering proof could be offered of the hold the Herald has upon the hearts of subscribers, and the warm interest American housewives feel in the vital question of what one correspondent aptly styles "American Loyalty in Food," than the ready and intelligent response to the proposal.
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> "Embarrassment of Riches" is a phrase that takes on new meaning as one studies the fourscore and eight titles submitted to the Committee of Selection. The task is obviously hopeless as our eyes run down the lines. None are meaningless; and so many are happily descriptive that to single out one, or one dozen, would be invidious.
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> In perplexity which is actually painful, it has been thought best to retain for the present the general title of "Marion Harland's Corner," using, from time to time, such substitutes as the matter in hand may indicate. Were it feasible for one whose every hour is mortgaged by work to write a note of thanks to each of my well-wishers and helpers herein named, it would be done gladly. As it is, may I beg these valued constituents to believe that I shall carry in mind and heart the memory of these evidences of affectionate regard, and shall work with and for them the more earnestly for the possession of a list I treasure as a personal token of love and good-will? MARION HARLAND.

The Christian Herald joins with Marion Harland in expressing its cordial appreciation of the kindly interest these ladies have shown in the problem presented.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

"Poor Girl"

WHAT is the trouble with this girl of eighteen? Her trouble is that she finds that with all her pinching and scrimping she is unable to live on the $12,500 annual allowance provided for her under the will of her millionaire father. Her distress over her dilemma was so great that she appealed through her lawyer to the Surrogate of New York County for an addition of $7,500, making the amount of her allowance $20,000 a year. As an evidence of the justice of her claim she filed the following schedule of necessary expenses: For clothing, tailored dresses, school dresses, coats, sport-coats, sweaters, evening gowns, party gowns, lingeries, shoes, stockings, skirts, shirtwaists, jewelry, hats, auto-coats, parasols, furs, toilet articles, perfumes, ribbons, collars, laces, manicuring, shampooing and hairdressing, $3,000; for household expenses, $4,000; for insurance, etc., bonds for her guardian, burglary insurance, and insurance on household effects, $850; upkeep of her touring and limousine cars, including insurance and club dues, $5,000; for education, including tuition in French and music and contributions to church, $2,000; for "pleasure," including traveling, rent of summer cottage, railroad fares, sociables, hotel bills, luncheons, dinners, dances, and theater parties, $3,000. The last item is $1,000 to pay for the physicians, opticians and dentists she visits yearly, and for the drugs and medicines they prescribe. There are people who apparently live only to spend money. If they were wise in the spending, there might be much that is good in their plan of life, but wisdom and extravagance cannot go hand in hand. Wealth makes possible life on a generous scale, it is true, but when the rich are recklessly wasteful, when they allow the demands of a fictitious social aristocracy to obscure their mental, moral, and religious duties, they are on the road to become a force for evil both to themselves and their fellow-beings. Of all times these are the worst in which to tolerate the claim of a schoolgirl of eighteen to spend $20,000 a year on personal indulgence when men are giving their lives for their country, and when rich and poor alike are being called upon to practice the utmost economy and self-denial to give success to our flag. What a contrast this creature and buffet of luxury is to the ideal woman of industry and benevolence thus described: "*She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor.*" (*Prov. 31 : 19, 20.*)

Total Eclipse of Sun

MANY thousands of persons, including hundreds of amateur and professional astronomers and multitudes of non-professional beholders, observed a total eclipse of the sun on June 8, in a strip made by the moon's shadow from Washington State to Florida. Starting at the Borodino Islands south of Japan at sunrise, the line of totality extended across the Pacific Ocean, entered the United States near Aberdeen, Wash., at five minutes to three o'clock, and swept diagonally across the states, reaching Orlando, Fla., at nineteen minutes to six. Astronomers from Mount Wilson and Yerkes Observatories selected Green River, Wyo., as their place of observation; those from the Lick Observatory at San José, Calif., went to Goldendale, Wash.; the United States Naval Observatory stationed its astronomers at Baker City, Ore.; the Smithsonian Observatory sent their professors to Kansas, and the Drake University men were stationed at Matheson, Colo. Congress voted to the Naval Observatory an appropriation of $2,500 for the purpose of making complete measurements and taking photographs in every conceivable way of the eclipse. One important feature was that motion pictures were taken. Never before in the history of the world, it is said, have there been any motion pictures of the eclipse of the sun, and the scientists hope that new details will become evident. Eclipses of the sun are caused by the moon coming directly between the earth and the sun at some point in its journey around the earth. When sun, moon and earth are in a straight line, we have a total eclipse of the sun. God has ordered his creation according to his will; he has laid the course for the sun and earth and moon as he says, "*I form the light and create darkness.*" (*Isa. 45 : 7.*)

Chinese Telephone Girls

WHAT would the people of China think of the telephone girls of their race in Chinatown, San Francisco? The Chinese girl in her native land is counted of so slight importance that little attention is paid to her education. She would not know how to read her own language, much less master two languages. The daughter would not be allowed to become a "hello girl." The separation of the sexes until marriage has marked the social custom of China from the earliest times. At the age of seven, girls did not eat with the boys, not even of their own families, and at ten a girl ceased to appear outside the women's apartments. She was taught by her governess to be docile and obedient, to spin and weave, to deal with the cocoons and weave the silk and make the garments and furnish material for the sacrifice. At fifteen she received the hairpin as the symbol of her having become of age; at twenty to twenty-three she married. Ancestor-worship in China makes every son welcome in the family, but girl babies in the past, especially among the poor, were often put to death, the excuse being that it was impossible to support them. What would the people of China think of the Chinese girls of San Francisco, who dare come out into the open, mingle with men, and earn an honest living at an honorable calling? One of the most hopeful solutions of the California-Chinese question is the fact that a number of the girls as well as boys and grown-up people have become Christians, friends of our civilization and religion. There are many dark things and bad places in Chinatown, but one of the bright spots is the telephone central with its intelligent, upright Chinese "hello girls." They are not lights hidden under a bushel, as the girls are in the homeland, but lights on a candlestick. Christ says this about putting mental and spiritual light so it will scatter the darkness: "*Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.*" (*Matt. 5 : 15.*)

Indians and the War

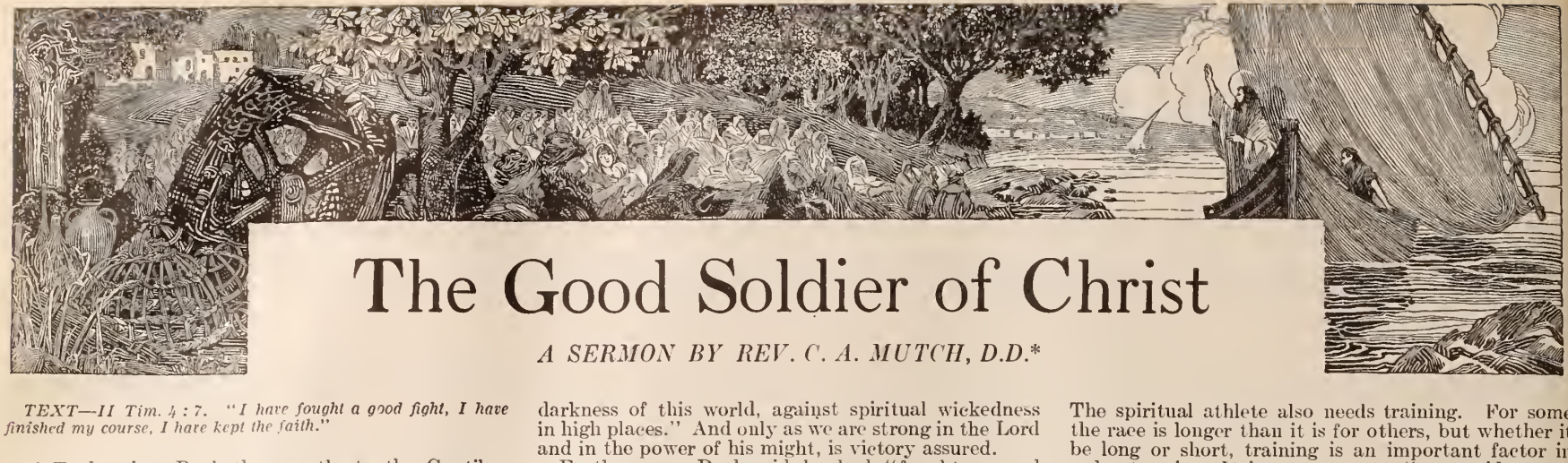
THE Indians in proportion to their numbers have subscribed quite liberally to the war bonds. They have taken $7,500,000 of the first and second Liberty Loans. They are nearly all members of the Red Cross Society and are earnest in its advocacy. Large numbers of them who were not citizens and hence not subject to the draft, have enlisted in the army and navy and other branches of war service, and make splendid soldiers, sailors, artillerymen and airmen. The superb manner in which the white, black and red men, men of all parties, creeds and social conditions, rally to the flag and pledge their lives in its behalf is our pride and glory, and, with the help of God, is an augury of victory. The loyalty of the black man and the red man to the nation in which the white man is supreme, suggests the brotherhood of the race and the fatherhood of God, who "*hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth.*" (*Acts 17 : 26.*)

Gave All, Then Himself

LINN F. HANSON, a young Nebraska farmer, decided that his country needed him, and therefore sold his property, bought Liberty Bonds, gave to the Red Cross, and gave a thousand dollars to his church. Hanson had 240 acres near Wayne, Neb. Selling that and all his goods, he contributed $3,800 to the Red Cross. He then joined the military service and is now a member of an infantry regiment stationed at Pensacola, Fla. During the recent Third Liberty Loan campaign he took $4,500 of the bonds. President Wilson wrote Hanson the following letter: "Indirectly through a friend, I have learned of all the circumstances of your joining the military forces of the United States, and I want to send you this brief line to express my admiration of the spirit which prompted your action in leaving your farm and throwing in your fortunes entirely and unreservedly with the great country we all love and seek to serve." It is eminently proper for the head of our nation to call attention to this superb expression of loyalty. It is a sample of the devotion to country of the men rich and poor, from the stores, shops, offices and farms—even the unemployed of the streets—who have given themselves for the defense of the flag. The Nebraskan giving all and then himself appears in striking contrast to the rich young man who came to Christ and who, not willing to sell all he had and give to the poor, was refused discipleship. "*Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me.*" (*Matt. 19 : 21.*)

Locomotives Too Large

AN AMERICAN railroad bought forty huge locomotives which cannot pass each other on the tracks, and are useless. There are some men so big that they will not allow any other beside them. The prophet gives this reference to a man too big for the provision made for him: "*For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it: and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it.* (*Isa. 28 : 20.*)



The Good Soldier of Christ

*A SERMON BY REV. C. A. MUTCH, D.D.**

TEXT—II Tim. 4 : 7. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

AT the time Paul, the apostle to the Gentiles, wrote these words he was a prisoner in Rome, closely confined and under sentence of death. This was not the first time he suffered imprisonment for the sake of the Name, for he tells us it was rather a common experience of his. Because of these imprisonments for the sake of Jesus Christ and his Gospel, he styles himself "the prisoner of Jesus Christ" or "the prisoner of the Lord." His deliverances from the enemies of the Cross had been so frequent and were of such marvelous character, and moreover the Spirit of God dwelt in him so mightily, that he could say that none of the things his enemies might compel him to suffer could move him to abandon the course divine wisdom had marked out for him. And now, while under sentence of death, after looking back over the way he had come, this hero of a hundred hardly contested battle-fields laid his armor by, and with the confidence begotten by the Holy Spirit, he said: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Then looking forward he continued: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give to me in that day; and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing."

Here, as well as elsewhere in Paul's writings, the Christian is represented as a soldier, his life a warfare. Every advance onward and upward is opposed. Everywhere, lurking foes seek his destruction. These foes are both external and internal, they are within and without. The Bible groups these together and names them the world, the flesh, and the devil. This trinity of evil forces never wearies of the fight, no matter how often defeated from accomplishing the object at which it was aimed.

TAKE first the world. By the world is meant the practices and customs which are simply in material things. We are exhorted to be diligent in business, we must sow and reap, we must buy and sell, it is necessary to engage in commerce and to be busy in the marts of trade. To be employed in some useful occupation is not only an economic necessity, but a moral necessity as well. Honest toil is a priceless boon. But the cares of the world should never be allowed first place in our thought or effort. This world is to be our servant, not our master. Many professing Christians are lost in the surging flood of worldliness. They manfully resist sin in its grosser forms. They are not guilty of dishonesty, or vulgarity, or impurity; but they succumb to the miasma of worldliness, "which is the subtlest enemy of the church of Christ today."

The Christian, through the mystery of the new birth, becomes a child of God. His life henceforward is hid with Christ in God. He walks not after the flesh, but after the spirit. But he is still subject to temptation. God never deprives man of the right of choice. The character of the choice man must likewise determine. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve" was the command to God's chosen people in the long ago. That is a duty we face today, and we shall continue to face it while we live. God has graciously given us natural desires and appetites, and He has made provision for their lawful gratification. The sin is to gratify them in the wrong way. Paul said: "I keep my body under." To do that we must fight, yet the victory is only through grace.

NOTHING gives the evil one so much satisfaction as the ruin of a soul. He perverts the desires and appetites. Whenever possible he directs our thoughts into improper channels. His devices to lead men astray are manifold. Whenever he can and wherever he can, he makes wrong appear right and darkness light. He is past master in the art of camouflage. Our Lord called him "the prince of this world." Paul designates him "the prince of the power of the air." He is the principal active agent in engineering the woes mankind has suffered in the past and is suffering now. The conflicts of earth simply reflect the conflicts of the spirit world. We are at war with a great conspiracy of evil; "against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." And only as we are strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, is victory assured.

Furthermore, Paul said he had "fought a good fight." Is it not a good fight when we come "to the help of the Lord against the mighty"; when we war against unrighteousness; when we plant our feet firmly upon the eternal principles of right and truth; when liberty is proclaimed to those who are in "the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity;" when we work and worship so as to please God and proclaim the unsearchable riches of God's grace? Most assuredly. To war against wrong is our exalted duty. To proclaim the kingship of Jesus is the privilege and glory of the Christian. To represent the Lord Jesus Christ among men is his holy task. It has pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe, but the kind of preaching that saves always stirs up the wrath of the devil. When one espouses the cause of right and justice and truth, a conflict with the forces of evil is inevitable. To war a good warfare, we must endure hardness as soldiers and quit ourselves like men. The appeal is always to the heroic. If we, like Paul, fight the good fight, then the victory is certain, for Christ, the Captain of our Salvation is exalted "far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come."

"I HAVE finished my course." The Christian's life is now presented from another viewpoint. It is not the soldier clothed in armor, ready for the battle, whom we see, but the athlete. The place is not now the battle-field, but the stadium. It is a contest of a different character, though none the less strenuous. In order to receive the reward which is bestowed upon the winner, it is required that he strive lawfully. No one can win on a "foul." The athlete must train for the race. Weeks, and even months, of the hardest kind of training is necessary before one is fitted to enter the lists. He must train until every member of the body is in complete control of the will, and responds instantly to every demand made upon it. The spiritual athlete also needs training. For some the race is longer than it is for others, but whether it be long or short, training is an important factor in order to win. It is necessary to "cast aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us." Anything that hinders us, or anything that might prove an encumbrance, and thus lessen our chances of winning, is to be cast aside while running the race. Perseverance is also essential, for the reward is not at the beginning, nor in the middle, but at the end of the race. To stop before the goal is reached is to suffer defeat; to suffer defeat is to lose the reward. The perseverance of the saints is not an empty phrase; it is vital to the attainment of the object we had in view when the race was begun. There are many obstacles in the way, many hindrances and many hinderers. We may have to come back to the starting-point, so to speak, once in a while and try again. Sometimes weariness overtakes us; we are troubled with doubts as to whether or not we shall be able to endure to the end. But no matter how long the course, or how strong the opposition, "so run that ye may obtain."

"I HAVE kept the Faith." That is a climactic statement and that is the secret of his splendid achievement. It was because he had kept the faith that he could fight the good fight and finish the course. It was his faith that held him true. It was faith that gave him the victory. It was his faith that made him more than conqueror through Him that loved him. Through faith he had reached the mountain tops, from whose heights he looked down into the valley and perhaps called to mind his varied experiences, and the cruel treatment he had received at the hands of his enemies as the ambassador of Jesus Christ. In spite of the treatment he had received from those who despised the Cross; in spite of the untoward circumstances, bitter experiences and great sufferings, he never lost his grip upon the eternal verities; he never questioned God's providences; he never charged God with neglect of him; he never murmured because of his hard lot, but with superb confidence in the righteousness of the war in which he had fought so valiantly, and the course he had run to the end, he could say with calmness, yet with that sublime conviction which has never failed to thrill the hearts of every true lover of God and his righteousness: "I have kept the faith." To the end he had kept the faith of the Gospel, to proclaim which he poured his life without measure.

WE are similarly tested today. These are days of stress and trouble; days of mighty upheavals in the political, industrial and social worlds. The Kingdom of heaven has by no means escaped. False teachers abound. Their doctrines are sown broadcast over the land, even inserting their false teachings in the text of the Bible itself, as was charged recently. The Virgin Birth is scoffed at; the divinity of Jesus Christ is denied; the atonement ridiculed; the inspiration of the Bible regarded as a pious fraud. Many who held the faith of the Gospel have "wrapt it reverently in a shroud of purple and laid it away where the dead gods lie." The voices of the sirens call to us from everywhere to cast off the fetters that have bound us to the so-called superstition of the past, and to accept the modern scientific interpretation of the Word of God. As was said of their prototypes of old, they too have laid aside the commandment of God, and teach the tradition of men. Those who substitute the traditions of men for the teaching of the Bible are what another has called "ecclesiastical submarines who torpedo the faith once delivered to the saints." In some quarters, to sneer at those things held most sacred by the true believer is regarded as a sure mark of scholarship. "Be progressive, up-to-date," is the advice of the false teachers to those who, in their simplicity, accept the Bible, and the whole of it, as the revealed Word of God.

Amidst the Babel of voices, it is not strange that confusion results and many fall away. Unless our moorings are in God the Father Almighty, we are in imminent peril of being swept away by the turbid waters of unbelief. The finest achievement possible to mortals is to walk with God like Enoch of old. The most inspiring message to leave our kindred when we are on the borderland of time is: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith."

*Pastor, First United Brethren Church, Ephrata, Pa.

UNTIL THE ULTIMATE HOUR

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

I HOPE to live to see the day
When, in that barren land
Where France saw homesteads swept away,
Hope builds with eager hand.
I want to live to see young trees
Upspringing from the soil,
And hum of Industry—and bees—
A holy song of toil.
I have a firm, unflinching thought
That God walks there in France,
And o'er the land where heroes fought
Will sow a new romance.

I want to go in after years
To fields now piled with dead,
And through the consecrating tears
See blue skies overhead
Seed sown in earth of Martyrdom
Shall rise as angels rise;
Winged Plenty to that land shall come,
Sweet balm from sunny skies.
Not once in all these days of strife
Has Hope gone forth from me.
I somehow knew that there was life
Beneath the misery.

I want to live to see that hour
When grass is green once more,
When French hearts, like the rose in flower,
Their old-time incense pour.
I want to wander like a child
In some fair, magic place,
And find the hurt ones reconciled—
A smile upon each face.
Nor is there doubt—no weakening;
Lost hope—because of pain.
God, somehow, measures everything,
And France will bloom again!

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Pedestrian Souls

SUNDAY, June 23. Isa. 40:31. "*They shall mount up with wings as eagles.*" The title of this meditation is out of harmony with the text. And I have purposely set the two in contrast because there are multitudes of men and women who seem determined to trudge along the road as pedestrians although they were intended to have the helpful ministry of wings. They are like the Alpine insects of which Fabre tells us in his wonderful book on the grasshopper. "I do not know," he says, "why the insect deprives itself of wings, and remains a plodding wayfarer, when its near kinsman, on the same Alpine swards, is excellently equipped for flight. It possesses the germs of wings and wing-case, but it does not think of developing them. It persists in hopping, with no further ambition; it is satisfied to go on foot." These words of the great naturalist are as true of multitudes of men and women as they are of the insects that hop about the lower slopes of the Alps. They walk: they never soar. They go along the road with heavy feet: they never rise in joyful exultation. They are always on the earth. They never leave the earth, and return to it again with freshened spirits after a renewing flight in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. They have no upper air which they regard as part of their blessed inheritance. They are just trudges and drudges when God purposed them to be able to "flee as a bird to the mountains."

What prevents us from soaring? Tennyson describes one crawling soul "who would have flown, but that his heavy rider kept him down!" Our carnal passions may crush us to the earth and keep us forever on its miry roads. Richard Baxter has this word of illumination in his "Saints' Everlasting Rest": "Oh, the cursed madness of many who seem to be religious! They thrust themselves into a multitude of employments till they are so loadened with labour, and clogged with care, that they are unable to soar in meditation as their bodies are to leap up to the sun!" So it is evident that there is to be a lessening of the needless baggage before there can be a rising into the upper world of our inheritance.

And we cannot do this of ourselves, and there is no use in our trying. We have to just take our heavy, crawling, trudging life into the presence of our God. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength! They shall mount up with wings!"

J. H. J.

Spirit and Life

MONDAY, June 24. John 6:63. "*The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.*" The great Professor Max Müller, of Oxford, the most distinguished Oriental scholar of his day, the keenest student of comparative religions, looking closely into the literature and life of the Far East, said, "All other religions are either dead or dying; Christianity is the only living religion." As newspapers sometimes say, "This is important, if true." Why should it be true that Christianity is the only living religion? What is there in Christianity which goes to prove it true, or which might lead us to say, "If it is not true, it ought to be true?" Just this: Christianity is the only religion that preserves the ineradicable distinction between good and evil; that addresses itself to the problems of sin and pain and death, and that has a message to the awakening social consciousness of the world. Christianity is all this chiefly because it is a spiritual religion; spiritual, rather than formal; spiritual, and so cognizant of the problem of the spirit; spiritual, and so deals with the individual soul in all its relations both to God and to other souls. And Christianity is what it is because Christ is what He is, spiritual Master of the spirit, Builder of a kingdom within the realm of the spirit, and hence eternal.

Jesus knew the human spirit as no other ever did. The expert student of human nature reads the past life of a person from his present appearance. The downcast eyes, the averted glance, tell the story of shame; the cunning curve of the lips tells the story of greed; the evil leer tells the story of an impure mind. But there are depths of character the scientist, the trained observer, never plumbs. Indeed, there are depths in us we ourselves never know. But there is One who knew—One who knows. Jesus knew Matthew better than Matthew's friends knew him, better than Matthew knew himself. He knew Zacchæus better than Zacchæus knew himself. He knew Peter as Peter did not know himself, and knew that beneath the cowardice of the raw recruit was the heroism of a veteran. Pentecost was the vindication of that choice. The words that Jesus spoke *are* spirit, hence they never die.

C. C. A.

The Forgiving of Fickleness

TUESDAY, June 25. II Tim. 4:16. "*I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge.*" This remark of Paul is valuable, first, because it shows that Paul had the grace not to harbor resentment or plot vengeance against persons who had done him harm. They had deserted him in the hour of need. As professing Christians and brethren in the faith he had a right to expect that they would stand by him at his trial before Cæsar and support his argument that he was neither a blasphemer nor a seditious person, dangerous to the Roman empire, by their witness and in whatever way they could. When they slinked away, as the disciples had done from their Lord in the night of the betrayal, their conduct had begun to trouble Paul, but behold, what a noble concern it is that has seized his unselfish heart! He has forgiven them, and he prays that they may also obtain God's forgiveness. The provoking treatment he had received from them has not made him hard-hearted and bitter but tender-hearted and forgiving. To pass by a wrong done to us is a distinguishing mark of the genuine Christian.

In the second place, this remark of Paul invites a reflection on the fickleness of human friends and admirers, even when they are Christian brethren. The disciples that fled from Gethsemane did not intend to act wickedly: there is a difference between their conduct and that of Judas. They yielded to their baser instincts when they forsook the Lord whom they had truly loved. Perhaps they spent the next two days trying to frame excuses for the disappointment which Jesus had caused them and to justify their action. It is hard, yea, impossible, for human nature to stand by a marked man and share his misfortunes, even when those misfortunes are seen to be inflicted by evil men. The flesh even in Christians dreads martyrdom. God's witnesses for the truth eternal must be prepared to stand alone in their hours of trial, and while maintaining their ground against enemies they must remember their former friends only with sentiments of compassion and thoughts of their spiritual restoration.

W. H. T. D.

Knowing the Gift of God

WEDNESDAY, June 26. John 4:10. "*If thou knewest the gift of God.*" Jesus did not begin His sermon to the woman at the well by denouncing her sinful life. He first won her attention by a request, "Give Me to drink." He knew that merely forbidding sin does not stop the sinning. Driving out Satan's tenants from the heart by resolution or will power, leaving the soul empty, does not change the nature of fallen manhood. Seven other spirits more deadly will come in at the windows after being driven out the door, if the rooms are unoccupied. The soul must have companionship, fellowship, friendship and will be occupied by Christ or Satan.

It is not God's order that His wayward children should become mere negative beings, doing no wrong because their passions have become dulled or killed. Jesus not only rescues man from being the habitation of devils, but transforms his being into a temple of deity, filled with the glories of a new affection of mercy and goodness.

If men could know beforehand who Christ is, and what He does for the soul, they would ask sooner for His salvation. To know Him is to love Him; to love Him is to know Him better evermore. In His arms, the sinner is the saint; the lost is found. The music of earthly pleasures is swallowed up in the sweeter melodies of the new life. The terror of the commandments is quieted by the blessedness of the Beatitudes. In service for others and love for Him, we are too busy to listen to the voices of former tenants.

E. W. C.

Having the Son and Having Life

THURSDAY, June 27. I John 5:12. "*He that hath the Son hath life; but he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.*" It is easy to see that life may be lived on any one or on several or on all of various planes. First, there is mere physical life. We say the least that can be said of any human being when we say that he is animate—he is just one degree above vegetation. He breathes and moves. Most men add to this quality of life the power of thought. This is intellectual life, and it may be lived feebly or strongly; we may possess it in small measure or in large. Above this is the plane of moral life. This is the plane on which we exercise faith and hope and love. This is the sphere in which the Christian graces grow. But, as a fruit-tree may bear little fruit or much, imperfect or perfect fruit, so those who are spiritually alive may have that life meagerly or they may have it abundantly.

When the apostle affirms that those who have Jesus Christ have life, he means that they have spiritual life, and that they have it abundantly. Some people have availed themselves of this privilege, and some have not. Those who have not either do not understand what their privileges are or they deliberately reject them. Christian history is full of instances of those who have suddenly confronted the offer of abundant life through Jesus Christ and have availed themselves of it and entered into it. The difference between such lives before they take hold of Christ—take possession of Him, so to speak—and their lives afterwards, is as great as the difference between a tree in February and the same tree in May when it is full of blossoms, or in September when it holds up its ripening fruit to the autumn sun.

C. C. A.

Wresting Help from God

FRIDAY, June 28. Ex. 33:15. "*If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence.*" The speaker is Moses. He is addressing Jehovah in a very resolute and curt fashion. One must read the entire record of this remarkable interview, to form a proper estimate of the spirit of Moses on this occasion. The exodus had commenced. Canaan had not yet been reached. The Israelites were a homeless people. The people had received signal favors from God, and had listened awed to his sublime revelation from Mount Sinai. Yet they had revolted from God and their leader Moses, causing God to threaten that he would not go up to Canaan with them but conduct them thither by an angel. At this juncture Moses makes his plea before Jehovah. He bruskly says to God that if God means to quit his people, the whole expedition will come to a stop right then and there. He will not go a step further. What makes the boldness of Moses still more astonishing is the fact that God had already changed his first threat to a promise; He had told Moses that his presence would go with them. Moses fairly seems to warn God to abide by his last statement, or see the whole enterprise come to nought.

Great men of God after Moses have found themselves in similar straits where they had to wrestle with God for a favor. Luther said on a certain occasion that he had cast his business at God's feet and told him that if he would not take care of it, he, Luther, could not do it. And not only great men of affairs in the church but the very humblest Christian—the Canaanite woman, for instance—must thus deal with God. God loves such earnest souls that seem to wrest his love and benediction from him.

W. H. T. D.

The Human and the Divine

SATURDAY, June 29. Matt. 22:21. "*Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.*" What are the things that are Cæsar's? Where do we draw the line between human and Divine governments? When the individual conscience is invaded by the State, as in the case of the Fugitive Slave Law, or the taxation of the colonies without representation, when a law is contrary to the moral sense of justice; then we must obey God rather than man. Is it not Christianity's mission to make the things of Cæsar the things of God, so that the voice of the people will be the voice of God? Our Lord did not endorse here the union of church and State. They are two separate realms which should act in harmony. Christ's kingdom is spiritual and eternal; nationalities are temporary and finite.

When the church has sought to rule in both realms she has become the most despotic of tyrants, invading the domain of individual liberty. Body and soul have been sacked and tortured on the rack and in the flames, while the church has been corrupted and demoralized.

The true mission of the church is to the individual and her great text is, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Here is a question above all state considerations.

Governments, however, are ordained of God and we are to help uphold the laws of the land, but governments are accountable to the Almighty and He will judge them. Our duty to the civil government is the same as our duty to our neighbor, helping to save nations as well as souls; helping to blot out national evils, redressing wrongs, purifying peoples, making the things of Cæsar the things of God, that His will may be done on earth as in heaven, till the kingdoms of men become the kingdoms of the Christ.

E. W. C.

French Official Photo
An American Red Cross ambulance picking up a soldier who has been forced by sickness to drop out of the march

Photo by Central News Service
The French answer to the German super-gun. The 22 c.m. howitzer which has already sent two of the big guns back to Krupp's for repairs

Maude Gonne McBride, widow of Sinn Feiner executed in 1916, arrested for complicity in new plot
Photo from Underwood & Underwood

British Official Photo © Underwood
English Moslem soldier on guard at the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem

FLASHES FRO

British heavy guns going into action against the German drive
British Official Photo © Underwood & Underwood

Lieut. A. T. Winslow of Chic
ing beside the machine in
brought down the first Gerr
credited to an American fl
Sam's hat is in the ring

British Official Photo

British officers in a village well behind the lines carry their gas masks ready for instant use

R WAR'S FORGE

The Star-Spangled Banner in France. Officers at "salute," men at "attention" while the band plays the nation's anthem of victory

French Official Photo

© Paul Thompson

Madame Leona Botchkareva, organizer of the Battalion of Death, photographed in New York on her way to England, under the protection of the British Government

© Underwood & Underwood

They pledge allegiance to their flag. Children of the melting-pot in Central Park, New York City

The Empty Garden

By
ETHELWYN HUMPHREY

MRS. AMSDEN stood in her dining-room looking out over her big garden. "It's time I had the rosebushes sprayed again," she mused as she lingered lovingly over the glowing, heavy-headed blossoms. "And I must see about having the asters transplanted into the round bed." The sunshine fell softly into the big, empty garden, flickering through the fruit trees upon the thick turf and blazing gloriously upon the hollyhocks. It was such a pretty garden inside its ivy-covered walls. From the street there was scarcely a suggestion of green except the tops of the fruit trees rounding up above the wall, but inside the gate there was coolness and color and perfume. "Yes, I think it was wise to change the rose arbor; it certainly improves the vista from the house," approved the mistress of the garden.

A sound behind her caused her to turn. At the door, twisting her apron with embarrassment, stood her scrubwoman. Three days a week Mrs. Bent came to help the maid with the heavy work. Three days she came to Mrs. Amsden, and the other three days Mrs. Amsden had found work for her with a neighbor. No one ever thought particularly about Mrs. Bent except as a convenience. Faded and tired, dulled as though life had blurred all her individuality, she was the sort of woman that it is easy to take for granted. Mrs. Amsden wondered what she could possibly want today as she stood twisting her apron in her hands. She hated to see any one so cringing and obsequious, so perhaps she spoke a little brusquely.

"What is it, Mrs. Bent?"

"If you please," the woman said, "I've got a little girl. She's quiet, ma'am, she never makes no trouble."

"That's nice for you," said Mrs. Amsden indifferently.

But Mrs. Bent went on. "They say she isn't well, she'll be sick unless she gets out of doors more."

"Why, I am sorry," responded the lady politely, turning back to the window; "but why don't you have her go out more? The fresh air is the best medicine."

Mrs. Bent opened and shut her mouth and moistened her lips. Then she blurted out: "It's the garden, ma'am, it's so big and sunny, and it's empty most times. She wouldn't make any trouble at all, she's that quiet now."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs Amsden sharply, comprehending at last. "Bring a child into my garden?"

"Just the sunny days when she wouldn't be no bother," mumbled the woman in her frightened voice.

"A child in my garden!" repeated the outraged owner. "Impossible! I couldn't have a child there."

"If you please, I've got a little girl"

Mrs. Bent untwisted her apron and began to back out of the room, "Yes'm, yes'm, all right, ma'am. But she wouldn't race much, she's quiet-like, and the garden's empty most times." But before she had finished her plea she had slipped through the door and fled back to her laundry.

"A child in my garden!" Mrs. Amsden protested to herself. "The woman must be crazy!" She shrugged her shoulders, then with her scissors and her basket she went out to gather roses. But her irritation followed her as she clipped the tall stems. "Why in the world did I promise Mrs. Thornton that I would go with her this afternoon? I am afraid I don't feel philanthropic. People catch dreadful diseases or get held up or knocked down when they go into such places." Snip went the scissors, and the basket filled with damask petals curling back from the opening buds. But one needs a heart at rest to enjoy beauty, and Mrs. Amsden's irritation still lingered. "Where did she say she was going? Some nursery where women leave their children when they go out to work. Well, why don't they stay at home and take care of their own children? A woman's place is in the home." A thorn stuck viciously into her finger. She wished she didn't feel so cross, it made her hot and uncomfortable. But when her friend called for her a few hours later she found her charming and gracious in her fresh, pretty gown with a dusky rose at her girdle.

Down through the city they rode, past the park with its fountains, past the shops on the avenue with their finery. With a lurch the car turned a corner, and the smooth asphalt gave way to rough, uneven pavement. Mrs. Amsden talked brightly with her friend. She tried not to look about her. She did not want to see dirt and wretchedness. What had she, fresh from her glowing rose garden, to do with squalor? At last Mrs. Thornton said: "You see, this is the sort of place they live in," and Mrs. Amsden looked involuntarily. In that glance a sudden, vivid impression of a narrow cleft between brick walls cobwebbed full of clotheslines and fire escapes etched itself upon her brain. She shivered a little and said, "How dreadful!" as the motor whirled them past. Presently the car drew up at the sidewalk before a cheerful door, and as they stepped inside Mrs. Amsden heard child laughter echoing through the corridors.

In another moment she stood at the threshhold of a big, sunny room filled with children. At first they seemed to Mrs. Amsden a formless tangle, like bees swarming on a honeycomb; but presently they began to take on individuality. There were toddlers with aureoles of golden hair, and there were children whose swarthy faces and lustrous eyes proclaimed kinship with sunnier skies. The visitor stood looking curiously upon the varied types of childhood. She found, a little to her surprise, that her beauty-seeking eye lingered approvingly upon some of the child faces. "What wonderful pansy eyes!" she said to herself as a baby creeping at her feet gazed at the stranger. Mrs. Thornton picked up the baby and gave him a devouring hug, but Mrs. Amsden sat down in the chair that the matron had brought her and drew her skirts about her.

"Isn't he a darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Thornton.

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Amsden a little doubtfully, and then she exclaimed: "But babies ought to have pretty things. It is dreadful for children to wear ugly, faded clothes."

Mrs. Thornton laughed a little. "Wouldn't it be fun to dress them up like the babies in the store windows? But then," she added cheerfully, "probably it wouldn't be good for them if we could. And there are things they need so much more," she said as her face sobered. "And now I've got to meet the director for a little conference. You won't mind staying and playing with the children, will you?"

Mrs. Amsden smiled a little wanly. She wondered how one played with these slum babies. After a few minutes the novelty of having a lady sit in the doorway wore off, and the children went about their occupations once more. Mary Rosenberg was building a tower of blocks that Dora Verger deftly knocked down at the moment of completion. Angelo was chasing a parti-colored ball, and Marcelle was nursing a doll which had long since dispensed with the superfluity of hair. Mrs. Amsden became aware of one child who stood against the wall near her and stared, stared as though the soul of her was being drawn out of her shining eyes. The girl made her uneasy. "What is it?" she asked a little abruptly.

The child started and hung her head, while one finger went into her mouth. "What is it?" repeated Mrs. Amsden more gently.

"I don't know," she answered. "It looks like a rose, but it smells like frankincense and myrrh."

"Like what?" queried Mrs. Amsden.

"Like the frankincense and myrrh that they brought to Jesus when he was a baby." And she added, as the strange lady continued to look at her blankly, "My teacher said so at Sunday school."

"Don't you know what roses smell like?" asked the lady after a pause.

"I know what they look like, because I've seen them in the store windows; but you can't smell them through the glass."

"This rose didn't come from a store," Mrs. Amsden said, looking down at the flower. Then she asked, "Didn't you ever see a garden?"

The girl shook her head.

"Didn't you ever see a place where trees and flowers grow, and where there are big bushes covered with blossoms?"

"Like the park?"

"Ye-es," agreed the visitor slowly, "only different, because—because—" How should she make her understand what a garden meant? She tried again. "Different because it's all your own. You plant the flowers and watch them every day and give them water and help them to grow."

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed the child brightening. "It's like the geranium I had last Easter. It had a pink blossom on it, and the lady at the settlement told me to give it water to drink, and I did, and two leaves grew on it."

"Yes, that's just it; that's what a garden is, only there are lots and lots of plants and flowers."

"But my geranium got yellow and died."

"That was too bad," answered Mrs. Amsden, her gardener's instinct thoroughly aroused. "Perhaps you didn't give it water enough."

"Mother said flowers need sunshine and air," the little one corrected gravely.

Sunshine and air! Mrs. Amsden stopped short. Suddenly the remembrance of that crowded alley, dark and chill, with its cobwebbed clothes-lines, flashed over her. Of course the geranium died! How did children live where geraniums died? Slowly she unfastened the rose from her girdle. Frankincense and myrrh! Roses and the baby Jesus! How the words echoed in her head—roses and the baby Jesus! "Here, child," she said coaxingly, holding out her hand, "don't you want the rose?"

She took it shyly, and backed against her wall again with rapt face, and eyes that saw nothing except the wonder of the unfolding petals. "And it is only one rose," Mrs. Amsden said to herself as she watched the delight on the sensitive face. She laid her hand gently upon the child's shoulder, but she started back. "Why," she said to the matron who came bustling past just then, "how thin the child is! Her bones stick out like—like rocks in a garden."

"Yes," answered the matron a little sadly, "Beatrice needs to get out of doors. You see, we haven't any open-air playground here, and the summer is hard. Beatrice was sick last spring, and she has never gotten her strength back. I told her mother the other day that she ought to be gotten out of doors more, but what can you do?" The matron shrugged her shoulders helplessly and picked up the littlest baby and gave him a drink of milk.

"But what did her mother say?" questioned Mrs. Amsden.

"Oh, poor soul! She cried and broke her heart, but what could she do?"

"But why couldn't she take her on trips to the parks or to the shore or somewhere?" she ended vaguely.

"Why, bless your heart, the woman works all day long to keep the breath of life in the two of them. You see, her husband died two years ago, and she has been struggling ever since. They get along with our help, but"—the matron's eye fell upon the rose in the child's hand—"children are like flowers; they need air and sunshine as well as food."

Mrs. Amsden's heart sank as the vision of that chill, dark alley where geraniums died came over her once more. "But isn't there any place for her? There is such a lot of air and sunshine in the world, so many fields of grass, and so many green trees." Mrs. Amsden stopped short and caught her breath; then she added, "and so many empty gardens!"

But the matron had no time for speculation. Concrete facts were her material, and Teresa had just fallen from a bench she was trying to climb.

Mrs. Thornton was delayed longer than she had expected. The hands of the clock passed five and moved on toward the half-hour. A Syrian father stopped on his way home from work for his round-cheeked baby. An Irish woman came, and with many blandishing endearments for the matron claimed Patsy. Up the corridor a woman came wearily. Beatrice darted away from her corner and threw her arms about the newcomer. "Mother, mother!" she cried. "See what the lady gave me!"

The mother stooped and buried her face in the child's soft neck. Some familiar recollection stirred in Mrs. Amsden at the sight of that bowed figure. She turned quickly to the matron. "But who is she?"

"The mother? Why, just a poor, sweet, little woman who is having a hard time."

"I know; but her name?"

By this time the woman had straightened up. "See my rose," the child was crying; "the lady gave it to me, and it has a smell like——"

But nobody was listening to her. The two women were staring into each other's faces. Mrs. Bent's face worked nervously, but Mrs. Amsden's social training came to her rescue. Social training to the rescue, with one's scrubwoman! She knew now why the pathetic curve of those shoulders was so familiar as the woman had leaned over the child. "Why, Mrs. Bent!" she exclaimed, and once more she was the gracious lady, "is Beatrice your little girl! I didn't know. And, Mrs. Bent, won't you bring Beatrice with you when you come tomorrow? I'd love to see her playing among the roses. You see, I didn't know."

A light flashed into Mrs. Bent's eyes that spoke the joy and relief of her burdened heart; as she went down the corridor with Beatrice clinging to her hand she walked as though she were not so tired as she had been when she came. Mrs. Amsden watched the woman and child out of sight. "Oh," she exclaimed to the matron as the door closed upon them, "what do you think? She works for me, and she asked me only this morning if she might bring her little girl to play in the garden, and I refused her!"

"Yes, I understand," answered the matron quietly. "You didn't know."

"No, I didn't know. But think! she might have died for want of the fresh air of my empty garden, and I'd never have known——"

Pastor Fetler's Prayer Tower

REVEREND E. W. OLSON, a Swedish evangelist, writes this interesting account of a recent visit to Pastor William Fetler's Russian Bible Institute in Philadelphia:

"I have just visited the Russian Bible Institute in Philadelphia. I had heard much of this enterprise, but did not realize to what proportions it had grown in less than a year. It is the Lord's doings, and it is wonderful in our eyes.

"The school buildings are four in number. The school has accommodation for 150 students. There are eighty-five brothers and fifteen sisters who to join the school have given up well paid situations, and now, without promise of any salary, are devoting their time to preparation for a self-denying life in the service of the Lord. Most of the students came originally from Russia, though some were born in this country. The instruction compares favorably with that given in other similar schools. The regular yearly course covers nine months. The Normal Course requires three years. As soon as the way opens, several of these men will be sent for Gospel work to Russia. Of course, the Bible is given the first place in the curriculum, and the Russians not only study the Bible, but they commit many portions of it to memory. Happy are those people who fill their hearts with the Word of God!

"The school has a 'prayer tower' above the fourth story of the main building. The small room was formerly used as an observatory. Some one is always praying there, both night and day. It happened that one evening I made an inspection of the tower. It was past midnight when I reached the top. I found in the tower one of those Russian brethren prostrate on his face, absorbed in fervent prayer for the school, and for the salvation of his own countrymen. I felt it to be a holy place; a place where God surely dwelt.

"The teachers of the school are twelve in number, six Russians and six Americans, talented, learned and God-fearing. They are present at the prayer meetings, and lead the students into a deeper spiritual life. This school has met confidence and good-will from all who love God's work, and who see in it a unique opportunity to reach the masses of Russia through these Russian brethren."

Just now Pastor Fetler is making a great effort to raise a fund to pay part of the mortgage, and for repairs to the buildings Any readers of this journal wishing to aid him in his work can do so by sending their contributions to the Christian Herald.

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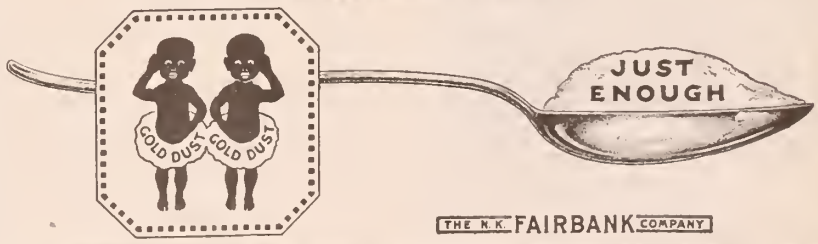

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

Lemon Juice *vs.* Vinegar

Note the Result in This Tasty Salad Dressing

WE print below a recipe for a popular salad dressing. It is made with lemon juice instead of vinegar. Try it; then send for nine others, equally delicious.

You will probably never again use vinegar in dressings once you try the "witching drop of lemon juice." Practically all famous chefs have discarded vinegar because lemon juice gives a more exquisite flavor. Learn for yourself what these chefs have proved. Send now for the recipes.

All of these dressings are easy to make and they are *wholesome and pure* as well as appetizing and delicious.

Try dressings both ways—the old way and the new. Then decide which is the better.

FRENCH DRESSING

½ teaspoon salt ¼ teaspoon paprika 4 tablespoons oil
2 tablespoons Sunkist lemon juice.

Mix ingredients in order given and stir or shake thoroughly just before serving. A half-pint glass jar, with screw top, or a French dressing bottle are best for mixing.

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WHAT KIND OF A MAN ARE YOU? You young man? Are you prepared to meet face to face what life has in store for you and make a success of it, or are you going to fall in behind with the grand army of incompetents—physical and mental weaklings who never get anywhere? Rarely if ever, has a man succeeded in life without health. You will find physical wrecks by the wayside of life suffering for their early mistakes and errors. There is a reason for this.

I AM A BUILDER OF MEN

Make it re-builder if you like—the results are the same because they are based on a system which has taken a lifetime to study out and perfect. I, personally, am the result of that system. I experimented first with myself, because I wanted to be sure. Then I tried it on others with the same marvelous results. I have never had a failure among the many thousands who have placed themselves in my hands. I annihilate physical ills, and in many cases, mental ills. There are no drugs in my prescription. "Throw physics to the dogs." If ever there was a royal road to health, strength, energy and vitality, it is that known as the Strongfort System by which each pupil receives individual instructions.

Are You Interested in Yourself?

Have you made a mistake at some time in your life as a result of which you are now suffering and paying the penalty? What are you going to do about it? Do you know that I can help you and will? In all earnestness and sincerity I beg of you to

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Jesus Christ, Our Redeemer and Lord

International Sunday School Lesson for June 30. A Review of the Gospel of Mark

By REV. GEORGE D. ALLISON, Ph.D.

FOR six months now we have been studying, chapter by chapter, the Gospel according to Mark, and I trust we have omitted no single sentence even of this record, which many thoughtful men regard as the basis of all other accounts of Christ's life. What has been the total impression of our work upon our minds and our hearts?

The outline of Mark is simple. He had slight interest in anything preceding the public ministry, the beginning of which was to him "the beginning of the Gospel." He traces plainly for us the growing popularity of Jesus, which He met by an attitude of reserve and even discouragement. Then Mark describes for us the growing hostility of the religious leaders of Israel, which Jesus met by a quiet disregard of even the most precious of their petty ritualistic requirements. As our author interweaves these two tendencies of popularity and hatred, he brings us to the turning-point at the Transfiguration, and portrays Jesus laboring with the chosen twelve to cleanse them of self-seeking, and to convince them that the Messiah's path is the Way of the Cross. Mark soon goes on to the Jerusalem journey and the Last Week, with its incidents in and around the Holy City.

Mark's book has been well called "The Public Acts of the Mighty Worker," and his purpose seems plain to let these deeds speak for themselves, making their impression on new readers as they did upon those eye-witnesses in the days of His flesh. Mark's Gospel is a masterpiece of direct testimony, without side issues, with little theology, no argument and scarcely a personal creed. He only stands steadfastly by, showing men their Lord and Master, and narrating his brief, striking, tragic career.

The Teachings of Christ in Mark

There is no bulky collection of straight teachings in Mark, such as Matthew has, in the Sermon on the Mount for example. There are very few of those wonderful parables of our Saviour, of which Luke has preserved the best and left us forever indebted to him. But rather remarkably, little by little, he reveals the teachings of Jesus as a growing system called forth by the varying circumstances and needs of his hearers as He goes about his work among them.

Mark seemed to feel that he could show Jesus' career, but was hardly able to do justice to the subtle majesty of His claims and spiritual teachings. But he has succeeded in really letting these things shine forth of themselves. Mark's Jesus is not one whit less majestic than John's, for all Mark's simplicity and meagerness of statement. We have been reading about One who came into the world of men with the deliberate purpose of conquering their allegiance by love and grace; who would not accept any external homage nor any temporal kingdom, but was determined so to live and so to die that the souls of men would hail Him as their Captain, their Redeemer and the Goal of their Ambition. He seemed to know he would be first rejected and slain, but he was calmly sure that eventually he would be acknowledged and enthroned in the hearts of humanity.

That is why He was glad to be called "teacher" and "prophet," but did not like to be called "a worker of miracles" or a "king." His true ambition was to be King of an unworldly kingdom, to reign in the inner sanctuaries where conscience and reverence dwell. The early church caught something of the vision of Christ when they bestowed upon Him two universal titles, Shepherd and King. His shepherding shows the unworldliness of his kingliness. He would have liked the title King had it meant spiritual obedience. He rejected it when it meant selfish ambition trying to use his royal qualities as a shield.

This Jesus of Mark's Gospel loved to deal with individuals, respecting their integrity and personality, longing to help them, piercing through the veneers and shams to the sources of real character beneath. He was very direct, yet ever considerate. Only the hypocrite aroused his sarcasm and scorn. He was kind toward the burdened and perplexed.

More than half of our recent lessons have to do with these contacts with individual lives. They are transfigured, uplifted, set free from burdens and sins; or they are revealed as essentially unworthy of the precious privileges of the Kingdom. Some become saints indeed; others turn away sorrowful, or spiteful, preferring the temporary gains of this world to fellowship with the Eternal. The past six months have brought before us a gallery of portraits drawn from life, of men and women of Galilee and Judea in the first century, whose counterparts are with us yet wherever we may be. Mark's story shows the challenge of Jesus Christ coming home to every individual soul.

The Gospel and Society

But almost every problem brought out by these individual contacts is a social problem! Our religion deals with individuals but not apart from their social relations. They are finally judged, not alone, but by their attitude toward others. The essential sin dealt with is selfishness, the essential grace taught is love; neither word can be properly applied to isolated hermit spirits. The one breaks down society and makes life miserable, the other makes society possible and life divine. It is actually true that judgment is always social, inasmuch as we have done or not done what is right unto even the least of our brothers. Jesus condemned the Scribes and Pharisees, not because they rejected him as Messiah, but because their lives were inconsistent and harmful toward those who were committed into their care.

What the Gospel Is

How many definitions we have had of that fine old Anglo-Saxon word "Gospel"! If we translate with the Revisers, "good news," we will not put into it some of the artificial and unreal elements which have hidden its meaning. The "good news" is more than the revelation of God's will by Christ. It is the revelation of God's character in Christ, whereby we know that God loves us and that he is seeking to lend us his aid in realizing his will and attaining true righteousness. So, at least, Mark seems to present the essence of the Gospel to me. Christ came proclaiming the glad tidings of the coming of the Kingdom of God upon earth, the reign of truth and brotherhood and service, which should be achieved by repentance and struggle, through the help of the Father of our spirits.

But while the elements of the Gospel are thus simple, our human life is so complex, its social and mental adjustments so continuous, that the following of Christ is no trifling thing. It still means many a sacrifice. It still means frequent searching of the heart and subduing of the will. It still calls for patient thought and intelligent study to meet the complex situation of modern life and duty. Take for instance the case of a new missionary going out to India. We know well the essential purposes of his mission. But what need for acquaintance with the very language and customs of the tribes and castes, before any readjustment to the basis of Christ can be successfully advocated!

With these thoughts as to the very practical social implications of the Gospel and their far-reaching interrelations in our present life, we leave our survey of Mark. But during the next quarter, it is to be our duty and privilege to take up a series of Studies in the Christian Life, where the principles brought out by Mark are illustrated from various parts of the Bible.

Marion Harland's Corner

The Patriotic Potato and a Few Other Things

AS is our wont, we set upon our weekly issue of the Corner the stamp of the great corporation under which and with which we are proud and happy to labor. This is the slogan for today:

Potatoes and Patriotism

Every potato in the land is crying to be eaten, crying to be allowed to save wheat. Satisfy your hunger with potatoes!

[SIGNED]
UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION.

Except, perhaps, during the great famine in Ireland nearly three-quarters of a century ago the potato has never played so important a part in the dietary of the world as just now. There are numberless ways of cooking it, many of which are unknown to the average housewife. In one cook-book, taken at random from my shelves since beginning this paragraph, I have counted no less than *fifty-six* recipes under the head of "potatoes." We hope to select enough novel and tempting methods to reconcile the reader who hankers obstinately after wheat breads, to compliance with the official order given above.

Before settling down to the chief business of the hour, it is but courteous that we should notice a communication just received. It bears, as will be seen, the sign of the "wireless" token of haste and emergency, explained by the contents of the "dispatch."

S. O. S.

Please take pity upon a young housewife who is in sore perplexity. My John is a Scotchman, and, as is the habit of his race, somewhat "set in his ways." He is very fond of Scotch broth. As he says, "when it is well made, a good plateful is a dinner in itself." I cannot make it to suit him without seasoning it well with meat. And meat is frightfully dear! It is sheer extravagance to buy, we will say, a piece of corned beef weighing three pounds just to make stock for the broth. The same may be said of mutton. Will you give me a recipe for the genuine Scotch broth made without meat—if there is such a thing. Or tell me of some economical way of making a savory stock for it? HELEN B., *Ohio.*

Other frugal housewives have made a similar request. I am glad to be able to gratify you all, and especially pleased to provide your John with the savory dish which the Scotchman's soul loveth, without making his meat bills heavy.

Scotch Broth

Open a half-pint can of a good brand of soup, which ranges in price from ten to twelve cents. Empty it, refill it with hot water to rinse out every drop of nourishment, and add to the soup. Set aside to cool and to rid it of the close taste of canned foods, while you prepare the vegetables. Peel and cut into small dice one large carrot, one turnip, two onions, two stalks of celery, and parboil them for ten minutes. Drain off the water and add to the parboiled vegetables half a can of green peas and a cupful of pearl barley which has been soaked in tepid water three or four hours. Mix all well, adding a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and put into your soup-kettle with the soup-stock from the can. Simmer slowly for three hours. Have ready a *roux* made by cooking together in a frying-pan a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour. Mix with this a little of the soup to thin it before stirring it into the kettle. Boil for three minutes and serve. Should the stock not season the broth to your taste, add pepper and salt at the last boiling. If John does not wish to have his broth very "thick and slab," a little boiling water stirred in just before pouring it into the tureen will bring it all right.

Baked Potatoes

This is the most primitive way of preparing the famous tuber for the table. Everybody has heard the time-worn anecdote of the Irishman who had but one fault to find with a big baked potato, and that was that there were not always two of them. The wise cook could name other defects. As surely as "wit goes to the boiling of eggs," intelligence and delicate manipulation enter into the task of baking our potato aright.

New potatoes—even Bermudas—should never be cooked in this way.

Select ripe, full-grown and sound potatoes of uniform size, wash and wipe them dry, and with the finger-tips rub into the skin enough lard or dripping to coat it all over, not thickly but evenly. Bake in a steady oven until the largest yields to the pressure of your thumb and finger. Serve, wrapped in a hot napkin. Before breaking one open, knead it deftly with your fingers to make it mealy throughout. Never cut a baked potato. It makes it "soggy." You will find that the oiled skin may be stripped from the mealy interior like so much tissue-paper, taking nothing with it.

Boiled Potatoes au Naturel

Here, too, select those of uniform size. Wash and drop into boiling water slightly salted, and cook fast until a fork will pierce the largest easily. Drain off the water, throwing in a handful of dry salt, and set the uncovered pot at the back of the range to "dry off" the potatoes. Serve in their jackets as soon as they are perfectly dry.

Baked Potatoes on the Half Shell

Bake as already directed (but without greasing the skins), choosing large, smooth potatoes of uniform size and shape. When they are done, halve each lengthwise with a sharp knife and scrape out the contents, taking care not to tear the skins. Mash what you have taken out to a cream with melted butter and hot milk, season with pepper and salt and refill the skins, rounding the mashed potato on top. Put a dot of butter upon each, and brown lightly upon the upper grating of the oven.

Potatoes à la Reine

Mash enough boiled potatoes to make two cupfuls. Heat the bowl in which this is done and keep it hot by setting in a pan of boiling water. Beat the yolk of an egg very light and add to it a tablespoonful of melted butter and one of hot cream. Stir, and beat the mixture into the potato, and when ingredients are thoroughly amalgamated turn out upon a floured pastry-board and roll into a sheet a little more than half-an-inch thick. With a biscuit-cutter cut into rounds; slip a cake-turner under each and transfer to a greased baking-pan. Leave upon the ice for an hour before sprinkling with grated Parmesan cheese. Bake, then, in a quick oven to a light brown. Serve at once. As a side-dish at luncheon, you will find these "to the queen's taste."

Potatoes au Gratin

Pare the potatoes and slice evenly and thin. Arrange in a greased bake-dish, sprinkling the layers with salt, pepper and tiny bits of butter. When all are in, pour in a cupful of hot milk and cover the uppermost layer with fine cracker-crumbs, seasoned with salt and pepper and dotted with butter. Bake, covered, for half an hour, then brown, lightly.

"Fanny's Freak"

This is a nice Lenten luncheon dish. Boil and mash soft twelve fine potatoes, or enough to make a quart when mashed. Work to a smooth mass with hot milk and butter and salt and pepper to taste. Whip light and make into a flat-topped mountain in the center of a fire-proof platter. Smooth the sides of the hillock with a broad-bladed knife, and then carefully dig out a cupful of potato from the center. Wash the mountain all over, including the "crater," with white of egg and set in the oven to heat and brown delicately. While this is going on, make a sauce of a cupful of milk, into which stir a pinch of soda, season with salt, pepper and a teaspoonful of onion-juice, and thicken with a *roux* made by cooking together in a frying-pan a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour. Cook one minute before adding three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. When the hillock is heated and browned, sprinkle all over with fine crumbs; fill the cavity with the hot sauce, and leave in the oven three minutes before serving. If properly made, our "Fanny's freak" leaves little room for regret that it takes the place of honor upon a meatless day.

"Give him a cold potato!" has passed into a proverb of heartless sarcasm, since Rip Van Winkle taught it to his generation. Next week we will reason together of ways of ridding the cold potato of a bad name.

By some means a line was omitted from the recipe for "Rye 'n Injun Bread" in our issue of May 29. There should be added to ingredients for making the Potato Sponge, which is to "raise" the dough—"half a cake of compressed yeast, dissolved in four tablespoonfuls of warm water."

When Shadows Fall Westward

That is, in the morning—let a dish of some Puffed Grain greet your folks at breakfast.

If you serve berries, mix the puffed grains with them. Or serve like any cereal. There is no other way even half so delightful for serving Rice, Wheat or Corn.

These are bubble grains, puffed by steam explosion to eight times former size. They are thin and flimsy, crisp and toasted, and they have a nut-like flavor.

They seem like breakfast confections. Yet they are grain foods—two of them whole grains. Every food cell has been blasted so they easily digest.

These are the ideal foods, the desired foods. Start every summer day with one of them.

Three Bubble Grains

Puffed Rice — Puffed Wheat — Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West

When Shadows Fall Eastward

At supper-time or children's bedtime, serve some Puffed Grain in a bowl of milk.

Here are airy, toasted morsels, vastly better than the best of bread or crackers.

In Puffed Rice or Puffed Wheat you get the whole grains. In Corn Puffs you get hominy puffed. In all you get scientific foods, made by Prof. Anderson's process. Every granule is broken so that every atom feeds.

Then scatter these flaky, flavory grains on your dishes of ice cream. Use them in your soups. Crisp and lightly butter for children to eat like peanuts when at play.

Puffed Grains are all-day foods in homes where children get what they like best.

Keep all three kinds on hand.

(1926)

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Do you know, ill health or chronic ailments, in nine out of ten cases are due to improper food, poor circulation, insufficient exercise, incorrect breathing and incorrect poise.

Remove those unnatural conditions and your ailments vanish.

This may surprise you, but I am doing it daily; I have done it for eighty thousand women.

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I will send you letters of endorsement from eminent physicians and tell you how I would treat you.

Physicians endorse my work—their wives and daughters are my pupils.

Don't let writing a letter stand between you and GOOD HEALTH, ANIMATION, Correct Weight and a perfect figure. Write me now—today—while this subject is uppermost. If you will tell me in confidence your height, weight, and your ailments, I will tell you if I can help you.

Susanna Cocroft

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NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and not contraversial.

All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

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Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

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Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

E. F. W., Kitchener, Ont. 1. Mr. Moody, the great evangelist, was once asked whether he regarded the Bible as inspired, and his answer was brief and to the point: "I know the Bible is inspired because it inspires me." The Bible bears within itself the evidence of inspiration, and wherever it is known and read, and its precepts followed, its influence is uplifting and inspiring. The authenticity of the Bible is being proved by old records or monuments, by tablets recently deciphered, and by discoveries in Bible lands. No book was ever more violently attacked, no book was ever more misused, yet it has survived the attacks of foes and the faults of friends and is read today more widely than ever. 2. Yes; saving faith is a gift of God to the penitent sinner. He calls us with a holy calling out of darkness into his marvelous light, and by his power he keeps us through faith unto salvation (See II Tim. 1 : 9; I Pet. 2 : 9; 1 : 3). 3. In John 14 : 30 Jesus says that there is an absolute barrier between the prince of this world and himself. Neither in the person nor in the work of the Redeemer has he any interest. He had deliberately opposed, denied and rejected the truth; therefore he has now nothing to do with it, except as its malevolent opponent, and as the misleader and tempter of men.

Mrs. W. S. W. The Jews, as a class and race, are noted for their extreme filial affection. They take the best of care and make the best of provision for their aged parents and other relatives.

D. T. F., Bloomfield, N. J. The Bible translation was mainly done during Luther's imprisonment in the Wartburg. He had no collaboration. At times, however, he took counsel with his friends as the work progressed. The New Testament was almost wholly his own. When technical knowledge was necessary, Luther consulted Melanchthon, Spalatin, Justus Jonas, and several rabbis who met at his house once a week when he lived at Wittenberg. Their assistance related chiefly to the Old Testament, which appeared first, September 21, 1534.

Mrs. E. P., Vermont. Please explain the apparent discrepancy between Joshua 11 : 21–23 and Joshua 14 : 12 and 15 : 14.

We have no details except those given in the Bible. In Joshua 11 : 22, three places are mentioned in which the Anakim remained. As Caleb found Anakim on the mountain later, why is it not reasonable to suppose that some of those living in the three places mentioned removed to the mountains to fill the places of those who had been killed?

E. C., Belfast, Me. Wars, earthquakes, fires and changes on the earth's surface have covered up many ancient cities. Jerusalem has been repeatedly rebuilt after suffering from many sieges and earthquakes. The greatest destruction was that committed by the Romans in 70 A.D., when the order was given to raze the entire city, and this was done, only a single tower being left standing. Similar causes have operated to obliterate great cities in Greece, Asia Minor, Babylonia and Persia. In Egypt, the shifting of desert sands and the change of the bed of the Nile have resulted in the covering up of once famous cities.

R. A. C., Ontario, Ore. The Lincoln Highway starts at New York and goes through Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago, Omaha, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, Reno, Oakland, and ends at San Francisco. A road called the Pacific Highway goes north from San Francisco, through Oregon and Washington.

Mrs. J. M. R., Lipscomb, Texas. Your question must be answered by a reference to the context of the verses you find difficult. In the preceding passages (Matt. 7), the Lord has given an exposition of the requirements respectively of the law and the prophets, and had shown them far beyond the low morality of the Scribes and Pharisees. He had shown that men might easily be tempted, by their own wicked, case-loving hearts, to follow the easier, broader way than that narrow one traveled by those who had repentance, faith, humility, self-denial and poverty in spirit. It is not God that makes the path to destruction wide, but the great number that travel upon it. It is not God that keeps the path of virtue narrow and the gate small, but the small number that attempt to find it and who are fully accommodated by its small confines. God wants all to find the narrow path that leads to eternal bliss, but those who will not follow that path, but rather choose the highway of destruction, are sufficiently warned of the consequences.

Subscriber, La Porte, Ind. The United States leads the world in automobiles. There are now in the United States 4,842,139 registered motor vehicles of all kinds, including 435,000 motor trucks. This is about the proportion of one car to every 24 persons. All other countries, according to last year's statistics, had 719,246 motor vehicles, Europe having 437,558, Canada 118,086, South America 39,188, Australia, Asia and Oceanica 55,240.

Reader, Paterson, N. J. War bread is not a new thing; very far from it. Rev. Howard B. Grose, of the U. S. Food Administration, points out the fact that the children of Israel, when they defended Jerusalem against siege, were advised by Ezekiel to utilize every possible means of supplementing their wheat supply. That was 2,400 years ago. Ezek. 4 : 9 tells us how the prophet said to the defenders of the city: "Take thou also unto thee wheat, and barley, and beans, and lentiles, and millet, and fitches, and put them in one vessel, and make thee bread thereof, according to the number of the days that thou shalt lie upon thy side, three hundred and ninety days shalt thou eat thereof." His instructions were in effect that during the siege they were no longer to be able to make the bread with pure wheat, but would have to mix it with all kinds of grain and vegetables, which are not ordinarily utilized in making flour, except in times of extreme need. Ezekiel, Dr. Grose remarks, really furnished a recipe for war bread, which is pretty nearly the oldest instance of the kind the world knows of.

Any farmer in the New England or Middle States, who could use the services on his farm of a young man with slightly defective eyesight, who will work for his room and board, can learn particulars by dropping a note to F. W. S., Christian Herald.

Anxious, Polo, Ill. You do not tell us what the evil habit is you are fighting, so it is difficult to advise. But whatever it is, God will help you overcome, if you strive sincerely. You know enough of yourself to be aware that there are predisposing causes which you should avoid. A great help is to keep the mind actively employed. Take up some study or occupation that will interest you and occupy your thoughts. When you feel the temptation approaching, get to some absorbing employment. Do your utmost, relying on God for the power he gives to those who need it and ask for it.

L. O. H., Weltonville, N. Y. When a person is conscious of hating sin, when he enjoys the society of Christians, rejoices over the conversion of sinners and earnestly seeks to live as Christ would have him live, such a change has taken place within him as the new birth produces. In some cases the change is gradual, in others almost immediate. The memory of past sin is, of course, present, and while it should lead to humility, it should never be an obstacle to Christian endeavor. One who has recovered from a sinful condition is oftentimes peculiarly fitted to rescue others, because he knows their needs and can help them effectively.

Edith, Little Rock, Ark. Please explain Rom. 9 : 18.

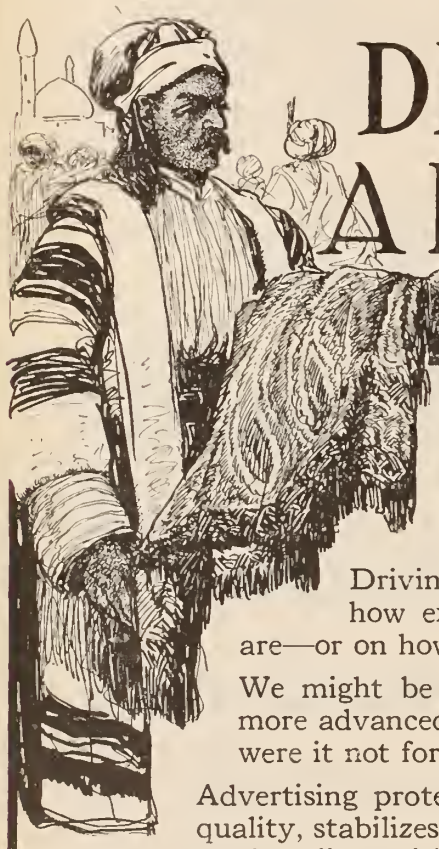
Resistance to the goodness of God has inevitably a hardening effect. God hardens no man's heart; the man hardens it himself, by trusting always to escape punishment because he has succeeded in doing so heretofore. Paul's words seem to carry the meaning; but by comparing the context in the previous and succeeding chapters, it will be seen that he is quoting objections to his arguments for the sake of answering them.

R. S. E., Germantown, Pa. The Hebrew tongue is not in common use today. It is, of course, used in the Jewish synagogue as an ecclesiastical language, when the law and the prophets and the Psalms are read in Hebrew, but only educated Jews understand it. The uneducated Jews use Yiddish, a conglomerate or corrupt form of German. In Christ's time the common people spoke Aramaic, and the natural inference from Neh. 8 : 8 is that even at the time of the return from the Exile, many of the Jews were not familiar with the ancient language. The men appointed to read the Scriptures were obliged "to give the sense, in order that the hearers might understand what was read to them."

L. E. C., Middletown, Conn. There is no mystery whatever in our finding the account of II Kings 19 in Isaiah 37. Many modern documents are repeated in modern books. Lincoln's speeches would naturally appear in a history of the Civil War, in his own biography and in many other books of the period and of other periods. As is not improbable, the account of Hezekiah's healing was written by Isaiah, and the person who wrote the Kings may have secured a copy of it for reproduction in his book.

B. F. M., Union City, Tenn. Please explain discrepancies between II Kings 24 : 8 and II Chron. 36 : 9.

It is claimed by some that Jehoiakim was associated in the government with his father for a period of ten years before his death, and that the writer in Kings gives the time when he began to reign alone after his father's death. There is a more likely explanation, however, namely, that some early copyist of Chronicles mistook the Hebrew letter eighteen for eight, which may easily be done. Succeeding writers would do the same in copying from him, and thus continue the mistake. Before the age of printing, when the only copies of books were those written by hand, an error of that kind might easily be made and perpetuated.



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"That Letter to Him"

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IT was a letter from a boy in the trenches—a boy who had been a good friend of mine before ever he became a soldier—that showed me the light. It went this way:

"It will be June when this reaches you, and I'm wondering whether the Big City has changed—or whether it's the same old place. I'm wondering whether they are selling pink roses now on every street corner, and what sort of hats the girls who stroll along Fifth Avenue are wearing. I'm wondering how the side window of Brentano's is decorated (remember how you used to watch it for changes?) and what song New York is singing. I'm wondering if you've had fresh green peas yet for dinner, and strawberries—" So ran the letter from the boy in the trenches—the boy who had been a very good friend before ever he was a soldier.

I reckon that since the beginning of the war I've written quite an uncountable number of letters to the boys who are wearing the uniform of our country. So has pretty nearly every woman in these United States—for very few women there are who haven't found that the war is a personal thing to them. But it wasn't until I read the letter I have quoted in part, that I began to realize that perhaps my letters weren't quite the right sort.

The answer I sent back to the boy in the trenches was a fairly gay one. In it I told of the magnolia tree that was all abloom in a certain yard in the vicinity of Washington Square, of the odd little near-military bonnets the girls on Fifth Avenue were affecting. I told of numerous window decorations in one paragraph, and commented in the next on a certain dreamy little song that all the city seems to be humming under its breath. And I wished that he could eat some of our strawberry shortcake, and assured him he would—*this time next year.*

I THINK a good many women are laboring under the delusion that letters to our soldiers must be grim—or if not grim, at least rather solemn—affairs. They feel that the boy who is in training camp here or who is in a trench over seas must be commiserated with, and praised, and too obviously encouraged. Many go into long dissertations on the horrors of the battlefield, and wonder quite piteously, when the fighting will be done with. They forget that the boys, despite extraordinary conditions, are the same boys who not long ago were interested in baseball scores, and church socials, and new suits, and college educations.

"The letters my mother writes to me," a boy down at Camp Upton told me one day, "are heart-breaking. She didn't want me to go away, and she's got a fixed idea in her head that I'm never coming back. She writes pages to me, telling me how she misses me, and how lonely the house is, and wondering what she will do when I get into active fighting." The boy sighed—a real sigh that was more than vaguely troubled—before he went on.

"I don't like this war stuff," he told me finally, "any more than—than any of the other fellers like it! But there's work to be done and we're the ones to do it! It's our job to keep a steady hand and a stiff upper lip. And mothers like mine—though sho meant well with her letters, bless her heart!—don't help us to be brave!"

In direct contrast was another boy's laughing praise of *his* women-folk!

"My mother and sister," he told me "and, yes, my sweetheart, are real people! They haven't shown the white feather once. I'm the only son. But my mother didn't cry when I left. She said, 'I'll be expecting you to come home at least a general, Jimmy!' And then she kissed me, and we all laughed. Maybe our laughing *was* a bit shaky. I don't know!

"And ever since I've been at camp all three of them have been writing me the dandiest letters! Mother sends me clippings from the town paper and notes from my old school, and sister writes regular novels, and The Girl is going right on buying furniture and linens as if there wasn't a chance of aything happening to me. Why, their letters have put so much grit into me that I'm sure if I were wounded—and badly, too—I'd be able to *crawl* back with a picture of their smiling faces in my mind. They're real people, they are!"

OH, women of America—you who are mothers, and sisters, and sweethearts, and wives, and good friends to our soldiers—make the letters that you send them the right sort of letters, happy, gay, hopeful! Don't make them piteous missives that will take the heart out of our boys—the sort that will bring lumps into throats.

The boys who are fighting *know* what they are fighting for. They know that they are fighting to make the world safe for democracy, for righteousness and justice, and for an ultimate and lasting peace. *They wouldn't be fighting, otherwise!* So it isn't necessary to tell them about it in your letters, any more than it is necessary to tell them how much you miss them. They know that, too.

So write and tell them intimate things. Tell them that the purple flags are blossoming again in the back yard by the fence; that the dining-room is being repapered. Tell them about the blue sash that Nellie Smith wore to the Mission Band lawn party, and about the visiting Glee Club that gave an entertainment in the club rooms of the parish house, and about the trolley line they're talking of running through town. Enclose a sample of your new spring frock in the letter, and a snapshot of yourself in the big porch rocker, and the funny little verse that you read in your favorite magazine and laughed over. For now that our boys are away from home and home influences, they are more than ever interested in the little homey things that are just bits of everyday life to us. With the sound of guns not far away, a music box in the home parlor holds a magnet-like lure; and with suffering on every hand the picture of a sunny garden-place has a new meaning. The letters that are written bravely, so bravely (for, oh, it's harder to write a light-hearted cheery letter, these days, than a profound one) that they hold this intimate touch, will be the bonds that will tie these boys, wherever they may be, to home and the things that stand for home

Called Higher

ON April 7, after thirty-six years of Christian ministry, Rev. John C. Long died at East Aurora, N. Y., in the seventy-seventh year of his life. His wife preceded him to their reward in 1913, three years after the celebration of their golden wedding. Two daughters, four sisters and one brother survive him.

J. E. Floyd, Cochrane, Ga., 78 years; Moses Haupt, Mauch Chunk, Pa., 76 years; Mrs. Mary J. Willets, East Williston, L. I., 89 years.

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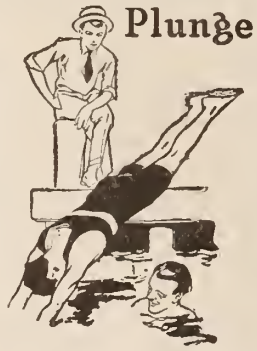
Don't Let Rupture Keep You From a Plunge



At a resort last summer, a group of men decided to take a swim. In a jiffy they were splashing and frolicking in the surf—all except one. He was ruptured. He wore a steel band truss and dared not venture in the water because he feared his truss would slip or rust. This unsmiling man was needlessly robbed of a healthful, invigorating dip. Had he worn a

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he could have joined his friends in their sport. The Brooks Appliance is made of soft rubber, unaffected by water. It will not slip because the automatic air cushion clings closely and follows every body movement. Draws and binds the parted muscular tissues together; gives Nature a chance to knit them. This wonderful new scientific treatment of hernia has helped thousands and will help you.

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Books Worth While

Northcliffe: Britain's Man of Power. By William E. Carson. New York. Dodge Publishing Co. $2.

MR. CARSON was for many years the American representative of the newspapers and other periodicals controlled by the Northcliffe organizations, and had intimate relations with the master-spirit of that organization, Viscount Northcliffe himself. The result of being thus happily placed is that Mr. Carson in this book has been able to give us glimpses of the real man he is writing about. He shows us Lord Northcliffe not only at work, but at play; not only does he show him in one of his several offices, engaged in directing one or the other of his numerous vast journalistic enterprises, but he takes us down to the country and gives us a picture of Lord Northcliffe in his moments of repose and relaxation. The advantage of such a complete view of the book's central figure is obvious.

Very naturally, Mr. Carson, as the result of his intimate relations, finds much that is admirable in the central figure of his book. The first half of the volume, that dealing with Lord Northcliffe's life up to the beginning of the present war, is the most valuable not only because it is the most balanced, but also because this portion of the book deals with events which have now sufficient perspective in point of time to enable the author to exercise a reasoned judgment as to their relative importance and the permanence of their results.

Northcliffe is unquestionably one of the greatest figures in the history of British journalism from many viewpoints, and the record of his achievements between 1888 and 1914 makes fascinating reading. There can be no denial of this greatness, because otherwise one would be confronted with the difficult task of explaining how a boy of twenty-three, without other capital than that locked within his own brain, succeeded in a very few years not only in acquiring a large fortune, but also in reaching a position of power and influence probably never before attained by any British journalist.

Even if this impossible explanation were given, one would still be faced by an even worse riddle; that of accounting for the fact that, since the moment of his first success, he had steadily gone from success to further success, continuously increasing the bounds of the sphere of his power and influence, until today he is acknowledged at the head of his profession the world over.

From the glimpses Mr. Carson gives us of the character of the man, it would seem as though Lord Northcliffe, like Alexander Hamilton, possesses that extraordinary quality of being able instinctively to grasp the vital point in any transaction, and the ability to concentrate his entire strength and power on that point. Add to this rare faculty a strong will, common sense, and the love of hard work, and we have some appreciation of the mental endowments which have placed Northcliffe where he is today.

Mr. Carson brings out these elements of Northcliffe's character clearly in the course of his narration, and points his delineation from time to time with appropriate and forcible anecdotes of the man and his methods. In the later portion of his book Mr. Carson is dealing with that phase of Northcliffe's life—the political—in which he is obliged to write more about the opinions and aims of the man, than of actually achieved results. Nevertheless, this latter portion is necessary to a complete understanding of Northcliffe's many-sided character; and considering the difficulties of treating this phase of the subject, the author's work is exceedingly well done.

The book is well worth reading as an intimate view of one of the most interesting figures of our day—that of a man who has done much to mold public opinion and influence events, and whose whole career is a striking illustration of concentrated purpose, combined with extraordinary will power and clear vision.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BOOKMAN.

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Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

"CHERRY Ripe! Cherry Ripe!" The words of the old ballad come back to us, these busy days. For not only are cherries ripe, but luscious strawberries, and velvet-skinned peaches, and the long pink-and-green stalks of our tart friend the rhubarb!

Even these are not all. There are greens galore, dear adventurers: the kinds you know and a dozen succulent varieties you have never become acquainted with. There are early fruits and vegetables without number; berries of almost as many tints and flavors as the fruit-drop candies in the corner drug-store; and (now and then) there is on hand a tender bit of meat, or a bowlful of nourishing stock; too rich in protein for summer fare, yet "too good" to throw away.

Is this the situation with you? Ah, I thought so! For even we city housewives are surrounded on every side by good things fairly begging to be canned. The strawberries beckon to us from the fruit-stands: their little yellow eyes all atwinkle in the sunshine; and the red-cheeked cherries laugh up at our windows from a huckster's cart, luring us down from our fourth-story apartments to the street and along it in breathless pursuit.

Even our friends give us no peace. When we meet them on street or trolley, it is no longer "What are you doing these days?" but "What are you canning this week?" And woe to her who cannot puff out her chest with pardonable pride and tick off on her fingers the contents of rows of jars, or cans, stored away in the darkest, coolest place her little apartment affords.

For, dear neighbors, this is the "day" of the American woman who cans. Of all the petticoat soldiers enrolled in Uncle Sam's great Home Army, she is the staunchest: the most valuable. You will find her, furthermore, in every walk of life: business life, school life, home life—her canning never interfering with her other duties.

I know, for instance, of a business girl who buys cheaply, late on Saturday afternoons, from a little huckster all his unsold fruit and vegetables apt to spoil before Monday, canning these at once in her small apartment. And I know of a town in New Jersey—Elizabeth by name—where, this summer, all the schools are to be kept open as canning-demonstration stations, the domestic science teachers giving the pupils the asked-for aid and instructions. Furthermore, I know of a farm woman, out in the West, who for years has not only been canning every surplus spoonful of food, but has generously made her home the center of encouragement and help for other women struggling with the intricacies of canning.

As her story is a capital one, I am going to call her to the platform at once, and let her talk directly to you, fellow members of the American Community Club.

ALLOW me, then, to introduce to you Mrs. A. E. Kephart, of Oklahoma. May her adventure in neighboring have the message for you it did for me:

Teaching the Neighbors to Can

Six years ago, a prominent banker of our neighborhood offered a prize of seventy-five dollars in gold for the greatest number of farm products for the table raised on one farm, prepared by a farm wife, and exhibited at our county Farmers' Day Exhibit.

I won the prize, exhibiting one hundred and ninety-six prepared articles for the table. I told the judges from our A. and M. College that I would show the people that in case of war we farm wives could supply our families with plenty of good food of all kinds. I did not then think it possible that in such a short time the world would be at war, and the necessity of food-conservation be with us.

At the exhibit so many questions were asked me as to how I prepared the different articles, that I found it impossible to answer them all. So I told the women and girls who wished information that I would try to help them, either personally or by phone or letter. They took me at my word, and ever since then have kept me busy. I have had phone and personal calls from all over the country, and letters of inquiry from five different states. Many women have come to my home for me to demonstrate to them how I canned fruit, made homemade cream cheese, and so on.

While all this has taken time and patience, it has been a great pleasure. And when a girl who was a winner in the canning contest and several other departments of her Canning Club work came to me with a glowing, happy look and told me that it was my help which had made her able to win the prizes, I felt well repaid.

There are so many helpful things we older women can give out of our experience to our younger neighbors, if only we will!

MRS. A. E. K.

Doesn't that dynamic adventure set you to thinking of the young neighbors around you: of the discouraged bride next door who has quit trying to can, after spoiling a great quantity of fruit; or of your own little daughter, who has never canned a jar of fruit in her life; or perhaps of the tall girls who flock past to a high school where there is no domestic science course, and who would "just adore" to come out into your kitchen and be taught?

IF so, friend—if your heart is big and generous, like that—then, for the sake of the winning of this war (and also the winning of these girls to useful womanhood), do something! Either write to the United States Department of Agriculture, asking that a girls' canning club be started by one of the government demonstration agents; or else start a small class yourself. So as to hold the girls' interest all through the year, it can be a cooking class in the winter and a canning class in the summer, like the class described in the following adventure from a New York neighbor:

A Girls' Canning and Cooking Class

Our canning and cooking class was a wonderful thing to us girls; for we were all between the ages of twelve and sixteen and just naturally loved to "make things." We met every week, after school, and our dues were five cents per week. Each week we planned and cooked a whole dinner, so that when we went home we could relieve our mothers at least once a week and have what we called our "home cooking night." Our recipes were printed, and we kept them in little note books. Every one of us still has her recipe book, and none of us would part with it.

In canning time, our wonderful teacher (a dear Christian woman) taught us the most efficient ways of preserving and canning. Our preserves were sent to the sick; and the canned vegetables were messengers of cheer to the needy. Whenever we heard of a shut-in or invalid, Miss Manners (our teacher) would think of some tempting dish we might make and send her.

But to us girls, I am sure, the best part of our fun was eating what we had made ourselves. Have you ever felt the elation that comes from having accomplished something? Well, you can then imagine about eight or ten girls all sitting around a big table in their caps, aprons and sleeves, eating the food they had themselves prepared. Each one was given a particular dish to make, and the others watched so they would know how, too. Then, while things were cooking, two of the girls would be appointed to set the table and serve.

We were not only taught how to cook, in our little class, but to keep house; and we are grateful today for the systematic and efficient ways we were trained in. I know I have profited by my lessons learned in that cooking class, and I am passing this on in the hope that some neighbor who is anxious to help the girls of her community (and also to help Uncle Sam conserve food) will adopt this suggestion and take under her wing those who really want to learn to cook.

I must not omit to add that our little class also had its social hour, and that at the end of the season we gave an exhibition. I remember a four-line rhyme we sang at one exhibition. It was this:

A woman's arm may work a charm,
As well as woman's looks;
And though we praise her winning ways,
She's fairest when she cooks.

A NEW YORK NEIGHBOR.

Could a more wholly delightful little class be imagined, neighbors, than this one? I think not. But—I will tell you more about it next week.

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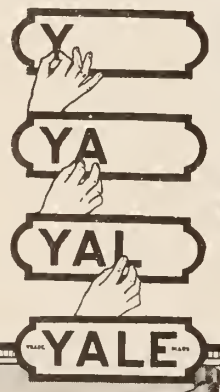

Young People's Topics for June 30

The Power of the Cross in Africa

Christian Endeavor Topic. Acts 8 : 26-39

THE church that grew out of Philip's conference with the eunuch might have evangelized the greatest of continents so that there would never have been a darkest Africa, but it remained for European and American Christianity to lighten its spiritual darkness. African missions are largely the product of the last generation. Henry M. Stanley's search for Livingston turned the eyes of the world toward the dark continent, and the heart of Christendom gained a vision of service as its eyes saw a vision of need. Today from the West, from the East and from the South Christian missions are rolling back the shadows of superstition and ignorance that have bound the black man. In the power of the Cross, the womanhood of Africa is being raised from serfdom; the manhood of Africa is learning to put its strength into useful work instead of warfare; the childhood of Africa is being given, through education, an opportunity to take its place among the free peoples of the world. From the north there is descending an organized mission of Islam, and Africa today is the greatest battle-ground between Christ and the Prophet. Christian missions in Africa are not only bringing salvation from sin, but through their schools of agriculture and their free shops they are fitting the people of Africa to be wage earners and producers. All through the Jungle cultivated lands mark the work of the missionary and the bells of little chapels call the black man and his tribes to prayer and praise.

A Bible for Every Man

B. Y. P. U. Topic. Psalm 19

ALTHOUGH "the heavens declare the Glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork," only in the Scriptures is his spirit and his heart revealed. The Bible is *the* book for men of all ages and all generations. The open Bible reverently read is a power for righteousness. The man who heeds its warnings and reads its precepts is assured of greater happiness and health and peace of mind, and if not of prosperity at least of greater joy in the things he has. The man who tries to live without the Bible, who disregards its precepts and flouts its warnings, may flourish like the green bay tree for a time, but the reckoning is certain. The Bible is every man's book, and it should be in the hands of every man, and, until it is thus widely spread, civilization will falter and fall short of the ideal of Christ.

Our Heritage as Americans

Epworth League Topic. Acts 22 : 2, 3; 21-39; Psalm 137-3-8

EVERY child born into the world has some sort of a heritage, even if it be nothing more than traits of character. A child born in America, even though he inherit little of this world's goods, has a heritage of freedom which is worth more than all the things in the world without it. There is no limit in America to what any man may achieve. Birth counts little; worth is everything. Friends are useful but force of character has an unfenced path. The free public school opens its doors to all. The preaching of the Gospel is unfettered, and a man may live or work where he pleases. Because his father is a farmer he need not farm, although he is wise if he does. He may be a doctor, a lawyer, a professor, or an engineer, and these courses are his at practically no cost, in schools maintained by the state. Founded by Christian people, America gives also to her sons an atmosphere of moral uprightness in which it is easy to live well. Liberty, education, unlimited opportunity, with the path of right well marked, all these are our heritage under the Stars and Stripes To preserve these we may well fight. Having this heritage, we owe a deep debt to those who come to us from countries in which ignorance or despotism or lack of opportunity hold men back.

"LIGHT ON PROPHECY"

REPORT OF THE MOST MOMENTOUS AND MOST IMPORTANT CONFERENCE ON RETURN OF OUR LORD

A Co-ordinated, Constructive Teaching—Being the Addresses Delivered at the Philadelphia Prophetic Conference, May 28 to 30, 1918.

THE great Philadelphia Bible Conference has come and gone. The unanimous judgment is that it was the most momentous and important of its kind ever held in America, or perhaps in the world, both in numbers and significance. Many of the speakers declared from the platform that they had never faced such multitudes of deeply earnest searchers of the Bible. It was a Conference which at every session exalted Christ, and gave rich and stirring messages to His people throughout the world. There was no effort on the part of any speaker to exploit himself. From first to last, there was evidence in all that was said, that the most consecrated scholarship and reverent investigation were under divine guidance, and submissive to the leadings of the Holy Spirit. There was an entire absence of anything like radicalism, sensationalism, date-fixing, and dogmatism. The great fundamental belief of the Christian Church was discussed with a calm serenity that indicated conviction of its truth.

The immense gatherings, from first to last, had the spirit of American loyalty combined with the great Christian hope, exemplified in a remarkable degree. The speeches of the Conference will be welcomed by Christians and Bible readers everywhere, and especially by those who love the Lord Jesus Christ and believe in His promise. These addresses have been gathered under the official supervision of the Conference Executive Committee, and published by the Christian Herald in an authorized volume of some 300 pages under the title of "Light on Prophecy." This step was taken by the Conference in order that the widest possible publicity might be assured for the book, as the record of the most authoritative assembly on prophecy ever held up to the present time.

The far-reaching character of the addresses may be seen from the following list of speakers and topics:

Notable Addresses Included in "Light on Prophecy"

"Hath God Spoken?" and "What is to Become of the Church?"
By Dr. Harris H. Gregg, Pastor, of Winnipeg, Canada, an eminent Canadian Divine.

"What is Prophecy?" and "Where Is Christ Now and What Is He Doing?"
By Rev. John MacInnes of Syracuse, Secretary of the Montrose Bible Conference.

"The Doctrine of Our Lord's Return"
By Dr. Mark A. Matthews, Former Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

"The Answer to the Greatest Question Jesus Ever Asked" and "What Manner of Persons Ought We to Be?"
By Dr. William B. Riley, of the First Baptist Church of Minneapolis, Minn., and President of the Northwest Bible School.

"Did the Cross of Christ Fulfill All the Promises?" and "The Coming Glory"
By W. L. Pettingill, Dean of the Philadelphia School of the Bible.

"God's Purpose in This Dispensation" and "Regathering of Israel in Unbelief"
By Dr. James M. Gray, of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill.

"The Capture of Jerusalem"
By Rev. A. E. Thompson, A.B., Pastor of the American Church at Jerusalem.

"War on German Theology"
By Dr. Cortland Myers, Pastor of the Tremont Baptist Temple, Boston, Mass.

"Coming Events Cast Their Shadows" and "Will There Be Any Tears in Heaven and Why?"
By Rev. P. W. Philpott, Hamilton, Canada.

"Has God a Program?"
By Rev. B. B. Sutcliffe.

"Does This Truth Paralyze or Energize?"
By Rev. Herbert Mackenzie, Pastor of the Gospel Church, Cleveland, Ohio, and Secretary of the Fireside Bible Conference.

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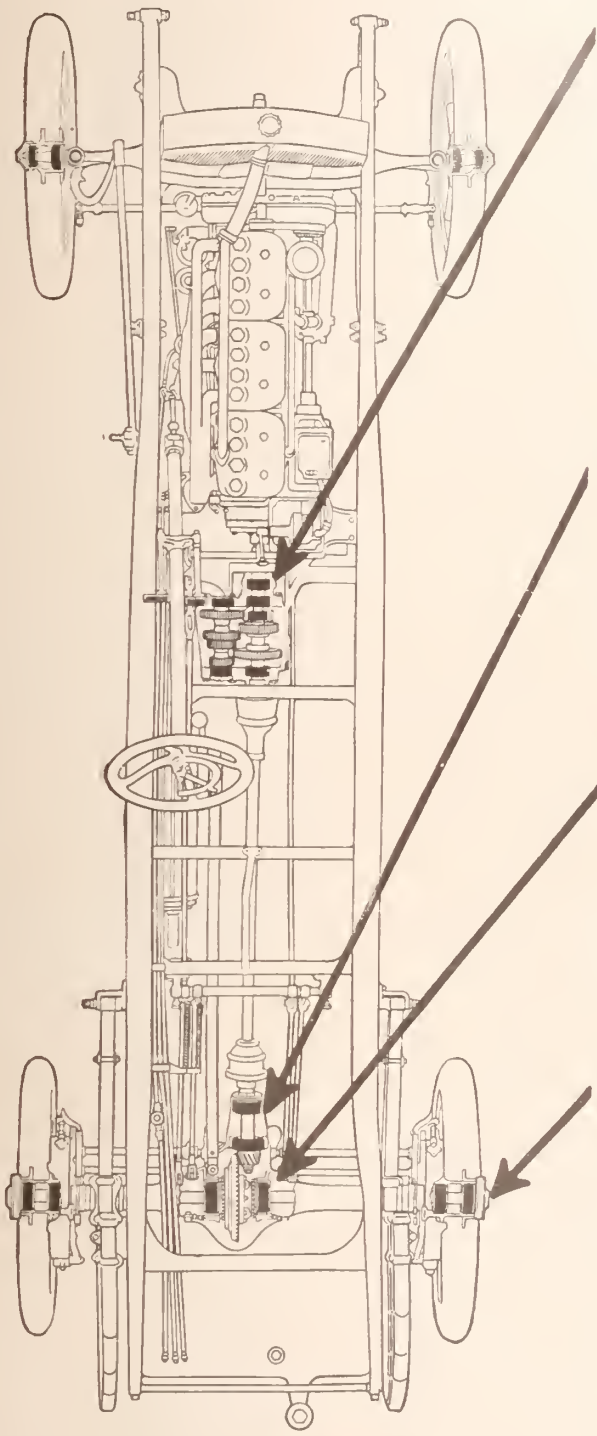

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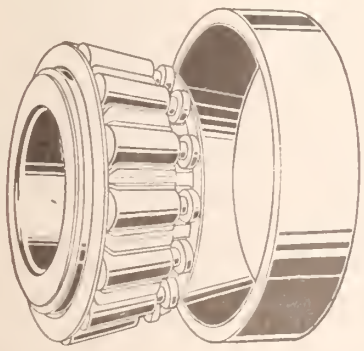

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See story inside

A GRAIN FIELD PATH IN PALESTINE

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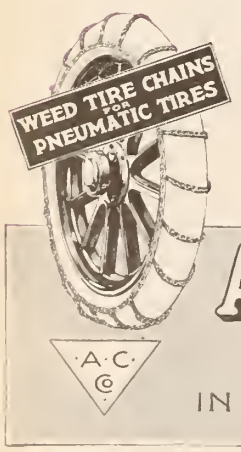

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

John Wanamaker at Eighty

A Personal Interview

By
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

ONCE, long ago, in the pages of a certain green-and-gold book of Make-Believe, I read the story of a marvelous man who was referred to, upon occasion, as a Merchant Prince. Being, at the time, more interested in the plot of the story than in the details of it, I skipped blandly over said references and brushed them aside with the many other things that I did not understand. And I fancy that the title did not come into my head again until yesterday when, for the first time, I met a real merchant prince—John Wanamaker.

Throughout the business world John Wanamaker's name stands for sterling quality, up-to-date business methods and honesty. But in his home city, Philadelphia, the name of John Wanamaker stands for much more than quality and honesty. It stands for faith, and charity, and religion. In Bethany Church, John Wanamaker is known and loved as the Superintendent of the Sunday School, the head of the Y. M. C. A., and the leading spirit of every good work.

On the eleventh of July, Mr. Wanamaker will be eighty years old. There are few men in the world, I think, who can look back over eighty years of such success and service as he can. It was because of that success and service, and because he is famed for his kindness and graciousness, that I went, yesterday, from New York to Philadelphia to get a personal message from him—a personal message given on the eve of his eightieth birthday to the readers of The Christian Herald.

As I went through the wide flung doors of the great store in Philadelphia, I was acutely conscious of the bigness of the place—a bigness that was much deeper and more poignant than the mere impression of vast floor spaces, and high ceilings, and enormous quantities of stock. And I was conscious of a certain air of peace and contentment, as if, back of the store's calm surface, a great machinery was running with precision and regularity.

NEVER before had I gone into a department store with the fixed idea of not buying anything. Always in such a store, I had walked toward a certain given point where a particular article might be purchased. But yesterday I went with a deeper purpose in view—that of seeing the power behind it all. And, because I went with that object, I found I could read the personal characteristics of John Wanamaker himself into the contentment, well being and good management of the place.

The executive offices of the store are on the seventh floor. Upon leaving the elevator, I found myself in the midst of what seemed to be a wilderness of desks, each with its clicking typewriter, or adding-machine, or other symbol of up-to-date business activity. By inquiring of those people who happened to cross my path, I found my way to the group of rooms that are Mr. Wanamaker's private offices. There I gave my name to the boy in one of the outer rooms and sat down to wait.

I looked around carefully, for I like to study rooms—particularly rooms that have to do with the lives of well known people. Rooms can show personality very clearly, and this outer office reflected the personality of John Wanamaker just as the whole store reflected it. There were paintings on the wall—not many of them, but good ones. And there was a bit of curious old tapestry showing a fat gladiator in the act of killing a lion who looked, despite the circumstances, foolishly happy. And there were filing-cases around the wall, and polished desks.

It was while I was looking at the tapestry that the boy came back and told me that Mr. Wanamaker would see me. He turned toward a door leading to an inner room, and I followed. The brain and heart of the two greatest department stores in the world was sitting at his desk. And as I came to him, across the room, he looked up and smiled at me. Then I forgot that he was the head of a great and successful organization—forgot that I had been a bit nervous, and I felt just glad and very much at home. It was like that.

John Wanamaker

John Wanamaker took my hand in the friendliest sort of greeting.

"Well," he said, "here you are! Now, what can I do?"

"I want to write about you," I told him, "and thought perhaps you could give me a message to pass on to the young people who read the Christian Herald: that you would tell them something about yourself and your success."

John Wanamaker laughed a little, hearty laugh.

"Bless you," he said at last, "I'd much rather not talk about myself. And as for a message—well, I'm not sure that I know what to say. It's risky business, anyway, this business of writing an article about a man before he's dead. There's no telling what he may do!"

He paused for a moment.

"I had a friend, once," he resumed, "who wanted to start a railroad and run it through to the Pacific. Building a railroad was a bigger business then than it is now, and suddenly he blossomed into a famous character. People began naming their children after him—And then—then his plans failed!" John Wanamaker paused again. "Well," he said finally, "the people all changed their children's names. You see, he wasn't famous any more. That's why," he laughed again—"that's why it isn't safe to write about *me!*"

"But a message from you, Mr. Wanamaker," I interposed, "would mean a great deal to many—"

Mr. Wanamaker raised his hand quite suddenly, and pointed to a picture that hung on the wall. It was a battle-scene—a Civil War battle.

"Do you see that picture?" he questioned. "Well, that picture is an important one. It shows the turning point in the battle of Gettysburg, which was, incidentally, the turning-point of the whole war. It took the artist who painted that picture *ten years* to complete it. Why? Because he went around hunting out the different men, still living, who were veterans of that battle. *He wanted the faces in that picture to be the real faces of real men!*

"That's the kind of work that folk should do. Tell that to the young people who read the Christian Herald! If a task's worth doing, it's worth doing in a thorough way."

I looked up at the picture. The faces in it—they had seemed just ordinary faces before—took on a new significance now.

"Yes," I answered—"I'll tell them that."

John Wanamaker was speaking again.

"Any work that's worth doing is worth doing thoroughly," he repeated, "and it's worth putting one's whole soul into. There was a little lady who sang at our church yesterday. She wasn't much to look at—small, she was, and not very well built—but when she began to sing.

"It was 'La Marseillaise'. And her body grew tense as she sang it and there was a thrill in her voice and—shutting your eyes—you could see a picture of all France marching off to battle. It made me cry—her song. Why? Because she put her whole soul into the singing of it!"

John Wanamaker paused abruptly. He reached into a small vest pocket and brought out a tiny Testament, bound in pig-skin.

"I knew a young man," he told me—"who wanted to join the church. He went to the deacons about it, and they questioned him.

"'Why,' they asked, 'do you want to join the church?'

"The young man thought a moment. Then he flushed. 'I'm twenty-eight years old,' he answered, 'and I think it's time I joined *something*.'"

John Wanamaker opened the little Testament reverently. As I watched him, it came to me that it was a fine and rather unusual thing to see the head of a great business sitting in his inner office in the midst of a crowded day, there with the swirl of commerce eddying all about him, his white head bent above a little volume that held the Word of God.

"There are just two verses," he said, "that I want to read to you."

AS he turned the pages, I saw that the Testament was marked, here and there. On almost every page some well-loved passage had been emphasized by underlining.

"'I am crucified with Christ,' he read in a resonant voice, 'nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live *by the faith of the Son of God*, who loved me, and gave himself for me.'

"That young man," said Mr. Wanamaker, looking up from the Testament, "was not living by the faith of the Son of God. If he had been living that way, he would have known why he was joining the church!"

Again the silvered head bent over the Testament, as the capable fingers—fingers that are young fingers, that do not seem eighty years old—turned a few pages. And again he read a text.

"'And this is his commandment,' said the resonant voice, "'that we should believe in the name of his Son, Jesus Christ, and love one another.'"

It was then that I realized why the great store had such an air of peace about it, and why the name of its owner is like a white milestone on the road of commerce! But John Wanamaker was speaking again.

"Man is the only thing on earth," he was saying, "that resists God. Man is the only living thing that doubts his part in the great scheme. The birds of the air do not pause to question why, they build their nests and get their food—they fly south in the winter and north in the summer-time! They never doubt

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Mont-Lawn Opens Its Doors

By
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

SUMMER has swept on the city,
Swept with its fear and its pain;
But Mont-Lawn, the haven of children,
Has opened its doors again.
Has opened its doors to the little ones,
Who fade in the blinding heat,
Like flowers flung by a careless hand
On a sun-baked city street.

Summer has swept on the city;
But Mont-Lawn is far away
From the blinding glare of the city sun.
On even the warmest day,
There's always a little vagrant breeze,
That creeps through the trees, and sings
Of garden spots, and of forest nooks,
Of rivers and pleasant things!

Summer has swept on the city;
But Mont-Lawn has sent a call
To the little folk of the city slums,
Telling them, one and all,
To come to a land of torquoise skies,
A land where the air is sweet,
Where the green of the grass is daisy-starred,
And there's plenty of food to eat!

Summer has swept on the city;
But clear through each scorching slum,
The little children have heard the call,
And with singing hearts they come—
Come like pilgrims, their eager eyes
Adance with the joy of life—
And Mont-Lawn is like a dream to them,
Who knew but the city's strife.

Summer has swept on the city;
But, cool in the pleasant shade
The children romp through the country fields,
Playing as you have played
When you were a little country child,
And laughed through the livelong day. . . .
Summer has swept on the city,
But the city is far away!

Summer has swept on the city,
But you and the gifts you gave
Have stretched a hand through the fever heat,
A hand that is strong to save
The little ones of the city streets
From terror and fear and pain—
For, through you, the Children's Heaven
Has opened its doors again!

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John Wanamaker at Eighty

that there is a God! But man questions the truth of the Bible, and the divinity of Christ; he doubts and demands proof. I once heard an atheist dare God to strike him dead and then, because he did not die, proclaim that God was afraid of him!"

John Wanamaker, his head flung back, his face set in thoughtful lines, looked far off into space. His eighty years lay upon him gracefully. When he spoke again, he was still looking far off and his voice was very low and soft.

"About the end of every year, I get tired," he told me, "and then I go down to Florida, to a little place in the swamps—a little place of islands. Indeed, there are so many islands that the place is spoken of as the 'Ten Thousand Islands.'

"Not many people go there, for they are afraid of snakes and crocodiles. But I go there at the end of every year. And I sit in a summer-house on one of the islands, very early in the dawn-time, when the morning star is going to meet the sun. I watch the sun rise, and as it comes up, in a burst of glory, I find myself saying aloud, to it:

"'Don't you ever get tired of shining? You've been at it for so many thousands of years! Don't you ever get tired?' And it always seems as if the sun smiles back at me, and says:

"'No, sir! I *don't* get tired of shining! *Why, it's my part in creation!*'"

In the outer office a telephone rang, and a secretary hurriedly brought in a message. With a start, I came back from the little lonely island in Florida to the Philadelphia office of the man who had given me a generous slice out of a busy morning. I rose, and Mr. Wanamaker, in courtly fashion, rose with me.

"I'm afraid," he said, and there was a shade of regret in his voice, "that I haven't given you much of a message to take back to the people who read the Christian Herald; but—" and all at once his face seemed to brighten magically—"you tell them what the sun says to me! And tell them to be like the sun—to do their part in the creation without faltering or complaining or even questioning—'*to do it because it is their part.*' Tell them that's my message!"

And so I left John Wanamaker—a merchant prince, indeed, with the golden prize of success in his hand, and the fine gold of human kindness in his heart. And as I went out through the wonder of his great store, I found myself thinking of each busy aisle as an artery that drew from a great throbbing heart. And as the center of it all, I saw, as I will always hereafter see it, the picture of a man sitting behind a very businesslike desk with his silvered head bowed in all reverence over a tiny Book!

Volunteer Christian Workers in China

THE American Presbyterian Mission at Tengchow, North China, has long felt the need of a Bible Class of select Christian workers to be carefully trained for local voluntary church work and class-leading, and the plans for such a class have now been successfully carried out. In preparing for the class, a careful survey was made during the fall months, by an evangelist and missionary in consultation with the evangelists on the field, to select two or three of the most suitable men from each center to come to the city of Tengchow for a month's Bible instruction.

About fifty men from seven counties were enrolled. Among them were elders, deacons, voluntary colporteurs and managers of boys' and girls' country day-schools. Each man before entering the class had to sign his name to a pledge to remain a month for study and later to return home to do local voluntary work for the church.

The rising hour was 6 A.M. Morning Watch, 6:30 to 7 A.M. From 7 to 8 A.M. all met for prayers. For each morning a different leader was appointed to take the meeting. The book of Romans and the first twelve chapters of I Corinthians was used for our responsive reading. Each morning we had a definite object to pray for. At first many were unable to pray in public, but after having attended prayers for a month they gained in courage and facility and we were surprised at the progress they had made.

A few days before the close of the class, a slip of paper was handed to each member asking him to write on one side the "benefits" he had received during the month's study, and on the other side what he "purposed" to do at home. The returns were most gratifying and bore a promise of greater things for the church in the villages to which these men were to return. A few of the benefits were as follows: "I now know how to pray and sing." "Before I did not know how to lead a meeting." "I received more Gospel during the past month than all the year at home." "I now fully understand the effect of evil customs." The following are a few of the answers to the question, "What do you purpose to do at home?" "I plan to lead my whole family to Christ." "I plan to teach the Sunday-school lessons and lead the weekly prayer-meeting." "I plan to show by my life and character that I belong to Jesus." These 48 men are pledged to lead 62 people to Christ.

The delegates, returning home, felt they were well repaid for the time spent, and each testified that he realized more than ever before that he had a vital part in the direct evangelistic work of the church, and that his prayer and spiritual life had been greatly benefited.

O. BRASKAMP

Changes in Relief Work

By
MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

THE entire Caucasus Branch of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief has left its field and is on its way home. With them are the members of the Armenian Relief Committee under the Lord Mayor's Fund, and other English people who could get way from Tiflis. The party, which left Tiflis March 23, numbered forty-six. From the main relief center at Erivan there were Dr. Raynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Yarrow and family, Mr. and Mrs. Maynard and family, Mr. and Mrs. White, and Mr. James. Associated with them were three Englishmen: Dr. Kennedy, lent by the Lord Mayor's Fund, and Mr. Heald and Mr. Welsh, former members of the Society of Friends in the Samara district.

The Alexandropol group included Mr. and Mrs. Compton, Mr. Partridge and Miss Orvis, Mr. Elmer, whose work was at Etchmiadzin, and Mr. Stapleton, who has labored in Erzerum for a score of years. Mr. Craig and Mr. Wells of the Y. M. C. A. and myself were the other American members of the party.

Mr. Backhouse and Mr. Catchpool, who had charge of the Lord Mayor's Fund work at Igdir, Mrs. Harrison, wife of the manager of the Indo-Bombay Telegraph Company in Tiflis, and her two daughters, Miss Renaud, Miss Cuming, Miss Creighton and Miss Weld accompanied the American Mission. Mr. Samuel, an Assyrian-American merchant, and his wife and family, took this means of getting away alive. Captain Gracey, who is Irish by birth and American missionary by training, was unable to join the party, and probably came later or went out by way of Persia. Mr. Elder and Mr. Arrol, of the Y. M. C. A., stayed with him in Erivan.

The return of the workers was necessitated by political conditions. Consul Smith of Tiflis, under whose able direction the work is still being carried on as well as possible, is trusted and confided in by Armenians, Georgians and Tartars alike. There is no question that the move was well advised. It was a reluctant withdrawal. Dr. Raynolds has labored and been loved in Van for the greater part of his long and inspiring life. His sainted wife gave up her life for the Armenians. Dr. Raynolds would gladly have done the same. For his heart is back there in Van, where he is loved by all, and in Erivan, where he headed an orphanage work among a hundred of the choicest boys of the Armenian race. The Yarrows and Maynards had been forced to retreat in 1915, and had hurried back to give aid at the first oportunity. Eight of the workers had spent five trying months getting to their field, and had been able to serve for only three months before having to start on the tedious journey back.

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A street in Baku after the Tartar massacre—one of the violent expressions of the disorder in Transcaucasia

NOT only were the Turks and Germans making rapid advances that would hem them in, but the Tartars throughout the whole Transcaucasian district were aroused, and the Persians, under German urging, were showing unmistakable signs of unfriendliness. To have stayed would not only have risked their own lives, but might have added to the persecutions of those whom they sought to aid.

Yet the time of their leaving was one of the decisive crises in the unhappy life of the Armenian race. The financial situation was very grave. A month before leaving, several members of the Committee had to cross into Persia and bring back two million roubles at great risk. Telegraphic communication was suspended, not only with America but even with Russia. The whole financial situation was in a state of chaos. Had the members stayed they might have been without funds. But as one Armenian after another said: "It is not for your money that we want you to stay. It is that we may have some trusted friends with us when the end comes."

Armenia, or rather the pitifully small remnant of it, having been encouraged by representatives of the Allied Powers, had taken up arms against the beasts who had massacred, looted, violated and deported in a vain attempt to erase the Armenian race and tradition from the earth. From Paris two telegrams had come, one through the British War Office and one through the French Foreign Office. These messages of cheer, dated December 15, 1917, told that a military mission was on its way to aid the brave but feeble Armenian army in its fight to hold the Allied line against the Turk. It was stated that financial backing was assured, and the telegrams urged the Armenians to start raising their army. The Russian Armenians, under permission from the Russian government, had already started to raise theirs. On December 15 the Armenian nation as one man stood ready to fight in the Allied cause. By the end of February, having had almost no financial assistance and no aid from military advisers or organizers, the combined Turkish and Russian Armenian forces, disorganized and untrained, were in disgraceful retreat from Erzerum, and the Armenian cause was nearly lost. They had had the temerity to oppose the Turk, who kills and tortures even when he has no pretext. What mercy will they receive now?

I KNOW how it was in Van. I was the only American worker on Armenian soil, across the Turkish boundary. Day by day we expected that help would come. The defenders there staked all on their trust in the Allies.

When we left Tiflis, reliable news was not to be had. We did not know what was happening either in Russia or along the Turkish front. But the entire atmosphere was surcharged with what proved later to be groundless fears. The Germans were reported to be in Petrograd, Moscow and Rostov. The Turks were said to be advancing on Tiflis itself from Sarakamuish and Batum, threatening to go on till they met the Russian army. These specific fears were at that moment groundless, but there was no mistaking the trend of events. For decades Turkey has tried to obliterate the Armenians. For decades Germany has planned and intrigued to arouse the Persians and the Tartars, and to seize the richest district, mile for mile, in the world—the granary, mineral vault and oil well known in geography as the Caucasus.

What for us meant a reluctant and dragging trudge homeward, for the Armenians meant the gravest crisis in their history. "You are leaving us," they said, without complaint or reproach. But we knew, every one, to what we were leaving them.

"Has it been worth while?" is a natural and fair question.

The money given and distributed has mounted into the millions. The activities of the American Relief Committee were everywhere recognized as the most economical, efficient and rational relief efforts that existed in a district aided by the most charitable people in the world. No one who did not know the work from the inside could realize the extent and variety of the work. It was almost universally praised by Russians and Armenians alike. It will stand as one of the noteworthy experiments in organized charity at a time of extreme need.

BUT the whole question, viewed in the large, simply points to the utter futility of individual relief when entire nations are making war. Had the work been ten times as great, it could not have averted a Turkish advance, for it was money given for relief, and not for military preparation. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and although the work under the American Relief Committee was constructive work in a hundred different ways, it was a remedy rather than a preventative.

Governor Hambartsoumiantz was so thoroughly in sympathy with the work of the American Relief Committee that he proposed to turn over the government funds for relief to us for administering. He spent much of his boyhood in America and is a great friend of American institutions. He admires us and believes in us. Time and again he expressed the hope that Americans could come to direct the building up of the new Armenia, with schools, expert advisers, agriculturalists, miners, capitalists and missionaries.

AS I write this on a train on the Amur Railway, somewhere north of Harbin, I believe the members of the American Committee are safely past the junction at Karuiniskaya, where the Cossacks under Semenoff are threatening to cut the line. Their long trip to the Japan Sea should soon be complete. The party had special cars, under the protection of the Tartar Committee from Tiflis to Baku; chartered a special boat from Baku to Astrakhan; had one of the finest Volga steamers from Astrakhan to Samara, and two private cars across Russia and Siberia to Vladivostok.

Obviously, on leaving, the first thing was to plan for a continuance of the work under the best possible circumstances. A great industrial plant, employing thousands of needy people, had been built up, and much good could still be done at a time of gravest crisis to the Armenian race.

Formerly, the Armenians have had some place to retreat to, but with the Turkish advance threatened from Batum as well as from Turkey, with the Tartars throughout the Caucasus arming for a war against the Christians, with Persia unfriendly and with Germany determined that the Armenian race shall be exterminated, the danger to Armenia and the Caucasus is very great. The Armenians are being left alone to face almost certain death. I only know of Dr. and Mrs. Crawford, whom the Turks honor in Trebizond, who are left to comfort the Armenians in their last stand against beastliness.

EVERYTHING possible having been done to ensure a continuance of the work as long as funds and materials last, the party set out with the best spirit possible for the journey. We did not know where the Germans and Turks were, but we believed them to be very near. We were told that Russia was in a state of utter anarchy. Consul Smith himself did not know where the Consulate-General or the American Embassy was located. All Transcaucasian news was German news. We had not a line of direct communication with the outside world. Vice-Consul Doolittle had been forced to go to Teheran in order to get in touch with Washington. The Germans spread the report that German forces had not only taken Petrograd, but were giving it such good government and prosperity as it had not known for years. The mark was made equal to the rouble, shoes and textiles were being freely sold at a fraction of their former cost, and the Germans were setting up mujik, proletariat and soldier alike to the best opera they had ever

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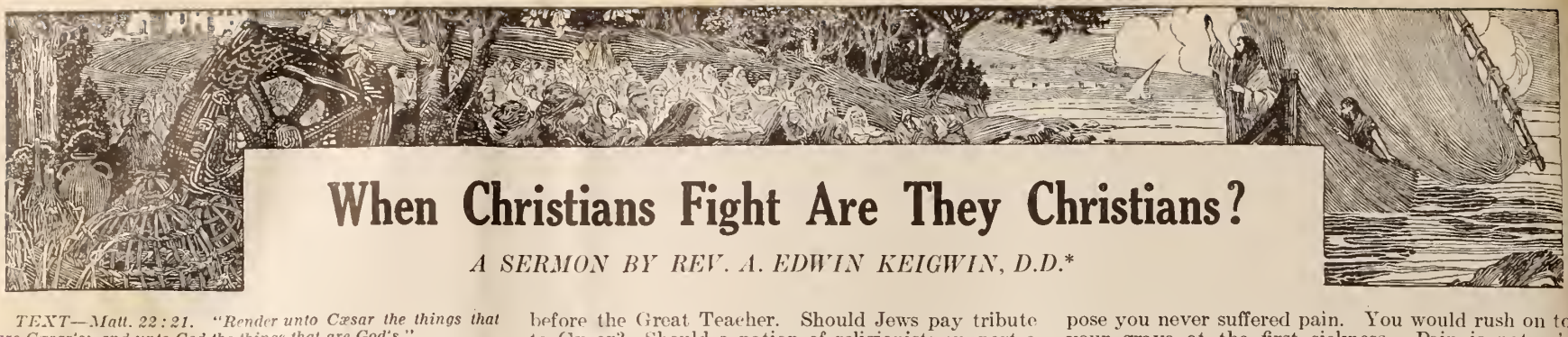

When Christians Fight Are They Christians?

*A SERMON BY REV. A. EDWIN KEIGWIN, D.D.**

TEXT—Matt. 22:21. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

I AM often asked: "Why do you choose the texts for your war sermons so generally from the Old Testament, not from the New Testament?" And I usually reply: "For the very good and sufficient reason that the Old Testament is the book of God's dealings with nations, while the New Testament is the book of God's dealings with individuals." Which reply not infrequently calls forth expressions of a personal and most earnest nature. "I do wish somebody would preach a New Testament war sermon," says one, "for, being an old-fashioned Christian, I should very much like to know my individual duty as a Christian in the present crisis. What is Christ's relation to the war? What is his view of the conflict? Would he have his followers stand aloof or participate? When Christians fight, are they Christians?"

Such questions are not treated in the rainbow books of the nations. They do not appear in the orange book, or the blue book. Nevertheless, back of all other questions of casuistry, these stand supreme. For some reason, a categorical answer is rarely ventured; possibly we have as yet arrived at no final conclusion in our own minds—such as we feel prepared to defend before the bar of public opinion.

I regard these questions as fair and natural. I believe they are asked in the utmost sincerity. So I shall attempt to answer them in an equally straightforward manner. When Christians fight, are they Christians? A natural question indeed. It is a sad fact that this is essentially a war between Christian nations. For this very reason, a state of panic prevailed in the early stages of the war on account of the apparent collapse of Christianity. According to statistics of 1905, Belgium is 99.9 per cent. professing Christian; Great Britain, 99.5 per cent.; Italy, 99.9 per cent.; France, 99.4 per cent.; Germany, 98.7 per cent.; Austro-Hungary, 94 per cent., and Russia 91.3 per cent. Christian. There is no dodging the fact that it is a war among Christians. Commenting upon these figures, some one has well said: "The nations think like angels and behave like beasts."

There are those who easily dispose of the question before us by quoting a proof text or two. Do not take proof texts too seriously. One may prove almost anything thus. Such use of Scripture is like trench warfare. Opposing factions from either side of No Man's Land hurl hand-grenade verses at each other, and "the letter of the Word killeth." When the fighting is over, what have you settled? You have simply increased the numbers of prejudiced parties drawn up in battle array against each other. The best military experts tell us today that it is a grave question whether trench warfare is in any sense conclusive.

Because Jesus said "Swear not at all," Tolstoy declared all oaths must be abolished. Because He said, "Judge not," courts of justice must go. Because He said, "Resist not evil," armies, navies, police departments and the like should be repudiated by the sincere Christian. All of which is non sequitur. For every text on one side of the argument there is a text on the other side. For each "Put up thy sword," in justification of extreme pacifism, there is "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." The important matter is, why and to whom were the words spoken? We have been told that Christ drove the tradesmen from the temple under the lash. But he didn't. It is stated that the lash fell upon sheep and oxen if at all. "I send you as sheep among wolves" is made to prove Christianity non-resistant. But Christ was addressing a selected group of propagandists, not the vast army of organized Christianity. And propaganda in an unsympathetic land must of necessity be conducted without ostentation or overt act. Frequently the pacifist and militant alike draw upon the very same text to strengthen their respective positions. "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword," clearly justifying the use of the sword against the sword.

NOW, do we not pervert truth when we thus read into a text what was not in the mind or heart of the author? When Christians fight are they Christians? We would know the mind of the Master. Christ shall therefore answer the question for himself.

In the text before us, the question presented itself in more perplexing form than it does at this moment. But Jesus met it with a straightforward reply. You will recall that the Pharisees and the Herodians, the pacifists and the militarists, jointly laid the issues before the Great Teacher. Should Jews pay tribute to Cæsar? Should a nation of religionists support a nation of militarists? "Show me a penny," said Jesus. "Whose image and superscription is this?" "Cæsar's." "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

What is the teaching? This: There is no duty we owe to God that discharges us from the duty we owe to our country. The question presented to Christ was far more acute than any involved in America's war program. Militarism, to the Jew, presented a more embarrassing dilemma than the question of warring in self-defense. The Jews had been brought up to believe that they should pay no taxes whatever except to the synagogue. That was the law of the Jewish commonwealth. The Jewish commonwealth was not a political, but a religious confederation. Religion and patriotism were one and the same. So when an invading army came, took possession of their country, and exacted tribute, the situation was more than humiliating. It was positively revolting. Cæsar superimposed upon this democracy a tax out of which Roman soldiers were to be supported. They were in this dilemma. Should they rise in rebellion and cast out the invaders, or should they acquiesce and pay tribute to Cæsar? After the Scribes and Herodians had discussed it pro and con among themselves, they put the question to Christ. "Jesus, what do you say about this? How would you advise us? Is it right to pay tribute to Cæsar or not?" Either because the time was not ripe for revolution, or because he wanted them to feel the full pressure of the foreign yoke which they brought upon themselves by their sins, Jesus replied in substance as I have indicated, "There is no duty that you owe to high heaven that discharges you from the duty that you owe to the powers that be."

"WELL," you say, "that is a dreadful, dreadful situation!" Indeed it is, and you will see why God permitted that situation to obtain in the Jewish commonwealth, in a democracy that gave us the setup for all future democracies.

Let me tell you something. You may go through the New Testament from the first line of Matthew to the last line of the Book of Revelation and you cannot find a single instance where Jesus was not a loyal patriot. Follow Jesus Christ through those last gloomy hours of his life as he is led from one court to another court, from Pilate's judgment hall to Herod's judgment hall, and before the Sanhedrin, and you find no evidence of sedition. Although he knew in his own soul that a most unrighteous and unjust judgment had been handed down, a most unmerited punishment meted out, he remained loyal to himself, to God and to society as then constituted. He was too practical and farsighted to put out the resplendent glory of the ideals which he came to enkindle in the hearts of men by a premature puff of revolution.

"But," you say, "did not Jesus tell Peter to put up his sword that night in the garden?" Quite true. So did Henry Ward Beecher rebuke John Brown when the latter tried to organize the slaves in insurrection. The reason in both cases was doubtless the same. The psychological moment is an immense factor in social development. An uprising at an ill-advised moment would have jeopardized the entire movement.

Nor is there the slightest evidence that the early followers of Jesus considered fighting inconsistent with their Christian profession. Whence came the Cross-dream of Constantine with its motto: "In this sign conquer?" Out of a subconsciousness that recognized the fighting merits of the followers of the Nazarene. Christians have always been good fighters, and may they continue to distinguish themselves as a church militant until the glad day when they shall become a church triumphant.

One of the great and inspiring visions of the hour is portrayed in a hymn—"Like a mighty army moves the Church of God." Only by keeping alive this militant spirit shall we cast out the iniquities that have so long cursed us, and make the laws of the Kingdom the law of this world. So long as we fought the saloon from pulpit and platform alone, the liquor interests laughed at us. But when the Anti-Saloon League went into action as a militant host the Church of the Living God began to get things done. There are times when we must beat the devil at his own game. I believe this is just such a time and this war is just such a game. Talk all you please about pacifism, about bringing the world to see the madness of war; but until we wage war upon the Potsdam gang and its machinations with the same determination we waged war upon the saloon, we shall arrive nowhere.

I look upon war as I look upon pain. War is to the body politic what pain is to the body physical. Suppose you never suffered pain. You would rush on to your grave at the first sickness. Pain is nature's alarm bell and red light. Pain it is that literally drives you to seek restoration. Pain it is that keeps you from the grave. War it is that God has used throughout the centuries to bring nations to the rule of reason. He makes the wrath of man to praise him. More than once he has used war to snatch a nation as a brand from the burning, and to compel it to seek "saving health among the nations."

SO much for the question itself. But here is a corollary more important even than the question. This is where the Gospel comes in. For the very reason that both duties must be discharged, it is high time for the Christian sentiment of the world to co-ordinate religion and statesmanship. You say, "I feel in this world war like a circus rider trying to straddle two horses. I am trying to ride a horse called Christianity and a horse called Patriotism, and I am conscious of making a sorry spectacle of myself." You are right. Jesus knew perfectly well how you would feel. He knew the Jews would feel that way. In fact, he wanted them to hear the laughter of conscience at their own ridiculous performance. Because no duty they owed to God could discharge them from the duty they owed their country, he perceived that the Jews would eventually be drawn, by sheer self-respect and a desire for rational living, to unify and co-ordinate the conflicting duties.

Unquestionably, the two greatest forces in the world today for good and evil are the Church and the State. There is not the slightest doubt as to that. Neither one can properly function without the other. This is being proved in the present war. The United States government has from the first systematically sought to enlist the co-operation of all ministers, together with the rank and file of the members. The Washington authorities have awakened to the fact that the government cannot properly function unless it co-ordinates with the Church in all its functions. It is time the Church should get the same vision. The Church cannot function properly unless governments are brought under the dominion of the same Lord Jesus Christ who controls individual action. Precisely this is what we are fighting for. We insist that the nations of the whole earth have no moral or legal right to do what an individual is not permitted to do. We propose no longer to tolerate a social economy in which one law shall regulate collective men, and another law individual men. The duty that man owes to Cæsar must be articulated with the duty he owes to God, if true co-operation and lasting peace are ever to be realized.

The double standard of life has wrought untold woe and disaster during the past fifty or a hundred years. As corporations and unions, men have done what the very same men would blush to do as individuals. A corporation could legally do in New York what it could not do in Iowa, and what no individual could do in any state. The double standard has cursed the Church and the world. Christian statesmanship is at last wide awake, and is demanding that the State and Church get together and build a new world wherein dwelleth righteousness.

Understand me, I am not pleading for an organic union of Church and State, but for something more real and abiding—spiritual union. Let us have a new world made up of new hearts. When the Church captures the State, you have Roman Inquisition; and when the state captures the Church you have German Militarism. We don't want either. But, when Christ captures the imagination and initiative of both Church and State, we shall have something approximating the millennium.

You have heard men say "business is business." That's one of the biggest lies out of the pit. Business is not business any more than religion is religion. Business is business plus religion, and religion is religion plus business. Patriotism is patriotism plus religion, and religion is religion plus patriotism. What God hath joined together let not man put asunder.

IT comes then to this; How is one to determine for oneself whether or not a given fight is being waged from sincere Christian motives?

There is not the shadow of a doubt in my own mind as to Christ's attitude toward this great war. I believe every child of God, every follower of the Prince of Peace, should actively, earnestly, persistently, loyally, even to the point of death, spend and be spent in the gigantic undertaking, for the cause is worth the price. The hour has struck to make the duty we owe to God and the duty we owe to a nation one full-orbed

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*Pastor, West End Presbyterian Church, New York City.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Not Scared!

SUNDAY, June 30. Phil. 1 : 28. "*In nothing terrified by your adversaries.*" The apostle takes his metaphor from a very sharp and vivid action. It is the figure of a startled horse shying at something which is only half seen, or which is mistaken for something else, and the horse is thrown into confusion, and into consequent peril of accident or disaster. And the apostle sees a similar peril in the Christian life. As we journey along the road we may encounter apparently fearful presences which may break up our serenity, causing us to shy from our appointed goings and plunge into danger of moral disaster. In panic we may lose our treasure. But the apostle does not merely suggest the danger; he tells us how we can be so prepared, and so strengthened and quieted, that we shall go along the most menacing road with confidence.

One of the most troublesome things on the way of life is the thing that is only partially seen. We do not see all round it. We are like Christian when he was climbing the hill Difficulty; we see the lions, but we do not see the chains which bind them. We can see the menace afar off, but we do not see the defensive grace until we get quite near. That is a very frequent experience. The temptation begins to loom before us, and we do not see a way of escape. The almost certain loss stares upon us, but we cannot see the provision for recovery. Apollyon straddles across the way, and we cannot see any sign of the promised Friend. The enemy seems to have done everything! Our Friend seems to have done nothing. And we shy! We halt! Perhaps we turn! And it is for just such emergencies that the great apostle gives us his counsel. "Do not be scared," he says. Forward! The threat is not the entire circumstance, as you will discover by continuing your journey! Keep quiet! Look straight ahead, and go on! When you get a little nearer you shall find that the lions are chained. There is cold water on this side the wall! There is the oil of inexhaustible grace on the other. "As thy day so shall thy strength be!" J. H. J.

"Learn of Me"

MONDAY, July 1. Matt. 11 : 29. "*Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.*" Jesus Christ is the world's greatest Teacher. To learn of him, to follow him, sums up the duty of his disciples. To enter the school of Christ as a learner is to begin the Christian life. Conversion is practically a matriculation, an enlistment, a registration. To be sure, it is much more in its result, but it is this in its beginning.

What may we learn from Jesus? The very first lesson he teaches is that God exists and that God is no mere philosophical thought, no mental abstraction, but a Person who thinks, and thinks of us; who feels, and compassionates us in our need; who wills, and wills that we shall be holy. His second lesson touches life, its duties and its destiny. He spiritualizes the old commandments and gives us a new one—that we love one another. Another lesson we learn early in our experience as disciples concerns our relations to one another. We are members of the crew of the "good ship Earth." It is necessary not only that we obey the Commander but that we live on good terms with other members of the crew. Some of us have never yet fully learned how to adjust ourselves easily in our relations to other people. But since we are in Christ's school, and since our tuition never ends on earth, there is hope that we may yet learn not only how to make life pure and strong but how to make it peaceful and pleasant as well. The psalmist knew what are the lessons to be learned at the feet of the Master who wrote:

> Here we learn to serve and give,
> And rejoicing, self deny;
> Here we gather love to live,
> Here we gather faith to die.

C. C. A.

Singing in Suffering

TUESDAY, July 2. Ps. 149 : 4, 5. "*The Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the meek with salvation. Let the saints be joyful in glory: let them sing aloud upon their beds.*" The saints of God who are here characterized as "meek" and lying upon their beds, are suffering saints. Their misfortunes have humbled them; the world is persecuting them, and thus they have become quite lowly, unpretentious people. Their beds may be their sickbeds or their dying-beds. To speak to such people of joy and glory, of beauty and singing, seems cruel mockery in a worldly view, but it describes exactly the spiritual condition of these people.

Can anything more uplifting and cheering be said to a human being than this, that the Lord takes pleasure in him? What is the favor of the greatest men on earth compared to the affection of God for a person? Men loathe the sight of a sufferer; they may cast him out from their company, as Lazarus was cast out; but God views the patient struggles of these people like a general views the wrestling of his conquering army, with delight. Their tribulations are the test of their inward strength; they become heroes in their afflictions.

Yea, God beautifies them in their pain and sorrows; they become more saintly through their sufferings, firmer in their faith, more ardent in their hope, more tender and affectionate in their love of God and their fellow men. Their sufferings do not destroy them, but are bringing out in stronger outline the full scope of that salvation which God has prepared for them and which they behold coming on apace through all their suffering. Really their afflictions, believingly borne, become their glory; they surround them, as it were, with a halo. They sing to God amid their suffering, and drown their pains in their great joy and the anticipation of that great and final deliverance which God has promised them from all their griefs.

W. H. T. D.

Jonah and Nineveh

WEDNESDAY, July 3. Jonah 4 : 10, 11. "*Then said the Lord, Thou hast had pity on the gourd, . . . and should not I spare Nineveh?*" Jonah refused to go to Nineveh because, knowing that God was merciful and kind, he feared the prodigal city would repent and be forgiven, and he, like the elder brother, would be invited to attend the festivities of rejoicing instead of the ruin. He had an eye upon his reputation as a prophet at Jerusalem, as well as upon Nineveh, which might conquer his own people if not destroyed. These considerations led him to flee from the Lord's call.

How true it is that the natural human heart hates enemies who are growing stronger and rejoices at their downfall. It is also a fact that the Jews believed that it was their mission to help overthrow Gentile and heathen people; therefore, the Pharisees hated Jesus for affiliating with publicans and sinners. Peter himself required a vision to convert him to the idea of the salvation of the Gentiles.

While Jonah waited for the result of his preaching, God prepared a gourd that its broad leaves might shade the prophet from the sun, and also a worm that, like an affliction, withered the gourd. Jonah had deep feeling for the death of the perishable gourd, but little for the one hundred and twenty thousand immortals in Nineveh.

We see here a lesson of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, long before Paul was commissioned to the Gentile world.

For the moment, Jonah, like Elijah, was so completely discouraged that death seemed the best way out of the difficulty. He dreaded to deal with a God of mercy, for he had not yet heard of prayer for enemies and blessings for those who despitefully use you. E. W. C.

"Who Is My Neighbor?"

THURSDAY, July 4. Luke 10 : 37. "*Go, and do thou likewise.*" The parables of the Prodigal Son and the Lost Sheep teach how dear man is to God. The parable of the Good Samaritan teaches how dear man should be to his fellow man. It was spoken in answer to a lawyer who asked Jesus, "Who is my neighbor?" The parable leaves us in no doubt as to the Christian doctrine of neighborship. He is our neighbor who sees our need and ministers to it. His nationality and his religion are no barrier to his love. Pure love overleaps all barriers of name and custom. An instance of such love, such Good Samaritanism, is in the case of that Jewish rabbi of Lyons, a chaplain in the French army, who held up a crucifix before the eyes of a dying Roman Catholic soldier who mistook the rabbi for a priest of his own faith.

Why did the priest of the parable pass by on the other side? Was he too busy to help a brother in distress? Had he official duties which forbade delay? Then he was in grievous error as to the comparative importance of religious observances and the exercise of mercy. Why did the Levite pass by on the other side? Was it the evil example of the priest that justified him in his indifference? Or was it that he saw another traveler approaching and acted upon the philosophy which in modern times has for its motto, "Let George do it"? Whatever may have been the cause of the priest's and Levite's dereliction in duty, there was one man who was not too busy to do good, one man to whom the voice of duty was the voice of God. Possibly the Good Samaritan did not attach any religious significance to his act, but Jesus does, and Jesus' words justify us in giving spiritual value to every deed which proceeds from "love out of a pure heart and of a good conscience and of faith unfeigned." C. C. A.

Jacob's Fear

FRIDAY, July 5. Gen. 28 : 16, 17. "*Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not. And he was afraid.*" The evening before Jacob had laid down for his night's rest in the open country near Luz, without the least misgiving regarding his personal safety in that lonely place. Though fleeing from the anger of his brother and hastening to a far country over roads which he had not traveled before, he seems not to have entertained any fear, when the night closed in upon him before he could reach a human dwelling. He seems to have trustfully confided his safekeeping in that lonely place during the night, which is said to be no man's friend, to his almighty and kind God, promptly to have fallen asleep and enjoyed the sound slumber of a young person after a fatiguing foot tour. Why, now, does fear seize him when he opens his eyes the next morning, sees the sun shining brightly, and beholds himself unharmed and strengthened sufficiently to resume his journey? And why does he say that he had not known that God was in that place? He had surely been taught by his pious parents to believe that God is everywhere, and the parting blessing with which his father Isaac had dismissed him had given him added assurance of Jehovah's particular interest in him.

Jacob's exclamation on awaking is to be understood as an expression of profound reverence; he had not foreseen when he went to sleep the night before that in this place that remarkable revelation would be made to him in his dream, which connected earth and heaven by a ladder on which he had seen the angels ascending and descending. He was studying this strange dream and was convinced that it must carry a deep meaning, which our Lord many years later explained to Nicodemus.

We gather from this incident proof that, while believers maintain a most intimate intercourse with their God through their confident trust in him and through prayer, this intimacy does not, like familiarity, breed contempt, but heightens their reverence for God, their reliance upon him, and their love for him. They behold with a joy that is tempered with awe how much closer God is to them than even their faith had represented him to be. W. H. T. D.

The Sinless One

SATURDAY, July 6. John 8 : 46. "*Which of you convinceth me of sin?*" Christ, the sinless Saviour, was not only the spotless Son of God, but he invites all humanity to come unto him and be made stainless like himself. He shed his blood for our cleansing. No other being ever dreamed of uttering such God-like words as Jesus did. He is not to be regarded as the greatest and holiest man of the ages, but the Only One, the divine One, the God-Man, who has all power in heaven and in earth—all the attributes of Almightiness. Is it not therefore natural to hear him say to those who thirst after the living God, "Come unto me and drink?" His being is the fountain of spiritual blessing. Whosoever is athirst, let him drink of him. Christ's death has brought the law of God, the love of God and lost manhood together in harmonious union.

But what will those do who will not accept the gift of God's love in the person of his Son? They will face eternal justice without a mediator who was bruised for their iniquities. Christ in us is our only hope of glory. "There is no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus." We have not only forgiveness, but we have the Forgiver, yea, we have the Creator, the Judge, the Interpreter, the Counselor, the King, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace. It is no wonder that John wrote "the Word was God," or that Peter said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God"; and all the world should exclaim with Thomas, "My Lord and my God!"

E. W. C.

REV. DR. JOHN ROACH STRATON has accepted the pastorate of Calvary Baptist Church, New York, the old historic church whose past record has been made luminous by a long line of eminent preachers. A "recognition service" was held in the church on June 9, when addresses of welcome were delivered by the pastors of sister churches. There was a very large audience.

Will the Allies Intervene in Russia?

ON June 10 a Moscow dispatch declared that the power of the Bolsheviki Soviets was being shaken throughout Russia, and that in several recent elections anti-Soviet deputies have been elected with large pluralities. It also appeared that the rumor of General Semenoff's army having been defeated and broken up was contrary to the facts, General Semenoff having driven back the Russian troops, although fighting against heavy odds. Dispatches from Amsterdam on June 10 quoted a statement of the German Imperial Vice-Chancellor Von Payer, in which he outlined a great commercial union of central Europe, which should have a single foreign policy, although retaining the political independence of the empires concerned. Such a group Von Payer held would be invincible, and would control the peace of Europe. He included in his invincible group Germany, with her present allies; Poland, the Ukraine, Finland, and a reconstituted Russia. On June 10 also Senator King of Utah introduced a resolution in the Senate, proposing that a commission be sent to Russia backed by an Allied military force for the purpose of overcoming German propaganda, and to aid in giving freedom to Russia. On June 11 Boris Bakhmeteff, ambassador of the Kerensky government at Washington, presented to the American State Department a resolution adopted unanimously by the central committee of the Cadet or Constitutional party, which has opposed the Bolsheviki ever since the coup by which Lenine and Trotzky seized the power of the Russian democracy. The resolution pleaded for Allied aid and stated that the Cadets had never recognized the Brest-Litovsk peace, that the Germans were continually seizing new regions of Russia, and that there seemed to be no limit to such occupation. It was understood the Social Revolutionists were in sympathy with the Cadet appeal. On June 12 Arthur J. Balfour, British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, declared in the House of Commons that there was no truth in the report that America and the Allies had agreed not to intervene in Russian affairs, and it was suggested that Japan would soon issue a proclamation defining her attitude toward Russia. Meantime Germany was going ahead with the Germanization of Russia, and many Entente diplomats were convinced that unless counter-measures were taken Germany by next spring will have gained such a grip upon Russia that she will be able to impress Russian soldiers into her army and send them to the western front to continue the battle in which she is now recklessly spending her own men.

President Wilson was reported on June 12 as being still unconvinced of the wisdom of Allied military intervention in Russia.

Dispatches of June 7 from Tokio reported increasing pressure being brought to bear upon Japan by allied diplomats.

Can you look him squarely in the eye? Buy War Savings Stamps.

June 28 has been designated by President Wilson and Secretary McAdoo as National War Savings Day. On or before that day all of the people are asked to pledge themselves tc practice personal saving and economy, and to invest in War Savings Stamps. The war must be financed as largely as possible out of savings. Everything that we do without relieves a machine or a man somewhere to make something the government needs. The price of the thing we do without, invested in War Savings Stamps, helps to buy the product of the man or the machine. Thrift and economy, always wise, are now the twin peaks of patriotism.

A Week in the World's News

AUSTRIA THREATENS SUBJECT PEOPLES. The Russian Soviet government is having considerable trouble in attempting to disarm 150,000 Czecho-Slovak troops who deserted from Austria in order to fight with the Russian army, and who were on June 12 reported as seeking to leave Russia by way of Siberia in order to join the Allies on the western front. Austria had threatened war on what is left of Russia if these troops were permitted to leave Russian territory. At last reports over 1,250 miles of the Trans-Siberian Railroad was reported as under the control of the former Austrian troops who were being joined by Don Cossacks and who were halting all food stuffs consigned to Soviet Russia. Austria has also placarded all the cities of the Dual Monarchy with notices declaring that the government is cognizant of the revolutionary plans of the Czecho-Slavs, and that any attempted uprisings will be suppressed with military force.

U-BOATS STILL OFF OUR COAST. German submarines on June 10 sank two Norwegian steamers: the Vindeggen, of 2,632 tons, and the Henrick Lund, of 4,322 tons, about 100 miles east of Cape Charles, Md. The Vindeggen was loaded with copper, and the submarine commander shifted 80 tons of the cargo to the hold of the submarine before sinking the vessel. Two more Norwegian ships were sunk on June 14, the bark Krinsjaa and the bark Samoa.

Two British ships, reaching an Atlantic port on June 11, reported the sinking of submarines on their westbound trip. Another British steamer encountered a submarine 250 miles off the New Jersey coast just at dusk, but escaped although pursued.

There was a rumor that one of the American patrol boats operating off the coast had engaged a submarine, had forced it to submerge, and had dropped depth bombs, which reached their mark. The engagement was confirmed, but the sinking was not officially reported.

POOL RESOURCES TO WIN WAR. It was announced on June 12 that all of the economic resources of the United States and the Allies would be welded into one vast machine to be operated by a Munitions Council, with headquarters in one of the Entente capitals. The Council would have complete authority for the control, purchase, and distribution of food, raw material, and finished products needed by the Allies; under its direction a great deal of lost motion would be eliminated, and a great deal of moving of supplies, now required by changing situations, made unnecessary, while all plants would be kept running at top capacity on the material most urgently needed. Within the United States also industries engaged in war work are not to be held in the restricted area of the East, but the new plants to be established will be in the West and South. All the industries of the Union capable of doing war work are to be included in a great unified plan of control.

BULGARIANS DEFEATED. On June 10 French and Albanian troops attacked Bulgarian positions in the mountainous country west of the Vardar, taking important positions from the enemy, capturing 225 Bulgarians, 10 cannon, several trench mortars, and important war material. On the 12th an advance of eight miles on a twelve-mile front was reported.

PRESIDENT WILSON REASSURES LATIN AMERICA. As a means of combating German propaganda in Mexico, the committee on Public Information brought to Washington twenty-one of the leading newspaper editors of our Southern neighbor. President Wilson, addressing them on June 7, assured them that America had no intention of dictating to Mexico, or of interfering in her internal affairs. He declared that America was the champion of the nations who had no military standing. He called attention to his proposal for a Pan-American agreement. He recognized the fact that while in the Monroe Doctrine America had declared herself a big brother of the nations to the South, she had done it without asking their advice, and that now he proposed that all the American nations sign a declaration of political independence and of territorial integrity, agreeing that if any one, the United States included, should violate the territory of one of the others, all the rest would jump on that one. He declared that such an agreement of the two continents of America would show the way to peace to the rest of the world, and he declared that peace could only come by trust. This speech was enthusiastically received by the Mexican editors, and according to dispatches from various sources made a very good impression throughout the Americas, being printed prominently by most of the Mexican papers, and being widely distributed throughout Mexico by telegraph and mail.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. Up to the middle of June Norway had experienced a complete drought for two months. Crops were reported to have suffered greatly, and famine to appear inevitable. . . In the last 6 months the War Department spent $25,177,417 in additions and improvements to army hospitals. . . . President Wilson on June 11 sent a telegram to the American Federation of Labor in convention at St. Paul, congratulating organized labor on the patriotic support which its members had given to the nation in the trenches, on the battlefield, and in the shops. . . . Henry Ford appears in danger of becoming a senator, having been nominated by the Democrats of Michigan, and being mentioned as a possible candidate of the Republicans. He is reported as willing to serve the nation as a senator if the people wish it. . . . The Food Administration, on June 12, asked the American people to reduce their use of beef in the home to not more than 1¼ pounds of clear beef weekly per person. Restaurants and hotels were also restricted as to the use of beef. It is recommended that pork be used freely. . . . Peru, on June 14, seized the German vessels interned in her ports, the tonnage involved being nearly 50,000, 260,000 tons in the ports of Argentine and Chile may also be seized. . . . The registration of June 5 added 744,765 men to the number available for military service. Men married since the passage of the draft act, May 18, 1917, will be reclassified in Class I unless they have children. . . . . President Wilson on June 14, sent letters to the heads of the Western Union and Postal telegraph companies, urging them to accept the settlement of their labor question proposed by the War Labor Board. This would involve recognition of the right of the

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"It Is More Blessed to Give"

NOW and then a hungry soul seeks in giving the rest that never comes with getting. Hearts closed by having are often opened by sharing, and paths blocked by selfish purposes are frequently cleared by sympathy. Jean Mahan Plank in "The Gift of the Receiver," next week's story, shows how all of these may be. More than that, she brings a happy ending to a quest of years. Romance? Of course, but that is life.

Dr. Jowett, in the pulpit next week, points to the Perils of Power, and shows the way to safety.

Four thousand overcoats a day! Only a trifle, the product of one plant, a clothing plant of course. Frank Carpenter has been through these plants where goods and buttons and labor are combined into uniforms. He lets us all into the place next week.

The Neighbors have a patriotic session next week, also Miss Sangster sings a song to the flag—*our* flag—that is above every flag.

How Uncle Sam Treats His Enemies

By NEVIN O. WINTER

HOW will two thousand men spend their time when penned up and having nothing to do? This was the great human intere. question that concerned me in visiting the Hot Springs internment camp, where twenty-three hundred officers and sailors from the German steamers, together with a small number of civilians, are kept in confinement. It helps to answer the question how Americans interned in Germany may pass their time if allowed the same privileges as are here granted to enemy aliens who the government considers should not be given complete liberty.

Interned prisoners are entitled to different treatment from prisoners of war. They may not be put to work, while prisoners of war may be compelled to labor in certain employments, none of which shall have a direct connection with the military departments. Most of the interned prisoners at Hot Springs are from the great transatlantic merchant liners that formerly plied between German and American ports.

When war broke out between the two countries our government leased the splendid hotel at Hot Springs, which is located in a beautiful valley in one of the most charming places in the mountains of western North Carolina. It is about thirty miles northwest of Asheville. The new buildings erected are long and narrow, after the style in the cantonments. There is nothing luxurious about them, for the arrangement is as simple as the architecture. Even in the hotel three are bunked in each room. The bath-houses are provided with an abundance of hot and cold water, and the prisoners have an opportunity to keep clean. There are two camps at Hot Springs, one for the officers from the captains down to mates, and the other for the men before the masts, stokers, etc.

A street of rustic shelters, fairyland within a prison, built by the sailormen. Camp A and its partly finished church

ENFORCED idleness is probably the worst punishment the average man can have inflicted on him. And so it is with these Germans. Whatever their faults, they are not idlers. Many indeed are the ways in which they employ their leisure time. There are two men who may be seen around the enclosure at most any time with a net for catching butterflies. These specimens are carefully mounted in albums, and in such a methodical and tasteful way as to be most attractive. They have made a study of these little creatures which abound there among the mountains, until they have become real authorities upon the subject. Another man is an adept at carving, so he has carved in boxwood an exact replica of the hotel which is the principal part of the officers' camp.

Gardening is a favorite occupation, and every available space permitted by the authorities has been utilized. The individual gardens are very small. But if a man has a little patch no more than eight by ten it is banked up and neatly divided into several sections. There will surely be a little bed of lettuce, a few short rows of onions and other vegetables. There will probably be a few flowers, and in a few instances there are more flowers than vegetables. It is surprising the amount of time a man will spend on this diminutive garden. Several times a day he may be seen at work with it. He works the dirt over, carries water to sprinkle it, and cares for it almost as carefully as if it were human. While passing through the hotel in company with the inspector, a tall, dignified German, a ship captain, stopped the official and said in very good English:

"Inspector, will you tell those men who live over me not to throw things down on my garden? [directly under his window]. They throw things there and then the rats run over my garden and destroy it."

This shows to what small matters one's attention will be directed when the greater ones are forbidden or become impossible.

A few of the prisoners have chickens and take great delight in raising the young ones. There are also a few rabbit fanciers. There is quite a colony of pets, which includes dogs, cats, and even a parrot or two. All of these things are done and maintained wholly at the expense of the prisoners.

These men receive remittances every month or two from the steamship companies through the Swiss consul, so that they always have money for their wants, since the food is all furnished them by our government.

IN each camp a little German village has been constructed. The Germans seem to crave a little privacy, so that several will go together and purchase the necessary material and do the work of construction. Much of the work is artistically done, so that there are Swiss chalets, and reproductions of a number of different styles of German homes. There are two or three little houses of rustic construction that are real gems and would ornament any one's lawn. In these little houses the prisoners spend the greater part of their time. In two or three I noticed small home-constructed stoves on which they could boil coffee and fry an egg for lunch. These Germans have good appetites, and the three meals furnished by the government do not quite seem to satisfy. A merry-go-round has been built which shows a great deal of ingenuity. It will really run, and tho price I understood to be one cent. It is run by man power.

The most elaborate building of tho entire camp is a church with a tall spire in Camp A, which had just been completed. It was a complete church in miniature, with altar and half a dozen or more stiff pews, such as one will find in a German church in the Fatherland. It was practically finished except the painting. It was really a little gem. The roof was of tin, painted red, and was made of scraps of tin that had been picked up.

In fact, much of the village had been built of wood left along the bank by the flood waters of the French Broad River. Along its banks many other little rest houses of a simpler style had been constructed, in which the men love to spend their time.

Athletic games of a number of kinds are indulged in, and boxing is quite a favorite diversion among the younger members of the camps. A game very popular is fist-ball, in which a ball is batted to and fro over a net with the closed fist. The sailors have a recreation enclosure which is open from sunrise to sunset, and hundreds of miles are tramped here every day by these sailors, most of whom wear wooden-soled shoes that are made in the camp.

The Y. M. C. A. has a building in Camp B, as the sailors' camp is called. Here a number of study classes are conducted, with the interned officers as the teachers. A few are studying English, but not many. There is one class in German. The most popular language is Spanish, as the men seem to feel that the most likely place for German trade after the war will be with the Spanish republics. The secretary in charge informed me that it has been impossible to interest the camp in religious work of any kind. Moving pictures are shown frequently at a very small charge and are greatly enjoyed. The men frequently get up theatrical entertainments of their own.

THAT Uncle Sam is doing his duty toward these people of an enemy country which has been guilty of so much cruelty and so many inhuman acts is only what we might expect. The only criticism which might be offered is that he possibly overdoes it. Every courtesy is extended to those men that discipline permits. They are given the very best of food and in abundant quantity. The food is all prepared by German cooks who have been taken from the interned steamships, and they are among the best. They are allowed to prepare the food furnished them their own way. The kitchens are run in a business-like way with very little waste. Those who work about the camp and in the kitchen are paid twenty dollars per month by the government. In the sailor camp the men provide their own service, taking their turns at this work, but in the officers' camp the waiters, who are Germans, are paid by the government.

NOT so many liberties are allowed these interned prisoners as formerly. It was found that advantage was being taken and some plots were discovered, so that many privileges were cut off. One of these was the privilege of seeing their families. More than thirty women, wives of officers, and more than that number of children are living in Hot Springs. Many of these have lived in the United States for years. When the camp was first established, the men were allowed a short visit once each week. Now they are not allowed even to exchange words. Every afternoon that the weather permits the women and children walk by and cross the bridge to the other side of the river. This might be called the Bridge of Sighs, for they are near to their loved ones, being separated only by a barbed-wire obstacle, while guards with rifles watch them from the elevated sentry boxes. On the opposite bank of the river the women and children sit for hours, but they can simply look at each other. Waving is forbidden, for it was found that a wig-wag system of communication had been evolved. Each can write a letter once each week, which passes through the hands of the camp censor.

There are some near-tragedies among the enemy alien civilians interned here. While I was at Hot Springs, fifty German subjects were brought from the Philippines. These were Germans who had lived in the islands for years. It was impossible for them to become American subjects without coming back to the United States. A son of one of them could not speak German, and he had served in the American army in the Philippines. He even wanted to enlist in the American army against Germany, but could not be accepted. Nevertheless he and his father were both interned. The mother and sister were taken to a camp in Pennsylvania.

A visit to the Hot Springs Interment Camp proves that Uncle Sam is fighting this war with clean hands in championing the cause of humanity.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

The Prayer of Faith

TO Christian minds everywhere, and especially to all earnest believers in the efficacy of prayer, there is great encouragement in the fact, which is becoming more and more evident, that the power of prayer is finding wider acceptance than heretofore. In all of the Allied nations, the exhortation to individual and united appeal for divine guidance and for blessing on our efforts in the war, is now almost universally followed. In our own land, belief in the prayer of faith has become so general that we find it among all denominations. This growing spirit of confidence in supplication we note also in innumerable little gatherings of Christian men and women who have banded themselves together as circles of intercession to present the cause of justice and righteousness at the throne of grace daily; indeed, there are doubtless very many who, in this period of world-trial, literally "pray without ceasing." We have come to be, in the truest sense of the term, a praying nation.

These are times in which prayer should be the very life of the churches. In many cities, one may hear the church bells ringing at every weekday noon as the signal for passers-by to pause and offer up their silent petitions in behalf of the nation and its Allies, and for the triumph of the just cause for which we are heroically fighting. God is not on the side of the heaviest battalions, but of the praying hosts, for he hath said: "My glory I will not give to another," and "If ye ask. . . I will do." He has assured those who trust in him that "every one that asketh receiveth," if we ask in faith and according to his will. His promise is the promise of Omnipotence.

Even amid all the smoke and trumoil and ghastly welter of war, brave hearts, fighting for righteousness and freedom, are stimulated by the conviction that a new and better civilization is to come out of it all. Nothing of real worth is accomplished except through sacrifice, and those at the front, as well as we at home, are strengthened by the knowledge that America's sacrifice is sanctified through its unselfishness. It has been ours to set an example that has stirred the nations deeply, and led them to look forward to the creation of a new spirit in international friendships and to such a unity of nations in the bonds of Christian brotherhood as the world has never known in the past.

That eminent religious leader, Professor Cairns, expresses in a single sentence the spirit which prevails at the front today, when he writes that they are giving their lives "that Christ may have dominion over our whole international life." With such a spirit in evidence, with the courage that comes from supreme confidence in the divine justice, and with the reenforcement of ceaseless intercession, rising from the hearts and lips of devoted Christians in all lands, we can go forward to the end with unwavering confidence that He will give us the ultimate victory.

A Tribute Worth Having

WHEN Mr. John R. Mott is on the platform, he invariably brings a message that is worth while. During a recent gathering of the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A., in New York, he told of his experiences in the warring countries of Europe, and incidentally gave his impressions of the character of the American army. Speaking from intimate knowledge of the subject, he said:

I know that army. Moreover, since this war began I have seen every other great army on both sides of this struggle, and have seen them intimately. There has gone forth to those European shores, or risen up in those European islands and on the European continent, no body of men averaging as high, as judged by every test, as this army of American young men—the flower of the manhood and the boyhood of this republic.

I was having luncheon with General Pershing, and with great eagerness he ventured to say that in his judgment not in the history of mankind has there been a body of men averaging higher in personality and character going forward on a more important errand and animated by purer motives or higher principles. I wish the whole American people could have looked into his eyes and have heard his vibrating voice, as he spoke with such intimate knowledge and conviction.

I was talking with General Edwards, one of our generals overseas, and asking him to explain why it was that our young soldiers, not acquainted with war, had conducted themselves so splendidly as they had. Just the hour while we were in his office I heard the report how they had been caught between the barrage of the enemy and our own, through some mistake, and they had been punished for hours without being caused to waver. I said, "General, how do you explain it all?" He reflected a moment and gave this answer, which I shall ever treasure: "Mr. Mott, I trace it to the tradition of the American mother."

What a splendid answer! Who can measure the anchoring, the conserving, the inspiring power of American mothers as now being evidenced under the impossible strain of this war?

These testimonies from such high sources confirm what we have already learned from Y. M. C. A. workers, chaplains and correspondents. And Mr. Mott gives substantially the same appreciative report of the men of our navy. He reminds us, too, of the amazing growth of the United States as a naval power. When the war opened, we had somewhere about 200 naval vessels of all classes; now they number 1,450 and he believes will reach 1,900 before the year's end. Our naval man-power has risen from 70,000 to 400,000.

It is not surprising that he should regard the spiritual care of our great and constantly growing army and navy as a "colossal burden of responsibility" for those organizations to which the nation has assigned the duty of looking after their moral and spiritual welfare. Truly the Red Cross and the Red Triangle are facing the greatest tests they have ever known. To men of many nationalities and in many lands they are today giving splendid aid through a gospel of cheer and practical helpfulness. Their workers are found everywhere in the trenches, the prison camps and the hospitals, and their kindly and efficient ministry is always welcomed. These brave and self-sacrificing workers deserve the fullest support from the people of this nation, and there is no American who is not debtor for their service.

Child Labor Law Must Be Made Over

THE decision of the United States Supreme Court, rendering void the national Child Labor Law, proves only that the law as framed, and not the principle back of it, is defective.

A better law that will stand the strictest test must be put in its place. This will not be difficult nor long delayed, for not only is the principle right but it is popular. Protection of the young child against debilitating and debasing employment is unmistakably demanded by the better sense of the nation. Indeed, most of the states already have their own very effective laws.

What the United States is going to do toward the conservation of its children is one of the most important questions that can be asked, for, no matter how great its institutions, how victorious its troops, any nation which allows its children to be sacrificed dies. War, historically, bears hardest on the little ones. Every food famine, every fuel blockade and every industrial depression hits them first and hardest.

The one argument in favor of child labor is need of family income. This at its best means sacrifice of the little ones' youth, health, happiness and opportunity, for the aid of the parents—an idea that is abhorrent. It conflicts with the sacred rights of the child and with the welfare of society. Such a course can only mean a continuance of immorality, neurasthenia or defeated existence in one form or another from generation to generation, and the nation that does not take up the responsibility can only end in national decay.

Able minds are at work on a new national Child Labor Law that will conform to the Constitution, to the popular demand and to the highest rights of the children.

Making Young Hearts Glad

SINCE the gates of Mont-Lawn were first opened twenty-five years ago, 45,237 children have passed that happy portal and spent a summer outing of ten long, glorious days of unalloyed delight. Our "Children's Paradise," from small beginnings, has now attained a nation-wide fame. It has friends and patrons in every state, who, through all these years, have contributed to its welfare, and the generosity of those friends—who have been the real builders of Mont-Lawn—has endeared them to us all. The beautiful Home, with its picturesque surroundings and complete equipment, is an enduring monument to the golden-hearted men and women who, under the leadership of Dr. Klopsch, have given such practical interpretation to the Master's words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Mont-Lawn this week will welcome its first contingent of little guests for the season. They come from homes of poverty in the great city, for Mont-Lawn's doors only open to those who have no hope or expectation of a holiday elsewhere. Many of the little folk who came in the early days, and who learned to love the patriotic songs of the "Children's Paradise," are now serving their country in the army and navy, the Red Cross and in other ways. Wherever they are in these June days, many of them will doubtless recall pleasant memories of the joyous, healthgiving summers they spent among the Rockland woods and hills.

Every member of the Christian Herald family is entitled to a share in this beautiful work for the children. There is nothing that can add more real zest and enjoyment to your own summer holiday than the knowledge that you have been the means of giving a fresh air outing to some poor child. We hope that on this twenty-fifth anniversary summer, Mont-Lawn will not be forgotten.

Submarines and Our Shipping

IN spite of the enemy submarines, American shipping is surely and swiftly building a safe bridge to France.

Chairman Hurley of the Shipping Board supplies some impressive facts.

While on July 1, 1916, we had under the flag 2,412,000 tons of shipping, but 500,000 tons were engaged in foreign ocean traffic. There were "American products ready to go anywhere, but American ships nowhere." By June 1 of this year "we had increased the American-built tonnage to over 3,500,000 deadweight tons." In eleven months we had built as much as in the entire previous four years.

In ten months 1,000,000 tons of new ships have been added, besides 730,176 tons of German and Austrian bottoms seized under war powers, 526,532 tons requisitioned from Holland and 953,661 tons chartered from other neutral countries. In all, 7,000,000 tons now fly the flag, including indispensable lake carriers.

What is even more to the point, the increase in construction is swiftest now. We built in May alone more shipping than in the entire year 1915. Mr. Hurley sees ahead a shipping program of 14,715,000 tons; and by 1920, 1,000,000 men at work in yards and allied trades—there are 550,000 now—and a total fleet of 25,000,000 tons, far surpassing that of any other nation at any period in history.

The submarines, instead of being a real obstacle, are proving to be the greatest possible incentive to American shipping activity.

Work for Soldiers After War

THE gigantic problem of turning millions of fighters back to peaceful pursuits without disturbing the labor market, without creating a tremendous industrial upheaval and without causing a disastrous downward revision of labor wages is today receiving the attention of the foremost thinkers of modern times. These farsighted men and women see the necessity for immediate adoption of some plan whereby each honorably discharged soldier, sailor or marine will be assured a suitable opportunity to earn a livelihood for himself and his dependents.

Much attention has been given in all the nations at war to the returned disabled fighter, so that today each who still retains a spark of life is assured a chance to support himself. He will receive proper training by the government and private agencies, and an outlet for his energies is guaranteed. But the disabled man will be of a great minority. Those who will really need aid will be the men who come out of this war without serious injuries.

England has realized the importance of making some provision for their future and has formed a Parliamentary Committee and a Ministry of Reconstruction to deal with this problem.

There is now in the hands of the United States Secretary of Commerce and Labor a proposal which will guarantee every man a chance with those who stayed behind.

Secretary Lane has submitted to the President and the people a plan for opening millions of acres of land to our home-coming soldiers. He points out that we have arid lands in the West; cut-over lands in the Northwest, Lake States, and South; and also swamp lands in the Middle West and South, which can be made available through the proper development. The arid land will require water, the cut-over land will require clearing, and the swamp land must be drained. Plans and investigations have been under way for some time, and it has been officially estimated that more than fifteen millions of acres of irrigable land now remain in the government's hands.

The nation will owe an incalculable debt to its returning defenders. The very least the nation can give them is justice.

Pleasure makes a good sauce, but a mighty poor meal.
Education is like the edge we put on the ax—only valuable if we chop in the right place.

My Log From New York to Cape Town

By MAJOR THEODORE WATERS

MAJOR WATERS' *diary of his long sea journey from New York to Palestine, written primarily for his associates, gives such a vivid description of his ocean trip in war time that we feel impelled to share it with our readers. He is a member of the Red Cross Commission to Palestine, which sailed from New York in March.*

Thursday, March 14.

UP at seven A.M. Found vessel leaving dock. Last view of NewYork. Breakfast. Lascars wait on table. They look quaint in their Indian costume. One of them goes about in his bare feet.

Exercised and drilled on deck. Vessel, off Long Branch, turned back for repairs to steam pipes. Came to off Bay Ridge and lay to while repairs were made. Started again in early afternoon, this time off for good. My trunk, contaiuing necessaries, was by mistake placed in baggage room. Am getting dirtier by the minute. Squeamish also. Many have not attended evening meal. Wonder why!

Everybody got inoculated tonight for typhoid. I prepared to give three rousing screams and waited for the doctor to jab me in the arm. When I opened my eyes to find out why he did not begin, I found he had finished.

Friday, March 15.

9 A.M. Took a lesson in Arabic. Learned to say "How do you do?"

10 A.M. Took a lesson in French. I got them mixed, and effect is weird.

Got my trunk and am now clean.

Had concert in music room tonight.

Saturday, March 16.

The Lascar brought tea and biscuit (cake) and an apple to my berth at six A.M. as usual. I wanted to throw them at him, but thought better of it and ate them. But I don't like him to "sneak up" on me in the dark.

7:30, drilled. 8 A.M., breakfast. 9 A.M. Arabic, 10, French. 12. M., dinner. 2:30, lecture by Rev. Jago on Palestine. 3:30, tea. 5 P.M., lifeboat drill. 5:30, drill, drill. 6 P.M. high tea. 7, lecture by Colonel Ward. 8, looked at the new moou and wished I were home. 10, going to bed.

Sunday, March 17.

No drill, no French, no Arabic, no games. Services at 10:30 A.M. Everybody attended. Services in the afternoon. Services at night. Nothing else. "Pulled through."

Monday, March 18.

It is wonderful how blue the water is. Even close to the side of the vessel, it is as though all the wash-women of the whole world had emptied their blueing tubs overside. They tell me the Mediterranean is bluer. It may be, but it doesn't seem possible. The sea is covered with flying-fish. They are mostly small ones, that look white and glistening in the sunlight. But a fairly large one flew on board today. It was white beneath and dark above, and had quite a spread of wings. They make me think of "Mandalay."

This trip is doing me good. I am thinner, but I feel like writing all the time, and that's a good sign.

Tuesday, March 19.

The only thing that stands out of the routine of the day is the typhoid and smallpox they've given me. We are to get typhus and cholera later, so that presently I will be full of several of our well-known diseases.

Wednesday, March 20.

Nothing but routine and an itching arm.

Thursday, March 21.

WE are approaching Castries, on the Island of St. Lucia, West Indies. Martinique lies off to the right. We can see Mont Pelée plainly. Castries is a picturesque town, lying at the far end of a beautiful bay surrounded by cottage-dotted hills. As we draw up to the dock, a dozen or more native boys swim around the steamer, begging for pennies, for which they dive. They call constantly, "Here, Sar!" "Penny, Sar!" and they almost never lose the coin when it is thrown.

P.M. Allowed to go on shore. We went to the consul's office and cabled home. Then we explored the town. The people are blacks and speak a French patois. The vessel is being coaled by native women, who carry the coal in baskets on their heads. They are clothed in rags, but how they keep them ou is a mystery. The old ones smoke pipes and they all jabber aud quarrel at a great rate, with frequent bursts of laughter. The place has a large Catholic cathedral, attended mostly by natives. In the afternoon a few of us rowed over to the English garrison across the bay, and were entertained by the commandant, Major Harris. We had tea.

We are to have an entertainment on deck tonight and Major Harris's party is to visit us.

Friday, March 22.

Last night there was au entertainment and the English military party attended. Major Harris was very happy. He called our ship the "lucky boat," because in its mail he received a commission making him a Lieutenant-Colonel.

The entertainment part of the program slipped a cog because the actor passengers (there are a number) refused to play. They have some grievance against us. Wouder what it is? But the evening passed pleasantly just the same.

Went on shore again this morning and mailed some post-cards to the children.

The ship sailed around noon, and as we drew away from the dock, the boys were in the water again calling out "Penny, Sar!" and diving in the water for those that were thrown. They accompanied us a long way from the dock, and at last put off for shore, singing "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy" à la George Cohan. It was in broken French-Negro-English and one of the funniest mixtures of song I ever heard. As we passed the Garrison hill, Colonel Harris signaled with the flags "Pleasant voyage."

As evening falls we can just see the outline of the island of St. Vincent far off to starboard.

Saturday, March 23.

This has been a day of recovery from the dissipations of St. Lucia.

I was delegated to find out what was the matter with the actresses and actors. I was told that they were peeved because some one had thrown a lot of religious tracts through the railed opening in the music-room floor down to the dining-room. One of the tracts about the conversion of an actress fell right on an actress's plate. Business of iudignatiou. Hence, no business of entertaining at Castries.

Further investigation shows that some one had placed the tracts on a table in the music-room. Then some one opened a window, whereat the wind blew them through the opening down iuto the dining-room. There was only one tract among the lot that referred to an actress, but that was the one that fell on the actress's plate. Now we are a happy family again.

After dinner tonight we were all inoculated again against typhoid. Last time we were given 500,000,000 dead germs. Tonight we took in a double dose—one billion. Looks like tonight's the night!

Sunday, March 24.

I SAID it. This is the end of an imperfect day. I missed four distinct religious services on account of a mere billion germs! I do not believe they all agreed on the proper course to take, when they were let loose in my midst. Furthermore, it is futile to insist that they are *dead* germs. I have inside information to the contrary. I was not able to attend morning services, and much against my will I was compelled to lie around all day. There is uo germ theory of disease; it is a ribald fact.

And they tell us we shall have to import a few more billion of these dead ones before we disembark. To console me, they tell me my vaccination is a "beautiful take." Sure; beautiful as a beefsteak and the biggest on board.

Monday, March 25.

I am still a sick man. I escaped drill, of course, because my arm ached so, but I rather like the callisthenics, so I am not pleased.

Tuesday, March 26.

Very much better today.

They are proposing to get up an entertainment for tomorrow night and have asked me to help. Uncle Tom's Cabin, it was thought would about fit. Captain Greniger, the biggest man on board, was to be "Little Eva."

Wednesday, March 27.

The day has come and gone. The play was a howling success, especially "Little Eva," who kept the audience in screams of laughter. "Simon Legree" did very well, especially when he brought in his bloodhounds (three young men, who strained at their leash and barked) Eliza escaped across the river on blocks of ice (soap boxes) and when Legree dashed after her, she "foiled" him by picking up pieces of ice and carrying them with her as she went along. Of course he couldn't cross the "open" water. Eva's death was a sad affair (she died of inoculatious and vaccinations). Everybody said the dogs were wonderful, but some thought they had not adequate support.

Friday, March 29.

Great excitement today. About three in the afternoon a big vessel appeared over the horizon off our port quarter. As soon as she saw us she began to belch smoke and, strangely enough, crowded on all sail, and she carried a lot of it for a steamer. Of course our captain immediately chauged our course, so as to make it a stern chase, and ordered forced steam ahead. That she was a raider every one felt sure, particularly as she stood very high out of the water, showing that she was not loaded. And every steamer is loaded to the rails nowadays, no matter which way it is going. We watched her through our glasses, wondering what would become of us if we were caught. And after a while it was evident we were gaining on her, and presently she took in her sails and altered her course to the right, which carried her across our stern and far down on the starboard horizon. The officers said it was a narrow squeak. As these vessels frequently operate in pairs, port-holes are being kept very tightly closed tonight.

Communion services were held in the music-room this evening

Saturday, March 30.

This has been an ordinary day. Drills and Arabic, French and drills.

Lecture on Women and Children of the East by Miss Metheny at 2:30 P.M. Very interesting.

Expect to cross the equator tonight.

Evening. It is raining violently.

Easter Sunday, March 31.

HAD a very fine Easter service in the music room this morning. While we were piously engaged, a big steamer appeared over the horizon and came toward us. The captain left the room to ascertain about her, but we had to stick, and wonder just how she was coming, for we could not see. After much prayer, church let out and we got our glasses to see the steamer. She was a big one and high out of the water. It proved a false alarm, however, as she soon turned across our stern and disappeared over the horizon.

We crossed the equator at four o'clock this morning. Some of the passengers thought they heard a distinct scrape as the bottom of the ship passed over, but as they had been sitting up all night waiting for it, I can not be certain. Yesterday it was spring, today it is fall. Funny what a difference just a few hours make.

Monday, April 1.

Very little doing today.

The doctors fooled us for ouce. They did not inoculate us.

Tuesday, April 2.

Fooled again. They *did* inoculate us today.

Friday, April 5.

This afternoon we passed St. Helena. True, it was over thirty miles away, and we could just see the top of the high hills; but everybody seemed impressed with the sight of the place where Napoleon passed his last days. For the last six years of his life all he could see was what we see—clouds and sea, with the horizon between. And this after a life of supreme power!

In the evening we listened to the reading of a poem by the English poet, Noyes, describing the death-bed musings and ravings of Bonaparte. It was well read, but it left every one sad.

I have been standing by the rail this evening, looking at the Dipper, which is far down on the northern horizon. I suppose Napoleon used to do this while he thought of his lost greatness. But I am thinking of my own dear one and the kiddies a home.

Tuesday, April 9.

Yes, I saw my first albatross this morning. It was a small one to be sure, but it carried us back to the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." Later in the day bigger birds flew over.

Wednesday, April 10.

My birthday and thousands of miles from home Promises to be lonely. Wrong again. The day was ordinary except as to the weather, which was extraordinarily fine. At supper, the colonel read order No. 23, which was an injunction to the members of the party to devote the evening to doing honor to one, Major Theodore Waters, who was brought iuto this world, obviously without being consulted, on April 10, lo, these many years ago. I had not mentioned the fact, but they got it from the ship's papers. It was a great surprise to me, particularly when the East Indian stewards marched in, twenty of them, bearing aloft a huge cake decorated with the flags of the Allies, the Red Cross flag in the center. They held the cake high above their heads and made the circuit of the room, finally depositing it on a table by my side. I was somewhat flabbergasted, and in the middle of it I had to make a speech. I told them I felt like the nigger who was about to be hanged and when asked if he had anything to say merely remarked that the event was certainly going to be a lesson to him. When we came to eat the cake, I bit on something hard and found that they had stolen one of my oak leaves and had it baked in the cake.

Later in the evening some of the ship's officers entertained me. Funny what a lot of nice people there are in this world after all!

Thursday, April 11.

Nearing Cape Town. Hope to see land any minute. Land ho! Table Mountain is in sight.

Photo by International Film Service

The oil can is versatile, it lends itself to many uses. These Red Cross nurses in the Balkans built their comfortable hut of mud-filled cans

Photo by International Film Service

United at last, Sinn Feiners and Nationalists at Ballaghaderreen combine their protests against Conscription

© Clinedinst

Latest photo of Major General Leonard Wood

© Committee on Public Information

American infantry marching across a viaduct to go into action at Cantigny

The colors of the 325 Inf. ... King George and Gener... regiment and some of th...

Pic... That Tell ...

The war of movement. British heavy howitzers, resisting the German drive, in action beside a hedge

British Official Photo. © Underwood & Underwood

© Underwood & Underwood

Six survivors of a famous Zouave regiment of the 'sixties marching in New York City on Memorial Day

© Underwood & Underwood

...n parade in London. ...U.S. A., reviewed the ...to Windsor to lunch

Photo by Kain News Service

German trenches overlooking the Aisne, the first river crossed in the second advance to the Marne, where they were stopped

© Underwood & Underwood

Serbian soldiers in the Balkans wanted a church. Material was scarce but empty packing boxes were plentiful, and the church was built

...res

... the News

"Higher Than Your Ways"

By L. D. STEARNS

MRS. SEAVER tapped lightly at the door of her husband's study. Then, without waiting for an answer, she pushed it wide and entered.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, John," she apologized, "but the groceries are here, and I haven't a solitary cent."

Absently dipping into his pocket, the minister brought forth a handful of loose coins. "How much, Ellen?" he inquired mechanically.

"A dollar fifteen." Leaning forward, she picked out the change. "Poor dear," she murmured, and for an instant her lips touched his graying hair. "I've told Hannah she could go at the end of the week. That'll help quite a bit."

"You're looking tired," he frowned. Then his shoulders lifted, and straightened. "When you've settled that bill," he said, "I wish you'd come back. I've something to talk over with you."

"All right, dear." Turning, she hurried from the room.

Disposing of the groceries, she pulled a kettle farther back on the stove and took a hurried look into the oven. Then she hastened to the sitting-room and dusted tables, shelf and piano; for morning callers were by no means unknown. "I wonder," she mused, shaking the duster, "what John has on his mind now."

In a corner of the yard Dorothy was sitting under an old tree, chatting with Elizabeth Graves. Dorothy was seventeen, and reveling in summer vacation. Esther, home from her first year of teaching, was busily sewing nearby on a new gown. Between them Donald, aged twelve, blissfully happy in the arrival of the last "American Boy," was stretched full length on the grass, lost to all sense of sight or sound.

Turning, Mrs. Seaver made her way to the study.

"I knew you'd have to see to the affairs of the nation," the minister announced as she entered: "so I got in a ten-minute nap." He yawned: then his glance strayed across the yard and over the open space ahead, out to where the edge of sky dipped to meet hills and trees beyond. "Ellen," he confessed thoughtfully, "I'm beset with anxiety. You need Hannah, now, if you ever did. You're looking worn. I noticed half a dozen gray hairs this morning when I was standing beside your chair; and maybe—" he was trying to introduce a touch of humor— "it was a dozen. I didn't count. But, seriously, it isn't right. How can I help? You were always better at figures than I. We ought to live and—grow, in some way, it appears to me."

ELLEN SEAVER drew a long breath. Then she, too, looked across at the trees, and the hills, and the sky. "I used to think," she mused—a strange catch in her throat—"that all one had to do was just go on, until they found the pot of gold at the rainbow's edge. And the rainbow, as I looked at it, was Life; and there were all sorts of edges along the way. One came to the edge of this beauty—that achievement—every little while, and kept gathering gold from them all, until arms and heart and life were full. But life's been rather too full of work to get very far along toward any of the edges, hasn't it, let alone reaching them?"

John Seaver's eyes softened: "You should have done better than a poor minister," he observed wistfully. "You should have had a chance to unfold."

She let her eyes meet his: "Is anything better than life, side by side with the partner of one's heart?" she asked gently. "Besides, John, we've three children as fruitage."

"Yes," admitted John Seaver drily, "and I've always supposed they would be some sort of help when they got on. Instead, they seemed to be more of a care. Where it used to be little fol-de-rols and a picnic, at ten and fifteen, now it's luxuries, week-ends, and a steady consulting of their whims and pleasures instead of yours. God has been good to them. He gave them a wonderful mother—a passable father—and life. But, bless you, they don't realize it. Why can't Esther take a part of Hannah's work and Dorothy a part? Don, even, could have a share. It isn't right to you; and, Ellen, it isn't right to them."

Mrs. Seaver's worn face flushed; her eyes looked almost frightened. "No, no, John," she remonstrated. "It wouldn't do. They need their summer's rest and play. They'll not be young but once. Let them gather as much of the joy of life as they may."

Leaning forward, Seaver met her anxious eyes with steady, determined ones. "Ellen," he urged, "God's plan includes you, as much as your children. There are upper chambers in life for every soul to dwell in, and when they're there the joy of life beats for them full measure. But they don't get there by shirking; they don't get there by assuming the real duties of others, as you have been doing. I wish you would think about it, Ellen." With a twisted sort of smile he resumed his work.

"John's right," she acknowledged, returning to the kitchen. "But, dear me! he doesn't realize how impossible it is to begin"

WITH a snap the screen door opened and Dorothy stepped inside. "Motherie," she said coaxingly, "Elizabeth and I are planning a tramp to Fairmount Heights this afternoon. Can I bring her home to supper? And will you have hot muffins, and boiled corn, and strawberries? We'll be starved, you know. And, besides, Esther has invited Dora Wayne over. I just heard her. That'll make you do something rather extra nice, anyhow, won't it?"

"Why, yes. I suppose so." Mrs. Seaver's mind was running rapidly over supplies. She had planned rather closely, and had none too much on hand.

On her way to the door Dorothy stopped to fluff her shining locks before the mirror. "It'd be dandy if we could have ice-cream," she wheedled. "And sugar's not very scarce now. Couldn't you coax Dad to turn the freezer?" Without stopping for a reply, she was off.

A moment later Esther, cool, and wrapped about with the new mantle of her teacher's dignity, entered. "You're frightfully hot in here," she remarked rather aggressively. "Why don't you let Hannah do this?"

"It's wash-day." Her mother's voice was lifeless. "Hannah can't be in two places at once, my dear. Besides, Hannah is going Saturday night. I'll be out here all the time, then."

"*Going!*" Her eldest daughter's voice was indicative of dismay. "And you'll have to teach a green hand, in hot weather! I'm truly sorry, mother. What is the reason? Can't she be induced to stay, perhaps by a little extra pay through the summer?"

Said Mrs. Seaver, lifting a steaming kettle from the stove, "No, I'll not be teaching a green hand. To tell the truth, Esther, expenses have been going higher and higher until it seems hopeless attempting to make both ends meet without some sacrifice, so I told Hannah, this morning, she could go. Five dollars a week will be a real help."

Dismay deepened the brown of Esther's eyes to sudden black. "And I've invited Hope Darrow for three weeks," she announced ruefully. "She's going home from the mountains Saturday, so Dora Wayne told me, and I skipped right down and sent a letter. Whatever'll we do? She's used to everything. They've all kinds of money. I knew her in college."

"We'll get along somehow. We'll do the best we can." Her mother sighed unconsciously. "We can't have extras, though; and there's one comfort—being war time, she won't expect it."

ESTHER spoke quickly. "Of course not," she agreed. "I'd be ashamed to have or give extras while Uncle Sam needs them. But I do want things nice. And if Hannah's going, I don't see how they can be. Why not keep her, just until Hope has been and gone?"

"I'll manage." It struck Esther, all at once, that her mother seemed to be growing old very fast. "Don't fret, child. At least, we'll not get into debt."

Esther turned: "And by the way," she announced carelessly, "Dora Wayne is coming to tea."

"Very well."

As the door closed, Mrs. Seaver brought one hand wearily to her head. The weight of twenty extra years seemed suddenly to have descended upon her. "I'm thinking," she said grimly, "John's answer is close at hand."

Next moment, with startling suddenness, the words of yesterday's text seemed to stand out clearly before her: "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways." And as she sensed them, something of quiet touched the nerves of the overburdened and sorely troubled woman. Pausing for a second, she was only half conscious of a quickly uttered "In thy way, O Lord, deliver us!" and at the dinner table, a few moments later, she spoke of the expected guest with an almost appealing glance at her husband: "Esther's invited company for the last of the week," she said casually. "It will be pleasant to have a new face among us for a bit."

The minister smiled, but said nothing; and when the telephone rang a few moments later he went into the hall to answer it. When he returned, he was smiling like a boy. "Who'd you say was coming Saturday?" he demanded.

"Hope Darrow. Why?" Esther's voice was defiant.

"Your informant appears to have got things twisted. John Darrow's her father, and they're at the hotel now. He and I used to be the greatest chums in the world. Do you suppose, Ellen, you could—" He stopped, and sat weakly down. "If I didn't go and invite them both for a visit," he declared blankly. "Oh, Ellen!"

"Never mind. We'll—" Hannah appeared. "If ye plaze, mum," she interrupted, "I'll be afther lavin' the night. Ye said as I could go whinever I liked, an' I've a grand place fer sthartin' the morrow."

SUPPER was rather a gala affair. The table linen was spotless; the glass and china shone. Soft blush roses graced the table and sideboard, and the talk was animated and gay among the young people, while the minister and John Darrow lost themselves in reviewing college days. But a specter crowded close to Mrs. Seaver's side, whispering incessantly betwixt the gay chatter, "Three weeks! three weeks!" until she was at times on the verge of crying aloud from pure nervousness.

She arose next morning with a dull headache, and heavy circles beneath her eyes. Her movements were lifeless, for she had spent the greater part of the night trying to plan some method of getting through the coming weeks, and as she dressed with nervous haste she did not note the clearness of the morning air or the song of the birds. Her mind was on the work of the day. But as she descended the stairs Hope Darrow pushed back the screen door and stepped inside. "I was out glorifying," she beckoned gleefully. "Come, for just a moment. Do!"

"I'm afraid I haven't time, my dear."

The girl's quick glance took in the circles beneath the heavy eyes—the drawn look about the tired mouth—and she spoke softly.

"You've a headache, I know," she said. "The air may do it good. Then we'll get breakfast together. It'll seem almost like having—mother again." Reaching for Mrs. Seaver's hand, she drew her into the fresh day. A moment they stood silently, then the girl drew a step closer.

"I love to come into the clean, new morning," she said impulsively, "and say 'Thank you, God, for the fresh day.'"

The elder woman laid a worn hand on her arm, her eyes suddenly dim. "Thank you, my dear," she said. "After all, one doesn't have to search too far or too long to find a rainbow's edge. I'd forgotten they were so close. I haven't heard the birds this summer before, or really seen God's morning sky."

Again there was silence. The girl, sensing a force she did not understand, watched the swiftly changing face of the minister's wife as the early morning wrapped its healing touch about her until at length, a soft, new peace in her eyes, she turned. "Thank you, my dear," she said again. "How little one knows just when, or where the message from God is needed. You brought me one just now."

"I was half afraid," faltered Hope Darrow, "yet I knew He—wanted me—to—speak."

AFTER breakfast the minister and his guests wandered into the yard; but when the rest of the family would have followed, Mrs. Seaver motioned them to wait. Sitting down, she glanced quietly from one to the other.

"We'll have to work hand in hand after this," she said. "Your part, Esther, will be looking after the sweeping, dusting and chamber work. I shall expect you, Dorothy, to set the table, do the dishes, answer the bell and telephone and assist about meals. Don will sweep the piazza, steps and walk each morning, and keep the yard neat, as well as the woodbox filled. I will do the cooking and planning, and fit in for all the other odds and ends. We'll all try and live in upper chambers after this. Now, I'm going to lie down for an hour. I've a headache."

Quietly the door closed behind her. How simple it had been, after all!

In the dining room, the three looked dubiously at each other. "We have been selfish," acknowledged Dorothy contritely.

"And I never so much as dreamed it," amended Esther.

"Bully for Ma!" said Don.

The minister glanced ruefully from the rose bush to the house, his wife's face flitting reproachfully before him. He had prayed long and earnestly for a solution of the problem. He could not understand how that invitation had slipped so unthinkingly from his tongue! But in her room the minister's wife closed her eyes with a blissful sense of peace. Surely, God had sent their guests!

"For as the heavens are high above the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways," she whispered, remembering her swiftly uttered prayer of yesterday; and a moment later— "Thank you, God," she murmured in her sleep.

To a Butterfly

AH, thou note of melody!
Exquisite bit of beauty as a dream!
Thy golds and greens in harmony
Are bound together, till they seem
As though an angel in his joy did shed a tear,
And God transformed it into life, and left you here.

MARGARETTA SCHUYLER.

Glossary of Prophetic Words

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D., Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

IN a former article we began a glossary of the great words of prophetic study, but did not advance very far. The words "age" and "apostasy" were so full of meaning as to fill up the space.

"Antichrist" and "Armageddon" are two other words of importance in the same alphabetic category, but they were treated sufficiently, the first in the article entitled "The Antichrist, His History and His Doom," and the second in the earlier series under the title, "When and Why Christ Will Come a Second Time."

"Beast" is a further word of prophetic importance, which also was defined and explained in the article on the "Antichrist."

"Coming," as applied to the Second Coming of Christ, is next in order. It is a translation of the Greek "parousia," which occurs twenty-four times in the New Testament, and is sometimes rendered "presence" as well as "coming." It means literally "the becoming present." It is the same word that Paul uses in I Cor. 16 : 17, where he speaks of the "coming" to him of Stephanas and others (see also II Cor. 7 : 6 and Phil. 1 : 26). Their "coming" was, of course, personal and visible, from which we gather that Christ's coming will be the same. There are other words used in the same connection which have the same significance, like "revelation," II Thess. 1 : 7, and "appearing," I Tim. 6 : 14 and other places. (See this worked out more fully in the article "What Is Meant by the Second Coming of Christ?"). Should the Christian Herald be unable to furnish back numbers of this article and that entitled "When and Why Christ Will Come a Second Time," they can be had in a small book by the author, called "Prophecy and the Lord's Return" (Revell, New York).

"DAY" is one of the prophetic words as used in the Biblical phrases "Day of the Lord" (Isa. 10 : 20; Zeph. 1 : 7); "Day of Vengeance" Isa. (61 : 2); "Day of Christ" (I Cor. 1 : 8); "Day of Salvation" (II Cor. 6 : 2). To speak of them in the order of time, the "day of salvation" is the whole of the present dispensation between the two advents of Christ. The "day of Christ" applies to the blessing and reward of the saints at his second coming (cf., in addition to the text above named, I Cor. 5 : 6; II Cor. 1 : 14; Phil. 1 : 6, 10; 2 : 16). "Day of the Lord" synchronizes with the whole of the millennial age, beginning just prior to it, continuing throughout, and extending somewhat beyond it. It is almost wholly connected with judgment on Israel and the Gentile nations. (See previous article on "Day of the Lord"—When It Comes and What It Means.") "Day of Vengeance" is practically the same as "Day of the Lord."

"Dispensation" was sufficiently considered in the former article under the word "age."

"GENTILES" is a translation of Hebrew and Greek words meaning "nations" and often rendered "heathen." It distinguishes all the nations of the earth from "Israel," which stands distinctively for God's chosen people in the line of Abraham. The "times of the Gentiles" began when God transferred the dominion of the earth from Israel to the Gentile nations, of which Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, was the earliest representative; in other words, about B. C. 600 (Jer. 27 : 1-11; Dan. 2 : 36-45; II Chron. 36 : 15-21). They will end with the present age and the commencement of the millennial age, when Israel will be in the ascendant as the earthly visualization of the Kingdom of God (see the article, "The 'Times of the Gentiles' and the Impending Judgments"). The "fulness of the Gentiles" (Rom. 11 : 25) is to be distinguished from the "times of the Gentiles" as meaning "the completion of the purpose of God in this age, namely, the outcalling from among the Gentiles of a people for Christ's name, the church which is his body (Acts 15 : 13-18)." (See the article in our former series, "The Place of the Church in the Plan of Redemption.")

"Gog and Magog" are words first found in Ezek. 38 : 2, and were interpreted and applied in our article on "What the Bible Teaches About Russia" (the Christian Herald, November 7, 1917). To this we add the following footnote from the Scofield Reference Bible: "That the primary reference is to the northern (European) powers, headed up by Russia, all agree. Gog is the prince, and Magog his land. The allusion to Mesheeh and Tubal (Moscow and Tobolsk) is a clear mark of identification. . . . The whole prophecy belongs to the yet future Day of the Lord and to the battle of Armageddon (Rev. 16 : 14; 19 : 17), but includes also the final revolt of the nations at the close of the millennial age (Rev. 20 : 7-9)." It should be added that the "Gog and Magog" in the last Scripture mentioned may not mean precisely the same nations as those indicated in Ezekiel, as a thousand years intervene between the two, but one would seem to be the prototype of the other.

"Kingdom." "Kingdom of God," "Kingdom of Heaven" were enlarged upon in the articles, "God's Covenant with David, or the Coming Kingdom," and "How the Kingdom and the Church Differ."

"REMNANT" means that which is left of anything, the piece remaining after the last cutting. It is frequently used in Scripture, especially in the Old Testament, but its chief prophetic interest centers in the history of Israel during the tribulation period. There may be a bad remnant as well as a good one. For the former see I Kings 14: 10, R. V., Ezek. 23 : 25, and similar references; and for the latter Isa. 1 : 9, 11 : 16; Jer. 23 : 3; Zeph. 2 : 9; Rom. 9 : 27; Rev. 12 : 17. Throughout the whole history of Israel, wicked and disobedient as she was, there was always a faithful "remnant" who remained loyal to the true God. Recall in illustration the story of Elijah's day (I Kings 19 : 18); also Daniel and the three worthies of whom the sacred record speaks in Daniel 1 and 3, and "them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem" in Christ's time (Luke 2 : 38). Note particularly that there is such a remnant now, "a remnant according to the election of grace," i. e., in this church age, as indicated in Rom. 11 : 4, 5. But the "remnant" in the great day of trial that is to come will be composed of those Jews who will turn to the Lord and accept Jesus as their Messiah after the translation of the church. Zech. 13 : 9 refers to these, and they are brought before us again symbolically in Rev. 6 : 9-11; 7 : 4-8; 12 : 17; 20 : 4, and other places. These passages show that some of the "remnant" will undergo martyrdom in that period and be raised and reign with Christ and his church, while others will be spared through the tribulation and enter into the earthly blessings of the millennium. Their experiences during the tribulation are set before us prophetically in the millennial psalms, and furnish one of the most thrilling chapters of revealed history (see Ps. 9 : 9-14).

"RESTITUTION" is used but once in a prophetic sense, namely, in Acts 3 : 21, where Peter, speaking of the ascended Christ, says: "Whom the heaven must receive until the times of restitution (restoration R. V.) of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began." Some suppose this to refer to the salvation and restoration of the wicked dead and even of Satan himself, but their mistake is seen in the fact that Peter's words are limited by what the prophets have spoken. The context shows that he means what they have spoken concerning Israel, for he is addressing himself to Jews only. That which they have spoken relates to Israel's restoration to her land and the setting up of the kingdom of David (see Gen. 12 : 2, 3; Deut. 30 : 1-9; II Sam. 7 : 8-17; Rom. 11 : 26, etc.).

"TRIBULATION" is a word full of saddest meaning prophetically. Of course, ever since sin entered the world there has been tribulation with it, and it is even said of us Christians that "we must through much tribulation enter into the Kingdom of God" (Acts 14 : 22). But the tribulation of which the prophets speak is an event coincident with the end period of this age. By the "end period" is meant the last years of the age, or, in prophetic terms, the last week of Daniel's seventy weeks, especially the latter half of that week (Dan. 9 : 24-27). It is the time of Antichrist's supremacy, the time of the judgments described in Rev. 16, the time of Armageddon. But although all the nations of the earth must in some measure be involved in it, yet it is peculiarly "the time of Jacob's trouble" (Jer. 30 : 7). A mooted question among students of prophecy is whether the Church—i. e., the true church—will pass through the tribulation, some affirming that it will and others that it will not. The writer believes with the latter that the Church will be translated before that period, and he thinks a strong Biblical argument can be presented for it. Nevertheless, while the question is important, it is not so vital as to justify any division among brethren in regard to it.

"WEEKS" obtains its prominence as a prophetic word from its place in Daniel 9, referred to above. The prophet had asked God to reveal to him the time of the deliverance of his people Israel from their Babylonian captivity, and God had sent his angel to say, "seventy weeks are determined upon thy people and upon the holy city." "Weeks" is a translation of a Hebrew word meaning "sevens," and what God really said was, "seventy sevens are determined," without stating whether they were seventy sevens of days, weeks, months, or years. The context, however, shows that he meant years—seventy sevens of years, or 490 years. This period is divided again into three. There are first seven sevens, or forty-nine years, extending to the reestablishment of Jerusalem after the Babylonian captivity; sixty-two sevens, or 434 years, down to the crucifixion of Christ and the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans; and one seven, or the last seven years of this age. The intervening time from the destruction of Jerusalem and the dispersion of the Jews among the nations until their return again to their land at the end period is not included in the 490. This is in accordance with a principle in God's dealing with that people not to count time in their history while they are sojourning in captivity to the Gentiles.

"ZION." This word is named in this list chiefly to say that it is never applied in Scripture to the Church. Much confusion of thought and misinterpretation of the prophetic Scriptures have been caused by the failure to recognize this fact. For one thing, it has caused all the Old Testament promises to be applied to the Church and all the curses to Israel. It accounts, too, for the mischievous principle of spiritualizing Scriptures that ought to be taken literally, and which makes the Bible to many a book so "hard to be understood." "Zion" is the translation of the Hebrew word for "castle." In Deut. 4 : 48, it is given to the peak of Mount Hermon. Later, it is applied to the eminence in Jerusalem where David established his throne. Sometimes the whole city of Jerusalem is called Zion, and once the word is used symbolically of heaven (Heb. 12 : 22), but it is never applied to the Church.

Among the Workers

EVANGELIST J. HENRY GRAMPS is laboring in New York City, giving testimony to the victorious Christian life, and urging all believers who have not yet attained thereto to allow the Holy Spirit to perfect them and thus bring them up to the stature of Christ.

THAT genuine pleasure is experienced in doing work at the Bowery Mission was again illustrated when on a recent evening a few talented friends visited the Mission and gave an excellent concert. Arline J. Thomas (soprano), Helen Flaek Bristol (elocutionist) and Mary M. Ackerman (pianist) filled out a pleasant evening. It is wonderful to see how the homeless, jobless and, in many cases, hungry men appreciate good music. The concert was given under the direction of Miss Martha Johnston. The program over, the men formed in line for the bread and coffee which is supplied by the Mission after such gatherings.

AN appeal comes from Korea for pictures which have been used in our American Sunday schools. "Our people are poor and there is little that they can afford to buy. Every bit you have sent has been used and some of it several times over. Now in addition to the 120 Sunday schools we want anything in the shape of a picture, preferably large wall charts for schools. We hope to have 40 new schools running before summer." This appeal is especially to Presbyterians and Methodists. For further information and an introduction to a missionary, write, indicating your denomination, to the World's Sunday School Association, Surplus Material Department, 216 Metropolitan Tower, New York City. There is a call for similar pictures from every foreign mission field.

OWING to the success of the first volunteer workers' training course, the Workers' Bureau of the National Board, Young Women's Christian Association, is offering further similar instruction. Many will be able to come to New York for the few weeks' instruction which will enable them to work more efficiently in their home towns. The courses will commence July 9, September 17, November 5, and in 1919, February 4. They last about three and a half weeks. The fee is $10. This instruction is planned to train committee women, organizers and administrators, investigators, leaders in girls' clubs and patriotic leagues, teachers of leaders, speakers and would-be speakers, clerical workers and helpers and women who can do odd jobs, whether they intend to work in the Young Women's Christian Association or some other organization. The headquarters of the Bureau are at 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

FROM the North Presbyterian Church, New York, Rev. John R. Mackay, pastor, have gone out 172 young men to serve the nation as soldiers and sailors. The members subscribed for the Third Liberty Loan $335,000.

Marion Harland's Corner

Conserves—A Branch of Conservation of Foods

I BELIEVE readers will be interested in an extract from a circular sent out by the British Food Controller, an organization akin in purpose and conduct to our Food Administration.

This extra supply of sugar will be distributed with democratic fairness, inspired by that spirit of sharing which has come to England out of common danger and suffering. Those who receive extra sugar for jam-making must guarantee not to use it for any other purpose. They will be credited with one and three-quarters pounds of jam for every pound of sugar supplied, and will be expected to reduce their purchases of jam to that extent so as to leave for city dwellers the commercial jams and marmalade.

Our American Food Administration speaks in like tone and temper:

The Food Administration has adopted a certificate system to meet the household needs during the coming fruit season.

The consumer is asked to estimate his needs and fill out a certificate which will be furnished him by his grocer. The dealer is required to forward this certificate to the Federal Food Administrator within one week after it is turned in to him.

The Food Administration asks the assistance of every householder in bringing about a practical distribution. The success of the plan depends on the good sense and good will of the American citizen. Cooperation, prompt action and a democratic sense of fair play will prevent a sugar shortage in America during the fruit season.

The season for small fruits is here. Not one berry should go to waste, and the canny housewife forecasts the time when they will be needed more sorely than now. The desserts and "sweets" that are to make next winter's daily food palatable and healthful depend largely upon her stocking, within the next few weeks, her preserve and pickle pantry shelves. The rules governing the distribution of sugar prescribe five pounds for each single purchase for family consumption. Twenty-five pounds are allowed to the buyer who affirms that the sugar is to be used in canning or preserving, pickling, or "conservation" in any form.

JAMS and marmalades are in high favor in England. "Preserves," after the American style, are comparatively rare overseas. The recipes we offer in the Corner will be for the English conserve. Others for canning fruits now in season will follow shortly. Marmalade and jam have the signal advantage of requiring less sugar than "pound for pound" sweetmeats. Canning calls for even less. The season of small fruits is so short in this country that we have not a day to lose.

First of all, provide as much sugar as you are likely to use and see that not a grain goes for any other purpose. I hope last year's jars and glasses are intact and ready for use. Extra tops and new rubbers may be bought to take the place of any that are broken or missing. Have all these preliminaries attended to before the fruit is picked or bought. Also see that tissue and waxed papers are within call, and plenty of the paraffin which is to make assured conservation "doubly sure."

Strawberry Jam

Pick over and wash the berries and let them drain in a colander. Set over the fire in a granite or porcelain-lined kettle, and bring to the boil. Return to the colander and press all through the holes. Measure the mass thus obtained and allow a generous half-pound of sugar to each pint. Turn the crushed berries and juice back into the kettle and boil very fast for five minutes before stirring in the sugar, which should, meanwhile, have been heating in the open oven. Cook steadily for thirty minutes, stirring often to prevent scorching, and pour into tumblers or jars set in a pan of hot water to avoid the risk of cracking. When the jam is cold and firm, cover with melted paraffin and fit on the tops.

Strawberry Marmalade

Choose the ripest berries for this. Pick over, and wash. Drain off the wet and weigh the berries. Allow to each pound three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Put the sugar into cans ready for heating in the oven. Turn the berries into your porcelain-lined or granite kettle and bring quickly to a boil. As they heat, crush with a wooden potato-pounder or a silver soup ladle. When they are free from lumps, stir in gradually the hot sugar. Cook ten minutes, skim out the fruit with a perforated spoon, and put it into a pitcher set in boiling water and covered. Boil the juice left in the kettle for ten minutes longer, or until it begins to look like jelly. Put the fruit back, bring all once more to the boil, and fill to the brim small jars set in hot water to prevent cracking. Cover with tissue paper and fit on air-tight tops.

Red or black raspberry jam and marmalade may be made according to either of the foregoing recipes.

Red Raspberry and Currant Marmalade

Mix together two parts of red raspberries and one of red currants. Pick over and wash. Drain off the water and measure the fruit. Weigh and spread in flat pans three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of the berries, and set the pans in the open oven, stirring once in a while to avoid scorching. Meanwhile, put the berries over the fire in a granite or procelain-lined kettle and bring to a quick boil, stirring often to break the currant-skins. When all are broken and the juice flows freely, turn the contents of the kettle into a colander and drain off and save the liquid that will come away without pressing or shaking. Return the fruit to the kettle, add the heated sugar, and cook over a moderate fire for twenty minutes, stirring faithfully from the bottom and often. The sugar will make all the syrup needed for the conserve. Have ready small jars set in a pan of hot water with tops ready heated, and fill to the brim to allow for shrinking. Lay waxed or tissue papers upon the surface and seal at once.

Currant and Red Raspberry Jelly

This is a pleasant adjunct to the jam. Strain through a cheese-cloth bag the reserved juice drained from the hot berries, measure it and weigh the sugar to go with it, allowing a pound to a pint of the liquid. Set the sugar in the oven to heat while you bring the juice to a rapid boil. Keep this up for fifteen minutes after the boil begins; stir in the sugar and cook just one minute. Pour into jelly glasses, and when it is cold and firm, cover with melted paraffin and screw on the tops.

You have now a few glasses of delicious jelly—so delicious as to justify the extra supply of sugar required to make it.

Rhubarb Marmalade

We make too little use of this product of the garden. It is ready for the table in the spring when nature demands correctives for biliary disorders induced by the comparatively sedentary habits of the winter. Rhubarb has gentle sanitary and medicinal properties combined with a pleasing acid highly acceptable to palates weary of potted meats, canned vegetables, salt beef and pork.

Rhubarb Marmalade

Cut off the tops of the stalks, and scrape off carefully the thin skin. Do not cut it so deeply as to make it "bleed." This done, lay in very cold water for an hour. Then with a sharp knife clip the stalks into inch-lengths, dropping into cold water as you cut them. Weigh the rhubarb without wiping it, and put into the preserving-kettle while dripping wet. Allow half a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Set the kettle over the fire, with no water except that which drips from the fruit, and bring to a gentle boil. When the rhubarb is soft add the sugar, which you have kept hot in the open oven, and cook slowly for half-an hour. It is quite ready for use now, but if sealed up while hot in glass jars, allowed to get cold, then wrapped in thick paper to exclude the light, and kept in a cool place, it will keep until next winter.

Rhubarb and Raisin Marmalade

Make as directed in last recipe, but when the sugar is added for the final half-hour boil, put into the kettle, for every two pounds of fruit, a handful of sultana (or seedless) raisins which have been picked over and washed. They impart a delightful flavor to the rhubarb.

Changes in Relief Work

Continued from page 769

heard, at popular prices. All this was a grandstand play for the benefit of the Transcaucasian Republic. The majority believed it.

The day we left Tiflis a Swedish and Norwegian Red Cross unit, with a German consul in tow, arrived there.

We had heard that the Elizabetpol station was burned to the ground, but it stood up bravely in its own defense when we passed through. We had heard harrowing tales of Armenians being dragged shrieking from the trains by the Tartars, but we saw nothing of this, though Tartar guards came through the train. That this inspection was not entirely a bluff was evidenced the following day when five members of the British military mission in Tiflis were arrested and removed from the train.

IN the dry plain we saw several villages in flames. Whether they were Armenian villages burned by the Tartars, Tartar villages burned by the Armenians, or Tartar villages burned by the Bolsheviki, I cannot say.

Baku has its own subsidiary currency, valued at a little below the par of Kerensky money. Its shops were much fuller, and there was much more food than during my three previous visits. But prices were higher. Of course, there is no metal currency in circulation, and since the one thousand rouble notes which the government are so fond of printing cannot be used in buying the necessities of life, each city or district has had to issue its own money. A thousand-rouble note brings 970 roubles in Russian currency, 1,000 in Tiflis notes, 1,150 in Baku paper, and as high as 1,400 in some places; but this local currency is worth nothing elsewhere.

Our route through Persia was closed through the anti-Ally sympathies of the people. The railway to Rostov was running only third-class cars, which are not fit for American relief workers. The Central Asia Railway was closed, due to the declaration by the Emir of Bokhara that, since no one could effectively deny the fact, his domain was a free and independent state. The Volga route was closed because of the ice and the tie-up of the fleet. From Tiflis to Baku was a case of skillet to stove, and a battle was expected any day.

The fight between the Tartars and Bolsheviki was announced for Sunday afternoon, March 31.

The fighting lasted till Monday night. Sunday morning two shiploads of Russian soldiers from Persia arrived, and they joined in the assault on the Tartars. The fight was started by the Tartars but from the first they were confined to their own quarters and never had a chance. Two gunboats bombarded the Tartar district with considerable precision and damage, and machine guns commanded every important crossing. The walls of the fifteenth century Tartar city remain, and from the loopholes designed for blunderbusses the modern Tartars tried to fire with modern guns. But the Bolshevik machine guns wove their shower of lead back and forth across the loop-holes like a shuttle.

Wells and I were down in the city while the gunboats bombarded the romantic Tartar tower, six centuries old. In the city, as we saw it Tuesday morning, the streets were still strewn with corpses. From the veranda of the English Club we had seen and heard the machinery of war. Here we saw the results. Not one man in ten was a combatant. The Tartar hospital and theatre—one of the most beautiful buildings in Baku—was completely gutted. The Tartar bazaar was burning and the streets cluttered with fresh and dried fruits, canned goods, dried fish and dead bodies. There was no real looting, but every one helped himself to what he wanted. Soldiers hacked open conserve tins and one officer opened a can of luscious pineapple with his Cossack sword, while the juice ran down upon the face of a wax-like figure at his feet, all shriveled up and twisted into a ball.

We went on to the house where the Comptons had lived through it all and learned from them how they had seen four wealthy Tartars stolen from their guard and killed before their eyes, and also how, when they were looking down into the street from the stairway, a crowd of Tartars came rushing up to this Armenian house for safety. The Armenians fought against the Tartars, but both Tartars and Armenians hid their friends who were endangered.

THE Whites and Dr. Raynolds had lived in the heart of the Tartar quarter and had been forced to leave in the midst of the fight. All their baggage was lost, including a number of souvenirs which Dr. Raynolds had tried to bring away from Armenia. Yet the dear old man only said, "Well, that settles my baggage difficulties."

The Bolshevik victory in Baku is liable to be short-lived. Germany is slowly but surely driving toward Tikhoryetzskaya, the junction between the Rostov line and Tsaruitzuin. Once there, she cuts off the only railway connection with the north. To close the Volga, stir up the Bokharans, Tartars and Turkomans in Turkestan, to bring Persia into the fight and to have the Turks close in from Batum, is all part of a German plan made many years before England sent her army to France.

In the Grozni oil fields, the workmen are holding their American and English managers as hostages, while oil is running to waste at the rate of five million gallons a day. With such wealth in their hands, the workmen have no way of turning it into wages, and they believe that if they hold on to their managers long enough some one will ransom them.

We left Baku April 9 and reached Astrakan three days later. One of the finest Volga boats was turned over to our party, with the privilege of living on it till the river opened to Samara. I felt it was my duty to see something more of Russia, so with Welch and Catchpool—who were going on to Samara before joining the party there later—I left my friends and set out on the long trip home. Welch and Catchpool left me the next day, and I rode third class, in the Czeko-Slovak military trains, on a Russian Red Cross train, with wounded from Kharkov, with the Red Army, and on one passenger train after another, as anxious to get out of Russia as I was, a year ago, to get in.

Beginning the Christian Life

International Sunday School Lesson for July 7
Acts 16:13-34

Two Types of Conversion

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph. D.

WE enter today upon a new course of International Lessons, called "Studies in the Christian Life." They are different from the lessons of the past in that they are selected from various parts of the Bible according to the topics, instead of following one book or one man's life. In this way one of the disadvantages of the International Lessons has been overcome. It is very helpful to turn frequently to topical study, searching through the Scriptures for light on the subject in hand, instead of taking up one bit or section of Scripture alone, as people more often do.

At the outset, let us determine to use our Bibles in class and to have a real study and search, using the numerous references provided and finding others for themselves. Let us try to answer, week by week, the problems that are certainly coming up in the lives of the young in connection with just such themes as we have this quarter. Be practical; these are all very practical lessons: Reading the Bible, Praying, Obedience, Working in the Church, Speaking for Christ, etc. Look over the topics in advance. This is the summer quarter, and it is too bad that many scholars will miss some of these essential teachings. If your school closes, pick out the themes you think most pressing, or try to have your class take the quarterlies for home Sabbath reading.

The Experience of Lydia and Her Household

Our reading describes Paul's first convert in Philippi, his first in Europe for that matter. He had sought for some means of making a beginning, and as was then his custom he went to the Jews. There was no synagogue, but there was a place of prayer by the river side. Only a group of women had come, but Paul was not discouraged. Among them was a woman of character and ability, probably a Gentile convert to Judaism. Prepared by thoughtful worship and a knowledge of the Hebrew Scriptures, she at once accepted Christ. Then she brought the other members of her household with her, and they also, having been rightly instructed, entered as readily and peacefully into the Christian life.

Lydia is a good representative of a great company of people who find Jesus in their search for the best and follow him quickly. Her seeking spirit had found in Judaism something that heathenism could not give, and she was now ready for the truth as it is in Christ. Philip's convert, the Ethiopian treasurer, was of the same type.

The Experience of the Philippian Jailer

How different was this from that of Lydia! Here was a catastrophic conversion indeed! Even a physical upheaval of the earth was concerned in bringing this man to Christ! He had probably heard, in a vague way, of the teaching. Now he saw its power in the singing prisoners. Suddenly the earthquake came, and, in his terror of losing the captives, he looked death in the face. When the calm reassurance of Paul reached him he was all atremble and his heart was deeply touched. He wanted faith and self-control like theirs. He wanted release from fear. How could he get it? "Believe on the Lord Jesus," came the answer.

Paul's own experience had been so similar that he must have been very sympathetic. He had been a persecutor of Christians. Yet, in some way, his heart was stirred and his mind perplexed by their simple faith and loyalty. Then came the great experience on the Damascus road.

Are Our Boys and Girls Making a Beginning?

For the past two quarters we have taught our classes the life of Christ, but have we once given them the chance to make a definite beginning in following him? Of course, we believe and trust that they are unconsciously embarking upon the Christian way, growing up in him whom they have learned to love. But we ought to be sure to give them a chance to make a stand that will register decision and strengthen the will. We must be careful how we conduct ourselves on "decision days," lest we give wrong ideas to some or drive others farther away. We must keep in mind the undoubted fact that most of our youth from Christian homes come to the most normal and natural and quiet of consecrations. They have had a better start than even Lydia or the Ethiopian. The writer can not remember a time when he did not know and trust Jesus Christ. Innumerable others have proved Horace Bushnell's maxim that "a child should grow up a Christian and never know himself otherwise." But such are deeply thankful for growing light and deepened faith as Christian experience developed.

We deal with many a young Timothy, who has inherited faith from his grandmother and mother, and from his grandfather and father, too. Such need only the tactful friendship of some God-sent Paul to be enlisted for life in the great campaign of the Gospel.

Occasionally, even in the most sedate of churches, we deal with quite a different problem. A child comes from a Christless home, or an unfavorable environment, with prejudices or habits antagonistic to the Way of Christ. Such may have very sudden breaks in their attitude toward the Kingdom. We must be ready to help at the critical time. Still others are temperamentally peculiar, and will oscillate between faith and scoffing. Such was one young man who not long ago burst into my study, and without any preliminary remark, exclaimed: "If I don't join the church now, I never will!"

Our lesson shows us plainly that we must not try to cram all souls into one mold. How different were Peter and John, Paul and Luke, Lydia and the jailer! By what diverse ways they achieved sainthood! Remember that one of our scholars may become a quiet home-keeper, while another will be sent to scenes of danger and violence on some foreign shore. Yet the same Christ is able to energize their diversities of gifts by one and the same spirit.

And then, too, beginning is only beginning, though it is critical enough. We must not mislead young people into expecting perfection at once. We must not anticipate feelings and experiences that may not come for years, if at all, to the type of mind concerned. Particularly after a season of revival, we must have true Christian nurture and friendly "following up," of the younger converts especially, lest they fall quickly away. It is a scandal and a sin for a church to bring a soul to Christ for the new birth, and then leave the newly-born to struggle and fend for himself.

Who Are Disciples?

Who shall venture to draw the line between disciples and strangers to Christ? Surely not we. Yet there are certain principles quite clearly involved. Disciples understand at least in part the holy will of Christ and seek to obey it. They find time to think about him and to inquire wherein his purposes call for their cooperation. They are self-denying, for "whosoever doth not bear his own cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple." They love the Gospel, for "if ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed." They are abundant in good works, for "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." I suppose that the supreme test is in our treatment of one another; every one can tell a Christian spirit by Christian conduct among the brotherhood. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Lydia, acting as the eager hostess of the apostolic band: the jailer, in unconscious imitation of Christ, getting out the basin of water to bathe his prisoners: the treasurer to Candace, going on his way rejoicing; these are obviously disciples of Christ. Close the lesson by pointing out the desirability of every loyal friend of Jesus enrolling with his Church and working in cooperation with others for his Kingdom.

When Christians Fight Are They Christians?

Continued from page 770

duty. In the very words with which Israel was urged to carry out her determination to place David upon the throne, I urge you now to enthrone King David's greater Son. You have long talked of making Jesus King—"Now therefore do it."

Had the Hebrew nation sincerely rendered unto God the things that are his, they would not have been under the painful and embarrassing necessity of rendering tribute unto Cæsar. From which it would seem that "hypocrite" was not too severe a word for Jesus to use in this instance. For the Herodians espoused the cause of the invading Romans for selfish political reasons, and the Pharisees insisted upon the old Jewish order for equally selfish religious reasons; so both were indeed hypocritical in the question they brought to Jesus. Selfishness has always made strange bedfellows.

WHEN General Washington moved his troops to West Point in 1780, the Hessians followed, expecting to stamp out the flame of freedom in the breast of the Continentals. As they approached Springfield, they were met by a company of farmers armed with flintlocks. The colonists fought desperately in defense of their firesides, families and liberty, until the wadding for the muskets gave out. Then they began to waver. At this important moment, Rev. James Cauldwell, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, mounted a horse and galloped away, shouting "Hold them a minute longer, boys, until I get back." He entered his church, gathered up an armful of hymnals from the pews and hurried back to the bridge where the battle raged. Tearing the leaves from the books he cried, "There's your wadding; give them Watts, boys! Give them Watts!"

Was he Christian? Go to Springfield, N. J., some day, and you will find the answer. There, standing in front of the Presbyterian Church, is a magnificent monument erected by the sovereign state of New Jersey, an expression of gratitude and approval as it is the verdict of an enlightened Christian conscience.

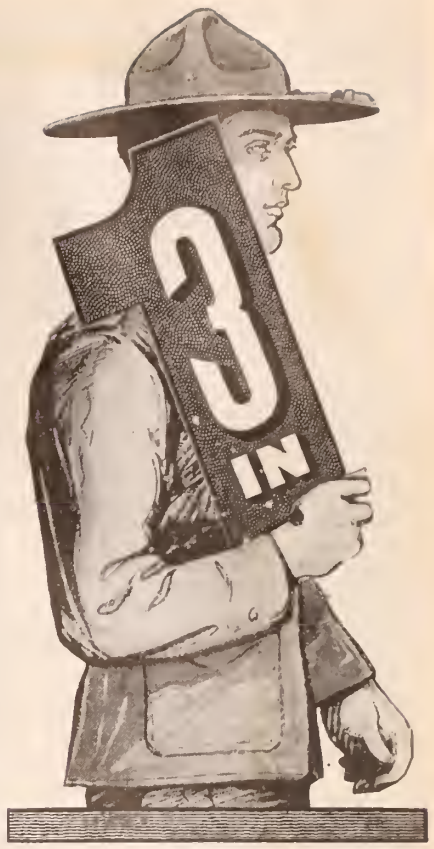
Inscribed upon the face of this monument are the words,

"Of what avail the plow or soil,
Or land or life, if freedom fail?"

This is history's most pregnant hour. It is the hour of the world's new birth. Spiritual forces, long germinating in the heart of mankind, are soon to emerge offspring of heaven—in all the promised power and glory of a twentieth century Christ-man. Again Herod seeks the young child's life to destroy it. His sword is out. But this time the tyrant shall not triumph. Materialistic civilization must be struck down before a new civilization of spiritual reality. Is there any question upon which side the Christian should take his stand?

Such is my idea of Christianity in a national crisis. I regard "the Son of God goes forth to war, a kingly crown to gain," as one of the grandest hymns of the Christian Church, a faithful expression of the spirit and teachings of Jesus. Under the standard thus set up, I take my stand and I ask every toiler, soldier, sailor and aviator now fighting for freedom, every mother and wife who has torn from her breast a priceless jewel of love that she may give it to her country to set in Democracy's crown of rejoicing, to stand with me, that like a mighty army may move the Church of God.

When Christians fight are they Christians? Yes, when the cause is just.



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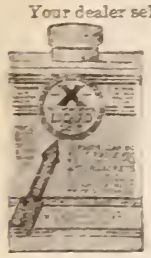

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The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

UNDER the leadership of an organization known as "The Mothers of Defenders of Democracy," a plan is being worked out for the organization of a great Prayer League among all Christians, to "envelop the whole nation in continuous prayer, making President Wilson's proclamation for May 30 the basis of continuous appeal for national guidance, protection for our sons, and the victory of international justice and righteousness." The plan involves the pledge of prayers by different people in different parts of the country, so scheduled that in every minute of the day and night groups of believers will be following each other in one-minute silent prayers. On June 8 the time from 12 noon to 2 P. M., New York time, had been completely covered. The plan has the approval of all Christian churches. The plan is ambitious and not unworthy of this Christian people. Through every time of stress America has always prayed her way. In the darkest hours of the sixties, faith may have wavered; but even when doubt assailed, prayer never ceased. And so today, when the country faces greater danger than at any time in its history, President Wilson has asked the nation to pray with him, for he, like Lincoln, Washington, McKinley and Garfield, is a praying man.

P. A. Lotterhos, a First Bible Study prize-winner, was impelled to write to Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Reiton, missionaries in Hongkong. In due course he received an answer, and he sent their interesting letter to the Prayer League, asking us to pray for the good work that these consecrated teachers are doing in China. The League will remember them, and also the earnest Bible student at home, who had the kind thought to send a letter of cheer to these faithful workers in the foreign field.

Prayers are asked for revivals of religion at:

Harrisonburg, Va.; Portland, Ore. (for a church that has lately been organized for the special work of the uplift of the fallen).

Four wives ask prayer that their husbands' minds may be restored. A Reader, that mother's mind may be restored; six friends, for mental restoration for themselves or relatives.

J. B. H. asks prayer that sight of left eye may be restored; A Reader, that mother's sight may be restored; A Friend, to be cured of eye trouble; A Believer, that brother's sight may be restored; Mrs. J. M. B. and Mrs. C. A. K., that their sight may be strengthened; A. M. S., that a friend's sight may be restored.

Mrs. M. C. asks prayer that brother's hearing may be restored; Mrs. O. C. M., that mother-in-law's hearing may be restored; nine friends, for restoration of hearing.

Sixteen friends ask prayer for a deeper work of grace, assurance of sins forgiven, or express in other ways their desire for personal spiritual blessing.

A Friend asks prayer that a soldier may return safely after the war; Mrs. A. O. M., that husband and brother may be blessed and return home safely after the war; Miss B., for our soldiers and that peace may come soon.

Mrs. L. B. asks prayer that husband may be cured of the liquor habit; five parents, that sons may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs. W. F. W., that brother may be cured of the liquor habit; F. E. C., that a young man may be cured of the liquor habit.

Thirty-one friends ask prayer for the healing of friends or relatives, including A Praying Friend, that father may be cured of cancer; A Believer, that son may pass safely through an operation; Mrs. M. C., that son may gain the power of speech; M. L., that mother may be restored without an operation; Mrs. M. A. M., that mother may be cured of cancer; A. M. S., that a friend may be cured of cancer; thirty-nine friends, for healing of self; including Mrs. M. G. and Mrs. W. B. W., that they may pass safely through operations; J. E. K., that cancer may be cured; Mrs. L., that use of limbs may be restored.

Eight parents ask prayer for the conversion of sons; five wives their husbands; twenty, other relatives and friends.

Twelve friends ask prayer for help or guidance in financial matters.

Twenty-three friends ask prayer for the granting of various desires and needs, including Mrs. A. J. A., for rain throughout the center and south of Texas; three friends, for a lasting peace.

Mrs. J. F. G. asks prayer that husband may be cured of the tobacco habit.

Acknowledgments of answered prayer have been received from the following:

Mrs. L. M. B., Lexington, Ohio; M. E. S., Philadelphia, Pa.; N. C. C., Lewiston, Idaho; G. F. H., Brunswick, Ga.; A Reader, New Richland, Minn.; Mrs. M. C., Muskegon, Mich.; Gratitude, Aledo, Ill.; Mrs. E. A. B., Newark, N. Y.; A Friend, Concord, N. H.; Mrs. I. J. W., Clarinda, Iowa; Mrs. W. A. B., Tenino, Wash.; L. I. C., Belmont, N. C.

The Blessing of Sacrifice

IN an address delivered at Liberty Hut in Philadelphia, on his return from France recently, Secretary of War Newton D. Baker gave a presentation of the spiritual issues of the great struggle. He said:

"I don't know whether it is true that there is any such thing as cosmic psychology, or that the composite thing that may be called the cosmic thought of the world ever gets itself focused and made audible for all to hear, but I do firmly believe that if we all in the United States intend that the right shall prevail, and will it with our whole being, there would be a tremendous stimulation and strengthening of the part of our effort which is represented by our army in France.

"I heard of an incident which seemed to me very beautiful. In order to expedite and hasten the application of America's military power as an addition to that already there, we are brigading our troops with French and British divisions in order that they may rapidly acquire the actual experience of the front line. A group of our soldiers were in the front line trench for their first training in actual warfare, and a Regular Army officer whose name I dare not mention, but known, perhaps, to many people here, spent the whole night walking along in that front line trench in the dark, touching men on the shoulder, asking them how they got along, giving them a word of cheer and encouragement. It was their first baptism of actual fire, and they were raided that night and acquitted themselves brilliantly. The next day, when some of their officers were sitting around the mess exchanging experiences and telling frankly how they had felt when, in the loneliness of the advance outpost and in the darkness of a moonless night, they heard the adversary attack, one man spoke up and said: 'Early in the night this officer (naming him) came through the trenches and put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Captain, how is everything here?" and I told him, "Well." And he patted me on the shoulder a couple of times and said, "Good! Hold them!" 'And,' he said, 'the officer disappeared up the trench, but all night long when the fight grew fast and furious, and when strange and hitherto unexperienced sensations were crowding thick around, and I was disposed to feel lonely and unfamiliar and to doubt whether I was equal to that responsibility, all night long I could feel that hand on my shoulder, and a voice saying, "Hold them."'

"We must put our hands on the shoulders of those boys in the trenches. They hear what goes on in America: they hear what we are talking about; they learn whether our hearts are as stout as theirs; they learn to know whether we see the big things which they see, and when opportunities come for America to express her spirit, and she does express it, as she always has in this war, in certain and clear and vigorous and firm and decided terms and tones, they hear it, and it is a hand on their shoulder on the dark and moonless nights, and it is the voice of their friends and their country saying to them, 'Hold them!' "

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Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between Any Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them Into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

LAST week we were just ready to start a girls' canning and cooking class in every neighborhood, the plan was so simple and unpretentious that any group of girls could have one.

All canning adventures are not as simple. Here, for instance, is one that included a whole community. I cannot tell you how deeply it impressed me! It is one of the finest examples of neighborhood co-operation I have ever come across:

Community Canning

Last summer the "Junior Order" gave to a Farm-Life School in North Carolina a canner for the use of the school and community. This was placed under a shelter on the school grounds within easy reach of all, and was under the supervision of the matron.

It was then announced that all women in the community who wished to do so could bring their fruits and vegetables to the canner on certain days and all work together. No one was allowed simply to can her own stuff.

All products and profits were combined and shared equally, every woman working two hours for each five cans she took home with her. Each fifteenth can was left with the matron for rent. She paid the school, and the school then paid her for her work of supervising.

The canner was an immense success, several thousand cans being put up by the community in addition to what was raised on the school farm. Isn't this well worth the attention of other communities?" MISS E. C. JONES.

THAT account speaks for itself, friends; so I shall hurry on to our next one: an adventure in neighboring well suited to these war days. For if there is anything more patriotic than the carrying on of such work as this among boys and girls in the country, I do not know what it is. Every girl who has a hand in it is serving her country as faithfully as her brothers at the front:

State Fair Canning Contest

Last year our high school agriculture teacher was hired for three months during the summer to look after the girls' and boys' club work. He organized corn, garden, pig, baby beef, and canning clubs.

At the regular Chautauqua session and farm camp for the boys and girls, he selected four of the older girls to enter the State Fair Canning Contest. These girls had seemed to grasp the "cold-pack" canning method easily, but you may be sure they practiced it many times before the demonstrations were given at the State Fair at Des Moines, Iowa.

They also made themselves State Canning Club uniforms, consisting of blue dresses with white collars, cuffs, belts and pockets. By adding a red tie, they combined the national colors, thus showing their patriotism.

They had been very enthusiastic from the first, and as a consequence did splendidly on the day of the demonstrations. There were twenty-two teams competing, and our home girls won third place. Don't you think that was pretty good?

Since then our girls have often given canning demonstrations; and they are now preparing to train the younger girls in canning, to be ready for next season. MARTHA EDMONDS.

AND here, neighbors, next on our "canning-day" program, is an adventure for us grown-ups. Doesn't it suggest to you the possibilities of combining the hard work of canning with the sheer joy of a neighborly good time?

An Orange Marmalade Contest

The funds of our club had become very low, and in view of the fact that with our funds we helped the sick and needy, this troubled me quite a little. I wondered how we could raise money for the many demands coming in to us.

The "orange" season was about at its height, and I thought if we could have a kind of "orange marmalade contest" we might make out.

I suggested the idea to the members of our little club, and we held a meeting at a member's house. We decided that on a certain Saturday afternoon we would have a "sale" in a hall which another neighbor had offered for the occasion, that we would bring to this hall the results of our labors—marmalade—all put up in cans or jars, to be sold at the sale. Each one who brought marmalade for sale was also to bring a sample in a very small jar as a "taster."

The afternoon of the "festival" arrived and all the neighbors came, bringing with them many jars of marmalade over which they had spent precious hours. Each, also, brought a "taster" with her.

Judges for the occasion were chosen by "draft"—every one present writing her name on a slip of paper and putting it in a hat; some one then being blindfolded and drawing out five names. These five were the judges. They were required to taste each sample and decide among themselves what one was worthy of the prize: a box of oranges.

Well, we sold all the jars of marmalade and made money for the much-needed cause. Besides, we had a mighty good time. The prize was awarded to a very dear Scotch neighbor of mine whose marmalade was simply delicious. I shall be only too glad to send her recipe to any neighbor who cares to write to me for it. It is a good one—worth keeping until the orange season is again at its height.

A FRIEND.

Do send for that recipe, comrades. And meantime, try out this "contest" idea, even though you may have to substitute peaches or cherries for the oranges, which at present are a bit costly.

THIS brings us finally to our last adventure for the day: the story of an heroic country pastor's wife and the unique and delightful way in which she taught some eager children how to cook and can.

DEAR MISS CONNOLLY: One day when I was taking a johnny cake out of the oven, two sisters (half orphans) happened to drop in, and expressed the wish that they knew how to make something that smelt and tasted as good as that. I told them to come again, the following Friday afternoon, after school, to bring the rest of the "bunch" and be prepared to stay for supper, which we would have early enough for them to reach home (three miles away) before dark. They came, not only that Friday afternoon, but every other, until they had grasped the fundamentals of cooking and preserving.

There were two requirements: each one had to bring a list of special dishes their fathers and brothers wanted them to learn to cook; and the girls were to try out, at home, during the week, the dishes we had prepared at the lesson.

There were no dues, but each one brought anything she happened to have in the way of supplies: sometimes a bag of potatoes; or a pail of buttermilk; or eggs—it didn't matter, as the parsonage cupboard was always accommodating. We planned, each time, to have a well-balanced meal which we might enjoy together. This we timed, as one would have to at home. We also worked at pickling, canning and jelly-making in season. Each lesson included some kind of bread or biscuit.

After our parsonage playground was opened, we had a cookie lesson, and had to make a double batch, so that all the children might have sample cookies. Oh it was lots of fun. Once in the fall, when a demonstrator from Amherst spent a week in town with his auto truck, we had him come out on Friday afternoon and give the boys a lesson in stock-judging, and both boys and girls a lesson in the selection of seed corn. Then we wound up with a good old-fashioned taffy-pull, the treat of the cooking-class.

I do not see that we did anything other communities could not do. We just began, kept going, and had a good time every minute.

A COUNTRY PASTOR'S WIFE.

WE have come to the end of one of our finest meetings of the year, Christian Herald Neighbors; and before I wish you good-by for another busy week, I wish to urge you to interest the young girls of your neighborhood in what we have discussed today: the canning, pickling, and preserving of every surplus vegetable and fruit. These girls (with their uniforms and contests and prizes) will enthuse their elders; and the result will be a food-conservation record for your town or village that you will be as proud to wear as if it were a war-medal conferred personally upon you. Indeed, such a record is the only kind of war-medal we petticoat soldiers who are "keeping the home fires burning" can hope to win; but after all, could there be a nobler—a more satisfying distinction? I think not. Just let us be sure that the women and girls of our town are found worthy of it.

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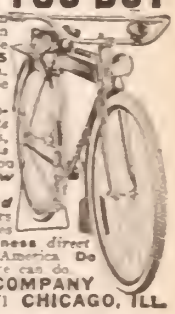
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A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 772

men to organize but not direct recognition of the organization. It would also involve freedom from strikes for the duration of the war.

AUSTRIANS LOSE BATTLESHIP. Two Italian Torpedo boats, in a daring attack at dawn on June 10, succeeded in reaching the Austrian fleet steaming from Pola to Cattaro, among the Dalmatian Islands, sinking the Austrian dreadnought Viribus Unitis, of 20,000 tons, and damaging another battleship. Of the crew of 1,000 of the sunken ship, over 80 were reported missing.

WILSON URGES SUFFRAGE. Replying through the National Woman's Suffrage Association to a memorial from the French Union for Woman's Suffrage, President Wilson on June 13 declared "that the services of women during this supreme crisis in the world's history have been of the most signal usefulness and distinction. The war could not have been fought without them; nor its sacrifices endured. It is high time that some part of our debt of gratitude to them should be acknowledged and paid, and the only acknowledgment they ask is their admission to suffrage. Can we justly refuse it? As for America, it is my earnest hope that the Senate of the United States will give an unmistakable answer to this question by passing the Suffrage Amendment."

TO BLOCKADE OUR COAST. Dispatches from Amsterdam on June 13 quoted reports received from Berlin to the effect that the German Admiralty intended to declare the eastern coast of the United States, from Mexico to Canada, a danger zone, and to warn neutral shipping to keep away from American ports.

Inasmuch as Germany has been sinking ships without formal notice off the American coast, the formal announcement would make little difference in the established facts.

GERMAN DEATH RATE GROWS. Through the American Intelligence Service it was announced on June 12 that on May 8 a meeting of scientists and physicians at Heidelberg sent resolutions to the Kaiser and Chancellor, demanding immediate governmental aid to combat serious health conditions. The resolution gave the death rate among infants, women and children at 68 per thousand, pointed out the increasing peril to the German civilian population due to malnutrition, and declared that sanitary conditions were bad and getting worse.

MAY EXTEND DRAFT AGES. Representative Kahn, of California, member of the House Committee on Military Affairs, declared on June 13, that it would be necessary for the government to place in France an army of 8,000,000 men, and that to do this it would be necessary to raise the draft age to 45 years, or possibly to 49, and that it might be necessary to lower the age to 18. The placing of the draft ages at 18 to 45 or 49 would also greatly simplify the operation of the treaties with France and England for the mutual drafting of citizens.

The Progress of the War

IT is now known that the 23d and 9th Regulars were fighting with the American Marines who drove the Germans back on the point of the Marne salient and took Bouresches and Belleau. They found the woods of Belleau a hard nut to crack. Direct attacks were in vain, as the Germans had the woods too well organized with machine guns too numerous and too well concealed. Consequently the Americans swept past on both sides. On June 10 the American and French artillery swept the woods backward and forward with fire from batteries of all caliber, and on the morning of the 11th the American troops, marines and regulars, cleaned up the woods. There was some interesting fighting with hand grenades and bayonets and machine guns, but within half an hour the Germans were on the run, although many of them found no place to run to except into the arms of charging Americans. Of the 1,200 who made up the German garrison, some 300 were captured. A very small number may have succeeded in reaching the German lines farther east; the majority paid the ultimate penalty.

Having been defeated eight times in eight days, the Germans, on June 13, launched a formidable attack against the Americans in Bouresches and northward to Torcy. The attack was made with troops of the 5th Guard and the 28th German divisions, Germany's best, who had been sent in with definite instructions to defeat the Americans. A few Germans entered Bouresches, but none left it, except as prisoners, and the Germans swarming over the railroad east of the town were slaughtered in masses by the French and American artillery and machine guns. The attack was completely repelled, and a considerable number of prisoners were taken, making the total captures of the American troops in this region, in the week that they had been fighting, in the neighborhood of 1,000 men. They also captured two German field guns, a large number of trench mortars, and many machine guns.

The announcement was made by Secretary Baker, on June 14, that our men were to be withdrawn gradually from the British and French divisions with which they have been brigaded, and would fight together as American units. Secretary Baker also said that 500,000 American troops had landed in France since March 21, that the first shipment of American heavy artillery, 24 eight-inch howitzers, had been made, that 2,000 Liberty motors had been delivered, that 200 airplanes had been sent abroad, and that 400 more were ready for shipment. It was announced on June 15 that America then had over 800,000 troops in France and that the number would be nearly 1,000,000 early in July.

THE American troops at Cantigny and in Lorraine maintained active raiding during the week; the artillery back of Cantigny shelling heavily the country north and east of Montdidier in order to prevent any extension westward of the German offensive. The German offensive southward from Noyon and Lassigny was countered by the French on June 11. Their attacks drove the Germans back along the Allied left wing, retaking the villages of Courcelles and Mery, and driving the Germans from the heights into the swamp. On June 15 Gen. Haig's men on a front of about two miles north of Bethune, took the forward German positions and about 200 prisoners.

Austria, on June 15, began the great offensive for which the Allied world has been waiting more then two months. After an intense artillery fire, along the whole Italian front from the Trentino to the mouth of the Piave, the Austrians launched their storming troops against the Italian positions over a front of more than 100 miles. The attack was blocked at every point. Desperate attempts to advance in the Brenta valley and to take the mountain positions on the Asiago Plateau resulted in slight penetrations which were promptly driven back and the line rectified. Along the Piave the Austrians succeeded in reaching the western bank at two places near Nervesa and near Fagare. On June 17, the Italians were attacking fiercely and the battle raged about these two bridgeheads. The Austrians claimed the capture of 10,000 prisoners and some guns. The Allies held 3,000 prisoners, including eighty-nine officers.

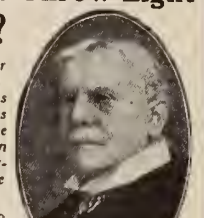
Six hundred German shock troops attacked the American line near Xivray northwest of Toul on June 16. Although penetrating the village, the enemy was thrown back with considerable loss in killed and prisoners. It was also announced on the 16th that American troops were now holding a portion of the line east of Belfort in German Alsace.

The American transport, Neuces, was sunk, in collision off the British coast, on June 15, during a dense fog. No lives were lost.

American airmen, operating for the first time without British or French companions, on June 13 raided the German camps, railways and factories north of Matz, dropping 80 bombs on the station and neighboring buildings at Conflans. Although attacked by anti-aircraft guns and by enemy flyers the squadron returned intact.

The British, although keeping all their sectors of the battle line in suspense by constant raids, made two assaults during the week in which they took ground from the Germans. On June 10 Australian troops took a small ridge near Strazeele south of Morlancourt, on the apex of the Amiens salient, taking in the neighborhood of 300 prisoners, advancing over a four-thousand yard front to a depth of over 700 yards, driving the Germans from the heights into the swamp. On June 15 Gen. Haig's men on a front of about two miles north of Bethune, took the forward German positions and about 200 prisoners.

Does the Bible Throw Light on This War?



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Books Worth While

A Minstrel in France. By Harry Lauder. International Library Company. $2.

HERE is a book on the war, totally different from any other. Nearly every English-speaking person knows of Harry Lauder, by name at least, and many, many tens of thousands in the British Empire and America have listened to him sing in the long years in which he has been before the public professionally. Of those tens of thousands it is safe to say that very few would have dreamed that this singer of songs of the moment could ever write such a book as this "Minstrel in France," at once a vivid picture of the everyday life of the men on the battle-front, and a prose poem on the theme of paternal love.

John Lauder, Harry Lauder's only son, was killed in the concluding phase of the long-drawn-out Battle of the Somme. The sniper's bullet which pierced his heart broke his father's as well, and it is from this broken heart that the father sings. First, of the boy as a little lad, then as a youth; then of him at the university on the Cam, and how he was soon to go to London "to be a barrister in wig and gown." Then the great war broke out, and John, like many another brave Scottish lad, buckled on a sword and went to Flanders to fight for his country and his king. Wounded once, twice, the second time coming home for a while, the boy captain went back to the battle front. Then, as the book tells us, early in the morning of New Year's Day, 1917, a brief, terrible telegram came to the father, which said: "Captain John Lauder killed in action, December 28. Official, War Office." Whereupon the joy in life of that father faded, though not, as we shall see, his hope.

Poetry is poetry because of the emotion and sentiment expressed, and not merely because of the metrical form of expression. All through Harry Lauder's story one can feel love, joy, pride and sorrow, the strongest emotions of the heart, vibrating. Here is one example out of many:

> No one spoke. But the soldier pointed silently and eloquently to one brown mound in a row of brown mounds which looked alike, each like the other. Then he drew away. . . . And so I went alone to my boy's grave and flung myself down upon the warm, friendly earth. My memories of that moment are not very clear; but I think that for a few minutes I was utterly spent—that my collapse was complete!
>
> He was such a good boy. . . .
>
> As I lay there on that brown mound under the June sun that day, all he had been, and all he meant to me and to his mother, came rushing back to my memory, opening anew my wounds of grief. I thought of him as a baby, and as a wee laddie, beginning to run around and talk to us. I thought of him in every phase and bit of his life, and of the friends we had always been, he and I! .Such chums we were, always!
>
> Again there came to me, as I lay there, the same gracious solace that God had given me after his glorious death. And I knew that this dark grave, so sad and lonely and forlorn, was but the temporary bivouac of my boy. I knew that it was no more than a trench of refuge against the storm of battle in which he was resting until that hour when we shall all be reunited beyond the shadowy borderland of death!

If this, in its essential elements, be not poetry, what name shall we give it?

After the freshness of the shock of John's death had passed, Harry Lauder felt what may be described as a "call," in almost the old-fashioned religious sense of that word, to do something for his boy's comrades, the British soldiers in the field. Nor could this desire be satisfied in any vicarious fashion. The call was too personal for that, and demanded that Harry himself should give his "first-fruits." As he says, "I wanted to go up to the battle lines themselves and to sing for the boys who were in the thick of the struggle with the Hun."

After much trouble, the necessary permission was secured, and in automobiles arranged for the purpose, "The Reverend Harry Lauder M. P. Tour" as the soldiers called it, made the rounds of the first-line trenches on the Flanders front. Hence this book, with its series of very realistic pictures of that front, of the men on it and the manner of their life. The concerts were nearly all given under peculiar conditions, which are picturesquely described. At Vimy Ridge, for instance, Lauder sang under fire to an active Canadian battery, in an amphitheatre whose acoustics, he says, were "splendid," which had been dug out the day before by a hugo and obliging German shell. On another occasion, near Arras, in a very advanced trench, about in the middle of the concert the Germans commenced to hurl "whizz bangs" (a sort of giant fire-cracker) into the auditorium, with the result that performer and audience simultaneously and rapidly disappeared into the dugouts in the side of the trench.

There is much kindly humor in the book, which is also enlivened by some very good stories. But its great strength lies in the extremely well-drawn pictures of the British soldier, whom he thoroughly understands.

In the last chapter but one, Mr. Lauder tells in a compelling fashion of the fund he is raising of a million pounds to give maimed Scottish soldiers a fresh start in life. Taken as a whole, "The Minstrel in France" deserves rank as one of the half-dozen best books on the human side of the war, written in English.

Howard Chase, Red Hill, Kansas. By Rev. Charles M. Sheldon. George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

THIS story recently ran as a serial in these columns, and is therefore well known to our readers.

There is one sentence in the book so universal in its application, yet so often totally ignored, that it may be worth while to recall it:

"The absence of evil does not always argue the presence of good."

The present publication gives the opportunity of securing this Christian story in permanent form.

The Dry-Dock of a Thousand Wrecks. By Philip I. Roberts. Introduction by John Henry Jowett, D. D. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.

AN extremely interesting and true narration of some of the good which has been accomplished by the celebrated McAuley Water Street Mission in reclaiming and restoring to a useful life men who had descended to the utmost depths. Told in vigorous and well-chosen English, the story is at once inspiring and encouraging. The author has strengthened the book by permitting the character concerning whom he writes to tell his own story in his own words. A very practical testimony of the value of earnest effort to bring the saving grace of Jesus Christ even to those who have fallen furthest.

Dr. Jowett's introduction brings out in vivid relief the uselessness of mere human influences, unsupported by the spiritual, in cases of this kind.

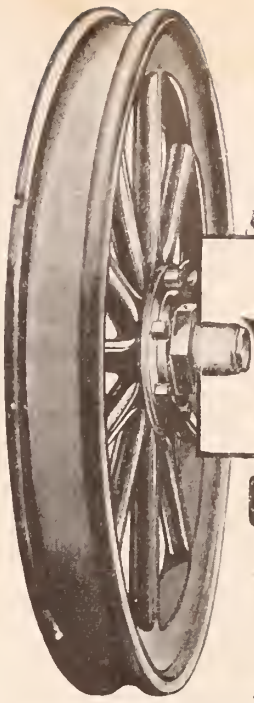
Crimes of Charity. By Konrad Bercovici, with an introduction by John Reed. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1917.

THE author, apparently a man of sensitive feelings, describes, in a vigorous and sometimes forcible manner, his experiences as a special investigator of applications for relief on behalf of an unnamed Charity Organization. The results of this experience have led Mr. Bercovici to frame a strenuous indictment against the system of organized charity itself and also against the effects of that system on the minds and moral characters of the poor.

Undoubtedly organized charity, like every other human institution, has its defects, probably the greatest of which is that habit often makes the human instruments used to distribute relief come to view applicants therefor in the light of "cases," and not of human beings. As a result, the real spirit of charity vanishes.

Nevertheless, in this book it would seem as though Mr. Bercovici had so persistently fastened his gaze on the defects of organized charity that he had allowed its merits to escape him. The book, however, can be recommended to those engaged in charitable work, as a deterrent from certain rather prevalent weaknesses in themselves.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BOOKMAN.



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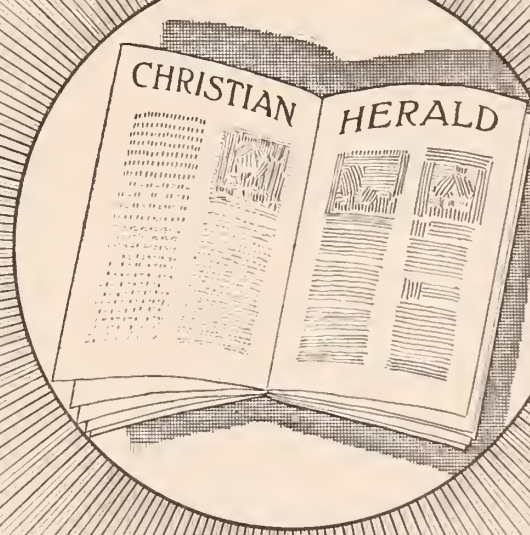

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I SAW a great "Win the War" parade recently. I saw thousands of patriotic people marching up Fifth Avenue — mothers, there were, and Civil War veterans, and boys in khaki who had faced machine gun fire Somewhere in France. I saw stolid Indians—representatives of the world's oldest democracy — and men from the Orient; I saw cowboys, and school girls, and little yellow-haired children. And they were all marching under the same flag—the Stars and Stripes.

Standing in the crowd on the pavement I felt myself growing prouder and prouder. I wanted to shout aloud, "It's my flag, too, my flag." And all about me I could see the same sort of pride reflected on the faces of other folk who felt as I felt.

It is a marvelous thing to see the symbol of a nation go by to the accompaniment of reverently uncovered heads and stirring music. For it brings home a great truth—a truth that our boys Over There are fighting for, and dying for.

I am sure that you feel the pride in your nation's flag that I feel. And if you do—if you honor that flag and the men who are upholding it—you should have it in your home.

THESE are strenuous times. They are the times when the real patriot makes his patriotism known. And the simplest, most effective way to do that is to show the colors of patriotism—the Red, White and Blue.

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WE make it easy for you to secure this splendid large flag. By placing an order for thousands of these flags we were able to purchase them at a considerable reduction. We will give you the benefit of this saving, and have made the terms so liberal that all may take advantage of this offer.

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Young People's Topics for July 7

All for Christ: Our Abilities

Christian Endeavor & B. Y. P. U. Topic, Matt. 25 : 14–30

THERE is a hymn that runs:

"Jesus paid it all;
All to Him I owe."

A great many people dwell on the first line, and appear to forget the second. All that we have of joy and of good, we owe to Christ. Salvation from sin is ours through His blood. Liberty, freedom of conscience, of thought and education, and the opportunity to make the most of ourselves, all are sure through the influence of His spirit upon human affairs. Therefore, we owe to Him a debt which we can never repay. All of us have certain abilities which are part of us, and which are ours through no virtue of our own. These too we owe to Him. We may not think our talents very great. We are not responsible for their value but only for their use. The man in the parable who tried hardest to save his talent lost it and gained only a reproof. Those who risked their talents gained both others and their Master's commendation. Talents and abilities vary. Some excel in prayer: some in testimony, some in music, some in good fellowship, all are necessary to the success of the Young People's movement. Whatever our talents let us be sure that none are withheld; that all are fully employed in the Master's service, that we may hear His "Well done," when we report to Him.

All for Christ: My Time

Epworth League Topic. Heb. 13: 15, Eccl. 12 : 1–7

THIS topic is closely akin to the one above. For the same reason that our talents should all be consecrated to the Saviour, so also should be our time, for time and talents are indivisible. All our talents are His. In the employing of them for Him, we will have consecrated all of our time as well. Therefore, whether we work or play; whether we worship or make holiday, let us do it as unto Him, remembering that through His sacrifice we are saved, and that through our lives, others must come to know of Him. If we deny Him one minute, and within that minute we live carelessly, we may miss the opportunity of a lifetime to influence another soul for the Kingdom. Such opportunities frequently do not return, but when we meet them fully in his strength we fit ourselves for wider service in which we would have fallen had we failed before. Many a man has missed greatness and has been doomed to mediocrity by half an hour, or perhaps half a minute of failure, or by the length of time it takes to become fearful or to make a wrong decision. Many another has been raised from mediocrity to fame by calling on Christ for help and giving forward to the task he feared. The golden bowl of our future may easily be broken by a few minutes' denial of our Lord, and the silver cord of our service parted by a thoughtless failure to remember that we are His; the fountain of our happiness may be stilled by a whim of selfishness that denies a minute needed by our Lord; but our whole life is glorified by the hour and minutes in which his spirit has free course in us.

A Cornfield in Palestine

THE evangelists tell the story of the walk of Jesus and his disciples through the cornfield on the Sabbath day, and how the disciples, being hungry, began to pick the ears of corn and eat them. It may have been just such a field as that shown in the cover illustration. These modern bridle-paths through the grainfields are found all up and down in the grain-growing districts of the Holy Land. Usually, it is a narrow road for men and horses, which has not been subjected to the plow, and the soil of which is beaten hard by frequent travel. It was doubtless with such a road in his mind that our Lord spoke the parable of the sower (Luke 8 : 5), who, sowing his seed, let some fall by the wayside, where it was trodden down and the fowls of the air devoured it. The modest bridle-path which crosses the grainfield is really a considerable factor in the comfort and convenience of the people of Palestine.

The United States Employment Service

WHEN the United States entered the war, labor conditions had already radically changed from those to which we were accustomed before the great war. The army of the unemployed had already been disbanded. Immigration had almost ceased, and every available arm was at work supplying Europe with munitions and food. But when we entered the war, a greatly increased demand was at once made on American labor; the draft took workers away from farms and shops that could ill spare them; industry was demoralized, and there was at once a general scramble for the labor that was still employable. The private employment agencies and labor exchanges only added to the confusion, as each one was looking out for its own particular interest.

It was soon seen that the great need was a central agency that could act as a clearing-house. In January, 1918, the Department of Labor organized the United States Employment Service, which has since extended its activities over the country, having over 340 branch offices, which place in employment from 150,000 to 175,000 persons a month. A corps of traveling examiners is kept busy seeking men fitted for the varied industries which demand helpers. Third and fourth class postmasters and letter carriers are ex-officio agents of the Employment Service—100,000 of them. The United States is divided into thirteen districts, the boundaries of which run in such a way as to include the predominating industries of the territory embraced in each, and each state is further in charge of a state director, who is usually the State Labor Commissioner.

The United States Employment Service has a recruiting division, known as the Public Service Reserve. The director of this division, Mr. William E. Hall, is enrolling boys of sixteen to twenty-one for farm service. There are 20,000 recruiting agents, and the organization reaches through the states, counties and townships, where the workers are brought into touch with the national office at Washington. In January last the Shipping Board asked for 250,000 skilled men, and in response to the call 275,000 men were enrolled, and by the end of May more than 28,000 had been set to work. All the shipyards now depend on the United States Employment Service for their help. Between three and four million workers will be needed during the next twelve months. Common labor is most in demand; next, mechanics. These must be taken from the non-essential industries, and taken in such a way as least to disturb the delicate balance of industry.

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LAUGHTER, HEARTBREAK AND TEARS

"Wonderful are the words of Harry Lauder! The laughter of the great Scotchman is tremulous with heartbreak and tears. But calamity actually soothes the sorrows of the grave. The man of mirth is anointed and ordained to teach. Death has filled him with a mighty inspiration."

***Christian Evangelist* (St. Louis.)**

Harry Lauder's book thrills the reader. From beginning to end it rivets attention. In the narration of his story the famous Scotchman has a great purpose. He writes so that America may know more of the meaning of war, its cost, its agony, its call to every one of us, from voices mute as well as from the terrible roar of guns, to prepare to face the shadows which every day are creeping nearer to our homes and our firesides. He has, moreover, a message of comfort and good cheer for those whose sons have been summoned to the camps or the fighting line.

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"Harry Lauder grips your heart, arouses you, inspires you. As a singer and comedian you love him, and as a war-figure you love him all the more His message is homely phrased, personal—intimately so—pathetic, inspiring."

Ohio State Journal.

Harry Lauder witnessed the awful desolation in No Man's Land—the scene of constant alarms, trench-raiding and fierce hand-to-hand fighting. He saw, on every side, evidences of the wanton destruction wrought by the German invaders of France and Belgium, and the barbarous cruelties they had inflicted. So vivid is his picture that the reader gets an instant impression of the fighting men of the allied armies —French, Belgian, British, Canadian, Anzac.

STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART

"Harry Lauder's sincerity comes from the heart. His thrilling words carry the conviction that the Allied Cause is just, and that victory must come. He has been through the Slough of Despond, he has drunk the bitter dregs of grief, and he has been close to the Valley of the Shadow of Death. But he has come up to the light a victor over despondency and gloom. He has a message of wondrous cheer."

Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review.

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Bible House, New York

OUR MAIL-BAG

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and not controversial. All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

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Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

V. E. B., Russellville, Ark. In Christ's last will and testament, recorded in John 14, he tells his disciples what he will do for their consolation and help. Knowing the faintness of their hearts at losing their Lord and Master, he promises them the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, to be with them as the representative of their Lord. Jesus continues to be our Advocate with the Father (1 John 2 : 1), while the Holy Spirit, abiding with us, represents Jesus gone to the Father. What Christ has been to the disciples, his representative would be thereafter—a Guide, a Comforter, a Strengthener, and a Teacher. He is the Spirit of truth; his very essence is truth and the medium by which truth comes to man. Christ's prediction and promises as to the Holy Spirit were fulfilled in Jerusalem when, by visible signs and by the action on the recipients, the Holy Ghost was poured out upon the Apostles and began to dwell within them, making them Christ-like and true followers of Him who had promised.

G. H. W., Mexico, N. Y. Tradition, that perverter of facts, has said many things to bolster up alleged claims. Much has been said about the probable fate of the rich young man who went away saddened when Christ told him to sell his all and give to the poor. The greater part of this kind of Bible biography is, unfortunately, pure conjecture.

I. W., Dodge, Mass. Your letter has been referred to Dr. Gray.

Reader, Waynesboro, Pa. We know of no such settlements. Write to the Secretary, Society of Friends, Philadelphia Pa.

H. C. H., Fleischmann, N. Y. We must not judge others, especially as we do not know all the circumstances of the case. Sunday pleasuring, auto riding, fishing, golfing, etc., are rightly regarded as forms of Sabbath desecration.

John ——, Schenectady, N. Y. You doubtless refer to the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C. Write to the Librarian, enclosing postage for reply.

Any reader of this journal knowing the address of Fred Elsworth Bartlett will confer a favor by sending it to Mrs. I. F. Sawyer, San Ysidro, Calif.

A. H., Quinhagak, Alaska, writes: "In the Christian Herald of November 14 (page 1196) is a statement which must contain an error. It is concerning the weight of deer. If a deer weighs 250 pounds, it is considered a very large one. The largest in my experience of eighteen years was 258 pounds, dressed. We consider a deer butcherable and full grown when it is four years old, and on good pasture it should be from 175 to 200 pounds. Of course, if they can run to be older, it adds some to their weight. We here do not know that skins have been sold by the pound, but always the whole skin from $2 to $10 according to size and quality."

Rev. Clinton D. Day, Parma, Idaho, writes: "Your excellent answers to correspondents in the Mail-Bag department I always read with pleasure. Rarely do I differ from your answers. In the issue of April 17, you answer the question of D. L., of Keokuk, Iowa. Matthew, Mark and Luke locate the place where Jesus was baptized as being in 'the wilderness of Judea,' (Matt. 3 : 1, Mark 1 : 4, Luke 3 : 4). A ford of the Jordan River near Gilgal, not far from Jericho, is generally believed to be the place where he was baptized, and to that ford pilgrims go annually. Second. John the Baptist fulfilled his ministry at three places: At the Gilgal ford; at Bethabara; at Enon near to Salim. Jesus was the last person baptized at the Gilgal ford by John the Baptist (Luke 3 : 21). Dr. Alfred Edersheim has unhappily confused Bible readers and a certain number of Biblical scholars by naming the Gilgal ford Bethabara. The evidence for a ford some distance north from Gilgal is that Major Conder found the name Abarah in one place only, and it does not recur in the ten thousand names collected during the survey. It was applied by the Arabs to one of the chief fords leading over to Bashan, in the vicinity of Bethshean, where the road from Galilee comes down the tributary valley of Jezreel (Palestine, pp. 73, 74). John the Evangelist, who names one of the Jordan fords Bethabara in his Gospel, was not describing events connected with the baptism of Jesus, but events that occurred more than forty days after the temptation of Jesus. After the baptism, came the temptation, and directly after the temptation the visit of Jesus to his friend and servant and forerunner John. Notice the tenses in John 1 : 32, 'I have beheld'; verse 34, 'and I have seen.' While performing his ministry he is recalling the great event that took place at Gilgal 'in the wilderness of Judea.' The third day after John testified that Jesus was the Lamb of God, Jesus and his disciples were at a wedding at Cana, Galilee. John the Disciple, whom Jesus loved, does not write what the synoptists wrote, but adds to the life of Christ facts not recorded by the other writers. He is the only one who tells of the incidents at Bethabara and Cana, and of the deputation sent from Jerusalem (John 1 : 19). Nor did any other writer tell of the third baptizing place at Ænon, near to Salim (John 3 : 23). The people of Gilgal ford, where John baptized the divine Lamb, are Judeans (Matt. 3 : 5); the people whom Jesus met at the Bethabara ford were Galileans."

S. S., Flaxton, N. D. In regard to securing work that can be done at home, we suggest that you interest yourself in either gardening or poultry raising. The United States government is doing its best to encourage the people of this country to interest themselves in these subjects, especially at the present time. In European countries, much of this work has fallen upon the shoulders of the women. You could obtain instructions and help from your State Agricultural Experiment Station.

Miss E. F. A., Iowa. Chain letters, which includes chain prayers, are prohibited by the United States Post Office Regulations.

Church Pennant Flying from the Battleship New York

THIS flag, white with a blue cross, has been adopted by the General War-Time Commission of the Churches, in agreement with the National Catholic War Council and with the consent of the Government, as a flag for all the churches to be used as a symbol of their patriotic faith and zeal. It may be retained and used after the war as a flag representing the church, a flag of worship and service to be used wherever it is deemed appropriate by the churches. When a religious service is being held on board ship the flag will fly above the Stars and Stripes.

T. M. P., Statesville, N. C. The custom of burying the dead with head toward the west refers only to the clergy. The usual posture of burial is with the feet eastward, facing the dawn, also in consequence of the tradition relative to the position of Christ's body in the tomb. The custom arose in the Church of burying the clergy in a reversed position. The doctrine suggested by such burial was that these men would arise and follow their Master as he came from the east.

H. H. D., Wheaton, Minn. The Pension Office informs us that according to the Act of March 3, 1910, a pension may be restored to a woman who was the lawful wife of a soldier during the period of service in any war, and who had been pensioned as his widow on proof that his death was due to service; and whose name was dropped from the roll on account of her remarriage to another man, who has since died or from whom she has been divorced on her own application and without fault on her part; provided she is without other means of support other than her daily labor. A woman who thinks she is eligible for a pension should communicate with the Commissioner of Pensions, Pension Office, Washington, D. C., stating the facts of the case.

Mrs. N. W. K., Perrin, Tenn. The mind of a child is a wonderful field for study. It has always seemed to us that the childish imagination should be guided and gently trained, rather than repressed. Many seeming absurdities in child-talk are purely the result of a lively imagination. We remember a little lad who acted in play as though he always had beside him an invisible companion, whom he would address as freely as though a real flesh-and-blood playfellow were present. Pierre Loti has written a beautiful book on the mind of a child, in which he treats of the fancies and moods of the juvenile imagination, which is in many cases an endowment or "gift" not to be treated harshly, but guided and cultivated and trained in the right direction. Individual temperament should be studied carefully, and the knowledge of truth and honor are essential parts of such a training.

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W. M. P., Mexico, Texas. The government is considering any war invention offered it by civilians throughout the country. Land warfare inventions should be referred to Colonel George L. Anderson, Board of Ordnance and Fortification, Washington, D. C. Naval warfare inventions should be referred to Thomas Robbins, secretary of the Naval Council Board, 13 Park Row, New York City.

Reader, Franklin, O. America is never ungenerous in responding to the call of suffering. On the contrary, there is no nation on earth that gives so liberally or so quickly. Our national benevolences have been amazing, and more so than ever since the war began. It is true, the resources of the nation are very great, and these have hardly been touched to any appreciable extent; but America will not shrink at sacrifice. We are literally "feeding the world" today, and a very large proportion of American homes are living on war diet, cutting out everything in the form of luxury.

E. D. B., Washington, D. C. Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps are not benevolence but investments, and therefore should not be included in your accounts as benevolences.

G. B. W., Bethany, Neb. We fear there are many who would regard the interpretations to which you refer as of the freak variety, and rather out of place in any serious discussion.

W. C. B. T., Blossburg, Pa., discussing the Christian Herald's reference to Archbishop Lang, the Primate of England, rightly reminds us that the Archbishop of Canterbury is the "Primate of All England." The distinction is a fine one, but ecclesiastically correct.

I. S. M., Madison, Wis. While your letter was on the way to us, your hope and that of your associates in the First Baptist Church of Madison, was in process of being realized. In his proclamation of a day of national prayer, humiliation and fasting, and also of prayer for victory in our war for righteousness, the universal desire of God's people finds the response they looked for. We have had many letters on the subject.

A reader in Ironbridge, Pa., sends this cheering note: "Your paper is the best I've ever read. Every paragraph is full of Christian spirit and helpfulness. I am trying to live a Christian life and this paper is a great help." Such a letter gladdens the heart and makes us both humble and thankful.

F. McD., Davenport, Ia. "Buy the truth and sell it not" is a very old proverb. And by the wise and spiritual of all the ages truth has been held the most precious thing in the world. Jesus was the Truth incarnate and His teaching was its exemplification. Truth is so precious that no man can pay too high a price for it; so rare that one might go through the whole of life without finding it; so noble that once seen its beauty can never be effaced from memory, so pure that spring water and the polished crystal are dull beside it, so strong that it will break in pieces the stoutest opponent, and so bright that none but the pure can bear to look upon it. God is Truth.

Mrs. R. E. V., Hutchinson, Kans. 1. Please make your first question plainer. 2. There is no contradiction in John 6 : 37, 39, 44 and V. 40. In the latter, we pass from the thought of the general body of the church to that of individual members, all of whom are embraced in the Father's will. All who believe on the Son, render obedience to the Father.

W. G. R., Savannah, Ga., writes: "In five states alone there are 1,500,000 acres planted in tobacco. If converted by sowing in wheat, would maintain an army of 300,000 for twelve months. Whatever is a factor to win or lose this war is not too insignificant to be considered. The vital necessity is in proportion to its factors. Thrift is practical patriotism. A filthy and heathenish habit is in no way a factor to conserve food. The farmer is patriotic, the latter not patriotic. Might not we ask the war saving societies to take the advantage of our right to urge that Congress pass a bill according to the facts?"

C. S. S., Malta Ohio. 1. There is ordinarily no special significance to dreams. They may be the result of a number of causes and the instances of revelation being given in dreams are rare. 2. Trust in God's wisdom and will and in your desire to be near to him. 3. Many earnest Christians cannot always memorize favorite passages. This leads them to read anew in the great Book, and by searching they gain new help and inspiration.

Grow "*Younger*" As You Grow Older

Younger in Body, Younger in Spirit Younger in Ambition Younger in Every Characteristic that Gives Greater Earning and Living Power, Greater Thought Power, Greater Pleasure Obtaining Power and Greater Health Promoting Power

THE *number of years a man has lived does not tell how old or young he is. A man is as old or as young as his energy, his vitality, his capacity for work and play, his resisting power against disease and fatigue.* A man is only as old or as young as his memory power, will power, sustained-thought power, personality power, concentration power and brain power. He is only as old or as young as his digestive power, his heart power, his lung power, his kidney power, his liver power. Age is measured by the age of our cells, tissues and organs, and not by the calendar!

Cultivate the Cells

Everybody knows that the body and brain are made up of millions of tiny cells. We can be no younger than those cells are young. We can be no more efficient in any way than those cells are efficient. We can be no more energetic than the combined energy of those cells.

By conscious cultivation of these cells, it is as natural as the law of gravity that we become more efficient, more alive, more energetic, more ambitious, more enthusiastic, more youthful. By consciously developing the cells in our stomachs we must improve our digestion. By consciously developing the cells in the heart we must increase its strength in exact proportion. By consciously developing the brain cells the result can only be multiplied brain power —and so with every organ in the body.

What we are and what we are capable of accomplishing depends entirely and absolutely on the degree of development of our cells. They are the sole controlling factors in us. *We* are only as young and as great and as powerful as *they* are.

There Is No Fraud Like Self-Deception

You may think you are young, strong, brainy, energetic, happy, yet when compared with other men or women, you are old, weak, dull, listless and unhappy. You do not know what you are capable of accomplishing because you have not begun to develop the real vital powers within you. The truth is you are only a dwarf in health and mind when you can easily become a giant through conscious development of every cell, tissue and organ in your body and brain. By accelerating the development of the powers within you, you can actually become younger, as you grow older—yes younger in every way that will contribute to your health, happiness and prosperity

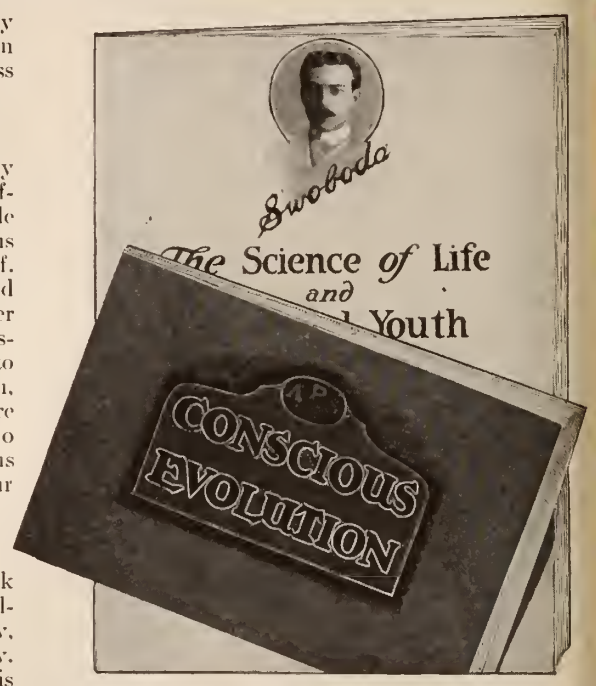
Conscious Evolution—the Secret

Swoboda proves that Conscious Evolution gives energy and vitality to spare, digestive power to spare, self-reliance to spare, and gives many other desirable characteristics to spare. He proves that Conscious Evolution makes people disease-proof, fatigue-proof. He maintains that to possess sufficient vitality and energy and to keep the body in normal health under the most favorable conditions is no more health prosperity than to have only enough money from day to day to meet current expenses. Great reserve health, great reserve energy is what we must acquire if we are to successfully nullify the ravages of *time*, and to easily overcome every adverse condition and thus enjoy the benefit of our resources, the benefit of our health power and the advantage of our energy.

Beware of Health Poverty

As Swoboda says "there are individuals who seek work only when their last cent is gone. Likewise, individuals live from minute to minute and from day to day, seeking health and energy only as they need them badly. Conscious Evolution is for them—for everyone. It is a simple, scientific and practical system by means of which every part of the brain and body is energized, strengthened, awakened, so that we become possessed of a super health and mentality—the Swoboda kind of health and mentality. Conscious Evolution makes for good fortune by developing the resources and the ability and power of personality.

Strange as it may seem, this revolutionary method of consciously awakening and developing weakened and lifeless cells requires no drugs, medicines or apparatus of any kind. It does not require dieting, deep breathing, excessive exercising, cold baths, electricity or massage. It takes only a few minutes a day, yet so startling is the effect of Swoboda's system that you begin to feel younger, renewed, revitalized, re-energized after the very first day.



WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY:

"Conscious Evolution has done all for me that you promised and I am simply radiating good health. I can hardly believe it myself, it has made such a great change in me. I am in better condition than I have been for twenty years and am chock full of energy and ambition. Tasks that were a burden to me in the past are now easy and a pleasure. I have no money to burn or throw to the birds, but if you were to offer me one thousand dollars in good hard cash and put me back where I was before beginning your system, I would say, 'Nothing doing.' I enjoy the work you have mapped out for me and am impatient to get at it."

"I SHALL BE SIXTY-SIX YEARS OLD NEXT AUGUST and if you were to see me right now you would say 'forty,' and, as a fact, I am better, stronger, and have more energy than the average man at forty. I have only you and your system to thank for these things, and I want to thank you from the very bottom of a grateful heart for what you have done for me. I am a man now in every sense of the word, whereas I was only a fraction of a man and rather a small fraction before profiting through Conscious Evolution."

"The strangest part of it all is that my hearing is greatly improved. The muscles of my shoulders, back and abdomen are immense, and I have forgotten that I have a liver, kidneys, heart, or any other organs, except my stomach which makes a loud call three times a day. I have lost all desire for stimulants."

"I AM SEVENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE, and in three weeks your system has apparently made a new man of me. I am so enthusiastic over Conscious Evolution that it is difficult for me to control myself, and not do more than you say. I want to thank you for the interest you are taking in my case. When I wrote you for your instructions I was in a very desperate condition. I have never been sorry for one minute that I have written you. On the contrary, I want to thank you for what you are doing for me. I am getting along fine; I am a wonder to myself. It does not seem possible that there could be such a change in any one in such a short time."

"When I tell some of my friends how quickly I was benefited by Conscious Evolution, they do not believe me. They think I exaggerate."

"One year ago I was an old man at forty; to-day I am a youth at forty-one."

"I must state that the principle of your system is the most scientific, and at the same time the simplest, I have ever heard. You do not misrepresent one single word in your advertising."

"Just think of it, five weeks ago I was ashamed of my physique: today I am almost proud of it. I am delighted with Conscious Evolution."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I am very thankful that the Lord directed me to Conscious Evolution through the 'Christian Herald.'"

These Amazing Books Are For You

Swoboda has published for distribution two remarkable books which explain his system of Conscious Evolution and what it has already done. Write for these books—not because Conscious Evolution has meant so much to 262,000 other men and women, not because there is scarcely a prominent family in the country that hasn't at least one member a pupil of Swoboda, including Charles E. Hughes, Woodrow Wilson, Rockefeller, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Huntingtons, the Cudahys, the Swifts, Dr. J. H. Jowett—but write for these books because they mean so much to YOU in multiplied living power, earning power and resisting power. They are big books filled from cover to cover with the vital facts about yourself and how you can acquire the degree of perfection in body and mind that you so much desire. They explain the dangers of excessive deep breathing, excessive exercise, and excessive muscular development.

"Conscious Evolution" and "The Science of Life" will show you how you can increase the pleasures of life to a maximum—how to intensify them and how to make your life more profitable, pleasurable and joyous.

"Conscious Evolution" and "The Science of Life" are the A, B, C of evolution and persistent youth. These books explain Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been explained before. They explain the Swoboda theory and the laws of mind and body. They startle, educate and enlighten. They explain as never before the reason for the evolution of the mind and body.

Regardless of how young you may feel, of how efficient you may think you are—regardless of how active, energetic and alert you may consider yourself—regardless of how happy, how contented you may pride yourself on being—regardless of how healthy, wealthy or successful you may be, you cannot afford, in justice to yourself, to miss the interesting and instructive secrets explained for the first time in these startling new books.

A mere reading of "Conscious Evolution" and "The Science of Life" will so fill you with enthusiasm and ambition, that you will not rest until you have yourself acquired the Swoboda kind of health and energy by cultivation and revitalizing intensively every cell, tissue and organ in your own system. Tear out the coupon on this page, write your name and address on it or write a letter or a postal card and mail it today. Even if you gain but one suggestion from them, you will have been repaid a thousand fold for having read them. I urge you by all means not to delay, not to say, "I'll do it later," but to send NOW, while the matter is on your mind. Remember, these books are absolutely free for you to keep—there is no charge or obligation now or later. Write NOW. Address

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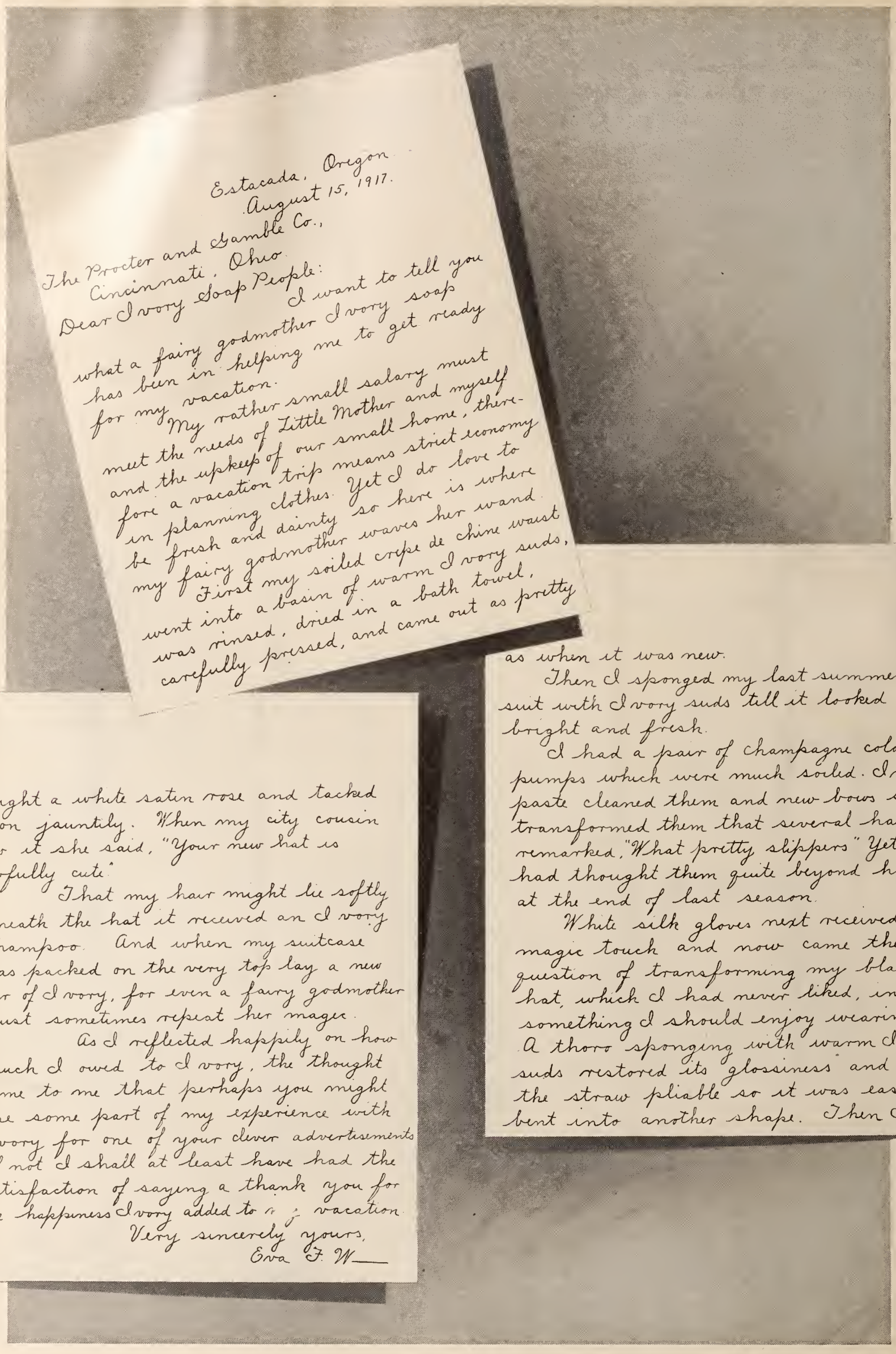
A QUIET CANAL IN ZEEBRUGGE BEFORE THE WAR STORM BROKE



Estacada, Oregon
August 15, 1917.

The Procter and Gamble Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Ivory Soap People:

I want to tell you what a fairy godmother Ivory Soap has been in helping me to get ready for my vacation.

My rather small salary must meet the needs of Little Mother and myself and the upkeep of our small home, therefore a vacation trip means strict economy in planning clothes. Yet I do love to be fresh and dainty so here is where my fairy godmother waves her wand.

First my soiled crepe de chine waist went into a basin of warm Ivory suds, was rinsed, dried in a bath towel, carefully pressed, and came out as pretty as when it was new.

Then I sponged my last summer's suit with Ivory suds till it looked bright and fresh.

I had a pair of champagne colored pumps which were much soiled. Ivory paste cleaned them and new bows so transformed them that several have remarked, "What pretty slippers" Yet I had thought them quite beyond hope at the end of last season.

White silk gloves next received the magic touch and now came the question of transforming my black hat, which I had never liked, into something I should enjoy wearing. A thoro sponging with warm Ivory suds restored its glossiness and made the straw pliable so it was easily bent into another shape. Then I bought a white satin rose and tacked it on jauntily. When my city cousin saw it she said, "Your new hat is awfully cute."

That my hair might lie softly beneath the hat it received an Ivory shampoo. And when my suitcase was packed on the very top lay a new bar of Ivory, for even a fairy godmother must sometimes repeat her magic.

As I reflected happily on how much I owed to Ivory, the thought came to me that perhaps you might use some part of my experience with Ivory for one of your clever advertisements. If not I shall at least have had the satisfaction of saying a thank you for the happiness Ivory added to my vacation.

Very sincerely yours,
Eva F. W——

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

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Whatever complaints may loosely be made about Army food, none come from the boys at mess-time

The Best-Fed Army and Navy in the World

By CHARLES GRANT MILLER

"THE Federal Trade Commission has received no complaint from any source that the government has bought any bad food and served it to soldiers or sailors, at any time during this war."

This clear-cut statement made for the Christian Herald by Chairman W. B. Colver of the Federal Trade Commission, which is investigating certain army supplies, is of tremendous significance.

That the government is serving only the best of food to its defenders everybody has believed, but the fact that even no loose charges to the contrary have ever been made by disgruntled persons is extraordinary indeed.

The Federal Trade Commission's own inquiry had provided the first ground for possible suspicion, that all might not be well in the commissaries, but Chairman Colver's declaration gives full assurance that any suspicion whatever is untenable.

The official inquiry now going on started from complaints that bad beef was found by government inspectors in a private warehouse near an army camp in Texas and that in certain instances navy inspectors had been over-zealous in rejecting beef afterwards found to be good. The investigations going on in New York and elsewhere may afford some salacious grounds for newspaper gossip but none for real doubt as to the high quality of the food of our soldiers and sailors.

THE Christian Herald has made an exhaustive inquiry and finds conditions not only favorable but most admirable. Evidence heaped upon evidence was found showing that the food supply of the army and navy of the United States is high above reproach or even suspicion.

Secretary of War Baker promptly disposed of the popular fallacy that official facts of real interest to the public are hard to get at. "There's not a record in the War Department relating to army food that is not open to the Christian Herald," he said.

"LET none but Americans be on guard" is the good old admonition which is today applied to the army food service. The food for the American Army in France is made in America, transported by America, received abroad in American-built cold storage plants, shipped to the front over American-built railways and passed out under American inspection. The vigilance of the United States Government is never relaxed for a moment at any point.

The total June food requirements for the American army in France, every pound of which was duly transported during the month, were enormous in quantities as follows:

Beef, fresh, frozen, 32,156,250 lbs.; Bacon, issue, 17,780,000 lbs.; Beef, corned, 7,200,000 lbs.; Beef, fresh, roast, 7,380,000 lbs.; Hash, corned beef, 3,369,500 lbs.; Cornmeal, yellow, 2,600,000 lbs.; Flour, issue, 88,225,000 lbs.; Baking-powder, No. 1 cans, 390,000; Beans, Issue, 5,951,981 lbs.; Beans, baked, No. 1 cans, 4,264,000; Beans, baked, No. 3 cans, 6,548,000; Rice, 3,972,000 lbs.; Tomatoes, small cans, 9,750,000; Jam, assorted, No. 2 cans, 2,091,600; Prunes, 744,400 lbs.; Apples, evap., 199,000 lbs.; Peaches, evap., 199,000 lbs.; Sugar, granulated, 16,140,000 lbs.; Milk, evap. pt. cans, 3,234,375; Vinegar, 196,560 gals.; Pickles, cuc., 196,560 gals.; Salt, issue, 852,647 lbs.; Pepper, black, 4 oz. cans, 804,000; Cinnamon, ground, 4 oz. cans, 238,920; Hard Bread, 3,550,000 lbs. (exclusive of reservations, 1,000,000); dehydrated Potatoes, 5,428,977 lbs.; Barley, 370,000 lbs.; Rye, 190,000 lbs.; Hominy, fine, 249,600 lbs.; Lard, issue, 1,560,000 lbs.; Lard, substitute, 1,610,000 lbs.; Butter, issue, 1,219,920 lbs; Oleomargarine, 1,219,920 lbs.; Syrup, issue, 780,000 gals.; Flavoring Ext., ½ L., ½ V., 8 oz. bottle, 137,280; Fish, canned (Salmon), No 1 cans, 4,680,000; Cloves, ground, 4 oz. cans, 20,064; Ginger, ground, 4 oz. cans, 49,620; Nutmeg, whole, 7,600 lbs.

IN the American army in France, as in the navy, wheat bread of the highest quality only is served. The diluted flours are not for the men in the service at the front. The soldier's daily ration is 18 ounces of best wheat flour, made into soft bread, and hard bread is ordered issued only when the interests of the government so require. As substitutes for the wheat bread, if desired, 20 ounces of corn meal and 1.6 ounces of fine hominy are available.

The fresh beef ration for each soldier per day is 20 ounces. Substitutive articles available are 20 ounces of fresh mutton, 12 ounces of bacon, 16 ounces of canned meat, 16 ounces of corned beef hash, fish dried, pickled or canned, and 16 ounces of turkey on Thanksgiving Day and Christmas, when practicable.

Each soldier has a daily allotment of 20 ounces of potatoes, or tomatoes canned or fresh, and other fresh vegetables when they can be obtained in the vicinity or transported in a wholesome condition. The daily portion of sugar is 3.2 ounces, of evaporated, unsweetened milk .5 ounces, of coffee, roasted and ground, 1.12 ounces, of pure butter, .5 ounces. In addition in proper quantities are beans, prunes, syrup, spices and condiments.

These articles in the quantities designated must be served to the mess squads daily, or, if they wish less, the value of what they save at the place and time is turned over to them in money. All food articles served as the regular ration must be supplied through the Quartermaster's Department; but with their extra money mess squads may buy provisions and delicacies to their taste in the markets. It is through this outside buying by mess sergeants that dietary troubles

sometimes arise. This was the cause of the complaint in the Texas camp.

IN the American army in France, however, possibility of such trouble is carefully provided against. The Quartermaster Corps is operating in France a huge general store that is supplying merchandise to the men of the American Expeditionary Forces at low prices, lower than retail prices in effect in this country. There is scarcely a need or desire that cannot be filled from the large stocks which are constantly being replenished. Although the men are issued ample rations, the Quartermaster stores are opened to the enlisted men for the purpose of permitting them to add to their menu or to satisfy individual desires for dainties or delicacies. The highest grade of merchandise only is carried in stock so that the men may be sure of having the best, whether in rations or extra supplies.

Meats, groceries, fish, vegetables, notions, toilet articles, smokers' articles and scores of miscellaneous items are included in the published price lists. These lists are made available to each company, and purchases may be made either for cash or on credit.

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Checking in Quartermaster's stores at a company cook shack

Secretary of the Navy Daniels beamingly welcomed the inquiry made of him regarding the food of the navy. His secretary, Mr. Jenkins, was "brought up on the Christian Herald." And he proved to have been well brought up. There was no untying of proverbial red tape as he opened the way to Admiral McGowan, who directly controls the food of the navy.

The naval bureau of supplies and accounts is headed by Rear-Admiral Samuel McGowan, paymaster-general of the navy. When the Atlantic fleet went around the world in 1909, Sam McGowan had charge of its supplies and made a mark for efficiency. Now he buys everything the navy needs from anchors to airplanes, from complete equipment of a fleet to toothpicks. That is, the clockwork system he has evolved does it. There is no confusion, no conflict of authority, no differences of opinion in the purchasing department of the navy. There are clear specifications as to the quality of every article to be bought, the lowest bid is accepted, and the article delivered must pass rigid inspections and be up to the specifications. No merchant prince or universal provider of the business world takes greater pride than the navy in carrying a complete stock of everything likely to be asked for by the men or in making prompt deliveries under difficulties to any spot on the globe. And few mercantile concerns do as large a business. For the supply activities of the navy run into the tens of millions of dollars in peace times, while under war pressure they are reckoned in hundreds of millions.

BIDDING has been made easy by the navy's weekly notice of articles that it requires. This is mailed to all business concerns interested—now more than 11,000—and all the articles needed from week to week are listed. There is one door in the navy department through which anybody may walk freely, even now in war times, and that leads to the room where all bids for the navy are opened.

Price is not the first point in naval purchases. Assured quality and promptness of delivery are the prime essentials. When it is remembered that every doubtful dealer means unsatisfactory deliveries and consequent loss in fleet efficiency, it is obvious why the application of any candidate for admission to the bidding list must be and is critically scrutinized. The restrictive measures which have been adopted, by which the most scrupulous care is exercised in placing the names of new firms on the navy's bidding list, will, it is firmly believed, prevent recurrence of the troubles of the Civil War and the war of 1898, and the present war will be perfectly clear of any taint of suspicion in the purchase of naval supplies. Certainly it has been so up to now. As a concrete example of how sharply the lines are being drawn between satisfactory and unsatisfactory contractors, it may be stated that 86 firms have been debarred from the bidding list since July, 1914, and not one has been restored.

THE war has not produced conditions making it necessary for the navy to wish to depart in any way from its previous purchasing procedure. The fact that all purchases of naval supplies, with the exception of three items of ordnance, are centralized in one office has made it possible for the navy to secure adequate supplies to meet all its needs at the most advantageous prices and all in strict accordance with legal requirements—and this without criticism from within or without the service. It has been found unnecessary to throw any veil of secrecy around the navy's business, whereas out and out publicity insures in advance a deal square and true to each bidder, present and absent.

A typical day's ration served on the seized German ships—the biggest transport ships we have—is:

Breakfast	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Beef Stew	Pot Roast Beef	Cold Corned Beef
Dumplings	Macaroni	Fried Potatoes
Fresh fruit	Mashed Potatoes	Kidney Beans
Bread, Butter	Rice Pudding	Gingerbread
Coffee	Bread, Butter, Coffee	Bread, Butter, Tea.

The ration varies each day for the two weeks, more or less, of the voyage over.

The navy ration, per man, daily is:

1 pound hard bread (biscuits); 1¼ pounds fresh bread; or 1⅛ pounds flour; 1 pound tinned meat; or 1¼ pounds salt meat; or 1¼ pounds smoked meat; or 1¾ pounds fresh meat; or 1¾ pounds fresh fish; or 8 eggs; or 1¾ pounds poultry; ¾ pound tinned vegetables; or 1¾ pounds fresh vegetables; or 3 gills beans or peas; or ½ pound rice or other cereal; 2 ounces coffee; or 2 ounces cocoa; or ½ ounce tea; 1 ounce evaporated milk; or 1-16 quart fresh milk; 3-16 pound dried fruit; or ⅜ pound tinned fruit; or 9-16 pound fresh fruit (one ration of fruit is allowed with each ration of beans, peas, rice and other starch foods and canned vegetables issued); 2 ounces butter; 4 ounces sugar; 7 pounds lard for every 100 pounds flour used as bread.

There is also this weekly ration:

¼ pound cheese; ¼ pound macaroni; 1-32 pound pepper; ¼ pound pickles; 1-32 pound mustard; ¼ pound salt; ¼ pint sirup; 1-128 pound spices; ¼ pound tomatoes (canned); ½ pint vinegar or oil; yeast, baking powder, and flavoring extracts as required.

In addition to the foregoing, the following issues are allowed to men of the engineer and dynamo force standing watch under steam between the hours of 8 P.M. and 8 A.M.: 4 ounces hard bread or its equivalent. 1 ounce coffee. 4 ounces tinned meat or its equivalent. 2 ounces sugar.

Also, during the continuance of the present war, the following extra allowance will be made to enlisted men of the deck force when standing watches between the hours of 8 P.M. and 8 A.M.: 1 ounce coffee or cocoa; 2 ounces sugar; 4 ounces hard bread or its equivalent; 4 ounces preserved meat or its equivalent.

There may be an overissue of any ration components provided there is an underissue of equal value of other components.

THE following naval order issued in 1914 and reaffirmed in July, 1917, is now more rigidly than ever adhered to:

"Because adequate and satisfactory subsistence is the very foundation not only of real efficiency but of discipline itself, there is no class of purchases for the naval service that needs to be more constantly watched than provisions—our men being no 'poison squad' but human beings and American citizens for whom we stand in the relation of trustee in so far as relates to the question of food. It is therefore directed that every effort to try on the navy any experiments or tests of any food product whatever shall be promptly suppressed. No provisions will under any circumstances be accepted if there be the least question as to purity or nutritive value—it being constantly borne in mind that doubtful food is bad food and will be treated as such."

These orders were promulgated in peace-time to keep the men contented and in the best possible physical condition against the time when the navy might be put to the test. That time is now at hand; and it becomes imperatively necessary that the greatest care be exercised by all concerned to the end that food procured for the navy shall comply in every particular with the very letter of the specifications as determined by rigid and inflexible inspection.

The Surgeon General of the Navy has repeatedly stated and the people of the United States confidently believe that the American Navy is the best fed body of men in the world.

Admiral McGowan keenly realizes that the only way to continue to deserve that confidence is to watch every ounce of food that is delivered and to unconditionally reject anything concerning which there could be the least possible question.

"DO you have any trouble with the big meat packers?"

"No," Admiral McGowan said, "and we couldn't have much trouble with them. They know our requirements, and they know too that our inspectors are right on the job to watch every step of their processes. We inspect all our beef before it is killed, while it is being dressed and packed and shipped, and when it is delivered. Nobody knows better than the packers that no bad beef can get by. Any packer who asks for less inspection gets more. The packers are not the bad sort they are sometimes represented. We have always found them very willing to work with us.

"The rationing of the navy is as carefully planned out as the buying," Admiral McGowan continued. "Our motto at mess is 'the full dinner pail, the clean plate and the empty garbage can.' Our men at mess can help themselves to all they want, but they must eat all they take. They must coordinate the eyes and the stomach. This is our part of food conservation. There is no cut in quality or quantity of the navy's food. We are asking the people at home to use other flours, than wheat, and they are cheerfully responding. Do you know really why this is required? It is not that the peoples of England and France may have wheat bread, but that every one of our fighting men at the front, both in the navy and army, may have all that he wants of the very best food. This is not only because he needs every possible degree of nourishment but also that he may be absolutely free of suspicion that any food experiments are being tried out on him. Don't doubt for a minute that even the humblest man in the United States navy is getting the best wheat bread in the world. And the best of everything else. Even in the pressure of war times, even in extremest emergency, the navy will not experiment at the expense of its sailors nor permit them to suspect experimentation. And for another thing the navy will not now or any time deal with irresponsible business concerns."

Admiral McGowan says things with the same broad comprehensiveness and the same snap with which he does them. "At this minute, I could tell you what every man in the navy, wherever he is, will have for his breakfast, his dinner and his supper today, and I know it is the best food the world can produce."

Admiral McGowan's spacious office, immaculately clean, is furnished only with his desk and his own chair. The walls are covered with protraits of the men who for seventy-five years have occupied this room, engaged in provisioning the navy and in directing the researches and developing the system that has met the present emergency without a jar. The Admiral has evidently observed that men who have important things to say can say them briefly and say them better standing. He stood himself. The few papers to which he referred, as department heads consulted him, were on his desk, not in it. "Not a desk in this department has a document in it," he explained. "Nothing gathers mold here. Food business must be fresh." Everything is in sight. There are no secrets regarding the food of the navy.

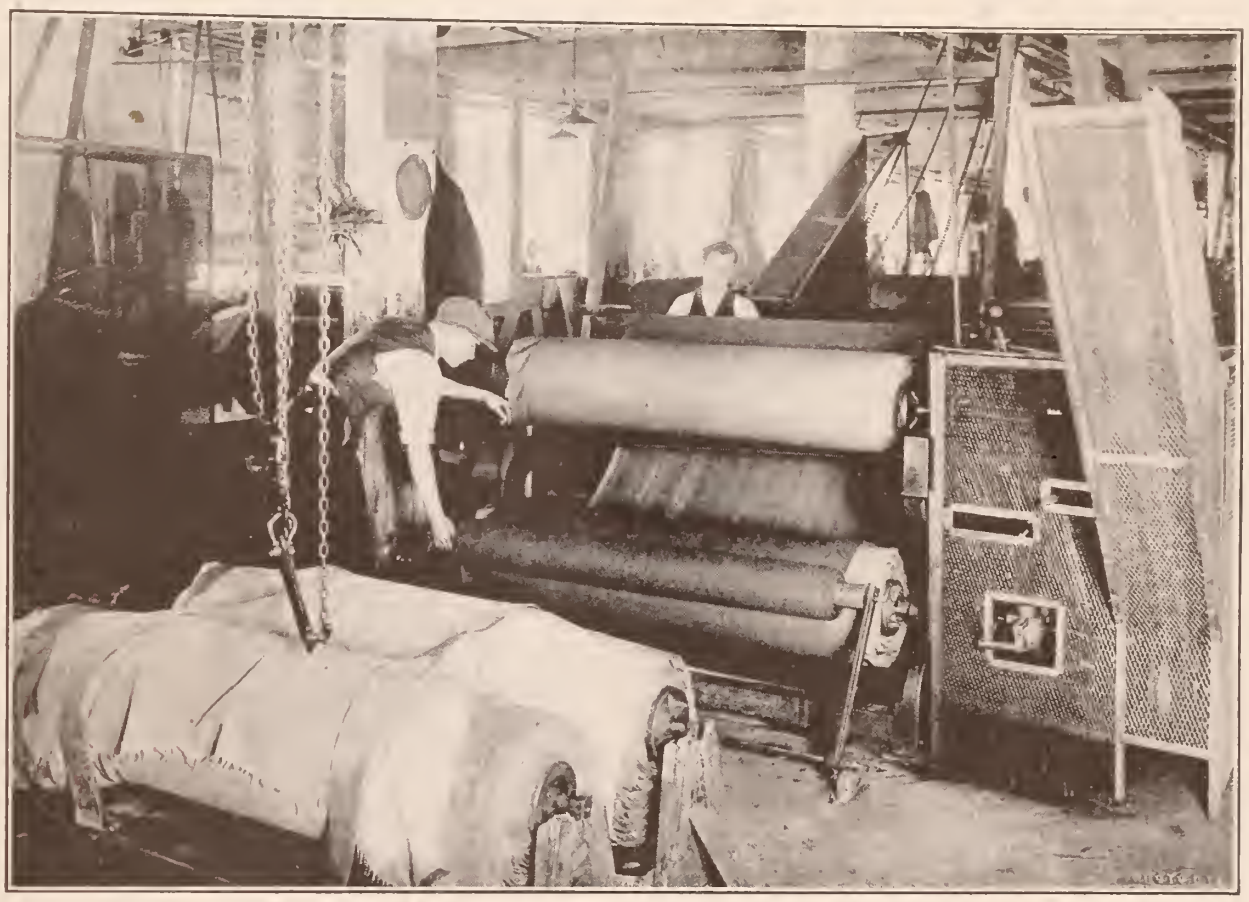
Six Million Army Uniforms and Hats

Fifty Coats Cut Out at a Time. Carpenter's Visit to the Factories—*By FRANK G. CARPENTER*

Copyright, 1918, by Frank G. Carpenter

I HAVE come to Philadelphia to tell you how we are making clothes for the soldiers. I could have done equally well by going to New York, Chicago, Baltimore or Boston; and there are thousands of men and women upon the same job in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Cleveland, Louisville and Rochester. More or less army clothing is being made in the factories of some of the other cities, but the great bulk will be turned out in those I have mentioned. Here at Philadelphia I visited one establishment which manufactures 4,000 overcoats every day, as well as thousands of jackets and breeches. The plant has 2,000 men working on uniforms alone, and it turns out seven overcoats a minute all the working day through.

The most of the work is done by machinery and the machinery is of a highly specialized nature. It is the culmination of long lines of invention by which metal of various kinds has put on the aspects of life, and seems to think its way through the various processes. Imagine knives worked by electricity which will cut out fifty overcoats at a time, needles that will sew riding breeches so that they fit the leg as closely as though made by hand, and machines that will even sew on buttons by the thousands a day, giving each just so many threads, and fastening the ends so that the button will not come off. Think of machines that will put in eyelets and make buttonholes, that will insert sleeve linings and cut the trimmings to suit, and of electric instruments of one kind or other that will perform almost every operation needed to make the uniforms fit for our soldiers in the camp or the field.



Shrinking cloth for Army clothing, while cloth for civilians waits

BUT first let me give you some idea of the size of this big tailoring job. It is hard to realize the enormous demands made upon the government in connection with the forces we are sending to Europe. The amount of money estimated for quartermaster's supplies this year is just about two and one-fourth billion dollars, and the greater part of this will go for uniforms, shoes and similar supplies. It is estimated that Uncle Sam will pay $101 for the clothing of every soldier sent to France, and this in addition to his eating utensils and fighting equipment. Every soldier has to have an overcoat, the average cost of which is about $14. By the first of last January 6,000,000 such coats had already been contracted for and more than 2,000,000 delivered. The remainder is now being turned out at the rate of many thousands per day.

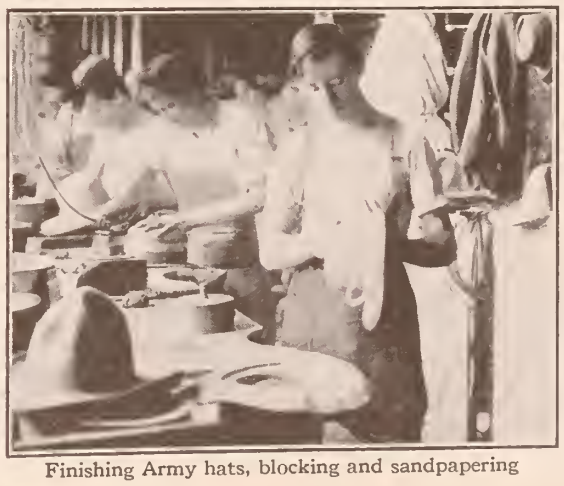
And then the uniforms! Every man has two suits as well as woolen shirts and underclothing for summer and winter. He has two pairs of shoes which cost Uncle Sam over $5 a pair; and he has hats, gloves and other furnishings which altogether make up the cost mentioned above. The task of making these things is enormous, and the workmen required to supply it are many.

The clothes made for the soldiers are manufactured mostly in factories. The business is different from that of ordinary ready-made clothing. The styles are fixed and the manufacturer has nothing to do with the selection of goods nor the prices of raw materials. The cloth is furnished by the government and shipped direct from the mills to the factories. That used for the uniforms comes in great bolts, fifty-four inches wide and from forty to sixty yards long, and the manufacturer is charged with every yard and he has to deliver or account for that much of the clothing.

The cutting is especially interesting. No scissors have ever been made which will cut more than one thickness of overcoat cloth at one time, and the long knives which were formerly moved up and down through a slot in the table had a capacity of only a dozen layers or so. The cutting is now done by electricity. The instrument used is a little dynamo connected with which is a knife eight or ten inches long. An electric light globe fastened to the machine over the knife throws the light on the drawing as the cutter moves the machine along through the goods. The knife goes through the fifty layers as though they were cheese, and the fifty patterns when taken out are exactly alike. The machine sharpens the knife as it goes, and it is so accurate that it does equally well in cutting a crescent which has the short curve of a watch case as in making the long line which measures the back of a coat. With this machine pieces for fifty overcoats can be cut out within a very few minutes.

The orders are so large and the necessity of speedy production so great, that almost everything is done by machinery. It is far different from the making of clothes for civilians. Their ready-made garments are of many different styles and much of the work on the better grade is by hand. The suit for the soldiers is expected to be worn without change, and it is issued in sizes, graded to the different physiques of the Army.

Indeed, the industry of making ready-made clothing was founded upon Army demands. The uniforms of the revolution were cut out and sewed up by hand in the homes of the people, and for long after that time the most of the clothing used by our people was made either by the women in the family or by custom tailors, who, in some cases, went from house to house.



Finishing Army hats, blocking and sandpapering

Much of the cloth was woven at home, and this was so of both wool and cotton.

A little later still ready-made clothing began to be sold, but the garments were cut out by the manufacturers and sent out to the women folk of the towns and country about, who sewed on them at their leisure. Much of the work was done in winter-time. It was only the better grades of clothing that were sewed in the cities.

This condition continued until the Civil War broke out. Then the demand for uniforms was much like that we have now. There was no cloth to speak of and no soldiers' clothing. Some uniforms were brought in from Europe, and big orders were given to the home manufacturers. One man received an order amounting to $1,250,000, and other orders were equally large. It was impossible to have them filled from the homes of the workers, and factories were established and machinery of one kind or another began to be used. The sewing machine, which had been invented some years before, had been used in making clothes for the French army, and it now aided in making clothes for the Federal soldiers. The Army demands stimulated invention, and Singer and others took out patents for improvements toward the end of the war. These improvements have gone steadily on since then, so that now the machine has been adapted to almost everything that can be sewed. Up to 1895 our government had issued more than 7,000 patents for sewing machines and their parts.

When the Civil War was over there were hundreds of thousands of soldiers who went back to the business of every-day life. Their civilian clothing had worn out in the meantime, and when they gave up their uniforms they had to have another supply. This made a big demand for factory-made garments, and the ready-made stuff grew better and better.

IT took thirty-six million rabbits to make the hats now worn by the United States Army. Since the war began Uncle Sam has bought six million hats, and each contains the fur of six or eight rabbits. In other words, every soldier is going about with six bunnies on the top of his head.

The most of the hats for the Army are manufactured in about a dozen factories scattered here and there between the Atlantic Ocean and the Alleghany Mountains. They have practically given up their work for civilians in order to carry out the large Army contracts. They have kept abreast of the demands of the government, and so far we have had no shortage of hats, either here or in France.

The government contracts are on the basis of $1.75 per hat, and that notwithstanding hats of similar quality and make are selling in the retail stores all over the country from $3.50 to $4. As I figure it, the contractors are not making more than from $1 to $1.50 per dozen upon their work for the government. That means they are receiving a profit of from 8 to 12½ cents per hat. I doubt whether many of them make as much as 12 cents.

We are doing all we can to keep the orders down to the minimum; and, with that in view, establishments for the repair of Army hats will be made here at home and in France, where a great hat repair department has been started back of the lines. Expert hatmakers have been sent from this country to take charge of that plant. The old hats will be scoured and fitted out with new cords and ribbons. They will be reblocked, and when finished will look just like new.

Italian official photo © Western Newspaper Union

An eye of the army that stopped the Austrian. Italian sentinel watching the enemy lines across the Piave River

Austrian Attack in Italy Collapses

THE Austrian offensive, of June 15, came to a halt on the following day. Under cover of smoke clouds which masked the river the Austrians succeeded in throwing across bridges at Nervesa and south of the Zenson Bend. Pressing westward from Nervesa they succeeded in taking nearly two-thirds of the Plateau of Montello, which if it had fallen completely into their hands would have enabled them to threaten seriously the entire Italian line along the Piave. Their crossing south of Fagare, along the southern reaches of the Piave, was a most serious threat against the other flank of the Italians, and the two crossings offered a promising beginning of the usual pincer tactics, which have proven effective in so many fields since the war began. But a pincer to be effective must pinch, and the Italian counter-attacks effectively prevented the pinching. For four days the Austrians, though fighting desperately, were able to make only slight progress on Montello, while west of the lower Piave they crossed in some places the Fossalta Canal, although this progress was more of a temporary advance of a swaying line than a real conquest.

During these four days the fighting had been most sanguinary, the Austrian losses in killed and wounded being estimated by Allied military experts in excess of 150,000 men, while the Italians, and their French and British Allies, had taken nearly 10,000 prisoners. In the furious fighting of the 19th the Italians definitely stopped the Austrians, whom they had backed up against the Piave, with their bridges under constant bombardment from the air, and their massed troops crowded into unfavorable ground under a sweeping and murderous fire from the artillery, while their forward positions were under constant attack.

The Piave on the 19th allied itself with the brave defender of Venetia, and rushing into flood as a result of rains in the mountains, carried away twelve of fourteen bridges connecting the Montello positions with the eastern shore. The Austrians made desperate attempts to restore the bridges, but the Italian airmen, who with British, French and Americans aiding, had gained complete mastery of the air, prevented any reconstruction, leaving the troops on the western shore to fight as best they could with the material in their hands. On the 20th the Italians forced the Austrians back on the Montello, retaking a considerable area of the Plateau, and 1,226 prisoners. It was estimated that some 50,000 Austrian troops were penned in this area. On the southern flank of the line from Fossalta to the sea the Austrians were also driven back and prisoners were taken, there even being a report that the Italians had succeeded in driving a wedge to the river, separating the Austrian armies into two groups. French forces, on June 20, stormed Austrian positions on the Asiago Plateau and Italian troops captured Costalunga.

On June 21 the Austrians attacked again with fresh forces on the Montello and below Zenson. On the Montello they succeeded in regaining some of the ground taken by the Italians on the 20th, but later lost most of their gains including Nervesa, being in possession of only about one-third of the plateau and under constant pressure. In the south the desperate attacks of the Austrians were futile against the determination of the Italians, and the Austrian held ground was narrowed, the Italians taking Capo Sile, a little to the north of the mouth of the Piave, which was about choked with flotsam of the battle.

A Week in the World's News

WILL AUSTRIA CRUMBLE? Whether or not the dual-monarchy is in a state of imminent rupture, it is at least known that it is facing serious times. There is considerable evidence that the Austrian drive on the Italians was a desperato measure taken to bolster up the courage of a people growing restive under starvation. That the drive was prompted by hunger was quite evident from Austrian orders captured, in which the soldiers were reminded of the great booty of food and wines taken last fall and were promised the food that lay behind the Italian lines. It has become necessary for Austria to reduce the bread ration to 1½ pounds per person per week in spite of protests from labor unions, from the press and from heads of government departments. Attempts to secure dried vegetables, potatoes and other substitutes for bread were futile. Appeals to Germany and Hungary brought slight relief, both countries being unable out of their own stores to spare sufficient to relieve Austrian anxiety. The Rumanian stores had been overestimated and the stores in the Ukraine had also been exaggerated and were in the hands of an unfriendly people who buried and burned their grain rather than sell it to their former enemies.

On June 19 rioting broke out in Vienna. The mobs broke into bakeries and stoned the residences of the Premier and the King, and it was necessary to rush cavalry to the capital to restore order. More than 100,000 workmen in arsenals and airplane factories went on strike and disorder was spreading. Dr. Von Seidler, Austrian Premier, left Vienna, on June 21, to submit to Emperor Charles the resignation of his cabinet, forced from power by the food situation and by an attempt, because of Parliament opposition, to govern without the Parliament.

AMERICANS STRIKE AGAIN. American troops at Cantigny, on June 20, stormed and captured German trench and machine gun nests east of Cantigny; a few prisoners were taken. The prisoners said that they had been ordered to hold the position at all costs.

NEITHER HOME RULE NOR CONSCRIPTION. Earl Curzon, speaking in Parliament on June 20, said that the discovery of the Sinn Fein plot and the action of the Irish Roman Catholic Clergy in advising people under penalty of eternal damnation to resist conscription, had so altered the situation that it would be folly for the government to proceed with Home Rule, and that as to conscription it would be necessary for the government to recognize the facts and adjust the policy to them.

PENNED IN ZEEBRUGGE. British airmen reported, on June 19, that twenty-one German destroyers, a large number of submarines, and many auxiliary craft were penned in the Bruges Canal Docks, as a result of the blocking of the channel by the British raid. They reported also that the Germans were working day and night to clear the passage, but that each night British bombing planes demolished the work.

A BIGGER NAVY. The House, on June 18, accepted the Senate amendment to the Annual Naval Appropriations Bill, increasing the permanent strength of the Navy from 87,000 to 131,485, and increasing the number of officers from 3,700 to 5,500. An officer of an American passenger steamer, which made port, on June 18, reporetd having passed an American submarine flotilla at sea, from which he received the informtion that an American submarine had a few days previously torpedoed a German submarine, off the coast. The Navy Department has not confirmed the report.

AMERICANS TO ITALY. Washington having given its consent, it was announced, on June 19, that American troops would be sent to Italy, the number to be determined by Gen. Foch, while the units to be sent would be designated by Gen. Pershing. American aviators were the first unit of American troops to proceed to the Italian front, signalizing their arrival by destroying an Austrian bridge. .

RHEIMS A SOLID ROCK. Three divisions, some 40,000 German shock troops, on the night of June 18, at 9 o'clock, following a three-hour bombardment of smoke and explosive shells, attempted to take from the French the city of Rheims, which since the Aisne offensive has constituted a semi-circular salient, projecting into the German positions. The attack was most intense upon the right and left wings of the semi-circular front, although the whole fourteen miles was under pressure. On the western side, between Vrigny and Ormes, German storming troops were mowed down, and were unable to reach the French lines, although the attempts were repeated many times. On the eastern flank, in the neighborhood of Fort Pompelle, the Germans penetrated slightly into the woods about the Fort, but were thrown back by French counter-attacks. When the attacks ceased not a foot of ground had been gained. Prisoners declared that the three divisions had been ordered to take the Cathedral City at all costs.

BACK IN THE SERVICE. From January, 1915, to the end of May, 1918, the British had raised and repaired 407 ships sunk by mines and submarines.

GAS FOR GAS. The Germans, defeated by the Americans at Belleau, and driven almost completely from the woods south of the town, retaliated by sending over about 5,000 gas shells in forty-eight hours. On Saturday and Sunday, June 15 and 16, the American artillery repaid them by sending over 7,000 shells to the Germans 5,000. The American troops withstood this intense bombardment of gas like veterans, although they are drafted men, who had only recently completed their final training, and were for the first time bearing the whole responsibility of defense of the front line. On June 20 American troops attacked a small salient still held by the Germans on the north side of Belleau Wood. The Germans retired before the American artillery barrage and our men advanced their lines five-eighths of a mile without fighting. The American positions were further improved, on June 21, by a series of brilliant attacks made without artillery preparation.

On the night of June 18 two American patrols crossed the Marne, penetrated German positions, engaged German troops, inflicted casualties and returned with prisoners. An attempt of the Germans to cross to the American side was discovered and defeated by artillery fire. Americans northwest of Toul on June 18, made their first attack on the Germans with gas projectors.

It was officially announced on June 21

New Faith Beside the Sea

SUBMARINES! May be, but they don't frighten Ocean Grove. The old camp-meeting ground is still blessed with the power that saves sinners and sanctifies saints. Next week the Christian Herald Family will hear the call of the surf and the Spirit.

Is the Kaiser the Antichrist? Dr. Gray says, "No!" He will marshal the evidence next week.

Does your pastor keep the church alive? Are you helping him? Read "The Silent Elder" next week.

China is still flocking to hear George Sherwood Eddy. We will have a short report of his work next week.

Maynard Owen Williams is home again. His next letter will give some first-hand impressions of the Czecho-Slavs, who surrendered to the enemy to fight their emperor and are still at it.

The Italian battle ground, where Austria met defeat

Black line, farthest advance of the Italian army before Austro-German attack of October 23, 1917. Broken line, approximate battle line on June 15. Arrows mark location of severest fighting

that American troops were holding thirty-nine miles of the battle line in France.

The Movable Boundary. The German troops operating in southern Russia, having penetrated somewhat beyond the borders originally assigned to the Ukraine, the German commander was reported, on June 18, to have proposed a new boundary line to the Russian commander. The Germans were still advancing eastward toward the Urals. On June 5th about 300,000 German and Austrian troops were occupying Russian territory; most of them were south of a line beginning on the Gulf of Finland at Narva in Esthonia, 90 miles west of Petrograd, and running through Pskov, Orsha, Kursk, Valuiki, Novo-Tcherkask and Rostov on the Don. There were some 50,000 to 100,000 German troops in Finland. The Czechoslavs in Siberia were reported, on June 6, to have stopped all traffic on the Volga River. The Germans were reported to be greatly worried by the anti-Bolshevist activities of the Cossacks, and the threat of Allied intervention in Russia.

The Far Eastern Russian Committee for the Salvation of the Mother Country, on June 19, sent an appeal through Japan for immediate intervention in Siberia by Entento forces. Speaking in the U. S. Senate, on June 19, Senator Fall of New Mexico, Senator Lewis of Illinois and Senator Kenyon of Iowa, plead for action in support of the Siberians and Czechoslavs in Russia. Dispatches of June 19 by way of Moscow told of a great revolt in Kiev, 40,000 peasants armed and organized, demanding the withdrawal of the German commander, Von Eichhorn and Ambassador Schwartzenstein. German attempts to force by military authority the sowing of grain were reported to have failed completely.

Trench Fever. A new American achievement in medical research was officially announced, on June 17, by Secretary Baker, who transmitted a telegram from Gen. Pershing, reporting the success of an experiment in which 66 American soldiers, for the sake of science and the Army, submitted to inoculation with the germs of trench fever. American medical men had suspected the trench louse, familiarly known as the "cootie." The case against the "cootie" was proven, and steps are being taken to neutralize or eliminate him. American troops coming from the trenches are now given hot baths, while their clothes are sterilized.

The Sundry Civil Bill. The House, on June 17, passed the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, carrying appropriations totaling $2,915,000,000. $1,761,000,701 was appropriated for the Shipping Board, $50,000,000 was placed at the disposal of the President to use as he sees fit, $1,250,000 was appropriated for the Committee on Public Information, $7,500,000 for the Food Administration, $3,500,000 for the Fuel Administration, and a like sum for the War Trade Board. $2,800,000 was appropriated for the Department of Labor and $1,450,000 for the War Industries Board.

Turks Invade Persia. Turkish troops, on June 14, were reported to have occupied both shores of Lake Urumiah and the city of Tabriz, the second largest in Persia, the action being taken to protect the wing of their army operating in the Russian Caucasus which had advanced from Batum to a point a few miles east of Alexandropol.

A message from American Minister Caldwell at Teheran, received in Washington on June 19, reported the destruction by the Turks of the American Consulate in Tabriz and of the Colton Memorial Hospital, conducted in Tabriz by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. The Consul and staff and the hospital staff had left Tabriz, and were not thought to have been injured, but the destruction of American property, if substantiated by later reports, was looked upon in Washington as a possible prelude to active war between Turkey and the United States. Diplomatic relations between the two countries were suspended April 20, 1917.

Raiding Profiteers. On June 17 Government Agents raided the offices of contractors in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and a number of other cities in which large contracts are being filled for the Government, the object being to uncover evidence of profiteering, especially on the part of men fraudulently collecting commissions for influencing Government purchases. A number of indictments were returned on the 17th. On the 18th a First Lieutenant representing the Quartermaster's Department, in New York, was arrested and confessed to accepting bribes from contractors. It was expected that the operations of a large number of men, some of whom were said to be secretaries to Congressmen, would be uncovered by the correspondence seized in the various offices, and the Government was reported to be determined to rout out fraud and profiteering.

On June 19 four men were arrested in Washington charged with conspiracy to defraud the Government by securing the second payment of bills. The conspirators were caught before any Government money had been secured, but the discovery of their plan of operation resulted in a much more careful auditing of bills by all departments of the Government. The correspondence secured in the raids showed that one firm of manufacturers' agents in Washington had received $100,000 in commissions on Government contracts, while another firm when raided was about to close 15 contracts.

Western Union Rejects President's Plea. President Carlton of the Western Union Telegraph Company, on June 18, in a letter to President Wilson, declined to abide by the decision of the National War Labor Board, as requested by the President. Mr. Carlton declared that the Union, while agreeing not to strike during the war, would use the intervening time to prepare for a strike as soon as peace came.

South American Forces to Train Here. Congress was asked, on June 18, for an appropriation to provide training facilities in this country for forces other than American troops. It was understood that the request referred to Cuban and Brazilian troops, who will be trained in this country before serving in France, Brazil especially being able to furnish several army corps.

Fragments of News. It was announced, on June 18, that strenuous efforts were being made to launch 70 ships on July 4th, but that the number would not be less than 55. . . . The Panama Canal Zone has been made bone dry by a military order. . . . The reclassification of men under the recent order of Gen. Crowder was reported, on June 19, to have added 250,000 men to Class I. . . . The Shipping Board, on June 19, in a hearing before the Senate Agricultural Committee, opposed the bone dry amendment to the Emergency Food Bill, asserting that war time prohibition of beer and light wines would result in intense dissatisfaction and probably reduce ship output by 25%. . . . M. Malanoff was requested by King Ferdinand of Bulgaria on June 19 to form a Cabinet to succeed Radoslavoff's Cabinet, which resigned early in June. Malanoff has been known as a foe of King Ferdinand's War policy, and his call to power was looked upon as an evidence of the centrifugal forces tending to rend apart the alliance with Germany. . . . It was officially announced in London on June 20 that, since January 1, the Allies had destroyed 835 German airplanes. . . . The Y. W. C. A. will combine a campaign for $15,000,000 with the campaign for $100,000,000 to be made by the Y. M. C. A.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

Conflicting Ideals

IN these heart-searching days, the souls of the nations are being laid bare to the gaze of the world. Such revelations usually come to us when least expected. At times they are merely fleeting introvisionary glimpses, but there are rare occasions when we are privileged to look more deeply and to distinguish with a certain definiteness the ideals that dominate the nations, molding all of their hopes and expectations from the great war.

Three of the ablest minds in America today—Presidents Hadley of Yale, Lowell of Harvard, and Hibben of Princeton—in their baccalaureate addresses have pointed out that America's Christian ideal is the real hope—the bright arch of promise—that overhangs the world situation. Only now has the soul of the nation been awakened into life. Pushing all selfish interests aside, we willingly face hardships and sacrifices in upholding this ideal, which involves all that relates to the honor, justice, truthfulness, sympathy and helpfulness of the American nation, and the responsibility of doing our share toward making the world better. Faith in the future, an abiding conviction in our duty as a nation to do our full part toward restoring and maintaining moral order and re-establishing law in the world; that love of liberty which is our inheritance, now kindled into a consuming passion—these are the high objectives that have taken possession of us, urging us on in the struggle and nerving us with perfect confidence in the outcome. The cause is sacred, and we shall count nothing lost to secure its attainment, for—

"When wealth is lost, nothing is lost;
When character is lost, all is lost."

We have by way of contrast the ideal of the German militarists, as set forth by their best authority—the Kaiser himself. Responding to Chancellor von Hertling's felicitations on the thirtieth anniversary of his reign, the Emperor telegraphed his thanks and recalled "with special gratitude" the circumstance that when he celebrated his twenty-fifth year jubilee as ruler, he could point out that "I had been able to do my work as a prince of peace." Overlooking the fact, proved by the undisputed record of history, that under his "peaceful" rule he had ceaselessly prepared for war, he proceeds: "For nearly four years, forced to it by our enemies, we have been engaged in the hardest struggle history records. God the Lord has laid a heavy burden upon my shoulders, but I carry it in the consciousness of our good right, with confidence in our ships, our sword, and our strength, and in the realization that I have the good fortune to stand at the head of the most capable people on earth. . . . I know that Prussian militarism, so much abused by our enemies, which my forefathers and I . . . have nurtured, has given Germany's sword and German national strength to triumph, and the victory will bring a peace which will guarantee the German life."

All for Germany, for its ultimate triumph and its happy future! Beyond these, the vision of this "prince of peace" cannot penetrate.

But the Kaiser has been even more explicit in his depiction of the German ideal, which he set forth in a characteristic address at his anniversary celebration at main headquarters. He spoke of the war as one in which "either German principles of right, freedom, honor and morality must be upheld, or Anglo-Saxon principles, with their idolatry of mammon, must be victorious." The Anglo-Saxons, he declared, aim at making the people of the world "work as slaves of that ruling race." This colossal misconstruction of a situation, the real facts of which the whole world already knows, is like many others that proceed from the same source—a mere utterance for home consumption in Germany. It is in line with the policy, long followed, of misrepresenting the Allies and their aims—a policy so transparent that intelligent Germans perfectly well understand its purpose. In interpreting the war as a death-struggle between the Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon races, Kaiser Wilhelm may well be suspected of "playing to the galleries," not only in Germany but in Austria. To give to the conflict this aspect now cannot be regarded as other than an effort to kindle the fires of racial hatred at a time when both the Teutonic countries are sick of the slaughter, and asking: "Haven't they reached Paris yet?"

The Blessedness of Giving

OUR country has for many years grown rich in material prosperity. Those envious of our financial success have styled us "money-getters" and "money-lovers." Without riches there could be no giving. Consecrated wealth, therefore, like talents of mind, body and soul, contribute to the happiness and development of mankind.

Receiving and giving are like an endless circle, coming in and going out, blessing everywhere in its flow. It is like the nerves of sensation, receiving wonders from the outer world, and nerves of motion, reciprocating by sending forth thoughts, feelings, physical powers and affections. If the outer flow is intercepted by covetousness, the soul becomes a Dead Sea where no living thing survives.

God never hoards. He gives worlds of beauty, lives of joy, hearts of love, angels of mercy, mansions of splendor, while immortality is the golden circle on which these pearls are strung. Our Father's child of nature is a great giver. Behold the grandeur of her mountains, the majesty of her oceans, the sublimity of her storms, the beauty of her sunsets, flowers and forests! She gives her strength to the seed for the harvest, her sun and air for the growth of the blade. She gives her fruits and the gems of her bosom to whomsoever will. Man is the only being who seeks to break the infinite law. He becomes a monstrosity by hoarding for self, by hating instead of loving, and by getting rather than giving.

Every soul is poor till it gives itself away. Abraham never fully possessed his son Isaac till he had given him up to God. Is it not so with millions today who are giving their hearts' blood to redeem human liberty from horrible oppression? Will not their souls and their sons be far more precious and noble after the victory, and if we have to go to the heavenly mansions to find them, will not that meeting be indescribably blessed? Has not our own manhood grown taller, purer and richer by our surrender? Is not God's Providence bringing the angels out of the marble of our hearts?

The earth once gave her darkness up when God said, "Let there be light." Our giving is only opening our windows wider toward the heavenly radiance. Giving transforms the giver and the receiver; withholding makes man a blot on God's book of life.

Across the Years

TO us, on this Fourth of July, there comes a sound of tramping feet as our soldier boys, splendid in the glow of their valor and youth, march off to do their part in the great war. Across a span of years that counts more than a century, our listening ears on this day may bring to us an echo of the same steady tread. We know that we are hearing the phantom footfalls of the Minute Men who, leaving their little farms, seized their arms and sprang to the defense of their liberty—the brave men who gave their blood at Concord and Lexington in behalf of union and truth and justice, and who died that a nation might be born.

Today our boys are marching away heroically as their forebears marched. They have heard the wordless call of the Minute Men and they have answered it. But we who stay at home, have we heard the call that comes ringing across the years—the call of the Minute Men, which tells us that war is still hardship and sacrifice, and that we must give, and give gladly of those things that we hold most dear! Have we heard the call that comes to warn us that the nation they founded is in danger—that we must rise, as valiantly as they rose, to defend it?

We who admire and love their sturdy memories should be prepared to leave our own everyday tasks at the call to maintain and defend the heritage they left us! Every one must in this day be a Minute Man, ready at any time for any task.

Through the mist of more than a hundred years we see them—the brave figures who fought and fell and rose again to fight on. And across the chasm that separates that far-off yesterday from the present, their powder-stained fingers point the way for us to follow. They blaze a trail. Along that trail some of us march away to war, while others remain to work at more prosaic but very necessary tasks. We are following that trail—we must follow it; for there is work for all to do!

The Colonel's Practical Sermon

THERE are occasional happy gleams of returning common sense in the utterances of Colonel Roosevelt lately. He has been pounding and hammering at so lively a rate, that it is quite a refreshing change to have him make such a deliverance as he did on a recent Sunday to an audience of five thousand, under the campus elms of Trinity College, Hartford, at the commencement services. Taking for his text the advice of Israel's king to Benhadad, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off," he inveighed against "grandiloquent statements" about what we are going to do in the war. "Words," he held, "should be translated into deeds before they were spoken." He instanced the boast that America would have 20,000 airplanes with our army in France this spring, which he asserted had stimulated Germany to build planes in abundance, while our product has not yet materialized. As the lesson to be drawn from this experience, Colonel Roosevelt urged:

"Let's quit boasting; let's not humiliate the men in the trenches. We have every right to lift our own heads higher because of the valor of the men under Pershing. If we had not gone into this war, no self-respecting American would have been able to look a foreigner in the face. Our duty has only begun. Let us get away from empty and complacent self-congratulations."

The Colonel, who does nothing by halves when he is about it, also paid his respects in unmeasured terms to the profiteers, the pacifists, the I. W. W., the Bolshevists, and the sentimentalists. He favored deporting disloyal non-aliens as well as alien anarchists. His peroration was a peach. "I wish," he said, "a peace given by us on our own terms to a Germany beaten to her knees. I would not negotiate peace with Germany, but with Belgium, Serbia, Rumania, France and England. . . . Since March we have been putting over hundreds of thousands of men with resulting vacancies in the camps. We should have figured on 5,000,000—10,000,000, if necessary. Make it a minimum limit and make it now. Make it not less than 5,000,000, and start doing the work. Make the Gettysburg speech after the battle of Gettysburg, and not before."

The Colonel is the one American privileged to talk right out in meeting. There are a good many points in his suggestions that merit consideration in the proper quarter, not the least of them being his advice that the censor might occasionally be kept profitably busy in eliminating fool utterances of voice or pen, and relegating them to the limbo of things that are better left unsaid.

What Is the Retiring Age?

UNDER normal conditions, at what age does a man, trained to special pursuits and who has already demonstrated high ability and efficiency in the public service, reach the retiring age? This question, which affects many who stand foremost in public life today, is discussed by the Southern Medical Journal of Birmingham, Alabama, in its current issue. A case in point is that of Surgeon-General Gorgas, who will reach his sixty-fourth year a few months hence, which is the officially designated "retiring age" in the army. The work he has already accomplished is little short of marvelous. His successful battle with malaria and other tropical diseases, the life-saving that has unquestionably been accomplished under his skilful direction, "the health and happiness he has brought to millions" by his achievements in sanitation, his great health campaign among the miners of South Africa, and more recently the magnificent work he has done in training a great and efficient army of doctors, nurses, and hospital attendants to care for our sick and wounded soldiers at home and abroad, all point to him as one whose usefulness cannot be gauged by the calendar. Such men are ripest in the sixties and seventies.

In many walks of life, we may see notable instances of the full-round type of man, who should not be subjected to the arbitrary rule of a definite retiring age. We see them in finance, in law, in statesmanship, in the ministry, in authorship, in art and music, in invention and in various mercantile pursuits. They are living familiar illustrations of the fact that, with mind and body sound and faculties unimpaired, the last years can be the best—the years ripest in judgment and experience, and with the fullest endowment of wisdom and discretion. To summarily terminate the public usefulness of such men when they are best fitted for counsel and direction would deprive the nation of its ablest guides, and terminate careers which are still capable of winning triumphs under conditions that can yield only to the highest efficiency.

The "retiring age" is no doubt a convenient thing to make way for the young and ambitious, but in special cases it might very well be set aside, so that the nation should not be the loser by the retirement.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Physicians for "Dry" Nation

THE annual convention of the American Medical Association at its opening session at the Auditorium in Chicago recently enthusiastically cheered the remarks of Dr. Arthur Bevan, as he pleaded for nation-wide prohibition. Among other things he said: "Each member of the medical profession should take an active part in the propaganda against drink and secure national prohibition; not years from now, but now, when it is so badly needed and will accomplish so much good, not only for our boys in khaki and in blue, but for the nation in arms. And when it has once been done away with, it could no more be resurrected, after the war, than could slavery. There can be no doubt of the injurious effects of alcoholic drinks on both the physical and mental well-being of our population. There can be no doubt that the greatest single factor we can control in the interest of the public health of the nation would be the elimination of alcoholic drink. I want to plead for the united action of the organized medical profession of the country, to secure protection by law against the injury that drink is doing our people, not as a political measure, but as the most important public health measure that could be secured. In this crisis, when we and our Allies are fighting not only for ourselves, but also for humanity and civilization, we must organize the entire nation in the most efficient way possible, and this cannot be done without eliminating drink." Tho medical profession used very generally to recommend the moderate use of intoxicants as beneficial to health. The change of opinion, as expressed by the Medical Association Convention in Chicago, compelled by science, has done much to hasten nation-wide prohibition. The war prohibition Dr. Bevan demands is likely to be accomplished in three months, which would take the life out of the liquor traffic and make the ratification of the constitutional prohibitory resolution possible within a year from now. The physical and moral evils of strong drink are thus described: "*Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.*" (*Prov. 23: 29, 30.*)

Making Bread in Jerusalem

THE British soldiers are making and baking bread in the city of Jerusalem out of the same materials and in the same manner as the people of Palestine did when the Holy City was founded, or when our Lord walked its streets. The grain out of which the best quality was made was wheat; barley was only used by the poor or in time of famine, and rye was not raised to any extent in the East. The earliest method of preparing the grain was to soften it with water, subject it to pressure, then grind it between two stones or in a mortar, and bake in thin cakes in the sun, or in a primitive oven. Then a kneading-trough or a wooden bowl was used and the bread worked usually by the hands of the women. Leaven being discovered, it was used to raise the dough, and make it lighter. The cakes were cooked in primitive times on heated stones, and turned while baking. Then the average domestic oven was used as in the time of Christ. It was a stone or metal jar about three feet high which was heated inwardly or outwardly with wood, dried grass stalks or vegetables, etc. Some of the ovens were holes dug in the ground, with sides plastered with clay and the floor made of gravel. In imitation of these ovens in the earth are the ones now being used by the British soldiers in Jerusalem. They are a row of semi-circular stone ovens covered with earth. These ovens are heated, then the fire is drawn, and the bread baked in them. The bread was, however, raised and prepared for baking by the heat of the sun. From an early time there were public ovens, and professional bakers furnished the community with bread. This baking business became so extensive in Jerusalem that there was one whole street called "Bakers' Street." There is this reference to it: "*Then Zedekiah the king commanded that they should commit Jeremiah into the court of the prison, and that they should give him daily a piece of bread out of the bakers' street, until all the bread in the city were spent. Thus Jeremiah remained in the court of the prison.*" (*Jer. 37 : 21.*)

Recommend Porpoise for Food

THE food authorities of Texas have been taking great pains to demonstrate the valuo of the porpoise for table purposes in America. They have shown that each animal furnishes about 200 pounds of boneless meat which looks like venison but tastes like veal; that it yields much oil, and furnishes an excellent quality of leather. The name porpoise is from the Latin porcus, "hog," and piscis, "fish," a fish hog. So it is, for it has from forty to fifty teeth in each jaw, which enable it to catch vast quantities of herring, mackerel, salmon, etc. It follows the schools of fish up and into the bays and estuaries, and even up rivers, as far as the salt continues. In olden times the porpoise was very highly prized as an article of food, much used by royalty. In the time of Queen Elizabeth the nobility of England counted it a luxury. As the porpoise sports in so many places off the coasts of the Atlantic and Pacific, from Maine around to Alaska, it seems one of the most important and practical food suggestions yet made to meet the war exigencies of the nation. As the dolphin was sacred to Apollo and was invested with kindly and miraculous attributes, such as drawing the car of Amphitrite, and carrying Arion on its willing back, so now the porpoise, which belongs to the dolphin family, may be put to the benevolent and patriotic service of drawing the chariot of Mars, in increasing the man power of the nation and winning the war. Any Jews in this country who retain their obedience to the old Mosaic law would not be allowed to eat porpoise meat, according to the following restriction: "*And all that have not fins and scales in the seas, and in the rivers, of all that move in the waters, and of any living thing which is in the waters, they shall be an abomination unto you.*" (*Lev. 11 : 10.*)

Purcell Robbed of $125,000

AFTER being captured by Chinese bandits, robbed of a fortune, and hauled through the interior of China in a cage in which he was exhibited to the natives like a wild animal, E. J. Purcell, an American railway engineer, made his escape recently and started from Peking to New York. He was accompanied by his wife and three children, who were in the Chinese capital during his imprisonment. The engineer said that he and G. A. Kyle, also an American engineer, left the village of Yen Chang in the province of Honan, China, on March 2 on a surveying trip. They took with them a number of Chinese assistants, twenty soldiers, and carried seven large boxes of American currency, amounting to $125,000. On the fourth day out they were overpowered by bandits, who took all their money, put Purcell in a cage, and transported him 200 miles into the mountains, subjecting him to all manner of humiliation and hardship. He managed to bribe the guard and make his escape to Pekin. Another band of bandits carried Kyle away captive, but he was rescued by Chinese soldiers. Such treatment of an American citizen seems to furnish cause for a demand on China for an explanation. For thousands of years the people of China have been proverbially honest. Their law is so strict against theft that it cuts off a man's head for that crime. But all nations in all times have had their lawless bands, their highway robbers. Christ thus refers to them in one of his parables: "*A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.*" (*Luke 10 : 30.*)

Woman's College in Japan

AN advance in the higher education for women in Japan has been made in the recent dedication of the Woman's Christian College in Japan. Through the co-operation of six mission boards, one Canadian and five American, this institution has been established in the suburbs of Tokyo. In the opening ceremonies was a large gathering of Japanese, showing the interest they are taking in the new movement. The American ambassador, Roland S. Morris, was among the speakers. The University has eighty-four students enrolled in the first class. The war has interfered with the raising of funds, but the friends of the college say that within three years it will have a campus of fifteen or twenty acres, and new buildings as a necessary equipment for the large work laid out for it. The world does move. Japan, so rapidly appropriating the civilization of the West, is opening the doorway of progress for women. Christ is bringing light, liberty and love to the heathen women of the world. The Woman's College, which is Christ's College in Japan, aims at the female culture thus mentioned: "*That our doughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.*" (*Ps. 144 : 12.*)

Six Months for Loafing

A MAN from Providence, Rhode Island, was arrested at Baldwinsville, a suburb of Syracuse, New York, the other day and convicted of the crime of loafing, according to a law passed at the recent session of the legislature. Justice B. C. Meays, after lecturing him on his lack of patriotism by idling when industries and farmers all over the country were crying for help, sentenced him to six months' hard labor in the county penitentiary, the limit of the law. The man had been in the village for three weeks, during which time he did not do a stroke of work. He fished in the daytime and slept in the woods, it is said, at night. At this time, when the life of the nation is at stake, the state does wisely to count the idleness of the able-bodied a crime, and to impose the penalty. There is a law which is at the basis of individual health and thrift, and of national prosperity and happiness. It is this: "*In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.*" (*Gen. 3 : 19.*)

THE PERILS OF POWER

A SERMON

By

REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.

TEXT—Isa. 10: 13. "By the strength of my hand I have done it."

THESE words express the attitude and disposition of a proud and victorious nation. The Assyrian was stretching out his power, and subduing the nations like an overflowing sea. Opposition melted away before him like sand-castles before the advancing tide. Country after country was annexed; nation after nation was subdued. "He gathered the riches of the people as one gathers eggs from the nest, and there was none that moved the wing, or opened the mouth, or peeped."

On every side of his triumphant march, peoples yielded tribute and bowed before his might. He was possessed by the lust of empire. He became intoxicated with power. His heart was inflated. His head was turned. His sense of power filled him with a sense of independence, and he apportioned to himself a glory which belonged alone to God. His power had been given him by God to accomplish God's will. But the consciousness of power had unbalanced him, and instead of regarding himself as secondary—as only a medium—he now regarded himself as a primary cause. "By the strength of my hand I have done it."

NOW, I think this declension has been illustrated in the history of nations a thousand times. Empire begets arrogance. Success is apt to breed atheism. Prosperity makes us godless. It has been very generally the case that a nation's prayerfulness has waned in proportion as its prosperity has increased. It was even so with the Puritans. While they were oppressed and persecuted they prayed, and consciously experienced the near presence and helpfulness of Almighty God. But when they gained ascendancy, when they tasted power, power intoxicated them, and they little by little lost their strong sense of dependence upon the strength and grace of God.

It is the commonplace of history that as a nation grows in consciousness of power, its conscious relationship to God is relaxed. The most critical time for any nation is when its sense of power destroys its sense of need. But how prone we are to forget that. Even as a church, how obscurely we recognize that fact that the severest testing-time for a nation is not in its depression, but in its prosperity; not in the consciousness of need, but in the consciousness of independence.

I turn to our hymn-book, where I find our prayers in song, and how few prayers are there for a nation that is strong, prosperous, and reveling in the luxury of power! I find prayers for peace, for victory, for the removal of pestilence, for rain, for fair weather—prayers for times of want and distress, but few or none for times of joy and plenty! One would think, even from our hymn-book, that we only need to sing for our nation when she is in dire straits, that when she emerges from the straits into a large and liberal state, prayer can then be laid aside as an implement that has accomplished its work. Why, it is just then that we ought to pray and sing the more! The deadly fungus is often the child of the richest soil. It is when a nation's commerce is healthy, when the harvest is plentiful, when Nature's comforts are freely distributed, when she grows from strength to strength, buoyant in the light and warmth of prosperity—it is then that there begins "the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

BUT this practical atheism is as characteristic of individual as it is of national life. Whatever creates in me a sense of power, tends to make me atheistic. I say that is the tendency. The tendency is often resisted, and successfully resisted; but the inclination created by a sense of power is invariably toward an independence which shuts out the thought of God. How is it? It is thus: When I become conscious of the possession of any power I begin to think of myself as a cause rather than as an effect. I find that I can originate enterprises, I can create enthusiasm, I can stir human hearts, I can win public applause, I can move my fellow men. Recognizing myself as a power I begin to think of myself as a creator, a cause, and, ignoring all the other causes, I lapse into an atheism which leaves out God. I am a King's ambassador, but I come to regard myself as the king.

NOW, St. Paul, in the Epistle to the Corinthians, mentions three things which create in men a sense of power, power which may intoxicate them, and which may alienate them from their God. He says that eloquence can do it, and learning can do it, and wealth can do it. All these three are endowments or possessions which are accompanied by power. How do they tend to make the practical atheists? Perhaps I had better define what I mean by a practical atheist. By a practical atheist I mean a man who thinks of himself primarily, and secondarily of his God, or who thinks only of himself and not at all of his God. Self, self first! God last!

Now, do these endowments I have named tend to inflate the self, the ego in man? How is it with eloquence? Eloquence gives a man a mighty power. But the eloquence which humbles the hearer can make the speaker proud. While the Assyrian subdued the nations, his own heart increased in pride. And while a speaker conquers an assembly for God, his own soul may be rebellious against the God he professes to serve. While his power is being manifest his heart may treacherously be saying, "By the strength of my hand I have done it!"

AND how is it with learning? It has become a proverbial phrase that "knowledge is power." It seems as though knowledge should fill men with a profound humility, with a solemn reverence and awe. He who knows most should be best aware how little is known, and out of that consciousness should be born a simplicity sweet as the simplicity of a little child. Let it be gratefully recognized that in thousands of instances knowledge has wrought this beautiful spirit. "The bird that soars on highest wing" has "built on the ground her lowly nest." Again and again has it happened that knowledge has made men kneel in hushed and solemn prayer. Wise men have brought their treasures and bowed low in worship before the Child of Bethlehem. And yet Paul says, "Knowledge puffeth up." It inflates men. It fills men with pride. It magnifies self until they cannot see God. That is the perilous tendency of knowledge if not wisely regarded as the gift of God.

Paul was a learned man, yea, among the foremost; and yet he was humble as a little child. How was it? He ever regarded his knowledge as a trust. He regarded himself as a trader, trading on graciously entrusted capital. "I am a debtor to the unwise," he said, as though he had said, "My God has endowed me with the treasure of knowledge. I am his representative, girded with his power. Whenever my fellows are unwise, I am to regard myself as in their debt, and with my God's treasure I am to supply their lack." That is the course which keeps us humble; to regard knowledge as entrusted to us to make the unwise wise, to recognize that we have nothing which we have not received, and that wherein we differ from another is only in this, that God is just making us a channel for the distribution of his wealth. If that thought be obscured, the knowledge will operate upon us like victory upon the Assyrian of old; it will puff us up in thoughtless pride, and in the exercise of our power will cause us to say, "By the strength of my hand I have done it!"

THUS is it with the endowment of eloquence. So it is with the endowment of knowledge. Is it otherwise with the endowment of wealth? Money is power. It gives you a key to society. It makes you a local magnate. It opens the door of Parliament. He who has money has a consciousness of power. But does it not tend to make men atheistic? "How hard for them that have riches to enter into the Kingdom of God." But a little later, the Master amplified his word and said, "How hard for them that trust in riches to enter into the Kingdom of God!" That is not a threat. It is a bare statement of a stern moral difficulty—how a man that has riches can keep God in this thoughts; how a man who is conscious of the power which property gives, can think of himself, not as a cause and creator, but as a creature and agent of God.

How rare it is that growth in wealth and growth in grace proceed side by side! It has been witnessed a thousand times. But the general tendency is for wealth to puff out a man's self, and to puff out self is to drive out God. If the sense of power were only wedded to the sense of dependence; if all wide opportunity were regarded as a great obligation; if every endowment which carries influence were regarded as a great obligation; if every endowment which carries influence were accepted as a sacred trust, then our richest men would be the humblest, and the sweetest simplicity would be found hand in hand with the greatest power. But where this is forgotten or ignored, when men think of wealth only as a power, and not as a trust, wealth creates division between man and God, for it inspires a man with the proud but empty boast, "I am a god, and I sit in the seat of God." "By the strength of my hand I have done it!"

Does it not behoove every one of us, whatever our gift may be, whether it be one talent or ten—and to every one a talent has been given—to solemnly consider our absolute dependence upon Almighty God? "Without him we can do nothing." He who had most strength had most to give account of. The ten talents and the one have come from the same source. Let us hold them as a solemn trust, and use them for the Master's glory, that when he cometh to reckon with us he may find that we have been loyal and faithful, and have not perverted to our own honor what belonged to him and him alone.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Divine Side of Things

SUNDAY, July 7. Isa. 6 : 1. "*In the year that King Uzziah died I saw the Lord, high and lifted up.*" Isaiah had never had that kind of vision before. Most certainly he had had spiritual experiences, but never one in which the Lord was so exalted in overwhelming glory. And the strange thing is that the vivid vision blazed upon him through the pall of the blackest night. His ambitions had been dashed in disappointment; his life was lying in confusion. Uzziah had fallen, he who was "the pillar of a people's hopes," and it seemed as if the chariot of progress was irreparably overthrown. And it was in that dark hour, when the glory of Uzziah had vanished in death, and when Isaiah's own prospective glory had faded away, that the glory of the Lord arose like the rising of the sun after a black, tempestuous night. Isaiah had been too entirely engrossed with the human side of things. Now his eyes were turned to the divine side of things, and he began to live and serve in the consciousness of the glory of the Lord. "I saw the Lord, high and lifted up!"

And that is how we may test our trend and our progress in all these terrible days through which we are passing. Are our little gloryings fading away in the presence of something brighter? Are the mere stage-lights and the lime-lights going out? Is ambition changing into aspiration? Is sight becoming insight? Are we seeing behind the veil? Are we catching the vision of the divine side of things, the glory of the Lord? Is quest of personal glory changing into prayer, and worship, and consecrated service? Are we finding our God in the night? Do we see Jesus walking across the troubled seas? "In the year that King Uzziah died I saw the Lord!" J. H. J.

"Speaking the Truth in Love"

MONDAY, July 8. Eph. 4 : 15. "*But, speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ.*" There is the story of a contentious man who said to his pastor, "I can not preach or pray or sing, but I can raise objections." Such men are not rare. There is one, at least, in almost every church, club, lodge, society of whatever kind. The critic is ever with us. And, candidly, we need him. We can not do our best work without him. He is like the brake in the mechanism of a motor car. He holds us back when we would go too fast. If at times he delays our progress, he is necessary to our safety. His conservatism counteracts the possible evils of radicalism. Much might be said for the economy of criticism.

But the method of criticism is also important. The brake should work smoothly. The critic need not destroy the organism he proposes to reform. Often the effect of his criticism is wholly destructive. Sometimes his methods remind us of the man who set fire to a barn to rid it of rats. A sensitive spirit who had been harshly treated by a critic retorted, "I know there is a cinder in my eye, but you can't remove it with a crowbar."

The apostolic injunction, "speaking the truth in love," gives the critic a safe rule of action. No truth, however severe, is unwelcome, if it be spoken in love. It takes the spirit of Christ to take the sinner by the hand the while we take sin by the throat. C. C. A.

Evil Associations

TUESDAY, July 9. Ps. 1 : 1. "*Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.*" We have here some of the negative marks of the righteous man: his dissociations. By nature all men are ungodly; all sin, and all are practically scorners of God. If dissociation from these people implied local separation, the righteous would have to quit the world, as Paul has stated in I Cor. 5 : 10. The dissociations here indicated are, therefore, primarily spiritual and moral acts, and only by consequence and on given occasions do they become also physical acts. The righteous person meets with evil people in many of the common affairs of life, but he does not meet with them as a partner in their evil practices. He does not enter their assemblies to share their counsels and cooperate with them in their aims. He must often cross the paths of sin in the pursuit of his legitimate calling, but he does not turn from his own path of duty to walk in the paths of sinners. Where scorners meet he has no seat reserved for himself. In all affairs which concern his faith and conduct, the believer who has accepted the Word of God as his sole guide and norm cannot make common cause with men who deny what he affirms, or affirm what he denies, who love what he eschews, or hate what he delights in. "Be ye separate" is a standing rule of the Scriptures, enjoining a division of the righteous from the unrighteous. The believer in God's truth, the Christian who seeks to lead a blameless life in all godliness and honesty, must reprove, warn and argue with the unrighteous, and must endeavor to win him from the error of his way, and thus must manifest a true brotherly concern for the unrighteous. God thinks so highly of such separations that he has pronounced his blessing upon the believer who in the consistency of his belief effects such separations. The blessing of the God of truth, uprightness and holiness is surely a more valuable asset in our lives than the praise of men and fellowships who are not with God. W. H. T. D.

Believing in Christ

WEDNESDAY, July 10. John 3 : 15. "*That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.*" When a person accepts Christ by faith, the Divine Spirit pervades his heart. A new atmosphere envelops his soul. He may not be able to analyze the change, but he knows that the whole scenery of his life has been glorified and the furniture of his being renewed and his ambitions elevated.

The crucial turning-point is to believe Christ's person as a Saviour and Christ's words of promise. We are not to be guided by present emotions or pulse consultation. We are to trust the Physician, without minding the explanation of the remedy or the diagnosis of the disease.

Those who are unable to argue, philosophize or reason, even the illiterate heathen, can believe, receive and rejoice in Him. It is not necessary to possess the power of introspection or spiritual analysis with which to examine inward experiences, but to trust wholly in Christ, who knows what is in man and will supply every need according to his riches. We calculate time by the sun and measure eternal years by faith in the Sun of righteousness. As the mind regulates the body, so faith guides the soul; as loss of mind ruins the body, so loss of faith imperils the manhood. The will, the emotions and the intellect become warlike without faith in the Prince of Peace. Faith is the dove of hope, bringing the olive leaf of peace to the troubled mind. Devoid of faith, imagination pictures a thousand ills that never come, while perfect trust, like a child, rests unafraid, untroubled in the arms divine. Faith gazes lovingly into the unveiled face of Him who is building mansions, and whispers, "Abba, Father, my Saviour! Mine forevermore!" Faith in nature's laws, in earthly things, is but a lower type of faith in the living God, for this is faith that works by love and purifies the heart. E. W. C.

"The God of Abraham"

THURSDAY, July 11. Ex. 3 : 6. "*I am the God of Abraham.*" In these words in which God proclaims himself to Moses he also describes himself. We have a great light on the character of the Infinite Being in the simple phrase in which God identifies himself with one of his human children. If a man is known by his friends, as truly God is known by the people whom he calls his own. It is a great honor conferred upon us who bear the name of Christ. Is it not a greater one that God is willing to bear our names—to be known as the God of you and me!

What kind of a man was Abraham? Are we not anxious to know? Should we not carefully consider this point in order to judge intelligently the character of God? Abraham was a daring spirit, an adventurous soul, a man who hazarded "life, fortune and sacred honor" at the behest of an invisible Master. "He went out, not knowing whither he went." He sailed "under sealed orders." He had within him the making of a hero. He knew hostile conditions awaited him in the new land, but he was ever a fighter. If we have correctly analyzed Abraham's character, we have an index to the character of God. The God of Abraham is a God who sets a high value on heroism, on moral initiative, on the adventurous spirit who stakes his all on spiritual values. Donald Hankey says, "Religion is betting one's life that there is a God." To become a Christian is to make a great venture—a venture into the realm of truth, into the realm of friendship, into the realm of heroism. "The God of Abram praise!" C. C. A.

GOLD

I STORED my gold away for future trust;
But when I came, there lay a little dust.

I followed pleasure's glad alluring face:
She left me in a sad deserted place.

I craved a quick success of clamorous praise,
To find a loneliness in famished days.

But one small thing I wrought of kindly deed—
One act of love—hath brought gold for my need.

—ARTHUR L. SALMON

Hope in Midst of Despair

FRIDAY, July 12. Ps. 4 : 6. "*There be many that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift up the light of thy countenance upon us.*" This text affords a glimpse of the desperate straits of David and his band of followers during the days when he was persecuted. While sitting in their camp in some cave or wild mountain ravine they would muse on their sorry condition, and a conversation would be started, the tenor of which would be gloom and despair. Their captain, David, was listening to their despairing remarks, when presently the anguished question would be raised: "Have we really any prospect of coming safely out of this predicament? Surely, we are all doomed men." And then the sigh burst from his oppressed heart which was to summon to his aid the unseen Friend and Protector.

From a common-sense view of his affairs and a reasonable survey of his chances for success, David would have derived as little encouragement and hope as his despondent companions. It is likely that he recognized the dangers surrounding him more clearly and took a more comprehensive and adequate view of them than his companions. A true leader usually does. His sigh and prayer to the Lord is a virtual confirmation of the worst fears of his companions: he knows of no help from men. As he mentally sweeps his eyes over the people from whom he possibly might expect help in his trouble, it seems to him that he is looking only into angry and discouraged faces. All either scowl or look glum, bitter, diffident. Then he thinks of the blessing which Aaron had been directed to lay upon the people of Israel, and the assurance which that blessing conveys is seized by him with eager longing: "O Lord, while every face around me is dark with despair, beam upon me with thy countenance lighted up with love and encouragement." The smile of Jehovah is worth more to him than the frown of the whole world. Thus hope which deals with unseen things as with present realities subdues despair because of the terrible things that are seen. Such hope in the midst of despair is the blessed heritage of faith in a God that has been reconciled to sinners and does not suffer his saints to be tried beyond their endurance. W. H. T. D.

Fear Is Lack of Faith

SATURDAY, July 13. Mark 4 : 40. "*And he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?*" The disciples should have known that He who keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper. When he seems asleep, like Jesus in the boat, he is with us just the same, never leaving us alone. We need not say, like the sisters at Bethany, "If thou hadst been here, our brother had not died." He is always here, nearer in mighty storms and rolling billows, if faith could only take the place of fear. Our Lord himself was ever calm in the midst of his greatest trials. How we dishonor him when we fail to trust him. How he loves to have us, like a confiding child, nestle in his arms, where trouble does not trouble and where peace prevails!

Elihu Burritt tells a story of a man driving cattle through a long, dark wooden tunnel. Some knots in the planks had dropped out, through which the sun made bars of light. The cattle shied at these rays; then leaped over them and made a terrible hurdle race of it, coming out at the other end covered with foam and blood. How much wiser are we, often crossing bridges that never appear! Do we not shy at heaven's light, fearing we could not endure its splendors? Should we not trust while passing through dark providences and be glad for the little light flashing through, instead of being like animals and children, full of fear? The fearful and the unbelieving will finally be cast away from the divine presence, for fear is a kind of unbelief which brings on the very evil which we fear. E. W. C.

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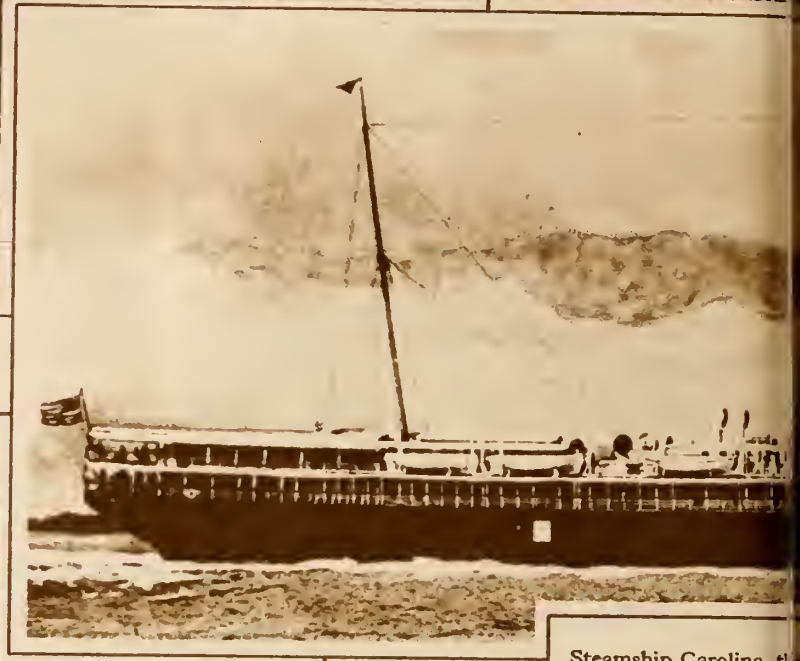
Refugees from the Aisne district, fleeing from the Huns, crowded into Paris by the thousands. This group is awaiting transportation southward, Paris being overcrowded



Steamship Carolina, t
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© Press Illustrating Service
Brig. Gen. Harbord, in command of the United States Marines, who set the Germans back at Belleau and Torcy near Chateau Thierry

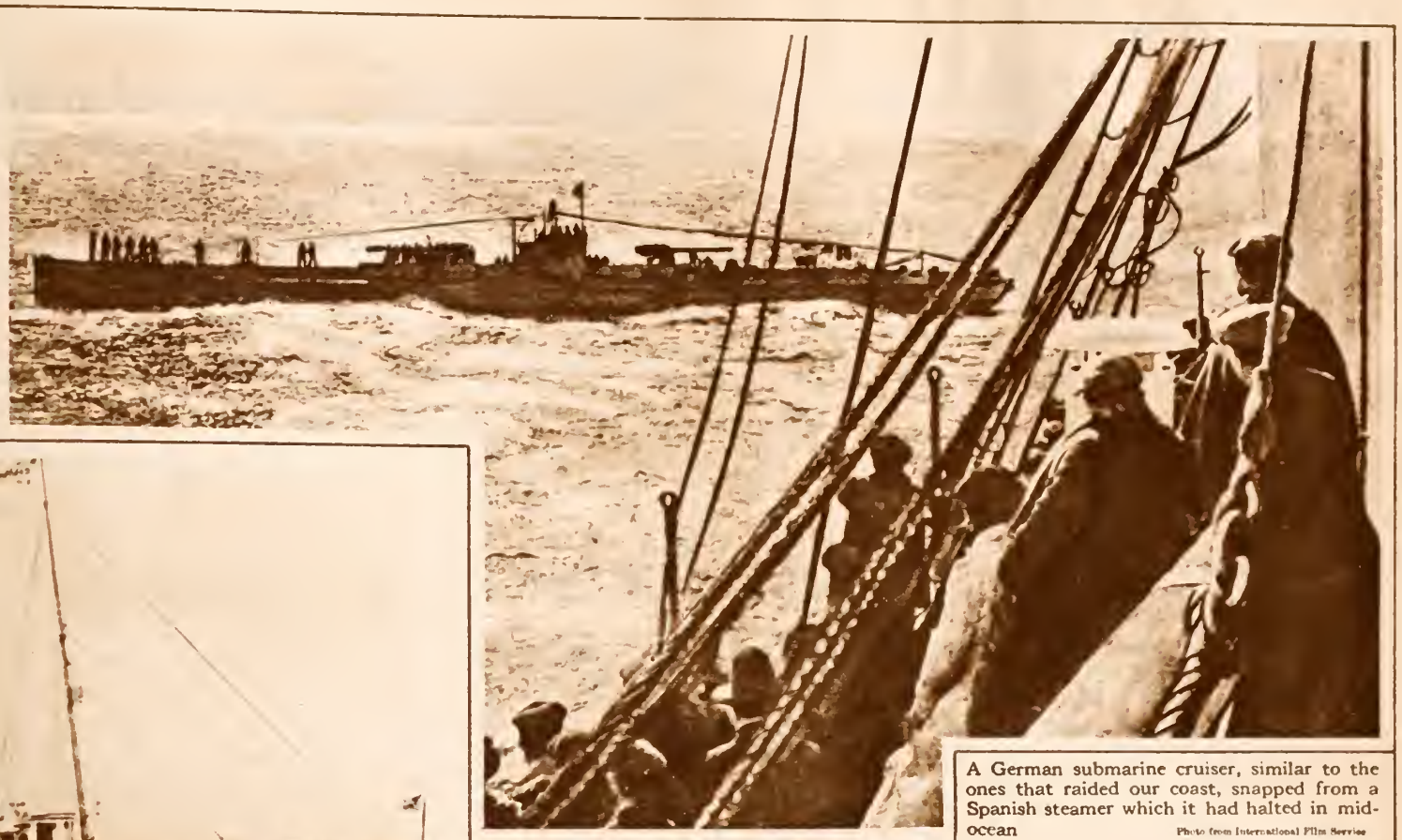
This hump of water marks the explosion of a depth bomb, the deadly enemy of the submarine
Photo from Underwood & Underwood

© Committee on Public Information
General Pershing giving final instructions to a group of officers about to leave for the front. Pershing is reported to have planned the sudden stroke that took Cantigny

British Official Photo © Underwood & Underwood
A British destroyer entering port with survivors from a torpedoed ship

British Official Photo

itish anti-aircraft gun- making it interesting for an enemy plane



A German submarine cruiser, similar to the ones that raided our coast, snapped from a Spanish steamer which it had halted in mid-ocean

Photo from International Film Service

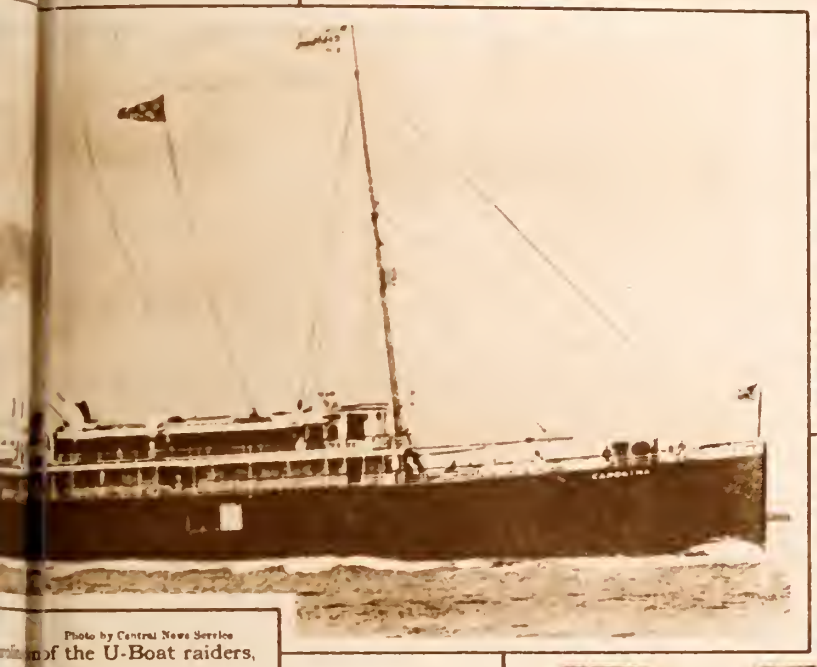


Photo by Central News Service

of the U-Boat raiders, ast

OF WAR AND SEA

© Committee on Public Information

The force Germany fears—American infantry marching to the front in France

© Underwood & Underwood

Part of the crew of the American schooner Cole, sunk off the New Jersey coast by a raiding submarine

The Gift of the Receiver

By JEAN MAHAN PLANK

PETER surveyed me with the solemn countenance he always wears when he is about to make fun of me. He lowered his voice in deference to the occasion.

"Rosebud, I should call that"—he observed drily—"religion de luxe."

I shook my head and closed my eyes. He went on reading.

De luxe it surely was. It was eleven o'clock on Sunday morning. I was seated in an armchair before a fire of pine knots, was clad in my best blue linen negligée, and my slippered feet were thrust out toward the fire. My left elbow rested upon the chair arm, and I held in my hand the telephone trumpet. Close to my ear, with a personal effect that is not to be described, was being breathed a prayer that lifted my spirit up above the kaleidoscopic scenes of earth into the realm of reality.

It is a truism that "everybody in Pasadena goes to church," and it is characteristic of our climate that the going is made easy. If you want to be present in the body, you don't have to wear a hat; and if you want to appear in spirit only, there is the telephone, with the negligée, the easy chair and the grate fire. After I had sent Peterkind off to Sunday school that morning, something within me didn't want to go to church, so my indulgent husband reached for a book, and let me sink into rapt silence by the telephone.

The richly sympathetic voice of our minister was just closing the prayer when the sweet face of my "little nun," Miss Avery, passed the lattice and glanced smilingly in through the roses. I decided at once that she should have the treat of religion de luxe. She couldn't have it at her own bungalow, which was a rented one, for the telephone was different.

A HYMN was being announced in the service my ear was attending, so I laid down the trumpet and ran to meet my little nun. I called her that despite something attractive about her that made me feel I should like to possess her always and keep her near me; something fresh and spring-like; something delicately cheerful, like the untouched freshness of a carefully reared young girl. For there was a sense of mystery about her, a suggestion of having withdrawn from her world. She was past thirty and lived her life with a sweetly firm independence. I had noticed that when the subject of marriage was mentioned, her attention betrayed the curious interest of a maiden in an untried venture. Once, when reference had been made to an inharmonious marriage, tears came to the eyes of my little nun. She spoke resentfully:

"How could it be? How could they let it be? Why, marriage is—must be—like heaven!"

But never once, in the year she had been living near us, had she mentioned even remotely her having thought of marriage for herself. She lived in a tiny, picturesque bungalow at the back of the grounds of the Whitney house next to us, and she had under her care a crippled cousin, the legacy of an aunt whose memory Miss Avery revered as that of a mother. She had lived with the aunt since early girlhood, in some place in Canada. After the death, physicians had recommended California for the crippled cousin.

WHEN I pressed Miss Avery into my armchair and put the trumpet to her ear, her eyes sparkled and her face grew rosy with that girlish freshness of feeling she had. In Pasadena everything a bit strange becomes a great adventure; perhaps because of the constant suggestion of romance in the perfumed air. Miss Avery's glowing face was so delightful to look upon as she listened, that I tiptoed over to Peter, knelt by his chair, and slipped my hand through his arm, prepared to enjoy vicariously my little nun's religion de luxe.

To my amazement, she suddenly started forward and threw out her hand as if she would clutch at something. Then she sank back, and her face turned white. But as I was marveling that our pulpit should give out the cause of such an extraordinary effect, her face settled into its accustomed lines. I arose softly and went to hunt for a book in the rows of shelves with which Peter has lined the walls of our long living-room.

At the end of a half-hour, Miss Avery quietly replaced the trumpet and came across the room to where I sat. She was still pale, but her eyes were luminous.

"Thank you, Rose," she said; "it was beautiful."

"Had you never heard Mr. Andrews before?" I drew her into a seat by my side.

"Never. His voice is—wonderful, isn't it?"

"Remarkably charming through the phone. What was the sermon about?" I laughed at the hackneyed question.

She smiled absently. "About—gratitude—the 'sunshine of the soul.'"

"That's queer." I held up a little blue book I still had clasped in my hand. "I've been reading this while your ear went to church, and the writer says, 'A thankful heart is a fertile field.'"

The idea seemed to remind Miss Avery of something.

"O, yes, Rose—I came over to see you about some work the little club is doing—the one those girls coaxed me into joining, though I don't really enjoy clubs much. The girls are going slumming this week, they say—"

"*Slumming*—"

"They send out baskets every month to some poor families."

I wondered, then laughed.

"Slumming—in Pasadena! Where do they find the poor families?"

"They gave me an address—and told me to take a roasted chicken and some other things. I thought perhaps you would care to go with me."

"Care! This *is* a great adventure. I've read about slumming, but I've lived in Pasadena all my life, and I've never found any occasion to practice it. Peter, may we have old Fanny and the carryall? We can poke around in that and supply the suffering poor of this town with chickens—and marmalade—and you'll donate some flowers from the greenhouse, won't you, Peter?"

PETER'S face relaxed into a smile at my waxing enthusiasm. "You'd much better take them some kerosene oil and a stove," he said. "If they are tenderfeet, they are likely shivering in their skins at this minute, and cursing the climate. But I'll gladly adorn the expedition with floral offerings. Come over and help yourselves." With a look of having got off easy, Peter sank again into his book.

Miss Avery started home, and I, with my arm about her, went along with her. As we crossed the graveled road between the houses, we saw Mrs. Chittenden, a woman of stately, commanding presence, leave Miss Avery's door, and go toward her own place, a large, Eastern house in the grounds next Mr. Whitney's. Miss Avery drew back and touched my arm.

"Never mind," she whispered, "she comes often, and is so—patronizing. You'd think *she* was slumming when she enters my humble little abode at the back of Whitney's lot. Of course I'm immensely content with it," she added when I laughed in protest, "just what I want—but she is constantly *bestowing* things with a sort of air that suggests my inability to afford them myself. Perhaps I couldn't—my income is tiny—but if I'm satisfied with it, that's enough."

We went on to the stoop of her bungalow. The only thing about my little nun that seemed *hard* was that pride of independence. It was hard even for one whom she really cared for as she seemed to care for me, for she was always fencing. I could imagine that when the would-be benefactor was a woman who was both masterful and condescending, as Mrs. Chittenden was, the fence would likely be made of barbed wire.

ON the doorstep we found a basket of fine apples. Now, apples don't grow rank in California along with the oranges, geraniums and palms. Miss Avery's forehead contracted into what was almost a frown. She had not yet regained her normal calm sweetness of expression. Something about that sermon had made her nervous, and its message of gratitude had evidently not had time to sink in.

"Here, Rose," she said loftily, "take these home with you—to Peterkind. Do—please!"

I laughed scoffingly. "Well, *I* have never developed a proper pride. I confess freely that we don't buy apples now at the present price, and I'm delighted to get some—but only two or three—no more!"

She turned contemptuously away, and as I, amused, carried the basket into her pantry, she said bitterly:

"Well, *why* does she trouble me so? I don't want her patronage—even if I wanted the benefits. I like my own life. It suits me. But she constantly suggests changes, and lets me know that *she* will make them possible. I resent it."

She tossed the white gauze scarf she had been wearing upon the couch, and threw herself into a rocking-chair. Then she looked at me with guilty shyness, clapped her little white canvas-clad heels together, and half laughed with that sudden girlishness that always charmed me.

"We will salve our wounds tomorrow afternoon," I soothed her, "by bestowing our chickens and pies upon somebody else. We know how to do it now, for we can copy Mrs. Chittenden's manner."

Her face sparkled into a real laugh as I left her.

Peter's invitation to help ourselves was not ignored. When we started our carryall from the greenhouse, it had the appearance of a triumphal chariot loaded with potted plants, hanging baskets, and cut roses in abundance. We felicitated each other upon our delicately browned chickens and I had fairly robbed our larder, thereby bringing upon my well-fed household a salutary famine.

THE autumn morning had started with a veiled sunrise, and an hour later had come a shower that left the afternoon streets gleaming with a sheen of satin. As old Fanny trotted placidly under the magnolias, pools of water shone through the broad leaves of palm trees in the gardens upon either side. The air was still moist from the morning's rain, although the sun had outstripped the vapors and was shining with a smile less modest than is really becoming in a victor.

The part of town to which we drove was out near the cemetery where there are views that might make anybody with a soul content for an unlimited time without roast chicken. As we approached the number we sought, I had quaking misgivings within, for I was familiar with the penchant of effete Easterners for what they called "roughing it"—made easy like the church-going. The tiny, two-room bungalow stood in grounds that were quite bare. This did give an impression of poverty in a place where there is so much richness of verdure. The land had evidently been plowed for planting, and the purpose, for some reason, abandoned.

We stepped upon the porch at the same instant that a little woman with a very pale face, white hair severely worn, and dark, tired eyes that twinkled, came briskly to the open door. The eyes twinkled over our floral offerings before they looked into our faces.

"My!" she cried, "I *wish* you weren't mistaken in the place—but of course you are. Such an array of flowers!"

"No—we're not mistaken," trembled Miss Avery's voice deprecatingly. She was so fearful of doing things like Mrs. Chittenden that she was ready to grovel to our Object of Charity if need be. "We have come ——"

But the opening address was checked by an audible gasp from the little lady. The twinkling eyes had espied the bulging forms of our roasted chickens protruding from the basket on my arm. Our Object clasped both hands over her mouth.

AT that critical juncture, we heard a conglomerate sound composed of squawks, cackles, and pipings, and around the corner of the house swept a brood of prosperous looking hens accompanied by their excited progeny. The little lady's eyes met mine, and perhaps found there a twinkle that responded to her own, for she broke into a frankly mischievous laugh.

"Detected," she cried, "caught in the act—with the goods—or whatever the technical term may be. I might have known it. Oh, *do* come in and hear my confession! Come—have a cup of tea with me—I actually have three cups—and some real Chinese tea."

Like a little whirlwind she flew at us, laughing all the time, and fairly pulled us and our offerings into the barest of living-rooms. A glance showed me, nevertheless, that the bareness was premeditated poverty. The seats were canvas deck chairs—the most sybaritic of resting-places. Around the walls were ranged unpainted pine shelves, and on the shelves were books and books, of a sort that I knew at once even Peter's loaded cases did not carry. In the center of the room was a big desk and a typewriter. That was all.

MISS AVERY and I got into two of the chairs while our Object whisked a bamboo tea table from the inner room, and a samovar from some other place. In front of us on the table she placed cups and saucers of egg-shell frailty, and then brewed some fragrant tea before she opened her heart.

Leaning back in her enveloping chair, she laughed again.

"I might have known it would be repeated; but those darling girls were such a temptation—too big a one for me. They came last month with their sweet, rosy faces lighted with expectation, and I could see as plain as could be that they were looking for it—hungry for it—I don't mean the chicken, I mean *gratitude*. Why, those girls—I knew from their dress—had all their lives been done *for*—always receiving. There had been no chance to *give*, except to people who already had so much that their thanks were mechanical. And now they were going to have a taste of the real thing, and I just couldn't disappoint them. My gratitude for that chicken was tearful. Fortunately I had locked my own chattering brood in the woodshed. I took all the things they brought, and accepted with becoming humility their evident sympathy for my bare floor, and lack of the customary appurtenances of life. One of the girls was of a practical turn. As they were leaving, she said with a wise look:

" 'Well, if the worst comes to the worst, you can sell those books. I know a place where they give ten cents apiece for old books. After I read my novels, I take them all there and sell them.'

"As I'm working at an encyclopedia I think I'll have to hang on to my books if I have to live on the view—which I believe I could—almost. You see, I overworked last year—writing—so I thought I'd take up this work, which doesn't yet need to be hurried; and by coming out here where I could have air—

plenty of it—I could work and get back my health, too."

The little lady must have needed air, for her glib speech gave her scant time to breathe. My mind, however, caught curiously at something she had said, so when I saw a chance to interpolate, I seized it.

"Hungry for gratitude? I wonder if that isn't something the world really needs. Why, that reminds me"—I turned to Miss Avery, in whose face astonishment had replaced timidity—"you remember? Mr. Andrew's sermon Sunday about 'gratitude the sunshine of the soul.'"

THE amused smile on Miss Avery's face faded. Evidently that telephone service still had power to quench her spirit's joy.

"Yes," she answered lifelessly, "but he meant it was good for people to *give* gratitude."

"Well!" The little writer of big books took us up with a snap. "If gratitude is the sunshine of the soul, what's the good of generating sunshine if we don't allow some of it to warm the cockles of our neighbor's heart? That hunger for gratitude is a natural, normal appetite, and if we withhold the commodity when we could supply the need, we're as bad as speculators in foodstuffs. And, besides, on the other hand"—our Object laid in a stock of air again—"gratitude, when we give it freely, acts like a boomerang. Being grateful for good makes more good come. I don't mean"—she filled our cups again without paying the slightest attention to our protests—"that by thanking a person for benefits we stimulate him to do something more for us—as I've evidently done with your club by my weak yielding to impulse—but I mean, gratitude sent out to the Universal Heart—to God—and directed toward his agents of whatever sort, does bring more good—"

"Oh!" I had one of my *lights*, as I call them, which seem to send into my mind words I don't remember having seen before. Under its impulse I was moved to interrupt the little lady. "Why, I must have seen it in one of Peter's books—that's my husband," I explained to our hostess—"something like that—it said, 'grateful hearts see bounty everywhere.' Perhaps the sunshine we generate lights up and shows us the bounty that is already there, and if we keep dark within, and refuse to generate the sunshine, we don't see it."

OUR Object glowed at me. "Now, isn't this"—she questioned gently—"isn't it just *my* boomerang? I *shone* on those little girls last month, and here I'm having this lovely visit with you two! Oh, I do wish"—the tired eyes twinkled toward the flowers, which we had deposited on the floor—"that a few of those posies might be included in the boomerang. Wouldn't I like to dig in the ground and plant those rose bushes?"

"Do!" I begged. "They are yours—we brought them to you." Then, freely offering up Peter's purse upon the altar of my gloating delight in the novel situation, I added: "Come to my husband's greenhouse when you're down town, and I'll help you pick out some lovely climbers and quickly flowering shrubs. Geraniums, too, will grow like weeds." I took up one of the hanging baskets and found a place for it in her stoop, and we all three exercised our ingenuity improvising vases for the flowers.

On the drive home, Miss Avery silently permitted me to free my mind of all the remarks I had to make upon our errand of mercy, after which she asked earnestly, as she adjusted a long scarf of blue gauze over her white straw hat:

"Do you suppose that is it? that Mrs. Chittenden really craves and needs a natural pleasure in giving benefits? I don't want to be as bad as a food speculator. Let's go right to her house, Rose, and get her off my conscience!"

THE vale of Pasadena was sinking into the shadow of the late afternoon, but when we stopped old Fanny in front of Mrs. Chittenden's broad palms, the whole length of the Sierra Madre was still bathed in a mellow golden light. While I wrestled with the halter, my friend stood silently looking up to where the tower of the observatory on Mount Wilson pointed upward like a white spirit-finger.

Mrs. Chittenden saw us on the gravel and came to the door with an eager light in her eyes. I'm not sure she saw *me*, but she did look hungrily at Miss Avery. My little nun did not make any half-hearted amends. She ran quickly up the steps and held out both hands to her persistent benefactress.

"You were good—if you *were* extravagant," she said sincerely, "to leave those splendid apples on my steps."

"Oh, *did* you like them?" The proud lines of Mrs. Chittenden's face softened wistfully. "My brother brought them—"

"I'm counting upon a real feast of them tonight," returned Miss Avery evasively. A sudden impulse made her lay her white arms with a girlish gesture about her neighbor's neck.

The older woman clasped the slender figure almost convulsively. She drew Miss Avery into the living-room. I, meekly following, heard her saying in an unsteady voice:

"My dear, something about you—I never had a daughter—never had any children, in fact, although I raised my little brother, Len—but sometimes it seems to me that if I'd had a daughter like you, I might have now a chance for happiness."

She seemed just then to become partially aware of me, and she made us both sit down with her in a triangle of easy chairs. She smiled dimly toward me.

"Did you hear him, Sunday?" she asked.

"Him?" I tried to think—and finally did, with contrition. "Oh—I remember now—you told me your brother, Doctor Voigt, was to preach in our church—and you told me to tell Miss Avery; but I forgot. I'm so sorry—why, Miss Avery *did*—"

I STOPPED, startled by something in my friend's eyes. She was staring with rigid intensity at our hostess, while she slowly drew her gauze veil up about her neck and as a partial shield to her paling face.

Mrs. Chittenden, without looking at either of us, seemed to be considering something. Presently she spoke.

"It may seem strange"—her eyes turned for an instant toward Miss Avery—"that I didn't ask you to meet him—my brother—although he was here for only one day. He is on a lecture tour. When he was nineteen, in his junior year at Princeton, he—engaged himself to a girl of sixteen. A foolish—even a mad thing to do without the consent of the parents on either side." The speaker's lips closed firmly, then she continued: "I have a strong will. When I considered his career—he had already fully decided upon the pulpit—I made up my mind he must be saved at any cost. I was helped—fortunately, it seemed to me then—by the girl's people, whose views for her had received a severe check. I never saw her. Her name was Helen Allen. I met with her family. It was arranged that the two be wrenched apart without compromise, and no communication be allowed between them.

"My brother Leonard was a sensitive boy—almost morbidly conscientious ordinarily. I worked upon that sensitiveness by the plea of duty to our mother, who was an invalid of the sort that holds an entire family as bondslaves by an appeal of weakness. By this means, I kept him to the path I had marked out for him.

"He worked furiously for years, and with a

Continued on page 810

For the Children's Sake

ONE of the most devoted missionaries known to the Christian Herald is Rev. T. J. Bach, whose labors in Maracaibo, Venezuela, have frequently been referred to in these pages. In the following letter, just received, the devoted missionary tells of an experience that will touch many hearts. How to educate the children is a problem which has vexed the soul of many a worker in the foreign field, where school facilities are practically unknown. How the problem was solved in the present case, the letter tells. Any reader interested in Mr. Bach's work can address him in care of the Christian Herald.

IT is about thirteen years ago since we stood on the streets of Maracaibo, Venezuela, then a city of about 55,000 inhabitants, and without a missionary. The city was known to us as having a very hard climate. Its inhabitants had never given a welcome to any of the few colporteurs who had been there to do a good work. Rev. J. Norwood had recently been rescued by the American Consul from a mob which had decided to put an end to his colportage work. It was a new mission field to us. After about one week's search we found a house, but were not permitted to stay, as we desired to open our doors and invite the people to come and hear the Gospel. But the Lord provided another house for us.

The first two years we held meetings but we had not one service in peace. We were disturbed in every way, but those who disturbed us then are now among our friends. The many stones which were thrown at us through the windows and doors were gathered together, and about a year and a half ago, when laying the foundation for our new mission station, we used those stones and thanked the Lord for the good material. The new mission station was dedicated the last Sunday in March.

Among the very few things we had with us when we began the work was a small printing press, bought for $35, which represented a wedding present given us by a Young People's Society. A month after our arrival we began to reach the people by small tracts, and a year later we began to publish an evangelical paper, the first and the only one in the republic. The name of the paper is "La Estrella de la Mañana," and by God's help it has led many to the light and truth as it is in Christ. It has pleased the Lord to grant us his blessing in our effort to make the Gospel known through the printed page. We thus we have had the great privilege of reading the Bible through almost twice. May I say that we have never considered it unprofitable, neither a loss of time.

The republic of Venezuela is distinguished for its great natural resources of all kinds, for its very limited number of missionaries, and no public school building. Venezuela has twenty states and two large territories, and only four of those states have missionaries, which leaves sixteen states without a missionary. Truly the harvest is great and the laborers few. According to one reliable informant, during the four hundred years of the existence of Venezuela as a country, there has only been built one school, and that was a military school, which means that Venezuela is today without a public school building, or a single playground for children. What would the United States, our beloved country, have been today without the Bible and the public school?

Mrs. Bach and the children

We have not been able to build up a primary school. Beside the evangelical press, the Lord has blessed our efforts for his cause so that we have now an organized church, a Christian Endeavor Society, a Sunday school and a bookstore where we have Bibles and evangelical books. Our plans for the future include a school for children.

When our two oldest children, who are now ten and eight years, reached the school age, we began to ask ourselves what to do to obtain an education for the children. Through the kindness of the Christian Herald we were informed about various Christian institutions for children, but it would take our entire allowance to keep the two children in one of those excellent homes. After much consideration and prayer, we decided to bring the children home to the United States. We consider that the greatest mission field the Lord has given us is the little hearts of our children. But our hearts are not only attached to our children, but also to the field to which we have been called. We recognize the right of our children, but also our duty toward Christ and his call. Love and duty constrain us to separate for some years. My wife will stay home alone with the five children with which the Lord has blessed us, and I shall return to the field, God willing, within four months. We have never considered it a sacrifice to do the Lord's will. And although we may daily feel how hard it is to be separated, we shall, by God's help, work with joy to train the head, the hand and the heart for Christ on our two separated mission fields.

Yours truly in Christ's service,

T. J. Bach.

OUR MAIL-BAG

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and not controversial. All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

CHRISTIAN HERALD INFORMATION BUREAU

Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

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Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

READER, Elmira Heights, N. Y The high cost of living and the constant demands upon a minister's pocketbook compel him today to make many sacrifices and deny himself many things that he deems necessary. This, however, is not the case with the rank and file of the membership of our churches. The working people earn a weekly wage, ranging anywhere from $20 to $50, perhaps in some cases more. If the price of living has soared, they have received a higher scale of wages to meet it, with 50 to 100 per cent. extra for overtime, and they complain that they are underpaid. Yet they think that the minister should be able to pay his bills, meet the increased cost of living, pay liberally to Liberty Loans, War Chests, etc., on salaries ranging from $15 to $18 per week. The churches ask for trained men, young men, men of ability to fill the pulpits, men who in other professions and in positions of responsibility could earn from $2,000 to $3,000 a year, and yet the churches ask these self-sacrificing ministers to work for the amount earned today by any laboring man of ordinary intelligence, unskilled and uneducated. Is it right? I know a minister who the other day had a position offered to him, with a salary to begin at $2,500 and all expenses. Who would censure him if he steps out from the meager salary paid by his church and accepts the position? Would any church member refuse it? You may publish this letter if you so desire. It may reach the heart of some conscienceless church members who are enjoying all the comforts and luxuries of life, and wondering why God is not blessing the churches, while they ask their minister to live on starvation wages. In view of these facts, it cannot be said truthfully today that "ministers are preaching for the money that is in it." Indeed, no! The above conditions make it imperative for the minister to curtail, economize and sacrifice. Therefore I am compelled to say "good-by" to the Christian Herald with all its wealth of information, education, and inspiration. Believing that "the workman is worthy of his hire" and wishing your splendid paper every success.

We gladly give this letter space in the Mail-Bag, from a sense of justice to the ministers, a very large proportion of whom are sadly underpaid. There is probably no class of workers that feels more acutely the pinch of the high cost of living than the preacher who is struggling to "keep up appearances" on a meager salary. Our correspondent writes with considerable feeling, but in describing his own case he outlines the condition of thousands of other ministers who are making a brave but almost hopeless fight and who deserve better treatment from their parishioners. Denominational boards now have their sustentation funds for the superannuated pastors. But the boards and the congregations give altogether too little thought to the domine who is still in harness struggling along with his family, very likely on half rations and doing some lively economizing to keep out of debt on a salary which even before the war was ridiculously small, but is now "genteel starvation." In the present case, we could not think of cutting off our friend's copy of the Christian Herald, which will go to him every week, with our earnest prayer that his congregation may make an effort to help him to find life more tolerable by a raise of salary. A faithful laborer in the Master's vineyard deserves better treatment.

S. E. B., White Creek, Wis. Students of bird life are agreed that the English sparrow is harmful alike to our crops and to birds that help our crops. It is claimed that they chase and destroy bluebirds and wrens, which are voracious bug-eaters, while this sparrow eats only grain and fruits.

R. R. H., Watsonville, Calif. 1. America's aims in the war have been clearly stated by the President to be on the side of justice and righteousness. 2. The church you mention plays no greater or less part in the war than do the churches of other denominations, most of whom are straining every nerve to be true to their calling—loyal, helpful, cheering and consoling.

Mrs. O. D. C., Lowell, Mass. 1. In reading the Scripture, one must be mindful of the habit of all Hebrew writers of indulging in poetic reference to familiar things. So in I Cor. 15 : 20, the allusion to firstfruits is a beautiful reference of this character, touching on a common occurrence. On the morning after the first Sabbath of the Passover season, a sheaf of the firstfruits of the barley, freshly reaped, was waved before the Lord as a joyous pledge of the full harvest to come (Lev. 23 : 10, 11, 15, 16). Paul, in his writing on the Resurrection, employs a spiritual parallel when he speaks of Christ's resurrection as the firstfruits of those that slept.

H. C. Y., Tolleson, Ariz. A commentator writes concerning the subject of your question: "Christ did not know the day and the hour of his future coming. This seems to have been a voluntary self-humiliation in knowledge, a part of Christ's humbling of himself (Phil. 2 : 8). Christ could of course not lay aside in the incarnation the essential attributes of his divine nature, such as eternity, but he could by an act of his will limit his attributes of power and his knowledge, and refrain from their use, as far as it was necessary for his humiliation. His voluntary not knowing, or sacred unwillingness to know, the day of judgment during the days of his flesh is a warning against chronological curiosity and mathematical calculation in the exposition of Scriptural prophecy. We cannot know more than Christ himself chose to know in the state of his humiliation."

T. W. W., Byron Center, Mich. 1. Elijah appeared with Moses at the Transfiguration. Some commentators hold that both Moses and Elijah were honored with an anticipatory resurrection. 2. To love the Lord with all our heart, soul and mind means to love him with all our strength and with supreme affection; with the heart as the seat of reason and intellect; with the soul having sentiment and passion; and with the mind controlling our thought and will.

N. A. M., Wedderburn, Ore. 1. In Heb. 2 : 5, 7 the writer is showing how Jesus in his earthly state became as man—in all things as we are, yet without sin. The taking on of our humanity by Christ raised the whole human race to a point of superiority over the angels. 2. The Beast in Revelation is representative of the power which is said to have throughout the world's history opposed God—sometimes identified with a persecuting church—sometimes with a civil power—sometimes with the great Antichrist yet to arise, who would wield universal powers and practice many abuses. 3. According to Gen. 10 : 2, Magog and Meshech were sons of Japheth, son of Noah, whose descendants made war on Israel, as related in Ezek. 38. 4. We cannot enter into a discussion of poison gas, or other barbaric ways of warfare.

M. E. F., Bandon, Ore., writes: "In references to the genealogies of Jesus, lately discussed in the Mail-Bag, Farrar's theory may be of interest. He says that Salathiel, son of Neri, became heir to the kingly line, and was therefore called, according to custom, legally the son of Jeconiah. To quote Farrar: "Matthew gives the legal descent of Joseph through the elder and kingly line; Luke, the natural descent. Thus the real father of Salathiel was heir to the house of Nathan, but the childless Jeconiah (Jer. 22 : 30) was the last lineal representative of the elder kingly line."

Mrs. G. M. Memphis, Mich. Mark, or John Mark as he is called (Acts 12 : 12), was not one of the Lord's original disciples. He was a Jew, probably a native of Jerusalem, where his mother Mary resided (Acts 13 : 12). Mark was probably converted by Peter, who frequently came to his mother's house. Many connect Mark with the earnest young man who followed Jesus on the night of his betrayal. In Rome he appears as a companion of Paul. He is called "the interpreter of Peter," and some suggest that the Gospel according to Mark is based on a diary of Peter, sketching his full impressions of events as they occurred.

Mrs. O. D., Myton, Utah. In early days the tithe was generally a tenth part of the produce of the land or the flock; later it became a tenth of the profits of personal industry of any character. There is evidence that at certain times it may have meant a tenth of one's entire possessions. The modern interpretation would limit it to a tenth of the increase, though there are many good people who still hold that a tenth of one's income should be set aside for the Lord's use. One who wishes to tithe his estate should reckon on the increase in value, or number, or whatever form his available assets may assume, excluding, of course, his necessary expenses. Many good Christians make the Lord their partner, after deducting all necessary expenditures, and give to his work freely of what remains. A subscription to a religious paper should certainly not come out of the tithe, but Red Cross donations and any funds spent in doing good rightfully belong there. A sick friend, a needy soul, a good work of any kind, are objects that are particularly adapted to be the recipients of our tithing money. Tithing is now a question for the individual conscience.

J. C. V., Emerson, N. D. 1. Those sects and denominations that recognize the divinity of Christ are nominally Christian. 2. See the articles now running in the Christian Herald on Revelation, by Dr. Gray and others who have made careful study of the subject.

H. W. F., Central City, Neb. There are unfortunately many people, admirable citizens and good church members, who are weak Christians because they have not put on the "whole armor of righteousness." The class to which you refer—the church members who seem to put Christian principles on one side when they support men for public office who may be corrupt and unfit, certainly do wrong. If they could see their duty clearly, their influence might be used to better purpose. But it is an extremely hazardous thing to drag the church into politics, and except in cases of very great provocation we believe the church does wisely to avoid it. We think this view is held very generally. In recent years those churches that have got mixed up in politics have found to their sorrow that it was a step which brought disastrous results, as it split the congregation into partisan fragments and in several instances at least did more harm than good.

E. S. P., Tacoma, Wash. God is served in many ways, and we have no doubt that many are really serving him unknown to others and possibly misunderstood. Do not let us judge any one, but leave that to Him who alone can read the hearts and minds of men.

M. D., Inavale, Neb. Christ says, "Ask and ye shall receive." His disciple says: "This is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us" (I John 5 : 14). Another tells us that the grace of God that bringeth salvation has appeared to all men. We are also taught to pray for all men, and such prayer is acceptable to God (I Tim. 2 : 1–3), and that the prayer of the righteous shall be heard (Prov. 15 : 29). Why then should we doubt that God will hear our prayers in behalf of a dear one's salvation? John 14 : 14 and John 16 : 23 are certainly meant for us, and have been the consolation of countless saints.

Marion Harland's Corner

"Our Daily [War] Bread"

A NEWLY enrolled member winds up the discussion upon the Garbage Pail in merry wise:

Anent that Garbage Pail, allow a personal reminiscence:

Some years ago, we occupied an apartment in which no one had ever lived, the building being entirely new. A garbage pail and a waste paper basket were supplied with the apartment. I directed that the pail be left in the basement store-room until such time as melon rinds and corn husks should arrive. The janitor asked, "What do you do with your garbage?" Without realizing his ignorance I immediately answered, "We don't have any; we *eat* it!" Meaning, of course, that nothing was wasted. So the story went its way: "Them folks in No. 8 is funny ones! They *eats* their garbage!" Peelings and coffee dregs go down the sewer pipe at *my* house.—CLARA D. F. (*Chicago*).

Our vivacious correspondent promises other scraps of personal reminiscence and present experience, which we anticipate with pleasure.

Pardon me for calling your attention to a discrepancy in your recipe for boiling rice. You admonish us wisely to waste nothing, yet tell us to drain off every drop of water after the rice is boiled. There should be *no* water when the rice is ready for eating!

I learned to cook rice from a French woman and she of a French chef. Measure half a cup of rice; let the water run on it a while; rub occasionally to remove the glazing. Add seven parts of salted water to one of rice. When the salted water boils drop in the drained rice. Let it boil fifteen minutes so hard that every kernel "jumps." You may stir it two or three times during the first five minutes. When the time is up, remove from the fire; cover closely, over hot water; put a weight on cover to keep it down. Leave it for a couple of hours. It will swell and absorb all the water. Dish carefully and serve. It has never burned in the least with me, and is always white, tender, and each kernel almost stands alone. Should there be any thin part it is lovely added to vegetable soup. I do not waste a bit.—S. S. R. (*Michigan*).

THE recipe for cooking rice of which I spoke as the "one and only right way" was learned in a rice-growing country. So far as I have any knowledge of methods of preparing the valuable grain for the table, I rated this as the best. Before thanking you for that learned from a Frenchwoman, I would subjoin to my formula what should have accompanied it at the first insertion. The water drained off from cooked rice should never be thrown away. If you have no present use for it, boil it for ten minutes more, salt to taste and set aside for a foundation for soup. Some of us have heard the story told by a guileless missionary of the "self-denial" practised by his native cook during a famine, in sending the cooked rice to his employer's table and contenting himself with broth based upon the water in which the rice was boiled. The good man was greatly relieved when a wiser brother explained that most of the nourishing properties of the cereal were left in the water. It is well for our housewife to recollect the anecdote in cooking rice, barley, hominy and macaroni. Each supplies what old-fashioned folk call "substance" to broths.

The formula for cooking rice in the French style is attractive. Will our cooks introduce it to vary the domestic bill of fare that now includes rice in some form several times during the week?

"If there be a better way of doing anything than mine I would learn that way," is a capital working motto in every department of life and service.

FROM far-off Colorado we have a letter so replete with interesting matter that the "limitations of space" seem tyrannical when I reflect how much profit and pleasure fellow students in our new school of housewifery could draw from all. She has kept such intelligent watch upon the Corner and contributes so generously to wants therein expressed, that all we can slip into our weekly bulletin will be treasured:

I should like to pass along to the Corner some of my favorite methods of helping Mr. Hoover.

I find a very good substitute for wheat flour may be made from ordinary rolled oats, by passing them through the food-chopper, using the next-to-the-finest plate. This results in a very nice oat flour, fine enough to sift through a flour-sifter. It has all the binding qualities of wheat flour, and can be used as a substitute in wheat bread with highly gratifying results. It does not make the bread "sticky" when you knead it, which seems to be a common failing with all the other flour substitutes. To use it in yeast-bread, I simply add it to the sponge just before I work the bread up stiff. I have used this oat flour and white cornmeal, 12½ per cent of each, making the finished product 25 per cent. substitute, by simply scalding the cornmeal with the potato water when setting potato yeast the night before baking, and adding the oat flour the next morning, when ready to stiffen the bread. This makes a splendid bread. I am not sure that it is better than all-wheat bread, but it is just as good. Of that I am positive.

I am greatly in favor of this method of using meal in wheat bread, because of two advantages it has over any other I have tried, namely, the bread rises much more quickly than plain wheat bread ever rises, and by treating the meal in this way it does not turn sticky; hence the dough is as easily handled as in pure wheat bread.—MRS. H. L. D. (*Colorado*).

If we needed corroboration of the announcement, oft-repeated by the Food Administration, that the conservation of wheat for patriotic purposes is the principal problem before us at this juncture of national affairs, we have it in the accumulation of letters dealing with this very thing addressed to the Corner within the month. While other topics of weight to practical housemothers will be duly considered, we cannot shirk the obligation to devote much space to the main object of our present "reasoning together." All correspondents, in dealing with this, admit that the abstinence from the comely, toothsome wheaten loaf to which we have been accustomed all our lives is objected to more or less vehemently by some or all members of the family. Nearly all confess that they are already "tired of war breads"; some that they dislike cornmeal. Our course is plain; it is the part of sensible, patriotic men and women to bow gracefully to the inevitable, and after exerting ingenuity and skill to make the obnoxious substitute as palatable as possible, to bring philosophy and will into play and make up our minds to overcome repugnance and "finical" fancies.

I AM never more proud of my sister housewives than when I watch their cheerful obedience to the new laws laid upon them and the clever devices brought to bear upon the situation.

Let one or two more letters illustrate my meaning:

Some Conservation Thoughts and a Call for Help

The call for help comes first. Can any of you tell me how to bake "light" bread from "war flour"—that is, wheat and barley ground in a common feed-mill? I have tried hard to do it, and failed, but I can make delicious muffins by using sweet milk and baking powder or sour milk and soda (no fat)! So now, when I bake muffins, I make enough over to put into a loaf tin and bake. It is very good cold. But I find I must use one egg to each cup of milk. Here is my recipe:

Two eggs; two cups sour milk; two teaspoons soda; one teaspoon salt; flour for thick batter. Dissolve the salt and soda in the milk; add the flour to form stiff batter, then break two eggs into the batter and beat thoroughly! Put into hot greased tins and bake twenty minutes. The rest of the dough I put into a square tin (hot and greased) and bake half an hour. I forgot to say that the wheat is "macaroni wheat" and mixed with barley and ground; so, by adding eggs, bread resembles corn bread but is *fine!*

If the family tire of johnny cake on wheatless days, try my plan. We grind pearl barley through a coffee mill and it makes delicious "gems."—J. F. McK. (*Montana*).

I wonder if I can help just a little in the solving of some of the problems of your Corner of the dear old Herald?

Here is a drop biscuit that we enjoy very much, with honey or syrup:

One cup rye flour; one cup rice flour; one-half teaspoonful of salt; two teaspoonfuls baking powder, sifted together, wet with milk or milk and water until it will stir just comfortably. Then drop by spoonfuls on a hot greased griddle and set in the oven for twelve or fifteen minutes to brown. No shortening is needed, as the rice flour is short and crumbly. Try them!

Also add one-fourth cornmeal to pie-crust. —BESSIE W. (*Florida*).

The cornmeal question gets me worst of all in the matter of substitutes. I should like to know how to use it, combined with flour, in making good bread, biscuits, etc. I should be most thankful for information upon this point. —MRS. H. B., (*Indiana.*)

For the encouragement of this perturbed member, I subjoin a communication by the Director of the Food Administration Committee:

Going without wheat is an inconvenience—nothing worse—for homes in comfortable circumstances. I believe that nothing else that we can do just now will bring us such a feeling of helping in the great fight and of sharing our abundance with others, as giving up wheat bread entirely.

Gospel Missions in Convention

By JOHN C. GOODE

CHARLESTON, W. Va., where the International Convention of Gospel Missions was held, is a fine little city of thirty or thirty-five thousand people, in a rather narrow valley on the Kanawha River. There are many fine buildings and handsome residences, and the beautiful green hills are round about the city. As was said by the psalmist of old, so can be said by the people of this city: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," for those hills are filled with coal and oil and other mineral wealth, and the prosperity of the people comes from the hills. The State Capitol looks like the administration building of some university, with its ivy-covered walls and venerable-looking tower, and the little park in which it is set looks like a campus. The Y. M. C. A. is directly opposite the State House, and in the same park is a fine modern building. There the Sunday afternoon meeting of the Convention was held. There was an address by Governor Cornwell, welcoming the delegates to Charleston. Patrick Withrow, superintendent of the Union Gospel Mission of Charleston, is doing a fine work. Pat, as every one calls him, is very popular and well liked. He is building a new hundred-thousand-dollar plant, and has also seventy or more children under his care, and they are certainly good, healthy-looking little folks. At the Friday night meeting the children sang as a choir, and Mr. McCarthy of Joliet Mission, Mr. Balevre of the Bowery Mission, Mr. Green of Washington—who is doing a work among the Jewish people—and myself, also spoke. We touched on the Christian Herald Prayer League work and the Brotherhood work of the Mission. There was a fair audience, although the night was warm and close.

The various mission workers, headed by Brother McIntyre of Philadelphia, asked us to join in the outdoor meeting, held opposite the Y. M. C. A., on the lawn. A crowd gathered, and the singing and talks were good. After the meeting, we all piled into the bus and went slowly through the main street, singing the old Gospel hymns. The people looked at us in wonderment. I don't think many of the people ever heard or saw such a sight.

The talk with which the president, Mrs. Whittemore, closed the indoor meeting, was an inspiration to every one.

I was assigned a church the next evening. Sunday I was sent to a little church in West Charleston, out near a great government steel plant. It was very warm, and we had a congregation of perhaps seventy-five. They listened attentively. Mr. Balevre made the closing prayer. The church was called the Sixth Street Methodist Church, West Charleston.

We had the big meeting of the Convention in the afternoon at the auditorium of the Y. M. C. A. Hon. John Sherman Darst, State Auditor, had charge of the meeting. He made a forcible address, and in the course of his remarks said that the reason why he loved mission workers was because they took the Bible as they found it, literally.

GOVERNOR CORNWELL gave us a gracious welcome and spoke splendidly about the work that was being accomplished by the agency of missions and the urgent need of the enlargement and continuance of the work after the war. Mr. Withrow and Mr. Ward each spoke about ten minutes. Mr. McIntyre followed, and in the course of his remarks he said that one of the war problems confronting rescue missions was the dealing with unfortunate girls who frequented the neighborhood of encampments.

I spoke in a little Methodist Church on the outskirts of Charleston, to a small congregation. The minister was a fine godly man, and the congregation was friendly.

Monday the discussion in the Convention was mainly upon the work of rescue missions during and after the war. In a town like Norfolk, where the conditions at present are abnormal on account of the enormous number of soldiers and sailors in that vicinity, the mission is very busily engaged both in rescue work and social service; but in other cities the work is greatly curtailed. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that the missions should begin work among children and start homes or orphanages. Others thought that in the near future there would arise an occasion for help and work among women, owing to war conditions. Many of the mission superintendents told me they were court parole officers serving without pay, and through that means many men were paroled in their charge and taken to the mission. There are great possibilities here.

Many of the missions are starting work among children now. Mrs. Bennett of the Union Gospel Mission, Washington, told us about a Children's Home to help mothers who had children that were small; women whose husbands had deserted them, or who, through other causes, were forced to make their own living and would under those circumstances have to put their children in institutions; and other mission workers emphasized the importance of rescue missions engaging to some extent in work among the children.

I was impressed with what Mr. Kratzig said about the probation and court work in which his mission is such an important factor in Norfolk, and the idea was brought forward to make the missions the agents through which the charities of the section in which the mission is located would be distributed. There is a change coming, both social and economical, and it is a hopeful feature that mission workers recognize it and are studying the best way of meeting the changed conditions that are coming.

Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

A HAPPY Birthday to you, dear neighbors!

You have no birthday in July? Ah, but our Mother has, on July 4, and (as she is very dear to us) we must do something to honor her.

What shall it be? A parade? Perhaps. Just as a starter. But that's not enough. It seems to me we ought to make this Fourth of July (this whole summer, in fact) different from any other.

We ought to fill it so full of brotherly love and good cheer and high aspirations that the echo of it will ring around the world.

This war-torn old world of ours needs just such a message. Our men in the trenches need it. Their lonely home folks need it. Indeed, every one needs it, you and I included.

So let us open our hearts, and give. Not money (this time) but optimism. There isn't one of us but can offer some inspiring side-light on the war. Perhaps this side-light may be just what a discouraged neighbor is starving for. Possibly our whole town would be helped by hearing of it.

I feel sure it would. So I suggest that we set apart in July or August a "Good News Day,"—gathering the whole community together for an exchange of good war-news, everything gloomy being forbidden, and the platform (which could be a kitchen table on somebody's lawn) being yielded to one volunteer speaker after another, each being allowed one minute.

A minute is enough. In that time a letter from the trenches can be read by a proud mother; or a new war-joke told, or a thrilling battle described; or some beautiful, touching incident related; or a cheery bit of home-town news made public.

Between speeches, of course, patriotic songs would be sung by all present. And oh, how I should love to stand out in the road—near the lawn or grove or meadow you had gathered in—and listen to that singing!

Neighbors, won't you try out this plan some time during July or August, and write me about it? For the best letter I receive by September first, describing in detail a "Good News Day" held by a village or community in response to this appeal of mine, I am going to pay ten dollars; and for all other letters on the subject I publish, one dollar each. I will not publish any of these letters until after September first; but will devote one whole issue of the department to them in September.

So I hope, fellow idealists, that you will set to work—just as soon as this issue of The Christian Herald reaches you—to plan out your town's Good News Day.

Meanwhile, just for the joy of it, let us take a peep into other towns and villages, to see what patriotic adventures in neighboring they are having.

OUR first one is so beautiful—so holy—that it needs no comment. Read it, brush away a tear, and feel your heart fill with love for your fellow man!

A Village Adopts a War Baby

The adventure in neighboring I have to tell of occurred in a little village in southern Kansas, where my son lives. The young girl of my story grew to womanhood there and taught school in that vicinity for two years before her marriage. And there, on February 27, 1916, she and the man of her choice were married.

A little new home was begun, with every promise of happiness. But over a year ago Robert W. (hearing his country's call) went to the war; and the brave little bride, as other brave brides have done, bade him good-by and went back to close their home and carry a holy secret all alone.

After a time a young mother trod the wine-press alone—went down into the valley of death and never returned. She gave the world the life of a man-child in place of her own. The young husband came home on furlough, but could get no extension of time, and returned to camp a few hours before she passed over the river. He was allowed to return for the funeral.

It was a sorrowful time, for this was the first war sacrifice in that little town. The funeral was held in the church to which both belonged and where both had taught in the Sunday school. The neighbors had been all kindness before; but now, how their hearts and hands went out in sympathy! I will quote from the weekly paper published in the little town. "This bereavement of Robert W. and baby John Robert and relatives is *our* bereavement—our community's. She is *our* dead, and the motherless babe shall be ours. His health and happiness shall be ours, and his education. And when he is grown to the stature of his soldier father, we shall tell him what a treasure he is, in view of the sacrifice."

Nor were these vain words, spoken in haste. For I can tell you a little about what that village has done. There were debts and doctor bills, incurred during several weeks' illness, to be paid; and there were funeral expenses. So the neighbors quietly raised three hundred and sixty dollars, and met these obligations.

And when it was thought best to sell the furniture that was stored, it was sold at public auction at a good price, and the proceeds used to buy Liberty Bonds for little John Robert W. And all these good friends expect to see that the little fellow and the relative who cares for him do not want for anything until after the end of this cruel war.

Surely, dear adventurers, the war has its silver lining, if it is bringing out in us such nobility as this! I felt a tightness in my throat as I finished reading about it. I wonder if you do not all feel that way, too?

OUR LOVED LAND

By H. PEREIRA MENDES

GOD bless our loved land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When tempests roar and rave,
Mid perils dark and grave
Do thou our country save
By thy great might!

For her our prayers shall rise
To thee above the skies;
To thee we call!
Thou who art ever nigh,
Thou, the All-seeing Eye,
Look down and hear our cry,
God save us all!

Not for this land alone
Be thy compassion shown,
But for the world!
May all the nations be
Banded in unity,
Hailing with loyalty
Thy flag unfurled!
Thy kingdom we proclaim!
Blest be thy Holy Name!
Hail we with one acclaim
Thy flag unfurled!

OUR next adventure is of entirely a different type. It is a jolly one, of interest to young folks:

Patriotic "Sings"

Let me tell you how our Christian Endeavor Society is doing its bit to help ruralites come into a broader and fuller degree of patriotism.

While farm life is the pleasantest and most wholesome way of living, it has its drawbacks: one of the greatest of these being lack of social opportunities. So what this band of young people is doing is really much needed, is practical, and is not hard to do. In this region many of the parents have automobiles, and the young folks have the use of them on Sunday afternoons: taking long pleasure-rides. Recently, instead of wasting gasoline and wearing out cars uselessly, our C. E. young people have been successfully bridging the gap between themselves and the young folks of nearby communities by "mixing." By mutual agreement, all meet at a country schoolhouse or church and spend at least an hour singing patriotic songs. If there is a Sunday school, they go in time to help with that, and then sing afterward. Sometimes they take musical instruments along. Sometimes they "hunch off"; each party going to a different district; and thus help a number of communities on the same day.

This plan of "patriotic sings" has been a great success, as it has enabled the young people to have their auto rides, enjoy the fresh country air, come into much-needed contact with others of their own age, stand by Uncle Sam, and benefit others—all at the same time. Isn't this worth trying out? MRS. H. R. G.

Most decidedly it is, neighbors! And autos aren't necessary to the fun. Many towns are so close together that the members of the C. E. could walk to and fro. I think it is a delightful idea, and I hope it will be adopted in other communities besides this one in Nebraska.

BUT, while speaking of patriotism: read the following letter from a Christian Herald neighbor who has been an invalid for twelve years:

Self-Denial to Buy Bonds

DEAR NEIGHBORS: I have started on the most wonderful adventure! I have signed a pledge to buy a fifty-dollar Liberty bond, and have paid in my first two dollars on it. I, who have practically nothing, can buy a bond in this way: For some time I have longed to do more than a bit, and now I have done it! And I am so glad! It will mean sacrifice, but I am prepared for that. I am going to pay for my bond (as I did for membership in the Red Cross and a donation to it) by denying myself certain things tempting to an invalid. I am saving in all ways possible.

I do not eat meat any longer, and I gave up a favorite breakfast food, also persuading my son to give it up. We have substituted for it breakfast foods made of material not needed for shipment to our Allies. This was a sacrifice we were glad to make. We hardly ever have cake in the house: so save on sugar, white flour and shortening. We live on vegetables, fish, fruit and milk chiefly; and eat bread containing the least wheat-flour possible. I hear there is a wool shortage; so if I get able to wear clothes, I'm not going to allow any one to buy me any wool ones. I have plenty that are almost as good as new (though twelve years old) because they have had no wear. As for style, that won't bother me. Perhaps there are some, in my position, who think there is nothing they can do. But they can do something: they can sacrifice! I will tell you how I help the very poor: When a case of need is brought to my attention, I give to this case whatever sum I expected to lay out on myself that day for something I do not feel the want of afterward.

However, feeling this want is more than made up for by the joy that floods over me because I've done a good deed. Perhaps it is because I have heard the wolf of want trying to enter my own door that I have such sympathy for the very poor.

AN ADVENTURER.

P. S. I did not get my letter off before the Christian Herald of May 1 came; and as I saw from its page on the Third Liberty Loan that it wasn't optimistic about the Loan being fully subscribed, I sent my son out to buy another fifty-dollar bond on the instalment plan. How will I pay for it? Really, I don't know. But I will! For I prayed before I bought, and I seemed to be told to do it. So I have no anxiety whatever.

There are some acts of heroism, dear adventurers, so breath-taking that comment is futile. I read this letter, gasped, read it again, and published it here. It filled me with humility and respect, and made me doubly proud of being an American!

These are all the adventures we shall have time for today, neighbors, if we are to include the Forum. And we must include it this week, as it is full of hints and appeals and other good things: like a bright mirror held up to life.

First, however, I should like to speak of the fact that I am still paying a dollar for every published adventure (I have had numerous queries about this) and that your letters and adventures are as welcome at my desk as a personal call from each one of you would be, were you passing through my town.

WITH which message I shall bid you godspeed for another two weeks, fellow members of The American Community Club; promising you, for next time, as blithe and rollicking a club meeting as today's has been earnest and patriotic.

The Neighbors' Forum

DEAR NEIGHBORS: I know of a Christian Herald subscriber who lives in an isolated place and is very lonely indeed. I would be so glad if you could send her some reading matter, letters or cards: anything to make her life more happy. I will give her name and address to Miss Connolly. MRS. M. A. McF—.

I have been reading the Neighboring page in The Christian Herald with much interest, and have been wondering if you can put me in communication with deaf people. Some good might result therefrom. I have been deaf since a small child, and it is a lonely life, to say the least. NEIGHBOR.

W. H. C.: To interest children in church attendance, St. Luke's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., held services at five in the afternoon, right after Sunday school: the school marching in in a body to seats assigned them, and the older pupils occupying the choir stalls. There was no sermon, but there were many hymns. I have found individual friendship with pupils the best way to interest them in church work. Invite the class to your home for an afternoon of games, then perhaps two or three for a walk, then just the one boy or girl for personal help with school work, let us say; and the door is open for a talk about Christ and his Church. Deaconess May Shepperson, Lakewood, New Jersey.

DEAR MISS CONNOLLY: I shall be very glad to have your plan for the formation of a community club for boys and girls: the meetings to be held outdoors during the summer. Will enclose stamp for plan. Affectionately your Neighbor, MRS. G. W. B.

I read, in the March 13 issue, Miss Alice R. Thrall's request to you for any name of an infantile paralysis victim. My daughter cannot walk from the effects of that dread disease. Has a wheel chair, and can read and write very nicely for a child of eight years. She would like to be put in touch with the Polio girls.

VERMONT NEIGHBOR.

[DEAR ADVENTURERS: I have put this little neighbor in touch with the Polio Club. But it has occurred to me that other young members of The Christian Herald family might like the joy of sending her some token of interest and friendly affection. If so, send your greetings to me, for her, and I will forward them. VERA L. CONNOLLY.]

A gentleman of large possessions was once showing a friend the extent of his domains. "Do you see the hill in the distance?" he said. "That is mine, and the clump of woods on the right, that is mine also. And that road way off to the left bounds my lands over there." His friend said to him: "Do you see that small house just under the hill? In that dwelling lives a woman who can say more than this." "Well, what can she say?" His friend replied: "She can say, 'Christ is mine'."

And here is a gay bit of verse from our friend, Miss J. T. B.:

QUESTION

Won't you buy a thrift stamp
Little girl or boy?
Won't you buy a thrift stamp,
Bring to others joy?
Every penny that you give
Helps some other one to live.
So deny yourself, my dear,
Just to bring a bit of cheer,
To our Allies o'er the sea.
Save the world for liberty.

Won't you buy a War Stamp
Every maid or man?
Won't you take a liberty loan?
Sure! Buy all you can.
Give until you can't give more:
War chest, "Y. M.," as before.
This is what saves you and me
All the world, for liberty.

—JESSA BURKHARDT.

Yes, now we have a World-Hall club,
For neighbors all who venture well;
We trust it is well organized
With faith and love, for deeds will tell.
May noble thoughts our hearts inspire
And nobler deeds be ours, and then
To keep in mind what angels said,
Its "Peace on earth, good will to men"
Yes, "Peace on earth, good will to men.'

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Christians and Jews Worship Together

A FEW weeks ago a remarkable congregation assembled in the beautiful synagogue, Seventieth Street and Central Park West, New York City, to mark the hundredth anniversary of its fourth place of worship, but really to open a new movement—to unite Christians and Jews in the higher problems presented by the war; among the problems, the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth.

Little was said of the joint worship at the time. But it was so significant, and its initiative thought, to unite Jews and Christians in worship, is so important that some notice should be drawn to it.

The congregation is the oldest Jewish one in the country. It applied for its burial ground in 1665. It met for worship in a private house until 1674, when it hired the loft of Hapording's Mill on Mill Street, now South William Street, which had been vacated by the Dutch Reformed Church. The first Jews, on their arrival, demanded the right to serve in the town guard. It is interesting to know that the grandchildren of Haim Solomon, who at that time financed the American government in a certain operation, are members of this congregation.

But though the Christians and Jews fight shoulder to shoulder in the front abroad, train together in the camps here, unite in Red Cross work, in Liberty Loan activities, and in drives for war relief, it is something new for Catholic, Protestant and Jew to be invited to unite for spiritual effort, for united supplication, and above all for a presentation of the higher aspects of the war.

The call was issued by the minister, Rev. Dr. H. Pereira Mendes, who has been the church's pastor for over forty years. He has long advocated religion in its highest meaning—union of all religions for ethical purposes. Hence he worked with the late Bishop Potter and helped Dr. Hegeman in the great guild work, the Guild for Crippled Children, a work that lives today in active operation. He stood by Dr. Parkhurst in his memorial anti-vice crusade over twenty-five years ago, and is today a member of Bishop Courtney's interdenominational committee.

CHRISTIAN and Jewish clergy and laity, by attending the service, demonstrated that one of the results of the war may well be the drawing together of all men and women, regardless of the color and cut of their religious clothing, for the true purposes of man and the higher purposes of God. Many letters from prominent Christian clergymen unable to attend were received, expressing the deepest sympathy with the movement. The deep significance of the gathering and the presentation of effort for spiritual union were the theme of the prayer. The speaker said:

"It is one hundred years since we consecrated our fourth synagogue and over two hundred and sixty years since Hebrew prayer first voiced human aspiration in this country. But what is a span of one hundred or of two hundred and sixty years in the life of a race and religion that have existed already for three thousand seven hundred years and feels itself possessed of a vitality that shall mean three times three thousand years more? We are a deathless nation, so saith the Holy Word: 'But as for me, this is my covenant, my Spirit which is upon thee, and my words which I have placed in thy mouth shall not depart from thee nor thy children, nor from thy children's children, throughout eternity.' (Isa. 59 : 21.) . . . We are banded together for this war; we will fight it to a finish because this Bible, this Holy Book, condemns disloyalty to sacred treaty, the disloyalty of old Philistia, condemns war on the sick, the weak and weary and the non-combatant as waged by ancient Amalek. Germany is guilty of both sins. We fight against the old Germany in order that a new Germany may be born, may be uplifted, 'consecrated,' regenerated.

"But when this war is over and we have won, as win we will, we must wage war against all hatred and revenge that will obtain after war. This is the Bible aspect, this is the teaching of the law, the Bible. 'Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart' (Lev. 19 : 17). 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself' (Lev. 19 : 19). 'If thy enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; if he be thirsty, give him water to drink' (Prov. 25 : 21).

"We are assembled before our common Father, as Christians and Jews. We are all alike children of the Father of us all. It is time that we drew more closely together or religion becomes unreality and even mockery. Let us all tonight unite in prayer for those who have fallen in war, whether Catholic, Protestant or Jew. Let us unite to ask protection for our sons at the front, whether Catholic, Protestant or Jew. Let us unite to ask wisdom for our leaders, whether Catholic, Protestant or Jew, and to this end I ask you to join me in prayer."

A concluding hymn, a benediction, and the assembly dispersed, deeply affected.

Young People's Topics for July 14

Lessons from Favorite Parables

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topic. Mark 4 : 1, 8, 26–32

THE parable of the Sower is one which has a double lesson for all Christians. Christ said that the seed was the Word, and that it was sown in the hearts of the people. Are we indifferent? Are our hearts stony ground? Are we carried away with the purely physical pleasures of this life, so that we have not time to cultivate the Word sown in our hearts, and to prevent its becoming choked by the weeds of selfish indulgence? Are we harboring sins which make it easy for the evil one to neutralize the Word that falls into our hearts, or are we keeping our hearts fallow ground, enriched with frequent seasons of communion with God in order that his Word in our hearts may grow and abound? We are ourselves the soil in which the seed is planted; but if in us it grows and multiplies, we become sowers in our turn. But there is more to sowing than the mere scattering of the seed. Ground must be prepared, and if we would sew for the increase of the Kingdom, we must plow, harrow and fertilize before we sow, and this plowing, harrowing and fertilizing requires the utmost skill. We are dealing with other human hearts like our own. By our teaching and by our example we must prepare the soul for the precious seed of truth. Instruction will do little without example; example will instruct mightily without any attempt at teaching. Thus the little word that we have spoken, sunk in a heart which our thoughtfulness, or our kindness, or our fidelity, or our manifest walk with God has prepared, may grow into a great tree of Christian life and influence; perhaps overshadowing any attainments we ourselves have reached. The humble rector's wife, Susannah Wesley, became famous through the sons she reared, as did the mother of St. Augustine; but the one who sent Peter the Hermit on his crusade is unknown to fame. Elijah was only Elijah the Tishbite. The mother who prepared his soul for God's message has her reward, but posterity knows not her name. The humble lamplighter is but a passing shadow in the dusk, but he leaves an avenue of radiance behind him. So the humble planter of seed may sow for the harvest of an hundredfold to be reaped by other hands. But the sower and reaper shall rejoice together in that day.

How to Have a Good Time

Epworth League Topic. I Thess. 5 : 16–24

THE above topic is treated in this column as the Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topic for June 23. It will be found on page 731 of the Christian Herald of June 12.

Twenty Years Service in China

REV. ROBERT R. GAILEY, of the Princeton University Center in China, will shortly return to America, on his way to France. Mr. Gailey has just completed twenty years of service in China, during most of which he has been the representative of Princeton University. He will take charge of the Young Men's Christian Association work for the Chinese coolies now in France, and will probably be there for the period of the war. Mr. D. W. Edwards, also of the Princeton University Center, has made a trip of inspection among these men, and is now on his way back to Peking.

WE have just received a letter from the old pastor in Washington who has been so nobly helped by the readers of this journal, in which he says: "I send my heart's deepest gratitude and pray heaven's divinest benediction upon the Christian Herald readers. My nervous troubles cause me a great deal of suffering, and unfit me for any and everything. I hardly ever write now at all, and have waited several days this week to feel myself in condition to scribble these lines. My doctor insists that I stay in the sun and air all I possibly can, and this I try to do."

The old pastor, whose wife died last year, is now well advanced in the seventies.

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Knowledge Is Power

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There are many things you want to know—or should know. Sit down **now,** write a letter to the Washington Information Bureau of this paper and find out **whatever you want to know.**

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To make it easy for you to get the information you need, we maintain, **at our expense,** in the national capital, an Information Bureau that has all of the resources given by the great libraries, the official departments, the public museums and the government experts.

The following are typical questions and answers taken from the correspondence of the last month.

Are the interned Germans paid and why? Are they prisoners of war?

ANSWER—Interned Germans in this country are not prisoners of war. They are paid by the United States government for the work they do. There is a Hague Treaty which provides that prisoners of war shall receive the pay of their rank from the country holding them. This does not apply to interned officers and crew of a merchant marine, or civilians.

Do soldiers and sailors have to pay full railroad fare?

ANSWER—Director General of Railways McAdoo has issued a proclamation stating that all soldiers and sailors should only have to pay one cent per mile. This order takes effect June 10, 1918.

How many negroes are in the Army?

ANSWER—There are about 157,000 negro soldiers now in the National Army. Of these 1,000 are line officers holding commissions of captain and first and second lieutenants. There are two divisions of negro troops. These divisions embrace practically all branches of military service.

How many congressmen are there now according to the present apportionment?

ANSWER—The total apportionment for the United States is 435.

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Palace Building

By
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I READ a poem by Rudyard Kipling last night, a poem that began:

When I was a king and a mason, a worker proven and skilled.
I started to build me a palace, such as a king might build.

I read the poem to the end, and then I laid the book down and let the lesson of the poem sink into my heart. For though the story that the poem told was a simple story, it held a very real lesson.

The poem told of a king who decided to build a beautiful palace—a palace that would stand always as a monument to his name. And it told how the king, as he and his workers started to dig the cellars of the palace, came upon the ruins of another palace that another king had evidently started to build. Rather jumbled ruins they were, and the king, looking at them, felt that his predecessor must have been a poor sort of a builder. And he laughed at the clumsy piles of stone and the blocked-up labyrinth of alleyways; laughed until the shovels of his workers laid bare a legend that was carved on a bit of stonework—carved by the hand of that other worker.

The king stooped over to read the words that were carved into the stone, for he realized that the other king, though doubtless a poor workman, had left the message in good faith. What he read was simple—just a sentence that ran like this:

After me cometh a builder—tell him I, too, have known!

The king puzzled over the words as he went on with his task. But even as he puzzled, he worked—worked so that his palace would be all the things that that other palace could never be. He made his plans with care, profiting from the mistakes that the other king had made.

The days went on, and, as the foundations of the palace grew, the king began to realize that he had been intolerant when he at first had laughed at the work of that other man. He began to realize that, after all, there had been a plan in the jumble of ruins—that the crumbled piles of stone had once been fashioned into broad staircases, that the blocked-up alleyway had once been stately halls. And he began to respect the work and the spirit of that other builder. And he began to use slabs of the old granite to strengthen his new foundations and blocks of the old marble to beautify his new entrances. He even pounded old bits of rock into new mortar. And he found himself doing it with reverence, because the realization had come to him that the other king had built as bravely and as honestly and with as deep a purpose as he himself was building.

And then, one day, came a summons,—the great summons that one must obey. And the king knew, with a pang of regret and heartbreak, that his palace would never be finished. And so he called to his workmen, bidding them lay aside their tools, and looked long and wistfully at the palace that was just beginning to show a promise of the beauty that he had desired it to show. For, having heard the summons, he realized that his palace was only a beginning, *and that it would never be finished.* And he turned away with a sigh. But before he turned away he did a bit of carving on one of the marble arches, just as the other king had done. And the poem ends with the words:

Only I cut on the casing, only I carved on the stone,
"After me cometh a builder—*tell him I, too, have known.*"

I READ the poem last night. And knowing it for an allegory I let its message sink deep into my heart of hearts. This is the message:

The world is full of would-be kings, who are starting out, all in good faith, to build beautiful palaces. Some of these kings are artists, some of them are poets and writers, some of them are plain business men, and some are just simple home-makers who are trying to fill their niche in life. And the palaces that they are starting out to build are the palaces of work that is well and successfully done.

Very few workers who are real workers with real plans ever feel, when the great summons comes, that they have more than begun what they started out to do. They feel, as the king felt, that their palace is just beginning to take shape. But if they are real, worth-while, kingly workers they will have that palace standing so that new workers, with new palaces to build, will find their work and profit by their mistakes and use their stones for foundations and their crumbled archways for mortar. And they will carve, somewhere, for these younger workers to find, the words of that first king:

After me cometh a builder—tell him I, too have known!

And if they do that, their work, although to them it may seem unfinished, will be of real value.

No worker, no matter how jumbled the ruins of the palace that he leaves may seem, is a failure, as long as he leaves something behind him that will help somebody else. It may be only a lilting snatch of song that he has left, but if that song creeps into a heavy heart and makes it lighter it is worth while. It may be that a bit of a drawing, thrown unframed into a corner, may give inspiration for some great deed; it may be that the memory of a clean, pure life—just a memory—will keep other lives clean and pure.

O you who are building palaces (and every one of you is, I am sure, building some sort of a palace!), build with an eye to the future. And sometimes, at evening, as you look back over the work that you have done through the day, find the time to wonder whether what you have done will ever be of value to any one else. And if you realize that it won't be of value, turn to the palace of some other king who has passed on, *the palace that has helped you,* and pattern your ideas and ideals on his foundation.

From Our Bookman

Keeping Our Fighters Fit. By Edward Frank Allen. Written under the supervision of Raymond B. Fosdick chairman of the War and Navy Departments' Commissions on Training Camp Activities. With a special statement written for the book by President Wilson. The Century Company, New York City. $1.25.

THIS is a book which every father and mother of a boy in our army or navy ought to read. It treats of the varied activities of the government and the organizations approved by the government, in the several army camps and naval barracks, for work along social and educational lines for the benefit of the soldiers and sailors.

It may be well doubted whether the average person has any idea of either the extent or scope of these activities, and how they are making for increased efficiency of body and mind among our soldier boys. Particularly is this true of the more important agencies for developing the intellectual faculties of the men, by providing facilities both for individual reading and for instruction in varied subjects. The objective sought to be attained is well defined by Secretary Baker in his instructions to Mr. Fosdick, who is at the head of this gigantic undertaking.

"I want them (the recruits) to have an armor made up of a set of social habits, replacing those of their homes and communities," writes Mr. Baker, "a set of social habits and a state of social mind born in the training camps—a new soldier state of mind, so that when they get overseas and are removed from the reach of our comforting and restraining and helpful hand, they will have gotten such a state of habits as will constitute a moral and intellectual armor for their protection."

This is the first time in history that work of this character on so large a scale has been undertaken by any government. In view of the importance of the book in an informative way to those remaining at home, the President has contributed an eloquent foreword.

Our Next-Door Neighbors. By Belle Kanaris Maniates. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. $1.35.

A VERY bright and amusing little book, and cleverly written. The story deals with the experiences of a childless couple, who suddenly become responsible for a family of five boys, ranging from ten to two years in age, and all imbued with the decided spirit of mischief which finds vent in many unexpected ways. While some of the incidents are perhaps slightly forced, these imperfections are readily forgivable, in view of the spontaneity and freshness of the author's humor, which is at once piquant, delicate and kindly. The book can be strongly recommended as an antidote to the blues.

Pan-Germanism Versus Christendom. By Emile Prum. Edited and with comments by René Johannet. George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.

A VOLUME founded on a letter of Mr. Prum, leader of the Catholic party in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, to Mr. Erzberger, the chief of the Catholic Center Party in the German Reichstag. Mr. Prum, who was originally German in his sympathies and strongly anti-French on account of his Catholicism, changed his attitude partly on account of the German invasion of Belgium and Luxemburg, but more because he considered that the past history and present acts of the Germans regarding the Catholic Church constitute a menace to the continued existence of that church. The book contains an interesting historical sketch of the Kulturkampf of Bismarck's time and its sequel, as well as much data, unobtainable elsewhere, concerning the German occupation of Luxemburg. Mr. René Johannet, the commentator and editor, expands and amplifies Mr. Prum's original thesis. A valuable book for the scholar and historian in many respects, as a source of material.

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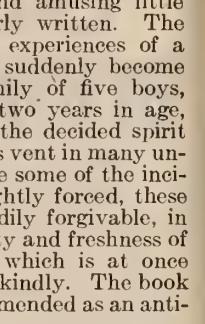

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Reading God's Word

International Sunday School Lesson for June 14
Acts 8:26-39 and Psalm 19:7-11

A Call to Biblical Preparedness

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

TODAY we study the second of our practical lessons on the Christian life. Those who outlined the course put Bible Reading directly after Beginning the Christian Life. Were they right? If so, what shall we say of those Christians who try to advance in grace and knowledge without ever turning the pages of the Book of books?

The other day, a soldier who had recently enlisted sent me a letter asking me to send him at once a manual of arms. He was under discipline, attending drill, being instructed, but he wanted also to keep up with military preparedness for himself! How many Christian soldiers, immediately upon enlisting for Christ, secure their copy of our Manual of Arms and are not content with hearing sermons or even attending a class, but read their daily marching orders for themselves? Not a majority, one ventures to say.

The Christian Army—Is It Prepared?

We have heard a great deal of late about the inability of even the most zealous patriots to defend their land without training. Men say that a million raw recruits would be driven like chaff before a trained army eorps or two. What then is the outlook for the Church, which is the standing army of the Kingdom of God on earth? Its nominal membership is counted by millions, yet its progress against the forces of sin is slow indeed. Can it be that the Church army is not fully equipped according to the regulations as found in Ephesians 6 : 13–18? In all that magnificent statement of the preparedness of the Christian soldier, I would only single out one item—"the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." How many, think you, can handle it effectively as a defensive weapon against temptation, as an offensive instrument to put error and injustice to flight? Do our Christian soldiers know how to handle their weapons? About fifty per cent. of the church membership come out once a week to witness their leader indulge in a half-hour of sword-play in the pulpit; but let us ask how many open their own Bibles during the week? It is sad to know that, when the emergency comes, too many find the sword rusted into the scabbard, and they can get no eomfort or help from the arsenal of Scriptural truth. So the Church is like Xerxes, who wished that he had as many soldiers as he had men!

Let us pay our tribute to the modern Sunday school, which has given to thousands of us a measure of acquaintance with the Word of God. How thankful we should be to its founders, its faithful supporters, its gifted leaders! But consider the brevity of its sessions, with at best a half-hour a week for actual study. No wonder its most earnest workers feel that it is superficial. Then consider the lack of participation by the home, and by the scholar, compared with the public school's thoroughgoing support. How difficult it is to get children to come with prepared lessons! How hard to secure cooperation in the assigned readings and home work! Brethren, these things ought not so to be.

No wonder a young sailor wrote me that he had two Testaments in his kit, but did not know whero to read, and "always seemed to hit upon the wrong places and got discouraged." He greatly appreciated a list of suggestions for various occasions. We might all of us send such a list to our boys in the service. But how camo it that he spent twelve years in Sunday school and then made such a confession as that?

The Importance of the Bible Today

The great leaders of the past whose work endures were men of the Book. Take names so diverse as those of Thomas à Kempis, John Bunyan and Abraham Lincoln—one a medieval monk in a monastery, the next a traveling tinker turned preacher, the third a mighty statesman. Each has left the impress of his life in written words still treasured and influential. Through them all flows the living water of the Scriptures. My copy of à Kempis is annotated on every page from Holy Writ. Bunyan had nothing but a Bible and a vivid imagination to guide his renewed heart. Lincoln's presidential messages thrill with the spirit and even the phraseology of Isaiah and the Psalms. The Bible, through men who read and pondered its messages, has molded much of the history of the past.

The Bible is the guide-book for the future. We are fighting a world war for democracy, but the very fundamentals of democracy are found in the prophets of Israel and the Christian brotherhood of the New Testament. We are struggling with the problems of liberty, license and autocracy just as Jesus did, and Paul. We are trying to teach the stewardship of wealth and the moral aspects of labor and capital. The Gospels sound this note consistently and with unescapable point and directness. We are actually adopting the ideal of the world-wide Kingdom of God as a national policy, pledging our Republic to the unselfish teachings of the Son of Man.

Not only so, but personal righteousness, self-sacrifice and service are becoming public and universal matters of conviction and debate. The guidance of the Holy Spirit will result in new and epoch-making consecration. Therefore we must read and study the Bible as never before.

A Busy Man Who Found Time to Read the Word

Our lesson text pictures a man of affairs, a financier of great authority, who found time to go to church, and who did not stop at that, but made time to read the Scriptures. "Sitting in his chariot reading." Have you ever seen a man in an automobile reading the Bible? There is no one so busy that he cannot deliberately and resolutely set aside a little time every day to bathe his spirit in the refreshing fountain and give direction and poise to his whole life. Busy? Yes, we are and we ought to be, but do you know any one who cannot do the thing he really wants to do with all his heart? The more rushed we are, the harder pressed, the greater our need for a few minutes when we shall be still before God, when we shall consider and weigh the value of life according to the eternal standards.

Professor Soares makes a fine suggestion for the busy: Set yourself to study a little every day, taking forty years to complete your task! *But do one-fortieth this year.* Of course, he means, do *something now.* Abler and busier people than you are at work. Don't be a slacker in preparing to serve the Kingdom of Christ.

A Prepared Teacher Who Guided Another

The business man of our lesson was interested, stirred and perplexed. There have been many like him. While there are parts of the Bible plain and easy enough for a child, the greatest messages are frequently not so simple after all. This book challenges the very depths of one's resources and sends him humbly to some one who knows more. It has been well said that millions have learned to read just to read the Word of God. It is also true that thousands have learned to read Greek, just to penetrate deeper into the text, and some of them shoemakers and farmers, not men of leisure by any means. Hundreds of thousands have followed teachers, purchased helps and maps, attended schools, even traveled to Palestine to learn more.

Philip was ready to nelp the busy man. His was the joy of the modern pastor to whom some earnest layman comes for light. He made his explanation very simple and very direct, and it led to results. Ancient tradition spoke of the far-reaching effects of Philip's words through the Ethiopian. Suppose he had been unready! But he was a trained teacher, who had a twofold preparation; he had studied with the apostles and he had a vital Christian experience of his own. He was no mere theorist. He could speak with unanswerable logic concerning what Jesus meant to his soul. The man who knows will have joy in telling others.

The Best Aids to Preparedness

This lesson conveys a bit of a hint of what has been to countless disciples the surest road to Biblical power: in a spirit of consecration begin to teach others. Friends, the Sunday school teachers know the Bible better than other Christians. Would you know it better than you do now? Take that class of boys, or of girls, acknowledging your own need to God. Never begin to prepare a lesson without the humblest prayer. Go to the class with the lesson mastered, having made the most of your concordance and helps. This method is, to my mind, the best.

Call on Philip to help you! Don't be proud or aloof in your chariot of ignorance, but ask advice from pastor and friend. Be sure to have a few of the best books, where the Philips who have gone on before, and some who are far from your city, have recorded their interpretations of the revelation of God in Christ. Hundreds of fine, helpful guides to Scripture are available.

Don't be content with crumbs of texts, but assimilate good slices and whole loaves of teaching. It is so much more rewarding to make a thorough study of a Bible book than to read scattered texts. If possible, preserve the results of your labor, making outlines on the blank pages and marginal notes of the best things where they will be instantly available in the future. They make that Bible *your* Bible indeed.

Last of all, maintain the twofold use of the Word, for study and for devotional guidance. The study will make your prayerful reading more helpful and practical. The reverent reading will bring the lessons home to your own spirit.

Grateful for Help

SOME time ago the Christian Herald published an account of a teacher in Louisiana who with his family was suffering severely from the high cost of living and the impossibility of making a meager salary feed his household. A number of our readers kindly sent contributions in response to the appeal, and these were forwarded to the teacher in question, who now writes:

"Kindly allow me to express my gratitude for the aid that came just in time, through your kindness in publishing my letter in the Christian Herald of March 13. I have no words to express my gratitude. May heaven reward those whose hearts were moved to assist one truly in need. I am thankful to say that conditions here are improving in school matters. The pay of colored teachers is now $30, $35 and $40 for third, second and first grades, respectively, which is far in advance of the former salary of $20, $25 and $30. The high cost of living, however, is such that it is impossible for one to lay aside anything for a rainy day. Again thanking you for all your kindness to one who, with a family of eight boys and four girls, is doing his best to make the world better because I live in it, I am, etc."

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The Gift of the Receiver

Continued from page 803

selflessness that seemed to me saintly. He never mentioned the girl, and her people took her away—I never knew where. I was sure I had done the right thing—but—as the years passed, and his strength increased as a man, he refused even to consider marriage. I mentioned it once to him. I found he could be as stern and strong of will as I, and I never spoke of it again; never even dared to introduce him to a *young* woman.

"Our mother finally passed out of our lives. I married, and consequent changes came. Then, one day, when taking in his mail, I saw a letter among the others that had on it, 'return to writer.' It was addressed to Helen Allen. He was *hunting for her.*

"Well—I've never told this to any one before." She looked again at Miss Avery. So did I; but the light in the room was shaded by the approaching twilight, and the filmy folds of her blue veil were drawn quite about her face. Mrs. Chittenden, noting this, and thinking of draughts, stepped to one of the windows and closed it. "I did what I thought was right," she said once more. The words had the dreary sound of many repetitions.

SHE had started back to her seat when Miss Avery spoke, in a voice I did not recognize.

"What of the girl," she demanded, "what may have been *her* life through the years? She is—must be—a woman now, if she lives."

Mrs. Chittenden paused by the younger woman's chair, and gazed down with a deeply troubled expression at her favorite, who seemed suddenly to speak with the tone and manner of a Nemesis.

"Well—she may now be happily married, and most satisfactorily established in life. I could almost wish—he might find it so."

Miss Avery, with a quick, indrawn breath, and a gesture that might have meant many things, arose to her feet. The older woman put out a hand and would have spoken, but the sound of a rapid step on the veranda stopped her. She turned nervously, and swept the room with her eye. It seemed as if, under the stress of emotion so long concealed, her instinct was to thrust it and us out of sight.

"Something has happened," she said in a hoarse whisper, "there he is!"

But the rapid step was already at the door, and a voice—a really wonderful voice—was saying:

"Where are you, Edith? I found I could have an evening with you—"

He saw us, and a professional mask flashed over his face. His sister's nervousness, however, found relief from an unexpected source.

Miss Avery suddenly dropped the gauze veil from her face. To my astonishment, the deathly pallor had vanished under the glow of roses that rushed to her cheeks. Her eyes were sparkling. Her head was held high, and never had I seen her look so beautiful.

Leonard Voigt, with a startled word, dug his fists into his pockets. A bewildered frown creased his forehead as Mrs. Chittenden began stammering an introduction:

"Miss Avery—my brother—"

Quickly but with calm dignity, Miss Avery stepped nearer to Leonard Voigt, and extended her gloved hand.

"The name *Avery* will mean nothing to Doctor Voigt," she said. "It was my aunt's—but I am Helen Allen."

THEN I beheld a marvelous thing. It may be beautiful to see a boy and girl in the first blush of the wonder of falling in love; but it is a marvelous—a rarely marvelous thing to stand by and see love sweep down and enfold a man and woman who have been waiting for each other—waiting through what must have seemed an eternity of years. With a quick stride forward, Leonard Voigt seized almost roughly both of Miss Avery's hands. His gaze searched every line of her face.

"*Helen—Allen!—my* Helen?"

But Miss Avery's fresh girlishness reacted from too quick a surrender, and the sparkle and flash in her eyes told him that ample chance would be given for a second wooing; whereupon he began the wooing at once by leading her out the door, down the steps, and across the lawn to where a rose-vined pergola lent aid and abetment to his high purpose.

I turned awkwardly to Mrs. Chittenden, but she had fallen to her knees with her face buried in her hands. Finding myself of even less importance than a Greek chorus, I went home, trembling as I went, to think of the wonders that might never have had a chance to happen if my little nun had not gone to *shine* upon her benefactress.

The Evangelists

THE following engagements of workers belonging to the Interdenominational Association of Evangelists have been furnished by Rev. Parley E. Zartmann, general secretary, Winona Lake, Indiana:

Andrews and Curry—July, Polo, Mo.; Aug., Batesburg, S. C.
James A. Armstrong Party—July, Braddyville, Ia.; Aug., Elmo, Mo.
J. F. Bailey Party—Aug.-Sept., Coolville, O.
Daisy Douglas Barr Party—July 23-Aug.3, Bethany Park, Ill.; Aug. 10-20, Thousand Islands.
Chester Birch—Summer months, Chautauqua work.
John E. Brown Party—May-July, Wichita Falls, Paris, Tyler, Texas.
Callis-Grenfell Party—July, Mitchell and St. Lawrence, S. D.; Aug., Wilmore, Ky.; Sept. 1-10, Kincaid, W. Va.
Norman H. Camp—July, Calgary, Alta., Can.
D. L. Coale—July, Alba, Tex.; Helena, Ark.
James Colville—July, Erieside, Ohio.
John W. Erskine—Until July 7, Lake City or Arcadia, Mich.
Ham-Ramsey Party—July 23, Blooming Grove, Tex.; Aug. 20, Grosbeck, Tex.
I. E. Honeywell Party—July, Des Plaines, Ill.; Sept.-Oct., Petersborough, Ont.
N. W. Jennings—July, Oak Hill, W. Va.
Andrew Johnson—July 7, Camargo, Ill.
E. DeWitt Johnston Party—June-July, Wingham, Ont.
Bob Jones Party—July, Gadsden, Ala.
Klein-Clark Party—July 7, Van Buren, Ark.
John M. Linden—May 26-July 7, Duluth, Minn., with the Sunday party.
Lindgren and Erwin—Sept., Pocahontas, Ia.
John H. McCombe Party—Aug. 2, Dempster Grove, N. Y.; Aug. 16, Trenton Falls, N. Y.
W. C. Mealing and wife—Aug., camp meeting, Pennsylvania; Nov., Millville, N. J.
Moody-Hoobs-Tovey—July-Aug., Bloomfield, Mo.; Sept.-Oct., Moran, Kans.
Dr. French E. Oliver and Party—Aug. 4, Winnipeg, Man.
F. H. Ream—July, Cameron, Mo.
Milton S. Rees—July 7, New York City; Aug. 11, Worcester, Mass.; Sept. 15, Franklin, N. H.; Oct. 20, Wheeling, W. Va.
William A. Sunday Party—Until July 7, Duluth, Minn.
Franklin W. Swift—July, Moville, Ia.; Aug., Bronson, Ia.; Sept., DeWitt, Ia.
Taylor and Preston—July 7-Aug. 4, New Richmond, Wis.
R. A. Hadden—July, Erieside, O.

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NEW YORK, JULY 10, 1918

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OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Light heart and playtime, and laughter elfin-gay!
Dreams like bubbles tinged with gold—how swift they float away!
Childhood and summertime, was it yesterday?

IN THE ORCHARD

By Margaret E. Sangster

Johnny shook the apple tree,
In the orchard growing;
Shook the gnarled old appletree
That was showing
Crimson fruit on every limb...

All at once I screamed at him,
"Johnny look-oh, look!" I cried-
For *they* fell on every side,
Tiny men, with bearded faces,
Shaken rudely from their places;
Tiny men from elf-land bowers,
Scarcely larger than the flowers
That bloomed, faintly, in the grass.

I had often heard them pass
In the twilight, when the breeze
Whispered softly to the trees-
I had heard them when the rain
Beat against the window pane;
And when ripples broke the still
Of the pond behind the mill,
I had heard them leaping, splashing.
I had heard them in the dashing
Of the cream when mother churned...
Sometimes when the fire burned,

I could hear them choke and sputter,
Cough, and sneeze, and wheeze, and mutter!

I had heard them everywhere,
On the ground and in the air;
But although I searched I never
Saw them (they were very clever)
And they always kept from me...
Till we found the apple tree,
With the crimson fruit that glowing,
Tempted us... when all unknowing
Johnny shook them from their places,
With annoyance on their faces!

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

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Part of the measure of defeat Austrian prisoners taken by the victorious Italians

Italy Turns Austrian Defeat to Rout

"THE enemy, who with furious impetuosity used all means to penetrate our territory, has been repulsed at all points. His losses are very heavy. His pride is broken. Glory to all commands of soldiers, of sailors! New trials which undoubtedly await us will again show the enemy that Italy has lost none of her faith, strength and abnegation. For Italy, for King, for civilization, let us persevere in our sacred duty." Thus Gen. Diaz, in his order of the day of June 25, announced to all his armies the overwhelming defeat of the Austrians, who, on June 15, set out to crush his Italian army.

On June 22, Premier Orlando had been able to announce in Rome that the battle had been won by the Italians. On the same evening the Austrians began their retreat across the still swollen Piave. At every point at which they had crossed they began the hurried withdrawal of their troops. The early morning revealed their plans to the watchful Allied aviators, and the Italian army immediately attacked from Montello to the sea, while every bridge and every ford became the target of hundreds of Italian guns and scores of Allied bombing planes.

The retreat, begun in haste, but in order, soon became a disorderly rout in which men, material and equipment of every kind were sacrificed by some of the fleeing troops although desperate rearguard actions were fought by many detachments. Some of the troops covering the withdrawal were practically annihilated before the Italians overwhelmed and captured them. But the Italians would not be denied their victory over the invaders of their land.

On Sunday, June 23, the remaining Austrian troops on the heights of the Montello were swept into the river or captured. Immediately the Italians began a movement southward to clear the whole west bank of the disordered enemy. The marshy ground and innumerable inlets gave every facility for defense.

On the morning of June 26 not an Austrian soldier, except dead or prisoners, remained on the western shore of the Piave, except near the sea, where the Italians, holding Capo Sile in the old channel, were gradually driving the Austrians back toward the present course of the stream. Austria had not only lost footings obtained in the first day's battle, but had lost as well her bridgeheads at Zenson and below San Dona di Piave, which she had held, although under constant Italian pressure, since the Piave line was reached in the battles of last fall. Not only had the Austrians been driven from the western bank, but in the center the Italians had followed them across the river, the Italian cavalry harassing the retreat, while infantry followed hard on the heels of the mounted troops.

ON June 26 the river, which had fallen slightly on the 22d, was again in full flood, making hazardous any attempts of the Italians to follow the Austrians in large force. Aviators reported the Austrians as working desperately to move out of danger thousands of big guns which they had concentrated on the eastern bank of the Piave, at the beginning of the drive. With the Austrians still in strong force on the Asiago plateau northwest of Montello it did not seem probable that the Italians would risk a very great advance eastward, unless the enemy were totally demoralized. On June 25 the Italians, with their British and French Allies, took the offensive on the mountain front, making measurable advances and capturing prisoners, the principal advance being made northwest of Monte Grappa. The Austrians reported the Italian attacks on the Col del Rosso Monte di Val Bella, Monte Assalon and Monte Pertica as having been repulsed. (These heights were in or near the Allied forward positions when the Austrian drive began on June 15.)

While it is impossible at this writing to give more than estimates of the losses on both sides, it appears probable that the Austrian loss in killed and wounded is between 130,000 and 180,000 men, while the Italians and their Allies have captured in the neighborhood of 20,000. Vienna estimated the Italian losses at 150,000 men, including 50,000 prisoners. The Italian government declared the total losses within the 50,000 mark. The Italians, though at a disadvantage both in numbers of men and in guns, completely outfought the enemy during the eight days of the battle, the Bersaglieri especially distinguishing themselves, several units not only stopping superior Austrian organizations, but by whirlwind attacks driving them back, and cutting them to pieces. The Italians kept the Austrians under constant attack, giving them no rest, no opportunity to reform their shattered units and no time to replace worn troops with fresh. In driving back the invaders across the river, the Italians retook all of their own artillery lost to the Austrians since the 15th and also captured large numbers of Austrian guns and much material.

JUNE 24 was the anniversary of the great Italian victories of Solferino and San Martino. Once more France and Italy were allies against Austria once more Austria had met defeat, but on this anniversary Britain and America were allied with the Latin troops against the Teutons. The Austrian drive, instituted with true Teutonic thoroughness, even to the visit of the Emperor to the battle ground, initiated apparently in the hope of drawing Italian troops from the front in France, and even in case of marked success of forcing Gen. Foch to send French, British and American reinforcements, not only failed to draw a single soldier from the western front but German troops attacking on June 22 at Mont Bligny, south of Rheims, were driven back by Italian troops after having gained a foothold on the mount. Not satisfied with one rebuff, the Germans came back again at Bligny on the following day, being completely repulsed by the Italians.

Joseph H. Hudson
Superintendent of Sunday School

Dr. W. H. Morgan
Leader of Young People's Meeting

Rev. A. E. Ballard, D.D.
President of Association

Dr. Henry Wheeler
Leader of Holiness Meeting

Worshiping by the Sea

Undeterred by Submarines, the Hosts Gather at Ocean Grove

By MARY BARTON COOKMAN

"WHAT is it that we get from Ocean Grove that allures the worshiping multitudes to the dear old-fashioned camping-ground every summer?" is a question I have often asked myself. It is one which has probably been asked by thousands of others who go year after year, until the annual sojourn there has become a fixed habit. And I believe I have found out, this season, just what is the subtle influence that draws the host of many denominations to the place which has become something of a Mecca to those who have grown jaded by the world's cares and resort to the homey place and find its saline atmosphere, its bright sunshine and its ocean lullaby restful and reviving.

But the gift of the Grove to those who love it most is not an atmospheric one. I have talked with many of the older habitués, and this is what they tell me: "What we get from Ocean Grove is what we take. Holiness, purity and Christlikeness are there. In the restless ocean we may see God's greatness and gain his rest in communion with nature. We find in the social and spiritual life of the Grove the truth emphasized that God's people are a joyful people, and that joy is the true keynote of the Christian religion. Out of such a gathering of earnest souls there ought to come increased vigor and aggressiveness to the Christian Church throughout this land of freedom."

FROM the sunrise, when of old
Land and ocean have their meeting.
When the soft lips of the sea,
Bounding billows,send their greeting.
DR. E. H. STOKES.

Wesley Lake and a section of Ocean Grove

THIS I take to be a fair expression of the prevailing sentiment at Ocean Grove. Perhaps I might add to joy, confidence in and firm dependence upon God's providence. The submarine menace along the coast does not seem to affect the place, for the people are arriving daily in larger numbers than ever before. The Atlantic laps the shore as peacefully as though no intruder could come near. God's boundless love and the wideness of his mercy enwrap the consecrated ground and manifestations of his glory are heard in the songs and the sermons, while the Bible study and the testimonies to the operation of divine power are still heard on the old camp ground. Moreover, the Gospel that is taught there is one that is so broad and generous that it is acceptable in the main to believers of every creed.

And there are many familiar faces which we recognize as belonging to the old brigade. James William Marshall, D.D., the District Superintendent, and now Vice President of the Association, has charge of the platform services in the great auditorium, and of the Holiness meeting—where he is assisted by Rev. Dr. Wheeler—and also the Beach meetings on Sunday evenings at 6 o'clock. Preaching services began June 23d, Bishop Joseph F. Berry, D.D., of Philadelphia, delivering the opening sermon at 10:30 o'clock A.M., in the Auditorium. Rev. W. W. T. Duncan, D.D., of Brooklyn, occupied the pulpit at 7:30 P.M. in the evening. Rev. Dr. Morgan of Calvary Church, New York, has charge of the Young People's Meetings in the Temple this summer. Dr. Charles L. Mead of Denver, Colorado, having gone with the National Army to France, as chaplain. Bishop Luther B. Wilson, D.D., will be sorely missed this year. He, too, has gone to France, on a special mission for the Young Men's Christian Association, and will not return until the autumn.

THE program of Sunday and weekly services at the Grove this season contains many names of well-known preachers, including Revs. Nehemiah Boynton, Edwin F. Hann, S. Parkes Cadman, Samuel McWilliams, Dr. David J. Burrell, Bishop E. H. Hughes, Bishop I. Breyfogel of Reading, Pa., Rev. Cortland Myers of Boston, W. R. Wedderspoon of Chicago, and others. Statesmen, reformers and other leaders in thought and action will be there to address the multitudes during the summer, and there will be strong attractions, both spectacular and musical.

Of course, the annual Camp Meeting, which this year will be under the direction of Dr. Paul Rader and Evangelist Melvin Trotter of Chicago, will be, to a very large proportion of the Ocean Grove visitors, a prime attraction, if not the principal one. Dr. Rader is always a welcome visitor at Ocean Grove, and last year conducted a particularly good work there.

The Auditorium Bible Class in the afternoons will this year be conducted by Mr. S. W. Graffin, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Every morning, at 9 o'clock, Mrs. I. A. Hudson conducts a most interesting and usually well attended meeting at the Junior Services in Thornley Chapel. Then there is besides, the Temple Sunday School, which opened June 23d with Mr. I. A. Hudson as Superintendent, and the Primary is in care of Mrs. W. H. Skirm, her department being familiarly known as "The Rose-Buds of Ocean Grove."

IT would almost seem from the program as though every conceivable variety of religious activity had been included this year. There are meetings of the Home and Foreign missionary societies, Rescue Missions for women, Temperance organizations, Sunshine Society meetings, Musical recitings and concerts at which the gatherings will listen to such celebrities as Mme. Schumann-Heink; Max Rosen, violinist; Lucy Gates, soprano; Mischa Elman, violinist; John McCormack, the brilliant tenor; Eugen Ysaye, violinist; and Galli Curci, soprano. Altogether, those features of the Grove that appeal to cultured appreciation have not been forgotten.

The birth of Ocean Grove was due largely to the Holiness movement. It was organized by a few faithful believers, including Alfred Cookman, William Osborne, John Inskip, Dr. Stokes, Rufus Lawrence, and Dr. A. E. Ballard. The last named is now the only survivor of this consecrated band. He has always stood firm in his decision to keep Ocean Grove a place for Christian worship and fellowship, excluding all traffic on Sundays. He fought earnestly and successfully to keep the Grove a borough. If the men who founded it could speak today, they would say: "In the beginning—God." This tells the secret of its success, which started a new epoch in simple Christian living. In vision they saw a great movement—not of man, but God—gathering into its embrace all true-hearted Christians; a united association, worthy of the indwelling of Jesus Christ among men, which would bring holiness and power to his followers. It would almost seem as if, at the Grove, John Wesley's last message to the world is still echoing: "The best of all: God is with us!"

Messing With the Boys at Camp Dix

By PHILIP I. ROBERTS

MY early years were passed in a great English military center—a place where hundreds of British Tommies were always quartered; where parades, reviews, officers' balls, soldiers' funerals, the arrival and departure of troops, and all the other stirring scenes of barrack-town life, were events of daily occurrence. This was away back in the eighties of last century. Down to Friday, June 21, not once, in all the intervening years, had it fallen to my lot to be where any considerable number of fighting men were mobilized.

On that day I enjoyed the privilege of making one of a party of magazine and newspaper writers who, as guests of the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A., spent a long and hugely enjoyable day at Camp Dix. To every member of that party this tour of inspection proved a positive revelation. We saw the young American soldier at work and at play. There was borne in upon us as perhaps never before what had been done for him; what was *being* done for him; what was *going* to be done for him; what, moreover, he was doing for himself. And with and through it all came an intensified realization of what he was doing and going to do for *us*, for his home, his country and the cause of freedom throughout the world.

Photo by Paul Thompson

Magazine editors and writers, at Camp Dix, going "Over the Top"

SO far as my own personal surmisings and expectations went, scarcely a thing in the whole cantonment turned out to be as I had imagined or anticipated it. I had thought of congested areas—wooden structures and dog-tents crowded together, with scarcely a hand-span between them. What I found was a huge reservation of some 12,000 acres, intersected by broad thoroughfares and holding great open spaces — a cantonment miles and miles across, where the bracing winds blow lustily, wherein some old farmsteads still stand, pastoral reminders of what the whole countryside must have been in ante-bellum days. Again and again I had heard of the Y. M. C. A. "huts," and imagined them as being little, two-by-four sort of places into which men crowded pell-mell under uncomfortable if not unsanitary conditions. These same "huts" turned out to be well-constructed roomy buildings, twelve in number, with plenty of air-space and elbow room, and, as evening drew on, "something doing" in them all.

Of course, the universal introduction of khaki, both in America and Britain, had long ago helped even so unmilitary a person as myself to realize that the day of uselessly ornate uniforms (so far as the armies of these countries were concerned) had gone never to return. Yet such were the associations of my boyhood, that the recollection of them almost always conjures up scenes in which scarlet and gold, blue and silver, bear-skin helmet and shining cuirass, the pomp and circumstance of war, plays a large and gorgeous part. But of all this there was not a trace at Camp Dix. Here was an army of nearly forty thousand men. So far as mere clothes went, one might have been in some mammoth camp of mining engineers. Everybody and everything I saw—from the gracious, urbane general commanding to the newly arrived negro labor-battalion, from the motor-ambulances in which our party were conveyed about the cantonment to the metal drinking-cups and cunningly-devised food-platters we used at mess was to me, at any rate, unusual, modern, completely superseding the archaic, erroneously held impressions of a lifetime. One thing, and one only, seemed not to have altered, or disappeared. There he was, to be numbered by the score, just as tireless, just as ubiquitous, just as indispensable, and, I make no doubt, just as stubborn as ever—the good old army mule!

HAVING lunched with Major-General Scott and his staff, our party commenced its tour of inspection by visiting the Camp Bakery. Everything about it was as clean as a new whistle. Any who felt it laid upon themselves to keep their eyes "peeled" and their noses well down on the trail of uncleanliness or unsanitary conditions, searched and smelt in vain. Ovens, mixing apparatus, utensils of every kind, were alike beyond reproach. The Bakery's daily capacity is 40,000 pounds. Ranged on tier above tier, crisp-looking and invitingly browned, were 20,000 two-pound loaves, and *all white bread!* I saw more of this delectable commodity in five minutes than I have seen in New York in six months—more, probably, than I shall see again until after the termination of the war. I eat in restaurants of varying sorts; and on many a morning have I broken apart my breakfast roll, only to find it looking like concrete, and tasting almost as appetizing. But I do not believe I shall ever grumble again. This glorious white bread—it *was* glorious and I ate my fill of it, for one day at least—was being fed to our gallant soldier boys, for which fact I thanked God and the military authorities. These boys deserve the best, and depend upon it, they are getting it—at Camp Dix.

The Base Hospital was next visited, and found to be a splendidly equipped institution. It has a capacity for 2,000 patients, whose needs and ailments are cared for by a fully adequate staff of competent medical men and trained nurses. I saw nothing crude or makeshift anywhere. The wards, corridors and convalescent rooms were scrupulously clean and well-appointed. Lieutenant-Colonel White, chief of staff to Major-General Hugh Scott, who accompanied the party on its tour of inspection, stated that more than 100,000 men had passed through the camp since its establishment, and 12,000 cases of all sorts had received hospital treatment. Of this number, only *one hundred and fifty-two* had died—a percentage which needs no comment, speaking as it does for itself as to the high efficiency attained by the Base Hospital at Camp Dix.

THE remainder of the afternoon was spent in viewing the trench area (the whole party filing through communicating trenches into the front-line "ditches," the more venturesome creeping into the dug-outs), the rifle-range, the comfortable Hostess House of the Y. W. C. A., the new Convalescent House erected by the Red Cross, and in watching a review of the third battalion of the 347th Infantry on the great central parade ground. This review was participated in by four maneuvering companies of two hundred and fifty men each.

Then came mess with the men of Companies 1, 2, 3 and 4, First Battalion, 153d Depot Brigade. This, possibly, was the most enjoyable feature of the whole trip. We sat among the boys, ate the same "grub," used the same table "tools" and utensils (these latter a little difficult for mere civilians to manipulate) and altogether spent a most agreeable time. The food was excellent. Pot-roast, juicy and well-cooked, stewed corn, mashed potatoes, steaming hot cocoa and *white bread*—what more would you? And the boys were allowed *second helpings*, which is a fine, sensible arrangement, mind you, when young manhood is genuinely hungry and fatigued after a dusty hike to the rifle-range, or long hours spent on the parade ground. After mess, several of the men sang popular songs to a piano accompaniment. One young fellow had an especially fine voice, quite good enough to hear anywhere.

I talked with many of the men, and found them, without exception, keen on becoming efficient soldiers, reasonably contented, and *with their minds on their job*. During the closing hours of our stay in the camp, rain, which had held off all day, began to fall. This, however, did not deter a great throng from gathering for the open-air Y. M. C. A. "sing" and entertainment. Led by Mr. Chrystal Brown, the boys whistled and sang with real heartiness and enjoyment for more than an hour, after which a company of entertainers from New York did their various "stunts," in the rain, and everybody stayed it out to the finish. Of course, nobody expected American soldiers, fit as a fiddle and hard as nails, to do anything else, and nobody was disappointed.

THE shades of evening now began to gather over the cantonment, and the rain to fall heavier. Once more boarding our motor-ambulances, we took short peeps into the various "Y" huts, where other entertainments were in progress. Each one we visited was crowded to the doors with men who, beyond all doubt, keenly appreciate the splendid efforts of those who are striving not only to provide amusement, instruction and relaxation, and keep men engaged and contented in their "play-hours," but to stave off the attacks of homesickness from boys of sensitive temperament, away from the old roof-tree for the first time in their lives. Wrestling, minstrelsy, and other diversions planned and organized by the War Work Council were being hugely enjoyed and uproariously applauded, as we rapidly passed from one hut to another.

Our day at Camp Dix had now reached its close. A run of twenty miles, made in automobiles, brought us to Trenton, there to catch the Pennsylvania express to New York. We had spent a wonderful day—a day in which much hitherto hidden had been revealed, a day which sent at least one man home saying repeatedly to himself: "I know now, if never before, who is going to prove the deciding factor in this great world war."

No soldiers of any army in the world are being fed as the boys are being fed at Camp Dix. And what is being done here is, I presume, being done in all the other cantonments throughout the country. No army, in this fourth year of the titanic struggle, has such young, vigorous material to draw upon. None possesses finer morale; and none is having its highest moral welfare more zealously looked after. To this latter-duty the men of the Red Triangle have quietly and unostentatiously addressed themselves with assiduity and success.

YES; it was a wonderful day—one not easily, if ever, to be forgotten. Mr. A. B. Elliott of the War Work Council looked after the comfort of his guests untiringly. The officers of the camp, senior and junior alike, were affable, approachable, eager to impart information, ready to serve. I met no "grouch" anywhere—the whole division seemed to be, as I am quite sure it was, permeated by the finest esprit de corps.

All the Y. M. C. A. workers I met and talked with at Camp Dix were just "reg'lar fellers," all quite obviously actuated by a desire to help these boys—called from home and civilian pursuits to don the khaki of soldiers of the Republic—to lead a straight life, a clean life, a life worthy of the best traditions of American manhood; "to endure hardness as a good soldier," and to furnish an added incentive for conquering tyranny.

French Official Photo

Relief Work in Palestine

Christian Herald Readers' Gifts a Means of Succoring Many

A LETTER to the Christian Herald from Mrs. Bertha Vester of the American Colony, dated Jerusalem, April 27, tells of the great relief work now going on there. She writes:

"We owe you many apologies for not having written you before about your interests, but I am sure you will condone the seeming neglect when you learn how busy we have been, since God sent us release and deliverance through the gallant British troops; for the people were reduced to the lowest possible depths from want of food and clothes, and through sickness and disease. So it was that the Unified American and British Syria and Palestine Relief Fund began by opening a clinic and employing, first one and now two doctors and a dispenser, where the poor can be attended to or be visited and have the needed care.

"Then followed the gathering from the streets of the numerous children who had lost their parents and were uncared for—over 500 such have been housed in four different orphanages where they are fed and clothed. Then, as soon as the military found it possible to grant transportation, foodstuffs and cloth were brought from Egypt and work-rooms containing 450 women were opened.

"About 12,000 garments have thus far been made for the poor and the orphanages, and meanwhile these women earn their living making the garments and benefit by this relief. A soup kitchen has also been started, where destitute Christians can get the food they need. Here 5,000 get soup daily. Then domiciliary visits are made to every section of the city. Seventeen of our people are devoting their entire time to these various charities.

"Over a thousand sacks of rice, having been brought in by the Fund, the price of this staple article dropped from 55 piasters the rottle to 10, all the population benefiting thereby. In the same way, a large consignment of canned milk has brought immediate help.

"We began to restart the lace industry, though much havoc had been played with the workers during the interval (when it was suspended), many having died, while others had sold everything and did not have a home where they could do the work. We have started two classes of twenty-five each, where we are teaching the making of the lace, enabling the young girls to earn a living and keeping them off the street. We have also been giving lace work to 106 women.

"Mr. Trowbridge, who represents the Red Cross here, received the $11,000 the Christian Herald so liberally sent for industrial purposes to aid in the relief. ($10,000 was sent for the work of the American Colony and $1,000 for the Samaritans.) He has advanced us a good part of it, and we have now rented part of a building close by, where the classes will be increased to four instead of two, and where we shall be able to considerably enlarge and extend our activities. We feel so grateful to your readers for this.

"We also learn from the Red Cross people that about fifty of their number are soon coming to Jerusalem, among them Mr. Waters of your staff, and we rejoice in this, for he will be able to let you know what is taking place here, and we can consult with him as to what we should do to further your plans.

"You will be pleased to know that the first newspaper we received (after the Turkish capitulation) addressed to us was the Christian Herald. You can hardly imagine the joy it was to see the old familiar cover, and to feel we were again in touch with the home country and our friends. When I have time I shall write to you of our wonderful deliverances. It will sound like the Bible experiences over again."

IN a letter from Jerusalem, dated April 5, to Secretary C. V. Vickrey of the Armenian and Syrian Committee in New York, Rev. Stephen Trowbridge reports a meeting of the Relief Fund Central Committee. The following passages occur in the minutes:

Voted that, inasmuch as the sum of $10,000 has been sent by the Christian Herald of New York through our treasury to the American Colony for the encouragement of the lace industry, we cooperate in every possible way with the American Colony in the securing of supplies and the forwarding of this industry as a Relief Measure, leaving the matters of management and sales of the product in their hands, to be dealt with according to their agreements with the Christian Herald. [According to arrangement the result of all sales is to be returned by the Christian Herald to the American Colony, to be expended in further production.]

Voted that we ask Mrs. Vester to investigate the possibilities of organizing industrial work among the women at Ramallah and Bethlehem.

Voted that Mrs. Vester and Messrs. Reynolds and Cleland be a committee to inquire as to the possibility of using the equipment of Pastor Schneller's school and the securing of a staff for industrial work for men and boys.

Voted that we express to the American Colony our most sincere appreciation of the generous assistance being rendered the Fund by them, in the setting aside of fifteen of their members to devote practically all of their time to Relief work; and further that we express our readiness to assist the Colony in every way possible to obtain necessary supplies for their own use.

Setting the Stage for a New Drive

WITH victory slipping through Germany's fingers in the west, and Austria overwhelmed in defeat in Italy, it was to be expected that some talk of peace would arise in Berlin. But it came, much to the distaste of the Junkers, in an address of Dr. Richard von Kühlmann, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the Reichstag, on June 25, in which was envisaged no peace with victory, but a negotiated peace. Dr. von Kühlmann, after declaring that Germany before the war was realizing her essential aims by peaceful negotiation, after disclaiming any intent on the part of Germany to seek world dominion, and after shifting the primary blame of instigating the war from England to Russia, said:

"In view of the magnitude of this war and the number of powers, including those from overseas, that are engaged, its end can hardly be expected through purely military decisions alone and without recourse to diplomatic negotiations. . . .

"I consider it necessary to say quite simply, and in a way easy for all to understand, what our positive desires are. We wish for the German people and our allies a free, strong, independent existence within the boundaries drawn for us by history. We desire overseas possessions corresponding to our greatness and wealth; the freedom of the sea, carrying our trade to all parts of the world."

In regard to Belgium, he said: "We must decline to make, as it were, a prior concession by giving a statement on the Belgian question which would bind us, without in the least binding the enemy."

Following Dr. von Kühlmann's speech, the Imperial Chancellor, Count von Hertling, addressed the Reichstag.

"I said on February 24 that the four points of President Wilson," the Chancellor asserted, "might possibly form the basis of a general world peace. No utterance of President Wilson whatever followed this, so that there is no object in spinning any further the threads there started."

As the significance of von Kühlmann's speech dawned upon them, the Junkers and their press became more enraged, being particularly disturbed by the partial absolution of England from the guilt so assiduously imputed to her since 1914 by the German war party. The speech did not impress either Paris, London, or Washington as in any way an approach to peace, although it might foreshadow a peace offensive.

As if in answer to von Kühlmann's apparent lack of faith in victory, June 27th saw reports, vague hitherto, of German preparations for a final drive, culminating in stories of prisoners, taken at varying points of the front, who all agreed that according to Germany's rather boastful program, July would see Rheims taken from the French, and that in August the grand offensive would take Paris, destroy the British, French and American armies and force a German peace upon the world.

Safeguarding Our Army's Food Supply

MANY rumors have been afloat, some of them disquieting, about the quality of the meat and other rations being fed to our Boys in khaki. Edward Mott Woolley, next week, closes the shutters of the rumor factories by opening the doors of the big packing plants and showing government inspection in operation. The results of his investigation will bring comfort to the heart of every mother with a boy in the army.

We always flock to hear Pastor Junius Remensnyder. In next week's pulpit he outlines for us "The Spiritual Uses of Memory."

The Irish heart is big and kindness is as native to it as active argument. Next week Patrolman O'Toole leaves his beat, a heinous crime in old New York, to save Murphy's kid a beatin'. Incidentally he rescues Murphy too.

Next week Miss Connolly tells the story of the first arrivals at Mont-Lawn.

Also more pictures in Rotagravure.

A Week in the World's News

A MISSION TO RUSSIA. It was announced on June 26 that President Wilson had determined upon a plan for extending aid to Russia, which would include the sending of a civilian commission, which would aid in the commercial, industrial and agricultural upbuilding of Russia by a policy of mutual helpfulness. The President was reported as opposed to military intervention, but it was said that the commission would be supported by sufficient military forces to protect it. On the same day Alexander Kerensky, former premier of Russia, in London, on his way to America, addressed the British Labor Conference. Kerensky stated his belief that the Russian people would

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THE SERVICES THAT SAVE

© Western Newspaper Union

British dispatch dogs, under training, passing through a volley of rifle fire. Ever man's friends, the dogs have proven his most certain messengers

© Underwood & Underwood

The Persian city of Tabriz, where Turkish troops attacked and looted the American Consulate and the American Presbyterian Mission Hospital

Photo from Adachi

Baron Tadanori Ishiguro, President of the Japanese Red Cross, coming to America as guest of the American Red Cross

© Underwood & Underwood

One of the electrically operated sirens which are being installed throughout New York City to give warning of an attack from the air. Each siren can be heard for two miles

Photo by Paul Thompson

French children being sent out of Paris to the country to be safe from air raids and "Big Berthas." We wonder if Paris has a "Mont-Lawn"

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

The Rout of the Austrians

THE Italian victory on the Piave is not only heartening to the morale of the Allies but is a decided gain. It is a gain of much important strategic territory and is a stunning defeat to the Austrians just at the psychological moment when Austria can least bear reverses.

Austria has two pressing and relentless enemies—hunger at home and the Italians at the front. On both sides her situation has suddenly become acutely hopeless. With never much heart in the war, with little to gain from it at best, and with the Hohenzollern yoke settling more securely upon her neck, Austria has had little stimulus for the fight, and now has less than ever.

Driven back across the Piave with tremendous losses of men and material and hotly pressed beyond, held in the Alps by heavy concentrations of artillery and threatened with a new Italian drive in the north, the Austrian army is on the run, leaving behind at least 200,000 dead and captured.

As the tide of the battle has turned in Italy, also it seems to have turned in no small degree in France. Everywhere the enemy is being held or driven back. American power is asserting itself on the Western front, forming an insuperable barrier to further enemy advance, and now our boys are arriving on the battle lines of Italy, there to help carry the splendid victory further still.

Not the least of Austria's troubles lies in the defection of her Czecho-Slovaks. In the midst of her other reverses, this is emphasized by the arrival in France of thousands of Czechs and Slovaks, who have journeyed almost around the world to fight against her. To the number of 150,000 they made themselves felt in the armies of Russia and will be felt again in France and Italy.

The Austrian defeat, with all that goes with it, is one of the most important if not decisive military events of the whole war.

Prayer Bells

IN the town of Verbena, Ala., every afternoon at six o'clock, the church bells ring for prayer. Then the Verbena people, with heads uncovered and bowed, repeat these words: "God bless our President, our soldiers, our Nation, and guide them to victory." When the bells begin to ring, men halt in the streets, wagons stop, women cease work, and all pray. People who have never prayed before pray now. In Middletown, Delaware, and in many other villages of the State, all the church bells ring for a few moments at the noonday hour, and the people stop wherever they are and pray for the triumph of the Allies.

Are not prayer bells ringing everywhere in America today, calling us to more vital union with Almighty God through the medium of prayer—prayer of the East and prayer of the West, of the North and of the South in one united voice ascending to heaven for the help of Almighty God to lead our army in this our struggle for world-liberty? May our own Revolutionary Liberty Bell once more peal forth the music of freedom in our Independence Hall, proclaiming the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. All the bells of the nation should join in the chorus, with the old sacred Liberty Bell, for universal justice and truth to prevail over all peoples, that the rights of the weaker nations may be preserved inviolate from tyrannical aggression.

Idealism in the War

VISCOUNT GREY, the British ex-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, has been drawn into the ranks of the pamphleteers, and his printed discussion of "The Conflict for Human Liberty" is his latest contribution to the history of the Great War. Our entrance into the struggle he regards as one of the great events that are "full of hope and ultimate good prospect." He recognizes the fact that this country, at the time of its entry, was unprepared, and therefore its intervention could not become decisive in a short time; but he holds that

> no conceivable military or naval success of the German armies can now secure a German peace. Germany cannot get peace and the economic recovery which she, at least as much as the other great European belligerents, needs, except on the conditions that the United States may consider essential to their own interests and to the future peace and freedom of the world. It is impossible to get round this fact, and it is not surprising that Germany dare not face it, and turns her back upon it that she may not face it, for that is what the organized silence and contempt in Germany of the action of the United States really mean.

But above and beyond these considerations, he regards as of deeper significance and more far-reaching consequence the reasons and spirit of the decision taken by the President and the nation. Our departure from the policy of isolation, he points out, is not from favor to one set of combatants against another, but from conviction that the war is a critical struggle against something that is evil and "intensely dangerous to moral law, to international good faith, to everything that is essential, if different nations are to live together in the world in equal freedom and friendship." Militarism, he points out, stands for things that all democracies, if they wish to remain free and be part of a world that is free, must hate. He finds, therefore, that the real reason of America's action is that old barriers are broken down, that the cause of humanity is one, and "that no nation so great and free as the United States could stand aside in this crisis without sacrificing its honor and losing its soul!"

Viscount Grey's conclusions run on lines that are notably parallel with those expressed by President Wilson in his published addresses on various occasions within the last year. He sees a great weariness and longing for the end of the war, but an intense desire to see it end in such a way that human liberty and peace may be assured. He then discusses permanent peace as an ideal, and asks whether a League of Nations, or some such plan, will be practicable—in other words, can the ideal be brought within the range of practical, effective world politics? This is a question which can only be answered by experience, and he personally hopes and believes that it will be answered affirmatively. There will be a new order of things with the coming of peace, and the permanency of the ideal will depend upon the change effected by the war in the hearts and feelings of men, rather than in their heads.

To make peace on the hope that the disappointment and war-weariness of the German people would bring about a real change of power in that nation, the Viscount believes would be gambling upon a chance, with things at stake too vital and awful for the risk. He heartily endorses President Wilson's view that a steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations, and that no autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it, or observe its covenants. Germany must first fulfil the conditions before it can be admitted to such a partnership, and until these conditions are fulfilled "the war is and will remain, on the part of the United States and the Allies, a defensive war—a war to defend human liberty and free nations from present and future military aggression." He closes with the expression of the hope that out of Prussian defeat there "must come something constructive, some moral change in international relations; and the entry of the United States into the war, in the spirit and with the principles that inspired their action, is an invaluable, sure and unconquerable guarantee that, in the peace and after the peace, these hopes will be realized."

The Food Situation

IN a timely report on food conditions and the outlook, the New York State Food Supply Commission sets forth some very practical suggestions which are applicable to every section of the country. With the continuance of the war, the food situation is bound to become an increasingly difficult problem, and one which must be solved largely by the farmers of America. Even were the war to end this year, the needs of the Allies will continue to tax us heavily for another year at least. Crops in all the combatant countries will be wholly inadequate to supply even the lowest normal needs of their populations. Meanwhile, with actual famine prevailing in Austria and large areas of Russia; with Germany practically on half-rations and facing "meatless weeks"; with labor strikes increasing everywhere abroad owing to the food shortage, and with a widespread fuel famine impending in nearly all the European states, it is a wise policy for our own people to be conservative in their consumption, especially of those food products that will be imperatively needed elsewhere, if worse disaster is to be averted.

Fortunately we are still able to supply from our abundance the needs of a large part of Europe, and will continue to do so if the present favorable crop prospects come to realization. Our Federal and State governments are extending liberal aid to the farmers, both in credit and labor. Production of essential foods is everywhere being stimulated. The farmer is the leading factor in the situation, and upon him, more largely than upon any other class, depends the winning of the war. All the States are now taking stock of their food and fuel resources, and making a serious study of production and conservation. A systematic effort is being made to supply the shortage of agricultural help. Food profiteering is quickly detected and sharply punished. Of coal we shall have enough to fight on, and unless production is largely increased we shall burn our fuel next winter as we eat our bread—on a war basis—eking it out with wood. We can face the situation with a courage and determination to surmount whatever difficulties may arise, and all this and even more we shall do gladly and patriotically to help win the war.

We Can No Longer Send the Christian Herald to Those Whose Subscriptions Are Not Paid in Advance

REGULATIONS will shortly be made by the Federal Trade Commission to conserve the supply of paper used by magazines. The draft law has taken many men from the paper mills. There is also a shortage of the raw materials from which paper is made. Transportation facilities are taxed to the utmost. For this reason, publishers of magazines, including the Christian Herald, will not be able to obtain as great a supply of paper as formerly. The forthcoming regulations of the Federal Trade Commission will make it obligatory for publishers to entirely eliminate from their subscriptions lists all but those whose subscriptions are strictly paid in advance. All free and sample copies will be eliminated.

We have always been glad to grant our readers a reasonable latitude in sending in their renewals, realizing that there were many who might not always find it convenient to pay promptly at the date when the subscription expired. We can no longer continue this custom, but will be compelled to drop from our list all whose subscriptions are not paid in advance. We have no option in the matter. The new regulations are a war-time measure. We feel sure that our readers will see the justice of this new arrangement, and will renew their subscriptions promptly at the date of expiration, or before. Do not wait until your subscription is about to expire. It takes us about three weeks to replace a name on our list. If you overlook renewing your subscription promptly, you will miss several issues of the Christian Herald, and it will be impossible for us to duplicate these missing issues, as we will be able to print only the exact number of copies to be sent to our paid-in-advance subscribers.

Furthermore, as the new regulations will affect the publication of books as well as periodicals, we would advise our readers to take time by the forelock during the short period remaining, and make their purchases of any books on the Christian Herald's list of book offers, which they may wish to buy. This will forestall disappointment.

Now, please remember: These new regulations may be enforced with any issue. If your subscription is in arrears, send in your renewal **at once.**

The Jewish Restoration

IT is a hopeful sign to note the various Zionist organizations coming into closer relationship, with the view of rendering effective united service looking to the rehabilitation of Palestine. At an important convention held in Pittsburg lately, the proposition for a union of organizations was strongly urged, that they might establish definite contact with the work now going on in the Holy Land. It is not merely relief and rehabilitation work that is needed, for there are larger problems that have come up with the larger outlook. Half a year has changed the whole aspect of affairs. The time is near at hand when the Zionists of America must be prepared to take an active and important part in the work of restoration, and this they can only do if all factional interests are put aside in the interest of Jewish unification. While the war lasts, there will, of necessity, be need for benevolent effort on a large scale—more needed possibly than at the present time, for war breeds cumulative suffering. But in the alignment of Jewish forces for the greater problem ahead—which is to plan for the future welfare and development of the land that is dearer than all else to the Jew—men of broad vision and statesmanlike qualities will be needed. Such men will be welcomed in the councils of those nations who are the friends of Israel, and who believe that the future is bright with promise for the chosen people, not only in their own land but throughout the world.

Is the Kaiser the Antichrist?

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D., Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

I

AMONG the many questions in the realm of prophecy which have arisen during the war, the two most persistent have been, "Is this the battle of Armageddon?" and "Is the Kaiser the Antichrist?" The first was answered in the negative some time ago, giving the Bible reasons for our faith, and the second we consider in this article.

Two or three months ago occasion was had to correspond with several Bible teachers who are authorities in prophetic study, when the question of the Kaiser's being the Antichrist was taken up. The letters were so interesting and informing that permission was obtained to publish some of them.

The first is from the Rev. I. M. Haldeman, D.D., known to Christian Herald readers as the able pastor of the First Baptist Church, Seventy-ninth Street and Broadway, New York City, who writes:

"There are many things in the career, attitude and speech of the Kaiser, together with his victorious march to the East, which suggest the Antichrist. Should he succeed as he is now endeavoring to do in raising an army of a million or two of Asiatics; should he take possession of Persia, Armenia and the Euphratean valley; set up a kingdom from Bagdad to Babylon; assume the titles of the Chaldean, the Assyrian and king of Babylon; win Jerusalem from the English and then announce himself protector of the Jews; declare the restoration of the Holy Roman Empire or the Germano-Roman Empire as he has promised to do, with greater extension and glory than it ever knew, he would almost line for line be fulfilling the portrait of the Wicked One.

"But we must measure final things by the image. The image has a twofold process of fulfilment; from the head to the feet—from the feet to the head. So far it has been going down from the head to the feet. We are undoubtedly in the region or the beginning of the region of the clay. The Antichrist can come only when the prophecy starts backward or upward from the feet to the head. As the clay is the basic element (and that is the people), then the iron (the autocratic) element can come in only after the clay has come to the front.

"The federation of ten kings comes not from war as such, nor as the result of a conqueror's victory, but by and from the people, who must produce the democratic kings. The last Kaiser can become such only after five democratic kings come in the region of the Western Empire and five in the Eastern (starting from the Adriatic line and below the Danube).

"The initial act of the Antichrist which throws him forward to Europe is the overthrow of three democratic and eastern systems. He becomes the wild beast of whom the question is asked, 'Who is able to make war with him?' only after he has become the head of the image. Then the question must further arise: 'Against whom does he make war?' Evidently not against his own ten kings. This being so would eliminate him as a personal or possible factor in this war, and necessarily free the present Kaiser from identification with him.

"Bacon says prophecy has a budding, a blossoming and a fulfilling. I am assured we are largely in the blossoming, and every day's event gives emphasis to the fulfilment of prophecy and the verification of the written Word, but the Kaiser is not the Antichrist."

SOME of our readers may welcome a few words of explanation of the above. Dr. Haldeman's reference to the "image" means that which Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, saw in his dream as recorded and interpreted in Daniel 2. It revealed the whole course of Gentile history in the world from that day till the end of this age. The ten toes of the image are having their historical fulfilment now, in Dr. Haldeman's judgment. They were composed part of iron and part of clay, the latter representing democracy, the former autocracy. Democracy is coming into the ascendant at the present time, but there will be a reaction, as he understands the prophecy, and from the people themselves will arise the autocratic despot, the Antichrist. This will not be, however, until the ten "democratic kings," or kingdoms, are clearly defined, and divided evenly between the eastern and western halves of the old Roman Empire. When the Antichrist arises, his appearance will be coincident with his overthrow of three of the eastern kingdoms, after which the growth of his power will be rapid until he is at the head of the ten, the head of the image and the successor of Nebuchadnezzar. He then goes forth to "make war"; but as it is obvious that he does not make war against his own under kings, or his own kingdoms, he can not be the Kaiser, because the latter is at present making war against some or most of those very kingdoms at whose head the Antichrist shall be. This, as Dr. Haldeman says, does "necessarily free the present Kaiser from identification with him."

II

WE follow Dr. Haldeman's communication with that of Dr. C. I. Scofield, because he also stresses the point that the political despot we have in mind comes out from among the people, the democracy. Dr. Scofield, unlike Dr. Haldeman, and some others, distinguishes between the "Beast" of Revelation 13 and the Antichrist. The "Beast," in his opinion, is the political despot, and the Antichrist the false prophet associated with him in that chapter. For our purpose, however, this distinction need not be pressed, as we are talking about the political despot himself, the wicked head of the Gentile powers at the end of the age, whether he be called for the present "Beast" or the "Antichrist."

Of him Dr. Scofield says: "The one unanswerable objection to the Kaiser-Beast theory is that the 'Beast' rises 'out of the sea,' i.e., the mere mass of men. Napoleon Bonaparte might well be taken as an adumbration. The Kaiser comes of a race of rulers, and is by no means merged in the mass of mankind.

"Another collateral argument rests upon the man of one kingdom overcoming two, over which he reigns, and then over the federated restored empire. The whole setting is of the East, and not of northern Europe.

"Moreover, the final scene brings against him in his place 'in the glorious holy mountain' powers from the North and South. If the 'Beast' is the Kaiser, his own power is in the North; therefore I do not believe the Kaiser-Beast theory."

III

MR. A. C. GAEBELEIN, editor of "Our Hope," is the next authority. He is the author of many Bible commentaries, that on Daniel probably being the best known. Like Dr. Scofield, he says: "It is very necessary to distinguish between the two leaders of the end of the age, who head the apostate forces after the true church has been caught away. The one is the head of the reconstructed Roman empire seen by Daniel as the little horn among the ten horns (7) and as the prince in the ninth chapter; the other is the personal Antichrist, whose picture is given in the eleventh chapter. The one is the political masterpiece of Satan and the other the ecclesiastical head.

"The head of the Roman empire (the political masterpiece) must appear first, but he cannot appear till that empire is formed. The final Antichrist, who denies the Father and the Son, who does away with all Christian doctrine and opposeth and exalteth himself, etc., cannot come till the apostasy is here. The apostasy in turn cannot come as long as the true Church is in earth.

"To restate: The emperor over the Roman empire will not appear till that empire is formed. The personal Antichrist will be manifested when the apostasy has come. Inasmuch, then, as we have no Roman empire revived and the apostasy is not here, and above all, the true Church is still on earth and the Body of Christ still forming, the two persons are not in power."

IV

THE following from the pen of W. J. Erdman, D.D., of Germantown, Pa., is very clear. He is one of the last representatives of that distinguished company of Bible expounders among whom the late Dr. James H. Brookes was a leader, and which included Bishop William R. Nicholson and President W. G. Moorehead, Professors Kellogg and Stifler, Doctors West, Gordon, Parsons and Pierson, and Evangelists Needham and Major Whittle. There were giants in those days, and their summer rendezvous was the Bible Conference at Niagara, of which Dr. Erdman was for years the honored and efficient secretary.

Coming to the question, "Is the Kaiser the Antichrist?" he says, "No," for the following reasons:

"1. Because the 'ten toes' or 'ten horns' do not now exist in Europe, Asia, Africa, and he rises later from among the horns and is autocrat over all.

"2. No system like the 'Woman Babylon' now exists, to be upheld by the 'beast and ten kings' for a while and then destroyed by them. Papal Rome cannot be the 'Babylon' now; the Pope, in spite of all his claims, is of small account in fact just now.

"3. But the Kaiser and the ambitions of Germany and the War do give the nations a sample of what will come in the days of the 'beast.'

"4. A season of peace will follow this war, in which the Lord will give man another trial in religion and government; but the outcome will be 'Babylon' and the 'Beast.' But I am firm in the belief that the Kaiser does not 'fill the bill' of the Antichrist, whether politically as the 'ten-horned beast,' or doctrinally as the 'two horned,' his minister and miracle-worker.

"Wilhelm II will have to be grayer than he is now to see his Antichrist's day."

V

WE conclude with a brief paragraph from the Rev. Robert Cameron, D.D., of Seattle, Wash., joint editor with the Rev. Mark A. Matthews, D.D., of Watchword and Truth.

"As to the Kaiser," he says, "I see no difficulty in answering that. The Antichrist will be at the head of the ten nations; his capital, or rather the center of his political movements, will be Babylon rebuilt; his religious persecutions will have their center in Jerusalem and Palestine. That is perfectly plain. Therefore, the Kaiser cannot be the Antichrist. He may be, and is doubtless, in some respects, a foreshadowing of what the Antichrist will be."

Summing up the foregoing, we find that the Kaiser is not the Antichrist for the following reasons:

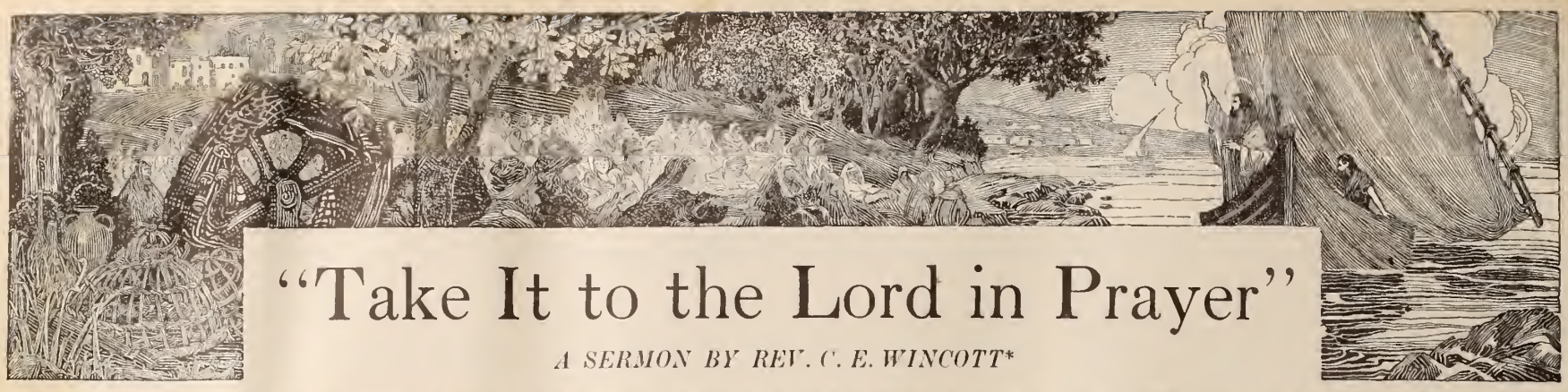
1. Because the time has not arrived for the Antichrist to appear.
   (*a*) The people, that is the democracy, are not yet in power in the eastern and western portions of the Roman empire. In other words, the renewed Roman empire is not yet formed.
   (*b*) The apostasy has not yet come to a head.
   (*c*) The Church has not yet been translated.
2. The Kaiser is making war against some of the very peoples who will give the power to the Antichrist, which contradicts the thought that he could be that person.
3. The Antichrist and the "Beast," if they be regarded as separate persons, arises in the East and not in northern Europe, which precludes the thought of the Kaiser being the Antichrist.

AMONG THE WORKERS

THE New York Bible Society, following its policy of placing the Word of God in the hands of every man in uniform, has twice before given an order for 100,000 "Active Service" New Testaments for presentation to the soldiers and sailors, and now it has given a third similar order, besides 300,000 Gospel portions for general distribution. These, the largest orders ever given by the society, show how great is the demand for the Bible. The Testaments containing messages from General Pershing and Colonel Roosevelt are most popular among the soldiers. The Active Service Testaments contain, in addition to the message from the commanding general, a List of Passages to be read in times of emergency and a Decision Form to be signed. They cost 20 cents each, or $20 per hundred. Among many prominent men who have praised the activities of the society, Food Administrator Hoover recently wrote: "Your plan of providing a Bible for those who face death for ideals and for country is most admirable." Ambassador James W. Gerard wrote: "The Bible is as essential to the soldier's equipment as his rifle." Secretary McAdoo says: "The Word of God should be in the heart of every soldier and sailor of America." Many other statesmen have written in praise of the work of the Society in behalf of the soldiers and sailors. The general secretary of the society is Rev. George William Carter, Ph.D., Bible House, New York City.

A BLACK arm-band, with a gold star, has been recommended by the Women's Committee of the Council of National Defense, to be worn on the left arm instead of mourning by American women who have lost members of their family in the service of the country. The wearing of such insignia will, they feel, express better than mourning the feeling of the American people that such losses are a matter of glory rather than of prostrating grief and depression. President Wilson has approved the recommendation, and in a letter to Dr. Anna Howard Shaw he writes: "I hope and believe that thoughtful people everywhere will approve of this action. . . . It has my cordial endorsement."

WHILE a majority of the states will, doubtless ratify the prohibition amendment to the United States Constitution, a more insidious and perhaps a greater evil menaces our Indians in the use of a substance known as "peyote," which is derived from cactus plants of northern Mexico, and is said to be fully as injurious as opium or Indian hemp. Following the example set by the states of Colorado, Nevada and Utah, which have prohibited the sale of this poison, a bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives at Washington to protect the Indians from all habit-forming drugs. The Indian Rights Association has appealed to all friends of the Indians to write to their congressmen, asking them to vote in favor of the proposed bill.



"Take It to the Lord in Prayer"

*A SERMON BY REV. C. E. WINCOTT**

TEXT—*II Kings 19 : 14. "And Hezekiah received the letter of the hand of the messengers, and read it: and Hezekiah went up into the house of the Lord, and spread it before the Lord."*

HOW easy to say, "the letter"; and yet how much the words may mean! The mail-carrier, as he goes his rounds, would become the most melancholy of men if he thought much upon the contents of his mail-bag. To some families joy, to others misery—nay, to the same home joy treads on the heels of sorrow, or *vice versa*. We don't know what tomorrow may bring forth, the letter carrier's ring may be the knell of doom or the signal for peals of joyous laughter.

What a letter was that which Hezekiah received! In form it would be very different from our ideas of a letter. The Assyrians did not use paper, or even skins, but did their writing on clay. I have seen, in the British Museum, a conveyance of land written not on parchment, but on clay, and then baked hard. So it is very likely that the letter was a tablet of terra cotta.

It has been thought by some that Rabshakeh was the writer of these railing letters. This renegade Jew, like most apostates, gloried in his shame. He was a master of coarse and brutal invective, and could say things never to be forgotten. For instance, when he sneered at Hezekiah and told him that he would share the fate of the other nations whom Sennacherib had destroyed, and told him to note that the gods of those nations had not delivered them; and even goes to the length of suggesting that Jehovah was cheating the pious king, when encouraging him to believe that he was greater than Assyria. The letter ends by asking Hezekiah to think what had become of other crowned heads, and suggesting that soon he would join the company of those who had been degraded by Assyria.

This was trouble indeed, but it was trouble that might have been prevented. Hezekiah ought never to have paid tribute to Sennacherib. When first the demand was made, he should have called on the name of the Lord.

O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

In II Kings 18 we read that Hezekiah prayed to be delivered; but he prayed to the king of Assyria. To stave off the threatened destruction, he had to cut off the gold from the doors of the temple. It was all lost. The greedy monarch was not to be thus satisfied; he meant having all the wealth that Solomon had accumulated. Let us learn to *never submit to the claims of sin.* We can never satisfy it. Much will have more. The devil has no right to a cent of our money, or a moment of our time. If we could have in the treasury of the Lord the tribute good people are paying to Satan, we should be able to carry on much of the Lord's work that languishes for funds.

Young people, let me say to you, never give way to the claims of sin. If you submit once, you will have to submit again, until hell will talk of "vested interests" in your time and money!

WHAT did Hezekiah do with the letter? He did not send a hasty answer. Many a quarrel might have been prevented if men would spread disagreeable letters before the Lord. If you get letters that give you pain, before you pen a reply, send a message to God, and he will teach you to indite what may turn away wrath. If you are in trouble, let me counsel you to remember what is a command as well as a promise: "Call upon me in the day of trouble." Far too many of us treat God as though he had no existence. We try everybody else before going to the Lord. We can quack with our small ailments, but when we feel in danger, we call in the physician, forgetting that the cold may be the prelude to a fever, and that little trials are sometimes opening the way for larger ones.

Hezekiah did now what he ought to have done at the first. What a great deal of trouble he might have saved himself if, at the first appearance of the Assyrian army, he had gone to the house of the Lord to pray. Then he would have been saved the necessity of going there to cut off the gold from the doors. The right thing is always best, and in the long run the cheapest.

"Went up into the house of the Lord." Where was he so likely to find God as in His house! I knew a godly and intelligent widow who had a great deal of trial, but who assured me that she was never in perplexity but she was sure to be guided to the right conclusion as she sat in church. Something either in the sermon, or lesson, or prayer, or hymn would tell her what to do.

In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Hezekiah did not hear God reproach him for going elsewhere first. There is much force in the promise, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not." Perhaps you have tried everybody else, and are almost ashamed to go to God now. Do not fear but He will treat you as kindly as He did Hezekiah.

HAVE you noticed the prayer of the king? It is indeed a model prayer; not like so many of our modern prayers, which must try the patience of God, going all round the world, instead of fastening upon the thing needed, and asking for that. If our prayers were more like telegrams we should have speedier answers. One of the best prayers I ever heard of was put up by a man who had been awakened at some special evangelistic service; it was in these words: "Lord, save me from the Liquor Saloon, for it has been my ruin!"

The prayer of the pious King appealed to God for the sake of His honor—"*that all the kingdoms of the earth may know that thou art the Lord God.*" How the Almighty is touched by an appeal of this sort. If we thought more of God's honor in our prayers, we should be more often answered. Was the letter of Rabshakeh ever answered? Yes, for Jehovah answered it himself. He did not trouble Hezekiah to do it; and the answer is worthy of the Lord. Now he reproves the pride and annoyance of the king of Assyria—"Whom hast thou reproached and blasphemed!" In Isaiah 10 we find other allusions to the threat of Sennacherib; the prophet spoke of the feeling of God, and encouraged the fainting hearts of the people of God. But the answer never was sent to the Assyrian. God did not condescend to reply to him personally. He may have thought that His message had so dismayed Hezekiah that in a very short time there would be an ambassage desiring peace, and offering abject submission. We know what the result was, and how suddenly the bolt of vengeance struck down the blasphemer.

Is it not the same to-day? Are not many of those who lift themselves up against the Lord doomed in the same way? God does not condescend to send an answer to their proud boastings, but He has replied; and could they but know what He has spoken, they would be in abject terror.

While nothing appears to have been said to the foe, the friends of Jehovah were much comforted by the reply to the letter. Jerusalem is represented as a Jewish maiden, laughing Assyria to scorn. Yes, when God laughs, we may. It would help us more if we cultivated sacred mirth. Why should the enemy be the only one to smile? "He laughs best who laughs last," says the old proverb, but he who knows that he will laugh last, should laugh all the way through. God will win the day; then let none of us who are on His side whine and cry, but rejoice in the Lord, and in merriment sing psalms.

THERE is a postscript to God's answer (see verse 35). "It came to pass that night . . . they were all dead corpses"! What a sight the camp must have been the next morning! There has been considerable discussion amongst the learned as to the cause of the destruction of so large an army, and it is generally understood now to have been the simoom. Cambyses, king of the Medes, lost 50,000 men by one of these dreadful winds. But whether the wind was the messenger, or whether an angel had the wind in his power, it matters not; we read of "stormy wind fulfilling His word." God willed it, and nature hasted to do His bidding.

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest, when autumn hath blown,
That host, on the morrow, lay withered and strewn.

For the angel of death, spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed:
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

SENNACHERIB does not appear to have been with the main army, and so escaped for the time; but vengeance followed him home. Let us pause and contrast the two kings mentioned in this story, and we shall see the difference between the friends and foes of God. Look at Hezekiah. Though he made mistakes, he was a sincere, good man; he meant right, and so, in the day of distress, he could seek the Lord. Look at him in the house of God. He is in great trouble; he bows before the Lord. See, some one is coming! It is the prophet. What is the message? Will God reproach me for not coming before? Will He refuse now to help us? Listen, thus saith the Lord. "That which thou hast prayed to me against Sennacherib king of Assyria I have heard."

Now, look at the enemy of God when he was in trouble. He, too, is in trouble, he has not prospered, and so will seek the help of his god. Tradition says that he intended to offer up two of his sons as human sacrifices. He is in the house of his god, seeking aid, when a step is heard. How quietly the men walk—there are two of them; they steal behind the worshiping monarch, they stab him with their knives; and, as he looks upon them with his dying gaze, he sees that those he intended to offer to his god have been his death!

"The light of the righteous rejoiceth, but the lamp of the wicked shall be put out."

* Rector, St. Paul's Reformed Episcopal Church, New Westminster, Canada.

"Even So, Come, Lord Jesus"

By AMOS R. WELLS

THE world is a welter of blistering sorrow,
All is an anguish of infinite pain.
Where are the once happy hopes of tomorrow?
Under the festering heaps of the slain.
Where are the songs of the Bethlehem chorus?
Mocked in the battle, defeated and dumb.
Yet is one hope, and one promise, before us:
Even so, even so, Comforter, come!

Come, though the nations are reeling and falling;
Come, though the sages are silent in dread;
Come, though the mothers are sobbing and calling
Over the graves of the beautiful dead.
Deeper and darker our limitless error,
Louder the crash of the hurrying drum;
Wilder the maddening rush of our terror,
Even so, even so, Counselor, come!

Come, while the impious rage and deny thee;
Come at the height of their arrogant pride;
Come, while the ravening peoples defy thee;
Come in thy power and toss them aside.
Now, with thine enemies reeking and gory,
Counting thy saints as the slime and the scum;
Now, with the fiends at the top of their glory,
Even so, even so, Conqueror, come!

Come at the climax of horror and wailing,
Never so needed and never so sought.
Are not the prayers of thy people prevailing?
Has not iniquity perfectly wrought?
Now, as the Judases kiss and betray thee,
Now, as their evil has made up the sum,
Now, as thy people believingly pray thee,
Even so, even so, Lord Jesus, come!

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Possessing All Things

SUNDAY, July 14. II Cor. 6 : 10. "*Having nothing and yet possessing all things.*" It is surely one of the purposed ministries of apparent misfortune and disaster to open ont the divino side of things and to unveil the heavenly glory. And indeed we may say that the seeming failure is no failure at all if it uncover the divine; the calamity has then become the medium of a greater triumph. Ellice Hopkins was called upon to walk rough roads, where for miles grinning defeat was her constant companion. Her life had been turned to a crusade whose conditions she viewed with repulsion. In the early stages of the unwelcome jonrney she lived under an irritating sense of personal ignominy and humiliation. And then there came the nnveiling! She wrote these words in after days: "My long experience in the Valley of Humiliation has effectually rid me of the longing to see *my* glory!" She had been ravished by a vision of the glory of the Lord, and all smaller fears and resentments had faded away.

When our troubles destroy the yearning for our own glory they have been converted into the ministers of spiritual growth. The apparent rotting of the flax, when it is thrown into the seemingly unfriendly tanks, prepares the stronger strands for finished webs. And when our vanities and our self-gloryings rot away in the waters of hardship or afflietion, we may be sure that the bitter waters have ministered to us as the veritable waters of life. When "my glory" changes into "thy glory," and when we are led to pray, "Show me thy glory," the valley of Achor has become a door of hope. J. H. J.

The God of Isaac

MONDAY, July 15. Ex. 3 : 6. "*I am the God of Isaac.*" Every human eharacter is a composite of strength and weakness, goodness and its opposite or its absence. Isaac was not entirely heroie, but he had the elements of heroism in large measure. The twenty-sixth chapter of Genesis eontains an illuminating episode in the life of Isaac. He came of fighting stock, but when tho Philistines claimed the wells his servants had dug, he yielded rather than fight—yielded more than once; he retired to new fields and dug new wells, and eventually ho conqnered tho Philistines by his spirit of coneiliation. He was a man who let his moderation be known unto all—his yieldingness (for this is the New Testament sense of the word moderation). Only a strong man can yield. It often takes more courage to retreat than to stand ono's ground. Isaac was a man of prayer. This was the sourco of his strength. As such, he was not unworthy his father Abraham. And as such, he was not unworthy the friendship of God. That friendship he had, for God calls himself the God of Isaac. If God is the God of Isaac, then he is the God of all such men—the God of gentle spirits—the God of men who have it within their power to conquer, bnt who in mercy's namo prefer to yield—the God of those who think more of their duties than of their rights. There are times when to stand upon our rights, our personal rights, is to stand upon dangerous ground, in so far as our relations to God are concerned. The mighty God is not ashamed to call himself the God of man who, with strength and right on his side, counsels his servants to avoid unnecessary strife. C. C. A.

Treachery

TUESDAY, July 16. I Sam. 22 : 9. "*Doeg the Edomite, which was set over the servants of Saul, said, I saw the son of Jesse coming to Nob, to Ahimelech the son of Ahitub.*" Doeg is the Old Testament type of a wily, treacherous person. He happened to be at Nob, when David in his flight from the fury of Saul reached that place. Doeg had come to that place where Ahimelech was in charge of the sanctuary, to pay his devotion to the Lord. He observed the transactions between David and the priest. Ahimelech expressed surprise that David, who stated that he was traveling post haste on the king's business, shonld have come without food and arms, but aceepted the plausible explanation which David gave him, and then let him have the shewbread from the sanctnary and the sword of Goliath. Doeg became the instrument through which Saul shed the first innocent blood in that long persecution of David to which his insane jealonsy drove him. He became tale-bearer to the king, relating that he had seen David at the sanctuary. While pretending to be engaged on the performance of sacred duties he had stealthily observed and listened to what transpired between David and Ahimelech. But in relating Ahimelech's share of the transaction he purposely told a twisted tale. His account was so framed as to incriminate the priest, who had acted in perfect good faith toward David, and really believed that he was serving the king in giving aid and comfort to David. Like all traitors Doeg employed dishonest methods: suppression of facts, distortion of circumstances, lies, to gain his end. Finally, when the king in his rage pronounced the sentence of death on Ahimelech and his fellow priests and all his and their families, and the servants of Saul recoiled with horror when they were ordered to execute the king's decree, this mean and abandoned wretch Doeg with his own hand fell upon the holy men in their priestly attire, and slew them, and then went to slay all their relatives and dependents in the town. Thus he added murder to his other crimes. Treachery is diabolical work: in it are combined cunning, prevarication, and bloodthirstiness: all traits of the devil, who is a deceiver, liar, and murderer.
W. H. T. D.

Falling at His Feet

WEDNESDAY, July 17. Rev. 1 : 17. "*When I saw Him, I fell at his feet as dead.*" Happy are we if we have fallen at his feet, dead to self and sin, for then we are risen with him in newness of life and can ever say, with Paul and John, "Have I not seen the Lord?"

It may be your lot has been cast in isolation and loneliness, far away from home and friends; but with the Divine Visitor all the heavens break upon your sight with joy unspeakable and full of glory. You may have thought that your only companion was Tribulation, but when the Master comes he brings all heavenly beauty with him and fills the horizon with the splendor of his presence.

Jacob, in desolate banishment, saw his Lord as the golden ladder to the skies. Stephen, stoned, beheld, like John, the heavens open and the Christ waiting to embraco his spirit. Isaiah, enraptured at the sight of the Lord, high and lifted np, cried out, "Here am I; send me"; and Paul whispered, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

One ean never be the same person after a view of his presenee. Visions of him are not merely ecstatic moments of bliss, bnt, like the Transfiguration, they are for service in the valley among the multitudes. After John's Patmos vision, he penned the three Epistles, the fourth Gospel and the crowning book of the Bible—Revelation. He has thereby exerted an influenee as great as any other writer in the Holy Scriptnres.

Here is the supreme moment in the life of a human soul when we respond to His call, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." After worshiping and eonsecrating all at his feet, after hearing the sacred words from his loving lips, and after feeling his pierced hand upon the brow and resting onr head upon his wounded breast, no wonder a new and glorions life begins, full of eternal years and heavenly fellowships.
E. W. C.

The God of Jacob

THURSDAY, July 18. Ex. 3 : 6. "*I am the God of Jacob.*" God never said a more amazing thing than when he ealled himself the God of Jacob. Jacob was a cheat. His honesty was of the bargain-counter kind. He was not above taking advantage of a weak-willed brother. Deceit was in his mouth and in his hand. Is it not amazing to be told that Jacob had a God? Is it not positively startling to know that God calls himself the God of Jacob?

Surely Jacob is a better man than he appears to be! He is. His faults lie npon the surface. His virtues are invisible at first glance. His great virtue is the high estimate he sets upon spiritual things. His birthright—a matter of spiritual privilege—is infinitely valnable in his sight. There is hope for a man like that, even though he be dishonest. He will shed his dishonesty. He will repent it and be restored. He will learn the value of honor too. But the man who despises his spiritual birthright, who holds religion a worthless thing—there is no hope for him in time or eternity. As the years go by the virtues of Jacob shine ont. He sins and sorrows. He departs from the straight path and returns footsore, broken-hearted and weary. He seeks and finds God. He pays the penalty of transgression. Like David, he is pnrified by fire. So the God of Jacob is the God of a struggling man who strnggles on, ascends step by step the painfnl path to reformation, restitution, honor, abiding peace. The God of Jacob is the God of a man who fights the evil within him, fights till morning leaves him lame.

The average man has in him comparatively little that makes him akin to Abraham, but may wo not all hope to have as our Friend and Connselor, our Gnard and Guide, the God of Jacob? C. C. A.

Appearing Before Him

FRIDAY, July 19. Ps. 42 : 2. "*When shall I come and appear before God?*" In these agitated words Korah's temple choir depicted the keen anguish of the person who would like to go to church on the solemn convocations of God's people, but cannot. This unfortunate person is described as panting after God as a hart panteth after the water brooks; yea, he is crying day and night over his spiritual privation. Let us not pronounce language such as we have in this Psalm poetic exaggeration. Of course, the loss of a thing is never felt by the person who never possessed it. The secular mind will wonder at such spiritual distress as is here expressed as something queer. It may regard it as affectation and a foolish display of piety. One must have tasted the Bread and Water of Life, to understand what hunger and thirst for these things are. But even such longing to be with the worshipers at the sanctuary on the holy days of the Church is truly a divine service. Wherever a heart of faith turns to its God, its Redeemer and Comforter, there a sanctuary is erected where God is truly worshiped in spirit and sincerity. The accidents of life, illness, afflictions, unavoidable engagements, may occasionally detain a believer from the courts of the Lord. Others may find themselves in localities where the true God is not known nor worshiped, or they may have been deprived of their liberty to go where they please, like prisoners and exiles. Besides, there are days when no public services are conducted at the nsual place of worship, and the believer, though he wonld like to, cannot join with his brethren in prayer and praise to his God. In all such instances our losses at the common sanctuary can and ought to be made up to ns by that sanctuary in which God loves to dwell before others, the sanctuary of a poor and contrite spirit and of a heart that trembles at God's Word. Any place is a holy place when we seek and find God there. Any season is a proper season for worship when our finite spirit meets the Infinite Spirit and eommunes with him on the basis of his revealed will of grace and righteousness.
W. H. T. D.

The Vile May Be Pure

SATURDAY, July 20. Ps. 68 : 13. "*Though ye have lain among the pots, ye shall be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.*" Nature illustrates the wonderful transformations of grace. The filthy snow trampled under foot becomes distilled into the whiteness of the fleecy cloud. Luther Bnrbank, studying the marvelous laws of nature, is able to change the habits of plant life which have been retrograding. It is the death of the old thorny caetus and the new birth of the thornless. If natnre's laws are built to produce such striking developments, shall we limit the God of nature, who gives a new birth to fallen manhood, if needed?

The Divine Husbandman transplants his redeemed ones into the gardens of the Lord. Think of the grand ideals toward which we may grow under his care and cultivation—tho fulness of the stature of the perfect man in Christ Jesus. Bad habits are changed for good; the poisonous plant transformed into a tree of life, a palm of Paradise. The changes occurring every day in nature are only symbols of the higher development of the planting of the Lord. Out of the slums may grow a character whiter than the lily, adorned with the graces of angels, ornamented with the pearls of purity, the gems of virtue. The chief of sinners may become clothed with all the elegance of the saints in light, made mete for immortality. No artist ean paint the glory of such Christian attainment; no mind conceive of the beautiful things God has prepared for those who love him. We know not what we shall be, but we know we shall be like him. We see through a glass darkly, but we do see. Enough is revealed by his Spirit to fill the heart with joy here and glorious hope for the hereafter. E. W. C.

Richest Fruit in Aged Christians

THE famous grapevine at Hampton Court, England, is probably the oldest large grapevine in the world. As its keeper was telling a visitor how many clusters of grapes it bore, the visitor's attention was called to the fact that the grapes were small. "Yes," the keeper replied, "an old vine cannot bear as large grapes and as large clusters as a young one, but they are richer and sweeter and finer in flavor. They are for the table of the Queen." In one thing this grapevine differs from the best of old Christians. In the real, true sense, the old Christian not only bears the richest, sweetest fruit, but he bears an increase in quantity in correspondence with increase in growth in grace or in the Christ image. "They that are planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age: Ps. 92 : 13, 14.—Rev. W. A. Jarrel, Dallas, Texas.

The Silent Elder

By C. C. MILLER

IT was Monday evening. The annual congregational meeting of the first Church in R— was largely attended. All the reports submitted gave evidence of progress. The treasurer's account showed a neat balance, and the members of the congregation were congratulating the pastor on the bright outlook for the future.

A number of changes had been made in the election of the church officers. Mr. S——, who attended services but once a year, and then only to find fault and criticize, had managed to have himself elected a member of the vestry. Now was his chance to bring about the much-needed reformation he had so often dreamed about. "If the First Church is ever to go forward and lead in the community," he would say, "we must have in our pulpit a broad-minded, liberal man, who can fall in with the spirit of the times."

To begin with, then, the old pastor must go! But how to bring about the desired change Mr. S—— did not know. He would consult Mr. K——, the "silent" elder, about the matter.

The next day, closeted with Mr. K—— in his private office, the following conversation took place:

"Do you think the spiritual life of our congregation is what it ought to be?"

"No, I think not."

"Do you think our church is discharging her duty in accordance with the command of her Lord and Master?"

"No, I think not."

"Do you think our pastor is capable of dealing with the many present-day problems that arise from time to time, and that he fully realizes the great responsibility that rests upon him?"

"No, I think not."

"Do you think that our pastor is as he ought to be, fully endowed with extraordinary gifts from on high for the performance of the duties peculiar to his office?"

"No, I think not."

"Ha! Ha!" thought the wise and crafty S——. "Now I've got you where I want you." And, thus encouraged, he came out with what he had up his sleeve.

"Now, do you not think that for the good of the congregation we had better make a change and secure the services of a younger man?"

THE faithful old elder drew himself up to his full height, and answered in good voice, "No, I think not."

"Why not? Did you not assent to everything I said a moment ago? Why are you so short with your answers?"

"Sit down there," said the silent elder. "I want to tell you why. I have been a member of the vestry of this church for a period of twenty years. There was a time when I felt as you do. Since then I have experienced a change of heart and mind. In my blindness I permitted myself to be led about by a so-called and self-appointed reformer. We had at the time a faithful pastor, who was willing to spend and to be spent. We soon took advantage of him and left him to draw the whole load.

"His strength began to fail, and instead of trying to lighten his burdens we recommended a change. Together we made his office as burdensome as we possibly could. We opposed all his plans, and filled his cup of bitterness to the brim. Under such circumstances, with the weight of responsibility and care lying heavily upon him, he broke down. With a sad and bleeding heart he retired from the field wherein he had so long labored, and another occupied his place. But hardly had he left us when, like a thunderbolt, the truth flashed upon us that we had blundered. Everywhere the fruits of his labor and unselfish sacrifices were in evidence.

"On Christmas day word was brought to me that our old pastor was sick, nigh unto death. I decided to pay him a visit, acknowledge my wrongdoing, and humbly beg his forgiveness.

"I was received with every mark of courtesy, but when I made known the object of my visit the pastor's wife said: 'I cannot permit you to enter the sick chamber; he is at the point of death, and a sight of you might disturb his last moments'.

" 'O God!' I cried, half aloud; 'who and what am I? Has it indeed come to this, that a faithful servant of the Lord cannot die in peace in my presence'?

"Acknowledging my sin, I begged her to show me to the sickroom, so that, kneeling before him whom I had wronged, I might beg his forgiveness.

"My wish was finally granted. As I entered the room, the old pastor who had instructed and confirmed me, united me in marriage, baptized our children and comforted us when the black crape fluttered at the door, opened his eyes and said: 'Brother, brother!' Then, raising his skeleton hand warningly, he cried: 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.'

"With trembling voice I began to confess my wrongdoing, but he heard not. I begged his forgiveness, but his lips were sealed in death.

"As I looked upon those quiet features, I noticed that a change had come over the face. The lines of weariness had disappeared as if God's hand had passed over it, and peace began to gather round the closed eyes.

"I offered my assistance to the bereaved widow and her family, but she would accept nothing from me, saying, 'The Lord who has helped us hitherto will not forsake us. I thank you, and I freely forgive you; but assistance we cannot accept.'

"I tell you, elder, the words of that dying pastor ring in my ears to this day, as though the Lord himself stood before me and uttered the deeply impressive warning: 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.'

"Now take my advice and profit by my experience. Do not go about disturbing the peace of the congregation. Forget the past. Look hopefully into the future. Lay hold of the present-day problems, and let us all push and pull together, and then there will be no vain regrets in the future."

Allentown, Pa.

An Evangelistic Campaign in China

GEORGE SHERWOOD EDDY has just finished another tour through China, during which he has held evangelistic meetings in almost all of the important Eastern cities. The campaign this year has been different from those he has conducted in times past—different, in fact, from those any one has conducted heretofore. This time there were no immense mass meetings, with broadcast invitations. The meetings were large, but only because there is now a large number of Christians actually working individually independent of campaigns and revivals.

Each non-Christian who attended the Eddy meetings this year in China, was invited by a Christian, who looked after him, sat next to him, talked with him, and followed him up. No Christian could come unless he brought a non-Christian with him. No one was admitted unless he had had some preparation for Christianity, either in a Bible class or a mission school, or through frequent personal conversations with converts in reference to the Christian teaching. In this way the mass movements that temporarily overwhelmed the missions after an old-fashioned revival, and then gradually ceased moving, were avoided. Men who have been studying the Gospel for months or years are not suddenly swept off their feet by the unexpected force of arguments or emotions. The purpose of the Eddy meetings was to bring to a verdict the wavering will of those who wanted Christianity, who already knew what it was, yet who could not quite be brought to decide to take the step.

Mr. Eddy spoke in a number of cities. He had been traveling through China for almost two months before he came to Peking, and had become well informed on the present conditions throughout all sections. Though he has been in China four times before, under varied forms of government, and has always been a student of Chinese affairs, he says now that China is nearer to the rocks at present than at any other time in her history. There is just one hope that he sees for China, that is Christianity. Without the dynamic to overcome the graft, corruption and other sins of her officials, students, merchants and laborers, China has no hope. It was on that basis that he presented his appeal to his hearers in Peking and other centers. And it was on that basis that he won many men for the cause of Christ.

A new spirit, a new idea, a new inspiration has been sweeping over the entire mission field throughout all Asia in the last few months. Mr. Eddy's campaign was only a part of this movement. It may be characterized briefly by the phrase "personal evangelism."

Mr. Eddy spoke primarily to students and officials. At one dinner in the Princeton University Center building, there were four members of the Cabinet present and many other distinguished leaders of the nation. They were so deeply impressed by the Christian ideal as the solution of China's difficulties that one of the Cabinet members invited Mr. Eddy to address the whole Cabinet group. An unfortunate accident prevented this meeting at the last moment. However, the effect on students was even greater than on officials. Many government and mission school students were reached by a combination of personal work and the Eddy meetings. All who decided were immediately enrolled in Bible classes, and a surprisingly large proportion of the men have attended the first few meetings of their groups. These men will be still further followed up, and after their period of probation as many as stick will be taken into the various churches.

The meetings were held in the churches and missions, and not in the Y. M. C. A. An excellent spirit of cooperation was manifested among all the denominations. The city was mapped out geographically into sections, each section being covered by a certain church, and if a man resided within the prescribed section of a church, he was expected to join that church, unless, of course, he showed a preference for any other. In this way, the equality of the various churches will be kept up as nearly as possible.

This Eddy campaign is merely a small part of a wonderful movement that is covering the whole of Asia. H. A. Popley and Howard Walter in India, Frank N. D. Buchman in China, and others in various centers, even before Mr. Eddy's arrival, had begun a movement whose chief object was personal work, which has already marked a definite step in all mission work throughout the continent. A new spirit has gripped the missionaries, a new inspiration has seized them. Access to the people of Asia, and especially those of the upper, educated classes, has grown wider during the past months than ever before. Men are eager for the Gospel, waiting for some one to speak to them, and too often they have waited in vain. There is no excuse for a single non-Christian student in any mission school. Too many Christians have been won on a nominal basis. They are not propagating Christians. Hereafter, emphasis will be laid on the working value of a Christian in terms of other men. It is the only way to spread the Good News in a telling, permanent fashion.

Mr. Buchman is known as one of the most successful personal workers in America. He had charge of the personal work aspect of Mr. Sunday's New York City campaign. He is filled with the desire and the ability to pass on his idea to others. He has had a large share in the new awakening in China. It was not Mr. Buchnan, however, not Mr. Eddy, not Mr. Walter, not Mr. Popley—none of them alone, but a combination of these men, together with the whole missionary body, supplemented by the spiritual forces, that made possible the wonderful success of the recent Eddy campaign.

R. H. R.

The Boy of Galilee

By MARY R. MERRIMAN

THERE was a Boy walked once in Galilee,
A child whose grace and sweetness were from God.
The steep and rugged paths he daily trod
And walked the yellow sands along the sea.
And every little child is happier now
Because of him, the Boy of Galilee.

There was a Toiler once in Galilee,
A patient Worker at a lowly trade.
Around his feet the little children played,
And tossed the curly shavings up with glee.
Now every sordid task is glorified
Because of him who toiled in Galilee.

The waves still lap the shores of Galilee,
And laborers plod from dawn till day is done.
He plies no more his task till setting sun,
No longer treads the sands along the sea;
But in the world's great heart he lives today,
Jesus our Lord, the Christ of Galilee.

The School That Prayer Built at Port Said

By S. M. ZWEMER, A.M., D.D.

THE traveler passing through the Suez Canal and spending a day or a night at Port Said, with coal dust covering the ship and the noise of hawkers tramping the dock, often seeks relief by a visit on shore, and in former days was impressed by nothing so much as the open wickedness of this gateway to the Orient. Times have changed, however. Since the war began Port Said has had a thorough cleaning. Good government and sanitation have done their work and Christian influence has helped to clean up the town morally. The British and Foreign Bible Society, the Sailors' Home and the Christian school are found at Port Said.

Some one has said: "God loves with a great love the man whose heart is bursting with a passion for the impossible." In November, 1911, nothing seemed more impossible than that two Swedish ladies formerly working in Tunisia and unexpectedly landing at Port Said would be able to gather over 150 Moslem girls into a boarding-school—waifs taken from the very streets of that native quarter, which was entirely a slum district of the worst description.

Entering School

"ON our arrival here," says God's heroine, "we took a few small rooms in an Arab house, and for two weeks we had no liberty in the Spirit to undertake any work; we could only pray and wait upon the Lord for direction. Then our Moslem neighbors began to ask us to open a school for girls.

"In fear and trembling we began work, but soon the dark narrow place where we lived became insufficient, and on the 15th of March, 1912, we moved to larger rooms. This was a step to be taken in faith, but our Father had shown his glory in providing day by day. We could now furnish three class-rooms, but then there remained only one usable room for our personal need. The one private room then became our mutual bedroom, dining-room, sitting-room, reception-room, etc. Under the wooden floor was a ditch that we had not noticed where all uncleanliness from the house gathered.

"The work grew; many visitors came; we had no place to get alone for prayer and rest; deadly gases exhaled through the floor from the ditch and attacked us again and again. At last Miss Ekland got typhoid fever. Now it became an urgent necessity to find new premises as soon as possible."

BY prayer and faith step by step the needs of the little mission were supplied. They soon moved into a larger house and the work grew. The school consists entirely of Moslem girls, and all of them are receiving a thorough Christian training. "We had quite a fight," says Miss Ericsson, "before we got full freedom to read the Bible with the girls, and several of them were taken away from the school for the Gospel's sake." At the time the war broke out the work was closed for the summer; the post failed them; and the banks were closed. But faith triumphed again. A lady in California sent a special gift because she had heard of the work from a visitor passing through Port Said. It has been a faith mission from the outset.

TOWARD the end of this year the mission has made a bold venture, investing a special gift they had received of £1,300 in the purchase of a house which was offered them in the nick of time. After much prayer the investment was made, and now all that remains is to *pray* down and *pay* down the mortgage, £1,700. God, who has provided in the past, will send what is needed that the work of giving light to those in darkness, purity of speech and love by changing their environment and showing the love of Christ by example and precept may go on apace.

"We had much joy last week," says Miss Ericsson, "when we could put God's Word into the hands of a new class. It does take time for the girls to learn to read enough to be able to read the Bible. You should have seen those twenty-seven girls when we told them we were going to try to let them read the text for the Bible lesson. They jumped for joy and some kissed the Book!"

Who wants a share in such a glorious enterprise in so strategic a centre?

Cairo, Egypt.

A Week in the World's News

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soon again be fighting with the Allies for the cause of freedom, and that the days of the Bolsheviki were numbered. He said in an interview following his address that Russia was like a strong man recovering from a sickness, that all she needed was assistance from the outside. He said "she does not want intervention in her internal affairs; it is economic and financial aid that she needs." Reports of the murder of the former Czar, Nicholas Romanoff, at Ekaterinburg in the Urals, were apparently confirmed from two sources on June 27, and denied from two other sources on the 28th. Petrograd on June 17, was reported as facing famine.

BRITISH-FRENCH ATTACK. British troops in Flanders in a surprise attack on June 28 advanced their lines east of the forest of Nieppe for an average depth of 1,500 yards over a front of three miles, capturing three villages, over 300 prisoners and 22 machine guns. French troops south of the Aisne on the same day took from the Germans a series of heights west of Cutry, southwest of Soissons, advancing over a mile on a four and a half mile front and taking 1,060 prisoners.

REPORT BOLSHEVIKI OVERTHROWN. Reports were current on June 28 that Generals Kaledine and Korniloff with German support had taken Moscow from the Soviet government and had proclaimed as Czar the Grand Duke Nicholas, former Commander in Chief of the Russian army and uncle of the former Czar. There was also a rumor that Paul Miliukoff and Alexander Guchkoff had reached Harbin and had initiated a counter revolutionary movement. Another rumor pictured the Red Guard as murdering its officers and surrendering, and Lenine and Trotzky as in flight. None of these could be confirmed on June 29.

STRIKERS DEMAND PEACE. Strikers from the factories of Vienna, on June 24, demanded that the Austrian government invite the governments of enemy countries to enter into peace negotiations. Rebellious outbreaks in two Hungarian garrisons at Gyor and Pecs were reported to have resulted in 2,000 soldiers being condemned to death.

Arrangements have been made for mobile kitchens to serve for four weeks one warm meal a day to 100,000 persons; the meal consisting of soup, 100 grams of meat and vegetables.

THE BITER BIT. The sinking of one German submarine by another was reported on June 24, by a torpedo aimed at a supply ship, which successfully maneuvered and avoided being hit. On June 24 the sinking was reported of the British transport Dwinsk, 550 miles east of Sandy Hook. The Dwinsk was returning to America with no passengers. At last reports one life-boat containing 43 members of the crew were still missing. The sinkings of Allied and neutral shipping by submarines in May totaled 355,694 tons; the vessels completed in British and American yards totaled 372,608 tons.

AMERICAN REGIMENT TO ITALY. General Pershing, on June 27, dispatched a regiment of Infantry to Italy, not as reinforcements, but as an expression of Allied solidarity. It was announced on June 28 that American troops were holding eight sectors of the front in France.

EIGHT BILLIONS IN BONDS. A bill was introduced in Congress, on June 27, which proposed to give the Secretary of the Treasury authority to issue $8,000,000,000 in bonds over and above existing authorizations and to loan to our Allies $2,500,000,000 more. With $4,000,000,000 of bonds authorized but not yet issued this act will make possible an offering in the Fourth Liberty Loan of from $8,000,000,000 to $12,000,000,000. of this total probably $6,000,000,000 will be taken by the banks in Treasury certificates before the loan is offered. The bill was passed by the House June 28.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. The great American launching bee on the Fourth of July was, on June 26, scheduled to include 94 ships, totaling 485,186 tons. Of the 94 ships, 42 are steel vessels and 52 wood, the steel vessels totaling 280,186 tons. . . . A plan is under foot for the delivery of a great many seaplanes in France by transatlantic flight. . . . The House Committee on Appropriations reported on June 22 a bill carrying appropriations and authorizations for the expenditure of $5,435,096,224. Of this amount more than $3,000,000,000 will be spent on guns and mortar batteries, to be constructed under a program running three years, the first deliveries to be early in 1919. The bill was passed on June 24. A $40,000,000 gun plant is to be erected for the government on Neville Island, in the Ohio river near Pittsburg. . . . An American steamship reaching port on June 23 brought 216 officers and men, who were reported to be the crew of an American warship sunk in collision somewhere in the West Indies. . . . President Wilson, on June 24, urged upon a delegation of Senators the passage of the resolution for the suffrage amendment to the Federal Constitution. . . . The Senate on June 24 ratified the draft treaty with Great Britain. Men resident in either country, liable to military service in the other, may now be drafted in the country of residence.

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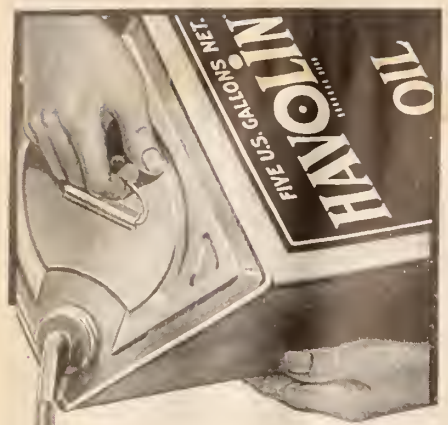

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Marion Harland's Corner

"A Mixed Salad"

TAKING letters as they come to us, without attempting to group subjects into harmonious sequence, we present members, now and then, with what may be called "a mixed salad." That compounded for this week we hope and believe will be found seasonable and refreshing.

In reading your Corner concerning rice I did not find that you saved the water in which the rice was boiled for any purpose. As for instance—soups. I read that the Japanese soldiers asked for the water in which rice was boiled and left the rice for officers, and that the Japanese common soldiers were the better physically, the water containing the most nourishment. The same is true with the water in which onions, spinach, etc., are boiled. It is excellent for soups.—A VETERAN READER (*New York*).

That I have already called attention to the duty of utilizing the water in which rice is cooked does not make it expedient to exclude your pleasant note, embodying yet another anecdote illustrative of the value of the liquid. I may add that rice-water has long been recognized by dietitians as digestible and strengthening to fever patients and invalids of weak digestive organs. Mixed with milk, it forms a palatable and nourishing food for infants.

All of which emphasizes the injunction, "Don't throw it away!"

A short time ago word came that Florida could have no more wheat flour until after wheat harvest. So we thought we must see if some substitute could not be found. I remembered the few barley loaves of the Bible—how in the hands of our blessed Lord they had fed a multitude. My son said he had once eaten rye bread in a restaurant and it was quite good. I was also advised to try peanut meal. So we bought fifty cents' worth of each of these meals for trial. Today at dinner my son said when eating rye biscuit, "We need not miss wheat. Rye makes a good substitute." We like barley just as well. If we were children we might play we are eating molasses cakes from the color, on account of rye and barley, and as for the peanut meal, we might be enjoying chocolate cakes. However, I think after this I shall use the peanut meal we have on hand. If I were to name my bread I should call it the Busy Woman's Bread.

Recipe

Two cups of water or sweet milk, or milk and water; two tablespoonfuls of shortening; two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice; one slightly rounding teaspoonful of soda; two teaspoonfuls of salt; one egg; and flour to make a stiff dough that will drop from a tablespoon. Stir shortening, lemon juice, egg and salt together; add liquid. Ingredients should be warm enough so that the shortening will not harden. Put soda in sifter on flour; stir quickly and drop by the spoonfuls into hot greased gem pans and bake in hot oven. This bread has the merit of not being touched by hands that might not always be perfectly clean.—MRS. A. N. (*Tallahassee, Florida*).

I wonder if you have a recipe for bread-making which calls for the use of not only potatoes but oatmeal and rye flour? If so, that would help a great many of us with small families who must needs purchase oatmeal in order to obtain flour.—C. D. C. (*Brooklyn, N. Y.*)

The obligations of the Corner to you are already so heavy that I refer your inquiry earnestly to our practical cooks and housewives. A member sent in the following recipe for muffins which may be useful while you are waiting for a formula which will combine in "loaf bread," raised with a potato sponge, both barley and oatmeal:

Oatmeal and Barley Muffins

One cup of oatmeal; one cup of barley; one tablespoonful of soft mashed potato; two even teaspoonfuls of baking-powder; one cup of milk; one egg; an even teaspoonful of salt; one tablespoonful of melted shortening.

Sift the flour, salt and baking-powder together three times. Beat the egg very light, and add to the milk alternately with the mashed potato. When the mixture is very light and smooth stir in the shortening and pour gradually into the prepared flours. Whip hard for three minutes and bake in greased and warm muffin tins or gem-pans.—MRS. A. D. (*New Jersey*).

I have tried several times to can corn for winter use, but it always spoils. Can you give me a good recipe? "Ma Sunday" says her maid dries all their corn for winter use. I would try that if I only knew the process. Now if you could give us recipes on these points it might help housekeepers in their fight against the "H. C. of L."—MAY G. (*Chicago*).

Cut the corn from the cob and let all the juice that will come away without squeezing ooze out through a fine, perfectly clean sieve.

Transfer the corn to another sieve lined with cheesecloth or mosquito netting, and set in the open air, raised upon sticks so the air can get at the under side. Stir frequently, gently, so as not to break the grains. Then transfer to tissue paper and lay upon the grating of an open oven. In a day the corn should be dry. Leave it in the sun for some hours. Pack in boxes lined with tissue paper with the same between the layers of corn.

This is a primitive method practiced for years by country housekeepers. There are now patent "vegetable dryers" on the market that will do the work with less time and trouble.

In your interesting article upon potatoes, you offer no recipe for potato salad. Maybe you can find room for this which I have used with satisfaction for ten years?

Potato Salad

Boil eight potatoes in their skins; peel and set aside until they are cold. Slice them and sprinkle them with a little grated onion, unless a strong onion flavor is wished, in which case use more of the vegetable. Season with pepper and salt, pouring over all five tablespoons of oil that has been well mixed with two tablespoons of vinegar. Toss and stir all together and set upon ice until wanted.

And this when there is mashed potato left from yesterday in the refrigerator. Don't think it must be made into cakes or croquettes in hot weather:

Potato Salad Balls

Add to the left-over mashed potatoes two or three tablespoons of vinegar; the same of olive oil, two teaspoons of grated onion, or less, according to taste. Make into little balls. If desired, parsley may be chopped and added. These are dainty to serve on lettuce leaves as a salad, with boiled dressing or mayonnaise.—A CONSTITUENT OF "YE OLDEN TIME" (*Peoria, Ill.*).

Whose signature and whose work I recognize with lively pleasure. Let us hear from you again and repeatedly. Your recipes are a welcome addition to our list of potato dishes.

I am sending you a recipe of my own for barley flour gems which we think are very nice. Our bread, which for a time has been mostly of barley flour, is excellent. Piecrust made entirely of barley flour is fine, too, using just enough wheat flour to make it easy to roll. I make my bread just the same as with wheat flour, always using potato yeast.

Barley Flour Gems

One heaping cupful of barley flour; two teaspoons of baking powder; a little salt, and one tablespoon of shortening (whatever you may use). Mix with half sweet milk and half cold water—not too stiff. Bake in gem or muffin pans in a rather hot oven.—MRS. D. R. (*Laconia*).

Thank you!

Dry yeast (or yeast foam) comes in small cakes. It can be bought in any grocery store and will keep for months in a dry place. I have used it for many years with good results. In the afternoon put one yeast cake to soak in a half cup of lukewarm water with a teaspoon of sugar. Make a sponge at night as follows: place in bread pan two quarts of lukewarm water, the yeast, three tablespoons of fat, sugar and salt to taste, and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Stir hard for ten minutes. Set in a warm place over night. First thing in the morning mix by adding more flour and knead thoroughly; then let rise. Mold in loaves and place in baking-pans. Let rise and bake in moderately hot oven. This will make six big loaves. I am using barley flour, rye flour and corn flour, and very little white flour, and the bread is both good and healthy. —MRS. A. J. A. (*Turlock*).

Americans Press On

AMERICAN troops on June 23 finally cleared of Germans all of Belleau Wood, northwest of Château Thierry. The Germans still held some successfully concealed machine-gun nests in the northeast corner of the wood. The Americans, resorting to Indian tactics, stalked the positions one by one. The fighting became so mixed at hand to hand that neither side dared use its artillery. After about four hours of close work the wood was entirely behind the American lines, and the Germans were retaliating with a gas attack.

Having driven the Germans out of Belleau Wood the American forces faced a heavily fortified ridge guarding the German positions before the villages of Belleau and Torcy. Machine guns hidden in caves on the ridge, almost immune from artillery fire, kept the new American lines under an annoying fire. It was necessary to take the ridge. On June 25 the American lines were withdrawn slightly, and the guns were turned loose for a thirteen-hour stretch of shelling, during which 4,000 projectiles were rained upon the Germans. At 6 o'clock in the evening the Americans started to storm the ridge, the artillery fire being shifted to create a barrage behind the German position, which was held by more than a thousand men belonging to the division recently brought back from Russia. The German artillery opened a heavy fire, even shelling the ridge after the fighting had come to close quarters, slaughtering their own men in attempts to stop the Americans. In seven hours of bitter hand-to-hand fighting with bayonets and hand grenades and machine guns, the Americans were complete masters of the ridge, 700 of the former garrison were dead or wounded and between 250 and 350 were prisoners of the Americans. A large number of machine guns were taken, and those in working order were turned against their former owners. The holding of the ridge imperils the German positions in the two villages of Torcy and Belleau. The American attack forestalled a German attempt to retake Belleau Wood.

SECRETARY BAKER and General March, Chief of Staff, in a hearing before the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate on June 26, asked that legislation extending draft ages be postponed for from sixty to ninety days, at the end of which time the War Department would have complete statistics as to the availability of shipping, the needs of the overseas army, and the number of men available at different ages. The Secretary announced that between August 1 and December 31 875,000 would be called to the colors.

On June 26, the first anniversary of the landing of the first American troops in France, Secretary Baker, following up the announcement that the number sent overseas exceeded 900,000 men, declared that nearly 70 per cent. were fighting men; the ordinary proportion is 40 per cent. non-combatant and 60 per cent. combatant. The American forces in France, therefore, on July 1, comprising nearly 1,000,000 men, numbered more than 600,000 candidates for the march to Berlin.

General Pershing's report of the action, on June 25, south of Torcy, put the number of prisoners taken at 240, of whom five were officers, with nineteen machine guns, several automatic rifles and a quantity of other material. Successive counter-attacks broke down with loss, the Americans retaining every foot of ground gained.

On the night of June 26 American aviators successfully bombed the railway junction at Conflans, east of Verdun.

Summer Night on a Lake

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE lake was like a silver prayer that sang against the shore, the night was purple dark and still—it seemed an open door to mystic lands that we had dreamed; to places far away from things that are the vital things when seen by light of day.

We drifted softly, silently; it seemed profane to speak, for any words that we could say were colorless and weak! We drifted on—a million stars were watching from on high. We drifted in a perfumed vale between the earth and sky!

There were so very many stars, like gems set in the night. They seemed unlike all other stars—more kind they were, and bright. It seemed as if they almost spoke for mortal ears to hear; they seemed to be alive and gay and radiantly near.

The moon sailed like a boat of flame upon a phantom sea. And as I watched it creeping down, it somehow seemed to me that it was trying very hard to reach the night-bound earth, to teach our weary eyes to smile, to fill our hearts with mirth. It was a very pleasant moon—a slender moon and young; it seemed a moon of hope and faith and songs as yet unsung. It seemed a moon of tender verse—a moon whose friendly eye would look at us, and understand, and laugh as we went by!

We drifted on, we did not speak, the earth was much too still. Yet it was full of subtle sounds. The tragic whippoorwill called once from some dim forest tree, a loon cried through the dark; and we could hear the splash of frogs, and once the far-off bark of a distrustful shepherd dog on guard before some home—and we could hear the stealthy tread of little beasts that roam along the shore where shadows creep—and once a fish leaped high, and we could see his scales agleam with moonlight from the sky.

THE world seemed all enwrapped in peace—the lake was calmly wide. It seemed a strange distorted dream that people fought and died across the sea, it seemed unreal that war had bared its sword—it seemed as if all nature knelt in worship to the Lord. He was the beauty of the night, the boundless stretch of space that hung above, all lit by stars. It seemed as if the face of God was just behind it all; it seemed as if His hand, in warm compassion and appeal was stretched above our land.

I sometimes wonder what God thinks about our little fears. I sometimes wonder how he feels about our futile tears! For he has made so many worlds, and each of them is placed a tiny star in heaven's arch—perhaps we have disgraced the little star that is *our* world by discontent and hate. . . . I looked into the far-flung sky and thought how God must wait for us to wake from this, our dream, our dream that is so small beside the worlds that he has made and set above us all to shine on us and light the way when nights are dark and grim! I looked above into God's stars—and said a prayer to him.

We drifted closer to the shore—we saw the home lights grow out of the dusk; they seemed to be such happy lights, to know that we were drifting silently and touched with deep content. . . . Some one was singing far away, the liquid murmur blent with all the other beauties that came creeping to our hearts. It was no wonder-song we heard, but just the sort that starts the tears to coming in the eyes, that makes you think again of half-forgotten humble things—of fragrant summer rain upon a bed of mignonette, of sunset's pearl and gray; the sort of song that brings the thought of loved ones far away.

I dipped my fingers in the lake and little ripples crept across the silver surfaces like laughter that has slept a thousand years and wakes again with errant drowsy sound—the water was half warm, half cool, and gently swirled around my fingers, it was light as mist, soft as a baby's kiss; it seemed as if the summer day had melted into this—this night of wonder and of rest, of song and stars and prayer, of water like a melted smile and vaguely perfumed air.

I WONDER if some flower grows at night beside calm lakes—some vivid azure-colored plant that, closed in daytime, wakes when all the world is dark and still? For, oh, it seems to me that night holds flowers that we seek but never come to see! It seems as if a fairy hand has sent them shooting up out of the night, and filled with dreams each fragile flowered cup. It seems as if they sing of sleep, of pale enchanted hours, and magic that is golden-touched—these vivid-colored flowers.

We drifted on, it seemed as if the young moon touched the trees—we drifted on in silence, but a sudden springing breeze came whispering to tell us tales of things we longed to know—where orioles had built their nest, and where the moonbeams go when night is done, and if the souls of blossoms pass away, and how God paints the eastern sky when night fades into day.

We drifted silently along—the breeze became more chill—we heard again the mournful cry of the sad whippoorwill. The moon slipped down and out of sight, the earth seemed wistful now, and so we noiseless swung around. The water at our bow spread like a fan on either side—a fan of spangled foam; we swung around, still silently, and started back toward—Home.

And yet the lake was still a prayer of silver, on the shore—and half I wished that we might drift in silence—evermore.

The Liberty Theatre

THE War and Navy Departments are determined to keep the environment of the enlisted men clean and wholesome. The Commission on Training Camp Activities, in pursuance of this object, has erected up to date about thirty theatres, nearly equally divided between the National Army cantonments and the National Guard camps. In all of them clean plays are presented by players organized under the direction of the Commission.

Mirth and melody hold the most appeal for the soldier boys. A comparison of attendance at the various plays shows that the drama does not attract the enlisted man, after a hard day's training, so much as musical comedy or vaudeville, without plot, but full of sparkling repartee and lively music.

When the theatres were first established, the scale of prices was set at 10, 15, 20 and 25 cents. But it was soon found that the soldiers passed by the cheaper plays in favor of high-grade attractions, even at a higher price. So the prevailing price is now 25 cents, with an additional 25 cents for reserved seats.

For many of the men who cannot afford to pay their way to the theatre out of their own pockets, "Smileage" is solving the problem. "Smileage" tickets are accepted in lieu of cash at all the Liberty theatres, and in camps where there are no theatres it has been arranged to have them redeemed through private concessions.

The camp theatre is an innovation in the military world. It is pioneer work. Other governments are encouraging camp shows, but they have not gone to the length of building theatres and organizing companies for their production. It has remained for our government to do this.

The Liberty theatre is not a money-making institution. In fact it has scarcely been a paying enterprise to date. But things are gradually adjusting themselves and any money that is made on the shows in the future will be turned back to the soldiers in the form of improved entertainment and lower prices.

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Praying to God

International Sunday School Lesson for July 21

Luke 11:1-13 and Psalm 145:18, 19

By REV. GEORGE D. ALLISON, Ph.D.

OUR third study in the Christian Life is concernod with prayor—a big subject indeed, seeing that all sorts of men everywhere have prayed all kinds of prayers, and that critics have sprung up to scoff at the whole thing. To begin with, the very fact that we are to study prayer shows that we realize there are problems connected with the matter. But may we not as Christian people agree that it is better to pray unintelligently than not to pray at all, since God is a Father who stoops to bear with the limitations of his child? The learned scholar who does not pray is missing something that tho poorest and most ignorant convert in the lowliest mission enjoys. May we not also agree that prayer has been greatly abused and misunderstood, and is important enough to merit our most earnest thought? Of course thero is a danger in over-analyzing so spiritual a process as prayer. There must be no frivolity in our mood, but on the contrary the most reverent and humble attitude of mind if a discussion of prayer is to avoid contention and misunderstanding, and really result, as it should, in more prayerfulness and holier aspirations. Begin by praying for guidance.

The Noblest Aspect of Prayer

Prayers differ widely. Some are thanksgivings purely. Others are couched in terms of contemplative adoration of the Almighty without even the statement of gratitude to him. Many, perhaps most, aro petitions for benefits or requests for personal blessings or interventions from God. Still others are intercessory, where tho petitioner is thinking of others rather than himself, and is beseeching the Father on behalf of other members of the great family. Surely there is abundant place for every one of these. But is not the noblest aspect of our prayer life after all communion with God? What our souls need most is fellowship with the Unseen. The child wants to talk to his father and to know that he cares and understands. The Father welcomes the confidence of his child, and is able to do more for him because of their mutual understanding. Prayer as communion uplifts prayer standards in petition, enlarges the elements of gratitude, tends toward more intercession and less begging for personal advantage.

Phillips Brooks said, "Prayer is not conquering God's reluctance but laying hold of God's willingness." So wo must seek to get close to God's heart, to understand his ways of working with us and through us, to get ourselves in line with his purposes. Communion does this. When Jesus went out upon the mountain and spent all night in prayer, we know well that he did not repeat formulas, nor pour out endless petitions for gifts. We believe he consulted with his Father, meditated for hours, turning over matters, planning, advising in a spiritual communion that was like our own at its best. Sometimes our season of prayer is like a heart-to-heart conference with God. Then it is effectual indeed.

Such prayer opens the way for God to uso us to do his will. There are some things he cannot do except with your hands; if not they are left undone. Just so there are some things you will not even suspect he wants you to do unless you really pray, unless your prayor is a communion so real that he speaks to you as well as you with him. Prayer puts your heart as well as your hands at his disposal.

Selfish and Unselfish Praying

It seems strange to use such a word as selfishness in connection with the word prayer! Yet how many selfish prayers ascend daily to God, unless the poets are right when they tell us such prayers do not rise above our heads! We have all heard of the man who prayed for himself and his wife, his son John and his wife, "us four and no more"! Contrast that with the prayers of men and women of the kingdom spirit whose spiritual vision embraces tho whole world, who pray for this one and that one in the uttermost parts of the earth, and for the Church Universal, which is the body of Christ. Are our supplications wide in their sweep, or do we really pray for four or five, and no more?

Then remember how prone we are to attempt to dictate to the All-wise. What we want seems so important that we almost insist upon it, forgetting to add with Jesus, "Nevertheless, Father, not my will but thine be done." Longfellow said, "As frightened women clutch at the reins when there is danger, so do we grasp at God's government with our prayers." We must not pray in meeting as though we were telling God what to do. Neither should we make the burden of our precious moments of communion requests for *things* to the exclusion of all else. It is better to pray for *opportunities*, and perhaps best of all humbly to ask God to point out to us the opportunities we fail to see.

The Model Prayer is a blow to selfish praying. Its pronouns are "Thy" and "our" and "us," omitting completely the capital "I" and the ever-present "me" and "mine." You cannot pray it alone, for though you be in your inner chamber, tho moment you begin those precious words you reach out and sweep the world of struggling, sinning, sorrowing men and women up into the presence of the common Father. It is absolutely equal in the benefits it brings. Its dominating note is social—the Kingdom, the children of the Kingdom, the human family of God. It puts the will of God first, differing from so many prayers that launch at once into the vagrant wishes of the worshiper. It implies a consecration to the doing of that will and the hallowing of that Name. The only material thing it mentions is bread for daily sustenance; all the rest has to do with our spiritual relationships to God and our social relationships with one another. Its burden is to clear the way for God's blessings by removing the sins and the grudges that hinder the coming of his Spirit to human hearts. It includes a virtual promise to do one of the hardest things for a man to do—forgive others their trespasses.

Cheap Praying

Such a prayer as we have been discussing was born of a life of communion with God and of struggle to accomplish his will. Too much praying is tho hasty (and sleepy) expression of ill-considered though well-meaning hopes. How cheap men can rate such a thing as prayer; the exclamation of the thoughtless, the cry of distress of the worst in thoir extremity, the vain repetitions of formalists who rattle off the familiar phrases with scarce an idea of their meaning! Whereas the Bible speaks of prayer as wrestling in agony, with crying and tears, with fervency of spirit, with penitence and humility.

Say, what is prayer when it is prayer indeed?
The mighty utterance of a mighty need!
That man is praying who doth press with might
Out of his darkness into God's own light.

Prayer is something that has to be learned: not only by the two-year old who lisps uncomprehended syllables at mother's knee, but also by the growing youth, the maturo Christian worker. It is hard to learn to run a lathe, or to play a violin, and each takes practice. It is harder to use such a delicate instrument as prayer without instruction by a master. "Lord, teach us how to pray!" must be our petition too. Paul understood that practice makes perfect in prayer when he said: "Continue in prayer, pray without ceasing, praying always."

W. E. Orchard in his beautiful book of prayers called "The Temple" prays thus: "O God, forgive the poverty, the pettiness, Lord, the childish folly of our prayers. Listen, not to our words, but to the groaning that cannot be uttered; hearken not to our petitions, but to the crying of our need. So often we pray for that which is already ours, neglected and unappropriated; so often for that which never can be ours; so often for that which we must win for ourselves; and then labor endlessly for that which can only come to us by prayer. How often have we prayed for the coming of thy kingdom, yet when it has sought to come through us we have sometimes barred the way; we have wanted it without in others, but not in our own hearts."

The Best Argument for Praying

Our lesson text gives us the best argument for praying. In other realms, it is they who ask, who seek persistently, who knock at all doors who make the discoveries and achieve the power. So also in the spiritual realm. Those who seek find. The best road of search is called Prayer. But even this reason Jesus did not put without one of his telling parables. Even a sleepy grudging neighbor would finally rise and help out the man who sought three loaves of bread. How much more will a kind, patient, fatherlike God respond to the earnest requests of his own children! Even an unjust judge would heed the importunate widow, and will not the just Guardian of the universe redress those who seek his aid? If earthly parents know how to give good gifts to their children, shall not the All-Father give gifts, even the supreme gift of communion with himself, to those that seek diligently for his face?

The only argument against prayer is that God doesn't care. The burden of the whole Bible is "God cares." He who prays not is leaving undeveloped the highest part of his nature.

For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those that call them friend?

Young People's Topics for July 21

Jesus' Love of the Out of Doors

Epworth League Topic. Matt. 4 : 18; 12 : 1; 13 : 1; 14 : 13; 22 : 25

THIS topic is eminently fitting at the midsummer season, and it would be fine if the meeting for July 21 could be held out of doors. In fact, much may be gained if the church has an available lawn; if all the Young People's meetings through July and August are held under the sky. Jesus' ministry was largely in the outdoors. His meeting with his first disciples was on the shore of Jordan. His ministry for more than a year encircled the blue waters of the lake which has ever since been sacred to Christian hearts. Into the mountains which overlooked it he went often for those seasons of prayer which strengthened him for his task. On one of those green-carpeted slopes he delivered that "Sermon on the Mount," the greatest and the longest of his recorded discourses. On those slopes, within sight of Galilee, he twice fed the multitude. In the Gospels we see him often walking through the grain fields. In his parables we see again his love of nature exemplified in the use he made of nature's miracles to explain the miracles of grace. His favorite retreat when in Jerusalem was the garden in which at last he accepted the full cup of his Father's will. What wonder that the early Christians met in fields and sang their anthems under the stars? No building can hold the Christ. No altar is wide enough for the covering of his spirit. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and men are his, if they will be, and he is theirs. In woods and fields, in flowers, in all that lives, God's providence is manifest. Do you seek pleasure in the out-of-doors, or rest, or strength? Seek also God.

Lessons from Favorite Psalms

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topic. Ps. 103 : 1–13

DAVID, many times a sinner and many times forgiven, gained through love of God and loyalty to him a glimpse of that Saviour who, following in his line, Son both of David and of God, should bring the world redemption. This psalm is of all psalms a psalm of the redeemed. It begins with praise and ends with praise. The benefits are listed progressively. A heart cleaned of sin is ready to dwell in a body healed of disease. With a heart and body purged, the life is surely free from destruction, and ready to be crowned with loving-kindness and to expect the tender mercies of God. To the sinner God is the embodiment of wrath, but this psalm carries a precious promise to the sinner, as it pictures the Lord slow to anger and plenteous in mercy, declaring, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." Throughout all the generations of men, this psalm has been the favorite of burdened souls, who have sought peace of mind, comfort in affliction, access to the Saviour. All these it gives, and it will have been best studied if through our reading of David's beautiful psalm we achieve closer touch with David's greater Son.

Books Worth While

Joan of Arc. By C. M. Stevens. Cupples & Leon Co., New York. $1.50.

UNDOUBTEDLY Joan of Arc is, of all the outstanding figures of history, the purest and the most free from any taint of selfishness. To this maiden only nineteen when her life ended, patriotism in the national sense of the word was a living, vivid part of religion, in which she had the same steadfast faith as she did in an ever-present God. Her career was marvelous beyond romance. The daughter of humble peasants, she alone in history held at seventeen the supreme command of all the military forces of a nation. In this office she succeeded in doing what Frenchman after Frenchman had vainly tried to do for a hundred years before her; she shook to its foundations the power of the invaders over her native land.

The active part of her wonderful life was very short. It was in May, 1428, that her "voices," as she called her mystic counselors, became insistent that "it was God who commands," and that she tried to send a message to the Dauphin of France that succor would come to him by Mid-Lent of the following year. It was in February of 1429 that she began her dangerous 450-mile journey, from Domremy in Alsace, across a country infested with roving robbers, guerrilla bands and freebooters as well as her country's enemies, toward Charles, protected only by Jean de Metz, a military adventurer, and six men of his band. It was on May 29, 1431, that French ecclesiastics condemned her to be burned as a heretic and turned her over to the English military authorities for the carrying out of this sentence. Two years and three months only, between her beginning and her end! But it may be doubted whether in so short a space of time any human personage has accomplished results which so powerfully influenced the course of history, not only of the day but of the succeeding centuries. That France became France, and did not remain an appendage of a foreign power, was Joan's achievement.

Mr. Stevens's book gives us in chronological order the main facts of the life of this wonderful girl. The author has carefully studied the original records and quotes them very freely, particularly as regards the most thrilling and interesting episodes, giving the very words of Joan herself and of other historical characters. The biographical part of the book is cleverly and fairly presented. Mr. Stevens, however, in attempting to attach a special meaning to Joan's career, which would appeal to Americans, has perhaps sometimes rather forced his deductions, particularly as regards Joan being a pioneer of the feministic and social movements of today. If so, certainly she was so unwittingly, as there is nothing in her own words which would lead us to believe that these now popular subjects of contemporary thought had even entered her mind.

The press work of this volume is unusually good—a real merit, in these days of hurried bookmaking.

The Rich Man's Poverty and the Poor Man's Wealth, and Other Practical Talks. By Rev. George Thomas Dowling, D. D., New York Churchman Company. $1.00.

THIS little book contains some twenty-five short talks on various everyday subjects, such as "Does the World Owe You a Living?" "The Creed of the Thriftless," "The Possible Glory of Obscure Lives." Dr. Dowling has the rather rare gift of combining conciseness with good, hard common sense, occasionally illumined with a bit of kindly humor. Good advice is proverbially hard to take, but the good advice given in these talks is palatable and attractive, as well as forcible and sometimes comforting. A careful reading of this book would be a good stimulus for most people.

The Coming Golden Age. By Frank Rosewater. Published by the Author. New York City. $1.

THIS is a book which promises a heaven upon earth, on condition that the author's solutions of the social problems of the world be adopted in their entirety. These solutions are rather radical, and involve the practical abolition of the entire existing economic systems of production and distribution, and the substitution of a creation of Mr. Rosewater's brain. Certain phases of this proposed new system are being now tried out in Russia, and it would perhaps be as well to wait until the results in that country have developed, before adopting the system as a whole, merely on faith in its inventor's promises. The volume appeals chiefly to the student of political and economic theories.

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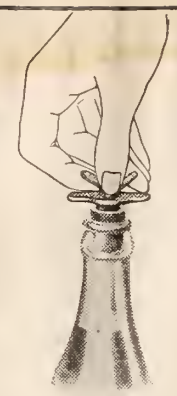

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Questions and Answers

J. K., Lanark, Ill. Believing in the Bible and being sorry for one's sins are not sufficient to secure salvation. We must repent of our sin and go in prayer to God, beseeching him for his dear Son's sake to pardon us, implicitly believing in Christ as our all-sufficient Saviour. No one, however he may have sinned, who thus repents and in full sincerity asks for pardon, will be sent away unforgiven. Then he must live as a pardoned man ought to live. He must entreat God to renew his heart and to give him the Holy Spirit, that he may hate sin and resolutely turn from it. If he is sincere throughout, he will be so filled with love and gratitude for God's pardon that he will fear to offend him again and will desire holiness as the highest attainable good.

Reader, Deposit, N. Y. The Jews are the descendants of the people of the southern kingdom, of which Judah was the chief tribe. The Israelites were the people of the northern kingdom. The separation of the kingdom is described in I Kings 12 and II Chron. 10. The people of Israel were absorbed in the surrounding nations and are consequently lost.

L. B., Manchester, N. H. There is no record of Paul's life in Arabia in Acts. The visit probably took place soon after his conversion. It is improbable that the three years which elapsed between his conversion and the beginning of his great work of preaching were spent in Damascus. His change from being a persecutor to an advocate of Christianity was so radical that he felt the need of seclusion that he might think out his new position. He may have gone to Arabia for that purpose.

S. T., Tennessee. What does the psalmist mean by the swallow building a nest on the altar (Ps. 84 : 3)?

Two explanations are possible: one is that a custom which existed among several nations of antiquity may have been observed by the Jews, of never disturbing the nests of birds which were built within or without the temples. They were regarded as under divine protection. The other and more probable explanation is that one line of the beautiful psalm is lost. The psalmist's meaning evidently was that as the sparrow had found a house and the swallow a nest where safety was assured, so he had found such a resting-place, "even thy altars."

J. D. P., Brooklyn, N. Y. Please explain John 7 : 39.

There is no doubt that the Holy Spirit operated in the world in various ways prior to Christ's coming. In the Old Testament mention is made of him. See Gen. 6 : 3; Isa. 34 : 16; 48 : 16. John's remark is explanatory of that which Christ made, but which had been misunderstood. He was speaking of the Pentecostal descent of the Spirit (Acts. 2 : 1-4), which gave special miraculous powers for the work that lay before the apostles; also probably of that indwelling of the Spirit, which before had been occasional, but was now to be the privilege of every believer who sought in the way prescribed.

Rev. C. W. T., Hancock, Md. 1. No. 2. There is no doubt of the assurance of heavenly recognition of our departed friends with each other. The Old and the New Testament have passages dealing with the subject. David said of his dead son: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me"(II Sam. 12 : 23). See also the parable of Dives and Lazarus, the promise to the thief on the cross, and Phil. 3 : 20; Heb. 12 : 1; Matt. 17 : 3; Rev. 6 : 9; Rom. 14 : 12; Luke 16 : 23; I Thess. 4 : 13-18. We have no reason to doubt that the redeemed will know each other, and that friendships begun on earth will there be perfected. Heaven is the Christian's fatherland, where we shall see our friends and know them.

E. J. C., Alma Center, Wis. The Easter festival derives its name from the goddess Ostara—in Anglo-Saxon, Eastre—which the Saxons of old were wont to celebrate about the same season at which the Christian festival of Easter occurs. Ostara, or Eastre, seems to have been the personification of the morning or East, and also of the opening year or spring. What with the pagans was joy at the rising of the natural sun and the awakening of nature from the death of winter, with us Christians becomes joy at the rising of the Sun of Righteousness—the resurrection of Christ from the grave. There is little doubt that the use of eggs at this season was originally symbolical of the revivification of nature—the renewal of life in spring. The Jews used eggs in the feast of Passover, and the Persians, when they keep the festival of the solar new year (in March), present each other with colored eggs.

M. E. E., Colo. The ordinary study or criticism is directed to finding out the meaning of passages in the Bible, their correct translation, and their significance and bearing on doctrine. The higher criticism goes above and back of all that, applying to the books of the Bible the same tests and methods of examination as are applied to other ancient books. The destructive higher critics do not approach the Book of all books as faithful, trusting children of a great Master and Teacher, but as scientific distorters of truths and revelations. With German science as the lever, the bane of this class of criticism has reached out to many great schools and has done much harm.

J. B. W., Caldwell, Idaho. The passage in Hosea is descriptive of the punishment of Israel for its lusts and idolatry, and further descriptions of their coming into their own again, when they will have recognized and accepted their Messiah.

Miss E. F. Hawkinsville, Ga. The Huns were of Asiatic origin, in all probability of Mongolian or Tartar stock. Their arch-enemies were the Goths. With Attila's death, 454 A. D., the power of the Huns was broken. The Germans were found by the Roman consul Papirius occupying a part of Germania and Belgium in 113 B. C.

Mrs. E. M. B., Emory, Va. The appellation "Jew" is derived from the patriarch Judah and was originally applied to all members of that tribe, and also to subjects of the separate kingdom of Judah in contradistinction to the seceding ten tribes, who retained the name of Israelites. The name Hebrew is derived from Heber or Eber, meaning "from the other side," or an immigrant. Heber was the son of Salah and the father of Peleg (See Gen. 10 : 24 ; 11 : 14). Abram was the first to be called a Hebrew, probably in the immigrant sense. The name is seldom used of the Israelites in the Old Testament, except when the speaker is a foreigner, or when the Israelites speak of themselves to one of another nation.

W. W., Bardolph, Ill. In John 10 : 29, 30, our Lord says of his sheep: "My Father, which hath given them me, is greater than all; and no one is able to pluck out of the Father's hand." The Father who has given will maintain the gift. He will not allow anything to interfere with his will. Safe in the arms of Jesus and of his Almighty Father—that is the sheep's blessed heritage.

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A Co-ordinated, Constructive Teaching

Being the Addresses Delivered at the Philadelphia Prophetic Conference, May 28-30, 1918

THE Conference of eminent Bible Teachers and Authorities on Prophetic Interpretation in the United States and Canada, held at Philadelphia May 28th to 30th, 1918, was the most notable and authoritative gathering of its kind ever held in this country. The finest consecrated scholarship of all the Christian denominations was represented, and the deliberations and addresses on "The Return of Our Lord and Related Events" possess a vital spiritual interest to Christian men and women throughout the world. In view of the extraordinary manifestations of interest in the Philadelphia Prophetic Conference, an arrangement was made for the publication by the Christian Herald of the proceedings and addresses of the Conference in a volume entitled **"Light on Prophecy."**

"*Light on Prophecy*" is published under the special supervision of the Committee of the Conference, and is the only volume to receive official authorization. The book is of 300 pages, containing all the addresses, about twenty in number.

Notable Speakers and Addresses

Below is a List of the Addresses Which Are Included in "Light on Prophecy"

"Hath God Spoken?" and "What is to Become of the Church?"
By Dr. Harris H. Gregg, Pastor, of Winnipeg, Canada, an eminent Canadian Divine.

"What Is Prophecy?" and "Where Is Christ Now and What Is He Doing?"
By Rev. John M. McInnes, of Syracuse, Secretary of the Montrose Bible Conference.

"The Doctrine of Our Lord's Return"
By Dr. Mark A. Matthews, Former Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

"The Answer to the Greatest Question Jesus Ever Asked," and "What Manner of Persons Ought We to Be?"
By Dr. William B. Riley, of the First Baptist Church of Minneapolis, Minn., and President of the Northwest Bible School, Bible teacher and lecturer.

"The Coming Glory" and "Did the Cross of Christ Fulfill All the Promises?"
By W. L. Pettingill, Dean of the Philadelphia School of the Bible.

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Disobedience in the presence of visitors. Do you know that disobedience is the fault of the parent—not of the child?

This child is leaving his play to do an errand; he has been taught obedience and goes immediately and willingly.

Mistakes Parents Make
—How To Avoid Them

New Methods in Child Training Fast Superseding the Old

Highest Authorities Endorse Them

Being a good parent is the biggest job on earth. Upon how we train our children depends their entire future success and happiness.

Yet what training have most of us had in this all-important work? Instead of using scientific methods in our contact with the most delicate mechanism in the world—a child's mind—we often use methods that do irreparable injury.

What chance would a fine Swiss watch have if, knowing nothing about watchmaking, we tried to adjust it with a hatchet and a crowbar?

As absurd as that may seem, thousands of loving parents with their whole beings wrapped up in their children's welfare are using methods fully as unsuited—fully as dangerous and harmful.

For a child's mind needs far more intelligent care than the most delicate watch ever made. And very often the method we use to correct one bad habit is the very cause of other bad habits which can easily wreck the entire life of the child.

Where We Go Wrong

The trouble in the past has been that when a child is disobedient, untruthful or "naughty," we punish the child for exhibiting that symptom. What we should do is to attack the cause. Not by punishment, but by co-operation.

When we attack the symptoms instead of the cause, we very often irritate the cause instead of removing it.

Millions of children are deceitful because the parents in trying to overcome some other bad habit have caused them to be deceitful.

Who Is To Blame?

When a child is straightforward, obedient and willing—when it is courageous, generous and fine in every way, it is that way because the parent made it so. And the reverse is equally true. When a child is untruthful, selfish and disobedient, it is not the fault of the child but of the parent.

You can make your children what you will. Character is nothing more than a set of established habits. Whether these habits are good or bad depends on the parent.

The parent has no one but himself to blame for the conduct of his offspring, not only when young, but throughout life.

No Help Until Now

Until now parents have had to grope around as best they could. They have had to depend on self devised methods. It is a wonderful commentary on the intelligence of the average parent that they have done as well as they have.

But now, for the first time, there is constructive help at hand. A great organization, the Parents Association, an international society with members in all parts of the world, has been formed to guide parents in the upbringing of their children.

The principle upon which this association was founded is that in dealing with children **confidence is the basis of control.**

Professor Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. (Harvard and Columbia), the founder of the Association, after years of exhaustive research and practical experience, has created a complete Course in Child Training, endorsed by leading educators everywhere, which is available to members of the Association.

This course is unlike anything that has ever gone before. Instead of dealing in generalities, it is intensely definite and practical, and tells the parent exactly what to do in each individual case to produce immediate and permanent results. It is meant for the modern busy parent of children from the cradle to 18 years of age.

The "Case" Method

The method used by Professor Beery in his Course in Child Training is essentially the same as that now used in teaching the law, except, of course, that it is condensed and remarkably easy to apply.

Instead of devoting pages to a theoretical discussion of the various traits and habits which are to be cured, Professor Beery shows in each instance exactly how some other parent in the same situation has applied his methods to secure results.

For instance, suppose your child is aged four, and is afraid of the dark. All you have to do is look up this trait in the index for children of that age and then turn to the proper page. Here you will find in detail an example of how some other parent cured a child of this fear through Professor Beery's methods. No other teacher of child training has ever attempted to handle the subject in such a practical, easy to apply way. It means that in addition to a constructive, thoroughly organized system of child training, you have the daily help you need to overcome all undesirable characteristics as they develop.

DO YOU KNOW HOW—

- to instruct children in the delicate matters of sex?
- to always obtain cheerful obedience?
- to correct mistakes of early training?
- to keep child from crying?
- to develop initiative in child?
- to teach child instantly to comply with command "Don't touch"?
- to suppress temper in children without punishment?
- to succeed with child of any age without display of authority?
- to discourage the "Why" habit in regard to commands?
- to prevent quarreling and fighting?
- to cure impertinence? Discourtesy? Vulgarity?
- to remove fear of darkness? Fear of thunder and lightning? Fear of harmless animals?
- to encourage child to talk?
- to teach punctuality? Perseverance? Carefulness?
- to overcome obstinacy?
- to cultivate mental concentration?
- to teach honesty and truthfulness?

These are only a few of the hundreds of questions fully answered and explained, in a way that makes application of the principles involved easy through this course.

Personal Service

In addition to the complete Course in Child Training, by Professor Beery, members of the Parents Association enjoy many other equally worth-while benefits such as the privilege of personal consultation through the mail with Professor Beery on any particularly vexing child training problem, exchange of experiences of other members through the Association's Bulletin which is issued regularly; free Purchase Service, which enables you to buy children's books at publisher's prices, advice as to schools, camps, etc. But we have not the space here to give the whole wonderful story.

Free Book Explains All

"New Methods in Child Training" is the title of a 24-page illustrated booklet which describes the work of the Association and explains Professor Beery's remarkable Course in Child Training. It also contains letters from members outlining the astonishingly satisfactory results they have secured through these New Methods. A copy of this book will be sent at once to any interested parent who merely writes a letter or postcard; or, mail the coupon below. It is suggested that you write at once, as the Association is making a special offer to new members which will undoubtedly be withdrawn shortly. Send today—no obligation.

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The moss, a drapery of green, is swaying in the breeze—
Perhaps it hides some fairy queen who lives among the trees!

OUR MAIL-BAG

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question on religious matters addressed to the Mail-Bag, provided it be of general interest and not controversial

All letters must contain the name and address of the sender; no attention will be paid to anonymous letters. Use pen and ink.

Questions on all subjects other than religion may be sent to the

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The bureau is prepared to answer fully and promptly questions regarding food production and conservation, transportation, industrial activities, history, patents and inventions, pensions and army insurance, legislation, exploration and discovery, government employment, and all of the thousand and one things that you want to be sure of.

Inquiries must be accompanied by a stamp to cover postage on the reply. Answers to questions of general interest will be published in this page. Watch this page for special offers of helpful material.

Questions and Answers

MISS GILLA BOREN, Texas, in a letter to the United States Food Administration writes: "I am a little farmer girl, so you see I am helping produce food for our brave lads in France as well as at home. My sister and I get right out in the field and plow as well as men and we are not ashamed of it. I for one am pleased to get a chance to try to help our country by eating corn bread and leaving the wheat to be sent to France for those brave, suffering people. I am ready and willing to do anything to help, even to fighting the Kaiser's men myself; but as there is no chance for such pleasure, I will do my bit at home. My sister Birdie and I want to plant, thresh and deliver at our station, free of charge to the government, one acre of the finest grain our land will produce. We've been thinking of making an appeal to every man in our county to do the same, for I'm sure it would lighten the hearts of many people to get to do this, for this 'little old Texas' is filled with patriotism."

Mr. Hoover answered as follows: "I was greatly pleased to receive your letter bringing to me a message of true American patriotism. The service that both you and your sister are rendering to our country is a worthy expression of what the womanhood of our land are doing and will continue to do throughout the world crisis. You are rendering effective help to our Army, our Navy, and the Allies by helping to fortify them with food. The government cannot accept your liberal offer to give, free of charge, an acre of grain threshed and delivered at the station, but perhaps I can offer a suggestion. Why not invest the money received from this acre in War Savings Stamps, or other government security? This will not only help the government, but at the same time it will be a very good investment, and your grain will have reached the markets through which it can be best distributed, where it will do the greatest good." Doubtless there are many others who will be willing to follow this Texas girl's example. We would be glad to hear from them.

J. C. McK., London, Ky. Though the passage you quote has been held to have no direct bearing on the subject of degrees in heaven, the inference is open that as one star differs from another in brilliancy, and one body from another, so hereafter there will be a difference in degrees in the future life.

S. E. T. I have been interested in prophecy for seventy-five years. I cannot reconcile a portion of the teaching of some of these writers (on prophecy) with the New Testament, particularly on the Jewish question and probation after the Advent. Many, depending on a second chance set forth by these distinguished men, may be forever lost.

This correspondent is somewhat mixed up on the matter. Dr. Gray, to whom his letter has been referred, writes: "The second probation heresy refers to a chance after death; but the nations on the earth after the Advent are composed of men who have not died as yet. The Gospel of the Kingdom will be proclaimed to them, and they may enter in if they will. There is no danger in that teaching, as it is the same principle as we are teaching now. 'Whosoever will may come.' But if they die in rejection of Christ it is different. No probation then."

J. McC., Stuyvesant, N. Y. By the word "Church," in its broad sense, we are not to understand the buildings of stone or wood which we are accustomed to call churches, but the congregation of those who make up the members of the Kingdom of Christ, who adhere to the Word of God and his teachings, and are built up thereby in the true faith unto eternal life (Eph. 2 : 19–22). No one can see into the heart or know infallibly who among those that are found in the congregations possess true faith in Christ and are thus living members of the true Church. Our creeds explain the word "Church" by calling it "a communion of saints," that is, an assembly in which there are none but saints—a holy assembly. The wicked and ungodly, though they may have fellowship with the true Church in external signs, in names and offices, have no true part in it if they have not a share in the gifts of the Holy Spirit, and faith in the heart.

C. E. C., Mount Pleasant, Ga. The Testaments sent to the soldiers are read very generally, as letters from the camps clearly show. As the chaplains, pastors, evangelists and Y. M. C. A. workers are active in all the camps, the men have ample opportunity for talking with them, and discussing any difficult passages.

L. C. G., St. Marys, Ga. There have been wars from the beginning of things, and as God has ruled through them all, so he is ruling today. What his divine purpose, laid in wisdom and mercy, is we will know hereafter. On our knees in prayer, we can but follow Christ's example in Gethsemane: "Not as I will, but as thou wilt," and we can know with certainty, as he did, that the cup will pass some time and all will again be well. Having the consciousness of a just cause and knowing the necessity for the success of righteousness we can pray for victory with assurance—such a glorious victory as will once and for all rid the world of the despotism, tyranny and oppression that cause wars. As Israel bowed its head and humbled itself before God on entering a battle, so should we, and then fight "the good fight" with all our might. Let us remember at all times that as we can come to God in all things as little children to their father, so we can lay this war, with all it implies, implicitly and trustingly before our Father at the mercy seat.

Miss E. C., Dundan, Ariz. The Red Cross is nonsectarian and includes men and women of all creeds and beliefs. Hence it cannot be governed by the dictates of any one church or body. If, in furtherance of a desire to help the Red Cross, some people give a public entertainment, we cannot deny them that right, even though we may not share in it.

W. J. C., Santa Maria, Calif. The writer in Ecclesiastes uses the bold contrasts so common to the Jewish rhetoric. From the standpoint of the believer, the day of death is better than the day of one's birth. On the believer's death he will have "overcome," he will be through with suffering, sorrow, disappointment, anxiety and vexations. He will have succeeded to his final blessed inheritance. Further, his sorrow and suffering having been all for a purpose—that of preparing his soul and cleansing it—the statement that sorrow is better than laughter is correct in the sense he intended to convey.

Mrs. L. O., Fairland, Okla. 1. In Matt. 5 : 25, our Lord is pointing out that the skill and judgment that mark a prudent course in worldly affairs might be justifiably applied in spiritual affairs. Thus, when one is on the way to court with his adversary, it is wise to attempt a settlement—a reconciliation—lest, if he loses his suit, he may be severely punished. So also, in spiritual affairs, reconciliation with an offended brother in this life is absolutely necessary before his wrong cries out against us to the great Judge, and we come under condemnation. 2. In Luke 16 : 9 we are reminded how worldly people in their generation, and for their own selfish purposes, are prudent and sagacious in a worldly sense and show energy and determination in carrying out mercenary plans, none of which, however, are for God and eternity. Even from them, selfish and worldly as they are, the children of light can learn the lesson of concentration—not in relation to worldly things, however, but in spiritual things. The Revised Version renders verse 9, "Make to yourself friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness," implying that they, "the children of light," should use money, not as the unjust steward did, for selfish purposes, but in doing good to others (see Luke 6 : 38; Matt. 25 : 34–40). 3. I Cor. 15 : 31 is a reference to the constant peril that encompassed the apostle because of his religious belief and his efforts as a preacher. 4. In II Cor. 4 : 10, Paul conveys a similar thought to that in I Cor. 15 : 31, and says that, though dying daily, the true believer lives, and thus experiences the power of Christ's resurrection as a prelude to that glorious time when he will be raised up with Christ to live eternally.

W. R., Montpelier, Vt. The first thing I turn to in my Christian Herald is the sermonic page. As an unbiased layman I heartily appreciate the broad evangelical teaching of the sermons you print, and regard them as the best of their kind. Then their timeliness and applicability to the spirit and movement of the age we live in specially please me. Your contributors are live pastors, with a Gospel that is never dull nor out of date but always suited to the need and dealing with the great events that are uppermost in men's minds. Why is it that with the whole world on fire we find so many preachers who give us, instead of good, strengthening Gospel sermons, discourses that are essays on philosophic piffle or that thrash out texts already worn threadbare while the hearers are looking for some message full of Christian courage and inspiration for these terrible days we are living in? It is time the pulpit woke up to the greatest opportunity it has ever known. I am glad to see that the Herald is showing the way. The Church should join the conservation movement by giving us its best spiritual output these days. Then there would be no complaint of small audiences.

Our observation leads us to conclude that the Church is waking up to a full realization of its opportunities. There may be here and there an exception, but they are becoming very few. The Gospel applied to the daily needs of life is being preached more widely than ever before. The rigid lines of division are fast disappearing.

Mrs. W. K. K., Florida. 1. The humiliation of Jesus is that state in which he did not employ his divine majesty and power, but in his human nature, for our sakes, freely and deeply humbled himself, so that in such humiliation he might redeem us by his obedience and suffering. Having become in all things as we are, yet without sin, it was fitting that he should lift up his eyes, heart and voice to Him who alone can help. 2. The paragraph dealing with the narrow way and the broad way, the one to life, the other to destruction (Matt. 7 : 13) show that the requirements of the law and prophets were far beyond the narrow morality of the scribes and Pharisees, and therefore men might be tempted to seek the easier way of careless living. Christ warns his hearers to begin here to get into the right gate, the one which, through self-denial, repentance, faith and poverty of spirit, leads to a glorious end. It is harder to find than the other, but it leads to a better end. As we cannot know what God knows, we do not know how many who travel the hard way will finally be lost. The wisdom and mercy of God are great and far-reaching.

This letter, from H. S., Rosser, N. Y., is an illustration of real giving: "I send $100 from limited means. Use it either to give a ten days' outing for some poor child, or send to the starving Armenian children. Use your own judgment, only I wish it were more. I am old, not able to earn, and homeless myself, but will spare this mite with the earnest prayer that it may save both soul and body. I was tempted to use the money to help buy books offered by the Christian Herald, but think I can deny myself for the sake of the destitute children." The gift will be devoted to the Armenian sufferers. May it be blessed to both the giver and the receiver.

W. A. O., Pittsfield, N. H. The whole theory of the atonement is typified by "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." Christ is likened to the lamb of the Old Testament, whose blood had to be spilled before sins could be forgiven and forgotten by God. So also with Christ. The wrath of God against the sins of humanity was appeased by the shedding of the blood of his Lamb, his only Son.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

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President Wilson delivering his Fourth of July address at Mount Vernon

Many Nations Honor the Fourth

President Wilson's Great Speech at Washington's Tomb Sets Afresh the World's Goals of Liberty

NEVER since the old bell in Philadelphia rang out the first full notes of American Liberty has the anniversary of that day of great decisions, of that setting of the capstone of human rights upon the structure of freedom, been so widely celebrated; never has its significance to the world been so widely recognized as on July 4, 1918, when America's National Day was celebrated as a holiday in every corner of the globe not under Teuton control. In Chile, in Australia, in Cuba, in Uruguay, in Brazil, in England, in France, and in Italy, special observances of the day were organized. The Fourth was made a legal holiday in France and in every city and village the flags flew for America. In England and Scotland extensive programs were planned. Great demonstrations of the foreign-born citizens were given in Washington and New York and other cities, it being especially fitting that on the day, when America's independence was declared, those who had found freedom from tyranny under the flag should formally declare the firm allegiance of their hearts to the Nation's plans and purposes.

AT Mount Vernon 10,000 people, including the members of the Diplomatic Corps, gathered about the tomb of Washington to hear the address of the President, who leads the world today, as Washington in 1776 led this infant nation. Shortly after three o'clock the *Mayflower* dropped anchor in the Potomac, opposite Mount Vernon. She carried the President, Lord Reading of England's High Commission, the Secretary of State, the Postmaster-General, the Attorney-General and representatives of thirty-three nationalities, who brought wreaths to be placed on Washington's tomb. After a simple program, in which John MacCormack, the famous tenor, led the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," the President spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Diplomatic Corps and My Fellow-Citizens: I am happy to draw apart with you to this quiet place of old counsel in order to speak a little of the meaning of this day of our nation's independence. The place seems very still and remote. It is as serene and untouched by the hurry of the world as it was in those great days long ago when General Washington was here and held leisurely conference with the men who were to be associated with him in the creation of a nation. From these gentle slopes they looked out upon the world and saw it whole, saw it with the light of the future upon it, saw it with modern eyes that turned away from a past which men of liberated spirits could no longer endure. It is for that reason that we cannot feel, even here, in the immediate presence of this sacred tomb, that this is a place of death. It was a place of achievement. A great promise that was meant for all mankind was here given plan and reality. The associations by which we are here surrounded are the inspiring associations of that noble death which is only a glorious consummation. From this green hillside we also ought to be able to see with comprehending eyes the world that lies around us and conceive anew the purpose that must set men free.

"IT is significant—significant of their own character and purpose and of the influences they were setting afoot—that Washington and his associates, like the Barons at Runnymede, spoke and acted, not for a class, but for a people. It has been left for us to see to it that it shall be understood that they spoke and acted, not for a single people only, but for all mankind. They were thinking not of themselves and of the material interests which centered in the little groups of landholders and merchants and men of affairs with whom they were accustomed to act, in Virginia and the colonies to the north and south of her, but of a people which wished to be done with classes and special interests and the authority of men whom they had not themselves chosen to rule over them. They entertained no private purpose, desired no peculiar privilege. They were consciously planning that men of every class should be free and America a place to which men out of every nation might resort who wished to share with them the rights and privileges of free men. And we take our cue from them—do we not? We intend what they intended.

The Avenue du President Wilson in Paris

"We here in America believe our participation in this present war to be only the fruitage of what they planted. Our case differs from theirs only in this, that it is our inestimable privilege to concert with men out of every nation who shall make not only the liberties of America secure but the liberties of every other people as well. We are happy in the thought that we are permitted to do what they would have done had they been in our place. There must now be settled, once for all, what was settled for America in the great age upon which inspiration we draw today. This is surely a fitting place from which calmly to look out upon our task, that we may fortify our spirits for its accomplishment. And this is the appropriate place from which to avow, alike to the friends who look on and to the friends with whom we have the happiness to be associated in action, the faith and purpose with which we act.

"THIS, then, is our conception of the great struggle in which we are engaged. The plot is written plain upon every scene and every act of the supreme tragedy. On the one hand stand the peoples of the world—not only the peoples actually engaged, but many others, also, who suffer under mastery but cannot act; peoples of many races and in every part of the world—the people of stricken Russia still, among the rest, though they are for the moment unorganized and helpless.

"Opposed to them, masters of many armies, stand an isolated, friendless group of Governments, who speak no common purpose, but only selfish ambitions of their own, by which none can profit but themselves, and whose peoples are fuel in their hands. Governments which fear their people, and yet are for the time being sovereign lords, making every choice for them and disposing of their lives and fortunes as they will, as well as of the lives and fortunes of every people who fall under their power—Governments clothed with the strange trappings and the primitive authority of an age that is altogether alien and hostile to our own. The Past and the Present are in deadly grapple, and the peoples of the world are being done to death between them.

"THERE can be but one issue. The settlement must be final. There can be no compromise. No half-way decision would be tolerable. No half-way decision is conceivable. These are the ends for which the associated peoples of the world are fighting and which must be conceded them before there can be peace:

"I.—The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world; or, if it cannot be presently destroyed, at the least its reduction to virtual impotence.

"II.—The settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangement, or of political relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its own exterior influence or mastery.

"III.—The consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct toward each other by the same principles of honor and of respect for the common law of civilized society that govern the individual citizens of all modern states in their relations with one another; to the end that all promises and covenants may be sacredly observed, no private plots or conspiracies hatched, no selfish injuries wrought with impunity, and a mutual trust established upon the handsome foundation of a mutual respect for right.

"IV.—The establishment of an organization of peace which shall make it certain that the combined power of free nations will check every invasion of right and serve to make peace and justice the more secure by affording a definite tribunal of opinion to which all must submit and by which every international readjustment that cannot be amicably agreed upon by the peoples directly concerned shall be sanctioned.

"THESE great objects can be put into a single sentence. What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind.

"These great ends cannot be achieved by debating and seeking to reconcile and accommodate what statesmen may wish with their projects for balances of power and of national opportunity. They can be realized only by the determination of what the thinking peoples of the world desire, with their longing hope for justice and for social freedom and opportunity.

"I can fancy that the air of this place carries the accents of such principles with a peculiar kindness. Here were started forces which the great nation against which they were primarily directed at first regarded as a revolt against its rightful authority, but which it has long since seen to have been a step in the liberation of its own people as well of the people of the United States; and I stand here now to speak—speak proudly and with confident hope—of the spread of this revolt, this liberation, to the great stage of the world itself! The blinded rulers of Prussia have roused forces they knew little of—forces which, once roused, can never be crushed to earth again; for they have at their heart an inspiration and a purpose which are deathless and of the very stuff of triumph!"

IN New York City, a parade of 70,000 to 75,000 marchers with 125 bands and 150 floats swept up Fifth Avenue, starting at 8.43 o'clock from Washington Square and continuing for ten hours. This parade was in two sections. The first was a summary of America's fighting strength and that of her Allies, the second was the division of nationalities in which marched America's adopted sons and daughters from every corner of the globe, marching in national groups with flags of their birth, doing homage to Old Glory.

IN London and throughout England, American flags were flown everywhere. In the Central Hall at Westminster, an Anglo-Saxon fellowship meeting brought British and Americans together to proclaim their unity of sentiment and resolution. Viscount Bryce presided and Winston Churchill was the principal speaker, although Admiral Sims and Major George Haven Putnam also spoke, and the famous band of the Coldstream Guards played the "Star Spangled Banner." Mr. Churchill brought the audience to its feet in a burst of American applause and British "Hear, hears!" when he expressed the conviction that the ideals of the Allies were in harmony with the principles of the American Declaration of Independence, and that not only English, but Canadian, Australian, New Zealand, and Indian hearts beat in sympathy with America. Major Putnam raised the enthusiasm to high pitch by declaring "What God joined together no power of Germany can ever put asunder."

Admiral Sims told how Allied naval team work had conquered the submarines which were now being sunk faster than they could be built, while merchant tonnage was being built faster than the remaining submarines could sink it. The Admiral said that America had 250 ships with 3,000 officers, and 40,000 men serving in European waters from the Adriatic to the White Sea.

Immense crowds acclaimed America's fête day in Paris, where the celebration centered about the renaming of the "Avenuo le Trocadero" as "Avenue du President Wilson." Wherever American troops were quartered in France, England or Italy, the Fourth was celebrated by old and young with full enthusiasm.

Americans Take Men and Ground

THE American advances through Belleau Wood to the heights commanding Belleau and Torcy left a pointed salient, projecting into the American and French lines, between Belleau and Chateau Thierry. Near the base of the salient lay the little town of Vaux, back of which rose a wooded hill. On the morning of July 1, American artillery, which in this sector is completely supplied with American guns and American shells, was ready to drive the Germans out of Vaux. By noon every house in Vaux had been hit at least once, while American aviators kept the sky clear of enemy machines. Promptly at 6 P. M. the American infantry started in skirmish formation. across the wheat fields. At 6.25 Vaux was in American hands. In 15 minutes more the men had gone through the woods behind the village, and by 7.30 the Red Cross ambulances were running into the wrecked town. The Americans captured nearly 500 men. The depth of the advance from the point of the original salient was about a mile and a quarter, and the width of the front attacked was about four miles. The French operating on the right of the Americans, at the same time, took Hill 204, east of Vaux, which dominates the approaches to Chateau Thierry. A determined counter-attack by the Germans, west of Hill 204, on the following day cost them the practical annihilation of a regiment. At 1 A. M. on July 3, the Germans attempted to retake Vaux, but failed.

A Week in the World's News

MAYOR MITCHEL KILLED. Major John Purroy Mitchel, fusion Mayor of New York who entered the aviation service in January, fell 500 feet to his death from a bombing plane, at Gerstner Field near Lake Charles, La., on July 6. Major Mitchel had about completed training and expected soon to be in France. His plane came down some distance from the body and the cause of the accident could not be determined. The body was brought to New York City where it lay in state in the City Hall and was buried with military honors. Among the pallbearers were Theodore Roosevelt, Cleveland H. Dodge, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, George W. Wiekersham, Jacob H. Schiff and Frank L. Polk. Major Mitchel was born in New York, in 1879. He began the practice of law in 1901. He entered public life in 1906, when he accepted the thankless and dangerous task of investigating departments of the City Government, suspected of irregularities. His fair, fearless and efficient work brought him the Borough Presidency of Manhattan, followed by the Presidency of the Board of Aldermen. He resigned to become collector of the port, but was elected mayor by the fusion committee of 107 in 1913. He was defeated for reelection last fall and at once prepared to enter the military service.

BATTLE CELEBRATES THE FOURTH. Australian troops, with whom some units of Americans were fighting, attacked on July 4 the German positions east of Amiens, north and south of the Somme. The attack was made behind a smoke screen without previous artillery preparation, with tanks leading, and was a complete surprise to the Germans, who surrendered in large numbers almost without resistance. South of the river positions along a four-mile front for a depth of one-and-a-half miles, including the village of Hamel and the positions beyond it, were lost by the Germans, while north of the river the Australians advanced 500 yards on a front of 1,200 yards. The American battle-cry was "Lusitania." The prisoners taken numbered over 1,500. The usual German counter-attack failed completely.

A BIG SPLASH. According to the plans, 95 merchant ships and transports, totaling 474,464 tons, carried into the sea on July 4 America's defiance to the submarine. In addition to the commercial ships, fourteen destroyers, one gunboat and two small naval vessels were sent into the water.

HOME RULE FOR INDIA. A commission which had been studying the governmental problems of India for a number of months completed its report at Simla April 22. The report was made public on July 5. It recommends limited Home Rule.

ITALY HOLDS OFFENSIVE. Italian troops, with their French and British Allies, attacked Austrian positions on the Asiago plateau, northwest of Bassano, on June 29 and 30. In two days of bitter fighting Monte de Valbello, the Col del Rosso, and the Col de Chele were captured with 4 guns, 15 trench mortars, 57 machine-guns, and several rifles, and more than 800 prisoners. The capture of these heights completely restored the Italian lines as they existed in this sector prior to the Austrian offensive of June 15. On July 2 the Italians advanced north of Monte Grappa, capturing important positions with about 600 prisoners, machine-guns and 4 small trench cannon. On July 2 the Italians drove the Austrians back along the Lower Piave, east of Capo Sile, capturing 1,900 prisoners and much material. On July 6 the Italians completed the task of driving the Austrians back across the new Piave near the sea.

PROFITEERS EXPOSED. The Federal Trade Commission, on June 29, in a report to the Senate, gave details of what they described as outrageous profiteering. They charged the great packing houses, the shoe industry, the flour millers, the canners, some metal industries and lumber interests with profiteering of various degrees. In the case of the packing houses the Board charged that profits had increased for Armour from 6 2-10 in 1912-13-14 to 27 1-10 in 1917; for Swift from 8 3-10 to 47 2-10; for Morris from 6 8-10 to 263 7-10; while independent packers had made higher profits than the larger companies. Armour & Co., Swift & Co. and Morris & Co. immediately issued statements. Armour & Co. said that according to Government audit their profit was ¼ of a cent on each pound of their product; Morris & Co. declared that the profit of 263 7-10 per cent. was figured as against the capital stock of $3,000,000, whereas the actual investment in the business in 1917 was $38,000,000, on which their profit was 14¼ per cent.; Swift & Co. admitted profits had been greater during the last two or three years, but declared that most of these profits had been put back in the business to enable the plants to meet the excessive demands made upon them by the War conditions. The Board accused the flour millers of Minneapolis of having exceeded the

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The Czecho-Slovaks of Siberia

THE Bolsheviki have been overthrown in all of eastern Siberia by the Czechs and Slovaks, who, hating Austrian and German tyranny, hate any one who submits to it. These Bohemian patriots and loyal Allies of Democracy may be the nucleus about which will gather the new army of the reconstituted eastern battle-front. Next week Maynard Owen Williams, who, while getting in and out of Russia, traveled with, ate with, and talked with these Czecho-Slovaks, will tell of the army which they planned to send to France.

We hear a great deal about power these days. But in next week's Herald Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman will bring us a welcome relief in a message of Wonderful Grace.

Uncle Sam needs Chaplains. The churches supply the material and Major Pruden makes it into sky pilots. How he does it you will know next week.

Why should Christians study Prophecy? In the last of the present series of articles Dr. James M. Gray, next week, answers this most important question.

Next week also another of the series of modern fables by Miss Sangster and Robert Riggs depicts the punishment of the scoffer.

The whole company formed in a semicircle about the flagpole pledged allegiance to the flag of Freedom

Mont-Lawn as a Stranger Sees It

By VERA L. CONNOLLY

EVERYONE in the station paused to watch the children pass. I saw smiles; but I saw tears too. And something clutched at my own heart. For no one could look on those children unmoved. They were not the robust, well-fed, well-dressed children of our better homes; but mostly little puny, under-nourished, pale-faced folk of New York City's crowded East Side; poorly clad, big-eyed, eager-faced, hungry physically and mentally. They filled the car set aside for them until its sides seemed to bulge and its roof to lift. In some seats there would be five little adventurers who refused to be parted, despite discomfort.

Pretty soon the train started, and, leaving the city behind, with its heat and hardships, wound up the right bank of the Hudson River, through green-embowered towns. Whispers subsided. Restless children became still. Small faces were pressed to the windows.

Our train soon rushed into the station at Tarrytown. Here we were to leave the train for a ferryboat. Here, more smiles greeted us, as—forming again—we gaily hurried, in a double line, down the long platform and across the railroad tracks and along the sidewalk for several blocks, to where the ferryboat was waiting. Clamorous at the prospect of a sail across the river, we trooped on board; the ferry swung off, and soon we were out on the water. At Nyack—across the river—we docked again; and here two big stages awaited us. The boys piled into one—an auto bus; and steamed off up the road. The girls clambered into the other—a two-horse vehicle; the good-natured old driver gathered up his reins, clucked to his fat horses, and soon we had left the town and were rolling along a green, woodsy road. Presently we turned from the main road, into that which led to Mont-Lawn. The vehicles climbed upward through sloping meadows starred with daisies, made a turn or two through a bit of woods, and came in sight of The Christian Herald Children's Home.

Surprised at the extent and beauty of the place, I could not wonder that the little folk at my side were round-eyed and amazed. For even to me, a grown-up, the place was a fairyland. A miracle of terraced lawns, artistic buildings, bright flowers; sun-splashed brick paths and lovely old maples—it rose before us like a dream. Far below us, visible over green treetops, swept the broad, blue Hudson; while behind and around Mont-Lawn were intensely green, tree-coated hills.

"Come, children! You hop out here!"

IT was the voice of Miss Goering, the Home's Superintendent, greeting us. She stood smiling up at us from the porch of the bath-house, before which our wagon had drawn up. Coming forward pleasantly, but with an air of quiet authority that the children instantly respected, she supervised the unloading, and all that came after in a way that accounted for the efficient management apparent in every detail of the life at Mont-Lawn.

I looked on, while the little girls, undressing and bundling themselves up in huge bath towels, waited, in a row, for their physical examination. The doctor took them one by one, handling each deftly and gently. She looked on these little guests as though they might have been especial friends rather than patients, and the children seemed to feel it. Pretty soon all were through—then came the splashing under the big shower bath. From this purification there emerged the rosiest, sweetest, cleanest lot of little girls, clad in Mont-Lawn frocks until their own clothes and sacks should have been thoroughly fumigated and sterilized, that it has ever been my joy to see.

While they tumbled about on the grass, I saw something of the rest of Mont-Lawn; the beautiful little chapel with its stained-glass windows showing Jesus among little children; the row of cottage-dormitories; the playgrounds; the long, pretty glassed-in dining-room in "Fort Plenty," looking out over the Hudson, where the little folks eat; and lastly, the broad-verandaed "Homestead" or headquarters of the Superintendent and her staff.

Towards supper-time, I wandered down to the lawn where the children were playing. The little folks saw me coming, and instantly there was an onrush. Affection-starved little girls flung themselves at me and hung on. One of them—a cherub of five and a half years—took from me the muffler I was making, dropped down on the grass, and calmly went on with the knitting. This aroused quite a discussion, and I found that almost all those babies could knit. Most of them, when at home, were knitting for our soldiers.

Never shall I forget those children! Eager, starved for almost everything that children crave, used to loneliness, wistful and pathetic and loving, they swarmed about me, singing their school songs for me, asking questions, begging to be allowed to come and see me when we were all back in the city.

Then came the summons to supper. Forming into line, the children marched away to a supper of the simplest, but best and most wholesome food most of them had known in many a day.

IT was almost bedtime before I saw them again. They were rolling and playing on the lawn, ecstatic with joy over a hurdy-gurdy provided for their entertainment. Its cheery strains greeted me as I strolled down across the lawn towards them. The doctor was seated on a bench, watching them smilingly, and I joined her. It was the loveliest hour of the day. The air was cool and fresh. The trees were stirring faintly. There was a thrum of insects. Those little "children of His care," were laughing and playing and darting about, their hair flying, the color coming into their pale cheeks, and the fresh air pumping all the slum-foulness out of their little lungs. I longed to be a Crœsus that I might gather up all the children from all the slums of the world and bring them there.

Mont-Lawn's Happy Fourth

NEVER in its history has our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn celebrated the Fourth with more vigor and enjoyment than this year. From early morning until nightfall, the 330 children had the merriest time of their lives. There was a goodly number of visitors who had come from many points to spend the holiday with the children. Among them were Mrs. Louis Klopsch, whose husband, the late Dr. Klopsch, was the founder and organizer of the enterprise, which has enlisted friends all over this nation and given delightful and health-giving summer outings to over 50,000 children up to the present time. Mrs. Merritt, Mrs. Charles G. Miller and Miss Brenda Stock, a young lady from New Zealand with a delightful contralto voice, were also among the visitors.

The real celebration of the day began with the exercises in the Children's Temple. At the signal, all the little folks were called in from the athletic field, and marched with military precision along Sunshine Alley to the beautiful Temple. It was a stirring sight to witness the enthusiasm of the children as they sang their patriotic songs and waved their flags. They listened with intense attention to several short addresses. Maynard Owen Williams told them of the brightly-clothed children of Japan, the less gaily dressed little folk of China, the happy little ones of perplexed Russia and the hungry, half-clothed and sad-faced children of Armenia. Dr. Ferdinand C. Iglehart told eloquently of the flag, the Republic for which it stands and the meaning back of the celebration of the Fourth. When in a stirring apostrophe to the Stars and Stripes, he said, holding the flag before him, that "it never has, and please God never shall know defeat!" the children shouted their applause.

AFTER the children had sung their "Star Spangled Banner" and "Mont-Lawn Bells," Mrs. Charles Grant Miller, dressed as Betsy Ross and assisted by Miss Stock, representing "Miss Columbia," told the children the stories of the origin of the best known of our national songs. She had intended to let them guess who she herself represented, but she had spoken only a few sentences when a curly-headed boy sang out, "Betsy Ross!" He received at once the reward which was to have been held until the story of the first Stars and Stripes should have given the key to the costume. Beginning with the story of the making of the first flag by the skilful fingers of Mistress Betsy, Mrs. Miller told of the origins of "Yankee Doodle," "America," "Red, White and Blue," "We're Coming Father Abraham," "Marching Through Georgia," "Dixie," and "The Star Spangled Banner." Frequently the name of the song was spoken by some of the listeners before she was quite ready to ask for it. Miss Stock very effectively sang a stanza or two of each song. "Over There" could not be omitted.

After this, Miss Columbia was joined by Uncle Sam and by children dressed to represent the Red Cross, the Army and the Navy, and these last, around the flagpole on the great lawn in front of the Children's Temple, pledged to Uncle Sam their hands to bear his burdens, their feet to run his errands, and their hearts to uphold his faith and purposes.

The late sunlight of a perfect summer day slanting through the towering trees saw the whole company in a semicircle about the big flagpole on the lawn before the Chapel, where once more, led by Uncle Sam and Miss Columbia, they pledged allegiance to the flag of freedom.

Entrance to the Union Stock Yards in Chicago

Safeguarding Our Army's Food Supply

The Rigid Methods Employed at the Great Packing Houses—Government Inspection a Monumental Instructive Work, Worthy of the Nation

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

FEDERAL efficiency in all that relates to the Nation's Food Supply, and especially to the provisioning of our Army and Navy in the great War, has never been better exemplified than in the extraordinary care that is shown in the government inspection of meats and meat products at all of the great packing establishments. Mr. Woolley, who has studied the subject from an expert's viewpoint, here tells of his minute and careful investigation. His story is one which will be gratifying to all readers, assuring them as it does that Uncle Sam takes the very best care of his Boys on sea and land.

IN Chicago, that mighty center of food, there is a legend that goes with every pound of war meat: "United States Inspected and Passed." It is the best guarantee any one could ask that our soldiers are safeguarded against everything unfit or unwholesome in beef, pork or mutton.

Nobody can spend days in the packing houses, as I have done, and go away from Chicago without feeling that all the Allied armies, so far as they come under our vast meat supply, are getting the best that this marvelous land can give them.

For the Christian Herald I have just made a trip to the inland metropolis to get first-hand facts about meats, and although I had already studied the subject superficially, I left the Yards on this occasion with the conviction that our boys are not victims of a meat conspiracy. To believe otherwise would discredit the whole elaborate inspection system of our own government—perfected through years of practical application.

In Chicago, moreover, is found amazing evidence of our country's prodigious food capacity. Here at the Stock Yards plants, one is staggered by the quantities of meat, and the workers are counted by the tens of thousands. Nor can we measure the industry by the number of people; organization and machinery count heavily, and the puny efforts of man are multiplied a hundredfold.

THE inspection of food animals begins on their native pastures, but I must pass over the field work of the government and start with the endless procession that winds its gloomy way to the executioners. Here begins the real challenge to bad meat, as made by the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture.

Altogether there are nearly four hundred government inspectors at the Yards, both veterinarians and trained laymen. Standing on a bridge over a maze of pens, I looked down on thousands of cattle, hogs and sheep—but not all of them were destined for the patriotic purpose of food. At the six principal live-stock markets in the United States in 1917, the carcasses of cattle condemned for tuberculosis alone would require for transportation fifty freight trains of forty cars each. The inspectors at these plants found 131,316 cattle and 2,008,921 hogs to be tubercular—though not all of these were a complete loss. Ten per cent. of the 34,000,000 hogs slaughtered in the United States last year were found more or less infected with tuberculosis. They came from over 6,000,000 farms. The annual loss of animals through disease and exposure is more than $300,000,000. This gives you a perspective.

But practically all these hordes of animals I saw at the Chicago Yards were foredoomed to death, whether passed for food or not. I saw only one animal pardoned and sent back to green pastures: an agreeable-mannered brindle cow with expectations. As the animals passed in single file through the gate of doom, the veterinary inspectors picked out now and then a "suspect," attached a metal tag to its ear, and sent it to a place of detention.

But in some cases the final verdict came swiftly: "United States Condemned." I saw a splendid white-nosed steer thus ushered on his way to an ignominious death, for in a great tank his massive carcass was destined to be made into fertilizer.

THIS ante-mortem inspection may detect in cattle such diseases as tuberculosis, lumpy jaw, diphtheria, pneumonia, scabies, anthrax, black-leg, septicemia, peritonitis, anemia, and other afflictions. In hogs, it may reveal swine plague or cholera, tuberculosis and so on. Standing on another bridge, I saw them taking the temperature of an extraordinarily big porker. His fever ran above 106, and, after being marked for identification, he was turned into a pen for further observation. Probably he went into the tank along with his compatriot in death and disgrace, the big steer.

But whether the victims be cattle, hogs or sheep, a verdict of dangerous disease is followed quickly and automatically by execution—done separately and under rigid regulations. The killing beds are disinfected with bichlorid of mercury, and all knives and other instruments are specially treated. This, for instance, is the procedure where lockjaw—now very rare—is found. Every part of the animal so affected, even to the hides and hoofs, must be incinerated. In brief, the ante-mortem catches everything it is possible to detect in the live animal. The great bulk of animals pass, and are slaughtered in the regulation way.

Now comes the post-mortem, which takes endless ramifications. I stood in the cattle-killing room and watched operations. At one end the massive animals came tumbling out of the stunning-pens, senseless, and within a few minutes the carcasses were hanging by the hoofs. As the huge knives loosened the viscera, all the internal organs of each animal fell into a metal water-tight truck that was tagged to correspond with the identifying mark on the carcass. The heads, too, went along.

These trucks then went to another part of the room where the government veterinarians worked; and they searched out the various organs and glands most likely to be infected, and with their keen knives laid them open. I saw one of them pause and inspect a gland closely.

"Tubercular," he said to me, holding it up.

Then he told me that sometimes he found eggs of the tapeworm—transmissible to man—in the heart, though such parasites are more commonly found, in cystic form, in the glands of the cheek.

THE finding of the tubercular glands meant that the whole truck-load of viscera, and the carcass from which it came, must go to the retaining-room, popularly known as the "jail." Here all the "retained" carcasses and parts are re-examined, and are either condemned altogether or passed in part for food.

Where certain infections are merely localized, and other parts of the animal thoroughly wholesome, the government authorizes the use of the latter. The principle is the same when we cut out a spot on an apple. Some extremists would have all animals wholly condemned if they show any untoward conditions whatever, but the government and its technical experts do not so believe. Health would not be conserved, and a vast economic waste of food would result.

Then there is another regulation of the government which provides that under certain conditions carcasses and parts are "passed for sterilization," to be rendered into lard or tallow; or used for certain food purposes only when sterilized and properly marked. This process is analogous to the pasteurization of milk, but more definite and certain. But in a big class of diseases and infections the entire carcass is condemned—as in blackleg, septicemia, Texas fever

A packing plant is a maze of multiplied buildings, each with its part in the work of producing food and by-products. The group of buildings above shows one great packing plant, representative of all the rest

malignant epizootic catarrh, acute inflammation of the lungs, and many others.

THERE are four separate post-mortem inspections of each animal before it is passed for cutting up. If you are there in the killing-room for the first time perhaps you feel a bit panicky. A sanguinary place it is, truly; but except for it, a large part of the Allied armies would go meatless. You get a vista of killed cattle stretched on their backs under the knives of the butchers. If you walk about, you run the risk of colliding with the dangling carcasses as they travel their path through the departments. In the swine section they call it the "hog railroad."

Everywhere men in bloody caps and aprons are sawing and cutting. The terminology is inelegant: stickers, leggers, caul pullers, backers, rump sawyers, splitters, neckmen, trimmers, gutters and bloodsuckers. The latter catch the blood, in buckets, that is to be used for edible purposes. The identity of each pailful is kept until the animal itself is passed or rejected. It is interesting to study the manner in which the smallest organ is held and identified until the fitness of the whole animal for human food is established.

Cleanliness, too, is part of the government inspection. As I walked through these gory scenes, I heard a wild shout behind me and a great splash. Turning quickly, I jumped in time to avoid a torrent of water that swept over the floor, leaving it clean. The carcasses themselves are scrubbed with brushes and flowing water. Before they get to the chill-room all parts of both carcasses and internal organs are examined several times and stamped in fourteen or more places, "United States Inspected and Passed." From the chill-room the great halves of beef go to the sharp freezers. In one of them, where I spent half an hour, the temperature was eight below zero. A government inspector, in ulster and cap, with his ears covered, was examining the double cloth wrappers enclosing the beef.

THIS freezing department was immense, with many huge rooms, bitterly cold. And still more bewildering was the contents—seemingly miles of fresh beef carcasses for the armies. The spectacle was awesome evidence of the bigness of our country. On our farms are 64,000,000 cattle, 67,000,000 hogs and 47,000,000 sheep.

Then we went along to the departments where the meats are cut up, cured, or otherwise preserved. Every process is regulated by the United States. For instance, practically the only preservatives now allowed are wood smoke, sugar, apple vinegar, salt and saltpeter. An inspector with a dipper was taking some curing fluid from a vat for the Bureau laboratory. Other inspectors were getting samples from the canning-rooms.

To keep check on the inspectors themselves there are traveling inspectors, who show up at unexpected times and take samples. Perhaps one of these autocrats will cut a piece from a bologna sausage and carry it off. There is also a night inspection patrol by government men as a safeguard against tampering.

It must be remembered, however, that all packing houses do not come under government inspection. The law applies only to plants doing interstate business. In 1917 there were slaughtered in the United States over 18,000,000 cattle, of which only fifty-six per cent. came under government supervision. In the same period were slaughtered 12,000,000 sheep and 57,000,000 hogs. Seventy-seven per cent. of the former and fifty-nine per cent. of the latter were "United States Inspected and Passed."

Some states have good meat laws, but in the main the state regulations are very bad. In the big packing centers the people get the benefit of this wonderfully complete technical inspection; elsewhere they often eat the products of plants that run under lax methods. The inspection system forbids all masquerading of products. Pork sausage must be pork sausage.

THE regulations are indeed minute and far-reaching. Following my guide I stepped into the "rainbow room," as they sometimes call it. Here are stored the coloring matter and preservatives; and it is fitted with a special lock the key of which remains in the government man's pocket. The dyes used on sausage casings are specified by the Bureau as harmless.

Fats are very valuable these days. Every possible bit is saved and undergoes drastic inspection. Oleo oil, made from cattle fats, is the basis of oleomargarine. These oleo departments are immense, and vast quantities are sent to the armies. Here you see long vistas of men and women in white caps, gowns and cotton gloves. Their hands are not allowed to touch the product. As far as you can see are broad vats full of golden product, handled only with wooden shovels and paddles. Among the vats are extra government inspectors—soldiers in army uniform. Their duty is to watch for anything objectionable. Most of the Bureau men in the products inspection are lay inspectors, specially trained. Here, as elsewhere, they supervise every procedure. No ingredients may be added without their approval; nothing brought into the department or taken out; no packing done or labels attached; nothing shipped.

Just a single aisle in a great beef cooler

IN the canning departments, too, you find amazing evidences of the immensity of the war-food demand. Acres of floor space are crowded to their utmost with workers and machinery. Women stand shoulder to shoulder as far as the eye can reach, capped, gowned and manicured. Cleanliness is the gospel of the Bureau of Animal Industry and of the packers. I talked with several of the girls.

"If things were done like this in the home kitchens," one of them said, "we would think our folks were half crazy."

All about are metal chutes through which meat products go from place to place, and I observed that they were fitted with small sliding panels so that the inspectors could see if the interiors were clean. The chutes themselves are taken down every night, cleansed and polished.

The war has brought the packers gigantic problems in production, for they are called on to feed the market at home as well as millions of men abroad. One of the Chicago plants alone in a single week produced and shipped twenty-five million pounds of products for the European war zone.

Down in the basement of one of the biggest packing plants, I followed my guide through narrow passages among the great tanks where condemned carcasses and parts were being reduced to grease and fertilizer. In these horrid caldrons the bodies of many unfortunate animals find their way back to nature; and here are destroyed countless billions of disease germs that might, except for inspection, go forth in human food.

Down there amid the tanks one feels indeed the all-powerful arm of the government—powerful enough to enforce such mighty mandates.

Before any of the condemned parts are put into these tanks, the lower valves are closed and sealed by the United States inspectors. Then, after being filled, a prescribed quantity of denaturing material, known as power distillate, is added. This is a product of petroleum, and nothing so treated can ever be fit for food. The taste itself would be sufficient to condemn it. The upper openings are next closed and sealed with a metal strap which cannot be broken without discovery. Into the tanks steam is turned at a pressure of forty pounds or more; and thus perish the motley and baleful aggregations of disease microbes. Finally, when the contents have been effectually reduced, a Bureau man removes the seals and the tanks are drained, samples being taken for analysis. At small government-inspected establishments that have no tanking facilities, crude carbolic acid is sometimes used for denaturing.

After witnessing such procedures, one must feel complete incredulity for the stories sometimes repeated carelessly to the effect that condemned meats are smuggled out and sold. Moreover, it is inconceivable, to any one who knows the modern practices of business, to believe that any reputable concern would be a party to such methods. Laying aside all moral considerations, the most ordinary business policy would not permit it.

Then there is such a thing as sentiment even in business. One of the great Chicago packing companies now has a Service Flag containing 4,200 names,

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OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

"There Can Be but One Issue"

PRESIDENT WILSON'S Fourth of July oration at the Tomb of Washington was addressed to the whole world and is world-filling in its scope.

Representatives of thirty-two nations and nationalities heard him speak. The head of the American nation laid down "the ends for which the associated peoples of the world are fighting and which must be conceded them before there can be peace."

The seed of liberty planted in the young colonies of a virgin continent are now coming to fruitage throughout the earth. "There must now be settled once for all," said the President, "what was settled for America in the great age upon whose inspiration we draw."

This speech of the President, more clearly even than any of his previous utterances, illuminates the real issue. All the uations have come to a realization that the decision in the armed contest depends upon the power of America. Our President has now made it clear that the principles which are to triumph are American principles—that America is to dominate not only the battle-fields but the peace councils.

"There can be but one issue," the President said. "The settlement must be final. There can be no compromise. No half-way decision would be tolerable. No half-way decision is conceivable."

The President's speech is given in full on another page. Every true American should read every word of it. It is a fount of inspiration.

Going Faster and Faster to France

MORE than a million American soldiers are now in France. Announcement by President Wilson on the eve of July 4 that this milestone has been passed and that the tremendous steady stream of fighting men flowing to the battle-fields of Europe is reaching its flood spells the sure defeat of Prussian militarism and inspires the freedom-loving peoples of the world.

How soon the second million mark will bo reached will depend ouly upon the quantity of shipping available for the transportation of troops. The present accelerated programme will not be continued indefinitely, but it is altogether probable that the 1,800,000 men, who as Secretary Baker said in his testimony before the Senate committee were to be ready in the latter part of 1918, will have reached France by the end of this year.

The exact figures of troop shipments month by month since May, 1917, are set forth in a letter to the President from the Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker. The total number of troops that have left the United States up to July 1 is 1,019,115. From May, 1917, during which 1,718 were sent over, the number has grown to 276,372 in June, 1918.

The Secretary of War called attention especially to the significance of the figures of troop shipments for the last month. It was in June that the German submarine raiders appeared off the Atlantic coast, simultaneously with the threat made in the German press that American troopships would be stopped as they left American harbors. In that month the total number of troops embarked for France was 276,372. "This," said Secretary Baker, "is America's response to the German submarine threat."

In mobilizing the man power of the country and in the transportation of troops to Europe in defiance of Germany's threat of destruction by submarines, the War Department is approximately six months ahead of its programme laid down when the United States entered the war.

Trial by Fire

IN a recent address to workers in Wales, Premier Lloyd George employed a very striking and appropriate figure of speech in reference to world conditions. It is a molten world, he said, in which all the old forms and distinctions and values have lost their individuality and have become fused and intermingled like metal in the glowing furnace. And it must not be allowed to harden into the old shape, but molded into one that is newer and better.

Someone has discovered that the same thought has been expressed by a French poet months earlier, who held it to be the task of the nations to assist the divine Forge-Master in molding, welding, and reshaping the world aright.

This "trial by fire," which is compelling a general reassessment by all the nations of those things that, in the passing order of affairs, have been unduly valued, has an especial spiritual significance. Paul puts the figure in a form that is both clear and comprehensive, in his message to tho Corinthians: "But if any man buildeth on the foundation gold, silver, costly stones, wood, hay stubble; each man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare of it, because it is revealed in fire; and the fire itself shall prove each man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work shall abide, he shall receive a reward." Thus, while nothing save the perishable and worthless is lost in the testing furnace, that which is saved becomes by contrast more precious than ever.

For four years the flames of war have been clearing the world atmosphere of the shams and delusions of false religion, which like clouds and vapors that hide the sunlight, have obscured from the spiritual vision of men the true knowledge of God and the reality of Christ, the Redeemer. They have burned down many of the barrier walls which prevented the unity and cooperation of His followers. They have given to all men a clearer view of the meaning and purpose of human life, and to many a stronger hope of the life which is to come. They have inspired a deeper desire for human brotherhood and a larger appreciation of the standards of democracy. Many other gifts are coming out of the fire, refined, lustrous, shining. No good thing has suffered. Temperance, thrift, moderation, helpfulness, are among those that have stood the test, and como out finer and better.

And the test is still going on; but we can take comfort and courage from the knowledge that tho same diviue Protector who tempered the flame of the furnace which the mighty king had seven times heated for the three Hebrews, is directing the issues of the war, in righteousness, justice, and mercy. God is still able and willing to take care of His own.

The World's Heart Speaks

IT WAS certainly some celebration. Nothing ever like it. All the celebrations that ever went before paled into littleness beside this tremendous outburst from the world's great heart. And the very heavens themselves smiled approval, and gave their brightest sunshine to gild and gladden the glorious anniversary. Forty-two nationalities under the starry banner, parading in a thousand American cities and towns, and simultaneous demonstrations in Great Britain, France, Italy, Canada and lands afar, showed us how the American idea has grown until, like a great arch of promise, it is spauning the globe.

"There go the ships!" wrote the Psalmist. What would he have written had he seen nearly a hundred mammoth vessels glide into tho sea simultaneously on a single day—presage of the fact that there can no longer be a question of any tyrannous power controlling the seas? But it is not only on the sea, where American fleets will predominate, nor on the land where American armies are even now swinging the battle-tides toward tho final triumph, nor in the air, where liberty's winged squadrons will soon darken the skies, that the greatest power of this Republic will be demonstrated. The real battle-field is in the hearts and minds of meu and women in all the nations, who are listening to the voice that calls them to emancipate themselves from tyranny.

This is the great lesson taught by the world-wide pageant. We are educatiug the nations to the fact that we are living in a most momentous period, and that now is the time to achieve whatever is worth having, looking to the future happiness and welfare of mankind.

The Value of Cheer

A WESTERN court has awarded a goodly sum to a nurse who enlivened a rich man's declining years with good cheer. The court said that it was impossible to separate physical benefit from good cheer, and that while good cheer itself might not have a definite price, the physical benefit resulting from it certainly has.

The end of a life devoted to mere money-making is not usually a cheerful time, and the cheerful man who can keep such one cheered and happy earns his pay. One must be something of a wizard to build happiness on such a foundation.

Many a millionaire, when ill health or failing strength compels him to drop the pursuit that has absorbed all his life, thought and interest, might be willing to give a large sum to be able to feel cheerful. To those who think that getting rich is the main aim in life and the highest achievement it must seem strange that a poor man should have cheerfulness to spare to a rich one. But such is the way of the world. The most precious things cannot be measured in money. Nor can money buy them. A dying old man cannot buy a laugh outright; but if he can get the laugh, it has its cash value just the same.

"Looking Backward and Walking Backward"

CHARLES E. HUGHES, former Governor of New York, is a very high authority on postal affairs. He was head of the Hughes Postal Commission which made the latest official investigatiou of the Post Office Department. He is enabled to speak on postal matters with technical authority and a professional reputation of national recognition. He is one of the ablest minds in the national councils. Mr. Hughes condemns the Postal Zone measure as unfair to publishers and public, sectionalizing, reactionary—"decidedly a looking-backward and walking-backward measure"—and he hopes that Congress will repeal it.

The following letter from Mr. Hughes, read recently before the Ways and Means Committee of Congress, speaks for itself and speaks unanswerably:

"1262 New Hampshire Ave.,
"Washington, D. C., June 17, 1918.

"Mr. Allen H. Richardson, Publishers Advisory Board, 200 Fifth Ave., New York.

"DEAR SIR: In answer to your letter, I beg to say:

"I prefer not to accept a retainer to appear before legislative committees upon matters of general policy, as in such matters, if I havo anything to say, I desire to speak only as a citizen.

"I have no hesitation in saying that I regard the zone system of postal rates for newspapers and periodicals, coming under the definition of second-class mail matter, as ill advised. The Commission on Second-Class Mail Matter (appointed in 1911), of which I was a member, considered this question and reported unanimously against tho zone system. We said in that report:

> " 'The policy of zone rates was pursued in the earlier history of our post office and has been given up in favor of a uniform rate in view of the larger interest of the Nation as a whole. It would seem to the Commission to be entirely impracticable to attempt to establish a system of zone rates for second-class matter. * * *
>
> " 'Progress in the post office, with respect both to economy in administration and to public convenience, leads away from a variety of differential charges to uniform rates and broad classifications.'

"In my judgment the zone system for second-class mail matter is unjust to the publisher and unjust to the public. It not only imposes upon the publisher the additional rates upon a sectional basis, but it makes necessary the added expense for the necessary zone classifications at a time when every economy in production and distribution is most important. It introduces a complicated postal system to the inconvenience of the publisher and public when there should be a constant effort toward greater simplicity. There is no more reason for a zone system of rates for newspapers and magazines than for letters.

"Newspapers and magazines are admitted to the second-class postal rates on the well established policy of encouraging the dissemination of intelligence, but a zone system is a barrier to this dissemination. If it is important that newspapers and magazines should be circulated, it is equally important that there should not be sectional divisions to impede their general circulation through the entire country.

"We are proud at this moment of our united purpose, but if we are to continue as a people to cherish united purposes and to maintain our essential unity as a nation, we must foster the influences that promote unity. The greatest of these influences, perhaps, is the spread of intelligence diffused by newspapers and periodical literature. Abuses in connection with second-class mail matter will not be cured by a zone system of rates. That will hurt the good no less than the bad, and perhaps some of the best sort of periodical literature will be hit the hardest.

"We do not wish to promote sectionalism, and 'one country' means that in our correspondence and in the diffusion of necessary intelligence we should have a uniform postal rate for the entire country; the widest and freest interchange is the soundest public policy.

"I hope that Congress will repeal the provision for the zone system which is decidedly a looking-backward and walking-backward measure.

"CHARLES E. HUGHES."

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Carried Away Girl Baby

A LITTLE lad of four and his twin brother were the only children in a home. He wanted to have a sister. He had seen little girl babies, and he thought it strango and wrong that they couldn't have ono in their own house. A few doors off lived a neighbor who had a little girl-baby of six or eight months old, who was being wheeled about in a baby carriage by her big sister. The little fellow saw the baby carriage at a time when it was unattended, so he wheeled it down to his house, managed to pick up the little baby and take her indoors, and put the baby carriage back, all without being detected. Then there was a circus. When it was discovered that the baby was missing, the whole neighborhood got excited. The mother was frantic; the daughter who was in charge was inconsolable; and the neighbors stood around bewailing the loss. Meanwhile, the little fellow was having a fine time with his baby chum. She was crowing with delight at her new acquaintance. His mother, who had learned of the trouble outsido, was thunderstruck when she came into the room and found her little man playing with the missing baby. She shook him. He explained that he wanted a baby sister to play with. The next minute she was out of the door, and down the street where the baby belonged, and half of the neighborhood after her. The mother of the baby was too glad to have her little one back to feel any resentment at Johnnie's abduction, and goneral good feeling prevailod, although Johnnie doubtless got a good talking to from his mother. The little fellow did not roalize the wrong he was doing. When he kidnapped the baby, he was giving expression to the deep desire for a sister, which is one of the sweetest loves of life, and one of the greatest blessings of the family. He who has had a sister knows what a priceless treasure she is. Jesus of Nazareth know the joy of having sisters in the family. There is this reference to them: "*Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, and Joses and of Juda, and Simon? and are not his sisters here with us?*" (*Mark 6 : 3.*)

Senate's War Prohibition

THE prohibition amendment offered by Senator Norris of Nebraska, as a substitute for that by Senator Jones of Washington, was adopted on June 27 by the Senate Agricultural Committee, 8 to 3. It prohibits the sale of distilled spirits and the manufacture of wine or the removal of liquors now held in bond after June 30, 1919. The manufacturo of beer would be stopped three months after passage of the bill. The plan is to call it up after the army bill is disposed of and fight it out in the open Senate. The friends of the measure believe that the measure will pass. The nation is now saying and will doubtless continue to say in this new bone-dry war bill to our brave men defending the flag and people behind them: "*Quit you like men; be strong!*" (*I Cor. 16 : 13.*)

Waiting at the Window

WHEN Samuel Jack, a traveling hardware merchant of New York, finished his day's work and returned to his home recently, he saw sitting at the window awaiting his return, as had been her custom for years, his wife Margaret, and he waved his hand, but she did not respond. Entering the house he found the door to the apartment locked. When his wife failed to answer to his repeated knockings, he, thinking her asleep, obtained a pass-key from the janitor and entered. His wife was still sitting in the window, but sho was dead from heart disease. Those that watched at the window for us to come home, and have fallen asleep, aro not dead; they are only translated. This earthly life would be very lonesome and disappointing if the eye of faith did not roveal the faces of our loved ones looking through the palace windows, and waiting for us to come to them; the facos of father, mother, brother, sister, companion. The sweet angel children who climbed on our knees, and nestled on our bosom, and then flew away from us, because the heavenly skies were so fair, the flowers so beautiful, and the melody so entertaining, are clapping their hands to us. To be pitied aro those whose spiritual vision has been so dulled by this material age that they cannot see that those we call dead are alive and happy, and waiting at the window to welcome them home forever. Christ's description of heaven is that of a home for the family: "*In my Father's house are many mansions.*" (*John 14 : 2.*)

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Horrible Circus Wreck

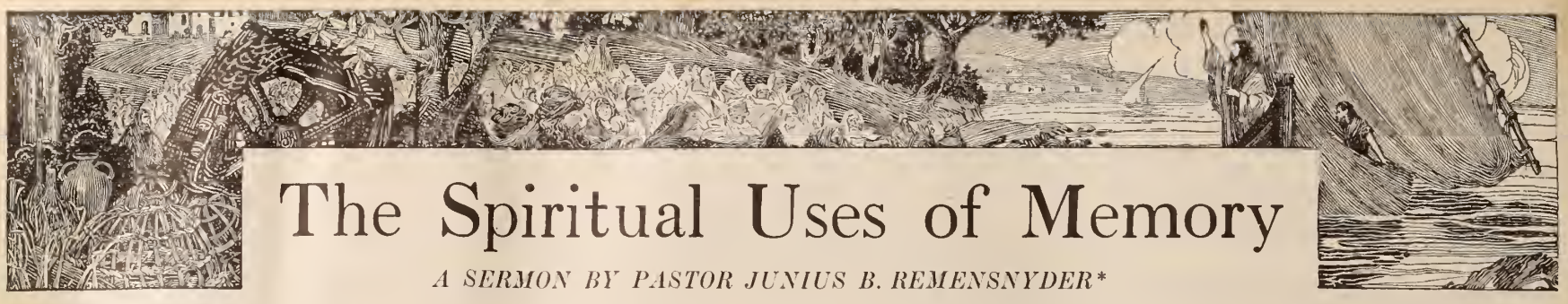
AN empty soldiers' equipment train ran into the rear end of the Wallace Hagenbeck Circus train near Gary, Indiana, recently, and plowed all the way through it, killing 52 and injuring 179, all of them circus people. The circus train pulled part way into a switch and stalled there. The equipment train dashing at a high speed plowed through the circus sleepers, reducing them to a pile of tangled steel and timbers. Fire engendered by the gas lighting system of the circus train started almost immediately and many not killed by the crash were burned to death. One dear woman pinned in the flames called out to her rescuers: "Look out; don't come too near me. You will burn yourself to death," and was soon licked up by the flames herself. Twenty-nine bodies were burned beyond recognition. Joe Coyle, one of the clowns, wept bitterly as he lay on a stretcher and told how his wife and two babies had joined him only recently, and how all three had been crushed to death at his very side. "The kiddies had been so glad to see their daddy" he said, "I wish I could have died with them." The blame is laid on the engineer of the soldiers' train who is claimed by some blindness, or stupidity, ran past three distinct signals. Such a horrible massacre as the result of gross incompetency is a crime which should be punished as murder, and the heads of the corporations as well as the overworked employee whose sight and senses are dulled by want of sleep should be defendants in the murder suit. If it were not for the loss of these precious lives, the wiping out of a circus train, in the view of many people, might not be regarded as much of a calamity. Even circuses with their menageries have their uses, however, educational and otherwise, although it is doubtless true that the average circus is more or less of a demoralizing influence. However this may be, one cannot avoid the thought that it is always a spiritual tragedy for people to be suddenly plunged out of life into eternity without a moment's warning. How esseutial then it is for all of us to so regulate our business, our pleasures, aud indeed all of our lives, that we may be prepared. The Bible utters this warning on the subject: "*Be ye also ready.*" (*Matt. 24 : 44.*)

Washington Gladden Dies

REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, a Congregational minister of nation-wide reputation, died at his home in Columbus, Ohio, July 2, at the age of 82. He was born February 11, 1836, at Pottsgrove, Pa. His father was a country school teacher. When he was very young his father died, and his mother brought the youth to New York state, where he worked on a farm, served as a printer's devil, attended school, and finally entered Williams College. After that he taught, preached, and then, with no attendance at a theological school, was ordained in the Congregational Church and became pastor of a little country church. Later he held pastorates in churches in Brooklyn and New York City. He was for four years on the staff of the Independent. The First Congregational Church of Columbus, to which he was called, is a famous church of that city. Dr. Gladden was pastor of this church for thirty-two years, and in late years had been pastor emeritus. He was a member of the city Council of Columbus, made a hard fight for the reduction of Street Car fare. He took a prominent part in the settlement of the great Anthracite Coal Strike of 1902. Dr. Gladden was a prolific author and a man of tremendous mental force and of deep moral conviction, and of all daring courage. At the close of a long life of militancy against the moral evil it can be said of this fearless apostle, this true prophet of God, what the apostle Paul said of himself: "*I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day.*" (*II Tim. 4 : 7, 8.*)

America Makes Own Dyes

WHEN the war broke out, our country wondered what it would do for dyes so necessary to many industries, as Germany had the secret of making them, and we had to import them from there. But necessity being the mother of invention, the Yankee mind set itself to work to discover the secret of making dyes of the same grade as those of Germany, or maybe better, and last year we made more dyestuffs than we had imported from Germany. The United States Tariff Commission's 1917 census of coal-tar products shows that the eighty-one establishments manufacturing coal-tar dyes in that year produced quantities in excess of those imported from Germany before the war. Imports for the fiscal year 1914 were 45,840,966 pounds, and the production in the United States in 1917 amounted to 45,977,346 pounds, worth about $60,000,000. Exports during 1917 amounted to $11,700,287, showing the production to be in excess of American needs. Under the general head of coal-tar products are included not only the dyes and the crude and intermediate materials for their manufacture, but also all the medicinal and photographic chemicals, explosives, synthetic resins, synthetic perfume materials and flavors which are in any way derived from coal-tar products. We have no evidence that the ancients knew anything about coal-tar products, but they made the most beautiful and lasting dyes out of vegetable, mineral, and even animal materials which they discovered. The dyes of Tyre gave her a brilliant page in the world's history. The Jews used dyestuffs, and used them in the making of their choicest articles. Much color was used in building the tabernacle. Among the contributions he commanded Moses to ask of the children of Israel were "*blue and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair, and rams' skins dyed red.*" (*Ex. 25 : 4, 5.*)



The Spiritual Uses of Memory

*A SERMON BY PASTOR JUNIUS B. REMENSNYDER**

TEXT—Luke 16 : 25. "But Abraham said, Son, remember."

ONE of the most remarkable of our mental faculties is that of memory. This is the power by which we recall and perpetuate the past. We behold a lovely flower, and as we pass from it its image still lingers before our eye; or we look upon a lofty mountain, and after we have left, we carry with us its cloud-wrapt summit.

So we read or hear a great truth, which stirs our minds and thrills our souls. We close the book, but the thought abides with us. Memory stores it in a mental niche, where time and again we can take it down, think over it and feel again its thrill and uplift. Thus with our deeds. They do not vanish as the passing cloud, but they are graven on the tablet of memory. They are unforgetable. We cannot banish them if we would. Every one carries with him a book recording his personal history. Our secret thoughts, our words and deeds, are not to be blotted out. Our past yet lives in the present.

This gift of the Creator was meant for a beneficent purpose. It was designed to augment our happiness. How many of our rarest pleasures do we owe to it! Through it, life's "sweetness is long drawn out." Who would forget the sunny hours of innocent childhood and eager youth? How pleasant to recall and taste again happy scenes and joyous hours! In this review how manifest are God's many mercies, how clear become his providential leadings—obscure and perhaps dark at the time! How gracious appear his merciful deliverances, his guiding hand in shielding us from ourselves, our errors and blunders, and in rescuing us from calamities and dangers! Verily, one of the most blessed uses of memory is this study of divine goodness, the review of this story of fatherly mercies as shown in every life.

AND as we recall and commemorate our natural birthdays, so there are moral birthdays, vital periods, turning points, crisis hours in every soul-history; times when we fought a great fight, and won a moral victory; when we first realized ourselves; when the greatness of life and the possibilities dormant in our souls were first revealed to us; when life's mystery stood unveiled; when we saw it "steadily and saw it whole." It was our awakening, our new birth, our conversion.

Such a great experience came to Charles Kingsley. He says of it: "This is my birthnight. I have been for the last hour on the seashore, not dreaming, but thinking deeply and strongly, and forming resolves which are to affect my destiny through time and eternity. Before the sleepless sea and stars I have devoted myself to God, a vow never—if he gives me the grace I pray for—to be recalled."

Now, all of us, more or less, have such great moments, such crisis-periods, such new births to higher ideals in our experience. And a most important use of memory is to recall and vivify them. Never should we allow sordid aims, sensual desires, and worldly cares to dim and dull them. But we should freshen their vision, hear anew their voice, feel again their noble impulses. In these holy moments, God spoke to us from out the cloud; and ever after, we should take with us the divine call.

* Pastor, St. James Lutheran Church, New York City.

And then there are other minor but delightful agencies of memory. One is the remembrance of good deeds, of kindly acts, of little charities, of flowers we have strewn in some thorny path; of help given some struggling brother or sister; of smiles our good will has brought to some face downcast by a hard lot in life. Of such little deeds of kindness scattered by the wayside, we may well say, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." And many a gleam of light and glow of heart will they bring us, and that perhaps in an hour when we ourselves need cheer.

AND then there are the memories of friendships, of associations with beautiful spirits and with hearts fond and true. What pleasure purer and sweeter than the recall of these! How much these near intimacies of noble men and lovely women do to soften the ruggedness and brighten the heaviness of our pilgrimage, and strengthen us for life's battles! Some of these are precious memories of departed friends. By means of this faculty we may again "feel the touch of a vanished hand" and hear "the sound of voice that is still." And of such friendships, haloed by the past, we may sing with the sweet notes of Moore:

> Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
> Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
> You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

But there is another and a bitter office of memory which also requires to be considered. Many things, alas, in the lives of the best of us, are blurred by our weaknesses, our littlenesses, our faults and our sins. And these we would too gladly forget, banish, put out of mind, if we could. Forgetfulness of God; lack of self-mastery; indulgence of evil thoughts and passions; acts of selfishness, narrowness and intolerance toward others; outbreaks of temper; harsh, unkind and unjust words toward our fellow men and sometimes to those we hold most dear. How about these? Can we cast them into some gulf of oblivion? Can we toss them as feathers into the air, never to trouble us again? We might, were it not for this faculty of memory. But there it stands in the hall of the past, pointing at us the accusing finger. Like murdered Banquo's ghost, it will not down. We cannot bribe it, we cannot hide it out of sight, we cannot hush it with excuses; we cannot drown it by plunging into dissipation; we can find no waters of Lethe deep enough to wash out the reproachful stains. There are no agonies keener than those of a burdened conscience. The sharpest pangs that writhe and torture the soul are those inflicted by the scorpion tongue, the burning lash of a sin-laden memory.

THE Gospel for today directs our attention to the most thrilling function of memory. That is its *office in the future world.* This the omniscient eye of the Lord Jesus Christ, which could penetrate the veil that hides the coming state, here uncovers for us. He follows a soul that has led a merely worldly life—heeding neither the voice of conscience, nor the calls of religion—into the realm of departed spirits. This soul finds itself exiled from heaven and happiness, in the prison of the lost. And, seeing Abraham bearing the beggar Lazarus—who had formerly lain a supplicant at his palatial gate—into Paradise, he appeals to Abraham for relief. Abraham answers him kindly but decidedly. And the conclusive word in his answer is this of "Remember!" It is the most soul-piercing word that can be spoken to us in the future. In that realm of calm and pure spirit, the forgetfulness that often hides smiting facts from us will have disappeared, and memory will revivify the past with a startling reality. And so the sainted patriarch makes reply, "Son, remember" that God wondrously favored you, but you quite forgot him. "Remember" that the offer of grace was urged and re-urged upon you by the ministers of religion, but you coolly despised it. "Remember" that you deliberately wasted your season of opportunity; that you were fully warned, and made your choice with stoical calculation, and that, therefore, there remains nothing for you but to accept the outcome. Truly thus does the poet Milton express this truth of the self-torture of memory in the future when he makes the lost fiend, Satan, cry:

> "Me miserable! which way shall I fly
> Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
> Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell."

WE learn from this theme that a chief purpose of memory is that we may take a summary of our lives—that we may see them as a whole; that we may make a study of ourselves; that we may put this and that act together and frame a full picture of our character. And if the review be disconcerting, then we can take measures to improve it. Remembering our faults, we can correct them. Seeing our weak points, we can stand on guard against them. Thus, studying our past searchingly and impartially, we can lead new, better and worthier lives.

Again, we should *exercise* memory. This requires quiet and time. It demands pause. We are too much borne along by the hurry and stress of life. We are too little alone with ourselves. Hence we do not know ourselves as well as others who look at us dispassionately. We, then, should live not altogether in the swirl of business and society, but we should seek the quiet, the pensive hour. We should take time for retrospective thought. We should test our life-totality by the light of God's Word, and by the image of Christ. And we should strive to make it such that, looking back, we can say with Paul: "I have fought the good fight," or with Jesus: "Father, I have finished the work thou gavest me to do."

And let us exercise this office of memory now, at the opportune time—before it is too late. Thus, it will be a benevolent friend, helping us to correct defects and brighten virtues and recompense wrongs, instead of a Nemesis, striking us with unpitying and remediless blow.

Finally, let us take care to have pleasing memories, remembrances that will bring no pang of remorse to our hearts, no accusing sting to our consciences, no blush of shame to our cheeks. Let us, as says a brilliant writer, "Live virtuously, make true friends, read the good old books, lay up a store of kindly recollections, of pleasant talks, of fireside gatherings, and of innocent joys." Let memory's page be writ in shining letters with the story of moral victories, of manly deeds, of gracious words, and of pious devotions. And then it will be as a strain of sweet music to our hearts in coming years. Such pleasing reminiscenses write the poetry of old age. And these happy memories of the past will be prophetic of a joyous remembrance in the future life.

Among the Workers

PERHAPS the greatest single effort to reach soldiers and sailors with the Gospel of Christ was made in Newport News, Va.

Newport News, normally a city of 2,000, has at present a population of nearly 75,000. The increase is due to the cantonments in the vicinity, no other city in the country having so large a number of camps. Newport News is one of the chief embarkation ports. Large numbers of men from all the cantonments in the country pass through its gates. Not only are there soldiers and sailors, but workmen of every trade from all parts of the country have come to help push the war work. Fathers, mothers, wives and sweethearts come to stay with their boys, husbands and lovers, until they are called to go across. No other place affords such opportunities for reaching men in the service.

The churches united and erected a large tabernacle, with a seating capacity of 4,000. The churches, pastors, newspaper men, business men, chaplains, Y. M. C. A. workers, camp pastors and government officials issued a call to Dr. W. E. Biederwolf to come and lead in a great effort to bring men to Christ. Dr. Biederwolf contributed his services without compensation, and the other expenses of the campaign were provided for by special contributions from the local churches, along with support given by the National Service Commission of the Presbyterian Church North.

At the opening service the large tabernacle was filled, and more than 2,000 people were turned away. Several hundred men in uniform accepted the first invitation.

The special music was furnished by the National Male Quartet, which has traveled with Dr. Biederwolf for a number of years.

THE South Africa General Mission, which is international and interdenominational, was established twenty-eight years ago, with the Rev. Dr. Andrew Murray as president. The work has steadily grown until it extends from Cape Town on the south to North Rhodesia and Nyasaland on the north. There are over 125 missionaries and native evangelists, besides teachers and volunteer workers who are winning many for Christ from heathen darkness.

The Mohammedans are sweeping down from the north with an earnest determination to win as many of the 70,000,000 heathen as possible for the false prophet. They are aggressively organized and have an assertiveness and confidence not shown for 500 years. Mohammedanism is pushing its way along the various thoroughfares of North and Central Africa and working steadily south day and night. This is an urgent call to every Christian to help now in the evangelization of Africa. It is sad to think of the scores of millions of people living year after year throughout a lifetime and not having one opportunity of hearing of our Saviour.

There are Mohammedans that might have been Christians if they had only known about our Lord. What about the 70,000,000 of Africa's heathen—shall they be won for Christ or Mohammed? The South Africa General Mission needs more missionaires now.

REV. O. E. OBERG, founder of the Swedish Orphanage at Saratsi, China, died June 20, 1917, of cerebral hemorrhage. His Orphanage in connection with the Swedish Alliance Mission in North Shansi shelters 400 Chinese orphans.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Mistakes of Life

SUNDAY, July 21. I Cor. 3 : 18. "*If any man thinketh he is wise among you in this world, let him become a fool that he may become wise.*" There is a very troublesome thing in life. We mistake something for something else. The mist is about it, and its outlines are exaggerated, and in form and proportions it assumes the shape of a menace. I was once walkiug along the Northumberland coast on a very foggy day when there loomed before me the figure of a gigantic lion. When I got nearer it turned out to be a church!

I have often had such surprises in the experiences of the soul. The menace in the mist has proved to be the sanctuary of the Lord. We misinterpreted the lines, and we made a threat out of the house of grace.

A form appears on the deep in the uncertain night, and we are afraid, and we say, "It is a spirit!" "And Jesus answers, It is I; be not afraid!"

"He that believeth shall not make haste." He shall not be urged into feverish haste. There shall be no panic. He shall not shy at the apparent antagonism. He shall be endowed with coolness and with calm.

"Said I not unto thee that, if thou wilt believe, thou shalt see the glory of God!" J. H. J.

"What of the Night?"

MONDAY, July 22. Isa. 21 : 11. "*Watchman, what of the night?*" Night in Biblical imagery may represent moral blindness. "We are not of the night, but of the day." It may represent sorrow: "God our Maker, who giveth songs in the night." Or, it may represent death: "The night cometh when no man can work." When the prophet wrote these words, it was at a time of national peril and national need. Any time of personal loss, of agonizing doubt or of prolonged suspense, brings night to our souls. But night is not without its beauty. It takes night to make the stars visible. Aud no night that can come to our souls is without its promise. We should not forget that Jesus, in the darkest of all dark nights, sang. So also Paul and his comrade in prison. What a song John Bunyan sang in Bedford jail! There are flowers that bloom only in the dark. The moonflower which flourishes in California, probably a native of Japan, blossoms with the rising of the moon. At night music sounds more musical and loving words more tender. We do see, in periods of apparent ill, what the light of noonday ean not reveal. A Christian man failed in business, surrendered all his property to his creditors and moved into a rented house. A friend fouud him in a little suburban cottage, contented and happy. He had discovered the wealth of love and loyalty in his wife and children, and a certain inward capacity of his own to rise above the loss of mere things.

But, aside from promises which shine like stars in the darkest sky, and aside from the grace God gives us to pass through darkness unafraid, the night has its end in the dawn of day. The world's night ended in the light of the first Christmas, and a better day is comiug to this war-torn world when the Sun of righteousnes shall rise, with healing in his wings, when Christ shall be euthroned in every heart, and holiness shall be the law of every common life. C. C. A.

The Holy Law

TUESDAY, July 23. Rom. 7 : 12. "*The law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good.*" The law is the complex of all those precepts by which the holy and righteous Creator, who made man in his own image, has fixed our duties toward him, toward ourselves, and toward our fellow men. It requires that not only our actions but our whole being be such that God ean approve of them. It tells us what we are to do, and not to do, and what we are to be. In a brief and compact form the law is set forth in the Ten Commaudments. Inasmuch as this law has come from God and is the expression to man of that holiness which is essentially in God, why is it that we must be assured that this law is good? This is because the law addresses its holy and just demands to man in an altogether different state from that state of moral perfection in which he was ereated and in which he delighted to regulate all his actions by the law. Man in his fallen state discovers that living after the law is a very irksome duty to him. He finds himself hemmed in on all sides by a "thou shalt!" or "thou shalt not!" He does not like this constant assertion of a higher authority than his own will; he becomes angry at its chidings and threats of punishment. The study of the law is very annoying to him, because he cannot take up a single one of its many lessons without becoming convinced in a very short time that he is a defaulter, that his life is not in harmony with the precepts of the holy law. From this perception it is an easy step to the thought that the law of God is not good. His self-interest will counsel man to conceive this thought and to regard it as true. This thought must be battered down whenever it arises in any heart: man must not be permitted to blame the law of God for his failure to comply with it. It is a holy law even while it witnesses against him in every line. It gives the sinner no comfort until he has complied with its righteous demands or has accepted the fulfilment of the law which the Redeemer has rendered in his stead. When he has learnt to know Christ, he learns also to properly respect and esteem the law. W. H. T. D.

Going Direct to Jesus

WEDNESDAY, July 24. Luke 7 : 19. "*Art thou He that should come, or look we for another?*" No wonder that hours of gloom eame over the soul of John the Baptist in his prison life, where he had little to do but to think and pray. Activity makes one brave, for in the heat of battle fear is forgotten. Wheu great crowds followed the Baptist, he could exclaim, "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. I baptize with water, but he shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit and with fire." Thus John lifted the curtain and introduced Christ to men, but in the lonely prison, knowing that great crowds were not attending Christ's ministry and that he was not really attempting to burn the chaff and gather the wheat into his garner, he had moments of great depression. His faith failed him. He felt that he had to be certain, for the sake of himself and his own disciples. He took no second-hand opinion, but sent directly to Jesus. Our Lord did not make a public profession of his deity; he would not trust to language to express so great an event. He virtually said to John's questioner, "Believe me for the very works' sake, and tell John that the bliud see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and to the poor the Gospel is preached." Jesus then turned to the people aud uttered a most beautiful eulogy upon the character and life of John the Baptist. The imprisoned hero must have been fully satisfied when the words of Jesus were reported to him. No one would blame him for desiring absolute certainty about the greatest question and personage in all history. When one is sure he has found the everlasting Saviour, he is sure of everything else needful in this world aud the world to come, but without him he is at sea, without compass or rudder. Jesus is our Captain and Guide, the solution of our doubts, the Companion of our journey, the Way, the Truth and the Life man is to travel forever. E. W. C.

The Dimensions of Life

THURSDAY, July 25. Rev. 21 : 16. "*The city lies foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth. . . . The length and the breadth and the height are equal.*" One of Phillips Brooks' noblest sermons is from this text, and it is a plea for a more abundant life. The entrance of Christianity in the world marked a new epoch iu the development of human personality. It is one of the primary axioms of Christian philosophy that each of us owes it to himself to come to the largest possible development of his persouality. The stronghold of individualism, as opposed to institutionalism, is in the religion of Christ. His Gospel is a Gospel of humanity and for humanity. It offers the enlargement of life in three directions—in length and breadth and depth.

A great American orator used to speak of death figuratively as "stalking us on the other side of the hedge." Yes, but there is an opening in the hedge, and beyond that opening are the bouudless fields of immortality, beyond the threshold of which death ean not pass. So our lives are lengthened by the assurance of unbroken continuance beyond the limits of time and space. He was a wise man who said, "A man's life is worth only so much as the things are worth that he is interested in." A man from China found a village storekeeper here in America who knew the geography of China quite as well as he did who had lived there for many years. This man had a map with little pins stuck in it here aud there to mark the location of mission stations in which he was interested by gifts and prayers. He seemed to live a narrow life, but in fact he was a citizen of the world. Nothing that concerned the kingdom of God was alien to his mind, and hence his life was broad. Depth measures the sincerity of our convictions. Have we convictions or are we satisfied with mere vague notions? Depth means height as well. What is the height of our lives? The distance by which our hopes transcend mere perishable ends and aims. By so much as we aspire to fellowship with God our lives acquire height. Three great words then represent the possible augmentation of life. Those words are immortality, sympathy, aspiration. C. C. A.

The Essence of Prayer

FRIDAY, July 26. II Chron. 20 : 12. "*O our God, wilt thou not judge them? for we have no might against this great company that cometh against us; neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon thee.*" These words are from the prayer of King Jehoshaphat before the slaughter of his enemies in the wilderness of Tekoah. The armies of the Ammonites, Moabites, and the children of Mount Seir were marching against Judah. While the king prayed, his people stood around him, with their little ones, their wives, and their children. And the king confessed in pitiful terms their utter helplessness. Their eyes were upon the Lord: what anxious questions, what abject pleading may have been expressed in the frightened looks of those eyes. The crisis in the nation's life had come. But the eyes of God were also upon this people, and his messenger promptly assured them: "Ye shall not need to fight in this battle: set yourselves, stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord." The next day occurred that strange battle in which the enemies of Judah destroyed each other, until the whole plain was strewn with dead bodies. The Israelites stood on the neighboring hills, singing, praying, worshiping. Not a sword was drawn on their side, not a warrior sallied forth from their ranks. The Lord was literally fighting their battles without them.

Many lessons might be drawn from this episode in the national life of God's ancient covenant people. Let us lay to heart only one: the essence of prayer is an application of the Weak to the Strong. Prayer is the privilege which the good and gracious God accords feeble man, to draw upon the unlimited resources of the Lord God Omnipotent, the Lord God of everlasting strength. Such prayer makes the feeble strong in all their weakness, and to utter such prayer is the height of wisdom. As the child cries for his father and mother when in distress, and confidently trusts that the difficulties with which he cannot cope will be presently removed by his greater strength, so the believer turns to God in the pressure of his straits, and says to his great Helper: "Lord, my eyes are upon thee." W. H. T. D.

Humility and Greatness

SATURDAY, July 27. John 13 : 7. "*What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.*" The disciples had been filled with wonder about who should be great in Christ's kingdom. Jesus answered the query by an act of kindly drudgery. It was no doubt difficult to see the Master's simple lesson in that sacred hour between the Holy Communion of the Last Supper and the going out to Gethsemane and Calvary. Washing the disciples' feet appeared a menial obtrusion, as well as an unfit act for a King to thus serve his subjects. No wonder Peter resented the request when he believed his Lord to be the Christ of God. He only yielded when promised that some time he would understand.

It is well to realize that we are only a thread in the loom of divine weaving. When the completed, perfect pattern is seen, the beautiful flower of soul service for others will be the loveliest figure in all the immortal tapestry. The world of Christianity is only just coming to understand the rich meaning of ministering to the vast needs of humanity that appeal to us in war, in ignorance, in sin and suffering. Let us remember that the hand that held the towel shaped the planets, studded the heavens with stars, and, stretched upon the Cross, redeemed a dying race.

Jesus, knowing that he came from God and was going to God, assumed the position of a slave, to teach men how to live for each other. He who is our resurrection and life will gladly do the least little thing for our comfort, for there is no great or small in the Bosom throbbing with love for his children. E. W. C.

REV. JOHN W. BUTLER, of the Methodist Episcopal Church Mission in Mexico, writes as follows to Rev. Dr. Haven of the American Bible Society, New York: "It is just fifty-two years since Maximilian permitted the opening of the first Bible Agency in this country, and up to date something like 1,000,000 copies of the Bible or portions have been distributed. But what are these among so many? Sixteen million men, women and children await the entrance of the Word. As I go about the country and look upon the masses of the people, especially of the humble class, I am more and more impressed with the thought that thousands, if not literally millions, about us can truthfully say, 'No man careth for my soul.' The Bible will teach them differently, and if given generously will bring, in the near future, out of all our disorder a happy and prosperous Mexico, the best of all neighbors lying to your south."

THE WORL

© International Film Service
At Washington, on Flag Day, June 14, 141st birthday of the Stars and Stripes, President Wilson led the singing of the Star Spangled Banner

© Committee on Public Information
Honor men of the United States Marine Corps assembled with the colors to receive their decorations

British official photo © Western Newspaper Union
Artillery, on the way to the front in Flanders, halted for a brief rest

Italian official photo ©
Where Austria failed, Italian trenches
Piave River, every eye alert, ever

RLFIGHTS ON

© Harris & Ewing
The new home of the American Red Cross in Washington. Planned for peace times, it is now supplemented by temporary quarters in the rear

French official photo
American soldiers on furlough in Southern France

A village in which our boys are billeted behind the front in France
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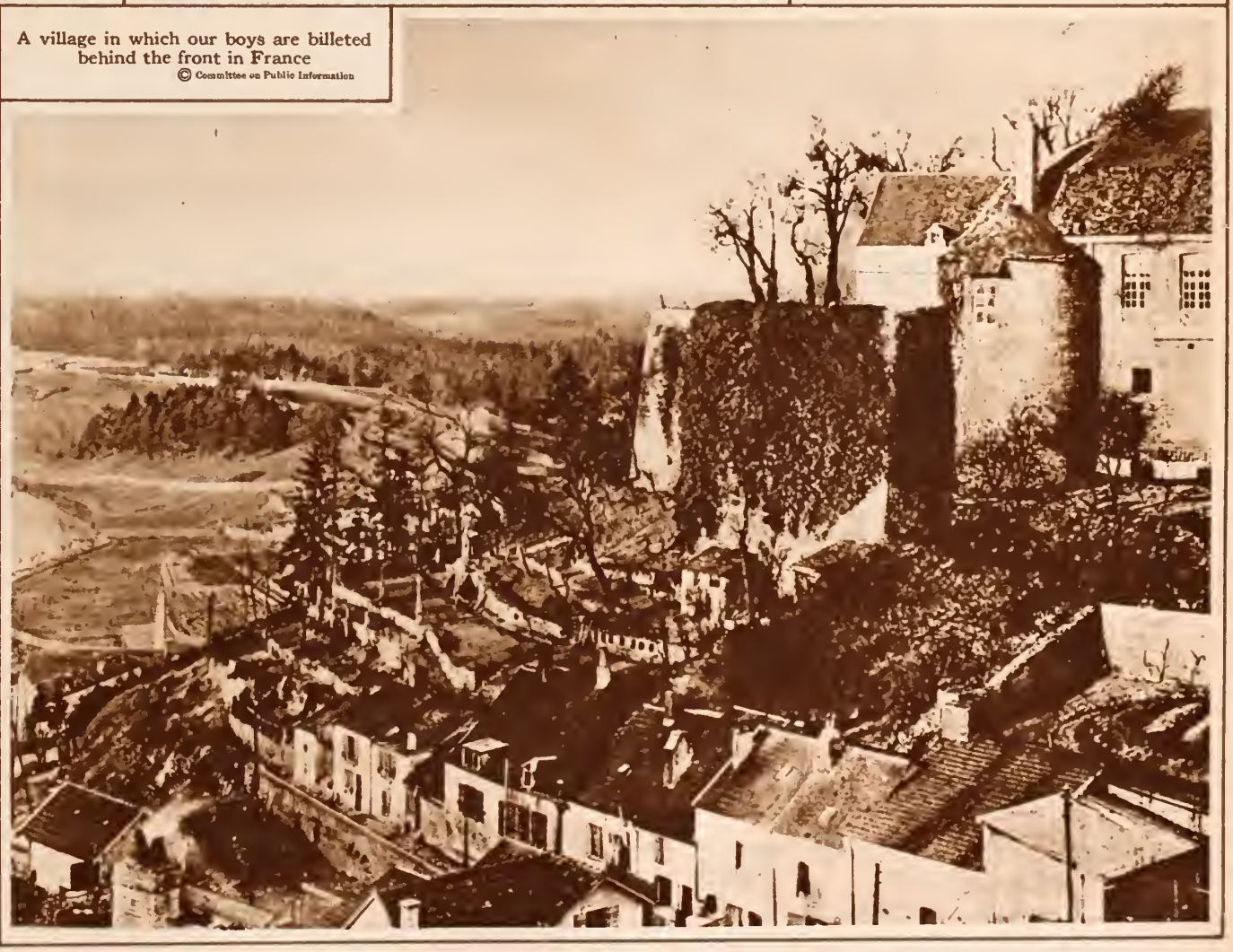

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The Delinquency of Patrolman O'Toole

By HELEN CHAMPION GREEN

PATROLMAN O'TOOLE had already stopped twice to look back at that odd little figure seated on the curbing at the corner of the street. It looked so forlorn and cold—and so little. It wasn't on his beat, of course, and he had plenty to think of in his own direct line of duty; yet still, as the big patrolman paced on, the queer little figure on the curb lingered persistently in his mind.

"What's he doin' out this time o' night, anyway?" questioned the policeman as he vigorously tried the door of a tailor's shop and then paused to peer through the darkened window to see that all was well within. Patrolman O'Toole was happily conscious of his own little lads now warmly tucked up in their cribs, their mother sewing by the lamp in the next room, with always a vague hovering watchfulness for any sound that might betoken trouble or discomfort. That was how children should all be tucked away at this hour of the night. What, then, was that tiny scrap of humanity doing there alone and cold and comfortless?

Suddenly the policeman whirled about, and retracing his steps turned at the corner where he had seen the child, and with a half guilty consciousness that he was leaving his beat quickly walked to where the boy sat. Then he saw that the child was quietly sobbing, and his heart reproached him that he had not come sooner.

"Hey there, you young rascal," observed the officer genially. "Keepin' kind o' late hours, seems to me."

The child saw him then for the first time, and springing nimbly to his feet was about to make off when the man threw out a detaining arm and stopped him.

"Where do you live?" asked the policeman shortly.

The child named a street and number in the immediate vicinity.

"Well, you go home to your mother quick's you can beat it, and don't you let me catch you hangin' round the streets again at this time o' night. See?"

"I—I can't," said the child, and his lip began quivering afresh. "I can't."

"Why not?"

"Father'll ketch me. He said he'd lick me for breakin' his pipe—but, honest," the child sobbed desperately, "I didn't mean to do it."

PATROLMAN O'TOOLE looked down intently for a while at the sickly little creature whose big eyes pleaded for mercy. Then he looked off over the housetops and whistled softly for a minute. He had to whistle to keep back a torrent of words that were called up by the sight of the frightened child and a vision of the man whose pipe he had broken. When his self-possession was completely restored he looked down again in perplexity. "I'll go home with you and see your pa; perhaps I can fix it up with him so he'll be easy with you."

A flash of renewed courage crossed the little fellow's face. He was cold and tired and sleepy; he wanted to go home and go to sleep—if only he dared. Perhaps the presence of the cop—but then his face fell again, for he well remembered his father's oft-repeated and by no means empty boast: he wasn't afraid of the cops, not he!

But the patrolman had reached down a persuasive hand, and the hot, clawlike little hand of the child had grasped it eagerly.

On the short way home the policeman learned a thing or two from the child that in no wise lessened his sympathy for the small wanderer whom he was returning, nor increased his confidence in the undertaking he had in hand.

Murphy's child! As though that wasn't bad enough without gettin' licked in the bargain. The policeman knew Murphy by sight and by reputation; most people in that vicinity knew him that much and cared to know him no better. Together they mounted the stairs of the tenement in which Tom Murphy and his family some way or other managed to sustain existence, and the boy pushed the door open, allowing his friend and protector, however, to enter first.

"Where do you live?" asked the policeman shortly

THE room had been quiet enough when they entered, but at sight of the uniform a slatternly woman, who had been sleeping with her head bowed on the table, gave a shrill scream of terror, and instantly a group of children, huddled together in a corner like a nest of puppies, opened their sleepy eyes and raised a low wail of fright.

"It's all right, ma'm," protested their visitor. "No harm intended. The kid here tells me he's had a fallin' out with his pa, and I kiud o' thought—I kind o' thought—" The officer paused in embarrassment and cleared his throat, but the woman sprang forward and seized the child in her arms. "My! I thought he was gone; I thonght his father'd killed 'im. He will some day, he sure will."

The statement of the distracted mother was far from reassuring to the child, and he caught at the officer's hand with hysterical vehemence. "Where is he?" he whimpered. "Is he comin'?"

"I guess he's where he always is," said the woman bitterly. "I guess he's down to the corner saloon, and he ain't likely to leave till he's that drunk they'll turn 'im out ter fear he'll make trouble. No fear of his makin' trouble up here, o' course," she added sarcastically.

The child had begun to sob again. "He'll lick me when he comes home," he whimpered.

For a time the policeman stood thinking very hard. If he hadn't known Murphy, the situation would not have appeared so puzzling. But he did know Murphy, and the knowledge forbade any degree of optimism which he otherwise might have entertained. The idea of leaving this little scrap of a child to be the butt of a drunken rage was obviously out of the question. "We'll go, the two of us, and see if we can fix things up," he suggested finally.

WHEN the officer and the child entered the saloon Murphy was seated beside a small table alone. There were other men in the room laughing and talking sociably together, but none of them sought Murphy's company; in fact, from the manner in which they were withdrawn to the other end of the place, it would seem that they avoided it. It was always so, but if Murphy noticed it he paid no heed.

Murphy was a giant of a man. He must have measured three good inches more than the patrolman who was now approaching him, and the patrolman boasted six feet and a fraction over. O'Toole was powerful, his lithe, well-trained muscles strong as steel bands, but the man before him had the neck and shoulders of a Colossus, and the great arm and fist which now lay across the table held the promise of a strength that was formidable.

He started as he beheld the officer and his own small boy, then rose to his feet with a roar of anger. "Drop that!" he shouted. "That's my kid you've got."

O'Toole laughed. "You're wrong there, friend," he returned easily. "Your kid's got me." And in fact, at the sight of the father, the child was clinging to the hand of the officer in a manner that would have made escape difficult.

Murphy, still standing steadily enough on his feet, proceeded to express his opinion of the police force (with especial stress on the character and actions of O'Toole); of the curtailment of individual liberties, and of the child who stood fearfully before him. His language was not choice, but O'Toole did not appear to notice that. In fact, he seated himself quite comfortably in a chair and drew the boy up on his lap.

"Why, the fact is," said O'Toole, when the occasion permitted, "I sort o' took a likin' to the little chap. He told me he'd had a little disagreement——"

The big man made a sudden plunge at the boy. "Tellin' tales, is he, I'll teach him——"

"Sit down!" said O'Toole abruptly. And for some reason, unknown even to himself, Murphy sat down.

"Yes, sir, I took quite a likin' to this little chap," proceeded the officer blandly. "Sort o' likely lookin' little feller, smart for his age. Ain't as husky as he might be, but he's got brains in his head, and wits that don't need stirrin'."

THE man across the table looked at the two opposite him with crafty and ill-veiled suspicion. Still, any one who had a good word to say for one of the "Murphy brats" was sufficiently surprising to deserve attention. There was a minute of strange silence when

the officer had finished speaking. Then the man slowly pushed forward his heavy head and shoulders till he leaned well across the table. "Say," said he, thickly, "what's your business? Out with it, and no more hedgin'."

Patrolman O'Toole raised his head and smiled, and there was always something straugely disarming in O'Toole's smile. It went to the heart some way, and there, even in the most unpromising soil, struck a spark of friendliness. There wasn't much of such in the heart of the man whom he now addressed, yet the man was still human, and the smile had its effect. The great bulky figure sank back in the chair, and something like wonder came into the bleared eyes.

"I came in here to see you," said O'Toole pleasantly.

"Took a likin' to me too?" asked the man, and his lips curled back in an unpleasant smile.

"No, oh, no," said the policeman frankly. "I can't say that exactly."

Some subtle change in the man's face almost indicated that he wished the other *could* say that, though if he had he would have known it was a lie.

"No," continued O'Toole easily. "But I've seen you around these parts considerable, and I've said to myself, 'There goes a man that's never had a fair chance. Luck's been against him, and folks has been against him, and he hasn't had no chance.'"

A SUDDEN quiver of self-pity crossed the mean, sodden features of the man in question, and he brought his huge fist down upon the small table with startling force. "You're right," he said thickly. "You're right there!"

Patrolman O'Toole nodded thoughtfully. "I says to myself," he continued, "'There ain't no more harm in that big man than there is in this here little kid, not if you treat 'im right; that man ain't been treated right.'"

"No, I ain't!" exploded Murphy impulsively. "I ain't never been treated right!"

"'And he's had hard luck,'" proceeded the officer smoothly; "'lots o' hard luck; some of it's his fault, and some of it ain't. But there's never been a soul to help 'im and answer for how he's straight, so's he can get a job. It ain't no wonder, I says to myself, that he gets sort o' ugly now and then; I guess I'd be kind o' ugly myself if I'd had the hard luck that man's had.'"

O'Toole paused and smiled again. Murphy met his eyes for an instant, then quickly shifted his own. "Well, now, it just came into me mind," continued the patrolman serenely, "I'd like to give that fellow a helpin' hand and see if I'm not right. Ugly! Why, in his heart he's gentle as a kitten. So I picks up the kid and in I walks."

The kitten-like individual referred to kept his eyes fixed on the floor, but the fact was that something sinister and threatening had indeed gone out of his ill-featured countenance. Had he known how to give an indication of friendliness he would have done so, but the man did not know how.

"How things does change!" said the officer meditatively, "when a man's got a good job and is workin' steady. It ain't the same world, and folks ain't the same people. Why, I'll just send you down to my friend MacNally, and before two weeks is out folks'll hardly recognize you. You'll be comin' home Saturday nights after work, and the kids, they'll hear you soon's your feet strike the stairs; they'll be listenin', you know; and then the door'll fly open, and they'll come tumblin' down the stairs, takin' the parcels out o' your arms and tryin' to guess whether it's apples or oranges that's in the big paper bag. And they'll drag at your coat till you're about wild, but you won't mind that; it's just their way o' bein' glad you're home again."

THE quiet even tone of the policeman seemed to have cast a curious spell over the man who listened. His head was raised just a little, and the thick lips parted as though, looking off into space, he saw in fact the things of which the other spoke.

Very quietly the officer went on with his story. "Then you comes into the room and there's the wife gettin' supper and somethin' boilin' and bubblin' in a kettle on the stove that's mighty appetizin'. 'Beef stew, Mary?' you asks. 'And did ye put in plenty of parsnips? Ye know right well I couldn't toueh a mite of it if there wasn't some parsnips.' And the wife she laughs, and says she knew that, and she's fixed it just to suit ye. There's a baked Injun puddin' on the back of the range lookin' real rich and brown, and when ye see that you ketch the wife round the waist, pertendin' to be rough like, and you says to her, 'Mary, you got a temper like a wildcat, but you're a peach of a good cook.' And she just laughs again, knowin' you're only joshin' and not meanin' any harm about the temper.

"So after you've got washed up and yez all sits down to supper, and the first kid that turns over his plate, he gives a shout, and the second kid that turns over her plate, she gives a shout, for there under each little plate is a smart bright new nickel, and they all know who slipped it there; then the laughin' and shoutin' that goes on, and the jokes you've got to tell, and the jokes they've got to tell you till it's most scand'lous uproarious, and the neighbors they all shakes their heads and they say, 'That Murphy family, they're that noisy, it's forever laughin' they are.'"

THE other man's face had grown tense and strained. He had forgotten the place in which they sat, forgotten the narrator and the child. The policeman's eyes, searching the man's face, narrowed curiously. Then he looked down at the sleeping child in his lap, and rising very quietly placed him in the other man's arms. The father seemed not to notice, though he unconsciously adjusted the little body against his great shoulder. The policeman went on more briskly:

"Well—then, tomorrow mornin' early you'll be callin' on my friend MacNally, and he'll have had word that you're a-comin'. Better make it early, friend."

"Early, you bet!" answered the other under his breath.

"And don't you mind me friend MacNally if he seems a bit short with you sometimes, for he don't mean no harm nor disrespect; it's just his way, mind ye, and if he seems to holler at ye at times, or gets somewhat impertinent, don't you go talkin' rough to him, for he's just as sensitive as a woman, and he don't like back talk. You just come and talk it over with me, and I'll speak to me friend about mendin' his manners."

The policeman rose, and the other man still holding the sleeping child, rose too. He seemed not quite awakened from the spell which the picture of a new home had cast over him. As he passed out from the swinging door, O'Toole, glancing back, noticed that the full glass still stood on the table untouched.

Together they walked the length of the block; then Murphy went on his way homeward alone. For a time the officer stood very still, looking anxiously after him, for indeed there had been little of the promise of which he spoke in the sodden, gloomy face of the man. At the door of his home the policeman saw him pause, and for an instant the big ugly head bent down till it touched the small one resting upon his shoulder. Then the patrolman drew a quick sigh of relief and walked rapidly back to his deserted beat.

As he regained his post he drew forth his watch and frowned. He had been absent for twenty minutes from his beat. He had been sitting inside a saloon and talking to a citizen! This was all conduct most unusual to Patrolman O'Toole. In perplexity he drew forth his notebook and pondered upon what entry he might make there, but there really seemed nothing to say.

Slowly he replaced the little book and shook his head at nobody in particular. "Sure a man can't be doin' his duty *all* the time," said Patrolman Patrick O'Toole.

As bees flock to the honey in the heart of the flower, so friends flock to the man or woman who has an appreciative heart.

The man who always stops to say, "What will I get?" will find his feet fast-mired in the marshes of selfishness.

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Ida C. Bailey Allen

Specialist in Home Economics
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1 cupful Borden's Evaporated Milk diluted with 1 cupful of hot water.
1 cupful sugar.
1 egg.
⅛ teaspoonful salt.
1 tablespoonful vanilla.
1 cupful Borden's Evaporated Milk.

Beat the egg, add the sugar and salt, and pour in the diluted evaporated milk. Cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly until the mixture coats the spoon. Then remove at once from the hot water, strain and chill. Add the vanilla and the undiluted evaporated milk, pour the mixture into an ice cream freezer and pack it in three quarts of crushed ice to one of ice cream salt. Let stand ten minutes and freeze.

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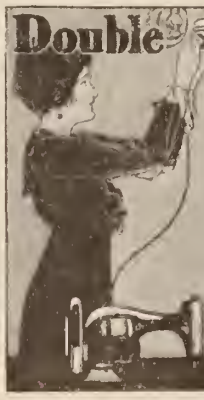

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Obeying God

International Sunday School Lesson for July 28. Matt. 4:18-22, John 14:22-24, James 1:22-27

By REV. GEORGE D. ALLISON, Ph.D.

WE deal today with a fundamental virtue, obedience, without which no other is complete and few possible. The Ten Commandments exercised all their wonderful effects upon men's lives because obedience to them was expected as the very foundation of moral order in Israel. Samuel rightly placed the whole ritualistic system in the secondary place, saying, "To obey is better than sacrifice." Most philosophers have recognized that submission to rightful authority is a mark of a disciplined mind. Modern science consists in the discovery of laws obedience to which makes possible the remarkable output of our technical industries.

Yet of recent years there has been an increased tendency to lawlessness. Thoughtful observers have warned of dangers to come from the breakdown of obedience in the home, the State and the Church. Perhaps it is a good by-product of the awful war that a million or more of our young Americans are learning in camp the salutary lesson of prompt, exact, unquestioning obedience for the accomplishment of a great good common purpose.

The great cause of the Kingdom of God with all its implied blessings for the whole human family demands our unselfish ready obedience to the will of the Father. Jesus taught this. We see what disobedience does. May we not seize our chance to show our boys and girls how unhappy is a Bolshevist Russia, where every man does as he wishes, and how blessed is a free America, where nearly all obey the laws? As our patriotic people are learning to comply with every suggestion of the Food Administrator, the Secretary of the Treasury and the great President, and are putting aside personal inclinations in the matter of food, occupation, the use of their own money and time, shall we not reinforce the supreme duty of obeying God upon the hearts of Christians?

Obedience Based on Trust

There are all sorts of obedience, however. There is the slavish obedience based on fear. It accomplishes some results, but never the highest. The ideal of the Kingdom is not that of a submission to despotic authority apart from the allegiance of the spirit. There is a truckling, self-seeking obedience based on the hope of securing privileges and advantages. Christianity has no place for that. Obedience in the New Testament is based on the child's confidence in the Father's love. Its pattern is that rare and beautiful filial trust that abounds in a household where the children delight to do their parents' bidding, not for fear of punishments, nor in hope of rewards, but because "mother knows best" and "father must be right." That is a splendid story which tells of the lad out with his father in the jungle. Suddenly his father called out in subdued tones, "Stand perfectly still!" and leveled his gun apparently at his son. The boy obeyed unquestioningly. The gun boomed, and the charge of shot blew off the head of a deadly cobra scarce a yard from his foot.

Can it be, then, that we disobey through lack of faith? If we trusted more completely we would serve more perfectly. "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." As we read the Gospel record we find again and again that this disciple and that obeyed Jesus "straightway." That instant unquestioning response in every case is based on trust in him.

Christ, our mighty Captain, leads against the foe;
We will never falter when he bids us go;
Though his righteous purpose we may never know,
Yet we will follow all the way.

Obedience the Road to Fellowship

Perhaps the greatest reward of obedience is the sense of fellowship with God that it brings. If we obey his command we share his achievement and ultimately his presence.

In our second selection we learn that same lesson: obedience is the way to fellowship with the absent Jesus. Judas, not Iscariot, asked Christ what he meant by saying that he would manifest himself unto his disciples but not to the world. Jesus explained, "If a man love me he will keep my word: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." He can only manifest himself to the obedient. Perhaps an illustration from our Sunday school will make this clearer to the boys. One of the scouts professed unbounded admiration of the scoutmaster, but persisted in breaking the rules and ignoring orders. Finally the time came when the scoutmaster planned a glorious trip in the mountains with his boys, but excluded that one lad from the party. The boy recited his ability to swim, to climb, to cook and signal. Besides, he had an automobile and plenty of money. The leader said, "I am very sorry, but you cannot go with me. I cannot depend upon you to obey. The safety and the success of the whole expedition might be endangered by you." Disobedience lost the scout the fellowship of his hero in tent and on the trail those golden days.

Trust, obedience, fellowship; that is the summary of true sainthood. Abraham, by faith, obeyed and was called the friend of God. Surely it is not by chance that obedience has the central place in the lives of the men of the Bible. They strove to achieve the wonderful epitaph awarded Joshua, "He left nothing undone of all that Jehovah commanded." Many of the best of us forget that the sins of omission hinder the coming of the Kingdom as much as the wilful evil-doings of the adversary. The surest way of all to be disobedient is to do nothing for Christ!

Obedience a Key to Progress

"To qualify for a commission as an officer the first requisite is to know how to obey." That is, promotion depends on obedience, and one cannot lead till he proves he can follow. The wise son of the great ironmaster begins at the bottom in the factory and by submitting to the hours, the tasks, and the rules becomes in time a real partner of his father and not a mere figurehead. Even Jesus, though he was a Son, learned obedience by the things which he suffered. For it is supremely true in spiritual realms that obedience alone makes progress possible. Would you rise to greater usefulness? Then obey God in the full use of your talents, such as they are, and more will be added unto you. Would you be mighty in service and do some great things for Christ? Then do with your might what your hands find to do, and when the big call comes you will obey it just as surely. Would you grow in knowledge and all discernment? "If any man willeth to do his will he shall know of the teaching." That is, obey and you will certainly come to understand. But obey first.

Not Theory but Practice Makes the Christian

Our third text is from James's common-sense chapter on obedience. He rightly says that Christians are doers and not simply hearers or talkers. "Not every one that sayeth Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father." Put it simply and plainly to yourself: the obedient are the men of the Kingdom. Not what I believe, though I be never so orthodox; nor what I seem to others or myself to be; but what I do for Christ determines my standing before the Almighty. Missions call: the nation needs us: daily life challenges to service: these are God's commands. Through Jesus Christ we have received grace and apostleship unto obedience in faith among all nations for his name's sake.

Marion Harland's Corner

Hints and Helps from Our Letter-Box

WE LAY before our members today matter, timely and friendly, supplied by our growing family of well-wishers and well-doers. Each contribution has character and value of its own. The Corner cannot fail to grow richer in all that makes for the good of the household when we have such coadjutors.

In a late issue of the Corner I notice a request from "Mrs. D. M. D. H." for a buckwheat cake made like johnnycake. In our neighborhood such a cake has been much used during the past winter and is a general favorite—either hot or cold.

The general rule is based on this unit: one cup buckwheat flour; one-third cup wheat flour; one-half teaspoon salt; one tablespoon sugar (or molasses); one-half teaspoon soda if sour milk is used, or one teaspoon of baking powder if the milk is sweet, and a tablespoon melted shortening. This makes a cake for two, and may be multiplied according to size of family. The quantity of milk is hard to measure, especially if sour milk is used, but the batter is right when it drops from the spoon in a "ropy" consistency, little thicker than would be right for griddle cakes. Bake in shallow pan in oven hot enough for biscuit.

I note also an inquiry concerning dry yeast My experience has been that a certain dry cake made with cornmeal as a basis is in every way the equal of the moist compressed yeast cakes and will keep indefinitely.

I always read all the "housekeeper's columns" in the various magazines we take, but this is the first time I have ventured to add my "bit." SUSIE Q. D. (*New Hampshire*).

May we not hope that the cordial reception your several "bits" must meet with from the family at large, including the editor, will encourage you to tell us of more things which, having been helpful to you, will ease the labors of other house mothers? "Pass it on" should be one of our most lively working mottoes.

I have a grandson who is an architect. I have been trying to impress upon his mind the importance in his plans of homes to give sufficient thought to the room where food is kept. Plan one large enough to contain the refrigerator, and plenty of shelves.

These strenuous times impress us with the importance of the right use of our products. You mentioned potato peelings. If one has hens or anything outside to feed they will not be wasted. When boiled with skins on, the best of them will go to the table, and so with fruits. MRS. S. B. W. (*Oklahoma*).

I wish I had the time and space I could use profitably in enlarging upon your criticism of the gross faults in the arrangement of the housemother's workshop. Perhaps when more women are professional architects we shall have as much care bestowed upon these as is now given to factories and machine-shops. Much food becomes stale or sour because the refrigerator is absurdly small for the uses to which a family of moderate size should put it. In Oklahoma you have room for houses of convenient size. The cottager and flat-dweller has continual occasion to reprobate the architect who never bethinks himself of the humane devices which might save many a useful life.

We thank you for recipes enclosed. They will appear in good time.

During the summer months I cook on a two-burner gasoline stove, as we have no gas in this town. I used to experience endless trouble in preparing a meal for a family on a two-burner stove, and yet get it all to the table hot and appetizing. No small feat, as you will agree if you have ever tried it! Last spring I hunted up about eight halves of old unglazed bricks, and put them to soak in coal oil, in a tightly covered vessel. To use these shake down all ashes from the kitchen range, place from a half to a whole brick in the fire-box, light it, and presto! the stove gets hot almost instantly. Dishes can be warmed, and food kept warm for at least thirty minutes on half a brick. This simple scheme enables one to cook a large meal on a two-burner gasoline stove, without the first dishes getting cold before the others are done. Great caution of course should be used to keep the vessel containing the oil and bricks away from danger of young children and matches. Also be very sure a used brick is absolutely *cold* before replacing it in the coal oil.

I trust these hints will be of value to some of the sisters, as I, in turn, am looking forward to deriving great pleasure and profit from our Kitchen Corner. MRS. H. L. D. (*Colorado*).

Our Colorado constituent never puts pen to paper without profit to those she claims as sisters. A veritable Sisterhood of Mercy she and her congeners are making of our Comfort Corner. Having seen the oil-soaked bricks used to signal advantage in heating fireless rooms, I am prepared to testify to the practicability of the contrivance.

I am enclosing my recipe for the wished-for loaf of substitutes, as they all say it is just fine. It will make six loaves.

Boil one large potato and "rice" it. Scald three tablespoons flour in the water in which the potato was boiled. Add three teaspoons sugar, cool to luke-warmth; add one yeast-cake (previously soaked in lukewarm water). Stir this for five minutes; cover for the night Next morning add three-quarters of a quart of lukewarm water. Take four cups of "shorts," (secured at a mill or feed-store at about two cents por pound), one and one-half cups cornmeal, one and one-half cups rye flour or barley flour, one and one-half cups oatmeal, previously soaked in boiling water. When it is lukewarm add it. Salt to tasto and work, adding some wheat flour at last. If you do not have it, use "shorts" instead. You can use all other substitutes, such as boiled rice (cooled), mashed potatoes, rice flour and corn flour. Knead this bread well; let it rise; put into pans for second rising and bako slowly in a hot oven for one hour. Use four kinds of "substitutes" for one baking. I only use lard or shortening enough for greasing the dough all over, or for the baking-pans. This recipe makes very light bread. Let "shorts" be the main part of it. MRS. J. C. (*Nebraska*).

We have had so many inquiries concerning what a witty correspondent calls "the sundry-substitutes loaf" that your communicatiou is especially acceptable. So far as I can judge, it covers the ground completely. There is a touch of pathos which goes to the heart in the determination to compensate to one's household for the lack of the beloved wheaten loaf by every ingenious "blend" the mother can devise. An Englishwoman, visiting this country, has published lately a clever article in a leading monthly, in which she tells us that American housemothers have not yet begun to feel the privations and sacrifices which English women are enduring with high courage and cheerful resignation. When that day comes to us, we shall not be found wanting. Our Cornerites are giving ample proof of that!

INQUIRIES touching dry yeast are so numerous and pressing that we make room here and now for a letter from one who is fully advised upon the important subject.

Having used dry yeast for a long time I have no hesitation in submitting to my fellow members of the Corner Club tho following facts:

Dry yeast is used by millions of families, especially those who live in the country and in small towns where it is a geographical necessity on account of its keeping qualities. It is used by many people in the cities because of its inexpensiveness.

The only difference between dry and compressed yeast is the difference in the state of growth of the yeast plants. In compressed yeast the minute yeast plants are given commercial bulk by being added to a small wet cake of tapioca flour. In these the yeast plants are actively growing, and tho cake of compressed yeast must be used for bread-making almost immediately after being removed from the grocer's ice-box.

In dry yeast the same kind of yeast plants are added to a cake of cornmeal to give commercial bulk. In the dry yeast cake the yeast plant is dormant, quickly reviving and rapidly multiplying when dissolved and added to the bread sponge.

Probably 75 per cent. of the 13,500,000 families who bake their own bread at home use dry yeast. Consequently the prevailing practice in making homemade bread employs the over-night sponge method, which is necessary when dry yeast is used. The over-night method consists of making a sponge the night before, of water, yeast, and a portion of the flour.

In the city, where mostly compressed yeast is used, the customary method of making bread is the five-hour dough process, commonly known as the straight "dough method." In this process the materials are mixed in the morning, and the baking done the same day.

Dry yeast is obtainable at all grocery stores. Compressed yeast is for sale principally in the cities, but in many small towns and rural districts it is not known because of its lack of keeping qualities.

There is no difference in the quality of bread made with dry or compressed yeast; both make good bread. FAITHFUL CORNERITE (*Connecticut*).

—Preferred

CARNATION MILK is preferred by thousands of housewives because they know it is real milk—just pure cows' milk and nothing else. It is evaporated to the consistency of cream and sterilized to keep it pure and wholesome. It is convenient, safe and economical. There is no waste in Carnation—it "stays sweet" several days after opening. Try it. Order several cans from your grocer and try it in cooking. Write us for our book of practical recipes. Carnation Milk Products Co., 744 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, U. S. A.

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ORDER THIS FLAG TODAY

THE least thing you can do for your country is to—*show its flag.* Let your neighbors know that yours is a patriotic home. Stand solidly behind the great principles of Freedom and Human Rights and let the flag tell it. At this critical time in the history of your country you should pledge your allegiance by displaying the Stars and Stripes.

Here is the very flag you have wanted—a large-sized "Old Glory" six feet long by four feet wide. It will add much to your celebration of National Holidays and local celebrations when the American Flag is indispensable.

The illustration is an actual photographic reproduction of this splendid large flag. To insure durability the stripes are double-stitched. Excellent bright colors, guaranteed not to fade or shrink. *Pole is not included.*

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Gentlemen: Send me all charges prepaid, for examination the large American Flag. If I decide to keep it I will send you $1.00 within five days, and $1.00 per month thereafter for two months, a total of $3.00, for which you are also to send me the Christian Herald for one year beginning at once. If I do not keep the flag I will send it back within five days at your expense. I incur no obligation in mailing this order blank.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Merely mail the order blank at left and we will send the flag, all charges prepaid by us. If, after five days examination, you decide not to keep the flag, return it at our expense and you will be under no obligation. You need not purchase it unless convinced of its value. But, if you decide to keep the flag, send $1.00 within five days after its receipt and $1.00 a month for two months, a total of $3.00. This pays for the flag and also for a year's subscription to the Christian Herald (52 issues—regular subscription price $2.00 a year).

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Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

THESE are the days of open church windows, dear country neighbors; and of doors ajar! Armfuls of daisies and sweet-smelling grasses are banked about the walls!

And with your voices, as they rise in the hymns you love, runs an accompaniment of bird-notes from without, while every window frames a nodding rose-spray or a rustling tree or a distant green hill, or, perhaps, a reach of sky as mildly blue as a baby's eyes.

Sitting thus, with all the glory of God's handiwork about you, you find, settling on your war-troubled heart, that "peace which passeth understanding." You look about you—at the old folks you have always known and the young folks fast growing into manhood and womanhood—with a new love. And even the needy little church itself, with its blistered paint and shabby carpet and battered pews, will bring tears and smiles to your eyes. A thousand poignant memories will rush in on you.

Yet, as you sit there, gazing about you, it may suddenly be brought home to you that of late years you have done very little for that church and its flock; that the other members (as busy and self-absorbed as you) have also done little; and that the church is crumbling and its attendance falling off.

Shocked, you will straighten up and look around you. Yes (you will exclaim to yourself), ah, yes; there are many empty pews! There are few new faces! And surely, many more young folks used to attend! Where are the boys and girls? *What has overtaken the thriving little church of several years agone?*

Deeply distressed, you will try to figure it all out. Perhaps the church's decline first set in when the Christian Endeavor Society was discontinued; or when the weekly "evening of singing" was abandoned. The young folks had loved both. Or—more likely—the tragedy is due to a growing apathy on the part of every one; a kind of paralyzing indifference.

This (you will conclude) is the real trouble; and this you will determine to combat.

As soon, therefore, as the service is over, you will commence your effort to awaken your neighbors. Enlisting the aid of your minister, you will set out on a campaign of rejuvenation which, perhaps, will begin with a fresh coat of paint and end with the refounding of all the vital organizations that are the very pulse-beats of a rural church.

WHAT will be the result of it all? Discouragement? Failure? Ah, dear adventurers, read the following accounts from other men and women all over the land, and, taking heart, plunge into the problem at hand!

Repairing a Shabby Church

Last year a few ladies in this community took it into their heads to have their church repaired. It was one of the oldest in the Association, and one of the worst-looking.

We met and decided we would get each lady to bake a cake. We then appointed two ladies to take these cakes to our nearest village (Victoria, Virginia), and sell them. The cakes were baked, soon sold, and brought us in about ten dollars. This was a beginning. We next sold butter, chickens, walnuts, canned fruit, and anything else we could spare from our farms. We also had box parties: the young people taking part and enjoying them immensely.

Then we wrote to our married daughters who had once worshiped in this old building but had moved away to new homes, asking them to give one dollar each. This they gave gladly; and some wrote beautiful letters which showed how they enjoyed the giving. We next wrote to all our former church members who had left the county. These, too, gave readily.

We then asked everyone we met who attended the church to give as much as possible. I'm glad to say nearly all have given something. This church now has a splendid roof, three coats of good paint, and good cement steps. It looks so much better that we love to meet there. Of course, the men helped some; and some gave money liberally. But the ladies had to push the work. I hope this account may help some other neighbors to repair their old church building.

MRS. W. A. WILSON.

That adventure pleased me mightily, because the sums raised were so modest, and the struggle to raise them so heroic. I cannot help but feel that every one of those hard-earned dollars brought a spiritual blessing with it.

OUR next adventure offers the solution of the "boy" problem: describing how one Sunday school teacher prevented the boys of her church from drifting away. If one church can do this, why not yours, and mine?

"The Straight Line Club"

A few years ago I was a teacher in the Sunday school here, and one problem that faced us was the 'teen-age boys' indifference to Sunday school. There were plenty of 'teen-age boys in our little town, but only one or two came to Sunday school; and even they were getting discouraged and talking of quitting.

I suggested a boys' club; as the 'teen-age girls were already successfully organized. So we persuaded a few of them to talk the matter over. The first meeting was called at my home, and we chose for the name of our organization, "The Straight Line Club," selecting strawberry and cream for our club colors. As badges, we ordered strawberry-colored neckties, with the letters S. L. C. in cream-color on them. Our motto was "To be happy is to please." And we added this explanation: "Truest happiness is found in pleasing God the whole year round." Our club meetings were to be held on Friday evenings at my home.

When this was fairly under way, the boys flocked in. They made their own rules, and no one was allowed to join our club who was not a member of our Sunday school class. This they rigidly enforced.

What times we did have! Our evenings were divided between music, literary programs and games: with refreshments before going home. Once a month we had a joint meeting with the girls' club, and now and then a sleigh ride or a party at some member's home.

Through it all, however, the best that was in me I gave to the Sunday school hour. I studied and prayed that naught but truth should be presented then, and I never faced my class without offering up a prayer for help.

This class continued successfully for three years, enrolling almost all the boys in town. A year ago came the stirring call to war. My "Straight Line Boys," then budding into manhood, were among the first to go. Seven or eight enlisted; others were drafted. Our first president has been in the trenches and

PSALM 91

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the LORD, *He is* my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, *and* from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth *shall be thy* shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; *nor* for the arrow *that* flieth by day;

6 *Nor* for the pestilence *that* walketh in darkness; *nor* for the destruction *that* wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; *but* it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the LORD, *which is* my refuge, *even* the Most High, thy habitation;

10 There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12 They shall bear thee up in *their* hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: *will be* with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

16 With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

DEAR NEIGHBORS: Cut out around the black line, paste on light cardboard, and slip into your next letter to France this beloved reminder of our Father's protecting kindness. Your boy can tuck it into a pocket of his uniform, and carry it with him into the battle. VERA L. CONNOLLY.

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Thinking in terms of "Yale" where locks and hardware are concerned is the most natural thing in the world to millions of people—

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"over the top." His companion at his side paid the supreme price: but he as yet is untouched. Others are in cantonments and training camps.

The Sunday school is now making a service flag to be dedicated on Children's Day. There are nine stars on it now, and others will soon follow: all my boys. My prayer to God is that some little truth gleaned in the happy hours of youth may go with these boys through the dark days of war, drawing them nearer to Him whose own blood was shed, and who says: "I will not leave you comfortless."

MRS. P. G. KIBBEY.

Our most earnest good wishes, fellow adventurers, to that dear Sunday school teacher and her lads in khaki!

WE come now to a brief but delightful little adventure in neighboring which, I think, will contain a hint for other Ladies' Aids.

Buying Church Furniture

Our Ladies' Aid raised some money toward buying church furniture by each member taking fifty cents and investing it in some way so as to earn all that was possible in a given time.

Then we had a social at the home of one of the members. The whole community was invited; and every one came. After listening to some good music and recitations, each one who had entered the contest read an original poem, and presented her earnings to the treasury. In most every case the poem (?) was a first attempt at writing rhyme. Each was received with a great deal of interest, and caused much laughter and fun.

Afterward we enjoyed a good country supper, for which a small sum was charged; bringing the whole amount raised up to nearly a hundred dollars. The remainder needed was then subscribed by one of the guests.

Our working in harmony for the same purpose resulted in one of the most successful "Adventures in Neighboring" our little place had experienced in a long time.

MRS. D. Z. GIBBS.

I do hope, neighbors, the Ladies' Aid in your town will try out this jolly plan. And I hope, too, that if it does you will share with each other, and with me, your various experiences with the investment of the half-dollar. I can imagine all sorts of amusing and ingenious expedients being resorted to by the determined investors!

MEANTIME, let us smile with this next neighbor over the novel way in which a little church in a New York town finally achieved its fresh coat of paint.

Picking Hops to Paint Church

In the pretty rural town of Fort Covington, in my girlhood days, there were three churches that had bells. The Presbyterian and the Methodist churches had been entirely renovated and altered to agree with modern ideas; but the small Baptist Church had merely been "rejuvenated," to use an expression we young folks thought quite appropriate—only the interior being touched. We had the smallest congregation, and no doubt the leanest purses. Nevertheless, we were a proud-spirited and energetic congregation.

We decided it wouldn't do to solicit any more eggs from our farmers, nor more material from them for ice cream, suppers or dinners. Yet—something must be done to paint and decorate the outside of the building. For, as the bells rang out, Sunday mornings, the Presbyterian bell seemed to say quite sedately: "Spic and Span: Within, Without." Then the Methodist bell would say blithely: "Clean as a Whistle: Outside and In." Then quite remotely would chime in the wail of the Baptist bell: "Dainty Within: Dingy Without."

Some one in the church owned a small hop-yard, and needed pickers. The Ladies' Aid proffered its services, which were gladly accepted.

It was all quite a lark to us younger ones: and we sang and jested and felt elated to think we were filling our boxes faster than our elders. But, alas! The manager told us that there were too many leaves and stems: and we must pick cleaner! So we found the old Proverb, "Haste makes waste," to be true. For we had to sort our hops over.

In time, the church was painted with a new white dress and green-trimmed blinds: and a sailor who came to town just then climbed up the steeple and gilded the top. (Man Friday, the boys dubbed him.) The whole town rejoiced over the changed appearance of our church. And fixing up buildings must be "catching," for from that time onward, ours was a paint-up, fix-up era. ALMA H. CULVER.

Can't you see those stanch members of that Ladies' Aid defying the hot sun and the prickly rash that comes from handling hops, as they labored for a new dress for their beloved little church building? I can.

AND now, fellow adventurers, we come to today's Forum. The subject of renovating and reviving our rural churches has barely been touched in these columns. The whole problem is too big, too complex, for adequate handling in our little neighboring corner. All I hoped, or dreamed, in reminding you today of this subject so dear to our hearts, was that this little friendly word might set you to thinking. I have other rural church adventures to publish. They will appear later. For this brief chat is by no means my final word.

Meantime, fellow adventurers, until another two weeks have rolled around I shall not see your faces or clasp your hands: but I will be thinking of you and planning for you the most inspiring meeting of the summer.

The Neighbors' Forum

DEAR MISS CONNOLLY: If you know of any blind girls or women, lonely old ladies, or girls or women who have tuberculosis and who have NO ONE AT ALL for company, or to care for them: please let it be known through the columns of the Christian Herald; or let me know. MISS G.

I am very anxious to get the Christian Herald readers interested in writing to our soldier boys and being their friends. I have had the greatest pleasure and satisfaction in doing this, ever since last December. Ten addresses were given me by a pastor of a church; and I got in touch with the boys at once: writing to them and sending them some little gifts. They were very grateful, as they are lonely in the camps, sometimes. I hope my neighbors will obtain a list of addresses from their pastors, and set to work. A NEIGHBOR.

I wonder if my neighbors know that they can make wallpaper-cleaner that is much better than the kind we buy! I have a good recipe that I will send if any one wants it.

MISS P. B.

DEAR NEIGHBORS: Invite some shut-in out for a day of relief from four walls and her own thoughts. This was done recently for me, it seemed like fairyland. A SHUT-IN.

A Vow and a Gift

SOME time ago I registered a vow that so long as my boy was in the trenches in France (and he has been in a New Zealand Rifle Brigade for over two years), or so long as the war lasts, if he dies there, I will not attend any more dinners but will use the money that otherwise I would spend therefor to help some cause in some way connected with war work, ordinarily to the Red Cross. After careful consideration, I have reached the conclusion that your work at present comes within that class, and therefore from such fund I enclose my check No. 3325 on the Savings Union Bank and Trust Company, payable to your order for three dollars, and shall rejoice to believe that this small sum (which I wish I could multiply a thousand times) will send a child to Mont-Lawn for ten days. That's better than attending a banquet of the California Bar Association. R. S. G.

Oakland, Calif.

For Armenia's Sake

American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, Caucasus Branch, Erivan, April 26, 1918

AT the meeting of the Caucasus Branch of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief held at the United States Consulate, Tiflis, Russia, on March 22, 1918, it was moved by Consul F. Willoughby Smith and seconded by the Rev. Mr. Partridge and unanimously voted that a vote of thanks be given to you, the Christian Herald, for the loan of your correspondent, Mr. Owen Maynard Williams, who for three months did vitally helpful work in augmenting the Committee at work for the Armenian refugees in the Caucasus. Mr. Williams was alone in Van for three months, and did work that there would have been no one to do if you had not so kindly and generously loaned him. We are deeply grateful to you and to him. For the Committee, H. H. WHITE, *Secretary.*

On the Volga River, Russia.

Hearts Touched by Suffering

FRIENDS in Danville, Ill., write: "Enclosed find check for War Widows and Armenian and Syrian relief. Please use for the same unless the Master directs you to some place else where the need is greater. May God direct and bless you and your co-workers of the Christian Herald in all your work for suffering humanity in this time of stress and suffering. MR. AND MRS. W. E. LYNCH."

With the foregoing there was enclosed a check for $1,000. This generous gift has been applied in equal shares to the Armenian and Syrian Relief Fund and the War Widows and Orphans Fund.

If Children Kept Store

—they would surely sell their favorite cereal, Grape-Nuts, to every customer.

And it is very fortunate that this ready-cooked, delicious food which appeals so strongly to the children's taste, is also best for their healthful development.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

OFFICIAL WAR MAPS

WE have just completed arrangements to procure for readers of the Christian Herald the three special World's War Charts published by Encyclopædia Britannica. These three charts have been especially prepared by the editors of the Encyclopædia Britannica—from official maps used by the High Commands and are authoritative.

Three Britannica World's War Maps

Beautifully printed in four colors, size 31 x 39 inches

Showing all the *Belligerent Countries* and the *Battle Fronts*. They also show where all other world wars for the past 6,000 years were fought

MAP No. 1—Covering *Northwestern Europe* and showing the *Western Front*

This map includes the *North Sea, the English Channel, England, Holland, Belgium, France, Germany west of Berlin.*

Map No. 2—Covering *Central Europe* from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and showing the *Eastern Front*

This map includes the *Baltic Sea*, part of *Sweden, Germany east of Berlin, Poland, Austria-Hungary, Galicia*, and *European Russia.*

MAP No. 3—Covering *Southeastern Europe*, the *Balkans, Turkey in Asia, Mesopotamia* and the *Holy Land* and showing the *Italian, Balkan and Turkish Fronts*

On this map we find a strange intermingling of what is very old in the history of the world with what is very new. The *mysticism* of the East is found side by side with the pushing, practical *forcefulness* of the West.

These maps are *official*—that is, made from Government surveys. Exactly the same maps on a larger scale are used by the High Commands on all fronts. *Added to each map* is much readable and instructive historical matter—just what everyone *needs* to follow this war *intelligently.*

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"LIGHT ON PROPHECY"

REPORT OF THE PHILADELPHIA PROPHETIC CONFERENCE, MAY 28 TO 30, 1918

THE unanimous judgment is that the great Philadelphia Bible Conference was the most momentous and important of its kind ever held in America, or perhaps in the world, both in numbers and significance. Many of the speakers declared from the platform that they had never faced such multitudes of deeply earnest searchers of the Bible. It was a Conference which at every session exalted Christ, and gave rich and stirring messages to His people throughout the world. There was no effort on the part of any speaker to exploit himself. From first to last, there was evidence in all that was said, that the most consecrated scholarship and reverent investigation was under divine guidance, and submissive to the leadings of the Holy Spirit. There was an entire absence of anything like radicalism, sensationalism, date-fixing, and dogmatism. The great fundamental belief of the Christian Church was discussed with a calm serenity that indicated conviction of its truth.

The immense gatherings, from first to last, had the spirit of American loyalty combined with the great Christian hope, exemplified in a remarkable degree. The speeches of the Conference will be welcomed by Christians and Bible readers everywhere, and especially by those who love the Lord Jesus Christ and believe in His promise. These addresses have been gathered under the official supervision of the Conference Executive Committee, and published by the Christian Herald in an authorized volume of some 300 pages under the title of "Light on Prophecy." This step was taken by the Conference in order that the widest possible publicity might be assured for the book, as the record of the most authoritative assembly on prophecy ever held up to the present time.

NOTABLE ADDRESSES INCLUDED IN "LIGHT ON PROPHECY"

"Hath God Spoken?" and
"What is to Become of the Church?"
By Dr. Harris H. Gregg, Pastor, Canada.
"What is Prophecy?" and
"Where Is Christ Now and What Is He Doing?"
By Rev. John MacInnes of Syracuse.
"The Doctrine of Our Lord's Return"
By Dr. Mark A. Matthews, Former Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.
"The Answer to the Greatest Question Jesus Ever Asked" and
"What Manner of Persons Ought We to Be?"
By Dr. William B. Riley, Minneapolis.
"Did the Cross of Christ Fulfill All the Promises?" and "The Coming Glory."
By W. L. Pettingill, Philadelphia.
"Regathering of Israel in Unbelief" and
"God's Purpose in This Dispensation"
By Dr. James M. Gray, Chicago.
"The Capture of Jerusalem"
By Rev. A. E. Thompson, A.B., Jerusalem.
"War on German Theology"
By Dr. Cortland Myers, Boston.
"Coming Events Cast Their Shadows" and
"Will There Be Any Tears in Heaven and Why?"
By Rev. P. W. Philpott, Canada.
"Has God a Program?"
By Rev. B. B. Sutcliffe.
"Does This Truth Paralyze or Energize?"
By Rev. Herbert Mackenzie, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Send All Orders to the Christian Herald, 1599 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 836

profits allowed by the regulations of the Food Administration, 45 cents or over profit per barrel having been charged as against 25 cents allowed by the Commission. For this the millers were ordered by the Food Administration, on June 17, to return to the Government in the shape of flour at a $1.00 a barrel all such excess profits. The investigation of the Board on which the report was based was made primarily to afford Congress a basis for excess profit taxation in the new Revenue Bill.

GERMANY WILL INTERVENE. It was announced in London, on June 30, that Germany was preparing to send troops into Russia to restore order and to prevent the overthrow of the Bolsheviki. It was also reported that German and Finnish troops were organizing an expedition to extend Finnish control over the Murman Railway from Petrograd to the Arctic coast ports of Russia being held by American, French and English marines. A declaration of war by Finland upon the Allies was reported imminent on July 5.

Following a report that General Foch and the Versailles Council had urged military intervention in Russia, President Wilson and his cabinet held several long sessions and it was said, on July 6, that Washington was preparing to bow to the judgment of the Allies, but would seek to have the intervention take the form more of economic and civil assistance than of military force. The people of the Murman coast on the Arctic about Kola and Archangel were reported on July 7 to have seceded from the Bolshevik government of Russia and to have declared themselves allies of the Entente. Provisions were arriving at Kola from the United States. Assassins entered the German embassy at Moscow on July 6 and killed Count von Mirbach, German Ambassador to what is left of Russia. The Bolshevik government promptly made its apologies to Germany, declaring the act a political maneuver to provoke trouble. Kerensky, in Paris, expressed the opinion that Germany would make the loss of her ambassador an excuse for the occupation of Moscow.

HOSPITAL SHIP TORPEDOED, 234 LOST. On the night of June 27 the British hospital ship, Llandovery Castle, returning from Canada with its crew and men and women of the Army Medical Corps, was torpedoed 70 miles off the Irish coast. The submarine, after the sinking of the ship, cruised up and down among the lifeboats smashing and sinking many of them. There were 14 nurses on the boat and 8 members of the medical corps in addition to the crew, the total being 258. Of these 234 had been given up as lost on July 2.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. A strike of the Union telegraphers in the employ of the Western Union Telegraph Company having been called for July 8, President Wilson on July 1 in a memorandum to Congress asked for authority in case of military necessity to take over and operate the telephone and telegraph systems of the company. The House, on July 5, passed a resolution conferring the necessary power on the Chief Executive. The Senate proposed a recess of six weeks, but the house refusing to agree the Senate prepared to consider the proposition at once. Meantime the strike was called off after Secretary of Labor Wilson and Samuel Gompers had strongly advised this course. . . . The Senate, on June 29, in four hours, passed appropriation bills, amounting to $20,000,000,000, among which were the Army appropriation bill carrying $12,089,000,000, and the fortifications bill carrying $5,500,000,000. . . . The Y. M. C. A., on July 7, launched a campaign of one week for Hut Secretaries for France, 4000 men between the ages of 31 and 50, of unusual ability, possessing real leadership, being required, to enable the association to do its work abroad. . . . Senator Benjamin R. Tillman of South Carolina was stricken with paralysis on July 30 and died July 3. . . . The Thrift Drive which terminated on June 28 was reported, on July 1, to have been a complete success, although the total of subscriptions were not yet available. . . . Mohammed V, Sultan of Turkey since the Young Turks deposed his brother Abdul Hamid in 1909, died in Constantinople July 4. There were rumors that, like many of his Armenian subjects, he had not died a natural death and that revolution was brewing in the sickest member of the quartet of central Europe. . . . Czecho-Slovak troops on July 4 were in complete control of Vladivostok, where they had suppressed the Bolsheviki Soviet and had disarmed all opponents. . . . The United States transport "Covington," 16,339 tons, formerly the Hamburg American Liner "Cincinnati," was torpedoed on the night of July 1 by a German submarine while returning to America under convoy. Six firemen were reported missing. . . . An excursion boat carrying 500 people was wrecked on July 6 in the Illinois River, south of Peoria, Ill. On July 7, 77 bodies had been recovered and 22 persons was still missing. . . . Potato rations in Germany were cut one-third on July 8. German crops were reported as greatly injured by cold in June and excessive rains in July.

Guarding Our Army's Food Supply

Continued from page 839

and seven of its owners are in active service in the Army, Navy and Red Cross.

FORMERLY great stress was put upon the microscopical examination of pork for parasites known as trichinæ. This has been abandoned because the government found it impossible to determine positively, under any known method of inspection, whether the muscle tissue of pork contained this organism. But inasmuch as live trichinæ are dangerous to health, it is provided that no article of a kind prepared customarily to be eaten without cooking shall contain this tissue of pork, unless subjected to a temperature sufficient to destroy these murderous pests. The only safe way, however, is to avoid the eating of raw pork products.

Not only must the packers follow the procedures laid down by the Bureau, but the plants themselves must meet the specifications and all plans must be filed. The regulations require a very stringent sanitary layout. Contamination is guarded against at every turn. Everywhere immense quantities of water are used in cleansing. Meat trucks are immersed daily in tanks of boiling lye, and then rinsed in scalding water, washed and scraped. Tables, too, are scraped and scalded. At frequent intervals you see sterilizing apparatus for implements and hands. The cloths used for wiping are constantly disinfected. Nowhere in all those enormous establishments can you detect the odor of decaying flesh.

And considering the nature of the products, there were not many flies. A most aggressive campaign is waged against them. There is also a continuous offensive against rats.

Altogether, the governmental inspection of meats is a monumental piece of constructive work, worthy of this nation and the Allied cause.

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Crooked Boards

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A CARPENTER had come to fix our back fence, and I was watching him with interest and enthusiasm. For our back fence—a particularly drab-colored, sagging one—had long been an eyesore to me.

"It will be a relief," I said to the carpenter, as he jerked the palings apart, "to know that those old boards have been thrown away, and that there are new, straight boards in their places!"

The carpenter was a white-haired, kindly old man. He paused in his work, and laughed.

"Bless you," he told me very amusedly, "we don't throw lumber away—not this year. It's worth too much. This lumber's goin' right back into your fence again!"

I was keenly disappointed.

"But if you put those old boards back again, the fence won't ever look any better than it does now!"

The carpenter resumed his work of pulling palings apart. But over his shoulder he addressed me soothingly.

"Don't you worry about this fence," he told me. "It'll be the best-looking fence on this street when *I* get through with it! And as for the boards—why, they're all right. They've just gotten a little crooked, and they need a coat of paint, but when I set 'em up straight, an' get after 'em with a brush, they'll be fine. Don't you worry!"

Off and on, all during one morning, I watched the mending of that fence. I saw the carpenter stretch a string from one corner of our yard to the other and saw him build the fence along the slender white guiding line of it. I saw the old boards that had drooped so half-heartedly take on the semblance of soldiers drilling in a regular, measured row. And then I saw the first coat of paint applied—the coat of paint that covered the weather-beaten palings with a new glory.

"Well," I said to the carpenter, as he went luncheonward at noontime, "you were right. It's the nicest fence on this block! And no one would ever recognize the boards as the same crooked old things they used to be. I think that you were quite wonderful to make it so."

The carpenter shook his white head deprecatingly as he smiled at me.

"Why, it's my business," he told me, "making new fences out of old ones! If I couldn't make crooked palings stand straight I wouldn't be a carpenter!" And he shook hands with me, quite warmly, and left.

DICK had always been a failure at everything. He was like our back fence—a drab-colored, sagging object, that didn't seem to have much reason for existence. When he was put at any task he failed—failed miserably. When he was trusted with something important the trust was betrayed; not maliciously, but because he hadn't the backbone to stand firmly on his two feet, with his chin in the air, and face the world.

And then the war came. And Dick, the failure, was drafted. He was put, quite unresisting, into a khaki suit, and a gun was thrust into his hand, and he was shoved into a line and told to drill.

He had always been a failure—a prosaic, drab-colored failure—and so, when I saw him the week after he was sent to training-camp, I found myself pitying him—a distinctly unmilitary figure, in war-trappings that did not seem to fit. And then, for over a month, I did not see him. And when I did . . .

He was standing erect, as he had never stood before in his life; and as I looked into his eyes, I could see the spark of a soul glowing there. He held his gun as the other soldiers held theirs, and he marched as they marched. And his shoulders were thrust back, and his mouth was set in a determined line. I watched him at drill, and after drill was over, I sought him out and talked with him in a confidential way.

"Dick," I said, "I'd never know you for the same boy who went away a month ago. You've changed a lot!"

Dick grinned—a whole-hearted, American-soldier sort of a grin.

"We've got a sergeant," he told me, "who'd put pep into a wooden Indian. When he tells us to stand up straight we stand up straight. When he tells us to throw our shoulders back we throw 'em back—hard. When he tells us to drill, *we drill!* We" (was there a flicker of pride in the eyes that had been so dull) "we've got the best section in the regiment, we have!"

Later in the day I met the sergeant. He was a brown little man, with a steady gaze and a boyish laugh.

"I hear," I told him, "that you've the best section in your regiment. And I can well believe it," I added, "after seeing what you did for Dick!"

The sergeant was frankly embarrassed.

"That's nothin'," he murmured. "If I couldn't help set up the fellers they wouldn't 've made me a sergeant. It's my job!"

Dick was a failure—a sagging, drab-colored failure—like my fence. It took war, and the training and discipline of war, to wake him up, to make of him a worth-while citizen. And his sergeant was the carpenter who stood him firmly on his two feet and painted him with the new glory of a fine resolution.

I LIKE to think that most human failures are like the palings in my fence—made of good lumber, with possibilities for infinite usefulness. And I like to think that the Great Carpenter is going, some day, to make them into worth-while, upstanding figures, and to renew their worn, weather-beaten surfaces with the spirit of high purpose.

The Great Carpenter has many trained workmen. I think a sergeant who can make a man out of a spineless creature may be one of those master workmen. I think that each teacher, or minister, or business man or woman, who has to do with the guiding of other people may be one. And I think, too, that it lies in our power to become, each of us, a capable assistant to the Great Carpenter—just by showing that there is good timber in us and that we may some day qualify to help others to stand erect before the world.

"Dreamy Dan"

By THOMAS EDGELOW

JUST "Dreamy Dan" they called him
In the village of his birth,
(For Dan was never very fond of work!)
And the village gossips gossiped
Of the laziest boy on earth,
(For Dan was ever one who liked to shirk!)

And then there came a message—
The clarion call to arm!
(And "Dreamy Dan" woke up and took his chance!)
While the village gossips wondered
That Dan had left the farm—
(But "Dreamy Dan" was waking up in France!)

And "Dreamy Dan" woke up enough
In a village "over there"
To give his life another life to save—
So now he's sleeping peacefully
And freed from earthly care—
For "Dreamy Dan" is dreaming with the brave!

A Teacher's Testimony

SOME months ago Miss Lura L. Perrine, a teacher in North Dakota, wrote to the Christian Herald calling attention to the frequent occasions when the Mail-Bag page was printed on the back of the first cover. She said that she liked to frame the beautiful covers for use in her school, and she also found the items in the Mail-Bag very useful in her school work, but she could not cut up the Mail-Bag page and also frame the cover, when both were on the same sheet. The editor wrote her explaining some of the problems involved in the placing of the pages. In a recent letter Miss Perrine says: "Aside from a host of uses for the Christian Herald, it is a most useful and helpful teacher's weekly, an aid to the study of current events as well as geography and biography. I consider it one of the finest weeklies for the rural teacher."

Corn Puffs

Bubbles of Hominy

Raindrop Size—Queen of All the Dainties

This is to lovers of Puffed Grains who have overlooked Corn Puffs. And to others who are missing this delight.

This is not whole corn. It is pellets of hominy, puffed to raindrop size. It is airy bubbles, sweet and toasted, flimsy, crisp and flavory.

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There is nothing like them. You will be amazed that such fascinating morsels can be made from corn alone.

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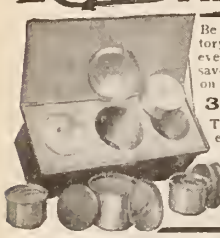

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Young People's Topics for July 28

Woman's Part in Foreign Missions

B. Y. P. U. Topic. Acts 16:14, 15

AMONG the company of the disciples there were many women, and in their fidelity some of them shamed even the chosen apostles. From Pentecost onward the story of the growing church is set with names of women, the jewels in the crown of light. Lydia is one of these godly women, whose quick response to the message of the risen Saviour gave entrance for the Word into the whole community. The work in Macedonia radiated from Lydia's house.

Throughout the centuries, the life of the church has found its most permanent influence in the faith and devotion of women. Men preached; women performed. Their voices were not heard, but their deeds spoke for Christ. The great Protestant missionary movements, in the early days of the nineteenth century, were at first largely masculine. The first missionaries, though married, did not take their wives as fellow evangelists, but as helpmates. Gradually the work of these helpmates made it evident that the shortest way to the heart of the heathen lay through the loving cooperation of the women. Especially in the Orient, the native customs denied men missionaries any opportunity to preach except to men. Something over two generations ago foreign missionary work by women for women was started. The Methodist women organized in 1869, the Presbyterian in 1870, and the Baptist in 1871. Women physicians as directors of hospitals and as family physicians carried the message of healing and the message of salvation; if not in the same medicine chest at least in the same heart. The home life was blessed where Christ had entered women's hearts, and the men who could not be convinced by the missionary's argument, have come seeking the power which has transformed their wives. The whole story of the misery and slavery from which Christian missions are saving the women of Eastern nations is too long for the space available for this little article, but if the leader of this meeting will write to the Baptist Women's Board of Foreign Missions, Ford Building, Boston, Mass., it is probable that much enlightening material may be secured regarding the missionary work of women.

Lessons from Beautiful Proverbs

Christian Endeavor Topic. Prov. 10:1-16

IN the process of gaining wisdom Solomon tasted both wisdom and folly. We can, therefore, safely take his word, and save ourselves much costly experience. The Proverbs are condensed nuggets of proven wisdom. It would be well to ask some individual to discuss each verse of the lesson, limiting them to two minutes to each verse, for each stands more or less alone, and each has its own particular lesson.

The whole lesson is a study in contrasts. "A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." "The wise in heart will receive the commandments, but a prating fool shall fall." "In the life of him that hath understanding wisdom is found, but a rod is for the back of him that is void of understanding." Thus the verses progress, setting off the light of God's mercy, with the shadow of his just displeasure. The Proverbs have one outstanding value, and that is, to teach wisdom. To recognize their beauty, to accept their truth, to admit their fitness, and then to follow the path of disobedience, is a folly sure to lead to spiritual disaster. The principal value of the Proverbs lies in taking home to our own hearts all the lessons which they teach so clearly, and each is just as true today as it was when Solomon, surfeited with folly, disgusted with sin, set them down to warn others from the thorny path that he had followed.

Is Christ First in My Life?

Epworth League Topic. Matt. 6:33; Phil. 2:19-22; 3:7, 8

IT has been freely charged that one reason for the weakness in evangelism of the modern church lies in the fact that more than half of its members have never been converted, but have entered the church on the basis of a purely mental faith, their hearts never having been stirred to their depths by the Spirit of God. But many who have been converted have not progressed from the penitent's bench to the altar of complete consecration. Religion and the Saviour are still incidents in a busy life which they do not dominate. Such a life may be strong in many ways, may even be productive of some good; yet it will fall short of the complete realization of the Christian ideal. If the church is to win the world for Christ, it can only do it when the members put Christ first. When personal advantage, or the regard of friends, or the pleasures of this world, or even the cares of crowded days, push Christ in the background, the life is weakened and without force for righteousness. Paul said that all things that were gain to him he counted loss for Christ. Whatever he might have done as a Jewish Pharisee, he would have lost all that he gained as a Christian. From a little known student of Gamaliel he became the great apostle to the Gentiles. That is what Christ can do with a life that is all his. How may you know what Christ can do with your life? Give it to him first. Can you do less?

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THE following additional contributions have been received for the destitute in Armenia, Syria and other Bible lands, through the efforts of the publishers of the "Sabbath School Bode," of Paterson, N. J. The donations are mostly from the Sunday schools and others of the Christian Reformed Church of America:

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(Signed) JAMES TANIS.
Paterson, N. J.

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A STEADY stream of contributions to the Soldiers and Sailors Fund is making possible the sending of Christian Heralds to hundreds of Soldier Boys. Most of them go to the Chaplains, to the First Sergeant of companies, and to Y. M. C. A. huts. A chaplain in a camp in South Carolina, wrote, early in June: "At this time we are using many magazines here among the soldiers. The demand is great, and we would appreciate and could use several copies of the Christian Herald." Ten subscriptions were entered for this chaplain. Another chaplain in Texas, wrote: "The interest that I have for the Christian Herald grows as each issue proves itself to me more valuable. Realizing its value, and the worth it has to those who read it, I am very anxious that it get into the hands of as many men as possible in my regiment." Thirty subscriptions were entered for this chaplain. And so it goes. Day by day, your money is making possible the fulfilling of these requests which reach us constantly. We have not yet had to refuse a single request, and we know that you good people of the Christian Herald Family will see that all are met.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

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Even the emergency of a temporary halt in the city streets finds the company mess ready on schedule

The Grub Question in the Camps

What a Visit to Army, Navy and Aviation Mess Tables and Kitchens Disclosed

By MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

I HAVE just returned from a tour of several of the army, navy and aviation camps and I discover on inspecting my notes that there are in those few camps, nineteen "best mess in the service" feeding halls. The monotonous chant or praise might have been tiresome had it not been for the smiles and heartiness and good-fellowship of the khaki and duck-clad fighting men who invariably answered to my question, "How's the grub?" with the reply that the grub was "bully," "out of sight," "best yet," and other commendatory phrases too numerous to mention.

I never let a mess sergeant speak when I could talk to an underfed stripling ,whose whole heart was set on eating his way into the army; and I never let a doctor of dietetics lecture me when I could pick up the top of a mess table and see whether there was dirt between the boards. I looked into the cold storage branches where the meat is kept, and into the garbage cans. I talked to Y. M. C. A. men—those confidants of homesick men with a petty grievance—and to the mothers who brought over some cookies in the belief that Sammie was not getting home cooking. And the whole thing was a happy, cheery concord of praise and thanksgiving.

As a member of the Michigan National Guard, I have eaten army rations, I have eaten with the Japanese army on maneuvers, chop-sticked my way through the same food the Chinese soldiers are served, dined on black bread and lentils with the Russian army, and been on the army ration of the Czecho-Slovaks for weeks on end. I have lived in the top-notch hotels and have done cross-country "hikes" in China on a liquid diet. I feel qualified to say, not that our army is the best-fed army in the world—for there are some armies of whose rations I know nothing—but that our army is fed as well as any man in any station of life has a right to be fed, and much more carefully and hygienically than most of us poor civilians.

THE U. S. Steamship Great Lakes is the biggest ship I was ever on, and though she has not yet been launched, there are thirty-six thousand men on her and she is already in commission. When a seaman or yeoman or ensign goes to Chicago from Great Lakes Training Station, he calls it a "trip ashore." The hallways in the buildings are "decks" and the kitchens are "galleys." Even the civilian has to enter into the game, for if he leaves the path and walks on the grass, he is likely to find himself overboard very quickly.

How would you, mother of men, like to cook a meal or provide utensils for four huskies and then have twenty-six others drop in as extras? "Packey" Schwartz, the chief cook and battle hasher of the "Great Lakes," had that problem, only it was twenty-six hundred and four hundred instead of just four. "Packey" answered, "Nothing is impossible! There is no word 'Can't' in the navy dictionary and the soldiers have even taken the cant out of Cantigny."

At "Packey's" table, I was a "sea politician." A sea politician is a man whose prowess as a baseball player or an oarsman secures for him better food than the average sailor gets. That is why I had delicious coffee with thick cream, and cream pie with the flakiest of crusts, rather than the ordinary food. But the ordinary food is 9.=. which means O. K. if you press the Capital shift on the Corona, instead of the Figuro shift as I did then.

The crew's menu for the day I was at Great Lakes read:

Breakfast—baked hash, catsup, coffee cake, fresh fruit, B. B. C.

Dinner—corned beef, cabbage, boiled potatoes, green onions, bean soup, croutons, B. C.

Supper—fried lunch meat, creamed potatoes, lettuce salad, bananas, B. B. T.

And that was just what the common sailors-to-be were getting.

IN these days when meatless, wheatless, eatless days are scattered through the calendar as thickly as Russian church holidays, and a baked potato costs a quarter, where will you find the hotel that abbreviates "Bread, Butter, Coffee" to "B. B. C."? It must peeve an enlisted man to have to eat in a diner with captains of industry, corporation lawyers and such folk, and have to pay big prices for poorer food and less of it than he gets for nothing while in camp. I haven't eaten beef except in private homes since returning from Russia. I don't eat wheat bread in public places either. But at the camps, I ate tender beef and the whitest of bread.

When I told a very rich society matron that my conscience would not let me eat beef and wheat in these days, when our fighting men are giving their all for us, she replied, "As long as the breweries are using up tons of grain, carloads of ice and train-loads of coal, I shall feel no compunction about eating wheat products." But the soldiers and sailors of Uncle Sam can eat all the wheat bread and fresh beef they want. "Eat all you want, but clean your plate," is the only rule for our men in khaki.

"Packey" Schwartz is an enthusiast and his job is to feed up the new recruits. If any are under weight,

they are put in his care. One patriotic lad had picked up two pounds a week for six weeks, thus eating his way into a chance to fight for "Old Glory" and the things worth while that the grand old flag stands for. "Packey, the underwear stretcher," they call him, and the rumor goes that "Packey" took Raymond Hitchcock into his mess for a day, and when the lean comedian went back to Chicago after entertaining the lads, and being entertained by "Packey," his company took him for Fatty Arbuckle. Apoplexy is the only disease "Packey's" epicureans fear, and the drill-masters have a sure cure for that.

Camp Custer in Michigan is a big camp. I found out there that food simply cannot enter the camp in bad condition. Health and not profit is the demand that is placed upon the cooks and mess-sergeants, and if they were to serve anything bad, the fault would be theirs.

Meeting an old acquaintance who is now a Y. M. C. A. worker at Camp Custer, I asked him about the food. "I have eaten at more than a dozen messes," he replied, "and the food is fine in all of them. The men know it and like everything they get. The only men who grumble are those who never had good food, and hence don't know that gustatory delights have their limit and that ambrosia and nectar don't make a fighting ration."

Baking bread, good old army white bread, at Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J.

I COULD write a book on the things I saw at the camps; but about 'steen hundred other men have done this, and I must go on to Fort Wayne and Detroit, where the color of the soldiers modifies their religion or determines it and makes fishless days on Friday possible. "Colored Catholics," I was told, "are as rare as casualties among the Kaiser's sons, and so we don't have to serve fish on Friday to these Methodist and Baptist troops. We saved five hundred dollars on our food allowances for every hundred men last month and that made it possible to give them ice cream, new potatoes and other delicacies, and still keep inside our allowance. The men appreciate it."

I asked a lot of the colored troops how they liked the grub and they put on smiles that were as large as any Jolson, Tinney or Fields ever wore, and much more genuine.

The Bolsheviki would give the Grand Prize to Fort Wayne, for there the common soldier has better food than the officers. Uncle Sam feeds the soldier. A boarding-house keeper feeds the officers and charges them $10 a week for it.

You can imagine how long it will be before the German soldier gets better food than the Crown Prince, and lets officers take second best as in the case at Fort Wayne.

The day before I visited Wilbur Wright Field, near Dayton, there were two fine showers and when I reached the big flying field, the sky and clouds had that hand-washed look that reminds one of poetry and sulphur and molasses and love, and a lot more of that pre-war stuff. This blue-and-white sky was potted here and there with buzzing bugs of giant proportions and the roads were dotted with M. P.'s whose duty was to keep trespassers away. But the commanding officer was glad to have me see the kitchens and mess-halls and ice boxes and men, and gave me a highly intelligent Nutrition Expert from the Food Division of the Sanitary Corps as guide. In the Nutritional Survey there is not only a close inspection but instruction in how to improve the diet and abolish the waste. You and I can die by a score of diseases which it is the duty of these experts to prevent among the enlisted men.

The only safe attitude of mind, while inspecting the food conditions at the camps, is that the best is none too good for the men who are to do the fighting. Otherwise most of us would become jealous of the soldier. I know something about food conditions in Armenia, Russia and Siberia and have read about conditions in France, England and Italy and I say in all seriousness that no ordinary civilian has any right to eat better than the soldiers in our camps eat, and no civilian can command such close and intelligent inspection of his diet as is provided for U. S. army food.

New potatoes, new onions and new cabbage hearts were among the foods that were provided at Wilbur Wright Field, but the best mess hall, the best mess and the most varied food I saw anywhere was at McCook Experimental Field at Dayton, where exhaustive tests are being carried out with every type of machine that flies. Officers tell me that the mess at McCook's is the best in the United States, which means in the world; but as I said before, eighteen other messes make the same claim.

Lieutenant Valentine is giving thought to his problem. He is not content to feed his men better than any others in the service, but he does it for a cent a day less than any other camp he knows, and tries to save such foods as are needed abroad.

There is no quartermaster at McCook Field and the food is bought in the open market. Vegetables and milk are scarce at Dayton; but the men get the best mess I know of, at a cost of 46 cents a day. Deliveries are made by a truck belonging to the army and the food is bought at wholesale; but look over this bill of fare and see whether you could feed hungry men this kind of food on 46 cents a day.

Breakfast—Peaches, oatmeal, corn bread and butter, fresh milk, coffee.

Dinner—Roast lamb, mint sauce, new cabbage, green peas, new potatoes, bread and butter, peach short cake, iced tea.

Supper—Pork sausage grilled, American fried potatoes, apple pie, bread and butter, cocoa.

The men have butter at every meal and fresh milk every morning (though it costs 35 cents a gallon) because savings are made in other ways. The sale of soup bones alone amounted to $11 in one month.

When I saw pink-frosted cake and the finest of Rocky Ford melons in the mess hall of common aviators, I marveled. But it is care and not extravagance that explains their presence there. That and enthusiasm. I did not get the name of the mess-sergeant but he is a man with his heart in the work. He helped open Nat Goodwin's place in Frisco and worked for eight years in the smoking department of Cudahy at Los Angeles. That is the sort of men who are feeding "our boys."

No meat is served on Monday, hence none is carried over Sunday. There was not an ounce of meat in the ice-box when I was there; but as I was leaving, I saw two fine legs of beef come in on the truck.

UNCLE SAM says "fresh meat" and means it. The trained chefs would prefer to let the meat hang a while and say that makes it taste better; but Uncle Sam is not catering to epicurean palates as much as to husky warriors, and he says "fresh,"

The mess hall at McCook's is white enameled and thoroughly screened. It is steam-heated and the floor is as clean as a table. The plain wood tables have a removable center board and every crack is clean. Minstrel shows and boxing exhibitions have made it possible to buy crockery in place of enamel ware, and the mess is the aristocratic club of the service. Officers and men eat in the same hall but at different tables, so that there is perfect freedom.

Lieutenant Valentine's observation of meatless days and wheatless days is thoroughly commendable, while his ability to buy in the open market and serve the best mess for a cent a day less than quartermaster-supplied messes, is worthy of notice.

McCook Field is the home of enthusiasts and experts. The same squadron has been there for months, and conditions can be better than in the great cantonments where constant changes are made. The mess at McCook is a challenge to the intelligence not only of other army mess officers, but also of the housewives of the nation.

The food reaches the camps in A1 shape, after being government inspected. The restaurants where the soldiers eat while away from camp are also closely inspected. The men like the food. Don't worry! All is well in the army kitchens. The only taint about the report of tainted food is that 'tain't so.

Officers' mess at the training camp for Medical Corps Units at Allentown, Pa.

Mitchel Buried With Full Honors

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Major John Purroy Mitchel

Major Mitchel's last entrance into City Hall

THE body of John Purroy Mitchel reached New York on July 9, and was taken to his mother's home, where it rested on the afternoon of the 10th, when it was accompanied by a military escort to the historic City Hall. There it lay in state until the morning of the 11th. The Mayor of New York City is inevitably a national character. If he is a tool of a great political organization the country knows it; if he is clean and his own man the country knows it also and honors him, and it honored Mayor Mitchel. Mr. Mitchel's remarkably constructive record in New York's municipal government had made him known from Main to Oregon, and messages of sympathy poured in upon his wife and mother from every corner of the country. Mr. Mitchel was recognized throughout the nation as a champion of honest, efficient, public government. He hated the crook and the pilfering public contractor. In his four years as Mayor he completed the work he began as President of the Board of Aldermen. Before he turned the city over to his successor he had purged it of gang rule, and gambling and vice, no longer productive, were being hunted from one location to another. The city's streets were clean, its government was clean, and Mr. Mitchel was rightly given much of the credit.

PAST the body that was his, as it lay in state at the foot of the stairs his feet had so often mounted, while two soldiers of the Regular Army stood on either side with bayonets fixed, there filed through long hours a steady stream of men and women who wished to pay honor to this honorable man. Some dropped flowers, others only a tear upon the flag-draped casket on which lay the dead officer's cap. In the line were members of the present and former state governments, associates of Mr. Mitchel in the government of the city and in the practice of law; policemen, firemen, city employees and thousands of those unknown people whose votes make governments, and whose faith sustains patriots.

JUST after 9 o'clock on the morning of July 11 the bell in the tower of New York City Hall began to toll at 30-second intervals, being answered by the bell in St. Paul's Chapel over the way. As the solemn notes of the bells rang out eight sergeants of the 22d Infantry acting as body bearers, took up the coffin and carried it down the steps to a waiting artillery caisson. As they appeared in the door the thousands of people massed about the City Hall uncovered, the soldiers and sailors of the military guard came to present arms, and the police saluted with their batons, while the police glee club sang "He, who is Upright." Behind the caisson stood a horse, covered with a black pall, saddled and bridled with an empty scabbard and empty boots hanging from the saddle.

THE procession started promptly, the band playing Handel's great Dead March from Saul, that funeral march whose human sorrow is shot through with triumphant faith. Overhead six airplanes circled dropping flowers in the line of march. Between 5,000 and 6,000 persons took part in the funeral procession, including representatives of the Army and Navy, the New York State Guard, the police and firemen, the New York State and city governments and many civic organizations. The honorary pall bearers were: Theodore Roosevelt, Colonel E. M. House, G. W. Wickersham, Frank L. Polk, Admiral N. R. Usher, Captain G. von L. Meyer, Jr., John G. Agar, Cleveland H. Dodge, Dr. N. M. Butler, George W. Perkins, Jacob H. Schiff, General William A. Mann and Lieut. Col. A. Woods. Gov. Whitman of New York State and his staff, followed the 814th Aero Squadron, Major Mitchel's first command. At one time as the parade marched up Fifth Avenue three bands were playing at one time the Chopin Funeral March, but during most of the course the march was accompanied only by the tap of muffled drums.

SHORTLY before 11 o'clock the head of the procession reached St. Patrick's Cathedral, the chimes were playing hymns of Christian faith, ceasing at 11.30, when the body was removed from the caisson, carried into the church and placed before the chancel, while the choir sang the music of the Choral Mass by Galloti, rendered for the first time in this country. The religious ceremony of the mass was not extended by any sermon or eulogy, Major Mitchel's family having requested that these be omitted.

As the last sentences of the ritual fell from the lips of the officiating priest, the body bearers took up the coffin and carried it slowly down the aisle, while the organ played "The Star Spangled Banner." As they reached the door the police choir sang "Nearer My God to Thee," while the military escort stood at salute as the coffin was placed in the hearse.

AT Woodlawn Cemetery, where the body was interred, some 5,000 persons had gathered. As the prayers for the dead were said two airplanes dropped American beauty roses in showers upon the funeral party. The prayers for the dead being finished three volleys were fired over the grave by Infantrymen from Governor's Island, taps sounded and the mourners drove away, while airplanes overhead still continued to drop roses.

Major Mitchel's mother said to a friend on the way to the cemetery: "I am glad that John took up his fight for preparedness. I am glad that he had the courage to fight against those who opposed him in it. I am proud that he had the courage to go into the most dangerous branch of the service. I know that he died bravely, and as his mother I must try to live that way."

THE official investigation of the accident which cost Major Mitchel his life and the nation a brilliant officer, disclosed no evidence of any defect in the airplane. It was established that the Major had failed to attach his safety straps and his fall was laid to the failure to take this precaution.

Photos by Paul Thompson

The flag-draped casket on its way through waiting throngs to the church

Americans Throw Back Great German Offensive

FOR a month, since the stopping on June 15 of the German attack on Campiegne, the Allied armies had been awaiting the next blow of Germany's war machine. It was expected that it would be made either toward the sea—a last desperate effort to destroy the British army and to secure new submarine bases on the channel—or toward Chalons in the Champagne, a move, which if successful, might take Rheims and Verdun and set the Allied lines back to a line from Chateau-Thierry to St. Mihiel. The long delay, a full month, in the launching of the new offensive, was variously explained as due to influenza, broken morale and quarrels between the Kaiser and von Hindenburg, the latter being reported as dead of apoplexy, following a tilt with the "war lord." German army orders captured early in July place the opening of the offensive between July 6 and 13. During those days it rained, but the blow came with clearer skies on July 15.

At midnight of July 14, as France was just completing her celebration of the birth of liberty, the German guns began their newest challenge to the spirit of Democracy. The sound of the guns was heard in Paris, and the flash was seen from Montmartre. The Allied line was heavily shelled with high explosives and gas, from Vaux west of Chateau-Thierry, along the Marne to Dormans, northeast to Rheims and east across the Champagne country to the Main de Massiges, just west of the Argonne, a total distance of over 56½ miles. Great German naval guns shelled the towns in the rear of the Allies as far as 25 miles back of the lines, and this explained the delay in the offensive, for these guns require time for bringing them forward and preparing the emplacements. The long-distance bombardment of Paris was also resumed, after a lapse of three weeks.

With dawn of the 15th came the infantry attacks, but this had been anticipated; in fact General Foch had foreseen the whole manoeuvre, and Allied guns began their counter-bombardment an hour ahead of the Germans'. Two battalions attacked the Americans at Vaux. Retiring behind the railway west of the town, they received the enemy waves with concentrated rifle and machine gun fire. When the shattered German infantry wavered, the Americans counter-attacked and threw the Germans back some 750 yards, taking and holding former German positions and some prisoners.

East of Chateau-Thierry, the Germans attempted to cross the Marne at various places between that town and Dormans. After severe losses, under the accurate fire of French and American artillery and machine guns, the Germans succeeded in throwing across the Marne half a dozen bridges in the vicinity of Jaulgonne at the apex of the northern curve of the river, between Passy and Fossoy. They also crossed east of Dormans. Across these bridges, two of which were soon smashed by Allied artillery, the Huns swept to the southern side, and began fighting their way back from the river. American machine gun units fought them to a standstill, until the guns were too hot to fire, and the American-French lines were finally withdrawn to the base of the curve of the river.

By noon of the 15th there were 15,000 to 20,000 Germans in the bend of the river and the battle was developing for Fossoy. But this was America's day. In a magnificent counter-attack, the American troops completely overwhelmed the German divisions south of the Marne, driving them back in disorder with terrible loss, until by nightfall the only Germans south of the stream were some 1500 or more, including an entire Brigade staff, who had been taken prisoners. The French also drove the Germans back, practically clearing the southern bank of the stream.

Between Dormans and Rheims, the Germans appeared to have advanced some 2½ to 3 miles on a front of a little over 20 miles, where they were halted on the line of Chatillon-sur-Marne, Cuchery, Marfaux and Bouilly. East of Rheims, although employing tanks, the Hun was stopped in his tracks. At eleven P. M. on July 15, General Foch declared himself well satisfied with the day's fighting, and he sent to General Pershing a telegram congratulating him and the American army in their splendid victory.

The drive was not renewed on July 16, although it developed that some 30 to 35 divisions had been massed for the attack. The greatest penetration anywhere from Rheims to Dormans was less than 4 miles.

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The Bastille Day celebration in New York City at the statue of Joan of Arc

THE resolution passed by the House on July 9, and by the Senate, on July 12, sending the fraternal greetings of the Congress and the American people to the people and Government of France, and calling on the people of America to fittingly observe July 14th, found the nation already deep in preparations for a fitting recognition of the day from which dates French liberty. Throughout the nation French and American flags greeted the sunrise of July 14th and the strains of Marseillaise were heard from coast to coast. In New York, at Madison Square Garden, in a Great Mass Meeting 12,000 persons gave tribute to France, pronounced by Ignace Paderevski, "invincible, triumphant and immortal," while the people rose and cheered. Other celebrations were held in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and at the Joan of Arc Statue, at Riverside Drive and 93d Street.

A Week in the World's News

PRESIDENT MAY TAKE WIRES. The Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce to which the House resolution authorizing the President to take over the wire communications of the country for the period of the war was referred, reported the bill to the Senate on July 9 without recommendation.

After two days of debate the Senate, voting 46 to 16, passed the resolution. The resolution gives the President authority to take over and operate all telegraph, telephone, radio and cable systems in the country. While this authority includes the power to restrict the use of the wires, Congress was assured that no attempt would be made to abridge or censor the news dispatches upon which the public must depend for its knowledge of current events.

PRESIDENT USES VETO. President Wilson, on July 11, vetoed the joint resolution of Congress, extending the time in which the Railroad Administration might relinquish the control of the lines not wanted in the Federal system. The President vetoed it because it would have forced the Government to retain control of roads having no national importance. The President, also, on July 12, vetoed the Department of Agriculture Appropriation bill because it contained a provision fixing the minimum price of wheat at $2.40. The House had placed it at $2.20, as fixed by the Food Administration and by executive order. The standard price of $2.20 was held to be sufficient to stimulate production and the President paid tribute to the loyalty of the farmers who were exerting themselves to an extraordinary degree to produce the largest and best crops possible.

PROHIBITION IN THE SENATE. On July 8 Senator Gore of Oklahoma introduced an amendment to the Emergency Food Act, under discussion in the Senate, under which the selling of whisky would be prohibited after December 31, 1918, and the selling of beer after the same date, although no beer could be manufactured after November 1st. The inclusion of this amendment in the Act was resisted by Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania as a breach of the Senate rules. Senator Saulsbury, president pro tempore, sustained the point of order raised by Penrose. The Senate, however, voted to overrule the chair, retaining the amendment in the bill by a vote of 36 to 33. On July 13, the Senate and House agreed to recess until August 24. Prohibition will be taken up when the Senate reconvenes and will remain the order of business until the final vote is taken. The drys were confident of a favorable vote.

TO TAX OURSELVES FOR VICTORY. A great many reports have come from the capital regarding the details of the great Revenue Bill which is to turn $8,000,000,000 from the pockets of the citizens into those of Uncle Sam. It was suggested, on July 7, that luxuries would be heavily taxed. It was announced that the Committee hoped to obtain about $5,000,000,000 from War profits and at least $2,000,000,000 from incomes. On July 9th, following the receipt of a memorandum from the treasury, a more detailed list of the proposed taxes was made public. It was proposed to place a tax of 50 per cent. on the retail price of jewelry, watches and clocks; 25 per cent. on automobiles, motorcycles, bicycles, musical instruments and allied lines, with a tax, rate not specified, on men's suits, selling for more than $30, and on women's suits, selling for more than $40, and a similar tax on hats, shirts, pajamas, hosiery, shoes, gloves, underwear, neckwear, ready made dresses, skirts, lingerie, corsets, dress goods, children's clothing, house furnishings, table linen, cutlery, silverware, china and cut glass, curtains, tapestries, purses, pocketbooks, hand bags and toilet articles. All hotel bills of more than $2.50 per person per day were to be taxed 10 per cent. and cabaret and restaurant bills at the same rate. A tax of 10 cents a gallon on gasoline was proposed. Taxes now levied on soft drinks were to be multiplied by four. Chewing gum was to pay a tax of one cent on each five-cent package. Motion picture shows and films were to be more heavily taxed. Taxes on alcoholic beverages and distilled spirits were to be doubled, and an automobile tax of from $15 to $50 per car, depending on horsepower, was suggested. Taxes on club dues, now 10 per cent., were to be doubled, and taxes were to be levied against families employing servants in excess of one female servant. At this writing no word had come from the Committee as to proposed changes in the postal tax. There was suggested consumption taxes on tea coffee, cocoa and sugar.

$30,000,000 FOR A POISONED PRESS. The arrest on July 8 of Dr. Edward A. Rumely, ostensible proprietor of the New York Evening Mail, brought to a focus rumors of German influence in American newspaper offices, which had been more or less persistent for over two years. Dr. Rumely purchased the Mail about June 1, 1915. In connection with the arrest, the fact was made public that the funds for the purchase had been furnished by the Imperial German Government from monies realized by the sale of German Government bonds in

Americea. (The names of the purchasers of these bonds are in the possession of the Government.) In connection with the arrest, it was announced that a sum of $30,000,000 had been spent by Dr. Bernard Dernburg, Dr. Heinrich Albert and former Ambassador Von Bernstoff, in an effort to create public opinion in America favorable to Germany. Later evidence indicated that the total expended might have been $100,000,000. Sen. King of Utah, on July 11, introduced into the Senate a resolution proposing a searching investigation of the methods employed to control American public opinion. The German propaganda activities centered about the New York office of the German Red Cross Society.

A New Government in Siberia. Dispatches from Peking, on July 10, reported that a new provisional Siberian government had been established at Novinikolayeosk under Gen. Horvath and had declared itself bound by Russia's treaties of alliance with the Entente. The defeat of the Bolsheviki in western Siberia was also confirmed. In connection with the establishment of this government it was announced that a counter-revolution, assisted by the Czecho-Slovaks was spreading all over western Siberia, and that a movement was on foot among the Allies to induce the Czecho-Slovak forces in Siberia to remain as a nucleus to the Allied army which is to support the reconstituted Russia. In the meantime the United States and the Allies were reported as discussing the personnel of the commission which is to be sent to Russia to assist in its political and economic rebirth. The assassination of Count von Mirbach at Moscow proved to be a part of an organized attempt at revolution, which was, however, suppressed by the Bolshevik Red Guards, after two days of bitter fighting in the streets. On July 11 the German government was reported as transporting large numbers of troops to the Ukraine on account of a revolution of Ukrainian peasants against the government which Germany had set up in Kiev. The peasants were reported to be well armed and to be entrenching themselves. On July 11, the Bolsheviki claimed to have defeated the Czecho-Slav troops west of the Volga. They also announced an offensive of the Red Guard in western Siberia, before which the Czechs were said to be retreating. It was announced, on July 13, that Great Britain was sending military expeditions to Archangel and to Vladivostock, the reports intimating that troops were going in suffieient numbers to be effective.

Hertling Continues Peace Drive. Suggested on the day following his now famous speech, the resignation of Dr. von Kühlmann, German foreign secretary, was officially reported on July 9 as having been accepted by the Emperor. It was reported that Admiral von Hintze, reported a master of intrigue and an ardent Pan-German, had been selected to succeed the Foreign secretary who dared to believe victory impossible. Notwithstanding the resignation of Von Kühlmann, and the contemplated appointment of a violent Pan-German to his place, the peace drive forecast by Kühlmann's admission that victory was not to be expected by force of arms was fathered in a debate upon the general situation by Imperial Chancellor von Hertling in the Reichstag, on July 12. The Chancellor declared that he was still inspired by the pacific spirit of the Imperial reply to the peace note of Pope Benedict. He declared, however, that "President Wilson wants war until we are destroyed, and what Mr. Balfour, the British Secretary of State for Foreigh Affairs has said must really drive the flush of anger to the cheeks of every German. . . . As long as the desire for our destruction exists we must hold out, and we will hold out. . . . In the direction of our policy nothing will be changed. . . . If in spite of these hostile statements any serious efforts for a paving of the way to peace were to show themselves anywhere we would examine these seriously-meant efforts immediately with scrupulous care. . . . When such possibilities manifest themselves, and when serious inclinations toward peace show themselves on the other side, we will immediately go into them; that is to say, we will not reject them and we will speak, to begin, within a small circle. . . . Exhaustive discussions took place regarding these questions July 1st and 2nd at general headquarters under the presidency of the Kaiser. Naturally I can only announce here quite generally the lines which were laid down at that time. Regarding the east, we stand on the basis of the peace of Brest-Litovsk." The Chancellor said, however, that the execution of this peace was difficult, because of the conditions in Russia; but he expressed his confidence in the loyal intentions of the present Russian government. The murder of Von Mirbach, the Chancellor laid to the instigation of the Entente Allies to influence Germany into a fresh war, which she intended to avoid. Regarding the possible appointment of Von Hintze, the Chancellor said that he would direct the line of foreign policy, and that he would only consent to the appointment when assured that Von Hintze would follow the Chancellor's lead and not his own. Regarding Belgium Von Hertling said: "The present possession of Belgium only means that we have a pawn for future negotiations. We have no intention to keep Belgium in any form whatever." In closing the Chancellor appeared to give further acquiescence to the principle of the Reichstag "no annexation, no indemnity" resolution of last year, and declared, "What we want is the inviolability of our territory, open air for the expansion of our people in the economic domain and, naturally, also security in regard to the future."

Allied Offensive in the Balkans. The principal events of the week in the theater of war came in the Balkans, where recent activity east of Monastir had indicated possible further action. On July 6 the Italian and French troops, holding the line eastward from Avlona along the southern road to Monastir, took the offensive against the Austrian troops in the Albanian mountains, the troops advancing along the coast were assisted by British monitors and Italian destroyers. The Allied troops advanced in seven columns along the valleys of the Volusa, the Semeni, the Osum and the Temorica Rivers. Important heights fell into Allied hands on the first day, and the progress was constant until the 10th, when the Allied troops, having taken Fieri, and crossed the Semeni, threatened the central Albanian town of Berat, while the Austrians were rapidly withdrawing toward the old Roman high road from Durazzo to Monastir, along the valley of the Skumbi. On the 11th the Austrians were reported as completely routed and on the 12th Berat was in Allied hands and French forces had advanced half-way to the important base of Elbasan on the Skumbi. The Allied forces were said to be working in harmony with the Albanian army.

The front in Albania is linked up with that from Monastir to the Aegean, the total front crossing the Balkan territory being in the neighborhood of 300 miles and being held by a million troops representing seven nations. The western end of the line is held by the Italians, and from there to the neighborhood of Monastir it is held by the French. On both sides of the Vardar there are British troops and the line from the Vardar to the Struma and the sea is held in general by the British, separate sectors being held by Russians, Serbians, Albanians, French and Italians, with a constantly increasing front under control of the reconstituted Greek army. There are also Albanian detachments between the present active front and the Vardar.

On the Western Front. On the western front Gen. Petain's armies continued to bite into the German-held territory at vital points. On July 8 the French troops broke through the German lines north of the forest of Villers-Cotterets, advancing three-quarters of a mile on a two-mile front, taking important positions and 347 prisoners. On the 11th a further advance in the same region gave the French possession of the village of Longpont and on the 13th the French crossed the Savières River.

Australian troops on the 8th pressed forward their positions astride the Somme to a depth of 300 yards along a total front of 3000 yards. The French on July 9, attacking between Montdidier and the River Oise, advanced their positions along a two-and-a-half-mile front to a depth of more than a mile at some points, capturing a village, two fortified farms and 450 prisoners. The British on July 14 captured 260 Germans in a local advance east of Dickebusch Lake, south of Ypres.

French troops, on July 12, took from the Germans the major portion of their positions in Picardy west of the Avre. The attack was along a front of about four miles from north of Castel nearly to Mailly-Raineval, the latter village being about six miles north of Cantigny. The French penetrated to a depth of two kilometers, took 500 prisoners, the village of Castel and a number of strongly fortified enemy positions.

The actions of the last two weeks, between the Aisne and the Villers-Cotterets forest, have accounted for over 10,000 prisoners, and have placed the French advanced positions on commanding heights along the whole front, giving the French every advantage of position should the Germans decide to attack again in this region.

The British in the year ending June 30, 1918, brought down on all fronts 4,102 Teuton airplanes, losing 1121 themselves.

Gen. Pershing, on July 11, pinned the War Cross on 37 marines who had distinguished themselves in the fighting at Belleau Wood. On the same day he issued an order declaring France's festal day, July 14, a holiday for all troops of the American Expeditionary forces not actually engaged with the enemy. Gen. Pershing reported also that American and Allied artillery was now liberally supplied with mustard gas shells which were used with good effect upon a concentration of German troops west of Chateau-Thierry and north of the Marne, which was entirely broken up. Patrols discovered on the next morning that the Germans had been fully prepared with pontoons and materials for the crossing of the river. Berlin on July 11 claimed to have shot down six American aviators who were attempting to raid Coblenz, General Pershing reported five missing.

Fragments of News. The first American built Handley-Page bombing airplane was turned over to the government on July 6 and passed a perfect test. The machine has a wing spread of 100 feet, and is driven by two Liberty motors of 400 horse-power each, actuating four propellers. The machine is capable of carrying 9000 tons of bombs, and carries two light Browning machine-guns for defense or battle. . . . The Island of Guam was swept by a typhoon on July 6. There was much damage to property. . . . Evangelist Billy Sunday was reported, on July 10, to have undergone a serious operation for hernia at Rochester, Minn. . . . Since the Emergency Fleet Corporation was organized there have been completed under its direction 223 cargo carriers, transports and other craft, aggregating 1,415,022 tons. . . . Henry Ford's first Eagle boat was quietly launched at Detroit, on July 11, twelve more were scheduled for launching within three weeks after which they will go over at the rate of one a day. . . . General Pershing in acknowledging a message from the churches of America, delivered by Dr. Chas. S. MacFarland, asked that the churches "send over their best ministers for chaplains." . . . The Shipping Board has ordered four 10,000 ton cargo ships from the Kiangnan Dock and Engineering Works at Shanghai, China.

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Admiral von Hintze
New German Foreign Secretary

© International Film Service
General Horvath
Head of Siberian Republic

Photo by Press Illustrating Service
Count von Mirbach
Assassinated at Moscow

How's Your War Garden?

CROPS good? Weeds discouraged? Money in your pocket? Pretty well satisfied? All right, but now that your war garden is well established how about your soul garden? Any weeds there? Any stony ground? Next week Dr. Francis E. Clark, will talk to us a while about these gardens of ours.

Next week also Maynard Owen Williams will tell his story of the fighting Czechs which got crowded out this week by his newer story of the eating Yanks.

Is your church a power? Read "The Church That Made Good" next week and tell us your answer.

Miss Sangster has had a heart-to-heart talk with a mother whose four-starred service flag means all her sons in France. For the comfort of the splendidly courageous Christian mothers of America, she brings next week a message from this mother.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

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The Unchangeable Word

THE great theme of "The World after the War" is now attracting universal attention. We have many letters on the subject from our readers, and a variety of speculation is indulged in as to the changes that will begin when peace returns. One clear-sighted minister, looking forward to the new conditions which the world will then have to face, put the situation in a single, concise phrase. Addressing an audience in Mt. Airy, he said: "The great war will leave nothing, except the truth of God's Word, precisely as it found it."

Many and far-reaching will be the changes, some of which are in progress even now. Our valuation of national faith and honor will surely be revised. The right uses of power and authority and wealth will be better apprehended than before. The bases of international relationship, the influence of woman in her new sphere as a real helper in the world's progress; these will be set in a new light in the minds of men everywhere. Then, too, the inestimable preciousness of freedom and liberty—the right of every people to lead their own life and to follow their own best ideals, the right of the worker to the amplest reward for his toil, and the right of the governed everywhere to a voice in the affairs of their own land and its government, will be among the new conditions. Radical changes there will be in many directions: social, economic, political, industrial.

But such speculations, while pleasing and to a certain extent profitable, are largely conjectural. In every instance the wish is father to the thought. We talk of what we believe ought to be, not knowing what will be. Human nature would need to undergo a complete transformation before the full category of such hopes could be realized. Of one thing, however, we can now be assured: the need of God, the indispensability of His Word, and the saving, comforting and vitalizing power of the Gospel, are even now being demonstrated more than at any time in the recollection of those now living. Men feel as never before the reality of the Unchangeable Word.

At the preliminary assembly of the Third World Christian Citizenship Conference in Pittsburgh recently, a clear note was sounded, recognizing the approaching civic reconstruction of society. "The advent of peace," says the declaration of principles, "will introduce the greatest epoch of reconstruction ever known. It must witness not only the rebuilding of homes and schools, of temples and cities, but in many lands and in manifold ways the rebuilding of the very framework of human society. . . . Jesus Christ is King of the nations. His law is the rightful law of our existence. Their governments are under His authority. They are responsible to Him and are preserved and rewarded, or chastised, according to their national righteousness, or their national sins." The Conference held that the danger lay in the possibility that mankind would forget to build upon the sure foundations laid of old. Reconstruction founded upon the material expediencies of the past would be false and temporary. "The laws of Jesus Christ must be the foundation. His precepts must bind the superstructure. No nation ever fell while it was right with God."

Our world will thus be a better world, whose peoples will be of one family, with fraternal duty and love toward each other; a world of justice and righteousness, with the Unchangeable Word as the guide and charter of the nations.

The New Sultan

EVEN the most incorrigible of optimists might find it hard to believe in the possibility of Turkey turning over a new leaf and coming into line with the forces of civilization. Yet with the accession of the new Sultan, Vahid Eddine, brother of the late ruler, well-informed Turks are in expectation of many changes. The new ruler is represented as a positive anti-German and a friend of the Allies, a man of superior qualities and modern ideas, and one who will not be content to be, as his predecessor was, a mere figurehead. He has a will of his own, they tell us, and "if his ideas have not changed," will exert his influence for a separate peace. Pretty much the same estimate was made when Mohammed V succeeded Adbul Hamid, but the fine expectations quickly evaporated. If Vahid Eddine be a strong man, as his friends picture him, and a liberal in politics, some good may result in granting greater freedom and better treatment for the oppressed Armenians, Arabs and Jews. His accession to the throne may prove a turning-point in Turkish history; but it is well not to expect too much. There are natures that are hardened by the actual possession of power, and besides, German influence will be exerted to keep the new Sultan in line as long as Turkey can be made useful to the Kaiser. If he should fling off that influence, he would be a stronger and more independent ruler than even his friends give him credit for. But the "unspeakable Turk" has lived up to his title so long, that hopes of his reformation must be based rather on opportunities after the war, than upon his voluntary adoption of humane policies now. He will accept civilization only as a last resort, when he dares not reject it.

Punishing the Profiteers

IT is regrettable that the Federal Trade Commission's report to the Senate concerning war-time profits smacks more of the stump speech arraignment than of a carefully weighed statement of facts. There are a number of big industries named and some of the profiteering, according to the report, is attributable to "inordinate greed and barefaced fraud." Undoubtedly there is profiteering, big and little, but what the public wants is not a snapshot arraignment but a knowledge of the facts definite and sound enough to supply basis for prosecutions.

It is the meat packers which the Commission singles out for especially heavy condemnation. It charges them with having "preyed upon the public unconscionably." The accusations of the Commission have been indignantly denied by the packers themselves. For example, one company says that the Commission figured the pre-war profit on the total investment, while it figured the war-time profit on the nominal capital, so that the increase was made to appear to be from 8.6 per cent. to 263.7 per cent., while in reality it was only to 14½ per cent.

In striking contrast to the spectacular charges of a Commission which has no powers or responsibilities for the remedy of conditions it pictures, is the silent, insistent course of the Food Administration in correcting wrong conditions. More than 800 penalties for violation of rules and regulations governing licensed dealers in foodstuffs have been imposed during the past ten months by the Food Administration. About 150 companies and individuals have been ordered to quit business in licensed commodities for a limited or unlimited period, and over 500 have voluntarily made a money payment, usually to the Red Cross, or have temporarily abstained from doing business, rather than risk calling down more drastic penalties upon their heads.

A vast number of other cases have been disposed of by Federal food administrators in the various states and territories under the authority of, but without specific appeal to, headquarters at Washington. In a large number of other cases the desired compliance has been secured without penalty. More than 2,500 cases arising out of the shipment of foods and feeds, many of them perishable, have been disposed of.

Swift infliction of punishment direct upon guilty profiteers, or their sharp warning, is far more effective and just than are spectacular accusations based upon mooted methods of bookkeeping. The accusations make the more noise, but the prompt prosecutions work the better service.

The Devil's Punch Bowl

FOR weeks past a lively canvass has been in progress with the view of inducing Congress to enact war-time prohibition before taking a recess. In a test vote, the Senate showed itself favorable to nation-wide prohibition after January 1, 1919, for the remainder of the war, but the House still hangs fire. It is difficult to understand how our legislators, in view of the enormous saving of food and fuel which prohibition would assure, should hesitate at this. All the breweries combined equal one great national brewing-pot, big enough to engulf 43,000,000 bushels of good barley, 2,000,000 bushels of sound rye, 10,000,000 bushels of corn and many millions of pounds of sugar every year, and quite able to keep on indefinitely converting it into a brew sufficient to muddle the nation. According to Congressman Randall of California, in a recent enlightening speech, nine-tenths of the good grain annually dropped into the brew is German-owned. Our government supervises our coal bins and our food supply, to which supervision in view of the necessities of war times we unhesitatingly agree. But why should this frightful waste of good food and fuel—enough to make up for all shortages caused by our big exports—be permitted to go on? 6,000,000 Americans have petitioned Congress for prohibition during the war. They represent at least 40,000,000 more right-thinking citizens who believe that a sober and law-abiding nation is desirable. Why continue to waste the nation's food and coal to keep the devil's punch-bowl of the brewers in active service, when Congress has the power by a single stroke to put it out of business while the war lasts? After that—well, the lesson will then have been learned, and there is little danger that the bowl will ever again be set up, or that any future Congress will pass legislation giving license to put "an enemy in men's mouths to steal away their brains."

Soul Windows

THE face, the mirror of the soul, reveals the inner personality—windows through which we gaze upon each other, beholding character in the reprint upon the face like the light of stars, but it is only a reflection of the beauty within that will shine on forever. We read in the open book of the face unfathomable love in the eye, grace in the portals of the lips, joy or sorrow in tears, blushing delight in the cheek, melody in the voice, a real manifestation of the being we love.

No canvas or marble can fully supply the place of the living face. Artists have taxed their genius to reproduce the face of the Son of God, but they cannot paint the majesty of His look when He said, "Let there be light!", or the infinite tenderness of His love when He whispered, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest!"

Nature vies with art in her gallery of the beautiful representations of His matchless being in stars and suns, in sea and mountain, in sunsets and storms, in fields and forests; all together are but a composite photograph of His wisdom, power and majesty. How much more we would have known if we could have gazed upon His face and listened to His voice when He said, "I am the light of the world, the water of life; I am the vine, ye are the branches." Consider the birds and the lilies, how the Father cares for them. He spake and looked as no other man ever did.

After two thousand years of Christ's shining, we see His face clearer than in the dim light of David's day, but the Psalmist could exclaim, "When Thou saidst, Seek ye my face, my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord will I seek." How our souls often long for the faces we love! Jesus' face helps supply the place of faces at the Front, on the Marne, and of those gone over the last river—

"Whose angel faces smile. Which we have loved long since and lost awhile."

Our Opportunity in Palestine

IN a letter just received from Major Waters of the Christian Herald staff, who is now with the Red Cross Commission in Palestine, the writer says: "I have been thinking a great deal about our plans as to Palestine. I think the idea of founding an institution for the orphan children of the Holy Land is one the great need of which can not be doubted. From all I can find out, hundreds of thousands of families have been rendered homeless and the need of homes for the little orphans (their parents having died) is very great. It will be part of my work to investigate conditions and needs, and I will then be in a better position to judge of what ought to be done."

We feel that the whole future of the Holy Land, and especially the problem of shepherding the little children who have been made parentless through the war, is one that lies very near to the hearts of the readers of the Christian Herald. There is no land on earth that has such a strong claim upon our loving consideration and helpfulness. And if the survey of the situation should result in opening up the way for a work that will especially belong to the great Christian Herald Family, we believe it would be undertaken with confidence that the divine blessing would rest upon it.

Sacrifice

WHEREVER the soul leads and the conscience approves, there is never a needless or useless sacrifice. Every step in the real progress of the race since time began has come out of sacrifice. Our growth Christward and heavenward is accomplished by continuous struggle and renunciation. And if the price paid be great, the gain is sure to be commensurate. The greatest Sacrifice of all—that which redeemed the world—is the exemplar for the Christian who loves God and his fellowmen. It makes very real to him the great truth that while a non-sacrificial life is unproductive and unprogressive, to him who is ready to give all, victory is assured.

Why Should Christians Study Prophecy?

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D., Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

I

THE Christian Herald has asked for my views as to the right attitude of God's people towards prophecy, or as expressed in the title, "Why Should Christians Study Prophecy?"

1. The most obvious answer is that *prophecy is part of the Bible*, part of God's revelation to man. A Christian, in the New Testament sense of the term, is one who has come to know and love God through faith in the atoning merits of His Son, Jesus Christ. Hence he loves God's Word, and he has not the slightest doubt that the Bible is His Word.

2. But *prophecy covers a large part of the Bible.* We commonly think of the seventeen books of the Old Testament, Isaiah to Malachi, and one book of the New Testament, Revelation, just eighteen books of prophecy in all. And if this *were* all, it would be nearly one-third of the whole. But it is not all. Some of the most important prophecies are in the Pentateuch, the Psalms are largely prophetic, and so is the Gospel of Matthew. One of the most comprehensive and illuminating prophecies is in the Acts, and what of I and II Corinthians, I and II Thessalonians, and the Pastoral and General epistles? Taking it in bulk, more than one-half of the Bible is predictive, so that no further reason seems necessary why Christians should study prophecy.

3. *Prophecy has great importance attached to it in the Bible.* God justifies Himself as the God of truth by saying: "Behold, the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare; before they spring forth I tell you of them" (Isaiah 42:9).

Why is Jeremiah, though a political prisoner, directed of God to buy his cousin's field in Anathoth? To buy it, even when he knows that Jerusalem is doomed and his nation is to be carried into captivity? To buy it with all the formality of the counting of the money, the signing and sealing of the deed, the calling of witnesses, and the depositing of the papers in safe keeping? This is the answer: "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel: Houses and fields and vineyards shall yet again be bought in this land" (32:6-15). In other words, Judah was to be restored from her Babylonian captivity and again at the end of this age, and God desired it to be known that it was done by His hand.

"He that eateth bread with me, hath lifted up his heel against me. Now I tell you before it come, that when it is come to pass, ye may believe that I am He" (John 13:18, 19). These words of Christ give us the key to prophecy and tell us why Christians should study it. It is revealed so that when it comes to pass we may be convinced that He is the One Whom He claimed to be, the very Son of God, the Saviour of them that believe and the Judge of the whole earth.

4. *Prophecy in its fulfillment is a great strengthener of faith.* The older apologists classed it with miracles in this respect. They pointed out that miracles furnished the more impressive testimony for the beginning of the Christian era, but prophecy for its close. In other words, prophecy is an argument whose force is continually growing. Beginning when the first prophecy was fulfilled and increasing as fulfillments increase, its maturity will not be reached till the end of the world. As Prof. S. H. Kellogg reminds us, "the whole of the Old Testament was in the hands of the Jews 400 years B. C., and yet their predictions were not only borne out by events in His life and work, but are still in process of fulfillment before our eyes. Nor are the essential facts which bear upon this matter at all affected by modern criticism. Let every book be brought down to the latest date which that criticism claims, and still there is a large residuum of veritable prophecy written long, long before the occurrence of the events foretold." Eighteen hundred years have elapsed since the last book of prophecy was written and during that long period, the leading events of history have proven in a marvellous way that "holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" (2 Peter 1-2, 1).

5. *Prophecy strengthens faith because it so greatly increases knowledge.* As the psalmist says: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him; and He will show them His covenant" (25:14). Think what prophecy meant to Noah and his family in the building of the ark. Think how it enabled Abraham successfully to intercede for Lot in Sodom. It sustained Moses in leading the Hebrews out of Egypt and Joshua in conquering Canaan. Again and again it nerved Israel's arm for battle by the prediction of victory, and if today our statesmen and warriors and other public leaders knew and believed the prophecies of God, the fear of Germany would be materially diminished. Daniel knew by the prophetic books the number of years that spanned the Babylonian captivity for His people, and as a scholar and statesman, he stood unequaled among all his contemporaries. Simeon and Anna were diligent students of prophecy and God honored them with an actual vision of their Redeemer. The poor saints at Jerusalem were relieved in the famine of the period of Claudius Caesar as the result of Agabus' prophesying. Paul's prophesying in the Adriatic heartened all his fellow-voyagers in their hour of shipwreck.

Some months since, a metropolitan divine uttered a cry of despair over world conditions and the hopelessness of the reformation of mankind; but had he been a closer student of prophecy, he might have spared himself and us part of that despondency. As the late J. D. Herr said at an International Prophetic Conference some years ago: "There is one grand event placed before us on which we can rest our faith and plant our hope amid all the sad disasters and spiritual depressions constantly surrounding the walls of Zion. No seeming defeat of moral reform, no beating back of the armies of truth, no attempt to overthrow the bulwarks of Christianity, shakes our confidence or paralyzes our aggressive efforts. Beyond and above all these is seen the outshining of His power, and we wait in expectancy and humble patience for the appearing of the glory, of our Great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Here is the objective point of all prophecy."

6. This reminds us that *prophecy, properly understood, is a wonderful inspirer of hope.* In other words, pessimism and Bible prophecy do not go together. It is through the latter that we learn the world's destiny, and become assured that the march of the centuries is toward a legitimate and glorious future. Thus Peter says: "We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day-star arise in your hearts" (2 Peter 1:19).

He is thinking of Christ's transfiguration on the mount when he says this, which to him was at once a pledge and a specimen of the second coming of Christ in His kingdom. That event, i. e., the transfiguration, made the word of prophecy more sure. It was "an indubitable declaration of the personal and official glory of Jesus Christ, a sufficient warrant for all that he and the other apostles said concerning Him."

But the point is that in the estimation of the inspired penman, "prophecy" is a "light," a lamp shining "in a dark place." The Greek for "dark" in this instance might be rendered "squalid." O, the squalor of the filthy, blood-besmirched world today! How much it needs light! And the prophetic Word of God is that light. What shall the church do with it? Hide it under a bushel, or hold it forth for the guidance and the cheer of men? Prophecy is speculation and impractical they tell us; but what can be more contrary to such an idea than the thought of a lamp shining in a dark place?

And if the present state of the world is a "dark place," what is the "day-dawn," if not the second coming of Christ to set up His kingdom? "He shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds." This "star-day" is to rise in our hearts, Peter says. There is, in other words, a moral and spiritual rising that must precede the outward splendor of that day to them who shall behold it. Is this true of the reader of these words? Has he yet received Jesus Christ as His Saviour and confessed Him as his Lord? It is as he does this that prophecy becomes to him an inspirer of hope.

7. Thus *Christians should study the prophecy because it exalts Jesus Christ.* "To Him give all the prophets witness" (Acts 10:43). All prophecy from Genesis to Revelation relates to Him directly or indirectly. "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken," said He to the two disciples on the way to Emmaus, and then, "beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning Himself" (Luke 24:25, 27). The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy (Rev. 19:10). No one interested either in His past history or His ultimate triumph can afford to ignore its study. "God never would have traced the exalted pathway of His Son through the long aisles of the future, had He not desired and expected us by our eye of faith to follow Him."

8. If prophecy thus exalts Jesus Christ, and by exalting Him strengthens the faith and increases the knowledge and quickens the hope of men, it stands to reason that *it radically affects their conduct.* No surprise is felt, therefore, when we read that the pagans of Thessalonica, "turned to God from idols, to serve the living and true God and to wait for His Son from heaven" (1 Thess. 1:9, 10). We see what prophecy did for them. Peter teaches us that by the "exceeding great and precious promises" (prophecy again), we escape "the corruption that is in the world through lust" (2 Peter 1:4). John declares that "every man that hath this hope in Him" (Christ's Second Coming), "purifieth himself even as He is pure" (1 John 3:1-3), (prophecy again). Indeed, to quote Dr. Rufus W. Clark of honored memory in Albany, "there is not a duty pertaining to the Christian life that is not quickened and rendered more imperative by the power of this blessed hope; not a virtue that it does not call into highest exercise, not a motive in the human heart that it does not purify and strengthen."

II

But if prophecy is, and does all this, why do not Christians study it more generally than they do? Yankee-like, we answer that question by asking another, "Why do not Christians study the Bible more generally than they do?" If they studied the Bible at all, in any serious way, how could they fail to study prophecy?

Is prophecy too difficult? Will it be said that God sends a message to mock our humble efforts? His answer is that the longest and most difficult prophecy in the Bible is distinguished from every other part of it by the name of "Revelation." If that is a misnomer, God is responsible for it, since it is in the text.

The mistakes and extravagances of theorists are sometimes adduced as an argument against prophecy; but men have wandered away from fundamental doctrines of the Bible and even given "heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of demons," yet have Christians discarded the study of those doctrines? The truth is that, as Dr. John Lillie, the American Commentator, tells us, among those who really deserve to be called students of prophecy, there is greater harmony on essential points than is found in other departments of theological science, while their divergences on the other hand are not by any means as mischievous in character or tendency. A New York clergyman recently said that the Bible Institutes of the country were all teaching the premillennial coming of Christ, and then he sought to disparage the teaching by adding that they were all at variance with one another. Quite the opposite is true. The ten or a dozen Bible Institutes, or schools, which the writer knows will bear out absolutely Dr. Lillie's testimony.

Among the Workers

THE Woman's Christian Temperance Union is doing welfare work at the Army cantonments, training stations, and aviation fields.

One of the most complete organizations is at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass. Here two hostess houses have been established. One house has reading-rooms, recreation rooms, and rooms that are rented to the boys' families when they come for visits to the camp. The second house has a hall with seating capacity for 150 people.

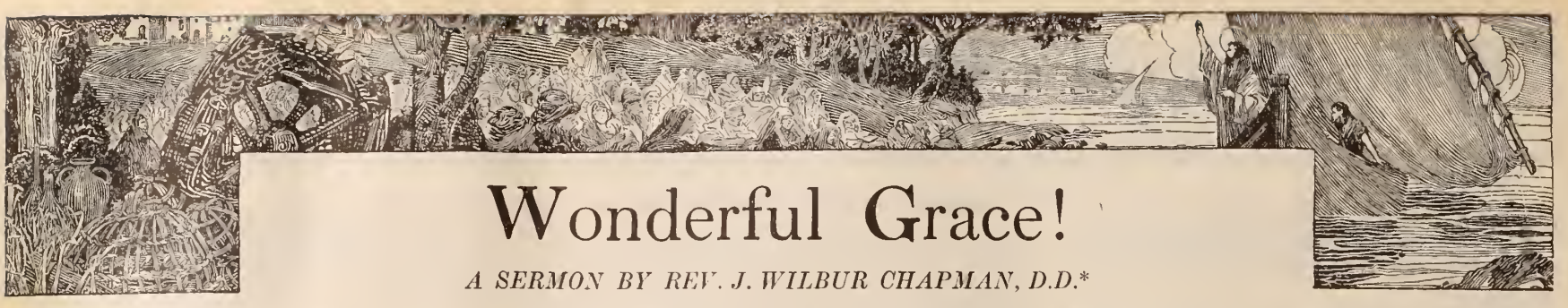
At Camp Funston the Kansas W. C. T. U. is maintaining two hostess houses. In Washington, D. C., the boys are provided with good reading material and come in contact with pleasant surroundings and a refined atmosphere. Each of the 16 Army cantonments where the W. C. T. U. have their "huts" has a stereometrograph. The slides are educational as well as entertaining.

The field kitchen fund touches another phase of W. C. T. U. work. These kitchens are for the battle front and provide the men with hot drinks and nourishing food as they return exhausted and hungry from the firing line.

A PARTY of Christian workers under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Norton, returning from a month's trip through France, where they held many evangelistic meetings near the front, reported some wonderful conversions among the Belgian soldiers, to whom they distributed 25,000 Christmas boxes, besides 7,000 to prisoners of war in Germany. Each soldier sent a letter of thanks, and received a Testament by return mail. The Belgian Minister of War sent the Nortons a hearty expression of gratitude, with an invitation to repeat the visit at the next Easter season.

IN preparation for its Christmas drive 600,000,000 Red Cross Christmas Seals have been printed, according to an announcement made by the National Tuberculosis Association. This is by far the greatest number ever issued and the objective in view is at least to double last year's sale, which totaled over 175,000,000, 60% more than in any year previous.

EVANGELIST CHARLES REIGN SCOVILLE writes that the revival campaign at Trinidad, Colo., has been a notable success, and adds: "We have given the invitation here three days, with 788 responding."



Wonderful Grace!

*A SERMON BY REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.**

TEXT—Isa. 40 : 2. "She hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins."

IF this text is put in contrast with numerous New Testament stories, it seems to give us an altogether wrong conception of God, for I remember that Jesus said, "He that hath seen me hath seen my Father also," and therefore, if properly understood, the God of the Old Testament is the same in spirit as Jesus in the New Testament. And when I see Jesus forgiving Mary Magdalene, although she had sinned grievously, and when I watch Him, as He writes in the sand at His feet the forgiveness of the woman who had been taken in her sin, telling her to go and sin no more, in contrast with these two stories this Old Testament text certainly demands an explanation.

I have found God's grace in the New Testament and His love in the Old Testament to be very much the same.

This text is a part of the comforting message which God sent to His people while they were still in darkness and almost in despair. It is associated with their deliverance from captivity, and at once teaches to me the lesson that God did not permit His people in the Old Testament to suffer beyond a certain point, nor does He permit us today to be tempted beyond that we are able to bear.

The story of the captivity of the children of Israel is thrilling, and at the same time pathetic in the extreme. When we speak of their captivity, we usually think of the seventy years between the first invasion of Judea by Nebuchadnezzar and the permission for their return to the city they left which was given to them by Cyrus. This bit of history is found between the years 605 and 536 B.C. Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, began his attacks on God's people and his depredations upon the city so dear to them, in the year 605 B.C. At first he carried away only a few prisoners, but among them we find Daniel and his companions.

IN B.C. 598 he came again and took away ten thousand people. The seventy years' captivity really began in the year 588 B.C., and when for the fourth time Nebuchadnezzar invaded Judea. He took Jerusalem after a siege of eighteen months, and the king Zedekiah and his people were transported to Babylon. The distance between Jerusalem and Babylon, the scene of their captivity, is about seven hundred miles. It was a remarkable procession which moved from one city to another. Families were not separated, but marched together. Many of the people driven into captivity walked in fetters, and the picture of this strange company of people moving from Jerusalem to Babylon is one of the most interesting in history.

It is, however, almost, if not quite equalled, by the rush out from Siberia of the prisoners who for so many years have been held there by the autocratic government of Russia. With the overthrow of the Czar, 100,000 dead men and women arose from their tombs of imprisonment so fast that the blacksmiths were too few and too slow to break off their shackles. A picture is given of 60,000 men jingling their leg- and arm-chains to celebrate their deliverance. 50,000 sledges were driven westward as fast as possible before the snow and ice could melt; the roads became impassable, and the great throngs of the once hopeless found themselves forming such a pageant as the world had never seen, except we have in mind the moving into captivity of God's ancient people.

THE difference between these two throngs of people, however, is this: God's people, whose story is found in the Old Testament, were moving towards captivity. The Siberian people are moving towards freedom. In their captivity the people of Israel suffered year after year. Their consciences must have troubled them, because they knew that their captivity was due to their sin; yet they were not without hope, because, while many of them had forgotten God in the olden days, yet they still had a memory of His dealings with them, and they knew that, sooner or later, their sufferings must end. There was a certain amount of freedom given to them in captivity; some rose to positions of power and influence; others became extremely wealthy, but they were a disorganized and distracted people, and of themselves could do nothing. It was upon the ears of such a people that the Word of God, like a chorus, broke in, and these words recorded in Isaiah 40 : 1–2 "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that the iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins," remind one of nothing so much as the angels' songs which aroused the sleeping shepherds outside of Bethlehem.

Sir Robertson Nicoll has said concerning it, "The very grammar of this verse is eloquent with grace," and he says that the verse should literally be translated thus—"Accomplished is her warfare, absolved is her guilt, expiated her sins," at least this is the meaning of the verse. It is to be noted that the warfare is not mentioned first, neither is the guilt, nor the sins; but God in His grace is speaking first of the accomplishment of the warfare, the absolving of the guilt, and the expiation of the sins. This is wonderful grace indeed!

With this thought in mind then let us go back to the text, "She hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins." Does this mean "double punishment" inflicted for wrong doing? That could hardly be in accordance with God's nature. Certainly, it is not in line with His dealings with wandering men whose stories run from Genesis to Revelation.

I AM wondering if this text may not mean that, when one sins, there is always a double penalty; that is, we do not live to ourselves alone, and the innocent always suffer with the guilty.

The other day, there came to me a paper from Australia, in which the following striking and awful sentences are found. Fully 25% of the sick children in Melbourne are touched by disease because their parents have sinned. Every tenth child in Australia, it is said, carries in its blood the poison of its parents' vice. What fact more terrible can be imagined?

This is proved not only in the Word of God, but in everyday life. When a boy's father goes wrong we can quite understand how the son would go astray; and when the Jews pass Absalom's tomb today and hurl stones against it in evidence of their contempt for him, Absalom is reaping a harvest of his own sowing, but he is also reaping the harvest forced upon him by his father, David, and his rebellion against his father is in part the result of his father's weakness. The pity of it is that we do not need to sin many times to start a wave of evil influence which may ruin and wreck the lives of children yet unborn.

It is also made exceedingly plain to us as we read the newspapers, and keep our eyes open and look about us, that there is this double penalty, the innocent suffering with the guilty.

BUT true as may be the statement that the innocent pay the penalty with the guilty, yet I am quite sure that this is not the meaning of the text.

It is also true that we do not suffer alone in this world. The guilty, of course, suffer. When they walk in the way of the transgressors, conscience condemns them and remorse overwhelms them.

In an Ohio city, a man came to me insisting that he must have a private interview. His face was deathly white, and when alone with me he said: "I am a forger. I have been able to cover my sin over for years, and I thought I was going to escape judgment; but I am being found out, and every day I am expecting to be arrested. When the door-bell of my house rings, I am in torture, for I say to myself, 'Is this an officer?' As I walk the streets of the city, I am afraid to look men in the face, lest a detective should be searching for me; and, sir, it is true that I am literally in hell and do not know how to escape."

While it is true that the guilty suffer, yet others, entirely innocent, suffer with them. A man becomes a drunkard and his wife's heart is broken. A boy sins and his parents are crushed. A girl goes astray and the shadow falling across the household is blacker than midnight.

This is the pathos of life; this is the tragedy of sin. We do not suffer alone; others suffer with us. We have no right to make them suffer; yet true as this is, I am persuaded that this is not the meaning of my text. What then?

It was a rule under the law in the olden times that for all manner of trespass a man condemned by the Jews should pay double. "For all manner of trespass, whether it be for ox, for ass, for sheep, for raiment, or for any manner of lost thing, which another challengeth to be his, the cause of both parties shall come before the judges; and whom the judges shall condemn, he shall pay double unto his neighbor." (Exodus 22–9.) But this verse in Exodus is not to be put over against my text in Isaiah, which reads: "She hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins."

SOMEONE has said that in this text God is considering the sufferings of the sinner, and if this be true, how full of pity God is to take into account the suffering that sinners have brought upon themselves, and how wonderful it is that he would reckon these sufferings as being double in force and power for the sins committed, and yet if that were true, the suffering of the sinner cannot atone for sin.

But there is a way of escape, and the way of escape is indicated in this Old Testament text: "She hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins."

Some years ago I was holding a meeting in the city of Denver, and the Rev. Dr. Bailey, pastor of the Congregational Church, an Arabic scholar of note, came to me one day to say, "Here's a beautiful subject for you," and this text of mine was written on a piece of paper, and the explanation was given which my friend considered in harmony with the context, and certainly it is in harmony with the plan and purpose of God. When we read the expression, "She hath received at the Lord's hand double for all her sins," we are reminded of the old custom which prevailed in the days of God's ancient people of providing for an obligation. It was done in this way: A piece of parchment was taken, across this piece of parchment the obligation was written, and the debtor signed his name. Then the parchment was folded and it was indented in the center and it was torn at the place of indenture, and half of the parchment was taken by the debtor and half by the creditor. When the obligation was met, then the debtor received from the creditor the second piece of parchment, and she had her double, and it was the rule to take the double parchment and nail it to the door so that all passing by might see that the debt had been paid and the obligation removed. It seems to me that this interpretation must be permitted, because I have read that the expression which immediately precedes the text, "her iniquity is pardoned," really means, "her iniquity is paid off," just as a debt is cancelled.

IT is a very striking thing to me that in the New Testament text a Scripture may be found which carries this same teaching from the Old Testament to the New. It is in Colossians 2nd chapter and the 14th verse, and reads as follows: "Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross." Is this not a striking picture? Think of it: the handwriting that was against us, blotted out, the charges on the book of God met, things which might face us at the judgment day completely erased; for to be blotted out is a chemical expression, and thus I am taught that even the marks of sin may be removed by divine forgiveness. It is a mathematical expression, and as the payment of a sum of money provides for a debt, so by His marvelous atonement my sins are put away forever. It is a judicial term, and because one is in the presence of God who has met all the claims of the law, I am justified freely and forever and stand acquitted before God.

But the text is even more remarkable than this. I am told that the handwriting that was against us has been taken out of the way and nailed to His cross. If it is out of the way then, I shall not meet it again, nor can it overpower me again.

NATURALLY we say: "What are the sins that have been nailed to the cross and for which we are so freely and so fully forgiven?" First: Sins against God. There is the sin of rebellion, the sin of being at enmity against God, the sin of rejection and resistance, our sin of unbelief which drove Jesus to the cross and broke His heart. This sin is nailed to the cross. There is the sin against God of ingratitude; He has given us everything and we have given Him nothing; He has loved us and we have trampled His love beneath our feet; He has given us a countless number of blessings and we have not said, "thank you."

AT the age of eighty-one, there died at Burbank, California, the Rev. Edward W. Spencer, D.D., who at a particular moment of his life, seized the great opportunity and filled it with daring and skill. He was the hero of the wreck of the "Lady Elgin," a lake steamer that foundered off the shore at Winnetka, Illinois, just above Evanston, upon the morning of September 8, 1860, and nearly 400 of the crew

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*Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D. D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Things Concealed

SUNDAY, July 28. Prov. 25 : 2. "*It is the glory of God to conceal a thing.*" The Lord conceals that he may the more abundantly reveal. He hides a thing in order that we may have the refining discipline of seeking for it, and enjoy the keen delights of discovery. Things which are come at easily are esteemed lightly. The pebble that lies upon the common way is beneath regard. The pearl that lies buried in ocean depths is a treasure of rare price. The pain of getting intensifies the joy of possessing. If everything could be picked up from the surface, life would become exceedingly superficial. But the best things are concealed.

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto a treasure hid in a field." We have to dig for our wealth. We are called to a life of toil and discipline and research. Things are concealed in order that life may be a perpetual inquest. The only healthy life is the life of ardent inquisitiveness, "Ask." "Seek." "Knock."

But where shall I make my search? I never know where the wealth may be concealed. The patch of ground which appears to be the most unpromising may be the hiding-place of the finest gold. Therefore I will interrogate the commonplace; I will search into the humdrum ways of life; I will pierce into the heart of tame and sober duties; I will look for treasure even in the dark cloud. I will assume that there is a dowry of grace even in the ministry of pain. I will search for the wealth of poverty, the advantage of apparent disadvantage, the jewels that may be in the heaviest grief. I will look for the hidden treasure, for "it is the glory of God to conceal a thing." It is the glory of God to conceal his teaching in the hard and toilsome ways of experience. I come to know when I have begun to do. The doctrine is hidden in the obedience. J. H. J.

A Great Partnership

MONDAY, July 29. Phil. 2 : 12, 13. "*Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling: for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.*" Is salvation then a matter of works? No, we are saved by faith, but faith activates, as scientists would say, or as the apostle James puts it, vindicates itself by works: "I, by my works, will show thee my faith." Paul is writing to people who are already saved, but he urges them to manifest their faith personally and practically. Salvation is of faith in order to good works. A noble Christian motto is, "Saved to serve." We are called to work. Our field is the world, the world within and the world without. There is work to do in our own hearts, in our own homes, and neighborhoods, in our own land. Life in its widest relations is affected only as life is affected in its narrowest relations. Jesus' first field of labor was his home at Nazareth and the carpenter-shop of his foster-father. God gives no one of us a foreign mission without having first proved our fidelity at home. "Do the duty that lies nearest thee." Yet no narrow view of life should prevent our doing our full share in making the world a better place to dwell in. Great wrongs are to be righted and great causes are to be advanced. Struggling reforms are to maintain. Corruption is to be cured by the salt of righteousness. This is God's world, and sin is a usurper in it. Christ Jesus has a right to rule and reign, and all his servants are soldiers, and all his soldiers are called to fight the good fight.

We do not work alone who work for God. He works in us, through us, with us, by us, and beside us. He bears the heavy end of the yoke. He rests us when we are weary, and by his Spirit energizes us when we grow languid. It is a great partnership. C. C. A.

Law and Grace

TUESDAY, July 30. I Tim. 1 : 8. "*We know that the law is good, if a man use it lowfully.*" What, then, is the lawful use of the law? We should use it as a very sick man uses his physician, when he applies to him for information regarding his state of health. The results of a diagnosis instituted for us by the law will be very painful and humiliating, but it will be very beneficial, because our eyes will be opened to our true condition. Our carnal security will be punctured, and our inward ease greatly disturbed, but into the disquiet which an earnest application of the law has created in us will fall the voice of Jesus: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden; I will give you rest." We will turn from the law to Him who is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. The law cannot heal the diseases which it discovered to us; it cannot make straight what it has found crooked in us; it cannot allay the fears which it has roused. But Jesus can, and to Jesus the law should drive us, when we study its lessons properly. It is to become our schoolmaster, driving us to the great Physician and Teacher whom God has appointed for all who are troubled about their sins. When by faith we have accepted the fulfilment which Jesus has rendered to the law as our own, and our relation to God is no longer that of slaves who dread the whip of the master but of children who regard God as their dear Father, we are to take up the study of the law afresh, and in the spirit of the new life which faith has begotten in us we are to make the duties which the law imposes on us our own voluntary choice, and express to God our heartfelt gratitude for the salvation which he has procured for us by his Son by the willing service which we render him according to all his holy commandments. In this new state we no longer dread the accusations of the law, nor do we feel its injunctions as an unbearable burden, but we love it as the perfect rule of life. The grace of our Lord enables us to apply the law to our conduct in daily renewal.

W. H. T. D.

Witnesses to God

WEDNESDAY, July 31. Isa. 43 : 12. "*Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord, that I am God.*" The fact that the soul panteth after God, crying, "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" is evidence that God lives and loves. Desire, the breath of the soul, is an inspiration from heaven. It is an appetite for God, like the body for food, like the bud to bloom, the bird to soar and sing. The wings of longing may be clipped by doubt or sin, or burdened and weighted by indifference and worldliness. Then there is no God near, no heavens to sweep with the wings of faith and hope.

The height of our flight is measured by the depth of our desire. How wonderful that we may rise up to rest under the shadow of his wings and sing for joy, "Thou art my God; I will praise thee." I will witness for thee forever more. The secret place of the Most High must be attained if the heart would know that he is God, and be able to tell the world of his love. The ideal of an everlasting flight is ever before the believing spirit; mounting up upon wings as eagles towards the heavenly eyrie is the ambition of the mortal for the immortal. There you experience what you only believed before. Everywhere you fly is God, and beside him there is none else.

Nature is a witness to God's power, wisdom and immanence. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." Mind is the author of matter; spirit controls force, and God is in his worlds. They witness, "The hand that made us is divine."

But man, crowned with glory and honor, for whom nature was created, witnesses to the love of God, illuminating his entire being, that the Architect of the universe loves, preserves, redeems and saves his people. E. W. C.

Loving God With All Our Strength

THURSDAY, August 1. Mark 12 : 30. "*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy strength.*" What is it to love the Lord with all our strength? A banquet of business men closed with the singing of "America." At the last stanza there was one man who sang with all his heart, and was apparently deeply stirred. He looked up and saw the flag that was draped above the table, and when the singing ended he said, "Dear old flag, I could die for you." Just three weeks later he was arrested, tried and convicted of an attempt to bribe several members of a municipal assembly. How he "loved the flag!" But only with his lips—not with his strength. Perhaps our love for God has been too often of that variety. "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not what I say?" It was God's complaint against a certain people that they served him only with their lips. Lip-service is acceptable only when it reflects heart-service, and heart-service finds its perfect fruit only in life-service. To love God with all our strength is to love him with hands and feet, purse and time, to love him through the length of all our days. Love which grows cold and forgets or neglects duty may be the love of admiration, but it is not the love of communion, nor is it the love of loyalty. No man who loves the flag of his country will either dishonor it or disregard his obligation to defend it in times of peril.

A boy of twenty who enlisted in the Marine Corps obtained the consent of his parents to his enlistment in an interview in which he said, "I can not even look at the flag any longer unless I do something for the flag. It seems to say to me whenever I look at it, 'What have *you* done—what are *you* doing for me? Am I your flag or not?'" An earnest Christian has some such feeling as this when he sees the symbol of the Cross. The blood-red banner as it "streams afar" seems to say, "Who follows in my train?" An increasing number of disciples of Christ daily seek to know how to serve him with all their strength.

C. C. A.

The Uses of the War

FRIDAY, August 2. I Tim. 1 : 8. "*We know that the law is good, if o man use it lowfully.*" Paul has already expressed his view of the intrinsic excellency of the holy law of God, in the text we had before us last Tuesday. The thought, therefore, which the present text might suggest is that the goodness of the law is conditioned upon the use which men make of it. That can never be the sense, or else we should have to hold that God made something that was not good and man had to make it good. What the apostle really means to say is that we must be careful not to use the law, which is good in itself, for purposes which it does not serve. It would be an unlawful use of the law if sinful man were to seek his righteousness before God in the law. The law, when rightly applied to sinful man, only argues his guilt before God. He can establish his unrighteousness, but not his righteousness, from the law. It creates unrest in his conscience, but it gives him no peace, because he has not met and cannot meet the one condition on which approval of man's actions by the law depends: complete fulfilment. No Redeemer would have been needed by fallen man, if he could render to God fully that service which he owes him. To seek righteousness from the law is a virtual denial of the redemptive work of Christ.

Another unlawful use of the law is to seek our moral improvement from the law. The law states, indeed, all that is necessary for a holy life, but it does not create such a life. It names duties, but it does not furnish man the strength for enacting them. The fundamental requirement for a proper obedience to the law is love—love of God and love of our neighbor. The law does not produce that love in man. In the spirit of ancient Pharisaism men may make a pretense of fulfilling the law in a mechanical and external manner, but their acts are worthless because they do not spring from the right motive. Neither our justification nor our sanctification springs from the law. They must be obtained from Jesus Christ, who was made unto us righteousness, and who instils in our heart that new spirit which loves the law and counts its commandments not grievous. W. H. T. D.

Tests of Love

SATURDAY, August 3. I Kings 3 : 25. "*The king said, Divide the living child in two, give half to the one, and half to the other.*" Two women claimed the same child; the false mother was willing that Solomon should with the sword divide the living child, but the real mother, amid sobs and tears, cried out, "O my lord, give her the living child, and in no wise slay it." Then the wise king said, "Give her the living child; she is the mother thereof." Love, stronger than death, proved motherhood. Mother love could not be successfully counterfeited before the wise ruler. The pretender had no depth of affection for the little one. An adopted child in the home of the best of parents cannot inspire that wonderful love which fills the heart of parenthood and which cries, "My child, my life, my all!" All that a mother hath will she give for her child, following him to the gallows. She will love him more the older he grows, even until the head is white with age, for love is eternal.

A little girl once cried out, "Mamma, my dollie never loves me back as I do." Therefore the child soon outgrows the doll, but the mother never outgrows the child. The dear one may become estranged, refusing to respond to a mother's affection, and then at last love dies under such iceberg conditions. A truant son once returned to his mother's bedside, and when she saw how cold, heartless and pitiless his face appeared, scarred and hardened by sin, she whispered in her dying moments, "I have never wholly lost my boy till now, never till now!" So the Mother God of heaven utters sorrowful words when lost children refuse the invitation to come to the bosom of love, the Home of the Soul. Love never dies till the loved one smothers the flame forever. E. W. C.

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OVER

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The Unwitting Bait

By
JEAN MAHAN PLANK

MISS JESSIE ALLING opened the telephone booth in the drug-store and peered about nervously for a place to hang her limp, shabby muff. She finally let it swing from her wrist, and with some difficulty adjusted her eye-glasses in order to hunt for a number in the directory.

"Central, eight-three-naught-one," she called in a shaking voice as she slipped a slug in the slot.

A polite, youthful voice answered at once with a rising inflection: "Consolidated Building and Construction Company."

"O—is Mr.—can I talk with Tom Wilk—Mr. Thomas Wilkinson, please?"

The polite one hesitated.

"One moment, please!"

After an instant an older voice came through more commandingly. "To whom did you wish to speak?"

"Mr. Wilkinson. Doesn't he work there?—Thomas Wil—"

"Just a moment, please!"

Another interval passed before a third voice came briskly: "What is it, please? With whom do you want to speak?"

"Why, I'd *like* to talk with Mr. Thomas Wilkinson. Doesn't he work there?"

"Well—" the brisk one also hesitated, "will you kindly give me your name?"

"Miss Alling. If you'll just tell him *Jessie Alling*. I'm so sorry to trouble—"

"One moment, please!"

Flushed and perspiring, Miss Alling waited. Her thoughts were agitated. "My, what a lot of bother I'm giving those big men. They *sound* big. I suppose Tom works away out somewhere—"

"Hello—hello!"

"Why, I believe that's Tom now. Is that *you*—Tom Wilkinson?"

"Yes, Wilkinson. The clerk didn't get your name."

"Why, Tom, this is Jessie Alling. Don't you remember—Arden Seminary?"

Tom remembered with an exclamation. "Why, where *are* you?"

"I live here—in Chicago now—taking care of my mother's cousin, an invalid. Tom, I won't keep you from your work. I just want to tell you something. You know that the Arden Alumni are raising ten thousand dollars for a memorial of Professor Arden?"

"I've heard it mentioned," said Tom, "several times."

"Well, some of them—the younger ones—are going to have a big dinner at the Auditorium to see about it."

"Yes—that's been mentioned, too."

"And of course it's rather expensive—and they're all of late classes—Clyde Bryce's boy is getting it up. Now, I thought maybe some of us who went to school away back might get together here in Hyde Park and do something."

"Yes, yes!"

"And maybe if we put what we have to give together, it would be—a little help anyway. Now I found Fred Gates in the directory and called him up where he works, and—he's married, did you know it?"

"Yes, I knew it, Jessie."

"He lives on a farm, away out. He and his wife will come. And there's a tea house near where I live, and we can get a nice dinner for sixty cents. Then we can put together what we're going to give, and send it in. What do you think, Tom?"

"I think that's *just bully*, Jessie."

"*Do* you?"

"I do, indeed. Now, when——"

"It'll be Saturday, at six. Will that——"

"Good! I'll have to be a bit later than that—say six fifteen?"

"Very well, Tom. I wouldn't want to interfere with your work. Say, Tom—I was sorry to bother those gentlemen—about calling you to the phone, you know. Did it——"

"O, they'll live through it," said Tom cheerfully, and Jessie recalled that Tom had always been a bit independent in his manner in spite of his abnormal bashfulness.

She went home and wrote a check for ten dollars. She had decided, after considerable reflection, that she would spare that much from the tiny savings of her slender salary as attendant upon a nerve-wracking invalid.

Then, before removing her wraps, and with some embarrassment, she gazed at herself in the mirror over the little painted bureau in her narrow hall bedroom.

"I do—look—awful," was her conclusion

"I do—look—*awful*," was her conclusion as she surveyed the picture: a ready-made blouse which had struggled through many launderings; a well-preserved tailored skirt of an obviously old cut; a hat which, in spite of a thick veil, confessed to being straw when the month had an R in it, while its faded velvet rose tried bravely to simulate bloom when it really ought to have been dropping its leaves.

Jessie sat down on the cane-seated chair which was the only one the little third floor room afforded.

"It doesn't seem as if I ought to draw out any more with that ten dollars; but if I just had a pretty blouse now, I could wear it with my old black taffeta skirt—and of course we'll take off our hats——"

She suddenly recalled that Tom Wilkinson had seen her, twenty years ago, wearing a light blue gingham gown when he was cleaning her father's well. He had looked at her bashfully but hadn't said anything until he was quite at the bottom of the well, when he remarked sepulchrally, "I like blue."

Jessie hung up the limp muff in the wardrobe and sighed vaguely. "I wish I had something blue," she said.

Her heart sank as she thought of the events of the morning which had given her the impulse and the courage to start her small project of the tea house dinner. She had gone timidly to a meeting of the alumni downtown. In the chair was a sweetly fearless young woman whom Jessie knew to be the married daughter of one of her own classmates. The young president was clad in a thoroughly modern fashion, the very simplicity of which was bewildering to one who did not know how to attain it. Jessie had watched with fascinated wonder this girl whom she could remember as a baby, hold the assembly lightly but firmly as one holds hounds in leash. Jessie knew that *she* could not have done that.

She belonged to the day of small things, when her *alma mater* did not even dream of association with the A. C. A.; when college life was simple, perhaps a bit crude, and living was difficult. Living had remained difficult for Jessie, with music teaching, helping her parents through their last years, and now partial dependence upon a capricious old lady.

Not knowing the younger alumni, Jessie sat in shabby loneliness until young Clyde Bryce happened to ask her name. He was a cheerful, voluble and elegant young man. His sophisticated attire and airy ease of manner suggested ways of life which Miss Alling knew only in books. She returned his greeting with timid awe.

"That ten thousand is a scorcher," he confided to her in a whisper. "I'm chairman of the committee. I've had all I could do to get that dinner started for Saturday night at the Auditorium. Everybody shies away when you want money. There's a lot of 'em who ought to give two hundred apiece, and they've put down a hundred. That won't do. I've been angling for some big fish that might be worked up to the five hundred mark, but they won't come to the dinner—don't believe in it—two and a half a plate too high, and so forth. But what can a fellow do?—Hello, Geoffrey, how about those invites?"

In the confusion of adjournment, he turned away. Miss Alling's sympathetic murmur was lost. Most of her remarks were lost, she realized, in this surging atmosphere of prosperous youth.

Fluttered and depressed, Jessie went out. She loved the old seminary. It had been the scene of the nearest approach to romance her life had known. And the old professor—she had loved him, too. Her lip quivered, and for the first time, her stout little heart thought bitterly of poverty.

Then suddenly the Project flashed upon her brain. She remembered that Tom Wilkinson lived in Chicago, and Fred Gates. Those boys had worked their way through school. Life had of course been hard for them, also. Two and a half a plate! The price quoted so glibly by Clyde Bryce had taken away her breath. She knew Tom Wilkinson could never pay that, although she had heard some years ago that he had a good position. And Fred Gates—why, Fred had "bached it" in a room over her father's barn, and she used to carry him muffins and butter on Sunday mornings. And now he worked somewhere at the stockyards.

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Jessie shivered at that. Poor old Fred!

The day before the dinner, her cousin's cook became ill. It was snowing, and the laundress hung the wet clothes before the lighted gas-oven to dry. Jessie was always expected to fit in where vacancies occurred, and she stood before the sink peeling potatoes and slicing them into a scallop for luncheon. Her cheeks were flushed with fatigue, but the unusual labor was a relief from the nervous strain of the parlor where the cousin sat in discontented comfort and nagged her dependents.

The earthy smell of the potatoes suggested the out of doors. The sun suddenly shone through the falling snow. Jessie opened the kitchen door and let the moist air come in. The delicate perfume from the wet clothes with the fire behind them stirred long forgotten emotions, long repressed impulses in her soul. She sliced the potatoes evenly and smoothly with a queer feeling that something big was behind the snow and the air and the perfume; that it was struggling to make an opening wedge enter her own shut-in, undeveloped spirit. She stepped to the window and looked up through the flying flakes of snow which glittered in the sunlight. The clouds were parting overhead, and through the rift Jessie saw a beautiful, transparent lake of blue. The opening wedge suddenly inserted itself.

"I'm going out," she said slowly and firmly, "as soon as I'm through with the dishes, and buy me a pale blue blouse to wear tomorrow night. I don't care," —she answered some questioning of her mind—"I'm not afraid. I shall get a *silk* one." With an expansion that was like a breath of the snow-laden air, she began to sing as she sliced potatoes—an old love song of her academy days.

The difficult relative scoffed bitterly at the blue blouse when Jessie was dressed for the dinner, but being a woman of some elegance of taste, she gratified her fancy by making Jessie wear a wide, filmy, white scarf of her own, under which the blue silk gleamed like the sky through soft, white clouds. She accepted Jessie's fervent gratitude with a half contemptuous kindness, and finding the emotion agreeable, added to the toilet a pair of freshly cleansed white kid gloves.

Jessie had dropped a note to Tom Wilkinson to give him the address of the tea house, and had received one in return in which he suggested instead a small hotel near her, and took upon himself the needful arrangements about the dinner. In consequence, when Jessie, wearing her shabby coat and furs over her pretty toilet, arrived a bit early, she was ushered into a little private room in which a small, round table was prepared with silver and glass, and decorated with a low, spreading mass of early spring flowers, jonquils, primroses and daffodils.

As Jessie entered the room, a couple of plain, elderly people arose and stood a bit awkwardly. Then the man, who was stooped and partially bald, started toward her with hand outstretched. As he did so, he smiled—a frank, kind smile, and Jessie cried out with surprise:

"Why, Fred Gates!"

"Well, Jessie," said Gates heartily, "do you remember when you used to bring me muffins on Sunday mornings? Those muffins!—Jessie, this is Mrs. Gates. She's heard often about you."

Mrs. Gates came forward timidly. She had a plain, sensible face, and was sparely dressed in a brown cloth gown. Jessie noticed that she wore no gloves on her capable, work-worn hands, and immediately drew hers off.

"I've heard a lot," said Mrs. Gates, "about how you and your mother took care of Fred when he was sick."

Jessie laughed gaily. She suddenly began to feel light-hearted and very happy. She was glad she had bought the blue blouse.

Fred Gates motioned toward the table. "Don't those flowers remind you of the old days at Arden? Tom Wilkinson telephoned out to me and asked if I couldn't rustle up some old-fashioned flowers; and sure enough, my wife had got these started in her greenhouse."

"O, you have a greenhouse?" Jessie gasped, "do you manage it while Fred——"

Mrs. Gates laughed. "Just a little one—on the farm. I like to work with flowers. We want you to come, sometime soon, out to our farm, and stay as long——"

A shout from Mr. Gates made the women turn. In the doorway stood a tall, angular, powerful figure in a greatcoat. For an instant, Jessie was the prey of bewilderment and a confused sense of unreality, as both her hands were imprisoned by the greatcoated figure. But at the sound of a voice she knew, she realized that the figure and the keen, gray, spectacled eyes that were searching hers earnestly, belonged to Tom Wilkinson.

Not until the dinner had reached the coffee was there any mention of the Arden Memorial. The brightness, to Jessie, seemed to blot out the whole gray past, and in the faces of the other three she saw reflected her own enjoyment of the hour. When she suddenly recalled the meaning of the meeting, her face sobered to a look of sweet responsibility. She drew from her little silk bag a stamped and addressed envelope.

"Now, perhaps we had better put our contributions to dear Professor Arden's memorial together in this envelope. It's all ready to send to Clyde Bryce—junior Clyde, you know. He's the chairman."

Tom, who had been leaning back with a wholly contented smile on his own face, and his eyes on Jessie's, started up with gleeful alacrity and thrust his hand into his breast pocket. From thence he drew a small, flat pocketbook, and from that a cheque. He handed the cheque to Jessie who received it with a serious air, and placed it, being very careful not to look at it, with her own in the envelope. Mr. Gates, too, with a humorous gesture and remark, pointed toward his wife, who also carried a little silk bag. From this a third cheque was extracted to go in the envelope.

"I feel 'most too solemn to say anything," Jessie remarked in a trembling voice, "I am so happy to think we can help even a little toward giving dear old Arden something beautiful; and it's so nice we can do it together."

Tom responded to that with vigor. "*Together*—that's the word! You tell little Clyde Bryce that it's *your* contribution. Fred and I are just the tail of the comet."

Fred laughed. "Tell him you earned that mite carrying hot muffins to a homesick chap baching it in a barn-loft."

"No, you needn't," protested Mrs. Gates, "tell him it's your reward for saving a husband for me by carrying him cold water in the nights when he had that fever."

An hour later, Jessie found herself being bundled by Tom into her threadbare little coat and shabby furs, and presently he and she were walking slowly over the two or three blocks between the hotel and her cousin's house.

"Jessie," said Tom eagerly as he poked the sealed envelope into a mail-box, "I've just found out something."

"What, Tom?"

"That I'm not bashful. Why, do you know that with the way I used to suffer with bashfulness when I was a boy, I simply never gave myself a chance to get over it. You know I never could speak to you if you were looking at me?"

"I know it, Tom."

"Well, since we left school, I've thought of you a million times, but upon my word, I was too bashful to write—or at least if I had written—to tell you I'd give all I had if I could see you—I knew if I were to see you, I'd just crumple up with bashfulness. I've been all kinds of a fool, Jessie. When you called me up the other day, I was glad enough it was the telephone, for I was sure that if you had come on me suddenly, I should have collapsed. And when I went into that room tonight, I didn't know whether I'd keep my head long enough or not to say how-de-do. But all of a sudden, when I did see you, and got hold of your hands, I found that I wasn't bashful at all. Now, I'm going to hurry right up and tell you—no matter what you think—that there never was any other girl in this world for me, and when I saw you tonight in that blue frock—or whatever it's called—I knew there never could be any other. And I'm telling you this in spite of the fact that you no doubt have never given me a thought, and that somebody else has probably come into your life——"

"O, Tom—never, never!" Jessie was clinging to the arm in the bulky sleeve of the greatcoat. "Why, Tom, I don't think anybody else ever wanted me—or at least not many——"

"That's right, tell the truth!"

"Well, nobody that I'd think of for a moment. And Tom—I——"

It was Jessie who was bashful now. She could get no further. She turned her face to the big sleeve.

Tom stopped and faced her. "Would you believe it?" he asked wonderingly. He put a hand under her chin. "I've got the sand to stop right here and ask you to kiss me!"

And he did—and *she* did—with an electric lamp shedding its revelatory rays about them, and pedestrians approaching from either direction.

As they neared their destination, Jessie snuggled up again to the big sleeve.

"Tom, I'm glad you have such a nice, warm coat," she said with a maternal air.

Tom rubbed the soft fur collar. "It's a dandy, isn't it? My Christmas present — employees of the Consolidated——"

"*Did* they?—did they *give* it to you?"

"Yes." He chuckled. "Guess they thought I needed it. Fact is I haven't had much time to think about clothes."

"Well, *I* think it was lovely of them. They must like you there pretty well, Tom." She looked up at him proudly with soft eyes.

"O, so-so. They call me 'the old man,' you know."

"*Old man*—nonsense! Why, Tom, you and I are just beginning to live, aren't we? And if we had got—got——"

"Married,"—supplied Tom unblushingly——

"Got married just after we left Arden, we might have been all settled down and the romance gone. And now we have it all to enjoy. It's so wonderful, isn't it?"

Tom murmured ecstatically and added: "Gee! I'm mighty glad I have a nice little home to take you to."

"Home!" Jessio gasped.

"You bet. You see I built it for my mother, and just as it was finished, she died."

"O, Tom——"

"And I never have lived in it. I wouldn't rent it, because——"

"Wasn't that too bad! That made it hard for you, didn't it? It must have cost you quite a bit——"

"Well, yes—but there's a lot I want to do to it now."

"You mustn't be extravagant, Tom, for you know I'm very simple, and a *home*—O, just *any* home—would be like heaven to me."

At that, Tom had to stop again, but in the shadow this time. When he left her at the door, he said: "I'll phone you tomorrow about five o'clock. We've got to make some plans, you know." Then he called her such a beautiful name that Jessie scarcely breathed on her way up-stairs, and when her head was on the pillow, she said the name over and over again to herself.

The following day was spent in attendance upon the invalid, who, having done amiable things the evening before, felt free to react to one of her ugliest moods. Jessie, however, was wearing a new armor which shielded her from all the darts of malice—the armor of Tom's love.

It was not until nearly five o'clock that she had a chance to open an envelope which had come special delivery an hour before. She found in it a typed letter signed by Clyde Bryce.

"We are in receipt," he wrote, "of your remittance of $1510.00—" ("Fifteen—what?" puzzled Jessie who wasn't quick at figures, "fifteen—no, one hundred and fifty-one—no, that couldn't be it—") "for which we thank you most cordially. That amount, coming just now, insures our raising the ten thousand for the memorial."

In a postscript Clyde had written: "By the way, how on earth did you hook those two big fish I've been angling

Continued on page 876

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Marion Harland's Corner

"Canning Time"

THIS is what ten correspondents admonish me is "upon us"—in terms more or less urgent. I put aside reluctantly dozens of letters upon other topics, none of which are uninteresting, to obey the will of the Majority.

With hoarse threats of "hard times and worse coming" sounding in our ears, we appreciate, as never before, that every fruit and vegetable which can be spared from today should be conserved in some way for future use. Among these "ways," Canning stands preeminent. Canned foods if properly put up and kept in a cool dark place, are practically indestructible by time. I wish I had room to tell the story of the discovery of a jar of preserved figs in Pompeii, which led a clever American to introduce the Art of Canning—eighteen hundred years old—into the United States.

Let me detail briefly the essentials to success in canning vegetables and fruits.

First—Heat! Have plenty of boiling water at hand for retaining the even and right temperature of every untensil used in the process. Cans and covers must be as hot as the boiling fruit or vegetable poured into the cans. Clean, new rubbers must be dipped into boiling water wiped and fitted into place as soon as the can is filled to overflowing. The heated cover is clapped on without the loss of a second and screwed down far enough to secure perfect exclusion of the air. Five minutes later, it must be screwed tightly into the place it will hold for months. This second screwing is indispensable. The glass and metal contract in cooling, and the altered condition must be met promptly. Repeat the tightening process as the jars cool.

Canned Asparagus

Cut off the lower and harder portions of the stalks. Nobody eats them when they are cooked, and they take room that should be filled by an edible. At least two inches of most of the asparagus stalks canned for private families, might be left out of the jar. It is literally "hard wood." Make asparagus-soup of it if you like. Have the stalks of uniform length so far as possible. Bring water, slightly salted, to a boil in a large kettle and lay in the asparagus previously trimmed and washed. Boil steadily until the heads are tender, but not until they break. Lift out gently with a large wooden fork, or a split ladle, and stand on end, the tips uppermost, in the heated jars which should be close at hand in a great pan of hot water. If practicable, the canner should always have an assistant who fits on the rubbers and tops without the loss of a second as soon as the asparagus is neatly packed in and the jar filled to overflowing with the boiling salted water from the kettle. This last must stand on the fire boiling steadily until the last jar is filled.

Let the asparagus cans cool in a dark room when you can. Light darkens canned foods. When the cans are perfectly cold, wrap in thick paper and set in a cool closet if you have no cellar.

Canned Stewed Tomatoes

Scald the tomatoes and skin them, laying them in a colander, after peeling, that the superfluous juice may drain away. There is sure to be more than you need. When all are ready, turn into a granite or a porcelain-lined kettle and bring rather slowly to a boil. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, pour off all the liquid that will come away without pressing, season slightly with salt, and transfer by the ladleful, hot-and-hot, to the prepared cans. Seal immediately.

Tomatoes Canned Whole

This is a far more delicate business than that described in the preceding recipe. Select the finest and ripest tomatoes and of uniform size. Lay in boiling water for a very few minutes until the skins begin to crack. Then, turn off most of the water and slip off the skins. Do this rapidly, pouring out more water every little while that the tomatoes may not soften too much. They should be firm to the last. As you remove the skins, lay the peeled tomatoes upon a broad dish lined with cheese-cloth. It is best for several operators to be engaged at once upon this stage of the work. Have ready on the fire a broad kettle of boiling water. When all the tomatoes are skinned, put into the kettle enough to fill one of the heated cans. It may require six or eight. Cover the kettle after each instalment, and leave all the tomatoes in it at the side of the range for ten minutes. Pack them into a hot jar; fill with boiling water *from the teakettle* and seal instantly.

I have eaten tomatoes canned in this way, that were six months old and tasted when dressed and set on ice, almost like fresh tomato-salad. This in the dead of winter.

Canned Corn and Tomatoes

Boil two dozen ears of ripe green corn until the kernels are tender (no longer). While they are still boiling hot, cut from the cob with a sharp knife. Peel two dozen ripe tomatoes of fair size, and cut into small bits. Mix this with the corn, salt to taste, and put over the fire in a granite or a procelain-lined kettle. Bring to a hard boil, cook for just one minute after this is reached, and pour at once into your heated jars. Seal immediately. When they are cold wrap each can in thick papor to exclude the light.

Canned Berries

Measure the berries, and put the sugar into a broad, shallow pan, allowing a heaping tablespoonful to each quart of the fruit. Pour the berries into a preserving kettle and bring slowly to the boil, stirring up from the bottom as they heat and dipping out the surplus juice. Meanwhile, let the sugar heat in the open oven, stirring to prevent scorching. Add it gradually to the cooking berries. Then you will see the wisdom of dipping out the superfluous juice. The combination of boiling berries and hot sugar will make all the liquid you need in putting up the fruit. Cook all together for ten minutes and can quickly, filling each can to overflowing. Seal at once and let the cans cool in a dark place. When they are perfectly cold wash those which are sticky on the outside, and tie all up in thick paper. Blackberries, raspberries, huckleberries and gooseberries may be canned in this manner, allowing twice the quantity of sugar to the gooseberries.

Canned Cherries

"Short-Stem" and Morello cherries are best for canning. The less-acid varieties are "dead sweet" unless sour be mixed with them. Allow half-a-pound of sugar to every pound of washed and stemmed cherries. Put the sugar over the fire with just enough water to dissolve it and cook to a thin syrup. If you can spare enough cherries to stem, mash, and strain, using the juice thus obtained for the syrup instead of water the result will repay the additional work. As the scum rises upon the boiling syrup, skin it off. It should be ready for the fruit in ten minutes if the boil be brisk. Turn the cherries into the syrup and cook for five minutes after the boil fairly begins and the contents of the kettle bubble all over the surface. Remove the cherries from the syrup; pack into pint jars set in hot water, fill with the scalding syrup and fit on rubbers and hot covers. Cherries canned thus make delicious filling for French pastry shells.

FROM a host of queries upon divers household topics—many of which are interesting and should be answered—I select, to vary the leading theme of today, two which are novel to some of us.

A cook left me recently who had many faults. I am glad she has taken her departure. But she *could* compound delicious "War Bread" as she called it. She said she put into it all the cereal "leavings" from the table—no matter what they were. She used whites of eggs also. The recipe which she left for me is absolutely worthless—as might have been expected! Do you know anything about this bread? If not, I dare hope that some wiser housewife than I, may take pity upon me and send in the recipe."—Mrs. D. J. B. (*New Jersey*).

The fraudulent recipe is a stock trick of discharged cooks. We shall have somewhat more to say before long of the War Breads. I should like to be able to supply the formula which our member asserts was delicious. The lists are open for competitors.

"In speaking of the uses of rice-water, you alluded to it as an invalid food. I have heard also of rice-jelly which is highly nutritious and palatable. Can you let us know how it is made?—Cornelia V. S. (*Cincinnati, Ohio*).

Wash a cup of rice and soak it for two hours in a cup of water. Have ready on the range a quart of boiling water, and turn the rice and the water in which it has soaked into this. Boil for three-quarters of an hour, then strain through a muslin bag. When it is cold and thick serve with powdered sugar and cream.

Gleanings from the Editor's Desk

INCREASED interest is being taken this year by both ministers and laymen in the Bible Conferences. The Conference at Bible School Park, New York, (July 17-29), gives opportunity to hundreds of people to sit at the feet of some of the most distinguished Bible teachers. The Conference program is under the personal direction of Rev. J. A. Davis, President of the Practical Bible Training School. Dr. William Pettingill, Dean of Philadelphia School of the Bible will be present during the whole session. Rev. O. R. Palmer of the Africa Inland Mission will give a strong missionary tono to the Conference. Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Norton will also take part in carrying out the program. Intending visitors may address the Secretary, Bible School Park, N. Y.

A Conference on Prophecy will be held at Winona Lake, August 7-15. Among the speakers expected to be present are: Dr. James M. Gray of Moody, Dr. A. C. Zenos of McCormick, Dr. P. Y. Pendleton of Iowa, Bishop E. C. Hughes, Prof. A. F. Wesley of South America, Pres. C. M. Blanchard of Wheaton College, Dr. W. B. Riley, Dr. J. C. Massee, Dr. D. Heagle and others. There is no attempt on the part of the management to force any particular views upon their auditors. Controversy will be avoided, although the addresses will usually be followed by written questionnaires.

LAURA K. HARTZELL of the M. E. Mission, La Paz, Bolivia, writes: "We wish to thank your subscriber for the gift for distribution of portions of the Bible and tracts. This is one of the best ways to reach the people of Bolivia. The majority are afraid to enter the churches; but all who can read, will do so, if we just give them the material. We have given out thousands of tracts and seldom do we see one torn up. The people want to know the truth. Mr. Hartzell has just returned from a trip to the interior, preaching in the principal places, showing views of the life of Christ and selling the Bible. The people were so anxious to get the truth that there were not copies enough to go half around. I wish you could see the eagerness of the people and you would be glad that you sent your gift to this land. Even the native priest in Chulimani announced publicly that he was studying the Bible, that he might teach his people better. A few years ago, all Bibles were to be destroyed."

THE sum of $500 has been received from Mr. Charles S. Taylor, of Waterville, Me., executor of the estate of the late Nathan W. Taylor, the money to be applied as follows: $100 to the Bowery Mission; $100 to the Christian Herald Children's Home; $100 to the India Orphan Work; $100 to the American Foreign Missionary Society, and $100 to the McAuley Water Street Mission. The gift has been distributed in accordance with the wishes of the donor.

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Growing Stronger

International Sunday School Lesson for August 4
Luke 2:42-52 and II Peter 1:5-8

Some Principles of Spiritual Developments

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

HOW thankful we are for this glimpse of the growing boy Jesus preserved for us in Luke's story of the visit to the Temple! No wonder modern artists have found it a favorite theme. Every school should have Hoffman's or Constant's beautiful picturization of the incident. It makes the mighty Redeemer more real to us to see him in process of growth through childhood and youth to full-orbed manhood.

This glimpse of Jesus which Hoffman gives helps us to teach because it shows us a critical stage in his growth. Perhaps it is true that the twelve-year-old Oriental is as mature as our lad of fourteen. But it is certain that the Teen Age is critical. It is then that the great changes of adolescence take place. It is then that the task of parent and teacher is most difficult. Let wise mothers remember that even Jesus caused his mother great perplexity! She could not understand him fully. We have the advantage of much able thought by wise students of childhood. Every household should possess at least one good book on its most important task, the guidance of growing childhood. If I could have only one, I would have "The Boy Problem in the Home," by William Byron Forbush. Every Sunday School teacher should read some book on the nature of her pupils, beginning with the section on the Pupil in the Teacher Training Course of her denomination. Above all we should study to know our scholars, in school and out.

For these are the formative years of life. Yea, more than formative, they are decisive. Dare we neglect to use our influence aright when we consider the importance of the outcome? Yet largely through lack of good teaching, these are also the years when we lose a large percentage of our boys and girls from the Church school! Why should we? It is a time of eager inquiry, as shown in Jesus here. It is the period when boys branch out for themselves, both in thought and action, no longer childishly dependent on parent or teacher. Then the time is ripe for guiding their maturing ideals into Christian channels, and to tie up their decisions to the organized Church and enlist them for life as soldiers in our great Crusade.

Growing Stronger Food for Souls

Growth of spirit is unconscious, like growth of body. You can't order a person to grow. But you can assist him to fulfil the conditions of growth. One of the essentials is the provision of nourishing food. When it comes to the food for growing minds, we must consider what hungry children we have. See to it that they get good mind food, or they will fill up on some pretty highly seasoned stuff. None of us want to give them the poor, wishy-washy stories that used to fill our Sunday School libraries. Public libraries will help you, if well managed and supplied. For list of books write to the Boy Scouts of America, New York City.

But we have a special task—giving them the best of all soul food, the Bible. It cannot be given them unprepared for their immature minds, any more than Paul could give the strong meat of the Word to the Corinthians. The wise and thoughtful teacher will find just what they need and prepare it attractively for them. Just to hand a boy a Testament is not enough. Let us beware of giving children a positive dislike for the Bible. They ought to find it as Ezekiel did, "like honey in my mouth for sweetness." But that requires a teacher who practices the 119th Psalm.

Another soul food is prayer. We must begin with repeating prayers but we must not stop there. And even in the matter of set prayers, our Sunday Schools are weak. How many prayers have you taught your class? I found a big boy who thought praying was repeating "Now I lay me down to sleep." He had never prayed except upon retiring, and had never asked God to do anything but take care of his own little soul! What a poverty-stricken prayer life! Are there not too many such? In a model school of religion which I have visited, the children have composed some beautiful prayers which are used in school and class. We must try to raise prayer to the heights of real communion with God where petition, intercession, thanksgiving are all transfigured by fellowship. Without prayer a soul does not attain its full stature.

Growing Stronger—Exercise

But we grow by what we do, even more than by what we eat. "Exercise thyself unto godliness" was Paul's injunction to the youthful Timothy. Bodily exercise is profitable, he declared, and just so, spiritual exercise is more profitable, laying hold on eternal life. Right conduct, the opportunity to express in daily life the ideals and principles of true Christianity, is essential to growing stronger. A monthly good turn by a class of teen age boys or girls, may result in more solid progress than any amount of talking to them. Try to plan for it—some real, hard service that demands the cooperation of all. Then supplement it by guiding individuals to do some sort of personal service for the class, the school and the church, and then for the community and the world. Gathering flowers for the pulpit and taking them directly after worship to the sick or unfortunate, collecting old burlap bags and selling them to help beautify the Church, making bandages for the Red Cross, and acting as Pastor's aids an afternoon a week to address cards, etc., are some of the practical things now being done.

We learn by doing. We pray better by praying, speak better by speaking, give better by giving. The first sphere of action is the home and no boy is a Christian in church unless he is a helpful, brotherly, obedient member of a household. Though Christ's genius flashed out in the Temple, he went humbly back to Nazareth and was "subject unto his parents." A disorderly, surly, unkind Jesus is unthinkable, though he was but twelve. When your class admits that, you can press home their duty to strive to be like him.

Wisdom, Stature and Favor

Luke's threefold statement of Jesus' progress through the teens is suggestive of what is happening in all our boys and girls today. They are in the period of most significant growth.

A growing mind which eagerly seizes upon new experiences. A trip to Jerusalem must have had a magic significance to a little Hebrew boy. Our boys profit tremendously by directed travel. It is a choice privilege for father or pastor or teacher to take a group of alert boys and girls to some historic site or great museum or teeming city. Don't go alone. These youngsters are expanding their minds by contact with life as well as books. They need the noblest fellowship that can be bestowed upon them, lest their standards be set by the street corner gang.

A growing social consciousness, no longer little childish egotists, but responsible beings. The normal boy in the teens begins to be impatient to go to work. He is no longer a dependent but a cooperator. He wants to put something into the common store of wealth and ideas, as well as to continue to take out. At twelve the American lad wants to enroll as a Boy Scout, promising to do a good turn every day and "to help other people at all times."

Peter's Golden Chain of Graces

Our closing reading in II Peter does not present an appalling list of hard requirements that would discourage a boy. It catalogs the qualities achieved by a normal, wholesome Christian as he advances in Christlikeness day by day and year by year. There are too many cases of arrested development in the Church: people who have stopped growing up into Christ in all things. Their souls have been stunted. Some of them act like big babies, and others like children playing in the marketplace. They forgot that the Christian life is a way of continual progress. If we stop growing, something is radically wrong.

Find in Peter's list the things you have not yet attained and press on. Hold out these ideals to the Class, to grow in Self-Control, in Patience, in Christian knowledge. Don't censure; inspire to better and larger things.

Sunday School Methods

By FRANK L. BROWN
Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

Astounding Facts in Sunday School Progress

IN the territory comprised by the International Sunday School Association, namely: United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, the West Indies, the Hawaiian Islands and Central America, there are now 197,203 Sunday schools. This means a gain of 21,518 schools since the Chicago Convention of 1914. These schools reported 1,886,821 officers and teachers and 17,236,227 pupils, a gain in the past four years of 2,208,761. Even these figures are below those of the Government Census which gives for all Protestant schools a total of over 20,000,000.

In the last four years nearly 63,000 Sunday School Conventions have been held averaging 43 Conventions every day for these years and in these Conventions all denominations have been brought together in a great brotherhood.

At the foundation of this great movement is the Cradle Roll, of which there are now 57,155 with an enrollment of 1,360,377 babies, a gain in the quadrennium of 325,490. At the other end is the Home Department with 33,710 separate school departments and 909,251 members who are pledged to regular reading of the Sunday school lesson and the Daily Bible Home Readings.

The Temperance drive in the Sunday school has brought about 4,102,179 pledges.

Think of a record of 10,096,723 people being visited in the last four years, with a personal invitation to unite with the Church and Sunday school! That is the record of the Home Visitation Department, which has conducted in various cities of this country a house-to-house canvass totaling now 47,800,000 during the last ten years.

But more encouraging still is the fact that 67,000 Sunday schools have observed Decision Day, and a record of 1,582,575 additions to the church from the Sunday school during the last four years, an average of 7,600 for every Sunday during the quadrennium. This is the continuing revival of which little notice is taken in the religious press. It is the mighty force which is preserving this as a religious nation.

The Sunday School Service Creed

The Buffalo Convention emphasized the need of Christian unity and adopted a Sunday School Service Creed which declared among other things:

"For the social solidarity of the race;

"For the recognition of the priesthood and kinship of every child of God;

"For Christian character, or vital piety, as the proper credential of the life that is led with Christ in God;

"For self-renouncing love as fundamental in the Christian social order;

"For the Christianization of all the relations of men;

"For the banishment of autocracy from every department of life;

"For the progressive realization of democracy, not only in the State, but also in the home, in industry, in education, in social life, in the church, and in all the institutions that touch the interests of our brother-men;

"For such a redefinition of discipleship as shall emphasize deeds and not creeds, as constituting the heart message of Jesus to our day;

"For the sharing of our good with all men, not withholding till they seek it at our hands, but freely giving, because we know their needs and we are brothers;

"For that exaltation of the little child which the Master's tender solicitude teaches, with all that such exaltation implies both for it and adults;

"For the peace of the world, as the normal state of man, even though we must employ force to secure it—a peace exalting the men and the nations that pursue it, and that shall endure, because based on love for fellow-men and not on selfish advantage;

"For the answering of our Master's prayer for his followers—That they all may be one; that the world may believe in His Sonship, and so be redeemed through faith incarnated in men and regnant in the institutions that minister to their life."

Why Are Some Motorists So Careless About Repairing Leaky Radiators?

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The *only* Scientific Process of permanently REPAIRING leaks without solder or welding; *and without danger to the cooling system!* And if the saving of $10 to $25 didn't interest them—they'd learn that "X" Liquid does a BETTER job—its proper use *prevents future leaks*—and it will positively abolish Rust and Scale in the cooling system.

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A Co-ordinated, Constructive Teaching

Being the Addresses Delivered at the Philadelphia Prophetic Conference, May 28-30, 1918

THE Conference of eminent Bible Teachers and Authorities on Prophetic Interpretation in the United States and Canada, held at Philadelphia May 28th to 30th, 1918, was the most notable and authoritative gathering of its kind ever held in this country. The finest consecrated scholarship of all the Christian denominations was represented, and the deliberations and addresses on "The Return of Our Lord and Related Events" possess a vital spiritual interest to Christian men and women throughout the world. In view of the extraordinary manifestations of interest in the Philadelphia Prophetic Conference, an arrangement was made for the publication by the Christian Herald of the proceedings and addresses of the Conference in a volume entitled **"Light on Prophecy."**

"*Light on Prophecy*" is published under the special supervision of the Committee of the Conference, and is the only volume to receive official authorization. The book is of 300 pages, containing all the addresses, about twenty in number.

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By Dr. Cortland Myers, Pastor of the Tremont Baptist Temple, Boston, Mass.

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A Bit of Color

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"I WAS rather unhappy, today," the Girl told me, "until—" she paused.

"Until what?" I questioned.

"You'll laugh," the girl said, "when I tell you. But I was unhappy today until I passed a shop-window and I saw a bolt of silk that was displayed there. It was greenish blue silk with a touch of cool gray in the depths of it, and it made me think of the summer sea and happy little boats with silver-white sails and moist breezes!

"I waked up this morning feeling—well, blue. And I couldn't shake off that feeling of depression. I kept remembering that there were red battlefields in Europe and that there were little children dying in the summer heat, right here in our city. And I kept thinking of tragic stories that I had read and heart-breaking songs that had been sung to me.

"I went about, for several hours, doing my regular work, dusting, and making beds, and setting the house to rights. I made little cakes—they were very nice little cakes, too—but that didn't seem to help any. And then finally, in desperation, I put on my hat and started out to walk away from my unhappiness. And I hadn't been out more than ten minutes before I passed that shop and saw the beautiful shimmering silk, the silk that made me think of such cool, beautiful, happy things. And I turned around and went home with my whole outlook on life changed!"

I smiled at her. For I understood. Oftentimes, when the world has been a rather bleak place I, too, have had my whole viewpoint changed by a dash of bright color, or a handful of flowers in a florist's window, or the smile on the face of a stranger child. I have gone out with blank loneliness in my heart and have come back, because of some tiny, colorful incident, to write the most joyous of verse. Oh, yes, I understood!

I KNOW a woman who has a most gorgeous drawing-room. It is filled with wonderful oriental rugs and bits of quaint carved ivory, and rosewood furniture. It is a dream-room—a room to come to when the world needs a bit of brightening, when there are decisions to be made and when comfort is needed.

And yet the woman who owns the room keeps it locked up. Not because she is selfish, but because she is afraid that the oriental rugs will wear out and that the rosewood furniture will get scratched and that someone will some day knock over and break one of the carved ivory figures. She has made that room, instead of the comfort and pride that it should be to her, a bug-a-boo, and a burden. It might be a blessing to her and it is very nearly a curse—for there are many nights when she lies awake in fear of moths and dust, lies awake to worry because her beautiful room may not always be beautiful.

I know other people who own pretty frocks and save them until the material is ready to go to pieces and the style is obsolete—save them because, if they were worn and enjoyed, they might not last long enough. I know people who keep their solid silver spoons shut away in a chest and use very cheap plated ware, except on company occasions. Silver spoons last through many generations and are a delight to the eye and yet these people take no pleasure in the possession of them. I know people who put high stone walls around garden places so that the passer-by will not stop and stare. And I know other people who wear their pretty frocks—wear them joyously—and in wearing them, give pleasure to others as well as to themselves. I know people who have beautiful rooms that they leave hospitably open in the face of dust, for dust can always be brushed away! Of course the frocks wear out, and the rooms grow a bit faded in tint, but their owners have enjoyed them—and the wearing out has been made worth while.

I DO not think that beautiful things should be hoarded, and tucked away from the sight of people. I think that they should be left out where folk may see and enjoy them. If it was right to own things and keep them hidden away, a trial instead of a blessing, God would never have starred his green fields with white daisies for every wayfarer to see—daisies that bloom and, after they have given joy, fade away. If God believed in the hoarding of things, the leaves on trees would be stiff metallic things that would never blow off in an autumn wind storm; and there would be no gold—gold that fades at the evening of everyday—in the sunshine, and no laughter in the eyes of little children!

No, God believes in putting beautiful things out in the great window of the world—displaying them as silks are displayed in the shop-windows. He doesn't hide His treasures from our sight; He puts them where they may be seen, and appreciated, and used. He places them, bits of light and fragrance and color, so that our eyes may find delight and our souls may find comfort in the joy of them.

Oh, friends of mine, if you own beautiful things enjoy them, and let others enjoy them! For God has given you these beautiful things for just that reason. He doesn't want you to hide them away so that they will always have the gleam of newness upon them; for of what good will their newness be if they are never seen? He wants you to keep them out so that they will brighten your pathway, and the pathways of people who, like the girl, need at the moment a bit of color or happiness in their lives.

I do not think that worth while things should be used carelessly, wastefully, for people who are not hoarders can very easily go to the other extreme. But I do think that beautiful things should be enjoyed. That is why they are beautiful! That is what makes them most beautiful.

The Unwitting Bait

Continued from page 872

for! And our President Wilkinson of the Consolidated—I work for them you know—coming down with a thousand! What bait did you use?"

The "bait," with big eyes and a paling face, stared again at the figures.

"It's—*fifteen hundred dollars*—and my ten!" She sat down stiffly on the cane seated chair.

A smart rap sounded on the door. "Telephone, Miss Jessie!"

She ran down the two flights of stairs. "It's Tom— O Tom—what *does* it mean?" She picked up the receiver. "Hello—Tom?"

"That's *you*, Jessie. I know your voice, dear." *Dear!* That was even more beautiful than last night's word. "Why, I've got my car in front of the office now, and I'm coming around to take you out to the *home*, Jessie. Say, Jessie, Mrs. Gates has just telephoned—says I must bring you to the farm for the week-end next Saturday. Can you go? Well, you've got to. It's a great place to go. Nice and old-fashioned. Lots of breathing space, too. They have a house with about twenty rooms——"

"Twenty roo——"

"And they have a lot o' help, but Mrs. Gates is the greatest worker—has a model dairy and a miniature greenhouse, and all sorts of things like that to play with. But I'll tell you all about it while we're driving. You'll enjoy this spin to the home, dear, it's over on the North Side—Lake Shoro Drive, you know."

"Lake—Shore——"

"Say, Jessie—you haven't changed your mind since last night—about—what we were talking about?"

"Well"—breathlessly came the answer—"I don't know——"

"*What?*"

"No-no-no! Not that,"—her voice choked—"O Tom—come quick—I want to see you."

"*Well*—that's something *like*. I feel that way myself. I'll be with you in eight minutes if I'm not pinched on the way for speeding. Good-by!"

Jessie, with a trembling hand, replaced the receiver; then she ran to the parlor, where—to her own subsequent amazement—she dropped upon her knees by the old cousin's chair, and hid her face on the old cousin's shoulder.

That lady stiffened for an instant, then she looked down whimsically at Jessie's head, broke into a laugh and patted her face.

"Well, you *are* a nice little thing," she said.

Wonderful Grace!

Continued from page 866

and passengers perished. Dr. Spencer was at the time with his brother William, a student of Garrett Biblical Institute. Hearing of the wreck, he hastened to the scene, and in the work of rescue saved seventeen of the imperiled passengers before he himself fell in a delirium of exhaustion. Just before passing into unconsciousness, he repeated over and over again to his brother, "Will, did I do my best?" This question was taken up all over the country and furnished the theme of many an editorial, and the text for many a sermon.

One of the most striking things I know, however, in connection with the above incident is this: In a meeting, said to have been conducted by Dr. Torrey in a Californian city, Dr. Spencer was noticed in the audience, and desiring to pay tribute to one who had wrought so heroically in the days of his youth, Dr. Torrey asked Dr. Spencer to come to the platform. He was cheered to the echo. When he took his seat beside a friend of mine, who was also upon the platform, my friend turned to Dr. Spencer to say, "Is there anything special that you remember in connection with the seventeen persons whom you saved from the wreck of the 'Lady Elgin'?" Dr. Spencer hesitated a moment and then said: "Only this, that not one of the seventeen ever thanked me." And we have not thanked God for His goodness to us, and *this* sin too has been nailed to the cross.

Second: There is the sin against one's self, sins which undermine character, sins which weaken one's will, sins which blight and blast our lives: these sins, countless in number, are nailed to the cross.

Third: There are the sins against society, against our friends, our parents, our loved ones; sins which have made tears flow from the eyes of mothers and fathers, until the eyes have become red and the faces hot with the scalding tears. These sins are nailed to the cross. No amount of effort on our part can undo the sins which have been mentioned; but faith in Him who died that we might live is all powerful, and so when I read, "He hath taken my sins away," it is as if He had held these sins of mine in His own hand, and as He made His way to the cross to die, the innocent for the guilty, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, it is as if the nail had gone not only through His hand, but through my sins as well.

Sins nailed to the cross are just as deadly as before they were thus imprisoned, but the difference between the sins nailed to the cross, and the sins which I encourage in my life, is this: the one is deadly; the other, because of what Jesus Christ has done, has lost its power.

A Young Reader's Appreciation

MY acquaintance with the Christian Herald began more than ten years ago, when as a little girl of a dozen years of age our pastor sent me a six months' subscription. It is a splendid, wide-awake periodical, consistently doing its best to live up to the honored title it bears. Especially helpful and inspiring have been the series of sermons by well-known preachers of the Gospel, and the travel accounts of present conditions in foreign countries. Let us have more of them.

Wabasso, Minn. M. A. C.

The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL *Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.*

"SOME trust in chariots and some in horses, but we will remember the name of the Lord our God." Throughout England people are uniting to pray for forgiveness and for victory. At one meeting 15,000 earnest souls besieged the Throne of Grace. In America in towns whose number increases day by day, the church bells are chiming at noon and the people are stopping as the bells ring out, to breath a prayer for the nation, for its army, for its navy, for our allies, and for that one particular boy whose life means most to him or her who prays. Miss A. E. H. of Troy, N. Y., recently sent to the Prayer League a copy of a statement of the Mayor of Troy as follows:

"I would, therefore, respectfully suggest that the pastors of the various churches throughout the city, regardless of their denomination, who do not now ring their church bells at noon, cause the same to be rung each noon during June, July and August, and that the people accept this signal as a call to prayer.

"In cities where this has been tried no inconvenience resulted. Even in the most crowded business thoroughfares the hurrying throngs stop, bare or bow their heads and stand at attention until the ringing has ceased, at the same time petitioning God to reward the efforts of this country and her allies with a lasting and noble peace. The moral effect thus created is really worth the effort."

Oliver Cromwell's praying Ironsides won their places in history both by their prowess at arms and by their prayers. A nation, which, as it fights, keeps itself holy through frequent recourse to the prayer of faith, must be invincible. God rules.

"Sick and in prison, and ye visited me." Mr. C. B., a Christian man, was sentenced to ten months' imprisonment on a charge, which his friends contend was unfounded, of trying to use the mails for fraudulent purposes. He is suffering much from his confinement, and from the after-effects of pneumonia, and his family is suffering from the lack of his support. C. B. has been a member of the church since his boyhood, and is a sturdy believer in prayer. Will our friends of the League join their prayers to those of this unfortunate man and his friends to the end that the authorities in Washington may look once more into the case, hear evidence that was not brought up at the first trial, and rectify the errors that have been made?

Miss A. H. tells of a revival, in answer to prayer, of the spiritual life of two Presbyterian churches, which are now talking of uniting, to their mutual good. She asks the prayers of God's people for more showers of blessing and a fuller baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Mrs. E. O. promised God that she would acknowledge before men God's mercy in the healing of her little boy, and now she wants to tell to the whole world the spiritual blessing she has received through prayer.

Mrs. L. L. C. praises the goodness of God in the healing of a friend who had been given up by her physician. She now asks prayer for the healing, if it be God's will, of another friend, the mother of several small children, who is losing her hearing.

Some time ago Mrs. M. O. H. asked prayer for the conversion of her husband, son and two daughters, and now she writes of a glorious revival of religion in her neighborhood, in which her husband and son gave their hearts to Christ. The League will continue to pray for the dear daughters, and also for two sons-in-law for whose conversion Mrs. M. O. H. is now praying.

Mrs. G. W. I. prays for God's blessing on the work of the physicians who have sought to relieve her of a cancer, and returns thanks for the safe return of a daughter.

B. J. C. asks prayer for the blessing of God on a church in Portland, Ore., that has been organized for the special purpose of uplifting the fallen. A regular pastor has been chosen, and great interest has been manifested in the work of the church. B. J. C. also asks prayer for the conversion of his four children.

Prayers are asked for revivals of religion at:

Plehweville, Texas; Portland, Ore. (for a church that has lately been organized for the uplift of the fallen); Caxambas, Fla. (that many may be saved during meetings); Plymouth, Neb. (for the salvation of the world); Tallman, Mich. (for the success of the United Brethren work at Ludington, Mich.); San Marcos, Texas (that we may have a great revival; Berryville, Minn. (that a Sunday school may be organized, and a missionary may be sent); Rana, N. M.; Durham, Texas (for a world-wide spiritual awakening); East Tawas, Mich. (for prohibition throughout the country).

Mrs. E. A. C. asks prayer that son's mind may be restored; Mrs. F. B., that husband's mind may be restored; Mr. & Mrs. H. A. N., that daughter's mind may be restored; E. B. V., that daughter's mind may be restored; four friends, for mental restoration for themselves or friends.

Two parents ask prayer that sons' minds may be restored; E. A. W., that mother's mind may be restored; L. E. M., that two friends' minds may be restored; A. C. S., that own mind may be strengthened.

E. B. asks prayer that son's sight may be restored; three friends, that their mothers' sight may be restored; four friends, that own sight may be strengthened; a Member, that mother's sight may be restored; C. M. O., that husband's sight may be restored; A. L. M. A., that brother's sight may be restored; Mrs. A. B., that aunt's sight may be restored; Miss I. M. T., that own sight may be strengthened.

Six friends ask prayer for restoration of hearing for themselves, relatives or friends.

Thirty-five friends ask prayer for a deeper work of grace, assurance of sins forgiven, or express in other ways their desire for personal spiritual blessing.

Five friends ask prayer for special blessing for others; including Mrs. L. G., that son who is in France may be remembered in prayer; Mrs. J. S. M., that son now in France may return safely; Mrs. E. C. M., that our soldier boys may be kept from sin, also the Y. M. C. A. workers.

Mrs. B. N. C. asks prayer that son may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs. F. B., that three confirmed drunkards may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs. G. G., that a friend may be cured of the habit.

Mrs. M. L. H. asks prayer that son may be cured of the liquor habit; A. C. S., that brother may be cured of the liquor habit; Miss I. M., that nephew may be cured of the habit; Mrs. C. P. K., that a friend may be cured of the liquor habit; a Reader, that a young man may be cured of the liquor habit.

O. N. asks prayer that a friend may be delivered from the drug habit; A believer, that a friend may be cured of the drug habit.

Seventy-six friends ask prayer for healing of friends or relatives; including Mrs. M. B. W., that son may be cured without an operation; thirty friends, for healing for themselves, including C. M. E., to be healed without an operation; another, Mrs. E. O., to be cured of terrible headaches; Mrs. C. M., that husband may be cured of heart trouble; Mrs. W. G., that minister may be restored to health and strength; thirty-six friends, for healing of self; Mrs. E. V. E., to pass safely through an operation; Mrs. G. V., to be cured of cancer; L. K., to pass safely through an operation.

Ten parents ask prayer for the conversion of sons; three wives, their husbands; twenty other relatives and friends.

Nineteen friends ask prayer for help or guidance in financial matters.

Thirty-two friends ask prayer for the granting of various desires and needs, including six friends who ask prayer for world-wide peace; Mrs. M. C. L., for rain in West Texas; two friends, for rain all over Texas.

Mrs. B. N. C. asks prayer that husband may be cured of smoking; Mrs. E. A. C., that son may be cured of the tobacco habit; J. L. B., that a friend may be cured of the tobacco habit.

Eleven friends ask prayer for the return of loved ones from the war.

Acknowledgments of answered prayer have been received from the following:

A Subscriber, Hattiesburg, Mass.; Mrs. L. L. S., Dallas, Texas; A. W., Rana, N. M.; L. K., Turtle Point, Pa.; A. F., Stoughton, Wis.; Mrs. J. W. K., Harlan, Iowa; R. E. J., Spring Valley, Ohio; A. H. Lacon, Ill.; A. T. C., North Leverett, Mass.; H. E. L., Austin, Texas; Mrs. E., Coahoma, Texas; M. R. I., San Diego, Calif.; Mrs. E. C. M., Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. W. H. P., Suffield, Conn.; E. M. K., Held, Ore; Mrs. B. S., White Earth, Minn.; Mrs. J. T. S., Wilmington, Vt.; Mrs. M. B. W., McAlpin, W. Va.; A Believer, Hillside, Ill.; A Friend, Watertown, Tenn.; Mrs. M. H. Hallett, Galena, Ill.; Miss N. A. S., Medford, Ore.; J. L. B. H., Edgewood, Iowa; Mrs. G. O. S., Emporium, Pa.; A. G. B., Oldham, S. D.; A Friend, Grafton Center, N. H.; Mrs. I. M. Waite, Goffstown, N. H.; Mrs. I. T., Plainview, Texas; W. J. I., Los Angeles, Calif.

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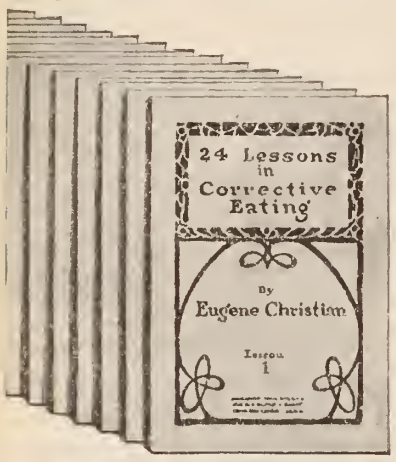
DON'T EAT THAT MEAL!

90% of all Sickness Caused by Wrong Eating

Stop combining foods at each meal that are chemically opposed to each other. These inharmonious food combinations literally explode in the stomach, liberating toxins which are absorbed by the blood and form the root for **nearly all sickness,** the first indications of which are stomach acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation and many other sympathetic ills leading to serious consequences. Give some thought to your eating. Learn how to select the right combinations of food. Learn how to eat in accordance with the requirements of your particular physical condition, your age, your occupation and the climate you live in.



Eat for Health

Do you know what foods make you fat? What foods make you thin? What causes fermentation—what produces acid stomach? What foods cause nervousness? What makes your liver lazy? What causes constipation and how to avoid it? What to eat and what to omit for stomach and intestinal diseases? Here is your chance to learn it all—to get the straight truth about **foods** and **YOUR INDIVIDUAL** system—to know what **you** should eat to meet the particular requirements of **your** particular physical condition, **your** age, **your** occupation and the climate **you** live in. In his Little Lessons in Corrective Eating, Eugene Christian, the Noted Food Scientist, gives you the benefit of his 20 years study of food and its relation to the human system. The Lessons contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age.

24 Lessons in Corrective Eating *and* Christian Herald for One Year

Great Value for Only $3

After thorough investigation by the editors of Christian Herald of the Little Lessons in Corrective Eating, by Eugene Christian, we take pleasure in making them available to our readers with our absolute endorsement. So convinced is the Christian Herald of the merits of these books, we will send the set on approval. Examine them for 5 days. If you decide to keep them, send us $3 within 5 days, and we will also send you the Christian Herald for one year (52 issues) regular price, $2.

Over two hundred thousand sets have been sold during the past two years, but in order to bring the Little Lessons within the reach of every one we have made a special arrangement with the publishers which enables us to offer our readers this remarkable set of lessons, together with a year's subscription to Christian Herald—52 big numbers—for only $3. This gives you the Lessons for $1—a fraction of their former price.

Only a limited number of the Little Lessons are available, however, so immediate action is necessary. Mail the coupon today.

Some of the Subjects Covered in "Corrective Eating"

How wrong eating causes disease.
How foods establish health by removing cause of disease.
Scientific eating explained, sample menus.
Harmonious combinations of food tables.
How to select, combine and proportion your food according to age, sample menus.
How to select, combine and proportion your food according to occupation and season of year, sample menus.
Food and morality.
Tea, coffee, liquor, tobacco, etc.
Superacidity, fermentation, gastric catarrh and ulcer, intestinal gas and auto-intoxication. Causes: Sample menus.
Obesity—cause and cure, sample menus.
Emaciation—cause and cure, sample menus.
The business man—right and wrong ways of living, sample menus.
Constipation—cause and cure, sample menus for four seasons of year.
Appendicitis—cause and cure, sample menus.
Nervousness—cause and cure, sample menus.

Send No Money

Not a cent. No deposit. No obligation. Simply put your name and address on the coupon below and mail to us at once. We will send you the Lessons in Corrective Eating for your free examination. If you do not wish to accept this offer after seeing the lessons simply mail them back to us in 5 days and you won't be out one cent. If you decide to keep them, send us $3 within 5 days and we will also send you the Christian Herald for one year (52 issues) regular price $2. Mail the coupon today—Now before you forget.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
2499 Bible House
New York City

Gentlemen: You may mail me **"24 Lessons in Corrective Eating,"** by Eugene Christian. Five days after I receive them, I will either send you $3, in full payment for them and for a year's subscription to the Christian Herald, or remail them to you.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Why You Need Christian Herald

IN over 300,000 families the Christian Herald is looked forward to as the source of the greatest inspiration and pleasure. Each issue contains enlightening articles on the subject of the day, interesting bits about the great war leaders, and is filled with fascinating pictures, many of them from the war zone. Also many other features, including enthralling stories, articles, and poems. Sunday School lessons, and hundreds of interesting items about religion.

Young People's Topics for August 4

All for Christ. My Ambition

The Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topic. Phil. 3 : 4-11

IN this series of discussions of "All for Christ," we began last month with the study of our abilities. All the reasons that would move us to consecrate our abilities to Christ would also move us to lay upon the altar of His service our ambitions, for abilities are powerless without the driving force of ideals, and ideals are only ambitions expressed. It is well to be ambitious; it is weak to be satisfied. We may not covet our neighbor's goods or anything that is our neighbor's, but we may aspire to leadership and influence. If we covet them and seek to gain them for selfish purposes or for mere personal aggrandizement, we build a house of cards which sooner or later will tumble ignominiously. If we seek them, however, that we may serve our Master better, and if we prepare ourselves in heart and mind for the best use of such power as He may give us, we may be assured that the eminences we attain will be reached on a thorough foundation that will not crumble. The best ambition, whether in young or old, is the ambition to excel in faith, in understanding of the Word and in unselfish service.

All for Christ. My Pleasures

Epworth League Topic. I Cor. 10 : 23, 24, 31, 33; 11 : 1

IT is a very safe rule that bars all pleasures except those that can be enjoyed with a clear conscience. Any pleasure which has even "the appearance of evil" is one that can safely be left alone. A great deal of discussion as to the righteousness and foolishness of certain diversions is more or less academic and beside the mark. A young Christian who is thoroughly in earnest and who is seeking every possible opportunity for spiritual service to his comrades and his community, will be so busy doing good that he will have no time to engage in any occupation serious or otherwise, which would be greatly open to question. There are certain amusements which are so generally used by persons having little or no spiritual interest, and which are so close to the edge of danger, that it is well for a person who wishes to influence others toward Christ to find his relaxation and amusement in other channels. Though it may be said that these amusements are not wrong in themselves, for a Christian they are unwise if they are doubtful and, in the spirit of Paul, are to be avoided lest they make some brother to offend. If our hearts and lives have been fully given into the keeping of Christ, we will find no hardship involved in the avoidance for His sake of those apparently harmless and possibly harmful pleasures, the participation in which we find it necessary to excuse to our own consciences and to our fellows.

The Church and the War

THE Stony Brook Assembly has arranged for a conference on "The Church and the War," to be held on the grounds of the Assembly at Stony Brook, Long Island, July 28 to August 2. Rev. Francis L. Patton, D.D., will preach the opening sermon on Sunday, July 28, and during the five succeeding days will deliver five lectures on War and Philosophy, War and Christianity, War and the Church, War and Democracy, War and Civilization. Each morning during the week from 9:15 to 10 there will be held a Service of Intercession, conducted by Rev. Robert Hugh Morris, D.D., of Stamford, Conn. From 10 to 11 each morning there will be an Open Conference. At night a Twilight Service will be conducted by Dr. William Hiram Foulkes.

The Negro's Pledge to "Old Glory"

AT the Conference of district superintendents in Columbus, Ohio, in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Centenary Program, Rev. C. A. Tindley of the Colored Methodist Church, addressing the conference on "The Invasion from Dixie," said: "I am begging you just now, representing these twelve millions, to remember you have had 1,500 years or more in which to make your climb. You have almost gone to the stars and are washing your faces in the upper dews before they come to earth. You have gone up to find the angels and walk upon the milky way. If we have not got up there yet, it is because the climb is hard, the road is long, and gravitation is tremendous."

Then turning dramatically to the flag, he cried:

"OLD GLORY, we have never stained you! and Old Glory wherever you go we have gone. We came from Bunker Hill to Antietam, from Antietam to San Juan Hill, from San Juan Hill to Mexico, and we are in the trenches now. Old Glory, when you come back will you give my race a fair chance to live? Old Glory, will you try our criminals with moral justice. But do not lynch them, give them a fair chance! If you do, we will clear your fields and stand with all your people on the edge of the Monroe Doctrine, daring any other nation of the world to trespass on it!"

How Northfield Helps to Win the War

NORTHFIELD Seminary is proud to furnish its quota to the army of women who are engaged, not only in the service of the Red Cross and similar organizations, but also in the raising of food supplies. Trained under the system of self-help which has been practised throughout the history of the School, Northfield girls have found themselves qualified to fill positions demanding administrative ability as well as practical knowledge. One recent graduate, Mary Frasca, of the Class of 1913, enjoys the rare distinction of being invited by officials of the Italian Government to take charge of a large relief work in Italy. This is a splendid recognition of the service rendered by this girl to members of her own nationality in the city of New York, after her graduation from the Seminary.

Visitors at The Northfield Conferences this year will find themselves interested more than in previous years in happenings on the Conference grounds from the frequent sight of a group of girls who are working on the Seminary farm. Their work is in every way satisfactory to the superintendent, and profitable to themselves in health, as well as in wages. Other students, who have gone to their homes for the summer vacation, are also working on farms. If the farmer's boy, who has been told that his hoe will be as valuable to the cause as a gun, feels a laudable pride in his patriotic service, then surely these girls and thousands like them elsewhere may feel an equal pride in the service they are rendering the Allied cause by this labor on the farm.

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The PUNISHMENT

Margaret E. Sangster

A mortal man once wrote a book
About the elves of fairyland;
He said that magic was a joke-
[But, oh, he didn't understand,
For he had never learned to look
In forest glades for tiny folk!]
He said that gnomes were just a snare
That pixies weren't anywhere;
He said that mermaids on the strand
Were make-believes; that dwarfs and fays
Were dreams of medieval days.....
And so the fairy robber band,
With sword and dagger in its hand,
Went out to plunder mortal land.

They found his house, they entered in-
So silent that a dropping pin
Would make a clattering, and then
They crept into his writing room-
The little room he called his den.....
They took his pencil and his pen,
They took his blotters and his pads,
They took his manuscript. I think
They even took his pot of ink!
And then, ashake with silent laughter,
They hurried out.
The morning after
The mortal man sat down to write,
And rose again in sudden fright,

For, oh, his desk was blank and bare,
And all the things that had been there
Were swept away.
"My book!" he cried,
"Some thief has taken it to hide;
"My pencil and my pen are gone,
"And I am left alone, forlorn!"
He did not guess that elf and sprite
Had come to punish in the night

But in the Woods the bells were ringing
And there were sounds of mirth and singing.
As filled with pride, the robber band
Trooped through the gates of fairyland

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly — and I do remember correctly —Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long list of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connections and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really **poor** memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years became president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

"Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have **enjoyed** the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure **pleasure** all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely **count** on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't **sure.** I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week.

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased earning power will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

While Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for this account of his experience and that of others with the Roth Memory Course, he has used only facts that are known personally to the President of the Independent Corporation, who hereby verifies the accuracy of Mr. Jones' story in all its particulars.

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Independent Corporation
Division of B siness Education
Dept. 357, 119 W. 40th St., New York
Publishers of The Independent, "The Most Satisfactory War Journal in America"

Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you $5.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Ch. Her. 7-24-18

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Christian Herald

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The battleships, like sentinels, ride on the turquoise bay;
They silent stand, before our land, to keep all foes away.

MAIL-BAG

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. Correspondents may use a nom de plume to identify the question, but all letters must contain name and address of the sender, in addition to the nom de plume. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

MANY readers of this paper write us in strong approval of the growing movement for daily prayer for the healing and forgiveness of our national sins, and for the triumph of our armies in the war. In a number of cities the daily prayer is now being offered. In Washington, D. C., the people at noon each day offer prayers for victory and peace. The President has authorized the heads of all government departments to sanction this observance. The Secretary of War permits a signal for the ringing of the bells to be fired from the top of an office building. The Public Utilities Commission authorizes the observance of the movement by street cars and traffic, which, on specified days, stops during the time of prayer. Large posters call the attention of the public to the necessity of prayer for the success of our Allies and for enduring peace. In New York City, the number of daily prayer meetings is growing. Many other cities are following this example, and we hear of similar conditions in rural localities. We would rejoice to learn that the noonday prayer had been generally adopted throughout the entire country.

S. O. G., Clear Lake, Iowa, writes: "President Wilson did a most commendable thing when he proclaimed a day of fasting and prayer to Almighty God that he forgive our sins and shortcomings as a people. We all know that there must be a ceasing or turning about from sin before there can be forgiveness. May I be permitted to mention a few evils that are sinful in the sight of God? There is intemperance, but we are thankful for the efforts that are being put forth to suppress it. There is Sabbath desecration, Sunday theaters and picture shows, excursions, ball games, etc. Then there are graft and greed, and unjust profiteering. God says in his Holy Word that he will not always chide, nor will he keep his anger forever. It looks as though he had turned his chiding into chastisement. No civilized or so-called Christian nation can sanction or approve of these evils, but they are all too prone to tolerate them.

The "poor pastor in North Carolina," whom many of our readers have helped, sends a grateful message. He writes: "I thank you and your readers from the bottom of my heart for the interest all have shown in my behalf. I wish it were possible for me to see and thank personally all of your readers who have had a part in this work in my behalf; but as I can't do that, I thank them one and all through your paper."

M. E. B., Joliet, Ill. One of the great ideas that Cecil Rhodes had in mind in establishing the Rhodes scholarships at Oxford was that the mingling and mutual understanding of students of all nations would make future wars impossible. This aim was unhappily frustrated, but the Rhodes scholarships have already played a great rôle in promoting understanding and fellowship among Americans, Englishmen, and those valiant half-brothers of both, the British colonials. For the time being the Rhodes trust has decided to postpone all further election to the scholarships. The four annual German scholarships to Oxford established by the will of Cecil Rhodes have been canceled by act of parliament, and these scholarships have been reallotted to the colonies, thus: one to the Transvaal, one to the Orange Free State, one to Alberta and Saskatchewan, one to Kimberley and Port Elizabeth (South Africa).

H. A. M., Luverne, Iowa. For entrance to the United States Military Academy at West Point candidates must pass a mental examination on various high school subjects. There is also a physical examination. A candidate must deposit $180 for clothing and books. For further information regarding admission, apply to the Adjutant General, War Department, Washington, D. C. Appointments are in the hands of Senators and Representatives.

H. H. S., Colton, S. D. To enter the Y. M. C. A. War Service, we suggest that you communicate with the headquarters of the Association at 347 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. If fitted for the work, it would not be necessary to have a college education, or, in some instance, even a high school diploma.

J. H. K., Peever, S. D. The Signal Corps enlist men of various trades, such as telegraphers, carpenters, machinists, plumbers, painters, etc. To enlist in a trade, applicants must be skilled workmen. The Aviation Corps of the Army is not accepting applicants at present. The Navy is in need of radio operators, but will accept no persons who cannot send and receive at least fifteen words per minute, Morse Continental Code. Men enlisting as radio operators in the navy are sent to the radio schools. All persons enlisting in the Army are given the fundamentals of army drill.

Mrs. N. McC., Crabtree, Pa. The Red Cross does not accept nurses except those that are graduates of regular training-schools for hospitals. The Red Cross requires that all applicants for nurses' positions for the service be graduates of recognized training-schools for hospitals. Vassar College is offering a preparatory course during the summer months. This course is open to college women who are intending to enter some nurses' training school or hospital in the fall. For full information communicate directly with the college upon the subject.

M. A. B., Wilson, Fla. If you wish to sell the old magazines in your possession for waste paper, we suggest that you communicate with your State Chamber of Commerce for the names of firms handling such goods. The average prices paid for such material are as follows: folded newspapers, from 30 cents to 35 cents per cwt.; ordinary mixed paper, from 25 cents to 30 cents per cwt.; magazines (flat), from 35 cents to 40 cents per cwt.

GOIN' TER CAMP

Margaret E. Sangster

I'M goin' ter camp! See th' real grown-up pack
That's slung from my shoulders an' hangs crost my back?
I've candy tucked in it, a nightie, an' toys,
A animal book an' two gingerbread boys—
(Th' kind mother makes, when I've been pretty nice,
All covered wif sugar an' raisins an' spice!)

I'm goin' ter camp. . . . When th' dark settles in
I'll make me a fire, my bucket o' tin
I'll fill at a brook, an' perhaps I'll make tea—
(Th' cambricky kind 'at my mother makes me!)

I'm goin' ter camp! It'll be lots o' fun!
I'll laugh an' I'll sing when th' night has begun,
For I'm a big man, there ain't nothin' 'at scares
A big man like *me!* (Do you 'spose there'll be bears
An' no crib-bed near, an' no nursery light,
An' no mother-hands that are fluttery white?)

I'm goin' ter camp! See, I've got a big pack—
But when it gets dark. . . . Well, I guess I'll come back;
(Because when it's night-time my mother will be
Jus' awfully lonesome unless she has me!)

J. W. W., North Little Rock, Ark. The word camouflage is pronounced as follows: kam-oo-flazh. Camouflage is a French word for the military art of concealing fortifications, ships, guns, etc., from the observation of hostile aircraft. It consists in painting objects of war so that they will blend readily into the landscape, or in concealing them by screens.

A. D. R., Quincy, Mich. Liquid fire is applied with a hose-like apparatus for hurling jets of liquid flame. It was studied and perfected in Germany several years before the war. Under combustion, the combination of oils, gasoline and pitch gives a thick, grayish smoke, which obscures the vision of those under fire.

INFORMATION TO SUBSCRIBERS

THE subscription price of the Christian Herald is $2.00 a year. Canada, $2.00 a year. Foreign, $3.00 a year.

When renewing, indicate with your remittance whether you are subscribing for any of our premium books. The following prices include postage and one year's subscription to the Christian Herald: *"Light on Prophecy," $2.25; Forty Prophetic Wonders, $2.25; American Flag, (4 x 6 feet), $2.75; Three Official War Maps, $2.50; India Paper Red Letter Bible, $4.50; with Genuine Morocco Binding, $5.50; Red Letter Testament, $2.50. Song Stories of the Sawdust Trail, $2.40. King Alcohol Dethroned, $2.40. Uncle Sam's Advice to Housewives, $2.50. Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper, $2.50. The Complete Dressmaker, $2.25. After Death, What? $2.35. 445 Additional Difficult Bible Questions Answered, $2.35. The Miracle of Answered Prayer, $2.35; Just David, $2.50; "Limpy—the Boy Who Felt Neglected," $2.25; The Wicked John Goode, $2.35; Pictorial Life of Christ, $2.25.*

Do not forget you can have YOUR OWN RENEWAL AND ONE NEW SUBSCRIPTION FOR $3.00, or you can renew for 2 years for $3.00.

Send money by postal or express money order.

Address, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

C. L. B., Berne, N. Y. The words "United we stand, divided we fall," were the motto which appeared on the Revolutionary flag, under the picture of a snake divided in sections. It first appeared in literature in the poem by George P. Morris, entitled "The Flag of Our Nation."

Reader, Wishek, N. D. As you were born in this country, you are a citizen, regardless of the nationality of your parents. We think you would be justified in saying you were of American citizen parentage, as your father took out naturalization papers.

Mrs. W. H., Northfield, Ohio. 1. The food and clothing sent to Syria and Armenia are obtained largely by private subscriptions throughout the United States. 2. The high prices charged for foodstuffs in this country are largely due to the high cost of land transportation, large exports, etc. The majority of the Allies are mainly dependent upon the help received from this country and neutral countries.

L. G. D., Urbana, Ill. The largest reservations are the Navajo, in Arizona; Choctaw, Oklahoma; Cherokee, Oklahoma; Chickasaw, Oklahoma; Creek, Oklahoma; Crow, Oklahoma; Moqui, Arizona.

Mrs. M. B. S., Stilwell, Okla. When a Service Flag is flown by a church or club, only those who are actually members should be represented. Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. workers, or workers of other branches not distinctly military or naval, should not be represented on a Service Flag.

Mrs. W. I. G., Nazareth, Pa. 1. General Pershing is the youngest man of his rank in the United States Army. He is fifty-three years old, and graduated from West Point in 1886 as senior cadet-captain, the highest honor any undergraduate can achieve. He began active service at once as Second Lieutenant of the Sixth United States Cavalry, one of the regiments that were sent to round up the old Indian chief Geronimo. After his Indian campaign General Pershing was assigned to West Point as instructor, but when war with Spain was declared he at once applied for the command of the old "Tenth," and with his regiment he distinguished himself in the field. In January, 1916, General Pershing was assigned to the command of the Eighth Brigade of the Regular Army, with headquarters at El Paso, Texas. In 1906 President Roosevelt, recognizing his ability, appointed him a Brigadier-General. On the death of Major-General Funston, General Pershing succeeded him in rank and command. He had command of the first American troops ever ordered across the ocean to battle in Europe. 2. General Ferdinand Foch was born in 1851 at Tarbes, Lorraine. He fought as a subaltern through the Franco-Prussian War. After the close of the war he moved to France. He was for many years instructor in the War School, and at the outbreak of the European War, was placed in the army Corps. General Foch was joint hero with Joffre in the battle of the Marne, and has distinguished himself on many occasions. He was recently made generalissimo of the Allied armies in France.

Miss E. S., Dunbard, Pa. A Camp Fire should be composed of girls near the same age, and having congenial tastes. It has been the experience of Camp Fire guardians that eight has been the ideal number. The mother of one of the girls in the camp, or a teacher, has usually proved the most satisfactory guardian of a Camp Fire.

T. H., East Hampton, Conn. 1. The Schleswig-Holstein wars between Germany and Denmark took place between the years 1848 and 1850. 2. Following are the states which have ratified the Prohibition amendment: Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Iowa, Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Michigan, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, District of Columbia.

C. P., Ind. Please explain Matt. 18 : 10.

The Lord is saying that the little ones whom he had called blessed have angels who behold the Father's face, strengthens the lesson taught in the previous verses of kind treatment of all, even the weakest and smallest. The children and the weak and handicapped have ever been the object of divine consideration; and should be so.

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Rheims, battered, bombarded day and night, burning, but brave and resolute and French

Allies Drive Back the Huns

A Great and Sweeping Victory in the Second "Battle of the Marne," Foch's Triumphant Offensive

THURSDAY, July 18th, will long be memorable as marking what may prove to be the turning point of the great war. On the early morning of that day, the Allies, who for forty-eight hours had been preparing a withering attack along the 28-mile front from Soissons to Rheims, began the long-looked for counter-offensive.

For a week it has been evident that the Germans had planned to envelop the Rheims district, including the city itself. General Foch, however, had foreseen this. When the Germans let loose the fifth of their series of drives, on July 15, although they pushed across the Marne and made a feint toward Paris, their real objective, as the events of later days seemed to show, was to reach Chalons, from the west and from the north and thus to encircle Rheims. But why did Germany seek at such terrible cost to take the empty shell of what was once the beautiful cathedral city of France? Partly because her salient reaching to the Marne was too narrow for comfort; largely because Rheims, which for four years has been a helpless target for the Huns' murderous guns, enfolds the soul of France. Clearly the German hope was that, with the Kaiser's troops in possession of this cherished shrine, the French morale would weaken to defeat. That hope, however, has been quickly blasted, for before sunset of that eventful Thursday, the Germans were forced to retreat at almost every point of the long line from Soissons to east of Rheims leaving fields littered with their dead, and thousands of prisoners, and hundreds of cannon and innumerable machine guns in the hands of the victorious Allies.

DURING Tuesday and Wednesday the Germans, balked east of Rheims, held fast west of Rheims almost to the Marne, fought desperately to widen their occupied ground south of the river and to force on the point of their wedge over the six miles separating them from Epernay. They made slow progress against constantly more furious French and American resistance. On Thursday the French began to press them back and Thursday night saw the wedge being battered back and pinched in although the fighting was still furious. Epernay was relieved of pressure. The Mountain of Rheims, ten miles south of the cathedral city, three days the scene of fierce German assaults, in which the enemy forces had finally succeeded in penetrating the wooded section about a mile and a half was completely retaken by Italian troops in a ruthless counter-attack. East of Rheims, all that had been lost in the previous fighting was recaptured, and the French retook Prunay removing the threat from the east against the city while American troops near Massiges restored their positions. Before noon, it was known that Rheims was safe.

FOLLOWING a night in which thunder storms had swept the whole fighting area and in which every hour had seen French tanks and American troops poured into the Allied positions in the woods of Ritz and Villers Cotterets, without preliminary gunfire to alarm and warn the enemy, but with only a barrage before the advancing infantry, the American troops from Dammard to Chateau Thierry pressed forward. As soon as they were well under way the French advanced. Simultaneously the French moved eastward from Fontenoy and an American force on their right started for Soissons.

Within six hours the French and Americans, working together, and sweeping forward 2½ to 6½ miles retook enemy territory virtually double in extent to that covered by the Germans during the preceding three days. From the Aisne to the Marne, Allied forces swept on, although there were points where they encountered stiff resistance. Some sanguinary fighting took place north of the river Ourcq, and as far as the Belleau Wood section. But the Allies were not to be denied. It was their day, and they swept all obstacles aside. Their aviators cooperated effectively at many points along the line, both in routing enemy aeroplanes and in dropping tons of explosives on enemy batteries and machine-nests.

AN idea of the wide sweep of the Allied offensive may be gathered from the fact that in the single day's fighting, over twenty towns, from Soissons to the Marne, were recaptured, including the following: Vincelles, Belleau, Civry, Etrepilly, Monthiers, Torcy, Licy-Glignon, Hautevesnes, Montecouye, Gengoulphe, Festingy, Mezy, La Chappelle, Monthodon, Crecancy, Verzy, Viller-Heldon, Mont de Paris, Dammard, and others.

Many instances of the fighting related in the cable dispatches show how much of the result was dne to the splendid courage and resistless dash of our American troops. With the inpetuosity of high zeal and the precision of intelligence and training, our troops showed in this great offensive the irresistible fighting qualities which must teach Allies and enemies alike that the American forces are to be a determining factor in the war. At the beginning of the Allied offensive, it was estimated that the German forces along the entire line and back of it, aggregated 600,000 men, independent of reserves. The total strength of the Allies is not given, but it is stated that there were nearly 300,000 Americans engaged in the offensive, the greater part of them being in the action of the 18th.

General Pershing's news of the victory of Monday and Tuesday south of the Marne cabled to Washington on July 18, confirms the previous reports that the enemy was driven across the Marne by our troops wherever they came in contact.

Tales of heroism are related showing how small groups of Americans, greatly outnumbered by the enemy, succeeded in capturing hundreds of Hun prisoners. American marksmanship with cannon and rifle did some startling work that day. In the woods south of Mezy, which were swept clear of the enemy by our troops, it is said that the bodies of dead German soldiers in many places where they had been fighting in close formation, were found three and four deep—the result of going up against American machine guns and rifles with American doughboys

behind them. In one large wooded section, there were over 5,000 dead; all said to have fallen in two days' fighting. According to the usual ratio of killed and total casualties, this would be held to mean a loss of 20,000 men to the Germans in that single section of the conflict. The Kaiser's famous Tenth Guard division, which crossed the Marne to storm the American position, was practically annihilated. Very few got back. The same happened to the Sixth German Grenadiers, a battalion of which was wiped out while another battalion had one company left.

THE enemy quickly recovered from his surprise at the Franco-American attack between the Aisne and the Marne and by noon of the 18th his reserves were being thrown into action to stop the Allied advance. It slowed down but could not be stopped. By evening, the entire plateau south and west of Soissons was in American hands and a severe defeat had been dealt to enemy masses which had tried to retake it. On the 19th the battle continued with added fierceness, the Germans bringing up storm troops, which had been intended for the attack on Epernay, and throwing them against the advancing French and Americans. During this day also the Germans succeeded in part in restoring their artillery situation, so that the advance was against a hell of shell fire as well as against machine-guns. Nevertheless the advance continued. Foot by foot, yard by yard, the new American regiments and the battle-tried French pressed back the desperate enemy, the second day's advance averaging a mile and a half.

Tho advance of the 18th put the Americans and the French south of Soissons, across the highroad to Chateau-Thierry and brought the main railway supplying the Germans in the whole salient under the fire of the French guns. Soissons was dominated and useless to the enemy, who made, throughout the 19th, hard pushed attempts to drive the Allies back, and to remove the threat against the Teuton communications. These attacks resulted only in greater loss of men and ground.

On the 20th the fighting Allies made further gains against the stubbornly resisting and steadily strengthened enemy, but tho successes between the Aisne and the Marne were the least of the day's victories, for, forced to divert his storm troops to the uses of defense on his right flank, the enemy had no troops with which to continue his offensive toward Epernay. The morning of this day saw the Germans hurriedly retiring across the Marne, hard pressed by the French and American troops, which on the 18th, while the drive was being started further west, had here also fought the Germans to a standstill. By the evening of the 20th there were no Germans except dead and prisoners south of the river the name of which now for the second time stands for German defeat.

General March, Chief of Staff of the American Army, made known, on July 20th, the identity of the divisions concerned in the victorious counter-offensive. He said there were seven divisions and one separate regiment—the latter a negro regiment—about 270,000 "Yanks," in the big push. The 42d or Rainbow Division was in the fighting east of Rheims, as was the negro regiment. On the Western leg of the Marne salient, in the drive eastward were the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Regular Divisions and the 26th and 28th National Guard Divisions.

THE 20th was a day of defeat for Germany all along the line, from north of Soissons—which was more closely enveloped during the day—past Chateau Thierry, along the Marne to west of Epernay and northward to Rheims. The Germans between the Marne and Rheims were steadily pushed back, losing half of their three days' gains of July 15th to 18th, the French retaking Marfaux, which had been reached by the Germans on the 15th, while east of Rheims, the French between Souain and Auberive advanced over 1,000 yards. Meanwhile, the French and American artillery and aviators were making the whole territory within the Marne salient most uncomfortable for the Germans. By evening of the 20th the French-American front was established on a line averaging about five miles eastward of the line of attack of the 18th.

JULY twenty-first, the eighty-seventh anniversary of Belgian Independence, was a day of German defeat and retreat. German reserves, 100,000 strong, were thrown violently into action on the western side of the salient from Soissons to the Ourcq, while equally determined resistance was made on the eastern side, from Vrigny south through Marfaux to the woods of Roi. Here English troops with the French and Italians were pressing forward, driving a wedge south of Rheims to meet the advancing wedge south of Soissons. They had twenty-five miles to go to unite the wedges. The Allies captured and held Bouilly and St. Euphraise and forced their way forward in the wooded country to the southward.

While the Germans were attacking desperately against the jaws of General Foch's very von-Mackensen-like pincers, they were hurriedly withdrawing south of the Ourcq and from before Epernay. The withdrawal began south of the Marne on Friday night, masked by a smoke cloud and fierce rear-guard actions. It spread both westward and eastward so that on Saturday night the last German had left Chateau-Thierry and the country northwest and east of it, while the lines near Epernay were drawn in appreciably from Venteuil toward Chatillon. Northwest of Chateau-Thierry the allied advance averaged two miles in depth as far as the Ourcq, where the progress carried our forces from Neuilly almost to Oulchy. By evening of the 21st, the Allies were in touch with or across the Soissons-Chateau-Thierry highway along its entire length. The Allies were also on the north bank of the Marne from Chateau-Thierry as far east as Fossoy.

ALL accounts of the fighting show that at many points it be came praetically a rout. The German rear-guard at different stages fought almost to the last man while endeavoring to cover the retreat. Although the larger portion of the German reserves had been sent into the fight, even the Crown Prince's picked troops were unable to halt the impetuous Allied advance along the whole twenty-eight-mile front. The incessant pounding of field and aerial artillery at so many points seemed to take the heart out of the Kaiser's army. Surrenders were frequent and in many cases whole companies yielded in the face of what seemed to be certain annihilation.

The spirit of the Americans was indomitable and irresistible. At every point where they came in contact with the enemy, they drove the Huns before them, and all attempts on the part of the Crown Prince's generals to rally their forces to check the advance of the Americans were swept aside. Correspondents who were eyewitnesses of the American advance unite in stating that every movement was well organized and the system worked well from one end of the line to the other. Even those units whose participation in the Allied offensive was their first baptism of fire behaved like veterans. Upgrade and down-grade, through woods and valleys they went, sometimes preceded by tanks; at others in the midst of a barrage fire which swept the ground for which they were heading.

Up to Tuesday, July 23, it was estimated that more than 25,000 prisoners had been taken by the Allies, with at least 560 cannon and an immense number of machine-guns and other war material; some reports said 1000 cannon had been taken.

MONDAY, July 22, was a day of tremendous fighting along the 100-mile line from Soissons around the salient to Rheims and eastward past Massiges. Retreating from Chateau-Thierry, the enemy took position on a line of hills running from near Oulchy through Grisolles, Bezu, the Bois de Barbillon to Mont St. Père on the Marne, northeast of Fossoy. From this line he counter-attacked with picked Prussian storm troops against the advancing Americans and French. With German guns again in position back of this new line, and the Allied guns following closely the infantry advance, the artillery battlo was again at full intensity, and roads, back areas and concentration points were all under fire. But neither the Prussians nor the guns could stop the Allies, who pressed forward with the cry upon their lips: "The Boche is not coming back this way!" Against this will to victory, the Prussians balanced their own slogan "We will win the war or all go to hell!" They did not come back that way, although some 100,000 of them died in the attempt.

The hard-pressed Crown Prince received some divisions of reinforcements on the 21st and 22d from the armies of Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, facing the British in Picardy and Flanders. This movement was answered and countered by the sending of British division to the front, southwest of Rheims, where they were in action on the 22d, meeting furious counter-attacks of picked German divisions. The net result of the day's fighting was the complete defeat of all the German assaults. The Americans pressed forward slightly south of Soissons and advanced about a mile from Oulchy to the Marne against the new German line. Oulchy was taken on July 23d.

Along the Marne from Chartrèves to near Reuilly the Germans were still in force on the north bank, and resisted bitterly every French attempt to cross in pursuit. East and west of this section, however, the French and American troops crossed, using the Germans' own pontoons and footbridges, which they had not had time to destroy, and constructing others under fire.

Northward from the Marne to Rheims the battle raged all day with fluctuating fortunes. The village of Marfaux was at one time partly in German hands, but the evening saw all previous Allied gains maintained and slight progress mado westward.

Everywhere back of the lines south of the Vesle the retreating Germans were burning villages and ammunition dumps and supply depots; indicating a situation constantly becoming more desperate and apparently a plan to make a stand along the Vesle. Meantime the German advance toward Paris moved rapidly toward the rear, and the Allied armies, gaining impetus and morale and assurance of victory, became hourly more formidable. The spirit of democracy, aroused, was out to conquer.

AMID all the excitement of the Allied offensive, our American troops have not only acquired a new and valuable experience, but they have learned to know something of the importance of strategy. General Foch is now a hero in their eyes.

Our troops have also confirmed the "hunch" they and their leaders have had from the start, that they are equal to any troops on the field when it comes to actual work. They have now faced the very pick of the German army, shock troops included.

How the German military leaders view the situation is not announced, although an article in the Cologne Gazette gives an intimation of their attitude. The Gazette says that the aim of the General Staff in crossing the Marne has been attained, and that the withdrawal was for the "protection of life, in order to be strong as possible on the decisive part of the front."

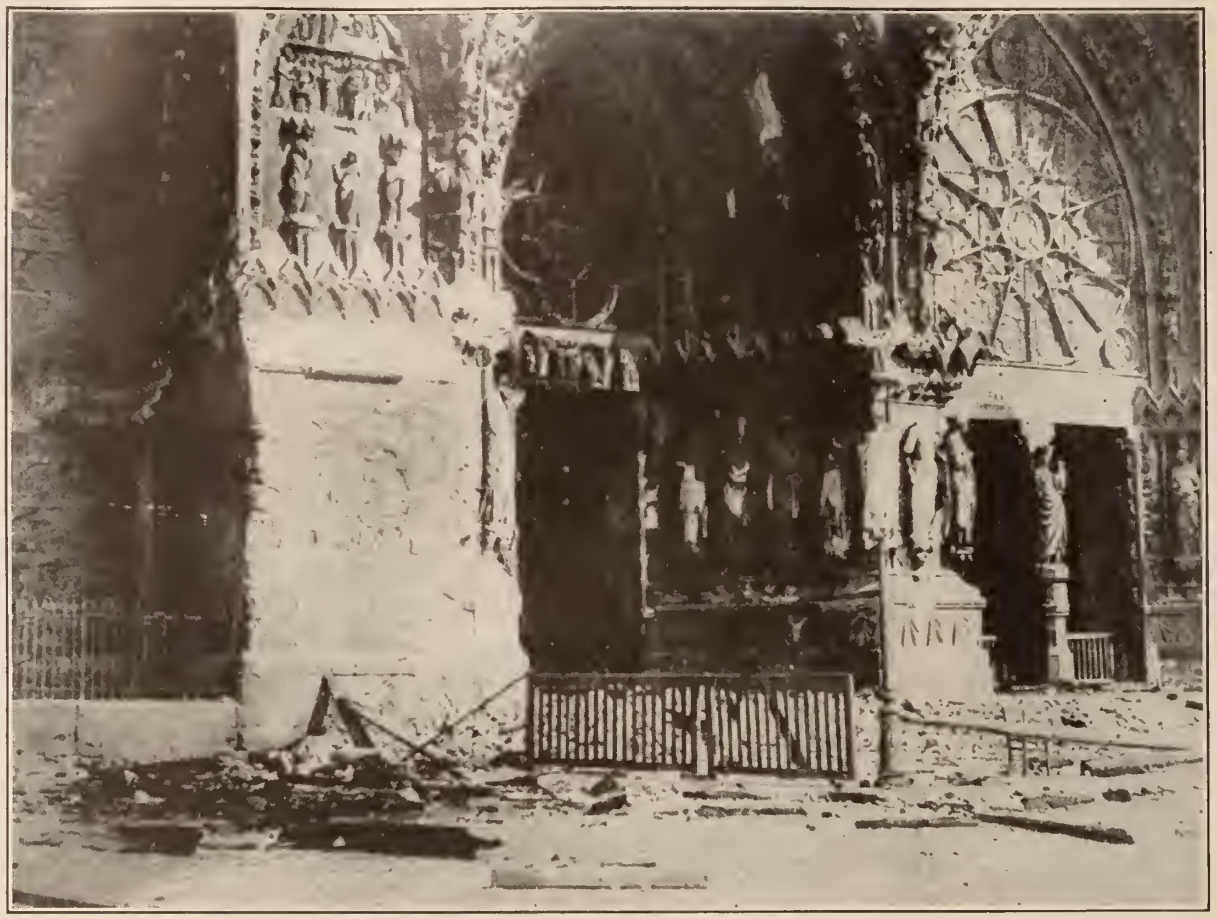


Photo from Press Illustrating Service

The entrance to Rheims Cathedral, showing results of bombardment

A Czech Army to Fight in France

By MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

WE were in Field, British Columbia, when my eye caught the headline, "Czecho-Slovaks and Soviet Troops Meet." The report went on to say that there had been fighting between these two forces in the region of the Urals.

These Czecho-Slovaks are the greatest bunch of political and military dynamite I have ever met! From the time they kidnapped me in the crowded station at Irtishevo, between Saratov and Moscow, till I waved "good-by" to a group of them as our little boat put out from Vladivostok, I grew to love them like brothers. I know of no troops who, under similar conditions, have kept up such a fine spirit and maintained self-respect, discipline and enthusiasm in the midst of demoralization and chaos. They are upstanding, fighting men, and that is why Trotzky and Lenine did all they could to get them out of Russia.

My friend, Mr. Miller of the Y. M. C. A., who knows the Czechs thoroughly, said to me one night in Samara; "People don't know the Czechs. That's why they said that we could never get them to France by carrying them around the world. But two échelons are already in Vladivostok, and we are putting four thousand men through here a day now."

Now the Czecho-Slovaks are very important people in this war. What they may do to Austria and so to their hated German oppressors has yet to be developed. Liberty is as dear to them now as it was when Huss started his reformation and they insisted on the full communion and the open Bible. And there are no men anywhere who are staking more and using more initiative and heroism to achieve liberty, than these people of whom so little is known.

IT was known that the Czechs would never fight their brother Slavs. Forty per cent. of German and Magyar troops were included in all Czech battalions. In spite of this, in small groups and in whole companies, with bands at their heads, the Czechs marched across to the Serb, Italian and Russian lines, voluntary prisoners rather than murderers of men with whom they had no quarrel. For this, they are still criticized.

Mutiny broke out and thousands of Czechs sacrificed their lives to an ideal. The German and Magyar troops used Prussian methods to compel an allegiance which was not their due, and had never been freely pledged. For every Czech who went over to the enemy, two were killed at home. Yet they preferred death to being made tools of oppression against their blood-brothers. These men, accused of cowardice, tried in every way to gain places in the Serbian, Russian and Italian armies and distinguished themselves for physical courage as they had for moral courage in refusing to be instruments of autocratic oppression.

Those Czechs who were outside Austria when war broke out offered themselves as loyal soldiers in the Allied fight. As "alien enemies" some of them are now serving in the British artillery, a high compliment to their loyalty and intelligence. The Czechs and their brothers the Slovaks realize too well the futility of idealistic words without active sacrifice and service, and they are doing their bit in the fight to make the world a place where the political lion and the lamb shall lie down in peace together.

On arriving at Irtishevo fresh from Armenia, I noticed great groups of soldiers in the Russian uniform, but with a red and white badge on their caps. They were neat, alert, enthusiastic. One could see at a glance that they were going somewhere and not retreating. Their faces shone with a spirit which I had never seen in the Russian soldier—a spirit which graft, corruption and Tsarism killed in the Russians before I entered Russia. I wondered who they could be. The Red part of their ribbon made me wonder if they were the boasted Red Army. If they were, I foresaw a sturdy defense against German trickery and force. In broken Russian I asked who they were. The reply came first in French and then in English. I told them I was an American, and from that time on I was their willing prisoner and guest.

The grounds around their cars were swept up and tidy. The floors of their cars were clean, as were their uniforms. All this in Russia. I marveled and admired. It was new and inspiring.

I was told by my friend Mr. Spacek, member of the Narodni Rada, that the percentage of literacy among the Czecho-Slovaks was ninety-seven per cent. Nearly every man I met could read, write and talk at least three languages, and some talked six languages and many dialects. I taught English to a large group of the Narodni Rada, and their intelligence violated all speed laws.

Sturdy Czecho-Slo ak troops on the march in Siberia

AS I lent a copy of "The Crisis" to one soldier, who had been a waiter in a London hotel, I told him I hoped he would enjoy it, as it was a story of Lincoln. His reply was immediate and sincere: "Thank you very much. I have always had a very great interest in the character of Abraham Lincoln and in the principles which were fought for in the American War of Secession."

As artists, the Czechs have power, imagination and superb technique. Their sketches showed the pride and manhood of the Czech soldier, who has gone through all the demoralizing experiences that have ruined the Russians, but has come through clean and sound. In a dozen towns and cities, I have seen the Czech soldiers walking, resting and playing, and I have never seen one disgrace his red-and-white badge of honor.

The Czechs are musical. To hear the marching songs of the Russian soldiers in Petrograd was inspiring. But the Czechs have more than music in their singing—they have a challenge and a promise. The Czechs sing as though they were creating a Marseillaise and not simply repeating it. Czech music, whether it be the marching song among the box-cars, or the violin solo in the Red Cross car among the wounded, is like that.

I WISH I could tell more about the good times we had together, and of how I saw an expeditionary force of forty thousand men increase to sixty thousand, like a great snowball rolling across Siberia on its way to France.

But doubtless you will want to know, as that man at Field wanted to know, why the Czecho-Slovaks are fighting the Soviets in the Urals. When they came over to the Russians, the Czechs, because of German influence under the old régime, were denied their dream of fighting with Russia against their old oppressors. Instead, they were sent to malarial districts in Turkestan and to cold Siberia. But when the Revolution came, banners bearing Bohemian insignia appeared as if by magic; Czech regiments formed in a moment and the Czecho-Slovaks took a distinguished part in the ineffectual Russian offensive and retreat of July 1917. Under General Selivatcheff who succeeded General Belkovitch, the Czechs pierced six enemy lines and then covered the enforced retreat near Zborov. In that sector they bore the brunt of the fighting. Had the entire Seventh Army been made up of Czechs, the leaders said they would have taken Lemberg. But neither Cossacks, Siberians nor the British armored car division surpassed the Czechs in bravery, discipline or morale.

When, in February, Russia withdrew from the war, the Czechs asked permission to leave for France, via Siberia and Vladivostok. Such a group of well disciplined men in Russia might prove a danger to the Bolsheviki, and Lenine and Trotzky were glad to do all they could to get them out of the country. When I reached their staff headquarters at Penza, the Czecho-Slovaks were moving out at the rate of four échelons in twenty-four hours, although trains were scarce and travelers were many.

All along the line they were forced to give up their supplies. Airplanes, armored cars, rifles and cartridges melted away under the successive demands of the local Soviets in the districts through which they passed. But no one opposed their progress. They had mounted machine-guns on their engines while coming out of the Ukraine, and had gotten the best of their opponents in several bloody skirmishes. In confused Russia there was no one anxious to stop these disciplined troops of brave men. The Trans-Siberian became a thoroughfare for Czech trains en route to Vladivostok. We were almost keeping up to passenger schedule.

IN Siberia the authority rests in Soviets manned by Jews and supported by a mercenary army of Austrian prisoners of war, Cossacks, Russians and a few German war prisoners. And Siberia neither wished to have Semenoff start a reactionary movement nor give Japan an excuse for aggression. It was believed that France favored intervention in Siberia, and it was known that France was financing the Czechs. To have any considerable number of Czechs in the region of Semenoff's army at the time when the Siberian Soviets were trying to repulse him was manifestly a danger to the Soviets, so no more échelons left Irkutsk. The excuse was floods on the Amur and the poor condition of the sand track of the Amur railway. But the real reason was that, with Russia uncertain as to the attitude of France, England and Japan, the Soviets saw no reason for allowing those who were being financed by France in the Tchita region.

Thus it was that an intervention scare kept trained and brave fighters from proceeding to Vladivostok, whence they would go via Panama or America to France. Archangel was the only one other way out.

But meanwhile there were rumors that a boundary would be established between Russia and Siberia along the Urals. Not only did this threaten Lenine and Trotzky with a further dismemberment of the empire, but with the Germans holding the pistol to the heads of the Russian Bolshevik authorities, any anti-German move in the Urals would be a provocation for further German aggression in Russia.

OBVIOUSLY, the best thing was to disarm the Czechs. But, just as obviously, the Czechs objected to being utterly disarmed in an unfriendly country. And just as obviously Lenine and Trotzky are mighty anxious to get these seventy thousand brave men out of the country. Twelve thousand are already in Vladivostok or have left for France in care of a fine group of Red Triangle men. The rest are scattered from Irkutsk to Archangel, and rumor has it that the Germans have closed the latter port, so that this eager array of men, may be kept in Russia until Semenoff quits his provocatory warfare in Siberia or the Czech ammunition gives out.

If a regiment or more of the Czechs comes to America on its way to France, you will miss the chance of your life if you don't hear them sing, see them drill and then cheer them on their long, long trail from the Austrian mobilization centers of four years ago to the prison camps of Russia, and the trenches in France, in their spirited and determined fight against oppression and in behalf of liberty.

War Gardens and Soul Gardens

*A Sermon to Brother Weeds, by REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.**

IF I had been St. Francis, I would certainly have addressed a sermon to the Weeds. It was all very well for him to preach to the birds, especially since all the pictures show how attentive were his feathered brethren. Nor do I wonder that St. Anthony exhorted his brother fishes, because the people of Rimini would not listen to him. It must be so, for they have commemorated the fact by building a chapel on the banks of a canal near the Rubicon, to the preacher and his "Brother Fish." There have been many fishermen preachers, but only one preacher to fish, and he surely deserves his piscine chapel.

Many preachers doubtless have wished that they had even fish to turn to, from an unresponsive audience. But in none of their voluminous biographies have I read that either of these saints preached to the weeds, as I am often tempted to do since I feel that my kinship with them is so close.

If a preacher can exhort effectively only those whose tendencies and temptations he has himself known, most of us are particularly qualified to address our brother weeds. It is a wise homiletical rule to preach *ad hominem*, and to let your auditors know that you sympathize with them and understand their peculiarities.

. . .

MY sermon to Weeds would be something as follows:

Beloved Brethren, we, your fellow mortals, have much in common with you. In the morning we flourish and grow up; in the evening we are cut down and wither. Our brief day is but a little longer than yours. Indeed, it may be shorter, for some of you, I note, are perennials, and very loath to die, while our days are numbered from the beginning.

I notice, too, that most of you are very persistently bent on taking the wrong course, and in this respect, too, we acknowledge our kinship.

Brother Burdock, you have long and exceedingly tough roots. I sometimes think they are clinched on the other side of the globe. You are much inclined to spring up in our lawns where you are not wanted. Alas, our own evil propensities are just as deep-rooted; and when we think we have cut off the evil thing, and believe that it will trouble us no more, we soon find that we have but clipped the top of our passions and that their roots stretch down into the depths of our being.

Brother Pussley, you, too, have the same faults, and I find you among my peas and in my strawberry-bed, where your room is far better than your company. But, how can we reproach you for persistently crowding out your betters, when we find that with our own best thoughts and actions, evil is mixed. Into our prayers sometimes intrude wandering thoughts. I fear that some of us gave an extra five dollars to the hospital because, though it was more than we could afford, our name had to appear on a subscription paper and we could not drop our contributions into the anonymous seclusion of a contribution box.

AND you, too, brother Poison Ivy, even with you we must claim kinship, however unwillingly. Like many a bad habit, you are quite bewitchingly beautiful in your early days. In the spring you put forth your three finely-veined and tinted leaves, and twine lovingly about any support you may find. If you find none, you stand upright and independent. But how you do multiply yourself, sending out far-reaching roots, stretching in every direction, until the ground is a perfect network of your fibres. You strangle every delicate thing to which you attach yourself, and poison some people who do but breathe the same atmosphere as you do.

Many of us know your prototype too well. Those little bad habits, begun when we were boys! What a lot of trouble they gave us before they were rooted out! We are not sure yet that their virus is dead. The harmless, pretty little thing at the beginning—mere good fellowship, harmless conviviality, it seemed, but it strangled a life and poisoned a whole family when it was grown. Moreover, you sow your evil seeds at the same time that you stretch your runners underground, until you have a million children, and many square rods of my farm are covered with your noxious growth.

I cannot deny it—the sins of us mortals multiply in very much the same way. One leads to another and another and another, until the good soil of human nature that was meant to grow virtues and good deeds, is often preoccupied with a rank and poisonous moral vegetation.

. . .

BROTHER Witch-grass, I must not forget to reprobate you. How innocent you look when your first green shoot appears above the brown soil of spring-time! You would deceive the very elect, for you look exactly like your succulent brother, Huds-grass, but if we let you grow, your tangle of roots and worthless shoots will choke every decent plant in the neighborhood.

There are others of your tribe which give me a lot of trouble, and yet I do not like to class them with Brother Poison Ivy and Brother Burdock and Brother Witch-grass. I refer to you, Brothers Daisy and Buttercup and Dandelion. You are very pretty and not without your uses, I admit. You brighten a field and are quite as exquisite in your way as many of the flowers we cultivate and cherish. But you have the vice of overdoing your virtues and obtruding them where they are not wanted.

You, Brother Daisy, get into the mowing grass and then you become a White-weed and we farmers have little patience with you. You, Brother Buttercup, do the same thing and spoil next winter's fodder; and as for you, Brother Dandelion, you are the pest of our lawns.

Yet we cannot reproach you too severely, when we remember how our own virtues tend to vices. We think they are "daisies," and so they are; but they sometimes get so rampant as to choke out other and more important virtues. They lead us to the sins we have no mind to.

Often they get into our neighbor's fields, and they hide all his special merits, so that we cannot see them ourselves, while we become a nuisance to him, and he wishes we were farther away.

Neatness is most admirable, yet a good wife's fear of a speck of dirt on the kitchen floor often makes the men folks uncomfortable. Self-sacrifice is one of man's noblest virtues; but when it develops into a self-imposed, life-long martyrdom, it is worse than buttercups in the mowing patch. Executive ability is indispensable in its place, but when it undertakes to regulate everyone's actions, it is as much out of place as a crop of dandelions on the front lawn.

. . .

WELL, Brother Weeds, I know of but one way to keep you where you belong, and that is to fill your places with a useful growth. I have noticed that Peas and Parsley, like everything else, obey the law of the impenetrability of matter. They cannot occupy the same spot at the same time. I can cultivate Beans or Burdocks, but not both in the same garden patch, for you, Brother Burdocks, will strangle Brother Beans, unless we see to it that they have the right of way. We can raise your great family, Brother Witch-grass, without half trying, for you have ten million children, but we prefer Brother Timothy and Brother Red-Top, and we will see to it that they shall flourish in our acres, and their moral kinfolk in the gardens of our souls.

An Inscription for A Wayside Altar

HE walked the dusty ways of men,
Their grief and hunger knew,
The weariness of journey long,
Love's greeting and adieu.

He found the lowly roads of earth,
If trod with spirit true,
Reach havens o'er the kindly stars—
His road runs here for you!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

*Founder and President of Christian Endeavor.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Open Door

SUNDAY, August 4. Rev. 3 : 8. "*I have set before thee an open door.*" The life that is lived in steady contemplation of God is not only firm and roomy, but is characterized by daily enlargement. Every day the Lord opens doors to the consecrated life. Words that hitherto had no meaning throw open their doors and unveil their wealth. Promises, that have hitherto been under lock and key, fling their doors ajar, and invite us to partake of their treasure. We don't know just where we shall find the open door. Sometimes a lowly service confronts us. We discharge the humble task, and in the act of obedience we find we have passed through an open door into an enlarged conception of "the inheritance of the saints in light."

In the old castle at Edinburgh, the way to the crown jewels leads through a very humble doorway and through a very dingy and circuitous passage. The humble doorways of common duties are frequently the way to the room where God keeps his jewels.

The Lord is ever giving us new opportunities, fresh chances, that day by day we may grow in grace and in the knowledge of him. It is his will that we should grow daily in finer discernment, richer affection, and more brilliant hope.

Let us "set the Lord" always before us, and life in its inmost depths shall be wondrously transfigured. We shall step upon rock, we shall live in a large place, and life will be abundant in opportunities for moral and spiritual growth. J. H. J.

The Nearness of the Invisible

MONDAY, August 5. II Kings 6 : 17. "*And Elisha prayed, and said, 'Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see.' And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.*" Elisha did not summon the armies of the skies to come to his relief—they were already round about him. The spiritual world is vastly nearer to us than we know. We forget what God's resources are.

The line which separates the natural from the supernatural is a very narrow one. Spiritual forces surround us on every side. The universe is full of power, and the power is of God. Jacob saw a heavenly ladder with angels ascending and descending. Then surely, if angels were going both ways, some of the angels were on earth all the time! Invisible are the forces of the air that lift oceans into the skies. Invisible are such immeasurable agencies as electricity and gravitation.

The wonderful progress of material science is marked by our increasing knowledge of means to apply the power which is already at our hand. God's resources of grace are as boundless as his messengers and ministers of power. We are often unduly alarmed. Notwithstanding God's abundant promises, we fear he may forget us. Nothing is plainer than that God promises to take care of his children. The high mountain shall be leveled and a way shall be cleft straight through the sea for our feet.

The allegory of Bunyan's pilgrim who saw lions in the way and was afraid, but pressed on and found the lions chained so that he could pass in safety, is entirely true to human experience. Elisha's servant thought it was necessary to do something in order to escape. It was only necessary that the young man's eyes should be opened to see that God had already done everything that was necessary for the safety of his servants. "Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take." C. C. A.

The Kingdom Within

TUESDAY, August 6. Luke 17 : 20, 21. "*The kingdom of God cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, Lo, here! or, Lo there! for behold, the kingdom of God is within you.*" The "kingdom of God" and the Church are kindred terms. Both are names which the Scriptures apply to the believers, viewed in their totality. This Church is not the visible society to which we often apply that name, and membership in this Church is determined not by certain religious performances.

The Pharisees, leaders of the faith in the days of Christ, had that conception of the Church. And if at any time that conception seemed justifiable it was in those days. For the Jewish Church was founded as a theocracy; for the people of the Jews as a visible society God had made special laws and ordinances.

But it is remarkable that even in this Church God declared that external compliance with its ways did not constitute any one a true member of the Church. He told the Jews by Isaiah: "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word. He that killeth an ox is as if he slew a man; he that sacrificeth a lamb, as if he cut off a dog's neck; he that offereth an oblation, as if he offered swine's blood; he that burneth incense, as if he blessed an idol." Here God abominates the mere outward performance of acts of worship as an outrage and a crime that is perpetrated against his holy name. Repeating a saying of this same prophet, our Lord said to the members of the Jewish Church in his day on another occasion: "Ye hypocrites, well did Isaiah prophesy of you, saying, This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoreth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me. In vain do they worship me."

The Pharisees with whose false notions of the Church our Lord wrestled have had many followers, who think and speak of the Church as a great, powerful, visible organization in this world, subject to the supreme will of a visible ruler, and capable of being employed in great worldly enterprises like a political machine. The Pharisees expected the Lord to set up such a church, and with the remark which has been cited at the head of this lesson the Lord sought to disabuse their ambitious minds of their pet notion. "The kingdom of God is within you," that means, faith which only God sees, constitutes any person a member of the Church. "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his. And, Let every one that nameth the name of the Lord depart from iniquity."

W. H. T. D.

Forgiveness of Sins

WEDNESDAY, August 7. Luke 5 : 23. "*Whether it is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, Rise up and walk.*" All the forces of matter and spirit are in God's hands. He who is true in nature, giving day and night, summer and winter, heat and cold, will be true in the government of His eternal kingdom.

Nothing whatever is hard to do, with the Infinite I AM. Christ proved his power to forgive sin by healing the body of the invalid. Physical miracles were evidences of his greater spiritual healing. All power belongeth unto God. Every work is easy for him. Whether it be easier to say "Let there be light," or to say, "Let there be love," what he says will be done. His promises will be kept. With him there is no shadow of turning. Our anchor upon the Rock of Ages always holds; amid all the changes of time, he is the same, yesterday, today and forever. He can touch the body into health and the soul into beauty. He is able to deliver, almighty to save.

If the sun had ever failed us, we might distrust the Son of Righteousness; if nature was ever untrue, we might doubt the grace divine. Our Lord could not prove that the sins of the paralytic were forgiven, but he could prove that bodily healing lay in his power.

No human physician could have healed the crippled man. Each kind of cure testified to the other in the experience of the sick man. The onlookers might do as they pleased about accepting the apparent fact that Christ was God in man, working wonders. They thought it blasphemy for Jesus to declare the man forgiven, because they knew that only God could forgive sins. They were amazed at the bodily healing whether they believed in the spiritual transformation or not.

This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

E. W. C.

Saved by Hope

THURSDAY, August 8. Rom. 8 : 24. "*For we are saved by hope.*" Does it never strike us as strange that Jesus, who was the world's supreme Sufferer, was also the world's supreme Optimist? Paul followed closely in his Lord's footsteps, summing up his life of bitterness and pain with that magnificent sentence, "Experience worketh hope."

The Scriptures tell us that Jesus, on the same night that he was betrayed, joined with his disciples in singing. Life was finished, but hope was not—hope which like an eagle rose above the shadows of the olives, above the bleak hill with its three crosses, above the darkened sun, to the throne of the Father.

The years bring to us all toils and trials, but life's close may find faith strengthened by every shock and blow. The sturdiest oak is that which sinks its anchors into granite hills and bares its branches to the mountain storms. An apostle prays, "The God of all grace . . . after ye have suffered awhile, stablish, strengthen, settle you." Let nothing unsettle us.

So many things do unsettle us unless we have the view of life which Alice Freeman had, to whom, when she was president of Wellesley College, one of her girls came, complaining that she had been insulted and had to answer back in kind. "What would you do if you were insulted as I was?" she demanded indignantly. And Alice Freeman answered, "My dear, there isn't a person in the universe that could insult me." Hers was a peace which floweth like a river and a hope which no earth-born cloud could even for a moment eclipse. The Father's presence was Christ's refuge, his cure for all earth's ills: "I know *thou* always hearest me." If we can say that, hope can never fail. The Father's care is our canopy. "Underneath are everlasting arms." C. C. A.

Prayer for Mercy

FRIDAY, August 9. Luke 18 : 13. "*God be merciful to me a sinner.*" This prayer of the publican is valued by all Christian men, not only because our Lord has commended it and many saints have repeated it, but because it expresses the attitude which the believer at all times maintains toward God: his heart is in a continuous penitential relation to God. Conscious of his innate sinfulness and his daily sinning, the Christian faces God at all times as a humble suitor for mercy. The posture of the publican is his typical way of bearing himself in the presence of his God. He recognizes no merit in himself, he pleads no worthiness which would give him a just claim upon God's favor. His single hope and reliance is in the merit of his Saviour Jesus Christ.

The penitence of a Christian is not only sorrow over his sin, but it embraces as its chief constituent element faith in the forgiveness of sin for Christ's sake. The life of Christ is that sinless life which he should have led, and the innocent death of the Sufferer on Calvary is the death that he deserved. God has accepted both as rendered for sinners, and declared himself satisfied by the resurrection of his Son with what his Son did and suffered as the sinners' proxy. This is the evangelical basis for any plea that he makes to God in penitence and faith, that God would not regard him as what he is, a sinner, but as what Jesus has made him, a child of God that had been lost but has been found again, that had been dead but now lives. The truth of the redemption and the atonement is the daily bread of justifying faith. For what the Saviour said of the prayer of the publican, viz., that he went down to his house justified, he still says of every person who repeats this prayer. W. H. T. D.

The Meditative Mood

SATURDAY, August 10. Ps. 104 : 34. "*My meditation of Him shall be sweet.*" William Henry Green, the historian, was accustomed to spend the first hour of every day over a page in the Psalms. Here he found strength to perform the great duties of his career.

William E. Gladstone said, "On occasions of sharp pressure or trial, some word of Scripture came to me from my meditations, as if borne on angels' wings. One was, 'O Lord God, thou strength of my heart, thou hast covered my head in the day of battle.' Another was, 'Give thy strength unto thy servant, and help the son of thine handmaid.'"

Should we not obey the words of the Master when he said to his weary disciples, "Come ye apart to a desert place and rest awhile." In quiet lonely places, one meets God face to face. There meditative moods have given to men precious treasuries of thought and spiritual culture like à Kempis's Imitation of Christ and Bernard's beautiful songs and writings.

It is natural for a mariner to watch and study his chart and compass, and it is well for the multitude of mankind, voyaging over the sea of time, to do likewise.

The ocean is never too full, though it receives streams from the mountains and rain from the clouds. The soul in meditation ever needs streams of thought from the purple mountains of the past and the coming down of Jesus, like the rain from the heavenly clouds on the heart.

Action must follow contemplation because knowing without doing hardens the conscience and hurts the soul. Continued feeling would overwhelm the mind and paralyze the powers if not expressed in obedient exercise. E. W. C.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

Leaders Fall; God Reigns

GOD said to Moses: "Thou shalt not go over into the promised land of Canaan." So the leader of Israel through forty years of wilderness life, ascended from Mount Nebo, and Joshua led the people to final victory. Divine leadership never changes. Transferring his legions from earthly to heavenly armies does not endanger the results of the conflict. God's truth ever marches on.

Those transferred to the front line of the River of Life are still battling with us in invisible aeroplanes.

Abraham Lincoln, like Moses, had a view of the Promised Land of Re-United States of freedom and peace, but he ascended for wider visions and vaster usefulness. His shadow proved to be greater than his life. The entire American people were his pall-bearers, and all the world his mourners. His blood recemented the North and the South into one indissoluble union; his death was a victory vaster than Appomattox. Do not the living fight better, remembering the heroes who have fallen?

Those fighting for liberty today are marching under the inspiration of the spirit of the great Emancipator. When Lincoln fell, he arose everywhere. All parties, races, countries, and peoples were brought nearer to each other in a great brotherhood of freedom by his sacrifice.

Millions of soldiers have gone the way of Moses and Lincoln from European battle-grounds. One moment here; the next, beyond the stars. Today, singing national songs as they approach the enemy; tomorrow with the choir invisible. They have found the paradise of peace and freedom while we are fighting on. Is it not one army of the living God, Here or Yonder, one Temple of Liberty, whose pillars rest on eternal foundations, one God over all? His government has no end; His eternal Republic is unshakable!

How noble to die with the full armor on, in the strength of youth and manhood, rather than by slow decline of age and feebleness, quickly promoted to the never-dying hosts of the skies. A French soldier expressed the true view when he said, "I count myself as dead already; if I survive today's battle, tomorrow will give me another chance to die for God and France." A lamb being torn by a wolf has aroused anew the spirit of liberty throughout the world.

Baron Burian's Hard Problem

AUSTRIA'S Foreign Minister, Baron Burian, in an address to the Austrian and Hungarian Premiers—according to Vienna dispatches—reveals the new attitude which Teutonic diplomacy is adopting in the hope of improving peace prospects. "This method of fighting," he declares, "is indignantly disavowed by the races of the dual empire." The Central Powers, while willing for peace, he adds, will continue "their invincible defense," and victorious battles, it is hinted, will be followed with new peace offers, the victors always being "intent on recalling that we regard the war as senseless and purposeless bloodshed, which might at any moment be ended by the reemergence of feelings of humanity in our enemies," who, where they are not aiming at territorial aequisition, "are fighting against a windmill." Coming on the heels of the Piave defeat and the Balkan reverses, such statements can have but one interpretation. If diplomacy be the handmaid of war, as the Baron affirms, she has certainly served Austria some shabby tricks lately that should warrant her dismissal.

Austria is sick of the war, and would gladly end it if she could; but she dare not let go. Baron Burian has a big problem on his hands. It is the old problem of national unity, which threatens to reach the breaking-point. He fears than American influence may hasten this. The open and serious defection of the Czechs and Jugo-Slavs is a nightmare that troubles the Baron, which may at any time turn into reality and dislocate the heterogeneous empire. There is a revelation of weakness in the eagerness with which Burian talked of the "exclusively defensive" alliance with Germany, which he pronounced firm and mutually satisfactory. As a plain matter of fact, the whole world perceives the evidence that it is satisfactory to neither. Austria sees her dominion rent with dissension over the enforced service to Prussian tyranny, and in Germany the note of dissent is growing among the Saxons and Bavarians, who are straining at the bonds which link them to the mad ambition of the "Potsdam gang." Taken as a whole, the speech of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister must be regarded as misrepresentative of actual conditions and popular sentiment in that country. Instead of being viewed as an aid to peace, it may be classed as another choice specimen of diplomatic sophistry, designed to placate the rapidly-growing sentiment in favor of autonomy and self-government among the small peoples, who have been degraded and enslaved by the war.

Locusts and Aeroplanes

THERE is nothing like getting out of a rut, and if one can do so without losing his balance, it is well. A reader of the Christian Herald, Mr. A. H. E., Ramona, Kans., writes this letter:

"I would like if someone would give his view on the 9th chapter of Revelations. I have in mind that our war planes are the locusts the Revelator has in view in that chapter. Surely he did not mean the locusts of Pharaoh's time. These locusts ate every green thing; but not so with the locusts that John the Revelator saw. They were not to hurt the grass of the earth, neither any green thing, neither any tree, but only those men who had not the seal of God on their foreheads. Moreover, these locusts of Revelations had a man's face. I have seen one airship about forty rods away from me, in flight, and the sound was that of a locust, and at the propeller was a man's face, and it also had wings, and the sting in the tail of the locust of Revelations had its parallel in the gun of the aeroplane. Also, in the Greek tongue the name of the angel of the bottomless pit—the instigator of these locusts—is Apollyon, that is to say 'destroyer,' and in this we may recognize another type of what we have in the present war. To carry the ancient parallel still further, we have in President Wilson a typical Joseph, who cares for the poor and suffering and who is seeking the rights of all; who sends corn and flour to the stricken and unfortunate countries, and who is beginning to be looked up to as a father to all nations."

Our correspondent's letter is certainly ingenious and by no means irreverent. While we cannot endorse it on exegetical grounds, it is certainly more to the point than a great deal that is both said and written on this subject, and much more profitable.

Last Stand for Alcohol

THE decisive fight against Alcohol is now on in Congress. Only a very few Senators and Representatives are wavering, still under the malign influence of the forces of evil.

Your telegram, your letter to your Congressman and Senators will help gain war prohibition, speed victory and hasten the homecoming of our boys from overseas.

Let every loyal one of us stand by the President in his effort to send to the front an army big enough to win the war. Let us help free the three hundred thousand able-bodied men now employed in the drink trade for service at the front or on the farm.

Let us all stand by the Food Administration and bring to pass the recently expressed desire of Herbert Hoover that the waste of four and a half million bushels of grain per month in whiskey and beer may be stopped.

Let us relieve the coal shortage by shutting down the breweries which used in 1917 millions of tons of coal, while the people suffered from lack of it.

Now is the time for every man and woman with an opinion on the matter to express that opinion to members of Congress. Every word now counts.

Unheralded Heroes

A WAR so vast as the one now going on abounds in instances of heroism which should be recorded for the benefit of posterity. All preceding wars have had their heroes. Europe, it is true, had three years the start of us, but we are making up gallantly for time lost.

What could be more inspiring, for instance, than the story of the fight at Chateau Thierry, on the opening of the latest great German offensive? In the first shock of the assault, when dense masses of the Huns swarmed down upon the Americans, some of the latter were caught in the human stream and involuntarily became prisoners. Then, when the inevitable American counter-attack took place, it swept along until the point was reached where the captured Americans were guarded, when suddenly they turned on their guards, and bore back with them to the American front, eight Germans as captives.

Then, too, there is the narrative—reminding one of the feats of the Paladins and Crusaders—which tells how an American platoon was left in front of an embankment, behind which was the enemy in force. The platoon fired until its ammunition was well-nigh exhausted, observing which, the Germans shouted to them to surrender. The Yankee answer was one last long, blinding, volley, followed by a shout, and the "dough-boys" were all over the embankment and upon them. So quickly was the whole maneuver performed that, almost before they knew it, they were well on their way back to the American lines, with 38 astonished German prisoners.

Out of the ruck and smoke of the great world conflict are springing up daily instances of magnificent heroism, which show that the old American spirit which has carried the Stars and Stripes to victory in every past campaign, is rejuvenated and incarnated in our gallant boys at the front. The war is making big history; it is also making a race of men whose splendid courage and intrepidity, combined with coolness and firmness in the face of danger, make them equal to any emergency. Uncle Sam may well be proud of his sons, who are fighting for liberty and justice and righteousness.

Thrift for War-Time

THE War Savings Stamp means ready money for the government. It means sound investment and good returns to the buyer. It means cultivation of the excellent habit of saving.

But the money in the Thrift Stamps, however much it may be, is not enough for Uncle Sam; and the citizen who gives all his money in Saving Stamps is still far short of his full duty in thrift.

The government needs money, of course—needs it to the extent of twenty-four billions this year. This is a lot of money. It is infinitely more than was ever raised in the same length of time by any other nation in the world's history. It is about a third of all the wages being paid in our whole country in the same period. But the money that the government needs will come. There will be work in getting it, but it will be got. The real problem is not there.

No; the real problem lies in the government's being able to spend this money—being able to find the things it needs for the forces at the front.

The government will have millions to spend for soldiers' shoes, for instance; but if the leather for the shoes is not to be found—what then? If the leather supply of the country is tied up in civilian shoes in store stocks, and in one, two, three or more extra pairs stuck away in closets, then how is the leather for soldiers' shoes to be had? If the war continues long enough, every extra pair of shoes at home may mean an American soldier barefoot in France.

This sounds extreme, but it is only in line with common history. Shoes are but typical. There are a thousand essential things lacking in the markets, even now, which the government would like to furnish to the boys at the front, but can't. The government has the money to buy all essentials, but it also has a hundred million competitive buyers right here at home.

Here is a wrong state of affairs, to be remedied only by real thrift. The denial of things not actually needed is the best part of thrift at all times, and at present it is the best part of patriotism also. Putting money into War Savings Stamps means government revenue—and that is good. But it also means that this money is not used to buy for home consumption commodities that the government needs to send to the soldiers.

We at home are the second line of defense. The strength of the front line of fighters is dependent upon our sacrifice.

The Savings Stamp is a sturdy little soldier, marching on two strong legs.

The Patriotic Spirit

ALL ministers are not wise; if they were, then we might witness more profitable discussions than frequently occur as the result of indiscreet sermonizing. Almost every day we read in the newspapers of some pastor who lets his lips run away with his brains, as the old saying goes, and who is either unfortunately misconstrued, or else has been guilty of something untactful, if not unpatriotic. This is a time when patriotism has the floor; and if any man in the pulpit or on the platform is out of key with the pervading sentiment of the nation, he does well to be silent, if he cannot keep his remarks in the proper vein. No American audience will listen to unpatriotic addresses now, when there are scores, aye, hundreds of eloquent and earnest pastors to whom they can listen with pleasure, and from whose patriotic fervor they themselves can gather inspiration.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Water in "Death Valley"

IN that arid area of our western territory, known as "Death Valley," in Inyo County, California, the lack of water is so terrible in its effects upon the traveler that many have perished of thirst. The journey across is one of many miles, and so sterile and forbidding is the place and so thoroughly walled in by mountains, shutting out the cooling winds, that it has seemed hopeless to ever make an real use of the place, to cross which has proved fatal to many travelers. Here and there the level floor of the valley is marked by the skeletons of animals which have died of thirst, and the fragments of domestic utensils, broken wagon wheels, etc., tell the fate of travelers of whom no other trace may ever be found. All these years since "Death Valley" was first discovered, it has seemed that it was a hopeless territory and must be abandoned; but science, looking to the brighter side, has undertaken if not to transform, at least to soften and minimize the dangers of "Death Valley." There are springs of clear, cool water, which have doubtless saved many a life, but these are difficult to find. Now the government has undertaken to map out "Death Valley" and to put up sign posts at the springs, indicating their whereabouts. Some have already been indicated. There are also guide posts which, though they may be miles distant from the nearest spring, will, if heeded, infallibly point the traveler to its exact location where he may find refreshment and new life. Hereafter, those who enter "Death Valley," if they look for these signs and follow them, need not perish of thirst nor even suffer long, for they can readily find the springs. Water is essential to life in the vegetable and animal world. The flower gardens, harvest fields, and forests are nearly all water—seventy per cent. of them or more—and they would all die without it. The bodies of all animals, including man, are more than seventy per cent. water. This necessity has caused the inspired writers through the Scriptures to use water as a symbol of salvation so necessary to spiritual life. This earth, with all of its beauty, by man's sin has been made a spiritual desert, a veritable "Death Valley," but Christ is the water of life to the individual soul, and to the institution of mankind. The prophet thus sees and describes him: "*In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.*" (*Isa. 35 : 6.*)

Gave Life for Brothers

MARY BLOCK, a twelve-year-old Hoboken girl, gave up her life the other day in an attempt to save two little brothers from being crushed under a locomotive's wheels. She threw the boys, Philip, five years old, and Charles, four, to one side as their feet touched the tracks. The engine hit her and hurled her several yards to her death. The three children had been visiting relatives on Jersey City Heights, and on their return home, in crossing the West Shore tracks the engine came down upon them. Mary snatched the boys from death, but was unable to escape herself. A life like that of little Mary would have been a precious treasure to her family, to the church and the world; but if she had lived to be 100 years old, she could not have crowded more worth and honor into it than she did in that one moment of supreme heroism when she forgot her own life in her intense love for her two little brothers, and gave up her life for them. For she emulated the undying love of that Saviour who gave his life for the world. Her heroism calls to mind these words: "*He saved others; himself he cannot save.*" (*Matt. 27 : 42.*)

Club-Footed Errand Boy

TWO gentlemen were riding in an automobile on the streets of a city the other day, and just in front of them was a little boy about twelve years of age riding a bicycle. There is nothing strange about a boy riding a wheel, but the strange thing about this boy was that he was propelling his wheel with club feet. One of the gentlemen said: "See that little fellow with feet at right angles to those which other boys have, and see how like a miracle he works the pedals with those club feet, dodging in and out and around and fairly sailing with his speed." "Yes," said the other gentleman, "that boy is employed in our factory. He is as smart as a whip, and feels as responsible for his work as the head of the institution does for his." Some benevolent person ought to take that little chap to a surgeon and have the tendons cut and his feet turned the right way. But whether this is done or not, the superb spirit with which the boy overcomes his physical handicap will overcome other hindrances that may obstruct his path and give him success. It would seem that the last thing the lad would be fitted for would be the task of an errand boy; but he mastered the wheel with his club feet and became for the business establishment a swift and successful messenger. Much of business and religious success is achieved by this triumph over hindrances. Zaccheus was so short of stature that he could not see the Saviour passing by, and so he overcame that handicap by climbing a tree, where he got an excellent view, and where Christ could get his eye on him and save him. "*And he ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see him, for he was to pass that way.*" (*Luke 19 : 4.*)

Potatoes Growing in Streets

IN the residence section of the beautiful city of Portland, Oregon, there is a crop of real Irish potatoes growing in the streets, a sign of industry and homely thrift. Back yards, front yards, side lots, the "commons" of cities as well as idle farm land have been pressed into the service of sustaining the boys who are fighting for the flag, and those at home who are to back them up. One of the express demands of the Food Department of the Government is to use more corn and potatoes and less wheat. And the good people of Portland have done the wise and loyal thing to turn their lovely thoroughfares into a real sure enough potato patch. From an artistic point of view there is nothing much prettier than healthy potato vines in full bloom. Potatoes are grown in large quantities from the Gulf of Mexico to Alaska. In the Southern States two crops are grown annually. The yield through the country is from 100 to 250 bushels to the acre. The potato is indigenous to America, and has been taken from here to most of the countries of Europe. Columbus did not find gold, as he expected, but he did find the potato a veritable gold mine to the world's wealth. It will do very well to eat potatoes as a substitute for cereal as a war necessity, but it would not do to continue it, as the physical fiber and the mental virility of our people would be perceptibly reduced by it. Humboldt calculated that the same extent of ground which would produce thirty pounds of wheat would produce 1,000 pounds of potatoes. But potatoes do not contain anything like the nutriment there is in wheat. That is why the government asks us to eat potatoes for a while, and let the soldier boys have the wheat. If potatoes were known in olden times we have no record of them. Wheat was their staff of life. In times of shortage the Jews went to Egypt for wheat. Corn is a generic term which includes maize, wheat, barley, rye and oats. Jacob said: "*I have heard that there is corn in Egypt: get you down thither, and buy for us from thence; that we may live, and not die.*" (*Gen. 42 : 2.*)

Virgin Islands Vote "Dry"

THE Virgin Islands, America's new possession in the West Indies, went dry. Early in July, both branches of the Provincial Legislature adopted war time prohibition under the provision of an act of Congress at Washington, said law to take effect July 1, 1919. Thus the Virgin Islands follow the wholesome example of Alaska, Porto Rico and the Hawaiian Islands in banishing booze from their borders. The American democracy has taught the world that the people can rule themselves politically. It is now demonstrating the ability of the people to govern themselves morally, and we are banishing the greatest single enemy to the development and happiness of the individual, the intoxicating cup, and are therefore promoting physical, mental, and spiritual efficiency for the nation. The opinion of the American people on the subject of strong drink is that: "*It biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.*" (*Prov. 23 : 32.*)

Polar Bear's Shrewdness

A WHALER, who has recently returned from a trip to the far north, tells of the singular cleverness of the polar bear, especially in procuring food. He undertook to capture a bear by arranging a slip noose about a bait. The noose caught one of the bear's paws, but he worked it loose and took the bait away. The bait was set again, but bruin did not like the looks of the rope and brushed it away with his paw. The hunter then covered the rope with snow, but the bear dug down until he saw the rope and said, in his own bear-talk, "not any of that for me," and pulled at the safe end of the rope and got the meat. At last the man put the rope with the bait down in a deep hole, and covered it with snow, but Mr. Bear left the rope for the man, and took the bait for himself. Then the man concluded that the bear was smarter than he was, that his brains had saved his hide and let him go. The bear concluded that he would have a good fat seal for breakfast. He saw one on the ice, near a hole, ready to plunge into it at the approach of danger. Bruin knew that there was not a ghost of a chance of getting the seal if he approached it on the ice, and some distance away he entered the water, through another hole, and swam under the ice, coming out of the hole where the seal was. The weather in Palestine is not cold enough for polar bears, but they have a species of brown bear there that in former times was troublesome and dangerous. There is the account of one of them which did not have as good luck as the polar bear who played with the rope and escaped the whaler. It was the one that, craving a dainty meal, came down to the shepherd's flock and took a spring lamb, and the farmer's son followed, attacked and slew him. "*And there came a lion and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock. And I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth.*" (*I Sam. 17 : 34, 35.*)

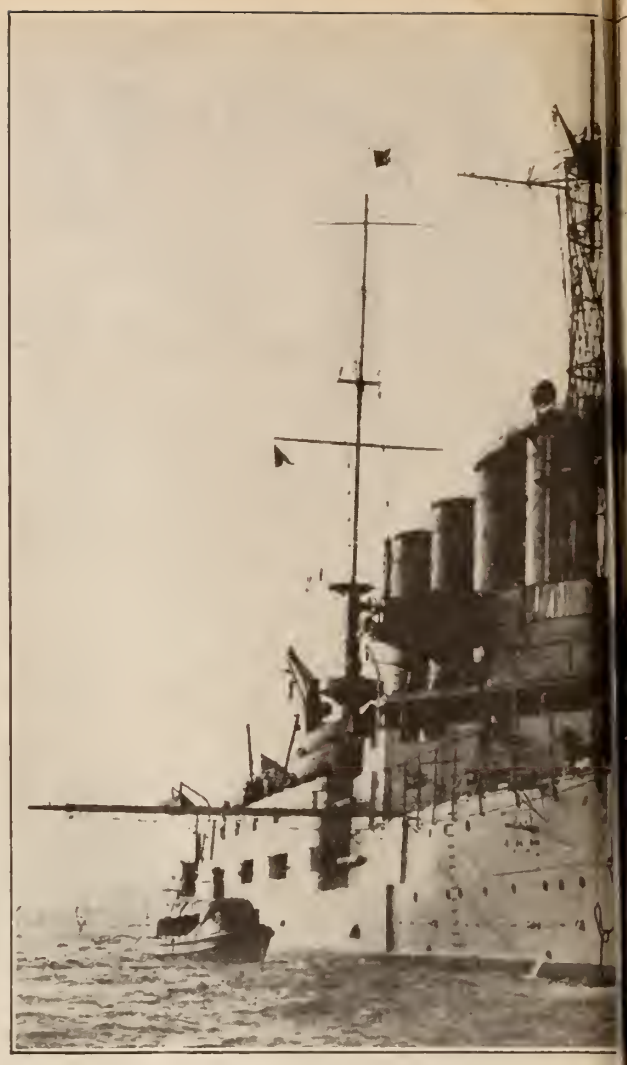
Lawyer Gives to Yale

THE will of John W. Sterling, a lawyer of New York, who died suddenly on July 5, provided for the disposition of an estate estimated at $20,000,000, of which fifteen million goes to Yale University. This is said to have been one of the largest single gifts ever made to an American Educational Institution. The University is virtually left with a free hand to do whatever it may desire with the munificent fortune. He only asks that a substantial building shall be erected somewhere on the grounds that will fittingly perpetuate the gratitude he had in his heart at the great service Yale had rendered him, in preparation for life and for a happy and useful career. Mr. Sterling was one of the hardest workers in America and even up to the time of his death, at 74, he worked from 8:30 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. daily in his office. The gift is an eloquent sermon on this text: "*Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding.*" (*Prov. 4 : 7.*)

Submarine Sinks San Diego

ABOUT 11:30 A. M., on July 19, the American Cruiser San Diego, formerly the California, returning home after convoying troops abroad, was sunk ten miles off Fire Island Light on the Long Island Coast. Of the total complement of 1224 officers and men it seemed probable on July 24 that 11 had been lost. Three were known to be killed, 8 were missing and 12 were supposed to be absent on leave. Although no torpedo or periscope was seen the Captain was positive that his ship had been torpedoed. Naval experts were said to incline to the belief that she had struck a mine, as mines were swept up later near the scene of the sinking. The San Diego displaced 13,680 tons, was 502 feet long and had a speed of 22 knots. The first news of the disaster was brought to Fire Island by a naval aviator. Fast launches and other craft at once put off and wireless directions were sent to ships at sea. Four steamers were soon standing by to pick up survivors, and the fact that no attack was made on these vessels was one reason for the belief that a mine had done the work. The vessel was struck "abaft the beam" on the port side, putting the port engine out of business. The ship at once listed to port, but Captain Cristy, believing she would remain afloat, ordered the crew to battle quarters for defense against the submarine which he believed responsible for the explosion. The gun crews stayed at their posts until the heeling over of the boat made the guns useless. As the hull rolled over, one gunner ran the length of the bilge keel and called for three cheers for the old ship and the U. S. A. Then, as the cheers were given and the ship went down he dived overboard. Some loss of life was caused by the explosion in the engine room and some by the collapse of one of the funnels.

An attack by a German submarine on a tug and its tow off Cape Cod, on July 21, indicated that the San Diego had been torpedoed. The tug, the Perth Amboy, was attacked off Orleans, Mass. Three torpedoes missed and shell fire followed. The tug was set on fire and her three barges, only one of which was loaded, were also shelled. The gun fire cost one member of the tug's crew his right hand and another an arm. The forty-three people on the barges were all saved, although their small boats were hardly adequate to carry them, and they made for shore through bursting shrapnel. The submarine was attacked and driven off by seaplanes which dropped bombs forcing the enemy to submerge and make off, but they apparently did not score a fatal hit. The attack was near enough to shore to be watched by thousands of summer residents who held their observation points in spite of occasional chance shells which burst over the shore.



The American armored cruiser, San Di

A Week in the World's News

IN TROUBLED RUSSIA. The Bolshevik Foreign Minister protested vigorously, both by cable to Washington and London and to the diplomats at Vologda, against the landing of the British and American forces on the Murman coast, which, on July 17, was completely occupied by Allied troops. Regardless of the protests, preparations were continuing to give adequate support to the people of northern Russia against either Finnish, German or Bolshevik enemies. Dispatches of July 15, via Peking, reported further victories of Czecho-Slovak troops in clearing of Bolshevik forces the line of the Trans-Siberian Railroad between Irkutsk and Harbin.

Following an interview between President Wilson and Viscount Ishii at Washington, a special meeting of the Japanese Cabinet was called on July 13. It was believed that the meeting and conference forecast Japanese action in Siberia, and it was reported that Japan had been preparing for several months to send a military expedition. On July 19 it was announced that Japan had concurred in plans suggested by the United States for joint American-Japanese intervention in Siberia. Great Britain and France are also to send contingents of troops. One object of the intervention is to give adequate support to the Czecho-Slovaks who are said to be willing to stay in Russia and Siberia, and to fight there so long as they have sufficient support and can fight Germans. These Czecho-Slovaks, on July 15, captured the city of Kazan, 430 miles east of Moscow on the lower Volga. Twenty million people are reported as facing starvation in Russia unless the Allied nations come to their relief.

CZAR NICHOLAS EXECUTED. The recurrent rumors of the death of the former Czar were definitely confirmed by the Russian wireless on July 20th. He was executed by the authority of the the Soviet Council of the Urals on the 16th, because the Czecho-Slovaks were threatening to take Yekaterinburg and the Bolsheviki feared the loss of their prisoner. There was also a charge that a plot had been discovered, centering about the former ruler, for a counter-revolution against the Bolsheviki. The former Empress and heir to the throne were reported well and in a safe place. Thus dies ignominiously a ruler who knew the right way, but was too weak to follow it. Nicholas suggested the Peace congress at the Hague, favored disarmament, recognized the growth of democracy by establishing the Duma, but, perhaps because of the insincerity of his cousin, William of Berlin, he made little progress toward the first two, and because of the overmastering forces of reaction in Petrograd, he was led to cripple the Duma until it was but an empty shell of its earlier promise. Then when his country was at war, he was unable to protect his armies from the corruption of self-seekers and the dastardly work of enemy sympathizers. He failed, but the story of his fall and its results is too fresh in memory to need recapitulation.

WAR SAVINGS SUCCEED. The National War Savings Committee' announced, on July 20, that there had been sold for cash $417,000,000 worth of War Savings Stamps while pledges made in the recent campaign indicated total sales of $1,600,000,000, leaving only $400,000,000 unprovided for of the $2,000,000,000 worth which it was expected to sell by January 1st, 1919. With War Savings Societies throughout the country pushing the little aids to victory, it was felt that the goal would certainly be reached.

CHOLERA IN SWEDEN. Asiatic Cholera, which is said to be numbering 250 victims in 24 hours at Petrograd, and to be raging in Moscow and other Russian cities, was reported to have broken out in Stockholm on July 17th.

LOOKING TOWARD PEACE. In a cablegram to the New York Times from London, on July 13, Arnold Bennett protested against the terms "peace trap" and "peace offensive" commonly applied by the British press toward peace proposals from Teutonic sources. He objected to the terms because they were barbarous and militaristic, and implied that peace was in itself a bad thing, and that people seeking peace were

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"Yanks" of the 1st Division, Regular Army, who helped smash the German line

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They found each other, but the manner of the loss an
method of discovery will be told next week by Eliza
Burgess Hughes in "The Man Who Lost God."
Major Waters of the Christian Herald Staff is no

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he enemy off Long Island, on July 19

Newspaper Union

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House made public on July 18, the following letter, written by Mr. Hoover to the President:

Dear Mr. President:

It is now possible to summarize the shipments of foodstuffs from the United States to the Allied countries during the fiscal year just closed—practically the last harvest year. These amounts include all shipments to Allied countries for their and our armies, the civilian population, the Belgian Relief and Red Cross.

The total value of these food shipments which were in the main purchased through, or with the collaboration of the Food Administration, amount to, roundly, $1,400,000,000 during the year.

The shipments of meats and fats (includes meat products, dairy products, vegetable oils, etc.) to Allied destinations were as follows:

Fiscal year 1916-17
2,166,500,000 lbs.

Fiscal year 1917-18
3,011,100,000 lbs.

Increase, 844,600,000 lbs.

The increase in shipments is due to conservation and the extra weight of animals added by our farmers.

In cereals and cereal products reduced to terms of cereal bushels, our shipments to Allied destinations have been—

Fiscal year 1916-17
259,900,000 bus.

Fiscal year 1917-18
340,800,000 bus.

Increase. 80,900,000 bus.

Of these cereals our shipments of the prime breadstuffs in the fiscal year 1917-18 to Allied destinations were, wheat 131,000,000 bushels and of rye 13,900,000 bushels a total of 144,900,000 bushels. In addition, some 10,000,000 bushels of 1917 wheat are now in port for Allied destinations or en route thereto. The total shipments to Allied countries from our last harvest of wheat will be, therefore, about 141,000,000 bushels, or, a total of 154,900,000 bushels of prime bread-stuffs. In addition to this we have shipped some 10,000,000 bushels to neutrals dependent upon us.

It is interesting to note that since the urgent request of the Allied Food Controllers early in the year for a further shipment of 75,000,000 bushels from our 1917 wheat than originally planned, we shall have shipped to Europe or have en route, nearly 85,000,000 bushels. At the time of this request our surplus was already more than exhausted. These figures, however, do not fully convey the volume of the effort and sacrifice made during the past year by the whole American people. Despite the magnificent effort of our agricultural population in planting a much increased acreage in 1917, not only was there a very large failure in wheat but also the corn failed to mature properly and our corn is our dominant crop. The consumption and waste in food have been greatly reduced in every direction during the year.

I am sure that all the millions of our people, agricultural as well as urban, who have contributed to these results should feel a very definite satisfaction that in a year of universal food shortages in the northern hemisphere all of those people joined together against Germany have come through into sight of the coming harvest not only with health and strength fully maintained, but with only temporary periods of hardship. Our contributions to this end could not have been accomplished without effort and sacrifice and it is a matter for further satisfaction that it has been accomplished voluntarily and individually. It is difficult to distinguish between various sections of our people—the homes, public eating places, food trades, urban or agricultural populations—in assessing credit for these results, but no one will deny the dominant part of the American women.

Yours faithfully,
(*Signed*) HERBERT HOOVER.

How We Feed Ourselves and Our Allies. The Food Administration by permission of the White

peculiarly wicked. He declared that such an attitude of mind would eventually react unfavorably upon our own soldiers, and that instead of rebuffing Austria, we should encourage her to break with her Prussian masters. He admitted that all suggestions for peace so far coming from Germany had been utterly impossible. Summing up, he said: "Peace is urgently desired by the whole world, and the attainment of peace must be regarded not as a crime or insanity, but as a virtue and the highest wisdom. Only the peace must be a peace which will satisfy the principles laid down by President Wilson. No such peace has yet been offered; nor are the rulers of Germany ready to offer such a peace; but events are moving quickly, and either in Germany or Austria, but particularly in Austria, a march of events quite unconnected with the actual fighting might suddenly, and perhaps unknown to us, render such a peace possible. Nothing can be gained by the chattering about "peace traps," nothing has yet been lost thereby, but something might be lost quite soon, for after the next German push has been stopped, a change will come over the scene.

We Will Keep Warm. The Fuel Administration announced on July 21, one of the summer's hottest days in the east, that the production of bituminous coal had passed the 13,000,000 ton mark on July 13, and that if the pace was kept up there would be no fuel famine next winter.

No Salvation for the Kaiser. Germany has placed a ban on the Salvation Army. The organization has been destroyed in Germany and Austria. All the orphanages, rescue homes, lodging houses, hospitals and meeting places were confiscated and the members were scattered.

Farmers Will Confer for Victory. The Federal Board of Farm Organizations has issued a call for a national meeting of farmers to be held at Washington, Aug. 27, 28, 29, to consider such action as will best promote the production of farm crops in 1919; sufficient to supply our own people, our Allies and the neutrals who depend upon us, and, to replenish our national reserves. America's acres can and must win the war. American farmers will be asked to plant this fall not less than 45,000,000 acres of winter wheat.

Protecting the Children. The War Policies Board of the government has ruled that in contracts for government work the contractor shall observe the terms of the Federal Child Labor Law recently found unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

Twenty-Three for Germany. Honduras declared war on Germany on June 19, making the twenty-third nation to recognize the impossibility of peaceful relations with the modern Hun.

Fragments of News. As a part of her celebration of Bastille Day, Paris put on sale on every street corner bonds of the Republic, $22,000,000 worth being sold. . . . President Wilson, on July 16, signed the Congressional resolution empowering him to take over the wire communications of the country. National operation of telephones and telegraphs will begin July 31. . . . In the session of Congress ended by the recess of July 15 a total of $24,001,450,000 was appropriated, of which $12,483,000,000 goes to the army, $5,306,000,000 to fortifications and ordnance, and $1,609,000,000 to the navy. The House will reconvene on August 19 and the Senate on August 24 for the purpose of passing the $8,000,000,000 War Revenue Bill, to be whipped into shape during the recess by the Ways and Means Committee of the House. . . .The total casualties of the army abroad passed the 10,000 mark on July 16, reaching 10,212, of whom 1,393 had been killed in action, 291 had been lost at sea, 614 had died of wounds, 509 of accident or other causes and 1,348 of disease. The Marine corps in the same time had lost 1770 men of whom 601 had died from various causes. . . . Secretary Baker announced, on July 15, that 450 American built battle planes had been sent abroad or delivered at ports for shipment, also that 2,514 Liberty motors had been delivered. . . . The Japanese battleship, Kawachi, 21,420 tons, built in 1912, blew up and sank in Tokoyama Bay, on July 12. Of her crew 500 were lost. . . . A German submarine early in July torpedoed a Spanish ship on which the Spanish Minister to Greece was returning home. The ship was flying the Minister's flag. The German government had been notified a week in advance of the minister's departure.

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The City of Soissons, held under Allied guns on July 22, its railways useless to the Hun

covery

n, whence he writes a wonderful story telling how tian Herald relief work, which had been obscured ar was divinely prospered and is now accomplishing gs in the Holy City.
owett's message next week traces the path of a Moving to Destiny."
week more pictures in rotogravure, and "Wood a Riggs-Sangster page of modern folk-lore.

The Church That Made Good

By B. F. F.

THIS story has a personal message, not only to ministers, but to church members and God's people everywhere. It is especially applicable in these times, when the whole problem of the Church, its duty and its opportunities, is being widely discussed. We invite everyone who reads B. F. F.'s story and who has personal knowledge of conditions in any city, town or village that might be helped by such an experiment, to write us briefly on the subject. By doing this you may be the means of giving a good start to a worthy and sorely needed work in some locality that needs only the application of a strong lever to set things moving.

Part I

"YOU surely have a wonderful institution here, and a remarkable work has been accomplished; a work, which unless seen, would hardly be believed, if one were told about it."

The speaker was the Rev. Dr. Wilson, who was seated in the study of his friend and former classmate and fellow graduate the Rev. John Williams. They had just completed a round of the church buildings and the various parish houses connected with it.

Dr. Wilson and Mr. Williams had been former classmates and fellow graduates from an eastern theological seminary. The former soon after graduating had been called to become the assistant to the pastor of one of the large churches in the East. And when the latter died, had been chosen his successor. Mr. Williams had gone West, and accepted a call to the church where he was still pastor, when his former classmate came into that section of the country on a lecturing trip.

They had not met, until now, since the day that they had bid each other goodbye at the station in the town where the seminary was located.

"Yes," replied Mr. Williams in reply to the statement of the former, "the work is wonderful, and when I look back, I can hardly realize that so much has been accomplished."

"Tell me the story of your work here," said Dr. Wilson, "I confess that I am intensely interested, and having heard something about it, I am anxious to have you tell me just how you accomplished, what most men would consider the impossible."

"WELL," replied his friend, "to begin at the beginning—for all things have a beginning—you know that after we graduated I came to the West, because its vastness, its almost limitless boundaries, its large way of doing things always appealed to me, and because I felt that there I should find more opportunities for expansion than anywhere else. After coming here, I had the opportunity of preaching to this church, which at that time was without a pastor. Before I left, they extended a call to me which I accepted. There were two other churches in the town. The church to which I was called, was if anything the strongest of the three; yet with all this it did not pay more than an ordinary salary, while the other churches, if I am right, paid if anything a little less. Each had its own church house, all three had small but comfortable parsonages. Not being married at that time, my parsonage was rented to an elderly couple with whom I made my home.

"The churches, as far as they were able under the circumstances, did effective work. But as the field was limited there was constant competition, which resulted in more or less friction, and what one might call unchristian rivalry between the churches. For example, if a new family moved into the town, there was an immediate scramble among the churches to get this particular family into their church. As I look back over the past, I see that the question of real religious life was lost sight of in the effort to get this or that family, especially if they possessed financial means, into the churches. My own church was at that time quite as much at fault as the others. You can readily see that this spirit did not produce the best effect on the men and women who, for one reason or another, were outside of the churches. The churches seemingly at odds, and not harmonizing as they should, did not have the influence for good they should have had.

"THE more I considered local conditions, and tried to find why the churches did not realize better results, the more I became convinced that there were too many churches in the town, that it was dividing forces, wasting energy, using money and power to build up three separate and distinct churches or organizations, each of which claimed to be doing the same work; that it was a duplication of effort, a clinging to a distinction without a difference.

"Here I reasoned, were three churches, with three preachers, each of whom had spent many years in preparation, and each trying to do his duty as he saw it, each working—I confessed this to myself—often not so much to save men and women, as trying to get their names on their church records. Here were three organizations with three church houses and various societies and Sunday Schools working for what? This seemed clear to me, that all of us had lost sight of the primary function of the church, the saving of men and women, and devoted time and energies to fighting for an existence, and getting the means to pay pastors and current expenses. It became a growing conviction with me, that this was not right—it was not in accord with the prayer of the Master, when he prayed "That they all might be one, as He and the Father were One." The more I thought about it, the more I realized that the church, to do effective work, must unite and unify its forces; that one of the sources of the church's weakness was in this division of forces, and that the old saying "in union there is strength," was more than true.

"In thinking about this condition, I soon realized that there were, what on the surface seemed to be, insurmountable difficulties in the way. Here were men and women who for a life time, yes, for generations, had been accustomed to worship after certain prescribed forms, who had been taught that their form of church government was as near as possible to—if not entirely—identical with the New Testament form of church government. Men and women who because of long associations had become wedded to their denominational name, who believed that that name represented the great fundamental ideas for which their church stood.

"My own church was no exception to this. Its membership was made up largely of fine, deeply spiritual, consecrated men and women who loved their church, made sacrifices for its welfare, and stood by it in and under all conditions.

"The great question was: how to win these men and women of my own church over to the idea and purpose of unifying the forces that made for righteousness. That was my problem. I realized that the seed must first be sown in my own parish—that the work must begin there. I was also convinced that the task was a most delicate one; a task that would require the wisdom of the serpent, the guilelessness of the dove, and the perseverance of the saints to accomplish.

"Before making any attempt to bring about any changes in existing conditions, I began a careful study of the polities of the three churches represented in the town. I devoted a year or more to this study, going into it from every conceivable angle, and getting down to the underlying fundamental principles and differences which divided the churches into so-called sects or denominations. The deeper I went into this problem, the more it became evident that it was not so much a question of doctrine that divided the churches; that the great fundamental principles of religion were held in common by all of them, though the language in which they were expressed might differ. I found that the Apostle's Creed—which is perhaps the oldest formula of faith—was accepted by all of the churches and recited at almost every public service. I found also that, when it came to matters of polity, while there were differences and divergencies, these had often mainly to do with details, and that after all they did not present any insurmountable difficulties.

"Out of these studies there finally grew material, which was developed into a series of sermons or addresses. I developed the proposition, that inasmuch as the churches stood for the same great fundamental ideas and the same religious principles, and as their differences were principally those relating to policy, it would be wisdom for them to unite forces for the accomplishing of greater good. I took the ground that as there must be some common ground on which all Christians, irrespective of their differences in polity, could unite, it was the duty of every member of the church to become willing to accept this common basis and, standing on it, work for a united church. At the outstart I conceded that in order to effect an organic union of the churches, each church must be willing, and ready to make concessions; that they must be willing to surrender some of the non-essentials; that it would be impossible to effect this union if one church wanted everything its own way. I made the point that in all of the church creeds and polities there were things and elements which, though differently worded and phrased, at their foundation were similar; that if the churches would get together on the points on which they agreed, the things on which there was a divergence of opinion would take care of themselves.

"Before I delivered these addresses, I prepared a paper on church union, which, when my turn came, I read at the meeting of the County Ministerial Association. In this paper I dealt with the subject from the standpoint of efficiency in church work. I said that the modern tendency in commercial and industrial lines was to unite forces and combine efforts for the purpose of saving energy, and obtaining more in return for the effort and money expended; that the tendency was to concentrate the powers of the man employed and bring them to the point where they would work together for the accomplishment of the object desired. I said that, in this age, the man of the world was wiser than the children of the kingdom. I contended that the church wasted too much of its powers and its money in duplication of effort, in trying to do the same work in many localities by separate organizations, and that one well organized, equipped, and efficiently managed organization could and would accomplish much better. The church was making of no effect the prayer of its Master and Head, that they might be one even as He and the Father were One.

"The paper created considerable discussion, yet before it was ended, the association formally endorsed it, both as having its basis in Scripture and common sense. This paper opened the way for taking the question up with the other two pastors. It seems both of them had been thinking along the same lines, although perhaps not going into the matter as thoroughly as I had done. It was arranged that a series of union services should be held, at which I was to deliver the sermons I had prepared. These sermons were published by one of the local papers, and if I remember, I sent them to you at that time. They created much discussion and comment, and later became the basis on which the organic union of the churches was effected.

"One thing which brought about the union of the churches sooner than might have been expected, was the fact that soon after the series of sermons had been preached, one of the pastors was compelled, on account of sickness in his family, to resign his pulpit and remove to California. This left the pulpit vacant, and the members of the church began attending my church, while some of them took up the question of disbanding their own church organization and becoming members of ours. They came to me to talk the matter over. I realized that it was a somewhat delicate question for me to decide, so I told them that I would rather not give them any advice; but if they voluntarily decided on the step, would be glad to welcome them into my church, if they felt that that was the wisest thing for them to do. They considered the matter for several months, and finally at a church meeting voted to dissolve their organizations and

A White Church on a Hill

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

THE road turns in at Hadley's Lane . . that road of birch and bird,
And you can see the wee, small church that shrines His holy Word.
The dark, green foliage of the trees bends over and about
With here and there a willow branch to pick the high-lights out.
The grass is gay . . . . the grass is soft, up there, by Hadley's Lane,
And every hedge is prim and bright, from wash of mountain rain.

To-day, the Road is drab with dust . . the birches powdered white;
And faint, dim vista of the hills swims in a Sabbath light.
A horse, beneath a plumed branch, paws. A carriage, further on,
Creaks slowly up the last, hot slope, to Hadley's—and is gone.
And, oh the prim bouquet of girls . . the little, pink-sashed girls,
With fluffy skirts and shiny shoes and ribbons in their curls!

There comes the organ's solemn purr and "Lord, Abide with Me."
Hymns, mingled with the songs of birds, in sweetest harmony.
Each window wide, the notes pour forth, until, a mile away
Down, where the Valley harvests are they hear His Word to-day.
But now—as then—despite the years, with every vagrant breeze
We mark the clean, white pillars rise through curtained willow trees.

That one impression seems to hold far greater than the rest;
God's house, in spotless vestment clad and virgin trimmings dressed.
It was so white against the green! So like the drift of snow
That tops a lofty mountain peak the Alpine climbers know.
For miles around you saw its form, resplendent, stately, trim,
As if a halo crowned the Hill with Purity, for Him.

It's there today . . we wandered back . . walked up, past Hadley's Lane,
Stood breathless underneath the trees . . the same old trees again.
It had not changed so very much. Time touched with gentle hand.
The gleaming white had turned to grey . . the silver birch was tanned,
But we could see those little girls . . the Valley's path was bright,
And on the hushed, warm Sabbath air the same "Lead, Kindly Light."

as individuals to unite with the other churches. The official members of the church came to me and told me of their decision, and said they believed that almost the entire membership would unite with the church of which I was pastor. This they did inside of several months.

"After they had decided on this step, the question came up as to what disposal should be made of their church houses. They sought my counsel. I told them that the best thing they could do would be to undertake some minor changes, one being to make a parish house out of the church. The church, I told them, could be used as a center for the social and other gatherings of the congregations. To this they readily agreed.

"The church, under the new conditions, became the center for many of our activities. The pews had been disposed of and chairs bought, which we could place as we wanted them. This gave us a large room for social and other gatherings.

"The Superintendent of the Public schools was a member of my church, and became interested in some of my plans. He suggested that we arrange for some night classes for the young people of the town who, for one reason or another, had been compelled to leave school before they had completed their studies. This was one of the things I had contemplated; so I was more than glad to have him volunteer his assistance. He prepared an outline course of study, which he thought would answer the purpose, and which, as far as I could see was most excellent. Then he interested some of his teachers in the night school and secured enough assistance to launch the project. It was a decided success from the very start. In fact, the applications for membership in the classes were greater than we anticipated; so we had to enlarge our plans, and make room for the large number of young people who had enrolled.

"One of the things I have always firmly believed in is that the church should be the center around which the mental, social and religious life of the people should revolve. The church had in many instances lost sight of the former, and had centered its work on the spiritual side of men's lives exclusively. This I believed had a great deal to do with the alienation of many from the church. Not that the spiritual is less important than the mental and social life of the people. I hold that the very reverse is true; yet the church must not forget the fact that its mission is to the entire man, and not to a part of the man. With this in mind, I made the parish house the center of the social and mental life of the people, while the church stood for the spiritual life. In giving play to the social and intellectual forces, we did not for a moment let this become the ruling idea. Our social gatherings, our lectures, our educational work, were never the aim and end of our efforts; they were simply the means by which we sought to draw men and women into higher and spiritual paths, and we never were satisfied with our work unless we saw them take a decided stand for the Christian life.

"The records of the church during the past years show that in almost every instance we succeeded along these lines. In a few years the church membership was doubled, the Sunday-School took on new life, in fact every department of the church showed new vigor and became more energetic in its work.

"Another change, however, was pending, which helped to make our church still more efficient. The other church, which was the smallest of the three, became interested more than ever in the idea of uniting its forces with ours. This was largely due to the fact that some of their young people had found their way into our night schools, and were thus drawn, without any effort on our part, into the social and intellectual life of our church; and some of them found their way into the regular church services and activities, so the matter of uniting with our church was almost a foregone conclusion. The pastor of the church had several conferences with me on the matter of uniting with us. He had in the meantime taken the matter up with the heads of his denomination. Several conferences with these heads and with the secretaries of the various church societies, were held. They were men of broad minds and views, and after looking the field over and carefully considering the matter from every standpoint, they advised the step. This the church finally took, and in a body united with our church. Then we found that our work, with its enlarged field, had become too big for one man to take care of, so the pastor of this church was chosen as my associate. He proved a most valuable man for this work, and is still at the head of the various departments of the church's activities.

"It would seem that the assimilation and unification of these different churches would be a difficult task, but it was not found to be so. These men and women had known each other for nearly a lifetime; they had worked together and associated with each other every day in the week, so they soon fell into step and worked together in perfect harmony."

To be concluded next week

The Woman Behind the Service Flag

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A SMALL tear-stained letter came to me this morning, a letter from a mother who lives in a busy little middle western city.

"I don't know," read the letter, "how I'm ever going to live through the heart-break of this war! I didn't realize the horror and the sadness of it until my oldest son left, this morning, for training camp. And then it came upon me, suddenly, that I might never see him again. And I've been crying ever since, and thanking God, between my sobs, that my other boys are too young to be called to the colors!

"I'm afraid that you'll think this a cowardly, unpatriotic sort of a letter. For I don't seem to feel any pride—I wonder if all other mothers feel as I feel?"

So wrote the mother who lived in a busy little middle-western city. And this is by way of being an answer to her letter.

War is a burden—a burden that rests most heavily upon the shoulders of the mothers who have given their sons to their nation. The boy at the front is too busy making history to have much time for worry or apprehension. It is the mother who shrinks away from the sight of a printed casualty list—who lies awake far into the night wondering whether her son has a blister on his heel, or a sore throat, or clean underwear. It is the mother at home who reads the crash of cannon into a summer thunder storm, and the stain of a battle-field into the sky at sunset.

And so, because it is harder for the mothers than it is for any one else, one can scarcely blame the mother who feels only fright when she should be feeling pride. And yet—

"I wonder if all mothers feel as I feel?" questioned the woman from the middle west.

I SAW a motor car draw up to the curb in front of an office building the other day. It was an attractive motor car and I glanced at it casually. And then, all at once, I found myself staring at it with a greater interest. For there was a service flag in the window of the car—a service flag with four blue stars in the center of it.

I looked at the flag in the window of that car. And then I looked beyond it, to the face of the woman who was sitting inside of the car. And I saw that it was a brave face—and a smiling one.

It was later in the day that I heard the story of the woman, and of what the four stars in the service flag stood for. And, after I had heard it, I remembered the smiling face, and the memory of it made me go at my work in a more worth while way—made me braver in the meeting of the little problems that lay in my path; made me smile more cheerfully and determinedly as I said good-by to the men that *I* knew who were marching away to war.

The woman in the motor car is a widow with three sons and one daughter. The daughter is, herself, married and the mother of a very beautiful little baby girl. And the four stars in the service flag stand for the three sons, and the son-in-law, who is the baby girl's father.

The oldest son enlisted first. He joined the infantry and his brother-in-law went with him and is now with a machine gun detachment. The youngest son is in the quartermaster's department. And the second son—

The second son, since birth, has been deaf and dumb. It has taken years to train his unusually active mind—to educate him by the wonderful new methods of teaching those so afflicted. For that reason he has, of course, been a greater care to his mother—a greater responsibility—than the other two, normally healthy sons, and one feels that her love for him must have been more tender even than the love she bore for the rest of her children.

AND so, when the war came and her other boys were taken away from her, one cannot help thinking that perhaps the mother was a tiny bit glad that she was to have one son left at home with her—glad that there were only three stars (for there were only three stars then) on her service flag.

But the boy, the deaf and dumb boy, was not glad! He wanted to fight as his brothers were fighting—he wanted to do his bit, to play his part in the great game of history-making, as his brothers were playing their part. . . .

It was only a short time ago that the boy's wish came true—only a short time ago that a rule went into effect permitting the deaf and dumb to take their place in the line of khaki-dressed men who are defending their country. And the deaf and dumb boy applied and was accepted for the office of bomb thrower.

A bomb-thrower is a man who goes up in an aeroplane with an aviator and, at a given signal, drops bombs upon enemy territory. One does not need hearing or speech to be efficient in this branch of the service, for the signal may be a touch on the shoulder, or a glance, or a gesture.

And so the boy, overjoyed, told his mother that he, too, was going over-seas. And she, with pride in his wonderful spirit and his willingness to serve—placed a fourth star in her service flag and covered her loneliness and heartache with a smile.

THIS is the story of the woman behind the four-starred service flag—the brave woman that I saw the other day sitting calmly in her motor car. I think that her story holds a message to the tearful little mother from the middle west—and to other tearful mothers all over our land. I think that her story holds a gallant assurance that American women will do their part—that they will be brave—that they will give, give, until there is no more to give!

Oh, women all over the United States—you who have hung a service flag in your window and are waiting in the shadow of it—wait bravely, as bravely as the smiling woman that I saw in the motor car is waiting. Let the service flag in your window be the symbol of pride—*pride that you want to cry aloud to the world*—not of fear! And have faith in the Great Father whose hand is stretched out over the battlefields—the Great Father who gave his only Begotten Son, and has hung a million stars in the great service flag of his heaven every night.

The woman with the four-starred service flag carries this message to you. And it is a very personal message from one member of the great Christian Herald family to the other members. For the woman is Mrs. Louis Klopsch—widow of the man whose genius and self-sacrifice were the means of upbuilding the Christian Herald.

DANDELIONS

By NANCY RICHY RANSON

YOU gathered dandelions in the sun,
And in my lap you poured their glinting gold;
Across the fields your brown bare feet would run
To find me treasures, beautiful, untold.

The dandelion, meek, with golden heart—
Somehow you loved it more than all the rest;
Your bare feet wandered where it grew, apart,
Your childish fancy chose it for the best.

* * * * * * * *

But that was long ago. One day I knew
That, over night, you were a soldier tall—
When, khaki-clad, you came to say that you
Must hurry, to obey your country's call.

Through swimming eyes my stoic spirit gazed
Across the fields where you were wont to play—
And oh, the dandelions fairly glazed,
Triumphant, as you proudly marched away.

* * * * * * * *

Yes, that was long ago. And when it came—
The message that in battle you had died—
In anguish I could only call your name,
While heartache fought with overwhelming pride.

That day a thousand dandelions bright
In sympathetic sorrow seemed to wave—
And in the sleepless stillness of the night
They promised me to blossom on your grave.

Helping Others

International Sunday School Lesson for August 11
Luke 10:25-37 and Gal. 6:1-10

By GEORGE D. ALLISON, Ph.D.

IN Paul's great list of Christian callings as characterized by their gifts, in I Corinthians 12, he speaks of "helps" right in the same verse with "apostles" and "prophets." It is an encouraging word for those of us who feel that we are not great and wise, for we can all fit in as "helps." And fundamentally, helpfulness manifests Christlikeness in a more essential way than speaking with tongues or working miracles. Jesus was, and is, humanity's great Helper. The Greek word "Paraclete," applied to the Holy Spirit in the Gospel of John, really means helper rather than comforter or advocate. Comforting and interceding are only two of the Spirit's ways of helping.

When our Boy Scouts repeat at every meeting the second point of their Scout Oath and promise on their honor to do their best "to help other people at all times," they are imitating the career of Jesus and endeavoring to realize in present-day boy-life his great commandment in this parable of the Good Samaritan, "Go and do thou likewise." The Scout Oath and Law are only examples of the tendency of our times to come closer to Jesus in seeking to live a life of ministry to human need.

Religion on Its Practical Side

In past times, men theorized very much about Christianity. Today they feel sure that Christ would have his followers take their religion very practically. The keen criticism of our day, demanding results and deeds from those who profess faith, is nothing new to the Bible student who has looked carefully for the emphasis in Jesus' teachings. From the first He distinguished between those who name his name and those who do his will. "Not every one that sayeth, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of heaven but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven." His last reproach against the Pharisees, as he walked in the Temple courts was this, "They say and do not." James, the Lord's brother, wrote his great epistle to call the early church to steadfastness in the practical manifestation of their faith by their works. His royal law of love was the law of Christian helpfulness, quite a different thing from the old Judaic legalism which prescribed a round of petty requirements irrespective of their serviceableness to others. James gives us the earliest statement of Christianity as Altruism, going into such modern applications as justice to employees and freedom from discrimination against the poor and ignorant.

Hence we see that from the very beginning, Christianity has been a life rather than a creed or a philosophy. "By their fruits shall ye know them." This is not an easier test but the very hardest of all. Can we say that our lives pass muster as helpful in the sense in which Jesus lived to serve others and went about doing good?

Ministry Due to Those Most in Need

Who is my neighbor that I must love as myself, to fulfil the Great Commandment of love to God? Jesus answered: the man who needs your help most, and He told the immortal story of the despised foreigner who was a true neighbor to the robbed, wounded, helpless Jew. That glorious parable compelled the assent of the prejudiced Hebrew lawyer. But did the immediate followers of Jesus in the early days act upon their Master's principle? Indeed they did, going at once with the gospel news and the gospel helpfulness to the slave, the widow; the orphan and the sick. James summed up pure and undefiled religion as holiness and visiting the needy, and he put the visitation first. Paul, the cultured rabbi, ministered to the Gentile, the barbarian, and the riff-raff of the Corinthian docks. He taught the Greeks to gather collections for the famine sufferers in Palestine, which it is safe to say they had never even thought of doing before. Helping others was the keystone in the arch the new religion was building over our blundering humanity.

In our day, the figure of the Good Samaritan dominates the world. In place of his "two shillings," we have relief funds by the millions and instead of his first-aid of oil and wine, the marvelous ministries of the Red Cross with anesthetics, surgical skill and tenderest thoughtful care. All of our people vie with one another in making Uncle Sam a modern Good Samaritan enlarged to an international scale. We are proud today that our country is not only succoring the afflicted but putting the robbers to flight as well. The great altruism of the nation, under the guidance of Christian statesmen, will surely bear fruit in individual lives among our people.

The priest and the Levite may have been afraid to stop to help their fellow-low-countryman in his need, but our Y. M. C. A. secretaries go to foreign lands and minister under shell-fire to Italian or French as gladly as to our own lads. To turn from the war imagery, remember Father Damien the brave Belgian who dared to play the Good Samaritan to heathen lepers at far-off Molokai.

So in the coming year our churches are resolving to serve the neediest at home, while not slacking on the world-task as well. A new impetus will be given to the task of helping the ignorant immigrant in our midst, and he will be prayed for and ministered unto, let us hope. While there is no new influx of strangers to overwhelm us, we should Americanize and Christianize as never before. The Home Mission study book for the coming year is called "The Gospel for a Working World," and shows us places where help is sorely needed in the matter of child labor, and safeguarding our working girls and securing fair-play for our toiling industrial masses. For some of our people, this book will open up a whole new field for organized Christian helpfulness. The foreign missions book of the women is like unto it, "Women Workers of the Orient."

Ministry to Spiritual Need

Christianity differs from other programs of human betterment in giving ministry to the spirit the first place in importance. That is why it outlasts all of the schemes and panaceas of the faddists. Practically, however, we often find ourselves, like the Samaritan, unable to reach the soul till the body is healed and housed. That is why we feel the need of giving so much money and undertaking so many social reforms. We must fight drink and sweatshops and child labor in order that spiritual life in Christ Jesus may be more available for myriads around us. Then our supreme ministry has scope. But first and last, we seek souls—God's children—to give them their rightful heritage.

How wonderfully Jesus ministered to sinners! See his kindness to unfaithful Peter. See his searching, firm challenge to the woman of Samaria in all the unworthiness of her life. See his masterly handling of Zaccheus with his problem of wealth. Paul caught the Master's own spirit and enjoined the Galatians to a like gentleness in guiding those overtaken in a fault. We judge best if we picture sin crouching like a wild beast and taking our brother by surprise on an unprotected side of his nature. Our attitude must be one of pity, mixed strongly with fellow-feeling drawn from a knowledge of our own faults, as we seek to give aid. The Christian must be ever ready to extend a hand to lift; must never, by so much as a careless word, thrust down another into the mire.

To give the supreme help, we must be transformed by contact with the spirit of Christ; we must be truly born from above. Then our "helps" will abound, for the fruits of the spirit are "love, joy, peace, gentleness, meekness, temperance, faith." These things men need more than loaves and fishes, good wages and fine houses, more than they need pleasure, even more than health. The spiritual and the temporal blessings are complementary—each aids the other.

The Widening Circles of Helpfulness

In the Sunday school class, we want to be sure that the children are really applying their teachings in life, first of all in the home and reaching out into all the world, even in childhood, through the many avenues that are open to even the youngest today. None are too young to be taught that Christian helpfulness begins at home, and that a professed follower of Jesus who does not help in his own household has "denied the faith and is worse than an unbeliever." Get your pupils to make a list of acts of helpfulness they can perform during the coming week. You may be surprised by the variety and contrast in children's opportunities. A friend of mine received two diverse answers from two youngsters who sat side by side in class. In response to the question what duty have you to help in your home life tomorrow, the first replied, "To be considerate to the servants," and the second, "to chase after wood for my mother." How different the circumstances, but how practical and helpful the answers!

Home helpfulness must still come first, but what a wonderful range even children have today. They sell thrift stamps for their government, they knit garments for refugees on the other side of the earth. If they are wisely led they also give to Christian missions that the future of India and China may be influenced by the Gospel of the Kingdom of God. And home missions and local charities are not to be forgotten. Surely the sacrifices and the generous services of this hour can be utilized by the Church of Christ, to imbue the rising generation with a holier conception of life and a more practical application of the teachings of Jesus than the world has ever seen. Give your boys and girls a vision of the opportunities of service at home, in your town, in our country and throughout the uttermost parts of the earth.

The International Sunday School Convention

By FRANK L. BROWN

Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

THIS Convention, held at Buffalo, June 19th to 26th, brought together over two thousand paid delegates; representing every province in Canada and every State in the Union, excepting Texas and Montana. Over one hundred and sixty speakers emphasized the theme, "Thy Kingdom Come," from platform and in the many conferences. From the opening Convention sermon by Dr. George Caleb Moore, pastor of the Baptist Temple of Brooklyn, to the closing address at the Broadway Auditorium where 7,000 people listened to Governor Whitman speak on the "Patriotic Passion," the part which the Sunday school is to play in bringing in that Kingdom found continued emphasis.

Patriotism of the highest type, because of loyalty to the highest ideals, was vigorously presented in the addresses of Governor Pattison, Margaret Slattery, Captain MacNeil, Prof. Athearn and others.

When Mr. W. C. Pearce asked how many of the delegates were attending an International Convention for the first time, nearly two-thirds of the great audience arose, a revelation of that new interest in religious education which is sweeping over the country. Many of the number were young people.

If the Convention majored in any one thing above another, it was in the insistence that the Sunday school, in its work of religious education, should lay a foundation just as thorough for character building as the public school does for mind-building. While just as great emphasis as ever was placed upon the life and influence of the teacher in this process, the materials and the methods of teaching came in for special attention. The curriculum, the training of teachers, the standardizing of schools, the preparation of a leadership in community institutes and Christian institutions, the adequate supervision of the Sunday school work in the local community, the state and nation—these were lifted into prominence. But no less emphasis was given to the personal equipment of the teacher through a vision of Christ and a love for the pupil, and to evangelism as the great objective of the teacher's task. Soul building should be more carefully prepared for than body building, or mind building, or house building, or business building.

Prof. Athearn of Boston University and Prof. Honeline of Bonebrake Seminary gave the two great messages on religious education and their conferences were crowded to the doors. One other great interest came in for special attention. It was that of the Young People's Division—that great sweep of life from thirteen to twenty-four, which ten years ago was the weakest section in the Sunday school machinery, but is today possibly the strongest.

John L. Alexander pointed to the fact that in the last five years over forty thousand classes of young people in the teen years had been organized in the United States and Canada; that in the last ten years a rich literature had been produced for the helping of workers for young people and that nearly a million of young people were now in the Sunday schools, training for leadership for the Sunday school, the Church, the community and the world. He spoke of the Lake Geneva Training School, where four hundred bright young people were annually gathered for leadership training for the various state, county and city young people's divisions. He called attention to the thousands of institutes for young people promoted by the International Association.

The Young People's Conference at the Convention was one of the best attended in the whole series. Six hundred workers met for a number of afternoons to listen to experts in dealing with the problem of these swift moving years.

Again and again the temperance and prohibition note was struck and ringing declarations to the President and Congress as to the imperative necessity for prohibition, and for conservation of grain used in liquor manufacture, were passed by the convention.

One of the great evenings of the convention was Sunday June 23d. This was World's Sunday School Association night. Elmwood Hall was filled. The flags of the Allied Nations were displayed on the platform. One of the touching sights that night was the way these and other Sunday school leaders—some of them well in the seventies—showed their affection for each other and their enthusiasm for the great cause to which they had given so many years as Master-builders.

When on that Sunday evening, Poling Chang of Tientsen, China, spoke on "The Sunday School and the Chinese Democracy," the audience sat in breathless attention. Many were deeply affected by his story of his conversion and his subsequent devotion as an educator to the uplift of China. Then Mr. J. G. Holderoft, Sunday School Secretary for Korea, set out the work of the Sunday school in that land which enrolls now 200,000. In five years it has brought 25,000 from so-called heathen Sunday schools into the Sunday school army.

Geo. H. Trull gave the message for South America, showing its helplessness under past conditions of church misrule and its hopefulness through Geo. P. Howard's work in building up the Sunday schools of a continent. The great audience listened wonderingly to Mr. Warren's romantic story of the preservation through the efforts of some of America's Sunday school workers of the Samaritan remnant, now about 160 souls, worshiping still at Nablous, where for centuries they have preserved the traditions of their race and kept alive the story of the good Samaritan.

Marion Harland's Corner

Cheerful Chat with Constituents

THE batch of letters piled upon my desk this bright morning suggests irresistibly our alliterative caption. A philanthropist with a heart that has retained tenderness through all the years of labor for the good of his kind, offered as a title for this department when the design was still inchoate—"THE COMFORT CORNER." He added, "Surely the women of our country were never more in need of comfort and counsel than now."

I have had his beautiful thought in mind whenever I have opened, read and replied to letters which assure me that my sister-women are one in heart and purpose with each other and with me in the desire to bring comfort of the best and most enduring kind into the hearts and lives of their respective households. And—here is the most encouraging fact of all: that they recognize the value of little things in the work. A great poet wrote of a woman who lived out this principle until the busy hands were folded in death:

> She doeth little kindnesses
> Which most leave undone or despise;
> For nought that sets one heart at ease
> Or giveth happiness and peace
> Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

I could write pages from the text. In humbler style we will chat together of worries and puzzles (which do not always mean the same thing!) and help one another to see tiny rifts in clouds through which we get glimpses of the invariable "silver lining." Which lining, I pause to observe, is often the discovery that so many are ready and glad to make rough places smooth for us.

"Some of us are watching anxiously for the promised ways of using cold potatoes. My children pronounce them 'just horrid.' Yet it is against rules and bargains to throw them away.

"MOTHER OF FOUR (*Ohio*)."

The children may change their minds if you cook the "horrors" as directed in the following recipes:

A Few of Many Ways of Cooking Cold Potatoes

Creamed Cold Potatoes

Set aside a heaping cupful of cold boiled potatoes cut into dice half-an-inch square. Heat in your double boiler a pint of milk (not forgetting a pinch of soda) and a chopped onion of fair size, bringing to a boil and strain out the onion. Return in the double boiler to the fire and stir into the milk a *roux* made by cooking a tablespoonful of butter in one of flour and a teaspoonful of minced parsley.

Stir and cook to the consistency of custard, and add the potato-dice. Season with salt and pepper, and as soon as the potatoes are hot, turn all into a greased pudding-dish, strew fine crumbs thickly over the top, dotted with butter, and brown in a good oven.

Potato Succotash

This will utilize, and agreeably, more than one summer "left-over." To a cupful of cold boiled corn cut from the cobs, add an equal quantity of cold boiled potatoes cut into small dice. If you chance to have a spoonful of lima beans left from yesterday's dinner, let them go in too. Have ready in a frying-pan a tablespoonful of nice dripping or other substitute for butter, heated to a sizzle. Stir your "suceotash" in and season to taste. Then turn and toss the blend until it is smoking hot, and serve.

Potatoes à la Lyonnaise

Cut cold boiled potatoes into dice of uniform size. Heat in a frying-pan two large spoonfuls of butter (or a substitute) and when it bubbles lay in a thinly-sliced onion and cook for three minutes after the bubble begins again. Take out the onion with a skimmer, or a split spoon, and slip the potato-dice into the hissing fat. Toss and turn with a fork or split spoon, that the potato dice may not scorch or brown. When they are heated through, stir in a teaspoonful of very finely chopped parsley and toss and turn for another full minute. Take up the potatoes with a perforated skimmer, that the fat may drip from them. Serve very hot and dry.

This is, perhaps, the most popular preparation of warmed-over potatoes with which we are familiar in America.

And *this*, perhaps, the simplest, but savory.

Potatoes and Corn

Cut the kernels from six ears of cold boiled corn. Cut six cold potatoes into small dice of equal size. Put into a frying-pan a tablespoonful of butter (so-called) and when it is hot, turn potatoes and corn into it with salt and pepper to taste. Fry, tossing and turning constantly until the mixture is very hot and slightly browned. Serve in a heated dish.

"Please tell me if rolled oats may be cooked as you direct us to prepare oatmeal porridge? If not, how?"

MARY S. (*Michigan*).

Rolled Oats

Wash a cup of rolled oats well, and drain in a colander. Put them, then, into the inner vessel of a double boiler; add a cup of warm (not hot) water with a little salt. Cover closely, set in the outer vessel nearly full of hot water and boil slowly for two hours at least, stirring several times from the bottom. Beat up well before dishing to be sure it is of even consistency all through.

Leaving Out the Meat

"While my husband and I are not vegetarians in the strict sense of the word, we are firm believers in what you and other authorities upon Dietetics have affirmed again and again—namely, that we Americans eat much more meat than is good for us. Certainly far more than is good for our pockets just now. I am sending you what we call a "Lenten Soup," of which we are fond. Our doctor tells us it is also a blood-purifier. It is certainly palatable and refreshing on hot days.

"Lenten Soup" (*A Blood-Purifier*)

Cut with a sharp knife—(do not chop or bruise!)—a handful, each, of fresh green sorrel and of water-cresses. Cover with two quarts of boiling water. Peel and cut into dice a carrot, a good-sized onion, and two potatoes; also two slices of stale bread and add to the vegetables. Set over the fire and cook slowly until all are soft and reduced to the consistency of mush. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Stir frequently as the vegetables soften. Cook for two hours at least.

If you have at hand the liquor in which beef or mutton has been boiled, use it instead of the water. Then, of course, it ceases to be a Lenten Soup.

MRS. I. M. N. (*Pennsylvania*).

Anything that lessens the National consumption of meats without injury to the health and comfort of the household, is heartily welcomed by sensible Cornerites. We all confess to one another that our tables were never so plainly furnished before. If we are imbued with the right patriotic spirit, we are thankful for the opportunity of doing something daily toward helping on the glorious ends for which our brave lads at the front are fighting. Our great grandmothers of the Revolution dried huckleberry leaves and used them as tea, rather than submit to iniquitous taxation.

Trifles like this gain historic dignity as the ages go on. Let this be our introduction to a meatless dish contributed in the nick of time by one who has tried it and testifies to its worth:

Cheese Polenta

One cup of ground or grated cheese; one cup of milk; salt and pepper and flour for a rather thick batter. Beat light one large or two small eggs and add to the batter. Have plenty of fat in a frying pan. (Any vegetable-oil will do). Pour in the batter and with a spatula or small cake-turner, treat as you would scramble eggs. If browned a little it is better. An excellent meat substitute. Eggs and cheese in about equal quantities of each, scrambled, are also good.

MRS. Q. (*Idaho*).

Here is a final and unique suggestion anent the much-talked-of "Garbage Pail." A Village Improvement Society with advanced economic principles, might take it up. Goat's milk is very wholesome and the cheese made from it is excellent.

"You have several times given a cordial invitation to Cornerites to send in "hints" and bits of experience. I hope you will not think mine absurd? I think the most sensible way of disposing of the parings of potatoes, carrots, radishes, turnips, etc., would be to feed this collected garbage to a herd of milk goats owned by some city or state institution. I believe they would even eat the pineapple hulls!"—A NEW MEMBER (*New Jersey*).

Tooth Brushing Is Not Folly

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The Fault Is This:

It is true that the tooth brush has proved disappointing. Millions of people find that brushed teeth still discolor and decay.

Tartar forms, despite the brushing. Pyorrhea is alarmingly common. Statistics show that tooth troubles are constantly increasing.

Every dentist knows the reason. It lies in a slimy, clinging film. The ordinary dentifrice does not dissolve it. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays, and resists the tooth brush; and it causes nearly all tooth troubles.

That film is what discolors—not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So that film which the tooth brush leaves is the thing that wrecks the teeth.

Science has for years sought ways to end it. That way has now been found. Four years of clinical tests have proved it to many able authorities.

That way is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. You can prove it for yourself, and quickly. And for that purpose we offer you a One-Week tube to try.

Watch the Film Go

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(128)

Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them Into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

"PERHAPS," began an apologetic little letter which recently came to my desk, "you won't consider this adventure in neighboring worth publishing, since it only helped one family. You see, I've never done anything for my community."

I sat looking at the letter, and wondering. I wondered how many of us were thus belittling the little everyday kindnesses being performed by us; how many of us thought we were "helping our community" only when we were repairing a school or a church or a road, forgetting that, before any neighborhood can unite in such an effort, there must first exist, between all the members of it, a comradely affection built up through the years by little acts of neighborly kindness!

Dear comrades, let us remember that the word "neighbor" is a big and broad one: including every loving act from the feeding of a famished kitten to the founding of a great Community Club. No loving service is too great or too humble to be an "adventure in neighboring." All play their part in the upbuilding of the community life.

To illustrate what I mean, I am publishing today some simple, homely "adventures" which (despite their apparent unimportance) were as much of a blessing to the community in which they occurred as a new fountain would have been, or a statue, or any other contribution to the community's welfare.

Our first adventure, for instance, describes how a little group of young folks with love and compassion in their hearts solved a delicate problem which the town (as a town) could never have solved.

Young Folks Rescue a Companion

I want to tell you about an "Adventure in Neighboring" that brought a young girl back to the right path, from which she had wandered to a dangerous point.

She came to live in our community from a place whose nearness made it possible for her reputation to precede her, as bad reputations have a habit of doing. And the sad thing about it was, that she seemed to be as "wild" as her reputation claimed her to be.

She had unfortunately fallen in with evil companions, in a near-by town, where she went for her amusements; frequently going to questionable pleasure resorts, which tended to lower more and more her standards of morality. She had grown so bold and careless as to be almost repulsive to refined people. And she had reached that state of defiance and indifference where parents had no influence over her. Her condition seemed hopeless.

But did those new neighbors shrink from her and abandon her to her fate? No. Under the leadership of one dear, sweet girl, they went to the rescue. The whole crowd surprised her one evening in her home, and made her understand that a welcome awaited her in their circle. This new sincerity and kindness brought tears to her eyes. She afterward said those tears melted the ice in her heart. But perhaps the knowledge that those true, wholesome young people were offering her friendship had a warming effect also.

Nor did she ever have occasion to doubt that friendship. She was never left out because she was not "fit" company. And on evenings when her old associates were most apt to claim her, those friends planned (sometimes on a moment's notice) to have some attraction in the neighborhood.

Little by little she was led and lifted upward. It was not an instantaneous transition. Many and many were her lapses into the old way. And at times she seemed even to resent the approaches of her friends. But they were patient and hopeful. Never was a word of reproach spoken, or anything like advice given unasked for. She was led, not by sermon, but by example to see and be ashamed of her folly and to admire the lives of those who proved such true friends.

No one would think, now, to watch her face—full of enthusiasm—as she conducts a literary meeting or a Young People's Society that she has had a past to live down. But to those who know, it proves anew that of all the virtues "the greatest of these is Charity."

V——. C——.

I need not point out, dear adventurers what that act of loving kindness meant to the community in which it occurred. Strictly speaking, it was really a "community adventure," although performed for an individual, by a few young people, in such a quiet way.

Our next adventure seemed even more personal; and yet who can say how great or small an influence it had upon the neighborhood? Certainly it had a tremendous influence upon the woman who experienced it.

A Lesson in Neighboring

I wonder if any of you have had an experience like mine? I moved into a neighborhood wholly strange to me. I came from the city, where my narrow outlook had been limited to a few neighbors who prided themselves upon their dignity. Borrow or ask a favor of each other, we never did!

Just across from my new home was a small cottage, occupied by a widow and little son. I had never met her, so you may imagine my surprise when she came around to my side entrance early one morning, carrying a paper package and a small kettle.

"Good morning," said I rather stiffly.

"Good morning," she said. "I am your neighbor from the cottage over the way, and I came to ask if you would pick over my beans? I have them here."

I stared at her in indignation, but before I could utter a word, she continued:

"You see, I am blind; and the woman who lived here before you was so kind that I ventured to trespass upon you."

For a moment I was glad she could not see the shame in my face, as I brought her in, picked over her beans, and asked her to call me whenever I could be of service.

I found her a lovely and cultured woman, whose companionship more than offset anything I may have done for her.

Since then, by learning to know and serve my neighbors, I have gained a wholly new outlook upon life. MRS. T. K. S.

What an inspiring way in which to learn a lesson, to profit by it, and go on! And what a beautiful tribute to neighboring that blind woman's trust was!

The account that comes next also has to do with a newcomer and an old resident; but this time there was no awakening necessary. Both women were fully aware of the joys of neighboring, and only too eager to be tasting them.

Village Neighbor Welcomes a Country One

A very unassuming country woman was leaving the farm for a village; because her son's profession called him there. She had been so zealous for her son's education, that she had neglected her own social duties until she felt timid at the prospect of having to mingle with strangers. So she had concluded that she would not like town life or town people.

She and her son arrived at their new home about noon; and the mother said: "Son, let's eat a bite of this cold lunch. Perhaps by suppertime we'll have the stove up, so I can cook a good warm supper." The son's answer was to raise his hand. "Mother, there's someone calling."

Sure enough, from outside there came the call: "Will you please come out to the fence?"

The voice was kindly; and the tired mother, on looking, saw a lady with a bowl in her hand. Astonished, she hurried out to the fence, where she was greeted by a cheery: "You are Mrs. S——, I believe. I'm your next door neighbor, Mrs. M. I knew you would be tired and busy, so I brought over this bowl of soup and some rolls. They're warm; so you had better run along and eat them. I'll come over after dinner and help you get things straightened out. Good-bye."

Were town people friendly and neighborly, like this? To make a long story short, this one act of kindness changed the little newcomer's idea of town life, and had a lot to do towards making her feel at ease in the new town. It was, besides, the beginning of a lasting friendship. MISS F. R.

A bowl of hot soup and some warm rolls! A very simple gift, perhaps? And yet a whole life was changed thereby, and to the community was added another loyal resident instead of a lonely and rebellious one.

Which brings us, neighbors, to our last adventure for the day, a very appealing one which, apparently, benefited only one family; but which in reality united a whole community in bonds of unselfish interest and love.

Equipping a Young Nurse

Three years ago, one of our neighbor's daughters had the opportunity to go to a nurse's training school in a distant city. The family was very large, and was poor: only the father being a wage earner. So some of the ladies met and sewed for this girl who was to go away: making underclothing, plain dresses, aprons, etc.. A good second-hand suit was given her. One lady donated writing paper, pad and stamps; another fancy collars, handkerchiefs, night dresses and handbag. (This last woman was 50, and unmarried, but she remembered her own girlhood. And she knew that a girl liked to have the things others had.) Two or three afternoons were given to the sewing, and finally the pastor's wife went as traveling companion, seeing the girl located in the school. She is now a graduate nurse, and is paying for another sister's High School education, besides helping the home folks, so the brother will not be obliged to be a farm laborer, as the father has always had to be. He can learn a trade. Who can say that this was not a true "adventure in neighboring?" NEIGHBOR.

Who can, indeed? No one! For no sweeter, more delightful adventure in neighboring could possibly be described!

And now, fellow adventurers, until our meeting two weeks hence, I must say goodbye to you, with this parting hint, that we are going to take up, at that next meeting, a subject very dear to our hearts. What is it to be? That, I shall not reveal. But I shall look for all of you—all your familiar faces—at that gathering in the World Hall of the Christian Herald.

The Neighbors' Forum

"Dear Miss Connolly: I saw in the Christian Herald of July 3d the request of a woman, who was deaf and lonely, to be put in touch with deaf people. I thought perhaps we might interest her, and other Christian Herald readers, in an old lady who lives with her son on top of a mountain near here. A party of ladies walked up one afternoon, and it was pitiful to see her pleasure at having visitors. By going close to her and shouting in her ear, and by signs, we could make her understand. She is fond of flowers and has them growing around, protected from her chickens. Perhaps some of your readers could cast gleams of sunshine upon her lonely life. Her name and address are enclosed." NEIGHBOR.

(Dear Neighbors: Here is an appeal to which I hope you will respond. Indeed, I know you will, as no appeal which ever goes out through this column is ignored. Address her, in my care, and I will see that your letters are promptly forwarded to her.—VERA L. CONNOLLY.)

"Because of the need of more extra time for knitting and other war work, we decided this spring to simplify our housekeeping. We removed all except necessary furnishings, even dishes seldom used were packed away. This eliminated a large part of our cleaning and dusting. We are now conserving sunshine and enlarging our perspective by curtainless windows—only shades being allowed to regulate them. Ours is a country home, and so now—instead of the curtains—each window is a beautiful transparency: a view of wooded hills, of slopes and hedges, with bird neighbors flitting by on housekeeping errands. Perhaps, after all, the solution of a good many problems may be reached by simplifying our living habits." A. R. (*Minnesota*).

"I used to be a teacher, but am married now. Nevertheless I have some very lonely days. My hearing is defective, and as I am very sensitive about it, I have never tried to go among people very much, as it embarrasses me so."—MRS. W. C. T.

(Dear Friends: Letters or post cards, with loving messages of good cheer, would not embarrass this lonely little neighbor of ours. How she would love a big, bulky, round-robin letter!—VERA L. CONNOLLY).

Don't Wear a Truss

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The Fighting Pastor of '76

PASTOR WILLIAM L. PIEPLOW in an address delivered at the dedication of a Service Flag of the St. Jacobi Evangelical Lutheran Church, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, told the following incident in the life of the famous Pastor Peter Muhlenberg:

"Peter Muhlenberg, at twenty-nine, preached to congregations scattered along the Virginia frontier. He was a friend of Patrick Henry, and went hunting with George Washington. After the farmers of Lexington fired the "shot heard round the world," he determined to enlist and was chosen colonel of the Eighth Regiment. Muhlenberg had no military knowledge, but his character and bearing proclaimed him a man to be trusted in command. He set about raising a regiment, and on his arrival at Woodstock his different congregations were notified that he would deliver his farewell sermon to them on the following Sunday.

"It was about the middle of January, 1776, and the rude country church was filled to overflowing with the hardy people of the mountains. Even the churchyard was filled with stern, excited men. Pastor Muhlenberg arrived. About his shoulders was his clerical gown. After stirring his congregation with the wrongs the people had suffered, he said:

" 'In the language of Holy Writ, there's a time for all things—a time to preach and a time to pray, but those times have passed away.'

"Then in a voice which rang through the church like a trumpet, he cried:

" 'There's a time to fight—and that time has now come!'

"Thereupon he stripped the clerical gown from his shoulders and stood before his people a girded warrior! Descending from the pulpit he ordered the drums to beat, and his people gathered about him in enthusiastic, patriotic devotion. Nearly 300 men of the frontier churches were that day enlisted under the banner of Muhlenberg."

Pastor Pieplow's church, St. Jacobi, has given fifty-two of her sons to the country's service.

REO

Looks Like Camouflage

But It Is Just the Reflection of the Surroundings In the Highly Finished Body of the New Reo Light Four

Referring of course, to the cut of the car at the bottom of the page.

Usually we retouch photographs of this kind to eliminate the reflections. That is what gives the average automobile illustration such a lifeless look.

Here is Reo beauty unadorned—the car is shown just as photographed, with the rippling road reflections in the mirror-like finish of the Reo.

And that outward beauty is a fitting cover—just as it is indicative of—the internal excellence of this newest product of the Reo plants.

Mechanically, this Light Four is the epitome of Reo experience and skill.

The Four is the ideal type of automobile for these times.

The ruggedness that is inherent in the four-cylinder principle and especially in Reo motors;—

The freedom from "temperamental ills" to which the poly-cylinder cars are subject;—

The accessibility, the simplicity and the absolute interchangeability of parts;—

These render the Reo owner singularly free from the necessity of calling upon the garage man.

Skilled mechanics are scarce just now—Uncle Sam is using them in his war work.

Those that are available come high—and for the same reason.

The owner who can care for his own car is doing double duty.

So perfect is the interchangeability of this Reo, you yourself can, without any mechanical experience and with the most meagre mechanical understanding, make any adjustment or replace any part—at the expense of a suit of allovers.

In building more of this Light Four Model at this time we had these very conditions in mind.

The Dependability that is Reo is your guarantee from pesky little troubles and vexatious delays.

That Reo factor of safety "50% oversize" in all vital parts—driving shafts, gears, axles, bearings, etc.—is your guarantee against major troubles.

That buyers appreciate these qualities is evidenced in a demand greater than the possible output.

Our problem is not to sell, but to make enough of them.

They are coming faster now, and if your order is in your Reo dealer's hands at once he can promise you a reasonably early delivery.

But don't delay—today won't be a minute too soon.

P. S.—We feel we ought to suggest that it behooves the prospective buyer, nowadays more than ever, to look carefully into the resources, financial and otherwise, and especially the sources of supply, of concerns whose product is offered to him. If you neglect this, you may find yourself a year hence with no source from which to obtain replacement parts—no manufacturer to stand back of the "guarantee."

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THE CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM

By REV. A. E. THOMPSON

Pastor of the American Church at Jerusalem (driven by the Turk from the Holy City at the outbreak of the World War). At present Field Secretary for the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief.

"The capture of Jerusalem is one of those events to which students of prophecy have been looking forward for many years. Even before Great Britain took possession of Egypt, there were keen-sighted seers who foresaw the day when God would use the Anglo-Saxon peoples to restore Jerusalem. When the war broke out, there were some of us who were convinced that it would never end until Turkish tyranny was for ever a thing of the past in the Holy City. When the city was captured, we felt very confident we could put one hand upon this great event which had stirred the heart of the whole Christian world, and, laying open our Bible at many places in the Prophets, say as confidently as Peter on the day of Pentecost, 'This is that which was spoken by the prophets.'

"The capture of Jerusalem is more than a prophetic event—it is a pivot in prophecy. The Germans might enter Paris and we would weep; but, desperate as that event would be, it would only be an incident in the great panorama of the ages. The flags we love might be carried into Berlin, and how we would rejoice! But even that would only be an incident. The Hun might again sack Rome, but not one of us could with any assurance put our finger upon any text of Scripture and say it was so written. Constantinople might fall, and a babel of voices would be heard among our prophets. But when Jerusalem was captured, we all said with one consent, 'This is the climax of the ages.' We have entered a prophetic era. We are looking upon the things which Moses, and the prophets, and Christ Himself have foretold.

"The capture of Jerusalem is not the end, but the beginning. Now, if the hour of the passing of the Turk from Palestine has come, it means great things to the Promised Land. It marks the beginning of the end of the desolation. It means also the beginning of the end of the dispersion.

"Again the capture of Jerusalem indicates that we are at the beginning of the end of the declaration of the gospel. The capture of Jerusalem also meant the defeat of German design. And finally, the capture of Jerusalem marked the beginning of the end of all imperialism."

The above is an extract from Dr. Thompson's address at the Philadelphia Prophetic Conference. The complete address, together with all the other 18 addresses, is given in

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Young People's Topics for August 11

Is There Anything I Cannot Forgive?

Epworth League Topic. Mark 11 : 25; Luke 17 : 3, 4; Eph. 4 : 32

ONE of the foundation stones of Christian character is forgiveness. It is perhaps the hardest stone for most of us to fit into the structure of our lives. All that is in us rebels against the forgiving of a wrong. Some of us think we have reached a measure of perfection when we say we can forgive but cannot forget; yet memory of the wrong inevitably carries with it a measure of the sting. So long as memory persists, forgiveness is not complete; yet every time we pray as our Saviour taught us we ask Him not merely to forgive our sins, but to forgive them as we forgive the sins of others against us. It is one of the most important articles of our faith that our sins are remembered against us no more.

They are blotted out of the "book of remembrance." The three verses which are the references for this lesson are significant. The first tells us when we stand praying to forgive if we have aught against any, in other words: the ability to put away from remembrance the wrongs done us and to forgive them, is the pinion on which our prayer wings its way heavenward. We are told that if our brother sin against us and repent, we are to forgive him, even though his sin be committed and repented of seventy times seven, and we are told also to forgive those who sin against us, even as our Father in heaven, for Christ's sake, has forgiven us. It hardly seems necessary to dwell upon these references; they are complete in themselves; and even if we are not told definitely that we must forgive those who sin against us and do not repent, yet surely we must be ready to forgive them as God, for Christ's sake is ready to forgive us when repenting of our sin as penitents we come humbly before Him.

Lessons in Nature's School

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topics. Prov. 6 : 8; John 12 : 24, 25

WHILE man is supreme over all creation, he is not necessarily superior in all things to the other creatures which God has made. In fact, man has much to learn from these whose life he can so easily extinguish. The writer of Proverbs points the sluggard to the ant. The writer of the Gospels shows Christ using a grain of corn, which dies that it may live again, as a symbol of His spirit and His sacrifice. What shall we say of the rock that faces unmoved the surging seas of centuries? Is it like our faith? Or of the oak, which grips the earth with its roots and defies the elements with its branches? Does it typify our life in Christ! Or of the bee, which, in the world of struggle, stores up only sweets; or of the lily, rooted in the mud of the perennial swamp which turns to the heavens the unsullied face of a perfect flower; or of the swallow which, with infinite care, builds a nest for her young; or of the fruit tree, which blossoms prodigally in the Spring, reeking nothing of the drought which may come with Summer to wither the fruit; or of the grass, which, being constantly cut, as constantly renews its attempt to bear its seed head? Yet in all these things there is a lesson for those who strive in the spirit of Christ to make their lives bear a larger fruitage in this world and a larger outreach into the world beyond.

Evangelistic Engagements

THE meetings, already scheduled, to be conducted by the evangelists in August, September, October and November are announced by Rev. Parley E. Zartman as follows:

Andrews and Curry, Aug., Batesburg, S. C.; James A. Armstrong Party, Aug., Elmo, Mo.; J. F. Bailey Party, Aug.-Sept., Coolville, O.; Daisy Douglas Barr Party, Until Aug. 3, Bethany Park, Ill.; Aug. 10-20; Thousand Islands, N. Y.; Sept. 1, Indiana Harbor, Ind.; Oct. 6. Brookville, Ind.; Nov. 13, Franklin, Ind.; Steve Burke and H. D. Loes, Aug., Charleston, Miss.; Sept., Louisville, Miss.; Callis-Grenfell Party, Aug., Wilmore, Ky.; Sept. 1-10, Kincaid, W. Va.; John W. Erskine, Sept., 23-Oct. 13, Lake City, Mich.; Ham-Ramsey Party, Aug. 20, Groesbeck, Tex.; T. M. Hofmeister, Aug. 4, East Liverpool, O.; Nov., Newell, W. Va.; I. E. Honeywell Party, Sept.-Oct., Peterboro, Ont.; J. B. Kendall Party, Aug., Waco, Tex.; Lindgren and Erwin, Sept., Pocahontas, Iowa.; John H. McCombe Party, Aug. 2, Dempster Grove, N. Y., Aug. 16, Trenton Falls, N. Y.

W. C. and Mrs. Mealing, Aug., Camp Meeting, Pennsylvania; Nov., Millville, N. J.; Moody-Hobbs-Tovey, Aug.-Sept., Bloomfield, Mo.; Sept.-Oct., Chula, Mo.; Dr. French E. Oliver Party, Aug. 4, Winnipeg, Man.; Paul Rader Party, Sept. 20, Seattle, Wash.; Milton S. Rees, Aug. 11, Worcester, Mass.; Sept. 15, Franklin, N. H.; Oct. 20, Wheeling, W. Va.; Reid-Troy Party, Sept.-Oct., Portland, Ore.; April, 1919, Bellingham, Wash., Myrtle M. Saylor, Sept., Millersburg, Ia.; Oct.-Nov., St. Lawrence, S. D.; Nov. Dec., Kalona, Ia.

Charles Stewart, Aug., Cicero, Ind.; Sept. Marion, Ind.; Oct.-Nov., Seymour, Ind.; C. C. Smith, Aug., Y. M. C. A.; Sept., Marion, Ia.; Henry W. Stough Party, Sept., Elkhart, Ind.; Franklin W Swift, Aug., Bronson, Ia.; Sept., DeWitt, Ia.; Taylor and Preston, Until Aug. 4, New Richmond, Wis.; A. G. Voight, Aug., Conway, Mo.; The Vom Bruch Party, Sept., Centralia, Mo.; E. L. Wolslagel, Aug. 4, Brevard, N. C.; Aug. 25, Harrodsburg, Ky.; Sept. 8,; Johnson City, Tenn.; Sept. 29, New Bern, N. C.; Oct. 20, Lawrenceburg, Ky.; Zoller and Sutherland, Aug. 4-25, Shelby, Mich.; Sept. 1-22, Park City, Utah; Sept. 29-Oct. 27, Salt Lake City, Utah; Nov. 3-24, Milford, Utah.

The Tent Evangel

THE Big Union Tent Evangel, in New York, opened on June 30, its thirty-eighth campaign in this city. Rev. G. W. McPherson is serving as Superintendent for the seventeenth season. The campaign this summer will include a Bible Conference, to be held August 11 to September 2, and which will continue the line of study of the Spring Philadelphia Conference—on prophecy, the Second Coming of Christ, and the future triumph of the Kingdom of God on earth. Some of the best known Bible students and preachers will take part—among whom are Rev. Mark Matthews, D.D., of Seattle, Rev. James M. Gray, D.D., of Chicago, Miss Amy Stockton of California; Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D., of London. The great tent is in the heart of New York and seats 3,000 persons. All communications should be addressed to Rev. G. W. McPherson, at 34 St. Andrews Place, Yonkers, N. Y.

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I AM sending to your care, a postal order for $5.00, which you will please add to the fund for the relief of the little children of Palestine I am a little boy myself, and my great-grandmother is writing this for me She subscribes for the Christian Herald and has for a long time! Will you please acknowledge the receipt to her—her name is Mrs. Mary E. Sellen. She wants me to grow up to be a truly good man and to live for the glory of God. She has already dedicated me in her prayers to His service. My father is a physician, on his way to France. Your little friend.

Louisville, Ky. ROBERT BRUCE BASS.

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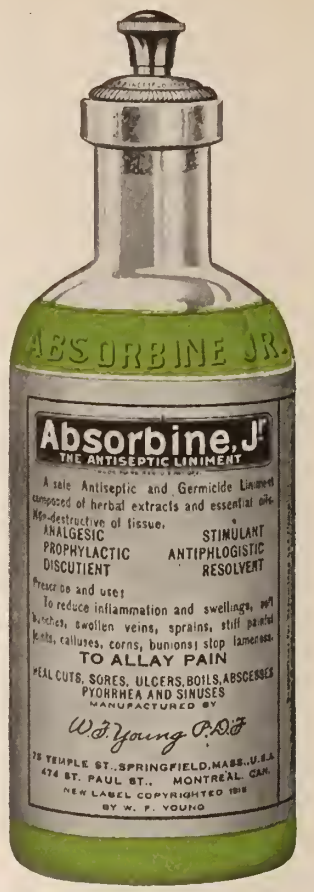

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Photo by John Kabel

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

Refugees, thronging the gates of a soup kitchen in Jerusalem, await their daily rations

Relief Work in Jerusalem

By MAJOR THEODORE WATERS

Member of the American Red Cross Commission to Palestine

THIS letter from Palestine brings good news—news that will be welcomed by our readers. The relief work begun by the Christian Herald in Jerusalem early in the war has not been swept away during the long period when communications necessarily ceased. Instead, it has been greatly blest and multiplied. In the hands of a little company of earnest, self-sacrificing, capable Christian people, it has become the means of helping thousands of sufferers in their time of deep distress. This work is still going on, as Major Waters tells us. It is a bright spot among the sadder and darker aspects of the Holy City.

I HAVE been about two days in the Holy City and what follows will describe some of the things I have seen. To a large extent, it reminds me of the trip I took through Belgium in 1914, though of course, there is here not the devastation of houses which was so evident there in those early days. But there is misery among the people—the misery that follows lack of sustenance and disease. It is not as bad as it was, for the military authorities have done wonders in alleviating suffering; but even they have not been able thoroughly to clean up the Augean stables left behind by the Turk. Furthermore, it does not appear so much on the surface. It is the same old Jerusalem on superficial observation as it ever was. But as you walk through the city and get close to the people, you can come upon enough want and forlornness to last you many a day.

Soon after my arrival, I wandered down to the Jaffa Gate and entered the walled city. Almost the first things I saw was a poster announcing the lace industry of the American Colony, supported by the Christian Herald Relief Fund. It will be remembered that just before the beginning of the war the Christian Herald contributed some thousands of dollars to be used in conducting a lace industry for the purpose of giving work to the poor women of Jerusalem. The work was started at once and hundreds of women began to earn a livelihood making lace. The lace was to be sent to America and sold, and the money received was to be sent back to Jerusalem and used for the purpose of buying more raw materials and paying wages for the perpetuation of the industry. But the war stopped all that, as it became impossible to ship the lace to America. The Turk being in control, the business stagnated and would have disappeared altogether had not the Allies driven the Turk out of the city and far to the north, where he has been retreating ever since. But the British soldier, with an eye to sending some suitable souvenir to the folks at home, was not slow in buying up the lace that had already been made, and with the return therefrom the American Colony was able to carry on the industry. So that, almost from his entrance, the British Tommy was the means of providing succor for poor people who were in danger of seeing their only means of livelihood disappear.

MRS. BERTHA VESTER, who was in charge of the industry, had broad visions of its development, and, in addition to employing as many women as possible, she started a plan for teaching lace-making to the young girls, who, since the double occupation, had been left to run the streets. The word was passed along, and immediately more children came than could be accommodated. And this was greatly to be commended, for, under the terrifying conditions which had existed before the entrance of the Allied forces, prostitution, which had not been common in Jerusalem, had begun to run rampant, and so many a young girl was saved from a worse fate than that which follows mere want.

I saw these lace-makers at work and I was told that there was hardly one of them who had not others dependent upon her. When they entered the industry, months ago, the marks of want and privation were apparent all over them. There were gaunt faces aplenty, and their clothing was for the most part filthy rags, and when each applied for work, it was but too evident that others with equally gaunt faces and garments of rags awaited the outcome at home. And such homes! Unspeakable dens, of which I shall tell you later!

But while the city is full of just such pitiful creatures who have not yet been helped, those who were at work bore the evidence in their comparatively happy faces of what just a little charity, properly dispensed, can do for the uplift of the poor and miserable. The Colony itself, as distinct from the Colony Store, is situated a short way from the poorer part of the town. The buildings are fine and well kept, and the sun shines in brightly all day long. In one room we saw the little children learning under competent instructors how to construct the really marvelous bits of lace and embroidery which have now a ready market. In other rooms were the workers themselves, each bent over her task and each sure of the compensation that accrues at the end of the week. In still other rooms we saw many women who, unable to be absent from their children at home for any length of time, had brought in work which they had finished in those homes, and were now to receive payment for the work done and obtain raw material, thread, etc., to be made up into the finished product. And because the amount paid might not be sufficient to sustain their families, all of these workers are given a ration ticket with which they can obtain free food from the soup kitchens which it has been found necessary to operate all over town. These soup kitchens are operated, some by the authorities and some by the Syrian and Palestine Relief Fund; and if you could see the people, and especially the little children, who come for the rations, you would believe that the kitchens are the only things that stand between them and starvation.

I WENT with Mr. Wendell Cleland, of the Syrian and Palestine Relief Fund, to one of these kitchens and saw the people in line. The kitchen is located in some buildings that stand just across the way from the Tower of David. We made our way through the throng of waiting men, women and children. I

called it a line just now, but throng is the better word, or perhaps mob would be even better. And what a mob! All sorts and conditions of people, disease-ridden as to themselves, vermin infested as to their rags. Arabs who looked as though they came from the desert; city dwellers who brought the smells of their hole-in-the-wall homes, with veils as a shield of their poverty; women clad in one-piece garments that looked ready to drop away from them, and little children—little children with their diseased eyes and their individual swarms of flies—quarreling and pushing one another for a more advantageous place near the gate. And all of them carrying pitchers and tin cans, anything they could get, to bear back to waiting relatives the only meal of the day.

We thought better of pushing our way through that crowd, not for the inconvenience of physical contact, but for what that physical contact might cause us to carry way with us. So we were conducted around to another door and into the yard, where there was another crowd similar in every respect to that without the gate. Once within reach of the great kettles of soup, they formed into the semblance of a line and each was recorded in a book, and each received the number of rations designated for the family to which he or she belonged. Then they crowded their way out. I watched one little boy—he could not have been more than seven years old—pushing his way into the open. At the entrance of the kitchen was a flight of stone steps. He maneuvered his big can of soup through the crowd until he got it to the steps, laid it down, and then jumping down at the side rescued it from the feet of those who were crowding in. It gave me a thought. "Suppose," I asked, "that little boy should happen to drop his can on the way home. What then?" "It has happened," was the reply. "And if we could prove it, he would be given another. But sometimes these people will report such an incident when in fact it has not happened at all. We just have to use our judgment."

Armenian refugees in Jerusalem awaiting distribution of relief

OVER two thousand rations are distributed in this way every day at this kitchen, represented by about six hundred applicants. The need and the number of rations are investigated by workers who are self-sacrificing Christian young men and women, who have given up their home ties, and who work thus enthusiastically for the uplift of their fellow men, most of them without pay. It is an inspiring sight, to say the least. And this is only one of the soup kitchens in Jerusalem.

I wanted to follow the little boy with the big can of soup to his home and see just how these people lived, but I was not able to do it just then. However, I did have an opportunity a little later in the day to see into the homes of such people who needed soup. It came about in this way: There is a dearth of doctors in Jerusalem, that is, doctors of the up-to-date, efficient sort. And so the military health officer of the city asked one of our Red Cross doctors to make calls for him on some people who were reported ill and not able to go to the public dispensaries. He invited me to go along. And so, accompanied by a woman settlement worker, we started out.

WE entered the Old City through the New Gate and took our way down the crooked alleys which are called streets here. Some of these were covered ways, and on the roofs were stone hovels in which people lived out their lives. The stench of centuries was in the air of these tunnels. Strange people watched us curiously, and I thought resentfully, as we stepped gingerly along in our endeavor to avoid the filth under foot. The place seemed to be one long lavatory. After a while we came to an old door in the wall. Our woman worker, who had been there before, turned and pushed open the door and began mounting a flight of stone steps. They turned and curved and at last stumbled out upon an inclosure—or what might be called an elevated yard—around which was a collection of stone hovels. Everything is built of stone in this country. Faces appeared at the bleared windows of the hovels and then people began to come out of the doors. Evidently we were an event in the community. Going up to the closed door of one house, our worker pushed it open and peered within. A woman, with streeling hair and very little clothes, welcomed her and pointed to what I at first thought was a heap of rags on the floor. The woman touched it gently with her dirty bare foot. There was a convulsive moment of the heap. Some of the rags uplifted, and out peered the bearded face of an emaciated man. He looked curiously into the face of our woman worker, and then fearfully at the doctor, for the latter, being of the Red Cross, had on the uniform of a captain in the United States army, and the people, driven as they have been by Turks in uniform ever on the lookout for extra taxes, look at all uniforms askance. Reassured, however, he told his symptoms and was prescribed for with as much dispatch as was consistent with an examination. There was but one room in this "house," and that room had probably been as it was for a thousand years. There was practically nothing in it as far as I could see; heaps of clothing in one corner, not a table, not a chair, but children, near naked, moving about under foot.

WE went out into the sunshine and over the sloppy stones preparatory to going down into the noisome alley below. Almost immediately the worker was besieged with petitions from women who had gathered about the door and who knew of other sick ones in the surrounding hovels and wanted them to be treated. It was not to be, however, as the authorities had designated a number of urgent cases, and these must be attended to first. So down we went again to the alley and along until we came to another door much like the first, and through into a courtyard of uneven levels and the usual amount of dirt. Women and children abounded of course, and they led us readily to the door of the house where a sick child awaited our ministrations. The worker and the doctor went in. I took a hasty look and concluded to wait outside.

The patient was a little boy—a very sick little boy, as any one would have known at a glance. He moaned and cried while the doctor diagnosed his malady. They had raised him from his pallet of rags, and the movement caused him to lose what little dinner he had evidently eaten. The doctor noticed that he had been eating bread, and said it was not just the thing for the little fellow to eat in his condition. But as bread, in limited quantities at that, was all the family could afford, the advice was lost. He indicated to the worker that the child would have to be taken to the hospital at once. Then there was a great uproar. Take to the hospital? No! No! No! They would butcher him at the hospital! This feeling, which is common among the poor all over the world, was quieted when it was explained that the boy would probably die if he were not taken to the hospital. Meantime the women, some of them with families in prospect, crowded around the door and the children ran around under foot. "Tell them to keep those women and children away from that child," said the doctor to the worker just before we left the place. "It is contagious." "What has he?" I asked as we wended our way through the alley. "He is coming down with typhus," replied the doctor sententiously. "But you will see more of it before we return."

AND we did, many cases. In fact, Jerusalem has not only many cases of typhus, but the doctors say the disease is on the increase. But why go on describing case after case of men, women and children down with infectious diseases? How can they help but be? Filth and squalor among the inhabitants, conditions unsanitary to the last degree. People living as they did a thousand years ago. It is not the fault of the present authorities. They have done all they can up to date to change matters for the better. But the job is huge—bigger in fact than one can appreciate without close investigation. It is the heritage left by past rulers. Centuries of fatalism and oppression have left the seal of their influence upon the people and they are not to be changed in a day. I could see it even in Egypt, which, as everybody knows, has improved wonderfully in the last decades; yet even there the lethargy of the East is all too apparent. No one there ever thinks of swatting one of the millions of flies that make life all but unbearable in the daytime, and this aside from the danger of disease transmission through this agency. Very few think of screening windows. People go around carrying fly-swishers (a decorative handle holding a wisp of horsehair) with which to chase the pestiferous insect on to some one else. And Egypt has progressed. Why should not more or as much be expected of Jerusalem?

WE came out of the old town through the Gate of Herod, and presently our guide remarked that over behind a little rise of ground was the Garden Tomb. Would we like to stroll that way? No, we did not think we would. Of course we shall go there very soon; but not on this day, when within less than a thousand yards of the tomb of Christ we had so lately watched so many men, women and children, the spoil of the centuries, being drawn down so remorselessly, as it seemed, into the pit of misery, disease and death.

However, it must not be surmised from the foregoing that there is nothing but gloom and misery in Jerusalem. It so happened that on my entrance to the Sacred City it was my portion to be shunted into those bypaths of hopelessness which it does not usually befall the occasional visitor or tourist to tread; and so, while I am calling it as forcibly as possible to your attention, in order to show how much Jerusalem really needs the help of the Christian world, there is another side which needs a glorious mention. That is the side which includes its deliverance from the Turks. Never has the city apparently been as happy as since the Turk was driven out, and the real wish of the people is that he never will be allowed to come back. Already the present army has started in to look after the welfare of the people. The roads have been improved and widespread sanitation is receiving large attention. The introduction of fresh running water is being arranged. The maladies and the foibles of the people are being treated from the humanitarian standpoint. The exorbitant system of taxes is abolished.

The people are learning that oppression has been suppressed, that they are privileged to live their own lives as well as they may, consistent with law and order. And the effect on the public mind is already apparent. Of course, I shall go into these phases of life here in future letters, and as I can become more intimate with the people themselves. In the meantime, I can see the vision of a new Jerusalem, I mean it in a civic sense, and I can see it also as the most wonderful shrine in the world, to which people from every part of the earth will come with wonder and delight to find their ideals fulfilled, and their reverence for the name of Christ exalted indeed.

Jerusalem, June 1, 1918.

Purposeful Prayer

THE sweet chimes sounded forth from the Miller Bell Tower and a man in uniform blew a bugle at the same moment at the Chautauqua Assembly, New York, on Monday, July 15, 1918, and Chautauqua witnessed a new custom. Men on the street and elsewhere stood still for a few moments, mostly with uncovered heads and closed eyes. Women stopped their knitting and sprang to their feet; they reverently bowed their heads. The newsboys no longer called out their papers. Dinner bells did not ring for a minute or two after twelve instead of on the instant as formerly.

Have you guessed the reason? Have you heard of the new custom? Well, the Woman's Club of Chautauqua requested the Institution to call upon every one to observe a few moments of silent prayer repcisely at noon for our nation. The request met with prompt approval; and all persons at Chautauqua were asked to make this a time of prayer for a speedy and just victory; for our boys overseas; and for the country. Its first observance on the date mentioned was exceedingly impressive. The plan made a strong appeal. It is a fitting recognition of the "God of Hosts" and our dependence on him for guidance, comfort and strength. W. J. HART, D. D.

Many people say, "Life is poor picking." No wonder; they never planted anything.

When the bucket of love is let down into a human heart it seldom comes up empty.

A Little Boy's Journey Across Africa

THE children of missionaries are usually only incidental parts of family groups, or items in an annual report, but as to their impressions, their thoughts, their feelings, the world hears but seldom. Here is a story of mission work in Africa told by a missionary's son and transcribed by his father. In it we see, through a child's eyes, the trials and dangers and triumphs of a soldier of the Cross.

IT was not my choice that I should go to Africa, nor that I should zigzag across it on both sides of the equator. I was only eighteen months old when my Papa and Mamma entered Africa on the East Coast, and just past three when I passed into the heart of it, on my way across with them. So you see the first things I remember are about Mid-Africa. As it was in this central part of that great wild country that they lived most of the time, what I shall tell you will be about the things I saw while there.

If you will look on the map of Africa, you will see Mombasa marked on the east coast, and the mouth of the Congo on the west coast. My journey lay between these two points, not straight across, but in a big curve to the north, then curving again west and south. The first 900 miles of travel we could go by railroad or steamboat most of the way, but I do not remember that. After we crossed Uganda into Belgian Congo, we had months of hard traveling over native paths and by canoe into the country owned by the French. Everything there is so different from our own dear land that when on our way home we came out where many natives had become Christians, and the missionaries had good houses with furniture and pretty things in them, I thought we had got to heaven.

Natives of the Congo ready to hear the missionary's story

The first black people I remember about were the Aluru, who lived on the northwest coast of Lake Albert. They were very wild and bad. They would steal everything they could, and fight and kill each other. The Uganda people, just across the lake, had once been just as bad, but they had been changed by hearing about Jesus, and thousands of them had learned to read the Bible. It was easy to travel among them; but the Aluru, who had never heard of Jesus, gave us trouble all the time we were in their land.

One day my father was sitting under a tree studying on a native language, when a band of men came panting up the steep hill, and laid the hand of a man down on the ground in front of him. They were dripping with sweat, and the hand had just been cut off. When one of them got his breath, he exclaimed, "Behold, we went to visit the people of yonder village; we went as friends, but they have done us evil; they gave us battle and killed our brother."

THEY were told that we were not there to punish bad people, they must go where the officer was who would see to their trouble. But the officer said it was too far for him to go from his post, when there was no one to leave to take his place. So the angry black men gathered their friends together and went to fight the murderers and their friends. Soon we saw the tall columns of smoke where villages were burning, women and children running away to find safe places, and bands of men with spears and bows and arrows, fighting each other, and the natives about our grounds began to get wild, too. We had a boy named Atido to help in work about the hut, and he was about the best boy we knew in that place. One day, some one came to tell Atido that his mother's village was burning, and he must come and help her to get away.

One day a large band of men came to the mission station. They were armed with long spears and carried great big shields. They said that if the natives about the station did not go with them to battle against their enemies, they would fight them, and that was about the same as saying they would fight us. My father went out and told them they must go right away; they must not come on our grounds with spears and arrows, for we did not want our people to fight. The other white men were away that day making a road, and Mamma didn't quite know what all those natives would do to Daddy, so she took me by the hand, and we walked out toward them. Just then Daddy stooped down and picked up some little bits of pebbles and pieces of dirt and told them to go right quick, and the whole band, about a hundred, began to run away like deer. You never saw such running! They just leaped! Mamma says the natives must have thought we were being kept from danger by some great power, or, as they would say, "strong medicine." The black man believes much in spirits and charms.

I never knew, till I came out of that wild country, that I was in any danger there. I did not know that anything or anybody would hurt me, and so I would laugh at the queer actions of the wild men. I loved to walk in the jungle just at nightfall, and I couldn't think what made Mamma and Daddy look so white and queer when they would find me, and their voices so out of breath when they said I must not do it. They talked about leopards. I wanted to see one, but I never did see one except a half-grown-up one that a Belgian officer had for a pet. That was lots bigger than I was, and too rough to be a nice pet.

The Aluru were not the only tribe that had never heard about Jesus, and were bad. Daddy found more than fifty tribes that had never heard, and some of them gave us a great deal of trouble. We stayed about three years with a tribe called Zande. The Zande were fierce warriors and cannibals. They filed their front teeth to sharp points, like crocodiles' teeth, to make them look fiercer, and when they went to fight other tribes they carried frightful knives with curved blades cutting both ways. When they rushed into battle flashing those sharp knives every way and showing their sharp white teeth as they yelled "Nyama, nyama," I should think half of their enemies would have been too scared to fight. They really ate up many of their conquered enemies, and made slaves of the rest. The Zande don't do this any more. I have sat on the lap of one of these old chiefs. He had eaten many people before the white people came to stop it, but I didn't think anything about it while I was on his lap.

IT seems wonderful how just believing in Jesus makes these people so different, so that we could like them so much. Some of our boys became so gentle and good that we felt badly to part with them.

When my father would come alone to one of the native villages, far from the main roads or paths, these wild people would sometimes all rush away into the tall grass or the forest. Sometimes only the women would run away with the children, and the men would wait to see what Daddy was going to do, or if he had a band of men behind him who might do them harm. But if Mamma and I were with him, they knew we had come as friends, and men, women and children would come running and calling to people in villages we could not see, to "come see the white child" (Mototo na mondele"), for along much of the road we traveled no white child had ever been before, or even a white woman.

I always had to be carried, for even after I learned to walk, I couldn't go fast enough to keep up with the others. So I was carried in my bed, on the heads of two big black men. My father always picked the tallest of the porters to carry me, so my head would be out of the tall grass a little better. My bed had a high post at each corner, and a cover over it to keep off the sun and rain. It was a nice little bed, and I did love it!

Sometimes when we were traveling I was put to bed in it at night with no other roof over me but the starry sky, till they could find a place to stay; but I thought I was safe if I only had my bed. The porters were rather proud to carry a little white child, and though they might go slow where there was no one to see us, they would dash up in great style when we came to a village. Then the women and children would run out to see the strange white child. The women would want to take me in their arms and carry me a little way. It seems as if I was nearly always surrounded by a crowd of women and children. Almost the first question asked of the carriers would be, "Is it a boy or a girl?" You should have seen the pride with which they answered, "Ye mobari te?" ("Is he not a boy?") They would not have been so proud to carry a little girl. You see, the women and girls are bought and sold like animals. A good dog, brought from down the big river, sells in the Zande tribe for twenty spearheads as long as my arm, and a girl is sold for the same price. It takes the natives quite a while to understand that a white woman is as good as a white man.

WHEN we came to a village, Daddy would ask the people if they had yet heard the words of God, or the good news of the Son of God. In many, many tribes for hundreds and hundreds of miles, they would say, "We have not heard even a little." Daddy would then tell them that God who made the sun, moon and stars, the land, water, plants, animals and people, loved them, and had a very happy home where he wanted them to come and live with him. In his home nothing bad can come, but as the sun drives away the night, so God keeps all evil out of his home. No sickness nor death nor anything that can make any one feel bad can come into his home, but everything that will make one happy, for there all love each other and do nothing but good to each other. God wants to cleanse your hearts, so you will not be afraid of him and not dread to live with him in his home.

He would sometimes show them his handkerchief, and ask them if it would be fit to wipe his face with if he should first rub it in the dust and dirt. Of course they would say it wouldn't. He would then ask if he should throw it in the fire, and they would say, "No, no." "Why not?" he would say, "if it is all dirty and I cannot use it?" "Take it to the stream and wash it, and it will come good again," they would say. Then my father would tell them that that was the way God wanted to do with the badness of their hearts, he did not want to cast these bad people into the fire, but he wanted to wash them, and then they would be fit to live with him in his beautiful home. God has a way to cleanse their hearts, and he would explain it to them. I have heard him tell all this so many times!

If Daddy was alone when he came to a village, perhaps only the men were there to hear him. He would not ask them to call the women at first, for then they might think he wanted to steal them for his slaves and that he was a very bad man with an army close by, or that he had come to do some harm to them or the children. But as he would tell the men about the news so wonderful to them, they would drop their spears and sit close around him to listen. Then the women and children hidden in the "jamba" or bushes, close by the village, not hearing any noise of fighting, or cries of pain or anger, would come, little by little, closer and closer to see what new kind of "mondele" this was, that came to the black man's town and made no trouble of any kind.

WHEN these wild people believed what Daddy told them of what God had done for them, they were not afraid to put away their charms, and stop trusting in their witch doctors for help against wild animals, snakes and bad men, and against the wicked spirits which they believed caused them sickness and accidents. They would look to God for help instead. This made them much different from the other natives who kept on with their old ways. Daddy told them they could now speak to God, if they did so in the name of Jesus, and tell him just how they loved him for what he had done for them, and how they trusted in him to keep them from harm, and from doing wrong.

Some time I will try to tell you how we got through the deep swamps and over the deep raging rivers on the native pole bridges, which sometimes floated away with the rushing waters almost under our feet; and how we climbed over the mountains a mile or more high, sometimes. You may want to know how we were kept from the leopards and lions, whose tracks we walked in right up to the places where we slept at night, and although they came near us, they never attacked us. You may want to know how Daddy slept out in the jungle, when night came on and he could find no village, and about the many strange animals and birds, crocodiles and snakes. But most of all, I think, you will want to know more about the wild people of the great Congo forest and plain, and how these people learn to do so much better when they receive the Gospel. Even the little pygmies came to trust my father, and helped him for days with his loads.

President Wilson Would End Lynchings

PRESIDENT WILSON on July 26 addressed a personal statement to the public, in which he denounced the mob spirit and called upon the nation to give the lie to German propaganda by showing its ability to apply at home the democratic principles for which its sons are fighting in Europe.

The President said in part:

My Fellow Countrymen: I take the liberty of addressing you upon a subject which so vitally affects the honor of the nation and the very character and integrity of our institutions that I trust you will think me justified in speaking very plainly about it. I allude to the mob spirit which has recently here and there very frequently shown its head among us. . . . There have been many lynchings and every one of them has been a blow at the heart of ordered law and human justice. No man who loves America, no man who really cares for her fame and honor and character, or who is truly loyal to her institutions, can justify mob action while the courts of justice are open, and the governments of the States and the nation are ready and able to do their duty. We are at this very moment fighting lawless passion. Germany has outlawed herself among the nations, because she has disregarded the sacred obligations of law and has made lynchers of her armies. Lynchers emulate her disgraceful example. . . .

"We proudly claim to be the champions of democracy. If we really are, in deed and truth, let us see to it that we do not discredit our own. I say plainly that every American who takes part in the action of a mob or gives any sort of countenance is no true son of this great democracy, but its betrayer. . . . How shall we commend democracy to the acceptance of other peoples if we disgrace our own by proving that it is, after all, no protection to the weak? Every mob contributes to German lies about the United States, what her most gifted liars cannot improve upon by the way of calumny. They can at least say that such things cannot happen in Germany except in times of revolution, when law is swept away!

"I therefore very earnestly and solemnly beg that the Governors of all the States, the law officers of every community and, above all, the men and women of every community in the United States—all who revere America and wish to keep her name without stain or reproach—will co-operate, not passively merely, but actively and watchfully, to make an end of this disgraceful evil. It cannot live where the community does not countenance it.

"I have called upon the nation to put its great energy into this war and it has responded with a spirit and a genius for action that has thrilled the world. I now call upon it, upon its men and women everywhere, to see to it that its laws are kept inviolate, its fame untarnished. . . . I can never accept any man as a champion of liberty, either for ourselves or for the world, who does not reverence and obey the laws of our own beloved land, whose laws we ourselves have made. He has adopted the standards of the enemies of his country, whom he affects to despise.

"WOODROW WILSON."

French cavalrymen bringing in the day's bag of prisoners gathered in Foch's offensive

A Week in the World's News

DISAFFECTION MAY DEFEAT AUSTRIA. With the Czecho-Slovak army, all of them former units of Austria's army, forming the nucleus of Allied reconstitution of Russia, holding the Urals and the Volga, and the principal strategic centers across Siberia, the Entente has a most useful advantage over the disorganized Bolsheviki and the small German forces in Russia and the Ukraine, which face uprisings among the people they are misgoverning. And with the rapid desertions of Slavs and Czechs from her present armies, Austria is in no condition either to initiate another offensive or to resist a determined thrust at her positions. Austria's subject peoples, seeing freedom as a part of Allied victory, find no reason for longer fighting for the Hohenzollern or Hapsburg crowns.

TURKEY IS TIRED. Wearied of the fight, angered over the settlement of territorial matters between her and Bulgaria and Roumania, Turkey has for several months been a source of anxiety to Berlin. On July 29 London had a report that Turkey has severed diplomatic relations with Germany.

NATION WILL DIRECT LABOR. Beginning August 1 the Federal Employment Bureau will recruit common labor for all plants employing over 100 men. Manufacturers will not be permitted to compete against each other, or to recruit their own ranks from the men employed by another. Non-essential industries will be drawn upon for men needed by essential industries, and no shipping of bodies of men from one state to another will be permitted. No obstacles will be placed in the way of individuals seeking employment.

WORKING OUT THE BIG TAX BILL. While the two houses of Congress indulged in a little recess, the Ways and Means Committee of the House stayed hard at work on the details of the Revenue Bill which is to make every errant dollar in America do its share in the fight. It was reported, on July 25, that the Committee was reluctant to put the excess profits tax on the flat basis of 80% lest the resulting revenue might cripple business, hinder necessary expansion and prevent liberal purchases of Liberty Bonds. The Committee decided to favor a tax beginning at 30% on all net income between 10% and 20% of invested capital, 50% on income in excess of 20% and under 25%, and 80% on income in excess of 25%. It is estimated that this schedule would raise $1,690,000,000 a year, while the flat rate of 80% would raise $2,400,000,000.

CUTTING OUT SWEETS. The Food Administration announced, on July 25, that from August 1 to January 1 the allowance of sugar to households throughout the nation would be reduced to 2 pounds per person per month, the English allowance. France allows 1½ pounds per person per month. Housekeepers are expected to keep to this allowance as loyally as they did the former one and are asked, in canning, to use those preserving processes which require the least sugar. The reduction in the sugar ration is made necessary by shortage in both cane and beet-sugar crops and by losses of sugar cargoes. Manufacturers' supplies are also reduced.

Maj.-Gen. Hunter Liggett
Commander 1st Army Corps U. S. A. in France

Mr. Hoover announced from London on July 28 that the Allies had passed the food crisis and that we had now only to conserve our crops to insure sufficient food for the coming year with a surplus for the next year's eventualities.

BRITISH LABOR AIDS HUN. Charles H. Grasty, writing from London to the New York Times on July 22, predicted trouble in British labor circles as a result of the combing of the industries made necessary by the man-power act and by Great Britain's engagements with her allies. He intimated that if Britain drafted into the armies as many men as the plans contemplated she would both cripple essential industries and sow seeds of discord. British labor had become before the war a little kingdom within the empire and both the Asquith and Lloyd George governments have deferred to the labor leaders. In the discussion of the man-power act, however, Lloyd George made it apparent that he was through truckling to organized labor and labor previously exempted was made liable to service. The British Government has, notwithstanding the difficulties in sight, continued with its plans for further dilution of industry with unskilled workers and the drafting of the skilled workers of military age. On July 23 a mass meeting was called in Coventry, of the members of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and Tool Makers, to vote on the question of a strike. 16,000 workers were affected. On July 24, 65,000 members of twelve societies of munition workers went on strike in Birmingham against the advice of their leaders. On July 25, a conference at Leeds of labor leaders representing 300,000 workers voted to strike and the movement was spreading, although many thousands of workers refused to join the strike and the national labor leaders were working desperately to get the workers back at their tasks. The principal grievance of the strikers appeared to be a government order placing an embargo on rapid changes of employment. The government met the strike with a threat to draft strikers into the army at once and the strike ended.

ARMY MAKES RECORD MEAT PURCHASE. The largest single order for bacon and canned meats in the history of the world—99,560,000 pounds of bacon and 134,000,000 pounds of canned meat—has just been placed by the Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A., for the American Army overseas.

THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN. The Treasury Department announced, on July 24, that the campaign for the Fourth Liberty Loan, would cover three weeks, beginning September 28, and closing October 19.

BEATING THE U-BOAT. U-boat sinkings and all marine losses during June totaled 278,629 tons, the lowest for any month since September, 1916. The losses of Allied and neutral shipping from all causes, in the three months ending June 30, were 946,578, the lowest record since the third quarter of 1916. The submarines on July 19th and 20th, however, succeeded in sinking the White Star liner Justicia, 32,120 tons, the largest victim of the torpedo next to the Britannic, sunk early in the war. The Justicia was returning to America after carrying over 5,000 American troops to England. Eleven men of the crew were lost. The submarine operating off the American coast on Monday July 22 sank a Gloucester, Mass., fishing schooner. No lives were lost. Twenty-five U-boats were known to have been sunk from June 15 to July 15.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. Emperor Charles of Austria, on July 22, accepted the resignation of the Austrian cabinet recently organized by von Seidler. Baron von Hussarek, former minister of education, became Premier on July 25, heading a non-partisan cabinet. . . . The Council of National Defense has authorized the wearing, by relatives of a dead soldier, of a mourning band on the left arm which will bear a gold star for each relative lost. Because of the depression so caused, the people are asked to refrain from the wearing of deep mourning, but they are asked to wear the bands more as badges of honor than as expressions of sorrow.

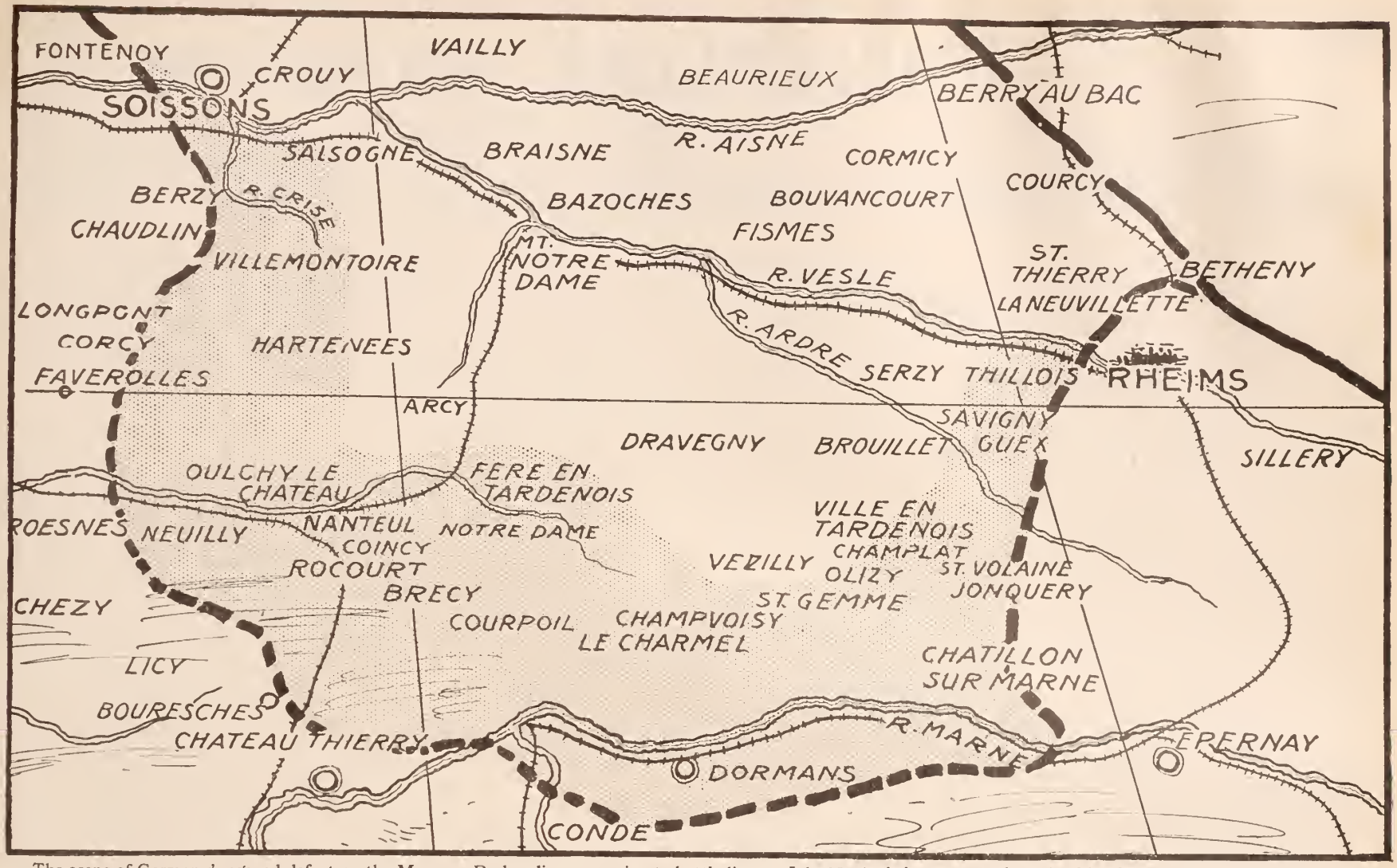
Her Heart Was In France

THE old ocean was never before so narrow. France is "Over There," our boys are "Over There"—and our girls—and we would like to be if only things wouldn't interfere. And so the sea is bridged with the threads of our love and our thoughts and our purposes and France becomes very near, and tasks here a bit burdensome but—well—read "Mary, Mary, Stay at Home" as Miss Sangster will tell the story next week.

The capture of Jerusalem by troops of a Christian power has set people everywhere to studying the prophecies about the Holy City. Next week we will go back to Palestine with Dr. Gray.

Sometimes about the spirit of men who have served mankind, will center a work of broader service, sometimes the memory of heroic struggle impels to wider achievement. Thus is Letha Watts inspiring and impelling The Prisoners' Relief Society. The story comes next week.

Next week also, Miss Connolly sets every countryside a-singing.



The scene of Germany's second defeat on the Marne. Broken line approximate battle line on July 18, shaded area ground regained by General Foch's Allied armies in the fighting from the 18th to the 30th

The Great German Retreat

THE fifth year of the great war opened unauspiciously for Germany. It found the greatest of her armies, that of the Crown Prince, continuing its inglorious retreat before the victorious Allies in the Marne salient. After two weeks of vigorous fighting, in which it is estimated that Germany had sacrificed upward of 150,000 soldiers on the field and lost over 40,000 prisoners to the Allies, the problem of extricating the Kaiser's badly battered hosts from the dangerous salient was still unsolved. The great German base of supplies at Fere en Tardenois had fallen into the Allies' hands, and French guns dominated the heights east and west of Fismes on the River Vesle, the second Teuton base, threatening to wreck the whole plan of retreat.

"BETWEEN the Ourcq and the Marne the enemy's resistance has broken down. Our troops with those of our allies are in pursuit."

This message from General Pershing, on July 27, told the story of German defeat and Allied victory. For five days from July 21 to 26 the battle had raged from Soissons to Rheims with a fierceness almost unparalleled in this greatest of wars. The Germans with guns massed to protect their flanks met attack with counter-attack and stood almost unmoved against the Allied pressure from Soissons to the Ourcq and from the Marne to Rheims. But from the Ourcq to the Marne, although the German reports told daily of Allied repulses the facts were that the repulses were each day nearer to the bases of supplies. The French and American troops, the Americans carrying the most difficult part of this job, kept pushing relentlessly against the doggedly determined enemy. Most of this country is wooded. The woods of Fere and of the Ris Forest were made full use of by the enemy rear guards in delaying the Allies. Machine guns posted in trees, hidden in caverns, masked by brush, took a deadly toll of American and French lives; but the machine gunners paid the price as well, and foot by foot, mile by mile the lines, swaying forward, sagging backward, almost broken now and then by reckless counter-attacks, swept inexorably toward the Ourcq and Fere en Tardenois, the nearest of the German bases.

For a time it appeared that the Germans were trying to establish a line from Oulchy le Chateau through Fere en Tardenois to Verneuil on the Marne, but on July 26 the situation cleared and it became apparent that a general retreat had been under way within the salient and that the desperate fighting against the crowding troops of the Allies had been a tremendous rear guard action intended to cover the withdrawal of the guns and material crowded into the salient. All of it did not get away. Nevertheless on the five days when his lines held fairly well the enemy did a very creditable piece of retreating, saving and destroying much of his material and many of his men although working in an inferno of fire from Allied guns and airplanes.

ON July 26 the French took the key point of Oulchy le Chateau on the Ourcq. They had been steadily encircling it for three days. They also took Villemontoire between Oulchy and Soissons. Both of these captures gave them high ground dominating the German base at Fere en Tardenois from which the Americans, fighting forward through the forest of Fere were only three miles distant. British troops had also made an advance of nearly a mile along a four-mile front toward Ville en Tardenois and the French in the Champagne country, east of Rheims, had succeeded in practically restoring the lines to the positions held prior to the 15th. The total of captured soldiers was fast approaching 40,000 and the German situation was extremely critical.

On the 27th it became apparent that a general retreat was on. The Germans gave up their last hold in the north bank of the Marne and also drew in their flanks south of the Ourcq. French tanks, French and American cavalry and French and American infantry patrols took up the chase, keeping in touch constantly with the enemy rearguards and accelerating the retreat from hour to hour. All through July 28 the pursuit continued. Their bridges across the Ourcq being destroyed by Allied artillery and airplane bombers, the Germans waded across the shallow stream, but made a definite effort to stand on the north bank.

One of the stiffest struggles took place at the passage of the Ourcq river, near Sergy, on Saturday, July 27. The northern bank was held by a strong force of Germans, with hundreds of machine guns hidden away in the rising ground. Our American troops found here the hardest resistance they had yet encountered. They crossed the river several times, only to be driven back by the heavy German fire, but by 10 o'clock they were over to stay. They had seen German snipers hidden with machine guns in trees shooting and killing the American wounded, and the sight made them "see red." After that they swept the hillsides like a tornado.

Here the Germans counter-attacked, throwing three picked divisions of Prussian and Bavarian Guards against the Americans. Sergy changed hands four times, but by noon our boys had captured Sergy, and a number of hours later the village of Serginus also on the northwest bank, and the Huns were in full retreat to a second range of hills.

On both flanks of the battle line the French gained ground on the 29th, and on the 30th they were fighting north of Oulchy for heights which overlooked Fismes some twelve miles away, while southwest of Rheims Allied troops, advancing west of Bligny, were also coming within striking distance of Fismes.

On July 30 the Germans were counter-attacking heavily against the French and Americans from Soissons along the Ourcq and eastward to Ville en Tardenois, apparently attempting to restore the Ourcq lines.

General Pershing on July 29 had 1,253,000 men in his American Army in France.

From every quarter come stories of the battle qualities of American troops. The Germans no longer say disparaging things about the Army from the west. The Americans using the tactics of Indian scouts, slipped through the woods, surrounding the enemy machine gun nests and taking by stealth posts too strong for direct attack, but direct attack was not beyond their powers, for time after time they swept over sputtering lines of machine guns whose torrent of lead was futile against their grit and their will to win. One American patrol of 21 men that crossed the Marne in the early days of the German retreat got ahead of the objectives and was surrounded. For five days they fought and when other troops relieved them, five of the 21 were still fighting, and the woods around them were full of dead Huns. A French staff officer told an American correspondent, "Your men fought with extraordinary resolution, even in circumstances that appeared hopeless."

One American soldier standing beside the grave of his brother, killed near Château Thierry, turned to the Chaplain, his lip held tight between his teeth and said, "That makes six I've got to get, we'd agreed to get three apiece."

Swiss reports say that American prisoners plied with questions by German intelligence officers have made them furious by replying, "Ask Pershing" or "Cable Wilson."

There were many remarkable instances of the skill of the American marksmen, and the way they used their convenient little field cannon—75's—in cleaning out the machine gun nests in thickets, in trees, and even on rocky ground, was wonderful.

Premier Clemenceau visited the battle field and was under fire for several hours during the week. He was in Dormans while German shells were still falling there and saw the pitiful ruin to which the beautiful town had been reduced.

Kaiser William, too, has been near the front, although at a safe distance from the fighting. He has not personally seen how the Americans faced his crack troops like a stone wall and finally drove them back to the north.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

The Turn of the Tide

THE stinging repulse of the Germans on the Marne, following so closely upon the Austrian rout in Italy, seems to mark the beginning of the end. It is the opinion of many capable military critics that the Teuton western offensive, now ended in disaster, will be their last, and that from now on they will be on the defensive.

The change in the fortunes of battle, as the result of America's entry into the war, has come sooner than was expected, and the change seems to be more decisive than the most sanguine could have hoped. At America's very first assertion of her power, the illusion of Teuton invincibility is utterly shattered.

In the second battle of the Marne there has been much of the hardest fighting the world has ever known. In every crucial instance of that great contest, the superiority in dash, intrepidity, resistance and even skill, has been credited to the Americans. In their first great battle our boys have given glorious promise of heroic work in the battles to come.

Inspired by our President's high ideals and stimulated by our nation's noble traditions, our boys at the front show courage worthy of their cause. Having something worthy to fight for is half the victory, and President Wilson has given this not only to our own army, but to all the armies of the Allies. A million such fighters as we now have in France make a tremendous contribution of strength; but a more potent contribution still has come to the Allied cause in the high principles and purposes enunciated by our President, which have heartened, quickened and united in common impulse all the forces of democracy of the world.

The price that must be paid for such things as Americans have helped to gain in France is well known and it was counted upon in advance. To the living and the dead in that heroic struggle all of us must give the homage of our cheers and our tears.

Decadent Churches

AT a recent gathering of ministers, one of the speakers sounded a note of alarm, predicting that if the present decline in church attendance in country communities were not checked, we would very soon witness the practical extinction of the rural church throughout a large part of the country. He went further and declared that this decline was due largely to the spiritual indifference of the farmers, who had become worldly-minded with improving material conditions, who loved pleasure more than preaching, and kept a tight hold on their dollars instead of responding to the appeals of the spiritual field. We regard the picture as overdrawn and somewhat unjust to the farmer, besides being an undeserved reflection upon the rural minister. But accepting the statement at its face, and as being well meant and true of at least some churches, the remedy should not be hard to find nor difficult to apply.

We have worshiped in country churches where it was plain to an ordinary observer that the service was sorely lacking in earnestness and Gospel power. The audience sat as if bored; the choir was rusty from want of practice; the sermon was not calculated to interest youth or to keep age awake. We have sat in others where there was a noticeable lack of cordiality such as all wide-awake churches make it a point to extend to strangers. We have listened to sermons that had no application to anything in life today. And we have sat up bravely and forbearingly in others, where the minister preached borrowed sermons—a thing which can hardly escape detection in this day of wide reading. Such preachers underrate the intelligence of their audience, and it is not surprising that audiences should decline.

But we would not convey the impression that all of the fault of slim attendance lies with the pulpit. Much of it does lie there, however, and the first step toward overcoming absentee membership must rest with the minister. If he has a real message, he will soon find a big enough audience. Everybody loves a good, outspoken, Sunday sermon which takes note of what is going on in the great world outside, and from it draws an intelligent spiritual lesson of helpfulness and encouragement. To lose sight of the Gospel, to be deaf to the loud call of missions at home and abroad, to ignore the world-struggle, to fail to urge the great lesson of patriotism and sacrifice at the present time—these are shortcomings that will empty any church.

Further, no pastor today need hope to hold his people if he does not point them to the ways in which Divine Providence is leading this nation to the high task imposed upon it, in accordance with God's purpose for humanity. The new vision of Christ and Christianity which is revitalizing the churches should inspire him also. He should see to it that the faces of his people are turned toward the sunrise. The message he presents must be vital with the spirit of the new age that has just begun, otherwise it will miss its mark. Men and women today are eagerly seeking for Gospel light. They need a pastoral leader who is whole-souled and genuine, and who can guide them in manifold ways of Christian activity and helpfulness, inspiring them by his own example. Every church, however small, will respond to such leadership. A church that has nothing beyond the Sunday sermon and the collection, and possibly a thinly attended weekly prayer meeting, comes perilously near to being inactive and decadent. It needs to be aroused to realize its duties and opportunities. Then it will become a spiritual bee-hive and an industrious factor in all good works. For God blesses the worker and multiplies his number in proportion to the need. It is an exploded theory that one of the principal causes of church apathy is the custom, fortunately not very common, of closing the church during the pastor's midsummer holiday. If the finances do not permit a substitute preacher, some member of the congregation can usually be found who is capable of filling the place temporarily. The pastor is entitled to his holiday in order that he may be continuously efficient. But the church should never abandon its service. The devil never takes a holiday.

Faithful Stewardship

IT is gladdening news to learn in the letter from Jerusalem which we print elsewhere in this issue that the industrial relief work begun there early in the war, with the cooperation of the Christian Herald's readers—and all communication with which was cut off for a long period—has been going on gloriously. During those two years while the city was cut off from the outside world, and Palestine and the contiguous Bible lands were scenes of bloody conflict, and when the hills and valleys round about Jerusalem shook with the thunder of cannon and the noise of contending armies, the work that was founded in love and prayer, and which we feared might be totally extinguished, seems to have been under divine protection. A blessing has rested upon it and it has not even waned, but expanded and accomplished far better things than we could have dared to hope. Major Waters, our representative on the Red Cross Commission, tells the story of its uninterrupted service during those times of trial and suffering. And now, with the city safely in the hands of our Allies, we are assured that the industrial relief work is not only in good hands, but our friends of the American Colony, who have managed it so faithfully and capably since its foundation, are conducting it along the very lines we had planned. It has rendered aid of the most practical kind to large numbers of those rendered destitute by the war, giving them employment, the proceeds from which kept their families from starvation. May a blessing rest upon the noble and generous-hearted men and women of the American Colony for all they have done! They deserve the lasting gratitude of our readers and ourselves for their faithful stewardship.

Government Controls the Wires

THERE will be almost universal satisfaction over the fact that the government has taken possession and assumed control and supervision over every telegraph and telephone system in the United States, from August 1 until the end of the war.

The War and Navy Departments have urged this step as necessary to the prosecution of the war, general business has demanded it as a measure of commercial efficiency and economy, and labor has looked forward to it as an assurance of just wages and fair treatment.

Next to the control of transportation, the control of communication is the most important move toward putting the business of the country on a secure basis. The theory has long existed and had powerful support in this country, and now practical conditions have enforced its application. It is not likely that there will be any regrets. It is hardly likely that there will ever be any return to the old private ownership system.

Postmaster General Burleson, who is made Director of Telegraphs and Telephones, entertains no revolutionary ideas. "It will be the purpose of the Post Office Department," he says, "to broaden the use of the service at the least cost to the people, keeping in mind that a high standard of efficiency must be maintained. I believe that by proper economy and the cutting out of duplications of effort we can effect a great saving to the people. At the same time we can extend the telephone and telegraph to the home of every man in the country. There will be no confusion; the service of the wires will continue and in time will improve."

It is believed by government officials and other experts who have carefully looked into the matter that there will be a profit of from $80,000,000 to $100,000,000 to the government from the operation of the wires, after a fair rental is paid to the owners.

Bezaleels

IT is a prime recommendation for a preacher of the Gospel to be apt in the use of illustration in his discourses. Frequently the truth is driven home with convincing power through an incident dramatically related at the right moment. Moody's sermons were brimful of anecdotes drawn from real life and personal observation. Paul Rader, who now preaches in the Moody Church in Chicago, employs his rare gift of illustration liberally in all his sermons. On a recent Sunday, he was telling his audience of the danger of stubbornness—of a preacher being so set in his own ways that he preferred them to all others, and would not even listen to the suggestion of a change. He told of a minister who came to him and admitted that he could find no way to bring his people up to the point of helping the Lord in giving out the full Gospel in his town. He had tried his best for years, and had come to the conclusion that God wanted the people, but he was not the man to bring them, so he felt he must resign and let some other take his place. Mr. Rader asked him if he had ever thought that God wanted to move him, not out of his old harvest field by detachment, but out of his old ways and methods. Mr. Rader referred him to the story of Bezaleel and the helpers that God gave to Moses, as related in the thirty-first chapter of Exodus. The anxious pastor saw the point and got the vision. "I see that I have tried to do it all alone, even down to the smallest detail," he said, "and haven't trusted God nor looked around for Bezaleels to help. I seemed to have lost sight of the fact that he can put wisdom into the hearts of others to make up for all that I lack. I feel that I have cheated him in not giving them a chance to serve him."

He applied the lesson, and the result was a complete revolution in his church. He enlisted aids at every opportunity—men of prayer and Christian life, who at his call became men of action and cooperation. It was astonishing to find how readily they took up the commissions and carried them through successfully. All they needed was an opportunity to work for the Kingdom, and they put their best in every effort. Soon he began to hear about their success in different places. There was not a single misfit; God had the men ready and all they needed was the call. All thought of resignation vanished from his mind at this new experience. Within a few months he found that the help which had lain ready to his hand had strengthened his church amazingly, increased his own usefulness, broadened the field of service, and revitalized all the work concerning which he had so many heartburnings and misgivings in the past. He had found his Bezaleels.

War's By-Products

THE workings of the war are not all destructive in their after-effects. Some by-products of great value seem assured, permanent additions to the wealth and consequent well-being of the world, aside from the moral and spiritual gains that must come from the ultimate victory. One of the greatest of these will be the creation of new ports, docks and harbor developments made necessary by the needs of the war, but so built as to be of permanent value.

This is suggested by the report that the beautiful harbor of Naples is to be much improved by the extension of docks and a general broadening of its immense natural capacity. More than one French port has been raised from minor usefulness to first-rate importance. Even Bordeaux has profited greatly. And all these immense new utilities will remain as a monument, in part at least, to American engineering efficiency and a liberal use of American money. We shall get full value from them all, and it is pleasant to think that they will also become a lasting benefit to our friends.

Our own home ports, both Atlantic and Pacific, have already felt the stimulus and will continue to grow under it. New York must inevitably be the greatest shipping-point of all the world, without exception, as time goes on. And the enormous new American tonnage now being launched will not go into the scrap-heap when peace comes.

The Church That Made Good

By B. F. F.

PART II

"ANOTHER problem which confronted us in our united church at this time, was that this increase in our membership and the increase in attendance on the services made it imperative that we either enlarge our church building or build a new church which would be adapted to our work. Something had to be done, and done soon. But before we reached any conclusion on the matter, we had still another unexpected increase to our church. There had been two small churches, holding services in school houses in the country, and these decided that it would be to their advantage to unite with us. This, in fact, left us the only church in the township. It also made the question of building most imperative. A meeting of the church directorate was called. They at once decided to build and the church at a meeting ratified this action.

"After careful consideration, plans for the church and parish houses were adopted, and the work of raising money was begun. In a short time money enough to warrant the building had been secured. We decided to take down the building we were in and hold services temporarily in one of the other churches, which had not yet been sold. The building we planned, as you saw it today, was so arranged that it would accommodate all of our church activities then in force, as well as those we might call into life in the future.

"In planning our church work, I decided that, in order to do it most effectively, it should be as far as possible grouped under separate general departments. So I formulated my plans so that the space allotted to the departments would be sufficiently elastic to take in all the various activities in which the church would engage. One of these departments took in the physical training of the young people; another covered our educational work; another the social life, and still another the religious life and activities of our people. Each of these departments was placed as soon as possible in charge of a competent leader. Thus the educational department was in charge of the superintendent of the public schools, who gave his time voluntarily to this work. The physical training department was in charge of the physical trainer of the schools, who devoted much of his time to this work without remuneration. Another department which was added later was the industrial. This department was first in charge of volunteer workers; but later, we secured an employee of the State Bureau of Labor. We were fortunate in getting the services of a man who took a keen interest in our work, and sought in a most intelligent manner to co-operate with our purposes. This feature proved one of the most popular undertakings. It was absolutely free, and the men found that there were no strings attached to its services. If a man was out of work, or needed help or advice of any kind, he could always find what he wanted by seeing the man in charge of the department.

"THAT the church can do much in aiding to solve the labor problem we believe most strongly, and that this belief is justified by what we have accomplished along this line no one who will take time to look into the matter will doubt for a moment. In fact, I am convinced that the church has too long neglected her duties in this direction, and the work has largely fallen into the hands of self-seeking, self-interested men, who have only too often exploited labor for their own selfish ends. This class of men led the workmen to believe that the church stands for the man with capital and is not in sympathy with the laboring class. But we found that the average workingman is a reasonable being and open to conviction as well as direction. When the workingmen found that, through our industrial department, we meant to do all that lay in our power to help them to better things, and to aid the worker in securing what rightly belonged to him, they were not only ready to co-operate with us, but to help in every way possible.

"The social department of the church was at first in charge of volunteer workers, but we soon found that to do this work properly, we needed a trained leader. So when the opportunity came to employ a trained social worker, we took it. We were fortunate in engaging a young woman, who had had special training in this kind of work. She took hold of the work in such a manner as to soon make it clear that we had not made a mistake in employing her. She got into the homes as well as the hearts of every woman in the parish. She is still with us, and today there is no one connected with the activities of the church who is more highly esteemed than this woman. The mothers, who in the hours of their troubles come to her for advice and comfort, find her more than a friend to them. Especially have the younger women and girls learned that she is, next to their mother, the best friend they have. Many a young girl's feet have been kept from slipping by her wise counsel and direction. They all trust her implicitly.

"Our social department is wide-reaching in its results. The directress takes time every day to get into the homes of the people. Rich or poor, high or low, all are alike to her in her work of ministration. Many homes have been changed by her coming into them, and by kindly advice or carefully dropped suggestions, changes in the home life have been made which resulted in making them happier and more contented. Often she gives her assistance to the tired wife and mother by caring for a fretful child, while the mother takes a nap, or goes for a much needed airing. I could tell you of instances where this wise woman has by her work kept homes together which were on the verge of breaking up and going to pieces. The department has been one of the most helpful and inspiring of all.

"Now, to return to the matter of building our church home. We had to take care of these departments, as I said, so, in planning the church home, we arranged it with a view to giving these various departments ample room to carry on their work. The result is the building and the parish houses through which I have just shown you.

"Just let me give you several instances of the results achieved by our industrial department. Ten years ago, there was not a single manufacturing establishment in the town. As I told you before, the industrial department was in charge of a man who was deeply interested in our plans. He was more than a mere secretary who looked after the routine work of his office. He conceived the idea that, with the natural advantages and the excellent shipping facilities the town enjoyed, something should be done to bring some good manufacturing plants to the town; so he called a meeting of the leading men of the church and congregation and put the matter up to them. They formed an auxiliary organization, the purpose of which was to investigate local conditions with the view of inviting manufacturing plants to locate here. The local newspapers were interested in the matter and gladly co-operated. As a result, one after another factory was located here, until today we have a dozen or more of the best plants in the country.

"ANOTHER instance might be cited. Some differences arose in one of these plants between the manager and his employees. For a time it looked as if the differences might become serious. The director of the industrial department offered to act as mediator between the parties concerned. Both sides readily agreed to this, as they had unfailing confidence in his ability, his integrity and his fairness to judge in the matter in dispute. They submitted their case to him, and when he decided it, both sides promptly accepted the decision and came together on the terms of settlement he proposed.

"What has been said of these departments is equally true of the work done by the educational department. Under the direction of the school superintendent and his assistants, this department has done remarkable things. Classes in English, in book-keeping, stenography, business ethics, and other subjects were organized, and the young people took to them eagerly and promptly. Classes in domestic science for girls were organized, which also proved a very successful feature. To show you what we accomplished, I need but tell you that over one hundred young people prepared themselves in these classes for the entrance examinations of colleges which they entered, and whose courses of instruction they completed with honor. A fine lecture course has also been maintained, and I might say in passing, that it is due to this course that you are here tonight.

"But as I said before, the work that gives us more satisfaction than anything else, is that done in building up our members along the lines of higher and spiritual things. This has been more than merely successful. We aimed to make these various organizations a means to an end, and that end was never lost sight of in our activities. The spiritual life of the church has been deepened, and the vision of the membership enlarged. We see beyond the present and immediate surroundings of our church work. The Kingdom and all that it stands for is very real and vital to our people. The Christian life means more than going to church on Sundays; it means service, and the best Christian man or woman is the one who serves the most willingly.

"There is no distinction in our work for the church. The man of wealth and the laboring man serve on the same committees and enter into the duties of the church in the same enthusiastic manner. They sit side by side at the services, and serve the one great Master with equal zeal. The spirit of Brotherhood is the ruling spirit of the church, and each seeks those things which will enrich and enlarge the experiences of all. In a word, the church is one great Brotherhood in which all are equal, and all are entitled to share in the common blessings which fellowship brings to those who enter into these associations with a willing mind.

"THE welcome a stranger receives, as he enters the church on Sunday morning, makes him feel that these men are really glad to see him. This spirit is carried out into our everyday work, and we do not forget the stranger who worshiped with us on Sunday when we meet him during the week.

"Our church activities have become large and varied. We are supporting two mission workers in the foreign field, paying for the education of a number of young men who are preparing themselves for the ministry, and taking care of all of our local expenses without any fuss or trouble.

"As I said when I began this story of our experiences, it hardly seems possible that so much has been accomplished, and that today we have a united church which is doing more effective service than the three churches ever dreamed of doing."

Mr. Williams here paused in his narrative, and sat as if lost in reflection. His companion, too, was silent. In his mind, his own ministerial work was passing in review, and it seemed to him that in comparison with what his fellow worker had accomplished, he had done almost nothing. Finally he roused himself and said:

"You have done a wonderful work here. I almost envy you your success. I will carry back with me the inspiration of this hour, and look forward to greater and better things for myself in my own field."

"You need not be discouraged," Mr. Williams replied. "For you know that to every man is given his work. You in your way, with your talents and ability, the books you have written, and the other things you have accomplished, have been more than once an incentive and inspiration to me, who, like others, stand on the forefront of the battle, and miss the associations of the men who are striving in their way for the same ends and purposes. The important thing, after all, is that every man be faithful in his work."

The National Protestant Church of Geneva to Woodrow Wilson President of the United States of America

Mr. President,

ON the 16th of April, 1918, the Consistoire of the National Protestant Church of Geneva—which dates its origin from Calvin himself—resolved to send you a tribute of admiration for the imperishable thoughts, of the purest Christian inspiration, which are expressed in your messages to the Congress and to the people of the United States.

The Consistoire wishes also to assure you of its gratitude for the invaluable aid you are lending our country in its present economic difficulties.

Switzerland will never forget that, during the critical period of the most terrible of wars, the great sister Republic beyond the Ocean has held out to her a helping hand. The citizens of the oldest democracy in Europe have been profoundly impressed by the eloquent words in which you have set forth the duties of a new humanity and laid down the principles of a Society of Nations, based not on force, but on Justice, Liberty, and Right. They will ever remember that you have proclaimed that the guarantees exchanged at the conclusion of peace must neither recognize nor imply a difference between big nations and small, between those that are powerful and those that are weak.

It is the first time in history that the Chief Magistrate of a country, which counts more than a hundred million inhabitants, declares to the whole universe that armies and navies must be a power for order merely, not an instrument of aggression or of selfish violence. The Protestants of Geneva feel a legitimate pride in recognizing in you a spiritual son of the Calvinistic Reformation of the 16th century. They are happy to find in your messages the principles with which the Puritans of England and Scotland and the Pilgrim Fathers were imbued.

We write this letter in the very building in which the great Scotch reformer, John Knox, preached the Gospel from 1556 to 1559, to his fellow-countrymen, exiled from their native land for their religious convictions.

We address to God Almighty a fervent prayer for the realization of your high ideals which would establish the reign of Peace on earth and good will towards men.

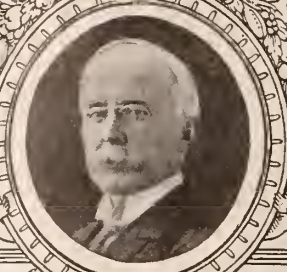
For the Consistoire of the National Protestant Church of Geneva,

The President, Auguste Lemaitre
The Vice-President, David DeLetra, Pasteur,
The Secretary, Rene Vernet.

Members of the Executive Commission:
Georges Fulliquet, Pasteur,
Antony Vincent, Pasteur,
Louis Marechal
Alfred Martin, Professeur

(This letter from the Protestants of Geneva, Switzerland, was received at the White House early in July.)

MOVING TO DESTINY



A SERMON

By

REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.

TEXT—Gen. 12 : 1. "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto the land that I will show thee."

"AND *the Lord said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country.*" But that was by no means the first step in Abram's appointed destiny. There was a prior movement, unconscious but inspired. The first steps toward Canaan had been taken by Abram's father in Abram's childhood. "And Terah took Abram . . . and went forth . . . to go into the land of Canaan, and they came unto Haran."

There is nothing in these words about divine guidance, nothing about any direct speech to Terah. It was a dumb leading. It was almost an ordinary, commonplace removal, with no apparent divinity in it. Yet it marks the first steps towards Canaan, and it initiates the elementary stages of Abram's destiny.

The Lord is busy with His preparatives long before His purpose emerges clearly in our consciousness. The clear speech is usually culminative, not originative. The spoken call often marks the moment of the crisis, but God has been gradually leading up to it. There have been three miles of a dead-level road leading to our Mont Blanc! We have been passing through commonplace and apparently insignificant events when all the time the Lord has been busy tracing out the early steps of a great vocation.

Henry Martyn went to Cambridge, and there was no conscious divine call in the going. But afterward he could see how the unconscious leadership had been of God, and how it had been in direct preparation of his after ministry. He became an expert in the handling of languages, and was all the time fitting himself for the unknown destiny. It was the same with George Pilkington in the little dairy farm in Ireland. He seemed to be moving in the commonplace track of a small circle, when all the time he was taking the first steps along a road that led to his marvellous work in Uganda. We do not realize the meaning of these first steps towards our destined Canaan. We are building better than we know! How frequently we say one to another, in the light of after days, "I little thought that when I was doing so-and-so I was preparing for so-and-so!" When the call comes to move out from our country we can see why we were led as far as Haran.

BUT now the divine call emerges into the clear consciousness of Abram's life. "*The Lord said unto Abram!*" How did the Lord say it? Never let us assume the extraordinary when the ordinary will suffice. It is always best to begin the interpretation of the Scriptures on the plan of the common consciousness. Never postulate a miracle if the incident can be explained without it. It may be that common experience will afford no key to the problem: but let us try it before we assume a special intervention.

We have too frequently dehumanized the men and the women of the Old Testament because, with very reverent purpose, we have removed them so far from the common track. But they were men and women of flesh and blood, with passions like our own, with discernments like our own, and with the same fundamental instincts, to which our God could make appeal. "He hath fashioned their hearts alike." Let us therefore use our own key to every lock, and see if we can find the explanation of another man's life within the bounds of our own experience.

How, then, did the Lord speak unto Abram? How does He speak to you and me? We use all manner of vague phrases to express our sense of the divine leading. Here is a little batch of them: "I had a feeling!" "I could not get away from it!" "I could not get it out of my mind!" "I felt I must!" There is nothing very definite and illuminating about this speech, and yet it all suggests the compulsion of a divine imperative.

We can talk to men without the ministry of actual speech. If I come upon a blind man at a street corner who wishes to cross the street, I do not guide him with counsel, I speak to him with a grip! I lay my hand upon his shoulder and speak to him in the language of dumb constraint. Is not this the meaning of that great phrase in the book of Isaiah, "The Lord said unto me with a strong hand"? Isaiah felt the dumb grip of the Almighty, and he felt he must! It may be that some similar imperative laid hold of the soul of Abram, and he felt he had got to leave the homeland. Or sometimes the divine will is made known to us in some new and strange assortment of our circumstances; an unexpected door opens, and every other door seems to close, and there is only one way before us.

"GET *thee out of thy country!*" Very little information was given. Canaan was not even mentioned. "*Unto the land that I will show thee.*" Abram had no knowledge of the ultimate goal, but he was perfectly sure of the present direction. Where the road would lead after the next turning he could not tell; but this much was clear, "it is along here!" "The distant scene" was still in the mist. But what of that? The immediate direction was plain, "one step" was enough!

And so it is with the divine guidance today. The Lord does not light up the entire road leading from the calling to the goal. He just lights up the bit of the road we have got to travel today, and the rest is still in darkness. He takes us partly into His counsel. "Now I know in part." That lamp is lit of which we have present need. "Abram went out not knowing whither he went." "We walk by faith and not by sight."

And so everything depends upon what we do with the lamp that is shining. If we are faithful to its guidance it will lead us to the next light, and so on, and so on, till we reach the appointed end.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom.
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home.
Lead Thou me on.
Keep thou my feet, I do not ask to see
The distant scene: one step enough for me.

NOW, let us mark the sacrifices which are implied in obedience. Let us read our own heart into the record. "Get thee out of thy country!" He must leave his fatherland. Do we realize what that means for many a young missionary and for many a young colonist, when he feels the God-compulsion that drives him from his native shores? "And from thy kindred!" He must leave the race with whom he has the most affinities, and with whom there exists the ripest responsiveness and understanding. "And from thy father's house." He must leave his home!

There are many among my congregation who can enter into the pang of that severance; young men and women who have but recently pulled up the roots from the old home, and the plant of their life has not yet recovered from the shock. And obedience meant all this to Abram. God's calling always implies sacrifices. We cannot tell how they may come. But companionship with the Lord always means the carrying of the cross.

Sometimes the cross-bearing is not found in stepping out towards Canaan, but in remaining at home. There are many young people who have a great craving to go to the foreign field, but the craving has to be crucified, for the immediate and clamant duty is at home. Their sacrifice consists in abiding. But whatever may be the nature of the call, in some way or other, it will involve the shedding of blood. And we can be healthily suspicious of ourselves if in the line of our life no demand arises for the bearing of the yoke.

BUT what was to be the motive power in this obedience? What is offered to this willing pilgrim? First of all he was offered *guidance*. "Unto a land that I will *show thee*." Glorious is the promise! Across the way of the unknown he should have the guiding and illuminating presence of the Eternal. "O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till night is gone!" He was never to be left alone, never to be a child of the night; the lamp was to be always shining, and was to make the night even as day round about his feet.

And, secondly, he was offered *guardianship*. "*I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee.*" The blessings were to be enriched, and the curse by being cursed was to be negatived! All of which just means that the manifold circumstances of the changing way were all to be propitious to this pilgrim of the Eternal. Nothing was to do him any harm. Blessings were to fall upon him enriched by the divine touch, curses were to fall harmlessly, cursed out of their destructiveness. "Who shall harm you if ye be followers of that which is good?"

And, lastly, he was offered *prosperity*. "*I will make of thee a great nation.*" His life was to make for continual enlargement. That is a line of the divine purpose. It ever makes the fuller and richer life. Such were the motive promises in the calling. And the essence of the promise belongs to all people in all time. The guise of the fulfillment may vary, but its heart abides.

If we go out at the Lord's bidding we can be perfectly sure of His guidance, and with absolute certainty we shall get across the moor; and we may be perfectly sure of His guardianship; He will abstract the poisonous sting from every hurtful circumstance. And whatever may be our lot when judged by the standards of the world, our life will march to ever more abundant riches in Christ Jesus.

"So Abram departed as the Lord had spoken to him." May we too offer a similar obedience whenever the call comes sounding into our souls!

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D. D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

DAILY MEDITATION

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Our Voice After Death

SUNDAY, August 11. Heb. 11 : 4. "*He being dead yet speaketh.*" We go on speaking after we are dead. That is a very solemn thought. What will be the character of the voice with which we shall speak? What will our life continue to say in the lives and remembrances of others? The continuing voice has sometimes been described as the echo of the life and shares its character. But it is far other than that. An echo is only a weak and weakening continuance of the original voice, and it speedily passes into unobserved and unregistered silence. But death does not change life's voice into a fading echo. The life itself persists, vital and positive, radiating quickening or deadening influence. Death does not change character, and character never loses its contagion. We live on, and after death the influence of our life is what it was before.

If, therefore, we would know with what kind of voice we shall continue to speak after death, we need only consider the character of our life. I do not mean our reputation. Reputation is like an outer garment which we can frequently change: it may be changed a dozen times in the course of seventy years. But character is an inner garment, whose texture is woven by thought, and feeling, and desire, and action: and this garment is not exposed to the fickle whims of men, or the caprice of circumstance. Happy the man who is clothed in the robe of righteousness and the garment of salvation! It is that inner self, our very self, with its own abiding purpose and devotion, which determines what happens in the way of continuance when death removes us from our visible place among the children of men. "He, being dead, yet speaketh!"

All this is very solemn. And it would be overwhelming if we knew no way by which our lives may be made pure and harmonious, and, even now, able to radiate influences which will help to sweeten and inspire our fellow men. But the secret has been unveiled to us, and we know the way. Our Saviour had his own wonderful figure of speech which no one else could employ. "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." And from that in-filling there results an overflowing. From that well there flows a river. "Out of him shall flow rivers of water," irrigating and fertilizing the lives of others. Death does not dry up that living well, and therefore death does not dry up the river. The river from the living well in the soul of Dorcas goes on flowing! And so with the river of John, and of Paul! And so will it be with thy river and mine! J. H. J.

The Glory of Cana

MONDAY, August 12. John 2 : 11. "*This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory.*" Jesus was no recluse. He was fond of human society. There was a family festival at Cana. It was a time of merrymaking. Jesus was invited. The family may have been relatives of his. He and his mother were there. His presence robbed the occasion of nothing of its gladness. Rather, he added to it. He manifested the glory of a companionable soul. Think what this means. The Son, who is the express image of the Father, proves that "the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind." Moreover, he manifested the glory of a gracious and ministering friend. These happy folks were in trouble. Jesus' time to work miracles has not yet come, but he consents to anticipate the moment of the revealing of his power. So doing, he manifests the glory of a perfectly unselfish spirit. How often we seek his miraculous intervention in natural processes for our own purely personal purposes! We even dare to ask spiritual gifts that we may use them to our advantage. In doing so, we add to our prayers, "for Jesus' sake," when if we were candid, we should confess we are asking for our own sakes!

The marriage miracle manifested the glory of superhuman power. "The conscious water saw its God and blushed." Marvelous miracle was this, and yet it was but the accelerated process which the God of Nature repeats in every vineyard, and in every wheat field of the earth. Have we forgotten that the Christ of Cana is the Lord of Nature? Yet after all, the best test of power is power over human life. Christ had that, and has it still. C. C. A.

The Spirit of Truth

TUESDAY, August 13. John 15 : 26, 27. "*When the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he sholl testify of me: and ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning.*" The testimony of the disciples of Jesus is here connected with the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon them, and it is stated that as a result of the indwelling of the Spirit in them, they will begin to bear witness in behalf of their Lord and his word. The confession of Christians before the world in behalf of the truths of Scripture and their Redeemer is to be regarded as an effect of their regeneration and an act of faith. From an unconverted person no testimony for Christ can be expected. In his natural state he does not appreciate the word of God. He does not bestow any attention upon it himself, nor is he pleased when he is brought under its influence by others. But after he has become converted through repentance and faith, and the Spirit of Christ is in him, his mind undergoes a change. What he abhorred before now becomes a blessed occupation to him. What he had hated and ridiculed before in others he now loves and praises himself. This surprising change must be acknowledged to be an effect of the operation of the Spirit in him. The Spirit is a Spirit of truth, and his aim is to lay bare to the individual Christian's inspection every falsehood and every half-truth in matters spiritual. Moreover, since this Spirit is never idle, he urges the Christian to bear witness to his fellow men of all that he has come to regard as divine truth, to oppose every deception in matters of faith and Christian conduct, and to rouse the consciences of others to the end that they may also give honor to the truth. True, when speaking of the priceless value of that faith which has found the saving truth, Scripture compares it to a precious pearl, that is jealously guarded by its possessor in the shrine of his heart. But when speaking of the power of faith Scripture compares it to a beacon light that sends its rays in all directions through the darkness of this world. W. H. T. D.

The Holiness of Love

WEDNESDAY, August 14. John 15: 12. "*Love one another as I have loved you.*" Is not love the greatest impelling power in God's worlds? We must love to live, in the highest sense. One desires to live tomorrow and all the tomorrows because of those he loves. If alone, he would pray to die. Therefore, love God, your neighbor, your friends, your family, your country, the church and the truth. The more love we give away the more we possess. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." The reflex, ebbing tide is always flowing back into your bosom. The exercise of love is its strength.

Love never flourishes in an atmosphere of envy, evil speaking, hatred, revenge and jealousies. Such a spirit hardens the arteries of the soul, obstructing the flow from the heart of love.

Our Lord has given the measure for love—"as I have loved you." We know that his love never fails; his promises are sure; his presence perpetual, his pattern perfect. Having loved his own, he loved them unto the end. It is well to study the little kind deeds our Lord was ever doing, as well as his great, miraculous works. Think of his visiting the sick, feeding the hungry, comforting the troubled and fondling the children. Our love, to be like his, should manifest itself in a thousand little kindnesses that flow forth as spontaneous as breathing. Love deals in eternal things, like faith and hope, joy and peace. It is the spring whence all the waters of virtue flow. It is a forever faculty. Love marries the heart of man in everlasting union with him who is called the God of love. Side by side we walk with him and with his followers, helping to draw all men unto him by the magnet of love. Love is the fulfilling of the law, the glory of the judgment throne, the light of life eternal. The holiness of love will be followed by the happiness of God's infinite family throughout all the cycles of eternity. E. W. C.

The Path Unknown

THURSDAY, August 15. Isa. 42 : 16. "*I will lead them in paths that they have not known.*" To whom were these words spoken? To God's servants who had forsaken and forgotten Him, but who had returned and were penitent. The promise is similar to that in the Epistle to the Romans: "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the children of God." So the benefit of the promise is limited, conditional. The universe is governed according to law. It is not otherwise in religion. Two great laws govern the life of faith, human agency and divine potency. We need guides, because of our weakness and our ignorance and because of the perils of the way. Our greatest peril is the possible loss of faith. Men are eagerly inquiring, "Is the universe friendly?" Another peril to our souls is the possible loss of enthusiasm. Wise was that French philosopher who, speaking to young people, said, "Cherish well your enthusiasms, for life robs us of so many we are likely to reach the end of the race without them." Wise too that English philosopher who gives us this saying: "No heart is pure until it is passionate; no virtue is safe unless it is enthusiastic."

What can save us from loss of faith and loss of fervency? The very thing which God promises in these words, infallible guidance in the ways of life. "Thou wilt show me the path of life." Over-confidence is characteristic of youth. Under-confidence is characteristic of the disillusioned soul. Rational confidence, spiritual boldness, wealth of motive, plentitude of power, undiminished and undiminishing hope—these are the heritage of all who consent to be led along unknown paths by Infinite Wisdom. C. C. A.

The Free Word of God

FRIDAY, August 16. II Tim. 2 : 9. "*The word of God is not bound.*" Paul had suffered imprisonment for preaching the word. In a manner, then, the word was bound. What the apostle means to say is, that he will gladly suffer hardship, if only the word of God be given free course. The enemies of the Church, in order to check her growth, have in all ages sought to deprive her of the privilege of free speech, or to make the exercise of that privilege difficult. Ahab charged Elijah with disturbing Israel by his preaching, and finally compelled him to leave the country. Amos was enjoined from preaching at Bethel. Jeremiah was cast into a cistern to stop him from reproving the iniquities of his countrymen. The Jewish priests straitly forbade the apostles to mention the name of Jesus any more at Jerusalem. Similar attempts to gag the preachers of God's word have been made in later centuries. How highly, then, should we esteem the glorious privilege vouchsafed the inhabitants of this free country, the liberty of speech! Every American citizen may proclaim his political as well as his religious convictions without let or hindrance, provided only he does not come in conflict with the existing system of public order and disturb the peace of the land. The inestimable value to the Christian Church of this privilege cannot be too highly extolled, nor can Christians thank the Lord sufficiently for it, or cease to pray for its continuance. For this privilege of free speech secures to the Church the unhindered use of the means for its propagation, the public profession of the truths of Holy Scripture. In this public profession lies the vital strength of the Church. Wherever the Church has been given free scope to proclaim the salvation of the world by Jesus Christ she has grown from a little mustard seed into a tree that overshadows the whole land and affords spiritual refreshing and protection to millions of men. God has richly blessed the exercise of this privilege for the upbuilding of his kingdom. W. H. T. D.

Doubt and Trust

SATURDAY, August 17. John 20, 28. "*My Lord and my God!*" Unbelief is unwillingness to trust in God. Doubting is a cloud over the soul, longing to see the light. The two are as wide apart as the poles. Thomas was a doubter, thirsting for the truth about the resurrection of Jesus. Judas was an unbeliever who loved wealth and worldliness instead of Christ and holiness. The one hanged himself; the other cried out for joy, "My Lord and my God!" Has not every great believer been an honest doubter? Is it any more wrong to doubt when searching for the truth than to have temptations? Are not both elements of the fiery trials which tend toward the perfection of virtue, the glory of the crown of life and the final victory of the soul?

Blessed are they who have had visions of the Christ, finally dispelling all doubts, and more blessed they who can believe without seeing the physical form. But our Lord is willing to give the troubled ones the evidence of his precious presence. We can remember the hour when we were risen with Christ and felt his individual personality by our side, walking with us all the way.

When it is the vast question of Jesus and his resurrection, one should not be blamed for wishing to be sure. When he becomes our light, the bats of doubt are banished by its effulgence. Thomas feared the resurrection of Jesus was too good to be true. When he beheld him, he was ready to die for him.

It is said that Horace Bushnell, while in Yale College, stood in the way of many young men during a great revival of religion. He was a great doubter. At last he said, "I am sure it is better to be good than bad, virtuous than vicious. I will then be obedient to the light I have." The more he came to know Christ, the more light he had, until Bushnell became the greatest minister in New England. E. W. C.

Pushing Back the Foe

French Official Photo. © Underwood & Underwood
French hussars in the department of the Marne, ready to stop the German attack across the river

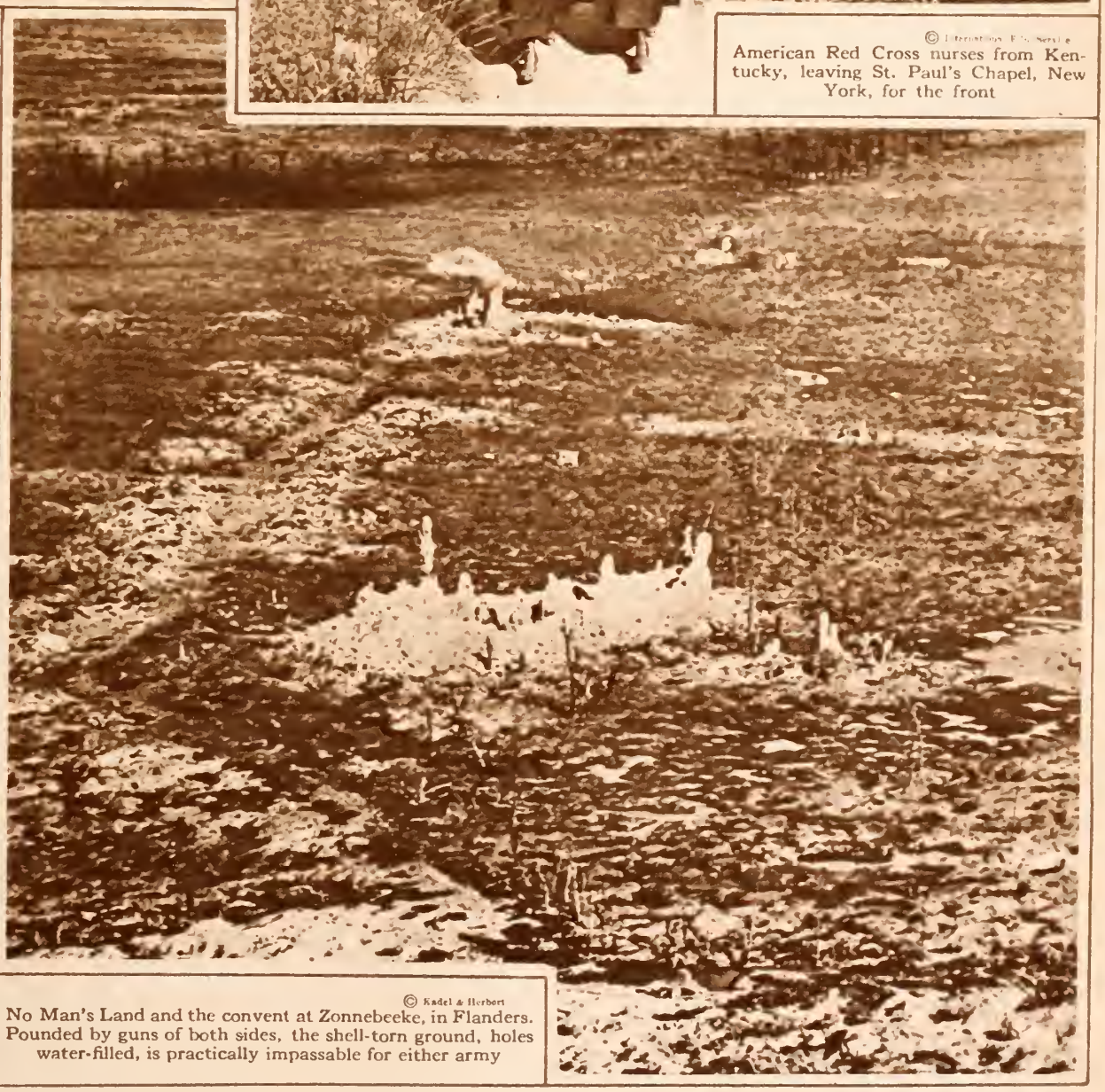
Official Naval Photo from Brow
Naval flier releasing a carrier pigeon from a seaplane

Photo by Press Illus. Service
Huge British naval gun, partly concealed by a ruined cottage, making it interesting for Fritz

© Committee on Public Information
He won that Cross de Guerre and he is ready to win another

© International Film Service
American Red Cross nurses from Kentucky, leaving St. Paul's Chapel, New York, for the front

British Official Photo © Underwood & Underwood
American troops in France resting before entering the fight



© Kadel & Herbert
No Man's Land and the convent at Zonnebeeke, in Flanders. Pounded by guns of both sides, the shell-torn ground, holes water-filled, is practically impassable for either army

The Man Who Lost God

By
ELIZABETH BURGESS HUGHES

"AD" CANLER, celebrated preacher, inimitable evangelist and steady, if somewhat spectacular, saver of souls—a man as fearless as he was sincere—had been shot down as he was leaving his church.

The thrill of amaze and shock that swept through the country, emblazoning itself in staring headlines and endless gossip and discussion, succeeded in throwing up to view vividly, as years of prayerful toil could not have done, the man's unselfish passion for souls, his unceasing labor, his arm-and-hammer fervor, his scorn of subterfuge or compromise. He had been intensely in earnest, with that virile absorption and faith in his subject which blots out tact, patience, sometimes even consideration. He believed in attacking evil single-handed, with no beating about the bush, and sweeping it root and branch from the places of its dominion. It was this unsparing and whole-souled refusal to compromise in the slightest degree with his enemy, the devil, that led to his death.

A revival had been going on, and the chief source of the town's iniquity and general moral wobblyness, Jim Harrell, political "boss" and whiskey dealer, had set himself to the task of rendering the minister's daily and nightly exhortations as ineffective as possible. Here was a man, he found, who dealt blow for blow, who fought in the open. A foeman worthy of one's steel always attracts. Canler was interfering with his affairs—or so he chose to regard the minister's plea for a clean government and his denunciation of the town's chief shortcomings, behind which, looming large, stood Harrell. The minister was open in his denunciations; Harrell was open in his enmity and characteristic determination not to be outdone. But when Harrell saw even the submerged tenth to whom he had hitherto represented authority swerving in company with the "best people," in the minister's direction, his fury flared up like a great flame. It gathered force until one night as Canler came down the church steps, Harrell faced him on the pavement and shot him dead.

CANLER had a young son, Paul, whose intention since childhood had been to take up his father's work. At the time of the tragedy he was only twenty, but his father was his idol and anything that paragon chose to do or be represented right and truth to the boy. The accident of the older man's death made an infidel of him. At least if not that, he was no longer able to lift his eyes with the "Lord, Lord" of faith. Men pointed him out as a striking example of retroversion; to himself he was simply a man who had believed in God and had lost that belief.

"It was the injustice of the thing," he said to the only friend to whom he ever spoke of the affair—"the injustice! There was father working himself to a shadow for the cause he loved, giving himself, body and soul, to his God, then that God—his—permits him to be slaughtered like an animal! I saw him there, wallowing in a pool of his own blood—he who would gladly have given every drop of it for the Christianity he served. But not like that!—I tell you, faith doesn't survive such things. It was rank, brutal injustice——"

"Hush!" gently said the friend, who perceived that he was afar off but believed he would come back after his period of rebellion. "You're trying now to understand God, to give him pointers on what he should and should not do. When did ever man do that?"

"Oh, I won't talk about it—I hate argument," burst out young Canler in a frenzy of distaste. "But I tell you your platitudes, your hopeless orthodoxy sicken me. Let me alone. Until I can forget father dying there in the street, in the fulness of his power and belief, I don't want to hear of your God."

"*My* God!" said the friend, helplessly.

But Canler shrugged and would not answer. He went his way—and he did not come back. For him, apparently, that chapter of his life had closed. He went no more to church, or among those who had known and loved his father. He had seemingly forgotten that he had meant to preach, to take the other's place in the world. He went into business, and grew hard and silent and cold. Worldly matters appeared to absorb him completely. After a while the tragedy of his father's death slipped from men's minds, and there was no reason to suppose that Paul vitally remembered. But scarcely a day went by that that swift, shocking scene did not pass in review before him. The wound bled out of sight. He could not kneel and pray to the God who had so bereaved him; he could not carry on the labors of a man who had been so repaid by the Deity. Not even the knowledge of others' sufferings, and of Golgotha, carried any comforting analogy. His father had meant more to him than other men's fathers meant to them—he was quite sure of that. And the manner of his going was unforgivable.

The years passed, and Canler was thirty-four—quiet, self-possessed, matter-of-fact, older than his years, to all appearances invulnerable, but wincing often in his loneliness and rawness of soul, upon which men sometimes laid blundering fingers. He felt his own lack, but in his stubbornness refused to acknowledge its source. Men were better off without a God who could so calmly break human ties, tear out human heart-strings and leave human lives in débris. But the going of his faith had left a tremendous gap, a beating wound. It had never healed—as he saw it, would never heal.

IT was Christmas eve. Snow had begun to fall earlier in the day, and now, as the lemon-colored street lamps glowed one by one out of the drifting and foggy gloom, the snow settled into a steady downfall. Tomorrow, in good faith, would be a white Christmas, thought Paul Canler, as he shut down his desk and reached for the soft hat on the peg above him. As he was getting into his greatcoat the thought struck him that that other Christmas—the last of his happy youth—was white, too. He remembered watching the big flakes come steadily down upon the great shoulders of his father as he trudged up the path from the trolley station, waving his hand, with the bright warm smile no one ever forgot, in greeting to the face at the window. And he, Paul, had laughed and hurried out to him, to receive a cheering report of good work done. "Heaven grant next year will go as finely!"

Well—it hadn't. Next year had found only the quiet grave, with winter snows and summer suns, spring rains and autumn's haze of gold upon it. And tonight, off yonder, the snow was falling gently upon the mound underneath which lay the heart that had overflowed with passion for good, had known only one desire—to further the Kingdom of Heaven.

He went out into the night, now entrancingly like a fairyland under the lighted, falling flakes. His heart was bitter. Tonight, of all nights, he seemed to walk alone. No subtle philosophy, no promise of the future guided him. Life was material, and the material failed one. It could not feed the spirit—that part of one that called and ached and cried. . . .

He walked unseeingly past a lighted mission—one of the sort established for the wanderer, the outcast, the down-and-outer. His fastidious soul recoiled from their noisy demonstrative services. Men of intellect, of refinement, of understanding could not be appealed to in this way. Yet he stopped still in the snow and listened. They were singing. The swaying voices held the crude challenge of emotion and the absolute sincerity that is arresting anywhere. Unconsciously Paul, in his loneliness and yearning, was drawn nearer.

Some one was playing a flute—a wheezy untechnical performance; and presently a man's voice soared high above the rest—a wonderful voice, crude like the others but warm, big, vital and vibrant with feeling. Canler liked that voice. Instinctively he felt that here was a real presence, a shining human personality that stood triumphant and unscathable against whatsoever odds. He thought of his father. His had been such a personality until——

He turned away, drearily, as that leaping voice broke from the confines of the stuffy mission and poured out trumpet-like into the snow-garlanded night.

SUDDENLY Canler whirled back upon his own tracks and went up to the door of the mission. It was open. He glanced inside. A crowd surged up to the very entrance. A wave of enthusiasm was running along its ranks. Rough, gnarled faces, an atmosphere of tobacco and general staleness and unventilation could not deaden that invisible thrill of feeling. Still held by impulse, Canler pushed his way inside, among the "great unwashed" with a half-smile at his own whim. It had been years since he had entered any kind of church, heard any kind of sermon. Had this been a decorous and silent place, probably it would have made no appeal to him. He was lonely; he needed companionship, not the over-trained and over-refined comradeship of his kind, but unpolished, elemental contact with the untrained, almost Adamic simplicity of soul which these men and women betrayed. Then, too, that surging voice had called him—called as if it had spoken his name.

Some one shoved past him, offering him a seat. He took it, with a mumbled word of thanks, his eyes fastened on the platform. A big man with a heavy beard and thick, very gray hair was singing, high above the others. This, then, was the owner of the Voice.

After a moment the song ended, and the big man began to speak. He was as crude as his surroundings promised, and as powerful. At his first words Canler leaned forward, interested. As the speaker went on, his eyes lighted and glowed in comprehension. The other's ringing tones beat like blows of iron upon his heart. Gradually they thrust aside its defenses and flimsy shields. He sank back, struggling with himself, feeling a surge of anger against the rough power that could thus force its way through his little crust of cynicism and rebellion. He shrugged and looked at the faces about him—coarse, open-mouthed but luminous with understanding. What strange power did the man on the platform possess? Why, here was another Jerry McAuley, lifting high his great white banner of appeal that stained, despairing souls might see and follow—here another Moody, unpolished of speech, over-eager of manner, lighted with the divine fire from within which no man could witness unmoved.

"Who is he?" he found himself asking of the man next him.

"Dunno. Stranger here—come just last night, I think. Some speaker, ain't he?" and they fell together into utter absorption of the big man's words.

"Oh, God has been good!" the man on the platform said, in a breaking voice. "'Unto me who am the least' he has given his peace which passeth understanding. Like Paul, I have had a vision. Like Paul, I persecuted the Christians and their God. But he showed me my work in the world—through one I persecuted. Nay, more than persecuted—robbed of his life, shot down as one shoots down a dog—my fellowman, God's good man. . . . His worker."

A baby began to cry and the mother, soothing it audibly, tried to make her way through the crowd. It surged open for her and the momentary parting hid the speaker and pushed Canler against two men talking together in eager undertones.

"Discharged convict . . . shot a man once . . . got religion in jail—said to have converted more men than any free preacher in the States. . . ."

THEN the crowd closed up and the big man's face, illuminated by the passion of yearning and entreaty, looked down upon his listeners. Canler felt a very shock seize him, hold him. Of course—why hadn't he seen before? To be sure, the gray hair and beard were disguising, and he had never heard Jim Harrell sing, but intuition, the very forces of mental and moral antipathy should have told him that here was his enemy—the crude instrument Fate had used to cut off that splendid, illustrious career he had meant to follow, step by step. He drew back, shaken with a quiet nervous chilling. The tragedy of years before flared up like a moving picture on a screen—he saw his father lying helpless on the wintry sidewalk, blood oozing from a wound in his breast. . . .

He made a feeble movement to get out of the place, but the crowd held him; just then he had not the strength to push his way out. He sank back, trembling. The breaking voice went on:

"They sent me to prison. I rebelled, cursing all

Drifting

THE sun has set behind the mist-crowned hill;
The world has sunk to rest; the winds are still.
And now we two, between the gold and gray,
Set out to find our magic Yesterday.
Only a little night breeze brings a faint,
Sweet breath of bursting blossoms, and the plaint
Of some small drowsy bird. We float away
Among the mirrored shallows, where the play
Of noiseless ripples, following in our wake,
Spreads slow upon the silver-surfaced lake.
The slender sickle of the moon hangs high,
A fairy promise in the purple sky.
Dim, lily-padded pools that lie before,
And coves that curve the shadow-shrouded shore,
Allure. The rushes nod along the banks,
Slim-shafted sentinels in rustling ranks. . . .
Your breath, a little quickened, fans my cheek;
Your hand is warm in mine. You do not speak. . . .
We only drift, we two, in our frail bark,
Drift silently, between the gray and dark.
There may be ugly rocks among the sedge,
Or jagged thorns that thrust along the edge
Of placid pools, where that soft, fragrant breeze
Kisses the water, thrills the drooping trees.
There may be unknown dangers everywhere
About us; yet we neither know nor care.
We only want to find along our way
New traces of love's magic Yesterday.

LILLIAN BENNET THOMPSON.

mankind. Then, after a time, I saw the folly of it all. Gradually the spell of *his* kindliness and courage took hold of me. I could think of nothing else. It was an obsession. I had hated him. He had hated, not me, but my sins. I began to distinguish between the two attitudes. I could have sworn he had forgiven me while he lay there in the snow, dying. He had looked up at me —Oh, my friends, one never forgets when he has come into close contact with a soul infinitely bigger than himself! I saw how little harm I'd done him—I had hurt only myself.

"I didn't see all this at once, but slowly and with endless difficulty. And I would have given my life to have had him know just how I felt about it. Because I couldn't tell him I told God, and God . . . listened. In my prison cell I found the other man's Master—I felt that I could put out my hands and touch Him. Then I went to work for Him. I worked hard, though I was behind bars. I influenced those around me, and strove hard to bring that great brooding Presence ever closer. They called me the 'Convict Preacher.' Some laughed, but most of them saw that I was in bitter earnest. After awhile men began to draw closer—to make of me a sort of father confessor.

"I went on working, trying to make others see the light that had come to me. Finally my term was up, and they set me free—free to go out into God's sunlight, thrilling with knowledge of the big world and the toil before me. It wasn't easy. Men were apt to sneer when they learned who I was, and to say all manner of evil against me. I had deserved it, I knew that. Only my money, friends and good behavior had made my term short—given me my life, in fact, and there was naturally prejudice to contend with—and memory. But I only prayed and worked the harder. After a time the struggle grew less terrible. My work prospered. The stain of Cain became fainter in the absolute conviction that my service was acceptable in His sight.

"So, tonight, you see in me a man torn with suffering, agonized with repentance, yet a fighter, every inch of him, for the God he once villified. I shall fight till I die—fight for the lives the other man fought for; and I have perhaps aided those he couldn't have come in contact with. My work is lowly, but every soul is precious in His sight. May He forgive me the evil I have wrought!" the big voice faltered brokenly as if drenched with the soft violence of tears,— "the evil I have wrought! May the tears of blood of my repentance wipe out the memory."

HIS head fell forward to his hands; shaken with sobs, he stood before them.

A more highly attuned, cultured audience would no doubt have accused him of "playing to the gallery," but these enthralled, simple hearted men and women saw only the quick wrenching agony and the broken appeal. He was one with them, and they understood. Few could have doubted when that distorted face of ecstacy and suffering was lifted, glorified by the rack of pain and the yearning for atonement.

And Canler saw. The bitter years of doubt slipped from him like a loosened cloak. Old hopes, old voices, old dreams swarmed into his melting heart. Out of evil comes forth good! Darkness merges into light! It is the law of our inexplicable experiences. He understood vaguely that his father's work did not stop with his death—understood, too, that perhaps God's will lay back of the whole, and that "Ad" Canler's going meant more, by very force of its manner, than years of living. A great cause held back only gathers force meanwhile. Ah, yes, did not God know what he was about? It was all vague, to be sure, yet now, in his mind, strangely certain. Some big, infinite force seized, held him. His heart sang. The locust-eaten years dimmed in the vivid revelation of tonight. . . . Light was beating in on his darkened soul. . .

He worked his way through the crowd till he stood just below the platform. The big man looked down at him. An electric shock seemed to pass between the two, settling about the heart of each. Jim Harrell stood quite still, and waited. If he thought this the hour of revenge he met it quietly.

But the incredible happened. Paul's hand went out.

"Forgiveness is nearer God's way than revenge," he said simply. "We will work together, you and I—*his* work. I have wasted the years, but you, my friend, have carried on. You must show me how to begin again."

Harrell's hard fervent fingers closed on his. His features were twisted with emotion.

"God is good to me!" said the big, vibrant voice brokenly.

Paul Canler knew that the God he had lost was found.

God's Smile

By
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A READER of the Christian Herald, Mrs. O. F. McClure, sends in the story of a pleasant little incident that I am going to quote to you. She has called it "The Mission of the Wintergreen."

"The gentle white-capped nurses sped swiftly to and fro in the long corridors of the crowded city hospital, on their errands of mercy; but even their kind faces could not banish the gloom of the heavy-laden sky of which the patients could catch glimpses through the large windows, nor break the dreary monotony of the steady patter of rain against the window-panes.

"It was one of those cold cheerless days that sometimes come late in May.

"Out in the Women's Ward the patients did nothing but lie and stare through the windows at the cheerless, forsaken streets, or send, now and then, a stray glance of glad recognition as the nurse came to prepare them for the visit of their doctor.

"In the private ward where mother lay, it was even more lonely and cheerless, for when the doctor had made his visit and the special nurse had gone off duty, if the patient did not feel sleepy, there were only her own thoughts for company; save, of course, a book, if the doctor allowed it.

"Just then came the postman with letters, and, yes, there was a package.

"The nurse brought them in to where mother lay in that quiet lonely room so far from the loved ones at home.

"The letter (or rather letters, for the envelope was full of home letters—even Baby Boy did not forget to write each day to mamma) were opened and read, one by one, until there remained only the mysterious package.

"WHEN the nurse undid the wrappings she uttered a little cry of delight, for she saw the bright scarlet of wintergreen berries nestling on their bed of shiny dark green leaves. 'Oh! I haven't seen any of these,' she cried, 'since I left my childhood home away off in another state! How gay they look and how sweet they smell!'

"Mother offered her some and she pinned a festive little bunch onto the bib of her white apron, and another little bunch on the fold of the lace curtain at the window. It shone there like a ray of light from the far-off country home.

"At mother's request the nurse carried a little bunch to each patient in the Women's Ward, where its bright presence seemed to dispel the gloom, and bring a ray of hope into each stolid face.

"The Superintendent of the hospital, on her rounds, looked into the room, spied the bright berries, and stopped for a little chat because they reminded her of her home in far-away Canada.

"Later when the doctor came he gladly accepted a bunch for his buttonhole, and declared they shed brightness all around.

"The Children's Ward was not forgotten—for it was the dear home children who had sent the token of spring, so a nurse was prevailed upon to carry a bunch to each child in the Ward.

"Even Minnie, the little foreign born waiter girl, lifted her hands in an ecstacy of delight at the sight of the bright berries, for had she not picked them often in her home across the sea?

"She took a little sprig to pin on her breast, and begged for one to take to the kitchen for Christine.

"So it was that the loving thought that prompted the children to send mother a breath of sweet country air in those shining berries and bright green leaves, not only helped mother but made a ray of sunshine for very many others in that great hospital.

"So the little plant fulfilled a great mission: It brought cheer, and that is alike indispensable to doctor, nurse, patient, and workmen. It is a boon from the Great Father to his children and as a poet has said—'God's smile is always a flower.'"

I ONCE knew a settlement worker who loved bright colors, loved them above almost anything. Her little room, far down on a particularly crowded side street, was a marvel of gay cretonne, and cheerful chintz, of copper candlesticks, and flowers in a blue bowl.

"This room," she used to tell me laughingly, "is more than a room to me. It is an escape from the dirt and dinginess of the city; it is an oasis in the desert of the slums; *it is a home!*"

It so happened that a teacher in a mission house sent a little child, one day, with a message to the Settlement Worker. The little child was a small temperamental Italian with a love of the artistic and beautiful in her breast that no one, not even she herself, suspected.

The child came from the mission house, the message—which was a once white note—clasped between a dingy thumb and forefinger. She knocked timidly at the Settlement Worker's door and was told, pleasantly, to come in. Shyly she pushed open the door and stood, gasping, on the threshold of what seemed a small Heaven to her amazed eyes. The note dropped from her dingy little hand.

"Ain't it—grand!" she breathed.

The Settlement Worker looked across the room into the soul of the little slum girl.

"Don't you want to come in?" asked the Settlement Worker softly.

The child stepped, like some one in a dream, across the threshold.

"I ain't never seen such a pretty place," she said slowly, "at home it's dirty—an' brown an' gray colored."

Well, the Settlement Worker kept the child with her for an hour or so, and when the child left she gave her some gay bits of cretonne and a handful of flowers and a long yellow candle.

It would make a long story to tell, in detail, how those scraps of bright color transformed that dull tenement room. But they did. They transformed it so much that an untidy mother set to work scrubbing floors, and a laboring-man father scraped the mud off of his shoes before he came in and—because his home was bright and attractive—he stayed in, instead of going to the corner saloon, after the evening meal. And the little child, because she was clever enough to work out the theory of cause and effect, decided that she would always keep the home neat and colorful.

That's the reason why a certain Italian family no longer lives in the slums. That's why a certain little girl, no longer a little girl, is a successful secretary to a big business man.

GOD'S smile may be a flower, or a bit of bright color. God's smile may be an expression on some stranger's face or a cheery look upon your own. God's smile may be the little bright incident that changes the day for you—or a larger, more potent something that changes your life!

Never doubt, no matter how full of sorrow and suffering and war the world may seem, that God *does* smile! Just look at the face of a crowd of little children, just listen to a choir singing, just walk at dusk into a dewy garden—*and you'll know!*

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Princeton in China's Service

IN these days when the country is calling its best young men to service, when the colleges are boasting that their youth have been the example of self-sacrifice for the whole nation, and when we are constantly being shown pictures of empty classrooms and deserted football fields, it is very easy for us to fall into the way of thinking that our institutions of learning are almost entirely inactive, having given of their very life-blood to the nation. In a sense this is true; but we must not forget that universities were built to produce men who can serve. And we must also not forget that, though the nation wars, there are other than martial or scholastic forms of service which the universities have long fostered.

One of those forms of broad and productive activity is missionary endeavor. In China alone there are at present half a dozen various enterprises—colleges, Young Men's Christian Associations and schools—each managed and largely supported by a single college at home. Among the most successful of these undertakings is the Princeton Center in Peking.

The Princeton Center was founded in 1907, though Princeton had had her representative in China for several years before that. It is a Young Men's Christian Association and has the Young Men's Christian Association organization back of it; but its foreign secretaries are practically all Princeton men, almost all the financial support that comes to it from America is Princeton money, and Princeton undergraduates consider it as an organization all their own. It is true that it received one of its biggest benefits from a man who does not hail from Princeton, for a benevolent out-sider erected the building; but with this start to work from, Princeton has done the rest.

THE situation at Peking is a peculiar one for a Young Men's Christian Association. It is the capital city of the nation; in it are assembled the pick of the official class; it is the meeting-place for most of the national assemblies, for parliament, for conferences, and for governmental machinery. No other city in China has such a history, such traditions, and such drawing power for the concentration of the best that is in China. And yet it is a city largely unspoiled, except for the legation quarter, by foreign intrusions. It is certainly the only one of the really important cities that has a negligible number of European business residents. It is typically Chinese, and the Chinese look to it with pride, as their own.

Where could there be a better opportunity for the great American undergraduate to begin his altruistic venture, to try to meet, on an equal plane, the student class of another great nation, a nation yet striving to be born, and still to produce a true first-cousin to the American under-graduate? It was here that Robert R. Gailey, the old "Tiger" football star, together with D. W. Edwards, '04, opened the Princeton center in China. And it is here that, ever since, Princeton University has been conducting her biggest and most vital class, a course in nation-building. This is the laboratory where Princeton men have a nation on their work-table.

EVER since the new building was erected in 1912, Princeton has been developing into more of a power in Peking every year. And ever since then, too, China has been developing into more of a reality in Princeton. You won't find a Princeton undergraduate now who doesn't know something of the problems of the Chinese, because his own University is taking a leading part in solving them. Why shouldn't he care? The Peking work now has the pick of three or four of the best men in the senior class every June to go to Peking and spend a year or two at the Princeton Center. For several years past the question has not been, in the minds of the university authorities, "Whom can *I* get to go?" but "Which of these men are most fitted to go?" This short-term service has been temporarily interrupted because of the war, but it is firmly fixed and will undoubtedly be as popular as ever when times again become normal.

WHEN any foreign enterprise has established itself in such terms as these at its home base, and especially when that home base is the haunt of the maligned undergraduate, nothing more need be said as to its success, from the domestic point of view. But when we cross the ocean, and go with some of these young fellows to see for the first time what Princeton is actually accomplishing on the firing-line, we find that the confidence and interest of the men at home is not in the slightest misplaced. There is so much opportunity, as every one knows, to get in some good hard whacks at things as they are in Peking. The living conditions of the average Chinese coolie, especially in a large city, are things to be whispered about and not mentioned in polite society. And the mental and moral condition of the great number of the upper classes is something less shocking in conversation but more horrible in its potential effects. Woe to the moral reformer in Peking! From the start he is a marked man, and opens himself to opposition, criticism, and even persecution. One of the local daily papers recently has summed up the general situation in the following terms: "Even in the worst days of the worst period of Imperial China, the philanthropist and the public-spirited were honored and held in high esteem. Today . . . they are abased and humiliated and thrown into prison like common rogues or criminals, at the pleasure of the police!" And so, though trying to alleviate, by all efficient methods, the misery of the lower classes, the Princeton Center has always held before its eye, as the highest consummation of its ideal and purpose, the education of some men, through the influence of Christianity, to become social reformers, and the upper-class majority to tolerate them. Its chief means is the instruction of the capital city youth, the future leaders of the republic, by practical courses, to the point where they will be able to decide, when their time for decision comes, that China will take her stand as a nation, and her people as individuals, with those "that love their brother men."

CHINA is no ordinary country. Battered about by the imperialistic forces of the world, she has become the grab-bag of Europe. There is being played on her territory now a game similar to that which caused the Great War of today; and that game will not cease until China is strong enough to notify the world that she will not tolerate an unwelcome guest, and yet sane enough to distinguish friends from selfish despoilers. As long as any of the present battling countries still talk conquest, there is ground for the opinion that the world has not yet learned its lesson. There is only one contingency that can preserve China's integrity, and that is that China herself become powerful enough, in an economic as well as military sense, to defend herself. Then, after she has become powerful, there is only one contingency that will prevent her from taking, ultimately, a merited revenge upon the perpetrators of her wrongs, and that is national Christianity—the difficult power of letting bygones be bygones.

It is therefore for the ultimate peace of the world and for the great triumph of democracy that Princeton is now striving in her work among the official classes. Princeton has now in her hands, through her representatives in Peking, the molding of a large number of those very men who, in the future, will have to decide these momentous questions. In a very real sense, therefore, Princeton has now a share of the responsibility of the future relations of one of the great races of mankind to the others. It is, to a considerable degree, hers to answer now: "Shall China continue to be a menace to the peace of Europe? Shall she continue to stumble along in the future as painfully as in the past? Or shall the right triumph, and enable her to rise like the phœnix from her own ashes and say: "I am a nation, and I stand for the right"? R. H. R.

A Hero of the Red Triangle

THE soldier goes to meet the enemy armed and ready to exact the price of his life. But in every trench of the tortuous battle line in France are men who may not fight, who bear no weapons but who risk their lives equally with the fighting men in order that these may be kept right in mind, fit in body and ready in soul for the time of trial when the battle rages and for the time of deeper testing when life-blood ebbs slowly through wicked wounds.

The chaplains and Y. M. C. A. secretaries are playing a big part in the will to victory of the armies of democracy. But war, no respecter of persons at any time, takes his toll also of these ministers to the spirits of men.

Last October, Rev. Walter Rue Murray, pastor of Holmesburg Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, resigned his pastorate to become a Y. M. C. A. Secretary. He was born in China forty-one years ago of Missionary parents, had graduated at Princeton, had been pastor at Havre de Grace, Md., and had served the Holmesburg Church as pas- for seven successful years. He had a men's Bible class of over 300 members.

Dr. Murray sailed for France on October 30th, 1917. For four months he was in cantonment work, at the last having charge of eight huts. He continued his Bible class work in the cantonments endeavoring to establish classes in each company. Then, after a furlough in May at Aix les Bains, he was sent to the front to face death with a unit which finally reached Château Thierry on the Marne. He took up this work on June 17th. A despatch from Paris, filed July 22d, told of his death. Two shells struck simultaneously before and behind him, and he was killed by the concussion. He was buried with full military honors in officers' row. He leaves a wife and two children who are now living at Orange, N. J.

In a letter to his wife written June 16th, he said: "I reach Paris about noon and will be immediately assigned to a more sacrificing task. This change is all within the line of duty and I gladly respond, and yearn for the good I may be able to give the boys doing the real bit in this gigantic struggle for righteousness and liberty."

To Evangelize Russia

THE First General Conference for the Evangelization of Russia was held at the Moody Tabernacle, Chicago, June 24 to 28. On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday the Conference program filled the entire day. Among the outstanding features were addresses by Rev. A. B. Winchester of Toronto; President David Nyvall of North Park College, Chicago; Rev. Gust. F. Johnson, of Minneapolis; Rev. I. V. Neprash, recently of Petrograd; Rev. William R. Wedderspoon, St. James M. E. Church, Chicago; Dr. Robert M. Russell, Moody Institute, Chicago; President Charles A. Blanchard of Wheaton College; M. A. de Sherbinin, professor of Russian and Ruthenian, Presbyterian College, Winnipeg, Canada; Dr. James M. Gray, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, and Pastor William Fetler, Russian Bible Institute of Philadelphia. In response to an appeal by Pastor William Fetler, over fifty voluteers came forward offering themselves for the service. It seemed to the leaders of the Conference necessary that a "Flying Squadron" of Christian effort should be organized at once to carry the Gospel by the written and spoken word to the Russian people. The effort of the Alliance will be to carry to the people a Christ rather than a creed, a personal Saviour rather than any particular system of faith and order. The promoters propose to raise a $3,000,000 Religious Liberty Fund for Russia.

WHAT ABOUT THE HIGHWAYS?

What we do in this war is definitely limited by our transportation facilities. Railroads and highways are now wholly inadequate. But only our highways are capable of quick and flexible expansion. *Permanently constructed road systems,* which will stand heavy motor truck traffic and connect main producing centers, are as necessary to winning the war as are ships and guns.

A main highway, "Somewhere in Pennsylvania"

Industry has been hampered because railroads could not carry the fuel and raw materials needed for the vast output of war. Motor trucks have had to go to the relief. But motor trucks cannot operate efficiently nor economically without a hard, even road surface that remains so in all kinds of weather.

Commerce of war has first call on our railroad facilities. Other business will have to take its chances. Short-haul rail traffic will be discouraged if not prohibited. Without interurban truck service over our highways, merchants will run short of goods and the consumer will feel the pinch of doing without.

Agriculture is making records to keep a steady stream of foodstuffs flowing from farm to shipping point and from shipping point overseas to feed our army and our allies. We at home must rely more and more upon perishable produce which cannot be shipped abroad. But a steady and abundant supply in city markets cannot be assured unless motor trucks can operate at good speed over roads which are passable every day in the year.

Labor is short. Every worker left at home has double duty to perform. Machinery must be made to multiply man power. Fast-moving and heavily laden trucks must replace teams and drivers — ***provided the roads permit.*** In this way time will be saved and many more men released for war needs.

War means quick movement of marching troops, endless motor truck trains, heavy batteries of cannon. And quick movement means broad, hard, even roads. Military authorities in this country have repeatedly called attention to our lack of strategic highways so solidly built that they can stand the weight and speed of military maneuver. Concrete roads should radiate from training camps, forts, munition, industrial and producing centers like the spokes of a giant wheel. They may some day prove our defense against hostile invasion.

Most war production is finally and completely consumed — wasted. Not so with the effort expressed in ***roads of concrete.*** *They are an enduring asset destined, both in war and peace, to play as important a role in the development of national welfare and wealth as did the railways in an earlier era.*

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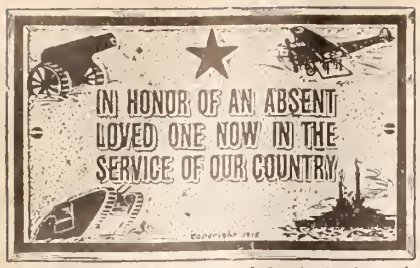

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Marion Harland's Corner

Practical Recipes for the Family Dinner

"FAR be it from me to criticize a department that is doing more good to the average housemother than all the government bulletins that are printed. One reason for this is that so few of us living off the main lines of travel and traffic ever see these admirable circulars except by accident. I suspect that we get the dream of them in our patriotic Corner. I have been interested in and profited by the discussions upon the "Staff of Life," and appreciate to the full the necessity of learning how to do without what we have been brought up to consider a prime necessary of daily living. What other women can do to instruct us how to do this without semi-starvation is worthy of all praise.

"But may one homemaker plead that 'man does not live by Bread alone,' even in war times, and ask that you let us have, once in a while, a sort of Variety Talk, comprising a soup or two, a meat-dish, a vegetable, and now that hot weather has asserted itself in earnest, a few cold sweet dishes that may be easily made—all economical, as suits our light purses? Should this respectful petition seem presumptuous, consign it to the waste basket and I shall not be hurt—only apologetic!"—NINA B. N. (*Ohio*).

Far from being offended by your frankness, I am myself so well persuaded of the propriety of stepping aside, now and then, from the Bread Line—important as it is, and must ever be—that I had laid aside for this week's issue of our Corner an assortment of letters containing recipes for what you suggest, together with some of my own that will, I hope, "fill the bill" you modestly put forward.

BEGINNING with the first course of a Family Dinner, we have a soup compounded to suit the times:

Soubise à la Russe

Heat a quart of milk in a double boiler, not forgetting a tiny pinch of soda; and when it reaches the boiling point, add a roux made by stirring together in a frying-pan over the fire a tablespoonful of butter (or a substitute for butter) and a heaping tablespoonful of flour until they are smooth and lumpless. When this is thoroughly incorporated with the hot milk, add a teaspoonful of onion-juice already squeezed from a chopped raw onion; season with white pepper and salt to taste and, one minute before taking it from the fire, slip in quickly a well-beaten egg. After the soup is poured into the tureen lay six poached eggs, neatly trimmed at the edges, and buttered, upon the surface of the creamy soup. Serve one of these eggs with each portion of soup.

Much of the excellence of this broth depends upon the seasoning. When properly mixed and cooked just enough, it will be relished at other seasons as well as upon meatless days. It is nourishing and easily digested by invalids.

Curried Tomatoes au Gratin

Blanch the tomatoes in boiling water to loosen the skin, peel them and place in a well-buttered fireproof dish. Mix one cupful of tomato sauce with one dessertspoonful of curry powder, and one tablespoonful of red currant jelly. Boil it up for two minutes, season the tomatoes and pour over them the prepared sauce, fine breadcrumbs and a little melted butter and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes. Serve in a ring of plain boiled rice. Or you may serve the rice boiled and drained until each grain stands alone—in a separate dish.

Thirty years ago I learned from a returned missionary who had lived in India for forty years that raw chilled bananas served in the skins are a delicious accompaniment to curry of any kind. Since then I have never set a curry, smoking hot, upon the table without passing with it very cold whole bananas. A small fruit knife is laid by each plate that the eaters may pare and slice the fruit at pleasure. Those who have tried it once find the curry fiery without it. The combination is delightful.

A MEMBER, whose recipes, embodying substitutes have earned our gratitude favors us with two sweet dishes, the first of which is original with her efficient and generous self:

Rhubarb Betty

Cut up rhubarb, unskinned, into an agate basin to the depth of one or one-half inch. Sweeten to taste and sprinkle it with a little ground cinnamon (or nutmeg, if better liked). Spread over it a layer of crumbs with bits of butter. Add another layer of rhubarb and another of crumbs seasoned as the other layers were. Add one-half cup of water; cover and bake until tender; remove cover and brown. Serve hot or cold, with or without sauce.

Steamed Scotch Pudding

One-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of molasses; one egg; one cupful sour milk (or hot water); one cupful of sifted flour (rye or wheat); two cupfuls of bread-crumbs (dry); one tablespoonful of shortening; one teaspoonful of soda; one teaspoonful cinnamon; one-half teaspoonful of cloves; one cup of raisins. Steam two hours. Serve with pudding sauce or cream and sugar.—GEORGIANNA T. (*New York*).

If it were in my power to correct the too general impression that the frozen desserts which are dearer to us Americans than to any other nation are now almost forbidden luxuries, I would make stronger and longer what I have to say prefatory to our Ohio member's request for "a few cold sweet dishes that may be easily made." What go, in foreign lands, under the generic title of "ices" need not be shut out from the family dietary in homes where they were wont to appear several times a week, and almost invariably on Sunday, canny housewives having learned that they might be made the day before, packed down in cracked ice and salt on Sunday morning, and "freeze themselves" by dinner or supper time. Should readers wish to inquire further into the modus operandi of this labor-saving process, it will be a pleasure to me to describe it in full upon receipt of queries.

BUT to our recipes for summer desserts, at once good and inexpensive. First come two "surprises" that are rightly named.

Fruit Surprise

Prepare a quart of fresh fruit—peaches, berries, bananas, or apricots—the berries by crushing, the rest by mincing fine—and cover with two cupfuls of fine sugar. Add to this a half-pint of very cold water and the unbeaten whites of three eggs. Mix well, put into the freezer and grind, or turn, until the contents are frozen. The churning or grinding will yield a frozen fruit meringue. Serve with cream, plain or whipped.

Apple-Sauce Surprise

Have ready a pint of really good apple-sauce, plentifully sweetened and very smooth. Mix with it a cupful of cold water and the whites of three eggs. Blend thoroughly and turn into the freezer. Grind or turn until they are frozen. Wrap a towel, wrung out of boiling water, about the freezer and invert quickly upon a chilled dish. Eat with whipped cream or with plain. You will admit that the dessert merits the name, when incredulity is exchanged for pleasure in the eating. It is an inexpensive family dessert and one that "has all seasons for its own."

Frozen Rice Pudding

Another excellent and cheap family dessert. Make an eggless pudding of a cupful of rice, a small cupful of sugar, and six cupfuls of milk. Season to taste. Put over the fire in a double boiler and cook in a vessel of hot water until the rice is soft, yet not broken. Give it abundance of time. Every grain should be tender. Let it get cold and put into a freezer; pack down with rock salt and very finely pounded ice and leave for two hours. Open the freezer then, and with a long-handled ladle beat and stir from the bottom until the contents of the freezer are of custard-like consistency. Close the freezer, pack down anew in ice and salt, *well over the top;* cover with an old sack or blanket folded several times, and leave for two hours more. This, too, is a convenient Sunday dessert, requiring little labor and less time, early Sunday morning to have it ready for midday or evening repast. Turn out and eat with cream.

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Young People's Topics for August 18

Using Our Pens for Christ

The Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topics. Luke 1 : 1-4; III John 1 : 1-14

THE First Epistle of John is a personal letter of the apostle to his well-beloved friend. The Gospel of Luke is also a personal letter.

Yet both have come down through the centuries ministering to the good of thousands who were unthought-of by the writers. In these days of telephones and of crowded hours we are too busy, and the writing of letters has gone into disuse. Yet nothing is so welcome when friends are separated as is the letter which really reveals the spirit of the writer and brings the breath of home to the ones afar, or the air of foreign places to those at home. And while we are writing, there is a wonderful opportunity for the saying of certain things which might not get said in ordinary conversation. Nothing is worse than a preachy letter; but nothing is better than a letter in which the writer thinks aloud of spiritual things. We who love Christ can do much with our pens, or, it may be, in these latter days, with our typewriters. There is that friend who is shut in, or that missionary friend who is as busy as three men, multiplying himself in the work to which he has given his life. Your letter will give him new strength, and his reply will widen your spiritual horizon. Write often to that boy or girl in the national service, in trench or hospital, somewhere at the front; you can send in the letter a breath of the life of home. They can't write much to you, but all that you may write to them will be read with eager eyes and beating heart. If you can't go, you can at least send yourself in your letters to those who have gone. Use your pen for Christ, and let it express your faith to those to whom, just now, you may not speak.

The Hidden Pillars of My Life

Epworth League Topic. I Sam. 1 : 24-28: II Tim. 1 : 5, 6; I Cor. 4: 14, 15.

THE great Marshall Field building in Chicago stands on columns of concrete that fill wells driven to bed rock, 75 feet through the silt of the old swamp. The city of Venice is kept, by thousands of piles, from sinking into the ooze of the Adriatic marsh. So many a life of rugged strength rests on the hidden pillars of early Christian teaching. Samuel was dedicated to the Lord before his birth and was brought up in the temple, a true spiritual son of the high priest whose natural sons betrayed their birthright. Timothy learned of God, as you and I have done, through prayers taught at his mother's knee; and through the holy living of mother and grandmother he grew naturally into faith. It is a spiritual law of the Christian home that children should grow into grace and into knowledge of the Lord Christ. Some time, probably between twelve and twenty, each child will find it necessary to build upon the foundation of formerly accepted truth an edifice of vital personal faith. Then, though the struggle may be long, faith will ultimately triumph over doubt. We cannot be too thankful for the generations of godly men and women who have handed on to us a heritage of faith and virtuous living. Upon this heritage, as upon the hidden columns of concrete or the unseen piles, we must build, strong and sure, our own tabernacle of faith, our own structure of life and service.

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International Sunday School Lesson for August 18
Acts 2 : 41-47, 4 : 32-35, and 6 : 2-4

By GEORGE D. ALLISON, Ph.D.

OUR lesson texts picture to us the enthusiastic loyalty of the early converts to Christianity in fellowship, in service and in evangelistic effort. We see the first Christian Church a working church where it would be unthinkable for a person to be a "church-member" without being a "church-worker." Unlike a large proportion of present day Christians these primitive disciples did not think of themselves as passengers on the gospel ship waiting to be wafted to the golden shores, but took everyone his place as a member of the crew manning the various stations as lookouts, or as oarsmen, as helmsmen or as humble stewards, and every one was ready at an instant's notice to man a life-boat to save one struggling soul. The object of our lesson today is to help to bring us to a dynamic conception of the Christian life and to link up the latent power of our boys and girls in the classes of the Sunday school with the machinery of the organized church.

Diversities of Gifts

We need to read and reread Paul's great chapter, the Twelfth of First Corinthians. He was not one of those who had a narrow conception of Christian work. He never imagined that the only thing to do for Jesus was to talk about him in meeting. He believed in "Christian Endeavor" in the widest possible sense of that splendid term. So he could find a place for every member in the body of Christ, for head and hand and eye and ear. When he gives his mighty titles to the workers in the 28th verse of that chapter he inserts "helps" in the midst of apostles, miracle-workers, governors and orators. There is not one of us who cannot qualify under that heading. And without helpers, apostles, governors or generals would preach and plan to small effect. The great war shows us that the heroism of the common soldier, his burden bearing, his fidelity, are indispensable. It was so when the Good News of the Kingdom first swept over the world. There were apostles like Paul, there were also ten thousand unknown "saints" whose names are written only in the Lamb's Book of Life.

The beginning of our Church work is to be put to use our obvious abilities. All our converts may be divided into natural leaders and natural followers. The leaders are to be assigned tasks and the followers to be enlisted as helpers, hearers, and workers. One youth is a genius at directing play and is put in charge of boys' games. Another reveals a talent for lettering signs and posters and achieves a useful career centering around his duties as publicity manager for the Church or school. A girl with a beautiful voice is given her opportunity to use it in gospel song. With tactful aid she finds she can speak a good word for Jesus in addition to singing his praise. One poor crippled lad with a keen mind became a mighty worker in "the League of the Golden Pen" writing letters brightened with verses and quotations to the hospitals and afterward to the soldiers and sailors. A whole group develops pure religion and undefiled by visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction. A life work as kindergartner opens up before the young woman who "helps" with the littlest tots, that their mothers may attend the church services.

Enlisting for Service

Even in the National Army the drafted man is given a chance to record his preference for lines of service. Modern churches are adopting the wise plan of giving scope to personal choice of tasks but *taking it for granted that the new member has been saved to serve.*

Have a class conference and list all the possibilities of Christian work in your church. Get the young people to suggest each item and then supplement their suggestions. This may lead to the use in your Church of an Enlistment Card somewhat along these lines:

As a working member of the Church I volunteer for the following lines of service:—

Active participation in	
Sunday School	Prayer Meeting
Mission Work	Christian Endeavor
Leadership of	
Boys' Class	Girls' Class
Mission Study Group	Scouts or Camp Fire Girls
Junior League	
Regular Assignment as	
Friendly Visitor	Church Usher
Clerical Work for Pastor	Good Literature Committee
Follow Up of Strangers	Publicity Work

.....

Name.....

Training for Service

But very few of these activities can be successfully carried out without some training. We must imitate the Army and select some of our best recruits for the Officers' Training Course. In fact few men are now being promoted even to a corporal without a month in the "non-com" school. Yet the Church is electing trustees who have only the faintest and narrowest conception of their duties, and the "non-commissioned officers," as we may call the unelected workers, are usually raw beginners so far as training goes.

I have just attended the Summer Assembly where nearly three hundred chosen young people of the New Jersey Baptist Churches have received a great week of intensive training. I returned to advocate that each local church ought to have a brief course in such subjects as Leadership in Young People's Work, Teaching Elementary Grades, How to Do Personal Work and How to Study the Bible. Your denominational headquarters will suggest books and outlines. Let us not let this lesson on "Working in the Church" go by without bringing these matters up in the Teachers Meeting of the School.

Last of all there is no method superior to sending out the recruit with a veteran. An afternoon calling with the pastor or an experienced worker will best show the willing helper how to help the sick and the lonely. The blackboard outlining and presentation by a real teacher of a lesson which the youngest addition to the "faculty" is to teach on the following Sunday will load the latter to a grip on the way to teach that no amount of abstract advice could impart.

We need the spirit of consecration first of all, make no doubt of that. But today's lesson reminds us that loyalty to Jesus and Christlike love for a needy world must find channels of expression or the very spirit may wane and vanish.

Historic Lines of Service

Right here at the beginning of the Book of Acts we see developing the lines of service which are still to be performed: First, the evangelizing of the untouched outsiders; secondly, the teaching of the Word to the new recruits; thirdly, the ministry to human suffering. We still need all of these functions. People today must be told who Jesus Christ is and what he wants. Conversion is but the beginning of the Christian's development—instruction, learning by doing, service are still to follow. What far-reaching ramifications of the simple relief work of the Jerusalem Church engage our attention today. Nothing is to be regarded as wholly secular. The temperance reformer, the worker for the abolition of child-labor, the Red Cross organizer and the settlement teacher are all doing Christian work, Church work. The old spirit is reasserting itself, once more Christians are not calling the things they possess their own. We have a most helpful social background for enlisting all our young people in definite lines of Christian service.

Sunday School Methods

By FRANK L. BROWN, Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

Plans for Rally Day

IT is not too early to plan for Rally Day, September 29. In fact, the plans should have been made in June if Rally Day is to count as one of the school's big days.

Rally Day this year should be shaped as a great enlistment day. There is no school that has not some representative in service and others in prospect. Enlistment for Christ. Enlistment for special service for him. Enlistment of new members for the school. Enlistment for new school goals—all can be made a part of the day's plans.

Correspondence should be started at once to secure from each enlisted man of school or church, whether in America, France or England, some message to be read on Rally Day. If the replies are not all in by the day, secure from the relatives of the soldier an extract from the last letter received.

When the attendance on Rally Day is reported by the various classes the report should show any absences of enlisted men, and as this list is later read the messages from them should be read.

A special place of honor should be reserved for the parents and other relatives of boys in service. The school Roll of Honor containing the names should be draped with the colors.

The Rally Day postcard invitation should be a call to the colors.

A plan used in our own school is to make each department of the school a branch of the service. In the small school a class or classes, could constitute this branch. The Cradle Roll was the mosquito fleet, the Beginners the infantry, the Primary the navy, the Juniors the artillery, the Intermediates the airplane, the Seniors the officers training camp, the Adults the Red Cross, the Home Department the Home Guard.

The decorations were of course in the national colors, and each department had decorations to fit its branch of service. For instance, the Intermediate Department arranged a drawing of an airplane in colors; for the navy pictures of battleships were secured.

For each department a Scripture verse was selected as its motto appropriate to its service. For the Intermediate, "They shall mount up with wings as eagles," etc.

If the regimental plan is carried out the superintendent would be colonel, the department superintendent major, the secretary adjutant, the treasurer paymaster, the chorister drum major, the pianist chief musician, the teachers captains, and the pastor major general.

In Rally Day Suggestions (D. C. Cook Publishing Co.) these suggestions as to program are made:

9:30 A.M. Bugle or piano sounds "reveille."

"Fall in" is called, each member in place.

"Attention!" School rises.

"Colors." Unfolding of American flag. Salute to the flag.

Singing. "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

"Morning devotions" led by the colonel or a captain.

"Parade Rest." School is seated.

"Battalion drill." Little folks march in with flags flying, singing marching song.

Regimental Inspection by major general.

Responses. Called for by colonel, answered by individual captains and others.

Our Enlistment. "For hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example, that ye should follow his steps."

Our Colors. "We will triumph in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners."

Our Uniform. "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. Stand, therefore, having girded your loins with truth, and having put on the breastplate of righteousness."

Our Weapons. "For the weapons of our warfare are not of the flesh, but mighty before God to the casting down of strongholds. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit, which is the Word of God."

Our Rations. "Jesus said: This is the bread which cometh down out of heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die. I am the living bread, which came down out of heaven; if any man eat of this bread he shall not die."

Our Marching Orders. "Ye shall observe to do, therefore, as Jehovah your God hath commanded you: ye shall not turn aside to the right hand nor to the left. Jesus said, If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."

Regimental Roll Call. Each captain gives attendance and enrollment.

Regimental Quartet. Church Choir.

Sinews of war. A cadet places an offering box shaped like a mortar on the platform, aims at pocketbooks, and audience marches about platform, dropping offering in the mortar.

"Forward March." An address by pastor. Closing with an appeal for enlistments in the army of God.

Taps and benediction.

Our Mail-Bag

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. Correspondents may use a nom de plume to identify the question, but all letters must contain name and address of the reader, in addition to the nom de plume. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

"TROUBLED", Allendale, Pa. If we may judge from your letter, you have done all that lies in your power to make amends for the injustice you did to your friend. We can believe, however, that it was done without deliberation and quite thoughtlessly; yet the arrow rankled in the heart of your friend. You have repented bitterly what you did; you have asked for divine forgiveness, and have written to your friend frankly confessing your fault and asking his pardon also. We think, under all the circumstances as your letter states them, it might be well to write him again, as the first letter may have miscarried. There is nothing further that you can do. The experience, however, should be a life lesson, showing the danger of forming hasty judgments of others and especially of saying harsh things. At some future time, an opportunity may ariso to clear up the unfortunate misunderstanding and you should be quick to take advantage of it.

Reader, Portland, Oregon. The lines you mention are from a very old epitaph and describe the journey of life in these words:

"Our life is like a summer day;
Some only breakfast—and away;
Others to dinner stay and are full fed.
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day;
He that goes soonest has the least to pay."

C. E. H., Bradford, Pa., gives this picture of the ideal American: "He believes patriotism is Christianity; that dishonor in political manipulations is evidence that the guilty would be dishonorable in their methods of Christianity. He condemns briberies, unnecessary expenditure of money, tricks of strategy to secure official authority. Ability and the record of manhood's merit are with him the only requisites which have earned honors of men and make him eligible to be entrusted with performance of public duty. Mark the careers of most distinguished Americans, springing from humble origin, entirely dependent on their intrinsic nobility of character—Lincoln, McKinley and many others. Now, when vicious demons of barbarism menace our prosperity, we can almost see the sanctified faces of these men watching from heaven the nation they have made and preserved by martyrdom in the spirit of a crucified Christ for good of the world. Their prayer before an omnipotent God for truth to prevail is almost audible. Such characters are my ideal Americans and always win victory from every foe."

C. C. W., Mt. Vernon, O., writes: "Enclosed find a clipping from the Mt. Vernon Republican News (asking citizens to offer silent prayer for a blessing upon our armies). Why should not every Mayor of any city, town or village in the United States make a similar request of all the ministers of every denomination, to be complied with on every Sunday during the continuation of the war? And go a step farther and request that at the time appointed every Christian in the land, wherever he or she may be, join in these moments of prayer and also ask God to intervene to bring the war to a speedy close in triumph for the right."

Several Readers. The Mail-Bag must remind you that it cannot give attention to letters written in pencil. It frequently happens that pencil letters, before they reach our hands, are almost illegible.

A dear old friend in Boston, Mass., sends us a very heartening letter—one that is so warm and cordial that we wish it were in our power to meet her and greet her with an old-fashioned handshake. She lives in a quiet, beautifully situated home, facing a lovely park, which she can see and enjoy in all its summery bravery, looking from her window. Her life is given much to prayer and contemplation and she makes the best of her opportunities to serve God in doing kindly acts and in helping to lead others to Christ as Saviour. Hers is a life of real consecration. It is like a benison to got an occasional letter from such a friend and makes all the rest of the day worth while. We are passing her letter over to the Prayer League, where it will inspire others.

Rev. S. H., Norfolk, Va. Please explain John 3 : 3-5.

To understand this passage, it is necessary to remember that the Jews thought themselves "born of God" (see the boast of the Pharisees, Chap. 8 : 41) and that the promise of membership in the Messianic Kingdom was theirs alone. They had become familiarized, through the preaching of John the Baptist, with the thought that this Kingdom was at hand and hence considered themselves as about to be elevated to a new and high estate. This conclusion Christ dispels by setting a novel standard for entrance into the Kingdom, namely, the new birth by water and the Spirit, and this membership is open to anyone, not to Jews only.

D. H. O., Weehawken, N. J. The fig tree bears two crops—an early, ripe fig, which is crude and without flavor and valueless, and a later fig, which is full of sweetness and flavor and much esteemed. All trees bear the first crop, only good ones the second. The tree our Lord saw had not the second crop, for the time had not come for it; but it had not had even the first, for it had nothing but leaves, hence it would have no crop at all. The tree was a figure of Israel with its leaves of hypocritical pretensions to sanctity, yet being barren of real holiness. A true people would have looked to Christ to supply their lack, as did the Gentiles. The Jews, however, boasted of their externals—as temple ceremonies and good works—thus resembling the fig tree's leafy pretensions to fruitfulness. It is this pretense that the Lord curses, not the misfortune of being barren.

Mrs. E. E. G., Tecumseh, Okla. If you will supply the word "daughter" to the verse, I Cor. 7 : 36, etc.; the meaning will probably become clear. Tho directions are given to the Christian father with respect to his unmarried daughter. According to the custom of those times, the father had completo control of his child, even as to her marriage, hence the apostle gives some directions how he should carry out this control.

T. J R., Santa Cruz, Calif. Paul's office to Timothy (Acts 16 : 3) was an act of consideration for the unconverted Jew in that and in other countries. The son of a Gentile father and of a Jewish mother, and himself uncircumcised, he would run the risk of being regarded as an apostate from his mother's religion, and would thereby call down upon himself and his companion, Paul, that bitter animosity which would militate against their work.

Mrs. O. G., Baldwin City, Kan. 1. The robbers were placed on either side of Jesus at the crucifixion, probably for the purpose of carrying out the taunt that this was the King of the Jews, and these on either side of him were his subjects. It is now generally supposed that the two malefactors were companions of that Barabbas whose release the Jews had demanded and in whose place Jesus was martyred and killed. 2. Yes, God does at times hear the prayers of the wicked. A striking example is that of Manasseh (II Chron. 33 : 18). We can understand prayers of sinners for temporal blessings being unheard, for they are not at all in touch with the Divine, and hence their "sacrifice" and everything connected with it, was probably an abomination (Prov. 15 : 8). When, however, a sinner cries for pardon and for relief from his sins, his prayers are surely heard. God directs the wicked to come to Him for pardon. He heard the prayers of the people of Nineveh (Jonah 3 : 7-10). When the wicked man prays in sincerity for repentance and forgiveness, and for a godly life, he does not pray in vain.

A. B., Kasson, Iowa. It is generally understood that Matthew was martyred in Ethiopia and Mark in Alexandria; Luko, hanged in Greece; John, died a natural death in Ephesus; Peter, crucified in Rome; James beheaded in Jerusalem; the other James, beaten to death with a fuller's club; Thomas, pierced with a lance at Coromandel; Philip, hanged at Hieropolis; Bartholomew flayed alive; Jude, shot to death with arrows; Simon, crucified in Persia; Andrew crucified; Matthias, stoned, as also was Barnabas, and Paul was beheaded in Rome.

New Subscriber. Some of the more prominent passages from the Bible that declare for the immortality of the soul, are: Ps. 17 : 15; 73 : 24; Isa. 20 : 19; Ezekiel 18 : 4-9; I. Thess. 4 : 13; Phil. 1 : 21; II Cor. 5 : 1; I Thess. 4 : 18; II Tim. 4 : 6-8; John 2 : 25; 22 : 43; Matt. 28 : 20; John 19 : 25. These are only a few, but convincing passages showing that the inspired writers had no doubt as to the soul's immortality.

J. H. H., Newark, N. J. The "fear" of God is to be interpreted in two ways: as a reverence and as a realization that God is a just God. The Gospel message is that God desires man's loving obedience, and when man gives that to God, all else needful will follow. He that recognizes in God not only a just judge but one who is willing and anxious to overlook and pardon for His Son's sake, will readily fall into that observance of the Christian virtues which go to make up the real worth-while Christian. He who has been served is willing to serve; he who has been forgiven is willing to forgive, he who has been loved is anxious to love, and he to whom much has been given, is always ready to give.

Mrs. G. F., Cold Spring, N. Y. The affairs of a social club are governed by its charter and bylaws. If none exist, then by vote of its members. Each society has the right to make bylaws to suit itself, and they control. If the bylaws of your association provide for the contingency mentioned by you the bylaws control; if not, the vote of the majority will rule.

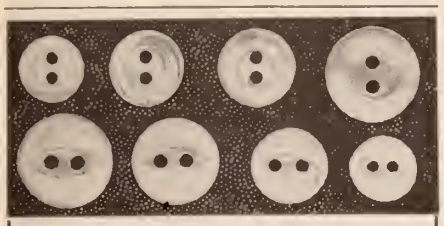
J. C. B., Elizabeth, N. J. The passage in James 2 : 10 seems like hard doctrine, but is nevertheless true. The man who has offended in one point, is guilty of all, because he cannot longer stand before God on the ground of innocence. Having broken one law, he would be placed with the law-breakers. There is not, of course, the same degree of culpability as in the case of a greater offender, but his position before God is that of a sinner in need of pardon, as it would be if he were a sinner of deeper dye.

W. A. S., Milwaukee, Wis. How could Paul say that the Israelites in the wilderness tempted Christ?

Paul does not say that in I Cor. 10 : 19. He says that his readers are not to tempt Christ by such misconduct as the Israelites were guilty of. He urges his readers to free themselves from any idolatrous or wrong customs and motives, and not to become arrogant under their new belief and creed.

Mrs. R. A. H., High Point, N. C. Whether children grow in heaven is a question we cannot answer, as the Bible is silent on the subject. Conjecture is useless.

E. W., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Some time ago I was told to send my papers to one of our libraries, as they would send them to camps for our boys. I had a number of them. The Sunday after one of our boys came in, I was reading the last that had arrived. Harry said, 'Say, grandma, we had a fine lot of those papers brought to our Y. M. C. A. last week, and why did you leave one with your name on the label?' I thought I had rubbed it off all of them. If the dear Lord lets me live until April I shall be eighty years of age. I pray that God will bless the Christian Herald in all its work and its workers."



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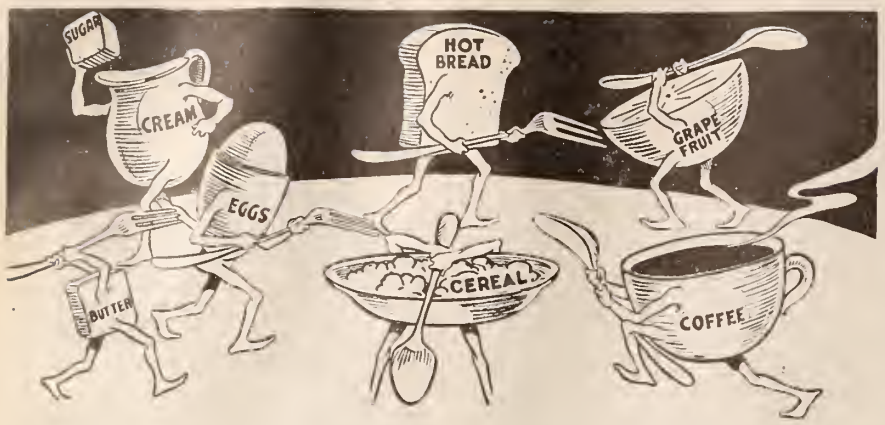

Your Stomach a Battle-Ground!

You Lower Your Health and Efficiency Through Improper Eating

THE nation wants man power; woman power. Uncle Sam pleads with you to keep your mental and physical strength at top notch.

Your own interests demand that you keep in good health to withstand the worry and strain of war.

Napoleon said that "an army fights on its stomach." It is just as true of the folks who fight in the trenches at home.

Your brain and your hands derive their strength from your stomach. If you permit your digestive organs to get out of order; if you eat foods that war with each other and upset your whole physical and mental system, you are not only failing to do your full part in the nation's work, but you are also permanently handicapping yourself in your own struggle for life and success.

There are many foods, good in themselves, but which when poured into the stomach in improper combinations, explode like chemicals, clogging your digestive apparatus with gases and undigested food, leaving you miserable, inefficient, unfit.

Of course, no one eats these combinations knowingly, and yet that is not an excuse. The Law of Nutrition is very simple. Eugene Christian, the Noted Food Scientist, has put it within the reach of all. When it is just as easy for you to tackle your day's work with brain and body sparkling with energy as it is for you to come to work sluggish and good for nothing, by all means put yourself on the right road.

Acid Stomach Causes Premature Old Age

It is probably a safe prediction that 90 per cent of all sickness starts with acid stomach. Men and women who have ills that make them think they are growing old, in many cases are simply suffering from poisons absorbed into the system through wrong eating. Many an ambitious young man or woman, while bending every energy to make a success in life, at the same time is ruining his or her career just by taking the wrong foods.

Remember that what you should eat depends on your particular physical condition, your age, your occupation, and the climate you live in. It is easy to keep your digestive organs in first-class running condition if you learn the first principles of how to combine foods for health.

In his Little Lessons in Corrective Eating, Eugene Christian gives you the benefit of his 20 years of study of food and its relation to the human system. The Lessons contain actual menus for breakfast, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age.

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How a Change of Food Restored Eugene Christian's Life

"Twenty years ago I was at death's door. For years I had suffered the agonies of acute stomach and intestinal disorders. Eminent specialists pronounced my case incurable and gave me up to die.

"I went out into the country—though scarcely able to walk—to think things over. I watched the animals on the farm. I noted the scientific feeding practised. I saw how with foods alone the farmer produced the results he wanted—how, to produce more milk, he fed his cows certain combinations of food; how, to put fat on hogs, he fed other food combinations; how to produce muscle in horses he fed still other food combinations. I learned that properly balanced rations produced just the results desired and I saw how improperly balanced rations produced wrong results.

"And then a great thought flashed through my mind. It was this: If scientific eating can produce such remarkable results for animals, why wouldn't the same treatment be effective with the human animal?

"Having been educated to be a physician myself, I determined to try some experiments. Soon I discovered a few basic laws. These I used as my foundation and gradually I began to improve until from a man who couldn't keep even the supposedly most simple meal down, I developed into a well man.

"Today I am nearly sixty years old and I haven't had a sick day in years. I work twelve to fifteen hours every day of my life and I never tire. I have more ginger, more vitality, and greater endurance than the average boy in his teens. And I owe it all to corrective eating."

The above is Eugene Christian's own story of his remarkable recovery through correct eating.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
Bible House, New York City

GENTLEMEN: You may mail me "24 Lessons in Corrective Eating," by Eugene Christian. Five days after I receive them, I will either send you $3, in full payment for them and for a year's subscription to the Christian Herald, or remail them to you.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

THE eight days of intercessory prayer from January 18 to 25 inclusive for the visible reunion of the Christian Church were observed in every part of the world and by Christians of every communion. A still more general observance is needed, and a more complete surrender of our hearts and minds and wills to the Will of God. The Commission of the American Episcopal Church on the World Conference on Faith and Order therefore again requests Christendom to observe the same octave in the year 1919 for the same purpose. But many who receive this request now may well spend six months in prayer that, through united intercession, Christians may have no will except the Will of God.

The following report of Pastor Cox shows that the Memphis Noon Meeting is still doing its appointed work in the same old way by the grace of God under the blood of Christ:

"A very interesting letter came not long since. Among other things the writer said: 'Do you remember the poor-looking wreck of humanity that strolled into your church about two and a half years ago, with his feet almost on the ground, whom you fed at your noonday lunch, and also supplied with a pair of shoes through the City Mission? The Lord has been exceedingly good to me. Last Saturday I was elected cashier of a little bank here. You don't know how often I have thought of you and the real good you are doing and the way you helped me the little time I was in Memphis. From the bottom of my heart I say God bless you.' I look for a visit from him this summer.

"A dear friend in Alaska writes: 'About eight months ago I appealed to you for help. In a short time the Spirit led me to an old lady friend, to whom I told everything. She understood, gave me a book and several tracts to read, which taught me how to go to God in faith, believing that I would receive. Today I am so warm in happiness that I am unconscious of the six feet of snow which still covers our Alaskan gardens.'

"Many men in the army and navy are showing interest in the noon meeting and its work. This came a few days since: 'Dear Brother Cox: Just got back from France yesterday and was glad to get your letter. I distributed the literature among my shipmates. I don't think I joined the League. I am now sending you the signed slip. I wish I could get every man on the ship to join. I am praying for you and the prayer meeting.'

"A Memphis lieutenant who is letting his light shine for Jesus tells me this interesting experience in a letter: 'A number of men were standing around discussing the subject of prayer. Several said they had not prayed in years and laughed about it. One man who has been living a rather hard life said: "Fellows, this boy (meaning the lieutenant) made me feel like thirty cents one night. Just as we were ready for bed he knelt by his bed to say his prayers. While he was kneeling I thought to myself, 'You big fool, to let everything in life pass out that was taught you by the dearest friend you had in' the world—Mother!"'

"A few weeks ago Captain Kit Dalton, the only surviving member of the Jesse James gang, and Mr. C. W. Richmond were speakers at the meeting. The point of interest in connection with these men, who are now Christian gentlemen, is this: In 1878 Kit Dalton was a member of the Sam Bass gang of outlaws in Texas. At that time Mr. Richmond was a member of the Texas Rangers and while the Sam Bass gang were attempting to rob a bank at Round Rock, Texas, the rangers killed every one of the gang except Dalton, who was then going by the name of Jackson. Thirty years later Mr. Richmond, who lives in Memphis also, was reading Captain Dalton's life story and recognized him as Jackson. He looked him up and they became warm friends. Both of these men take a deep interest in the noon prayer meeting, and Captain Dalton has joined the League.

"We are also greatly strengthened by the coming into our membership of Mrs. S. H. Hadley, of New York, who is the widow of S. H. Hadley, of the Water Street Mission.

"We crave a cordial interest in the prayers of the readers of this article for the many requests that come from day to day, some of them exceedingly pathetic. A note signed 'A Sinner,' says: 'The Lord seems so far away. I am the mother of two children almost grown. Please pray for all of us.'

"The fact that the Lord has manifested himself so richly and so gloriously as a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God encourages us to go on with the movement and to seek the co-operation of praying friends."

Mrs. J. L. H. asks prayer for two sons in France.

Mrs. E. G. asks the prayers of God's people for a dear son, who is trying to live a better life, but is weak and easily tempted.

Mrs. O. H. O. asked God's blessing on a revival at Croff, N. D., and now writes that the power of the Holy Spirit was signally manifested in a meeting which lasted from June 20 to 30.

Prayers are asked for revivals of religion at:

Chipley, Fla.; Perry, Ill.; Timpson, Texas (that many may be saved during meetings); Portland, Ore. (that a church may be blessed in its work for the uplift of the fallen).

A Friend, Waynesville, N. C., asks prayer that a minister may receive a suitable call.

Two parents ask prayer that sons' minds may be restored; L. M. B., that mother's mind may be restored; Mrs. C. B., that daughter's mind may be restored; A California Reador, that a friend's mind may be restored; three, for mental restoration for themselves.

Mrs. H. M. S. asks prayer that son's sight may be restored; N. S., that a dear old lady's sight may be restored; four friends, that their sight may be strengthened; J. H., that a lady's eyes may be healed.

Nine friends ask prayer for special blessings for others.

Twenty-nine friends ask prayer for a deeper work of grace, assurance of sins forgiven, or express in other ways their desire for personal spiritual blessing.

Mrs. J. H. H. asks prayer that husband's hearing may be restored; P. M. M., that brother's hearing may be restored; twelve friends, for restoration of hearing for themselves.

Mrs. W. D. asks prayer that nephew and brother-in-law may be cured of the liquor habit; K., that a relative may be cured of the liquor habit; two parents, that sons may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs. J. W., that husband may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs. M. D. S., that nephew may be cured of the liquor habit; Mrs. D. J. B., that a friend may be cured of the habit.

Acknowledgments of answered prayer have been received from the following:

A. B., Johnstown, Pa.; A Reader, Winchester, Va.; Miss A. W. R., Bloomington, Ill.; Mrs. C. S. K., Jordan, N. Y.; A Friend, Waynesville, N. C.; A. H. A., Catskill, N. Y.; Mrs. S. J. M., Wilkinsburg, Pa.; M. E. S., Stewardson, Ill.; Miss M. P. S., Timpson, Texas.

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WOOD MAGIC

By Margaret E. Sangster

When we roamed the woods together, you and I,
How each shadow seemed a vagrant butterfly!
How the violets hidden under leaves awoke our childish wonder,
When we roamed the woods together, you and I!

Did you feel the magic stealing,
Did you hear faint music pealing
Through the dusk, as twilight creeping
Swept away the afterglow?
Did you know that elf land, leaping
From each thicket that seemed sleeping,
Watched us, as we roamed together?
Did you know?

Oftentimes *they* followed after,
Mocking us with silent laughter;
Dancing, prancing, sliding, slipping,
Falling out of line, and tripping,
Jumping, running, hopping, skipping!
Half afraid, but growing bolder,
I would glance across my shoulder
Glance back almost furtively-
Ah, they weren't there to see,
But I felt them watching me
From behind each rock and tree!
Ready, when I turned my head,
To creep into line, and follow,
Over hill and over hollow,
Anywhere my fancy led!

When we roamed the woods together, did you know
That all elfland trooped behind us - silent, slow?
Did you hear faint music pealing through the dusk as night came stealing,
When we roamed the woods together long ago!

Overland

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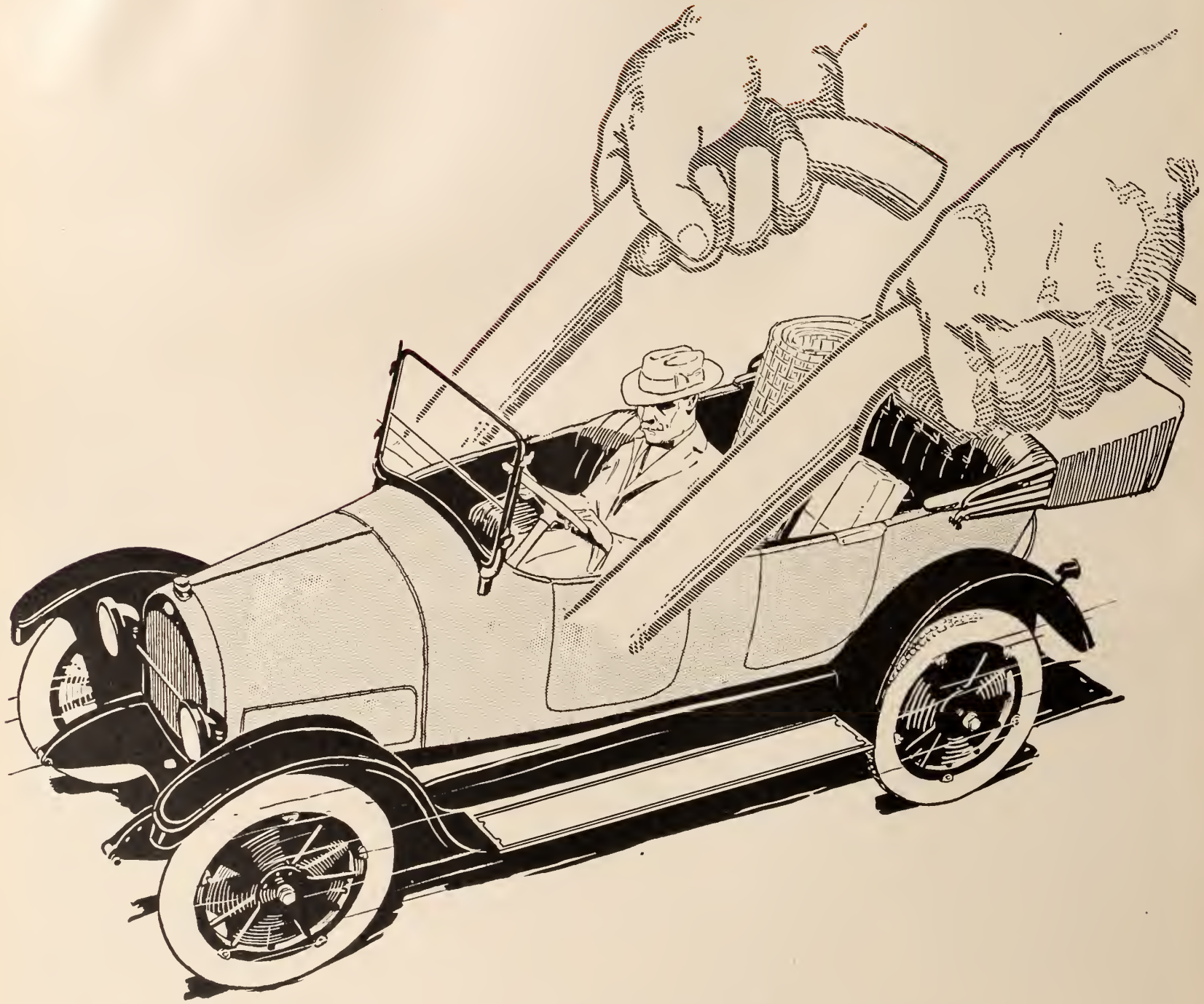

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Christian Herald

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GRAND CANYON, ARIZONA, FROM GRAND VIEW POINT

OUR MAIL-BAG

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. Correspondents may use a nom de plume to identify the question, but all letters must contain name and address of the reader, in addition to the nom de plume. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

EDWARD P. STONE, Rutland, Vt., writes, "Lincoln taught that 'a new birth of freedom that shall not perish from the earth,' is 'under God.'" He adds: "I was a chaplain in the war of '61 and at Harrison's Landing, it was my privilege to be near President Lincoln and to study his wonderful face for many minutes, as he sat on his horse, silent and thinking. This was a short time before he wrote the first form of the Emancipation Proclamation. Now, I am a 'shut-in' for a long time, and not able to go about, although I can use my pen or pencil a little." Our invalid reader is fortunate in being able to keep in touch with the wonderful events that are taking place throughout the world, as his letter shows. Certainly, Lincoln's words may be interpreted as the expression of one who, looking deeply into the future, could foresee the struggle for freedom no longer confined to America, but spreading throughout the globe.

W. C. B., Philadelphia. Now that the war has made the thrones of Europe so insecure, I have often thought that the fact that monarchy is not God's form of government was clearly shown when he led the Israelites out of Egypt to make a nation of them. He appointed a leader, not a king, and gave the leader a code of laws to govern them; and when this leader died, God did not appoint his son as his successor, but a man best fitted for leadership. Years afterward when the people clamored for a king, God said to Samuel: "They have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I should not rule over them. Show them the manner of the king that shall rule over them." Then follows that most accurate description of a king. Israel was led away by the pomp and glitter of the heathen courts, and doubtless the Israelites had preserved the traditions of the grandeur of Egypt's kings who had made their forefathers slaves. It was not in line with the divine purpose that the Israelites should have a king, but the Lord gave them the thing for which they clamored, and then their troubles began. They were fairly warned, however. Samuel's words of warning have an application today, as modern history convincingly shows.

Rev. F. W. Russell, pastor of the West Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, writes: "I was very deeply interested Saturday in reading your article (urging American women to help in food saving). I sympathize with every line of it, but when I say that, I find my righteous indignation, I believe, rising higher these days when our wives and mothers are called upon to save in pittances and spoonfuls, the while the breweries are wasting by the barrel. I wish it might be possible for the outstanding Christian papers of this country, like the Christian Herald, to open a campaign against the awful wasting of much-needed grain in the entire brewery business of this country and England."

We entirely agree that it would be a desirable thing to prevent the diversion of a single bushel of any kind of grain to the manufacture of drink, instead of being used as life-giving food.

M. S., Hoteville, Ariz. There is no Bible passage that teaches any doctrine that makes of God a Moloch. The passage in I Cor. 7 : 14 has no bearing on the subject whatsoever, but rather the passage in Rom. 2 : 14, from which it would appear most plainly that if God does not punish those who did not have the Son, how much less would he visit punishment on innocent children and morally irresponsible. Christ made no distinction between the children of believers and of unbelievers, when he called all children to him and blessed them.

M. E., Racine, Minn. The ancients had a saying that a sane mind could only live in a sane body. In other words, that when the body is sick, the mind also is easily affected. Therefore you must get well physically, and then you will probably become better mentally, and will stop bothering your head with all kinds of doubts. The great Physician can heal you. Go to him with all your symptoms and worries; lay your case with all its mental aches and pains before him; trust him, and see how quickly you will be helped.

A. F., Los Angeles, Calif. The figure in II Cor. 6 : 14 is drawn from the unequal yoking of animals in a team, which was forbidden (Deut. 22 : 10): "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together." The more immediate reference is to too intimate association with the unconverted at feasts, and especially to intermarriage with heathens. But the warning is no doubt meant also to include all entangling association of any character with those whose close fellowship would have a deleterious effect on our religious well-being. This applies as well to business associates as to those of a social character. The Christian must avoid not only all evil, but he is wise if he avoids anything that might lead to eventual evil, or which has a tendency to lower his moral or spiritual tone. This does not mean that we cannot have an unbelieving partner in business, for instance, but we certainly cannot consistently have a blaspheming associate, nor one of loose morals, without running dangerously near to spiritual harm.

E. W., La Crosse, Wis. In Matt. 18 : 6 the Lord, by warning against offending even the little ones, includes any mistreatment of believers by other believers. He does not refer to a mere wounding of over-sensitive feelings, or offending a morbid or incorrect sense of right, but by comparing believers to children, he would include new, humble, timid believers, those who but recently have come into the fold and who, by reason of its very newness to them, have not yet become accustomed to the Gospel and all it implies. He also includes a general lesson of being considerate of all the weak and helpless—those whom the world at large is wont to treat badly and who, because of their very weakness and worldly handicaps, are the Father's special care. Every believer is alike in the Father's regard and every believer is entitled to consideration and regard from other believers.

Mrs. D. C. T., Springdale, Ark. There is no passage in the Bible which says that children shall be denied the blessing of heaven. To say or believe anything like that would be making God a Moloch.

Reader, New York. "A missionary friend in Seoul occasionally sends me a copy of the Korean Magazine. It has frequently very interesting notes in its historical department, dealing with events that happened many centuries ago. In the March issue I find the story of the overthrow of King Koong-ye, who ruled that country in 918 A. D., just a thousand years ago. He was a despot of the type of Herod or Nero, a monster of cruelty, and was at last overthrown by a rebellion of his own subjects, led by his ablest general, Prince Wang-Gun, who was the reverse in character of his brutal, war-loving, tyrannical master. Wang-Gun's rule brought great blessing to the kingdom and the people. It was one of the best periods Korea had ever known, and its influence for peace, national progress and prosperity lasted five hundred years or more."

Inquirer, Palo Alto, Calif. The American Grocer gives the amount of the nations drink bill in 1917 as $1,985,031,552 of which $291,800,074 was spent for coffee, tea, and cocoa, and $1,693,231,478 for liquors.

E. C. D., Mount Calvin, Texas. The state religion of Germany is not Lutheran, but a modernized blending of the Lutheran and Reformed religions, called "Unirt" or unionized. There is, however, a so-called Free Church in Germany that is true Lutheran. The latter has always been much maligned and bothered by the authorities, and has had to suffer much. In Austria the state religion is Roman Catholic, and in Bulgaria, Orthodox Greek.

The "Poor Pastor in North Carolina," whose case has been mentioned in the columns of the Christian Herald, writes us heartily thanking those readers who have shown an interest in his behalf. He has held no pastorate for two years, and his physical affliction stood in the way of resuming church work. He has sent to those who wrote to him a personal letter of thanks.

Mrs. C. S. S., Pittsfield, Mass., writes: "While looking our daily paper over, I met this: 'Where to go tonight.' It told of different movies, theaters, dances, and so forth, for amusement. And I thought, under present circumstances and in view of the serious situation of our country, it would be far more advisable to go to the house of prayer, sending up petitions to the All-wise Father to save the unsaved in the war zone, to open blind eyes, unstop deaf ears, and enlighten minds of obscurity."

Capt. W. H. H. Phelps, Chaplain of The Gideons, writes from Atlanta, Ga. "In my younger days, I was a regular reader of your publication, especially when I was a Sabbath school teacher. I began teaching when quite a young man in Columbus, Ga., and later on in Brooklyn, New York City, Baltimore, and lastly in our city. If I am spared to see my 80th birthday, I anticipate tendering a banquet and reception to my former Sabbath school scholars. Doubtless many of them are living and engaged in the work. I wish to give publication to this fact in the Mail-Bag." We will gladly forward to Capt. Phelps the names and addresses of any of his former Sunday school pupils who may write us.

J. W. H., Toronto, Can. Prophecy has been so much neglected by the church, that it is impossible to tell how the ministry stands on the subject. A limited number, however, have made it a reverent study. Their number is steadily increasing.

M. T. W., Elmira, N. Y. We cannot expect thorough agreement in all things among students of prophecy.

Reader, Lodi, Calif. It is very sad to think that there are those who, in helpless and apparently friendless old age, are sometimes driven to pray for death. It may be poverty or sickness that induces this despondency. A kindly visit, an occasional word of sympathy, a helpful talk with some Christian friend would be the means of rekindling hope in many a heavy heart, and in reawakening trust in God and his goodness. We have sent your letter to the Prayer League.

C. K. C., Provo, S. D. 1. John Wanamaker was at one time Postmaster-General of the U. S. 2. We cannot be anything but loyal to our fellow-fighters in this war, and what is their grievance must of necessity become ours; hence it is our duty to make common cause with them against our common enemy.

SCARLET FLOWERS

By Margaret E. Sangster

THE window box across the street
Is filled with scarlet flowers;
They glow, like bits of sunset cloud,
Across the dragging hours.
What though the mist be like a shroud
What though the day be dreary?
The window box across the street
Is warm, and gay, and cheery!

The window box across the street
Is filled with scarlet flowers;
I almost catch their perfume sweet. . . .
Above the sound of tramping feet,
They sing of country bowers.
Against the house that looms so gray,
They smile in—well, a friendly way.

A tired shopgirl hurries by;
Their color seems to catch her eye;
She pauses, starts, and wistfully
She gazes up. It seems to me
That I can hear her longing sigh. . . . .
A little shopgirl hurries by.

A newsboy stops to sell his wares;
The crowds brush by him; no one cares
To buy his papers. But above,
The scarlet flowers bravely grow
In token of the Father's love. . . .
The crow is brush coldly by below.

A blind man stumbles, groping past;
He cannot see their scarlet shine;
And yet some memory seems to twine
About his soul.
For, oh, he turns
As trusting as a child who yearns
For some vague dream, and smilingly
He lifts the eyes that cannot see. . . .
A blind man stumbles, groping past.

The window box across the street
Is filled with scarlet flowers;
They tell a secret, tender, sweet,
Through all the dreary hours.
And folk who hurry on their way
Dream of some other brighter day. . .
The window box across the street
Is filled with scarlet flowers.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

© Committee on Public Information

Taking such shelter as they may; our boys drive back the enemy across the fields of France

Germans Retreat, French Take Soissons

SINCE the first reaction of the Germans against General Foch's offensive there has been bitter fighting between Soissons and the Ourcq with slight advantages falling to the Allies but with the Germans, with massed guns and men holding desperately the heights of the Chaudun Plateau which extended from Oulchy on the Ourcq to the little River Crise and along the course of the Crise to Soissons. The taking of Oulchy and Villemontoire seriously imperilled the German position. The progress of the French and Americans northward from the Ourcq took them in flank and rear and, on August 2, the Teuton resistance gave way completely and the Allied troops swept forward across the plateau, across the Crise and along the whole line through Fère-en-Tardenois, Sergy, Ville-en-Tardenois to Rheims. Everywhere on the long line the Germans were in full retreat toward the Vesle with the Allied troops in close pursuit. The gains of the 2d varied from two to five miles, the last advance being made north of Fère-en-Tardenois where the Germans were strongly entrenched in Nesle woods. The French were in Soissons on the 2d. The retiring Germans were burning villages and munitions dumps. The Germans' best troops were beaten and forced back.

The Yankee Beats the Prussian Guard

IT had to come sooner or later. Prussian arrogance, which had belittled America's fighting ability, had ridiculed her army, had declared that even if it got to France, which it couldn't do, it wouldn't count in the fighting, was due to be humbled. On July 29, on the hills overlooking the little Ourcq River, the Prussian Guard met the Yankee divisions and was fought, not to a standstill, but to the rear. The Forty-second Division, the "Rainbows," and the Third Regular Army Division had the honor of taking at last, fully and completely, the measure of the Hun's best troops.

On the 28th the Rainbows had driven across the Ourcq and had established themselves in the little villages of Sergy and Seringes, southeast of Fère-en-Tardenois. It had been the German plan to hold these villages; it was necessary to hold them and the rest of the positions along the north shore of the Ourcq. If that line fell, great stores of munitions in the Woods of Nesle, between the Ourcq and the Vesle, would be endangered. Enough had been lost already in the retreat. It was imperative that the Teuton line along the Ourcq should be adamant. Therefore, when the Americans, in utter disregard of the Crown Prince's plans, took that precious line away from the holding troops, something desperate had to be done. It was. The Fourth Prussian Guard Division and a Bavarian Guard Division, both of which had been held well behind the lines for the contemplated big drive against the British that was to follow victory at Rheims—two of the most élite of Germany's élite—were thrown into the fight to check and to drive back the Americans. For twenty-four hours the two forces were locked in deadly struggle. The first rush of the Prussians was in overwhelming force, supported by machine-guns and light artillery, and the Americans in Sergy got back across the Ourcq. With the Germans in the town, the German artillery could no longer fire into it, and the Americans, disregarding entirely the German barrage fire, returned with fixed bayonets and drove the Prussians out. Again concentrated artillery fire made the village too hot for mortal men, and the scene was repeated. The Germans had concentrated a big squadron of sixty airplanes, piloted by their best aviators, against the short American line, and these supported the infantry with bombs and machine-gun fire at close range. American automatic rifles accounted for two of them. Back and forth the fighting raged all morning on the 29th. At last, just after noon, the American artillery got down a heavy barrage, which caught and drove back a Prussian charge, and when the enemy came on again, the Americans were too strongly situated to be dislodged. During the rest of the day the Americans held the village against all comers, and twice in the night, the shattered regiments of the Guards attacked in vain. The next day, July 30, the Americans pushed their way northward for two miles against the most bitter opposition, through barrage fire that seemed impossible to penetrate, against concentrated machine-guns that should have been impregnable, driving Germany's best before them and securing their positions, while at the same time, by their progress and the quality of their fighting, they made possible French advances both to the west and the east. On July 31 the American troops held a sharp salient projecting toward the Woods of Nesle.

French Official Photo

Latest photo of General Foch, master mind of mighty armies

THE story of the fighting at Seringes is thus told by a Reuter correspondent at the front.

"The Americans, after three days of to-and-fro fighting through villages, had learned subtlety and were determined to have a real fight to a finish. They consequently withdrew as if retiring from Seringes and the Germans crept down from the high ground, convinced that they had their opponents beaten.

"But as the new occupants began to organize their defenses they found that bullets appeared to be coming in from three sides of the village. The Americans, while withdrawing from the front of the town, had begun an encircling movement on both sides, thus forming a ring almost completely around it.

"Then came tragic fighting. The Prussian Guard had voted not to surrender and their opponents were just as anxious to see the thing through. It was an affair of small arms, but the Americans proved better shots and slowly picked off men here and there.

"Then the Americans began to advance and slowly their encircling ring closed about the village. As the ring drew closer and the defenders saw their doom

approaching, they redoubled their fire, but still the Americans came on unfalteringly like a storm or the unavoidable stroke of fate.

"When the Americans reached the precincts of the village their fire ceased and, with one wild yell, they closed with the foe. The fierce uproar suddenly gave place to a strange silence as man grappled with man. Only the clash of steel on steel and the groans of the stricken could be heard.

"The issue was never in doubt for an instant. At this kind of fighting the American is more than equal to any Prussian Guardsman, and in a little more than ten minutes all was over. Except for a few prisoners, every German in the village had breathed his last. Such was the final capture of Seringes.

While the Americans fought clean and fair, the Germans tried various tricks. In Sergy they mounted five machine guns in a building marked with the Red Cross. American bayonets avenged this smirching of the international badge of mercy. Near by a squad of Germans advanced behind a white flag. At one hundred yards the Americans let loose a concentrated fire and annihilated the Huns. The white flag was tied to the handle of a grenade and each dead German was loaded down with the deadly missiles. Other Germans waited behind their machine guns until the Americans were close, then fired as long as they dared and rose up with the cry of "Kamerad." Every one who fired at less than 200 yards' range was killed.

ONE platoon of fifty men started for Sergy on Sunday morning, the 28th. They crossed the Ourcq through a sweeping fire from machine-guns. Only twenty-one of them reached shelter, poor shelter at that, in the battered village. They were raked by machine guns and snipers. Three machine guns in a building marked with a Red Cross kept picking them off. But they had been ordered to stay there, and they stayed. They fired nearly all their ammunition at the Red Cross guns then they rushed them, but had to fall back again to their shelter. One by one their officers all fell, and the privates elected commanders from their number. When the gallant band was at last relieved at 7 P. M., the two remaining were still firing at the machine guns up the street.

In pressing north from Sergy toward the Meurcy Farm, which the Americans took on the 30th, the advance was through wheat fields sprayed with machine gun bullets. Observers saw shells tear long gaps in the line, but it went on. The group of farm buildings was strongly organized as a machine-gun post, and was only taken after desperate fighting. The Yankee troops bayoneted the Prussians at their guns. It was a battle without mercy, in which the American troops outfought and outwitted the Prussians and Bavarians, who fought desperately and well.

THE same correspondent with the Americans thus described the last fight for Sergy: "The assaulting troops formed upon the south side of the Ourcq, in open ground. The enemy opened a heavy fire of artillery and machine guns along the slopes east and west of the river. The ground in front of the advancing lines was plowed by the enemy's fire, and the advance was obscured by clouds of dust from the cornfields through which they were marching. Nevertheless the men forded the river with drill-like steadiness. It was a wonderful performance for any troops, astounding for troops so recently blooded, and as fine a test as any to which the American Army has been put.

"The men went steadily up the slopes, silenced one after another the German machine-gun nests, and swept on to the top of the hill, then, wheeling eastward, stormed the village. It was a fierce fight. There was no asking or giving of quarter. The enemy was stout-hearted and the Americans were glad to find him so. They wanted that sort of a finish to their ordeal. Some of the Germans fled into Nesles Forest. The remainder are where they will remain — in the village."

At one village a German counter-attack had forced the Americans to retire. The enemy commander sent a man out with a white flag to ask the Americans if they wished to surrender.

"No!" yelled their commander. "We're ready to attack." And they did, and took and held the village.

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Doughboys lined up for mess watch an aeroplane duel overhead

JULY 31st saw no infantry fighting between the Americans and the beaten Prussian Guard. For the first time in its career the Guard had accepted defeat. Before, it had always gained its objectives. This time it failed, beaten by better men, and all day it lay sullenly in the shelter of Vesle woods while the artillery filled the American lines and back areas with high explosives and poison gas.

The Germans, very evidently were planning to stay on the Ourcq, but it takes two to make a bargain and the Allies were not agreed. They preferred the line of the Vesle or the Aisne, and the Rhine would suit them even better. That the latter is not beyond the horizon of German vision is indicated by an address issued to his army by Kaiser Wilhelm on July 31st in which he outlined the victories of German arms, east and west, and told his troops, "You are in the midst of the hardest struggle. The desperate efforts of the enemy will, as hitherto, be foiled by your bravery. Of that I am certain and, with me, the entire Fatherland." Even the Kaiser sees inevitable defeat looming up before him.

TO stop the American advance, Germany concentrated her best troops and her biggest movable guns and her most daring flyers. For the time she outnumbered the Allies in the air and her planes bombed and machine gunned behind the advancing allied lines day and night in a desperate attempt to relieve the pressure on the hard pressed Imperial army. They swooped down over columns of troops and convoys of supplies and cut loose with

Continued on page 935

Lafayette's Last Visit to the United States

THESE days of fraternizing and union of American and French soldiers on the most friendly and brotherly terms, on the soil of France, remind us forcibly of the last visit of General Lafayette to this country, ninety-four years ago, when he landed in New York on August 15, 1824.

This nation poured out its gratitude lavishly upon General Lafayette, who had so unselfishly labored in behalf of its independence. To this day the memory of that visit is cherished with a peculiar veneration by all true Americans, and will continue to be thus cherished while true Americans live upon the soil that the noble Frenchman helped to make free. Like "bread cast upon the waters, found after many days," is the new bond of union, formed when the American soldiers under General Pershing went over to friendly France to help fight the battle for the world's freedom.

Two of the most memorable incidents in the course of that never-to-be-forgotten visit were General Lafayette's visit to the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, and his appearance at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument.

The visit to Washington's grave still abides. The solitary descent into the tomb, the silent prayer beside the casket of the illustrious man he had so loved and trusted—can our people forget it? Can we ever cease to be immensely inspired by the thought of it?

It must have been an intensely thrilling moment when Webster, at Bunker Hill, turning to Lafayette, exclaimed:

> Fortunate man! You are connected with both hemispheres and with two generations. Heaven saw fit to ordain that the electric spark of liberty should be conducted through you, from the new world to the old; and we who are now here to perform this duty of patriotism have all of us long ago received it in charge from our fathers, to cherish your name and your virtues. Behold! They now stretch forth their feeble hands to embrace you. Behold! They raise their trembling voice to invoke the blessing of God on you and yours forever!

WILLIAM H. WINTON.

Lafayette's Birthplace

THE quaint Château of Chavaniac, where Lafayette was born, lifted on its rocky bluffs, is in itself impressive enough to constitute an appropriate memorial to Lafayette.

And this is happily what has happened. The historic birthplace of the French hero has been acquired and dedicated to the service of France for all time. The Château of Chavaniae dates from the fourteenth century. Lafayette was born there September 6, 1757. The property had long been the home of the Lafayette family who were distinguished for bravery in battle; for their principles of justice in council; and for their fair and kind treatment of the hundreds of peasants on their estate.

When Lafayette went off in 1777 to aid the struggling American colonies to get their freedom he left his youthful bride (the talented and brave Adrienne d'Ayen) at Chavaniae. She received from him there many letters among which was one written on shipboard, just as he sailed away. In this letter Lafayette said:

> Whilst defending the liberty I adore, I shall enjoy perfect freedom myself. I but offer my services to that interesting Republic from motives of the purest kind, unmixed with ambition or private views; her happiness and glory are my only incentives to the task. I hope that, for my sake, you will become a good American, for that feeling is worthy of every noble heart.

While he was absent Lafayette received word from Chavaniae of the birth there of his only son, George Washington Lafayette, who inherited the estate at the death of his father in 1834.

In 1791, the Château was completely restored by Lafayette who had then become a famous general and champion of liberty both in America and France. A year later, the "reign of terror" began in Paris. Lafayette, who had been so idolized by the people that his journey from Paris to Chavaniae in 1790 had been a continual ovation, was pronounced by the Jacobin-ruled national assembly a traitor to his country! Accompanied by a small group of patriots, he fled from Chavaniae, intending to go into exile in Holland, but was captured and held prisoner by the Austrians and Prussians for five years. During that time the Château was pillaged, confiscated, divided off, and sold as national property. The estate was repurchased in 1795 by Lafayette's aunt, the Comtesse de Chavaniae. And two years later General Lafayette worshipped again with his family in the little village Church of Chavaniae.

The quaint old Château, associated with the birth and youth of the great liberator, has now become a national institution through the initiative of American patriots, aided by a French committee formed to cooperate in the enterprise, among whom is the Marquis Lafayette, great grandson of the Revolutionary hero.

Besides providing a shelter for deserving dependents of war, the ancestral home of Lafayette also serves as a center of patriotic inspiration by its use as a museum for many valuable historic relics connected with the life and work of the great and honored Lafayette.

J. A. STEWART.

Going Back to Palestine

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D.
Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

WHO can remember a time when so much was written and talked as now about the Jew and Palestine? There is a feeling in the air, "a going in the tops of the mulberry trees," that presages something of great importance in that direction before long.

But what a mystery it all is both to the Jew and the Gentile, to the learned quite as much as the unlearned, when they are ignorant of, or set aside, the only infallible guide and interpreter, the inspired Bible!

Here comes a distinguished publicist in a French journal, whose name need not be mentioned, and who says, oh, so many queer things and asks so many queer questions! Queer, that is, to those who are familiar with and believe in the teaching of Holy Writ. And he is being quoted, also, as an authority on Jewish nationalism and Palestine. But, as Jeremiah says, he is speaking a vision of his own heart, and not out of the mouth of the Lord (Jer. 23:16).

I

HE wishes to know whether Israel has the right to become an autonomous nation in Palestine? "Is it, for that matter," says he, "even to its own interests?" We might reply by asking what right has any people to become an autonomous nation in the land of its fathers from which it was forcibly expelled? And when the answer came it might be found that even on the natural plane of things Israel had as good a right as any nation on earth.

But we can not think of Israel on the natural plane of things. Israel is supernatural. She is supernatural in her origin, in her past history, in her present dispersion and preservation among the nations, and in the future in store for her. There is a wealth of Scripture to substantiate each of these declarations, though space permits the mention of only one, Jeremiah 30. It is in that comforting prophecy, the study of which we urge upon our readers, that Jehovah says to her, "I will make a full end of all the nations whither I have scattered thee, but I will not make a full end of thee" (R. V.).

British Official Photo

British troops in Mesopotamia enclose within their trench system this excavation of the Ksar, in which is a basalt lion supposed to represent Babylonia's victory over Egypt in a war long past

II

BY what right do they claim the soil?" this writer asks. "Has a people that has voluntarily left a country an inalienable right to it, after the lapse of centuries?" We reply that Israel did not voluntarily leave her country; the Romans drove her out of it. And they drove her out according to "the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God." Even her expulsion was supernatural. It had been foretold by Moses in detail nearly 1,600 years before (Deut. 28:49-57), and when she was expelled, her restoration was predicted and assured (Luke 21-24).

Moreover, Israel's claim to the soil of Palestine is divine. The Bible as a revelation from God stands or falls with that affirmation. Men speak of the "right of eminent domain," but in the case of Israel and Palestine, we see "inherent sovereign power in the control of property for public purposes" exalted to the highest point. Her title deed is written in Genesis 12:7; it is confirmed by covenant and the territory surveyed and marked out in Genesis 15:18-21, and again and again in Sacred Writ is the transfer declared to be non-forfeitable and in perpetuity. "For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever" (Jehovah to Abram, Gen. 13:15).

III

THIS writer thinks it strange that "the Jews, who speak ever of right, justice and liberty, should concern themselves so little about the rights of the people in Palestine today." The Zionists, he thinks, would offer them a money indemnity, but he believes it doubtful whether the peasants now cultivating the soil would accept it.

The reference to the Zionists discloses his point of view. Zionism is a widespread movement among the Jews, having as its object the solution of the Jewish question by the resettlement of the Jews in Palestine. There is a political Zionism and a religious Zionism, but both aim in the same direction.

All honor to Zionism! Its motive is good, its spirit unselfish, its zeal heroic. It may be an instrument which God is using, and *will* use, to execute his plans for Israel in part. But if the prophets are rightly understood, there is as great and as exalted a difference between God's plans and those of Zionism as there was between his plans and those of Moses when the latter attempted to deliver Israel from Pharaoh by slaying an Egyptian.

The problem of indemnity to the peasants offers no difficulty to the "Judge of all the earth who doeth right." The problem primarily is not one of individual ownership but of government control. What power now controls Palestine, and what is the nature of its claim and the terms of its lease? One must go to the Bible for an answer to these questions, where he learns that Gentile occupancy of Palestine is only temporary and punitive.

Assyria, representative of all the Gentile nations in relation to the Jews, was merely the rod of God's anger and the staff of his indignation. He sent her against a hypocritical nation (Israel), and against the people of his wrath did he give her a charge (Isa. 10:5, 6). But she "helped forward the affliction" (Zech. 1:15). She went further in the exercise of her prerogative than God purposed she should, "Wherefore it shall come to pass," said he, "that when the Lord hath performed his whole work upon Mount Zion and on Jerusalem, I will punish the fruit of the stout heart of the king of Assyria, and the glory of his high looks" (Isa. 10:12).

The reference to "right, justice and liberty" has another side to it. The Canaanites occupied Palestine before the Jews entered it originally, by whom they were expelled by divine fiat. And that fiat was in the interest of "right, justice and liberty," and it will be so again.

IV

NOTHING is more surprising in the article under consideration than the statement that "Judea will always remain an arid mountain region with a fertile strip along the sea." The writer admits that "Galilee is more fruitful." Surprising, because we have just read the recent authoritative work of A. M. Hyamson on "The Rebirth of an Ancient Nation," who reminds us that Palestine is not, and never has been, a desert, in the colloquial sense, but a land laid waste. Colonel Claude Conder, whom he quotes, and than whom no one knew Palestine better, was always impressing his hearers that it was not desolate; that the forests had not been destroyed; that the seasons rotate still as in Bible times; that the springs and streams mentioned in the Bible still flow; that the rainfall is sufficient if it were only stored, and that the climate could easily be improved by drainage and the planting of trees.

The Rev. G. E. Post, who also knew the country well, and who writes still later, testifies, as Mr. Hyamson says, that the climate of Palestine is adapted to the existence of a large population. The plain around Gaza grows the finest barley in the world. The plain of Beisan is a land of wheat. The mountains of Judah were aforetime covered with olive groves and vineyards, and there is no reason why they should not be restored to their ancient condition. The so-called desert of Judea is capable of supporting innumerable flocks and herds. The crops that now respond to the primitive Arab methods of cultivation are a standing evidence to the natural fertility of the soil, where, as in Gaza and Siloam, the land already yields a hundredfold.

But we are not dependent upon man for this evidence, for God himself hath spoken it. His promise is that Israel shall be multiplied above her fathers (Deut. 30:5). "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt" (Amos 9:13).

V

THE crux of this whole matter is the Jew's religion. "Ask the French Jews what they think of the tolerance of their co-religionists in Palestine," our publicist exclaims. "Of course, not all are equally narrow and bigoted; but one may readily imagine that not all Jews will be gratified to see that type loom up in the Orient which will perhaps excommunicate them every morning."

The animus underlying this remark is of the Antichrist, who, when the Jews are back in their land again, "will confirm a covenant with many for one week," i.e., for seven years. Political rather than religious Zionism will be in the ascendant at first, when the Jews go back, and the Antichrist will find a favorable opportunity among them for the development of his malign purpose. But the so-called intolerants, the "remnant" who will not "bow the knee to Baal, and whose lips have not kissed him," will resist him unto death. That will be the hour of Jacob's trouble, but, thank God, he will be delivered out of it. The coming of the Lord is his hope, and resting in it he will not be confounded.

These things are necessary to be known and to be witnessed to, as an offset to the erroneous teaching—the groping in the dark—which fills so many pages of current periodicals. The people of God must not be led astray for lack of hearing his side of the matter, for his honor is at stake in the fulfilment of his promises to Israel, and through Israel to the whole world. Moreover, the whole world just now needs the comfort and encouragement, the optimistic outlook, which can be produced only by the assurance that God has not forgotten it, and that the clouds now big with mercy will yet break in blessings on its head.

The Next World's Convention

THE next convention of the World's Sunday School Association will be held in Tokyo, Japan, soon after the close of the World War, and it is proposed to erect a temporary building along the lines of the evangelistic tabernacles used in this country. It is thought that 150 or 200 workers will be present from Korea, and 200 or 250 from China, and that the Japanese will flock to the convention, while at least 2,000 visitors will come from America, Europe and Australasia.

God's Great Out of Doors

*A SERMON BY REV. A. EDWIN KEIGWIN, D.D.**

TEXT—Job 36:29. "Can any understand the noise of his tabernacle?"

IN mythology we are told of a very wonderful building somewhere betwixt heaven and earth. The walls are of resounding brass. A thousand entries and windows are concealed from human sight by glorious foliage. There are no doors to shut, so they stand open night and day. Through the many openings all sounds of earth and every word that is spoken enter, and the discord roareth every way, then passeth out through the same apertures, ascending to Olympus as entrancing harmony, well pleasing to the gods.

What a pity this ancient fantasy is not a present-day reality! How unfortunate that the Bible contains no corresponding conception! Ah, but this extraordinary building is a reality, and we find it described in even greater detail in the Word of God. What is more, we discover its location is not so remote as the ancients thought. The building, well within the border of our work-a-day world, is tangible and always accessible. So follow me, if you will, that I may lead you into a dwelling-place of God, where every jarring note of this discordant age will be transformed into melody.

A tabernacle, Elihu calls it. The allusion is to nature—God's great out-of-doors. "Can any understand the noise of his tabernacle?" Much depends upon the answer one is able to make to the question.

JOB was in great trouble, consequently sore perplexed. Having lost property, loved ones and health all in a twinkling, he finds himself plunged into that tangled woodland of speculation well known to the afflicted. He must find his way out into the clearing, to God and light and intelligent understanding. Being a good man, he first turns to theology for comfort, and theology breaks down utterly under the weight of so great and undeserved woe. Quite naturally then he looks to his friends. But friendship fails in this crisis. He dismisses them with the words, "miserable comforters are ye all." He seeks consolation from his wife, and the only light she is able to throw upon the problem is "Change your religion. There must be something radically wrong with your belief in Providence and the profit of godliness. Surely a loving God would not permit you to suffer thus. Curse God and die!"

Finding his trusted supports gone, Job is thrown back upon his own intellectual processes. His mind wanders about blindly through the universe crying, Why, Why, Why? But there is no answering voice. No sound comes to his ear but the ceaseless grinding of the wheels of that remorseless machine known variously as cosmos, force, law. No benevolence looks its compassion upon him from the eyeless sockets of fate. He senses no warm thrill as, reaching up out of a sea of trouble, he grasps the dead hand of philosophy. He is desolate, alone, defeated before the mystery of being. Yet not alone, for in his extremity God finds the afflicted man, and with loving hand conducts him into the temple of nature, that he may there read the meaning of it all, and come at last to know the harmony of life, which too close proximity to single blatant notes has made it impossible for him to discern.

THOSE hours alone with God out-of-doors were the greatest of Job's life. It was an experience never to be forgotten. He was shown the foundations of the tabernacle, the beams laid in light, the dome as of molten glass supported upon pillars of morning and pillars of evening, and the many encircling galleries, mountain upon mountain, tier above tier. His attention is called to the sunrise tapestries, the verdant carpeting and the starry chandeliers, particularly the clusters of the Pleiades and Orion.

"You shall now hear my great organ." So saying, God drew the vox-angelica stop, and Job heard the music of insect life; the flute and piccolo stops, and he listened to the music of bird life; the trumpet stop, and the instrument gave forth the rich, strong tones of animal life. Then came the dulcimer, the music of pattering rain-drops. Finally the deep-throated double open diapason was heard as reverberating thunder shook the temple to its very foundation.

At this psychological moment the Almighty turned suddenly upon his perplexed servant with the question, "Where wast thou when I made all this? Tell me, if thou canst." Job has no adequate answer. His soul has been stirred to its utmost depth. In a hushed whisper of reverential awe and humility he speaks, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee. For the first time I understand the noise of thy Tabernacle. I see it all quite clearly now. I live in a universe of intelligence, power, order, concord and benevolence. Forgive me, Lord, that I ever misjudged or doubted heaven's blessings or thee."

"So be it, troubled heart. Now that thine own soul hath found the peace of God, pray. Pray for the theologians, thy friends, thy wife. Pray for the world, that all may understand the noise of my tabernacle."

He prayed that day, prayed as never before. The service over, Job went back to his complex life to meet at the tabernacle door faith, health, and prosperity more abundant than he had ever known before.

HAVE we so read Job? No? Then, dear friends, we have never read the book at all. This immortal epic of the inner life reaches its climax in the six beautiful nature chapters with which it closes. One hundred and sixty verses of God's unspoiled handiwork, in every one of which is seen Almighty power, divine providence, and undeviating good will. The lesson is this: A universe in which is clearly seen a living will cannot be purposeless.

Thus far I have sought to surround you with the atmosphere of the text. Now let us enter his tabernacle, that we may find for ourselves all that Job found. Habitually men of old, when hard pressed by inexplicable circumstances, sought peace and comfort out of doors alone with God. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills whence cometh my help," is the key to the Psalmist's trustful though checkered life. I see Elijah in those hours of reaction following the greatest triumph of his life. Faith spent from that shining victory for God on Mount Carmel. Physical strength spent from running so far after the King's chariot. There he sits beneath the juniper tree depressed beyond words. "What doest thou here, Elijah?" God asks. "Lord, everything has gone to smash: religion, theology, thine altars, thy prophets. I am the only one left, and they seek my life." Of course, there is not a word of truth in much of this, but no use to argue with a man when he is in such a state of physical and spiritual collapse. He must have rest, sleep, food. These God provides. But he needs something infinitely more. He must get hold of himself, get back his faith, get a firmer grip upon God. This he succeeds in doing under circumstances as fascinating to me now as when read to me in childhood by a Christian mother. Elijah regained his faith at an organ recital in nature's temple. He had a choice box seat in a cleft of the rock. The divine organist used that day the earthquake stop, the fire stop, the wind stop. As the music of the still small voice enswathed and caressed him, Elijah felt his weariness and despondency dropping from him as clothing from the tired body at bedtime hour. "Why!" said he, "there is order, harmony, love, after all!"

WHERE, if not out of doors, alone with God, did Jesus refresh his soul, strengthen his faith, and make resolute his purpose? Long days and nights in the wilderness, nights of prayer in the mountains, alone with God in the garden—here were the ever-flowing springs from which he slaked his thirst for the highest and best.

Again the summer is upon us, and so far as possible let us seek refreshment for body, soul and spirit amidst templed hills, cathedraled pines and peaceful countryside. Man made the cities, God made the country. If we have lost God amid the maze of daily life we shall find him yonder.

It has been a year of unprecedented perplexity and world-engulfing sorrow. One is positively bewildered in the presence of such colossal awfulness. But there is something bigger than skyscraper, dreadnaught and gun. Go find It.

Are we sure that man will yet unravel the riddle of life and compass the mysteries involved in a universal social upheaval? Then let us take a look at the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Perhaps we shall feel as did the famous artist who went thither quite confident he could capture the glories of that scene for his canvas. He came away without unpacking his brushes. When asked for an explanation he said, "I dared not insult God."

Do we fear that Christianity, civilization and all the rich heritage of past centuries are lost? We will take our doubts to Kentucky and follow the course of the lost river, so called because no one knows its origin and it vanishes into a cave no one knows whither.

Have we lost Christ and faith in a Kingdom over which he shall reign where'er the sun doth his successive journey run? Follow Peter's "I go a-fishing." Fishing is means of grace—at least so I have found it. A hook, a brook, a shady nook—ah, what medicine for shattered nerves and what rehabilitation for a despoiled life!

As things stand today, there is grave peril for our sanity and institutions unless we let go and let God speak. Let go on nerve tension and thought buckle: let God speak to us. Relax and he will reveal.

Many there are to whom war has brought changes almost as great as those enumerated in Job. Possessions have taken wings, loved ones are gone, health is impaired, friends have not all proved true, religion is no longer the consolation it once was. Nobody understands, apparently nobody cares. All of which proves we are being initiated into the greatest secret society of the world—the Fellowship of Suffering. And we shall never find peace and confidence until we have received the highest degree, kneeling beside our Lord in some garden with his words of self-dedication upon our lips, "Nevertheless not my will but thine be done."

I once heard Dr. F. B. Meyer tell a Northfield audience how, in the greatest intellectual and spiritual crisis of his life, he fled to a wooded hillside overlooking the town where he was pastor, to escape the doubts and fears that hounded him. He was on the verge of insanity. He had written his resignation and resolved to demit the ministry. Think of it—he, one of the greatest spiritual preachers of the age! After hours of pacing to and fro, he found his answer, and with it peace, kneeling in prayer beside a fallen tree.

It is necessity, not literary art, that offers the solution for Job's quandary in rocks and stars, storm and sunshine, whirlwind and whispering waters. In no other fashion could the Almighty be fittingly introduced into the drama. The measure of truth is the measure of the form required for its expression. To Nicodemus's "How can these things be?", Jesus replies in terms of nature. The deduction is that regeneration is too profound for verbal explanation.

THE spiritual truths most needing emphasis at this time are too magnificent for words. Salvation through vicarious suffering, the joy of service, the passion for righteousness, the beauty of human brotherhood, the glory of Jesus Christ, the love of God—what tongue or pen or mind is sufficient for the theme? Where then shall we turn for light and understanding? Where Job turned.

Since nature is good and God is God we may abide in confidence, if we will. Although the leaves fade trees grow. Although there is noise in the branches as they succumb to the elements and rustling among the leaves lying dead upon the ground, the roots continue growing in silence. Death is ostentatious, but life is invisible. No one event exhausts the universe.

It was the close of a perfect spring day. We were leaving behind us Egypt, with its great monuments of a past civilization, and Palestine, with what little is left of the early beginnings of that eternal Kingdom which the Man of Galilee is erecting. Our ship was steaming across the Mediterranean directly toward the golden gate of an exquisite sunset. I stood upon the upper deck just under the officers' bridge, regarding a scene to me as impressive as the prodigality of the Artist invisible who spilled as many colors upon the sea as he spread upon his canvas, the sky. Drawn as by a magnet, passengers and crew were crowded together as far forward as they could get. About me stood first cabin passengers, men of affairs, ladies of fashion, youths of ambition, lovers, and several in deep mourning. On the deck below were the second cabin passengers, while a motley company from almost every quarter of the globe, swarming the steerage deck, put standing-room at a premium. There was little conversation. Upon every deck each was alone with his own thoughts—and with God. It was to me one of those wonderful moments of life. The throb of the machinery, the swish of the waves at the bow, the sunset, the transfixed gazers—I can give you only the faintest conception of the impressiveness of the picture. Standing in that group, there came to mind words inspired by a similar scene, "There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." God was speaking to all alike.

AGAIN it is the close of a day we thought perfect. Humanity is sailing into a sunset more spiritually glorious by reason of the many clouds that with broken wings are flying over our heads into the night behind us. Who doth not feel the spell of the hour? Who hath not had his moments alone with his thoughts? But the gathering twilight is pregnant with a new, a better day. Even now Faith whispers to the soul, "The morning breaketh." So take thy sorrows, doubts, anxieties, dear heart, into his tabernacle this summer and be at rest.

"Can any understand the noise of his tabernacle?" Yes, Elihu, they can, and they do. And, because they understand, men are more and more coming to believe that intelligence, power, order, harmony and love preside over this jarring era, and that some day the sob of the nations will become a new song.

* Pastor, West End Presbyterian Church, New York.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D. D.

Daily Meditation

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Winning Spirit

SUNDAY, August 18. Rom. 8 : 37. "*We are more than conquerors in him.*" This word of the apostle expresses the victorious mood in which victory was achieved. The early believers in the Lord Jesus won the victory in their hearts before they won it on the field. In Christ Jesus they anticipated triumph, and their anticipations made the triumph possible. And this mood is one of the secrets of victory in every Kingdom. Is there any record of an army winning a battle when the soldiers entered the conflict believing they would fail? Such a gloomy lack of confidence would breed a dismal progeny of wants, and the army would be sapped of its vital resources before the battle began. Our biggest inspirations blow from the gates of the morning! Let those gates be closed, and the soul will be deprived of the mystic oxygen which is absolutely essential to her life and strength. There is to me a very real significance, and therefore something of spiritual direction, in the words of the prophet which tell me that the glory of the Lord entered the temple by the gateway "*which looked toward the east.*" He entered by the door which looked toward the new dawnings, the new revelations, the door of expectancy and hope! "Lift up your hands, O ye gates, and the King of Glory shall come in!" Our eager confidences become the highway of the Lord.

And so it is that, in a very real degree, we can ascertain the nature of our coming victories or defeats by examining the character of our expectations. We may regard all our unbeliefs as the ministers and precursors of disaster. Whenever did unbelief go into battle singing a song of praise? When did unbelief hammer the strongholds of iniquity with blows which shook its walls into dust? When did unbelief stride out into the second mile with the fine determination to make the second mile the justification of the first? It is only the assurance of victory which works miracles of this kind, and it works them every day. In the spiritual realm a healthy confidence not only sees a highway stretching through coming days, and brightening ever more and more unto perfect day, but it makes that highway the road on which there come the marvelous reinforcements of the spirit, which transform all antagonisms into opportunities of glorious achievements.

And surely this victorious mood is needed today. Our tasks are tremendous. To lose confidence is to lose everything. The devil always wins when he breaks our assurance. To be sure in Christ Jesus is the beginning of victory. Nay, it is victory! "This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith." J. H. J.

From Death to Life

MONDAY, August 19. John 5 : 24. "*He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.*" These words are in harmony with Jesus' other saying, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." Christianity has had a singular effect on certain words, greatly intensifying their meaning—such words as "love" and "life." Maeterlinck writes interestingly on "The Life of the Bee," and Fabre on "The Life of the Spider." But do these insects really live? Life is more than existence, more than motion, more than sensation, more than instinct. Life is reason and religion. What does life mean to us at our best? Wordsworth answers, "Admiration, hope and love." Tennyson answers, "Knowledge, reverence, self-control." Both these poets are in accord with the words of Jesus.

Jesus came to fill life with sweet, deep meanings. He came to dignify man in his own sight. So Christianity is a discovery of man's own high destiny. An old Greek philosopher heard somebody say, "It is a bad thing to live," and replied, "It is not bad to live, but it is bad to live badly." Life in the Christian sense is full of knowledge and of activity. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." Moreover, life is holiness; that is, health. Health is holiness of the body, the result of obedience to the law. Holiness is health of the soul. So only the holy life can say, "I do always those things that please God." Life on the highest plane is filled with purpose and passion—the purpose to do God's will and the passion to win his approval. C. C. A.

Sealed Unto God

TUESDAY, August 20. II Cor. 1 : 21, 22. "*Now he which establisheth us with you in Christ, and hath annointed us, is God; who hath also sealed us.*" These words were written to people who had already become Christians. Their purpose is to remove all doubts as to their final salvation from their hearts and to confirm them in their faith and hope. The apostle tells these people that "he which establisheth us in Christ and hath anointed us, is God." God not only brings men to faith and at their conversion gives them the unction of the Holy Spirit, but he also keeps them in faith and offers them increased assurances of his good-will toward them. The apostle says: "God has sealed us." Elsewhere we are told that the seal is the Holy Spirit himself. It is not some material mark or sign which has been affixed to believers, but a spiritual characteristic that has been stamped into the inner life of believers when they were sealed.

In ancient times the tattooing of the body was a common custom. People would mark their bodies with peculiar signs and characters, in order to show their connection with a certain society or race, Indian warriors went into the fight painted and tattooed. The worshipers at certain pagan shrines in India wear the symbol of their idol branded in their foreheads. Sailors will mark their bodies with the symbol of their ships; friends will paint or scratch each other's names into their skin. Also in marking merchandise the owner or shipper will use a seal. On cattle ranches the stock is branded with a seal. Inventors affix a peculiar device to their work by which they can know and distinguish it. Legal documents, such as wills, deeds, contracts, bonds, etc., are sealed, to certify the validity of the transaction which they import. To any or all of these customs the apostle may allude by way of comparison, when he declares believers sealed with the Holy Ghost. The figure which the apostle employs is a striking one; the thought which it is intended to convey is, that believers belong inseparably to God. To be given this assurance is a great comfort to every child of God amidst the shortcomings, temptations, and dangers of the present life. God has fully secured to himself his own. W. H. T. D.

His Promises

WEDNESDAY, August 21. John 16 : 23. "*Verily, verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.*" God and his Word are one; therefore the throne of God rests upon the eternal rock foundations of such promises. What words of hope to a bankrupt sinner! Whatsoever he asks, in Jesus' name and for his sake, the Father will give him! Can it be that all God's riches are at my command? Will he supply all my needs? Shall I never fear or tremble in the face of any danger again? Is it in the Saviour's last will and testament that all he has is mine? Yes, blessed Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, I come to thee that I may receive what is according to thy will and according to thy riches. Thou wilt give me cordial for my pain, cleansing for my sin, comfort for my sorrow, love, joy and peace for my rejoicing. Shall nothing ever separate me from thee? Neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers? Wilt thou hold me safe forever? We know that thou canst not change nor die nor lose thine infinite wealth. What thou hast been in all the past, thou art now to me. Is a thousand years to thee but as a day? Art thou the God of Abraham and my God? The refuge of Jacob and my refuge? Does thy mercy endure forever and for all? Art thou everywhere present to supply every need? O blessed, infinite Father, what wondrous bliss to know that thou, God, seest me, lovest me, blessest me! If I ascend into heaven, thou art there; if I wait upon the earth, thou wilt never leave me. Therefore my home is everywhere, and all things are mine because I am Christ's, and Christ is God's. E. W. C.

The Kingdom of Heaven

THURSDAY, August 22. Matt. 13 : 33. "*The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.*" It is a singular thing that Jesus never attempted to define the kingdom of heaven. But again and again, in parables, he describes it by illustration, telling us what it is like. Why did he not define it? Because it is too great to be defined. But he borrows all sorts of figures as symbols of the kingdom. There is no more striking symbol of the kingdom than leaven. It is foreign to the substance which it affects. It is a secret, silent, unobtrusive force. It is pervasive and powerful—so powerful as to change the character of that into which a small quantity of it is introduced.

Christianity is a force entirely alien to the world into which it came. It is not of the earth earthy—not a human religion. God's thoughts are not our thoughts, nor his ways our ways. See the multitude of human gospels—how different these!

Moreover, Christianity is a secret force. It comes without observation. It came into the world with no advertised program, no prospectus. Jesus raised no army, effected no organization. He did not cry aloud in the streets to advertise his wares. It strikes certain minds as exceedingly strange that Christianity did not at the beginning openly attack despotism or slavery; that it made no direct effort to diminish cruelty, to deliver women from bondage and children from barbarous conditions; that it organized no temperance crusade or purity movement. Only immature minds, however, dwell long on these "omissions." The surest way to fail would have been to do exactly what half-baked theories would have demanded. The leaven must first be planted in the meal. That was what Jesus did from the beginning of his ministry to the day when in the attitude of blessing he ascended to the heavens from which he came, thenceforth to give gifts to men. The leaven has been working for eighteen and a half centuries and its power is only beginning to be universally felt. There are still unleavened masses, so there is still work for us to do who were appointed to continue and to complete that which Christ began. Every church at home and every mission abroad, every Christian school and hospital, every evangelist and colporteur is neither more nor less than a purveyor of the leaven of the kingdom. We can do nothing more, though we were the mightiest on earth, and we must do nothing less, whatever the cost may be. C. C. A.

The Trinity

FRIDAY, August 23. II Cor. 13 : 14. "*The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.*" In this apostolic benediction Paul combines the causes of our salvation. Our salvation is due to the joint operation of the three persons of the holy Trinity: the Father willed it, the Son procured it, the Holy Spirit applies it. Three strands in a cord make the cord all the stronger; so is our salvation made as firm as it can be made by the fact that each person of the Trinity works towards bringing it about. What the entire Godhead is so deeply interested in will surely not fail of the desired end.

Accordingly, we have reason to be grateful to each person of the Godhead for what he has done and is doing to bring about our salvation. We thank the Father that he so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that all who believe in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. We thank the Son, because in him we have the redemption through his blood, namely, the forgiveness of sin; and if any man sin, we have in him an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, who is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world. We thank the Holy Ghost, for when we could not by our own reason or strength believe in Jesus Christ or come to him, the Holy Ghost called us by the Gospel, enlightened us with his gifts, sanctified and kept us in the one true faith, even as he calls, gathers, sanctifies and enlightens the whole Christian Church, and keeps it with Jesus Christ in the one true faith. W. H. T. D.

False Ease

SATURDAY, August 24. Luke 12: 19. "*Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry.*" Do not most people think, at the beginning of life, "When I have attained my ideal, I shall become perfectly happy?" With one person, it is to be settled in business life; to another, it is to have a home and family; to a third, to secure an education; and all hope to lay up enough of this world's goods for a rainy day. This is the climax of happiness in this world.

> That cruel something, unpossessed,
> Crowds and lessens all the rest;
> That something, if we could obtain,
> Would soon create a future pain.

Christ's presence in the heart is the very vestibule of heaven; it is the joy of the Lord, the peace of the soul. Coming to him, we rest; and whosoever will may come. What wonderful testimonies would the heroes give if we could hear them now! Would not Moses say, "I esteem the reproach of Christ greater than the treasures of Egypt," or Paul, "I suffered the loss of all things that I might win Christ. The light afflictions are not to be compared with the weight of glory." All the hosts of the redeemed rejoice that they exchanged earthly treasures for gems of beauty to bedeck their crown of joy forever. E. W. C.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

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Spiritual Preparedness

IN recent issues of the Christian Herald, we have referred to the prolific literary product of wartime. To discuss the books that treat of the spiritual aspects of the struggle alone would be a task too large to undertake. Of course, a great many of these books are written by divines; but there are also volumes by statesmen, philosophers, novelists, poets and sociologists, who have found it an irresistible subject for discussion.

But while the conflict of the nations has stirred these intellectual forces into activity, it by no means follows that the world is greatly helped thereby. It would be nearer the truth to state very frankly that the conflict of minds thus far has been confusing rather than convincing. Among the theologians, so many plans have been advanced for setting things right in the world, that the wrangle, taken as a whole, leads nowhere. One authority declares flatly that Christianity is not in crisis and orthodoxy is not in jeopardy. Another holds that a re-statement of vital principles is imperative, and asserts that modern orthodoxy is so littered up with forms, ceremonials and restrictions which have no bearing on real Christian living, that we need to trim the tree of its superfluities that we may have a clear sight of the living branches.

Meanwhile men at the front, according to all the accounts received from innumerable observers, have their own spiritual view and it would seem to be a surprisingly unanimous one. They, at least, have gone deep enough to stand on the fundamentals—the Everlasting Rock. There is no clash of discussion among the men in the trenches, concerning God and the life hereafter, and the world's need of a Saviour. To them has come the revelation that came to Tolstoy, and which has come to many others—that Christ is on the battlefield to comfort and to strengthen every noble purpose and to dignify sacrifice. Will these men, when they return to us, be satisfied with the old forms and limitations? Will they not rather cling to their new and more satisfying vision?

In view of all the conditions, it would seem to be time for the churches, the theologians, clerical and lay, and all good people, to get together. The war, which must end sometime, has intensified the need of a universal recognition of God's sovereignty and righteousness, and of the truth of the Gospel message to man through His revealed Word. That Gospel stands forth more potential than ever.

One of the great leaders of religious thought in America has advanced the view that what is needed in the religious world today is not a re-affirmation of creeds and doctrines, but a New Reformation. What does that imply? If God's people in and out of the churches have the will, and if their will be God's will, and not bounded by narrow individualism, the way will be opened and a leader, strong and courageous, will be found ready. God always has the man for a great emergency.

Sir David Beatty, the admiral of the British fleet, said at a public gathering not very long ago, that if the teachings of Jesus Christ were accepted by the civilized nations, and their course in all things governed accordingly, war would disappear, and the whole world would enter upon a new era. Will the forces of Christianity be ready to welcome such an opportunity? This is the dominant question as we enter the fifth year of the war. What shall be the answer?

The War in Its Fifth Year

THE great world-war has passed into its fifth year, with our own country become one of the chief belligerents, and the only possible terms of peace made clear.

Tremendous changes have come in the last year. President Wilson's definite, inspiring issue has been accepted by all the Allies. Our side has steadily gained in power, materially and morally.

A year ago, the Russian revolution had taken place and the United States had declared war on Germany. Russia's passing out of the war has diverted vast armies against us, but the United States, in preparing men and material for the war and getting them to the battlefield, has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations.

A year ago Italy was preparing to blast the way to Laibach—to Vienna—just as the great Napoleon had done in 1797. She has meanwhile suffered defeat and humiliation, but has emerged with a great moral triumph and is again toiling on the same road; and many believe that this road, just as Napoleon believed and expounded, is the only road.

A year ago, the German U-boat threatened to render nought the vast military preparations of this country. In June, 1917, it disposed of 712,721 gross tons of merchant ships; in June, 1918, its record was only 275,629. Then the tonnage available for the Allies had suffered a net loss of 4,033,368 gross since the war began; now the mighty launching splash of July 4, preceded by augmenting activity in shipbuilding, both here and in the United Kingdom, has practically reduced that net loss to zero.

A year ago there was cooperation among the Allies, but no unity—aid exchanged, but no common director—now there is "one army, one front, and one supreme command." And one issue. And as the fifth year begins, this vital fact seems to be finding full expression.

Today the Allies have 10,000,000 men facing 6,500,000 Germans in the west. As the fifth year dawned the tide of battle was turning. Increasing advantage is now on our side.

Unparalleled in all history is the mighty sweep of the American army across the Atlantic and into the forefront of the fighting. Unparalleled, too, in all the records of statesmanship, are the principles enunciated by President Wilson for the safety of democracy, for the self-determination of nations, great and small, and for permanent peace through international concert. Washington taught the world to know the meaning of liberty. Wilson is teaching the world to accept that meaning for itself.

Corn for All

THE cornfields of the West and Middle West are one of the battle-grounds on which the war is to be won. The average Easterner has no idea of the meaning of the word cornfield. His conception of a cornfield is based upon the minute patches planted in corn which he has seen in New England, New York or New Jersey.

A glimpse of the cornfields of the West is a revelation of the magnitude of America. In the great corn belt of the West, at this time of the year, the cornfields are an empire in themselves.

This empire, we are told by the Federal Reserve Board's monthly summary, is in a flourishing condition. The bulletins from Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska range from "good" to "excellent."

More than that, the vast domain in which corn is king has been extended by the timely educational campaign conducted by the Food Administration and the Department of Agriculture. Winter-killed seed corn has been eliminated. Practically all the corn planted germinated well.

Piling Up the Evidence

ANOTHER piece of conclusive evidence, undisclosed for four years, has been brought to light, which conclusively fixes upon the Kaiser and his Junker advisers the responsibility for the world war. With the finger of accusation pointed straight toward him, the Kaiser has proclaimed: "I did not will this war; the blood is not on my hands!" And now the evidence is here to establish the charge.

When the war began, Dr. Wilhelm Mühlon was one of the directors of the Krupp Company. He was in a position to discover that war was pending long before the world knew anything about it. He is now living in Switzerland, safe beyond the reach of the German government, and lately gave out a statement which is virtually a confession. It contains some surprising things. He tells of the guns the Krupps were making for Belgium and which were ready for delivery before the war, but at Belgium's request, were not delivered. "The little kingdom drew all of her war material from Germany," he says, "and depended upon us for models and manufacture. Thus, 28-centimeter guns for fortifying Antwerp had been ordered and were ready for delivery. The earthworks at Antwerp, however, were not sufficiently advanced, and Belgium asked us to keep them, and shortly before the war, even offered to pay storage on the guns if they were kept until it was convenient to accept them. The guns, therefore, were held, and when the war broke, the Prussian War Minister took possession of these valuable cannon and turned them to his own uses." The commandeering of Belgium's cannon and turning them against her was a masterpiece of German efficiency, quite in line with the breaking of treaties, and the violation of Belgian neutrality.

Still another piece of evidence which also convicts Germany of planning and starting the war, is given in a statement by ex-Ambassador Morgenthau. He gives the story of what actually took place at the German war council in Potsdam July 5, 1914, as it was related to him by Baron Wangenheim, then German Ambassador to Constantinople, and it corroborates the disclosures made by Prince Lichnowsky, an account of which the Christian Herald gave in a former issue. Baron Wangenheim told him, after war had been declared, the facts of the Potsdam meeting. Kaiser Wilhelm, Moltke, the Army Chief of Staff, Admiral von Tirpitz and a number of leading bankers, railroad directors, and managers of large industries were present.

> Wangenheim now told me that the Kaiser solemnly put the question to each man in turn: Was he ready for war? All replied "Yes," except the financiers. They said that they must have two weeks to sell their foreign securities and to make loans. It was decided to give the bankers time to readjust their finances for the coming war, and then the several members went quietly back to their work or started on vacations.
>
> In telling me about this conference, Wangenheim, of course, admitted that Germany had precipitated the war. I think that he was rather proud of the whole performance; proud that Germany had gone about the matter in so methodical and far-seeing a way; especially proud that he himself had been invited to participate in so momentous a gathering. The several blue, red, and yellow books which flooded Europe the few months following the outbreak, and the hundreds of documents which were issued by German propaganda attempting to establish Germany's innocence, never made any impression on me. For my conclusions as to the responsibility are not based on suspicions or belief or the study of circumstantial data. I do not have to reason or argue about the matter. *I know.* Whenever I hear people arguing about the responsibility for this war, or read the clumsy and lying excuses put forth by Germany, I simply recall the burly figure of Wangenheim as he appeared that August afternoon, puffing away at a huge black cigar and giving me his account of this historic meeting.

Can any one who reads such a revelation doubt that the unbiased historians of the great war will hold the Potsdam Conference as the pivotal point upon which rests the whole question of responsibility for its beginning? That meeting, under the Kaiser's prompting, gave the decision he desired. And, as ex-Ambassador Morgenthau adds, in the two weeks' interval the bankers completed their plans. These were historic weeks in the exchanges of Europe and America. Germany changed her securities into cash for war purposes. There was a huge slump in quotations—but the thing was done, and the Kaiser proceeded to turn loose upon the world the destructive forces he had been organizing for many years—an act which he now, with hands uplifted to heaven, repudiates with a vehemence that is both tragical and pitiful.

That this repudiation is itself repudiated by the sane and just element among the German people, is made evident in the recent petition of Captain Von Beerfelde to the Reichstag, to "prosecute relentlessly" the leaders of Germany in 1914 as men who "were guilty of the most criminal savagery and the most abominable swindle, and they are traitors and criminals." He especially indicates Chancellor Bethmann von Holweg, although he might have gone higher, as the Chancellor was merely the appointed mouth-piece of his Hohenzollern masters. Bold and startling as is the arraignment, and one that is very likely to cost its author his liberty, it cannot be otherwise regarded than as an indication of what is passing in the minds of many Germans at the present time.

Old Clothes During the War

"NO new dresses" is the slogan raised by members of the National Women's Liberty Loan Committee, in conference at Chicago to devise means for increasing women's activities in the next war bond campaign. The economy is urged with the idea of making thrift fashionable for the period of the war. But, in fact, as respects all woolen fabrics, wearing old clothes, voluntary now, may soon be made compulsory in view of the military requirements for wool. Men in particular, apart from the cost of new clothes, are likely to find it expedient to make their old suits serve as long as possible.

The dyers and cleaners of the country, in convention at Atlantic City, showed themselves alive to the situation. They have taken advantage of the opportunity to have their industry recognized by the government as essential to the winning of the war and are about to begin a publicity campaign to educate the public to the possibilities of reclaiming old clothing through modern processes of cleaning and dyeing.

Meantime the government itself is setting an excellent example. At the repair shops and cleaning plants established by the Quartermaster Corps at the army cantonments 907,466 pieces of wearing apparel were repaired and 405,102 pieces dry-cleaned in May, and the issue of new clothing materially reduced. Certainly if the government can afford to save old clothes the public can. There is no reproach in an old coat nowadays if it is a clean coat; it may even serve in the circumstances as a uniform of patriotism.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

About His Master's Business

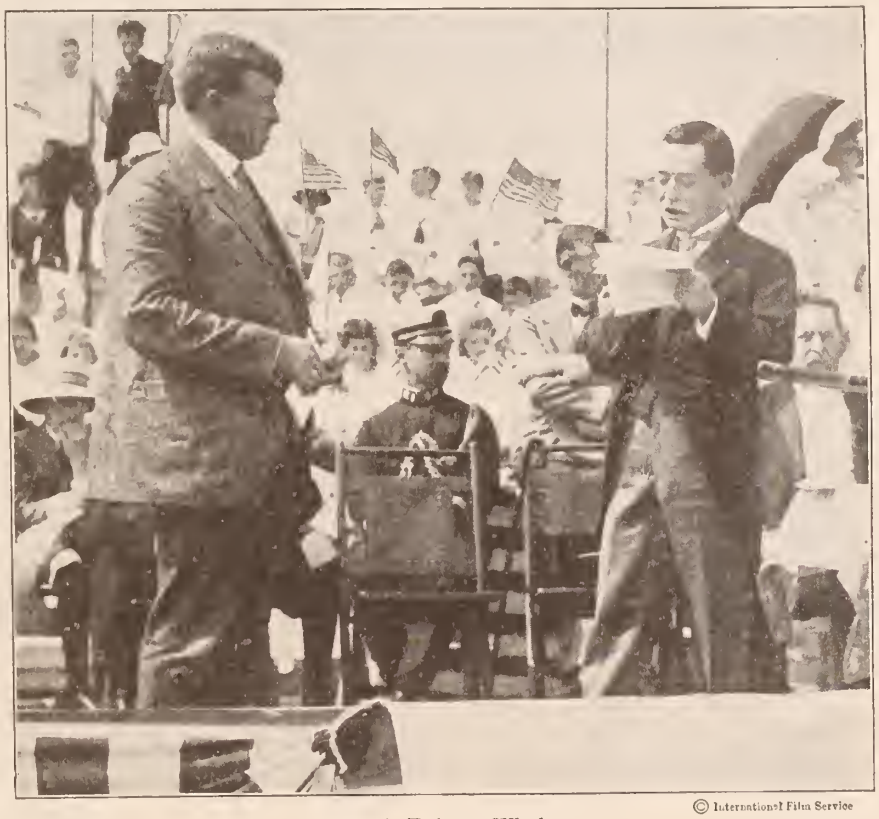
MARGARET JAQUES writes these facts of a man who was about his Master's business: During the past twenty years Dr. William H. Schureman, Presbyterian Sabbath school missionary, has traveled across the arid plains and through the mountainous districts of Wyoming and northern Colorado, bringing new life and a future to settlements where dance halls and saloons were predominant, where absolute ignorance reigned, where not only the children but a second and third generation were growing up without any religious influence in their lives, and where mail-order catalogues were their only Bibles. Most of the 254,000 miles traveled in visiting the ranchers, homesteaders and poor whites living in dugouts, sod houses and huts of one, two and three rooms, were covered behind a horse which never exceeded four miles an hour. In his buggy Dr. Schureman carried a tent, a folding organ which he found invaluable in conducting services, a bread-box containing food and cooking utensils and feed for his horse. At night he pitched camp in that desolate country where the wolves and coyotes howled, and went on the next day to the end of his destination. At other times he traveled by foot, stagecoach or train. Recently he has covered his territory in an automobile, driving over 8,000 miles the first season, and carrying his sleeping and eating paraphernalia with him. During his twenty years of service, Dr. Schureman has assisted at over 45,000 meetings, established many Sunday schools and churches, helped secure ministers and start schools, and has taken part in the construction of some of the church buildings. From those meager beginnings which he has helped these people make, churches are being built, vice is slowly being wiped out, and the bigger things along religious lines which make life more tolerable for the people who are struggling to build for themselves and their children a future home, are being commenced. The work of the pioneer minister is all important. There has to be the beginning of things in the building of a home, the founding of a fortune, or the establishment of a church. Such beginnings necessarily involve hard work and personal sacrifice. Our country has been peculiarly blessed with the character of these pioneer home missionaries. As much to them as to the ministers who follow them in the fine churches and cultivated communities, is due the great success of the Church in this country. These pioneers imitate the great early missionary who said: "*We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus sake.*" (*II Cor. 4 : 5.*)

Dog Stops Men Fighting

THREE men in Brooklyn, neighbors and friends, were sent to St. Catherine's Hospital the other day suffering with dog bites, and were attended by the surgeon. The men were sitting in the backyard of the residence of one of them and got into an argument which turned into a free-for-all fight. The dog of one of the men, who was lying asleep, said to himself: "Is not this a pretty picture? Men have no right to make brutes of themselves; much less friends who have no reason for a difference. But since they really want to fight so badly, I will teach them how to do the trick." And so he rushed in and began to bite them terribly, not sparing his master. Stung with the pain, they turned from knocking each other to fight the dog; but he was too much for them, and cleaned out the crowd. Completely vanquished, the men made a break for a high fence and climbed upon that, but the dog chewed the calves of their legs till they pulled themselves up out of his reach atop of the fence. The dog then went back to his corner as though saying to himself: "Now I guess they are cured. It will be a good while before they will disturb the peace of this neighborhood again, or disgrace my backyard." And they were cured, sure enough. All the fight was gnawed out of them. They did not want to fight each other, and from considerations of penitence or prudence, they did not even want to fight the dog. Men are sometimes stirred by such beastly impulses that a fighting bulldog would have reason to be ashamed of them. A strong will, good company, and the grace of God can tame the basest and most diabolical appetites of the human soul. The apostle makes reference to the beast-and-angel conflict in us in these words: "*But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another. Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh.*" (*Gal. 5 : 15 : 16.*)

Paris Bird-Charmer Dead

HENRI POL, the famous old bird-charmer of the Tulleries Gardens in Paris, died recently. Every afternoon for the last forty years this veteran pensioned postal official attracted large crowds of visitors by his wonderful method of calling the sparrows that haunt the gardens and feeding them from his hand. Many birds instantly replied to the names he had given them, and circled around his head or perched on his shoulder. Children regarded Pol as a veritable wizard. The old charmer was over eighty years of age. What a beautiful example we have here of human tenderness and affection for the lower tribes! There is the story of a nation in olden time which set out to find a king to rule them. One of the stipulations was that the one to be selected should be a kind-hearted man. They found a man so kind in spirit that the wild beasts fell in love with him. The lions, tigers, panthers and other wild animals came to his hut in the woods every day and he fed them out of his hands, and petted them as his children. Those searching for the king said, "Here we have him. One so kind to the dumb creatures will be good to men, and one who can so tame the beasts will be able to control the passions of the people." The old bird-charmer of Paris copied God in his love and care for every creature he has made. Christ thus refers to the divine love for the birds: "*Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall . . . without your Father.*" (*Matt. 10 : 29.*)



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Japan's Debt to Whaler

A STORY stranger than fiction has recently become the basis of an international event in the presentation by a distinguished physician of Tokyo of a historic Samurai sword several thousand years old to the village of Fairhaven, Mass. This is the story in briefest form: About 1841, Captain W. H. Whitfield took his little sailing-vessel out of the harbor of New Bedford and Fairhaven in search of whales. During his long cruise he rescued a group of shipwrecked Japanese fishermen on a barren island in the Pacific. Among them was a singularly bright boy of fourteen. The captain took this boy home with him, made him a member of his own family, sent him to school with his own children, and taught him by precept and example the Christian religion. The boy became a prodigy as a student, and mastered navigation. Homesick, he started back to see his mother. He landed in disguise, but was seized and thrown into prison and feared, such was their custom of exclusiveness, that he would be killed; but he was so brilliant, so well educated, and knew America so well, that the authorities spared him. When Perry's guns waked up Japan, they sent for this fisher lad, whose name was Manjiro Nakahama, to tell them about America and its ships, and he became a confidant of the throne and held one office of honor after another, and is recognized as one of the founders of the New Japan. Recently his son presented the sword to the village of Fairhaven in recognition of the rescue of his father by Captain Whitfield, and Viscount Ishii, Japanese ambassador to the United States, was commissioned by his government to deliver it to the village through the hand of Captain Whitfield's grandson as an acknowledgment of what had been done for Japanese civilization. The ambassador said: "The port of New Bedford and Fairhaven is the cradle of modern Japanese civilization, and in this sense the Japanese nation feels grateful over this historical incident." He then pledged Japan's eternal friendship to the United States. Captain Whitfield, who was a very devout man, always held that his relation to the Japanese waif, who had so much to do in ruling the world, was no accident, but a part of the plan of Providence to save this world for Christ. Of the captain, of the Japanese statesman, of the whaling village, and of the United States it can be said: "*Ye are the light of the world.*" (*Matt. 5 : 14*).

Cripple Rescues Boy

AS a score of able-bodied men looked on, John Sherlock, fifteen, of Newark, N. J., a cripple, jumped into the Morris Canal, and after a hard struggle saved Julius Friedman, fifteen, from drowning. Friedman had gone down once before Sherlock, walking half a block away, heard his screams. A dozen boys and twice as many men on the bridge watched the boy going down the second time. Sherlock ran to the canal dragging the leg that had been paralyzed since he was an infant. Without removing even his cap, he plunged in and swam to the other lad. He caught the boy as he was sinking and, after a struggle that almost exhausted him, got him to the bank, where both were pulled out. The rescued boy was unconscious, and the rescuer collapsed and had to be taken to the hospital. Such acts of heroism dignify human life, and the courage and heroism of the poor little cripple shames the cowardice and selfishness of those of us who are unwilling to do anything of much account for the physical or moral welfare of others. How like the spirit of the Master this crippled boy of fifteen, who forgot his own life in his supreme passion to save another! "*He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.*" (*Matt. 10 : 39.*)

Hunger Stone in Elbe

THE famous "hunger stone" in the River Elbe near Tetschen, which according to popular belief in Germany predicts a famine when seen, is now visible for the first time since the beginning of the war. The stone lies in the bed of the Elbe River, and has never been visible save at exceptionally low tide. On the stone is chiseled in old German, "When ye see me, ye will weep." It indicates low water for want of rain, and consequently scant crops. In olden times the Nile overflowed its banks once every year, and covered the land with the fertilizing mud so indispensable to the crops of Egypt. The ingenious Egyptian mind invented the Nilometer to indicate the stage of the water. When it marked high in the scale the people rejoiced, and when it marked low the people were stricken with terror at the prophecy of crop failure. That is the scientific thought in the "hunger stone" of the Elbe. The hiding or the appearance of the "hunger stone" suggests the divine arrangement in these words: "*Thou didst cleave the fountain and the flood: thou driedst up mighty rivers.*" (*Ps. 74 : 15*).

A Week in the World's News

CZECHS TAKE ANOTHER TOWN. The Czecho-Slovak troops on August 1 were in control of Yekaterinburg in the Urals, where the former Czar was executed. Both the Bolsheviki and Germans were reported as greatly worried over the rising power of the Czechs and the Social Democrats. The Germans were reported to be organizing a force of Finnish, Russian and German troops to begin a campaign against the Allied forces on the Murman coast.

Acting Secretary of State Polk announced on August 3 that the plan for intervention in Russia had been completed and that the United States and Japan would send a force of a "few thousand men" to Vladivostok to occupy that port and support the Czecho-Slovaks as they advance westward in Siberia. The United States would also continue to co-operate with England and France in the occupation of the Murmansk coast of European Russia. Formal assurance is to be given that there is no intention to interfere with the sovereignty of Russia or to impair her territorial integrity and the United States is to send to Siberia a commission of merchants, agricultural experts, labor advisers, Red Cross representatives and agents of the Y. M. C. A. to relieve the economic needs of the Russian people and to render other aid as opportunity offers. On August 3 a revolution in Archangel wrested that port from the Bolsheviki. The Soviet troops fled and Allied troops were landed. American Ambassador Francis and the other Allied missions have moved from Volagda to Murmansk.

FOR A DEPARTMENT OF AERONAUTICS. Senator Harry New of Indiana on August 1 introduced in the Senate a bill providing for a Secretary of Aeronautics to be a member of the President's Cabinet and to have complete supervision and control over all the aircraft activity of the nation.

THE GREATEST MUNICIPAL RAILWAY. New York City on August 1 put into operation the new dual subway system consisting of two north and south lines in Manhattan each with two branches in upper Manhattan and the Bronx, with connections leading to Brooklyn and Queens and crosstown lines connecting the trunk lines in Manhattan. Some elements of the system are still to be completed. When completed, the subways will operate 600 track miles of underground and elevated railway which will have cost over $400,000,000.

THE LONGER THE FIGHT THE HARDER THE TERMS. Premier Lloyd-George addressing a committee of manufacturers on August 1 reaffirmed the necessity for an economic league of nations after the war. He said that America had not yet concurred in the plans for the perpetuation of the battle alliance of the present in an economic league to follow the war, but he said that the nations of the Entente must retain control after the war over certain elements of raw materials and transportation, and he declared that "The longer the war lasts the sterner must be the economic terms we impose on the foe. I think the sooner he realizes that the better."

EIGHTEEN TO FORTY-FIVE. The War Department let it be known on August 1 that it had completed the bill for the revision of the draft law. The department is planning the organization of six war divisions each month beginning with August, 1918, which would mean about 300,000 men a month for France. The total in France or in the way, on August 2, was 1,300,000 men. The draft ages provided for in the man power bill were made public on August 3, as 18 to 45. It is estimated that with all the men within these ages to draw from it will be possible to maintain an army of from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 in France with an equal number in training at home. It was hoped to hold the registration under the bill on September 5.

NATIONAL CITY BANK DEFENDS PACKERS. The National City Bank of New York recently called attention to the fact that the Federal Trade Commission in stating that the profits of Armour & Co. in 1917 were 16.8 per cent, failed to state that this was figured against the invested capital of $156,000,000, whereas Armour's were using $133,404,000 of borrowed capital on which they were entitled to make a profit. Armour's profits actually figured about 2 1/5c on each dollar of sales.

PRESIDENT URGES VOTES FOR WOMEN. President Wilson on July 26 and 30 wrote to Senator Shields of Tennesseo urging him to vote for the Woman Suffrage resolution which will be before the Senate when it reconvenes. Senator Shields has opposed the amendment. The President also on July 31 wrote to Senator Baird of New Jersey, Republican, a new Senator who had not yet declared himself. The President based his appeal on his belief that "Our present position as champions of democracy throughout the world would be greatly strengthened if the Senate would follow the example of the House in passing the pending amendment."

TYRANT OF UKRAINE DIES BY BOMB. General Field Marshal von Eichhorn, German commander in the Ukraine, with his adjutant, was killed on July 30 at Kiev by a bomb thrown into the carriage by a Social Revolutionist. Eichhorn had directed the German attempts to secure the wheat of the Ukraine. He overthrew the government established by the Ukraino Rada and installed as dictator, Hetman Skoropadski. He fixed ruinous prices for Ukrainian grain in order to lower the cost to Germany and recently arrested two former members of the legal government for plotting to restore it.

HARVESTER TRUST TO DISSOLVE. By agreement between the government and the International Harvester Co. the company will withdraw its appeal from the decree of the District Court and will sell all its rights to the Champion and Osborne brands of farm implements including the plants at Springfield, Ohio, and Auburn, N. Y., where these brands are manufactured.

UNCLE SAM TELEGRAPHER. The wire systems of the country, taken over by the nation on August 1, represent 21 telegraph companies operating 300,000 miles of pole lines and 2,500,000 miles of wire and 11,200 telephone companies and 22,299 rural lines connecting nearly 12,000,000 telephones. On the first day of government operation the members of the Commercial Telegraphers Union appeared at their keys with their union buttons in their lapels. Following the practice of the company local Western Union managers in two cities promptly discharged the men so reporting. A protest was at once filed at Washington by the union, and a strike was threatened.

FORGING THE TAX BILL. To raise $8,000,000,000 of war revenues the House Ways and Means Committee on July 31 agreed tentatively on new taxes on mail-order houses, brokers, theaters and cigars. Chairman Kitchin estimated that the taxes proposed on luxuries would raise $1,000,000,000. A 10 per cent. tax is proposed on sales of Stock Exchange seats and 20 per cent. on dues and fees. A new tax would take 1 per cent. from mail-order houses with an annual business of over $100,000. The capital stock of all corporations and associations would pay $1 on each $1,000. Dues and fees of societies not charitable or religious would be taxed 20 per cent.

Cigars will pay a tax of $2 to $30 per 1,000, depending on price; cigarettes, $5 to $10; tobacco, 30 cents per pound; cigarette papers and tubes, 1 to 4 cents per package; theaters, music halls and circuses would pay $50 to $100; motor cars, $10 to $500 a year; gasoline, 2 cents a gallon; motorcycles, $5 a year; private yachts, 10 per cent on price.

British officers questioning German prisoners

LLOYD GEORGE CALLS "HOLD FAST." The Premier issued to the Britain nation, on August 4, the following message:

The message which I send to the people of the British Empire on the fourth anniversary of their entry into the war is: "Hold Fast!"

I say "Hold fast!" because our prospects of victory have never been so bright as they are today . . . .

Thanks to the invincible bravery of all the Allied armies, it is now evident to all that this dream of universal conquest, for the sake of which Germany wantonly prolonged the war, can never be fulfilled.

But the battle is not yet won. The great autocracy of Prussia will still endeavor, by violence or guile, to avoid defeat, and so give militarism a new lease of life.

We cannot seek to escape the horrors of war for ourselves by laying them up for our children. Having set our hands to the task, we must see it through till a just and lasting settlement is achieved.

In no other way can we insure a world set free from war.

HOLD FAST! LLOYD GEORGE.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. A U-Boat sank a Canadian schooner, on August 3, just off the mouth of the Bay of Fundy. . . . Two tank steamers were sunk by submarines on August 5, the Louis Blanchett, forty miles east of Halifax, and the O. B. Jennings, off the Virginia Capes. . . . Cuba insists that increased production costs make imperativo a higher price for sugar. . . . All distinctions between the various branches of tho American Army have been removed. The Regular Army, the National Guard Divisions and the National Army are now all just "United States Army" and men and officers will be transferred from one unit to another as circumstances may dictate. . . . Surgeon General Gorgas announced on July 31, that complete plans had been formulated for the restoration of disabled soldiers to useful living. Vocational training will be provided for all disabled men. . . . The raincoat graft was traced to a manufacturer and a Captain in the army, both were indicted on July 31, and on the following day the Captain confessed and told all he knew. . . . The War Labor Board, on August 1, announced decisions granting increased pay of from 35 to 65 per cent. to motormen and conductors on 22 street railway systems. The board recommended that the companies be permitted to charge increased fares. . . . In connection with National control of common labor it was announced, on August 1, that the essential industries were short 500,000 men. . . . The American Red Cross has appropriated $125,000 for the construction of four tuberculosis hospitals in France. . . . The War Department on July 30, modified the ban against women relatives of soldiers going to France. Sisters of soldiers may now go out as workers for the Red Cross or Y. M. C. A. but under certain restrictions, one of which is that they must agree to make no attempt to see their brothers under any circumstances. . . . Receipts from sales of Thrift Stamps in July were $211,417,942. . . . The British Admiralty on August 3, made public the present strength of the Navy. At tho beginning of the war Britain had 2,500,000 tons of ships manned by 146,000 officers and men. On August 3, she had 6,500,000 tons manned by 394,000 officers and men. The losses in four years have totaled about 750,000 tons.

With Sledge and Anvil

ARMORERS are working in the Metropolitan Museum in New York to develope from the steel suits of knightlier days a metal covering for the troops of today. Forges flame and anvils ring with the clang of hammers skilfully swung. All this makes even clearer the need of the Christian for the whole armor which Dr. Jowett portrays next week.

Next week also we will see through the eye of a witness the days of suffering and of longing and the days of joy and relief that marked the last tenure of the Turk on Jerusalem and the change to British hands. The story is here told for the first time.

In the issue two weeks away will begin a two-part, story "King of the Shillibers," a heart-searching tale of love and tangled skeins of life in the great city, by George Gilbert. This story will be followed by a serial, "That Girl from Orchard Street," by Courtney Savage, a most unusual story. Both are illustrated by Nimms.

The Germans Driven Across the Vesle

Continued from page 928

their machine-guns in utter disregard of anti-aircraft batteries and automatic rifles and they made a lot of trouble. But they didn't all get home again. One followed an observation balloon down, finally setting it on fire as it reached the ground, but the aviator was struck squarely by a three-inch shell. The machine had sixty-three holes in it. The American and French airman did not let the Germans go unscathed. Regardless of numbers they kept after the enemy, bringing them down by ones and twos, while they also kept his own lines under constant attack and observation.

AFTER a day of heavy work by the Allied artillery of all calibers, which took under their fire German barbed-wire systems located by the airmen, the Allied troops on Thursday, August 1, again pressed forward. Northwest of Fère-en-Tardenois the French and Scottish troops pressed the Germans back for from 1½ to 2 miles along a ten-mile front, reaching hill 205 northeast of Grand Rozoy along the road to Braisne. Americans operating out of Sergy flanked the Germans out of Cierges to the southeast and out of all but the northern fringe of the Meunière Wood. The French co-operated on the American flank in this operation and further east French and British troops advanced southwest of Ville-en-Tardenois and repulsed a German attack in Bligny southwest of Rheims. The day's operations netted over 700 prisoners. The Allied captures of prisoners from July 15 to 31 were officially given as 33,400.

AUGUST 4, the fourth anniversary of Britain's entry into the war, was a day of victory for the Allied arms. The sunset of this day saw every German soldier back over the River Vesle between Soissons and Rheims, and Allied troops north of the Vesle in position to flank the enemy and to force him back to the Aisne, perhaps to the Chemin des Dames.

On Thursday night the army of General Mangin drove the Germans from the heights about Hartennes, five miles south of Soissons, and swept down the Mountain of Paris to the suburbs of Soissons, while the army of General de Goutte, including the American divisions, drove the enemy northward from the woods of Meunière, and the army of General Berthelot, including British divisions, encompassed and passed Ville-en-Tardenois. These advances completely uncovered the German defense line south of Vesle. There was only one thing to do, and the Crown Prince did it. The German troops were set to the retreat. Taking such of their guns and material as they could, they set on fire what could not be taken away and bent their force almost wholly to the retreat, leaving few rear-guards and depending upon the almost incessant rains to delay the Allied advance. Bad as the roads were under the pouring rains, the French cavalry kept close to the heels of the retiring enemy, and the French, British and American advance-guards seldom lost sight of the waves of field gray sweeping northward. Now and then a few machine-gunners were left to delay the Allied advance, but on the whole the work of Friday and Saturday was mostly marching with little fighting, until the Vesle River was reached.

The French pressed forward down the ravine of the Crise, east of Soissons, the Americans advanced along the valley of the Orillon toward Fismes, and the British and Italians followed the River Ardre also toward Fismes, sweeping northward from the Ardre toward the Vesle. The same rains which had delayed the Allied pursuit had put the little Vesle in flood, and as the Allies approached the stream they got into action again with the German rear-guards. Few prisoners were taken. By evening of August 3, the Allies held firmly the whole line of the Aisne to the junction of the Vesle and the south side of the Vesle as far as the suburbs of Fismes. Between Fismes and Rheims the Germans were holding tenaciously to a narrow strip south of the Vesle. On Sunday morning the Americans took Fismes by storm, and August 4 closed with the Germans all driven across the Vesle and the Allies over the stream northwest of Rheims, where they took La Neuvillette, and also over the Aisne east of Soissons. The German heavy artillery was in position on the heights north of the Vesle, shells from 210-millimeter guns falling in the Allied positions south of the stream, while all crossings of the river were made in the face of desperate resistance. While it did not seem likely that the Germans would be able to remain south of the Aisne, it was apparent that they planned to hold their positions as long as possible.

General Pershing on August 4 reported, "The full fruits of victory in the counter-offensive begun so gloriously by Franco-American troops on July 18 were reaped today when the enemy, who met his second great defeat on the Marne, was driven in confusion beyond the line of the Vesle. The enemy, in spite of suffering the severest losses, has proved incapable of stemming the onslaught of our troops, fighting for liberty side by side with French, British and Italian veterans. In the course of the operations, 8,400 men and 133 guns have been captured by our men alone."

While no reports have been made of general captures since the 1st of August the correspondents agree that the German losses in killed were tremendous, while the captures are reported to be such as "will thrill the world." More than sixty villages were recaptured in two days' fighting, August 3-4. German machine-guns were found in the woods captured by the Americans, with their entire crews dead of bullet and bayonet wounds, while before them lay some boys in khaki whose comrades had gone on to share the victory. Trenches were filled with German dead; the ground was littered with them; groups piled up along the roadside showed where Allied bombing-planes or long range shells had caught a retreating column. Everywhere the ground was strewn with the wreckage of the German army. Large masses of supplies were not destroyed, fires set to destroy them being extinguished by the rains; but the Germans had made a systematic attempt to destroy not only their own supplies, but buildings of all kinds, and even the standing crops of rye and wheat, ripened and ready to cut.

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The steady tread of the men in khaki heartens the people of France. These boys are marching through Paris

Tho fight for Meunière Wood, which was taken by the 32nd Division of National Guard troops from Wisconsin and Michigan, 250 of whom were lost in the Tuscania, is thus described by Edwin L. James, New York Times correspondent with the American troops:

"On July 31 we charged six times against the German positions at the southern end of the woods, and six times were beaten back. The force making the attack was composed of lumberjacks, farmer boys and Indians. Early on the morning of August 1, after artillery preparation, tho boys from Michigan and Wisconsin went into the fray again. Their yells could be heard a mile away. They were up against two of the Kaiser's redoubtable divisions, tho 200th Jaegers and the 216th Reserve Division. They fought with vim and joy. The men from the Great Lakes region accomplished what they set out to do. They got their revenge for the sinking of the Tuscania."

News of the great retreat of the Germans was learned by the Allied troops as they swept on through the numerous recaptured villages. At different points the villagers declared that thousands of the Kaiser's troops were marching northward, chanting as they marched: "Back, back to Germany!"

General John J. Pershing on August 3 was awarded by the French Government the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

General Ludendorff was quoted in a message through Amsterdam, on August 4, as saying in regard to the retrograde advance on the Marne:

"The enemy evaded us on July 15, and we thereupon, as early as the evening of the 16th, broke off operations. It is always our endeavor to stop an undertaking as soon as the stake is not worth the cost. I consider it one of my principal duties to spare the blood and strength of our soldiers. We figured with an attack on July 18 and were prepared for it. The enemy experienced very heavy losses, and the Americans and African auxiliary troops, which we do not underestimate, suffered severely. By the afternoon of the 19th we already were fully masters of the situation and shall remain so. We left the abandoned ground to the enemy according to our regular plan. 'Gain of ground' and 'Marne' are only catchwords without importance for the issue of the war. We are now, as before, confident."

AUGUST 5 saw very little change in the battle situation. The Germans were cleared from the south bank of the Vesle and French and American patrols were engaging enemy patrols at several places on the north bank where Allied troops had established bridgeheads. The Americans, after a seven hours' fight on August 4 with the Prussian Guard for possession of Fismes, forced a crossing of the Vesle under heavy artillery fire, a body of 25 engineers finally completing a bridge after their ranks had been reduced to 5 and the bridge had been several times destroyed. The river here was 50 feet wide and from 5 to 8 feet deep.

The losses of the Germans in the fighting since July 15 are estimated at not less than 350,000 men. They lost few big guns but many 77 field guns and trench mortars. General Mangin's army alone took 500 guns and as many trench mortars, while over 1,500,000 77-millimeter shells were captured.

The War Department at Washington made public, on August 5, the first report of casualties from the Marne fighting. The list contained 716 names of which 459 represented men killed in action, while 80 had died of wounds.

A German submarine on tho night of August 4 torpedoed in the English Channel the British hospital ship Warilda, loaded with 800 stretcher cases, badly wounded men. The ship did not sink immediately, and destroyers saved all but 123 of her passengers and crew.

WHILE withdrawing from the Marne salient, the Germans also withdrew across the Ancre south of Albert, giving up a strip five miles long by a third of a mile deep, which was at once occupied by the British, while north of Montdidier along a front of about ten miles they withdrew to the western side of the Avre. On the 5th they withdrew their lines northwest of La Bassee. This, coupled with other recent withdrawals, created an impression that they were less well supplied with effective troops than had been supposed and were shortening their lines to create an army of maneuver either for a future offensive or to resist Allied pressure.

Mary, Mary Stay-at-Home

By
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

SHE sat on the front porch of the boarding-house and knitted, her slim little hands fairly seeming to fly, and her small wistful face bent broodingly above the gray ball of yarn and the glittering steel needles that she held. One, watching her, would have noticed the hands and the face long before he noticed the foot in its cruel brace and the two mocking crutches that leaned beside her armchair. For the face was such a very intent face and the hands were such busy hands!

She knitted until the gray yarn began to take shape under the magic of her fingers, and then, suddenly, she laid it down with a little sharp sigh, and rested her head back against her chair, and looked soberly down the village street where the nearby country trees marched, like a green, even row of soldiers, along either side of the pavement.

"It seems so useless to be sitting here," she told herself—and though her voice was soft, there was a certain heartache in the tone of it—"to be sitting here, just knitting, and being—*safe*—while there's so much *real* work to be done!" And the eyes that were glancing down the village street misted over with tears.

SHE had been planning to go to France, had Mary Talbot, a year ago. "For," she had said, "I haven't any family here, or any home to leave. And I'm past my youth, so I'll be able to mother the boys that most need it—and to comfort them. There are a good many reasons why most women and girls can't go—they have people and other ties—but I'm alone. And I've a certain income, and—and, anyway, I feel that my place is somewhere Over There."

So she had been planning to go to France—planning with her trunk nearly packed and her ticket almost bought. And the town people who knew her as a little old maid who was "well fixed" began to regard her as a new Joan of Arc. And she went around with a smile on her lips and a light in her wistful eyes, until—

IT was an innocuous-looking little rag rug that she slipped on, but it lay at the top of the boarding-house stairs, and they were steep stairs. And Mary Talbot falling heavily down the steep stairs, had scarcely had time to scream.

They had picked her up, a few minutes later, from the hall floor—a white-faced, blue-lipped wraith of a woman, with a foot that lay out in front of her seriously distorted and twisted. They had carried her, trying hard not to groan up to her bed. And they had called the doctor. . . . And dreams of going to France had merged into nightmares of exquisite pain. And then there had been only the brace, and the pain of crutches, and the knitting to be done, safely, on a boarding-house porch. One can scarcely blame Mary Talbot, whose soul had seen visions, for sighing as she stared down the quiet village street!

There was a rustle on the front steps, and the Visiting Lady from the city paused beside Mary Talbot's chair. The Visiting Lady from the city brought a new conception of silks and laces to the little village, a new point of view and a new sort of laughter.

"Well, how's the little knitting person today?" She inquired. "Seems as if she's always knitting!"

"Yes," Mary Talbot answered in her soft, gentle voice, "yes, I do knit most of the time. It's a pair of socks that I'm making now, for a soldier."

"Oh!" The Visiting Lady's voice held a note of very real interest. "Oh! Some one that belongs to you?"

Mary Talbot's hand was not quite steady as she touched the ball of gray yarn. "I had hoped," she told the Visiting Lady, "to sail for France this year. But my plans didn't go through quite as I had planned. I wanted to go over and help those boys who are away from home. But now that I'm"—she smiled bravely—"a cripple, all that I can do is just make socks. No, they're not for any one that belongs to me—they're just for whoever needs them. War time, I think, is a time when everybody's kin to everybody else. And so I knit four pairs of socks a week, and it seems very little to do!"

The Visiting Lady from the city was staring curiously at her own jeweled hands. They were pretty, useless hands.

"*I* never knitted a pair of socks yet," she said finally. "I wonder if I could learn."

Mary Talbot's face brightened. "I'd be right glad to teach you. You see, the boys need them—badly."

Suddenly the Visiting Lady was brushing her hand across her eyes.

"Oh, I'll learn"—she said. "You see, I hadn't thought much about socks." And then, all at once, she bent down to kiss the wistful upturned face of Mary Talbot. "You're such a brave little thing!" she exclaimed. And the silk of her dress rustled in through the door of the boarding-house.

MARY TALBOT took up the beginning of the sock that she was working upon. There was a smile, faintly embarrassed, upon her face, and a look, faintly puzzled, in her eyes. She began to knit again. It was the housekeeper, pausing by the boarding-house gate, who interrupted her.

"Oh, Mary Talbot!" called the Housekeeper shrilly, "what do you think!"

The woman on the porch again raised her eyes from her knitting—and she smiled as they rested upon the flushed face of the Housekeeper.

"I think," she answered, "that something's been bothering you. Yes?"

The Housekeeper came heavily up the walk and stood, aggressively, on the porch steps, a bit below the level of Mary Talbot's eyes.

"What do you think?" she began again, half-accusingly. "The grocer refuses to give me the wheat flour I need—and I've cakes and pies and bread to make today! The grocer says that the government is using all of the wheat flour for our boys—that they need it. 'Well,' I asked him, 'we've got to eat, too, haven't we!' and he said, 'Not wheat flour!' *I* sha'n't deal with him any more!" And the Housekeeper paused—perhaps for breath.

Mary Talbot's gentle little face was vaguely troubled, and tho knitting dropped from her forgetful fingers.

"But, my dear," she remonstrated, "he's quite right—the grocer. We must give up these tiny things. After all, cakes and pies should mean very little to us—very little indeed—as long as our boys have bread to eat!"

"It's easy," the Housekeeper was protesting. "It's very easy for you to talk. You never kept house—you never made cakes and pies—you don't have to do it now. It's easy for you to get along without flour."

Mary Talbot interrupted. Her soft little voice was rather firm.

"Dear lady," she said, "I wanted to go to France to help those boys who are fighting in a strange land. But God willed that I shouldn't go. And so I haven't any chance at all to help. All I can do is to sit here and—knit."

"But you—you can help. You can help the boys—you can let them have enough to eat—by doing as your grocer, and your government, says—by conserving flour, and sugar, and other things. You've a chance, just as every other housekeeper has a chance, to help your country win the war. *I envy you!*"

The Housekeeper had flushed. But she looked straight into the wistful eyes of Mary Talbot.

"I hadn't," she admitted, "looked at things in just that light before. I'm afraid that I've been very selfish. I fancy"—her voice was brusque—that we can eat corn bread and graham muffins as well as the next one. I"—the voice now held a note of pride—"I make very good corn bread and graham muffins!"

THERE was a moment of silence, and in that moment Mary Talbot had begun again to work on the woolen sock. The Housekeeper turned away. But—

"Thank you, Mary Talbot," she called back over her shoulder. "You've helped—*how you've helped!*"

And the faintly puzzled expression grow in the eyes of the woman on the boarding-house porch.

It was perhaps ten minutes later that the Old Minister came up the path. He was a tired old minister, but he laughed as he looked into the face of Mary Talbot.

"*I never*," he told her, "*saw such a lazy woman!* Your hands are always so still"—he laughed again. "Honestly, Mary," he questioned, "do you knit while you're asleep?"

Mary Talbot joined in the laugh.

"Indeed I don't," she told him, "It's very little knitting that I can do, Mr. Barker. If I were over in France, now, I might be able to help! But *here*—four pairs of socks a week isn't much, Mr. Barker!"

The old Minister had dropped down beside her on the porch step. The laughter had died out of his face.

"In France," he repeated musingly. And then—"My boy's going, Mary. He's over age a lot, and he's my only one. But he's going today!"

Across the face of Mary Talbot there swept a flame-like glow.

"Oh, Mr. Barker!" she thrilled; "how perfectly glorious! How wonderful to know that a part of you—*of you*—is going to do something in this great conflict! How proud you must be!"

THE Old Minister reached out and touched the gray ball of yarn in her lap. His hand trembled.

"Mary," he said after a moment, "I'm not as proud as I want to be. I'm almost afraid! I've prayed to the Father, but—and it's the first time in my life—my faith isn't strong enough. I'm afraid to have him go!"

Mary Talbot looked at her pastor. He was old enough to be her father, and he had been a bulwark of strength to her through all of her life. Suddenly she found herself remembering how, when her mother had been lying dead in the darkened guest-room, he had taken her—a small sobbing girl—into his arms and explained to her the eternal mystery of life and death.

"Mr. Barker," she said softly, "it's just shock that's making you feel so. Of course your faith is strong enough! And your *pride*—why"—a sudden deep note crept into her voice—"why, I'd give half of my heart and soul if I had some one to send!' You can't realize how awful it is to know that your part is the biggest thing on earth is just to do nothing but sit alone on a porch—and knit. I'd be the washwoman, who's sent a son, if I could! I'd be little Mrs. Smith, who is taking in sewing so that her husband can go, if I might! Even the pain of parting, and the agony of waiting, aren't anything to the pride of owning some one who is there!"

The Old Minister was looking deep into the soul of Mary Talbot—deep into the soul that shone out through her wistful eyes. Perhaps he, too, was remembering the little alone-in-the-world girl who had clung to him sobbingly. And then, without a word, he pressed her hand and walked off down the path. *But his head was high.*

Mary Talbot bent her eyes—tear-misted, and worked steadily until there came a hail from the gate. She glanced up quickly and saw the Very Dear Friend leaning against the white post of it.

"Well! 'Mary, Mary quite contrary!' " called the Very Dear Friend, " 'How does your garden grow!' "

Mary Talbot, chained to her porch chair, was seeing war-torn fields of France—fields that were calling to her—as she answered.

"I reckon," she said, "that it's Mary, Mary stay at home! And I'm afraid that there isn't any garden. . ."

A Famous Author Passes Away

PROFESSOR WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH, a native of Rochester, N. Y., known throughout the United States as an author and lecturer, died on Thursday afternoon, July 25, 1918, shortly after 4 o'clock at the Hahnemann Hospital, Rochester, N. Y. For many years he was a teacher in Rochester Theological Seminary. Last March on account of ill health he gave up teaching. He was born October 4, 1861, and came of a long line of ministers and university graduates. He first came into public notice as a writer in 1907 through the publication of "Christianity and the Social Crisis" which immediately achieved a remarkable success. It appeared when Roosevelt was President, and when men like Ray Stannard Baker and Lincoln Steffens were writing on social conditions. John Haynes Holmes said of it four years later "In the field of the Church and the social question one book is supreme, namely, 'Christianity and the Social Crisis,' by Professor Walter Rauschenbusch. Into this book has gone the learning of the scholar, the vision of the poet and the passion of the prophet."

In a "Guide of Reading in Social Ethics," compiled by Harvard professors in 1910, "Christianity and the Social Crisis" was the only book starred in the literature on "Religion and the Social Question."

His work in New York was the means of directing Prof. Rauschenbusch's interest toward the condition of the working people. Believing profoundly in the penetrating and inspiring powers of religion, his problem was how to connect the great latent forces of the Christian Church with the moral task of regenerating the collective life of organized society. After twenty years of study he wrote his first book on the subject. In 1912 he published "Christianizing the Social Order." In 1910 he published the "Prayers of the Social Awakening" which have been more quoted and reprinted than any of his other writings. In 1916 the International Young Men's Christian Association published his "Social Principles of Jesus," a text book of which twenty thousand copies were sold in a year.

In 1917 he wrote "A Theology for the Social Gospel," an effort to expand the inherited theological ideas to include the redemption of the organized life of society from the "Kingdom of Evil." This is regarded by many as the most important and thought provoking of all his books.

Even now, in war time, some of these books are being translated into Norwegian, Swedish, Finnish and Japanese.

He was one of the most popular speakers in the "forum movement," especially in New England. He most enjoyed audiences of students. A student said of him: "You can't help listening to him, for he is always saying something."

The funeral was held on Saturday afternoon July 27th, 1918, from the family home, Rochester, N. Y.

WILLIAM H. WINTON.

A Memorial to Letha Watts

By
LOUIS E. ORCUTT

SLIGHT, small, frail, little in body, but great in soul, Letha Watts is numbered among the humble heroines who have given their lives for the happiness of others. To her were given a sympathetic mind, a heart that loved widely, a hand skilled in helpfulness, and an unusual measure of ability to create and to perpetuate an organization. She came to her great opportunity in her teens. She saw the vision, followed the path of duty lying so clear before her, aud spent herself in uuselfish efforts to restore to society the men and women whom it had cast aside, the men who, once convicted, were forever condemned. She had the happiness to see hundreds of them make good. Then, last fall, her thoughts to the last with the boys whose hopes and heartaches she shared, her abounding spirit left her frail body to the gentle ministrations of frieuds and soared away to meet the Saviour, whose love ever constrained her to greater exertions for the work she had taken up.

But her spirit still invigorates the society she served, and moves the hearts of people in every corner of this broad land to do their part in the work of saving men from drifting into crime.

The organization which she so greatly influenced—the Prisoners' Relief Society—moved, just before her death, to Washington. She helped to plan the work, but had little opportunity to establish it on the larger scale now made possible by the new location. Her task was done, and Jesus took her home.

Now the society she loved, missing her sorely, is going on, blessed with her memory and the example of her self-denying efforts. It is beeoming established. It is perfecting its methods. It is serving men as always. A fund of $3,000 is being raised to finance the work for the next six months. It is to be the foundation of a lasting memorial to this fine little womau who gave her life in unselfish devotion wholly to others.

IN a prison paper there appeared recently this quotation: "Nothing makes a prison to a human life but a defeated, broken spirit." "Stone walls do not a prison make," sang one of the poets. But worse than prison is the former attitude of the world at large toward the man who had paid the full legal penalty of his past offences. A man steals. He is sent up for five years. Good behavior shortens the time to a little under four. In every day of that four years, the man is girding himself to live honestly and to be square when he gets out. The term ends and he goes away. Every door is closed. He can not secure employmeut until he makes good, and he ean't make good because he can't secure employment. Perhaps after a while he jumps into the river, or steals again. Then society condemns him over again and returns him to the grim-walled keep. If he does it a third time it calls him an habitual criminal and sends him up indetermiuately, subject to the merey of an overworked Parole Board. We all know the process, and we all know it is wrong.

Earl Dudding knew it; he proved it. He decided to put a stop to it; and he did, with the help of Letha Watts. Today hundreds of employers stand ready to employ the released prisoner, and thousands of men in prisons from Maine to California plead with the Prisoners' Relief Society to help them. Of all the 10,000 that have been helped more than 90 per cent. have made good. But it takes money to look up references, to send out hundreds of letters, to pay railroad fares for men who are penniless and friendless, to keep records, to render any worthwhile service. From its inception the Prisoners' Relief Society has been run at a very low expeuse. Searcely a work of helpfulness anywhere has as much to show for every penny given to it, but even small and carefully regulated expenses will eventually use up large sums of money, and it is only the loyal support of hundreds of friends, many of them members of the Christian Herald Family, which has made the work possible.

RECENTLY a coal-mining company in West Virginia gave the society two car-loads of coal. Through the interposition of a congressman from the state the Railway Administration permitted the delivery of the cars in Washington free of cost. The society has a building, rented on such favorable terms that subleases cover the entire rental and leave its office space free of eost. It has a building and the coal to heat it. It has a boundless opportunity, and it must have the money to meet it.

Never in the history of the country, since 1865, have men been so much needed in every industry. The men coming from prison may not enter the army or navy. They are welcome in the shops. But they don't know whieh shops. Dudding does. We good folks of the Christian Herald Family must see that Dudding and Miss Abbott, Miss Watts's suecessor as secretary and assistant treasurer of the soeiety, have the money that will enable them to bring men and waiting jobs together.

The men plaeed by the society prove their manhood. Here is a typieal letter received in May: "I have for some time been thinking that I should write you a letter, but have been very busy and have negleeted it, but I want to assure you that it has not been auy laek of appreeiation for what you and your society have done for me. I feel that I owe you a great debt of gratitude. Sinee you plaeed me I have gradually climbed. I only remained with Mr. W. three months when I was offered a better salary, and while I have only been with the new firm eleven months, my salary has been increased three times and I am now general supplies keeper, having been promoted May 1.

"I know that you place men where they can make good if they are willing to do their part and they are not diseriminated against because of their past. While it looks dark to the mau eoming out of prison, yet the Prisoners' Relief Society is holding out a beacon light to every discharged prisoner, and if he only has any mettle, that light will illuminate his path and he will find that he can come back, and in many instances stronger than ever, because the society has awakened in him a new inspiration.

"It has indeed been a sad loss to the society in the death of its beloved Secretary, Miss Letha Watts, whose untiring efforts in behalf of the discharged prisoners had endeared her to the unfortunates throughout the nation, and all telt a kind of proud possession in her, a feeling of 'She belongs to us.' But though she is gone from us in body, yet she still lives, for her influence will go on."

The Prisoners' Relief Society saves men

Left to right, Burt Spriggs, once a noted safe cracker; W. A. Karnes, once a thief; J. W. Koontz, vice-president of the society

THE Prisoners' Relief Society knows no color line. Here is a letter from a colored man who got his new start through the soeiety: "Every night before I go to bed I get down on my knees and thank God that I am once more a man through the efforts of the Prisoners' Relief Society. I have been with the White Lead Company now six months and they have gradually increased my wages and I am getting $5.50 per day.

"There are several other colored men working here, two from Sing Sing prison, that your Society got jobs for.

"I am sending you One Dollar to help the good work along."

Are these old prisoners real men? Read this! "I really am doing fine, and the people I am with treat me as well as a firm eould treat an employee. I have had several offers to make a change but have turned down all of them. They were all for more money than I am getting, but I felt that money was not the only thing to be considered, and that a rolling stone gathers no moss, so decided to stay where I am."

Here is a testimonial from a former newspaper eorrespondeut who got in prison by the whisky route via a fight: "I have just finished a five-year sentence in the Colorado state penitentiary. When I was released the Prisoners' Relief Society secured me a job on the editorial staff of a Western newspaper. I had served two prison sentences. The guiding hand of the Prisoners' Relief Society has made a man out of me and I am now on the editorial staff of a Boston publication."

Another: "I am getting along fine with my new work and have had two small boosts in salary, and by the way, may say I bought my second Liberty Bond. I never would have served my second term in prison if your soeiety had been in existenee to vouch for me as you have this time.

"I am enclosing One Dollar as a little contribution to your work. My wife joins me in sending regards."

YES, these men make good; they are grateful; they prove it by their support; but they ean't support the society altogether. It needs you.

In hundreds of eases, some little woman is waiting to help that man make good. Through the years of his imprisonment she has lived, the Lord knows how, has kept the little family together, has been loyal to one who by all human standards had forfeited all claim to loyalty, but she was true and her true heart will help him stay square and to make good, if only he gets the opportunity. The opportunities are more certain now that the Prisoners' Relief Society has demonstrated the sterling mettle in these onee branded men.

A report from Miss Evalyn Abbott, secretary and assistant treasurer, dated June 12, 1918, gives the total cash receipts of the society, including mouey turned over to them by the Christian Herald, sinee January 1, as $1,672.

For the sake of our humanity, for the sake of our country in its need of men, for the sake of the wives and babies whose names must be cleared of shame, and for the memory of Letha Watts, who gave her life, will you not give, today, all you ean, to insure the eontinuation of this work of restoratiou, this remaking of men?

Send your gifts for the Prisoners' Relief Society to Room 93, Bible House, New York City, in care of the Christian Herald, aud they will be promptly forwarded.

The Singing Soldiers

"The men went singing into the trenches."—Press Dispatch.

SINGING they go in old-time fashion
To the murderous trenches of wasted France;
And quick in our souls flares a leaping passion
Of pride in these Knights of the New Romance.
Never a guidon of glory beckons,
And war stands stark as a hideous thing,
Since with hate incarnate their valor reckons,
And yet, as they go to the test, they sing.

Oh, singing lads in the gloom-choked trenches,
The Heart of the Nation sings with you!
Proud is that Heart mid grief that wrenches,
Honored and glad in the deeds you'll do.
Singing you go; may you singing return to us
In your carefree, casual Yankee way;
And may the flame of your high courage burn to us,
Forging the sword of our faith today!

ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

Speaking for Christ

International Sunday School Lesson for August 25

Luke 12:8-12 and Acts 1:1-8

The Christian Use of the Tongue

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

MAN has been described as the animal that talks. To be sure, there are other animals that make sounds and convey more or less of direction and warning to one another. But to man alone has been granted the real reasoned speech that has been rightly called one of his supreme spiritual endowments. The ability to speak is said to be an important controlling factor in the very development of the brain itself, and thought without speech would be almost fatally crippled.

Religion depends on communion between God and man and between man and his brother. The Bible has given us the very terms in which we conceive of the supreme issues of life and eternity. The Book of Psalms is full of calls to prayer and exhortations to praise the Lord and make known his marvelous works to his children. Proverbs abounds with wise observations on the good and bad uses of speech. Paul continually advised his converts on the control of their conversation to the highest ends: "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man." James, in his letter on practical Christian living, puts his classic essay on the Tongue in the central place. He feels that this is the danger point in most lives! He is confident that the man who offends not in word will be able to bridle all his other powers.

Not Silenced But Transformed

Oh, what a pity it is that so much human speech is almost hopelessly vulgarized! The talk of many a community is the biggest factor in its degradation. How it must pain the Spirit of God to hear the common speech of multitudes whom God destined for fellowship with himself in the highest and holiest possibilities of life! The tendency of ignoble speech is downward. It paves the way for immorality of conduct and selfish materialistic conceptions of the meaning of our whole existence.

In other groups the talk is not so dirty nor so brutal, but is always flippant, smart and exaggerated. The daily conversation colors the life, and superficiality is the result. Ideals and consecration are laughed out of court among such people.

But the earnest, thoughtful, clean speech of Christian companionship is one of life's richest joys. Old Izaak Walton, the famous angler, well says: "A companion who is free from swearing and scurrilous discourse is worth gold." He knew the difference between a pleasure excursion with the right kind of friends and the unfortunate trip marred by the vulgarities of low and coarse acquaintances. He did not hesitate to rebuke one companion openly, saying that the very stable boys were contaminated by this "gentleman."

Now Christianity, rightly understood, never takes any of the joy out of life. With the tongue it teaches happier uses. It does not silence but transforms, just as in countless other ways Jesus came "not to destroy but to fulfil." Something is wrong if conversion means only the stilling of a noisy swearing man or a sharp-tongued gossipy young woman. Because it has meant to so many a new and joyous speech of the higher, better, more helpful things. The Christian singer sings on, but with a new note caught from the heavenly symphonies. The Christian public man continues his campaigning, but his speeches have a ring of sincerity and disinterestedness lacking in the self-seeking politician. The Christian lad is still hail fellow well met with his schoolmates, but his influence is for the best interests of the school and the community.

I know of an instance where a family of nice girls went to work in a factory where the talk was pretty common and demoralizing. Unlike so many young women, they did not sink to the level they found. Their voices were like Cornelia's, "gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman." Their conversation was clean and uplifting, highly interesting, with topics many of the others had never discussed before. Not one girl could take offense at them. They displayed no sense of superiority, but were thoroughly friendly. The final result was a new and better environment for dozens of the workers, and not a few interested in the doings of a Christian church.

Now, these girls would have made a fatal error had they gone among their new associates with a lot of pious jargon, repeating stock phrases of religion. Many of us have seen examples of mistaken witnessing for Jesus, which alienated those whom wiser methods would have won. We must often be wise as serpents as well as innocent as doves. Our talk must be all of one texture, not three-fourths common chatter and one-fourth (or one-tenth) sanctimonious expressions of superior holiness. That is unconscious hypocrisy. To witness everywhere and always truly for Jesus to the transforming of lives we must have a sane, wholesome, high standard of hearty intercourse with others. Even without a direct word of challenge or invitation the leavening of God's Spirit often works. More usually the opportunity arrives sooner or later for the timely word of warning in a confidential way, or for a real heart-to-heart talk on the claim of Jesus on lives for the coming Kingdom.

There is a great danger in leading young children into premature efforts at direct testimony for Christ that will be unnatural and in the end harmful to the devout little disciples. It is not natural for children to speak glibly about soul experiences. We must keep our Junior Societies clear of these pitfalls of speech. We must keep our regular Young People's Societies from becoming "talky-talk" associations, which is just the term one red-blooded young college man applied to those he had known. When we do speak a word for Jesus we must "say something."

When we go out into a non-Christian environment, the danger of being "too preachy" is still greater. Fault-finding or the "holier than thou" attitude must be guarded against. But the remedy is not keeping silent while our convictions are outraged and being still when the very stones almost cry out. It is in a sane, hearty religious speech that gives no cause for shame or sneering.

The Gospel Message Pervading the World

"Ye are my witnesses" rings out from the Master still. Whether lofty or humble in station, we represent him to the listening world. The worldly may not seem to heed, but they are quick enough to judge just the same. "His manner of speech does not remind me of Jesus of Nazareth," said a man who had been thrown by chance into intimate fellowship with one who was considered quite a churchman. That is a very different report from those who took knowledge of the early disciples that they had been with Jesus. When thoroughly Christian speech comes from the lips of professed believers everywhere the Gospel will be unconsciously preached in the daily intercourse of life.

A special call rings out today as ever for trained speakers and leaders in the evangelization of the world. Do not leave this lesson without setting before your boys and girls the possibility of their being called to preach, to teach, to evangelize, as a life career. If you hold before them the wondrous opportunities of the future, you may start some young life toward leadership in the mighty enterprises of God's kingdom. Even those who shall have other vocations may become factors of importance as lay speakers, members of Gospel teams, visitors in city missions or country schoolhouses. Our home churches need laymen and laywomen who can address meetings, lead classes and conduct our organizations. Religion, like politics, needs the gift of tongues.

Patriotism and the Use of the Tongue

We are learning some valuable lessons, even about the Christian's manner of speech, from the great wave of patriotic fervor in our times. We are being told that one who speaks disparagingly of his country is a traitor, and one who spreads rumors may be a dangerous enemy to our cause. To repeat slanders about our leaders is the temptation of many citizens. The church has suffered much from the thoughtless tongues of Christians who misrepresented their own great cause. Many a child in the home has heard thoughtless criticism of the pastor and the church workers and has had his confidence undermined. Many a newcomer in a community has heard from her callers just the very things that would prevent her giving her allegiance to the church and her fellowship to its laborers.

The good name of your pastor, your church officers, and to some extent your Master, are in your keeping. Forbearance and self-control are among the primary gifts of the Holy Spirit. If we cannot speak the Word with power the very least we can do is to guard our lips from speaking ill. In the beautiful description of the good woman at the close of the Proverbs, there is this fine line of praise: "The law of kindness is on her tongue." How many blunders, how many heartaches, how many shameful things would have been avoided if every Christian tongue were governed by that gentle rule, "The law of kindness"! It would do more than suppress evil; it would lead to appreciation. Hearts are waiting all about us for the word of sympathy and love.

He Wrote "He Leadeth Me"

REV. JOSEPH H. GILMORE, D.D., author of the famous hymn "He Leadeth Me," written before the Battle of Gettysburg, died at the age of 84 years in his home in Rochester, N. Y., on July 23, 1918.

"He Leadeth Me" was written hastily in a moment of inspiration, on March 26, 1862, and has been sung in tens of thousands of churches, in mining camps and in far-off missionary fields and translated into probably more foreign languages than any other modern hymn. It is included in nearly every large collection of sacred songs.

Dr. Gilmore himself told how the hymn was written. "I was supplying for a couple of Sundays the pulpit of the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia. At the mid-week service I set out to give the people an exposition of the twenty-third Psalm, but I did not get farther than the words "He leadeth Me." Those words took hold of me as they had never done before. It was the darkest hour of the War of the Rebellion.

"At the close of the meeting Deacon Wattson kept talking about the thought I had emphasized; and then and there, on a blank page of the brief from which I had intended to speak, I penciled the hymn and handed it to my wife.

"It occurred to her months afterward to send the hymn to the 'Watchman and Reflector' in Boston, where it was first printed. It attracted the attention of William B. Bradbury, who slightly modified the refrain and set the hymn to the music which has done so much to promote its popularity. As I wrote the hymn the refrain consisted of only two lines. Mr. Bradbury added the other two."

Dr. Joseph H. Gilmore was born in Boston April 29, 1834, the son of Joseph Albree Gilmore, governor of New Hampshire and Ann Whipple Gilmore. At Brown University he was a classmate of the late John Hay, Secretary of State under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt. He was called to the pastorate of the Second Baptist Church of Rochester, N. Y., in 1865, and occupied the pulpit for two years, when he was appointed to the chair of English language and literature at the University of Rochester. He retired in 1908 after more than forty years of service. W. H. W.

Marion Harland's Corner

"The Kindly Fruits of the Earth"

THE familiar phrase is apt and felicitous as it is usually employed. I purpose today to make it widely comprehensive. Never, perhaps, in the history of man has the vegetable kingdom played so conspicuous a part in the human dietary as now. Government has restricted the use of meats. Even in communities where rations are not prescribed, prohibitive prices put "beasts of meat," poultry, and sometimes fish, beyond the reach of families of moderate means. We submit cheerfully to the law, and comfort ourselves with the knowledge that we, too, are serving our country as truly, if less actively, as those who are risking their lives in trench and open field.

Turn we then, with gratitude to the Giver of "kindly fruits," to the wealth of vegetables. It is like the discovery of new virtues and talents in old friends to learn how nearly many so-called common vegetables can supply the deficiencies in our daily fare.

Suppose we vary the discussion of wheat substitutes by looking up dishes that will fitly fill the vacant place at the foot of the family board on meatless days. Let us bring ingenuity and experience to bear upon the task of making the produce of our gardens "taste good," and nourish brain, muscle and nerves.

Eggplant on the Half-Shell

In former days we would have demanded cold chicken to make this "leading dish" palatable. Now we content ourselves with buying a half-pint can of chicken bouillon for ten cents when we purchase our fine firm eggplant. Wash and wipe the latter, and cook it, whole and without pecling it, for ten minutes in boiling water. Let it get *perfectly* cold and stiff before cutting it lengthwise into halves. Scrapo out the heart, taking care not to crack the walls, which should be three-quarters of an inch thick. Save all the pulp. Have ready-made a good force-meat of a cupful of fino dry bread crumbs, a tablespoonful of fat salt pork, hoiled and cold, and chopped fine. If you have a left-over of cold veal, or ham, use it instead of the pork. Any cooked white meat will do. Mix with this the reserved pulp, also chopped fine, and season with a tablespoonful of melted butter (or nut butter or oleo); salt and pepper to taste; moisten with a few spoonfuls of your canned soup, and make into a smooth mass. Fill the hollowed halves of the eggplant with this, rounding slightly and evenly. This done, sprinkle thickly with fine dry crumbs and lay the filled halves, stuffed sides up, in a roaster. Pour the rest of the soup around them, diluting with butter and water if you have not enough to keep the eggplant from burning. Bake, covered, nearly an hour, basting with butter and water four times. Transfer tho halves to a hot dish and set in the open oven while you thicken the gravy left in the roaster with browned flour; boil up once and pour around the eggplant in the hot platter. If rightly seasoned, this is a most savory dish.

Fried Eggplant

Pare the skin from an eggplant; cut into round slices half an inch thick and lay in cold salt and water for an hour. Wipe dry, and dip each slico in heaten egg, then in cracker-dust slightly salted. Set in a cold place for an hour and fry in deep fat. Drain in a hot colander before dishing. It should be freed from every drop of grease.

Stuffed Cucumbers

This is an Oriental dish, and so much more relishful than might bo imagined by one who has never eaten it, that I make room for it here confidently. Select young but large cucumbers and cut them into halves lengthwise. Remove the seeds and fill the cavities thus left with a forcemeat of fine bread crumbs and minced cold ham. Moisten with melted butter or dripping, and season with pepper and a little onion-juice. Fit the halves together in the original form of the cucumbers, and bind into shape with soft cotton twine. Lay in a roaster and pour about them a cupful of soup-stock or, if you have none, canned beef bouillon, and cook until they are tender. Baste several times with the gravy. Clip and remove the strings carefully; thicken the gravy left in the pan with browned flour and pour about the cucumbers.

A Vegetable Chowder

Heat two tablespoonfuls of nut-butter or a substitute in a saucepan and brown in it four good-sized onions, sliced. When they are nicely colored, add four large tomatoes peeled and cut into cubes, one chopped sweet green pepper and a cupful of green corn cut from the cob. Lastly, add a cupful of water and a little butter, season with salt, a rounded teaspoonful of sugar and a dash of paprika. Cook, covered, for an hour, stirring every ten minutes. Serve very hot in soup-plates.

Green Corn Soufflé

Grate the grains from a dozen ears of corn. Mix with it the whipped yolks of three eggs, and when you have a custard-like compound, add a tablespoonful of melted butter and the same of sugar; salt to taste, and stir in quickly a pinch of baking soda. Now add the whites of the eggs whipped into a stiff *meringue*. Turn into a buttered pudding-dish and bake, covered, half an hour. Brown delicately and serve at once.

Baked Mushrooms

You may gather these in abundance in sunny uplands in many parts of tho country. They are offered for sale at moderate prices in city shops all tho year round.

Wash and peel the mushrooms and cut off the stems. Make a forcemeat by mincing these stems very fine after scraping off the skin. Arrange the mushrooms, under-sides upward, in a pudding-dish, and put a tiny bit of butter into each. Season with pepper and salt, and when the lowest layer is complete, spread over it the minced stems well-seasoned with salt and white pepper. Two layers of the whole mushrooms and the same of the chopped stems should be enough for one dish. Dot the uppermost layer with bits of butter and bake, closely covered, for about twenty minutes. Have ready a little melted butter and pour over the upper layer; leave in the oven five minutes to color very delicately, and send to table.

Onions au Gratin

Full-grown but young onions are best for this dish. The essential is that they must be tender. Skin, and trim at top and bottom; lay in a saucepan in hot salted water and cook for twenty minutes. Drain off all the water and return the onions to tho fire; cover with a cupful of scalding hot milk in which has been dissolved a bit of baking-soda no bigger than a green pea. Cook in a double boiler for five minutes. Then lay the onions in order in a hot, greased pudding-dish; season to taste with salt and pepper; stir a teaspoonful of cornstarch wet with cold water into the hot milk, and pour over the onions. Cover the surface with finely grated cheese, and bake to a light brown. Send to table very hot in the dish in which they were cooked.

Cauliflower au Gratin

Divide a fine cauliflower into clusters, each having a short stem. Put on to boil in hot salted water and keep it there until it is tender. Drain off the water, lay the clusters in a bake-dish, stems downward, and pour over all a nice white sauce in which you have mixed the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs minced into a coarse powder. Scatter fine bread-crumbs over the top; sprinkle with white pepper and dot with butter. Bake to a light brown.

It is not practicable to treat this vital subject fully in the space of a single article. It will be my pleasure to introduce into succeeding issues of the Corner recipes for the best methods of cooking numerous other kindly fruits.

I cannot close today's talk without bringing to the notice of our fellow members a couple of recipes contributed by an esteemed correspondent that have to do with one of our most valuable and popular vegetables—the tomato.

Baked Tomatoes

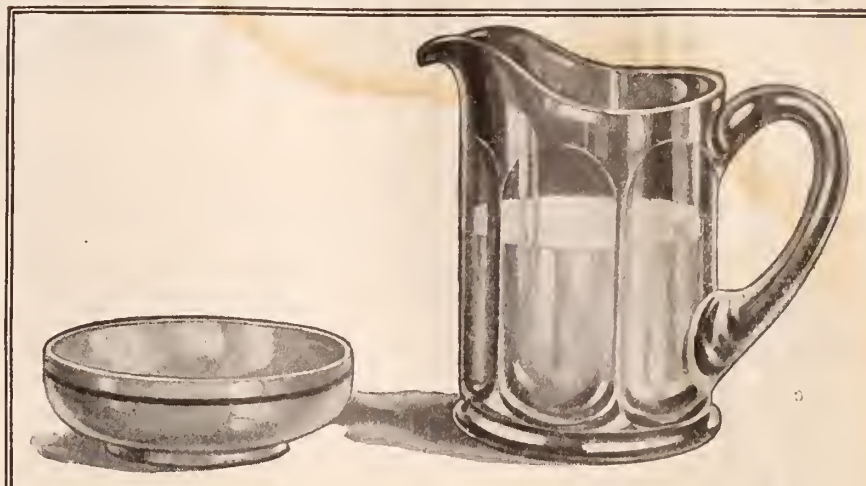
Do not peel the tomatoes. Remove the pulp carefully and mix it, when chopped, with half the quantity of cold boiled spaghetti (fine macaroni) also minced. Season with a tablespoonful of melted butter (or a substitute), half a teaspoonful of onion-juice, salt and pepper to taste. Arrange tho tomato-shells in a well-greased pudding-dish and fill them with the mixture, spreading it evenly on top. Dot the surface with little bits of butter, and cover with grated cheese. Fit tho tops on neatly and bake, covered, in a moderate oven.

Broiled Tomatoes

Cut the tomatoes in two, leaving the skins on. Place on a well-buttered broiler with tho skin-side down; dust with salt and pepper, and broil, without turning, over a moderate fire twenty minutes. Lay them on a hot dish and spread each piece with melted butter. Or the tomatoes may be cut in thick slices, buttered and then broiled, turning frequently.

If you (and your readers) approve of these, I will send two more, which I believe to be as novel, and which I know are as toothsome.—MRS. S. C. F. (*Baltimore*).

Let us have the "tried and approved" recipes by all means. Anything that lessens the consumption of flesh-foods is of positive value in the times in which we are living.



A Quart a Day

For a Child, They Say

A Noted Food Authority Says:

"No young person can be expected to thrive on less than a pint of milk daily. And a quart is the right amount."

Multiply Its Goodness By Floating Puffed Grains in It

Milk is a cheap food. It is a complete food when whole-grain is served with it.

It is an essential food for young folks.

To all it is the one indispensable food.

Here is the way to make the milk dish vastly more delightful—a way which millions use.

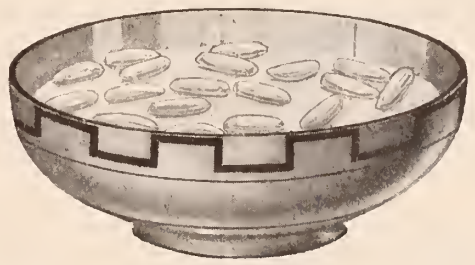
Float Puffed Grains in it—sometimes Puffed Rice, sometimes Puffed Wheat, sometimes Corn Puffs.

The Wheat and Rice are whole grains puffed to bubbles. They are steam exploded to eight times normal size. They are thin, airy, toasted morsels, with exquisite nut-like flavor.

Corn Puffs are corn hearts puffed in a like way.

All taste like food confections. But the purpose of puffing is to blast every food cell—to make digestion easy and complete.

These are the best-cooked grain foods in existence. So the greatest food a child can have is some Puffed Grain in milk. And the proper daily allotment is all that a child will eat.



Like Puffed Nuts For Breakfast

For breakfast serve with cream and sugar, or mixed with any fruit —each morning a different Puffed Grain.

Also use like nut meats as garnish for ice cream. Also as wafers in soups.

Puffed Rice

Puffed Wheat

Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c Except in Far West

(1969)

Keep the Men Folks Working

Keep on hand and have ready for emergency the always-safe antiseptic liniment and germ-destroyer Absorbine, Jr. It is healing, cooling, soothing. It gives prompt relief from aches and pains. It keeps little cuts and bruises from being infected.

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

With everybody working so hard and so fast nowadays more accidents seem to happen, more folks get hurt—even the youngsters get more cuts and bruises. Be on the safe side—be prepared—have Absorbine, Jr. in the medicine closet and be ready for emergencies.

It is harmless—safe and pleasant to use.

Stiffened muscles and aching joints from housework yield at once to Absorbine, Jr. Swollen feet, after a hard day's work, are rested by it. Get a bottle today.

$1.25 A BOTTLE
At druggists or postpaid

A Liberal TRIAL Bottle Will be sent postpaid upon receipt of 10c in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.
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Hosiery

Sensible Economy

THE special reinforcement at the wear points gives EVERWEAR Hosiery a double durability that is genuine economy.

The Flexweev feature gives EVERWEAR its characteristic neatness—a trim snugness at the ankle that is lasting. It's dressy enough for all occasions.

EVERWEAR comes in many colors, weights and prices—silk, lisle and cotton.

Everwear Hosiery Co.
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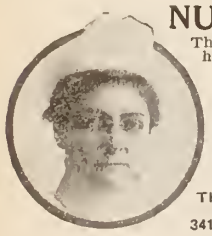
Milwaukee, Wis.



NURSES NEEDED

The Army has called for 30,000 hospital nurses. Thousands of nurses must be recruited to take their places at home. Patriotic women are meeting this need by taking the C. S. N. Home-Practice and Correspondence course in trained nursing. Send for yearbook explaining method. State age.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING
341 Main St. Jamestown, N.Y.

A SMALL FARM In California will make you more money with less work. You will live longer and better. Delightful climate. Rich soil. Low prices. Easy terms. Sure profits. Hospitable neighbors. Good roads, schools and churches. Write for our San Joaquin Valley illustrated folders free. C. L. Seagraves Industrial Commissioner. Santa Fe Ry., 1983 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

Salvation Army Calls for Workers

THE War Work of The Salvation Army is taxing the resources of that fine force of workers, because of its rapid increase. Extensions of the work are being thrust upon the Army authorities, so that to meet the increased need they find themselves short of the trained workers required and are asking for one thousand volunteers for this service. A brief season of intensive training is being planned, and such workers, after passing through that school, would go over to France as special war-time officers of the Salvation Army, without in any way affecting their denominational affiliations.

Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

IT was a hushed June evening in New York City—a still, sweet-scented night. The moon and stars were out. The city's rumble had dropped to a drowsy hum. And the sparrows who live in my back yard were settling down for the night with contented chirps.

They knew nothing of war!

Sore-hearted and desolate, I sat by the open window, listening to them; marveling at their freedom from grief. For to me, their downhearted neighbor, the day had been one of anguish. I had said good-by to my only brother, preparatory to his sailing overseas. And the vision of him—straight and tall and proud and laughing—still beat against my eyelids.

I had no exact knowledge as to the hour or day of his sailing, of course; for that is not permitted. All I knew was that, until this war was over, and Right had once more triumphed in the world, I should never see his laughing face again.

Most of you know—women neighbors of mine—the anguish of that hour: the pain and glory of it. We women give our all; and we do it gladly and humbly and with a prayer on our lips. And we laugh bravely, if a bit shakily. We laugh while he hurries down the steps, and while he stops at the corner to wave and smile. We laugh until those sturdy young shoulders in khaki have swung out of sight around a corner of the street.

And then, then we return; and there follows an hour . . .

This hour was upon me. I was bitter and rebellious; for we are human, we mothers and wives and sisters. And we are pitifully weak!

I tried to think of comforting passages from the Bible; and the promise "I will not leave you comfortless" came to me. But I was unable to accept it.

"What comfort," I thought desperately, "can there be?"

There was no answer, for a moment, except the sleepy twittering of little birds, the stirring of trees, the faint breathing of the city.

AND then (as though angels had answered) there suddenly sounded, from the *Soldiers' and Sailors' Canteen* a few doors away, the notes of a piano, followed by the most glorious outburst of singing I have ever heard in my life—the voices of clean, manly, heroic American lads calling out to the anxious world their message of determination and high hopes. It was the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" they were singing; and every word of it rang like a promise to God.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vineyard where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His Truth is marching on!

"The glory of the coming of the Lord"—"His Truth is marching on!" the words thrilled through and through me. I sprang to my feet, and leaned out of the window. And I saw, instead of my back yard, a great battle-field across which His Truth was, indeed, "marching on." All bitterness left me. Peace and comfort floated in. I dropped my head against my arm, and the tears came—healing tears that I shall never forget.

And I determined to tell all of you—you who are being torn by war partings—of the earnest, consecrated singing of those lads of ours. If every mother, sister, wife and sweetheart could have heard it, it would have shamed all self-pity out of her as it did out of me. How I longed to have all the women in the land hear it! For it would have braced them, and filled them with the determination that they, too, would sing of God's glory and the ultimate triumph of Right.

This, dear adventurers, we will *have* to do, if we are to keep pace with our boys. They are going through the purging fire of a noble warfare, with a song on their lips. And we must not lag behind. We, too, must sing!—even if it be through tears. This is our warfare, here at home. This is our "job." So let us be up and at it. Gathering our townsfolk together, let us hold the Good News Day suggested several weeks ago; or, if not that, then a Community "Sing."

THAT some communities are already awake to the need of this is proved by the following beautiful letters:

Community "Sing" to Speed Departing Soldiers

At the request of our pastor and his wife, about three hundred people assembled at our little church Friday evening, July 19, 1918, to send four soldiers to help our country defend the right. Two of them are members of the church, and we are proud to send two such noble brothers.

The way our community-gathering originated was this: I had been much impressed with the ideas Miss Connolly expressed about a Community Sing. I had mentioned them to my pastor's wife, and she had told me we would try to have a Community Sing in the near future. The plan seemed to strike all the members as a fine way to send our boys off "smiling," and our preparations began.

Our time was limited, our invitations being sent Friday A. M. We certainly kept the wires busy! Meantime, the ladies prepared refreshments. Although haying and harvest were on hand, we all showed that we were interested in making the departure of those boys a happy one.

Lanterns were strung on wires near the entry, as the weather was so warm it would be too uncomfortable in the church. The exercises were announced by our pastor. Our first number was the singing of "America." And did we sing? The woods fairly rang. Each one was given an opportunity to speak the first pieces they had spoken at school. Old men did cause so much laughter when they recited their little poems or sang a song! The writer sang "A Darky Lullaby," and was encored twice!

Patriotic songs were sung. Then our soldier boys were called upon, and each responded. At the close of the exercises, the four soldiers were called to the platform, and two little Sunday school tots presented each with a beautiful bouquet. And while the flowers were being presented, all joined in singing "Blest Be the Tie that Binds." The boys thanked us all for making their last day with us so pleasant; and they were very much surprised when they each received a kit containing a token—such as towel, soap, khaki handkerchief—from each lady of the church. Refreshments were served, after which all went to their homes, feeling that "the boy sent away with a smile is the boy worth while." MRS. JOHN QUINCY.

Wisconsin.

That splendid letter brought the tears to my eyes, and a smile to my lips. Can't you picture that little rural church, surrounded by warm-hearted patriotic men and women, their voices raised in song? Ah, dear little rural church, would that every great city church would gather its flock about its doors in that way.

Perhaps the city church cannot do that; but there is much it can do towards stimulating an interest in singing. Here, for instance, is what one city church has done. This adventure occurred before the present war began; but such a club is as practical today as then, and is more bitterly needed:

Glee Club for Young Folks

The young folks of our church were slowly drifting away. This kept up until our big-hearted assistant minister found the reason. There was nothing to interest the young people. He discovered somehow that while very few of them knew much about music, they at least knew how to sing. So he started a Glee Club. Some church members were skeptical as to the results, declaring that when the novelty of the thing wore off, the young folks would drift away again. But this proved a false prophecy! The young people became so wrapped up in, their Glee Club that, after they had mastered a number of good selections, they decided they would give a concert.

The church itself was a prosperous one, but instead of holding their concert where those of wealth might come to criticize (?), the young folks of the Glee Club went to the poorer section of their district, and gave the music-starved people there an opportunity to have something different from what the hurdy-gurdy played. The people enjoyed it so much that they asked the members to please, *please* come again! A concert was, therefore, held there each month, and finally, because of this Glee Club and some other activities along community development lines, a Neighborhood Settlement House was established.

The original Glee Club (the old members of which are now married and scattered) has been increased; and old and young gather once every week to learn to appreciate the best in music and to sing their sorrows away.

Surely, Community Glee Clubs, or Community Singing, would help a great deal towards keeping up the spirits of the folks at home, so that they would write cheery letters to their dear ones on the field of battle. If any neighbor wishes to start a Community Singing Club, I would gladly give a list of the simple things we sang at our Glee Club.

C. D. LANE.

Truly, the oak that grew from this acorn was a very big and beautiful one! There is no telling what influence on a community, or county or state, one's simplest endeavor may eventually have.

WHICH brings us to our last adventure for the day; an original one, and very touching. I am wondering if the elderly folk of your neighborhood would not welcome such a loving attention, with tremulous lips and eager, wistful eyes, thus rewarding you a thousand times over for your effort? Do make the experiment, and let me know!

A Community Choir

I have read most of the Adventures in Neighboring, but have not seen any account of a custom similar to the one we have here. So many times you read of what is being done for the young people, to keep them interested in the farm and country life. But this custom belongs entirely to the old people—those who have passed the three-score years and ten.

We have here a Community Choir—one of the very first organized in this part of the state. We had Community Sings before the word was printed in the magazines and the work of such organizations published abroad. Our choir has always been on the lookout for ways to make itself useful.

Not being content with singing at patriotic gatherings and union church services, it went out into the byways and found many an old person, whose days of active service were over, and to these—as a labor of love—it carried its message of song. It learns of the birthday coming, and on that evening it serenades the aged friend. There has been many a surprise for the serenaders as well; for some member of the family learns of the plan and a social hour follows, with birthday refreshments.

Happy memories of that birthday-serenade brighten the days to come; and sometimes little gifts are left by the choir, at others a shower of post-cards, at others a bouquet—whatever seems to be most suitable for the occasion.

This may be a simple thing to do; but it has brought joy to many a heart that felt that the young folks had no time for those who had given up the burdens of life and were waiting for the shadows.

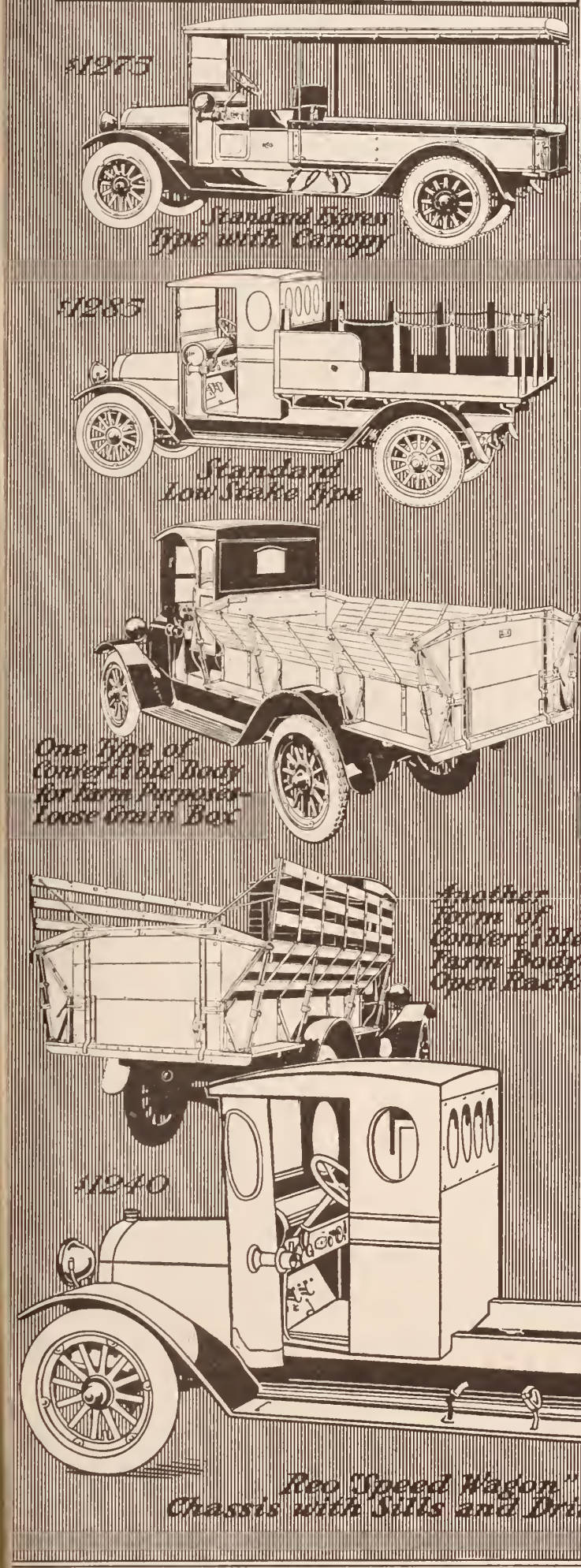
IDA LOUISE SWEET.

And now, fellow adventurers, today's meeting is over. We have "sung" our way through it; and it is my hope that each of us will bear a song away to some war-saddened community, and there plant the song like a seed.

Meantime, let us not forget the contest announced in the July 3 issue: the *Good News Day* Contest. Some very wonderful letters about this have already come in to me; but there is still plenty of time for all communities which have not yet entered the Contest, to do so by holding a Good News Day at once and sending me the account of it by September 1, when the Contest closes.

A FORTNIGHT from now, Christian Herald comrades, we shall gather about our round-table again, for the discussion of an issue that is fast becoming of national as well as community importance. So be sure not to miss the August 28 issue!

REO



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IN SELECTING a motor truck you naturally desire to eliminate, so far as possible, the element of uncertainty.

FOR DEPENDABILITY is the prime requisite in a vehicle that is to play so important a part in your daily business.

THE MOTOR TRUCK WILL either conserve or waste a lot of valuable time, depending upon whether it will be always on the job or only intermittently.

THE VERY WORDS Reo and Reliability have come to be regarded by motorists as synonyms.

AND THAT REPUTATION could only develop from many years of use and continuous, consistent performance.

THIS REO "SPEED WAGON" was the pioneer of its type.

IT HAS THEREFORE seen more years of use.

UNCHANGED in any important detail or unit from the very inception of the model, its reputation rests not on brief trials in individual cases, but on several years of service in hands of thousands of owners in hundreds of different lines of business.

SO, WHEN YOU SELECT a Reo "Speed Wagon" for your own particular work, you do eliminate all element of risk and of speculation.

YOU OBTAIN A MOTOR TRUCK the quality, the dependability and the Low Upkeep of which are known quantities.

EQUALLY ADAPTABLE to city, suburban and rural service—to country roads and mountain trails as to city streets—this pneumatic-tired Reo has proven its stamina in all parts of the world and in almost every class of carrying.

DEMAND, ALWAYS GREATER than the output, is now still more insistent—due to War Speed which calls for speedy truck haulage.

SO THE ONLY WAY to be sure of getting a Reo is to see your Reo distributor at once and place your order.

TODAY won't be a minute too soon.

Reo Motor Car Company,
Lansing, Michigan

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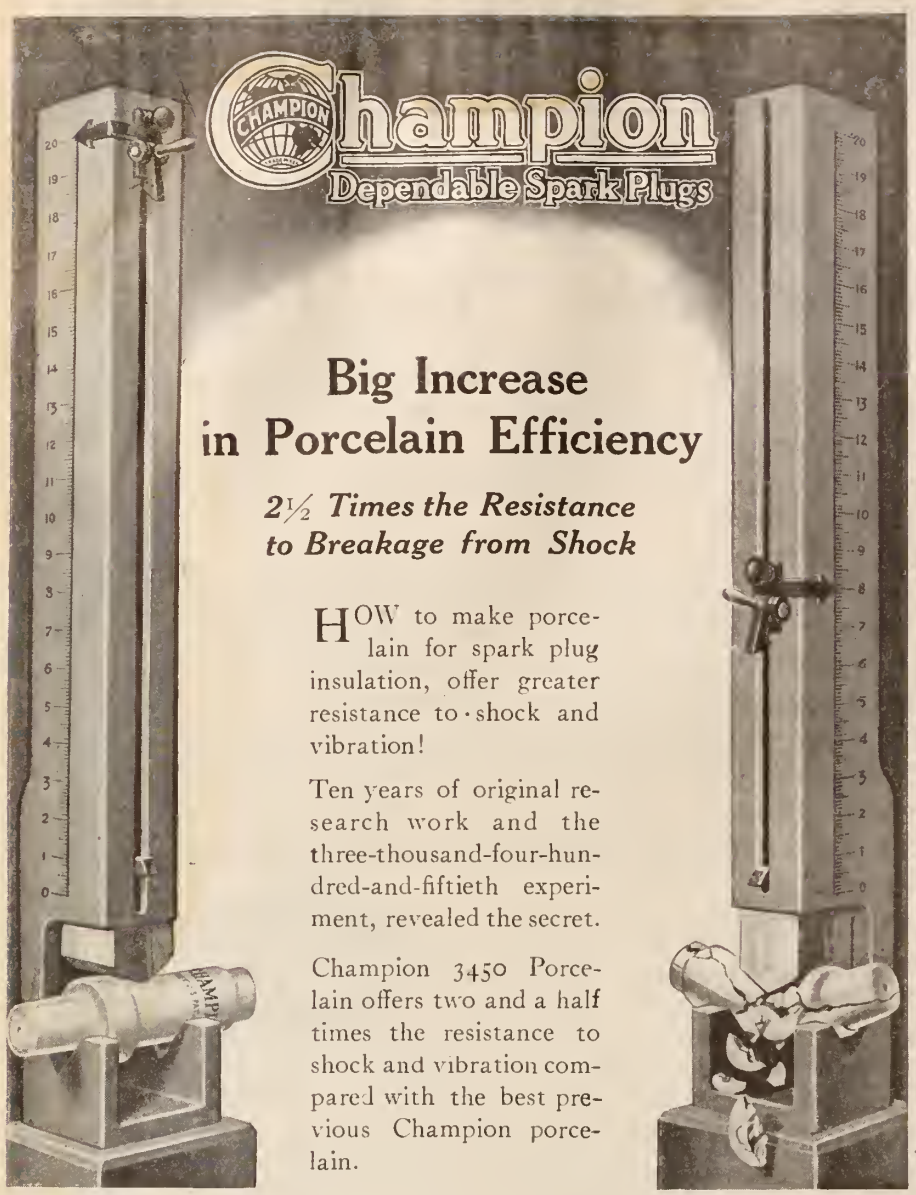

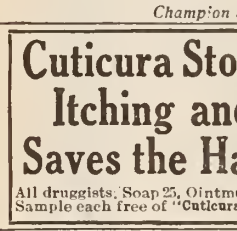

Young People's Topics for August 25

The Power of the Cross on the Frontier

Christian Endeavor Topic. Ps. 107 : 33-43.

Woman's Part in Home Missions

B. Y. P. U. Topic. Acts 9 : 36-43

THESE two topics are so closely related that we will treat them together. Home Missions is inseparably linked with the frontier. The pioneer churches frequently grew out of Sunday Bible classes or week-night prayer meetings started by some woman whose faith held her nearer to God as the distance widened between her and the old church back home. The pioneer preacher, on his first round, frequently found a work started by some mother in Israel, and building upon her foundation, surely laid, he was able to gather together in her parlor or kitchen a group of believers and to start a church. Thus it happens that many a spire now points heavenward because a woman sought the means of grace. And as the frontier moved westward and a set led civilization grew up about the pioneer churches, the same women formed home mission societies which helped to send the Gospel to the still sparsely settled regions beyond. But all the religious pioneers were not women by any means. Many a deacon in New England became a farmer-minister in the West. In the early days the frontier was a wild place, where races fought for mastery and life meant struggle. The Cross, upheld by men and women who fought Indians and drought and stubborn soil and reluctant mine as well as any, conquered the wilderness, made the law respected, fostered education, and became the center of a new and a better civilization. Out of the former Wild West have come the Prohibition movement and the Woman Suffrage movement of today. Both started in the East but went West to grow up with the country. Out of the West came also better prison methods, new educational ideals, and a passion for a religion of service which enriched the Church of the East and stimulated both home and foreign missions. Now, although there are still in the West stretches of newly opened land and sparsely settled territory, where the home missionary is finding the same old opportunities for civilization-building as of old, the biggest home mission problem lies in the cities of the East, where thousands of foreign-born immigrants, seekers after the liberty of the West, require at our hands instruction in our language, the vehicle of our ideals of freedom; in citizenship, the working out of our ideals; and in faith, the only basis for true liberty, the only safeguard for ideals. These form a new frontier. In this new field of home missions the women's societies are doing yeoman service. Leaders of the B. Y. P. U. can secure information regarding the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society by addressing the Secretary at 2969 Vernon Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Remedies for Intemperance

Epworth League Topic. Eph. 5 : 15-21

THE Apostle was not merely piecing together words when he said "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit." There is just one cure for intemperance and drunkenness, and that is the shed blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Keeley cure, the dipsomania hospitals, the various sanitariums offer only temporary relief, for none of them gives the victim of intemperance a new heart. But, penitent before the mercy seat, the victim of drink, acknowledging his sin and craving pardon and salvation, is given a new heart purged of appetite. If, rising from his knees, he goes forth in prayer and praise and does not forget to keep always close to God, he will be filled with the Spirit and kept from falling, his weak will strengthened by the power of the omnipotent. Saving faith in God is a cure for intemperance. There are various remedies. Local option is one remedy, sort of a local anesthetic. High license, often suggested as a remedy, is really an intensifier of the trouble. Will power, the favorite remedy for those who wish to tipple just a little, is a betrayer, and prohibition, the best remedy we have, does not destroy appetite, it only exasperates it. But the grace of God in the heart destroys appetite. It turns the thoughts to higher things than bodily desires; it changes a man's mind from an attitude of resistance to evil to an attitude of desire for service in doing good. Real conversion makes the man a new creature in Christ Jesus, and it cures intemperance.

A Soul With the Service Passion

MRS. EMMA W. MORGAN, wife of Dr. Charles H. Morgan, editor of the Missionary Education Movement, was deeply devoted to the Christian Herald as an agency in her work. She died in New York City on March 14, after a life spent in kindly Christian ministry, teaching and guiding children, and talking to circles of mothers. Most of her unostentatious acts of Christian benevolence, during her fifteen years in New York, are known only to the recording angel and to the friendless ones to whom she ministered.

One such instance was that of Jack K., whom she first saw drunk on a Lexington Avenue car, New York City. She talked to him, woke up his better manhood, and took him and his wife to her home. In the years that have passed there have been some lapses, but Jack and his wife are sober, happy, and hopeful to-day.

All her life Mrs. Morgan taught and guided the children. How they loved her! Toward the end she gave her talks to circle after circle of mothers. The deaconess leader of such a circle cried out: "She was so thoroughly good that her goodness just radiated from her. She never spoke in private or in public but that it was an inspiration. She lived in her lifetime what many could not have done had they lived more than a full century. No one will ever know in this life how many she has helped to uplift and bring into the kingdom."

New Christian Endeavor Home

THE new Headquarters Building of the United Society of Christian Endeavor was dedicated July 31. It stands at the corner of Mt. Vernon and Joy Streets, Boston, on the highest point of Beacon Hill. More than one hundred thousand Endeavorers in all parts of the world contributed to its erection, the cost of which, including the land, was something more than $200,000. At the dedicatory mass-meeting in Ford Hall a message of congratulation from President Wilson was read. Then followed addresses by Governor McCall, Ex-Governor John L. Bates, Rev. T. Makino, vice-president of the Japanese Christian Endeavor Union, Dr. William Shaw, and President Clark.

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Christian Herald

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VOL. 41 NO. 34. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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There's laughter in the purple depths that mingles with a prayer;
And leaves glow red because the wind has left his kisses there!

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AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

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The bivouac in the desert. British troops in camp during the march from Egypt to Palestine

When Zion's Sorrow Turned to Joy

The Story of Jerusalem's Fight With Famine, Fever and Oppression Before Welcome Relief Came

By JOHN D. WHITING

From a recent letter to a friend in Michigan. Used by permission. Mr. Whiting was an eyewitness of the scenes he describes.

A VERY common food in this country is "Esau's pottage" made of lentils. With it is usually served a dish called "labban," which is a sort of clabbered milk. The pottage retains heat for a long time, while the labban is eaten quite cold. A telling Arab proverb runs as follows: "After being burned by the pottage one blows on the labban." So with us. Even your innocent letters, so full of active sympathy for the starving and needy about us, were burned at the time the whole Colony was in fear of being exiled, lest the Turkish censor should put some false interpretation upon them. Had it not been for the destruction of these letters we could now write to our friends individually and give them an outline of what their kind offerings meant to those suffering about us. And not to the poor alone, for life would have been unbearable under the conditions had not one been able to lend a helping hand and do more than just sympathize with those in distress.

I shall try to give you a short outline of what we passed through since the outbreak of the war. It is to be borne in mind that no note-books or diaries could be kept. Therefore it will be impossible to make allusions to dates.

Some time before the outbreak of hostilities a curious rumor went around that sealed letters had been sent to all the sheiks of the various villages, with the word that they should not be opened until especially ordered to do so, when the contents should be read and acted on. The great apprehension was at once jumped at that there was to be a general massacre. What was the real purport of these letters and the consequences which would be incurred, we little dreamed of then. About the same time, some of our young people planned a camping trip to East Jordan lands and several German acquaintances asked to join our party. On the entire trip the conversation between the Germans, both men and women, was war. On one occasion, when a toast was proposed (over lemonade) the German chancellor desired to drink *to war*. Our women objected, so the answer came, "All right; for your sake we drink to peace; but if war comes, then to a finish." In the face of these and other facts which we have personally experienced, Germany's assertions of innocence in desiring war cannot be forced down our throats. It is now our turn to say "to a finish!"

WHILE Turkey was still neutral, one peaceful morning not a single vehicle was to be found upon the streets of the city. The thoroughfares were as quiet as death; a most curious sensation passed over one, for during the night every stable had been entered by soldiers and every horse commandeered. Consecutively came the mobilizing of all troops. Usually, when drafts were required, mounted soldiers raided the villages and brought them in under escort, but now a sort of terror was at once instilled, and hundreds of thousands of drafts came in, unescorted, daily; each group clapping, dancing and singing to keep their courage up. They were followed by their women-folk, crying, screaming the death cry, tearing their hair and clothes. The largest number of them passed our house. It was a heart-rending sight, but it is worse to think of their later fate.

All the while Turkey boasted her neutrality. Our suspicions at last became realities when, one morning, we noticed the Russian and French flags, at their respective consulates, had been exchanged for those of the nations which had taken over their interests. I believe the British flag disappeared shortly after.

Upon the heels of war came the moratorium, and banks suspended payments. Nothing had any value but money, real coin. Wheat was a drug on the market and could hardly be sold. It was not long before the case changed entirely. Money has had less value since, especially when compared with the necessities of life, and wheat has sold for prices never before dreamed of. According to last accounts, in Damascus, where food is normally very cheap, gold coin equivalent to $2.50 will only purchase six pounds of bread. Before the British came, a pair of shoes sold here for $70—Turkish paper currency. Thank God, everything can now be had at comparatively reasonable prices. But I have gone ahead of my story, and I must not go too much into detail.

Now it was rumored that Turkey was going to make an attack on the Suez Canal across the desert. All who knew the desert scorned the idea, but soon it became evident that the rumor was a fact. Having no railroad from the north, south of Samaria, all the transportation had to be done overland by wagons, but mostly camels were used. All these endless caravans, also troops and artillery, passed our house in endless procession, mostly at night. At first the animals were lovely to look at, fat and in good condition. The camels from Asia Minor, with hair on the neck, almost touching the ground, were especially attractive. But it was not long before they were lean from starvation and overwork, hair dropping off from skin disease, which contagion got among the camelmen till they were scratching themselves raw and bleeding. The men also were half starved. One picture I shall never forget. It was an old gray-haired man (one could hardly call them soldiers, as all army service corps were still wearing their own civilian clothes of every description). He was tugging away at a string of camels that could hardly move. His head never turned this way or that, but keeping his eyes riveted upon the road before him he constantly muttered, in a low voice, as he went on, "O Creator, hasten death." Doubtless his prayer has long since been answered.

THE attack on the canal developed, and you know the result. It may perhaps interest you to learn that, according to careful calculation, it cost a camel fourteen days' work to land one fifteen-pound shell at the guns before the canal from the railroad head at Samaria, and that fifty-four thousand camels and other animals died during this expedition. Every particle of food which the camel was to eat, also the food for its driver, had thus to be carried. No wonder that every available animal was seized. But it did not end here, for soldiers too were used as beasts of burden. Each two had to carry a telephone pole of considerable size and a big sack of biscuits all the way from Jerusalem to Beersheba and keep it up, week after week. Those unable to lift the burdens alone had no other course than to load their women with them.

About this time the American Red Cross of Washington sent a mission from Beirut with Dr. Ward at the head of it, with assistants and nurses to equip a tent hospital of two hundred beds. The American Colony did what they could to assist in the preparations and went along into the desert as far as Hafir el Angah. It was one of the best outfits possible to get together, and practically all the wounded passed through its clean and hospitable ten wards. Lack of government transportation delayed our advance. This proved to be a blessing in disguise, for the day the hospital started to push forward from Hafir el Angah, the Turks attempted to blow up the canal.

I shall never forget that experience, when, with the Turks in full retreat, half the Red Cross party of doctors, nurses and equipment pushed forward that day in a caravan of many thousands of camels, mostly loaded with telegraph poles, wire and hospital equipment. At nightfall they had begun falling back on Hafir, unloading, then reloading with food and ammunition, and by midnight not an animal remained except those dying and dead about the camp. I hate to recall those experiences. Most of the Turkish camels we loaded with our own hands that day with Red Cross supplies. The

camels had backs in such a condition that the blood and pus ran from them in streams the full length of their long legs the moment the burdens were fixed to the saddles.

Thus passed the first attack upon the canal. Although defeated, the scheme was not given up. Instead, railroads and wagon roads must be built and were built; but they cost the lives of twenty thousand human beings, due to hunger, thirst and rampant disease. Men have told me how, during one night, half the occupants of their tent died of typhus fever.

The military side developed along these lines until the British occupation, with the exception that German officers and influence became daily more prominent, till the army came under direct German control and German motor trucks took the place of the dead camels. But what will interest you will be the civil side, and in order to picture this to you more clearly, the foregoing sketch is necessary.

AS the war developed, call after call went out for more troops, until every male from seventeen to fifty was supposed to be in the army. The various classes which originally had enjoyed exemption had to join up or pay an exemption tax of $250. This paid exemption was supposed to be for the duration of the war, but it was not, and periodically had to be renewed. When the paper currency dropped so low in value, money was no longer accepted for exemption. Instead, certain quantities of cereals were demanded, and because of the high prices, the exemption for one year often cost $500 gold and more. Think what it cost those like the Bethlehemites, who got their funds from abroad, paid in paper notes which has fallen to one-third and even one-fourth their face value. Women disposed of their jewelry for next to nothing in order to buy out a brother, son, or husband. Men sold houses, lands and gardens only to escape military service for one, two, or three years, and then they had to serve, for all their worldly possessions had melted away. All that these men left behind were large families of impoverished women and children with no means of earning a living Our coachman, for example, was supporting a large family, as his two older brothers had been drafted. We paid his first exemption tax and were unable to renew it. When he was forced into the army, he left a brother, fifteen years old, who was also soon taken, leaving sixteen helpless women at home, who fell upon us for the necessities of life. The more the government called for troops the more men deserted, and every deserter made a demand for a new recruit.

A locust plague also swept the land. This helped to make things worse, for the whole of the fruit crop was ruined.

Thus we found ourselves with poverty and disease growing rapidly. About this time we received a remittance from the Christian Herald of New York, of $2500. It was used in industrial relief. Women and girls made handsome needle lace and earned good wages as long as the thread was available and the money held out. The lace is now being sold and the money reinvested in the work, while the profits are being used to purchase ration tickets which are given to the destitute lace workers, so that, besides the pay they get for making the lace, they also receive all profits in the form of food tickets. There are several hundred already at work. Since the British occupation the Christian Herald has sent another remittance of $10,000, which likewise is being used to run a lace industry, and this promises to be a great blessing to the poor girls. The main object is to keep them out of sin and enable them to earn a decent living.

BUT to go back again: Our front door was crowded all day long and we shared our mouthful as long as we could, making soup for the destitute and feeding those who had been used to better things from our own table. Thousands at this time died of slow starvation and disease, notably from typhus fever, which contagion is carried by vermin. Many poor persons who came to our door dropped on the road and were attended to by our women until life left them, in spite of the fact that they were alive with deadly vermin. Next these bodies had to be buried, while others had to be gotten into hospitals, the only means being our vehicles. Three of our members caught the hideous disease in this way, but, thank God, all pulled through.

It was just at this stage that the timely help came from you in the form of the gifts of money sent by those who, wishing to do a kindly act, could not then, and cannot even now, fully realize what it meant to thousands of starving people. Nor can they realize what it meant to us, for how could we have stood seeing their misery without being able to extend a helping hand? Many women brought their babies and offered to sell them for a pittance just to be sure of a few more meals. One mother left her twin skeleton babies hanging at midnight on our front gate. Just as these generous contributions, through your unrelenting energies, were about coming to an end, Mr. Crane of the Armenian and Syrian Relief Fund sent us $5,000, for which draft we were able to secure 450 gold English pounds, less than one-half face value. Still it was far more profitable than accepting paper currency and purchasing with it. With this sum we were able to distribute 184,854 portions of soup and beans, 7,653 pounds of bread, and 7,179 full meals to the destitute.

© The American Colony in Jerusalem

The Mayor of Jerusalem (x), escorted by a squad bearing the white flag, meeting the British outpost to initiate arrangements for the surrender of the Holy City

All these funds being more than used, the Almighty opened up other doors. The Khaskie Sultan soup kitchen was put into our hands. The Palestine and Syrian Relief Fund soon made its appearance. Some seventeen of our young folks are working in it. Industrial work is being given as well as food, clothes, etc. Besides this, the new government is selling rations to all and feeding free all refugees, so that it can be truthfully stated that no one need be hungry, though thousands are still destitute as a result of the war.

BUT to go back a little to another phase of what we passed through: With the declaration of war between our country and Germany came the inevitable breaking off of relations between Turkey and the United States. After this actually happened, but before we knew it, the wounded, one day, poured into Jerusalem and only found inadequate nursing. There was no other humanitarian course to take but to volunteer to nurse. How many passed through our hands here, God only knows; their name is legion. It was thus that we came into contact with the British wounded, whom we always sent to our hospitals, so that we might give them such special care and sympathy as lay in our power. This almost ended in the deportation of the whole Colony. We felt the iron fist of might, of which I will soon tell you.

At first, the wounded came from the advance field hospital run by the Turkish National Red Crescent. These gentlemen had considerable ability as surgeons and a good deal of conscience and interest in humanity. After the demoralization of the army at Beersheba and Gaza, the wounded were sent in from the small field hospitals, wounds in a deplorable condition, alive with worms and in cases not attended to for days. Next, as the battle wheeled around to Mizpah or Neby Samuel, we became, as it were, behind the lines, and wounded were received, soaked in blood, but a few hours after being wounded.

BEFORE ending my story, I must tell you of our experience with the iron fist. Shortly before the British offensive took place, the control of the army was changed from Turkish to German hands. One day, when our hospitals were full, the wards neat and clean as a pin, and the nurses doing their duty, a certain general, Falkenheyn's head doctor, walked into the hospital. He was all of iron. He tried to find fault with various things, but could not. It was quite plain, however, that he thought it unwise to trust the British prisoners to us. Finally he ascertained Mrs. Vester's nationality (as we were speaking to him), and went away. Before long we were ordered to close the hospital. We knew what that meant, but fortunately, by the very next day the British had broken through at Gaza, and the Germans were the first to leave Jerusalem. Immediately our hospitals were refilled and remained so until the 30th of December, when the British relieved us of the last patient.

But this was not all. Interwoven with the last mentioned episode came first the order for the exiling of the whole Colony, because the Germans wanted our pigs. No sooner had that difficulty been gotten over, than we were told that our horses were to be commandeered for artillery purposes. The head Turkish doctor would not allow this, as they were continually used for Red Crescent purposes. The climax came with the order that all of the Americans of military age must be deported. We therefore packed our clothes, and the women put up a lunch for us. Where we were to go no one knew. Just at this critical moment, only about five days before the British took the city, Ali Folsad Pacha, the Turkish general in charge of the troops, visited our hospitals and was so pleased with what he saw that he disobeyed the order of General Falkenheyn and gave us passes to remain; in fact, his head doctor, the night of the retreat from Jerusalem, put all of the hospitals into our care. As the Turks retreated, they took as many of the wounded with them as possible. Many, on crutches, walked to Nablous, where lorries and wagons took the rest. The British prisoners, of course, were the first to be sent, but toward the end we received two new cases captured near Jerusalem, which with a third, who had been in hospital six months, comprised all the Tommies left in Jerusalem.

We cannot close this letter without expressing our deepest gratitude for your untiring energies in our belief and for the true Christian spirit which permeated all your endeavors. We are indeed blessed in the possession of the many friends who, through the efforts of yourself and others, have made it possible for us to live and carry on the work of humanity through these awful years. To all of you and them we are profoundly grateful, and we thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

Gray Hairs No Bar to Service

By VICTOR T. J. GANNON
Manager, Employers' Association of Chicago

[NOTE. The Bureau of which the author is manager was organized January 25, 1917, by the Employers' Association of Chicago. There is no other like it in the world. It is bringing the middle-aged and old man into his own again and dispelling the almost criminal curse put upon old age by the Doctor Osler theory.]

"THEY say you can find work for old men." There was doubt in the voice, yet a gleam of hope in the eyes of the white-haired, pale and ragged man who stood before me. He stood straight and looked me in the eyes—I noticed that first of all.

"*You* are not *old*," I told him, with a cheerful smile. He returned the smile, but weakly.

"I have been told for years, wherever I sought employment, that I was too old——"

"You won't be insulted if I suggest a shave and haircut and——"

"Oh, no; I realize that I need all of that, but I cannot——"

"We will attend to that," I told him. The man, he was a few years over fifty, was given a shave and haircut, a new outfit, clean linen, clothes pressed, a luncheon, a cold shower to brighten him up, and was sent to the office of a certain big manufacturing concern. That was in February, 1917. Four months later, in June, a handsome man, rather stout, ruddy, well dressed, stepped up to my desk.

"I can give employment to four men," he said, "men of middle age, say fifty."

"I can get them for you," I told him, and began talking about his requirements. Then I agreed to send the men over and continue to send them until he had selected the four he needed.

"You do not remember me?" he asked.

"Perhaps you have been in here before, looking for men to work for you——"

"I was in here once before, looking for—a job," he told me.

IT was the ragged, gray and pale man who, four months before, had come to me and asked if I could find work for an "old man." It was difficult to recognize him. He told me most of his story and from the concern where he worked I got the rest of it. He was started at $15 a week. Before the week was up they found that he was especially well fitted for an executive position, that he knew men and could handle them. In four months' time his salary had been increased to $50 a week and he was in charge of a department with many men under him. I did not see him after that, but heard from him from time to time, and found positions for several men in his department, and when we made our first annual report I found that he was one of the $3,000-a-year men.

I do not wish to give the impression that every one of the nine thousand four hundred and forty-four men between the ages of forty-five and seventy-nine that our Employment Bureau placed in good positions did as well as this man. Naturally it is not to be expected; but many of them did, and all of them are doing better, earning more and are more contented and happy than they ever expected or hoped to be.

Our Association started this work of finding positions for men forty-five years of age and older before we got into the war. We knew from past experience that the few men of these years whom we managed to land in positions had proved extremely valuable to their employers. We knew also the pitiful state of affairs—the great number of men of gray hairs who, although competent, could not get work because they were considered too old. After we took up this work of finding employment for such men, there came the war, the departure of so many young men and the need for men to take their places.

THERE is plenty of work in this country for young and old alike, but in Chicago the big employers will never again hold the erroneous opinion that once prevailed that a young man was worth two old men. They now know that the so-called old man has a value that the young man does not possess—contentment, stability, desire to hold his position and ambition to gain promotion, no desire to rove about, no splitting of the twenty-four hours into so many hours for business and so many for social pleasures, and, above all else, an experience and soundness of judgment that only years can bring to a man.

The Employers' Association of Chicago is made up of most of the more important business men of the city who must depend upon a considerable number of employes. On January 25, 1917, this association took over from the Committee of Unemployment the work of securing, gratuitously, positions for worthy, needy men past forty-five years of age.

Here are some figures from our first annual report:

Employers asking for the service of our Employment Bureau	961
Orders from these employers	5,315
Number of men they required	12,292
Number of men 45 and over we sent out	13,095
Number of men 45 and over securing good positions	9,444

It was natural that not every man we sent out was fitted for the positions. We made as close a study as possible of every man and endeavored at first to fit him to the position, but soon we learned that we must fit the position to the man. That is, when a certain position was open we searched for the man best fitted to fill it, rather than to attempt to make any applicant fit that position.

THE cost of our Employment Bureau for the year in placing these 9,444 men in good positions was only $12,549.66. This made the cost per capita of every man hired $1.33. In other words, at a cost of only one dollar and thirty-three cents we placed some worthy and capable man, always forty-five years or over, and from that up to seventy-nine years, in a permanent and good paying position:

More than six hundred cases of actual destitution were remedied by placing some of the registrants where money was paid daily, in part or whole, until the destitution was relieved, thereby making for direct, instantaneous relief and permanent regeneration.

While our chief efforts are directed to finding good employment for so-called "old men," and we print conspicuously on our letter-head: "Positions Secured Gratuitously for Worthy Men Past 45 Years of Age," we do find positions for men under that age, charging absolutely no fee in any instance. But we do not record this work. We have no record of men under forty-five or the positions we find for them. When we have requisitions from employers wanting men of technical training and we find it impossible to fill such requisitions with men past middle age, we take on younger men. But even here we do not take on the younger men unless the employer shows that he is using older men wherever possible. We make no charges whatsoever to applicants or to employers, whatever age the applicants may be.

THIS Employment Bureau is the only one of its kind in the world. We specialize in "old men," we study the men and help make them presentable. We strive to find positions for which they are best fitted, to find positions near their homes, to encourage them and help them in every manner possible.

We do not consider "any old job" as good enough for gray-haired men, for men from forty-five to seventy-nine. There are many "blind alley" jobs, where old men may earn a meager living. We do not put our applicants there. Many old men in the cities throughout the country who are unfortunate, struggle along as dish-washers, errand boys, cleaners in office buildings and factories and similar "jobs" of that sort. The positions we give our men are never of that sort. There isn't a "blind alley" job in one of the 9,444 we got for elderly men last year. Their positions offer opportunities for advancement and our old men have not disappointed us—almost without exception every one of the almost ten thousand has had his pay raised, some who were walking the streets looking for any sort of work last winter are today earning $3,000 and still going strong. Our Association is rightfully proud of its first year's work, and especially of the splendid concerns using our service.

There are always doubters. For a long while the opinion prevailed that the old man was of no use. "Young blood" was the slogan. Many a concern has advertised, "We need young men worth $10,000 a year." Few young men are worth that much. Many old men are.

Take our old men that we put into jobs last year—9,444 of them. A year ago they were without employment, every employer would look at their gray hairs and either softly turn them down or bluntly say "too old," yet those men during the past twelve months earned more than two million dollars!

HUNDREDS of men from distant cities, learning of our success, have sent in applications, begging us to find employment for them, all of these being more than forty-five years of age. Our daily average for the year was 300 applicants for work under the age of forty-five, turned away because they were not old enough. The seating capacity of the applicants' room in our Bureau is 300. Every day of the year the 300 seats were filled and 300 more were standing. But a great many of the 600 daily applicants were well under our minimum age limit of forty-five. We have no maximum limit. Last year the oldest man to get a steady job was seventy-nine, and he is still hale and hearty and on the job every day—one of the happiest men in Chicago.

Our Bureau has made such healthy strides and the results have proved so beneficial to both employee and employer, that many people in other cities are investigating and it is probable—and to be devoutly hoped—that similar Employment Bureaus will be established in all of the great cities of the country. Individually a number of men throughout the country are striving to help men past forty-five to good positions. Many Y. M. C. A.'s are doing a little.

Faith in the value of men past forty-five is rapidly growing. The day of the man past middle-age is coming back. Years ago the man past middle age was believed to be the only capable man. Youth was of itself a bar to rapid promotion. Then things changed and the young man was held to be the only one of value in a business. Now we know that the young man has his certain value and his place, but that the elderly man does not deserve to be thrown into the discard and must not be.

THE employers of the country are beginning to wake up to the fact that the man past forty-five is a valuable asset. The elderly man is slowly coming back into his own. Employers throughout the country are beginning to look for gray-haired men to fill steady and responsible positions. They are learning to value the gray-haired man, learning to value his services, his trustworthiness and his constant plugging that achieves far more than the sporadic spurts of the younger man.

Photo by Brown Bros.

Chicago is not alone in its endeavor to open the door of opportunity to men whose hair is gray. These men, once discarded and discouraged, are working in a toy shop in New York. It is no charity. The men make a fair living

Lloyd George Assents to Action in Siberia

ADDRESSING the House of Commons, on August 7, Premier David Lloyd George reviewed the services of Great Britain to the Allied cause. The Americans, he said, have already a powerful army, a tried army and a victorious army in France. [Cheers.] Equal to the best troops in the field and growing every day. There will be no break in the increase of that army until America will have an army not far short, if at all, of the German army itself. [Cheers.] On the other hand Germany can never maintain the same number of divisions. They are now begging for Austrian support. Rather humiliating for the great German army which was to destroy the Allied armies by May. He declared that Russia had become a great disappointment to Germany and a tangle to her feet. He gave his full assent to the action of the United States and Japan in sending forces to Vladivostok to rescue the Czecho-Slovaks from the plight they had been put into by German and Bolshevik intrigue. Regarding peace he said: "There are people who seem to consider any effort to make peace in itself dishonorable and treason to their country. That attitude must be steadfastly discouraged." He declared his belief that some German statesmen intended to negotiate at Brest-Litovsk a peace which would have been fair according to their minds, but that the military command had imposed the humiliating and drastic peace upon Russia, and that the next step was the imposing of the humiliating and enslaving peace upon Rumania. He held the reception of von Kuehlmann's speech in the Reichstag as additional evidence that the present powers in Germany were not ready to make a peace which would satisfy the conscience of the world, and he warned against any league of nations which would be so constituted that Germany could dominate it by the clanking of her sword. He said that peace must be durable. "To be durable it must be just; it must be more: there must be a power behind it—a power that can enforce its decrees. When you have demonstrated to the enemy that such a power does exist, durable peace will then come, but no sooner."

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The U. S. S. Cruiser Brooklyn in the harbor of Vladivostock. Part of the vanguard of the Allied Siberian expedition

The British representatives at Vladivostok and Archangel made public, on August 9, a declaration of the British government declaring to the people of Russia the benevolent purpose of their Allies. The Bolsheviki arrested the British and French Consuls at Moscow and Great Britain retaliated by holding the Bolshevik representative in London.

PRESIDENT SAYS DIG. President Wilson, on August 11, made a public appeal to coal operators and miners to work together to insure coal supplies for the coming winter. He said that victory might depend on fuel and that many homes might suffer if coal enough were not taken out. He urged miners to work every day and operators and their other employees to coöperate in every way to make the work of the miners effective.

BAKER PROPOSES SELF-ACTING DRAFT. Secretary Baker, on August 9, said that the plans for the administration of a new man-power bill contemplated a set of questions in the answering of which the applicants would practically classify themselves. Mr. Baker also intimated that no boys under 19 would be sent to the front under present plans.

PESTERING THE PRESIDENT. Notwithstanding the fact that President Wilson has almost exceeded his executive prerogative in his efforts to advance the cause of Suffrage, the Militant Suffragists in Washington, on August 6, marched to the White House with banners, one of which bore the legend, "We protest against continued disfranchisement of American women for which the President is responsible." An attempt was made to congregate about the Lafayette monument, opposite the White House grounds. Several women tried to speak, and 48 of them were taken to police court, charged with making speeches without a police permit.

FOOD BOARD FREES MEAT. On August 9 all restrictions on the use of meats were lifted by the Food Administration, but the American public was asked to use beef from the lighter cattle instead of the full fed beef to which it has been accustomed.

THE UBIQUITOUS U-BOAT. The U-boat which has been operating off the Virginia coast, on August 6, sunk by shell fire the Diamond Shoals lightship off Cape Hatteras. On the same day the American ship "Merak," 3,224 tons, was sunk by torpedo and shell fire near the North Carolina coast. On August 11 a submarine operating on Georges Banks off Nantucket, Mass., sank nine fishing schooners.

American shipyards in July launched 123 ships of 631,944 tons. The total launchings in neutral and allied shipyards in the three months ending June 30th was 1,243,274 tons, 296,696 tons more than the losses by U-boats. Premier Lloyd George in an address to the Commons said that the British toll of submarines had reached at least 150.

PACKERS AGAIN ACCUSED. On August 5 a Federal Grand Jury in New York returned indictments against the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., Armour & Co., Swift & Co. and the Jersey City Stock Yards Company, charging them with conspiracy to violate the Federal Law against rebates. On August 8 the Federal Trade Commission made public a report which had been in the hands of the President since July 3, in which the five great packing houses, Armour & Co., Morris & Co., Wilson & Co., Swift & Co. and the Cudahy Packing Co., were charged with monopoly, unfair competition and profiteering. The commission recommended as a remedy for the packing situation the taking over by the government and operation in the public interest of stock yards, refrigerator lines, cattle cars and branch houses now owned or controlled by the packing interests. All of the packing companies issued statements denying the charges of the commission. J. Ogden Armour said, "The United States government can have Armour & Co. and their employees and officials if needed." Edward A. Cudahy declared that from every dollar received by the packers 90 cents went to the live stock raisers, and that of the 10 cents remaining 8 cents was spent in processes of manufacture and distribution.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. Replying in the Commons to an inquiry by John Dillon, Nationalist leader, Mr. Shortt, Secretary for Ireland, announced that the government was working on a Home Rule bill which he felt would be likely to pass the House. He announced also that the government would seize 150,000 rifles in the hands of the Ulsterites, and that "if the government could get them without trouble so much the better." . . . King Ferdinand of Bulgaria was reported on August 8 as having taken up his residence at Nauheim, Germany, where he expected to remain for some time. He was traveling incognito as Count von Murany and was said to be on the verge of a mental breakdown. . . . On August 6 Lord Robert Cecil announced in the House of Commons that the German war levies upon Belgian towns, firms and individuals had reached a total of 2,330,000,000 francs or about $466,000,000. . . . On August 8 all recruiting for the army, navy and marine corps was suspended pending the passage of the new man-power bill. On the same day 130,207 men were ordered to report to various cantonments. . . . Drinking in Great Britain has been reduced 83% since the beginning of the war, and the increase in national efficiency has opened the eyes of English men and women to the value of restrictions on the liquor business. . . . An American aviator found in a cemetery at Chamery, east of Fere-en-Tardenois, a wooden cross, inscribed in English, "Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt, buried by the Germans."

© International Film Service — John B. Densmore
Director General U. S. Employment Department

Photo by Clinedinst — Major-Gen. W. S. Graves
To command American forces in Siberia

© International Film Service — Mrs. Annette A. Adams
First woman to be appointed a U. S. District Attorney

A Week in the World's News

RECONSTITUTING RUSSIA. It was announced, on August 7, that Major-Gen. W. S. Graves was to command the force of 6,000 or 7,000 American troops in the Siberian expedition. The Japanese troops will be under the command of Gen. Kikuzo Otani, a full general, who, by virtue of his rank, will be the commander-in-chief of the expedition. Gen. Otani is a fighting man of large experience, having entered both the army and matrimony in 1879. He was a staff officer during the China-Japan war, commanded a brigade in the Russo-Japan war, and has recently been in command of the Japanese forces at Tsing-Tao. The British and French were also expecting to send small detachments of troops. The American, French and British troops which were landed at Archangel were reported, on August 8, to have advanced 100 miles along the railroad from Archangel to Volgda, driving back German and Russian forces. The Allied diplomatic representatives had, on August 8, returned to Archangel. Trotzky and Lenine were reported as threatening to declare war on Japan, Great Britain and France.

The Unharmed Cross

OFTEN along the ruined trail of war a wayside cross has stood unharmed, a witness to that living faith which grows stronger under affliction and which sees heaven clearer through this hell of war. In next week's issue Dr. Joel Byron Slocum brings the message of "The Unharmed Cross."

Perhaps you never followed the canvas in summer or hungered in winter when the summer's earnings had been squandered. But you have all suffered, you have all had days of victory, you have all loved and you have all found sorrow and happiness very much mixed up together. You will find all of this in the "King of the Shillibers," a story in two parts by George Gilbert. The first part comes next week.

Next week, too, W. Livingston Larned tells how Mrs. Housewife feathers her nest; Marion Harland solves more riddles of the menu, and Miss Connolly gathers together another helpful company of neighbors.

Also more pictures in rotogravure.

The Great Allied Drive in Picardy

"WE'RE smashing through!" Thus did Premier Lloyd George of Britain greet the first intelligence of the newest drive of the Allies against the armies of the Kaiser. The Battle of Picardy, hinging upon that of the Marne, extended the fighting line all the way from Rheims to Ypres, with steady and decided Allied advances at every point.

The Picardy offensive has been a smashing Allied-American victory, resulting, by August 11, in the taking of 36,000 prisoners and 500 guns, the destruction of all the Somme bridges between Peronne and Ham, a distance of fifteen miles, and an advance to positions threatening Chaulnes, the chief German base, Lassigny, Roye and even Noyon. A decisive event was the German evacuation of Montdidier, which has been the center of the summer's fighting, and the Allied advance ten miles beyond.

On Thursday morning, August 8, just at dawn, the British, Australian and Canadian troops facing the Germans from Morlancourt, south of Albert, to Hangard, east of Amiens, without preliminary artillery preparation, but with a sweeping barrage ahead of them and hundreds of the new light tanks known as "whippets," in the line with them, left their trenches and overran the positions of the Germans along the whole front of attack. A little later the French went into action from Hangard to Moreuil, north of Montdidier.

The morning was foggy and misty and the Germans were taken completely by surprise and their line was ruptured south of the Somme. Allied cavalry, charging through, swept on ahead of the infantry, rounding up columns of the then retreating Huns, destroying long lines of transports, taking villages and even coralling a whole brigade staff. There was a rumor that one of the whippets had been seen chasing a German general down a road, but the end of the race was not reported. By three P. M. the infantry had advanced seven miles toward the important railroad and highway center of Chaulnes, and the average depth of the advance was about five miles over the whole twenty-five mile front. In the center there was practically no resistance, the limit of the advance being the ability of the infantry to press forward. On both flanks the resistance was immediate and in considerable force, the Germans fighting hard for Moreuil and Morisel on the Avre, north of Montdidier, and also for Morlancourt and the Chipilly spur south of Albert. The French took the two towns on the Avre after sanguinary fighting. The British took Morlancourt and Chipilly, but lost them both on Friday as the Germans counter-attacked. On Saturday American troops came into line with the British, running the last lap of the way in order to get there in time for the fight, and the British-American attack on Saturday put Morlancourt, Chipilly and the heights southward to the Somme safely behind the Allied line.

On Thursday the captures of prisoners were so large as to embarrass the British and it was necessary to send thousands of prisoners back from the battle under guard of slightly wounded Tommies. By evening of Friday the English prison-pens were overfull and more were still coming.

ON Friday the Germans threw in reserve divisions and managed to organize a semblance of resistance to the English who were driving at Chaulnes and the French pressing toward Roye; but the Allied troops gained five miles more, forcing the bulge of a new salient well into the former German salient and threatening Montdidier with envelopment. By evening English guns were within range of Chaulnes and the only railroad out of the salient was under fire. Captures of men and guns by the Allies were increased and the disorganization of the enemy made more complete while cavalry and tanks were still well in advance of the Allied infantry, which was pressing forward with comparatively small losses, except at the two wings of the drive where fierce fighting continued.

In this advance the Allied flying corps again rendered invaluable service. Flying low, they bombed and machine-gunned troops, transports, ammunition dumps and traffic centers. They destroyed some of the bridges over the Somme and damaged others. On this first day of the "Surprise Drive," as it has been dubbed, the Allied flyers downed sixty-five enemy machines, but because of their low flying and consequent damage by fire from the ground, they themselves lost fifty machines. On Friday the British downed sixty-one enemy planes, losing twenty-three themselves.

On Saturday, the British and French driving eastward, swept further toward the important German bases of Chaulnes and Roye. French cavalry scouts were reported as having entered Chaulnes. The French First Army, holding the line from Montdidier eastward toward the Oise, north of Compiegne, drove northward, completely overwhelming the Germans facing it and reaching Faverolles, east of Montdidier, before noon. Pressing ahead, they practically surrounded and soon took Montdidier, and with it a considerable force of German prisoners and many guns.

By the evening of Saturday, August 10, the Germans were on the run everywhere south of the Somme, the Allies had taken over 24,000 prisoners and more than 400 guns, some of them heavy pieces, mounted on railway trucks. These captures were increased by Sunday evening to 36,000 prisoners and 500 guns. The battle had become one of extreme movement, and it was not apparent whether the Germans would attempt to stand west of the Somme, or return to the line from Peronne, southward along the Somme through Ham to Noyon, from which they retreated when they drew back to the Hindenburg line. In three days' fighting they had lost eleven divisions, either completely through captures or by casualties sufficient to destroy them as fighting units. The Germans had lost all their artillery along a wide front, and were completely outfought in the air. Foch's hammer blows—coupled with constant pressure north of the Vesle, where French and American troops were steadily improving their positions and constantly extending their front and strengthening their numbers—were putting in jeopardy the Teuton tenure on all of the territory taken in the series of drives which followed the fateful 21st of March.

Already in three days the Allies had made greater gains than had resulted from any three days' fighting by either side thus far in the war, since the first battle of the Aisne in September 1914. The first day's penetration exceeded the gains of the Germans on March 21, the captures of men and guns were greater and the enemy's discomfiture and disorder exceeded those of General Gough's army on March 21 and 22. The three days' fighting had also freed Amiens from the menace of German long-range guns and had restored to Allied use the main railway from Paris to Amiens, which important artery, capable of carrying 100 trains a day, had been under fire from the Germans near Montdidier and along the Avre.

General March, Chief of Staff, U.S.A., said in Washington on August 10, that General Foch had the Germans "on the run," and that he was working on the sound principle, "that when you get an enemy going you keep him going; never give him a chance to recuperate or think it over; keep on hitting him!" General March implied also that the reason for the plan to extend the draft ages and increase the American army was that our forces might be constantly available in sufficient strength to keep the enemy on the run. He cautioned the correspondents also not to conclude that, because the Germans were just now being badly whipped, they were already beaten and the war was soon to end. He was unable to give the identity of the American troops which had been rushed to the support of the British at Morlancourt and Chipilly.

ON Sunday, August 11, the Germans brought up fresh divisions and counter-attacked desperately against the British, French and American troops. North of the Somme, the British and Americans pressed forward to Dervancourt half way from Morlancourt to Albert and swept down the slopes toward Bray on the Somme. South of the Somme the British advanced but little, being occupied all day in repulsing German counter-attacks which were particularly strong north and south of Lihons. At one time the Germans penetrated well into the British positions, but before nightfall the line was fully restored and had been pushed ahead slightly.

To the southward the French forged ahead against fierce resistance, gaining nearly three miles in the territory between the Avre and the Oise, coming within attacking distance of Roye and, through the taking of important heights, threatening Lassigny and Noyon.

The Germans appeared to be attempting a stand along the line of Chaulnes, Nesle, and Noyon, but air observers reported dense columns of German troops and transport moving eastward along all roads.

The Germans on Sunday attacked the American and French troops north of the Vesle. The attacks were all repulsed and prisoners were taken.

On Tuesday, August 13, a number of fresh divisions had been thrown into the fighting on the Somme front in Picardy, with the purpose of retarding the speed of the Allied advance. The Allies, however, continued to make gains on both flanks of the German line, and made advances along a 35-mile front, the center proving firm in the face of repeated German counter-attacks. Unofficial reports were current that Roye had been evacuated by the Germans, and that the fall of Lassigny, one of the important Hun bases, was imminent, and would probably be followed by a German retirement on a large scale.

Large numbers of prisoners continue to pass to the rear of the Allies, showing the crippling of many German divisions. The total captured since the beginning of the Picardy drive is now estimated at in excess of 40,000 men, with 700 cannon and innumerable machine guns.

Underwood & Underwood

A Whippet, the new British light tank which put the Germans on the run in Picardy, being washed down for a new start

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

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Is the World "Getting Religion"?

IT is gratifying to note that in a very large and steadily increasing number of our churches, the outlook for a world-wide fusion of Christian organizations is now being taken up as a topic of overshadowing interest. Many pastors are sanguine that such a fusion is on the way. Others discuss it tentatively, but hopefully. Only a few among those ministers who represent the progressive religious spirit of the times, are reluctant to recognize the change.

One point is especially noticeable in almost all the deliverances on the subject. All are agreed that a new and a nobler vision of service has come to the nations in these four years. They are getting nearer to God. They have a clearer perception of His presence and a larger thought of the Omnipotence that is mightier than all of earth's armies, and which can humble or exalt the nations at will. Their spiritual eyes are opened, and, like the servant of the prophet of old, they feel the presence of the mighty forces that stand ready to execute the divine purposes on the earth, and to bring victorious reenforcement to those who are humble, obedient and faithful.

But the recognition of change in the minds of men, on the reality of which so many ministers are laying particular emphasis at the present time, would be valueless unless it included a perception of our own imperfections and revealed to us how far we have fallen short of that obedience which it is our duty to render. When we know our own shortcomings and seek earnestly to have them forgiven and remedied, we are on the way to "get religion." Yet it is only the beginning.

One of the leading Philadelphia pastors, Rev. David M. Steele, of the Church of St. Luke and the Epiphany, has this pertinent passage in a recent sermon: "The Church is many, as the waves; religion is one, as the sea. If that is the case, all profitable study of this subject must begin by utterly ignoring such distinctions as that between creeds and cults and sects, those manifold denominational divisions—both minor and major. . . . Either all may stand or all will fall. Either we shall be plunged into materialism, or we are about to recognize ourselves anew as, all together, bound with golden chains about the feet of God." Dr. Steele with many others holds that the years of war have tended to the strengthening of all that makes religion real. Not only is religion not dead, but he sees it vibrant with new life and resonant with the words of the Master.

All great transformations come slowly. The broadening view, which is to level our religious distinctions and bring us nearer to the ideal Christian world-family, will grow as time passes. Meanwhile, we can take heart of grace and give thanks to God for the victory he has sent us and for the still greater victory that is coming—not only victory on the battlefields against those who would tyrannize the world, but in the hearts of men everywhere. God's program for the redemption of the race and the elevation of humanity, however hindered or delayed, cannot be side-tracked or defeated. Its triumphant completion is assured, and Christians both in and out of the Church, by their confident and hearty cooperation can hasten the triumph.

The Eighteen-to-Forty-five Draft

THE request of Secretary Baker for an amendment to the Draft Law changing the age limits from twenty-one and thirty-one to eighteen and forty-five is believed to portend that the Allies are preparing for an offensive on a large scale.

It is pointed out in Washington that in June Secretary Baker said there was no need to look beyond the present age limits then or in the near future, but explained that if changing the draft ages would hasten the winning the war there would be no hesitancy in recommending it.

It is understood that the present battle in France has had much to do with speeding up plans for the prosecution of the war to a successful end. It is apparent that the recent turn of affairs on the western front has scrapped many well-laid defensive plans of the Allies and made change to aggressive policy necessary.

The belief that the Allies are getting ready to make smashing drives against the Germans next spring and summer is general in Washington, London, and Paris. It is predicted that there will be drives on two or three fronts. The Americans will help the French in France, as they are doing now, and the Italians in Italy and in Albania, where their offensive is striking at the back door of Austria. At the same time Secretary Baker has made it known that an army of less than 1,000,000 trained and equipped men will be retained at home.

There is much interest in the probable number of new registrants that will be found physically qualified to bear arms. The present physical requirements will stand in the new draft, having been worked out with a view to what modern warfare demands, and not necessarily what will produce the greatest number of soldiers.

The question of how far the country will go in demanding military service by the older men who will come under the new draft age limit is causing speculation. It is certain that, while exemption regulations will remain about the same as at present, there will not be the strict interpretation that has been placed upon them by some of the draft boards in the case of the younger men of the present draft.

Women Are Good Mechanics

ACCORDING to a report of the National Industrial Conference Board, women in war-time employment are showing a remarkable adaptability for machine-shop work. The report summarizes information obtained from 131 establishments employing 335,015 men and 49,823 women and including 10,657 women engaged in work formerly performed exclusively by men.

Their labor has ranged from the operation of drill presses and lathes to core-making, inspecting and assembling mechanical products and performing many precise machine operations. In the main it has been confined to the lighter processes requiring rapidity and dexterity, and in such work their output has proved equal to and frequently greater than that of male employees. This was notably true of women's work in automobile manufacture, and in a munitions plant manufacturing fuses, where women operatives on drill presses and milling machines were from 25 to 50 per cent. more rapid than men.

"In No Sense Militaristic"

IN a recent letter to an admirer President Wilson has hit the gold in his clear definition of the quality of supreme executive authority in the United States. His words should be widely published and read by all citizens.

An artist etched an imaginative portrait of the President in a military uniform, and sent him a proof. President Wilson's letter in reply illuminates the whole spirit of the American system of government, as follows:

"The framers of the Constitution, of course, realized that the President would seldom be a soldier, and their idea in making him the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States was that the armed forces of the country must be the instruments of the authority by which policy was determined. It is for that reason that we can so truly say that our organization is in no sense and can in no sense be militaristic."

Nothing could be more timely or desirable than this occasion, which the President has so acutely improved, for setting the form and substance of American governmental principles in a clear, strong light for all the world to see. The supremacy of the civil authority over the military in our country is to be taken for granted; but at a time when enemies are quick to mislead the ignorant by subtle falsehoods, the President has done the whole country a signal service by making this unmistakable statement of facts.

The March of Prohibition

THE House of Representatives at Washington had scarcely passed the National Prohibition Resolution before the State Legislatures began to ratify it. Mississippi was the first to claim the honor on January 8. Then followed Virginia, Kentucky, South Carolina, North Dakota, Maryland, Montana, Texas, Delaware, South Dakota by unanimous vote of both houses, Massachusetts, Arizona, and Georgia ratifying in each house on the same day, June 26, making 13 in less than six months' time. A special session of the Nebraska legislature was called, but its senate declared that the question of ratification had no right to be brought up, and hence refused to consider it. Only two states rejected ratification, Rhode Island and Louisiana. The amendment in the Legislature of Louisiana was passed overwhelmingly in the house, but was beaten by a tie vote in the senate. Governor Pleasant called a special session of the legislature for Aug. 5 for the ratification of the amendment. At the regular session there was a tie vote because a "dry" member of the legislature resigned and the one vote necessary to carry was lacking. The Governor ordered an election for a new member in that district, and another dry member was elected. The Governor and the other friends of prohibition say that Louisiana will ratify. If this should be the case, the liquor men would be dispirited, as it is the wettest state in the South, having been dominated by the liquor ring of New Orleans. It will be seen that five of the wet states have ratified, and Louisiana would make the sixth wet one out of the 14 voting, if it should ratify. Friends of prohibition predict that 36 of the states, the necessary three-fourths, will have ratified by a year from this time.

Charles Stelze, a Labor leader who thinks clearly and speaks in plain language, puts the case for Prohibition in this brief argument:

"We Americans spend $3,800 every minute of the day for booze. That's the price of a fairly comfortable home for the average workingman. Just think what it means to throw away a workingman's home every minute in the day for twenty-four hours! It means 1,440 homes every day! It means 535,600 homes every year! Counting five persons to a family, it means that nearly 3,000,000 persons could be comfortably housed on the amount we waste on drink every year."

There is the equivalent of a whole Congressional debate in this short statement, based on unimpeachable statistics. It should suffice to turn the scale in favor of ratification.

To Save 100,000 Children

IT is shown by the census of 1910 that 300,000 children under five years of age die annually in the United States. That is a terrible toll of child life. The enormity of the sacrifice is apparent when it is realized that a large proportion of these lives could be saved by better care, better food, more intelligent cherishing of childhood.

The Children's Bureau in Washington estimates that this useless sacrifice could be reduced by at least 100,000 lives—that 100,000 children could be raised to good and useful citizenship by the observance of rules of sanitation, of nourishment and of upbringing. The preliminary step in the work, as outlined by the Children's Bureau, is a survey of child life. This survey includes the weighing and measuring of more than 600,000 children in New York city. The results of the weighing and the measurements will be used as the basis for improved treatment of the young lives in whom the future of America is vested.

At a time of wholesale destruction like the present, the individual human life—the life that is spared by war—constitutes the most precious pledge of the future.

A Tribute to Heroism

"THE American Army is distinguished from the French and the British by the thorough attention paid to matters of comfort and recreation. Our boys are well taken care of; every family in America can be certain of that. And do not doubt that this care and attention shows in their morale by a contagious enthusiasm and aggressive fighting spirit. I was in the fighting sector when they stormed Vaux, July 1, and I saw them at the business we trained them for. They are the finest group of men I have ever seen, and I am willing to lace up the boots of any one of them."

This tribute to the prowess of American fighting men in action was paid by Raymond B. Fosdick, Chairman of the War and Navy Departments Commissions on Training Camp Activities, who arrived in Washington a few days ago to make an official report to Secretary Baker upon American training camp activities in France and England. Mr. Fosdick added:

The millions of dollars which the American people have given to the organizations that are making life livable for our fellows "Over There" constitutes the nearest approach to our paying the unpayable debt which we owe them. It is hard to avoid superlatives in speaking of the way the Red Cross has handled the refugee problem or the manner in which, with General Petain's assistance, it is giving aid to the needy families of French poilus at the front. It has filled the heart of France. As for the moral conditions in our army abroad, they are excellent. Our soldiers and sailors are strong men, with their minds filled with the high purpose of winning the war. It is not a question of whether they are worthy of us and our traditions. The question is whether we, as a country, are worthy of them.

Those glorious young souls, by their heroism and dauntless spirit, have given a new luster to our nation's history. What a heritage of honor will be the roll of those who have spoiled the flower of the German hosts at the Marne and the Ourcq, and who saved Rheims and turned the tide of the greatest struggle in history! Not America alone but the whole world will treasure the story of their fight to save civilization.

Fighting the Enemies Within

By FRED H. RINDGE

[EDITOR'S NOTE. Mr. Rindge, the author of this article, is Secretary for the Industrial Service Movement of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations.]

OVER 40,000,000 men have been called to the colors of the nations at war. Nearly half of these are young men eighteen to twenty-five years of age. Try to think of 6,000,000 killed, and of at least 6,000,000 wounded very seriously. In one thirteen days' battle only 10,000 Russians out of 100,000 came back. This was due largely to lack of ammunition. Shall we see to it that industrial conditions are such that our boys will have plenty?

Imagine 6,000,000 prisoners, the majority of whom have all they can do to keep from going insane. Ernest Bicknell of the Red Cross states that if all the inhabitants of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan were suddenly thrown helpless upon the charity of the world, the resulting problem of philanthropy would be far less than the war has created in Europe. The war costs more in one day than all the missionary societies of the world spend in one year.

We in the United States have not begun to realize the sacrifices of giving. In Canada they are contributing toward war relief over $14 per eapita per annum, while in the United States we are contributing about eighty cents per capita. Shall we not enter into the sufferings of Europe in fuller measure than this?

TO hasten the end we must fight the enemies within as well as overseas. I do not refer to "hyphenates" or disloyal citizens as much as to the very real social and industrial problems which, unsolved, mean a fearful loss in military efficiency and life itself.

We must beat Germany at the earliest possible moment. The victory of democracy will be delayed far longer than it should be if in our expanding national military policy we do not include an expanding social policy as well.

Let us look the facts in the face and act. Experts tell us that every minute an American life is lost by preventable disease. If the present general death rate is continued, over 6,000,000 Ameriean lives will be needlessly destroyed during the next ten years. Should we not fear this as much as the results of war? Over 3,000,000 people are continuously sick. In New York City alone there are about 44,000 people afflicted with tuberculosis, and probably 25,000 of these are spreading the plague without adequate medical attention or supervision.

After this war human life will be too precious to waste. In times of peace we kill more people in industry in the United States, proportionately, than Europe does. Will this be true in times of war, or shall we provide adequate safeguards and eomprehensive safety instruction? There are at least 35,000 deaths, 500,000 serious accidents, 2,000,000 non-fatal accidents, and 3,000,000 cases of industrial illness in our country every year. It is fair to say that we kill a workman every sixteen minutes and injure one every sixteen seconds. This, in spite of our splendid safety-first movements.

What shall we say of more than 2,000,000 ehild laborers between ten and fifteen years of age? Can they ever make the best type of citizen soldiers? And shall we allow child labor greatly to increase because of the pressure for war output?

OPINION is current that wages are now very high. This is true in certain industries, but more than half our male workers are still earning less than $800 a year. Does any thinking person believe that these workers and their families can live under conditions which could possibly make for health, happiness and the highest efficiency? Yet, now above all times, we must have efficiency.

The Wisconsin Board of Industrial Education estimates that 87 per cent. of the children fourteen to sixteen years of age are in dead-end blind-alley jobs. There are about 725,000 boys in secondary schools at the present time. Are all these boys being grounded in the best principles of health, right living and moral character, which will make them worthy to defend their country's honor? The Visiting Nurses' Association in Chicago tells us that two-thirds of the delinquent children come from homes where dirty, ill-ventilated rooms predominate. A significant study made in Glasgow several years ago showed clearly the relation of housing to health. In one-room houses the average weight of boys was 52.6 and the height was 46.6; in two-room houses the average weight was 56.1 and height 48.1; in three-room dwellings 60.6 and 50.5 respectively, and in four-room homes 64.3 and 51.3. Which boys would probably beeome the best soldiers? Which the most useful citizens? We can make our own application.

No comment is needed on the long hours still existing in many of our industries. We have much to learn from England and France. England's investigations of her munitions and other industries reveal that even under the pressure of war, reasonable hours pay in efficiency, quality and amount of product. The remarkable reports of the British Health of Munition Workers Committee cannot be denied. For example, a group of men sizing fuses increased their hourly rate of output 22 per cent. and their total weekly output 10 per cent. when the average hours were decreased from 61.5 to 55.4. Similarly a group of women increased their product 23 per cent. when hours were lowered from 68.2 to 59.7. This rise in production was effeeted without any change of machinery, tools, raw material, or nature of operation. In a large munition plant of 36,000 employees the sickness rate of men working overtime was 5.5 per cent., as against 3.7 per cent. among those on double-shift.

Even from the standpoint of war efficiency alone, present standards of life and industry in America must be maintained, and wherever possible they must be raised. The President, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy and many others are urging this.

MUCH has been said about the "hyphenated American." No such problem exists in the countries of our Allies. There are today in the United States 15,000,000 foreign-born people, and about 20,000,000 more of foreign parentage—only about 4,000,000 foreign-born are voters. In the splendid words of the National Americanization Committee, "The nation has before it the tasks of translating American institutions to the foreign-born, of bringing American-born and foreign-born together, of making English the eommon language as it is the master-key to American opportunity and nationality, of reducing illiteracy, of establishing the American standard of living in the homes of all its peoples, of protecting ignorant and helpless immigrants, of assuring equality before the law, and of safeguarding women and children."

Any one who really knows America's foreign people realizes they are capable of loyalty which often puts some of us "native Americans" to shame. If proof were needed, witness the wonderful way they have subscribed to our Liberty Loans! We native Americans must be worthy if they are to be worthy of our rich heritage of citizenship. Yet as I visit the great National Army eantonments and see the thousands of men who ean speak little or no English I realize more than ever the almost superhuman task before our army officers.

WHAT shall we say of present relations between capital and labor? Certainly we cannot believe that these relations are any better in this country than in England; yet England has been able to bridge the chasm only by herculean efforts. American labor seems to realize that from its point of view this is a particularly good time to strike. Certain employers also seem to think that war pressure offers a good excuse for the lowering of standards. Both sides are wrong, yet there is hope.

Note this: "All the predatory forces that menace the welfare of wage-earners do not come from employers. There exists among the workers and in the labor movement an element which is either misguided or is so depraved that it is willing to lead workers into unnecessary suffering and useless misery. There are both extremes in this element. Its highest fringe contains the irreconcilable impossibilists who think that nothing but revolution and destruction can right the wrongs of workers."

Sounds like a sane employer, does it not? As a matter of fact, this is taken from an editorial in the American Federationist, the official publication of the American Federation of Labor.

Or take this: "There is no way of permanently settling any great questions involving the welfare of humankind except on the basis of right and justice. Position, wealth, influence, laws are helpless as a means of establishing a rule for human conduct, unless supported by principles of justice and righteousness."

The speaker is not a labor leader, but Judge Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation.

This is merely one of many evidences that the interests of employer and employee are not opposed, but are identical. They must realize this now, if never before, when common cause should unite both parties in industry. After all, democracy must come in the shop before it can be realized in the nation. Employer and employee with the help of the interested public must decide on the details. This war may inevitably lead to workers having a larger voice in management. If this is to be, why wait for disastrous strikes to bring it about?

The National Civic Federation estimates that if the efficiency of 10,000,000 workers could be raised from even 25 per cent. to 50 per cent., $35,560,000,000 would be added to United States wealth. Mr. W. W. Alexander of the General Electric Company investigated a dozen factories and discovered a loss of $831,000 due to reckless hiring and firing of workers. We can improve much in this direction.

Then let us look fairly at the army situation. In our recruiting stations we examine about 80,000 applicants in order to secure 20,000 soldiers. This means that 60,000 are physically unfit! Why dodge the issue? The Life Extension Institute recently gave a thorough medical examination to 2,000 men, averaging thirty years of age, in banks and commercial houses. Only sixty-three were absolutely sound. The draft has revealed less than one out of four men as really fit for service. General Wood has said that only 52 per cent. of our entire population is "physically prepared." What shall we say of mental and moral preparedness as well? Even in our universities the condition is far from encouraging. At the University of Pennsylvania only 97 out of 1,256 men examined were physically perfect. To be sure, the tests were rather severe, but why not? There is a good deal of misplaced emphasis these days. "Fitness" runs to the deepest fiber of life and character. Who stands ready for death, who has not been ready for life—efficient, healthy, educated, moral life?

Edward T. Devine challenges us with the words: "We must push forward with ever-increasing vigor the very measures which are included in the demand for social and industrial justice." They are not unfamiliar subjects: infant and child protection; a reduction of the death-rate; a longer and more efficient working life, safety from industrial accidents and occupational disease, provision for the economic burdens of sickness by social insurance or otherwise; rigid food inspection; the segregation and humane care of the mentally defective; prison administration on humane and reformative lines; town planning and abolition of overcrowding, of unsanitary alleys and dark tenements; constant repressive action against commercialized vice; a relentless campaign against alcoholism; and above all, educational reform in the light of our new knowledge as to the conditions of successful agriculture, industry and commerce.

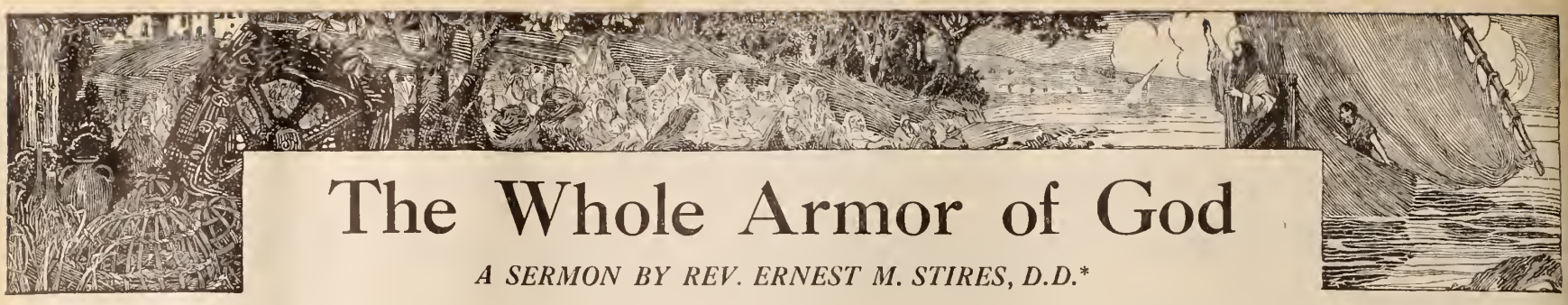
WHAT lessons have we learned from the nations at war? Only the important lesson of military preparedness? Are we big enough to face squarely the fact that possibly some of the war's great battles were lost in the slums of London and Paris and Naples before they were actually fought? Shall any of our future battles be lost in today's slums of Chicago or New York? Those who know these same "slum conditions" know it is almost as impossible to grow there strong, healthy, efficient, moral men as to grow roses in ash-barrels. We have much to learn from our allies.

Let us face squarely these issues of every-day life and not be blinded by hysteria. This is no time to exploit our national defects, but there never was a better time, as President Wilson says, to correct our "unpardonable fault of wastefulness." And this means human as well as material waste. The American people can rise to any occasion. We have battles to fight now—in the realm of the social and economic—and we must win these battles if we are to do our full part in the great European struggle.

These which have been peace problems have now become war problems. They must be solved, if we are to meet fairly the additional burdens of the war.

As Dr. Devine well says: "Incredible numbers of the strongest and best men are killed. Incredible numbers of others are wounded and blinded. The ordinary casualties of industry, which concerned us so much but yesterday, are almost forgotten. The birth-rate decreases. The death-rate increases even in the civil population, and in the neutral countries near the seat of war. Tuberculosis breaks through all the restraints built up so skilfully and develops into an epidemic of such dimensions that the 'white plague' is no longer a figure of speech. Typhus and cholera and scurvy and malaria reappear to ravage the more backward nations, and such novelties as trench-foot and gas-poisoning and nervous shock literally overwhelm the medical services of the most enlightened."

This is a great crisis in our national life. We have become a world power with world influence. Let us face today's problems with our eyes on tomorrow. This war will end—our boys will return. The ranks will be thinned, for some will have made the supreme sacrifice for the sake of democracy and ideals. What will the rest find here when they come? War will have stripped them of all sham and unrealities, and they will return, having lived in the democracy of the trenches. As they come marching home shall we be able to tell them that we have won battles here while they won victory overseas? Will they find that we have done our full duty in conquering the enemies within?



The Whole Armor of God

*A SERMON BY REV. ERNEST M. STIRES, D.D.**

TEXT—Eph. 6 : 11. "Put on the whole armor of God."

ALMOST necessary part of one's equipment for life is the power of imagination—the ability to see the larger meaning of things. Nearly thirty centuries ago a wise man declared, "Where there is no vision the people perish," and in three thousand years no other maxim has been more fully vindicated. The rise and fall of nations, the ascent and decline of character, are inseparable from the ability and desire to see and follow the light of the greater truth.

Do not discourage a child's desire for tales of imagination. The normal soul, even in a child, knows that life is more wonderful that it appears, and the spirit hungers for the food of larger interpretations. Of course, one must learn how to be a man of vision, and not a mere visionary; to avoid stupid cheerfulness with its vacuous smile, and to find the soul of things, which leads one to an idealism both inspiring and constructive.

It is this power of imagination which has given us the glorious company of poets and prophets, discoverers and inventors, statesmen and scientists. Every pioneer, every leader, and all who successfully follow the gleam must have eyes to see and hearts to understand.

It is this clear vision in St. Paul which invariably arrests our attention. It is significant that his Lord brought blindness upon him and then gave him sight again. Not the old sight but a new vision, and all of St. Paul's interpretations of life are compelling with the force of simple truth and practical wisdom.

For example, there seems to be something of the appeal of this very hour in his trumpet-call, "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

HERE is a definite view of man winning his manhood by knowing, facing and defeating the powers of darkness which tempt or attack him. All the while man's cause is God's cause, and God has provided armor for defense and attack with which his child may conquer the darkness and make the light to shine. First of all, he is girt about with truth; before he begins to fight he must have a clear vision of the meaning of the struggle. Then he puts on the breastplate of righteousness; he is to fight in the light of truth for what is right and just. His feet are "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," because he fights for peace against those whose feet are shod with the preparation of the gospel of war. "Above all taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked," so that ye shall be neither discouraged by their threats nor deceived by their false promises. "And take the helmet of salvation," for as the helmet protects the head and the vital powers residing in the brain of man, so shall the saving knowledge that you are God's child, God's soldier, protect you in the hour of trial. All this armor is defensive. St. Paul adds to the equipment one weapon of offense, "the sword of the spirit, which is the Word of God."

How the Word of God has echoed in this world since God's first call to honest men over four years ago to "come to the help of the Lord against the mighty"! All too slowly did the armies of light assemble. A lack of vision; inability to grasp quickly the meaning of the attack; a refusal to believe that any rulers could be so base and any people so servile or depraved as to be guilty of the deliberate preparation, the wanton attack, the cruelty and vileness charged against the Germans, all contributed to the hesitation of honest men.

GRADUALLY civilization realized that the impossible, the unbelievable thing had happened, and that if freedom, justice and humanity were to survive, all true men must hasten to the defense with all the power which a God of righteousness had given. No one can doubt that civilization's mightiest weapon has been the sword of the Spirit—souls aflame with indignation against cruelty, aflame with pity for the broken and crushed, aflame with determination to withstand and conquer the enemy of God and man. The Word of God called to the conscience of the world, and the answering soul of mankind, like a sword heated and tempered, is being prepared for the final advance and the peace of triumphant right.

Although St. Paul's description vividly recalls present conditions, we may wisely view from a practical angle the equipment God has given us with which we must face and conquer all enemies. Here we are—body, mind and spirit—to use the familiar division of our powers. How shall all these forces—physical, mental, spiritual—be utilized as divinely-given armor, defensive and offensive, in the mighty contest to which God calls us?

At the moment we appear to be thinking only in terms physical or material. We seem to be putting our trust in men, money, airplanes, guns and ships. Such a criticism would be absurdly superficial. We are commanded to love God with all our mind, and the conspicuous figure in political life who declared a year or so ago that in a time of danger a million men would spring to arms overnight, prepared to meet and defeat the enemy, is now compelled by the logic of events to confess to absence of faith or absence of mind.

WHAT an arsenal is the mind of man! When used to protect and advance justice its armor and weapons are finally invincible. We qualify with the word "finally," because man often requires much time, too much, to "make up his mind," to concentrate the fire of his mental artillery upon the enemy.

The forces of mind are usually divided into thought, affection and will. Thought is, of course, the reasoning faculty, treasuring all we have learned by experience, proceeding logically from cause to effect, rightly estimating the strength of friend and foe, and calculating with exactness the resources required for victory.

Affection, for our purpose, is love of God, of humanity, of the ideals of life and conduct which alone give self-respect and happiness; love of country and of those principles of freedom and justice symbolized in a flag hallowed by the blood of men who loved unto death; love of our dear ones, making us strong in noble rage against those who would shame or enslave them. Love is a mighty weapon in the panoply of God.

After all, it is the will which controls. When the problem has been thought out, when love has made its last appeal, it is the will that commands—to do nothing, or to retreat, or to advance. When thought and love have done their *best*, the will is not cowardly or weak, but heroic and victorious.

It is a large undertaking to love and serve God with all our mind—with thought and affection and will—but when all this armor is put on, *all* of it, then man is invincible in the hand of God.

ALREADY you have realized that such use of man's mental powers would be impossible without the stimulation of his spirit. When a man's spirit claims relationship with the Spirit of God all great things are possible in and through that man. He sees the invisible, not the unreal, for the invisible realities are as real and more powerful than all visible realities combined. He sees the invisible host of the immortals; he hears a psalm of life sending out its rich, deep melodies above all earth's discords; he feels the presence of a divine Leader on the battle-ground of life, and he obeys the divine call to go forward and offer his all in defense of truth and justice.

So the inspiration of man's spirit enkindles all the faculties of man's mind—his reason, his love, his will. These in turn enlist his body, strengthen and train it, then bring the fleets of the sea and the air, the guns of righteous anger, and all the wealth of food and money to furnish the sinews of a just and holy war.

The nations which may properly be called civilized and humane have abundant power to roll back and defeat the mighty but utterly criminal attack made by the Hun. Why have they not gained the victory? Because not yet have they put on the *whole* armor of God.

We may admit that they are convinced that God calls and leads them, but we cannot admit that they have yet concentrated their minds—the mighty weapons of thought, love and will—upon the most powerful aggregation of sinister forces ever assembled. The occasion demands civilization's *best* thought, but we have not yet given it.

There is no disposition to engage in carping criticism, futile regrets, or faint optimism for the future. It is a fact that we and our allies have made serious mistakes. France has with intelligence and courage largely corrected her errors and is worthy of the highest praise. England has become aware of almost fatal blunders, and is said to be placing her resources on that side of the channel where they will be most useful, and to be contemplating changes in the high military command more consonant with the necessities of this critical hour. Honest statesmanship and the most intelligent military leadership are essential parts of the armor of God. England possesses such power and we are counting upon her using it.

As for ourselves, our regrets are largely related to our folly of priding ourselves upon our utter unpreparedness. At last we show signs of genuine progress; at last we are putting experts where only experts can succeed.

It would be natural for our allies to be weary with the long struggle, weary of waiting for us to become effective. Yet the great need of the moment is for England, France and America to rise to their highest endeavor. At last on the battle-line we have unity of control; now let us have in each land the maximum of thought, affection and will. When we put on the *whole* armor of God the time of victory may be safely predicted.

WE have been thinking today of the power of vision which enables us to see the larger meaning of life; and we have considered the vast equipment for victory which God has placed in our hands. Let me give you an example of the spirit which is working in millions of our men, a spirit worthy of the finest leadership. Not many months ago it was my privilege to officiate at the last earthly tribute of grateful respect for a noble soul just promoted to the larger life.

He was a physician, and although not physically strong he heard the call to serve in France. If his torch should burn but a little longer it should burn brightest at the last. An acknowledged expert, he was promptly accepted and hastened to France. After some months of unremitting labor he was resting at a hotel in Paris when he heard the alarm announcing an air-raid. Going to the window he was amazed to observe an airplane falling rapidly until it crashed to earth in the vicinity of the hotel. A French plane in the squadron of defense had sustained an accident. Inured to tragedy as he was, he yet felt unable to move until the insistent summons of the telephone sought his skill for the broken and unconscious airmen who had been brought into the courtyard of the hotel. He hastened down, knelt among them there, and worked as he had never worked before. The courtyard was filled with silent sympathy; in all the balconies above were many who prayed and hoped. Finally, the work was done. "They have a chance," whispered the exhausted physician, and then he looked up in amazement at the great silent multitude, to whom he gave a smile of encouragement. When he stood upon his feet a white-haired man stepped forward saying, "Monsieur, I thank you for France!" It was the President of the Republic.

But the brightly burning torch was spent. He returned to his home in this city. Not long ago he received a photograph from France; it was that of the two airmen, back in their plane, flying for France and for God. Now, fittingly, comes his promotion!

That is the spirit of America, of France, of England. With *adequate* leadership, equipped with the *whole* armor of God, the victory will be glorious, and it will not be long delayed. The Beloved Captain waits; let thought and love and will burn now at their brightest!

Dear Little Lad

O LITTLE lad, with your sunburned face
And your eyes of dancing blue,
Just yesterday I held you tight
And heard your prayer at candle-light,
Dear little laughing heart o' you.

Dear little lad, with your book and slate,
On your way to village school,
Just yesterday I saw you go
Across the field where daisies grow,
Dear little happy heart o' you.

Brave little lad, in your uniform
With your kit-bag on your back,
Just yesterday you smiled good-by,
And marched away without a sigh,
Dear little loyal heart o' you.

Dear little lad, you will not return,
So your captain writes to me;
Just yesterday he said you fell
Asleep at twilight's vesper bell,
Dear little peaceful heart o' you.

LYDA M. HUTCHISON.

*Pastor of St. Thomas's Church (Episcopal), New York. Dr. Stires is now with the U. S. army in France.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

Daily Meditation

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

In Extremis

SUNDAY, August 25. I Peter 1 : 5. "*A salvation ready to be revealed in a season of extremity.*" This is Dr. Hort's translation of the passage which is given to the Authorized Version as "ready to be revealed in the last time." The new light is full of practical and heartening significauce. The great promise is withdrawn from far-away issues: it is linked to our own immediate crisis, and it unfolds a holy power which can subdue the most exacting circumstances. It proclaims that while there are forces quite adequate for ordinary needs, there are powerful reserves in waiting which will be called out wheuever necessity becomes a fierce and oppressive antagonism. The salvation is "ready." Its forces are not spent in the sunny season, when the demand is only apparently mild and commonplace. They are more than enough for the seasons of extremity, and they are waiting to be revealed. "He leadeth me beside the still waters." "The Lord sitteth as King at the flood!"

This storm-covering word should surely give us a large conception of the saving powers of grace. Our thinking is not daring enough. It lags far behind the great venturesome promise of God's word. Our faith moves comfortably in the green pastures: it does not buoyantly face the barren wilderness. We depend upon our spiritual resources for a Sabbath day's journey: we don't set out for the ends of the earth. We believe that Lazarus can be restored when he is sick; but our faith falters when he has been dead four days. And so our conception of God's saving power lingers among the possibles: it does not comprehend the impossibles. Reformation is within the scope of our visiou, but not a tremendous revolution. We grow timid at the seasons of extremity. And so we need an enlargement of our thought so as to survey God's wonderful power in the dire necessity. "As the heavens arc higher than the earth, so are my thoughts higher than your thoughts!"

And therefore this all-inclusive promise should inspire us with victorious confidence. We are to approach our seasons of extremity in sane assurance. For in the heavy seasons our assurance in the saving power of God is a vital secret of our strength. "The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" That is the vital sequence: a great thought of God, and then the destruction of all paralyzing fear. Fear breeds in the narrow mind, it dies in the open vision.

And, finally, this strong and heartening word should set all our going to a song. It is the pinching fear that silences the song. The bird has no song while the hawk is in the sky. It is quiet confidence that breaks into singing. And song, too, is one of the secrets of victory! "The Lord of hosts is with us!" Who cannot sing in that assurance? "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil!" We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail. J. H. J.

The Unobserved Kingdom

MONDAY, August 26. Luke 17 : 21. "*Behold the kingdom of God is within you.*" The late Colonel Wendling wrote a book entitled "Ecce Rex," "Behold the Kiug." Jesus was a King. He said two notable things about the kingdom, as recorded in this chapter of Luke: "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation," and "The kingdom of God is within you." He gave two parables illustrating the invisibility of the kiugdom, that of the mustard seed aud that of the leaven. The invisibility of the kingdom of God has given rise to a phrase, "the seeming unreality of the spiritual life." Why is religion so apparently unreal to many? Life is full of analogies. The kingdoms of letters, music and art have their foundations in an unseen world. What are the essentials of a kingdom? An authority, a realm, and a law. How is admission gained into the kingdoms of letters and art and music? By submission to that authority, by an abiding interest in that realm, by obedience to that law. The works of these kingdoms are visible though the kingdom itself may elude observation. So the works of the kingdom of God are often visible, but the coming of the kingdom itself is devoid of external symbol. At last, it would seem, thoughtful men in Germany are awaking to their spiritual poverty. A leading German writer has recently said, "The possessor of kultur does not boast of kultur; he has it, and that is enough."

Hugh Stowell Brown a generation ago said a very significant thing: "Talk about the evidences of Christianity! A religion which makes a human life clean and keeps it clean carries with it its own credentials." Conversion, is sometimes spectacular, but oftener it is a silent decision, an unobserved turning to the light. How comes sunrise? Silently. How comes summer? It steals upon us unawares. So the new life in Christ dawns unseen until its splendor of radiance shiues out like a new day. It *is* a new day, the beginning of new days—days that are not all equally cloudless, but days that foretell the perfect day. C. C. A.

Persecution

TUESDAY, August 27. John 16 : 2. "*They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service.*" Verily it is not a pleasant prospect which these words open up to the disciples of Christ. For their testimony they shall reap persecution, yea, death. As often as they shall raise their voices, the enemies of their Lord will turn against them, and whoever shall inflict injury on them will be praised by the world as a hero. The old cry: Away with Christ! Give us Barabbas! will be heard again and again in the coming centuries. David professed: "I believed, therefore have I spoken," but adds immediately: "I was much afflicted." From many of his Psalms we can gather the character of his afflictions: he pictures the insolent ridicule with which his testimony was received and the unconcealed contempt with which the rabble cried out against him.

The manners of men may have changed somewhat since these words were spoken, but the spirit of Christ's enemies has not changed. These people are still willing to suffer the worst tyranny rather than to submit to the pleasant yoke of the meek and lowly Christ. They will tolerate all mauner of sins and vices rather than accept the rule of love which the Gospel proposes to establish among them. With their so-called charity they will cloak all shortcomings of their petted associates, but have no patience whatever with the preachers of the righteousness of Christ. They can be extremely liberal, liberal to a fault, towards all other men, but towards professing Christians who strive honestly to live their faith and to act in all things consistently with their profession of Christ, these same people can show themselves most intolerant. The truth has never had an easy course in the world. But Christ has forewarned, and therewith forearmed us. W. H. T. D.

The Work of Our Hands

WEDNESDAY, August 28. Ps. 90 : 17. "*Establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.*" How short seems the longest life to the active laborer! Plans and purposes increase with years. When death knocks at the door, our lives seem so incomplete. But the Heavenly Father can establish the work of a brief life as a foundation for the eternal building.

Life's faithful toil, woven into a character of truthfulness, duty and devotion, will be a memorial of beauty forever established. Individual righteousness makes honest toil immortal. We must begin at the beginning to build rightly. God's kingdom is the basis of all future development. His leaven of love must permeate all human effort. Then we become likest to God, who worketh unceasingly, and to his Son, who doeth the works of the Father.

Christ, the Builder of worlds, worked as a carpenter for many years, till the hour arrived for the greater achievement of the redemption of a race. We should follow his example as a dutiful child, going to the temple for worship, as a faithful toiler with roughened hands and burdened shoulders; but we must not forget to go with him all the way to Calvary in our self-sacrificing devotion. Here is the hill of highest service. He was first in toil, first in suffering, and will be first upon the throne of all kiugdoms.

"Where I am, there shall my servant be also." We should never seek to go arouud Calvary, or to climb up some other way. His is the only way to establish your life of service as a part of his great kiugdom forever. In him the transient becomes permanent. He will make us to live in the hearts of mankind, not for fame or glory, but for the memory of goodness and the favor of the Highest. In him ephemeral deeds become immortal—monuments that never crumble. E. W. C.

Political Atheism

THURSDAY, August 29. Ps. 10 : 4. "*God is not in all his thoughts.*" One of the primary defects of some people's religion is that they divide life into various compartments, admitting God to some of them and excluding him from others. There are few people of whom it can be said that God is not in any of their thoughts. There are many of whom it is true that God is not in *all* their thoughts. God is in all worlds, and in all parts of this world. If we do not obstruct his way with us, he is in every human life and in every phase of human life. He must not be excluded from any aspect of life. To deny God a part and place in statesmanship is political atheism. One curse of the world has beeu politics that excluded God. The only explanation of much of the trickery and deceit in diplomacy of which nominally Christiau men have been guilty, is that they did not admit God into partnership iu their political thoughts and actions. They have been religious in the temple and irreligious in the counsel-chamber. Is life thus a thing of water-tight compartments? Can a man divide himself into sections, with no relation to one another, and hope to live?

Paul never made a nobler claim for himself than when he said he had "exercised his citizenship Godwardly." (This is the real sense of Acts 23 : 1. Rotherham thus interprets it: "I have used my citizenship with all good conscience for God until this day.") The politics that excludes God from partnership in government divests itself of the only salt that can save a state from corruption. They who exclude conscience from the domain of civic affairs rob society of the highest motive to loyalty.

C. C. A.

Martyrs to Truth

FRIDAY, August 30. Acts 4 : 20. "*We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.*" These words are from the defense which the earliest preachers of the Gospel made when they were tried for disturbing the public peace. When their enemies could not refute their teaching, they decried them as seditious, haughty and conceited people, who wanted to know more than the very leaders of the church. Charges of quarrelsomeness, of love of strife, and of domineering pride have always been raised against Christians when they were doing nothing but testifying to the truth of the Bible. It is, indeed, possible that there may arise in the visible societies of Christians pharisaical tyrants who love to lord it over their fellow believers, or hypocrites whose preaching is rendered worthless by their practice; but such people are Christians merely in name. If ambition and thirst for glory had been the motives prompting the earliest confessors to offer their testimony publicly in behalf of Christ, they would soon have beeu cured of that. For what did they gain by their testimony in a worldly way? Were they treated as honest and brave men? Were they rewarded as valuable teachers of men? Did they achieve great honors? Far from it; they were instead put in the stocks, cast into prison, scourged and stoned, or expelled from the communities into which they had come with every mark of public infamy. Such treatment, it is reasonable to suppose, should have speedily driven pride out of their hearts and taught them the lesson that mere quarrelsomeness, nagging and fault-finding, and wanting to know all things better than everybody else, succeeds as little in the church as elsewhere. If, after such experiences as they continually met with, they had still persisted in fomenting strife, they must have been either great simpletons, or blind bigots. No, it was not from au impulse of ambition to parade their opinions before the public that they persevered in their testimony against baffling odds; it was not from an expectation that sooner or later their pride would receive the desired gratification; but because they could not help speaking; for the Spirit of truth moved them to speak. W. H. T. D.

Faithful Service

SATURDAY, August 31. Rev. 22 : 3. "*And his servants shall serve him.*" A teacher once asked the class of which Thomas à Kempis was a member, what passage of Scripture conveys the sweetest description of heaven to you? One answered, "There shall be no more sorrow there." Another said, "There shall be no more death." Another, "They shall see his face." But Thomas, who was the youngest of all, said, "And his servant shall serve him." Is not this the most beautiful thought in our earthly life—the idea of Christian service? And is not our highest ideal for the everlasting life that we shall serve him?

Will not heaven be a world where still greater service may be performed, a larger circle of activity than we have here, wider, grander, richer and fuller? Not merely an existence of soul rest and enjoyment, but where labor is rest, service pleasure, activity a delight? E. W. C.

AMERICA'S ANSWER TO THE HUN

© International Film Service

Fred Shindler, one of the first Americans wounded of those who drove the Germans back at Chateau-Thierry. He is just aching for another chance at them. Meanwhile an illustrated paper is good fun

Paul Thompson

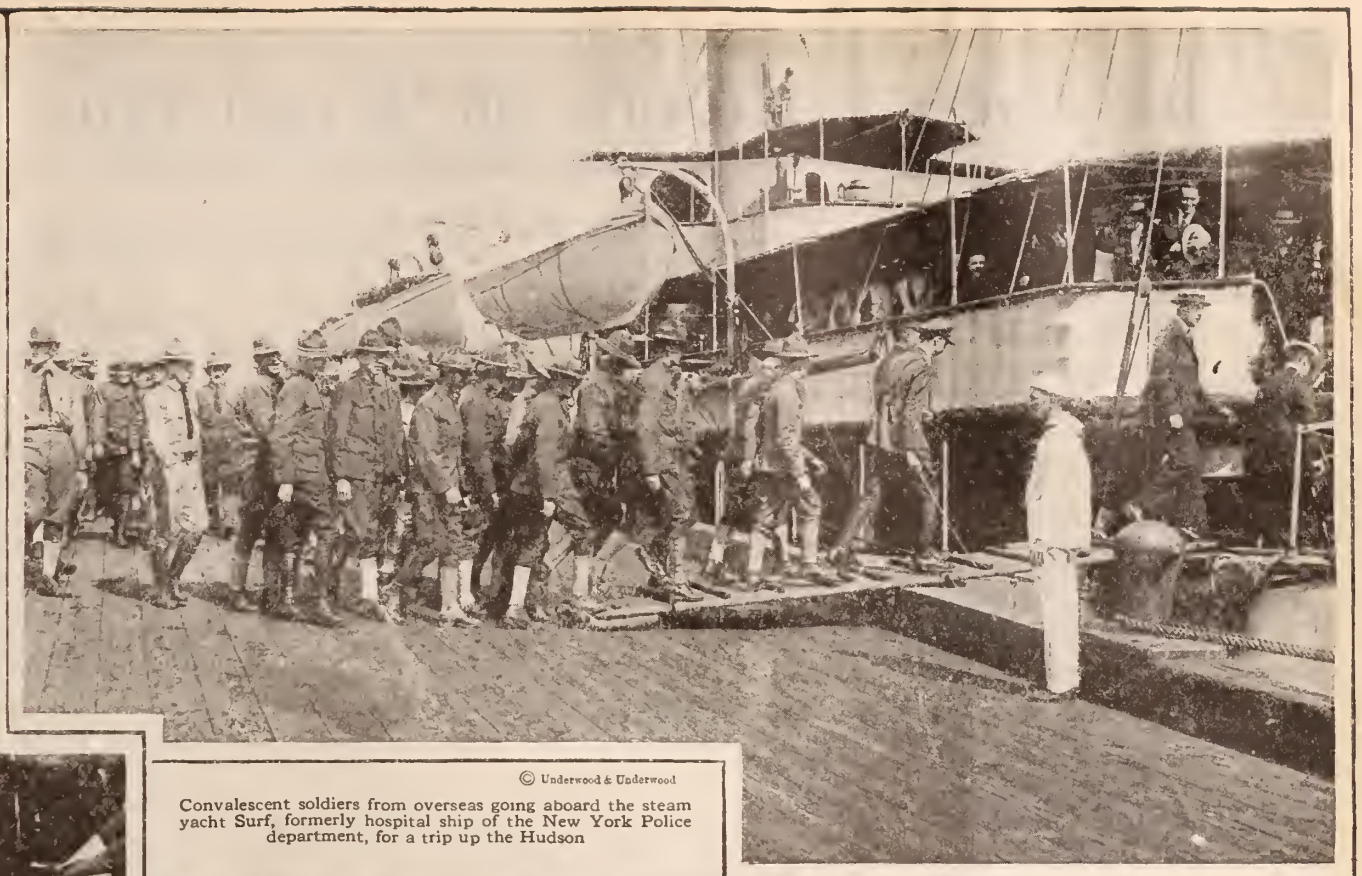
President Wilson, hat in hand, leads the cheering as the Quistconck, sponsored by Mrs. Wilson, first ship built at the great Hog Island yards, takes her initial plunge

British Official Photo

The light railway is the artery of war. This train which has just brought up some nice iron pills for Fritz is quickly equipped to carry back stretchers bearing wounded men

© Press Illustrating Se

Mrs. Edith Foster, the movie censor of the Y. M. C She passes every foot of film that is used to entertai boys in camp or cantonments.



© Underwood & Underwood

Convalescent soldiers from overseas going aboard the steam yacht Surf, formerly hospital ship of the New York Police department, for a trip up the Hudson

© Kadel & Herbert

The sight that changed the determined hope of Paris to a joyful certainty. An American regiment, its colors at its head, marching up the Avenue du Bois du Boulogne.

© Committee on Public Information

Pain banishes enmity. The man on the stretcher was a German soldier. His leg is broken. The American medical corps, at the advanced dressing station, is giving him "first aid"

The Rice Farmers of "Evangeline's Land"

LONGFELLOW, in describing Evangeline's Land in the Sunny South, says:

On the banks of the Teche . . .
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees.
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana.

Great changes have come over the Eden of Louisiana since Evangeline's day. No more are destructive alligators to be found in the wonderful forests of that country; the prairies are no more open, and large herds of cattle no longer roam over them, for now all prairies have been turned into fruitful cotton, sugar-cane, corn, and, wherever possible, into rice-fields. The dreamy Bayou Teche is now ploughed by steamships and large rafts of logs, for the saw-mills float on the bosom of that poetic stream. The forests have been cut over by large lumber companies; hunters have destroyed the alligators and other game, and the Louisiana of early days exists only in our dreams and in the poetry of Longfellow.

Many Americans do not know that the United States is coming to the front as a rice-growing country. India was always considered the greatest rice country in the world. India is the home of rice, for the very word rice is derived from the Tamil word "arisi." In India, or Japan, or China, it takes one hundred people to grow one acre of rice, because every plant is generally grown in nurseries, and is transplanted into the fields by hand; while in Evangeline's Land great tractors prepare the fields for the grain which is sown by great drills, and is reaped by powerful machines, and the threshing is done right out on the fields, so that a rice farmer in America can easily cultivate 100 acres or more without any help from others.

The races in Louisiana who most retain the charm of the past are the 'Cadians, as they are called, or the Acadians of Evangeline's race, and the Creoles, who are the descendants of the old Spanish and French families of Louisiana. But economic pressure is changing even these conservative races. The labor question is becoming very insistent down there. It is next to impossible to get the servants as of old. The negroes in Louisiana may be divided into two great classes, the Creole or 'Cadian negro and the American negro. The former class speak French fluently and English poorly, and, as a rule, they belong to the Roman Catholic church, while the American negroes belong to the Protestant churches.

The Bayou Teche in the Eden of Louisiana

"The negro and the mule belong together," so 'tis said down South, and certainly the colored worker, with the help of the mule, grows wonderful corn and cotton crops, and sometimes peanut and sugar-cane crops as well. He does not own the land, but rents it on shares from the planters, who also supply him with the necessary agricultural implements, with seed grains and a comfortable house to live in. I saw cotton fields that were simply wonderful, all the work on which had been done by the negro farmer with his mule, which sometimes belongs to the planter. The Creoles and 'Cadians very often own their little farms, but they live very much like their neighbors.

Missions are doing much for the uplift of all down South. It was my privilege to preach to the different races down there, and everywhere I found a responsive hearing. God is moving on the hearts of the people and our King Emmanuel is making all races safe for theocracy.

G. N. THOMSSEN.

The Danger of Drifting

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I DRIFTED down the river in a canoe. It was a pleasant afternoon, and the river was pleasant, and a pleasant little breeze was pushing my slim craft along. My paddle scarcely seemed to brush the water, so easy was the going, and I gave myself up to the lure of dream-making and the fascination of castle-building. The sun was a blaze of splendor in the heart of the blue sky, and the trees along the green banks were rustling and gay. And it seemed as if a band of fairy folk were skipping along behind me on the water, and were smoothing the ripples out of the stream as I passed.

And then—then, all at once, a cloud scudded over the sun, and the little breeze turned into a mocking wind. And I woke abruptly from my dream-making and my castle-building to find that my drifting had taken me far—oh, very far—from home.

I had drifted. And the drifting had been most enjoyable. I had drifted, half unconsciously, through the whole of the afternoon. And then I had realized that the time for drifting was over—that it was time to win my way back.

I swung the canoe around. The wind caught at the bow as I swung it—caught with fingers that were surprisingly strong. I swung the canoe about and started to paddle toward home.

Have you ever tried to paddle a canoe in the face of a gathering storm? It is rather hard work. My arms ached and I found myself panting before I had gone very far on that journey home. The wind kept punishing me—punishing me, perhaps, because I had drifted so far and so heedlessly—and the sun stayed under its cloud shelter. And I, gazing up at the sky apprehensively, knew that a storm was coming soon.

The storm caught me when I was still far from my starting-place. Great rain drops thudded down on the water all about me, and the gayly rustling leaves on the green trees along the river banks were whipped about furiously until the silver backs were turned toward the bleak sky. And I paddled hard—harder than I had ever paddled—and yet seemed to make no progress!

It seemed a long time before I reached home, and pulled the canoe up onto the shore, and started to run toward the house. I was very wet and very weary and rather resentful; resentful of the weather and the weariness, and, more than anything else, of the fact that I had allowed myself to drift—and to drift so far.

I KNOW a successful artist—a man in his late thirties—who works very faithfully and diligently. He is unlike many of the artists that I know, for artists are apt to be a bit temperamental, a bit ready for a good time; for the joy of life, for love and light and laughter. I had often wondered at the concentration of this man, who could work while his fellows were playing, and one day, because we are rather good friends, I dared to question him.

"I can't help wondering," I said, "why you are so different from the others. You do more work than they do. You are more solitary than they are. And you're getting to the top of the ladder faster than they are. Why are you so different?"

The artist looked at me very soberly for a few minutes before he answered. And then—

"You never knew me when I was a boy," he said slowly, "or you'd hardly wonder, I think! For I was the wildest young art student in the city. I knew that I had ability, and yet I wasted time steadily and efficiently—and gaily. I never worked unless I absolutely needed the money, and after a while the orders that had at one time been piling up on my desk stopped coming.

"I remember how one of my teachers—a pleasant old man he was—cautioned me about my lack of—shall we call it sense? 'You have great talent, boy,' he said to me, 'and you are throwing it away. You can't play the game that you're playing now, and win!' I remember how I clapped him on the back and laughed at him for an old fuss. And I remember how I went on thoughtlessly.

"I began to drink. I began with a glass of wine first, with a good friend, and that led to other glasses—and other bottles. I began to gamble. The excitement of it appealed to me, and I spent nights playing feverishly. My paints lay neglected, my easel was empty, and there were no orders on my desk. And the worst of it all was that I didn't care!

"*I was drifting.* Drifting on a current that was carrying me faster and farther than I realized. I was drifting, and, lost in the fascination of it, I did not realize there was a storm ahead."

The artist paused for a moment and looked across the studio at his newest piece of work. It was a bit of landscape, delicately colored and executed—a work with a quiet, restful charm about it. When he spoke again his voice held a note of wistfulness.

"Oh, the wasted years of youth!" he said soberly; "the wasted years that we can never bring back—the drifting years! If we could only realize that the storm will come—that it always does come!

"My storm was a certain debt that had to be paid. And I had no money. My friends? The friends that one makes when one is drifting are not the sort that stick to one in a crisis. I was alone with a long, bitter road to travel. I was alone!

"I had to have a great deal of money—and quickly. At first, the thought of it did not worry me much, for I knew that I was a good artist—that I had always had work when I wanted it. I went out, nonchalantly, to visit certain of the editors who had liked my pictures in the old days. I went with confidence.

"The confidence left me after I had visited three of the editors. It seemed that they had artists working for them that could be depended upon—steady young men who handed in their work on time. Two of the editors admitted that my work was the best in the market, but that they didn't dare order from me, because I couldn't be trusted with an important commission. One of them went so far as to tell me drinking and gambling weren't exactly letters of recommendation.

"I won't tell you how I worked to 'come back.' But I will tell you that it's never so easy to come back as it is to go down. I found that I had three things to fight against—my inability to concentrate, the distrust of others, and my own weakness, that kept pulling me in the wrong direction. I fought, and it wasn't always a winning fight! There were days and weeks and months when I went back to drifting, and after each lapse the return was more difficult. It took me years to arrive where I am today, years that might well have been spent in forging farther ahead than I ever will go—now!"

OH, there is a very grave danger in drifting! And it's a danger that we all encounter. When some little lazy impulse strikes you, and you yield to it, you are allowing yourself to drift—in the same way, though not to the same extent, that the artist drifted. When some little sordid ambition pushes a worthwhile ideal aside, you are drifting; when you do some tiny thing that your conscience doesn't quite approve, you are drifting. And every time you allow yourself to drift, you are weakening your character and putting another twist in the dusty road that leads back.

Don't allow yourself to drift, even though it is very pleasant to drift! For, as the artist said, there is always a storm coming. And when the storm comes it may suddenly show you that you have been wasting years instead of hours. I was able, despite weariness and dampness, to paddle up the river and reach home. The artist, through sheer endurance and strength of will, was able to win back to the starting place. But some people are never able to get back—their strength, wasted in drifting, gives out. And when the storm comes they are blown far down the stream and lost.

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Although various rumors of threatened reprisals against Allied prisoners have come through from behind the German lines, the Allies continue to give to enemy wounded the same care and skilful attention with which they handle their own wounded. These British doctors are caring for recently wounded Huns.

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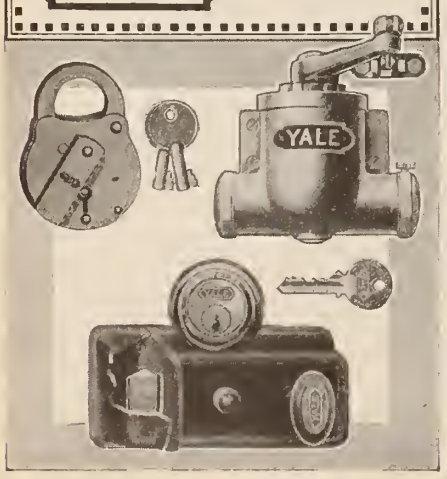


Supplies for the Firing Line

YOU can be a "foreign missionary at home." This is the self-named title of a woman in Lebanon, Tenn., who has had the joy of sending things which are useful to a missionary in his work. In this way she enables him to do work which otherwise would not be accomplished, and adds greater effectiveness to the work already in hand. Multitudes are entering into the work in the home land which will place them in the same class—"foreign missionary at home." In this world-war many who cannot go are having a real part in the conflict by doing a full and essential part at home.

The Surplus Material Department of the World's Sunday School Association has become well known both at home and abroad. More than 27,000 in the home land are sending their "surplus" to mission stations of their own church, or to some interdenominational work.

A pastor of a small church in Illinois can show how the plan operates. He writes: "We have ten Bible picture rolls and a large number of postcards which we desire to send to the missionaries." He should not have had any of those large Bible picture rolls on hand except the one in use for the current quarter. At the end of each three months the picture roll should be sent to some missionary of his own church whose name had been obtained for this purpose. The cost to mail one roll is about 18 cents. These picture rolls are too valuable to the missionary to be kept in dust storage at home. Now, this particular pastor was given the names of three missionaries in his own church. They were located in Peru, China and Japan. Each of these missionaries would have been glad to have the entire ten rolls, but three names were sent that the local missionary horizon might be broadened. In time that pastor will receive letters of fact and appreciation similar to this one from Peru: "Our pastors put them to use in two ways: in Bible expositions and in distributing separate pictures among the families interested in the Gospel. Up in the mountains you will know an evangelical home as soon as you enter it, for almost invariably you will find upon the walls one or more of these large Bible lesson picture rolls."

EACH year a special drive is made in the early fall by which unknown thousands of packages are forwarded to the missionaries for distribution at the Christmas season. A Presbyterian missionary in Korea asks for more as he says "Thank you" and adds "Some one has said that 'Gratitude is a lively sense of favors yet to come.' If so we want to be very grateful, for we shall need your help in the next year more than ever before, for we have now started to work our Sunday school problem in a thorough manner for the first time. Our people are so poor, though, and there is so little in the way of literature or pictures that they can afford to buy. Every bit that you have sent has been used to the limit and some of it several times over. We want anything in the shape of a picture—preferably those large wall charts—for these schools. We hope to have forty running before summer."

Often a missionary states some article that he just must have to make his work more effective. A baby organ is frequently named.

A FEW days ago a missionary from Siam called at the office of the World's Sunday School Association and said that her baby organ had been absolutely worn out and she did not know where she could find a new one; was there one in the Surplus Material file? She was immediately rejoiced with a "Yes."

Full information and an introduction to a missionary of your church can be had for the asking. Rev. Samuel D. Price, D.D., Superintendent of the Surplus Material Department of the World's Sunday School Association, New York City, will gladly furnish details. Name your denomination in full.

Rheims the Soul of France

ONE of the Roman military roads of the first century ran northward from Lyons to Rheims and Soissons, while in the second century Rheims had become a flourishing town, a center of merchandising and of power. Some time in the fourth century Christian missionaries evangelizing the Gaul which Cæsar had taken for Rome made Rheims the center of their teaching and soon a bishopric arose, and churches were built, before whose altars converts knelt in adoration of the Christ.

At Chalons the Visi-Goths and the Gallo-Romans defeated the hordes of Attilla, the original Hun. At Soissons, in 486, Clovis, king of the Franks, defeated the Gallo-Romans but was himself conquered by the faith of Christ, and baptized by St. Remigius at Rheims in 496. Tradition tells of a sacred phial of oil brought by a dove from heaven for the baptism of Clovis, founder of the French nation of today.

For generations kings of France were crowned in the great Gothic cathedral at Rheims, that cathedral whose destruction under German guns has brought the condemnation of the world upon the modern Hun. The cathedral was built in the thirteenth century on the site of the basilica where Clovis was baptized. In 1481 a fire destroyed the roof and the spires. The roof was restored, the spires were never re-erected. The towers without the spires are 267 feet high, the spires formerly increased the height to 394 feet. The church inside and out was decorated with wonderful statuary, stained glass windows and tapestries. Gobelin, founder of the art of tapestry weaving, was a native of Rheims. At Rheims in 1429 Charles VII was consecrated king of France, while Joan of Arc upheld the royal colors, and though Joan was the "Maid of Orleans" she became the patron saint of Rheims, and her statue was placed in the square before the cathedral. Rheims also boasts another beautiful church, the Abbey of St. Remy, and two fine Protestant churches.

The casket containing the bones of St. Remy, which had lain for centuries in the church of St. Remy in Rheims, was saved from the burning church by French officers, who penetrated to the crypt in spite of the fire and the continued bombardment by the German guns. Lifting the heavy and elaborately gilded casket on their shoulders they carried it out of the church and placed it on a passing military wagon which carried it to Chalons. On August 5 the bones of the missionary who converted Clovis were resting under the care of the Bishop at Chalons, and the church named for him was a blackened ruin.

Always in the area of war Rheims has been frequently taken and retaken. In 1420 it was taken by the English, in 1814 by the forces allied against Napoleon, in 1870 and 1871 it was held for some time by the Germans, while the territory about it was all devastated by their requisitions. In 1914, for a few days before their defeat at the Marne and their retreat to the Aisne, the Germans again held Rheims, and though driven beyond it they still hold some of the circle of forts, which, erected in 1870, made of the busy market city an entrenched camp.

Although the French are through with kings, their hearts still are entwined with the memories of Rheims, and the desperation of their defense in this later battle with their present enemy may well be due as much to the threat against the idol of their hearts as to their hatred of the Hun and their determination to break once and for all the power which since the days of Cæsar has always threatened from beyond the Rhine.

John Barleycorn Announces His Exit

I AM the scion of a great family; my ancestry antedates the time of Noah. Good times and bad times do not affect my operation; the last jitney may go to pay me homage, even though the babes cry for bread. Many have been called great, but I am the greatest; my dominion embraces the whole universe. Every nation is made to taste my glory. I cater to the old and the young, the male and the female, I pay them both equal court; the rich and the poor alike tango to my cymbals, the great and the small likewise give ear to my music.

I am a fun-loving, rollicking, smashing-hearted demon, the tarantula of all vices to which man is heir. My methods are most ingenious. I cajole my victim into believing I can steady his nerves, put him to sleep, wake him up, renew youth, stave off old age, increase his joy, dispel his sorrow. I can send the blood coursing through his veins like an electric flash. I burn up, use up and destroy the cells that go to make up the wonderful organization of man. I dethrone reason and convert the gentlest nature into one of ferocity. The most sanguine and optimistic mind I turn into suspicion and jealousy; no brain is able to cope with my onslaught.

I am king of the home-breakers. I point with pride to the thousands and thousands of children I have made homeless, to the vast numbers of mothers I have reduced to rags and tears.

The common boast among men is, "I can stop if I will," but what will can withstand my seductiveness? His will against my power is like a bubble upon the ocean; it rises to the surface, bobs around a few times, and is gone.

Without me, jails, penitentiaries, police courts, detention homes, probation officers, nay, even the electric chair and the hangman's noose would pass into oblivion.

If all the homes I have wrecked, the widows and orphans I have made, the hearts I have broken, the graves I have filled, could be listed and placed in line, they would belt the globe many, many times.

But my long reign is now on the wane. Soon, very soon, the horizon will close down upon me.

In my horoscope I see frail woman approach—woman, the first in transgression, the first in redemption, the last at the cross, the first at the sepulcher, and to her was given first the glad tidings of a risen Saviour.

I see them come in great numbers, men and women, from every land, of every hue and color, head erect, chest thrown out, and with a look of determination in every feature. Such a vast concourse I have never witnessed; some in carriages, some in wagons, others in machines, on horseback, afoot—the whole earth seems to be rocking to and fro in the great commotion. Bold and brave I have been, now I shake with fear and trembling. Pandemonium surely has set in. To add to the confusion, they unfurl great banners bearing startling inscriptions: "Down with Liquor," "Safeguard Our Homes," "Our Children First in Mind," "Save Posterity," "We Love Our Boys." Bringing up the rear is a large white banner, and engraved in gold letters are these words, "The Battle Is Over, the Victory Won."

So, amid the flourish of trumpets, the clash of cymbals and the rolling of drums I make ready for my final exit,—"unwept, unhonored and unsung."

EMMA BALDWIN, M.D.

Marion Harland's Corner

Some Seasonable Salads

WHAT may be called the mighty middle class of American housewives has learned much of the uses of salads within a half-century. Time was—and within the memory of middle-aged readers—when they were rated as luxurious features of dinner-parties, luncheons, and evening receptions of "fashionable" folk. They seldom figured in family meals. Their hygienic values and nourishing qualities were scarcely considered by the mother who "thought a salad would be refreshing on a hot day," or the young wife, who, in forecasting the menu for her first dinner-party, knew enough of modern methods to comprehend that a "heavy" salad of chicken or lobster was not "the thing" as an entrée, although altogether conventional for suppers, church fairs and summer picnics.

We are wiser in our generation as to the propriety of utilizing the kindly fruits of the earth in their season. A really excellent salad is one of the most wholesome and toothsome dishes we can set forth for a noon-day luncheon or a hearty supper on sultry evenings. The meatless day may become an opportunity, the appetite may be gratified and the blood cooled in any one of a dozen inexpensive ways through the concocting of the main dish of the meal by the judicious use of succulent vegetables, fresh eggs and a dressing in which oil, vinegar, salt and pepper are justly blended.

This last condition is so indispensable to the well-being of our salad that we will treat of it as the first step in the process.

French Salad Dressing

This is apparently so simple that one marvels at the ingenious perversions of it that often offend the taste of eaters who know what it should be. It is called for in so many combinations of fruits and vegetables that it is worth while to exercise discretion and skill in putting the ingredients together. They are few and simple, as will be seen.

Chill the bowl in which the dressing is to be mixed by setting it upon the ice in the refrigerator, along with the bottles of vinegar and oil, for an hour before you make the salad. Then wipe the inside of the bowl dry, and rub it quickly with a clove of garlic or a cut young onion. Measure into the bowl six tablespoonfuls of the very best salad oil you can buy, three of vinegar, a saltspoonful of white pepper and two of salt. If the vinegar be very sharp, add half as much sugar as you have pepper. Put the vinegar, salt and pepper first into the bowl and add the oil gradually, beating and stirring until all the ingredients are a smooth emulsion. Set upon the ice until you are ready to serve the salad. You may pour the dressing over it before the dish goes to table, or have it passed in a glass pitcher that each person may dress his portion to suit himself.

Mayonnaise Salad Dressing

Let me remark in an aside intended for fellow sufferers, that I am often reminded, in eating salad anointed with so-called mayonnaise, of Madame Roland's apostrophe to the statue of the Goddess of Liberty on her way to the guillotine:

"O Liberty! how many crimes are done in thy name!"

Into a chilled deep soup plate drop the yolk of a chilled egg, drained free of every particle of white; squeeze upon it a tablespoonful of lemon-juice, and stir it in well with a silver fork, adding gradually, a few drops at a time, the salad oil, stirring long and steadily with a silver four-pronged fork. As the dressing thickens, drop the oil rather more freely until you have used a scant half-pint. Lastly, beat in a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, a dash of paprika, and a half-saltspoonful of salt, with(if you like the mordant seasoning) a saltspoonful of mustard. One of the best compounders of salad dressings I know adds a saltspoonful of sugar, which lends what may be described as "suavity" to the mixture. *I* like it, but others may not.

An acid mayonnaise is a gastronomic solecism.

There are innumerable varieties of "dressings" for as many kinds of salads. The two I have cited are most generally in use by our best cooks.

Lettuce and Egg Salad

Line a chilled salad bowl with crisp *cold* lettuce leaves, handling them as little as possible. The warmth of the hand acts unfavorably upon the delicate leaves. Bear this in mind in preparing all green stuffs for salad. Cool, clear fingers are necessary in the work. And the tips of the fingers should be used in breaking the lettuce apart. Never cut it before or after it is served. The knife bruises it and injures the flavor. The leaves lining the dish should not be too large to be managed with the fork in eating.

Have ready at hand enough slices of hard-boiled eggs to cover the leaves and be heaped in the middle. Boil them long enough beforehand to allow them to be perfectly cold before they are sliced, then set upon ice until you are ready to dish the salad. When all are in place, pour French dressing over the salad and serve at once.

Or you may have as many small china plates as there are prospective eaters, and the plates (chilled) lined with the leaves, lay in the sliced eggs and send around the dressing with the plates, to be used as individual taste may dictate.

Heated crackers and cream-cheese are a pleasing accompaniment to all salads

Lettuce and Tomato Salad

is made as in the preceding recipe, substituting tomatoes, pared and sliced (always chilled), for the eggs Pour the dressing over them when all are laid upon the crisp lettuce.

Cauliflower Salad

You should select a young cauliflower for this dish. Cut into clusters and boil tender. Drain, and when the clusters are perfectly cold, lay in the ice-box until you are ready to dish. Line your salad-bowl with small leaves of crisp "heart lettuce": arrange the cauliflower upon them and pour a mayonnaise dressing over all.

Sandwiches, made of graham bread and grated cheese, go well with this delicious salad and satisfy the appetite upon meatless days.

Beet Salad

Choose young, tender beets; boil and scrape off the skins, drain, and when they are cold, lay in cracked ice to get chilled through. Cut the beets into neat cubes of uniform size, and, as you do this, let them fall into a deep plate or bowl of French dressing Turn them over and toss, to coat them well with the dressing. This done, set them on ice for an hour. Then line your chilled salad bowl with crisp lettuce leaves. Drain off the surplus dressing into a cup. Put a spoonful of beet cubes upon each leaf, and just before sending to table pour the reserved dressing over all.

A Left-Overs Salad

This is a decided convenience—sometimes a blessing—to the housewife who superintends what a witty writer makes colored "Viney" call the "conversation of her own foods." (A thing which, by the way, Viney rarely does!) Our frugal housemother saved from dinner on one day a saucerful of boiled green peas, and half as many young carrots cut into inch lengths, while warm, and "conserves" them by covering and setting away in the refrigerator On the morrow she has a half-cupful of string beans and the same quantity of beets, also diced. A few stalks of celery were reserved from last night's dinner or supper. These she boils tender and cuts into short lengths When cold and drained, they go with the other left-overs into the ice-box. Tonight, or for luncheon tomorrow, she will line a chilled salad bowl with lettuce, or mayhap with romaine, mix the cold vegetables carefully lest she may break them; pile upon the leaves, and pour a good French dressing over it. A mayonnaise makes it richer, but contributes nothing to the flavor.

If you have cold boiled corn among your left-overs, you may omit the celery—summer celery being inferior to that which is raised for winter use. If this be done, season with celery salt.

B. and B. Salad

For this piquant and pretty dish you want a cupful of tender string beans trimmed, cut into inch lengths, boiled, and very cold. Likewise the same quantity of white navy, or kidney, or white Lima beans, cooked and cold. So much for the first "B." For the second you want a cupful of bright red beets cooked and cold and then cut into small cubes.

It is well to provide these by cooking the beets and beans the day before you make the salad. In the center of a chilled salad bowl heap the beet-dice, next to them arrange a ring of the white, and on the outside of this a circle of the green beans. On the outside of all, have a garnish of crisp heart-lettuce leaves. Just before serving, drench with French dressing. Mayonnaise would injure the "color scheme."

If you use dried kidney beans because you cannot get the fresh, soak overnight before cooking them, and let them, too, get stone cold. A lukewarm salad is an outrage to the educated stomach.

This is a comely luncheon dish and very palatable. It shows up well also at a Sunday night supper.

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND

The most precious jewels in his watch

Baby is Mother's jewel as well as Dad's —but baby is almost entirely Mother's responsibility. Mother watches over his feeding—over his milk and the method of preparing it.

Mother could not nurse her baby, so she uses Eagle Brand—the infant food that has stood the test of over sixty years of constant use—the infant food that is responsible for thousands of healthy grandfathers and grandmothers who were once Eagle Brand Babies.

Eagle Brand is the milk of healthy, carefully inspected cows. It is put into cans and hermetically sealed under the most hygienic conditions. For sixty years it has been the standard infant food. It's always the same—always easily prepared and easily digested.

At all better drug and grocery stores.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY
436 Borden Bldg New York

"Be sure the Eagle is on the label"

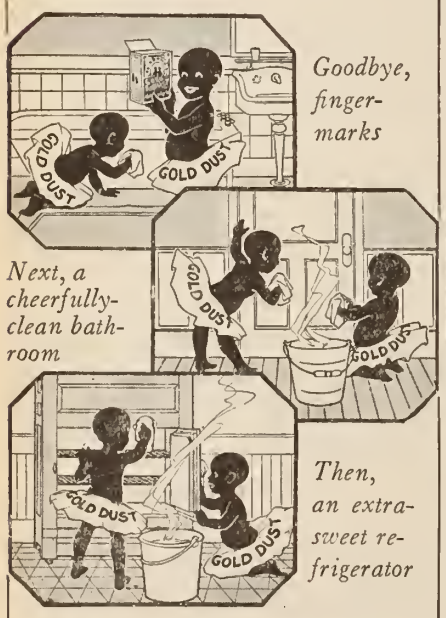
"Mrs. Aladdin's" magic spoonful

THAT'S "just enough" to make her wish come true. In a twinkling, Gold Dust dissolves the grease, banishes dirt and grime, and puts sanitary cleanliness in every nook and corner.

Here is the safe home rule:

"Use GOLD DUST for all dirt you can't dust off or sweep up."

But for real Gold Dust results, be sure it is really Gold Dust you buy.



Goodbye, finger-marks

Next, a cheerfully-clean bath-room

Then, an extra-sweet re-frigerator

GOLD DUST

Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

Christian Giving

International Sunday School Lesson for September 1
Acts 20 : 35; Luke 6 : 30-38 and 21 : 1-4

The Blessedness of Giving

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

IT has been said that style is the man. How true at least that really great men have certain characteristic lines of thought and speech! As soon as you hear the expression, "the strenuous life," you think of ex-President Roosevelt and his myriad activities, while the phrase, "the simple life," instantly recalls Pastor Wagner of France and his helpful messages to the world. Just so when you hear our golden text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." How like Jesus that saying is! The very essence and spirit of the Master breathes through it. We do not know when Jesus said this, or where, or why. It is not quoted in the Gospel memoirs of his life and sayings. But it was treasured up, from some chance conversation perhaps, and reached the ears of the apostle Paul. He recognized it just as we do, and, upon bidding farewell to the elders of Ephesus, he tells them that he made it the key-thought of his intercourse with men.

How Paul gave! His indefatigable outpouring of thought and effort for the evangelizing of the cities of Asia and Greece and Rome; his ceaseless journeys through perils of sea and land, persecution, suffering, sickness; his daily labor for self-support, mending sails or weaving tentcloth, that the Gospel might not be compromised by his necessities—all these and more he gave without measure. Therein he found his blessing—a full, rich life, given freely with no thought of receiving. Yet he found it true that the best receiving comes in giving. What loves, what friendships, what visions and exaltations he had! So he told the Corinthians that "he who soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly," just as Jesus himself taught that "with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

He who gives, lives. He who gives most, lives most. He shares the experience of Paul and Jesus, and comes to understand the great word, "He that loseth his life shall find it." Christ pointed out to his disciples that unselfish giving makes us like our Heavenly Father, the Great Giver of the universe.

Unbelief in This Beatitude

There are people who are professed Christians and yet do not believe that Jesus was right in his philosophy of life at all. They accept the creeds and dogmas of the Church, but are practical unbelievers when it comes to agreeing with Jesus in such matters as this of giving, and acting upon his advice as to the pathway to blessedness. "A beautiful sentiment, but not practicable in life," was the response of one church-member to every one of the beatitudes!

How to be happy? Some say: Happiness is in getting; get money, get pleasure, get houses and lands and food and raiment. Jesus says, Happiness is in giving: give money, give pleasure, give the things needful to the distressed, give your best, even yourself. Do you really and sincerely believe Jesus was right? Not if you are living by the opposite rule rather than His.

The nearest approach to a person who only receives is a professional beggar. Is his the true happy lot? Some such beggars become rich, but do they ever become blessed? Their souls are dwarfed and lean—pauper souls! Yet there are thousands of other pauper souls, as narrow and dried up as a Hindu fakir's—people who are always getting and never giving; planning, toiling, selling to make money, and scheming, dressing, playing, hurrying to get pleasure, and *not giving*.

Who but pities a miser? Yet there are innumerable cases of the miser hearts. We are miserly with our pleasures; why not share them? We are miserly of our homes; why not open them wide? We are even niggardly with our religion, close-mouthed, not sharing, not giving it out. For Christian giving is more than the giving of money, though one of the chief uses of money is to give it where it will do the most good. Christian giving is giving of more precious things as well; of friendship, and sympathy, and comfort, and love. "And if ye love them that love you, what thank have ye? For even sinners love those that love them." Christian giving extends to lengths the world knows not—it leads to giving like God, to the unappreciative, going forth to serve the ignorant and the hostile, sacrificing to the well-being of those who will never even know our names. As Lowell showed, Christian giving is the giving of one's self, and the sharing of one's possessions.

Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.
Who gives himself with his gift feeds three:
Himself, his suffering neighbor, and Me.

Proportion in Giving

The true joy of giving is by no means found in thoughtless and ill-considered liberality. The Romans had a name for lavish and showy benefactions, *prodigalitas*, a word whose associations are not Christian at all. But from the Jews we have received the principle of thoughtful, reverent and proportionate giving. The tithe or tenth for God was the Jewish law, and it is not the last tenth but the first-fruits, the best. Over and above the tithe were given free-will offerings by those who had been largely blessed or who felt especial gratitude for God's mercies.

Many of our best Christian people have found great blessing in systematically setting aside one-tenth of their income for the Lord's work. Of course, we are not under law but under grace in this matter. But it does seem as though the modern Christian should be at least as generous as the ancient Jew! Tithers have more to give; they enjoy planning the distribution of their gifts, and with growing prosperity they are led out into a large place of helpfulness in the Kingdom. It is astonishing to find oneself with plenty of money in hand to subscribe liberally to all the fine good causes that are active today. Many a man who started as a tither found he could give two-tenths after a while, and some have even given five-tenths to the Lord's enterprises.

Great progress is being made in our churches as our members are finding the secret of regular, proportionate giving for Christian work. Doubtless many who read this lesson belong to churches where better giving is needed. From Men and Missions comes this excellent exposition of I Cor. 16 : 2:

Paul's Financial Plan

Periodic
"Upon the first day of the week,
Worshipful, habitual, prayerful cheerful

Personal
Let each one of you,
Each man, each woman, each boy, each girl

Provident
Lay by him in store.
Forehanded, deliberate, thoughtful, intelligent

Proportionate
As he may prosper.
Generous, careful, responsible, faithful

Preventive
That no collections be made when I come."
No deficit, no worry, no loan interest, no retrenchment.

The Spirit of Giving

The widow's mite was a large gift, proportionately; it was all she had, and she was penniless until. She earned more. But the spirit of her giving was as great a cause for Christ's praise. It was reverent and humble. She gave not to be seen of men, but because, despite her affliction, she appreciated the goodness of God. What a contrast,

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

Mellin's Food

Elliott C. Smith, Jr., Montrose, Ba.

Mellin's Food, prepared with milk, is a complete food for an infant. By simply varying the proportions in its preparation it can be adapted to children of all ages.

Write today for our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," also a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food

Mellin's Food Company
Boston, Mass.

Bran Is Better

Bran is Nature's laxative. It is better than drugs.

Starch clogs the system. It should daily be offset by bran.

The best way is with Pettijohn's where the bran is hidden in delicious flakes.

Try it one week. See how folks enjoy it. Note the sunny days that follow. Then you'll know why doctors all urge bran-food.

Start tomorrow morning.

Pettijohn's

A Flaked Cereal Dainty

80% Wheat Product including the Bran —20% Oats

A breakfast dainty whose flavory flakes hide 20 per cent unground bran.

Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent Government Standard flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe.

Both sold in packages only. (1964)

with the Pharisees' ringing gold cast ostentatiously into the temple chests! It is just as important for Christ to approve *how* we give as *what* we give in his name.

We are living in a dark time that is lightened by the wonderful display of sacrificial giving. Never were so many people offering generously of their wealth for unselfish purposes, for the prisoner, the wounded, the sick, the persecuted. The vision of need has opened the hearts of men everywhere. We must never let America slip back into the relatively meager giving of the past. The Church must seize the opportunity to raise giving to its highest spiritual plane and keep it there.

And our people are not content to give money. Women who gave their hundreds or their thousands to the Red Cross could not rest content until they were giving their personal service, their time, their talents. Business men subscribed largely to the Y. M. C. A. and then found themselves growing more and more restless till the chance came to give themselves, and to go "over there" to supplement their gifts of material things with the gift of loving ministry. These are Kingdom enterprises in which God is heartily concerned. In just the same way, a new spirit of giving in the Church will enlist not merely our tithes, but our love, our thought, our prayer, our personal services, in the distinctive tasks of religion. Parents and teachers, see to it that the generous spirit of today shall become the natural instinct of tomorrow. Give your classes training in corporate giving. Lead your boys and girls in the earning of wealth to be used unselfishly. Dozens of girls in our prosperous suburbs have been washing dishes, minding babies, cooking and baking and cleaning in order to give every cent they made to the Red Cross. Boys have been gardening, carting, sawing wood and delivering groceries, not to have "spending money" or "camping money," but in order to give to the Boy's Fund or buy Thrift Stamps of the Y. M. C. A.

Never was there such a chance as now to raise up a mighty host of real givers, loving givers, givers of themselves "first of all" to God and their needy brothers. Those who give most are giving most cheerfully; even those who are laying down their lives in France that the world may be free and happy. In appreciation of those who die so nobly, the children of tomorrow should learn to give, give wealth and talent and service, *not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.*

In Memoriam

LIEUT. LAURENCE COLT LOVELL died in France on the 29th of June, for his flag and his country. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Just before he sailed for France last September he stopped in at the Christian Herald office with his father, who is a member of the staff of the magazine, a bright-faced boy with the light of high courage and valiant youth shining out of his eyes. And we wished him godspeed, and joked a bit about the war (though we held no shade of mirth in our hearts!), and told him to come back very soon.

First Lieutenant Laurence C. Lovell
Aviation Section Signal Reserve Corps A. E. F.

Into our office, presently, began to drift his letters—letters that his father, sitting proudly at his desk, showed and quoted to us. They were brave letters, that told of good times, and thrilling honors, and a splendid part in a world conflict. He was an aviator. Every day he went up into the clouds to do his duty—to answer the call of his country. His letters told of accidents, of miraculous escapes, of a terrible fall from a broken plane. But he smiled in the face of danger.

And then, on the 28th of June, he wrote his last letter. It was a letter to his mother that he wrote, and he told her boyishly of his joy in the twenty letters that he had received that day; of his affection for his comrades, of his loyalty to and respect for his country. And almost his last words were: "The loving mothers are the real soldiers in this war—to the boys it is the Great Adventure. They will cheerfully prove that *they* are good soldiers by giving their lives when called to do so!"

Laurence Colt Lovell was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Lovell. Early in 1916 he enlisted in the Signal Corps and served for six months on the Mexican border. At the end of that time he was recommended by his superior officers for the Aviation Section of the United States Army. In July, 1917, he commenced his training at the Aviation School at Cornell University, and he sailed for France the following September. It was in France that he completed his training; it was in France that he received his commission as First Lieutenant early in June, and it was in France, on the 29th of that same month, that he met his death by an airplane accident.

His mother has just received a thoughtful and sympathetic letter from one of his comrades, a fellow officer (under date of July 2) who was with him on the day that proved fatal, stating among other things:

"All who knew Larry loved him well. Experiences in these first months in France cannot help but bring about close friendships. Larry's personality, always cheerful and smiling, always enthusiastic about everything, gives us a memory and feeling that leaves us the better for having known him. It is a loss for us—as well as for you—and a greater loss to his country. He was taken off doing his duty and so suddenly he never knew. It was by no fault of his own. Yesterday afternoon, after a very simple, solemn service, he was buried with military honors, alongside of a few other brave boys who have already given everything they had, on a beautiful spot, high upon a hill overlooking the —— river "somewhere in France."

He went to battle in the mist-hung sky,
  Like some gold-hearted bird with pinions strong;
  He went with courage, with a snatch of song.
In all his splendid youth! And God on high
Looked down with love to watch him dip and fly,
  Then lifted him to where the brave belong.
  He went to right a bleeding nation's wrong,
And proved that he was not afraid to die!
So we, who stare across the lonely hours,
  Must only think of that great gift he gave;
  Must think of other lives that his will save;
And know that, when the tender, healing showers
Have fallen in a stranger-land, the flowers
  Will bloom, like prayers, upon a hero's grave!

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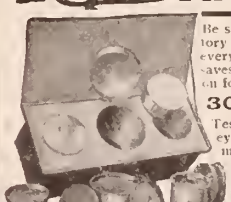
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Prophecy and the Great War

THE Second Annual Bible Conference conducted by the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago at Eagles Mere, Pa., closed Sunday, July 21, with six great meetings. In addition to presiding over the Conference, Dr. Gray, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute, gave a course of instruction at a Ministers' Institute each afternoon, and by special request spoke each evening on prophetic subjects and current events.

At the Ministers' Institute he took up a line of apologetics from the conservative standpoint. The Bible is everything with Dr. Gray, whose authority in his judgment is best established, not only in the minds of the plain people, but all classes, by the old-fashioned historical methods which he considers have not been outgrown and cannot be.

His course with the ministers covered first: the authenticity of the Bible, tracing its history through the printed page, the manuscripts, versions and writings of the Christian fathers to the time of Christ and his apostles, and in the case of the Old Testament, to centuries earlier than that. His strong appeal is to Christ. An Old Testament divine enough for Jesus is divine enough for Dr. Gray, and a New Testament that can be shown to have apostolic origin is sufficiently canonical for his purpose.

Dr. Gray believes in the miracles of the old and New Testaments, and sets a high estimate on their evidential value, in doing which he cites again the example of Jesus Christ. He holds similar views as to the predictive element in Scripture, and regards the present world conditions as one of the most potent answers to the critics who have belittled it hitherto. Prophecy fulfilling before our eyes is considered by him a strong living witness in confirmation of the Bible. It is this which makes Dr. Gray the robust optimist that he is, because there are other prophecies awaiting fulfilment, chief among them the coming of the Lord, which means light and peace and hope and comfort to the world. These lectures of Dr. Gray, or rather "talks," as he preferred to call them, were ably sustained and supplemented by corresponding talks by the Rev. B. B. Sutcliffe of the Extension Department of the Moody Bible Institute, and by Dr. W. H. Griffith Thomas, professor of Old Testament literature in Wycliffe College, Toronto, Canada. The first named demonstrated at the morning hour's service each day, how the Bible might be made an interesting book to the people, and the ministers went home with more of a love for it in their hearts, and more of an enthusiasm to make its teaching and exposition the staple of their ministry.

Dr. Griffith Thomas, on the other hand, dealt with the living ministerial problems of the day, such as: "What is Authoritative in Religion?" "Why the Death of Christ should be Accentuated as the Corner-stone of Christianity;" and "What the Bible Teaches About Hell." These were greatly valued as strengthening to faith, and enabling pastors and evangelists to stand firmly for the truth against the new drive of religious error within the church.

The evening popular addresses on prophecy by Dr. Gray were free from speculation, mystic theorizing and date setting, and were notable throughout for the strong and consistent stand taken as to the righteousness of the present war and the duty of Christians to support the government and the Allies to the last ounce of treasure and blood. In the judgment of the speaker, God's hand is seen in this conflict, and it would verge on religious apostasy to preach pacifism at the present time or encourage slackers. Pacifism, as a purely academic question, is different from pacifism in the actual situation existing today, and Dr. Gray considers Christian teachers who would advocate it, as limited in their range of Bible truth and especially Bible prophecy.

Dr. Gray threw an interesting sidelight on this topic by quoting from the recent Zionist convention in Pittsburg, Pa. Resolutions bearing on Palestinian policy revealed the Zionists' purpose to be "not alone to re-establish the ancient homeland, but to build up a model commonwealth in which extremes of riches and poverty should be averted and the old time Hebrew morality and justice become the law of the land." In other words, "Laws relative to divorce, parent and child, inheritance, occupancy of land and such will be based on the Mosaic legislation of the Old Testament, which was revealed from Heaven at Mt. Sinai." "There is no doubt," said Dr. Gray, "that ultimately this will come to pass, and the blessing to follow upon Israel will be one of the great factors in bringing the Gentile nations of the earth into the same path of obedience and blessing."

"Why Germany Cannot Rule the World" was an address that awakened special interest, as Dr. Gray showed the impossibility of such an event from the predictions of the prophet Daniel concerning the rehabilitation and future power of the Roman Empire. In this address Dr. Gray expressed the thought that the present war pointed to a realignment of the nations of Europe that will ultimately make for the rehabilitation of that Empire. Germany east of the Rhine, he said, was never in that Empire.

For this reason Alsace and Lorraine were certain to go back to France some day. The Slavs in the Austro-Hungarian Empire reported as ripe for revolt and likely to cause that Empire to crumble, is quite in line with what Dr. Gray understands to be the forecast for Europe in prophetic teaching.

Perhaps none of the addresses on prophecy was more immediately helpful than that entitled: "What is Meant by the Second Coming of Christ?" in which the lecturer cleared away the mists from some minds and put a quietus on certain fanciful and foolish vagaries in regard to that event.

The second coming of Christ, in his understanding of Scriptures, is his personal, in the sense of his visible re-appearing, which he substantiated by an abundance of Bible testimony. And this coming, he went on to show, is prior to any millennium on this earth, and, indeed, is a necessity to introduce such a millennium and make it a possibility. But he guarded against wrong impressions and conclusions on that subject by affirming that it did not mean the end of the world, which was a long way off, but the end of the present age, which was an entirely different matter and might be near.

M. A. MARTIN.

EVANGELIST FRED T. MILLS of Portland, Oregon, has been working among the 20,000 Jews of Portland the last two years, distributing Gospel tracts and Testaments in Hebrew, Yiddish and English, and preaching the Gospel. It has been from the beginning a work of faith. He is now planning to open a mission hall in the Jewish district, with a reading-room, where a service can be held every Saturday.

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The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

REALIZING the awful conflict now going on on the battle-fields of Europe, and the terrible strain upon our armies and those of our Allies, I am writing to ask if you cannot see your way to send out through the columns of your great paper an appeal for a Nation-Wide Week of Special Prayer to Almighty God to give strength to our men, great wisdom to all of our leaders, and a mighty victory to our armies.

I believe a request from you for all religious papers to take up this appeal, and make definite and immediate arrangements for all the churches of our land to be opened either at noon or in the evening, for definite prayer to the above end, setting a date, would be heeded and our prayers would be heard of God.

I would suggest the Scriptures of Jer. 33 : 3—"Call unto me and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not"; Jer. 32 : 17—"Ah Lord God! behold, thou hast made the heaven and the earth by thy great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for thee"; also, John 16 : 23—"And in that day ye shall ask me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you."

I feel that our greatest hope of victory must come through God's answering the prayers of his people.

(Evangelist) ROBT. E. JOHNSON.
Waynesboro, Pa.

A Believer in Prayer, after recounting several signal instances of answers to prayer, asks the readers of the Christian Herald to join her in praying that an injury done to her by an unknown person, which has caused a deep sorrow these many years, may be righted, and that she may be freed from this trouble. She also asks prayer for the spiritual welfare of her husband and restored health for a brother.

G. T., Macon, Mo., writes of his pleasure in reading the Prayer League column and of his fine class of boys in the Sunday-school who, he prays, may catch the missionary vision. He is living by faith and has recently founded the Ebenezer Prayer Watch, through which he hopes to bring encouragement and help to many.

Ninety-seven ask prayer for the healing of relatives and friends, including Mrs. T. H. S., that daughter-in-law may recover from typhoid; Miss L. H., that sister may be cured of kidney trouble and that gangrene may be removed from her feet; H. C H., that sister may be cured of cancer without the use of the knife.

Mrs. M. B. asks to be healed of cancer and completely restored to health (D. V.); Mrs. A. R. M., to be cured of hardening of arteries and for renewed strength; A Friend, to be cured of cough and weakness of body and nerves; Miss M. W., that my cough may be cured and regular breathing established.

Mrs. E. W. P. and six others ask prayers for the restoration of hearing for husband, relative and friends.

Five mothers and three friends ask prayer for the conversion of sons, and in one case son and wife. One mother adds, after asking for the conversion of her son, that he may become a good working Christian. May the Lord grant her wish and make her son an instrument for much good. Another mother prays that her son may be brought back to the fold, and also that he write her of his conversion. May her wish be fulfilled. Miss E. P., that her brother now in training camp may give his heart to God; six wives, for the conversion of husbands; twenty for the conversion of friends, father, children, sister, and relatives.

A Member asks prayer for a deeper work of grace, and also that she may be given power and words to pray in public; also that wisdom may be given her to do a certain church work assigned to her. Miss L. H. asks to be able to put on the whole armor of God and to devote her life to doing good. A Reader, that she may be given wisdom to decide an important business matter; B. J. C., and ten others, that faith may be strengthened; Mrs. H. C. R., that all who are at enmity with her may come back and be friends again; two especially dear ones; L. B., "that I may be able to dispose of my house without any trouble"; Mrs. E. M. J., "that mother may be able to find a buyer for her house so she can come and live with me and not be so lonesome"; Mrs. A. L. G., that God will keep husband safe and free from temptation and bring him home safely a true devout Christian; Mrs. H. C. R., that a loved one in foreign lands may be kept safe and return; E. L. K., that minister may be blessed; Mrs. A. H., that two children may be kept in the straight and narrow path; A Reader and five others, that sons and brothers in the service may be kept pure and clean and if it is God's will may they return home again; Mrs. H., that a son's and daughter's faith may be strengthened; I. J. K., that sister's motherless children may be saved.

Four friends ask for financial assistance, one in a great crisis and another that the money may come to help her to get away to the mountains, as her health is very much impaired.

Seven ask for prayers for the cure of the liquor habit for brother, son, husband, grandson, and a woman. Mrs. S. McC. also asks that her son may be saved from bad company, which so often goes hand in hand with drink. M. F. S. asks that a friend's husband may be cured and cease to abuse his wife.

Revivals are asked for in the following places: Glen Carbon, Ill.; Krupp, Wash.; Stanford, Ky.; Rutledge, Tenn.; in the M. E. Church at Ruffin, N. C.; Lexington, Ohio; B. J. C. asks prayers for a church which has been organized for the uplift of the fallen; Miss E. F. in asking for a revival in her town, adds that she prays especially that twenty-eight of her friends may be saved at the meeting; Mrs. J. H. N., that they may have the Gospel preached to them oftener than once a month, and that her loved ones and neighbors may be saved thereby.

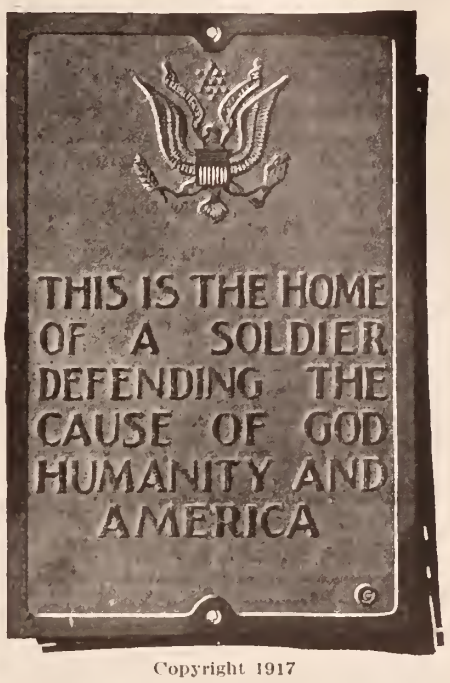
Four ask for the deliverance of sons, husbands and grandson from the tobacco habit.

A Reader asks that the drought in southern Texas may be broken; six, that the desire of their hearts may be granted; three, that trouble may be removed; two, for world-wide peace; Mrs. G. W. M., that the right man may be elected for governor in Texas; A Subscriber, that husband may be successful in business; A Friend, that a young man may secure his rightful property from his guardian; A. G., that a little boy may overcome his temper; J. M. A., "that I may have a home of my own"; Mrs. J. H. S., that son may be cured of temper; Mrs. C. M. C., that she may be remembered in prayer; A Member, for peace in her family, and that the members of it may not be separated; A Believer, that my husband may give up entirely certain bad associates; A Mother who is in bad health would like to see her daughters established in homes of their own before she is taken from them; Mr. and Mrs. I. S. A. ask the prayers of the League that the missionary work they are doing may be wonderfully blessed; Mrs. F. M., that the Holy Spirit may rest upon our soldiers and sailors and that they may return to us if it is God's will; if not, that it may be well with their souls forever.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS of answered prayer have been received from the following:

Mrs. W. S. C., Stanford, Ky.; Mrs. F. M., Mentor, Ohio; Mrs. S. M. McC., Pasadena, Calif.; Mrs. H. C. R., Wellsville, N. Y.; A Reader, Chino, Calif.; Mrs. H. L. S., Crab Orchard, Ky.; A. L. B., Providence, R. I.; A Believer in Prayer, Tyler, Texas; J. W. K., Harlan, Iowa; Miss J. P., Lynchburg, Va.; Miss E. P., The Ridge, Ky.; J. B. O., Gallupville, N. Y.; G. T., Macon, Mo.; Mrs. J. H. N., Rough and Ready, Calif.

For Every Home With Boys in the War



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3 tablespoons Sunkist Lemon juice
Grated rind one Sunkist Lemon
Break bread crumbs into small pieces. Add oleomargarine. Pour boiling water over. Let stand until soft.

Mix sugar and cornstarch, add egg yolks, well beaten, and Sunkist Lemon juice and rind. Combine mixtures. Bake in one crust and cover with meringue.

"'Dripping' may be used in the pie crust," says Miss Bradley, "and a real war-time, though delicious dessert, is thus easily prepared."

While economical of materials, this pie is also low in price when measured by the energy supplied.

California Sunkist Lemons are juicy, tart, and practically seedless. They are best for all cooking purposes. Also for garnishing because they are waxy, clean and bright.

Don't say merely "lemons" when you order. Be sure to say "Sunkist." That will get the best lemons grown.

CALIFORNIA **Sunkist**

Uniformly Good Lemons

Mail This for Miss Bradley's Recipes
California Fruit Growers Exchange, Dept. E-47, Los Angeles, Cal.

Place a check mark opposite the book preferred. We send either, or both, free.

☐ "Sunkist Recipes," by Alice Bradley.
☐ "Sunkist New-Day Drinks," by Alice Bradley.

Name .....
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Young People's Topics for September 1

All for Christ. Our Tongues

Christian Endeavor, B. Y. P. U. and Epworth League Topic. James 3 : 1–12

JAMES in his Epistle compiled a conclusive arraignment of the tongue. No better discussion of the topic can be imagined than the inspired words of the Apostle. Yet the case of the tongue is not as hopeless as the reference would seem to indicate, for though it says: "The tongue can no man tame," before the epistle is ended James is calling the sinner to repentance, and we know that the grace of God acting on the repentant heart can bridle the most rebellious tongue. But even when the grace of God has entered into our hearts, and we feel that his Spirit has marked us accepted as sons of God, we will still need to put a close watch upon our organs of speech that we do not betray the faith we profess or the friendships we claim. The writer happens to know of a case recently in which a whole family was kept from joining the church by a church member, whose loosely held tongue conveyed to the mother of the family the slightly incorrect information that of all the women in town she—the mother—was the only one not present at a certain missionary tea. There are three modes of speech against which we must guard: thoughtless speech, which inflicts an unnecessary wound (this is the manner in which most of us offend); the deliberate repetition of scandal (it seems almost impossible even for the grace of God to erase from some of us the joy of rolling under our tongue and spreading a rumor that stains the life of another); and angry speech, in which the impatience of the moment impels the tongue to the saying of cutting things. In all these manners of speech we may be telling what is true to our best knowledge or belief, yet it is neither wise nor kind. A heart truly serving our risen Lord would hold our tongue to silence. He speaks most wisely who thinks twice before he speaks, and a third thinking is never wasted. We should make it a rule never to discuss the affairs of another with a third person, except when we may be able to discuss them to the advantage of the absent party. We should make it a rule also never to speak slightingly of any one's faith, or of any principle which may be dear to another, even though it means nothing to us. Faith has often been shipwrecked by thoughtless ridicule of sacred things. We should make it a rule also to speak well of any who may be mentioned in our presence, or to keep silence if we can think of nothing good to say. Many a reputation has been ruined by suggestions spoken at random by some one who was merely trying to make conversation. And we should make it a rule also to speak words of comfort and encouragement and of friendly counsel when opportunities permit, and to tell what Christ has meant in our own lives whenever we find an ear ready to listen or a heart which needs the Saviour. Consecrated tongues will find a great deal of good to say and do.

Day of Prayer for Schools

IN keeping with its annual custom, the National Reform Association again offers to all pastors this year who will discuss the subject of public education in their pulpits on the Second Lord's Day of September—the Day of Prayer for Schools—or a contiguous Sabbath, appropriate literature, free of charge. This literature is in advocacy of the training of our youth in Christian morality and consists of suggestive outlines for sermons, up-to-date editorials and complete programs for the proper observance of the day. Address, National Reform Association, 602-604 Publication Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Called Higher

MRS. FANNY AVERY WELCHER, wife of Manfred P. Welcher, and a subscriber of the Christian Herald for many years, died July 22 at her home in Hartford, Conn. One of Mrs. Welcher's unobtrusive ways of doing good was to subscribe to the Christian Herald for many persons from Connecticut to Alaska, who would perhaps not otherwise have been readers of this journal. Her father, the late Samuel Putnam Avery, of New York, was a well-known art collector and founder of the Avery Architectural Library at Columbia University. She leaves a husband and four children, besides a host of friends.

Conservation Service

WAR demands alertness, a ready response to leaders, prompt action. Food problems are constantly changing and call for the immediate response of all America. Conservation is democratic, all may share, all may help.

Three times a day every American can say when he sits down to the table, "This is my chance to serve. Directions are given me by the Food Administration that I should follow and follow at once like a good soldier. If I fail, whether selfishly or ignorantly, I desert the colors of the nations fighting for democracy—I stab in the back the men we have sent to France."

Follow directions—emergency orders call for immediate action.

The National Marine League

NOTHING strikes closer to the commercial heart of our nation from the coasts to the interior than the Merchant Marine—one of the main arteries of our industrial life. Mr. Edward N. Hurley, chairman of the United States Shipping Board, says, "The vast merchant fleet we are building must become the greatest instrument of international probity, honesty and square dealing at the close of the war."

Before the war, our merchandise and supplies were shipped under terms and conditions dictated by other nations, in ships flying foreign flags. Our tourists traveled in foreign ships. Foreign ships everywhere, American ships nowhere. The time is at hand to fulfil our maritime destiny. Every red-blooded American should thrill with the inspiring vision of the American flag flying over American ships.

The National Marine League of the United States was established to foster among our people and legislators a knowledge and recognition of the economic importance of this arm of commerce as well as a patriotic pride in its restoration. Maritime and commercial independence and the development of overseas trade are the cornerstones of our after-war prosperity.

The League needs many more members to carry on the great work so splendidly begun. Will you join the League today? A captain, in the early days of the Revolution, to provide against eventualities, nailed his flag to the mast. Will you do your patriotic bit to help us nail the American flag where it belongs, at the masthead of every ship of that great fleet the United States is building?

Remember, when the peace treaty is signed, a new war begins—the war of commerce. Do your part as a patriotic and practical American by joining The National Marine League of the United States. Today.

THE NATIONAL MARINE LEAGUE OF THE U. S. A.,
268 Pearl Street, New York City.

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M. E. Berner, Photo

Where clover lifts its fragran' head the peaceful cattle graze,
While summer spreads her golden cloak across a chain of days.

EVEN your sleeping hours have to count now. The task of winning the war means that the man or woman who is working harder than ever before, mentally and physically, must be sure of sound, healthful, upbuilding sleep. Wilson's "Restgood" Mattress is designed and made for *good rest.*

WILSON'S "Restgood" Mattress gives a lifetime of satisfaction. Filled with clean, sanitary, curled hair (treated by our exclusive process which has given Wilson's Curled Hair its leadership), made by experts, it is a soothing, comfortable mattress which invites and assures peaceful sleep.

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SANITARY CURLED HAIR MATTRESS

the essential mattress—and why

Buying a Wilson "Restgood" Mattress is real thrift. This fall you will want to replace one or two of your old mattresses. Why not give yourself every advantage? The cost is insignificant when you realize that you are buying a lifetime of refreshing slumber.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

An idol of fear, supposed to develop the faculty of courage

A Pudu Temple and worshippers

A musical idol, of a type found in many of the temples of China

China's Great Dragon Festival

By MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

WE left Hing Lung Chang in a dismal rain at five in the morning. We descended into a lovely valley, at the bottom of which there were some eating places, and I had a fine breakfast of five peaches for two-thirds of a cent and a big bowl of rice for another two-thirds of a cent. My chairmen had the same, except that they took two bowls of rice and passed up the peaches, as too luxurious a diet for men who only make twenty-six cents a day and have a three-hundred-mile walk at the end of eleven days, for which they get nothing.

Soon after breakfast we climbed to a pass at a height of 2,700 feet or so, and then began our descent to the fertile Chengtu plain, where seven hundred farmers live on a square mile of land. As I walked down the steep path, I met scores of burden-bearers toiling upward, and several chairs laden with sleeping Chinese. One of these gentlemen was of elephantine proportions, but none of them had more than two chairmen, though a foreigner usually has four. The wiry fellows that lifted those human hulks of fat up the steep hill sweated and wheezed like engines of steel rather than flesh, but they would not think of asking their loads to walk up the steep places. I have never seen a Chinese walking up a steep hill to rest his carriers. In heat or rain, a foreigner, man or woman, usually walks when the hill is steep and long.

It seems almost inhuman for men to treat other men in the way I have described, but the Chinese gentry, when they get fat, are very poor walkers and worse climbers. Until very recently, only high officials could have chairs with three or four bearers. Sometimes the chairmen ask a foreigner to ride when he sets too sharp a pace, and especially when they have sublet their contract, but they never ask a Chinese to walk.

I mention this, not to make fun of Chinese laziness, for no person who takes the trip I did can think of the Chinese as lazy. Early and late they toil, and when seven hundred farmers live more closely than the same number of Belgian mechanics, toil is a necessity to life. But the elephantine Chinaman being carried by two small chairmen is a fairly good picture of conditions as they are. The common people of China work hard and long and keep cheery in the midst of it all, while the officials ride them to death. I can say nothing too strong in praise of the industry, thrift and good nature of the Chinese of the interior. And though I have met several governors and other officials, and though Chinese officials almost invariably treat foreigners well, I can say too little in denunciation of Chinese officialdom.

AT a turn of the valley we could look out across the great green plain, seemingly almost level and dotted with dark masses of trees. From a distance the whole scene was blue gray in the haze of the early morning. We descended to Chiao Kia Pu through a great field of Indian corn, much higher than my head, and ferried across the river into a market town at its busiest. It was the fifth day of the fifth moon, the day of the Dragon festival.

When Japan is on holiday-making bent, one might think the whole land wealthy. Silks are everywhere to be seen, and beneath fine silk haoris one may see touches of bright-colored silk crêpes of gaiety and charm. Not that the outer robes are bright in color. Black and gray are the prevailing colors for the adults. But with the bright obis and the touches of color at skirt hem and throat, a Japanese crowd is colorful and gay.

A Chinese holiday crowd in Szechuan is well dressed, in that the clothes are neat and clean. But during that holiday, which I spent in three different market towns, in a district that produces lovely silk, I did not see one silk gown, nor one garment that could be described as elegant. The wealth of a Chinese crowd on a holiday is not on their backs, but in their hearts. It is the joy of the laborer taking a well-merited rest.

Old ladies were coming in on wheelbarrows, the only wheeled vehicles in Szechuan. They were smiling in anticipation of the joy they were to feel at seeing a score of half-naked men thresh the waters of the swift river into foam with their paddles, or at hearing the falsetto songs of the theatrical troupe, with its shadowgraph entertainment with simple puppets like Punch and Judy.

TINY children were coming in to join the tightly packed crowds. One would think that their mothers would keep them out of the mass of pleasure-seekers. But a Chinese child is never as happy as when it is in a mob, chewing away at somebody's shoulder or clawing at his ear in order to attract attention to the fact that entertainments are for the young as well as the old. Many of the children wore large bibs, on which there were sewed awful monsters in appliqué work or meek looking geese that covered the whole breast and were padded out from behind, whether by a full stomach or wads of cotton, I could not discover. More likely wads of cotton. Some of the bibs had great pockets, constructed at so great an altitude that it must have been next to impossible for the children to get their hands into them. They must have been put there to catch any crumbs that might fall from the bowl of rice, though even children learn not to drop much food in China. Food here is used to appease hunger and not for mural or facial decorations.

We had a very nice lunch. Mine consisted of a sort of paste made from peas, very much resembling tasteless blanc mange, without sauce or other appetizers added.

During the morning the sun had come out, but the sky was filled with welcome clouds, and the day was cool and delightful. For the next twenty miles the road was a path of beauty and charm. On each side there ran one of the thousands of canals that carry the water of the Himalayas to the remotest corners of the Chengtu plain, and here and there the bamboo water-wheels were singing their raucous but contented song of continued toil. Tall pagodas pierced the blue, and ornate widows' arches crossed the path at frequent intervals.

THE time came for me to dismiss my soldiers and take on some more, so I had to halt for a half hour till they caught up. When they arrived I discovered that there were three instead of two. I protested that I had seen only two, but the third courageous protector of my goods and person explained with a sincere smile that he had come by another way. I gave them my Chinese card, showing that I had been safely delivered to the next bodyguard, and bade them adieu. They had come thirty-seven miles, and I believe that one of the three was a "ringer." If so, those soldiers are nearly four cents richer for their dishonesty. Graft on such a scale ought to be stopped. I don't see how it pays. But the men are soldiers and probably are doing their best to fit themselves for generals.

That night I slept in my second Chinese inn, which maintained the same high standard as the one I had slept in the night before. It had the advantage of a wood floor as well. During the night it rained very hard, and at 4:45 the next morning we set out on the last leg of our journey to the capital. Daylight had not come as yet, and a dismal rain was falling. I

say dismal, but that does not describe the rain. It seemed glad to fall.

At our breakfast place the proprietress added to her income by making children's hats that would be hard to beat for gaiety and cheapness.

The straw was not crushed or woven, but left in the proper condition for extracting cider from a big barrel, à la New York or Wisconsin. Small pieces of highly colored paper were pasted to the brim, and little dangles of straw with a puff of cotton on the end hung from the circumference. The crown was made of alternate sections of straw dyed red and blue, and put together in the most peek-a-booey fashion. I think the style is the forerunner of the skeleton hats that the ladies with lots of real hair wear in America. As I had used up one film pack, I unwrapped another and gave the tin-foil and red paper to the lady hat-maker, so that a style even more resplendent but selling at the old price of one cent each may soon appear in Szechuan. The hats are very fetching when worn by slant-eyed children of four, who look cross-eyed at the cotton puff on the ends of the dangles, and blow them out of the way in a really ludicrous manner. Such a hat is clothing and rattlebox in one.

At most of the eating-places, there is a row of wooden wash-basins, above which there are suspended several small wash-cloths, which are well patronized by the travelers. Hot water for soaking tired feet can also be had. It is thus easily seen that while the customs and costumes of the Szechuan road are not extravagant in their scope, they meet the needs of the situation. The wash-cloths are always clean. How can they help being so when fifty people a day wash them out while using them?

I SOON learned the Chinese method of washing by wringing out my towel in hot water and wiping my face with that rather than splashing precious water around in the way we love to do at home. Between washes, which are frequent in summer, as the hot water is most refreshing, the towel is hung from the top of the chair, where the warm sun keeps it sweet and clean. Simplicity is the keynote of travel in the interior, and woe to the man who demands more.

At a point seven miles from Chengtu there was an improvised barracks situated on a hill from which there was a very fine view of the plain below. Even at this short distance nothing could be seen of the city itself. Chinese cities, if built on a plain, are not conspicuous, and one may get almost to the walls themselves before he sees where the city is to which he is traveling.

The soldiers at this seven-mile place were holding up every chair, and every man had to show a permit to travel. Two chairs came up with women in them. Women do not have to show any permits. One showed her face and the other her feet. The soldier allowed both of them to pass at once, just as I would have done. The face was painted in the best poster effect, and the feet were bound. Both of these women were dressed in silk, and were the only two women I saw thus dressed in the whole trip. They were bound from the capital to the camp of the soldiers.

Five miles from Chengtu, the road widened from one flagstone to two, about three feet apart. With wheelbarrows passing continually one would think that there would have been a law of the road governing traffic on these two raised highways. There was none, or at least there was no observance of any. Wheelbarrow men used both indiscriminately, turning out for one another whenever necessary and getting stuck in the mud in the process. The Chinese are such a practical people that it seems as though they would learn a law of the road under such conditions. But each man starts on the path that seems best at that moment, caring little that he must turn out a hundred times in five miles. Politeness goes to waste there, if it ever does.

By noon we had reached the far-famed city of Chengtu, whose Chamber of Commerce had called it the cleanest city in China. It had rained most of the morning, and the slimy approach was between long lines of very small and very unattractive shops.

Incense burner and humorist monk.

THE people of Chengtu like to call their habitation the roof of the world. The reason is not entirely plain. It is true that one can see the mountains of Tibet from the sleeping-porches of the Chengtu missionaries, but they are a long way off and are very much higher than the eleven-hundred-foot altitude of the great Chengtu plain. If Chengtu is the roof of the world, it is only the woodshed roof or the henhouse roof or the roof of the dog kennel. You can't expect people from really altitudinous places like Tibet or Pike's Peak or the Woolworth Building to admit that Szechuan is the true pinnacle of earthly dwellings. But the people call it that, and if they prefer living on the roof instead of in the parlor one cannot dispute them. For Chengtu is certainly no parlor.

Some years ago there was in Chengtu an official who had studied in Japan. He had the streets kept very clean and there was not a beggar to be seen, for he had them taken off the streets and put to such work as they could do to make themselves self-supporting. That was the heyday of Chengtu's housekeeping. A prominent American traveler, reaching Chengtu at this auspicious time, said that one could eat off the streets.

Marco Polo visited Chengtu, which at that time had paved streets. It is several centuries since that time, and today there is not a ricksha or two-wheeled conveyance in Chengtu. One would think that after centuries of paved streets the people would have introduced some kind of vehicle that would do as well with one puller as a chair does with from two to four bearers.

Chengtu has a very well preserved city wall, and in one very restricted area, where bad English signs proclaim the attempt to be progressive and up-to-date, there are a few electric lights. Its city water-works system consists of four water-wheels such as one finds in Hamath on the Orontes, and it carries water from the river to various water-troughs throughout the city, where the water-carriers can buy water for a cash a bucket and thus save a long carry from the river.

The present-day Szechuanese are a polyglot group, who have come from most of the other provinces. They are certainly not physical giants, and any distinction they have is because they are crafty and progressive. Craft and progressiveness, however, are sometimes at a premium among Occidentals as well as Orientals.

Chengtu is a very important city and is a good city, as Chinese cities go. At least it was when I saw it, and I think that in spite of the difference between its several rulers it has not been entirely burned down since.

IN JAPAN I had the pleasure of interviewing two premiers in one week. But in Chengtu, at any really interesting time, a good journalist ought to be able to interview at least seven governors a week. The man who was acting as civil and military governor while I was there was telegraphing wildly to Peking to be allowed to resign. No wonder! He was having all the dangers of being an official without any of the emoluments. Four other "generals" were collecting the revenues of the province, and Tai Kan was only a figurehead, without any fixed income. A figurehead in China is usually considered as a target for rifle, artillery and bomb. Tai Kan is a Kweichow man, and General Liu, whose camp of Szechuanese soldiers was five miles outside the north gate, had seized two of the city gates, obligingly leaving to the nominal governor the two gates which headed toward Kweichow and home for the unhappy official.

While Tai Kan was seeking leave of absence from a city which was nothing more than a prison, General Liu was giving dinners and receptions to the consular and official bodies in the hope of gaining face. When Chang Hsun put the thirteen-year-old Emperor back on the throne long enough for him to have his picture taken in that seat of honor, Liu was offered the position of governor. But he rightly guessed that the monarchy would not last long, so he declined with all the grace that a man is capable of when he is two thousand miles from the national capital and there isn't a military road in all those two thousand miles.

Chengtu is the only real city in the interior of a province that contains half as many people as the United States. It is the metropolis of West China, the front gate to Tibet.

The Soldier Boy's Testament

IN one of our Southern army cantonments, the Sunday evening service at the Y. M. C. A. was just closing with a strong appeal for clean living.

Acting on the suggestion, a boy (for he was only 18½ years old) came to the desk and asked to see the secretary. As the two sat together the young man started by indicating how hard it was for a young man no matter how good a start he had at home to live a clean life in the Army. He said he came from as fine a Christian home in the North as any man could wish for, and the ideals of the home were stamped upon him to a strong degree, but said he, "I can't stand the spirit of that squad and listen to that conversation and keep clean much longer. I'm standing alone, and I must have help soon or I'll fail sure." And he said it with the seriousness and urgency of a drowning man as he grasped the secretary's hand. "The day I left," he said, "my mother took me alone into the kitchen and put both her hands on my shoulders, saying, 'My boy, I hate to see you go; it breaks my heart; I'm not afraid of bullets or rigid military discipline; in fact I'm proud to have a boy give his life for our country, but you know what I fear most. Son, can you come back home, if God permits it so, as clean as you are now; and when you do come back we'll get together in this kitchen as we are now in this same position and you need not tell me if you are clean, I'll see it in your eye. Can you do it my boy, can you do it for your mother?'" With the assurance that he would keep clean, she said, as she handed him a neat little Testament, "Take this; it will help to keep you clean; and read a part each day and I'll do my share of praying for you from the old home."

After the secretary had heard the story he said first, "How about that New Testament? Have you used it any?" The reply was that he attempted to use it according to his promise the first night in the tent, but the remarks were so abusive and the conversation such that he closed the book and never again attempted to read it before any member of the squad or when any one was ever around.

He was assured by the secretary that he must start just where he should have started the first night in camp, if he was to live clean; and the secretary, in turning to him, stated he would be all the help he could to him in his new determination and asked him if he could carry out his promise to his mother. "Can you go back tonight," he asked, after this conversation, "and can you open your New Testament and exert enough manhood to carry out the promise made to your mother more than five weeks ago?"

On mentioning his mother's name to the boy, the latter said, "I'll keep my promise or die."

When he got to the tent every one of his squad was already in, some in the bunks and others undressing, and his heart almost stopped beating as he heard their songs and their profanity. He lit his candle, put it on the edge of his bunk, and started to read Matt. 1. A shoe from across the tent knocked the candle down, which rolled under his bunk. He lit it a second time only to have it put out again. But he lit it again and stuck it out a while longer, till remarks became fewer and fewer and one by one they dropped off to sleep, and he was still on his back by the light of the little candle reading from Matthew. "Before I finished I read seven chapters," he said, "and while it was all quiet I slipped out of bed upon my knees and prayed for every man in that tent."

"Can you repeat the process tonight?" said the secretary. "Sure," was the reply. "If I got through the first night, I can."

For ten successive evenings the young soldier came to the Y. M. C. A. to recount the experiences of the previous evening, and the last night the young man brought this testimony: "I haven't said a single word to any man about clean speech and clean living. I have guarded my own tongue, and each evening read my Testament and prayed for the men, and now four other men are reading their Testaments and they are putting the soft pedal on cussing when we are around."

These five later formed a Bible group, and all but one of the squad was in it. Profanity was henceforth almost unknown in that tent. The day before the regiment was to be transferred, the secretary called on the young victor to inquire how all was going. "Fine," said he. "Can you look your mother in the eye when you go home?" The reply came strong and unmistakable, "I can look anybody in the eye; thanks for your interest in me."

Allied Attacks Force Teutons Back

THE outstanding feature of the western battle-front in France in the week ending August 19 has been the continued retirement of the Germans at various points under the pressure of incessant attacks by the Allies. At no one point has any engagement occurred of major importance. It has been a week of tense struggle on Germany's part to hold the military bases which the advance of the Allies is constantly threatening. Old battlefronts are changing from day to day, and new fronts being formed as the Allies make headway. Territory that was the scene of bitter struggle two and three years ago is now being fought over again.

Prisoners captured by the British north of Albert are quoted as asserting that it is the German intention to withdraw entirely from the old Somme battlefield, as it is too muddy and broken for winter operations. There is a growing impression that General Hans von Boehn, former commander of the Seventh Army in the Crown Prince's forces, has been chosen to direct German operations on the Somme for defensive rather than offensive purposes.

Allied aviators reported great activity in the rear of the enemy positions toward the close of the week. This may indicate either that another "Hindenburg line" is being prepared, or that early evacuation of the present Roye-Lassigny-Noyon line may be looked for. Whatever the purpose, it has not deterred the Germans from putting up a stubborn resistance at every point of contact.

ON August 17 the Allied line paralleled the highway from Chaulnes to Roye, crossing it at Dancourt and reaching to the neighborhood of Lassigny. The latter is regarded as the keynote of the arch, which, if it should fall, will imperil Germany's hold on the entire section from Chaulnes to Noyon, Ribécourt, immediately to the south, having already been recaptured from the Huns. South of Lassigny the Germans have constructed powerful defenses. Their machine-guns, securely hidden, form a mass a mile deep, and there are strong intrenchments besides. Owing to the roughness of the country and the numerous thickets it is impracticable to use tanks, and artillery has a hard task searching out the machine-gun nests. Yet in the furious local fighting which has marked the steady progress of the Allies, over 1,000 prisoners have been taken and the capture of many machine-guns is claimed by the French War Office. The Allies are now firmly planted on the crest of the high ground or massif of Lassigny, with their guns bombarding the Germans from the rear.

North of the Ancre River and along the Roye-Amiens road the British also made substantial gains.

In the Picardy fighting the Canadians, forming the center of the Allied line, by a brilliant attack took the villages of Damery and Parvillers, northwest of Roye, cutting it off from the main roads and rendering it useless to the Germans. The French, under General Humbert, meanwhile pressed strongly forward in the direction of the Lassigny-Noyon line, capturing several villages and taking prisoners. On August 16, in a drive in the Autreches section, about ten miles northwest of Soissons, the French forces flung the enemy back to about the depth of a mile on a three-mile front, taking 240 prisoners.

An important capture was the Monolithe farm, in the Thieseourt region, by General Humbert's troops on the night of August 17, when he not only inflicted severe losses on the enemy, but dealt a heavy blow to the entire scheme of German defense in the southern part of the Picardy battle line.

Along the American front on the River Vesle, our marksmen have been busy cleaning out the Hun snipers at a lively rate. At Fismette, a village across the river from Fismes, there has been a good deal of bombing and heavy artillery work by the Huns, and three deliberate attacks with bombs on American Red Cross hospitals.

General Haig's troops, on August 18, forced the Germans back on a four-mile front between Bailleul and Vieux Berquin, in the Lys section, capturing Outtersteene village and penetrating the enemy lines from one to two thousand yards.

There is an impression that the comparative lull which has marked the week may be preparatory to bigger events soon to take place. While the retirements were largely strategical, there are unmistakable indications that lead military observers to believe that the waning morale and the heavy loss of German manpower are the principal causes of the weakness of the enemy line over the whole battle-front. This has been made so clear in these last weeks that military experts who have been watching events closely have declared that "it is doubtful whether Germany can undertake another offensive this year."

During the fighting on the British front, a copy of an order recently issued by General Von Ludendorff was taken from a prisoner. It was dated June 25, and laid special emphasis on the duty of avoiding needless losses in men, and that casualties should be reduced by every possible means. This order applied equally to defensive and offensive fronts. The order ended: "It is therefore essential, for the future conduct of the war, to maintain everywhere our fighting strength and spirit of offensive. These two elements only will insure our eventual success."

Attacking on a fifteen-mile front, on August 19, from near Lassigny to Fontenoy, six miles west of Soissons, the French made important progress and took 2,200 prisoners. North of Lassigny the village of Fresnières was taken and the western outskirts of Lassigny were reached. South of Noyon villages were taken on the west bank of the Oise, while between the Oise and the Aisne an advance of nearly two miles on a nine-mile front from Carlepont to Fontenoy gave the French the heights of Nouvron and the plateau west of Nampoel. From these new positions French artillery was enabled to take in the rear the German forces before Noyon and along the Vesle.

On the same day, British troops in Flanders, took the village of Merville and adjoining positions in an advance along a front of over five miles.

TO meet her urgent need of men both east and west, it is reported that Germany has sought from Austria twenty divisions, and that the Austrian frontier has been closed to permit of their transfer. Changes on the western front in the last month seem to have made a profound impression on the German mind, in the attitude of both troops and civilians, as to the outlook in the war. German officers, captured within the last few days by the French, are quoted as openly stating that Germany has lost the war. Others, of course, still pin their faith on Hindenburg's skill to redeem the situation. Meanwhile, the enemy losses grow larger daily. In an article by Henri Bidou, a leading French military authority, published in Paris on August 15, it was estimated that Germany's losses from July 18 to August 14 approximated 350,000 dead and wounded, and 70,000 taken prisoners. Only sixteen reserve divisions (192,999 men) now remain of the great reserve with the aid of which the Germans hoped to accomplish a decisive result. These figures closely coincide with the estimates of the Allied commanders, which gave the captures from July 18 to August 14 at 73,000 men and 1,700 guns. This is a greater number both of prisoners and guns than the Allies have taken in any other four weeks since the beginning of the war.

WASHINGTON military authorities expect a new Allied drive against the German positions, either in Flanders or between the Oise and Soissons, the slowing up of the advance in Picardy being preparatory to the new offensive. The greatest advantage won by Marshal Foch consists in having wrested the initiative from the enemy. Some officers incline to the view that the organization of the First American Army may be followed by an All-American attack at some point in the line beyond Verdun, where it has been comparatively quiet. Nothing definite is known, however, of General Pershing's plans.

The French, British and American thrusts in Picardy, according to official reports to the Washington government, have extended over a 53-mile front and attained a maximum penetration of 15 miles.

General March, in a statement before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, on August 15, said: "The purpose of America is to furnish enough man power to whip the Germans from now on. The only way that Germany ean be whipped is by America going into this thing with her whole strength."

Senator Kirby here asked: "Then America has got to put enough men over there to whip Germany?"

"That is it in a nutshell," was the General's answer. "The authority which is granted the President in this bill gives him the power to call out classes, but does not make it mandatory. It is up to us to win the war, and we can win it. How long it will take will depend exactly upon what we do. If we drag along with this thing, and put a small force over there, we will be playing Germany's game. It is my belief that with an American army of 4,000,000 men in France under one Commander-in-Chief, we can go through the German line wherever we please." General March, on August 19, said that with 4,000,000 men in France we can win the war in 1919.

MANY instances of courageous air fighting occurred during the week. One Allied two-seater shot down two enemy machines, doing battle in the blue, and although the pilot was badly wounded, both occupants came to earth safely, with a damaged machine. There were instances where a squadron of Allied machines, skimming close to the ground, fired point-blank into the enemy troop formations, killing and injuring large numbers, and yet escaped unscathed. At other times, they attacked and disabled lightly constructed German tanks, before the latter had a chance to get into action.

On the Thiescourt plateau, where the French secured a firm hold with a commanding position that overlooked the main roads from Roye to Ribécourt and Noyon, the German losses were found to have been extremely heavy. Some fields were dotted with their dead. Bodies were found in shell holes and nooks where the Huns had vainly sought protection from the withering French fire. Very few survivors were found in that section. One German wireless operator was rescued from the bottom of a well where he had taken refuge.

In a recent encounter, during a day of intensified fighting, the Fifth Bavarian Division was caught near Lihons by the Allied advance and lost so heavily that it was of little use afterward. The 41st German division was reported as practically annihilated. From one enemy regiment, the 28th infantry, 528 prisoners were taken.

The British, in forest fighting north of the Somme, captured in the woods many Huns and with them a box containing 450 iron crosses, which had been intended for distribution. A British squadron outflanked the German positions near Rosières, capturing a whole trainful of soldiers with between 300 and 400 prisoners. These men were returning from leave to duty at the front. The squadron took, besides, in a small wood, 3 batteries of 77's.

© Committee on Public Information

Victorious American troops escorting German captives to the prison camps

A Moving Picture of the Week in Russia

© Underwood & Underwood

Noyon, the southern hinge of the German line in Picardy for which the French and Teutons were battling on August 20

THE British Government on August 13 issued a declaration formally recognizing the Czecho-Slovaks as an Allied nation and their armies as an Allied force regularly waging warfare against the Central Powers. This recognition followed similar action by France and Italy. The Austrian Government, on August 17, announced that members of the Czecho-Slovak army would be regarded and treated as traitors by Austria-Hungary. The perplexities for Germany in the Russian situation were increased on August 16 by the announcement of the arrival of a British force at Baku on the Caspian, the center of the Russian oil district and the objective of Turko-German troops fighting their way westward from Tiflis. Another considerable column of British Indian troops was reported as advancing through Turkestan to support the Cossacks in their resistance to the Bolshevik Red Guards. The port of Baku was held by a mixed force of Armenians and Bolsheviki, the latter having refused to recognize the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. The Don Cossacks under Gens. Alexieff and Denikine were also reported to have driven the Bolsheviki back on the Don and to have made real progress toward a union with the Czecho-Slovaks on the Volga. Allied forces landed at Archangel were making progress southward, having reached Pabereshskaia, 100 miles south of Archangel, on the railroad to Vologda, meeting Bolshevik resistance. Allied forces have been landed 100 miles southwest of Archangel, to intercept Bolsheviki retiring from Archangel, while another Allied detachment is pushing toward Kotlass, 260 miles south of Archangel on the Dvina river.

Twelve hundred American troops disembarked at Vladivostok, August 14, to join the international force to aid the Czecho-Slovak Army in its campaign in Siberia. The Americans compose the 27th Regular Infantry Regiment from Manila, and will be followed by another regiment from the Philippines and more troops from the United States. The first Japaneso regiment landed at about the same time as the American forces. The excellent spirit of the Americans and their enthusiastic cheering amazed Vladivostok, the other Allied forces being less demonstrative. General Diedericks, commanding the Czecho-Slovak forces in Siberia, urged the sending of more troops and a speedy advance on Irkutsk, the possession of which by German deserters and Bolsheviki cuts the Trans-Siberian Railway and isolates the Czechs in the Urals and on the Volga. The new Government of North Russia is perfecting its organization and has declared for the reëstablishment of local governments, suppressed by the Reds, for the resumption of the alliance against Germany and for the restoration of the eastern front. The Bolsheviki were recognized in Germany to have about run their course and there were reports that Lenine and Trotzky had fled from Moscow to Kronstadt and that Germany was planning to throw troops into Petrograd. The Soviet Government has issued a proclamation declaring that the Russian Republic is in danger. Bands of armed peasants are reported marching on Petrograd from surrounding districts. They declare they are starving and that the Red Guards have stolen all their food.

The German newspapers show much perturbation over the situation in Russia as it affects Germany.

A Week in the World's News

U-BOATS BUSY OFF OUR COAST. German submarines continued their activities throughout the week off the New England and Carolina coasts. On August 10 mustard gas oil was liberated near Smith Island off the coast of North Carolina. Six men of the lighthouse crew on the Island were gassed, but none died. On August 12, the Navy Department reported that a destroyer had sighted a submarine off the Virginia coast. The submarine submerged and the destroyer dropped depth bombs. Oil spots were afterward noted on the sea. On August 12 a submarine torpedoed the Norwegian Freighter Sommerstadt, twenty-five miles off Fire Island on the Long Island coast. On the following day the American tanker Frederick R. Kellogg was sunk off the New Jersey coast. Seven men of the tanker's crew were killed. On August 14 the coal laden American schooner Dorothy Barrett was set on fire by shell fire when twenty miles from Cape May, N. J. The firing brought two submarine chasers and two seaplanes. When they came in sight the submarine submerged. Bombs were dropped near where the enemy disappeared. On August 15 the American schooner Madrugada was attacked near the Winter Quarter Shoal off the Virginia coast. The British steamer Pennistone was sunk by a submarine 100 miles east of Nantucket. One engineer was killed. The British tanker Mirlo was torpedoed off Cape Hatteras on August 16. The Navy Department was reported to be planning a more thorough patrol of the fishing banks and the coastwise trade routes. Stirred by the sinking of fishing vessels, the fishing interests, after a meeting held in Boston, applied on August 15 to the Navy Department for protection Their appeal pointed out that since the U-boat advent scores of companies in Gloucester, Boston, New York, New Jersey and elsewhere had restricted activities, with the result that the quantities of fish brought in had been considerably below normal and prices had been raised in many instances to a point where it was impossible to substitute fish for higher-priced meats, as urged by the Food Administration.

On August 16, a British tank steamer in a running fight with a submarine 300 miles off Nantucket, fired 27 shots, one of which struck squarely, and flames burst from the side of the U-boat, which was thought to have sunk at once. The tanker was hit twice.

The total Allied and neutral shipping sunk by enemy submarines during July amounted to 270,000 tons, compared with 534,839 tons sunk in July, 1917. This radical decrease in losses is doubly significant when the increase in merchant marine navigation resulting from the American shipbuilding effort is considered. The Entente nations constructed during July a tonnage in excess of 280,000 to that destroyed during the month by enemy operations.

GERMAN LOSS IS 6,000,000 MEN. The total of German losses from the beginning of the war to the end of July, 1918, are understood to be 6,000,000, according to Paris newspapers. The figures include 1,400,000 killed up to the beginning of the German offensive last March. From March 21 to June 17 the Germans are said to have lost 120,000 killed alone.

FOOD RIOTS IN JAPAN. The high price of rice, the extreme prosperity of the upper class, the meager wages of the workers all united to bring about in Japan serious riots, the worst since Japan was opened to the commerce of the Western nations. Troops were required to suppress disorders at Kobe, Osaka, Nagoya and even in Tokyo. Rice stores were pillaged and much material damage was done; the mob giving especial attention to the property of the wealthy. On August 20 the Imperial Government seized all stores of rice and put the grain on sale. The riots subsided.

GRAFT IN GERMANY. Amsterdam dispatches, of August 18, told of the conviction of a director of a munitions concern, Herr Victor Karl Adels, for extorting money from the government and for evading a proper income tax. Herr Adels was said to have made in three years by crooked contracts more than $1,375,000. He was fined $375,000 and sentenced to six months in jail.

FINLAND WILL ELECT A KING. The election of a King of Finland has been fixed for September, and it is thought probable either the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg or Prince William of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen will be chosen.

KAISERS PROCLAIM WAR TO THE END. Kaiser Wilhelm and Kaiser Karl meeting at German Headquarters were reported, on August 15, to have pledged themselves and their peoples to fight the war to the end, declaring that the war must continue because the Allies will it so. Admiral Von Hintze, German Foreign Secretary, answering Lloyd George's assertion that Germany had refused peace six months ago declared that nothing was known in German circles of any such proposals, and that "there could be no question therefore of a refusal by Germany of any reasonable peace proposals." The Admiral's statement was looked upon in some quarters as a peace feeler. The consultations of the two monarchs were reported to have resulted in an agreement whereby Austria sent a certain number of divisions to the Western front in return for which Germany agreed to Austria's plans of settlement of the Polish question.

BULGARIA'S CZAR AT DEATH'S DOOR. Some time ago an Amsterdam dispatch said that King Ferdinand of Bulgaria was suffering from melancholia and that an expert in mental diseases had been summoned. It is now said, under date of August 16, that his illness has taken a turn for the worse, and that he is in a critical condition. His reported illness is also said to camouflage his practical internment in Germany, Berlin hoping by holding him, to keep Bulgaria in line.

HAYWOOD AND COMPANY GUILTY. In the Federal District Court in Chicago, on August 17, after a four months' trial, a jury in 65 minutes found guilty of conspiracy to harry the nation in the prosecution of the war, "Big Bill" Haywood and 99 I. W. W. associates.

FOUR MONTHS AHEAD. General March, Chief of Staff, announced, on August 17, that over 1,450,000 troops

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Solving Life's Problems

LIFE is a great reservoir of stories. The King of the Shillibers is a piece of life written up. In next week's Christian Herald you will learn how Big Bill Ledyard solved two of life's problems for two people.

Dr. J. H. Jowett opens the month with another of his wonderfully comforting spiritual sermons: this time on "The Passing of the Burden."

Dr. Francis E. Clark, the famous founder of Christian Endeavor, and a world-wide traveler, has made for the Christian Herald's readers an up-to-date Survey of the Mission Fields, which shows just how the war is affecting these great spiritual enterprises. Dr. Clark is optimistic, and believes that all things will be guided for good by the Divine Ruler, and that our missions will be in the front line of the advancing hosts of Christianity which are to conquer the world.

And last, but not least, another artistic page of very striking pictures in rotogravure, dealing with "Snapshots of the Great War."

Mrs. Housewife Feathers Her Nest

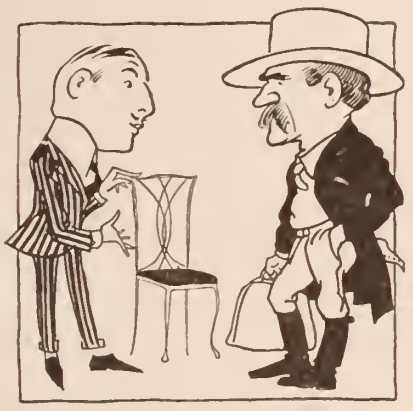
By W. Livingston Larned

COMPETITORS, in the same line of business, were surprised and perplexed, when Mr. Randolph, of Randolph & Allen, Housefurnishers, suddenly rented the floor space next door and filled every nook and cranny of it with rather odd furniture.

Moderate-priced sets for bedrooms, dining-rooms and parlors were segregated, each in a specific chalk-lined space. Moreover, the furniture was distinctive in pattern; it was nearly all cream-colored. Beds were not standard width. Tables were invariably round.

There were three cars of this furniture and other merchants in town guessed nine ways from the middle, as to Randolph's reason for loading up during war time. It seemed a perfectly preposterous thing to do.

But the mystery was cleared two months later, when five rows of four-family houses, on Hamilton Place, were complete and ready for occupancy. These structures had been erected for mill-workers engaged on important Government jobs. New plants were being erected and men drafted from all over the country. Housing them had been a far-sighted policy.



No mission or Chippendale or Louis XIV—just a bed and some chairs

Mr. Randolph's addition contained special sets of furniture perfectly adapted to the sizes of rooms in those four-family houses. Tables were round because square corners do not work out well for cramped quarters. The beds had been ordered for the same reason. And every one of the interiors had been finished in a cream-colored tint. Randolph sold out his stock in an incredibly short time and ordered more. He had simply anticipated a likely market. He had learned that the four-family houses were to be built.

This illustrates the progressive spirit of the modern housefurnisher. Conditions have made it essential for him to "look ahead." It's true of every other line of business—why not housefurnishing?

We wish to cite another case of shrewd business management. In a farming district of a prosperous character, the popular weekly farm journal, bought and read by almost everyone in the county, began running a series of stories on ,housefurnishing and period furniture. These stories were illustrated with line drawings of appropriate goods.

Knowing that they would carry considerable weight and that there might well be a reaction, the largest local merchant put in stock articles alike or very similar to the line used in connection with the series of descriptive stories. Then he advertised locally that this furniture could be seen at his place in duplicate or could be ordered through him. He even had line reproductions of several styles, made from the farm journal feature, and ran them in conjunction with his advertising. Women particularly answered this piece of business wisdom.

War has made some notable changes in merchandising. For one thing, many large city merchants complain because hosts of men are called away to smaller towns by the demands of labor and classified draft. Salaries are larger in many localities remote from the "Big City" appeal.

It has been found that the average family, in making this move and in starting life virtually over again in a new environment, does *not* take its furniture along. Experience teaches that moving such articles is a costly experiment. The railroads discourage it too. So furniture, particularly, is sold, and when the new home is occupied, a new equipment purchased. What at first seemed "good enough" in housefurnishing, proves makeshift later on, when the husband has settled comfortably in his job—and finds that he likes the quiet of the village. His children have greater freedom. His wife makes likable friends. More than fifty per cent of the time, this family "stays put," and never returns to city existence.

One reason why the housefurnishing line is apt to remain fairly firm is the substantial salaries received by the man of established ability. He is getting more than he ever did in his life. There is a greater demand than ever before for pianos, fine silver, musical instruments and jewelry. People have the money to spend—the great and increasingly powerful "middle class." And they are spending it *on their homes.*

It is a part of modern civilization to "like pretty things about the house." Even in periods of financial stringency, if a man spends a dollar at it, it will be for better furniture, more comfortable accessories of all kinds, for his little nest. And, after all, furniture is an investment. It is handed down from generation to generation. That first important expenditure is little when the future of the purchase is considered.

And sentiment enters into furniture. A Western girl married a young chap from the East. He went out there, wooed and won her and it was decided that they should settle in *his* home town because of his established business. This girl had been given a handsome black walnut bed, of the old régime, by her mother. It was precious to her. She insisted that she could sleep comfortably in no other bed. It cost exactly ninety dollars to finally land that bed in the new home in the East, but the sum was cheerfully paid.

There is no finer, more interesting business than that of professional housefurnishing to a community that is appreciative and encourages the best. For the good taste of its ownership finds reflection in every home and in every individual life. Sometimes it is necessary to coax people to keep abreast of changing times. A house has been completely equipped and there appears no logical reason to buy additional goods. Just how some merchants go about stimulating dull markets and sleepy communities is a tribute to the trade in general.

One store introduced a novelty room, with complete furnishings that were changed every week. A carpenter built a neat enclosure on the ground floor, fitting it out with real doors, windows, etc. This place would blossom forth as a modish dining-room, appointed perfectly and in touch with all that was new and different. A dining-room set was moved right in but the "dressing" did not stop here. That dining-room was ready for someone to move in and have a meal. There were cut flowers in bowls on the sideboard. Fruit was displayed temptingly. Crockery occupied its wonted position. There was delicate china and exquisite silver service. Curtains hung at the windows.

A local photographer made a large print of the setting and this was placed upon an easel in the show window, with a hand-printed card explaining the exhibit and inviting the village to inspect it. This photograph, by the way, was reproduced in small, half-tone form on letter paper and went out as a mailing piece each week. Note the character of appeal:

"We invite your attention to our Special Display Room. In it will be found a replica of the *very latest* in furniture, glassware, lamps, etc. The model is an adaptation of styles set by great New York and Chicago stores. Every woman earnestly desires to have her dining-room modish and up-to-the-minute. It is here that guests are super-critical. However satisfied you may be with your present dining-room fixtures, we are quite certain you will be interested and benefited by a visit to The Style Room."

Indeed, it proved of genuine constructive help to the community, since it kept women posted on the correct styles, forms and spirit of modern housefurnishing. But its influence on sales was equally agreeable. Women, inclined to be opinionated and adverse to buying new things, came around to the shopkeeper's viewpoint, and did away with "old junk." For furniture *does* outlive its usefulness and beauty in time. This is particularly true of dining-rooms and guest-rooms.

The Style Room of the store we mention managed to find some new method of dressing its show place every week. Here were introduced the novelty lamps, and bric-à-brac, rugs, carpets, wall-paper, etc. A fully-equipped kitchen was the delight of the town for a week.

A Western housefurnishing shop hit upon a very clever scheme for attracting attention to its large show-window. Twelve period displays were employed, beginning with mission and running on through the French decorative school to the massive furniture of certain Colonial days. Not only was the furniture correct as to period, but a local printer made up cards explaining these periods and giving historical data. The window became, virtually, a "School of Period Furniture" and was carefully followed by almost every one of any consequence in the town.

This study of various schools of furniture is really fascinating when one goes into it, and comparatively few persons are well informed on the subject. There would be more buying of fine pieces if knowledge were more generally distributed.

There is the story of the wealthy but uneducated Western backwoodsman who, having recently married, wished to furnish a new home for his blushing bride. He went into a large Chicago housefurnishing store and made known his wants.

"What is it to be . . . Adams, or Sheraton, or Heppelwhite, or Chippendale, or . . . ?" began the polite salesman.

"Whoa, thar!" broke in the impatient Westerner. "I want some tables and beds and chairs. I'll let the Missus buy them other things you mention."

Modern advertising of places like Hampton Shops has done much, incidentally, to make people appreciate the value and niceties of beautiful housefurnishing. The publicity is handsomely illustrated and the copy educational. Stimulating imagination in a community stimulates sales. The thing is automatic.

Your smart housefurnishing shop holds special sales and introduces attractive reasons why goods should be purchased. The room for the boy or girl coming home from school—from graduation. The room for the Father who likes—and needs—a den. The room for the unexpected guest.

We are reminded of the house that employed a man as a sort of "social salesman." This expert watched the society column of local newspapers and was alert to timely personal notes of every description. If a new house was scheduled for building, he made it a point to see the architect, and, through him, meet the owners of that house. He worked *with* them in equipping the home. If a girl was expected home from college, after protracted absence, he gave suggestions to the Mother for the creating of a dainty bedroom, all as new as silk and as modish as the market afforded. Modern salesmanship is largely a matter of helpfulness and cooperation.

I happen to know a housefurnishing man in a drowsy, picturesque little Southern village. He is an old chap now, with snowy hair and a disposition that has been sweetened by toleration of all human frailty. He *loves* his shop. It is at once his life and his ambition. He could retire with ease, for he has amassed a goodly share of honest profits, but shop and man have become so welded that I am quite certain one would fade without the other.

Mother had fixed up a special room for the sweet girl graduate

It has been this man's business principle and precept that there is no greater asset to a housefurnishing store than well satisfied customers. In many talks with him, I find that this opinion is a hobby. He thinks it more true of his line than of others.

Women are natural enthusiasts, once they are aroused. If Mrs. A. takes sudden pride in a music-room, if she dresses it neatly and fills it with little intimate, personal touches that the manufacturer is forever devising, she will pass that interest and enthusiasm along to Mrs. B. and Mrs. B. will want a music-room, too. She will want her home to measure up to the best standards of anything in town.

John Wanamaker has humanized business by just such intimate relationships. Even the advertising

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The Unharmed Cross

*A SERMON BY REV. JOEL B. SLOCUM**

TEXT—I Cor. 13 : 13. "But now abideth love."

A GREAT many things are going, these days; old traditions, antiquated machinery, obsolete methods; but love remains. Love continues because it comes the nearest of anything to a predicate of God. There is only one word in the English language that can be used as a synonym of God and that word is love. "God is love." That is the shortest and at the same time the sublimest definition of God. As long as God exists, love will last. God is from everlasting to everlasting. So is love.

Love had an example. That was Jesus, the Son of God. Love has a symbol. That is the cross. The cross was lifted up between man and God, and on it Jesus died for all the people of all the centuries. As long as God and love are inseparable, so long will the cross remain. Love cannot be killed unless you can kill God. The cross cannot be obliterated, because it is the sign of the most magnificent transaction that was ever conceived in the mind of God and executed by his divine will.

After the earthquake in San Francisco, it was discovered that one heap of stone, which was all that remained of a noble church edifice, was surmounted by the unharmed cross that formerly adorned the lofty spire. The people who had been accustomed to attend that church assembled about the ruins and worshiped God. Just before the benediction, they lifted up their sorrowful and yet grateful voices in that majestic hymn: "In the cross of Christ I glory, towering o'er the wrecks of time."

IT seems strangely significant that there have been so many incidents that illustrate the sacredness and protection of the cross. Particularly has this been true during these past four years in the brutal devastation of churches and cathedrals in the war-swept areas of Europe. Letters from correspondents and published photographs have testified to a number of well-authenticated cases where the cross seemed to be the only thing or one of the few things that remained untouched in the general ruin round about.

Chaplain Tiplady, in his remarkable book, "The Cross at the Front," devotes one chapter to "The Untouched Cross." This cross he found in a shattered village in Flanders. To quote a few sentences from his fascinating narrative: "A ghastlier sight never met the eyes of Jeremiah. The roof had fallen through, and the white clouds looked down upon the debris. The floor could not be seen for fallen stones. The figures of saints had been blown to fragments. Nothing had escaped. The walls were pitted with shrapnel like a man with smallpox. Suddenly something caught my attention, and I looked up. There before me stood a large wooden cross bearing a life-sized figure of the Saviour. It stood intact—the one thing in the church undamaged and untouched. Everything had gone save Jesus only. The church was in ruins about him, but he was untouched. Amid the fiery blast of bullets he had remained with arms outstretched, interceding with God for a ruined world. And no bullet had touched him."

IT is this idea that I wish to stress this morning; the thought that whatever else is being smashed by the relentless havoc of war and by the no less heartless iconoclasm of religious anarchy in a skeptical, materialistic age—whatever else is being trampled upon in the mad panic of our present-day revolution, the cross and all that it includes still stands, unharmed and imperishable, "towering o'er the wrecks of time."

But all people have not welcomed the story of the cross. As far back as the time of Paul, men laughed at the preaching of the cross and called it foolishness. And why? Because the cross cuts into the complacency and selfishness of men. Because it points down at the horrible sinfulness of the human heart as well as it points upward to the immeasurable love and forgiveness of God. It was the story of the cross in the preaching of the apostles that pricked the hearts of the multitudes and caused them to cry out: "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" That which was the great, moving motive of the Gospel message in the early days of Christianity will continue to be the appeal by which men today shall be summoned to their highest possibilities in faith and service.

While I am not slow to recognize a certain amount of truth in the popular talk of the hour, to the effect that there must be reconstruction and readjustment to meet the conditions of the new time, still, I confess my impatience with that cocksure and yet superficial twaddle that is being constantly released from certain hot-headed hucksters of morality who would have us think that the church has utterly failed in its mission and that the only salvation of the church is to throw overboard everything that it has hitherto cherished.

THERE are certain things that we shall be glad to surrender. Many of these things have actually prevented the church in its honest desire to reach and help the masses. We shall probably be able to get along with considerably less formalism in the pulpit and less unresponsive, self-satisfied, do-nothing-about-it-ness in the pew. We shall all welcome the arrival of reality in the place of nebulous speculations and hair-splitting discussions as to the astounding differences between tweedledee and tweedledum. But there are two things that we shall not be able to improve: Christ and his cross. Happy for us if, instead of trying to formulate some kind of a religious program that leaves him out, we shall reverently undertake to learn who he is, with a view to a closer partnership in the daily tasks of heart and hand.

For nineteen centuries the cross of Christ has been a storm-center--a vortex of conflicting opinions; or, to use another metaphor, a crag rising out of the angry sea. The winds and waves have unceasingly assailed it; but, as secure as the North Cape or Gibraltar, it stands unharmed and unmovable, the impregnable foundation of our faith, the everlasting refuge from every stormy wind that blows.

It has been said that Horace Bushnell, whose theology did not give the cross a conspicuous place, expressed, on his death-bed, his fear that he had been too liberal with this great doctrine of the atonement through the sacrifice of Christ. The statement has been made that the noted theologian put his hands together in simple faith and committed his soul to the Christ, "who his own self bare our sins in his body upon the tree."

Practically the same thing has been related of Henry Drummond, whose views of the vicariousness of the work of Christ had not been regarded as conservative. Conscious almost to the moment of his death, he requested those about him to sing some of the grand old hymns of the church. When they came to this one:

> "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
> Or to defend his cause,
> Maintain the honor of his word,
> The glory of his cross"—

a glory crept into his face as he exclaimed: "Ah, that is the best of all!"

So there seem to be two periods when men are not inclined to trifle with the cross: the first one in the early years of faith, and the second when they are face to face with the reality of the great adventure. There is, unfortunately, a middle time when people are either swept from their original moorings, or, what is worse, they deliberately cut themselves adrift. "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things that were heard, lest haply we drift away from them."

THERE has never been a time when people needed more security of anchorage than now. Fierce are the storms that assail our faith. The night is dark and we are far from home. But, as Tennyson has reminded us, "Well roars the storm to them that hear a deeper Voice across the storm." As on tempest-tossed Galilee, Jesus came out of the storm into the boat of panic-stricken disciples, so now he comes again. As of old he brought calm to the sea, so again he moves silently, majestically and soothingly among troubled souls.

He has the supreme right of way among the sons of men. He earned the right by the cross. The cross is, therefore, the stairway down which God comes to men, and at the same time the ladder by which man climbs to God. Let us thank God that in all the assaults of men and devils the cross remains unharmed. Whatever else we dispose of, we must keep the cross; else we shall be lost in the hurricanes of doubt and despair that are falling upon the world.

There are many motives that exercise control of our efforts. Some people are living chiefly for wealth; others for fame; others for social position; others for mere pleasure; others still for the good they can accomplish and the help they can render to the cause of humanity and God. Paul expressed the predominating ambition of his life when, writing to the fickle Galatians, he said. "But far be it from me to glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, through which the world hath been crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

> "O Love that wilt not let me go,
> I rest my weary soul in thee;
> I give thee back the life I owe,
> That in thine ocean depths its flow
> May richer, fuller be.
>
> "O Cross that liftest up my head,
> I dare not ask to fly from thee;
> I lay in dust life's glory dead,
> And from the ground there blossoms red
> Life that shall endless be."

*Pastor, Warburton Avenue Baptist Church, Yonkers, N. Y.

The Soldiers' Confession—A Story of the Camp

IN July, 1916, I was asked to go for a fortnight to the Canadian soldiers, who were encamped at the great camp at Valcartier, not many miles from Quebec. One night—I shall never forget it—it was the last night but one—I spoke in the Y. M. C. A. tent to a body of men soon to pass over the ocean—line upon line of closely packed soldiers in khaki; strong serious men rolling out the standard hymns of the English-speaking race, "Abide with Me," "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus."

I pleaded with them to give their hearts to the Saviour, and not to be ashamed of him who died for them. I remembered something I heard the Rev. Sydney Selwyn tell many years ago. "Men," I said, "men, I want you to do something for me!" There was instant hush. Every face looked up with curious interest. "Now look here, I am going to repeat to you five letters; and I want you to repeat to me five words. You understand? As I say the letter, you all answer with a loud voice, the word. Now I will say the letters and you say the words."

J — *Jesus*
E — *Exactly*
S — *Suits*
U — *Us*
S — *Sinners*

Eyes all around were moist with inexpressible emotion, and here and there tears dropped silently. They were no longer heroes. They were no longer soldiers of romance. The glamour of war had vanished. They were just hungry souls, needy souls, yearning souls, souls for whom Christ died.

Next night was my last. It was Wednesday, August 2, 1916. The great canvas auditorium was crowded with soldiers, Protestant and Catholic, English-speaking and French-Canadians all. I told them once more of Christ the living King, ever able to save and keep, and then I reminded them of the words I had given them the night before. "Now, men," I said, "I want you to do one thing more for me. It's the last thing I shall ever ask you to do. As I give you the five letters, I want you to repeat after me the five words which I shall give you. Now, altogether!" And altogether, as in a tumultuous antiphone, the voices answered mine:

J — *Jesus*
E — *Eternally*
S — *Saves*
U — *Us*
S — *Sinners*

And as the words rang out, I said: "Louder, Louder!" They repeated them with ringing voices. "Louder still!" And far, far away over the parade ground and the tented spaces of the adjacent camps, men must have strained their ears, and wondered as they heard in the night air the words rolling out in triumphant unison.

Valcartier's Camp of 1916 is gone. The city of white beneath the Laurentian Heights has vanished. The men who tented there that summer have long since crossed the ocean, and in many cases their bodies lie "Over There," where

> In Flanders' field the poppies grow
> Between the crosses, row on row.

But never will the writer forget the quiver of buoyant hope that passed through that mass of soldiers, soon to go forth in the deathless cause of liberty and right. DYRON HAGUE.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

Daily Meditation

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Hidden but Not Separate

SUNDAY, September 1. Ps. 30 : 7. "*Thou hidest thy face.*" Rom. 8 : 35. "*Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?*" There can be a hiding while there is no alienation. The face may be hidden but there is no withdrawal of the presence. There may be mist, and cloud, and darkness, but the Lord has not gone away. Events may be perplexing, but his love abides. Our understanding may faint while the heart continues her sacred communion. The light may tarry, the Life is here!

There is no one so blind as the one who claims to see everything clearly. Who has not met the trifler to whom everything is plain? He has the key to every lock, the answer to every riddle! And this is the knowledge that "puffeth up." It is a very dry and unperceptive thing. It lacks the softening moisture of humility and reverence and awe. It wants the liquid humor without which the eye can have no vision.

God hides his face! It may be that there are some things that would never come to any life or stature if it were not for the influence of the darkening cloud. There are many ferns which would never unroll their beauty if it were not for the damp, cooling ministry of the shade. Who can grow ferns in the dry light of the garish day? And there are precious ferns in the realm of the soul which would never appear in strength and loveliness were it not for the hiding of the Face. There is patience, and meekness, and humility, and modesty, and there are the fine delicate ferns we call reticence and reserve. What is character like if these are wanting? And it may be that if there were no "hiding," no shadow, no cloud, these most precious virtues and graces might never adorn the soul: or if they did, they would be so feeble as to immediately wither away "when heat cometh." But when He hideth his face the twilight that falls upon us is the shadow of the Almighty. J. H. J.

The Quest and the Quiet

MONDAY, September 2. Ps. 55 : 6-8. "*Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest. Lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest.*" To Job the thought of the grave was pleasant. In such a mood Shakespeare wrote, "Tired of all these, for restful death I cry." It was in such a mood the psalmist longed for wings. But this is not a noble or a manly thing to sigh for. God's saints have not waxed valiant in *flight*, but in *fight*. It is far better to long for strength rather than for wings. Our duty lies here and now—rest comes later. Happily, there is such a thing as rest in the midst of labor, quietness at the very heart of agitation. Mr. Beecher, incomparable poet-preacher, once spoke of a Christian's privilege and power of prayer as like a sea-gull's power to rest upon the surface of a stormy sea, knowing that at any time it can rise above the waves, having wings with which to defy the storm.

Hydrographers tell us there is an undercurrent in the sea that is never disturbed. However high the waves may roll, there are depths which are never stirred. Symbols are these of the peace that floweth like a river, of the calm that is their heritage who dwell in the secret place of the Most High. A missionary during the Boxer Rebellion in China wrote: "Here I am in the midst of enemies, danger ever nigh, death threatening, yet strangely at peace. I feel as little perturbed as if I were in bed in the dear homeland. I do not know why, except that my Saviour is my Keeper, keeping mine and keeping me." That servant of God had no longing for wings. He would not have escaped, even if he could, from the windy storm and tempest. He had read further into this psalm. The psalmist got beyond his longing for wings, as is evident by his testimony: "He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me." C. C. A.

The Seal of the Spirit

TUESDAY, September 3. Eph. 1 : 13. "*Ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise.*" When the government of the United States puts the seal of its treasury on a certain piece of paper, it imparts a value to that paper which it did not possess before. By means of the seal the authority of the government is transferred to that paper, and the paper becomes an instrument of trade: it has buying power. The Bible bears the stamp and seal of God's truth on every page: it is made self-authenticating. Let any one read or hear its messages, and put them to the test by acting upon them, and he will know that its words are truth and life. When people hear the Word of God preached, they may not at once be impressed with its divine authority. It may seem to them only the word of some interesting person who is speaking to them. But to this Word the Holy Ghost adds his almighty force in the hearts of men. He enters their hearts at the time when they hear the Word, and impresses them with its truth and reliability. The believer becomes convicted by this Word of his sins, and is again assured by the Word of God's grace. The seal of the Spirit is placed on his own heart, and he is made sure of possessing God's grace and favor, sure of things which he cannot see, as sure as if he already had the substance of those things. He is sure that the hope which God holds out to him in his Word is not a vain imagination, a beautiful mirage that has been conjured up before his mental vision, but a well-guaranteed fact of the blessed qualities of which he receives a foretaste. W. H. T. D.

Fire in the Soul

WEDNESDAY, September 4. I Kings 18 : 24. "*The God that answereth by fire.*" When the prophets of Baal failed to bring the fire down to consume their sacrifice after an all-day struggle, then Elijah called upon God in only a momentary supplication. Immediately the fire fell and all the people cried, "The Lord, he is God!" Elijah was only one wandering evangelist besides the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal. But standing true in this hour of great exigency, when the whole kingdom of Israel seemed at stake, he won a victory that has been transmitted to all the ages. Luther, a lone preacher before the powers of Rome and Austria, was no greater hero than this prophet of God. One man with God has always been a majority, and fire from heaven in Old Testament times was always proof of the one eternal God.

When the soul feels the flame of God's Spirit burning up the offering of consecration, the baseness of evil, purifying and cleansing away all iniquity, how natural to cry out, "The Lord, he is God!" His fire makes the red, like crimson, whiter than the snow, leaving nothing of the old man of sin, but making all new in Christ Jesus. Even the water and rocks yield to fire as the blackest sins yield to purifying love, which burns up the dross of base desire and makes the mountains flow. A pulpit on fire with the truth burns its way into the hardest hearts. Even our Lord's mild words, in the minds of the Emmaus disciples, made their hearts burn within them as he talked with them by the way. Pentecostal tongues of fire today would set the world aflame with divine power instead of the lurid burnings of war. Every one may find the fire of God in a moment of consecration. The surrendered man touches the flaming battery and can do all things through strength divine. Oh for the fire that touched Isaiah's lips, that attracted Moses to its burnings and flamed in baptisms on Pentecostal morning! E. W. C.

The Healing Christ

THURSDAY, September 5. Mark 2 : 1, 2. "*And again he entered into Capernaum after some days; and it was noised that he was in the house. And straightway many were gathered together. . . and he preached the Word unto them.*" Just as in the "coast cities" Jesus could not be hid, so at Capernaum he was the unhidden and unhidable figure. There are things which in their very nature are self-revealing. There was a boy who stole a music-box and accidently touched a secret spring, when it began to grind out a tune. There are odors which can not be concealed. Life can not easily be hidden. The farmer's boy, sent into the field to plant pumpkin-seeds, who chose rather to sit down in the shade of a tree and read a story, got rid of a good half of the seeds by planting them all in a single hole. Two weeks later, as the farmer came that way, life was its own detective. What was it in Jesus which drew the multitudes to him wherever he went? Was it not that he gave the people what they needed? They wanted help and he helped them. They wanted to be preached to—not at. They wanted their questions answered and their problems solved. The people's wants are over the same. It is recorded that He "preached the Word." What Word? The Word of life, of grace, of hope, of life abundant.

Religion is a life. The religion of Jesus is a "living well" which "springs up" of its own inherent energy, to everlasting life. The fact that Jesus was a great Physician further explains why he could not be hid. A single case of healing without charge, a single permanent cure of a baffling disease, would spread his fame abroad through all the land. There is recorded in this chapter such a case. It is unique, and yet so characteristic it deserves our attention. There was a helpless man, but he had a helpful group of friends who brought him to Jesus. It is written that "seeing their faith" he healed the men. An apparent case of vicarious faith. Can one man's faith save another? Let us not read the words too hastily. "Seeing *their* faith." The sick man himself was one of those who had faith. But his friends' faith helped his faith, and it may well be called a cooperative miracle. Such a miracle has its legitimate successor in the cure of a blind man in a mission hospital in China. Six months after he was discharged from the hospital, he led back from his distant mountain home a company of fifty blind folk for treatment. And they were all treated, some of them successfully, in the name of the healing Christ. C. C. A.

Suffering for Christ

FRIDAY, September 6. John 16 : 3, 4. "*These things will they do unto you, because they have not known the Father, nor me, But these things have I told you, that when the time shall come, ye may remember that I told you of them.*" It is a rich consolation to persecuted Christians to know that the Lord exonerates them from all blame, and that he fully understands the true cause of their persecutions, at which the Christians themselves oftentimes can only guess. Christ is altogether on the side of his despised confessors, and these latter must not overlook his powerful alliance, in which they stand as his witnesses before men. The enmity which professing Christians meet from unbelievers is not directed against their persons so much as against their great Ally, and against their connection with him. The world has always hated Christ, and always will hate him. But it has never overcome him with its hatred, and it never will. Christ makes his people the sharers of his own shame and disgrace. As he bore our afflictions and sorrows, so we must now bear his ignominy. Such suffering is only to the Christians' honor. Let them remember that the disciple is not above his master. Christians who suffer for their profession of faith suffer not as evildoers, but for truth and righteousness. Such suffering has the promise of an exceedingly great reward. The world with its fierce opposition to the truth as it is in Christ is after all only playing into the hands of the Christians. It creates an opportunity for Christians to heap coals of fire on the heads of their enemies. After it has exhausted all its resources of malice and revealed its wicked heart, after it has fought to its own exhaustion and accomplished nothing, the Christians turn around and offer to the despairing world that which makes for its peace, the reconciliation with God through Christ. Also the persecutions which Christians suffer must work together for their good. They are serving a King who wears a thorny crown but is a King nevertheless. He leads them through their strife unto victory. W. H. T. D.

Napoleon's Conversion

SATURDAY, September 7. James 4 : 14. "*For what is your life?*" There are moments when one reviews the pathway of the past and the possible journeyings of the future. Napoleon on the island of St. Helena reached such a pivotal point in his career. It was there he viewed some of the great mistakes in his life. He saw the greatness of the Christ and the littleness of himself. Standing on that lonely island, with his hands behind his back, gazing at the deep, dark waters of the solemn sea, he reviewed his brief but momentous life, comparing it with the life of the Saviour. Jesus lived and died for others; Napoleon lived for self and ambition. His many mighty victories in battle failed to comfort him now. The buried millions of soldiers seemed to rise up to condemn him, while other millions of living sufferers sang a song of sorrow in his ears.

He saw that Christ, the Prince of Peace, was growing stronger in the love and regard of mankind; that millions today would die for him, though he passed away eighteen centuries before. He said: "Alexander and Cæsar and I have founded great empires upon force, but Jesus alone founded his empire upon love. No other human is like the Saviour of the world; He is more than a man. I must be visibly present to electrify my soldiers, but Christ's influence stretches across the chasm of the centuries. He asks the human heart for himself and forthwith the demand is granted. Time, the great destroyer, is powerless to extinguish the sacred flame of love in believing hearts. This proves to me the divinity of Jesus Christ." Only in Christ could he regain what he had lost and rise to become a subject of Christ's kingdom. E. W. C.

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Is Civilization Christless?

ONE of the few notable books lately issued dealing with the spiritual aspects of the great war is a volume entitled "Collapse of Christless Civilizations," By Richard Cameron Wylie, D.D., LL.D. It has an especial interest for Bible readers for the reason that it takes a view which, while thoroughly in accord with Scripture, seems strangely to have been overlooked by most writers on this subject.

Dr. Wylie emphasizes the great principle that every nation carries within itself the seeds of its own destiny—the causes that will ultimately lead to greatness and endurance, or to national disintegration and ultimate destruction. Yet no nation is urged on against its will. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," is the divine injunction to the governmonts of earth, as it was in the day of Joshua, and upon that choice their future depends. National acceptance of and obedience to God's laws mean national life and blessing; while deliberato rejection and disobedience mean an end in due time to all the nations that forget God.

In the Second Psalm there is an applicability to conditions in the world today that cannot be mistaken. This grand Hebrew song places in our hands the key to the destiny of the nations. It is Dr. Wylie's view that, no matter in what period of the world's history a nation may exist, or on what continent it may be located, "unless it adjusts its relations with the divine government in accordance with the fact that Christ is King, it will be broken to pieces." The Psalm recognizes the fundamental principle of democracy. Rulers of all ranks are presented in their official capacity, bearing their responsibility for national insubordination or indifference to God's rule.

Reviewing the history of the Christless civilizations and their downfall, we find the same principle of responsibility proclaimed by the prophets and seers. They warned the great states and cities of the past that, unless they repented, they must perish. That the root of all national sin is forgetfulness of God is convincingly attested. Passing down to our own time, we find the fact becoming more and more recognized among students of the Gospel that "the one imperial thought" it presents is that the Lord Jesus Christ is rightfully the Ruler of nations. Dr. Wylie goes farther and declares: "The proofs advanced show that his enthronement is an accomplished fact, that he is now actually swaying his royal sceptre over this world, and that the nations are unwilling to receive and acknowledge him as their King."

In the administration of Christ's government, nations are viewed as "real entities, not mere imaginary or artificial pieces"; they possess a moral character, have their existence in the sphere of Christ's moral government, and aro subjects of moral law; consequently their success or failure depend upon their attitude toward Christ as King and their obedience to his laws. Throughout the Biblo he is revealed as Prophet, Priest, Mediator, King. "The government shall be on his shoulder. . . . His dominion shall be from sea to sea." And with the acceptance and establishment of his sovereignty, all blessings follow.

For nearly two thousand years, the Kingdom of Jesus has been growing in the hearts of men. All who have come under his beneficent rule have been blessed. But while this is true of individuals and groups, the same cannot be averred of nations and governments. The charge frequently made still stands unrefuted, that no nation or government has ever yet given Christianity a trial by the practical application of the principles laid down by the King of Nations, Jesus Christ. "Is it not a waste of words," Dr. Wylie continues, "to urge upon men that they as nations are under obligation to him as King? . . . There is a deep-seated conviction in the minds of men that such is the case—that nations, too, are moral beings. If the State is something which may claim devotion, it is surely something of which the Divine Ruler takes notice and with which he reckons in his moral government."

What is needed, the author contends, is a new conception of the State as an organism, a moral entity, possessed of moral qualities and with far-reaching moral responsibilities. Such distinguished authorities as Daniel Webster, David Jayne Hill, Hugo Grotius, Wheaton and John Bassett Moore, have each maintained the view of the State's moral duty and responsibility. To claim rulership by divine right is usurpation—robbing both God and man. Political sovereignty belongs to the people if it belongs anywhere on earth, and the tendency of advancing human thought and intelligence affirms this. They have the right to delegate it to whom they will. Supreme sovereignty, however, belongs to God alone.

The author of the book believes that in the present war God's voice is thundering forth his judgments upon the world for its godlessness. He makes no charge against the Church, although admitting that it has failed to preach national righteousness. He recognizes the high ideals of our Government, and the noble sentiments of our President when he declared that the world must be made safe for democracy. There is a divine side to democracy, however, as well as a human side. Authority vested in the people is placed there by the Almighty, and the people, thus clothed, are placed under the rulership of Jesus Christ. And this principle must find expression, if democracy is to be made safe for the world.

The Road to Berlin

SECRETARY BAKER has been formally advised by General Pershing that the First American Field Army has been created, General Pershing retaining command of the army as well as of the entire expeditionary force for the present. The only statement of the location of this American front given is that it is "south of the Marne." Presumably this means a part at least of the long line from St. Mihiel to the Swiss border, where American troops have been put in at intervals during the last few months. The extent of that front has not been disclosed, nor has the definite strength of the army been given. The advices indicate that it comprises, however, five full corps, which means approximately 1,250,000 men.

The American sector includes what always has been considered the logical road to Berlin for French advances. It was across lines now held by Americans that the French struck in 1914 before the plunge of the German army through Belgium localized the war in Northern France. While tho enemy is still in Northern France it may be that no major attack can be attempted through these gateways; the campaigns in Picardy and at the Marne, however, are aimed at forcing him back until the opportunity comes to drive at him, and it is much more than possible that it will be over the American lines that the real thrust at Germany will be driven home.

The American force is not only the great factor on the Allied side in driving power, but it is the only rapidly increasing factor on either side, and it is destined to be the determining factor of the war. The straightest and shortest road to Berlin leads from the American lines, wherever they may be. Whatever may be tho road to Berlin, it is a safe prediction that the Yankees will lead the march along it.

The Grain Harvest

GIFFORD PINCHOT relates how, while he was addressing an audience of agriculturists, he happened to venture the opinion that it took about threo years to make a skilled farmhand. An old man promptly spoke up and said: "Ten years." Mr. Pinchot now knows that the old farmer was right, and that to make a farmer capable of directing the work of a farm takes very much longer. The popular misconception about farming is one of many mistakes which the war is forcing us to revise. It has become a specialized profession, calling for ample training, long practical experience and business ability.

Yet thero aro in all lands good farmers, plenty of them. All over the world, the grain harvest is now under way. In many countries, the reports foreshadow a considerable increase over those of a year ago. Although the Italian and Swiss harvests give poor promise, France, Holland, Great Britain and Scandinavia will bo fully up to the average, and Canada considerably above it. Reckoning on a fivo years' average as a percentage basis, the United States will harvest in rye 185 per cent of the average crop, 122 in barley, and 115 in spring and winter wheat; Canada 171 in rye, 122 in barley and 115 in wheat. In England, great care has been taken to stimulate increased production, as well as to protect the crops, and good results are expected. France, too, has worked hard under specially trying conditions, and makes a good showing, above last year, which is made still better by the excellent crops in Tunis, her North African dependency. Nothing is predicated of agricultural results in Russia, Austria or Germany.

On the whole, the prospects are that the food situation among the Allied nations and also among most of the neutrals will be considerably better in the coming months. Our farmers are urged to plan now for increased wheat planting by at least 7 per cent, in order to give assurance of an abundant yield in 1919.

The Copper Cent

THE announcement from Washington that 445,000,000 one-cent pieces were coined by the Government in the fiscal year 1918 lends interest to a compilation by The National City Bank of New York regarding the country's growing demand for these little coins, of which the 1918 output was the largest on record.

The bank's statement on this subject shows that the number of one-cent coins manufactured by the mints of the United States from 1793 to the end of the fiscal year 1918 was 3,463,000,000, while the number issued in the last six years is, in round numbers, one billion. Tho number of one-cent pieces coined never touched the 100,000,000 line in any year prior to 1907; the annual average from that time to 1916 was nearly 100,000,000 per year; in 1917, 213,500,000 and in 1918 445,228,201 pieces.

The number of one-cent pieces coined from the beginning of the Government to date would, even if all were in existence and circulation, allow for each individual about 33 one-cent pieces. Of course, the number actually available is far less than this, for it is quite probablo that out of tho 3,463,000,000 one-cent pieces coined by the government not moro than about 2,400,000,000 are now in existence, or at least in circulation, making the present average per capita for all the peoplo of the United States about 23 one-cent pieces.

The Charm of a Good Story

"KING of the Shillibers," beginning in this issue and concluding next week, is a gripping story of lower life in the great city brought into touch with the big Billy Sunday revival. All happens in a day and night, and what happens is plenty. For the reader it is a rare day with the graceless scamp of a hero in his troubles and a thrilling night of love, reunion, repentance and marriage. The writer, George Gilbert, is new but fast finding a high place in the leading magazines.

"That Girl From Orchard Street," a novel, immediately to follow, is the best war story we have been able to find in a long search. It will rank among the very best yet written. It will run eight or ten weeks in liberal installments, beginning September 9. It deals with the food service and spy system, and is vibrant with thrills from start to finish. The heroine is a small-town American girl who "makes good" at the front in France under severest conditions. Through courage under trial she wins honor and a worthy lover. The author of this novel, Courteney Savage, presents a thorough inside knowledge of the work of the American Committee for the Devastated Regions of France, and fascinating incidents of actual experience at the front are pictured powerfully. The story has not a dull line, and it is all well worth while. The illustrations by the popular illustrator, Nimms, add still further to the strength and clearness of the plot.

Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, inspired by the greatest of topics, is now writing his greatest story. It will appear serially in the Christian Herald during November and December. "All the World" is the title and the story will deal with the possibilities of world reconstruction after the war. It is being written up to the minute. Fortunately, a forecast has been furnished by the author which gives a clear idea of the lines along which the story is being written. "My general plan throughout the story," says Dr. Sheldon, "is to picture, through the adventures and experiences of the different characters, the Reconstruction of the world by the power of the Gospel. I plan to put these young people everywhere—Mexico, Turkey, Africa, India, Europe and America—and with a united Church here at home and a consecrated pocketbook help build up a new world. One of the points I want to mako is the appeal the Christian world must make for money, as much to build up as we have spent to tear down. We are spending $2,000,000 an hour on the war. That is more than our own American Board gets in a whole year for missions. My appeal to the Church in the story is the appeal first for spiritual unity of action, second for a consecration of all young life in the Sunday School and Church to missionary effort, and third the giving of vast sums of money to carry on the reconstruction. That, in very condensed form, is a synopsis of the story. With it I have actual letters from live missionaries in different countries to weave into the narrative, and their consent so to use them.

King of the Shillibers

By GEORGE GILBERT

[What tyme Lady Margette had alle but finished ye chapel she had vowed for ye safe returne from war of her liege, Lorde Albert of Purtyse, her stores were so low she fain would ask her people to helpen her. Then came nobles, kernes, churchmen with gyftes to put forward the good work. And Lady Margette, at even, pleased, sate her down in the new fane to count over the gyftes and then did fall on sleep, being overspent with her labours. Then did Robert le Jongleur, that famous clown, peer in, and, seeing all that others had done to please his lady, his heart waxed full sore; for, whenas all others had many a talent to cast into that treasury of love and service, the clown had but this one talent—that he might win all people to him by his quirkes, boundes, smyles and twistings of ye bodye—Legend of Robert le Jongleur.]

BIG BILL LEDYARD, King of the Shillibers once—best of those men who, when the sideshow or concession barker has delivered his lecture, leads the way, tolling the crowd in—crawled out of his upper floor hallroom bed in a dilapidated boarding-house left undisturbed by the demands of business east of Broadway, far downtown. He crawled out to face the inevitable that peeped, in the form of a note, from under the door of his place of abode. Bill knew how the note read. For days he had been dodging to prevent Mrs. Prentiss, the landlady, from saying it to him.

Bill let the note remain where it was while he dressed. The room was very, very cold. As Bill huddled into his baggy clothing, coughs racked his great frame. His eyes, fever-bright, burned under overhung brows. His breath came and went, unevenly, with great labor.

"Th' cough's gettin' in closer'n closer," he told himself as he adjusted his frayed purple tie under a once-white collar wing. His big, rawboned shoulders stooped. His beard was two weeks out—ragged, patchy. But his skin shone through it, ghastly white, with a sheen that told of many days of acute famine. When you dodge the landlady, you miss meals—dodging her and the inevitable. Bill had missed dozens.

As he completed his toilet, Ledyard's mind went back, as it was apt to at such times, to the days when he had been truly the King of the Shillibers. Then he did not have to lie up for the winter in mean hallrooms and have notes poked under his door, for in those old days he it was who was always picked to act as bellwether for the crowd before the biggest of the sideshows with the largest of tented communities. His lanky form, guileless face, kindly blue eyes, wrinkly clothing, modestly-worn derby, a bit out of date, set him off as being a retired farmer, out for a day's enjoyment. As the barker—the ballyho boo—finished his talk and threw up his hand, seemingly in an impressive gesture to give ultimate point to his peroration, really to tell Bill he had sensed it was time to act, the King of the Shills, eager to catch the cue, would move forward, nudge a man or two nearby gently and, with the most engaging smile imaginable, say:

"Let's go an' see what it's like, brother."

OR, if it was a young man and his sweetheart that he had set his mind upon to go with him, from the top seats down to the arena-side when he was acting as shilliber for the grand concert at the show's close, he would catch them as they were yielding to the ballyho's urging and in need of only a mental shove, and to them would make the same apparently casual remark, at the same time starting down, from seat-tier to seat-tier, to the seats below reserved for those with concert tickets. Thus he would start the movement that separated the outgoing home-bound goats from the concert-going sheep, and so powerful is well placed example that he was worth to any show many, many times the sum paid him. For always after the King of the Shills came the crowd. Who could suspect a middle-aged, mild farmer, kindly of manner, fatherly, when he piloted a honeymoon couple to the concert, of acting as a lure?

That was Big Bill's one talent—his ability to draw a crowd after him when the ballyho boo had done his best. Other shills had it, a little, but Bill Ledyard was supreme, because he not only knew wherein his one talent lay and whereof it consisted, but he nursed it, perfected it. Even when laid up for the winter, he practiced his bit each morning, painstakingly, before a mirror, to start the new day. So now, facing the inevitable, he took his place before the bleared glass and posed, as if he were in a crowd's midst before a big concession tent; giving due attention to each shade of expression on his face, to the tip of his now battered derby, to the harmless knot of his frazzled tie, to the slant of his imitation pearl stickpin, to the set of his very worn and intensely sober coat and vest, to the very hang of his crumpled trousers and to the wrinkles in his bogged-out shoes. Then, guileless wonder on his face, his smile engaging, his gesture alluring, his eyes beaming—confidence-compelling—he turned and said, to an imaginary audience:

"Let's go see what it's like, brothers."

Bill knew how the note read

The wonted mummery nerved, warmed him.

"I got th' old dope wit' me yet, an' when th' spring comes, gentle Annie, I'll be in shape again to shill fer the ballyho boo," he consoled himself, turning to face the inevitable.

Bending, he picked up the note, stuffed it into his pocket without reading it, coughed convulsively, wheezed to recover his spent breath, opened the door and faced the——

HER name was Mrs. Prentiss. The landlady often is the inevitable—when it is not the landlord.

"Good-mornin'," he greeted. "I got your note, an' you c'n have th' room. I was a-goin' t' move t' day anyways. My baggage is all moved al'ready. Good-by; many thanks fer favors past."

He was gone, racking himself often as he went.

"I declare," Mrs. Prentiss said to the first floor front later, "I'm a' most sorry I put 'im out, but I've got to live, and I'd let 'im stay a month free 's it wuz."

Drink for years had worked its will on Big Bill Ledyard. But constant practice at his one fleeting bit of acting had kept him perfect until he had been hurt in a clem very early the fall before, and that row on the circus lot had been a bad one. Seeking to hold back the crowd that had rushed the sideshow at the clem's height, Ledyard had been surrounded, squeezed, all but killed. The great pain from the injury to his chest had made him slip from his good intentions, and added potations had been his portion since. With the easy-going munificence of his kind he had waxed reckless, wasting his small substance. Before midwinter it had vanished. Losing caste with his familiars by borrowing, he had suffered rebuffs and had drawn inside his shell of cynicism, resolved to last until spring and the up-going of the big tents. And now he had come to the end.

Stubbing his way down the street, Bill found that the sun was gazing into his building-made canyon, into whose upper levels a few vagrant snowflakes sifted, to turn to water before falling. It was winter trying to peep into the house of spring, from which April once had evicted him.

BIG BILL had moved his baggage, as he had told Mrs. Prentiss, but he had moved it bit by bit to the pawnshops. His diamonds that he had kept for winter wear, his good fur overcoat, suits, haberdashery had gone to satisfy his thirst. He had nothing left now but his old shilliber suit, empty of pocket. It and his one talent—ability to draw a crowd after him—were all that remained to Big Bill Ledyard, the King of the Shillibers. And *of* him, too.

He was not hungry that morning. But unaccountably he felt stronger than he had for two days back, yet he coughed oftener. And if he burned one moment, he felt cold the next, as the shrewish April wind sought the weak spots in his thin shilliber armor of summer clothing. He wished now he had kept one suit of underwear——

Another cough-fit racked him. He leaned against a police box to regain breath. A newsboy, crying his wares, thrust a paper under Big Bill's nose with the sarcasm that the little merchants of the curb will enjoy upon occasion and offered him an "uxtry." Ledyard, casting his eyes drearily over the headlines, found one that caught his attention:

"Great crowds at the Dundee meetings in the White Tabernacle."

And then the newsboy jerked the sheet away.

"'S that th' Dundee that pitched fer th' White Sox in '90?" he asked.

"Whyn't ye ask me som'ing easy," the Cherub of Argus chirruped. "I wasn't borned then. But Dundee was a balltosser oncet, they say, but that may be on'y just to get him on th' page th' foremost."

A SUCCESSION of coughs racked Ledyard again. A film crept over his vision at the spasm's close. When Bill could see again he discerned something round, hard, nearing his face. He pushed at it, missed it, blinked at it, too weak to strike at it anew. Then he straightened with a thrill. He knew what it was—the butt of a policeman's club.

"Are ye glued there?" a rolling voice queried. "If not, move; or ride in the rubber-tired waggin. On yer way!"

Big Bill shuffled along, glad to escape arrest, his eyes more and more fever-bright. Why had he asked a little boy who had played on the White Sox in a year long ago? He must be getting queer in the head, he thought in a moment of self-pity.

"On yer way yet," the voice of authority persisted behind him. He was going north, Bill was.

A window display caught Bill's eye in a little tawdry shop. Spring suits, shoes, hats!

"Why, th' winter's gone," Ledyard reflected. "An' it's on'y a few weeks ahead, now, till the big show opens in the Garden, and then in a little while the shows go on the lots."

He plodded on, unsteadily, persistently—jostled by hurrying folk, dodging traffic at crossings in some miraculous fashion.

"I'll go out wi' th' first good show that has a concession that wants a shill," he solaced himself. "Till then I'll do odd jobs, sleep in parks, anything to hold myself up—who knows but——"

[Alle beying gonne save hym, Robert le Jongleur dyd get hym before ye seate of ye sleeping Lady, theyre to quirke and leape and lwyste in ye moone's lyte, spendying freely for her hys onely talent, to wit, mummery of yebeste, hoping her to please.]

MONA LA RUE, at the long table where she worked in a factory on the upper East Side making cigarettes, started at the call of the

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Photo from Press Illustrating Service

Even a ruin may be home. These children are huddled in what is left of a home near the battle-line in the Vosges

The bridge of ships. American transports carrying reserves and fighting men to Foch

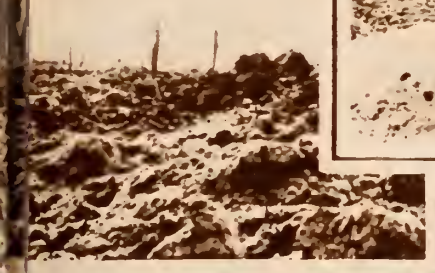
© Committee on Public Information

Side Lights of Gre E

Photo from Press Illustrating Service

Now they may go back. French refugees of the Marne country returning to their homes

Events



British Official Photo

ish troops advancing over "No Man's Land"

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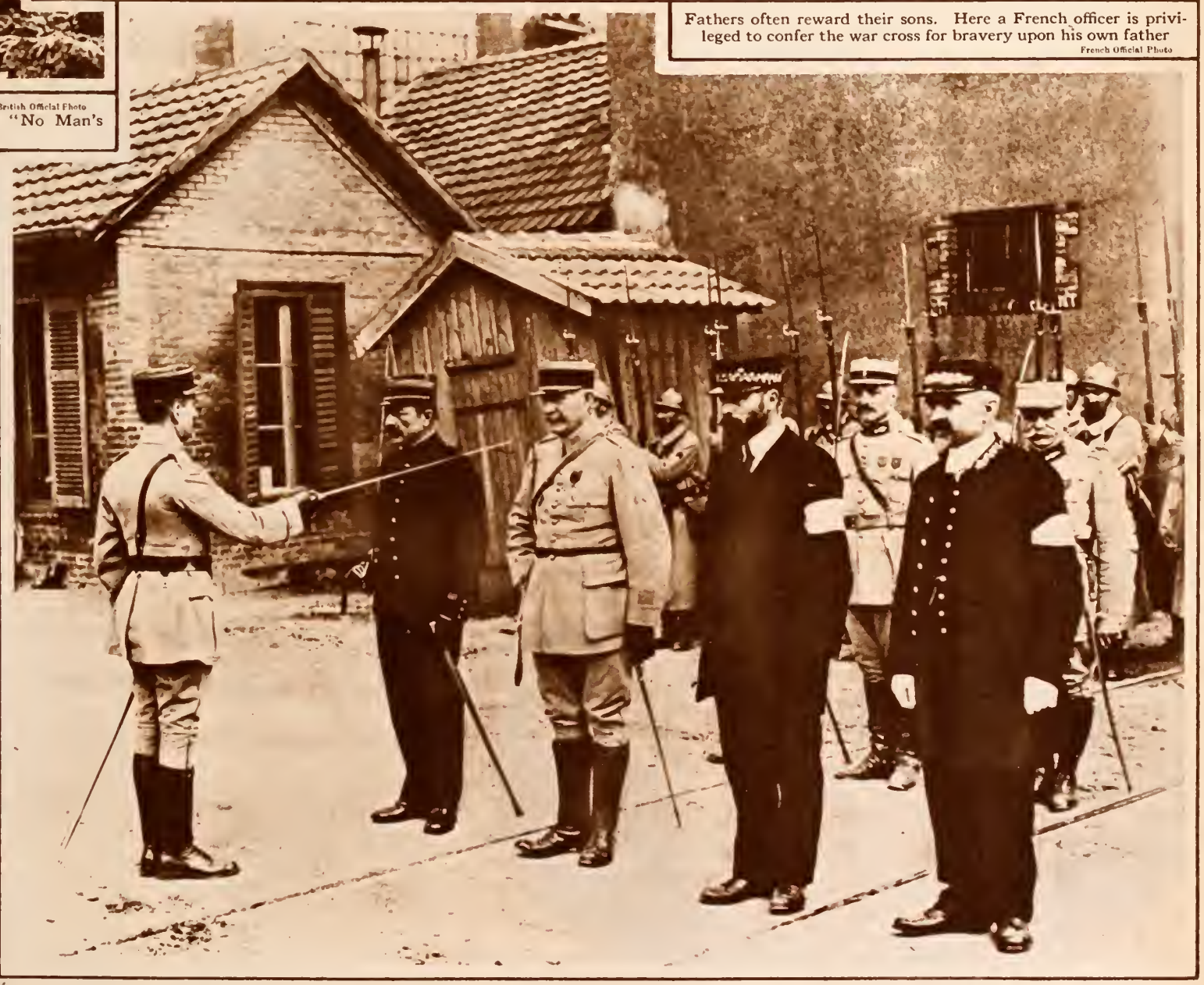
The Quarantana, a high, precipitous mountain in the Jericho wilderness, said by tradition to be the scene of our Lord's temptation. The chapel on the edge of the cliff is some 1500 feet above the plain. The face of the cliff holds numerous caverns where hermits used to live. The mountain was occupied by London troops when the British drove back the Turks from the holy places

Photo by Bachrach

oth, daughter of General the American Volunteers, e Y. M. C. A. canteen work



Fathers often reward their sons. Here a French officer is privileged to confer the war cross for bravery upon his own father

French Official Photo

OSTERMOOR

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King of the Shillibers

Continued from page 979

foreman: "Riverside Hospital wants you on the phone."

She knew what it was; had been expecting the call for hours. She had gone to work that morning with the idea firmly in mind that it might be the last day's work she would be able to do before the end came. So she had been working at double speed on that last day, in order to have as much as possible to pay the undertaker when the time came. And now it had burst upon her—the great crisis of girlish trouble. Luckily she had done well that day at her work. And it was almost quitting time.

At the factory stairway's foot, having received the news she feared to receive, Mona paused, cheeks flushed with the unwelcome excitement of the occasion, but her loyal eyes showing shadows below their lower lids. Her shoulders drooped a bit inside the fairly well made jacket of brown. Her skirt of a good black, her hat with modest but fine blue feather and light brown felt body, and her high-heeled gipsy boots told of a girl who was able to spend not a little on dress.

As Mona emerged, a man detached himself from the knot about the boot-black's stand across the way at the corner. Like all the others of that loafing group, he was well shaven, well dressed, in well-pressed clothing. As he came, neat black overcoat unbuttoned and flaring easily back, he was making a pretense of manicuring his nails. His cheeks were firm, pink, his jaw very square. A forceful curbstone type!

The girl made as if to pass him, but he thrust himself before her.

"Don't stop me, Jim," she pleaded; "it's the end for mother——"

"Gee, Kiddo," he said, his swaggering assertiveness fading to contrite deference; "I'd no idear 'twould be so bad. I thought youse wus a-steerin' me 'bout her bein' laid up, so youse could get out o' dancin' wit' me. So I waited fer yo' t' come out."

"Never mind the dances—and—and all that's gone with them, Jim," she said, her mind more than half way from present matters. "Just now I'm in a hurry, because I've got to go clear uptown, out there to Riverside Hospital, to see her before she——"

Mona leaned toward him. He gave her his arm, glanced defiantly over the way to see if any of the manicuring, well-dressed young men about the boot-black stand were laughing at him behind his back. He was pleased to see that although one or two wished to make some remarks derisive of him for being so soft to his girl, after having boasted how he was going "to bring her to time for keeping away from dances," they did not. The members of the gang all feared Jim Beldren, sport, meal-ticket lightweight boxer and gambler—feared what he would do to any one who by look or gesture put him to ridicule and so questioned his leadership of the crowd.

[Thus dyd ye jongleur untyl at ye laste, yborne adowne wyth langoure, he dyd hym sit ta reste at ye laydy's feete, smylyng uppe at hys Beloved Laydy—in hys eyen she was brythe and fayre. But she, roused by hys loving work to her ypleasen, had seen hys best mumming, yet held her eyen, nor let hym see it at that tyme.]

SCREENED in for the last scene, Annie LaRue picked at her coverlet, waiting. Presently before her stood Mona and a young man. Finding the girl weak, Jim had escorted her all the way to the hospital; fending for her on crowded streets and on the cars.

"Is he your young man?" the sick woman inquired.

Beldren was not the sort of "young man" the mother meant. But he was all the "young man" that Mona, living the hurried, hard-driven life she did, had been able to find. She was his "girl" and if there had been many others before (and might be others after her), why, that was according to his code. But Mona was the one of them all who stirred him to the depths, that satisfied him with voice, manner, form, complexion. Her wavy brown hair, pretty pink cheeks, bright brown eyes, were natural, not made up for special purposes. Somehow she had managed to preserve the country health of her mother's people in the swirling, hectic life of the teeming city.

The invalid, stirred again, spoke: "Let me see him closer, Mona."

Beldren, swayed for once by an idea akin to chivalry, moved to her side. The sick woman gazed at Jim steadily, with all the powers of her fading vision.

"Mona," she whispered, "come to the other side of the bed."

Obediently the girl yielded to her mother's whim.

"Clasp hands," the mother whispered again, "and promise me to be true to each other."

"Well, why not, to oblige a sick one?" Beldren asked himself, clasping Mona's hand over the weakening form. Nor was he the less pleased to feel by the grip of Mona's strong, deft fingers, warm and soft, that she was grateful for his complaisance. The energy of her thankful touch thrilled him.

Beldren, at a sign from the girl, moved out from behind the screen and sat down on a chair that the nurse brought. The sound of low voices behind the screen, where Death was becoming impatient, no doubt, at the delay, came to him faintly. Then it ceased, so far as his ears could tell.

"Bend lower," the failing woman had said to the girl.

The fresh young face, like a blossom hovering over a brown and fallen leaf, came closer to that of the woman who was facing the final curtain.

"Your father's name was Ledyard," she said. "Since you picked me up on the street and got me in here I been meaning to tell you the truth——"

"But how is it you are named La Rue——"

"Ledyard was only a shilliber for a ballyho boo. LaRue was the biggest ballyho in the business. I was a side-show woman—It's getting dark, Mona—but stick to your man—and—and marry him—The other girls with the show told me to keep my man and they married theirs, but I was too—and so I ran away with LaRue—Yes, mother; I'm going to bed as soon as the men come in from doing the chores, so I can kiss daddy good-night—good-night, dearie—Mona, LaRue is dead. I never saw Ledyard after I ran away—all right, mother; good ni——"

Mona's sob called the nurse behind the screen. She steadied the weeping girl out to Beldren.

"She's only gone off into one of her weak spells," the nurse said. "She may go soon, or possibly not till after the turn of the night. If you are nearby I can have you phoned for——"

A PETITION from a nearby cot took her attention. While she was getting the patient a glass of water an orderly came down the aisle. Beldren tugged at the orderly's coat sleeve.

"Say, lad," he said, "is there a place nearby where a gent and his lady can wait till called in here? Her mother's dying."

The orderly, quickly viewing Beldren, gasped in awe.

"It's Lightweight Jimmie?" he whispered, admiringly.

Beldren nodded, pleased that even in there his fame had made ripples.

"Saw you box at the Forty-eight Club," the orderly went on in monotone, one ear and eye out for the nurse's return. "No; there's no real place—you might go just inside the door over there in Dundee's White Tabernacle. Always a few seats vacant near the top at the back. I'd find you if I was given the word; glad to help a fellow like you, Jimmie, any time."

Beldren nodded an easy: "Thank you." And added:

"There's one iron man for you if you do it——"

"Don't mention money to me," the orderly protested, "in a case like this—for Lightweight Jimmie—aw, you know how 'tis."

His whisper ceased. Over his shoul-

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THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

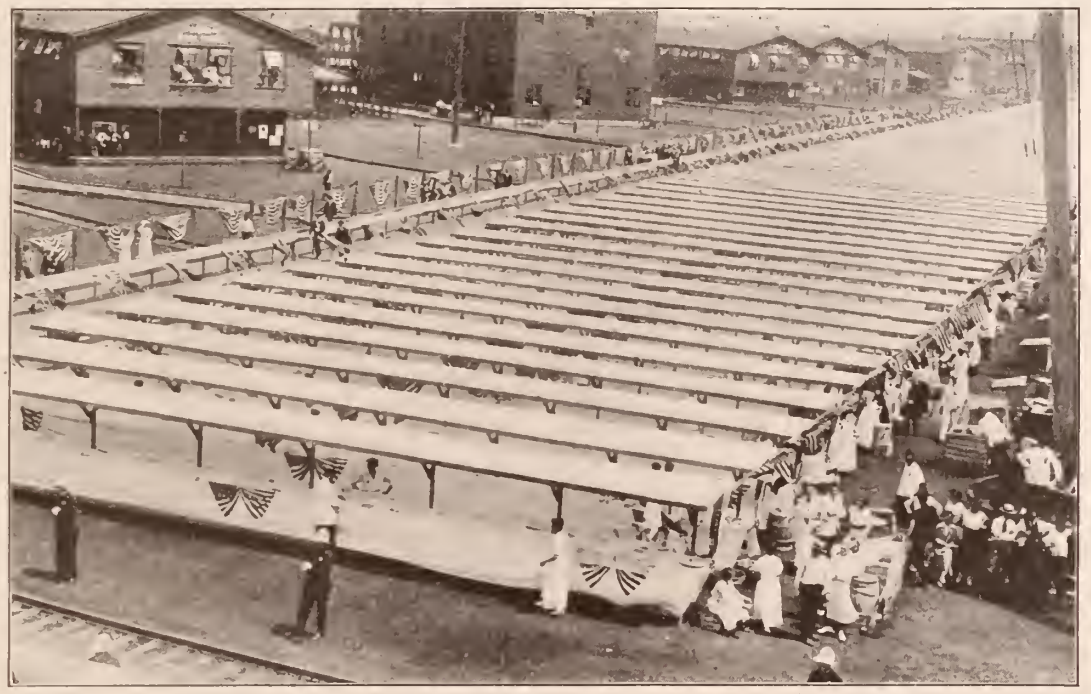
Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Mystery of Arizona Ruin

FOR many years two pairs of holes in the walls of the celebrated prehistoric Casa Grande ruin in Arizona have given rise to much speculation not only on the part of tourists but of archeologists also. The holes are about an inch and a half in diameter and are bored through walls four feet thick. They occur in pairs, each pair on opposite sides of a great central room. The holes in each pair are in line with each other, so that one standing in a dark first floor room behind the central room may look through the innermost hole across the central room, and through the outermost hole at the sky. One pair points due east, the other pair points north at a declining angle. The interesting people who built this most ancient of pueblos have left no traces behind. One can only imagine by analogy from better known races of a later day what their civilization may have been. That they were a religious people and worshipers of the sun is the opinion of the best authorities. Recently an interesting theory has been advanced to explain the mystery of the holes in the wall. According to this theory these holes form what might be called a seasonal clock. Twice a year, once as the sun works north and once as it works south along the eastern horizon, it rises in line with the eastward-pointing holes and for one morning, for possibly three minutes, throws a bar of light into the dark inner room. From this the ceremonial calendar could be dated, and certain festivals would fall on the same day year after year. One is reminded of Stonehenge, one of the most famous ruins of England—with its Temple of the Sun, and a calendar in stone for the measurement of the solar year, where the sun at its summer solistice shone down a long alley of stone monuments upon an altar placed in the center of a series of circles of stones. We see through these holes the ghosts of a vanished race who built great cities, practiced useful arts, and worshiped the sun in their anxious search for the God who made it and them. Without the Book and the Christ what better could the people do than worship the sun? God uses it as a symbol of himself. The psalmist says: "*For the Lord God is a sun.*" (*Ps. 84 : 11.*)

Rescued from Niagara Falls

A TRAGEDY was averted at Niagara Falls on August 7 by the rescue of Gus Lofberg, a Swedish sailor, and George Harris of Buffalo, by heroic lifesavers. The scow on which the men hung over the edge of death was being used in the river opposite Port Day, where a channel for a power plant intake is being dredged out. The current is swift, and a tug was holding the scow in position to take a load of sand brought up by the sandsucker. The top rope parted and the scow with the men aboard went rapidly down the stream. At the head of the Upper Rapids the scow veered toward the Canadian shore, and entered a channel that led directly to the Horseshoe Falls. It seemed for a few moments certain that the scow would be carried over the cataract. The fire departments from both sides of the river were called out and the life-saving crew was hurried up in a truck from Youngstown. Just before dark a line was shot across the scows and later with the aid of searchlights an effort was made to send breeches buoys out to the wreck. Searchlights were kept playing all night to encourage the men. At 2 o'clock in the morning all effort to rescue the men was abandoned until daylight should aid them. An electric light was rigged up to tell the men that they had not been deserted for good. At daylight the rescuers renewed their efforts. They shot another lifeline over the scow, and brought the men to shore by breeches buoys. Niagara, as man's servant, furnishes the power that turns the wheels of a thousand industries; as man's master it plays with him in the dancing rapids, and dashes him down to certain death. Science and love in the life-savers stayed Niagara's angry hand, and saved the two precious lives from an awful death—a type of the divine hand that rescues from sin's danger and doom all who avail themselves of its merciful offer. "*Who redeemeth thy life from destruction.*" (*Ps. 103 : 4.*)



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Record Lunch at a Launching

THE launching of the Quisteonck at the Hog Island yard, near Philadelphia, was an event worthy of the presence of the Chief Executive. The Quisteonck was the first of 180 ships which are to be fabricated in the big yard, which with its fifty ways will soon be making a big splash every few days. The launchings will be continued until the carrying power of America's commercial fleet is equal to the opportunities and the necessities of her commerce and her army. The name Quisteonck was chosen by Mrs. Wilson, who is reported to have agreed to furnish a name for each ship launched at the yard. Quisteonck is said to be the Indian name for Hog Island. It is much more euphonious than its English equivalent. Mrs. Wilson christened the boat. After the christening the International Corporation entertained the notables present in a luncheon at tables, well screened from the hot sun, capable of seating several thousand people. This luncheon in the numbers participating and in the significance of the event is certainly one of the greatest ever held in the history of the world. There were 25,000 people present at this memorable launching, and it is likely that a fifth of that number sat down at the tables. The luncheon expressed just congratulations at the marvelous power of our mighty government. Centuries ago there was a mighty out-of-door lunch which expressed the miraculous power of Christ to feed the multitudes, their bodies with material food, and their souls with the bread of life. They had no benches, nor tables, nor awnings at that luncheon; they all sat down upon the grass. And it is possible that there were more persons partaking than at the Hog Island event. This is what is said of the numbers: "*And they that had eaten were about five thousand men, besides women and children.* (*Matt. 14 : 21.*)

Unity of Motherhood

A MESSAGE of singular beauty is that contained in a recent letter from Madame M. Barbar of France to the mothers of America, addressed to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. This is the letter: "It is from the mothers and women of France that I send you these words to prove our gratitude for the comforting and brotherly support that these young Americans bring us with such noble enthusiasm, who are not afraid of leaving their families, their country, and their hopes to come to our rescue. Alas! I myself have given my beloved son to my unhappy and cruelly tried country, and I can understand the pain of those who see their sons go so far, so very far away. Tell them, those mothers, those women with the sublime hearts, how near we are to them in thought and how moved we are at their sacrifice. They are our sisters through suffering and agonizing worries, and we are brought together through the same sorrow. That we will never forget." The letter of this loyal Frenchwoman meets a warm response in the hearts of the loyal mothers of America who are bearing the heaviest of the burdens of sacrifice and suffering and are bearing it with pride. They are leaning on the strong arm of God and on the bosom of the loving Christ for divine consolation, and so do the mothers in other nations smitten with the same sorrow. The motherhood of the world knows what the fellowship of suffering and of consolation is. The thought is thus expressed: "*And our hope of you is steadfast, knowing, that as ye are partakers of the sufferings, so shall ye be also of the consolation.*" (*II Cor. 1 : 7.*)

Hottest Day on Record

THE hottest day on record in New York City was August 7, when the thermometer registered 102 in the shade. This was two degrees higher than the previous high mark, which was made on September 7, 1881. There were seventy-six sunstrokes, causing a number of deaths. The city parks were thrown open all night, and hundreds of thousands, especially from the poor tenement districts, tried to get some sleep, and all those who could went down to some of the beaches to get some of the ocean breeze to keep them alive. Within a year's time New York has experienced the smashing of the record for cold (December 30, with the mercury at 13 degrees below zero, seven degrees colder than ever known before), and now the record for heat at 102. The heat wave was general. The temperature at Toledo, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington and Richmond reached 106 degrees. In Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri it was nearly as hot. The blistering heat injured the corn crop in a number of sections. Refuge from the deadly heat of a summer in Palestine is thus used as a symbol of Christ: "*And a man shall be as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.*" (*Isa.32:2.*)

Ratifies Prohibition

ON August 8 Louisiana, by a vote in the House of 69 to 51, ratified the Federal Prohibition Amendment, which had passed the Senate earlier in the week. When the states began to vote on the ratification of Prohibition there were six wet Southern states; four of those six states that have ratified are Maryland, Kentucky, Texas and Louisiana, the wettest of all, leaving only two in the wet column in the South, Missouri and Florida. When the voting on ratification began twenty-six states had adopted State Prohibition, and only ten more states were necessary to carry the amendment. Since then four wet states in the South, and Massachusetts and Delaware of the wet states of the North, have ratified, leaving only four more wet states from both North and South to secure the thirty-six, or two-thirds, necessary. The liquor men did not think it possible that Massachusetts with its Boston would ever ratify Prohibition, but it did it firmly and quietly. They said that Baltimore with its dominant liquor interests would never allow Maryland to ratify National Prohibition, but despite Baltimore, Maryland did ratify. They said the whisky interests in Louisville would never let Kentucky ratify, but they could not prevent it. They said New Orleans would prevent Louisiana from ratifying the Constitutional Amendment, but it did not. The liquor men can certainly see no hope in these cold, hard facts, which spell National Prohibition. Rapidly the nation is acknowledging this fact: "*Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.*" (*Prov. 20 : 1.*)

King of the Shillibers

Continued from page 982

der, with the furtive vigilance of his kind, he had seen the nurse approaching. He went about his regular duties.

"The orderly is a friend o' mine," Beldren told the nurse. "We're goin' t' be close at hand, an' if anything goes wrong, tell him; he'll find us."

Together Jim and Mona went out into the early, garish dusk of the metropolitan fringe, jarred by the dins of traffic, pricked out with electrics and gas lights, split by the shrilling of the newsboys, even away up there in the quieter Riverside section.

"Jim," said Mona, as they came to the corner, where on a vacant stretch of lots a huge roughly-boarded structure, whited over, sprawled out, tent-like, and before which a crowd already was gathered, "what's a shilliber?"

"A guy what coaxes the come-ons into a concession at Coney. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Do they have them at circuses?"

"I never was in a circus but in Madison Square Garden, and there was no shills there. They might use 'em out in th' rube towns, where they show under tents, say towns like Philly and Chi. Why?"

"Oh, I—I don't know. Don't ask me any questions. I've got enough to bother me now."

DISCREET male that he was, Beldren forebore to press deeper the lance of curiosity. They paused at the edge of the crowd before the entrance to the tabernacle.

"This is th' place th' orderly said fer us t' wait. This is where Dundee has his show," said Jim. "I seen him shut out the Giants onct—when I was a newsy. I wonder what his graft is in this business?"

A man came out, gasoline-blow torch in hand, from a small tent that was backed up against a straggling warehouse across the street. He lighted a flare before that tent, wheeled and went down the line of others, leaving a trail of flickering yellow lights after him. With the quick wit of the children of the long paves, vendors of all sorts of wares had set up their small, evanescent businesses to flank the fringes of the monster throngs that came nightly to hear the world-famed baseball evangelist. They began to take their stands in their pulpit-like boxes, offering books of hymns, books of sermons, "hot dogs," popcorn, souvenirs. The hit and miss illumination brought out from the shades of an angle of the White Tabernacle a life-size black and white picture of Dundee, which depicted the evangelist in one of his best attitudes, hand overhead, beckoning, pleading.

Beldren glanced about. Clearly the hospital orderly had given him good advice, after its kind. There was no place for them to go "up here in th' fringes," as Jim put it to Mona, that is, no place such as they were accustomed to pass away idle time in.

"There's vacant lots an' horspittles an' rocks an' goats an' highbrow schools and Grant's Tomb an' high-toned flats off below a bit, but no *real* place."

No, indeed! No place with upstairs rooms for the comfort of waiting people, such as Beldren could have found down below where he and the gang had their habitat—no place where, over an alluring glass of beer, two could make the full moments pass.

THE door of the White Tabernacle opened. The crowd began to surge in. The men in the gasoline-lit booths called their wares.

"Almost like a scene at home when the circus came to town," Mona heard a fat matron murmur to her slim husband at their side going in.

Inside the smell of the sawdust underfoot came up to them, fresh and sweet. As the many, many feet crushed it, the pine particles gave forth their dying aroma, protesting thus against man's devices for defilement. Clumping over benches, newly arrived ushers found their places. Off down in front all was dark; only here and there, closer at hand, an electric bulb glowed to punctuate the darkness, giving light enough to seat the early comers by. Later the great clusters of bulbs would flood the place with white rays.

Mona La Rue and Jim Beldren sat down, on a top tier of seats, just inside the door by which they had entered. It was warm there inside, and a good place to wait for the call, they agreed.

The early crowd went forward, under the usher's urgings. So the two found themselves alone back there, except that the trampling legions filing in passed them several seats away in the main aisle.

"Mona," Jim said, as the girl leaned wearily against him, "I guess it pleased her when I give yo' my fist, eh?"

"Yes, Jim. I could see mother's eyes light up then."

"An' she said t' marry yer young man?"

"Yes, Jim." Leaning closer to him still.

"I've a'most made up my mind t' do it. You're about th' finest little Jane I've seen——"

"Don't, Jim, not now——"

"Yo' been square wit' me, girlie; even give me coin w'en I wuz sick last fall. I ought t' marry yo' an' quit battin' aroun' wit' th' gang."

Her shoulders drooped, tiredly. She nestled still closer to him.

"Yes, Jim; it would be better—for us both—if you could."

His hand stole over to pat hers.

"I wonder w'at th' gang'd say——" He grinned, paused. "At me marryin' an' quittin' ever'thing? Well, anyway, we've made your mother happy, an' that's somet'in' to t'ink about. I never made mine happy, because I never knew who she wuz——But let's not get too wozzy over this. Let's get your mother's case off th' docket first; then we'll see."

"That's the best way, Jim."

"I promised her because—well, because it don't do no hurt to make a dyin' woman smile, and it didn't do no hurt—a little fib, eh?

"No, I understand—and thank you, Jim."

"I'll see yo' t'ru it, Mona, honest, some way."

With knitted brows Beldren, as the crowd surged in, studied this new problem that he had to confront—studied it with what few shreds of real manhood he had left in him to stiffen him to meet it, man fashion. She had said it would be "better for us both" to be married.

"Better for us both, eh?" Well, that had to be considered. Meanwhile it was tiresome in there, waiting so, and the craving for a drink, for a cigarette, became great. But Beldren had in him the strain of loyalty that the city's gang life creates—the loyalty that makes the children of the paves keep their words, pledged to their fellows in dire trouble. And so he remained, fidgety, but immobile.

Like the King of the Shillibers, Lightweight Jimmy had but one talent in his handful of the counterfeit coin of life, and that one talent was his loyalty—personal devotion—to his friends. With that to brace up his wavering backbone, he found it even possible to smile at himself, as he sat there. He, the leader of the district gang, about to hear Billy Dundee's spiel, while he waited to go with a girl to a hospital later on an errand of mercy! He could see the ironies of the situation in his own odd way.

From behind the boardings far up front the notes of a trombone, the player practicing a hymn tune, came floating out and up to the couple.

"Some guy's tryin' his lip on th' slip-horn," Jim said, by way of information and also to break up his queer train of thought, "an' he sure knows how to make 'er slip, too, Mona."

She nodded. The pulsing notes of the horn were repeating over and over, the phrase: "Come and I will give you rest to your souls."

It was a line from a hymn her mother had sung away back beyond the years when they lived in the country——

If Beldren had glanced at Mona then he would have seen that her eyes were misty. But he did not look. Over and over again he was saying to himself;

"Better fer both o' us, eh? Well, maybe. But what'd th' gang say?"

To be continued next week

Young People's Topics for September 8

Training Conscience and Trained by Conscience

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topic. Prov. 20 : 27; Ps. 51 : 1-13 (It is suggested that this meeting be led by the pastor)

HOW often we hear people answer, when taken to task for some unwise participation in worldly pleasure, or some treading on the verge of dangerous excess, "My conscience didn't condemn me, and I don't think it was wrong." Of course not. Conscience is a creature of education, and that particular conscience needed training. Conscience is a monitor within us, which warns us away from paths we have been told to avoid, and which suggests to us paths we have been told are well chosen. Somewhere within the treasure house of our mind there is a chamber which holds all the good we have been taught. When we start to live contrary to that good, the memory wakens and conscience speaks. When we face a difficult choice, where good and evil are strangely obscured, conscience points to the good, in so far as we have been taught that which is good. Conscience is not a supernatural force within us; it is but the voice of our better self. The better trained our better self is, the safer will be the leading of our conscience. We owe the foundation of our conscience to our parents, our Sunday school, and day school teachers and our playmates; we owe the development of it pretty much to ourselves. By seeking to do well always, we train our conscience to impel us toward well doing. By seeking to find a justification for the doing of everything we desire to do, regardless of its possible tendencies toward harm, we train our conscience to keep silence or to mislead. We can make our conscience a power for good living and for successful living, or we can make it an excuse for minor transgressions that will lead to greater sins and perhaps to ultimate failure in spirit and in life. Conscience is at best only a guidepost. It is safe to follow it only when it points in the same direction as the one certain guidepost, the inspired Word of God. When the Bible and our conscience agree we are all right; when they differ the conscience has been poorly trained.

Weak Places in Our League to Be Strengthened

Epworth League Topic. I Chron. 28 : 1-10

WHEN a general is given a position to defend, he searches out the weak places and places his best men there. When a man starts to achieve success, he searches his life and heart for the weak places and sets himself to make them strong. A League can not grow and render God good service unless it does likewise. The leader of this meeting can do his League a great service if he is big enough to point out fearlessly the weak places, without taking advantage of his temporary leadership to wreak petty vengeance on those who have disagreed with him as to men and methods. One of the weak places in nearly every League is the presence among the membership of those who will only work well when the work is done their way. There never yet was a person wise enough to dominate an organization. Another weak spot, frequently found, is the presence of those who are constantly critical, who speak with supercilious lips of everything attempted, who do their part as if they were bored, and who never have a sensible suggestion that leads to any accomplishment worth while. Another weak spot is the man or woman who is so full of enthusiasm and energy that he wants to do everything himself. Woe to the League that elects him president! It will die of lack of general exercise. Another weak spot is the good-natured person who permits all sorts of jobs nobody else wants to be shoved off on him. A "Handy Andy" is said to be necessary to every well-organized society, but woe to the society which overloads the jack of all trades; such action means shirking on the part of others, and a society of shirks never conquered any neighborhood for the Kingdom. Another weak spot—a pretty general weak spot—is failure on the part of members to realize their duty and the privilege represented in the obligation to take part in the religious meetings of the League. The member who warns you not to call on her to lead in prayer, or on him to testify, or on either of them to lead the devotional meeting, these are the kind of recruits that an army captain discharges for cowardice, or puts on kitchen police. We all have our points of excellence and we should serve where we can serve best; but we must be ready to answer any call. Unless we are so ready, we are a weak spot that needs to be strengthened. The best remedy for weak spots is a liberal application of the Spirit of God.

Japanese Inspect Our Sunday Schools

RECENTLY twelve Japanese school principals visited America. These schoolmasters received a special welcome by educational and civic organizations. They expressed the impression that America, while busy commercially and in war preparations, was equally busy in social service. In Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Pittsburg they had opportunity for a study of representative Sunday schools, so that they could observe at close range the relationship between the public school and the Sunday school in the development of a rounded character.

In Brooklyn the party visited the Bushwick Avenue Central M. E. Sunday school and sang the Japanese national anthem. They were interested in the graded work, and the adaptation of program to varying ages.

In Philadelphia they visited business, educational and historical institutions through the cooperation of Hon. John Wanamaker, vice-president of the World's Association, the Chamber of Commerce, and Dr. Garber, superintendent of the public schools. In Pittsburg they were entertained by the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Education and a Committee of which Chancellor McCormick of Pittsburg University was chairman. The visitation of Japan and America by groups of educational and business leaders is exercising a profound influence in promoting cordial relations and a better understanding of ideals and problems.

Conquering Evil

International Sunday School Lesson for September 8
I Kings 21 : 1-29 and Eph. 5 : 6-21 and 6 : 11-20

The Call to Conquest

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D

JUST as in the international realm there can be no concord between the predatory self-seeking empire and the fraternal and idealistic republic, so too it is in all moral relationships. As the apostle Paul put it in writing to the confused Corinthians, "What fellowship have righteousness and iniquity? or what communion hath light with darkness?" There is an eternal distinction between right and wrong and an age-long conflict between good and evil. No peace is possible, no truce can be granted, in this warfare. Human welfare demands an aggressive Church and a religion which is able to triumph over all the visible and invisible enemies of the commonwealth of God.

The Root of Evil in Selfishness

Jesus' great challenge is to the individual, to deny himself and to crucify his selfishness. There is no case of selfishness more obvious nor more perilous than covetousness. "The love of money is a root of all kinds of evil." "Take heed and beware of covetousness," was the warning of the Master to two brothers who were letting self-seeking kill brotherliness. Again and again he showed the peril which results from the seeds of desire in the heart.

Now, today's lesson is an ancient illustration of aggressive evil challenged by a loyal servant of God and lover of humanity. It is the old story of Naboth's vineyard which King Ahab coveted for a portion of his already extensive palace grounds. The King grieved like a peevish child over Naboth's refusal to sell. The unscrupulous queen found a congenial task in securing the land by trickery and murder. What an old story indeed of the disregard of the rights of the common people by the royal tyrants of the past! It has been matched times without number in the greed of the employers of labor and of the powerful rich in all ages, including the present. Read Micah, especially in the second chapter concerning those who "covet fields and houses, and oppress a man and his heritage." And covetousness leads to murder! In modern industry, it is just as much murder when labor is exploited by capital, when babies are killed by bad milk, or young women ruined in health or morals by the conditions under which they toil that others may have houses and wealth and power. Woe to that man by whom such offenses come!

To such as Ahab, a prophet of God is an enemy! When the man of religion speaks, the profiteer feels that he has been "found out." How completely those prophets were involved in the welfare of their people in all the common emergencies of civic and industrial life! Have their modern successors been equally alert to rebuke entrenched covetousness in high places? Will they allow the poor to suffer in our idealistic day? The answer is found in the Home and Foreign Mission Study books of our churches for the coming year. While we are all enlisted to make the world safe for democracy, the churches are going to study the places where democracy has not yet had its chance even in our own land, and the topics have to do with the workers of the world and the problems of wealth and poverty.

Making Enemies

We cannot conquer evil without fighting it. But evil manifests itself socially in individuals, in institutions and in customs. Therefore it is often absolutely inevitable that we should make enemies. The anti-slavery men of seventy-five years ago made enemies. So have the anti-saloon men today. Any man in any age who has contended on behalf of the abused poor, has incurred the wrath of the rich and great. Jesus said, "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you!" This was said to the chosen Christian leaders in the Holy War against selfishness and sin! They were not to be men-pleasers. They were to hew to the line and let the chips fall where they may. They were to speak out against idolatry, lust, greed and the clutch for power over the lives of others. "Thou art the man" is sometimes the best method, as when Nathan faced David, or Elijah Ahab. Besides, it is impossible for a reformer, or a reforming church, to avoid incurring the antagonism of those who profit by the existing iniquity. So the Christian Church must have enemies, ought to have enemies. The sooner we realize it the better.

It is interesting to notice that our lesson deals with an incident closely related to the civic and political problems of the Hebrews. The land question was involved and the rights of the commonalty against the nobility were involved. The elected elders of the city cooperated in the murder and robbery planned by Jezebel. The "nobles" showed themselves as ignoble as they so frequently have in history. How painfully present are these difficulties today. Men who have been entrusted with political power for the protection of their fellow-citizens play the traitor right here in America. Men whose standing in the church is unquestioned are found on the wrong side in the struggle with the child-labor exploiters or the saloon interests. The most cruel injustices can be perpetrated under color of law, as was the case with Jezebel's plot.

Christian leaders can no more keep out of these affairs than could Elijah stick to "preaching" while the children of God were wronged. Sometimes they stand alone as Elijah did. But in these brighter days they find themselves allied with thousands who believe in righteousness in all human relationships.

Automobile Exports Largest in History

MORE passenger automobiles were exported from the United States during 1917 than in any previous year. There were exported during the twelve months ended December 31 last, 65,792 passenger cars, valued at $51,982,966, wholesale, an increase of 48 per cent. over 1915 and nearly 19 per cent. over 1916. These figures are significant when it is remembered that imports of automobiles have been prohibited during the past year in England, France, Italy and India, that Germany, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey have dropped from our trading list, and that shipments have been almost impossible to European Russia. Exports of passenger automobiles to the United Kingdom decreased from 14,787, valued at $11,483,675, in 1915, to only 1,349, valued at $1,978,948, in 1917; but the exports to Chile increased from 497, worth $318,913, to 3,937, worth $3,481,061, or elevenfold, in the same period. During the same two years exports to Russia dropped from $5,762,019 to $1,761,388, while passenger car exports to Canada increased from $4,304,718 to $12,401,705. The high tide of sales of army trucks to our Allies was reached in 1915, when 22,094, worth $59,839,303, were shipped. Last year the United Kingdom, France and Russia bought 11,136 trucks, valued at $31,495,087, while all other foreign countries took only 3,211, worth $4,869,686. More than $3,300,000 worth of motor vehicles were exported last year to Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico. The exports of passenger automobiles and motor trucks exceeded in value by 50 per cent. last year's exports of railway locomotives and passenger and freight cars, or of all electrical locomotives, machinery and appliances. They were eleven times as great as the combined exports of carriages, wagons, bicycles, motorcycles, airplanes, traction engines and caterpillar tractors, and nearly three times as great as exports of all agricultural machinery.

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Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. These germs also cause other serious internal infections.

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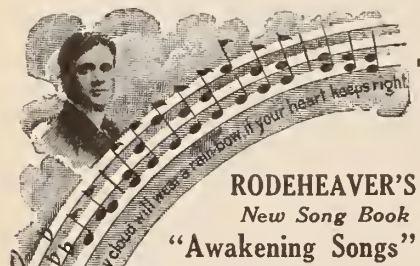

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Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

GREETINGS to you, Christian Herald friends: greetings from the woodsy hillside where I am writing you this comradely message! I am off on my vacation this week, and that explains why my ears are now full of the music of rustling trees and singing birds instead of the roar of a city's traffic. Oh, how I wish I might have all of you (my neighbors) here with me! If only I had a Magic Carpet, I would transport you; and we would hold—here under the blue sky, with birds calling to us and little gray squirrels laughing at us—our most joyous meeting of the year.

Since this is impossible, can you not *picture* yourselves here? Can you not see this vivid green hillside, carpeted with ferns and wild flowers? Can you not feel the hush and peace of the woods, and breathe in the odors of a hundred forest scents? Can you not see, far below, through the trees, the broad, blue sweep of the Hudson River; and make out, off to the north, the roof-tops of a little village? You can conjure up all this? You can join me on my hillside?

THAT little village, dear Neighbors, whose roofs twinkle so pleasantly through the trees, is an old friend of mine. And a very badly behaved friend too, until recently: the kind of friend for whom one was always apologizing. For until lately it rejoiced in the record of having more saloons than any village of its size in this part of the country. In all, there were some forty saloons here. Every street bristled with them. They were at almost all the corners. And they were the best patronized saloons I have ever seen: many of their patrons being soldiers from a big army post near by. The condition of affairs was lamentable, for the village was a quaint, picturesque, charming one, otherwise. (All this, of course, was "Before the War.")

Well, what has happened is as amazing and thrilling as so many other war changes. I find my bad little village "gone dry." Not a drop of liquor is to be had in it, not a tipsy man to be seen. The little place has been "brought up standing." And what a transformation!

I strolled homeward from it yesterday—I am spending my vacation on the hill above it—with a light heart and a feeling of great thankfulness. All day the wonder and joy were with me, and in the evening, as I sat out under the stars marveling at the glory of the night heavens, I felt that truly "God works in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." For out of this war—this black night in which we seem to be enveloped—is coming a dawn too marvelous almost for us to grasp now.

It will be the dawn of a better and nobler era: of higher ideals; of greater temperance. This old world of ours is going to be a better world; and we are going to be a better people. We are working out this destiny now, all of us: our boys in France, and we anxious, earnest stay-at-homes. There is not an idealist among us—not even the littlest child but is doing some little "bit" to make life better.

And it seems to me that, of all the ideals being battled for here at home, none is quite so vital as nation-wide Prohibition; and that no War drama could be more thrilling than the transformation of thousands of American villages from intemperate to temperate towns.

In the meantime, here are some true-life accounts of ways in which other towns have wrestled with this world-old problem.

Fighting the Saloons

When I moved to the town of G——, in Montana, there was no W. C. T. U. or any organized force to fight the liquor traffic. So, although there were five churches, there were saloons on all sides of them.

I had been a fighter in the ranks in my Eastern home, and I could not think of "taking it easy" while conditions remained as they were. My first move was to write the National Corresponding Secretary of the W. C. T. U., to ask if there were any W. C. T. U. organizations in the state. I soon found that there were, got into correspondence with them, and laid the matter before them. Then I went among my neighbors and talked temperance, securing some subscribers to the Union Signal, in order to get people interested and stirred up.

The result was that a national organizer was sent, held some meetings, and organized a Union, which, though small, was a beginning that grew like the "handful of corn on the mountain top," until finally great results were achieved.

There was a time when the outcome seemed very doubtful; when many were on the verge of giving up. But some of us, who were firm believers in answered prayer, went to the Master with the cry: "Lord, we are helpless; but thou seest just the condition of things. Help, or we perish."

Very soon a new spirit was apparent at the meeting, and a W. C. T. U. visitor from the East, who came along just in time, infused us with fresh courage. So we started on again. Three years later, that little band had grown until most of the women in town were members, and our Union was able to entertain the State Convention of the W. C. T. U. *We were a very powerful influence in helping vote out the saloon from the state.* And this year of 1918—which will see the state-wide prohibition law go into effect—there will be no happier band of women in the state than those devoted women of the town of G——.

MRS. I. Mc F——.

Isn't that a thrilling story of ideals battled for? I want more such stories, so that we may all know just how other communities feel about driving the saloon out, and just what steps they are taking toward bringing this about.

HERE is an account from an Eastern state: again the story of one woman's struggle, but different as to methods.

Winning a Community to Temperance

An ardent temperance woman went to live in a community which lacked two vital elements. There was no social life for the young people; and there was no interest in the Temperance question. Her own boys and girls longed for companionship; and she concluded that many other young folks round about were equally lonesome. But, being a wise woman, she did not betray her knowledge of the situation or announce that she would provide a remedy. Instead, she went into secret council with a sympathetic member of the little W. C. T. U., and together they evolved a plan which is bearing fruit in many lives today.

She lived in a large, old-fashioned farmhouse well adapted for social gatherings; and her daughter, just home from boarding-school, became the right hand of the plotters. Notes of personal invitation were sent to all in the neighborhood (chigibles and non-eligibles) for a parlor social. No one knew what to expect, but the house was crowded. Outside talent gave a short program of readings, etc., bearing on Temperance, and the remainder of the evening was spent in games, music and conversation. There were no wallflowers; every one was made to enjoy something. And, of course, refreshments were served by the hostess.

These socials were kept up, and were the central feature of the life of that community for years; *with the result that numbers of young people signed pledge cards, and temperance sentiment was so strongly developed that two saloons were wiped out by petition and the standard of a third was raised.* Young people thus had the jolliest of times, too, under the proper auspices; and the whole tone of the neighborhood was improved. HELEN S. P.

I do not think a better method of winning a community over to the idea of Temperance could be devised than the one just given; because this plan also includes a good time in its program. Have you ever tried anything of the sort in your town?

OUR last adventure is also a practical one, although altogether unlike those we have just heard:

A Petition for Prohibition

First, I should like to say how interested I am in the Adventures in Neighboring department. It has been a great help to me, and I know it has to others. I have not had a part in many adventures worth telling about, perhaps, but here is one that may help some town interested in fighting the saloons.

Last year our W. C. T. U. visited the polls on election day and gave out literature. Besides, the ladies made a house-to-house canvass in an effort to get the women to sign a petition for prohibition. This was a very exhausting undertaking. But it was splendidly successful. Nearly every woman signed, and the petition was presented to Congress.

MARY E. BROWN.

This letter-writer lives in Massachusetts. If any Neighbor would like further details about the plan followed in her town last year, I shall be glad to forward to her any letter of inquiry sent her in my care.

Before proceeding to the Forum, fellow-Adventurers, I want to thank all of you for the beautiful and stimulating letters that pour in on my desk every day. I know most of you now, and you have as warm a spot in my heart as if I had known you for many years. If there is ever a question in your mind in regard to anything that appears in these columns, do not hesitate to write me about it. I should now and then be only too glad to receive from you suggestions as to what phases of community life you are most interested in and would best like to hear about. And if there is any topic of the day you would like discussed in our Forum, let me know and I will present the subject there. These columns are your clubroom. Don't forget that!

AND now, dear distant Neighbors of mine, I must bid you Godspeed for another fortnight. I have postponed the final date of our Good News Day contest to October first, in response to requests from communities that have not had time to arrange for their Good News Day. So there is still time for every one to compete. Meantime, may this week's Forum open up to all of us endless opportunities for "loving our neighbor as ourselves."

The Neighbors' Forum

Every week I read my Christian Herald through from cover to cover; and how I wish I did know some of my Christian Herald neighbors! I am a shut-in; and I have some very lonely days. C. G.

To any one who will send me a stamped self-addressed envelope, I will send directions for a "Nut Party" that is unique and enjoyable, also for a Floral Charade and a Conundrum Social. NEIGHBOR FROM MONTANA.

It would add greatly to the zest of a "Community Sing" if the singers could be divided into two bands and could get up contests, a prize being offered. WILLIAM A. SHINN.

Let us not forget the "old folks" in our neighboring. They are often lonely, and appreciate a bit of cheer. GRACE A. MANCHESTER.

DEAR MISS CONNOLLY: Being much in sympathy with the good you are doing through your neighborhood work, and very especially that branch referring to our soldier lads, I wish to offer a suggestion. If every reader of the Christian Herald who is already in correspondence with a soldier or sailor would, in the next letter to him, ask for the name and address of some neglected, homesick comrade—perhaps his next neighbor in billet, or trench, or marine hammock—and send this name to you, could there not soon be an endless chain of Good Cheer, helped along by the boys themselves? I will start the ball rolling.

A NEIGHBOR.

We are two old ladies, my sister-in-law and I, and are both of us homesick to be called to Heaven. We are very lonely. She is lonelier than I, and a few lines to her would do her so much good, and brighten her life. Her name is Miss Maggie Zimmerman, and her address is enclosed. M. E. Z.

[DEAR NEIGHBORS: Any letters or cheer messages sent to this dear old neighbor, in my care, will be promptly forwarded to her.]

The Song of the Needles

KNIT, knit, knit!
Sweater, and helmet, and sock;
The click of those needles means more to the world
Than the regular tick of the clock.
Those needles are beating the beats of the hearts
Of the noblest women of earth,
As they click off the time when all shall be free
And Democracy have its full birth.

ALEXANDER BLACKBURN.

Cambridge, Mass.

The Trees in the Meadow

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IT was a weary-looking stretch of meadow land, a sun-baked area of brownish yellow grass that lay out along the drab side of a hill. And because I was tired, after a long, hot walk, it looked very dreary to me.

"I never," I remarked more or less plaintively to myself, "saw such an unhappy-looking bit of ground. There isn't a tree in sight—I don't suppose that a real tree would even consider growing on this meadow!—or a flower, or a shrub. The sun is so burning and fierce here that it's just simply discouraged them!"

The sun *was* burning and fierce. It beat down upon my uncovered head as I crossed the meadow land—beat down with a merciless heat. And I walked with my shoulders bent and my head drooping from the glare of it.

Perhaps it was because I walked with my head bent that I did not see the little clump of baby trees until I almost stumbled over them. Some species of pine, they were, with hardy green branches that reached up challengingly to the warm sky. They looked cool, and healthy, and *sure of themselves.* And as I stood in front of them, gazing down—for they were very little trees—I found myself marveling at their courage, found myself thinking of them as real human beings who were bravely meeting adverse circumstances. It almost seemed as if the little trees were speaking to me, as if they were saying:

"The heat of the sun can't kill us! We *will* grow to be big trees—we *will* be strong and healthy, we *will* look up into the sky and laugh! Just because we happened to come to life in a great dry meadow we won't be discouraged! *Nothing can beat us!*"

THERE, in the midst of that weary stretch of burnt-out meadow land, a little clump of baby pine trees gave me a message. And I walked away from them, away across the yellow-brownish grass, with a brand new point of view—walked away strengthened and encouraged. But it wasn't until a week later, when I was back in the city, lunching with a little friend of mine, that I realized why the message had been given to me.

She was tired and discouraged, my little friend. Her work had been going badly, and she wasn't well, and her personal affairs were running in a way that was very far from smooth. And she had asked me to go to luncheon with her so that she could tell me her troubles—for, when one is troubled, it often helps to tell a bystander one's difficulties.

"The city," said my little friend hopelessly "has crushed me. I've been fighting against the heartlessness, the commercialism, of it for a long time. But, somehow, just now I haven't the strength to go on fighting—I don't want to have the strength. My work! There are many others who are doing better work then mine will ever be! I'm not pretty enough to look into a mirror and feel confident—for being pretty does give one confidence! I'm not well, and yet life's going on, every day, in the same whirl—a whirl that I can't keep up with.

"When I first came to town I used to glory in the struggle. I used to say, of every small success, 'City, I've scored against you!' But now, now I can't! The heart seems to have been burned out of me, and I'm tired. The city has beaten me!"

One who had never been thrown up against the city to earn a living from it could not have understood my little friend. But I had met the city and struggled with it quite as she had. And though I had rather gloried in the struggle, I, too, had known my moments of black worry—my moments when everything seemed useless—when all of life appeared to be nothing but an endless small circle revolving around a dollar mark. And I could understand the crushed feeling that was like a great hand reaching out to deaden the spirit. And I knew that I must say something to help—something that would make my little friend take hold of the threads of her life and begin to weave it into pattern in the brave way that she had always done.

CURIOUSLY enough, at that moment, I didn't find myself wanting to talk about the problems of the city—and its weight. Curiously enough I found myself seeing a sunburned stretch of meadow land with a clump of green little baby pine trees shooting up out of the parched ground. And suddenly I found myself putting the picture into words—telling about the heat, and the blasting rays of the sun, and the rocky soil. And strangely to my own ears came the sound of my voice telling what the trees, if they had been able to speak, would have said to me.

"*The heat can't kill us.*" I repeated to my little friend, "*We will grow to be big trees; we will be strong and healthy; we will look up into the sky and laugh! Just because we happened to come to life in a great dry meadow we won't be discouraged! Nothing can beat us!*"

We were silent, for a moment, after I had told the story of the little trees, and then I spoke again. Suddenly I felt apologetic. "I suppose that you think I'm being particularly silly," I said, "to tell you anything so—so irrelevant. But somehow the little brave green things, growing there, made rather a deep impression on me. And I can't help feeling that we, all of us, are like trees and flowers and grass, planted in meadows, or garden spots, or in the deep cool woods. And our problems aren't so unlike their problems. Sometimes transplanting kills the hope in us, sometimes circumstances crush our ambition, sometimes environment takes away the faith and joy that should be ours. But sometimes we're like the little trees that grow in a great drab sun-baked meadow, and we grow bravely—looking up into the face of fate and speaking with cheerful defiance. And we say '*Nothing can beat us!*' And nothing can!"

My little friend was looking at me with a light in her eyes—a brave light, the light of renewed struggle. And suddenly I realized that God, through a clump of his green growing trees, had given me a message to pass on to her in her hour of need. And all at once I I was very sure that the world was a good world, and a fair one. And my hand stretched out across the table and my little friend's hand reached half way across to meet it. And she smiled and said softly,

"Nothing can!"

Nothing can crush us,
  Nothing can harm,
If we will always
  Whisper this charm:

"Just as a pine tree
  Grows from the sod,
So are we growing
  Upward to God!

Among the Workers

REV. JOHN FOX, D.D., LL.D., who has for nearly twenty years so conspicuously and faithfully served the interests of the American Bible Society, a large part of that time as Corresponding Secretary, owing to his health lately presented his resignation to the Board of Managers. The Board has accepted the resignation, and made a suitable and acceptable arrangement for a retiring allowance.

NEVER has there been such an intensive Gospel campaign from automobiles as that of the present season, under the joint auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and the Evangelistic Committee of New York City, and many other agencies working to the same end. The West Side Y. M. C. A. in its own section of the city has had an attendance thus far of 36,000 persons.

THE trustees of Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., have selected for president Professor James L. McConaughy, of Dartmouth College, to succeed Dr. Thomas McClelland. Dr. McConaughy is expected to arrive in Galesburg about September 1 and take up his duties at the opening of the school year.

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Except in Far West and South

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water. 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour). 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Muffins

¾ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

(1960)

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THE CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM

By REV. A. E. THOMPSON

Pastor of the American Church at Jerusalem (driven by the Turk from the Holy City at the outbreak of the World War). At present Field Secretary for the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief.

"The capture of Jerusalem is one of those events to which students of prophecy have been looking forward for many years. Even before Great Britain took possession of Egypt, there were keen-sighted seers who foresaw the day when God would use the Anglo-Saxon peoples to restore Jerusalem. When the war broke out, there were some of us who were convinced that it would never end until Turkish tyranny was forever a thing of the past in the Holy City. When the city was captured, we felt very confident we could put one hand upon this great event which had stirred the heart of the whole Christian world, and, laying open our Bible at many places in the Prophets, say as confidently as Peter on the day of Pentecost, 'This is that which was spoken by the prophets.'

"The capture of Jerusalem is more than a prophetic event—it is a pivot in prophecy. The Germans might enter Paris and we would weep; but, desperate as that event would be, it would only be an incident in the great panorama of the ages. The flags we love might be carried into Berlin, and how we would rejoice! But even that would only be an incident. The Hun might again sack Rome, but not one of us could with any assurance put our finger upon any text of Scripture and say it was so written. Constantinople might fall, and a babel of voices would be heard among our prophets. But when Jerusalem was captured, we all said with one consent, 'This is the climax of the ages.' We have entered a prophetic era. We are looking upon the things which Moses, and the prophets, and Christ Himself have foretold.

"The capture of Jerusalem is not the end, but the beginning. Now, if the hour of the passing of the Turk from Palestine has come, it means great things to the Promised Land. It marks the beginning of the end of the desolation. It means also the beginning of the end of the dispersion.

"Again the capture of Jerusalem indicates that we are at the beginning of the end of the declaration of the gospel. The capture of Jerusalem also meant the defeat of German design. And finally, the capture of Jerusalem marked the beginning of the end of all imperialism."

The above is an extract from Dr. Thompson's address at the Philadelphia Prophetic Conference. The complete address, together with all the other 18 addresses, is given in

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NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. Correspondents may use a nom de plume to identify the question, but all letters must contain name and address of the reader, in addition to the nom de plume. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

O. R., Pennsylvania. Just what does it mean to pray in faith? Are we to have faith that God can grant our request; that he *will*; that he *does*, as soon as our request is made; or are we to pray until by faith we may know that he hears and answers our prayer? I am referring, of course, to requests prompted by right motives.

This is a question frequently asked by earnest inquirers, who encounter it as a hard problem on the road of Christian experience. The real root of the matter is that we must take firm hold of God's promise, in which he says of the earnest seeker who comes before him with a contrite spirit and a sincere desire for divine guidance in all things: "Before they call I will answer." If a child can accept the promise of an earthly father without question, and nothing doubting, surely the child of God should accept the promise of our Heavenly Father to help us for the sake of his dear Son. A prayer offered in this spirit and with entire confidence that it will not only be heard but, if it conforms to our Father's will, that it will be answered, is a prayer in faith. To pray for wealth, fame, worldly success, or the indulgence of some passing desire would be a wholly selfish utterance, and not the outpouring of a heart that was seeking after the Kingdom. "Seek yo first the Kingdom," said Jesus, "and all things will be added unto you"—that is, all needful things for our life sojourn here. As the promise includes both spiritual and natural needs, it is in the widest sense comprehensive, and Jesus made this clear when he told his disciples that whatsoever they should ask in his name would be granted. Our prayers for restored health, for safety from impending danger, for relief in famine or other distress, are in line with the divine will, for they are the heart's hurry-call for heavenly aid from him who has promised all things needful to those who sorely need his aid, and his word stands that he "will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Faith begets faith; therefore pray for greater faith, and having prayed in Jesus' name, rest assured your petitions will be heard and that it will be answered perhaps in a way you did not anticipate. He who foresees all things knows your real need, and gives what is best for you, as you will discover later. There are prayers, to grant which would work us more sorrow than good. Pray, therefore, submitting your petitions to his will. One thing more: it is strengthening discipline and helps to increase our faith to give God the glory by acknowledging before the world the blessings of answered prayer. We know of many who love to do this, and who thus become the means of kindling faith in the hearts of others.

L. L. G., Northfield, Ohio. The matter is largely controversial. We do not believe it is our duty to sit in judgment upon others. The Jews are to be won to Christianity by kindness and consideration, rather than by antagonism. Many of the ablest men among them are today more disposed toward recognition of Jesus Christ than in any former age.

Mrs. W. D., Mississippi. 1. Yes, our foodships for supplying the Allies are guarded against attack while crossing the ocean. 2. We cannot undertake to explain the mystery of "table tipping." The Bible warns against having traffic with necromancers (See Lev. 19 : 31; Isa. 8 : 19).

Troubled Souls, Newark, Texas. Runaway marriages, under any circumstances, are dangerous experiments. Rarely do they turn out well. In the case you mention, much depends upon the marriage laws of the state. Consult a good lawyer. Both the parties may have been under age.

Writing from China, Mr. Philip Ritter gives this interesting note about the old temple of the "Sleeping Buddha" (Wofossu): "It is a beautiful nook, and now it is clothed in all the finery which follows a rainy spring. The old temple is the central building. It is occupied by the Buddhist priests, who put on yellow robes, pound several great bronze bells and sing a five-minute prayer twice a day. This apparently is the extent of their religion. They say that no one ever comes there to worship and they admit that they don't even understand the ancient language of the prayers they sing. Surrounding this temple of the Sleeping Buddha are outbuildings even more beautiful and quaint than the temple itself but instead of boating bells for the edification of a sleeping wooden idol with no worshipers there is character-building being promoted by servants of a living, wide-awake Christ in the interests of some 230 active, earnest students. This is the difference between Buddhism and Christianity. Some mission magazines tell of how Christianity is stimulating Buddhism and the other religions in China to more activity. But you needn't fear for this. Buddha sleeps on, undisturbed by the increasing number of Christians on his own temple grounds. This year about ninety per cent. of the boys attending our conference were already Christian. This is a big advance over other years and shows the results of the recent evangelization efforts. It is hoped to send them from the conference one hundred per cent. Christian."

Sarah, Vineland, N. J. No such passage as you quote appears in the Bible. It may, however, be in some of the apocryphal writings.

Mrs. M. F. J., Rockland, Wis. 1. The following states have adopted prohibition: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Washington, Virginia and West Virginia. 2. Women in Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, New York, Oregon, and Utah, have absolute equality at the polls; in Connecticut, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Vermont, and Wisconsin women have votes on questions of taxation, bonding or schools; in Illinois women have the ballot in Presidential elections and a limited suffrage on other questions.

Rev. G. T., Macon, Ga., writes: "I am using your Daily Meditation each morning with pleasure and profit. I admire both the diction and the profound truth underlying the comments. I have felt led, step by step, by our Heavenly Father to form the Ebenezer Prayer Watch, Matt. 18 : 19. Its purpose is to promote cooperation with others in prayer, going to God daily with definite requests, believing he will answer as he knows best. Also to send out helpful literature on prayer. My difficulty is to reach those who could get help and appreciate this service."

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Marion Harland's Corner

Cooks and Co-Partnerships

I AM enclosing with this an article clipped from a Woman's Magazine which has vexed me sorely. You see, the writer declares that the mistress of the house is responsible for the "waste and extravagance" which, you told us a while ago, are the "Germans' effective silent allies." She says in so many words that "it is our fault that servants are not economical. That we can teach them not to waste our materials and how to make the best of them. As I am worried to death over my inability or disinclination to do these things, may I ask you how to set about the job?

—PERPLEXED HOUSEWIFE. (*Cincinnati, O.*)

Thousands of other conscientious women are tormenting themselves over the same problem. It is so serious at this juncture of our nation's fortunes, and so much depends on the action of the individual housewife, that, with the permission of members of what I long to make a genuine Comfort Corner, I am going to fill our space today with a true story of an experiment made by myself thirty-odd years ago, and which I have kept in practice for most of my housewifely life since then.

My cook at that time was Maggie Daly. She was thirty-five years of age, raw-boned and hard-featured, healthy, industrious, and willing, a good cook and laundress, being assisted in the latter capacity by the chambermaid.

But in every department of labor she had what she would have called "a free hand." One illustration of this brought about the change in household economics of which I shall speak.

I was in the kitchen one morning while she was washing the breakfast china, glass and silver. She did it deftly, as I had taught her to practice the fine art of dishwashing. As she drew the last plate from the steaming suds I caught a glimpse of a cake of soap bobbing in the bottom of the pan, and pointed to it.

"You have left your soap longer in the water than was necessary, Maggie."

Her mop dived for it on the instant and brought it up—half dissolved and shapeless.

"Sure and it's meself what clane forgot to take it out! You see, I souse the things in the hot suds as soon as they are out of the renchin' wather, and it's often I forget to fish out the soap—more's the shame to me!"

I LEFT her looking regretfully at the slippery mass in her hand and betook myself up-stairs where I could formulate a notion that had popped into my brain at sight of the wasted soap. I had thought out my plan before I summoned her that evening to a conference in my sitting-room. Maggie had often talked over ways and means with me in this audience-chamber, but she was evidently startled by the preamble of this talk. I began by reminding her of the "hard winter" through which we were passing, and the increased cost of living. I knew her well enough, I went on to say, to be sure that she would be willing to help me in keeping down expenses, etc. Next, I explained what was meant by a business partnership, and how I wished her to form one with me. As she knew, I was punctilious in paying household bills weekly, demanding that tradespeople should send them in on Monday in order that I might settle them on Tuesday. I kept my household accounts carefully and knew what our expenses were. I purposed to bring these down so far as I could without discomfort to my family. I named the sum I could afford to devote to current expenses. Why not make a "firm" of us two and join our forces in the attempt to save a little here and a little there, and at the end of the week divide the profits?

"For instance," I said, "you can make a cake of soap last half as long again in the laundry and in the kitchen if you will always recollect to take it out of the water as soon as you have a good suds. And by beating eggs longer, and mixing cakes and muffins quickly, you can make two eggs do the work of three. By saving every drop of dripping, and when you have enough, "trying it out," and straining it, you can often use it for frying and shortening, and save lard and butter. All these and dozens of other ways which you can study out will cut down expenses. We will settle everything every week and divide what we have saved. It may be but a few cents sometimes. But whenever we have spent less than what I set aside for the weekly outlay, it will be paid over to us partners—you taking half and I half."

I WISH I could describe the changes that chased one another over the girl's face as the purport of the extraordinary proposal dawned upon her. As I finished, astonishment, incredulity and amusement were merged in the broad smile upturned to me. She was not grasping by nature, and the idea of taking a dishonest advantage of any one—even of an employer—would have shocked her upright soul. But like many others of her class (and as many in higher circles) the thought of being, as she would have put it, "on the make" was honey-sweet to her soul. Before the conference was over, she had suggested several expedients by which the sums now expended might be cut down. I stipulated, firmly, for one thing—our family fare must continue wholesome and palatable and abundant in quantity. There would be no pinching or stinting.

"Thrue for you, mem!" she assented—"but I'm thinkin' how there's oftentimes muffins and biscuits and Sally Lunn and the likes left over and standin' around until it's stiff an' stale, and even when it's warmed up, 'tain't anything like so nice as when it's hot. Where's the sense of makin' so many at the first? Specially, when, as happens two or three times a week, I know there's goin' to be one or two of the fambly what won't be at home? An' as you say, there's many bones chucked into the swill-pail what might be cleaned and cracked an' b'iled into soup-stock. Oh, yes! we'll be on the lookout for the scraps an' leaks!"

SHE kept her word during the two years that elapsed between the formation of the co-partnership and her marriage to a worthy fellow who, let us hope, reaped the benefit of our business career.

A winter's housekeeping in Paris and the same in Rome had taught me the true economy of buying food in small quantities, but our winter's supply of coal was laid in already. Maggie took to herself the credit of the discovery that she got as much heat for ovens and boilers when the range was partially filled as when it was packed with coal up to the red-hot plates. A discovery which resulted in the pleasing circumstance that the fuel lasted four weeks longer than the same number of tons had served us within the memory of maid and mistress. Upon which a careful computation of the moneyed gain was made, and the "firm" declared a dividend!

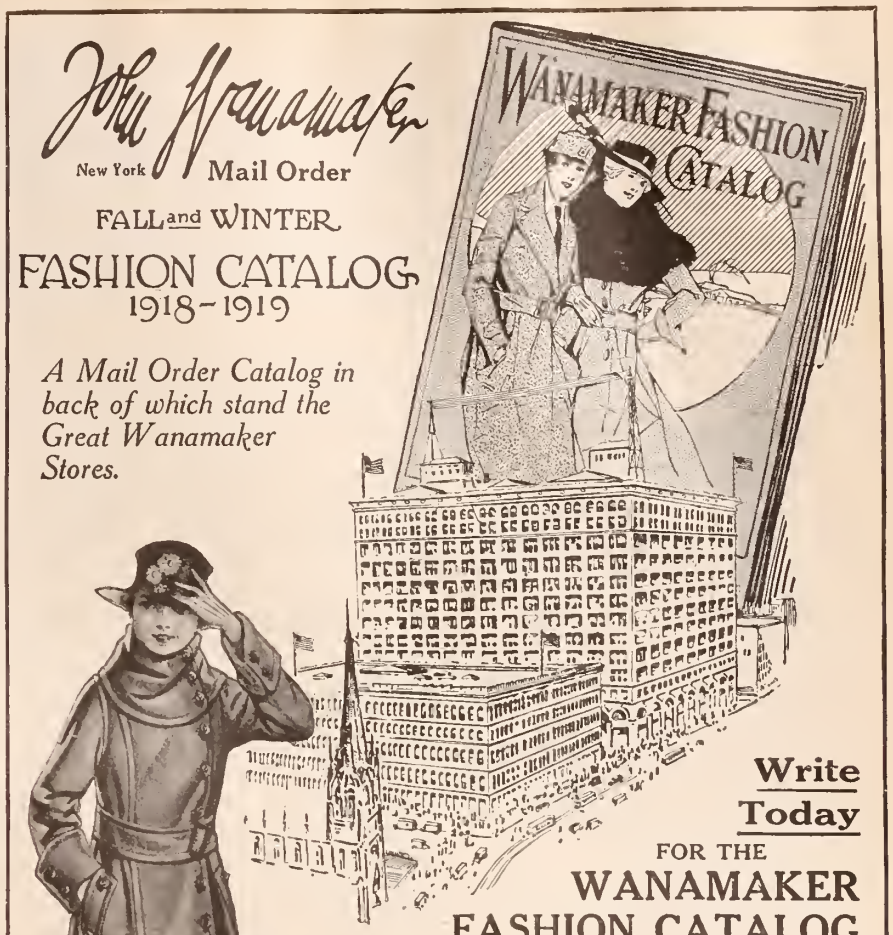
When weekly bills were swollen by company dinners or luncheons, I reckoned the additional cost of the indulgence and made provision therefor. Justice to the other member of the "firm" demanded it. These and other deviations from the running order of business did not interfere with regular profits. Of course, these last varied materially from time to time.

Your magazine monitor is right in the main. Take your stand upon the firm ground that waste is as dishonest as pilfering, and that she to whom is committed the keeping of another's property—be it gold or groceries, silver or soap—is morally responsible for the safety of the same. And be on the lookout for a possible partner in your profession. Should the quest be successful, have it distinctly understood from the beginning, that an equitable share of the profits (*id est*, the savings) are hers as truly as they are yours.

I throw the subject open for the exchange of opinions on the part of our members. It is one of the burning questions of the day, and if there be any better way of solving it than we have yet hit upon—let us have it!

John Wanamaker
New York
Mail Order
FALL and WINTER
FASHION CATALOG
1918-1919

A Mail Order Catalog in back of which stand the Great Wanamaker Stores.



Write Today
FOR THE
WANAMAKER FASHION CATALOG

Mailed Free—a Postal will do

ANOTHER Wanamaker Win-the-War Catalog, featuring war-time economy and war-time simplicity in fashions.

In this catalog you will find the very *lowest prices possible* for merchandise up to the Wanamaker Standard of quality, workmanship and fashion.

Mere cheapness is waste; cheapness with value is saving. This is the principle on which we have built this war-time Mail Order Fashion Catalog. You are sure to want a copy of it.

In writing, please ask for Catalog "N," and address

John Wanamaker Mail Order—New York

Special Cut Price Sale

"TEMPLE SERIES OF BIBLE CHARACTERS AND SCRIPTURE HAND BOOKS"

THE Christian Herald recently purchased all the copies remaining in this country of the "*Temple Series of Bible Characters and Scripture Handbooks.*"

These exceedingly attractive booklets were printed in London, England, a large edition being imported to sell here. This edition has been exhausted with the exception of the copies which we have obtained and it will not be possible to import any more of them.

These booklets are coat pocket size and uniform in binding. There are eleven volumes in the series. Each volume deals authoritatively with a separate subject by a different author of distinction in his special field

HERE ARE THE ELEVEN TITLES.

1. Abraham and the Patriarchal Age.
2. Joshua and the Palestinian Conquest.
3. Saul and the Rise of the Hebrew Monarchy.
4. David, the Hero King of Israel.
5. St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles
6. The Early Christian Martyrs and Their Persecutions.
7. Joseph and the Land of Egypt.
8. The Twelve Apostles.
9. The Post-Exilic Prophets.
10. The Age of Daniel and the Exile.
11. The Religions of India—Brahmanism and Buddhism.

ANY ONE OF THESE BOOKS 15c
ANY FOUR OF THESE BOOKS 50c
ANY NINE OF THESE BOOKS $1.00

Entire Series of Eleven, $1.25

Above price includes postage. As there are only a limited number of some titles, when ordering designate a second choice. Orders will be filled as received.

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Christian Herald,
3199 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I am enclosing $ .....
for which send me Nos. .....
..... of the "Temple Series of Handbooks," postpaid.

Name .....
Address .....
.....
2nd Choice Nos. .....

A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 974

had been sent overseas and that the goal set for the end of the year, of 1,500,000 men in France, would be reached within the week. This number included all troops sent out of the country, to France, Italy, Archangel or Siberia. On the 15th General March said that the American plans contemplated an army of 4,000,000 men in France which would be big enough to walk through the German lines at will. He said 3,200,000 men would be in France by July, 1919, and 750,000 would be in camp at home, of whom about 2,398,845 would be secured under the proposed change in the draft law.

PRESIDENT TAKES A REST. President and Mrs. Wilson arrived at Manchester, Mass., on August 15, for a few days' rest. The President exchanged visits with Colonel House and received Governor McCall of Massachusetts, but spent most of his time in golf and motoring. The President returned to Washington on August 20.

POSTAL ZONE CONGRESSMAN DEFEATED. Congressman William Gordon of Ohio, a leading advocate in Congress of the Postal Zone iniquity and who in other ways has embarrassed and opposed the Administration, has been defeated for renomination.

AMERICA'S FIRST FIELD ARMY. General Pershing, on August 13, advised the War Department of the formation of the First American Field Army. A field army comprises some 300,000 men. He retained command of this army as well as of the expeditionary forces. While the exact extent of the front held by the American army, which is now on a par as to responsibility with the British and French armies, is not announced, it appears that the Americans now hold the right flank of the long line from the sea to Switzerland, their sector beginning near St. Mihiel and extending nearly or quite to the Swiss frontier. On August 17 American troops carried out a local attack east of St. Dié, taking and holding the village of Frapelle; prisoners were taken. The attack eliminated a German salient which had projected into the American position.

CONSOLIDATING THE DRIVES. It was announced on August 14 that the Y. M. C. A. drive for funds for its work in the camps at home and in France would be consolidated with the campaigns of the Y. W. C. A., the War Camp Community Fund and the American Library Association. The total asked will be $133,500,000, of which $100,000,000 will go to the Y. M. C. A., $15,000,000 to the Y. W. C. A., $15,000,000 to the Community Service and $3,500,000 to the Library Association. The campaign will begin November 11. The Fosdick Committee also announced that the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare Board, and the Salvation Army would be asked to unite in another campaign in January, 1919. The Knights were reported as opposing this plan as drawing the religious line too closely, and liable to cause criticism and disturbance throughout the country. It was recognized however, that seven separate campaigns could not be arranged without overlapping and confusion and more or less interference with the Liberty Loans.

DRAFT BILL COMPLETED. The Senate Military Affairs committee completed its report on the new draft bill on August 13. The age limits recommended by the Secretary of War, 18 to 45 years, were retained and the exemption provisions were altered to provide that any man given exemption from military duty to engage in necessary war work should become liable to the draft by failure to continue at work. This clause was aimed at strikes in essential industries and was opposed by organized labor. The Senate met on August 15 to consider the bill but failed to secure a quorum on roll call and adjourned to the 19th, when both Houses resumed regular sessions.

THE BIG TAX BILL. The Ways and Means Committee of the House is still wrestling with the problem of how to levy taxes that will produce $8,000,000,000 in a single fiscal year. It was announced on August 12 that the committee had decided to incorporate in the bill the 80 per cent. tax on war profits recommended by Secretary McAdoo, providing that in the case of any corporation either the war profits tax or the excess profit tax should be applied, whichever would yield the greater revenue. Mr. McAdoo was insistent that the war profits tax alone would not reach the profiteers. Figures furnished by the Treasury showed that profiteering had been widespread, especially in foodstuffs, and in shoes and clothing. Clothing and shoe manufacturers had earned from 30 per cent. to 100 per cent. on invested capital, but some of this apparent profiteering was due to liberal prices paid by the government to secure speedy delivery. The committee has decided to recommend taxes of 10 per cent. on all soft drinks sold by the manufacturer or producer and a tax of 1 to 2c on individual soda fountain drinks. A 10 per cent. stamp tax is planned for patent medicines. A federal occupation tax of $10 to be paid by all merchants and professional men and a tax of $25 on wholesale merchants, is incorporated in the bill. It has been practically decided to tax city and state bonds and the committee has considered the advisability of higher tariffs. A plan has also been approved by which unearned incomes will pay a higher income tax than earned incomes, unearned income being defined as "net income derived from dividends on preferred stocks, from interest, rentals, royalties and annuities."

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. Secretary McAdoo, as Federal Administrator of Railroads, on August 12, issued an order prohibiting the sale of liquor in dining cars, stations or anywhere on railroad property. . . . It is possible that the Federal Railroad Administration will initiate comprehensive plans for the electrification, by the use of water power, of all American railroads. . . . . . Coal miners are asking for an advance in wages which they claim the operators can pay without increasing prices for coal. . . . Governor Edge of New Jersey, on August 16, issued a proclamation denoting the first Sunday of each month as a "day for service flag prayer." The Governor suggested that on this Sunday Patriotic societies, lodges and the general public be invited to attend the churches for prayer, "for the men in the military service and for the fathers and mothers and others of kin who are grieving for them, who have been left behind in body but who are marching away step by step with them in heart." . . . Five men, a politician, a police lieutenant and five policemen, were found guilty in Philadelphia on August 14, in the famous "Fifth Ward case," for conspiracy to prevent a fair election. . . . The French Transport Djemnah was torpedoed in the Mediterranean on July 15, 442 being lost; on the 19th, seventeen were lost and 948 saved from the torpedoed French steamer Australien. . . . Thousands of persons are reported to be dying of starvation in Austria. Turnips, weeds, nettles and even sick dogs are the food of thousands and the workers are becoming too weak to continue at their tasks.

Dr. Gulick Dead

DR. LUTHER HALSEY GULICK, educator and author, of New York, died at his camp in Maine, August 13, at the age of 52. Dr. Gulick was recognized as an authority on physical training in the public schools and author of many articles and books on this subject. He was chairman of the International Committee on Physical Recreation of the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. until he had to give up on account of health. He had recently returned from France, where he made a moral survey of the American Expeditionary Forces for the Y. M. C. A.

The Evangelists

THE following engagements of workers belonging to the Interdenominational Association of Evangelists have been furnished by Rev. Parley E. Zartmann, general secretary, Winona Lake, Ind.:

J. F. Bailey, Sept., Coolville, O.
Daisy Douglas Barr Party, Sept. 1, Indiana Harbor, Ind.; Oct. 6, Brookville, Ind.; Nov. 13, Franklin, Ind.; Jan., Georgetown, Ill.
Steve Burke and H. D. Loes, Sept., Louisville, Miss.
Callis-Grenfell Party, Sept. 1-10, Kincaid, W. Va.
Byron J. Clark Party, Sept., Stickney, S. D.; Oct., Polo, Mo.
D. L. Coale Party, Sept. 1, Shawnee, Okla.
L. L. Dunn, Sept., Aroostook County, Me.; Oct., Fryeburg, Stow and Sweden, Me.
John W. Erskine, Sept. 23, Oct. 13, Lake City, Mich.
Ham-Ramsey Party, Sept., West Birmingham, Ala.; Oct., Hickman, Ky.; Nov., Brownsville, Tenn.
Herbert C. Hart (of Hart and Magann), Sept., Los Angeles, Calif., managing War Fund Drive for the Salvation Army; Sept.-Nov., evangelistic meetings.
C. R. Haudenschield Party, Sept. 1, Idaho Falls, Ida.; Sept. 8-29, Harvyville, Kan.; Oct. 3-28, Fairfield, Neb.
T. M. Hofmeister, Nov., Newell, W. Va.
I. E. Honeywell Party, Sept.-Oct., Peterboro, Ont.
G. A. Klein Party, Sept., Portsmouth, Va.
Lindgren and Erwin, Sept., Pocahontas, Ia.
W. C. Mealing and wife, Until Sept. 8, Avis, Pa.; Sept. 15-Oct. 6, Camden, N. J.; Oct. 9-Oct. 30, Lancaster, Pa.; Nov. 3-24, Millville, N. J.; Nov. 27, Dec. 18, Pen Argyl, Pa.; Jan. 5-28, Reading, Pa.
Moody-Hobbs-Tovey Party, Sept.-Oct., Chula, Mo.
Paul Rader Party, Sept. 20, Seattle, Wash.
Milton S. Rees, Sept. 15, Franklin, N. H.; Oct. 20, Wheeling, W. Va.
Reid-Troy Party, Sept.-Oct., Portland, Ore.; April, 1919, Bellingham, Wash.
Harold F. Sayles, Until Sept. 15, Chicago Ill.; Sept. 22, Milliken, Ill.; Oct. 8, Vicksburg, Mich.; Oct. 27, Irving, Ill.
Myrtle M. Saylor, Sept., Millersburg, Ia.; Oct.-Nov., St. Lawrence, S. D.; Nov.-Dec., Kalona, Ia.
F. E. Smiley, Aug.-Sept., Aurora, Colo.
Charles Stewart, Sept., Marion, Ind.; Oct.-Nov., Seymour, Ind.
C. C. Smith, Sept., Marion, Ia.
Henry W. Stough Party, Sept., Elkhart, Ind.
Wm. A. Sunday Party, Sept. 22, Providence, R. I.
Franklin W. Swift, Sept., DeWitt, Ia.
Von Bruch Party, Sept., Centralia, Mo.
O. E. Williams Party, Sept., Warren, Pa.; Oct., Corry, Pa.
E. L. Wolslagel, Sept. 8, Johnson City, Tenn.; Sept. 29, New Bern, N. C.; Oct. 20, Lawrenceburg, Ky.
Zoller and Sutherland, Sept. 1-22, Park City, Utah; Sept. 29-Oct. 27, Salt Lake City, Utah; Nov. 3-24, Milford, Utah.

The Fourth Liberty Loan

THE campaign for the Fourth Liberty Loan, to bear 4¼ per cent. interest, begins September 28, and closes October 19. The result of the loan will be watched with keen interest in Europe, not only by our Allies in the war against the Teutonic powers, but by our enemies. It will be regarded by them as a measure of the American people's support of the war. The Germans know full well the tremendous weight and significance of popular support of the war by the people at home backing up the Army in the field. As the loan succeeds, our enemies will sorrow; as it falls short, they will rejoice. Every dollar subscribed will help and encourage the American soldiers, and hurt and depress the enemies of America.

The loan will be a test of the loyalty and willingness of the people of the United States to make sacrifices compared with the willingness of our soldiers to do their part. There must be and will be no failure by the people to measure up to the courage and devotion of our men in Europe. Many of them have given up their lives; shall we at home withhold our money? Shall we spare our dollars, while they spare not their very lives?

The Fourth Liberty Loan will probably be for about $5,000,000,000 and it will be followed in January or February by another campaign for a similar amount, while in May or June the Sixth Loan for another $5,000,000,000 or more will be offered.

Mrs. Housewife Feathers Her Nest

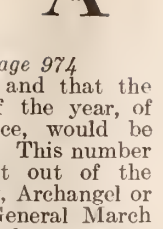
Continued from page 975

of his stores has marked personality The public is led to believe that John Wanamaker *himself* may write many of the ads or at least reads them and personally supervises every line. All of the sharp, acrid formality of other store advertising is lacking. And the John Wanamaker stores are notable for the building of homes. Couples will start and end with Wanamaker goods from cellar to garret.

He is quoted as once making the remark that the selling of articles which go to make up home is the most satisfying and ennobling of all the trades Every housefurnishing establishment is unconsciously, perhaps, creating happiness, moral power, good taste, and comradeship.

For walls have voices, and furniture has companionship. The inanimate soon grows to speak a language of its own. Chairs are comrades and lamps throw more than mere light. The very carpets and rugs on the floors take on something of those who daily tread them. An ancient rug-weaver remarked to a purchaser: "Take this weave of a noble loom. You buy more than texture. You buy the laughter of little children, and the sunshine of Oriental skies and the romance of a magic country. I sell you not a rug but Woven Dreams. The price is far too cheap."

Don't Wear a Truss


MR. C. E. BROOKS

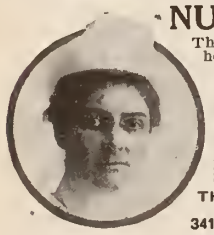
Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads.

Brooks' Rupture Appliance

Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.

C. E. BROOKS, 481 H State St., Marshall, Mich.

NURSES NEEDED



The Army has called for 30,000 hospital nurses. Thousands of nurses must be recruited to take their places at home. Patriotic women are meeting this need by taking the C. S. N. Home-Practice and Correspondence course in trained nursing. Send for yearbook explaining method. State age.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING
341 Main St. Jamestown, N.Y.

Cuticura Soap
Best for Baby

Soap 25c., Ointment 25 & 50c., Talcum 25c. Sample each mailed free by "Cuticura, Dept. M., Boston."

A SMALL FARM in California will make you more money with less work. You will live longer and better. Delightful climate. Rich soil. Low prices. Easy terms. Sure profits. Hospitable neighbors. Good roads, schools and churches. Write for our San Joaquin Valley illustrated folders free. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Commissioner, Santa Fe Ry., 1983 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

SERVICE STAMPS 100 for 10¢

1, 2 or 3 stars (state which) with catalog of Cards and Novelties for Soldiers, Nurses, etc.
Dealers Wanted
Ernest Dudley Chase, 273 Causeway St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED AN IDEA! THINK OF SOME SIMPLE THING TO PATENT. Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," and "How to Get Your Patent."
RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 96, Washington, D. C.

Right - Left - Right!

The Everlasting End-Thrust

Ruts in a country road after a rain never are straight.

The wheel that follows them is forced into a crooked course; but it's often the only one in which there is any traction.

How hard this is on wheels and wheel bearings you know—if you've ever watched another car approaching on one of those roads and have wondered whether you or the other fellow will have to pull out of the ruts.

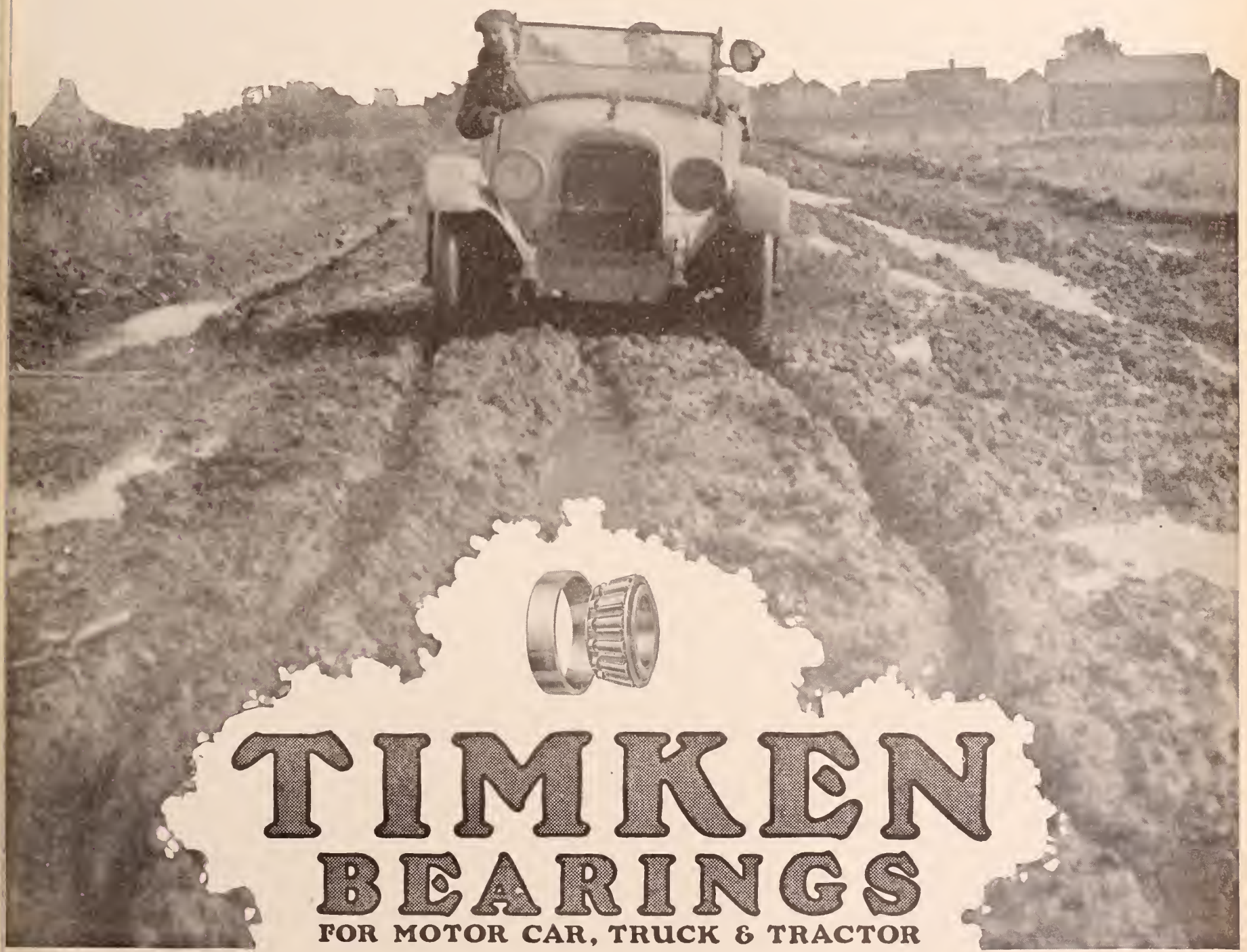
The incessant jerking and twisting—first one way, then the other—throws the whole weight of the car sidewise against the wheel bearings.

An extreme case of course—for such roads are avoided—but exactly the same forces pull at your wheels on any country road, and to some extent even on the paved city street.

Here's where the tapered construction of Timken Bearings shows to tremendous advantage. They survive thousands and thousands of miles over the worst roads. The parts of the bearings do not wear out of shape or lose their efficiency. Even the little wear that comes in time to any working part that turns on another can be entirely offset by adjustment. A part turn of the adjusting nut every 5,000 miles or so—and your Timken Bearings are as good as new.

That is why "100,000 miles on Timken Bearings" is not a rare occurrence but a common experience of owners whose cars last long enough to cover such a distance.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio



TIMKEN
BEARINGS
FOR MOTOR CAR, TRUCK & TRACTOR

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

How in One Evening I Discovered the Secret of a Good Memory and in Six Months Increased My Business One Hundred Thousand Dollars.

As I look back on it today I can hardly believe that it is only six short months since I first met David M. Roth, the famous memory expert, and learned from his course—in one evening—how to make my memory do wonderful things, which I never dreamed were possible.

That first meeting, which has meant so much to me since, was at a luncheon of the Rotary Club in New York where Mr. Roth gave one of his remarkable memory demonstrations. I can best describe it by quoting the Seattle Post Intelligencer's account of a similar exhibition:

> "Of the 150 members of the Seattle Rotary Club at a luncheon yesterday not one left with the slightest doubt that Mr. Roth could do all claimed for him. Rotarians at the meeting had to pinch themselves to see whether they were awake or not.
>
> "Mr. Roth started his exhibition by asking sixty of those present to introduce themselves by name to him. Then he waved them aside and requested a member at the blackboard to write down names of firms, sentences and mottoes on numbered squares, meanwhile sitting with his back to the writer and only learning the positions by oral report. After this he was asked by different Rotarians to tell what was written down in various specific squares, and gave the entire list without a mistake.
>
> "After finishing with this, Mr. Roth singled out and called by name the sixty men to whom he had been introduced earlier, who in the meantime had changed seats and had mixed with others present."

It was just such a meeting that I attended at the Hotel McAlpin, when Mr. Roth started me on the "Road to Better Memory."

My own progress in memory building since that time seems like one of those pleasant dreams about picking up basketfuls of money. You know the kind—when you lie still and try to stay asleep so you can keep on dreaming (and picking up money). But it is reality all right for I have the **proof.** I can now go into a room with from 30 to 50 people, and one hour after being introduced to them—or a week after or a month—call their names instantly, almost without a single mistake on meeting them again, wherever it may be or however unexpectedly I may run into them.

But I find I am not the only one who has had this strange and quite unbelievable experience.

Only yesterday I was sitting at the desk of Mr. Roth's publisher, the president of the Independent Corporation, when we were interrupted by the ring of his telephone. I had come to discuss some of the finer points in Mr. Roth's code for linking up numbers with names and business facts. When the Publisher hung up the receiver he said, "That was Terence J. McManus speaking, of the law firm of Olcott, Bonynge, McManus and Ernst. You have heard of him of course—a striking figure in many famous criminal trials in New York City, and a hard man to beat when it comes to a test of wits or memory.

"He says he regards our service in giving this Roth Memory Course to the world as a 'public benefaction.' The wonderful simplicity of the method and the ease with which its principles may be acquired appeal to him tremendously. He says he has already had occasion to test out the effectiveness of the first two lessons in preparing for trial an important action in which he is about to engage. (You see I am pretty good myself at reporting telephone talks—thanks to Mr. Roth!)

"But that is an everyday occurrence now. We have just received this letter from E. B. Craft, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Electric Company. He says:

> "At one sitting I succeeded in learning the list of 100 words in Mr. Roth's first lesson forward and backward, and to say that I am delighted with the method outlined is putting it very mildly. I feel already that I am more than repaid in the real value and enjoyment I have gotten from the first lesson."

"The gratifying, and inspiring, part of it is," continued the Publisher, "that they all say substantially the same thing. Here is a basket of 1000 letters from Roth enthusiasts received by us in the past 30 days—selected at random from the many thousands who have written in ordering the course. One man says, 'It can't be true!' and returns the course. The other 999 tell in glowing terms what the Roth method is doing for them, in many ways, and how quickly and delightfully they have mastered the big idea.

"A good composite of the general type of these letters is furnished by this letter received several months ago from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 became the President of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company, makers of the famous fire extinguisher. You know the letter but read it again. He says:

> 'Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure pleasure all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instructions and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends.'

"I tell you, Mr. Jones, it is a great experience to read these letters that pour in every day from every corner of the land—especially when I think how simple this method is and how few people among those who need it so badly have imagined before that such a thing could exist."

* * * *

All this was no surprise to me. In fact it seemed rather "tame" compared to my own experience with the Roth Course—which was as follows:

It sent me ahead in my business like a twin-six "on high" and to a degree that I would not have believed possible. And all in **six** months!

I **know** it was the Roth Course that did it. I will take my oath on it. Because I cannot account for the change in my whole business life in any other way.

I had suspected that the letter I saw from "Multigraph" Smith (H. Q. Smith, Manager Multigraph Sales Company of Montreal) was over enthusiastic. But I know now from my own actual experience—that he didn't put it a bit too strong when he wrote:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

The cold fact is that my new grip on business came in the six short months from the time I took up the Roth Memory Course.

In that brief period—and my cashier will vouch for this— I increased my sales by $100,000—and that in war time, mind you, with anything but a "war bride," and with German drives sending cold shivers down the public spine and submarine knocking holes in business confidence and buying habits.

The reason stands out as brightly as a sta bomb. Mr. Roth has given me a firmer menta grasp of business tendencies and a better balance judgment, a keener foresight and the ability t act swiftly and surely that I never possessed before

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VICTOR JONES

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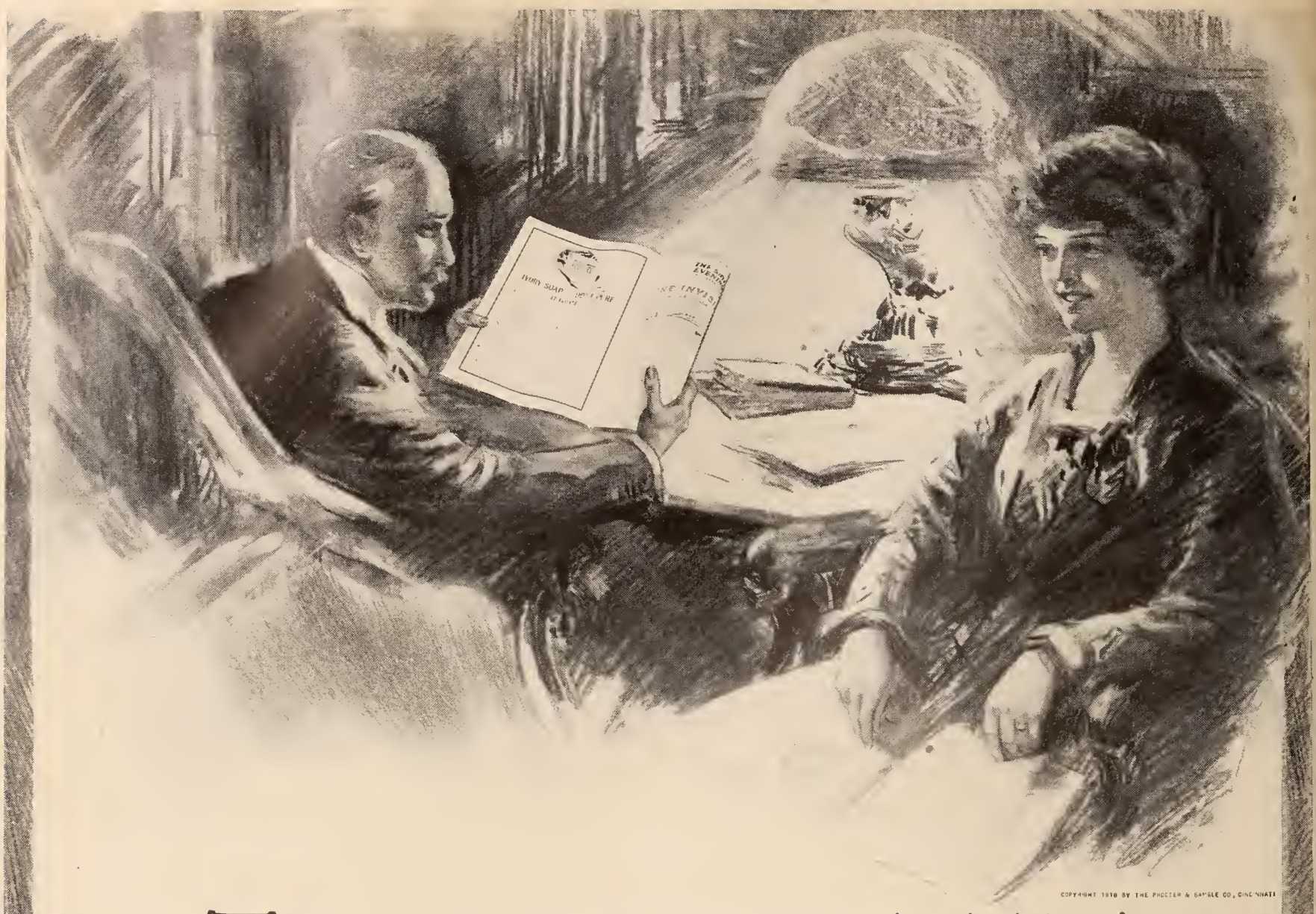
Photo by Clarence A. Purchase

How many lovers, from this bridge, have gazed into the stream,
And watched life's stories taking shape like castles in a dream!



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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

AMERICA'S GOLDEN HARVEST

By Earle William Gage

Threshing wheat on a big ranch in California

GREAT harvesting machines are grinding out their continuous hum—hum—hum these days. This is the season of the glorious ingathering, for the American farmer is bringing forth the golden grain for the bread and food of our hundred-million population. He will harvest this year nearly 900,000,000 bushels of wheat.

No other country produces such a vast quantity of wheat as does the United States, the annual harvesting representing approximately one-fifth of the world's entire wheat production. Canada has become a great factor in wheat growing within the past decade. With a small population according to acreage, she has grown to be one of the important exporting countries. Forty-five years ago she produced less than 17,000,000 bushels annually. Ten years ago the crop had risen to more than 55,000,000 bushels, and since that date the development of our own fertile Western prairie states is being duplicated in Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Early fall is the American harvest season, although somewhere the wheat harvest is always in progress. Down in Texas the rice crop is being harvested. It has been asserted that there are more people living in the world today who are depending on rice than on wheat for subsistence; and that a greater number of the human family live upon millet than upon any other cereal food. Be that as it may, wheat has ever been the preferred food crop of the races of higher civilization. The more progressive nations of the earth have ever been wheat-eaters. Grains of wheat have been discovered in Egyptian tombs of the first dynasty, dating back 4,000 years before the time of Christ. Bread of wheat has been excavated from the ruins of the prehistoric lake dwellings of Wanger and Robenhausen, in Switzerland. The first wheat ever grown in the New World is said to have come from seed accidently brought with rice from Spain to Mexico and discovered and planted by a negro slave belonging to the ranks of Córtez.

OUR American harvest season, particularly in the South, Southwest and West, has become such a vast problem, that the United States Government has come to the aid of the producers in the matter of financial support. Millions of dollars are placed in the national banks of these regions, that the growers and harvesters may be equipped with ready cash to carry on the energetic task of harvesting the crops. Of all our American industries, varied as they are, it would be difficult to cite an activity of our annual life that is more far-reaching in its influence than the harvesting of our great grain crops. The average individual fails to apprehend the significance of this until he finds the money market binding closely about him, and is advised by his banker that "the farmers have the cash." The banks need to husband their resources carefully that the great crops may be moved. The money market and the shortage of transportation facilities have become the modern hindrances of the producer of great crops.

The successful harvesting of our crops has a direct bearing upon every American citizen, whether he appreciates the fact or not. We are all consumers, and the matter of economical harvesting methods bears directly upon the cost of living. With the coming of the more modern systems of production and harvesting, the American farmer is to be congratulated. The practical farmer of today is the man behind a roll-top desk. He is a serious business man; the captain of a vast industry. It is a big task to harvest a bumper crop; a vital matter to feed the crying mouths of 105,000,000 people, to say nothing of Europe. This is the farmer's great task.

The August crop report of the Department of Agriculture estimated the nation's wheat crop at 878,000,000 bushels, a loss of 13,000,000 bushels from July; corn, 2,989,000,000 bushels, a loss of 171,000,000 bushels from July; oats, 1,428,000,000 bushels; barley, 232,000,000 bushels; rye, 76,700,000 bushels; buckwheat, 20,600,000 bushels; white potatoes, 391,000,000 bushels; sweet potatoes, 84,500,000 bushels; rice, 41,600,000 bushels; sugar beets, 6,360,000 tons; apples, 199,000,000 bushels; peaches, 40,900,000 bushels. In the United States as a whole, the production of the chief food crops this year will be large, but less than was expected a month ago. Corn fell off 5 per cent.; the expected harvest of wheat and rye decreased 2 per cent. or 17 million bushels, and potatoes 4 per cent. The barley and rye crops will far exceed all previous records. It should be noted, however, that the big crops of this year are due, not to large yields per acre, but to large increases in the acreage planted, and these increases have been made in spite of a shortage of labor, fertilizer and supplies of all kinds.

With the introduction of improved implements the American farmer has been enabled to compete with the great markets of the world, cultivating his crops and completing the harvest with a far lower cost than in years of old, when scythe and side-swing were in vogue. He plows sixty miles per hour; harrows twenty-five acres where he harrowed nine acres in a day, and harvests his twenty-five acres at a daily cost of less than 50 cents per acre. No matter what other nations may bring forth in the coming years, the enterprise of the American is sure to far outreach them. American inventive skill is the controlling influence in present-day agricultural advancement.

FURTHER, the work done by the American farmer has been greatly simplified though increased by the introduction of modern irrigation methods on the one hand, and dry-farming systems on the other. Dry-farming, a new departure a few years ago, is now receiving the attention of the agricultural world Eight hundred thousand acres of desert land under dry-farming methods, yielding a crop of an average of twenty-three bushels to the acre of wheat, oats, barley, are to be harvested this fall. This comes from the lands once regarded as absolutely worthless. In Deming, New Mexico, alone, more than 200,000 acres are now to be harvested, which three years ago were desert-waste places.

The experiments of thousands of scientific farmers have given America the fine, large grain in such increasing quantities each year that it is more than enough to feed our own people. Were all the bushels placed in freight cars, and these cars coupled together, they would fill two mammoth trains—one reaching from Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, down to New Orleans; the other from New York to San Francisco. There would then be more than 700 cars backed into the sidings.

Big farms have followed in the trail of the mighty reaping machines. The cry of "Westward ho!" has never been so loud as today. Modern civilization has and is answering this cry, and our farmers are watching their acres broaden until they reach "as far as the eye can see." With the careful study of soil and seeds, farming has become less and less of a gamble. Nature has been harnessed to perform her fullest duty.

Out West they are using the combined harvesting machines, capable of taking a swath fourteen feet in width. These great machines are powerful tractor outfits of the self-pulling type, moving across the vast fields under their own power. In one operation the machine cuts, threshes and sacks the grain. It is nothing exceptional for these great machines to turn out 2,000 bushels of threshed grain per day, whereas the common machines used on the smaller farms are worked to the limit in laying low the equivalent of 500 to 600 bushels per day.

IN the vast rolling areas of the "Inland Empire," comprising the grain-growing sections of Washington and Oregon, as well as a portion of Idaho, wheat stands up straight without shattering for several weeks after ripening. This characteristic, which is lacking in the grain-growing States farther east, is probably due to the large amount of available mineral plant food in the volcanic ash soil of the region. The large machines pass through the fields, "heading" the grain; that is, they are set at such a height as to cut off only the head and as little straw as necessary. This lessens the work of the machine by relieving it of the task of carrying through a vast amount of straw. The dry heads pass through the threshing process and the grain is run into sacks on a side platform. Men standing on this platform tie the sacks and place them on the ground, or throw them into wagons alongside the machine. The waste

Continued on next page

Bible class teachers at the railway station at Great Lakes Training Camp

These Men Teach 200 Army Bible Classes

WHEN you see more than 100 men, like those shown in this photograph, lined up at the railway station at Great Lakes, Ill., at 9 o'clock Sunday morning, questions arise as to the meaning of such a gathering. These men have already traveled from 25 to 100 miles, coming from Chicago on the one side and Milwaukee on the other, and from many intervening towns on the Great Lakes. All are volunteers in the army of the Lord. They have come long distances at their own expense to join their service to that of 125 Y. M. C. A. secretaries, in order to conduct 200 Bible classes at as many different points. On Sunday, August 4, that number of classes were taught by these Christian men. The attendance came from many churches. Eleven thousand young men gathered in groups of from 30 to 125 each, to hear what those of maturer years and wider experience had to teach them from God's Holy Word.

This is not a special occasion, but the regular Sabbath morning program, from 9:15 to 9:45, to be followed by a chaplain's service in other parts of the camps. It is the result of continuous work in planning and organizing under the direction of Mr. Frank Torell, the religious secretary of the camp. On future Sabbaths they expect 15,000 in attendance. The number of teachers increases every week, and plans are on foot to have 1,000 volunteer teachers in training. This surpasses anything yet witnessed in any camp of the Army and Navy. JAS. B. ELY.

A Typical American Camp

THAT there is more than hard work for the recruit in Uncle Sam's Army is best indicated perhaps by figures recently announced by the Y. M. C. A. for Camp Travis, Texas. When it is considered that the soldier is likewise entertained by the Knights of Columbus and by several other organizations the civilian can see that the United States government really appreciates the fact that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" and is doing everything possible to obviate this.

During the month of July alone 44,938 men played in various recreational and athletic games, such as baseball, indoor baseball, volley ball, quoits, wrestling, etc. Athletics have become a part of the soldier's training. Because of this the American soldier is quick to act, quick to think, has speed and stamina. Each and every company has its athletic equipment, and drill is deftly sandwiched in with play; all to the same end—the development of a soldier in every sense the word implies.

That the athletics is of a high standard and perfected by the finest physical directors and instructors in the country is evidenced perhaps in the fact that 95,501 people witnessed various athletic contests during the month. They came not only from San Antonio, but from surrounding towns. At one baseball game there were more than 5,000 people. These contests are arranged by such men as Bud Goodwin, who holds several records at this time as the champion swimmer of the world. The soldier has an opportunity of free instruction in swimming, etc., by these men sent here by the Commission on War Activities.

But athletics are not all the soldier has as a divertisement. There are entertainments galore. The finest dramatic talent in San Antonio and its neighborhood entertains the soldiers at the army camp. During the month there was a total attendance of 49,086 at entertainments of various kinds. These range from musical programs to lectures on military subjects, and it would surprise the civilian to know the interest the soldier takes in lectures on military subjects, combined with moving pictures. Some of the lectures have been on thrift, on social and economic questions, on health.

Camp Travis has a splendid library open to the soldiers. Here all the late periodicals, newspapers and war books are available. Every late war book as soon as it comes off the press is sent here immediately. There are 25,000 volumes or more available to the soldiers in the camp through the general library and company and branch libraries, and they are all well patronized. The Y. M. C. A. alone gave away 23,178 volumes during the month of July to soldiers.

There are 159 classes in Bible study in operation at present. Religious meetings numbering 163 were held by the Y. M. C. A. during the month of July and the total attendance was 46,289. The religious activities are not confined to any one faith, for every one has its services at regularly appointed times.

All of this is optional with the soldier. But there is a portion that is compulsory. It is a series of lectures given by the company commanders on health, hygiene, care of the feet, care of equipment "Why we are at War," etc. All of these are intended better to fit the soldier for the part he is to play in the Army. Then there is the regular exercise conducted by the company commanders in which the soldier is required to take part each morning before breakfast and during the day's drill periods. These exercises are to develop and harden the muscles, to develop agility and strong winds, to start the blood in circulation and quicken the brain action.

This is all in the army camp. San Antonio offers numerous other opportunities for pleasure, amusement and improvement, physically and mentally.

America's Golden Harvest

Continued from preceding page

straw, after passing through the machine, passes out to the opposite side, and is used to fertilize the ground. It takes from thirty-two to forty horses to haul the horse-drawn machines. One of these machines cuts the grain, threshes, cleans and sacks it in a single operation.

Prizes are offered yearly for the best grain produced. Mr. Wheeler, a farmer living in Saskatchewan, won the $1,000 gold prize for raising the best wheat. James Todd, a grower from Montana, took a $1,000 silver cup for producing the best 100 pounds of wheat. Again, W. H. Dorin, who sent into the exhibition the thirty best ears of Indian corn, won a loving-cup, and so on down the line.

We must tip our hats to the man who made the remark that "He who feeds a hungry individual is good; one who feeds a city is noble; one who feeds a hungry nation is great; but he who provided hunger insurance for all the ages we must consider magnificent." Under Divine blessing, this the American farmer has accomplished.

AT the conclusion of a series of conferences in London between Herbert Hoover and the Food Controllers of Britain, the Dominions, France and Italy, Mr. Hoover gave the following statement: "I am well satisfied with results from the conference of Food Controllers which has been in progress during the last three weeks. These conferences were called at my request with a view to the formulation of policies and programs with regard to the entire import of food supplies to the countries at war with Germany. An agreement has been reached as to policies which will effect a great measure of co-ordination in the purchase and transportation of supplies during the coming year and in their equitable distribution between all the countries, and a program has been agreed upon as to the different commodities that are required not only to maintain the health but the comfort of the armies and civil populations. The people of North America are this year to take upon their shoulders the movement of the great bulk of food supplies required, and it will, therefore, be possible to curtail the total length of voyage necessary to bring these supplies to the European Allies. . . .

"The danger of privation is now passed. In the United States we have need for continued rigi economy in consumption, so that we may meet th increased demands from Europe and to enable us t carry over, from this more abundant harvest yea a stock of foodstuffs that will form positive insuranc against any possible climatic eventualities in the nex harvest. . . . With the consummation of the wor initiated at this conference, there will be a universa war bread of better quality than last year for all thos fighting Germany, and this bread practically withou rationing. There will be ample supplies of fats an meats if our populations are economical and avoi waste. We will be able to build up some stocks c cereals against the next harvest, and we shall sav tonnage over last year by the shorter voyage upo which food ships must be sent. The coal miners c Europe are now at the front, consequently this nex Winter will be a period of great suffering in Europ through a shortage of coal. If the people can hav liberal supplies of bread, meat, and fats, there can b no fear of the morale among the civil population c the European Allies. The promise of this has lifte a load of fear from the minds of the people on th side, particularly in France and Italy. It now re mains for our people to make good, and as usual w have the resources to do it."

England's grain crop this year will be the greates since 1868, the harvest being gathered by soldier prisoners, schoolboys, college students, Boy Scout college women, girls of the land army, Belgian an Serbian refugees, and city clerks on vacation.

PSYCHE

By NELLIE BALLOU

A SOUL for a day in a garden flew,
But forgetting the sun and the blossoms and dew,
It was caught by a bramble that downward bent,
And the name that men call it is Discontent,
With bitter berries of jealous hue.
And it marred the soul till it hung forlorn—
Till its iris wings were limp and torn.
Oh, the pity the heart of the Gardener knew
When he found it there in the morn!

What a Stranger Sees in Holy Land

By MAJOR THEODORE WATERS, American Red Cross Commission to Palestine

A FRIEND has written to ask my impressions of Jerusalem and Cairo, and he adds that the latter city made an indelible impression upon him. It produced a similar impression on me too, but not perhaps in the same manner. It was in Cairo that I had my first attack of climatic sickness, so maybe I look at it with biased vision. However, I found on my second visit that there are really two Cairos: one is the Dr. Jekyll, the other the Mr. Hyde manifestation. My first feeling was that it was the wickedest city in the world.

Our first evening there was spent at the American Mission, where services were held. That was very fine and uplifting. But when we came out of the mission and two of us started to take a stroll, what we heard and saw startled us. We walked on and presently we saw soldiers waiting in line at three points, for admittance to places that are better not described. We told about it on our return to Shepheard's Hotel and we were looked upon as unsophisticated. Then we heard of processions, headed by bands of music and carriages containing professional dancing women who thus advertised themselves, which we were told was not an uncommon sight in the streets, but is accepted as a matter of course by the people. There were other things still worse. Naturally, I know that there is as much vice in spots in our own New York as in any other place in the world; but it is not flouted quite so openly on the streets.

On the other hand the Jekyll side of the city is to be found in its wonderful monuments, in the relics of an antiquity that is older than that of almost any other region in the world. There was our visit to the ancient Citadel where the last of the Mamelukes met their fate. The Mamelukes, it seems, were the descendants of the old slave kings of Egypt. They were constantly giving trouble, and one day the reigning Sultan invited all the leading men among them to a grand feast in the Citadel. When they came, the doors were closed and all were massacred except one daring fellow who galloped his horse at the wall, leaped it, and plunged down many feet below, ultimately escaping to tell the tale. Many people believe that it was, in the long run, one of the best things that happened to Egypt.

THEN there was our visit to the Pyramids one Saturday afternoon, under the guidance of the people of the American Mission. We went out in tramcars—an hour's ride—and we saw what I have yearned to see all my life, those great mounds of stone—temples, or rather tombs of dead and gone kings—and the great Sphinx, whose countenance disappointed me not in the least. Many people profess to be disappointed in it. But not I. It was just as serene and majestic and as enigmatical as I had always imagined it. It was evening when we were through drinking in the glory of these monuments. The light was failing and the moon was rising above the edge of the desert. The Mission people had brought a picnic supper. So we climbed up a little bit on one corner of the biggest Pyramid, and had our evening meal with the full moon rising over all, and bringing out in majestic silhouette the other Pyramids in the distance.

However, I said that Cairo made an indelible impression on me. It did, in the form of the four fearful forces of the country—food, fingers, fleas and flies. Through these you may achieve the fullest misery of existence. Food that gives your stomach a turn; fingers that are, in spite of all you can do, carriers of disease; fleas that never let you forget you are only human after all; and flies that are a plague which no one, prince or beggar, escapes. In all my journeyings about here, I have seen but two fly-swatters, and those were carried by soldiers who apparently did not know the custom of the country. People use "fly swishers," little decorative handles, holding a wisp of horsehair, the latter to be used for "shooing" the flies on the next fellow who comes along, thus providing a reincarnation of the horse's tail, which continues after death, as it were, the same duty it performed in life. I think it would be fitting if Egypt should adopt a coat-of-arms composed of a swisher rampant and a flock of flies ardent and underneath the motto: "Honi Swat, the Flies are Fierce!"

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General Allenby blesses the sacred Scroll of the Law

General Sir E. H. H. Allenby, Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in the Holy Land, was present at the celebration for the return of the Sacred Parchments, which were written by hand. The scrolls had been guarded by the Jews of Jaffa when they were forced into exile, lest the parchments should fall into the hands of the Turks. This photo shows the Commander-in-Chief responding after receiving the casket containing the Scroll of the Law

ON the other hand, I felt a positive yearning to get back to Jerusalem. For me there is ten times the attraction for the imagination here that one finds in Cairo. Just as a dense wood or the horizon of the sea attracts me because of what may lie on the other side of them, so the City Wall attracts me for the great happenings and the hallowed memories it shelters. Within its circumference occurred the most far-reaching tragedy the world has ever witnessed. Its confines have been the object and the exemplification of the ideals of believers in all the ages—from the First Crusade under Peter the Hermit to our latter-day dispensation—and, for the glory of their various creeds, they maintain their shrines within the very walls of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

I can sit any evening on the balcony of my hotel and watch a procession such as may be seen in no other city in the world. If it is evening, the procession is mostly away from the city toward the hotel. The street itself is covered with dust that reminds one of the alkali of our own Southwestern deserts. It fills the air with its choking whiteness, and everything is covered with it. The big motor lorries, filled with materials for the army, pass and repass, and through the clouds of whiteness they leave behind, struggle pilgrims from all countries who have settled in Jerusalem to pass their days. Jews, hundreds and hundreds of them, all wearing long, thin robes that look like dusters, and round-crowned hats with wide brims, from under which hangs a long corkscrew curl in front of each ear. Even the Jewish boys cultivate an incipient curl at each ear. Mixed in with the Jews, but not of them, are Bedouins from the desert. These are mostly refugees from the neighborhood of Salt, beyond the Jordan. They are quartered in available places throughout the city, but many of them live in the cave-like interior of the ancient Tower of David, by the Jaffa Gate.

GREEK priests, Roman priests and priests of other sects wend their way through the crowds. Sisters from the various convents hurry along with heads down, and Moslem women, with veils drawn across to hide their faces from the curious gaze of men from every country in Europe, glide silently through the throng. Arabs in varicolored robes gabble away apparently at random, or argue shrilly on street corners over inconsequent matters. Armenians dressed like Europeans, men and women alike, hurry along on urgent business that never seems to be finished. It is really hard to even remember the kinds of people one sees in the course of a short stroll. Soldiers are everywhere, some on horseback, many on foot, dodging the heavily laden camels and donkeys that frequently block the roadway.

And street boys! Real arabs of the street. Running yelling, leaping. Racing to earn some form of backsheesh as every carriage or motor stops and people get out. Upon them all beats the hot sun, and over them all fly the birds—thousands and thousands of swallows, whirling in great circles across and back, until the sun sinks over the hill and it is time for them to retire into their holes in the great wall.

Yes, there is much to see in Jerusalem and to write about, as will be found in future letters.

Jerusalem, June 17, 1918.

Jerusalem in British Hands

THE New York Times, quoting from letters received from Jerusalem, gives the following interesting description of present condition in the Holy City:

"You will no doubt be delighted to learn that the British have laid water-pipes all the way from Arroub and that next week the water will be in. This dream of a lifetime and of ages' duration is now brought to pass by Britain, while carrying on a war in the country and many other places.

"Yesterday the first broad-gauge train came into the city from Cairo.

"Meanwhile many other improvements have taken place. The roads are being repaired and new roads built all the time. About 10,000 people, men and women, girls and boys, are earning a much better wage than they ever did before, working on the road. Plans are being made for the improvement and growth of the city; the reforestation of the country is being studied; the health of the city is being carefully looked after; the sewerage of the outside is being taken into consideration. Meanwhile the authorities have had the onerous burden of rationing the city and the inhabitants.

"It will not astonish you to learn that for three and one-half years we have not had sugar, but for two years we have had grapefruit boiled down, that answered for preserves, and a molasses extracted from the caraub pod (St. John's bread) which could be used for sweetening in cake.

"For the duration of the war we did not have rice; now it is easily obtained. You have wheatless days—we had all-wheat years, being compelled to have this kind of substitute for rice.

"Vegetables are impossible to find through lack of transportation facilities. We are coming to coalless days, for now the cutting down of trees is being prohibited. Yesterday I visited a miserly person, and he said they had not had meat for two years."

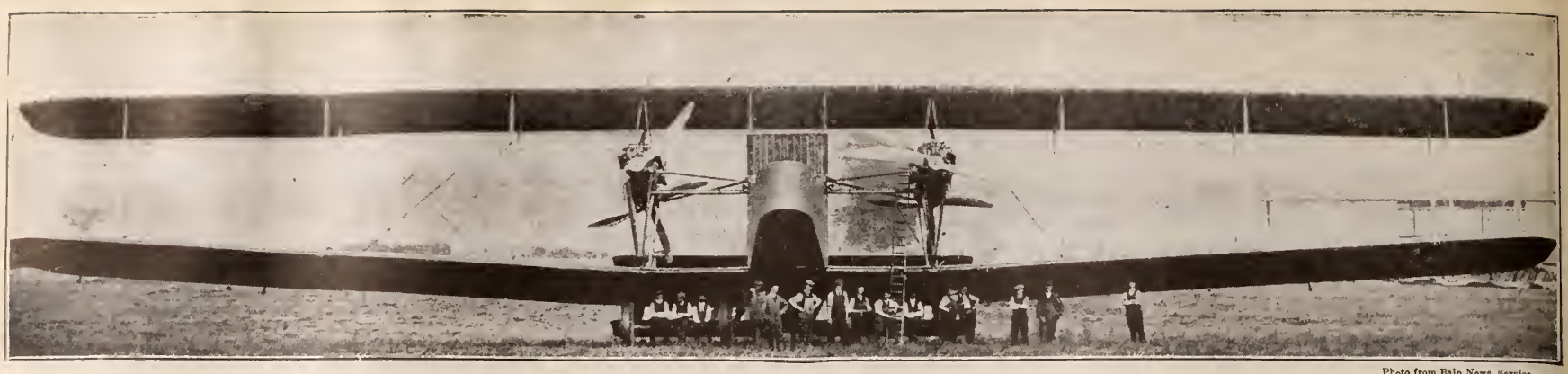

Photo from Bain News Service

The Langley, first of the American built Handley-Page type of heavy bombing planes

Senate Sub-Committee Clears Airplane Situation

THE charges and countercharges, the accusations and the statements in defense, which created a situation in the aireraft industry, requiring both a legislative and judicial investigation, were all more or less confirmed by the report of the subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, made public on August 22. The committee first outlined our history in the field of aviation since the declaration of war on April 6, 1917. On June 8, 1917, public announcement was made that a great fleet of 25,000 airplanes was about to be created. On July 24, 1917, Congress appropriated $640,000,000 to put these planes in flight and later added $884,304,758. "The first appropriation was practically wasted," the report says, and continues: "While much good work has been accomplished, for which due credit should be given, it must be admitted that our airplane program has up to the present presented many aspects of failure."

Some of these were mentioned in detail as follows:

Six hundred and one De Haviland-Four bombers were shipped to France up to August 1, 1918. Of these 67 had reached the front by July 1. On August 7 the first squadron, 18 planes, flew over the German lines. These De Havilands as shipped were imperfect and dangerous and men had to be sent over to correct defects before they could be used.

We not only have no fighting or heavy bombing planes of American manufacture at the front, but we have not yet reached quantity production on these important types.

Attempts to create a fighting plane around the Liberty motor resulted in the fruitless expenditure of over $6,500,000 on the Bristol type, to the loss of money being added the loss of four gallant men. Similar experiments with the Hall-Scott engine in a Standard J training machine cost $6,000,000 and left 1200 condemned machines in storage.

Contracts for the French Spad single seater fighting plane were several times given and withdrawn and after a year's loss of time we are only now entering quantity production of an English adaptation. Meanwhile of 1000 ordered from France only 418 have been delivered because of the imperative needs of the French service. We have received from British and French sources and put into service 2,114 machines.

An arrangement with France for the construction of machines from American materials attained no result through failure to deliver the materials.

The committee declared that the disappointing results were due chiefly to the following causes:

1. That the airplane program was largely placed in the control of the great automobile and other manufacturers who were ignorant of its practical problems.

2. These manufacturers undertook the impossible task of creating a motor which could be adapted to all classes of flying craft.

3. We failed at the beginning of the war to adopt the common sense course of reproducing the most approved types of European machines in as great numbers as possible. . . . This sound policy has very recently, but after lamentable lapse of time, been adopted.

The committee made the following recommendations:

First—The creation of a Department of the Air under a cabinet officer making the air service, as in England and France, a military unit in the same sense as the army and navy.

Second—A commission of engineers and pilots kept at the front in relays to keep betterments and improvements in line with the rapidly developing situation.

Third—The acceleration of quantity production by using every concern which can be engaged at its full capacity.

Fourth—Greater attention to the development and perfection of the airplane as a commercial and industrial necessity.

Fifth—Wide encouragement of inventors.

Sixth—Ample protection of patents.

Seventh—Reduction of the margins of profit.

Eighth—Revision of contracts to put burden of defective planes upon producers where defects arise through deviation from official specifications.

The committee criticized severely the centering of the airplane effort about Dayton, Ohio, and Detroit, Mich. It praised the work already accomplished by General Kenly and Mr. Ryan in untangling the knots left by the Aircraft Board and getting quantity production under way, but made no suggestions as to possible moral discrepancies leaving that side of the question to Justice Hughes.

A Week in the World's News

FOR THE GREATER ARMY. The Administration Man Power Bill providing for the drafting of men from 18 to 45 years of age was being pushed in both Houses of Congress on August 21. The House Military Affairs Committee reported the bill favorably, but with an amendment providing that youths of 18 should be called last for service, and that 19-year-old registrants should not be called until the men of 20 to 45 had been taken. This amendment opposed in committee was lost on the floor of the House. Pending the passage of the bill, the Provost Marshal General was preparing for the great registration which it was hoped to hold September 5; 16 envelope manufacturers were said to be printing a total of 35,000,000 envelopes, and 58,000 steel filing cases were ordered to hold the questionnaires of the registrants, of which it was estimated there would be 13,000,000.

The bill was passed by the House on August 24 by 336 votes to 2.

TRAWLER TURNS RAIDER. The American steam trawler "Triumph" captured by a U-boat operating on the Grand Banks on August 20, was armed with two light guns, equipped with a plentiful supply of shells and bombs, manned by a crew of 16 men, and sent out to prey on the fishing fleet. On the following day the trawler sunk 5 fishing schooners, two Canadian and 3 American. It was thought that she had secured several other victims. Naval vessels at once began to scour the waters for the new enemy.

On August 20, an American steamer which made an Atlantic port with a badly broken nose, reported ramming a submarine on August 17 off the Virginian coast. The submarine was turned broadside on to the steamer. The extent of the damage to the submarine was not known, but judging by the damage to the steamer it was thought probable that she had been sunk.

Two Norwegian ships, the steamer "San Jose" and the bark "Nordhav" were sunk by submarines off the Virginian Capes on August 17. The American steamer "Montana" was torpedoed and sunk in foreign waters on August 16. She was in government service. A British freighter was unsuccessfully attacked off Nantucket on August 21.

SPAIN WARNS BERLIN. The Spanish merchant marine, having suffered to the extent of 20 per cent. by the illegal operations of German submarines continued in spite of Spanish protests, the Spanish government early in August sent an ultimatum to Germany, in which the Kaiser's government was informed that for each Spanish ship sunk from that date a German ship interned in Spanish ports would be seized. Nearly 90 ships of the German merchant marine are tied up in Spanish harbors. Berlin has threatened to break relations with Spain if Spain persists in this "unneutral" plan.

LLOYD GEORGE SAYS WOMEN SAVED ALLIES. In a letter to the Inter-Allied Woman's Congress, meeting in Paris on August 21, Premier Lloyd George said:

I am anxious to bear testimony to the tremendous part played by the women of England in this vital epoch in woman's history. Had it not been for the splendid manner in which the women came forward, working in the hospitals, ammunition factories and in administrative offices of all kinds and in war work behind the lines, often in daily danger of their lives, Great Britain, and I believe all the Allies, would have been unable to withstand the enemy attacks of the last few months. For this service to our common cause humanity owes them unbounding gratitude."

AIR PLANES FROM AMERICA ON DUTY. Following the announcement that a complete squadron of Handley-Page bombing planes, made in America, had been shipped to France, and placed in the service, it was reported, on August 21, that American aviators and American machines had made a successful bombing trip over the German lines. The fact that American-made planes were actually flying was said to give new spirit to every man in the ranks.

SWEDEN RECOGNIZES ALLIED SUPREMACY. It was announced, on August 22, that through the concurrence of the United States in agreements already concluded between Sweden and Great Britain and France, Sweden would loan to the Allies 400,000 tons of shipping and would sell to the Allies iron ore and paper stock, hitherto largely shipped to Germany, while the Allies would ration Sweden.

SENATOR LODGE STATES AMERICA'S TERMS. Addressing the Senate on the eve of his election as Republican floor leader, Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, in an eloquent speech warned against the harboring in America of German insidious and poisonous peace propaganda such as wrecked the Russian army and led to Italy's reverse last fall. He said that in order to meet such propaganda it was necessary to have the items of a great and righteous peace clearly expressed so that the world would know exactly what we mean. He said also that such a peace could only be assured by victories won inside the German frontiers. The Senator outlined, as follows, the terms he thought a just minimum:

Belgium must be restored.

Alsace and Lorraine must be returned to France unconditionally.

All areas where the Italian race predominates, including Trieste, must go to Italy.

Serbia and Roumania must be established in their independence.

Greece must be made safe.

The Jugoslavs and Czecho-Slavs must be established as independent states.

The Polish people must have an independent Poland.

These independent states must be created to bar Germany's pathway to the east.

The provinces taken from Russia by the villainous peace of Brest-Litovsk must be restored.

Constantinople must be taken from Turkey and the Dardanelles opened for mankind.

Palestine must never be returned to the Turk, and the persecuted Christians in Asia Minor must be made safe.

On the same day Lord Robert Cecil, under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the British Cabinet, declared in London in answer to a plea from Dr. Solf, German Colonial Minister, for the return of Germany's colonies, that Germany's brutality and callousness in the government of her colonies made it impossible for the world ever to restore them to her.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. American forces in Siberia were reported, on August 17, to have relieved Czecho-Slovaks guarding the Siberian railroad, releasing them for action against the Bolsheviki on the Ussuri front. The Allied troops were reported on August 22 as withdrawing on this front under pressure of superior numbers. Chinese troops have also appeared on the Manchurian frontier. . . . In the Nebraska Republican primaries Senator Norris of Nebraska was renominated. In Mississippi Senator Vardaman was defeated for renomination. . . . The government administration of the telephone and telegraph lines of the country will result in the combining of all competing systems wherever such action is found feasible. The Bell Telephone organization, comprising about 50,000,000 miles of wire, will probably be put in direct connection with independent systems operating 25,000,000 miles of wire which have formerly been in more or less competition with the larger systems. . . . Lake Michigan and the Gulf of Mexico were connected on August 22 by the opening of the old Illinois and Michigan Canal. A barge line towed by motor boats will operate between Chicago and St. Louis.

Watch the Girl from Orchard Street

PRESUMPTUOUS self-esteem based on prosperity often leads to misjudgments. In many a small town it is a social crime, not to be condoned, for wealth to notice those who live among poverty. Orchard Street was the home of poverty. Mary Ellis's father wasn't poor, but he did drink too much sometimes, and they lived on Orchard Street. But Mary Ellis, once a tomboy, had seen a vision and she followed it in spite of scorn and averted faces and staring eyes. She made her place in the world by loving service and she—but why tell you the story? You will read the first two chapters next week, and you will await impatiently the mail that brings each subsequent chapter.

Major Waters will next week tell us more about the situation in Jerusalem, and will open for us a window that looks out on opportunity.

Next week also the first cover will begin a series of reproductions of scenes in the Holy Land, painted by David Roberts, R. A. The first one shows the Pool of Bethesda, where on a Sabbath day a cripple rose up and walked.

Still Sweeping Back the Huns

The Allies Continue to Hammer the Way to Victory Along the Whole Battle-Front in France

"EVERYTHING is going well. We have begun our action and shall continue." said Marshal Foch to the war correspondents on August 23. Pressed for a statement about what might be in store, he answered, "Realities are far better than any sort of promise. . . . Nothing but realities count."

And the realities were sufficient for the day, for in a battle line of over fifty miles, from Arras all the way around to Soissons, the German armies were being outfought, out-generaled and driven back. Some correspondents called it the greatest battle in history. In the five weeks since July 18 the Kaiser's armies had lost nearly half of all their gains in five offensives covering four months, had lost over 100,000 men taken prisoners, and had left behind them more than 2,000 guns, from field pieces up to an 11-inch monster mounted on a railway truck, which they had prepared for the bombardment of Amiens, but which, on August 23, was being exhibited to the people of Paris. Their losses in machine guns, trench mortars ammunition and equipment of all sorts were so great that they had not yet been counted at this writing.

But the most serious German loss is in morale, that intangible force which makes victors of dog-weary men. Started on their march to victory and peace on March 21, the German army, until July 18, believed its leaders capable of forcing their will upon the enemy. In five weeks of constant defeat the German faith in victory has vanished, the prisoners admitted that Germany could not win, and daily the correspondents reported more surrenders, more prisoners who agreed that, with America in the fight, Germany must lose, unless she could force a "peace by negotiation."

This old phrase, a favorite with German statesmen during the last four years whenever defeat threatened, has cropped up again. But it died to Entente ears at Brest-Litovzk.

On Sunday, August 18, his forces apparently held along the line from Chaulnes to Lassigny and Noyon, Marshal Foch struck northward, between the Oise and the Aisne. This attack was noted last week. Although meeting resistanee, the thrust penetrated well into the German positions. The Germans claimed to have halted it before their battle positions. On the following day another thrust developed "battle positions" further back, and each day saw the enemy losing valuable ground. On Tuesday, August 20, General Mangin's fourth army drove forward again on this fifteen-mile front, gaining two and a half miles and overrunning the highways from Soissons to Noyon. On the same day the British discovered the Germans falling back west of Merville, in the Flanders salient.

General Mangin's progress east of the Oise forced the Germans back in the difficult country west of the river, their retirement eventually reaching the little Divette River and uncovering Lassigny, which General Humbert's army took, on August 21. On this day Mangin also swept further forward, taking 8,000 prisoners, many gu and flanking the Germans out of Carlepont forest, forcing them to retire across the Oise along a constantly widening front southeast of Noyon.

WHILE Mangin and Humbert were keeping Fritz occupied thus in the south, General Byng, of Cambrai fame, on Wednesday, August 21, after a short "crash" bombardment, launched another of his tank attacks at the Germans along the line south of Arras nearly to Albert. The attack was launched under cover of a dense fog and made immediate headway, the English gaining about two miles and reaching the line of the Arras-Albert railway along most of the front of attack. This line, the embankments and cuts offering good defense, was strongly held by the Huns, and the British and Germans fought it out through two days of obstinate struggle, in which towns and farms changed hands many times and English troops were often driven back, but not to stay. Always they came on again and at last the Germans had to accept defeat. The Allies crept forward until the important base of Bapaume, the northern key to the battle line, as Noyon was the southern, was under serious threat from both north and west.

But Foch still had a few hammers left, and on August 22 he swung one of them —the British armies of General Rawlinson—against the Germans south of Albert, from the Ancre to the Somme. Here again the initial penetration was about two miles on a six-mile front, the gains poeketing the Germans in Albert. Albert was taken by storm that night while the Germans were preparing to withdraw, and Haig's men swung eastward over a mile to the heights east of Albert where the Germans attempted a stand. While Byng and Rawlinson were swinging against the German right north of the Somme, Humbert and Mangin continued to hammer his left.

Between the Oise and the Aisne the German retirement began to assume the aspect of a rout. General Mangin on the night of August 22 advanced over seven miles in places. His men swept up the east bank of the Oise, clear to its confluence with the Ailette and forced their way eastward toward the heights guarding the German lines of withdrawal from the now outflanked positions along the Vesle and the Aisne.

Friday, August 23, saw Byng's men going forward again, but against furious resistance, the Germans evidently being determined to save Bapaume at any cost. Here the Huns lost great numbers of men killed and as prisoners, and the British bag of guns, big and little, increased as they forced their way through positions heavily organized for desperate defense. The British field-guns raced forward, taking position on the run, behind the advancing army, while the tanks in great numbers were everywhere and doing deadly work. This day also marked great advances on the south, General Humbert crossing the Divette south of Noyon, while Mangin crossed the Oise east of Noyon, and swept up the Ailette to positions before the heights of Juvigny, northeast of Soissons. Noyon was thus threatened from the southwest, southeast and northeast. On the Vesle the Germans launched a series of violent attacks against the positions east and west of Fismes, north of the river, held by the Americans and French. The attacks were completely broken up, the Allied positions, except one or two outposts, being entirely restored. One American battalion west of Fismes, though outnumbered three to one, repulsed all the attacks of three German battalions. This attack was believed to mask a German retirement toward the Aisne, General Mangin's advances having made the Vesle positions almost untenable.

On Saturday, August 24, the nature of this attack became apparent as the American troops west of Fismes advanced northward to the Soissons-Rheims highway, and fires were observed back of the German lines, while the artillery fire weakened noticeably. South of Arras, all the way to the Somme, the British also advanced, reaching Crosilles and St. Leger, north of Bapaume, taking by storm the strong ridge back of Thiepval (which saw such sanguinary fighting in 1916) and pushing on north of the Somme well past Bray.

IN the face of constantly more bitter resistance, the British forces continued to press the Germans back on August 25 from Crosilles all the way south to Albert. Pozieres, east of Thiepval, was taken and the highroad from Albert to Bapaume was crossed along its entire length. The fortified positions at Sapignies and Behagnies guarding Bapaume were also taken and British patrols entered Bapaume before sunset. North of Bapaume, Crosilles and St. Leger were left behind and Bullecourt—less than half a mile from the Hindenburg line—was captured, while Mory, to the southwest along the road from Bullecourt to Bapaume, became the center of desperate fighting. The Germans were defending themselves in shell craters left by the fighting of two years ago. British cavalry, tanks and armored cars were out in front of the infantry, and the battle was everywhere in the open, with the Germans throwing in fresh troops to hold back the British, while they disengaged themselves and their equipment.

The rapidity of the British advance south of Arras is shown by the capture of a brigade commander in his headquarters just as he took up his telephone to call for artillery support. At that moment a British Tommy put his head in the window and told the General he was a prisoner. A little later on this commander stood at the gate of the prisoner's cage and with a smile and a handshake, greeted his officers as they arrived.

Five days of furious fighting yielded the British more than 17,000 prisoners and many guns, while the week's fighting in the south netted the French 13,000 prisoners and over 300 guns. August 25 saw no appreciable advance by either Mangin's or Humbert's forces.

THE morning of August 26 saw the whole German line, from Arras around to Rheims, in retreat. Some correspondents thought that Foch had learned of, or had surmised a German intention to retreat and had hit hard, not to break through, but to prevent an orderly retreat and to make the retrograde movement as eostly as possible to the enemy. Whether Marshal Foch knew or did not know the German intentions, he knew his own plans and these have developed rapidly into what has begun to approach a first-class success. He has not only held the initiative, but he has forced the fighting into the enemy's territory and shaken the enemies hold, both on the terrain he had overrun and on the confidence of the people back home. In Berlin on August 25, the people of the poorer sections, maddened by the announcement of further drafts on old men for war service, tore down from the walls of homes and cafés gaudy posters of the Kaiser, von Hindenburg, von Ludendorff and the Crown Prince, threw them into the streets and trampled them to shreds. There were some arrests. The German correspondents, in their dispatches, have been kept busy making defeat wear habiliaments of victory and the official reports have chronicled every repulse of an Allied attack, omitting German reverses, and where retreat described in detail could not be denied, they have given it the color of a voluntary move in accord with "the plan of the high eommand."

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American machine-gunners in a village in France whose guns trained on the opposite shore of a river are keeping Fritz interested

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

Christian Unity

CHRISTIAN love is drawing the churches together. More than at any time in the past, the desire for spiritual co-operation is manifesting itself. The leaven is working here and abroad. In Great Britain, the committee appointed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Free Church Commissions, and other bodies are looking forward to the proposed World Conference on Faith and Order, with the expectation that it may accomplish great results. Similar influences are at work here, which justify the hope that in the near future material progress will be made in unifying the churches, and eliminating the causes that have kept them apart. It is a huge task, as Rev. F. B. Meyer and other leaders in the movement have pointed out, to bring the various branches of Protestantism together on common ground, to reduce the causes of rivalry which have kept them divided and even antagonistic, to promote co-operation in Christian work, to energize spiritual life in the churches and to achieve a common organic basis which will retain all of the essentials of the Christian faith. Yet it is a work that *should* be done and which, soon or late, *will* be done. The prayer of our Lord "that they may all be one—that the world may believe that thou didst send me" will not always remain unanswered.

Our churches, their pastors and people need to pray to be filled with the spirit of unity and to work zealously and confidently for it. Then unity will come, and there shall be one flock, one Shepherd, throughout all Christendom.

Profiteering in Food

DETAILED information on the extent of war profiteering has been given to Congress recently in compliance with a resolution requesting it, and the Federal Trade Commission is understood to have obtained considerable information from the income reports.

According to a Treasury analysis of income tax returns, war profiteers in 1917 were most numerous in lines of business devoted to food production and distribution, cotton and woolen manufacturing and dealing, coal mining, iron, copper, aluminum and other metal production, and oil production and distribution. In addition, thousands of small concerns in a great variety of industrial and commercial classifications made profits ranging from 100 to 3,000 per cent. above their normal profits for pre-war years, which even then were considered high.

In citing certain industry or commerce classifications as containing the largest percentage of profiteers, the Treasury has made it clear that not all individual businesses in these groups have gathered in swollen earnings. This is true particularly of coal operators, some of whom made enormous profits, often several hundred per cent. higher than good earnings of former years, while others made barely enough to pay justified dividends.

The disclosures formed the basis of a hard fight to put through the Senate the 80 per cent. war profit tax asked by the Secretary of the Treasury. Senator Borah, a leading advocate of the high tax, pointed out that one of the striking features of these reports is that the very largest profits are made by those dealing in foodstuffs, and another striking feature is that these foodstuffs are generally under control of the Food Administration.

"I expect," he said, "to see the Food Administration adopt a wholly different policy than what it has followed in the past, in view of these revelations."

The Lesson in Thrift

THE War Savings campaign has in the few months of its duration made a long stride toward educating the American public to the war necessity of thrift, of lessening the normal consumption of the things the government needs to prosecute the war, and it has offered to millions of patriotic Americans a means and an opportunity for translating their savings into aid to the fighting men in France.

Supplementing the thrift movement, though not directly a part of it, is the immense decline in the importation of luxuries. According to a compilation made from official figures, the value of art works imported in 1918 is about $11,000,000, against $23,000,000 in 1917 and $35,000,000 in 1914. In automobiles the value in 1918 was about $50,000, against nearly $2,000,000 in 1913 and more than $2,000,000 in 1912, while the average value per machine imported in 1918 was less than one-half that before the war. Decorated china-ware imported in 1918 was about $3,500,000 in value, against $8,000,000 in 1914. Almost the same ratio was shown in decreases of precious stone and jewel importations.

The American people, rich and poor, are learning to do without the non-essentials. Once the most wasteful of people, they are learning that self-denial and simple living which is necessary to support the government is equally beneficial to themselves.

Smile and Be Cheerful

IN a little play written for our young soldiers at one of the great national camps, a famous lyrical composer—who is in the ranks training with the rest for service at the front—has a little song which he sings, the refrain of which tells how he "washes the dishes, against his wishes, to make the world safe for democracy." And the spirit of the song carries away the audience. It admonishes them to do not their "bit" but their "best" bravely, no matter what sacrifice of dignity nor what effort of strength it may involve, and to smile and keep smiling.

True, the philosophy of cheerfulness does not always seem an easy one to follow. These past years we have had, perhaps, too little of the shine and a good deal of the shadow; yet hardly a day so gloomy but it has had its bright relieving beams. And now the sun is tipping the horizon's edge, drinking up the mists, sweeping away the shadows, and encouraging us to our appointed work. Be that work heavy or light, let us accept it in the spirit of cheerfulness. When one sees preachers working as day-laborers, men accustomed to big business helping in unusual tasks, women of delicate training scrubbing and cleaning and nursing and mending, and thousands of others throwing ease and dignity aside that they may lend a hand where most needed, then one begins to learn that fine clothes and social position and all the rest of the toggery of wealth and ease to which we ordinarily attach so much importance count for very little in a time like this. If we are loyal and willing we will toss all impedimenta aside and pitch in to the task before us with a smile, remembering our duty well done is our part of the great national service.

Our boys at the front go singing into the fight. Like young Galahads, "their strength is as the strength of ten," because they fight for righteousness and justice. The sun shines more brightly on the hills and fields and valleys of France since they came. Victory is in the air. So may we, under the same inspiration, put new vigor into our work, new feeling into our sacrifices, new love into all we do for their sakes. They are worth it all and much more. And when they come back to us, riper, manlier, nobler from their great experience, may we know from the smiles that shine through the tears that they feel that we, too, have done our best to help bring about the result we all desire.

A Bold Arraignment of Austria

OUTSPOKEN criticism of the Austrian Government and its policies is making itself felt increasingly, even in the face of sharp discouragement. During the recent debate on the Czech motion for the impeachment of Premier Seidler and Minister of the Interior Count Toggenburg, Deputy Stransky, a Czech member, electrified the Vienna Parliament by a speech of amazing boldness in which he voiced the sentiments of a large proportion of the Austrian people in striking language. We quote a portion of his address from the Bohemian Review:

> We are determined to show to the foreign nations how unbearable has become the German domination over the peoples of Austria and what violence is being committed in Austria under the guise of decrees, illegal in every respect. We bring a charge against this premier that he is a typical representative of the Prussianized Austria whose very existence means a prolongation of war and constitutes one of the greatest obstacles preventing a conclusion of peace by the liberation of the smaller, hitherto oppressed nations.
>
> In place of conciliating the various nationalities and races, Seidler adopts German policies and attempts to crown fifty years of German terrorism by forging slave fetters on these nationalities and binding them to the wheels of the revengeful German Moloch. The Germans undoubtedly begin to see that their domination is nearing the end and so they attempt to legalize the robberies they committed by the establishment of a German province in Bohemia; the partition of this country is their first step for this end. Austria will exist only so long as its people desire it. We now declare that with God's help we hope some day to smash it. Austria embodies century-old crimes against the liberty of mankind. The highest national duty of the Czech people is to harm Austria wherever and whenever it is possible. This we owe to the Czech people and to our loyalty to the Bohemian crown, which loyalty can only be put in practice by opposing and even betraying Seidler's Austria. So we are determined to be prepared with all means within our power.
>
> Austria is not a state, but a nightmare centuries old, an Alp mountain of tyranny and nothing else. Austria is a state without patriots and without patriotism; it is an absurdity; it is such a state that Czech soldiers sent against the enemy embrace him and join him for the formation of new regiments and divisions against Austria.
>
> "At this point," adds the Review, "policemen appeared and cleared the galleries, so that outsiders might not hear such treasonable talk and took possession of the records with a view to striking out the objectionable sentences."

Stransky's speech reveals the tremendous undercurrent which threatens the disruption of "the mountain of tyranny" that has so long oppressed the freedom-loving races under Hapsburg rule. When currents flow so furiously, wrecks may be expected.

Personal—To You

AMONG the many burdens which publishers have had to bear during the past months have been the tremendous increase in the cost of paper, the cost of printing, the cost of engraving and the cost of clerical help. There will undoubtedly be other increases. As our readers doubtless know, the zone rate of postage, under which publishers are obliged to pay the greatly increased amount of postage to mail their periodicals to subscribers in the Parcel Post Zones, went into effect July 1. This alone will necessarily cause an increase in price in the near future of a great many periodicals. The increased postage in many instances is more than the entire profit of the publisher, so the subscriber is asked to bear a share of the burden by paying an increased subscription price.

For some time past the United States Government has been studying the subject of paper consumption by publishers, and as a measure of economy will undoubtedly order publishers to cut off all copies to subscribers at the end of the time paid for. They will order the discontinuance of free and exchange copies and of all subscriptions not paid for in advance by cash. They will order the discontinuance of sample copies. Publishers will be instructed to make no combinations of magazines at less than 75 per cent. of the regular subscription price. In some cases publishers will be compelled to reduce the weigh of the paper used. The government has already compelled the publishers of daily papers not to give credit for unsold copies which are returned, and probably in the near future will make a similar order to apply to weekly and monthly magazines. The shortage of paper in this country is a very serious problem.

Many magazines have increased their subscription prices during the past two months. Many others will doubtless increase their subscription rate of October 1st. The Christian Herald wishes to avoid a similar policy, and with the prompt co-operation of all of its readers now, it hopes that it may not be necessary to raise the subscription price.

This end can be accomplished if every subscriber who reads this notice sends us his or her renewal or subscription without delay. We must depend upon the whole Christian Herald Family to do this in their own interest as well as in ours. Hence we ask all to help us, and **the way to help us is to send in your renewal during the present month—before October 1st.**

The New Hope in Palestine

FEW events in the course of the war have made a deeper impression upon the public mind than the pledge given to restore Palestine to the Jewish nation and establish the ancient land as a national Jewish home. But it now appears that the program includes much more. It carries with it the restoration of those nations and lands over which the infidel Moslem power has ruled rough-shod for many centuries—the Jews, the Arabians and the Armenians. With the progress of the war men's views have broadened of the value of nationality, and the right of the ancient races, equally with the modern, not only to exist but to govern themselves, and their right also to be aided by all civilized peoples in working out their own destiny.

The eyes of the world are centered, however, upon Palestine, where the dawn of a new freedom has risen. Palestine's agricultural colonies, its industries, its sanitation, its water supply, its transportation problem, its reforestation, will be among the constructive tasks of the immediate future. To its development the wealth and influence of the nations will be tributary in the great hope of a rejuvenated Israel.

King of the Shillibers

By
GEORGE GILBERT

Continued from last week

]A wight, ygazing in affryghte on ye Jongleur's antyk services before ye Lady, whenas Robert had sate hym at rest, runnes to ye keepers of ye chapel, telles them alle. They, sore vexed, doe yrunne toward ye Jongleur, to thruste hym from ye place of worshyppe by force majure, deeming he had their Lady insulted.]

WITH laggard steps, with rumbling tongue, Big Bill Ledyerd paced wearily northward, hour by shivering hour. Moved on by policemen, narrowly missed by motors and surface cars at crossings, trudging, sitting on park benches in the early sunshine that was as cold as that charity that begins at home and stays there; failing to answer the gibes of the newsboys, somehow erect enough to escape the suspicion of intoxication, with fever mounting, chest aching, cough racking, lungs tightening, he made slower and slower progress. At some time in the afternoon he helped a brewery truck driver close down a hatchway and was asked to ride. His brain was hazy after that. But he was dumped at the edge of the evening in front of a great white, tent-like structure, across from which was a trim brick building.

In a moment of half-lucidity the King of the Shillibers asked a passer-by: "What's this?" waving his hand toward both buildings.

"Why, that's Riverside Hospital, and the other is Billy Dundee's White Tabernacle," was the reply.

Big Bill stood there and as he did so the pain in his chest increased, the cough came again, and the fever mounted higher. First he shivered, then he felt hot flashes through his being. The answer of the passer-by had meant nothing to him. Before his fevered recollection was passing a scene of other days. He was before a big tent. It was dark, the summer's dark. The gasoline torches were flaring before the concession-owners' stands. Ballyho men were barking. The reek of torch gas was in the air. He was in a crowd before a sideshow. His ballyho man was La Rue, his friend. La Rue was just finishing his talk.

"Let's go an' see what it's like," Big Bill said

A CLUSTER of electrics, in the angle of the tabernacle wall near at hand where Dundee's lithograph was, blazed up, snapped on inside by some one. Dully Ledyerd, his eye caught by this new brightness, gazed.

Oh, yes. La Rue had finished his talk. There he was, before him, his arm up in the signal for Big Bill to shill the crowds.

"Move on, quit blockin' th' sidewalk!" came in his ear.

Wearily Big Bill fell into step with the crowd. That it took him inside he hardly sensed. Oddly the pressure of the lighter throngs of the early hour called to olden memories. He grasped dimly at the tail-end of the puzzle of his whereabouts at times—only to lose it.

"Th' sideshow's over and I'm goin' into th' big tent t' be ready t' shill 'em off th' top seats fer th' concert," he mumbled to himself, leaning sloppily forward, slouching unevenly.

He sniffed in the odor of the crushed sawdust. The canvasmen had bedded the rings down well, he thought. Best so, then the horses wouldn't slip. He caught with bleared eyes part of the view of the circular arena-like tabernacle's interior. Yes, somewhere off down there was the ring, and from behind that bunting-bedecked place at the back presently a herald would come to blare forth swelling notes on a trumpet, and then the great spectacle that made the show's opening appeal for plaudits would be in progress, setting forth to the crowd all the splendors of Cleopatra's court. But as for him, he would sit there on the top tier of seats to rest. He was tired, after shilling all those people into the sideshow. He would take it easy until it was time to shill for the concert.

BESIDE him as he sat there on the hard board seat was a girl, who leaned against a fellow. Well, he had seen many a girl lean that way against a fellow on the top seats before the big crowd came in to fill the tent. Honeymooners or near-honeymooners liked to be off by themselves. He would keep watch of them, for use, later. Otherwise they were not interesting to look at. He viewed, instead, the steadily oncoming crowds, surging in from the entrance he had used, and the others, trudging along, filling up the body of the place. The lights were all on now. It was the first electric-lighted show he ever had seen, but then, maybe, it was a new wrinkle to catch the public. As for him, he was comfortable now, warm, even hot. And tired. Big Bill leaned forward; his nodding head jerked, came erect. He glanced slyly around. No one had said "Move on, there——"

"Mona," the young man of the King's honeymoon couple was saying, "does the old snoozer there bother ya' any? He looks like a rummi t' me. Want him put out?"

"Let him alone, Jim," she said, compassionate on account of her own thronging woes, and because she was so by nature. "Let him be."

Those rear seats did not fill up. The old man and the young one and the girl had that row alone. It was raw outside and that Saturday night was in the evangelical campaign a pause before greater efforts to come after a week-end routine.

BILLY DUNDEE, after the preliminaries, prayers, short sermon by the pastor of a neighboring church, came to the platform, alert, dynamic. His powerful voice, penetrating everywhere, was plain to two of the three on that top row. Using the idioms of the paves, the argot of the baseball field, he began to build up his appeal to the lost, text by text, strophe by strophe, rough-hewing his way with the battle-ax of forceful eloquence into strongholds of doubt that his velvet-tongued, correct-English brethren could not even view from afar. Jim Beldren, caught in the vortex of Dundee's urgent will, felt himself stirred. Truly, *this* man knew how to talk. None of the mission boomers could talk as he could—in the real American language of New York. The sermon dealt with family ties, with the debts men owe to women for their sufferings as wives and mothers, and so glorified woman and flayed man for his sins against her.

Mona, hearing again those truths to which she long had been a stranger, was swept along, too, in the whirlwind of the preacher's eloquence. What attracted her failed to appeal to Beldren. She caught at the tersely put parables that Dundee sandwiched in between his sporting epigrams and attacks upon the devil. She thrilled to hear expounded so powerfully doctrines that she had not heard since her mother first had brought her into the big town.

The King of the Shillibers heard nothing. In the feverish slumber of exhaustion and pneumonic half-coma, he drowsed.

The sermon swept to its conclusion, the audience hanging on Dundee's words most intently. On a chair, onto which he had vaulted to emphasize his final acting of his intention to catch the Evil One off first base and touch him out in the last half of the ninth inning with the score 0-0, the preacher gave out his peroration, while the ushers and workers, drilled to the minute for their task of salvage, cast their eyes over the crowds to select the persons who, by the interest already showing on their faces, were most likely to respond to the culminating appeal.

"And why not marry her—and let the gang go?" Beldren was saying to himself, glancing aside at Mona, her face lighted up with rapture, her eyes shining, as she leaned forward. "I might do worse. I c'n get that job that Boss Carlin promised me any day now. Why not do it—an' marry her?"

"Now, friends," Dundee said, as a great hush fell over the big space under the White Tabernacle's domed roof, "I have made my last appeal to you before another Sabbath, and I would like to have some first fruits of the new season to offer to show for my work in the Good Cause."

HIS voice had dropped into soothing, pleading minors. All the slang was gone from his lips. Reverent phrases came to take the place of violent, explosive ones uttered to enforce attention from those who understood them best. To the girl in the back row he seemed to be talking just to her. To Jim Beldren it seemed that he was addressing only Lightweight Jimmy.

The King of the Shillibers had no idea on the subject. He drowsed still.

"Won't you come, my friends?"

Dundee stretched out his arm to them.

Softly the trombone player blew a hymn phrase: "Come, all ye who are heavy laden." The chorus choir took it up. Here and there in the crowd thin voices echoed it.

"Come, all ye who are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

So Dundee, in plaintive, compelling cadences.

Here and there people stood up, as if ready to go down the sawdust trail to take the preacher's hand and give in their pledges.

The ushers and workers gazed, expectant. It was not yet time for the real answer to the appeal of the exhorter. The few who were standing, like all the others in his organization, knew their part—but waited on their accustomed cue. It needed a genuine movement from the people themselves to start the stampede down the sawdust trail. The movement had to be genuine or it would not be big—pregnant with real blessings.

"Come, and I will give rest unto your souls."

Dundee, erect on his chair now, held his right hand aloft in his characteristic ultimate gesture of invitation. It was the climax of the meeting! There was rustling through the throngs, as when wind sweeps over a field of yellowing grain, ready for the reapers—a rustling, fluttering, buzzing medley of humanity's minor stresses. Truly the harvest was ripe!

THE movement of the throng aroused Big Bill Ledyerd. Or maybe it was the recurrence of the stabbing pain in his great chest. Out of a bleared eye he saw Dundee, on his chair, down there beside the clusters of lights, his hand raised in the gesture that meant that he was—was what?

The fever mist came in on him again. Bill's imagination switched back, over the weary, Dead Sea years——

Oh, yes. It was La Rue, his friend, that he saw there ahead, his ballyho talk all done. There was a big crowd. He had shillibered for the sideshow; now it was time to shill for the concert after the big show. Afterward he would see Annie——

"Come, friends, give in your lots for God," the preacher said, softly. Two of the three up there on the top seats heard him; one did not.

"Jim," said Mona, half rising, "I'm going——"

Beldren, true to his code of loyalty to his lady and to his friends—half persuaded himself—arose. Mona caught his hand, in her nervous tension. The ushers near by, recognizing in them twain the beginnings of the real movement of the people, glanced, expectant, afraid to make a wrong move. There were other

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THE PASSING OF THE BURDEN

A SERMON

By

REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.

TEXT—Ps. 55 : 22. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee. He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved."

THIS is a stormy psalm, abounding in threat, indignation, fear, and pain. The tempest rages right up to the confines of my text. Here, in the text, there is a temporary lull in the violence of thought and feeling. The driven, terrified pilgrim is becoming possessed by the recovering light of assurance, and the trembling heart is quieted into momentary peace.

In the earlier outbursts, the psalmist is meditating relief from his burden by the way of flight. "Oh, had I the wings of a dove, then would I fly away." We have all known the inclination. We all know the critical moment when we are contemplating seeking relief by leaving our tasks. "I will just leave the whole thing: I will get away from it!" Such flight is usually fruitless. We carry our burden with us. On the further shore it sits upon us still.

And yet there are some types of burden in which the refuge of flight will be found to be a rare and splendid defense. "*Flee youthful lusts.*" In these matters flight is the only method of salvation. There are some atmospheres in which evil desire inevitably becomes irritated and inflamed. Our only refuge is to get away from them. Flee from any oil that would feed the unclean desire. If you are inclined to be feverish, passionate, voluptuous, flee from the inflammatory material on which the temper is fed. Get away from inflammatory books. Give up inflammatory companionships. Seek refuge by flight. "Flee from idolatry." Do not take part for a moment in the temple worship of an alien god. Do not sit in the temple of Mammon. Do not play with worldly maxims. Do not think there is security in partial worldliness, in a moderate compromise. We do not need to wear the entire dress of a smallpox victim, in order to acquire the disease. A bit of ribbon will do it! And if we presumably turn our backs upon the world and the worship of Mammon, and yet retain and hug one worldly expediency or practice, we shall be accounted the followers of an alien god.

BUT the majority of burdens cannot be disposed of by the method of flight. In flight they are our inseparable companions. We have no resources but to cast them on God. What becomes of them when we take them to the Lord? There are some burdens which pass away, even while they are being recounted. They evaporate in the telling: To talk about them to God is to lose them! If you take a dimmed, steamed mirror into a dry, sunny room, the obscuring veil passes away, and the mirror becomes clear. And there are some burdens which perplex the spirit, and hinder its outlook, which, when we take them to the Lord, pass away like mist in the sunny light of the morning. Let me mention two or three:

There is the burden of fearfulness. What is this burden except the lack of assurance? The depression is born of uncertainty. The soul moves in fear, because it does not feel the presence of God. The lack of assurance breeds the restless offspring of anxiety, fretfulness and care. Now this is one of the burdens which evaporate in the telling. Fearfulness is always the companion of little faith. The Master has told us this in a very significant sentence. "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" The largeness of the one term is always proportioned to the smallness of the other. If we have little faith, we must have large fearfulness. If we have triumphant faith, fearfulness is abolished. "Perfect love casteth out fear." While we are talking to our Father, the sweet genius of assurance returns. Our faith awakes. Our love revives. The heart grows calm in spiritual fellowship. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," and, even while thou art telling it, the burden will disappear.

There is the burden of perplexity. Here, again, is a burden which frequently disappears while we are describing it. If we take it into our Father's house, even if it does not pass entirely away, it will be so eased that it will not crush us like an iron garment. We shall have freedom of movement.

It is a beautiful experience in the lives of the saints that, when they take their burden to God, they frequently find the clue even while they are bowed in prayer. The atmosphere of devotion is favorable to revelations, and visions are multiplied when souls are upon their knees. "When I thought how I might know this, it was too painful for me . . . *until I went into the sanctuary of God.*" He took his perplexity into the presence of God, and considered it in the atmosphere of the sanctuary, and the pain and the burden of it were gone! "In thy light shall we see light."

There is the burden of guilt. No man can reverently and penitently take this burden to the Lord without losing it. It goes in the telling of it. "Father, I am no more worthy to be called thy son, make . . ." "Bring forth the best robes." The confession of ignoble sonship had not been fully uttered before the Father called for the robes of restored salvation. "So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up to the Cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulder, and fell from off his back." "Cast thy burden upon the Lord."

AND yet there are some burdens which are not removed even when we take them to the Lord. They do not disappear in the telling. Is there some other gracious ministry of the loving Lord? Yes, if the burden remain, the bearer of it will be strengthened. "There was given to me a thorn in the flesh. . . . Concerning this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me, and he hath said to me, My grace is sufficient for thee." The apostle cast his burden upon the Lord. He asked that it might be removed. The burden remained, but the apostle was strengthened! "Mostly gladly therefore I glory in my weakness."

This is the way of the Lord. Some burdens are permitted to remain. Perhaps the burden is an unwelcome and unpleasant duty. Perhaps it is some physical infirmity. Perhaps it is prolonged labor in a wageless and most exhausting sphere. What then will God do with us! "*He shall sustain thee.*" The Lord will deal with the bearer of the burden. He will increase thy strength, and so in reality diminish thy load. This word "sustain" is a fine, wealthy word of most comforting content! There is in it a suggestion of the ministry of a nurse. He will deal with us as though we were infants. He will be to us the great mother-God. And He will manifest toward us all the tenderness of a nursing ministry. There is also in the word the suggestion of food. He will feed us. He will give to us the bread of life. He will increase our vitality. He will make our powers more alive, more wakeful, more exuberant. And I find in the word the further gracious meaning of "support." He will carry me, if need be. "Hold thou me up!" cries one of the psalmists. The word indicates one of the beautiful ministries of our Lord. We have seen the strong elder son taking the arm of his weakly mother, and holding her up. The kindly service is illustrative of the helpful fellowship of God. "He is at thy right hand."

THE concluding word of the text is purposed to heighten the assurance of the psalmist into the peace of absolute certainty. "*He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.*" The life that is held by God, possessed and inspired by God, will be delivered from all trembling uncertainties. On the one hand, he will not be dismayed by a frown or a threat; nor, on the other hand, will he be enticed by some bewitching fascination. He will continue his way unmoved. The road will be straight; the walk will be firm; his footing will be sure.

The Bible appears to exult in its proclamation of the fine, confident "walk" of the man who companies with God. He does not move with the trembling solicitude of one who steps upon miry clay, but he strides out with the confident step of a man whose way is upon rock. This is ever the issue of intimate fellowship with the Lord. Men are delivered from fearfulness, and fickleness, and weakness. Their hearts are encouraged and lightened, and the heavy burden becomes a tolerable load. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee. He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved."

THE RED TRIANGLE

LIFT up the Red Triangle
Beside the thundering guns—
A friend, a shield, a solace
To our ten million sons!
Go build a hut or dugout
By billet or by trench,
A shelter from the horror,
The cold, the filth, the stench!
Where boys we love, returning
From out the gory loam
Can sight the Red Triangle
And find a bit of home!

Lift up the Red Triangle
Against the things that maim!
It conquers Booze, the wrecker!
It shuts the House of Shame!
Go make a friendly corner,
So lads can take the pen
And get in touch with mother
And God's clean things again!
Where Hell's destroying forces
Are leagued with Potsdam's crew,
Lift up the Red Triangle—
And help our boys "come through!"

DANIEL M. HENDERSON.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

Daily Meditation

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Comforted to Comfort

SUNDAY, September 8. II Cor. 1 : 4. "*Who comforteth us in all our afflictions, that we may be able to comfort.*" The apostle had traveled over hard and disappointing roads. Again and again his purposes seemed to be defeated. He had long spells of apparently wasted seasons. He was afflicted in body, and mind, and soul! And yet, on those dark roads he began to make bright discoveries. Perhaps the discovery was a new interpretation of yesterday. Yesterday disclosed itself in a revelation of unsuspected significance. The looking back brought him a secret of divine providence. He found new honey in an old hive! Sometimes the new discovery is some new apprehension of the Divine Presence. "He appeared unto them in another form" as they journeyed to Emmaus. The two disciples were treading a very dark and sorrowful road. Their light had gone out in Jerusalem. The grim cross on their sky-line was the symbol of their slaughtered hopes. And now the Lord, whom they had seemingly lost, appeared to them in another and unfamiliar form. And we know the fruit of the Companionship. There was the opening word! There was the burning heart! And there was the new assurance! "They knew him." Or perhaps the new discovery is some hitherto unnoticed promise stretching out its hands from the mist-hidden and unknown morrow—a strong, generous, friendly hand. Or perhaps it is some contemplation of the Lord which is the minister of comfort, not merely a minister of soothing, but also of strength, of bread as well as rest. The divine comfort may come to the afflicted soul in one of a hundred different ways, but in every way it becomes endowed with the treasures of darkness.

And this comfort is purposed to make us comforters. We are comforted in order that we may comfort others. That is the Christian issue. The water which we discover in our souls as a well is to spring up and overflow in rivers of ministering grace. The comforted disciple is to be a comforting apostle. Indeed, the comfort which is not shared loses its strength. There are some things which have to be kept or locked up if their sweetness is to be preserved. But it is not so with divine comfort. It turns sour unless it is opened out in bounteous ministry. J. H. J.

The Spirit of Adoption

MONDAY, September 9. Rom. 8 : 15. "*Ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.*" We do no violence to the word "adoption" when we substitute for it the word "childship." Then the text reads, "We have received the spirit of childship." We have an earthly heredity, but we may have a heavenly. We may be admitted to a royalty before which the proudest royalty of earth is humble. Long, long ago a heathen prophet had a vision of the church of God. He saw its coming glory and he heard its triumph song. Thus he reports his vision: "He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel: the Lord his God is with him, and the shout of a king is among them." (Num. 23 : 21.) "The shout of a king" means the shout of a conqueror. Anciently a king led his armies to battle, and when he returned, if the war was successful, it was with victorious shouts. Balaam saw Israel in coming ages—Israel under David; Israel under Solomon; Israel under Christ. God's church is now his Israel. And he saw a kingly and conquering church.

What is the spirit of childship about which the apostle writes? It is, first of all, the spirit of confidence, confidence which has its basis in affection. "Abba" is the Aramaic word for "father," and in the vernacular it had a meaning vastly sweeter than just father. It was the affectionate and familiar word for father, something like our word "papa." The Christian spirit of childship enables us to cry, "Dear Father, loving Father." But what is affection, and what is confidence, if there be not on the part of the child toward the father unquestioning obedience? What child would dare to speak to his father tenderly, confidentially, and withhold from him that obedience which is due a parent? So we see that on the side of privilege the spirit of childship is the spirit of royalty, but on the side of duty it is the spirit of obedience and discipline. Have we received this spirit? If not, we are still under the dominion of the spirit of bondage, we are not yet set free from the law of sin and death.

C. C. A.

Seal of the Spirit

TUESDAY, September 10. Tim. 2 : 19. "*The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his.*" The "foundation of God" is that which God has founded in this world, the people "that are his," the Church. To these people God has affixed a seal by which he claims them as his own. The seal in this instance answers the purpose of attesting ownership, like a trade-mark that is placed upon merchandise. Those in whom the Holy Spirit dwells are marked as God's own, as God's purchased possession. To the Corinthians Paul wrote: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price." The seal of the Holy Spirit which God has placed on his believers, even as the blood of his Son which was the purchase price he paid for them, do not attest the believers' personal worth or merit, but God's gratuitous favor and the great love which he has for them. The seal of the Spirit is only an evidence of that grace which seeks to save the sinner to the uttermost. Believers are not perfect saints while they are still in the flesh. They love the Saviour and his Word; they strive to lead a life acceptable to him, but like righteous Job they may fall seven times a day. The daily observation of the weakness of their flesh, of their faults and imperfections, may beget a feeling of despondency in them. They may come to think that it is impossible that God can acknowledge them as his own, being what they are. The seal of the Holy Spirit is to assure them of their adoption in spite of their unworthiness. A treasury note stamped with the seal of the government is still accepted as good, even when it is crumpled, soiled, and torn, if only the government seal is still on it. Christians must be careful only of not losing the Holy Spirit out of their hearts amid the temptations to which they are daily exposed and in their daily conflicts with sin. The soldiers of Christ cannot always appear in shining dress parade garments, just as little as other real soldiers. When they have done real war work, they will look rather uninviting, but just for that reason they are good soldiers.

W. H. T. D.

"I Will Not Forget Thee"

WEDNESDAY, September 11. Isa. 49 : 15. "*I will not forget thee.*" A mother may forget her child, a father may forsake his son, but the Father in heaven will never, no never, forget his children. A young man in New York City was arrested for some trivial offence and sent to Blackwell's Island. He wrote a plea to his father to come to his rescue, but the father's pride and anger would not permit him to go to his boy. He said he had made his bed; let him sleep in it. The grieved and forsaken boy, trying to escape by swimming across the river, was drowned. The father soon was on the verge of insanity, crying, "I would give the world if I had gone to my poor boy."

Our Father God will never miss such an opportunity to save or help a praying child. He gave his heavenly Son Jesus to save his earthly children. He came without our sending for him; we killed him, and when he came to life again, loving us, he reached out his everlasting arms to rescue those who had put him to death.

Can such love ever forget, ever forsake? It would break our Father's heart if he ever forgot one of us. Yes, a human father may turn his back upon his child, shut the door against him. He may have been an unworthy son, but then, he was his own boy. Does not the human heart recoil against such a parental attitude? We do not think it strange when a mother receives back her truant daughter; it is like an act of the Almighty, and we all say "Amen." How much more will your heavenly Father give good gifts to his returning prodigal? He bears with our infirmities, forgives our sins, touches our sickness into health, brings us to his bosom, puts on the robe and ring, spreads his table, and makes all heaven resound with rejoicing. The son was dead; he is alive again. He was lost and is found. All the bells of heaven ring and all the angels sing. A child has returned from the wild to its home in the Father's house forever.

E. W. C.

The Perfect Will of God

THURSDAY, September 12. Rom. 12 : 2. "*That ye may prove what is that good, and accep able, and perfect will of God.*" There is a simple prayer which practically includes all other prayers: "Thy will be done." They who say this from the heart lack nothing of obedience. Charles Lamb wrote concerning one who had been greatly afflicted. "He gave his heart to the Purifier, and his will to the Supreme Will of the universe." Mr. Gladstone said of a certain line from Dante's "Paradise" that "these words have an inexpressible majesty of truth almost as if spoken by the very mouth of God." The words referred to may be thus rendered, "In God's will is our peace." Not only is inward peace secured by conformity to the will of God, but all other needed graces flow out of that surrender—purity, power, acceptable service, fortitude, self-control, and that charity which is the bond of perfection.

America has not had a more intellectual poet nor one capable of finer "wing-work" than Sidney Lanier. His wife writes of the last days of his life: "We are left alone with one another. On the last night of the summer comes a change. His love and immortal will hold off the destroyer yet one more week until the forenoon of September 7, and then falls the frost, and that unfaltering will renders its supreme submission to the adored will of God." Such is the spirit of the saint—to adore the good and acceptable and perfect will of God. C. C. A.

Labor

FRIDAY, September 13. Ex. 20 : 9. "*Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work.*" Labor is God's law, written in men's heart at their creation and embodied in the decalogue. Adam worked in paradise. He was told that he must subdue the earth. The bounties which God had placed in lavish profusion in every part of the earth man was to make serviceable to himself by his own exertion. Labor, therefore, is the God-appointed measure by which man is to fulfil his mission on earth. Solomon tells him: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." With the increase of the human race, facilities for labor were increased, just as the demands for it became greater and varied. A division of labor into distinct crafts and trades took place, each person following the suggestion of his fancy and the direction of his genius. Cattle-raising was divided from agriculture in the first family. Later the professions arose: there were smiths, masons, carpenters, etc. The godliest men whom Scripture mentions had their chosen occupation: Peter's host at Joppa was a fuller, the great apostle Paul was a tent-maker, the evangelist Luke a physician. Honest labor is, accordingly, throughout the Scriptures regarded as a mark of piety. Of the man who fears the Lord and walks in his ways the Psalmist says: "Thou shalt eat the labor of thine hands. Happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee." The parable of the laborers in the vineyard is taken from life. When in the congregation at Thessalonica a disturbance had occurred which caused the members to throw aside their ordinary occupations, Paul wrote them such strong admonitions as these: "We hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies. Now them that are such we command and exhort by our Lord Jesus Christ, that with quietness they work and eat their own bread." All this goes to show that Christians must be about their business, if they do not wish to displease God. And they must finish it so as to have time for the Lord's business, when the day of rest comes. W. H. T. D.

Afflictions

SATURDAY, September 14. II Cor. 12 : 7. "*There was given me a thorn in the flesh, lest I should be exalted above measure.*" The answer to Paul's prayer for the removal of his malady came in the memorable words of the Master. "My grace is sufficient for thee." "Your strength is made perfect in weakness." Afterward, Paul learned how to glory in all infirmities and trials, that the power of Christ might rest upon him. When he was weak, then was he strong. A similar instance was when Jacob received the great blessing at Peniel. He became conscious of his own weakness by the touch of the angel's hand and though lame, he achieved lofty triumphs.

Abraham had his Ishmael, David his Saul and sorrow, Isaiah his persecutors, Jeremiah his jail. Many millions were destitute, afflicted, tormented through the early centuries, before and after Christ; Milton had his blindness, Bunyan his prison, John Howard his dissolute son, Pascal and Robert Hall their lifelong pain, while the multitudes of all the ages have felt the arrow of bereavement piercing their own hearts as it passed through the hearts of loved ones.

Every heart knoweth its own bitterness; with some it is a secret sorrow; with others, an open, public pain. Should we not all remember that whatever our peculiar trouble, we may rally from the hurt and become as strong as Almighty God to do all things by his power? Our pain or weakness may be the open door for the Christ to enter the heart.

You might think you would choose some other affliction than the divinely given one, but he who remembers that we are dust, knoweth best.

E. W. C.

SNA
GRE

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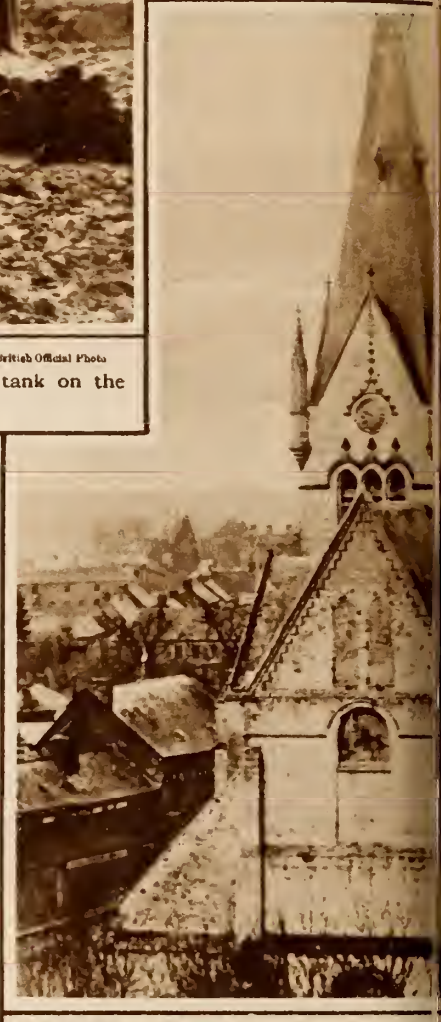
The King of the Belgians inspecting a tank on the British western front

© French Official Photo
American troops in Alsace attending church



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A French Filloux gun in action in front of Soissons

HOTS
HE
WAR

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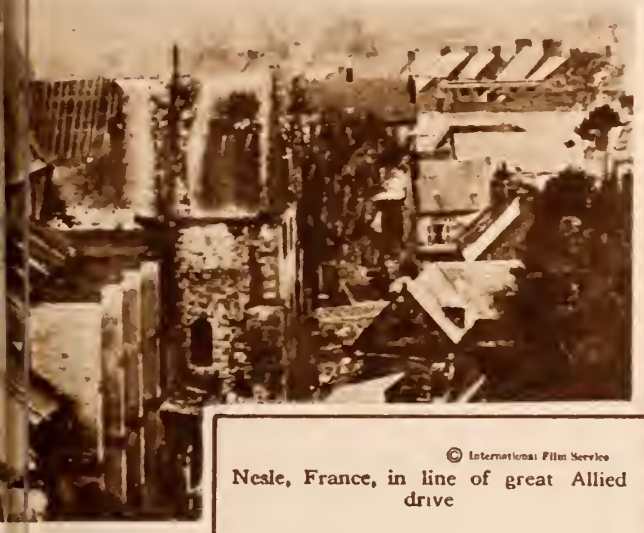
French refugees returning to their homes in the wake of the reconquering army



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Nesle, France, in line of great Allied drive

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Captured German naval gun on the Cambrai front

Empty shell cases give some idea of the British barrage
© British Official Photo

© British Official Photo
Temporary railway bringing up shells to pound the retreating Germans

World Missions and the World War

By REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D., Founder of Christian Endeavor

WHAT will be the influence of the war, which in effect reaches every corner of the habitable globe, upon missionary enterprises in all lands? It is a far-reaching question, and cannot be answered offhand. Will the constant drain on the resources of Christian people demanded by the insistent, continuous and absolutely necessary demands of the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Community War Funds, and a dozen other good causes connected with the war, to say nothing of Liberty Loans, which reduce the income that would be derived from other investments, at length seriously affect the treasuries of our missionary societies?

Will the constant excitement which the war generates lead Christian people to forego the reading of papers and magazines that are not spiced with battles and adventures in the air or in or under the sea, so that sober missionary information can have no chance?

Will the inevitable reorganization of the world, changing national boundaries, wiping out whole nationalities like the Armenians, transferring colonies from one government to another, make for or against missionary enterprise?

These are serious and perplexing questions. We can, however, get some light on them from considering the present trend of affairs. "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided," said Patrick Henry. "I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past."

THE four years of war, to be sure, do not give us a long "past" from which to generalize, but they do furnish many straws to show that the wind is blowing from the right direction. The effect of the monetary demands of the war upon the missionary treasuries is one of these straws. With very few exceptions there has been no diminution in the number or amount of gifts to missions. The treasuries of many boards are fuller than ever. Great enterprises for the enlargement of the work at home and abroad, involving millions of dollars, have been undertaken by some denominations, like the Methodist, at the very "peak and crisis" of the war. Campaigns have been launched of late for the endowment of schools and colleges in this and other lands, which a few years ago would have been deemed hopeless, and yet they have succeeded. Missionary authorities, instead of scaling down their demands upon the church for money, have increased them, in view of the higher cost of living, the unfavorable rate of exchange and the occupation of new fields, and these demands have been approved and met by the churches.

Not only is this true in America; but in Great Britain, which has endured the strain and depletion of war so much longer than we, this is true. Her missionary treasuries after these long and weary years of conflict at her very doors, I understand, have not been unfavorably affected.

The truth is that Christian people, by the demands of the war, are learning to give. The appeals of the government and of the peoples that are starving and homeless have touched the generous chord, and their hearts have opened wide to the needs of the world. Many who thought they had nothing to give have found out that they were greatly mistaken, and have learned that not the money and time, but the will, had been lacking. Others who before gave moderately and perhaps grudgingly out of their abundance have learned the joy of larger giving. They gave until they felt it, and then they kept on giving until they did not feel it, or at least until the pain of parting with their substance was swallowed up in the joy of having a stake in a great and good cause.

So I think we may dismiss the fear that missionary enterprises will be crippled in the future by lack of willing givers.

But, again, said the doubting Christian, admitting that this may be true, is it not probable that the news of the war and other matters growing out of the war may become so absorbing that there shall be no time for prayer and sympathetic attention to missionary matters, so that eventually lack of knowledge and interest may dry up the sources of missionary zeal?

This is certainly a danger. Yet on the other side, we must remember that the war is increasing vastly the knowledge of many missionary lands. The peoples of the world today form a huge class in modern geography. The daily papers are our textbooks. Millions of people know far more about Armenia, for instance, than they did two years ago. They can point out Van and Erzrum and Tabriz and Kiaochau and Harbin and Bagdad and Beirout on the map—places that a few months ago were mere names to them, perhaps not even names of which they had ever heard. Yet all these places, and a hundred others which are becoming familiar to us, are in the missionary zone.

WE read of the faithful Indian troops fighting with the British, of a hundred thousand Chinese cultivating war gardens and digging trenches in France, of our brave Allies, the Japanese, keeping the Pacific open to the commerce of the world, of the Boers and the African natives siding with what we believe is the cause of righteousness and justice, and our hearts go out to all of them. We feel our kinship with all these co-workers and co-fighters as never before, and we shall, I believe, be more eager than ever to share with them the blessings of the Gospel of Christ.

So, whatever loss there may be in the dissipation of energy and interest owing to the war will be more than made up in the tremendous offsetting enlargement of our knowledge and sympathies as a result of the war.

Moreover, the splendid record made by missionaries in many fields since the war began cannot but react favorably upon the public mind. No one can read of the heroic devotion of the Crawfords of Trebizond, the Merrilles in Aintab, of Mary Mathews in Monastir living for weeks with her orphans in a cellar while the bombs fell in the mission compound, of Miss Graffam alone in Sivas, of Miss Vaughan, the only missionary in the lonesome station of Hadjin, high up in the Anti-Taurus Mountains, and scores of others of whom I might write, without being moved to the deepest admiration for their dauntless courage and self-sacrifice. No soldier boy in the front line trenches, no shock-troops storming a battery, no aviator leading a forlorn hope against a fleet of hostile airplanes, has suffered more, or displayed more undaunted bravery, than have many of these missionaries in Turkey and Persia.

THE most convinced and ignorant mission-hater, if he reads the papers at all, must by this time know something of the stuff of which missionaries are made, and acknowledge their preëminent devotion to their fellow men. Talk about social service! There has been no such social service rendered since the world began, so far as I have read history, as these brave missionaries have given to the despoiled Armenians, and to friends and enemies alike on the battle-fields and in the hospitals of Asia Minor.

Unquestionably there will be geographical changes in national boundaries and changes of sovereignty as well, but I cannot see that these changes will work disastrously to mission enterprises in the long run. In many ways the war will improve the status of missions and missionaries. For instance, it is most unlikely that Palestine will ever again fall into the hands of the Turk. Under British or French or Jewish rule the missionary will have far more freedom than under Moslem control. Syria, too, will undoubtedly be wrested from Turkish sovereignty, and, let us hope, Armenia as well. Then in these lands Christian schools and Christian churches will flourish as never before.

Russia for long centuries has been closed to any Gospel except that of the Greek Church. A personal experience taught me how taut the ecclesiastical reins were drawn just before the war. I was asked to address a little Christian Endeavor gathering at Riga on the Baltic. Knowing that there might be difficulty in securing permission to speak, I applied for such permission from Petrograd (then St. Petersburg) through our ambassador, Hon. Curtis Guild, formerly governor of Massachusetts. Mr. Guild was a personal friend, and did his utmost to secure permission for me to speak on a purely religious theme to this humble little gathering of young Christians. Time after time he visited the Foreign Office, but was put off with one excuse after another.

At last the hour of the meeting arrived, and still permission had not been granted. The Endeavorers were on their knees praying that the meeting might be allowed and I might have leave to speak, since I had come so far. Just at the last minute a telegram was handed in which, in effect, said that, though formal permission could not be granted, I might go on with my address, provided the police of Riga did not object. All this fuss and feathers and red tape to prevent an American minister from giving a simple Gospel message!

NOW all is changed. The most populous nation of the world, with one exception, has by the war been opened to the preaching of the religion of Christ. Though Russia is torn and bleeding from internal enemies and external foes, she will never again be closed to the Protestant faith. Within little more than a year she has become one of the largest and most promising mission fields in the world.

The readjustments of the war will doubtless make Africa and the islands of the sea quite as accessible to missionary influence, to say the least, as before. As to the vast fields of India and China, there will perhaps be little difference in their status, but what difference there may be will undoubtedly be favorable to the influence of Western missionaries. Both have come more and more into the family of the Allied nations since the war began. India's troops have been fighting our battles alongside of their lighter-hued Aryan brethren. China's laborers, as I have said, have been doing valiant work in the rehabilitation of France, and in raising food for her soldiers.

The influence of Christian nations, and, we may hope, of Christian missions in these lands will be more potent than ever before. To be sure, these peoples who fight our battles will see the worst as well as the best side of Christianity. They will see the harsh, militaristic side, but they will also see the devotion and heroism of soldiers fighting for a great idea. They will see mercy and good-will exemplified in the care of the sick and wounded, enemies and friends alike. They will see the work of the Y. M.C. A. and the Red Cross, and we may hope that the sum total of the impressions they carry back will be of the gracious, kindly side of nominally Christian nations.

In any event, the war will influence these peoples as well as those more immediately concerned, and I believe it will enlarge their view, diminish their national conceit, and open their eyes to the best things in the civilization and the religion of the West.

If the League of Free Nations for which we pray comes about, we may expect that the resultant fellowship and good-will will work mightily toward the breaking down of ancient prejudices and the opening of all missionary lands to the triumphant advance of the religion of Jesus Christ. God grant it! So may it be!

Among the Workers

"FIVE hundred dollars will train a boy to become an honest and trustworthy man, whereas it will take two thousand dollars to train a man when he is eighteen or twenty, and then you will have that man to watch." That is the motto of the Jenkins Orphanage, founded in 1891 by Rev. D. J. Jenkins, pastor of the New Tabernacle Fourth Church, Charleston, S. C., for the reclamation of delinquent colored children. The proportion of children who go wrong after leaving the Orphanage is so small as to be almost negligible. The Orphanage has a farm of 200 acres at Charleston, where the inmates are given an industrial education. The City Council of Charleston has for the last twenty years aided the institution by grants of money. All the male students over eighteen are in the United States Army, 100 of these being at the front in France. The famous band, which has given concerts on many occasions, notably at the Anglo-American Exposition in London in 1914, has been broken up by the war, all of its members having joined the armed forces of Uncle Sam. A fine choir of Jubilee Singers, consisting of seventy-five of the Students of the Orphanage, are now touring the country giving musical entertainments, and are at the service of any church.

DR. LEVI B. SALMANS of the Good Samaritan Mission, Guanajuato, Mexico, writes acknowledging gifts from Christian Herald readers for his medical mission work, and adds: "I am spending all such contributions upon the building, and have been doing this from the year 1894 till now. Our property now is worth $60,000 American money, and it has all come from donations thus invested. I am now in my sixty-fourth year, and am warned by the almanac that I must make haste to get things in order for another to take them up. I must finish the building and equipping of this plant, which has already put itself in excellent repute with 95,000 patients and with a million of the general public, most of whom are very poor, and also either Catholic or utterly indifferent or hostile to religion. We have already fifty-five rooms finished and in use and twelve more constructed and roofed, but not finished enough to be put into use."

REV. C. A. DOUGLAS, of Teheran, died on February 9 from typhus fever contracted in Relief Work. He had been doing a great deal of work, and had visited many poor hovels in the hospital quarter of the city. Money and rice are being given out from eight centers to nearly 5,000 individuals. Lady Marling has opened a soup kitchen supported by the foreign community, where over 800 people are fed daily. Still many are dying of hunger. Bread is very scarce and at six times the usual price. For three months famine relief work has been going on at Meshed, Persia. The Presbyterian missionaries are feeding more than three thousand people daily. The number of destitute is estimated all the way from 10,000 to 25,000. Typhoid is epidemic.

AN important ten days' conference of Sunday school secretaries and workers, representing the World's Sunday School Association in the Philippines, Korea, China and Japan, was recently held in Shanghai, China. Some of the vital topics considered were Organization, Promotion, Literature, Standards, Evangelism, Teacher Training, the Sabbath and Temperance.

REV. H. B. ROLLER, evangelist, who recently completed his second tour preaching to the soldiers in the camps, began a revival meeting in West Baden, Ind., a great resort, on Sunday, July 7, and at the end of the first week the meetings had stirred the town and many had claimed conversion and united with the church, with many more interested.

The Silent Audience

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"IT'S so much easier," the girl told me half-laughing, "to do a worth-while thing in front of—well, an audience! Particularly if it's a hard thing."

"I don't think," I ventured, "that I quite understand what you mean."

The girl hesitated a moment before she answered.

"Well, it's this way," she said at last. "This morning while I was on the porch talking to our next door neighbor, my little brother came out with a torn stocking in his hand. It was a very special baseball stocking of his, and he wanted it mended at once.

"I don't like to mend stockings, and I am afraid that if I'd been in the house by myself I might have told my little brother so. But out on the porch, with my neighbor watching me, I took that stocking in my hands and darned it with never a thought of not wanting to. It's very strange."

"It is strange," I murmured, and waited for her to expand her idea. After a minute she did.

"I imagine," she told me, "that it must be easier for the average soldier to be brave when he is going over the top with the rest of his company than it is for him to be brave when he is sent on scout duty alone. Perhaps I am wrong, but there is a certain strange psychological thing about the presence of other people—a feeling that's one-third encouragement, and one-third inspiration, and one-third desire to appear at one's best.

"Of course, when I mended my brother's baseball stocking for him this morning, I was only doing what I very likely would have done under any circumstances. But had I been alone in my room, darning that stocking, I would have drawn the rough edges together carelessly, in a 'good-enough way,' and I would probably not have accepted the task as graciously as I accepted it in front of my neighbor on the porch.

"Having that neighbor as an audience made my darning better. Although I did not formulate the thought, I know that underneath my absorption in my work there was a certain feeling of pleasure in the fact that my neighbor was having the chance to see that I *could* darn stockings—and darn them very well. There was a certain subconscious pride in the fact that she would see how ready I was to help my brother. It made the task much easier! But, now that I'm admitting things, I'm afraid that I am not exactly proud of feeling that way, for it seems an almost self-conscious, conceited state of mind. And yet I fancy that a great many people do have that feeling."

IT was a moment before I spoke. For I was remembering a certain cold day when I had gone swimming alone and had lingered on the beach for nearly half an hour before I had dared go into the icy water. And I was remembering another day when I had very gaily splashed into equally cold water, another day when I had been with a crowd of young people who had not feared the chill.

"I don't think it's anything to be ashamed of," I answered at last, and slowly; "it's just human nature to want always to be at one's best before people. Nobody likes to do things that other folk will laugh about. Nobody likes to be a quitter, or cowardly in any way. People like to be thought pleasant, and as brave as possible, and—well, game."

"Then," the girl spoke thoughtfully, "then it would be better, wouldn't it, if we could always have an audience of people who would spur us on to do our best? It would be better if we could always feel that some one was watching and listening? And——"

"I think it would!" I told her soberly.

The value of an audience—it's an interesting thing to think about! When you are by yourself—writing, or working, or sewing—it's something of a test to stop suddenly and say, "Would I do this more thoroughly and efficiently if I were being watched?" And the answer is very often a revelation.

I ONCE read the story of a man who had done a great wrong to another man—a very great wrong indeed. But he was quite heartless about it, and never bothered much about the suffering he had caused, until his victim suddenly died. And then, all at once, he found that he was conscious of a presence—a haunting, reproachful presence—that was with him at all times.

At first, being a typically story-book villain, he did not mind the presence that obtruded itself upon him. But as time wore on and he found himself waking from sleep with a start, and looking nervously into dark corners, and seeing curious resemblances to his victim on strange faces, he began to grow thin and worried. He began to wear a furtive look, a hunted expression. And then, finally, he became weak and ill—and at last, raving deliriously of eyes that kept following him, he died.

It wasn't a pleasant story. But one, reading it, could not fail to see the moral that it pointed. For it was an allegory, and the villain in reality haunted by nothing but the knowledge of his wrong deed.

AUDIENCE? Every one, always, has an audience! Some people call the audience *conscience*, and it is always with you—always watching, always listening.

And so we, who realize that we can do things in a more worth-while way if we are being watched, should always try to remember that silent audience! And we should do our tasks well, and we should be kind and gentle and considerate, and we should never be careless or lazy just because we think that nobody will ever guess that we *are* being careless and lazy.

We should, in short, do our very best and be our very best to please ourselves. For we always know when a task is well done, and we can usually tell when it has been badly done. And if we make of ourselves a critical audience, we will, I am sure, please that audience that lives in our hearts and minds and souls—the audience that is called Conscience.

From out of my heart there spoke a voice—
A calm little voice and still—
And it said to me, "Have you done your part,
With a steady, cheerful will?
Have you brushed the care from another's life?
Have you smiled in the face of dread?
Have you done your part?" asked the voice of me.
And I wondering spoke, and said:

"What are you, Voice, that you ask me this?
Why do you seem to care
Whether I shirked my task or not,
Whether I did my share?"
And the voice rose out of my heart again,
And it said, "I am just the trace
Of the hand of God that is stretched to you,
And the smile that lights his face!"

American Lutheran Convention

MANY of the honors were carried off by camp pastors at the recent Lutheran convention of the English District, held at Chicago, June 27 to July 1. A camp pastor, Rev. Arthur R. G. Hanser of Brooklyn, N. Y., was chaplain of the convention. Other camp pastors present and prominently participating were: Rev. O. C. Kreinheder, St. Paul, Minn., Rev. Martin Walker, Buffalo, N. Y., Rev. H. P. Eckhardt, Pittsburgh, Pa. The last named preached the convention sermon.

The treasuries of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Missouri own $97,000 in Liberty Bonds, one of the largest amounts owned by any church body in the United States. The following churches were received into membership of Synod: Mt. Olive, Chicago, Ill.; St. Paul's, West New York, N. J.; Hope, Chicago, Ill.; and Mt. Olive, Detroit, Mich. Pastors received: J. A. Leimer, Chicago, Ill.; Robert L. Lail, Catawba, N. C.; Arthur T. Bartling and K. H. Ehlers of Pittsburgh, Pa. Lutheran loyalty was voiced in a series of resolutions encouraging popular support of the work of the Lutheran Church Board for Army and Navy. The next convention will be held at Redeemer Church, Ft. Wayne, Ind

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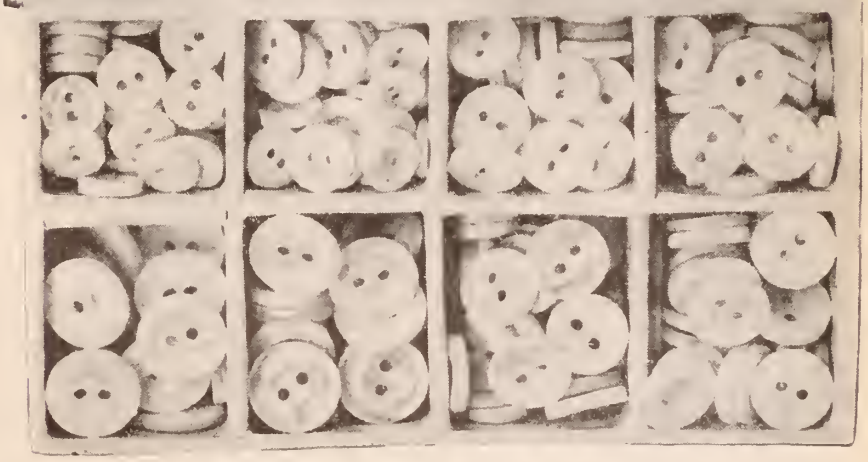

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Marion Harland's Corner

"King Corn in Infancy," and Other Matters

NO less than six correspondents have written to me begging for other methods than canning for preserving for winter use what one lively housewife calls "King Corn in Infancy." Says one, wisely:

We have no more delicious vegetable than the distinctively American product, green corn. If preserved at all, it should be done at once. And it is proverbially uncertain when canned at home, to say nothing of the expense of cans, etc. I have heard that it may be salted down successfully and that it keeps well and sweet all winter. I have a hazy recollection of hearing my mother say that you gave a recipe for this in one of your earlier household manuals. You will confer a favor upon others as well as upon myself by instructing us how to put up green corn in this or in some less troublesome, expensive and uncertain way than by canning. YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER (*Delaware*).

Over thirty years ago I wrote and published what I think your mother referred to:

Green corn is difficult to can, but I *know* it will keep well if put up in this way:

Boil on the cob until the milk will not flow if the grains be pricked. Then cut from the cob and pack in stone jars in the following order: A layer of fine dry salt at the bottom, half an inch thick. Next, one of corn two inches in depth; on this another half-inch of salt, and so on until the jar is nearly filled. Let the topmost layer of salt be one inch thick, and cover this with melted (not hot!) lard. Press upon this, when it is nearly hard, thick white paper cut to fit the jar. Keep in a cool place. Soak over night before using it. Strange to say, it will be so fresh after this soaking as to require salt when it is cooked for the table. Should the upper layer be slightly musty, dig lower still and you will be rewarded for the search.

After a generation of housemothers have tried this receipe, I have no scruples against republishing it. For years it was a standard formula in my own family and was invariably satisfactory.

Several recipes for canning corn cheaply have come to us in anticipation of the demand.

No. 1

I see in the Corner of July 10 a request for a recipe for canning corn. The enclosed is simple and sure: To ten cups of green sweet-corn cut carefully from the cob add one cup of sugar and the same of salt. Bring to a boil, cook half an hour, and can while very hot. When it is wanted for use, soak in warm or cold water until it is "fresh." I have used this recipe for years and never had a can spoil.

May I add a postscript to your recipe for Potato Salad? Hard-boiled eggs, pounded fine and added to potato salad, improve it very much. MRS. H. C. (*Iowa*).

No. 2

May I tell sister Cornerites how to can corn so that it will keep? Many in our village use this method:

Cut the corn from the cob and scrape it down to get all of the sweetness. Then allow to five pints of the corn a scant half pint of salt and the same of sugar, with one pint of water. Mix thoroughly and cook as for immediate use. Sterilize the jars, and when the corn is ready can as usual. It will only require half an hour to freshen it for table use. Put the corn into a small colander and pour water through and over it, letting it stand in it for a few minutes. MRS. E. C. G. (*Kansas*).

No. 3 will find a place in a later issue. Other matters demand earlier attention. A mother writes:

I enclose a cutting from a Milwaukee paper, that may be of use to the many who are having trouble in managing substitutes for white flour.

Any satisfactory recipe containing wheat flour may be used by substituting for one cup of wheat flour either: barley flour, one cup; buckwheat flour, three-quarters of a cup; corn flour, three-quarters of a cup; corn meal, three-quarters of a cup; corn starch, one-half cup; potato flour, three-quarters of a cup; rolled oats (ground), one cup; oatmeal flour, one cup; or rice flour, three-quarters of a cup.

Good combinations of substitutes: barley and corn flour; corn flour and oatmeal; barley and oatmeal flour; buckwheat and corn flour; corn starch and oatmeal; corn flour and corn starch; barley and corn starch.

I should like to have some simple recipe for sandwiches printed within the next month—something that one could put in a little boy's lunch for school. I thank you for the helpful recipes you have given us. MRS. J. H. D. (*Wisconsin*).

Taking the topics suggested in your letter in the order in which they come, I think it but fair to housewives who are hoping for a return to the free use of wheat flour, to append to your list of available substitutes a notice issued by the Federal Food Administration:

It appears that some misapprehension has been caused by the circulation of a report that white wheat flour may be used without substitutes under this modification. It should be clearly understood that there has been no modification of the substitute rule so far as white flour is concerned.

This modification applies only to the use of whole wheat and graham flours. Any baker who uses white flour without the prescribed amount of substitutes will be guilty of violation of the substitute rule.

Now for the homier theme of the schoolboy luncheon: I take it for granted that you, like the ardent patriot we believe you to be, obey the restrictions relative to the use of meat upon certain days. With this in mind, we offer a list of sandwiches which will spare the family purse and yet tickle the palate of a hungry boy. I hope he is fond of cheeses of divers sorts. They should take the place of meats several times each week in making up our bills-of-fare. They are nourishing and, in hot weather, far more wholesome than meat. The same may be said of

Egg Sandwiches

Mash the yolks of hard-boiled eggs to a powder, and moisten with salad oil and a few drops of vinegar. Work this to a paste and season with salt and pepper—and (if you like) a drop or two of tobasco sauce. The boy would probably prefer his sandwich without this piquante dash of flavoring. Now chop the whites of the eggs until they, too, are a coarse powder and mix them with the yolk-paste. Spread between slices of buttered graham, or other brown bread.

Instead of soiling a napkin daily in preparing the boy's luncheon, provide yourself with an abundance of sheets of firm tissue paper and wrap the sandwiches in these, putting in an extra sheet to serve as a finger-napkin when the meal is concluded.

Nut Sandwiches

English walnuts, pecans, or freshly roasted peanuts, may be used for these. If peanuts, shell and skin while they are warm. English, or black walnuts or pecans must be blanched by pouring boiling water over them and while they are hot, rubbing off the skins. Let them get cold before crushing them with a rolling-pin or chopping fine. It is well to do this the day before the sandwiches are to be made, to spare mother and boy time next morning. Blanch and skin a "lot," and keep in the refrigerator ready for pounding or chopping. To each tablespoonful of chopped or crushed nut-meats, allow half as much cream- or cottage-cheese. Season with pepper and salt and spread upon thin slices of crustless brown bread.

Cottage Cheese Sandwiches

Spread cottage-cheese upon buttered slices of brown bread, and lay between these a leaf of crisp lettuce dipped in oil and vinegar. Wrap securely in two thicknesses of tissue paper and warn our boy not to put the parcel into his pocket or any other warm place.

Sweet Sandwiches

Every John, Jr., has a sweet tooth. Some have a whole set of them! Add to the cheese or meat sandwiches a "sweetie" for dessert.

Raisin Sandwiches

Chop seeded raisins and a strip of candied orange peel into a paste, add a few drops of lemon juice, and spread upon thin slices of buttered bread or between buttered crackers.

Fig (or Date) and Nut Sandwiches

If dates are used, skin them and remove the stones, before chopping them into a thick paste. Wash figs and dry them well; then chop in like manner. Add as much minced English walnuts or pecans; work in a little butter beaten soft with a spoonful of cream, and spread between thin crustless slices of bread.

Of course every housemother knows how to substitute cold meat, sliced or minced, for any of the fillings above given. Just at present, we are intent upon satisfying a healthy boy's appetite with something that will make him forget ham, corned beef and hashed mutton.

May I ask if kerosene is meant when a member speaks of soaking bricks in coal-oil in the issue of July 17? May I tell fellow Cornerites of my way of making molasses cookies? I use one cup of oatmeal and one of cornmeal with the same of barley flour. We liko the cookies better than when they are made with wheat flour alone. MRS. R. A. T. (*New York*).

By "coal oil" our member means kerosene. The plan she outlines has been tried and approved repeatedly by fuel-savers.

The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL *Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.*

THE World's Evangelical Allianee has this year announeed earlier than usual its suggested topies for the Week of Prayer, January 5 to January 12, 1919. Later in the year, when the event is not so far away, we will print the full list of topics. It is enough just at this time to set all our thoughts forward to this week, whieh has become by common consent "The Week of Prayer." The promise to the "two or three" is multiplied by millions when all Christendom is on its knees, and this year we have even greater need for humility and supplication. In victories growing day by day, we see at last the eoming of the triumph of right over might, of humanity over brute force. God's hand is in events; let us beware lest we glory in our own might and forget to give him the glory. And let us pray that we may have grace to lead the world back, in the days of peace, to the reign of ordered law and justice, of national liberty and individual freedom, of acknowledged faith and personal salvation, upon which alone we ean build a lasting structure of international peaee and good-will. There is much to pray for and much need for prayer, and it is not too soon to begin to plan for a full observance of The Week of Prayer.

Mrs. L. B. asked God to send an evangelist to lead the people of her town to forsake their sins. The prayer was not answered in the way she asked, but a eonsecrated Sunday school superintendent eame, and already the good seed is bearing fruit. Mrs. L. B. also thanks God for improvement in the mental health of her son.

L. M. H., who has read the testimonies to answered prayer since childhood, praises God publiely for an answer to prayer too sacred to be put on paper.

Prayers are asked for revivals of religion at:

Charlottesville, Va.; Ooltewah, Tenn.; Port Blakely, Wash.; Clarksville, Va.; Sag Harbor, N. Y.; Queensboro, N. Y. (to have a great revival and to show those who do not go to church what Jesus would have them do); Rutledge, Tenn. (that may be saved during revival); Pocahontas, Tenn. (at tho M. E. Church); Elkhart, Ind. (that many may be saved during revival).

Miss S. H. M., Mount Sterling, Ky., asks prayer that a minister may be sent there this fall; Miss S. R. P., that a useful and influential pastor may soon be found for a church which under suitable leadership might do a great and much-needed work.

Aeknowledgments of answered prayer have been reeeived from the following:

Mrs. W. L., Traverse City, Mich.; T. A. T., Pompeii, Mich.; Mrs. M. D., Newark, N. Y.; Mrs. A. B. S., Abbeville, La.; S. R., Muskogee, Okla.; Mrs. W. A. C., Rougemont, N. C.; D. L. H., Montague, Mich.; M. S., Peotone, Ill.; E. M., Camp Grant, Iowa; J. W. K., Harlan, Iowa; E. S., McPherson, Kan.; J. C., Porterville, Ala.; Mrs. E. A. R., Wellsville, N. Y.

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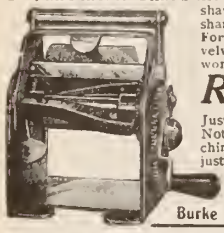

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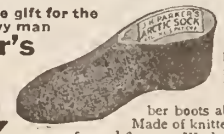

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Winning the World to Christ

International Sunday School Lesson for September 15
Matt. 5:13-16 and 28:18-20; Acts 16:6-15

How Christians Can Better Their Community, Nation and World

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

OUR Scripture Readings include the sayings of Jesus, comparing his disciples to the saving salt and the guiding light of the world; pass on to his Great Commission to them and to us to make disciples and to teach them and help them, and conclude with the Macedonian call in Paul's vision, which is an emblem of the world's appeal today. The Lesson Committee adds, in parenthesis: "May be used with Missionary Applications." Could it be properly used without? It is nothing but a great Missionary Lesson through and through. At home and abroad, the task is essentially one. Every one of us owes a duty to "begin at Jerusalem" in our own community, to "go out into all Judea" in our beloved America, and to have a share in ministering to the "uttermost parts of the earth."

It is worth while for any Bible class to consider the various fields of Christian endeavor, in search of opportunities for larger service. Let us make this a very practical lesson, and instead of thinking of missionary heroes, or setting forth the equipment and activities of various Christian forces, let us just ask ourselves where we can serve.

What Can Our Class Do for Our Town?

Local needs differ widely, and it is not for a stranger to decide what you ought to do. Put the above title on the blackboard and get your suggestions from the class. The best thing one can do for almost any community is to strengthen the Church and make it effective, raise more money for a more efficiently conducted enterprise, beautify the very building till it will stand comparison with the bank and the great industrial plant. "Make the Church of Christ count in our town." Well, how? What can we do as a class? To begin: Have every one in the class attend church for ten Sundays, bringing a visitor along each time. Sit together and see what will happen.

Many a town is sadly overchurched. It needs more Christian co-operation above anything else. This is a propitious time for cultivating a better spirit, leading, if possible, to federation. Ah, how great the need for prayer for guidance, for wisdom and patience! But adult Bible classes have led to federated churches in more than one community. If this is your town's need, undertake the task with the sole aim of letting the light of the Gospel shine clearly, instead of the smoky candles of rival dying churches. There is a new opportunity to federate today, when men of all creeds are fighting, serving, dying together. Remarkable progress in Christian co-operation will be made this coming year in America. Why not in your town?

Many a town is witnessing a breakup of home life as more and more women go into factory and store. One Bible class started a day nursery. For only ten cents a day, a mother can leave her little child in good care, where he will have two nice meals of bread and milk and fruit. Now, girls and women are sewing little garments. Pictures of Jesus and the Children and the Good Shepherd preach the Gospel for little tots. A Sunday class in the church has been begun which is really a mothers' meeting for discussing the duties of parents and the problems of those who toil. Is all this Christian, some one asks? Nothing more so. Of course, children are in Sunday school and mothers in church as one result.

Another Bible class conducts a lunch-room for working girls, hiring a chef and doing the serving themselves every noon.

In October, countless wise churches begin their fall enlistment campaign. Some of these have been instituted in the school, and gradually the church officers have awakened to the value of the plan. Classes volunteer to canvass sections of the town, distribute door-hangers, and visit those who may be interested in the meetings of the church.

What Can Our Class Do for Our Nation?

Boys are giving up positions, incomes, ease and pleasure to go into training that is hard, to fight and die for native land! What shall we stay-at-homes do to be worthy of a place beside them? As good citizens, we will pay our taxes, obey the laws, conserve fuel and food, help in all patriotic causes. What more can we do as Christians and members of the Sunday school?

We can study home missions and learn where to help. Never was there such a chance to Americanize and Christianize the foreigner. No more are coming, and those here are aroused to patriotism and sacrifice for America. They are fellow sufferers with us in the discomforts of war times and in separation from their sons and in frequent sorrows. Help your nation by increasing its solidarity. Be cordial to the immigrant. Teach him English. And above all, be brotherly. Differences are forgotten as we labor or fight side by side.

Study the needs of America's working multitudes. Once more let me say it, your church or school will be shirking a duty if you do not get a copy of the new Home Missions Book on America's toilers, and have a class for its study. It is "The Gospel for a Working World," by Harry F. Ward, and a copy costs 45 cents, postpaid from the Missionary Education Movement, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City. If you are teaching younger children, set aside a few minutes each Sunday for a chapter from "Jack of All Trades," by Margaret Applegarth. This costs 30 cents, postpaid, from same publishers.

One of the boys' classes in our church sends carefully selected papers and magazines to fourscore soldiers from our town. We pass on all our Christian Heralds and church papers and bulletins, as well as the local news. The deacons of this church pay for the mailing, counting it a spiritual ministry. Letters are written by others to men whose names are supplied by the pastor, and in every letter God is mentioned and the Bible quoted or referred to. Several boys will join the church on profession of faith when they come back home!

What Can Our Class Do to Help the World?

Perhaps one of us will go forth as an accredited missionary to one of earth's neediest places. Keep holding this possibility before your group constantly and it will bear fruit in life. The rest can at least know about the progress of the Kingdom, and pray and give. We ought to know of the great work of undermanned hospitals, schools and churches. We ought to understand the strain, so terrific just now, and the gallant efforts of those who represent us. We ought to take at least our denominational missionary magazine and read in class some of the "wants" of the mission stations in the way of equipment and supplies. What a pleasure for a class of young Christians to respond to some appeal from India or China! Of course, many schools or classes have "adopted" some missionary or school and exchange letters and snapshots, and keep in close contact with the progress of one corner of the far-off work of the Kingdom. It is far more interesting to furnish a needed blackboard in a school on the Congo, than to send in five dollars to the general fund of the missionary society. Besides, it enables children to visualize the work being done.

Only God knows how far Christian influence reaches. Its testimony is beyond that of words or deeds. "Even so let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven."

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You may say, "I wish I were a boy again"; but your neighbor turns back the pages of his memory, and says, "The Lord forbid!"

King of the Shillibers

Continued from page 1001

stirrings here and there down farther where the people were more numerous.

"Why not—go with her!" Beldren asked himself. If necessary he would spend his one talent of loyalty for his lady.

"Come!" said Dundee, in final appeal. Again he made that compelling gesture, his right hand, held high, beckoning.

Big Bill Ledyerd, the King of the Shillibers, glanced at his side, where the young man and woman were. Just his luck. A honeymoon couple, holding hands, right at his elbow! Bill's face was bland, guileless. By some magic he settled his old coat and vest until they exuded tried respectability. His old derby hat, at just the right angle, suggested the farmer in town to see the sights. He smiled at the two, Mona and Jim, exerting to the full the telepathy of his most wonderful clowning, for a single tense and perfect heartbeat, turning his great powers of attraction unwittingly to the Best Uses. Over him fell the shimmer of sheer, mystic allurement. He extended his hand to the girl in that moment of ultimate decision.

"Let's go an' see what it's like," Big Bill said, putting forth his last iota of magnetism. Again he was the King of the Shillibers, supreme in his power to pull the crowds after him!

THE two, nothing doubting that here was another soul like themselves, almost persuaded, eager to go forward, yet afraid of being first, yielded. And together, the old shill, his heart pumping out almost the last bit of its strength against the obstruction of rapidly solidifying lungs, stimulated yet torn with fever, his brain wrapped in its mists, through which he was seeing everything in distorted form and sequence, the gangster and his girl, the sick of body leading the sick of soul, the one needing a physician, the two The Physician, went together down the sawdust trail, the first fruits of many and many for that meeting. Truly the harvest was great! At the platform's edge Dundee, his eyes shining, received them, Big Bill first, to whom he gave his hand heartily, and then to the others in turn.

Dundee, his hand firmly gripped in the steel-muscled one of Beldren, felt himself drawn forward. The young man wanted to whisper—something the converts sometimes did. Billy bent a willing ear to hear:

"If we stay till after the meeting's over, will yo' take us back o' the platform there an' marry us? I been thinking o' doin' it a long time now. She's a good girl. I ought to——"

"Surely," said Dundee, with his deep knowledge of human nature.

Back from the crowd the two stood, waiting. The slowly moving line of converts came forward in orderly array, each face alight with joy and peace.

"Oh, Jim!" said Mona, "I heard what you said to Mr. Dundee. I thank you for making it so I can go to bid my mother good-by for the last time with you; and clean, Jim, clean, *both of us —now.*"

"Cheese th' thanks, Mona. You been my friend. A man that won't stick to his friends—well, he's no good."

"But where's that old man that came down with us?"

They glanced about. The old farmer of the kindly smile and friendly gesture had gone. But over their shoulder, forcing his way through the final eddies of the converted throngs, was a man in uniform.

"It's the hospital orderly, Jim," Mona said.

THEY worked their way forward to meet him, informed of the fatal truth he bore in his message by the glance of commiseration he gave to Lightweight Jimmy, his sporting-world luminary.

"Hurry, Miss an' Junmie," the orderly said. "You'll be just in time. She's had a bad sinkin' spell, and the nurse said to come on th' jump."

"Hurry! do, Jim!" Mona panted.

They started for the entrance. Dundee called after them, his acute eyes having kept track of them. In such cases he always made sure of the depth of the first impression made on the convert. He vaulted from the platform with vigor, thereby scandalizing a couple of precisians whom he almost overset in his rush.

"Her mother's dyin' in th' horspittle over there," said Jim, waving his hand. "We've got to go over an'——"

"Let me go to her, too—with you," said Dundee, striding forward, taking the lead.

"Please do," said Mona.

A little later, over the hospital bed, Mona and Jim joined hands. Billy Dundee, Bible in hand, read to them the mystic words of the service. The dying woman, hearing the responses duly made, the hallowed phrases, smiled up wanly at them, and that smile on her lips was the last expression of a life that might have been much better, and, indeed, much worse, even as the lives of most of us.

JUST before midnight, among the seats at the far end of the great place, the cleaners, making the tabernacle ready for the services of the new week, came upon a big, bony, crumpled body. One of the helpers, after the dead clay had been pulled into decent pose on the rough boards, said:

"That's the old farmer that led the big march down the sawdust trail last night. I saw him, and Mr. Dundee was anxious to find him, to thank him personally for his work. Poor old chap; he's seen his last springtime!"

Conservation for Victory

ELMER E. HUBBARD, an American missionary in Cardenas, Cuba, writes enclosing a form of pledge "with the hope that it may be the humble means, in your hands and others, of developing an offensive in which we know you are deeply interested.

"Our first thought," he writes, 'was to have a thousand or more of the pledges printed and sent out, in sets of ten, to one hundred prominent citizens, including the governors of all the states and the presidents of some of the state universities or the state superintendents of public instruction, to be thus distributed over the country, with the suggestion that each citizen who receives and signs the pledge repeat the effort to another thousand, and so on until the whole nation is reached. But you in the homeland can devise the best ways and means. Perhaps you could put into the hands of every pastor as many pledges as he could use in his church or community. Or you could put a pledge into the hands of every one of your readers." The pledge is given below:

"Victory for the Allies is sure, because our cause is just. Victory may come soon, or it may come late and at an awful cost. How soon or how late depends upon you and me. Human might matched against human might may hold out long. Human might matched against Omnipotence must soon give in. In God we trust, and the strength of our trust is in proportion to our conformity to him. If our lives are clean and straight and square they become channels of Omnipotence to our community and to our nation. If our corporate life in its various forms and manifestations is clean and straight and square, the strength of the people is the strength of God. To help to prevent the prolonged horrors of war, I pledge myself to clean up, straighten up and square up at home. And may God help me."

Here follow the name, the address and the date.

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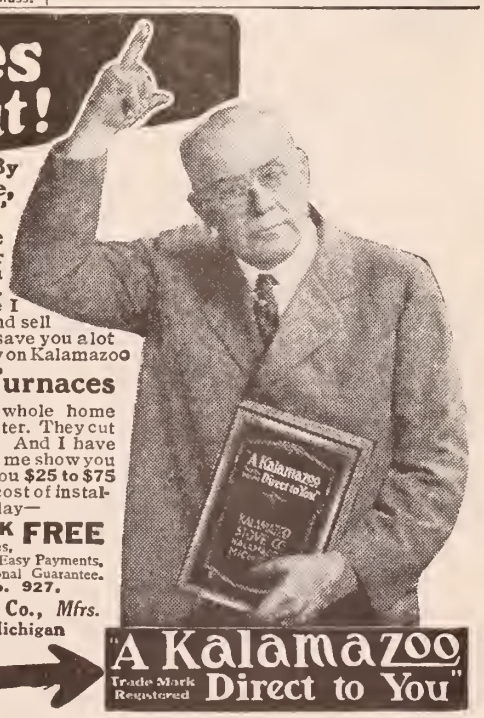

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P. J. Kelly, the Minnesota Poultry Expert, 119 Kelly Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn., has published a book, "The Tale of a Lazy Hen." It tells why the hens won't lay and how to make them lay every day. Mr. Kelly will mail the book free to anyone who will write him.

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Our Mail-Bag

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. Correspondents may use a nom de plume to identify the question, but all letters must contain name and address of the writer, in addition to the nom de plume. No attention will be paid to annonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

A. B. D., Md. I have just read "The Church that Made Good," by B. F. F., and as you invite anyone interested in the subject to write you, I am taking this opportunity to ask your advice. I have been a minister of the Methodist Protestant Church for ten years. I am thirty-eight and have "made good." Recently I have become deeply interested in church unity. It seems to me that a united Church is the only one that will ever save the world. I love my denomination. It is ono of nearly 200 sects in America that are helping to keep Christ's flock from becoming "one, as he and the Father are one." I had almost decided to cast my lot with the only body of Christians that seek the union of all followers of Christ. What should I do? Can I best serve him by going with the other church, or by staying where I am and trying to work along the lines that B. F. F. worked?

Changing from one denomination to another, we should think, would not help you. However excellent it might be in some respects, you would be liable to encounter the same or similar disappointments. We would advise you to write to the secretary of the Federal Council of Churches, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, and get all the available literature on the subject, and take counsel of experience. You may be able to serve the cause of church unity better where you are than anywhere else.

C. E. G., Lamar, Mo. "I beg of you, as a 'Watchman on the walls of Zion,' to cease not impressing this great truth on your thousands of readers, that our people must turn to God. I am persuaded beyond a doubt that when we, as a nation, 'seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness,' our troubles will soon be over."

Geo. B. S., Newport, R. I., writes: "A veteran of the Civil War, now seventy nine years old, has volunteered his entire time for general service to the Naval Hospital in this city as a patriotic privilege, to help carry the war to a successful end. He has been a subscriber of the Christian Herald for many years, and his example may stimulate some to help in some other way." Our aged friend shows true American spirit, and his patriotism should be an inspiration to young and old. We do not doubt that a very large proportion of our readers are already doing their "bit" to help win the war.

G. A. F., Washington, D. C. In reply to the invitation opening the article "The Church that Made Good" on page 892 of the Christian Herald, I give these facts: M———, Wyoming County, Pennsylvania, is a small country village ——no mines, mills or factories, just a farming community. The farmers are of American stock. There are three churches—Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist—named perhaps in the order of their strength, but all jealous and struggling. There should be but one. I was somewhat in touch with conditions there until a couple of years ago. Now I am three hundred miles from there. Can I be of further service?

Probably the best way for you to help them would be to send them the article in question. It has a broad appeal. It can offend no one and it may do much good.

W. H. W., York, Pa. Your article in the issue of July 31 on Noonday Prayer interested me from the fact of its importance. I have complied with the request daily from the time it was suggested, with the assurance that it will be answered in God's own time. I am an 85-year-old subscriber.

R. S. A., Delta, Colo. 1. According to the latest article by Dr. Carroll, published in the Christian Herald several months ago, there are 167 religious denominations in the United States. 2. Life is a precious gift from God and it is our duty to accept it as such and to live it out to the end, making the best use of it, to his glory and the good of our fellow men. It is a sin to shorten life or to throw it away. Job, when tempted to end all his sufferings by suicide, replied: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come" (Job 14:14). Paul, when the Philippian jailer was about to kill himself, cried out, "Do thyself no harm" (Acts 16:28). There is no passage in Scripture which shows that we have a right to shorten or terminate our existence. Under human law in all civilized countries suicide is a crime, and ecclesiastical law in early days repudiated the suicide and denied him Christian burial.

Geo. W. A. Smith, Ansonville, N. C. Will you please give me the author of the child's evening and morning prayer; and when its use began? I have known some children to object very seriously, and even to absolutely decline to repeat the third line, "If I should die before I wake." What do you think of this as a substitute?

Evening

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
And give my body rest;
Guard me through the coming night,
Wake me safe with morning light
And be my daily quest.
This quest I make
For Jesus sake,
Who when I pray
Taught me to say,
Our Father who art in heaven, etc.,

Morning

Now I wake and see the light,
'Tis God has kept me through the night
And given me refreshing sleep;
To him I lift my heart and pray
That he will guide me through the day,
And help me his good sheaves to reap.
This quest I make
For Jesus sake,
Who when I pray
Taught me to say,
Our Father who art in heaven, etc.

The "Child's Prayer" has been attributed to various authors, but its origin is not possitively known. It is very old, however. Our correspondent's variant on the prayer will please many readers and interest all.

J. V. P., Long Beach, Calif. Our government is taking the best care of our soldiers, as to morals, dietary and general well-being. Whatever latitude is allowed is an emergency measure. We must not let small things interfere with our appreciation of all the good that has been done in their behalf.

A Constant Reader. Lev. 20:21 is often quoted as forbidding the marriage of a woman with her deceased husband's brother or that of a man with his deceased wife's sister. There are differences of opinion on the subject. Some countries and some of our states forbid such marriages by statute.

M. M. V., Cupola, Pa. Are you not going a little bit too far? If we were to investigate everything in the same spirit as you would do, there would be no peace left to us. Works of necessity—and feeding people is a necessity—have always been permitted on the Sabbath. Even Christ and his disciples took grain on the Sabbath. If you want to be consistent and keep the Sabbath strictly holy, you are to be admired and praised; but let us be tolerant and remember that there are many who may be unable, from very force of circumstances, to observe it as they would wish.

Mrs. E. B. McN., Letts, Iowa. The Christian Herald is interdenominational. It belongs to the entire Christian church that believes, as it does, in a risen Lord who guides his Church and will call it to its proper final home and inheritance. We deeply regret church dissensions and differences of opinion, but firmly believe that the time is coming when, with one Master, there will be in reality and practice but one great body of faithful believers.

O. C. C., Millstadt, Ill. The whole matter is controversial. Until some better reasons are forthcoming than have been presented, Christians will continue to believe that Matthew, Mark, Luke and John wrote the Gospels. Acts was written by Luke, the next thirteen epistles by Paul. The writer of Hebrews is unknown, but the epistle is now generally credited to Apollos. The author of James was not James the Apostle, but James the brother of our Lord. The Epistles of Peter, especially the second, have been the subject of dispute, but we can see no valid reason for doubting that Peter wrote them. So with the Epistles of John and Jude. Revelation differs so completely in style from the Gospel of John that critics aver that the two books could not have been written by the same man.

S. E. O., Reserve, Kan. Nothing is said in Scripture to tell us why Saul's name was changed to Paul. It was common for Jews to bear two names, the one their own, the other taken from some country or people with which they had been connected. Thus, Saul among the Jews would be Paulus among the Gentiles. The sacred historian, wishing to mark the point of transition from darkness to light in Paul's life, emphasized the change of name, calling him Saul first, and Paul afterward.

Mrs. C. A. L., Pomona, Calif., In Mr. Maynard Owen Williams's articles in the Christian Herald, which give much available information concerning Russia, you will probably find what you want.

Episcopalian. What reason is there for the symbols under which the four Evangelists are typified in some of the churches?

Dean Farrar has the following explanation: The man or angel representing Matthew is used because his Gospel brings out Christ's humanity; the lion of Mark as an emblem of strength; the ox of Luke because of his dwelling on the priestly and mediatorial aspect of Christ, the ox being the emblem of sacrifice; and the eagle of John because he soars to heaven and represents the divine character of Christ.

A Friend in New York has sent us a letter from Foochow, China, which reveals how the great war is regarded by the poets in that distant land. Mr. W. S. Pakenham Walsh of Trinity College, Foochow, has issued a book of "Chants in War," being a collection of poems dedicated to friends at the front. One of the poems tells of the men in the Allied armies and their high ideals—how they fight on—

"Till they see the new day breaking
Through the battle and the gloom;
For the cannons won't stop roaring,
And the banners won't be furled,
Till the Superman is melted
In the cauldron of the world."

Another poem describes the entry of America into the war:

"Oh how holy was that hour,
When she rose in all her power,
And her answer pealed like music o'er the main;
When Britannia saw her come,
To the dear old island home,
And the hands that long were sundered met again."

"The Road to Calais," "Hope," "Consolation," "Mons" and "Australia" are a few of the many themes treated by the writer.

Palestine and its people are in the thoughts of many in these days of reviving hope for ancient Israel. Mr. Elmer E. Hubbard of the Industrial Homes, Cardenas, Cuba, writes: "I have just received a $50 Liberty Bond and the question has come: What shall I do with it? I might keep it in the house, and it might be stolen, or burned, or in some way lost. I might put it in a safety vault; but I can't see what good it would do there. So I have decided to send it to you to supplement the $200 that we sent some months ago for some of the homeless children of Palestine. If that money was put to good use it must be nearly all used now. I know that the Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee made arrangements by which the Liberty Bonds could bring their full face value for the Armenians. I hope this bond will thus be worth the full value for our children; if not, please let me know how much it lacks, for I want them to have the $50."

What tenement mothers think of Mont-Lawn and of the impressions it leaves with the children is told in letters that come to the Home. The following, from a grateful mother, is typical of others:

"DEAR TEACHER: Just a few lines to say William Olsen, also his brother Edward, arrived safe home last Friday, the 14th, and he has never given me a minute's rest since he came home till I would write to you. He is standing by waiting to mail it, so he will be sure you will get it. Well, they looked so well when they came home after being away for only ten days that I was surprised to see them. Then they told me of all the good things they had to eat, the good times they had, and the kindness. William cried all day, Friday, to get back; also when he went to bed at night he cried himself to sleep, saying, 'I want to go back where I came from,' and about his kind teacher. Now I have a busy time with five children, but I just had to sit down and write to you, when I saw the boys look so well for such a short time. I am not very strong myself, and I said it is too bad they don't take the poor mothers. How much good it would do them; but William says: 'You can't go; you are not a child.' As they speak of it, it must be very nice up there. I did like to hear all the good they had learned, both games and prayers. I will close, thanking you for your goodness and kindness to my children, William, Edward, Helen.

Brooklyn, N. Y. MRS. J. O.

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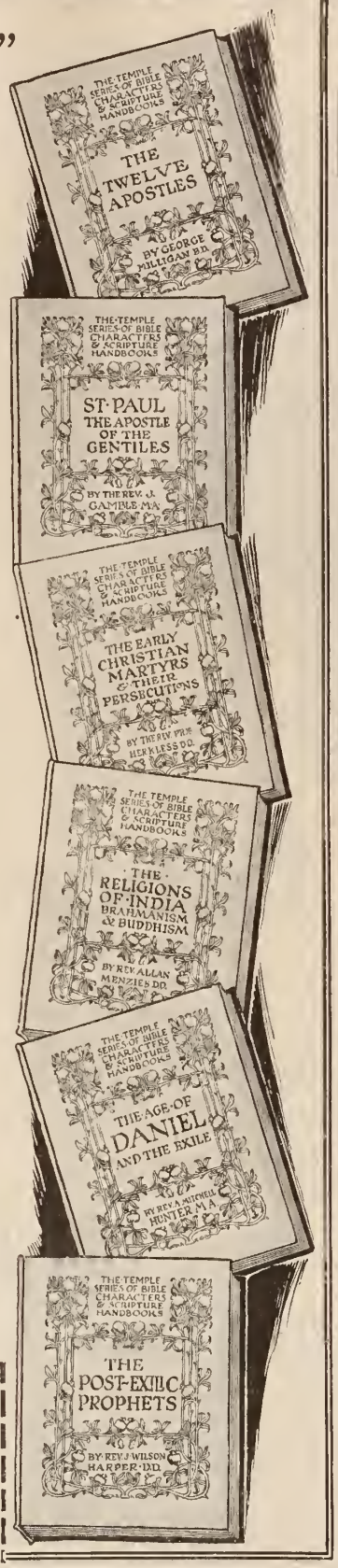

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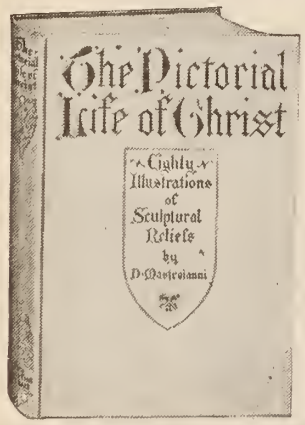

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Young People's Topics for Sept. 15

Did I Ever Have a Direct Answer to Prayer?

Epworth League Topic. Matt. 21: 22; John 14: 13, 14; 15: 7; James 4: 3

THERE is a great deal of misconception regarding the answering of prayer. Some people take the promise, "Whatsoever things ye shall ask," to mean that Heaven has become a sure source of supply to all our desires for temporal things, and for personal ambitions, but seem to forget that in the Bible it is said "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you." They forget also the verse in the reference in which it says: "If ye abide in me, ye shall ask what ye will," while in another verse James suggests that there is a danger that the prayer may have been amiss. If we pray in Christ's name, we must pray in his spirit, which was "Not my will but thine." The Scriptures contain many evidences of answered prayer. King Hezekiah saved Jerusalem and gained an extension of years as the result of prayer. Jacob prayed, and the heavens were opened and a ladder was let down from above. Jacob's wrestle with the angel was a form of prayer, for he said "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." If we, like Jacob, hold ourselves in the presence of God with like persistence, there will be no doubt in our minds regarding the answer, for the blessing is sure. If we ask for power because the exercise of power gratifies our human desire; if we ask for things merely for the selfish reason of personal desire for possession, we may expect a negative answer to our prayer. We must not forget that to some prayers God answers "no." This topic might well be made the basis of an inspiring, spiritual, and vitally profitable experience meeting, for it is highly probable that among those present will be many whose prayers have been definitely answered, and one certain testimony is worth hours of discussion. We would suggest that the leader use as little time as possible in presenting the topic, and that he arrange in advance for the giving of at least half a dozen testimonies, asking the older members of the church to come for that purpose.

The Saloon Power and How to Overthrow It

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topic. Heb. 2: 1-17

YOU might almost answer this question by saying: "Look about you." The saloon power is fast being driven from its last intrenchments, for the politicians, awake at last to the temper of the people, have turned against their former ally and listen coldly to those to whose words they once paid close attention. The time has passed when the brewers or distillers could make or break a politician's reputation. Shorn of their political friendships, the liquor interests are at bay behind a few influential newspapers. The Anti-Saloon League, building on the public sentiment developed by the W. C. T. U., the Prohibition party and temperance workers generally, has them on the run, and it won't be long until the adoption of the Federal Prohibition Amendment will send the whole business to oblivion. The Anti-Saloon League found the way to overthrow the saloon some years ago, and it has been following it persistently. The first step was the earnest co-operation of Christian people. With this power at their back, they were able to show the legislators a most excellent reason for respectful attention. Where liquor was well intrenched, they fought for local option, educated the voters and voted the saloon out county by county. This was a war of attrition. Where public sentiment was ready for it, they drove at once for full prohibition. When enough counties in the state were thoroughly dry by local option, the guns were brought up for the great assault that should clean up the state. Gradually the time approached when the nation could be made a unit. The states are now voting on the amendment that will wind up the whole rotten business. The saloon power, based on appetite and built on human weakness and cupidity, is being overthrown by the united co-operation of Christians of all denominations as a measure of practical evangelism which will bless the nation. If your state has not already ratified the national prohibition amendment, the obvious thing for your society to do just now is to enter whole-heartedly into the fight for ratification.

"For God and Country"

THE makers of hymn-books in recent years have compiled excellent collections of hymns dealing with the Heavenly Hope and with the peace and rest elements of our faith. But when America went to war, and we sought for stirring hymns in keeping with the times, most of our collections fell short. Recognizing this situation the Presbyterian Board of Publication has compiled a little pamphlet of hymns for use in war times entitled "For God and Country." The pamphlet contains thirty-five hymns, including "The Star-Spangled Banner," the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," Kipling's "Recessional," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and others, new and old, but all good, and all suitable for patriotic meetings, either in the church or elsewhere. There are also three selections of Psalms suitable for use with the collection of hymns. The pamphlet is sold for 10 cents each, and is cheaper by the 100.

REV. A. E. BISHOP of the Central American Mission, Guatemala, writes to the Christian Herald in a recent letter: "I am again reminded of the faithfulness of God by the receipt of a letter from Judge Scott containing your valued offering of $33 for the Lord's work in this needy land. We count you as real fellow laborers. For some days we have not felt a single earthquake shock, and the reconstruction of the mission building, as well as the spiritual work of our mission, goes on with no little degree of satisfaction. We are now holding weekly in this city some thirty meetings, comprising evangelistic teaching and classes for children and women. A few days ago a native Christian farmer, living some fifteen miles from the capital, sent me 1,000 pesos with a note, saying that it was for use exclusively in the reconstruction of the mission building. This morning one of the Christian laborers working on the building handed me a little note containing the voluntary offering of thirteen believers, amounting to 838 pesos, a large part being contributed by believers working on the building—also for reconstruction work exclusively. We appreciate these offerings and know something of the sacrifices that these native Christians have made in order to be able to contribute so liberally."

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THE POOL OF BETHESDA

OUR MAIL-BAG

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. Correspondents may use a nom de plume to identify the question, but all letters must contain name and address of the reader, in addition to the nom de plume. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

A. G. McC., Altoona, Pa. When we pray in faith, in Jesus' name and according to the divine will, there is nothing we may not ask. We should not ask for a life exempt from labor, from self-denial, from misunderstanding, nor even from the Cross, for how could we ask for such things in his name? He tells us that whatsoever we shall ask in his name will be given to us, and he also tells us to seek first the things of the Kingdom, and all the rest (the material needs of life) will be added to us. In his name we can ask with assurance for pardon; to be strengthened in temptation and to be kept from falling, and to be restored when, through human weakness, we do fall; and we can also ask for the sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit in our lives. But in asking we must have the faith to lay hold, and when we pray with this faith, we do not pray amiss. Perhaps what you so persistently ask he sees in his wisdom would not be for the best. Would you want it, nevertheless?

Reader, Hackettstown, N. J. There are many cases like that you mention, where an unbelieving life-partner makes life almost unbearable for the believing one. Yet we can never foresee when patience and restraint, that are now found so difficult to exercise, may be rewarded by the melting of the heart that has seemed so hard, but which comes at last to recognition and admiration for the Christian virtues which the other has practiced with patience and hope.

J. B. Phillips, pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle, Chattanooga, Tenn., sends this interesting account of a novel utilization of Thrift Stamps: He writes: "Just before our Bible conference last fall, we built a number of new Sunday school rooms and overhauled our church throughout, in order to have everything neat for the Bible conference. As the conference was coming on, our deacons decided not to raise the money to pay for this work then, but to make a note for $3,000 for twelve months. A few weeks ago I suggested that, instead of raising the money and paying off the debt, we put it into Thrift Stamps, so the government could handle the cash, and we arranged with the bank to carry the note until the Thrift Stamps mature, with our paying $210 per year interest. The deacons recommended this plan, the church fell into line. We were just eight days in the drive, as it started on Sunday the 7th and closed on Sunday night the 14th. Our people are very happy, and we are all looking forward with great pleasure to our coming Bible conference, which convenes October 6 and runs through the 27th." In the "drive," $2,511 was raised in Thrift Stamps, to which the church added $500 in government bonds, being "over the top" and more than sufficient to meet the debt.

J. T. F. writes: "I believe that Christian people of the allied nations, without formal action by civil or ecclesiastical authority, ought to pray in their own homes and churches, not merely that the Kaiser may be conquered in battle and that he may be tumbled from his throne of autocratic power, but we ought to ask God on bended knee for something else, which no amount of fighting can bring to pass, and that something is that the Kaiser may have a 'broken and contrite spirit,' that he may be convinced of the enormity of his sin, and cry to God for mercy and confess his sin before the world. If any man in the world, past or present, has reason to smite on his breast and cry: 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' it is William II. If any man in history has reason to cry out, as Job did when his eyes were opened: 'I abhor myself in dust and ashes,' it is the head of the Central Powers. He will be beaten in battle; he will be dethroned without doubt; but the spiritual result will be nil, if these are the only fruitage. How can this man be brought to this conviction of sin? I believe in no other way than by prayer. If the Christian people of the Entente Allies will confess and sincerely make bare before God their own national and private sins, praying each day in their own homes, and praying in faith that the Holy Spirit would convict the Kaiser of his sins, and open his eyes to see what the burden of them is, then I believe we would see a spectacle such as the world never saw before, and from that moment there would be some hope of bringing the kingdom of Christ into men's hearts—some hope of a lasting Christian brotherhood."

J. E. McB., Antrim, Ohio. In Mal. 3 : 5, the prophet is warning against indulgence in vice, and especially against committing the grosser sins, and is telling his hearers that God is quick to punish those who so offend. In 1 Tim. 1 : 8, the apostle Paul expresses the thought that Christians who have received the divine forgiveness are to feel that the law has been satisfied, and they are no longer under its condemnation. To those who backslide or who continue in their sinful way, however, the law is still a terrible and active reality.

Mrs. A. D. McC., McConnelsville, Ohio. There is a bill before Congress to pension persons who have reached a certain age, but this bill has not yet been passed, and it is impossible to state when Congress will consider it, as war measures are being given first place on account of their urgency.

Mrs. M. W., Raphine, Va. Clerks, stenographers, and typists are especially needed to fill many more positions in all branches of war work in Washington. The salaries for such positions begin with $1,100, with an increase to $1,200 in three months, if services are satisfactory. Write to the Civil Service Commission, 1724 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., where you can obtain full details and application blanks for any kind of a government position.

Rev. John C. R., Lindley, N. Y. A candidate for appointment as chaplain in the army must be a regularly ordained minister of some religious denomination, and recommended by some authorized ecclesiastical body. He must be under forty years of age, and able to pass satisfactorily a mental, moral and physical examination. Application blanks may be obtained from the Adjutant General, War Department, Washington, D. C.

F. K., Batesville, Ark. For information regarding the adoption of a French orphan you should communicate with the Fatherless Children of France Branch, 655 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The French Legation say that they had not intended to have the Belgian or the French orphans brought to the United States any more than necessary, as they wish to keep the children in their own countries.

C. N., Staunton, Va. Canteen work in the United States means volunteer work in railroad stations and clubs for soldiers and sailors, under the auspices of the American Red Cross, the National League for Woman's Service, and other organizations. Abroad, canteen work is conducted by the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross. Y. M. C. A. candidates must be between the ages of thirty and forty-five years. Under no circumstances will any one under twenty-six years of age be considered. The canteen work both home and abroad is purely voluntary, and no expense or salary will be paid. For full particulars write to the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A., 124 East Twenty-sixth Street, New York. Red Cross candidates must also be able to speak French well, and sign a contract for a minimum term of six months' service. Further, very few women are being sent abroad, unless specially qualified for the service they desire to do. Red Cross applications should be made to the Personnel Bureau of the Red Cross, Fourth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, New York.

J. E. B., Pittsburg, Pa. The following are rules for the display of the American flag as used by government buildings and military posts and reservations: The flag out of doors should always fly to the breeze. The flag, whenever possible, should be flown from a staff or mast, but should not be fastened to the side of a building, platform or scaffolding. The flag should never be hoisted before sunrise, nor allowed to remain up after sunset. When the national flag is flown with other State or national flags, it should always be on the right, or above the others. When the flag is hung from a window or similar place without the use of a pole, the blue field should be in the upper left-hand corner. When the flag is hung between two buildings, on streets running east and west, the union should fly to the north, and on streets running north and south the union should fly to the east. Indoors, the flag may be draped, but should never be placed below a person sitting. The flag should never be allowed to touch the ground

J. W. H., Faber, Va. An order went into effect on June 10, allowing an officer or a soldier, who has a signed furlough by his commanding officer, the privilege of riding on the railroads to his destination for one cent per mile. This furlough may be presented and honored at any railroad office from which and to which points the person is going.

M. E. R., Foley, Mo. A mirage is an optical illusion due to the rays of light, from the objects apparently seen, being bent in passing through layers of air of different densities. The rays are refracted by the water vapor in the air as by a prism. Objects which are beyond the horizon, and, therefore, out of sight, become visible through the curving of the light rays. To the eye of the observer the object appears to lie in the direction of the last refraction of light, thus making a house, a barn, a windmill or a field appear suspended in the sky. The blue sky, showing below, gives the effect of a great lake on the shore of which the buildings stand. Such an appearance of water has, in the days of the trail, led many a famished traveler astray.

M. M., Lake George, N. Y. Cumulative interest differs from compound interest in that the yearly accretions of interest do not themselves draw interest; $100 at 6 per cent. cumulative interest will equal in ten years $100 plus ten times $6, or $160, while at 6 per cent. compound interest the yearly additions will be $6.00, $6.36, $6.74, $7.15, $7.58, $8.03, $8.51, $9.02, $9.56 and $10.14, making a total in ten years of $179.09.

Reader, Ohio. There are many scientific speculations as to the duration of the five great geological periods; but as each period is supposed to have lasted for a long succession of centuries, there can be no accurate basis for an agreement even as to the approximate age of the globe. At the same time, scientists do not hesitate to declare their belief that hundreds of thousands of years may have elapsed since the period which saw the dawn of animal life in the geological world.

L. F. I., Maxwell, Ont. In Matt. 19 : 17, the Revised Version translates the passage: "Why askest thou me concerning that which is good? One there is who is good." The young man approached Jesus in a self-righteous spirit, claiming to have kept all the commandments since his youth. Jesus therefore reminds him that God, who can read his heart, is perfect, and requires a high standard of believers, and not self-righteousness.

R. H., Brooklyn, N. Y. You know the conditions of salvation and can judge for yourself whether you have fulfilled them. Christ said: "My sheep hear my voice and they follow me." Try earnestly to follow Christ and to be like him, kind and patient, gentle and sinless. Study his character as described in the Gospels, and make him your example. Pray that you may have his spirit and try to get your friend and companion to love him and trust him. You may be sure that God will keep his promise.

F. H. Jordan, Minn. The Leviathan, formerly the Vaterland, one of the largest ships ever built, was originally intended to carry 5,000 passengers, but has since carried 11,000 troops; the Justicia, lately sunk, could carry 5,000.

J. A. Ford, Plain Dealing, La., can remember his father singing a song concerning Napoleon on St. Helena, some of the words of which were something like this:

> "Napoleon is gone from war;
> No more can cannons' roar
> Awake him on the isle of St. Helena."

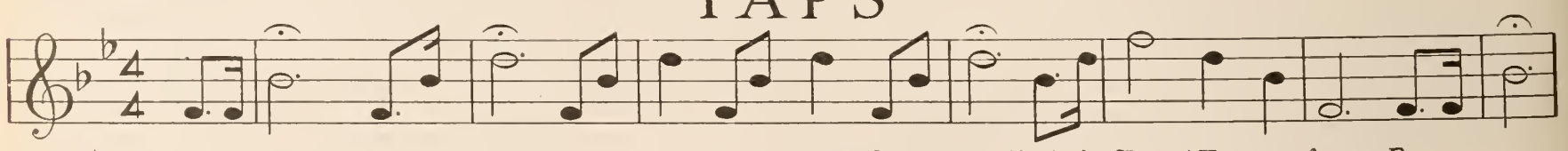
Can any of our readers supply the words of this old song?

J. M., Locust Ridge, La. Picardy was one of the old feudal provinces of France, and its territory is now comprised in the departments of Somme, Oise, Pas de Calais, and Aisne. The name is still unofficially applied to that part of France, which borders on the English Channel, and contains the cities of Amiens, Beauvais, Calais, Boulogne, Arras, Soissons and Laon. The fighting in the present war has been largely in Picardy, which was a portion of that part of ancient Gaul inhabited by the Belgians, who were considered by the Romans the bravest of the Gauls. The city of Amiens is noted for its cathedral, one of the most magnificent in Europe, founded in 1220. It is 470 feet in length, with a transept 213 feet across. The Peace of Amiens between England and France was concluded March 27, 1802.

Subscriber, Allentown, Pa., writes: "From pulpit and press we hear much about the causes of the war, and prophecy relating to it, and little about prayer. Our God is as powerful today as in the past, and if we as a nation humble ourselves before him, and trust implicitly in him, will he not honor that trust, and give us victory and give it speedily? Plead with the Christians of America to pray without ceasing to this end. If God would save Sodom and Gomorrah for the sake of ten righteous, will he not give us peace if all the righteous of this nation plead with him for it? For we all agree that our cause is just, and we are fighting on the Lord's side."

Words Suggested by a Reader of the Christian Herald

TAPS



THE above has been adapted from a suggestion which appeared in the Christian Herald. The first line is intended to be sung as a prayer by the Sunday school for the boys who are in the Army—the second line is a prayer by the soldier for the loved ones at home. The call is "Taps," the go-to-sleep call, the last bugle note heard at night. It must be sung very slowly—the slower the better. This was the first used among the soldiers of Camp Wadsworth, and after some alteration and the addition of the second line, is being effectively sung at the Presbyterian Sunday school in Anchorage, Ky.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

Women and children at a Jerusalem soup kitchen, which alone stands between them and starvation

Jerusalem a City of Refugees

By MAJOR THEODORE WATERS, of the Christian Herald and American Red Cross

THIS morning I visited the Tower of David. It lies just inside the Jaffa Gate and forms part of the wall of the city. The present wall is the third that has been erected. The first wall is traditionally that erected in the time of David. The second wall, built during the Roman period, is the wall of the time of Christ. The present wall was erected by Suliemann the Magnificent, centuries later. So in somewhat the same manner the Tower of David has had its periods. It is asserted here positively that the lower part was of David's time, but that the upper parts were added as the centuries rolled on. How they could have manipulated such large pieces of rock in those early days is a mystery akin to that of the Pyramids. The great moat surrounding this castle is partly filled up; but it must have been a most effective defense in its day. And the great pile must also have proved a strong bastile for those who offended the kings. But now all is changed and nothing is left but the very rocks themselves. Yet you can walk through the old stone rooms, mounting floor upon floor until you stand far above the city. You may even mount up the stairs of the minaret which surmounts the pile and gaze for miles over the surrounding landscape.

But if you take this journey today, you will be surprised at the occupants of the castle. No longer the kings and the feastings. No longer the warriors shooting their arrows through the narrow slitted windows. The Tower of David today is filled with a crowd of more or less miserable wretches. Arabs who come from far along the Jordan. Men who wear long black robes and white head-coverings decorated with two black cords. Women whose lips have been tattooed. People whose one purpose in life seems to be to do nothing but smoke cigarettes and rear large numbers of children, who squabble with one another and run all over the place. And over all, the inevitable dirt! These people are on rations, fed to them by the military authorities, who have done everything possible to make their lot as pleasant as it could be made for a nomadic people cooped up in a city. But contrast the situation with that which existed when this castle was young. What a difference!

Even so, it is better that it should at last come to be a haven of refuge even for such benighted heathen as now occupy it, than be a place of reveling for kings and their concubines, or a place of long-drawn-out punishment for poor captives, for whom it was a torture chamber, without chance of escape.

"COME along and see the fellaheen," said Dr. Harry C. Hurd, one of our physicians, who, from the very first, has been working among the refugees. "You will find them interesting."

Hurd is the type of the genial physician whose one object in life seems to be the acquisition of a greater knowledge of the science of curing disease and its application with a broad sympathy among the suffering people. We climbed into a motor accompanied by Marcus. Marcus, by the way, is one of the characters of the Unit. He is more than that; he is an institution, is Marcus—a product of the peculiar stress through which Jerusalem has passed. He says he is fourteen years old. But he looks much younger and acts much older. He can read and write English, Russian, French, and Arabic, and he can speak but not write German. He has passed through all the régimes, Turkish, German and English, and he has taken toll of each in the acquiring of languages and backsheesh. Yet, strangely enough, he is both industrious and honest, and is the sole support of his widowed mother. If you would know what he looks like, imagine a gnome about three and a half feet high, as broad as a brownie and as brown as a berry, with two big dark eyes that shine out of the middle of a perpetual smile.

"Let us first go to the old Turkish prison," said the doctor.

We rode on toward the outskirts of the city and stopped in front of an iron-barred stone building that had once been the detaining-place for people who did not agree in politics with the former rulers. We went inside and through to a middle courtyard containing some trees under which men, women and children lay stretched in the shade. Some of them were sick and some were not, but all seemed oppressed with various stages of despair. And little wonder, for these people had once lived out in the surrounding hills and vales, content to take care of their little places in happiness. But the war had swept their all away, and so they had wandered in to Jerusalem as soon as it was taken by the British and had been assigned to this old structure, where there is at least shelter from the sun by day and from the chill by night. For sustenance they depend upon rations served to them daily by the military authorities. For the rest, they beg and occasionally work. And if there was no love of home in the world or the memory of loved ones long since slain, they might be accorded happy. But a roof over one's head and enough food in one's stomach are not all that is necessary to the sum of happiness.

The doctor went around among them, advising here, prescribing there, with little Marcus chattering his interpretations in his voluble way.

"This man, he have a great beeg pain in hees head. It hurt heem in the back of hees neck."

The man was lying in the midst of his family, on a blanket spread upon the ground. The doctor examined him, first insisting that he take off a wide neck-cloth that nearly covered his head. Under the neck-cloth was a rag that covered the back of the neck. The man demurred when the doctor attempted to take it away. Said Marcus:

"He say not to do that because he will not get well if you take it from heem."

But the doctor did take it away, and then he uttered an exclamation. "Just look at that, will you?" And everybody looked.

IN THE back of the man's neck was a piece of cord. It entered the skin at the side of the neck, continued under the skin across to the other side, where the end came through. The two ends of the cord had been brought together on the outside and tied in a knot. Naturally it had suppurated, and the chance of blood poison was very great; but the man cherished it because it was the "cure" of a well-known native "doctor," who had ordered that it be kept there for seven years, after which the man's chronic headache would disappear and the cord might be taken out. It was shudderful even to think of. Yet the practice is by no means uncommon.

The doctor proceeded to give the man relief by other means, and continued his work among the people, until he had visited all the ailing ones the prison contained.

In the car again we sped away out of town toward the hills, and presently we came to an encampment of fellaheen, as the country-dwelling Arabs are called. They were picturesque in a forlorn way, their tents made of what looked like burlap, their clothes dilapidated, their cooking utensils dingy and dirty. The flat sides of the tents were raised so that it was easy to see the interiors.

In one tent, on a pile of bedding, lay a woman. The doctor found her with a fever and diagnosed the case as malaria. It seemed to be the prevailing ailment among these people, and it seemed to rage in most of the tents. Men and women crowded around with little children in their arms, and to these the doctor paid particular attention, for he is one of those sympathetic souls for whom the moan of a child means just a little more than the complaint of an adult.

We got through after a while, and then we wended our way across the hills to an ancient monastery, once filled with Armenian monks. It was the retreat of pious pilgrims in the early centuries of the Christian era, but now it is the haven of refugees who, like their brothers of the Turkish prison, find in it a temporary harbor after the privations of war. It is full of large rooms with walls painted with pictures of saints and the likenesses of dignitaries of the Greek Church. Lying around on the floors were all sorts and conditions of men, women and children, and, as in the prison, some sick and some not. And some there were who merely pretended to be ill, so that they might be sent to a hospital, where perchance greater quantities of food were to be had. But the doctor had an abundant intuition which enabled him to detect the sham from the real thing, so he was not to be imposed upon.

Eighty women and girl lace-makers in the Christian Herald institution. Two hundred other women who cannot leave their children are permitted to earn a living by making lace in their homes

There was enough of the real, however, to take up all of his attention. In one room an old man lay dying under a window through which a beam of the setting sun came and shone upon his face. It was to be probably his last sensation from the outside world of nature. Across the room lay an old woman. She was half naked, dirty and blind. The doctor did what he could for her, but there was very little he could do. Her span of life was practically run. The gloom of the room followed us out into the sunshine, and would not be dispelled. We crossed the courtyard and came upon a young mother sobbing over a baby, perhaps two years old. The doctor lifted up the covering that rested raggedly upon it. Its stomach was swelled enormously. "Enlarged spleen," remarked the man of medicine, and gave directions for having the suffering child removed at once to the hospital.

On the way out of the monastery, we looked into the chapel—the last evidence of what the ancient functions of the old pile had been. There was one lone monk in attendance. He took us back of the altar and allowed us to gaze down into a hole in the floor at a remnant of the root of a tree which he declared to be the identical tree from which the cross of Christ had been cut. The thought of the world-stirring tragedy implied in his assertion only added to our gloom, so we hurried out to the motor car and back to Jerusalem.

"Some things they are very bad to see," remarked little Marcus as we sped along. "My Doctor Hurd, he is not happy today."

JERUSALEM is full of little stories that are well worth the telling.

I was walking up the road that leads toward the Russian Compound where we are quartered, when the door of a shop opened and out stepped a little old man with a broom in his hand. The place was the Jerusalem depot of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The old man, who had on no hat, looked like the personification of Socrates, or at least like the commonly accepted likeness of the latter. His pate was bald on top, but it was edged with long white hair that hung upon his shoulders. His thick unkempt beard was also as white as snow and hung far down his breast. His face was yellow, as is common with those of advanced years, for his age must have been far past the threescore-and-ten mark. His name is Whelan—Michael Matthew Whelan—and he is one of the well-known characters of the city. This is his story, which, by the way, was not told by himself:

When Turkey entered the war there was a great scurrying on the part of all the English and their sympathizers to leave Palestine. The general departure in fact took on the semblance of a panic, and among others who wanted to get away was the young man who was temporarily in charge of the depot. He was in doubt as to what to do with the stock of Bibles. He couldn't take them with him, and he did not know whom to place in charge. Then along came Whelan. He had met Whelan before, and knew him for a student of prophecy. Whelan was stranded and was literally without a place to sleep, but being an American he was without much fear of the Turk. He offered to take charge. The custodian promptly fled and Whelan as promptly moved in. He procured an old cot somewhere and moved it in behind the counter. He slept there by night and waited for customers during the day. Few came, and he had to depend upon kind-hearted friends for food.

The building in Jerusalem in which is housed the lace-making industry, founded by the Christian Herald

One day the door opened, and in stalked a Turkish officer who demanded the payment of taxes.

"Taxes!" replied Whelan. "Why, if I had money to pay you taxes, I'd have spent it for something to eat long ago."

The Turk told him that if he did not pay up, his stock of Bibles would be taken. Whelan merely replied that he had no money. The Turk shrugged his shoulders and promised to return. He did in a short time, and renewed his threats. Whelan, having nothing to give, sat tight and waited for the Turk to act.

Presently a squad of Turkish soldiers came and began to take the Bibles off the shelves and tie them up in packages for removal. Then another Turkish officer walked in and began to examine them. Some were in the Greek language, some in Russian, and others in languages he did not recognize at all. He demanded of Whelan to know what good were such Bibles to do the Turk. Where could they be sold? Whelan didn't know and couldn't tell him. He was an angry Turk. Plainly there was no graft to be had there, so he mentioned a few maledictions to Whelan and went off in a rage, leaving the Bibles standing on the counter. Whelan undid the packages and put the Bibles back on the shelves.

In the course of time, the English under General Allenby entered Jerusalem. And presently in their wake came the Port Said agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He walked into the depot and there sat Whelan, clad in a nondescript costume that was a cross between that of a whirling dervish and the slop-chest of a stranded sailor. He told Whelan who he was. Whelan was not at all impressed. Any one might walk in there and tell him that tale. He was in charge and meant to remain in charge. The agent began to think he had a problem on his hands. He could never leave this strangely clad old man to represent his society, and besides the place was very dirty. Furthermore, he had heard that, since the English came in, Whelan had been selling many Bibles. Whelan admitted it. But, protested the agent, those Bibles belonged to his society, and of course the money should have gone to it. Said Whelan: "How could I send the money to your society when there was no way to send it?"

A new thought dawned on the agent. "Do you mean," he replied, "that you've got the money?" Whereupon Whelan informed him that he had the money intact, except what he had spent for the bare necessities of life.

THE agent did not oust Whelan, and he was glad he did not when he heard of another incident concerning the old man. It will be remembered that when General Allenby entered the city he did it in so unostentatious a manner that the praise of it went around the world. But there was one other happening attendant on that entry that many people here accept as a presage that Jerusalem will not pass back into the hands of the Turk. Just as the generals entered the gate a little white-bearded old man pressed his way through the crowd and, waving aloft one of the best Bibles from the depot, pressed it into the hand of the nearest general (he could not reach Allenby), and exclaimed: "Enter the Holy City in the name of the Lord!"

Yes, old Whelan is one of the characters of the city. Many English officers have heard of him, and almost any day you will find one or more sitting in the depot listening to the old man discourse on the Bible. Some people have called him a crank, but he manages to sell a great many Bibles just the same. I forgot to say that when the agent for the society realized, during his first visit to Whelan, the kind of person he was, he asked the old man on leaving if there was anything he could do for him, and the reply was characteristic:

"No, I guess not. But yes, now that I think of it, you might send me a shirt. I have not had one on for months."

Jerusalem, June 19, 1918.

Work for Women Past Forty

IN Chicago the Women's Committee of the National Council of Defense is receiving from forty to fifty calls a day from mature, untrained women wanting work. Many of them are getting it. Experiment and enlightened opinion, no less than the exigencies of war conditions, are demonstrating the usefulness of mature women in occupations heretofore closed to them.

"The woman past forty will be given a chance," says Victor Gannon of the Employers' Association. "But," he adds, "the women must cut out the camouflage. They must not take up an employer's time with the recital of Willie's illness, or how they couldn't cure John of smoking, or how close they came to getting married. And they must forget about their ancestors."

Surprising progress has been made in the last few years throughout many cities in securing the employment of men past forty-five, who had been turned out like old horses to die at the roadside. The "Young Old Men's Association" has worked wonders in this direction. In Chicago alone more than 13,000 positions have been found for men over forty-five years of age in the last nine months.

Much the same influences are being brought to bear in behalf of the women thrown upon their own resources after youth is past. Every sort of evidence goes to show that they are more reliable and attentive to duty than their younger sisters who have not passed the frivolous age. There is no charity in the movement; but it is a plain business proposition, that must appeal to any level-headed employer.

Allies Smashing the Hindenburg Line

As we went to press with this issue of the Christian Herald, the whole German plan of retreat appeared in danger of collapse. The Hindenburg line was turned in the north and General Mangin's army was threatening the southern flank.

On August 26, Haig's troops were across the Hindenburg line, east of Arras, were fighting in the environs of Bapaume, and were pressing forward against furious resistance along the highway from Bapaume to Peronne, while south of the Somme the French and English pressure was unending against the line through Chaulnes and Roye to Noyon. Lassigny had fallen to the French, Roye was nearly encircled, Noyon was under pressure from three sides, and General Mangin's army south of the Oise and along the Ailette was flanking both Noyon and the German line along the Aisne and Vesle, from Soissons eastward.

Along this entire line, German counter-attacks were constant. Fresh divisions were thrown into the wavering lines. The battle was joined along a front of 57 miles.

On August 27, this 57-mile line saw German armies in retreat again along most of its length. Haig's men were three miles beyond the Hindenburg line, along the road from Arras to Cambrai. Roye was French once more, and the French troops were rapidly following the German rearguards along the whole line, from north of Chaulnes to Noyon. On August 28, the French took Chaulnes and reached the Somme east of Chaulnes and north of Nesle. The Germans were hurrying across the Somme, and their rearguards were fighting desperately to keep the French and English from too rapid pursuit. The rearguards were, however, mastered in many sectors and the Allied forces reached the Somme in time to intercept considerable bodies of the enemy, and to force the flight of thousands more. Up to the north, English troops working down the Hindenburg line stood before Bullecourt (one of the most intensely fortified villages of this famous line); and Croisilles, slightly west of Bullecourt, itself a highly fortified nest of machine-guns. For three days they formed a bulwark against which the British flood broke in vain; but at last they were taken and remained firmly in British hands.

On August 29, Noyon, outflanked and threatened with envelopment, was evacuated by the Huns, who had to leave too quickly to carry out their threat to destroy the city. The French not only took Noyon, but secured a firm footing on Mount St. Simeon, a dominating height east of Noyon, which gave them gun emplacements on the flanks of the German line north of Noyon. This German line ran along the east side of the unfinished Canal du Nord from Noyon to Ham on the Somme, then along that river to Peronne, and thence northeasterly to the neighborhood of Bullecourt. From Bullecourt the line swayed eastward toward the prepared French line connecting Queant on the Hindenburg line with Drocourt, west of Douai. This "switch line," as it was called, was being approached by the British troops, which on August 29 entered and passed beyond Bapaume.

August 30 saw the British troops in possession of Bullecourt and Hendecourt, both key positions on the Hindenburg line. But the Germans set too much store by them to let them go lightly, and a fresh division was brought up and thrown against the British, while the British positions were taken under a concentrated bombardment from massed artillery. The British withdrew to the west of the villages and prepared to fight it out. Farther south, Combles and Clery were taken north of Péronne, and the British forced their way to the east bank of the Somme at two places south of the city. The French also made several crossings both of the Somme and of the Canal du Nord, and on the 30th they took the remainder of the positions on Mount St. Simeon east of Noyon and crossed the Oise east of this height, taking several villages and threatening the whole line of heights from Noyon to Chauny.

THE 30th saw another surprise sprung on the German troops north of Soissons at Chavigny and Juvigny. After a week of the most intense fighting here, in which the French had forced their way forward slowly against constantly stiffening resistance, an American division was hurried in camions from a distant sector. It reached the line at four A.M. and attacked at seven, winning positions from which Juvigny could be attacked. The Americans went forward accompanied by tanks and took their objectives by 10 o'clock. In the evening, the Americans went forward again, taking Juvigny by an encircling movement, losing it later, but retaking it firmly on the following day.

On August 31 the British took Mount St. Quentin, the famous height around which the tides of the battle of the Somme in 1916 came to rest. On the same day the Germans, retreating in the salient along the Lys between Arras and Ypres, withdrew from Mount Kemmel, the last bastion of Allied defense to fall before their April drive.

On September 1 the Australians, driving in from northwest and southeast, took Péronne. On the road from Arras to Cambrai, the British finally retook the fortified villages of Bullecourt and Hendecourt, extending their occupation of the Hindenburg line. Farther north the British pushed ahead to the suburbs of Lens, while in the Lys salient the British, following the retreating Germans, occupied Bailleul and pushed forward to Neuve Eglise and Wolverghem, within two miles of the famous Messines Ridge. Farther north still, American troops were reported to have taken Voormezeele, south of Ypres. In the salient north of Soissons, which grows only against almost irresistible resistance, General Mangin's French and American divisions continued to press back the enemy, the French capturing Crecy-au-Mont and Leury with some 1,000 prisoners and the Americans, taking ground on the heights east of Juvigny, penetrating two miles and taking 600 prisoners and two six-inch field guns.

Along the Vesle the fighting was furious throughout the week. The American troops took Bazoches and lost most of Fismette on one day, German and American attacks being launched simultaneously. Thus September 1 saw the battle-line blazing with the flame of combat from Ypres all the way to Rheims, a distance of nearly 125 miles.

On September 1 the Americans, fighting east of Juvigny, crossed the Soissons St. Quentin road and captured Terny-Sorny, completing in five days of furious fighting the objectives set for them. Germany's best divisions were sent in to hold this ground. In the battle, artillery fought almost in the front line on both sides, firing point-blank into the opposing infantry. In one case the American advance line came upon two German six-inch pieces, still firing, but without infantry support. A few shots took care of the horses, and gun crew and guns were quickly captured.

THE big work of September 1 was done along the Arras-Cambrai road by English, Scotch and Canadian troops. Driving forward, with tanks in the van, the British forces stormed the strong entrenchments of the Queant-Drocourt "switch" line and broke through, although they faced the opposition of more than eight German divisions which had been brought up to counter-attack the British at Hendecourt and Bullecourt. The advance reached to the villages of Dury, Cagnicourt and Villers-les-Cagnicourt, sweeping over six miles of the trench system and penetrating three miles beyond the first line. Mount Dury was stormed and Cagnicourt Wood was taken in spite of furious resistance, and the British advance cost the Germans a heavy price in dead, wounded and captures, 10,000 prisoners being taken. On September 3 the Germans evacuated Lens the British moving in and the British stormed forward to a depth of 4 miles on a front of 20 miles north of Queant. They took Queant and passed beyond it toward Cambrai.

Between July 15 and September 1 the Allies captured 128,302 Germans, of whom 2,674 were officers, besides 2,069 guns, 1,734 mine-throwers, 13,783 machine-guns and great quantities of other materials and ammunition.

The week closes with the Germans still retiring in the center from the Somme salient, but fighting desperately, with men and guns, heavy guns and light ones, to hold their flanks, in the north before Douai and Cambrai, and in the south before St. Quentin, La Fere and Laon. In this fight they are clearly being worsted. Haig stands within eight miles of Cambrai, with the strongest of the Hindenburg and Siegfried lines behind him, while Mangin, in the south, stands on the heights dominating the Chemin-des-Dames positions and with his armies steadily pressing the Germans toward disaster and a much deeper retreat.

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British troops entering the burning ruins of Bapaume on the heels of the retreating Germans

Beginning of Order in Siberia

THE presence of the Allied forces, even though their numbers are small, is having immediate effect in reducing disorder in eastern Siberia. American forces encamped in the assembling works of the American Locomotive Company in Vladivostok on August 21 drove back a body of 400 Chinese bandits. On the 26th Gen. Semenoff as the result of the support of Japanese troops was able to administer a severe defeat to the Bolshevik forces. On August 25 Gen. Horvath, Commander of the Anti-Bolshevist forces, proclaimed himself leader of all Russian military forces in the far east, and attempted to assume dictatorial power. The Allied leaders, however, brought a sudden end to Gen. Horvath's coup d'etat. He was notified that the authority of the new Siberian government would be upheld and that the Allied governments would recognize only local governments which were based on the free expression of popular sentiment. The withdrawal of the Allied forces along the Ussuri front was halted by the arrival of Japanese troops. The combined Allied forces promptly advanced.

A counter-attack by the Bolsheviki was broken by the Japanese, who made further progress, killing over 300 Bolshevists and capturing two armored trains and several field guns. On September 3 the Bolshevik forces were retreating along the railroad toward Irkutsh, blowing up bridges and poisoning wells as they fell back.

In Russia proper and in Ukraine, on August 30, peasant forces supported by mutinous German troops were withstanding German attacks. The district and town of Dymera, 24 miles from Kiev, had been put under martial law and its German garrison was beseiged by peasants and mutincers. Russian volunteers had also captured from the Germans the port of Movorossyck on the Black Sea. Supplementary agreements between the Bolsheviki and the German foreign office, provide for "free ports" for Russia on the Baltic in the "independent" provinces of Esthonia and Livonia for a payment to Germany of 6,000,000,000 marks of which Ukraine and Finland will pay something like 1,000,000,000 for the recognition of the New Government of Georgia and for the pledge to Germany of a portion of the naphtha production of Baku.

President Wilson Proclaims Our Will to Victory

THE Senate, on August 30, unanimously adopted the conference report on the Man Power bill extending the draft ages to 18 to 45. The bill was signed by the President on the 31st, and he at once issued a proclamation setting September 12 as the day for the new registration which will place under orders all the men liable under the constitution for military service. The President's proclamation is as follows:

FIFTEEN months ago the men of the country from 21 to 30 years of age registered. Three months ago and again last month those who had just reached the age of 21 were added. It now remains to include all men between the ages of 18 and 45.

This is not a new policy. A century and a quarter ago it was deliberately ordained by those who were then responsible for the safety and defense of the nation that the duty of military service should rest upon all able bodied men between the ages of 18 and 45. We now accept and fulfil the obligation which they established, an obligation expressed in our national statutes from that time until now. We solemnly purpose a decisive victory of arms and deliberately to devote the larger part of the military man power of the nation to the accomplishment of that purpose.

The younger men have from the first been ready to go. They have furnished voluntary enlistments out of all proportion to their numbers. Our military authorities regard them as having the highest combatant qualities. Their youthful enthusiasm, their virile eagerness, their gallant spirit of daring make them the admiration of all who see them in action. They covet not only the distinction of serving in this great war but also the inspiring memories which hundreds of thousands of them will cherish through the years to come of a great day and a great service for their country and for mankind.

By the men of the older group now called on the opportunity now opened to them will be accepted with the calm resolution of those who realize to the full the deep and solemn significance of what they do.

Having made a place for themselves in their respective communities, having assumed at home the graver responsibilities of life in many spheres, looking back upon honorable records in civil and industrial life; they will realize as perhaps no others could how entirely their own fortunes and the fortunes of all whom they love are put at stake in this war for right and will know that the very records they have made render this new duty the commanding duty of their lives.

They know how surely this is the nation's war, how imperatively it demands the mobilization and massing of all our resources of every kind. They will regard this call as the supreme call of their day and will answer it accordingly.

Only a portion of those who register will be called upon to bear arms. . . .

But all must be registered in order that the selection for military service may be made intelligently and with full information. This will be our final demonstration of loyalty, democracy and the will to win; our solemn notice to all the world that we stand absolutely together in a common resolution and purpose.

It is the call to duty to which every true man in the country will respond with pride and with the consciousness that in doing so he plays his part in vindication of a great cause, at whose summons every true heart offers its supreme service.

A Week in the World's News

LENINE SHOT AT MOSCOW. Nikolai Lenine, Bolshevist Premier, was shot by a woman, Dora Kaplan, a Social Revolutionary, at Moscow on August 30. He was reported to have died on the 31st, but later reports told of his improvement and probable recovery.

LABOR MARCHES FOR VICTORY. The parades and mass meetings with which American Labor marked and celebrated its day, on September 2, were "win the war" demonstrations in every part of the nation. In New York a parade of 60,000 men from the shipyards and munition factories and from the various trades of the city was reviewed in Fifth Avenue by Secretary of Labor Wilson. Instead of banners portraying the advance of Labor's cause and outlining its goals and purposes, the banners this year had little to say about hours and wages and much to say about "liberty," "humanity," and "democracy." Each union delegation carried a banner telling the number of its men in the service and declaring that those left behind were doing their bit, while the heartiest cheers of the watching multitudes were given to the boiler-makers and other men from the shipyards, who marched by in overalls and blouses. The pile drivers proclaimed that "Labor is loyal with Wilson to Victory," and the carpenters carried a banner declaring, "We build the ways and build the ships that make the Bridge to France." In Chicago 250,000 men marched in the greatest parade of Chicago's history. President Wilson recognized the importance of Labor Day by issuing a proclamation in which he said in part:

Labor Day, 1918, is not like any Labor Day that we have known. Labor Day was always deeply significant with us. Now it is supremely significant. . . . We now know that every tool in every essential industry is a weapon, and a weapon wielded for the same purpose that an army rifle is wielded—a weapon which if we were to lay down no rifle would be of any use.

And a weapon for what? What is the war for? Why are we enlisted? Why should we be ashamed if we were not enlisted? At first it seemed hardly more than a war of defense. . . . But it is clear now that it is much more than a war to alter the balance of power in Europe. Germany, it is now plain, was striking at what free men everywhere desire and must have—the right to determine their own fortunes, to insist upon justice, and to oblige Governments to act for them and not for private and selfish interest of a governing class. . . . Not until the war is won can men anywhere live free from constant fear or breathe freely while they go about their daily tasks and know that governments are their servants, not their masters.

This is, therefore, the war of all wars, which labor should support and support with all its concentrated power. . . .

You know the nature of this war. It is a war which industry must sustain. The army of laborers at home is as important, as essential, as the army of fighting men in the far fields of actual battle. And the laborer is not only needed as much as the soldier. It is his war. The soldier is his champion and representative. To fail to win would be to imperil everything that the laborer has striven for and held dear since freedom first had its dawn and its struggle for justice began. . . .

Let us make this, therefore, a day of fresh comprehension, not only for what we are about and of renewed and clear-eyed resolution but a day of consecration also. . . .

We may count upon each other. The nation is of a single mind. It is taking counsel with no special class. . . . The light of a new conviction has penetrated to every class amongst us. We realize as we never realized before that we are comrades dependent upon one another, irresistible when united, powerless when divided. And so we join hands to lead the world to a new and better day.

WAR PROHIBITION JULY FIRST. The Senate, on August 28, adopted the prohibition amendment to the Food Stimulation Bill. It is expected that the House will accept the amendment. The ultimate dry date was finally placed at July 1, 1919. All manufacture of beer and wines must cease on May 1, 1919, no distilled liquors are now being made, and all sales of liquors of every degree, except for medicinal and sacramental purposes must stop on June 30, 1919. From that date, "during the continuance of the present war and the period of demobilization" the whole nation will be dry territory.

A DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR. Secretary Baker, on August 27, announced the appointment of John D. Ryan to be Second Assistant Secretary of War with full responsibility for the air service of the Army. Mr. Edward R. Stettinius, now representating the war Department in France, will cease to act as Second Assistant Secretary, but will continue to exercise all the power over purchases placed in his hands in that position. Mr. Ryan announced on August 28 that the De Haviland plane was now being produced in quantities, and that orders had been given for 50,000 twelve-cylinder Liberty Motors, for a large number of eight-cylinder engines, and also for a large number of foreign engines. He announced also that all of our Allies were calling for Liberty engines to equip planes which they were able to produce faster than they could build motors.

GOMPERS IN ENGLAND. Samuel Gompers and a party of Labor leaders reached London on August 28. Mr. Gompers has gone abroad to bring about a thorough accord between the labor organizations of allied countries.

MEXICANS AND AMERICANS FIGHT. An attempt to evade the challenge of an American sentry on the international line at Nogales, Ariz., resulted in a skirmish between American and Mexican troops, on August 27. The firing continued until 5:30 in the afternoon and intermittently all night. Expressions of regret were exchanged on the following day between the Mexican and American generals. The American casualties were 2 killed and 28 wounded, and the Mexicans 13 killed and 15 wounded, including 4 women.

PEACE PRIZE TO WAR CHARITIES. The peace prize turned over to Congress by former President Roosevelt for the purpose of establishing a peace commission was returned to Mr. Roosevelt at his request and was divided among various organizations now employed in alleviating the burden of war. Col. Roosevelt on August 25 made public the distribution of the fund, which amounted to $45,482.83, as follows:

To the American Red Cross, $6,900; to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., for Y. M. C. A. work in France, $5,000; to the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A., War Activities Committee, Knights of Columbus, Jewish Welfare Board for War Activity, the War Work Council Y. M. C. A., colored, $4,000 each; the Italian Red Cross, the Czecho-Slovaks at Vladivostok, Madame Botchkareva, Herbert C. Hoover for the Belgian refugees in Holland, the Serbian minister, for Serbian sufferers, Paul Shimmon, for Armenian and Syrian Christians, $1,000 each; various others received $500 apiece, and $82.82 was used for cabling and other expenses in connection with the distribution.

NO MORE WHEATLESS DAYS. The Food Administration, on August 27, announced that as result of the conference of the Allied Food Administrators a standard war bread had been established for all Allied countries. This bread is to consist 80 per cent. of wheat flour and 20 per cent. of substitutes. The new regulations permit a 60 days' supply in the home instead of a 30 days' supply, and wheatless days and meals are discontinued.

SPAIN SEIZES GERMAN SHIPS. Following the torpedoing of another Spanish ship, the Ataz-Mindi, the Spanish Government, on September 2, seized one of the interned German merchantmen. Later all the ninety German ships in Spanish harbors were taken over by the Spanish authorities. The Spanish merchant marine has lost 20 per cent of its tonnage, and 100 sailors have lost their lives through U-boat lawlessness.

HAYWOOD GETS 20 YEARS. Federal Judge K. M. Landis in Chicago, on August 30, sentenced 95 of the 100 I. W. W. leaders recently convicted of conspiracy to handicap the nation in its war activities. Big Bill Haywood and 14 other heads of the organization were sentenced to serve sentences of twenty years at Leavenworth and to pay $20,000 each in fines, 33 lesser leaders received sentences of ten years' imprisonment, 33 others five years, 12 one year and one day, and 2 got off with jail sentences of 10 days. In passing sentence the Judge told the defendants, "In times of peace you have a legal right to oppose, by free speech, preparations for war. But when war has been declared that right ceases forthwith."

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. The Fuel Administration, on August 27, called upon the public in all the states east of the Mississippi to cease the use, on Sunday, of all classes of automobiles, motor cycles, and motor boats except for absolutel necessary work. . . . Walter Hines Page, American Ambassador to Great Britain, has resigned because of ill health and will soon return to America. It is rumored that Thomas Nelson Page, now ambassador to Italy who arrived in London on August 27, might succeed the retiring ambassador. . . . Senator Ollie M. James of Kentucky died on August 28 at Baltimore aged of 47 years. . . . Primary elections in Michigan resulted in the nomination of Henry Ford for Senator on the Democratic ticket and of Trueman H. Newberry on the Republican ticket. The primaries in South Carolina nominated Nat B. Dial, for the Senate, ex-Governor Cole M. Blease being badly defeated; in Montana Miss Jeannette Rankin was defeated for the nomination to the Senate by Dr. Lundstrum. . . . In order to finance large Army purchases in Spain Spanish bankers loaned to the United States government $75,000,000. . . . American submarine chaser No. 209 operating out of Philadelphia was mistaken for an enemy submarine by an American armed steamer on August 27 and was sunk by shell fire from the steamer. Seventeen of her crew were missing at last reports. . . . A German submarine was still operating on the fishing banks during the past week. On August 26, five fishing boats were sunk, and on the following day a new fishing schooner on her first trip was sent to the bottom. . . . The American shipyards in the week ending August 24 launched nineteen ships and completed eight.. . . . Nicaragua, having refused to accept the judgment of the King of Spain in her long standing boundary dispute with Honduras, and both nations having mobilized troops along the line and hostilities appearing imminent, the good offices of the United States were offered and were accepted by both disputants. The controversy was referred to Washington on August 29.

Mary Ellis Meets a Spy

THIS week we all started on a trip to France with Mary Ellis, the girl from Orchard St. We admire her spunk, we love her for the enemies she has made and we are happy clear through when her service to the boys in camp becomes the door to that greater service of which she had dreamed. Next week we will find her at work in France, but, in a little moonlight inspection of her field of work, she meets a mysterious stranger, apparently, a French guard, who, she later fears, may be a German spy.

That boy! What sort of a man will he be? Next week we will look into the matter and see what may be done with the boys.

Next week also a message of cheer and new hope, "Recognition in Eternity," by Rev. C. E. Wincott; more pictures in rotogravure, a new map of the battle fields in France and a few minutes with Marion Harland.

A Service Star Turns Gold

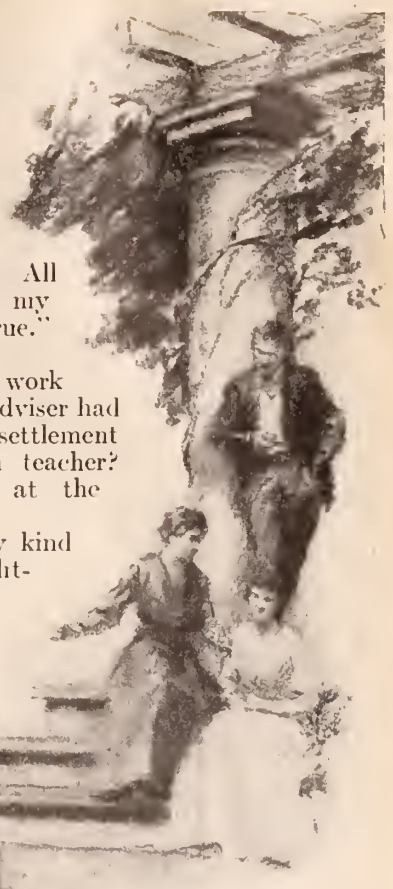
ON Wednesday, August 21, 1918, Lieutenant Conrad Crawford, commanding a part of Company B, 47th Infantry U. S. A., was ordered to take and occupy the crest of hill 220 "Somewhere in France." The orders were not to retire under any circumstances. Every man in the detachment knew the peril and faced it bravely. Just as Lieutenant Crawford, at the head of his men, reached the crest of the hill, he fell with a bullet through his heart. His brother, Captain Gilbert Crawford, was in the fight not far away.

Lieutenant Crawford was the youngest son of the late Rev. G. H. Crawford and a nephew of Dr. Louis Klopsch, the founder of the Christian Herald. His mother was a daughter of the Rev. Stephen Merritt. Lieutenant Crawford's sister, Dr. Mary Crawford is one of a body of American physicians who went to France early in the war. In a letter dated July 26, he said, "I hope in a short time I will be able to tell you that I have had a share in the fighting. Isn't it a grand and glorious little old drive we are having over here?"

The family has learned that his grave has been found and is plainly marked.

That Girl from Orchard Street

By C. COURTNEY SAVAGE



CHAPTER I

"At any rate, you'll have to admit that that girl from Orchard Street, as you call her, is unusual," Luther Terry said meekly. "At any rate you'll have to admit that——"

"Unusual, yes; and stop repeating yourself." Mrs. Terry was as emphatic as her husband was meek, and she glared at him, as if condemning him to some realm reserved for the weak-minded.

"I'm perfectly willing to admit that Mary Ellis is unusual, and equally glad to say that fortunately it is not the ordinary thing for young women to cut up the way she does. And her being unusual is no reason why you should not scold Frank for having stood there talking with her at least half an hour. I don't see how they can let her into a respectable place like the Church House gymnasium."

Luther Terry frowned, but said no more. He had in mind that the entertainment in question had been a public affair, admission fifty cents. Still he knew that Mrs. Terry would have some argument capable of offsetting any he offered. So he went out of the house and down the street.

And it was an odd coincidence that the first woman he raised his hat and spoke to was Mary Ellis.

Mary Ellis deserves a page in the social history of Westport entirely for herself. Certainly no other member of the community had received so much constant attention in the past ten years; and assuredly no man, woman, or child had caused so many heated discussions.

And through it all Mary Ellis went about her own business, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but seeming always to be aiming at some particular star. Not that all the discussion was unknown to her. Westport never said anything behind a person's back. Instead, they preferred that the object of their conversation knew what was said—and suffered accordingly. Many a night Mary Ellis had cried herself to sleep, only to awake the following morning with a little set expression about her mouth and a wistful look in her dark eyes which said, "Just wait; I'll be somebody yet!"

THE chance to be somebody—that was the tragedy of Mary Ellis's life. Had she been contented to live as her next-door neighbors, she would have been happy; but Mary Ellis's soul reached out for a higher and greater existence than a scant education, an early marriage, and a large family.

"Some day there will be work for me to do," she used to tell herself, and on rare occasions any one who won her confidence. "Some day I'll be wanted. All my life I've wished for what I call my chance to be—and wishes do come true." Then she would laugh and look wistful.

"Why don't you get some sort of work in the city?" one truly sympathetic adviser had once asked. "Why don't you try settlement work, or learn to be a kindergarten teacher? You might even do welfare work at the factory."

"Because I don't want to do any kind of work, anywhere," was the straightforward answer. "I don't have to work, you know; but I'm going to, when the right place is offered me."

That was one of the rankling facts about Mary Ellis—she did not have to work. Her father was the only blacksmith left in Westport, and he had sufficient jobs offered him every week to make it necessary for him to keep busy four forges and half a score of men. For twenty years, Pete Ellis had been slowly amassing a reputation and a fortune. The fortune was not considerable, but the reputation was; he became intoxicated every Saturday afternoon, and on two or three well-remembered occasions had been found early Sunday morning lying in the gutter. He was always sober again by Monday, and in spite of what is said about the effects of drink on a man's business skill, he went right on making and saving money.

Through it all Mary Ellis went about her own business

Of course, if Pete Ellis had been of a different stock, or if Mary's mother had lived, the history of "that girl from Orchard Street" would, in all probability, never have been written. The reason for Mary Ellis's story could be sifted down to a street and its people. Mrs. Ellis would surely have moved away from Orchard Street fifteen years before, and under a wife's guidance Pete would have become Mr. Peter Ellis, and been so busy attending to his social affairs out of business hours that there would have been no time for strong drink.

As it was, Pete still lived in Orchard Street; and, until she had been fourteen, Mary had run with the pack.

WESTPORT itself is a typical Eastern American village. It is not more than fifty minutes' ride from a sizable city, and many of its male inhabitants go there daily so that they may raise their families and spend their nights and Sundays in the country. The rest of the men either thrive as local merchants or work in the town's one industry: the Cutlery Factory. Of course, there are always those who are less fortunate financially than others, and they live on Spring Street, or Maple—both of which start from Orchard, the one street in the town that typifies the poor.

The question that many people raised after hearing about Mary Ellis is: why, if Pete Ellis had money, Mary did not persuade her father to move away from Orchard Street. She had tried that, more than once, years ago, when as a high school girl she was attempting

to be socially correct and popular with her classmates. Her father had paid no attention to her at the first few requests, but once, when she became insistent, he had turned furiously toward the girl and told her that the house where she was born, the house in which her mother had died, was quite good enough for him, and any time she wished better she could go out and find it.

The thought of leaving her father and her home, the thought that she was ashamed of a home that her dead mother had sanctified, the ferocity of his tone, had startled the girl, and never again, even in the moments of greatest embarrassment, did Mary think of moving away from the big unpainted house on Orchard Street.

Mary's whole trouble was that from her dead mother she had inherited a sense of liking for the finer, beautiful things in life. Mrs. Ellis was dead before the girl was ten, and for four long years Mary Ellis had been the biggest tomboy in the town. The middle-aged Irishwoman whom Pete Ellis hired as a housekeeper could do nothing with the girl, and her father did not try. She ran the streets ragged and dirty, she was dreaded by boys years older than she was, hated by school-teachers, yet in reality she was only good-hearted, mischievous, filled with a rare sense of humor—and at fourteen as ugly as it is possible for a growing girl to be.

THE change that came over her was, to onlookers, sudden and unexplained. She had graduated in June from grammar school with high marks for scholarship and very low marks for deportment, and the principal, in going over the list of those who were eligible for high school, sighed and remarked to the clerk in his office that he supposed they were rid of Mary Ellis.

"It's a shame, too," he added. "Why, if that girl were to be shut up in some sort of a reform school and made to study, she would be a scholar. She's more than ordinarily bright."

That remark alone, had Mary Ellis heard it, might have touched the sensitive soul of a girl just verging from childhood into the deeper waters of maturity—for Mary Ellis at fourteen was beginning to realize that convention is a social law to be obeyed and that it was of importance that she conform with the things that people about her said and thought.

In reality the change came over Mary Ellis because she formed an ideal. As was customary in Westport, the graduation classes of both the grammar and high schools attended service at the Methodist Church the third Sunday evening in June.

The speaker of the night was an alumnus of the school, a young missionary home on a brief furlough from his work in an Oriental country. He was quite young, with clean laughing eyes and an infectious smile, and he told them simply of the joys of work in the great world that was unfolding for them.

Mary had been impressed by the man, but his young wife, who had sung for them, sent a shaft of longing into Mary's soul. To be like her! To be able to love people and serve them—to help them, to be loved in return! The woman in the choir loft did not know of Mary Ellis—but after she was gone, flitting like a sun ray across a clouded sky, the ideal that had been set up in the young girl's heart grew each day, and each day beckoned Mary toward a noble womanhood.

In her hours of thinking Mary rather pictured her dead mother, whose memory she worshiped, as being like the minister's wife, sweet and gentle. Even though she knew that her ideal was miles away, Mary went back time after time to the church where it seemed she could always see her standing. Mary had never before been a regular church attendant; no one had suggested to her that she join a Sunday school, and for that reason the services were a novelty that fast became an inspiration. She would slip into the back seat each Sunday, follow the service intently, and then as the last "amen" sounded would slip out again.

THE direct result of this awakening of Mary Ellis was that people noticed she had stopped calling names after the leading citizens, stopped playing ball with the boys, stopped catching onto grocer's wagons and hanging about Main Street after dark. A sense of personal pride was born in her, and she appeared cleanly and neatly dressed, going about her own business, which was either an errand for her home, or a visit to the public library, for Mary had always been fond of books. But there was even more awakening than appeared on the surface.

That fall Mary Ellis entered high school.

It's rather useless to go into the details of the ten years that followed. Those who have lived in a small town know what Mary went through—the snubs, the sneers, the patronizing, the vain attempt to keep up with the petty social life of the school, the girls and boys who stopped talking when she appeared and laughed after she left, the teachers who knew only of the old reputation and did not understand.

Mary Ellis—growing into a tall, striking girl, with great dark eyes, a mass of chestnut brown hair, supple of limb, handsome as to features—found that the new life she had taken upon herself was not an easy one. There were moments when she wished she were dead—such as the one when Mrs. John Seymour Pike, who had been really chatty with her at the picnic the day before, refused to speak, or even bow, when she passed Mary on Main Street, because Mary was talking with a trolley car conductor. Of course, Mrs. Pike did not know that the trolley car conductor lived next door to Mary and was sending a message home. How could she know? For Mrs. Pike had never been on Orchard Street.

It was all the fault of Orchard Street. Small towns look with lifted eyebrows on their poorer quarters and resent the climber, no matter how firmly placed the ladder with which they climb.

Mary Ellis was no snob, and when she met a neighbor on Main or Fulton Street she smiled and spoke. They all loved Mary Ellis—they worshiped her. The spirit of practical Christianity was about her as an invisible mantle. If there was sickness or death, her long slender fingers were ready to give aid, and if rejoicing was in order, she planned simple little parties that were not costly.

FREQUENTLY as she walked down town, dirty, ragged children called after her, and she always stopped and spoke to them, sometimes taking them with her for treats of ice cream or candy. There were some in Westport who were far-sighted enough to admire Mary Ellis and invite her to their homes. These were mostly people she met through the church, elderly maiden ladies, or married folk who did not "go out."

Mary Ellis had some boy friends—and she might have had many—but those she really wished to know did not ask to call, and the others were not of a type that interested her. Frank Terry, for instance, always spoke to her, in spite of his mother's indignation, and when on a rare occasion she was present at some function he would single her out and talk with her or take her in for refreshments. But, he, and the rest of them, never asked to call at the Orchard Street house.

Still Mary survived it all, and had even had the courage to go back to school for a post-graduate course of an extra year. She now was an apt student, and as there were few invitations to parties, and as she was never even welcome at the school baseball games (she was fond of baseball and could throw far and straight) she had plenty of opportunity to study. At the end of five years she could speak French and German (speak, remember, not read it just well enough to pass an examination), and had read enough good books to lay a foundation for future reading. All in all, Mary Ellis had enough "book learning" at the end of her five years to put to shame most of the people who held college diplomas. Mary Ellis did not go to college—perhaps she did not feel that she could stand the chance of meeting there some one from Westport. At any rate, she lived in Orchard Street, doing everything she could for those about her, trying to find happiness, and always waiting for the rising of her star.

And then one day, when she was hardly more than twenty-one, news of war came crashing out from Europe; and something happened to Mary Ellis.

CHAPTER II

MARY ELLIS was one of the first women in Westport to knit sweaters and socks for the Belgians. The plight of the stricken little country seemed to touch the heartstrings of the girl who had also suffered, and she turned much of her energies toward the trifles she could do that would ease the grief of that far-away people. She carefully put aside a portion of her liberal allowance and bought sweets to go to the men in the trenches. She knit constantly, and she attended patriotic meetings of protest which she hoped would show the Kaiser that the people of the United States did not approve of his "scrap of paper" argument.

Then, as the women of the local Red Cross began to work as the local Red Cross had never worked before, she found a chance for even greater service. Some one was needed to stay in the rooms, and there was no demur when Mary Ellis offered to spend several hours a week on duty at the headquarters.

Hours of work? Never! For the first time in her life Mary Ellis "belonged." When the Mexican flurry caused the soldiers to go marching off, and Red Cross kits were in demand, Mary literally rolled up her sleeves and did more work than ever. And how she could work! Willingly, hour after hour, she supervised the packing of bundles, gave out wool to be knitted into sweaters, socks, or mufflers, answered the ever-ringing telephone, and all without being tired or becoming cross.

Even the village mothers who had raised their eyebrows at Mary smiled and admitted that she was a good worker.

Then, nearly three years later, came April 6, 1917, and the proclamation of war. Instantly Mary Ellis found additional labors. She lived in a constant whirl of service, and in her heart a great growing interest told her that she would never be happy until she was "over there." She kept up her daily duties, but wrote lengthy letters to various organizations she felt might use her. She found that she could not serve as a nurse because she had not technical training. The Y. M. C. A. sent her a letter suggesting a call, but Mary Ellis was frankly afraid that should there be an investigation as to character, some one in Westport would cast a slur, and her chance would be gone. As never before, a spirit of hatred for Westport crept into her heart; for Westport seemed to stand as a wall between her and the thing she wanted most.

The spirit of hatred disappeared, however, when two companies of soldiers, detached from their regiment and assigned to the study of special work, encamped on the plains outside Westport. Immediately almost before the last tent-stake was driven, Mary Ellis was on the ground offering sandwiches and milk. Overnight she took it upon herself to become the mother of every man in uniform.

A FEW weeks passed, and the soldier boys, for some reason, grew to prefer the big rambling house on Orchard Street to the other houses in town. In less than a week the place was a canteen, and Mary was busy every afternoon and evening playing hostess to the fellows in khaki. And, of course, the social lights of Westport objected.

"I think it's disgraceful," Mrs. John Seymour Pike said severely, as she rocked back and forth on the veranda of the Westport County Club. "Why, I asked two of these men to take tea with me yesterday afternoon, but they said they could not get away in the afternoon as well as in the evening. I asked where they were going in the evening, and they said that every Thursday there was a party at Mary Ellis's. They preferred to go to the Ellis home rather than mine," and in her anger she dropped a stitch of her knitting.

Not that she minded having to rip out two rows—it seemed to appease her disposition. She, like every woman present, was eager to find a solution for the problem that they felt must be faced at once. The truth was that they were jealous, for the fellows liked Mary Ellis best. She had an easy way with them, a way of letting them alone to do as they pleased. They came into her big shabby home, found comfortable chairs, a piano, and a victrola. Mary Ellis had a few girl friends she could ask to help entertain the soldiers.

"And to think that Captain Purcell would take his own mother to call on Mary!" a woman at the next table to Mrs. Pike remarked.

"Well, you know that all sorts of men make up an army."

"Yes, but this woman was a lady. She's Mrs. Robert Purcell—and they're very rich. She came from the city in her own limousine. She called on Mary at the Red Cross rooms and invited her to luncheon at the Garden Hotel. I know, for I saw them go." This was indeed an event, for the Garden Hotel, just outside the town, was patronized by the élite of the land.

"How strange!"

"Yes, that's what I thought. And two days afterward she called on Mary—in the evening. The woman who does my wash lives a couple of doors away—she tells me a great deal about Mary." She did not mention, however, that the washerwoman frequently compared Mary to a saint, that the girl carried sunshine into every corner of the street. That would have spoiled the story.

"Well, for my part, I can't imagine any good going on at the parties—and I'm sure that the proper thing to do would be to get some one else for the Red Cross rooms. We're really doing so very much business that we ought to have some one able to give all their time—all their time."

"We could say that," Mrs. Pike said quickly. "It would be an excuse, and she would understand."

"Yes, an excuse," said Mrs. Smith, a large stout woman with a flat face that spoke aloud of her eminent respectability. "But why not tell the truth? Why not tell the girl that she is leading a wilful immoral life? That——"

"But is she?" two or three women asked quickly.

AND as neither Mrs. Smith nor any other man or woman could say that Mary had ever done one thing which would place her beyond the moral pale, the question of a secretary who could give all day every day to her Red Cross duties was called to Mary Ellis's attention, and she took the hint and resigned.

She did not resign, however, the place that she held in the hearts of the companies of young men drilling in the big fields just beyond the city.

She still fed them; still supplied candy and ice cream; and one day, finding a young officer busy with a French lesson, she was inspired to hold classes in simple French. For the first time in her life Mary Ellis was truly happy.

Then came the fall rains. The camp beyond the city was only a temporary affair; those who had built it expected any minute the orders that would send them overseas. The equinox came first, however, and with it long hard storms, howling winds that sent the rain driving against the tents in long lashes, and made the drill grounds a pool of water.

It was during those few days that Mary Ellis proved her worth. There was a small hospital tent attached to the unit, but with fifty men ill with sore throats and petty colds, the doctor and his small staff was overwhelmed. Mary Ellis, with her practical knowledge of nursing learned on Orchard Street, went out to the camp with a white dress under her raincoat, and while the doctor was waiting for nurses and other aid from headquarters, Mary Ellis spent hours taking temperatures, giving medicine from a spoon, and telling the mess sergeant what food was good for a man with fever.

At the end of the week the effects of the rain had disappeared, and so had the colds; but Mary Ellis had won a respect that few women receive from any man. They had liked her before—they had enjoyed the recreation she could give them; they had respected her; but now she was one of them; she was a

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OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

The Faith of the Soldier

MUCH has been written by army chaplains, and occasionally a paragraph or two by busy news correspondents, concerning the faith of our men at the front. One of the most illuminating articles we have recently encountered on this subject is a contribution by Lieutenant Harold Hersey in Scribner's Magazine. He tells us that the American soldier of our new army is still the civilian of other days.

Distinctions of faith, we are informed, have largely disappeared among the Protestants in the army.

> Each man clings to the early lessons his mother taught him, and he finds that those same lessons are strangely similar to those of opposing faiths—the Baptist chums daily with the Presbyterian, the Congregationalist with the Episcopalian. Hair-splitting differences are unknown among them. As a result—the men are gradually molded into a hardy faith that rests only on the fundamental solidities of human nature. . . . After all, each one of them is a soldier, and as long as each lives up to certain standards, it makes little difference.

Our soldiers' attitude toward the chaplains is interestingly described. They are impatient of speeches or sermons that are not grounded firmly in their daily scheme of life.

> To appeal to them one must speak a direct, vital language. They want to believe in the man who is asking them to do things. Lengthy talks are worse than useless. . . . The religion of these men is a strangely simple thing after all. We can't expect them to have any patience with nebulous fancies or faraway theories.

Such is the picture we are given of the typical American soldier at the front. Honor, courage and truth, he learns to value as cardinal virtues. Religion to him must be real, or it is nothing. His own faith under such developing influences has shown itself "to be clean and aboveboard." The faithless or bad—those who prove impossible in such an atmosphere—are weeded out. This observant writer concludes:

> In all these months of service it is only natural that my close observations have taught me much about the faith of the man in service. I have learned, for example, that he believes keenly and irrevocably in a higher Being. I have not yet met a man who did not believe this. I have gathered that although sharp religious discriminations separate certain individuals, they are perfectly willing to seek advice from a chaplain of any faith, provided that chaplain proves himself a real man.

Millions of these men will by-and-by come back to us, changed in matters of thought and their attitude toward religion strangely intensified. They will want a practical religion that appeals to the soul and to the whole life. They will continue to look away over the denominational fences and will have little patience with disputes about non-essentials. Men who have laid hold of God daily in the face of danger and death, who have had fellowship with Him who is at once Redeemer and Friend, and walked with Him in the long night vigil of the trenches, will not attach much importance to sectarian distinctions, which they can only view as a sort of wire entanglements to hinder spiritual progress.

Only a few days ago, a minister of national reputation, famous as a preacher, lecturer and author, visited us and in the course of conversation said: "It will be a new world, with new conditions, new opportunities, after the war. Our great army of men at the front who face death hourly, have sifted religion down to the vital truths, and they will have no tolerance for old ecclesiastical wrangles and distinctions. When they come back, they will want all the tangles cut out so that they may get at the eternal verities. It would be a preposterous anomaly to suppose that the old fence lines which divide American Protestantism into something like a hundred and fifty different rival sects could stand. They will ultimately disappear; they are being uprooted even now. But it can be hastened by a realignment of our spiritual forces which will give all the bodies a basis of mutuality and spiritual fellowship. This is the destiny of the Church. The denominations might take a lesson from the experiences of the Allies in the war. While each of our armies fought in its own way, and upon its own initiative, choosing its own time and place, they made but little progress. But when all were placed under a single great leader, and marched and fought in obedience to the generalissimo's command, the entire situation was changed! The forces of tyranny and oppression were flung back in confusion and disaster, and the united armies pressed on from victory to victory. Yet no single regiment, or corps, or battalion, or brigade has lost its individuality. So will it be in our churches when they come on the field together in the great drive against sin's embattled hosts. Fighting unitedly under a single great Commander, they will be irresistible."

We have here two views of the same question from different angles: one, that of a soldier, and the other that of a lifelong churchman. Both point to the same conclusion—that the problem is one which the Church must face with courage and wisdom.

Nurses Needed Abroad and at Home

WHEN we entered the war there were 900 nurses in our army and 452 medical officers. Today we have 12,000 nurses and 18,000 medical officers. This is only the first quick step in the development of our military hospital staff.

The ratio of 400 nurses for 25,000 men is the fixed military ratio, a definite computation of military demands. Sixteen thousand nurses for 1,000,000 men is the quota, which proportion maintained means that 80 per cent. of our casualties will be returned to the line of battle as sound fighting units.

Civilian hospitals at home are being drained to meet the demand for nurses for the army, but civilian measures can and must meet this shortage. It can be clearly seen that next to the enlistment of men the enrolment of army nurses is of the greatest importance.

Thoroughly trained nurses only can be accepted for service at the fronts. Compared with the requirements their number is limited. Several times 16,000 trained nurses may be needed.

The untrained girls in tens of thousands, eager to serve, but refused appointment abroad, will find countless opportunities to serve in the hospitals at home, and in thus releasing the trained nurses for the work abroad will be rendering high service direct to the nation. Here is an opportunity for patriotic girls that will be practically unlimited. At the same time they will be performing a noble work of mercy in helping the sick and alleviating pain.

The Insanity of German Conquest

ANOTHER German peace offensive is reported "on high diplomatic authority" to be in preparation. Tempting offers will be made to several of the Entente nations, we are told, but just what form these overtures will take must for the present be left to conjecture. Germany will be ready to make almost any sacrifice to end the war; but such willingness will only veil the Teutonic purpose of making preparations for another attempt at world conquest when a favorable opportunity presents itself.

This conviction that Germany will ask for peace in order that she may secretly prepare for war, is strengthened by the recent speech of Wichtl, an Austrian deputy and a leading member of the German Radicals in the Reichsrat. In an address at Winisch-Feistritz, he gave what purports to be an outline of Austria's policy. It looks forward to a closer union with Germany, politically, economically and for military purposes. When this close alliance is satisfactorily concluded, Germany and Austria will be "one nation, where not only German will be spoken, but German ideas thought and German battles fought," declared Deputy Wichtl, and he added his characteristic Junker threat: "*There will be no longer two States, but only one great Germany, and then we shall wage a new war! Then we shall deliver three mighty blows to the end of forcing our way to America, subduing the Orient, and establishing the German power over Japan and China.*"

So accustomed has the world become to German plots and intrigues, that even this amazing boast of a war-crazed Austrian deputy cannot be wholly disregarded. The nation which secretly planned to embroil the United States in a war with Mexico, and to incite revolution in India, Ireland and Canada; which honeycombed Russia and America with her spies and plotters, and which is shown, by the testimony of certain of her own officials, to have deliberately planned the present war, is capable, even amid the ruins of her present gigantic failure, of planning a war of revenge to wreck civilization, and of using a patched-up peace as a subterfuge. Insane for world-conquest, the Kaiser and his advisers have overlooked the fact that all through history would-be world-conquerors have met disaster. Now the pillars of Junkerdom are falling. All his plans for victory have turned to dust and ashes. His invincible Hindenburg line is breaking in pieces. The "sacred soil" of Germany is threatened with invasion, and the final crash is impending, which will leave a pile of ruins as the only monument to his mad efforts at world conquest.

Servants of the Public

DIRECTOR-GENERAL McADOO has taken a decided stand toward railway employees that are treating the public with even less consideration and courtesy under government control of the railroads than they did under private control. In a strong statement he makes it clear that the old-time railroad attitude of contempt for the public must be radically changed and employees from the highest to the lowest must recognize themselves as servants of the public.

"There are many people," the Director-General says, "who, for partisan or selfish purposes, wish government operation of the railroads to be a failure. Every employee who is discourteous to the public is helping these partisan or selfish interests to discredit government control of railroads."

Recently the wages of railroad employees were largely increased, involving an addition to railroad operating expenses of more than $475,000,000 per annum. In order to meet this increase the public has been called upon to pay largely increased passenger and freight rates. The people have accepted this new burden cheerfully and patriotically. The least that every employee can do in return is to serve the public courteously, faithfully and efficiently.

Prisoners and the Labor Shortage

THE man who starves on an unworked farm deserves and receives little sympathy. It's his own fault. America to-day needs men. The army gets its men, but the fields cry out for hands to till them, and in the factories idle machines proclaim their need. Women are taking up tasks not only unwonted but in many cases unsuited to them, and are making good even in the hardest places. Boys and girls by thousands are entering the ranks of industry. Yet the nation needs men. And it has more than 110,000 of them penned up in prisons.

Under the laws of many of the states, the labor of prisoners may not be used in any gainful occupation; they cannot be leased to contractors or, as prisoners, put to work in the factories. Thousands of them are first offenders; thousands of others have never had a chance to show the manhood within them. Many have been victims of vicious surroundings and of a criminal law that planned to convict. Given a fair chance, a considerable proportion of these men would go straight. In four years the Prisoners' Relief Society has placed in jobs 10,000 men released from prisons, some of them being fourth and fifth termers. They are working in shops, in business houses, in factories and on the railroads. Ninety-five per cent. of these men have made good; and those who have closely studied the problem feel justified in believing that 95 per cent. of the 110,000 now practically idling behind prison walls would also make good.

One of the editors of the Christian Herald recently visited a prison and had a chance of seeing 900 of the 1100 prisoners gathered together in the chapel. There were some whose faces showed weakness, and others who bore evidence of past sins, but the majority of the faces were cleareyed, clean, purposeful—the faces of men who wanted to make good.

There is a movement on foot—which is gathering momentum—to admit to parole men now in prison who the authorities believe can be paroled without danger to the community. Organizations exist by which such men can find employment at once in the waiting fields and shops. Under parole, a misstep means immediate return to prison walls. Under present conditions in the employment field, faithful service leads to rapid advancement. The present situation presents an opportunity to reduce the criminal class by giving men who have made a good prison record, the opportunity they yearn for and crave—a chance to make good and to become men among men.

The War Labor Policies Board at Washington is working for the passage by Congress of legislation that will make possible the employment of prison labor for the period of the war for Government work, under agreement between the Federal Government and the State, and not under contract, directly or indirectly, with private contractors, insuring to convicts so employed standard hours and wages. This plan promises both opportunity of social rehabilitation to the men, and of added production of needed war goods.

The Thorn in the Flesh

*A SERMON BY EDGAR DEWITT JONES, D.D.**

TEXT—II Cor. 12 : 7, R. V. "There was given to me a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet me, that I should not be exalted overmuch."

WHOEVER can read the twelfth chapter of Second Corinthians, from the first verse to the ninth, without a tug at the deeps of his affections, has a heart of stone. The apostle begins by averring that if any man has a right to glory in intimate and wondrous revelations of God he is that man. In proof of this he recites his experience, which is of an unusual character. He says that he was caught up even to the third heaven; that he glimpsed paradise; that he heard the conversation in the very holy of holies, unspeakable words that were not lawful for man to utter. And then, immediately after this recital of unspeakable glories and spiritual ecstasies, he refers to a very great infirmity. He speaks of it as "a thorn in the flesh," acknowledges that he prayed the Lord Christ thrice that it might depart from him, and that the prayer was not answered in the way he had expected, but that he was given strength to endure it.

On the surface, this account of the apostle's spiritual exaltation and his source of great distress almost in the same breath is like the strains of some entrancing harmony followed straightway by crash of strident discord. It is like the description of Naaman, commander-in-chief of all the Syrian army, honored by his king, loved by his servants, idolized by men, covered with jewels and medals, but withal a leper. It is like my one-time host of many years ago taking me over his large estate, and with a sweeping gesture exclaiming, "I own as far as you can see in two directions," and then a few minutes later sadly saying, "My only child is a helpless invalid." It is like—why, this experience of the apostle's is like yours and mine. On the one hand the glory, the exaltation, the beauty, the sweetness, the love; on the other the deep anxiety, the suffering, the harassing hindrances that meet us at every turn.

"There was given me," writes Paul, "a thorn in the flesh, that I might not be exalted overmuch." Look for a moment at this expression. Paul's thorn in the flesh was more than a thorn. The word in the original is stronger than in the translation. Literally it is "stake" or "pale." And the reference is to one of those frightful instruments of torture on which, in a cruel age, martyrs were impaled midst unspeakable horror. So, whatever this experience was, whatever the nature of the infirmity, it was greater than a thorn piercing the flesh; it resembled more a strong and terrible stake, sharp-pointed, and driven into the quivering flesh and left there to torture the poor victim for hours and days.

IT is interesting to know the opinion of eminent Bible scholars as to the nature of the infirmity to which Paul refers in this figure of a "thorn in the flesh." Bishop Lightfoot was of the opinion that Paul's thorn in the flesh was epilepsy. He reasons that in the course of his work he was seized with an attack of an epileptic nature which for the time completely incapacitated him for active service. It is a well-known fact that some of the great characters of history were afflicted with this disease. Julius Cæsar was, likewise Petrarch, Peter the Great, and Napoleon. This is the conjecture of Bishop Lightfoot—that Paul's thorn in the flesh was epilepsy.

Sir William Ramsay, perhaps the most eminent modern authority on the life of Paul, and the author of a half-dozen books upon the life career of that great apostle, is of the opinion that his thorn in the flesh was malarial fever. He makes a case for this by a very ingenious interpretation of a reference in Galatians, and instances the fact that malaria prevails to this day in a portion of the country traversed by Paul in Galatia.

Most interesting of all is Canon Farrar's belief that Paul's thorn in the flesh was ophthalmia, an affection of the eyes; and he supports his belief by an interesting, if not convincing, argument. For instance, in Galatians Paul refers to an infirmity of the flesh and bears the Galatian Christians witness that if possible they would have plucked out their eyes and given them to him. Farrar also calls attention to the expression which Paul uses in another portion of the Galatian letter, "Ye see in what large letters I write to you with my own hand." This seems to be the only letter he wrote himself; others he dictated to an amanuensis. So in this one letter, written by his own hands, he made the letters large; indeed had to make them that way because of his poor eyesight. Still again, Farrar explains Paul's indignant answer to the high priest and his apology that "he had not recognized the speaker to have been the high priest." Because his vision was blurred, he did not see the white-robed figure; hence his indignant rejoinder, the rebuke, and his apology which followed.

Whether the thorn in the flesh was epilepsy or fever, or a very grievous disease of the eyes, there is no gainsaying that it was an infirmity which greatly harassed and hindered the apostle. So great was his suffering that he finally brought his burden in simple yet agonizing prayer to the Lord. There is something very beautiful and exquisitely tender in his account of the prayer thrice offered that this infirmity might depart. Observe how closely he followed the example of Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane. In the midst of that terrible struggle, it is recorded that Jesus prayed thrice that the cup might pass; and although the cup did not pass, he was strengthened by divine power to drain it to the dregs. Thus it was with Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ. He prayed *thrice* that this thorn in the flesh might be removed. This incident is a flashlight upon the great subject of prayer. In his agony and dilemma, this great soul communed with his Lord: told him of the thorn in the flesh and the suffering it entailed, and prayed that it might be removed. It is worthy of remark that Paul directs his prayer for the thorn's removal to Jesus Christ himself. Telling Christ what is in our hearts is a noble example of prayer life. God seems so awful, so almighty, so far away; but the gentle Jesus seems close by, the "daysman" or "umpire" of Job, the "mediator" of Paul, the Christ of every soul who trusts in him.

PAUL prayed for the thorn's removal, but it was not removed. The Bible is full of records of what seem to be "unanswered prayers." Moses prayed to enter the Promised Land, but he died on top of Mount Pisgah. King David prayed for the recovery of his child, but the child died. In the twenty-second Psalm the author cries, "O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou answerest not; and in the night season, and am not silent." God did not answer Paul's petition. He did answer Paul. And it was a great answer: "My grace is sufficient for thee." "Grace"—here is a word we meet constantly in the New Testament. What does the word mean? It means God's favor which he bestows upon us as only he can do. It denotes power. It signifies strength. "My grace is sufficient for thee." That thorn in the flesh, whatever it was, had to remain. Paul carried it with him until the end of his earthly journey, but God gave him strength to bear it, grace to withstand it, power to overcome it. It is often so with us and our prayers. God answers us and not our petitions. As Henry Ward Beecher once put it: "A woman prays for patience, and the Lord sends her a green cook. That is, we pray for a thing and God gives us a chance."

"My grace is sufficient for thee." Observe that Paul is assured that God's grace *is* sufficient for him, not *shall* be. And that is true in respect to every one of us. His grace is sufficient if we will rest on the Everlasting Arms, if we only trust and obey. His grace is sufficient for us at this present moment if we only believe it, if we are but willing to test it out. God's promises are in the present tense. It is not necessary to go to heaven to know God. We need not rest upon the promise that he will do so-and-so, but rest upon him now and here. In the larger reaches Paul's prayer was answered—grandly answered. The thorn in the flesh remained, but he was enabled to bear it.

Now the teaching of this eloquent chapter is that Paul's greatest strength came from his most obvious weakness. The inference from this thorn-in-the-flesh experience is that Paul was a stronger character with this thorn than without it. Paul here as much as says, "I am glad for my sorrow. It is a means of growth. It is a good, not an evil."

My brethren, many of us have gone to the heavenly Father with petitions for the removal of a thorn in the flesh, and it is still there. Yet withal, if we have prayed in simple and sincere faith we have made a great discovery: his grace is sufficient for us. He heard us after all. He hears us now. No unanswered prayers, no ungranted petitions, no fruitless supplications, ever rise from penitent hearts. God hears, God heeds, and lo, he answers us always.

I AM loath to believe that Paul let his thoughts rest often upon his "thorn" after his third petition. Thenceforth he forgot the thorn in contemplation of God's grace. And out of his meditation on the grace of God, he labored early and late for the salvation of the world. Paul's labors for the salvation of the world helped him to overcome his infirmity. Concern for the welfare of others is a wonderful cure for sorrow.

John Bright told of a suggestion that was made to him when his young wife died and while her lifeless form was still in his home. He was in the depths of grief, almost of despair, for the light and sunshine of his home had been extinguished. His friend, Richard Cobden, called and spoke words of sympathy. After a little while he looked up and said, "There are thousands of homes in England at this moment where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger. Now when the first paroxysm of your grief is past I would advise you to come with me and we will never rest till the Corn Law is repealed." Bright accepted the invitation and never ceased to labor hard in behalf of the resolution which the two had made; and in so doing forgot his own grief and loneliness.

Dr. Gerould of Cleveland, Ohio, lost his three children in one year. Having none of his own on whom to lavish his thought and love and substance, he decided to do what he could to aid other children who were in need. He was always helping young people through school and college. A young girl became a Christian and was driven away from her home. Dr. Gerould sent her to Bethany College, West Virginia. He built a home in Hiram, Ohio, for young women who were unable to pay their way through college. He had it in his heart to do still larger things when the Lord called him higher. Dr. Gerould's labors in behalf of young people kept him young, ennobled his life, and filled him with unspeakable joy.

*Minister First Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), Bloomington, Ill.

Knowing Each Other There

IT takes most of us about a lifetime here, in this present world, to get well enough acquainted with our best friends to enable us to know them. Many sad disappointments have come to us through the betrayal of the trust we have placed in those whom we thought we could depend upon. On the other hand, there are those who have proved to be dependable, and once we find them we are loath to give them up. Our experience in life has been much sweeter, our trials much more easily borne, our burdens much lighter, all because we had those to whom we could go for help and sympathy.

When at last the parting comes, our attachment has grown so strong that we are caused to wonder if, in the future life, we shall be permitted to recognize these friends of earth. Many people today are puzzled over this question, and are in need of light. We believe that we may look for this light to that never-failing source, the Word of God. Paul said, "But then shall I know even as also I am known." John, the beloved disciple, has this to say: "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Yet this does not fully explain the point in question.

Christ said: "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Again: "I know my sheep, and am known of mine."

Christ said to Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands, and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless, but believing." Again, speaking to his disciples: "Behold my hands and my feet; handle me, and see that it is I myself; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." On another occasion, when the disciples had fished all night catching nothing, Jesus appeared on the shore of the lake, prepared breakfast and ate with them.

These incidents, all occurring after Christ was resurrected, have quite a significance with reference to this subject. Christ, the firstfruits of the resurrection, is the sample or pattern of all that shall follow. He desired his disciples to recognize their risen Lord, and asked them to examine him carefully, even calling their attention to the marks of his identity in his hands and feet.

In the first resurrection, the righteous come forth just as they fell asleep, except that they are immortal, and hence have the freshness of youth. It is then the blessed privilege of the redeemed to "grow up" to the fulness of the stature of Christ. Redemption would not seem complete if there were lacking the ability to recognize each other, which, as we recall the experiences of the past, would enable us better to appreciate the fulness of redemption.

Greeley, Colo. L. S. B.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

Daily Meditation

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Inhibitions of the Spirit

SUNDAY, September 15. Acts 16:7. "*They assayed to go into Bithynia; and the spirit of Jesus suffered them not.*" They had what the Friends so suggestively call "a stop in the mind." Their thought had no freedom along that road. The path was blocked. They were confronted by an invisible Antagonist. Their affirmative was frustrated by the divine negative. A providential "No" came sounding along the road. They assayed to go into Bithynia, but the Guide into all truth interposed, and their plans had to be laid aside. And, therefore, we say that they heard a voice saying, "Behold, I set before thee a *closed* door!" The Spirit sometimes guides us by a closed door.

Now it needs a very discerning sense to apprehend and appreciate the divine inhibitions. When we essay to go into Bithynia our desire to go is often very clamorous, and in the deafening noise the still small voice is apt to be drowned. Our desires are often the ministers of the divine will. But they must be kept quiet lest they hustle us into premature action before the final guidance of the Lord has been given. And our spiritual senses need to be kept very refined, if we are to readily apprehend the assents and the dissents of the Spirit. These senses are easily dulled. The neglect of a few days exposes them to a very subtle destructiveness. To force our judgments is to impair them: it is like forcing the needle of a compass by some extraneous influence. The instrument is perverted, and all its registers are untrue. And so it is that the apostle urges us to have our spiritual senses "exercised to discern": and this is done by ceaseless prayer, and by constant watching, and by ready obedience to God's revealed will.

And, for a last word, it is surely well worth noticing that the Spirit which closed the way to Bithynia opened the way to Europe! Bithynia was inhibited: then came a voice from Macedonia. And that is often the way of the Lord. The inhibition seems to be contracting our ministry, but it brings our feet into a large place. We lose our own way; we find a better. The better sphere is not always a larger sphere in the sense of material scale and public honor. It may be even less extensive, but it will be more intensive. At any rate God's Europe is always better than our Bithynia. When the Lord closes one door he opens another, and when we pass through the one door we shall find that he has prepared a place for us, and all things are ready. J. H. J.

Be Ye Tender-Hearted

MONDAY, September 16. Eph. 4:32. "*Be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.*" Next to the blessing of a pure heart is the blessing of a tender heart. Not all pure hearts are tender, and not all tender hearts are pure; but a heart that is filled with the love of God must be both pure and tender. Absolutely the worst thing in the world is an impure heart, and the next worst thing is a hard heart. Moses says that Pharaoh hardened his heart, and again he affirms that God hardened Pharaoh's heart. The contradiction is only apparent. Pharaoh set his will against the will of God, and there is a law of God, immutable as any law of nature, by which the heart that excludes God grows obdurate. Saints grow in grace, sinners grow in disgrace. The pure heart grows purer, and the impure heart more impure. The tender heart grows more tender, and the hard heart hardens as the days go by. The same fire that melts ore hardens clay.

The world tends to make hearts hard. The multitude of frauds, the abuse of confidence, the violence done to friendship, the very frequency of appeals to sympathy—these are the things which tend to render us less sensitive to the thought and sight of suffering. But nothing so certainly sears the heart as broken promises, unfulfilled vows, unredeemed pledges to God. What can counteract these influences? What can we do to keep our hearts tender, to keep our souls sensitive? First, we can pray to the Lamb of God. "Lamb of God, calm my perturbed spirit!" cried an English preacher under circumstances of great provocation. Then we can exercise mercy in speech and act. We can curb our sharp tongues and train our sharp tempers. We can guard the gates of speech against undue severity. Moreover, we can avail ourselves of every opportunity to contemplate the scene in sight of which the hardest heart grows tender—the death of Christ, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God. Thackeray, speaking of the death of George III, writes: "Hush, strife and quarrel, over this solemn scene." If the pall of an earthly monarch exercises a subduing power, a restraining influence, what should not the effect be upon us as we look at the Cross of Christ? Looking at him, who was both pure-hearted and tender-hearted, we grow like him. C. C. A.

Two Occupations

TUESDAY, September 17. Luke 14:18, 19, 20. "*I pray thee have me excused . . . I cannot come.*" The persons who declined the call of God to attend his supper were not honest in their excuses. They had not been asked to give up their secular callings and engagements. Men had raised cattle, bought lands, and married before them, and have continued to do so since, without renouncing God and the Church and neglecting their souls. The Father's business was not intended to interfere, and did not interfere, with their profession, but they made their ordinary occupation interfere with divine calling.

We pray in the Lord's Prayer: "Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done"—that refers to the Father's business. We proceed: "Give us this day our daily bread"—that refers to our own business. Our business is to be attended to while we are doing the Father's business. If we engage in a calling which will not allow us to hallow God's name and to do his will—a calling which is either ungodly in character or leads to ungodliness, or places certain unholy restraints upon us, binding our tongues against speaking the truth or thwarting the righteous and gracious purposes of God regarding ourselves and others, if we become engrossed with money-getting, the acquisition of learning and fame—we have put asunder what God has joined together. Then a grievous dilemma occurs: God says: "Come to church"; we say: "I cannot afford the time." God says: "Bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord!" we say: "I am too busy making a living for them." God says: "Live soberly!" we reply: "I cannot while I am in my business." God says: "Do something for helping convert the heathen!" we answer: "I need my money for an investment." God says: "Choose another calling then!" we reply: "I have no confidence in any other." Thus excuses are multiplied and the separation between our earthly and our heavenly calling becomes complete. What a pity! W. H. T. D.

Lower and Higher

WEDNESDAY, September 18. Heb. 1:4. "*Being made so much better than the angels.*" David says of the glory of manhood, "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels," but Paul says, "Let all the angels of God worship the Christ." The angels are ministering spirits to those whom Christ came to redeem, but Christ is the express image of God's person and at the right hand of the Majesty on high, swaying the scepter of righteousness. What an infinite distance there is between being a little lower than the angels and being Creator and Ruler over all worlds and peoples! Our Lord is in vast contrast with men and angels who are to worship him.

To which of the angels did he ever say, "Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee," or, "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever," or, "Sit on my right hand, till I make thine enemies thy footstool?" Christ did not die for angels but for men; therefore he took our nature. All his creations are but the garments of the Lord.

Angels are to minister to the heirs of him who is the Light of Life, the very God. Kiss the Son, love the Son, worship the Son, and you will know the Father. Man made a little lower than the angels shall be advanced through Christ, taking his nature to the higher altitudes of being crowned with glory and honor forever. Our Lord's prayer for the glory he had with the Father was the right of Sonship and the right to redeem man, whose salvation is completed or made perfect through suffering, wherefore he is not ashamed to call us brethren. E. W. C.

Eternity in Our Hearts

THURSDAY, September 19. Eccles. 3:11. "*He hath set eternity in our heart.*" Human life on earth is very brief and very frail. There are trees in California, still living, which are more than three thousand years old. How helpless we are in the grasp of law, in the grasp of such a force, for instance, as gravitation or electricity! How slow our movements, compared with light! There is a view of life which makes us very humble. "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" But there is another view of life. Humanity is greater than it seems. Our thoughts can fly more swiftly than light. There is an inner man who lives longer than California trees. We are not so helpless in the grasp of law as appears at first sight. That radiant star seems quite to overawe its human observer, but the star has not eternity in its heart. Man has in his heart an affinity for God, a sense of God. Let this sense be developed and it becomes the vital principle of a union with God such as was his who said, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

An aged woman who lives alone said to her pastor who asked her if her solitude was a trial to her faith, "Oh, no; God often visits me. There are times when I feel as Moses felt when he stood on holy ground and saw the passing glory of the Lord." With all the innate and cultivated weaknesses of humanity, there is within us an inextinguishable instinct of what may be called illimitability. We are not like beasts that perish without hope. Our very lack of satisfaction in earth is proof that we were born to a destiny beyond the earth. Our desires exceed the power of earth to minister to them. Our souls are like the nestlings of eagles—we feel the inward call of a boundless destiny. C. C. A.

The Two Viewpoints

FRIDAY, September 20. James 4:13, 15. "*Go to now, ye that say, Today or tomorrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain. . . . For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this or that.*" The conflict between men's secular and spiritual callings is not settled either by an ascetic form of life or by an atheistic rejection of religion. There has been a tendency, fostered by men who meant to be quite holy and to serve God with an undivided heart, to pronounce every secular occupation unholy and a hindrance to true religion. Artisans, merchants, peasants, soldiers, officers of the state, etc., have been induced to give up their professions, in order to give themselves up entirely to holy pursuits. Under this teaching honest labor will ever be at a serious disadvantage, and if consistently carried out and universally applied, this teaching would result in the social and economic wreckage of the human race. Even in the limited extent to which it was applied at times it has proved disastrous to the legitimate temporal interests of mankind: it has permitted many a strong arm and many a fine head to decay in a one-sided endeavor that was taken up in a mistaken zeal for godliness.

The opposite extreme is seen in the atheistic view of labor, which has renounced all interest in heaven, declaring that heaven should be left to angels and dickie birds; which seeks to set up a heaven for itself in this world, devotes its Sundays to picnics, dancing and carousing, regards the Church as a most tedious place, church organizations as an incubus on society, and Christian pastors as loafers in holy garb. Where this tendency prevails, man's spiritual interests are at a hopeless disadvantage. The soul, if its existence is still granted, is severed from its divine Rest-Giver, Instructor, and Comforter.

The proper thing to do is to combine secular enterprise with a spirit of true religion, to work and to pray, submitting all our labor to the direction of Providence and asking God to bless it. W. H. T. D.

His Kindness

SATURDAY, September 21. Isa. 54:10. "*The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, saith the Lord, who hath mercy on thee.*" The mountains symbolize the almightiness of God, inspiring us to sing, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my help." "God is our refuge and strength." The mountains reveal the treasures embosomed in the valleys. Here are sample gems of coal, iron, gold and silver, which were buried deep below. Their lofty grandeur and sublime magnificence inspire the artist and the worshiper. Their beauty awakens beauty in character and excites aspirations after the holiness of the Highest.

Convulsions in nature once lifted the mountain ranges into view; so the agony of the Saviour on Calvary revealed the gems of love and mercy in the heart of the Infinite.

But at last the mountains shall depart, when the earth will melt with fervent heat; but God's mountains of refuge and sympathy will never depart from his children. What are called by men "the eternal mountains" one day will fall, but "My loving kindness will never cease from thee. My love outlasts all changes in nature, all the ages of time, and all the cycles of eternity." E. W. C.

With Our Boys "Over There"

French Official Photo

American soldiers on former German soil in Massevause, Alsace. At the left, General Haan in conversation with two French generals

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Men of the field battalion, U. S. Signal Corps, 1st Division, carrying an old woman to safety in the cellar during a Hun air raid

© Press Illustrating Service

Sammies in France find the fountain before this ruined church a welcome spring

President Feng Kuo Chang and staff leaving the palace to review Chinese troops about to depart for Vladivostok

Photo by International Film Service

© Committee on Public Information

Rev. Chas. Meade, D.D., delivering the address in a memorial service in France for American soldiers who have fallen in the war

Photo from International Film Service

Frankfort, Germany, on which fell 26 bombs from Allied airmen. Much material damage and the killing and wounding of many people brought from the Kaiser a denunciation of such breaches of international law; but German airmen continue to bomb Allied open towns and hospitals

American troops on their way to the trenches to relieve British comrades, being reviewed by an English general

British Official Photo © Underwood & Underwood

Photo by Herman Whitaker © Kadel and Herbert

This steam yacht, owned by an American family, was once the Kaiser's playground, now it is his Nemesis, for it is in Uncle Sam's Navy, hunting U-Boats

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THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

People Help in Harvest

A STRANGER going into any one of hundreds of towns in the Middle West any day during the grain harvest this past summer would have found the villages deserted, the banks, stores, shops closed, and the men out in the country helping the farmer save his crops to feed the soldiers and citizens and win the war. The women also left town to go out and help their sisters on the farm to cook meals for the great army of harvesters. The farmers have suffered the loss of the young men who have gone into the country's service in camp and factory. In this shortage of help the government has called on the farmers to raise more crops, to plant a larger acreage, to till with greater intensity and produce a larger harvest, and right wisely and patriotically have they responded to the call. This response would have been impossible if the village and city men and women of all callings had not rushed out into the country and aided in saving the abundant harvests. During the harvesting of more than nine and a half million acres of wheat in Kansas 40,000 town people helped and saved the crop. Kansas City alone furnished 10,000 farm hands. In Indiana twenty-four towns enlisted 9,000 harvest hands for the wheat and oats. Illinois has more than 50,000 workers in sixty counties registered for the harvest. In one of the cities of the Middle West the mayor went out into the country and drove the reaper, while the members of the board of public works shocked the grain. In a county seat in South Dakota the parties went to the court house to try a case before Judge Dillman of the Twelfth Circuit, and learned he was out at his own farm working in the harvest field. They went out to his place and the judge took the sheaves of grain he was shocking and fenced off a court room, took one for his "bench" and tried the ease in record time in satisfaction to at least one of the parties concerned, and then went back to the job of winning the war, which he counted in harvest time as important as administering justice. The fields in the mental and spiritual realm are dead ripe and are spoiling for want of reapers. A shortage of farm hands in harvest, and the call for other laborers to help them, is thus mentioned by Christ: "*The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest.*" (*Matt. 9 : 37, 38.*)

Photo from Paul Thompson

Bridge Over Suez Canal

IT has just been announced that a suspension bridge has been swung over the Suez Canal, and that railroad communication between Cairo and Jerusalem is to be opened. A canal from the Nile to the Red Sea was one of the engineering feats of antiquity planned by Rameses II, again undertaken by Darius I and completed by the Ptolemies. The Suez Canal is not a modern institution. Twenty-four hundred years ago there was a canal dug between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, which remained open for the use of small ships, when it fell into disuse. The present Suez Canal was built without locks, gates, reservoirs or pumping engines. The two seas are so nearly on a level that the waters of each filled the canal. How valuable the new bridge will be, just at the time when the Allies occupy Palestine! The children of Israel did not have a bridge over the Suez Canal to get from Egypt to Arabia. The Lord opened a path in the bed of the Red Sea and let them over and away from their oppressors. This is the account: "*And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left.*" (*Ex. 14 : 22.*)

Captures Two Whales

CAPTAIN SAMUEL EDWARDS of East Hampton, Long Island, was out fishing and saw two whales basking in the sun only a quarter of a mile off the East Hampton shore. The cow was sixty feet long, and the bull 100 feet. The captain rushed his motor boat to the land and got eleven men, a harpoon, lance, gun and rope. His father was an old whaler and he knew what equipment was necessary. Returning Edwards eased the little steamer up to the cow whale. The harpoon was driven home, and the fight was on. For ten miles the cow towed the steamer through the sea. Then, tired, she stopped. The steamer approached within ten feet, and Boatswain Hanson fired the lance into a vital spot. Half an hour later the cow was dead. Some of the men were left in a skiff to guard the prize, while the rest went back after the bull. They found him in the same place. With perfect aim Hanson hurled the harpoon into him. The bull tore off to sea, dragging the steamer like a toy in his wake. After he had gone twenty miles at a terrific speed he stopped, and Captain Edwards drove the lance home. Maddened by the mortal wound the giant bull churned the water into foam. For two hours he floundered and fought in his death agonies, and twice his tail, which could so easily have crushed the boat, barely touched its stern. After his death his body was lashed to that of the cow and they were towed around Montauk Point to Promised Land. It is said that a whale is worth the price of an ordinary Long Island farm, and the two will net $15,000. The whale has this notice in the story of the creation in the first chapter of the Bible: "*And God created great whales.*" (*Gen. 1 : 21.*)

Barberry Bush Doomed

WHY should the barberry bush be condemned to death? Was it not imported from other lands because of its singular beauty? Have not our people of finest taste secured it as an ornament for their dooryards and lawns, gardens and parks? Have not beholders rejoiced at the bright flowers and berries it has borne? The manufacturers will plead for mercy and ask that the plant from whose bark they secure such valuable dyes be spared. But no. The gardener, housekeeper, and scientist will not be listened to for a moment, for it has been proven to be the wholesale murderer of wheat and other cereal crops, destroying 200,000,000 bushels of wheat annually, and the United States government has decreed its death. In Europe the entomologist discovered that the organism that produces rust on wheat, oats, barley, and rye spends part of its life on the barberry, and that the cycle of the egg, moth and pupa cannot be completed in its absence. Experiments and observations made abroad and continued here have satisfied agricultural experts that where the barberry is removed the damage to grain crops by rust is greatly diminished. The Department of Agriculture reports gratifying results in its campaign against this dangerous shrub, especially in the grain-growing states of the Northwest. Nurserymen generally have agreed to discontinue distributing the bushes, and park boards are eradicating them. State nursery inspectors are destroying them wherever signs of rust are found. The public safety commission of Minnesota has issued an order for the compulsory destruction of the barberry, and a law is on the statue books of North Dakota providing for the eradication of this dangerous plant. To creep into a country with an offer of beautiful berries and flowers and then turn to killing the bread supply of the land is a capital offense, with death as a just penalty. The barberry bringing rust to the wheat reminds us of the great fact that wherever in the animal, vegetable, or spiritual world there is life or beauty an enemy stands near to fight and if possible to kill it. The wheat plant in Palestine had a number of enemies, among them the tare, the counterfeit of the field, which stole the richness of the soil, crowded the food stems, and looked as much like wheat as possible, but produced only worthless seeds, the enemy of the wheat. In a parable the Saviour thus refers to it: "*His enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat.*" (*Matt. 13 : 25.*)

Less Comb, More Honey

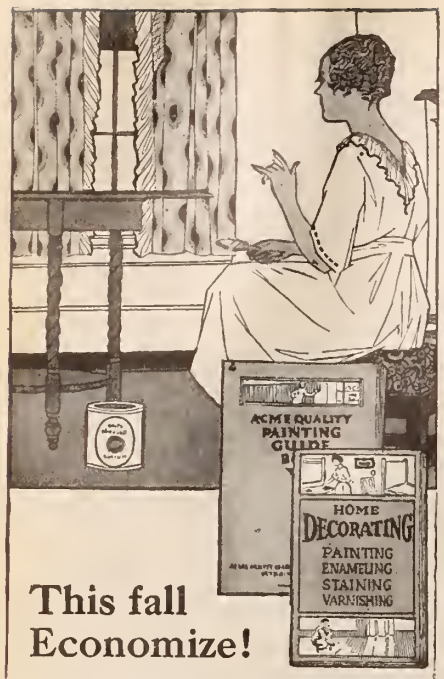
IN the determination to conserve the food supply, and especially sweets, the Department of Agriculture is now urging the raising of more bees and the production of more honey. It has been found by experiment that it requires twenty times as much energy on the part of the bees to manufacture one pound of the comb as it does to make one pound of honey. Hence the government is asking those raising bees to take the honey from the comb by a centrifugal process, and use the same wax comb again, thereby increasing the honey-making power of each hive. The Jews had an abundance of honey. It was made by the wild bees in the woods, generally in hollow trees. There is this account of the eating of honey by our Lord after his resurrection: "*And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish, and of an honeycomb.*" (*Luke 24 : 42.*)

Foch's Message to Churches

MARSHAL FOCH has just asked the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America to convey to the American people his deep appreciation of their moral and spiritual support. The Marshal is enthusiastic in his praise of American generals, officers, and men. He said their moral and material help had been of tremendous advantage. This estimate of our boys is true. No finer set of men ever wore a uniform or gave their lives up for their country. Only a look at these noble fellows, at private soldiers and sailors, as well as those who wear the badge of office, is necessary to see the splendid physical, mental and moral fiber that justifies all the French field marshal said of them. His message to the churches of America recognizes the important part they have played in producing so superb a race of men and patriots. A large proportion of the men in our country's service are devout Christians, who not only answer the call of their country but also this divine call: "*Fight the good fight of faith.*" (*I Tim. 6 : 12.*)

Await Conductor's Wedding

THE street car system of Yonkers, N. Y., became a party to a romance by furnishing a conductor for the groom and a passenger for the bride. The conductor dashed with Miss Mary Betley into the City Hall at the end of his run in Yonkers and shortly dashed out again with his bride to make the return trip as a honeymoon journey. The passengers did not understand why they waited. Nothing is more out of place than a freak marriage; one in the lion's cage at the circus, in the play at the theater; one on a dare or bet. So many turn out not to be jokes, but tragedies. The Jews never witnessed such a parody on marriage as the three minutes' wait of the street car. They had a feast and pomp and ceremony, as will be seen by this incident: "*And he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless.*" (*Matt. 22 : 12.*)



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Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them Into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

SHE was all of five years old, dear neighbors—the busy war-worker I am going to tell you about—and she was as plump as a butter-ball. Her head was a mass of touseled brown curls. Her cheeks were flaming poppies. Her deep-set brown eyes, a-twinkle with mischief, looked out on a world she was glad to be alive in.

She sat on the beach, in the sunshine, knitting heavily on the bulkiest gray muffler any soldier or sailor boy ever aspired to: the nice, long, woolly kind you can wrap around twice and tie in the back. And she laughed to herself as she knitted.

I stood looking down at her—little joyous atom of humanity doing her splendid bit to alleviate the anguish of a world—and something overwhelmed me, something between tears and laughter. But the laughter triumphed. She was so droll sitting there! Her knitting-needles were long and business-like; almost as tall as herself. And in those dimpled, chubby little hands they looked (somehow) like telegraph poles.

Furthermore, there was something odd about the way she was knitting. She got results. The firm, even muffler was proof of that. Yet, there was something queer——

"Show me," I begged at last, dropping down beside her and trying not to laugh.

Her eagerness proved that war-workers are the same the country over. Her brown eyes lighted; her red lips parted; she breathed quickly.

"This way——"

Her touseled brown head bent once more over her work.

I looked on respectfully, warned by the earnestness of that little face (the well known expression of the expert war-knitter) that this was no time for levity.

HER dimpled hands clutched the needles more firmly. She gave the yarn a business-like shake. And the knitting proceeded in the same queer fashion. For a moment I was at a loss to understand. And then suddenly it all became clear to me. Instead of throwing the thread over the needle with her right forefinger—a Herculean task which her small pink finger could never have hoped to accomplish—she (nothing daunted) had surmounted this difficulty in the way of serving her country by grabbing the yarn in a determined right fist and placing it over the needle bodily, after which it was a simple matter to hook it off.

The laugh began deep down in me somewhere, and welled up in a tide that swept me before it. Tumbling Elizabeth over on the sand, I touseled her until her shrieks of laughter rang out. Then, rolling her up into a sitting position again, with her precious needles safe in her two fists, I left her working there and smiling at me rosily while I hurried away to my typewriter to tell you all about it and to make a comradely suggestion.

I earnestly suggest that we—you and I—recruit all the restless little folk in our respective villages and fill their eager hands with war-work.

This work can be light. It need not be, like Elizabeth's, a great muffler knitted on telegraph poles. It can be a few rows of a sock, or the making of scrap-books for sick soldiers, or joining a troop of Boy Scouts, or cutting out magazine jokes to slip into letters for France, or writing to some one overseas, or helping form a Junior Red Cross Chapter. It can even be something simpler and homier; just a kindness shown to a neighbor.

What matters is that the children be given their war ideals—their notions of service—as we have ours. They are living this war almost as intensely as we. We cannot shut them out of it, if we would. But we can provide them with a wholesome outlet for the emotional strain of it all.

That this need is being recognized by educators in charge of large centers for children is proven by the following adventure sent in by a Settlement Worker of New York City:

Children and the War

I want to tell you about the fine spirit I found last winter among the children in one of the New York Settlement Houses where I was a worker. The war was keenly realized by all, down to the littlest tot; and many a time the whole-hearted Americanism of these children moved me deeply. At first, the solemnity of their pinched little faces frightened me. I recalled what I had heard: that physicians were deploring the nervous tensity and unrest of children in these war times; and I made up my mind that I would do all I could for those little people.

With the aid of other workers, I got up patriotic clubs and sings, knitting classes, Thrift Stamp societies, and every other kind of Juvenile War Service I knew about. The result was amazing. Its first effect was a sudden increase in attendance. Across our worn doorstep came all nationalities, welded by their loyalty to Uncle Sam into an eager, helpful little band of patriots. Before long the girls were deep in the throes of the knitting fever and had learned how to make eye-bandages and wash-cloths. The boys were selling Thrift Stamps; and some of them were cooperating on a letter to a sailor, expressing the hope that he would "baste the face" of the enemy, and return safely. One poorly-dressed little Italian lad, whose fingers were stiff with the cold, proudly showed me a partly knitted scarf as proof that he was "doing his bit." And both girls and boys pursued me with tickets for the different patriotic entertainments they were getting up at their schools.

All this worked a complete change in the children. Wherever there was a group gathered, you would hear bright talk of the amateur war-play they were planning, an exchange of comical experiences in selling Thrift Stamps, or (among the little girls) Red Cross gossip over busy knitting-needles. Could the alarmed neurologists have seen the shining faces of those children as they gathered around the piano every night to sing patriotic songs, they would have cheered up, I am sure. War is not so grim and terrible to children, if their little hands and minds are kept busy with war service. The greatest wrong we can do them is to discuss the harrowing phases of the war in their hearing, and work for the soldiers in their sight, then tell them to "run away and play." The parents who do this can expect their children to be morbid and nervous while this war lasts. L. H. M.

That letter, Adventurers, impressed me so deeply that I fell to wondering if it might not contain a pretty earnest message for all of us. Those of us who have no children in our homes, care enough about the well-being of our neighbors' children to watch the effect of the war on them and to do all in our power to keep them happy and wholesome and sane.

THERE are many ways of doing this. Following is the account of how one older girl, in a community where the girls were restless and quarrelsome, raised the tone of the group.

Making Girls Into Girl Scouts

I have enjoyed so much reading others' Adventures in Neighboring, that I thought I would let you know of my experience.

I am Captain of a troop of Girl Scouts. I have thirty-two girls enrolled. And never was a Troop of Girl Scouts more needed by a neighborhood. These girls, before they were Scouts, were quarreling among themselves. They all wanted to do something for the war, but they didn't know how to work together. When my Troop was first organized, I had a hard time getting the girls to be sisters. One little girl would have an ill thought against another, and so on. But at last I have won. I found that love was the one great thing they needed, so I tried to encourage this in them. Their ages run from twelve to eighteen, and you'd think this would keep them from being congenial; but it has not. After only five weeks of association together, they are all good comrades; and a nicer crowd of girls you could not find anywhere. They all love one another, and besides, they are always on the lookout for a chance to help some one in the neighborhood. Without this organization, with its high ideals, these girls would have been quarrelsome and of no help in the war. Now they are doing their bit. And the whole neighborhood seems different. I hope this experience of mine will be a help to some one. M. S. W.

To my way of thinking, that little adventure is stunning. If every Amer-

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Knowledge is always knocking at the door of a man's life and saying: "Let me in!"

A man cannot always put his best foot foremost—the other foot will insist upon having its turn.

God pity the man who carries over the cares of yesterday and borrows the burdens of tomorrow to add to the load of today.

ican community would see to it that its young girls were banded together in this inspiring way, the effect on our national life would be incalculable.

OUR next adventure took place before this war began; but I am using it because I believe it offers a solution of a problem confronting us today: the problem of banding together the older boys and girls. For them, there exists no patriotic organization. The boys are beyond the Boy Scout age; the girls too old for the Girl Scout. And yet something is needed—in half the towns in the United States—to bring these war-restless, big boys and girls together in a wholesome and helpful way. If any of you have a better solution than the following to offer, do send it to me, so that we might consider it too.

A Club for Older Boys and Girls

I told you recently, Christian Herald Neighbors, of the club formed to establish confidence between mothers and their small boys, and of the boy whom we all learned to love. I would like now to tell you of one formed three years later which was the outgrowth of the club for little boys.

One day in early winter, the mother of the boy who had been helped came to me with tears in her eyes, and said: "Oh, can't you do something to help save my older boy? You took my Glenny when we could do nothing with him. He would stay in pool rooms and places that were demoralizing, but since he has belonged to that little club, there hasn't been a night that he hasn't come to me before going to bed. We talk awhile; then he puts his arms around me, gives me a kiss, and leaves with a smile on his face. Now please do something to help his older brother, for he has taken to drink and is staying out nights. I have been talking with him, and he says: 'Mother, there is no place to go, except to dances, pool rooms or places where you wouldn't be seen. The people in this town do not seem to care for the young people. If they did, we would not be such a tough set. If there were some good place to go, we wouldn't frequent the bad places.'"

That mother and I talked and planned, finally deciding to get the mothers together and see what could be done. Ten of the mothers met at my house. We put the matter before them, and this was the plan worked out: that we send invitations to all the young people to spend an evening in my home. This was done, and the young people came. We furnished entertainment, helping them to have a pleasant time. They then organized a club which they called "Lend a Hand," using for their motto Edward Everett Hale's beautiful verse:

"Look upward, not downward.
"Look outward, not inward;
"Look forward, not backward,
"And lend a hand."

They met once a week, and at least two of the mothers attended each gathering. Four young people were a committee to furnish a program, which consisted of readings, music and games. Four others were a committee on refreshments. In this way they would have several meetings during the week, to practice their music: which made it pleasant for them.

The evening of their gathering, there would be at least forty young people present, and often many more. They met at the different homes, and in this way the older people became acquainted with the younger and grew to take an interest in them. The club kept its interest for more than two years, then Glenny and his older brother, with their parents, moved to California. Before going, the older brother came to say good-by to me. He said: "Lend a Hand has made a different man of me, and I want to thank you for what you have done for my brother and myself." That young man has now gone as a soldier to France.

C. S. C.

Such a club, if started today, would, of course include a patriotic aim, and its meetings would occasionally be given at the Red Cross workrooms, where the girls could sort and pack and the boys nail the boxes for shipment.

Due to the length of this splendid adventure, our Forum has been crowded out; but there will be a big one next time to make up for it.

Meantime, fellow Adventurers, my warmest good wishes to you until another fortnight has rolled around!

The Pool of Bethesda

(Cover Picture Story)

WHO of us but at the mention of this pool thinks at once of the impotent man, who after 38 years of disappointment because of his inability to be first in the water following the visit of the angel, found himself on a certain Sabbath in the presence of One greater than the angel, at whose word he received strength to arise and walk? Often we pray that his power may heal. our own impotence of flesh or spirit.

The identity of the pool is not certainly known, there being seven pools and cisterns which various authorities consider the possible Bethesda, but the weight of tradition is in favor of the deep pool, which is here shown, to the north of the former temple enclosure, although its dimensions mark it rather a reservoir than a pool for the washing of sheep or the bathing of the sick. While at present the basin contains only a small pool of stagnant water, it is 360 feet long, 130 broad and 75 deep, even though partly filled with rubbish and earth. Its sides were carefully faced with small stones and those covered with plaster. At the southwest corner two high arched vaults extend back under the houses of the adjacent quarter. The northern one is 19 feet broad, the other 12 feet and they are known to extend over 100 feet under ground. Both are choked with earth. They are probably parts of the aqueduct system which fed the reservoir, ancient Jerusalem having been better supplied with good water than the present city. It is conjectured that the trenches were filled up by Titus when he was constructing the great embankments against the walls of Jerusalem by means of which he finally took the city after his long siege had reduced it to a sepulchre of dying men.

The view of the pool chosen by the artist is taken from the street leading to the great mosque. The many domed houses are typical of Jewish architecture in a region where stone was more easily obtained than timber. The tower on the right is a minaret within the inclosure of the Mosque of Omar and the ruins beneath are thought to be the broken remnants of the Tower of Antonia wrecked by Titus.

Taking the Gospel to the Jews

IT has usually been rather hazardous to take the Gospel to the Jews, but those members of the outdoor evangelistic staff of the National Bible Institute in New York are meeting with radically different treatment in these stirring days than those which former experiences have led them to expect. Up in the Bronx, an auto truck has been placed at the disposal of Mr. Thomas E. Little, superintendent of the Institute's Bronx Gospel Hall, and the first midday meeting from this truck was remarkable. After the expiration of an hour and a half, two of the Jews went to the hall, where both later surrendered to Jesus Christ. One of them said: "If you people come over here because you love the Jews, and keep so calm and sweet, there must be something real to keep you so sweet."

At another outdoor evangelistic meeting for Jews, addressed by Mr. Morris Maisel, one of the members of the outdoor staff of the Institute and formerly a Hebrew teacher in the Jewish schools of the Bronx, one of those present said: "I see now that you are clinging to the Jewish hopes and ancient faith more than the average Jew. Why, then, are your people hated so!" He was told that this is the experience of all who are true servants of God. After a long talk, he promised thoroughly to consider the matter of giving his heart to the Lord, and gave Mr. Maisel his name and address. Another interesting outgrowth of outdoor evangelistic meetings is the opening for work in many Jewish homes. During the past few weeks, seventeen of these homes have been opened for evangelistic meetings. Wherever these prayer meetings have been held, the families have earnestly requested the workers to come again, and several of them have accepted Jesus Christ as their Messiah.

The Easiest Way in the World to Make Friends

SHE was not good looking. She dressed rather plainly. She did not sing or play and danced only fairly well. She had never traveled—in fact, had not been outside of three or four states.

But she was popular. No matter where she went she was always the center of a bright circle. She was a leader in her social set. She was at the head of several committees doing civic and social work. She was the head of the Ladies' Aid Society—and a leader in all the church affairs and her advice was always sought by leaders in every activity in which she was a member. Even her children seemed different—more refined, advanced for their age. At social gatherings of every description she was in constant demand. There were always more invitations than she could accept. She had found the way to make friends.

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Famous American Women Painters
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Court Painters of France
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Glacier National Park
Michel Angelo
American Colonial Furniture
Gothic Architecture
Shakespeare
American Mural Painters
Celebrated Animal Characters

The Secret of Likeableness

What was the secret of her fascination? She did not seem to make any special effort to be agreeable. She was no more polished than half a dozen other women who moved in the same circle.

Why was she so universally welcomed and admired and liked? For one and only one reason. She could talk in a way that made people listen. That was the asset she had that other women of my acquaintance had not. She was wise enough to know that it is more important to be than to have. She had acquired an acquaintance with the finer things of life. That was what made her so interesting.

Never at a Loss for Words

She could discuss in an original and delightful way, but with the conviction that comes only of expert knowledge, practically every subject that came up in conversation. She had ideas, and was never at a loss for words. Whether the subject were music, art, science, history, foreign countries, literature, made no difference. She brought to each the riches of a trained mind. No fact was isolated in her memory. It was always associated with other facts and opinions, and so the stream of conversation was broad and deep.

She had acquired this gift—and yet she was a busy woman. How had she done it? "All in less than five minutes a day," she admitted once when I finally cornered her, wondering how she ever found time to read—with a home and children to care for day by day and engagements almost every evening. "I joined the Mentor Association some time ago. That solved the problem of finding time to keep up with the finer things in life. I had only a common school education. I have not read very extensively. But that brings me the fruits of arduous study. Others have delved and I profit by their knowledge.

"To me it means daily pleasure. But much more! The ability I once craved to make friends I now possess. I used to be miserably shy—never knew what to say. Now I am at ease wherever I go. I have simply found the easiest way in the world to make friends."

The Mentor Association

The Mentor Association is a national institution made up of a group of men and women, now numbering more than a hundred thousand, who have determined to learn just one worthwhile thing every day. It is a wonderful idea—to learn one new thing—a really important thing—each day, instead of trying to cram their heads full and learning practically nothing worthwhile.

And it is really marvelous, the ground that can be covered in this way in just a few minutes each evening. Had I not seen an example of what can be learned, and heard the story from her own lips, I would never have believed it. All this woman's appreciation and knowledge of the great works of the big masters in all the fields of art and literature, her wonderfully interesting viewpoint on travel and science, had come from her membership in the Mentor Association—by learning one new thing each day.

What It Brings

Membership in the Mentor Association entitles you to several distinct services:

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"LIGHT ON PROPHECY"

REPORT OF PHILADELPHIA PROPHETIC CONFERENCE

THE unanimous judgment is that the great Philadelphia Bible Conference was the most momentous and important of its kind ever held in America, or perhaps in the world, both in numbers and significance. It was a Conference which at every session exalted Christ, and gave rich and stirring messages to His people throughout the world. There was no effort on the part of any speaker to exploit himself. From first to last, there was evidence in all that was said, that the most consecrated scholarship and reverent investigation was under divine guidance, and submissive to the leadings of the Holy Spirit. There was an entire absence of anything like radicalism, sensationalism, date-fixing, and dogmatism. The great fundamental belief of the Christian Church was discussed with a calm serenity that indicated conviction of its truth.

The speeches of the Conference will be welcomed by Christians and Bible readers everywhere, and especially by those who love the Lord Jesus Christ and believe in His promise. These addresses have been gathered under the official supervision of the Conference Executive Committee, and published by the Christian Herald in an authorized volume of 360 pages under the title of "Light on Prophecy." This step was taken by the Conference in order that the widest possible publicity might be assured for the book, as the record of the most authoritative assembly on prophecy ever held up to the present time.

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The Fruits of the Christian Life

International Sunday School Lesson for September 22
Matt. 25 : 14-30 and 5 : 1-12

How Christ Rewards His Followers

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

WE have been studying the principles of the Christian life during this quarter; today we turn to its fruits in the sense of its results. Does it pay to be a Christian? That is the question today's lesson sets out to answer. What reward is there for obedience, helpfulness, prayer and the study of God's Word? This is our theme. Many of our young people hold aloof from the Church of Christ because they have learned to think of Christianity in terms of renunciation and loss. When we tell them that happiness and joy lie in the Christian's path they scarcely believe us. We, their teachers, are challenged for proof. "Show me" is their watchword. They will have to see in our faces, our words and our lives that being a Christian means the truest happiness and the most lasting joy. Are we making good to them?

The Meaning of the Beatitudes

In the first edition of the Twentieth Century New Testament the word "happy" was used in place of "blessed" in the fifth of Matthew, but in the later editions "blessed" was restored. Happiness depends too much on outward circumstances; blessedness has to do only with the inner spirit. One can be blessed without any of the things that are usually deemed essential to happiness. Blessedness is the joy that consists in *being* something rather than in *having* something. It sums the qualities of mind and heart which the followers of Jesus achieve which constitute in themselves the guarantee of inner peace.

The ancient Hebrews believed that goodness must necessarily be rewarded with outward returns of wealth and success. They had some hard problems to consider, such as that raised in the story of Job. Jesus promised abundant reward "in this life" as well as in the world to come. He has better things to give than earthly riches. He rewards with deep and abiding friendships, with the inner serenity of a soul in harmony with the will of God, with a holy faith that finds a light shining in the darkest spot on earth.

Note, too, that Christ's beatitudes are more than the earth's best qualities of good morals. He does not say "blessed are the honest," though he knew that one cannot be happy in dishonesty. His blessings lie deeper in the very soul of man. The poor in spirit and the meek are blessed, he says. The world thinks that the grasping, the "hustlers," the self-assertive, are the ones who "get there," but the Master saw clearly that such miss the supreme blessings of the spirit. By meek he did not mean the supine, certainly not the wavering, but the unselfish, the teachable, those who are not opinionated but are full of confidence in God and in goodness. He blesses those that hunger and thirst after goodness, and the highest blessing he can bestow upon them is just that they shall be good; there is no greater reward in the universe. To be merciful, to be pure of heart—these are greater than gold.

"The Joy of the Lord Is Your Strength"

This beautiful message was given to Israel by the wise Nehemiah when he found that the reading of the Law resulted in sorrow and weeping among the people. How much the more is Christianity a religion of joy! Any interpretation of the teachings of Jesus which leaves Joy out is fragmentary indeed. He who is now engaged in true service is happy—ask the true teacher, the true missionary, the true Red Cross nurse. Jesus discovered the joy of service, where the ancient sages had found only drudgery and ingratitude. He discovered that giving brings greater joy than getting ever gave. He found joy in healing the sick, joy in restoring the lost and sinning son of Abraham, joy in pointing a miserable Samaritan woman to God. The joy of doing a kindness for another is the richest reward of the Christian's life, unless it be the added joy that comes from a knowledge of God's approval.

The Happiness of Right Doing and the Unhappiness of Sin

Even a little child understands the inner peace that comes from having done one's duty. Even a two-year-old baby can experience the unhappiness that comes with doing wrong. I shall never forget my little boy coming to me sobbing "Me wants to be good; me wants to be good," utterly unhappy because of an inner sense of failure. It was the beginning of the same struggle for righteousness that Paul vividly describes in Romans VII, where at the close he exclaims, "Wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me? Thank God, Jesus Christ our Lord!".

Henry Van Dyke has put into a nutshell the solution of the whole problem of self-will and obedience—"Life is divine when duty is a joy." Is it not true that one of the sublimest rewards of a life of prayer and service is this—to reach the heights where duty is joy? The finest verse in all the Revelation of heaven given unto John is this one: "And his servants shall serve him." Jesus said, "Your joy no man taketh from you." This joy is based on a vision of Jesus, it seems to me. But it finds its expression and sustenance in the services done in his name, in a life whose daily routine is transfigured by the happiness of serving God.

Happiness eludes those who pursue it, and the golden fruits they grasped for turn to apples of Sodom in their mouth.

The Reward of Enlarged Opportunities

"Thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." The reward of work well done is more work, greater work! The reward of abilities used is more ability, increased talents, the privilege of *being* bigger and more valuable to God. You can see that in the progress of Peter and John, or in the case of that ten-talented man, St. Paul, as he grows into theologian, church-builder, pioneer in poor-relief, world evangelist.

The foolish follower of Christ is he who shirks and slacks because his place seems narrow and his lot small and hard. He forgets that Galilee gave foothold enough for the King of Glory.

God cannot endow us with more strength unless we will use the strength we have. He will not give us richer gifts until we show ourselves disposed to use the gifts we already have. To live with Christ, then, is to grow strong and capable, until we, like Paul, can do all things through him that strengthens us.

The Reward of a Contented and Loving Spirit

"I have learned," said Paul, "to be content." "In everything and in all things" he is blessed with a contented mind, untormented by greed, and lust, and wilfulness.

The Christian learns the secret of love, "the greatest thing in the world." Is not Dr. Van Dyke right when he says that he who does not love has never truly lived? But this life of love comes to the Christian alone. It is the pearl of great price. It is the supreme reward. "I give unto them eternal life." No sacrifice of transitory things is too great, no self-denial of fleeting indulgences is worth considering, no labor and travail is too burdensome, if it leads us "to know him whom to know aright is life eternal." We can be like the apostle who could endure the loss of all things if he might thereby "gain Christ, and be found in him." Not only is life more truly ours, but death itself becomes an asset, and things to come as real and precious as things present. Christ is ours, nay rather, we are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

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Marion Harland's Corner

Our Letter-Box

PREFATORY to sharing with readers a few of the many excellent things we extract daily from our mail, will dearly beloved constituents bear with me while I entreat that they try no further eyes that are tested already to their full ability, by writing in pencil what I am so anxious to read that I lay the sheet in the most glaring daylight I can command and spell out, word by word, the contents of the epistle I know will interest others as well as myself? *And, please! always write on one side of the sheet, leaving the second page bare!* Do not, I respectfully entreat, write with pencil or with pale ink when you can secure better means of conveying to me what I wish to read far more than you wish to put it upon paper.

Rest assured that the merest note forwarded to me by the Herald receives careful attention. Not a line passes unread. While the limitations of space make it impossible to print all, and especially when many deal with one and the same subject, none are forgotten, and each has its errand in the mission of our Comfort Corner.

THE first upon our list today reflects the desire of scores of mothers and friends who would fain minister to the wants of "our boys":

Will you be so kind as to give me a few recipes for small cakes, cookies and the like, that will keep for some weeks without getting dry or musty? Something which may be sent safely to our boys in the field and be eaten with satisfaction by them? So many delicacies are perishable that we are puzzled with what eatables to stock the boxes we love to send them. M. E. V. (*New York*).

Your request and the reply will be read with interest by hundreds whose hearts go out longingly to the brave fellows fighting for truth and liberty "over there."

Please note, in the first place, that cakes in which sugar is the only "sweetener" dry into sawdusty unpalatableness far sooner than those which contain molasses. The latter and honey keep the cakes soft and creamy.

Old Virginia "Ginger Cakes"

("Cookies" as a title came into fashion at a later date.)

Rub together a half-cup of butter and the same of lard until they are thoroughly incorporated. Work into this a small cup of sugar and a larger cup of molasses. Stir into these half a cupful of cold water. Beat to a creamy mixture and add a teaspoonful of ground ginger and the same of ground cinnamon, with just a dash of cloves. Next comes a rounded teaspoonful of baking soda, dissolved in hot water. Beat hard for one minute and work in enough flour for a rather stiff dough. Roll out into a thin sheet, cut into shapes and bake quickly.

When they are cold, but still fresh, wrap in waxed or thick tissue-paper and pack in tin cracker-boxes saved for this purpose. If you have not these, use thick paper boxes, but pack these in wooden boxes for shipment over seas.

Sugar Cookies

Rub one cupful of butter and two of sugar to a smooth cream. Add to this the beaten yolks of two eggs, then an even teaspoonful of nutmeg and the same of cinnamon. Next, one cupful of flour with which a half-teaspoonful of baking-powder has been sifted three times, and the stiffly beaten white of one egg. Finally, beat in another cupful of sifted flour and the stiffened white of another egg.

Roll into a sheet a quarter of an inch thick, cut into rounds and stick a raisin in the center of each. Bake in a brisk oven.

Dried Currant Cookies

Cream four tablespoonfuls of butter with two scant cupfuls of sugar (brown sugar will keep the cookies soft longer than white), add the yolks of two eggs beaten very light, then two even cupfuls of flour in which a level teaspoonful of baking-powder has been sifted twice; next, a teaspoonful of mingled cinnamon and nutmeg; lastly, a cupful of dried currants previously washed very clean and dried in the sun, then chopped fine. Roll out with quick, light strokes and cut into shapes. Bake in a steady oven. The fruit tends to keep the cakes soft.

War Cookies

Sift together two cupfuls of flour and one and a half cupfuls of oatmeal. When they are well-blended, sift all twice with a teaspoonful of baking-soda. Stir into this four tablespoonfuls of melted butter (or a substitute) and a saltspoonful of salt. Now, moisten with a cup of cold water mixed with one of molasses, and half a cupful of powdered sugar. The dough should be just stiff enough to roll out easily. Cut into rounds or squares and bake. Lay oiled tissue-paper between the rows of cakes and over the top. These cookies are toothsome, wholesome, and warranted to keep until they are eaten up.

EVEN while writing the foregoing I received a letter from a mother who has two sons in France—in the trenches—and another who anxiously awaits his majority that he may answer the next call. It is safe to say that there is not a home in our country that numbers young men among its inmates, which might not wave the starred service flag from door or window. We women of America in this year of our Lord 1918 are emphatically a Sisterhood of Sacrifice (and the heart aches to the core in reflecting how often of Suffering). We are laborers together in a sacred cause. Account nothing as trivial that can contribute to the comfort and efficiency of our boys at the front.

You remarked truly, some months ago, that the rudiments of housekeeping are the same from one generation to another. You said as truly that, in the main, the housewife of today will be the better for the study we must put forth in the school of patience under changed conditions. I am much older now than when I served my novitiate in housewifery—and in patience! But I seem to enjoy planning meals and studying other domestic economies more now than then. For my boy—the light of my life—is at the front, and I am continually thinking that by conserving food I am helping him to win. I have another boy, a farmer and a much-needed help to his parents, whose health is poor. On this account he has not been called as yet. Still, he longs to go, and we know not when his time may come. His brother enlisted at the first call and has been abroad since last December. His last letters tell me that he is now where the fight rages most fiercely. I, his mother, can only pray and trust and work harder to win. That's why I have sent you a few recipes, telling how to use left-overs. That is my part of the Great War—to save at home that the government may be the better fitted to carry on its operations abroad.

May God help the Corner to be a power for good as we journey along the pathway of Life! MRS. I. F. M. (*Montana*).

I AM sure that every reader of that letter will feel a thrill of pride in the true patriot and devout Christian who does her housework the more conscientiously and zealously because she considers every ingenious device for saving foods and making the best of every crumb and crust a direct offering to her country and the cause of liberty and justice to which she has given her son. One inspired sentence rings in my mind when I read and hear and see what women are doing for the Land of the Free in this our day:

"Greater love hath no man than this—that a man lay down his life for his friend."

What of the mother-love that lays a son with prideful willingness upon the altar of country? Yet—to the everlasting honor and glory of our sex be it remembered—this is what hundreds of thousands of our American women are doing.

Suffer, in this connection, a reply I have just made to a man who asks wonderingly "why three-fourths of the letters mailed by men in the field to friends at home are addressed to mothers, and but one-quarter to wives and sweethearts and sisters."

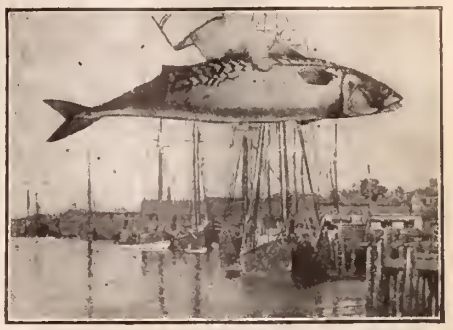
The answer is plain to the mind of one who has kept pace with the accounts of enlistments all over the country. The vast majority of our recruits are young, unmarried men, unhampered by family ties.

Do you ask why this note and reply are admitted to the Corner? As a testimony—as honorable to human nature as it is significant to the might and endurance of maternal influence—to the hold the mother has and holds forever upon the respect and love of the "man whom the Lord hath given her." Is not this worth living and toiling and—*dying* for?

Salt Mackerel

CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER

RIGHT FROM THE FISHING BOATS TO YOU



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FRIED CLAMS is a relishable, hearty dish, that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like that of clams, whether fried or in a chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, **SHRIMP** to cream on toast, **CRABMEAT** for Newburg or deviled, **SALMON** ready to serve, **SARDINES** of all kinds, **TUNNY** for salad, **SANDWICH FILLINGS** and every good thing packed here or abroad you can get direct from us and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use.

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I want to help you as only a woman can. I've had a wonderful experience covering sixteen years. Write to me and if my work won't help I will tell you what will.

Susanna Cocroft
Dept. 18, 624 S. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

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Write Today for free booklet "How to Remember" and **Copyrighted Memory Test,** also how to obtain my FREE book, "How To Speak In Public."

Prof. Henry Dickson, Principal

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Representatives of Institutions, Settlement Houses, Day Nurseries, Schools, etc., are cordially invited to visit this new department, which is ready to give expert assistance in shopping.

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That Girl from Orchard Street

Continued from page 1024

pal; she had figuratively been under fire and had come out victorious.

"Miss Ellis," Captain Purcell told her when he stopped her on Main Street, "you ought to be across there with the boys. You're a winner, you are," and then he became confused and apologized for the way in which he spoke.

"Captain Purcell," Mary said after a brief second of retrospection, "you and your men are going away from here pretty soon, and when you go life will be pretty empty. You see——" she stopped.

"Miss Ellis," the Captain spoke quickly, "I—I think I have heard of your trouble here in town."

MARY looked up quickly into his great brown eyes.

"Trouble?" she laughed, ever so slightly. "Why, I don't suppose it ought to be called trouble. It's just that I don't belong. I live on Orchard Street and I ought to live on Fulton—that's all."

"No, that isn't all. You see, here in Westport, just like lots of the places, it's a case of 'no prophet is without honor save in his own country.'"

Mary laughed.

"It's true, Miss Ellis. The trouble in this place is that they can't realize that they ought to be taking you for what you are worth—not what you used to be, or what your father was, or your grandfather——"

"You're very kind to say that."

"I mean it, and I want to tell you right now that any time I can do anything for you, I wish you'd let me know. I don't want to sound like a snob, Miss Ellis, but my father has a pile of money, and mother's got influence in plenty of circles. She's chairman of most of the boards of relief work in France. Say why don't you join some sort of an organization and go across? Couldn't you get away?"

"Yes," she said eagerly. "But there are reasons why I am afraid no one would want me."

"Reasons! You mean that this bunch of tame cats would try to queer you?" He looked aghast. "Yes—I suppose they would." Then, after a pause: "Say, Miss Ellis, won't you walk down to the drug store with me? I'm panting for an ice cream soda; and then maybe I'll be able to think."

Mary accepted graciously, and sure enough the ice cream soda served as an inspiration, for when they had finished, Captain Purcell turned suddenly.

"I've got it!" he sounded as though he had the key to the Kiel Canal. "I'll write to mother. She likes you a lot, and I took the liberty of telling her what I had heard in Westport. She thinks you're a mighty game girl to go on with the fight. I'll bet that mother can find a way for you to go to France."

Mary Ellis thanked him graciously, but never for an instant did she dare to hope. A couple of days passed, a week, and the boys of the two companies slipped out early one morning with no one, not even Mary Ellis, to wave good-by. They were acting under sealed orders.

At the beginning of the week, while Mary Ellis tried her best to reconstruct her suddenly empty life, a big automobile came along the dirt road called Orchard Street, and, much to the unshown disgust of the liveried driver, stopped before the Ellis house. A woman of sixty got out and went up the path. It was Mrs. Robert Purcell!

The automobile stopped before the house for over an hour, and then Mrs. Purcell came out of the Ellis house, and Mary Ellis walked with her.

"Then we shall call this all settled?" Mrs. Purcell said as she offered her hand in parting. "You will be ready by the nineteenth. It's only ten days, you know."

"I will be ready." Mary's voice was pitched unaccustomedly high, and a tremor shook her words.

"Good—and I will expect you for luncheon on Friday."

The two women shook hands and Mrs. Purcell stepped into the automobile. As the machine started down the street, she turned and waved to Mary Ellis. The girl was still standing there, motionless as one in a trance.

WHEN Mr. Luther Terry returned to the newspaper store, he was visibly excited. He ran up the steps of the porch with unaccustomed vigor, and he forgot to close the front door behind him as he hurried into the hall. He stopped abruptly as he saw his wife and son. The young man—a government engineer serving in civilian capacity—was dressed for the street, the bag at his feet indicating a journey.

"What do you suppose?" Terry senior exclaimed breathlessly. "Mary Ellis is going to France."

Mrs. Terry turned quickly, a gasp of surprise telling the effect of the news. Frank, however, did not seem amazed.

"Yep. I just heard it down the street. She's leaving day after tomorrow."

"To France!" Mrs. Terry found her tongue. "What's she going to do?"

"Work in the reconquered villages, as far as I can learn. Richards down at the drug store told me. She's been buying supplies."

"Yes," Frank Terry interrupted. "She told me the other evening. Several groups of American women are over there, and others are going. Mary speaks French; she's got the best disposition in the world; and if she can't help the people of northern France reconstruct their lives and their work, no one can."

"She told you the other night?" Mrs. Terry asked, incredulously.

"Yes, and as you raised so much fuss about my talking with her, I thought you would only be bored by any news that concerned her."

Mrs. Terry was silent for a long minute. Frank drew on one glove.

"Well," she said with great emphasis, "I'll guarantee she comes back in disgrace."

"Oh, you do!" her son answered quickly. "Well, I'll guarantee that when she gets over there the people will realize Mary Ellis's true worth."

"Yes," Terry senior added his bit, "and I'll do my guaranteeing that the day will come when we'll all be mighty glad to think that we knew Mary Ellis!"

None of them realized it then, but all three speeches were uncannily prophetic. The situation was set for big, swift-shifting events at the front in France, in which Mary Ellis is to show her high quality of spirit and courage.

To be continued

President Wilson to the Churches

THE following letter has been received from President Wilson in response to resolutions of loyalty adopted by churches in all parts of the country, expressing confidence in his leadership and assuring him of their devotion to the cause for which our nation is fighting:

"The White House, Washington,
"3 August, 1918.

"MY DEAR DR. SPEER: I thank you sincerely for sending me the very interesting and inspiring messages from the several churches which you have been kind enough to have made accessible to me in a binding. If I followed my own impulse, I would certainly reply to some of these messages, but I see only too clearly that if I began I should begin to discriminate as between one message and another or else be obliged to answer them all, which would be out of the question. I must content myself with asking you to avail yourself of any opportunity you may have to say with what interest and inspiration I have received them.

"Cordially and sincerely yours,
"WOODROW WILSON.

"DR. ROBERT E. SPEER, *Chairman General War-Time Commission of the Churches, New York.*"

Young People's Topics for September 22

Lessons from Bible Characters

Christian Endeavor Topic. Heb. 11:32–40; 12 : 1, 2

PAUL himself in the reference for this topic indicates the best lesson to be gained from the lives of Bible characters, which is that we, confronted by the weight of their testimony, should lack nothing in faith, but should press forward in the power of Christ toward the certain reward of faithful discipleship. Not one of these whose faith or sufferings Paul so vividly describes, had one-half as certain a foundation for their faith as we ourselves; yet none faltered and each received power from God to win victory in his name. So we, if we will fight his battles with no thought of our own comfort or desires, ambitions or future or prospects, will find ourselves blessed beyond all that we can ask for.

Listening to God's Word

Epworth League Topic. Psa. 78 : 1–8

THIS topic is intended to introduce the League Study Courses for the winter. Notwithstanding the fact that many of the young men are in France or in camp, many of the girls in the Red Cross work at home or abroad, and the rest doing all they can to aid the nation in its battle for right, it is worth while to gather together as many as possible for one of the regular study courses planned for the winter. We will get strength for the battle ahead, fortitude to meet sorrow as it may come to us, greater power for good both in these present days and in the days to follow. For the regular study of God's Word, as it is presented in one of these courses, full details may be secured by addressing the general office of the League at 740 N. Rush St., Chicago, Ill., or Ralph A Diffendorfer, 150–5th Ave., N. Y. City, N. Y.

Baptist Young People's Day

B. Y. P. U. Topic. Eph. 6 : 20

ALL who name the name of Christ are like Paul, ambassadors in bonds; but unlike Paul, our bonds are only those of love which bind us to Him through whom we have found eternal life. The Young People's Movement has been from the beginning strongly marked by personal evangelism, impressing upon each his duty as an ambassador of Christ, which has developed many who have become His special messengers. Full particulars regarding the denominational aspects of the day and plans for its observance may be secured by addressing the American Baptist Publication Society, 1702 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Saved by Children's Gardens

THE United States School Gardens are now far enough along to enable an estimate to be made of the children's contribution to the Nation's food supply.

One million five hundred thousand boys and girls are enrolled in the Garden Army.

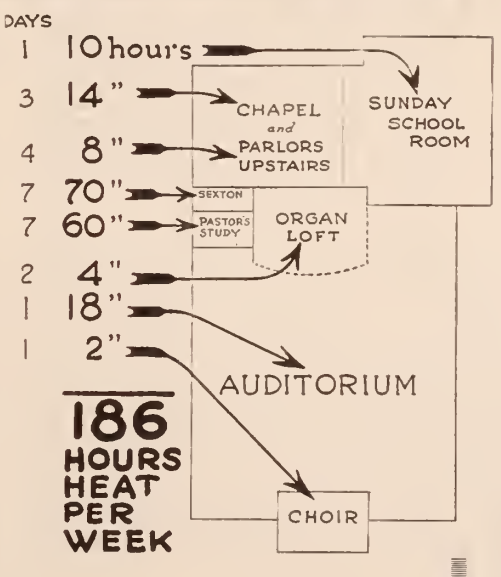
Crop reports indicate that the average patch cultivated by the youngsters is a little over one-fifteenth of an acre. The products, which range from parsnips to pigs and from turnips to turkeys, average approximately $500 an acre.

In other words, the school children of America will have this year contributed not less than **$50,000,000 worth of food products** to the economy of the war.

Because this food is consumed at home, or marketed in the immediate vicinity of where it is grown, it is calculated that the children have given Railway Director McAdoo **the equivalent of 50,000 freight cars** for the transportation of coal and other war necessities.

How to heat a church

Common sense demands a radical change in your present system



In a church like this—
Heat now used on Sunday is enough to keep *all* rooms warm through the week *when needed.*

FUEL-WASTE seems today almost unthinkable, but it is to be feared that many churches waste fuel *without thinking.*

Isn't it true that, just for the sake of using two or three rooms, at intervals through the week, the furnace is kept going *seven days a week?*

On Sundays, the one busy day, of course you require plenty of heat throughout the building, but on most of the other days you could dispense with your costly heating system entirely—if you only had some way of heating, for a few hours at a time, the few rooms that are actually needed.

But with one big heating-plant you cannot avoid this waste. It is the *system* itself that is at fault. The only way to economize is to *change the system.*

The churches should set the example

Grinnell Ready-Heat does everything that your costly, fuel-wasting heating-plant does. It heats the whole church edifice perfectly—BUT, it does more.

If only one, two, or three rooms are needed, it heats these rooms at only a trifling percentage of the cost of heating the entire building continuously.

Grinnell Ready-Heat is a combined system of *GAS*-heating and *ventilation.* It is operated through *radiators* just like steam or hot water. It is turned on or off as easily as a gas-jet, so needs no skilled attendance. It will heat any number of rooms, as long as required, without a particle of heat being wasted on unoccupied parts of the building.

Fuel-economy is a vital national issue

Grinnell Ready-Heat, with its thermostatic control feature, costs less to install than a steam system with a similar controlling device. It probably will not cost as much to run as other systems, because you pay only for the fuel that you use and you do not have to use fuel except when you need heat. In fact, there is usually a very considerable saving in using Grinnell Ready-Heat in any intermittently heated building. Consider the coming winter. Think of the coal troubles of the past winter. Think of the thousands of families needing coal who cannot obtain it.

Then consult your gas company or write us for some interesting information on this vital subject of fuel-saving. Address General Fire Extinguisher Company, W. Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

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RADIATORS
Keep the Air Pure

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ORDER NOW

Unusual increases in the cost of paper, printing, engraving and clerical help, in addition to the extra postage which publishers must pay because of the new zone rate for mailing magazines, have compelled many publishers to advance subscription prices. Other publishers will make advances shortly.

The Christian Herald has arranged to give its readers an opportunity to procure their favorite magazines for a short time at the former prices. It is absolutely necessary that orders be sent to us *AT ONCE*—we can guarantee the prices quoted below only until October 1, 1918. Prices will advance after that date—but subscriptions will be filled at these special rates if mailed not later than October 1st.

Subscriptions are for one year. Renewal subscriptions are extended for one year from the date of expiration. New subscriptions begin with the current issue. Magazines can go to different names and addresses except in a few cases noted otherwise. Canadian postage on other magazines is usually 50 cents additional; foreign postage $1.00 additional.

Christian Herald	$2.00	$2.25
People's Home Journal	.75	
Christian Herald	$2.00	$2.25
McCall's	.75	
Christian Herald	$2.00	$2.50
Today's Housewife	.75	
McCall's	.75	
Christian Herald	$2.00	$2.65
Little Folks	1.50	
Christian Herald	$2.00	$2.65
McClure's	1.50	
Christian Herald	$2.00	$3.00
Mother's Magazine	2.00	
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Christian Herald	$2.00	$3.75
McCall's	.75	
Woman's Home Companion	1.50	
Christian Herald	$2.00	$3.75
Youth's Companion	2.00	
Christian Herald	$2.00	$4.00
McCall's	.75	
Youth's Comp.	2.00	
Christian Herald	$2.00	$4.10
Modern Priscilla	1.25	
Pictorial Review	2.00	
Christian Herald	$2.00	$4.50
Pictorial Review	2.00	
Woman's Home Companion	1.50	
Christian Herald	$2.00	$2.25
Today's Housewife	.75	
Christian Herald	$2.00	$2.50
McCall's	.75	
People's Home Journal	.75	
Christian Herald	$2.00	$2.50
Modern Priscilla	1.25	
Christian Herald	$2.00	$2.65
Etude (Music Lovers)	1.50	
Christian Herald	$2.00	$2.65
Boys' Life (Scouts)	1.50	
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Magazines preceded by an asterisk (*) are *not* clubbing magazines and can be obtained only at the full subscription price.

EXAMPLE

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Woman's Home Companion	Class 30
Delineator	Class 30
Total class numbers	95
Multiply by	5
Price of club	$4.75

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60	Adventure	$5.00	$4.75
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40	American Magazine	4.00	3.75
25	American Motherhood	3.00	3.00
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An Honor Medal

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I WROTE a little article, a few weeks ago, about a brave woman who had given four sons to the service of her country. And since I wrote that little article many others have come to me—letters from other women who have also given their loved ones to their nation in her hour of need. I will quote one of them—a letter from Missouri:

"Recently I have been quite sick and am scarcely able to write," begins the letter; "but today, when I read what you had written about the smiling little woman sitting in the motor car behind a service flag bearing four stars, I could not refrain from writing to you, even though I knew that my letter would be scrawly.

"I read of her eldest son and her son-in-law enlisting—read with tears in my eyes, although I supposed it to be a touching little made-up story; I read of her youngest going, and wept; and then, through the blinding tears, I read of the other, a deaf-mute, applying and being accepted as a bomb-thrower. And I laid down my paper and cried out my very heart! And I prayed, 'O God—*O God*, must these things be?

"And then all at once a new thought came to me—I thought, 'Must I, who have but two grandsons in the service, be less brave than she who has four sons?' So I dried my tears and read on to the end. And I was very much surprised to hear that the story was a true story, and that the little woman in the motor car was a real woman. *God bless her, and moy all other women, whose heorts are aching—and breaking—these doys learn to be as brave as she is!*"

That was the letter from a little lady in Missouri—a little lady who was sick—too sick, almost, to write to me. And as I read the letter—a letter penned in a hand that the writer herself called scrawly—the words danced in a mist before my eyes.

Oh, that little woman from Missouri has touched the keynote of the situation that American women are facing! She is looking up through her tears to ask, "Shall I be less brave than my neighbor is?" And she is answering her own question by brushing the tears aside and saying, "God bless my neighbor—and strengthen all other women until they are as brave as she!"

WE read, very nearly every day, of soldiers who have received medals for bravery on the field of battle. We read of soldiers who are given war crosses because of the sacrifices that they have made in the cause of freedom. But, until yesterday, I never heard of a medal created for the brave women who, through the personal sacrifice of their loved ones, are making the winning of this war possible.

Just yesterday I heard it—the story of the "Woman's National Honor Medal." Just yesterday I saw it, lying in its velvet-lined box, and I think that it is a fitting symbol of the courage and the bravery that it stands for.

The Woman's National Honor Medal has been created so that the woman who has given a son, a husband, or a brother to the service of her country may show to the world her pride in him. It has been created so that she may find some ray of comfort in the wearing of a beautiful bit of jewelry that has been designed for the express purpose of comforting her. It has been created to keep alive that spark of romance and sentiment that war kills as surely as it kills bodies. And it has been created that women who are every day proving their bravery may own some solid recognition of it.

The "National Woman's Honor Medal" can only be obtained after a engraved certificate, proving the owner's right to wear it, has been made out and signed. It is an emblem that will never be made roughly, in enormous quantities—that will never grow too common. One seeing a woman with medal pinned to her frock will know surely, and at once, that she is the mother, the wife, or the sister of a soldier.

TRIBUTE

THIS is a tribute to the glowing pride
That shines in woman souls across the strife—
This is a tribute to each woman's life
That has known sacrifice. Once, close beside
A cross, another Woman kneit, dry-eyed. . .
Dry-eyed our women watch today. The wife,
The mother, sister, sweetheart; while war's knife
Hews out the guif that is already wide!

This is a tribute to our women! they
Have given out of hearts that plead and ache—
Our women who have bravely sent away
Their boys to battle, for the nation's sake.
This is their tribute—may they know the day
When sleeping hopes may feel life's dawn, and wake!

The medal has been designed with an eye to the beauty of absolute simplicity. It is the work of one who has tried to show the dignity and courage and utter lack of self-pity that lies in the heart of every American woman. It seems a very nearly impossible task to put such spirit into a bit of silver or gold, and yet the designer of the medal has succeeded in that task! For when I saw the medal lying in its box my first thought was—

"Isn't it *right!*"

It is right—just right! For on the face of the medal there is one large red star denoting the one great sacrifice of American women, while, surrounding the star and completing the Red, White, and Blue effect, is the inscription "In Recognition of the Sacrifices of American Womanhood." On the reverse side is engraved the picture of a boy bidding his mother, wife, and sister good-by—a picture encircled by the famous words of President Wilson—"The world must be made safe for democracy."

I WAS talking with a soldier, not long ago. He was a serious young soldier and he spoke very beautifully of his mother.

"You know," he told me, "we fellows all realize that the women have a harder time than we have! We all realize that even though we have the actual danger to meet, they have something much harder to bear—*the waiting at home!*

"Even when we are going into battle we have the excitement and the adventure to keep us up. They have none of it. Their part is praying, and reading casualty lists, and always half-fearing when there is a knock at the door or a telegraph boy going down the street.

"We are the ones who must do the fighting. But we aren't nearly as brave as they are!"

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Painting by H. Willard Ortlip

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

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American troops formed the tip of General Mangin's spear. These Yanks are part of a division on its way to the front

Allies Smashing the Hindenburg Line

(SEE WAR MAP ON NEXT PAGE)

LOSING in eight weeks what they had gained in four months of furious attack, the German armies on September 9 were fighting desperately in the old British and French lines fronting the famous Hindenburg line, to which it was probable that the main bodies had already retreated. General Haig's men were within six miles of St. Quentin, their line to the northward crossing the old Hindenburg line at Havrincourt Wood. General Humbert's men, advaneing against bitter resistance were within two miles of La Fère. General Mangin's men were astride the Hindenburg line south of La Fère at Barisis and were threatening Anizy le Château, one of the outposts of St. Gobain Forest and of Laon. To the northward, on the line facing Cambrai, Douai and Lille, the forward movement appeared to have halted temporarily. In addition to their loss of conquered territory, conservativo estimates place the German losses in the four months at more than 1,200,000, of whom 500,000 were killed or prisoners. The Allied loss is not only less, but there are now in France 1,600,000 fully equipped American troops.

THE German armies, on September 3, while in general retreat, were nevertheless putting up a most vigorous resistanee along the main battle front. From just north of Noyon their line lay on the eastern bank of the partly completed Canal du Nord as far as Ham and from Ham northward they were defending the line of the Somme River, which through most of its distanee was paralleled by the Somme Canal, the waterways being separatod by marshy grounds, making the crossings hardly feasible exeept at the established roads, which were under heavy fire. From Péronne almost to Cambrai and northward to the neighborhood of Douai, the line ran along the unfinished Canal du Nord, which, though dry, presented a considerable barrier, the ditch being eighty feet wide at the top and sixty feet at the bottom, with walls smoothly faced with granite. This canal was back of the Drocourt-Quéant switch line or Wotan line, which fell before British assaults on September 2 and 3. Along this line the Germans were heavily in force with artillery well placed, and British and French patrols which emerged from cover on the western side of the line were met instantly with withering machine-gun and rifle fire. Northward of this line, in the old Lys salient, the German troops were withdrawing rapidly and being followed closely by the British armies, alongside which one American division, the 30th National Guard, was fighting.

South of this line, between Noyon and a point east of Fisme on the Vesle, the Germans were again in retreat, their withdrawal here having been forced by the threat of General Mangin's constantly deepening wedge along the Oise and Ailette, north and west of Soissons. With General Mangin's tenth army there was fighting the American 32nd National Guard division of Michigan and Wisconsin troops. It was these troops who took Juvigny and Terny Sorny and who defeated and took prisoners from four of Germany's proudest divisions in the first days of September, prisoners who marched to the rear with tears of humiliation in their eyes instead of smiles of satisfaetion.

Speaking of the American troops to a correspondent, on September 4, General Mangin said: "It is easy to lead Americans to victory, in fact they take their generals with them as upon an onrushing tide." The correspondent added that General Mangin had had such experience with Americans that "when the high command placed in his hands the lance for the thrust against the Germans north of the Aisne he promptly put a sharp Ameriean tip on it."

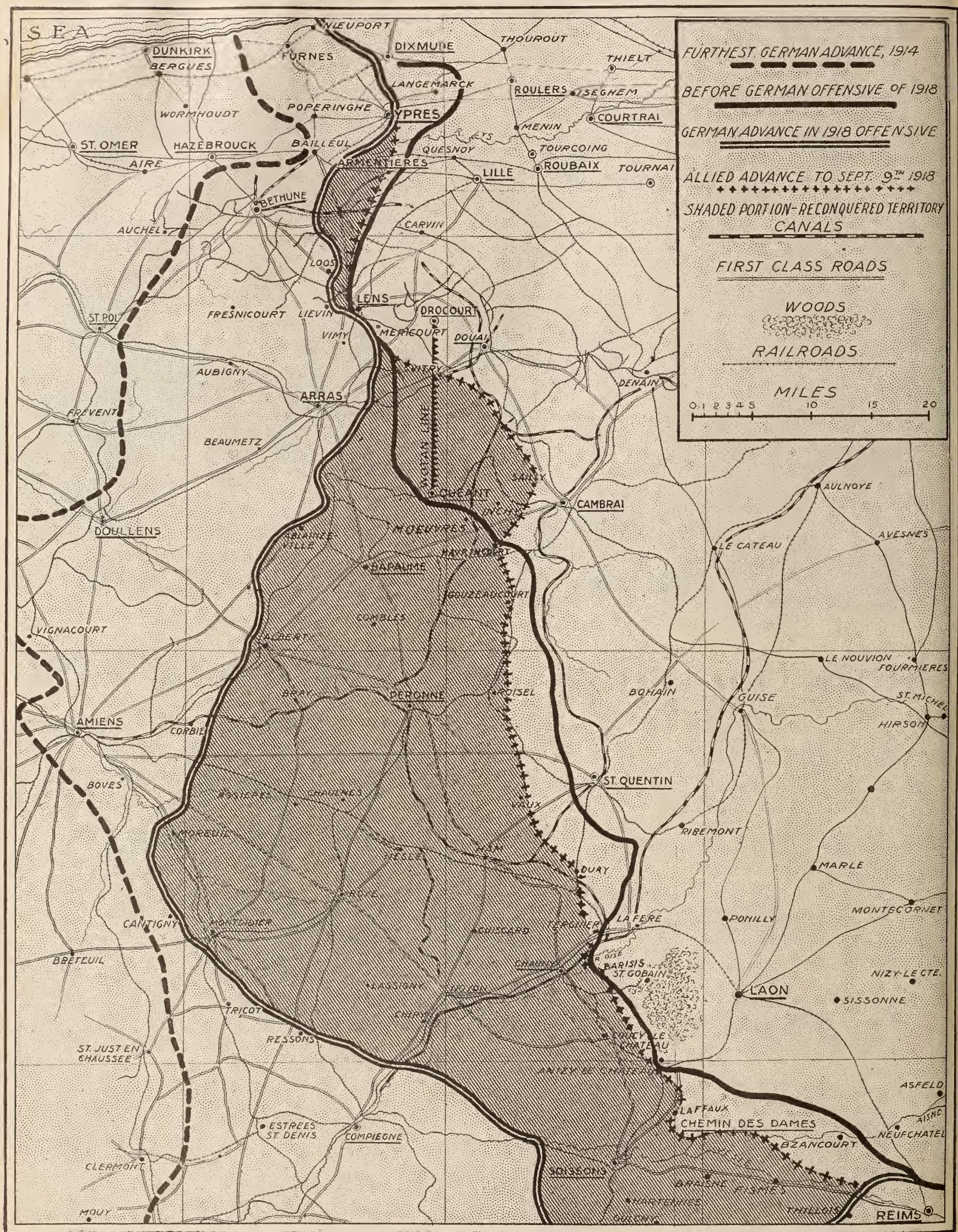
IN order to delay the British and relieve pressure on their badly battered ranks the Germans dammed the Scarpe and the Sensee and flooded the lowlands between the old Wotan line and Douai. The British progress continued in spite of difficulties. The British troops, on September 3, rescued from the village of Eeourt St. Quentin, 46 civilians, most of them women, who had been hiding in eellars for over a week. Thoy were a remnant of 200 civilians who had been living in the village. On the previous Saturday they had been told to flee for tho British were coming. The 46 preferred to take refuge in the cellars, although the Germans told them that the English artillery would not spare their homes. Gas masks were provided for them. On Tuesday morning one of the men went to the street and was told by German stragglers that the British would soon be in the villago. Gladdened by this news the whole 46 came from their shelters and walked across the fields to meet the British patrols. The refugees said that Spanish and Dutch relief committees gave them enough food to keep them from starving, but not enough to enable them to perform the tasks allotted to them by the German officers.

The report, on September 3, that the British had entered Lens was premature; the dispatches have been conflicting and the situation is not yet clear. The British held the western, the Germans the eastern suburbs. The British advance across the line north of Quéant, which was noted last week, was made by three British divisions against ten German divisions which counter-attacked desperately, losing 16,000 men and 100 guns before accepting defeat. But when the British had finally driven forward across their lines the Germans fell back behind the Canal du Nord, and made no further counter-attacks. The French, on September 3, succeeded in making several crossings of the Somme and the Canal du Nord north of Noyon in the face of determined resistance. Twelve hundred prisoners also were taken in the fighting between the Aisne and Ailette. On September 4 the British swung their hammer to the southward and crossed the Canal du Nord on a 15-mile line between Péronne and Cambrai, making good progress to the east of the canal. They were opposed by German machine-gun nests which were wiped out one at a time.

The village of Inchy, about which the tide of battle swirled for days without determination in the fighting of last November, was put well behind the British line and the St. Pierre Vaast Wood, another old battle-ground, was taken definitely from German hands, the British reaching the Péronne-Cambrai road east of these woods and investing Meuvres on the Bapaume-Cambrai road and also on the Hindenburg support line. This town was reported to be an intrieate network of trenches and defensive position almost impregnable to direct attaek. The British were flanking it on the north and south. Along the line north of the Vesle the German armies, on September 4, had retreated behind the Aisne, leaving only rear guards on the heights south of the river to delay the French and American advance.

Continued on page 1068

The World's Greatest Battle-Ground



The measure of German Defeat. Four months' gains lost in eight weeks and the Hindenburg Line broken

War and the American Boy

By FRED H. RINDGE

"KAISER dead—extra!" yelled the newsboy vociferously, along the company streets in one of our National Army cantonments. Soldiers paused. It was near mess time. Men hastily appeared at barrack windows. In a moment the newsie was sold out. "What's it all about, kid?" I asked. "Oh, nothin' much," was the nonchalant reply. "It was re-ported, somewhere."

Further inquiry led to the not unexpected discovery that "I yell any old thing, now-days. When everybody's talkin' war they'll bite at anything." It was such an easy way to sell his papers, and, whether strictly "moral" or not, was of course all in the game. And this was merely one seemingly insignificant effect of the great war upon childhood. There are other effects far more serious.

Let us look at some of Europe's experiences. In England there are approximately 3,000,000 children twelve to seventeen years of age out of school. Many have gone to work. Thousands of school buildings have inevitably been used for other purposes; half of the teachers have enlisted; educational appropriations have been cut down. Juvenile delinquency has increased at least forty per cent., due to this and other causes. Now England has discovered her mistake and is endeavoring to reorganize her free education, and is appropriating several millions for the purpose. This because "we have no right to handicap these children because of the State's necessities of the moment." The British Health of Munitions Workers Committee says: "When war is destroying so much of its best manhood the nation is under special obligation to secure that the rising generation grow up strong and hardy *both in body and character.* It is necessary to guard not only against immediate breakdown, but also against the imposition of strains which may stunt future growth and development." The importance of taking such a stand is greatly emphasized by an investigation of seventeen towns made by England's Home Office. This study revealed a fifty per cent. increase in larceny, and a thirty per cent. increase in assaults and gambling by children. The condition seems to be almost universal in England, France and Italy, and almost as bad in Canada.

JUVENILE crime doubled in Berlin from 1914 to 1915. In Munich there were as many youthful delinquents during the first three months of 1915 as in the whole of 1914. Frankfort had a forty per cent. increase in serious juvenile crime. Dr. Albert Helling, a German police judge, says: "The excessive excitement of the childish imagination by events of war, especially as depicted in trashy literature, is one of the brutalizing influences acting on our young life. To inoculate the children with hate would breed lust for revenge and could only bear evil fruit." Would that all Germany agreed with him!

As for America, reports are coming from many sources indicating an increase in juvenile delinquency. For example, Chicago has had a thirty-six per cent. increase between June, 1916, and June, 1917. Probation officers in New York City, because of "the unsettlement of life and thought caused by war," report a considerable increase in cases brought before the children's court. To be sure, we are hardly in the war deep enough yet to judge of ultimate effects, but these signs on the horizon should cause uneasiness. America is in a position to profit immensely by Europe's experiences in this whole matter.

I think it would be fair to give as causes of the increase in Europe's boyhood crime the absence of parental authority (the father often being at war and the mother in the factory); decrease of schooling; evil shop influences; long hours and hard conditions of child labor; increase of wages without instruction in the proper use of money; employment in agriculture without wise supervision; decrease in activities of constructive social agencies and in right opportunity for helpful leisure; decrease of police protection; increase of all kinds of temptation; high costs; the bad example of soldiers on leave; increase of exciting motion pictures, "literature," etc.; and general war stimulation of an abnormal character. Some of these influences were to a small degree making themselves felt in the life of the newsboy who insisted that the Kaiser was dead when he knew better.

CLEARLY one of the things America must guard most carefully is the maintenance of standards of education and of labor in industry and agriculture. The President, Secretary of War, and many other officials and organizations are urging this. All Europe's experience proves the necessity of careful planning at this point. Let us help the nation's boys to distinguish between jingoism and true patriotism. We do not want another "Children's Crusade." For the sake of the future let us see that children remain in school as long as possible. This is all the more important in as much as the new Child Labor Law has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. It is to be hoped that this decision may be reversed, or that at least some even better law may be passed at an early date, in spite of the continued obstacles which seem to be in the way.

The British Health of Munitions Workers Committee, after extensive scientific investigations, found it best to recommend that under no circumstances should daily hours be over twelve and that night work should not be performed by girls under eighteen or boys under sixteen. The Chief Factory Inspector says: "A very strong impression has been made on me by the appearance of large numbers of young boys who had been working at munitions for a long time on alternate night and day shifts. They were so spiritless, so dull, so dead in look, so woebegone, and attacked with weariness to a dulling of their spirits." England has now realized her mistakes and is endeavoring to correct them. The president of the British Board of Education asked for over $3,800,000 more last year than the year before to spend on education and in keeping children at school. Evidently the many states in our country which have let down the bars of compulsory education have not acted wisely, and they will regret it later. In England the exemptions to school attendance laws permitted for agriculture and "light employment" are now bitterly regretted by the general education authority which sanctioned them. In Budapest children left school to such an extent that there are over 3,000 registered munitions workers under twelve. America will never allow itself to lower its standards to that extent, but we must be forewarned.

CARE must also be taken with boys who go to work on farms. Over 200,000 boys responded patriotically to this call last summer. Some made good while others did more harm than good. In general it seemed to depend on the kind of boy, the way the farmer handled him, the kind and amount of work required, the method of training and supervision and the opportunity for proper care and recreation. The experiences of last summer prove the advisability of being sure that boys are physically fitted for the work in hand and that they are to live and work under conditions which make for their moral welfare. Every effort must also be made to combat the inevitable tendency of boys not to return to school in the Fall. In New York City, for example, the month of September witnessed about 10,000 fewer pupils in its high schools than in the previous year.

If boys do go into factory work it is far more important now than ever before that they find the right place. There is grave danger that they will merely gravitate toward higher wages, regardless of the future. Christian and social agencies can help prevent this. The school, church, Y. M. C. A. or social settlement can help in vocational education, and in making conditions safe. In sending boys to farm or factory why not prepare them by a preliminary course on certain aspects of farm and factory life, the history of the industry, methods and processes, new inventions, dangers to avoid, special things to look for, possible future in the job, etc.? Training like this would be invaluable.

The conservation of childhood in wartimes lies even deeper than all this. It goes back to the care of the mother in industry and the safeguards of infancy and early school life. Dr. C. L. Wilbur, late vital statistician of the Census Bureau, tells us that 300,000 babies under one year old die each year in the United States, and 15,000 women die annually from causes connected with childbirth. Many of these deaths are preventable. New York City's Health Department declares that 160,000 school children are suffering from pronounced undernourishment, and such conditions will certainly not be improved by war. The cost of living will have a decided relation to the whole problem. The Department of Labor says that the average family's food bill has grown from $339 in 1913 to $1,426 in 1917. "Despite the average increase of 19 per cent. an hour in wages in the last ten years, and despite a cut in hours of four per cent., the rising cost of foods has operated to *reduce the pay of the American workingman about 16 per cent.*, expressed in terms of food his dollar will buy." Not only Mr. Hoover but all of us must do our share in solving this problem.

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Just boys, yes, but men in the making

YESTERDAY as I was thinking of the boy problem in a trolley car near one of our big cantonments a newsboy came in with the usual extra. I was struck by his disheveled appearance. It was very cold and the lad was shivering in a flannel shirt, a light coat and trousers, and shoes much the worse for wear. In marked contrast, I could not help noticing a pair of new canvas leggings, which he occasionally glanced at with evident pride. The youngster had spent all his spare pennies for those leggings. Why? Just to be "like the soldiers"! And the boys are watching the soldiers with all their hero-worship and their capacity for imitation! Woe be unto us if we do not direct the devotion, loyalty and irrepressible energy of our boyhood into constructive rather than destructive channels!

The task of the future will be quite difficult enough, even if we guard against all these evils in every possible way. If the war should call for even 10,000,000 American soldiers this army will only be one-third as large as the great army of children under fifteen upon whom and their older brothers will fall the burdens of reconstruction. Thinking leaders of all the nations realize that we cannot afford to sacrifice the future for the present. At all costs, child welfare, in all its aspects, must be maintained. Each one of us can do his share!

Two Nations Honor Lafayette

THE birthday of Lafayette, September 6, was a double anniversary in France and in America, marking also the fourth anniversary of the first battle of the Marne. At a celebration in France General Pershing, exclaiming: "Lafayette! We are here," epigrammatically expressed the meaning of America's military effort, for though the armies he commands are fighting to rid the world of the tyranny of force it is no small satisfaction to the nation that they are repaying to France part of America's debt, for 144 years unliquidated. Throughout the United States, and especially in the cities of the East, the birthday of Lafayette was formally celebrated. In New York City a great mass meeting at the City Hall was addressed by Theodore Roosevelt, another at Union Square, about the Lafayette statue, was addressed by Alton B. Parker, and another in the evening, under the auspices of the French-American Society, was addressed by Secretary of the Interior Lane. Mr. Lane said: "We are speaking in terms of force now, because that is the one language the German Government understands. We will continue to speak in the language from the cannon's mouth until we have achieved the military decision. The military decision will have been reached, as I understand it, when Germany knows that she has been whipped and knows that she will be whipped again if she continues to fight; that she cannot stand against the physical force of the world or its moral force." Everywhere in France and America the anniversary of the Marne was celebrated in the spirit and with the assurance of victory.

Photo from Western Newspaper Union

The scene of the bomb outrage in the Chicago Post-Office

A Week in the World's News

AMERICA RECOGNIZES CZECHS. The United States, on September, 3 formally recognized the Czecho-Slovaks as a belligerent nation, and the Czecho-Slovak National Council, with headquarters in Washington, as a belligerent government. France, Italy and Great Britain had already recognized the new nation. Major General W. S. Graves and his staff and 1,888 men were reported on September 4 to have reached Vladivostok safely. Ambassador Francis reported early in September that loyal Russians were flocking to the colors of the Czecho-Slovak forces in European Russia. Reports, on September 7, indicated that the Czecho-Slovak armies east of Lake Baikal, attacking from the west and the Cossacks, Czech and Allied forces attacking from the east, had completely defeated the Bolsheviki and had cleared the entire line of the Trans-Siberian railroad from Vladivostok through to European Russia. Nizhny-Novgorod, 265 miles northeast of Moscow, was captured from the Bolsheviki, on September 6, by insurgent peasant troops. There was a persistent rumor, on September 6, that Premier Lenine had succumbed to his wounds and there was a report also that Dora Kaplan, his assassin, had been executed. That part of Russia still under Bolsheviki control was reported on September 9 to be experiencing a reign of terror. There had been over 500 executions. The Bolsheviki, supported by German artillery, were reported on September 9 to have recaptured Samara on the Volga from the Czecho-Slovaks.

BREWERIES CLOSE DECEMBER 1. By order of the President, the Fuel and Food Administrations notified the brewing industry of the nation, on September 6, that it must stop brewing on December 1st. The Senate, on September 6, passed the Emergency Agricultural Appropriation Bill carrying its amendment for War Prohibition July 1st. The Presidential order to stop brewing made necessary a revision of the new revenue bill, as it cut off $400,000,000 in taxes which would have been collected up to July 1. It was suggested that coffee, tea and cocoa, at present untaxed, might have to bear the burden.

BRITISH OUTLAW THE BOLSHEVIKI. On Saturday, August 31, Bolshevist troops, acting under orders of the Bolshevist government in Petrograd, attacked the British Embassy and Captain Cromie, who organized the British subjects in the Embassy to resist the intruders, was killed. The Bolshevik troops mutilated his body and refused to permit an English clergyman to give it the last rites of the church. The British Government in England, on September 4, after having verified the reports of the outrage, arrested the Bolshevist representatives in England and notified members of the Soviet Government that if they failed to give complete satisfaction or committed further acts of violence against a British subject the members of the Soviet Government would be held responsible and the British Government would make every endeavor "to secure that they be treated as outlaws by the governments of all civilized nations and that no place of refuge would be left to them." The French Embassy was also menaced.

REPUBLICANS WIN MAINE ELECTION. Statewide elections in Maine on September 9 resulted in the reelection of Governor Milliken and Senator Fernald, both Republicans, and the election of four Republican congressmen. The Democrats had hoped to carry the 2nd district.

NEW PRESIDENT IN CHINA. The Chinese elections, on September 6, resulted in the election as President of the Republic of Hsu Shih Chang, former Vice-President of the Privy Council. He was the candidate of the Generals of the Northern Chinese Army.

BOMB KILLS FOUR IN CHICAGO. A bomb was exploded, on September 4, in the Adams Street entrance of the Chicago Post-Office building. An 18-inch wall was demolished and the entrance to the building severely damaged. A large hole was blown in the floor and four persons, a post-office clerk, a sailor, a carrier and a young man, were killed and many injured. Just before the explosion a man was seen to run from the entrance and slightly before that two suspicious characters were noticed loitering in that vicinity. More than 1500 detectives soon began to scour the city for suspects. Big Bill Haywood, the convicted I. W. W. chief, was dictating to a stenographer on one of the upper floors of the building at the time the bomb was laid. The outrage was variously blamed upon the I. W. W., German plotters and Chicago anarchists.

HUNTING A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK. On September 3 several thousand soldiers, sailors, policemen and special marshals started out to round up slackers in various parts of New York City and adjoining territory in New Jersey. Every man who appeared to be between the ages of 20 and 32 was stopped and forced to show his National Army registration and classification cards. If these were missing, the man was taken in custody. It was impossible on either the third or fourth of September to leave New York City by ferry, train, taxi or any other conveyance without being stopped and asked for your credentials. Of 20,000 men taken in custody on the first day, 250 were sent to the camps, 278 were sent to the city prison for further consideration of their cases and 250 sent to the local draft boards for rigid examination. The round-up of slackers in the New York metropolitan district reached 60,187 men who had been temporarily arrested, while about 1500 of them proved to be wilful and intentional slackers. The slacker raids were condemned in the Senate on September 5. Senators Calder, Chamberlain and Johnson denounced them as illegal, while Senator Poindexter defended them as a legitimate effort to single out slackers. President Wilson called on Attorney-General Gregory for a full report of all the circumstances connected with the round-up.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. The Cloudland Mail between New York and Chicago was started on September 5. The New York to Chicago flier was driven 150 miles off his course by a storm and was finally obliged to spend the night in Cleveland. . . . Provost-Marshal General Crowder was planning on September 5 to hold on October 2 the drawing to determine the order of service of the men registered under the new draft law on September 12, and it was expected that the first recruits from the new registration would be called to the service by October 15. . . . The Peruvian and American Governments concluded on September 5 an arrangement for the use in inter-allied trade of ten German vessels seized by Peru last June. . . . The Senate, on September 5, adopted a joint resolution authorizing the President to establish a dry zone to such extent as he may deem necessary around coal mines, ammunition factories, ship-building plants or such other plants for war material as may seem to him to require such action. The House concurred September 9. . . . President Wilson in a proclamation issued on September 2 announced that the present price of $2.20 per bushel for wheat would be applied to the 1919 crop unless an investigation next spring determined that the farmers needed an increase. . . . The Council of National Defense on September 2 emphasized a previous request to patriots to confine their Christmas purchases to useful articles and to carry their own packages wherever possible. The War Department also announced that there would be no Christmas packages sent abroad this year. . . . The saving of gasoline on Sunday, September 1, by non-use of pleasure cars and motor boats, was estimated to have reached 100,000 to 150,000 barrels. . . . The Alien Property Custodian took over on Sept. 4 all the ships of the American Trans-Atlantic Company, known as the Wagner ships, over which America and Great Britain had considerable diplomatic correspondence while America was still neutral. Great Britain claimed that the vessels were German owned, though operated under the American flag. Wagner, however, swore that they were American owned and the American Government succeeded in getting some of them released from English custody. Evidence now in possession of the authorities shows that the ships were purchased with German money and that Wagner was another of Von Bernstorff's disguises; also that the former ambassador hoped to involve Great Britain and the United States through the activities of these vessels. . . . Director General of Railroads McAdoo estimates that the roads are saving $23,000,000 a year by the elimination of competition. . . . The Jewish New Year, falling on September 7, brought out the fact that there are in America 3,300,000 Jews.

Burn Out the Dross

BOYS will be boys, but they will be better boys if you give them a chance, and nothing beats a camp fire. Next week we will go to the woods with the Scouts and hear the fire crackle while we tell good stories and the wind whispers secrets to the pines.

A true heart penetrates disguise. Mary Ellis solved the mystery of the man in the night, and there was one spy less in France. In eight days you will know how she did it.

Sometimes we hear people bemoaning the lot of this poor old world. Dr. S. F. Goodheart, in next week's Sermon, tells us how the world has been enriched through Christ.

Major Waters's visit to Jerusalem has made clearer to all of us the great need of relief and the heroic work made possible by Christian giving. Another letter will bring us the personal story of one who saw the suffering, shared it, and helped bring relief.

"A Little Bit of Everything"

By W. Livingston Larned

THE big touring car had swung away from the main road and was running along a narrower tree-shaded turnpike, garnished ith autumnal colors. Very soon, after umerous twists and undulating turns, he roadway suddenly drew up at a ne-story building that squatted com-rtably, like some big animate thing, nder several elms.

A lazy hound dog lay sprawled at full ngth in a puddle of dust. A Ford, aggering under its load of tar paper, egged nails and sash weights, drew p and came to a wheezy halt. Several rmers, with heads that touched, were ading the latest city paper on a bench at stretched between two pine posts t front.

The nervous gentleman of fifty-six, the linen duster, could scarcely wait r his machine to stop. "This is the ace," he called to his hauffeur. "Wait for e!" And with that he most ran into the build-g.

There he stood, at its rtal, sniffing the heavy lors of kerosene, mo-sses, brown sugar and eese, and fairly feast-g his spectacled eyes on e homely vision of uttered shelves.

"Hasn't changed a t!" was his final ob-rvation. "Bless the d general store!"

In another ten minutes was seated on a gar-barrel, feet dangling, and Mr. endrickson was trying to ask questions d answer them, all in the same eath.

"My mother selected some with pink rosebuds"

I USED to live on the hill over yonder," explained the man in the nen duster. "As a boy I've roamed ery mile of these happy valleys. I as born nine miles to the east. We oved to this section after the big orm. Your father built and operated is very store. As far as I can see, s identically the same. I was afraid—ry much afraid, that time had digni-d it or given it veneer. And then the spiration came to come here. Before e snows closed in—I wanted to be a y for an hour or so. Cut me off a nk of that cheese. And I'll have a ndful of crackers. And if you keep e same kind of sardines that your ther kept, I'll take a tin of those o."

The man in the linen duster has own to be the proprietor of a chain great department stores. He con-les that the basic business soul of s enterprise was really born in this all general store of his boyhood. It as the memory of things as they were at humanized his wonderful stores and ve them their prestige. For he insists at a large institution may possess timate personal character. It may ve a working organism, closely akin humans themselves. Some people e lovable, othere are unlovable. It's e same way with stores. You sense the moment you enter the door. It there or it is not there. Nor can this range, indefinable something be de-berately manufactured. You can't are it in a technical coon trap.

"Some communities," explains the an in the linen duster, "create a store e this one. It grows to have a pulse —you can touch it and feel the thrill of the entire community. I can remember how I used to drive over here with my mother, once a week; how her face lighted as we rounded the road; how the kerosene can was filled and the jugs restocked with molasses, and the fat, plump bags of feed pushed under the seat; how the twenty or thirty little purchases were neatly tucked in an empty crate, and how the kindly man that was your father, Mr. Hendrickson, took them painstakingly out again, one by one, as he listed them on a piece of wrapping paper.

"I can see my mother, butterfly fashion, hovering over that rear counter, where were the dress goods. A fresh case of ginghams and flowered calicos had just been opened. They were crisp and bright and smelling sweet of the mills. And my mother selected some with pink rosebuds on it, and held the package in her lap all the way back home.

"I recall distinctly that same twine-holder, dangling from a cord. I see your father reaching up and holding one end of the twine in his mouth, as he fumbled with an obstreperous package. I see the tinware section, glistening in the sun that came through a side window. The big dishpans always fascinated me, for I could see my face in them as I passed.

"Just as human nature changes but little, so do the essential characteristics of salesmanship remain inflexible. The same old thrill comes to me as I look around now. That new cream separator in the corner, and the ebony range, and the spic-and-span baskets suspended from the ceiling. Canned goods, compactly arranged on their shelves, each radiant colored label a spark in the shadows; were a constant inspiration to me as a boy. And that reminds me: your father ordered canned goods by the looks of the label. It was a failing of his. The largest, reddest tomato, the most luscious peach or pear, the most generous cluster of beans. His shelves took on the appearance of orchards and truck gardens; they made you hungry to look at 'em.

"I know, too, that your father was successful with his general store because it was the cleanest one in the county. He even put heavy manila paper under the side meat on the floor, and that is the very apex of country store idealism. I seem to remember him as being the man with a broom. When he wasn't selling he was sweeping."

"MIGHTY hard to keep a general store tidy," observed Mr. Hendrickson. "It's the nature of the place, and the goods. So much truck, so many fussy little odds and ends. And we have to do so much running back and forth. We get a case of goods in every day or so."

"But a general store can be as clean as any other store," said the man in the linen duster. "You prove it. You are your father all over again. How is business? What has war done in this community?"

"Don't notice much difference," was the answer. "People must have the stock we keep. Our store is a necessity. I guess you might consider it an 'essential industry.' The farmers are a lot more prosperous than they were three years ago. They are making more and spending more. That has brought prosperity to our place here. We must continually improve our stock, keep it up to the minute, add new lines. Folks that never owned little luxuries before are buying them, and that doesn't mean that they are neglecting to support the war, either. They can do both; and they do."

"Do they buy because their fathers and grandfathers bought such and so?" asked the man in the linen duster curiously. "Do they buy an article simply because it has grown to be a *habit* with the family for generations?"

"Can't say that they do," said Mr. Hendrickson. "The trade-marked lines are more in demand than ever. The magazines have been responsible for that. I know, because people bring in an advertisement, point out a certain article, and ask for it. That makes it necessary for us to depart from our old methods of ordering goods. The salesman that comes in and tries to stock us up, because he has been doing it for thirty years, is not as likely to succeed as he used to."

"Trade-marks sell goods, then?"

"Yes, sir, they certainly do. I am thinking now, as you speak, of a certain laundry soap we used to keep. It has been a splendid seller for as long as I can remember. Here of late the sales have fallen off to nearly nothing, and two new products that come in flakes are being asked for. They are both heavily advertised.

"Then, again, there's another thing I've discovered. A line that I have ordered automatically, year after year—because it was dependable and popular—has grown shoddy. The labels were the same, and it looked the same, but the stuff wasn't being put into it. That's one danger of buying because you've always bought in the past. It isn't fair to your trade. But I have found a plan to fix that up. I manage to carefully analyze old lines every so often and make sure that they are up to standard.

"Some of my oldest customers began to get out of patience"

"My father kept a package coffee as long as he was in business. We sold it to the exclusion of almost every other brand. And because he had found it worthy, I kept right on when I took charge. I kept hearing complaints, and one day I opened up a half-dozen packages and looked the contents over. It was a substitute trash—very poor. The physical appearance was identical, but the coffee had gone down."

"From your observation," went on the man in the linen duster, opening the tin of sardines and placing three lengthwise on a cracker, "do you think the average general store has made any material advances? Is it just where it was, when—well, when I was a boy and you were a boy—or have they gone ahead, keeping pace with the times?"

Mr. Hendrickson reflected. "It's unfair to ask a general store to make radical changes," said he at last. "We are a sort of supply depot for folks. We can't engage in stunts. I do think, however, that I can see improvements. Advertising, for one thing, has virtually compelled us to keep up to date in many lines of goods. If a new carpet-sweeper is put on the market, we put it in. We must. People call for it. If a manufacturer of working-clothes, overalls, etc., starts advertising extensively in this community, we must stock up without delay. Otherwise the trade will drive over to another store. The automobile makes the purchaser independent, you know."

"The general store has little or no competition in many cases," suggested the man in the linen duster. "Take your place, for example. No other establishment like it for ten miles or more in either direction. Before the day of the automobile, that one factor militated against efficiency and progress. A man did not find it *necessary* to change his business methods. People *had* to buy. It was a small monopoly. Things sold themselves almost automatically."

"I guess that's true," nodded Mr. Hendrickson; "but folks are growing steadily more independent. I find that if a man comes in here and can't get exactly what he has set his mind on, he turns around and walks out again. An hour later he is in Marthasville, having driven across the Miller Turnpike in his automobile. No; it's an age when you *must* give them what they ask for. Substitution has quit being a profession. Nobody gets away with it in these times—for long."

"I see you are making an addition," said the man in the linen duster. "That can mean only one thing; business is increasing. Yet I do not see that the community has grown to any appreciable extent."

Mr. Hendrickson smiled. It was the smile of a kindly man who had learned to think back to cause and effect.

"I give credit to my stock book," was his answer.

"Stock book!" echoed the newcomer. "I don't think I quite understand."

"I was losing trade for several years," Mr. Hendrickson went on, "and it hurt my pride. I experienced two distinct impressions: one, that I was virtually losing life-long friends: the other, that it was my fault—mine, and mine only. So I called Charlie into consultation, and at the end of a week I hit upon the secret of our trouble. Too many people were coming in and asking for something that we were 'just out of.' That's the worst sin that can be placed at the counter of a general store. People trade with you and make a practice of doing so, because they think they can find what they're after. Your store is a court of last resort. If they keep coming and you keep disappointing them, they lose faith in the establishment and in you. Too much of that will kill any business."

"Right!" affirmed the man in the linen duster, squaring his jaw.

"I discovered that I was not following up my lines. I was waiting for people

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Recognition in Eternity

*A SERMON BY REV. C. E. WINCOTT**

TEXT—Matt. 5 : 4. "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted."

LET us try to gather from the Word of God what light is cast upon a belief that most of us entertain, but that some have doubts and many have difficulties about, whether in the state of the soul as separate from the body previous to the resurrection, or in the soul united to the body after the resurrection, we shall be able to recognize relative, friend, companion, with whom we walked and took sweet counsel together.

My conviction is that we shall. My belief is that the soul of the saint now in its disembodied state holds communion with and recognizes souls of others separate from the body now in glory. And if that be so, then the beautiful Beatitude of our text, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," may have a wider application to mourners on earth than we are disposed to think; they may be comforted with the hopes of reunion, and with the cheering additional hope, without which reunion would be comfortless, of recognition and restoration.

Some have said: If I could only be sure that those I have lost are amidst joys unspeakable and full of glory; if only some voice could whisper from the depths or the heights, "it is well with them;" or if they could only speak one word, and say "it is well with us." You think you could be comforted. But this cannot be. The waters of the Jordan that rush along the Valley of the Shadow make no audible music. There is at present a chasm between saints on earth and saints in glory impassable to either. We have what is equally good, a lamp that strikes its beams into the future, a sunshine that projects its shafts beyond the grave; and this Book assures us, in words as certain and clear as a voice from heaven, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

But is there a prospect not merely of reunion, but also of recognition? First, let me show what traces there are of this truth in the Old Testament; next in the New, in the teaching of our Lord and that of the Apostles; and lastly, obviate some of the objections that occur to inquiring minds.

I

I WILL turn first to the Old Testament. We all remember reading the anxiety of Abraham to find a burying-place at Machpelah for the dust of the beloved Sarah; and his eloquent and yet business-like transactions with the sons of Heth upon this subject. Also, the last request of Jacob, when the time drew near that he must die; and he called his sons and said, "I am to be gathered into my people; bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite, in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre, in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite for a possession of a burying-place. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah. The purchase of the field and of the cave that is therein was from the children of Heth." Now, what was the reason of this desire of the patriarchs to find one common resting-place? It was not a morbid fancy; it was an instinct that taught them that the dead dust beneath the oaks of Mamre should one day be quickened with the pulse of everlasting life. But we go a step further; it is said, "Abraham was gathered to his people." Does that mean simply that he was buried with them? That is not true; for Terah his father died in Haran, and Abraham's body was not buried along with his. But Abraham is said to have been gathered to his people previous to his burial; and therefore it must mean his soul joined the company of them that had preceded him to glory. You recollect what Jacob said, "I will go down into the grave." That is our translation, it is properly, "The place of disembodied spirits;" "I will go to the company of disembodied spirits, to my son mourning." And when his children tried to comfort him, it is said he refused to be comforted; evidently his feeling was to mourn till he should meet his son; then the patriarch felt he should be comforted. The very fact that he expected comfort when he should meet his son in the place of departed spirits is proof that he expected then and there to recognize him. The memorable expression, too, of David is very suggestive, when his child was taken from him, "I shall go to him, though he shall not come to me." Does not that very expression of hope imply his belief that his joy would revive because he would recognize his son that God had taken from him in just and righteous chastisement?

II

IN the teaching of our blessed Lord, this reunion and recognition is assumed rather than asserted. When Jesus comforted Martha, what did he say? Not "He is happy;" that would have been so far comfort; but he said, "Thy brother shall rise again," not simply "Lazarus shall rise again;" but "thy brother." As if to show that there would be the resurrection of the visible relationship as well as the resurrection of the dead man, he says, "Thy brother shall rise again."

Speaking of the future, Jesus says, "In my Father's house are many mansions." Heaven is represented as a home; all the saved are under one sheltering roof and derive their joy from one common domestic hearthstone. If Jesus recognized those that were gathered round him below, and they recognized each other, is it possible that they should be gathered round him in glory, and one fail to recognize the other? When he says again, "Many shall come from the east, and from the west, and sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob;" will they be unconscious in whose presence they are? Will they not know that this is Isaac, and that Jacob, and that Abraham? Is not the very fulfilment of the promise necessarily recognition, so that they that heard and believed the promise may know that it is fulfilled? Moses and Elijah appeared together on the mount of transfiguration; their identity preserved, their persons recognized. The lost rich man seeth Abraham afar off; Lazarus in his bosom recognized Abraham, and Abraham recognized him.

Again, if we come to the Epistles, we find equally clear proof of a recognition: For instance, we read in the epistle to the Hebrews, "Ye," speaking of the saved in glory, "are come unto Mount Zion, and into the city of the living God, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to the innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all." Does not that imply recognition, communion, reunion? Paul, speaking to his converts, says, "Warning every man, and teaching every man, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." Does not that seem as if the Apostle expected to recognize those that he expected to present as the seals of his ministry, as the fruits of his labors?

Again, in I Thess. 4:13, we have no less conclusive evidence of the same thing. The apostle says, "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." Now, what was the cause of the sorrow of these mourning Christians? It was the separation from their society of them they loved and held communion with on earth. What would be comfort to them? Not the general fact of the certainty of the resurrection from the dead, for they knew this; but the special fact that those that had been taken from them they should meet and mingle with and recognize again. The words prove this reference irresistibly. He says, "Them which sleep in Jesus will he bring with him; and so shall we be forever with the Lord." And again he says, "We which remain shall be caught up together with them." The idea that runs through that most beautiful passage is restoration and recognition of those that have been taken away; reunion and restored communion with them from whom they had been separated. The spring of consolation he opens to the mourning Thessalonians because of the loss of their near and dear ones, is not the resurrection, but the recognition, reunion, and restoration of the ties and bonds that death had snapped, when Christ should come again, and they all should join him, and so be for ever with the Lord.

III

THERE are objections to this great truth, and objections that have a great deal of plausibility in them. First of all, it is alleged by some that death makes so great, so awful a change, that we cannot reason from any experience that we have below to facts and phenomena which may exist in heaven or hereafter. I answer, we mistake what death does; death does not annihilate a single faculty of the mind, a single pure affection of the heart; it operates no change in the individual Christian whatever, except that of transference from grave to glory, from earth to everlasting heaven. At death, we leave behind us simply our sin, and at the resurrection day we shall be raised with all the traits of an individual and characteristic identity, sin, imperfection, tears and headaches, and heartaches, being left behind for the last fire to consume.

In the second place, it has been objected that at the resurrection the change will be so great in our present body, that it will be impossible to reason from what we now see or feel in the body, to anything that may possibly be realized after that great and radical change. I answer when the body is raised from the dead, not one fugitive expression on the face, not one glance in the eye, not one tone in the voice, not one feature that constitutes the identity and personality of the man, need or shall be altered or destroyed in the grave. "He shall change our vile bodies, that they may be fashioned like unto his glorious body." Have we any picture of Christ's glorious body? We have. "The fashion of his countenance was altered; his raiment was white and glistening; his face did shine as the sun." Well, our bodies shall be like his glorified body. But did the apostles fail to recognize him as they then beheld him? On the contrary, all the marks of his identity were there. They recognized the same Man of Sorrows, that hung upon the cross, that wept and sympathized with us, and struggled in his agony in the Garden. And when he rose from the dead himself, he said, "Touch me, and handle me; and see that a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have."

BUT it has been objected by others—and this perhaps, the strongest objection of all, or, at least the one most difficult to deal with—that if memory survive the grave, there will be and must be pain, sorrow, and bitterness in the future life or in heaven; for shall we not miss there some one we would give all the world to meet there! and if we miss in the groups that are clad in white robes, and that are around the throne, beloved ones that we revered and loved with nature's warm sympathies on earth, will not that be a gap? Will not that be agony, and sorrow, and distress? And how is that compatible with the statement that in the future to come there will be neither sorrow, nor crying, nor tears, nor any more pain? I admit this is the most difficult to answer; but I submit that we are assured that all painful recollections are impossible there. We know from our own experience what may be a presentiment and prefiguration of it, that feeling of grief at the loss of near and dear ones, at first most poignant, almost intolerable, gradually subside into resignation. And so it may be, that missing in the groups of the saved some that we could wish to see there, our regrets may so subside into resignation to God's most excellent will, that we shall be able to say, with an emphasis with which we never said it before, "Thy will be done here, even as it is done in heaven."

But of this we are absolutely sure: that we shall have no feelings, desires, or sympathies that are not in perfect harmony with the will and mind of God.

It seems to me that if you were to take away that blessed thought of meeting Christians whom we have known and loved below, relatives above whom we have spent our pilgrimage with upon earth, it would take a gem from the crown of glory, a bright beam from overlasting day.

IN a few fleet years, the youngest and the healthiest and the strongest must lie down and die; in a few fleet months the aged must leave this pilgrimage of toil, this battle-field of conflict. Surely, if there be one thought that ought to dominate, that ought to be supreme and overwhelming till it is settled, is this: Will it be well with me at the judgment-seat of Christ? How is it, I ask in the name of common-sense, not to speak of the name of him whose ambassador I am, how is it that the trifles of a day ir every passion and sympathy of the human heart; and that the very world for which we are here, the very end for which we are born, the safety of the soul, acceptance through the blood of sprinkling, are treated as if time were eternity, and eternity were time.

Live Christianity, speak Christianity, teach Christianity, and, above all, pray. I do not believe that a child that has been the object of a mother's prayers will ever perish. I do not believe that a husband who is the ceaseless burden of a wife's prayers at a throne of grace, will die eternally. I have a perfect faith in God as the hearer of prayer. Pray, pray, pray! And then when your prayers are answered, they will be lost in everlasting praise; and you shall meet above them with whom you held sweet communion below, and nature's ties, glorified in the light and splendors of the betterland, will be the media of only more reciprocal delight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and glory.

*Preached in Emmanuel (Reformed Episcopal) Church, Ottawa, Canada.

That Girl from Orchard Street

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

MARY ELLIS had lived the first twenty-one years of her life on Orchard Street, which lay in the slums of Westport, a suburban town, where her father, despite his occasional drinking spells, had amassed something of a competency through his blacksmith shop. Mary, as a girl, had acquired the manners and something of the reputation of the locality, then the fire of a new ideal awoke the finer nature within her. But the town while it saw, did not believe. Then the war came, and she began to work for the Red Cross; and when the United States entered the war she joined the ranks of the ministrants to the boys who were going over to fight for the freedom of the world. So well did she do this that she was selected as one of those who were to go to France, much to the surprise of some of the very respectable society ladies of Westport, who had not considered her suitable company for their sons.

CHAPTER III

IT was a clear, sun-bathed day in the late fall when Mary Ellis reached the little village in the Aisne district of Northern France, to which she had been assigned to aid in the reconstruction work. She had reached Bordeaux two days previously, and as instructed had journeyed at once to Paris. There she had talked with an American woman whose work in France had made her famous and much loved, and also with the Minister of Agriculture. She was perfectly calm. After her life in Westport, Mary found that it was easy to meet great people without fear. For a couple of hours she had chatted about the United States, about her very uneventful journey across the Atlantic, and about the work she was to do. Then she went back to her hotel and sat quietly waiting for bed time. The next morning at seven her train pulled out from one of the great stations, and went north, toward the firing-line. At noon she stepped from her railroad carriage and looked along the station for Mrs. Lovett.

She watched a long file of men who were rapidly falling into line

It would be impossible to describe Mary Ellis's emotions as she heard, and saw for the first time, work to be done in Printemps Vallée and surrounding villages. Mrs. Lovett, head of the eight American women who for almost a year had been aiding in the reconstruction work—the rebuilding of such village houses as were possible to repair, planting the fields that had been idle for three years, helping the peasantry to restock their farms, planting trees—came forward to meet the newest worker. She greeted her with frank pleasure, offering a large hand that was rough from actual work.

"One more star in our flag," she laughed. "I'm Mrs. Lovett, and you'll meet the rest of us at dinner. I suppose we should have had a band at the station to meet you, but there's so much work to do that I had to postpone my share of the weekly mending in order to wash up and come over here."

MARY smiled, but could hardly reply. Instead she watched a long line of men who had descended from a railroad car back of the one she occupied, and were now rapidly falling into line. They were as strange an assortment as she had ever seen—all of them slightly crippled, all of them in uniform. She turned to Mrs. Lovett, her eyes asking her question.

"Wounded men going to work on the reconquered territory. Probably going to the next village to mend the crossroads. Our crossroads haven't been mended, but then we are not so important as some of the towns. Not many of the troops come this way."

Mary nodded and picked up her bag.

"It rather stifles one for a few minutes," Mrs. Lovett said, as she offered to carry Mary's heavy coat. "But after a few days you get used to it all. Come this way," and she started toward the back of the railroad station, a temporary affair that was little more than a covered shed for freight.

What had once been a popular tourists' highway ran close to the station. They walked on in silence, meeting few people on the road. Those that they did encounter seemed as mourners at a funeral, their faces lighting only momentarily as they greeted Mrs. Lovett. The men were either old or in uniform, the women all garbed in black. After they had gone a short distance they crossed a rude wooden bridge, under which stood a pool of muddy water.

"Germans," Mrs. Lovett pointed to the pool. "They dug the trench across the road to hinder the advance of the French army."

Mary nodded. It was only a scant quarter of a mile from the station to the group of portable wooden houses where Mary Ellis was to live and work, but in that walk she understood as never before the meaning of war. She had read of the work of the retiring Germans; she had even seen photographs of the territory they had abandoned when retiring to their Hindenburg line; but this country sent a thrill of revenge over her—made her wish that she could use her own two hands to tear down something that these Huns held sacred. She could see plainly the work that had been done since the reoccupation of the French, and she could see ruins of homes that were too mutilated to be repaired.

"Why, it's awful!" she exclaimed finally. "What must it have been when you first came here!"

Mrs. Lovett smiled.

"A man-made hell," she said quietly; "that's the only way it can be described." And at the minute Mary Ellis saw the shell hole at the crossroads.

She stopped short. The road disappeared at a right angle, and she peered over the edge as one looks down into a pit. Some thirty feet below here the water from the fall rains stood placid in the sunshine. Then she looked across the pit. It was at least fifty feet!

"This is what you meant by the work at the crossroads?"

"Yes—vandalism, isn't it? Still almost every crossroad in the Aisne district has been treated this way. Military strategy, they call it."

Mary nodded.

"But it's war as they fight it," Mrs. Lovett said in a matter-of-fact tone. "Come, or we'll be late for dinner."

DINNER, Mary found, was a function that day. The women of the group occupied three small portable, one-story houses, huddled close together. The larger of those contained, besides a bedroom, a large room used for cooking, dining, and any social activities for which there was time. Besides the three houses there was a workshop used by the soldiers who occasionally helped, two barns, and a small building given over to a store.

Earlier in the fall, three of the women who had worked during the summer had returned to the United States, and as the work would not be heavy again till spring, Mary Ellis would be the only newcomer till after the new year. The nine women greeted her effusively, and gathered noisily and eagerly about the long table. As a special honor to the newest member of the group, two chickens had been killed.

"We get lots of good food, Miss Ellis," explained Helen Synon, a girl who had given up a débutante season to learn to cook, and was now teaching domestic science to the French women of the neighborhood. "But we don't have chicken every day. I worried all last night for fear that I would not cook them correctly."

Miss Synon, Mary found afterward, was the youngest member of the group. She had only been allowed to join because of a twofold ability—she could cook, and she knew how to repair an automobile.

They were a strange assortment of women, Mary decided; all of them interesting, all of them filled with the spirit of service so very essential to their work. Mrs. Lovett, the head of the party, was exactly the physical type that Mary pictured necessary to be a leader. She was about forty, a widow, and the proprietor of a girls' school in New England, which, as she explained, "was taking care of itself." She was tall, prematurely gray, with big black eyes that sparkled as she talked. Two of the other women had been school teachers; one woman, a Miss Smithers, had managed her own farm in Illinois; while the Perkins sisters, large-built women of between thirty-five and forty, were wealthy Americans who had lived in France and now welcomed the chance to work with their hands for a land they had learned to love as much as their own. These seven, together with a girl named Ruth Morgan, whom Mary liked at once, comprised the party.

The celebration, however, did not hinder the work to be done, and after dinner, while the Perkins sisters washed the dishes, Mary followed Helen Synon to the room in the next building which they were to share. As the girl asked questions of affairs at home, Mary changed from the heavy traveling suit she had been wearing into high boots, a short serviceable skirt, and a heavy sweater. Helen Synon, who had been watching her dress, nodded her head in approval.

"I think you'll like it here, Miss Ellis," she said, "and I think they'll like you. Now you can come along with me and help make soup for the community. Really, the women have suffered so much that they have forgotten how to plan nourishing meals. Good food is one of the tonics for good spirits—and I am teaching them to eat."

THAT evening, when Mary Ellis went exhausted to her bed before eight o'clock, she found that she could not sleep. She lay there while the cold moonlight streamed in through the open window, listening to the dire rumble that had started late in the afternoon and had continued ever since.

"Heavy guns," they had told her, and she, unused to their noise, had been filled with mingled fear and elation.

Heavy guns! She turned her face from the moonlight and tried to sleep, but could not. She, Mary Ellis, was within sound of the heavy guns that were to drive the Germans from France. A score of miles to the north, men were fighting, suffering, dying. She thought of Westport, snugly in bed—and she was glad that she was not there.

The sense of elation that filled her kept her awake for hours. Across the room Helen Synon slept gently, for it was no new story to her. Mary could not help but wonder, however, if the others had tossed with excitement on their first night—if their brains had been a jumble of confusion, trying to remember names,

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OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

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The Mind of the Man in Khaki

ONE of the signs of the times, to which we have already referred, is the unanimity with which observant writers, who have visited other lands during the progress of the Great War, predict that one of the coming changes will be a lessening of the powers of ecclesiasticism. Dr. William T. Ellis, who has come in contact with the religious changes that have been going on in many countries, writing in the Boston Evening Transcript, reviews the general upheaval which has affected the Russian church, the Armenian and Nestorian churches, the church in Germany, and also the church, in its ecclesiastical aspect, in other lands including our own. He sees radical changes coming, which will release real religion from the grasp of the octopus which corresponds to Prussianism in statecraft. Ecclesiasticism he regards as the professional proponent of churchism, sectarianism, or denominationalism. Fortunately all clergymen are not ecclesiastics. "Ecclesiasticism," he writes, "puts, either intentionally or instinctively, personal or denominational effort about the larger interests of Christianity." It makes a business of religion, and is bent upon building it up as an institution rather than as a real, vital spiritual rule of life. "Doctrines and forms and institutions are dear to it. . . . It is worldly wisdom in vestments; it is the world within the church."

With regard to the minds of the men in the trenches, he feels assured that, as a whole, they care nothing about ecclesiasticism or church historicity. He has come into personal contact with many of them. They want a church that will represent all religion—"a return to first principles, with an elementary creed and a great, helpful fraternity." These would satisfy the soldier-mind, which believes in a church of human brotherhood with Christ as its head and all of us as his earnest followers and doers of his Word.

Many other correspondents are writing in a similar vein. From Russia they write of the multitude of conflicting sects, of the spiritual stagnation of the effete Russian church, which has been a colossal hindrance rather than a help to the development of the spiritual life of the people. There is sore need of a unifying Gospel which the masses can understand. Indeed, in all lands today there is need of the teaching of Jesus Christ to revitalize the spiritual life of the peoples. They need the divine message as the Bible alone presents it.

Yet in no previous age, either in war or peace, has the Word been so widely circulated as during the last four years. Printed in over seventy languages, it has been placed in the hands of multitudes in almost all the fields of conflict. Even enemy countries have not been overlooked, for liberal supplies have been distributed in the prison camps of those countries. Together, the Bible Societies and other producing agencies have scattered over 20,000,000 Bibles and Gospels in this world-wide distribution among friend and foe alike. One Society alone has distributed in one year over 7,000,000 Scriptures. Never was there an age in which the Word of God has been so generously scattered throughout the world. Who can tell what part this gigantic Gospel distribution has played in drawing the minds of the men in the trenches—our own brave boys among the rest—to the need of a great, common, Christian creed, and the discontinuance of those petty distinctions which now divide the churches and distract many earnest, inquiring minds who are seeking the way of life?

Famine at Work

FAMINE, the grim and silent fighter who Germany hoped would help her in her conquests, has recoiled upon the Teutons. All their plans for starving the Allies have broken down. They are fed, while the Kaiser's troops, weakened in physique and morale, make only a feeble stand in the face of their invigorated enemy.

Among the German troops who fell in the great retreat, correspondents tell us there were some whose deaths were hastened by hunger—no one knows how many. Even in the Prussian capital and throughout the whole empire stalks the gaunt figure of hunger. In Austria-Hungary, the food crisis is so serious that all classes are suffering. Crime has increased to an alarming extent. Russia, Rumania, Armenia and Syria are each of them in the grip of famine, some more severely than others. Every land that Germany has touched has felt the blight. Yet only a little over a year ago, Germany was confident that famine would win the war for her—in three weeks, she boasted, her submarines would cut off the Allies' food supplies and bring England to her knees. The submarines have failed, and America's bountiful harvests are feeding the Allies, as well as supplying all our own wants. Australia's wheat supply is immense, and the U-boats are powerless to prevent its transportation.

And now the whole battle-tide has turned and the united Allied armies are driving the Huns before them. With defeat following defeat and Famine waiting ahead, the outlook for the Kaiser's shattered host and the traditionally "unconquerable German sword" is full of tragic possibilities in the near future.

The Children and Their Friends

OUR fresh-air work at Mont-Lawn has just closed after a most successful season. Thousands of children of the tenements have enjoyed a refreshing holiday visit through the liberality of our readers and their friends, many of whom have long been contributors to this beautiful work. The Children's Paradise has become very dear to the members of our Christian Herald Family Circle. It is in a special sense a work of their own upbuilding. From that first opening, twenty-four years ago, up to the present time, they have never failed to respond to the appeal in behalf of the children. There are thousands of men and women today, filling useful careers, who carry in their hearts a grateful recollection of those early times—hard times in their homes of poverty—when they were enrolled among the little guests at our Children's Home.

It has been worth while to help those little folk of the tenements and to brighten their dull lives with experiences which they carry with them throughout their whole future. The songs, the lessons, the simple joys they shared, can never be forgotten; and when the opportunity offers, they do their part towards helping other children of poverty to a holiday by contributing to the Fresh-Air Fund.

We congratulate the patrons of Mont-Lawn upon the splendid success of their work, which has been a real delight to all who have had a share in it.

The Fourth Liberty Loan

ALL arrangements are now completed for the flotation of the Fourth Liberty Loan. Beginning September 28 and closing October 19, the three weeks' campaign will be one in which the energy, patriotism and liberality of the American people will have an opportunity for demonstration. The crisis of the great War is near and it is indispensable that each one of us should do our part in making victory assured. Those of us who are not called to go to the front can render most effective service by contributing to the new Liberty Loan.

Let the campaign be an overwhelming demonstration of our loyalty and liberality. Every Liberty Bond purchased in those three weeks will be a guarantee of victory—a reassurance to our boys in the trenches that the nation is back of them, not only with our hopes and our prayers, but with our entire resources, down to the last dollar if need be, to keep up the victorious progress of our troops. We have now over 1,700,000 men at the front and on the way. They are fighting *our* battle and giving their blood and even their lives for *our* sake. Their love and confidence are worth all we can give them in return and much more.

The Liberty Loan is a true test of our loyalty. Our investment is an index of the value we place upon our citizenship. Besides, from a business point of view, it is the best investment any government in the world can offer today, being backed up by the entire resources of this great republic. We advise everyone to get ready to buy bonds in the Fourth Liberty Loan to the full extent of his or her ability, and when the loan opens, help to make it a cyclonic success!

A Year Ago and Now

PICK up a daily newspaper and open it near the front page and, instead of advertisements of millinery shops, you are looking at a page of casualty lists—a page covered with the names of men who had been wounded and killed in the service of their country! As we look at those names, we forget the reason why we had originally picked up the paper and we find ourselves thinking, instead, of the service flag that is back of every name, and of the shadowed home that each service flag hung in, and of the women—the sorrowful women—to whom fall hats and similar things mean very little now. Yet onl last autumn, hats and frocks and shoes wore amor the vital things in many a woman's life. But th year, the women who were busy at their dressmaker are attending Red Cross classes and driving ambu lances and learning first aid. The girl who was know as the smartest dresser in her set a year ago is no proud of her record as a salesman of Liberty Bon and Thrift Stamps. Khaki color is the popular col this fall. Woolen sweaters and socks are being see in all fashionable places—seen in the hands of wome who are knitting industriously. And nurses' caps a worn very generally, worn with an expression of te derness and pity.

War breaks hearts and goes on breaking mo hearts, but it has done one worthwhile thing. It h taken some of us who were little more than mannikii and has tested us, and burned away the surface vene and shown to the world and to ourselves that we a real women after all.

Magazine Prices Going Up

AFTER October 1, you will have to pay mo for your magazines. Unusual increases in t cost of paper, printing, engraving and cleric help, in addition to the extra postage which publishe must pay because of the new zone rate for mailii magazines, have compelled many publishers to a vance subscription prices. Other publishers will mal similar advances shortly.

But until October 1, you can get the popul magazines through the Christian Herald at barga prices. Even though your subscription will not e pire for several months, *renew now* and obtain t benefit of the present prices.

A carefully selected list of magazine combinatio is given on page 1070. These Money-Saving Clul are rendered possible because of special arrangemen which we have made with other publishers—*but yo order must be mailed not later than October 1.*

We strongly urge all readers of the Christian Hera whose subscriptions have expired, and also tho whose subscriptions are about to expire, to renew once. It will shortly be necessary for us to dr from our subscription list all whose subscriptions a not paid in advance. This is a government ord with which we must comply. There is now a shor age of book paper, and there will be even a great shortage. The urgent necessity of economizing in t use of paper has been brought to our attention by t War Industries Board.

Economies are to be effected in many ways, inclu ing the discontinuance of all free and exchange copie also all subscriptions which are not paid in advanc so that the Christian Herald can be sent only to tho who have actually paid for their subscriptions. R newing promptly will insure the continuous recei of the Christian Herald. Do not miss any of t present vital issues, as we shall be unable to supp back numbers.

The editors have prepared many really worthwhi things for you. We can mention but a few her "That Girl From Orchard Street," which began last week's issue of the Christian Herald, will be f lowed by "All the World," a wonderful serial by Re Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, the author of "In His Steps Then will come a story specially written for o readers by Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. Major The dore Waters, Secretary of the Christian Herald, no with the Red Cross Commission in Palestine, wi have a number of interesting articles on the "Redem tion of the Holy Land." These articles will be ampl fied by the beautifully colored drawings of the Hol Land, made by David Roberts of the Royal Academ which will appear from time to time on the covers the Christian Herald.

Under the title of "Circling the World for Christ, Dr. Francis E. Clark, President of the Christian E deavor Society, will tell the story of the beginnings Christian Endeavor, and of his many world pilgrin ages to which they have led. During the fall, Pr fessor James M. Gray will contribute a concludir series of articles on Prophecy.

Can you afford to miss any of these? To make su that you get all of them—*Subscribe now.*

Kind words in the morning make a soft pillow at t eventime.

When a man tries to overreach another he loses h grip on the things he already possesses.

Human sympathy is a lighthouse whose light illumin the sea of life, and helps us make the port of Heaven.

To lose money, houses, lands, is but an incident; lose character is a tragedy.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

Daily Meditation

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Week-Day Holiness

SUNDAY, September 22. Zech. 14 : 20. "*In that day s all there be upon the bells of the horses Holiness unto the Lord.*" Not only shall church-bells pour forth their holy intimations nd their divine significance, but the bells upon he horses shall bear the same testimony in the enters of business and trade. There are holy bells inging in the midst of common circumstances. This is a very large and health-giving sense of onsecration: it not only pervades the holy place n the temple, but it includes the outer courts, and t sends forth its purifying energies into the bustling ffairs of the street. We are prone to limit the holiess we seek to the floor and circumstances of the anctuary: but here is a holiness which moves with he swift things of the thoroughfares and distinguishes the couriers of commerce. It is holiness amid he fast life of the ordinary world.

Now, holiness is always a very unimpressive weaking if it cannot face and endure the rigors and inlemencies of the street. It has the inevitable paleess of all cloistered virtue. It never gets beyond the anness of a prison plant. It is an invalid which ever goes forth on daring ventures. And it was in eference to this peril of spiritual invalidism that our ord prayed we might have deliverance—"I pray ot that thou shouldest take them out of the world." hat would mean an escape from hardness, and therefore the deprivation of hardihood. But our Lord purposes for his children spiritual lustiness.

J. H. J.

How God Proves Us

MONDAY, September 23. Ps. 81 : 7. "*I proved thee at the waters of Meriba .*" The reference ere is to the incident recorded in the Book of Exodus, n which God proved Israel. The word "proved" is quivalent to "tested." A chemist who tests a subtance may have no personal interest in it. A judge f jewels may have no personal interest in the gem e submits to his test. How different is the attitude f a teacher who examines a favorite scholar or of a ather who tests the accomplishments or the character of his child.

There is the story of a prince of France who commanded a troop in a historic battle. His soldiers were ard pressed, and in the crisis of the battle there came einforcements to deliver the prince and his soldiers om their imminent peril. The young man had been nder his father's eye all the while. He was being roved. So, often, God proved Israel, as at Meribah. Ie let his chosen people fail, he let them fall, in order hat they might feel their dependence upon him. So e proves us by the narrow margins of our lives, by he darkness of many a day through which we pass, y the wolves that howl at our door and the serpents hat hiss at our feet. So faith develops, and so come ourage, patience and hope to our souls.

It is a comfortable thought that the proving is a ouble one: God proves us, and we prove him. We rove how near he is and how mighty, as well as how nerciful. Read again the story of "Pilgrim's Progess" if you would see how God proves his saints. Ie proves us for our own sakes as well as for his own. Ie proves us not alone for strength, but for purity nd self-control. Not alone in affliction, but in proserity, God is testing us, and in the process of testng God has his agents. Often the world is rude and ven cruel to us. It is good it is so, for it is by such hings we are driven back to the assurance, "I know whom I have believed."

C. C. A.

Truth Triumphs

TUESDAY, September 24. Dan. 6 : 17. "*A stone was brought and laid upon the mouth of the den; nd the king sealed it with his own signet, and with the ignet of his lords; that the purpose might not be changed oncerning Daniel.*" The sealing of the den of lions o which Daniel was consigned was for the purpose f preventing an unlawful altering of Daniel's situaon, by which the truth and strength of his faith were o be tested. Neither were his friends to be permitted o spirit him away before harm was done to him by he animals, nor were his enemies to be allowed to xecute some foul play upon Daniel, if the lions hould spare him, as the king, it seems, hoped they ould. The outcome of the affair broke up completely the hideous plot of Daniel's enemies and gloriusly vindicated Daniel's faith. Naturally this inident in Old Testament history carries our thought orward to the tomb in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, which was sealed with the great seal of the synagogue to prevent fraud being practiced on the body of Jesus. Pilate had laughed the fear of the highpriests to scorn: these worthies, he mused, are actually afraid of a dead man. Now, the highpriests, too, knew that Jesus was dead; but they were troubled with the thought that he might not stay dead, because he had said he would not. In either instance the seal affixed amounted to a solemn commitment of a very important matter to God. Here again, and in a far more glorious manner, truth triumphed over lies.

God has sealed his believers with the Holy Spirit of promise, to secure them from being tampered with by the wicked designs of their enemies. His purposes concerning them are not to be thwarted by the cunning and malice of their foes. Let a situation ever so hopeless be created against a believer by his enemies, the Lord will bring him safely out of his worst predicaments, and the very scheme which the enemies have thought out for the believer's destruction will become the instrument for their own overthrow. God takes the cunning in their own craftiness.

W. H. T. D.

Faith

WEDNESDAY, September 25. John 18 : 37. "*To this end was I born, that I should bear witness unto the truth.*" God's truth is the glory of himself and his universe. A living faith in divine truth is the ideal of human attainment. Faith is the connecting link between man and God. To say with Paul, "I have kept the faith," is the climax of human triumph. This is the victory that overcomes the world, even your faith. Faith in the truth makes one a possessor of the truth and a witness for the truth. Christ is truth incarnate; truth illustrated by life.

Franklin, Morse, Edison, Bell and Marconi had faith in electrical energy. They showed their faith by their wonderful works—illuminating and propelling a world. Paul fills his gallery of immortals with the heroes of faith; they believed in the divine electricity of spiritual power. Their fingers of faith touched the batteries of heaven till the baptism of fire fell upon them, glorifying their spirits, enduing their minds with power to propagate the Gospel among all mankind.

Faith is the bridge across material discoveries, and spans as well the chasm between the human and the divine. Faith believes nature and nature's God. It is the eye of the soul, seeing infinitely beyond the eye of the body. It is the evidence of things not seen, the assurance of things hoped for. Faith beholds the footsteps of the Infinite, treading the battlefields of war-stricken countries after peace prevails. Losing faith in humanity, in organized government, makes one repose more perfect faith in the most high God, whose Son, Jesus Christ, will one day absorb all other kingdoms into his kingdom and reign without a rival in the new heavens and the new earth. May the church of Christ believe in the mighty spiritual truths which God has promised his children and become witnesses of him unto the uttermost parts of the earth!

E. W. C.

Faith's Witnesses

THURSDAY, September 26. Heb. 12 : 1. "*Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us.*" There are three types of character which all the world admires —the wise, the brave, and the good. The eleventh chapter of Hebrews contains a long list of heroes and heroines who may be classified under one or other of these titles. The wise man has a mind and uses it. The brave man has a will and asserts it. The good man has a heart and keeps it pure. Moses represents the wise, Gideon the brave, and Enoch the good.

It is unfortunate that the twelfth chapter is separated from the eleventh. It is really a continuance. Mark the "wherefore." The word "witnesses" may not improperly be translated "heroes," although the primary significance of the word has reference to testimony. The argument is, since the way has been prepared for us by a great army of heroes, it should be easier for us to be heroic. The plea is, "Let us also be witnesses." Surely there is inspiration in the lives of the good and the great. And yet we are not to look either to Moses, Gideon or Enoch, but to Another. Moses was wise, but not always brave and good. Gideon was brave, but not always wise. Enoch was good, but not much is said of his wisdom. Jesus is both good and brave and wise. He is the Captain of our salvation. Sidney Lanier calls Jesus "good Paragon, thou crystal Christ." Why should we look to Jesus? "The barren fig-tree beholds the fruitful fig-tree and becomes itself fruitful"—so runs an Oriental proverb. Paul puts it better: "Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image."

C. C. A.

The One Way

FRIDAY, September 27. John 3 : 3. "*Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.*" Just from what motive Nicodemus sought his faint-hearted interview with the Lord, we cannot tell. It is likely, however, that the great events which were transpiring in Judea at that time had some connection with his coming to Jesus. Without replying directly to the reverent greeting of his learned visitor, the Lord refers at once to the baptism of John, which was at that time and for many years after a mooted question among the Jews. For the expression "water and spirit," which the Lord uses during his conversation with Nicodemus, is an unmistakable reference to baptism. Now John had in strong terms denounced the ruling church party among the Jews, going even so far as to call them a generation of vipers. Luke tells us that the Pharisees showed contempt for the baptism of John. It is possible that Nicodemus also disdained the terms which John laid down for admission to the kingdom of God. It seemed almost an insult to these men from the upper classes of Jewish society to be treated on a level with soldiers, publicans, and the lowest classes of Jewry. Their pride revolted from the idea. Accordingly, the Lord finds it necessary to reinforce the teaching of his faithful forerunner with the solemn assertion in our text. This assertion discounts heavily against all natural fitness for the kingdom of God supposed to exist in men. Nicodemus was outwardly an upright man and even occupied a high rank in the Jewish Church. Perhaps he was silently appealing to the law and traditions which he had kept. The Lord tells him in effect: You have not even begun to be fit for the kingdom. Do not think that the religion which I have come to proclaim merely wishes to give you a little supplementary advice regarding spiritual matters, or to recommend to you a few more works which are still lacking to your perfection. No, I am come to begin the good work in you. There is not so much as a seed or rootlet of spiritual worth in you. Your former works must be renounced, and you must enter upon a new phase of living. You must be made all over again, not physically but spiritually, because you are dead in trespasses and sins.

W. H. T. D.

The Door

SATURDAY, September 28. 1 Thess. 4 : 14. "*Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.*" What a beautiful way to refer to death! "He giveth his beloved sleep"—"and Stephen fell asleep." Sleep is a period of rest from which one awakes refreshed.

> Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
> From which none ever wakes to weep!

We see our Pilot face to face when we awake in his likeness and we hear his call, "Come, ye blessed, to the rest of the people of God."

After the slumber, the golden door of infinite opportunity opens to the soul. The door of death opens into the realm of life; it is entered walking through the dark valley and the shadows. The dark background of death becomes luminous with glorious light. Dying clears the vision, opening up the vistas of heavenly habitations. Death is not extinction, but an exodus into a new world. It is a bend in the river of life, flowing on toward the ocean of love divine. It is being translated from the known to the unknown by Him whom we love and trust. We willingly burn all the bridges as we pass death's valley, for we shall not return that way again. Death dies as you pass him by; there is no more death; the last enemy is destroyed. Therefore, death's door at the end of life is a blessing; it is the only way out into the mountains of eternity. We should journey joyously, knowing that we shall pass through those gates of life, having a new birth of larger freedom and richer being.

We knew nothing of this world when we entered life, but we do know something of the mansions and beauties of the eternal life before us, for the King has revealed little flashes of glory when the door was ajar, as Jesus passed into the heavens. He has also left us his wonderful Words of Life in the Holy Scriptures and sent the Comforter to reveal many beautiful views of the glory land. Jesus himself will one day lift up the gates and open the everlasting doors into his Father's eternal worlds.

E. W. C.

Making Homes Outside the Camps

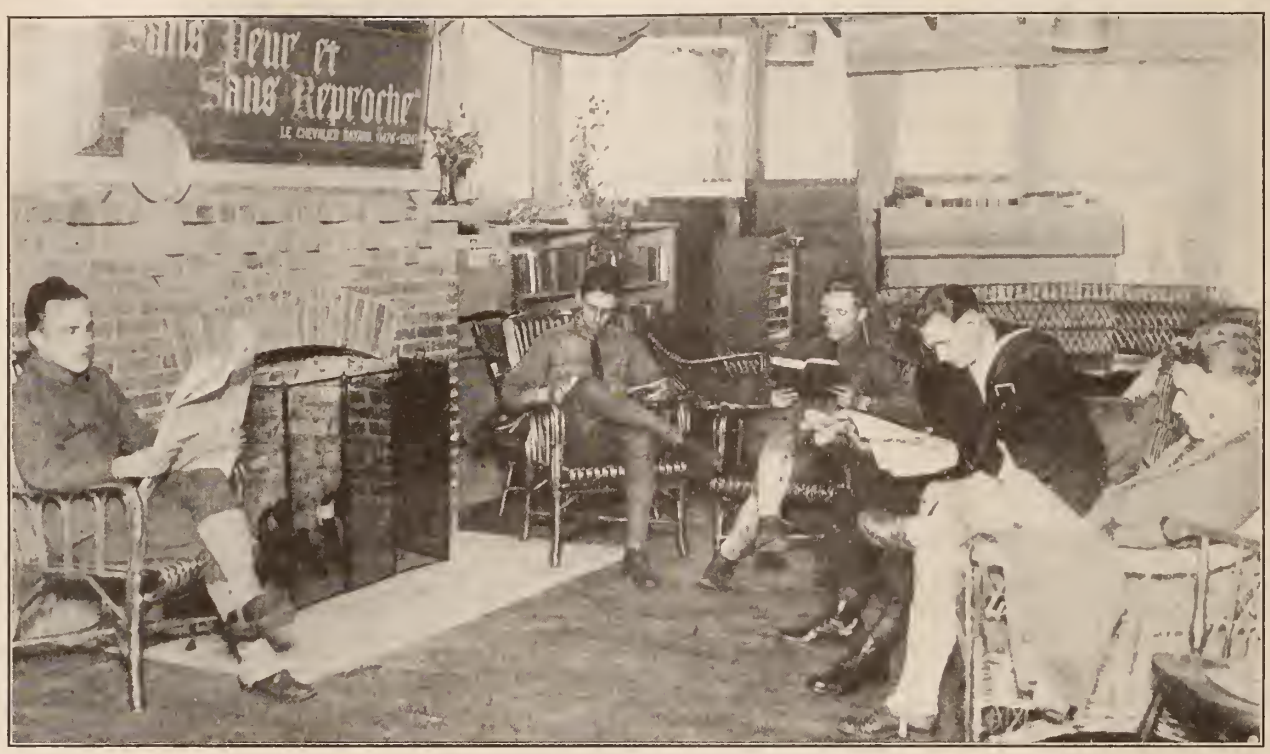
By MARGARET WIDDEMER

THE work of the War Camp Community Service is described by the government as being "to stimulate the morale and preserve the physical well-being" of our soldiers, sailors and marines outside the camps. But as a matter of fact you might as well try to describe in one sentence the things a busy wife and mother does for her family as the things the War Camp Community Service does for its charges; for its activities are as many and as heterogeneous as any mother's. It furnishes houses, it looks after meals, it cleans up, it teaches knitting and sewing, it entertains its children, it amuses them, it looks after them—in short, it is nearly a complete parallel in its line, which is the coordination of the community with the soldier, of the thousand and one activities of a housekeeper.

This sounds very domestic. But what is the world, after all, but a big house to be kept? And under what classification could you put a service that has a finger in pretty nearly every pie, from the town Ladies' Aid to the Elks and the Glee Club, not forgetting the railroad stations and the busses and boarding-houses? Its cafeterias, its Travelers' Aid, its Home Hospitality work, its entertainment bureaus, its Army and Navy Clubs, its Community Houses, and a dozen other activities that keep the soldier and the community connected, are more like the things a busy housewife does than they are like anything else one can think of.

It doesn't stop at looking after the soldiers, you see. Or rather, in looking after the soldiers, it finds that the boys automatically connect with the girls and mothers and fathers. And so in the towns near Camp Sherman, for instance, it is working with the Girls' Patriotic Leagues, building up clubs and societies and "sets" of girls into a coordinated body with something to do and a reason for doing it.

For it is very lonesome at home, now the boys are gathered into camps. And on the other hand, near the camps are too many boys, and a disease called "khaki-itis" by experts is apt to rage among the younger girls. So the Patriotic Leagues are formed, as they should be formed all over, whether there are soldiers near or gaps where they used to be. There is a great deal of knitting to do. So the War Camp Community Service is sending out leaders, just girls like the other girls they teach, to form clubs for knitting. And not only knitting. When you sing you're a lot happier even if you were sort of lonesome before. So all through the communities, North, South, East and West, are going books of songs and a concerted movement to have the girls meet to sing.



A quiet corner in a typical Hostess House

The girls want to do everything they can for o soldiers if they only know how. So, as a matter of fac do we all. We only need to be shown.

The Community Service is here to do the showin whenever and wherever the girls ask it.

It showed th people in Ohio, f instance, that Community Hou was needed at th camp in their stat They could exper their eager good-w to help the boys wh were going awa from them, by we coming the relativ of the boys who we sent to Camp She man. And so th gave money an time and good-wi and the Communi House stands toda at the center of t camp, a spaciou comfortable buil ing with big fi places and ea chairs and couche a building standi two stories hig with sleeping-qua ters above, and restaurant and brary below. It Hostess House, pos office, amuseme hall; a communi center which will l in use long after th war, and is now o of the biggest link between the soldiers and their homes. The Com munity Service here is doing well its office of linkin the homes near the camps with the soldiers; an it, with the other Community Service units all ov America, three hundred and more of them, is linkin the whole country together in one big service of goo will and friendliness.

When you help the Community Service with mone or work you are helping the boy you have sent off, some other mother's boy, to escape loneliness and th homesickness which is a soldier's worst enemy training-camp or trench; for it is morale which wi or loses battles, and morale and homesickness cann exist together.

War Activities of the Great Packers

HERBERT HOOVER has returned from Europe where he conferred with the food chiefs of England and France. He brings back this word:

"Our complete fulfillment of last year's promises in food and our assurance to furnish even larger supplies this next year, removed from them the last fear of hunger."

There are four chief items of food which this country is sending to our allies: fats, beef products, cereals, and sugar. The first two of these are products of the American packing plants.

The quantities of fats and meat products which are being sent to Europe are nearly past the comprehension of the layman. The orders for fats and for meats are such as were never dreamed of before the war. Thanks to the organizations built up by the great American packers, the food requirements of Europe have been met and will continue to be met. The packers' particular bit in the winning of the war is assuring the food supplies that mean life to the soldiers on the firing line and the civilians at home.

Charles McCarthy, representative of the Food Administration, stated recently that at least one hog out of every four raised in America is being sent to the Allies; that the shipments of meats are made up of beef, mutton, pork, and the various products of the packers, and that supplies are handled on a colossal scale, of which the public has little conception.

Shipments of meat are going to the Allies and to our expeditionary forces at the rate of 15,000 pounds a minute during the ten-hour work-day at eastern ports. That means 9,000,000 pounds a day. Shipments, of course, are not so well distributed as the above daily average might indicate. They are regulated by available ships. The ship movements are irregular and there are times when numbers of them put into port together and want cargoes immediately. It is in meeting such sudden demands that the packing industry has distinguished itself from other industries.

For example: one day not long ago, shipping space for a considerable quantity of food became available on a few hours' notice. The government authorities in Washington wired to Chicago packing concerns to begin shipping meat at seaboards at the rate of 200 cars a day. Such an order had never been dreamed of before. But the packers delivered the goods, and kept it up till the government wired the stop order.

On several occasions, the government buying agents have summoned representatives of the big packers into conference and then told them that bacon was wanted in untold amounts. "How much can you supply?" was the query directed at each packer representative and some prodigious orders have been given on that basis.

Recently the British government ordered 250,000,000 pounds of meat to be delivered in three weeks. The final shipments were made well within the time limit.

The whole story of packer usefulness in winning the war is not confined to supplying meats, however. For instance, the Armour Sandpaper Works received an order by wire for an enormous amount of its product—"at the earliest possible moment." The factory buckled down to the task, ran off 18 miles of sandpaper a yard wide, dried it, cut it up, packed it and shipped it before the following morning. Fourteen miles more followed the next day.

It was packer experts who solved one of the most important problems incident to supplying our men with gas masks. It is a packer product that is used to stanch the flow of blood from the wounds of our soldiers; it is a packer product which is used to sew up the wounds; the soap with which the soldiers clean up after their turn in the trenches is a packer product; the glue whic figures largely in th manufacture of ai planes comes from th packers; the aviators' sheep pelt coats are packe products; glycerine for use in explosives, animal oi for lubricating purposes and leather for harness, pu tees and the like come largely from packing house

War has doubled the volume of business done b the largest packers and has trebled the amount capital necessary to meet current obligations. Bu in spite of this, the industry has not cracked unde the war strain, and today it is meeting every deman made upon it by the government and by the Allies. Though dealing with a highly perishable article re quiring expert handling and refrigeration, there is n record of complaint, and investigators have terme the United States army "the best fed army in th world."

The profits for this service are limited by the gov ernment to two and a half cents on the dollar of sales and the turn-over must not be so frequent that i results in a per annum profit of more than nine pe cent. on the money actually invested and utilized i the meat food business. It works out that packers profits represent a return of one-quarter of one cen per pound of product, and that millions can be earne at that rate merely bears witness to the wonderfu volume of the business transacted.

A REMARKABLE Bible conference recently closed a Bible School Park, a suburb of Binghamton, N. Y Delegations came by automobile from cities as far distan as Syracuse on the north and Wilkes-Barre on the soutl A large number of young women were in attendance. Amon the speakers present were Dean Pettingill, of the Philadelphi School of the Bible; O. R. Palmer, home secretary of th African Inland Mission; Ralph C. Norton, from the Belgia trenches; Henry C. Crowell, of Denver; Rev. R. E. Neighbor D. D., of Atlanta, Ga., and Evangelists E. G. Crabill an Harlow Parsons.

The Great War Revenue Bill

THE various items of the revenue bill to be reported to Congress were finally agreed to on August 30 and the committee completed its report, which was presented to the House on September 3. The bill as drawn is expected to raise $8,012,792,000, chiefly through taxes on war prosperity. Eighty per cent. of all war profits are to be turned into the national treasury unless a greater collection will result from the application of the excess profits tax with rates ranging from 35 per cent. to 77 per cent., the highest rate applying to profits exceeding 20 per cent. of invested capital. Taxable incomes below $4,000 (the exemptions as to single and married men remain as in the present law) will pay 6 per cent., incomes above $4,000 will pay a normal tax of 12 per cent. with surtaxes on the larger incomes beginning at 2 per cent. on incomes of $5,000 to $6,500 and reaching 65 per cent. on incomes over $5,000,000 a year. No distinction is made between earned and unearned incomes. Internal revenue taxes are practically doubled. Luxuries will be taxed. Owners of automobiles will pay a tax of $10 on cars of less than 23 horsepower, $20 on cars from 23 to 30 horsepower, the tax ranging to $50 on cars above 40 horsepower. Taxes on railway fares, telephone calls, theater admission and club dues are increased.

It is apparent that the bill will meet with much opposition in both houses, but particularly in the Senate. Senator Smoot, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, on September 4 characterized the bill as a "gigantic absurdity." It is certain that the excess profits tax will be lowered and its manner of application modified. Secretary McAdoo has declared that the bill would tax many corporations out of existence. The bill is so drawn that war profits as such will be taxed only when earned by corporations. The Senate Committee will hold extended hearings and will probably rewrite the bill. It is probable that a consumption tax will be levied on all articles selling at retail above a certain price; $1.00 has been mentioned as the minimum. No attempt has been made, so far as reports give any indication, to revise the Postal Zone rates of last year's revenue bill.

How the Allies March to Battle

IN a cable letter to the New York Times, Philip Gibbs, the famous war correspondent, gives this vivid description of the onward march of the victorious Allies who are driving the Huns before them along the whole battle-front in France. There has probably been no more brilliantly realistic piece of war literature than these four paragraphs present:

"It is an astounding pageant, these hundreds of thousands of men—English, Welsh, Canadians, Scottish and Australians—all moving in a long-reaching line with horses and guns and transport along tracks over old battle-fields, going forward mile by mile very slowly because of the surge of traffic over narrow ways, but never stopping.

"Dust rises from these moving legions in brownish clouds which the wind tosses above their steel helmets, and through this dust, in which the sun is shining hotly, there is a vision of brown masses of men with the glint of steel on rifles and helmets and twinkling colors, red and blue and green, of staff badges and pennons.

"Every man marches in a white mask of dust through which his eyes shine. Dispatch riders are threading their way through long lines of transport. The endless columns of lorries, field batteries, and gun horses are grotesque, like millers all floured from head to feet. The horses are superb and in splendid form, as though from an exhibition, and it goes to the heart to see so many lying dead on the fields after the recent battles.

"There is a great music of war over all this scene. Scottish battalions go forward to the fighting line led part of the way by their pipers, and across the battle-fields come the wild cry of the pibroch and the drone of many pipes. The English battalions are marching with brass bands playing old English marching tunes, and, between whiles, merry bursts of ragtime. The crunching of gun wheels over rough ground, officers shouting orders to their men, the hooting of lorry horns and motor horns, and an incessant hum of airplanes overhead—all make up a symphony which has a song of triumph in its theme."

Missionaries in Khaki

THE life of the world hangs in the balance. This war for the freedom of humanity means to the nations what our Civil War meant to America—the birth of the world. As a life is prolonged and unbroken, diseased body made strong again only by the pain of a surgeon's knife, so a broken, sinful world must be healed only by bloodshed and the clash of steel and fire. A soldier's mission, then, to the battlefields of France, is as a missionary in khaki, with the surgeon's knife and steel to help heal the world's diseases.

It is not for us to understand why God has chosen war as a punishment for his people, or why we personally must take part in the carnage. "God works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." Suffice it to know that the God who was with us in civilian clothes is with us in the uniform of our country.

Consider what the mobilization of the young manhood of a nation in an organization on the same common level will mean. All classes have one goal in view, Christian, unbeliever, the educated, the ignorant, the wealthy and the poor, shoulder to shoulder for the accomplishment of the same great purpose, that democracy and right may not perish from the earth. Discipline is that which makes an army out of a mob. It is a common sight to see a number of soldiers, after a strenuous drill on the field, after "Lights Out" in the quad-rooms, reading their Bibles true to a Christian mother's teaching and the Sunday school training received back home. And they are always the soldiers who are respected by their comrades. Are not such things bound to influence the lives of others? To be sure, temptation abounds, and it's the acid test; but the boys will come out true men, wiser and more sober citizens. Or in "No Man's Land" in the blackness of some night, with the possibilities of death in the very atmosphere, with the heavens overhead and nothing but distorted nature all about, will it not make them think deeply, and bring them to a close relation to their Maker? Will they not realize as never before how helpless they are, how dependent upon God? What will it mean when whole nations coöperate as one in the suppression of wrong; when Christian nations fight side by side with the heathen? Missionaries of the Cross in khaki, yes! and with a mission that is as God-sent as those whose hearts have been moved to give their all to the Master's service. Theirs is a service dedicated through a passionate love for humanity and a zeal to do their bit for Christ's Kingdom; but the soldier's is part of God's plan as well. They, too, are his missionaries.

The soldier's task is a big and hard one, he is often discouraged; though the spirit of the crowd does not permit much melancholy, he is often sorely tempted. He welcomes and needs the assurance from loved ones back home that he is not forgotten. He needs to be told that he is doing his duty—that he has the prayers of those he loves; he needs to be reminded that he is engaged in a worthy, noble work, and thus he will be spurred to accomplish his task as a missionary in khaki. CORPORAL.

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That Girl from Orchard Street

Continued from page 1049

wondering at the efficiency that a handful of woman and a small company of soldiers had been able to devise from chaos.

Finally, when her tense nerves could stand the wakefulness no longer, Mary Ellis reached over the side of the bed and found her shoes and stockings. She drew these on; also the heavy clothes that she had worn that afternoon. When she was fully dressed, she threw her big coat about her and noiselessly crossed to the door.

When she was outside, Mary stood for several minutes, drinking in deep breaths of the cool air, and then, as she had not seen the orchard which had been planted that summer, she struck off across the fields.

MARY ELLIS walked slowly, not even thinking—her mind absorbed by the beauty of the night. When she reached the orchard, she stood aghast at the murdered trees. It was as if she had seen some living thing cut down in cold blood. She noted where some of the ruined tree trunks had been chopped into kindling, and her eyes filled with tears as she saw row after row of newly planted trees that would some day bear fruit.

She turned, and was wandering aimlessly back in the direction in which she had come, when a sudden sense of being watched came over her. She was not frightened, though she was startled. With cool precision she walked several feet and then turned quickly. As she did so, a man's figure slid into the shadow of a wrecked apple tree.

Mary stood for several seconds, waiting. Through her mind flashed thoughts of spies, and she wished that she had carried the little revolver she had bought in the States. Then she might have tried to effect a capture. She laughed, thinking she was probably mistaken. Finally, not knowing what else to do, she walked quickly toward the house.

As she went, she devised a plan. The moonlight was so bright that the shadows it cast were almost black. Therefore, when she came close to the first of the huddled buildings, she slid into the shadows and waited. Perhaps, she told herself, there had been no man; at any rate she could see if she were followed, and if the man's actions were suspicious. The building by which she crouched gave a clear view of the path over which she had walked, and her waiting eyes were rewarded when, in a minute's time, a man walked boldly in her direction. When he was about a hundred yards from where she stood, he stopped. He was tall and very straight, though she could not see his features, for he wore a long military cape, and it muffled the lower part of his face. He stood motionless for several minutes; then, with cool deliberation, he extended one arm from his cloak and looked at the watch on his wrist. He walked a score of feet closer to the building and halted. He did this twice, till he was so close that Mary felt that he must see her. Finally, when she could stand the strain no longer, she stepped out into the moonlight, boldly, a French phrase on her lips.

The man started back.

"I thought you did not enter the buildings—" he stopped suddenly.

"No," Mary said quickly. "And what are you doing here?" She did not know why she spoke, but all the authority she could command was placed in her words.

The man laughed.

"Pardon me." This time he spoke in perfect English. "You must be the new young lady that came today. Had I remembered your advent, I should not have followed."

WITH a sudden move he threw back his cloak, and disclosed the uniform of an officer of the French infantry.

"Yes, I came today," Mary said slowly. "And you—you are on duty here?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose—" Mary hesitated.

"I suppose you were guarding t orehards?"

"Exactly."

"Well, you frightened me; perha you've made me sleepy. Good-nigh and she walked away.

"Wait!" the man called after h "Please, Miss Ellis, don't tell any o of meeting me. The next time we s one another let it be as strangers."

Mary's eyes narrowed to two slits.

"How did you know that I am M Ellis?" she asked quickly. "And h do you happen to speak such perfe English?" The suspicion she impli was very evident.

"Please, Miss Ellis, as one who lov France, forget that you have seen n You have a trust now—bigger than building ruined villages. Good-nigh and he swung his cap low.

As he straightened up, and his fa showed clear in the moonlight, Ma Ellis's heart gave a great leap. It w as if this man had sprung to life fr a vague picture that she had carri in her subconscious mind for yea Involuntarily she moved a step forwa as if to be sure that he were real. S felt the swift rush of her blood as mounted to her temples and the fie beating of her pulse as she saw the hi forehead, the shock of black curly ha the clear eyes that seemed to sear her very soul. Scoff if you will, thc of you for whom romance has nev held a sudden thrill, for whom a fa in the passing crowd has never mea more than a face. Mary Ellis did n know it, but love had come to her fr out the night. Later she was to reali the fact—now she only knew that man had ever seemed so wonderful her—now she knew and realized wi a sudden blush of embarrassment, th she was staring at this man as she h never looked at any man before. S stepped backward, lowering her he as if to cover her confusion.

"Good night," she said quickl And she almost ran toward the door the house. Noiselessly she undress and climbed into bed.

She was suddenly tired; the reactio from the exciting day came swiftly, a hers was a dreamless sleep.

The sun was streaming across t floor, and Helen Synon was dressed a ready for work before Mary awoke.

"Wake up!" Helen Synon crie "There's a lot to live for—work and sorts of things."

Mary threw back the covers. T first thought that came to her was th with the new day she could meet t man she had met in the orchard.

CHAPTER IV

IN the next few days Mary El learned much in a general way the labors performed by the litt band of American women who ha undertaken the reconstruction work Printemps Vallée. Eventually she w to take over the work among the chi dren; but at first it had been decide that she should see the entire work the community. So for a few hou each day she worked in the poultr yard, about the cow barns, in the b room that served as a communit kitchen, or perhaps helped box and shi some of the foodstuffs that had bee raised the previous summer, stored i cellars, and was now being sent to th hungry in the nearby towns; and, a she went about the work, Mary watche constantly for the young Frenchma she had encountered in the orchard tha first night. He was nowhere to be seer

She had looked for him the first da as one anticipating a pleasure. Whe at the end of the day she had seen mos of the people in the village, she ha consoled herself with the fact that man on duty all night must sleep in th daytime.

But as one day swiftly followed an other, and she did not meet him, an heard no reference made to men o night duty, she became anxious. Sh found herself wondering if he were rea Could he have been a fancy of her tire brain? Hardly; for he had smiled an spoken her name. Gradually, as th days passed, she knew that she coul never know contentment until she foun

him. The love that had been born that night became crystalline—a reality; and it burned with a longing that was akin to pain.

"Do you have many visitors?" she asked Helen Synon one day.

"Visitors? To the devastated districts in France? No; there are plenty of people who would like to come poking their noses in here, but only an occasional official, French or otherwise, comes to see us. And we never make any ceremony. Mrs. Lovett takes them around, and we have them to dinner."

"Oh!"

ANOTHER time, watching a small body of troops on their way to mend the roads, she tried different tactics.

"I suppose in the spring we see plenty of men on the way to the front."

"France is filled with military men."

"Do the soldiers that work here remain with us all summer?"

"Mercy, no! In the summer we have big batches of fellows working in the fields for five days, then they go up to the front for twenty-five. It is a constantly shifting body that helps us with the crops."

"But surely, some man, some officer, must be at the head of this work. Haven't they a military man who is always here, so as to tell each fresh batch of soldiers about their work in the fields."

"No, that isn't needed, Miss Ellis. The men of France love their land too well to need any one to force them to work, and they are born farmers. Mrs. Lovett tells them what she wants done, and they do it."

Mary nodded.

Another week passed. A light snowfall had come swirling out of the north, and covered the ground, making the fields that had been wrecked by shell holes lie calm and beautiful under their covering of white. Mary Ellis had started her own work, and each morning she went to the basement of the little stone church, where the children of the village gathered about her. She taught them as best she could the simple rudiments of an education, but above all she tried to teach them to smile, to play, to laugh, and to do simple work. Sometimes on the rare occasions when he could be spared from other work Captain Michael helped her.

CAPTAIN MICHAEL was over sixty, and in reality he was no captain, but a private in the Red Cross forces in France. The title had been an honorary one, conferred by those who knew and loved him. He had been born in Ireland, and drifted about the world until, at forty, he had settled in France. A small fortune was fattened by rural sketches that sold readily to the magazines in England and America.

At the outbreak of the war he had volunteered his services, and had been refused. He had persisted, and the American Red Cross, forming its first canteen unit, was glad to include in it a man so thoroughly conversant with France and her soldiers.

Captain Michael—his unused surname was Gaffney—had served two years and had been wounded by a bomb which had been dropped on his canteen. There had been months in a hospital, and now he was lame. Still, in spite of it all, he was straight as a boy, and his face was always wrinkled with a kindly, determined smile. Eager to go back to work, he had been glad of the chance to represent the Red Cross at Printemps Vallée, even though the work was humbler in comparison to the labors he had done. Mary Ellis had liked him that first morning when he had come into the basement room, knocking the snow from his boots.

Once, after a long afternoon spent in teaching three little girls to sew, she found herself alone with Captain Michael. He was writing, at the small table, a lengthy letter of importance—to judge by the care he was giving each sentence—and as she gathered up the materials that had been used during the afternoon she wondered if she dared speak to him of the mysterious man of the apple orchards. Had she seen the man about the village on the morning following their midnight encounter, she would have given no further thought to their original meeting. But she had not met him; she heard no reference to him; and into her mind had come a great growing suspicion that he was not what he had pretended to be.

A spy! Yes, that was what Mary Ellis feared! What he was doing so far from the front, or what there was in the village of Printemps Vallée to attract him, was something she could not fathom. Finally she went across the room and stood beside the table.

"Good-night," Captain Michael said without looking up.

Mary hesitated. Into her mind flashed the man's face as it had glowed in the moonlight.

"Good-night," she said softly, but even then she did not move.

Captain Michael put down his pen.

"There is something that you wish to say to me?" he asked softly, and glanced up into her face.

"Yes—and no."

"You mean that you are undecided?"

She nodded.

"It is of a man I met; I am worried, because I am not sure. He was wonderful to look on; he had big clear eyes that stared at you, a high forehead, he was tall and clean-cut."

"Ah! And he did something mysterious? Nothing that was worse?"

"Captain, you are wonderful. Yes, something mysterious; and I—I liked him so much that—" she stopped.

"Faith—have faith. He made you promise not to tell of the meeting?"

She nodded.

"That is France of today. There are traitors—spies that go their way among us in strange garbs; but we must believe the best until we have proof. France of today is like a story book. Things happen that have never happened before in all the world; and you must have faith."

"Thank you," she said simply. "Good night." And she went quickly from the room.

To be continued

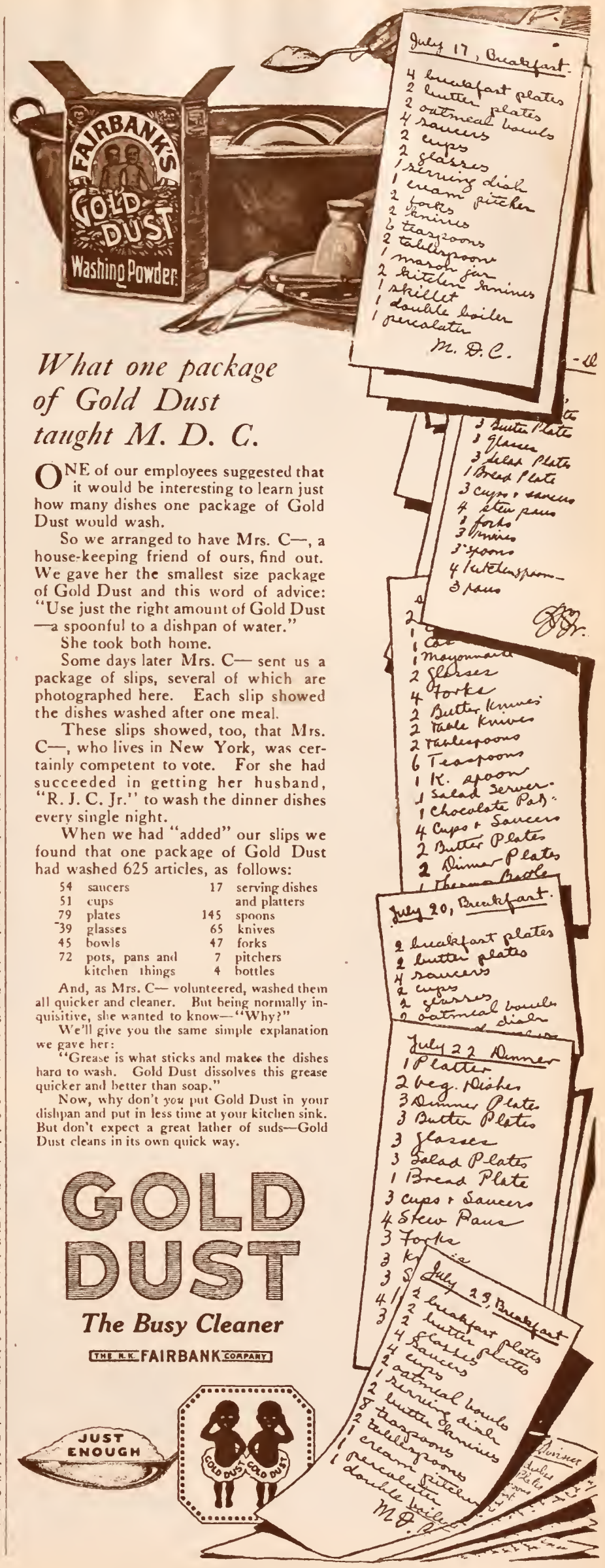
The Martyrs of the East

TALCOTT WILLIAMS, director of the School of Journalism on the Pulitzer Foundation in Columbia University, at the International Sunday School Association in Buffalo on Tuesday evening, June 25, said in part:

"The massacred Armenians, Greeks and Syrians in Bible lands number at least a million and a quarter, and those whose lives are ruined, their health broken, and their hope destroyed, with bitter memories to remain for all their days, number at least two million more. These massacres are not due to fanaticism. They have not come because of jealousies between races. They have not at bottom even the poor excuse that they arise from the policy of the Turks to root out all other nations. The last motive undoubtedly exists. It has been quickened into a devouring flame by the plots and plans of the Imperial German Government.

"Every one of those slain in the greatest crime of the century and one of the greatest of all days, is a martyr not only for Christianity but for freedom. Throughout all Southeastern Europe and Southwestern Asia, from the borders of Austria down to the Persian Gulf and Red Sea, and from the Mediterranean to the deserts of Persia, sword and flame, massacre and deportation, starvation and diseases that follow famine, have been deliberately set in motion by the Imperial German government, on plans organized in Berlin and executed against all the lesser Slav lands, over the Balkans to Turkey.

"Christianity and our patriotism, the necessity we are under of protecting those who will support freedom in the lands which we are to free, call us to save the Armenians, Syrians and Greeks from extinction, and to continue this war until the wrath of God and the vengeance of divine justice are inflicted on the murderers of these helpless people, to the end that neither Christianity nor liberty may disappear from the lands where Christ gathered little children to his bosom in the first Sunday school class consecrated to his name, and Paul preached as the first missionary of faith in Jesus."



What one package of Gold Dust taught M. D. C.

ONE of our employees suggested that it would be interesting to learn just how many dishes one package of Gold Dust would wash.

So we arranged to have Mrs. C—, a house-keeping friend of ours, find out. We gave her the smallest size package of Gold Dust and this word of advice: "Use just the right amount of Gold Dust—a spoonful to a dishpan of water."

She took both home.

Some days later Mrs. C— sent us a package of slips, several of which are photographed here. Each slip showed the dishes washed after one meal.

These slips showed, too, that Mrs. C—, who lives in New York, was certainly competent to vote. For she had succeeded in getting her husband, "R. J. C. Jr." to wash the dinner dishes every single night.

When we had "added" our slips we found that one package of Gold Dust had washed 625 articles, as follows:

54	saucers	17	serving dishes and platters
51	cups	145	spoons
79	plates	65	knives
39	glasses	47	forks
45	bowls	7	pitchers
72	pots, pans and kitchen things	4	bottles

And, as Mrs. C— volunteered, washed them all quicker and cleaner. But being normally inquisitive, she wanted to know—"Why?"

We'll give you the same simple explanation we gave her:

"Grease is what sticks and makes the dishes hard to wash. Gold Dust dissolves this grease quicker and better than soap."

Now, why don't *you* put Gold Dust in your dishpan and put in less time at your kitchen sink. But don't expect a great lather of suds—Gold Dust cleans in its own quick way.

GOLD DUST

The Busy Cleaner

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

THE AR

© International Film Service

In open warfare any cover will do. The Germans, falling back in the Aisne region, left this gun limber behind to be used shortly as a fortification by the victoriously advancing Poilus

British Official

British artillery massed in the square of A Huns on August 23. This picture was t in British hands in 1917. The church, its near by are now only heaps of br

© Committee on Public Information

This trench mirror and the Testament being held behind it stopped a German bullet in France and saved a Yankee life

© Underwood & Underwood

Comin' through the Rye? Maybe it's wheat, but woe to the Hun when this Yank sees him

IES IN ACTION

British Official Photo

Bucquoy, in Picardy, captured by General Byng's army in its first rush on August 21

© Harris & Ewing

Uncle Sam will be ready September 28 with your fourth Liberty Bond, all printed and waiting for you. Here is his largest pressroom, where presses are working night and day

© Committee on Public Information

...ole in the foreground, that looks like a barber-pole, marks ...rmer boundary between France and Alsace. The American ...s marching by are a guarantee that the pole will some day come down; maybe it will float down the Rhine

British Official Photo. © Western Newspaper Union

British motor machine gunners, the mosquito fleet of the land army, a flying terror to the Huns, whose retreat in Picardy they have helped to turn to confusion

Better protection means Yale protection

WHEN you decide it is about time you installed Yale locks and hardware—you will be buying *better* protection, *greater* security, *longer* service. As you will soon discover for yourself.

The "Yale" trade-mark on any lock or piece of builders' hardware is your insurance of superiority in materials, in design and in fitness for the purpose for which that product was made.

If you want *better* protection—and of course you do—you will insist upon Yale protection. And that means you will make certain you *see* that trade-mark "Yale" on the locks and hardware you buy.

Three leading Yale products are shown: Yale Cylinder Night Latches, Yale Padlocks, and Yale Door Closers. They typify the fineness of all Yale products, which include Yale Builders' Hardware, Trunk Locks, and Cabinet Locks. All made and guaranteed by the makers of the famous Yale Chain Block.

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TRADE YALE MARK

Our Mail-Bag

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. Correspondents may use a nom de plume to identify the question, but all letters must contain name and address of the writer, in addition to the nom de plume. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

ANXIOUS. Is there any hope for a backslider?

See Heb. 10 : 26–29; John 6 : 37; Heb. 6 : 4–6, and I John 1 : 9. The passage in Heb. 10 refers to those who sin after receiving "full knowledge" of the truth (see 1 Tim. 2 : 4), and who, after having been "enlightened" and tasting a certain measure of grace and the spirit of truth (see John 14 : 17–29), apostatize to Judaism or infidelity. Such is not a sin of ignorance or error, but the result of moral wickedness, or a deliberate sin against the Spirit—a presumptuous sin against Christ's redemptive work for us. Having known the one sacrifice for sin, and having a certain experience of the efficacy of that sacrifice, they have now rejected it. In Heb. 6 : 4–6 the same idea is emphasized. Such sinners crucify Christ anew, instead of crucifying the world (see Gal. 6 : 14). The passage in John 6 : 37 expresses the glorious certainty of eternal life to those who believe and stand firm—those who are given Him of the Father and who come to Him with full surrender. Not the simply willing, but the actually faithful; not the waverers, but the true and abiding, are to realize the promise. In the backslider there has been no complete dedication, otherwise there would be no apostasy. I John 1 : 9 emphasizes the assurance of forgiveness and acceptance of the faithful ones. Concerning the possibilities of a return to Christ on the part of a backslider, we can only assert that what to man may and often does seem impossible is possible with God, and that his grace is boundless. Peter backslid in a most grievous way, and yet was forgiven. By a miracle of divine grace, the backslider, although beyond human hope of recall, may in God's abundant mercy find refuge and forgiveness.

P., Yorkshire, Ohio. In Rom. 4 : 19 the apostle is citing Abraham's example of faith in God and his promises. Abraham against hope believed in hope. Although he took all the adverse circumstances into account, yet he wavered not. His faith might have been weakened by the long delay or by the infirmities of his advanced age, which made the fulfilment of the promise seem impossible; but he hoped on by faith, and, faith conquering, he had his fulfilment. Abraham's example is for us all—no matter how impossible God's promises may seem of fulfilment, our faith will remove mountains higher than were Abraham's. As ye believe, ye shall receive.

Miss J. A., Adel, Iowa. Your case is like that of thousands of others, who are sorrowing for their dear ones who may be in danger. But you and others are workers in this great common cause of service for mankind, to free it once and for all from the greatest of human curses. We cannot feel that this war is a punishment. On the contrary, it is a glorious opportunity and a duty for us to serve and give our all, that the world may be able to live in peace and happiness.

Mrs. C. H. H., Georgetown, Texas. We have not statistics to show what percentage of Protestants in America practice close communion, but believe the percentage is growing less. The idea of a common ground on which all Protestants can meet is gaining rapidly. God speed the day when we may have one church as we have but one Master and Lord over all.

J. M., Arroyo Grande, Calif. The Christian Herald has always believed and holds today that the Bible is inspired from cover to cover. Those who find out some passages and doubt their authenticity, get into the realm of higher criticism and then the Bible goes by the board. The Bible is God's revelation to men.

M. M. S., Allentown, Pa. One may not know that he has prayed amiss until his prayer is unanswered, and he becomes convinced that what he prays for is not to be prayed for. But that is no argument against insistence in prayer. Your Heavenly Father invites you to bring all your troubles before him. He wants his children to feel that he is interested in all of their affairs. He answers our prayers, not always in the way we would wish them answered, it is true; but consistent seekers at the door of Mercy and Hope can ever find help in their communion with Him "from whom cometh all good." 2. If you have asked forgiveness and done all in your power to make amends for a wrong committed, you have done enough. If he whom you have wronged persists in carrying a grudge, that is his failure, not yours. Seventy times seven was the Master's injunction for our forgiveness of wrongs, and he who does not follow it is not His true disciple.

O. E. V., Newark, Ill. No one ever has a right to claim that this or that theology, either ancient or modern, could or would save sinners. Theology is the science of teaching how to bring the message, but the message itself is the thing and the only means of salvation—the message of the Cross and a dying Saviour. Do not let us at this time criticize or prefer one form of religion before another. God is served in many ways. Let us leave all to him.

G. A. E., Mankata, Sask., Canada, and H. R., Littles, Canada. 1. The Gospel account of the Transfiguration says that Moses and Elias were conversing with Jesus. Since John, James and Peter were also there, under spiritual exaltation, they may have joined in the conversation. There is a report of what Peter suggested. Therefore Peter must either have been told that Moses and Elias were there, or he had divined it. 2. In the parable of Dives and Lazarus, Christ is making use of the Jewish tradition according to which Paradise and Gehenna are so situated that one is visible from the other. The recognition of Abraham points to the fact that descent from Abraham, even when acknowledged in that state after death, and recognizing the patriarch and calling on him for help, is in itself of no avail.

H. R. B., Springfield, Mass. We have often stated that no one who is afraid and troubled by the fear that he has committed the unpardonable sin has really done so, for to have committed it would mean that the Spirit of God had left him, and one in that condition would not care whether he had committed the sin or not. But your troubled conscience shows that the Spirit is still working in you. So long as you trust God, he will not forsake you and will yet bring you to that peace which passeth all understanding.

Ralph P. Weed, Worcester, Mass. "I read with great pleasure the article in your paper of July 17, 1918, 'Safeguarding Our Army's Food Supply,' by Edward Mott Wooley. I agree with you that the work is worthy of the nation, but the pay paid these honest, faithful and loyal men is a disgrace. Many of them are paid less than the United Charities appropriate for a pauper's family in the stockyard district of Chicago. The packers have increased the pay of their employees nearly 100 per cent. since the war began, and reduced their hours from ten to eight, until the men working for the packers are receiving more money for less hours of service than the inspectors who supervise the work. Congress has appropriated $10 per month for the inspectors, and that is the only increase many of them have received in seven or eight years. I am enclosing a clipping from the Weekly News Letter of June 12, published by the Department of Agriculture. I have checked the item of 1,312 men and 55 women who have been starved out and forced to leave the service to obtain a living wage. This is very nearly 50 per cent. of the working force outside of Washington, D. C., and the positions have been filled to a great extent by temporary appointments who have never passed any civil service examination to determine their fitness. The reason is that men will not take the examination for the salary paid. I see the Department of Commerce and Labor reports $1,650 per annum necessary for a family of five to live on in comfort. And I am sure these men, who many times work twelve and fourteen hours per day with no pay for overtime, are worthy of a living wage. If you wish to become familiar with their struggles for better pay, read the hearings before the Committee on Agriculture, House of Representatives, Sixty-fourth Congress, first session, on H. R. 5972; a Bill relating to certain employees of the Bureau of Animal Industry; also remarks by Hon. William Wilson, House of Representatives, December 19, 1916."

E. N. O., Carville, La., and A. A. L., Omaha, Neb. 1. Was it Samuel in person, or a spiritual being in his image, that appeared before the woman and spoke to Saul; or was it an evil spirit? 2. Was the communication recorded in Sam. 28 : 15–19 directly spoken by Samuel to Saul?

Saul was a king of violent temper, moody and given to melancholy. Estranged in his friendships and at odds with his advisers, he sought the aid of this woman, who had the reputation of being able to communicate with the spirits of the dead. Much has been written on the question whether, in the scene at Endor, there was an imposture or a real apparition. Eustathius and a majority of the early Christian fathers held the former opinion, and represent it as a deception of the evil one: Origen held the latter view. It should be remembered that Saul, at the time, was forsaken of God and, rendered desperate by his sins, he had recourse to this woman, who in the Hebrew writings is described as "a mistress of Ob" or a necromancer (not a "witch") who obtained a living by pretending to have intercourse with spirits, while the Greek writers describe her as a ventriloquist. Josephus, the Jewish historian, describes her as one of a class of fortune-tellers who had been banished by the king. Saul's highly wrought nervous condition at the time, combined with the fact that he himself saw no vision or spirit, but simply listened to and accepted the necromancer's description of an aged man of god-like appearance, should be taken into consideration. These facts doubtless influenced the early fathers in reaching the conclusion that the wretched king had been the victim of an imposition.

Guy O. Carpenter, chaplain, U. S. N. Training Station, San Francisco, writes in appreciation of the copies of the Christian Herald sent to the station every week. He adds: "They are a great help in my work and are greatly appreciated by the men. Never since I have been here have I had a copy left, and never have I seen a copy thrown away on the parade ground. Almost every Sunday the men beg me for more copies than I have, so that I have a time saving enough to take to the sick men in the hospital. It is just the magazine the men need and like, as it is vitally Christian and yet undenominational; it is current and yet clean and wholesome."

Private Thomas F. Hickey, Fort Crockett, Texas, writes: "I am a United States Marine of 104th Co., 8th Regiment, at Fort Crockett, Galveston, Texas. I wish to thank the Christian Herald very much for sending me the beautiful copies I have been receiving for the past seven months. It is through the Y. M. C. A. that gave me notice of it. It has very nice stories, and it is a pleasure to read it, and when I am through with it I give it to some other men in my company. They all like it very much."

We are glad to know that our friends in the Marines, as well as in the other branches of the service, all welcome the Christian Herald. We only wish we could send a copy to every one in the service.

M. H. R., Chicago, Ill. The following quotation is taken from a letter to me from my brother, a major in the Medical Reserve now in France: "The fields are covered with poppies; the larks sing as I have never heard birds sing; and although the war is real and terrible, there is something about being in it and a part of this great struggle for the right that gives one a great thankfulness." I read this letter to a friend and this sentence reminded her of a sermon in the Christian Herald of April 10, which she lent me. It was entitled "Over the Top with the Stars of God," by Rev. Edwin Kelgwin, D.D.—a wonderfully inspiring sermon which has crystallized vague ideas that were in my mind but that I could not express. I would like to have others read it. If it were published in tract or pamphlet form it could be sent to the boys "over there," helping them to feel that they are "co-laborers with God" in this war for righteousness. Surely the germ of this thought is in their hearts, and reading the sermon would bring it to maturity and give them an added inspiration and consecration. The thought of God's Service Star at Bethlehem must have come to many. Last December, Emma Conger Thomson, my cousin in Orange, California, was thinking of her son in the service and saw a beautiful star from her window as she gazed into the sky. She wrote these verses:

"When our Heavenly Father sent his Son
To serve in lands afar,
He hung in the skies of Bethlehem,
A sacred Service Star.
And as our son goes forth to serve,
We hope that naught will mar
The soul of him for whom God hung
A sacred service star."

F. R., Germantown, Pa. The time when the world will see the last of the kings may yet be far off. Your idea of a republic of Middle Europe, however, may some day be realized. No one can foresee the changes that may take place after the war. It has pulled down several crowns already, and others may fall before all is over. "A Free World for Free Peoples" is a noble sentiment. May it be prophetic.

Marion Harland's Corner

Once Again "In the Bread Line"

IF personal experience and the reiterated warnings and admonitions of government officials and the public prints had not ground into my memory the imminent importance of the wheaten bread question, our corner correspondence would keep it continually before me. I offer but a few examples of this:

As to the question regarding dry yeast, I would say that I have used this for several years with satisfactory results.

I use it as the compressed yeast is used, by soaking in a little warm water until it is thoroughly softened, then mixing with other ingredients. The advantages are that it costs less and does not spoil easily. It will keep indefinitely, but the fresh cakes are more active and the bread will rise more quickly.

I think it is rather more reliable when all or part milk is used, instead of all water.—Mrs. J. N. R. (*New Hampshire*).

Yeast is an indispensable accessory to the manufacture of the family loaf. Neither muffins nor quickly made cakes of divers sorts take its place. Another bread-maker has a word respecting the dry yeast to the merits of which others have attested:

For a while I clung to the brand of yeast used by my mother and my neighbors. Then a friend in whom I have much confidence told me of her experience with the dry cakes. She said they are more uniform in quality than anything else she had ever tried, and keep longer without losing strength. For six months I have used no other in my baking, and can conscientiously endorse her opinion.—Mrs. V. C. M. (*New Jersey*).

I enclose several recipes which I know by experience are good. The first you would call

Old-Fashioned Brown Bread

One cupful bread-crumbs; one cupful cornmeal; one cupful graham flour; one and one-half cupful sweet or sour milk; one cupful New Orleans molasses; one half-teaspoonful soda; one-half teaspoonful salt; and one teaspoonful of shortening. Steam two hours. Bake half an hour. I use coffee or baking powder cans.—Eliza M. D. (*Illinois*).

With the disagreeable memory of an omission in another recipe for wheatless bread, a while ago, I venture to suggest that a full teaspoonful of soda would be required to bring into effervescence all the acid in molasses and sour milk called for here as the "raising" agent in your formula. Where no yeast is used the combination of acid and alkali that causes fermentation in the dough should be justly calculated. A too common fault with cooks is to have "too heavy a hand" with soda, and likewise with baking-powders. Nevertheless, the proper balance should be preserved. The other recipes for which we have to thank you will appear as we can make room for them in our small Corner.

Can you give me a reliable recipe for making yeast bread with substitutes, either with or without wheat flour? I have tried many recipes with no success, until I feel that I can waste no more material. I use compressed yeast, but my bread rises very slowly, and falls like cake that is too rich.—Ella G. L. (*New York*).

It is one of the pleasant coincidences that star all lives, if we keep a bright lookout for them, that the mail which brought your request contained what may be accepted as a direct reply:

Perhaps my method of making "Victory Bread" may help some one. The yeast-bread is more successful and economical than the quick breads with me. I always use the dry yeast cakes. I also prefer a large bowl and heavy iron spoon to a bread-mixer; I can then judge better of the stiffness of the dough.

In the evening, start a sponge by mixing one cup of warm potato-water, one cup of mashed potatoes, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar and one yeast cake soaked in water.

Next morning, place in the bowl three cups of rolled oats—or part corn meal instead—one heaping tablespoonful of lard, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of molasses; two heaping teaspoonfuls of salt. Pour over this five cups of boiling water, stir, and let it cook, stirring occasionally. Add sponge and flour to make a thick batter. When light add flour to make a stiff dough; then with spoon and knife, place in tins. When light bake in a moderate oven an hour or a little more. I use any kind of mixed flour I have on hand, as it is better than any one kind of "substitute." Mashed potato added to the sponge or batter improves it. This makes four loaves.—Mrs. C. H. (*New York*).

Thousands of Americans do not consider warm bread as wholesome as cold. They want a loaf that will slice smoothly; that may be made into sandwiches without crumbling; that will cut evenly for the toast that figures prominently upon our breakfast tables; as several members have said, they want unsweetened bread! In my own family, where the law of wheatless days has been observed for a year, we find nothing that takes the place of the wheaten loaf—available alike for toast, sandwiches, crumbs for puddings and for breading chops, as well as a certain oaten bread which we get from the manufacturers. I wish it were practicable to imitate it successfully in private kitchens! Any attempt in this direction would be gratefully hailed by seventy per cent. of readers and judges of nourishing and palatable fare.

A correspondent asked lately for a recipe for "old-fashioned buckwheat johnny cake. It gives me pleasure to be able to answer the request:

Buckwheat Johnny-Cakes

This is the way I make them with water. Of course the farmer's wife will know what to do when she has plenty of buttermilk and milk, but this is for the city wife. Cover one-half a yeast-cake in the evening with warm water—say one pint. Mix buckwheat and a little wheat flour in; stir for five minutes; add one teaspoon sugar; set in a warm place to rise. Next morning put in one egg, salt, and enough water, more buckwheat flour, and some corn flour to make a good batter. Leave some dough each time for the next day out of this. In the evening it is best to put warm water and flour in again, cover, and so on. If this don't rise enough add one-half a yeast cake, but leave some of the old dough for the next day, always.—Mrs. J. C. (*Nebraska*).

Farmers' wives old enough to recollect the winter breakfasts of "buckwheat johnnies and molasses" will applaud the loyalty of our Nebraska member to the days of her childhood. "Nothing tastes now as it did then," is a lament of which we grow weary sometimes, in view of the confessed improvements in the national culinary department. All the same, we cling to the fond memory of the good things that "mother used to make."

Heaven grant that we may always thus cling and dream!

My daughter, who is my housekeeper, says: "Tell her we find that cold corn bread and muffins make delicious stuffing for roast chicken—if one is so lucky as to have chicken."

It sounds like "If I had some ham I'd have some ham and eggs if I had some eggs!" A friend told us the other day that she had looked through all her cook-books and found not one recipe for plain corn meal mush. I remembered having the same experience years ago, and finding one later which I had to modify. Some day will you give one, and also state if you think that wetting the meal before stirring it into the boiling water affects the flavor? It is claimed that only the old way of sprinkling the meal into the boiling water will do, and a careless cook will get it very lumpy.—Mrs. D. J. B. (*New Jersey*).

Here is the simplest and best recipe for plain boiled mush I have. I do not think that wetting the meal with cold water before cooking affects the flavor. Nor have I ever seen why the olden style of sprinking the meal by handfuls into the boiling pot is of advantage to the consistency or the taste of the mush. On the contrary, each handful is disposed to lump because the outside cooks more rapidly than the inside, and forms a coating about the raw meal.

Your friend is unlucky in her assortment of cook-books. The following is taken verbatim from the first I opened:

Indian Meal Mush

Moisten a cupful of corn meal with enough cold water to make it into a paste. Stir this paste gradually into a quart of salted boiling water and cook, beating it up hard and often, for at least one hour. Should the mush become too stiff, add from time to time more boiling water.

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"We're All Uncle Sam's Boys Now"
"Columbia's Song"
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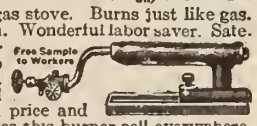

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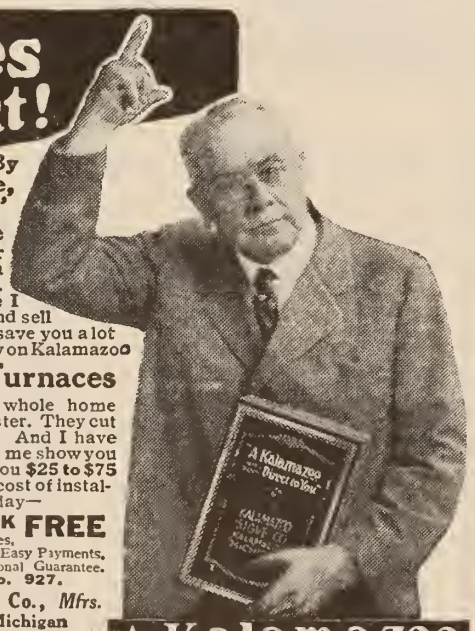

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American Red Cross Home Service

By ALEXANDER M. WILSON

Director Civilian Relief, Atlantic Division, American Red Cross

HOW the American Red Cross through its Home Service work is helping to bind the different races of America into one unified nation was recently described at various meetings in Washington attended by Red Cross Division Directors of Civilian Relief from all over the United States. The Mexicans, who constitute a great problem in the Southwest, the Indians of several Western divisions, the foreign populations of the Atlantic seaboard cities, the negroes of the South, and even, in one remote part of Minnesota, a group of Icelandic people, are all coming under the attention of Home Service because they are sending sons and fathers away to war, and any family that has a soldier or a sailor at the front or in training has a claim upon the government.

A message of neighborliness and social sympathy is being carried into remote districts which never before took the trouble to recognize their social problems and make headway against them by proper methods. The men and women who have been directing this organizing work, Division Directors of Civilian Relief, met at the call of W. Frank Persons, Director General, to perfect and extend the plans which have already resulted in the formation of over 3,000 chapters, which already have been helping over 200,000 families of men in service.

In the south the Home Service workers are in many cases dealing with negroes who have more money than they ever had before. Government allowances are wealth to them, and they are being educated in habits of thrift that will make war time the beginning of lasting prosperity. In the Southwest among the Mexicans a spirit of brotherhood and a message of common humanity is being carried by Home Service workers. Little isolated communities all over the country are being made to feel that they are a part of the great United States, a part of the national program.

Problems of the conference centered chiefly about the question of morale, the difficult side of winning the war which the Home Service organization has taken as one of its chief responsibilities. One of the greatest influences upon the fighting capacity of the men in the trenches comes from their thoughts about home. If cheerful thoughts are supported by frequent and cheerful letters, and by the assurance that if anything happens at home requiring outside help the Home Service workers are ready and anxious to be of service, then the men will fight with greater enthusiasm and persistence and will not be so susceptible to shell shock or depression of spirits.

A manual prepared by C. E. Lakeman of the Headquarters Staff of Civilian Relief brought up the questions of after-care which are of particular concern to Home Service workers. The support of the family is counted on by all the agencies interested in the welfare of the partially disabled men who are to be expected when greater numbers of American troops get into action. It is the belief of the army surgeons here, based upon the experience of other countries, that nearly every wounded man may be fitted to take a useful place in the industrial or business world in spite of the loss of a limb, or even of his eyesight. They fear more than anything else that returned disabled soldiers will be weakened in their resolution to retain their self-respect and find real work by the mistaken kindness of hero worshipers, who will eventually make such men little better off than beggars. They will sustain them on charity until the men have passed the period in whien they might be learning a useful occupation, and then will forget them when the first flush of war enthusiasm is over.

The Smith-Sears law appropriated a fund to re-educate every disabled soldier who would take the opportunity. Under the law there will be no compulsion in the matter of education, but every means will be taken to encourage the soldier to learn a trade or an occupation which will enable him to take his place and make his way as well as if he had never been wounded. It is here that the influence of the family will be one of the most potent factors, and the Home Service sections have been in touch almost from the beginning with the soldiers' families.

It is to make this organization complete in every village and crossroads as well as in New York or Boston that the directors are devoting themselves. The Information Service is a bureau which receives every day from all over the country hundreds of letters sent in by Home Service Sections asking help in straightening out financial troubles into which soldiers' families have fallen through the failure of their allotments or allowances to reach them. The mistakes which the families themselves make in filling out blanks, the mistakes which soldiers make, and the misunderstandings that arise by accident—these things, added to the great complexity of the task which the War Risk Insurance Bureau is accomplishing, make a great many difficulties. Home Service workers believe that they have many more things to do for the soldier's family than merely to see that they have money until the allowance comes. But they see that these material things are taken care of first. As one director said, "We are not setting up merely an information service; that is usually no more than our first point of contact; and we are most emphatically not running charity bureaus. But along with the other kind things that we want every soldier's family to feel that the Red Cross stands ready to do for them is to see that they are not in need of money when things unexpectedly go wrong."

The most striking need at the present moment is for more trained workers and volunteers who will take the six weeks' Institute courses that are offered in the larger cities. These institutes are brief but thorough courses in social service. "The ideally organized community," said C. E. Stillman, associate director in the Chicago office, "would be a community where every class of people is represented on the Home Service committee, where there are as many men as women willing to do visiting and give friendly and sympathetic advice, and where the work is centralized under the direction of a trained secretary who gives all her time to the work and keeps an office to which any one can go."

It is to secure these trained secretaries that attendanee at the Institutes is most needed. Under the general direction of Porter R. Lee of New York and Dr. Thomas J. Riley of Brooklyn, both well known in the field of education for social work, much has been done, but the sessions of the Institutes will be multiplied to accommodate the increasing number of volunteers who wish to take part in the work. To accomplish this, the courses and methods of some of the schools will be adapted to the needs of smaller communities, and will be held in the less thickly populated districts. This will enable workers to get in touch with the rural and small town problems as well as city problems, and will broaden the scope of the teaehing.

One Big Drive

FOLLOWING protests against the proposed grouping in two main divisions of the appeals for support of the various organizations ministering to the spiritual comfort and moral and physical well-being of our boys "Over There," the whole matter was referred to President Wilson; and it was announced on September 4 that all funds would be grouped in one great canvass to begin November 11 and to continue for one week. The American people will be asked to give a total of $170,500,000, of which the Y. M. C. A. will expend $100,000,000 and the Y. W. C. A. and War Camp Community Service $15,000,000 each. The Salvation Army will receive $3,500,000. None of this fund will go to the Red Cross, but the Red Cross will make a nation-wide campaign for members in December.

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What It Means to Be a Christian

International Sunday School Lesson for September 29
I John 3 : 1-24

A Review Lesson

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

OUR course of study in the Christian Life ends with today's lesson and once more we look back to review a quarter's work in our Sunday school careers. As we go quickly over the ground covered by the past twelve topics, we realize more completely the purpose back of the selection of the Bible readings we have had placed before us. There has been a plan in it all, and now we have a chance to see it and to refresh our minds and correlate our teachings. Teachers should always make an outline of their subjects before they begin, and I have found it invaluable to make another independent of the first after completing the work. It is very instructive to compare the two. Get your class to help you to make a blackboard summary of the quarter. Here is a suggestion:

The Christian Life

1. Enlistment—The Life Begun.
2. The Bible—Its Principles.
3. Prayer—Its Direction.
4. Obedience—Its Spirit.
5. Growth—Its Development.
6. Good Deeds—Its Exercise and Method.
   (*Five Special Avenues*)
   7. Church Work.
   8. Evangelism.
   9. Christian Giving.
   10. Fighting Evil.
   11. World Missions.
12. The Rewards of Service.

Christianity According to St. John

Having reviewed our work in such clear-cut present-day terms full of meaning even to the youngest among us, we can turn now to the beautiful letter which is our special study today, wherein "the disciple whom Jesus loved" gives us his interpretation of the life which we now live by faith in the Son of God. This letter is in full accord with John's Gospel, but is even plainer and simpler in stating "what it means to be a Christian," and is written with a winsome tenderness that is much more successful than labored argument could ever be. Never were the Christian graces made more attractive, and never was sin, unbelief and hypocrisy more sternly denounced by a pen whose sweetness never became feebleness.

A Present Redemption and a Glorious Prospect

"Beloved, *now* are we children of God." The Christian experience is not to be described in terms of mere probation for future bliss and communion. We enter upon our heritage in this present world, being delivered from fear and loneliness as well as sin, and entering here and now into a large measure of communion with our Heavenly Father. Have not all the great saints testified to this? Listen to Simon Patrick praying, "Oh, how marvelous is thy love in Christ! How many tokens and pledges have I received of thy grace! and what treasures of joy do I find in thy great and precious promises! I can do no less than make an oblation of myself, with a heart full of love and thankfulness to thee for the benefits thou hast *already* bestowed upon me."

To St. John this present joy was heightened by a lively expectation of a more wondrous future. Even he could not put it into words, saying only in general, that when Christ shall appear we shall "be like him." What a hallowing thought! Truly, "every one that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He is pure." Perhaps we of this generation need to be reawakened to the mystical side of our religion, while in no wise forsaking our very practical manifestations of Christianity in a life of service. We are losing inspiration and joy. Richard Baxter says: "If I should tell a worldling what the holiness and spiritual joys of the saints on earth are, he can not know; for grace can not be clearly known without grace; how much less could he conceive it, should I tell him of this (future) glory! But to the saints I may be some what more encouraged to speak."

This is today a neglected aspect o the Christian life, partly because w are so practically minded.

There was no one more abundant i good works than Richard Baxter, ye he drew his strength from "The Saints Everlasting Rest." He believed i prayerful Bible reading, in meditativ communion. Says he, "Run familiarl through the streets of the heavenl Jerusalem; visit the patriarchs and th prophets, salute the apostles, and ad mire the armies of martyrs; lead on th heart from street to street, bring it int the palace of the Great King." And i another place he makes this note upo a verse of the Gospel of John: "Oh, th full joys offered to a believer in that on sentence of Christ: 'Father, I will tha they whom thou hast given me be witl me where I am, that they may behol the glory which thou hast given me!' "

Righteousness and a Brotherly Love

It is remarkable how men of such dif ferent points of view as John and Jame and Paul agree on the fundamentals For example, this chapter presents tw great key words for the Christian char acter: righteousness and brotherly love What are these but the abstract term used by the first Christian philosophe for the concrete illustrations used by th first Christian moralist whose definitio of religion is "To visit the fatherless an widows in their affliction, and to kee himself unspotted from the world"?

Nor was John's conception of right eousness a merely formal one. He meant by it real, honest, downrigh Christian goodness of heart and life It is no academic and forensic righteous ness such as some of the theologian have made it. If the Gospel were no producing clean, strong men and wome living right lives before the world i would be a failure. "By their fruit shall ye know them."

Neither is the Christian's righteousness a cold and impersonal thing, however correct. Brotherliness is its essence; it glows through and through with loving interest in one's fellows, with sympathy and the desire to help. Could St. James have put it any stronger than this: "Whoso hath the world's goods and beholdeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how doth the love of God abide in him"?

What does it mean to be a Christian? In briefest terms it means to have the spirit of Christ. According to John it is the Spirit of Christ abiding in a man that makes him God's and gives him the supreme assurance that only comes from fellowship. Paul says plainly in his mighty chapter on the Christian life (Romans 8): "If any man hath not the spirit of Christ he is none of his." Do we display a Christ-like spirit? Do we in our contact with the world and in our fellowship with our brethren and sisters in the church? One of the most caustic comments ever passed upon a professed Christian minister was quietly made in these simple but final words, "He does not remind me of Jesus Christ."

What Jesus Expects of Us

Jesus is not only the Divine Lord, but he is also the Great Energizer. It was he who made those simple Galileans great. Is it unreasonable for us to believe that his expectations concerning us are high? Cultured, fortunate, young Americans, trained in splendid public schools and consecrated churches, "ye are the light of the world, ye are the salt of the earth" not less than the little company who sat at His feet on the mountain side two thousand years ago. Are you going to disappoint him? Or are you going to make today a fuller consecration than you have ever made before? "A new commandment write I unto you, because the darkness is passing away, and the true light already shineth." "Walk in the light as He is in the light."

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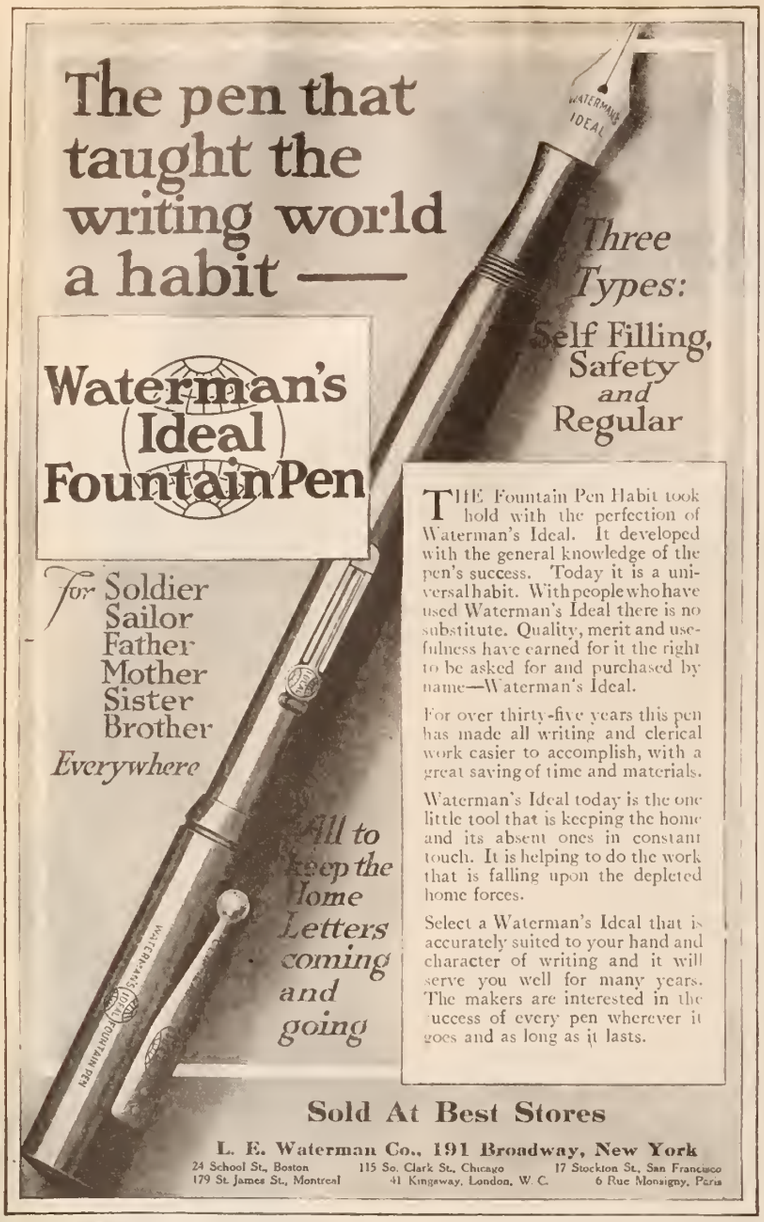

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Ambitions

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WE were talking ambitions. "I," said the business man, quite emphatically, "want to make money. I want to make a great deal of money, and I want to make it as quickly as I can. I suppose you all think that I am thoroughly commercialized, and—well, perhaps I am! But I reckon most everybody's out, more or less, after money."

The little poetess raised great reproachful eyes to the business man. "I'm not out after money," she told him. "Of course, I want to sell my verses—if I can—but that's not the main thing. I want my verses to be splendid—to have people say, long after I'm gone, that I was a great ——" the little poetess paused.

"Genius?" suggested some one, finishing her sentence for her.

The little poetess blushed. But,

"Well, perhaps!" she admitted quite honestly.

"I would like"—it was the youngest boy who spoke, the boy who was just out of knickers and very conscious of the fact—"I would like to be an adventurer! I would like to travel just—lots! I would like to be sort of a captain on a pirate ship, or I'd like to be a whaler, or find a hidden city, or a gold mine, or just hunt tigers in India, or lions in Africa, or rough it in Alaska. I'd like to do something different from——"

"Studying?" questioned the business man, who was his father, "I reckon you would. Your last report was pretty bad. That Latin mark——" He shook his head regretfully and the youngest boy blushed and stopped talking. And we laughed. But our laughter was the understanding sort of laughter.

I looked across at the successful author. He was listening, his charming boyish face quite serious.

"It's all copy to you," I told him under cover of the general laughter. "You're thinking how silly we are—we and our pet ambitions!"

The successful author glanced at me quizzically.

"I was wondering about *your* ambition," he told me—"You haven't said——"

"Neither have you," I interrupted—"neither have you! Maybe——" I hesitated—"maybe your ambition is quite realized. You're a big man in this writing game, you've made a name, you've arrived—maybe there isn't much more for you to want!"

The successful author smiled at me.

"Somehow," he said slowly, "my ambition has never had vitally much to do with my writing. My ambition is such an indefinite one that you'd hardly, I suppose, call it an ambition. I just want to go along doing the best work that's in me, living my life day by day, knowing friendship, and love, and laughter! I want to have clean ideals, and I want to live up to them, so that when I come to the end of the road I can look myself in the eyes and say, 'I'm not ashamed!' That's my ambition."

I looked around the room—silently, thoughtfully. The youngest boy was studying a particularly mean variety of Latin prose, but I saw a book with a very un-Latin prose cover sticking out of his pocket. Two young people, quite obviously in love, were engrossed in conversation. They had not even heard our talk of ambitions. The business man and the little poetess were arguing, and the little poetess was showing signs that spoke of annoyance. I looked around the room slowly and thoughtfully, and then I looked back at the successful author.

"After all," I said, "ambition is a different thing to everybody! To youth it's adventure. To a certain type of mind it's fame, and to another type of mind it's wealth. The two in that corner"—I pointed toward the pair who were quite obviously in love—"think that it's—well, we'll call it romance. To me—to me it's not very far away from the sort of ambition you have. I, too, want to live happily and helpfully. I, too, at the end of the road, want to be able to say, as I look into my heart, that I'm not ashamed."

AMBITION, adventure, romance, wealth, and fame! Ambition—the winding forest path that leads through so many tangles of underbush, through such thickets and marshes and up such steep hills! Ambition—the wraith that so many people follow only to find that it *is* a wraith. Ambition, the lodestar that such multitudes set their course by!

Everybody in the world, I think, has some sort of an ambition. It may not be noble and worth while—it may even be a low ambition, an ambition to do unkind things. But there is, in every human heart, some spark of that eternal fire that spurs one to do—something.

To the youngest boy it was cruising in a pirate bark or hunting a buried treasure. To the business man it was gold. To the little poetess it was fame. But, somehow, the successful author, who said that his ambition was scarcely an ambition at all, had caught the keynote of every real ambition. And I'm sure that, if the youngest boy and the business man and the little poetess had heard him, they would have agreed that, underneath any minor ambition that spoke of wealth or adventure or fame, he had caught the great idea.

Every one who loves God and appreciates the beautiful world that he has given us to live in should have one ambition—one great ambition—under everything. And that ambition should be the desire to walk along life's road in a worthwhile way, so that, when the end of the road comes, one can look himself in the face and say:

"I may not have made a great record, I may not have gained wealth, I may be just one grain of sand on an eternal seashore, but I can meet my Maker with clean hands, and I can look myself in the eyes without shame—and that's the Big Thing.

What One Brave Woman Did

MANY people in many lands will mourn the loss of Miss Mary Hart, who died on August 1, at 90 Plymouth Avenue, Rochester, N. Y. She founded the missionary organization known throughout the world as the Little Helpers' Society (which is now in every Episcopalian Diocese) at Rochester, twenty-six years ago. The Little Helpers' Society had as its first charter member Miss Hart's little nephew, Gaylord Hart Mitchell. It soon spread in the United States, and now has branches in England, Africa, China and other countries. In honor of Miss Hart a Kindergarten was started in Akita, Japan, and from this twenty-one more soon were organized in that country.

On the day before she passed away Rev. Charles H. Evans wrote from Japan: "We hallowed the new kindergarten at Odate by a communion service and have named it the 'Hart Memorial'. Thus we commemorate your own loving and long-continued efforts on behalf of Christ's little ones throughout the world, and the memory of your dear brother." The Odate Kindergarten, the twenty-fourth founded by the Little Helpers, is itself a lasting memorial to one whose enthusiasm for mission work has spread the branches of that influential organization through every diocese at home and abroad.

Bishop John McKim spoke of the society as "one of the most beneficent and successful of evangelistic agencies," adding: "I want one in every field." So far as Japan is concerned his wish is rapidly being fulfilled, for the $1,000 for the last Kindergarten in Odate was obtained through the instrumentality of Miss Hart, who wrote letters from her sick-room soliciting subscriptions almost to the last day of her life. It is noteworthy, too, that this sum began with *a consecrated twenty-five cent piece* which she had taken to a meeting of the denominational organization in Buffalo.

Young People's Topics for Sept. 29

Baptist Strength and Weakness in Our State

B. Y. P. U. Topic. Acts 1:8

WHATEVER may be the strength or weakness of the Baptist organization in your state, a better text could not have been chosen upon which to organize for victory. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you and ye shall be witnesses unto me." The spirit-filled witnessing church is always a power. Whatever may be the strength of the church in your state in buildings, in men and women, its true power is measured by the degree to which these men and women have been baptized with the Holy Spirit and by the voice of their witnessing. Whatever may be your numbers, your weakness may lie in the large number who have neither sought nor received the Holy Ghost, whose faith is largely but an intellectual assent to the doctrines and practices of the church and whose witnessing is meager in volume and weak in assurance. It is not enough that we declare our faith by participating in the sacraments of the Church; we must declare it by word of mouth at every opportunity, or at least at every challenge, and we must declare it hour by hour in our daily living and in our conduct before the world. Leaders chosen for this meeting will be able to secure statistics of numbers and benevolence from the secretary of the Convention of their state whose name and address can be easily procured from the pastor.

The Saloon Power and How to Overthrow It

Epworth League Topic. Heb. 2: 1-17

THIS topic was used as the Christian Endeavor Topic for September 15, and was treated in the Christian Herald of September 4, on page 1014.

Lessons from Favored Hymns

Christian Endeavor Topic. Acts 16: 22-25; II Chron. 5: 11-14

PAUL and Silas singing in prison witnessed so powerfully for their faith that the jailer, after the earthquake, sought from them how he might be saved. The Levites singing the Psalm of Israel paved the way for the glory of the Lord to encompass the House of God. Jewish faith was many times upborne upon the wings of the Psalms and those great songs of Israel are still a fair haven and a certain refuge for stricken and weary hearts, and a sure foundation for that courage that knows no defeat. Through the long centuries the church has been singing the Psalms and in the years since Christ gave his Great Commission, the spirit has moved men, gifted with far-seeing faith and blessed by grace, to express in song those hopes and aspirations which are universal with the race of men. Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light" is a beacon of assurance to every heart burdened with doubt and anxious to believe. Charles Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" has brought comfort and consolation to multiplied thousands. No hymnbook can be complete without both. Similarly "Rock of Ages" bears its witness to God's mercy. "A Mighty Fortress," "Safely Through Another Week," "Break Thou the Bread of Life," "Onward Christian Soldiers," "Work for the Night is Coming," and in these later days the hymns of Fannie Crosby, of P. P. Bliss and even more recently "Brighten the Corner," have claimed our hearts and strengthened our spirits as we sang together their familiar meter. There is a thing which psychologists call mass consciousness. People singing together the same song achieve involuntarily a common feeling, as their voices blend, their hearts and minds unite and from the singing comes renewed patriotism and strength for mighty armies to do battle for the nation and for God. The song of faith puts many an uncertain foot upon the pathway of our Lord. The song of hope brightens the dark corners of doubt until the light of assurance is able to dispel the darkness. The song of cheer drives gloom from the heart and leaves a smile and a new light in the eye. Shakespeare put no faith in a man who had no music in his soul. Language is the speech of the mind. Music is the language of the heart and by its music a nation is known and by its singing the Young People's Society is often identified.

The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL *Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.*

A FEW weeks ago, when German blows were forcing back the Allied armies, waiting the time to strike, America prayed. As though in answer to our prayer and in accordance with his plan and purpose, God now gives us victory. Shall we not pray again, daily, for the triumph of right over might, of righteousness over frightfulness, and for our boys, that they may be kept true hearted through all the swelter and hell of battle, that they may be victors in life as well as in combat, as firm in faith as in attack?

Mrs. M. H. E. prays to forget great wrongs that have been done her, the memory of which she fears may ruin her Christian life. She also asks prayer for the conversion of a young man whose immoral life and abusive conduct threaten to break up his family.

Mrs. F. E. S. asks prayers for her son and his family, all of whom have been converted, but whom she is following with a mother's love and care. She also acknowledges many answers to prayer, and asks more prayers for herself and a daughter who is still unsaved.

Two hundred and seven ask prayer for healing of friends or relatives; including Mrs. E. A. R., that sister may be healed without an operation; A Friend, that a certain soldier who has been wounded may be healed and return home safe; Miss S. R. P., for the recovery from cancer of the wife of a Christian worker; J. M., that Evangelist Billy Sunday may be restored to health, thirty-three friends, for healing of self, including Mrs. C. C., to recover entirely from an operation and be made fit to care for family; E. M., to have the use of my limbs restored.

Thirty-one parents ask prayer for the conversion of sons; nine wives, their husbands, fifty, other relatives and friends.

Fifty-one friends ask prayer for help or guidance in financial matters.

J. R. E. asks prayer that son may be fully cured of the drug habit.

Forty-six friends ask prayer for a deeper work of grace, assurance of sins forgiven, or express in other ways their desire for personal spiritual blessing.

Twelve friends ask prayer for special blessing for others, including Miss M. H., that two loved ones may return safely from somewhere in France; M. H. K., that son may be blessed who is in a trainlug camp; two friends, that their sons may return safely home after the war.

Twenty-four friends ask prayer for restoration of hearing for themselves, relatives or friends.

One hundred and five friends ask prayer for the granting of various desires and needs, including A Reader, Ill., for a good rain to save the crop; E. S., for a sure peace.

Acknowledgments of answered prayer have been received from the following:

Mrs. W. M. W., Hopkinton, Iowa; J. M. P., Buchanan, Mich.; Sister, Leetsdale, Pa.; Mrs. H. E. S., Portland, Me.; Mrs. J. W. D., Venice, Calif.; Mrs. H. H., Wayne, Me.; Mrs. A. M., Rolette, N. D.; Mrs. A. E. C., Running Water, Texas; Mrs. C. A. L., Zephyr, Texas; Mrs. F. F., Stauton, Mich.; Miss S. J. G., Inavale, Neb.; Mrs. C. E. W., Protection, Kan.; Mrs. C. H., Lake Odessa, Mich.; E. M. P., South Leeds, Me.; A. T. E., Pelican Rapids, Minn.

The saloon men are on the run—they would fly but for the fact that their business has not been conducive to growth of wings.

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It takes $35 more to arm him with a rifle with a bayonet on it, and if you buy a second $100 bond you furnish him this rifle and 1,000 cartridges for it; and there will still be enough of your money left to purchase a good-sized bomb to throw in a dugout, or demolish a machine-gun together with the Huns operating it.

"Losing Sight of the Cross"

I HAVE read with much interest the article in the Editorial Forum of the Christian Herald, on this subject. I have studied the present condition of the church and the remedy, and it seems to me that the editorial does not go to the root of the trouble. That is clearly stated, and the remedy suggested in I Tim. 1 : 5, 6 (I quote from the Twentieth Century New Testament, because that makes the meaning so clear), "The object of all instruction is to call forth that love which comes from a pure heart, a clear conscience and a sincere faith; and it is because they have not aimed at these things that the attention of some people has been diverted to unprofitable subjects."

Of course, the only way to "call forth that love which comes from a pure heart, a clear conscience, and a sincere faith," is to proclaim the good news of the love of God, and to deliver the message of His love which He sent to mankind through His Son, Jesus Christ. For if we ever truly love, it is because "we have learnt to know and have accepted as a fact the love that God has for us" (I John 4: 16); for "we love because God first loved us" (I John 3 : 19).

We have the certainty of God's love for us in the fact that, first of all, and above everything else, He asks us to love Him and one another (Matt. 22 : 34-40). We have the measure of God's love in His having so loved the world that He gave His Son to redeem it. "God puts His love for us beyond all doubt by the fact that Christ died on our behalf, while we were still sinners."

All of the causes of weakness in the church, mentioned by Dr. Horton, are clearly the result of lack of love. "Lack of unity" certainly is. The only way that Jesus tells us that we can be recognized as His disciples is by loving one another (John 13 : 35). This is the only way by which we may have witness to His saving and purifying power. Jesus prayed that his followers might all be one, "that the world may believe that Thou has sent me as Thy messenger," and "that they may be perfected in their union, that the world may know that Thou hast sent me" (John 17 : 20-24). The obstacles that prevent the unity of believers are the results of unprofitable teaching, and "love out of a pure heart" will remove them all.

Excessive "formulary rites and practices" are things substituted for love. Alignment with wealth—and treatment of persons of wealth with special deference and the consequent neglect of the poor—are the result of lack of love.

"The Church has lost or overlaid the Gospel which made the Church and which alone can give it value." The Gospel is the good news of the love of God. Its purpose is to call forth that love which comes from a pure heart, a clear conscience and a sincere faith, and the Church, not having aimed at these things, has been diverted to unprofitable teaching—"lost or overlaid the Gospel" with something else.

"The Church does not teach that which she has as a sacred gift to the world." Certainly not, when she fails to aim at love and purity and obedience, founded on sincere faith. "She has, for many years, talked of love, and been silent about sin." Nothing could be a clearer evidence of lack of love; for love cannot be silent about sin, because love comes from a "pure heart." "Love fully satisfies the law" (Rom. 13 : 10). Love "lays the commands of Jesus to heart" (John 14 : 21). When the members of the church are filled, not "with a little love," but to overflowing with love for one another and for every one, their hearts will be made strong and their lives pure in the sight of our God and Father (I Thess. 3 : 12, 13).

"We find that a high and Christless civilization is more like a wild beast than man." This is because, under the guise of religion, instead of aiming at love out of a pure heart, they have persistently and systematically taught selfishness and hatred. That is enough to account for their present awful condition. A. S. NEWCOMB.

Williams Bay, Wis.

The Student Volunteer Movement

OVER 7,300 members of the Student Volunteer Movement have been sent out to the mission fields since the origin of the Movement. Over one-half of the missionaries now supported on the mission field by the societies of the United States and Canada were Student Volunteers. During the past two years (1916–17) 823 Student Volunteers were accepted by their boards and sent to the field—a larger number than ever went out in any two preceding years and a gratifying result for war times.

Students and professors continue to contribute liberally for mission work. For several years the annual gifts have been over $200,000 each year; and during the past two years they have raised what is called the Student's Friendship Fund of over a million and a quarter dollars, for the relief of prisoners of war and for Christian work in the Army. Large numbers of Student Volunteers (both undergraduates and older men) have gone into the Army, either as soldiers, chaplains, or Y. M. C. A. workers. The record shows not less than 1,500 are so employed.

Testimonies come from Student Volunteers serving as soldiers, that the Volunteer declaration "to become foreign missionaries, if God permits," is a most powerful influence in their lives, to hold them true to Christian ideals and practices. It is learned from many who have written to the office that they are determined to continue their preparation for foreign missionary service, and press out to the mission field if they get back from the war.

Information from foreign missionary societies during the current year regarding new missionaries needed, shows that not less than 1,000 new missionaries are called for during 1918, and the wisest missionary leaders confidently expect a great forward movement in foreign missions when the war closes; in fact, several of the boards, including some of the largest, have already adopted enlarged programs which, if carried out, mean that more qualified missionaries will be sent to the mission field in the years immediately following the war than during any similar period in the past. This puts a heavier responsibility than ever upon the Student Volunteer Movement, for upon it rests the primary responsibility for recruiting new missionaries. To carry forward the work of the Movement during the current year a budget of $62,000 is required. Up to the present our Treasurer has secured $48,500, leaving a balance of approximately $13,500 still to be received.

God's Star

HARRY LAUDER tells a story of a little boy who was walking down a residential street in a small western town, where a service flag in the window of a house attracted the youngster's attention.

"What's the star on that flag for, daddy?" he asked. "That means," said the father, "that Mrs. Smith has a son in the war."

They walked on a little farther. Then the lad saw a service flag with two stars. "What does that mean, daddy?" he asked. "That means" replied the father, "that there are two sons from that house in the war."

It was just twilight. As the father and the boy walked along, the evening star gleamed in the sky over the roofs of the town. The little boy pointed to it. "Whose star is that, daddy?" he asked. "That's God's star," my boy," said the father. The lad paused a moment, and then said gravely: "Papa, don't you think that God has a Son who is watching over the boys in the war tonight?"

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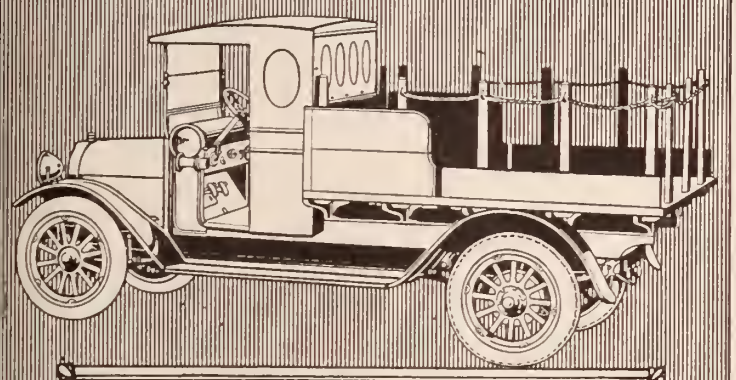

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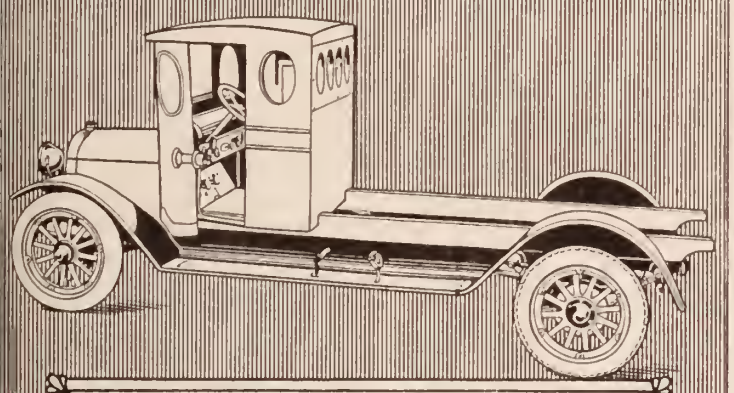

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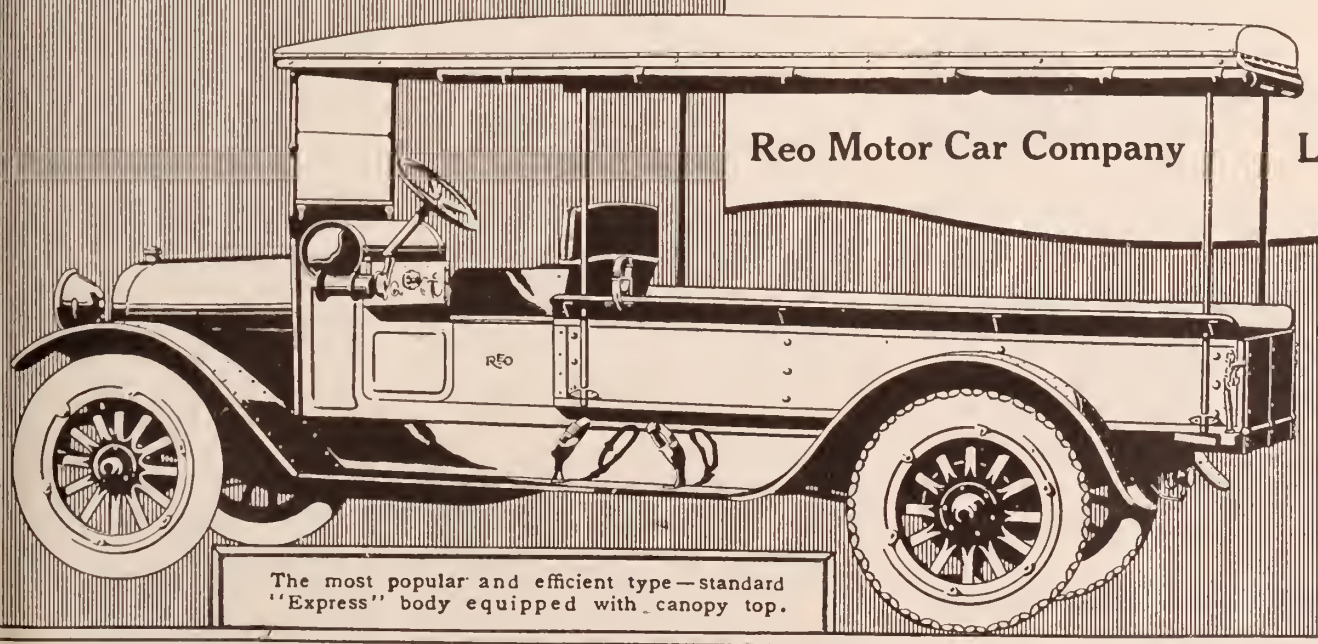

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Theirs is the sacrifice. To them, who have given their loved ones to their Nation in her hour of need, *be the honor.*

We give our soldiers medals for valor in action. How can we honor the brave women who, through the personal sacrifice of their loved ones, are making the winning of this war possible? Join the movement and make it a personal duty to see that every Mother, Wife or Sister of a man in War Service wears a WOMEN'S NATIONAL HONOR MEDAL as a tribute to her loyalty and courage. This is one of the noblest movements started since the war began, and has met with instant and general approval.

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is a fitting symbol of their courage and bravery. It has been created for the purpose of bringing comfort to the women who have given husbands, sons or brothers to the service of their Country. It has been created so that they may show the world their pride in their gift to the cause of Humanity.

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"A Little Bit of Everything"

Continued from page 1047

to tell me that I was out of an article before I sent for more of it. My customers were my stock-takers, and it didn't please them. In one day I found that two dozen people went out disappointed. And it covered everything from can-openers to sewing-machines. I had been following no system in keeping my shelves up to snuff. Some of my oldest customers began to get out of patience with me. They'd scowl at me and bang me on the shoulder and exclaim: 'Why is it that the very thing I want you are always just out of? I'm going to do all my shopping in the city hereafter. It's too much fuss and trouble getting it from you. You promise to order a new lot, and when I come back a week later you have forgotten to do even that.'"

"AND was this literally true?" inquired the man in the linen duster, a bit quizzically.

"Unfortunately, yes. But I ended it then and there. Each day I consult my special stock book. Once a week I have a general going-over of everything. I take it by departments and lines. I keep a little ahead rather than a great deal behind, and that one thing has done more to hold old business and build new business than anything else. I really think it is the secret of a growing general store. Have the goods! It ought to be framed and hanging on the wall of every enterprise of this character. But I'd like to ask, sir, what made you decide to visit this place? It's only store?"

The man in the linen duster climbe slowly down from the barrel, dustin the cracker crumbs from his hands.

"Because," said he, "this gener store used to be the center of activit Everything else seemed to spring fro it. I stood in the very doorway yond and read the first news of the Spanis American War. I guess my first kid h and my first long pants and my fir copy of 'Pilgrim's Progress' came fro this store. It ranks next to the churc and the schoolhouse. I honor any we conducted general store. It perforn a highly important mission in eve community."

He strolled further back, stoppin finally at the shelves where colore calicos were draped, bolt on bolt.

And then he was silent again, liftin down one of the bolts and allowing spray of calico to ripple out over h hand. Mr. Hendrickson saw him do most remarkable and unusual thin he lifted the cloth to his lips and kiss it, and there were tears in his eyes.

"Makes you think of somethin'?" t general store proprietor inquired.

"Yes . . . yes," murmured the m in the linen duster. "What do y think, Hendrickson? That's the sar identical pattern of calico dress goo that a certain little mother bough years and years ago, the day we car over and she rode back with the packa on her lap—the pattern with pi rosebuds."

Allies Smashing the Hindenburg Lin

Continued from page 1043

SEPTEMBER fifth was a day of counter-attacks north of Péronne and of withdrawals along the line to the southward. In spite of these heavy counter-attacks the British made progress on both sides of the Lys reaching and passing their old positions east of Givenchy and pressing back the Germans slightly on the front facing Cambrai. Along the Somme south of Péronne and in the territory between Ham and Chauny northeast of Noyon the Germans were conducting another strategic retirement in unison with their retirement from the Vesle to the Aisne. French tanks and cavalry and French and American patrols were hard on the heels of the enemy rear-guards, which maintained their positions only so long as they could worry the Allies and slipped back through communication trenches as the Allied patrols won their way forward. The French crossed the Ailette, took Couey le Château and won thirty villages and at one point reached the line of March 21. The enemy had withdrawn to the north bank of the Aisne over a front of eight miles and the movement was continuing. The Germans were relying more and more on the light machine-gun for defense. Against the tanks they have as yet evolved no satisfactory defense, although they are placing light artillery in their front lines and massing this fire against the land battleships which have done such a large part in the breaking of the successive defense lines.

The most significant events of the 4th and 5th occurred in Germany, in the making public of two statements, one by the Crown Prince and the other by the Kaiser. Both gave evidence of the change of view impelled by the seven weeks of constant Allied victory. The Crown Prince, in an interview published in the Budapest Az Est, was quoted as saying: "The word victory must not be understood to mean that we want to annihilate the enemy, but only that we mean to hold our own and not let ourselves be vanquished. The moment England entered the war that was clear to me and I always emphasized it. . . . We are fighting for our existence. I repeat our aim therefore can only be to safeguard ourselves."

The Kaiser, on September 5, was reported as conferring the Order of the Red Eagle upon Foreign Minister von Kühlmann, who was forced out of office because he saw no peace to be obtained by a military decision; and, on t same day, the Kaiser telegraphed to t municipality of Munich as follow "The German people understand t difficulty of the present decisive battl against an enemy filled with hatre jealousy and the will to destruction, b has unanimously decided to devote its strength to defend against its en mies' assaults its sacred soil and kultu which it had won in peaceful work This is the same Kaiser who, on Ju 16, declared that the war was a co test between two conceptions of rig and that "one must be complete overcome." And it was the same Kais who on the eve of March 21 declar that the good German sword was abo to force the way to peace. That t Kaiser and his son but voice the co mon feeling of Germany is evidenc in many letters found on the bodies German dead and on German prisone The sense of defeat appears to ha penetrated deeply into the Germ consciousness and the future is fac with terror, but still for the most pa with a courage and a determinati which make the retreating armies Germany still a force not to be gainsa nor taken for granted. Several corr spondents report warnings by Alli military men against a too easy assu ance of immediate victory. The G man is being whipped just now, but will, without doubt, stand somewhe and he may yet strike back hard, if l can. Marshal Foch on September wired to the Paris Municipal Coun as follows: "The German rush whi menaced Paris and Amiens has be broken. *We will continue to pursue t enemy implacably.*"

Lloyd George, on September 5, ma publie in London the names of the co manding officers of the 150 Germ submarines which he had previous reported to have been accounted f Germany had declared the Premie statement inaccurate. Most of the 1 officers died with their boats, some a prisoners and a few are interned neutral countries. The British na has taken particular pains to run do the perpetrators of the worst U-bo outrages. The list includes the nam of Kapitan-Lieutenant Schweiger w torpedoed the Lusitania in May, 191 He lost his life in September, 1917, the sinking of the U-80. The list al shows that it took about two weeks sink the U-44 and her commande Kapitan-Lieutenant Paul Wagenfuh

fter July 31, 1917, when he submerged vith 40 men of the crew of the torpedoed Belgian Prince on his deck; their boats having been destroyed the men drowned.

THE German retreat was greatly accelerated, on September 6, along he whole line from before Cambrai to orth of Soissons. The French, who ere near Guiseard in the morning, had assed beyond Ham and Chauny beore evening, advancing over six miles long the whole front from the Somme o the Aisne. The British, already over he Somme south of Péronne, forced he whole line of the river to the southard against the resistance of the Gerian rear guards, and swept forward a depth of seven miles, keeping in ose touch with the French units north Ham. The Americans, who had rossed the Vesle on September 4 on he trail of the retreating enemy, cleared he territory south of the Aisne and ominated the German positions from he heights south of the river, the deep, vift current as yet unbridged before hem. American engineers were prearing to throw bridges over the stream, hile General Mangin's progress along he plateau toward Laffaux and the estern end of the Chemin des Dames ade it probable that no direct attack ould need to be made across the Aisne. he French and American troops on e 6th held positions on the heights ear Laffaux from which the great base Laon, ten miles away, was clearly sible, while along the Ailette the rench had reached their front line of arch 21, and the German positions in e forest of St. Gobain—the lair of e big gun which bombarded Paris—re under heavy fire. The Germans their retreat from the Vesle laid the hole country waste, burning villages, ling trees and destroying such stores they could not remove.

There was a report from Geneva, pporting a previous rumor via Amerdam, that the German Great Headarters had been removed from Spa, elgium, to either Verviers, north of ège, or to Bonn, Germany.

ON September 7 and 8 the resistance of the retreating enemy became ore and more determined, his rearards were stronger and his artillery more intense, indicating that the lies were approaching the line upon hich the German High Command anned to stand. On the 7th, the Britkeeping the enemy under close and nstant pressure, advanced several les along a front of 17 miles from avrincourt to Beauvois, while the ench bit into the German lines to a oth of over four miles before La Fere. the 8th, the British were in their old pport positions along the whole front m Havrincourt, where their lines ossed the Hindenburg line, to their nction with the French north of St. entin. The Germans were resisting the old British front line. The French re within two miles of La Fere both on e north and on the south, and were reatening to outflank the Forest of Gobain on both sides. The Germans re reported to be in great strength ang what was left to them of their denburg line. They were also reported to be feverishly building new es of trenches protecting Laon, while re was evidence that they were withdrawing from the westernmost of their sitions along the Aisne, to the Chemin Dames position, already nearly outflanked by General Mangin's French al American army. American troops e still pressing forward between the Ane and Rheims, where the enemy hl not yet withdrawn over the Aisne. Juscourt, with fifty men, was reported en on September 9.

That the Germans meant to stand and fight was further evidenced by the formal announcement from Berlin that "On the battlefront we are everywhere in our new positions." The British, French and American armies were bringing up big guns and the artillery duel was already on.

September 9 was not marked by any battle movements of great moment. The British by a surprise attack made progress eastward of Gozeaucourt, taking Gozeaucourt Wood, and a range of heights beyond and pushing forward a short distance over a four-mile front. The British lines from Havrincourt southward averaged 5 miles from the center of the Hindenburg defenses, while the French south of St. Quentin were within four miles of the city, in which great fires were burning.

The Germans were definitely at bay, holding their lines in great strength, the tired and harassed divisions which had fought the rear-guard actions of the last four weeks were relieved by fresh troops, the artillery fire was the hottest the Allies had faced in weeks and there was an evident intention on the part of the enemy to stop and fight. It was not expected, however, that Foch would indulge in a costly frontal attack on an entrenched enemy, his strategy of the past eight weeks indicating that he would seek for and find the way around. Meanwhile the recent comparative inaction of the great American army and the massing on its front of new German divisions led some observers to anticipate a great all-American drive for Metz, or a possible German attack against Pershing's army to relieve the pressure in Picardy.

The French on September 10 forced their way much nearer to La Fere. British captures in four weeks, beginning August 8, totaled 75,000 men and 750 guns.

TORPEDO KILLS 35 ON TRANSPORT MT. VERNON. Early in September both Washington and London dispatches reported the authorities as expecting a concerted attack in force by submarines upon American transports. On Thursday, September 5, the U. S. transport, Mount Vernon, formerly the Kronprinzessin Cecilie, was torpedoed 200 miles off the coast of France. First reports indicated that five of the crew had been injured. The ship was able to make port under her own steam, and the final details of the explosion showed that 35 of the crew lost their lives. Senator J. H. Lewis of Illinois was returning home on the transport and was uninjured. A transport carrying Secretary of War Baker to France could not have been far from the scene of the Mount Vernon torpedoing. This transport reached France safely, the Secretary's presence in France being officially reported on September 8. With Secretary Baker were Second Assistant Secretary John D. Ryan, Surgeon Gen Gorgas and Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines, Chief of the Army Embarkation Service.

THE WAR INDUSTRIES. The War Industry Board, on September 8, made public the order of preference of the industries whose operation was considered necessary to the progress of the war. Food, fuel, ammunition, and ships were given first exemption. Metal manufacturers were put in second place. Newspapers, manufacturers of clothing and textiles are in Class 4. While the list was not made public by the War Department, it was looked upon as probably furnishing the basis for industrial exemptions from military duty under the new draft, but General Crowder announced that draft boards would not be in any wise bound by it, but would exercise the widest discretion in granting industrial exemptions.

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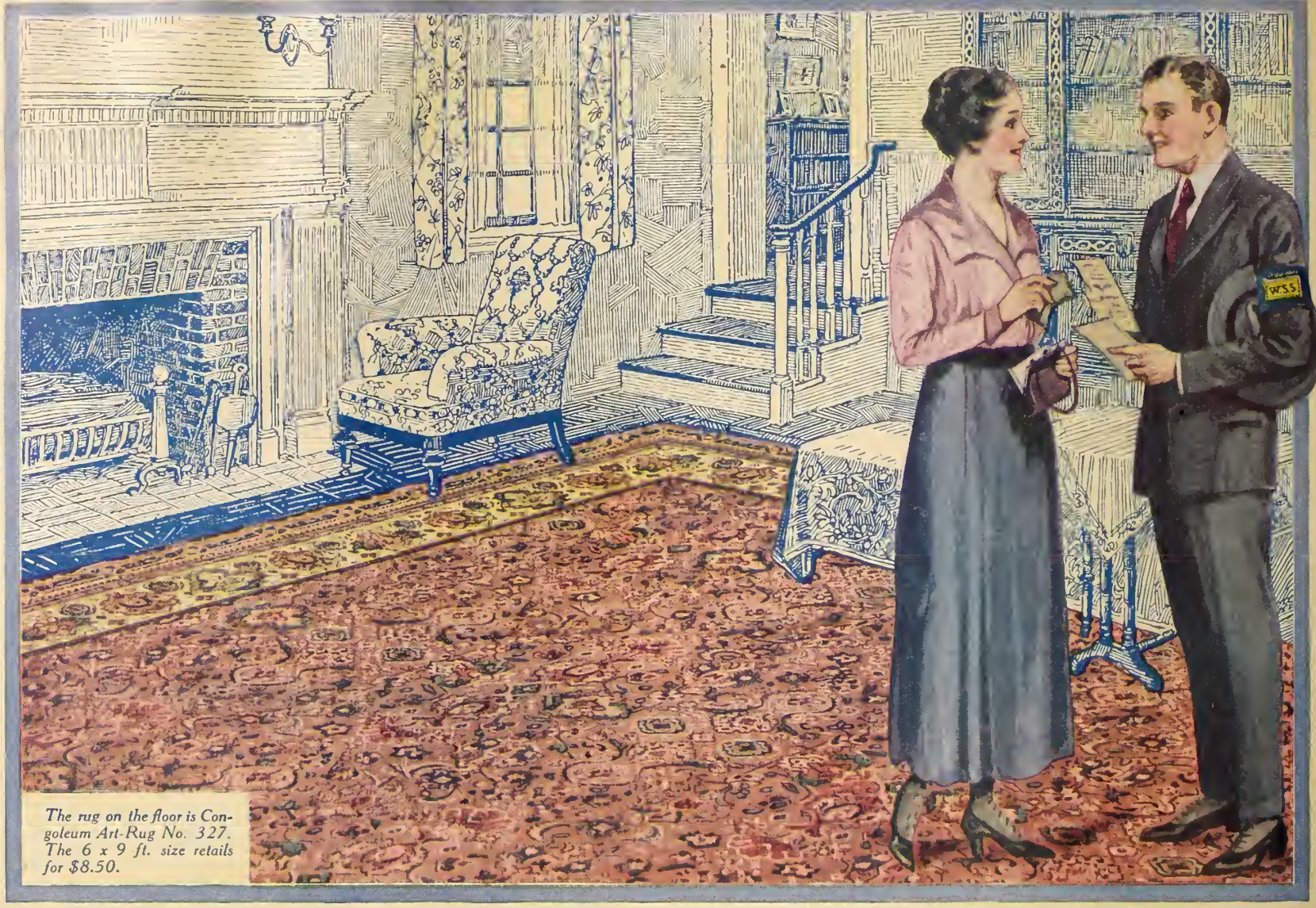

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Christian Herald

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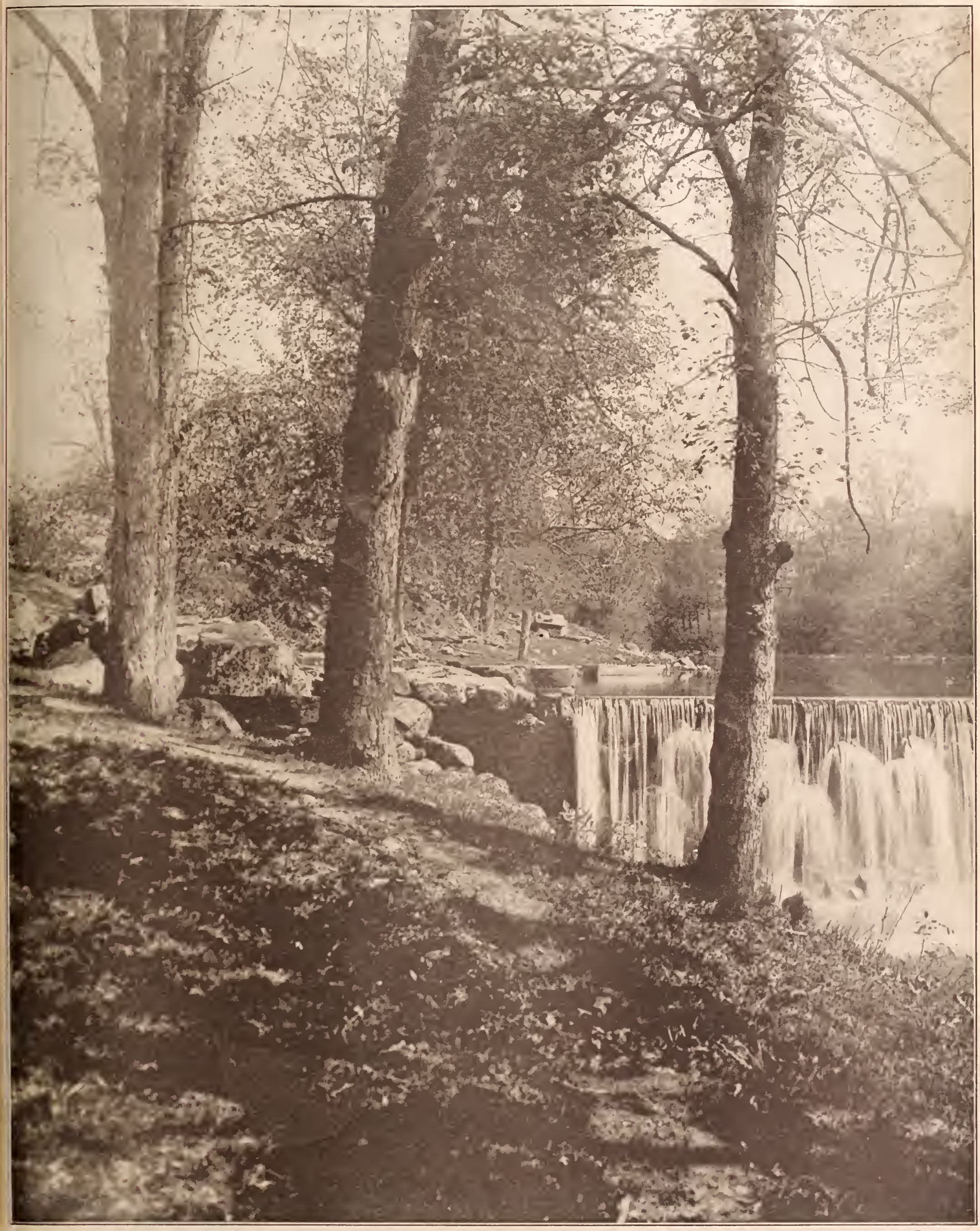

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The waterfall is foamy lace along the hem of it!

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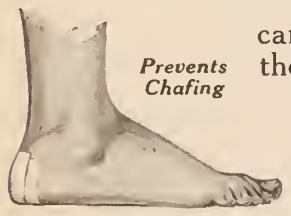

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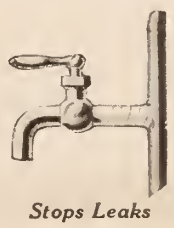

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

Photo from the Gilliams Service

In rough mountain country dog teams convey filtered water from a supply base to troops at the front

Quenching an Army's Thirst

ARMY medical men are of the opinion that the health and efficiency of the troops in the field is more a matter of the daily consumption of so many gallons of fresh, pure water than anything else, and in order that the boys can have this water, some of the world's greatest engineers are now in France looking after the supply. They have all kinds of difficulties to contend with, including the constant defilement by the Huns of wells, ponds, springs and rivers, but have been able to successfully overcome all of them.

It was Napoleon who said an army travels on its stomach, and the impression generally created is that the stomach of the army is dependent solely on a standard ration of so many pounds of meat, so many pounds of pure wheat bread and other ordinary food essentials daily; but the medical men of the various armies do not fully agree to this. They are of the opinion that the good health as well as the traveling and fighting ability of the troops is more a matter of sufficient good water for daily consumption than anything else.

Early in the war, the Huns reached this conclusion and realized the advantage they might take of it; so, whenever they have been pushed back from invaded territory, they have made every effort before final evacuation to very thoroughly destroy the local water supply upon which they had been dependent, and thus to retard as much as possible the advances of the Allies. When time has not permitted the filling of wells or the destruction of water pipes, they have not hesitated to resort to the quicker means of poisoning wells and defiling ponds, pools and springs by all manner of unwholesome refuse. Anything in fact they could most quickly lay their hands upon and pitch overboard.

Thus it has been necessary for the water supply units of the Allied armies when the soldiers have recaptured invaded land to devise all manner of ways and means of conveying pure water to the troops from reliable sources back of their own lines rather than run the grave danger of using the probably polluted water found in the regions just abandoned by the Germans until they have had time to test the same, to purify the wells, repair the broken pipe lines and remove from the ponds and pools the refuse the Huns had fiendishly employed to defile them.

When Uncle Sam's army Engineering Corps arrived in France they found themselves up against the solution of some very important water supply problems which many of them, coming fresh from civilian engineering life had never been previously called upon to even consider.

There were many strange by-paths and to them unexplored water routes which had never confronted them in civil life at home, but which they found themselves immediately obliged to explore, as they presented big vital problems.

It was necessary for them to answer such questions without undue delay as: How much water does an American horse or mule drink daily? What is the minimum requirement per capita for American troops during an advance? What is the best means of sterilizing water in the field? How can poisoned or defiled wells be most quickly purified and their water supply made wholesome and absolutely free from disease germs? How shall pipe lines, pumping stations and tanks be protected from shell fire? Shall each army corps or division be responsible for its own water supply, or shall this matter be controlled for all of our forces, directly from headquarters? How much water does a soldier need for a shower bath, and how often should he be permitted this common American luxury?

These are only a few of the dozens of questions our water supply engineers at the front were kept very busy answering to themselves or others when they first arrived in France. As the majority of these men were fully trained and highly experienced in civil engineer lines they undoubtedly would have ultimately solved all these important questions to the satisfaction of all concerned, but it would have taken them considerably more time than it did if they had not been fortunate enough to be able to profit by the experiences of nearly four years in war of the engineers of the French and British armies. The valuable data which these men had gathered was freely placed at the disposal of our engineers. Thus they were able to avoid many grave mistakes from which our boys might otherwise have very severely suffered.

Photo from Press Illustrating Service

Off for the front, the boys fill their canteens at the filter bag

In the proper quenching of the thirst of our thousands of soldiers our engineers were able at the very beginning of their work to do for the health and comfort of our troops only what our allies were able to after paying the heavy price of several years of experiments and reorganizations in their army water supply methods.

One great gain in this was that we were at once able to organize our water supply on a geographical rather than a shifting military unit basis. This was a mistake which the Allies first made, that is, of making mobile units directly responsible for their water supply.

The big advantage of the geographical plan is that the water supply force in each district remains continually in charge of work with which it is familiar, instead, as was the case in the first year of the war, of being moved like a hen on a hot griddle from one locality to another facing a new set of conditions, with regard to the supply of water, at each shift, and these having continually new problems to solve.

But even with all the help our

allies afforded our engineers they were still up against many problems. For instance, although there is no data at hand to prove the statement it is probable that they quickly discovered that the American troops required man for man somewhat more water daily than the soldiers of the Allies, for we have always been notorious as a nation of water drinkers and users and accustomed to employing water to quench our thirst as the people of other nations have used beer and light wines or at least mixed water and the stronger drinks.

American engineers from civil life have been accustomed to design a water supply system on the basis of a consumption of 150 to 200 gallons per capita per day. Upon arrival at the battle front they found however that water was not always by any means plentiful and that they must reconstruct their ideas as to its use.

They were greatly surprised when they found that according to military allowances for advance areas the consumption oftentimes must be as low as one half gallon a soldier daily. This was when the men were more or less inactive. On the other hand, at the beginning of an offensive movement while the water supply forces were most laboriously extending their lines forward as the troops advanced, they discovered that at such trying times the water supply of the men must be increased to one gallon per man, so that the fighting powers of the soldiers would be maintained at the highest standard, for hard fighting and marching is thirsty work.

Probably this is the greatest and most difficult job that army engineers have to undertake, as at such times mechanical equipment is pretty much of a minus quantity and casualties are constantly depleting the working force.

During an advance the sequence of operations relating to water supply begins with horse-drawn transport by individual military units from existing water delivery points. Then—as the distance from these water bases to the new front increases water tank trains begin to operate up to a point where pack mule or other service can convey the water to the front. It is absolutely essential for the success of the movement of troops forward that the distance between water points and the rear of advancing units shall not be much greater than four or five miles.

To a large extent the water supply of the troops in France is dependent upon the oldest and most primitive source—wells, although considerable progress has been made in the use of river water whenever available, but on account of the constant danger of Hun defilement this water has first to be passed through purification plants and very carefully tested.

After the beginning of each separate movement of the Allied armies the engineers must quickly determine from their knowledge of the country which method or combination of methods will serve the soldiers best during their occupation. What is known as the "water point" has been developed for advance areas in the present war. It may be only an old-fashioned well, the end of a pipe line, a trough, an elevated tank of metal or wood, or merely a reservoir of canvas. Whatever it may be, it serves to establish a line of demarcation between the work of the special water supply forces and the troops in the field—between producer and consumer. The army engineer water supply service establishes these water points at frequent intervals, and divisional or other units must assume responsibility for getting the water from them to the men and animals by whatever means the local situation may demand.

JAMES ANDERSON.

Photo from the Gilliams Service

A military pumping station in the field supplying both men and horses

Traveling in Old Shantung

FOR many years we have been waiting patiently for a railroad in this neck of the province. The breakwater at Chefoo is in process of construction. The most natural sequence would be a railroad from Chefoo to the interior cities. Sooner or later such a road will be built, but things move slowly here. We still are using the same old modes of "slowcomotion" our pioneers used.

Last summer I made a trip to Chefoo—a distance of about one hundred English miles from Laichow. Two routes were open: First is the sea route, quicker, if one could leave on time. The small coast steamers have no definite schedule. We are ten miles from the nearest port, Tiger Head. Sometimes we can catch a steamer and some other times we go out and wait a nice long wait and catch the next one. It isn't half bad to ride out in carts or on donkeys and get into the sampan and row out to the steamer, some six or eight miles away in deep water.

Chinese mother and children en route

While I was trying to decide between the uncertainties and difficulties of sea and land routes, another traveler from Chingchowfu, a few hundred miles west of here, came through, going to Chefoo overland. She spent the week-end with us. The prospect of having a pleasant traveling companion decided me in favor of the overland route. She rode horseback a great part of the way. She also had a shantsï, or mule litter, to carry her luggage; also to ride in when the day was too hot. A young Chinese teacher and I rode in another shantsï.

We made the trip in four days. It cost more than 25,000 cash, an amount equal to more than five dollars gold at the present rate. That isn't so bad considering the time spent. The weariness, the monotony, the nervous energy expended, do not enter into the calculation. When you consider the distance, you perceive that our tickets cost much more than five cents a mile.

A good old Bible woman was asked if she got very tired on a recent journey. She replied: "How could I get tired? Didn't I ride in a cart?" The cart was a heavy two-wheeled freight cart—no springs, no seat—fine when it is standing still, not unbearable on smooth roads. If the dear old sister could ride in a nice Peking cart like the one in this picture, what would she say?

LAST summer a young woman in one of the interior cities determined to go to Chefoo overland. Drought had brought on famine. The farmers had no feed for their animals, so it was impossible to hire shantsïs. She, in a spirit of adventure, made the trip on a wheelbarrow! At least two hundred miles on a wheelbarrow! She greatly enjoyed it, she said. China's metropolis, Shanghai, with all her electric cars, automobiles, etc., still offers the visitor a nice quiet ride on a barrow.

All Westerners know about the sedan chair. It is not peculiar to China alone. Perhaps no country uses it more extensively than does China. It is still used by officials, and brides and grooms, and a few ordinary travelers.

A Peking cart on the road to Shantung

Tourists going up Tai Shan, the sacred mountain, go in a mountain chair. This chair is made of bamboo and rope.

How many Westerners first coming to the Orient enjoyed a ride in a jinricksha (man-strength-cart)? The Japanese should erect a monument to the missionary who invented the first one for his sick wife to ride more comfortably. They are used all over Japan and in the port cities of China. We claim this as one of Shantung's modes of travel—one of the new ways. One of the old, old ways is the donkey with a basket on each side to carry the babies. It is important that the baskets balance each other. So it often happens that the lightweight sits on a rock.

I have seen a man with a carrying-pole on his shoulder. Presumably he was carrying meal or vegetables in the basket on each end. Peeping out of one of the baskets I have seen the bright-eyed baby boy going on a visit to grandmother.

Sometimes we ride on pack mules, using farmers' baskets to carry our luggage. When the bedding is piled up to make a comfortable seat it looks perilously high, but we seldom have an accident.

Occasionally when going out to visit country schools I have traveled in a little Western-style cart. It is the nearest like home luxuries we can afford just now.

After a while, when the railroad shall have come bringing evils which usually attend, it may be we shall sigh for the good old days of the cart and shantsï. But I rather think we shall welcome the innovation and risk the evils for the sake of the manifest advantages.

ALICE HUEY.

Little Stories of Jerusalem

By MAJOR THEODORE WATERS, of the Christian Herald and the American Red Cross Commission

HERE are some stories which I asked one of our social workers to get for me in the refugee camp of Wadi Sarrar, not far from Jerusalem, for I have found that many of the women among the refugees talk more freely with a woman than with a man.

The lady who wrote the following was for years a missionary in Asia Minor, and has forbidden me to use her name for the reason that the publication of the shocking stories told by her might be used against some of her friends in the places where she was stationed, and if, when the war ceases, she should go back to her old missionary post, the anger of the Turks might even then be visited upon her. However, the anonymous character of these tales does not in any way vitiate their truthfulness:

In a Refugee Camp

A CONICAL tent, with the bottom turned up all around to make pockets for the meager belongings of the occupants; for furniture two or three strips of goat-hair sacking. They gave me a piece doubled up pillow-wise, doing their best to make their guest comfortable—these women, who three years ago in their northern homes would have placed me on a cushioned divan, covered with snow-white muslin and crochet work, and who would have brought me coffee and sweets made by their own housewifely hands. One of them showed me the dress she was wearing.

"This is all I have," she said, "and it is a gift. The enemy stripped me stark naked. We were so tired walking and our feet were cut so badly! When we got to Jerusalem, I thought we could stop; but the authorities were afraid of illness in the city and sent us directly to camp. When they put us on the train, I cried. I had hoped to see the Saviour's tomb and weep there and find comfort. I thought I might have had that after all those months of misery," she sighed.

Another woman, dressed in a futurist dream pieced together with a cubist nightmare, looked up and grinned. "When are they going to give me something to wear?" she asked.

"It's her own fault she has not a frock," said the first woman. "You see, she ran off to Jerusalem, and so did some of the men. They put the men in the guard-house, and they told her she could not have a new frock."

"What did you want to go to Jerusalem for?" I asked, for the walk is not one I should care to take, myself.

"What did I want to go to Jerusalem for? To see the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and all the relics, of course."

"Did you get to see them?"

"Yes, everything. What do I care about a dress? I saw everything."

I looked at them both, the woman who after all the horrors of deportation had still tears to shed because she had not seen the shrine of her faith, the other content in rags because she had, and remembered the steps to the crypt of the Holy Sepulcher, worn by the feet of millions. Immense hunger of the spirit! Impulsion not to be explained by any economic theory!

From Vessel to Vessel

THE staging of these conversations is, unless otherwise stated, in a conical tent; you know the sort—dirt floor with nothing much on it to sit on; except what there is in the way of rags, rugs, sacking or goat-hair strips, indicates the present state of the occupant's finances. Sometimes there are two families in a tent, and one has a fairly decent rug while the other has nothing. They told me the other day that I should find some fellow townsfolk in a tent. The woman was there when I went in, decently combed and as clean as possible. Azniv has a sweet, patient face, kind eyes, and a self-controlled mouth. When I entered, she was chattering with an old blind man and his wife, who share her tent. All her ways show nice breeding. Her husband came in presently.

"The war has poured us from vessel to vessel," he said. A moan went around the tent. "I had a son seventeen years old. He knew French and Italian, and his handwriting was beautiful. I had always sent him to the Italian schools. I had a daughter twelve years old—and their mother. I do not know where one of them is now. I tried to stir up the priest in the city to which I was exiled lately by telling him that if he did not find them for me I should marry again. I thought he would be so horrified at the idea of my remarrying without being sure that my wife was dead that he would surely find her for me if she was to be found. But he only said, 'Do as you please, my son. I cannot forbid you.' I knew then that my search was hopeless. I did not intend to remarry. But this woman is a good woman from my own town and I married her. My wife, my son, my daughter—I do not know if they are alive or not. These three years I have not known. The war has poured us from vessel to vessel. My son knew French and Italian so beautifully.—Let me feel them," he said, addressing a melon-vender who appeared with two pale little watermelons at the tent door. "No, take them away, they are not ripe.—My son knew French and Italian so beautifully, and you ought to have seen his handwriting."

The wife said something to him and he got up, left the tent. Azniv looked at me timidly, as one woman looks at another for her verdict. "My husband was dead in the massacre," she said, "and this man had no one. The war has changed everything we ever knew."

On her face, as on his, was the look of bewilderment at the fact that life does so much more to shape us than we to shape it—the look that says, "I could have borne anything except to see myself so discontented, so different from the thing I was trying to make of myself."

Into my ears rang the words of one of my best-loved sonnets:

> Time, whose millioned accidents
> Blunt sharpest intents, change the decrees of kings
> Tan sacred beauty. . . .

"I understand," I said.

The Baby in Her Arms

NIVART was dandling the tiniest of tiny girl-babies. "Her mother is sick," she explained. "You see, Arjadulis is only five months old and there is another baby coming, and with that and the mother's fever, the milk is all spoiled for her. But she is good just the same, the little sweetheart! The mother is a child herself and the father is only twenty. We had to marry our girls to our own men, regardless of their youth, else the Arabs took them. The Arabs were better to us than the Turks. They would not take a married woman by force. But oh, it is good to be here where one goes to sleep at night without fear. They took our men in one direction and us in another, the Turks did. All that long way, the three months that we were walking, the older women tried to protect the younger ones. The pretty girls defaced themselves so the Turks would not look at them." She gave Arjadulis a little love-shake and kissed her.

"You have children of your own," I said.

"Three. Two starved to death and the Kurds cut the baby's throat on my knee. We were in a wood"—her eyes widened and darkened—"and the Kurds came down upon us. After they killed my baby in my arms and other babies and other people, I still sat there, I alive and the others dead, there and there and there," she pointed as if she saw the corpses of her friends around her. "Then a thought came to me; my baby was dead! You will think me a strange woman, but life is sweet. I took up blood and earth from the ground and smeared it over my face and breast. There I sat, there with my mouth open and the spittle running out so they would think I was mad and leave me alone. And so they did. I never cried for my babies. I had no tears. And what comes of tears? But I wish I could find my husband."

A tent camp of Armenian refugees safe behind the British lines

The Widow in Black

"HANUM."* A gawky boy with the first black down on his lip stood in front of me on the narrow sidewalk of a Jerusalem street. "It is Vahan," he said.

Gone the dust, the heat, the cosmopolite crowd of Jerusalem. I was high on a seaward-looking peak of the Amavus in the far, far days before July, 1914. A row of poplars rustled in the afternoon breeze from the Mediterranean. I saw myself, as one sees another person, dismounting from my horse on a lawn snowy with daisies, and a woman and her children running out to meet me.

"Where are your father and mother and the other children?" I asked.

"My father, long life to you, is dead, and my brother is far behind the lines, but my mother and sisters are here."

"Bring them to see me."

Next day they came—the widow in black. She kissed my hands, sobbing. "Oh, the good days, Hanum, the old days, that can never come back! They say that some time we may go back to our village. But the dead do not come back. You will be calling my husband to do this service for you and that, but he will not answer. When I see you, the bad years of exile and death are gone, and I think I am back in my village with all my beloved, in the coolness and the quiet and the peace, with the children playing in the village streets and the men coming up from town in the evening. How often I washed my husband's feet when he came in footsore! Now he has gone on the longest journey, and his feet will never go over our mountain road again. Hanum, when will peace come?"

. . .

In a letter from Major Waters written in Jerusalem and dated July 18, he writes:

"I have now in course of preparation several other articles on Palestine, including one on the Beggars of the Country, and others on the Women of Palestine and the Children of Palestine. I am going out into the villages collecting material for these articles. One that will be of wide interest to Christian Herald readers will deal with the effect the war has had on the Holy Land, i. e., the old way and the new. Among the subjects of which other future letters will treat are these: The orphanages of Palestine; the health and sickness of the country; how the missionaries have fared; the present condition of Zionism; the wonderful work of the army; how the people are fed, clothed, housed, taxed, educated."

These articles will appear during the coming months in the order in which they are received, and we have no doubt that they will be found intensely interesting by all our readers. There is no country in the world today which holds so warm a place in the hearts of the Christian people of America as the old land of the Chosen People, which is now in process of rehabilitation.]

*Lady.

Pershing Leads Our Boys to Victory

OUR American army in Lorraine has struck its first blow to regain France's lost provinces. The St. Mihiel salient, which for four years has been like a German spear point directed at the heart of France, has been wiped out. One hundred and fifty square miles of French territory have been redeemed in twenty-seven hours, while some 20,000 Germans are prisoners of war, and guns and material as yet uncounted remain as part of the fruits of victory.

On September 12, 1914, the Germans under Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, although driven back from Nancy by General Castelnau, succeeded in forcing their way through the heights of the Meuse to St. Mihiel on the river and establishing a narrow salient of which the city remained the apex. This salient they fortified with all their skill and thoroughness, and repeated attempts of the French to reduce it failed to secure important gains. It remained a constant threat against the French at Verdun and westward to Rheims, an outer bulwark of the entrenched camp of Metz, a bastion of the German positions guarding the iron mines of Briey.

On September 12, 1918, General Pershing's 58th birthday, as it happened, the American First Army which had been trained in the trenches between the Meuse and the Moselle, and fought for Seicheprey and driven the German back at various isolated points—fully organized and magnificently equipped, with American guns, American-manned tanks, American aviators and American cavalry—moved forward according to plans formulated by General Pershing and approved by Marshal Foch. General Castelnau, once more in command of French armies guarding Toul and Nancy, had also a share in the plans.

For weeks, the American forces were mobilized behind the front, on the heights of the Meuse, in the woods on the plain of the Woevre and on the hills along the Moselle. The Germans knew this and were expecting the attack and prepared to meet it. Six divisions including some of their best troops were in the salient, and the town of St. Mihiel itself was held by two divisions who were ordered to hold at all costs. Montsec, a dominating height, east of St. Mihiel, was heavily fortified and held by the Germans. The trench lines along the whole front were four or five in number and the positions were deep and formidable.

Against this almost impregnable position where the enemy confidently awaited the blow, General Pershing sent his men forward on September 12 at 5 A.M. At 1 A.M. the massed guns began a terrific bombardment of every point of the German defensive system. For four hours the German positions were drenched with steel and high explosives. Then after a brief pause the barrage started forward. Behind it, singing "Where do we go from here, boys?" sprang to action the waiting Yankees. Montsec was neutralized by smoke shells, which kept it bathed in a fog through which no observations could be made. Along a front of some sixteen miles westward from the Moselle, north of Pont-a-Mousson, the Yanks struck northward. Along a narrower front westward of Fresnes, other American troops struck eastward. The two attacks were the jaws of a great pincers which was to pinch out the salient and pinch in as many as possible of its 60,000 defenders. So thorough had been the artillery work that the German first line was passed almost without opposition, and the second line was reached away ahead of the schedule time. Secretary Baker, who, with several officers of his party, was watching the fight from a height near at hand, remarked upon their cutting of the schedule.

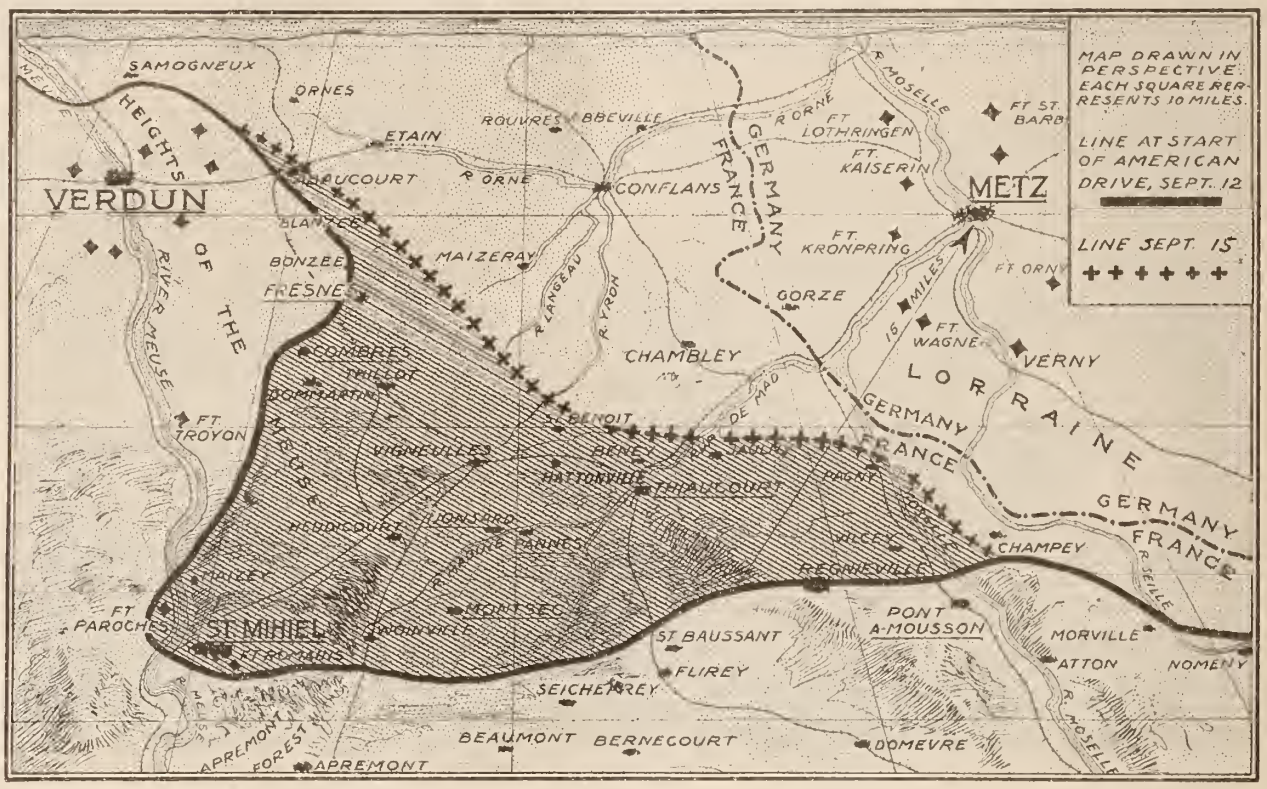
The American southern attack moved forward rapidly, quickly disposing of the attempts of the Germans to halt it. Three Hun divisions counter-attacked, but these fared as did the divisions in line and the relentless advance continued. There was stiff fighting, plenty of it. Machine-guns in the woods defied the infantry but yielded to the tanks. One tank captured a battery and seventy-five Hun prisoners. Thiaucourt was reached on Thursday afternoon and Vigneulles early on Friday morning. Our attack on the west reached Fresnes and against desperate resistance made a gain of some three miles up to noon on Thursday. In a country rough and densely wooded, the Germans were fighting to keep open the jaws of the trap while they evacuated the salient along the roads past Vigneulles. The western attack, however, joined up with the southern about 7 A.M. on Friday morning, and the trap was closed. Pershing's men had taken and counted 15,000 prisoners and over 200 guns, while the French units participating in the attack around the point of the salient had taken some 7,000 more. But the salient was by no means mopped up, and it was thought that hundreds of additional prisoners would be taken in the clearing-up process.

In the face of this total of prisoners lost, Germany dared to issue a bulletin claiming to have evacuated the salient "according to previous plans and without interference."

On September 14 the American line, shortened by 25 miles under what it measured on Thursday morning, extended from Pagny on the Moselle, at the German border, almost straight westward across the plains of the Woevre to Hattonville and thence northwestward through Fresnes to the old line near Ronvaux. This line was advanced on the 15th some three miles along the line east of Fresnes and along the Moselle to Norroy. The greatest depth of the American gain was about 13 miles. Our victorious troops were standing on the borders of Germany, with Metz only about 15 miles away, but protected by 24 heavily armed forts already coming into action and probably strongly garrisoned, while northward along the former boundary, stretched the Briey iron field from which Germany is digging more than 80 per cent of her supply of iron and without which she could hardly continue to fight longer than three months. The taking of St. Mihiel also restored to the Allies the use of the railways and highway from Nancy and Toul to Verdun.

On Thursday, a few hours after its recapture, General Pershing, General Castelnau, General Petain and Secretary Baker entered St. Mihiel. They were received as conquering heroes by the people who remained, mostly women and children and old men, the Germans having driven away the men of military age. The city was little damaged, the Germans having no time for their customary methods of destruction. A few fires that had been started by the Huns after the houses had been looted were extinguished by the Americans.

According to Cameron MacKenzie, New York Times correspondent, "General Pershing's boys literally romped through the valleys between the Meuse and the Moselle, fighting ferociously when there was necessity and at other times pursuing with ruthless speed. Whole divisions swept northward at such a pace that all wireless and telegraphic communication with them was lost for hours, and their whereabouts were unknown until couriers, or the indomitable little carrier pigeons, arrived to announce the overthrowing of some fresh and distant objective. Prisoners simply poured into their hands. One correspondent told of an Austrian major, Count von Schmeswig, captured near Montsec. The count and his staff had their baggage all packed and were awaiting capture. One American aviator saw two Germans attempting to extricate some artillery horses. He swooped low and attacked them with his machine-gun, killing one and forcing the other into a nearby dug-out where he was shortly afterward captured by advancing infantry. The Germans were reported to have surrendered easily. Over 500 officers were taken in the two days of fighting.



The reconquered salient of St. Mihiel, the battle-ground which saw America's first victory in this war

The rest of the western front, the action throughout the week consisted of steady forward pressure by both the British and French along the whole line. In spite of constant German counter-attacks, some of which temporarily regained lost ground, the lines facing St. Quentin and La-Fere were moved steadily forward and dominating positions were taken and held. On September 16, General Petain attacked on an eleven-mile front south of St. Gobain, along the Ailette and between the Aisne and the Vesle. An advance of between one and two miles was made, 1800 prisoners were taken and the enemy positions in the Forest of St. Gobain and on the Chemin des Dames were made less secure.

Serbian and French troops, on September 16, after artillery preparation, attacked the Bulgarian positions west of Lake Dorian, on the Salonica front, and captured three dominating heights which the Bulgarians had been fortifying for 30 months. A large number of guns, much war material and 1500 prisoners were taken.

A Week in the World's News

UNCLE SAM'S VAST ARMY. On September 12, while General Pershing's men were driving irresistibly over the German position at St. Mihiel, over 13,000,000 native-born and naturalized citizens of the Republic were registering in America for service overseas. In every city and town and village and countryside hamlet registrars sat and filled in little red and blue cards which placed the men whose names they bore on record as eligible for membership in the nation's fighting forces. It was anticipated that the enrollment would total over 13,000,000, but latest available figures indicate that the total might reach 14,000,000.

In some localities the day was made a holiday. Registration boards found long lines of men waiting when they opened up at seven A. M. In one New York precinct, the first man in line had been there all night. They were, on the whole, good-natured, determined, democratic crowds. The American spirit was everywhere in evidence. The rich and the poor, the

The Glorious Autumn

THE autumn colors are the crown of glory, the wreath of victory which marks the successful ending of the productive season of the year. The year does not die; it lives in its achievements and robes itself in a garment of flaming colors ere it gives place to the winter. The autumn of life, too, is a time for happy memories for crowns of glory and wreaths of victory. Next week Dr. Jowett beautifully compares the "Fading and Changing" of nature with the growth in grace of God's children.

The handwriting on the wall! Belshazzar trembled and his kingdom fell; but the world is still finding new meaning in the words he read. Next week J. T. Van Barkalow will present an unusual and enlightening study of the famous prophecy interpreted by Daniel.

Is your armor on? Will it stand the test? Miss Sangster's coming article deals with armor old and new, forged by hammer and by life.

Mary Ellis goes on next week from the detection of the spy to a commission in which she serves France in place of her new-found captain-sweetheart.

professional and the laborer rubbed shoulders and joked about the days when they should meet in the trenches. Fathers and sons registered together. The sons commiserated their elders because they wouldn't get a chance to fight, the youngsters declaring their intention to finish the Hun before the older men were called. It was a grand nation-wide muster and these minute-men of 1918 were no less certain of the justice of their cause than were their prototypes of 1775.

While all men between 18 and 45 not previously enrolled were registered, General Crowder had announced previously that the 19-20-year class and the 31–36 class would be first called, a quota of these going to the cantonments early in October. The 36–45 class will be called early next year. With regard to exemptions, while none will be made of any class of employees, each man individually will be exempted or certified for service according as the evidence in his case shows him to be essential to some war industry or capable of being spared.

The Provost Marshal-General expected to secure 2,300,000 men from the registrants of the 12th of September, of whom 601,000 would come from the men between 32 and 45. On September 13, General Crowder sent to General Pershing this message: "The nation responded yesterday with an enrollment which promises to exceed all estimates, thus assuring an uninterrupted flow of man-power to the army under your command."

General March, Chief of Staff, on September 14 announced that the War Department would ask Congress for an additional appropriation of more than $7,000,000,000 to finance the enlarged military program which contemplates the placing of 4,000,000 men in France by June 30, 1919.

American Troops in Russia. It was announced in Washington, on Sept. 11, that American troops had been safely landed at Archangel to reinforce the Allied expeditionary forces operating in northern Russia. The report that Samara on the Volga had been recaptured by Bolsheviki proved false. Reports of Sept. 12 pictured Russian peasant revolutionists as having entered Petrograd and the city was said to be burning in many places with fighting in the streets. Meantime the Bolshevik authorities in Moscow were reported to have executed Gen. A. A. Brussiloff.

Work or Fight. President Wilson was reported, on Sept. 12, to be ready to apply the "Work or Fight" regulation as a means of ending a strike of 5,000 machinists in munition factories at Bridgeport, Conn. The strike was investigated by the National War Labor Board, which rendered a decision through an umpire. Both the employers and the machinists refused to accept the decision. Smith & Wesson, manufacturing revolvers, reported themselves as willing to turn over their plant to the government but not willing to accept an award which amounted to recognition of the union. The plant was taken over by the War Department September 13th. Wm. H. Johnston, President of the International Association of Machinists, on Sept. 11, warned the strikers that they would be expelled from the International Association if they did not return to work. On Sept. 12 it was reported that the President had appealed to the men to take up their tools as a patriotic duty, but it was also expressly stated that failure to comply with his request would lead to the application of the "Work or Fight" clause of the draft regulations. The men returned to work on September 16.

Bolsheviki German Agents. Documents secured by American agents in Russia are said to furnish conclusive proofs that Lenine, Trotsky and their band are paid German agents. They show that the Bolshevik revolution actually was arranged by the German General Staff. They show how the paid agents of Germany betrayed Russia at the Brest-Litovsk "peace" conference; how German staff officers secretly have been received by the Bolsheviki as military advisers; how they have acted as spies upon the embassies of the nations with which Russia was allied or at peace, and how they effectively have directed the Bolshevik foreign, domestic and economic policy wholly in the interest of Germany and to the shame of Russia.

Fragments of News. The House, on Sept. 9, passed the resolution empowering the President to establish "dry zones" around ammunition plants. It was announced, on Sept. 10, that platinum was pouring into the mint at Washington in excess of the facilities for receiving it, and the public was requested to send its platinum to the Assay Office, in New York. . . . President Wilson, on Sept. 9, authorized the formal announcement that he had abandoned his proposed transcontinental trip to the Pacific coast in the interest of the Fourth Liberty Loan.

Continued on page 1092

Austria Appeals for a Peace Conference

FOLLOWING an imperial conference, at German Great Headquarters, which it is reported was given over almost wholly to discussions of the possibility of peace, and in which Austrian necessities were said to have overborne German reluctance, Austria, on September 15, sent an identical note to all the powers at war and to the neutrals. The note in full appears below. With this note Austria sent also a supplementary communication addressed to the Pope. In this much the same ground was covered as in the official appeal for a conference. It noted the almost universal desire of all peoples for peace, recounted the futile attempt toward peace of December 12, 1916, but declared that this failure had started discussions which, though disclosing proof of the "not slight differences which still separate the warring powers," have created an atmosphere "which no longer excludes the discussion of the peace problem." The Austro-Hungarian government recognized that "it will not be possible to reestablish order in the tottering world at a single stroke," and that "the path that leads to the restoration of peaceful relations is cut by hatred and embitterment. It is toilsome and wearisome; yet it is our duty to tread this path—the path of negotiation." It recognized also that "The only peace which could righteously adjust the still divergent conceptions of the opponents would be a peace desired by all the peoples." The note closes with the statement that "the Austro-Hungarian Government has therefore resolved to point out to all the belligerents, friend and foe, a path considered practicable by it and to propose to them jointly to examine a free exchange of views whether those prerequisites exist which would make the speedy inauguration of peace negotiations appear promising."

. . .

Supplementary to the Austrian note, there was an offer of peace by Germany to Belgium on the following terms:

That Belgium shall remain neutral until the end of the war.

That the economic and political independence of Belgium shall be reconstituted.

That pre-war commercial treaties shall be restored.

That Belgium use her good offices to secure the return of Germany's colonies.

That the Flemish minority which aided the German invaders shall not be punished.

Text of the Note to the Powers

THE peace offer which the Powers of the Quadruple Alliance addressed to their opponents on December 12, 1916, and the conciliatory basic ideas of which they have never given up, signifies, despite the rejection which it experienced, an important stage in the history of this war. In contrast to the first two and a half war years, the question of peace has from that moment been the centre of European, aye, of world discussion, and dominates it in ever increasing measure.

Almost all the belligerent States have in turn again and again expressed themselves on the question of peace, its prerequisites and conditions. The line of development of this discussion, however, has not been uniform and steady. The basic standpoint changed under the influence of the military and political position, and hitherto, at any rate, it has not led to a tangible general result that could be utilized.

It is true that, independent of all these oscillations, it can be stated that the distance between the conceptions of the two sides has, on the whole, grown somewhat less; that despite the indisputable continuance of decided and hitherto unbridged differences, a partial turning from many of the most extreme concrete war aims is visible and a certain agreement upon the relative general basic principles of a world peace manifests itself. In both camps there is undoubtedly observable in wide classes of the population a growth of the will to peace and understanding. Moreover, a comparison of the reception of the peace proposal of the Powers of the Quadruple Alliance on the part of their opponents with the later utterances of responsible statesmen of the latter, as well as of the non-responsible but, in a political respect, nowise uninfluential personalities, confirms this impression.

While, for example, the reply of the Allies to President Wilson made demands which amounted to the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary, to a dimunution and a deep internal transformation of the German Empire, and the destruction of Turkish European ownership, these demands, the realization of which was based on the supposition of an overwhelming victory, were later modified in many declarations from official Entente quarters, or in part were dropped.

Thus, in a declaration made in the British House of Commons a year ago, Secretary Balfour expressly recognized that Austria-Hungary must itself solve its internal problems, and that none could impose a Constitution upon Germany from the outside. Premier Lloyd George declared at the beginning of this year that it was not one of the Allies' war aims to partition Austria-Hungary, to rob the Ottoman Empire of its Turkish provinces, or to reform Germany internally. It may also be considered symptomatic that in December, 1917, Mr. Balfour categorically repudiated the assumption that British policy had ever engaged itself for the creation of an independent State out of the territories on the left bank of the Rhine.

The Central Powers leave it in no doubt that they are only waging a war of defense for the integrity and the security of their territories.

Far more outspoken than in the domain of concrete war aims has the rapprochement of conceptions proceeded regarding those guiding lines upon the basis of which peace shall be concluded and the future order of Europe and the world built up. In this direction President Wilson in his speeches of Feb. 12 and July 4 of this year has formulated principles which have not encountered contradiction on the part of his allies, and the far-reaching application of which is likely to meet with no objection on the part of the Powers of the Quadruple Alliance also, presupposing that this application is general and reconcilable with the vital interests of the States concerned.

It is true it must be remembered that an agreement on general principles is insufficient, but that there remains the further matter of reaching an accord upon their interpretation and their application to individual concrete war and peace questions.

To an unprejudiced observer there can be no doubt that in all the belligerent States, without exception, the desire for a peace of understanding has been enormously strengthened; that the conviction is increasingly spreading that the further continuance of the bloody struggle must transform Europe into ruins and into a state of exhaustion that will mar its development for decades to come, and this without any guarantee of thereby bringing about that decision by arms which has been vainly striven after by both sides in four years filled with enormous sacrifices, sufferings, and exertions.

In what manner, however, can the way be paved for an understanding, and an understanding finally attained? Is there any serious prospect whatever of reaching this aim by continuing the discussion of the peace problem in the way hitherto followed?

We have not the courage to answer the latter question in the affirmative. The discussion from one public tribune to another, as has hitherto taken place between statesmen of the various countries, was really only a series of monologues. It lacked, above everything, directness. Speech and counterspeech did not fit into each other. The speakers spoke over one another's heads.

On the other hand, it was the publicity and the ground of these discussions which robbed them of the possibility of fruitful progress. In all public statements of this nature a form of eloquence is used which reckons with the effect at great distances and on the masses. Consciously or unconsciously, however, one thereby increases the distance of the opponents' conception, produces misunderstandings which take root and are not removed, and makes the frank exchange of ideas more difficult. Every pronouncement of leading statesmen is, directly after its delivery and before the authoritative quarters of the opposite side can reply to it, made the subject of passionate or exaggerated discussion of irresponsible elements.

But anxiety lest they should endanger the interests of their aims by unfavorably influencing feeling at home, and lest they prematurely betray their own ultimate intentions, also causes the responsible statesmen themselves to strike a higher tone and stubbornly to adhere to extreme standpoints.

If, therefore, an attempt is made to see whether the basis exists for an understanding calculated to deliver Europe from the catastrophe of the suicidal continuation of the struggle, then, in any case, another method should be chosen which renders possible a direct, verbal discussion between the representatives of the Governments, and only between them. The opposing conceptions of individual belligerent States would likewise have to form the subject of such a discussion, for mutual enlightment, as well as the general principles that shall serve as the basis for peace and the future relations of the States to one another, and regarding which, in the first place, an accord can be sought with a prospect of success.

As soon as an agreement were reached on the fundamental principles, an attempt would have to be made in the course of the discussions concretely to apply them to individual peace questions, and thereby bring about their solution.

We venture to hope that there will be no objection on the part of any belligerents to such an exchange of views. The war activities would experience no interruption. The discussions, too, would only go so far as was considered by the participants to offer a prospect of success. No disadvantages would arise therefrom for the States represented. Far from harming, such an exchange of views could only be useful to the cause of peace.

What did not succeed the first time can be repeated, and perhaps it has already at least contributed to the clarification of views. Mountains of old misunderstandings might be removed and many new things perceived. Streams of pent-up human kindness would be released, in the warmth of which everything essential would remain, and, on the other hand, much that is antagonistic, to which excessive importance is still attributed, would disappear.

According to our conviction, all the belligerents jointly owe to humanity to examine whether now, after so many years of a costly but undecided struggle, the entire course of which points to an understanding, it is possible to make an end to the terrible grapple.

The Royal and Imperial Government would like, therefore, to propose to the Governments of all the belligerent States to send delegates to a confidential and unbinding discussion on the basic principles for the conclusion of peace, in a place in a neutral country and at a near date that would yet have to be agreed upon—delegates who were charged to make known to one another the conception of their Governments regarding those principles and to receive analogous communications, as well as to request and give frank and candid explanations on all those points which need to be precisely defined.

The Royal and Imperial Government has the honor to request the Government of ——, through the kind mediation of your Excellency, to bring this communication to the knowledge of the Government of ——.

[The names of the intermediary Government and of that addressed in the particular note dispatched are left blank.]

President Wilson Rejects Austrian Proposal

THE official text of the Austrian proposal for informal peace discussions was presented at the White House, by Swedish Minister Ekengren, at 6.20 P.M. on September 16. President Wilson had carefully studied the press copies of the note and after satisfying himself that the official text contained no essential new material he authorized Secretary of State Lansing at 6.45 P.M., the same day, to make public his answer as follows:

"The Government of the United States feels that there is only one reply which it can make to the suggestion of the Imperial Austro-Hungarian Government. It has repeatedly and with entire candor stated the terms upon which the United States would consider peace, and can and will entertain no proposal for a conference upon a matter concerning which it has made its position and purpose so plain."

That Girl from Orchard Street

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

MARY ELLIS had lived the first twenty-one years of her life on Orchard Street, which lay in the slums of Westport, a suburban town, where her father, despite his occasional drinking spells, had amassed something of a competency through his blacksmith shop. Mary, as a girl, had acquired the manners and something of the reputation of the locality; then the fire of a new ideal awoke the finer nature within her. But the town, while it saw, did not believe. Then the war came, and she began to work for the Red Cross; and when the United States entered the war she joined the ranks of the ministrants to the boys who were going over to fight for the freedom of the world. So well did she do this that she was selected as one of those who were to go to France, much to the surprise of some of the very respectable society ladies of Westport, who had not considered her suitable company for their sons. She was received at the French village of Printemps Vallee by Mrs. Lovett, head of the American women who were ministering to the wounded soldiers. The first night in the village she could not sleep, and at last walked out into the cool night air. There she saw, in a wrecked orchard, a man slip into the shadow of an apple tree. When she challenged him he showed the uniform of a French infantry officer, and, to her surprise, addressed her by name and in perfect English. The curiosity and interest which the stranger had awakened in Mary Ellis led her cautiously to interrogate one of the other nurses, and finally she confided her secret to an eccentric Irishman nicknamed Captain Michael.

For a long minute they held the tableau

CHAPTER IV—*Continued*

TWO days later as Mary Ellis and the other women sat at luncheon a young French officer, Jean Standish Renault by name, came unannounced into the room and was greeted with cries of surprised delight.

At the sight of him Mary Ellis's heart gave a glad leap. He had arrived! And to judge by his greeting he was a man of high repute. She had to turn away to hide the tears that welled in her eyes as he had looked at her. She knew that he understood.

"Jean Renault!" Helen Synon was on her feet at once, overturning her chair as she made a mad dash toward him. "It is months and months since we have seen you. We had stopped talking about you."

"Ah!—forgotten me!" he laughed as he shook hands with Mrs. Lovett.

"No," Mrs. Lovett said seriously, "not forgotten, Jean; but, then—this is France of 1917."

"Well, I am back—and very hungry. I have driven from Paris since eight—and had a blowout in the bargain."

Three of the women, after hurried greetings, departed kitchenward. In France, as everywhere, a man's appetite is a woman's first consideration, and Jean Renault had spoken of his hunger.

"And this is Miss Ellis." Mrs. Lovett led him forward. "Miss Ellis is the newest of our workers. Miss Ellis, may I present Captain Jean Standish Renault, French by birth, American by ancestry."

They shook hands.

"Welcome—in the name of France I welcome you. Have you been here long?"

Mary told him she was a recent arrival, and immediately the conversation became general. Half an hour later, while the captain still lingered over his coffee, Mary slipped from the room, and went back to her work in the basement of the little chapel. Three women were waiting for her, for she had promised to help them make skirts out of some old bagging material that they had found in a ruined building.

THERE was still an hour to sunset when she covered the old-fashioned sewing machine she had been using and started for the group of buildings she called home. A cold mist had come over the land, and she was walking with head down when she heard her name called. She turned and found Captain Renault coming toward her.

"I heard that you would be at the little church, and took the liberty of waiting for you."

"Frankly, I am glad you did. I rather think we need to talk."

"Yes—I could see by the flash of your eyes as we were introduced that you were going to demand an explanation."

She did not answer him, and they walked along the muddy road, skirting a shell hole that was filled with water.

"Well, there is really little for me to tell you. My work with the army carries me everywhere. Also I have to know many things. I thank you for your silence."

"And is that all you can tell me?"

He laughed.

"You are a real woman, and you are unused to war. Yes, Miss Ellis, that is all I can tell you."

He had been speaking in English, and without an accent. Mary noted the fact, and asked him if he had lived away from France.

"Yes; my grandparents are living in Boston this very minute. My mother married a Frenchman, but the old Puritan blood of the Standish families is still there. I was educated at Harvard."

"How wonderful! Somehow I felt this noontime that there was something dazzlingly American about your manner."

"How does the work seem here?" was his laughing reply.

"The work? Please don't call it that. I feel as if I were guilty of some crime when I think of the years I stayed snugly at home—those first three years."

"There are plenty of Americans who feel as you do. Where, may I ask, is home?"

"A little town called Westport—not so far away from New York City."

"So? I know the place. I have played polo there. Funny I don't remember you."

It was Mary Ellis's turn to laugh.

"It would be pathetic if you did. Westport to you means the big estates and the Garden Hotel beyond the town. I lived in the town itself—on Orchard Street."

He turned quickly.

"Orchard Street? Is that something to apologize for?"

"No—but—" she hesitated.

They walked for several feet.

"To be truthful with you, captain, Orchard Street is what might be termed the slum district of Westport. I have not told this to the others, but somehow I wanted to tell it to you. I wanted you to know right away that I have no social status. I have a comfortable allowance, and some education; but if you were to ask about me in Westport they would soon have you understand—that I don't belong. They call me 'that girl from Orchard Street!'"

"You may not belong to Westport—possibly not. To the big houses beyond, yes. You see, I have met many women in my time. I judge quickly."

She frowned with ugly mood.

"Please do not flatter me," she said quickly. "I did not think that you were capable——"

"Of flattery?" he interrupted her. "Please, Miss Ellis, believe me that I did not think before I spoke. And I had no intention of flattery."

Again they tramped in silence.

"I wonder what made you tell me that," he said abruptly, after a minute or two.

"Tell you what?" her voice was again soft and even.

"About your Orchard Street. Miss Ellis, was it"—his voice trembled—"was it because you did not wish our friendship to be built on any basis that might shift as the sands? Was it because that night in the orchard a new sensation came to you, too? So you—care?"

"Care!" Mary choked quickly. "Why—" and she stopped, suddenly facing him. Even though she lowered her head he could see that her cheeks burned crimson.

"Yes, care," he spoke boldly. "That night when I saw you first in the moonlight I knew that, of the thousands of women I had met, at last the one who could care had come to me. It was as if the moonlight had shaped the girl of my dreams—and yet you lived."

MARY did not answer him—his words seemed to lift her from her feet and carry her into space. For a full minute the world reeled, and then from out of the distance she heard his voice again.

"Mary Ellis. I—I am going to tell you something that will put me forever in your power. Send me to my death if you so desire. I came here that night looking for a man. I did not find him. I have not found him as yet. But somewhere in this great devastated France there is a man no matter what his guise, who is a Hun at heart—a man who is selling not military secrets to Germany, but who is crippling our food—the food on which our men live and fight. I must find him."

"And I can help you?"

"Possibly; who can tell? But I want you to know that whatever may happen I thank God for our meeting. The man I look for—if he is the one I suspect—is also looking for me. The meeting may be at any moment—and the end violence."

"And there is nothing I can do to help?" she asked seriously.

He did not answer her at once, but stared past her in the gathering twilight. Then he spoke hurriedly. "I will call on you when I need you." His words were abrupt. "Now I must leave you. Good-by for the present." And he was gone at a quick pace across the fields, toward a large shed-like building, which was used, during the farming season, partly for the farm horses, partly as a billet for the soldiers. Now it stood empty, deserted. Mary watched him go with mingled resentment and amazement. What did it mean? A moment before it had seemed as though he were about to declare his love; now he was striding away unconcerned, as if she had been some servant to dismiss in a moment.

Her cheeks hot with embarrassment, she hurried toward the house. She went at once to the room she shared with Helen Synon, and was relieved to find it empty. For many minutes she paced the floor, wondering, thinking. Somehow it seemed that she had been duped, defrauded.

"Does he think that he can keep me silent by—" she said aloud in bitter anger, and stopped. Back into her heart crept a seed of suspicion. She had been pacing the floor; now she stood very still, and gazed through the window out over the misty world. From one of the other buildings came a woman's laugh, and Mary Ellis resented the fact that there should be happiness while her heart was torn with doubt.

For many minutes she stood, thinking, thinking. All the kindliness, all the love that her heart had

held for Captain Renault was wavering in the balance. A spy! Why not? She grew cold as she thought of the fact, and the pendulum of her thoughts swung far in the opposite direction. He was no spy; he was all that was honorable. She would go now and tell him that she believed in him.

Almost unconscious of what she was doing she started from the room. From a chair where she had flung it she picked up her greatcoat. As she slipped it on she felt in the pocket for the toy-like revolver she had carried since her meeting with the captain that first night. She did not know why, but the touch of the shiny bit of steel gave her courage.

Once out of the house she walked in the direction of the place where Captain Renault had left her. She did not quite know where she was going, or what she was going to do—she had an overwhelming desire to see him, to tell him that she believed in him, to have him tell her that his love for France was so great that all else was dwarfed beside it. Almost unconsciously she crossed the fields toward the barn-like building that had been his apparent objective when he had left her so abruptly. As she neared the building she heard no sound. She knew that there were no soldiers quartered there; what few men there were at Printemps Vallée lived at the barracks. She would go closer and call to her captain; if he did not answer she would seek him elsewhere.

Suddenly as a nervous reaction chills one who has undergone a great strain, she felt cold, and shivered. Also she was afraid. With winged heels she ran until she could touch the wall of the building. Then she stood, huddled and breathless, until, touching the wall with her finger tips, she summoned courage to go toward the door. There was no window between her and the door, and the door was open. Should she go boldly in? Perhaps he had gone. She would call once. And then from the misty darkness of the building came a voice that spoke clearly and fiercely, as a man swears when by himself, *and the words were in the enemy tongue.*

"Gott! Gott in Himmel! Etwas ist los!"

Before she recovered from her amazement, a man seemed to hurl himself from the doorway. As he passed, Mary recognized him. It was Captain Jean Standish Renault!

CHAPTER V

FOR the fraction of a minute Mary Ellis allowed the hurrying figure of the Captain to merge into the mist; then, checking the cry that rose in her throat before it could leave her lips, she darted after him, noiseless, with the stealthy, rapid movement of an animal after its prey. As she ran she drew the small pistol from its invisible holster.

For a minute the man's figure was lost in the fog, but fortunately she located him at once. Presently, after they had traversed the thousand feet that lay between the barns and the road, the Captain slowed his pace to a walk. With rapid steps Mary gained his side.

"Oh, it is you?" he spoke in French, after a nervous start that to Mary's mind betrayed his guilt.

"Yes," her single word was almost a growl. She was trembling with emotion.

"I cannot talk with you now; I have work to do," the Captain said after a moment.

"So have I." Mary was astonished at the sudden boldness of her tone. "Captain Renault——" she stopped.

"Yes?"

"I want you to go with me to Captain Michael."

"Impossible. I told you I have work to do. Some other day I will come back and marry you."

Mary ignored his remark.

"I want to talk with Captain Michael, and you must be there."

"I am sorry; I must hurry now." He quickened his pace. Mary drew from her pocket the hand that held the toy revolver.

"Halt!" she suddenly broke into English. "Halt, or I'll fire; and I can shoot straight!" And she raised the revolver.

The man slowed his pace, turning his body with a hesitating, half incredulous movement. The aim of the revolver did not tremble. For a long minute they held the tableau, and then with a swift spring that started as a crouch the Captain had grabbed Mary Ellis's arm, and was trying to pry the gun from her fingers. She pulled at the trigger, but his big hand held her in such a grip that she could not find sufficient play to move her fingers.

She screamed with terror, again and again, eluding his efforts to place one of his big hands across her mouth.

"Hush—don't be a fool!" he cried. "You pretend that you wish to go to the church with me and——"

Mary Ellis screamed again. The man's free arm forced her head back. The world grew very dark. Night—not the darkness of the evening homes, but the night of death, seemed to close in about her. Suddenly, as rapidly as it had come, the spell was gone, for the pressure was relaxed as the sound of men's voices, and running feet, came to them out of the fog. The Captain started toward the fields, releasing his hold. Mary Ellis fired. The bullet sang close to his head, and he stumbled, and then stood still.

The noise that had stopped the struggle proved to be two soldiers, and with a beckoning hand Mary Ellis ordered them to the Captain's side.

"This is no affair of yours," the Captain barked to the two men. "Go back to your duties. I am Captain Renault."

Noon-Day Prayers for Victory

PROBABLY no one other single event of these crowded war-time days is more impressive than the week-day noon-hour of prayer in Cincinnati. All are welcome who wish to come to the Esplanade at noon and join in prayer for the success of the Allies. At the booming of the tower clocks for noon, rich and poor, high and low, foregather on the broad cemented plaza of the Esplanade. The men remove their hats and bow their heads reverently. The audience grows as the service continues. A correspondent, Felix J. Koch, thus describes the scene:

"At times some army or navy band opens the noon-hour program by playing martial music. The sun shines through the lattices of the white pergola, and its gleams are reflected from the metal instruments. The music attracts many who might not otherwise know of the prayer to follow. Music over, a speaker steps forward on the platform and tells simply and directly of the necessity of our winning the war. The pastors alternate with the days. One day perhaps it is Rabbi Philipson, the noted Jewish divine, who leads in prayer. He is very likely to be followed by a Catholic and a Protestant.

"It is very brief, this service, for in that noon-hour, war-workers, patriots, must find time to eat; but it seems to give a new inspiration and a new hope to all. It calms those worried over loved ones; it gives fresh zest to the enlisted who are about to leave on service. It puts new vim into the hearts of those toiling that others may fight the battle. And all feel a strange and new confidence that the Almighty hears and accepts the petition for an early victory for the cause of righteousness and the freedom of the world."

The men hesitated.

"Yes, it is Captain Renault." Mary Ellis spoke with equal authority. "And I am Mary Ellis, whom you know. I accuse Captain Renault of being a spy."

All three men gasped.

"Yes, I command that he be taken to your colonel. Ten nights ago I discovered the Captain wandering around the orchards. Tonight I heard him talking in German. The circumstances are suspicious."

"The girl is a fool. I will have you both court-martialed in the morning."

"Yes, but tonight I am pointing a pistol at your heart," Mary Ellis said quickly. "Go with these men."

For a long minute there was silence, then one of the soldiers spoke.

"Captain Renault may be on some mission?" he inquired.

"Yes, you fools, and this pig of an Englishwoman here is hindering me."

"Englishwoman!" Mary Ellis cried in amazement, and both soldiers grabbed the man by the arms, holding him fast.

"I have a torch, in my pocket, Mademoiselle," one of the men called, and Mary reached with her free hand for the torch. One of the soldiers rolled back the collar of the Captain's greatcoat, and pushed the cap from his forehead. Mary Ellis flashed the torch in the man's face.

It was a man uncannily like Captain Renault in feature, but he was very blond, and almost bald.

"A spy—an impostor!" one of the soldiers cried. "And Mademoiselle has captured him."

"He is very like the captain—his face and figure—only he is bald," the other soldier cried; then, "the American mademoiselles are all clever. I have often heard it said."

"American!" the prisoner could not help the exclamation.

"Yes, American!" Mary Ellis said suddenly. "Your U-boats have not kept us away; we are here. Take this man to your colonel."

"Mademoiselle will not accompany us?"

"No—I am going to find the real Captain Renault," and she broke into a run as she started in the direction of the deserted barns.

WHEN she had almost reached the door Mary stopped. To her delight she found that she still held the torch she had taken from the pocket of the soldier. She went boldly to the door, with no thought of danger. Later she was to remember this stepping across the threshold into inky darkness, and be afraid; but now she was thinking only of the man she had learned to love.

She played the flashlight about the room—and found nothing. To the right a door that was partly open seemed to lead to a sinister darkness that her torch did not disturb. She went boldly forward. This second room was large, and seemingly empty, save for a pile of wooden cots that were in the farther corner. She went toward them, and noticed on the floor a torn strip of a man's coat. She bent down to pick it up, but it was fast to the floor. For an instant she studied the boards and then she made out the outline of the trap door. Evidently the man who was down there had caught his coat in the trap as it slammed.

Further investigation showed the door in the floor to be very long and narrow; and there was an iron ring. She gave a tremendous tug. To her surprise the door in the floor moved easily, noiselessly, almost causing her to lose her balance. She threw the door back as far as it would go. A flight of stairs led to the cellar. She threw the light before her. There at the bottom of the stairs was a huddled figure of a man. She ran down the steps and crouched beside him.

It was the real Jean Renault!

MARY ELLIS was practical. She had lived on Orchard Street too long not to know the small benefits to be gained by a knowledge of first aid. With a surging emotion of delight she found his heart beating. She carefully straightened out the huddled figure of the young Frenchman, and ran swift and knowing fingers over his limbs. Her first glance into his face had told her he was unconscious, and to judge from the position in which he lay when she found him he had been hurled down the flight of stairs. His clothing was torn, the pockets were turned inside out, and his big cape was gone. She gritted her teeth when she found the puffed swelling of one arm that told her the bone was broken; but more startling was the warm, wet blood that she found on the back of his head.

Knowing that she could do little without aid, Mary Ellis spent but a short time in her examination. Then she ran back to the road in search of help. By the time she had reached the barracks she found the small community in an uproar. The story of the spy had traveled quickly, and the chaplain was setting out for the colonel's headquarters when she arrived.

She told her story quickly.

"He may die; go to him at once, and I will bring others." She sped on her way. She had only a short distance to go before she found many who were anxious to carry the Captain from the scene of his injury.

Tenderly four of them lifted him into a blanket, and tenderly they carried him down the half-mile stretch of road to the portable houses of the American women. The colonel himself came hurriedly on the scene, accompanied by the doctor. The little group about the cot scarcely seemed to breathe while the doctor made his examination.

"The blow on the head has been most severe. Should he recover consciousness he will probably live. The broken arm is of no seriousness."

"And there is nothing to do?" Mary asked anxiously.

"Nothing but skilful nursing. I must reduce the swelling before we set the arm. Have any of you ladies done any real sick-room nursing?"

"I have," Mary said quickly, and for the first time in all her life Mary Ellis was thankful for Orchard Street.

Later that evening the colonel came with two of his fellow officers and an orderly to talk with Miss Ellis. She was rather embarrassed at the manner with which they greeted her, and at the flutter of excitement among her co-workers, when the colonel announced her to be deserving of a *croix de guerre* for what she had done, but she told her story in a simple, straightforward manner.

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OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

The Farther View

IT was a wise word in season that was spoken by one of the foremost of England's churchmen, the Right Reverend Charles Gore, Bishop of Oxford, while welcoming a visit from the National Committee of American Churches in New York a few days ago. Accompanying the Bishop was the distinguished English Nonconformist, Rev. Dr. R. Guttery of Liverpool. Both are earuest believers in a League of Nations after the war, which will substitute arbitration for force and have back of it the power to carry its findings into effect. Both represented the British pacifists as now being united in the determination to see the war carried to a victorious conclusion—to make it a war that should reuder future wars impossible.

But the eminent Bishop sounded an even higher note when he told his American audience that, as civilians, we must keep the minds of men steadily raised to the moral aims of the war. President Wilson above all other men has emphasized those aims. If the great struggle now convulsing the world is to result in nothing better than the upbuilding of armaments, the Bishop said, he would view the future with despair. He believes nothiug of the sort—civilization will not go under! But to render it secure, all the forces that make for liberty aud justice must unite to make war impossible. The more democratic the nations become, the greater the chance for a League of Nations. Public sentiment must be the motive for maintaining the peaceful equilibrium of the world, and not secret negotiations. Everything must be done openly in the light. War must be made as difficult as possible, and the most efficient instrument for that purpose is negotiation and arbitratiou.

But international peace among nations is not to be attained except through sacrifice. "We must carry the cross through travail all the way," and whether long or short, it will be the way that leads to the greatest moral victory that has come to the world in twenty centuries—one, let us hope, that while saving what is best in the old civilization, will bring in the new, to make this earth not only a better place to live in but a holier, happier world, in which all may dwell in peace and friendship as God intended.

The good Bishop's eloquent emphasis of the splendid hope that is in the hearts of men will not soon be forgotten. It is like a marching song whose notes still stir the blood long after the music has ceased.

The Peace Note

AUSTRIA'S peace overture was not unexpected. There have been very clear indications for several weeks past that an unusual effort was about to be made, and the peace offer which Austria now submits on behalf of the Quadruple Alliance to the belligereut and neutral powers is the result. We print the text of the Note in another part of this issue. That it will receive careful consideration by our government in due course is the impression in Washington. It is understood that the Teutonic allies unitedly agreed that Austria should make this latest proposal. The fact, however, that it comes at a time when the fortunes of the Teutonic powers are at the lowest point since the war began, is of itself significant.

The Note may be regarded as the climax to a series of public discussions in Germauy and Austria, all of which have been preliminary. The Kaiser's dramatic address to the workmen in the Krupp Munition Works at Essen, in which he pledged them to fight to the last, was the first chord of the prelude. Then followed Chancellor Von Hertling's speech to the Trades Union Leaders of Germany, in which he declared that the German government and army chiefs were against all conquests and desired a peace by uuderstanding. Next came Viee-Chancellor Von Peyer's speech at Stuttgart, in which, while announcing that the coming peace would not be one of conquest, Germany would tolerate no iuterference with her arrangements with Russia, Finland, Poland, and Rumania. He closed with the declaration that Germany must receive back her colonies. There were many other public utterances in both Germany and Austria which indicated that the home situation had become acute and the time was ripe for another peace drive.

Baron Burian, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, in a recent newspaper article proposed an exchange of views between belligerents regarding conciliation. He admitted that the military overthrow of the Allies is now scarcely possible, and held further bloodshed needless. He pleaded for "a calm exchange of views." to bring the belligerent parties into closer relations in seeking a basis for peace.

Dr. Lotz, the distinguished professor of Economics at Munich University, in an article in the Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitnug, discussed with disapproval the plan of a "League of Natious" as one that would prove impossible to control by Germany, besides involving a reduction of armaneuts which he could uot conceive of as dispensable. Putting the plan aside, he suggested a radical substitute:

> Otherwise there is only one way of escape which would be even less sympathetic to the majority than an international league, namely, a political organization of those whose interests are collectively at stake—*let us call it the United States of Europe.* We have many examples of industrial competitors who fought each other to the knife, but entered into a coalition when they realized that neither of them was strong enough to beat the other, and outside influences threatened to annihilate both. The result of a similar coalition would be a uuiversal disarmament of European nations as against each other, with retention of a powerful united Army and Navy, eventually under the leadership of a small neutral state, as the hegemony of one of the Great Powers would lead to jealousy on the part of the others. It is doubtful whether the time has come for ripening of such a project, or is likely to come soon; possibly it is nearer than we think.

Another suggestion of the German press, however, is not so confident of the particular value of these forecasts. In a recent issue the Berlin Vossische Zeitung says so in these terms:

> The road to hell is paved with good intentions, says the old proverb. Of good intentions we have shown no lack. But tho road that we are treading leads to the permanent division of Europe into two systems of alliance, armed to the teeth, directed against each other, and waiting to spring upon each other; it leads to increased rivalry of armaments between tho system of the Central Powers on the one hand and the system of the Western Powers on the other, and it leads also, not only to economie war, but to a war of arms—new wars in which our children will have to defend what we have just extorted from the conquered East and what we propose to extort from the conquered West. The road that we are treading leads not to a new order of the universe, which a few months ago we so temptingly displayed before the admiring gaze of the world as our goal, but to a *peace that will be hell.*

These and other utterances afford a glimpse of the changing tread of thought in the Teutonic lands, and were really pointers to the new peace overture. Let us hope that iu their reply to Austria the Allies, including our owu government, will stand together as a unit for those principles of righteousness and justice in support of which we have entered the war and without which there ean be no satisfactory or enduring peace.

The Victory Draft

THE spirit of the response to the new draft is truly American. Youth and middle-age alike answered with eagerness the call to the colors. This whole-souled response has furnished the best possible evidence that the people of the United States are settled iu the deep conviction that the war must be seen through to the end, and that the only end shall be victory.

To what extent the full manhood of the Nation may be called upon actually to engage in the armed conflict is as yet unknown; but how well known it is that willingness precedes the need and that eagerness and enthusiasm await the call.

The American army already in Fraucе, which in its force, equipment, training and demonstrated fighting power has amazed and heartened the world, is but an advance guard of the mighty army which the ready response to the new draft shows this country to be capable of putting in the field.

There is profound meaning in this Victory draft. To autocracy there is fateful admonition; to democracy there is sublime assurance. To the whole world it means that America is aroused; to ourselves it means that our Nation's ideals are to be realized through our own striving and our own deserving.

Secretary Baker's Visit

QUITE as unheralded as was his former trip to the fighting front, Secretary Baker's latest journey to Europe is undertaken at a most opportune time. He goes by request of the President to learn from personal contact what is going on there, and also what is most needed to be done here at home to enable our government to carry on the war with maximum efficiency. It is a good plan to get into touch with the thing itself, instead of trusting to information at long range. While in Fraucе, it is understood that the Secretary will study aircraft conditions and needs, the troop transportation problem, army sanitatiou, the care of the wounded, and other important matters. He is accompanied by Surgeon-General Gorgas, who may remain indefinitely to look after health measures for our troops; John D. Ryan, who has charge of our aviation program; and General Hines, of the Embarkation Department. Each one is the man in the right place at this time. We may look for valuable results from this visit. If the highest attainable point of efficiency will help to win success, let us have it in the last degree.

Secretary Baker's visit meaus that it is a time for driving iu the wedge of advantage with the strongest possible blows. This was emphasized in his brief statement to the press of Paris. "This is a time for deeds, not for words," he said. "If there is any talking to be done let the soldiers now have their say and let them drive home their arguments with bayonet and rifle, while the guns provide the punctuation"; and this is just what our brave boys at the front are doing.

Meanwhile we who remain here at home can give them added iuspiration and energy to "carry on" to victory, by making an overwhelming success of the Fourth Liberty Loan which opens September 28th. All of us have friends in the war. Not a community in the length and breadth in this land has failed to send men to the front. Hardly a home exists where its circle of relatives, friends and acquaintances remains unbroken. Everywhere the service flag flies, with its stars for our boys who are fighting in Fraucе for the freedom of the world. The knowledge that their welfare and their success lies close to the hearts of those at home will stimulate them at the crisis. Let our money fight for us. Let our Liberty Bond purchases be not a mere investment, but a real sacrifice. Then we shall have the right to claim a share in the coming triumph.

Wise and Foolish Spending

THERE is a renewed campaign throughout the country to combat foolish and lavish expenditure, so that money and materials may be saved to aid in winning the war. A recent investigation made by the Council of National Defense shows that among certain classes of wage-earners, wasteful spending is alarmingly ou the increase. The evil is noted especially among women, and is apparently more prevalent in the South and West than in the East.

It is to be hoped that the increased earnings of the American workers will establish for them a new and higher standard of living. A nation can have no asset more valuable than an intelligent, vigorous, efficient, happy labor class. The entire country will benefit if the workingman, flush with high wages, places his money in the things that elevate, enlighten and strengthen.

The campaign which is being waged against extravagance and waste should teach the people not only how to save money but how to spend it with discrimination and beneficially.

The Power of Words

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL once said, "Thousands of years ago a leaf fell on the soft clay, and seemed to be lost. But last summer a geologist in his ramblings broke off a piece of rock with his hammer, and there lay the leaf, with every line and vein and all the delicate tracery preserved in the stone through these centuries."

So language perpetuates the thoughts of men, the deeds of history and biography, the beauty of poetry, the glory of literature and learning and the will of the heavenly Father to His children. Are not words the richest treasure of the human mind, next to thought and feeling? Education without language to express the achievements of the soul would become wholly for self, rather than for the brotherhood of maukind. What if all the revelations in nature, all the inventions of genius had been locked up in the individual soul of the discoverer? How useless would have been the vast acquirements of knowledge! The power to impart in words facts discovered has made possible the progress of civilization, the onward march of the kingdom of truth and righteousness.

Paul and Bunyan in prison wrote words that will never die. The man who writes or speaks passes away, but his words live on forever. It has been said that in another life, words will return to the author like ships laden with argosies of treasure. If by our words we shall be judged, should we not carefully weigh every word we speak about our country, our leading men, our church, our institutions, our enemies and the Book of God? One wrong speech may iufluence a whole people far more than an intemperate action. The wings of the press fly everywhere with the words written or spoken. Let us therefore be slow to speak until we are certain that we have the truth.

"Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight."

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Protests River Pollution

THE Merchants' Association of New York, through Edward Hatch, Jr., chairman of the Committee on Pollution and Sewerage, has just appealed to Congress and to the state authorities to take action with a view to checking the further contamination of the Hudson River and its tributaries through chemical waste from industrial plants and the sewage from cities and towns on their banks. The appeal to Congress called on that body to insert in the River and Harbor Bill now pending a clause prohibiting the pollution of navigable streams or their direct or indirect tributaries. In the pleas to the Conservation Commission at Albany, George D. Pratt suggests that it is a crime for the mills in these times of economic stress to throw away the valuable chemical by-products that are contained in the wastes defiling our rivers, and a crime also to poison and kill the fish which could contribute largely to our food supply. A considerable number of shad came up the Hudson this year. To do so, in rounding Sandy Hook they had to face and nose their way through the Narrows, against the sewage of the millions of people of the metropolitan district, and the waste from countless oil factories and manufacturing plants. After running this gantlet of filth and germ-laden waters they had to encounter the filth and poison of 175 towns and municipalities that line the banks of the Hudson and its tributaries. The total solid material in this polluted water from industrial waste alone amounts to more than 1,500,000 pounds daily. It is claimed on good authority that before the wholesale pollution of the Hudson, its catch of shad each year brought in more money than did the farms on either bank of the river. The merchants now are learning to utilize these wastes for their own profit, as well as for the benefit of the public. Worse than the industrial waste and the killing of fish in war time is the destruction of human life by the sewage and chemical poisons of fresh-water streams which are drawn upon for the public water supply. Boards of health in the state and nation should see to it that the people have pure water to drink. Water, which makes up so large a part of vegetable and animal life, is used in the Scriptures as a type of spiritual life and of God, who is its fountain. The thought is thus beautifully expressed: "*And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*" (*Rev. 22 : 17.*)

Broken Dam Causes Disaster

A CONCRETE dam at Hill, N. H., gave way recently, causing one death and the destruction of an electrical power plant, two manufacturing establishments, several houses and barns, a railroad bridge and a large amount of track. The dam was 100 feet long and 45 feet high, holding back the water in a stream the distance of a mile. In some way poor material went into the foundation of the wall, or workmen put good material into it poorly. A watchman saw the start in the squirting of a small stream at the bottom of the dam and ran down the valley shouting the alarm. All the inhabitants in the path of danger escaped except one old resident. What a fault, what a crime to make bad mortar, or to be careless or ignorant in handling it! How important it is to build the walls of character, that are to keep back the stream of temptation and sin, with good mortar and with skill to prevent disastrous consequences! How necessary is the good watchman, who, at the first little break in the wall, gives the alarm, and enables the people to make their escape from the rushing torrent! The psalmist uses the water flood as a type of the spiritual ills that overwhelm the soul, and thus prays to be delivered from them: "*Let not the water flood overflow me.*" (*Ps. 69 : 15.*)

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Celebration of Heroes' Day

THE first Heroes' Day was gloriously celebrated in New York City the first day of September. Exercises of importance were held in the parks, churches, halls and other public places, where eloquent orators told of the virtues of our heroic boys who had died in this war, and of the loyalty and heroism of their mothers. Bands and singers were at most of the gatherings, and the soldiers and sailors took part in the exercises. One of the most important meetings was that held at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. At the monument, wreaths and pyramids of flowers, sent by various patriotic societies, were placed at the base of the memorial to the soldier dead of past wars. Carrying their battered standards, a score of gray-haired veterans of '61 marched proudly up the steps. Representatives of a number of G. A. R. posts were saluted with enthusiasm. Mrs. Brisk read a letter of good cheer from Premier Lloyd George to the women of Harlem. Then the audience marched to the dock where lay the Granite State, a battleship of the olden time, and scattered flowers over the Hudson River in memory of the dear boys who went out and will not come back again. Airplanes dropped flowers in the parks and on the river. The memorial day had its climax in the meeting at the Hippodrome, where Mayor Hylan and others spoke, lauding the heroism of the dead. There were 100 black-draped mourning mothers in the front, and as the mayor marched down to where they were and pinned medals on their breasts, the great audience broke into the wildest cheers and cried while it cheered. It was beautiful and just to couple the mothers with the boys in the memorial. The fathers and mothers and loved ones have sacrificed much, for they would freely have laid down their own lives for their boys if they could. These brave youths are not dead; they speak, they live in our memories, our affections, our institutions, and will live in the destiny of the world. Bryant, in his "Song of the Greek Poets," says: "'Tis but the living who are dumb. The voices of the dead sound like a distant torrent's fall." This great truth is thus voiced: "*He being dead yet speaketh.*" (*Heb. 11 : 4.*)

Boll-Weevil Doomed

A JUST alarm has been raised that the boll-weevil would destroy the cotton-raising industry of our country. It seemed to be immune to the kinds of poisoning that killed other insects feeding upon the crops. Biting insects, which eat off portions of the plant, can be stopped by poisoning their food; insects that suck the juices of the plant can be controlled by suffocating sprays; but the boll-weevil larva, working inside the cotton plant or fruit buds, can eat away at the plant tissues on the inside, out of reach of both kinds of poisoning from without. The Department of Agriculture at Washington has announced that as the boll-weevil drinks the rain-drop and dew-drop on the surface of the cotton plant, a fine powdered poison can be blown upon the plant and the insect killed in its supposed security and the plant saved. Five pounds of the powder costing twenty-five cents a pound will destroy the insects on an acre of cotton. If the experiment works practically, as the government promises it will, the enemy that threatened the doom of cotton in the South will itself be doomed to death by poisoning. The Jewish crops were injured and sometimes destroyed by insects of one kind or another. The destruction of the crops by grasshoppers is thus used as the type of the attempted destruction of the Jewish nation by hostile tribes: "*For they came up with their cattle and their tents, and they came as grasshoppers for multitude; for both they and their camels were without number; and they entered into the land to destroy it.*" (*Judges 6 : 5.*)

To Teach Aeronautics

SEVERAL large sums of money have recently been given to leading English universities for the establishment of professorships in aeronautics. A few years ago a man announced that he had invented a flying machine and that the next day he would show the public how it worked. He started from the top of a building and fell with his wrecked machine to the ground, breaking his leg. And the world made fun of "the fool that tried to fly." Not many years later, the Wright brothers said they had invented a machine that would fly. And they did fly, and taught the whole world to fly, and now the air is becoming almost as full of ships as the sea. After the war, the air will be full of ships of commerce. This wonderful discovery of our times materializes the flight of the imagination thus expressed: "*Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.*" (*Ps. 55 : 6.*)

Boy Buries Dead Bird

A GENTLEMAN passing through City Hall Avenue, Boston, the other day saw a little chap with his head and shoulders stuck into a big red waste-box, and, thinking the boy might be hungry and looking for a morsel of bread or fruit, halted a moment. The boy emerged from the rubbish with a paper box in his hand and said to the man: "I picked up this little dead bird just now out of the street, and I was looking for a coffin to bury it in, and I've found one." The man handed him a dime which the boy declined. The name of the boy was not given in the Boston paper that recorded the story, but we prophesy good of him. He is likely to make a good, useful man. The story of the boy and the bird ought to inspire in us a tenderer care of the dumb creatures, and also a feeling of kindness to our fellows, which is a necessary element in the Christian life. This kindness to others is the stone next to the top in the pyramid of virtues. "*And to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity.*" (*II Peter 1 : 7.*)

The World's Life Enriched Thro' Christ

*A SERMON BY REV. S. F. GOODHEART, D.D.**

TEXT—John 8:12. "I am the Light of the world."

TO us all, there has come of late the inescapable fact that we are living in a changed and fast changing world. Under the stress and strain of a world upheaval our physical, domestic, economic and social life is undergoing daily the process of change. We are adjusting ourselves to a new environment; are living under new legal restrictions and abiding by new social customs and obligations. Through it all there are going on within us equally great changes in our attitude to life and its problems and tasks. We have been forced out of our provinciality and provincialism into a world outlook; an international spirit is rising; our interests have taken on a world-wide aspect, and our concerns embrace the political and economic welfare of all humanity.

And what is true in the secular realm is also true, in large measure, in the religious sphere. Our thought and concern there have moved away from the localized and circumscribed interests which centered in the individual, the local organization, the denominational demand. The religious outlook has become intensive, world-embracing, all-inclusive. Our thought of Christ now, in addition to his being the Saviour of the individual follower, is as the Leader and Inspirer of Humanity—the New Humanity that shall be. And if the future is, as it must be, judged by the past, the question is pertinent: How has Christ enriched the world? How has the world at large, in its toilsome and yet steady march through the centuries, benefited by the advent of the Redeemer? What striking improvements in the thought and life of humanity are due to the impact of Christianity upon it? It is, of course, true that the most vital proof of the supremely divine power of the Christ comes to the individual because of his discovery of its ability to satisfy his soul-hunger for inner peace, and the increasing mastery of spiritual forces; yet it is both helpful and inspiring to trace this same Christ-power in the larger life of the race. And to him who, open-eyed and honest-hearted, peruses the historic page, desiring to trace there the silent yet potent influence of the Son of Man, the vista stretches out like a cloth of gold, gladsome and inspiring.

IN order to clearly and convincingly come to a true decision in the matter we must first find the standard of judgment—the qualities which should characterize a normally just and righteous race-life—and discover whether these existed in the pre-Christian times and how the teachings of Christ and the influences emanating from his religion gave them birth. And as the individual is a type of the race—a microcosm—we may profitably start with him in our inquiry, going from the lesser to the greater, for the experiences of the race are found in miniature in the individual, and the ideals we cherish for humanity are the result of what we have found to be those of a rich, full individual life.

There are in the main three factors to be reckoned with in the constitution of a normally enriched and full-flowering life: the thoughts and conceptions it harbors within the heart, the ideas it holds in regard to the daily tasks and problems, and the hopes and aspirations it cherishes concerning the future; that is, the life within, the life without, and the life beyond. When Adam was placed in the Garden of Eden, a place providing all the beauties of nature and the necessary elements for physical well-being, the Lord, we are told, came to visit him. Adam was not entirely happy in spite of the perfect environment, and God in his inquiry, Ah-ye-kah, "Where art thou?" laid his finger on the root of the trouble. "Where do you stand, Adam, in your inner life, your conscience, your ideals, your concepts of duty and fidelity, the outreaching of your soul?" This soul-life and its quality is the first condition of a wholesome, rounded life.

The scene changes, also the period. Elijah the prophet stands in the presence of God. The man's inner life was right in ideal and concept; conscience was acute and fidelity to the truth constant; yet something was lacking. He failed in his valuation of the every-day task and discipline. His work became irksome, its concomitants burdensome. Life became prosy—escape was sought. In the query of the Lord, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" there is seen the rebuke to the prophet for his short-sightedness and his wrong view of life. Not here in the quiet and solitude of Horeb is to be found the fulfilment of life; the divinity and glory of it is to be found at the accustomed place and in the appointed task; there is the halo of the Shekinah, there the presence of the Lord, there the fountain of peace and hope and enlargement; there, through toil and struggle and heartache, is found the path to self-realization and victory.

Again a change of scene and period. A man, lover of his people, is deeply affected by their suffering and oppression. Seemingly all is dark and hopeless. The children of Israel are in exile, their homeland is laid waste and their temple destroyed. They themselves are largely in despair and expect nothing of the future. But the prophet sees light ahead; the days to come are ablaze with glory and the path is illumined. He, the watchman, sees the brightness on the horizon as of the coming dawn, and a deep joy grips him, and an abiding calm enters his soul.

He sings, he shouts; all is well. "Watchman, what of the night? Yes, the night comes, but after that, the morning." So we have the exuberance and assurance of the glowing words of Isaiah 52. God, the Father, is guiding. Nothing can go wrong. The present is his work and the future is in his hands. No fear, no anxiety, only wonder and faith.

WHAT were the ideals and concepts of the world at the time of Christ's Advent? Strictly speaking, there were none. It is indeed a sad picture that the then world presents to us in the poverty, the absolute squalor, of its heart and mind and conscience. There were one or two localities, such as Rome, Athens and Alexandria, where a handful of people made a feeble attempt to adjudicate life in its higher realm. To us now their discussions and their homilies seem inane, insipid, beside the mark, lifeless. In Jerusalem, indeed, the situation was different, but the point of view even there was partial, narrow, circumscribed, without soul and expanse. The mass of the world lay, so far as the moral and intellectual life is concerned, in a veritable Egyptian darkness. The mind of man was practically blank. He looked down, not up. The earth was hard beneath and the sky was inscrutable and gave no message. It is an appalling panorama, sad, depressing, hopeless.

The coming of Jesus and the Christian Gospel produced the magic change which has carried the world a far distance from the dismal morass of spiritual poverty and intellectual sterility. The human mind can hardly gauge aright the stupendous changes wrought by Christ in the hearts and minds of men. Hardly had a few decades of the Christian era gone before we see the growing-pains of a new world. The outward changes everywhere were the direct result of an inward transformation in thought and ideal. The great truths of God's Fatherhood and love, of man's capacity to respond to divine impressions, of the glory of sacrificial service, of the expansive power of love, of peace through conscientious performance of duty, of the harmonious wonder of a physical world which is the expression of the Eternal Mind—all these came to a comatose humanity and startled it into life and action. The ego came to its own. Under the inspiration of new concepts and convictions, domestic relationships became tender; slavery received its first blow; education was born; hospitals and asylums began to be reared; the state became a responsible entity, and man sensed his partnership with the unseen forces of the universe. Mothers told their children the story of God becoming man. A new life, a new joy everywhere, and ever increasing, even up to the present, because Christ divinized man by giving him an outlet for his inner forces of spirit and mind, and fellowship and mastery.

AND when we inquire as to the effect of the Gospel upon the workaday world, the significance of the daily task and occupation, the value of and reason for the multitude of experiences, joys and sorrows, victories and denials of the common lot, we do not have to wait long for the answer. In the pre-Christian era, life at its worst was a "pot of affliction," at its best a load to be borne doggedly until the coming of death removed it. On the one hand were the vast numbers who performed the labor, skilled and unskilled, of the world; toil which brought neither joy nor adequate reward. On the other hand were the few engaged in pleasure and military life, to whom life was either the stimulus for battlefield glory or the opiate of new-found voluptuous and debauching excesses. To all, life was gray and dull; it had no bright light falling athwart the path of the every-day work and plan and experience.

The Gospel of Christ shed a new and bright luster over the common life of every day. It sanctified labor; it taught man that in every worthy task he is a partner with the Father who "worketh until now," and with Jesus, Master and Friend of man, who was trained a carpenter, who called humble fishermen to be his helpers in world-saving, and constantly taught, by word and act, that "honest toil is holy service, faithful work is praise and prayer." The Gospel inspired men with the sense of the sacredness and preciousness of the common experiences of life, in plan and effort and achievement, in pain and sorrow and longing, in loneliness and separation and bereavement, in friendship and sympathy and sacrifice. Human life in all its phases, said the Christ, is meant to be the expression of God; as such it is a holy thing.

This lifting up of the common problem and humble task to the highest plane of sacredness and worth has revolutionized man's attitude to himself, to his fellow men, and to the natural world about him. Christianity is the only religion with a vital, throbbing, joyous and all-satisfying solution of the meaning of human existence and human experience. Christ—God as living in man—walks with his children in daily companionship, doubling their joys, dividing their sorrows, and interpreting to them increasingly the higher significance of their toil, their dreams, their relationships. This great assurance has been the anchor which has held men through the centuries—in our own day no less—to their ideals and their hopes, strengthening them in weakness, lighting up their road in the night.

IS not this, the surrounding of the daily walk of man with the radiance of a heavenly halo, taught by Christ, and exemplified by his true followers, the proof both of the supremely divine character of the Gospel and of the enrichment of the race-life by the Redeemer?

Christ enriched the world most wonderfully by inspiring both the individual and the race with the "forward look," the expectation and assurance of greater days to come. The pagan world in Jesus' time had no such hope. The Golden Age was in the remote past, never to return. Men believed they were living in the degenerate iron age in which justice, fidelity and friendship were neither present nor to be expected. There was for the individual no incentive to spur him on to his best effort, no sense of the eternal influence of a good life.

The coming of Christ altered all that. Christianity came teaching that discipleship is a constantly growing and ever expanding experience, with fresh visions and new victories and throbbing hopes for the still brighter days ahead. The journey of life must be an unceasing discovery, with God as the ever-present Companion and Teacher. Life's lessons were meant to be the preparation for greater knowledge and a fuller happiness. The effect of this truth upon men was simply tremendous. It worked marvels in awakening them from dull despair and benumbing lethargy into a soul buoyancy, a self-renewing youth of the spirit which produced joy and hope and victory in the eternal quest of "following on to know the Lord." And this hope, planted by Christ in the human heart, has through the centuries been the beacon light to countless multitudes who toiled onward, suffering and bleeding for the truth, assured of the ultimate triumph of good—of God. They pressed on through inward struggle, through seeming defeat; forever crucified and laid in the tomb, but forever rising from the dead and becoming more than conquerors through Him that loves us, and assured that it is only for a divine destiny

> that man is hurled
> From change to change unceasingly,
> His soul's wings never furled.

With equal force came the Christ-message to collective society. The Golden Age is in front, not behind us. The Heavenly Jerusalem is to become a reality upon earth; a new society, built upon heavenly principles of peace, righteousness and love, shall be established. Institutions shall become Christian; human relationships shall be governed by the Gospel. Christ enriched the world-life by teaching that the crowning fact of history is the realization of heaven upon earth, and that the race is engaged upon that task.

This it is which is to hold the faith and fidelity of the pure and the wise, the good and the true. The new day, the day of the Lord, a day of victory, of love, of brotherhood, of the redeemed world and the reigning Christ—that day is coming! And society must live in that hope, and be active in the divine errand to speed it. The world is rich indeed with this hope in view, and must perforce acclaim him Lord and Master who gave men the vision of the Messianic day, and who alone is strong and faithful to bring it to pass.

*Preached before the Strafford Association of Congregational Churches of New Hampshire.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

Daily Meditation

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Broken Pieces of the Ship

SUNDAY, September 29. Acts 27 : 44. "*Some on broken pieces of the ship . . . they escaped all safe to land.*" In the very first sermon I ever heard Dr. Joseph Parker preach, when I was a boy in my early teens, he quoted this passage with extraordinary power. He laid hold of the statement that some were saved by clinging to broken pieces of the ship. They were not saved by a complete boat, but by a plank. And so it may be, he said, in the realm of the soul. Perhaps we are not able to enter, with full believing acceptance, into the entirety of the Apostle's Creed. Well then, cling with all your heart and mind and strength to an article of the Creed and it will land you on the shore! "I believe in God the Father Almighty!" Lay hold of that with all the vigor and complete surrender of a vital faith and it will keep you from sinking. And thus: "I believe in Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son!" Other things may give you no holdfast just now. Well, grasp that mighty article of the faith, and put your whole life upon it, and it will bear you through the swelling current. If you cannot enter a fully rigged boat, lay hold of a plank!

Our Master was always speaking to his disciples about the mighty power of faith. Look at the Syro-Phœnician woman. I do not know in how many articles her creed had been expressed. But there was one thing she believed, that Jesus of Nazareth had power to heal her daughter, and in that vital faith, she flung herself at his feet, crying "Lord, help me!" I do not know how many articles could have been found in the creed of the publican who went up into the temple to pray. But there was one thing he believed; that if his sin and God's mercy could be brought together, the foul waters of his life would be made clean. And in that faith he ventured on his humble cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" And the publican went down to his house justified. There is a dark, sin-stricken soul in one of Kingsley's stories who, in the burdensome sense of filthy oppression, goes out into the night crying, "God!—God!—God!" It was only a broken piece of the ship, but it carried him home.

Electricity can run through very slender wires. And the energies of saving grace can enter the life through the medium of a very unfinished creed. It is our faith that establishes vital communion, and even though the wire be slender, the redeeming power is given. Every heart-cry opens Heaven's gate. We need not wait until we can put an intelligent seal to the Apostle's Creed. Let the soul cry out "Father!" Let the soul cry out "Saviour!" Let the weary heart cry for God's bosom, and God's rest shall surely be found. The faith which is exercised will soon be enlarged, for there is nothing which is more rapidly nourished or which more quickly puts on strength than a faith which is lived out in the Lord our God. J. H. J.

The Word of a King

MONDAY, September 30. Eccles. 8 : 4. "*Where the word of a king is, there is power.*" Familiar is the story of the Oriental monarch from whom a condemned prisoner asked for a goblet of water. The king bade a servant provide the goblet of water and said to the thirsty man, "You shall not die until you have drained the glass." The moment the prisoner took the glass into his hand he emptied the water on the ground and defied the king to recover it. The king had given his word that the man should not die until he had drunk the water, and now he could never drink it. The king's word was inviolate. He had unintentionally commuted the death-sentence. It is said another monarch, to whom a favorite had applied for a great favor, inquired, "Is that not too much to ask of me?" The favorite replied, "Nothing is too much to ask of a king." Queen Elizabeth had a courtier who hesitated to go on a mission, lest his business suffer in his absence. She said, "Do you suppose I would allow you to suffer loss while you are doing my work?" The word of a monarch is supposed to be inviolate, liberal and just. It was said of a Cæsar that he found Rome built of bricks and left it built of marble. The word of an emperor has power. Particularly was this true in the East, where most of our Scriptures were written. He who wrote this proverb may have thought only of human monarchs. There was another Biblical writer who spoke of the power of the Word of the King of kings: "The Word of God is quick and powerful."

Jesus thought of himself as a King, and his thoughts were royal. How powerful too are his words! He promised that his words should never pass away, and spoke of his power as embracing earth and heaven. Was he deluded? Nay, he was a King. All other kings have been his vassals. And his word—is it not powerful? It has not passed away. It has power over the intellects, emotions, consciences and wills of men. The keenest minds and boldest souls of earth have been proud to be augmenters of Christ's empire. The universe is full of power, but the power of mind is superior to that of natural forces, and the power of soul is superior to that of mind. Christ breathed soul into this world and changed its chilly atmosphere to warmth. The power of Christ's word is the power of eternal purpose and eternal love. C. C. A.

The Soul's Search After God

TUESDAY, October 1. John 17 : 3. "*This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.*" There is not a question which in importance equals the question: Is there a God, or not? Nor is there a problem with the solution of which the mind of man has wrestled worthier of his best efforts than the problem: Who and what is God? Human science has proposed great aims for its achievements and has scored many remarkable successes. Geographers have traversed the continents and the seas and have given us masterful descriptions of every part of our globe. Geologists have studied the bowels of the earth and have watched the causes which produce wonderful changes in large masses of land and water. In the silence of the night the eye of the astronomer sweeps the starry heavens and has wrested from the stellar bodies the secret of their precise and orderly movements. The chemist has reduced to strict formulæ the laws which govern inanimate matter. The physician has studied the mysteries of human life, the historian the rise and fall of nations. The artist has sought to present to us the beautiful, the philosopher the true, the jurist the right, the mechanic the useful.

All these are noble occupations and the results achieved in their pursuit deserve the praise of all men. But the question concerning the divine Being overtops all others. Before the great savants of his day, Paul declared this to be the highest task set for man, "to seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him." Not until this task has been accomplished, the mind of man obtains that satisfaction which David enjoyed when he said: "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none on earth beside thee!" In the text before us, Christ draws even the future happiness of men within the confines of the question regarding the true God, and at the same time points to the answer when he says that the knowledge of God must commence with the knowledge of Jesus, whom God has sent to declare him to men.

W. H. T. D.

God in the Hearts of His Children

WEDNESDAY, October 2. Acts 17 : 23. "*To the unknown God.*" In speaking of the death of John Fiske, the celebrated historian, his biographer says, "And his spirit peacefully passed to the great unknown." To the Christian believer, God is not the great Unknown, for in him we live and move and have our spiritual being. We know him whom we have believed. He is our loving Father, our forgiving God. He has manifested himself unto us by his Son and by his Holy Spirit. He raised Christ from the dead that we might know his resurrection power.

God is a spirit who dwelleth not in temples or idols but in hearts; his physical forces are in nature; his spiritual power in souls. He is not far from every one of us; truly, "Thou art near, O Lord"; nearer than breathing, closer than the body to the spirit.

What a vast difference there is between finding out God by philosophizing and by his presence in the soul!

The monument over the grave of John Fiske is a large wrought stone of granite, symbolizing the universe. Out of this massive rock is carved a sphere, the symbol of motion or evolution, representing the development of man out of plant and animal. At the top of the sphere is a hand holding a torch, an emblem of conscious power, illuminating the pathway to immortality. There are no symbols on the stone indicating God the Father, Christ the Saviour, or the words of the Holy Scripture guiding to God. It represents the human mind vainly feeling after God, without the aid of faith or Divine revelation. How cold appears such a monument when we think of the great heart of the loving Father, in whose everlasting arms enfolded is the child of his bosom! E. W. C.

Spiritual Partnership

THURSDAY, October 3. Rev. 3 : 10. "*Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation.*" Religion is not a thing of barter and sale, but there is a clear relation between what we do and what God does. Divine power and human agency must co-operate. We bring in the tithes; God pours out the blessing. We repent; God converts. We consecrate; God sanctifies. We sow and cultivate; God gives the increase. It is true. "Without Me, ye can do nothing"; but it is also true, "Without you I can do nothing." The omnipotent Christ could do no mighty works in some parts because of the people's unbelief.

We make much of our dependence upon God, and rightly so. But do we make as much as we should of God's dependence upon us? Are not the branches as necessary to the vine as the vine is to the branches?

A manufacturer wrote to his superintendent, "Tell all the workers I am counting on them to do their utmost." They responded to his appeal all the more readily because he had done much for them. The Father gave this message to the Son when Jesus came into the world: "Tell men and women and children I am counting on them." He is. He left to us the completion of the work the Son "began to do and teach." If we keep the word of his patience, he will keep us—keep us in perfect peace, keep us in his comforting love, keep us until "the day of Jesus Christ."

C. C. A.

The New Birth

FRIDAY, October 4. John 3 : 4. "*Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when old?*" The embarrassment of Nicodemus, in view of the statement of the Lord regarding the necessity of being born again, is very instructive. It shows that there is an utter inability even in enlightened men to comprehend the depravity of the natural, flesh-born man and the divine remedy which is proposed for the cure of this evil.

As a dead person is ignorant of his death and does not bewail his condition, so natural man is without due perception of his misery and incapacity. He may excel in worldly intelligence, he may be highly cultured, skilled in every art, and of high social standing. Moreover, in a worldly and human view, he has a right to demand of his fellow men that they should consider these perfections when they sit in judgment upon him. But Jesus is not trying Nicodemus like a secular court but like the omniscient Judge of all the earth. In his eyes shall no flesh be justified by its moral worth or outward religiousness. This is the way in which he proposes to make the unworthy fit to enter his kingdom: "When we were dead in trespasses and sins, he has quickened us." He has given us a new birth. Regeneration is a figurative term, expressing, however, a real event.

In regeneration, life is begotten where there was no life before. This most necessary initial step in our spiritual existence must, accordingly, be a work of God. Peter so viewed it when he declared that he and his fellow believers had been "begotten again by the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, according to his abundant mercy." We do not comprehend in a reasonable manner the process of this birth; we shall always be inclined to ask with Nicodemus: How can this be? But we are filled with wonder and gratitude when we see the work accomplished in a given instance for we observe that the regenerate person has indeed become completely changed, that he is become a new creature, through regeneration. W. H. T. D.

The High Mission of the Mother

SATURDAY, October 5. Solomon's Song 3 : 11. "*Behold King Solomon with his crown wherewith his mother crowned him.*" No wonder the noblest men have uttered the sweetest words of tongue or pen about her who is dearest of all loved ones. Even they could express but little of the beautiful devotion of motherhood. For from her did we not learn our child-like faith in God? Did she not teach us to be good and do good, dedicating us from infancy to the service and love of the heavenly Father? Thinking about the angel-mother is almost enough to transfigure the soul into the likeness she bore of her blessed Master.

A friend asked a rich Roman matron to see her most precious jewels; she immediately gathered her children around her and said, "These are my jewels." Every mother knows that these may be stars in her crown of rejoicing forever. Her children have a beginning in parenthood, but no ending in God's endless years.

It is thus parents can help adorn their children with the beautiful crown of character, and these redeemed ones become their own crown in the presence of the Lord at his coming. Faithfulness in the family brings its own reward in pearls of purity, gems of peace and diamonds of gracefulness that will never cease to shine. E. W. C.

War-Wrack

Photo from Press Illustrating Service

Lens, the great coal center of northern France, on September 3 closely invested by British troops. This is a street in Lens as it looked before the German invasion

British Official Photo © Underwood & Underwood

"The Grand Place" in Peronne, captured September 1 for the second time in this w by British troops

French Official Photo

French officers patrolling captured territory in Alsace, seeking information of the whereabouts of the enemy

Photo from Western Newspaper Union

A man is not necessarily out of the war because he is below army physical standards. These men were rejected for France, but they and other similar squads cultivated 600 acres near Camp Dix in New Jersey, and raised $25,000 worth of vegetables

d Storm-Track

© Underwood & Underwood

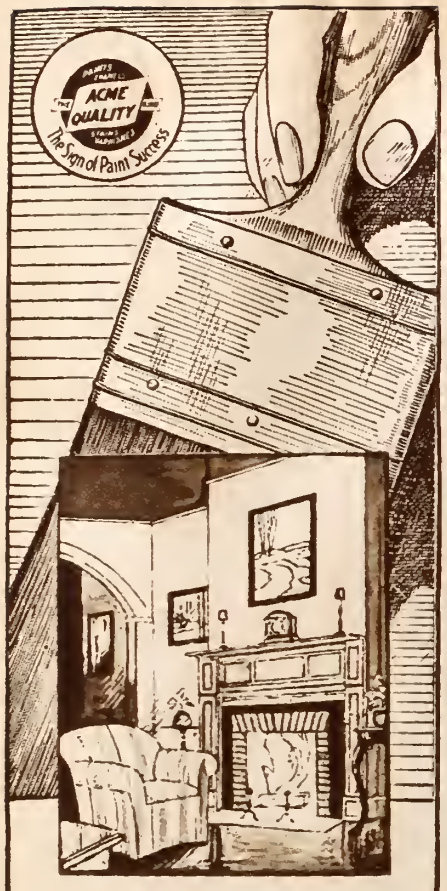
Mme. Helena Paderewska in the uniform of the Polish White Cross, of which she is president. The Polish White Cross serves the Polish army at the front in France as the American Red Cross serves our own boys

Copyright by © Western Newspaper Union

...schings that look like ...gerides ready for deadly ...m comes too near

Photo from Underwood & Underwood

Main St., Tyler, Minn., after the cyclone of August 21 had passed that way. Besides material damage the storm cost thirteen lives



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Our Mail-Bag

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. Correspondents may use a nom de plume to identify the question, but all letters must contain name and address of the writer in addition to the nom de plume. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

READER, Tivoli-on-Hudson, N.Y. There are things that cannot be explained by intellectual processes, yet we know them to be facts. The Gospel appeals to the hearts and consciences of men and women with a power that no other subject, however ably presented, can equal. The Fatherhood of God, his love for us, the message of salvation to a sinful world, the joy of salvation through union with Christ, these, as you may remember, Paul described as being "to the Greeks foolishness"; yet the Greeks were a leading intellectual race. All their scholarship and reasoning had not led them out of the darkness of heathenism. They worshiped an "unknown God." We find in the lives of many today a similar condition. The god they believe in they invest with the qualities they themselves deem most fitting. Now, the Christian believes that the life and teachings of Jesus, indeed his whole ministry, was a revelation of God. He taught men of the divine love and forgiveness, and of the future life. A preacher may proclaim a beautiful philosophy; he may try to win men by intellectual power, by skilful reasoning and by appealing to the best there is in man; but this is the limit of his power, and must end in failure and disappointment, unless he also preaches the Gospel as the revelation and sure promise of the life hereafter. We are not surprised that some preachers who depend wholly upon their intellectual powers fail to succeed. Their talent, minus the Gospel, cannot touch the heart or quicken the conscience. It has no clear objective. The parable of the blind trying to lead the blind has an apt application in such cases, for a man cannot give what he has not to give. The human soul, seeking after God and righteousness, is drawing from an empty cistern at services which do not give him access to the wells of salvation through the Gospel. On the other hand, we have seen preachers who had no claim of eloquence, or to any marked degree of intellectual ability, preach the Gospel with spiritual power and win souls. They had Christ in their hearts and could tell of salvation from their own experiences. Besides, the Lord never fails to equip his faithful messengers with words and utterance, as he did in the case of Moses when he chose to lead Israel. Moody was such a man, Richard Weaver was another, and many more might be named. The secret of their power was their strong faith in God, their union with Christ as Saviour, and their readiness for service.

Student, Los Angeles, Calif. The article on the Christian Herald editorial page of July 31, "Locusts and Airplanes," contains a very interesting thought. There is some speculation here among Bible students as to our present-day licensing system being used later on by some unscrupulous person to fulfil Rev. 13:17. Some have said it would be the Kaiser, because he is seeking world domination, but we don't believe the Kaiser is going to win in this war. In reading the context, we find that this person will have great influence and power, while the Kaiser is perhaps the most unpopular man on earth today.

The whole question is speculative. Dr. Gray has written on the subject in the Christian Herald, and we cannot see the advantage of further discussion.

S. E. McD., Covington, Ky. Whether the Kaiser really claims to be a lineal descendant of Attila the Hun, as your letter states, we cannot say, but he evidently has a warm admiration for Attila. On one occasion, he has been quoted as advising his troops to strike hard, and make themselves terrible "like Attila's Huns." Moreover, one of Wilhelm's sons, Prince Eitel, bears the same name as the Hunnish leader, in the modern German form.

J. C. B., Dallas, Texas. Your congratulatory message to your friend is timely and well deserved.

E. F. B., Tucumcari, N. M. "I earnestly hope that there will be this year a great national reform in the matter of the observance of Christmas. Let us eliminate the things that are burdensome, foolish, and extravagant. We must not squander millions of dollars on useless holiday 'junk.' The money will be badly needed for other things. Let the women this year be relieved of the great burden that the holiday in recent years has put upon them. Christian leaders should give wise counsel and direction in this matter."

Reader, Los Altos, Calif. Should not the Christian Herald, with its power to be heard all over this nation, enter a stern protest against the general failure to give the glory of those wonderful victories of the Allied armies, and particularly of the American soldiers, to God, who as plainly responded to that day of prayer in this nation, as he did to the day of prayer and humiliation in those dark days of our Civil War when Lincoln called us to our knees? Our leaders have done well in the guidance of the nation, and should be given full credit; but God must not be robbed of his due.

We entirely agree with the spirit of our friend's letter. God's hand is leading this nation, and prayers for forgiveness and for the success of our armies have been heard and are now being gloriously answered. We owe thanks to him as a nation, as communities, as churches, and as individuals. "Them that honor me I will honor." (I Sam. 2:30.)

Augusta G., Knoxville. 1. The churches did respond generally and enthusiastically to the President's prayer proclamation, and so also did many other allied organizations and the nation as a whole. 2. Since your letter was written, Congress has acted on the liquor question, as noted in the Christian Herald.

Puzzled, Bridgeport, Conn. 1. We consider the hygienic reasons sufficient. Modern medical science holds that marriages between blood relations is to be discouraged. 2. See II Cor. 6:14-18. This stands today as a general rule of Christian conduct. However, we are not to judge those who, knowing the danger, may have the courage to face it. See I Cor. 7:14, and subsequent verses. 3. Time is changing the prevailing attitude concerning many amusements and liberalizing it, sometimes too far, we think. A good plan when in doubt is to decide to do nothing whereby a brother (or sister) might be led to offend—to make our individual conduct exemplary by avoiding even "the appearance of evil." 4. Strictly speaking, a business which can only be conducted successfully by doing things which your conscience disapproves is a good business to get out of. At the same time we feel that this might be a too severe criticism, since there are many things which an outsider is apt to misjudge and misunderstand, that might seem quite different when fully explained. We are not to assume to judge others.

Rev. D. S., Detroit, Mich. "I notice in your Mail-Bag, page 830, July 10 issue, an answer to Reader, Deposit, N. Y., in which you say: 'The people of Israel, i. e., the northern kingdom, were absorbed in the surrounding nations and are consequently lost.' If your statement is true, then the predictions concerning them, i. e., the northern kingdom, many of which were made after they were carried into the Assyrian captivity, are untrue, and discredit through default all prophecy. There are very many specific predictions foretelling their future national greatness, and their part in the world's development. I do not now mean the Jews; they have their place in God's plan; but as surely as the predictions concerning the Jews are now and have been meeting their literal fulfilment, so too must the specific predictions concerning Israel of the northern kingdom be fulfilled. They were to be taken to another country, or rather countries, there to develop into the greatest and most powerful of the nations of the world. See II Sam. 7:10, Jer. 30:2, 10, all of chapter 31, Jer. 3:18, Ex. 37, all of it, especially verses 15-22. The references are too numerous to note here."

Mrs. J. G. McP., Norton, Va. The criticism is just. God alone is supreme over all. He created all men of one blood, and all are equally entitled to regard the earth as a common heritage. This equality of the races is seen in the great war now being fought for world-freedom. Black, white, red, yellow, and brown are fighting shoulder to shoulder for the same great cause and all are helping to win victories.

C. A. C., London, Canada. The twenty-three nations lined up against Germany are as follows: Belgium, Brazil, China, Costa Rica, Cuba, France, Great Britain, Greece, Haiti, Honduras, Italy, Japan, Liberia, Montenegro, Panama, Portugal, Rumania, Russia, San Marino, Serbia, Siam, United States and Uruguay. Not all of these countries have sent soldiers to the field, but all have declared themselves hostile to Germany. The united populations of all the countries at war, including the Central powers, are said by a statistician in the magazine Current History to embrace all but about one-twelfth of the human race. (The treaties made with Russia and Rumania by Germany and Austria, while nominally excluding them from this list, are not recognized as valid by the Entente and both nations may yet return to active belligerency.)

J. T., Ashland, Neb. 1. Demoniac possession has proved a difficult subject for many good people. It is only fair to admit that theological opinion is divided on the subject, yet there are cases of present-day insanity which assume a violent and destructive character, that bear strong resemblance to those cases cited in the Bible narratives. It is certain that the early Church believed in it. 2. We never heard of the incident mentioned in your letter.

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Christian Schools in China Need Help

EVERY paper and magazine from the States tells us how our good people at home are backing up the boys in the trenches with bonds, Red Cross subscriptions and many other means, which all makes us proud of the country we hail from. God bless her. It is a grand example to put up to the Chinese. If you get into this Centenary business as heartily as into Liberty Loans and Red Cross drives, we could flood old China with Christian literature, schools, preaching and praying. We must strike *now!* The boys and the girls will come to us. But without the same kind of backing that the boys in the trenches have from the home folks, our work here for Christ at this critical time will have to retrench. If we had the means we could hire good teachers, run full schools, and build up strong Christian characters; but I must confess that as things are now I am so ashamed of some of our schools here about Changli that I have ordered one to close and am threatening to close others. We may have to close out part of our Higher Primary School here at Changli in the fall. Must Christ's advance guard retreat?

We are in the war and ought to see it through to the finish; but the war the church is waging on sin here in the foreign field must not slacken. Starvation, plague and disease, resulting from sin, ignorance and superstition are ravaging this land. If you could only see the purity of childhood blasted—lives ruined by the tens of millions—blighted and disfigured by ignorant mothers. Recently a mother about here sent a child for morphine. The child begged to have an injection of the drug. Finally the mother yielded; and now the child is a wreck.

The Christian School has the message that can heal this "open sore of the world." Once the children would not come to us; but *now* they *will* come. Our ability to help, to save is sadly limited. Consecrated Chinese teachers teach for far less than they could get in other positions. Parents gladly send their children to us, because they feel that they are safe in our hands. China believes in schooling; she has accepted the western learning. Surely with opportunity at our feet, the church will not hesitate to advance. If we will do our part, what God will do through his Spirit no one dares tell. HENRY H. ROWLAND.

M. E. Mission, Changli, North China.

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The Forgotten Line

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

SOMEHOW I couldn't seem to get to sleep last night. And as I lay awake, staring across the dark chasm that by daylight is my bedroom, I tried to amuse myself by making up rhymes—silly, inconsequential nonsense rhymes. It helps, when one is sleepless, to make up rhymes—helps most tremendously. For when one can't go to sleep one is quite apt to get nervous, and it's a horrid thing to lie awake and be nervous.

So I made up rhymes, silly little jingles that helped the minutes to pass more quickly. And, as I was making them, suddenly out of the darkness a wonderful line came to me—a line that was rhythmical, and beautifully worded, and throbbing with a really big idea. And I sat up in bed, and said it over and over to get the sound of it.

"Tomorrow," I told myself, "I will make that line the foundation of a really worth-while poem. Tomorrow I will write other lines to go with it. I will make a poem that people will read and love—a poem that, perhaps, will help people!" And I lay down again.

Perhaps composing the rhymes had made me drowsy. For I found myself, who had been so sleepless, struggling with sleep. And yet, as I was drifting into dreams, the line kept coming back to me—a beautiful line that sang itself into my consciousness. And I wondered, half awake as I was, if it wouldn't be a good idea to get up, and light the light, and put the line down on paper. And, as I was wondering, I fell asleep.

The next morning, while I was dressing, I thought of that line of poetry. But, to my horror, I found that I could not remember how it went. I could only remember, and very vaguely, that it had to do with a garden place. And I sat down at my desk, with a pencil in my hand, and tried to think of the words that had flowed so smoothly the night before. And I couldn't. And I knew that the poem—the poem that would have been a worth-while poem—was lost forever.

"If I had only gotten up," I told myself regretfully, "I would never have lost that line. If I had only had enough ambition to light the light and put it down on paper I could have written a poem that I would have been proud of. But I didn't!"

IT'S so easy—so very easy—to let a real thing of value slip by because it's inconvenient to make sure of it. It would have been rather uncomfortable for me to get up, there in the night, and light the light, and write down that line of verse. And because it would have been inconvenient I didn't do it. And so I lost the line, and, because of the line, a whole poem.

Once, when I was a very little girl, I remember going to play with another very little girl who had a most beautiful doll's house. It was a doll's house that was furnished in the most careful imitation of a real house, with tables and chairs and beds, and—crowning touch—a tiny make-believe piano. Sometimes, when the day was warm, we would move the furniture out on the lawn and play with it there. The house, itself, was too large to move.

I remember going to play with the little girl. And I remember how, because it was summer and the playroom was stuffy, we moved the prettiest of the doll furniture, including the piano, out to the lawn. And we played there, with our dolls, through the whole of a very happy afternoon.

We played until the little girl's mother came out to tell us that it was tea-time. "Gather up the playthings carefully," she told us, "and bring them in. And hurry—there's something specially nice for tea!"

We hurried. We gathered the doll house furniture into our little ruffled aprons, which we held gingerly by the corners. And we ran into the house with them, and laid them down on the playroom floor. It was only then that we noticed that the piano was missing.

"We—we must have dropped it!" I cried in panic. "We must go back for it!"

The little girl who owned the piano looked nonplussed for a moment. And then, "Oh, bother!" she said, "we'll go out and get it after tea is over. Mother said that she had something specially nice for tea!"

The something "specially nice" was ice cream. And on a warm summer day what childish heart wouldn't forget anything—even a toy piano—over a heaping saucer of ice cream? My little friend and I, reveling in a quite unexpected party, forgot the piano completely, and didn't remember it even after tea was over.

IT rained that night. And the next morning it was still raining. And so, in raincoat and rubbers, I went over again to my friend's house to play with her and with her doll's house. And it was there, as we were picking the furniture up from the floor and putting each article in its proper place, that we remembered the loss of the piano.

"We left it," said my little friend in a hushed voice, "on the lawn!"

"And," I wailed, "it's been raining all night!"

We went out, with an umbrella, to rescue it. And there on the lawn, where we had been playing the afternoon before, we found the remains of the toy piano. It was scarcely recognizable, for its flimsy wood was broken and its varnish was washed away, and the glue that had held it together had melted in the pelting rain. And we looked at each other with tears in our eyes, and knew that we were to blame. And the knowledge didn't help to make the loss any easier!

Looking back across the years, that toy piano doesn't seem so very important. But at the time the tragedy was a real tragedy. Looking back, across a number of to-be-written poems, the forgotten line of a poem that might have been won't loom so very large. But just today—well, I'm wishing, very hard, that I had stayed awake long enough to write it down!

Never, never, friends of mine, put off doing anything that there's any possible chance of forgetting—of not being able to do some other time! You'll find, if you do, that in most cases you do forget—that another time doesn't come, always. And though, after a while, the tragedy of the deed that you have left undone may not seem a very real tragedy, you'll never forget it.

I can laugh, now, and so can my little friend—who is no longer little—over the spoiled bit of doll's house furniture. But no other piano will ever, I reckon, quite take its place. And I'll laugh, too, over the line that I was too sleepy to copy down.

But I shouldn't wonder if, whenever I write a particularly nice bit of verse, I'll find myself saying—perhaps half unconsciously—

"If I could have remembered that line and made a poem out of it, it would have been better, I'm sure, than this one!"

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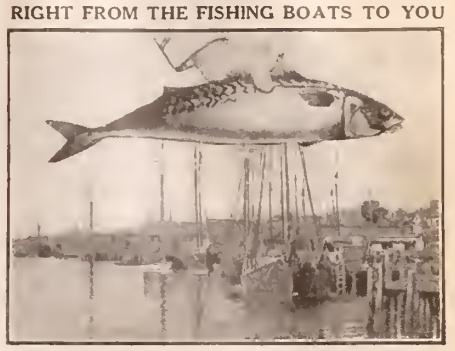

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International Sunday School Lesson for October 6
Gen. 12 : 1-9

The Call to a Life of Service

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

FOR our autumn studies we turn back, far back, to the very beginnings of the Hebrew religion, and to Abraham, Father of the Faithful, the first great significant pioneering spirit in the Bible story. Oftentimes have most of us read this old-world tale, but with new point and meaning, taking color from the experiences of our own lives or of those in whom we are interested. Abraham's journeyings meant more to us when we as growing children became familiar with the story of the Pilgrim Fathers of our own nation, seeking freedom and opportunity in a new and distant realm. They meant still more when we began to realize that "we are strangers before Thee and sojourners, as were all our fathers." But this fall the call of destiny must ring clearer still. For we are witnessing the tramp of millions over the earth, and our own brave boys have left our churches and homes to go forth at the call of the nation. Over seas they have journeyed, the Mayflower turned back again, to take freedom to the Old World from the New. They have gone to strange places to deliver and to bless, "not seeking anything for themselves."

Selfish vs. Unselfish Motives

In the light of today's happenings how petty and unworthy seem the selfish and materialistic plans we used to make a few years ago! Will it not be easier after the "selective draft" and "universal service" to look upon all human life as under call, as not to be held selfishly dear, but to be freely offered up upon the altar of God? The manhood of our nation has said to the government, "I'll go where you want me to go, I'll do what you want me to do." Will we not say as much to our Heavenly Father when after the war is over we plan our civilian lives afresh? It seems to me there should be a hundred thousand ready recruits for Christian missions and unselfish service "when the boys come home."

We all believe that God speaks to us even as he did to Abraham. He heard God's challenge ringing through his soul. "God has spoken to me" is the Oriental expression to this day. We prosaic Westerners are more apt to speak vaguely of a "sense of duty" or, as one of our lads said to his father, "I must enlist, it's up to me." Everywhere God is speaking now; hearts are burning; boys of seventeen and men of fifty are moved to break old ties, to attempt unheard-of journeys, to go to the rescue of a suffering world.

Do you think it was easy to leave the associations of a lifetime for the hardships of the desert and the limited comforts of the rugged tablelands of Palestine? No selfish motive there! And so today, the young people leaving our country towns at the call of the city, the business men going to France with the Y. M. C. A., are not thinking of self-interest at all. Rather they, like Abraham, are consciously or unconsciously seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

The True Source of Blessedness

The repeated assurances of blessings to come through the great renunciation and the hard pilgrimage given in this tale of Abraham are the first faint notes which become as grand and full as an oratorio in the Sermon on the Mount. Abraham was the first to learn clearly that true blessedness lies in being a blessing. "Be thou a blessing" was God's will for his career. In fulfilling it he became the friend of God and "Jehovah appeared unto him."

"In thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." What an inspiration! A blessing to the whole world! What a sense of exaltation it must have brought to the wanderer in his moments of communion with the Unseen! What an inner peace! So it is still and has been i countless lives of sacrificial service fo God's Kingdom, and in these strenuou days many of our soldiers have testifie to the same conviction and a like ex altation.

Such thoughts are teeming in th minds of men all about us. New ideas new inspirations are thronging in upo us as they must have thronged in upo Abraham in his black tents on th Aramean plain 4,000 years ago. Ther religion was born and phrased in term of service, of sacrifice, of obedience t the Unseen. No wonder that the fait of the whole world goes back to th man who left Ur of the Chaldees to wal by faith and not by sight. And sha there not in our time be a new birth o real, essential religion in the earth, inde pendent of creed and rite and cere monial, based upon an urgently fe call to service and a mighty convictio of an Unseen Guide?

The Call to Be a Nation

Notice that Hebrew religion wa always profoundly social in its concep tion. Abraham went not alone. H was called to serve "others," even a the families of the earth. He was found a nation! The whole Bible sing of a Commonwealth, of a Blessed Com munity, of a Kingdom wherein dwellet Righteousness. "I will make of thee great nation" is considered the supreme promise to the obedient servant. Th Bible history is the tale of the effort the blunders and the successes of th people of Israel. There have been time when Christianity seemed too individualistic to appreciate nation-buildin too unworldly to be patriotic as we the prophets, too theological to tak account of the vast social problems mankind.

But in our day we are once more rea izing that we are to build the Kingdo in our nation, yea, more than that, cooperate with God in blessing all t nations of the earth. We know now th another man named Abraham w truly religious when he began his gre speech by saying, "Fourscore and seve years ago our fathers brought forth upo this continent a new nation, conceive in liberty and dedicated to the propo tion that all men are created free an equal." In these days of tumult and testing our American prophets hear th voice of God saying, "I will make thee a great nation, and in thee shall the nations of the earth be blessed Our nation hears and heeds the voic She extends her hand to the persecut and oppressed lands and promises h help to make of them great nation

The ancient convictions of the be men of Israel were fulfilled. She c serve and bless the whole world. Ever where men sing her Psalms and exalt t righteousness, holiness and faith whi she, in the person of her truest represe tatives, discovered.

The present-day convictions of Ame ica as stated by her Christian leade shall also be fulfilled. She shall find h own best future in leaving all selfi and materialistic considerations li Abraham, and going forth in faith serve the world. In truth, even yet, are like Abraham, going and knowi not whither we go! Who shall say wh the future will bring to our beloved lan But she hears and obeys the call of t Almighty. Truly her sons and h daughters should hold their heads hi in pride for their nation, and then be them low in humble dedication, that o individual lives may fit worthily in some useful niche in the great progra for world deliverance.

A Pathway Marked by Altars

Wherever Abraham stopped he b an altar. Whether in Haran's fert plain, or under the oak at Moreh, or the bare heights of Bethel, whether h assed by the Canaanite and the Perizz or journeying in peace through t southland, he constantly sought t guidance of his God. "Onward, ev

nward" was his motto; but it meant Onward with God."

But Israel is not the only people who an trace their founders by their altars. n a certain Sunday school there are hree significant pictures that mark hree stages of American History: "The 'ilgrims Going to Church," "Washing-on at Valley Forge," and Lincoln's 'abinet Meeting at the Turning-point f the Civil War, "Gentlemen, Let Us 'ray." I wish every Sunday school eacher would draw this parallel with ne altars of Abraham. Then ask about ne altars of America today. Her chap-ains doing Christian service in every egiment. Her Y. M. C. A. and nights of Columbus and Salvation rmy in the very dugouts at the front. fer great hosts at prayer on Memorial)ay and Heroes' Day, and soon in sol-mn consecration a new and holy ob-ervance of Thanksgiving Day different om any we have known before. For e shall not be giving thanks for teeming arvests for ourselves and groaning ables for our families. We shall be giv-ng thanks that we have been made a blessing to all the families of earth, for a chance to join with Christ in redeeming the world, certain that if we suffer with him we shall also be glorified. We shall still rejoice in God's material gifts, but our rejoicing will be greater and loftier, for we have these gifts to share and are sharing. The whole nation will be saying,

I thank thee, Lord, for strength of arm
To win my bread,
And that beyond my need is more
For friend unfed.
I thank thee much for bread to live;
I thank thee more for bread to give.

In such a spirit as this we can as individuals go beyond the conceptions of Abraham, having learned of Jesus. Shall we not one and all repeat with holy joy these further words,

I thank thee, Lord, for lavish love
On me bestowed;
Enough to share with loveless folk
To ease their load.
Thy love to me I ill could spare,
Yet dearer is thy love I share.

Sunday School Methods

By FRANK L. BROWN

Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

raining Young People for Missionary Service

MY experience is that if you put up a real piece of work to young people, and then show them how to do it, they will make ood. Lots of young folks want to be doing orth-while things but don't know how. It for us to show them how.

Let me suggest a real practical plan for alisting these young people for missionary rvice in the Sunday school.

Appoint as your missionary committee from ree to five young people. Then appropriate om your school funds from $10 to $25 for me needed equipment for the committee.

They should have several of the following oks to be read by them to inform them as to issionary methods, principles, and plans for ousing missionary interest:

"Graded Missionary Progress" (Ferris). Five Missionary Minutes" (Trull). "Mis-onary Methods for Sunday School Workers" Trull). "Missionary Education for Juniors" lutton). "Things to Make" (Hutton). Missions in the Sunday School" (Hixon). Missionary Programs and Incidents" (Trull).

The next thing is to subscribe on behalf of e committee for copies of some up-to-date issionary magazines so that they may obtain issionary pictures and material for programs. would suggest:

Two or more copies of "World Outlook" 1.50 each), 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Two copies "Missionary Review of the orld" ($2 each), 156 Fifth Avenue, New ork.

One copy "Everyland" ($1.50 each), 156 ifth Avenue, New York.

Then subscribe for one or more copies of the hristian Herald, for its illustrations of life in reign fields and its excellent articles about e in foreign lands and its missionary incidents.

Now what shall the committee do with this aterial?

From the Outlook, Review, Everyland and erald they can cut out all of the illustrations, cturing life and work on the fields. And en sort the pictures according to fields both me and foreign. They will thus get together l the pictures concerning China, Japan, orea, Philippines, India, South America, migrants, Indians, foreigners in America, etc.

The next step is to place in a scrapbook under China, Japan, etc., all of the missionary stories, facts, geography, concerning medical, industrial and educational work they can gather and cut out from these magazines and can obtain from the missionary issues of the denomination. With each new monthly issue of these they will add to their store of material.

Now the committee is ready for business. Let Japan be selected for the first month's missionary subject. The committee will get some squares of cardboard, red or blue or gray or white, about 2 or 2½ feet square. On these pin the pictures of Japan, arranging them as to character and placing them on the cardboard artistically. If the committee fills as many as five boards for one field, place one in each department or class, choosing the pictures of Japan child life for the Beginners and Primary, and grading up the pictures until for the Seniors you would select the educational or medical or social service work. Place names of subjects on the boards and then hang them where all can see them.

The next thing is to select for the program the material suited to each department or class, or for the school as a whole if it is small, making sure that the material suits the age. For instance, dress a Junior boy in a Japanese kimono and let him tell the story of boy life in Japan. A Senior can tell about Japan's educational and medical and industrial life. Some one will tell about the Mission and Sunday school work there, and the pictures will be referred to as illustrating the country and its work and people.

The next month a home missionary subject will be selected, then another foreign field, until a year's program has been carried out.

Then plan for a week evening a rousing missionary rally. Bring together all the fine sets of illustrations and arrange them about the room. Get from your Missionary Board stereoptican slides illustrating the fields. Have the boys and girls in costumes, one at least from each field covered in the year, and have them give in turn some impressive fact of the field, especially showing what the denomination is doing in that field.

The cost of these plans will be trifling against the real results obtained in training the young people on the committee and in some real teaching of missions to the school.

How to Get a Letter to Your Boy in France

IT is estimated that of the million let-ters that arrive in France every day r our soldiers, more than fifty thou-nd are delayed or cannot be delivered all because they are improperly or adequately addressed. The mis-elling of a name or the use of initials ay retard the delivery of a letter or event its reaching the soldier who is xiously awaiting it. Thousands of ch letters are accumulating in France.

A letter to a soldier should show his rank, his full name (including his middle name), his company or battery, his regiment, and the branch of service to which he belongs.

A letter to John Walter Smith, Jr., private, Company L, 102nd Regiment of Infantry, should be addressed as follows, the name and address of the sender being placed in the upper left hand corner of the envelope:

Return to
Mrs. John Walter Smith,
.....Street,
Boston, Mass.

(Stamp)

Private JOHN WALTER SMITH, Jr.,
Co. L, 102nd Infantry,
American E. F.

Via N. Y.

Brush Teeth
In This Way for a Week

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Watch the Film Go

Dental science has obtained a new and better method of teeth cleaning. Able authorities have proved it by clinical tests.

It is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we offer you a One-Week tube to show its unique results.

Its object is to end the film on teeth—the cause of most tooth troubles—that slimy film which gets into crevices and stays, and which resists the tooth brush.

That film is what discolors—not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So that film is the great tooth destroyer.

Old methods of tooth brushing fail to end film. That is why brushed teeth discolor and decay. This new method does remove it, and we urge you to prove it by a simple one-week test.

A New Dental Era

Dental authorities have watched the Pepsodent action in thousands of cases. Years of proving show that this product marks a new dental era.

It is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

Old methods for using pepsin were impossible on teeth. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid which destroys enamel.

But modern science has discovered a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method is employed in Pepsodent. And it solves the problem of this film as nothing else has done.

The result is a dentifrice which, authorities say, must supersede the old kinds. You will know that when you try it.

Send the coupon for a One-Week tube. Use it like any tooth paste and watch results. Note how clean your teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Those results are essential to your teeth's protection. You will want them always when you see them once. Cut out the coupon now.

One-Week Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 159, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail One-Week Tube of Pepsodent to

Name .....

Address .....

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

(133)

This New Range Is A Wonder For Cooking

Although it is less than four feet long it can do every kind of cooking for any ordinary family by gas in warm weather, or by coal or wood when the kitchen needs heating.

The Coal section and the Gas section are just as separate as though you had two ranges in your kitchen.

Gold Medal

Glenwood

Note the two gas ovens above—one for baking, glass paneled and one for broiling, with white enamel door.

The large oven below has the Indicator and is heated by coal or wood.

See the cooking surface when you want to rush things—five burners for gas and four covers for coal.

When in a hurry both coal and gas ovens can be operated at the same time, using one for baking bread or roasting meats and the other for pastry baking—It

"Makes Cooking Easy"

Write for handsome free booklet 162 that tells all about it.

Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.

Makers of the Celebrated Glenwood Coal, Wood and Gas Ranges, Heating Stoves and Furnaces.

Crooked Spines Made Straight

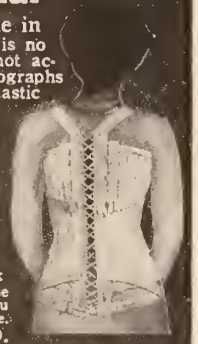
Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 3 weeks. We have successfully treated more than 30,000 cases the past 17 years.

30 Days' Trial

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.



Send For Our Free Book

If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.

207 LOdd Fellows Temple, Jamestown, N.Y.

Itching Rashes — Soothed — With Cuticura

All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25
Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. M, Boston."

Put Your Dollars Into Khaki

ON the twenty-eighth of this month, the American who stays at home is going to be asked once more to go over the top. The loyal citizen who was too fat or too thin for the draft, or doing something too necessary for national welfare to allow him to quit and bear arms, is to have a chance to fight—to pelt the Kaiser with his dollars.

In other words, the Fourth Liberty Loan is at hand. A three weeks' selling campaign will open September 28. On that day every man who believes as President Wilson believes, as General Pershing believes—as every last doughboy in the trenches and the training camps believes—is expected to back his ideas with American gold which talks louder and more convincingly than any tongue spoken today, including German.

The new Liberty Loan is going to be a big one. It can safely be announced that America will subscribe more on this occasion than in any previous loan. America needs more than at any time since it entered the war.

That the needed sum will be subscribed and oversubscribed, the officials in charge of placing the bonds do not doubt for a moment. Never was a Liberty Loan launched at a more auspicious moment. The Canadian name, "Victory Loan" might well be applied to this issue of government bonds.

Since the third bond issue was subscribed, the American people have had opportunity to see their victorious army, with the armies of our Allies, sweeping the common foe from France. Every tradition of our army and navy has been upheld, and the boys who have gone to France have set new marks in valor and heroism which will be the boast of America for years to come.

With Hindenburg shooting the chutes that will drop him into the Rhine—at a time when the Kaiser is telling his duped subjects that this is a "war of defense," forgetting some recent assertions diametrically opposed to that idea—while the two Crown Princes are blaming each other and another imperial chancellor is footing down Unter den Linden looking for a new job—why shouldn't the American public invest its savings in the safest security in the world!

There is another factor which loan experts and bankers everywhere agree will greatly aid in the sale of Liberty Bonds at this time. The men of America between eighteen and twenty-one and thirty-two and forty-five have been called to the colors. Never before in the history of this nation have so many home-keeping hearts realized keenly the needs of an army.

THE new loan comes in a day when Father is going to war along with Son. Every wife and mother, sister, aunt and cousin can visualize the needs of this pair—the socks they wear out, the warm things they must have on winter nights, the shoes, the coats, the guns to keep them safe from the Huns. And because of a thorough campaign of education it is now widely known that Liberty Bonds are sold to provide these things for our fighters. The statisticians who have figured out bonds in the terms of clothing, shoes and equipment will have a more eager circle of readers this Fall than ever before.

For Our Friends in the Fight

ALL of us have friends in the Great War, fighting on the side of righteousness, justice and freedom.

They are ready to lay down their lives for us who remain to carry on the daily work of the nation. They face unshrinkingly the dangers of the deadliest War of history. Some have already made the supreme sacrifice, and gold stars on the service flags mark their devotion.

True friendship involves obligations as well as confers privileges. The men in service are discharging those obligations.

Are we keeping pace with them, service for service, duty for duty?

These friends of ours over there need our help now—need it in the most critical emergency of their lives. They need our unswerving devotion and loyalty, and they need our dollars. The government which they and we support asks us to subscribe to the Fourth Liberty Loan in order to carry the war along to a victorious conclusion. This is not much to ask; it is not much to give. When our friends are spending their blood, it is a slight thing for us to spend our spare dollars to back them up. We can and ought to do more than that. We should purchase Liberty Bonds with our spare dollars, and we should arrange our affairs so that we have more money to spare for that purpose.

It can be done by taking thought. Luxuries can be cut off and our ideas of necessities readjusted. Friendship is not worth much if it will not stand some inconvenience, some hardship, some sacrifice for its preservation. It is the severity of the pinch which tests its quality. If it pinches us to take the new bonds, we should take them the more gladly, because by that fact we testify to the worth of our devotion to these friends of ours in service who stand ready to bear such burdens for us.

With all these assurances of success for the loan to cheer them, the Liberty Loan Committees of the various Federal Reserve Districts are sparing no pains to bring bonds to the attention of investors. A more comprehensive selling campaign than any previous one is to be inaugurated on the first day of the three week sales period.

The work of experts in the various departments of selling, advertising and general publicity and the voluntary assistance of thousands of patriotic citizens, including famous writers, speakers and public men of all descriptions, promise to make the closing days of this month more than interesting.

LIBERTY Loan campaigns in th war have been picturesque to degree. They have taken on a carniva aspect at times, for it is typically Ame ican to tackle cheerfully and even smi ingly the grim business of war. Th privilege of loaning money to the rich est nation in the world is not a com mon one, and there is good reason t celebrate the opportunity. This fa there will be plenty of celebration.

This fall additional emphasis will b placed on the educational feature the selling campaign. In New Yo City a genuine novelty is promise Through the efforts of a huge corps volunteer workers it is planned to mak an actual door to door canvass of Ne York's millions previous to the sale bonds. The purpose of this canva will be to acquaint prospective buye with the nature of th goods.

It may seem bizarre, y it is a fact that the Liber Loan Committee has di covered a considerable nu ber of Americans who a still ignorant of the inves ment value of governme bonds. There are patri in the United States w have given their savin for these bonds and nev expected to see their mon again. They have look upon their purchases contributions toward t war and their coupon bon as a sort of diploma rectitude! They had idea that those cute lit coupons with the per rated edges could be trad twice a year, for real mon that the bond itself, in ti of need, would be eage accepted by any bank collateral for a loan; t the precious paper co be registered as a protecti against theft and loss!

THOSE are some of t things the volunt educators are going to in their door to door visi Relying upon the demo strated patriotism of Americans of ranks, Liberty Loan officers know bonds can be sold, but they deem it p of their duty to see that those who b realize fully just how fine a gilt-ed investment they have made of th funds.

The sale of Liberty Bonds is a v and complicated business that calls sales ability, ingenuity and tirel effort. It is much to the credit America that the great loans have b floated almost entirely by volunt effort of patriotic folks in every walk life.

Remember September 28. Buy L erty Bonds and help win the war.

J. BECHDOLT

A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 1079

WON'T TAX LIBERTY BONDS. Secretary McAdoo, on Sept. 10, asked Congress to enact at once legislation extending the exemption limits from income tax, surtax and excess profit tax of the income derived from the interest on Liberty Bonds. The Secretary's recommendation was that the interest on not more than $30,000 of Fourth Liberty Bonds owned by one person or firm should be exempt from tax and that in addition the interest upon a total of $45,000 of the First, Second and Third Liberty Bonds should be exempt. The Secretary also recommended that the law governing the sale of War Saving Stamps to be changed to permit the rate of $4,000,000,000, the present limit being $2,000,000,000. The House on Sept. 13 passed a bill enacting into law the exemptions suggested.

ARMED SHIP SINKS SUBMARINE. The captain of an armed tank steamer, reaching an American port, early in September, reported the sinking of a large submarine, on Sept. 3, in a gun duel with the tanker.

THE ELECTORS NOMINATE PATRIOTS. In Primary elections, on Sept. 11, Congressman Medill McCormick was nominated for United States Senator in Illinois over Mayor William Hale Thompson of Chicago. Mr. McCormick made his appeal on a "Win the War" platform. In Georgia William J. Harris, ex-Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, won the Senatorial nomination, defeating the present Senator, Thomas W. Hardwick, whom the President had characterized as "A constant and active opponent to my administration."

2,800 ESCAPE TORPEDO. The British ship, Persie, carrying 2,800 American soldiers to England, held behind her convoy by engine trouble, was torpedoed, Sept. 6, some 200 miles off coast of England. The vessel remain afloat and was beached. The men board escaped by sliding down ropes destroyers. No Americans were injur Depth bombs dropped by the convoy destroyers were thought to have counted for the submarine.

DEBS FOUND GUILTY. Eugene Debs, four times Socialist candid for President of the United States, found guilty in Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 12, on three counts of violatio the Espionage act. He was accuse uttering in a speech, at Canton, O language intended to incite, encour and provoke resistance to the Uni States and to promote the cause of enemy. Mr. Debs declared the dence truthful and the court fair, refused to make a defense. He sentenced to serve ten years in pri but was allowed liberty on bail pend an appeal.

Concrete Roads and Eleven Cent Milk

Concrete pavement on Janesville Road, Milwaukee Co., Wisconsin

In Milwaukee, milk costs **11 cents a quart.** In most cities it is 13 cents or more. This means a saving in the annual milk bill of a city of 450,000 people, consuming 185,000 quarts a day, of over $1,000,000.

There are three reasons for 11 cent milk in Milwaukee:

(1) ***Well organized distribution;*** (2) ***Ample milk supply;*** (3) ***LOW COST OF HAULING.***

All three are **a natural sequence of an excellent system of 129 miles of concrete highways** leading to the city. Only a small portion of the milk supply comes in by rail. Most of it is hauled over concrete roads. Not only have these roads materially lowered the cost of hauling milk to market, but they have also materially extended the source of supply. Plenty of milk is made available at a low price to the consumer.

Read this statement recently made by G. R. Rice, Genl. Mgr. Milwaukee Milk Producers' Assn.:

"here was a time when 15 cans of milk made a good load for a team o horses, and it was impossible to run trucks. Now milk is being hled by truck, and the load runs from 50 to 100 cans. It comes in dly without trouble after once getting on the concrete roads.

The output of milk may not have been affected by the cement roads, but the cost of getting it in is much less and the time of delivery is shortened; consequently the milk arrives in much better condition, and the loss from souring is much less."

Also this by John Le Feber, Pres. Gridley Dairy Co., the largest milk concern in Milwaukee:

"ormerly milk was drawn in by horse and wagon. Now it comes by motor truck, which would be impossible over the old dirt roads.

can not say exactly how much less per can the price is than in former years. Considering the enormous increase in all hauling costs, it's at least 25 per cent. Milk hauled by team used to get in from two to three hours later than it does now by truck, on a 20-mile haul. This in itself is an enormous saving. In hot summer months and in cold winter weather, it is much better preserved by quick delivery.

Where one man formerly with two horses (which had to be changed every other day) hauled about 40 cans a day, now a two-ton truck will haul about 100 eight-gallon cans, making two trips instead of one.

Concrete roads have encouraged the farmer to produce more milk; it is easier for him to haul his feed, of which he usually has to buy a lot outside.

I can not see a larger benefit to the State of Wisconsin than in continuing the wonderful work it has already done in concreting its roads."

HOW MUCH OF YOUR MILK BILL IS FOR BAD ROADS?

Our New Bulletin, 61 will interest you. Write our nearest District Office for your copy.

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

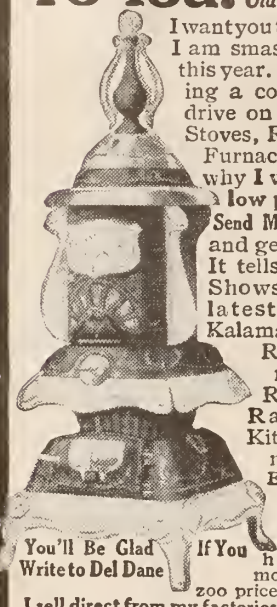
ATLANTA CHICAGO DALLAS DENVER DETROIT HELENA INDIANAPOLIS KANSAS CITY MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS NEW YORK PARKERSBURG PITTSBURGH SALT LAKE CITY SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE WASHINGTON, D.C.

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

Don't TALK "High Prices" To Me

Let Me Talk About LOW Prices To You! Del Dane, *"The Old Stove Master"*

I want you to know me. I am smashing prices this year. I am making a country-wide drive on Kalamazoo Stoves, Ranges, and Furnaces. That's why I want to talk low prices.



Send Me Your Name and get my book. It tells the story. Shows you the latest thing in Kalamazoo Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, Gas Ranges, Oil Ranges and Kitchen Kabinets.

Everyone knows Kalamazoo quality. But do you know how much money Kalamazoo prices save you?

You'll Be Glad If You Write to Del Dane

I sell direct from my factories. I ship on 30 days' trial — cash or easy payment — unlimited, unconditional guarantee.

Ask for Catalog No. 103

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO.
Manufacturers
Kalamazoo, Mich.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

Don't Wear a Truss

Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads.

MR. C. E. BROOKS

Brooks' Rupture Appliance

Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.

C. E. BROOKS, 493 State St., Marshall, Mich.

5¢ A DAY BUYS A GIBSON

Terms as low as $1.00 down and $1.50 per month. Mandolin or Guitar on approval. Liberal allowance on old instruments in exchange for the "Gibson." Get new FREE BOOK. Valuable information for player and teacher. Explains wonderful new violin construction with carved and graduated Top and Back and Stradivarius Arching. Also FREE treatise on "How to Practice."

Make Big Yearly Income

Become a teacher. Splendid opportunities for Mandolin and Guitar teachers; either sex in every locality, private and class instruction and sale of Gibsons. **DO BUSINESS ON OUR CAPITAL.** Become our agent. We help sell. Territory protected. Stock furnished. **We pay the advertising. You make the profit.** You pay for goods when sold; return goods not sold. Try our **"Still Hunt."** **FREE** to those interested, our new $1.00 book "The Organization, Direction and Maintenance of the Mandolin Orchestra," by America's most successful director, Wm. Place, Jr. **FREE** Catalog, Treatise, "How to Practice, Psychologically Explained." Write now.

Gibson Mandolin-Guitar Co., 1009 Parsons St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

A CHUNK of firewood in your furnace will help heat the house quickly in the early morning and save one or two shovels of coal a day. Get hold of some wood and try this.

Reduce the hours of running the stove as much as possible.

Keep the smoke passages clean. If the scraper is lost, get another.

Running the range to heat the water tank only is wasteful. Be sparing of hot water.

Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them into Practic

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

THE fall has come in a burst of red-and-gold splendor. In the city parks the leaves are ablaze with flame tints, and the paths (on Saturday mornings) resound once more with the shrieks of rosy-cheeked children at their play. On week days these little folk are to be seen scurrying schoolward along the streets, their arms full of books, their heads full of eager plans.

What a welcome sight they are! And how glad we plodding elders are to have them back in town!

With the reappearance of the children we grown-ups become aware of a new freshness in the air. Our backbones stiffen. Our lungs expand. Our tired "summer" grimaces become smiles. We find ourselves calling out cheery good-mornings to every one, not forgetting the children, as we hurry by.

Indeed, we could not possibly forget the children; for they are everywhere. The streets teem with them, especially in the neighborhood of the schools. And as we thread our way through chattering groups of boys and girls, we overhear fascinating plans for the fall: talk of all-day hikes and dramatic clubs and art exhibits and school sings, and what not! Astonished, we hurry on, wondering when and how school life was changed from the tedious round we remember, to this splendid, broad, colorful life.

Perhaps the question remains unanswered. Or it may be answered, after a fashion, by some child. But if we are very lucky, it is answered for us by the one person who really knows: some young school teacher with dreams in her eyes.

We are apt to encounter her almost anywhere, although a very likely place is on the early morning train. We cannot possibly mistake her, nor is it difficult to draw her out. She talks freely and joyously, explaining what she dreams of doing this fall to develop her pupils and the school district; and we listen with earnest respect. She makes us see the school in a new light. She explains what the school ought to mean to the community, and what every teacher should mean to her school. Her face glows as she talks.

Are all American school teachers like this, we wonder?

WE investigate, and we find out that all American school teachers are like this, even out in the loneliest little mountain hamlets. Everywhere, despite almost overwhelming obstacles, our teachers are introducing progressive ideals into their schools and communities. Sometimes this is the slow work of years; sometimes—as in the following instance—it is brought about more or less quickly:

Helping School and Community

As school days now are beginning again, and many teachers are planning their fall work, I want to tell of an experience I had, two years ago, in a rural community.

Very few of the families there were interested in educational welfare. The girls were rude, thoughtless, and indifferent to everything but boys. The boys were—worse! It was my first year of teaching, and the prospects were all but disheartening.

The first month I organized a "Pollyanna Club" for the girls. There were only five charter members, as the club was restricted to those who made a specified average in school. By the second month the membership was doubled: and the gain in interest and enthusiasm for school was most encouraging. Everything but the name was kept secret. One of the requirements was that each member should report something done during the week to spread gladness. Some of the reports were quite unique. One little girl had gotten some unused chicken wire from her father and put it around an old lady's garden. Another had taken a fretful baby out for an hour every afternoon, giving its tired mother a much-needed rest.

We found a family of motherless children in an old shack. The father was recovering from serious illness and unable to work. A home was provided for the children with a woman who had been longing for children but "didn't know where to look." One girl's father took care of the man until he was able to work and support the children.

Somehow this new spirit on the girls' part had its effect on the boys. It spurred them to competition in school. Furthermore, the girls had unconsciously changed their own sickly sentimentalism to impersonal (though genuine) interest, and the boys responded to this changed attitude better than I had dared hope.

The Pollyanna girls formed a large percentage of the Sunday school membership, and entertained every two weeks, the girls taking turns at being hostess.

But I think our most interesting results were with the little movie theater of our town. We arranged with the manager to show subjects particularly applicable to things we had in school—the English study books, especially, and fairy tales dramatized for the younger children. Then I gave extra grades to all who attended and wrote up an interesting account of the film. When the manager noted the enthusiastic attendance, he was glad to show anything we suggested.

By the term end, the social atmosphere of the community had been changed almost entirely by this handful of young girls working out quietly what we had first started in a spirit of play. "TEACHER," *Texas.*

This Pollyanna Club, neighbors, could be started by a parent as well as by a teacher, or an older girl could found it. If any of you would like to obtain further details about the club—how it was organized and conducted—I shall be glad to forward to this Texas neighbor your letters of inquiry.

OUR second account is also from the South, and is one of the finest adventures in neighboring I have ever received. This little teacher had not only great initiative but boundless courage:

Awakening Community Pride in School

A few years ago I accepted a position as principal of a two-teacher school in a rural community in southern Mississippi. When I visited the neighborhood shortly before the school term began, I found that the school building of two rooms was unfinished and unfurnished. The previous principal had taught in a church near by, while the assistant taught in the schoolhouse, one room of which contained an old rusty stove and a worn blackboard: the only articles of furniture belonging to the school.

The children sat on long homemade benches borrowed from the church. They had neither desks nor tables. These benches had to be returned to the church each Friday before the monthly preaching service, and were carried back to the schoolroom the following Monday morning.

I found the permanent residents of the district involved in a feud of long standing. The remaining patrons of the school were tenants, who seldom remained more than one year on the same farm and were either indifferent to school matters or felt unable to cope with the situation.

After repeated failures to get the trustees and men of the neighborhood to better conditions, I began teaching in the schoolhouse, refusing to use the church. Shortly afterward my assistant and I prepared a short program to be rendered by the children, and invited the parents to visit the school. Only a few mothers responded; but something said that day inspired them with a wish to help us, and before we parted we had organized a School Improvement Society of five members.

With the aid of these faithful women we recruited new members and gave an entertainment at which we cleared over twenty-five dollars. Later, by a "George Washington Supper," we added to our fund; and with the amounts thus earned we purchased lumber enough to partly ceil the two rooms, there being nothing but the weather-boarding and shingles to keep out the rain and cold.

The men now had become interested, and offered to meet and work on the house if the ladies would furnish dinner. This was done and almost every family in the community was represented at the "working"; and the spirit of unity grew apace.

After the close of the five-month term, we kept up our society meeting and gave several entertainments during the long vacation. We also won a prize of five dollars by our school float at a May Day parade in our nearest town.

Before the close of my third session in the school, we had ceiled the house, replaced a number of broken window-panes, built new floors for both rooms, bought stovepipes, brooms, a porcelain water-cooler and patent desks. We also had had a well bored and bought a rope and well bucket. One of my friends and her husband donated window shades for all the windows and also a water bucket. We made two small tables for the teachers and decorated the walls with some beautiful and interesting pictures from Christian Herald covers. Then we had two very attractive rooms of which both children and patrons were proud.

Miss B. M. M., *Mississippi.*

WE now come to an adventure which, if less startling than the last one, probably had as profound an effect on the pupils and the community

Handling Quarrelsome School Children

I am intensely interested in the Neighborin Department in the Christian Herald, and believe some of my experiences with childre belong there.

Some years ago I was teaching an ungrade country school, where the distance of th homes from the old schoolhouse made it nece sary for teacher and pupils to remain the from nine o'clock until four each week da except Saturday once in two weeks.

There was a long noon hour, for eating lunc and playing. This the children filled with the games.

Many of these children were affectionat impulsive and quick-tempered; so the pla time was often a time of bitter quarreling a fighting. To prevent this by fear of punis ment would have been to make clean only th outside of the cup and platter. I wanted a influence that would help those children coming years to be better men and women.

The Testament was an authorized text boo in all schools then, and each pupil who cou read had one. So one day I asked them all take their books and find Matthew 5 : 9; a together we read the verse, "Blessed are t peacemakers," a number of times, until t words were fixed in their minds.

A little explanation as to the difference made to those around us, whether we we peacemakers or persons who stirred up qua rels, followed the reading. Then I aske "Who wishes to be a peacemaker?" I thi every hand was raised. I added a few wor on practical ways to make peace, after whi we went on with the regular school work agai

The result was surprising. If occasiona some of the smaller ones began to quar during playtime, I only had to say: "Whe are my peacemakers?" and the others wou start some game, suggest some amusement, in some way take up the attention of the qua relers, thus ending the trouble immediate

HELEN A. HUTCHINSON, *Maine.*

With that adventure, neighbors, shall have to close today's meeting make room for the Forum.

AND now, before parting with y for another fortnight, I want thank all of you for the beautiful lett and messages sent, in my care, to t lonely neighbors whose notices have a peared in my Forum. I cannot tell y how deeply touched I have been the loving readiness with which you my Christian Herald comrades—ha sprung to this service. I know that n a single cheery letter or post-card se to brighten some lonely life has gone u appreciated; even though it ma because of invalidism or failing ey sight, have gone unacknowledged.

Neighbors' Forum

I have a little plan by which my letters friends are made more interesting. I clip fr the magazines and newspapers all poems a short stories I consider true to every-day li and when writing to a friend I enclose the sh story or poem best suited to the person and trend of my letter. This would be a good pl when writing to soldier boys, thus making letters to them an inspiration and help.

MRS. E. T. SHEPPARD

I would be willing to correspond with so lonely shut-in (preferably an old person) w desires to be written to. IDA M. E

If any one has any church music they co donate to a poor struggling country chur will they please write to Mrs. J. D. Moo Glasgow, Virginia?

We have in our community a Self-De Club having fifteen members. We meet o a month at members' homes. We have president, vice-president, and secretary. motto is "Save and Give"; our colors are and white. Each member denies himself so thing each month, and the money thus sa goes to the Widows and Orphans War Re Fund. We also collect old linens and clot to be sent to the National Surgical Dress Committee and to the Belgian Relief Fu We have a roll call, each member respond with some item concerning the war.

LUCY BRAINARD, *President*

Young People's Topics for October 6

All for Christ (Our Means)

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topics. I Tim. 6 : 6–10, 17–19

(Consecration Meeting)

THERE are two ways of looking at the matter of Christian giving. One is to consider that what we have is our own, and to decide how much of this we shall give to God; and the other is to remember that *all* that we have is ours by the grace of God, as His gift to us, and to decide how much of these riches we shall use for individual purposes, for food, raiment and pleasure. If we make our decision on the second proposition we will find much more pleasure in giving, and will meet much less criticism from those who share our faith than if we base our decision upon the first. The Jew was required to set aside a tenth out of the yield of his ground, or the increase of his flocks; and since the early government of Israel was a theocracy, this included both his contribution to the church and his taxes to the state. But the temple had also its box for freewill offerings, and many a Jew, who had paid his tithe, found the unmeasured goodness of God impelling him to further gifts. We today may safely feel that we are at least on scriptural ground if we give the tenth, but we now are impelled by grace and not compelled by law. Love is our measure and consecration our rule. "Jesus paid it all" is a common expression, but let us not forget the next line of the hymn, "all unto Him I owe." Let us not forget either that *all* means *everything;* not what we can spare, not what pleases us, not what is necessary to make a good appearance, and let us not salve our conscience with gifts greater than some one else in like circumstances with ourselves, when our hearts tell us that the gifts do not meet the debt we owe. It was said of a certain shoemaker, once upon a time, that he made a business of serving the Lord, and pegged shoes to pay expenses. As Christians our great business is the extension of the Kingdom. Money foolishly spent or unnecessarily invested in those things which minister to our own pleasure may rise to plague us on that day when the book of records is opened and we face the righteous Judge, who will not fail to balance motives with acts, but who will be just as well.

Our Heritage from Early Home Missions

Epworth League Topic. Isa. 35

EVERY trip of Bishop Asbury over all the bridle-paths of the Kentucky mountains, every meeting of the little prayer bands in Ohio, every trip of his helpers in the wilderness beyond, was a Home Mission trip. From Asbury's time to the present, the Methodist circuit rider has been on the farthest fringe of advancing civilization. From the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge to the Pacific our present Methodist numbers are an eloquent testimonial of the work of these home missionaries, who under hardship and facing manifold dangers were satisfied with meager fare so long as the Kingdom prospered. And as communities grew up about the little settlements, and prayer meetings in private homes and Sunday schools in schoolhouses developed into churches, thousands of these were raised from weakness to strength by the help of the Home Missions Society and the Church Extension Society, a powerful team for Methodist extension. There is scarcely a church in all the West whose history looks back for sixty or seventy-five years which was not founded upon the work of the home missionary, or some circuit rider or local preacher who fought famine, prairie and Indians along with his neighbors and never failed to hold aloft the fiery symbol of our all-conquering faith. As prosperity followed the pioneer and ordered civilization pushed the frontier westward, church after church outgrew its swaddling-clothes and began to stand upon its own feet, independent of the Missionary Society, sometimes much too independent (for such is the quality of our human nature that many a church helped by the Home Mission Society has in the years of its prosperity given meager returns in support for the work still going on to the westward). Nevertheless, the Home Mission Society has made every dollar serve the cause, and today in those regions where men still dare the virgin soil, or drive their prospecting shafts into the unknown depths of mountain ranges, the home missionary is yet about his task, still sacrificing, still fighting valiantly to found a new civilization upon firm faith in God.

The Prayer Meeting Topics for the six weeks beginning this week follow more or less closely the chapters in the League Home Mission Study Book for this year. It is recommended that the chapters become Mission Study classes for this period. The book is "Christian Democracy for America," by D. D. Forsyth and R. W. Keeler. It may be obtained from any branch of the Methodist Book Concern or from the central office of the League, 740 Rush Street, Chicago, Ill. The central office is also prepared to send supplementary help to leaders.

Flood Sufferers Grateful

THE Christian Herald's check for One Thousand Two Hundred and Thirty-five Dollars and Seventy Cents, representing flood relief contributions, is very thankfully received. It certainly will be the means of relief to many suffering ones.

There are large areas still under water where no crops can be sown this year. The people of these regions will need all the help that can be given them. The wheat harvest at the end of next month may relieve the stress somewhat, but there will still remain a great call for all we can do to keep many from starvation.

God's blessing will surely go with your generous gift. With the thanks of the Union Christian Flood Relief Committee of Paotingfu, I am, etc.,

FRANK A. FOSTER.

Paotingfu, China.

That Girl from Orchard Street

Continued from page 1081

"Thank you." The colonel bowed his way from her presence. "The evidence is sufficient; the papers, which I do not understand, we have taken from the man; they are doubtless of great value. When the captain recovers he will find them in my care."

The next morning at daybreak a firing squad went out beyond the village. Mary Ellis did not hear the shots, for after a long anxious night she was sleeping exhaustedly, a smile on her tired lips. The doctor had spent the night with the patient, and toward dawn he had said that Jean Renault would live.

To be continued

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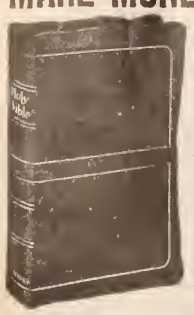

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Canton's Great Bible School

ON a Sunday morning at 8:30 I stepped from a Pullman in the city of Canton, Ohio. It was drizzling rain. Knowing that it was but a few blocks to a certain noted church, and knowing the general direction, I started to walk the distance. Going up the street I noticed about a half block ahead was a whole family—at least there were man, woman and a couple of children. All were tripping along in the rain, and at the corner they turned in the direction I had in mind and I followed them. Soon I saw them turning into the building. It was the church building of the Christian Church, which is the home of the largest Bible school in the world.

A pleasant-looking gentleman was standing in the vestibule. As I started by he held out his hand, smiling. It was now about 8:45. Entering the auditorium I found it was already humming like a beehive. After I had sat down a gentleman came smiling, shook hands, and asked if I were a stranger; and in both voice and handshake there was a most hearty welcome.

The church building is a mammoth structure. In all it contains fifty-six rooms. The main auditorium will seat more than 2,500 people. The junior and intermediate department rooms can be thrown together—they are for the junior church service, and this makes a room larger than an ordinary city church auditorium. Some of the classrooms are as large as an ordinary church auditorium.

THE genius of this great organization is Rev. P. H. Welshimer, who is both pastor of the church and superintendent of the school. This man came to Canton about seventeen years ago. At that time the Bible school had an average attendance of less than one hundred and fifty. The church building was small and in a very poor location. Very soon the building would not accommodate the people. A new location was secured and a new church erected. This building was hardly completed until it was too small. In another year or two a large addition was erected but soon outgrown.

Finally the present location, which is in the heart of the city of Canton, was secured and a great building planned. By the time the foundation was completed the people realized that this building would be too small. The whole plan was rearranged, the foundation torn down and greatly enlarged, and the present structure erected. Although it is a mammoth structure, yet it is often inadequate. The enrolment of the school is 7,000, and on one occasion the attendance was 7,716.

Before discussing the methods used to build up such a school, let us return to the Sunday morning mentioned at the beginning of this article. While the orchestra was playing and the people were coming in at all entrances, the tall form of Mr. Welshimer was seen moving among the people. He seemed to be almost everywhere. In the meantime the song leader reached the platform and the choir loft was filling up with young people.

When the song service began it started like a great waterfall. Everybody in the great auditorium seemed to be singing. The old songs were chosen by the leader. Mr. Welshimer was not on the platform as yet. When it was time to read the lesson he appeared, and all were attentive. I am told that no one knows just what will be the order of the opening service. It is filled with surprises. When it is time to read no one knows who will read or how it will be done. In this case Mr. Welshimer read a paragraph and designated who would follow, and they kept reading until during a pause he designated another company. Sometimes it was the men, then the women, then the unmarried or one of the boys' classes.

While the classes were assembling, the orchestra played. In the balcony there are a dozen or fifteen classrooms, where when doors are opened the people face the pulpit, and in these rooms all that had to be done was to close the doors. Mr. Welshimer himself teaches the auditorium class. This class alone has an enrolment of nearly 2,000.

AT the close of the lesson study hour the orchestra played while the adult classes all reassembled in the auditorium. There was some special music and a couple of lively songs. While some announcements were made, the orchestra retired very quietly. By this time the choir loft was filled with young people. Every seat was taken. A song was announced by Mr. Crabtree, and the great pipe organ was played softly. This was the transition from Bible school to church service. There was no break whatever, and not a dozen people left the room.

THE story of the building up of this great Bible school is as interesting as any novel. It has taken a tremendous struggle. The problem in most schools is to get and hold the boys and young men. This live pastor found that it was simply impossible to get the boys and young men enough interested to attend regularly and stay through the entire service until the men were there. This leader therefore specialized on men. He made them understand that the church is the most important organization in their city. They might neglect their own business, but should they neglect the church they did it at their peril. More than eighty men are on the church board, and every one of them is an enthusiastic Bible school man. It is a sort of an unwritten law there that no man can be elected or retained on that church board unless he is an active worker in the Bible school.

If a man does miss a Sunday he is looked after at once. If he could come and stays away a few Sundays he is placed upon the home department and so notified. Strange as it may seem, he soon comes back.

They go after the men. Some years ago they visited one man in Canton forty-six times and he did not come. But on the forty-seventh time they landed him and he has been an active worker to this day. Mr. Welshimer is not the first man who saw that "you must use the man or you will lose him," but he is perhaps the first superintendent of a great school who actually gave to every one in every class a definite task. He says, "You bring in a fellow and give him some task, send him out to help somebody or to see a sick person, or to get some one else in the school, and when he becomes acclimated the very next step to take is to accept Christ and become a member of Christ's body."

Another mighty factor is real sociability. No school in the land makes more of this than does the Canton school. It has been said that no one can get into this school and out again without shaking hands with six people. This is not only true of the grownups but of the children as well.

These people make one feel at home. One may go into the building feeling that he is a stranger, but is sure to come out feeling he has been among friends, and he is sure to go back again.

Another important factor in this school is the faithfulness of the teachers. There are nearly a hundred of them, and one would no more be absent without complete arrangements for the absence than a bank cashier would be absent from his bank without arranging for it. A great deal, too, is made of the music. Never a service without special music. In fine weather in the summer I am told that the orchestra plays a half hour on the top of the building on Sunday morning, beginning at 8:15.

EVERYTHING is done systematically. In the church office two stenographers are kept busy all the time. It is like a great business institution. Each city block has people whose definite task is to look after it. If a family moves out of the block it is phoned to the office at once, and when a family moves into the vacant house, perhaps before the goods are unloaded from the dray, the people have one or more invitations to attend the Bible school at the Christian Church unless they are regular attendants at some other school. If children are found who have no clothes, the good women get busy at once and help the mother, supplying what may be needed. If one is sick, he or she is looked after diligently. If a scholar is absent, either by mail or phone or visitation he is looked after at once. A double card index system is used and the reason for the absence is noted on the card.

The contest idea is used almost continually. The Canton schools will contest a dozen schools in another city. Some years ago this one school had a contest with the twenty-six schools of the Christian Church in Chicago. This contest lasted five months. Telegrams were exchanged every Sunday, and the result of the day was announced at the evening service. On the closing day, for a joke, Chicago wired Canton, adding a number that made Chicago win. That evening Mr. Welshimer preached on the subject, "Victory Through Defeat." Canton didn't know until Monday that they had beaten Chicago, but they were just as jubilant before they knew it as afterward.

The average attendance of the Canton school during these five months was 3,111 per Sunday. The resident membership of the Canton Christian Church is more than 3,500. Every evangelistic meeting during the seventeen years has been held by Mr. Welshimer himself.

JAMES T. NICHOLS.

A Successful Career

A QUARTER of a century of successful teaching as the active administrative and executive head of Gale College, Galesville, Wis., the oldest education institution of its kind in its part of the State, came to a close in June when Rev. L. M. Gimmestad, president, severed his connection with the school. Dr. Gimmestad plans to spend his declining years at Orfordville, Wis., where he will be the pastor of a Norwegian Lutheran church.

During his stay in Galesville, Dr. Gimmestad increased the size of his congregation threefold, erected a new church which is free of all indebtedness and, besides, served as the president of the college, where he did much to further the educational assets of the city in the matter of libraries, lectures and other things which add to the intellectual life. New buildings were added to the college, the courses were improved, and the class of instructors was bettered during his administration.

Dr. Gimmestad was a leader in the civic life of the city. He was known in northwestern theological circles as a man of great constructive ability and a leader in his field. J. E. DAHLGREN.

A National A B C Drive

OVER five and one-half million persons over ten years of age in the United States were unable to read and write in 1910. In 1917 there were registered for army service 700,000 men who could not sign their own names, could not read their orders, their manual of arms, or their Bibles; could not write letters home; and could not understand the cause for which they were fighting. The National Illiteracy Commission plans to utilize the entire school machinery of the United States in the task of teaching every man of draft age to read and write before he is called to the colors. A successful experiment was tried in Kentucky, where on July 1, 1917, the State Illiteracy Commission had on record the name and location of every illiterate man of military age in the state. The moonlight schools were thrown open, and thousands crowded into the schools and learned to read and write before they were called to the colors on September 5. Alabama has commenced a similar drive.

Marion Harland's Corner

Some Old-Fashioned Delights"

THAT is what the United States Food Administration Bureau, under whose parental guidanee we ork, ealls certain sweets some of ir young people may hear of now r the first time. We elders have grate- l memories of the squares and rolls fruit "leather" produeed from the ntries of grandmothers and their con- mporaries at Christmas and other nter holiday seasons. In Charleston, C., and in other Southern eities, the dustry of preserving late fruits in the rm I shall describe today is still in gue. Boxes of fruit leather and paste ay be bought from confeetioners, and e regarded by Northern tourists as aint relics of auld lang syne.

Our letter of advice from Headquar- rs thus prefaces the interesting topic:

Now is the time to revive such old-fashioned lights as "fruit leather" and "fruit paste." . Serve these in winter, instead of candy, with cream cheese and nuts for dessert.

The suggestion is especially welcome w that the sugar shortage waxes a crucial height. A goodly stock fruit conserves, put aside against the y of need, which is likely to fall in idwinter, will lighten the mother's res and supply her flock with confec- nery at minimum priees when one mpares them with those demanded what old-fashioned folk, who taught how to make "leather and paste," uld eall "boughten candy."

The fruit season is nearing its close. not let an apple, a pear, a late peach a bunch of grapes be thrown away. udy combinations of "delights."

Apple Leather

Peel, core and cut the apples into slices, or oes. Mince, and rub through a colander o a bowl lined with clean cheese-cloth. hen all are "pulped," lift the cloth by the ir corners and let it drip into bowl, to save the juice that will come away without queezing. We shall see presently what to with this juice. Shake, but do not press e cloth. The pulp must be soft, but not y. Have ready large platters which have en lightly rubbed with saltless butter, or h perfectly sweet salad oil. Turn the lped fruit into these in layers about half inch thick, and set in the hottest sunshine u can find, moving the platters from time time, to keep them in the full blaze of the . Take them in before the dew falls, and in open ovens which have been heated derately for some hours before they are ened. Two days of sunshine and two nights oven drying should make the "leather" or aste" ready for packing. The contents of h platter should be carefully turned on second morning, and the platter very htly re-oiled. The paste must be *perfectly ed.* Choose bright, unseasonably warm ys for the work. If you cannot utilize the n's rays, set the dish all day in the open oven, d fan every hour for a few minutes to facili- e the process.

When you have a dry, clean sheet of fruit, powdered sugar over it, cut into squares oblongs, and pack in tight boxes lined with xed paper. Fit on the tops and keep in a l, dry place.

Peach Leather

This is very good when made from the lus- ns "October peaches" that delight our ises in that most bewitching month—"the den-mouthed St. John of the twelve apos- s of the year." Pare and stone the peaches l proceed as directed in recipe for Apple ather.

I would lay stress upon the fact that fruits put up in this manner must be *rfectly ripe.* If they are a little over- e, remove the decaying parts with rupulous care, and use the rest.

The housewife who is so fortunate to possess a "dryer," such as is used drying corn, etc., will find the man- ufacture of the "old-fashioned de- hts" a mere trifle in consideration of e gratification to be derived from the nsumption thereof when ripe fruits out of season, and candies more stly than ever.

Fruit Roll

Prepare as for "leather," until you are dy to cut it into squares. Instead of doing s, trim the edges of the sheet neatly, and inkle the sheet with sugar. Then roll as u would a cake for a "jelly roll"; press nly into shape, with a sharp knife cut into ther thick slices, and pack in boxes lined h waxed paper. The little rounds are more pleasing in appearance than the cubes, and perhaps taste better on that account.

Peach-and-Fig Paste

Make the peach-pulp as directed and add to it one-fourth the quantity of dried figs which have been softened by soaking in cold water, then wiped dry, and chopped fine. This is particularly nice.

Pear-and-Citron Paste

Peel and seed the pears and pulp as already directed. Before spreading upon the platters mix with it about one-sixth as much finely chopped citron-peel, then proceed as usual. Or you may substitute for the citron minced candied orange or lemon peel.

As I said just now, you may improvise other combinations of various fruits to enhance the "delight" prepared for the children—and not to be despised by their elders!

Now the promised word respecting the juices.

Bottling fruit juice is a very simple process. The juice of berries, cherries, apples, pears, plums, peaches and watermelons may be bottled in their season. These juices make delightful summer drinks and sherbets, or they may be combined with fresh fruits in making gelatine desserts.

Wash bottles, place side down in a vessel and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil and boil fifteen minutes. Drain on cloth and fill with the juice. Sterilize corks by boiling in water fifteen minutes before using. Invert and drain on cloth.

Cut and crush large fruits, stem grapes, use berries as they are received. Heat slowly to simmering point. The flavor is finer if fruit is not allowed to boil.

Strain fruit through a cloth bag and allow the juice to stand in a cool place to settle.

Scald bottles and fill to within one and one-half inch of the top. Put in corks lightly, and set bottles on rack in a boiler, or tie down the corks and lay bottles on side with enough water to cover them. A screen or grating at the bottom of the boiler will prevent breaking. Heat the water to the simmering point (180 degrees) and keep at this for thirty minutes.

Remove the bottles, stand on end and dry the cork with a towel. When nearly cold, press cork in firmly and dip the top of the bottle in melted paraffin, or in sealing-wax. A simple method of sealing is to press the cork below level of neck of bottle and cover with sealing-wax.

Grape Juice

It should be better known that the juice of wild grapes, to be had for the picking by schoolboys on Saturday afternoons in the early autumn, makes a delightful and wholesome beverage when prepared according to rules here laid down for bottling fruit juices. Or—

Wash and pick over the grapes, throwing away the green and defective. Then crush in a pan or bowl with a potato-masher, or a clean wooden mallet, and put through a vegetable-press. If you have none, rub through a colander. Let the juice stand all night in a cold place to settle. Next morning, pour off from the dregs, and strain through doubled cheese-cloth. Bring to a slow boil; skim off what rises to the surface; boil five minutes and pour, scalding hot, into bottles already sterilized. This makes fine grape-jelly if combined with gelatine, and a refreshing drink in summer, iced, sweetened, and perfumed by a few stalks of mint floating on top.

"Let nothing be wasted," is a cardinal motto the year around. It is imperative now that what may be regarded as the aftermath of bountiful summer may be utilized to be used in the winter days that draw nigh.

An esteemed correspondent who writes from the "Land of Corn" contributes a practical receipe which fits in well with the topic we have discussed today, although it belongs of right to the talk anent green corn that appeared here some weeks ago. There are still fields of corn of late planting that may supply material for salting down and canning. Every jarful thus saved for winter use is clear gain.

I am sending you my recipe for canning corn, which I have used for several years with great success.

Cut the corn from the cob, and to nine cups of corn add a half-cup of sugar and a half-cup of salt. Add very little water, and cook it as long as you would in preparing it for the table. When it is done put into jars while it is boiling hot, filling and sealing one jar at a time. I always boil mine in my granite dish-pan. Stir frequently, as it burns quickly. I use patented self-sealing jars, and I hardly ever have any spoil. Freshen it before using, as it will be a little salty.—A READER OF THE CORNER (*Oregon*).

Use This Rule
To Measure Food Cost

Food is measured by calories, the energy unit adopted by governments. The average person needs 2,500 calories per day.

Food cost depends largely on the number of calories you get for each dollar spent.

Among some of our best foods, at this writing, the comparison is as follows:

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(1998)

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Muffins

⅔ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Cookies

Mix dry 2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt.

Mix 1 cup sugar, 1 cup lard.

Put 1 level teaspoon soda in a small cup of sour milk. Add this to sugar and lard, then add dry ingredients, roll thin, cut in squares and bake. Raisins —2 cups—make an excellent addition.

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Our price $2.65 Save 85 cts.

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Boys' Life 1.50
Regular price $3.50
Our price $2.65 Save 85 cts.

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Little Folks 1.50
Regular price $3.50
Our price $2.65 Save 85 cts.

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Designer 1.00
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McCall's Magazine. .75
Etude (Music) 1.50
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Our price $3.25 Save $1.00
(Above club without Christian Herald, $1.85)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Pictorial Review ... 2.00
McCall's Magazine. .75
Regular price $4.75
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Christian Herald ... $2.00
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Our price $3.75 Save $1.25
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(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.00)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
American Mag.... 2.00
Regular price $4.00
Our price $3.75 Save 25 cts.

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Youth's Companion 2.00
McCall's Magazine.. .75
Regular price $4.75
Our price $4.00 Save 75 cts.
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Christian Herald ... $2.00
Woman's Home Companion 1.50
Etude (Music) 1.50
Regular price $5.00
Our price $4.15 Save 85 cts.
(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.85)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Woman's Home Companion 1.50
Little Folks 1.50
Regular price $5.00
Our price $4.15 Save 85 cts.
(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.75)

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Woman's Home Companion 1.50
American Boy 1.50
Regular price $5.00
Our price $4.50 Save 50 cts.
(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.75)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Delineator 1.50
Woman's Home Companion 1.50
Regular price $5.00
Our price $4.75 Save 25 cts.
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Christian Herald ... $2.00
Pictorial Review 2.00
Review of Reviews.. 3.00
Regular price $7.00
Our price $4.75 Save $2.25
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American Magazine 2.00
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McCall's Magazine. .75
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Our price $2.50 Save $1.00
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Today's Housewife .75
People's Home Jnl. .75
Regular price $3.50
Our price $2.50 Save $1.00
(Above club without Christian Herald, $1.25)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
American Boy 1.50
Regular price $3.50
Our price $3.00 Save 50 cts.

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Delineator 1.50
Regular price $3.50
Our price $3.25 Save 25 cts.

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Everybody's Magazine 1.50
Regular price $3.50
Our price $3.25 Save 25 cts.

Christian Herald ... $2.00
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Woman's Home Companion 1.50
Regular price $4.75
Our price $4.00 Save 75 cts.
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McClure's Magazine 1.50
Woman's Home Companion 1.50
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Christian Herald ... $2.00
McClure's Magazine 1.50
Pictorial Review 2.00
Regular price $5.50
Our price $4.25 Save $1.25
(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.75)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Pictorial Review 2.00
Etude (Music) 1.50
Regular price $5.50
Our price $4.35 Save $1.15
(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.75)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Mother's Magazine 2.00
Pictorial Review 2.00
Regular price $6.00
Our price $4.50 Save $1.50
(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.10)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Etude (Music) 1.50
*Delineator 1.50
*Everybody's 1.50
Regular price $6.50
Our price $4.65 Save $1.85
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(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.00)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Mother's Magazine. 2.00
Review of Reviews.. 3.00
Regular price $7.00
Our price $4.75 Save $2.25
(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.35)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Woman's Home Companion 1.50
Review of Reviews.. 3.00
Regular price $6.50
Our price $5.00 Save $1.50
(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.25)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Modern Priscilla ... 1.25
Our price $2.50 Save 75 cts.

Christian Herald ... $2.00
McClure's Magazine 1.50
Regular price $3.50
Our price $2.65 Save 85 cts.

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Modern Priscilla 1.25
People's Home Jnl. .75
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Our price $3.10 Save 90 cts.
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Christian Herald ... $2.00
Modern Priscilla ... 1.25
McCall's Magazine. .75
Regular price $4.00
Our price $3.10 Save 90 cts.
(Above club without Christian Herald, $1.70)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Review of Reviews.. 3.00
Regular price $5.00
Our price $3.50 Save $1.50

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Youth's Companion 2.00
Regular price $4.00
Our price $3.75 Save 25 cts.

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Modern Priscilla ... 1.25
Etude (Music) 1.50
Regular price $4.75
Our price $3.75 Save $1.00
(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.25)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Modern Priscilla ... 1.25*
Pictorial Review 2.00
Regular price $5.25
Our price $4.10 Save $1.15
(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.50)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Pictorial Review ... 2.00
Boys' Life 1.50
Regular price $5.50
Our price $4.25 Save $1.25
(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.75)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Woman's Home Companion 1.50
Pictorial Review ... 2.00
Regular price $5.50
Our price $4.50 Save $1.00
(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.00)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
*Woman's Home Companion 1.50
*American Magazine 2.00
Regular price $5.50
Our price $4.50 Save $1.00
(*To same address)
(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.75)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Etude (Music) 1.50
Pictorial Review 2.00
Modern Priscilla ... 1.25
Regular price $6.75
Our price $5.15 Save $1.60
(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.85)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Modern Priscilla ... 1.25
*Woman's Home Companion 1.50
*American Magazine 2.00
Regular price $6.75
Our price $5.25 Save $1.50
(*To same address)
(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.85)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Pictorial Review 2.00
*Woman's Home Companion 1.50
*American Magazine 2.00
Regular price $7.50
Our price $5.75 Save $1.75
(*To same address)
(Above club without Christian Herald, $4.50)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Pictorial Review 2.00
Regular price $4.00
Our price $3.00 Save $1.00

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Mother's Magazine 2.00
Regular price $4.00
Our price $3.00 Save $1.00

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Woman's Home Companion 1.50
Regular price $3.50
Our price $3.25 Save 25 cts.

Christian Herald ... $2.00
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Mother's Magazine 2.00
McCall's Magazine. .75
Regular price $4.75
Our price $3.60 Save $1.15
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Christian Herald ... $2.00
Modern Priscilla ... 1.25
Boys' Life 1.50
Regular price $4.75
Our price $3.75 Save $1.00
(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.25)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Woman's Home Companion 1.50
McCall's Magazine. .75
Regular price $4.25
Our price $3.75 Save 50 cts.
(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.10)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
People's Home Jnl. .75
McCall's Magazine. .75
Modern Priscilla ... 1.25
Regular price $4.75
Our price $3.85 Save 90 cts.
(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.10)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Modern Priscilla ... 1.25
Mother's Magazine 2.00
Regular price $5.25
Our price $4.10 Save $1.15
(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.50)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
American Boy 1.50
Pictorial Review ... 2.00
Regular price $5.50
Our price $4.25 Save $1.25
(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.00)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Modern Priscilla ... 1.25
Review of Reviews.. 3.00
Regular price $6.25
Our price $4.25 Save $2.00
(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.00)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Mother's Magazine 2.00
Woman's Home Companion 1.50
Regular price $5.50
Our price $4.50 Save $1.00
(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.10)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Woman's Home Companion 1.50
Everybody's 1.50
Regular price $5.00
Our price $4.75 Save 25 cts.
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Our price $4.75 Save $1.25
(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.00)

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Our price $5.00 Save $1.50
(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.25)

Christian Herald ... $2.00
Woman's Home Companion 1.50
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This American soldier is helping French refugees along their way back home. American money is helping rebuild their homes.

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Send all gifts to the Christian Herald Fund for War Widows and Orphans, Room 93, Bible House, New York City

How We Improved Our Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones and His Wife

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

* * * * * *

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson I was surprised to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years became president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

> "Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have *enjoyed* the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless. I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to my mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years, to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100% in a week and 1000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

What the Course Did for Mrs. Jones

From what Mr. Jones tells us, the Roth Memory Course did just as wonderful things for Mrs. Jones. She became fascinated with the lessons the first evening she could get them away from her husband, and he is forced to admit that not only did she learn the magic key words more quickly a easily than he did—but so did Genevieve, their twelve-ye old daughter.

But the fun of learning was only the beginning. In a f days Mrs. Jones was amazed to see how her newly acquir power to remember the countless things she had to remem simplified her life. The infinite details of housekeepi smoothed themselves out wonderfully. She was surpris how much more time she had for recreation—because s remembered easily and automatically her many duties at t time they should be remembered. And when evening ca she missed much of the old "tired feeling" and was fresh than she had been in years.

At her club she became a leader because her fellow membe could count on her to conduct club matters with a clear he and in orderly procedure.

In her social life Mrs. Jones began to win a popularity th she had never dreamed of attaining. The reason was easy understand—because she never forgot a name or face on she was introduced—and this also made her a successf hostess—much to the wonder of her friends. In short, M Jones, in developing her own perfectly good memory, d covered a secret of success, not only in housekeeping, but her social life.

Now we understand the Roth Memory Idea is going li wildfire among Mrs. Jones' friends—for she has let them in her secret.

Read the following letter from Mrs. Eleanor A. Phillip State Chairman of the Tennessee Woman's Liberty Lo Committee:

> "Enclosed please find check for $5.00 for Memory Course forwarded me. This course, to my mind, is the most wonderful thing of its kind I have ever heard of, and comes to hand at a time when I need it greatly.
> "As Chairman for the State of Tennessee for Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, it is very necessary for me to remember the names of thousands of women, and with the very little acquaintance I have had with your wonderful course I find my memory greatly strengthened. I feel sure that after having completed the course I will be able to know my women and the counties they are from the minute I see them."

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of t Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see your own home how easy it is to improve your memory power in few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free exa ination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a lett and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid at once. you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five da after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of oth men and women who have used the course, send only $5 in full pa ment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail t coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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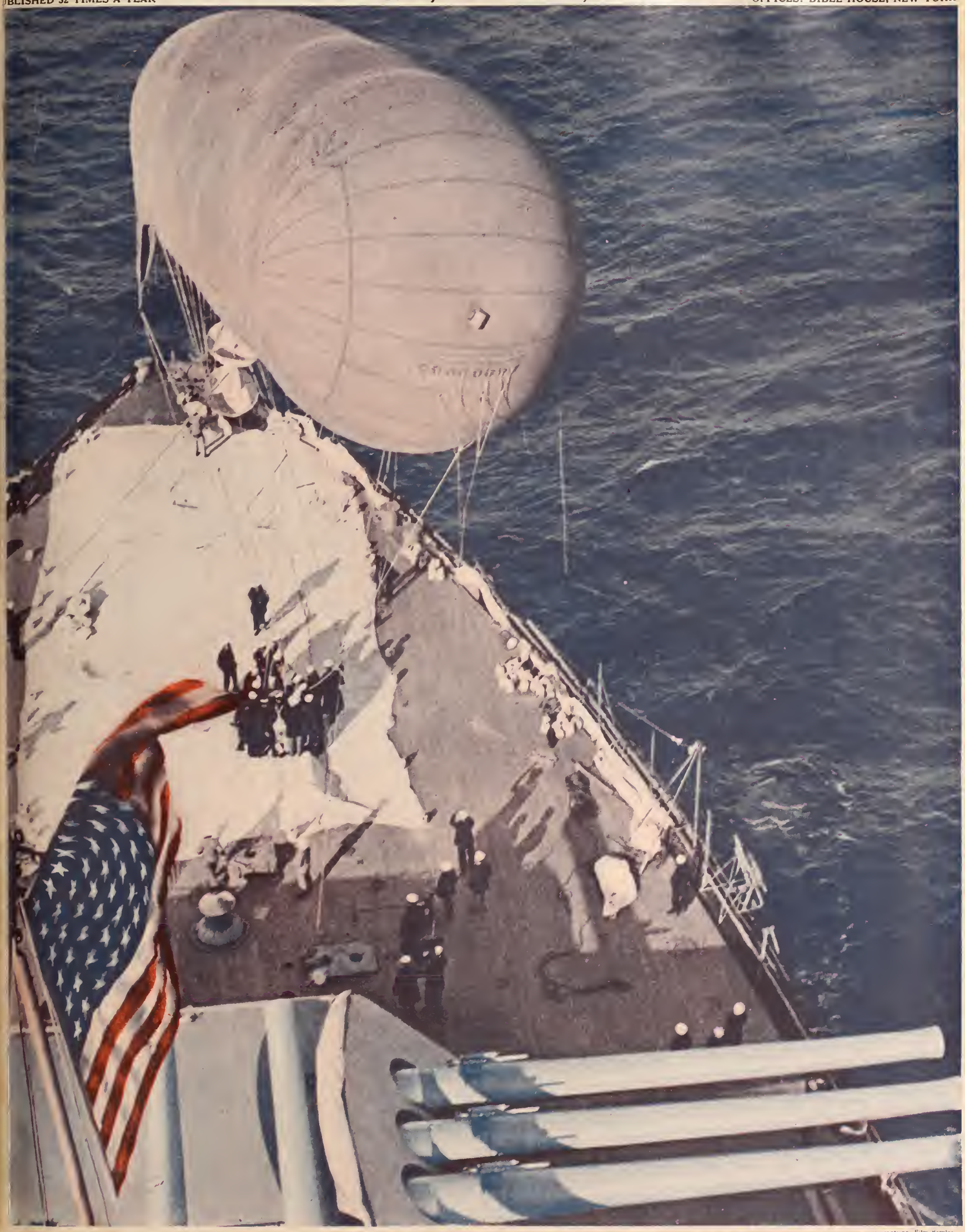

ON THE TRAIL OF THE SUBMARINE

International Film Service

Observation Balloon about to ascend from the deck of a warship to search the sea for U-Boats. A submerged object can be plainly seen by an observer a short distance above the sea

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

A mission station on the Labrador coast. It is early fall, but the snow is already there

Strangest School in the World

A Missionary Writes of the Almost Hopeless Struggle to Educate the Children of Labrador

ONE of the most difficult prob- lms of mission- y work in Lab- dor is the hool. The first d chief diffi- lty in this re- rd is the scattered living of our people. In most ses they live far apart. Here and there are two uses close together; but generally there is a dis- nce of from one to eight miles between the uses.

The nature of the coast demands this. The inhabi- nts depend in winter upon their hunting, and unless ey live scattered, they hinder each other in the rsuit of a livelihood. Here, at our station, only o families live; yet these are almost so crowded at they encroach upon each other's hunting-grounds. ttlers and Eskimos belonging to our Makkovik ngregation live from eight to seventy miles distant m here. There is, of course, no possibility for any those to attend a day-school. The only solution of problem is a boarding-house, to keep the children re together for a time. This was done re for several years in the mission-house; t finding this rather unsatisfactory—the use having no special arrangements or ac- mmodations for the purpose—an effort was de to build a schoolhouse.

When the suggestion was made to our congre- tion, it was taken up with enthusiasm. With w exceptions, they contributed toward such uilding liberally, according to their ability, d promised to put up the house. Some mber (mission property) was found on the ce—about half the quantity required for house—and this the Mission Board nted us for the purpose. The other half s purchased by the contributions of our mbers. But the building itself was not so ily accomplished. As many of them live far away, it was no easy thing to come and lp on the work. During the short summer, hing is the one thing that has to be attended to by all, otherwise they would have to thank mselves for an empty cupboard in winter. e autumn is too rough for any to come from a distance in their small boats. Spring was the only time left for this work, and even then the men could not stay away too long from their families, who live so isolated, and it takes in some cases a two or three days' jour- y alone to come here.

SLOWLY but steadily the building progressed for two years, when some help came through Christian Herald friends, so that I could employ a few men for a short time to facilitate the building. Three years after commencement we were able to put the schoolhouse in use. There is a large schoolroom, a good-sized kitchen, a bedroom for the girls, and a small pantry below. Under the high roof there are two bedrooms for the boys. Besides there is a large porch, where firewood can be piled up, where the children's "cossaks" can have a place, and also where fresh meat or fish can be kept frozen. The house itself is well built and warm; one stove keeps it heated. It accommodates twenty-five children, and there are not many more to be found of the school age, from seven to fourteen, within our district, for we have a hundred miles of coast line. But there are always a few that back out. Last winter we had the greatest number so far: twenty children, half of them boys.

The next difficulty in connection with our school is that some of the parents are not sufficiently interested in the education of their children to send them to us. Of course, there is no compulsion. We are without oversight or encouragement from outside of our own church. All depends upon the good-will of the parents whether the children are sent to school or not. Some of the parents have never learned to read, although they get along well in earthly matters; consequently learning, they think, cannot be so important. Others have learned to read and write without a school, so these reckon that the children can be taught as well at home. Others again need a boy of ten to twelve years of age at home for cutting wood and fetching water, or a girl for nursing the baby, and therefore they feel that they cannot well spare them. But I am glad to add that these are the exceptions. The majority value the school and gladly send their children to us.

The school children of Makkovik with their teachers and helpers. Mrs. Anderson, next to her husband in the center, is the woman who looked after the children

ANOTHER feature of our school is the very short time it can be kept open, and the long vacation the scholars have. School opens about the middle or end of February and closes again at Easter time. Probably nowhere else in the world is school conducted under such peculiar conditions. There are two or three reasons for this. First, none of the parents could spare the children in summer time. During the fishing season they are all, according to age and ability, more or less employed with their parents. Second, with the children there frequently stays one of the mothers or some other elderly woman, who does the cooking, washing, mending and looking after them in general. She does this without payment, voluntarily and gladly, but finding it no easy task. It would be impossible to get her on these terms for a long period; and funds are not available for this purpose. Last, but not least, most of the teaching has to be done by the missionary in charge of the station, whose ordinary church work has to be carried on as usual at the same time.

We have no special teacher. In the earlier

part of winter it is my duty to visit all the members of our congregation living north and south of the station. This round of visits is begun soon after the New Year, as soon as traveling conditions are suitable, and never completed before the middle of February. After this the school begins. I give the school work twenty-six hours per week, and as the time is so short we do whatever is possible to implant some knowledge in the young minds and hearts. But this could not be carried on for a long period without a breakdown in the health of the missionary.

My wife helps in school, although her other duties in the house, kitchen and nursery are manifold. Last winter we had an excellent helper in the teaching, an American lady who spent the winter here with us, and who boarded in the mission-house and studied Labrador, its life and its people. She had much love for the children and great skill in teaching them, and she not only helped during school time, but kept a day-school also from New Year onward, while the missionary was traveling.

WHAT are the results under such deficient conditions? you will ask. Can any good come from it? Yes, there are comparatively good results, in the "three R's" at least, with most of those children that are sent to school regularly year by year—especially if they begin to attend while yet young. Eskimo children, who know hardly any English at all, and have to struggle with the language at first, within five winters have learned to read, write and reckon, which may be considered sufficient for Labrador. But it is mostly a hopeless case with children that come to us too late. One girl came for the first time when twelve years old. She knew absolutely nothing an was somewhat dull besides. She did not learn eve to keep the letters apart within six weeks, and i writing she only managed to make correctly the *i* an *e*. The very last day she would still write the figur *4* all upside down, so that it looked like a chair. Bu when they come early, they invariably acquire some thing worth while. Before coming again they will tr for months to learn at home in order to show up favo ably at school and perhaps win promotion to anothe class. This one thing is certain: the children love th school. They are happy when here and sorry when is over.

The schoolhouse at Makkovik

The conviction is often overwhelming that th important part of our work is still sadly deficient, an but a makeshift. But it is absolutely necessary to c at least this much. We do wish more could be don and we hope and pray that a time may come soo when the children of Labrador can have better schoo ing, a longer period at school, and permanent teache even out here. Civilization is advancing and th Gospel is making good progress, but more knowledg must be given to these people in the future if they a to fight the battle of life successfully.

For a number of years we have held every wint a few weeks' school at the Mission stations

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The Inspiration of the Camp-Fire

By L. L. MACDONALD

Camping Director, Boy Scouts of America

ON the fundamental facts of boy nature are based the methods of the Boy Scouts of America. By this study and utilization of psychology are the surest appeals made and the most direct and lasting impressions given. Thus the scoutmaster, with genuine sympathy and intuition, is able to arouse his boys' latent idealism and direct it effectively, without using an unhealthily emotional appeal.

One of these fundamental appeals is made by the camp-fire. No camp is a real camp unless it centers around the evening camp-fire. Fire has been a symbol of the highest ideals of mankind since primitive times. The idea of communion with the Great Spirit was connected with fire by all primitive peoples, as is evidenced by their use of incense and burnt-offerings and other ceremonial observances. These first early associations with fire as a symbol have been idealized and, to a certain extent, refined with the progress of civilization; but they never have been lost from the spiritual treasure-house of mankind. Fire is regarded variously as the symbol of light, purity, learning, and the immortality of the soul. Any appeal, therefore, to the spiritual nature by means of the camp-fire is based on one of the great fundamentals, and is sure to have a more than fleeting effect.

The camp-fire comes, moreover, at the time of day when the boy's love for physical activity has been gratified by the allurement of woods and meadows, and the manifold activities of the Scout camp program. Through these his appetite has been whetted to a sharp edge. Plain, wholesome food has been devoured in quantities limited only by the size of the bean-pot and the elasticity of the boy's skin. Now is the chance for his imagination to work and his thoughts to be led on to serious things. Conditions are such as to contribute to his physical and mental well-being, and to stimulate the most healthful kind of spiritual response.

Here the adult leader diverts these boy-dreams, leading each boy on to picture himself as actually doing the things we otherwise would have to exhort him to do. The approach is made through any one of several avenues. Hero-worship, so natural to the youthful mind, offers good opportunity, for under the inspiration of the camp-fire the great men of history, religious or secular, do not seem mere fictitious creatures of books. In the light of the camp-fire they are warmed into real existence, and the heart-throbs of the boy David before Saul unafraid, or Lincoln in his rude wilderness home, resound in unison with their ov heart-beats and see just as real.

The rich variatio of the symbolic mea ing of fire hold many possibilities. This is particular pointed in the contrast between fire as a consumi and destroying force and fire as an illuminating, refi ing and dynamic power. Many analogies may be dra from the contrast, with application to the simpl questions of conduct. Fire may be likened to temp Each, when well-controlled and actually in control, essential to the well-being of every one; when uncc trolled, both are mediums of wanton destruction a utter devastation.

Memories of these camp-fire experiences are burn deep into the soul of every scout. The feeling good-fellowship in the group, whose undivided atte tion is drawn to one center by the constant activi and ever-changing form of the flame; the appe to the senses through music and the physical beau of the scene; the association between the glow of t fire and all the ideals it symbolizes and all the drea encouraged by the spirit of the gathering: these a ineradicably impressed upon him.

The far-reaching practical effects upon his thoug and action cannot be adequately estimated. H around the camp-fire, under understanding gu ance, all manner of inspiration may come to hi bearing fruit later in ardent purpose and hi achievement.

Telling stories about the fire at a training-camp where boys listen and learn and achieve ideals

The Block That Was Transformed

By B. W. BABCOCK

Notices to the People of This Here Block

Dear Friend and neighbor:

We thank all of you in which you show your kindness and feeling toward the celebration of the service flag as it could not be any better.

By looking over the names on the chart here if any person which has some one in the service of this block and was forgotten to be put on can give the name to one of the committee.

Every month there will be new stars put on the flag.

Thankfully, The Committee.

THIS bulletin, stenciled on white paper in black characters on the red brick wall of a factory, perhaps by some worker, meets the eye of the stroller through the block of West Thirty-eighth Street, New York, whose boundaries east and west are Ninth and Tenth Avenues.

Then the eye travels above the notice and sees stenciled upon a larger white sheet a long list of names, each with a star after it. If the stroller has entered the block casually on his way beyond, his mind is now cleared of anything save that particular block. He looks aloft and sees a huge service flag suspended above the roadway from the factory wall across to the opposite tenement. There are eighty-one stars on it now, and residents of the block say that very soon there will be 135 stars, for since the flag was put up fifty-four more men of the block have gone into the service of the United States.

Then, perhaps, the stroller scans the home windows of the block. There are individual service flags everywhere. One house has two two-star flags flattering from two windows of its second floor.

The stroller feels that he should inquire into this patriotism and looks about for some one to whom he may address a question. He notes that there are only women on the block, and small children, with here and there an elderly man.

The block, he soon sees, has developed a community spirit. By accident and the laws of supply and demand before the war it had the physical aspects of a village, just as nearly every other block of tenements in New York has. There are the small groceries, the block meat-market, the laundry, the baker.

And by no means all of the block is given over to residence purposes. There is a soap factory, and several other fairly large plants. So in density of population West Thirty-eighth Street between Ninth and Tenth Avenues cannot compare with other New York blocks.

Yet it has come to have a spirit that is found only in some village where the inhabitants have faced and met a common peril.

THE stroller asks the first person he meets for some explanation of this community pride. This person is a woman with a shawl over her head.

"I never liked this block until they put up that service flag," she says. "I've lived on this block in the same rooms sixteen years. My husband died there and some of my children were born there. But now the block is just like some new sort of town—where all the people are kind to one another and nobody tries to put on airs with anybody else.

"When they raised that flag it was a grand time.

© Photo by Press Illustrating Service

The honor roll of the block

There was a band and the alderman walked all around the block, taking off his hat. Some of the young men on the block who will go to war next thought of it and took up a collection for the flag and celebration. It was a little hard on us to raise that money. All of us are buying Liberty Bonds on partial payments, but we thought that we could honor our boys and then work the harder to buy more bonds."

Thinking to draw out some unusual reason for this wholesale migration of the block's young and fittest to fighting scenes, the visitor may ask some mother for the precise reasons which induced her son to volunteer. The mother looks at the inquirer with a puzzled expression.

"Why, for his country," she says simply.

A typical home is that of John L. Ward, who is twenty-four years old and has been in France with an engineers' regiment for almost a year. When the observer called, the boy's mother, Mrs. Martha E. Ward, was busy with sewing.

"You must excuse me if I go right on working," she said. "I must keep the clothes of the children in order. We are buying Liberty Bonds and we are not going to buy any more new clothes if we can help it. The boys over there need everything we can give them, much more than we need new things here."

John L. Ward for five years was employed as a scenic painter and repairer. He went with an engineering regiment. In France, however, he is using his acquired skill for his country. He is still painting and repairing scenery, but it is scenery which masks batteries from air observation. It is camouflage.

"All of the people on the block who have given their sons to their country are buying Liberty Bonds," said John's mother. "It is a duty for every one to buy the bonds. Our boys and everybody's boys must be made as safe as possible, and they must have supplies and the ammunition that is to get the Kaiser."

TRAGEDY has touched the block also. Sergeant William Carroll, of 460 West Thirty-eighth Street, who joined an engineering regiment, died in the service of his country. He had been engaged, but he and his betrothed had deferred the marriage from time to time because his business called him away frequently for long periods from New York. But when his decision to enlist was made, they were married at once. Their honeymoon was only three days, as he had had military training, and he was needed in France.

Patriotism ran high on West Thirty-eighth Street west of Ninth Avenue in the days when the block's young men enlisted and went to France. Patriotism is running just as high today. Those left behind feel that they must sustain their boys through the purchase of Liberty Bonds, and by persuading every one with whom they come in contact to do the same. There is genuine block rivalry on the West Side in the matter of service flags and also for a record in the sale of Liberty Bonds. Already several other blocks in the vicinity of the Thirty-eighth Street block are making arrangements both for block service flags and for concerted block effort in selling Liberty Bonds.

"This block is more patriotic to the inch than any other in New York, and it is going to prove it," is the spirit now animating the blocks.

President Proclaims October 12 as Liberty Day

ON September 20 the President issued the proclamation herewith requesting that the anniversary of America's discovery be made a day of celebration in aid of the Fourth Liberty Loan.

As an army, trained and ready, rushes eagerly into battle and can scarcely be restrained until the time for attack is at hand, so the people of America approached the time for the launching of the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign. If there ever had been any failure to understand America's entrance into the war, any inability to appreciate the causes which forced her to take the sword, these had been wiped away by the events of the war months and the educational activities of the first three campaigns. No one any longer needed to be told that battles are won with bullets bought with bonds. The lesson had been learned and the public knew that the greater the financial support of the people the more complete could be the armaments and the shorter the conflict.

When this issue of the Christian Herald went to press the size of the offering of the Fourth Liberty Loan had not been announced, but it was generally expected in Washington that it would be $6,000,000,000. The bonds will be dated October 24, 1918, and will be issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000 and $10,000. The Government will accept payment as follows: 10 per cent. with the subscription, 20 per cent. on November 21, 1918, 20 per cent. on December 19, 1918, 20 per cent. on January 16, 1919 and 30 per cent. with interest on January 30, 1919. The banks will be provided with installment cards providing for payment of $50 bonds in 25 weeks at $2 per week. Some banks and business houses will continue the previous policy of accepting payments at $1 per week on each $50 bond. Holders of paid in full bonds of either of the three preceding series will probably be able to borrow the full face value for the purchase of the Fourth Liberty Bonds.

LIBERTY Loan films have been prepared and will be shown throughout the country.

A PROCLAMATION

By the President of the United States of America

EVERY day the great principles for which we are fighting take fresh hold upon our thought and purpose and make it clearer what the end must be and what we must do to achieve it. We now know more certainly than we ever knew before why free men brought the great Nation and Government we love into existence, because it grows clearer and clearer what supreme service it is to be America's privilege to render to the world. The anniversary of the discovery of America must, therefore, have for us in this fateful year a peculiar and thrilling significance. We should make it a day of ardent rededication to the ideals upon which our Government is founded and by which our present heroic tasks are inspired.

Now, therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, do appoint Saturday, the twelfth day of October, 1918, as Liberty Day. On that day I request the citizens of every community of the United States, city, town, and countryside, to celebrate the discovery of our country in order to stimulate a generous response to the Fourth Liberty Loan. Commemorative addresses, pageants, harvest home festivals, other demonstrations, should be arranged for in every neighborhood under the general direction of the Secretary of the Treasury and the immediate direction of the Liberty Loan Committee, in co-operation with the United States Bureau of Education and the public school authorities. Let the people's response to the Fourth Liberty Loan express the measure of their devotion to the ideals which have guided the country from its discovery until now, and of their determined purpose to defend them and guarantee their triumph.

For the purpose of participating in Liberty Day celebrations all employees of the Federal Government throughout the country whose services can be spared may be excused on Saturday, the twelfth day of October, for the entire day.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done in the District of Columbia this 19th day of September, in the year of Our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Eighteen, and of the Independence of the United States of America the One Hundred and Forty-third.

WOODROW WILSON.

Great Allied Victory in Palestine

CHEERING news came by the cable from Palestine on September 22. The Turkish army operating between the Mediterranean and the Jordan River had been virtually wiped out by the British forces under General Allenby. The entire Turkish system of defenses north of Jerusalem was overwhelmed by the sweep of the British troops. The Turks were reported as having sustained heavy losses in killed and wounded, while the British casualties were surprisingly slight. British cavalry units had advanced 60 miles from their original positions and occupied Nazareth, El Afule and Beisan.

It seems from the dispatches that the Sultan's troops were caught in a huge trap west of the Nablous-Jerusalem road, where they were cut off by cavalry on the one side and their escape eastward barred by Arab forces under the King of the Hedjaz on the other. Only two narrow fords across the Jordan were available for escape.

This battle, one of the greatest that has ever taken place on the historic soil of the Holy Land, was fought over places that are familiar to all Bible readers. British infantry, Australian light horse and Indian cavalry, in the advance passed through the coastal sector of the Plain of Sharon to get to the enemy's rear. Welsh and Indian troops had hard fighting with the Turks eastward of the Nablous road. Nazareth and Samaria are now held by the British, and Gen. Allenby's cavalry is operating along the shores of the Sea of Galilee. Much of the battle was fought on a portion of the famous field of Armageddon, which is indicated in prophecy as the coming scene of the last great battle with the forces of evil.

Armored cars and airplanes played an important part in the battle, and the mastery of the air was easily in the hands of the British. A German airplane carrying mails for the Turks landed at Afule after the battle, the pilot still believing the place to be in Turkish hands. The plane, its occupants and contents were captured. British aviators who had prevented the enemy planes from observing the British preparations for the attack harassed the enemy by a series of bombing raids, and planes armed with machine guns did effective work along the roads converging at Nablous, which were jammed with retreating Turkish fugitives and transport wagons, affording easy targets for the airmen.

This new victory, which has dealt a smashing blow to Turkish power in central Palestine, relieves a large section of the Holy Land from the dominion of the Moslems. It is the greatest event that has happened in the Near East since the capitulation of Jerusalem itself.

General Allenby completely destroyed the 7th and 8th Turkish armies in Palestine. The entire transport and ammunition trains of both armies was taken and all their airplanes, four in number, were captured. The number of prisoners counted on September 23, was 25,000 with 260 guns, but the balance of the original 50,000 men in the Turkish Army were trapped and faced the alternative of death or capture. General Allenby's use of cavalry was declared the most brilliant in this war, his cavalry having made the Allied victory a complete disaster for the Turks. The Turks hold on Palestine was thoroughly broken and the whole Turkish railway system in southern Syria was in British hands. It was expected that a new base would be established at the port of Haifa. General Liman von Sanders, the German general in command in Palestine, left Nazareth in haste for the north as soon as he heard that the British cavalry had crossed the Iskanderan and were approaching Esdraelon.

President Condemns Russia

PRESIDENT WILSON, through Secretary Lansing, on September 21, sent a telegram to all the American diplomatic representatives at neutral capitals, calling attention to the reign of terror in Petrograd, Moscow and other Russian cities. The President said: "In view of the earnest desire of the people of the United States to help the Russian people, and lend them all that is possible of assistance in their struggle to reconstruct their nation upon principles of democracy and self-government, this government feels that it cannot be still or refrain from expressing its sorrow at this state of terrorism. Furthermore, it believes that in order to check the further increase of the indiscrimate slaughter of Russian citizens all nations should register their abhorrence of such barbarism." Each diplomat was instructed to inquire whether the government to which he was accredited was disposed to take more immediate action to impress upon "the perpetrators of these crimes the aversion in which civilization regards their present wanton acts." A reported alliance between the Bolsheviki and Germany received further confirmation in an Associated Press dispatch, via Peking, in which it was reported that the German Emperor, on September 10, had issued an order to all Austro-Hungarians and Germans in Russia saying it was their first duty to join the Russian Soviet troops, and to oppose Japan and her Allies, "who threatened to restore the eastern front."

Dispatches from Harbin, on September 7, reported a movement by Polish officers to form a Polish division of 100,000 men to fight in Siberia westward toward their fatherland with the Czecho-Slovak army. In the meantime conditions in that part of Russia over which the Bolsheviki maintain their uncertain tenure appeared to be growing steadily worse. Stockholm reported 812 executions in Petrograd. Reports indicated that the Germans were removing stores and supplies from Esthonia and Livonia, the removing of stores being taken to forecast the withdrawal of the German forces from Russian territory, the policing of which was reported to be keeping 750,000 German troops busy.

On September 20 the Karelian troops in northern Russia defeated the Bolsheviki and routed them. The British, on September 19, evacuated Baku in southern Russia and retired to northern Persia. They found the Armenian troops lacking in steadiness and were themselves outnumbered by the Turks.

Mr. Otto Koenig, publisher of the Christian Herald
Died September 23, 1918

The Rail That Carries the Man

WAR today is a monstrous matter of machinery. It is no longer merely infantry, artillery and cavalry. It is airplanes and telephones and railways and automobile transport. As many men fight back of the line as on it. Next week we buyers of Liberty Bonds will see what our money has purchased in engines and roads "Over There."

Mary Allis is just now at the crest of her experiences in France. She gets back all right and we will soon know how, for the story runs but three weeks longer. On October 30th we will greet a new hero in Dr. Chas. M. Sheldon's new serial, "All the World." We will tell you more about it later.

Miss Sangster took council this summer with a little brown bird. Next week she brings us the lesson the little bird told her; it is a lesson of friendship.

Where do you stand in the fight? Next week Dr. F. Berry Plummer calls us to the Good Fight of Faith.

A Week in the World's News

AN ARMY OF 4,800,000. In explaining the request of the War Department for additional appropriations of $7,347,000,000, General March, Chief of Staff, told the House Appropriations Committee, on September 18, that, in addition to the 3,200,000 men then in service, it was planned to train 1,600,000 more fighting men, giving a maximum strength of 4,800,000. In order to secure the additional men he estimated that it would be necessary to call 2,700,000. He expected to get 1,350,000 men from the 19-20 and 32-36 classes of the new registration. General March announced the detailed estimates on which the $7,000,000,000 request was based. Of this amount $1,000,000,000 is needed by the office of the Chief of Staff, the military information section, and the general staff corps; $1,791,700,000 for the pay of the army; $1,278,000,000 for transportation and $1,985,000,000 for armament and artillery.

HOUSE PASSES REVENUE BILL. The House, on September 20, passed the new $8,000,000,000 Revenue Bill by a vote of 305 to 0. The bill as passed differed only in minor details from the draft reported to the House by the Ways and Means Committee. It was expected that the Senate would make a great many changes in the bill, and that the final completion of the legislation would not be accomplished before election.

ALLIED WORLD APPROVES PRESIDENT'S POSITION ON PEACE. President Wilson's curt, clear and decisive reply to Austria's appeal for a peace discussion was enthusiastically received throughout the allied world. It was reported in London that the European allies might send more extended replies, but that President Wilson's leadership would, without doubt, be closely followed. In certain quarters in England the opinion was expressed that it might have been the part of wisdom to have met the Austrian delegates in order that the Teutonic powers might be given a more thorough understanding of the essential requirements for peace, but in most quarters it was considered better statesmanship to avoid completely secret diplomacy with its inevitable complement of intrigue.

The French reply to the Austria note consisted in the forwarding, with the formal acknowledgment of its receipt, of a copy of Premier Clemenceau's speech to the Senate, delivered on September 18. The Premier said: "The most terrible account ever opened between one people and another awaits payment." Then, after a pause, with grim intensity, he declared, "It shall be paid." Concluding he cried, "Germany has asked for a decision by the sword. What Germany has asked for Germany shall have. Our dead demand it. Forward, then, soldiers of France, to the victory without stain! All France, all humanity, is with you!" Germany, on September 20, formally accepted the Austrian invitation to a conference, and Austria announced that, in spite of the rejection, her offer remained open. The War Aims Committee of the Interallied Labor Conference, meeting at London on September 20, recommended that the conference call upon the governments of the allied nations to adopt President Wilson's fourteen peace points in a joint declaration of Allied policy.

ALL EAT AT A COMMON TABLE. Herbert Hoover, United States Food Administrator, just returned from a conference of the Food Administrators of the Allies, issued an announcement on September 21, outlining the food conservation program which the United States must follow in order that our armies and our Allies, and the civilian population abroad might be maintained in proper working condition to fight Germany. Mr. Hoover declared that victory might be achieved in 1919 by proper feeding of the Allied peoples, in which case a million American lives

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Over this kind of road army trucks deliver themselves from factory to dock and freight cars are released for less mobile goods

Good Roads the New Avenues of Commerce

IT is obvious that maintenance of our highways is absolutely essential if America is to feed both our own soldiers and our allies. It is not enough to grow the necessary crops and harvest them. They must be transported and distributed where they are needed, to be of value. Every road in every part of the land, which connects a producer of any commodity with a shipper or consumer of that product, is playing a major part in the nation's struggle.

Appeals are being made to Congress and the President to create a centralized governmental highway department in Washington to formulate a definite and permanent highway policy, and with authority to carry out that policy.

The American Association of State Highway Officials has endorsed the resolution to this effect passed by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and added the statement that "We believe the resolutions are important and necessary and should be made operative at the earliest possible moment." Resolutions of the same tenor have been adopted by the United States Good Roads Association and by the Highway Traffic Association of the State of New York.

Need for the coördination of highway requirements and the adoption of a national policy becomes evident when it is known that nine different Federal departments and commissions have a direct interest in transportation by highway. These are the Departments of War, Commerce, Agriculture, Post Office, Labor and the Treasury, the Director of Railroads, and the Fuel and Food Administrations.

Under state control of highways there is lack of attention to the main interstate arteries of travel so essential to movement of army trucks; to operation of intercity motor express and freight lines which help to relieve railroad freight congestion, and to the rural post office and private rural parcel post and express service, which is becoming a factor in helping to solve the food situation.

FROM statements made by Major-General W. M. Black, Chief of Engineers, Major-General Leonard Wood, and Major J. S. Bond, of the United States Army Engineering Department, it is clear that the government realizes that owing to the congestion of the railroads the highways will have to do more and more of the transportation of the country, and that to handle it they must be maintained at their maximum efficiency. Not only will a network of good roads, properly maintained, connect otherwise inaccessible farming communities with railroad centers, but in other places they will constitute a through highway between large centers of manufacture that will make possible the movement of heavy supplies by trucks.

In the opinion of Major-General Leonard Wood, "substantial highway construction of economic value should not be curtailed because we are at war. Through routes, connecting centers of population, aid in the prosecution of the war by providing additional facilities for transportation of men and supplies." To this Major-General W. M. Black adds: "The requirements of a military highway do not differ in any material respect from those of a highway for modern commercial purposes. Most valuable in a military way are roads connecting commercial centers."

The National Council of Defense has announced that "as far as possible important highways already constructed should be maintained, and those should be constructed which are of vital importance because of their bearing on the war. These may be summarized as follows:

"Those which are utilized or will be utilized by the military establishments;

"Those which carry considerable volume of material and supplies essential to war industries;

"Those which have a bearing upon the production and distribution of food supplies, connecting population and shipping centers with surrounding agricultural areas."

RAILROAD conditions, coupled with rush orders, are making the use of motor trucks imperative at all times, especially for immediate delivery. How far the truck may be made effective has not yet been determined. Trucks are already delivering merchandise and moving families distances as great as 300 miles. They may go even farther. Activities of the army necessitate the moving of long trains of trucks.

The 400,000 motor trucks now in service have sounded the death knell of the short-line railroad, and the increasing use of trucks is certain, especially with the building of hard-surfaced roads. Truckmakers increased their production of trucks more than 100 per cent. for the first three months of this year as compared with the same period of 1917.

During the first three months of 1918 there were 38,900 machines driven over the roads to dealers by eight of the larger producers, being 33 per cent. of their production. This number of driveways relieved the roads to the extent of about 10,000 freight cars in the delivery of the trucks alone.

Motor express lines are needed at once in many sections, but particularly east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio River, where freight congestion is most serious and farm labor most difficult to obtain.

Hundreds of suburban, rural and intercity truck lines are in successful operation, but thousands are required. They are not doubtful experiments. Nearly a score are operating on regular routes from New York to other cities up to distances of 200 miles. They run to Yonkers, Mount Vernon, White Plains, New Rochelle, New Haven, Hartford and Boston; to Flushing and other Long Island towns; to Paterson, Passaic, Newark, Elizabeth and New Brunswick, N. J.; and to Philadelphia. Daily service is given on the longer routes and more frequent trips on the shorter ones.

A large part of the farm produce consumed in Portland, Oregon, reaches the city by motor truck lines. Similar development may be found in many cities, especially in the Northern States. Investigations to determine the details of such services are now under way. There are twenty-two rural express lines in Maryland. Fifteen operate out of Baltimore, five out of Washington, D. C., one out of Hagerstown, and one out of Cumberland.

USED pleasure cars, especially those of strong construction, are excellently adapted for light loads and long rush trips. The labor and expense of converting them into light trucks are small, and their use as such gives temporary relief to the truck manufacturers, already crowded with army orders for trucks and other machine parts.

Every kind of produce raised on farms, all sorts of goods bought by farmers, and varied products of factories are handled by the

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Courtesy of B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.

Such roads as this are knots in the arteries of commerce

FADING AND CHANGING

A SERMON

By

REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.*

TEXT—Isa. 64:6. "We all do fade as a leaf." I Cor. 15:51. "We shall all be changed."

ISAIAH had been gazing upon the significance of the autumn. He had watched the leaves of the trees as they changed from their summer prime into their autumn weakness. He had noticed the gradual decrease in their power of clinging to their support, and how at last they were compelled to let go their hold, and one after another quietly flutter away, to mix with the dry and unregarded heap upon the ground.

And as Isaiah saw all this, as he marked the fading, fluttering, falling leaf, it shaped itself before his mind and heart into a symbol of human life. The tree represents the human race; the individual is but a leaf upon it; we fade and fall; we drop into our graves; other leaves come in our places, and we are disregarded and forgotten! Our little season soon is over, and "we all do fade as a leaf."

Such is the prophet's figure. We know how many signs and symptoms there are in life which suggest the truthfulness of the figure. You say you cannot take a hill now as once you could. It makes your breathing a burden, and the slightest incline wearies and tires you out. It all means the fading leaf! Your eyes are giving you trouble. The glasses that served you ten years ago are of little use to you now. You say you need a stronger pair, your vision is so dim.

It is the fading leaf!

I notice that you very frequently have to ask your friends to repeat their words. You are inclined to think it is because they mumble and murmur their speech. Nay, nay, it is the fading leaf! There is your memory. I have heard you say that lately it has begun to play tricks with you, a thing it has never done before.

It is the fading leaf!

All these are signs, common signs, that the prime has been reached.

SUCH is the Old Testament conception of life —a fading leaf. Is it a complete conception, or is it only partial and fragmentary? It is the conception of the Old Testament. Is it the conception of the New? So far I have only given you one-half of my text. Now let me give you the other half. I have taken it from Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians: "We shall all be changed." Now put the two conceptions side by side. "We all do fade as a leaf"; "We shall all be changed."

The Old Testament prophet looked upon men and women who were beginning to feel the weaknesses and infirmities of age, and he said, "They are beginning to fade." The New Testament prophet looked upon men and women becoming burdened with similar weaknesses, and he said, "They are beginning to change." "Fading" is the Old Testament word; "changing" is the word of the New; and in the two words you will find the characteristic differences in the two conceptions.

Let us look at them. Here is an old man. Isaiah looks at him and says, "Fading!" Paul looks at him and says, "Changing!" Whence the difference? One looks at the body; the other looks at the soul. Here is a flower-bud, in its early stages encased in its wondrous sheath of green. After a while the sheath begins to open, to turn back, to droop and to die. Isaiah looks at the drooping sheath and says, "Fading!" Paul looks at the unfolding flower, and says, "Changing!" One looks at the body which can fade; the other looks at the soul, the unfolding life, which can change but never fade. One looks at the vesture, the other looks at the man.

Now we know which is the Christian standpoint. Christianity warns us again and again not to confuse the man's body with the man, but always to distinguish between them, and to make the distinction a vital and influential article of our faith. But do we make the distinction as constantly conspicuous as we might? Do we not in common speech regard the man's fading body as the man?

For instance, when one has passed away, the inquiry is often made by one friend of another, "Where are they going to bury him?" Bury *him?* Never! No, you bury it, *it;* you bury his body, you bury that which has faded, you cannot bury the man. Well, why not make that distinction as real in speech as it ought to be real in faith? I am told that "Mr. So-and-So is in a decline." What do you mean? Do you mean that the man's body is declining, or the man? Immediately you reply, "The man's body." Then why not keep the distinction to the front, that when little children hear you speak, they may catch one of the cardinal doctrines of your faith.

We must Christianize our everyday speech, we must let the light of immortality shine through our common conversation, and ever distinguish between that which is as a fading leaf, and that which changes but never fades.

THE New Testament always keeps the two distinct. It speaks of the body, the flesh, as a house; it speaks of the spirit, the soul, as its tenant. This fleshly house may crumble, it may totter, it may fall, but the New Testament lays but little emphasis there. It tells me that this crumbling house merely means that the tenant is beginning to change his abode to another house in the heavens. "We have a house of God." "Falling," says Isaiah, as he looked at the house; "Changing," says Paul, as he looks at the tenant.

The same distinction is made by another figure. The New Testament describes my body as a robe. Look at that. Here are outer garments of cotton and wool. Then there is another garment of flesh. And then there is the soul, the man, the woman! That is the Christian conception—the flesh is the garment, it is not the man! Well, don't let us even assume it in our ordinary conversation. Let us speak of the flesh as we would of a coat or dress. Tell your children that growing old and infirm just means that the flesh garment is getting worse for wear, and that the soul is preparing for itself another garment that will never wear out, a spiritual garment—a garment of immortality and light! Tell them that death just means that the spirit has dropped its old clothes, its robe of flesh, and has clothed itself with the garment that is from heaven. Keep the distinction prominent. Let the spiritual side be uppermost.

Isaiah looks at the garment of the flesh, becoming so thin, so worn, and he says, "Fading." Paul looks at the soul reclothing itself in garments beautiful as those of a bride, and he says, "Changing." "We all do fade as a leaf," says the prophet Isaiah. "We shall all be changed," says the apostle Paul.

NOW, this is a beautiful conception, this apostolic conception of change. It takes our eyes away from the temporal and fixes them upon the eternal. It takes the emphasis away from the fading body and fixes it upon the changing spirit. For instance, to recur to an illustration I employed at the outset. You say your eyes are becoming weaker and weaker, that your vision is becoming more and more dim. Paul would turn your attention away from those signs of a fading body, and tell you that they are signs of a changing spirit. Your spirit is loosing its moorings; the weakened sight means that your soul has begun to put off mortality and to put on immortality: you are being changed!

Here is another man, who has always had a soldier's strength and erectness, and a soldier's firm and springy step. And, lately, he has begun to notice a faltering in his step, he has become painfully conscious of a drag, and he has thought of the fading leaf. Paul would tell him that the faltering step is only the sign of a changing spirit. His soul is loosening itself! It is putting off corruption. He is beginning to be changed.

And when I stand by the dying, as a Christian I am not to think only of the fading leaf, I am to think of the changing spirit, and to know that dying is just releasing itself little by little from this mortal coil, and the weaker the body the freer the escaping soul, until at length there is only the slightest connection left, and death gently breaks the flimsy link, and the soul is away into spiritual freedom! Isaiah looks at the dying body, and says, "We all do fade as a leaf." Paul looks at the escaping and emancipated soul, and says, "We shall all be changed."

WE may see the gracious influence of this New Testament conception of change upon the whole round of human life. The fading leaf does not indicate an end, it only marks a period of transition. Behind the fading leaf is the changing spirit. The New Testament brings life and immortality to light! The New Testament turns many an apparently blind street into an open thoroughfare leading into the Eternal City.

Where does suffering lead to? If you confine your attention to the fading leaf, then suffering appears to be a dull, blind street which leads to nowhere! But take in the conception of the changing spirit, and suffering becomes an open thoroughfare which leads into the purer realm of a sweeter and a nobler life. Tribulation leadeth to patience and patience to hope. We are being changed! Where does sorrow lead to? Look only at the fading leaf, and it is a wasting ministry, only grief that saps the mind.

But take in the conception of the changing spirit and sorrow becomes a thoroughfare that lead into treasures of darkness, into a sharing of the riches of the nature of God. "Our light affliction is working for us a weight of glory."

Where does death lead to? Look only at the fading leaf, and the grave seems to be the end. But look at the changing spirit, and death is an open thoroughfare, leading out of the corruption of mortality into the glories of eternal life.

*Dr. Jowett's Sermons appear in The Christian Herald in the first issue of every month.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

Daily Meditation

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Talking and Walking

SUNDAY, October 6. Rom. 6 : 4. "*Walk in newness of life.*" Perhaps I can best express the purpose of this meditation by reminding my readers of the fable of the young bear who ras puzzled to know how to walk. "Shall I," said e to the old she-bear, "shall I move my right paw rst or my left, or my two front paws together, or he two hind ones, or all four at once, or how?" "Leave off thinking and walk," grunted the old bear.

There are some people who will talk religious diffiulties day and night. They want to know how to ray. They wonder how they are to love their neighor. They are very keen to learn how to trust God. nd they are full of eagerness as to how to help their ellow men. And there are other talkers who are conerned about rank and priority in the scale of duties. re they to do this first or the other? Should conemplation or action be the first interest, or should he two move together? I think talkers of these inds, and perhaps of many other sorts, were in the postolic Church, for the apostle Paul puts such tartling emphasis on the necessity of walking. He eems to say to his readers, and to say it again and gain, "Stop talking and begin walking! How are ou to do things? Just do them! Step out and get hem done."

Let me recall some of the ways in which this counel is given. Here is one. "Walk in love." It is so asy to talk about love. I think it is still easier to ing about it. And it makes us feel quite earnest hen we inquire about it and ask what love would o along this road or on that road. And the apostle's nswer to much of this talking is that we just begin alking. "Walk in love." Set out and do it, and o not spend in needless questioning the strength hich ought to be used in chivalrous service. Just egin to love, and like the anxious young bear you ill find that all your difficulties about how to do it re immediately over.

Here is another piece of apostolic counsel: "Walk truth." Perhaps some of those early disciples were ore inclined to be theologians than saints, for theology can be divorced from piety. We can be eagerly nterested in a theory and only very indifferently conerned about the life. We are to walk in truth, and n our walk the truth will have its finest witness.

It is by walking that most of our theoretical difficulties are to be solved. Walking settles a heap of uestions. "It came to pass that, as he was going, e received his sight." We walk away from a crowd f needless embarrassments which always trouble he folk who are everlastingly waiting to know how o do things and never get them done. It is the life hich is the light of men. J. H. J.

A Plea for Genuine Religion

MONDAY, October 7. I Tim. 4 : 15. "*Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; hat thy profiting may appear to all.*" These are the words of a man of mature years and experience to a oung and much-loved friend. He knows that what ongfellow says in "Hyperion" is true—that most oung people act more from impulse than from principle. He would substitute a deep abiding principle or the caprices of youth. So he exhorts his young riend to reflection. "To meditate" is literally to get nto the middle of a subject. Superficiality is the vice f many minds. Paul would have Timothy dig deep—ake time to absorb the substance of truth. Think f the years John Wesley spent at Oxford. What as he doing? Studying, meditating. The Jesuits ay, "Give us a man for ten years' service, and we will rain him the first nine, and he will do more work and etter work the tenth than he could have done during the whole period without training."

These words are a plea for entire devotion. One f the great weaknesses of our generation immediately preceding the present war was a lack of moral arnestness. There never were so many great causes ppealing to us for assistance as today, but no cause akes much headway until it numbers among its dherents those who say, "Yea, doubtless, and we ount all things else but loss." Professor Agassiz as asked to deliver a course of popular lectures and as offered liberal pay, but replied, "I have no time o make money." For fifty years America had been rowing rich. Most of us had no time to do anything lse but to make money. Now we have to take time -and money too—to do that which money alone ould never accomplish, to redeem the world to goodess, to justice, and to truth.

These words are also a plea for an "all-round religion"; "that thy profiting may appear to all." The ide relationships of faith are here suggested. Religion is not a matter of opinion only. It means a sane mind in a sane body. It means a clean heart and a clean house. It means a pure conscience and a firm will. It means a well-kept shop and a fruitful farm. Religion must dominate all our social relations, all our serious hours and our fitful moments, all our affections and our recreations. "Godliness is profitable unto all things," unto all classes and all ages. It must be, since it is the inflow of God into the life of man. C. C. A.

Prayer in Darkness

TUESDAY, October 8. Ps. 143 : 4-6. "*My heart within me is desolate. I remember the days of old; I meditate on all thy works; I muse on the work of thy hands. I stretch forth my hands unto thee; my soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land.*" The lives of God's saints are not all sunshine, pleasantness, and joy. There are times when their hearts are dreary as a desert, when they are "dwelling in darkness, as those that have been long dead." In David's case this happened when the consciousness of his wrongdoing was very keen in him. His accusing conscience was smiting his life down to the ground. He felt that the enemy was persecuting his soul. His former happiness was gone. The prayer which he breathes in this condition is a prayer for restoration. His mind dwells wonderingly on his former state. The joy of those days when God's presence had been a blessed fact in his life was not of David's making; it was God's gracious work in him. He cannot by his own resolution rebuild his ruined happiness. He turns to Him who began the good work in him and prays him to restore, continue, and perfect that work. That is true repentance, to acknowledge that we are ourselves the sole cause of our ruin and misery, that we are utterly unable to reconstruct the peace and joy of the heart which we have destroyed, and that the same power which quickened the divine life in us must revive us again. Such repentance is a work of divine grace in us. W. H. T. D.

Uplifting Wings

WEDNESDAY, October 9. Ps. 55 : 6. "*Oh that I had wings like a dove; then would I fly away and be at rest.*" In hours of age and feebleness, of struggle and sorrow, of storm and tempest, how often one wishes for wings to rise above the world to everlasting freedom and victory! In our hope and aspirations, the spirit does mount up on wings as eagles, far above all the wild winds of earth, reposing under the shadow of the Most High God. These wings of faith and prayer never fail to lift us above the life of care. Here we are safe, under His wings, from the noisome pestilence and the terrible persecution.

The soldier boy, facing the fiery rain of shot and shell, no doubt feels within him immortal pinions. He knows he shall never see death, for angels will bear his spirit upon their snowy wings to the summer land of peace and plenty, where wars come again no more. Birds sing best in cages, and man, the prisoner of hope, sings songs at the midnight hour, believing that God will give final triumph.

Paul called himself not Nero's prisoner, but "a prisoner of Jesus Christ." His spirit on wings of pen and tongue flew everywhere, while his body was in chains. What visions of the heavenlies come to those who are battling for the right! Their aspirations burst through all barriers, soaring to all spiritual heights, while fighting for the freedom of the soul and of human rights. One day the white-winged angel of peace and liberty will fly through the earth, proclaiming again, "Peace on earth, and good will to men." Then the crystal Christ will reign over all the kingdoms of this world. E. W. C.

The Secret of Boldness

THURSDAY, October 10. Ps. 119 : 6. "*Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.*" This whole psalm is in praise of God's Law, God's Word. The shame the psalmist speaks of is the shame of guilt, the shame we feel when we confront a law we have broken. Why is it that one who is guilty can seldom look us in the face? There is an inward sense of shame, a consciousness of moral incompleteness. A profane man can not look at the Third Commandment without shame. An unfilial spirit can not look at the Fifth Commandment without shame. An impure soul can not look at the Seventh Commandment without inward confusion. The psalmist declares that only one who "has respect unto" all the commandments is unashamed. What hope then is there for us imperfect and fallible beings? A word from Albert Barnes is vastly comforting: "No man can be a Christian who does not mean to keep all the commandments." God looks at the will. "Whoso willeth to do my will shall know the doctrine." God accepts our sincere endeavor as though it were a complete obedience. Sin is the only thing to be ashamed of—deliberate purpose to transgress. So, failure is not to be ashamed of if one has sincerely tried. "Not failure, but low aim, is crime." It is written in Isaiah, "He that believeth shall not be ashamed." Herein is latent the gracious doctrine of imputed righteousness—righteousness which is ours by virtue of our relationship to Christ. We are "accepted in the Beloved."

These words have a deeper significance than appears upon the surface. They look toward the Judgment Day. When the secrets of all hearts are disclosed we shall not be ashamed whose lives are hid with Christ in God, since he is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. C. C. A.

Jesus' Friends

FRIDAY, October 11. John 15 : 15. "*I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.*" It is recorded as a great distinction of Abraham that "he was called the Friend of God." When communicating to his disciples the death of Lazarus, Jesus spoke of him as his friend. What made the thought of the treason of Judas so bitter to the Lord was the fact that it was his friend who had betrayed him. This title of friend Jesus in our text accords to all to whom he reveals what the Father has said to him.

The friendship of Jesus is based on the blessed knowledge which he shares with those whom he has taught—the knowledge of salvation through his redemptive work. Those who have imbibed this teaching have become convinced that God and God's Son mean well with them. For this teaching embodies the highest test of friendship, the surrender of one's life for the beloved. This test Jesus mentions in this connection when, two verses before our text, he says: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." The remembrance of what Jesus has done for us should silence every doubt that may arise in our hearts as to whether God is really our Friend and Well-Wisher, or whether he is still our Friend, seeing that we have so often been truant to his love. We may not have been faithful to our vows of friendship to him, but he is constant in his love. The disciples to whom the words in our text were spoken all ran away from the Lord the same night, but they recalled these words afterward, and the thought that he had based his friendship on the intimate relation into which he had entered with them, by communicating to them the knowledge which he had brought with him from heaven, pointed the way to them by which they entered again into his friendship. When we feel guilty of having forfeited the friendship of Jesus by wayward acts, in periods of indifference, there is no other way for becoming reassured that he is still our friend than by reviving in our hearts that knowledge of the love of the Father which has been conveyed to us in the Gospel of his Son. W. H. T. D.

Faith Hope and Love

SATURDAY, October 12. I Cor. 13 : 13. "*And now abideth faith, hope and love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.*" In this holy trinity of graces, hope is naturally first. Hope is faith begun. Faith is hope fulfilled, while love is the climax of both, the keystone in the arch. Together, they form a circle of endless blessings, each incomplete without the other.

These three graces may be called the pillars in the temple of manhood, beautiful with divine workmanship, or they may be compared to rooms in the soul, like the outer court of the temple—the Holy Place, and the holiest of all, where love abides.

Paul speaks of the full assurance of hope, of faith, and of the understanding. Divine love in the heart is the author of that assurance, expressing the harmony and unity of these graces. Hope is called the anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, that we might have a strong consolation while clinging to the Rock of Ages. Faith is the evidence of things not seen, the assurance of things hoped for, the witness in the soul that Jesus is true. This is the faith that works by love and purifies the heart. The dove of hope brings the green leaf of promise, proclaiming that the waters of the flood will soon be assuaged, while faith acts upon the prophecy, and love sings praises to the eternal Father on the summits of deliverance. E. W. C.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

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Reality in Religion

NATURE flies her storm signals visibly, but the presage of change in the spiritual atmosphere is hid deep in the hearts and consciences of men. Many leaders in the Christian Church today are discerning the signs of the times, and are giving warning of impending changes which they believe will result either in a triumph for the Church, or in a great reverse.

The Christian Herald has been observant of these indications, and from time to time has discussed them freely. Now it is becoming evident that many of our ablest and clearest thinkers are impressed with the conviction that what is needed is such a reorganization of the spiritual forces of this nation as will make religion infinitely more real and closer to the hearts and lives of all of us than heretofore. The need of such change is not confined to any branch of the Church; it is universal.

One of the wonderful developments of this situation is the spontaneous movement that is bringing to the front men of the finest talent, and the clearest spiritual vision, in nearly all of the denominations. These are those who are finding out, or who have already found out, that a Church based upon the Sermon on the Mount is the only Church that can hope to survive; that religion of the kind that cannot be lived daily in the years allotted to man is not the kind the world needs.

Across the Atlantic, from the Bishop of Oxford down to the humblest parish pastor, voices "over there" are rising in warning. Here, too, we find similar conditions among the denominations. Many are now pushing aside the old reserve and speaking out, like faithful watchmen upon the walls.

In a sermon preached in Brooklyn recently in the old Lafayette Presbyterian Church Rev. Arthur W. Anthony made a strong appeal for reality in religion. Among other things he said: "The greatest storm of the Christian era is now raging in awful fury around the Church of Jesus Christ. There are many elements in the stormy situation that make up the present call for reality in religion. Only the real religion such as that preached in the Sermon on the Mount will enable the Church to weather the storm, and to stand after the hurricane is past.

"The whole war is in itself a call for reality in religion. The Church has failed to capture the governments and the ruling classes of the world for Jesus Christ. There are governments dominated by principles that make these rulers superior to Jesus of Nazareth. Four years ago, no one would have believed that Germany was ready to base her condition in war on a code of ethics which has never yet been acknowledged by man, nor practiced anywhere, unless it be in the nethermost pit. Prussianism has gained control over Protestantism in the land of Luther. Surely such a war as this is a call for reality in religion."

Passing to another phase of the question, this preacher declared: "Another element in the pressing need for reality in religion is the experience of the men engaged in the war. Away from the comforts of life and the atmosphere of cheer, these men are facing fundamental things. A church with a formal Christianity will not have any grip upon these men, who have seen with the eyes of God; who have seen the vanity of the tempter and the glory of the eternal; who have despised comfort, honor, pain; who have understood the victory of the Cross. When the boys come home the Church must have a real religion that rings true to the Sermon on the Mount to offer them, or they will have nothing to do with her."

Divided Protestantism and united Protestantism are distinctly different propositions; the first is weak, the other strong—not in the sense of finance, but in spiritual power and in all the resources that go to make a great church efficient in the service of God and man.

There should be no aristocracy in religion. Jesus Christ himself set the example of humanity in service, for all time. "A servant is not greater than his Lord." Those whom we deservedly honor because of their beautiful Christian lives are the ones who have served the most. Denying themselves the honors and applause of the world, and seeking only the divine approval and a good conscience, while they lived they craved no distinction. So today, the only reward that a church should legitimately claim is that which comes from devoted and faithful service. Ready to suffer tribulations for righteousness' sake, and faithful always, such a church cannot die. To such is promised not earthly distinctions and honors, but great spiritual reward. "He that overcometh and he that keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give authority over the nations."

When the Christian Church is one, united under the great Leader, divisions and rivalries will disappear; religion will become real to men and no longer a philosophy but a life. To the Church, purified by fire and revitalized, there will come, with a new consecration, the power to win back the multitudes and to bring the nations into accord in acknowledging the Divine Sovereignty.

The Passing of a Good Man

IN the death of Mr. Otto Koenig, the Christian Herald loses one of the most faithful and efficient officers it has ever had. Under his skilful management the paper has grown in influence, circulation and advertising, while its policies and religious program have gone on uninterruptedly.

Mr. Koenig joined the business forces of the Christian Herald ten years ago, during the lifetime of the late Dr. Klopsch. His ability and the value of his experience were quickly recognized, and he became the head of the advertising department. After the death of Dr. Klopsch, Mr. Koenig was chosen as President of the Christian Herald corporation and publisher of the paper, and has held these offices up to the present time. To the varied philanthropies of the paper and its far-reaching gospel efforts he gave the heartiest coöperation. At the opening of the great war he took part in the organization of relief work on a large scale in the suffering lands, and the success of these enterprises was largely due to his counsel and advice.

Born in Cincinnati, fifty-three years ago, he had a wide knowledge not only of his own country, in which he traveled much, but of the world, which he circled on two notable occasions. He came of a ministerial family, and both by birth and training was well equipped for the great responsibilities to which he was called. The son of a minister, raised in a parsonage, he possessed those sterling principles of truth, honesty, industry and benevolence that made him a manly man, pushed him to the forefront in business, awakened the tenderest sympathies which bound his personal friends so closely to him and blessed so wide a circle of other friends through the paper with which he was connected. Warm-hearted, open-handed, generous to a fault, his influence was useful in service for God and his fellow men.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War he enlisted in the Astor Battery and saw considerable service in the Philippines, being present, among other engagements, at the battle of Manila.

He was a most just and conscientious man, kindly toward all, and, like his predecessor, he loved to do good in secret. He was singularly unostentatious in his good works. To him the down-and-outer was as precious in God's sight as the affluent and influential, and what he did and all that he gave was given with this idea in view. He was one of the trustees of the Bowery Mission, and was a member of the Board of Managers of the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, and to both these enterprises he gave much of his leisure and no little of his substance.

This was the man as we who knew him best will always remember him, and as the recipients of his many benefactions will love to think of him, now that he has passed away.

He had the respect and affection of the entire staff, to whom his death, after a prolonged illness, now comes as a personal bereavement.

The German Grip on Russia

A SERIES of startling disclosures have been made in the publication of communications between the German Imperial Government and the Russian Bolshevist Government and between the Bolsheviki themselves, and also in the report thereon made to the Committee on Public Information by Edgar Sisson, the Committee's special representative in Russia during the winter of 1917-18.

These documents show that the present heads of the Bolshevist Government—Lenine and Trotzky and their associates—are German agents.

They show that the Bolshevist revolution was arranged for by the German Great General Staff and financed by the German Imperial Bank and other German financial institutions.

They show that the treaty of Brest-Litovsk was a betrayal of the Russian people by the German agents, Lenine and Trotzky; that a German-picked commander was chosen to "defend" Petrograd against the Germans; that German officers have been secretly received by the Bolshevist Government as military advisers, as spies upon the embassies of Russia's allies, as officers in the Russian army, and as directors of the Bolshevist military, foreign and domestic policy.

They show, in short, that the present Bolshevist government is not a Russian government at all but a German government, acting solely in the interests of Germany and betraying the Russian people, as it betrays Russia's natural allies, for the benefit of the Imperial German Government alone. And they show also that the Bolshevist leaders, for the same German Imperial ends, have equally betrayed the working classes of Russia.

The documents are some seventy in number. Many are originals, annotated by Bolshevist officials.

These astounding disclosures set a new and enormous task for America and the Allies in the rescue of Russia from the double grip of autocracy and treason.

Simplifying Life

UNDER the tonic stress of war, life is tending toward the simplicity from which it has been drifting further and further through the generations since the Civil War. This gradual return to simpler living is one of the compensations of the test through which we as a nation are passing. The beneficial effects of the various restrictions to which the American people are cheerfully submitting are already becoming apparent in the better health, higher spirits and higher moral tone of the individual American.

Physicians agree in the verdict that the average American community is in better health than it was a year ago. This is ascribed partly to the diminution of the quantity of meat consumed in response to the appeals of the Food Administration and to the corresponding increase in the vegetable diet.

The general scaling down of indulgence in luxuries has had a similar effect upon public health.

But it is not merely the physical changes in the life of the individual that have exerted a favorable influence upon the general health of the people. The moral stimulus of this period of self-denial and of responsibility has played its part in the same direction. If curtailment of indulgence has eliminated something of the physical flabbiness from the average person, the moral appeal of the time has added to the firmness of his spiritual fiber.

The Gold Service Star

A LITTLE black-robed woman boarded the trolley car — a little black-robed woman who wore a gold star sewn to a somber band on her coat sleeve. And as she walked down the aisle between the double row of seats, folk who had been talking became silent, and heads were bowed. And, through the silence, one man whispered hoarsely to another—

"What does it stand for—the star?" And the other man whispered back—

"It means that her son has been killed in action 'over there.'"

A gold service star sewed to a black band on the sleeve! We looked at it, all of us with ready understanding and deep sympathy. The woman who wore it walked with her gray head held proudly high with her steady eyes meeting ours. And she seated herself well toward the front of the car and smiled albeit a bit tremulously, as she handed her fare to the conductor.

One doesn't see many gold service stars—yet. But the casualty lists are growing larger than they were. Silently the gold stars will begin to creep into our everyday lives, just as the red-white-and-blue service flags, which were almost unknown a year ago, have become familiar to us.

Yet, if every woman who must wear one wears it bravely—as the woman in the trolley car wore her gold star—the morale of the nation can not be hurt. If every woman who has lost a loved one can hold her head high and smile, the spirit of the country will continue to be the spirit courageous. American women are brave-hearted women; they have learned to "carry on," they will hold their heads high. And they will smile!

Once, back across the centuries, a Mother knelt beside a cross on a hill while her only Son was dying in agony. But she did not shrink away from the horror of it. *She stayed.* And American mothers today—American mothers who are meeting their Calvary—are staying, too.

Armor Old and New

By
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE photograph on this page shows an American soldier dressed in the very latest of war fashions—the bullet proof vest. It is a very worth-while war fashion, this vest, for it is a sort of light armor, guaranteed to stop any bullet—either from a machine gun, rifle, revolver or from shrapnel—to resist both bayonet and grenade, and, best of all, an official test has shown that it will completely throw off all missiles fired at any range from any pistol.

I looked at the photograph and, as I looked at it, I found myself remembering pictures that I had seen of brave knights in armor—knights in breastplates and coats of mail, knights who wore helmets and shields and who carried clumsy spears. And I compared their armor to the armor of the boy in the photograph.

The bullet-proof vest weighs four and one-half pounds and is made of government non-magnetic metal. The suits of armor that the knights of long ago wore weighed from fifty to a hundred pounds and were made of steel chain, or iron plated with steel. And yet they were no more effective than the modern bullet-proof vest is—in fact, they were not nearly so efficient—and they were very clumsy and heavy to move about in. Oftentimes they hampered a knight so much that he lost in a conflict that might otherwise have been a victory for him.

LOOKING back across the years I find myself remembering a certain Sunday school room with colored maps and brightly illustrated Bible scenes pinned to the wall of it. And in that Sunday school room I can see a score of chubby, earnest youngsters grouped about a pleasant-faced teacher. And I can see, standing in the center of that group, a sturdy little figure with pigtails and a ruffled pinafore, a little figure who with serious eyes and a great effort at concentration is repeating her first long Golden Text.

"Put on the whole armor of God," she is saying slowly, carefully, "that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil."

The words meant little to the child in the ruffled pinafore. They were only words—rather pleasant words. But now that she is grown she can realize the significance of them and the beauty of them.

THE knights of long ago wore armor—heavy, ostentatious armor, that tired them and hurt their efficiency as fighters. The modern knight wears a light vest under his coat that answers the same purpose. The knight of long ago wore armor that shouted aloud the fact that it was armor; the knight of to-day wears his armor quietly and effectively.

So it is with the Christian who puts on the "real armor of the Lord." He doesn't have to put it on in an aggressive manner so that everyone, at the moment of seeing him, will be struck with the thought of his obvious goodness; he can put it on with simplicity and modesty. And somehow when he is modest and quiet the *realness* of his religion strikes home.

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A suit of Yankee armor

I HEARD a woman talking, the other day, at a luncheon party. She was the sort of a Christian who wears chain armor of the heaviest sort.

"I," she said loudly, quite for the benefit of the whole party, "I belong to the large gray stone church on the corner. I go to it every Sunday—twice. I belong to a Missionary Society, and to a Bible Study Club. I give a certain sum of money to certain charities every year—" and the woman paused, perhaps for breath.

It was during the lull that followed her speech that the little lady on my right turned toward me.

"That sort of Christianity," said the little lady, "annoys me quite terribly. She," nodding toward the woman who had been speaking, "might just as well wear a placard labeled, 'I'm good—I'm *very* good!' It's such noisy goodness that it makes me want to go to the other extreme," and the little lady laughed.

I did not answer, but I suppose she read my interest in my face, for, after a moment, she went on.

"That girl across the table from us," she told me, "is the, to me, *real* kind of a Christian. She doesn't brag about her church, but she *goes to it* and she takes others with her—she doesn't brag about the money she gives to charity, either—*but she gives it.* She's always ready to help others, to stand up for her convictions and for her friends, to do a good deed in a worth-while way. She's a real Christian."

I looked across the table at the girl indicated. And suddenly I thought of the armor of the Lord. And I realized that she was wearing the best kind—the kind that isn't clumsy or heavy or showy. I realized that her armor was strong as Sir Galahad was strong because her heart was pure.

"Put on the whole armor of the Lord." It is the Christian preparation for the battle with wrong for the cause that Christ died for on the cross. The armor of steel is a weight to carry, the Christian armor is added strength for the fight. It is a shield, a helmet, a breastplate and a sword, and with it the single Christian may meet a thousand and put 10,000 to flight. But it doesn't clank and rattle, though both friend and foe recognize its presence. It is not bullet proof but it is doubt proof and temptation proof and fear proof and death proof.

Put on the whole armor of God and live.

Foch Strikes in the Balkans

JUST as we were going to press last week, the first dispatches came announcing the beginning of active operations in Macedonia. For months the Allied army had lain like a sleeping giant across the Macedonian plains, facing the forces of the Teutonic allies, but engaging in no operations other than the raids and bombing exploits incident to a "quiet" front. The question had frequently been asked, "Why don't the Allies strike at the back door of Germany and Austria through the Balkans?" And though there was no answer the armies remained. Some even urged that the men could render better service in France.

Recently there have been various indications that all was not serene within the Central Empires, Bulgaria and Turkey were shown in active disagreement over the division of the spoils, not yet fully won and Turkey had even mobilized an army on the Bulgarian border. Emperor Charles of Austria found it necessary to visit Sofia and Constantinople, and the Kaiser and King Ferdinand were often in conference. In addition to this, encouraged by the queen of Roumania, there has lately been noted a growing movement in the unoccupied regions of Roumania, looking toward the re-entrance of that country in the war and the driving out of the invaders who have remained to enforce the treaty of peace. All of these elements pointed toward the logical time for an Allied offensive northward from Salonica.

This offensive was begun auspiciously on September 16, and has been proceeding each day since with constantly growing success. In the first two days of fighting, an important series of ridges west of Lake Dorian was taken, 3,000 prisoners were sent to the rear and the Allies captured 24 guns and much material. On the following day the prisoners were increased by 1,000, the captures of guns by 26, and the Bulgars were in full flight, being accompanied in their precipitate retreat by several detachments of German troops which had been sent in to stiffen the wavering line.

On September 17 and 18, the British and Greek troops eastward of Lake Dorian joined in the offensive and pushed their lines forward several miles, crossing the Cerna river and keeping pace with the French and Serbian units to the west. By the nineteenth more than forty villages had been recaptured and the advance was gaining in momentum. The Serbians, fighting for their homes, were irresistible. They took heavily fortified heights on which the enemy had spent thirty months of constant work. The Serbs literally swept forward, unleashed at last against the enemy, who could not stand against their righteous fury.

ON the western front, the forces of General Haig and General Pétain, having in last week's fighting worked their way forward to positions close to the German defensive works of the Hindenburg line, began the serious business of ousting Hindenburg's men from his famous line. General Mangin continued to nibble his way further and further eastward along the plateaus south of the Chemin des Dames and the St. Gobain Forest. He made steady progress against the most determined resistance. Every foot was bought and paid for, and the Germans paid a heavier price for losses than Mangin did for gains. Further north, General Debeney's men were nibbling also, but at the southern defenses of St. Quentin. On Wednesday, September 18, the British and French drove forward along the whole line from Mœuvres to south of St. Quentin. They moved against the fire of massed German guns, against picked German troops who had been ordered not to give up another foot of ground; against positions which they themselves had made as strong as they could and which the Germans had further strengthened as an outer bulwark of the Hindenburg line. Every village, every house, every little clump of wood on three successive lines of ridges was a fortress from which wicked machine-gun fire raked the advancing Tommies and Poilus on front and flank; but one by one the defenses fell and before evening the Allied troops had crossed the whole trench system, formerly theirs, and were in touch with the outer defenses of the Hindenburg line. In several places these outer defenses were pierced. At Villerets and Lempire, north of St. Quentin, and at Contescourt four miles southwest of the city, the Allied troops were astride the main defenses of the system.

The Germans on the evening of September 18 counter-attacked fiercely against the British both north and south of Mœuvres. They concentrated the fire of forty batteries on a short front, and put down a barrage which might have been expected to smother all resistance, but their attacks resulted only in further losses. Although they drove through to the western outskirts of Mœuvres and gained a footing in advanced elements of the British line here and there, these gains were only temporary. The whole British line was restored a few hours later and further advances registered.

In the Wœvre the German troops, driven out of the St. Mihiel salient fell back to the section of the Hindenburg line running from Etain to the Moselle north of Pagny. The week was given by the American army, largely to patrol actions, following the Germans back and keeping in touch with them, while the main body of the army dug in along a line from a mile and a half to two miles away from the German defenses. This wide "no man's land" was pretty well controlled by the American patrols who took prisoners daily. No attack was made during the week, but on the 20th, the fortress of Metz was reported under bombardment by American long range guns.

On September 20 the Serbian and French troops had extended their attack over a front of twenty-five miles, completely penetrating the Bulgarian defense line and advancing twenty-five miles from Veternik to Pasembey on the Cerna River southeast of Prilep. The total captures had reached 10,000, ten more guns had been taken, and the Serbian cavalry was pursuing the Bulgarians and cutting off their retreat. The British and Greek armies attacking on both sides of Lake Dorian met with obstinate resistance and lost some of their first gains under Bulgarian counter-attacks but retained possession of the Bulgarian first line over the entire front with greater penetration in places, the general advance being about 2,000 yards.

The British in Palestine, after a summer's inaction,

Continued on page 1123

That Girl from Orchard Street

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

MARY ELLIS had lived the first twenty-one years of her life on Orchard Street, which lay in the slums of Westport, a suburban town, where her father, despite his occasional drinking spells, had amassed something of a competency through his blacksmith shop. Mary, as a girl, had acquired the manners and something of the reputation of the locality; then the fire of a new ideal awoke the finer nature within her. But the town, while it saw, did not believe. Then the war came, and she began to work for the Red Cross; and when the United States entered the war she joined the ranks of the ministrants to the boys who were going over to fight for the freedom of the world. So well did she do this that she was selected as one of those who were to go to France, much to the surprise of some of the very respectable society ladies of Westport, who had not considered her suitable company for their sons. The first night after her arrival in the French village of Printemps Vallée, she could not sleep, and at last walked out into the cool night air. There she saw, in a wrecked orchard, a man slip into the shadow of an apple tree. When she challenged him he showed the uniform of a French infantry officer, and, to her surprise, addressed her by name and in perfect English. Two days later the mysterious stranger appeared at the Red Cross headquarters, and she learned that he was Captain Jean Standish Renault, French by birth but American by ancestry. Her short conversation with him filled Mary Ellis with suspicion. That night she walked toward a barn-like building into which Captain Renault had disappeared after his conversation with her. While standing near the door she heard an exclamation in German and the next moment a man whom she recognized as Captain Renault leaped from the doorway. She rushed after him, when he addressed her in French and tried to escape, but she detained him and denounced him to two soldiers as a spy. One of the soldiers turned a flashlight on him, when it was seen that he was not Captain Renault. Leaving the false captain in the custody of the soldiers, Mary Ellis entered the barn, where she found the real Captain Renault with a bruised head and a broken arm.

CHAPTER VI

IT was two days before Jean Renault regained sufficient strength to speak, and then a lingering day passed before the doctor would allow him to attempt to tell of his encounter.

Finally, when the hush of evening had crept in through the windows, after he had slept away the afternoon, and had finished the soup that Mary Ellis fed him, he turned slowly on his side so that he might face her.

"The doctor told me this morning that you saved me—that you found me and have nursed me back to life."

"Yes—I am glad," she said simply.

They were silent, while one last sun ray crept in through the gathering gloom and fell as a bar of gold across the bed.

"You are very brave. Few women would have had the courage to do what you did."

"I don't think it was courage," she said after a minute. "I think it must have been something else. Later that night I trembled with fear."

"Was—was it that you cared?" he smiled, hesitating over the words.

She did not answer him.

"That night when I left you so abruptly—didn't you think it was strange? As we were walking along the road I happened to glance toward those deserted sheds, and, to my amazement, a bright light gleamed for an instant from a break in the foundation. I dared not tell you then, but I had to investigate at once."

"And you found your man—that man you were looking for?" Mary asked excitedly.

Jean laughed.

"Found him, yes; but others had to finish my work. It was a woman and some soldiers who really caught him, you know."

Mary Ellis looked at him quickly. Could it be that he did not know she had been responsible for the capture of the spy?

"I went into the building very carefully," the captain went on. "The door was partly opened—a suspicious fact, for I knew that the place had not been occupied since the last of the crops were harvested. As noiselessly as possible I crept about, but some creaking board must have betrayed me. Suddenly I felt that there was a person near me. We played cat and mouse for many minutes, and then suddenly he sprang at me from a point where I did not expect him. I can remember the noise he made as he jumped—and then I was here."

"The colonel says that he was one of the most dangerous men in all Germany."

"Yes," he smiled. "But even if he had gotten away with the papers I carried he would have caused no great danger."

"Yes—and now you must rest," Mary said quickly, for she noted that he was breathing excitedly.

"No—not yet. I have told you my part of the story; now before I rest tell me this—how was he caught? The doctor promised me that part of the story later. Surely you must know."

Mary did not reply.

"Please, won't you tell me—if I promise to lie here and listen—and not talk? Von Erdmann was brave and very, very shrewd; one would hardly imagine a weak link in his chain."

"I will tell you if first you will lie quiet for ten minutes."

The man sighed. "I promise."

MARY sat there and was thankful for the gathering twilight, for she knew that in ten minutes the room would be quite dark. It would be less embarrassing telling the story if the room was dark—and she could not see the light of his dark, flashing eyes.

"It is time," the captain announced. "I have counted six hundred, very slowly."

"I captured Von Erdmann," she said softly. "The weak link in his chain was what is sometimes called love."

"You! you captured him!" he shouted, raising himself on one elbow. "I might have known it was you."

"Please!" She ran to his side. "Please be quite quiet! You will run into a fever and I shall be scolded as a poor nurse. Please be quiet!" She dropped on her knees beside the low cot and took his hand in her own.

"That night when you went across the fields so abruptly, it hurt me—it was as if you had told me that you loved me only to quiet me, to win my confidence. When I reached my room all the hatred in my heart made me swear that I would tell all I knew about you. Then suddenly I trusted you again—and I felt that I must be near you. Half mad with the hurt of my heart I went across the field to where I had seen you last. I stood beside the open door, summoning the courage to call to you when I heard a man's voice, speaking in German. Then a man's figure in an officer's cape came hurling past me. I thought it was you. I ran and stopped him, threatening to kill him if he did not stop. He fought me—and then the soldiers came. He called me an Englishwoman, and we knew by his mistake that he was an impostor. Then I went back and found you." She stopped. "And now you must be quiet—you must not talk any more."

For some space of time she knelt there. Then he carried her hand to his lips with the unbandaged arm. "And the weak link was love!" he said dreamily.

Later, when she had moved across the room and lit a candle, thinking him asleep, he turned heavily and spoke to her.

"You said that he spoke in German? Did you understand German?"

"Yes, perfectly, even better than I understand and speak French."

After a time he spoke again.

"Then, perhaps—perhaps you might do the mission."

CHAPTER VII

IT was several days before Mary Ellis learned what the captain had meant by his good-night remark about her being able to undertake a mission. Being young, and having lived much in the open, Jean Renault's splendid body reacted from the physical strain under which he had been placed, and had it not been for his broken arm, and the quickly healing scar on the back of his head, he would, at the end of a week, have been in perfect health. As it was he refused to be nursed any longer, and Mary Ellis went back to her work in the basement of the little church.

She was putting away her sewing materials at the end of a busy afternoon when the captain came down the stone steps which led to her work room and without more than a nod of greeting seated himself on a low stool near the door. Once or twice he started to speak, but stopped; and Mary, busy, and seeing his wish for uninterrupted thought, went quietly on with her duties.

When she had finished she stood before him.

"Shall we go home now?"

"Home? There are times when I wonder if I shall ever know a home again. When I wonder—" He spoke bitterly, and then he stopped.

"Oh, cheer up. You know the spring is coming, and soon there will be peace. Why, some day we shall be looking back on this all as a horrible dream."

He nodded.

"Those of us that are left," he said presently.

"Ho, but you're in too black a mood. Come out into the sunshine. It will be dusk in half an hour. We will walk."

He shook his head.

"When you said the other night that you knew German perfectly, did you mean it? Do you really know it *perfectly?*"

"Yes, *perfectly*. Half of Orchard Street was of German extraction, the rest of Irish. Round on Liberty street there were Italians and Poles. I never learned their language," she laughed.

He rose, paced the floor, and stopped before her.

"Mary Ellis, how much do you love me? How much do you love France America? Would you—would you chance dying for my honor?"

"Dying for your honor?" she repeated. "I don't understand."

"For more than three years I have served France as few men can serve her. I have been to Berlin four times. I have been across the fighting lines a hundred times. I can't go across the lines now—this broken arm is too great a handicap—yet some one has to go."

"And you want me to go for you?" The words reached a shrill crescendo as the excitement went surging over the girl.

"No, no; I don't want you to go. Do you suppose I want you to be exposed to danger—to death? But some one must go—tonight. All the time I have been here I have had a message for some one in Germany that must be delivered within the next few days—hours if possible—and there is no one, not even in Paris, that I can trust. There are men, and even women who might do the work, but they are not available. The duty was given to me. I must carry it through. Each day I wait may make useless all the work that has been done. Then, too, Von Erdmann may not have been working alone. I shall be attacked again. But—I can't let you go; I can't." His jaw snapped shut, his face set with a grimness that was akin to pain.

MARY ELLIS smiled coolly. She was all American, with Irish stock back of her, and in her blood surged the quick spirit of adventure.

"Tell me more about it," she demanded.

"It's food, Mary Ellis, food. Germany has plenty of munitions; she might fight us for years and a decision not be reached on the battle-field, so long as she has food for her army, food for her munition workers. Come," and he went to the door and flung it open. "Come up these steps with me."

She followed him, and when they had reached the road he waved toward the open fields.

"This land you see, these fields mercifully covered by the snow, are the finest of all France. All of France together does not average more than twelve or thirteen hundredweight of wheat to a hectare,* while here in the north of France our Picardy farms often raise thirty-five hundredweight of grain to the hectare. Back of the cursed German lines are five million acres of the best land of France. Five million acres—and Germany is cultivating the land up to the very edge of her trenches. Think of it! She will have over fifty million hundredweight of grain—from our own land—and that

*A hectare of land is equivalent to about two and one-half acres of American soil. The French measurement of grain is by the hundredweight, not by the bushel.

HIS MOTHER

THEY call him their lieutenant, they, his comrades,
Who heaped with flowers the raw clay of his grave;
They glory in his deeds of gallant daring—
They speak of him as bravest of the brave;
I have the letter that his captain wrote me,
I treasure too the gleaming cross of gold;
But I, his mother, can not mourn the soldier—
I mourn the little boy I used to hold.

Oh, think not that I held him back from duty,
Nor would if it were mine again to choose.
I thrill with pride in his undaunted spirit,
Which grieved that he had but one life to lose.
But oh, my eyes are weary with their straining
For one more vision of those curls of gold,
And all night long my empty arms are aching
To clasp the little boy I used to hold.

LOUISE PLATT HAUCK.

and is being worked for Germany by French prisoners. By soldiers, by men, women and children she carried from this devastated land when her hordes came down from the north."

HIS voice died away until it was almost a sob. For fully a minute either of them spoke.

"And—I can help—in some way?"

He nodded.

"You might—some one must go."

"Behind the lines—I would gladly take my chances for my cause—for you."

He smiled wanly.

"I don't want you to go. It is not what I would call a dangerous mission, but there is always the chance that you may never come back. But then here in France we have learned to part with a smile and a kiss—perhaps forever."

"We both believe in the hereafter."

"Yes—and its reward. Mary, some one must reach Professor Bonheur within the next two or three days. Perhaps you never heard of the Professor—but the Germans have. Over in America there is a man named Burbank—Luther Burbank. Well, the Professor was the Luther Burbank of Northern France. When the Germans drove down across our land they took him prisoner. He is working for them.

"He is a tall, slender man, with long features like your Indians have. He is very straight in spite of his leaning over a chemist's table; and often when you are speaking to him he gazes off over your shoulder as if he did not hear. For years past even his neighbors have called him crazy—a man with no intelligence save in his own chosen work. And the Professor has let them think him partially insane—at first so that he might not be interrupted by the curious—since his captivity because it seemed to him that an insane man might have more freedom, more chance to aid France."

"And he has done it?" Mary Ellis cried.

"In a measure, yes. He started to gain favor by giving the German government, apparently absent-mindedly, two or three very valuable points about fruit cultivation; then he showed them a process for quickly refining beet sugar—a very good process—the only drawback being that there are not enough sugar beets to make it of great value. He won their confidence easily, and this winter he is working on a wonderful new fertilizer. It will make the most parched land of value, and they are going to use it on the fields of Northern France." Jean Renault stopped, an amused light in his eyes.

"And in reality I suppose that it will do just the opposite."

"Naturally. Several months ago I received word by way of one of our men in Germany that the professor wanted to see me. He is living quite unguarded in a château about twenty miles north of the Lorraine sector that your American boys have taken over. The Germans are so sure of his semi-idiocy that they allow him unwarranted freedom. I had an easy time reaching the professor. I'll tell you how and why later. His plan was to put into the new fertilizer he would discover some ingredient that would harm the land—but not permanently. Something that would spoil only this year's crop. He knew what he wanted in a general way, but had no opportunity to experiment with ingredients that the other scientists about him would know to possess the opposite effect than that of fertilization.

"Then I left him, and got back into France by way of Switzerland. It was all so very easy. I went first to the head of my Bureau in Paris, and then to a great Italian scientist, both extraordinarily capable men and to be absolutely trusted. The Italian worked steadily for nearly five months, and now the process is complete."

"All but the reporting to Professor Bonheur."

"Exactly. All that must be done now is to reach the professor and repeat a simple formula. There is a chance of being caught, of course—more of a chance in getting back from Germany than in getting over. If it were not for my wretched arm I could do it easily."

MARY ELLIS was silent for many minutes.

"And there is really no one else that you could send? No other man?"

"Yes,—there are half a dozen capable of the trip, but they are not here. I have been waiting impatiently for days hoping that one of them would return from his work in other quarters, and I can wait no longer; someone must go now."

"There is another point. How did the man I captured know you had a secret?"

"Because I purposely let it be known in certain sections that I had flown over into Germany. I talked airplanes, and then more about airplanes. I visited the various big plane factories. I was trying to throw them on a false track. He thought I had information of the air. He was not sure—for he had even stopped to read the papers he took from me."

"He had?"

"Yes, and found them of no value—just one or two worthless maps, and a love sonnet, which he thought was a code. I know this, for the colonel found the sealed envelope taken from my tunic torn open."

"Perhaps that's why he mumbled 'Etwas ist los' as he ran from the building."

"Perhaps; at any rate I have the formula here," and he tapped his forehead.

"It all sounds rather simple," she said after a pause. "Though I do not yet understand the details. I am stupid."

"Or overwhelmed," he added.

"Possibly both. What time do I start—and how?"

He laughed.

"You are typically American. I did not say positively that you could go."

SHE turned to him quickly.

"I am going," she said simply, with great force in her words. "Please—there must be some preliminaries. Tell me first about the professor—why was it easy to reach him?"

"Because he is insane!" He smiled brightly at the thought. "One of the first habits the professor formed was walking nightly in the grounds about the château. The place is one of the finest homes in the Vosges hills. The house is built in the center of a great pine wood, and about the edge of the wood runs a brick walk.

"At first they guarded the professor as he walked, but they stopped that over a year ago. He is so harmless, he walks round and round the brick walk at the edge of the park—always whistling a silly little ballad that was popular a few years ago, "Un peu d'amour—'*A Little Love, a Little Kiss.*'" He hummed the tune.

Mary Ellis laughed.

"We even sang that on Orchard Street."

"Yes, and he whistles it as he walks. Sometimes he stops and talks with himself, repeats formulas, asks questions, answers. Professor Bonheur is very clever."

"It should be very easy to reach him."

"It is—if one is experienced in stealth."

"I can learn. Tell me more. When do I leave? Give me some instructions. There must be many things for me to learn."

"There are," he said gravely. "I shall have to think, and then write out your instructions. You will have to learn them carefully and completely. Go to your room now. I shall call there in half an hour." He parted with her abruptly, and set out across the fields toward the barracks. Once, when he was a hundred yards away, he stopped and looked back over his shoulder. Mary Ellis could see the emotion that filled him, knew by the grim line of his mouth that he was fighting to make up his mind whether or not she should carry the message to Bonheur.

Then she went back to the little schoolroom, gave one swift glance in all directions to see that the place was neat, and went out, closing the door tightly behind her. At the top of the small flight of stone steps she paused and looked back.

"I wonder," she said aloud, "if I ever will cross that threshold again."

To be continued

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Czecho-Slovak troops at prayer before going into battle. The officer with the cane is General Diederichs, the Czech commander in Siberia
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Following the

British Official Photo © Underwood & Underwood
The Canal du Nord, north of Peronne. British engineers blowing up the remains of a dynamited bridge to be rebuilt

© Western Newspaper Union
Recruits under training for the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps; every one of them has released a British man for active fighting

LIEUT. C[illegible] Infantry, [illegible] F. MacDonal[illegible] Land, said: '[illegible] heart. Just [illegible] 'Goodby,' and [illegible] of all I saw i[illegible] was the most [illegible] adored him." [illegible] at the momen[illegible] which the ene[illegible] been re[illegible]

© Photo by Paul Thompson

French Marines, Grand Army veterans and citizens of New York City gathered about the Lafayette Statue in Union Square on Lafayette Day, September 6

British Official Photo © Kadel & Herbert

Arch-enemies; a British machine gunner in battle with a German airplane

"Mother, What does Cocoa Mean?"

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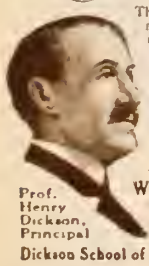

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Our Mail-Bag

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. Correspondents may use a nom de plume to identify the question, but all letters must contain name and address of the writer, in addition to the nom de plume. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

N. R., Dayton, O., writes to ask if we are justified in praying for our enemies, and if we should forgive them, even though they show no sign of repentance. The Scripture is clear on this point. As Christians, we are justified in praying for all who stand in need of repentance, and we may even pray for the unrepentant, and implore that they may be led to realize their sin and seek divine forgiveness. There has been at different times much discussion concerning the example of forgiveness set by Jesus himself. On the cross he prayed: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." This passage some have held to apply only to the soldiers and the populace who were sinning in ignorance and unwittingly; but the best interpretation is that it was the expression of the boundless love and pity of the Saviour for all of his enemies, and not meant even to exclude the arch-plotters in whose hands the soldiers and populace were merely tools. Complete and unconditional forgiveness is a prerogative of Deity, and ought to stir in us a noble admiration and emulation. Nevertheless, there are many passages in the Bible which clearly show that forgiveness is conditional upon repentance. In Scripture the emphasis is laid upon repentance, but the spirit of forgiveness must always be present in our own hearts. Repentance is commended to all, and Christ, who came to call sinners to repentance, taught that it was necessary to the pardon of sin. Matt. 4 : 17, Mark 1 : 15.

A. N. P., Pepin, Wis. What is the date of the oldest complete manuscript of the Old Testament and oldest part of the Old Testament in manuscript form, and where are they kept?

The original Scriptures, prepared by inspired men, were written by hand on skins and papyrus. Of these original manuscripts not a single one is in existence, nor has there been for hundreds of years; but before these original manuscripts were lost or destroyed copies had been made of them. Some assert that the Pentateuch was preserved for years after the death of Moses and then was either destroyed or lost when the temple was destroyed. It was restored from copies carried away by the Jewish exiles, and other sacred things were added from time to time during and after the days of Ezra. There were early revisers of the sacred Hebrew literature, with headquarters in Tiberias and Babylon, who decided the correct readings. It was customary, when a manuscript had become worn and faint through much handling, to make new copies and destroy the old, and whenever a manuscript became worn by use in the synagogue it was replaced by a new one and the old one was buried that it might not be profaned by coming into the possession of Gentiles. Hence the oldest Old Testament manuscripts now in existence are several centuries younger than our oldest New Testament manuscripts. The oldest specimen of Old Testament writing of any considerable size is either the St. Petersburg Codex of the prophets, dated 916 A.D., or a British Museum manuscript copy of the Pentateuch, which is claimed by some to be at least half a century older.

W. D., Birch Tree, Mo. The "children of light," who as the apostle says "are not in darkness," need no special sign of the Lord's coming, for they are ever prepared against that event. Hence the day will not overtake them as a thief. The true attitude is one of prayer and preparation. There is a special warning against giving heed to alarmists who assume to foretell the event. It is his secret, and we ought to be willing to wait in patience and hope that it will be brought to pass in his own good time.

M. L. S., Hazelton, Pa. We cannot undertake to advise on such matters.

Mrs. J. M. M., Wagoner, Ariz. It is unavailing for one to say he trusts in Christ when at heart he doubts him. Mingle and worship with those who have the "joy of the Lord" for their strength, and you will find the contact will help you to trust the Saviour. He has blessed them, and the richness of their blessings will overflow on your own soul. Ask God's help that you may turn resolutely away from sin, and avoid all forms of worldliness that might hinder your spiritual life or your usefulness. Pray sincerely for forgiveness and then believe, once and for all, in the promise of full and free pardon to the repentant soul, and that he will keep you from falling back into sin in the future if you ask him. Determine to get right with God and go resolutely forward until you find the place where you can and do trust him fully in all things.

Ida M. C., Washington, Pa. 1. See Matt. 10 : 2–4 for the names of the apostles. 2. See Gen. 29 : 31–35 and Gen. 30 for the names of the sons of Jacob. 3. The names of the judges of Israel are Othniel, Ehud, Shamgar, Deborah, Gideon, Abimelech, Tola, Jair, Jephthah, Ibzan, Elon, Abdon, Samson, Eli, Samuel. 4. Read Exodus, chapters 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12, for a list of the Egyptian plagues.

C. H. E., Globe, Ariz. The whole matter is fully discussed in Dr. Gray's articles in the Christian Herald.

Mrs. E. B. C., Wagner, S. D. In constructing their genealogical tables, the Jews reckoned wholly by males. When the line passed to the grandson, through a daughter, the daughter herself was not named, but her husband was counted as the son of the maternal grandfather. This explains how Joseph, son of Jacob, who married Mary, daughter of Heli, is counted in the genealogy as Heli's son.

Reader, Ravenna, Ohio. Tamar, the mother of Phares, was not of the house of Abraham. She was presumably a descendant of Canaan, the grandson of Noah. Abraham, on the other hand, was a Chaldean descendant of Shem in the ninth generation.

Private J. P. We cannot discuss the pros and cons of the fraternal order to which you refer. We know nothing of its practices. We do know, however, of very many earnest Christians, including some prominent clergymen, who are members, and who would not knowingly be connected with anything of a doubtful character.

E. T. Hasseli, Erin, Tenn., R. F. D. 1, a veteran of the Civil War, writes to ask if any reader of this paper can send him the address of Henry W. Milles, formerly of Jacksonville, Fla., a Confederate veteran.

"One in Doubt," St. Louis, Mo. You need a new consecration. See your pastor and open your mind to him frankly on the whole matter. Get him to make you acquainted with some good Christian members of his church. Then you should try, with their aid, to become personally interested in some form of Christian service which will lift you out of your own troubles. Christianity isn't a mere profession; it is a life. Don't theorize and fret any more. Trust in God's judgment for all your doubts and fears. Pray for more faith. The fact that you are troubled in conscience about your condition is in itself evidence that the Holy Spirit is striving with you to call you back to your allegiance. If you ask forgiveness, in all sincerity and in the name of Jesus, you may be sure it will not be withheld.

Mr. George Tesher writes us that the Ebenezer Prayer Watch has its headquarters at Macon, Ga.

W. H. W., Rochester, N. Y., for many years a member of the Christian Herald Family, writes that he has a friend who, whenever he happens to hear the name of God or of the Redeemer taken in vain or blasphemously, immediately repeats some of the well-known titles: "Our Blessed Redeemer, King of Kings and Lord of Lords, the One Altogether Lovely, the Chiefest among Ten Thousand, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, the Bright Morning Star, Mighty to Save, Wonderful Saviour, Counselor, Interecssor, Prince of Peace," adding these words, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do!" This little service has brought great peace to the one who renders it, and been a source of blessing to him for years. He recommends it to other loyal Christian workers.

Mrs. F. M. H., Iowa. The War Risk Insurance Bureau is sending government receipts to beneficiaries as fast as it is possible to do so. If you do not receive these papers in due time, you should communicate with the Division of Military and Naval Insurance, War Risk Insurance Bureau, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. J. H. P., Ontario, Can. 1. The question involved is controversial. 2. The parable which Christ had been telling (Matt. 20 : 16) illustrates the principle which will govern the calling of individuals and nations. It should serve as an encouragement to some and a solemn warning to others. The admonition was intended, first, for the apostles, especially for Peter; then for Jewish Christians, to warn them against a wrong attitude toward Gentile converts; and lastly for all Christians who love the Saviour and his work. The Lord, who alone can read the heart, will do the choosing and give the reward. 3. See the articles of Dr. Gray in the Christian Herald for a full explanation of the word "generation," in its application to the signs of the times.

L. M. W., Crewe, Va. Though the Bible is silent as to where and how Christ spent the years of his life between the ages of twelve and thirty, we may read between the lines that he spent them in preparation for the work before him. Jesus, being subject to human conditions and limitations, so far as his divine nature could be subjected, was trained and educated like other Jewish boys. His consciousness of his divine nature and mission developed gradually. Although one cannot trace with any degree of precision the various stages of development of this consciousness, it is evident from the Gospel record that it must have begun early, and gradually increased to complete appreciation as manhood approached. We are told that even in childhood he "grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom," and the "grace of God was upon him." (Luke 2 : 40.) In youth we find him questioning and expounding to the rabbis in the temple and "increasing in stature and in wisdom and favor with God and man." His wonderful knowledge, his amazing questions and his discerning answers to the elders must have become more and more accentuated during the passage of these early years, and we may gather that Mary had already premonitions of the future career of her Divine Son, since she pondered over and "hid all these things in her heart." There are indications that seem to warrant the conclusion that, long before the opening of his public ministry, Jesus was absorbed by the thought of the mission to which he was destined. He knew his Father's business and did it, and he frequented his Father's house. His life and surroundings in Nazareth brought him in contact with a simple, earnest people and with sorrow and suffering. These were years of character building and development. They bore fruit when the time was ripe for his public ministry and prepared him for the baptism at John's hands. This was the last act of his private life and the first that marked the beginning of his public mission, when the heavenly voice proclaimed him as the "Beloved Son" and the Baptist bare record that he was the Son of God.

Ida M. C., De Soto, Wis. The chronological references found on the margin of many Bibles are believed to have been the work of Bishop Ussher, a prelate of the Irish Church, who lived in the sixteenth century and was a famous authority on Bible history. Taking the year A.D. as his point of departure, he reckoned backward in Bible History, and his calculations are given, not as authoritative, but as mere helps to Bible study. The Bible itself fixes no date for creation. Later revelations in the form of monuments, inscriptions, etc., have shown the fallacy of useless computations.

Subscriber. It is not an easy matter to advise, as the game laws vary in different states. We know that Australia is dealing with the rabbit pest problem by vigorous methods. They offer to purchase 21,000,000 rabbit-skins from farmers, ranchers, and others. The flesh will be added to the food supply to help win the war. There may be a suggestion here for those states in which rabbits abound.

Rev. J. W. Shearer, referring to the recent discussion in the Mail-Bag of versified morning and evening prayers, sends us the following:

A Morning Prayer

As I awake from restful sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
Obedient, faithful, true and strong
To fight temptation, do no wrong;
So that I may, throughout this day,
In all I do, in aught I say,
Still walk the straight and narrow way,
And if death come while I'm awake
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take;
All which I ask for Jesus' sake.

An Evening Prayer

As now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep:—
To grant just what thou seest is best
Throughout the unconscious hours of rest.
My body, too, with strength renew
Thy will to do, as I anew
The duties of the day pursue.
To keep thy glory first in view;
And if I should die before I wake,
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take,
All this I ask for Jesus' sake.

Mr. Shearer advises that he regards his verse suitable for any age. He has found them helpful at 77.

The Handwriting on the Wall

STUDENTS of Daniel are, of course, familiar with Clermont-Ganneau's rendering of the handwriting on the wall, "*a mina, a mina, a shekel, a half-mina,*" and most of us would agree, no doubt, with Archdeacon Farrar ("Expositors' Bible") that "there still remain some obviously unexplored mysteries about these words." But just a step further—just around the corner, as it were—we come upon a new vista.

Two and a half minas and a shekel, reduced to the lowest terms, at 50 shekels a mina and 20 gerahs a shekel, make *2520 gerahs.* Now, 2520 is in itself an interesting number, for it is the least common multiple of the digits; but occurring in Daniel, it is especially noteworthy and suggestive, because it is the number of the prophetic seven times, whose half is the "1260 days" of Daniel and Revelation. It carries a strong suggestion of time, therefore, which, in such a setting as this, is altogether confirmed by its use with *gerah;* for, except in Ezekiel's tables of weights and measures, *gerah* is found in the Bible only in those passages of the books of the Law that have to do with fixing the redemption price of the first-born, the *bekor.* Association of ideas brings to mind the combination *gerah-bekor,* which, in turn, by that favorite method of the prophets, a play on the words through similarity of sound, suggests the peculiar *gherebbohker,* or "evening-mornings" of Daniel 8:21. (This expression is erroneously transliterated in English '*erebbokher;* but in this word the initial *ayin* is hard, as in *Gomorrah,* and sounds like *gh.*)

2520 gerahs is, therefore, a measure of time, and its discovery assures us that the hand of God wrote with a larger purpose than the twelfth hour warning of Belshazzar and his drunken lords. The scene becomes prophetic, and to the antitype of Babylon, to the last great world-power represented by the iron-clay feet of the image, whose golden head was the symbol of the Chaldean monarchy, to the final alliance of all the forces of evil, temporal and spiritual, is transferred the menace of the seer's interpretation, "numbered, numbered, weighed, divided."

But what is the length of this measure of time—is it 2520 years? The "process of the suns" has sifted out all lesser meanings, and the event itself confirms the year-day interpretation. *Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin* was written on the walls of Belshazzar's palace the very night his kingdom came to its end; and now, at the very end of the time it indicates, having been "shut up and sealed until the time of the end," in strictest self-fulfilment, is disclosed the hidden meaning of those mystic words, their time-index of 2520 years. For it was exactly 2520 years ago, in the year 603 B. C., the second year of his reign, that Nebuchadnezzar saw in his dream the vision of the image of gold and silver and brass and iron and clay. Is this a mere coincidence?

The full development of the Second Empire of Babylon dates from the destruction of its great rival, Nineveh, in 607 B.C.; and it was just 2520 years later that the great war burst upon us—a conflict, as we now perceive, not only the mightiest but the most momentous in history; a conflict in which the alignment of forces and sympathies is most significant—and who will say that this, too, is a mere coincidence?

Nebuchadnezzar, the scourge of the chosen people, came to the throne in 604 B.C., and that same year he brought to Babylon his first Jewish captives, among them the prophet Daniel. It was 2520 years after that beginning of the desolation of Jerusalem and 1280 years after Omar's Abomination of Desolation, or in the year of our Lord 1917 and of the Hegira 1335 (cf. Dan. 12:12), that a British expedition set out from Egypt, committed to the accomplishment of the hope of the Zionists.

The conclusion of the whole matter is not yet, but already the Holy City has been delivered from the Turk, surrendered on the day of the Feast of Dedication; and we remember the words of the Master, Luke 21:24: "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the time of the Gentiles be fulfilled." The inference "is certain and the interpretation sure"—*mene, mene, tekel, upharsin* is written once again and finally upon the walls of organized wrong.

J. T. VAN BURKALOW.

Picking Men by Sample

A FEW months ago six seniors of Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, sent one of their number to Chicago to find "the shortest road to France." The six were picked athletes, and when their representative presented himself at the recruiting station of the Tank Corps, he was asked only one question: "Are the others like you?" "They are." "We'll take all six." As a result of this trip Don Starry, O. W. Sterner, Northrop Winter, Clement A. Sones, Cotton Etter and Karl C. Smith found themselves in the latter part of July at Camp Colt, Gettysburg, the only training camp for the Tank Corps in the United States. Dr. Charles W. Flint, D.D., LL.D., president of Cornell College, appeared one hot July morning at the Gettysburg War Camp Community Service. "I would like," he said, "as the head and accredited representative of a college in Iowa, to find six of our undergraduates so that I can graduate them. They're enlisted men in the Tank Corps out at Camp Colt. I have until four-thirty this afternoon, when I'm going back to Iowa. Please make the arrangements. That's all. Thanks. Good-bye." The Community Organizer got busy, and that afternoon the diplomas were formally awarded in front of Pennsylvania Hall with appropriate ceremonies, songs and informal talks. Dr. Charles W. Flint, who handed the boys their diplomas, was pastor for five years of the New York Avenue Methodist Church of Brooklyn, and for four years pastor of the First Methodist Church of Middletown, Conn. Cornell College has fourteen men in the Tank Service, and 400 men in uniform.

A Difficult Meat Problem

MAJOR-GENERAL GOETHALS, Chief of the Division of Purchase, Storage and Traffic of the General Staff of the Army, has commissioned Arthur A. Hammerschlag, president of the Carnegie Institute, and Lieutenant Colonel J. W. McIntosh, Subsistence Division, Q.M.C., N.A., to coöperate with the Chicago packers in experiments which may save up to 40 per cent. of the tremendous cargo space now required for shipping fresh beef. President Hammerschlag and Colonel McIntosh have already reached the stoc kyards and the experiments have begun. The experiments contemplate not only the conservation of shipping space (fresh beef constitutes a considerable part of some 350,000,000 pounds of beef and pork products now sent monthly to Allied countries), but also the problem of having the packages small enough to be handled by the labor available at unloading ports overseas, and the quick and convenient issue at supply depots in France. They range from the mere cutting of the carcass into more convenient sizes and shapes to the entire boning of the carcass to be packed in boxes. It is estimated that if the plans prove practicable, a saving of from 15 to 40 per cent. of the room now used in transporting the same amount of beef will be made possible.

The chief difficulties encountered so far have been the necessity of obtaining enough labor sufficiently skilled in this particular work and the providing of facilities necessary to handle the quantities required without interfering with production of other meat products being prepared for our armies and those of our allies.

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Abram Helping Lot

International Sunday School Lesson for October 13
Gen. 13:5-11 and 14:14-16

Family Loyalty

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

LET us take our new study of Genesis from a new angle. Today, for example, we have brought together two selections that show Abraham's generous sense of family loyalty. First in giving Lot his choice in the division of the pasture-land of Canaan and afterward in hastening to the rescue when Lot fell a prisoner to the marauding Bedouin of the East, we see Abraham the Unselfish. Let us not think today of Lot's choice, with its exhibition of selfishness and folly, but of Abraham the generous, the loyal. Lot was his brother's child and his special ward. Abraham's fine sense of honor made him offer to Lot all the advantages when the time came when the inheritance must be shared, though Abraham was the sheik, and the promises were to him.

It is a new emphasis on an old virtue, *family loyalty.* The Bible in both Testaments exalts it. The Hebrews are famed to this day for the care they take of their relatives, for their kindness to the aged and the orphaned of their blood. Paul, you remember, wrote to Timothy, "If any provide not for his own, and specially of his own household, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever." That is putting it straight from the shoulder: A Christian without family loyalty is worse than an infidel!

Giving Brothers and Sisters the Best

In the Sunday school we sometimes neglect to teach such homely and simple truths as this: We must give our brothers and our sisters the best, even as Christ, our Elder Brother, keeps the best for his younger and weaker brethren. You have probably heard the sweet story of the "little mother" of twelve years who was lugging about a great fat baby in her arms. A sympathetic passer-by stopped and asked her if her burden were not dreadfully heavy. "Heavy!" she responded. "Why, he's my brother." She was surprised even at the suggestion that carrying one's own flesh and blood should be thought heavy work!

I recently heard another true story of family loyalty. A fine young Christian woman capable of great things intellectually was unable through family needs to go to college. After several years of work she had saved enough for a year of study. But then her younger brother was ready to enter the university, and remembering her own disappointment she could not see him denied an education. She cheerfully gave him all her savings. Later she made a happy marriage with an ambitious young man, and within a short time went to work again in order to put her own husband through medical school! She has missed something of formal class-room work and training, but who will deny that she is a true *educator*, and who shall say that the discipline of unselfish loyalty has not made her greater of soul than countless wearers of collegiate degrees?

In one of our young people's weeklies there was told an incident of a remarkably popular young college girl. On a certain beautiful afternoon the talk ran upon mottoes and watchwords for life. A number were quoted, and several girls told of helpful sayings that they had adopted as slogans for their own careers. Finally this beloved favorite gave hers. It was homely in phrase and of disputed grammatical correctness, but it explained a successful and happy life. It was "Me last!" The very secret of Jesus' teaching and the example of Abraham here are in that simple word.

Many a home is made miserable by petty quarrels among the children, while others are delightful as toys are shared and good things passed around, and no one would think of grasping a pleasure for self alone or of devouring sweets in a corner. The unselfish are apt to grow wise as well. Read again in Exodus of Miriam's care for the baby Moses, when he floated down the Nile in the little ark of bulrushes. Love is thoughtful.

Nothing ruins happiness quicker than discord at home, for there at least we look for peace and love and cooperation. Still there come to one family after another times of testing. One of these comes when the family pocket-book ceases to be a unity, and the growing young people want to handle their own money. Not all the older people are as generous as Abraham, but fortunately not all the youths are as grasping as Lot! Money is our modern equivalent of pasture-lands and flocks. It takes much grace and wisdom to decide just what is fair and right. I do not think Abraham was fairly treated, but I like his spirit: "Let there be no strife." It is better to give in and to accept temporary injustices than to quarrel. Family love and family loyalty alone can keep life sweet in settling problems like these.

"Let There Be No Strife"

I know of a Christian home where four young people are out earning a living, and mother and aunt keeping the house. An old man who works about the garden and in the house said recently, "I never saw such a household of peace!" He went on to say that his own children undoubtedly loved him, but there was nothing but row after row in their house. The secret lay in unselfishness and true Christliness of spirit.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." In order to achieve this blessing, some one must be ready to make sacrifices, to forego pleasures, to put self last. That one receives the greater blessing! We see it in our lesson, where the Scriptures portray God speaking anew in blessing to his servant Abraham immediately after his generous settlement with Lot. All the land, what he gave as well as what he kept, is truly his in God's sight. Though Lot had clutched at a temporary advantage, Abraham should be known and remembered in the future, and those who were like Abraham should inherit the earth. Blessed are the meek, that is, those who avoid strife and seek to serve and to be a blessing.

Abraham to the Rescue

With all his selfish worldly wisdom Lot soon was in trouble. It is strange after all how frequently the man who "looks out for number one" does get into hot water! Lot's riches were among those coveted by the robber chiefs, and his town was plundered and he and his loved ones carried into captivity. But how quickly his Uncle Abraham came to his aid. Lot's selfishness and readiness to seize upon an advantage were forgotten. Abraham and his trained servants rescued the victims of the raid swiftly. Well, one can easily imagine that such a character as Abram's would rally loyal and intrepid followers. His family and friends would actually make better fighters than those of a grasping miser. And the chapter closes with Abraham declining a share in the despoiled goods of his neighbors which he had salvaged, but in the same breath asking fair play for his associates in the expedition. Here was a real man.

History multiplies examples of ready help in need from kindred and neighbors. But the best of all are only known to God and treasured up in the Lamb's book of life. Your class might like to notice how Paul, who surely practiced his own teaching about caring for our own, was rescued by his nephew, his own sister's son, when the fanatical Jews plotted to assassinate him (Acts 23). Some of us have seen a man take his very last dollar, take the savings of years that were to have bought a home, to redeem a foolish boy or girl from disgrace. Many of us know now of boys who are denying themselves in order to support a widowed mother and little brothers and sisters dependent on their care. What a real sacrifice and denial it is to eager young Americans only those who have been in a like position can know. Perhaps Jesus waited till he was nearly thirty to begin his public work because of some such reason. At all events, as the sacred narrative tells us, he returned obediently to Nazareth and his parents, and "was subject unto them."

Sunday School Methods

BY FRANK L. BROWN, Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

The Buchman Evangelistic Conference at Nara, Japan

A NEW light has risen in the East. May it shine and brighten every corner of this land. From the fourteenth to the eighteenth of June a company of thirty-odd Japanese and missionaries met in Nara to hear the message of the Rev. F. N. D. Buchman—a message which is proving revolutionary in the religious world in China.

This message is not a new religion nor a new Gospel—not even a new method of work or a new power. It is just a new emphasis on some old truths and principles. Mr. Buchman's message may be summed up in the one word, "Personalization." He tells us that we need to get away from "things" to "men"; from the crowd to the one; from the great public meeting to the personal interview; from an institutionalized Christianity to a personalized Christianity.

In his work in China Mr. Buchman's aim has been to try to make every minister and every Christian a successful worker for the salvation of the individuals with whom he may come in touch. His first problem is not the non-Christian, but the nominal Christian and the powerless worker. His thesis is that every Christian should be a miracle-worker; that every Christian can do individual work that leads to conversion. Sin in our hearts and lives is the one thing that keeps us from being miracle-workers. Confession of sin on the part of the worker is often the beginning of power to win men to Christ.

How has this principle worked out in China? In fifteen cities in China bands of Christians met together for heart-searching, confession and prayer. Most of these were fruitless Christians and powerless workers. At the close of each of these series of preparatory meetings the members of all the groups in a city were gathered in a general meeting, but admittance to this general meeting was granted only to those who brought each another nominal Christian. Several weeks later in each of these cities Dr. Sherwood Eddy delivered his stirring message. His meetings were not advertised and the public was not invited; and each of these prepared Christians could get admittance only when he came bringing one unbelieving friend. One Y. M. C. A. director and several pastors who failed to bring their men were turned away at the door. Thus each audience was made up of one-half Christian workers and the other half inquirers for whom these Christians were individually responsible. The results in every case surpassed the most sanguine hopes of all.

Some of the fruits of this new "personalized evangelism" are as follows:

New power and joy in the hearts of many workers through confession and cleansing.

An organized band of soul-winners in every church, constituting a permanent evangelistic force.

A vast number of men and women added to the churches, each young Christian with a definite spiritual sponsor.

Pastors tell us frankly that the church in Japan has "iki-tsumatta," it has run into a stone wall. Does not Mr. Buchman bring us back to first principles, and point out the path of future progress and victory?

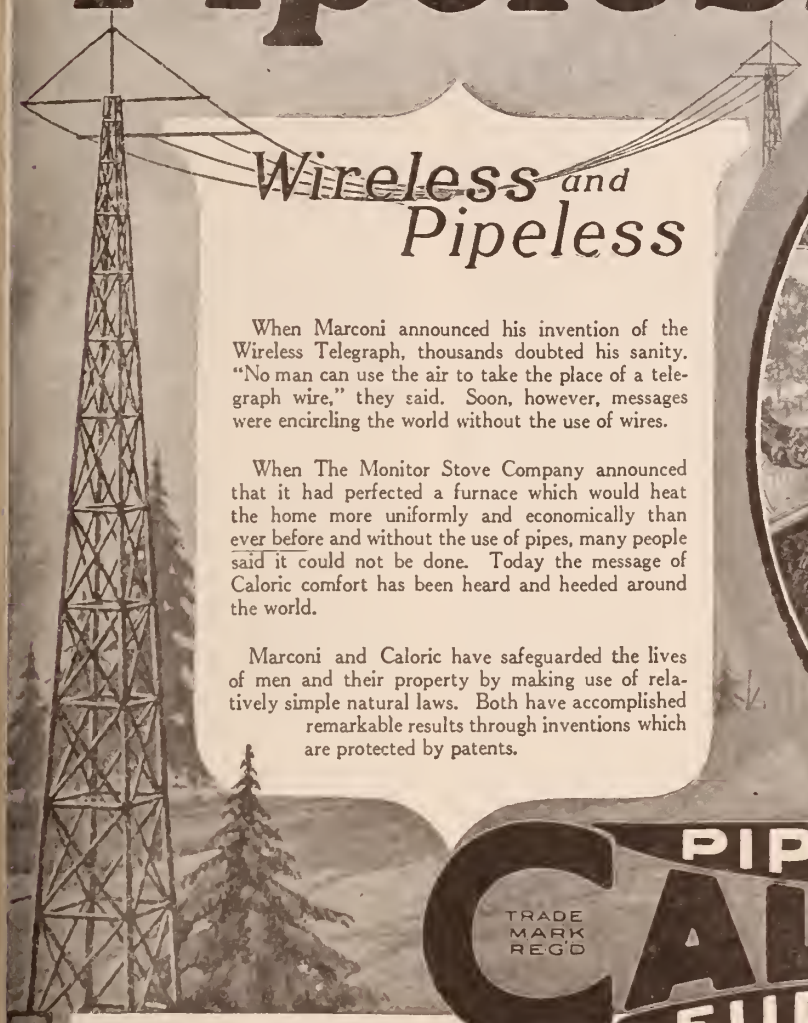
This Buchman Conference at Nara was brought there by Mr. Horace Coleman, Sunday School Educational Secretary for Japan. It was financed, as have been the other Conferences, out of a fund for evangelistic promotion in the Orient. It is really a part of a laymen's evangelistic movement which is spreading over the Orient, and aims to vitalize the Christian experience of the native laymen and make of each man a personal evangelist.

A few years ago in India a week of evangelism was observed throughout the churches. Christian men and women, other than the paid workers, were enlisted in a house-to-house and village-by-village campaign that brought in thousands of converts.

The movement spread to China. A week of evangelism was observed there. Laymen were brought together for special prayer and trained to go out with a message of salvation.

And then Mr. Buchman came from America with his call for the "personalized evangelism." With the backing of the leading Christian agencies in China a campaign was instituted in the leading cities of China to arouse pastors, laymen and Sunday school workers to the importance of personal experience and personal work. These meetings were transferred to Japan, and the Nara Conference held. And now it is planned to take them to Korea and help that great church to do still greater things in the coming years.

CALORIC
Pipeless Heating



Wireless and Pipeless

When Marconi announced his invention of the Wireless Telegraph, thousands doubted his sanity. "No man can use the air to take the place of a telegraph wire," they said. Soon, however, messages were encircling the world without the use of wires.

When The Monitor Stove Company announced that it had perfected a furnace which would heat the home more uniformly and economically than ever before and without the use of pipes, many people said it could not be done. Today the message of Caloric comfort has been heard and heeded around the world.

Marconi and Caloric have safeguarded the lives of men and their property by making use of relatively simple natural laws. Both have accomplished remarkable results through inventions which are protected by patents.

PIPELESS
TRADE MARK REG'D **CALORIC** TRADE MARK REG'D
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The Original Patented Pipeless Furnace

has revolutionized the heating of homes, churches and business buildings. Instead of using numerous heat-wasting pipes and registers, it heats by Nature's Method, utilizing the gentle air currents and distributing balmy, healthful warmth to every room. It does this with only one register and no pipes, thereby making possible unequalled fuel economy, comfort and cleanliness. More than 50,000 successful installations have proved that the Caloric system of heating is the most adaptable and efficient for the average type of building. Hundreds of Caloric users in all parts of the country have written convincing testimonials in which they tell us of the great satisfaction this furnace has brought them.

The Caloric is sold under our Monitor Ironclad Guarantee, which insures the purchaser of a uniformly and economically heated home. Our ninety-nine years of experience in the manufacture of heating appliances and our reputation for square dealing stand back of this written guarantee. You take no risk when you buy the Caloric.

"The winter of 1917-18 was the most severe that was ever experienced in this section, but we heated our farm house (12 rooms) very comfortably, even when the thermometer registered 28° below zero, and we did it by burning only two tons of anthracite coal, the rest of the time using wood from our own farm. It is the ideal way of heating for the farm home."

Mrs. J. W. Pierpont,
R. F. D., Cassadaga, N. Y.

For Old or New Houses

The Caloric can be installed in old or new houses without cutting the walls and floors or disturbing the present heating equipment. It is particularly well adapted to houses having only small cellars. Where no cellar has been provided, it is an easy matter to dig a pit large enough to accommodate the Caloric and a coal bin. The Caloric does not heat the cellar because there are no pipes to radiate the warmth before it is circulated upstairs. The heat is regulated from the floor above.

There are dozens of other remarkable Caloric features which will be explained and demonstrated to you by the nearest dealer. He can also refer you to people in your section who have found the Caloric to be the most satisfactory solution of their heating problems.

"You know we have a very cold winter, sometimes getting weather 30° below zero, yet we were comfortable all the time. My house has five rooms, two halls and a bath, but all of them, including the bathroom, were as 'warm as toast.' And it cost so little fuel! All winter long we burned only six tons. Some of our neighbors used twice as much."

O. W. Larson,
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Our Engineering Department, composed of men who have had years of experience in pipeless heating, is rendering free service to thousands of people who are interested in heating their buildings more economically and satisfactorily. You, too, can take advantage of this help without obligation.

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Save Fuel and Help Win the War—
The Caloric Saves 35 to 50% Fuel

What and Why is the Internal Bath?

By C. Gilbert Percival, M. D.

Though many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started at about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times—I refer to the appeal for Optimism, Cheerfulness, Efficiency and those attributes which go with them and which, if steadily practiced, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gospels," as it were, had as their inspiration the ever present unconquerable American Ambition, for it had been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself—who is optimistic, cheerful, and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always—for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic, and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger," and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue, and nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind and which counts so much for success.

Now the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the American, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure, complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be-desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words, our trouble, to a great degree, is physical first and mental afterwards—this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and if it is allowed to exist too long becomes chronic and then dangerous.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us, which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously sometimes, if there is a local weakness.

This accumulated waste has long been recognized as a menace, and Physicians, Physical Culturists, Dietitians, Osteopaths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success.

It remained, however, for a new, rational and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily solve the problem of how to thoroughly eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which made it and us sluggish and dull spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as Nature intended it should.

That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsements of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found, by disagreeable, and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drugshop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with Internal Bathing.

Drugs force Nature instead of assisting her—Internal Bathing assists Nature and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands.

Drugs, being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—Internal Bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon consistently clean drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective the doses must be increased. Internal Bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality.

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing, as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practiced for years.

It is probably no more surprising, however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means: causing less strain on the system and leaving no evil after effects.

Doubtless you, as well as all American men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a Physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called "The What, The Why, The Way of the Internal Bath." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mentioning that they read this in the Christian Herald.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

My personal experience and my observation make me very enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness as well as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.—(Advertisement.)

The Church and the "Great Commission"

AT a religious congress held recently in Pittsburg it was lamented by the many prominent representatives present that the Church had seemed unable to cope with the world-war situation. The Christian Herald straightway invited a free interchange of views as to the next step for the Church in America to take, in order that she might render that service to be expected of her in this her rare opportunity. The Church has not entirely failed in this crisis. She has not been able to stop the war (perhaps it was not intended that she should), but the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., and other like organizations and their work would not be possible but for those identified with the Church who make up their membership in large part. These might therefore be said to be the Church operating under other names.

Wherein the Church has failed to do her greatest has been a failure of the past, a failure to carry out *her only specific commission*, which is still the Great Commission, and the greatest commission (in spite of world-engaging war)—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to the whole creation." This is the Church's job, not the war or the stopping of the war. It is no hazard to state that the faithful carrying out of this commission would have witnessed a mighty difference everywhere.

But the past is past. Does the Church now want more of power? Fasting and prayer will get it. "The greatest thing in our church services should be not the sermon, but prayer." And fasting should have its place. Hear the Galilean! "Thou, when thou fastest . . . be not seen of men to fast, but of thy Father who is in secret; and thy Father who seeth in secret shall recompense thee." "The days will come when the Bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and *then shall* [Revised, 'will'] *they fast in those days.*" Who does it? It would seem that the nearest gotten to it is in the leaving off one thing to eat, and substituting another. There is a program of action in the third chapter of Jonah which would fit in this crisis (Jonah substantiated in Matt. 12 : 39, 40). In the four and more years since the war began, the nation has been called to prayer once, perhaps twice, by the President, and the Church has called to emergency prayer also once, perhaps twice. The call was complied with by the usual morning service, with no more of prayer than is common to the weekly Sunday assemblage, and with much more of sermon than o prayer (there may have been local an unknown exceptions). The Son of Go and of man spent whole nights in praye at other times "rising a great while be fore day" for the purpose. He taugh how to pray by the illustration of th importunate widow, and by the frien who came to his friend at midnight fo three loaves of bread, and got "as man as he needed" under most unpromisin circumstances, not because he was friend, but, behold! "*because of his im portunity.*" God is "the same yeste day, today and forever." He change not, therefore we can depend on hin But he will nevertheless meet the need of the individual or the nation that i much in earnest prayer.

If President Wilson can mobilize th forces of this country for war, why ca not the Church for the carrying out c the Great Commission? What a powe in the Church as a unit for prayer an fasting and for financing the Grea Commission! It could be made th biggest enterprise in the universe. Wh should the Church go on for generatio after generation in the same slow way Ah, some may say, but this is no tim for "cutting out more work," when th nations are already strained by war ma ters. How is that? Do you not kno that millions are still living in luxury Millions are not engaged in actua warfare, but are as much masters c their time as ever. Millions are sti spending, without much thought or re straint, for whatever appeals to appe tite or continues an unnecessary habi and oh, so many have not cease "wearing soft raiment and living del icately"! We could, under the leade ship of some one with the energy an organizing capacity of a Billy Sunday finance every one who would voluntee to go, and once begun, enthusiasm would almost certainly kindle the num bers like forest fires—the enthusiasm c the Holy Ghost. This would not inte fere with our success in the war. I would mightily help to a desired end The 400,000,000 Chinese, the 300,000 000 of India, the innumerable of Russia Japan, Africa—did not he say some thing about "a nation born in a day" Why not in this generation? Wh leave this glory to another? "Why s we here until we die?"

The opportunity is with us, but no for long! It looks like the last great ca to us "upon whom the ends of the eart are come."

Christiansburg, Va. E. S.

Like a Real "Home Village"

THERE has grown up on the western edge of Camp Travis a mushroom village which in unique picturesqueness would do credit to the most imaginative writer of Wild-West "movie" plays. The village consists of two rows of low frame buildings, all facing the east, toward Camp Travis, each row extending over about four blocks. The streets are not noticeable for their straightness. Cooperation is in evidence, however, to the extent that all the buildings are connected by a broad board walk; but the size, height and angle of the walk was left to the individual taste of the owners. Each shack has its own flaring sign, and each one that is painted has its own favorite color; but some have not gone in for paint at all.

But the village is "Wild-West" in appearance only. It is composed entirely of cold drink stands, restaurants, vaudeville shows, shooting galleries, photo-shops, skating-rinks, etc. In the rear row are more substantial buildings, the big new Salvation Army Hut, the Baptist Chapel, the new Methodist Soldier Church, a theater and a hotel. But the gambling dens of the old West are notably absent, and the thirst emporiums handle nothing stronger than innocent Bevo.

It requires no pass for a soldier from Camp Travis to visit "Parade Rest," as the village is called, and as a result the rookie can seek almost any kind of diversion he likes while not on duty. Also he is saved the expense of twenty cents carfare to San Antonio every time he has a hankering to see a show. The religious organizations at the villag are having a phenomenal success, an are helping the new men soon to fee at home in the camp. Practically every thing a soldier desires can be bought a the village, and be it said to the credi of the proprietors, there is little ev dence of profiteering. The young peopl from the city also entertain their soldie friends at the church buildings, and all i all Parade Rest has become a very popu lar place with the Camp Travis men.

The village is under the observanc of the city and military authorities a all times, and nothing of detriment t the soldier is allowed to flourish.

Desperate Use of Sunshine

SERIOUS modification of Germany ambition to secure a "place in th sun" is evident from government effort to solve the diminishing food and fee supply. So short has become the suppl of fats and oil that large plantings c sunflowers are urged as a source c edible oil. Last year the Germa government offered premiums for th cultivation of sunflowers, and railroa right-of-ways there are extensively use for the purpose. This is in keepin with Germany's policy of utilizing a her resources to the utmost.

According to information received b the U. S. Food Administration, as muc as 18 gallons of oil can be secured fro the seeds of an acre of sunflowers, whil the refuse is said to make a cattle fee comparing favorably in quality wit other feeds now available in Germany.

Marion Harland's Corner

"Salt Down the Surplus"

THUS runs what may be styled "a hurry call," just issued by the Food Administration Bureau. In view of the apprehension of untimely frosts that haunts the minds of gardeners and housemothers in our proverbially fickle climate, and the unusual high value set upon the kindly fruits of the earth just now, readers will do well to read carefully, and if practicable to obey the simple directions succeeding the aforesaid call:

Where there is a big family to be fed through the winter and a rush of summer work, the surplus vegetables might well be salted down. The process is exceedingly simple, and the only equipment needed is good water-tight kegs. While salted vegetables may not equal fresh in quality, they help materially to build up the food reserves, and when they are well-cooked and seasoned the flavor, though different from that of fresh vegetables, is good. Vegetables put up as directed will keep their crispness and color.

Directions

Gather vegetables when in the best condition and pack while they are crisp and tender. Cover the top with grape-leaves, chard or horse-radish.

Weight with a clean stone resting on an inverted plate. Do not allow mold to form, and keep vegetables covered with brine.

When all bubbling has ceased, about a week after packing, cover the surface of the brine with cottonseed oil or melted paraffin. Store in a cool place, and examine once or twice a week for a month.

For the brine allow 1¾ cups of salt to 1 gallon of water. This is a 10 per cent. salt solution.

For a salt-and-vinegar solution allow ¾ cup vinegar to 1 gallon of above solution.

Green Tomatoes

Salted green tomatoes may be made into tomato stew, stuffed tomatoes, breaded tomatoes, salad and pie, or converted into mincemeat and chutney. Choose well-developed green tomatoes and pack in salt solution. Green tomatoes, packed in salt-and-vinegar solution, are good for salads and relishes.

Ripe Tomatoes

Select medium-sized ripe tomatoes, free from cracks or bruises, and pack in brine solution. Follow directions and your tomatoes will be firm and of good color when removed from either the brine or the salt-and-vinegar solution.

Ripe tomatoes preserved in the salt-solution generally require soaking for two hours before being used. After this soaking the skins slip off easily, and the tomatoes may be used as though fresh. For soups or scalloped or casserole dishes, soaking for one hour is usually sufficient, for the excess of salt seasons the other ingredients.

Ripe tomatoes preserved in the salt-and-vinegar solution require soaking for only about thirty minutes. When used in combination with fresh vegetables, they need not be soaked at all. The skins slip off easily, and the flesh is firm.

OWNERS of truck-farms in some sections of the United States, and families who rely upon their own gardens for a supply of vegetables, share in the perplexity amounting to dismay at finding themselves, after a sharp frost, burdened with a large quantity of green tomatoes that would have been fully ripe and available for a dozen purposes had the killing frost kept longer aloof. So many good things may be made of this "salvage" of the frost-bitten garden, that I insert a few receipes which may console the housemother for the prematuro blight of her promising rows and squares of this most versatile, wholesome and popular of the humbler class of "kindly fruits." I copy further from the Food Administration's Circular:

Mock Mincemeat

Three pounds salted green tomatoes; two pounds apples; one cup chopped suet; two cups molasses; one cup corn syrup; one pound raisins; one cup vinegar; one teaspoon cloves; two tablespoons cinnamon; one teaspoon allspice; one teaspoon nutmeg.

Soak the tomatoes for two hours, and chop them fine. Chop the apples. Add the other ingredients, and cook the mixture until it is thick. This mincemeat will keep for some time in a covered jar.

Green Tomato Conserve

One pint salted green tomatoes; one tart apple, diced—not pared; two cups syrup; juice of one lemon; grated rind of ½ lemon.

Soak the tomatoes for two hours, and dice them. Cook the tomatoes and the apple in a small quantity of water until they are tender. Do not drain them. Add the other ingredients, and cook the mixture until it is thick and clear. If desired, about one tablespoonful of preserved ginger may be added.

ANTICIPATING that some housemothers may prefer to put up the tomatoes while fresh, rather than wait until they must be soaked in order to prepare them for cooking, I subjoin to the formulas extracted from the official bulletin a receipe for the quality of which I can vouch without a doubt:

Green Tomato Soy

Two gallons of green tomatoes, firm and sound and sliced without peeling. Twelve onions of fair size, also sliced; two quarts of vinegar; one quart of sugar (or three pints of Karo syrup); two tablespoonfuls of salt, and the same quantity, each, of ground mustard and black pepper; one tablespoonful, each, of whole allspice and whole cloves. Mix all together; let the mixture stand, covered, for two hours before turning into a granite or porcelain-lined kettle. Cook gently for an hour, or until the tomatoes are tender, stirring often from the bottom to prevent scorching. You may put it up in self-sealing cans while it is hot. Or, wait until it is cold, and turn into jelly-glasses, covering the surface with tissue-paper, and this with melted paraffin.

Before passing to other matters, be it observed that the mock mincemeat for which we are indebted to the Food Administration Bureau may be made of fresh green tomatoes late in the autumn, or early in the winter, thus avoiding the trouble of salting down.

THE reader of Dickens must be reminded often of Mr. Peter Magnus's "Bless my soul! here is another coincidence!" in the perusal of our beloved and informal Corner. The quotation sprang to my lips for the hundredth time this morning when side by side with the official bulletin containing instructions for this week's consideration lay a letter from an esteemed correspondent whose mind is running in the same channel—to wit, the value of vegetables in the human dietary, and the duty of getting the best results from a free use of them.

We will let her tell her own story:

I am much interested in Marion Harland's Corner and will try to tell you what I do with my vegetable peelings. As most thinking women now know, they contain our most valuable blood tonic, that which keeps our blood pure and therefore our bodies stronger and healthier. So, if we wish to keep the doctor out of our homes, it behooves us to use a little more time and thought in the preparation of our foods. All such vegetables as potatoes, carrots, parsnips, turnips, rutabagas, beets, etc., I scrub well with my vegetable brush and soap, cutting out any spots, then boil them in a small quantity of water till done, gauging quite carefully so there may be no water, or at least only a few spoonfuls, to pour off. Then, if there are any offensive skins, as in the case of old vegetables, peel them off, as the mineral salts are now thoroughly cooked through the starchy parts, and prepare for the table in any appetizing way you may wish. Cabbage we generally eat raw as slaw, chipping fine and sending to the table without seasoning, or often in our home—as we have plenty of cream—dressing with salt, celeryseed and sour cream and garnishing with eggs. Have your seasonings on table, such as vinegar, lemon-juice, olive oil, etc. In preparing green peas, always cook pods. Grains are more healthful when cooked whole, cracked or rolled, and served as mush with cream or butter. I was much interested in your Mock Devonshire Cream, as it is an old favorite of ours. Only, in addition to cream, we flavor it with salt and celery-salt or seed, none of our family caring for pepper. We not only use it as you mention, but also piled on any uncooked greens or with onions chopped and mixed in it, or any kind of dried fruits and nuts mixed with it. All are good and much more healthful than meats, and for those who keep a cow, much more economical.—MRS. B. H. B. (*Belvoir Farm*).

Other faithful readers of the Corner will recollect that the Mock Devonshire Cream of which our member speaks was made of cream (or "cottage") cheese, whipped light with a little real cream, and eaten with jam as a dessert at supper or luncheon, spread upon buttered toast or heated buttered crackers.

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Why Hens Won't Lay

P. J. Kelly, the Minnesota Poultry Expert, 119 Kelly Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn., has published a book, "The Tale of a Lazy Hen." It tells why the hens won't lay and how to make them lay every day. Mr. Kelly will mail the book free to anyone who will write him.

Open Windows

ARE our windows open toward the New Jerusalem? Although Daniel was away from Jerusalem, yet when he prayed, he opened his windows toward that great city.

We are away from our great city, but when we pray do we open our windows? Sometimes it is easier to pray without opening the windows, but if we do not open them, we fail to get the sunshine coming straight from Him who is the city's light.

How are we to open our windows toward the city? By being kind one toward another; by helping the sick and sorrowing; by doing the things which help, instead of hindering other people from doing the task God has appointed them to do; by speaking the kind word.

If we fail to do these things, then our windows are closed, and if we do not open them, by and by the sills will sag, and we cannot get them to swing open at all.

So let us then open our windows in the early morning, and keep them open all day, looking out often upon the great panorama of waiting service that God in his love has spread out before us, and we shall be no longer tempted to pray with windows closed. Therefore let the windows be opened all the day long, and thou shalt be blessed.

GEORGIA HALL.

Why Children Don't Obey

Obedience is the very foundation of character in all children. Yet how many parents discover constantly that their instructions to their children carry no farther than around the corner. And disobedience is simply the leader of a whole troop of bad traits. Wilfulness, selfishness, jealousy, disrespect, untruthfulness, ill temper and many other harmful, unpleasant qualities that a child acquires during the first few years of its life are directly related to that first great fault of disobedience.

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Until now, scolding and whipping seem to have been about the only resource at the command of parents. But new methods have been discovered which make it easy to train children to obey promptly, pleasantly and surely without breaking the child's will, without creating fear, resentment or revenge in the child's heart, as whipping does. This new method is based on confidence between parent and child. When perfect understanding and sympathy exist, obedience comes naturally and all the bad traits that children pick up so easily are not given a chance to develop. A command, quietly spoken, brings instant obedience in every case—and even children who are habitually disobedient are quickly changed into willing, obedient boys and girls.

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to teach child instantly to comply with command, "Don't touch"?

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to teach punctuality? Perseverance? Carefulness?

to overcome obstinacy?

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Young People's Topics for October 13

Weak Points in Our Society to Be Strengthened

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topic. I Chron. 28 : 1-10

THIS topic was treated in the Christian Herald of August 28 as the Epworth League Topic for Sept. 8. In addition to what was said at that time we might add that many societies show weakness through their inability to grasp the world vision. If the Missionary Committee is the weak spot, the whole society is in danger. Other societies are weak in their social outlook. They have a very good time just among themselves; but a stranger somehow does not fit in. The Outlook Committee must have a real outlook, and a wide one. Another weak spot sometimes in evidence is lack of reverence in the Sunday evening meetings. They resemble too much the proceedings of a Study Club, there being too little of the spirit of worship and devotion. These are a few weak spots that are readily corrected, and it should not be necessary to appoint a committee to study the ways and means. Each member should be a committee of one, to see that he or she is not included in the weak spot.

The Church Building and the Church's Program

Epworth League Topic. Luke 4 : 16-21

NOTHING adds so much to the power of a church as a commodious building, complete in its appointments. But many a beautiful building is a sepulcher of a society which, though not dead, is manifestly sleeping, and many an unimposing structure is made the center of the life of a community by the vigorous spiritual activities which center within it. The church, the assembly of believers, is the vital thing; the building is an accessory, but a useful one. The church's program concerns the building but little, except as the plans contemplate its use, but it concerns the assembly of believers individually and together, for no program can succeed without workers. The Methodist Church, through its accredited leaders, has outlined a most ambitious program, in which it plans to celebrate the achievements of 100 years of missionary activities. In many parts of the country the Centenary Program is already being worked with great success and spiritual blessing. Great problems and greater opportunities face the church in the year just ahead. The Centenary Program in its full development will place the church in a strategic position to meet these opportunities and problems hopefully and successfully. The home field, the foreign field, and every other field must be organized, inspired, energized and equipped. . The program is a challenge to American Methodism. Leaders for this meeting may secure helps by addressing the general office, 740 Rush St., Chicago, Ill., or the Centenary Commission, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and much valuable material will be found in the "Winning the War" number of the World Outlook.

How Our Marines Fought at Château-Thierry

LIEUTENANT D. A. HOLLIDAY of the United States Marine Corps, in a letter recently written, describes the fighting around Château-Thierry. The letter has just been forwarded to the Marine Corps Headquarters, Washington, by his father, Dr. J. M. Holliday, pastor of the Marion Presbyterian Church, Marion, S. C. He writes:

"An attack began one afternoon at five o'clock. The Huns had machine-gun nests scattered all through the woods. We got half the woods that afternoon, but both sides were gloriously mixed. About seven o'clock my company (what was left of it) started digging in. My commander sent me back through the woods to collect all marines available and bring them to our relief.

"Two things happened on that trip: I was chased by a German machine-gun two hundred yards; you bet I was scared! After that I was caught in an artillery barrage, and that accounts for my being gassed. It did not hurt me much at the time; simply knocked me down, caused vomiting, and made me feel rather bad. But to continue the trip—I returned with a few men; the company was reorganized, and late that night we moved to another part of the woods, to occupy a position held by only one platoon. Nothing happened for the next twenty-four hours. We dug in and ate German rations, all except the cheese. At one o'clock that morning we received orders to get ready for an attack at 4 A.M. In the midst of the discussion the Huns opened up on us. Thanks to two captured maxims and plenty of ammunition, we repulsed the attack. It was here I got slightly hit. At 3 A.M. we withdrew quietly, got some more ammunition by luck, and formed for the new assault, which was to clear the woods of all machine-guns. We got half way into the woods and then the music began. We managed to throw some dirt in front of us and continued to fire. My men were so tired that quite a number fell asleep on the shovel. It was there that I gave out. At first it seemed that I was going to sleep; but the gas and wound just put me out of business for six hours."

The Strangest School in the World

Continued from page 1104

Makkavik, Hopedale and Nain, but through the unavoidable reduction in the Mission staffs, this work has fallen largely to the lot of the single-handed missionary, and this is too great a burden for him, and the mission workers have long felt that the instruction imparted in the few weeks of school was totally inadequate. This has led us to launch out a little farther, and, the ocean being sufficiently safe for female teachers to come from England, we hope to commence school in the autumn, and have the children with us for about eight months. During this time they should acquire a larger amount of education than has hitherto been possible. The one school will serve the three districts, Makkavik, Hopedale and Nain, and the children will be gathered from a very sparsely inhabited coastline of about 250 miles. The children will be conveyed hither and thither in autumn and in spring by our own mission ship, the Harmony. Parents will be required to start the children with an outfit of clothing, and will be asked to make a small contribution toward their board. Friends at home may be induced to send us parcels of clothing to replace the unavoidable wear and tear. Anything they may do for the work will be appreciated.

BERTHOLD LENZ.

Makkavik, Labrador.

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The Churches Must Unite

I AM much interested in the discussion, in the Christian Herald, of "The Church After the War." We must admit that the Church has fallen down in this war. Christianity has not fallen, but is working today, and doing a mighty work, through the Young Men's Christian Association and the Red Cross. The reason the Church has broken down is plain. Jesus said a house or kingdom divided against itself cannot stand. He also prayed that we might be one. The Church is divided into different denominations. We refuse to unite and become one; we claim to be branches of the Vine, but we can find no common basis on which to unite.

If the Church were united today this war would be impossible, or she could stop it in short order. God is the factor in this war. He has taken peace from the world, to punish the nations for their sins, to bring us to our senses and lead us to repent and to save us spiritually.

How can we expect the nations to establish permanent peace as long as the Church, which represents the Prince of Peace, is not at peace with herself? There are worse things than war, famine, and pestilence, and if this war will not bring us to our senses, then these other things will be sure to follow.

God could easily end the war, but that would not prevent this old world from committing spiritual suicide. The thing for the churches to do is to get down on their knees and ask God to help them to unite in Jesus Christ, and then appoint seven men, filled with the Holy Spirit, to form an advisory council, through whom Jesus Christ can rule in the nations of the world.

The Book says, "In a multitude of counselors there is safety." There are three who rule in heaven. There ought to be at least seven to make up the head of the Church on earth.

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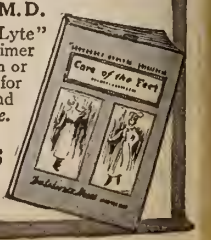

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A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 1106

could be saved as against the continuation of the war through 1920. Mr. Hoover estimated that it would be necessary to ship abroad in the year ending July 1, 1919, 17,550,000 tons of meats, fats, breadstuffs, sugar and feed grains. Even this program means further self-denial for the Allies next year. At the President's direction Mr. Hoover said that he had assured our Allies that "in this common cause we eat at a common table." The shipments required mean an increase over the present rate of export of 5,730,000 tons in the year. This is greater than our apparent surplus. Mr. Hoover urges even greater simplicity of living than last year, in order that we may avoid rationing of the American people, which would be somewhat difficult because of the large number of people who take part of their meals in public eating places. Mr. Hoover closed his statement with this paragraph: "It is necessary that every family in the United States study its food budget and food ways to see if it cannot buy less, serve less, return nothing to the kitchen, and practise the gospel of the clean plate." According to the estimates of the Food Administration the prices of meats, vegetables, fruits, poultry, eggs and breadstuffs have risen an average of 3½ per cent over last year. This apparently low average is partly due to the fact that vegetables have decreased in price in most sections. Farmers have received 35 per cent more in prices than the year before.

The U-Boats' Record. Official figures made public on September 21, show that the net loss of Allied and neutral shipping by German U-Boat operations has been 3,362,088 tons. The total losses have been 21,404,913 tons; total construction 14,247,285 tons; the total enemy tonnage captured 3,795,000 tons. At present Allied and American construction is exceeding each month the submarine losses; the losses having been passed by construction in May. The United States Shipping Board, on September 22, had placed in service 356 vessels of a total tonnage of 2,045,875 and had launched 264 more of a tonnage of 1,223,566.

A Noted Prelate Dies. Cardinal Archbishop John M. Farley, of the Catholic Archdiocese of New York, died at his country home on September 16, in his 76th year. Cardinal Farley was one of the most able and influential of the Catholic leaders in this country. He was born in Ireland, April 20,1842, was left an orphan at the age of 7, and made his own way largely from that time forward. He came to New York while still a student, and was ordained a priest in 1870. In 1884 he was appointed private chamberlain to Pope Leo XIII, and in 1891 he was appointed Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of New York. He became Archbishop in 1902 and was made a Cardinal in 1911. He rendered great service upon the entrance of America into the war in organizing work for the soldiers. He was also active in the work of publishing the Catholic Encyclopedia.

Brewers Back Brisbane. A. Mitchell Palmer, alien property custodian, having stated that the brewers of America had furnished the money to purchase a great newspaper under the very dome of the capitol, and the facts being demanded, Mr. Palmer made public, on September 18, the documents on which his statement was based. These documents showed conclusively that Arthur Brisbane, editor of the Hearst papers, purchased the Washington Times, June 26, 1917, with money furnished by a syndicate of brewers. Some of the contributing breweries were German owned. The Senate ordered a searching investigation of the whole matter.

New Envoy to Britain. It was announced on September 18, that John William Davis, of West Virginia, at present Solicitor General of the United States would succeed Walter Hynes Page as ambassador to Great Britain. Mr. Davis was about to go abroad as head of the American delegation to the American German Prisoners Conference, which was to meet in Berne, Switzerland, on September 23.

Commercial Agreement with Denmark. The War Trade Board and the special Danish mission completed in Washington, on September 18, an agreement regarding commercial and shipping problems concerning the two nations. The agreement is similar to those entered into with Scandinavian countries and with Spain. Denmark will receive a supply of foodstuffs, metal, machinery, textiles, chemicals, drugs, and other commodities which will aggregate about 352,000 tons annually. Danish tonnage not required for the transportation of this material is to be placed at the disposal of the United States and its associated powers.

Fragments of News. The United States and Great Britain were reported, on September 18, as joining in an attempt to mediate between North and South China in the settlement of their factional differences. . . . Queen Wilhelmina, in opening the Dutch parliament or States General on September 18, expressed her sympathy for the cares and sorrows caused by the food situation and expressed also her thankfulness for the preservation of peace in Holland. The Queen declared Holland's intention to defend her neutrality. . . . During a strike of policemen in Cincinnati the Boy Scouts took the place of traffic officers. . . . The Federal War Labor Board, on September 18, upheld the eight-hour day in all war industries. . . . President Wilson has issued a proclamation providing that all brewing of beer and other malt beverages, including near beer and non-alcoholic drinks of that character, should stop on December 1, and that no grain should be purchased for malting after October 1. . . . Viscount Ichiro Motono, who resigned as Minister of Foreign Affairs of Japan four months ago, died at Tokio on September 18. Viscount Motono had been Japanese Minister at Paris and Brussells. He was Japanese delegate to The Hague Peace Conference and was ambassador at Petrograd from 1906 to 1916.

Foch Strikes in the Balkans

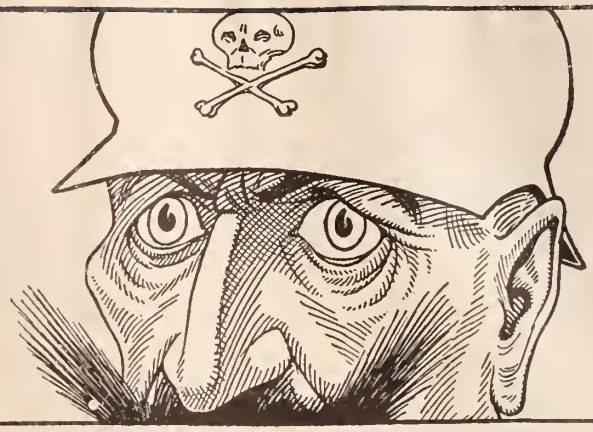
Continued from page 1111

again took the offensive on September 18, striking first along the west side of the Jordan and then extending the attack along the whole front as far as the Mediterranean. They completely broke through the Turkish positions over the entire front. (For this part of the war story, see page 1106.)

On September 20, the American Artillery was reported to have destroyed one of the bridges spanning the Moselle in Metz and to have silenced one of the heavy batteries in an outlying fort. On September 21, General March, Chief of Staff, announced that the number of men embarked for overseas service exceeded 1,750,000.

The Germans on September 23, evacuated Vendeuil on the Oise north of La Fère, and the French troops held the line of the river for six miles between La Fère and St. Quentin.

In the Balkans the Allied victory continually assumed larger proportions. On September 23, the Bulgarian and German armies were in retreat along a front of 100 miles from east of Lake Doiran to west of Monastir, the heavily fortified and almost impregnable mountain country between the Cerna and the Vardar had been passed and the Serbian and French armies were debouching on the plains of southern Serbia, with the horder of Bulgaria at Strumitza only three miles away. The railway communications of the armies, both eastward and westward of the broken front, were cut and the 11th German division had been separated from its Bulgarian allies and was in precipitate retreat.



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THE unanimous judgment is that the great Philadelphia Bible Conference was the most momentous and important of its kind ever held in America, or perhaps in the world, both in numbers and significance. It was a Conference which at every session exalted Christ, and gave rich and stirring messages to His people throughout the world. There was no effort on the part of any speaker to exploit himself. From first to last, there was evidence in all that was said, that the most consecrated scholarship and reverent investigation was under divine guidance, and submissive to the leadings of the Holy Spirit. There was an entire absence of anything like radicalism, sensationalism, date-fixing, and dogmatism. The great fundamental belief of the Christian Church was discussed with a calm serenity that indicated conviction of its truth.

The speeches of the Conference will be welcomed by Christians and Bible readers everywhere, and especially by those who love the Lord Jesus Christ and believe in His promise. These addresses have been gathered under the official supervision of the Conference Executive Committee, and published by the Christian Herald in an authorized volume of 360 pages under the title of "Light on Prophecy." This step was taken by the Conference in order that the widest possible publicity might be assured for the book, as the record of the most authoritative assembly on prophecy ever held up to the present time.

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Good Roads the New Avenues of Commerce

Continued from page 1107

trucks. The list includes vegetables, fruit, corn, wheat, milk, butter, eggs, chickens, live calves, cows, and pigs, fertilizer, wood, coal, farm machinery and repair parts, groceries, drugs, clothing, shoes, hardware, house furnishings, pictures, musical instruments, jewelry, and newspapers.

Without such direct transportation, many farmers, truck gardeners and dairymen declare they would have to give up raising for market. The vital need is to enable the farmer to give all his own time to farm work and keep his horses at work in the fields. Time spent on the road making a day's journey to market with a load of produce that can be hauled by motor truck in two or three hours is a definite loss to the food supply.

The motor truck stimulates increased production and cultivation of formerly unproductive sections remote from cities and railroads by providing a quick dependable means of shipping direct from farm to consumer or commission merchant. It is like having a railroad station at every farm and village store on the routes covered.

Motor express lines bring more trade to merchants and manufacturers in the city by increasing farm production and raising the purchasing power of the country for twenty-five to fifty miles around which draws its supplies from the city.

CONSUMERS also benefit. Fruits and vegetables arrive in market in better condition than by rail, because they are on the way only a few hours, and are handled only twice. Produce in Baltimore, with its fifteen truck lines, averages about 20 per cent. cheaper than in Washington.

Railroad congestion has forced farmers in Ohio to make use of motor trucks for hauling live stock to the Cincinnati stockyards. Of 77,244 hogs, 23,618 sheep, 28,545 calves and 27,721 cattle delivered to the yards over the highways last year, about 60 per cent. were hauled in trucks from a radius of thirty miles.

Of all classes of people the farmer has been the most dependent upon good roads, as they are essential to the satisfactory marketing of his products, the hauling of his supplies, and his pleasure. He is today the largest user of both automobile and horse-drawn vehicles, and the wear and tear on them from bad roads is annually enough to keep in repair the main highways and more important branch roads. He is simply paying for good roads in his repair bills, without having the advantages of easy travel. Now he is joined in his desire for better highways by all classes of manufacturers and shippers.

The difference between a poor road and an improved road may mean the difference between production at a profit and production at a loss, and in some cases no production at all.

Labor that will do the rougher work is scarce and demands increasing wages. The supply for public road work is usually drawn from the adjoining farms, where it is most needed for the care of crops. The application of improved methods will not only assist in overcoming this trouble, but will materially decrease the cost.

At this time it is not so much a matter of building elaborate systems of new roads, as of keeping those already established in the best of repair. Today thousands of miles of excellent and expensive American roads are falling into bad repair and becoming practically impassable on account of the lack of attention to slight repairs soon after the trouble occurs.

COMBINED forces of the government, states and counties will spend for highway improvement in 1918 the amazing total of $263,096,610.

While this sum seems staggering, eclipsing by eighty-two per cent. the expenditures of any previous year and in money figures that of 1917 by $118,797,750, road officials of the government and states say it represents merely a drop in the bucket of what should be spent before the war is concluded. They admit the railroad situation has made imperative lavish road appropriations—the total of this year is little better than half what Secretary McAdoo has announced as necessary for the upbuilding of the overtaxed American railroad system. Calculations by government officials are that, with good highways, motor trucks and motor vehicles are capable of carrying approximately 200 per cent. more freight than the railroads. In these same calculations they estimate the value of our highways at $6,240,000,000.

The productive possibilities of communities were considered above all else in determining the sums to be allotted for road improvement. Thus the South and Middle West appropriations exceed those of other regions by many millions. Texas, for instance, leads all others with contemplated highway development, announcing the amazing assignment of $25,000,000 for road improvement. Last year it spent $5,000,000.

Ohio, Pennsylvania and Michigan, which play a large part in any highway program, owing to the fact that all government truck caravans traverse their confines, are concentrating on those lanes used most by the big industries. Traffic between the huge rubber and steel cities of Ohio and Pennsylvania and shipping points will be uninterrupted in winter as well as summer. Plows are being purchased to keep open roads during winter months.

No large increases in appropriations are reported from the East and New England states, because highway commissioners there have never within the past decade allowed anything to interfere with a consistent road-building program.

REPORTS from State Highway Commissioners disclose some interesting individual features. In Oregon, for instance, the government and state bodies are spending five times what they did last year in order to build trunk roads into large timber tracts. From these is being taken the lumber for the armada of ships Uncle Sam is constructing. In many cases roads have been planked by army engineers to enable the heavy trucks laden with mighty timbers to pass.

A. C. McKibbin of the Missouri State Highway Board writes that in forwarding to Washington reports on traffic areas in Missouri he gave first consideration to live stock, grain, poultry, mineral and timber producing areas. Into these, he recommended, auxiliary and tributary roads should extend.

Iowa is entitled to the palm for consistent road construction. This state, with more automobiles in proportion to its total population, spent $15,000,000 last year and is doing the same this year. Approximately 6,000 miles of highways in the state are being improved and extended.

Recognition of the tremendous importance gasoline is playing in the war and in the sustenance of our automobile industry here is reflected in the figures from Oklahoma. Tulsa County, in the heart of the oil-fields, is spending $1,750,000, which is more than some states spent during the entire twelve months of last year. Another county, Okmulgee, is putting $800,000 into forty-three miles of roadway.

Wisconsin is putting into effect a trunk system of roads which taps every community of the state.

Arkansas, which last year spent $4,000,000, is investing $12,000,000 in constructing a series of highways between Louisiana and Arkansas, via Hot Springs and Little Rock.

Illinois and Indiana rank next to Texas in expenditures for road-building. Indiana has inherited 175 miles of the new market highway and is also eager to polish up its share of the Dixie Highway.

Texas's huge appropriation is not inflated by any large government tender. Federal authorities have given the Lone Star State just $875,000, and the counties and state have gone out and got the rest.

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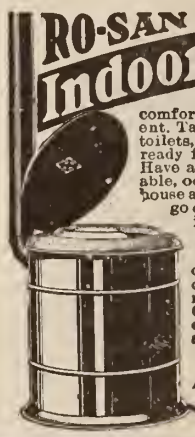

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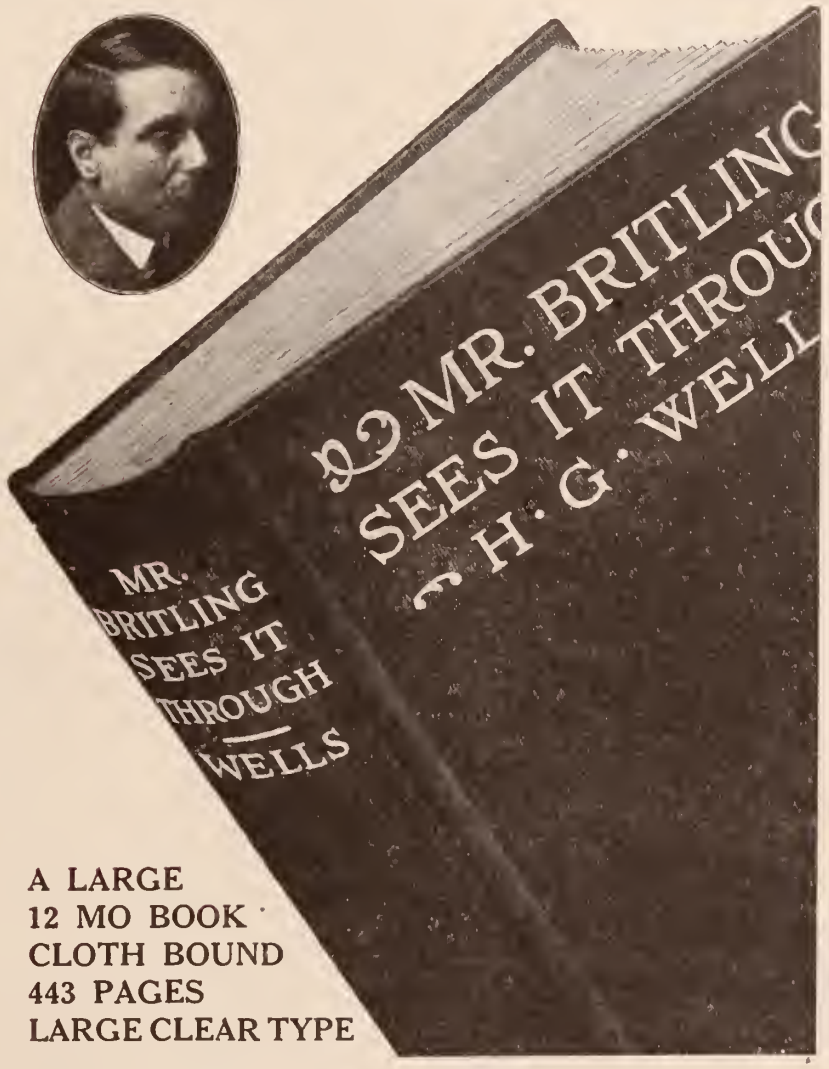

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"Mr. Britling Sees It Through is the most thoughtfully and carefully worked out book Mr. Wells has given us for many a year. . . . A veritable cross section of contemporary English life . . . admirable, full of color and utterly convincing."—*New York Times.*

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Straws That Break The Stomach's "Back"

How Wrong Food Combinations Tear Down Mental and Physical Energy

By V. O. SCHWAB

I WAS walking down Fifth Avenue, New York, last Friday and happened to overhear part of the conversation of two nicely dressed women walking directly behind me. "Gracious" remarked one, "I certainly must be suffering from stomach trouble or something. I had a delicious dinner—excellent in every way, from the steak, egg-plant and peas to the peaches and cream. And yet I don't feel strengthened one bit—in fact, I feel more weak, 'trembly' and listless than before I ate anything."

No wonder the lady was "weak, trembly, and listless." She did not know it—but if the very same foods she had put into her stomach were hermetically sealed in a glass retort the result would be a chemical explosion sufficient to burst the retort. Think what most people's stomachs have to contend with—it's no wonder we're half sick most of the time! Even chickens and cattle on the farm are fed "balanced rations" in order to insure highest efficiency. And yet we human beings pour into our stomachs a mixture of inharmonious foods that scientists declare produce 90% of all sickness.

That is why we suffer so generally from gastritis, stomach acidity, constipation, nervousness, liver and kidney troubles, and the scores of other diseases which decrease our stamina and make life miserable for so many of us. That is why the average life of man is only 39 years—and why kidney and liver diseases have increased over 103% in the last three years! That is why you yourself are often "draggy", listless, and "jumpy"! It's just a case of piling one wrongly composed meal upon the other until one final combination of disagreeing foods proves to be the "straw" that breaks the stomach's "back"—then you are sick, perhaps violently sick and—do not know why.

Foods That Fight

When you eat a combination of foods that are chemically opposed to each other (as you probably do each day), do you know what happens? If your stomach could talk it would probably not mince words in telling the burdens you place upon it. These inharmonious foods combat against each other inside your stomach for assimilation and digestion. Dangerous toxins (poisons) are liberated, then absorbed by the blood and carried all thru the body. The gradual result for you is decreasing efficiency, mental depression, continual attacks of stomach and gastric trouble, and other dangerous diseases. The final result is the total break-down of the whole system and the clogging of all the vital organs with poisonous sediment and fluids.

Corrective Eating the Answer

Corrective eating is the one big secret to perfect health, unquenchable energy, unbreaking stamina. But to eat correctly and healthfully you must select the right combinations of food, eat in accordance with the requirements of your particular physical condition, your age, your occupation, and the climate you live in. Of course, you cannot be expected to know instinctively just what is right to eat. But there is one man who can tell you exactly. He is the most famous food scientist in America and has studied for twenty years every phase of this vital question. He is Dr. Eugene Christian, F. S. D., the noted physician, who has helped more than 25,000 people from all over the world to regain their health, vigor, and usefulness in the world. So much interest has been displayed thruout the country in the wonderful results of corrective eating that Dr. Christian has written a set of 24 Little Lessons for the use of people unable to call at his office.

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These 24 Little Lessons are distributed for free 5-day examination by the Christian Herald thru the cooperation of the well-known Society which Dr. Christian himself founded, The Corrective Eating Society. The compact, pithy little books contain the boiled-down experience of Eugene Christian's twenty years' study of foods and their relation to health and efficiency. They give actual menus for your individual system, tell what you should eat to meet the requirements of your particular occupation, your age, your physical condition and the climate you live in. In fact, these 24 Little Lessons will show you within a short time, just what it is to enjoy perfect health and freedom from bodily pains.

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The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

Prayers in Time of Struggle

THE tenseness of the world crisis has emphasized the necessity of prayer. With a call from both nation and church it seems an opportune time to marshal and train the spiritual forces as special intercessors. Those who believe that our hope is in God and that he alone can bring order out of chaos have the responsibility of properly directing the peoples in prayer. Pastors may not only call upon their people to pray, but teach them to pray, and direct them in their prayers. Perhaps interdenominational prayer conferences should be held in every community, and the subject of prayer fully discussed and special objects of prayer presented by some competent leader. The following appear to the writer as some objects which should constantly be kept in mind:

1. That as a nation we thank God for the gift of freedom, trust him for its continuance; that we may be true to the obligations it imposes, assist the oppressed in every way possible, and encourage all who are struggling against autocracy to look to him for help in securing justice, righteousness and an honorable peace.

2. That the church and nation make humble confession of sin, pray for forgiveness, acknowledge dependence on God, ask him to show us his will, and resolve by his help to take a firm stand for righteousness and do as he directs in all things.

3. That although Satan seems to have such great power, believers of all nations may stand firm in the faith, be true to God and his Word, and seek a revival that will exalt Christ as King of kings and Lord of lords.

4. That messengers of God may not be confused by the conditions of the world, but, as true ambassadors, faithfully proclaim his Word.

5. That chaplains and all Christian workers in the army and navy may be filled with the Holy Spirit and fully equipped to lead men to Christ.

6. That our President be safeguarded, supported, and guided in all his decisions, and in selecting such counselors as shall give him the best the nation affords.

7. That the President's cabinet and advisers, congressmen, and all in responsible positions also be given special strength and wisdom, and that the officers of the army and navy and all in the service be blessed and their lives protected, and be led forward to victory.

8. That a patriotic fervor may permeate the whole nation, producing a spirit of deep sacrifice and the devotion of our entire resources to the cause the Lord has committed to us.

9. That officers and judges be specially guided in dealing with criminals, enemies, and traitors, to the end that the guilty be restrained and properly punished, the innocent freed from suspicion and suffering, the safety of our citizens assured, our industries protected and prospered, and all hindrances to our government removed.

10. That we praise our Lord for the abundant harvests and boundless prosperity of past years, and humbly petition him for seasonable rains and all other favorable conditions, so that the efforts for an increased harvest may be successful.

11. That the same blessings we seek for ourselves may be granted to our Allies.

R. L. WARNOCK.

A Mother asks prayer for a wayward, sinful boy, who has wandered from home; also for guidance through a financial crisis.

Mrs. T. sends a clipping from a Texas newspaper describing the great suffering of the people of western Texas from a long-continued drought, and asks that these people be very specially remembered in our prayers weekly. She also asks prayer for a mother in Israel, seventy-eight years old, who is involved in troublesome litigation; that a neighbor, Mrs. N. T., may be restored to health, and that she herself may be filled with the Holy Spirit.

About a year ago a Reader asked prayers for a sick mother. Just after writing the mother improved and has been better than the petitioner had dared to hope at the time of writing. She now asks prayer for another afflicted member of the family.

"Patiently Waiting" prays that a friend may succeed in both business and spiritual life, and that the divine blessing may rest upon the arms of the Allies.

A Friend, thanking God for many answered prayers, prays for the safe return of a wounded soldier and the bodily healing of another friend.

Mrs. C. O. promised God that she would acknowledge his goodness before men if he would take away a serious trouble that was coming upon her. She now thanks God for hearing her prayer.

E. B. C., who is unable to mingle with God's people on the Sabbath, praises God for the comfort of his divine presence even on her remote farm.

Mrs. R. W. acknowledges the blessings received from prayers for a dear son, and another who with broken health seeks to break away from the past.

Mrs. Y. A. B. acknowledges God's goodness in the healing of an only daughter who through a serious operation had gone down into the very valley of the shadow of death.

Mrs. R. S., who in her ninety-fourth year is "walking on the King's highway," and praises God for the many answers to prayer in the past years, wants her name added to the roll of the League, and requests prayer for the dear children who have lost sight of Jesus.

A Mother asks prayer for our boys in Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. T. E. M., praising God for answers to prayer, still hopes and prays for more changes that will make this world a happier place to live in.

One hundred and twenty-four ask prayers for the healing of relatives and friends, including a Reader, that daughter may be restored to health and trust fully in the Lord: Mrs. E. L. G., that daughter may recover from serious breakdown from overwork; Mrs. F. D., that daughter may be cured of her nervous condition; R. E. D., that brother may be restored to health and trust in and pray to God; Frank O., that brother may be healed of a very bad case of autotoxemia, which is beyond medical aid; Mrs. N. M., that brother be cured of tuberculosis; R. E. D., that health may be restored so as to be able to take a journey; Mrs. E. McC., to be cured of nervousness; Mrs. J. T., to be cured of kidney and liver trouble and leakage of the heart; Mrs. H., to recover from stomach trouble and have perfect assurance of a home in heaven; W. H. G., to be cured of stoppage in speech; A Friend, that a soldier may be healed and return home; A. C. K., that a relative may be restored to health without undergoing an operation, and also that another may regain the entire use of her limbs, now partially affected; M. G., that face may be healed; E. P., that children, sister and self may be healed both physically and spiritually; A. C. K., that a friend may be cured of rheumatism and that he may have the use of his limbs and be able to walk again; N. H., to regain health and that faith may be strengthened.

Twelve ask for restoration of sight, among which two ask for the removal of cataracts; Mrs. A. E. H., that eyes and nerves may be restored and faith increased so that trust in God will be unfaltering; Mrs. M. B. R., that eyes be healed without resorting to an operation, but if this is necessary that she may successfully undergo it.

Thirteen ask for the healing of mind of dear ones, especially a Reader, that a friend who is in the insane asylum may be cured and restored to her husband and little son; Miss G. H., that a friend recover from an attack of insanity and return to her mother.

Acknowledgments of answered prayer have been received from the following:

Mrs. R. S., Hummelstown, Pa.; Mrs. A. L. B., Pitts, Ga.; A Mother; H. C., Wakarusa, Kan.; Mrs. R. W., Clarendon, Vt.; Mrs. B. F. W., Glastonbury, Conn.; Mrs. S. M. B.; E. J. W., Attleboro, Mass.; Mrs. Y. A. B., Macomb, Ill.; A Reader; "Patiently Waiting," McPherson, Kan.; S. S., Toronto, Canada; A Devoted Mother; Mrs. T. E. M.; A Reader, Chino, Calif.; Mrs. C. O., Washingtonville, N. Y.; I. L. R.; Mrs. J. D. M., Henryetta, Okla.; J. W. K., Harlan, Ia.; Miss L. L., Ferndale, Ohio; N. M. L., Louisville, N. Y.; Mrs. E. V. E., Jamaica, N. Y.; A Friend, Grafton Center, N. H.; Mrs. W. E. G., Los Angeles, Calif.; E. B. C., Nottawa, Mich.; A Believer in Prayer; Miss E. McC., Ryan, Iowa.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

Bringing Home to Camp and Mill

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE

OUTDOORS, row upon row of plain wooden buildings, lying squat in dreary geometrical precision, the streets that stretch endlessly past the doors choking with dust, or ankle-leep in mud.

Indoors endless lengths of cots, chairs, tables, each mate of the one next to it, and each placed in exact uxtaposition with its neighbor.

"If I could only see something different," said a oldier who had been in camp several nonths; "If I could only see one of hose beds turued a little to the left r to the right, or a table out of line, r a chair acting as if it were in a ome instead of at a meeting of ineral directors, I'd feel less home-ick. It's this sameness that is get-ing me."

Multiply these endless rows of uildings lying squat in dust or mud; ncrease the miles of cots and chairs nd tables; add to this sameness of cene homesickness, physical suffering, pprehension, worry over the dear nes at home and a choking terror at he thought of the miles that lie be-ween; throw in a dash of the reckless-ess that is born of depression, and you ave a picture of an army camp broad.

Into these camps there are dropping ith incredible rapidity, considering ne obstacles to be overcome, a Host-ss House here, and another there, and ach doing for the soul of the homesick oldier what the physician's medicine oes for his body.

The War Department requested ouses where women friends who isited soldiers in the training camps ould be entertained. The Hostess ouse was the answer.

One huudred and one Hostess ouses have been authorized—64 in peration and 37 under construction. en are for colored troops.

Early in the war French women bled to the American Young Wo-en's Christian Association for elp. The answer was 64 war orkers and more sailing almost eekly.

They conduct social and recreation ork for French women among the unition workers of Lyons, St. Etienne nd Bourges; for French women in overnment employ; for Americans o serve in the social rooms for urses at Red Cross Huts at four-en base hospitals; in the Hostess ouses of Paris and Tours; conduct ostess Houses for American Signal orps girls; and maintain Hotel trograd in Paris for American war orkers.

Eight workers in Russia established ub centers for girls in Petrograd, oscow and Samara. Thirty centers America have been opened where reign-tongued women may find iends at all times. Interpreters are aced in camps, others sent to visit omen in their homes, and bulletins ve been translated into twenty-ree tongues on food and labor laws, insurance, nd the care of children.

Courtesy War Work Council Y. W. C. A.

The Hotel Petrograd, Y. W. C. A. Hostess House in Paris for American Workers "Over There"

THE largest and most important of the Hostess Houses abroad is the one located in the Hotel trograd in Paris. This bit of home is supplied with t and cold water, baths and steam heat, and will ccommodate 225 guests. The rates are five francs a y up, and elsewhere in Paris one must pay from 70 to 11.50 francs a day for food not as wholesome, r as well cooked. Before this Hostess House was ened the American girl earning eighty dollars a nth in Paris had to pay sixty dollars for bare living penses.

Miss Blanch Geary, formerly economies specialist the National Board, opened and started the house, iss Margaret Cook of Smith College, is the manager and Miss Irene Armes is the hostess. Before these three there pass every day workers of the Red Cross, Y. W. C. A., the Fatherless Children of France, and every society organized to make life less cruel for the victims of war.

The bewildered American girl just arrived, who doesn't know if her modest request in broken French will result in producing her trunk or calling out the fire department, finds the Hostess House something more than a solution of her troubles; it is a home, even guessing the location of which she is spared, for there is some one from the Hostess House who speaks English who meets her at the train.

"Oh," said a nurse who had been on duty many weary hours, "it is a rest to get away from seeing beds, beds, beds. If this Hostess House does nothing more for me than to put me in better humor, that means a great deal to the patients in my care."

"A carpet! Now what do you think of that?" exclaim girls coming back from work at the front, and "Oh, dear," sighed a young girl one day, "I wonder if you know what it means to have a place to meet a boy friend again in a place like this. I had to meet him so often on street corners before this place was opened that I grew ashamed to write my mother about him."

One day in the Hotel Petrograd there was noticed a young boy who sat in a corner chair all day. No, he wasn't there to meet some one; he wasn't hungry, thank you; no, it wasn't because he was sick or tired—"It's just this," he said impulsively, "I'm hanging around here in order to hear you women talk. It has been so long since I heard an English-speaking woman talk that I feel as if I were sitting among my folks back home."

THE Hostess Houses in the United States are built and furnished with none of the difficulties that attend the opening of a Hostess House abroad. All the skilled men in France are at the front, and there is left behind the worker who is crippled, or who is in some way deficient. The American works by time table; the Frenchman works by calendar. The plumbing in the buildings that are available is old and defective. The woman in charge of opening a Hostess House finds new problems every day from insurmountable red tape in the lease to a range that bursts the day the cafeteria is opened, and a kitchen range that has burst is one of the rare accidents a woman can't repair with a hairpin. She finds when she enters the shops for chintz for her cushions and draperies that she must arrange and re-arrange her colors with a rapidity that makes her brain feel like a store-house of broken bits of rainbow.

"I started out to make our dining room gray and old blue," writes one worker, "and wound up with it white and green, but it is restful looking, and I found some china with a little border of pale green and yellow to match.

She must sign bread cards and sugar cards, and be up ready to go to market by five. She must translate everything from fish to fudge in the English language, and she must be prepared at any hour for a drain on her cupboard and her sympathies.

"But, oh, the joy of giving one of our own American boys back from the front lines a real American pie, eaten from a table spread with a cloth, and with the girl who looks good to him! Within half an hour after he enters our door he is changed from a tired, wretched, homeless being into a heartened, normal man. They make for the Hostess House the first place after cleaning up."

There are pianos, victrolas, reading matter, easy chairs, flowers, bright colors and good lights. And a woman who speaks the English language, and whose cordial smile and handshake are just like home! There are clean, well ventilated sleeping rooms for the girls; a well-lighted cafeteria where good meals are served at reasonable prices, and there are the parlors and lounging rooms where the girl and boy in uniform may meet, safe-guarded from the uncertainties of the shadowy parks and bright lights of the streets.

Every Hostess House established abroad meets every requirement of the Hostess House in our own land, and solves greater and more complex problems. It transports a bit of home across the sea, keeping intact all the way a spirit of encouragement, sympathy and cheer.

When the Whistle Blows

HE was bent and gray and old. His working days were plainly over but he still found opportunity for service, for he carried in each hand a market basket filled with lunch boxes and tin pails.

"I come here every noon," he explained, "to bring luncheons for my granddaughters and some of the

neighbor girls. I like to do it; it makes me feel that even a man past eighty can do his bit, and then it is inspiring to be here when the whistle blows. It makes me feel sort of hurrahy all over."

A moment later there was a shrill whistle.

"Hear that!" he exclaimed. "Don't you notice that it doesn't sound as it did two years ago? It used to boom 'it's noon, it's noon, it's noon,' but now it sounds of more than hour and dinner; it sounds of strife and suffering and sorrow and victory."

The gates opened and there poured into the streets girls, and women, several thousand of them; and a few men.

"See all the women?" he called, as he turned away to meet a group of girls who were making straight for him with flying feet. "That old whistle is beginning to screech just like one of them."

Evidently he repeated his joke to the girls for they were laughing as they relieved him of his load and led him to a shady spot under a tree where a few minutes later a lunch was spread with all the zest of a picnic.

But when it rains? Or winter comes? And there are girls who have no one to bring them lunches from home and more girls who have no homes. How about them?

The Industrial War Service Center of the National Y. W. C. A. is the answer. Wherever there are munition plants or factories employing women, there is stationed or coming a club house for girls. That the girls welcome these centers is told in the steadily increasing popularity of every recreation center that has opened.

Courtesy War Work Council Y. W. C. A.

A cafeteria in a Hostess House at one of our munition plants

THE girl who comes through the open gate at noon has three-quarters of an hour for a lunch and rest. Running across the street and through an open door, she finds herself in a large, sunny room. There are dainty curtains at the windows, attractive pictures on the walls, plants in all the windows. She picks up a tray, gathers up her weapons of attack and takes her place in line before a steam table where she is served with her choice of soups, meats, vegetables, drinks and desserts at just what it costs to put them on her plate.

If she cannot afford this she has the privilege of bringing her own lunch and of eating it in lunch rooms upstairs where hot tea and coffee and ice cream and pies are served. She has a pleasant room in which to eat her lunch, a restroom, a library, a player piano at her service when her meal is over, and she makes use of all of them. There are couches for the girls who need rest. There's a shower bath. The only tax she pays for all these privileges is the modest little sum asked for her meals.

Just before the big munition plant gates open there arrive from some miles away in many instances groups of women in white who work hard till the last girl has gone and the gates have closed. This spirit of sacrifice and service has an influence on the girl that stays with her. "I always feel when I go out of here," said a girl in overalls, "as if I had been the best-loved member at a family reunion and that I just have to live up to the good opinion they have of me."

In the evening from 5 : 45 to 6 : 30 a straight twenty-five 'cent dinner is served. After dinner, supposing this were a restaurant, there would be the streets. To counteract this lure, club activities were set in motion two weeks after the cafeteria was opened. The girls themselves became responsible for these movements after the clubs were organized. A club numbers one hundred and twenty members. They have supper then a forum during which they are given a fifteen minute talk. Usually the speaker is from overseas or perhaps the talk is on morality, hygiene or current events. This is followed by a business meeting and at seven o'clock two army officers give the girls military drill. After the drill they go into a class room where there are classes in French, First Aid, an Officers Training Class, and knitting. Friday night is party night, the clubs alternating in entertaining soldiers or sailors. The girls do their own decorating, plan their own refreshments, arrange their own programs and take complete charge. This gives them the feeling of being *at home*." Almost every "girl" has a brother, sweetheart, a husband or a son in service. They knit every spare minute in their brief hour out of the factory. "We do more than knit," said a young woman. "We put our hearts and souls into the munitions. Wouldn't you if like myself, you had a husband and three brothers in service?

There are over a hundred young women at this recreation center, pitiful little war brides with babies the fathers have never seen. There are girls who are widowed, but who are still in their teens. Hopeful, happy one torn with fear and anguish, every face bears the same light of something just a little higher and better than what pay day will bring. There is a *purpose* in every countenance, a look that makes you, if you are a man, turn away and violently blow your nose and, if you are woman, cry without shame. It is the face of the woman behind the man behind the gun; the sort of woman the country needs and who must be kept sweet and pure for the man who is coming back to her some day.

The Vision and Inspiration of Columbus

EVERY one knows that Christopher Columbus was not the first discoverer of America, that the continents were named for Amerigo Vespucci, and that Columbus died in the belief merely that he had found a new route from Europe to the East Indies.

But while the journeyings of Amerigo are all but forgotten and only his name remains familiar to the public, the fame of Columbus is immortal throughout the world.

Because Columbus was a man with a vision. He had a mighty ideal and a mighty perseverance toward its attainment. He opened the way to others more fortunate than himself. He piloted mankind to a new hemisphere not only of fabulous wealth but of unknown freedom and liberty. He visioned more than he accomplished, but he accomplished more than the world even yet is ready to realize.

Indeed, the landing of Columbus marked an era in the history of human liberty. For to the land he discovered came first the Pilgrim fathers in 1620, seeking for themselves liberty of thought and freedom of worship. One by one our colonies were founded upon the principles of freedom, and when a German king sitting on the English throne sought to abridge them we threw off his yoke by force of arms.

That revolution stimulated and encouraged the French revolution, and our example more than any other fact led to the establishment of the republic of France, which today for its heroism and devotion merits and enjoys the admiration of all Christendom.

The example set by the United States turned all of the great continent to the south of us into republican territory.

All these facts, and others correlated with them, are brought fresh to memory by President Wilson's selection of the 12th of October, the 426th anniversary of Columbus's landing in the new world, to be Liberty Day.

"We know now," writes the President in his admirably phrased proclamation fixing this date, "more certainly than we ever knew before why freedom brought the great nation and government we love into existence, because it becomes clearer and clearer what great service it is to be America's privilege to render the world."

It was the vision of Columbus to circumnavigate the globe. What that vision meant in his day cannot be comprehended now. Men in general, the Church and most scientists could not believe the theory that the earth was round. He was a heretic, a lunatic, in the popular mind, and perhaps the indomitable persistence of the great navigator was best shown by the determination with which he combated the powerful influences and persuaded Her Majesty Isabella of Castile to furnish the funds for his voyage of exploration. He opened the way for all mankind to become one community. It has required four and a quarter centuries for mankind to rise to a full realization of that opportunity, but it is rising rapidly to it now. Principles of human right and liberty, born and tested and strengthened in the land to which Columbus led the way, are today circumnavigating the globe as swiftly and surely as the great admiral's vision swept around it.

Democracy, finding firmest footing and clearest expression in the new hemisphere, is extending to the darkest recesses of the old. The strongest and clearest wording of this now vision of a world-wide brotherhood is given by President Wilson in his New York speech opening the Fourth Liberty Loan:

"We still read Washington's immortal warning against entangling alliances with fu comprehension an an answering pu pose. But only special and limited alliances enta gle; and we recognize and accept the duty of a ne day in which we are permitted to hope for a gener alliance which will avoid entanglements and clear th air of the world for common understandings and th maintenance of common rights."

In these trying times, when all worth while tha mankind has wrought in the world is in the balance the vision and the perseverance of Columbus offe inspiration and example. It is well for us all to re member and keep fresh in mind, not on Liberty Da alone but all through this world war, how the sailor after the long voyage into an apparently boundless ocean mutinied; how Columbus pleaded for just three days more of advance, promising at the expiration of that time to put about and return to Spain; how h spirit was cheered by the sight of a drifting branch with leaves upon it, evidently fresh from some neigh boring land; how a bird came across the waters whi still no land appeared and perched in the rigging; an finally how at night came from the caravel Pinta th welcome hail of "Land Ho!" and a waving light acro the waters showed the presence of human habitatio

Today in the new circumnavigation of the eart from West to East, a leader with still clearer, broade vision, and even more purposeful and indomitabl is in command.

The minds of men today are clouded by ignoranc and self-interest as of old. The way to univers freedom of the nations, great and small, is all un charted. Storms rage, the compass sometimes falter and cowards would mutiny.

But the vision of our leader we believe to be divin and every true American will stand steadfastly by hi to the triumphant end. CHARLES GRANT MILLER.

The President's Plan for Peace

THE Metropolitan Opera House of New York was densely crowded on the evening of September 27th, with an audience of representative men and women of the metropolis, who stened to the promised speech of President Wilson, ith which it had been announced he would open the reat drive for the Fourth Liberty Loan. In his opening entence, however, the President said: "I am not here o promote the loan; that will be opened ably and nthusiastically by hundreds of thousands of loyal and reless men and women who have undertaken to pre- nt it to you and to our fellow-citizens throughout he country, and I have not the least doubt of their omplete success; for I know their spirit and the pirit of the country." He then devoted his address holly to the uses of the war and the mission of this ation in bringing about a righteous and enduring eace. He said in part:

"At every turn of the war we gain a fresh con- iousness of what we mean to accomplish by it. hen our hope and expectation are most excited we ink more definitely than before of the issues that ang upon it and of the purposes which must be real- ed by means of it. For it has positive and well- efined purposes which we did not determine and which e cannot alter. No statesman or assembly created em; no statesman or assembly can alter them. hey have arisen out of the very nature and circum- ances of the war. The most that statesmen or as- mblies can do is to carry them out or be false to em. They were perhaps not clear at the outset; but ey are clear now. The war has lasted more than ur years and the whole world has been drawn into . The common will of mankind has been bstituted for the particular purposes of dividual states. Individual statesmen ay have started the conflict, but neither ey nor their opponents can stop it as they ease. It has become a peoples' war, and oples of all sorts and races, of every degree power and variety of fortune, are involved its sweeping processes of change and set- ement. We came into it when its character d become fully defined and it was plain at no nation could stand apart or be in- fferent to its outcome. Its challenge drove the heart of everything we cared for and ed for. The voice of the war had become ear and gripped our hearts. Our brothers om many lands, as well as our own urdered dead under the sea, were calling us, and we responded, fiercely and of urse.

"The air was clear about us. We saw ings in their full, convincing proportions they were; and we have seen them with eady eyes and unchanging comprehension er since. We accepted the issues of the ar as facts, not as any group of men either re or elsewhere had defined them, and we n accept no outcome which does not uarely meet and settle them. Those sues are these:

"Shall the military power of any nation or group nations be suffered to determine the fortunes of oples over whom they have no right to rule ex- pt the right of force?

"Shall strong nations be free to wrong weak na- ons and make them subject to their purpose and terest?

"Shall peoples be ruled and dominated, even in eir own internal affairs, by arbitrary and irre- onsible force or by their own will and choice?

"Shall there be a common standard of right and privilege all peoples and nations or shall the strong do as they will d the weak suffer without redress?

"Shall the assertion of right be haphazard and by casual iance, or shall there be a common concert to oblige the servance of common rights?

"No man, no group of men, chose these to be the ues of the struggle. They *are* the issues of it; and ey must be settled—by no arrangement or compro- se or adjustment of interests, but definitely and ce for all and with a full and unequivocal accept- ce of the principle that the interest of the weakest as sacred as the interest of the strongest. This is at we mean when we speak of a permanent peace, if speak sincerely, intelligently, and with a real knowl- ge and comprehension of the matter we deal with.

"We are all agreed that there can be no peace ob- ned by any kind of bargain or compromise with the overnments of the Central Empires, because we have alt with them already and have seen them deal with her governments that were parties to this struggle, Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest. They have con- nced us that they are without honor and do not end justice. They observe no covenants, accept no nciple but force and their own interest. We cannot me to terms' with them. They have made it im- ssible. The German people must by this time be lly aware that we cannot accept the word of those o forced this war upon us. We do not think the me thoughts or speak the same language of agree- nt."

Of the first importance, he said, is a thorough understanding. No peace can be obtained by any kind of compromise or abatement of the principles we have avowed as those for which we are fighting. "There should exist no doubt about that," he explained with emphasis. If the nations associated against Germany mean to achieve a secure and lasting peace, "it will be necessary that all who sit down at the peace table shall come ready and willing to pay the price, the only price, that will procure it," and ready and willing also to create the instrumentality by which it is to be made so. "That price," he said, "is impartial justice in every item of the settlement, no matter whose interest is crossed; and not only impartial justice but also the satisfaction of the several peoples. That indispensable instrumentality is a League of Nations formed under covenants that will be efficacious. Without such an instrumentality, by which the peace of the world can be guaranteed, peace will rest in part upon the word of outlaws, and only upon that word. For Germany will have to redeem her character, not by what happens at the peace table but by what follows."

The League of Nations, he explained, is in a sense the most essential part of the peace settlement itself. It cannot be formed now. "If formed now it would be merely a new alliance confined to the nations associated against a common enemy. It is not likely that it could be formed after the settlement. It is necessary to guarantee the peace; and the peace cannot be guaranteed as an afterthought. The reason, to speak in plain terms again, why it must be guaranteed is that there will be parties to the peace whose promises have proved untrustworthy, and means must be found in connection with the peace settlement itself to remove that source of insecurity. It would be folly to leave the guarantee to the subsequent voluntary action of the governments we have seen destroy Russia and deceive Rumania."

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President Wilson in an open car passed through lines of cheering citizens from the Pennsylvania terminal to his hotel

Speaking with confidence and authoritatively, and representing the government's interpretation of its own duty with regard to peace, the President stated some of the particular features which will be needed to make the peace program practical and satisfactory;

First, an impartial justice must be meted out involving no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just. "It must be a justice that plays no favorites and knows no standard but the equal rights of the several peoples concerned;"

Second, no special or separate interest of any single nation or any group of nations can be made the basis of any part of the settlement which is not consistent with the common interest of all;

Third, no leagues or alliances or special covenants and understandings within the family of the League of Nations.

Fourth, there can be no special selfish economic combinations within the league, no employment of any form of economic boycott or exclusion, except as the power of economic penalty by exclusion from the markets of the world may be vested in the League of Nations itself as a means of discipline and control;

Fifth, all international agreements and treaties of every kind must be made known in their entirety to the rest of the world.

Speaking confidently for the nation, the President said that "the United States will enter into no special arrangements or understandings with particular nations. Let me say also that the United States is prepared to assume its full share of responsibilities for the maintenance of the common covenants and understandings upon which peace must henceforth rest. We still read Washington's immortal warning against 'entangling alliances' with full comprehension and an answering purpose." But only special and limited alliances entangle; and we recognize and accept the duty "of a new day, in which we are permitted to hope for a general alliance which will avoid entanglements and clear the air of the world for common understandings and the maintenance of common rights."

The President then explained that he had made this analysis of the international situation, not because he doubted that the leaders of the great nations with whom we are associated were of the same mind and entertained a like purpose, but because every now and again "mists and groundless doubts and mischievous perversions of counsel arise." And he regards it necessary at such times to sweep all the irresponsible talk of such matters unceremoniously aside and say things in the plainest words that can be found. "Neither I nor any other man in governmental authority created or gave form to the issues of this war. I have simply responded to them with such vision as I could command. But I have responded gladly." The issues, he declared, are such as no man can pervert unless it be wilfully. "I am bound to fight for them, and happy to fight for them as time and circumstances have revealed them to me as to all the world. Our enthusiasm for them grows more and more irresistible as they stand out in more and more vivid and unmistakable outline."

He then referred to a peculiarity of the war, that while statesmen should cast about for definitions of their purpose, and seemed to shift their view-point, the thought of the multitudes whom they are supposed to lead "has grown more and more unclouded, more and more certain of what it is they are fighting for." National purposes have been disposed by the common purpose of enlightened mankind. "This is a peoples' war, not a statesmen's," he declared. "Statesmen must follow their clarified common thought or be broken." This is the significance of the fact that assemblies and associations of many kinds, composed of workaday people, have demanded and are still demanding that the leaders of their governments "declare to them plainly what it is, exactly what it is, that they are seeking in this war, and what they think the items of the final settlement should be." They are not yet satisfied with what they have been told. "The common people fear that they are getting what they ask only in 'statesmen's terms'—and terms of the territorial arrangements and divisions of power, and not in terms of broad-visioned justice and mercy and peace," or in any terms that will satisfy their deep-seated longings or that seem to them worth fighting a war that engulfs the world. He for one is glad he has tried to answer these questions coming from the people in the hope that he may make it clear that his one thought is to satisfy those who struggle in the ranks and who are entitled, above all others, to a reply in a language that can be understood. He hoped that the leaders of the governments with which we are associated will feel free to say whether he has in any degree mistaken any interpretation of the issues, or in his purpose in regard to the means for reaching a satisfactory settlement. Nothing can be obtained without unity of purpose and counsel. Our only effective answer to Germany's peace drives is to show that every victory of the nations associated against Germany brings them "nearer the sort of peace which will bring security and reassurance to all peoples, and make the recurrence of another such struggle of pitiless force and bloodshed forever impossible."

World Acclaims Wilson Leader

IN all quarters of the Allied and neutral world this speech was hailed as a new milestone toward ultimate justice. The Liberal of Madrid pronounced it the "noblest thing that has been thought or said since the beginning of the war." The Manchester Guardian, proclaiming President Wilson the natural leader of the nations, said: "He comes forward giving voice and coherence to the feeling and desire of plain men." In Chile, Argentina and Brazil the press united to pay tribute to the President's ideals, and in London the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of the English Church, said: "With the straightness and force which we have learned to expect from him, President Wilson describes the character and vastness of the issues that are at stake."

The Good Fight of the Faith

*A SERMON BY REV. F. BERRY PLUMMER**

TEXT—I Tim. 6 : 12. "Fight the good fight of the faith."

THERE is no subject in which the world's teeming millions have a greater interest at the present time than war. Every newspaper, magazine or religious journal that we read contains articles on war and shows the positions of contending armies. Wherever two or more people meet—on the street, in office, field, mine or factory, at political or religious gatherings—everywhere, war is the subject of conversation or discussion.

We do not have to search very far for the reason. It is because the world is at war. Four years ago, the German hordes were unleashed by their emperor, who had become obsessed by the dream of universal empire, and were sent forth on a campaign of frightfulness to destroy cathedrals, maim children and women, slaughter Armenians, enslave Belgian and French civilians, commit piracy and destroy the peace of the world.

This mad king's challenge was accepted by the liberty-loving peoples, and all the nations of the world are either at war or seriously affected by the war. Men are dying by legions; armies numbering millions are on the march; the economic, industrial, political, social and religious life of the world is being changed; a new world is being born, and we are just now in the throes of its birth.

This is why we think, talk, dream, pray and preach war.

BUT this war, inconceivably great as it is in its proportions, is simply one phase, one battle of another war, the age-long struggle between right and wrong; a war that began in the garden of Eden, that has been fiercely waged through all the succeeding ages among all the nations of the earth, causing untold misery and woe, and is destined to continue until the devil is chained in hell, the knowledge of Jehovah covers the earth as the waters cover the sea, and the kingdoms of the world become the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Paul refers to this spiritual warfare when he exhorts his young brother Timothy to "war the good warfare; holding faith and a good conscience; which some having thrust from them made shipwreck concerning the faith. . . . Fight the good fight of the faith" (I Tim. 1 : 18; 6 : 12). This exhortation seems very much in place today. While every patriotic citizen is planning how to relate himself effectively to the successful prosecution of the war in which we are engaged as a nation, we must also plan how to relate ourselves as Christians to the most effective prosecution of this age-long struggle against the forces of evil.

Fighting the good fight of the faith demands, first, a formal induction into the army of the Lord and a personal consecration of our talents, energies and faculties to his service. We must allow that spirit to take possession of us which possessed the One who said, "I came not to do my own will but the will of him that sent me." Just as the soldier swears allegiance to his country and his flag, and promises strict obedience to those in authority over him, so the Christian soldier must personally and whole-heartedly swear allegiance to the Captain of his salvation and to the Kingdom of God and the banner of the Cross.

FIGHTING the good fight of the faith demands a strict adherence on the part of the individual to the fundamentals of our holy Christianity. No one ever fights earnestly unless he has engraven on his heart certain great principles which he believes. Our Christian warfare is a fight for *the faith*. Paul emphasizes this in his letters to Timothy. "If thou put the brethren in mind of these things, thou shalt be a good minister of Christ Jesus, nourished in the words of *the faith* and of the good doctrine which thou hast followed until now" (I Tim. 4 : 6). He speaks of the good fight of *the faith* and of some having erred concerning *the faith* (6 : 12, 21). He warns against Hymenæus and Philetus as "men who concerning *the faith* have erred, saying that the resurrection is past already, and overthrow *the faith* of some" (I Tim. 2 : 18).

The term, "the faith," was very clear to Timothy. He understood that it meant the doctrines preached by Paul, viz., the deity of Christ, the personality of the Holy Spirit, regeneration, salvation by faith, repentance, the vicarious sacrifice of Christ in the atonement, growth in grace, the second coming of Christ, the resurrection of the dead, future reward and punishment, and the other great doctrines that Paul emphasized so strongly. Never has "the faith" been more perverted than today. Mormonism, German rationalism and higher criticism exert their influence over large numbers. Even some good Christians are allowing some of the most sacred doctrines in their creeds to be diluted with error. But salvation comes not through the individual's service or sacrifice, but through his personal acceptance of Jesus as his Saviour.

But it is not enough to believe aright. Faith without works is dead. The Christian's real duty is to live the Christian life; to make manifest to the world by his daily conduct the teachings and meaning and power of the Gospel. A pure life is a source of great power and influence in the fight against sin.

THE good fight of the faith can be carried on successfully only as individuals identify themselves with the Christian Church and live the Christian life. Organization is just as necessary to Christianity as the organization of individual soldiers into an army is necessary for the success of the cause for which they fight. Back of the effort to Christianize the world is the organized Church of Christ. Back of the Anti-Saloon League, with its wonderful victories which in a very short time will culminate in a dry America, is the organized Church. Back of every successful reform movement, back of the Red Cross and every other form of war relief, back of the world's educational institutions, orphanages, hospitals and countless other expressions of beneficence and charity stands the organized Christian Church. Loyalty to the Church is a powerful weapon in the fight for righteousness.

The nature of our enemy demands that we fully equip ourselves for this spiritual warfare and that we be valiant and good soldiers in the fight. The maxim of one of England's wisest generals was, "In time of war it is the worst mistake to underestimate your enemy and try to make a little war." This Christian warfare is no light matter. We are compelled to stand against the wiles of the devil; "against the principalities, against the powers, against the world rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places." Because of the fierceness of the warfare we must be fully armed. Our loins must be girt with truth, righteousness must be our breastplate, and the gospel of peace the protection for our feet. The shield of faith, the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit are necessary before our armor is complete.

The deeds of heroism of the Christian soldiers in the twentieth century ought to match the heroic deeds of the Christian soldiers of other centuries. The spirits of men like Polycarp, Ignatius, Huss, Ridley, Latimer, Luther, Wesley and Otterbein hover about us. The challenge to heroism to those who wage the spiritual warfare is even greater than those engaged in carnal warfare.

MANY are the rewards that come to those who successfully contend for the faith. All armies have special decorations and medals of honor for chivalrous conduct on the field of battle, but what are these when compared to the rewards of the Christian? One of the greatest of these is a consciousness of duty well done. At the beginning of the naval battle of Trafalgar, Nelson from his flagship "Victory" sent this message to his men: "England expects every man to do his duty." Shortly afterward he was struck down by a musket shot. Just before he died he looked into the face of Captain Hardy and said, "I have done my duty; thank God for that." So Paul, the Christian warrior, triumphantly shouted before his coronation, "I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith." The greatest reward of all is the crown of eternal life which shall be given to him by the Saviour himself.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;

To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

Christian soldiers of the twentieth century, your cause is a worthy cause. You are commanded to take the world for Jesus Christ. Let your Christianity be militant and aggressive. Fight the good fight of the faith. Be good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

*Pastor, Grace United Brethren Church, Carlisle, Pa.

General Pershing Asks for Our Best Ministers

GENERAL PERSHING is trying to shape up the best army the world has ever seen, and he realizes the importance of having the best chaplains in that army. He knows that our men are arrayed against a mightier army and a more efficient army than any we Americans have previously opposed. He knows it is necessary to have a better morale in our troops than in the opposing force. Perhaps no one in the service has so direct an influence on the morale of the troops as has the chaplain.

Dr. Macfarland, Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches, has recently returned from France where he had some interviews with General Pershing. He quotes the General in one conversation as follows:

"Ask the churches to send their very best ministers as chaplains, as they are very important influences in the highest efficiency of the army. The men under them need all kinds of help. They sustain the men especially at the most critical times when they need help the most. I thank the churches for the men they have sent."

It is a big undertaking to maintain the morale of our army in France. It is not so difficult now while our men are arriving there, and while those who have had sufficient preparation are engaged in a winning offensive. But when the boys realize that the war will last longer than the few months they expected, and when they realize that they are going against the most efficient machine the world has ever known, and when they find it impossible to get furloughs back to America, then will be their testing time. Our government is making every preparation in advance to meet the strain. The Church must do its part. Perhaps the most direct method by which the Church may do its part, is by giving the army her best ministers for chaplains as General Pershing requested.

Word comes frequently about the good success of those who are now in the service. One at a large cantonment in the Middle West writes, "The attendance at all regimental services is beyond our expectation." A hospital chaplain in one of the cantonments reports that he has from six to ten conversions every Sunday, and baptizes some soldiers every week. A candidate who has just become a chaplain wrote recently, "My work here as camp pastor goes well. Last month I baptized thirty, last Sunday night fourteen, and have others who are waiting baptism. One young man walked eighteen miles to be baptized, and two boys rode on horse back forty miles in one day to follow their Lord in baptism." A navy chaplain writes, "I held church out on the parade ground three Sundays because the Y. M. C. A. building would not hold them all."

The Federal Council of Churches working through chaplain committees of the denominations is doing everything to get the right type of men. Among those they have recently offered to the Department is one who has had successful experience for six years as chaplain in the Canadian militia. Some of the men, although without experience in the chaplaincy have had valuable training for it in other types of executive religious work. One who will probably receive appointment, taught for some years in a college in Japan, and was with the Japanese army eleven months during the Russo-Japanese war. He was later an executive secretary for the Laymen's Missionary Movement, and an executive secretary for the Men and Religion Forward Movement in the great campaigns. He is a cornetist of ability and has had experience in leading music for many large assemblies. The War Department recently appointed a man who has a pastorate with twenty-three hundred members. Another is serving a church that pays him $6,600. This means more than a salary of $6,600 in the army, but he gives it up for a salary of $2,000 as first lieutenant. Several of the chaplains have had experience, some of them more than a year, as camp pastors and Y. M. C. A. secretaries. One is the dean of a college which has sent hundreds of fine young men into the ministry. Three who have lately become chaplains had been selected by their denomination to serve on the denominational War Commission.

It is evident that the Church is trying to do her best in the selection of chaplains, and as the new men arrive in France, the Senior Headquarters chaplain at Paris sends word back that they are the right type.

CLYDE F. ARMITAGE.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

Daily Meditation

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Divine Ministry of Displacement

SUNDAY, October 13. Isa. 55 : 13. "*Instead of the thorn shall come up the fig-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree.*" These words unveil one of the great ways of our God. He displaces one thing by another. The fir comes up in strength and fills the place that was occupied by the thorn. The myrtle appears in vigor and makes its home in the bed of the briar. And so it is in the soul of man. God crowds out one thing by another, and the first thing withers away. He imparts his own spirit, and the new spirit excludes the old temper. He gives a vision, and some prejudice dies. He plants a royal virtue, and some miserable vice disappears. That is how the Lord makes his gardens. It is the wonderful process described in Dr. Chalmers's famous and familiar phrase, "The expulsive power of a new affection."

And so it becomes clear what a harrowingly disappointing way it is to try to create a garden in the spirit by merely pulling up the weeds. I read this counsel in a book of devotion: "Pull up one fault a week, and what a clearance there will be in the course of the year!" It is disastrous advice, and there will be no end of heartache at the close of the year. In the first place, who knows what his faults and vices really are? There are some which the Bible describes as "presumptuous." Anybody can see them because they are so glaring. But there are others which the Bible describes as "secret," and their hiding-place is as intricate as a rabbit warren. "Who can discern his errors?" Who can tell just where they are?

There is nothing for it but to hand over the thorny, briary desert to the Lord. "Here is the wilderness of my life! I surrender it to thee, most holy and gracious Lord!" And the good Lord accepts the surrendered desert. The first thing he does is to renew the soil by the mighty enriching energies of his grace. And then he plants his new growths. He plants the vigorous word of his truth, and the thorns and briars of falsity are smothered in its presence. He imparts his own peace, and there is an end of the thorns of feverish distraction, and there is an end of the briars of ill-temper and discord. And he gives his own joy, and the thorns of discontent cannot live beside it, and the briars of moroseness and bitterness pass away. That is the great secret of the transformed wilderness. It is our part to abide in the great Gardener, and he will make his own garden. J. H. J.

What Life Consists In

MONDAY, October 14. Luke 12 : 15. "*A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth.*" In these words Jesus strikes at the popular error of all ages—the belief that life consists in *things*. For nothing are we under deeper obligation to Christianity than for this, that it corrects our easy views of life. Since the first man started downward, there have been two conflicting ideals of life: one teaches that life's values are in the things to get and keep; the other holds that the chief end of man is to develop his highest powers, to live in awe of that which is beneath him, in love of those who are around him, and in reverence for That which is above him.

Jesus introduces these words with a warning against covetousness, following it with the parable of the rich fool. The man in the parable was a fool not because he was rich, but because he believed he could satisfy his soul with mere *things*. Souls are not satisfied with chattels. No one of us begins to live until he discovers his interior resources of satisfaction in the employment of his highest faculties. The cure of covetousness is not in the discouragement of commerce, but in the encouragement of a livelier commerce between earth and heaven. Jacob's ladder told "angels ascending and descending." Some of the angels were coming down, and some were going up. That means commerce between earth and heaven. Life at its best consists in the abundance of things we know and love and do. C. C. A.

The Seeking for Grace

TUESDAY, October 15. I Peter 1 : 13. "*Hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ.*" A Christian life is in all its aspects not only a product of divine grace but a constant reaching out for and appropriating of grace. The three cardinal virtues which Paul has named—faith, charity, and hope—are all related to grace. Faith springs from the operation of grace, and exists by holding on to the grace which produced it. The love, or charity, by which faith manifests its presence to men is divine grace reduced to works of holiness. Hope, the correlate of faith in our present blessings, rests on and is fed by that same word of grace on which the Christian's faith is built, and makes the grace which shall be obtained in glory at the coming of the Lord its cherished object and the goal of its yearning. In trying times, when the strength of Christian principles is tested to the utmost, in seasons when the feeling of his unworthiness and the perception of his daily deficiencies overwhelms the individual Christian, he is compelled by the forces of evil without and within himself to engage in a fierce struggle to maintain his confidence in the divine promises. His hope becomes dim and faint. The suggestion that his expectation of the reward promised him is a baseless one becomes very strong and may bring him to the point where he is ready to throw away his hope entirely. Hence the apostle's admonition to "hope to the end." The evils of the present life are not the end but only an incident in our pilgrimage. They are, however, related to the end, inasmuch as they are tests of the constancy of our faith in every word that God has spoken and of that calm assurance with which the Christian awaits the outcome of all the perplexing issues of the present life. W. H. T. D.

Dallying With Dangers

WEDNESDAY, October 16. Hosea 12 : 8. "*And Ephraim said, Yet I am become rich; I have found me out substance; in all my labors they shall find none iniquity in me that were sin.*" Often men have greater faith in themselves and their acquirements than in God. This is when they have much goods laid up for many years and are well contented with their own accumulations, but are blind to their inward sin. They boast themselves in their evil pleasure that they can soon leave it off when they see the habit getting too strong. What confident cleverness in the midst of rioting passions! Gambling, drinking and lustfulness are undermining the soul, while they are all unconscious of the danger. Walking on the verge of the gulf of ruin, they fail to realize that it is but one step more out of life into the eternal future.

What presumptuous sinners we are, presuming on God's mercy and on our own finite strength to resist! Other men may be weak, but not we ourselves. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." If we listen, we could hear the heavenly Father saying, "O Ephraim, Ephraim! how can I give thee up!" But, unalarmed, we continue to dally with danger, dying with maladies, at the same time fondled by society and praised by false friends. We presume that the poisonous serpents of sin will not bite; that the flames of passion will not burn; that the strength of will will not fail.

The cemeteries are full of people of similar confidence, who, always on the down grade, never turned an upward look toward God in Christ, who alone could rescue them and guide them in the way everlasting. How many Ephraims are secretly borrowing money from the bank or cash drawer with the good intention of paying it back after they win in their investments! But, alas, they lose. The home and family are disgraced by the proud-spirited man who never expected as a criminal to inhabit the walls of a prison. E. W. C.

Christ and His Critics

THURSDAY, October 17. John 7 : 20. "*The people said, Thou hast a devil.*" The wisest Man that ever lived, the purest, the best, the all-perfect, did not escape criticism. Some said he was a madman, some affirmed he was possessed of devils, and others even made bold to accuse him of being a glutton and a winebibber. If the flawless character of the Son of Man was not free from calumny, who are we that we should expect to escape unjust criticism? From the cruel things which were said of Jesus, we should learn to analyze criticism before accepting it as conclusive; to be patient under calumny, and not to engage in accusation without full knowledge of the facts in the case. He was a wise man who advised his scholars to ask three questions before they indulged in personal criticism: Is it true? Is it kind? Will it serve any good purpose to repeat it?

The faculty of criticism is not a high one. It is destructive rather than constructive. We are not unjust when we describe a critic as "one who dislikes the things that he dislikes more than he likes the things that he likes." Not always are critics mercenary, but in the cases of the critics of Jesus and of Paul they often were. The Gadarenes besought Jesus to depart from their coast because they were afraid his presence would interfere with their commerce in swine. The mob at Ephesus cried out against Paul because the people foresaw the effect of the Gospel upon their trade in idols. Not always is the motive of criticism selfish. Sometimes simple lack of judgment is responsible for it. Those who said to Jesus, "Thou hast a devil," did not consider how often he cast out devils. "A house divided against itself can not stand." In every age of the world idealists have been called madmen. Every great reform has been the triumph of an "absurd enthusiasm." When they said of Jesus, "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them," they told the truth. It is the glory of the church that its founder did and does receive sinners. How effective was his answer to this objection! "They that are well need no physician." C. C. A.

The Great Salvation

FRIDAY, October 18. Isa. 19 : 20. "*He shall send them a Saviour, and a great one.*" Heb. 2 : 3. "*How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?*" Thus both Testaments emphasize the greatness of Jesus: the one, the greatness of his person; the other, the greatness of his work. Elsewhere (Isa. 9 : 6) Isaiah muses on the wonderful personality of the Child that is the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace. The two natures in Christ, the divine and the human, united in one person, make him indeed a "wonderful" being. As the God-man, as God manifest in the flesh, he has accomplished all that was necessary for the redemption of fallen man. In his saving work is embraced the entire race of Adam. He is not a national hero, whose life-work redounds to the benefit only of his compatriots, but he is the world's deliverer. He is come, not to redress the political wrongs which a small nation has suffered at the hand of a powerful aggressor, or to alleviate the temporal sufferings of a few men, but to remove the curse from all the children of men, to restore them to a right relation with God, to reclaim their souls from misery and despair. The salvation which he has achieved is an everlasting salvation, and those who believingly embrace his work as rendered in their place shall not be ashamed or confounded, world without end. The individual sinner is bidden to look to him for the comfort of forgiveness every time he has sinned against God. If we sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, who is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world. From him we derive the strength necessary for our battling with sin in a world that is steeped in wickedness. If we have him in our hearts, we are stronger than all our foes, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against us. We are promised the ability to do all things by his enabling grace. What God has done for the world through Jesus is his last act of mercy to fallen sinners. W. H. T. D.

Power of Little Things

SATURDAY, October 19. John 6 : 9. "*There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?*" If any one will do his best to use what talent he has, he will be successful. What matters it how small the lad or the loaves when we place our all into the hands of the Christ? He can multiply our power and gifts till they will bless thousands. Therefore we should never forget to rightly estimate the riches of the Silent Partner in our firm.

St. Martin, upon entering a certain city, saw a beggar asking alms. Having no money to give, he took his knife and cut his cloak in half, giving the beggar one of the halves. That night he had a dream. He saw Jesus, who had on his shoulders the half of his cloak he had given to the beggar, and he heard the sweet words, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me." Our little gifts go a great way when they reach the Master. He increases our influence and our charities till they become worldwide, blessing the giver with joy and the multitude with plenty. He will make our little efforts by his miraculous power work together for the greatest good.

How much did earth's poor ones leave? Elijah let fall an old mantle for Elisha as the chariot rolled him up the avenues to his mansion. Jesus left a seamless coat, but not even that could his weeping mother take for herself. Paul left a holy life and the immortal Epistles, worthless to those who refuse to follow his example. Lazarus left a worn-out body at the rich man's gate when the angels bore him away to the palace of the King. The apostles and martyrs left bleeding bodies for glorified spirits. Wondrous exchange! Having nothing, yet possessing all things; poor, yet making many rich! E. W. C.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

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The Church and the League of Nations

OVER in England, the Church is receiving some pretty sharp criticisms for its failure to identify itself with the program for the creation of a League of Nations. H. G. Wells, the famous author of several books dealing with the religious lessons of the war, has published what is regarded as a notable rebuke to the religious world generally, and more especially to the British churches, for the blindness to the need of such an organization. Rev. Dr. Silas Hocking, another popular author—though of a different type, being broadly evangelical—has challenged public attention by the charge that no organized or sustained effort has yet been made to bring the Church into line with President Wilson's great idea. He reminds us that the objective of the League is "essentially religious." It aims at the realization of the Christian ideal. Yet there is not on record any act or pronouncement by the Church to show even sympathy, much less open approval and support of the project. A few scattering resolutions adopted by individual churches hardly alter the case. As a whole, the Church has passed it by, consenting that it should be left entirely in the hands of statesmen and politicians, to decide a question involving the highest spiritual hopes and ideals of the Christian world and one, moreover, that should challenge its interest and admiration and claim its strongest support. This is Dr. Hocking's summary of the situation:

> For myself, I see no hope for the Church or the world unless, when peace comes, it is linked up with a League of Nations for the prevention of future wars. Without such a league, the terrible and devastating struggle through which we are passing will be in vain. The nations will begin to arm again, directly peace is declared, on a more extensive scale than ever. Conscription will become permanent and universal. Science will devote its energies to finding out new methods of destruction. Taxation, instead of diminishing, will increase. Militarism will be triumphant everywhere. . . . Now is the Church's great opportunity. Here, at last, is the hope and promise of a new order. Will the churches rise to the occasion, or will they go on squabbling over orders and vestments and the frillings and fripperies of ecclesiasticism?

Our own churches, like those oversea, need to be awakened. They may not be like those of which the British authors write as being "up against a dead weight of hidebound conservatism, vested interests, secret treaties and international jealousies." Yet the great majority of our churches are unresponsive to the loud call which is sounding throughout the world for them to take their place in the front rank of the spiritual battle for a new and better world order after the war. The present attitude of our church leaders today, with certain notable exceptions, is reminiscent of the course pursued at certain stages of the great struggles against slavery and intemperance. Now that even greater issues are at stake, it would be a lamentable thing if divisions and jealousies and other causes combined to make the Church hesitate until the great opportunity has passed.

The Great Liberty Loan Drive

WITH boundless enthusiasm, the great nation-wide campaign for the Fourth Liberty Loan is under full headway toward complete success. Addresses by men from the fighting front are again a dominant feature, and stirring patriotic music and brilliant parades are heard and seen everywhere. All over the country the home fires are aglow with the light of genuine enthusiasm. It is the time for us all to show ourselves one hundred per cent American by doing our bit "to the uttermost" to help win the war.

To "save and lend to the Nation" is the universal duty of the hour wherever our flag flies. We have done well in the previous loans in buying Liberty Bonds. Now that the crisis of the war has been reached, let us not hesitate, but give our brave armies at the front all the support they can possibly need. In the Allied countries the populations are making such sacrifices as we do not have to face. It is true we have suffered hardships on account of the war, but they are as nothing in comparison with those in any other of the belligerent nations. Yet the whole hope of the world is today centered upon this republic. They look to us to save civilization. Through the heroism of our brave Americans, many of whom have yielded up their lives in the struggle, the tide of battle has been turned against the Huns. Overwhelming victory is in sight. They look to us for all the material aid we can give to win the war and bring abiding peace to the world.

No one with a spark of the true American spirit in his make-up can refuse to grant the help they need now.

Our government has made the terms of the Loan so simple that *all* can help. A Liberty Loan bond, as well as being an expression of patriotism, is the best of all investments. Save your money by Liberty Bonds. Put every dollar you can into the great aggregation of millions of other patriotic citizens. Don't mind if it pinches you. Your reward will be all the more precious, for in the years to come you will be glad a thousand times over that you responded to the country's call and at the great crisis helped to win the war and save the world from devastation by the Hunnish hordes and to bring in the new era of freedom, justice, and enduring peace.

A Dry Nation Next July

THE Senate put a long nail in the coffin of John Barleycorn by the passage of the war prohibition bill, and on Sept. 23 the House put another nail into the coffin by accepting that bill by a vote of 171 to 24.

The liquor people died hard in the last ditch. They fought desperately to allow the importation of wines till May 1, 1919, the date on which the manufacture of beer, wines, etc., is stopped in the bill. They cried pitifully that treaties with France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, vine growing countries, would be broken, and that Secretary Lansing had joined in their request. The members of Congress, knowing how out of patience their constituents are at the flimsy subterfuges of the liquor men, by a vote of more than five to one refused the plea and decreed that importation of wine should cease on the signature of the bill by the President. The friends of temperance in the House claimed that the paramount treaty with our Allies was to win the war, that War Prohibition was necessary, and that the wine of the vine-growing countries in Europe or America was a hindrance to speedy victory.

The manufacture of beer, wine, etc., will end Dec. 1 next, and the present bill stops all traffic in any kind of liquor on July 1, till the end of war and of demobilization. Three-fourths of the State Legislatures will ratify national Prohibition, and the colossal evil that has cursed the world for 6,000 years will have been killed forever in our land. This was foreshadowed in "King Alcohol Dethroned," published this year by the Christian Herald.

No one rejoices more, nor has a better right to rejoice at the downfall of alcohol than this paper, which from its first issue till now has been a positive, persistent enemy of the liquor traffic and has demanded and worked for National Prohibition.

The Teutonic Unrest

IT has just begun to dawn upon the German mind that the propaganda of the Allies is spreading throughout the Teutonic lands at an alarming rate. They are paying the Teutons back in their own coin. What is more dangerous in German eyes is that, according to the Lokal-Anzeiger of Berlin, the growing demand for the democratization of the government has its origin in American influence. That journal says the American elements have apparently succeeded in establishing the conviction "that President Wilson's motives are pure and that he has the real welfare of the German nation at heart." Such a conviction, of course, could not be permitted to find root, as it would be fatal to public confidence in the professions of Junkerism.

Again, in the Vorwarts of Berlin, we read: "If eventually the Socialists enter the government—and such a time will come—they will do so in order to fulfill their great historic mission of helping peace and altering the present government's policy in accordance with their convictions of what the people need."

Other newspapers comment in a similar tone. The Rheinisch Westphalian Gazette says: "The motives for the note from Austria are multiple, but the refusal is unanimous. The Allied war cry is not one of boasting or bluff, but comes from the heart. We must recognize this fact, and also that it is justified, as the enemy must know our serious position while all offers of peace come from us."

All of which may be regarded as indicative of the great change that is now taking place in the German mind. It may also be taken as pointing the way to a new peace drive at no distant date.

Chancellor von Hertling went so far as to state that he was ready for peace, based in principle upon President Wilson's fourteen points. This statement, according to an Amsterdam cablegram, was made in the Chancellor's speech in the Main Committee of the Reichstag on September 24. "As you are aware," said the Chancellor, "deep discontent has seized upon wide circles of the population on account of the sufferings and deprivations the war has brought. . . . Our last offensive did not bring the success we hoped. . . . The situation is grave, but there is no cause to be faint-hearted." And more to the same point.

Such admissions, following a succession of disasters on all the active fronts, Balkan and Near East included, reveal a hopeless state of mind in the nation which is doubtless less due to propaganda influence than to the tremendous events that are now taking place. The only hope of allaying the growing unrest in both Germany and Austria lies in the old trick of granting reforms, which has already been used as a prelude for a peace drive; hence, another movement in that direction is looked for before snow flies.

The Government and the Packers

THERE has been a good deal of discussion about the recommendation of the Federal Trade Commission that the government take over the stock yards, the stock cars, the refrigerator cars and distributing houses of the large packers. It has been said that Food Administrator Hoover may resign if the government carries out the full recommendation of the Federal Trade Commission. Mr. Hoover, who long ago declared "Food will win the war," is probably in a better position than any other man to know the value of the packing industry in this crisis. He is a man of sound, practical ideas, and we believe that a government which is dealing with practical problems will weigh the testimony of experience in the scales against theory.

No industry in the country has played a more important part in helping to win the war than the packing industry. In fact, those in a position to know have even gone so far as to state that, had it not been for the organized efficiency of the big packing plants, the Allies might have had a different story to tell at the time when we were able to put our full forces into the war. But for the efficiency in handling the colossal output of products needed, our help might have been too late. It has been a tremendous task to feed the Allied armies and nations in addition to our own population. Germany did not think we could do it.

This is not the time to experiment on a matter that is so vital. An organization that has shown itself so efficient, and which has responded on every occasion in the spirit of cooperation and self-sacrifice, should not be crippled at such a critical time.

Sacred Memories Revived by the War

GENERAL ALLENBY'S splendid victory in Palestine is growing daily. It is one of the most spectacular events of the entire war. In the sweep of the conquering Allies, the battlefront has passed over many places that are sacred in the associations and which have been in other years centers of interest to multitudes of pilgrims. Nazareth, now occupied by the British cavalry, is recalled by Bible readers because of its association with the Saviour's boyhood, for it is "the place where he was brought up." There he studied under the Jewish schoolmasters, and there, as he grew older, he taught in the synagogue. Many times has war swept over the little town. It has alternately been taken by Romans, Greeks, Crusaders, Franks and Moslems. Amid all its varying fortunes it has remained very much the same. After every fresh incursion, it was partially rebuilt, and during the Crusade occupation it was glorified with beautiful churches. Although in Moslem hands it declined in importance, yet many of the places rendered sacred through the memories that linked them to the time of Christ are still pointed out to the visitor.

We read in the dispatches also of the wide sweep of the war circling about Mounts Tabor and Carmel and along the shores of the Sea of Galilee. Once more there was a guard at the fords of the Jordan and the password was not "shibboleth" but "surrender." And the Turks who have made the land desolate are suffering such disasters as were prophesied by Ezekiel against Edom.

The hope of Christendom for a thousand years is being achieved. The Holy Land is torn at last from the hands of the Moslem. With the major part of Palestine now safely in Christian hands, we may look for a great work of restoration which will make it flow once more with milk and honey, which will bring back its fertility and its prosperity.

Last Tributes to Otto Koenig

A LARGE audience gathered in the Stephen Merritt Chapel, 223 Eighth Ave., New York, on Friday afternoon, September 27, for the funeral services of the late Otto Koenig, publisher of the Christian Herald. A very large proportion of those present were relatives of the deceased and personal friends of the family.

Pastor William F. Schoenfeld of the Evangelical Lutheran Immanuel Church, New York, preached the funeral sermon, from the text Jer. 31 : 3; "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." The preacher, who had been a lifelong friend of the deceased, spoke of his outstanding traits of character, which "were beyond a doubt a strong sense of justice, deep conscientiousness in the use of all his God-given faculties and powers, and a great generosity of heart of the type enjoined by Jesus, not letting the left hand know what the right hand is doing. No more powerful testimony for his justice, his fairness, and true brotherliness can be asked for than is furnished by the deep affection of all his co-workers and employees, down to the lowliest. The benefactions of the Christian Herald are known to all the world. But only those nearest to him knew of the amount of his personal benefactions and how cheerfully these were made. The nobility of his character as a man, a citizen, a friend, is attested by both the number and the character of his friends and associates. It may with propriety be pointed out as an incitement and encouragement to all young men with honest ambition, that it was by his indefatigable industry and by faithful adherence to the highest moral principles that he rose to his eminent and influential position, gained a really great success—a success not measured by dollars and cents, but by the power of beneficent service to his fellowmen, rendered according to his own light.

"It was my privilege to enjoy his confidence and no man ever opened his soul to me who revealed a more intense devotion to the principles of democracy. For him, America's democracy was America's glory. For his country he was willing to make every sacrifice, as was evidenced by his voluntary enlistment in the Spanish-American war. The terrible war now raging, with the unspeakable suffering brought by it upon so many millions of men, women and children, caused him deep suffering and this because there was in his heart not only love for his countrymen, but for all mankind. Otto Koenig's love for humanity extended to all countries and included all of God's creatures everywhere."

Passing to the spiritual characteristics of the deceased, the preacher referred to his soul-experience. The preacher said that after undergoing a soul-experience such as many others had undergone, "a great change had been wrought in him. Most significant were his confessed love for the Word of the Lord, and his habit of going to church, and his great desire that the Christian Herald should stand for a positive Christianity. When his last sickness came, conscious of his serious condition, he assured his friends that he was not afraid to die. Such a statement, from the type of man to which he belonged, means much. . . . No man, with the knowledge of God's justice in his heart, can honestly declare himself unafraid of death, unless assured of his deliverance from all sin in God's sight, of justification by Him and reconciliation to Him. This then is the reason why I have with all confidence applied to our departed friend the words of our Lord, assured that in him, too, His great love had proved itself victorious and achieved its end.

"Let us then not be engrossed by the vain and evanescent things of this world, or give ourselves up to a false hope of a paradise restored on this earth, but let us seek the peace eternal, the peace with God through Him who for us has fulfilled all righteousness and blotted out all our sin. O God, in mercy give us to see Thy great love for all the children of men revealed in Christ and by that love draw Thou us all unto Thee."

WE who have worked beside him know that he
Could laugh and joke and listen tenderly.
We always felt his strength, his latent power,
Yet we have seen him bend above a flower
With smiling eyes. And we have seen him go
To any length to ease another's woe!

We who have worked beside him know that when
He suffered most he still helped fellow-men,
And held the reins of business in his hands,
And heard the wistful call of other lands.
We know that, with his gaze fixed straight ahead,
He filled his place. And now that he is dead,

We who have known him have no word to say.
We only feel a heavy loss, this day—
We only feel a bitter loneliness
That he himself, perhaps, would never guess.
We only feel the tears begin to start—
For we who worked beside him knew his heart!

M. E. S.

A solo, "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth," was excellently rendered by Mrs. A. Thom.

Several memorial addresses were delivered by other speakers. Rev. Dr. Iglehart told of his acquaintance with the deceased and spoke touchingly of the ties of love that had bound him to all of his friends and associates. "I take a flower," he said, "whitest with truth and righteousness, and a flower reddest with love, and I lay them on the bosom of this man as he lies so peacefully there, and I say: 'The day's work is over; farewell, my friend! Farewell! till the meeting in the morning.' The estimates of Pastor Schoenfeld and of the Editor of the Christian Herald are just, and I offer this brief tribute to the intellectual ability, the education, the indomitable industry, the veracity, the incorruptible integrity, the large-heartedness, the generosity of our dear friend. He was loyal to his family, to his friends, to the common people, to the great paper of which he was the head, and to the Kingdom of Christ, which he did so much to promote. Otto Koenig is not dead; he lives! He lives! These beautiful flowers, the exquisite expression of human love, that have been brought in such profusion, are the symbols of the realm of beauty he has entered where flowers never fade and summer never ends. If there were no heaven, the God of truth, of justice and of love would make one for such a man. May God bless this sister and the brother, and this nephew on whose shoulders has fallen the mantle of a father, and upon the nieces and nephews he loved so well, upon this young chaplain in his country's service, upon the great Christian Herald family, and upon us all, for Jesus' sake!"

The Editor of the Christian Herald, in behalf of the staff of that paper, paid his tribute of love, appreciation and respect to the memory of Mr. Koenig, in a few brief remarks.

Rev. J. G. Hallimond, the president of the Bowery Mission, spoke feelingly of his acquaintanee with the deceased and of the great love and sympathy he had shown for the unfortunate and the down-and-out, helping them in many ways and largely in secret. He was not a man who blazoned his own charities, but believed in "doing good by stealth," and leaving the appraisal to Him who sees all things. Even when his generosity was abused, he would help again and again. Dr. Hallimond's address was a merited recognition of the personal activity of Mr. Koenig in many charities, both at home and abroad, his love of humanity reaching out to all lands.

Another solo, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," and the singing of the hymns, "Abide with Me" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee," were among the musical features of the occasion.

At the conclusion of the services the friends and relatives formed in line and passed before the casket, which was banked by numerous beautiful floral tributes.

In the audience, besides the near relatives and friends of the deceased, were many of his business acquaintances, and there was a considerable sprinkling of ladies. The friends present included Rev. Walter Koenig, St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Paterson, N. J., brother of the deceased; Dr. Frederick C. Heckel and Mrs. Heckel, the latter a sister of Mr. Koenig, with their family, including Chaplain Paul Heckel; Miss Hedwig Koenig and Rev. George Koenig, his niece and nephew; Mrs. Mary M. Klopsch and her daughter, Mrs. Gardiner Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. A. Sicker, Mr. Theodore Lamprecht; Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Waters. The Christian Herald staff was represented by Messrs. Graham Patterson, Wallace Patterson, Charles Dorr, Emil R. Weadon, A. S. Walmsley, Louis E. Orcutt, Charles G. Miller, and Frank Lovell.

Bulgaria Surrenders Unconditionally to Entente

THE Central Empire group was definitely broken on September 30, when the Bulgarian delegates (see page 1151) signed an armistice accepting all of the terms imposed by General D'Esperey for the Entente. The proposed terms were submitted to the Entente Governments and to Sofia before they were agreed upon. The terms of Bulgaria's surrender are as follows:

Bulgaria agrees to evacuate all the territory she now occupies in Greece and Serbia, to demobilize her army immediately, and surrender all means of transport to the Allies.

Bulgaria also will surrender her boats and control of navigation on the Danube, and concede to the Allies free passage through Bulgaria for the development of military operations.

All Bulgarian arms and ammunition are to be stored under control of the Allies, to whom is conceded the right to occupy all important strategic points.

Only the military situation was covered in the surrender, all political questions being deferred to the final peace conference.

The defection of Bulgaria stunned Berlin and spread consternation in Vienna, while it was followed by what appeared a premature announcement of an application by Turkey for an armistice. It was generally considered, however, only a matter of days until Turkey would be forced to make peace. With the destruction of her army in Palestine (10,000 more surrendered on Sept. 30), Turkey has left only the Army of the Caucasus and she is entirely dependent on Germany for military supplies for this army. With free transit through Bulgaria, the Allies could within a week have a strong army ready to invade Turkey and the fall of Constantinople would not be long delayed.

Similarly the Bulgarian action places the ten divisions of German troops in Rumania in a delicate situation. General von Mackensen was reported, on Sept. 30, to have arrived in Sofia with some German troops, which Berlin papers declared were received with enthusiasm, and it was expected that Germany would do what she could to establish a new line protecting the Danube from Allied attack. With the Bulgarians in Serbia laying down their arms, the German and Austrian troops which were sprinkled among the Bulgarian battalions for moral effect were left "in the air." The whole situation was in flux on Oct. 1st, the Allies were pressing northward, had occupied Uskub and pressed beyond it and the Germans were reported to be hurriedly organizing for the defense of the Nish-Belgrade line. With the way open through Bulgaria, it was not impossible that the Rumanian army might again be heard from; in fact, the whole situation was one of impending possibilities, and it was expected that the week following would be one of rapid and portentous developments. It is not impossible that Austria may make Bulgaria's defection an excuse for the laying down of her own arms. There were even signs of democratic revolution within Germany. On October 1 there was rioting both in Berlin and in Constantinople, and in Berlin the people had the upper hand of the authorities. Pan-German circles were calling for a dictator.

Liberty Loan Rushing Over the Top

THE Fourth Liberty Loan is running up into the billions by leaps and bounds. The New York district alone subscribed $200,000,000 on the first day and has kept up the pace steadily toward its quota of $1,800,000,000.

To a country already aflame with patriotic fervor, news of Bulgaria's surrender came like gunpowder to a crackling blaze. Fired by the victory, the Nation took up its bond selling with a great new enthusiasm. "One enemy disposed of; only three more left! Buy bonds and hasten the end!" Such was the message which Liberty Loan orators flung to cheering crowds throughout the land, and its effect was magical.

Another happy incitant came early in the drive in the announcement that Brazil's flag will soon be flying on the battle front in Europe.

The whole nation, stimulated by the favorable war news and President Wilson's electrifying address, appeared to give serious consideration to the Liberty Loan. Thousands of applications were sent to banks and to committee members, and the canvassers found that there was little need for argument. Everybody seemed to feel his duty and showed willingness to subscribe. On all sides were indications that the public as well as the loan workers were proceeding about the business of making the loan a success with an earnestness and seriousness greater even than was shown in previous campaigns.

San Francisco was the first city to claim the honor flag by oversubscription on the opening day. Iowa was the first state to report her quota filled. In the third loan campaign also Iowa led by a wide margin.

Out of a mass of telegrams from various parts of the country telling how wage-earners are getting behind the loan, one from Wheeling, W. Va., is typical. All save one of 1,000 employees of the Richland Coal Company, who have been mining more coal during the war than they ever did in peace times, bought bonds during the first five minutes that they were placed on sale.

Residents of Great Falls, Mont., oversubscribed their quota in a unique manner. At the opening of the bond sale a procession of men, women and children who desired to buy bonds lined up before motion-picture cameras, and

Continued on page 1152

Cobweb of Railways at the Battle Front

THE modern battle front is just the last station on a railway line—or many railway lines; the myriads of fighters are but passengers who started out on a railway journey and alighted all at once. Napoleon's classic dictum is still quoted in Quartermaster circles: An army travels on its stomach. But without trespassing on the Quartermaster's ground, or abating one jot his claim to indispensability, it may be laid down as an axiom that the modern army goes—on cars. Its subsistence also goes on cars.

Let us imagine ourselves as being set down from an airplane just behind General Pershing's forward line, and ordered—as we doubtless would be—to proceed with all dispatch to the rear. Perhaps we should have to walk a short distance at the outset, or we might be given a ride in an empty ammunition lorry, but what we should come to shortly would be the railway line. It must be granted that in all probability we should have to have this fact brought to our attention—especially if it happened to be after dark when we arrived at the railhead. There would be no brilliantly lighted station, for this railway is the last twig out from a giant tree, the last capillary of a vast arterial system, and is of the variety known as "light." And light it is, the rails weighing only a few pounds to the yard, its gauge of the narrowest—twenty-four or thirty inches—and its locomotives and cars hardly more than toys.

But it is just such a line as this, duplicated at a hundred points, its aggregate trackage perhaps thousands of miles, which enabled Foch to press close on the fleeing heels of Hindenburg, which is enabling all the several armies of Democracy to oust and drive and harry the defeated and distraught Hun. Over these miniature roads, which are put together in a moment, shot to pieces, and put together again, shell is hurried up, food and material and men. If the engine is blown into fragments by a chance hit the cars are not so large but that men may push them forward.

YOU read in the papers, "The enemy shelled the back areas." What does this little pleasantry mean? It means that Martin, the fireman of your home local, that MacWilliams, the engineer of the Mail, that Henryson, the conductor of the Limited, will never again be back on the old run in "the States." It means that Pat, the section foreman, will not be back along the line bossing his gang, that Pedro and Tony and Olaf will not be tamping ties again under his watchful eye, lashed by his scathing tongue. At the first call the railroad men of this country—great and small—leaped to respond. More than one has received the Distinguished Service Medal, more than one wears the *Croix de Guerre!*

Continuing our journey we come to where the light railway links up with the full road from the nearest depot or base town. Perhaps by this time the sun is up, and we can see about us better. There will be some semblance of a station here.

And the locomotives and the cars will be lifesize. Moreover, and to our amazement, they are not the funny Continental engines and little box-cars about the size of packing-cases which we have seen on the French roads. Locomotive, box-car, passenger coach—every item is unmistakably of the "made in America" kind; even the whistle—which can be sounded here without giving information to the enemy, for we are now miles from the Germans—has distinctly the Yankee twang. The road *is* American, although in France.

British Official Photo, courtesy Liberty Loan Committee

This locomotive, built in America, assembled in British shops, is now in active service behind the lines in France, the spider in the cobweb

WHEN the United States entered the war our admirals and generals in consultation with those of the Entente pointed to the map of France. The admirals said, "We will make that port our port of disembarkation," and the generals said, "We will run a railroad line from that port across the land to the battle front."

The first contingent of railway men to go overseas numbered 2,100. The figure given out not so very many months later was 95,000—a pretty husky increase of husky men! But they had been told to instal, equip, and put into operation, with every ounce of speed of which they were capable, a first-class American road, double-tracked, for the transporting of troops, ammunition, guns, and supplies. And they did it!

Regiments of lumberjacks from the woods of Maine and the forests of the Northwest were sent into Scotland and Ireland and the timber districts of France. Steam sawmills ready to set up had come on the ships with them. Trees which were older than the oldest American settlement fell under their mighty blows, were hurried on traveling bed of the steam saw, came out railroad ties.

One hundred and fifty thousand t of 80 pound rails—enough to lay hundred double-track miles—was single order given American roll mills. A freight lo motive weighing eig tons is not a small gine, and it can't built in one Pershing asked for hundred such, and t they be delivered greater rapidity t locomotives had been delivered befo

Nor was this line only piece of Ameri trackage; for one h from time to time whole lengths of ings, and branch ro which have been ta up over night, here home, from under very noses, and ship abroad.

YET this little jo ney which have imagined selves as having ta in France is but small part of the w big railroad story the war—a story wh is peculiarly Americ and will, it is hop some time be t Speaking publicly long ago on what called the "transp miracle," the am ing troop moveme overseas, in which British as well American ships played their part, Joseph Maclay, British Controller Shipping, said this vast carrying of m to the front would not have been p sible but for the work of the Uni States' railroads.

So if your train has not run with t same speed as formerly, if there h been a delay to allow long strings troop cars to slip past, if the stati grounds where you get off look not well kept as in former years, consi some of the few feats which railroad m in this country have performed sin we went into the war.

If a man has a big job to do, he c do it with the tools he has, or he c buy new ones. But suppose it takes long time to manufacture tools, and t job calls for speed—what then? Esp cially what then if the tools are inad quate? There is but one answer: syste elimination of less essential effort, co centration.

WHEN it was passenger traffic th was considered, this was accor plished by adding cars to some trai and discontinuing other trains. T taking over of the roads by the gover ment made it possible in certain par of the country to eliminate trains whi competed, and without much inco venience to the public, for there is st one train for practically every desirab hour of the day. When it was a matt of freight traffic—and army requir ments necessitate the moving of 1,600 000 pounds of freight per day—can paigns were started among the shippe to induce them to load more freight t a car. In the coal districts the sloga was: "One ton more to the car. Shippers who delayed in loading an unloading also were heavily penalize With all lines working as one vas system, as is the case now, it is als possible to reroute freight, sending it th shortest way. And so successful ha this proved, that on incomplete return and for a very brief period, record showed a saving of 1,233,664 car mile Some railroad men regard this as on of the biggest economic strides made i this country during the war.

Liberty Loan Record of the Railroad Men

THE Liberty Bond record of the railroads is something of which the country may well be proud. And it is largely the power for organization which the American railroader possesses in supreme degree that accounts for that record. For instance, on one road employing some forty thousand men, the number of subscribers to the Third Loan was increased over the number of subscribers to the Second by five hundred per cent.

Here are some figures: On the First Loan, from the total number of railroad employees the country over, 241,280 subscribed $20,027,966. On the Third Loan, in the Eastern District alone—the railroad map of the United States was divided by the Railroad Administration into seven regional districts—seven hundred thousand employees took forty-five million dollars' worth of bonds. On the Third Loan the country over the railroad men's subscription was considerably above the hundred million mark, with the average subscription $77.

The Southern Pacific System's men gave the largest total subscription, $4,530,000; while the Santa Fé came next with four millions. On one road, the Rock Island, one hundred per cent. of the employees subscribed to this Loan. And subscriptions came from aliens as well as Americans. On the Chicago & Alton a record was kept of the aliens on a single division, and it was found that 154 out of 160 subscribed. Of these one was an Italian who mortgaged his house for $1,000 at six per cent. that he might buy a one thousand dollar Bond!

WHEN it comes to the Fourth Loan the railroads are breaking all previous records. The Southern Pacific may again stand at the head of the list, but from the campaign which the men of the cab and the caboose now have under way the prediction can safely be made that it will have to go considerably above its earlier total to do so. And the Rock Island cannot expect again to stand alone with its one hundred per cent.; several Eastern roads were, on the Third Loan, a close second; and they will not be merely second again. All the semaphores are down for the Liberty Loan Special! It's a clear track, and full speed—ninety miles an hour all the way!

Buy all the Bonds you can! And then go out and buy one more and say to yourself, "I don't know them personally, the men who are running the trains 'over there,' the men who are laying the tracks and building the bridges 'over there,' but just because they ARE there I'm taking on this one Bond more." And it will give you a feeling of brotherhood with the men left here when you walk past the cab and see the engineer, in his overalls and jumper, climbing down to oil the rods, a feeling of brotherhood which will make you want to say to him: "We're together on this war-run, friend! My hand is on the throttle beside yours!"

The Town that Wouldn't Buy Hardware

by W. Livingston Larned

EVERYBODY in our town made the observation, when Uncle Carter turned his hardware store over to his nephews—both young ellows, justf rom college—that it was good thing, and that young blood as needed in such a business.

It seemed so natural to suppose that he new generation could do the job p progressively. That is a popular odern axiom. It is difficult to teach ld dogs new tricks, and times have hanged! Young Mr. Henry and fair-aired, smiling Billy were certainly ne lads. Their father had been a small anufacturer in the next county, but olitical complications moved six big hills away from that locality, and Will larvey died with his business.

And now Uncle Carter of our town ad seen his way clear to even up an ncient score—a debt of love and ratitude—by taking the boys in and aking them sponsors or the largest and most mbitious hardware shop that end of Munro ounty.

True, Uncle Carter as growing old. His air was beautifully hite and we who had nown him since child-ood days suddenly oticed, as we saw him undle slowly down venue D, under the lver birches, that he as very feeble.

And yet . . . we could ot believe that this our had come . . . this oment of lost utility. or two generations ncle Carter had opened the shutters Twenty-nine Avenue D and closed em again shortly after the evening ain from the West brought the city pers.

His hardware store had thrust out me part into every home and struc-re and commercial enterprise of our wn. It had roofed a church here and pplied the lighting fixtures there, or t in a handsome new range some-here else. The carpenters of our town ways bowed to Uncle Carter when they w him. He had equipped their tool ests, or sold them, over his counter, e very nails they drove for their ily bread.

As the old gentleman himself was clined to put it: "I'd rather be in the rdware line than any other, because, n't you see, long after I'm dead I'll ve the satisfaction of knowin' that y good works live after me. I never ck up on poor saws or hammers, hich means that I don't sell of that nd. They will be fashioning houses this state twenty years from now. hat's the way my goods last. Every-here I go I see helpful things that ks have bought of me, and it sort of akes me happy and contented. ears like what you buy in a hardware re gives back more actual dollar-and-nt value than any other line. You them and profit by them and grow with them. Land sakes! I just uldn't sell ice cream sodas, for ex-mple. After the initial expense and initial enjoyment, that's all there is it. Imagine trying to cash in on a n-year-old ice cream soda! I like sell the goods that keep payin' for emselves over and over again from e family to another."

They told him he had grown too old

Young Mr. Henry and Billy entered into the spirit of the new undertaking with intense satisfactiou and confidence. They were fairly well acquainted in our town, and Henry had worked for a while in a hardware store down Marthasville way. The store was thoroughly modern, both as to its physical appointments and its stock. That was the way Uncle Carter had kept it; that was the way he turned it over to his uephews.

FOR one thing, Uncle Carter had managed to keep a young intuition. He read magaziues and newspapers. He followed the important advertising campaigns. He made himself interested in world events. Uncle Carter sold the first patent milker that our territory had ever seen. When folks read the initial announcements, they thought there was a joke to it and that the milker was a calf in disguise. It was Uncle Carter who introduced our county to those splendid compact lighting and cooking plants for small farms, remote from power. He went out to the Hawkeye Dairy Farm on a cold Jauuary afternoon and personally installed the rather complex system, showing them how to feed the cells and hook up the engine and regulate the gasoline.

Then war came; suddenly, rather insidiously. At first it did not seem to disturb the quiet routine of our town, and it did not show on the books of the hardware store. People seemed to buy things in the same old way.

Pretty soou, as you know, the great drama began to unreel with more celerity. And here and there a lad from our town would be on the list who never come back to white gates and roses any more.

The commercial aspect took definite, tangible form. Our town cut short its expeuditures. There were Thrift Stamps to buy, and Liberty Bonds and Red Cross memberships, and country people have a way of looking ahead. They saved; they put away; they did without.

When Uncle Carter returned from a visit to Silver Springs, he found the boys in great trouble. Things had gone from bad to worse. "Nobody is buying anything!" was young Mr. Henry's exact statement, as a three-cornered consultation was held at the store that same evening.

To add to the general dismay, a hardware salesman had called with an alarming declaration. There would be a shortage of certain lines. The government was curtailing manufacture. Steel was growing to be as precious as gold.

THE boys expected Uncle Carter to join in the chorus of complaint. He did no such thing. He smiled in that self-contained manuer of his, and looked around the old store iu such placid content that they were aggravated.

"You young fellows ought to be able to handle this," said he. "To hear you talk, we might as well close up."

"Nothing else to do," grunted young Mr. Henry.

"I'll come down in the morning—with my sleeves rolled up," said Uncle Carter iu conclusion, his face growing suddenly grave. "What *you* must do is to eonvince folks there are some forms of economy that make matters worse instead of better. We'll grab this town by the slack, and show them where they are in error. A hardware store should do better business in war times than in peace times."

Things began to hustle shortly after eight A.M.

Both windows were cleared of household goods and arrauged for a display of time-saviug mechanical essentials. The store had the ageucy for one of the best of the lighting systems and farm power plants. Up to now the line had never been exploited. For some reason everybody thought that potato-peelers and kitchen cabinets were more important. A complete system was set up iu one of the windows, with plaeards to show what it would do: turn meat-grinders, operate churns, supply juice for electric irons, light the dairy house and the barn and the outhouses in general, provide warm water, take the drudgery from the washing-machine and give relief to tired farm eyes after dark. Uncle Carter elaborated this display by cutting illustrations from current magazines and pasting them on squares of cardboard. Then he placed a placard in a prominent place, with this message emblazoned by a local sign-writer:

> "These are times when it is unpatriotic to do things the old, slow, hard way. Conserve time and labor. Our men are needed in the army and on government work. Women must do more than ever. Help them accomplish this. Here is what a modern light and power plant will do. Its cost is insignificant as compared with the ultimate results obtained. Runs on kerosene. Self-operating. Makes it easier to get farm help"

THE village boasted no full-fledged electrical shop, but Uncle Carter was not the sort of man to stop, even if there was. Within two weeks he had gotten in a full line of electrical labor-saving deviees of the very latest design. Simultaneously ho began to advertise, in two-column space, in the local newspapers.

His trade-mark slogan was: "The Store That Saves Labor."

Conventional lines were moved to the rear of the shop and the little brothers and sisters of the power plant neatly displayed in their place. In his advertising copy Uncle Carter peppered away at the one big basic idea—au appeal to women: "More is expected of you; more you must do. And it can be accomplished if you do things the modern way. Make machinery do the drudgery and lift the larger burdens."

In some strange, fasciuatiug, iuexplicable manner, that appeared to be the very moving spirit of the new store—helping win the war by helping people help themselves. Three dozen ranges were ordered, but they were ranges with a patent fuel-saving deviee. For a week Uncle Carter had young Mr. Henry's wife actually give demonstrations in the store with that range.

Every man his own carpenter

With the same shrewd, thoughtful eare, Uncle Carter reached out to other lines—the staple lines—the ones the boys had not been able to move. It was suggested that every man should own his own tool chest. Those carpentering jobs should be done at home, for carpenters were not to be had at any price.

Should houses be allowed to "run down"? Was it fair to the property? No; repairs must be kept up. And with a tool chest and essential supplies, this work could be accomplished.

For his second window Uncle Carter used a "baby tractor" as display, together with the various accessories, tools, etc., that went with the line. And a little later on he "tied up" a mechanic who was an expert iu tractor repairs. The consequence was that people came from near aud far to consult this expert, bringiug trade and new friends.

Each line was juggled with the same splendid foresight. If it was paint, then Uncle Carter exploited the wastefulness of neglecting this protection to buildings. He even displayed decayed woods and woods protected by paint. If it was sporting goods he told of the United States Food Administration's urgeut call to people to fish and hunt for game that lay within the district laws. Sportsmen should hunt and fish. It was more than fun; it was doing one's bit. That reclaimed food meant other food saved for other purposes. He stimulated the building of chicken houses, coucrete pig runs and meat houses, because they meant iudividual show of intensive production.

And back eame the normal trade, made normal legitimately. As a matter of fact, the boys conceded that business was better than it had been in a long while; even booming.

THAT last afternoon, before he told them he would leave the reins in their hands for a while, he put his arms about their shoulders and said:

"There is nothing impossible iu life. There is never a real reason for business failure. Times like these simply show us what we are made of. The town got 'cold feet.' It was saving money in the wrong way. And I set out to show them why and how. This store—and any hardware store in any town—can be of the greatest possible benefit to a community. It can do it by gradually and carefully guiding the trade. We thought all we were here for was to dish out 'hardware,' in the generalized sense of the term. That's rubbish. We have just begun to see what we can do to help win the war. And I tell you, boys, it's the cumulative power of these little educational stunts that make larger victories over yonder possible. America never was much for taking up innovations, especially we who live out in the remote sections. I have kerosene lamps in my house right now, and I'm ashamed of it. I could have bought a dozen electric-light power plants for what I've spent ou kerosene. I'd rather have one good tractor than a barnful of mules or horses. Who wants to waste butter fat and rich cream and feed them to the hogs when a cream separator will preveut waste at an initial expense that means nothing? We can sell more than mere hardware; we can sell people the principles of right living and right working. We are dealers in short cuts to better results; that's our stock in trade. Keep up the advertising—never sell an article without explaining how it's going to make life easier and happier and cheaper, and if you ueed me agaiu I'll be down at my place learnin' to run a tractor."

With that he was gone, hat in hand, his silvered hair crowning him like a halo under the brilliant golden autumn sunshine.

That Girl from Orchard Street

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

CHAPTER VIII

IT WAS just after ten when Mary Ellis heard a tap at her door. It was the signal. She drew the knitted cap with its lining of paper over her hair, buttoned the leather military coat that Jean had brought her across her chest, and moved cautiously toward the door. Over in the corner Helen Synon slept, blissfully ignorant of what was happening so close to her. Mary Ellis kissed her fingers in the direction of the sleeping girl, and was gone.

Outside Jean Renault was waiting for her. In silence he reached for her hand and carried it to his lips. Still without speaking he linked her arm in his and led the way across the fields toward the apple orchard of their first meeting.

Beneath the leather coat Mary Ellis was dressed in a rough patched skirt which the captain had obtained from one of the women of the village. She wore a badly fitting man's coat and heavy woolen shirt, such as peasant women wear; also shoes that were too large for her and did not match. On her head she wore a knitted woolen cap. Under the skirt, with ends tucked into her odd shoes, she wore trousers. When the time came she would leave the skirt in a clump of bushes, and proceed in a garb more suitable for her trip through the trenches and into No Man's Land.

The costume had been carefully planned. Only a more than ordinarily careful scrutiny would have shown her to be other than a peasant woman of Germany.

As with her costume, Captain Renault had taken great care with her instructions. He had sketched for her the position of the château in relation to the open field where she would land, had given her the formula for Professor Bonheur, and had shown the plans of the road just south of the château which led toward the firing-line.

About her neck on a strong string she carried a tiny pocket compass with a medium-sized needle that glowed in the dark. This the captain had provided, as well as a store of coarse food. That was all; she had no money, no timepiece, nothing with which she might defend herself.

"Now remember"—he cautioned her as they hurried on—"the escape will not be easy, yet unless conditions have changed in the past few days you will have no great hindrance. This sector of the fighting line was very active during the first part of the war, but during the past year has been quiet. The Bavarians are holding it for Germany, and a few regiments of Americans still with their French instructors are on duty for the Allies. It is really the quietest sector. However," he laughed," it will probably liven considerably now that the American boys have gone in there. A great many Bavarian women are back of the lines; to the chance observer you will be one of them. Under cover of darkness you will be able to crawl across 'No Man's Land.' The fire is never heavy at night—there will be little danger."

"And once I have crossed the line? You have never told me what to do."

"Why, give yourself up to the men on guard. They will take you to their commanders, and you will tell these men you wish to report to the Bureau in Paris. Of course you must not tell your mission to anyone—not until you reach the Bureau."

"And will they know of me?"

"Yes, I have reported that Mary Ellis has gone into Germany, and will probably escape by way of the American sector in Lorraine."

"I *will* escape," she corrected him.

He made no reply.

"It is very dark," he said presently. "Fortunately La Toure knows the way."

"La Toure?" Mary queried.

"Yes; the man who will pilot your airplane. Have you learned the formula and the maps?"

"Yes; shall I repeat the formula for you? You know it was only five when you brought me word that I might go and gave me my instructions. I have been studying the map of the woods about the professor's château and the formula ever since."

"Good—and the road back. I am more than ordinarily interested in your road back."

"Really, Jean, I have no thought of danger. My fates have been too kind to desert me now. What I fear most is that drop from the plane. Are you sure the parachute is strong enough?"

"Yes, and the drop will not be far. La Toure will see that you land in an open field. When I sent that wireless to Paris I tried to get permission for him to land and wait for you—but the chances of his capture are great, and he is very valuable.

"So he will let me down in my parachute, and fly back toward Paris."

THE captain did not answer. For many minutes they trudged through the light snow. They crossed a small ice-bound stream that ran beside a clump of trees, and so on into the woods.

Just as they were emerging he stopped.

"The plane is just the other side of the woods. Are you sure—sure that you want to go?"

"Yes, I am sure."

"And you know all the directions that I gave you?"

"Yes, perfectly. I have learned them, and burned the papers."

"Then—it is time for good-by." He crushed her to him with a sudden quick move, holding her close with his well arm, while he kissed her forehead and lips.

"Little girl, little Mary Ellis, you are going for the honor of France. You are going for the honor of the man who loves you. When you come back, all my life I will serve you; whether you come back or not I will see that France, the world, rings with the story of what you are doing tonight. Kiss me—kiss me once again."

She lifted her lips to his. For a minute they stood there in silence, and each offered a silent prayer that soon again they might meet.

The girl moved uneasily.

"Come," Jean said sharply, as if to hide his true emotions, and they went through the drifted snow to the field where La Toure awaited them.

CHAPTER IX

IN AFTER years Mary Ellis tried to remember her first flight in an airplane—and couldn't. She remembered seeing La Toure dimly in the foggy darkness, the outline of the big plane, and his smothered exclamation of amazement when he found that his passenger was to be a woman. Also she remembered climbing into the plane after the two men had twice explained to her the details of the arrangement of the parachute that was to be used for her descent into German territory.

Then had come the whispered word of courage, the press of Jean's hand, and the noiseless rush of air that told her that the big machine was in motion.

Further than that she had no definite memory of the long trip across France into Alsace-Lorraine. She supposed that there had been no attempt at conversation; she was not even conscious that La Toure had given her word that it was time for her to climb over the back of the big seat and grasp firmly the straps of the parachute. She wondered afterward how he knew his way in the inky darkness, how he found the big field south of the château. But the fact remained that she found herself standing firm on her two feet. Her greatcoat was gone; so was the paper lining to her woolen cap. She did not know it, but both of these had been discarded at La Toure's advice before she left the plane. They were conspicuous. Men of science will tell you that such lapses of memory are possible, even fairly frequent—and in Mary Ellis' case it was merciful, for it swept from her all thought of fear; gave her the artificial buoyed courage that makes men and women go unhesitatingly into places of danger and death.

The first real emotion that Mary Ellis afterward remembered was surprise and delight that she had dropped unharmed from the plane—that she was not even bruised from her landing. Where the parachute had gone she did not know; evidently the bar had slipped from her hands, and had been carried away. Then she realized that she had work to do, and that she must move quickly.

Her first thought was for the message that she was to deliver. She repeated it to herself, and found that she knew it perfectly; then she repeated the instructions that had been given her as to how she would find Professor Bonheur. Relieved that the rush of air and the apparent loss of memory had not robbed her of her secret, she thought next of the direction that she must take to reach the château. She drew out the cord to which her radiumized compass with the glowing needle was attached. When she found the direction north she set out cautiously in the direction where she knew lay the clump of woods surrounding the château.

SHE found it rough going over stony ground. Once she splashed through the thin ice covering of a pool, and her heart almost ceased to beat for fear that the noise might have startled some night prowler like herself. Jean had told her that there were no men quartered in the vicinity of the château, but then movements of troops change from day to day, and it was weeks since he had been near the place.

It seemed hours that she walked, though in reality it was not more than a couple of miles from the place where she landed to the clump of pine trees and the path of the professor's nightly saunterings. She hurried on, stumbling, scratching her hands on old berry vines, cold with nervousness, her feet blistering from the heavy wet shoes.

At last, when it seemed as though she could go no farther, there loomed from the darkness the even blacker shadows of the pines. With renewed effort she plunged through a drift and stood beneath them, resting her body against a great tree. She closed her eyes and prayed. After a minute renewed strength came to her, and she went more boldly, with greater confidence, in the direction of the brick walk that had once been famous for the men and women who had promenaded its length.

The walk was close to the edge of the trees. Even the snow had been shoveled—evidently because of respect for the famous professor's insane desire to walk round and round each night. A laugh bubbled to her throat. If they only knew! What fools these Germans were! They played for the larger fish and did not see the frayed strands in the cord they fished with.

The time seemed to pass slowly as Mary Ellis stood there listening, listening. As she waited her thoughts slipped backward over the weeks that had just passed. She wondered what they would say in Westport if they ever knew of her night's work. Mary Ellis was only human, and she thrilled with joy when she thought of the strange fate that had lifted her out from Orchard Street into this adventure. In the last few weeks she had come to be rather proud of Orchard Street, proud also for the petty triumphs that she would bring to her old shabby home when she returned. When they knew they would surely want to come and see her—they would want her to be their guest and to tell them all about France and Jean but they would have to call on her Orchard Street first.

HER reverie was banished wh there came to her keen ears the tant sound of shuffling footsteps. A then to her relief she heard the whist notes of the ballad that had been po lar even in Westport, "*Just a Little L A Little Kiss.*" Instinctively she t two steps forward, and started whistle. The approaching footste stopped, and she ran in their directi

"Renault?" a man's voice growl excitedly. When she was quite close him she slowed her pace.

"No—but I come from Renault. has been injured." And then, as if make the professor very sure, she peated quickly the chemical form she had learned.

"Is it a woman?" the profess seemed to ignore that the formula h been given him.

"Yes; some one had to get to you once. I seemed the only person ava able. I—I am engaged to Jean."

"A woman! Are you a Parisia They say that Parisian women a fearless."

Mary laughed lightly.

"No; I am an American. I ha been working in the devastated distric of France."

"American! American!" he repeat wonderingly. "Even here in this pla where the Germans think themsely invincible they are beginning to talk the Americans. Jean Renault is a luck man." And then he suddenly repeat the formula that she had given him.

"That is correct?"

"Yes." And Mary Ellis marveled the memory able to retain after o hearing what seemed to her a mo complicated chemical formula.

"Then it is time for us to part. Go speed you, mademoiselle, and carry yo safely back to France."

He brushed against her somewh hastily, and she stood listening to h footsteps as they died away into silenc As the last sound reached her, sh sighed. Her errand was done. Eve if death should overtake her, she ha played her part in the conflict. Almos unconsciously she retraced her step through the snow to the open field. A the south of this field ran the countr road, the road that led through th camps of armed men, toward the line that she must pierce if she was to fin herself safe in France.

Grimly she went swiftly in the direc tion of the road. Haste and luck wer what counted now. The haste sh could supply herself; the luck—bu luck is always the unknown quantity i any adventure.

CHAPTER X

MARY ELLIS'S first duty once sh reached the road was to rid her self of the radiumized compass This was the only tell-tale evidenc that she was other than the middle class peasant woman that she pretende to be.

Then with a free swinging stride tha she knew she could keep up for a lengthy period she started toward the firing-line As she went steadily on she was relieve to find that the road showed no sign o having been recently used for heavy traffic.

When she had traveled what sh judged must be a couple of hours sh began to think of a place where she could rest and hide during the day whic she knew must be fast approaching She had not eaten any of the small stor of food she had in her pocket. She was not at all hungry, but she did wish t conserve her strength for the following night and the great test it would bring

She had passed a number of scattered farmhouses, but no villages.

She decided that the next place she passed she would make a stealthy survey of the premises and if possible find a

hiding-place. When she reached the front of the farm that was her choice she stopped and, bending close to the road, studied the tracks that would show the traffic from the road. She decided that several men had tramped the snow. Also there were marks of horses, and a heavy wagon. The men had been walking two abreast, and she followed the uneven path they had made. The way led past the house, with never a footstep toward either the front or back door. Evidently the house was deserted. She hurried on and reached the small barn. Here the snow was beaten down—flattened. On the snow lay wisps of black. They were hay. The big door was wide open, and she listened before daring to cross the threshold.

Finally, growing bolder, she spoke aloud—in German. Only the dull echo of her own voice came back. She stepped into the place, and began to examine the walls with her quick, nimble fingers.

What she found was an accumulation of old tools, three empty stalls, a pail over which she tripped, some pieces of harness, and a ladder that led to the loft above. This ladder she cautiously climbed. The loft to which it led was empty. Evidently, she decided, a body of men—soldiers from the way they had walked—had cleared out the place, and were finished with it. She crept over to a corner, thanking the thrift of the farmer who had built his barn so well. With her fingers she combed together the fragments of hay left on the floor. It was not a considerable amount, but would help to keep her feet warm, and would serve as a pillow. Then she ate some of her small store of food, and, curling herself in a ball, she slept.

IT WAS the cold and cramped position that wakened Mary Ellis. She turned over cautiously, rubbed her legs, and then stood upright. With brisk movements she sent the blood circulating in her veins, her young sound body responding quickly to the violent exercise.

Next she crept over to the low loft door and looked out from a large knothole she found close to the floor. There was no one in sight, and to judge from the slant of the sun on the snow it must be past noon. Then she went back to her corner, and with a sidecomb proceeded to comb her hair: for Mary Ellis was a true woman.

When this most sacred rite was accomplished she brought from her pocket the remains of her store of food. It was not a great deal, but more than necessary for a scant meal. Therefore she divided it evenly, and placed the remaining half back in her pocket. Afterward came the problem of "What shall I do next?" Evidently there was nothing to do but to rest. She tried to sleep again, but could not. She moved toward the door and sat looking out through the large knothole. Long as she watched, however, she saw no sign of life—though once, when she had risen to walk about the room to keep off the cold, she thought she heard the creaking of a wagon.

With agonizing slowness the afternoon passed, and finally she looked with satisfaction at the long shadows as they died away against the snow. Soon it would be time to start. Impatiently she climbed down the ladder, and from the shadow of the open barn door saw clearly for the first time the place in which she had taken refuge. The farmhouse was typical of those that she had seen in France—possibly more stoutly built. From the broken windows and the gaping torn rear door she fancied that this household had been loyal to France—that tragedy of some sort lurked within the buildings. She had heard how many of the Lorraine peasants had declared their loyalty to France, and she knew the result, should the Germans hear of it. Also she knew that in the early part of the war Alsace and Lorraine were the scenes of heavy fighting.

STILL this building did not look as though it had been defiled years before. The breaks in the doorway seemed new. And surely it had been since the last snowfall that the hay had been carted away. It was just one more tragedy—the destroying of a small world, some very small mark on the red map of horror that marks the domains of the God of War in the great struggle that was slowly sapping the strength of the entire world.

She amused herself by thinking back over the weeks that had passed. She went mentally back to Westport and laughed at the consternation her departure had caused. She reviewed in swift procession her journey, her first day at Printemps Vallée, and her meeting with Jean.

Dear, dear Jean! She knew that he was thinking of her, offering a constant silent prayer that she would return safely. She found that her own heart was praying that she might be spared—that having done her bit for France she might live for love.

Mary Ellis had a firm and trusting belief in God. That was why she sat fearlessly waiting for darkness.

At last she decided that it was wise for her to set out on her journey. She estimated that she must have trudged seven or eight miles through the snow the night before, and Jean had told her that the château where the professor worked was about twenty miles from the firing-line; not farther. Therefore she ought to be close to the village of fighting men—the men who were billeted, and the men who had constructed rough houses for themselves behind the lines. If what Jean had told her was still true she did not fear these villages. It would be dark, and one more peasant woman moving about would hardly attract any great attention. As for the rest—for her passage up to the front, her journey across No Man's Land! Well, Mary Ellis was not conscious of worry. She had reached that state where each moment cares for itself, and her duty now was to plod along the road.

She went boldly from the barn down the path made by the fighting men. She was filled with an insane desire to run—to rid herself of this land—but she knew better. Instead she walked slowly, lumberingly, imitating the clumsy gait of the women of the land. After she had gone a mile she was relieved to feel a breath of moist air against her cheeks. She remembered reading of the heavy fogs of the Vosges, and she hoped that tonight such a fog would cover the world with mist. A little farther on her heart almost ceased to beat when she heard voices coming toward her. She heard one of them speaking in German, and prepared herself to answer any question that might be asked her. Instead they came opposite her and passed her—all without seeming to notice that she was there. With a sigh of relief she hurried on.

In the next half-hour she met several groups—apparently workers going off to some point in the hills. Twice she passed a group of two or three soldiers.

It was not until she found herself emerging from a strip of woodland on the outskirts of a town that she was stopped, however, and then by two men on horseback—officers, she supposed—though she could not see.

"Are you French?" one of the men hurled a question at her in poor French. "What are you doing going in that direction?"

She stopped, curtsied, and did not answer.

The man asked his question again, first in French, then in German.

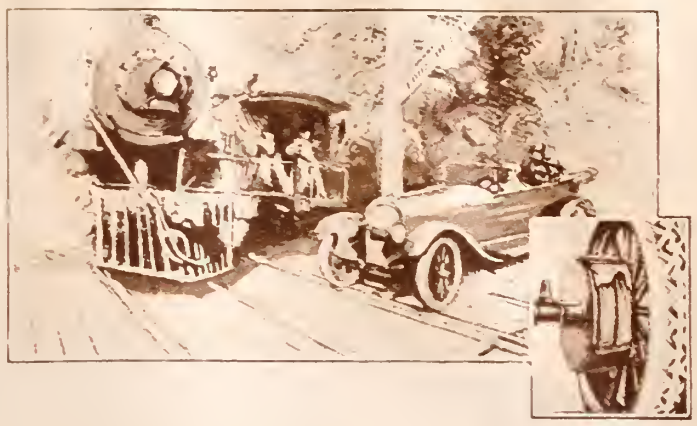
"German," she said quickly; "I'm going to my man."

"Oh, another of those bleating Bavarians here to see her man!" It was a different voice from that of the first speaker. "She doesn't know anything. They're all alike." And they rode on.

The meeting rather unnerved Mary Ellis, and a great weariness came over her. She walked more slowly, and began to wish that her journey was over. A little farther up the street the twisting flames of an open fire built at one side of the road loomed as a place of comfort. Men in uniform were grouped about it, and she knew she must not stop. She kept steadily on, her head aching, her heart for the first time growing sick with a dull fear.

She had regained much of her mental poise when a short way outside town she was stopped, this time by three men on horseback.

To be continued



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This German batte… and
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The church at Couvres, in the Aisne country, recovered by Foch's offensive

British Official Photo © Western Newspaper Union

A direct hit by British bombers on a railway junction back of the German lines

...ht no more.
...t of action

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Out of the melting-pot. Men of New York's East Side registering on September 12 for military service

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The tide of conflict surged through this ravine, and at evening it was still. The dead men were German soldiers

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The village of Bucancy, retaken by Scotch troops in the Allied drive that sent the Germans back to their Hindenburg line

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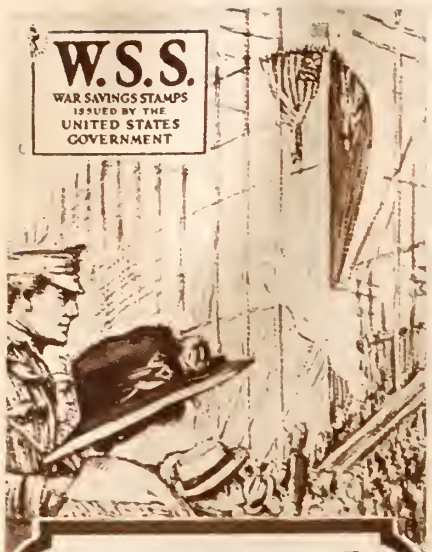
...Dixukes, U. S. N., commander ...ort Mt. Vernon, which he ...ta Baker viewed the ship and ...f the captain and his crew.

British Official Photo

American troops leaving camp for the front. It is misting and the regimental colors are encased, but Old Glory braves the elements



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Testaments and Magazines for Our Boys

IN answer to a request from Fort Riley, Kansas, a shipment of Christian Herald Khaki Testaments was forwarded in July. On August 9 Chaplain Gray wrote as follows:

August 9, 1918.

The Christian Herald,
New York, N. Y.

Your letter of a few days ago, and also the consignment of New Testaments for our service in the hospital, have been received. It is certainly very helpful to us to have these Testaments, which our workers are finding it very profitable to use for distribution among the men. As I think I told you before, our work in the hospital is very well organized; our workers are mostly Camp Pastors who have had a great deal of experience in parish work, therefore the service such as the distribution of Bibles is very intelligently and helpfully done.

I note your information that you will later be able to furnish us with a further order of testaments, and I assure you that we shall be very glad to receive them and see that they are judiciously distributed. With all good wishes. (Signed) G. CHARLES GRAY,
1st Lieut., N. A., Chaplain.

We are in constant receipt of gifts for this work of supplying Testaments and Christian Heralds to the camps and the units in service over seas. We are in even more frequent receipt of requests for the Word and for the magazine. The magazine helps many a weary hour to pass in hospital or camp, and it points the way to the Word, which alone gives meaning to any hour. Keep the gifts coming and we will keep the Testaments and Heralds going to Our Boys.

Gifts Have Been Received for the Soldiers and Sailors Fund as Follows

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Additional contributions to be acknowledged in subsequent issues of the Christian Herald.

Send all Gifts to the Christian Herald Soldiers and Sailors Fund, Room 93, Bible House, New York

Brown Birds

By
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THERE is a certain little town, somewhere in New Jersey, that is famous for the number of gaily plumaged birds that build their nests during the summer time in its friendly trees. It is a pretty little town, and from April to October the air of it is sweet with glad bird-songs and gay with the crimson and blue and orange flutter of wings. Folk explain away the fairy-like charm of the place by telling one, very gravely, that the town lies directly in the path the birds take as they fly from north to south and back again in the spring and in the autumn. Folk say it is natural that some of nearly every species of bird should settle there.

I have visited the town often during June and July and August. I have watched Baltimore orioles swinging in their nests. I have followed with my eyes the swift flight of scarlet tanagers. I have seen the darting humming-birds and the vivid blue jays, and many, many others. And I have marveled at them.

"I'm sure," I told my hostess on one occasion, "that I have never seen so many bright colors! It's like magic. Don't you"—I paused, thinking of our drab little city birds—"don't you ever see any sparrows here—any plain brown birds? Or do you only entertain the specially aristocratic birds in your own?"

My hostess laughed at me.

"To tell you the truth," she said, I don't believe I ever noticed a brown bird here in the summer. I reckon they *are* here, for we see them all through the winter time, but the other more brilliant birds rather blot them out when it's summer."

"So the little sparrows stay," I mused, after their de luxe relatives have gone south. How—how very human of them!"

"Of course," agreed my hostess, more hurriedly than understandingly. "*And we're glad to see them—then!*" she added.

I ONCE knew a girl who was a pupil in a very fashionable finishing school. It was one of the sort of schools where a bank account meant more than personality—where well-tailored frocks were more important than modesty and charm. It was the sort of a school that used a social register and a check book as references.

The girl had the bank account and the tailored frocks when she started to go to the school—and her father had a check book that seemed inexhaustible. And so, quite as a matter of course, she soon became a favorite with every one.

The girl, besides the qualities that the school as a whole recognized, had modesty and charm. Perhaps that was why a certain shy little girl who seemed rather drab and uninteresting was fascinated by her. The shy little girl stayed in the background, half afraid to attract the attention of her idol, while the younger pupils went about quoting her and the older students were seeking her opinions. One wonders if the girls ever noticed the silent figure that stood in corners when the girls promenaded in the courtyard at recess—one wonders if she ever felt the shy girl's timid devotion? One wonders . . .

It was just before she graduated that the girl's father died. He died very suddenly, leaving his affairs in a rather muddled condition. And at the end of a very short session with an efficient lawyer the girl learned that the inexhaustible check book was no longer inexhaustible—that the bank account and the well-tailored frocks were matters of past history.

The girl had been popular at school. Being modest she had thought that it was because of herself that people liked her. But she found, before many days had passed, that she was wrong. The older girls didn't ask for her opinion any more—the younger girls didn't quote her. The teachers were—civil. And when, at recess time, the students walked in the courtyard, she was usually left to walk alone.

IT was then that the shy little girl—the little girl who had always been a bit of background—suddenly proved herself. It was then that she put out a timidly friendly hand. It was then that she emerged from the shadow that she had always lived in. And the girl was glad of her—glad with the gladness that only a thoroughly disillusioned young heart may know.

It was rather like the case of the brightly plumaged birds, I think. While they were nesting vividly in every tree, the people who lived in the little New Jersey town didn't notice the duller brown birds. Of course they knew that the duller birds were there. But it took the winter time to make them show up; to make their presence felt; to make people appreciate them.

It isn't necessary to tell of the friendship that sprang up between the two girls, so strangely isolated from the rest. It isn't necessary to tell how the friendship has lasted ever since the particularly trying graduation day when many other school friendships died. For the point of the story isn't the fact that the friendship *was* started, or that it *did* last. The point of the story is that the making of the friendship—of something worth while and beautiful—was there all of the time. And that it wasn't noticed because of something more blatant, that was also there.

The world is full of little brown birds, and, because we hear the gay music of more talented birds, because we see the bright plumage of other more graciously endowed birds, we are very apt to pass them by. But let a time of trouble come, a time of winter or a war or sorrow, and you'll find that they *stay*, while many of their brighter companions hurry away. You'll find that they stay, and that they brighten the landscape in a way that you wouldn't have thought possible.

LITTLE BROWN BIRD

If I were a little brown bird would I follow
The lure of the summer, the trail of the swallow,
Or sit, when the days grew short and chill,
On a frozen branch by your window sill,
Singing the songs that I loved the best
For the flower face at the window pressed?

If I were a little brown bird would I shiver
When winter had shrouded the blue of the river?
Would my songs be gay through the long dim hours?
Could a heart that dreamed of the southern flowers
Merrily trill through the wailing blast,
Till the summer came to your soul at last?

If I were a little brown bird, would the dying
Be daring and glad like the swift joy of flying?
Would fate be kind? Would the song be sad?
Would I love the strange little life I had?
Some hearts have only a song to give—
What more was there left in my life to live?

If a little brown bird, to your window falling,
Pressed close to the pane with a pitiful calling,
Could it find a refuge there from the snows,
Where the firelight tossed like a windblown rose?
Many strange things have happened to me—
Who knows who the little brown bird may be?

EVANNE BLASDALE.

Notes from Mission Fields

CORRESPONDING to our American Indians, the aborigines of western China are peoples of many tribes, differing not only from the Chinese in language, dress, and physique, but also from each other. The Gospel message has proved to be a great leveler and uplifter of lives and hearts. In Kweichow Province alone, about 6,000 have been baptized and received into the Christian Church. Many await instruction to be admitted to the churches. Mr. and Mrs. Merian, of the China Inland Mission, now on furlough at Germantown, Pa., expect in a few months to return to their work among these hill tribes. They are hoping to be able to take back with them the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress scenes. These are found of great value in helping the native Christians to grasp the Bible message.

THE War Department has released Captain Joseph W. Cook of the Medical Corps to accompany the Persian Relief expedition. Other doctors, along with nurses and relief workers, among whom are missionaries, compose the party. The recently reported flight of 80,000 Christian refugees from western Persia over into Hamadan or Teheran section adds to the already distressing burden.

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Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them into Prac

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

FOR some weeks, fellow Adventurers, I have been wanting to hold a "round-the-world" meeting, just to let you know that our little Neighboring corner is gradually extending its influence to distant lands. In many parts of the world, our "adventures" are being read and enjoyed, and are proving helpful.

From every state in the Union; from Mexico; from Canada, east and west; from the Orient; from England and Scotland and France; letters and adventures reach my desk. Some of these ring with appreciation of our bi-monthly meetings, and of the help these have been to an isolated man or woman across the world; others describe recent experiments, along lines of community betterment, inspired by what we Neighbors have done and are doing.

How I wish that you (whose accounts of unselfish endeavor have brought this response from far-away lands) might look over my shoulder as I open these letters with the foreign postmarks on them—letters from village, city and desert, mountain fastness and Scottish moor—and might thrill with me at the knowledge that all these dear, distant neighbors of ours are turning to us for comfort and cheer, inspiration and practical suggestions, and are finding what they seek.

TRULY, Adventurers, this is a harvest of which we may well be proud, as we have been engaged in this loving work only for one short year! May we, in the year to come, be of even greater service to our communities: ever enlarging our ideals and spreading further the Gospel of neighborliness! And may we continue to deserve such letters as the following beautiful one from Scotland!

Perth, Scotland.

DEAR MISS CONNOLLY: A very dear friend of mine—who lives in New Haven, Connecticut—sends me the Christian Herald every week, and it is very truly one of the lights in the street called Straight to show the way. To my dear old mother, who has just entered upon her seventy-ninth year, it is, next to her Bible, her chief source of spiritual joy, and I know that she reads it from cover to cover.

I would like to tell you that mother is especially interested in Adventures in Neighboring, and with you believes that the spirit of unwearied good-will is the great lifting power of the world. When we can do nothing else to right wrongs, lessen burdens, or mend life's hard places for weary feet, we can at least be kind—kind in face, word and deed. And how many dark places would brighten, heavy loads grow light, and new courage come to the heart, if only simple kindness were the rule of earth! WILLIAM INGLIS.

Our greetings to this sympathetic Scotch Neighbor, and to his dear old mother! Our greetings and our earnest thanks!

AND now, returning to our own continent, let us cross our northern boundary and step for a little visit into the Canada of romance: into the wide-sweeping province of Alberta, where the farms are sometimes four miles apart and sometimes forty. Here neighboring is a problem indeed.

And yet read the following letter, and learn how one woman—too big to allow distance to defeat her, brought the gospel of neighborliness to her home in a new land:

Neighboring in Canada

Canada, to many people of the United States, seems a far-away, bleak and frozen land; and so I pictured it before I came here. But I find Alberta, Canada, the same, in many ways, as our home country. We have flowers here, and grasses, and a fertile soil for grain. And I find that I am surrounded by the very kindest of neighbors.

But that is what I want to tell you about: how I got to know my neighbors. At first we knew no one. We lived here a year without getting acquainted. I waited for my neighbors to hunt me up; but they did not. So I decided that since they had not come to me, I would have to do something to bring myself in contact with them.

We are six and a half miles from town, so we can't depend on mixing much there. Anyhow, it was my near neighbors I wanted to get acquainted with.

So, on the fifteenth of March, 1918, I invited every woman in our school district to come to my home, obtaining the names for this list from the school teacher. Every woman came, as I had expected, and we had a splendid time together. For amusement I had plenty of Red Cross sewing.

Before the meeting broke up, we formed a "School District Friendly Club," elected a president, secretary and treasurer, and decided that the club should meet the first and third Thursdays of each month with some member. The members afterward took turns at being hostess, the names being listed alphabetically.

Our club has flourished ever since its founding. No hostess is allowed to serve more than two things for refreshments. And we do not have dues. When necessary, we take collections. Our motto is: to do all the good we can whenever and wherever it is needed. Our chief aim is to be friendly and neighborly with every one.

To sum it all up: we have done sewing for the Red Cross, bought flowers for the sick, had many social gatherings at the schoolhouse and homes for ourselves and our families, and have aroused a great spirit of friendliness throughout this neighborhood.

I am sending this in the hope that it may offer a suggestion to some of the other Neighbors, in return for the pleasure and help their accounts have given me. MRS. P. B. CROOKS.

What I liked about that adventure, comrades, was the fact that this little neighbor, instead of being standoffish and resentful because her neighbors could not find time to call on her, graciously took the first step herself.

NOW, in order to reach the scene of our next letter, we must drop southward on the map to where the cactus blooms: from Canada, that is, to Mexico. This letter is so marvelous a one that it needs no comment from me:

Neighboring in Mexico in His Name

DEAR MISS CONNOLLY: Upon opening the Christian Herald of July 17, I was much impressed by the way you had set forth the 91st Psalm, and by your request that it be cut out, pasted on cardboard and sent to those gone to the front in France. And I felt constrained in spirit to write you, for the benefit of all who might be reached thereby, a brief account of some experiences the Lord has given me in connection with that most precious Psalm.

It was during the most trying times here in Mexico, three years ago, that I crossed the border and started on a missionary journey down through this entire west coast of Mexico, visiting the towns and holding forth the word all along the way. We fully realized the danger we were walking into, for even at the border we were not permitted to proceed until we had first signed a paper exempting those in control from all responsibility for anything that might be done to us and also forfeiting all claims for damages against the country. But we knew our God; and his promises, as given in the 91st Psalm, we counted all sufficient for anything that we might encounter. So, leaning upon that Psalm, we went forward, casting ourselves wholly into his hands to guard and keep; and as the difficulties and trials we met with became more trying the further along we went, we just turned to that Psalm almost daily, and were strengthened for every need. As correspondence with the rest of the world was cut off, we could not look for any encouragement from without; but were just obliged to look straight up.

At one place we were held prisoner for some time, and again, as we were going along the road, we were overtaken by a rowdy band and lashed to a tree in a dark night. At another time we were pounced upon and gone at with a dagger. Again later, we were taken captives by a lawless band. But in every case we found that the immutable promises given us by our God in that 91st Psalm held good; and that if we would raise our hands to him, claiming before him his promises that we were resting in, he would always deliver us, giving us a glorious victory. This was especially true in one case—the last referred to—when we were not only delivered from death but were given one of the best openings for the ministering of the Word that we had on that whole trip.

It was in a small wayside village, wholly in the hands of the bandits, who were holding up and plundering all who came through. We were turned aside and put in a dark room in a small dug-out. The only thing in the room was a heap of something in one corner, covered over with straw and then with bri Realizing that it was the dead bodies of t they had not yet got around to bury, perceived how absolutely we were shut unto the Lord, and saw the uselessness expecting any mercy from the bandits in t drunken condition. We knew, furtherm that our conflict was not with flesh and bl but against all the hosts of spiritual wic ness. So by God's grace, in the name of Lord Jesus, we just looked to the L claiming the protection of the Precious Bl not merely for ourselves, but for the ho and for the town, against all the power of adversary, Satan and all his forces.

The situation changed immediately. spirit of the adversary was lifted. We soon brought out, treated kindly, and gi good food: all we could eat.

Then, after we had eaten, the people c around and listened eagerly to the Word a read it to them; and the different familie the settlement brought their children, that might bless them. And all the next (Lord's Day) groups would come to hear Gospel. We were never treated more spectfully anywhere. The third day, when were about to go on our way, almost ev one in the settlement brought us some kin present: a piece of money or an egg, or ev few flowers. Then one escorted us on our toward the city we were going to.

Trusting this may be of help and encour ment to others, I remain, a humble servan Christ Jesus our Lord,

PHILIP McL——

I HAD hoped, Neighbors, to inclu several other adventures in t "round-the-world" number; but I f that there will not be room. So inste and in order to represent as many pa of the country as possible, I am going fill the Forum with your brief greeti from the different states.

Before another meeting shall h been called, our Good News L Contest (which closes October fi will have been decided, and I shall ready to announce the prize-winn I want to thank all who have tal part in this contest for the splen service they have rendered to t flag and country.

The Neighbors' Forum

Though I have loved the Christian He for fifty years, I think our Neighboring cor a fine addition to its work.—MRS. M Wood, *New York.*

I want to say to the old and lonely tha feel for them very much, and would like hear from them and will write to a few p sonally, if I get one or two addresses. seventy-six. Will some dear Neighbor s me, or publish, the old poem about "P Under the Rod"? I shall be very grate Love to all the old and feeble!—MRS. M WALTERS, *California.*

I have found many new and interest things in the Neighboring Column. It indeed helpful to us who are living in country. I wonder if you, or the Neighb could send me some of the names and expla tions of some new games we could play out h in the Ozarks. We have a meeting of yo folks at the farm clubs, and we have pla all the games we know.—*Missouri.*

Let me say how very much I enjoy Neighboring Department. I look forward to issues containing the Forum, as it brings all nearer to one another and the help Christian attitude.—MRS. A. S. MYE *Colorado.*

Neighborly service is unlimited as to me and bounds, and whenever and where there are aching hearts we should offer relief JAMES BALEY, *Massachusetts.*

I do enjoy reading the Neighboring Colum as we live 10 miles from our nearest to post office and neighbors. About the o social life I have is through letters.—C. H. *California.*

The letters on Neighboring are doing great good in the world.—W. G. Lu *South Dakota.*

The Neighboring Page is very helpful. MRS. J. J. YOUNG, *Iowa.*

DEAR NEIGHBORS: One of us—a Neighl who is afflicted has sent us a very touchi letter inviting helpful sympathy. Any o who desires to know more about this case c do so by sending me a postal.

VERA L. CONNOLLY.

Our Mail-Bag

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. Correspondents may use a nom de plume to identify the question, but all letters must contain name and address of the writer, in addition to the nom de plume. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

A. G. W., Hutchinson, Kan. In your issue of July 10, I notice a question in the Mail-Bag (L. B., Manchester, N. H.) regarding Paul's life in Arabia is not being mentioned in Acts. I have by my side the "Life and Epistles of St. Paul," by Conybeare and Howson. In chapter III, page 79, it says: "Many questions have been raised concerning this journey into Arabia. The first relates to the meaning of the word. It has always been a term of vague and uncertain import. Sometimes it ranges over Lebanon itself, and extends even to the borders of Cilicia. The native geographers usually reckon that stony district of which Petra was the capital as belonging to Egypt, and that wide desert towards the Euphrates as belonging to Syria. If he went into Petræan Arabia, there still remains the question of his motive for the journey and his employment when there. Either, retiring before the opposition at Damascus, he went to preach the Gospel, and then in the synagogues testified of Jesus; or he went for the purpose of contemplation and solitary communion with God, and then perhaps his steps were turned to those mountain heights by the Red Sea which Moses and Elijah had trodden before him. We cannot attempt to decide the question. The views which different inquirers take of it will probably depend on their tendency to the practical or the ascetic life."

L. R. L., McComb, Ohio. "Out of tune"—that is what we can say of at least fifty per cent of the church membership of today. Who are responsible for this condition, and how can you reenlist this sleeping "don't care" church membership? Thousands of others are asking the same question today. Happily, however, there are many good people who are doing more than merely asking; they are working and planning and praying for revitalizing the church. If all unite heartily and sincerely in the effort, great good must result. The war is impressing upon the world the need of real Christianity taking the place of what is too evidently nominal belief. Many consecrated Christians, including some of the ablest and best men in the ministry, are sounding the call. There is great hope for the future of this movement here as well as abroad.

L. C. K., Waterville, Kan. The questions your letter are, in the main, controversial, and discussion would be profitless.

J. M. M., Portland, Ore. President Wilson is a highly trained and effective speaker. We have heard him address great audiences, speaking without manuscript; yet his address was so thoroughly constructed, so logical and complete at all points, and wholly free from the faults and blemishes that usually mark extemporaneous speaking, that it may be said to have borne internal evidence of careful study and preparation. There may be occasions on which he uses manuscript when he delivers his official messages in Congress; it is quite expected that he should read it.

J. C. R., Cambridge, Me. Damascus has frequently been referred to by writers as the oldest city in existence. There have been many of earlier date, but like Babylon, Nineveh and a long line of others, they have passed away, either destroyed by wars or by the ravages of the centuries.

W. E. A., Weldon, Calif. 1. You will find the subjects referred to in your letter treated by Dr. Gray in his articles in recent issues of the Christian Herald. 2. The Scripture tells us that there will be marrying and giving in marriage up to the end of the age. (Matt. 24: 38.)

Mrs. F. J. H., LaGrange, Md. The liberation of Jerusalem and a large part of Palestine from Moslem rule has brought the whole question of gospelizing the Jews to the front. The sympathies of the Christian world are awakened in their behalf. It is a time when Hebrew Christian missions should increase in number and redouble their activities.

C. D. H. We do not think well of the proposition for such a change as you suggest.

I. M., Wheeling, Va. Gossip and slander are wicked, either in or out of the church. It is sometimes very difficult to deal with such cases. You should consult your pastor, and be guided by his counsel. If he knows all the circumstances, he may be able to apply a remedy.

G. B. K., Colorado. 1. We believe he does. 2. Japan is still a heathen nation, although Christianity is making remarkable gains there. 3. Write to the Census Bureau, Washington, D. C.

H. L. G., Austin, Texas. You would do well to inquire of the preacher in question and ascertain precisely what he did say, otherwise you may be judging him wrongly through a misapprehension. The words on the cross, mentioned in Mark 15:34, are regarded by the leading commentators as being a sentence taken literally, but in a Chaldee or Aramaic form, from the opening verse of the twenty-second Psalm. That the universally accepted translation is correct is nowhere doubted. Jameson, Faussett and Brown's Commentary takes this view, and it is accepted by other commentators without question. The preacher you speak of may have had some other aspect of the crucifixion in mind, possibly relating to the passage in John 3:14,15.

One of our readers, Mrs. Emma Bailey of Richmond Hill, N. Y., celebrated her eighty-eighth birthday on August 13. Many relations and friends called to congratulate her, while others sent letters, postcards and gifts. This aged Christian is a cousin of the famous preacher, Rev. Peter Stryker. She has a keen memory and a happy way of relating reminiscences. Mrs. Bailey is intensely American, and follows the course of the war as told in the Christian Herald, which she reads without glasses.

G. A. G., Mechanicsburg, Pa. The deepest sounding in the Pacific Ocean, 5,269 fathoms, was made in 1900 near the Island of Guam by the U. S. S. Nero. Its depth is close upon six miles.

Mrs. A. G. L., Walton, N. Y. By the Treaty of Paris, 1898, the United States agreed to pay Spain a sum of $20,000,000 for relinquishing claims to Porto Rico, Guam and the Philippine Islands. A subsequent treaty in 1900 provided for a further payment of $100,000 for other Philippine Islands.

J. C. T., Shoals, N. C. If you wish to offer a war invention to the government you should communicate with the Invention Section, General Staff, Army War College, Washington, D. C., stating the facts of your invention—that is, the name and object, any results obtained by actual experience, whether it is patented, whether remuneration is expected and whether you are its owner or agent. A written description and sketches or drawings should also be submitted.

S. W. S., Oakland, Md. The generals in the American Army at the present time are Pershing, Bliss and March. Admiral Benson holds first place in rank among the Admirals of the Navy. Other admirals are Sims and Caperton.

J. E. M., Ozark, Ark. The following are the requirements for a chaplain in the army and appointments are open at present for chaplains. The salary of a chaplain ranges from $2,000 to $3,000. Most chaplains are commissioned as first lieutenants of the National Army with a salary of $2,000, but they may obtain as high a rank as major in the regular army, which commands a salary of $3,000 per year. A candidate for appointment as chaplain in the army must be a regularly ordained minister of some religious denomination and must be recommended by some authorized ecclesiastical body. He must be under forty-five years of age, and able to pass satisfactory mental, moral and physical examinations. Application blanks may be had from the Adjutant General, War Department, Washington, D. C.

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Homes for Returned Soldiers

SECRETARY LANE of the Department of the Interior recently presented to the President and Congress a comprehensive plan for a preliminary study of the unused lands of the country, with particular reference to the irrigation of some 15,000,000 acres of arid land, the drainage of 70,000,000 to 80,000,000 acres of swamp land, and the clearing of approximately 200,000,000 acres of cut-over or logged-off land, with the purpose in view of reclaiming those lands through governmental agency and providing homes for returned soldiers.

That the Secretary's letter touched a popular chord is indicated by many letters from Senators and Congressmen, comment in Congress, and editorial discussion in leading newspapers.

Senator Sherman of Illinois writes: "I believe fully in reasonable appropriations to promote the facilities to the returned soldier when peace comes to acquire an interest in the soil and become a producer of needed supplies. I shall act accordingly."

Representative Sanders of Louisiana writes: "Now is the time to prepare the laws; now is the time to coördinate the efforts of the nation, state and individual, so that when our soldiers of democracy shall return triumphant after their final struggle with autocracy, the government will be able to say to them: 'Here are the fields and farms that we have prepared for you, not as a gift, but as something that you may acquire upon just and reasonable and equitable terms.' You may count upon me with voice and vote to do every and any thing possible to bring this condition about."

Secretary Lane is asking Congress for an appropriation of $1,000,000 for this work, and has written to Hon. Swager Sherley, chairman of the Committee on appropriations of the House of Representatives, calling attention to the legislation already enacted by our Allies. In this letter he shows how in England, Wales and Scotland the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries may acquire land to be apportioned among returning soldiers for mixed farming, dairying and market gardening. Inexperienced m are to be trained, meanwhile receivi a living wage.

In Canada, where unoccupied la is more plentiful and cheap than England, the Dominion governme grants 160 acres of land free to the r turned soldier, with a loan of $2,000 five per cent. for improvements, to repaid in fifteen years. Inexperienc men are trained as in England at cu rent wages. This offer is open to s diers and soldiers' widows from any pa of the British Empire. In Ontario 1 acres of land are given free with a lo of $500 at six per cent. The oth provinces have laws providing in som what similar ways for returned soldie

In Australia, South Africa and Ne Zealand plans are being worked out f the settlement of returned soldiers public lands on specially favoral terms.

In France provision is made for loa to soldiers and civilian victims of t war. But since a large part of the s diers of France are landowners, t problem of demobilization will be simple one. The French soldiers w simply return to their homes.

As Secretary Lane says, "The prep ration of plans for providing opport nity for our returning soldiers cann be left to the day when the war over." We can have a job at go pay for every soldier who retur from France if Congress will give the financial support needed. A while at work the soldier can be ma ing a home for himself for which can pay the government in forty yea time. This plan has received the e dorsement of so large a percentage Congress and the press of the count that it appears to be a probable pr gram; it certainly is a practicable on We have put $200,000 now for pr liminary surveys and reports, but th will be increased undoubtedly by t incoming Congress. There is enou waste and undeveloped land in th country to give every soldier a far but of course no such program is co templated, because all would not wa farms."

Engagements of the Evangelists

THE following engagements of workers belonging to the Interdenominational Association of Evangelists have been furnished by Rev. Parley E. Zartmann, general secretary, Winona Lake, Indiana:

William Asher—Washington, D. C., War work.
A. Lee Aldrich party—Oct. 6, St. Paul, Minn.; Nov. 17, South Dakota.
J. V. Baird—War work, Camp Funston.
Daisy Douglas Barr party—Until Christmas, New York State.
W. E. Bilyeu—War work, Camp Cody.
F. J. Balmond—War work.
A. M. Bruner—War work, Camp Taylor.
John E. Brown party—Oct.-Nov., Shreveport, La.; Houston, Texas.
D. B. Bulkley—War work, France.
Byron J. Clark party—Oct., Polo, Mo.
H. C. Clase—War work, Camp Custer.
Harold R. Coffin—War work, France.
W. H. Collisson—War work, Hampton Roads, Va.
O. L. Cotterell—War work, Camp Sherman.
A. B. Davidson—War work, England.
John M. Dean—War work, Camp Fremont.
E. R. Dow—War work, France.
L. L. Dunn—Oct., Stow and Sweden, Me.
H. P. Dunlop—Until Oct. 12, Brookfield, Mo.; Jan. 1, Marcellus, Mich.
John W. Erskine—Until Oct. 13, Lake City, Mich.
C. E. Faust—War work, Blue Ridge Camp.
A. J. Pitt—War work, Camp Logan.
Ely J. Forsythe party—Oct., Monroe, Mich.; Nov., Patriotic work; Dec., Detroit, Mich.
R. W. Frary—War work, Camp Dewey.
S. G. Fraser—War work, McCook Field.
S. D. Goodale—Oct. 20, Preston, Kan.; Nov. 17, Canton, Kan.
A. W. Gray—Oct.-Dec., Illinois.
A. D. George—War work, France.
Roy Gourley—War work, Camp Grant.
Ham-Ramsey party—Oct., Hickman, Ky.; Nov., Brownsville, Tenn.
Herbert C. Hart—Until Christmas, evangelistic work.
R. A. Hadden—War work, Camp Kearney.
C. R. Haudenschield party—Oct. 3, Fairfield, Neb.
E. C. Harding—War work, Chanute Field.
R. G. Heddon—War work, France.
T. M. Hofmeister—Nov., Newell, W. Va.
I. E. Honeywell party—Sept.-Oct., Peterboro, Ont.
W. H. Hudgins—War work, in training.
E. DeWitt Johnston party—Oct., Goodrich Ont.
Loren G. Jones—War work, Camp Gordon
R. H. Kadey—Oct., Port Huron, Mich.
F. O. Kelley—War work, France.
G. A. Klein party—Oct., Wynne, Ark.
F. F. Leonard—War work, Camp Meade.
J. H. Leonard—Oct., Alliston, Ont.
John M. Linden—Salvation Army Campai Ore.
J. C. Ludgate—War work, Kelley Field.
E. P. Loose—Salvation Army, Central Stat
Milford H. Lyon—War work, Various cam
A. R. Lytle—War work, Camp Grant.
A. S. Magann—Salvation Army, Wisconsi
T. G. Makin—War work, Camp McCella
William McEwan—War work, Various cam
J. B. McMinn—War work, France.
W. C. Mealing and wife—Oct. 9, Lancast Pa.; Nov. 3, Millville, N. J.; Nov. 27, I Argyl, Pa.; Jan. 5, Reading, Pa.
C. E. Meyer—War work, Camp McArthu
George E. Moody—War work, in training
Earle Naftzger—War work, France.
P. C. Nelson—War work, Camp Custer.
O. A. Newlin—Oct. 20, Bellefontaine, Ohio
J. A. Nipper—War work, Various camps.
L. K. Peacock—War work, Camp Dix.
J. J. Pease—Oct., Plainwell, Mich.; No Clarksville, Mich.; Dec., Palo, Mich.
L. F. Peckham—War work, Camp Kearne
E. B. Pratt—War work, France.
The Prestons—Oct. 13, Grand Rapids, Mi
W. A. Pugsley—Oct., Fabius, N. Y.
Paul Rader party—Oct., Seattle, Wash.
Fred W. Rapp—War work, Fort Sill.
Milton S. Rees—Oct. 20, Wheeling, W. Va
Reid-Troy party—Until Oct. 6, Vancouv Wash.
Homer Rodeheaver—War work, France.
Harold F. Sayles—Oct. 8, Wall Lake, Mic Oct. 27, Irving, Ill.; Nov. 14, Nashvi Mich.
J. H. Sawtelle—War work, Estes Park.
Saylor-Gardner party—Oct. 20, South D kota; Nov., Kalona, Iowa.
Roud Shaw—War work, France.
M. B. Simmons—War work, Camp McArth
Eric A. Fernlund—Until Oct. 13, Big Sprin S. D.; Oct. 20—Nov. 10, Grantsburg, W Nov.—Dec., Valley, Neb.

Marion Harland's Corner

What Is Meant by "Doing Our Bit"

THE space I have devoted to this letter will not be grudged by readers whose ears are constantly offended by puerile fretting over the restrictions to which we should submit eagerly and faithfully:

I was born and brought up in England, but harried an American, and have had a happy ome on this side of the water for twenty ears. It goes without saying that I am, eart and soul, in sympathy with the great ause for which the Allies are fighting. So, ou will not misunderstand the motive that es back of this very plain talk with my ster housewives in these United States.

I don't know who first talked about "doing ur bit" in the war. The phrase has been aught up and used on both sides of the tlantic with an eagerness that shows how neaningful it is. My object in writing this, y first letter to the Corner, is to put a direct uestion to the aforesaid housewives and ther women readers: What does the query and for with you, personally and indiidually? Are you one of the many who ffend real patriots by peevish complaints of ortage in sugar, flour, meat and other things e used to regard as necessities of daily ving? Has it occurred to you that, in subitting cheerfully and willingly to these inor privations, you are helping to "win the ar"?

I read some time ago in the Corner a uotation from an Englishwoman's letter to e effect that we Americans have not yet ntered into this conflict as the French and nglish women have. May I give a chapter om my own experience that corroborates is criticism?

Last spring I contrived to get over to visit y sister in England. She lives in a small wn not far from the sea. There were six of s, all told, in the household. She had two ildren, 1 one; my husband and a nurseryoverness completod tho number. We had a mfortable house, pleasant grounds, and the pointments of a modestly luxurious home. the matter of food we fared no better—and worse—than our neighbors. We were all on what was virtually a voluntary system rations, prescribed by local laws and served strictly by every household.

We had meat twice a month and whito ead once a week. One pound of sugar per enth was allowed to our family, and we ed no more. How did wo contrive to live? o begin with, three of us grown peoplo ank tea and coffee without sugar. Tho rsery-governess was rather delicate, and e agreed to let her sweoten her tea and give e rest to the children as a rare treat onco a ek in a pudding. We mado the meat go far as we could, in various ways. When it as gone, we lived on vegetables, cheese d cereals, with occasional catches of fish. gs and milk played a conspicuous part in r bills of fare. Thoy did not bear transrtatien well, and were to be had from our n neighborhood.

Tho Queen of England set the example of staining from tho use of all commodities hich were required in "The Service." That s the catchword all over the realm. It was nk disloyalty to consume what tho soldiers ust have to keep them in fighting trim. very child learned that by the time he could eak.

And it was all done bravely and without a rd or thought of complaint. To mako the garless plight worse, we could buy neither rup, molasses nor honey.

This was the "bit" done by Englishwomen the time of which I writo. Home letters ll me of even more grievous straits to which y transatlantic friends are submitting as llantly as when I learned from thom what actical everyday and hourly Patriotism ith a big "P!") means to us women who ay at home and keep the pot boiling while r men are facing death on the battlefield.

Pardon the length of this protest against the lf-hearted submission to the exigencies of nes and seasons, expressions of which vex my ul to desperation day by day when uttered women who should be thankful that they e able to contribute their bit of self-denial d ingenuity and cheerful resignation for tho ke of right and justice, now on trial in tho ht of God and man.

I enclose my name and address that you ay assure yourself of the truth of all I have down. The subject is too serious for fling, or for drawing upon the imagination. Mrs. A. J. M. (*New York*).

OUR English-born member has told the tale so well that no editorial oral is needed. Yet may I subjoin one ought? Mothers all over the land are changing tearful and prideful congratations because college-bred daughters e striving agonizedly for enrolment in e bands of trained nurses, interpreters d volunteer workers in the humblest ades of the service overseas. And this is right and good—honorable to the sex and to the nation. I heard the other day of an accomplished young woman who has washed dishes for a year in a foreign base hospital and without a murmur.

"Mine was a whole-hearted offer of help," she says. "The powers that be have ordained that I am most needed here. In a word that this is *my* bit. I am a soldier under orders."

The woman who stays at home because somebody "must keep the pot boiling" has also her appointed task. And she, too, is "under orders."

It is fitting that we annex to the foregoing the rules published by the United States Food Administration relative to sugar rations:

Sugar Distribution

7. How much sugar can each person have?

Not more than two pounds per month per person for household use and a limited supply for the necessary preservation of fruits and other foods. The Army and Navy must receive their ration.

8. How is the Food Administration handling distribution of sugar?

Use of sugar in manufacturing anything but foodstuffs and explosives has been forbidden; manufacturers of soft drinks, candy, and other less essentials have been rigidly restricted; the supply of sugar to ice-cream makers and bakers has been curtailed. For ordinary household use, not more than two pounds can be bought at one time for town and city residents, and not more than five pounds at one time for country people, except at the discretion of the Federal Food Administrator for the state, or his deputies.

9. What restrictions have been placed on public eating-houses in regard to sugar?

For every ninety meals served not more than two pounds of sugar may be purchased.

10. Are there other rules?

Federal Food Administrators in the various states may make rulings to suit local conditions in regard to sugar for home canning.

11. Are civilians to consider themselves on a definite sugar ration?

Yes. They are in honor bound to use not more than two pounds per person per month. They are directed to use sugar substitutes as much as they can. "Substitutes" include corn syrup, honey, maple sugar, maple syrup, sorghum, fruit, fruit juices, etc.

The success of this program rests on the honor and co-operation of the American people.

AS a final contribution to the valuable recipes for preserving green corn for winter use, I venture to publish one too good to be laid aside for another season. There are still portions of our great territory where "King Corn" may be enjoyed in tender succulence as the national vegetable par excellence. The formula here given is comprehensive and clearly expressed. Those to whom it comes too late for present use will act wisely and well in clipping it from the paper and pasting it in the family recipe book. It will keep!

Dried Green Corn

Have good, well-filled ears of sweet corn all ready, as for cooking. Have ready a milk-pan or bake-pan, one that will fit into the oven. With a sharp knife cut off the top of grains of corn, then scrape all the milk from the cob, being careful not to scrape the husks. When the pan is filled to about two inches from the top, place it in a hot oven and cook until the milk is dried out. Stir often while it cooks.

Have ready a clean table, or dryer Put a clean cloth on this and spread the corn out thin; cover with clean mosquito netting to exclude dust. Stir several times during the day, and leave it until it is perfectly dry. Then put it into a clean sack and hang in a good dry place. It will keep a year if dried this way.

When ready to use the corn put to soak in lukewarm water over night on back of stove. Next day let it stay where it will be hot, but *do not let it boil* until about half an hour before serving. Add a piece of butter, salt to taste, stir in a very little sugar unless you have good rich milk and cream. That is sufficient with a little thickening added to make the milk creamy.—Mrs. M. M. (*Oregon*).

A fireless cooker cuts the coal bill.

Break the coal to sizes no larger than eggs.

Some of us can afford to eat less food in order that none may be foodless.

Think What She Can Do

With Puffed Rice, Puffed Wheat and Corn Puffs on hand, think of the possibilities.

Three kinds of bubble grains to serve, each with a different flavor.

All can be served like other cereals, or served with melted butter.

All taste like airy nut meats. Salt or lightly butter, and they become food confections. They are ideal tidbits for hungry children after school.

Nothing else is half so welcome in a bowl of milk. The grains are thin, crisp, toasted, porous—puffed to eight times normal size.

They make an airy, nut-like garnish for ice cream. And they are ever-ready toasted wafers for a soup.

Any fruit dish is made doubly delightful with these flimsy, flavory globules scattered in it.

Puffed Rice **Puffed Wheat** **Corn Puffs**

All Bubble Grains

Each 15c Except in Far West

Two of these are whole grains puffed by steam explosions. Every food cell is exploded, so these grain foods easily digest.

The fearful heat creates a fascinating flavor. The explosions change the whole grains to fragile, toasted bubbles.

Corn Puffs are pellets of hominy puffed in like way to thin, flavory globules.

All form the best ways in which these grains are served. No other method makes them so enticing, or so fits them for digestion.

Serve all of them in all the ways you can.

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Get More Eggs On Less Feed

Egg prices this winter will undoubtedly be the highest in the world's history. Those who know how to feed to get winter eggs will reap enormous profits, while improper methods mean a loss.

Prof. T. E. Quisenberry, one of the world's greatest poultry authority and President of the American Poultry School, Box 1012, Leavenworth, Kansas, has issued a 16-page bulletin on "How and What to Feed For Heavy Egg Production and to Cut the Cost of Feed." This Bulletin will be mailed Free to interested readers, while they last. Hundreds of hens fed and cared for under Prof. Quisenberry's direction have laid 200 to 208 eggs per year, while the normal production according to U. S. Government reports is 60 to 80 eggs per year. Write today for your copy of this valuable Bulletin. (Advertisement.)

Abraham Giving Isaac to God

International Sunday School Lesson for October 20
Gen. 22 : 1-14

The Spiritual Conception of Sacrifice

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

THIS story of Abraham and Isaac on Mount Moriah must have been used again and again by the ancient Hebrews to explain why their people offered no human sacrifices. All around them were tribes who gave their best, even their sons and daughters, in fiery holocaust to heathen idols. Perhaps many a Hebrew chieftain was reproached by an alien with the taunt that he had never sacrificed a son to Jehovah his God. Then the story which is our lesson came to his lips as it was told him by his father, that God desires the utter dedication of all, even our dearest, but that he requires no mutilated bodies to appease his anger, preferring living souls doing his holy will, rather than dead children upon high altars. To such perplexed ancient worshipers the central feature of the chapter lies in the voice from heaven that cried unto Abraham, "Lay not thy hand upon the lad!" when he was about to slay his son. It was a revelation that God is satisfied with absolute trust and willing obedience.

The Lesson of Faith

To us, the story centers instead upon the wonderful faith of the patriarch in this supreme test of his life. He had come to believe that God should bless him with a numerous posterity, who should be a great nation. These hopes were fastened upon Isaac his son. Yet in the midst of his wanderings, his conscience became aroused to a deep sense of a withheld offering. Perhaps in the land of the Philistines he had witnessed the sublime devotion of some agonized chief who had sacrificed his first-born on the altar. It seemed to Abraham that Jehovah was calling insistently for a final proof of his loyalty, and that he, too, must offer up his son for a burnt offering.

How beautiful and awesome is the scene as father and son draw near the place of oblation! With what quiet trust the young man asks his father concerning the victim, "Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb?" Can you imagine with what effort for self-control and faith came the answer, "God will provide himself the lamb, my son"? Then, when his son had willingly submitted upon hearing of the dread requirement, and lay bound, awaiting the blow, the discovery of the ram caught in the thicket opened up Abraham's eyes to the true will of Jehovah, the Everlasting Father. He did not desire the blood of a victim, but he honored and blessed the wonderful faith of his servant. New peace and new gratitude dwelt afterward in the heart of Abraham. He had triumphed in spirit in the very crisis of his career.

Giving Our Best to God

Abraham's sensitive spirit rightly felt that he could not withhold his best from God. In like manner we find David saying, "Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto Jehovah that cost me nothing." This fine feeling of sacrifice pervaded Hebrew religion. The first-fruits of the fields, the unblemished lamb and ox, the finest of the wheat, constituted their offerings. What a contrast between such a conception of worship and the pitiful poverty of soul evinced by some moderns who feel no compulsion to give to God at all, no gratitude whatever, or who perfunctorily dole out beggarly gifts upon his altars!

Fortunately, the great hosts of the people are learning to give nowadays. Moreover, the Great War is teaching us to give even our lives, yea, to give the lives of our beloved sons, dearer to us than our own. The spirit of Abraham is matched today in scores of American homes, from that of ex-President Roosevelt to the poorest of inmigrant households whose young men have fallen in France. The emergency of today, like the upheaval in Abraham's heart, has brought out and developed the latent possibilities of utter consecration of the best and dearest for the cause of right and for the future of the Kingdom of God on earth.

How shall this affect our boys and girls in the Sunday schools? We trust that it will not be necessary for them in coming days to go to war or to send their sons to their death; one of our incentives in fighting is to safeguard their future from that very thing. But we do want them to imbibe that spirit of sacrifice which flows through the manhood and womanhood of America today. We must catch their imaginations with the sublimity of it all. We must also see to it that they have chances to deny themselves, to forego pleasures willingly, to do without luxuries voluntarily, and above all to think of their debt to God in deep and noble terms. It is so easy for them to become selfish and unworthy. Why, hundreds of children withhold even the money entrusted to them to give to God through the school! Speak plainly of the meanness and sinfulness of such selfish irreverence.

Sacrifice Must Be for a Worthy End

God does not desire sacrifice merely as such. He desires the spirit of consecration directed to noble purposes. What a horrible mistake even Christians made, when the old monks tore their flesh and mutilated their bodies, in a misguided belief that God would be pleased thereby! God wants sacrifices that are for a cause, that accomplish results, that change the current of events. He does not wish us to cut off a limb as an act of worship, but he does want us to be willing to lose an arm, or a leg, or life itself, in delivering his children from the cruelty of the oppressor. He does not wish us to go about starving as a token of repentance, but he does honor us for going without wheat that the hungry nations may be fed. It is for true faith to believe that every real sacrifice accomplishes results for God. In a moral universe we cannot fail of service, if we give to God and men our very best.

Supreme tests come to us all when sacrifice is very hard, even as it was to Abraham. Such tests in similar terms are coming today upon the fathers and mothers of young men everywhere just now. But for the most part, our daily self-sacrifice brings daily reward, and sacrifice becomes "not grievous but joyous."

We come to put the emphasis not upon what we give, but upon what we achieve and accomplish for God's kingdom and for the blessing of his children; not upon the selfish indulgence denied but upon the approval of Christ won. Dr. Trumbull once said, "Self-denial is liable to be painful and bitter at the start. Self-sacrifice can be and ought to be—it is when it is hearty and genuine—delightsome and joyous from first to last." Doubtless the joy of Jesus was deeply grounded in the utter devotion of his will to the purpose of his Father. He knew he was sacrificing to serve. Hence he could say, "Rejoice and be exceeding glad" even in persecution, because those who have been persecuted for righteousness' sake are treading in the footsteps of the prophets of God, in the way of sacrifice for men.

Loyalty to Truth

From Abraham let us learn to be utterly loyal to truth as God reveals it unto us. Like him let us be teachable, ever growing in the knowledge of his will, lest our obedience be stupid and blundering and formal.

Let us believe that the God who spoke unto our fathers will also speak unto us, showing us newer, higher, more spiritual modes of worshiping and serving him.

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—By Del Dane, *"The Old Stove Master"*

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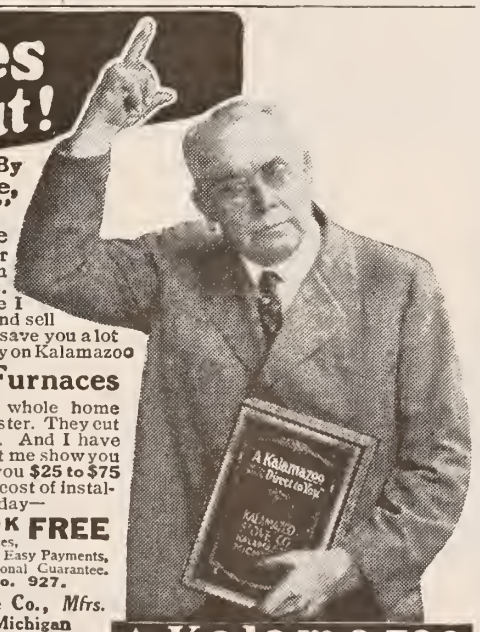

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Sunday School Method

BY FRANK L. BROWN, Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

Getting All the Church Into the Sunday School

IN these days of national campaigns it may be of interest to know that the government is considering the launching of a campaign to build up the morale of the nation by urging church and Sunday school attendance.

In such a campaign full stress would be laid upon Sunday school attendance by both the church and the community. One verse of the Bible understood, memorized, lived, loved may be a Rock of Gibraltar—nay, more, the Rock of Ages—in life's emergencies.

So for the sake of our country it must be—Back to the Book. But how?

First. Start family prayer in your own home. Read there aloud a portion of the Book each day. Make one verse in that read ing your sheet-anchor for the day about the home. Do this for your spiritual conservation just as much as you save food or forbear luxuries for the conservation of the government's resources.

Second. Plan a campaign to get every member of the church in some class of the Sunday school as a war measure. The Sunday school needs workers to replace those who have enlisted.

This is the way one school (the Bushwick Avenue Central M. E. of Brooklyn, N. Y.) goes about it. The pastor, superintendent and associate superintendent unite in the following letter to a new church member:

"Our Bible school is interested in your recent entrance into the membership of the Church. Our hands are extended in a welcome most cordial. We hope that you are a lover of the Bible school, and that you are planning to enroll at once as one of its members here; also that because this is now your Bible school you will appropriate its privileges and do what you may be able to do to advance its usefulness. We would suggest that you visit next Sunday the class taught by Mr. ——— in the ——— Department."

Then to the teacher of that class is sent this letter:

"M———, living at ———, has recently joined our church, and the Bible school has invited ——— to unite with the school, suggesting that —— visit your class. Will you endeavor to secure this person as a member extending such a warmth of welcome as will bind ——— to the school in helpful relationship? Appreciating your cooperation,

———"

Third. Organize parents' classes. A good plan to start is with the parents of the youngest children. The mothers frequently come with the young children and will come more if there is a special class for them near their little ones. In our school we have now five large mothers' classes that started from one class of mothers of the beginners. We organized these mothers into the Royal Daughters. They had their monthly social gathering.

Then we found some fathers coming with these young mothers, and we challenged them to form a fathers' class. And now there are fifty fathers organized into the Tower Class because they meet in the church tower, and nearly all of the men have joined the church.

Once a month we have all these mothers together in a mothers' meeting.

Fourth. Get the children to invite their parents to join these classes.

"A little child shall lead them" is as true today as ever.

Through such steady pressure upon the adults surprising results come. One Sunday 500 men were aimed at as an attendance goal at church, and by getting all the school at work with their fathers 500 men were there. Then on Mothers' Day 500 mothers was the goal, and nearly 600 were there.

Routing Huns On All the Fronts

WHEN President Wilson declared for "Force without stint or limit" he anticipated the strategy of Marshal Foch which has been revealing itself since July 18, when the great German offensive ended in the beginnings of retreat. Hitherto an attack has been pressed home, and then relative quiet has reigned along the reestablished front. But Marshal Foch's offensives, when vigorously pushed as far as wise tactics indicate, have never wholly relaxed but have settled down to steady pressure. Thus, from Rheims all the way along the old Hindenburg positions to Ypres, the German armies were held in a death grapple with the ceaselessly active troops of the Allies. Foch gave them no rest. But he did not confine himself to this single reach of the far-flung battle line.

September 18 saw the Allied armies in action in Palestine and Macedonia. In both these theaters of war, skilful strategy wrought real victories, armies were destroyed and the whole defensive plan of the foe has been crapped and disorganized. But it was not enough to attack at front and rear. On September 26, Marshal Foch unleashed the American First Army and the French armies on their left and sent them against the German flank in the Champagne country between Verdun and Rheims. On a front of fifty miles from Auberive to the Meuse, crossing the great Forest of the Argonne, the German defense system crumbled and the Allied troops surged forward.

The major attack was made by the Americans along a twenty-mile front westward of the Meuse. General Pershing reported on the evening of the 26th that the enemy lines had been penetrated to an average depth of seven miles. 5,000 prisoners had been taken and the American troops were still pressing on. The French on the American left went in to an average depth of four miles, and French soldiers were advancing over ground and through villages held by the Germans since 1914. This attack was made almost on the anniversary of General Petain's Champagne attack of September 25, 1915. Petain then made considerable gains, practically breaking the German line, and took 25,000 prisoners and many guns, but did not have the necessary reserves to exploit his success.

In Palestine, General Allenby's victory has throughout the week developed more and more into a complete and overwhelming defeat for the Turkish-German army, the number of prisoners having been 45,000 on September 27 and the Turkish Fourth Army, operating east of the Jordan, was surrounded with the British troops advancing northward from Amman on the Hedjaz Railway, with British and Arab forces eastward of its position, cutting it off from the Syrian desert, and with Arab troops advancing southward from the vicinity of Galilee. The British on Sept. 26 occupied Tiberias and two other towns on the Sea of Galilee. When the Turkish Fourth Army is accounted for, General Allenby will have destroyed a force of 100,000 men—the whole Turkish Palestine army—and will have practically cleared the way to Aleppo and a junction with the British in Mesopotamia.

The Bulgarian armies on September 26 had been broken into separate units. The Bulgarian First Army was practically surrounded northwest of Monastir, having all of its roads of retreat either cut or under gun-fire, except the trails leading through the mountains to Albania. The other Bulgarian armies were falling back, fighting desperate rearguard actions, before the Greek, British, Serbian, French and Italian armies. There was the division of Czecho-Slovaks in line with the Serbs. The Serbs were over fifty miles from their starting place and had taken Veles and Prilep on the highway from Monastir to Uskub and Ishtib on the highway from Veles to the Bulgarian fortress of Strumnitza. The British and Greeks, driving northward from Lake Doiran, were over the Bulgarian border and fighting for the heights commanding Strumnitza. For the first time in the war, Bulgaria was invaded and popular unrest in that country was reaching a critical stage. King Ferdinand was reported to have appealed to Field Marshal von Mackensen, in command of the Teutonic armies of occupation in Rumania, to come to Bulgaria and take command of his shattered forces. Von Mackensen was said to have refused. Meanwhile the Allies' successes had inspired the Rumanian peasants to revolt and the German army of occupation faced serious difficulties.

During the week, the British and French continued to draw closer to St. Quentin. The British on Sept. 25 took and held Selency and Gricourt, after three days of constant fighting in which counter-attacks mingled with attacks; 1,500 prisoners were taken in the fighting and important height positions were wrested from the Germans, who were thrown back against the main Hindenburg defenses.

The British forces advancing in Macedonia captured the Bulgarian city of Strumnitza on September 27, while their Serbian allies forced their way toward Bulgaria along the valleys to the northward, taking Kochana and Ishtib. With her armies driven back and hopelessly broken and her people almost in revolt, Bulgaria appealed to Germany for 300,000 reinforcements, which were refused. Finding no succor there, Premier Malinoff, with the consent of Czar Ferdinand, sent emissaries to General D'Esperey, commanding the Allied troops in Macedonia, asking an armistice for forty-eight hours to permit the arrival of two authorized delegates from the Bulgarian Government, "to arrange the conditions of the armistice and eventually the terms of peace."

General D'Esperey replied, "I can accord neither an armistice nor a suspension of hostilities tending to interrupt the operations in course. On the other hand, I will receive with all due courtesy the delegates, duly qualified, of the Royal Bulgarian Government, these delegates to present themselves in the British lines, accompanied by a parliamentaire."

General Haig, on September 27, struck a new blow in the direction of Cambrai. With an American division on his right, he struck eastward along a front of about fourteen miles, penetrating over most of the front to a depth of three miles, taking Bourlon Wood, Fles-Quieres, Sauchy-Cauchy and crossing the Canal du Nord southeast of Mœuvres and seizing dominating heights against fierce enemy resistance.

Extending the front of attack to just north of St. Quentin, General Haig, on September 28 and 29, overran the main Hindenburg defenses along most of the distance, some thirty miles, and broke through the support lines around Cambrai, advancing to the southwestern and northwestern suburbs of this important railway center. An American army corps under Major General G. W. Read, U. S. A., crushed the Hindenburg line on a front of 5,000 yards, crossing the Scheldt Canal and capturing Bellicourt and Nauroy.

While the British with American help were thus smashing the important defense centers east of Arras, the French under General Mangin continued their advance across the Chemin des Dames, taking Laffaux and Fort Malmaison and driving forward down the slopes toward the hinge of the line at Laon. With these two vital points under attack, the Americans and French kept on with their flanking attack in the Champagne and along the Meuse. Resisting everywhere to the full limit of their powers, the Germans made most desperate efforts to halt this thrust against their flank. In spite of their resistance, however, the Allies moved steadily forward. By September 29 the Americans had advanced nearly fifteen miles, crossing all of the Hindenburg defense system and taking Brieulles on the edge of the Kriemhilde line running from Grandpré across the Argonne and the Meuse to Damvillers. Here the Americans faced the Prussian Guard and once more took the measure of this crack organization, stopping its counter-attacks and pressing it back over two miles.

As if this were not enough for the tortured Teuton, the Belgians, on September 28, joined in north of Ypres and drove forward for several miles along a long front. They took Dixmude and Passchendaele and were within two miles of Roulers on September 30.

In all of these drives large numbers of prisoners were taken, the Allied total for the week exceeding 100,000 on all fronts, with over 500 guns. Since July 18 the total captures to September 29 were 200,000 prisoners, 3,000 guns, 20,000 machine guns and much other material.

The Balkan situation on September 30 appeared to have resolved itself into a race for Sofia. Germany, apparently repenting of her refusal to aid Bulgaria, was planning to send six divisions to the help of her ally, while the representatives of that ally were in Salonica, ready to treat with the Entente for peace. To provide troops for Macedonia, Germany was withdrawing her occupying forces from Rumania, and it was intimated that with her troops in Sofia she would prevent the closing of a separate peace agreement by Bulgaria. Meantime the Serbian, British, Greek, French and Italian troops continued northward, the British and Greeks being twenty-five miles over the Bulgarian frontier.

Bulgaria's peace representatives were General Lonkoff, commander of the Bulgarian Second Army; M. Liapcheff, Finance Minister, and M. Radeff, a former cabinet minister.

On October 30, although the whole battle line was swept by driving rain and the Allied troops had to fight weather, mud and Germans altogether, the fierce contests of the day everywhere ended in Allied success. About Cambrai the British, Australian and American forces passed the city on the north and were fighting in the northern and western suburbs at nightfall. The city was on fire. To the north Belgian and British troops took Roulers and drove the Germans from Messines Ridge south of Ypres. Southward from Cambrai toward St. Quentin the British mopped up the Hindenburg defenses, crossing the Scheldt Canal and retaking Villers-Guislain and Gonnelieu where German counter-attacks had pressed them back on the previous day. In the Champagne the French kept on and the Americans in the Argonne and eastward to the Meuse, after a day of fluctuating fortune, pressed closer to the Kriemhilde line, Germany's last ditch south of the Belgian line. The Germans threw fresh troops against the doughboys east of the Argonne and succeeded in driving a wedge in the line held by Kansas and Missouri divisions. Pennsylvania troops took the Germans in hand and drove them back with fearful losses.

From Flanders to Lorraine the whole German war machine was writhing in torment under Foch's implacable pressure and unending blows and the air was rife with the possibility of great events.

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IN these days when the world travails and men's hearts grow strong or fail, it is well to know upon what our faith is founded, upon what our cause rests. Next week Dr. Keigwin eloquently portrays "God's Oath, the Ground of Confidence."

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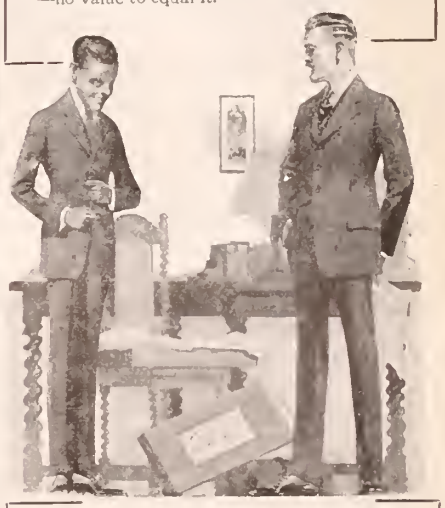

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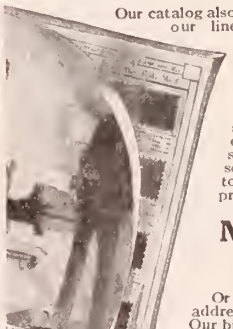

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Thousands of people have sent the author word that through her books they have been led afield and to their first realization of the beauties of Nature. Through the romance of life and the delights of Nature she directs the mind upward toward the Infinite into an atmosphere that is sweet, cleansing and exalting.

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ALL large book circulations come from only one cause—the recommendation of one reader to another. Mrs. Porter's novels are not only wholesome and clean, but they are romantic and cheerful. The people who live in their pages do things and accomplish tasks worth while. In the last six months of 1915 the sales of her books in the United States, England, Australia, and many other places were 625,000 copies for six months alone.

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Liberty Loan Rushing Over the To

Continued from page 1137

filing past ballot boxes and telling clerks registered their subscriptions. In thirty minutes the city's quota was oversubscribed.

In New York City every block on Fifth Avenue included in the Avenue of the Allies is thronged daily with sightseers. From far and near they journey to admire this inspiring decorative feature of the Liberty Loan campaign.

Reports which flood the Treasury Department from all parts of the country give promise that something of the impetuosity of American soldiers on the western front is actuating the army of more than a million Fourth Liberty Loan workers who have dedicated themselves to gathering the great golden harvest. The only anxiety felt by officials is lest the tremendous initial success may cause overconfidence. Every worker and every citizen is expected to continue to do his utmost up to the end; and if far more than the $6,000,000,000 is subscribed, the more the better.

A Week in the World's News

INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC. Spanish Influenza, which began to appear on this side of the water in midsummer had reached epidemic proportions on Sept. 28, and the full power of the government was being exerted, in unison with the health departments of the States and cities, to stamp it out and keep it under control. The disease has been identified as our old friend the "Grippe"—a form of pneumonia—and is infectious. On Sept. 26, there were 6,139 new cases in the army camps in the country and 723 new cases of pneumonia. There were then in all camps 35,146 cases of influenza and 3,036 cases of pneumonia. Because of this condition the call for 142,000 new registrants to report to the camps was canceled. The influenza was seriously epidemic in Massachusetts, there being 85,000 cases in the State and the daily number of new cases was increasing in New York and other eastern cities. The Public Health Service, on Sept. 27., asked for an appropriation of $1,000,000 to fight the disease, and a resolution was introduced in Congress to make the money available. The American Red Cross and the Public Health Service rushed nurses and physicians to Boston to fight the epidemic, and Nova Scotia, remembering Halifax, also sent aid. On October 1 the health authorities were confident that the epidemic was under control.

PRESIDENT URGES SUFFRAGE IN SENATE. President Wilson appeared before the Senate on September 30, and asked that that body pass the resolution proposing a Woman Suffrage Amendment to the Constitution. The resolution had been the subject of debate for a week and appeared doomed to defeat since the opposition held solidly a block of 33 votes against it. The President urged the action as a war measure, and as a means of clearing our own democracy of any charge of insincerity.

HERTLING RESIGNS. Count von Hertling, on Sept. 27, resigned his post as German Imperial chancellor, and Admiral von Hintze resigned as head of the Foreign Office. The Kaiser accepted the resignations. There was a report that Lieut.-Gen. von Stein, Prussian Minister of War, had also resigned.

ARMY ENDS BRITISH STRIKE. The British Government took prompt action, on Sept. 25, to put an end to the strike of the engine drivers in South Wales and of the engine drivers in parts of England who struck in sympathy. The government promptly put soldiers on the trains to replace the strikers, and the strike collapsed.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND DIES. Archbishop Ireland, of the Catholic Archdiocese of Minnesota, died on Sept. 25. He was born in County Kilkenny, Ireland, April 11, 1838, came to t United States with his parents in 184 and reached St. Paul, Minn., in 185 He was studying for the priesthood France when the American Civil W broke out. He hurried back home, w ordained, and became chaplain of t 5th Regiment of Minnesota volunteer A leader in every good cause, t Archbishop was particularly noted f his stand upon the temperance questio he having organized the first temperan society in the Catholic church. H became Archbishop in 1888.

FORMING A NEW RUSSIAN GOVER MENT. It was announced from Paris, Sept. 24, that members of the co stituent assembly in Russia, which w dissolved by the Bolsheviki because th could not control it, were forming single government for all that part Russia not under the control of t Reds, at a meeting of the Provision Cabinet being held at Ufa Europe Russia. Col. Boris A. Duroff, on Sep 20, became Governor General of t region of the North, replacing t Tschaikovsky government at Arc angel and acting under the authori of the central government at Samar A central government was also bei organized in Siberia. American Consu General De Witt C. Poole, who remain at Moscow until he was ordered aw by Secretary Lansing for his own safet was reported, on Sept. 21, as safe Helsingfors on the way to Stockhol On Sept. 25 there was a report that number of French and British office who were taking refuge in the Americ Consulate at Moscow under the pr tection of the Norwegian Consul h been surrounded by a Bolshevik Guar who demanded their surrender.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. The last n gro soldiers of the 24th Inf., convicte of complicity in the Houston riots, August of last year was hanged at Fo Sam Houston on Sept. 24. Six of t rioters were sentenced to death and 99 others one killed himself, and t rest were sentenced to prison for tern ranging from 2 years to life. . . Fire in the New Willard Hotel Washington, early on the morning Sept. 24, sent the Vice-President an some sundry Senators, Representativ and diplomats to the lobby and t street in hastily improvised array, t Vice-President reaching the writi room wearing a bath robe, hou slippers and a black felt hat. . . Henry Ford, who was nominated for Se ator from Michigan on the Democrat ticket, with his consent, but witho any effort on his part, announced o Sept. 25, that while he would serve Senator if the people should so desir he would not spend a cent to be electe . . . In a severe hurricane off the coa of Lower California, on Sept. 17, tw new vessels of the United Stat Shipping Board fleet, the steel steam Blackford, and the wooden steame Cove Bay foundered. The crews we saved. . . . There was a report o Sept. 26 that the Russian Bolshevi Government had issued a decree sto ping the reign of terror condemned b President Wilson. . . . With numbe running from 1 to 17,000 the nation greatest lottery, to decide the order service of the 13,000,000 men wh registered on Sept. 12, was opened i Washington on Sept. 30 by Pres dent Wilson. Number 322 was th first drawn. The drawing was complete at 8 A.M. on Oct. 1, number 12,734 com ing out last. Provost Marshal Crowde on Sept. 29, notified all draft board that the military program required tha all men in Class 1 be made availabl for training within 90 days. . . . Th U. S. Battleship Minnesota struck mine off Delaware Breakwater, o Sept. 29, but was able to make por under her own steam. . . . To avert coal famine and to meet all the needs o the war program Fuel Administrato Garfield on Sept. 30, launched a coa drive to continue until April 1. H asked the bituminous operators an miners to produce 12,234,000 tons week and the anthracite interest 2,030,000 tons.

Saving Shipwrecked Men

"THERE is no more sensible, more worth-while, or more needy form of fraternal aid than yours. You not only save men's souls, but you save their lives for society. You keep the breeches-buoy working by which shipwrecked men get back from the midnight sea of despair to lives filled with new hope and courage. If the charitably inclined people of this big friendly country of ours only knew, as I know, that the majority of men behind the walls are at heart good men, who crave nothing more than one more chance to show that they are good men, your society would have the hearty support which it deserves. I am sending you $5. If I had $50 more I would send it, too. God bless you and the society."

Thus wrote T. W. W.—a man whom the Prisoners' Relief Society had placed in a position in Baltimore, Md.

"I only regret that people who are able to help you in your good work cannot drop in and see as I have the earnest hard work that you are doing and the good that you are doing for those poor fellows staggering along the border-line between hope and despair, stung by the shock of humiliation and dazed by the long terms of confinement and abuse. I blew into your office unannounced and was treated with kindness and confidence and a sincere desire to help me to help myself. Your enthusiasm in the work and the great need for its continuance should enlist all good people to aid you, and it will. Keep on keeping on for the sake of the poor fellows who can't.

Yours gratefully,
[Signed] JAMES O. B——."

Thus wrote a man who was directed to the office of the Prisoners' Relief Society when he thought all hope was gone. He is now working in the government printing office, working overtime and Sundays printing Liberty Bonds; happy in his work, and making a new name and a new record which he may be proud to acknowledge before the world.

In one of the leading churches in Washington is a young woman, a member of the choir, now earning $90 per month, as yet only twenty-four years old, a high school graduate, who was sentenced to Auburn, N. Y., prison before she was twenty-one, serving two years. After her release she secured a place in the hosiery department of one of New York's department stores, was recognized by a former acquaintance, who told, and she lost her job. For two months she lived in a dive on New York's East Side; then she drifted to Baltimore, where she had once lived and worked. While waiting in the rain for a street car a gentleman shared his umbrella with her. It rained harder and they stepped into a recess in a building for greater protection. After some talk, and finding him sympathetic, she told the story of her past, and the man gave her $5 and made her promise to report the next day to the office of the Prisoners' Relief Society in Washington. He refused to give his name, but merely told her he was a member of the Baltimore Rotary Club. The next day, which was a day in April, 1918, the girl turned up at the office of the society. She was found a position as clerk in one of the leading stores of the capital, room and board was secured in a Methodist family, and she learned typewriting evenings at the offices of the society. Today this girl is helping to win the war.

These are just glimpses into the day's work of the Prisoners' Relief Society, now established at Washington, and doing excellent work.

The society's budget for the year is extremely moderate. All that they ask is $3,000, or $250 a month. Their building is self-supporting and furnishes them rent free. They are at no cost for fuel; in placing men in employment they have the active support of the Rotary Club, the great railway corporations, and large employers of labor, through whom they are able to secure positions for as many men as apply.

We do not know of any work which accomplishes so much upon such a small budget. The Christian Herald Family has loyally supported this work from its inception, and we urge upon each member of the family that he examine his ability to give and send us some money at once for this work, which is so imperative just now when every hand that can be set at work is needed in the great enterprise of making the world safe for democracy and smashing the Hindenburg line of tyranny.

Send all gifts for the Prisoners' Relief Society in care of the Christian Herald, Bible House, New York City.

Four Years of War Trade

EXPORTS of manufactures from the United States in the first four years of the war equal in value those of the seventeen years preceding; exports of foodstuffs are as much as in ten prior years; while exports of manufacturing material show a decline. A compilation by the National City Bank of New York shows that our total foreign trade in the first four years of the war was $29,232,000,000, and in the four years immediately preceding, $15,972,000,000. The imports increased from $6,887,000,000 to $9,558,000,000; exports from $9,084,000,000 to $19,674,000,000. The increase in imports is practically 40 per cent. and in exports, 117 per cent.

The fall in the value of manufacturing material exported is due chiefly to decline of about 33 per cent. in quantity of cotton exported, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium and Russia having been practically out of the market. Foodstuffs exported in the four years of war aggregated $4,852,000,000 against $2,738,000,000 in the four years preceding. Manufactures exported in the four war years aggregated $11,526,000,000 against $4,212,000,000, while the group "miscellaneous" was $300,000,000 against $31,000,000, due to the fact that it includes horses and mules. The rise in exports, manufacturing material shows a decline of approximately 33 per cent., foodstuffs an increase of 89 per cent., and manufactures an increase of 174 per cent.

The total value of manufacturing material imported in the four years of war was $3,913,000,000 against $2,336,000,000 in the four years preceding; foodstuffs, $2,521,000,000 against $1,661,000,000; and of manufactures $3,058,000,000 against $2,829,000,000. Manufacturing material imported shows an increase in valuation of 67 per cent., foodstuffs 52 per cent., and manufactures only 8 per cent.

Imports from Europe in the four war years are but $2,204,000,000 against $3,376,000,000 in the pre-war period, a fall-off of 35 per cent., due in part to the absence of trade with the Central Powers and Belgium, while the Allied countries had comparatively little merchandise to send us. The exports to Europe, however, show for the four years $13,568,000,000 against $5,616,000,000 in the four pre-war years, an increase of 141 per cent. This total to Europe included that sent to Russia by Asiatic ports.

In the trade with North America imports of the war period show an increase of 95 per cent., and exports 73 per cent. From South America imports show an increase of 114 per cent., and exports 72 per cent. In the trade with Asia imports show an increase of 117 per cent. and exports 121 per cent., exclusive of that sent to Asiatic ports for transfer to Russia. From Africa imports show an increase of 142 per cent. and exports 75 per cent. From Oceania imports show an increase of 152 per cent. and exports 43 per cent.

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I received the Flag from the Christian Herald yesterday, in good condition, and thank you for it, and shall be proud to unfurl it to the breeze on the crest of Pleasant View Hill. MRS. I. E. STEVENSON.
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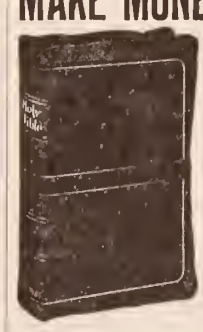

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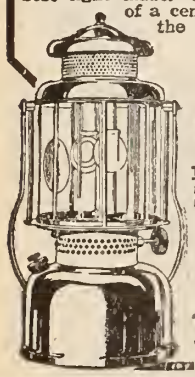

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The Texas Ranger's Testament

By THOMAS H. ALVORD

A "Y" SECRETARY was doing his "trick on the desk" in one of the huts in camp. The rush of the evening had slackened. But over at the end of the desk was one man looking lonesomely through the cards in the rack.

"Good evening," ventured the secretary.

"Good evening, sir," replied Adams.

"Well, what's the good word tonight?"

"Oh, everything's the same as usual."

"Anything going on across the road today?"

"No, nothing special."

"About time for some of you fellows to be transferred, isn't it?"

"I wish to goodness they'd move *me* on, or send me home, or ship me away from this bunch."

"Want to move, hey? What's the matter? Sick of the army already?"

"Guess the army's all right, but I don't fit with the fellows at the barracks. I've seen lots of rough life, too, believe me."

"Where is your home?"

"Well, I was born out in Arizona, but the last two or three years I've been down with the Texas Rangers. Know about them, don't you?"

"Yes; but how did you ever happen to laud in this camp 'way up here in the North?"

And then this tall, brawny, muscular fellow from the Rio Grande told how he had been sent to Philadelphia with a shipment of horses, had squandered all his money in the city, and had been obliged to get a job there and earn enough to carry him back home.

THIS particular evening he had come over to the Y. M. C. A. hut and stood glancing at the post-cards in the rack when the secretary greeted him with the cheery "good-eveniug." Whether it was the smile, the tone of the voice, the atmosphere of the place, or something else, he graciously returned the greeting and began to talk. Many a disheartened or disgruntled soldier has been cheered up through a little informal chat with the man "on the desk"; his ideas have beeu changed, and he has been led to look at situations through a different-colored glass. This man who sells stamps and deals out stationery does something else. He "gets next" to many of those soldiers who come along to buy postage or to stop and chat a few minutes. Issues of life and death are discussed there.

"Are you in a hurry?" the secretary asked Adams.

"Not especially," was the reply.

"Come into my room for a few minutes."

He did so gladly, and then it was that he related some of his experiences out West. At twenty-three he had joined the Rangers, stayed with them two years, aud then returned to the ranch life for the few months before he was seut to Philadelphia with the horses. He related incidents which he had witnessed in Mexico, horrible enough to have been perpetrated by the Germans. Then slowly he reached his hand into his shirt pocket and pulled out a little black Testament. "You gave me one, Sunday," he said. "That one I carry in my overcoat. This one I keep in my shirt, and I wouldn't take all the money iu the world for it. A Y. M. C. A. man down on the Mexican desert gave it to me. I was on my way back from Eagle Pass after a thirty-day scouting trip, tired and dirty and hungry and thirsty and full of sand-fleas. This man overtook me aud said he was going my way. He gave my pony a good meal, and handed me something that beat the salt pork and hard tack I'd been putting down for the last thirty days. Then while we were talking he pulled up his sleeve and on his arm was tatooed 'Y. M. C. A.,' with the triangle. We talked for an hour or so, and meantime he sized me up pretty well, I guess—I sure was a tough oue and no question—for he says, 'Did you ever stop to think about God?' Of course I had to tell him 'No.' We don't beat around the bush down there. It's the truth or a lie point blank. And then he reached into his saddle-bag and brought out that little black-covered book. He read to me out of it, explained the verses, and told me about Jesus. I guess he must have talked to me about the Bible for half au hour; then he sketched a picture of Jesus in the back of the Testament, handed it to me and told me to read and think about what he had said. And just before he left he passed me over twenty dollars."

"He certainly gave you a good lift."

"Yes, sir; that man was white! But I was telling you about the Testament. I suppose I carried that book around in my pocket for a week or two without even looking at it. But later on I used to read a few verses now aud then, though I didn't understand very well what they meant. Do you know, that was the first time I ever read the Bible? Well, some weeks afterwards, my comrade and I were sent on a scouting expedition again."

AND then he launched into the thrilling story of capture by Mexican bandits, the agonizing death his partner suffered, and the violent efforts he himself made to escape before his turn should come. "But all of a sudden," he said, "I remembered that Y. M. C. A. man and his Bible, and I knew enough to say 'God help me!' And whether you believe it or not—I do—he did help me, and I got away. I had to move some myself; but here I am. And let me tell you that I've read that little Bible ever since, and thinking about it has done me a lot of good."

It was almost time for call to quarters, and the ranger had to go to his barrack. But the next evening he came over again to the building. He had fouud not only an interested listener, but the friendly atmosphere he craved. And he told more stories of the life on the border, talked more freely of the trials in the barrack here in camp, and although he said he longed to be transferred to another unit, he was afraid, too, that he was to be discharged because of a physical defect caused by overexertion when he was with the Rangers.

And then the conversation drifted back again to the Y. M. C. A. man on the border and the little Testament. Gradually it came nearer to the vital issues in the life of this young fellow, reared where the Christian religion was counted as of small moment, tossed around from place to place, and living always in an environment where right and wrong were settled by the gun, and where there was little time or opportunity or inclination for a man's soul to develop. And yet right in that very environment he had been met by a Y. M. C. A. man, who made a practical application of the Christian religion and set the leaven to work; and theu, by a strange chance—or a Providence, perhaps—he had journeyed way from the southwest to a northern camp and there had fallen in with another Y. M. C. A. man, who picked up the work of the first and carried it on a little further. For, just before taps that night in a small room of the Y. M. C. A. hut, this man Adams gave himself without reserve to a Christian life.

And the next morning he left camp—transferred by sudden order from Headquarters—gone without time to say good-by.

Young People's Topics for October 20

What Is Christian Citizenship?

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topic. Isa. 62 : 1–7

THE Christian owes allegiance to the state and to the Saviour who has redeemed him. As a citizen of the kingdom of heaven it is every Christian's duty to proclaim the Gospel of salvation, the good news, by word and by life. The good of the state must be the first thought of every loyal citizen. The Christian citizen's duty is thus, but intensified. Except where a great moral question is involved, it is not the duty of the Church to mix in politics, and where it does it usually lowers its standards without greatly alleviating political conditions. It *is* the duty of a church man to be in politics to the very limit of his opportunities. It is his duty to support the movements which aim at righteousness; to oppose men who he has reason to believe are unworthy aspirants for public office; to support with all the power of his influence and action men who he is convinced are worthy of the public trust. It is his duty to read as much as he can about the various aspirants for public office and know their records as well as he may; to vote at the primaries according to his conscience, rather than according to the suggestions of any political organization to which he may belong, and to vote at the election for the best man proposed for each office regardless of party lines. It is well enough to beloug to a party, but the servile voting of the party ticket is not for Christian men. The man who fails to vote at the primary has failed in a part of his first duty to the state, for the primary, since it places before the electors the men who will receive their suffrage, is many times more important than the election which follows. It frequently happens that the failure of good men to attend the primaries results in there being no worthy candidates for public office upon the resultant ticket, and political rings find their opportunity for personal profit in public office largely through the failure of honest and independent citizens to exercise their privilege and perform their duty in the primaries. But when the electiou has passed the Christian citizen is not through with his civic duties. He only serves Christ and the State when he is at all times and in all places active as a proponent of right and an opponent of wrong.

The Church at the Center in Rural Life

Epworth League Topic. Ezek. 47 : 1–9

THIS lesson is based on chapter 2 of the Home Mission Study Book, "Christian Democracy for Americans." The book may be obtained from any book concern of the Methodist Church. Special helps for leaders may be obtained by addressing the central office of the Epworth League, 740 Rush Street, Chicago, Ill. The rural church has suffered a decadence through waning interest. It is now coming back as a strong factor in community life because its eyes have been opened. The country church today is, even more than the city church, a center of community life and helpfulness. It is more than a preaching station, although it is that more than ever; for the Word is with power when people attend and they come to the church from which flow streams of practical helpfulness. Its activities make not only better lives but better farming, better stock raising, better home making and better comradeship. A number of the recently published Adventures in Neighboring have been concerned with the wide activities of the rural church. Its opportunities are almost legion; its demands upon the man who serves it are diverse and multiplied, but altogether men are finding it a job worth while and young men and women are finding through the reborn rural church that the life on the farm can have fully as much meaning as that life in a crowded city which once lured them from the open country.

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Photo from Press Illustrating Service

German troops parading in Lille before moving out to resist the Allied offensive

The Great German Retreat

"THE German army is preparing to evacuate Belgium and return to our own frontier. Germany will show the world that she really wants nothing in the war except to defend the fatherland!" Such was in substance the startling statement made by General von Falkenhausen, military governor of Belgium, on October 1. The great retreat had, in fact, already begun, and had been going on, it was explained, as a "predetermined strategieal movement." Now, however, it assumed a new character. The surrender of Bulgaria to the Allies, and the knowledge that Turkey had already taken steps for similar action, together with the overwhelming reverses along the western front and in the Near East, have awakened a fear akin to panic in Germany—panic that may easily lead to open revolt.

It was no surprise, therefore, to learn on October 2 that the military governor of Belgium had taken time by the forelock and removed all the archives from Brussels, and that the German armies were in the first stages of the general retreat.

While these developments were not unexpected, it was not believed that they would come so quickly. They inspired the Allies with greater energy and determination to push forward on the western fronts.

The Belgian, British, French and American forces began to sweep the enemy back all along the 250-mile front. Cambrai was on fire but strongly held by the Germans. There was fierce fighting around St. Quentin, the Australians bearing the brunt of it. In the Champagne, the Americans and French, after a desperate struggle, swept forward. In the Argonne Forest the American troops beat down the German opposition. As they approached the Kriemhilde line,—the last hope of German defense—they encountered a maze of barbed-wire entanglements, and heavy fighting became heavier as the Germans resisted desperately.

On all the fronts it was the same story of desperate resistance, finally yielding to the irrepressible determination of the Allies. Some of the hottest fighting of the war took place in those first days of October, with huge forces engaged on both sides. Between Cambrai and St. Quentin it is estimated that 36 German divisions, aggregating 420,000 men, met defeat and lost thousands of prisoners.

Simultaneously with the news of the beginning of Belgium's evacuation came intelligence of the fall of Damascus and the eapture by General Allenby's troops of 7,000 Turks. The road is now open for the British to sweep northward and westward, and to cut off the last remnants of Turkish power in the Near East.

On October 3 came the news that Lille was being evacuated, and that an immense amount of booty had been taken away by the Germans in their flight. Its occupation by the Allies was imminent. Lille was the most important German base in Flanders.

All over Belgium, Allied airmen dropped pamphlets urging the people to have a little more patience and assuring them that their hour of complete liberation was approaching.

It was also learned that Germany had lately deported the population of some twenty towns and villages in Alsaee, in expeetation of the battlefront changing to the frontier. It is now evident from many unmistakable signs, that Germany knows the final defeat of the Kaiser's armies is approaching. What may befall the retreating troops on their way to the Rhine can only be surmised. There are possibilities of encirclements which may endanger the divided commands on their long retreat and result in large captures, if Foch should succeed in maintaining his present strong offensive, which is altogether likely. A crisis is near, but, as President Wilson has wisely urged, we must not be ruled by overconfidence. Hard work is ahead and plenty of it, but the indications all point to the ultimate triumph of the Allies.

AS we went to press last week the air was vibrant with impending events along all of the many active fronts of war. On October 2d it was evident that the great Hindenburg line was cracking, and that the huge German war machine was preparing for another backward "strategie" step. As has been the ease before previous retreats, the Germans fought desperately to prevent further advanees by the Allied troops. About Cambrai a battle raged whieh many soldiers declared the greatest in the history of the world. Fresh German reserves were thrown in with reekless prodigality, yet the result of two days' fighting saw Cambrai nearly surrounded. Heights of great strategic importanee were firmly held by English divisions who took Crevecoeur and Rumilly, south of the city, while the Canadians took Neuville St. Remy on the north. Between Cambrai and St. Queutin, on Oct. 2, British and American troops broke completely through the Hindenburg line over a wide front, south of Le Catelet, but were met by an immediate counterattack in great force by the Germans which pushed them back slightly, preventing a complete break through. One American division was here surrounded for nearly a day. When relieved by Australian troops its positiou was banked bydead Germans.

In spite of this desperate fighting, however, the whole German line to the sea was in retreat.

On Oct. 2 Belgian and British troops had cut the Roulers-Menin railway east of Ypres and had pressed far beyond Dixmude, in the north. Progress was being made in the direction of Thourout and the Allies had only a short distance to go to flank the Germans out of Ostend, and to make their position at Bruges extremely uncomfortable. From the sea-coast, where British monitors were assisting the advance, to east of St. Quentin, the German line was being withdrawn, the retreat being especially rapid in the salient around Lille. Between St. Quentin and Rheims, along the front south of the Aisne and north of the Vesle, the Germans were also retiring, having given up the heights of St. Thierry, northwest of Rheims, on which they had fought the irresistible pressure of the French for many days. Following up this retreat the French took more than 2000 prisoners. East of Rheims, in the Champagne and eastward to the Meuse, the Germans were again withdrawing, apparently attempting to take refuge from Gen. Gouraud's army and the American first army in their Kriemhilde positions. American and Freneh patrols were closely engaging the German rearguards. On Sept. 30 and Oct. 1 the Germans eounterattacked against the Americans in the Argonne Forest and the valley of the Aire, east of the Forest. Although the line swayed more or less, the final result of the two days' eounterattacks was further loss of ground by the enemy. Oct. 2 saw no counter-attacks and a withdrawal toward the new positions.

The French, on Oct. 1, completed the eapture of St. Quentin, and progressed measurably beyond the city. The Germans left the city on fire, and did their best to destroy it, sending ahead of their troops every civilian remaining in the city.

Continued on next page

Jerusalem Returns to Normal Living

A MEMBER of the American Colony in Jerusalem, in a recent letter, gives some highly interesting facts in connection with the wonderful relief work conducted by the colony almost since the beginning of the war. That work was made possible through the sympathetic co-operation of the readers of the Christian Herald, many of whom sent their contributions for that purpose. The letter says:

"Seventeen of us have been very busy in the relief work, which we undertook without sparing ourselves, so that the poor might the sooner be helped, until the helpers whom the Syrian and Palestine Relief Committee were expecting should come. Now that these are arriving, we are gradually withdrawing, for some of the sisters must have the needed rest, as they are threatened with a breakdown. We had been worn out in the hospital work the last few months, with harrowing sights, night vigils, and wasted energy caused by the uncertainty of the arrival of the trains. We might be notified that 150 wounded were coming and everything would be needed for their comfort; we would sit up expecting them for from two to ten hours. We could not risk going to sleep. Above all was the constant erosion of strength and vitality caused by the uncertainty and tension, never knowing what was to happen next.

"Yet, thank God, out of all our afflictions God has delivered us and brought us into a large place! The tide has turned and all that annoyed and threatened us during the past four years is reversed. We are not in famine, the pestilence is checked, our lives are in safety, and instead of the controlling power seeking our harm and suffering, everything is done to care for, feed, clothe and employ by the thousands those who have been rescued, who, alas! only too soon, like the Israelites of old, have forgotten the taskmasters, and fail to show their gratitude for the release. Jerusalem has already an abundance of living water, brought in from Arroub, the dream of prophets and seers, the theme of the sages.

"It is an absolute fact that it would have been possible on the 9th of December, 1917, to have gathered all the foodstuffs to be found in the markets of Jerusalem into two good-sized rooms. The population had been reduced by typhus and starvation, drained by the military calls, and transportation had disappeared because of all horses, camels, and donkeys having been requisitioned, nominally purchased and sacrificed in the desert adventure. Nothing could be brought into the city except on old men's backs or on women's heads, and even these were driven farther and farther from the city through the paper money depreciation. The peasants were driven first to the outskirts of the town where they could more easily exact the kind of money and price they chose to put upon their merchandise, without fear of the oppressive measures of the police. The inhabitants were forced to walk out for distances varying all the way from half a mile to five miles and to carry the cash so as to secure the indispensable vegetables, fruits, fuel.

The contrast between this picture and present conditions is indescribable. The markets are overburdened with vegetables and fruit; donkeys have begun to reappear by the score; camels seem to filter in by fives and tens; every day sees some new carriage make its début at the Jaffa Gate, where not one was seen for months; young men who had been in hiding for months—some of them for one, two, and three years—suddenly appear as if risen from the dead.

Photo from Press Illustrating Service

The market place at Damascus. Taken by British and Arab troops October 1

WHEN the victorious British troops solemnly passed by on the 9th of December, the inhabitants were as eager to find employment as they were hungering for food. Tens of thousands of old men and young, Mohammedan and every other kind, of women and children, have found ready and lucrative employment, so that never have there been so few beggars seen in Jerusalem as today.

"These various transformations have so altered conditions that over eighty per cent. of the population find themselves in better circumstances than they or their fathers ever enjoyed. One illustration will amply demonstrate this: The military authorities, out of solicitude for the farmers, announced that on a certain day there would be a sale of captured enemy animals, so that farm work might not be delayed. That day realized thousands of pounds for the authorities, for the people seemed at once to bid over one another, so that these puny mules and horses reached unheard of prices apiece—one single purchaser paying over 750 pounds. "When to the above we add that we are using half as much wheat this month as we did last year at this time, you will be able to see what quantities of foodstuffs there are which so reduce the bread consumption. Instead of living on conscription and requisition, as for three and one-half years we had been driven to, we are now under a government whose sole aim is to provide for the population and mitigate their hard lot. Never was the state of public health better. Since the time of the Romans never have there been so many roads in all directions, and at no time in history have they been kept in such repair.

"APART from the care shown by the new authorities for the health, comfort and life of the people, their solicitude for the reconstruction of their lives, fortunes and future is beyond all praise and gratitude. Experts of all kinds are here studying how to devise means for sanitation, how to improve the streets and the city, what the needs of the future are, what technical and industrial schools are necessary for the development of the population, and for enabling them to shake off the curse and incubus of ages.

"You will be interested to learn that this year we commenced the Fourth of July celebration, which since had been discontinued. When the Red Cross party arrived, we informed them that we should have a reception on the national anniversary and asked them all to come, so that they might make the acquaintance of the people; they arranged to have their opening the same day, to which they invited the commander and the governor and staff, and their invitation as well as ours was accepted. Hence there was nothing to do but to co-ordinate our plans and have the guests come to our entertainment when theirs was over. There proved to be ample time and we had a most unconventional and hearty gathering.

"Some of our people are helping the Red Cross commission and investigators, and we are gradually working back into a normal state of living."

The Great German Retreat

Continued from preceding page

In Palestine, General Allenby's troops, on Oct. 1, having practically surrounded Damascus, received the surrender of the city with its garrison of 7000 Turks. The Arab army of King Hussein participated in the occupation of Damascus. Following the capture of this ancient and prosperous city—160 miles from Jerusalem, and 90 miles from the scene of the first attack—on Sept. 14, the British and French cavalry pressed on toward Aleppo, 180 miles further north. French cavalry was reported, on Oct. 3, to be approaching Beirout.

In Macedonia, on Oct. 3, the Bulgarian troops were withdrawing to their own country and the Serbians were taking over the territory. Greek troops were also occupying Greek Macedonia, entering Seres on Oct. 4. There was as yet no evidence of any reorganization of the main battleline by Germany and Austria.

ON Oct. 3 General Gouraud forced his way to Challerange, on the western side of the Grandpré Gap, thus cutting the German line of retreat from the Argonne Forest and bringing the western end of their Kriemhilde line under French gunfire.

General Berthelot forced back the retreating enemy north and northwest of Rheims, crossing the Aisne Canal and taking 2800 prisoners. On the north, between St. Quentin and La Fère, General Debeney pressed eastward, approaching the line of retreat of the Germans about Laon. North of St. Quentin and south of Le Catelet, along the front of over 8 miles, where the British had nearly broken through on Oct. 2, General Haig launched a new attack with hundreds of tanks. The German line was penetrated to a depth of more than 5 miles, 5000 prisoners were taken and the positions south of Cambrai, on the heights east of the Scheldt Canal, were outflanked. Later reports indicated that the line had been broken and that cavalry was in action far to the east. North of Arras, the Germans continued their retreat along a 22-mile front. Lens and Armentières were occupied by British forces, which pressed forward for 2 to 3 miles beyond them. The Germans were apparently falling back on the line of Menin, Lille and Douai, although there was no evidence that they intended to stop at this line. They were desperately withdrawing stores, loot and civilians from Lille. The Belgiums and British meanwhile pressed on in Belgium, approaching nearer to Courtrai, Roulers and Thourout.

In the Macedonian field the Austrian forces, on Oct. 3, began a wide retreat out of Albania, being followed closely by the Italians, who took many prisoners. The Allied naval forces assisted the forces on shore by attacking the Austrian naval base at Durazzo, completely wiping out the Austrian fleet assembled there. American submarine chasers, protecting the Allied cruiser squadron, sank two Austrian submarines.

Australian mounted troops, operating northwest of Damascus on Oct. 2, captured another column of Turkish troops, securing 1500 prisoners and 2 guns. It was reported that the Turks were withdrawing their forces from Persia, and that the British were about to reoccupy the great oil port of Baku.

Turkey is reported to have notified Germany of her intention to propose peace to the Allies. The German reply is said to have been part menace and part plea for patience but with no promise of help.

From Sept. 10 to 30 the allied armies in Belgium and France captured 2844 officers, 120,192 men, 1600 cannon, and 6000 machine guns.

The American troops facing the German Kriemhilde line at Brieulles, and east and west of this point, drove forward on Oct. 4 for a distance of over a mile and a half, penetrating the Kriemhilde line and shattering two divisions of the Prussian Guard. At the same time American troops, fighting with the army of General Gouraud in a new drive northward

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God's Oath the Ground of Confidence

*A SERMON BY REV. A. EDWIN KEIGWIN, D.D.**

TEXT—Ps. 20:7. "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."

THESE words are from a stirring national anthem used at Israel's liberty sings. It was a war-time song, designed to sustain public morale and establish confidence. It was sung antiphonally, the vast congregation uniting in one stanza and the priests responding with another. The anthem never failed to impart to the Hebrews that religious fervor and determination so essential to the success of any enterprise undertaken by idealists against strongly intrenched wrong.

"Some trust in chariots." The war chariot of King David's day was a formidable engine of destruction. It was armed with long sharp scythes extending far out from the wheels. Before these chariots, driven furiously into the ranks of foot soldiery, men were as helpless as standing grain before the reaper.

"Some trust in horses." Cavalry has ever been a valued arm of the service. Not being permitted to keep horses, Israel was at great disadvantage whenever she attempted to throw back the military nations continually invading her borders and her liberties.

"But we will remember the name of the Lord our God." This is clearly an allusion to the eventful moment when God staked his good Name on the inviolability of his promise to Abraham.

Throughout the intervening centuries, that oath has never been out of mind. It is the bedrock upon which rests the whole superstructure of Hebrew political and religious faith. It is the one shining memory running like a golden thread through their literature and songs. The thought of God's oath imparted intrepidity in the hour of conflict, sustained their hearts during periods of national eclipse and the weary years of captivity. Happy the people that has such a sure foundation for national confidence!

IT is important that we should be reminded at this time of our own interest in this ancient covenant, since it is the best possible ground for confidence in the gigantic task America has undertaken. Many there be who stand aghast that our time-honored Monroe Doctrine has broken down. But it could not have been otherwise. The covenant made with Abraham, renewed with Jacob and passed on to Joseph was inherited by Ephraim and Manasseh, through whose descendants it was to be redeemed.

Now, we are told by some of the most painstaking students of prophecy that Britishers and Americans are the lineal descendants of those two honored sons of Joseph. This opinion is regarded by many as supported by excellent authority. Nor is this a phase of war-time psychology—an example of the type of mind that reads prophecy in the light of current events, rather than events in the light of prophecy. It has been claimed that the Bible gives nineteen or more distinct and definite marks of identification by which the descendants of Ephraim and Manasseh might be recognized, all of which appear in the history and characteristics of the two great Allied nations, and in none other.

Assuming this to be true, we need seek no further for a satisfying explanation for our being drawn into the whirlpool of a world cataclysm. America was predestined to a place beside Britain before a German spy was apprehended, before a proud ship was torpedoed. It was writ in the stars that these nations should forget the past, compose their differences and unite in one supreme effort to liberate mankind and restore to the Jews the country for which they hold God's deed of conveyance.

AN inspiring interpretation of the signs of the time, is it not? Could surer ground be found for confidence in our cause and ultimate victory? In the presence of such a privilege as this, to be the channel through which countless blessings will come to mankind, is any inconvenience too annoying, any task too heavy, any sacrifice too great? Who would not gladly take up his crosses if the end of the Calvary Cross may thereby in some measure be attained?

Even though this interpretation of prophecy should prove merely an intellectual mirage, the indubitable fact remains that God is counting upon every one of us, Christian and Jew alike, to help him redeem his oath. God is waiting to be gracious, and humanity is waiting to enter the promised land. I repeat, God is counting upon us. If we be faithful, improving our opportunity, we shall hear of many such scenes as those enacted during the recent Château Thierry drive, scenes so affecting as to bring unashamed tears to the eyes of grizzled warriors as French women and children from bended knee kissed the hands of Secretary Baker and others in grateful acknowledgment of the blessed deliverance America has brought them.

Again, God's oath is the best possible ground for our confidence in the coming era of reconstruction. The future of the world is secure, yea, bright with promise; not that man is sufficient for this hour of destiny, but because God has said, "I will do this thing for my name's sake." The world has been disillusioned by the war. We had come to think ourselves above believing in the fall of Adam, and the possibility of a twentieth-century fall never occurred to us. The ascent of man had continued so satisfactorily and with so little hitch, that almost any achievement seemed possible through purely natural processes. God was in banishment. We no longer reckoned on him in our calculations. There appeared to be no further need for the supernatural in a world of supermen. And then, in a trice, the tower of Babel fell, and with it everything we held dear—ideals, dreams, faith!

YOU and I must look the facts squarely in the face and ask: Why this costly failure? Manifestly and primarily, because we left God out of the program. Because humanism had become our religion. Our eyes were blinded to revelation. Taking no stock in God's plans, we set about building a kingdom wherein dwelleth righteousness upon statutes, and by political authority, governmental control, revolution and evolution.

But the nightmare is passing. At last we are awake, although it is yet the dark of the morning. The world is groping about at this moment for a secure foundation; something permanent, authoritative, fixed, upon which to reconstruct humanity's visions and dreams. And, if I mistake not, we are finding it in a new sense of God, not an intellectual sense but a reverent sense. God was an idea in the head, but he is now a personal Presence—"the Invisible King."

Those of you who keep pace with the noble souls who walk the pages of current literature must often have noted the large place given to this subject. The quest for the seat of ultimate authority is on in real earnest. Is it the Bible? Is the Book inspired in a different manner than other books? Is it the only book to which God has literally entrusted his mind and heart? Is it the Church? Is the Church a divine institution? Does her mission differ essentially from that of other institutions? Is it the State? Are the walls of the Kingdom to rest upon the shoulders of a socio-political Atlas? Is it to be the individual? Will the future stand secure upon the philosophy, "I must live my own life and be true to myself"? In a word, is certainty to rest upon freedom, or freedom upon certainty?

UNMISTAKABLE signs of approaching disillusionment appeared even before the war. Quite generally, there was uneasiness concerning the security of the social edifice. The multiplication of so-called "foundations" was one of many symptoms of this fear of the gathering storm. The Rockefeller Foundation for Medical Research, the Sage Foundation for Social Betterment, the Carnegie Foundation for World Peace, embodied a very earnest desire to secure the services of the ablest minds in an unremitting search for something with which to shore up a cracking age.

This was all well and good, and I would be the last to disparage any of these efforts to ameliorate the world's sufferings. But permit me to say very earnestly that such endeavors are no more than "horses" and "chariots," unless we get down to bedrock for a footing. We think ours a wonderful civilization, and it is, in a way, notwithstanding the shadows that rest upon its soul. But there have been civilizations almost if not quite as splendid as our own. And they are gone—indeed, so dead that not a tombstone remains to mark the grave.

THERE was Babylon, for example. Thanks to recent finds, Babylonia is almost as well known to us as the Athens of Pericles. We may now trace the daily life of the people and know their innermost thoughts. We possess their Social Register, Blue Book, Who's Who and innumerable personal letters, many of them highly illuminating. From these we gather that the much-vaunted Victorian era was nothing new; they had it in Babylon and it was already immensely old. The heyday of Babylonian culture lay two thousand years behind the skyscraper walls of Belshazzar's day. This was a really wonderful civilization, with all the modern attributes, including righteousness, justice and a league of nations. It had even penetrated China with a sphere of influence. Hammurabi, that pioneer lawgiver, having learned through messengers, dispatched throughout the world, the best and most humane practices of all the nations, codified and proclaimed them the law of the empire. Upon these laws were built the best thought and hope of humanity into an edifice so beautiful and satisfying that we do not wonder at Nebuchadnezzar's proud boast, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built?" There had been, however, one fatal oversight—the foundation. Their edifice of righteousness and justice was built upon expediency and precedents, without heavenly authority. It was the house on the sand of our Saviour's parable.

At this very juncture of history, God called Abraham to be a master builder and supplied him with the much needed heavenly authority. He chose him, not because he was so much better than others, but because he could be entrusted with an undertaking requiring endurance and patience. "I know Abraham, that he will command his children after him." God's oath, the home, fidelity, loyalty to a vision, such are the pillars of Abraham's "city that hath foundation," and "the Kingdom" of Christian dreams.

IN conclusion, may I ask a very personal question? Can God count upon us in this "age on ages telling"? Do we wish a share in the privilege and opportunity of the hour? If we are so minded there must be the most earnest heart-searching. First, we must seek the quickening of our own religious life. Second, we must get together. Each denomination must bury the hatchet. Discord must give place to concord. We must merge our endeavors under the leadership of the living Christ, that he may be to the allied forces of religion what General Foch is to the Allies. We must purge our lips of uncharitable words with the pure and single passion of apostolic days. Third, we must gain a broader world horizon. Possibly before the war we did not believe in missions. We must repent and take the spent and broken world to our breast, with a transfiguring "Whosoever will."

Great Author and Finisher of the faith, grant that through the message many may be brought into harmony with the exalted spirit of this Psalm, the soul passion of a great people and the maturing plans of a loving God. Amen.

*Pastor, West End Presbyterian Church, New York City.

AUTUMN

By

LILLIAN BENNET-THOMPSON

DARK massed against the far horizon's cloudy rim,
Burnt browns and greens and yellows, vaguely crowned with dim
Low-hanging mist, the mighty purple hills lift up
Their summits to the sky. And in their hollow cup
The lake lies, brooding, silent. Through the towering pines
The wistful wind, chill-winged, moans fitfully. It whines
Among the flame-licked maples, whirls the leaves on high
For one brief moment. Then they swiftly fall and lie
Like weary little boats; upon the water's breast
They dream of other days. The slim-stemmed rushes rest
Their drooping heads among the heavy, tangled sedge;
The lily pads are withered. All along the edge
Of moss-banked pools, the rocks loom, grim and bleak and bare;
The tang of burning wood is in the frosty air. . . .

Autumn has stooped to kiss the warm, reluctant lips
Of Summer. And now all the golden gladness slips
Away from earth and rests within the sunset glow,
There to be winter-prisoned, like a shining bow
Of promise that the singing spring shall come again
With sweet pale blossoms, sunshine, birds, and gentle rain.

Austria and Germany Seek Peace

WITH the Bohemians practically ready to declare their independence, with the defection of Bulgaria threatening her rear and a great Italian army before her along the Piave ready to attack, Austria-Hungary is in desperate need of peace. On October 4 dispatches from Amsterdam declared that Austria-Hungary had requested Holland to invite the belligerents to take part in peace negotiations. The Hungarian premier was quoted as declaring in Vienna: "We are again laboring untiringly in the interests of peace, and we are already negotiating."

The report of a move by Austria through Holland was probably premature. But on October 5 Austria did initiate another move for peace, approaching the enemy governments through the Swedish Government. Austria, in her note, all but surrendered, the note reading as follows:

"The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, which has made only defensive warfare and has borne witness several times to its desire to put an end to the bloodshed and conclude an honorable peace, proposes by presentation to President Wilson to conclude immediately with him and his Allies a general armistice on land, on sea, and in the air, and start without delay negotiations for peace.

These negotiations will be based on the fourteen points in President Wilson's message of January 8 and the four points of his speech of February 12 (February, 11), 1918, and those equally of September 27, 1918."

This note from Austria was followed, on October 6, by a note from Germany addressed to President Wilson through the Swiss Government, as follows:

"The German Government requests the President of the United States to take in hand the restoration of peace, acquaint all the belligerent states of this request, and invite them to send plenipotentiaries for the purpose of opening negotiations.

It accepts the program set forth by the President of the United States in his message to Congress on January 8 and in his later pronouncements, especially his speech of September 27, as a basis for peace negotiations.

With a view to avoiding further bloodshed, the German Government requests the immediate conclusion of an armistice on land and water and in the air."

It was expected that Turkey would send a similar note.

On the same day the Kaiser sent a message to his army and navy in which he commended the army for its defense against "a numerically far superior enemy" and for "heroically defending the fatherland on foreign soil," and praised the navy for "holding its own against the united enemy." He mentioned the collapse of the Macedonian front and declared that "we owe it to the heroes who have laid down their lives for the fatherland, and we make it a duty to our children," to make an honorable peace.

Nor was this all. Addressing a specially called meeting of the German Reichstag on October 6 the new Chancellor, Maximilian of Baden, declared himself unable to carry the load of responsibility inherent in his office except he was sure of the support of the people. He called attention to the inclusion in his ministry of members of the various Reichstag parties and expressed his conviction that it was the beginning of responsible government in Germany. He also expressly affirmed his allegiance to the Reichstag resolution of July 19, 1916, declaring for "no annexations or indemnities," affirmed his conviction that Belgium should be completely rehabilitated, "particularly of its independence and territorial integrity," and declared that in the Baltic provinces, Lithuania and Poland "popular representative bodies shall be formed without delay," and that "all these lands shall regulate their constitutions and their relations with neighboring peoples without external interference."

Prince Max announced to the Reichstag the fact of the sending of the note to President Wilson, which he said had been sent with "the consent of all duly authorized persons in the empire and by consent of all our allies," and he expressed the hope that "for the sake of all mankind, the President of the United States will receive our offer as we mean it. Then the door would be opened to a speedy, honorable peace of justice and reconciliation for us, as well as for our opponents."

On October 7 both notes in their official form had been delivered at the White House, but no official hint of probable action had been given. The press of the country and those statesmen who were willing to be quoted, were a unit in considering it only a new step in the endeavor to achieve by diplomatic indirection the victory denied by force of arms. The move was considered evidence that the Central Empires knew they were whipped; but the call from every quarter, from the press, the capitols and the army was for rejection and for the continuance of the present victorious offensives until the Boche was back in "Bochia" (the Allied army's new name for Germany), and ready, as was Bulgaria, to accept defeat and to surrender. It was generally recognized that an armistice just now would be of inestimable military advantage to Germany.

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The President being blindfolded to draw the first number in the great draft lottery at Washington on September 30

A Week in the World's News

RECONSTRUCTION AFTER THE WAR. Senator Overman on October 3 introduced into the Senate a bill authorizing the President to appoint a Federal Commission on Reconstruction to handle social, economic and industrial projects after the war. The Senate had already before it a resolution by Senator Weeks, providing for the creation of a joint Congressional Committee on Reconstruction. Senator Overman's bill provides that the committee shall investigate and report on all questions referred to it by the Senate, the House, or the President, but shall give its attention more particularly to the development of the merchant marine; the direction of foreign trade, the reconstruction of industries now engaged in war work and the reconverting of them to normal production.

GREAT AMMUNITION PLANT BLOWS UP. At 7.40 P. M. on October 4 the shell-loading plant of T. A. Gillespie & Co., near South Amboy, N. J., was shattered by an explosion of T. N. T. The plant covered several hundred acres and was the largest shell-loading plant in the world, loading over 30,000 shells a day. It consisted of a large number of separate one-story wooden buildings in which the loading operations were conducted. More than 2,000 men were at work when a comparatively light explosion occurred. The men dropped work and ran, and while they were seeking to get away buildings blew up on all sides. The explosions continued during the night and well into the following day, and a magazine of 80,000 pounds of T. N. T. being endangered the whole metropolitan district was held in terror, the bridges over the East river and the subways being closed until an airplane observer flying over the scene reported the danger ended. The money value of the plant was some $18,000,000, but its strategic value, was almost unlimited. Ninety-four persons including 12 government inspectors were killed and several hundred were wounded.

GUARD CUTTER TORPEDOED. The coast guard cutter Tampa, in convoy service between Britain and Gibraltar, was torpedoed on September 26 in the Bristol Channel. She had gone ahead of her convoy and no details of the disaster were obtainable. Ten officers, 102 enlisted men and a British army officer and five civilian employees were lost.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. Eighteen sailors lost their lives in the capsizing of a small boat from the cruiser Salem while returning from Key West to the ship on the night of September 29. . . . The Shipping Board has asked for an additional appropriation of $484,000,000 for the construction of 454 vessels in addition to the present program; 210 will be of steel, 244 of wood. . . . The War Industries Board, according to Washington dispatches of October 2, will fix maximum and minimum prices for shoes. Prices for men and women will range from $3 to $12 per pair, and proportionate prices will be fixed for youths' and children's shoes. . . . The influenza epidemic in the East seriously affected the work on ship construction in the yards north of Baltimore. In the Fall River district ten per cent of the workers were sick and at the great Hog Island yard eight per cent. . . . On October 3, with 20,000 cases in Philadelphia and the disease spreading through the state, the Pennsylvania authorities ordered all schools, churches, saloons and places of assembly closed. The epidemic had reached 43 states on October 4. . . . The Allied troops advancing southward from Archangel had progressed along the Dvina about 370 miles on September 30, reaching a point 125 miles north of Kotlas on the railway to Vologda. The province of Karelia on October 2 was practically cleared of Bolshevik troops, those remaining in the province being surrounded. . . . It was announced on October 2 that Liberty motors had now reached quantity production and that American airplanes were being shipped overseas in trainload lots. . . . Rich coal and oil deposits are being operated in Spitzbergen. British, Swedish and Norwegian companies have been operating in this far north land. The British on October 2 seized all the German interests.

GERMANY MUST PAY. The French Government on October 4 issued a solemn warning to Germany and her allies that the devastation of territory from which they retreated would be punished inexorably, and that those who ordered the devastation would be held

Continued on next page

Who Said This?

"IN my judgment, the Protestant Churches may find before long a condition confronting them which will compel the submergence of differences and a policy of concerted action."

"If Christ's disciples will only love one another enough to work together there are no problems too difficult to solve."

"Let the preachers wipe the slate clean of all 'isms' and 'cisms' and ethical culture stuff and prepare to preach Christ and him crucified when the boys come home."

Whose opinions are these? They are by men you know and love, leaders of the church who have responded to the editor's request for light on the problems of the Church after the War. The complete letters will be published two weeks hence, in the Christian Herald of October 30.

Mary Ellis will run her course and complete her triumph next week. In the following issue we will make the acquaintance of Richard Ward, whom we will call "Dick," and who will live before us under the skilful hand of Dr. Sheldon.

Next week a message for the humble from Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, more "Adventures in Neighboring," more Helps for the Housemother, and an unusual array of pictures in Rotogravure.

Victory Loan Presses on to Victory

IGNORING all talk of peace by negotiation and zealously intent upon a peace only through decisive victory, the American people continue uninterruptedly to buy bonds of the "Fighting Fourth" Liberty Loan.

Everywhere is united, determined effort to put the subscriptions as far "over the top" as possible. Definite figures are not being officially announced, but the press reports from all sections show that the Loan is steadily sweeping to assured success.

A striking incident of the democratic character of the campaign was a house-to-house canvass in Washington by W. G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury. He turned up his coat collar and trudged through the rain to sell bonds, and he sold them. After three hours of solicitation he showed a total of $1,800,000. His smallest sale was $50 to a colored cook and his largest was $1,000,000 to Bernard Baruch, chairman of the War Industries Board.

In the meantime he had sold $20,000 to President Wilson, who already had taken $10,000 and had to take his additional subscription on the instalment plan.

Reports from all parts of the country indicate that there is no failure on the part of persons who bought bonds in the Third Loan to buy again, but some of them are forgetting that they must not only buy again but must buy more heavily than ever before. An enormous army of new subscribers is being obtained. When the rolls are written up the band of 17,000,000 patriots who put the Third Liberty Loan over the top will have become millions stronger and every man from mechanic to master of millions will have lent as they fight.

IOWA was the first State to notify the Treasury that it had oversubscribed its quota for the Fourth Liberty Loan. The amount of subscriptions reported from the entire State, as early as October 1, was $148,920,500. The State's allotment was $147,100,000.

The speed indicated in reports from the Minneapolis district affords some basis for expecting that Minnesota may prove to have matched Iowa's record. In a town in South Dakota a farmer called upon the local committee and asked the amount of the town's allotment. When he was advised that it was $12,000 he said: "I have a boy in France and I wish to subscribe my town's entire allotment in order to prove to my boy that I am backing him up to the limit." Of course, the town will sell its allotment in addition to this.

Great difficulty is being experienced in obtaining official figures on sales from the different Federal Reserve districts. Many committees are finding it impossible to induce their sub-committees to stop selling to make reports.

Much credit for the speed with which sales are being made is given to the twenty-four war exhibit trains that are moving through the country.

In many sections of the country the epidemic of Spanish influenza is having a deterrent effect. Boston has had to stop practically all house-to-house canvassing; Philadelphia has put a ban on all meetings, and in Washington the precautions are such that working for the loan has been brought to a minimum.

IN New York City an unusual procednre was adopted by the Liberty Loan Committee because an analysis of subscriptions to past loans had convinced them that there is a large number of prosperous people in this city who have not taken as many bonds as they ought. The magnitude of this Fourth Loan has changed "ought" to "must." Individual reasons that may have had some relation to past loans must be disregarded now. Because of these facts the Committee decided that the duty in this Fourth Loan of every prosperous citizen in New York City should be brought home to him in a way that would leave no doubt in his mind as to his individual responsibility. Two hundred and fifty members of the New York Stock Exchange volunteered for the work. The loan committee has drawn up a list of 7,000 well-to-do New Yorkers who have not been buying bonds, and each is being personally interviewed by the canvassers.

Admonition to the American people not to let the news of Allied victories cause a slackening of efforts in the campaign for the Loan was expressed by Secretary McAdoo in pointing out that subscriptions are being received at only about half the necessary rate.

"Germany is not yet crushed," the Secretary said. "She has millions of strong fighting men still on the battle lines and, with invasion of their own territory facing them, they will fight even more desperately than heretofore.

"While I am confident that the American people will complete the enormous task before them, I desire to urge every one not only to subscribe to the utmost of his ability, but subscribe at the earliest possible moment in order that his subscription may serve as an inspiration to others.

"The campaign is handicapped by two factors, the first being the unfortunate spread of influenza throughout many of the Eastern States, necessitating the cancellation of public meetings, parades and other demonstrations in behalf of the Loan. This condition makes it necessary for the people to come forward with their subscriptions without waiting to be called upon. The second unfavorable factor, and by far the more serious, is the feeling prevalent in some communities that the glorious news from the battlefronts reflects a military situation which warrants a slackening of our efforts here at home. Nothing could be further from the truth and no more insidious propaganda than this could be circulated by the enemy."

PRESIDENT WILSON and other officials feel that the American people must exercise caution lest the good news from the battlefronts cause a relaxation of effort. Thus far no such tendency has been noticeable and the campaign has been going on with an enthusiasm comparable to that with which the battle reports have been received.

It is pointed out that now that victory is definitely being brought to the side of the Allied armies, funds and more funds are needed to enable the fighting men to press home their hard won advantage and hurl the German hordes beyond the Rhine.

In connection with the efforts to prevent a slackening of campaign morale it was cited by Treasury officials that practically all of the $6,000,000,000 to be raised will have been spent by the time it is received at the Treasury.

The Government already is paying out money at the daily rate of $50,000,000, which is substantially the money to be raised in the Fourth Loan.

Nearly $4,500,000,000 has been received in the last two months from sales of certificates of indebtedness, but these securities are only temporary expedients, to be paid out of receipts from Liberty bonds. Consequently the Government is already spending its Fourth Liberty Loan money.

THE total cost of eighteen months of war to October 1, was shown to be $18,896,945,000, or three times as much as will be raised by the Fourth Loan. For this nation's war activities $12,263,582,000 was spent and for loans to Allies $6,527,914,000. Taxes have brought in $5,183,268,000, and Liberty Loans or certificates of indebtedness, about $13,000,000,000. The harvest from War Savings and Thrift Stamps has been $745,169,000.

These figures are placed at the disposal of public speakers for the loan as a means of showing the tremendous sums of money needed for the great war.

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Marine heroes of Château-Thierry, all wounded, home to help boost Liberty Bonds

A Week in the World's News

Continued from preceding page

responsible morally, penally, and pecuniarily.

THE SENATE REJECTS SUFFRAGE. In spite of President Wilson's plea of war necessity, the Senate, on October 1, voting 53 to 31, rejected the Susan B. Anthony Woman Suffrage amendment to the Constitution. Twenty-one Democrats and ten Republicans voted against the measure, twenty-six Democrats and twenty-seven Republicans in favor of it. On October 3, a motion to reconsider put the amendment back on the Senate calendar.

REFORM PRUSSIAN SUFFRAGE. Yielding at last to the crown, the Prussian upper house, on October 2, passed the bill to amend the constitution of Prussia, to eliminate plural voting, and to provide equal suffrage.

The Great German Retreat

Continued from page 1160

in the Champagne, captured Mont Blanc, north of Somme-Py, which had been heavily fortified and was held in great strength. Three thousand prisoners were taken and advances were made over the entire front between the Argonne and Mont Blanc. The British troops, which drove through south of Le Catelet between Cambrai and St. Quentin, faced six determined counter-attacks on Oct. 4, but continued to make progress toward Fresnoy-le-Grand; 4,000 prisoners were taken in this sector.

The fighting on the western front on October 5 and 6 continued to result in Allied gains against fierce German resistance. The American troops fighting before the Kriemhilde positions west of the Meuse fought throughout the two days a furious battle in which they faced machine guns every five yards, and fought against concentrated artillery massed in a zone two and a half miles deep behind the German lines. Against this concentration of German defense and desperation, the doughboys won their way slowly forward. Farther west in the Champagne the American and French advances of October 3 and 4 forced the Germans to make a retreat on a 28-mile front north of Rheims, relinquishing to the French all the fortifications on the heights from which for four years they have bombarded the cathedral city. On October 7 Rheims was free from the threat of enemy shells.

North of St. Quentin the British swept over the Scheldt Canal from Le Catelet northward, clearing the Huns from the heights south of Cambrai. Between Cambrai and Douai they advanced somewhat, and the Germans fired Douai. From Douai north to Lille and all the way along the line to the sea, the Germans were hurrying homeward, pressed inexorably by the victorious armies of the Allies. On October 6 the docks at Bruges were reported burning and airmen reported hangars and anti-aircraft batteries gone from the terrain guarding Zeebrugge. The Allies held the supremacy in the air, as they have held it for over three months.

Meanwhile, as Foch's legions continued to smash the iron wall of Bochia, and the governments of the thoroughly frightened Teutonic alliance were frantically seeking peace, the state of things was grimly evidenced by the complete failure of Germany's new war loan and by a state of furious panic on the Berlin bourse.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

Our Help to Victory

THE glorious heroism and victories of our boys at the battlefront supply us at home with virile inspiration to back them up all the way to Berlin, all the way to a world democracy, all the way to a righteous and abiding peace.

Theirs is no half-doing, nor can ours be, if we are their worthy backers. They are giving all, absolutely all. What are we giving? Let each honestly search his own heart.

We may invest in Liberty Bonds, sound as gold, all the surplus money we conveniently can spare; but this is not sacrifice but good business. Secure profit is one thing, earnest patriotism quite another.

The brave boys at the front "give until it hurts," and they then are only beginning to give. It is the vast surplusage beyond that makes them victorious. And only what we at home give beyond the hurting point can entitle us to rank as their loyal supporters, worthy of the blessings their blood is buying.

We may thrill and cheer over their victories, we may weep over the lists of dead and wounded, we may join the patriotic organizations, salute the flag, pray for victory, and observe every one of the conventions of patriotic conduct; but unless we are giving *all the money that we can to the utmost limit*, now that every dollar is a bulwark of world liberty, we fall far short in the true essence of patriotism.

"Money talks," and just now it talks patriotism more eloquently and effectively than all other modes of speech.

The nation's response to the Fourth Liberty Loan is liberal and noble, but it must go far "over the top" just as the boys over there go over the top to victories glorious beyond expectation.

Church Unity

WE cannot confess to surprise, as some are doing, at the spread of the Christian unity idea. It has long been our view that the whole plan had within itself not only the possibilities of unexampled growth; it had much more than this. It would open up to all the churches a much broader and more practical field of service for the spiritual and social betterment of the world, and it is gratifying, yet hardly surprising, to find that it is at the present moment absorbing the attention of many of the ablest minds in the Christian Church.

When church unity was first discussed, there were many criticisms raised as to its practicability. It was held that its accomplishment would involve the sacrifice of ancient associations that were hallowed by many glorious memories. These are unquestionably dear to a very large proportion of God's people, who have followed, generation after generation, in the paths of denominational tradition. It seemed to them that a severance of those revered ties would be a needless sacrifice. Now clearer light has come on this and other points. It is shown that church unity need not involve the sacrifices at which they would hesitate. John Brooks Leavitt, D. D., deals very ably with this phase of the question in the Chronicle for September:

> A huge, universal, ecclesiastical organization, existing in all lands, an *imperium in imperio*, is about the last thing any patriotic man in any enlightened country would wish to see. Let there be unity in action against the forces of evil, with the utmost freedom for individual opinion in matters of theology and organization. If one set of Christian men desires to worship God with an ornate ritual, and another set with simple rites, and still another in silence, why should they not be allowed to do so? If one group prefers an ecclesiastical organization headed by a Pope; a second one headed by bishops; a third, one headed by ministers, and a fourth wants one without any ordained clergy, why thwart them? In our Father's house are many mansions. If all the faithful hold their—not the, but their—faith in the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life, then will the Christian Church as a whole go forth conquering and to conquer. Jesus Christ taught a religion of conduct, not of opinion. Christian men should follow him. When our boys come back from the front, after facing realities, they will have little stomach for disputes. The motto of our Christian men should be, "Diversity in opinion, unity in action."

The war has brought us all together. We have forgotten differences of opinion, and are working in harmony in the cause of Jesus Christ and his Kingdom. We have neither time nor inclination to dispute as to forms of church government or over theological opinions. Why should we resume such warfare in the Church after peace in the state comes, as come it will with the overthrow of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs?

This, we believe, is the view taken also by that admirable Christian churchman, the Bishop of Oxford, and doubtless by many others who have given the matter consideration. It is clear, therefore, that while the army of the Lord may act unitedly in carrying out the vital duties imposed upon it by its great Commander, its various branches would still be preserved, just as these different detachments of an army are individualized, although all are united in a common purpose. There is, of course, enough for all the churches under the Unity plan; coöperation on the vital principles of Christianity and in the larger duties imposed upon the Church would in themselves constitute a sufficient bond for the unity desired. What may come in the future, time itself will disclose; but in all the relations that make for unity in carrying forward the Gospel, in the universal campaign against sin and vice in every form, in the war on unbelief, in the fight against intemperance, and in all the essentials of the Christian faith, there can be absolute unity. The invitation of the blessed Gospel opens the door of heaven to all alike, and on the same terms: "Whosoever will."

Deceiving a Nation

IT is difficult to conceive of a nation so completely and systematically deceived by its rulers as has proved to be the case with Germany. If we may accept the statements of the German newspapers cabled to us by way of Amsterdam, the Kaiser's government has until now purposely misinterpreted, distorted and camouflaged the war situation. This has been done with such amazing success that the German people, with very few exceptions, were kept in ignorance of the swift succession of crushing reverses that have befallen the Kaiser's armies on all the fronts.

With the sudden collapse and surrender of Bulgaria, and the imminent peril of Turkey following its example, the awakening has come. All Germany now knows that the last stage of the war has been entered upon and that it points to the final overthrow of the Teutonic powers. Panic has seized press and people at the eleventh-hour revelation. Fear of an invasion of "the sacred soil of the fatherland" has driven the newspapers—which only a few days before were still boastfully confident of German success—into a condition akin to hysteria. The cables from Holland report them as changing their mocking attitude against the Allies in general and America in particular, and as now calling for measures of defense on the frontier—summoning "everybody and everything" to unite for the purpose of stemming back the advancing tide of war—that war which was made in Germany and which now seems fated to roll back to the Rhine, and even across it. They know now that their "invincible troops" are fighting defensively, and that Governor Falkenhausen has begun the evacuation of the Belgian coast. They know that a great retreat is under way, leaving devastated Belgium behind, not because they have any less desire to hold it, but because they can do so no longer.

It was the boldly outspoken Vorwärts that led the journals in sounding the alarm of a probable invasion of Germany by the Allies and a growing danger of final German defeat. The Zeitung am Mittag echoed the Vorwärts' warning, and charged the government with rank misrepresentation of the war situation to its own people. The Rheinische Westfälische Gazette, the organ of the Krupps, sharply assailed Bulgaria's ingratitude in deserting the Kaiser, while the Frankfurter Zeitung, forgetting all that it had said heretofore in the days of its slavery to Junkerdom, reproached the government for failing to impress upon the nations of Europe the "truth" that Germany "did not enter the war from lust for power." The whole war situation among press and people is a pitiful revelation of the growing conviction in the German mind that the war is already lost—that the Kaiser's dream of world-empire is vitally shattered, and that the Hohenzollerns, who have ruled Germany to its ruin, have put the fatherland itself in peril.

Little wonder is there that panic conditions should exist in Germany. The knowledge that her hold on Belgium is loosening, her armies everywhere retreating, leaving behind them crushed strongholds, cities evacuated and burning, crumbling defenses which were the pride of her generals, and leaving also hundreds of thousands of prisoners in the hands of her enemies—and that all that led up to present conditions was hidden in subterfuge and lies, must convince her that as the "stars in their course fought against Sisera," so the crimes of Germany are being punished today.

But the war is not yet over; the final struggle is ahead, and it will be a hard one. Our President's warning against overconfidence is wise and timely, and will doubtless be heeded by all the forces that are now at work for the saving of the world.

Ex-Imperial Chancellor von Hertling, who resigned a few weeks ago, is said to be ready, under powerful pressure, to urge that a new peace offer be made by the government, taking advantage of Bulgaria's surrender. Admiral von Hintze, ex-Foreign Minister, is also an advocate of this course. There is little doubt that the near future will see a last despairing peace drive by Germany.

"Peace Talk" at the Front

"PEACE TALK" is the name of a long-range cannon on the American front at St. Mihiel. "Peace Talk" was christened by American doughboys, after Austria proposed a secret conference of nations for making peace that would glorify the German Kaiser. The big gun fully interprets the American soldier's opinion of Austrian diplomacy.

Recent dispatches report that "Peace Talk" has been conversing fluently lately. His remarks are addressed to the German-fortified city of Metz. For obvious reasons, the censor does not permit war correspondents to describe "Peace Talk" in detail. But judging the size of the weapon by the range, it is safe to say that each one of "Peace Talk's" sharp answers to German trickery costs America five hundred dollars.

There are bonds of the Fourth Liberty Loan issued in five-hundred-dollar denominations. How many Americans feel about Berlin diplomacy as American soldiers feel? If there are many, there will be plenty among them who can afford to contribute a few words to "Peace Talk's" forceful vocabulary. Five hundred dollars a word may seem a high rate to pay for conversation, but when it is the sort of conversation our artillerymen are hurling at Metz—conversation that is going to put a stop to Prussian pretensions in less time than many of us think—no price is too high for it.

Make it your business to see that "Peace Talk" does not lack ammunition!

Chance for the Older Man

AT the Boardman Trade School in New Haven a painter aged sixty learned quickly to be an adept machinist. A shirt-ironer past forty-five years of age in a laundry at Bridgeport, Conn., ran a screw machine after three days' practice and produced 25 per cent. more rapidly than the estimate made by the maker of the machine; at the end of a week he was taking the machine to pieces, and now he is earning 60 cents an hour in regular production. An enameler of the same age, who was working on a machine in the same training-room, stayed a month to qualify as foreman in a screw-machine room. A farmer of sixty-eight, who had had mechanical training in his youth, entered the training-room of a munition factory and quickly qualified for skilled production.

The war has proved that age is not a bar to the attainment of efficiency in a new trade. The man past fifty has come back to renewed usefulness in lines of work never previously tried.

Able-bodied men over draft age can be made skilled workers in the training schools now maintained in the large factories, and thus enabled to earn good wages while they are rendering aid to the nation.

Strict Food Saving

FOR failing to take reasonable precautions against rats, mice, rooks and jackdaws, whereby twelve stacks of oats and barley were partially rendered unfit for human food, a Black Isle farmer was recently fined $100. This item, appearing in a list of prosecutions recently conducted by the British Ministry of Food, illustrates the determined effort which that country is now making to stop waste of food.

With food ranking in importance with munitions of war, the British Ministry of Food is not hesitating to punish those who are guilty of carelessness in this respect. Notwithstanding the serious labor shortage farmers in the remote hilly regions are carting their harvests to convenient central points where the grain can be threshed promptly instead of waiting as in the past for threshing machines to come to each farm.

In calling attention to these British conservation efforts, the United States Food Administration emphasizes the importance of more serious attention to the rat menace by American farmers. Passively to permit farm waste of food and food products may more than overbalance the splendid results which patriotic housewives are securing in the home.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Passing of Family Prayers

ONE of the saddest and most dangerous signs of the times is the passing of family prayers from the Christian homes of the world. Sir Joseph Maclay has recently expressed a wish that Englishmen should return to the habit of having family prayers. Various reasons for their abandonment are given, largely economical. The difficulty is more than skin deep; we fear it is in the heart. When those who are gray now were young the family prayers were counted of first importance, and the breakfast next. Father took down the old family Bible and read from it. Sometimes the wife and the children took a hand in reading each a single verse. Sometimes there was singing and then a prayer by the father. How God honored that family and service in the character of its members and in his special providence! By what mental folly or spiritual stupidity or indifference was such a cornerstone of the family, the church, and the state allowed to be taken out from under the home? Some cling to the old custom of family prayers and get the blessed benefit of it. In these times of peril and sorrow and destiny it would seem that the Christians of our land would instinctively rush into the refuge, the Holy of Holies of family prayer. The true religion began with the family religion of the patriarch, who was priest. Family religion was thus commended by Moses in the law: "*And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house. . . . And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.*" (*Deut. 6: 7, 9.*)

Daddy Cook's First Trip

"DADDY" COOK of Detroit, an old man of seventy-three, who works in an automobile factory, it is said had never been out of his native city. He said to his fellow workmen that he had never been away from home, but he had for a long time cherished the notion that he would like to get out and run down to New York to see the Statue of Liberty. He did not say it as a hint to pass around the hat, but the men concluded to give the old man and his wife an outing and raised a little purse for the purpose and sent them off with flying colors. The other day the aged couple came to New York, went to a place of entertainment at night, put up at a first-class hotel, took a sail down the bay, beheld with pride and affection the Statue of Liberty, the gift of France to the United States, took in the sights, and made a break for home again feeling happy and refreshed with their vacation. "Daddy" Cook made a mistake in not going away from his home town, beautiful as it is. Schools and books are not all the sources of a complete education. A business life is a university in itself, and the veteran no doubt brightened his wits very much in sticking to his daily employment and doing it well. But travel, which widens a man and adds to his information, he missed altogether as a source of education. His mistake of staying too close at home is not so great as that of the one who stays too little at home. The other extreme to Mr. Cook is the tramp who takes the road and travels all the time, away from home always. The advantage of knowledge, gained by spiritual vision, is thus referred to: "*Also that the soul be without knowledge, it is not good.*" (*Prov. 19: 2.*)

Return to Primitive Bricks

THE high price of bricks and other building material has driven contractors in different parts of the country to go back to the primitive bricks made of mud mixed with straw, the selfsame kind of bricks of which the tower of Babel was made, and the kind the Egyptians used 5,000 years ago in erecting about all of their buildings except the monuments and the temples of the gods. The ox and the cart with two solid wooden wheels, used thousands of years ago, can be found in Mexico today, and the old sun-dried bricks, used in that far-off time, can be seen in many of the buildings constructed there. Some of the contractors of California have sent down into Mexico and got men to come up and make these bricks of antiquity. They dig a pit and run a big iron wheel to cut and mix the mud and straw with enough water added to make the right consistency. And then the bricks are cut, put into molds and dried in the sun. As these bricks are durable and economical, men of small means, and those better off as well, are likely to resort to them in building their houses. Egypt was noted for its brick-making industries. The mud of the River Nile made excellent bricks. It was carried from the river in baskets on the heads of the captives and slaves, who added more water and tramped it with their bare feet until they had gotten the clay and straw into the proper temper, then cut it with an instrument like our farm hoe, molded it in troughs and baked it in the sun. This was the employment of the children of Israel in Egypt. And it was because the taskmasters would not let them have fresh straw, but compelled them to go out into the field and gather the stubble of last year's crop to mix with the mud, and still required the men to make the same number of bricks each day as before, that there was the revolt and the exodus. This is the complaint: "*There is no straw given unto thy servants, and they say to us, Make brick: and, behold, thy servants are beaten; but the fault is in thine own people.*" (*Ex. 5 : 16.*)

Photo by International Film Service

Notable National Anthem Celebration

NATIONAL ANTHEM DAY, the 104th anniversary of the writing of "The Star Spangled Banner," was celebrated in New York City with one of the most inspiring demonstrations of patriotism witnessed in many years. In all parts of the city thousands of men and women assembled in public parks and held patriotic ceremonies in which the singing of Francis Scott Key's poem over and over again to the accompaniment of bands formed the principal event. Not only were the people brought together to hear patriotic speeches and sing "The Star Spangled Banner," but they were assembled to learn the anthem by heart in all its five verses, including the one added to the original four after the Civil War by Oliver Wendell Holmes. The most impressive rehearsal took place in front of the City Hall under the auspices of the Mayor's Committee on National Defense, where more than 15,000 men and women sang the anthem. The band from the naval station at Pelham Bay started the program. The memorable feature of the occasion was the presence and speech of Judge F. K. Pendleton, grandson of the author of the national anthem, who said, among other things: "At perhaps the darkest crisis in the country's history, when the young Republic, scarcely out of its swaddling-clothes, found itself engaged in a mighty conflict with one of the greatest powers on the earth, its capitol burned, its armies in retreat, a mighty fleet approaching one of the largest seaports, Mr. Key was sent by President Madison under a flag of truce to treat for the surrender of certain prisoners on hostile ships. His mission was completed only as the fleet prepared to open its night attack on Fort McHenry at the entrance to the harbor of Baltimore. His anxiety to know the result, his joy at the enemy's defeat, were all voiced in the immortal poem." These "sings" that are conducted in all parts of the country are the spontaneous expression of the patriotism of the people; they are the fires in the melting-pot that fuse the hearts of all nationalities into one superb Americanism and become a mighty inspiration to our soldiers and citizens as well. When Napoleon's ammunition wagons were stalled in the mountains he ordered his bands to come to the scene, and their playing soon started the wheels to moving. Lincoln took special pains to get the finest musicians in the country into his military bands. The Almighty recognized the value of music to the heart in its highest and holiest impulses in the elaborate provision of songs and instrumental music for the temple service. On the deliverance of the children of Israel through the Red Sea Moses wrote a national anthem which was sung by all the people: "*Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.*" (*Ex. 15 : 1.*)

33,000,000 Gallons of Sorghum

A GOVERNMENT bulletin announces that before long 33,000,000 gallons of sorghum will be available for the market. This syrup is not a sugar-house by-product, but is made directly from the sorghum cane. Its use therefore does not affect the sugar supply. It must be canned and cooled to prevent fermentation, but properly handled it is a good substitute for sugar in cooking and for table uses. During the Civil War, when the sugar from the South was shut off, the people of the North took to raising the sorghum plant, and the syrup from it was widely used to sweeten tea and coffee, and it was in many families the staple sweetening for cooking. The sorghum, besides yielding a sweet juice, also bears fine seeds from which food can be made. This plant, whose real name is Durra, is raised in many parts of the world. It thrives abundantly in India and other parts of Asia, and is one of the principal bread corns of Africa. It was cultivated in olden times. It is doubtless the sorghum to which the prophet referred when he wrote: "*Thou hast bought me no sweet cane with money.*" (*Isa. 43 : 24.*)

Snaring Snakes in Australia

THERE is an occupation in the wilds of Australia which is as dangerous as it is profitable. It is that of catching live snakes and extracting their poison for chemical purposes. Only three species of snakes are sought for the purpose—the death adder, the brown adder and the tiger-snake. Among heathen peoples poisonous snakes are often regarded with veneration and are worshiped as gods. In our Scriptures the snake gets pretty rough treatment, being counted as the symbol of everything that is evil, and marked to be crushed with man's heel. It is thus referred to: "*They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent; adders' poison is under their lips.*" (*Ps. 140 : 3.*)

New Jersey Will Ratify

THE late primaries indicate that National Prohibition will be ratified. The next legislature of New Jersey will ratify it. Among the wettest of all the wet states, New Jersey never had any local option until last winter, since which fifty-nine townships have gone dry. The temperance forces are united under the leadership of Dr. Shields of the Anti-Saloon League and his staff of workers in the wonderful overthrow of rum rule. Ratification will help answer this prayer: "*Thy kingdom come.*" (*Matt. 6 : 10.*)

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

Daily Meditation

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

God's Enjoyment of His Children

SUNDAY, October 20. Heb. 11 : 5. "*He pleased God.*" We are in the habit of thinking, perhaps not unduly but with a certain lack of proportion, on the joy which our Father gives to his children. There is a complementary relationship which we are apt to forget and which reveals our power to give pleasure to God. It seems incredible that we can do anything to God Almighty, and more especially that we can enrich the treasures of his joys. A false or imperfect reverence makes us subdue the presumptuous thought, and we put it under most vigilant suspicion. But if the relationship of father and child is anything more than a name, if it is something more than a verbal and formal expression, if it is really vital and intimate, it must be like a highway of spiritual commerce, and the precious merchandise must pass in both directions. There must be the carriage from father to child, and there must be a corresponding transport of wealth from child to father. On this mystic ladder there are ascending and descending angels and both are laden with their respective bounty. God's good grace can cover us with favor and we can be well pleasing to God. If any one is in Christ Jesus our Father will joyfully say to his child, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased."

Well, now, God wants us to be so great that he can enjoy us. He wants us to be companions in whom he can delight. He wants to find a large hospitality in the cheery openness of our characters. Has he given us any hints as to what kind of greatness makes us pleasing in his presence? I think he has, and it may be helpful to look at one or two. There was one day when our Lord seemed to be momentarily restraining the outpouring of his grace. A Syro-Phœnician woman was pleading for help and the answer was delayed. But the woman's heart seemed to grow larger in entreaty, and she marshaled all her powers of love in the urgeney of her siege upon the heart of the Lord. And then the unwillingly hindered Fountain burst forth in streams of grace! "O woman, great is thy faith!" That is one form of greatness which makes the children of men most pleasing companions to the Lord. Shall we dare to say that a great faith always gives the Lord the delight of surprise? "When Jesus saw his faith, he marveled." That man was a fit companion for the enjoyment of God.

J. H. J.

A Promise for the Homesick

MONDAY, October 21. Isa. 35 : 10. "*And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.*" This incomparable poetry is a product of the Exile. God's people were in a foreign land, under alien skies. Their eyes beheld the outlines of strange hills, and their ears were greeted with the murmur of unknown waters. They longed for the hills and streams of the land of their fathers. God answered their longing. In time they did return—the faithful remnant of the people. This promise was to homesick souls, "Ye shall return—your longing shall be satisfied."

Heaven is the Christian's home. "Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." As said the Hoosier poet, "Heaven holds all for which you sigh." Another singer puts it thus—that "each hath back at last the thing he stayed to weep."

What foundation is there for such abundant comfort? The foundation of God's own Word. Every glimpse God gives us of the life to come speaks of satisfaction, life unshadowed by death, joy untouched by sorrow, fellowship unbroken by misunderstanding, limitless activity without weariness.

If then life in the world to come be so perfect, why do we not know more about it? Why is not more revealed? For a very excellent reason: If we knew the things God hath prepared for them that love him, no one of us were willing to stay on earth even to finish his day's work. "'Tis blessed not to know," but this we know: beyond the mists of death lie the Delectable Mountains. "We shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." C. C. A.

The Essence of Faith

TUESDAY, October 22. John 4 : 50. "*The man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way.*" Here we have the essence of true faith: faith is nothing else than taking God at his word. Faith accords God this honor to believe that God literally means everything he says, and will perform every iota of a promise which he makes. Where there is no word of God on which to rest our confidence we can exercise no faith. We can only surmise, wish, hope. But whenever we have before us a plain statement from God, the import of which cannot be mistaken, we must not say, "I think it is so," or "I suppose it is so," or "I hope it will be so," but, fastening our eyes upon the text, we must say: "It is so; it is surely and really so; it cannot be otherwise; it must be so; for God has said so." In every case where there is some clear and unmistakable word of God commanding us to believe and directing us what to believe, we must be willing to sacrifice everything, our so-called better judgment, our common sense, our reason, our feelings. Upon the conviction that God cannot misdirect us we must be ready to risk honor, reputation, wealth, station, ease, social influence, life. Consider the odds against which Abraham had to believe when told that God demanded of him the sacrifice of his only heir, on whose life the fulfilment of a previous promise of the Lord depended. He might have argued that to kill Isaac meant the extinction of the chosen race; therefore the words which he had heard could not mean what he understood them to mean, but he must find a more convenient meaning for them. We all know that Abraham did not dicker about the meaning of God's word, did not defeat its literal meaning by some shrewd interpretation. He went to carry out the order of God to the letter, leaving the consequences entirely to God. Scripture points to this incident and says: "By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac; and he that received the promise offered up his only begotten son, of whom it was said, That in Isaac shall thy seed be called: accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead; from whence he also received him in a figure."

W. H. T. D.

Giving of Him

WEDNESDAY, October 23. Luke 6 : 38. "*Give, and it shall be given unto you.*" Nature does not bear fruit for herself but for man. The branch does not bear the rich clusters for its own selfish appetite. Our fruitage, like that borne of the tree of Calvary, must be for mankind. Your aim is a mistaken one if you are seeking spiritual comfort, quiet satisfaction, joy here and hereafter, just for your own little self. The purple fruit of Jesus' tree of life is for cleansing, saving and redeeming. The true wine of joy comes from self-sacrifice, giving the cup of salvation to other thirsty souls. The vine of the heavenly kingdom is rooted in Paradise gardens, with its branches hanging over the walls in reach of earth's perishing millions. They have taken new root in our soil, that all the world may eat and live. Our happiness consists in the joy of fellowship with God and with those we feed, the pleasure of being channels of blessing to other immortals. Therefore we should not seek to stop the flow of this vital communication to other hearts. Pass it on to a waiting world. Then, they who hunger and thirst after righteousness will be filled, and your own soul flooded with the refluent tide. First, abide in the vine; then serve the fruit. Don't try to serve education, culture, moral reform, without first abiding in him. He furnishes the only elixir of life; let his great loving being sweep through your soul so you can exclaim, "Of his fulness have ye received," which we let overflow to our neighbors. We must help save the people he died to rescue. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit, and bring many sons into his kingdom of glory. What an abundant harvest for all the ages of eternity!

E. W. C.

Those Who Do More

THURSDAY, October 24. Philemon 21. "*Having confidence in thy obedience . . . knowing that thou wilt also do more than I say.*" It has been said that there are three classes of people: those who don't do their duty, those who do their duty, and those who do their duty and something more. Near a great city school is a shop known to the children who patronize it as the "Bit More Shop." The proprietor caters to the boys and girls in little things that children like, and he always gives good measure—an extra apple or a "bit more" of candy.

Some people have such poor health that they are just able to keep on their feet; others are able to run and leap; they have abundant vigor. There is such a thing as abundant life. Jesus speaks of it as the gift he came to bring. Surely one who has abundant life is not content merely to do his duty; surely he will do more than the law requires.

God has many kinds of servants. Some of us serve by law, others by love. Did any mother ever "strike" for an eight-hour law? Paul knew Philemon, knew his sincere affection for the man who brought him to Christ, and so the confidence, "Knowing that thou wilt do more than I say." We who love our Lord with full hearts can never be satisfied with simply obeying the commandments. We run the Master's errands with eager feet. We seek to anticipate the King's requests. "Love so amazing" demands that we do more than the letter of the Word requires.

C. C. A.

The Need of Faith

FRIDAY, October 25. Heb. 11 : 6. "*Without faith it is impossible to please Him.*" Enoch's translation to heaven is explained by his faith. God was a present reality in his life: he sought him diligently and walked in communion with him. He held to the promises which God has made to those who seek him: he embraced, in particular, the promise of the Redeemer, and his faith was rewarded by his early removal to glory. Enoch's translation is an incentive to others. It is not enough to admit that there is a God, or to admire God and his works. Historians without any personal faith in Christ have admired the victorious course of the Gospel through the world, and have written splendid accounts of episodes in the history of the Church. Poets who were not Christians have chosen the beautiful and pure language and the noble thoughts of the Scriptures as their model. Philosophers who were outside of the fold of Christ have acknowledged that Christian teaching is full of the profoundest wisdom and represents the highest moral perfection. Unbelieving painters and sculptors have chosen the subjects for their famous representations from the stories of Holy Writ. In every community there are found people who freely profess that the Christian churches are a power for good, although they never enter them. Not infrequently we hear of instances in our day like that of King Agrippa, who after listening to the preaching of Paul declared: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." All these people derive no benefit from their admiration of Christ and his teaching, or from their benevolent disposition toward his Church. The Lord still finds people like the scribe, who can return good answers to his questions, and to whom he can say: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." But even religious knowledge is unprofitable, if it is not mixed with faith in them that possess it. What God desires to see in those whom he receives as his own is faith in the Word and promise he has issued to them in the Gospel of Christ, in whom we are made the beloved of the Father.

W. H. T. D.

The Spreading Vine

SATURDAY, October 26. Num. 14 : 21. "*But as truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.*" The divine Being proclaimed this prophecy unto Moses. In that day of final victory the Branch of the Lord shall be full of fruitage everywhere; "for I will make the place of my feet glorious." When Almighty God brought a Vine out of Egypt and planted it in Canaan, it was not only to fill all that land, but all the world, all the hills and valleys of Palestine and of every other country. In every century men have repeated the words of the Psalmist when he exclaimed, "O Lord, visit this vine this vineyard of thy planting; make it strong for thyself." The church of Christ is therefore like a vine growing among all peoples. The branches are entwining heathen lands, the Gentiles are coming to his glory, the fruit is abundant.

Near Santa Barbara, California, there is a single grapevine more than a century old. It covers twelve thousand square feet and bears about ten tons of grapes every year. It is not one solid trunk at the base, but several great limbs rise from the roots, so that it takes the arms of two persons to encircle it. It will take the whole world to encompass the Christ vine, for it is filling all spaces, all hearts among mankind. Every true church has this spreading power. Like the leaven, we must leaven those next to us till the whole is leavened. The fruits of the Spirit, love joy and peace, are to be given to all the race.

How sad when the little foxes spoil the vines and prevent the spreading power! Just your breath on the lens of the telescope will keep you from seeing the stars. So little sins keep the branches from full development. We should pray for spreading power in every church vine, for cleansing, for greater benevolence in giving, that multitudes may be led to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. Then the glory of the Lord will fill the whole earth.

E. W. C.

That Girl from Orchard Street

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

CHAPTER X—*Continued*

WHERE are you going?" one of the men asked sharply. As before she mumbled that she was going to see her man," and again came the curse nd the mention of the fact that she was ne of those Bavarian women.

"How do you know she's a Bavarian?" came the clear crisp words f the third man, and he rode his horse ver before her. "What's the idea of ust dismissing every one who mumbles s being harmless? Hey, there! What's our name?" His voice was very fresh, nd there was none of the weariness that Mary Ellis had noted in the voices of the thers. Evidently he was young, and his conflict had not passed the stage here it was the greatest game of all.

"Mary," she answered him.

"Come on!" The first speaker started p his horse, "They're all named Mary, nd she'll die of fright if you don't let er alone. Thank fortune the German rmy isn't made up of Bavarians."

"She—she might——" the man tarted.

"Yes, and she might not," and he ouched his horse and cantered away. he other two followed him, one of em reluctantly. Mary Ellis went on.

She had not gone more than a half-ile, however, when she heard the unch of galloping hoofs behind her. vague fear filled her, but she did not rn to look back. The man on horse-ack passed her, wheeled his horse sud-enly, and stopped.

"What's the rest of your name? Mary hat?" It was the young officer who had ished to question her a short distance ck.

"Schmitt," she mumbled.

"Yes; well, I want to see what you ok like in the light. Perhaps you're l right, perhaps not. If you're all ght you know better than to be around this time of night. Here, walk along-de here!" and he wheeled his horse so at she had to walk by his stirrup. e did not know where she was being ken; for some reason or other she was t at all afraid. Once she slackened her ace. This was met by a quick touch ross the shoulders from the man's hip. "Keep going!" he ordered uickly, and she obeyed.

HE judged that they must have traveled for ten minutes before he rned aside from the main road and ent toward a small house. The young ficer dismounted, threw a blanket ross his horse, and, after placing the ins about a rude hitching-post, pushed en the door.

"Stand still till I get a light. If you u I'll shoot you." He fumbled about, ruck a match and cursed an orderly ho had moved the lamp. Finally he und the object of his search, and a llow glow sent the darkness into the rners.

"First take off your hat," He dropped a big chair and drew it about so that could look into Mary Ellis's face. The girl did as she was ordered, meau-ile casting furtive glances about the om. It was comfortably furnished th three cots in various corners. The adquarters of some junior officers, she cided—and permanent ones to judge m the pictures, the magazines, and e open box of cigarettes from which e young bullet-headed Prussian was lping himself.

"Hm! Rather well cared-for hair for Bavarian. I didn't know you women re so pretty. How long have you en down here?"

"About a week—two weeks," she d with no show of emotion.

"Bad business, letting women come nd a battle front, though it's been aceful enough down here. Where's ur man stationed?"

"Down there." She pointed in the ection of the firing-line.

"Hope he gets killed, don't you?"

"Oh no—not killed!" she cried with as much terror as she could get into her voice.

For what seemed a long period of time she stood there, while her captor watched her with half-shut eyes. Mary Ellis decided that in spite of his youth he was the most repulsive being she had ever seen. He could not have been more than twenty-one or two, yet his face was heavily sensuous; thick lips, heavy, puffy eyelids. Her gaze traveled from his face to his great shoulders, his large hands. So this was a German—a man of war. She did not know why, but instinctively she felt that he must be a real Prussian.

"Take off your mits," the man said suddenly, jumping to his feet and towering over her, "Take off your mits."

Startled, she did as he told her. He picked up one of her hands, and laughed loud and long.

"Ach!" he rocked with mirth. "Ach! a Bavarian woman with those hands! You—s-s-spy!" He hissed the last words, changing his language suddenly to French.

Mary Ellis did not move. It is true that in moments of greatest danger many are most calm; and so it was with this girl, who seemed to look along the path that she must go and see only a German firing squad.

PRESENTLY the man went back to his chair. His whole demeanor was changed, however; he even went so far as to draw one of his pistols and place it on the low table near his hand.

"You are the person that arrived by way of a parachute which was found by the roadside this morning?" He spoke in French now, perfect French, that was not at all of the schoolboy variety.

"It is nothing to you how I arrived, or why," she said calmly. "If I were to tell you the truth you would not believe me."

"Then tell it. You are the first spy I have ever seen. I wish something to write home to my father. Capturing you will bring me an Iron Cross,—also a captaincy. I can leave these two trusting swine for better quarters. They would have let you go. I knew better."

Mary laughed. She had suddenly decided on the part that she would play,—and had keyed her nerves to carry her through the ordeal.

"You are smart, and already you are counting your gains."

"Yes, already. Tell me who you are—your story—quickly—or I shall beat you." He touched the pistol menacingly.

"I am a newspaper woman. I dropped from an airplane to get into Germany and write an article about the country. The American papers promised me a fortune if I could get material for an article and then come out alive. It was a chance—but I took it. Newspaper women are fearless, you know."

He jumped to his feet.

"American papers—always American. Can't you leave them out of this war? Why not your own Paris papers, or for London? Why this American, American?"

"I am an American," she said slowly. "I am from New York."

The man stared, almost as if he did not comprehend.

"You—you are an American?" he asked.

"Yes. Isn't it splendid that I have this chance to talk with you? It will be a great help to my article."

"Your article! Your article! How dare you talk about your article? To-morrow morning I shall have the pleasure of seeing you shot." Then, with a trace of admiration he could not conceal, "You are much more brave than they told us in Berlin."

"Do you, too, believe what they tell you in Berlin?" she asked quickly. "The time is fast coming when even you Prussians must think for yourselves. They told you we could not send an army over here, and they are in the

Continued on page 1170

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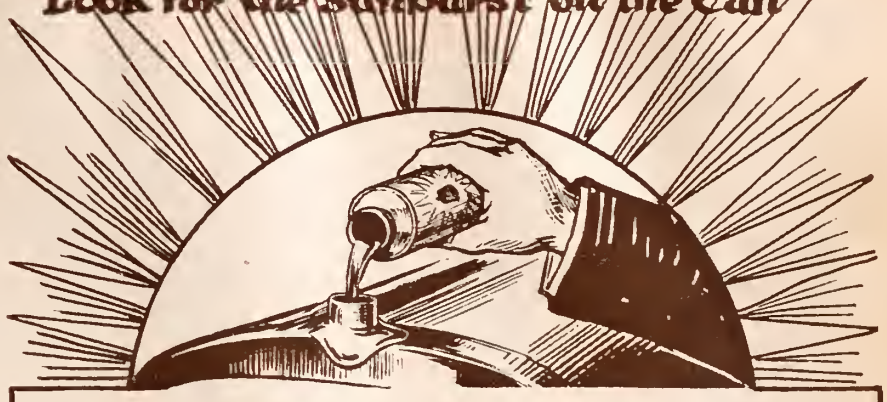

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THE MARCH

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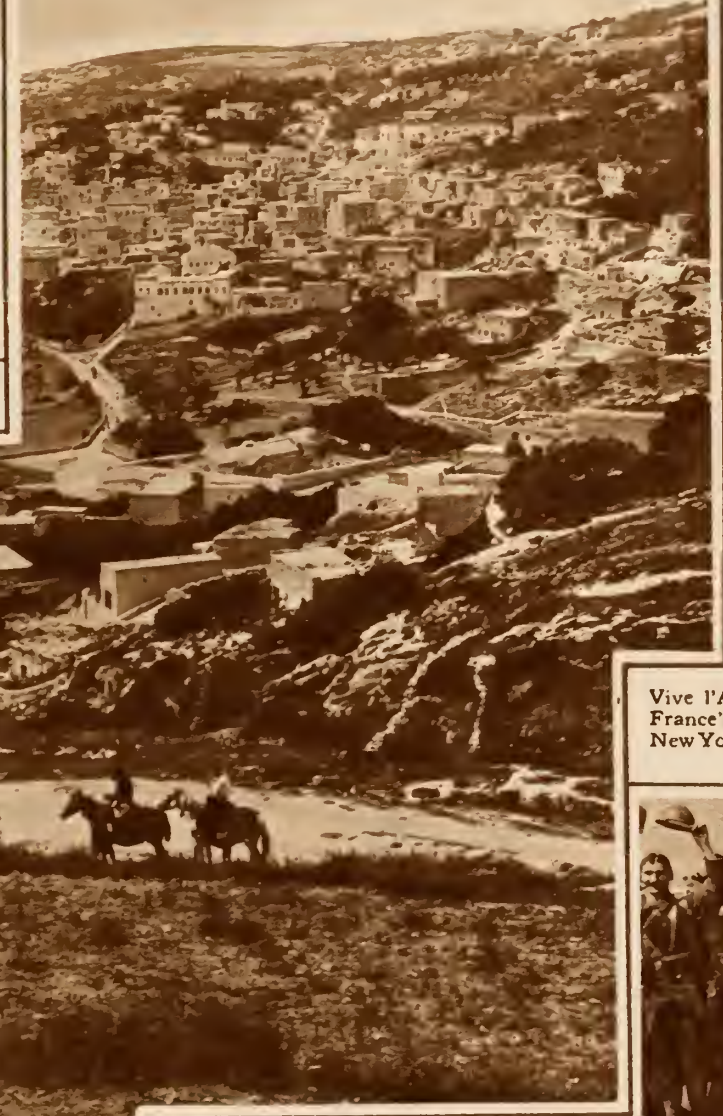
A British Tommy in Palestine bringing in Turkish prisoners. General Allenby's army took over 45,000 in five days in September

Photo by Press Illustrating Service

General Allenby, British Commander in Palestine



English Religious Leaders in A

Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Guttery,
Presiding Head of Primitive Methodist Church

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Nazareth of today. Headquarters of General von Sanders, commanding Turko-German army destroyed by General Allenby. Sanders escaped, but Nazareth was taken

Vive l'Amérique! This company of fighters of France's famous Legion of Honor arrived in New York in September to help sell Liberty Bonds

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OF VICTORY

British Official Photo. © Underwood & Underwood

An audience worth while. Defenders of Liberty from the American, British, French, Belgian and Portuguese Armies in France, listening to a sermon

John W. Davis, New American Ambassador to England

Photo from Committee on Public Information

A Roosevelt family group. Left to right: Theodore Roosevelt with the young son of Captain Archibald, Mrs. Archibald Roosevelt, Richard Derby, Jr., Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Mrs. Richard Derby with baby Ethel. The three-starred service flag stands for three sons in France

Moral Aims of the War Photo from Press Illustrating Service

Right Rev. Charles Gore,
Anglican Bishop of Oxford

Canadian Official Photo

Marshal Haig congratulating Canadian troops who have smashed through the Hindenburg line

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That Girl from Orchard Street

Continued from page 1167

trenches, only a few miles away. Don't you know," and she moved daringly close to him, "don't you know that they have lied to you, that you are losing the war?"

"It is not so," he cried angrily. "Wait—wait till a regiment or two of Prussians try the mettle of your soldiers—then you will find them to be men of paper. They have been fighting these Bavarians, who do not know how to fight. When the Prussians get here you will see real fighting—real fighting. The Prussians are coming," he stormed. "My regiment, my own regiment, that knows how to obey. Some day those men who laughed at the poor aim of the Bavarians will find they are laughing for the last time. We will fool them. Those of your men who live will turn and run."

Mary Ellis laughed—almost gayly.

"Don't think for a minute that we will run. You are beaten—beaten," and again she moved very close to him. "Ask them the next time you are in Berlin—ask them to tell you the truth." And again she laughed, and moved nearer.

WITH a snort of rage the young officer backed away, and as he did so Mary Ellis found the chance for which she had waited. A light chair was by her hand, and with a swift free movement she swung it upward, the seat catching the man on the chest and momentarily winding him. The chair went swiftly upward, over Mary Ellis's head, and before the man could more than grunt it was descending with all the force the strong young woman could muster. As he tried to cry out, as he reached for his pistol, the back crashed against his forehead, and with a grunt that was almost laughable he dropped heavily to the floor.

Mary Ellis put the chair down and looked toward the door. There was silence.

"I have heard you were an excitable race," she spoke in her nervousness aloud. "Even when you are talking with a woman captive you forget to be cautious. You are young—you will learn." Her words were almost hysteria now. "When you get better you will tell them all I said—and they may hang you for treason." Her swift fingers were pulling on her woolen cap and the heavy mittens. Deliberately she looked down on the fallen man, and a shudder passed over her at the thin stream of blood that crossed his temple.

"You will be better presently," she said, half pityingly, and then she turned out the light and groped her way toward the door.

A minute later she had unfastened the bridle of the horse, patted his flanks and sent the animal free across the fields.

Then she continued her interrupted journey toward the French lines and safety.

CHAPTER XI.

LOOKING backward over the adventure which crowned all the achievements of a lifetime, Mary Ellis was always awed by the fact that of her dream-like flight into the enemy's country she could not definitely remember the two portions that interested her most—how she got into German territory and how she got out.

She always had a definite recollection of climbing into the big plane, but could never bring back to mind a single detail of her leaving. In a similar manner she knew that when she left the house where she had been questioned by the young officer she was able to think in sufficient detail to send the man's horse galloping away and so hinder possible pursuit. Yet it was the muddy slime of No Man's Land that awakened her deadened memory and told her that she was close to safety.

What had actually happened was that she plunged swiftly down the road—each step bringing her nearer to the firing-line. Imbedded in her subconscious mind were the instructions that Jean had given her—and she followed them, not knowing why or how. At the top of the long hill that led down through the woods and brought the wayfarer to the scene of the encamped Bavarians she turned aside and went stealthily through the underbrush. Here she dropped her skirt,—so that she could get into the sparsely filled trenches without betraying her sex. She was less than five miles from the actual front lines now, and had her senses been more acutely attuned to what was happening about her she would have been conscious of occasional rifle fire, for the Prussian officers in charge had abandoned the military tactics of the Bavarian soldiers they hated, and had ordered that light firing be kept up at fairly regular intervals.

It was kindness on the part of fate that Mary Ellis did not know of this firing—did not know that she might have to crawl for some minutes with the bullets singing overhead.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE cared for Mary Ellis that night—the same Providence that every day brings men and women back from death's door when they are "almost run over" by a passing automobile in front of their peaceful homes, or when they are ill and the doctor says "death." In answer to prayers of her heart Mary Ellis went down through the fields at the foot of the hill, skirted villages of men in uniform, through districts that must have been guarded with armed men who would never hesitate to shoot. Perhaps the fog helped her; perhaps she was halted and managed to give some satisfactory explanation; but the first dawning memory of her trip came to her when she became conscious that she was crawling on her stomach, inch by inch, over slimy land. She was in that ghastly strip of earth called No Man's Land, where the ground is torn with shells, where nothing lives, and the stench of dead men rises with the sun. The first-line trenches of the Huns were a hundred yards in the rear; ahead lay safety. Had all of her journey been as easy as her snake-like crawl between the front trenches of that Lorraine sector she would have suffered little inconvenience. Only a few weeks later American fighting blood was to make this sector one that Germany feared. Now the Bavarians evaded war, and the American boys still acting under their French instructors, were not strong enough to carry on the active warfare they craved, and were soon to undertake. Only once the crackling of a gun broke the stillness of the night; no star-shell burst to strike terror into her heart and make her lie trembling and hoping that she would not be seen. Hand over hand she went through the mud and filth. Her face was spattered, she could even feel the mud fastening onto stray wisps of her hair. And then from out of the darkness she heard a movement, and almost in front of her a man spoke in an undertone, and his words were in French.

It was a patrol—and she was safe.

With a half-smothered cry of joy she drew herself to her feet.

"Poilu! Poilu!" she called softly; "come, take me through the line—come quickly."

There were two men, she made out,—and she saw one of them cross himself quickly as they moved cautiously near her.

"Poilu, don't be afraid!" she cried. "Take me to your commander." And she moved close to him. "It is no trick; I have just crawled through the German lines, I am French—American."

"French! American!" one of the men cried, suddenly finding his tongue. "What d'yer mean American?" And hot tears rushed to Mary Ellis's eyes, for in his excitement one of the men on parole had reverted to his native tongue.

IT was less than a half-hour later that Mary Ellis stood, a very bedraggled creature, in the presence of three young American officers. Quickly she told her story—not all, but that she had carried a message of great importance to some one back of the German lines, and had in turn received information of such importance that she must get to Paris at once; for Mary Ellis knew enough of warfare to know that such news as she had learned of the Prussian attack on the Americans must go only to those in the highest command.

"If you will be so good as to call up the Bureau in Paris and tell them that Mary Ellis has returned, I think that you will receive instructions. Quickly, please; it is important and I am uncomfortable."

The three young men were skeptical. They were Americans, unused to the intrigues of war. They conferred together for a brief minute. Then one of them called headquarters on the phone.

"Captain Purcell, please?" he asked; and he told the captain that a woman who called herself an American had been taken in No Man's Land.

"A woman!" Mary could hear the Captain's exclamation.

"Yes; and she's asking us to call up the Bureau in Paris and say that Mary Ellis has arrived from the German lines. So you——"

But the phone was hung up with a snap.

"Did,—did you say Captain Purcell? Is his first name by any chance Robert—Robert Purcell?" she asked.

"Do you know him?" the man asked incredulously.

"Yes, thank God. May I sit down?"

Ten minutes later Captain Purcell—the same man who had lifted her from the slough of Westport—rushed into the room, with a bustling French officer at his heels.

"Mary Ellis!" he cried. "Mother wrote me that she had been able to send you to France; but not—not as this. Can you tell me about it? But no I mustn't ask. When Major Tourée—pardon me, Major, my excitement is overwhelming. May I present Major Tourée, Miss Ellis?" he sped on without hesitation. "And when the major called the Bureau they said you were to have *every* courtesy—warned us to take special care of you, asked most solicitously for your health. Great guns, Miss Ellis, it's a long way from Orchard Street to this."

She laughed.

"And now, Mademoiselle, if I may be permitted," the Major interrupted, "a car will be ready to take you to Paris at once. These young men and myself regret that you have been detained this long. Perhaps you wish a little coffee—something to stimulate mademoiselle."

Mary Ellis thanked him, and told him that the coffee would be most acceptable. He sent one of the young officers away with a sharp command, and then, as if he could not trust any one but himself, he followed him.

"Well, I'm crazy to know all about it!" Purcell cried.

"Yes, and I'm glad I'm an American," one of the two men left behind came across the room and offered his hand. "And you're not sore at us for treating you like this?"

"Sore?" Mary Ellis laughed. "No; I know military life well enough to know duty. I'll cry quits and say friends if you'll find me a basin of water and some soap, also a towel." And she laughed so good-naturedly that they joined.

Half an hour later, when she left for Paris in a great gray car she heard them call "good-by" above the whir of the machine.

To be concluded

A PRAYER

O GOD, we do not ask to understand;
We do not ask that thy stern, chastening hand
Be lightened; that our burden be made less,
Or that our journey through this wilderness
Of war and devastation shortened be.
We are content to place our trust in thee,
Knowing thy wisdom, thy omniscient power,
Will guide and shield us in this darkest hour,
We only ask that we may bear our cross
In patience; that the bitterness of loss
Be leavened by thy love. We only pray
That thou wilt give us strength to tread this way
Of thorns and searing agony. To thee,
Whose Son was crucified on Calvary
That we might live, we kneel and say; "Thy will
Be done, O God of Hosts!" And though we still
Must give and give, we only pray that we
Through suffering, be closer drawn to thee!

LILLIAN BENNET-THOMPSON.

Young People's Topics for October 27

The Power of the Cross in Latin America

Christian Endeavor Topic, Luke 15:1-10

FOR more than two hundred years the power of the Cross in Latin America was the power of a vicious and immoral priesthood, exerted over an ignorant and superstitious people, to hold them in ignorance and superstition, in order that the priests might sit secure in the places of power in the state. Education was forbidden the poor and discouraged for all, and the Bible was a closed book; yet the civilizations of Latin America developed under this incubus, and men sought and won freedom in varying degrees. Those who secured an education broke with the priests, and the Cross lost its power in their lives. Latin American civilization was fast becoming atheistic, immoral and immoral.

Into this situation entered the Protestant missionary. Some of the bravest battles of the Cross have been fought by these men and women in the cities and towns of Latin America. They had to fight for the right to read the Bible, for the right to teach school, even with the Bible omitted, and long and desperately for the right to preach. Now, now, in every republic south of Panama, teaching, Bible-reading and preaching are unhindered by law, and the people who once saw in the Cross only a symbol of oppression are finding it in its true light, the symbol of a new and wider liberty. South America is not yet moral; it is not yet educated; it is not yet freed from superstition; but the power of the Cross of Christ, uplifted in truth, is building, upon the one foundation of creeds recited but once believed, a new structure of vital, active, evangelistic Christian faith.

Making Democracy Safe for the City Dweller

B. Y. P. U. Topic. Zech. 14:20

Religion and Democracy in the Modern City: Chapter Four of League Home Mission Study Book, "Christian Democracy for America."

Epworth League Topic. Acts 6:1-7

BECAUSE of the likeness of these two topics we will discuss them as one.

Christianity is democratic. Democracy to be safe must be Christian.

The early Church had all things in common. Though this practice was soon discontinued, it nevertheless threw a strong light on the inner thought of the Church. Christians are a band of brothers; each must seek the other's good; each must be ready to rejoice in the good fortune of the other and to minister quickly to the misfortune of any who sorrow. The true Christian can be neither self-seeking nor selfish. He may be ambitious in a proper way. He may exert a considerable leadership. But his ambition, if it is a truly Christian ambition, will be to excel in the things of Christ, and his leadership must lead toward him. A democracy is a government which exists for the good of the people who are its citizens. Self-seeking, grasping self-interest, untruth, deceit, all these are fatal to democracy even as they are to the house of faith. It is essential, therefore, that our American democracy should be Christian.

The modern city has presented to the Church a great opportunity to serve both her Master and the state by making the ideals of Christ and democracy real to those who have come seeking liberty, yet knowing only her name. Before the war hundreds of city churches, through social service work and night schools, were gathering in the many-languaged foreigners about them, teaching them English, American history and the common branches that would fit them for successful work, and leading them to see through the teaching work of the Church, the Spirit of her Lord and the essence of democracy. With many of these former students of the Church now in the Army, Uncle Sam has to some degree taken over the work of making citizens from naturalized material; but there is still work for any city church to do and it is work which will make democracy safe because it makes citizens who approach its problems with ideals of service to the state instead of ideas of personal pelf.

For a Chinese Y. W. C. A.

LAST August the Y. W. C. A. held a conference of and for the foreign women in New York City and vicinity. Among the more than 200 delegates were three Chinese women. After these three had returned to Chinatown and reported what they had seen and heard, a petition was signed by thirty-nine progressive Chinese women, some of whom signed their names in Chinese characters, setting forth that as "many of the women in that locality were conservative toward modern movements, did not speak English, and were ignorant of the highest conception of women's responsibility," the petitioners, realizing their responsibility and opportunity, turned to the Y. W. C. A. to help them in their crusade of social uplift. These Chinese women, in order to establish a Y. W. C. A., have already raised funds "which show only a part of the public welcome awaiting such an organization."

How the Pulpit Urged the Loan

THE clergy have stood behind the Fourth Liberty Loan very staunchly. Guy Emerson, director of publicity for the Liberty Loan Committee, sent letters to all the clergymen of the Second Federal Reserve District, asking them to help in every way possible to make the Loan a great success. He received thousands of replies assuring him of full support.

Rev. C. A. Roth of Trinity Church, Syracuse, N. Y., wrote: "We are fighting for a spiritual principle." He helped the Fourth Liberty Loan in every way possible.

Rev. J. H. Keeling, Watertown, N. Y., wrote: "I am always at the bidding of my country, for whatever I can do."

Rev. J. A. Dillon, Christian Church, Rush, N. Y., wrote that he would give all of his service to the government for the Loan work.

Rev. M. Clune, Church of St. John the Evangelist, Syracuse, N. Y., wrote: "All our achievements of the past have never equaled what we may achieve today."

Rev. H. R. MacMillan, of the First Baptist Church, Norwich, N. Y., wrote: "To the last notch in my power or ability I am willing to assist in this Loan." One-third of Mr. MacMillan's salary this year has been given to war work and charities.

Rev. K. Huske, Great Neck, L. I., wrote: "Never has the country been more united than at this moment. We are now ready to go on until the German Empire is dismembered and the world menace forever removed, so that universal peace may belong to the nations in perpetuity."

Rev. W. G. Adams, Winfield, N. Y., Reformed Church, wrote that he was "hammering away at the cause and its great import" from the pulpit. He was a member of the local Liberty Loan Committee, and, as he expressed it, "in it with both feet."

These are only a few extracts from thousands of letters of the same tenor.

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Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 18 624 S. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

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The World Looks to America

Not Only for Victory, But to Carry Out Christian Ideals After the War

A TALK with the Bishop of Oxford is an experience. One who has only heard of the bishop and never seen him hardly knows what to expect. Christians and non-Christians the world over know of him as a great teacher and a great ecclesiastic. They have heard of or read the books that brought him power and fame—books written for the most part when Dr. Charles Gore was known simply as Canon Gore. They know that he was chaplain of the royal court in the time of Queen Victoria and King Edward. They know that he holds now one of the highest positions attainable in the Church of England, and that he sits in the House of Lords.

As I sat in the lobby of the Yale Club on Vanderbilt Avenue, watching military and naval men, business men, professors, Y. M. C. A. workers, casual travelers come and go, I heard a gentle voice speaking my name. Looking up, I saw a sweet-faced, snowy-bearded, slender man, with soft blue eyes, who stood in half retiring, half apologetic manner, asking if I wished to see him.

"Is this Bishop Gore?"

The outstretched hand and kindly voice said it was.

"Where can we find a seat?" said the bishop, and we wandered about till we came upon a stiff, plain settle, near the south wall of the lobby. We sat down on the hard wooden seat, the bishop leaning forward thoughtfully, waiting for me to begin my questioning.

I asked him to tell me something about the part he thought the Church might and ought to have in the reconstruction of the world that must follow the fury of war. And this is what the great prelate of the Church of England said in answer to that question, for the readers of the Christian Herald:

HE spoke leaning forward, his hands resting on his knees. His words came straight and unaffected from a simple heart, and even his accent was the accent of the plain gentlefolk all over the world who use the English speech.

"My own opinion is that through historical circumstances the Church has been very largely linked with the interests of the wealthier classes and has been too content with what has been called charity to the poor. It has been picking up the wounded and seeking to heal those that have been wounded in the social strife, when it should have been demanding a basis of justice and fellowship. And the great vocation of the Church in the days that are coming will be to bear effective witness to the Gospel of the equal worth, in the sight of God and in the sight of man, of every single human soul, of whatever class, race, or color, and to see to it that its ministry is supplied not from any class privileged by wealth but from the best men of all classes and kinds. And its business is to see that all its arrangements and organizations are so reconstituted as to harmonize with the real and fundamental principles of democracy. In doing this it will only be working upon the fundamental principles of Christianity."

Strange words, these, to be coming from a member of the House of Lords! One knew that one was talking to a man whose "gentleness had made him great."

But the bishop, while he has advanced views on questions of sociology, still clings to the ancient creeds of the Church, for he went on:

"I am not one of those who believe that any merely social gospel will accomplish the ends of Christianity. Jesus Christ always gave first place to the doctrine of God, and it is by fidelity to this doctrine of God, as expressed in the fundamental creed, that the Church can fulfil its social mission."

ASSOCIATING the war and the hopes for peace with the future of the Church, the bishop said:

"As regards the war, I am wholeheartedly with the common sentiment which sees the present necessity of a real victory over German militarism and the German military autocracy. I do not believe in any parleyings for peace prior to a substantial real victory. But I am most anxious that, while we fight the war through, we shall keep the moral aims of the war foremost in our minds; that even now we should be preparing such a League of Nations, a League of Free Peoples, so that it shall be an instrument ready to our hands, well thought out and prepared, with which to carry forward the work of making peace. And I am most anxious that we should keep it clearly before the mind of the German people that we never underestimate the gifts of the German people, however sadly they may have been recently misused; and that, when they have learned to behave in accordance with the principles of justice and liberty, we shall be ready to welcome them into the arms of free peoples. We are not fighting to crush Germany, but to free it.

"I am, moreover, extremely anxious that the churches shall see their opportunity, in the name of the Prince of Peace, in cooperating frankly and vigorously with the cause of the League of Free Peoples."

Referring to America's part and place in the present crisis, the bishop continued:

"I need not say how much I feel that the fate of the world depends on the cooperation of the great American democracy, not only in fighting to end the war victoriously, but also in maintaining the great aims of liberty and justice for all human beings of whatever race, as the only solid basis on which peace can be made and can be permanent."

AS is already known to Christian Herald readers, the bishop is in America on a twofold mission—one to forward the plan of the League of Nations which he has so much on his heart, the other to bear a message from the churches of Great Britain to the churches of America, and to help forward the work of bringing into closer unity the divided spiritual forces of Christiandom. Speaking of these divisions and his hope for unity, the bishop said:

"All parts of the Church at the present moment are becoming ashamed of our unhappy divisions. To heal those divisions will be a long business. It is very likely that only a humiliation which will come upon the Church as a just judgment from God will be the instrument for drawing together the elements of a divided Christendom. Meanwhile, it is our business to advance in mutual understanding, and I think the greatest and best means of getting to understand one another is to work together as if we were one Church in all the great causes of spiritual morality and social reform and reconstruction. That can be done today without any sacrifice of principles; and it is seeing us work together for the great causes of humanity that must constitute our appeal to the man on the street. Thus shall we all grow to trust one another and show ourselves deserving of the confidence of the world."

Knowing that the bishop had taken an active interest in the cause of labor in England, I asked him to say something about the relation of the Church and labor. He replied:

"It is both lamentable and marvelous in the history of labor for a considerable period to read how good and liberal men, under the dogma of the old political economy, acquiesced in a situation in which masses of men, women, and children were manifestly treated as instruments for the gain of others. But now not only has labor become consolidated and therefore powerful, but the whole mind of the country has become inspired by ideas of justice. And in particular the Church and the churches have become ashamed of their old acquiescence in unjust conditions, and are out for a true Gospel of the equal value of every human soul.

"I have been a member recently of a commission appointed by the archbishops for the consideration of industrial problems. The commission was composed of bishops, clergy, labor men and employers. It is just about to publish its report, and it is not too much to say that this practically unanimous report will be found almost to coincide in all its main points, both industrial and educational, with the program of the British Labor Party."

THE bishop talked about Jesus and war, saying that though Jesus was so deep a lover of peace, he believed he would sanction force for the sake of protecting others. But the sorrow of the war are pictured on the bishop's tender and beautiful face. Love of all mankind is in his heart, his eye, his mind, on his tongue, in the clasp of his hand.

Since talking with him I have read more carefully the things he has been saying elsewhere in the city, in church at gatherings, formal and informal, and hearing from others how his words have impressed them. A friend went in to hear his sermon the other Sunday at Trinity. He preached from the text, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted, and he that exalteth himself shall be abased." Expressing his belief that the German government was now receiving the punishment for its self-exaltation, he warned the nations against her that if they attempt to return to their own former methods of statecraft and aggression, they too shall be humbled; that it is only by humility and helpfulness that permanent greatness can come.

The bishop's visit will be a benediction to America, not only to the Church, but to the people; to the church who need his exhortations to true kindness and justice; to the poor and the workers who, with their struggle for justice, need to keep in mind the higher concerns of the soul and the all-embracing demands of love and brotherhood.

Is a New Reformation at Hand?

ONE of the features of the Christian Herald in the coming months will be the discussion in an Open Forum of the great movement now under way for the reorganization of the Christian Church, not only in America, but in all the civilized lands. The war has unified the national spirit in our own land and is working a remarkable change in our social life.

The Christian Herald has taken note of the great changes that are being brought about by the war in the social, moral and religious life of our own and other nations. Recently this journal sent to sixty leading Americans—men eminent in the pulpit, the press, the university and the wide field of religious literature—inviting from them a free expression of views relative to the religious transformation which the war is producing, not only among the men in the trenches but in the training-camps—a transformation that is being reflected in the minds of our people everywhere. The replies received to this questionnaire are of tremendous interest. One might naturally expect a clash of conflicting opinions from representatives of widely separated denominations; yet in these letters we find an almost universal agreement as to the immediate duty of the Christian Church in America to be prepared for the coming change, the new era, of which many have already begun to term it, the impending Reformation.

This series of remarkable letters will be read around the world. The first instalment will appear in the Christian Herald issue of October 30.

Poetry

By
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IT'S the velvet haze of the autumn days,
And the blue of the autumn sky;
It's the purple sheen on the grasses green,
And the wing of a butterfly.
It's the gleaming gold that the sunsets hold,
And the rose at the dawn of day;
And the spray that's bright where the waves are white
And the newborn seagulls play.

It's the light that lies in a woman's eyes,
And the warmth of a friendly hand;
And the voice of home to the ones that roam
Through many a weary land.
It's the hint of prayer on the Sabbath air,
And the dew on the new-turned sod;
And the plant that grows through a winter's snows,
Toward the wonderful face of God.

POETRY—no, I hardly ever read poetry," said the Business Man shortly.

'But why not?" I questioned.

urely—"

The Business Man interrupted. "It's h a waste of time," he told me. here's so much else to read that's re worth while than poetry. Look all the newspapers, and the scientific icles, and the talked-of books that e average reader never even gets a ment to *glance* at! Look at all the *essary* material that the average der has to pass by! Poetry isn't *essary*. It's nice to fill up small ces with, and it's musical, and appling. But that's all that I can say it."

"I think," I disagreed (for when making rhymes is one's business in life, one bound to stand up for that business!), at poetry is beautiful, and restful, l inspiring. It's the wonderful way expressing wonderful thoughts. Surely t's enough excuse for it!"

The Business Man is in the habit of ving his own way. I fancy that his ce force bow down to his slightest nion. He rather glared at me.

"I hate to argue with a woman," he d me, "because it's so hard to make woman see a man's viewpoint! But e said what I think about poetry, d nothing that *anybody else* can say l change me. It's unnecessary. asant, perhaps, it is. But unnecesy!"

"Well," I answered respectfully, "if u feel that way we'll talk about someng else. . . . Something that you're terested in," I added.

And we did.

HE girls of a certain Sunday school class were making up a party to it an Old Ladies' Home and give an ertainment there.

"We can't all go," said the leader of e class, "because the superintendent the Home told me that too many of would create a confusion that would had for the old ladies. She said that of us would be enough. Ruth," she ded to a dark, serious girl, "you st come to play the piano. And Mary bring her violin. And Ellen recites y well indeed," she smiled at a short l with spectacles. "And we'll take thel and Grace to give their dialogue. d as for the sixth"—she glanced ound the circle—"can any of the rest you do anything special? No? Then," paused, "then, Dorothy," she said, aking to an extremely pretty girl h fluffy yellow hair, "we'll take you make up the number."

The six girls, in due time, went to the l Ladies' Home. And Ruth played e piano, and Mary drew tenderly eet music from the soul of her violin, l Ellen recited with splendid effect, l Ethel and Grace gave a dialogue t was brilliant and clever and sparling. But Dorothy, who hadn't any ecial talent, sat quietly in the sunht and smiled at the old ladies, who iled back at her, and applauded her ssmates when the old ladies apluded. And, though she felt rather eless, she really had a very nice time!

After the entertainment the superintident of the home served chocolate and tiny cakes. And while the girls were enjoying their party the leader of the class circulated about through the room talking to the old ladies. And over in one corner she came upon a little smiling woman with snow-white hair. And she spoke to her. But the little smiling woman didn't answer—she only went on smiling.

"She's as deaf as a post," volunteered the superintendent, who had followed the leader of the class. "If you've got anything to say to her, you'd better write it. For she can't hear a word!"

And so the class leader borrowed a bit of paper and wrote on it.

"Did you enjoy the entertainment?" she wrote.

The little smiling woman read the tiny note. And then she smiled more sweetly than ever.

"Yes," she answered in the soft, curiously toneless voice of the deaf, "I certainly did enjoy it. Although, of course, I couldn't hear the music or the speaking."

The class leader looked at her with dim eyes before she wrote again on the pad.

"I'm so sorry!" she wrote, "but how, if you couldn't hear the singing or the speeches, could you enjoy the entertainment?"

The little smiling woman laughed as she read the second written message.

"Why," she answered, "I just enjoyed watching that little girl—the one with the yellow hair who sat in the sunlight. The sunlight made her hair look like spun gold. And when she smiled she was like an angel with a halo. She was so pretty that she was a whole entertainment in herself!"

And so it was that the class leader realized that Dorothy, who had no talent—Dorothy, who had only her natural sweetness and beauty to give—had probably done more to brighten a very dull life than any of the rest.

POETRY—no, it really isn't necessary! But neither, I suppose, are flowers, or bird songs, or blue sky. And yet the flowers and the bird songs and the blue sky are the things that go to make life worth the living.

Dorothy, the little girl with the yellow curls, was, perhaps, the poetry of the entertainment that a certain Sunday school class gave at an Old Ladies' Home. The other girls who took part in the entertainment were the prose—the really necessary part. Dorothy was just taken along to fill up a blank space. But, in filling that blank space, she made a bright spot in a drab life.

Oh, friends of mine, do not despise the words that are song words—the words that are rhythm and melody. Don't despise poetry because it isn't essential—turn, instead, to the Bible, and you'll find plenty of poetry there!

Springtime wouldn't be springtime without its violets—autumn wouldn't be autumn without its vivid foliage. And the book of life wouldn't be complete without its poetry.

To Protect Religious Liberty

THE Joint Committee on War Production Communities, representing the Home Missions Councils and the General War-Time Commission of the Churches, met in New York on September 11 and reported on fifty-five war-production centers, including shipyards, ordnance reservations and many other centers of war industry. It recommended the erection of a Liberty Church, representing all the Protestant bodies, at Nitro, W. Va., and reported a probable need for like churches in other similar communities. The recommendations of the committee emphasize the American principle of opposition to a state-supported church. The government is prepared to build the churches on the reservations, but the conference unanimously resolved to request that they be allowed to pay for their own buildings. This was partly due to the patriotic desire to help the government, but more especially to preserve the American principle of separation of church and state.

DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY Trade Mark

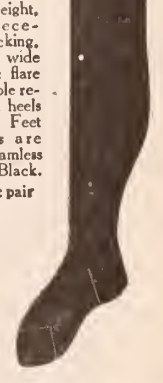
Two of the many fine values in Durable-DURHAM Hosiery

BO-PEEP
A serviceable stocking for women. Made from soft lisle finished yarn. Medium weight. Wide elastic top. Double reinforced heels and toes. Black and white.
Price 25c pair

For active people —hosiery that stands the wear

FOR men and women who work or tramp outdoors—for lively, healthy, romping children—Durable-DURHAM Hosiery is made extra strong. It is reinforced at points of hardest wear—that saves darning and means fewer new pairs to buy. This hosiery is comfortable, too, for people who are on their feet all day as the soles and toes are smooth, seamless and even.

ALPINE
Heavy weight, double fleece-lined stocking, with extra wide and elastic flare top. Double reinforced heels and toes. Feet and toes are smooth, seamless and even. Black.
Price 35c pair



DURABLE
DURHAM HOSIERY
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Made strongest where the wear is hardest

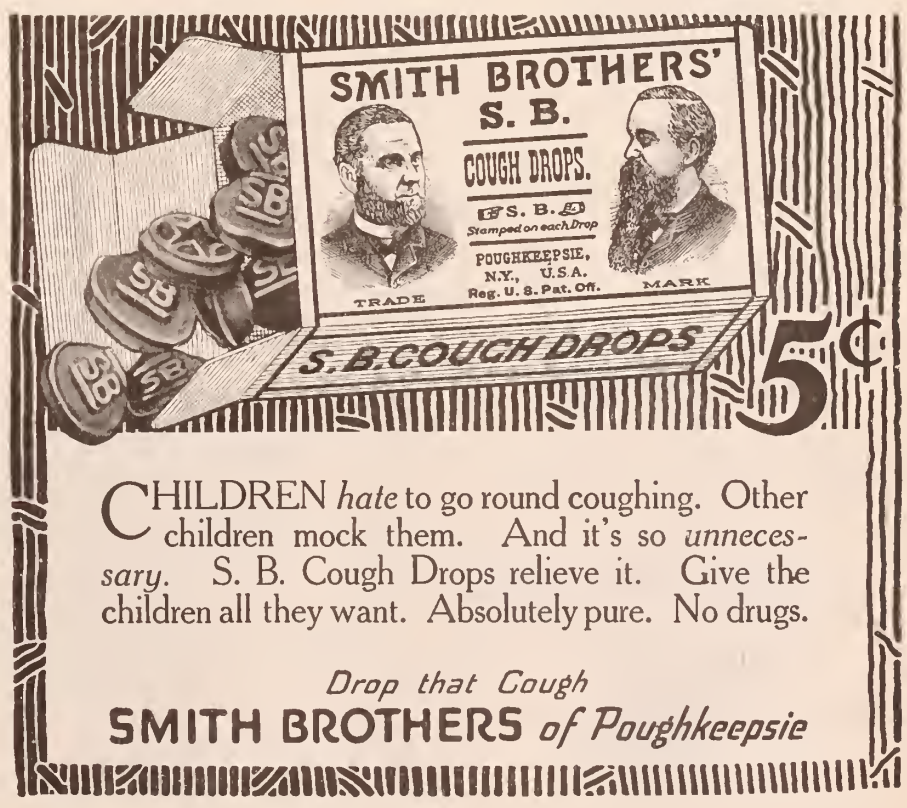
There are styles for work and play, for every season of the year. In every pair the legs are full length; tops are wide and elastic; sizes are correctly marked; the colors won't fade. Prices are 25, 35, 40 and 50 cents per pair.

For the cold weather ahead—ask your dealer for Durable-DURHAM Fleecy-lined Hosiery.

It is full of warmth and full of wear. The fleecing is extra thick, soft and warm. There are fleecy-lined styles for men, women and children.

Look for the Trade Mark Ticket attached to each pair of Durable-DURHAM Hosiery. Write to Sales Dept., 88 Leonard St., New York, for Free Catalog showing all styles.

DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS, Durham, N. C.



CHILDREN *hate* to go round coughing. Other children mock them. And it's so *unnecessary*. S. B. Cough Drops relieve it. Give the children all they want. Absolutely pure. No drugs.

Drop that Cough
SMITH BROTHERS *of Poughkeepsie*

This fire destroyed nearly 1,000,000 bushels of grain at Dow's Stores, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Burning Up Bread

We've Been Doing It for Years!

¶ Let's stop it. Last winter when our allies needed millions of bushels of grain to help them avert famine, millions of bushels were being destroyed by fire in America because not safeguarded by concrete. In one fire alone in Brooklyn, nearly 1,000,000 bushels of grain were destroyed.

¶ Foodstuffs will be scarce during and after the war. Everyone's interest demands that further waste be prevented by storing them in fireproof structures.

When you use concrete, transportation, skilled labor and steel, of which there are none to spare, are released for urgent war needs.

¶ Whether you are going to build a

Coal Pocket or Silo
Factory or Warehouse
Dam or Power Plant
Railroad or Marine Terminal
Water or Sewer System
Oil Storage Tank or Watering Trough

—any structure from the smallest to the largest and all kinds and sizes between—*Use Concrete.*

Concrete consumes nothing. It adds to the permanent wealth of the nation. It means a strong second line of defense.

You Build But Once With Concrete.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

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	Parkersburg	

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

Isaac and Rebekah

International Sunday School Lesson for October 27
Genesis 24

An Ancient Lesson on Marriage

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

SO thoroughly Oriental is the setting of this pastoral idyl of an ancient betrothal that careless Bible readers are apt to miss the timeless wisdom of its ideals concerning marriage. In those patriarchal days it was a father's duty not only to discipline his son, and to be his teacher, but also to see him safely and happily married as well. They tell us indeed that in the land of our ally, France, the mothers are the matchmakers, and wise and successful about the task, too. But in Anglo-Saxon society courting by proxy has never been popular. See how Miles Standish fared when he sent John Alden to bespeak Priscilla!

Consider how fine a character we have in Eliezer, the trusted servant of Abraham,—absolutely trustworthy and both wise and prayerful in the carrying out of his stewardship! In a day when the ancients despised and distrusted most of their servile class, the relation of the Hebrew founders to their very slaves stands out with many an inspiring foregleam of the Christian way.

Abraham's Advice on Choosing a Wife

Finding it necessary to entrust Eliezer with the choice of a wife for his beloved son, Abraham gives him wise instruction concerning the principles involved, instruction that has not lost its point in four thousand years.

(1) First requirement of all, the sought-for bride of Isaac, the heir of Hebrew ideals, must not be a Canaanite. Blood will tell, and Abraham knew the heathen people of his neighborhood to be an inferior stock. He realized instinctively that for his boy to marry one of this lower race would bring inevitable misery. Besides, he was building up a chosen nation, and he evidently knew something of heredity and eugenics. In our own times he has been vindicated by the careful study of some of the fine family stocks in America and of some of the depraved demoralized stocks in contrast. Good family does count.

(2) She must be of like moral and religious ideals. When one finds out about the horrible immoralities and superstitions of the neighboring tribes around Israel one can understand still further Abraham's vehement adjuration, "Thou shalt not take a wife for my son of the daughters of the Canaanites." In Moses and in Nehemiah we read again of the prohibition of mixed marriages and foreign wives, based undoubtedly on a realization that they would endanger the pure worship of Jehovah. Abraham himself had had a bitter experience in his own life with Hagar the Egyptian.

How many of our young people realize that a common faith in Christ is essential to the happiest marriage? How many know that even today mixed marriages with people of widely divergent faith result in frequent discord and divorce? The views of strict Catholics and earnest Protestants are so diverse that only the most remarkable devotion and wisdom can avoid future trouble.

(3) She must be willing to cast her lot utterly with her husband and with all his enterprises and affairs. Abraham seems to have had a dread of Isaac, the gentle and easy-going, returning to the old lands and associations and giving up his father's great pioneering venture. He wanted no wife for his son who would draw him aside from his purposes and plans. She must be a true and unselfish helper, not a drag nor a damper upon his future.

Thus Abraham planned, not bartering his children's birthright for an alliance with the wealthy and corrupt aristocracy of Canaan, not seeking to use Isaac to buttress his own safety or position, but insisting upon securing for him a mate of good family and high ideals, of unselfish character and religious training. Are Christian parents succeeding in our harder tasks of instilling these principles into the minds and hearts of our boys and girls, who make their matrimonial ventures for themselves?

Eliezer's Wisdom and Shrewdness

Eliezer realized the importance of his journey into Mesopotamia. The earnestness of his master's words found response in his own heart. He decided that the marriage of his master's son was important enough to pray about. He besought God's guidance. Since marriage is one of the two most important steps in life, do our young Christians make of their choices and decisions a matter of earnest prayer? If not, why not, since marriage makes or mars the life of most?

Then came Eliezer's prudent method of choice. He did not get the Aramean girls on parade and choose the most beautiful, either in raiment or features. Neither did he secretly inquire for the richest or even the most talented. He waited outside the city at the well, to catch the maidens under the most natural circumstances of every-day life with a view to choosing the most helpful, the most hospitable, the most courteous! He would choose the one who would not only give the stranger to drink but would also water his camels unasked! Not beauty, not wealth, but helpfulness and kindness were his tests. He wanted a *helpmate* for his master's son.

It is indeed unfortunate that many a modern marriage is based on acquaintance under the more artificial circumstances of social life, at the dance and at the theatre and at the vacation resort, rather than in the home, on the farm or in the shop. Worse still are those worldly unions that are based on financial or social standards without regard to character and congeniality. On the other hand, no truly religious mind would ask of God arbitrary signs or guidance in a matter where the common sense of Eliezer was sufficient to guide him even in choosing for another, and that one of supreme importance.

The Romance of a Helpful Girl

We are apt to exaggerate the passive quality of the Hebrew girl's part in this matter. If she went to an unknown bridegroom, why, for that matter he received an unknown bride. Here, however, we see her engaged in free conversation with the messenger, and manifesting both hospitality and initiative in the matter of his errand. Eliezer believed himself to have been providentially led, and so stated clearly in his proposition to Rebekah's family. Every true lover believes that providence brought him and his beloved together, no matter what may have been the outward agencies in their first meeting.

Rebekah was fully informed and consulted by her family. She was asked if she was willing to make this great adventure, to follow the stranger into the new land. The brave girl instantly decided to go. What an all-important answer it is that every young woman who is sought in marriage must make! Happy is she if she believes that God's leading is in the matter, and can go upon the new pathway in joyous hope and romantic expectation. How tender and beautiful is the close of our story when Isaac claimed his God-sent bride in the tender glow of an Oriental sunset on the plains. "And she became his wife, and he loved her."

We need the primitive faith that God is with us in all life's choices and affairs. There was no church in Rebekah's day, but an abounding sense of God's presence and care. That spirited girl was blessed as she went about the common tasks of drawing water and tending camels. The same God watched over her in the romance of her youth and guided her in the great decision of her marriage. In him we live and move and have our being. Blessed are they that put their trust in him.

This Rim-Klinch Patch

Beats Blowout Troubles

There are times when a man woul gladly give $50 to get a Miller Rim Klinch Patch—that is when he's mil from nowhere, or when service st tions are closed as they are so muc of the time nowadays. Anyone ca insert this patch easily and quick between the tube and casing whe a blowout occurs. It enables a car t continue its trip without further inju to casing, tube or rim.

So take precaution today again being stranded by blow-outs by pu ting the Miller Rim-Klinch Patch i your tool kit.

Miller TIRE ACCESSORIES ··· AND ··· REPAIRS

The wide fabric wings on the sides Miller Rim-Klinch are firmly held betwe the rim and tire. The bead holds the pat securely. And will answer in almost a emergency.

It is also a good idea to carry the Mill Hook-Hold Tire Boot to use with the Ri Klinch Patch in case of large blow-outs cuts in your tire casings.

Repair Guide Free

"Guide to More Tire Mileage," is t name of a brand new home repair guide th we have just issued, containing many illu trations that show you the cause of all t and tube troubles and what to do. Send yo address for one of these free books while t edition lasts.

And don't forget to ask your dealer f Miller Tire Accessories before trouble com

The Miller Rubber Compan
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When having Tires or Tubes repaired by others request the use of Miller Repair Materials and you are sure of a longer lasting job.

ROUGH ON RATS

Clear your house and keep it free of rats and mice with old reliable "Rough On Rats." Kills them all quickly — and they

"Dont Die in the House"

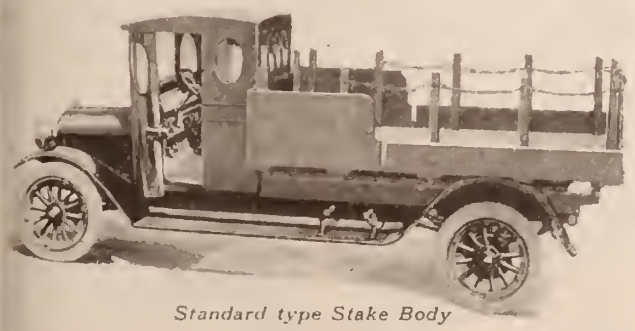
"Rough on Rats" successfully exterminates these pests where other preparations fail. Mix it with foods that rats and mice will eat. Change the kind of food whenever necessary. Don't be pestered—get "Rough on Rats" at drug and genera stores. Send for booklet, "Ending Rats and Mice"

E.S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J

Originator of "Rough On Rats"

REO

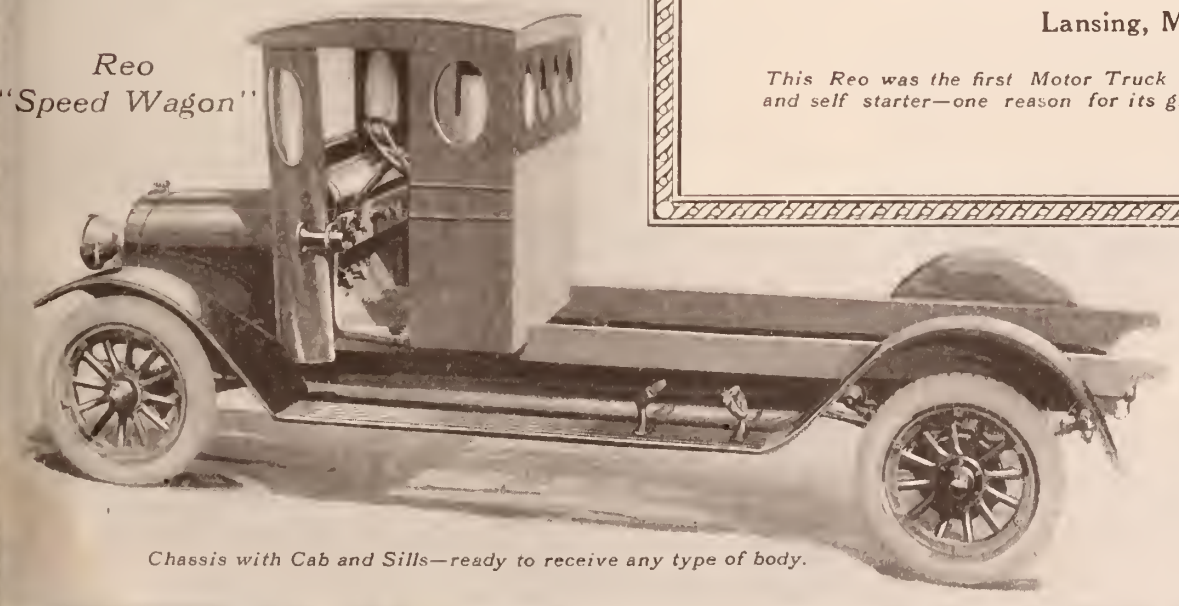
One of hundreds of types of Hearse Bodies on standard Reo "Speed Wagon" chassis.



Standard type Stake Body on the same Reo chassis

The Famous Reo "Speed Wagon" —express with canopy top.

Reo
"Speed Wagon"



Chassis with Cab and Sills—ready to receive any type of body.

From A Hearse
To
A Hurry-Up Wagon

THIS REO "SPEED WAGON" chassis is adaptable to that wide range of usefulness.

THOUSANDS are already in use in high class funeral equipments while tens of thousands are serving in hundreds of different lines of commercial activity.

THE PREFERENCE FOR REOS among funeral directors is significant too—for in no other class of business is a silent, smooth-running motor and an absolutely dependable chassis so essential.

OF COURSE the greatest demand, by far, is for the two standard types of "Speed Wagons"—the familiar Stake Body and the popular Canopy Covered Express.

THESE TWO TYPES are adaptable to about seventy-five per cent of normal delivering and trucking.

FOR CITY, SUBURBAN and rural use, these types are ideal.

BUT WE DO SELL a large number of chasses equipped as shown below, with driver's cab and heavy wood sills only.

ON THESE SILLS you can mount any special type of body you may need or prefer for your own special service.

AND YOU CAN SECURE, from your Reo distributor, dimensions and full data so that your special body may be made and ready to mount in the hour that your Reo is delivered to you.

IN MANY CASES—in most cases in fact—the old body can be taken from your now obsolete horse-drawn truck and, with slight modifications, mounted on this Reo chassis.

WHEN THAT IS DONE you can feel confident that you have the sturdiest, most consistent, most dependable motor truck it is possible to procure.

FOR THE VERY WORDS Reo and Reliability are synonyms—and Reos have long been famous for their Low Upkeep.

THE ONLY CONCERN you need have is—can you get a Reo?

ONLY WAY is to see your Reo distributor at once, place your order and be in line for an early delivery.

TODAY won't be a minute too soon.

Reo Motor Car Company

Lansing, Michigan

This Reo was the first Motor Truck to be equipped with electric lights and self starter—one reason for its greater efficiency and fuel economy.

"THE GOLD STANDARD OF VALUES"

"X" Liquid will repair over 24,000 Radiator Leaks in 10 minutes

CAN you imagine 24,000 leaks in *one* radiator? It is entirely possible. The average radiator has more than 24,000 corners—each one liable to leak.

Suppose all the corners *did* leak at once—would you throw the radiator away and buy a new one? Or would you use "X" Liquid to repair every single leak and make the radiator *as good as new*—without taking it down?

What would a *thrifty* car owner do?

* * *

MOTORISTS often ask, "How can I repair my leaky radiator *better* and *cheaper* than by soldering it—and without choking the cooling system with cements, flaxseed meals or other 'dopes'?"

Investigation proves that "X" Liquid is the *only scientific way* to repair leaks without solder or welding—and without injury to the cooling system.

"X" is simply poured into the radiator. It mixes with the water—circulates freely throughout the cooling system—and finds every leak or crack. Then it flows through and turns to a solid *right in the hole.*

Whether you have *one* leak or *twenty-four thousand*—"X" Liquid will repair them all in 10 minutes. Whether these leaks are in the radiator, pump, motor head gaskets, connections or elsewhere—"X" Liquid makes a *permanent repair.*

The surest way to *prevent future leaks* from bothering you is to keep "X" Liquid *constantly* in the water.

"X" Prevents Rust and Scale

The *easiest* and *most scientific* method of keeping the cooling system free from Rust and Scale is to use "X" Liquid. The same "X" that repairs and prevents leaks also *loosens* Rust and Scale. And with "X" in the water no *new* Rust or Scale can form.

The result is a RUSTPROOF, SCALEPROOF cooling system—a cooler, better-working engine—plus a saving of oil, gas and a reduction in upkeep costs.

Large Size, $1.50
does $25 in repair work

Ford Size, 75c
does $10 in repair work

Get "X" Liquid at your dealer's—or we will ship direct on receipt of price and dealer's name.

"X" LABORATORIES
644 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

HOOSIER STOVES & RANGES FREE

To try in your home 30 days free no matter where you live. Show your friends, send it back at our expense if you do not want to keep it. Million members of families enjoying the comforts and pleasures of **"Hoosier" Stoves & Ranges,** perfect bakers and heaters, beautifully finished, smooth latest design, guaranteed for years.

Write for our big free book showing photographs, describing large assortment of sizes and designs of Steel and Cast Ranges, Cooks, Soft and Hard Coal Heaters, to select from, explaining our free trial. Send postal today.

HOOSIER STOVE CO.
164 State St., Marion, Ind.

This FREE Shoe Book

is crowded with photographs and descriptions of **Ezwear** shoes for Men, Women and Children. Ezwear shoes are **sent postpaid, guaranteed** to combine comfort, style and quality, to fit perfectly or **money back.** Amazingly low prices. *Send for your copy today.*

The **E.C. Simon Shoe** 1539 BROADWAY BROOKLYN, N.Y.

What Your Liberty Bond Will Do

IF you buy a $100 bond of the Fourth Liberty Loan you are lending the United States Government enough money to feed a soldier in France a little more than seven months. Or you have furnished enough money to give him a compiete outfit of winter and summer clothing, including shoes and stockings, and slicker, and overcoat and blankets, with enough ieft over to arm him with a good revoiver. You have done that much to beat back the Hun.

It takes $35 more to arm him with a rifle with a bayonet on it, and if you buy a second $100 bond you furnish him this rifle and 1,000 cartridges for it; and there will still be enough of your money left to purchase a good-sized bomb to throw in a dugout, or demolish a machine-gun together with the Huns operating it.

Our Mail-Bag

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. Correspondents may use a nom de plume to identify the question, but all letters must contain name and address of the writer, in addition to the nom de plume. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

J. W. B. There are many good people who hold that a tenth of one's income should be set aside for the Lord's work. Under the ancient Jewish economy, tithing was regulated by a code of laws which were amplified and made still more complex by the rabbis; but under Christianity the supreme law of love has been substituted, and is applicable to the tithing problem quite as well as to others. We are to give as God has prospered us, and from a generous and loving heart. An offering we do not feel, and which is simply of our surplus, is a gift of comparatively little worth, no matter how large the sum, while one that involves self-denial and even sacrifice, given with a cheerful heart, is rewarded with blessing. The spirit in which we give is what counts. Contributions to the Red Cross and Armenian relief certainly come within the category of gifts for the Lord's work. To succor the poor, heal the sick and help the helpless is not only a Christian's duty, but his blessed privilege. There is nothing more sorely needed just now than that sort of charity, and we should do all of it we can.

A. S., Washington, D. C. "I notice the articles in the Christian Herald on the subject of the union of the various Protestant denominations, which induce me to submit the following observations on the subject. If all the members of the several denominations could be induced to unite under one name, it would be something to rejoice over, indeed. And yet I fail to see just how Christ's Kingdom could be advanced any more rapidly, for all who truly believe in Christ now are in one and the same spiritual church. If all denominations were merged into one there would necessarily have to be many separate church buildings or meeting places in all large cities to accommodate the people, and each one would have some sort of independent management or government, very much as now exists. Each one, I believe, would feel disposed to control its own affairs; and in this way there might be as great a diversity of government as is found among churches today. Men, so long as they are mortal, will differ in matters of religion as they now differ on questions political, and people will do better work when they are permitted to work in their own way. I am not sure that friendship would be stronger among men in a united church than it is now among real Christians in the several denominations. In some places the pastors of all Protestant churches meet together and confer as to the best methods to be adopted to reach the people and get them interested in vital Christianity. This is all they could do were the churches merged under one name."

A. R., S. D. The figures of speech employed in Ecclesiastes 12 are Oriental in their nature. "The keepers of the house" are the limbs that protect the body; the "grinders" are the teeth, which decay in age; "those that look out of the window" are the eyes; the lips are "the doors"; the vocal cords are the "daughters of music"; the almond tree refers to the whitening of the hair, which has a likeness to the almond tree with its white blossoms; the "grasshopper" is a type of the dried up, shriveled human form in age; "desire shall fail" is the cessation of appetite, and the "long home" and the mourners typify the end of life.

S. M. H., Baltimore, Md. The passage, "hope against hope," is found in a poem by Montgomery, entitled "The World Before the Flood." The precise language has no parallel, but there are many expressions that convey the same meaning. Pope wrote: "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and Psalm 146 : 5 conveys the same idea when it says that when all other expectations fail, one's hope is still in God. Paul, in Rom. 5 : 4 and I Cor. 13 : 13, makes hope one of the chief Christian virtues.

Mrs. S. B. B., Benton Harbor, Mich. The distinction drawn in I John 5 : 16–17 is that while intercession in prayer for one who is a sinner but "not unto death" is in harmony with God's will, it is presumptuous to intercede for one who has sinned against the Holy Ghost (Mark 3 : 29).

Mrs. C. C., Jersey City, N. J. Elijah or Elias, according to Jewish tradition, was the son of Eleasar, a priest. He was a Gileadite. He was one of the three who appeared at the transfiguration, and many Jews believed he was reincarnate in John the Baptist. Bible authorities differ on this point, however. John was of priestly race by both parents, and in force of character and fearlessness in rebuking sin he was another Elijah, but he declared emphatically that he was not Elijah (John 1 : 21).

J. B., Milwaukee, Wis. The "book of the generation" is a purely Jewish expression. Every Jewish household kept a careful chronological table. The genealogy in Matthew 1 is that of Joseph only, and not of Mary, and it is there stated that Joseph was only the legal and not the natural father of the Saviour. Matthew traces the descent of the legal father from David. If you will contrast this with the genealogy of Mary, as found in Luke, you will see that both genealogies trace the descent of Jesus through his legal father and his actual mother from David, thus establishing the line upon which all the Jewish hopes of the Messiah centered.

S. D., Chicago, Ill. Daniel, second son of King David, born of Abigail, lived about 1051 B.C. The priest Daniel of the tribe of Ithamar (Ezra 8 : 2) lived about 459 B.C., and is probably identical with the Daniel who joined in the covenant drawn up by Nehemiah (Neh. 10 : 6). He was called a "son of Ithamar" in the sense of being a priest of that family. Ithamar was the youngest son of Aaron, and was consecrated to the priesthood, as were his descendants for many generations.

F. G. M., Corvallis, Ore., and I. A. H., Topeka, Ind. The time to discuss a Christian's duty as to the war has long passed. The Bible is true, and the Bible is to be followed. How do you think Joshua, Gideon, David and other Old Testament saints felt about it? Do you suppose they did not know of the commandment "Thou shalt not kill"? They do not appear to have found any difficulty in reconciling their duty with it, neither did Samuel nor Elijah. Men like Washington, Havelock and Chinese Gordon were conscientious men and eminent Christians, yet they went to war without compunction. War is the outcome of evil, but it is capable of being transformed into an agency for good. The Lord can make even "the wrath of man to praise Him"—that is, to bring the divine purposes to pass.

Viola H., Elizabeth, N. J. We have answered the same question you ask several times lately in the Mail-Bag.

Emily Paret Atwater sends us the following witty and patriotic "weekly calendar":

On Monday I knit; and on Tuesday I flit
To a lecture on Food Conservation.
On Wednesday I sew on pajamas to go
To tho men who must fight for the nation.
On Thursday, alas! is my Surgical Class.
And although 'tis the servant's day out,
Home duties and food should never obtrude
On a labor so truly devout.
On Friday I go to a Benefit Show
For our soldiers at home and afar.
On Saturday, tired, yet thrilled and inspired,
I sit through a talk on the War.
On Sunday, in bed (ice-bag to my head),
With a household morose and chaotic,
Though the children need tending, and stockings need mending,
Thank the Lord I am still patriotic!

Mr. W. J. Richardson sends a contribution of ten dollars ($10) for tho Bowery Mission as a memorial gift to show his regard for the late publisher of the Christian Herald, Mr. Otto Koenig, who was one of the trustees of the Mission and most actively interested in its work.

Mrs. G. E. B., Tallulah, La. Any large dealer of junk in the city near you would, no doubt, buy waste paper from you. Write to Mr. A. D. Naylor, secretary of the American Paper and Pulp Association, 18 East Forty-first Street, New York City, and to tho Waste Trado Journal, 150 Lafayette Street, New York City, asking for a list of dealers in your locality.

Mrs. J. M., Baltimore, Md. There has been a regulation made by army officials that no packages can be sent to soldiers abroad, unless accompanied by an order of their commanding officer, or an official of no less than major in rank.

Mrs. M. V., Ohio. There is no provision made by the government for the burial of the widows of soldiers. Some states, however, make an allowance for such a purpose. Definite information can be obtained from your Secretary of State at the state capital.

Miss M. E., Reddick, Fla. There is no reason why mail should not reach the boys "over there," especially if the full name, company and regiment, and American Expeditionary Forces are given on the letters sent abroad. However, there is a great congestion of mail for the soldiers abroad, and we have been informed that the War Department, General Pershing, and the Post Office Department are doing their very best to relieve this congestion as speedily as possible.

"Mother, What does Cocoa Mean?"

"Well, my boy, good cocoa means

Baker's Cocoa"

It is a rich red-brown powder made from high grade cocoa beans, which have been carefully selected, skilfully blended roasted, ground exceedingly fine, and with the excess of fat removed without the use of chemicals.

It is a delicious drink of great food value and its use saves other foods.

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Marion Harland's Corner

Dip Into Our Letter-Box

T stands invitingly open at my elbow. Some gaps are left by letters to which answers have gone by mail. e larger number shall be shared with nstituents, as is but just and fair to se who help make the Corner what long to offer to those we would serve community of interests, an exchange benefits. It is a continual satisfac- to myself to note the steady growth this spirit among active members—se who tell of what has been useful themselves, of experiments in new s of housewifery, their successes and r failures. Many are communica- s from those who seek comfort, ad- e and sympathy under the pressure failure and ignorance. The Corner he common meeting-ground for both ses.

HE first letter that comes to hand today is not yet out of season, al- ugh the subject brought forward was ted exhaustively months ago. It s ood reading at any time:

ears ago, when I lived in the city, I put garbage in an old pan, dried it in the oven, used it to help build my fire. The rinds of anges and grapefruit are fine to kindle with n dried. Now, I find a new use for the age. On a farm one would suppose that h such as you would put in a flowerbed, is tiful. So it is, but when you are not the ner, you learn that dirt is valuable. Last mer I put all my waste, which isn't much family of one, in an old galvanized tub out a bottom, set it in a corner of the under an old bush, put everything in it g-shells, coffee grounds, etc.—and, once while, sprinkled a shovelful of wood s over it. When it was full I placed a slab od over it, and when I made my flower e this was my compost, and my flowers look they had grown in the tropics

One Way to Cook Cold Potatoes

t them in slices, then hash them fine; a little nice sweet dripping in a frying- n when it is very hot put in potatoes, them level, season, sprinkle with a little ped parsley, and when nicely brown fold and serve on a platter.

other way: Put some milk in a pan; ce of butter, salt and pepper; crumble little stale bread; let it come to a boil; ashed potatoes; cook thoroughly. When are not too dry, an egg may be stirred hwhen they are nearly done.—AILENROC.

UR next letter is from one of the second class alluded to a while Colored orators used to describe as "seekers." I am glad to be able eet her wishes by a recipe of my If there be a better in the hands ny member, will she oblige us by ing it in?

ll you please inquire of the members of orner for a recipe for making a pickling ar for sweet pickles? The cucumber n is not yet quite over, and I find it t to pack the cucumbers directly into a jar, having soaked them for three days ously in salt water, pouring over them a supply, each morning, and at last cover- with the cold vinegar.—ALICE M. R. *Ohio*).

Vinegar for Sweet Pickles

each quart of vinegar allow a cupful of sugar; eight whole cloves; eight whole peppercorns; six allspice (whole) and ades of mace. If you fancy the flavor ery (as is probable), add a tablespoonful lery seed to two quarts of the vinegar. allow a minced onion of medium size to quarts of the vinegar. Consult your own with regard to these last-named ingre- s. Bring the seasoned vinegar to a boil closed pot, and cook slowly for an hour. while hot, into heated glass jars or wide ed bottles, and keep closely covered until re ready to put up your pickles.

A CORNERITE sends from Cali- fornia a recipe for old-fashioned ch broth:

ver before have I ventured to write to but recently I read with interest the S. call sent out by John's Wife, asking recipe for Scotch broth, wherewith to eer "guidman," who was doubtless long- r the "kind mother used to make" in e Scotland.

re is my recipe. It has helped to raise even children and seventeen grandchil- re who are all alive and hearty: one and alf pounds of shin-beef, one cup of peas, or fresh, one-half cup of rice, one-half barley, soup vegetables: carrot, turnip, leek, celery and parsley. Salt and pepper to taste.

This makes a pot of broth sufficient for six people. If dried peas are used, soak over night in cold water; doubtless John remembers seeing the peas steeping in winter for the Scotch broth.

Perhaps it might help beginners if I were to give the mode of cooking this. Wash meat well; put in a large pot and cover with cold water; add barley, rice, and peas (if dried previously soaked over night); bring slowly to the boiling point and simmer slowly for two hours. Cut up soup-vegetables in small pieces, add and simmer for another hour, add salt and pepper to taste.

The late Queen Victoria was very fond of Scotch broth, and always had it on the table at Balmoral.—MARTHA S. (*California*).

In your enumeration of the fruits, etc., which we ought to bestir ourselves to put up now against winter and scarcity of material for conserves, you omitted apple butter. As comparatively indifferent fruit may be saved for future use in this way—and late in the season—will you be so kind as to give us a recipe for making it? I recollect eating it in West Virginia when I was a child, and how good it was when spread upon my bread-and-butter!—ELEANOR N. C. (*Maryland*).

I THANK you for calling my atten- tion to the omission, and cheerfully bring forth a recipe:

Apple Butter

Boil cider down to two-thirds of the original quantity. Into this, when it is lukewarm, turn as many peeled and sliced apples as the liquid will cover, and simmer, stirring often from the bottom and beating with a wooden spoon or ladle until the apples are very tender. When the first supply of apples is soft and broken to pieces, strain them out into a bowl and return the cider to the fire. Into this put more pared and sliced apples, and cook in like fashion, relay after relay, until the cider is all absorbed. Stir all together in a great jar and set aside for twelve hours. Then return to the fire and cook slowly until you have a soft brown mass of equal consistency throughout. It keeps best if put up in air-tight, self-sealing cans while hot.

The cooks of a half-century ago kept their apple butter all winter, packed away in stone jars when cold, laying muslin, cut to fit the jar, over the surface of the "soft brown mass," and pouring melted (not hot) lard half an inch thick upon the cloth.

Some time ago I asked you to give names of all substitutes for good butter. Please let this be the price of my perfect method of cooking rice—even the hardest—with no waste. Always use exactly three times as much water as rice. Look over carefully and wash in one water, only, over night. Drain off and spread on a granite plate to dry. Cook in a double boiler, just as you would breakfast food. When the rice has absorbed all the water, take it off; remove the cover, and set on the back of the range a few minutes to dry. Dish it hot. It is good with brown gravy or butter! I no longer have to use Japan rice as softest for a weak stomach. Try this recipe!—HARRIET L. K. (*Illinois*).

A list of "butter substitutes" was not given in the Corner because it is against rules to advertise here proprietary (i.e., patented) articles. Keep your eyes and ears open and select one from the many advertised substitutes—or such as are recommended by friends who have used and found satisfactory certain of the number.

WE accept your rice recipe, then, as a free gift, and gratefully. Others are in our letter-box, which will appear as soon as we can make room for them. I slip in one now that may interest you:

To Boil Rice

Put the rice in a vessel, and cover about half an inch deep with cold water. Have about equal quantities of rice and water. When the water has boiled out, set the vessel at the back of the range and steam dry. Never stir while cooking it. The grains should fall apart. The colored cooks like an iron pot, and let the outer portion of the rice form a hard cake. They are very fond of it, but it is a wasteful way of cooking rice. I am so sorry for cooks who are struggling with rice problems that, although far from well, I must write this!—MARIA H. P. (*North Carolina*).

Locality and experience should have qualified you to advise us with regard to the aforesaid problem. The hard outer crust is a novelty to me, and, I fancy, to other Cornerites.

We are your debtors!

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The Christian Herald Prayer Leagu

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

A METHODIST missionary in India told a few months ago in the Missionary News of a room set apart at the mission for intercessory prayer. Into this room the workers went by ones and twos and groups to intercede for those whom they were seeking to lead to Christ and to seek for their own heart a deeper work of grace. After some weeks of this intercession a single Sunday evening saw almost 300 men and women crowding the altar rail, seeking salvation through Christ.

A few years ago we knew a sweet-faced, soft-voiced woman whose home seemed a safe haven from every care. Her own children cared little to spend the evening away, and their friends loved to crowd the house. Everybody had such a good time there. It wasn't so much what was done or said as the spirit of love and good fellowship which brooded there. Upstairs was a chamber which the family called the prayer room. If a son were willful, mother would suggest a few minutes there; if a daughter were rebellious, or if either son or daughter came home with heart torn over some rough contact with the world, the prayer room was the remedy. Mother sought it often and father made many quiet trips up the stairs. And from that quiet sanctuary in the home with its open Bible and its moments of communion with Him whose love is unmeasured, came a power and a spirit which glorified that home and made it a beacon of light in the lives of scores of young people, many of whom perhaps, never knew its secret.

Miss L. A. P. sends a letter from a prisoner and requests the prayers of the League in his behalf. He professes belief in Christ and declares his intention to engage in prison reform work after his release.

Mrs. T. A. N. requests prayers for her dear boy, who, though unsaved, has joined the host that has gone forth to fight the battle for the liberty of the world.

S. R. writes: "I had prayed to our Lord for a worry to be lifted from me, and promised him I would publish it in the Christian Herald, and he has almost completely taken it away. I am still praying, and feel that in a short time it will all be gone."

Mrs. W. S. G. asks the prayers of God's children for her dear son, thirty-seven years old, who has been afflicted with epilepsy for many years. He is a Christian man, and his mother begs the prayers of the League in his behalf.

A Reader, who praises God for answered prayer for another, now asks the intercession of the Prayer League for a dear son who is suffering under an undeserved calumny, and who asks, "Does it pay to be good?"

A. K. asks prayers for the salvation of her aged father, who is without God.

Mrs. G. asks the prayers of the League that God may manifest his power in the bodily healing of her only daughter.

Mrs. A. T. M. and her invalid husband ask the prayers of God's people for a dear son, who is disobedient and untruthful, besides being a slave to the tobacco habit.

Mrs. L. H. H. acknowledges that a special prayer has been answered by her heavenly Father.

M. L. D. earnestly prays for bodily healing and more physical strength; also that her mother may recover fully from the effects of a surgical operation.

C. M. D. B. writes of an answer to prayer concerning one of the seemingly trivial things of life, rightly believing that while our heavenly Father guides the destinies of nations, there is nothing too small for his loving care.

A. H. finds the many direct answers to her many prayers "too wonderful for words," and she praises God for the "help from above for our army in France."

F. H., inclosing a thank offerin tells of the great help he has alwa received when he asked in faith anything which accorded with t divine will. He asks the prayers of t League that he may be successful his college courses and in his plans enter the navy in the service of l country.

The requests for prayer for personal bl ing take many different forms; amo them M. M. M. asks that she may h assurance of sins forgiven; six that faith m be strengthened; Mrs. T. R. K., that she m have the peace which passeth all understa ing; Mrs. E. L., for comfort in her hour sorrow; Mrs. M. R. T., that she may rece God's richest spiritual and temporal blessi and be a devoted mother to my eight childr Mrs. T., that God will fill me with his H Spirit and give me joy and peace in h H. I. M. and S. A. H. ask help to unde terrible conflicts with temptations; J. B. that I and mine may be drawn closer toget each day; Miss G. H., that I may be spiritua blessed and strengthened.

In the seventeen requests for blessings others there are eight asking prayers for boys in camp or those already "Over Ther that they may be kept from temptati become Christians and be returned to t homes after the war; Special prayer is asl by a Mother who has received a telegr from the government saying her son missing. She fears he is fallen into Gern hands, and she asks for spiritual help in hour of sorrow; M. W. G., that a son who lately entered the ministry may be wonc fully blessed in his work; M. M., that children may be blessed and not yield to surrounding temptations; Vernon, Te that God will relieve, help and bless the pe of this town and speedily send rain to t drought-stricken land; also pray for Mrs. whose daughter-in-law is trying to rob Miss S. B. asks prayers for two children a paralyzed woman; also for herself, as has much to do in this world; A Mother, t God may be with my two sons in their undertakings, bless them spiritually temporally, keep them in peace and let dwell in their hearts.

Seventeen ask for financial aid, among t Mrs. M. C., that a dear one may find a bu for her home; J. A. S. asks for this aid so t she may help promote the Lord's work; that she may grow more like him; Mrs. H. that she may get her share of the farm, that is all she can depend upon with whic educate her children; G. T., that God open a way financially, or otherwise mak possible to visit friends in Indiana this

A Reader asks that a minister may be s to her town this coming year, and tha may be fully consecrated to his work; J. C. that a church recently organized may led by God toward the uplift of the fal Mrs. W. A. T., that a fallen church may uplifted and that the people may wake N. J. C., that a church which has just b organized may succeed; F. R., that God bless our church and send it a dear pas Mrs I. K., that the community may bec interested in the church and that we may able to secure a resident pastor, who will useful and influential, so that he will d great and much-needed work.

Revivals and reforms are asked for in following places: Hamlin, Texas; Be Baptist Church, Russellville, Pa.; Pine Gr B. C., Canada; in the Church at Van Ho Iowa; Friendship, N. Y.; Roscdale, W. all over the world; Hubbard, Minn.; W Texas; C. J. H., that all Schoharie Cou N. Y., may remain dry.

A few of the fifty-seven miscellan requests are as follows:

Eight ask that the desire of their hearts be granted; three that trouble of various ki may be removed; for an evangelist and his who are trying hard to win souls for Ch John E. S., to keep true to my Creator, th may have strength to stand for what is r and true, and also that I may be able to s my country; that my older son at college see his way clear to a profession, and tha his country needs him for the service he be kept in the Spirit; several ask for rel from mental burdens, especially a Rea that she may be delivered from a heavy me stress which she can neither explain understand; that a young man about to e college may retain his lovely character, be kept from all evil; for word from a lo one who is away but not located; tha daughter may control her temper; for peace of the world (God grant it may c soon!); that Texas may have rain; A S seriber, that people who are at enmity my father may return and be friends ag forgiving all wrongs that may have been or done; for a speedy victory for the Al for the success of a friend in business; stolen property may be returned; A Rea asks "that God may make clear to me whe I am saved, also for the salvation of nephew"; "Believer" asks for bodily hea and that a young man who was not acce for the army may find a position where can be a help to his mother and to his coun

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Mrs. J. R. Ebersole, $14.00; A Friend, Hanover, Ill., $4.00; B. Bradford, Perry, Kans., $3.00; Mabel McMullen, $7.00; Reader, Spokane, Wash., $4.00; Mrs. K. Mangold & friend, $4.00; Mrs. Frank B. Gay, $16.00; C. L. S., $4.00; J. A. Bierhalter, $6.00; C. B., Low Moor, $6.00; George W. Genseman, $90.00; Mrs. P. P. Thomas, $8.00; Abbotsford S. S., Abbotsford, Wisc., $18.26; Ewing Chapel, Fairmont, W. Va., $18.00; M. A. E. Eggleston, $4.00; ——, Columbus, O., $6.00; Edna M. Judd, $6.00; Miss Edna Leavitt, $2.76; Baxter Ranch People, Joliet, Mont., $5.67; Finley M. E. S. S., Noble, Ida., $1.25; Collections, Laymans Ass'n, Banners Elk Presby. Ch., $2.34; Carl E. Lawson $40.00; Elk Creek, Red Cross Soc., Cull, Mo., $13.60; Jos. A. Horne, $5.35; W. A. Taylor, $30.00; J. O. Broyles, $3.60; Rousseau S. S., Canning, S. Dak., $1.08; S. S., Olathe, Kans., Ref. Presby. Cong., Pittsburgh, Pa., $30.00; The Hoxey Children, Renton, Wash., 84c.; J. H. Clements, $7.00; In memory of P. K. Moore, $36.00; C. W. Ulrich, $60.

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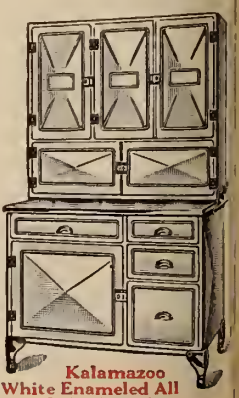

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President Wilson acclaimed world leader by cheering thousands in New York

Germany's Peace Plea Denied

President Wilson's Reply to Chancellor Prince Maximilian's Note—Rumors of the Kaiser's Abdication—The Great Retreat Continues

GERMANY is fighting a double battle: one, the hopeless struggle against the Allies, who are driving her routed legions on all the fronts; the other at home, where she is facing the sternest of all judgments that can befall a government which has wilfully led a nation to its ruin.

Toward the close of the second week in October, the situation, both on the western front and in the Netherland, was ominous for the Kaiser. His armies, thrown back at all points, continued the great retreat, losing many thousands in dead, wounded and prisoners. Cambrai, one of the strongest fortified cities on which the integrity of the German defense depended, was taken by assault, with 8000 prisoners and many guns, by General Haig's forces, on the very day on which Prince Maximilian, the German Chancellor, submitted his peace note through the Swiss ambassador in Washington to our government, which note was promptly answered by President Wilson. The President's reply to the German bid for peace is printed on this page.

On October 9 and 10, rumors of the Kaiser's abdication were current in several European capitals, indicating his fourth son, August Wilhelm, as his probable successor. These rumors were circulated in the Rhine cities several days before they were printed in Stockholm and London. It was added that the Kaiser was suffering from neurasthenia at Potsdam, and that General von Ludendorff was virtually administrator of the empire in the emergency. Up to the time of this issue going to press, the rumors had received no official confirmation.

Germany's condition in the field indicates the near approach of a military debacle. The mere remnants of thirty full Hun divisions (420,000 men), the Hindenburg line still in their rear, are fleeing in panic on a 70-mile front on the Scarpe River and the Oise, from south of St. Quentin to north of Cambrai. Their wild retreat is being followed closely by the Allies in force, with cavalry, armored motor cars and whippet tanks. Between Monday, October 7, and October 10, over 20,000 German prisoners had been captured by the Allies, and more than 250 guns and immense quantities of supplies. British, French and Americans are all taking part in the pursuit, smashing their way through the old Kriemhilde line and passing through many towns and villages now evacuated and left in smoking ruins by the defeated Huns.

PRINCE MAXIMILIAN, the new German Chancellor, in his speech to the Reichstag, in which he told of the sending of his note to President Wilson, implied quite strongly that if the Allies refused the proffered hand of peace, responsibility for the continued warfare would rest on their shoulders, and Germany would be unitedly resigned to fight on. The Kaiser also seemed to be preparing to appear before the world as having made a sincere offer which was rejected.

The German press did not receive the note with much kindness, looking upon it as a sign of weakness and apparently standing upon the former utterance of the Kaiser in which he had intimated that Germany would not make a humiliating peace. Germany, although she had humiliated Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, Russia and Rumania, must herself not be humiliated! Keen students of diplomacy saw in the Chancellor's note to President Wilson a very skilful attempt to put the Allies in the apparent position of having refused a sincere offer of peace. President Wilson, in no way less acute than the most far-sighted, has in his note completely punctured the balloon of German intrigue, and has turned the hole which Germany had dug for the Allies around, with its mouth facing Deutschland. He is not willing to receive Germany's declaration of acceptance of America's terms as "a basis for discussion." He wants to be clear that Germany accepts the whole fourteen points with all their later elaborations absolutely, and in good faith, and that no negotiation is intended except that necessary to the application of the principles involved.

If the Chancellor should reply that Germany wished to discuss these principles but could not accept them as stated, the President, judging by the temper of the American and Allied press, public men and army leaders, could but reply that the Allied terms are unconditional surrender. If the Chancellor replies that Germany accepts the terms as stated, that amounts to unconditional surrender and involves the humiliation which German public opinion appears as yet unwilling to accept.

VIEWED in London as a desperate effort to escape disaster, the Chancellor's plea appears to have opened the door, not to escape, but to a short cut to the threatened debacle. One London correspondent transmitted the interesting suggestion that the most pungent

Text of President's Note to Germany

Department of State, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Oct. 8, 1918.

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge, on behalf of the President, your note of Oct. 6, enclosing a communication from the German Government to the President, and I am instructed by the President to request you to make the following communication to the Imperial German Chancellor:

"Before making reply to the request of the Imperial German Government, and in order that that reply shall be as candid and straightforward as the momentous interests involved require, the President of the United States deems it necessary to assure himself of the exact meaning of the note of the Imperial Chancellor. Does the Imperial Chancellor mean that the Imperial German Government accepts the terms laid down by the President in his address to the Congress of the United States on the 8th of January last and in subsequent addresses, and that its object in entering into discussions would be only to agree upon the practical details of their application?

"The President feels bound to say with regard to the suggestion of an armistice that he would not feel at liberty to propose a cessation of arms to the Governments with which the Government of the United States is associated against the Central Powers so long as the armies of those Powers are upon their soil. The good faith of any discussion would manifestly depend upon the consent of the Central Powers immediately to withdraw their forces everywhere from invaded territory.

"The President also feels that he is justified in asking whether the Imperial Chancellor is speaking merely for the constituted authorities of the Empire who have so far conducted the war. He deems the answer to these questions vital from every point of view."

Accept, Sir, the renewed assurances of my high consideration.

ROBERT LANSING.

To Mr. Frederick Oederlin, Chargé d'Affaires of Switzerland, ad interim, in charge of German interests in the United States.

reply that President Wilson might make to the Austro-German note would be merely to acknowledge its receipt, with the intimation that he had passed the communication on to Foch as the proper person to deal with the matter of an armistice. On the other hand, a correspondent writing from The Hague quoted the Kaiser as having stated that it could never be said that Germany had failed; that she had always wanted peace, but the Allies had refused it. This time, however, he felt that the Allies would find it hard to refuse. God would answer his prayers and the Allies would never dictate the terms of peace.

Among members of Congress the President's answer to Berlin was received with two distinct impressions. Senator Lodge, ranking Republican member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, was greatly disappointed that the President should enter into any discussion with the Imperial German Government "until they were ready and compelled to accept the terms we think it right to impose." He stood behind the President in his expressions in Baltimore when he said: "There is, therefore, but one response possible from us; force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust."

Senator Hitchcock, of Nebraska, chairman of this committee, considered the President's preliminary answer well calculated to develop the situation, since it would prevent Germany from disguising the real issue. These two expressions represented the attitude of most of the members of Congress. Some were inexorably for a demand for unconditional surrender, while others saw the wisdom of the President directed like a rapier thrust straight at the fabric of German pretense.

Among the leading journals of the country the same marked division of views appeared.

German Government believes that the governments of the Powers associated with the Government of the United States also take the position taken by President Wilson in his address.

The German Government, in accordance with the Austro-Hungarian Government, for the purpose of bringing about an armistice, declares itself ready to comply with the propositions of the President in regard to evacuation. The German Government suggests that the President may occasion the meeting of a mixed commission for making the necessary arrangements concerning the evacuation.

The present German Government, which has undertaken the responsibility for this step toward peace, has been formed by conferences and in agreement with the great majority of the Reichstag. The Chancellor, supported in all his actions by the will of this majority, speaks in the name of the German Government and of the German people.

President Wilson was attending a benefit for blind French soldiers at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City when the Associated Press received the text of the German reply. A draft of the reply was placed in his hands at once, but he made no comment upon it for publication.

President Wilson's Reply to the German Government

Department of State, Washington, Oct. 14, 1918.

Sir:

In reply to the communication of the German Government dated the 12th inst., which you handed me today, I have the honor to request you to transmit the following answer:

The unqualified acceptance by the present German Government and by a large majority of the German Reichstag of the terms laid down by the President of the United States of America in his address to the Congress of the United States on the 8th of January, 1918, and in his subsequent addresses justifies the President in making a frank and direct statement of his decision with regard to the communications of the German Government of the 8th and 12th of October, 1918.

It must be clearly understood that the process of evacuation and the conditions of an armistice are matters which must be left to the judgment and advice of the military advisers of the Government of the United States and the Allied Governments, and the President feels it his duty to say that no arrangement can be accepted by the Government of the United States which does not provide absolutely satisfactory safeguards and guarantees of the maintenance of the present military supremacy of the armies of the United States and of the Allies in the field. He feels confident that he can safely assume that this will also be the judgment and decision of the allied Governments.

The President feels that it is also his duty to add that neither the Government of the United States nor, he is quite sure, the Governments with which the Government of the United States is associated as a belligerent will consent to consider an armistice so long as the armed forces of Germany continue the illegal and inhumane practices which they persist in.

At the very time that the German Government approaches the Government of the United States with proposals of peace, the submarines are engaged in sinking passenger ships at sea, and not the ships alone, but the very boats in which their passengers and crews seek to make their way to safety; and in their present inforced withdrawal from Flanders and France the German armies are pursuing a course of wanton destruction which has always been regarded as in direct violation of the rules and practices of civilized warfare. Cities and villages, if not destroyed, are being stripped of all they contain not only, but often of their very inhabitants. The nations associated against Germany cannot be expected to agree to a cessation of arms while acts of inhumanity, spoliation, and desolation are being continued which they justly look upon with horror and with burning hearts.

It is necessary, also, in order that there may be no possibility of misunderstanding, that the President should very solemnly call the attention of the Government of Germany to the language and plain intent of one of the terms of peace which the German Government has now accepted. It is contained in the address of the President delivered at Mount Vernon on the Fourth of July last. It is as follows:

The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world; or, if it cannot be presently destroyed, at least its reduction to virtual impotency.

The power which has hitherto controlled the German nation is of the sort here described. It is within the choice of the German nation to alter it. The President's words, just quoted, naturally constitute a condition precedent to peace, if peace is to come by the action of the German people themselves. The President feels bound to say that the whole process of peace will, in his judgment, depend upon the definiteness and the satisfactory character of the guarantees which can be given in this fundamental matter. It is indispensable that the Governments associated against Germany should know beyond a peradventure with whom they are dealing.

The President will make a separate reply to the Royal and Imperial Government of Austria-Hungary.

Accept, Sir, the renewed assurances of my high consideration.

(Signed) ROBERT LANSING.

Mr. Frederick Oederlin, Charge d'Affaires of Switzerland, ad interim in charge of German interests in the United States.

THE President's third question, in which he asked the German Chancellor for whom he was speaking, was held by many of the papers to be the kernel of the whole communication, since the President had repeatedly declared, as late as September 27, in New York, that he could not deal with the present leaders of Germany. Speaking at that time he declared:

We are all agreed that there can be no peace obtained by any kind of bargain or compromise with the Governments of the Central Empires, because we have dealt with them already and have seen them deal with other Governments that were parties to this struggle at Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest. They have convinced us that they are without honor and do not intend justice. They observe no covenants, accept no principle but force and their own interest. We cannot come to terms with them. They have made it impossible. The German people must by this time be fully aware that we cannot accept the word of those who have forced this war upon us. We do not think the same thoughts or speak the same language of agreement.

GERMANY, pressed from all sides, with her Allies dropping from her, her armies beaten and her population on the verge of revolt, made haste to answer the three questions of President Wilson. The Kaiser was reported to have called a council of the rulers of all the German States. The text of her reply was received by wireless on October 12, ahead of the official cabled version, and was as follows:

In reply to the questions of the President of the United States of America the German Government hereby declares:

The German Government has accepted the terms laid down by President Wilson in his address of January the eighth and in his subsequent addresses on the foundation of a permanent peace of justice. Consequently its object in entering into discussions would be only to agree upon practical details of the application of these terms. The

OFFICIALS in Washington were reported as warning the country not to expect that peace would immediately ensue upon the consideration of this reply. In Germany the inspired press was reported as demanding, as a collateral move to Germany's evacuation of occupied territory, the evacuation of Germany's colonies by Allied forces. There also appeared in the German press a persistent refusal to consider the ceding of Alsace-Lorraine to France.

Several military writers in Entente Allied papers expressed the fear that Germany, by means of an armistice, would be able to get her army safely back of her frontier reorganized and refitted, and would then defy the Allies to go ahead with their peace program. The military men were all for giving Marshal Foch his head, and not tying him with any armistice, declaring that in the two or three weeks of fighting weather still remaining Foch might succeed in delivering the knockout blow which would make the imposition of peace on Allied terms much easier.

The press of all the Allied countries, on October 13, was practically a unit in demanding that Germany be given peace only on the basis of unconditional surrender, but if an armistice were to be arranged, the editors and military writers agreed that it must be granted only on the surrender by Germany of all military material and arms west of the Rhine and the occupation of Metz, Strassburg and the Rhine cities by Allied troops as a guarantee of German good faith.

President Wilson, on October 13 and 14, was in consultation with the heads of the other Allied nations and with Secretary Lansing, Secretary Baker, just home from France, and Colonel House, but there was no intimation as to the nature of his probable action until the afternoon of the fourteenth when the reply to Germany was made public.

President Wilson Speaks for Democracy

GERMANY asked for an armistice and for peace, and it has its answer. Two days after the German note of October 12, the reply of President Wilson was transmitted to that government. It is, in the highest sense, a remarkble document, probably without a parallel in the whole history of diplomatic intercourse. It tells the German government in language that has no possibility of being misunderstood that there can be no peace until Kaiserism has come to an end, and that an armistice will be granted until Germany ceases to violate every law and usage of civilization by wantonly destroying defenseless towns and villages, deporting the helpless inhabitants and plundering, despoiling and destroying all within reach, as she is now doing. Especially does she let Germany understand that her proposals of peace will not be entertained while her submarines are still sinking unarmed passenger ships and destroying the lifeboats in which their passengers and crews seek to save themselves.

Most important of all does he make it clear that America and the Allies will not treat with Kaiserism, and that the German nation itself, as a precedent to peace, must it in its power to render impotent this malign despotism, which has till now controlled the destinies of Germany and overridden the people's will. The President also repeats what he has said in former addresses regarding the indispensability of definite and satisfactory guarantees by Germany for the future. This, he declares, not only to be indispensable but the right of all the governments who are now fighting against Germany and her allies in the war.

These, in substance, are the essential features of this truly remarkable message which is the most momentous ever issued by any American President. It has the true note of victory and justice throughout, and expresses the righteous determination of the American people in regard to the war and its issues. We shall fight until German imperialism is compelled to yield, until German outrages and brutalities cease, and until Germany comes in unconditionally to lay down her arms, and, in the name of the German people, to pledge obedience to the laws of civilization and the conditions which the Allies may impose. This is an ultimatum which should hearten the whole country, and it will elicit unanimous approval. It sounds the downfall of Kaiserism, an event which we believe would be welcomed by the German people.

With regard to the armistice, the President makes it clear that the whole question of the process of evacuation and the conditions of an armistice must be left to "the judgment and advice of the military advisers of the United States and all the Allies"; and that no armistice can come until the other conditions outlined in the message are satisfactorily complied with.

It is a royal message—asserting the claims of right and justice, and freedom and liberty as opposed to the domination of tyranny, terrorism and brutality in the plainest terms. That this is the solemn determination of the United States is further made evident by the announcement by the President, the same evening, that our Government will continue to send over 250,000 men to the front every month, and that there will be no relaxation of our efforts to make the victory a conclusive one.

The Training of a Soldier

By
ROBERT H. MOULTON

An interesting experiment, which, it is intimated, will have a large bearing upon the government's future policy toward high schools and the general question of universal military training, is now being carried on at Camp Steever, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. At this camp high-school boys are being given real war instruction under the direction of military experts. The camp has this distinction: while it is maintained by the Military Training Camps Association, a civilian body, it has been authorized by and is working under the section of the War Department, and is the only camp of high-school boys in the United States which has been so authorized. For this reason the work is being closely watched by the department. The boys, who go to the camps in contingents of several hundreds every two weeks, are being trained under the command of Captain F. L. Beals, United States Army. French instruction has just been inaugurated at the camp and is under the supervision of Major C. R. Yates of the British army, now on the invalid list from gas attack. He also has charge of the machine-gun and bayonet instruction, and reports that he never had more tractable and apt pupils in the rather grim courses of his curriculum.

Going into the trenches at night, which occurs about once a week, is looked forward to with especial delight by these embryo soldiers. On the day scheduled for this event, you may witness the spectacle of 1000 boys leaping from their cots almost as one man at the sound of reveille, dressing in their tents swiftly and streaming toward the mess hall for breakfast with a telltale glow of anticipation on their faces. It is not altogether the thought of breakfast, however, that accounts for their enthusiasm. They know that, unless it rains cats and dogs, the evening will see them going into the trenches for nocturnal work. Creeping in after friendly darkness screens them from the shrapnel of the Hun creates among these boys the same sort of feeling that the regular soldier experiences when ordered "over the top."

THROUGH the night they stand sentry and go on patrol and listening post detail, varied with a sortie or two against the enemy. The troops in the front line are relieved once during the night, and then, as gray dawn steals over the woods in which the trenches lie, the whole command goes over the top, carrying real rifles, fixed with real bayonets.

Kit inspection at Boys' Training Camp

Camp Steever is on the grounds of the Northwestern Military and Naval plateau, bounded on one side by wooded hills and on the other by the shimmering waters of Lake Geneva, and is regarded as an ideal place for maneuvers. Captain Beals seasons the boys by long hikes over the hills and along the lake shore paths.

Across the lake lies the Y. M. C. A. camp and the great dome of the Yerkes observatory dominates the landscape just beyond. On Saturday afternoons, after their competitive company drills, the boys march around the head of the lake to the observatory, and listen to lectures by the director and assistants. Then they usually proceed to the Y. M. C. A. camp and end a strenuous day with a game of baseball.

The "Y" has a tent at Camp Steever and its popularity is attested by the fact that there is seldom a vacant chair. Here the boys read or write or listen to music. The Red Triangle men have charge of games and athletics at the camp, and have organized the most expert swimmers into a life-saving crew. Each day, just after tattoo, a short devotional service is held in the tent and is always well attended.

The moral welfare of the boy is as much a matter of solicitude at Camp Steever as his physical welfare. No leave is granted except under proper escort, either by members of the instruction corps or relatives. The boys are kept fully occupied, with either work or play, and there is no moping or homesickness.

There has been no sickness of any kind in the camp during the entire time it has been open this summer. Drs. Heman Spalding and H. C. Jones of the Chicago health department, who are the physicians in charge, regard the different contingents of boys who go to the camp as exceptional lots of men physically. There are always a score or more in each contingent six feet tall or more, some of them weighing close to 200 pounds. Out of every 100 examined an average of 40 are pronounced physically perfect.

Major Yates is assisted in his trench, hand-grenade and poison-gas instruction by Sergeant R. F. Willis, Canadian Highlanders, and twice wounded at Ypres; Lieutenant Roberto De Violini of the Italian army, and Lieutenant J. A. Steinecker and Lieutenant F. Cavender of the American army.

The Lutheran Church Merger

In the Lutheran Church of America the merger of the older Lutheran bodies is the all-important event at present. The bodies are the General Council, the General Synod and the United Synod South. Together they represent a communicant membership of about 800,000. The property value of the consolidated church is over $5,000,000, with an annual expenditure for local upkeep and salaries of between six and seven million dollars and an annual expenditure for benevolence and missions of about a million and a half.

The convention which will consummate the merger will be held in New York beginning November 12. The program is all completed. The three bodies will meet separately on Tuesday and Wednesday to wind up their affairs. On Thursday they will enter Holy Trinity Church in procession, and the preliminary steps toward effecting the merger will be taken. In the evening communion will be administered. Dr. H. E. Jacobs, dean of the seminary at Mount Airy, will preach the sermon. The public meeting will be held at the Hippodrome on Sunday afternoon and is planned to be a religious demonstration that will be long remembered in the nation's metropolis.

A prominent American divine has called this merger "the swiftest unification movement on a large scale in the history of the Christian Church." It began in April of last year—to be exact, on the 396th anniversary of the Diet of Worms. The Joint Lutheran Committee on the Quadricentennial met in Philadelphia. Three leading laymen of the church were present—a Philadelphia banker, an Ohio lawyer and a Pennsylvania merchant. Union was in the air. They crystallized it dramatically by asking what is in the way of these three bodies getting together. If desirable, there must be some way of attaining it and if worth making the effort.

The three presidents of the bodies concerned appointed a committee on constitution. The church boards were requested to meet immediately and present plans for merging their practical interests. But though the consummation came quickly, the bodies have been drawing closer together for many years past. Many activities were carried on jointly, such as the publication of hymnals, Sunday school literature and certain mission work; but the climax came without previous planning, as dramatically as few mergers of church bodies have been begun.

While the constitution contemplates a gradual merging of interests and activities, it is plain that the union of these three bodies will have far-reaching effects on the Lutheran Church and the religious life of the country. The new body will have supervision of sixteen colleges and eleven theological seminaries. The oldest of these goes back to the days of Washington, while the youngest has been established since Woodrow Wilson has been in the White House. The greater number of these institutions are in the East; two being in Canada, five south of the Mason and Dixon Line, four in the Middle West, and one on the Pacific Coast. Most of these institutions are today the homes of student army training corps. The largest of these schools, that at Gettysburg, rendered service in the Civil War. Taken together, these educational institutions represent a property value of more than $5,250,000. Their combined endowment totals more than three millions. Their libraries contain a third of a million volumes.

A prominent educator in the merging bodies sums up the effect of the merger on the educational work of the united church, thus: "The educational situation calls for means of conservation. Higher standards of efficiency will be required after this war. Our colleges and seminaries can claim no exemption from this law. New administrative methods will be demanded. Piecemeal policies will be out of date. Wasteful competition will be frowned upon. Nothing but Marshal Foch's 'strategy of alliance' will meet the educational needs of the new world that is about to be."

The united body is also looking to do its share in greater measure in the evangelization of America. The home-mission boards of the three bodies are being merged and preparations are being made to push the work as vigorously as possible.

The completion of this merger is simplifying the Lutheran situation materially. It is bringing the so-called English-speaking bodies together. The Scandinavian bodies are also arriving at an understanding. Finally, the so-called German-Lutheran bodies have progressed beyond the point of merely desiring closer fellowship. A committee has already met with promising results. It seems that the divided Lutheran Church of America is rapidly coming together into three large natural groupings, representing and providing for the fundamental racial, linguistic and doctrinal interests of the church. It is a development which a few years ago the most optimistic would have called fanciful and impossible. Today it seems to be sweeping through the church with ever-increasing vigor and speed.

O. H. P.

LADDIE

MY little laddie lies so still,
With folded hands and quiet eyes;
The hours go stealing one by one,
The sunrise flares, the sunset dies,
And still so quiet-like he lies.

My little laddie lies asleep,
He does not hear me when I call;
He does not hear the robins sing,
Nor feel the petaled roses fall;
He hears nor answers not at all.

My little laddie sleeps so long!
His couch a low, green, silent bed,
Where summer drifts and winter lowers,
With birds and clouds and winds o'erhead,
Or snow, or clustering roses red.

Oh, little laddie, still and cold!
Your sheeny hair and eyes like May,
Your tripping feet upon the stair,
Your busy hands always at play—
Where have they gone since yesterday?

ELIZABETH BURGESS HUGHES

America Pledges Her Millions to Victory

THE mighty sweep upward into the billions of the Fourth Liberty Loan in the last regularly allotted week of the drive magnificently attested the spirit for victory of the American people. Over-optimism in the peace prospect was the only deterring factor with many people, though with others the possibility of speedy peace was an additional and potent reason for buying more bonds for the upholding of President Wilson's hands and the making of the peace terms more decisive. The official figures are not in at the time this issue is printed; but every section of the country, according to press reports, has responded nobly to the largest demand ever made upon a nation in the history of the world.

The New York district, whose quota was the largest, was one of the slowest in getting started, and at the beginning of the last five days of the drive faced the task of subscribing $1,085,639,000 of its allotted $1,800,000,000. The outcome was a crucial test of this section's patriotic spirit and power of financial organization.

"Liberty Day," October 12, was observed variously throughout the land in special patriotic demonstrations. New York City had a grand parade, in which twenty-one of the twenty-two Allied nations were represented. Great and impressive as was the procession for its own inherent merit, the crowning feature of its success was in the fact that at the head of its most distinctly American militant divisions marched Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States. Down through "the Avenue of the Allies," spanned for three and a half miles by rainbows of multicolored bunting, flanked on either side of the broad thoroughfare by myriads of holiday makers, who cheered him rapturously at every step of his progress from Seventy-second Street to the Arch of Washington, strode a smiling, silver-haired man conventionally garbed in black coat and silk hat. His face was radiant with health and with the exaltation of the moment. He stepped out with the spring and vigor of youth. In cheering their President the multitudes were acclaiming him whom destiny has made the embodiment of democracy on the eve of its greatest world triumph against the reactionary forces of autocracy and vandalism. And behind him in those serried ranks marched twenty-five thousand men and women who in their persons embodied or illustrated practically every factor—martial, industrial, agricultural, nautical and even aerial — that goes to make up America mobilized and militant, no longer abjectly unprepared but full panoplied now and eager to battle with the dragon to the death.

Coal-miners were called upon by Fuel Administrator Garfield to observe Liberty Day not as a holiday but as a day of work, and to invest the money earned on that day in Liberty Bonds.

In most of the cities and in all of the rural districts it was a day of thorough personal canvassing.

With the German peace move definitely denied and the country swinging into its winning stride and gathering momentum every minute in the Liberty Loan campaign, the Minneapolis district being first over the top, President Wilson on Oct. 14 issued a short statement as follows:

The reply of the German Government to my note of inquiry dated Oct. 8 gives occasion for me to say to my fellow countrymen that neither that reply nor any other recent events have in any way diminished the vital importance of the Liberty Loan. Relaxation now, hesitation now, would mean defeat when victory seems to be in sight; would mean years of war instead of peace upon our own terms.

I earnestly request every patriotic American to leave to the Governments of the United States and of the Allies the momentous discussions initiated by Germany and to remember that, for each man, his duty is to strengthen the hands of these Governments and to do it in the most important way now immediately presented—by subscribing to the utmost of his ability for bonds of the Fourth Liberty Loan. That loan must be successful. I am sure that the American people will not fail to see their duty and make it successful.

A Week in the World's News

NEW GOVERNMENT IN RUSSIA. According to advice received at Washington on October 7, but considered reliable, a convention of former delegates to the Constituent Convention of the Russian people, was held at Ufa, Russia, in September. This convention drew up a constitution for a new provisional government and chose a directorate of five to organize the government and to direct its defense. The new government was said to be supported by an army of 30,000 officers and 200,000 soldiers, and to be about to restore order and drive out the Reds. The immediate mission of the new government was stated to be the liberation of Russia from the power of the Bolshevist Soviet, the reintegration in Russia of adjoining regions which were detached or separated, annihilation of the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, the restoration of the treaties with the Allied nations, and the continuation of the war against Germany. Provisions were made for relief of the economic situation. In the meantime the Bolsheviki were finding it impossible to secure necessary grain, and the parts of Russia under their dominion were suffering a famine. In Siberia the Omsk Government and General Horvath united on October 11 and Germany, by withdrawing her troops from Finland, removed the danger to the Allied forces in the country south of Archangel.

TURKISH CABINET RESIGNS. The Turkish cabinet, headed by Talaat Bey, was reported on October 8 to have resigned. Enver Pasha, minister of war and Turkey's leading pro-German statesman, resigned with the other ministers. A new cabinet was organized by Ahmed Tewfik Pasha, formerly ambassador to London and known as a pro-Ally.

AUSTRIA SETTING HER HOUSE IN ORDER. In apparent anticipation of the Allied demand that every people shall have the right of self-determination in the final settlement of peace, Austria-Hungary is reported to be taking steps for the liberation of her subject peoples. Emperor Karl was reported on October 11 to be about to issue a proclamation providing autonomy for Bohemia. Poland and the southern Slav districts of the polyglot empire. Meantime Hungary was reported to be seeking complete separation from the Austrian state, and to be putting forward a claim to the right to have a separate representative at the peace conference when it comes.

TRANSPORT SUNK IN COLLISION. The Transport Otranto, bound to England with American troops, was rammed in a storm on October 6 in the North Channel between Ireland and Scotland, by another of the convoy, the steamer Kashmir. The Otranto was helpless in the gale and was driven before the wind, grounding on a reef about a mile from the Scottish shore at Islay. A British destroyer ran alongside the wounded transport and many of the men jumped or slid down ropes to her decks, but the water was too rough for much rescue work, and the majority of the men stood at attention on the decks of the doomed vessel until she struck. So furious was the sea that the ship broke up rapidly and the life rafts and boats were broken up as fast as launched, while many who attempted to swim ashore were dashed to pieces between the rocks and the floating wreckage. Of 699 American soldiers on board, 335 perished.

BAYER ASPIRIN NOW AMERICAN. The big $10,000,000 factory of the Bayer Company in Jersey City, where aspirin was first manufactured in this country, has been taken over and is now being operated by the United States government. The property will eventually be sold to American citizens.

THE EAGLE'S FLIGHT. In connection with the American attack northward across the Kriemhilde line between the River Meuse and the Argonne Forest on October 9, an American bombing expedition went over line in the territory behind the German p tions, dropping thirty-two tons of explosi This was the greatest air fleet yet launche the war—350 machines; 200 were bomb planes, 100 were pursuit planes and 50 w triplanes. Twelve enemy machines w destroyed; one Allied machine was injured, the pilot brought it down safely in No M Land and made his way to the American li The squadron was surrounded at all times bursting shrapnel and German airmen.

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President Wilson marching in New York City on October 12

SUBMARINES TAKE LIVES. A Ger submarine early in October torpedoed steamship Ticonderoga of 5,380 tons in American transport service, carrying ho to France. Of her complement of 250 n seventeen were rescued and were brought to an American port by a westbound Bri vessel. The Ticonderoga had dropped be her convoy because of bad coal and en trouble. The submarine discovered her, fired its torpedo from a distance of a r following with gun-fire. The Ticondero guns were immediately turned in the direc of the submarine, but both forward and s guns were put out of action by direct hits f the submarine before they could get the ra After the boats were lowered the subma continued to shell the open boats, and only escaped destruction, in which were the se teen who were finally rescued. The subma attempted to sink this boat by submer while the boat was tied alongside, the broke. The Japanese steamer Hirano M of 7,700 tons, was torpedoed and sunk of Irish coast on October 5 with 320 person board. Only 29 were saved, and the Ame destroyer Sterrett, which went to their re was herself attacked by the submarine. cessful maneuvering of the Sterrett sp the submarine's aim, and the destroyer dro depth bombs, the effect of which was known. About the same time an Irish boat, the Leinster, was torpedoed while voyage from Dublin to Holyhead, with persons on board. Less than 200 were sa Germany has been known to have been b ing submarines at a feverish rate, and attacks were looked upon as another outb of frightfulness.

FOREST FIRES. Forest fires in nort Minnesota and Wisconsin on October 12 13 laid waste several square miles of ti land and destroyed a number of towns. city of Cloquet with a population of people was razed, and in spite of desp efforts to supply sufficient trains, it was po to get only 4,700 persons away, the fire a overwhelming the last train. Forest ra patrolling through the burned district i wake of the flames found hundreds of b along the roads, the fire even having over swiftly moving automobiles. Fires started in both Duluth, Minn., and Sup Wis. The total loss of life was estimat about 1,000. The fires were considered the of enemy agents.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. The American bill in the coming year is estimated b House Appropriation Committee at $38, 000,000, amounting to about $140 per c for all the people in the United States. Delmonico's restaurant in New York, fa as a meeting-place of politicians and st men, and as a rendezvous for society, went receivers' hands early in October, but wa closed. . . . Brig. Gen. C. A. Doyen, commanded the first American marines to France, and who had been brought ba America to direct the training of new off died at Quantico, Va., of influenza, on Oc 7. . . . The American shipyards made a high record in September, completed v totaling 369,330 tons. British shipyards made a new record, completing 231,635 . . . As soon as the danger from explosions Gillespie shell-loading plant ceased, the A can Red Cross sent an army of workers South Amboy, N.J., to repair damaged dwe and replace broken glass, making the h livable again. . . . Senator Calder of New on October 7 introduced a bill into the Se proposing to continue the daylight-saving schedule indefinitely. . . . The American ance for Labor and Democracy and the Me Federation of Labor have arranged for an national conference to meet at Laredo, T November 13–15. . . . Walter Hines who recently resigned as American ambas to England, reached New York on Octob a very sick man. He had been ill in En and insisted on returning home. His illn myocarditis, and a rough passage g intensified it. It was expected, however, he would rally rapidly and regain his h . . . Reports which have been spre more or less throughout the country that were a large number of drug addicts i army were denied on October 12 by the Department. The records of the surgeon eral show that out of 990,592 men exa in the national army up to Decembe 1917, only 403 were rejected because were drug users, and only 76 men had discharged from the service because of addiction.

When the Boys Come Home

THAT will be a great day when our boys come home. Dick Ward comes home in Dr. Sheldon's new serial which begins next week. He comes home to new ideals, new problems, and an old love, and all work together to build a cracking good story around as fine a hero as any author could desire.

We all welcome Dr. David J. Burrell and his messages. Next week he takes us to the full Storehouse of the Promises of God.

A mother's only regret was that she did not have six more sons and daughters for Uncle Sam's services. Miss Sangster tells the story next week.

What of the Church, of Faith, of Unity, of Practical Christianity when the war is over? Next week the leaders in the various battalions of the armies of God, which we call denominations, will be heard on this great question, through their letters to the editor of the Christian Herald.

And that isn't all, but for the rest—wait and see.

Germans in Wide Retreat

FOUR years ago last August there marched through Brussels—the capital of that Belgium which had refused to stain its hand with treachery—a mighty array of warriors in the full panoply of power and with all the accouterments of carnage. Hour after hour they passed, and the frightened citizens, peering from behind drawn shades, were duly impressed with the hopelessness of resistance, while a watching world wondered and exclaimed at the completeness of Germany's preparation for war.

Today, along the highroads of Flanders and Picardy and Champagne, that mighty army is writhing homeward, its losses colossal, its "will to victory" broken, its courage still good but fighting a continuous rearguard action against the implacable and ever pursuing foe. Harassed by swift tanks and cavalry, limbed and machine-gunned from the air, its days full of terror and its nights vary with forced marches, the great German war machine goes home. Its famed Hindenburg line is no more; the fighting is now in the open, or from such trenches as scant time and desperate digging make available. Its guns wearing out, its air-service outclassed, one-fifth of its artillery lost, and huge stores of munitions destroyed or captured, the German army still fights. But day by day the British, French, Italian and American armies press forward, a mile, two miles, three miles, sometimes five miles, and the German rearguards are successively overwhelmed while their machine-gun defense is effectively smothered. From these conditions of disorganization in Germany seeks a way of escape through an armistice. General Foch has answered this request eloquently in his great military advances and by the capture of most important positions. The Allied governments, through President Wilson, have given the only possible diplomatic reply.

During the week, there has been no cessation in the continuous Allied pressure from Ypres to the Meuse. On the 8th, General Haig sprung out from La Bassée and Lens and forced his lines nearer to Lille. On the 8th he struck eastward along a twenty-mile front south of Cambrai, penetrating the last of the rearward positions of the Hindenburg line. In this attack the French aided on the left and the American Wildcat Division, boys from Tennessee and the Carolinas, tore their way through wire, woods and machine-gun nests for a gain of more than three miles, going well beyond their objectives and taking many prisoners and guns. On the 9th Canadian troops entered the northern suburbs of Cambrai and English troops the southern, meeting in the center of the city and taking prisoner 4,000 men of the German garrison. The rest of the former garrison and the German troops which had been resisting the British south of Cambrai along the Scheldt Canal were in full retreat. So rapid was their flight that the British were unable to get in contact with the main body of the enemy during the next three days, although Haig's men pressed forward in those three days over fifteen miles, taking Le Cateau, an important railway center southeast of Cambrai. The Germans had mined Cambrai and a series of violent explosions occurred on the 10th, wrecking some of the finest buildings and setting numerous fires. On October 12 General Haig's forces were pressing close to Douai and were within eight miles of Valenciennes and the Germans were working feverishly to construct a new line running south from Valenciennes along the Sensée to the Oise at Guise.

SOUTHWARD from the Cambrai area, General Debeny's French armies forced their way to the Oise east of St. Quentin and crossed that stream at several places. Farther south, Generals Mangin and Berthelot forced the Germans to abandon their strong positions along the Chemin des Dames, General Berthelot's forces taking Berry-au-Bac north of the Aisne and pressing beyond it. The crossing of the Oise north of Laon and of the Aisne east of that city placed the troops of the Crown Prince who were still in Laon and the Forest of St. Gobain in a nasty pocket, from which they found it necessary to withdraw. On October 13, French troops entered Laon and La Fère without opposition and most of the Forest of St. Gobain was in Allied hands.

North of Rheims, Generals Berthelot and Mangin's forces continued to sweep up the north bank of the Aisne. Some American divisions were fighting splendidly here. On the 12th General Mangin's troops took Vouziers, on one of the main supply lines of the German army in the Champagne and westward.

The Americans, fighting north of Verdun, astride the Meuse and westward to the Argonne, completed the clearing of the forest of Germans and joined the French at Grand Pré on the 11th. The Argonne was one continuous field of barbed-wire and machine-gun nests. The doughboys had to slip forward one at a time, cutting wire in the dark when every snip brought machine-gun and rifle fire, rushing machine-guns at the point of the bayonet, meeting desperate counterattacks, the dense brush making unity of action difficult, permitting the filtering through of the enemy and attacks from behind, and forcing more or less hand to hand fighting. For four years the Germans had considered the forest impregnable. With the Argonne cleared of the enemy, General Pershing's boys fought their way forward across the strong Kriemhilde line, penetrating it in three places by the 12th, although the Germans were resisting with all the artillery and man-power at their command.

"General Retreat" was in full command of the German hosts on October 13. In the Champagne they were going back on a wide front before General Gouraud's victorious French Fourth Army and Pershing's invincible American First Army; they had abandoned the line of the Suippe and were hastening to get behind the Aisne. Between St. Quentin and Douai they were hurrying to place the Sensée Canal and the Oise between their shattered armies and the implacable Allies, while between Douai and Lille they were swinging back on the latter city as a pivot to a line running from Lille to Valenciennes. In Belgium their retreat from the coast appeared to have been halted.

A MILITARY writer in the "Täglíche Rundschau," of Berlin, General von Liebert, expressed the opinion on October 11 that the German armies would retire to a line running from Lille to Maubeuge, to Sedan, to Montmedy, to Metz and to Diedenhofen. This line would mean the practical evacuation of French occupied territory, and would be some 150 miles shorter than the battle line of October 12. The English at Le Cateau were 45 miles from the starting-point of their drive east of Amiens on August 8, but still had some distance to go to reach this suggested new line.

Because of his haste to get away from the Cambrai area, the Hun was unable to set fire to all the villages he left behind. Also the retreat became too rapid for the Germans to hold the civilians they were driving ahead of them, and in three days Haig's men rescued over 15,000. Conservative estimates place the German losses since July 18 at over 600,000, while some experts calculate the number of Boches permanently out of the fight in the same period at 1,000,000.

The Germans, in retreating from Belgium, exceeded their former records in brutality.

The Germans having shown a tendency to delay their evacuation of the Belgian coast, Marshal Foch on October 14 launched a swift blow at the line north and east of Ypres from Handzæme Canal to the point where the Allied positions crossed the Roulers-Menin road. Preceded only by a short crash bombardment picked Belgian, French and English divisions rushed to the attack, taking the Boches completely by surprise, capturing over 10,000 of them with many guns, and taking Roulers, Cortemarck, Hoorglede and a large number of villages. The German line was broken and the Allies were still advancing on October 15.

On the same day the American troops west of the Meuse advanced about a mile on a narrow front, while the French in Champagne pressed after the enemy.

In the fighting in Argonne Forest on Friday, October 4, a battalion of 463 American troops, commanded by Major Whittlesey, advancing faster than their comrades on the right and left got into a valley where they were surrounded by German infantry and machine-guns. For three days the battalion fought and was finally rescued by a determined attack by American and French troops. On Saturday the rescuers failed to reach the battalion, on Sunday three attempts to reach them failed, although the attacks occupied some German troops and relieved the pressure on the trapped Americans. On Sunday fourteen airplanes dropped two tons of food and considerable ammunition in the area held by the battalion, and on Monday a determined attack broke through the German positions on both sides, releasing the battalion, more than three-fourths of whom were saved. The boys could not move in daylight without drawing German machine-gun, trench-mortar and rifle fire, and could only secure water from the brook in the bottom of the valley under cover of night. They dug themselves in and stuck to it, though they were short of food and ammunition. On the third day an American soldier, who had been captured, suddenly appeared at the beleagured camp. He had been sent blindfolded from German headquarters with a note, which read, "Americans, you are surrounded on all sides. Surrender in the name of humanity; you will be well treated." Major Whittlesey yelled a defiant negative toward the German lines, and his men cheered until the echoes rang back from the wooded hills. Harried by snipers and their retreat sprayed with machine-gun barrages, the Americans hung on, reserving their fire for such of the enemy as dared to come too near. Several patrols were sent back to restore communications but none returned. When relieved the men had little ammunition left, but were still full of fight and declared they would never have surrendered.

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The useless Hindenburg Line at Bullecourt. At the left stretch acres of barbed-wire, behind that an open space for close range fire upon an advancing foe, then the main trench line, back of it individual strong points and back of that support and reserve trenches and artillery positions. Further back this layout was repeated again and again to a depth of from ten to twenty miles

SERBIAN, Italian and French troops pressing the disorganized German and Austrian units back through Albania and Serbia, captured 1,500 prisoners and 12 guns on October 7 and pressed on to the neighborhood of Nish, the ancient capital of Serbia, from which the Serbians were only fifteen miles distant on October 10. The Italians were hard on the trail of the Austrians in Albania, having advanced through Elbasa, and on October 9 stood before Durazzo, while French troops pressing toward Montenegro, had reached the Serbian line and threatened to cut in behind the Austrians. In spite of German and Austrian reinforcements the Serbians on October 13 occupied Nish, thus definitely cutting the line of the Orient railway.

General Allenby's cavalry on October 8 occupied towns on the Damascus-Aleppo railroad over thirty miles north of Damascus. The Turks had on that date evacuated Beirut, which had been occupied by French naval forces.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

Our Answer to Germany

PRESIDENT WILSON'S reply to Berlin's bid for peaee is a masterful stroke. German diplomacy has proved to be an unfathomable sea of deception. It needed a skilful hand to drop a plumb-line into the depths, when time and tide were opportune for taking soundings.

In the plainest language, the President asks if Prince Maximilian's note means that the German Imperial Government accepts our peaee terms as they were announced on January 8, 1918, and repeated subsequently, and that it now desires only to arrange their praetieal application. He firmly refuses the request for an armistiee as one that eannot be entertained as long as the Teuton armies remain on invaded territory; as evidence of good faith, the Central Powers must first withdraw their forees everywhere from invaded soil. Finally, the President inquires whether the Chaneellor "is speaking merely for the eonstituted authorities of the empire who have so far eonducted the war." These points must be settled satisfaetorily sinee we regard them as vital. Just how vital they are, is best understood by turning to the President's address to Congress on January 8 last, to which he has referred in the present note, and also to his address of September 27.

There the terms of America and the Allies are clearly set forth. They inelude the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine to Franee, the independenee of Poland, the evacuation and restoration of Belgium, the restoration of the Italian provinees, also of the territory that has been wrested from Montenegro, Serbia and Rumania; complete autonomy for the peoples who have been foreed to yield to the oppressive rule of Austria-Hungary, the evaeuation of all Russian territory held by Germany, and all territory invaded and oecupied by the Teutonie allies sinee the war began. To these must now be added the elimination of the German autocraey and the substitution of representative popular government in that empire.

When all of these far-seeing aims, which eonstitute our true purpose in the war, are considered, the present note takes on the aspect of an ultimatum of tremendous import. Yet these things are preeisely what we are fighting for in this war, and what, in the spirit of justiee, freedom and righteousness, we have resolved to use "force to the uttermost" to attain.

Germany's answer, when it eomes, may bring things to a point—it is not at all improbable that it may eome before these lines reach our readers. If it is a message of Hohenzollern dietation pure and simple, it will make no impression on the situation except to intensify the energies of the Allies in earrying forward their military program. Neither Ameriea nor the Allies have any desire to entertain any proposition as to eessation of aetivities while a single foot of Freneh or Belgian soil remains in German hands. Nor ean there be any discussion or negotiation with the Junker faetion, who do not represent the German people, and whose outrageous reeord of eriminal treachery and inhuman eruelty have made their reeognition now altogether impossible.

Thus the note from Washington, with a single swift stroke, has shown eonvineingly to the world that Kaiserism alone stands in the way of peaee and must bear the responsibility for the eontinuanee of the war.

Prayer and Victory

WHEN the President of this nation summoned our people to general observanee of a day of prayer for God's blessing on the United States and our Allies in the war, the whole people responded. They had been praying before the summons eame, and they are praying still; but on that day, the united petitions of the entire population aseended to the Throne with intensified earnestness.

Many letters have eome to us eoneerning what followed that universal ery from the great heart of Ameriea. In one of these letters, from a friend in Butler, Pa., the writer makes a suggestion whieh doubtless has occurred to many others who have been observant of recent events in Europe and the Near East. He writes: "Following it (the national day of prayer and humiliation) God has blest the Allies with wonderful victories. Should not this eountry, then, in reeognition of this answer to their prayers, be called upon to return thanks to God and follow it with another day of prayer, that he may hasten the end of this war and bring peace to the world?"

Yes. Trust in God will win the war. He has gloriously answered our prayers, and is answering them still, almost daily and hourly. This nation prayed on May 30 with a single voiee. That same day saw the opening of the battle of Château-Thierry, which was quiekly won, effectively stopping the German advanee on Paris. Then followed in rapid sueeession the great vietory on the Piave, the Allied triumph on the Marne, the series of erushing German defeats on the western front, the brilliant Amerieau vietory in the St. Mihiel salient, the destruction of the Turkish army in Palestine, the elimination of Bulgaria by surrender, and the beginning of the German retreat all along the line in Franee and Belgium. These events together mark the turning-point of the war. Truly the Almighty has blessed all our efforts. We have gone ahead doing our full share, sending our best and bravest to the front, where they have put a new spirit into the Allies—the spirit of faith in God, that he would direct the issues in the interest of justice and peaee, for he is a God of righteousness.

As we look baek over these four months, we eannot fail to be deeply eonscious of the goodness of God in leading this nation at every step of the way in the great world-eonfliet. He has heard our prayers and the eonfession of our sins and shorteomings as a people. The events that followed are the clearest possible indieation that our supplieations have been aeeepted. All the logie in the world eannot interpret otherwiso the marvelous happenings of these four months.

Let us by our eontinuanee in prayer, and by living eloser to God and in more and more dependence upon him in our daily experience, uphold the hands of those in authority in the nation as Aaron and Hur upheld the praying hands of Moses in the deeisive struggle with Amalek. So may we keep the spiritual fires burning to strengthen and encourage not only our own brave men at the front, but their Allies also. Let us pray and work eeaselessly while they fight the good fight, both we and they being actuated solely by the desire for that which is just and righteous and eonformable to his will.

And when the nation is again called to a day of united prayer, let us not forget, amid our many causes for thanksgiving, to give the glory to God for all he has so wondrously brought to pass.

Religion in Action

FEW contemporary writers have had better opportunities for observing the religious side of life in the trenches than William Ernest Hoeking, professor of philosophy at Harvard, whose contribution on "Religion in War-Time" is easily the most notable article in the September Atlantie Monthly. He is equally careful neither to overstate nor underestimate the trend in spiritual things, yet we find him in consistent agreement on essential points with the mass of views presented by a great variety of writers.

Without devoting spaee to his psychologieal study of the situation, we ean here simply give the eoneclusions he has reaehed. Of the average soldier he says:

> If war itself has not supplied him with revelation in large measure, it may yet have endowed him with a great hunger, and a direct, undeceivable eye, for judging the world of ideas to which he returns. Already one is aware of a keen wind astir, seeming to bring with it a demand for substance in place of husks, for contemporaneous insight instead of mere inheritance, which may well warn all doctors of religion of a time of reckoning at hand.

Agreeing with H. G. Wells, the apostle of speculative philosophy, that we must revise our ereeds to meet the new emergency, Professor Hoeking holds that the revision should be one of elarifieation rather than curtailment. He regards the present as a time when unity is wanted instead of further diversity, and he adds: "Hardly anything, I believe, will be more fateful for the religious history of the next generation than the sueeess of the Chureh in expressing its own knowledge of religion, or of Christianity in partieular, so that the returning soldier and others ean reeognize it as something of whieh their own experienee had already spoken."

By way of eontrast, we have the experience of an army ehaplain who found the men at the front glad to listen to straightforward prayers for divine guidanee—to something that would strengthen them in their own weakness and their saerifice. They cared little for entertaining stories, or for movies. Life with them was too serious a problem. What they wanted was religion—"the real things of the soul without camouflage of any kind." That chaplain frankly admits that "his preaching after the war will not be the same."

Among the denominational clergy there is a growing frankness in admitting that they see the beginning of a "new era," whieh may be met by harmonizing all the ageneies of the Church, beginning with the fundamental teachings and motives of Christianity. Very clearly does the situation present itself to a leading religious journal, the Presbyterian, Philadelphia, as

> a challenge to the whole Church to renew her faith and knowledge of her Lord, and enter upon a new obedience to his ... a new fellowship in his sufferings, and a new sense of the power of his resurrection. . . . When the Church is thus renewed in her faith and knowledge of her Lord, she will be ready for response to the pressing appeal.

We agree with those who hold that the Church is often unduly subjected to eriticism by some who seem to wholly overlook the faet that present conditions are altogether exeeptional and impossible to have been foreseen. To be just, therefore, we should rather help than obstruct. To all right-thinking people, the Church is still the divinely instituted organization which stands for the highest human ideals and for the establishment of God's Kingdom on earth, and all true Christians should value it aceording. They ean give their best service for God and religion by helping the Chureh in the great work of reconstruction with their voice and influence and their heartiest eooperation.

The Army of Harvesters

WHEN Mr. Hoover quieted the hunger fears of Europe with tho statement that ro ... would want for bread, he knew what he was talking about.

America's great "harvest army" has performed this year a feat whieh is an epie of labor. In its smoothly organized, effieient, and almost military movement the great Mississippi basin, from Oklahoma to the Canadian line, this great army of workers has saved Ameriea's wheat erop, the loss of whieh might well have meant the loss of the war. It's a fact worth thinking about: the world's bread is safe for another year.

Week by week the land army marched northward. By the time the Kansas harvest was ready the first line in Oklahoma, for example, had finished its work; and the men promptly moved on north to enter the next "first-line trenches."

By late summer the army was working in the Dakotas, and the Ameriean wheat crop had been saved. Moving across the border about September 1, the Canadian erop was put out of danger. When the Canadian wheat had been harvested the men moved south again for the American corn crop.

Every year the great drive goes on, but this year because of the urgent need and the labor shortage special attention was given the problem and the work was more thoroughly organized than ever.

The Two Flags

WEBSTER defines the word "saerament" to mean originally the oath of allegianee taken by the Roman soldier, to be loyal to the Empire. It was considered a saered oath, as we today regard loyalty to our flag the symbol of our liberties and principles. It is a pledge to defend the government, the home and the right. The flag of the Republie stands seeond only to the Cross, the banner of soul freedom in Christ.

Jacob Riis, while visiting Denmark, his native eountry, was taken ill. Looking out of his window one day near the sea, he saw a ship passing, flying the Ameriean flag. He knew that all his possessions, his influenee and his life had been dedieated to the defense and preservation of that flag. To him, its shining stars stood for forty-eight states; its stripes for thirteen colonies, its red for the blood of patriots, its white for purity and loyal devotion and its blue for the heavens of freedom. He sat up in bed and shouted, laughed and cried by turns, exclaiming, "I knew it was my flag and that I had also beeome an American!"

What pride every one of our eountrymen should have, in this hour of world war, when the countries of our Allies over the seas are waving the Ameriean flag beside the emblems of their own nationality, and also when we remember that the Stars and Stripes stand for law and order, security and safety, liberty and fraternity. Surely the God of nations must look down upon our emblem as a sacrament to peace and truth, to serviee and self-saerifice for the promotion of righteousness in the earth.

One other flag only, the Bible banner of freedom—the Cross—waves over a wider realm, a longer future, a higher ideal, meaning fixedness of eharacter for time and eternity, and patriotism to the high and holy Ord of heaven. May the two flags never become antagonistic, but wave on in harmony, in progress, peace and blessing, standing ever for human rights against inhuman wrongs.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Police Horses Retired

MANY sad stories of the ill-treatment given New York police horses after they have been sold at the end of their s.vices are told by the Women's L.gue for Animals, which has been i.rumental in stopping the public a.tion of these animals. They will n. be turned over to t. S. P. C. A. and good h.nes found for them. Ms Christine C. Wilson, o.6 West Ninth Street, f. the League, called u.n Mayor Hylan and Pice Commissioner En-r.t, and the latter d.overed a law en-a.d many years ago g.ing the Police De-p.tment power to turn o.r its horses to the So-.y for the Prevention o Cruelty to Animals. S.en horses which were t.have been sold this s.ing went to tho so-.y. Three of them w.e given to retired n.mbers of the force, t. were taken by the W.men's League for Ani.ls, one went to the B.rd of Health, and it w. necessary to destroy o.. Investigation made b the Women's League, s.stantiated with pic-t.es, showed many o the one-time satin-.ted pets of the police, with rough c.ts, marked with whip-lashings, half-s.rved, with protruding ribs. A well-d.ssed man often appeared to bid at t. police horse-auctions, but the horses w.e taken to another stable and turned o.r to a junk-dealer, cheap peddler, or g.sy. At one of these auctions a L.gue member, thinking to interest a p.chaser, told him incidents of the h.se's life and his name. The man r.ely interrupted her. "Well, from n.w on his name is Work," he said. W.at a beautiful thing to take care of t.se old horses, who have rendered s.h splendid public service! What a j.t and beautiful thing it is to care for o. people who have served their genera-t.n so faithfully! There are some c.ldren who count it their first and n.st happy duty to care for an aged f.her or mother or other relative. And t.n there are others who treat their o. relatives with coldness or harsh-n.s, who compel them to work when t.y are not able, who furnish them w.h little or no temporal support, who p.h them back in a corner out of the w.y, and bring loneliness and untold s.fering to them. Fortunately they a. the exception to the care of the A.erican Home for the Aged, but t.re ought to be no exception where t.re is the ability to help. It was this d.ad of being forsaken in old age that l. to this prayer: "*Now also when I a. old and grayheaded, O God, forsake m. not.*" (*Ps. 71 : 18.*)

I ount Desert National Park

SHOULD Congress act favorably on t. the bill, Mount Desert Island, off t. coast of Maine, will become a na-t.nal park, the first one of Uncle Sam's p.ks east of the Mississippi Valley, a.l the only one on the seacoast. Two y.rs ago the government came into p.ssession of a beautiful mountain and v.ley in the eastern portion of Mount D.sert Island. Those lands had been a.quired through a series of years by a local public-spirited organization known as the Hancock County Trustees of Public Reservations, and for the sole purpose of preserving their wild native beauty in the interest of the community at large. Little by little the domain has grown under the guidance of the society manager and solely through the generosity of individuals interested in the island, until some 5,000 acres have been brought under its custody. To make the plans more secure and far-reaching, the society has offered to turn them over to the national park system of the United States, and bills with that in view were introduced into both Houses of Congress by the members from Maine. The park, which well-nigh spans the island, includes fifteen summits, eight charming lakes, and a beautiful fiord. The pine forests, from which so many masts were taken in olden times for the ships, are magnificent, and the flowers are beautiful. Wild animal life is charming, and it is a feeding-ground for migrating birds, and a paradise for them as well. It provides the only sanctuary for birds on our coast north of Florida. There are three miles of seacoast, which can be used by those who approach it in boats. Part of this coast was given in memory of relations who were old summer residents of the island. There is some-thing besides money. The national parks are a gold mine to the minds and souls of a great nation. It is wise for the nation to provide these bewitching playgrounds for her people who work so hard and successfully. Mount Desert Park calls to mind a natural park in Palestine into which Christ took his disciples for a little vacation, and which he called a "desert place": "*And he said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while; for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat.*" (*Mark 6 : 31.*)

Carpeting Bottom of the Mississippi

THE bottom of the Mississippi River, near Memphis, Tenn., has been supplied with a carpet in the shape of gigantic mats woven of willow trees, which were constructed in sections on the surface of the river itself and then sunk into place. The purpose of this carpet is to keep Memphis on the river, which for several years has been cutting a new channel near the city, threatening to leave it high and dry a mile from the channel of the stream. The river has left a score of towns deserted in this manner, with consequences serious enough. In the case of Memphis, however, these consequences would be exceedingly disastrous; the costly wharf facilities would be ruined and the city left with a huge mud bank between its fine levee and the stream. The threatened danger was first noticed by government engineers, and preparations were immediately started to avert it. A wall of solid rock appeared at Hopefield Point, opposite Memphis, which it was hoped would check the river's ravages, but the rock was undermined by the swift current, and the carpeting with willow matting was resorted to. The willow mats which have been placed in the river at that point will, the engineers in charge of the work declare, put a stop to the erosion. Some of these mats are a mile long and 200 feet wide. As fast as a section was completed it was weighted with rocks to sink it into place and then pinned to the bottom with piles. The Mississippi is the only river in the world that enjoys the distinction of having its bottom carpeted. God made the rivers; man harnesses them up for his practical uses, makes their fall turn his wheels and manufacture his products, loads their surface with his crops and wares and lets them go with their current or against it with steam or electricity. He digs out the shallow bottoms, and puts barriers to hold them in their channels. God took his finger and began on the high mountains where the heavy snows melt, and cut a channel for the longest river in the world, which we call the Missouri in the earlier part of its course, and then the Mississippi till it empties into the Gulf of Mexico. He made it for man's uses, and the people of Memphis are holding it to their wharf with the willow mats. "*He cutteth out rivers among the rocks.*" (*Job 28 : 10.*)

Plea for Japanese Barberry

MR. ROBERT RYLE of West Grove, Pa., a long-time friend of this paper, in a letter says: "In your issue of September 11, 1918, on the Bible and Newspaper page, there is an article, with illustration, which by reason of the fact that it tells only a part of the truth does great injustice to a large industry in this country. We are referring to your raid against the barberry, and in this reference you make no distinction whatever between the common barberry, which all good people everywhere are endeavoring to eradicate, and Berberis Thunbergii, or the Japanese barberry, which in every instance the Department of Agriculture has been most careful to designate as harmless, and which should not be destroyed. May I call your attention to Agriculture Extension Division, Special Bulletin No. 27 of the University of Minnesota, coming from the heart of the wheat-producing districts, on page 7 of which they say, 'Do not destroy the Japanese barberry.'" The bad barberry is so terribly disastrous that it is natural that an innocent variety of the plant might have to suffer somewhat from the bad company it keeps. There should be every scientific precaution in discriminating practically between the innocent and deadly varieties that kill the wheat, just as there should between mushrooms and toadstools. We would suggest to the nurserymen of the country that they change the name of the Japanese barberry to some other name (some kind of a rose), and thus remove the ban that it unjustly shares with the family of murderers. In the spiritual realm there is this reference to the danger of appearances: "*Abstain from all appearance of evil.*" (*I Thess. 5 : 22.*)

Fountain Bitter and Sweet

A FARMER in Colorado began digging a well. When he got down seventy feet he struck nice soft water fit for the use of cattle and men. But he concluded to bore deeper and get a better supply. When 300 feet had been reached a copious flow of water was found. But it was impregnated with minerals and had a decidedly bitter taste. Then he put parallel pipes in the well whereby he is able to draw sweet and bitter water through the same pump. Bitter and sweet water are not expected to come from the same heart. The professed Christian who has bad manners, who is ugly in his disposition, and sour and bitter in his words to his fellows, should bear that fact in mind. The words of some church members sting and wound, when they should soothe and heal. Some people think that ruggedness of virtue requires severity of conduct toward others. This is not true. The best type of Christianity is sunshine, sweetness, happiness to others by word and deed. The apostle James teaches the lesson in this figure: "*Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?*" (*James 3 : 11.*)

Lambs as Lawn-Mowers

A SUBURBAN resident of Chicago got a couple of lambs last spring and used them as nature's lawn-mowers. He took them at certain hours each day from his back yard and let them nip the grass on the front lawn. He paid $8 for them in the spring, and will get $16 for them this fall. His object, however, was not profit, but to help his mite in supplying the wool shortage for the war. Sheep-raising for meat and wool was a primitive industry, as will be seen by the record: "*And Mesha king of Moab . . . rendered unto the king of Israel a hundred thousand lambs, and a hundred thousand rams, with the wool.*" (*II Kings 3 : 4.*)

The Grace of Humility

A SERMON BY REV. S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D.*

TEXT—Rom. 3:27. "Where then is the glorying? It is excluded . . . by a law of faith."

HUMILITY, which is genuine, unaffected, and contributory to moral character, is rarely found except in Christian circles. Even there it requires assiduous protection from the infections of pharisaism, and prayerful, intelligent cultivation under New Testament guidance. Its excellence and scarcity excite spurious imitations. Abject behavior is common enough, and when based on self-interest is despicable. Skin-deep etiquette rules among the conventional. The Oriental prostrates himself before you and exhausts the language of subserviency. Many similar codes of speech and ordained customs are practiced by people who, in themselves, are as proud as Lucifer and as braggart as Falstaff, but who, for diplomatic reasons, assume craven attitudes. Nor is there any worse arrogance than that which apes humility; the particularly offensive arrogance which provoked one Greek philosopher to say to another, who made merit of his demerit, "There is more pride in your humility than in my pride." Beneath such mock docilities, the fires of resentment burn fiercely. Differences in civilization, in social status, in wealth and poverty, in culture and ignorance, feed their flames. The East looks upon the West with a patronizing superiority carefully hidden behind a conversation and a bearing which lick the dust.

Beware of sickening pretentiousness in matters of faith and virtue, which too often plays havoc with the beautiful and winsome grace of Christian humility. For it is the office of the Spirit of God to create in the souls of men and women a profound distrust of their own goodness, and a corresponding dependence upon the help which comes from above. He alone can subdue that will-worship which enthrones our own desires and treats our personal preference and prejudice with the devotion due to divine principles.

Jesus came to his own and they received him not, because he was among them as one that served. Their besotted exaltation of peculiar privileges bred their boundless presumption, and their national destiny was split upon the rock of an incurable religious egotism. There was nothing attractive to their fastidious exclusiveness in the spectacle of a Galilean peasant, who voluntarily abased himself and deliberately chose the death of the cross. Thus their knowledge became their destruction; their genius was debauched.

Nor have we to hark back to the fate of the expatriated Jew for significant warnings upon this issue. One once morally great modern nation has wrecked itself and become loathsome to right-minded men and women because, notwithstanding its gifts and its discipline, it has exhibited the disgusting villainy and trickery, the sanctification of lies, the worship of brutality, the divinization of its Emperor, and other degeneracies which belong to a perverted conscience.

IT is not sufficient to detect and denounce the iniquities of pride and contempt and cruelty in Germany. We are to be warned by her fearful fall, and remember that any talent we profitably employ, any virtue we practice, any grace we enjoy, are the gifts of the Spirit. Wherein we shine, we shine in a transmitted light. Trust in God, the Giver of every good and perfect gift, and a determination not to lean too freely upon our own understanding, are hall-marks of moral sanity. Until the first disciples of our Lord appropriated this truth, they found no peace, no power, no serviceable methods. Lowliness of heart, in the impulsive Peter as in the zealous John, showed them their actual case, and how destitute they were of spiritual riches and influences apart from the baptism of the Paraclete. It was in the moment of this suffusion that the vision of their exceeding sinfulness and also of God's holy and redeeming love burst upon them. And from that moment they entered upon a new being and a new world.

As for St. Paul, who exclaims in the text against unhallowed boasting, he was never accused of being a feeble and timid personality. On the contrary, where he sat, there was the head of the table. He once exulted in his birth, his training, his covenant relationships. When a rival faith arose and threatened the supremacy of Judaism, he became an arch-persecutor of the followers of the despised and lowly Jesus. For nothing is more merciless than outraged pride, and this is always most active when garbed as a pious protestation. Analyzed closely, it is simply the worst, the lowest element of corrupted human nature monopolizing the stage as the maintenance of honor and righteousness. Mark the transformation this Scripture indicates, and how completely the apostle escaped the bonds of legalism. No longer did he vaunt his deserts by blood, by hereditary rights. Stripped of their fond delusions, he bowed at the Cross of shame and was glad to subscribe himself the slave of Him who was crucified thereon.

LET us apply the lesson to ourselves, and reflect upon the conceits which ravage intellectual integrity, especially in its dealings with revelation. Here pride of knowledge, haughtiness of mind, high-flown thoughts against the will of God, are necessarily excluded, because what he bestows upon us is a message of life from his mighty heart, and not an induction from any mortal source. The Gospel, as the summary of his overtures to man, sweeps into its scope every dimension above or below. It is beyond the power of the human mind either to create or to control, and the most gifted brain can but touch the fringe of its content. An individual wellnigh stone deaf, like Edison, can illuminate a city, and make panoramas and sweet music for the city's millions. A Newtonian intellect can measure space and number the stars. A paralytic tied to his bed can invent an airplane in which his fellowmen conquer air and sky. But who except the Christ, sets up his title to be a Redeemer from iniquity? Who seeks his fame in the vast and needy fields of moral and religious regeneration? Find me the genius who can abolish sin and establish godliness and consecrate the soul of the race.

Here the strongest and the wisest ones are the first to admit their helplessness. The mystery of evil, and no less the mystery of salvation, baffle their best concerted schemes. Surely the present state of affairs in Christendom demonstrates how absolutely we have failed to save ourselves; how sorely we have been defeated and brought to the verge of despair, unless the Everlasting Mercy shall devise means whereby we are not finally lost.

BY his solution of these grave problems, Jesus displaced the legalist, the statesman, the thinker. He dispelled the blinding haze of folly and of pride. He bathed us in a celestial light. When we were impotent, he invigorated us; when the law could do nothing but condemn us, because we had not the ability to fulfil its demands, he provided the dynamic which rewrote that law on the fleshly tablets of our hearts. And he accomplished this superlative task, not by a dazzling imperialism, nor a display of resistless power, but by a life of poverty, obscurity, labor, sacrifice: a life as far removed from the policies of earthly potentates as day from night. He freely unfolded his designs, not to the nobilities of this world, who by their rank and station might have been expected to bring them to fruition, but to rusties and fishermen. These in their turn communicated in the Holy Spirit with outcasts and renegades, who stood nearest in the apostolic succession, and taught and exemplified the truths by which men and nations live. Their full, frank recognition of Jesus as the Mediator between God and man ended the travail which had marred their usefulness and tranquillity. The sickening struggles of ambition and vanity were subdued and rendered futile before them with whom they had to do. And his testament, greatness, fully accepted, brought about that Divine Human Commonwealth in which the foremost citizens are the universal servants.

Assuredly such marvels as these did not grow in earthly soil. They were directly transplanted from the bosom of the Father. And we are recipients, not partners; suppliants, not exactors, who should sink before His eternal wisdom and love in adoring acquiescence. "Yes," challenges the believer-in-works, "but what becomes of our inward conviction as to duty and right? Have we not a way of our own to observe? Can we not be the masters of our fate?" I shall not argue at length concerning the relative worth of faith and works, except to say that, proportionately considered, they have no quarrel. But if we need anything in this prevailing chaos, it is absolutism in morals and religion that can no more be evaded than the law of gravitation in physics—an absolutism to which every moral trait can be attached by which it can be adjusted. Conscience, duty, the sense of right and wrong, demand a standard, an illumination, an inducement. They wait for the Advocate who ministers to them; for the Spirit of Power, of Life, of Conviction, of Conversion and Judgment. Left to themselves, they wander wide from the center, become dangerous, and subtle in their danger; prolific of cults, isms, quackeries, nostrums, fads; and, worse still, they persuade men that their good is evil, their evil good. Many, like Saul of Tarsus, kill and destroy under the obsession that they honor God. A multitude of the malign plagues which devastate mankind are engendered by a mistaken conscientiousness. We set up our own designs against those of our Maker, spurn the deliverance that comes by faith in Christ, and hail any notion we find which gratifies our conceits. The apostle dreaded this process because it had once bitten him, until, stung and tortured, weary and disconsolate, he found refuge in the Gospel. He clung to it as the ageless remedy for presumption, pride, self-righteousness, and every opposition against the free grace of God in Jesus the Christ.

WE are driven by reason as well as by revelation, by history as well as by experience, to the conclusion that nothing but Divine Love can save either the man or the state; nothing but Divine Justice can purify them. None are so remote from heaven as those who portentously announce their partial rights to its inheritance. And let him that thinketh he standeth fast therein, take heed lest he fall.

Again, realize afresh how munificently God draws upon his own resources when he despatched Jesus to our aid. This is the costliest enterprise in time or eternity, in which the loftiest forces were expended upon an inestimable scale. To perpetuate civilization as we have received it, rivers of blood must flow. What then must it entail to polarize the entire human family in divine life, to open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers? It is no wonder they glory in the Cross, from which the Son of God reigns, and turns aliens and rebels into divine sonship. We are not paupers. He is the Benefactor. Nothing becomes us so well as humility, contrition, submission, trust.

Away with the fatuous complacency which paralyzes faith! Permit no whisperings of self-gratulation to pollute your grief for transgression. From broken hearts arises the cry, "Save, Lord, or we perish!" The deeps of sin have overwhelmed us; the seas of sorrow have swallowed us up. Our confidence is shattered, our hopes annulled. Whom have we in heaven or on earth but Thee?

Then comes the second Spring, the rejuvenation of the soul, in which the tyrant and slayer is made an apostle, and the banished ones return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. Hold back nothing of your life from the self-surrender, of faith, which insure a regenerated existence.

Turn to Christ as instinctively as flowers turn their opening petals display to drink in the radiance of noon. Turn now, in the day of visitation, and in his presence learn of One who is meek and lowly in heart, who made it his meat and drink to do his Father's will; who, having suffered the death of bitterest ignominy, is therefore elevated forever to give repentance and remission of our sins.

FROST FLOWERS

FILLING the old fence corners,
Where silvered rails sag low,
And the chipmunks, at their harvesting,
Speed tireless to and fro;
Nestling in dreamy silence
Close to a gray stone wall,
Content to share its sheltering
With weeds in ragged pall;
Flinging a purple largesse
O'er roadsides lone and bare,
Where once June-loving daisies shone,
Kissed by a kindlier air;
Smiling in still old gardens
That rest from labor done,
The Frost Flowers lavish loveliness
'Neath Autumn's brooding sun.

So wondrous fine and fragile
For the late Year's blossoming!
I marveled at the miracle,
And wandered, marveling,
Till, in a far, hushed corner
Of the dusky, dreaming wood
I threw me down on the rustling leaves,
Then, lo, I understood!
For as my eyes grew wonted
To the dimness round me cast,
I saw a gracious figure there,
With fingers flying fast—
Dear Mother Nature, smiling
To see my mute amaze,
The while she fashioned Frost Flowers fair
From the purple Autumn haze!

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

* Preached at Central Church, Brooklyn.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

Daily Meditation

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Mercy and Obligation

SUNDAY, October 27. Matt. 18 : 32-33. "*I forgave thee all that debt; oughtest thou not therefore to have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, as I had compassion on thee?*" Here is a man who had received a great mercy, and while he is rejoicing in his own freedom he goes forth to oppress his fellow man. He is false to his own experience. He is a traitor to his own deliverer. He utterly fails to read the significance of his own life. It was the hope and purpose of his master that, having been released from his own burden, he would hasten away to release his brother. The spacious joy of freedom ought to have made him an apostle of liberty. The sunny cheeriness of his own new day should make him a mountain herald of glad tidings to all who may be still in the gloom. He had become a child of privilege and he ought to be inspired with a sacred sense of obligation. That is the broad and certain teaching of the Lord—we are to translate our mercies into obligations. We are to look into our favors and search for suggestions of our duties. We are to carefully count our blessings and then regard them all as the interpreters of our divine commissions. We are to do to others as the gracious Lord has done to us. There is an "ought" in every mercy. There is a duty in every bounty.

Well, that opens out one clear road of moral obligation. If we are to find our duties among our mercies it is necessary that we tread the somewhat forgotten road of divine providence. We must rummage among our negligences. We must make an inventory of our favors. We must notice where a lamp was lit for us at a dark turning of the way. We must call to mind the sweet waters of the spring which we found by the foot of the hill. We must rehearse His dealings with ourselves, and when we have surveyed all the shining tokens of his grace we must re-read them in terms of obligation, and we must go forth in the same spirit of blessing to help and cheer our fellow men. "I gave . . . thou oughtest!"

This has always been one of the lofty distinctions of the saints. They have had consecrated memories, and they have come into God's presence in the multitude of his mercies. But that is not all. Memory has been the inspiration of service. They have come before the Lord laden with the experience of his bounty, and this sense of grace has inspired the sacred desire for a corresponding ministry. "I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercies. . . . What shall I render unto the Lord for all his mercies toward me?" These are two complimentary acts in the healthy action of praise, the sense of God's mercy and a willingness to render it again in the service of his holy will. J. H. J.

The Poison of the Tongue

MONDAY, October 28. James 3 : 8. "*The tongue . . . is full of deadly poison.*" A very practical man is James. He has not much to say of doctrines, but he is very close to life when he offers us advice as to conduct. He must have suffered much from foolish and malicious gossip. What tragedy of a sensitive soul is suggested by these words—"the tongue can no man tame!" Had he a loose-tongued wife, an indiscreet sister or daughter, a slander-mongering neighbor? Had he an enemy who strove to do by base insinuation what he lacked the courage to do with spear or dagger? Ah, very human were these apostles, and the world was evil-hearted then as now.

He suggests two things: the cure of the careless tongue by the restraining grace of God; and the patient endurance of suffering in view of the coming of the Lord. "Be ye patient; stablish your hearts. We count them happy who endure."

The intimate history of two eminent statesmen of our generation reveals depths of humiliation to which they were subjected by poisoned tongues. What Gethsemanes of agony they endured only those who knew the secrets of their lives could imagine. Yet in both cases there was heroic patience, with only a word uttered now and then to show how keen their anguish was. One of them wrote in his diary one day: "What but the pity of the Lord can compensate for this endless war of words, strife of tongues, fury of temper?" He had his refuge, like James, in the friendship of God. C. C. A.

Faith in His Promise

TUESDAY, October 29. Heb. 11 : 29. "*By faith they passed through the Red Sea as by dry land which the Egyptians assaying to do were drowned.*" The Egyptians too must have had a sort of faith in their ability to cross the Red Sea, else they would not have rushed into it. Likely they argued: what these Hebrews have accomplished we too can achieve. Why, then, did the children of Israel succeed where the Egyptians failed? Because the Israelites in going into the Red Sea obeyed a command of Jehovah, and believed the promise which he had made them. He had said to Moses: "Lift thou up thy rod, and stretch out thine hand over the sea and divide it: and the children of Israel shall go on dry ground through the midst of the sea." Such a command and promise was not issued to Pharaoh's host.

Let us for a moment try to realize the situation that confronted the children of Israel. It was fearful enough to cause the stoutest hearts to quail: a furious host rushing at them from the rear, the raging sea in front. No ships to be had to ferry even the smallest part of the army across; no way of escape by a circuitous route; and even if there had been, horses' feet are swifter than the puny limbs of children. At this perplexing moment comes the order of the Lord: "Walk right into the sea!" "What? are we to wade across? Surely, the waters are too deep for that. Must we swim? The opposite shore is too distant. Surely, there must be some mistake."

With unfearing faith in God. Moses carried out the direction of the Lord, and his people obeyed the orders which he gave them, and the result was exactly as the Lord had foretold it. The action of Moses and his people was an act of faith; the action of Pharaoh and his warriors was an act of foolhardiness. One single word of God was in this case seen to make a vast difference. True faith always takes its stand, is founded and grounded, solely and entirely upon the word that God has spoken. W. H. T. D.

Unfaltering Love

WEDNESDAY, October 30. Ruth 1 : 16. "*Entreat me not to leave thee.*" A wealthy miner in California, who had sent some ingots of gold to his affianced bride, suddenly lost all his property and wrote, releasing her from the engagement. She had one of the ingots made into a ring and on the inner margin was engraved the inscription, "Ruth 1 : 16, 17," and sent it to her lover. He opened the Bible and read, "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee." That was an evidence of faithful human love, and was patterned after God's unchangeable devotion.

Real love cannot be purchased by wealth, eulogy, flattery or influence, else it would be a mere mechanical matter. Love at a price is a fraud, for love is the spontaneous flowing out of the soul to one thought worthy of affection. Love wins love by the celestial attraction of hearts. Those who are true to each other are more likely to be true to Christ. "We love him because he first loved us." We may leave him, but he will never forsake us. His disinterested love abides forever. We are drawn to him because of his holiness, goodness, mercy and truth. He is drawn to us because he cannot help loving his offspring, no matter how fallen and disobedient they have been.

The sun brings spring out of winter by earth's asking. The resurrection beauty of summer is in response to the glowing rays of light and warmth. So the sun of righteousness breaks through our cold, stolid nature, making hearts like the garden of the Lord. If we fall like Peter, he has prayed for us and will lift us up again into his fellowship. He came to save us, to pay all our debts and make us his eternal heir. He would have us for his companionship, always.

E. W. C.

"Cankered Gold"

THURSDAY, October 31. James 5 : 2. "*Your gold and silver is cankered.*" Very early in the history of the Church its leaders were face to face with the problem of how to deal with "tainted money." And yet their problem was not so much how to deal with the money as how to deal with men who had gained their wealth corruptly. Not many such men sought the society of Christian people, but doubtless some such had an idea that, corrupt as they were, they could have a part in the communion of saints.

It is edifying to see how James, our blessed Lord's own brother in the flesh, handled the question. He made plain the Christian doctrine of stewardship, and plainer still the Christian duty of honesty. He had no patience with fraud. The problem of the redistribution of wealth had no special interest for him. Like his Master he left that to the developments of future ages under the leadership of God's Spirit. But he struck a great blow for humanity and for progress when he affirmed that all ill-gotten wealth is in itself accursed. The modern Christian economist is entirely in accord with James when he declares, "No man ever enriched himself by fraud." God wants no cankered gold, no corrupt riches, no unclean gifts on his altar. The gift does not sanctify the giver; rather, as in the parable of the widow's mites, the motive of the giver sanctifies the gift. C. C. A.

The Origin of Faith

FRIDAY, November 1. Rom. 10 : 17. "*Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God.*" The Word of God is not only the basis on which faith rests, but also the instrument by which faith is begotten in men's hearts. We cannot explain the origin of faith any further, nor in any other manner, than by saying that the Word of God which men hear causes them to believe. The Word of God seizes men's hearts with a divine power; it carries conviction to the heart, implants confidence and trust in the heart. To illustrate the process by which faith is engendered, let us think of an astronomer who is studying the sun. In order to do this, he must have light; whence does he obtain the light? He does not kindle a huge fire behind his telescope, so strong that its glare illumines the heavens and reaches even to the distant sun. This would be simply impossible. Nor does he wait until somewhere in the heavens there appears another strong light which casts its rays upon the sun. Such a light does not exist; the sun by its own powerful radiancy puts out every other light in the heavens. Well, then, whence does the astronomer obtain the light for his study of the sun? Why, from the sun itself. The attitude of the believer to the Word of God is similar to that of the astronomer to the sun. Scripture is a light that shines in a dark place; all the knowledge which men attain regarding the Word, all the faith they put in its declarations, is from the Word and by means of it, by means of its inherent clearness, force and virtue. Scripture does not require the light of human reason or of an additional revelation to make it clear. It is self-sufficient to engender in man the faith by which man accepts it. Faith is ever of this divine origin. For this reason, too, faith is so precious in the eyes of God; he regards it as his own product, as a work of his Holy Spirit through his own Word, in man's heart. For this reason faith is accorded such great privileges with God; God promises to do to the believer as he believes on the basis of God's promises. Faith confers with God on God's own terms, and God makes himself serve the behests of faith which he has quickened in men. W. H. T. D.

Firm Hold on God

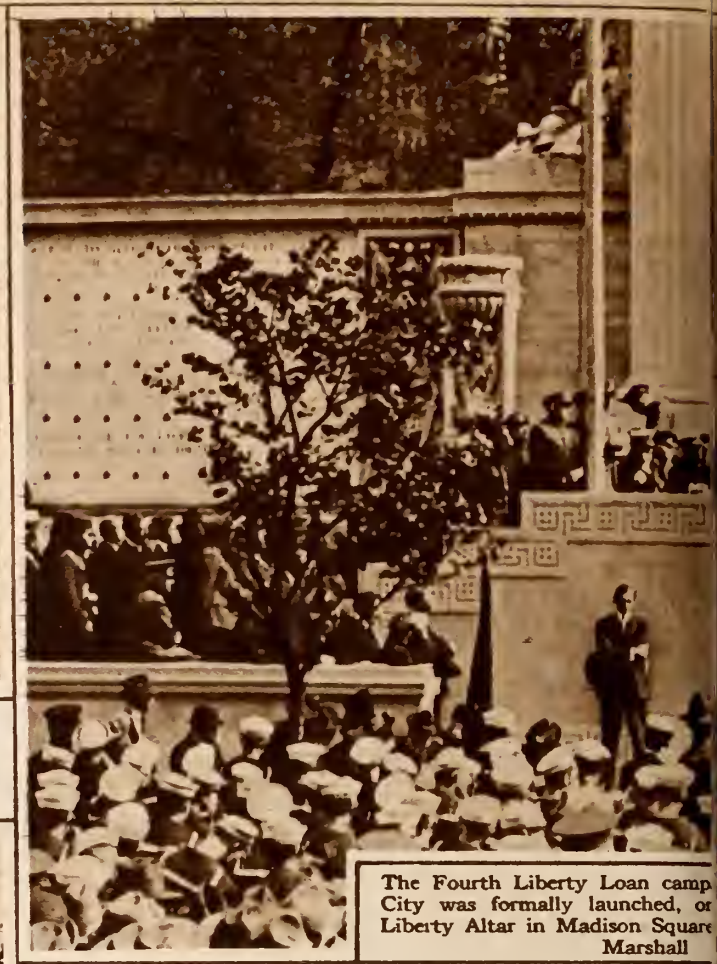
SATURDAY, November 2. Gen. 32 : 26. "*I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.*" Jacob, David and Peter had serious falls, but they were men after God's own heart, because their faces were always toward the loving Father in penitence and contrition. Jacob found Bethel the house of God and the gate of heaven to his prayerful soul. He found the ministry of angels at Mahanaim and the great baptism of the Spirit at Jabbok. Here was the last great crisis of his life. Esau was coming with an army to destroy him. Alone with God he wrestled until the break of day, when he cried out in holy desperation, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Heaven loves such passionate, irresistible calls of prayer. The fervent is the effectual. The self-life must die in the supplant.

Jacob must be made over so completely new that his very name, meaning "supplanter," or self-seeker, must become Israel, a prince having power with God and with man. Jacob knew that the name of God was love as he never understood it before. He who had been false now became true. He who had been weak and vacillating became strong. Ever after that victory God was the God of Jacob.

Have we prayed the prayer, "Tell me, I pray thee, thy name"? Then we knew that nature and name are one and the same—the blessed fulness of love. Have we ever been in dead earnest, wrestling for victory at the throne of heavenly grace? Have we touched the scepter of the Almighty and heard that we should have not half, but the whole of his kingdom? Have we connected with the central city of God, sending our passionate messages for the salvation of the world, and felt ourselves the thrill of infinite power? Have we been crippled in our own strength in order to be crowned a prevailing prince of God? Have we clung with unyielding grasp by faith when we could not wrestle any longer, crying, "I will not let thee go"? Oh, then, what waves of glory rolled over our spirit; what a heaven of angels in our heart! E. W. C.

French Official Photo © Underwood & Underwood

The victor in Macedonia, General Franchet d'Esperey, reviewing Greek troops in Salonica



The Fourth Liberty Loan camp... City was formally launched, or... Liberty Altar in Madison Square... Marshall

LIBERTY A...

Photo from Kypria Photo Service

An Italian patrol in the rugged mountains on the Austrian front

© ...

Captured German guns, on display in New Yo... Fourth Liberty Loan. The foremost gun is a... the other a field gun. Pershing's Yanks to... 'em

Canadian Official Photo

These great naval guns, captured by the Canadians, will soon be pointed toward Berlin

General Pershing wearing the Star and Ribbon of the Legion of Honor conferred upon him by President Poincaré of France
© Committee on Public Information

British Official Photo © Underwood & Underwood
Lighted by the flare of the guns British transport workers rush up ammunition for a night attack

VICTORY

© International Film Service
The war having created a shortage of bill-posters, eighty-five young women donned overalls and helped to cover New York City with Liberty Loan Posters

That Girl from Orchard Street

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

CHAPTER XI—*Continued*

IT was daybreak when Mary Ellis reached the Bureau in Paris. It was housed for the war in a large building once the home of a rich and famous family of France. She was immediately ushered up the broad stairs into a room that had once been the scene of world-famous festivities. She was gravely greeted, cordially but unemotionally, by the four men who sat behind a long table. Quickly she repeated her story of meeting Professor Bonheur, and then of her return journey.

"You say that there are Prussians there?" one of the men asked quickly, looking at his colleagues.

"Yes." And with swift sentences she told of the scene with the young officer, and of his boast that soon the Prussians would be displacing the Bavarians on the front occupied by the American troops.

"Now just tell the story over again," one of the men asked quietly—and she did. They asked her no questions—merely nodded gravely, and made occasional notes. When she had finished they all seemed to look toward one man. He nodded and rose.

"Miss Ellis, you have done a great, unexpected service to France, and to your own America. In the right time you will be rewarded. For the present all we can do is to thank you and to admonish you that silence, absolute silence, is necessary. To tell what you have done may mean disaster. The American boys will be ready for the Prussian regiments." He smiled.

A sigh of relief passed over the American girl, and then as she realized that her work was completed she wondered what she should do next. Would this Bureau have more work for her to do? Would she go back to Printemps Vallée?

"You mean—that—I can do whatever I wish?"

"Exactly."

"And—and I am to go back to Printemps Vallée?" she asked.

"Yes; you are free to go anywhere."

"But what shall I tell them?" For the first time she realized that she had left the workers in the dead of night, without a word. A vague fear filled her as to whether they would want her back. "They will ask me where I have been."

"That you cannot tell. Say that you went to Paris on a vacation; tell them anything you wish, but not the truth. The man who found you, the officers who detained you, have all been cautioned. To talk at a time like this is treason, punishable as treason."

"I understand," she said quickly; and then after a moment. "But I am a woman; they will think——"

"The worst," one of the men interrupted. "I am sorry, Miss Ellis; but remember, this is war. You are too good a soldier to break your pledge of silence. Outside you will find some one who will see you receive proper clothing and lodging. If you have need of money please present this at this address." He came round the long table, and after she had received the card he took her hand and carried it gravely to his lips. The other men saluted her in like manner, and she went slowly down toward the great doors.

"There is just one thing more," she turned suddenly. "Can you tell me if Captain Renault is still at Printemps Vallée?" She blushed as she asked the question, and the man she addressed smiled kindly, as if he understood.

"We can give you no information as to Captain Renault. I am sorry."

She bowed her thanks, and went swiftly through the door.

CHAPTER XII

IT was cold in Westport. The wind from the plains beyond the town swept the streets with icy breath, and came whistling with weird notes about the corners of the houses. Luther Terry pulled his chair closer to the big open fire in his living-room, and turned a page of his favorite magazine. For a time he read in silence, and then came to him above the wind the sound of footsteps on the porch, followed by a rush of cold air.

Mrs. Luther Terry had come home from her Red Cross meeting.

There was nothing of serious import in this; hardly enough to make him look up from his book; but when she entered the room, almost as soon as the cold air she had admitted, her steps were quick, anxious.

"Well, she's come home," she said; and the words were a triumphant cry.

"Come home—who?" He put down his book. Surely anything that could be of such great interest to his wife was out of the ordinary.

"Mary Ellis. I always did say that she was one of the good-for-nothing kind. Now they've dismissed her—sent her home."

Terry looked at his wife incredulously.

"How—how do you know?"

"Why, I saw her on Main Street with my own eyes. She's been home two days; got home on Thursday. Mrs. Pike saw her down town this afternoon, and sent word to Annie Squares, that does her washing, to ask how loug Mary Ellis had been back on Orchard Street."

"And the rest?" Terry interrupted.

"What rest? About my being right as to her character? Your common sense ought to tell you that the rest was inevitable.

"Yes, but my common sense makes no false accusations. Do you positively know that Mary Ellis was dismissed from her work over there?"

"Well, —no," hesitantly.

"Go on," he commanded, speaking abruptly.

"Well, you see, we talked the matter over, and we decided that they at least ought to be warned."

"Who ought to be warned?" Anger was creeping into Luther Terry's words.

"The women over there. So we collected a hundred dollars and then found the name of the woman who was head of the committee where Mary Ellis was stationed. We sent her a draft for the hundred dollars—and—" she stopped.

"Yes?"

"And we told her we hoped the work over there would be of benefit to Mary Ellis. We—we were very kind—and we tried to be charitable—but——"

"You despicable bunch of cats!" he burst out, jumping to his feet. "Say, if you were a man I'd wipe up this floor with you. You were kind and charitable, wiping out that girl's chance at life! Say—oh—what's the use?" And he stormed from the room.

Had Luther Terry knowu how calmly Mary Ellis was reading in her room at that moment, however, he might have felt differently; for while it was true that she was back—even dismissed under a shadow of disgrace—she was happy; supremely happy, almost divinely happy.

AFTER she had left the big conference room of the Bureau that morning she had found a womau pacing the corridors just outside the door waiting for her. This woman, an employee of the Bureau, escorted her to a hotel, where, as the men in the conference room had promised, she was given suitable clothing and a chance to rest.

Two days later, refreshed, but still tired from the nervous strain she had been under, Mary Ellis had left Paris for Printemps Vallée. The return to the Vallée and its band of workers had been decided upon after long hours of planning. As she had lounged by her window in the winter sunshine Mary Ellis had thought out the whole thing. She was world-wise; she had learned in the bitter school of experience that there is little charity in the world; that guilty until proven innocent was the real verdict. And Mrs. Lovett would ask her where she had been—why she had gone away in the night without a word—and she would be able to tell them—nothing. Then they would think the worst of her. Perhaps if Mary Ellis had not lived in Orchard Street in Westport, she would have expected different treatment. As it was, she made the journey from Paris largely because she wished the clothing she had left at the Vallée.

She went directly from the station to Mrs. Lovett, who received her kindly but sternly. Mary Ellis had told her that she had been in Paris on important business, and Mrs. Lovett had frowned. Mary Ellis did not know it; she was uot to know the truth for months; but locked in the drawer of Mrs. Lovett's desk was a letter from a committee of women in Westport, New Jersey. At first this letter had been met with a frown; now Mrs. Lovett thought of it with heavy heart, and told Mary Ellis that unless she could tell some real story of her absence, unless she could prove her duties in Paris to be truly important, she must go. Mrs. Lovett was kindly, and Mary Ellis admired her for her quiet dignity. The young woman did not ask to see the others; she weut quickly and quietly to her room and picked up her scattered belongings. Then she weut back to Mrs. Lovett.

"Would you tell me—if Captain Renault left any message?" Mrs. Lovett frowned. "The captain was gone in the morning."

Mary Ellis understood.

"If I can have the trunk moved to the station I should like to get this evening's train to Paris."

"I will give an order."

"Thank you; and now I will go to the station and wait." She did not offer to say good-by; she made no apologies nor promises that she would one day vindicate herself in their eyes. Instead she went quickly and quietly back to the statiou. Ten days later she sailed for America from a Spanish port.

THE late winter and spring mouths of 1918 were long and trying. There were days of great cold, and fuel was scarce. Food was high, and panic seemed to lurk just around the corner. Suffering was everywhere, especially among the poor, and Orchard Street iu Westport suffered with the rest.

Perhaps it was because of her work she could do for the people who appreciated and loved her—perhaps it was because that spirit of service that had filled her and sent her close to death had lifted her above sordid, earthly things; but for one reason or another Mary Ellis lived contentedly through the first three months of the year and welcomed with joy-filled heart the coming of spring.

What did she care for the men and women of Westport? Let them snub her—let them say what they pleased. Mary Ellis had lived more in a few weeks than they would live if fivescore years were their lot. Mary Ellis had loved; Mary Ellis had kuown the excitement of war; had crept forward to safety; had battled with a man; had done something far better, for it was with a thrill of elation that she had read in the newspapers of the Prussian attack on the American line, and how it was repulsed by the American boys who were ready.

And she had brought the news that made them ready!

The first warm days of April brought the swelling buds, and the world awakened. Birds sang everywhere, spring flowers bloomed gayly on the lawns of Fulton Street, and in the grass on the parks about the big estates beyond the town. It was spring—a warm, glorious spring. And in the girl's heart there crept for the first time a sense of longing, for the lanes outside the town were ready to be walked, and lovers strolled slowly by, whispering the words that are treasured in after days.

"If only he would come to me! If he would even send some message!" she whispered to herself as she walked in the moonlight. And yet she dared not hope, for there had been no word. Perhaps he was gone forever; perhaps he had not meant all he had said. No; she put that thought from her heart forever. He would come for her if he lived; he would lift her out from this place, and carry her away with him forever—to happiness. Mary Ellis's faith was strong, and she knew that her nightly prayers would be answered. She brushed a stray tear from her eyelashes, and smiled up into the moonlight.

WHEN the warm sunshine told that the winter was truly gone, when the last vestige of frost had left the early morning air, Mary Ellis looked out from her side windows and decided that she would have a war garden, not for herself, but for the children of the neighborhood. There was nearly an acre of land, and it could be plowed and divided into small plots. The next morning she went to work making the allotments, while her father, always ready to follow any suggestion that came from Mary, drove off into the country to ask a farmer whose horses he shod regularly to plow the land and harrow it.

So it was that Mary Ellis worked with the children in their war gardens one Saturday morning, while two long low automobiles, driveu each by a man in uniform, came swinging along the road from New York, and at Westport rounded the corner of Orchard Street, where it branches from Main. With stately dignity the cars made their slow way to the big house where Mary Ellis had been born and still lived. She was engrossed in her work, bending low over the difficult task of seeiug that young hands properly transplanted some tomato plants, aud only the sudden whooping exclamation of a small boy made her look up.

Three men had climbed down from each machine—some dressed in the conventional garb of men of affairs when they make a formal call, the others in uniform. With much dignity the little group moved up the walk. Suddenly from a word of one of them they stopped and turned in her direction.

With a low cry of exultant joy Mary Ellis started forward, for there was one face she knew. Then she stopped abashed at her soiled hauds, her bedraggled short white skirt, wet with dew. In that minute that she hesitated the foremost man had gained her side.

"Jean!" she cried, the hot tears starting to her eyes; "Jean, my Jean!"

"Mary, my own! It is I, Jean!" his heart answered her, and heedless of the children, uuknowing of the little knot of watchers who stood outside the fence on Orchard Street and wondered, earing nothing for the soiled hands that might mar the glory of his bright blue suit, he swept her into his arms.

Then suddenly, as if he had forgotten some duty, he released her.

"Come!" he cried; "there are gentlemen to call on you." And he half dragged her toward the gravely waiting men.

MRS. LUTHER TERRY was entertaining eleven of her best friends at a luncheon and bridge that Saturday—the event being in honor of a Mrs. Westerly-Smith, a distant cousin of Mrs. Terry's, who had beeu doing canteen work in Belgium. Mrs. Terry was quite aflutter at the prospect of the affair; entertaining for a person who had really been near the scene of battle was a distinction.

"I'm so glad you were able to come," she greeted each guest at the top of her porch steps, and then came the proud introduction that she knew would add much to her social standing in Westport.

Most of the ladies had arrived when Mrs. Terry saw a figure approaching she had not expected. It was her husband, who shunned "women's socials"

and sneered at them with cynical laughter. Now, however, he was hurrying; and it must be something of importance, for twelve o'clock on a Saturday was a busy time of day.

"Why, Luther, Luther! What is it?" she gasped, and hurried toward the edge of the porch. The other ladies, sensing the unusual, seemed to gather about her as if to support her through some impending climax.

"It's about Mary Ellis." He was quite winded. "They've come for her."

"Come for her!" one of the women almost shrieked. "She's been arrested?"

"Arrested! Oh, no! But this morning a captain in the French army, one of those very rich fellows you read about, and the French ambassador, and his helper, and a couple of our army men, and—well, there were six of them—they drove up Orchard Street and stopped right outside the Ellis place. It must have been some sight. They tell me Mary Ellis was out with the children she's been making a garden for, and her hands were all dirty, but the big man shook hands with her and kissed her, and one of the fellows, the rich captain, is going to marry her."

"Mary Ellis! Marry Mary Ellis? After the way she got——"

"Got sent back *nothing!*" he snapped at his wife. "That girl's a hero—or a heroine, whatever you call it. Haskin is getting out a special edition of the Reporter for this afternoon; he's got her whole story—told me some of it. Why, Mary Ellis went into Germany on some kind of spying mission for the French, and she got news that saved a whole regiment of Americans—*think of it!* And she was told that she daresn't tell anything about it, so when she showed back at the place where she's been working they sent her away. They didn't think her moral character was good enough to work in the devastated districts." And he stopped short, his teeth shutting with an ominous snap. Ten of the women present knew what he meant, and a cold shudder that is akin to a smarting conscience went over them.

The silence that followed was painful—filled with regret.

"Well, I just thought you'd like to know about Mary Ellis," Terry said finally. "You were all so interested in her—always interested in her. Sorry I can't tell you the names and the whole story, but that will be out in the afternoon papers. Some class to Westport—having a real heroine that is going to get the French Cross of War pinned on her, and get a medal from the United States Senate, and marry a real live millionaire Frenchman. He's a handsome fellow, too," he chuckled.

Again there was a long silence. For the first time in her life Mrs. Luther Terry was absolutely speechless.

"Well, I must get back to the store," and he mopped his forehead and started down the steps. "Have a good lunch," he laughed.

"I—suppose—I suppose—we ought to call," he heard one woman suggest very meekly, as he reached the foot of the steps. "We ought to congratulate her."

"Oh, no—she wouldn't have us—not now," Mrs. Terry spoke quickly, as one recovering her breath.

"She would, too!" Terry had not quite reached the end of the front walk. "There's one thing you've got to hand Mary Ellis—she's no cat; she's got real charity in her."

AND that noon, while the ladies at Mrs. Terry's lingered over their luncheon, stopping to marvel and heap self-condemnation on their shoulders, Mary Ellis, hidden from the dining-room by a screen of palms, sat in a far-away alcove of Westport's big Garden Hotel and faced the man she loved.

Swiftly, eagerly, he told of the work that had carried him half way round the world and because of its nature had kept him from sending her even a word. In his pocket he bore a note from Mrs. Lovett, a tender sweet note such as a mother might have written. Mrs. Lovett knew that Mary Ellis understood.

Mary Ellis hardly read it, however, and she paid but scant attention to Jean Renault's tales of the honors that would be hers. There are moments when the world and its rewards count for little. This was one of them.

"Did you really think of me?" she teased. "Were you truly worried?" she laughed.

"Think of you! when you had told me of Orchard Street, when I knew that in silence and shame you would be sent away, without a chance to say a word for yourself, for my sake? Mary, my Mary, my heart has ached; and how, how did I know that you would still be waiting for me?"

"Your heart should have told you. Love should have told you," she said, softly.

"Yes, but then—" it was his turn to tease, "you yourself told me that every chain had its weak link. How did I know that some man had not snapped it, and bound you with steel of his own forging?"

"Man! man!" she said soberly; "don't you know that all rules work both ways? Love was the weak link in that chain of German intrigue. Love saved you, captured Von Erdmann. But in the chain of our lives love——"

"Is the strongest link. Oh, Mary Ellis, that I may always be worthy of you." He pushed back his chair and went to one of the long windows that looked out over the parklike hotel grounds.

"That girl from Orchard Street," he said suddenly, proudly. "You told me once that was what they called you, and now all the world will call you that; but I—I will say, 'my girl from Orchard Street.'" And, regardless of any discreet waiter who might be lurking behind the palms, he went swiftly to her side and gathered her to his arms.

THE END

Exploding a Numerical Superstition

THAT there is anything unlucky in the number thirteen is a belief that ought to have been exploded long ago, considering that the United States started as thirteen colonies which have grown into the greatest Republic in the world. When on February 13, 1918, in his thirteenth year of service, Frank L. Wright, mail-carrier No. 13 of Springfield, Ill., started out to make his Thrift Stamp campaign, his route seemed likely to make good the No. 13 tradition, situated as it was in a poor section of the city, with poor or at best middle-class families. In spite of this he made it the first 100 per cent. one in the United States. Out of 2,242 people living, working and going to school on his route, he made sales to all but 20, and 200 more thrift cards and war certificates were sold than there were people on the route. Mr. Wright began his work by sending a personal letter to each of the householders whom he served. On the first day he sent letters to half of them, securing $3,010 during the week. Since then he has taken in $11,000 for Uncle Sam, and practically every home has a 100 per cent. sign displayed in its front window. Mr. Wright has conducted six strenuous war campaigns, the latest being for the Salvation Army. He is now trying to make the home of Lincoln the first 100 per cent. Thrift Stamp city in the United States.

John Goode's Evangelistic Work

MR. JOHN GOODE, after spending several weeks in missionary work in the mountains of Kentucky, is home again at the Bowery Mission. He is open to take engagements in evangelistic services, church meetings, and Y. M. C. A. gatherings. The thrilling story of the transformation of this devoted man ought to be heard everywhere. He is one of the most wonderful trophies of divine grace the world has ever seen. You may secure his services by writing to Mr. A. C. Baker, assistant superintendent of the Bowery Mission, 227 Bowery, New York City. If you wish a copy of the book, "The Wicked John Goode," you can procure it through the Christian Herald, Bible House, New York City.

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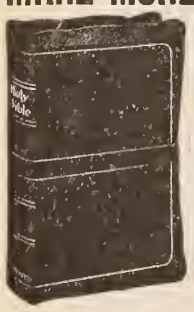

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Appetite and Greed

International Sunday School Lesson for November 3
Gen. 25:27-34

Modern Jacobs and Esaus

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

WE begin today the story of Isaac's twin sons, Jacob and Esau, and find neither of them showing himself in a favorable light. There are some sad reflections upon the family life in these brief descriptive verses. There is the miserable bane of favoritism, fortunately less prevalent in American life than in ancient times. Jacob was a home body and his mother's darling. Esau was his father's joy and pride, doubtless because his dash and recklessness in hunting were so different from his father's quiet timidity. Isaac is a colorless character; in fact, the lesson committee passes by without giving one lesson to his career. But the impression we get is of weakness in the father, of unrefined animalism in Esau, of trickiness in Jacob, so ready to take advantage of the others. The chosen family had fallen upon evil days.

Esau's Folly

So many Esaus there are, weakly yielding to the insistent assaults of their appetites, governed by their desires! How foolish it is—selling out for a mess of pottage! How foolish are the Esaus of today, selling out self-respect, the love of wife and babe, for the temporary stimulus of strong drink! Said one such poor creature to me, "I'm sorry, but I must have my glass, and nothing else counts." How foolish other Esaus, selling body and soul for the mad pleasure of an hour! Truly it is an old story. This particular earth-child was so simple and so sordid that he would barter his birthright and spiritual leadership to get his supper ten minutes sooner!

Esau is the typical worldling. His motto is, "Let us eat and drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die." What is the headship of a clan compared with a good bowl of stew? What is the dream of fellowship with God compared with "having a good time and getting all the fun you can out of life"? Such men live for the present moment only.

Jacob's Craft and Deceit

While we pity poor foolish Esau, we must also despise and denounce Jacob. He was willing to take advantage of his own twin brother in a moment of weakness. There be many Jacobs still, who are willing to make gain of their fellowman's folly. Such are the distiller and the saloon-keeper, who prey upon society through its weaker members, being quite willing to make money from the suffering and want of drink-cursed families. Such indeed are the popular club and even the fraternal lodge which make a profit out of the vices of their own members by maintaining a bar which frequently "pays for the upkeep of the whole clubhouse." Pays for it in the worst possible way, one would say, taking it from a companion and sworn brother. Willing to prosper from a brother's loss—how flatly contradictory to the spirit of the Christ who taught that in brotherhood should society find salvation!

The Church of God must deal with both erring brothers in these shameful transactions. Her teachers must inspire youth with a chivalry that would scorn to profit by another's woe, showing just how low and despicable the Jacob-spirit is. Getting the best of the other fellow is discredited as a method in business as well as in the home. Service, honor and fair dealing are becoming universal watchwords. On the other hand, we who teach the men and women of the future must still emphasize temperance, whose key is self-control over the body. What an anomaly that the palate or the stomach should dominate over the mind and heart of a child of God!

The Possibilities in Jacob

Yet Jacob had one saving grace; he despised himself. Esau seems to have been without aspirations for anything better and higher. Jacob was "the wrestler" in whom the Divine waged endless warfare with the Satanic. He knew he was bad, and he yearned to be good. He appreciated the religious ideals of Abraham, his grandfather, and Isaac, his father, while Esau scoffed. He came to loathe his lower self, and like a better and greater Hebrew he found "the law that to me who would do good evil is present." Like Paul he delighted in the law of God after the inward man, but he was conscious of a different law in his carnal nature. So Jacob fought his meanness and his sin. That is why Christians have come to prefer him and to sympathize with him. We have all seen our good intentions fall down flat before repeated temptations. In the book of Psalms there is an interesting recurrence of the appeal to our Heavenly Father as "the God of Jacob." He who did not disown Jacob, but helped him, humbled him and finally crowned him a prince with God, is the same in whom we trust and upon whom we call despite our own unworthiness.

Which then do we really prefer—worldlings who make no pretensions to faith and who care nothing for God and the ideals of Jesus, or struggling faulty Christians who make awful mistakes, fall into besetting sins, and sometimes treat you or me with considerable meanness? The thoughtless world often says, "Give me the hail fellow well met who does not care." Is that our attitude also? Jesus pronounced a special benediction upon us Jacobs: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall be filled." He loved blundering Peter, and had compassion upon the woman who was a sinner, "yet loved much." Do we truly love one another despite the faults, as Christ loved us? Are we magnanimous enough to remember that our brother longs to know God though he continually catches himself stooping to crafty unbrotherliness? Are we like our Master, who saw boundless possibilities in those who seemed utterly hopeless to the loveless Pharisees?

I see the feet that fain would climb,
You but the steps that turn astray;
I see the soul, unharmed, sublime;
You but the garment and the clay.

You see a mortal—weak, misled,
Dwarfed ever by the earthly clod;
I see how manhood perfected
May reach the stature of a God.

The Outlook for True Temperance

This is World's Temperance Sunday. We shall always need careful and thoughtful training for our boys and girls. Some are speaking of the coming of National Prohibition as though it will solve the problems of appetite and intemperance. Great as this forward step is in removing the flagrant temptation from the public view, it will not be any more complete than the prohibition of drugs or of thievery. We shall still have crafty and unbrotherly men who will be secretly at work in defiance of the law to corrupt their fellow men. The liquor men have boasted that the law cannot be enforced, by which I suppose they mean to announce their purpose to evade it and break it, treating the law of the land as contemptuously as they have treated the law of Christ. We must create a public sentiment strong enough to classify the sellers of alcoholic drink with the sellers of other demoralizing drugs. But we must do much more than that. We must teach and help boys and girls to achieve self-mastery, to become truly self-controlled, to stand erect as sons and daughters of God, reflecting the "light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Sunday School Methods

BY FRANK L. BROWN
Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

Program for the 'Teen-Age Session

WITH forty thousand classes of the 'teen age now enrolled in the United States, covering a membership of over 600,000, the question of a program especially designed for them is important. This program must recognize that they are neither children nor adults, that they have interests peculiar to the life social, physical and spiritual of young people.

Furthermore, the program should be run by the young people. If we expect the Sunday school to produce a leadership for the school, church and community, we must secure it from the young people of the later 'teens, and the Intermediate and Senior Departments of the Sunday school are the places where we must commence to train this leadership.

Therefore the schools which are most successful in holding and training their young people are giving them a large share in the actual conduct of the department session and life. They are electing these young people as officers and members of the department committees.

The First Methodist Sunday School at Evanston, Ill., has a strong 'Teen-Age Department. They have a Junior 'Teen-Age Section composed of scholars twelve to fifteen, and a Senior 'Teen-Age Section for those sixteen to nineteen. One section meets at nine o'clock Sunday morning and the other at twelve, so each section has full use of the department room and class-rooms.

The departments have each a department president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, members, of course, of the department. The president presides and is elected for six months.

There is a department superintendent, an older person, who advises the officers and committees, but puts responsibility for the actual work upon the boys and girls.

The department committees are Missionary, Program, Membership, Social, Interclass (for plans that bring classes together) and Athletic. The vice-president of the department is chairman of the Program Committee, and if he has done good work he naturally in six months is elected to the president's place.

The Department Adviser meets with the Executive Committee, which is made up of the department officers and chairmen of the committees.

Departmental Socials are held annually and for six weeks during the Lenten season Sunday afternoon prayer meetings of the Department are held.

The features of the program used in this school follow:

1. Opening Exercises—Singing, with a pianist, leader and orchestra from the department assisting. Devotional—The Senior classes in rotation are responsible for this. Talk by a department scholar on a topic of interest, such as the religious leaders of the day.

2. Lesson period—Class devotions. Business handled by class president. Teaching of lesson.

3. Departmental affairs—Reports by officers or department committees of work done or plans made.

4. Closing service—Song, announcements, closing prayer.

In another school's 'Teen-Age Department the program was as follows:

1. Opening service—(*a*) Piano plays softly, several minutes before opening. Some hymn, such as "Where cross the crowded ways of life." (*b*) Call to Worship—Response: "O come let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker." (*c*) Prayer period—Sentence prayers by scholars or teachers and a silent prayer period. (*d*) Good service of song. (*e*) Bible drill. (*f*) Song. (*g*) Items of interest. (*h*) Prayer for classes as they go to study.

2. Lesson period—(*a*) Class prayer. (*b*) Secretary's report. (*c*) Study period. (*d*) Expressional work. (*e*) Suggestions for class good.

3. Departmental affairs—(*a*) Reports of class activities and department committees. (*b*) Special items, such as Red Cross and other war time drives and service. (*c*) Social and other activities for week.

4. Closing worship—(*a*) Solo or special music. (*b*) Prayer and silent moment. (*c*) Piano. (*d*) Adjourn.

THE Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions gives in an 88-page booklet, "By Hammer and Hand," an interesting description of the industrial work in the mission schools of the Presbyterian Church throughout the world. The result of the training is shown in pictures of the various industries which render the schools to a great extent self-supporting, enable their graduates to maintain themselves by honest industry, develop Christian communities, and raise the standard of civilization in lands where savagery would otherwise prevail. The booklet can be obtained by addressing the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Marion Harland's Corner

Buying in Bulk an Extravagance

HAVING already, and more than once, called the attention of sister housewives to the truth set down above, I accede with pleasure to the request from a highly respectable source that I lay the matter at greater length before our constitueney.

The belief that buying groceries at wholesale by the box, barrel or keg is practical economy was justifiable in the housewife of a former generation. In the country, the difficulty and expense of transportation made it a necessity. Then the mistress of the house had cellar and storeroom "wherewith to bestow her goods." She demonstrated the risks of the practice by putting said "goods" under lock and key, and looking sharply after the key. "Mother's key-basket" was one of her valuables. She recognized, as clearly as do her granddaughters, that the hireling whose own the foods are not cannot be trusted to measure them correctly and use them sparingly, or even honestly. The true anecdote told here a while ago of the cook who, on being checked for throwing six fine potatoes, along with the parings of others, into the swill-pail, excused the waste by saying, "An' shure, there's a barrelful of 'em down cellar!" would have been as applicable then as now. Mother measured and weighed what raw materials were needed in the kitchen for the day, fitted the covers in place upon box, barrel and keg to exclude dust, insects and dampness, and locked the storeroom or pantry door.

FROM a pamphlet prepared by Edwin Bower, M. D., an eminent writer upon domestic economies and dietetics, I extract certain paragraphs that convey the truths I would inculcate more aptly than I could hope to do:

In this most crucial period in the history of humanity—when the fate of the world is tilting in the balance—certain well-intentioned but sadly informed people would have us turn back the hands of the clock of evolution and bring about a return to the open cracker-barrel and uncovered sugar-bin days.

They suffer from the conviction that, by dumping the oatmeal into a bin and then scooping it out a pound at a time, patriotism would be enhanced. They feel strongly that, when the loose soap-powder is permitted to float freely through the grocery-air and settle in the butter, the economic interests of the country are being served.

They are convinced that to dispense sugar, or tea, or spice, or any of the hundreds of standardized food-products, in scrupulously clean, sanitary, weight-and-quality-guaranteed packages, is a sin which can only be expiated by returning to the era of primeval simplicity and industrial ingenuousness from which the world has emerged.

Those were the happy days when every article was weighed with the grocer's hand in the scales, or measured with his thumb unobtrusively occupying a few cubic inches of the space he was selling for food. After which followed the time-eating practice of tying the material safely and securely in the grocer's own paper bag with his own string—neither of which he got for nothing—and for both of which his customers were paying.

The fact is ignored that the sixty to seventy-five per cent. of food-products now sold in clean, sanitary packages—with the weight not guessed at, but plainly stated—are sold because of a hard-won reputation, honestly earned by years of fair dealing in open competition.

Also, food-cost increase since the war began shows that packaged goods have not advanced in price as have bulk-goods of corresponding character, nor have they advanced in proportion to the cost of the material out of which they are composed.

This is due not only to patriotic desire on the part of manufacturers to "do their bit," and thereby lessen the cost of living, but also to a desire on the part of manufacturers to retain the good will of the public, as represented in their names and in their trade marks.

I would add to this admirable summary of the manifest advantage of buying dry foods in packages, economy of space in pantry and kitchen. To the cottager or to the city flat-dweller this consideration appeals with force. Her shelves are goodly to behold when the respective parcels and cans are arranged with due regard to contents and convenience. And in using them there is absolutely no waste. The neat cardboard package is emptied without the loss of a grain of sugar, rice, tapioca, or whatsoever it may contain. Then it may go to feed the fire. I need not designate the divers purposes to which clean cans and boxes may be put in households where nothing is wasted.

WITHOUT apologizing for the space devoted to a subject far more important than the casual reader might suppose, but which will, I am convinced, be welcome to the many who are learning to study hygiene and economy as housemothers have never studied them before in the history of the nation, I pass on to our day's allotment of letter-reading:

Seamless Cookers and Hollow Handles

Correspondents are so willing and able to reply satisfactorily to queries of all sorts that I bring my trouble to the Corner.

Can you or any of them bring about a sanitary reform in the manufacture of cooking utensils, by joining the different parts without leaving spaces in which dirt accumulates that cannot be removed by brush or dishcloth? I wish also they would avoid hollow handles.

By inserting this, you will greatly oblige an Oklahoma member.—MRS. S. B. W. (*Oklahoma.*)

There are "seamless" cooking utensils that deserve the name. Will correspondents tell us how they compare in price with those of which our member complains? Likewise, tell us of the drawbacks and the advantages of hollow handles.

Whole Wheat Bread

Could you give me a recipe for whole wheat bread? Should it be mixed not so stiff as white bread? War-time desserts are such a problem now, too! I have been reading with interest and pleasure your Corner, and shall watch for an answer to this in it.—MRS. C. (*Colorado*).

I am sorry you have had to wait so long for an answer, but it was an unavoidable delay. In the hope that you will let us help you again to show that you bear us no grudge, I insert here the best recipe at my command:

Break up a cake of yeast (dry or compressed) in half a cupful of lukewarm water. Into another vessel pour two cupfuls of milk and upon this the same quantity of boiling water. Stir into this liquid a teaspoonful of salt and one of sugar. Let it stand until it is rather more than blood-warm, when add to the yeast. Mix with this a quart of whole wheat flour, or enough to make a good batter. Beat with a wooden spoon—up-strokes that touch the bottom of the bowl every time—for five or six minutes. The batter should be as light as a soufflé. Begin now to beat in more flour, and keep it up until you have a soft dough easily manageable with floured hands. Flour the kneading-board and lay the dough upon it. Knead for ten minutes; throw a light cloth over it, and set it to rise. It should be light in about three hours. Knead quickly for five minutes, make into loaves, and when these are light, bake—if the loaves are small, three-quarters of an hour; if large, one hour.

A CORNERITE sends a recipe which she has tried with success, and I can conscientiously recommend:

Oak Hill Potatoes

Cut into meat cubes four cold boiled potatoes of fair size and six cold hard-boiled eggs. Arrange in alternate layers in a buttered baking-dish. Sprinkle well with pepper and salt. Pour over the topmost layer two cupfuls of hot white sauce. Cover with dry crumbs, dotted with butter, and bake brown.

N. B.—For the white sauce use two cupfuls of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter and the same of flour.—RUTH C. R. (*Indiana.*)

We thank you for a tempting addition to our list of meat-substitute dishes. It is easily prepared, economical, and promises savoriness. Now, when flesh-foods are "on the fly," housemothers catch eagerly at such recipes as you have given us.

FIVE decades ago there were only 300 Christians within the bounds of the Punjab Mission, India; now, there are 300 preachers alone, a fair proportion of whom are Moslem converts. Twenty years ago there were only as many Christians altogether as have been baptized during the past year alone. Now the total number of adherents is about 20,000.

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Mrs. Porter's stories all have, as a fundamental reason of their existence, the author's great love of Nature. To impart this love to others—to inspire many hundreds of thousands to look for the first time with seeing eyes at the pageant of the out-of-doors—is her gift of rare quality.

Thousands of people have sent the author word that through her books they have been led afield and to their first realization of the beauties of Nature. Through the romance of life and the delights of Nature she directs the mind upward toward the Infinite into an atmosphere that is sweet, cleansing and exalting.

In writing of "A Girl of the Limberlost," Mrs. Porter said: "This comes fairly close to my idea of a good book. The book can, and does, present a hundred pictures that will draw any reader in closer touch with Nature and the Almighty, my primal object in each line I write."

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ALL large book circulations come from only one cause—the recommendation of one reader to another. Mrs. Porter's novels are not only wholesome and clean, but they are romantic and cheerful. The people who live in their pages do things and accomplish tasks worth while. In the last six months of 1915 the sales of her books in the United States, England, Australia, and many other places were 625,000 copies for six months alone.

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Our Mail-Bag

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. Correspondents may use a nom de plume to identify the question, but all letters must contain name and address of the writer, in addition to the nom de plume. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

READER, ILL. We have laid your very pathetic and appealing letter before the Prayer League, and it will be made a subject of supplication. In your letter you do not state whether you have any church connection, or have in any way sought relief from your troubles at the great Fountain of forgiveness and help. God, if you will only trust him, can bring you out of your tribulation. If you will ask him, in the name of his dear Son, to help you to fight the battle against temptation and to keep you from falling—and ask this daily, persistently, like the importunate woman in the Scripture (Luke 18 : 5)—God will give you strength to win. We would advise you to get into contact with some good Christian in your neighborhood, who will give you wise counsel and help you in this battle. The spiritual experience of those who have been through the conflict and come out triumphant is aways helpful to those who are still in struggle, and you will find it so. And when you lay your case freely and unreservedly before your Heavenly Father, he will not withhold his help. Remember, he is still the same Lord "who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases" (Ps. 103 : 3). Have faith in him, and pray for still more faith. He has promised, and if we do our part he will assuredly not fail us.

W. H. W., Eugene, Ore., writes: "I think I can supply two lines of the song concerning Napoleon, asked for by Mr. Ford in the Christian Herald of September 11. They are all I remember of a song I saw in a book sixty years ago:

"'There he can tell of the sights he has seen,
ah!
And mourn for his home on the isle St.
Helena.'

"There was also 'Napoleon's Dream,' of which I remember:

"'The bearded Russian he scourged again,
The Prussian's camp was routed.
Again on the hills of haughty Spain
His mighty armies shouted.

"'Again Marengo's field was won,
And Jena's bloody battle,
Again the world was overrun—
Made pale by his cannon's rattle.'"

H. G., Soudan, Minn. To become a citizen of the United States, you must first make a declaration of intention in the office of the clerk of the county court in the county in which you reside, or in the nearest United States court. Ordinarily, two years must elapse before the final petition can be made, and to obtain your papers you must have resided continuously in the United States for five years, at least the last year of which must have been spent in the state in which application is made. Two witnesses are required. If, however, you desire to enlist in the military or naval service of the United States, you can obtain naturalization papers without a declaration of intention and without proof of the five years' residence in this country.

S. A. R., Utica, N. Y. The population of the more important warring nations is as follows: United States (continental), 102,826,309; British Empire, 437,947,432; France (continental), 39,601,509; German Empire (in Europe), 66,715,000; Italy (continental), 35,598,000; Russia, 175,137,000; Turkish Empire, 21,274,000; Austro-Hungarian Empire, 50,000,000.

M. G. P., Warren Va. There is no age limit for candidates taking positions under the civil service, except that they must be over eighteen. The civil service office examinations for clerical positions are both statistical and departmental. The salary for a clerical position commences usually with $1,100 a year, increasing to $1,200 in three months, if services are satisfactory. These examinations are not difficult, requiring principally a ground knowledge of arithmetic, English grammar and spelling. The time allowed for the examinations is usually about five hours. Full information can be obtained from the Civil Service Commission, 1724 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

F. G., Albin, Iowa, You can obtain full details concerning the work of women in the Y. M. C. A. abroad by writing to the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A., 124 East Twenty-sixth Street, New York City, N. Y. No women under twenty-five years of age can obtain passports from the government to go abroad.

Miss E. E. G., Washington, D. C. The Navy Department is in need of yeowomen at present. Applicants should have a knowledge of bookkeeping, stenography or typewriting. The pay of a yeowoman, third class, is $75 per month, with an allowance of $60 for a uniform upon entrance. Applicants should be in good physical condition. The length of service is supposed to be for the period of the war. Apply to the Yeowoman Recruiting Office, Maryland Building, Washington, D. C.

P. H. B., Liu Ho, Honan, Yia Su Chow fu, North China, The naturalization laws prohibit the naturalization of Chinese. The child of American parents born in China is considered a citizen of this country. White persons born in China may be admitted to citizenship by making the usual application for citizenship papers through the courts.

R. J., Paterson, N. Y. A parent under the common law is ontitled to the earnings of a child until the latter is twenty-one years old. This may be changed by statute, but the law in New York State is the common law. We would further suggest that the child under the circumstances should think well before leaving the father for an uncertainty elsewhere, as the parents might legally disown him, and in that way cut him off from much that might benefit him in later years.

T. K., Youngstown, Ohio. Get in touch with the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Madison Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, New York City.

W. J. T., Farmerville, La. Extending about sixty miles north from the Switzerland border, through Alsace, the Allies have long held a battle line in what the enemy claims is German territory, penetrating at some points as deep as twenty miles. The Allied line continues another 100 miles farther north within one to ten miles of the Alsace-Lorraine line. Berlin is 550 miles from Paris.

F. B., Philadelphia, Pa. "Secretary McAdoo has done well in inviting suggestions and even criticisms of the railway management. Let me take advantage of the opportunity to put in a plea for better car ventilation. In most of our trains, summer travel is a punishment when it might be made a pleasure, if electric fans were installed. The average passenger dreads an hour or two of suffering in such an atmosphere, and the commuter nightly shrinks from it as a daily torture. Let the Director-General of our Railroads popularize a new motto: 'Cool the Car and Win the War.' Multitudes would be grateful to him for this relief. Sanitary considerations alone would suggest the free ventilation of the sweatboxes in which unhappy travelers are obliged to sit on many of our railways."

E. C., Cresco, Iowa. Paul evidently looked forward to a condition after death in which the soul exists apart from the body. He said that he was willing to be absent from the body and present with the Lord (II Cor. 5 : 8). John in vision saw the souls of the martyrs under the altar. The parable of Dives and Lazarus implies that the resurrection had not taken place when Dives made his petition to Abraham. The corrected translation of the well-known passage in Job 19 : 26 makes it read: "Yet *without* my flesh shall I see God." We must not forget, however, that there is a natural body and a spiritual body (I Cor. 15 : 44). Death is called a sleep by pagans as well as by Christian writers, but as no sleep lasts forever the resemblance is significant to Christians, reminding them that death is not a final cessation of life, but rather that transitory state or period out of which the spiritual body shall arise. Any one who denies the authenticity of the Bible is out of place as superintendent of a Christian Sunday school.

Prophetic Conference Nov. 25-28

A CALL has been issued by over a hundred prominent clergymen, Bible teachers and Christian business men for a Prophetic Bible Conference, to be held in Carnegie Hall, New York City, November 25–28, 1918. Among the speakers invited to take part in the proceedings are Drs. C. I. Scofield, A. C. Gaebelein, Mark A. Matthews, Dr. James M. Gray, Ford C. Ottman, David J. Burrell, John J. Carson, A. C. Dixon, W. L. Pettingill and others. Has the Bible any light for these days of war, pestilence, and famine throughout the world? It will be the purpose of the conference and the aim of the speakers to answer this much-discussed question. Requests for literature and programs should be addressed to the secretary of the conference, George B. Dowkontt, 113 Fulton Street, New York City.

Fairy Lands

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WE were coming over the river on a ferry boat, the Best Pal and I. And we were standing together, close to the rail, watching the shore-line grow out of the mist—a shore-line transformed and made wonderful by a myriad lights that flickered and fluttered and glowed across the night.

"It looks like a magic land, doesn't it?" I said at last, "and yet—"

"And yet," finished the Best Pal, "it isn't a magic land at all. It's only Hoboken, and Hoboken isn't a very attractive place as seen by daylight."

I stood beside the rail, thinking of the Hoboken that I know—a rather dingy little city it is—and trying to reconcile it with the vision in front of me—the vision that was vague and softly lighted. And somehow the vision and the reality didn't—fit.

"No—Hoboken isn't a fairy land," I agreed. "I've walked along the docks in the daytime, and it isn't even clean in most places. But here at night time, with the lights on every pier and the dirty little streets in the shadows, it's an Arabian Nights city. And it fascinates me—and thrills me."

"Yes," said the Best Pal softly, "it *is* an Arabian Nights city. And, even though we know that underneath the glow and the glamour it *is* dirty and unattractive, we can still thrill to the sight of it. Even though we know that it's only the lights shining across the darkness that fascinate us—they do fascinate us. And I, for one," finished the Best Pal warmly, "am glad that it does fascinate me, that it does cause *me* to thrill! I'm glad that, even though I know it's Hoboken, I can think of it as a fairy land. *I'm glad!*"

Our boat bumped against the dock and the scores of other passengers swarmed to the rail. Most of them were in a hurry—in too much of a hurry to see the shore-line that a few lights had transformed from the commonplace into the magical something that is *not* at all commonplace. Most of them were in too much of a hurry, and we, with a sigh, joined them as they stepped ashore.

A FEW lights can transform a dingy town into a fairy land. Any one who has ever come into a city by night knows the truth of it. A few lights can make a badly constructed building look like a palace—or a scrapheap look like an enchanted hill. Moonlight can transform a river into a miracle of loveliness; the glow of a yellow candle flame can soften a hard face into a quite unexpectedly charming one. Daylight shows a thing as it is—but the lights of the night time, the lights that shine through the darkness, beautify most things and make them more attractive than they are.

To the literal-minded things *should* be seen as they really are—in all of their stark ugliness or sheer horror. To the literal-minded a building is a building, a dingy town is a dingy town, and a scrapheap is a scrapheap. It is only the person with the gift of imagination who sees beauty and loveliness in a town that is softened by the darkness and lighted by a necklace of lights.

Perhaps the literal-minded person is right. Undoubtedly it is wise to be conscious always of what lies underneath surface beauty—to know that dirt and sharp outlines are there. And yet—

Is it necessary for a person to be so literal-minded that he must always say, when he sees a vision like the vision that the Best Pal and I saw in the dingy little waterfront town, "It isn't really pretty underneath! It's really dirty!" Is it necessary?

Somehow I don't think it *is* necessary. Somehow I think that it's rather pleasant to have enough imagination to be able to see beauty in things that you know aren't really pretty—to be able to dream pleasant outlines on buildings that the darkness makes indefinite. It's rather pleasant to be able to see a possible genius in a grimy-faced child, to see a possible poem in a badly expressed thought, to see a possible flower in a misshapen bulb.

WE were coming over the river on a ferry boat—the Best Pal and I. And, being two folk who had, in our childhood, believed in Santa Claus and kind fairies and elves, and sprites, we dreamed an Arabian Nights city into Hoboken. And, even though we knew that it was Hoboken, we were glad, *glad* that the dreaming thrilled us. And we were sorry for the people who could not see the romance in the gem-starred waterfront; we were sorry for the people who were so literal-minded that they only knew that the town was a town, and that the lights were lights.

The world is full of harsh outlines and harsher facts. The world is full of tragedy and sorrow. And, so as a poet said,

> The sad old earth has need of your mirth:
> It has sorrow enough of its own!

It's the same way with imagination, I think. The "sad old world" has need of imagination just as it has need of laughter and mirth. Imagination is a gift that God has given us to soften harsh outlines and faets—to relieve tragedy and sorrow. Imagination is a gift that God has given us that we may keep the spirit of childhood in our hearts and the breath of a song in our souls.

MY GALLEONS

By Thomas Grant Springer

FROM Lethe Wharf the shadowy ships set sail,
Bound for an unknown port in distant lands.
Upon the yellow gold of glittering sands
Weird watchers send to them the parting hail.

The sun, blood-red, sinks in the western sky,
And o'er the land the hush of twilight falls;
From far inshore a soft-voiced night-bird calls.
The cliffs send back an echo in reply.

Into the dimming, purple void of night
The ships fare forth, each rich with Fancy's freight,
And on the shadow-haunted shore I wait
Till like low stars I see each pale stern-light.

They are my galleons bound for far-off Spain,
Where lie the castled lands that wait for me
Till I too cross the night-enshrouded sea
From which no ship has e'er come back again.

Beaumont B. Buck

HE always signed his name Beaumont B. Buck. Nobody knew, except himself and his parents and a few friends and classmates, what the B. stood for.

This 24-year-old Mississippi boy was only one of a number of young second lieutenants who stepped out of West Point one day back in the eighties. He was sent to posts where he was kept to the humdrum work of the infantry service of the regular army. Therefore the promotion was slow, and in 24 years he had climbed up three grades, so that in 1908 he was commissioned major. Three years in the Philippines made some break in the monotony, and in 1914 he was on the Mexican border. But there was little excitement and little glory in all this. In his fifty-eighth year, being at the time with the Massachusetts National Guard, he was sent to France with the New England Division. This was in June, 1917.

The chance to vindicate his parents' choice of a name never came until he found himself on the deserated fields of France. But he was probably thinking, all this time only of doing his day's work and living up to the traditions of the United States army.

One day at Berzeylesee most of the officers had fallen under a withering fire. Then he put himself at the head of a battalion and gave the order "Forward."

When the French general pinned the medal of the Legion of Honor on the breast of Brigadier General Beaumont Bonaparte Buck he must have been delighted with that middle name.

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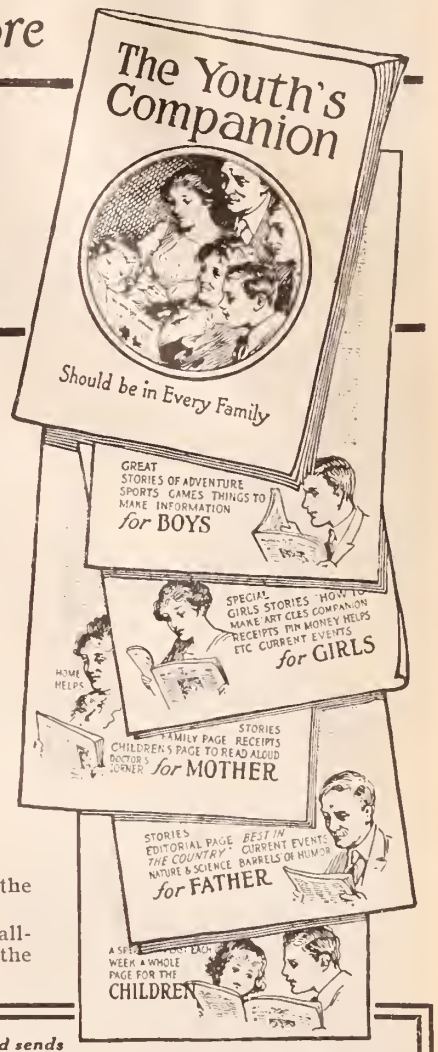

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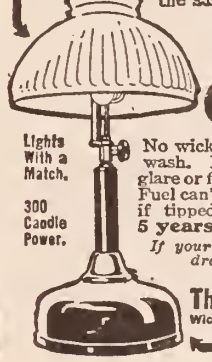

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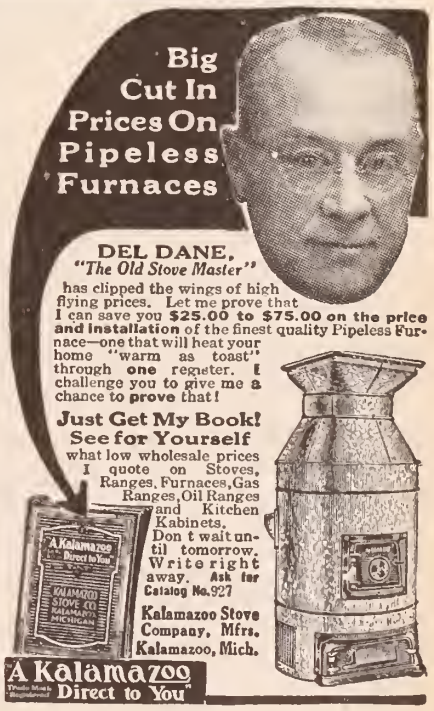

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Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

SHE was a dumpy little woman in a rusty black dress and a black straw hat trimmed with shabby yellow flowers. Her shoes were of the blunt, ugly kind; and they were not new.

As she stepped up on the speaker's platform, her contrast to the other women sitting there — the smartly frocked business women conducting this big rally for the Fourth Liberty Loan—shocked the eye.

But suddenly she began to speak, and all else was forgotten. We sat, spellbound, staring up into her lighted face and blazing blue eyes. And as she talked, we relived the scenes she was describing. *She was just here from Over There!*

"I want you to know," she said quietly, "what heroism women are displaying overseas. Then you can decide whether or not you are sacrificing to the utmost here."

She told, first, of a munition factory she had visited, where air raids were a frequent menace. When one occurred, the lights in the factory were instantly extinguished, and the girl workers (the night shift) had to stand motionless, in the dark, with explosives all about them, waiting for certain death or else for the departure of the raiders.

She reminded us, next, of the "Canary Girls": women munition workers in England who quietly volunteer to do certain work which gradually turns their skin and hair a hideous yellow. If these women marry, their children are born with the same yellow skin and hair. Yet more than one English gentlewoman has taken up this work, for the sake of her country!

She told us of the bombing of a hospital behind the lines, and of how the young nurses stuck to their posts. She related thrilling tales of the bravery of women ambulance drivers, women doctors, college girls doing relief work, and Salvation Army and Y. M. C. A. workers.

Her talk was a pæan of praise for heroic womanhood; and she terminated it with an incident that brought the tears to our eyes.

It seems that one woman among a group of men and women canteen workers at the front refused to leave when the warning was given that it was no longer safe there. Every other woman left: this one alone stayed on, despite all protests. She was of middle age, and (she declared) alone in the world. So long, she insisted, as she was able to add to the comfort of our boys, by having dry socks and hot coffee ready for them, she was going to remain. And remain she did, mothering our boys, until, one day, a shell fell on the hut she was working in, and a piece of it struck her. It was not quite the end of the story, although it was the end of her. For, the following day, that little soldier was laid to rest with full military honors!

WHEN she had finished, our speaker's voice was husky, and the room very still. She added her brief plea for the Fourth Liberty Loan, and for every other demand made on us stay-at-homes by our boys in the trenches; then she stepped down from the platform. Just for an instant we sat (a roomful of business women) staring at her in a daze of self-questioning. Then, in one great wave, we swept up and around her, promising her soberly that we would sacrifice to our utmost this winter; and that we would pass on to other American women the message of heroism and self-denial she had crossed the ocean to deliver.

As I walked home that night, Christian Herald friends, I determined to ask you—all of you—to help arouse in your neighbors, your communities, a passionate devotion to the cause of the Allies equal to the fidelity of these heroic women overseas. They are willing to die for our cause; we should at least be willing to live for it.

And by "live for it" I mean support it to our very utmost: not only financially but morally. Let us keep the ideals and principles for which we are fighting ever before us and our children and the stranger within our gates! Let us hold weekly patriotic rallies in the town hall. Let us hold indoors (now that the winter has come) the Good News Days you have been holding outdoors this summer.

Think it over, and see if you cannot start the custom of Good News Days in your town. Do it now! Hold one the week this issue reaches you: even if it be only a small neighborhood gathering in some one's parlor, for the purpose of singing patriotic songs, giving one-minute speeches crowded with good war news, and reading letters from men relatives in khaki. You will find that such a gathering will act as a tonic on your community, banishing any pessimism and arousing in every one the same glorious spirit shown by our dear ones at the front.

IF you doubt the joy and worth-whileness of such an effort, read the following accounts from plucky women who have carried out the plan. This first letter wins the ten dollar prize:

Good News Days Held in a Small Town in Illinois

Our little town of about 1,200 inhabitants has had many patriotic gatherings: Red Cross, Liberty Loan, Young Men and Young Women's Christian Associations, those at our Civic Club, etc. But it is our rule never to be satisfied until we have "gone over the top."

So—in addition to all these other gatherings—we have had two "Good News Days," in accordance with the suggestion which appeared on the Neighboring Page in the Christian Herald early this summer.

The first of these celebrations—held on a July evening—was a lawn party. The decorations were electric lights and Japanese lanterns against a rose-hedge background. And our program was as follows: a general reception first, and then five-minute talks by the guests (each having to take part) on war subjects; and lastly, the singing of patriotic airs. Conversation, refreshments, and a general good time completed the evening.

Our second Good News Celebration took place on an August day and it took the form of a general Round Table held in a private home but open to all the community. At this Round Table letters from our boys Over There were read and discussed: after which a number of timely articles (written for the occasion) were read aloud, awakening great enthusiasm. The subjects of these articles ranged from "The Daily Life in a Big Military Academy" to "The Results of This War." There followed a period of open discussion of war topics; and this was most interesting and helpful. Two subjects we talked over at some length were: "The Call for More Women in War Work Overseas," and "What Can We Do Now to Prepare for Our Boys' Return After the War?" Many fine suggestions were exchanged, and some plans were laid for future war activities in our community.

Next on our program was a war poem written by one of us. After this we adjourned to the lawn, where twenty-two young girls in white were called to "attention," saluted the flag and (marching and singing) formed themselves into a huge letter "G." While in this formation they sang *The Star Spangled Banner*, retiring to form the next letter, which proved to be "O." This time their song was "*When Sammy Comes Marching Home.*" Their next letter, of course, was another "O," and their song was "*Where Will We Go from Here?*" After which they formed a "D," and sang "*Over There;*" an "N," and sang "*The Red, White and Blue;*" an "E," and sang "*Wake Up, America!;*" a "W," and sang "*Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight;*" and finally an "S," singing "*God Save Our Splendid Men.*"

Their drill received such applause that they were obliged to return for an encore; and this proved to be the word: "France," spelled out at one time by the twenty-two girls. They accomplished that feat by standing at the corners and center of the imaginary letters, stretching out their arms to form the connecting lines. It was a very clever and pretty idea; and while in this formation they sang "Joan of Arc."

The girls were absorbed in these tableaux, as they were in the whole plan for a Good News Day. You see, the idea was something entirely new. Many of the girls had never before been interested in community doings, or our Civic Club work, as they were outside of the club. That was one reason why I chose them for this drill. I knew it would win them over to our Civic Club, and give them a different outlook on our neighborhood.

These Good News Days will not be our last; for the Neighborly influence is spreading, and we hope to keep on holding Good News Days until we have included every one in the community.—MRS. E. R. WHITE, *Neosa, Ill.*

Doesn't that adventure thrill you, Neighbors, and make you wish you could roll up your sleeves and go right to work arranging a Good News Day for your own community? I know it does; for on receiving it—the finest of all the letters in the Contest—I wanted to toss my hat into the air and shout "Hurray!" I told a New Yorker about it, one day, out of sheer enthusiasm; and she became so interested in the whole idea of our Contest, and of Good News Days, that she told me of a live town in New Jersey, and of a friend of hers there, who would love to get up a Good News Day. So you see, Fellow Adventurers, our big ball has only just started a-rolling. May it amble across the country, gathering momentum as it travels!

MEANTIME, let us hear again from a community that has already tried the plan and found it worth while.

Good News Day Held in a Rural Community in Arkansas

Neighbors in the community in which I live had planned a picnic for the Fourth of July; but after reading, in the Neighboring Column, the suggestion about holding a Good News Day, I at once decided we ought to have one, and that there could be no more appropriate time to meet together and talk over news concerning our beloved country than the day on which she gained her Independence.

I talked about the plan until everyone was interested; and the whole community pitched in and helped get up a Good News Day on the Fourth. It was a catching idea, and very successful. Truly I never enjoyed anything more than that little gathering of rural people!

We discussed the War, and the part our country was playing in it. But we did not forget our Allies. The talks were just splendid, drawing us all closer together; and closer, too, to our relatives and our Allies Over There.

And of course we sang every patriotic song we knew: "The Star Spangled Banner," "America," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "Over There," "The Red, White and Blue," "Joan of Arc," "It's a Long, Long Way to Blighty." In between the songs we talked of the missing ones who had answered their country's call; and we all had tales to tell of the heroism of our men overseas. I don't think any of us will ever forget it.

Finally we had a short sermon on The War, that would have touched any one's heart, causing them to be willing not only to do all they could for their country and the Allied nations, but all they could for their Lord, who has permitted us to live in a free country and who will, in time, permit us to live in peace again.

At the close a prayer was offered up, thanking God for the Declaration of Independence and asking Him to guide us and our Allies in this war, so that we might fight it for His glory.—MRS. B. H. SIMMS, *Kerlin, Ark.*

How I wish, Neighbors, that every one of our dear boys in khaki, standing Over There in a wet trench (perhaps) with a mug of steaming coffee in one hand and a sandwich in the other—food for his body provided by some heroic woman canteen-worker at the front, could have (as food for his heart) this issue of the Christian Herald, so that he could know of these Good News Days held by the home folks.

Won't you be sure to send them these accounts, when you write, and tell them that we have only begun to hold these rallies? We are just getting our start. Perhaps they—your sons or brothers or husbands—will have something to contribute to our next Good News Days: anecdotes or a bit of cheerful philosophy, or only a "God bless you, home folks; I'd like to be there, too!"

Good News Day Held in a Farm Community of Wisconsin, July 19, 1918

We had held community picnics and sings and other celebrations; but never a Good News Day. So we had to let every one know what it was we were planning. This is a com-

munity of farmer-folk, and night is our only time for pleasure. So we decided to hold our Good News Day in the evening, out of doors. Our pastor and his wife joined in with a will, helping us plan and carry it through. And it was a happy occasion for all of us.

Nothing blue or sad was allowed on the program. The recitations were all patriotic, chiefly humorous; and some of the patriotic songs were sung more than once. How good that singing did sound, out of doors! The talks were all on the subject of the war: especially our duty to the loved ones who had gone to the front from our town. We were all reminded that it was as much our duty to keep up the spirits of our boys Over There by writing them the right kind of letters, as it was their work to fight. If it did nothing else, our Good News Day celebration sent every woman home promising herself to look on the bright side of the war, no matter what she had to bear; and to send only cheery messages overseas to her "boy."

We had refreshments; but nothing wasteful or expensive. With us, as at most every gathering nowadays, were some of our boys about to leave for a training camp. We sang to them, that night, and all wished them a cheery godspeed. They seemed to appreciate this, as they always have any honor we have shown them here in our neighborhood. And I feel impelled to say to other communities: Plan for a Good News Day when your boys are about to leave you. It reminds them of the things they are going out to fight for; and it helps us at home. May God bless our Good News Days!—Mrs. J. W. Quincy, *Platteville, Wis.*

May he, indeed, bless our Good News Days, neighbors of mine! And may we bless all those who took part in this first effort to interest communities in the plan! I only regret that I have not the space to publish here every fine letter I received. I am earnestly thankful for them all.

If there is any one—man or woman—who would like to get up a Good News Day in some community where the plan has never been tried, I shall consider it a privilege to assist in any way I can: by providing programs.

And now, Christian Herald comrades, we must grip hands and part for a brief and busy fortnight.

Christmas Gifts for the Soldiers

THE regulations governing the sending of Christmas presents to soldiers and sailors in the army and navy of the United States have been published after a conference between officials of the War and Post Office Departments and the Red Cross.

These regulations will permit each American soldier or sailor in a foreign land to receive one package of Christmas gifts.

Christmas package labels are being distributed to the army and navy, one to each man. If a soldier loses his label he has lost his chance to get a Christmas present this year, as no lost label will be replaced. These labels should reach the soldier's friend in the United States about November 1.

This distribution is made in France, or wherever the soldier or sailor may be, and the recipient mails his label to the person from whom he expects a Christmas present. The soldier's friend who receives the label takes it to the nearest Red Cross station, where a cardboard box 3x4x9 inches in size will be given him. These boxes must be returned, filled but unwrapped, to the Red Cross collection point. There they are inspected and wrapped, and the labels attached. They must be accompanied by enough stamps to carry them to Hoboken, N. J., at parcel post rates. The Red Cross will attend to the mailing.

No box can be mailed to a soldier or sailor if it contains intoxicants, inflammable material of any kind, liquids, fragile articles, writing or perishable foodstuffs. The Red Cross advises any person intending to send gifts to a soldier to pack food in small tin or wooden boxes (not glass bottles) and to pack gifts in khaki-colored handkerchiefs, all to go packed in the 3x4x9 box. When candy is sent it should be of the hard kinds (not soft chocolates that would crush and soil the other contents).

Navy Regulations

A different set of regulations is set forth for the sailors in Uncle Sam's navy.

Presents for sailors, if sent by mail, must be packed in hinged or screw-topped boxes to facilitate opening and inspecting. Weight and size of boxes are governed by the parcel post regulations. Boxes sent by express are limited to twenty pounds in weight and two cubic feet in volume; they must be of wood, securely strapped with hinged or screw top.

All mailed packages should be addressed as provided by the postal regulations. Express packages should be addressed in care of the Supply Officer, Fleet Supply Base, Twenty-ninth Street and Third Avenue, South Brooklyn, N. Y.

Perishable food stuffssent to the navy must be inclosed in tin cans or glass jars.

All packages must be marked with the name of the sender and with the words "Christmas box" or "Christmas present." The Supply Officer in New York will open and examine all packages. Christmas packages sent to sailors abroad must reach New York on or before November 15.

Among the Workers

IN the early part of 1918, Mrs. John Bovyer of Vancouver, B. C., fell asleep in Jesus. She was converted at a Methodist camp meeting over fifty years ago, and in her early Christian life she had a desire to go as a missionary to the foreign field, but the way never opened. After her marriage she became a life member of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. She gave one son to God's service as a missionary, and herself supported as many as thirty children in an orphanage, besides giving in the past six years over $5,000 to the work in China, India and Japan.

MANY a letter comes from war-torn France which makes the watchers at home feel that this strife is not in vain—that something big and helpful is coming out of it all. Such a letter has been received by the New York Jewish Welfare Board from a private in Co. F, 163d Infantry, who writes: "I have an urgent request to make, which I hope will be granted, and that is, to send me an abridged Prayer Book for Jews in the United States Army . . . I simply cannot do without it. It may interest you to know that, after keen observation, it has been borne out very vividly to my mind that atheism is a dead issue on this side. Everybody prays; there are no slackers! One thing is certain—after this war, religious observance will be world-wide."

"CARRY ON" is the title of a new magazine on the reconstruction of disabled soldiers and sailors. It is edited by the Surgeon-General's Department of the U. S. Army and published by the Red Cross. It tells of the plans and methods to be adopted in preparing the blind, the maimed, and the otherwise disabled for a self-supporting career after the war. Such is the ingenuity of the contrivances and the skill of the methods used for this purpose that it may almost be said that under the system of re-education, a majority of the avocations now followed by trained men in normal condition will be opened to the rehabilitated. "Carry On" appeals to so many Americans that it deserves to have a big success. Douglas C. McMurtrie, director of the Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men, says: "We must count on the return from the front of thousands of crippled soldiers. We must plan to give them the best possible chance for the future. It is no kindness to encourage the cripple to idleness; on the contrary, every influence should be brought to bear to have him accept training and prepare for useful employment."

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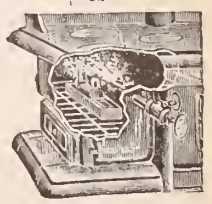

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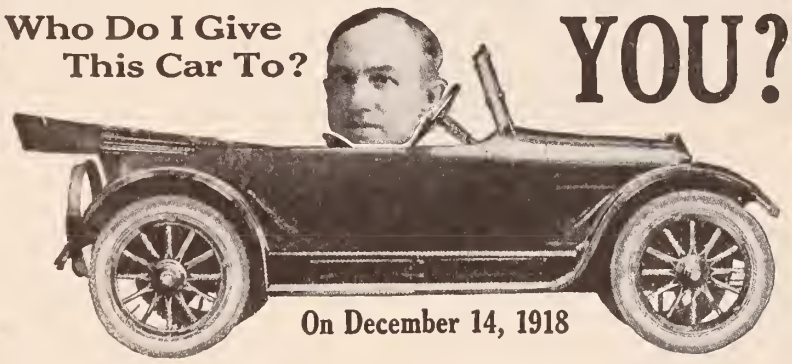

On December 14, 1918

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Please send me full information about the automobiles you are giving away. The signing of this coupon does not obligate me in any way.
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The Reward Man, P. O. Box 1632 Philadelphia, Pa.

The Seed and the Harvest

YEARS ago, in 1905, in the secluded valleys of northern Japan, when the nation was exhausted after the long and costly war with Russia, the crops failed and dire famine set in. Thousands of adults and children died and orphans were left by the thousands more. At such a time, Christians in America who had been in Japan and knew the conditions, made appeal for funds and food.

Among those who led in the work of famine-breaking was the big-hearted proprietor of the Christian Herald. He secured thousands of dollars for a relief fund which was wisely distributed by American missionaries on the field. The good done was not only to the bodies of old men and women or youngsters. The harpies were on hand early to buy up girls for immoral purposes. As a matter of fact, the money of the Christian Herald and of other friends of Japan in America saved hundreds of orphans and kept girls to purity of life. At one time, a contingent of 600 orphans arrived at Mr. Ishii's Christian orphanage at Okayama.

Today in 1918, most of those orphans thus rescued are useful subjects of the Mikado. They are, many of them, active members of Christian churches. The city of Sendai, the center of the famine district in 1905, is now the great educational capitol of northern Japan. The largest electrical power-house and plant in the Far East is at an industrial center not far away. The Japanese have learned to utilize the forces of both nature and grace. They heard the Almighty's challenge, "concerning the work of my hand, command ye me."

WM. ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

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Young People's Topics for November 3

All for Christ, Our Time

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topic. Eccles. 12 : 1-7

WHAT is life? It is only a spark from the Infinite which glows for a minute between the æons of eternity. God gives it and it returns to him, if, while it glowed, it glowed worthily. It is his more than it is ours. How then can we ask how much of it we shall spend in his service? Looked at from the other angle, how better can we spend our time than in his service? What do we know that gives more joy and a greater recompense? Those that hunger and thirst for righteousness shall be filled, and a righteous life goes on through the millenniums of eternity, while the dust that compassed the life returns to the earth as it was and is just dust again.

But some will ask how they can give all of their time, if they must earn a livelihood. While they occupy the flesh, it requires food and clothes and other ministries. It is unfortunate that in so many lives the earning of daily bread is set apart from the serving of God. We should serve God in all our uprisings and downsittings. If we cannot serve him in the work in which we earn our daily bread, then we must deny him in it, and if we deny him there, we cannot serve him acceptably in our hours of leisure. It is the life of continuous service which Christ craves from us, whether we run a lathe, keep a set of books, stand behind a counter, or, as an employer or manager, direct the tasks of others. Unless those who work with us see the life of Christ in ours, such other service as we render will be but lip service and ineffective.

A Friendly Hand to a Foreigner

Epworth League Topic. Acts 13 : 44-52

THIS topic is based on Chapter III of the Home Mission Study Book, "Christian Democracy in America." The book may be procured, as also special helps for the leader of this meeting, by addressing the central office of the Epworth League, 740 Rush Street, Chicago, Ill.

America has been the promised land in the eyes of thousands who found life in various countries impossible or too unpromising. To her they have come for liberty, education and opportunity. The great America of today is not great so much because of her Puritan or Huguenot foundations, although without these the temple of liberty could not have been raised, but she is great because of her free churches and her free public education, Christian in thought and expression, even though no creeds are taught. Her public schools and her churches have been the melting-pots in which natives and foreigners mingled on an equal basis, often with the foreigners taking the palm. The hand of America has been stretched out toward the foreigner through more than 100 years; yet many a church has failed to see its opportunity, and often the man of foreign tongue has found himself in an English-speaking church where he was neither understood nor appreciated.

Many years ago the great city churches began to see this opportunity. Beginning with missions in the "slums," the present far-reaching social service plans were worked out item by item and thousands of emigrants who in the light of liberty had broken with the church of their homeland were led through help toward their ambitions into a new and vital union with Christ, becoming thereby both better men and better citizens. Just now, with the war on, problems of social service are largely those of ministering to the women and children and old people, who, while they do not understand all about it, are proud to have their sons in the uniform of Uncle Sam. The foreigner wants to understand America. If he cliques together with those of his own race, reads papers in his own language, and is among us and not of us, that is our fault, because our hand is not held out as it should be.

If the church is to save the country from drifting into socialism minus religion, it must make Christ real to those who have come to us from abroad. It must find a way to prevent wealthy men from using religion as a cloak under which to exploit for profit the sweat of the poor. It must show the man whose ideas of liberty exclude religion, that the greatest liberty lies in the life lived according to the Gospel of Christ, which must translate Christian democracy into life.

The Church's Work in War Times

ON the 24th of September, in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, was held the second annual meeting of the General War-Time Commission of the Churches, under the presidency of Dr. Robert E. Speer, chairman of the Commission.

Dr. William Adams Brown, executive secretary, made a report of the year's work, in which he indicated a distinct advance in the consciousness of religious unity, the uniformly courteous and sympathetic attitude of the government, and the increasingly close relations with the two Christian Associations, as well as with the bodies of other faiths. One incident related in the report of the executive secretary was the act of a Jewish committee member who was the first to protest against the removal of the cross from the chaplain's collar.

The War Department, said Bishop W. F. McDowell, was preparing to give an adequate equipment to the chaplains. The training school for chaplains at Camp Zachary Taylor, in Kentucky, is a thorough place of preparation for the great work overseas. Bishop McDowell's report started several good speakers, among them Dr. F. P. Keppel, Third Assistant Secretary of War, who said "The army recognizes that the work of the soldier is strengthened by the highest spirit of devotion we can maintain. Not the least of its difficulties is in keeping the various agencies from getting into each other's way. There has to be some co-ordinating agency, and that has to lie in the War Department. The spirit in which the chaplains are taking up this work overseas is fine. One chaplain, who was to be honored for bravery in action, together with a number of soldiers, did not appear, while the soldiers did. When search was made, the chaplain was found in the trenches—he had forgotten about the medal."

Chaplain Frazier, dean of the naval chaplains, said that he had seen the number of chaplains in the navy grow from 24 to 185, not because of political pull, but recommended by their denominations.

Dr. Macfarland, general secretary of the Federal Council, told of a Belgian officer who said to him, "I wish you could supply our Belgian army with some American chaplains."

"It is impossible," said Dr. Macfarland, "to imagine a wider difference than that presented by Ludendorff and Hindenburg on one side and Foch, Pershing and Haig on the other. The greatest part of the work must be done over here, to fortify our men for what they must meet there."

Secretary Daniels of the Navy, the Bishop of Oxford and Dr. Guttery of the Primitive Methodist Church of England served as magnets to draw the people.

The Bishop of Oxford, in the course of his address, said "It is one of the paradoxes that no Christian can go out to justify war, yet no Christian could have lifted up his head if England had not gone to war."

And Dr. Guttery: "The world is not big enough for autocracy and democracy, and we refuse to consider terms of peace with the burglar till he gives up the goods. . . . The coming in of America has saved the world, but that thin line of dying British lads before Paris secured for you a world to save."

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The War Work Campaign

SEVEN great organizations, at the request of President Wilson, are merging their separate campaigns into a single drive, to be known as the United War Work Campaign, and are asking the people of America to give $170,500,000 to the united work in the week commencing November 11. The National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. are asking for $100,000,000; the National Catholic War Council, which includes the Knights of Columbus, $30,000,000; the War Camp Community Service, $15,000,000; the War Work Council of the Y. W. C. A., $15,000,000; the Jewish Welfare Board, the American Library Association and the Salvation Army, $3,500,000 each.

Five representatives of each of the above organizations have formed a national committee of thirty-five, under the chairmanship of Dr. John R. Mott, who has been elected Director General of the United War Work Campaign.

"On Nov. 11," said Dr. Mott, "the people of the United States will be asked to give the largest sum that has been asked in all history from the people of any nation as a gift. The appeal will come in the interest of a program so all-inclusive that every loyal individual citizen of the United States may back it to the limit, while its leadership includes men who by common consent are acclaimed as among America's foremost citizens. And for the first time in the history of America Catholics and Protestants, Christians and Jews, men and women of every race and party and social group, have come together voluntarily, united only by the common spirit of service, to combine their efforts for the common welfare of our fighting forces."

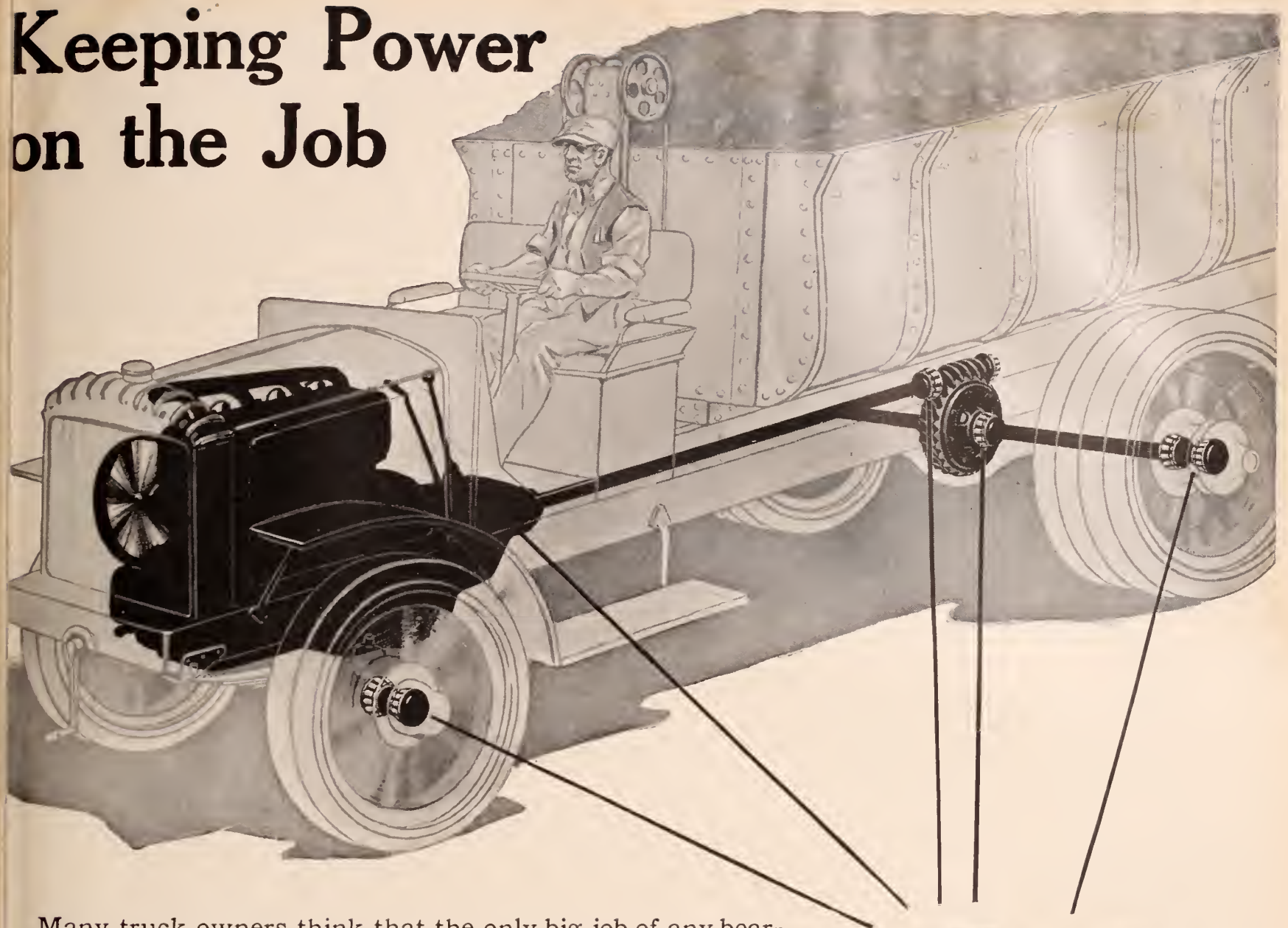
The object of the campaign is to unite the people of the United States in one vast organization to strengthen the arms of our soldiers in the field in their fight for world liberty. It is believed that this drive will reach into every community, great and small, in the United States. The purpose of the campaign and the budgets on which it is based have been approved by the War Department.

More Women Needed for War Work

WOMEN who are not nurses are urgently needed in war work—women of health and energy and common sense and devotion. The Red Cross alone—and it is but one of the organizations employing women—calls for a thousand right now. "Two hundred and fifty for canteen service, more than 400 for hospital hut service, about 450 auto-drivers, seventy-nine for airplane hut service, and seventy stenographers."

These women must be found or the Army will suffer. High schools and colleges will furnish some, others will go straight from their stenography. Moreover, there is being opened in Chicago a "Training School for Woman's War Work," which will gather many, training and testing and showing women "how to get into it." The course is ten weeks long and the subjects are such as will be most likely to be needed—French, simple business, first-aid, home nursing, recreation, etc. Any one desiring to know more about it should address the dean, Dr. Lucy Rider Meyer, 4947 Indiana Avenue, Chicago.

Keeping Power on the Job



Many truck owners think that the only big job of any bearing is to reduce friction and to stand up under hard service without wearing out and needing repair or replacement.

This is, of course, vitally important, but qually so is the job which bearings in any notor car, truck or tractor have to do in eeping other working parts operating as hey should—the wheels turning true, the ransmission gears properly in mesh and he rear axle driving-mechanism steadily ulling its load.

It's up to the bearings not only to keep ower flowing *smoothly* all the way from ngine to wheels, but to keep the imporant power transmitting units from wearing ut and costing you money for replacenent. The better the bearings the moother the operation and the lower the osts.

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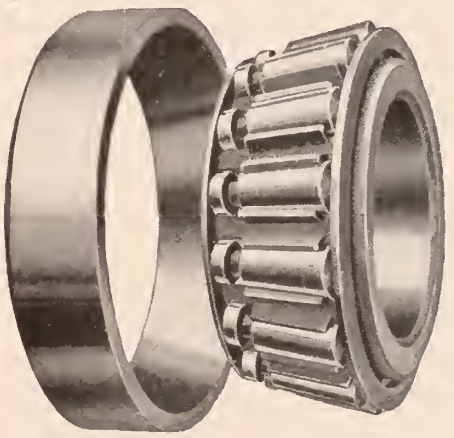

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Should Children Ever Be Whipped ?

This and Hundreds of Other Problems in Child Training Answered for Parents

THE most disagreeable task in the world to parents is that of whipping a child. No mother or father will inflict blows upon their children unless they feel that there is no other method of securing the desired results. Yet the truth is that whipping is the most ineffective weapon in the entire field of child training and cannot result in making children obedient, truthful, pleasant tempered, or good in any other way.

The trouble with whipping is that the child's mind is not impressed favorably. The physical pain creates a feeling of fear, anger, resentment, revenge, enmity or evasion, according to the child's age or temperament. The whipping itself is remembered—but not the reason for the whipping. So, instead of helping and teaching children, corporal punishment defeats its very aim, in fact, makes things worse. That is why we so often hear mothers say, "I can't do a thing with Marjorie—she simply will not mind, and whipping doesn't seem to do a bit of good."

Good Children for Bad

The true science of child training does not have as its basis for control the fear of punishment. Children who are afraid of their parents are afraid only until the time comes when they can break the shackles that bind them. The only sensible way to instill obedience, love, truth, respect and other desirable characteristics is through a sympathetic and thorough understanding of child nature, and knowledge of methods which have as their foundation confidence, suggestion, parental initiative in cooperation, and parental approval.

Children become habitually disobedient because parents have not secured their confidence. Properly trained children do not require reasons—they obey willingly and without promise of reward. Children "get into all sorts of mischief" because parents have provided no substitute—and the child's pent up energy seeks its own outlet. Children acquire ill-temper, jealousy, impertinence, maliciousness, carelessness, obstinacy and other bad habits simply through the fault of parents who do not know child nature. Instead of shouting commands, instead of inflicting physical punishment, instead of inciting rebellion, the well-informed parent makes comrades of the children, shares their confidence, enjoys their respect, prevents the formation of undesirable habits and creates refinement, culture, gentleness, and love in their hearts.

New Ideas in Child Training

Until recently, mothers have had to solve their own child-training problems as best they could without outside help. But that is now all changed. Mothers and fathers need no longer be slaves to their children—need no longer worry about their children's future—need no longer be at their wits' end for means of correcting and preventing bad habits and of instilling good ones. A new organization known as the Parents' Association has been formed which has solved the problem once for all. Child training has been made a pleasure instead of a hardship securing immediate results in many cases almost over night. The founder of this new system in Child Training is Professor Ray C. Beery, A. B. M. A. (Harvard and Columbia), whose extensive investigations and wide, practical experience have enabled him to provide a simple, well-worked-out plan which any parent can easily follow. The instruction is given entirely by mail

Nothing Else Like It

Membership in the Parents' Association entitles you to a complete course of lessons in child training by Professor Beery. These lessons must not be confused with the hundreds of books on child training which leave the reader in the dark because of vagueness and lack of definite and practical application of the principles laid down. It does not deal in glittering generalities. Instead, it shows by concrete illustrations and detailed explanations exactly what to do to meet every emergency and how to accomplish immediate results and make a permanent impression.

No matter whether your child is still in the cradle or is eighteen years old, this course will show how to apply the right methods at once. You merely take up the particular trait, turn to the proper page, and apply the lessons to the child. You are told exactly what to do. You cannot begin too soon, for the child's behavior in the first few years of life depends on the parent, not the child.

Free Book

"New Methods in Child Training," is the title of a little book which describes the Parents' Association and outlines Professor Beery's course in Practical Child Training. The Association will gladly send a copy free on request.

If you are truly anxious to make the greatest possible success of your children's lives, you owe it to them to at least get this free book, which shows how you may become a member of the Parents' Association and secure the fine benefit of this wonderful new way in child training. Merely mail the coupon or a postcard or letter, but do it today, as this offer may never be made here again.

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Scolding and whipping are relics of the Barbarous Ages

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- to instruct children in the delicate matters of sex?
- to always obtain cheerful obedience?
- to correct mistakes of early training?
- to keep child from crying?
- to develop initiative in child?
- to teach child instantly to comply with command, "Don't touch?"
- to suppress temper in children without punishment?
- to succeed with child of any age without display of authority?
- to discourage the "Why" habit in regard to commands?
- to prevent quarreling and fighting?
- to cure impertinence? Discourtesy? Vulgarity?
- to remove fear of darkness? Fear of thunder and lightning? Fear of harmless animals?
- to encourage child to talk?
- to teach punctuality? Perseverance? Carefulness?
- to overcome obstinacy?
- to cultivate mental concentration?
- to teach honesty and truthfulness?

These are only a few of the hundreds of questions fully answered and explained in a way that makes application of the principles involved easy through this course

The New Method places confidence as the basis of control

Christian Herald

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From Water Color by C. P. Rising

The splendid blaze of autumn days is like a vivid dream,
When flaming colors, touched with haze, lie prisoned in a stream!

SNAPSHOTS IN THE KAMERUN

New Pictures from Germany's Lost Colony in Equatorial Africa

An African chief in full war costume

A minor chieftain with some followers and some objects of native manufacture. Although their methods are crude the native industries, spinning cotton by hand, weaving, basket-making and metal-working, have been developed and the results are good

Photos by International Film Service

A young lady of the Kamerun, quite in style as to earrings and bracelets

A schoolhouse built for the natives by the government. European construction with a native roof

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

© International Film Service

General view of Lille, the great French manufacturing city, which the Boche left undamaged

Germany Spars for Time as Her Armies Flee

EAST and West, on all the war fronts, the military power of the Hun is broken; but the old arrogant spirit is not yet fully crushed. Germany is fighting for time—fighting to save her face and to make her people regard the discomfiture of all of her plans as less terrible than it really is.

Berlin's reply to the latest American note was dated October 21 and is printed on another page of this issue. In this note the German Government appeared partially to accept the conditions on which the President was willing to submit a proposal for an armistice, although, instead of agreeing that the Allied superiority should be preserved, it based the armistice on the actual standard of power on both sides. The President was asked again to arrange for the fixing of the details, and a significant sentence of the note represents the German Government as trusting, "That the President of the United States will approve of no demand which should be irreconcilable with the honor of the German people and with opening a way to a peace of justice." The German Government denied the President's accusations of inhumanity against its army and navy and proposed that these charges be laid before neutral commissions. It announced that it had ordered its submarine commanders to cease torpedoing passenger ships; and, also, at considerable length, outlined the changes being instituted in the German Government which should make it impossible for any arbitrary power within that government to again disturb the peace of the world. As before, this note was signed by the new Foreign Minister Solf and not by the Chancellor. From other sources, some little light is thrown upon political conditions in Germany which are of special interest just now. The German people and their political leaders, and even the leading newspapers, are openly denouncing the men who only a few months ago they still lauded as heroes. Ludendorff has been called a gambler and military adventurer in the Berlin journals. Von Tirpitz has been assailed furiously in the Tageblatt for his false predictions of success for his U-boat warfare, and told to keep silent. Even Hindenburg is mocked, and no more nails are being driven into his statue.

At a meeting of the Crown Council, Ludendorff plainly admitted that Germany had lost the war—"lost the game," as he is said to have phrased it. Several members of the council bitterly assailed him for his misleading promises of last spring, in which assurance was given of victory. Chancellor Prince Maximilian, who was present, is said to have declared that peace must be made at once, and on the terms stated by President Wilson.

Whether these reports, which come from Copenhagen and Amsterdam, are literally accurate or not, it is certain that the German leaders feel that they are facing a situation which is rapidly passing beyond their control. There is the growing dread of an invasion of German territory also to be taken into account, and it is beyond question that Germany will fight bitterly to avoid that which she has time and again promised to her people would never take place. Meanwhile the Allies are everywhere pressing their advantage and winning back territory from the invaders. It is expected that great events may be looked for within the next few weeks.

STEADILY, surely, with the inflexible logic of cumulative events, the ultimate defeat of Germany and the unconditional surrender of the Hun seemed on October 18 to be approaching with the swiftness of an eagle's flight. The German army, though still in the field and fighting, was in flight in Belgium and Flanders, and the stand it was making in Picardy, in the Champagne, on its badly ruptured Kriemhilde line and north of Verdun, was a stand of desperation, a hopeless stand against odds overwhelmingly great; a last-ditch stand of the wings which must hold if the main army was to make good its retreat.

The Allies' attack northward and northeastward of Ypres, under the personal command of King Albert, which we noted last week as having broken through the German line and being still in progress, proved to be one of the big victories of the war. Immediately the break was established, French and Belgian cavalry surged through and began sweeping up the disorganized bodies of German troops which still offered resistance. The cavalry men by the capture of Thourout cut the communications of the German armies on the coast south of Ostend, while by the crossing of the Courtrai-Bruges road they separated other sections of the German army of General Sixt von Armin, whose seventeen divisions were on October 18 in full flight.

The French cavalry, on the 18th, had advanced to Thielt on the road to Ghent, while the Belgian horsemen had swept past Thourout to Ostend and the outskirts of Bruges. Ostend was evacuated on Wednesday night, October 16. A British airman reconnoitering over the city on Thursday saw civilians making signals and descended to see what it meant. Shortly afterward British naval forces landed and Belgian troops entered the city. King Albert and the Queen were in the city before nightfall, and were given a more than loyal welcome by the liberated people of this former U-boat base.

THE Germans were hurrying eastward along every road left to them, their principal line of retreat being the road from Bruges to Eeloo, which, however was being reached by French and Belgian guns.

To the southward the British struck across the river Lys, taking Menin and pressing near to Courtrai, Tourcoing and Lille, at the same time pressing northward from Douai. Lille, the great manufacturing city of Northern France, whose Lisle thread is famous the world around and whose 250,000 people before the war sent their products into every quarter of the globe; Lille, whose towers had long been seen dimly from the British lines, a standing challenge to Briton and Frank; Lille, for four years Germany's greatest base in France and the Allies' principal objective, defended with the utmost of Teutonic skill and constantly attacked with Allied thoroughness, fell to the soldiers of France's British ally on October 17, without the firing of a shot or the crash of a shell. On the night before the Hun cleared out, the British airmen, flying low over the city, caught the signals of the happy populace, who were able once more, after four years of slavery and terror, to walk in freedom the streets of their own city. British troops were soon marching through the streets, acclaimed by weeping, cheering, happy people. Lille was left unburned and undamaged. The Germans organized new resistance on a line a short distance east of Lille, Tourcoing, Courtrai and Thielt, and claimed to have repulsed British and French attacks. The three days' fighting cost the Germans over 15,000 prisoners and over 130 guns.

South of Cambrai, on October 17, General Haig's British and American troops struck along a twenty-mile line from Le Cateau southward to Bohaim, crossing the little Selle River along the whole line and joining up with the French, who had crossed the Oise south of Bohaim. The Germans had intended

Continued on page 1226

The Church After the War

Leading Minds in the Various Denominations Give Their Views as to the Opportunity and the Outlook

"WHAT is the Church going to do to face the new conditions and the new opportunities that will present themselves after the war?"

The Christian Herald has advised with conservative leaders in Christian thought on this vital question, which has been brought to the front in a very remarkable manner and from many different sources during the time since America's entrance into the world-wide conflict. The conviction has gained ground in many minds that it will be "a new world, with new conditions and new opportunities," when the strife has ceased. Christian love has been drawing the home churches together, and the desire for spiritual cooperation—indeed, cooperation on all lines of Christian work—is now stronger than at any previous time. Many have come out boldly for such a realignment of spiritual forces as will give all the religious bodies a basis for cordial and effective cooperation.

It has been claimed that the whole war is in itself a call for reality in religion, and that the time has come for such a union of Protestantism in America as would revitalize our churches, and make their work incalculably more effective for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom on earth.

The first instalment of these letters is given in this issue of the Christian Herald, and we prefer that they should speak for themselves. The presentation is in the nature of an open forum in which the writer is accorded the largest freedom of opinion. We commend the views expressed by the writers to the serious consideration of our readers and their friends everywhere. They will be followed by others in subsequent issues.

The Time Near at Hand for Restating the Great Truths of the Christian Religion, writes R. C. Wylie, Professor of Theology, Ref. Pres. Theological Seminary.

YOUR communication with reference to the present duty of Protestant America to meet the religious situation as accentuated by the war is worthy of the most careful attention.

The problem, however, is not entirely new. It has engaged the attention of many thoughtful people for more than a generation. It requires new interest, however, because of the war and the religious attitude of our men at the battle front.

Neither is the situation in the camps, namely, the association of men of different creeds, wholly new. Most Protestant denominations have for years been able to meet together in brotherly love, even at the communion table, but without renouncing their denominational creeds. The point that is pressed now, however, and pressed with great emphasis, is that creeds are of little account, that denominational distinctions must be wiped out, and that this is to be done by the elimination of all creedal distinctions.

Since the issue is raised it must be squarely and honestly met. It is useless to deprecate it, or be sorry that it has been raised. We must face it with a sincere purpose, to find the proper solution. In fact, we should be glad to face it, that we may find opportunity to express what we believe to be the truth about it.

It may be wise to inquire, at the outset, how far the religious attitude of men in the army demands a change. Doubtless there is something of a chaotic condition of thought on many religious problems. Our information on this point leads us to the conclusion that there is lack of unanimity in the camps and trenches as to what religious principles one should believe. When facing death, men may see no value in any religious proposition except such as relates directly to personal salvation. There is even a tendency to revolutionize the old creedal teachings on this matter, so as to guarantee salvation to every one who dies fighting in the cause of the Allies, whatever may be his attitude toward Jesus Christ. A moment's thought should show the absurdity of this. And another moment's thought should show that it is a very inadequate creed that tells only how to enter into a state of bliss when we die. We must have a creed that tells us how to live, and how the nations may live at peace with one another.

Certainly, the churches should learn a lesson, as you suggest, from the experience of the Allies. It became absolutely necessary that they should be unified under one commanding officer. It is altogether probable that if this had not been done, the Germans would have reached Paris in the early spring. But the Allied nations not only retained their individuality, they also retained their forms of government and their conceptions of the meaning of the war. Not only the churches, but also the nations, need to be unified under the only Commander who can lead them to victory, namely—the Lord Jesus Christ.

The practical questions to be met are such as these: How much in the church creeds of the day can be given up as of no practical value? To what extent may we expect church people to come closer together in their religious beliefs? Differences of view there will doubtless always be, but a far greater degree of harmony is desirable and possible. How far is it possible for church people to live together harmoniously even when they do not agree on all things? We do manage to live together in a good degree of harmony when there are differences of considerable magnitude. To what extent is this possible and desirable? Is it possible to frame a basis of union that will deal with the supreme religious problems so as to lift the Church above the field of controversy, and thus bring about unity on a higher level than has yet been proposed?

Whether the churches are ready for it now or not, the time is doubtless near at hand when there will be held a great representative assembly for the purpose, not of revising some one of the existing creeds, but for the purpose of restating the great truths of the Christian religion. In any case, the Bible must be taken as the supreme standard of faith.

Pittsburg, Pa. R. C. Wylie.

This War Pressure of Us into Loving Union Cannot but Have Considerable Effect in Winning Us to Ways of Religious Unity, writes Bishop Daniel S. Tuttle (Protestant Episcopal).

THE fervent fire of pure patriotism is warming and welding into unity the hearts of all our people. We are not of the North or of the South, we are not of the East or of the West; we are not of the rich or of the poor; we are not of the learned or of the ignorant; we are not of the native or of the adopted—*but we are Americans,* simply, unitedly, devotedly.

This war pressure of us into loving union cannot but have considerable effect in winning us to ways of religious unity. Let the churches of all kinds and names heed and welcome and improve this winningness.

St. Louis, Mo. Daniel S. Tuttle
Bishop of Missouri

Our Protestant Churches May Find a Condition Confronting Them Which Would Compel Submergence of Differences, writes President Wilbert W. White, of Bible Teachers' Training College.

YOUR question, "What should the Churches of Protestant America do to meet the situation?" has reached me here at Camp Logan. I am speaking to secretaries (Y. M. C. A.) of different denominations in the daytime, and to soldiers of different denominations in the evenings. As I have been teaching the Bible in all sorts of international classes and assemblies at home and abroad for twenty-eight years without the suggestion of difficulty in so doing, but rather with every encouragement, you may well imagine where I stand.

Riding with a minister recently, who represents one of the more exclusive denominations, I was asked my denomination. I told him that I am not much of an ecclesiastic, that I can be satisfied with nothing short of the fellowship of all lovers of our Divine Lord and Redeemer. I find myself at home—perfectly at home—with any one, whatever his denominational affiliation, who manifests a vital relationship with God, through Jesus Christ his Son, our Lord.

For years I have considered it nothing less than a crime for the people of God to lag so far behind in efficiency and economy in Christian work. As I read your letter, I turned to the fly-leaf of my Bible and found the following, uttered by the Bishop of Ely, which, with its implications, I heartily endorse: "Would it not be a piece of vain and ignoble hypocrisy if Churchmen and Nonconformists united—as indeed they do unite—to celebrate this commemoration of the English Bible, and yet failed to unite that together they may maintain the rightful pla of the English Bible in the education of Engli children?"

In closing, may I add that it is not beyond t probable, in my judgment, that the Protesta churches may find before long a condition confronti them which, as in the case of the Allies, will comp the submergence of differences and the adopti of the policy of concerted action, in order that t cause which has cost so much and has progressed b slowly so long may be saved from utter destructio to say nothing of its pushing forward to the conque of the world in obedience to our risen Lord's cor mand.

New York City. Wilbert W. White

Rev. Dr. Sheldon (Cong.), Author of "In His Steps" Believes the Problem Can Be Solved, if t Church Is Willing.

IN response to your interesting inquiry, "Wh should the Churches of America do to meet t situation?" as to a union of Protestant force should say, first of all:

1. A spiritual revival, brought about by t pastors of all the denominations, presenting the ne to their people;

2. A systematic propaganda through pulpit a press, giving the facts of church federation, such the Christian Herald has so effectively done late

3. The enlistment of able laymen of means organize a great American Missionary College train recruits for interdenominational reconstructi of the world.

I believe all details of the coming union of d nominations can be worked out, if the pastors a boards of missions and societies really want su union. If Christ's disciples will only love one anoth enough to work together, there are no problems t difficult to solve

Topeka, Kan. Charles M. Sheldon

The Church's Opportunity Will Come in a Uni of Evangelical Forces After the War, writ Dr. David J. Burrell, of the Marble Collegia Church, New York.

THE close of the world war will present to t American churches such an effort for evangeliz tion as they have never had, and it is just here, in n judgment, that the evangelical forces can best pro their unity in Christ. However the denominatio may differ in matters of detail, they are all avowed agreed as to the importance of bringing men to t saving knowledge of Christ.

At the close of hostilities there will be millions men returning from camp and firing line who ha been forced to face the problems of the futu Here will be fallow ground for the Lord's husban men. The fields will be ripe for the harvest. Wh a glorious ingathering there would be if the church were to combine to thrust in their sickles, and wh a blessed truce in the Church there would be!

New York City. David Jas. Burrell

A Genuine Spiritual Awakening Would Sol All Our Problems Today and in the Futur writes Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, ex-Moderato Presbyterian Assembly.

THE Presbyterian Church, of which I am a membe has placed itself on record, by the vote of i last General Assembly, as standing ready to uni with other evangelical churches on a purely evange cal basis and ready to move forward as a unite body to do the work of the Master. It is to my mir a very serious question, however, as to whether t Protestant churches could ever be organically unite and it is an equally serious question as to wheth or not they should be so united; but beyond all questi there should be a federal combination, and the i terests of the churches should be so pooled as to ke

them from trespassing upon each other's territory, and make them a united power to stand against the forces of evil, and in favor of everything that would advance the Kingdom.

What the Church needs, more than anything else, in my judgment, is a gracious revival of true religion, a spiritual quickening, and power from on high. I am persuaded that when the soldiers come back they will not be concerned as to whether the Church is Methodist, Baptist, or Presbyterian, but they will be concerned as to whether or not it is a spiritual force. Beyond all question, denominational lines have fast faded out at the front, and they must not be too much in evidence here at home. We may be able to do certain parts of our work better if we continue as Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians; but if we push our denominationalism to the front, our hands will be tied and our influence crippled. If the churches would unite in days of fasting and prayer, and if evangelical ministers, irrespective of their denominations, filled with the desire to lead men to Christ, should go through this country preaching the Gospel to the crowds waiting to hear the message, there would, I am sure, be a wonderful response; Christ would be exalted, the Church in every way strengthened, the indifferent church members would be reclaimed, and the whole country would be made better.

This is the day of the Church's glorious privilege. God pity her if she should fail to embrace the opportunity! I do not believe that she will. In my travels through the country I have found ministers greatly concerned to do their best for their country and for the Kingdom, and I have found men more willing to listen to a straight-out appeal to surrender to God than I have ever known them to be in all my ministry. A genuine spiritual awakening would solve all our problems today and in the future.

New York City.

J. Wilbur Chapman

Wipe "isms" and "cisms" off the Slate and Preach the Old True Gospel as Never Before, writes Evangelist W. A. Sunday.

THE religious situation, as I view it, demands that the true Gospel be preached as never before. There can be no more of a change in the plan of salvation than there can be a new God or Christ, or a new sun or moon.

Reports from abroad and personal contact with tens of thousands of soldiers and sailors at home reveal to me that they are not clamoring for anything new in religion. They are not demanding that denominations be blotted out because Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Disciples, chum daily with each other. They did it in civil life without any such demand.

No regiment, corps, battalion or brigade loses its individuality because the men mingle daily.

One writer at the front says: "As the wave of battle sweeps on victorious and the armies carry with them the plaudits and attention of the world, behind them lie the wrecks of men. A group of men follow to gather up these bodies and dig a trench in which to bury our heroes. Almost all the bodies carry letters from a mother or a sister and almost all contain appeals for the boy to give his heart to Christ.

This does not look as though they are tired of Jesus.

A soldier boy wrote me that you couldn't find any infidelity on the firing line, and that the most read book in France is the Bible.

Let the preachers wipe the slate clean of all "isms" and "cisms" and ethical culture stuff that have been proclaimed as substitutes for the Gospel and prepare to preach Christ and him crucified when the boys come home, and they will flock to the churches like doves to their windows.

America will win this war as sure as God reigns, but she must not lose her soul in doing so by becoming materialistic, as Germany did in her half-century of preparation for the war.

Winona Lake, Ind.

W. A. Sunday

A Deeper Realization of the Leadership of Jesus Christ Alone Must Prevail, writes Dr. Francis E. Clark, Christian Endeavor's Founder and President.

I HAVE no doubt that the war will bring about great changes in the attitude of the soldiers toward religion. Some will be strengthened in their faith, others will find the old ties loosened and their faith in God and in the church waning. Undoubtedly, sectarianism will receive a severe blow, though I do not think that a wise, broad-minded and brotherly denominationalism will necessarily be injured. Certainly there will be a get-together-ness after the war, that we have not known before.

"The one great Leader" under whom we must unite "for the drive against the hosts of sin" must be Jesus Christ. It is inconceivable that it should be the Pope of Rome, the Archbishop of Canterbury, or any of our popular free church preachers. In this respect the analogy some one suggests, between Marshal Foch, as the head of the Allied forces, and the head of the new allied forces of the Church, would break down. But in the spiritual sense, the analogy is true. A deeper realization of the leadership of Jesus Christ alone must prevail. He is the only one under whom all can rally. Every denominational name must be made secondary and subservient to the name Christian, not in theory but in practice.

I hope I shall not be considered as taking an undue advantage of the opportunity kindly offered me by the editor if I remind my readers that we already have a great federation of young Christians in the Christian Endeavor Society in all lands, which embraces the young people of over one hundred denominations in a genuine working fellowship, without in any way weakening their allegiance to their own churches. The Federal Council of Churches is another most hopeful move in the right direction. Why should not such a federation be still further enlarged, and a strong bond of union thus be established among the older people of all the evangelical churches?

Boston, Mass.

Francis E. Clark

The Church's Only Course Should Be One of "Watchful Waiting," to Be Prepared for Such Actions as May Be Required, writes Bishop Greer (Episcopalian).

IT is difficult if not impossible to state what the churches of America should do to meet the situation after the war, for the reason that it is almost impossible to know what the situation will be at that time.

The only course for the Church to pursue at present is one of watchful waiting, and then to be ready to do whatever the situation, when it occurs, may require.

Synod House, New York.

David H. Greer

The Church, as the Conservator of the Nation's Spiritual Life, Must Ever Keep in Mind the Sacred Work Intrusted to It, writes W. R. Moody, Head of the Northfield Schools.

NO specific answer can be given to the question. Of course there are some people who are ready to state exactly what the Church must do after the war, and doubtless such people have always existed in similar crises of the world. We hear that the present condition is unique. That, I suppose, has been said of every great war and social upheaval since the time of Christ.

Having spent the greater part of the past six months among the soldiers, both in camps and in hospitals, I am not prepared to say that I find men very different now from what they have always been, and this has been the experience of many who have had long terms of service with the soldiers at the front. By strange coincidence, a letter was received from a British chaplain who has seen two and a half years of service with the British forces during the war, from which I quote as follows:

> I do not believe there is any revival of religion at the front. I am sure there is not. . . . The atmosphere of warfare does not make for a revival of religion. What I am convinced has happened is this: War has not changed men. It has rather made them *more what they were before*. It has intensified, rather than recreated, character; and that brings the whole matter right back to homes and churches. If men come unstained and unsullied through life in any of the war zones, it will be because of the ideals of purity, and honor, and chivalry, and faith that they learned before they went into it.

I believe this testimony will be that of many others with the same extended experience, and the lesson is clear that the Christian Church, as conservator of the spiritual life of the Nation, must ever keep in mind the sacred work intrusted to it—the preaching of the Gospel and the fostering of the spiritual life of men.

East Northfield, Mass.

W. R. Moody

The Old Hostile and Controversial Spirit Has Perished, writes Dr. C. I. Scofield (Cong.), Eminent Bible Expositor.

LET us keep the historic verities. The fraternization of Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregationalist and Episcopalian is not a new situation created by the brotherhood of arms. For fifty years those and other Protestant denominations have worked together in an ever enlarging fellowship. The two great expressions of that fellowship in the Young Men's Christian Association and the Red Cross antedate the war. In the trenches today not one in ten thousand of our Christian heroes ever heard a sectarian sermon. The old hostile and controversial spirit has perished.

The proposed remedy for an imaginary evil, "one great leader," is a perilous and desperate resource. The moment in which a candidate should be proposed would witness new and sharp divisions. The whole suggestion is monarchical, and not in the democratic spirit pervading the Christian message, "He that will be chief among you let him be servant of all." God has strange ways of choosing his leaders—he may still be trusted. Let us look with hope and sympathy upon any real awakening which may come, but be assured that if an attempt is to be organized to put the Hun theology at the head of Christ's host, there will be music by the band.

Aschuelot, N. H.

C. I. Scofield

Our Soldiers Will Come Back From the War, Lured by the Church as They Knew It in Their Yesterdays, writes Bishop Quayle (Methodist).

MY own observation of the mood of mind of the American people and of the American soldier would lead me to believe that, instead of the soldiers coming back to America after the war universalized in regard to religious affairs, they will come back lured by the Church as they knew it in their yesterdays.

I do not see the signs which would indicate that there should be a Holy Protestant Church, fashioned after the likeness of the Holy Catholic Church. My judgment is that these matters are a little inclined to be hysterical at the present time, and are not as serious and important as some folks seem to think.

There should be no scuffling amongst churches, but there is need to be a hobnobbing of all churches.

Men will be men after the war, as before the war, and home things will look pretty good to the soldier who has not seen home for a long time, and to go to his own church and sit in citizen's clothes with his own folks will be a merrymaking to him like the conversation of angels.

Chicago, Ill.

William A. Quayle

The Way is Prepared for a New Alignment of America's Protestant Forces, writes Rev. Everett C. Herrick, First Baptist Church, Fall River, Mass.

AFTER serving for two months and a half as a camp pastor and a Y. M. C. A. secretary at the same time, I have come to have a strong faith in the spiritual power of a united and cooperating Protestantism.

The question is asked, "What shall the churches do?" Most certainly they should seek to *do*, and not simply to *discuss*. If conventions, addresses and resolutions could have brought the Kingdom of Heaven, it would have come long ago.

This world-shaking war and the great work of the Y. M. C. A. have prepared the way for a new alignment of the Protestant forces of America. It is not so much one name, as one aim, that we need. After what I have seen in the camps and what I have heard from those that have been across, I am praying that God will give us some kind of authoritative leadership. I believe that for the most part the churches will be ready to follow. We do not need to surrender any of the things that are sacred to us as denominations, but simply to get together with a common program and leadership.

There is a sectarian press that needs to be muzzled and there are some denominational leaders who need reconstruction. We all need arousing to the fact that the world can never be the same as it was before 1914, and that the time has come for the Colonies of Protestantism to become a Federated Republic in the Kingdom of God.

Camp Merritt, N. J.

Everett C. Herrick

The Bible Still the Authoritative Word of God—Stand by It with Conviction, writes Rev. Dr. Haldeman, First Baptist Church, New York.

IN response to the question you recently addressed to me, I would say: If the Bible was the authoritative Word of God before the war, it must be the authoritative Word of God after the war. Men may change, God's Word cannot. Let the preachers preach the Bible as it is to men. Let them be sure to give them what it says and give it to them as "thus saith the Lord," stand by it with conviction that it is a "thus saith the Lord," and let the consequences take care of themselves. God will take care of his own truth.

Pine Hill, N. Y.

I. M. Haldeman

Liberty Loan Goes Over the Top

HANDICAPPED by spreading influenza and harried by conflicting currents of peace talk emanating from Teutonic capitals, the Fourth Liberty Loan seemed, at the beginning of the third week of the campaign, to be threatened with failure. But America has never feared great endeavors, has never been dismayed by great difficulties. Whether it was Manila Bay, St. Mihiel or the greatest National Loan in the history of the world, the American spirit has always carried us on to victory.

The last day of the campaign opened with five-sixths of the loan covered and a full billion to raise. In countless communities, the loan committees made it a day; house-to-house canvasses were repeated, street corners sprouted bond booths, traffic cops blocked traffic to speed the loan, mass meetings stirred those to do more who thought they had done all they could, and banks set aside the ordinary business of commerce for the extraordinary business of Liberty. From early morning until midnight, in an ever-increasing stream, the subscriptions poured in. On Saturday morning, only the St. Louis district had its quota officially raised. Minneapolis, unofficially over the top for several days, was not yet able to count the actual subscriptions, but was drawing close; Boston, fighting the worst and most widespread epidemic of influenza, was still third in the race, and Dallas, fighting business stagnation due to drouth, was fourth, the New York district had $800,000,000 to get to reach its quota and Atlanta was making a brave fight, with only 51 3–10 per cent. in hand. All the cities were having a hard pull, but all were pulling with every ounce of steam in their greatly multiplied army of bond sellers. Thus the day began and thus its hours passed, and at midnight the Treasury Department was able to report that it had satisfactory assurances that every district had reached its quota, while oversubscriptions would run well above $500,000,000. Cuba, with a quota of $6,000,000, took $10,000,000 in bonds.

To make this victory possible more than 25,000,000 people, men, women and children, had entered the lists of bond buyers. The Third Liberty Loan, for $3,000,000,000, found 17,000,000 buyers who overbought it $1,176,000,000, while 10,000,000 people oversubscribed the $3,000,000,000 of the Second Loan by $1,617,000,000, of which $808,000,000 was issued.

The Minute Men of 1918 have fired another shot that will be heard round the world and that will echo and reverberate in Berlin and Vienna.

Text of Germany's Reply to President Wilson

London, Oct. 21.

The text of the German note in reply to President Wilson, as received by wireless, is as follows:

In accepting the proposal for an evacuation of occupied territory the German Government has started from the assumption that the procedure of this evacuation and of the conditions of an armistice should be left to the judgment of the military advisers and that the actual standard of power on both sides in the field was to form the basis for arrangements safeguarding and guaranteeing this standard.

The German Government suggests to the President that an opportunity should be brought about for fixing the details. It trusts that the President of the United States will approve of no demand which would be irreconcilable with the honor of the German people and with opening a way to a peace of justice.

The German Government protests against the reproach of illegal and inhumane actions made against the German land and sea forces and thereby against the German people. For the covering of a retreat, destructions will always be necessary, and they are carried out in so far as is permitted by international law. The German troops are under the most strict instruction to spare private property and to exercise care for the population to the best of their ability. Where transgressions occur in spite of these instructions the guilty are being punished.

The German Government further denies that the German Navy in sinking ships has ever purposely destroyed lifeboats with their passengers. The German Government proposes with regard to all those charges that the facts be cleared up by neutral commissions.

In order to avoid anything that might hamper the work of peace, the German Government has caused orders to be dispatched to all submarine commanders, precluding the torpedoing of passenger ships, without, however, for technical reasons, being able to guarantee that these orders will reach every single submarine at sea before its return.

As a fundamental condition for peace the President prescribes the destruction of every arbitrary power that can separately, secretly, and of its own single choice disturb the peace of the world. To this the German Government replies:

Hitherto the representation of the people in the German Empire has not been endowed with an influence on the formation of the Government.

The Constitution did not provide for a concurrence of representation of the people in decisions of peace and war. These conditions have just now undergone a fundamental change. A new Government has been formed in complete accordance with the wishes (principle?) of the representation of the people, based on equal, universal, secret, direct franchise.

The leaders of the great parties of the Reichstag are members of this Government. In the future no Government can take or continue in office without possessing the confidence of a majority of the Reichstag.

The responsibility of the Chancellor of the empire to the representation of the people is being legally developed and safeguarded. The first act of the new Government has been to lay before the Reichstag a bill to alter the Constitution of the Empire so that the consent of the representation of the people is required for decisions on war and peace.

The permanence of the new system is, however, guaranteed not only by constitutional safeguards, but also by the unshakable determination of the German people, whose vast majority stands behind these reforms and demands their energetic continuance.

The question of the President—with whom he and the Governments associated against Germany are dealing—is therefore answered in a clear, unequivocal manner by the statement that the offer of peace and an armistice has come from a Government which is free from any arbitrary and irresponsible influence, is supported by the approval of an overwhelming majority of the German people. **SOLF.**

A Week in the World's News

PRESIDENT REPLIES TO AUSTRIA. President Wilson, on October 19, sent to Austria the separate reply promised in his note to Berlin. The first paragraph of the note is as follows:

"The President deems it his duty to say to the Austro-Hungarian Government that he cannot entertain the present suggestions of that government because of certain events of utmost importance which, occurring since the delivery of his address of the 8th of January last, have necessarily altered the attitude and responsibility of the Government of the United States."

The note then explained that the previous demand for autonomy for Austria's subject peoples no longer covered the situation, since the United States had recognized the Czecho-Slovak National Council as a de facto belligerent government and had also recognized the Jugo-Slavs.

The note closed:

"The President is therefore no longer at liberty to accept a mere 'autonomy' of these peoples as a basis of peace, but is obliged to insist that they and not he shall be the judges of what action on the part of the Austro-Hungarian Government will satisfy their aspirations and their conception of their rights and destiny."

INFLUENZA UNDER CONTROL. On October 18, although the influenza had become epidemic in practically every State of the Union, and churches, schools, movie shows and all public gatherings were closed or suspended over most of the country, the health authorities felt that the disease was under control. The army camps, which had been hardest hit of all, on that date reported a marked decrease in new cases, both of influenza and the attendant pneumonia. The total of cases in the camps, from the beginning of the epidemic to October 18, was 279,945 cases of influenza, 42,675 of pneumonia, with 13,681 deaths. New York and Philadelphia, both of which had been hard hit, were beginning to gain control on October 20, although deaths from both diseases were still around 700 daily in New York.

GERMANY'S LATEST NOTE. Germany's reply to President Wilson's note of October 14 was received by wireless on October 21 and is printed in full on this page. Coming just as we were going to press it is impossible to forecast the possible action of the Allied governments. Such newspaper comment as is available indicates that the note is variously felt to indicate that Berlin is not ready to admit defeat yet; that the note marks a certain degree of progress toward unconditional surrender. Many papers consider it hypocritical, while others look upon it as a sincere attempt to avert disaster on the fighting front as well as on the home front, there having been mutterings of Bolshevism and the German ruling powers apparently fearing the occurrence in Berlin of something like the commune which marked the birth throes of Liberty in France. There was no indication coming from any of the Allied capitals of the attitudes of the governments toward this latest note. The correspondents transmitted the impression that the only reply that could be made to Germany would be to "see Foch next."

FRANCE FLOATS LIBERATION LOAN. On October 20 France offered for sale bonds of her newest loan. Through an avenue lined with 1500 captured cannon, a parade of Allied soldiers, led by American troops, marched to the enthusiastic acclaim of thousands of happy French people. Though it was pouring rain Paris made it a fête day, the first since the war began. A subscription booth was opened inside the pedestal of the monument to Lille in the Place de la Concorde. In the midst of an enthusiastic meeting a white-haired man forced his way toward the stand. He proved to be the Mayor of Lille. Asked to make a short speech, he said: "For four years we asked one day after another, 'Shall it be tomorrow?' The morrow came Thursday." The Mayor of Rheims met the Mayor of liberated Lille with the greeting, "We have both suffered for France."

PACKERS NOT GUILTY. The Federal Trade Commission, which early in the summer startled the country by making public widespread charges against the great packing interests, more especially against Wilson & Co. of Chicago in which they were accused of attempting to sell to the army and navy meat unfit for food, on October 15 completed its formal inquiry into its own charges and announced that not one had been substantiated by the evidence. Rejections, of which much was made in the charges, proved to have been due to rigid army and navy regulations rather than to inherent unfitness in the goods offered for sale.

SIX BILLION FOR THE ARMY. The House of Representatives on October 18 passed the military deficiency bill carrying appropriations of six billion of dollars, of which the navy was to spend $107,217,000 and the War Risk Insurance Bureau $70,000,000. The bill was designed to supply deficiencies in appropriations arising since the passage of the regular supply bills. Part of the new requirements was caused by the expansion of the plan for the army abroad. The new plans contemplate a total force of 4,850,000 men of whom 3,600,000 would be in France and the balance at home. It was announced on October 18 that the Yanks in France, Russia and Italy numbered more than 1,900,000 and that America had in France 8,390 trained airmen with 6,210 others ready to sail. The plans contemplate the training of 30,000 airmen and the formation of 450 squadrons.

BOHEMIA IS FREE. On October 18 the Czecho-Slovak National Council in Paris issued a declaration of independence from Austria in which the duplicity of the Hapsburgs for 300 years was reviewed, and Bohemia's right to self-government declared. At the same time, as a culmination of a general strike the Czechs seized the capital of Bohemia and the Czech flag once more waved over the Hradschin Castle in Prague, while Czech money was placed in circulation. Austrian authorities appear to have regained control by the next day. The Czech army in the Ural and European Russia having given up Samara on the Volga, was reported, on October 15, as about to withdraw into Siberia until Spring because of difficulty in maintaining communications. This army has several times recently been reported short of ammunition yet on October 19 it was reported to have administered a severe defeat on the Bolsheviki near Ekaterinburg, killing 1000, taking three armored trains and some guns.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. Copenhagen dispatches of October 16 reported that the German Federal Council had accepted a proposed amendment to the constitution of the Empire which provides that "The consent of the Federal Council and Reichstag is required for a declaration of war in the Empire's name, except in a case where Imperial territory has already been invaded or its coasts attacked." . . . The fast approaching eclipse of the German army has emboldened the Danes to raise the question of the return of Schleswig and

Continued on page 1226

The Puritan and the Cavalier

BOTH gave their best to the making of America. Both are represented strongly in the nation of today. The sons of both are in the army. Yet one organization ministers to both with equal tact and uniform success. You will read the story next week.

Albania is a land of mystery to most of us. Today, after being once more a battle-ground, Albania is again free. In two weeks William Willis Howard, the one American who knows Albania best, will tell us the story of this ancient people, its one-time glory, its indomitable spirit and its present needs and aspirations.

Next week Dr. Jowett brings his monthly message in which he raises the scriptural measure beside the stature of True Greatness.

Next week also, on the first cover, the beautiful temple in the valley of Jehoshaphat, which marks the resting-place of the Apostle James.

This week, if your paper is late, don't blame the publisher.

"GREEN GROCERS" ...and Some of Another Color.

by W. Livingston Larned

THE conversation really started when the tall, thin gentleman by the window made this remark:

"You can say what you please, but recers, as a class, are unprogressive. t's very difficult to help them, for they 'en't help themselves."

There were four of us, and we sat i the day coach of a short line train. I am frank to admit that I was the nprefessional member of the group. 'he tall, thin personage happened to e an Advertising Agency represen- ative. The stoutish party was a 'Travelin' Man," and the good- atured, smiling chap, who wore a iberty Bond button done in gold, was i charge of a tracter show exhibit.

I had started the ball rolling. We ere bustling through a picturesque illage and suddenly came to a full ep on the main street. Just across om the tracks stood a ountry grocery store. t was a one-story affair f rather primitive ap- earance, and the small ew window bore no emblance of artistic at- ention. A big black at lay asleep on a pile of real boxes.

WHEN I think of grocery stores," ventured, "I always e back to the one emory of such things hat lingers—the grocery tore run by good old Ir. Hobbs in 'Little ord Fauntleroy.' That grocery over onder makes me think of it."

"I never waste any sympathy on nese country grocers," said the Adver- sing Man, "and I'll tell you why. We have a number of accounts that nd outlet through tho grocery trade. s a class, grocers are unprogressive. look at that window—full of dust, pider-webs, dirty packages, and a cat! 'et the chances are that the proprietor as a dozen beautiful colored litho- raph window displays under his ounter at this very moment."

"The average country grocery store sn't very neat," admitted the Tractor Expert.

"No use attempting to argue it ut with them," put in the Adver- sing Man; "the divine spark is miss- ng."

"I can't believe that the margin of rofit—now, particularly—permits of uch missionary work," I suggested.

The Traveling Salesman, who had een silent up to this moment, launched imself into the conversation.

"I'm mighty glad to hear you defend he grocer," said he. "In any event, here are three classes of groceries—ot counting the chain-store variety. 'hey can't be judged alike. That little hop across there," pointing through the indow, "is Class Number One—tho ross-roads, country town grocery; the ne that hasn't grown up; never will; ever can. I think it would surpriso ou to know the struggle those stores ave. They are on the frontiers of ivilization. They have a limited erritory to draw from. Let's consider hat ramshackle yonder. I can tell ou something about Peter Rodney, 'ho runs that particular grocery. happen to know him."

"Go ahead!" snapped the Advertising Man.

The shelves are a thing of interest and beauty

"THERE'S not much romance in the place," resumed the Traveling Salesman; "just herse sense and hard work and the exigencies of the game. Peter Rodney's grocery is going through an inevitable transition. He belongs to the old régime. Twenty years ago, Rodney ran a smart grocery. It was an extremely popular store. The town wasn't built up as it is today, but people drove over from other parts. Men and materials wear out. That's the idea I want to get over. He has had one helper all through the years—the business wouldn't stand more. In the meanwhile, five streets down, large money interests have put in a very large and a very pretentious grocery—for a place as small as this. There are two progressive little spot-cash places. Sixteen hundred grocery mail order catalogues go through the post office here every third month. Every other family has its own War Garden. And this has crumbled up our old friend Rodney."

"Tell me this," broke in the Advertising Man; "isn't it true that this man Rodney could keep pace with the times if he wanted to?"

"Come, come!" answered the Tractor Expert, who could not resist the temptation to butt in; "you must take into consideration that men who carry on this line are not essentially business types—not analysts. They do the best they can with what they have."

The Traveling Salesman nodded.

"The grocery game is one of the most difficult," said he, "and I mean that. A man works harder in it for his profit than almost any other trade. It's constant grind and constant fighting. Credit is almost necessary, and people somehow treat grocers as they do dentists and doctors—pay them last.

"GO in a grocery some morning . . . one of about THAT size. Not more than two people are making sales. Orders are always fussy little items. There is much weighing and measuring and computing. A grocer's day is the shortest day on the calendar. Night comes a few minutes after he has opened his doors. He hasn't the time to do all these fine progressive stunts others plan for him.

"If twenty manufacturers send twenty shipments of booklets or leaflets for free distribution, it's one man's job to keep them going. Yet someone invents a counter-stand with a patent pocket. And the grocer is supposed to see that booklets are kept in that pocket. Along comes a window cutout that is as complicated to set up as a Chinese puzzle. The fellow who invented it can't fit it together outside of an hour. I am amazed at the amount of time-consuming material that is distributed to grocers.

"There are more mortalities in the grocery business than in hundreds of others. That's because it is an exacting business.

"Now let's look on the brighter side—the optimistic side. Your modern grocer, even in a small village, is being greatly assisted by both the manufacturer and his advertising and advertising agency. You advertising fellows are doing more good than you would indicate by your recent remarks, but you are at your best when you are intensely practical—and uninvolved. War has temporarily inconvenienced tho package goods; there are restrictions in the matter of sizes, and all that, which peace will bring back to the old wise status. Advertising is growing to be the mainstay of the grocer. It creates a steady and sure demand for easily handled lines. It creates hosts of friends who settle upon one grade and one trade-marked brand—and stick to them.

"Advertising departments take it upon themselves now, more than ever, to call on the grocer and to arrange displays for him. They realize he is a busy man. They set up the windows and canvass the town and even arrange their own newspaper and pamphlet campaigns. If the grocer is entirely and whole-heartedly receptive to this proffered assistance, he is sure to profit.

"This new generation of grocers is learning, among other things, that there is psychology to salesmanship. Women grow to depend upon a grocer and his constructive advice. They consult him. Business is becoming a problem of making friends. It's all a mistake, this established conviction that all grocers are dull and stupid and unprogressive. Take the rank and file of them, and you will find neater stores, greater efficiency, a higher order of arrangement and stock selection. Your modern grocery store is really a delightful shop to visit. It looks good, smells good. The shelves are a constant treat to the eye and to the senses.

"Nor has the 'chain store,' with its tremendous momentum, financial backing and unique system of economic production, secured a monopoly. It has been my experience that purchasers prefer the smaller groceries.

"CERTAIN things can't be done. I know a country grocer on a cross-roads. He was reared in the community, and everybody knows him. I dropped off at his place one day last week. It shocked me to see the change—an air of desolation and discouragement. Very little in stock. But you could read the handwriting on the wall. It was as plain as day. That grocer was unwilling to live in the present. He still sold bulk goods as he did twenty years before. People, in the meanwhile, through the medium of magazines and even local newspapers, had learned to ask for certain lines. They know the latest of this or that. If a new breakfast cereal is put on the market, they want it . . . and they ask for it . . . and they keep going and asking till they get it.

The poor grocer is hustling from morn till night

"That grocery was dying for lack of nourishment—the kind of nourishment that advertising brings. It never kept anything the people asked for, and they did not want what was left. As for the future of the grocery business, now that there is a certain, definite promise of peace and a progressive resumption of 'on-the-job-as-usual,' there is no finer line. Americans eat well. They insist upon quality. Even the workingman's table is spread with good things. We are willing to sacrifice much, but nutriment, never. In six months from now, competition will be very keen and times good. Mr. Advertising Man, you will help in all this, you have been helping."

The train was speeding on, past miles of fine farmlands, with their glistening white silos and their handsome barns, and their acreage waiting for the new season. It was a beautiful and inspiring sight.

"It's God's country, isn't it?" tho Tractor Man reflected, as his eyes followed the horizon.

"America is just beginning to progress!" muttered the Advertising Chap; "the whole world looks to us. War has made us a nation without parallel. We are respected, loved. I think even the jealousy has disappeared. They know we are not without consideration for the lands beyond the sea."

FOR my part, I was thinking of the lonely little grocery store by the tracks and of Peter Rodney.

"You had something more to tell us of that place," I hinted. "What was it?"

The Traveling Salesman took a sheaf of paper from his pocket.

"See this?" said he. "It's an order for goods from Peter Rodney, Jr. And the lines covered are the advertised brands. The boy takes over the place next month. I visited them one day last week. Plans have already been drawn up for a three-story brick building. It will be a modern grocery with modern stock."

"But it took the new generation you spoke of to turn the trick," interrupted the Advertising Man.

"The minute the boy got in he insisted on changes," suggested the Tractor Expert. "I find it that way in my line; the boys know a good thing when they see it; they are willing to smash precedent and tradition."

"I don't like to break in on your dreams," said the Traveling Man, "but old Peter himself had the plans drawn up. He was the one who started the boy off along new lines. It was his idea, from first to last."

"That spoils the story," growled the Advertising Chap.

"Can't help it," was the response; "it's true. And that's why I say it's a mistake to judge these old fellows too hastily. Did you ever stop to think that tearing up a store is almost equivalent to asking a dear old mother to blossom out in fancy silks and satins? She might attract more attention and look younger, but we love the simple brocades of yesterday. Peter's store knew him as a boy. He knew every syrup-stain on the floor—every spider that spun a web. And that big black cat is a member of the family. It keeps the store clear of rats and mice. You can't catch a grocery-store rat in a trap—they are too wise. It takes a cat—and a black one—to get 'em."

"Still," observed the Advertising Man, "business failure forced the old man to make the change."

"Perhaps," continued the other. "I wish I had Peter's money. He owns a farm of eleven hundred acres and is a director in the local bank. Both of his daughters are in France right now, doing Red Cross work—they were educated at Vassar."

No one said a word for a moment or so.

Finally the Advertising Man ventured a question.

"Tell me," he exclaimed, "how is it you know so much about this subject. You talk as if you knew every grocer in every town in this section."

"I do," was the reply. "I'm a salesman for a grocery house, and I have been covering the territory for the past twenty years. That's my line."

All the World

By CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "In His Steps," "His Brother's Keeper," "Jesus Is Here," etc., etc.

A Story Having for Its Theme the Reconstruction Period After the Great War

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CHAPTER ONE

AMOS THATCHER, the old photographer of Bradford, was honestly perplexed on that memorable day when the town decked itself out in all the flags and bunting and welcome banners it could buy, borrow or secure, when the boys came home and the whole town turned out to greet them.

There are certain events in the history of towns as in that of individuals which are epochal and deserve to be so treated. Such an event had come to Bradford. When Ambulance Company 241 had entrained for its camp, there had been no banners, no bunting, no brass band, no decorated streets and office buildings. The boys had gone away in rather a quiet fashion. Fathers and mothers, sisters and sweethearts, had come down to the train and there had been abundant leave-taking after a fashion, but nothing exuberant or demonstrative. When the train finally pulled out there was a cheer and some waving handkerchiefs and hats, and hands reached up to the windows out of which the boys were leaning, and bundles and baskets of fruit and candy and lunches were caught at by smiling-faced lads, and the crowd had lingered around the station until the train was out of sight. And then it had scattered very quietly and soberly, and eyes that had bravely and steadily looked into other eyes undimmed, now filled, and the step faltered in anticipatory thought of the unknown future for Ambulance Company Number 241.

Men and women crowded up on the steps of the coaches while the boys inside yelled to get out

BUT the home-coming! Ah! That was a different story. Bradford put on all its holiday and convention clothes. It spread its colors lavishly to the breeze. There was not a store, an office, a house, or even a barn, without its token of welcome. Main Street was a fluttering rainbow. The little depot which had not been painted for a good many months was almost covered up with the colors of the sky, the sunrise and the starlight.

And the tragedy of it all to Amos Thatcher was the plain fact that he could not be everywhere at once to get all the views he wanted. There was the Main Street and the post office and the court house and Dr. Grant's home (Grant was the company's captain, and he was coming back with decorations pinned on him by Clémenceau himself). And there was the depot and the incoming train, and the churches, and the G. A. R. and the mayor and city officials, and the fire department, and the procession which had formed and was even now extended all the way from the depot to the post office.

To be sure, there were two other photographers in Bradford, but they were women, and Amos secretly sniffed at them and their outfit as altogether impossible and inadequate for the great occasion.

He had flitted nervously all over town that morning, getting snapshots of nearly everything, but had finally come down to the depot to catch the boys at the exciting moment of their arrival.

He planted his camera up against the end of the depot, put his black box with its plates down by it, and in turning around as he rose, he knocked the hat off a man in the crowd.

"WHY don't you"—Amos started to complain irritably, and then almost with comical rapidity his own hat came off and he dived down after the other man's.

"Dr. Ward! I beg your pardon! All my fault! Here!"

He picked up the hat and handed it to the man, who took it with a smile that seemed to irradiate the atmosphere in a circle like a personal halo.

"It's all right! All right, Thatcher! I got in your way."

Amos Thatcher looked at Dr. Ward wistfully.

"That's fiction, doctor. But we understand you. Tell you what! While we're waiting, give me a group! You and Mrs. Ward and Esther. Where's Mary?"

"Down at the other end of the platform," said the doctor. "But I—"

"Don't refuse me, doctor. Think of it! Here I have loaded down with hydroquinone, and sulphite of soda, and carbonate and bromide of potassium, and pyro at six dollars a pound, and hypo, and alum, and acetic acid at a dollar and a quarter a gallon, and metol at one hundred dollars a pound. Think of that, doctor; and it used to be five dollars! And just think of the pictures going to waste here today!" And Amos groaned as his eye took in the wealth of impossible chances on this day of Bradford's great celebration.

"You don't mind just this once, do you, doctor?" Amos pleaded. "You have never given me a good chance at you, and here is Richard coming home with the Croix de Guerre and all that and I want Mary in it too."

DR. WARD smiled again, and returned Amos' pleading look with one that meant a yieldin affirmation.

"Mary is at the other end of the platform with the res of the high school. But—oh, well, come, Sarah, Esther It is one day out of a lifetime. Give Amos his chance.

"Out here!" cried Amos, eagerly pushing throug the crowd to a sunny spot outside the circle aroun the depot.

And the crowd turned with real interest and amuse ment at the sight of Dr. Ward, his wife and their oldest daughter forming a group for Thatcher.

For in all the his tory of Bradford s far no one had eve known Dr. Ward to hav his picture taken, far les to stand for a group wit his wife and daughter.

SO the crowd was at a high ter sion of excitement as it viewe the unusual sight with almost a much interest as Amos himself, wh when he had succeeded in posin the doctor and Mrs. Ward and Esthe as he wanted them, turned about to find ever person at that end of the little depot standin in a half circle, as if they were a real audience a a real show.

Amos grinned at the sight, but turned hi back on the crowd to give the doctor a directio "I can't get a good picture with your hat or doctor. You will take it off, won't you? Jus a little farther in, Miss Esther. There! That better. Mrs. Ward, if you please, a trifle back just a trifle. Thank you."

Amos held up his hand, adjusted the cloth put his head under it, and at that precise momen an engine whistle blew! They're coming! They're coming!

The whole crowd surged down the track. Dr Ward, dragged by Esther and Mrs. Ward, followed and Amos emerged from the black cloth to find hi picture slipping into the shouting, hurrahing mass o Bradford's best citizens in that moment of real life

Amos threw up his hands. Then he grabbed all th implements of his profession he could hold and fol lowed the crowd to get whatever he could as h groaned over the marvelous pictures and group going to waste on every side.

AND truly no picture or series of pictures could d justice to the home-coming of Ambulance Com pany 241. The people ran out in front of the engin and surrounded the train on all sides. Old Jim Wil son, the engineer, pulled up and stopped before h was within a hundred feet of the depot platform an climbed down out of his cab and joined the welcomin mob. There were so many scenes that an army o photographers, to say nothing of one Amos Thatcher could not have got them. Men and women were cry ing and laughing and shouting and calling out th names of sons and brothers and husbands and lovers crowding up on the steps of the coaches, trying t swarm into them, while the boys inside yelled to ge out and Jim Wilson stood helpless by the side of hi engine, wiping the tears off his cheeks with an oily rag and swearing under his choking breath that he would be another day late getting into Bayview, next statio to Bradford.

But when the boys finally succeeded in getting ou of the coaches and out of the arms of their respectiv fathers, mothers, wives, sisters and lovers, the com pany formed for its place in the procession; fo

Bradford was not going to be cheated of that pro-
ession, which it had projected in its imagination
lmost from the very day when Ambulance Company
41 had left for its training camp.

The company would much rather have gone
traight home without any fuss, but it good-naturedly
nderstood the situation and with more or less simu-
ated protest consented to be lionized.

They formed up in the place assigned by the mar-
hal of the day, right behind the band, composed of
igh school students, boys and girls, proud of the
onor, and waltzing with excitement. The lines of
itizens up the street through which the procession
as to pass had fallen into the middle of the road in
eir eagerness to see the company, and were wonder-
ng at the delay, as all people at all processions always
onder.

But the delay was excusable, for it was caused by
e one company ambulance which Number 241 had
een permitted to bring home as a trophy.

This ambulance had a history, and all Bradford had
ore or less knowledge of it. But the thing itself
as what Bradford wanted to see almost as much as
e boys themselves. Bradford was proud of its two
nnon in the courthouse square at the base of the
oldiers' Monument, cannon of an obsolete pattern
ptured by the Boys of '61. But the younger genera-
on knew nothing of their history, and only an oc-
sional veteran would stop as he slowly crossed the
uare and lay his trembling hand on the cold lip of
e cannon's mouth, and linger a moment, memory
aveling back over the fifty years.

BUT the ambulance of Company 241 represented a new type of war, with new and strange weapons
nd appliances that even high school boys and girls
nderstood, and when, after considerable delay, the
ell-shattered car was brought out and cranked up,
l Bradford within seeing distance of it sent up a
eer that was heard beyond the postoffice and broke
o the line of waiting delegations in the procession.
he people who had been waiting impatiently there,
ostly the older men and women who were not related
o the company, broke from their places and surged
own the street to the depot, and the marshal of the
ay, old Judge Grayson, in vain tried to reform the
aiting lines. His horse, which was almost as old as
mself, backed over the curb onto the sidewalk and
reatened to march hind-first through Deacon
handler's grocery store. The judge had not been
a horse for a good many years, and he soon found
had all he could do to reform himself, to say
othing of the impatient lines of citizens who swarmed
own to see the ambulance and followed its course up
e main street in a tumultuous, hurrahing and alto-
ther undignified manner, old men and women walk-
g and dancing in front of the car like boys and girls
a circus parade.

There was enough of the famous ambulance to go
its own power, and Richard Ward, Dr. Ward's
unger son, was at the steering-wheel, which was
inus the upper half of its circle. The whole car
as battered up enough to satisfy the pride of every
radford citizen. "It sure has been to the war all
ght," one after another said, eyes glancing now at
e boys, now at the dumb but not silent witness of
e company's share in the greatest war of the world.
he sight of that ambulance after a while acted on
e crowd in a curious way. As the procession slowly
mbed the grade of Main Street, the shouting and
citement and noise grew less and less. The car
heezed and rumbled. A great ragged rent right
rough the main body of the old covered sides re-
aled where a piece of shell had torn. It was a rent
hich the boys had tried to mend by tacking over it a
ece of folded canvas cut out in the shape of the red
oss. The top of the radiator had been shot away,
d only one wheel had all its spokes left. The frame
d been bent and twisted out of plumb, and the
hole thing wobbled over the street in a drunken
shion that required a skill born of acquaintance
th its antics to steer it so as to prevent it skidding
to the populace on one hand and backing down the
reet on the other. But as it rumbled along on that
y memorable in Bradford annals, it seemed to be a
ing of majestic and heroic build, its faded, rusted,
isshapen form telling of the grim struggle "over
ere." The mud of France was still clinging to the
es, and what was once the lifeblood of human beings
ained the seats and floor and even the sides of the
lls within. No wonder if Bradford, by the time
e company had come as far as the courthouse
uare, was quieter, almost as if it had begun to catch
e real meaning of the story which the old ambu-
nce had not only seen but made. For this is the
ory of the ambulance of Company 241, as told by
rchie Nelson that night to a crowd in the National
otel lobby, after the reception was over and most of
e boys had gone home to their own folks. Nelson
as a lone sheep and had no relatives in Bradford and
as staying in the hotel that night.

AT the request of the crowd, most of whom had heard the story before, but not at first hand,
rchie gave the details, the crowd standing and sitting
ound in a rapt silence which embarrassed Archie,
he said he was not used to saying anything unless
had to yell louder than a six-inch bomb.

"You see, we were at Belleau Wood, over the ridge
st of Bouresches, Dick and Bert Chaudler and two
three others——"

"You were there, weren't you?" a voice interrupted, the only interruption Archie noticed.

"Well, of course; I'm telling the thing as an eye-witness would tell it," Archie acknowledged as he continued; "and it was pouring rain to beat Flanders, and that is pouring some. My hair is wet yet from Flanders. Well, we had driven the old car down the ridge, where we picked up three fellows and were giving them first aid when a bunch of Boches jumped out of a clump of trees and began throwiug hand grenades. We picked up the men we had been working over, loaded them into the car, and Diek started her up the ridge, chug, chug, chug, through the mud and over the holes, while Bert and I leaned up against the back end of the establishment so the fellows inside wouldn't slide out, and to give the old engine a heart, for she was beginning to have palpitation and compound fractures. Well, we were within twenty feet of the top of the ridge, when a machine gun in the woods let loose on our right, and the first volley took the half of Dick's steering-wheel right off and also the best part of his right hand. He weut on steering with his left and all that was left of the wheel, when a grenade took the top of the hood off and clipped several spokes out of the off front tire. And at that minute the old engine went dead on us, just as a company of negroes broke over the crest of the ridge flinging grenades at the Boches and singing 'It's a long, long way to any breakfast.' They quit singing long enough to yell a cheer for the Red Cross, and then swarmed down the ridge into the clump where the machine gun was spitting. Bert and I leaned as hard as we could agaiust the old car, but we couldn't budge her. Then what happens but one of the fellows we had picked up aud shoved into the machine seemed to come to life. At any rate he backed out off the floor where he'd been lying, and as his feet hit the mud he said, 'Excuse me, fellows, for butting in, as I don't belong to this company and was never introduced, but there's nothin' the matter with my legs if my eyes is gone. And it strikes me your old buggy lacks pep!' He leaned up against the thing alongside of Bert and me, his face streaming with blood and rain, and if you will believe me, the old thing began to move! Not very far, for nothing less than a steam jack could have shoved her uphill through that mud, but just as she began to sag down again what does that engine do but begin to thump again, chug, chug, chug, with Dick sitting there minus one hand, working the mixer with the other, and steering with his teeth or something.

"The fellow who had slid out to push fell down when the engine started with a jolt, and Bert stepped on him accidentally, pushing him deeper into the mud. But we had leaned over to pick him up and put him back into the jinrikisha, and had just got his head up to the end of the side cot, for one of the other fellows had slid off that onto the floor, when, bang! comes a shell, and slams right through the barouche, carrying away the cot and killing one of the boys inside. But the engine kept a-going and just wheezed over the ridge as a covey of shrapnel pattered around us and got Bert in the shoulder and me in the leg. And as we began to slide downhill, we could hear the negroes yelling and singing, 'It's a long, long way to any breakfast!' as they charged over the machine gun and captured the whole bunch of Boche grenade-slingers. After he got out of the hospital Dick got the Croix de Guerre, and who should get the same at the close of the next day but Private Henry Munson of the 369th Infantry, formerly of the old New York Fifteenth, a negro regiment? Munson was the first negro to get the Croix de Guerre, but a lot of them got it later. His company stood grinning in the pouring rain (it was still raining) while Munson received his honor, and when they broke ranks they were singing 'It's a long, long way to any breakfast, but we's gwine to git some now!' And you can be sure they did get some, the first bite, though, they had had for fourteen hours.

"Oh yes, and I forgot to say that the fellow who had lost his eyes but not his legs, and who helped push the buggy up that ridge, was a marine by the name of Sam Rogers. He had gone over the slope with a handful of marines just a few minutes before the 369th Infantry. Bert and I helped get him into the first base hospital, and as we laid him down he eame to and began to sing a line of the Marine Band Chorus:

'If the Army and the Navy ever gaze on heaven's scenes,
They will find the gates are guarded by United States Marines.'

We heard of Rogers before we left France. He is totally blind, but he is an expert stenographer and typewriter, with a good position in Kansas City, and one of the most jolly fellows you ever saw. He says he owes his life to Ambulauce Company 241, and I guess he does, but maybe we owe ours to the extra push he gave us over the ridge at Château-Thierry."

THE next few days at Bradford were days of excitement and much visiting and talking. The boys declared they were more exhausted at the close of each day than they had ever been on the hardest field of battle. But the home-coming was so great au event that they reveled in the lionizing, and Bradford gave several days to it. The ambulance with due ceremonies was installed as a permanent trophy on one end of the platform of the City Hall, with a neatly worded account of its adventures under a glass cover hung on oue side, and the list of its heroes on the other. It was difficult for Bradford, in making out this list, to make any special note of individual heroes, and no attempt to do so seemed practical. As time went on, however, after the excitement of the first days of the welcome had subsided a little, a few persons emerged from the group and grew more distiuct and outstanding than the rest.

Among these was Richard Ward, Dr. Ward's son, the driver who had lost his right haud at the ridge of Château-Thierry.

"Dick," as Nelson called him, and as he was known to every mau in Ambulauce Company 241, was an average American boy, one of thousands whom the Great War had developed into a grown-up, if uot serious-minded, man. The first day that Dr. Ward had an opportunity to study his son's face he was remiuded of one of John Oxenham's poems, in which a father is pictured as asking his son what he has seen "out there." Dr. Ward silently sat facing Dick, but inwardly he was going over Oxenham's verses, "Face to Face With Reality:"

"What did you see out there, my lad,
That has set that look in your eyes?
You went out a boy, you have come back a man,
With strange new depths underneath your tan;
What was it you saw out there, my lad,
That has set such deeps in your eyes?"

"Strange things, and sad, and wonderful—
Things that I scarce can tell;
I have been in the sweep of the reaper's scythe,
With God and Christ and hell.

"I have seen Christ doing Christly deeds;
I have seen the devil at play;
I have gripped to the sod in the hand of God.
I have seen the godless pray.

"I have seen the devil in petticoats
Wiling the souls of men;
I have seen great sinners do great deeds,
And turn to their sins again.

"I have sped through hells of fiery hail,
With fell red-fury shod;
I have heard the whisper of a voice,
I have looked in the face of God."

"You've a right to your deep, high look, my lad,
You have met God in the ways,
And no man looks into his face
But he feels it all his days.
You've a right to your deep, high look, my lad,
And we thank him for his grace."

THEY were sitting in Dr. Ward's little study off the library room and talking about Dick's plans for the future.

"I haven't any, Dad," Dick had answered in response to his father's direct question. "What plan have you? You see, Dad, none of us has had much time to plan for careers. We have had so many careers in the old ambulance that we don't seem to care for anything common."

"How about the university? You haven't given up the thought of college?"

"I don't know." Dick's reply was slow and hesitating. "I was half way through, you know. I don't feel much like starting in again. The old class is scattered. Some of it is in Alaska, and pieces of it in Jerusalem. And you know, Dad, I'm not like Albert. He always said he was going to graduate with a degree when the war was over, even if it lasted a hundred years. But Albert was a scholar. You know, I never was."

"Yes, your brother took to books," Dr. Ward said calmly. His gaze traveled from his living son to a picture on the top of his writing-desk, the picture of a young man in officer's uniform, with the aviation wings of silver across the breast. And by the side of the picture a framed letter.

Dick, following his father's look, seemed surprised, as if seeing something for the first time. He started up and put out his hand, his left hand, to take the framed letter, and paused to throw a questioning request at his father, who was gazing at him thoughtfully.

"Yes, read it. Your mother put it up there this morning. You haven't seen it yet. Every word in it is just like Albert."

Dick, with a reverence he would never have exhibited to any stranger, took the letter and read it standing. It had been found on the body of his brother after he had met his death in an air duel and sent to Dr. Ward by Albert's company officers:

Father of all, Helper of the free, we pray with anxious hearts for all who fight on sea and land and in the air to guard our homes and liberty. Make clear the vision of our leaders and their counsels wise.

Into thy care our ships and seamen we commend; guard them from chance-sown mines and all the dangers of this war at sea, and give them the victory. To men on watch give vigilance, to those below calm sleep.

Make strong our soldiers' hearts and brace their nerves against the bursting shrapnel and the unseen fire that lays the next man low.

In pity blind them from the sight of fallen comrades left upon the field.

O God of love and pity, have compassion on the wounded; make bearable their pain or send unconsciousness.

To surgeons and dressers give strength that knows no failing and skill that suffers not from desperate haste.

Continued on page 1220

The Promises

*A SERMON BY DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., LL.D.**

TEXT—II Peter 1 : 4. "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature."

PETER was a poor man. Time was when, as a well-to-do fisherman, he owned his boats and nets; but when Christ said "Arise and follow me" he left everything to follow him. Thenceforth he lived from hand to mouth. Did it pay? He seems, at least on one occasion, to have had his own misgivings about it; for we hear him saying, "Lord, we have left all to follow thee; and what shall we have?" The answer, however, must have satisfied him: "No man hath left anything for my sake and the Gospel's but that he shall receive an hundredfold in this world, and in the time to come life everlasting!"

Every Christian knows the meaning of this "hundredfold" here and now. Who shall measure the joy of sins forgiven, or the comfort of the everlasting arms in times of sorrow, or the spiritual ecstasy of certain brief moments in the trysting-place when "heaven comes down our souls to meet?" But they are nothing to what awaits us. For so it is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

When Joseph was in charge of the granaries of Egypt he caused the chaff to be floated down the Nile, so that sufferers from the famine in the Delta might be advised that up above there was plenty and to spare. Thus the present compensations of the Christian life are but an earnest of things better farther on. "The milk and honey," Bunyan says, "are beyond the wilderness." They are ours, to use a lawyer's phrase, "in reversion" or by promise only. It was thus that Peter, however poor in this world's goods, could nevertheless congratulate himself on being rich toward God.

It was thirty-odd years after his conversion that he wrote the "general epistle" in which our text occurs. Here, as it were, he opens up his strong-box full of promissory notes: and behold, every one of them is as good as gold or better. Were ever such "securities" as these?

TO begin with, he characterizes these promises as "exceeding great." They are so because they cover all the necessities of life from beginning to end.

They stretch backward over all the past. Here is one of these promises: "I will cleanse thee from all thine iniquity whereby thou hast sinned against me." How exceeding great that is! And there are countless others of like import. Peter was once a moral bankrupt; but when God canceled his obligations there was no "deficiency judgment" that could ever shake its finger at him. The record of the mislived past was blotted out, sunk in the depths of an unfathomable sea, cast behind God's back so that it was no more remembered against him. And the same is true of every sinner who, by accepting Christ, falls in with the overtures of the grace of God.

They cover all the present. "Who knoweth what a day may bring forth?" But what matters it? I am secured by an exceeding great promise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." Before sunset I may lose my dearest friend; but even so I shall not mourn as those that are without hope, since I am assured of a happy reunion with him. I may be confronted by some temptation so formidable as to threaten my very spiritual life; but I am promised "a way of escape out of it." I may be stricken by some mortal malady, but though the cold fingers of the King of Terrors touch my heart-strings, I will not fear, since the rod and staff of the Omnipotent shall comfort me. "Lo, I am with thee alway, even unto the end!"

They reach on through the interminable æons of the future. I have the exceeding great promise, "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." There will be no cramped-up limitations in the home of many mansions; no waiting in a long slumber till the place is made ready for us; no going alone, since Christ has promised to "come again and receive us unto himself." And after that there will be no going out again forever.

> Forever with the Lord;
> Amen, so let it be;
> Life from the dead is in that word;
> 'Tis immortality!

OBSERVE, also, these promises are characterized as "exceeding precious." Promissory notes are to be estimated at their face value. A man who recently died was reputed to be a millionaire; but his strong-box on being opened was found to contain little else but speculative mining stocks and other I. O. U.'s not worth the paper they were written on. The value of "securities" depends on three things.

First, the denomination of the note. All God's promises are for things of inestimable value. The wealth of all the millionaires on earth could not purchase the faintest glimmer of the hope of everlasting life.

Second, the responsibility of the signatory must be considered. God underwrites his own contracts and he has boundless resources wherewith to fulfil them. All the treasures that lie buried in the bosom of the everlasting hills are his. His word is buttressed by omnipotence. "The voice that rolls the world along speaks all the promises."

Third, the authenticity of the document must be taken into the reckoning. Is it properly signed and sealed? And is the signature genuine? Any bank will honor a certified check. The divine promises are all certified with a "Thus saith the Lord." More than that: he being "willing to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel hath confirmed it by an oath; that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us." (Heb. 6 : 17-18). These two immutable things are his Word which is yea and his oath which is amen; as it is written, "All the promises of God in Christ are Yea and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us" (II Cor. 1 : 20).

FURTHERMORE, Peter affirms that all these promises are through Christ. He has been congratulating his friends on their knowledge of God as revealed in his only-begotten and well-beloved Son. To know God is life eternal; but it is impossible to know God except as he has unveiled himself in Christ: "whereby," says Peter, "are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."

Therefore, if we are to make these promises ours it is necessary at the very outset to know Christ as our Saviour One of my old parishioners was accustomed to say in his prayers, "All our blessings, Lord, come swimming to us in thy blood." This is true. Without the Cross no blessings beyond the ordinary gifts of Providence would be assured to us.

And we must know Christ not only as our Saviour but as our Mediator. At his death in our behalf the veil of the Temple that hung before the Holy of Holies was rent asunder; so that by "a new and living way" we might enter in and bow before the blood-sprinkled mercy-seat. We have no assured entrance there except "in his name." We offer no effectual prayers except "for his sake." In him as our divine intercessor we have carte blanche at the throne of the heavenly grace; for so it is written: "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

And, if we would attain unto the full riches of his grace, we must know him also as "the first-born among many brethren"; that is, as our Elder Brother. There are many sons of God by adoption, but there is only one *begotten* Son. To him belong all the rights of primogeniture; but he shares his inheritance with those who believe in him. Thus "by faith we inherit the promises"; becoming "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away" (I Peter 1: 4).

AND finally we are here informed as to ultimate purpose and consummation of these promises; namely, "that by them ye might be partakers of the divine nature." Here is a great mystery. We may not be able to comprehend its full significance; but we know some things leading up to it.

We know for one thing that man was created in the divine likeness; free from sin, erect, self-respectful and "able to think God's thoughts after him."

We know that somehow we have become alienated from God. Nothing but sin could do that. And "there is no difference, for all have sinned." On every forehead is inscribed "Iehabod," "the glory hath departed."

And we know that a way has been provided in the Gospel for our return to God. The immeasurable gulf that separates between a sinner and a holy God is bridged by the Cross. "He that believeth in the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved." The middle wall is broken down by the omnipotent hand that was pierced for us. Thus we may regain our lost estate and become once more "partakers of the divine nature." This is in pursuance of that wonderful prayer of Paul, "I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge; that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

IF the foregoing facts are rightly stated, then we are bound to conclude that these exceeding great and precious promises are for Christians only. There is not one promise in the Scriptures that a non-Christian is warranted in claiming except that which assures him of salvation by faith in Christ.

If this be resented as unfair, the following fact will justify it:

First, my non-Christian friend, you have all the good things now that you are willing to accept at the hands of God. The gifts of his providence are yours. "He maketh it to rain upon the just and the unjust." You breathe his air and eat his food, possibly without the common courtesy of thanks. What do you deserve? "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. If he had, you would not be in the land of the living today.

Second, you can have all the additional blessings of his grace for the mere taking. Nothing is asked of you but an acceptance of Christ, from whom all blessings flow. Faith is merely a hand stretched out to receive what is offered without money and without price. Grace is free. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Third, you will not. You decline to accept of eternal life in Christ as a gratuity. What more can God do? What would you do in his place? He once gave manna free and plenteous as hoar-frost to the starving Jews in the wilderness, requiring only that they should gather and eat it. Suppose one had said "I refuse it on those terms; if the Lord wants me to eat manna he must force it upon me. I will sit down here and open my mouth and wait for it." Would you have fed that man?

THE Bible is a strong-box of promises. Peter was enriched by possessing it. So may you be. But surely you cannot complain if you refuse or ignore it! The Lord has said that he "will not turn aside the right of a man." You have a sovereign will by which you may cross the beneficent purposes of God. It is your right to be saved if you choose. But you have an equal right to be lost; and it is for you to say which it shall be.

At one of our military posts on the frontier an old Indian used to beg for pennies. He was a pitiable object in his ragged shawl and buckskins. One day a soldier asked him about a leather cord on his neck. He drew it forth and showed a chamois bag enclosing a bit of parchment on which was written a certificate by General Washington that, for services as a faithful guide in the Revolutionary War, he was entitled to a pension for life. He was potentially rich and had nevertheless grown old in poverty. The exchequer of the Government was his to command, up to the full measure of his need, and he had never taken advantage of it!

But what greater folly is this, to be advised of one's spiritual inheritance and still reject it? "Come now, saith the Lord, and let us reason together." What could be fairer than the offer of life for the taking? But whether it shall be taken or left is for each to say. God has done all that he can for us.

*Pastor, Marble Collegiate Church (Reformed), New York City.

When the Boughs Are Bare

WHEN the boughs are bare, and the rustling leaves
Flit over the fields where they bound the sheaves;
And the stars shine keen, and cold, and high,
Where the pale moon sails through an alien sky;
And the sun lags late in the mornings chill,
And sinks too soon in the evenings still—

Then the pulse beats strong, and the eyes shine bright,
And the hands are sure, and the feet are light,
And the quick thought leaps, and the strong will springs,
And the work is wrought with a heart that sings,
And the doing of deeds makes life seem fair—
'Tis the work-year's June, when the boughs are bare!

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

Daily Meditation

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Shadow and Substance

SUNDAY, November 3. Col. 2 : 17. "*Which are a shadow of things to come; but the body is Christ.*" In the urgent concerns of religion, how prone we are to live in the shadows and ot in the substance of things! We remain in the nsatisfying phantoms: we do not abide in reality. Ve do not pass through the shadow into the sub- tance. For, in the realm of religion, material things re the shadows. The visible and the tangible and ie transient thoroughfares lead into the glorious emple of the Unseen, the holy sanctuary of the real nd eternal. We take the bread and the wine at the acrament of the Lord's Supper, but the material mblems are only the shadows of the heavenly feast. our journeying soul tarry with these we do not ihabit reality; we are in the realm of phantoms, owever seemingly impressive the service may be. he substance is Christ, and it is only as our soul verently presses forward to the spiritual bread and ine that we pass into the august realities of the sacra- ient. And so it is with all external ministries, and ith every ecclesiastical and devotional ordinance nd institution. We must distinguish between the adow and the substance, or leanness will come into ur souls.

Indeed, in the only truly vital sense of the words, e never inhabit reality until we abide in Christ. nd yet, how we do dwell in the shadows, and how e pursue them! But when, at last, we do enter into ur Dwelling-place, there is a strange and wonderful ense of home. It is not that our quest is ended hen we make our home in the Lord; it has only just egun. We are at rest for quest; we are like mineral xplorers who have found the precious location, and ho have just sunk their shaft into the buried wealth. 'e, too, have found our Mine, and there stretch efore us the endless veins of the unsearchable riches Christ. We have discovered Reality. Everything se is a shadow—this alone is Substance. "Thou, O hrist, art all I want!" J. H. J.

The Grace of Courage

MONDAY, November 4. II Peter 1 : 5. "*Add to your faith courage.*" In every age of the orld men have set a high price on courage. At first ourage was wholly physical. The caveman wrestled ith beasts of prey. With bare hands he throttled ie lion and rent asunder the jaws of the cave bear. ges swept by, and man, having conquered the easts of the field, turned conqueror of his fellow man. e was king among his fellows who had the thickest eck, the stoutest arm, the swiftest feet. As man imbed up the steep heights of knowledge, there awned upon his mind the idea of a higher type of ourage—a courage calling for self-denial, devotion higher ends than self-preservation. We have not et reached the summit of that mountain. People in rge numbers still see no beauty in the courage that nounces one's rights. But the summit beckons s on, and we are climbing still. Courage means ore to us than it ever meant before. It is more evi- ent that tenderness may be courageous, that even eakness may be courageous by the very renunciation its own strength. A friend wrote to the father of a oung aviator who had fallen to his death from an air- lane in England, "The spirit that defied the air here ill conquer the heavens there." Certainly the irit which fights worthily the moral battles of life eserves to be immortal. If God is, and if he is just, he soul that is fit to live can not be defeated by the cident of death. God is, and he is just. Our effort s Christians must be to square our conduct and our haracter to the demands of a worthy immortality.

C. C. A.

Indifference and Division

TUESDAY, November 5. Amos 6 : 6. "*They are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph.*" Thus mos rebuked the Jews of his day for their religious ndifference. Joseph had been chief among his rethren: to him had been given a double portion of ie inheritance of his father, and his two sons, Manas- h and Ephraim, had become the ancestors of the vo most numerous tribes of the people of Israel. cripture therefore speaks of Joseph as the represen- tative of the entire race of the Jews.

In the days of Amos the Jewish nation was sadly ivided. A rival kingdom had been established by eroboam in opposition to proud and headstrong ehoboam. There was a royal palace at Jerusalem, ie ancient residence of Israel's greatest kings, David nd Solomon, and another at Samaria. Civil wars were waged between the twelve tribes, and in order to hold their own each side would enter into ungodly alliances with the pagan kings around them. The mighty nation, which in the days of David had been the terror of the heathen, and in the days of Solomon had received tribute from distant peoples, had become weak through internal strife. The heathen mocked it, and took advantage of its weakness to increase their own strength. Worse than this political division, however, was the divided condition of the church. The ten tribes which had gone with Jeroboam no longer came to worship with their brethren in the true faith at Jerusalem, but had set up their own worship, and that an idolatrous one. The great men of the nation, the kings with their counselors, the priests and scribes, made no effort to have this sad division removed. They proclaimed peace where there was no peace. They were at ease in Zion. They cried down Elijah, who rebuked them, as a disturber of Israel, and forbade Amos to prophesy again any more at Bethel, the king's chapel and court.

The affliction of Joseph still exists, not only among the political organizations of our day, but, worse than that, in the church, which has been split into many denominations and sects. The greatest power for good in the world is thus weakened. All Christians should grieve of this affliction, and labor that those who have erred from the faith may be brought back to the true teaching of God's Word.

W. H. T. D.

Sons of God

WEDNESDAY, November 6. I John 3 : 1. "*Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us, that we should be called the sons of God.*" By the new birth of the Spirit, we are made sons of God. Being sons, we are heirs to the inheritance that fadeth not away. Our Lord made this relationship possible by his death and resurrection, and the Holy Spirit makes us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light by making us partakers of the divine nature.

By creation we are God's offspring; by grace we are his children; a spiritual inheritance requires a spiritual condition to receive and enjoy it. Belonging to the brotherhood of man does not mean that we are God's spiritual children unless we have accepted the redemption provided. Heaven is a soul state of blessedness reimparted by the Divine One. This is fatherhood and sonship. We are made joint heirs with Christ to all he is and has. "My peace I give unto you." "My joy will remain in you, that your joy may be full." This is the divine legacy from the Christ, the unspeakable gift to the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. We have him in the beginning here and in the never-ending there. We are heirs to all his infinite wealth of love, wisdom and power. "In this the children of God are manifested and the children of the devil." They are as far apart as good and evil, sin and holiness. When God breathed into man the breath of life, we received the divine image, but having blurred or effaced it by sin, we are no more in harmony with the Father's family. By wicked works we have shown ourselves enemies of his kingdom, and only Jesus' blood can made us white for the inheritance. E. W. C.

Delivered from Littleness

THURSDAY, November 7. II Cor. 6 : 13. "*Be ye also enlarged.*" Nothing enlarges life so certainly as a truly intelligent spiritual faith. A man may be religious and narrow, but he would be vastly narrower without religion. What an ample soul was Jesus of Nazareth! What a many-windowed temple his spirit inhabited! His view took in all the past, all the present, and all the future. He never traveled far, but his soul was at home with all peoples. The superscription on his cross was written, as well it might have been, in three languages. The scornful Roman, the proud Greek and the bigoted Hebrew were alike his brothers. How differently his apostles came to see things after they had learned of him! He taught them to be citizens of a kingdom which includes all other kingdoms, excluding none. If any man has an exclusive religion, let him be sure he did not derive it from Christ. The fashionable church which was spoken of as exclusive suggested even to a secular journalist the question, "Whom does it exclude?" Jesus excluded from his love, and excludes now from his eternal kingdom, only those who choose to exclude themselves. Neither ignorance nor poverty excludes us from entering into the larger life of the Spirit. We are called to glory and honor and immortality. C. C. A.

Paul's Plea for Unity

FRIDAY, November 8. Eph. 4 : 1. "*I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you.*" With these words Paul introduces his admonition to unity among Christians. The apostle's social condition at the time is very suggestive. Why was he a prisoner? Could he not have avoided this misfortune? He calls himself a "prisoner of the Lord." It was for the Lord's sake that he suffered bonds. He had preached the Gospel of the forgiveness of sin for Christ's sake and the hope of the resurrection at Jerusalem. He had proclaimed Christ as the Saviour of the world, and His word as the absolute truth. A tumult had ensued in consequence of his preaching, and he had to place himself under the protection of the government for his life.

In two ways the apostle could have avoided imprisonment: either by forbearing to preach at Jerusalem, where he knew he would meet with opposition, or by hushing the differences between him and his Jewish hearers. Both courses human policy would suggest in our day in the interest of unity in the church. You can maintain a specious unity and peace with certain people, if you never touch on certain doctrines of Scripture, or certain essentials of a consistent Christian conduct, which Christ and his apostles inculcate. Again, a certain harmony can be patched up between people by what is called a compromise. Each side agrees to drop certain claims and to meet the other side half-way. The differences are allowed to stand, and each side may hold its own views about them, provided only that it does not insist on their adoption by the other side. That this was not the apostle's method for establishing or keeping unity among Christians is proven not only by his bonds and his ultimate martyrdom, but also by the charge which from his prison he sends to his readers, to "walk worthy of the profession wherewith they have been called." Unity by suppression or avoidance of the truth and unity by compromise are thus judged by the known fate of the holy confessors and martyrs of Christ. Such politic measures to effect union without real unity are worse than the bitterest warfare and the saddest division. For they amount to a practical denial of the truth, and raise God's people systematically in indifference to Scriptural teaching and living. W. H. T. D.

"The Weeping Prophet"

SATURDAY, November 9. Jer. 1 : 6. "*Then said I, ah, Lord, I cannot speak, for I am a child.*" God told Jeremiah that he had, from his birth, called him and sanctified him as a prophet to the people. Jeremiah, being but a young man, hesitated about accepting the call. The Spirit replied to him, "Be not afraid of their faces; I am with thee to deliver thee. I have touched thy lips and put my words in thy mouth, and thou shalt speak whatsoever I command thee."

Why was Jeremiah called "the weeping prophet?" Why did he write Lamentations? Was it not because of his great devotion to his countrymen, who he saw had fallen into idolatry and infidelity? He also beheld the judgments that were impending. He was compelled to become a preacher of unwelcome truths and was considered a gloomy croaker, a misanthrope, ever prophesying evil. Jeremiah was truly the prophet of a broken heart, crushed by the burdens of his people's sins. But for forty years he spoke what God gave him. Unlike Peter or Luther, he had a sensitive and a delicate, diffident nature; preferring seclusion rather than publicity, where he could weep and pray for the redemption of Israel.

Like other prophets, he did not behold the deliverance which he had hoped to see, but he built better than he knew. Great glories were on the near horizon. His sorrowful life had accomplished more than he realized. He plowed deep, he wept sore; he scattered the good seed of the kingdom broadcast, and now the golden harvest belongs to him forever. Tears are wiped from his eyes; solitary no longer, no more prisons or banishment. His rejoicing will be throughout eternity. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted; and they that hunger shall be filled." E. W. C.

Agony and bitterness,
The searing mark of tears;
Plans and dreams all unfulfilled
Through the aching years·
Weariness and broken heart,
Visions built on air—
But, through all, a soul that knelt
To the Lord in prayer!

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

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Reconstruction After the War

OUTREACHING thinkers—and they are by no means scarce—are everywhere occupied with the great problems that will demand attention when the world-war is ended. In every important line of business the situation will be materially changed. Wider markets, access to lands and peoples unreached by us heretofore, opportunities for unrestricted world-trade, new openings for capital in varied enterprises—these are among the things that in the near future will attract our business men. As a nation, we shall have leaped far ahead in a material sense. Our ships will be on every sea and in every trading port, and our activities will circle the globe. In international affairs, too, America's influence will be in the ascendant. And the Nation's spirit of justice, righteousness and fair play will make itself felt beneficently in all lands. We shall be the great creditor-nation of the globe.

So much for the material side of the situation in that new world toward which so many are looking forward—or in the "New Era," as others designate it. But while all the world is eagerly looking ahead, and bravely planning, to reconstruct the colossal ruin the war has wrought and, by its League of Nations, to assure the reasonable reign of law and security, has the Church no summons to reconstructive work in the great spiritual field to which she will soon have access? Or shall she simply be contented to cling to the methods of times past and gone?

In this issue of the Christiau Herald we begin the publication of a series of expressions from leaders in the religious field, under the title of "The Church After the War." Among the contributors are representative names in many different denominations, all of them eminent in Christian scholarship and deeply interested in the Church's progress. In this open forum they can give free expression to their views on the vital topic which is absorbing atteution throughout Christendom at the present time.

We hold that the opportunity which will be open to the Church when the war closes can be made one of the most glorious in her history. If the Church of Christ in America accepts the challenge of the "New Era" and applies to the work before her all the ability and energy and spiritual resources at command, such an impression will be made upon the spiritual life of the reconstructed world as will be worthy of this high mission. We are living in an age in which unity is the key to success. We find this illustrated in every sphere of human activity. Surely, when all around us we see this principle in application, the Church cannot afford to stand aloof when she might lead, and when by lifting up the beacon light of a great and glorious united Christianity she might help to win the nation to Christ and to advance His Kingdom throughout the world. The letters we print today deserve the earnest consideration of every thoughtful American. They will be followed by others in subsequent issues.

Enormous Food Importations

THE United States is ransacking the world for foreign foods to take the place of the void caused by the response to the demands of the Allies for our wheat, corn, meats, fish, butter, cheese and milk which we are sending to them in great quantities. Our exportations of fresh beef in the fiscal year 1918 were 370,000,000 pounds, against 6,000,000 the year before the war; of corn, 41,000,000 bushels, against 9,000,000 in 1914; of canned salmon, 111,000,000 pounds, against 88,000,000; of cheese, 44,000,000 pounds in 1918, against 2,500,000; of condensed milk, 53,000,000 pounds, against 16,000,000; of sugar, 576,000,000 pounds, against 51,000,000, and vegetables, $37,000,000 value, against $6,000,000.

As a consequence of this outflow of the foodstuffs of which our own people were in the past accustomed to utilize a large share at home, sundry food articles are being brought in increased quantities from all quarters of the world, from the reindeer herds and whaling seas of the far north to the cocoanut groves of the tropics, and from the soya bean plantations of Manchuria to the cassava plantations of South America. Tapioca, for example, produced from the root of the cassava plant grown in Latin America, Africa and the tropical Orient, has amounted, in the imports of 1918, to $5,500,000, as against $1,500,000 in 1914; eggs, dried, frozen, etc., imported chiefly from China, amounted in 1918 to 14,500,000 pounds, against 2,500,000; rice, coming chiefly from Japan, amounted to 456,000,000 pounds in 1918, against 270,000,000; beans imported in 1918 aggregated over 4,000,000 bushels, against a little over a half million in 1916, and dried peas a couple of million bushels, against 500,000 in 1915.

America the World Center

WHEN the great war is ended, whatever else may be the results, the United States will unquestionably be the world center of finauce and commerce, if not also of literature, politics and art. This is not only because Europe is being shattered, weakened and demoralized by the ravages of war, but more because of the high character and ideals of the American people as so nobly proclaimed by President Wilson and so fully demoustrated by our unselfish part in the conflict.

America's moral and material domination of the world was bound to come in time; the Europe-shattering war has only hastened it. In all its precious traditions and in its present attitude the United States has set up for its citizeus the highest standard; it has made the greatest demand of civic duty upon its people that any country has ever made. Our Nation at its beginning was based on the rights of mankind, and in great moments in its history, as when Lincoln emphasized "government of the people, for the people and by the people" and when President Wilson declared that the whole "world must be made safe for democracy," that high demand constantly has been reiterated and that high ideal steadily maintained.

We all of us have moments in our lives when there seem to rise up in us visions of what our own lives might be and some such vision, such illumination, has come to us as a people in the present crisis.

This vision will abide and the citizen of the United States should always keep it before him; he should hold ever the splendid vision of the republic not only prosperous, not only dominant, but pure, virile, true to its traditions and an example to all the liberty-seeking peoples of the world.

STRIKE DELAYS CHRISTIAN HERALD

YOU will have noticed that this issue of the Christian Herald will have come to you many days late. It is not the fault of the publishers of the Christian Herald. It is a condition that is being felt by all the weekly and monthly publications of New York, and it was brought about by a strike of the Press Feeders' Union. This strike was referred to the National War Labor Board which, at the present writing, has the matter under consideration. This notice is being inserted so that our readers will understand the reason for the delay, and will be patient, knowing that it has been impossible so far for us to prevent it. We expect the Government will adjust the matter immediately. Of course this condition will last but a few days longer, so please be patient, even if the next issue should also be somewhat delayed.

The Hohenzollerns Must Go

THIS, we judge, is Europe's interpretation of the Presideut's answer to Germany's appeal for peace. With the sternness of the accusing finger of Fate, the only path is indicated by which Germany may hope to reach the peace her people so wildly crave. They must dismiss the Hohenzollerns, boots and baggage, from the infallible Kaiser down to the end of the list. They have ruined the nation they ruled, and brought it into everlasting disgrace. They have deceived the people who trusted them. They have aroused the whole civilized world against Germany by their violation of every law, written or unwritten. And now they must go!

Some eighteen months ago, in May, 1917, a shrewd and sensible German who, unlike the mad Kaiser, did not claim to be a prophet, foresaw the fate that was in store for his country and had the courage to utter a warning. This man was Dr. W. Muhlon, who at one period was connected with the German Foreign office, and at the time of which we write was a director of the great Krupp armament firm. Dr. Muhlon, however, happened to have a sense of honor, and there were transactions in which he had to assume a share of the responsibility, at which his conscience revolted. Three years later, Dr. Muhlon's conscience troubled him so sharply that he severed all his business relations and went off to Switzerland. There he wrote a letter to Von Bethmann-Hollweg in which he made certain revelations which are now given to the world. In that letter he said:

> Since the first days of 1917 I have abandoned all hope as regards the present leaders of Germany. Our offer of peace with no indication of our war aims, the unrestricted submarine war, the deportations from Belgium, the systematic destruction in France, the torpedoing of English hospital ships have so discredited the governors of the Empire, that I am profoundly convinced that they are forever disqualified for the task of elaborating and concluding a just and sincere international agreement. They may change their personal views, but they cannot remain the representatives of the German cause.
>
> *The German people will only be able to atone for the grievous sins committed against its own present and future, against that of Europe and all mankind, when it is represented by other men with a different type of mind.* To tell the truth, it is only just that its reputation throughout the entire world should be as bad as it is.
>
> As a man and as a German who desires nothing but the welfare of the sorely tried and deceived German people, *I turn my back for good and all on the present representatives of the German Government.* And my one desire is that all independent men should do the same and that many Germans may understand and act.

These are the sentiments of a German concerning the Kaiser and his militaristic advisers. It is difficult to conceive of a stronger arraignment of the "world rule or ruin" cabal that has disgraced a throne, laid half of Europe in ashes and sacrificed millions of lives. No make-believe prophet, but an honest man, Dr. Muhlon foresaw the national disaster and disgrace. It has fallen as he predicted. Germany cannot now escape the responsibility for her crimes as a nation, but she can, even at this late hour, perform one signal act of reparation to her own people and to the whole of mankind, by ridding her soil forever of the Hohenzollerns.

Important Notice

To Readers Whose Subscriptions Are About to Expire

THE Christian Herald gladly complies with the government regulations to prevent the waste of paper, and we now print each week only sufficient copies to cover the actual needs of our subscription list. This means that we have practically no copies left over when the mailing of the weekly issue is completed. Back numbers cannot be furnished on new or renewal subscriptions.

The government has also requested us to discontinue mailing the Christian Herald at date of expiration. This provision will also be put into effect shortly. Subscribers should send in their renewals *several weeks before date of expiration.* Unless you keep your subscription paid in advance, there will be a break in the regular receipt of the Christian Herald. The date of expiration is always printed on the wrapper of each copy of the paper.

Uncle Sam's mail men are overworked, and mails are somewhat irregular. The Christian Herald, however, is mailed with clock-like regularity. War operations have the right of way. Be patient and cheerful. We are winning the war. But keep your subscription paid in advance.

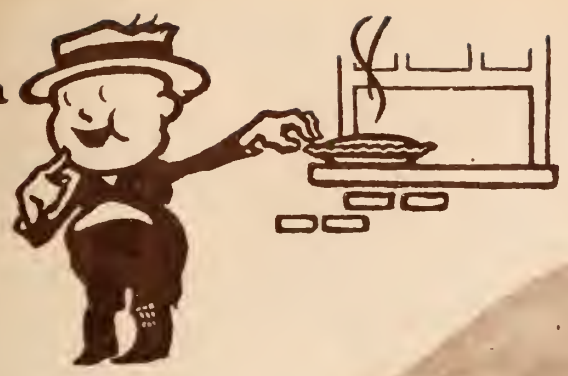
The First Frost

JACK FROST is the great epoch maker of the seasons. No event of the whole year comes more modestly, yet asserts greater majesty, than does the first frost.

He comes stealthily in the night and steals away before the morning sun, but all nature betrays him as the blushes of a maiden tell of a tryst with her lover. Like Aladdin in the myths of old he robes the weeds in purple gowns, he sprinkles all the fields with gold, he makes the forests flame with blazes red as blood. At his magic touch the drowsing moisture of the air is turned to mystic wine.

The spirit of the time is one of work, ambition, planning—the busy harvesting of the golden treasures of the summer. It is now the wisely industrious husbandman is rewarded and the sluggard is disconsolate.

Just as the gorgeous blandishments of nature tempt us to strain our vision to the far-off hill and wood so does the spirit of this season lure the mental and spiritual vision to brighter things beyond the narrow bounds of commonplace and self. We cannot shut our eyes to the lessons of the endless cycle of the seasons. We cannot doubt that good seed, well sown, must blossom in some bright springtime.



Eat Mince Pie in a Barley Pie Crust

It is light and flaky and Saves Wheat

Send for free War Time Recipe Book with Barley Recipes and

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

"Like Mother Used to Make"

No Added Sugar Needed

Merrell-Soule Co., Syracuse, N.Y.

Dealers: We will supply you with reprints of this page for your window, on request.

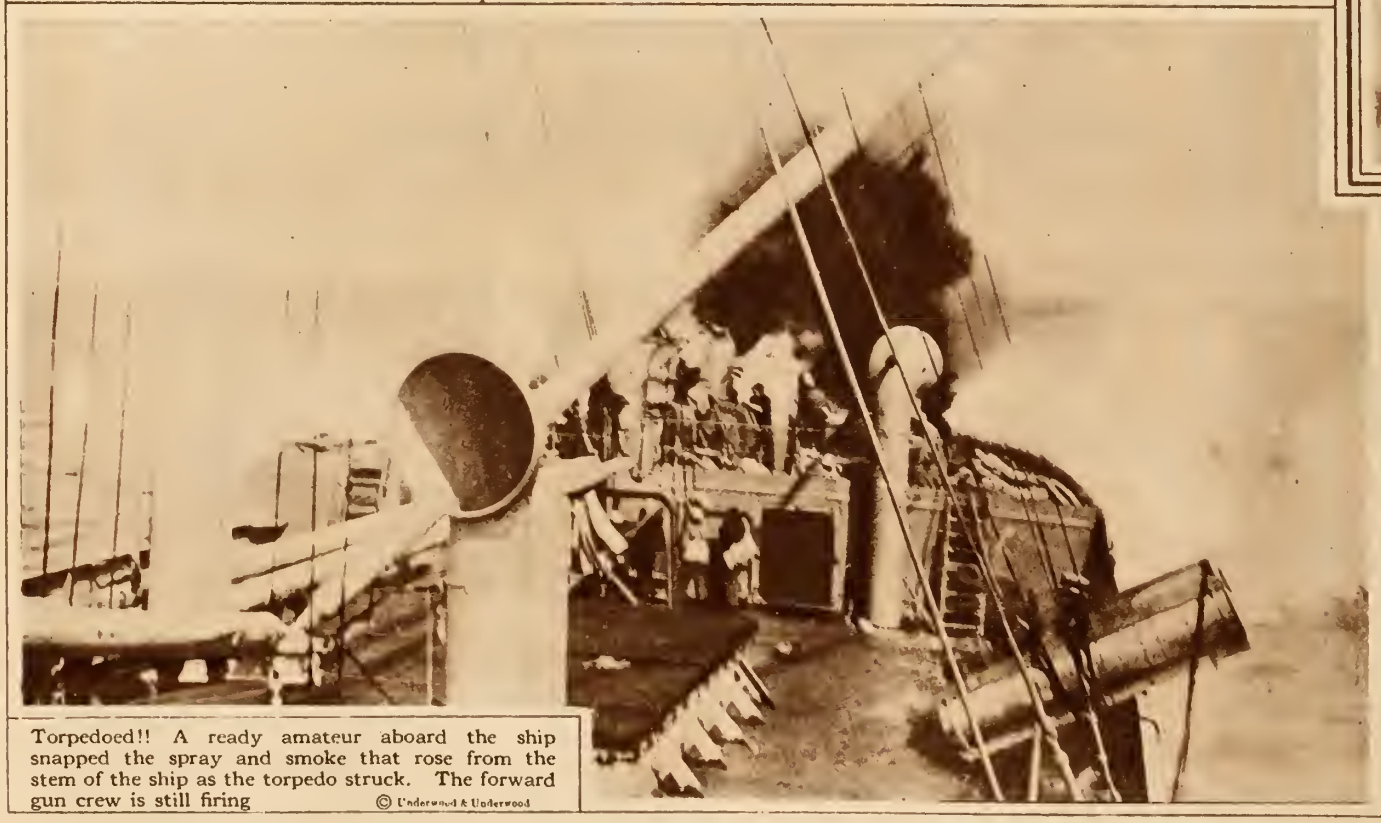
Glimpses

© Underwood & Underwood

French church bells, looted by the Boche, being unloaded at a railway station in Germany, to be melted down and made into war machines

Canadian Official Photo

A Y. M. C. A. Hut in comparative safety in a shell-hole in France



Torpedoed!! A ready amateur aboard the ship snapped the spray and smoke that rose from the stem of the ship as the torpedo struck. The forward gun crew is still firing © Underwood & Underwood

© [illegible]

Miss Kathlyn Sellers, first woman judge a Federal Court. She will preside over juvenile court of the District of Colum

rand Wide

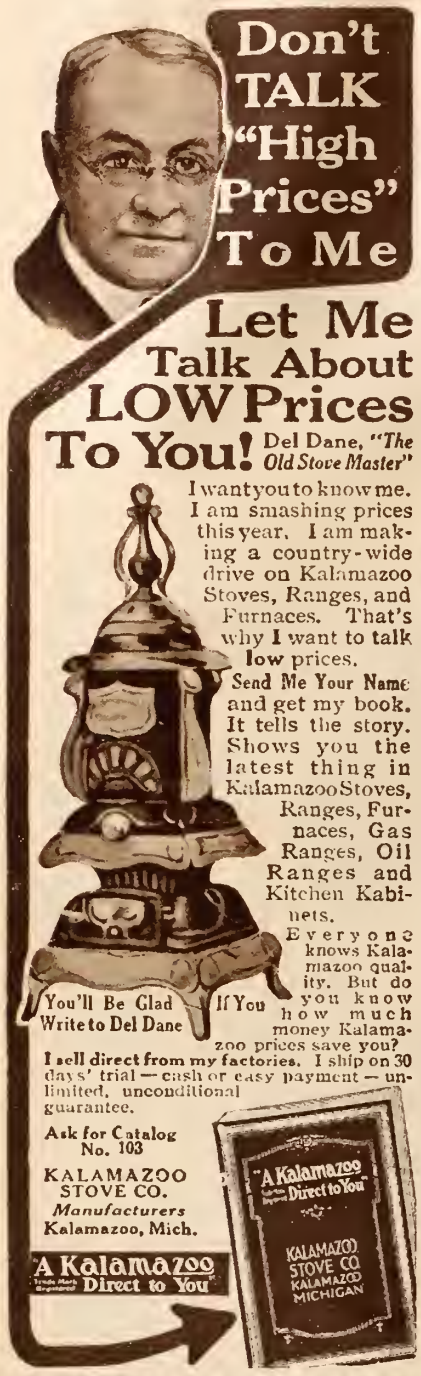
t Lerty Bonds the New York Liberty Loan
tee ung across the great central hall of the
Cer al Terminal what was said to be the
Am ican flag ever made. It measures 80
t a l weighs 400 pounds © International Film Service

n ince Boris of Bulgaria, who, by
bdi tion of King Ferdinand on Octo-
b 6, became King Boris III

American war refugees driven from their homes in Morgan, N. J., near South Amboy, by the fire and explosions in the Gillespie shell-loading plant, on October 5. They went back on the 6th to shattered and windowless houses © Underwood & Underwood

© International Film Service
When the Bulgar line broke in Macedonia, Turkish families living there made haste to get away. These are Turkish refugees arriving in Constantinople

This Y. M. C. A. hut in Vladivostok was once a theater. Now it is both recreation room and school. The photo shows Czecho-Slovak soldiers listening to a lecture on the gyroscope



All the World

Continued from page 1213

To tired men give time, to rest.

Pity the poor beasts of service who suffer for man's wrong.

O thou who makest human hearts the channel of thy answer to our prayers, let loose a flood of sympathy and help for children and their mothers who wander desolate and suffering, leaving wrecked homes and fields and gardens trodden under ruthless feet.

With thee who sufferest more than all, may we with reverence thy burden share, for all are thine, and in thine image made; they too are thine who caused the wrong.

O Father may this war be mankind's last appeal to force. Grant from the stricken earth, sown with thy dead, an everlasting flower of peace shall spring, and all thy world become a garden where the flower of Christ shall grow.

And this we beg for our dear Elder Brother's sake, who gave himself for those he loved, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

DICK put the letter gently back by the side of the picture and went and sat down, and put his left arm up to his face. When he took it down and looked at his father, Dr. Ward was sitting there, with his rare smile, seeing the invisible.

"Albert would have gone into the ministry if he had come home. He talked it all over with me before he went away. And he would have made a rare minister."

"He certainly would, father," said Dick. "Every man in his corps loved him."

"You haven't thought of the ministry, have you, Richard?" his father suddenly asked, "or of foreign missions?"

"Well, hardly," Dick answered with a hearty laugh. "You know I never was cut out for the Church. And besides, there's Requa. You don't think her father would ever let any one take her away from home!"

A strange look went over Dr. Ward's face.

"Then, perhaps you will settle down here at home with mother and me. You don't know how we have missed you! And Esther is getting married soon. If we could see you settled—"

The doctor's voice trembled with unusual feeling as he sat there opposite his only son, the Benjamin of his love, though Dick could not know all that his self-contained father felt.

"I don't just know what I can do best, Dad. We have both forgot this." He held up the stump of his mutilated arm, and both father and son eyed it calmly.

"I'm interested in the 'chuck' contrivance the Port-Villez school made for me, Dad. The 'working prosthesis' they called it. I showed it to you. But I don't take to it somehow. Some don't, you know. I feel as if I could do better to train my left hand to do the work of a right."

"Where is it? In your room? Bring it down and let me see it work. We haven't had time to look it over."

DICK went up to his room and came back in a few minutes with the "chuck" adjusted to his arm. It was a somewhat intricate device of steel rods and rawhide cords, not bearing the slightest resemblance to a hand or fingers, but more like some uncanny metal claw or series of claws which might have been invented by some inhabitant of Mars. The sight of it suggested at once a factory or a laboratory, or, as Dick said grimly, a bushel of dentist's tools.

"I don't deny it's a mighty clever invention, Dad," said Dick, roaming over the study, and flourishing the "chuck" up and down in a series of curves and twists like some predatory old historic bird with a metallic beak. "Just ask me to do something with it, and I'll show you how the 'prosthesis' works."

Dr. Ward looked over his desk and finally picked up an old inkstand.

"Here! Try your 'hand' on this. I haven't been able to unscrew the top of this stand for years. See if you can do anything with it."

Dick put the inkstand down on the desk, adjusted a clamp of the "chuck" with his left hand, then without using the left arm or hand he swung the chuck around as if it were a crane attached to an engine, using the muscles of his upper right arm and shoulder, and began working on the cap of the inkstand to unscrew it. A moment of steady tension, and the cap began to turn slowly. The metal claw kept adjusting itself to the turns, and at the last revolution of the thread grasped the cap firmly and the chuck swung over holding out the unscrewed cap to Dr. Ward.

"There you are, sir," said Dick, grinning. "Show me something harder."

"It's perfectly uncanny," said the father, taking the cap out of the claw, which opened when his fingers had seized it. "You're sure it won't bite?"

"I'm not sure what it will always do. And I get fascinated with it at times. But think of a thing like that holding out a rose to a girl, to Requa, Dad! Or taking off a hat to bow to a lady, like this!"

Dick picked up his father's hat off its accustomed place by the door, used the "chuck" to place it on his head, and then removed it with a series of grotesque gyrations that caused Dr. Ward to shout with laughter.

But next moment he was grave.

"The absence of the hand may determine your future work, lad. This contrivance is more for the factory or laboratory than the store or a profession."

"Yes. That's why I say I don't take to it very kindly. I can teach my left hand to run a typewriter, and work the key shift with my foot. There is a contrivance all made for that. We saw a lot of fellows using it at Charleroi. But I don't know, Dad. I'm all at sea about my future. I'll have to do something and do it pretty quick, for Requa and I want to have a home as soon as possible."

TALKING frankly about that part of his future at least that was very much determined on, Dick undid the complicated apparatus of the "working prosthesis" and after a little more visit with his father went up to his room to think over future plans.

After Dick had gone upstairs Dr. Ward shut the door of his study, and then he turned to his desk, picking up the cap of the old inkstand and turning it over and over between his strong brown hands.

Then after a few minutes he reached up for and took down off the top of his writing-desk, not the picture of Albert, his oldest son, who had not come home, but a smaller one, a post-card size of Richard, taken while he was in the training-camp. This he placed on the desk in front of him and looked at it with lips that moved as if in a prayer of gratitude. And it was a gratitude that welled out of a heart that hungered for the younger son now home after marvelous deliverance from tremendous dangers.

"I thank thee, my God," the doctor's lips moved, "for the lad thou hast spared to me. He will be a comfort to me here. He and Requa. I thank thee, God."

He put the picture back in its place, opened his study door, and when Dick came down later and looked in, his father sat there with his accustomed serene look, working over his Sunday sermon. Dick smiled as he passed on and out of the house to call on Requa.

To be continued

Engagements of the Evangelists

THE following engagements of workers belonging to the Interdenominational Association of Evangelists are announced by Rev. Parley E. Zartmann, general secretary, Winona Lake, Indiana:

A. Lee Aldrich party—Nov. 17, South Dakota.
William Asher—Washington, D. C., War work.
J. V. Baird—War work, Camp Funston.
Daisy Douglass Barr party—Until Christmas, New York State.
Berge Sisters—Until Nov. 8, Richmond, Va.; Nov. 10-29, Belleville, Pa.; Dec. 1-20, Shelbyville, Del.
W. E. Bilyeu—War work, Camp Cody.
F. J. Badmond—War work.
John E. Brown party—Nov. 24, Vancouver, B. C.
A. M. Brumer—War work, Camp Zachary Taylor.
D. B. Bulkley—War work, France.
Steve Burke and Harry Dixon Loes—Nov. 3, Courtland, Miss.; Nov. 24, Philadelphia, Miss.
H. C. Clase—War work, Camp Custer.
Harold R. Coffin—War work, France.
W. H. Collison—War work, Hampton Roads, Va.
O. L. Cotterell—War work, Camp Sherman.
A. B. Davidson—War work, England.
John M. Dean—War work, Camp Fremont.
E. R. Dow—War work, France.
Dr. and Mrs. H. P. Dunlop—Until Nov. 3, Brookfield, Mo.; Jan. 1-14, Marcellus, Mich.
C. E. Faust—War work, Blue Ridge Camp.
Eric A. Fernlund—Until Nov. 10, Grantsburg, Wis., Nov.-Dec., Valley, Neb.
A. J. Fitt—War work, Camp Logan.
E. J. Forsythe party—Nov., patriotic work; Nov.-Dec., Detroit, Mich.
R. W. Frary—War work, Great Lakes, Ill.
S. G. Fraser—War work, McCook Field.
A. W. Gray—Nov.-Dec., Illinois.
A. D. George—War work, France.
S. D. Goodale—Nov., Preston, Kans.; Nov.-Dec., Canton, Kans.
Roy Gourley—War work, Camp Grant.
R. A. Hadden—War work, Camp Kearney.
Joseph W. Hakes—Until Nov. 9, Stockport, N. Y.; Nov. 10-Dec. 1, Corona, N. Y.; Dec. 31-Jan. 26, Keyport, N. J.
Ham-Ramsey party—Nov., Brownsville, Tenn.
E. C. Harding—War work, Chanute Field.
Herbert C. Hart—Until Christmas, Los Angeles, Cal.
C. R. Haudenschield party—Oct. 27, Prairie Center, Ore., Nov. 17, Missoula, Mont.
R. G. Heddon—War work, France.
T. M. Hofmeister—Nov., Newell, W. Va.
W. H. Hudgins—War work, in training.
Loren G. Jones—War work, Camp Gordon.
F. O. Kelley—War work, France.
F. F. Leonard—War work, Camp Meade.
J. H. Leonard—Nov. 10, London, Ont., Can.
John M. Linden—Salvation Army Campaign, Oregon.
E. P. Loose—Salvation Army Campaign, Central States.
J. C. Ludgate—War work, Kelley Field.
Milford H. Lyon—War work, various camps.
A. R. Lytle—War work, Camp Grant.
A. S. Magann—Salvation Army Campaign, Wisconsin.
H. J. Magonigal—Until Nov. 8, Prince Frederick, Md.; Nov. 10-Dec. 1, Florence, N. J.
T. G. Makin—War work, Camp McClellan.
Wm. McEwan—War work, various camps.
J. B. McMinn—War work, France.
W. C. Mealing and wife—Nov. 3, Millville, N. J.; Nov. 27, Penn Argyl, Pa.; Jan. 5, Reading, Pa.
C. M. Meyer—War work, Camp McArthur.
George E. Moody—War work, in training.
T. LeRoy Muir—Nov., Monkton, Vt.; Dec., Brookfield, N. Y.
Earle Naftzger—War work, France.
P. C. Nelson—War work, Camp Custer.
Wm. P. Nicholson—Nov., Monteca, Cal.; Dec., Pasadena, Cal.
J. A. Nipper—War work, various camps.
L. K. Peacock—War work, Camp Dix.
J. J. Pease—Nov., Clarksville, Mich.; Dec., Palo, Mich.
L. F. Peckham—War work, Camp Kearney.
E. B. Pratt—War work, France.
Fred W. Rapp—War work, Fort Sill.
Milton S. Rees—Nov., Wheeling, W. Va.; Dec., War work.
H. E. Richer—Nov. 10-Dec. 1, Stockton, Ill.
Homer Rodeheaver—War work, France.
Harold F. Sayles—Nov. 14-Dec. 4, Nashville, Mich.
J. H. Sawlelle—War work, Estes Park.
Saylor-Gardner party—Nov., Kalona, Iowa.
Roud Shaw—War work, France.
M. B. Simmons—War work, Camp McArthur.
D. L. Spooner—War work, France.
Mabel Quam Stevens—Nov. 3, Jacksonville, Fla.; Nov. 24, DeLand, Fla.; Dec. 8, Daytona, Fla.
H. E. Storrs—War work, various camps.
Thomas-Brooks party—Nov. 3-24, Enid, Okla.
M. E. Trotter—War work, various camps.
George Trimby—War work, Camp Dodge.
Thos. P. Ullom—War work, Camp Gordon.
Ray G. Upson—War work, Nitro, W. Va.
L. A. Wegner—War work, Camp Custer.
C. F. Weigle—War work, various camps.
E. B. Westhafer—Huntington, Ind.; Van Buren, Ind.
A. R. Willgus—War work, in training.
M. B. Williams—War work, various camps.
R. Hayes Willis—War work, Camp Zachary Taylor.
Charles T. Wheeler—War work, France.
Parley E. Zartmann—War work, Camp Custer.
Zoller and Sutherland—Nov. 3, Milford, Utah.

Light Patriots in the Home

Prepared for the Christian Herald by the United States Fuel Administration

THE American home has undertaken the responsibility of saving fifteen million tons of coal this esent year.

In 1916–1917 we mined 50,000,000 ore tons of coal than we mined during r year of highest coal production evious to the war. This year we all mine 50,000,000 more tons than at. This achievement, accomplished the face of depleted labor at the ines and congested railroads, sets apart among the belligerent nations, th all of whom coal output decreased ring the first two years of war. et our troops are pouring into Europe rapidly, and the task they are perrming is so colossal, that in order to ake victory swift and sure we must ve 50,000,000 more tons than we n mine even such gigantic achieveents as our miners are now performing. nese tons will be saved in industry d in homes by the observance of rtain scientific methods which the nited States Fuel Administration is vocating.

It may seem incredible that 15,000,0 tons of coal can be salvaged from e waste that goes on in the furnaces, oves and lighting systems in our mes, but such is actually the case. or years we have been paying larger lls and wasting more fuel than was cessary. The war will make a stronger peal to us for economical management an did our pocketbooks. For the ke of doing our part in this righteous nflict we must be willing to apply odern efficiency methods and to take finite pains to save waste; the United ates Fuel Administration stands at r right hand to show us how this is ssible.

Almost all kinds of lights consume el. Electricity, unless it be produced water power, is generated by the nsumption of coal. The manufacre of artificial gas requires coal d oil. Kerosene is a war comodity and must be used by us th constant regard to the fact that is needed in larger amounts than is produced.

It is not necessary that we should ork without sufficient light in order to press our patriotic enthusiasm for ht-saving. The Government especially warns us to be careful about this, r there was never a time in the world's story when all human beings needed have their senses in such fine workg order as at present. As a matter fact we shall have better light d lower bills, at the same time that are conserving coal by following e Fuel Administration's very simple commendation in regard to househting.

Let our first rule of saving light be turn out the lights every time we ave a room unoccupied. One of the ost fruitful sources of waste in the use is in failing to put out an unneeded light. This is particularly true gas, and constitutes the great arment for the chain-pull by-pass, hich makes it as easy to turn gas t or on as electricity. The habit of tinguishing lights when leaving a om for even a few minutes is the ry crux of light economy.

Next, the patriotic householder who nts to join the great army of fuel vers should go over the house and move every carbon filament bulb om every electric light fixture. For ese she should substitute tungsten lbs varying in power from 15 to 60 tts according to the size of the room, e lightness of its color-tones and the rpose for which the light is to be ed. Tungsten bulbs give twice the mination at half the cost of carbonment bulbs, which means, too, that ey conserve coal.

If the house is lighted with gas, candescent mantle burners should be rchased and put on all lighting outs to take the place of the flat-flame rner, which gives poor light and nsumes much fuel. Five incandescent s mantles substituted for open-flame burners which are in use four hours a day will save approximately one ton of coal or equivalent fuel in a year. To make the steel required by one 3-inch shell requires eighty pounds of coal. One ton of coal, therefore, will produce the steel to make twenty-five of these shells. Shells and human lives are balanced against each other in this war. The more shells we can send to General Pershing the fewer men he will need to sacrifice, for shells perform a part in warfare which, if they are lacking, men must undertake. By pondering these grim facts we can see the ecessity for taking infinite pains to save even the least amount of coal. There are approximately 20,000,000 homes in the United States. Even an infinitesimal amount of fuel saved by each one will amount to a great deal by the end of a year.

The next improvement to be made in the lighting equipment of the house is in the addition of the chain-pull by-pass on all gas fixtures. By the use of this little appliance a gas jet can be lowered to the merest spark and yet can be raised to full brilliance without having recourse to the usually lost and always dangerous match.

In the evenings families should gather in one room for work or play, so that the same set of lights that serve one may serve all. Here they may work round one table on which is placed an efficient reading-light. The chandelier or other central ceiling light should be used only for general illumination and can either be turned out or used in part when all the occupants of the room are using the reading-lamp. Side-brackets are seldom put in a room for any purpose but that of decoration. Unless they are the only means of supplying a good reading-light they ought not to be used during the period of the war. If they are to be employed for near work they need a shade over them which will throw down and concentrate the light rather than diffuse it. Better still, a reading-lamp may be attached to one of them.

The question of shades should be carefully studied. There are many that are decorative in the room but do not distribute the light in the most advantageous way. If a silk shade is used, one of pale yellow, lined with highly glazed white satin, is best. Opaque shades are bad, and so are those made of dark silk, which absorbs the light.

Kitchens and pantries need good lights, not only because the work performed there requires it, but because light is a discourager of dirt. Stair-landings should have good lights near them, for dark stairs are dangerous for the unwary. The hall light need not be left burning all the evening. Gas lights with a chain-pull by-pass and all electric lights can quickly and easily be put on or off according to need.

To those of us who can serve our country only "back of the front" there is a real and deep joy in putting into practice the various household econmies which have been brought to our attention from time to time by the Government. It is true that we can not immediately touch or see the results as we can when we have knitted a stocking or raised the money for an ambulance, but we know nevertheless that our labor and economies will provide shells for our husbands, our sons, our brothers. Will any American ever forget his pride and satisfaction when it was announced a little while ago that we had saved wheat enough to feed our Allies and our soldiers in Europe? Let us work for the day when the announcement can be made that the 20,000,000 homes of the United States have saved voluntarily not only the 15,000,000 tons which are their burden, but a much larger amount even than this, so that when the hour comes for the great spring drive, there will be guns and shells and tanks enough to carry us on to Berlin.

Eagle Brand restores Pumpkin Pie to its Rightful Place.

What is Thanksgiving, without the old-fashioned pumpkin pie—toothsome, succulent and satisfying?

Eagle Brand in pumpkin pie holds a delightful surprise in store for you. Of course it saves sugar, for Eagle Brand is "the milk and sugar too." But Eagle Brand does something else. Just as in coffee it adds a refinement to the coffee flavor itself, so in pumpkin pie it enriches the natural flavor of the pumpkin.

Eagle Brand brings a flavor to your desserts that milk and sugar used separately can never achieve. Convenient and economical, it has many uses—in cooking, in candy-making, and for table use in coffee and cocoa. Write for booklet "Borden's Recipes."

At better groceries and drug stores.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
Borden Building New York

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND

HEBE

—the new alternative food product for cooking and baking

Hebe (pronounced He-be) in ancient mythology was cup bearer to the gods on Mount Olympus. Buoyant, beautiful, appealing, she served the nectar to them, and typified youth, health and happiness.

HEBE today presents a new alternative food to the American housewife—a product, that will help her economize in her cooking without sacrificing quality—and help conserve dairy products.

Hebe is a compound of evaporated separated milk and edible vegetable fat, the latter pressed from the white meat of the cocoanut and highly refined. Separated milk, largely neglected for use by the human family, and cocoanut fat are high in food values and Hebe retains the nutritive qualities of both, scientifically combined—nothing is added.

Hebe has been tested and approved by expert chefs and domestic science teachers. Thousands of housewives are using it in their cooking and baking with excellent results.

BREAD mixed with it rises quickly and has a texture of which the cook is justly proud. To muffins, biscuits, griddle cakes and the like Hebe adds a tempting flavor. Soups, stews, gravies and creamed dishes made with Hebe are delicious. It enhances the flavor of coffee and helps to make splendid cocoa and chocolate.

Hebe is produced in modern condenseries—is plainly labeled and sold for just what it is. Every can is sealed airtight and sterilized, so that the housewife gets it from the grocer in the same pure condition in which it left the condensery.

Let us tell you more about Hebe or answer your questions. Send for booklet containing the Hebe story, recipes and other useful information. Address The Hebe Company, 3003 Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

© T. H. C.

Jacob Deceives His Father

International Sunday School Lesson for November 10
Gen. 27 : 1-45

The Fruits of Falsehood

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

THE twenty-seventh chapter of Genesis is a story of deception from start to finish, with little o the credit of any of the parties con-erned. To us as Christians perhaps ne most repugnant part of the whole aud is that it was suggested by the ife and mother of the victims, even by ebekah. Our ideals of home life are ocked, just because we have come to now and appreciate the Christian home nd true Christian motherhood. Like other, like son! So to us it is dreadful o find his mother putting Jacob up to his contemptible trick on his old blind ther. It reminds us that bad example the home is more fatal than anywhere se, just because home influence is so irect, so formative. Doubtless in ncient Oriental life such incidents were ore common. Are we entirely free om self-seeking, even from acting a lse part, in our homes to-day? To a rge measure we are free. What we ek to do now is to carry out the sin-erity and the unselfish service of true hristian homes into business, into cial life, and even into international elationships. Our terrible world-mis-y today is caused by lying trickery nd self-seeking in the great world-fam-y of the nations.

The Growth of a Lie

The worst thing about a lie is that it ads to lying! One can seldom stop ith one lie—one usually finds oneself unched on a series, with perhaps the aying of a deceitful part permanently aded on the soul. Jacob's mother ade the suggestion that Jacob imper-nate Esau, and secure his father's essing before Esau's return. Jacob ad no qualms of conscience about the atter—he was only afraid he might be und out! A man who is only honest rough fear is not an honest man. Honesty is the best policy," but if it is ly policy then the character that plays nesty as a card is morally but little ove the cheat. In order then that he ight not be found out, Jacob had to ver his hands with skins, for he was hooth. So he became a *hypocrite*, hich means a mask-wearer, or one who mulates a part. He went on to act a spicable lie, covering himself in false rments also, and doubtless trying to sguise his voice, though with little ccess. Finally he reached what he ems the necessity of invoking the me of God as an assurance to his blind ther! Then at last, perhaps most npious of all, he gives his father the lse kiss, the act of devotion in the idst of treachery. So it goes ever; sin cumulative, and lying brings further lsity of words and acts, till it reaches en to blasphemy and betrayal.

There is always fear in falsehood! ow his heart must have trembled as added sin to sin! What terror ompted the answer to his father's quiry as to how he had found venison quickly, "Because Jehovah thy God nt me good speed!" Then that classic dictment from his victim—"The voice Jacob's voice, but the hands are the nds of Esau"—how it must have erced that guilty soul! Says Luther, I should have dropped the dish!" ut then Luther was a straightforward an, quite unlike this trickly dissembler. There is no rest in falsehood. There no comfort in a lie. It brings forth ar, and guilt, and shame. The man honor and truth alone knows the essed sensation of a mind at peace ith itself and God.

"Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right."

How the Lie Affected the Family

This colossal lie broke up the chosen mily and wrought misery for every ember, the innocent as well as the guilty. We must remember this last since it is far worse than many a thoughtless child imagines. The sin of man, even in the home, does not stop with bringing suffering at last upon its perpetrator. It hurts the most guileless as well.

Esau's easy-going good-fellowship was changed to bitter hatred of his scheming brother, until his heart plotted even murder. His "bitter cry" when he heard of his wrongs was too late according to Jewish beliefs, even Isaac believing that the blessing, though obtained by fraud, was irrevocable. So his natural recklessness was aggravated and his worse traits brought to the front.

The Fruits of a Lie

Jacob himself was forced to flee for his life, and embarked upon a succession of difficult journeys and hard tasks, toiling for others instead of for himself and his doting mother. He was destined to be made a victim of the trickery of others, even to the extent of having to be paid exactly in kind for his own trick. For we all remember how he served Laban seven years for Rachel, and was then married to her sister disguised to look like Rachel! That was poetic justice with a vengeance. He spent the best years of his life in exile because of his sin.

Rebekah, his mother, lost her spoiled favorite forever. She was left to live with a deceived husband and a cruelly wronged elder son. She paid a penalty which has often been the lot of too fond mothers who have stooped to dishonorable means of advancing their loved ones; while Isaac, tricked and disregarded, smarted under the sense of having been made a tool by his own family, concerning whom he had been both loyal and in general considerate.

Falsehood wrecks homes. In a Christian family absolute candor and good faith constitute the only standard for happiness. Many a family has been ruined by one lie persisted in like this one.

Many a home is the scene of self-seeking instead of service. And it is in the home that the attitude of a soul toward life is developed. From Rebekah's the sons went out to grasp and to deceive. From countless humble families, then and now, the children go forth with the conception of life which Christ sets forth: to share and to serve.

The Futility of Falsehood

How inevitably self-seeking and falsehood fail to secure anything really durable and worth while! They are like Jacob's lies; they hurt all concerned. The road to happiness is straightforward along the highway of truth. Our boys and girls are frequently tempted to wander in the bypaths of deception. Almost unthinkingly they find themselves off the right way by the misstep of a thoughtless lie. Let us teach them the necessity of prompt confession. Let us show them how the lie grows like a rank jungle weed. There is no greater insult known than for a man to be called "liar," because it goes to the fundamentals of character and intercourse. Yet what is a liar but one who tells lies? Tell the children plainly nay, rather let them state it from this lesson story, that of all falsehoods the most contemptible is that told to father or mother in the home. The lad who looks his father in the eye and tells the whole truth will scarcely go far wrong.

Truth is one of the watchwords of the New Testament character, so wonderfully different from the general practice of the ancient East. Peter, John and James agree in reiterating it. Says John, "I have not written you because ye know not the truth, but because ye know it, and because no lie is of the truth." Truthfulness needs all the re-emphasis we can give it in our classes this week. Like John, we ought to feel that every lie is a blow at the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Your Tooth Brush

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This film is what discolors, not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So that film is the teeth's great enemy—the one which you must combat.

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Do this for your teeth's sake. Compare the results with the old ways. You can judge for yourself. After that week you will never return to old methods, we believe. Cut out the coupon now.

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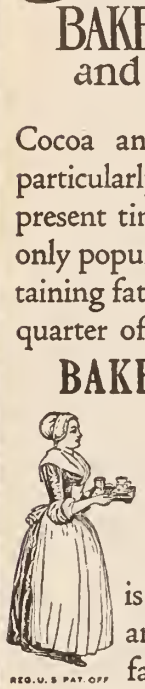

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New Foods for Old

Conservation "Over Here" and Destitution "Over There" Create Ready Acceptance of Alternative Foods

TIME was—and not so many years ago—when the average American man or woman looked mightily askance at the new product to eat or to cook with. The glance of suspicion was turned especially upon any food which was offered to take the place of any of the old stand-by class.

The history of alternative foods shows the resistance they had to overcome.

Over a quarter of a century ago one concern brought forward a compound of cottonseed oil and oleo-stearine—a product of beef suet—for shortening and frying. Chemists and food scientists knew that cottonseed oil could be refined and purified into a wholesome cooking aid. But it took many years to make the public believe it.

The trouble was that it was looked upon as a substitute, and the word "substitute" had a black eye then as it has today. Baking powder was and is an alternative food product, but we have forgotten the days of saleratus and soda and sour milk biscuits.

About the first successful alternative food product of recent years was the late Mr. Post's cereal coffee, which was frankly offered as a substitute for coffee itself, and which found acceptance among the large class of people who do not believe coffee to be healthful for them. Yet even this beverage required educational publicity of the most strenuous sort.

Two of our principal foods have been so used since time immemorial. They are milk and oil. The Old Testament alluringly tells of lands that flowed with milk and honey and with wine and oil.

Vegetable fat (olive oil) was probably the original cooking fat. Butter was a delicacy, perhaps in common use only by royalty and the very wealthy. When Jael slew Sisera, as a crowning feature of the cozy little supper she served him before she drove a nail through his head, she "served him butter in a lordly dish."

As civilization advanced and the population of the world increased, two food problems grew more and more complex. They were, and are, milk and cooking fats. In the old days everybody kept a cow and raised a few pigs. The cow furnished the needed milk; the hogs were butchered in the fall and the leaf lard was rendered.

Cities grew and spread out over the farms. City people could not keep cows, nor could dwellers in the larger towns. The local milkman thus became an institution, with his big can of milk and the ladle with which he would fill the family pail or pitcher. But the problem grew too great even for that, and then came the great milk companies, with their refrigerator cars and their wagon and bottle service.

Then came evaporated and condensed milk, supplying the soldier, hunter, trapper and explorer first, but soon evolving from the emergency class as it became recognized by the housewife as a clean, sanitary, wholesome product.

The population of the world increased, and the cow population, if it did not decrease, at least did not keep pace with the demand for milk. The same condition was to be observed in the cooking fat field.

A few years ago a cooking fat was put on the market without apology, without claiming to be just as good as lard or butter or anything else. It was a pure cottonseed oil product and it was offered under a coined name as a vegetable fat cooking product. It was accepted instantly and today enjoys a big sale. The housewife buys if for itself, without regard to whether or not it is lower in cost than lard. Cottonseed was a waste product until ways of pressing and using the oil it contains were discovered.

Within a few years another vegetable fat has been finding its way to our tables in the form of oil. This is the fat of the cocoanut. The white meat of the cocoanut has always been a delicacy. Dried and shredded, it has been used in cake icings, pastry and candies, and we have always liked its flavor. Properly refined, cocoanut oil is a pure fat of recognized food value.

Cocoanut and other vegetable fats came into their own with the introduction of nut-margarins. Everybody knows the instant wave of popularity which characterized these products—alternative foods in the truest sense.

All alternative foods contribute to economy, because they utilize waste products, by-products, or materials which heretofore have not been used as they could be for human food.

There is not enough lard produced to supply the demand. Therefore we turn to vegetable fats for cooking. There is not enough butter churned to supply the tables of this country, therefore we buy and eat nut-margarin and oleo-margarin, and we use these margarins for cooking where we formerly used butter.

The public accepts the alternative food when it knows it is honestly made, properly labeled, a product of real food value and furthermore an economy. Every housewife in the land, high and low, rich and poor, today is looking earnestly upon the economical side of the purchase and use of foods.

One of the biggest wastes in this country is skimmed milk. The term "skimmed milk" is generally a misnomer. It should be called "separated milk." We think of skimmed milk as something that can either be fed to animals or thrown away. Yet skimmed milk contains all the food elements of whole milk except the fat, which has been separated from it and made into butter.

There is not enough milk in this country today; fresh milk is getting higher in price; canned milk is climbing with it. Because we see canned milk on the shelves of all the grocery stores we imagine that an enormous part of the fresh milk produced in this country must be condensed or evaporated. Of the 84 billion pounds of milk produced in this country last year less than 3 per cent. was condensed or evaporated, while 3.7 per cent. was made into ice cream, 41 per cent. was used for butter-making, and from this 41 per cent. there was left as a by-product 30 billion pounds of skimmed milk which according to the United States Department of Agriculture was either fed to live-stock or wasted.

Thirty billion pounds is fifteen billion quarts. Every quart of that skimmed milk contained at least seventeen one-hundredths of a fraction per cent. of food that could have been diverted to human uses. Skimmed milk was a waste product as far as the human family was concerned, until the inventive minds of students of food possibilities turned to the question of alternative foods. The problem of reclaiming for human consumption the food values in the neglected skimmed milk apparently has been solved in the latest of the alternative foods to be introduced. This is a compound of evaporated separated milk and cocoanut fat. With the animal fat removed from the milk it became separated milk, a by-product. Skimmed milk had no fat. Yet the food elements were in it. The problem was to replace the animal fat with a vegetable fat which should have a food value and which could be combined with the separate milk in an appetizing way. Here again the scientific mind was called upon and there was invented a process for introducing the fat of the cocoanut into the skimmed milk so that the minute fat globules are permanently entangled with the milk solids and a perfectly balanced ration is created.

This newest of the alternative foods steps right into its own place in the kitchen, principally as a cooking and baking medium. Long and careful experiments were made by food chemists, by chefs, by domestic science teachers before the product was offered to the housewife, because your modern food producer wants to be a Davy Crockett and be sure he is right before going ahead.

What will be the next alternative food? This is hard to say, and yet, what with our war-learned knowledge of the fact that we can pleasantly change from the old-established foods and the time-honored ways, there is nothing too radical for us to contemplate, provided it is not a "substitute" and provided it fills its own place in its own way. Then we will not look upon it as an imitation or a makeshift but, as in the case of alternative foods mentioned, as a new, economical, satisfactory addition to the list of things we want to cook with and eat.

A Soldier's Spiritual Battle

ONE of the very helpful pages of your excellent magazine is "Adventures in Neighboring." Reading what the missionary in Mexico said of the 91st Psalm prompted me to offer one of my experiences in the Civil War as a testimony to the value of the Word of God to every one, especially to soldiers on the battle field.

On the third of June, 1864, was the bloody battle of Cold Harbor, in which the Union army lost 7,000 men in twenty minutes. The 36th Wisconsin was in the corps of "Hancock the Superb," who made the first attack at four o'clock in the morning. I was assisting the surgeon on the field, giving first aid to the wounded. We were kept busy all that day, and when I straightened up to rest and rub my aching back, whichever way I looked I saw the wounded, the dying, or the dead. As the evening shades were lengthening I lay down in my tent completely exhausted, discouraged, homesick, and on the verge of despair. Readers of Pilgrim's Progress will remember the desperate attack Apollyon made upon Christian when he found him greatly wearied and depressed. So the cowardly arch-fiend, seeing my undone condition, pitched upon me. It seemed as if another person was saying to me, "Now you see what a nice fix you've got yourself into. Why didn't you stay at home? If you hadn't been such a fool as to volunteer you would have been safe at home now, but here you are in a fix you can't get out of. You're no better than the thousands who were shot today. Your turn will come one of these days. You'll find your faith isn't worth a row of pins. You'll be done for one of these days, sure as fate. Nothing can save you."

At this point thoughts of home reminded me of the letter from my father that came the night before, and I only had time to read a little of it. I began reading it, and when I came to the words, "Read often the 91st and 121st Psalms," I said, "I will read them now, before it gets dark." I began reading the 91st Psalm, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." The devil said, "Oh, that sounds very nice, it was only true."

Then I turned to the 121st and read with increasing interest to the seventh verse. "The Lord shall preserve thee from all ill; he shall preserve thy soul." A great flood of light burst upon me; the devil was gone and I was at peace. I said to myself, "God can preserve my body as long as he sees best, but whatever becomes of my body, he will preserve my *soul*, and that's *me*." From that moment I felt safe in God's hands and sure that he would give the victory to the right.

No doubt, at some time, the devil attempts to wreck the faith of every believer on the Lord Jesus Christ; but we have the promise in I Cor., 10:13, that God will always make a way of escape from temptation. And let me suggest to all that they put those two blessed psalms together in the chambers of their memory, that together they may nerve the heart in every duty, trial or danger.

Kings Mountain, N. C. W. O. HAR

The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

When the Siren Sounds

THE idea of everybody's devoting a minute a day, at high noon, to a prayer for our country's cause has appealed to the popular imagination. Congress has endorsed it. The Rotary clubs are promoting it. Religious leaders, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish, advocate it. The Red Cross is to observe it in all its meetings. The newspapers have reported it. The motion pictures have featured it. Church bells, fire bells, and factory whistles, in many communities, call the people to pray. In Washington a great siren, which was formally and solemnly dedicated, sounds for the duration of the prayer minute.

Every Christian with a sense of strategy appreciates the possibilities of this idea. It thrusts religion into the thoughts of all the people. It advertises the place and power of spiritual forces. It creates thought and discussion upon the unseen verities. It introduces the heedless to the idea of our common reliance upon God.

This simple usage creates a tremendous opportunity for the churches. Pastors and religious organizations should put themselves aggressively behind the daily observance of the Victory Prayer. Placards should be posted in all public places calling upon everybody to pray at noon. In stores and offices, signs should be placed saying—"In this establishment we pause a minute at noon to pray for Victory." Little cards, to the same effect, could be used by individuals to hand to the person with whom one may be conversing when the noon hour strikes. The religious leaders of every community should call upon the editors of local papers to publish a daily reminder of the Victory Prayer. The ministers themselves might arrange to supply for every day a fresh form of prayer, brief, definite and popularly phrased. Such a department, two or three inches long, would not occupy a tenth of the space given every day to news of sports.

To alert persons, a hundred methods of promoting the Daily Victory Prayer will present themselves. This is an unusual opportunity for buttressing the religious sentiment in our land, and for turning the thoughts of all the people to God, in whose hand alone is victory and guidance.

WILLIAM T. ELLIS, D. D.
Swarthmore, Pa.

Mrs. A. M. V. asks the prayers of the League that the Lord may help her find a wandering son, who has not been heard from for nearly a year.

Mrs. F. B. W., who praises God for bodily healing, asks still another sign of his goodness in the cure, if it be his will, of a serious malady from which she has suffered for twenty years.

J. C. V. asks the prayers of God's children for a son-in-law who is a good man but an unbeliever in Christianity, that his eyes may be opened and that he may accept Christ as his personal Saviour.

Mrs. J. L. W. is afflicted with cancer. She has two children in heaven, but wishes to live for her one 12-year-old daughter, and that she may do some work for Jesus.

Mrs. E. H., who praises God for many answered prayers, comes to the Prayer League with a request for prayer for her wandering boy, who has lost faith in his mother's God. She also prays for the blessing of God on a sick daughter.

Mrs. W. E. G. asks the prayers of God's children for the salvation of her husband.

Thirteen ask for the conversion of husbands and six for that of sons; forty-two ask for the conversion of friends and relatives, including Mrs. T. S., who asks in addition to the saving of her sons that they may stop drinking; One of His Followers, that neighbors may be saved and see the light; E. D., that brother and wife may be brought nearer to God; R. W. B., "that sister and I may have strength given us to be strong in faith"; A Dear One, for a lad who is going to utter ruin; N. M., "that I may be delivered from a thorn in my flesh"; E. J. P., for sound conversion of two friends, for a brother in the service, and for the reconciliation of husband and wife; a Mother, that son and his wife may be brought back to an interest in the church and what it represents.

Twenty-two ask for blessings for self.

Fourteen ask for the restoration of their hearing or that of relatives and friends.

Acknowledgments of answered prayer have been received from the following:

Mrs. E. M., Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. M. O. C., Imperial, Pa.; Mrs. C. W., Oil City, Pa.; S. E. B., Edgewater, Colo.; Mrs. J. D. S., Marrowbone, Ky.; A Reader, Marion, N. C.; Mrs. A. A., Youngstown, Ohio; M. M. H., Coatesville, Pa.; Mrs. E. N., Warren, Mich.; Mrs. M. F., Billingsville, Mo.; J. W. K., Harlan, Iowa; Mr. S. P. B., Mont.; M. S., Cameron Mills, N. Y.; E. O., Assumption, Ill.; G. E., Cadiz, Ohio; G. W. M., Huntington, W. Va.

What "America's Answer" Means

"AMERICA'S ANSWER," the U. S. Official War Picture issued by the Division of Films of the Committee on Public Information, is not the ordinary press-agented film play. It is a chapter of the great drama of the war, registered by U. S. Signal Corps photographers, by direction of General John J. Pershing. It is purely a government enterprise. No individual has any profit interest in the production. The picture has been made and it is presented for public consideration, not to make money—although it must necessarily produce a revenue in order to meet the expenses involved—but in order to show the millions of contributors to the several Liberty Loans, the purchasers of Thrift and War Stamps, taxpayers, and those who have so generously given in other ways for the needs of the war, just how the great sums have been expended, and what, in a physical way, has been accomplished in France during the first year of America's participation in the struggle for Democracy.

It shows the wonderful 3-mile dock "somewhere in France," built on swamp land by American soldiers, and now being used to expedite the landing of our troops and the handling of the stupendous volume of supplies with which the sea, from the United States to the coast of France, is being bridged; it shows one of the mammoth refrigerating plants established behind the lines, a great plant with a capacity for 10,000,000 pounds of meat, and capable of producing a million pounds of ice daily; it shows the assembling of American locomotives by our soldier mechanics; the building of railways; the leveling of French forests to secure needed timber; the erection of hospitals and the building of a great dam, in order to create a reservoir to supply one of the largest hospitals with water; it shows how American soldiers live in camp and on the fighting lines; what they eat, how daily tons upon tons of bread is made; how worn clothing is renovated and repaired by French women in the service of the American army; the utilization of old hats and old shoes in a wonderful salvage department; the sanitation of the soldiers' uniforms by machinery; the endless stream of trucks used to transport supplies to the front; camouflaged guns; acres of shells and other ammunition; the American Aero Squadron; and, finally, the actual fighting, in which our soldiers have won undying fame.

"America's Answer" is a picture that every American and every near-American should see; it is one's duty, but also one's privilege, to see it. The government's Division of Films has done no better work for the stimulation of loyalty and the accentuation of the spirit of giving than the assembling and presentation of this most illuminating war film.

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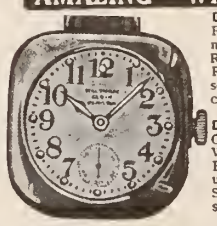

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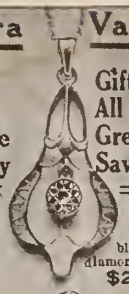

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Germany Spars for Time

Continued from page 1207

to hold this line to protect the withdrawal of the forces retreating from Laon and to prevent an outflanking of the lines in Champagne, already cracking under the steady French and American pressure.

On the Argonne front, the Americans took the village of Grand Pré by a surprise flanking attack, and eastward across the Aire they captured the commanding position of the Côte de Chatillon near the Meuse, from which they could dominate the German positions north and northeast. The crest of this height changed hands several times in furious fighting; but when the fighting was over, the Stars and Stripes were firmly planted there, and the doughboys had established their first line well beyond the northern slopes of the hill.

BUT it was not alone the fighting that indicated better news ahead. From London came news of the declaration of its independence by Hungary, while from Berne came word that Austria was to be transformed into an association of federal states, the states to be built about the German, Austrian, Czecho-Slovak, Illyrian, and Ruthenian peoples of the present empire, questions concerning Bukowina, Roumania, Bosnia, Herzegovina and Poland to be settled later.

Further, from Germany came rumors that Germany did not consider President Wilson's note a flat refusal, that she was practically ready to yield on every front and would make a reply, probably at once, in an endeavor to bring the discussion to a fruitful issue. The German press, while angry at the President, and accusing him of attempting to make himself a dictator, nevertheless appeared to recognize that Germany must submit to his terms or die in refusing.

Still further, there were reports that, in line with the President's statement that German armies were destroying towns and country wantonly while their government sought peace, the order had gone forth to the commanders to avoid any unnecessary destruction. Whatever may have been the truth of these rumors, the fact was obvious that Lille and Ostend and numerous French and Belgian villages were evacuated by the Germans on the 16th and 17th of October without any of the looting and destruction which had until then marked their exit from places they could no longer hold.

Following the enemy northward and eastward the Belgian, French and English troops in four days liberated more than 800 square miles of Belgian territory, and on October 19 the Belgian sentries had replaced the Germans on the Dutch border north of Bruges; 15,000 German troops were pinned in a little corner of Belgium between Holland and the channel. To avoid being taken prisoner they crossed over into Holland and were interned. On October 20 Belgian cavalry patrols had passed Eecloo while the French were pressing in the direction of Brussels and the British having swung across the Lys in full strength had pressed on from Lille and were apparently about to take Tournai. South of this point the British forces pressing eastward from Douai and Le Cateau, with whom American divisions were fighting, were faced along a 40-mile line by 40 German divisions which were fighting desperately to prevent the forcing of the Valenciennes-Hirson main line of railway, which if cut would put in jeopardy the whole German line eastward to Verdun. The German line on October 20 ran from just before Valenciennes southward to the Forest of Ardennes, east of St. Quentin and La Fère; from here it ran eastward along the heights north of the Aisne to the district north of Grand Pré, where the Americans had captured the Kriemhilde line and were pressing on irresistibly toward a new line, the Freya, several miles farther northward.

In spite of desperate resistance the French on October 18 and 19 drove the Germans from important positions on the heights north of the Aisne, driving them from Vouziers. Before abandoning the submarine bases at Ostend and Zeebrugge the Germans did their best to remove their ships and materiel, apparently succeeding in getting all their ships safely home.

In Serbia, Serbian troops on October 19 had driven the Germans back more than 45 miles north of Nish, and had captured positions within 30 miles of the point on the Danube where Serbian, Roumanian and Bulgarian territory join. The French troops had also entered Montenegro. The Austrians announced that they were evacuating all occupied territory in Serbia, Montenegro and Albania. Following up the Austrian withdrawal the Italian forces, on October 15, occupied the important port of Durazzo.

The fighting along the whole western front in the week ending October 20 was in rain and mud, the French winter rains having set in. In spite of difficulties thus developed the Allied troops forced their way ahead.

The fighting of October 21 in Flanders and Belgium saw the Germans offering more resisting Allied pressure along the whole front, the line of combat running in a fairly straight line from Solesmes east of Cambrai to the Dutch border at Eecloo. In spite of the German resistance, however, the Belgians pressed closer to Ghent from which they were seven miles distant. South of Ghent the French forced several crossings of the Lys and further south, in hard fighting, the French and British forced the Germans over the Scheldt along its whole course as far as Tournai. The British were in the outskirts of Tournai itself, both they and the French were over the Scheldt in several places, the engineers having performed prodigies of valor in the construction of bridges under terrific fire. South of Tournai the British were at St. Amand and had pushed to within one mile of Valenciennes.

South of Le Catelet the American troops forced the crossing of the canal and the French drove further northward from Laon. In the Verdun district the Americans driving northward toward Stenay and the new German Freya line were met with desperate counter-attacks in such force that some small salients in the line had to be abandoned temporarily; before the end of the day the Yanks went forward again, a regiment of engineers throwing down its picks and shovels and taking rifles to aid in the capture of hill 9 north of Cunel.

In Serbia on the 21st French forces reached the Danube near Vidin, 50 miles south of the Hungarian border and forced an Austrian monitor ashore.

Reports to the Belgian Relief Commission on October 21, showed that the victorious advance of the Allied armies had released 1,500,000 civilians in northern France and 800,000 in Belgium from the German yoke.

A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 1210

Holstein. . . . It was officially announced in Washington on October 4 that President Wilson was a member of the Versailles Supreme War Council and that his vote on important questions was cast by cable. . . . Final reports showed that 356 U. S. soldiers and one officer were lost on the Otranto, 164 of the crew and 6 French fishermen were also lost. . . . Inspection of the mines around Lens indicated that, because of flooding, fires and destroyed machinery, it would be at least 8 months before the mines would again yield their coal to France. The town was completely razed. . . . The Polish Government set up by Germany and Austria was reported on October 18 to have demanded the withdrawal of all Teutonic troops from Poland, and also have lodged at Berlin a demand for access to the sea, at the expense of East Prussia, and for the incorporation in Poland of Posen and part of West Prussia. . . . The American Red Cross has issued an appeal for 2,000 women for canteen work in France.

"LIGHT ON PROPHECY"

REPORT OF PHILADELPHIA PROPHETIC CONFERENCE

NOTABLE ADDRESSES

"Hath God Spoken?"
"What Is to Become of the Church?"
"What Is Prophecy?" and "Why Study It?"
"Where Is Christ Now and What Is He Doing?"
"The Doctrine of Our Lord's Return"
"The Greatest Question Christ Ever Asked"
"What Manner of Persons Ought We to Be?"
"Did the Cross of Christ Fulfill All the Promises?"
"The Coming Glory"
"Regathering of Israel in Unbelief"
"God's Purpose in This Dispensation"
"The Return, the Resurrection and the Rapture"
"The Gospel for War Times"
"The Lord's Return"
"The Capture of Jerusalem"
"War on German Theology"
"Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before"
"Will There Be Any Tears in Heaven, and Why?"
"Has God a Program?"
"Does This Truth Paralyze or Energize?"

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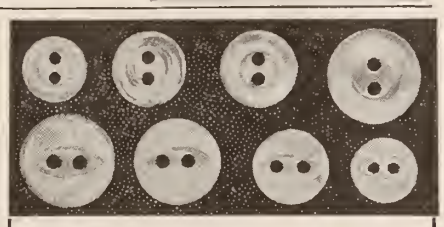

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Marion Harland's Corner

Familiar Talks With Contributors

THERE is a gossipy flavor that appeals to the woman editor in the task that falls into each month of gathering up floating threads of correspondence and weaving them into a smooth web. It is the next best thing to the face-to-face conference for which I often long. Today we have several brief queries with which we will deal before entering upon a more leisurely chat:

1) Food Administration restaurants (so-called) serve meals in which substitutes for wheat flour are used, at a lower rate than when wheat flour is used. Show me how it is done when substitutes are no cheaper than wheat flour.

2) Can you give me information how to use substitutes for sugar in cooking and at table?—O. R. P. (*Pennsylvania*).

1) At the present cost of oatmeal, barley and rice-flour, it is not practicable to use them in the same bulk as wheat-flour and save money in the production. Corn-meal is cheaper. I wish you had specified to what substitutes you refer, and whether these are wrought into bread, or into cakes, etc.

2) The syrups now sold in place of sugar are usually labeled with instructions as to the proportionate value they bear to sugar. The Food Administration Bureau advises this. I may lay down, as a general rule, the fact that liquid sweets, containing less saccharine than the dry sugar on account of the admixture of water, must be used more liberally in making cakes and puddings. A little practice will soon guide you in measuring the ingredients. But consult the printed information upon cans of "karo" and the like.

As you probably know, our summer fruits in this state last until late in the autumn. Our plums are particularly fine this year, and we are following your advice—underpinned by the urgent admonitions of the Food Administration—(heaven bless it!) and preserving and conserving what we do not eat. A late issue of orders from the said headquarters urges us to try all we do not can, or preserve, or jam, or pickle. I write now to ask for a really good recipe for plum conserves. May I have it soon?—(Mrs.) W. C. M. (*California*).

I am sending one which has the endorsement of a notable housewife—a veritable Mrs. Rundle in the matters of which you speak. You may safely try it.

Plum Conserve

Five pounds plums; four pounds sugar; one pound raisins; one-half pound English walnuts; three oranges.

Stone the plums; cut or chop the raisins. Remove the yellow peel from the oranges in thin pieces; add it to the plums; take off the white, inner peel and throw this away. Slice the oranges *thin;* put these and the broken walnut meats with the plums and boil all together slowly for one hour.

Put up in tumblers, pouring paraffin on the surface of the conserve when it is cold and firm.

P. B.—Save the stones.

ALREADY we are beginning to think of Thanksgiving:

We used to mix mashed potato with our pumpkin for pies, when we could not get carrots, which are the best substitute for pumpkin I know of. We found the mixture of potato quite as good, in the opinion of some of the family. And, as we are urged by the Food Administration to eat potatoes from patriotic motives, we are going to experiment with them again.

Do housewives who are looking for butter substitutes know that cheap beef suet—"tried out" and thus purified—is *fine* in baking scalloped potatoes? It is savory, and has not the least "tallowy" taste. We use it in divers other ways with like results. The crust made with it is in constant use with us. We wet the dough with warm water, and keep it warm until it is rolled out. We mix barley flour with wheat in the crust.—E. M. D. (*Illinois*).

You speak of mixing home-made pastry with warm water. I take it that you mean *hot* water. Some of the best pastry-makers I have ever known always wet up the "shortened" flour with this. It is especially good for water pastry.

APROPOS of your reference to the patriotic potato, our next letter is but one of a thousand proofs of the zealous obedience on the part of American women to the directions of our fine Food Administration, and to other branches of the government that have to do with the daily fare of a patriotic people that, in every walk of life, lends diligent heed to lawfully appointed authorities.

Since reading the article upon the use of potatoes as part of the bit we housekeepers can offer to the sacred cause uppermost in all our minds just now, I have made it a point of conscience to use more than ever before, and they have always been a standing dish in our family fare. My dear old mother considers it a special providence that our crop of potatoes is larger this year than ever before. Not one is thrown away. Can you tell me of a meatless potato soup which is really nourishing and palatable? We live on a farm and have plenty of milk. Can this take the place of stock in the soup?— (Mrs.) J. H. G. (*Ohio*).

I think you will find this recipe both patriotic and palatable:

Creamed Potato Soup

Boil and mash, smooth and soft, enough potatoes to make a full half-pint. As you mash, beat in hot milk to make a rather stiff batter.

Meanwhile, make a roux by stirring together in a saucepan over the fire two good tablespoonfuls of butter, or a substitute, and one of flour. Mix this gradually with a pint of scalding milk, in which have been cooked a slice of onion and a stalk of celery. These must be strained out when they are soft. Season with white pepper and celery-salt to taste.

Stir over the fire for two minutes and add a teaspoonful of finely minced parsley. Cook for a minute and serve.

AND still another voluntary tribute to the virtues of the dry yeast so often commended in the Corner:

I was much interested in an article which appeared in the Corner a while ago about dry yeast. One writer says she sets the sponge raised with this over night.

This yeast has been in use in my family for years, and at no time has it been found necessary to set the sponge over night.

I make my sponge at noon, using a dry yeast cake, softened with lukewarm water and flour enough for a very soft dough. In three hours or thereabouts it is ready to be molded into a stiffer dough, and set for the last rising. —Practical Housewife (*Pennsylvania*).

I am glad to see that the Corner advocates the composition of savory dishes which require no meat. As the prices of flesh-foods are frightfully high already, and we are threatened with a steady rise of these during the advancing winter, we housemothers can serve our families as well as our country, by setting our wits to work in devising ways and means of feeding our flocks with food that tastes good, is wholesome, and does not transgress any of the wise rules laid down for replenishing the camp tables of the boys Over There. It is surprising to the ingenious cook to discover how many delicacies that deserve the name can be, as we say, "tossed up" without calling upon the butcher. I offer, as a sample, one which my boys have nicknamed to suit themselves, having seen me make it in twelve minutes one evening when their father telephoned that he was bringing a man home to supper.

I may add that their manner of tossing it down was as active as my tossing it up. And it is but fair to confess that, meaning to make tapioca-custard next day, I had, by rare good fortune, put a cupful of tapioca in soak several hours before.

"Rapid Rabbit"

One pint milk; four tablespoons tapioca; one cup cheese—grated; one egg well-beaten; one-half teaspoon mustard; one-half teaspoon salt; pepper or paprika to taste.

Scald the milk in a double boiler, and when it is hot, add the tapioca. Cook ten minutes; then add the grated cheese. Stir constantly till the cheese is melted, add the well-beaten egg mixed with a little cold milk, the mustard, salt and pepper. If desired, this may be turned into a baking-dish and baked until brown.

It goes without saying that I did not bake the "R. R." on the occasion of which I have spoken. I served it upon crustless slices of toast—which, I frankly confess, (again!) were made by my daughter while I was busy hurrying the rest of the dish.

It was a decided success. The boys liked it so well that they have begged for a repetition again and again. If it is the main dish at dinner, I use two eggs.—Mrs. S. D. F. (*Minnesota*).

Letter and receipe go well together. May we ask for the tale of other compositions? They lend spice to our chats, besides being eminently suggestive to others of equal aspirations.

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Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
2 cups boiling water
¼ cup lukewarm water
¼ cup sugar
1 cake yeast
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This receipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour). 2½ cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Muffins

⅔ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1⅓ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

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Take the ordinary longhand letter *d* Eliminate everything but the long downstroke and there will remain / This is the Paragon symbol for **D.** It is always written **downward.**

From the longhand letter *e* rub out everything except the upper part—the circle—and you will have the Paragon **E** o

Write this circle at the **beginning** of / and you will have **Ed** /

By letting the circle remain **open** it will be a **hook,** and this **hook** stands for **A.** Thus / will be **Ad.** Add another **A** at the end thus / and you will have a girl's name, **Ada.**

From *o* eliminate the initial and final strokes and *o* will remain which is the Paragon symbol for **O.**

For the **longhand** *m* which is made of 7 strokes, you use this **one** horizontal stroke —

Therefore, —o would be **Me.**

Now continue the **E** across the **M,** so as to add **D**—thus — and you will have **Med.** Now add the **large** circle **O** and you will have — (medo), which is **meadow,** with the silent **A** and **W** omitted.

You now have 5 of the characters. There are only 26 in all. Then you memorize 26 simple word signs, 6 prefix contractions and and one natural rule for abbreviations. That is all.

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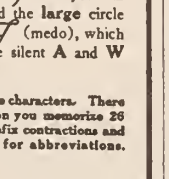

Christian Herald, 10-'18

We Who Have Given

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A CERTAIN American hero, executed as a spy at the time of the Revolutionary War, said bravely, as he faced his executioners:

"I would that I had another life to give my country!" And his words have echoed down to us across a century, and we have thrilled to them—as we will always thrill to brave words. And today as I saw the photograph that is reproduced on this page and read the sentence printed under it, I thought of him again. And I could imagine his hand—a fine patrician hand it was—stretching across the years to touch the work-hardened fingers of little me.

For—"I have given my six children to my country," said Mrs. Haines, "and I wish that I had six more to give!"

Mrs. Haines is not American born. She came from Germany at an early age, came to a new land with nothing but a firm conviction in her mind to be a credit to that land. She married and raised a fine family—five boys and a girl. And then the war came. One by one she saw her sons go off to training-camp, and she smiled, through her tears, to see them go. And now that four of her sons are actually in France and that her only daughter is waiting the embarkation orders that may come at any minute, she is still smiling.

Upper left hand
Jack Haines
Lower left hand
Harry Haines
Left center
Mrs. Michel Haines
Lower center
Anna Haines

Right center
William G. Haines
Upper right hand
Earl Haines
Lower right hand
Raymond Haines

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America is Mrs. Haines's adopted parent. But America with its fairness and square dealing and its equal chance has taken the place, in Mrs. Haines's heart, of her mother-land. And with her eyes snapping and her small figure erect she has the courage to say—

"I wish I had six more children to give to *my* country!"

TO the woman who has not given—to the woman who has sent neither son nor husband nor brother nor sweetheart to take his place in this conflict, the bravery of the American woman who has given seems almost unbelievable. It seems overdrawn, almost. And yet I, who have talked to dozens of these women, who correspond with hundreds of them, know that their bravery is not overdrawn—not in the least. They are all smiling with lifted head, just as Mrs. Haines is smilin and I've heard more than one of the say: "Yes, they're all that I have but I wouldn't want to keep the back!"

I received a little letter from a grar mother a few days ago. After readi the letter I could picture her, a fri old lady in black silk with a white fic pinned at her throat, and I can imagi her silver head flung back and her ey alight behind her heavy-rimmed glass For this is the letter that she wrote:

"All of my grandsons have gone war. And I miss them. And I wondering if you can't say, in yo magazine, some word of comfort a cheer for us—the grandmothers of t army—to carry close to our hearts. used to embroider little dresses for t boys that are soldiers now, and later used to make gingerbread cakes a cookies for them. And we held the on our knees and kissed their hu places and told them Bible stories. A we miss them almost, if not quite, much as their mothers miss them.

"My grandsons are all gone. I'm proud of them, even though I a lonely. And I wouldn't wish them not one of them—back again. A yet—can't you give us a word of co fort?"

The grandmothers! During this w there hasn't been a great deal said abo the grandmothers! And yet every b who cherishes the memory of a grar mother is the better for that memo Every boy who has had his hurts kiss away by softly wrinkled old lips, eve boy who has watched a slender wh hand wield a cookie cutter or a rolli pin, every boy who has learned his fi Bible verses at a grandmother's knee, l just that much more courage a strength to gird him as he goes in battle. And every grandmothe prayer, sent out across the darkness the sea, is an added armor of love th will lie over his heart. Oh, the grar mothers are not forgotten!

And I had a letter, too, from a girl-girl who had been married for just few months before the war broke o She had been married to her childho

eetheart, and she loved him very arly.

"He was always my prince," she ote to me—"the prince that every l dreams of. And we'd planned our tle house so very carefully and laid de our money for years and bought ly *good* furniture—together. And 'd waited until we could afford a real me. And then we were married.

"It seemed unfair, almost, that the r should come—then. But he'd had tional Guard training, and I couldn't ld him back. They needed him and ould take care of myself—I've been a nographer for years. And so we ked it over, and then he enlisted.

"He went over with the first lot. d he's been unhurt—so far. And ien his friends write to me and tell what a fine record he's making I st want to sing and to tell the world w proud I am! Of course I'm scared of course every letter directed in a ange hand and every telegram that nes has its own special scare—and t I'm glad, *glad* that I *had* him, and at a part of his going was because I nted him to go!"

ND then, yesterday, I met a mother who had lost her only son, a little nder gray-haired mother who had en the great gift to her country. d when I tried to say to her the words at were in my heart, I grew all choked , and I could only stammer.

"You've been so brave—so brave! You've been an inspiration to ever so many mothers because you have been so real and so true! And I can't think of anything big enough to say to you."

And I don't think that I'll ever forget the high, glorified look that swept across her face as she answered me:

"It hasn't been anything, this bravery that you talk about. I'm only meeting what hundreds of other mothers are meeting—and in the same way. I'm glad that my boy had his chance—for he did have his chance!" And *her* head was bravely erect, too, as she said—"*Oh, we who have given—we know!*"

That's the spirit that is making the women of America stand up under fear and sorrow. That's the spirit that is making the mother of six children one with the grandmothers, and the young wives, and the women who wear gold service stars pinned above their sorrowful hearts. "We who have given. . . ."

Oh, friends of mine, I like to think of the women of this country as a sort of an endless chain that is forged of love and welded in the fire of sacrifice. I like to think of them as standing, hand in hand, in a line that stretches through cities and through states—a line that reaches across the whole of a great nation. And I like to think of them with their heads held high and their eyes afire with patriotism, saying brave words and thinking brave thoughts and praying brave prayers!

A Bright Book on China

A PRISM, in a dark corner, is only a bit of glass—dull and uninteresting. t hold that prism up to the sunlight d it will suddenly glaze with a ndred colors, and sparkle like a ousand jewels. And, if you turn it your hands, the colors will dance and sh and do miracles with each other. China, to Gulielma F. Alsop, is a sm. She has lifted it from a dark ner, and turned it in her hands, and her new book, "My Chinese Days," s has held it up to the light. And e colors, jewel-like and flashing, lie soned between the pages of her book. "My Chinese Days" (published by ttle, Brown & Co., New York, $2) the personal narrative of a girl who is medical missionary stationed in anghai. Each chapter is a complete d enthralling story in itself—although e hesitates to use the word "story." r story, somehow, suggests fiction, d "My Chinese Days" is not fiction. e keynote of the book is truth in of its pleasant or unpleasant phases. No, the book is not fiction. It is ina with all of the laughter and urtbreak, the romance and tragedy, at is China. It is the struggle of the civilization and the new civilization t is the first half-sleepy murmur of a king giant. It is not fiction—it is e life of a girl, a young, attractive l, who is thrown sharply against ange forces. It is a narrative that aathes with love and passion, with th and death!

Gulielma F. Alsop has told her own ry in her own simple words. She has tried to pile up sensations and otions and, perhaps because she has tried, she has succeeded in writing ssages that make the reader catch breath sharply with a feeling of lden wonder at the complete artistry a new author.

In "My Chinese Days" Miss Alsop held a prism to the light. And she s faithfully photographed the colors t have flashed through that prism. d then, with a dexterous hand, s has painted in the shadows, the n, often ghastly, shadows. And the ntrast is an intense one.

The table of contents, read over quickly, stirs the interest. "The Mandarin's Bride," "Glowing Needles," "The Wives of Li," and "The Warm Grave" make one anxious to dip into the book. "The Flaming Wind" and "The Sanctuary of the Well" make one wonder and dream. And none of the chapters under those headings—or any other headings—cause the slightest disappointment or disillusionment. They are mysterious—as the East is mysterious. And Gulielma F. Alsop has thrilled to that mystery and has given it to us, that we, too, may thrill.

"My Chinese Days" is, I think, one of the big books of the year. In a war-swept world it sounds a new note—and a fascinating note. It rings with the song of the coolies in the market-place, and the call of strange birds, and the murmur of heavy Chinese rivers, and the sharp clatter of a brigand's knife against the pave stones of a darkened inner court. It is fragrant with the perfume of the East, and it is baffling with the important something that we of the Western world can glimpse but can never quite understand.

"My Chinese Days" is Miss Alsop's first book. It will not be her last!

M. E. S.

LIEUTENANT HAROLD SYDNEY MORGAN, of the Medical Officers' Reserve Corps, who had served in Dr. Wilfred Grenfell's ship, the Strathcona, on the Labrador coast, was recently killed in action in France while serving as medical officer in the Royal Irish Fusiliers. Dr. Morgan was born in Pennsylvania, but was at the time of his death a citizen of California. When the United States entered the war he resigned his position on the staff of the Bellevue Hospital in New York and went to France with the Presbyterian Hospital unit. Dr. Morgan was only twenty-eight years old at the time of his death, and leaves a brother in the Aviation Service, a sister in the Civilian Relief work in France, and a sister in the War Risk Insurance Department in Washington.

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Young People's Topics for Nov. 10

Are You Afraid?

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topic. Luke 12:1-12

HOW many, many times the fear of men has kept Christians from measuring up to that full stature in Christ which is their ideal! Nicodemus came to Jesus secretly by night, because of the Jews. We have been told that in America there are today thousands of Jews who are convinced of the real Messiahship of Jesus, but who, because of the inevitable separation of family ties, which frank, open confession would involve, follow him secretly. In the days before the secret ballot was adopted in America, many a Christian voted contrary to his conscience because his employer was interested in the election of an unworthy man. It is a mighty poor employee who is so little worth that an employer can afford to displace him because of political disagreement. We knew a fine fellow once, earnest, kind, good, the soul of honor, yet he refused to take any part in a reform movement within the denomination to which he belonged because he had a brother in official position in the church whose position might become uncomfortable if *he* took radical action. We have known many a testimony to go unspoken because the one who might have testified was afraid to speak before certain others present in the meeting. We have known others to miss the blessing of confession because they feared they might stumble or make a foolish blunder. We are not today, as Christians, called before magistrates to answer for our faith, but we are called before the bar of the unbelieving world, which waits to hear our testimony, while fear ties our tongues. Shall we not here also claim the promise, "The Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say." We are right in fearing that we, alone, in our own strength, might fail. It is quite possible. But we have no right to approach a critical situation merely in our own strength, when the Kingdom is concerned. It is only when we speak or act or move in the power of God that we can expect success, and when we have his spirit present with us, strengthening us, prompting us, supplying in his fulness all our lackings and weaknesses, we have no need to fear. His love casteth out fear.

Frontiers Old and New

Epworth League Topic. Acts 8:1; 4-8, 26-30, 40

PHILIP no doubt thought he was pioneering for Christ in Samaria, but God took him to a wider frontier, took him from crowded meetings to a single inquirer, from a snug town to the open desert; and Philip told the story of the Christ to his one auditor, and converted and baptized him. Out of that conversion came a great Christian Church, the Abyssinian, which, though it lost its power centuries ago, in its earlier years spread the Gospel broadcast through northern Africa.

For two generations the frontier here in America was westward, where men fought prairie sod, timber, Indians and homesickness all at once. Gradually this frontier moved across Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and halted a long time at the Missouri. Then it went forward in the wake of the 49ers by leaps and bounds across Nebraska, Colorado and the states to the westward, until it reached California. There is still frontier country in the Rockies. Every new irrigation ditch marks a new frontier, every new mining camp calls for the missionary. But the frontier no longer exists as a line which may be drawn on the map. The frontier is wherever orderly living has not yet become established. It reaches to the Philippines, and it has moved backward to the eastern coast. The thousands of foreign-born men and women who have settled along our Atlantic seaboard and who have congregated in our industrial centers between the Atlantic and the Missouri have given us a new frontier.

Regarding this new frontier and the changing frontier in general the leader is referred to Chapter 7 of "Christian Democracy for America," the League's Home Mission Study Book for this year, which, with supplemental helps, may be obtained by addressing the central office of the League, 740 Rush Street, Chicago, Ill.

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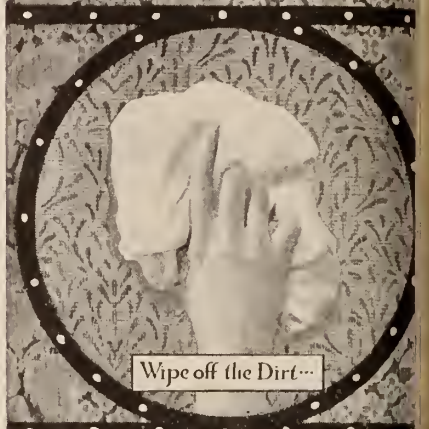

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OUR MAIL-BAG

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. Correspondents may use a nom de plume to identify the question, but all letters must contain name and address of the writer, in addition to the nom de plume. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

W. C. M., North Carolina. "Will you please allow me to make a suggestion in regard to the fine sermon by Edgar Dewitt Jones, D.D.? I submit that the question as to what Paul's 'thorn in the flesh' was is answered beyond any reasonable doubt in the sentence which immediately follows. Note carefully the words of Paul (II Cor. 12 : 7): 'There was given to me a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan, to buffet me.' I submit that the last part of this text tells in plain language what the thorn was: 'The messenger of Satan, to buffet me.' Let us analyze each word. First, the messenger. What is a messenger? One sent. By whom? Satan. For what purpose? To buffet him. What is meant by 'buffet'? Our Standard Dictionary says: 'a blow—cuff—assault.' Now, we have the complete answer: 'the thorn in the flesh is nothing more nor less than one sent by Satan to blow—cuff and assault' Paul. The object of the messenger was to tempt Paul to sin (see Rom. 7). 'I find then a law that when I would do good, evil is present with me.' It is as though the Lord should say: 'Now, Paul, you have seen, as it were, the very inner courts of heaven, and by the abundance of the revelation might be exalted above measure. You must remember that you are yet human and subject to temptation; and if you should sin, sorrow must follow and it may be some physical suffering. But my grace is sufficient for you. . . . ' As He says elsewhere: 'I will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able to bear.' Therefore we need not designate any special physical defect such as epilepsy, malarial fever, or affection of the eyes, for the thorn in the flesh is the messenger of Satan to buffet Paul. Without this source of weakness and liability to sin, Paul would have been as useless to God and humanity as one of our modern pharisees, who are too holy in their own eyes to sympathize with the humble saint of God who is all the time 'watching' and praying lest he enter into temptation."

Mrs. Susanna K. M. R., York, Pa., writes: "I thank the Rev. C. E. Wincott of Ottawa, Canada, in the Christian Herald, September 18 issue, for his beautiful and instructive sermon on 'Recognition in Eternity,' a subject on which many persons are in doubt as to the recognizing of our relatives and friends in the future world." She tells of two experiences in her lifetime of sixty-nine years. The first came to her when she was nineteen, the second about a year ago, and both of them confirmed her in the conviction that "we shall know each other there." She sends these verses:

My home is in heaven, my rest is not here;
Then why should I murmur when trials appear?
Be hushed, my dark spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens my journey and hastens me home.
It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
Nor building my hopes on a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I long for a country by sin undefiled.

F. D., Landrum, S. C. It is unknown who built the first submarine boat, but it is said that Alexander the Great was interested in submarine navigation. There is no doubt that types of submarine vessels were studied during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Early in the seventeenth century, submarine boats were numerous, and in 1624 Cornelius Drebbel exhibited a submarine of his own design on the Thames. By 1724 fourteen patents had been patented in England alone. In 1775 David Bushnell built his first submarine boat, with which Sergeant Lee attacked H. M. S. Eagle in New York Harbor. Fulton began his experiments in France and America in 1795, and from that time numerous forms of submarines were devised with more or less success. In 1863, larger boats propelled by engines were commenced in Europe, and the navies of the various countries began experimenting with submarines. The United States navy had the submarine boat under consideration for several years. The first boat was ordered about 1895 but was never completed, and seven of the Holland type were ordered in 1900 and one purchased when nearly complete early in that year.

Mr. G. A. G., Mount Savage, Md. To secure a position with the United States Department of Agriculture, write to the United States Civil Service Commission, 724 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., for application papers. State clearly your agricultural experience and the position you would prefer.

Mrs. W. R. M., Oxford, N. Y. No pension will be granted to a child of a soldier unless the child was under sixteen years of age at the death of the soldier.

Mrs. A. S., Iron River, Wis. The allotment made by a soldier to his parents is voluntary, and the only way that the parents can secure any help from the government is to have their son make them an allotment and request through his company commander that the War Risk give his family an allowance.

Mrs. J. L. W., Winchester, Va. You will find enclosed $1 in gold. Please use it for the Lord in the way you think best. I send it with a prayer. It was given my boy on his first birthday by his grandmother, and I want to give it to the Lord.

Because of the nature of this gift, the money has been assigned to the relief of Belgian orphans, where the need is great.

Mrs. O. C. J., Greenville, Pa., and others. Ferdinand Foch was born at Tarbes, Hautes Pyrénées, in 1851, of a Basque family. He served through the Franco-Prussian war as a subaltern. After the war he became a professor of tactics at the Ecole de Guerre and later a general of brigade. At the opening of the war Foch was placed in command of the northern armies in France and gained victories at the Marne and Ypres. He has an international reputation as a strategist and is author of a book entitled "Principles of War and Conduct of War," which is published in France, England, Italy and Germany. He was recently made generalissimo of the Allied armies on the western front.

Mrs. H., Camden, N. J., sends this: "I want to tell you how just one number of the Christian Herald each week is enjoyed. We, a family of five, read it; then hand it to a family of two. They hand it back, and we then turn it to another family of two. Then it goes to a shut-in, from whom it goes to the hospital, where it is read and re-read over and over, and enjoyed by all. God bless the Christian Herald."

Mrs. M. A. K., Alexis, Ill. King George V. of England and the Emperor of Germany and the ex-Czarina of Russia are all cousins, being grandchildren of Queen Victoria of England. The Kaiser is brother-in-law to the former King Constantine of Greece, and is related to Queen Wilhelmina of Holland through marriage. The Kaiser is also a cousin of the late Czar of Russia.

W. H. G., Stockholm, Wis. Most Protestant churches are doing very active work among the soldiers in France. The majority of the workers are affiliated with the Y. M. C. A. Definite information in regard to the war work under this organization can be obtained from the War Work Council, 124 East Twenty-eighth Street, New York City.

G. A. R., Pella, Iowa. We suggest that you communicate with the National American Red Cross, Washington, D. C., stating your qualifications, etc., as the Red Cross is glad to secure the services of men adapted for different positions who are not in the draft age.

Miss E. D. R., Haddonfield, N. J. The number of chaplains of each religious denomination depends largely upon the number of men of that denomination enlisted. By far a greater number of chaplains in the army are Catholic and Protestant, the percentage being about 30 per cent. Catholic. However, in fairness to the Hebrew, Mormon and Christian Scientist elements in the army, these faiths are represented. The army endeavors to place chaplains in regiments containing the most men of their faith, believing not that the chaplains will instil into the soldiers the individual creed of their particular churches, but that they will help the soldiers morally and spiritually.

© Western Newspaper Union

These girls gathered about the Alma Mater Statue at Columbia University are part of a group of fifty young French college women who won the first American scholarships offered to French girls. They will complete their education in various American colleges

INFORMATION TO SUBSCRIBERS

THE subscription price of the Christian Herald is $2.00 a year. Canada, $2.00 a year. Foreign, $3.00 a year.

When renewing, indicate with your remittance whether you are subscribing for any of our premium books. The following prices include postage and one year's subscription to the Christian Herald: *24 Lessons in Corrective Eating, $3.00; Light on Prophecy, $2.25; Gene Stratton-Porter's novels in 6 volumes, $4.75; 200 True Stories of the Great War, $4.75; Forty Prophetic Wonders, $2.25; American Flag (4 x 6 feet), $3.00; Three Official War Maps, $2.50; India Paper Red Letter Bible, $4.50; with Genuine Morocco Binding, $5.50; Red Letter Testament, $2.50; Song Stories of the Sawdust Trail, $2.40; Uncle Sam's Advice to Housewives, $2.50; Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper, $2.50; The Complete Dressmaker, $2.25; After Death, What? $2.35; 445 Additional Difficult Bible Questions Answered, $2.35; The Miracle of Answered Prayer, $2.35; Just David, $2.50; The Wicked John Goode, $2.35; Pictorial Life of Christ, $2.50.*

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H. E. R., Ripley, N. Y. The line is not Biblical, but from a poem and song—"The bird with a broken pinion will never soar again."

E. M. G., New York. A shipyard worker under deferred classification does not justify a service flag.

A. F. M., Richmond, Ind. We are unable to find any scientific opinion considered reliable, to the effect that juvenile delinquency is due to either movies or tobacco. Immoral films in many cases have been blamed, but most of the films shown in this country are now carefully censored. The increase in juvenile delinquency in this country is considered an effect of war, and especially of married women going into industries. This effect has been much more marked in Europe, where the social disorganization has, of course, been much greater.

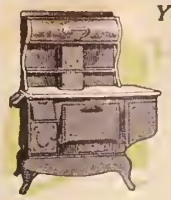
Rev. C. C. K., Aberdeen, Miss., and others. Information regarding the religious denominational affiliations of all the high officials in Washington is not available. The President is a member of the Presbyterian Church. The Church connections of the Cabinet members are understood to be as follows: William G. McAdoo, Secretary of Treasury, Episcopalian; Robert Lansing, Secretary of State, Presbyterian; Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, Methodist; Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, Episcopalian; Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, Episcopalian; W. C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce, Episcopalian; W. B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor, Presbyterian; Thomas W. Gregory, Attorney General, Presbyterian; Albert S. Burleson, Postmaster General, Baptist; Joseph P. Tumulty, Secretary to the President, is a Catholic.

C. N. M., Emmett, Idaho. 1. The Czecho-Slovaks are a union for political and military purposes of the Czechs (pronounced Checks), or Bohemians, and the Slovaks, a closely-related people of the Slavonic race, who have been unwilling subjects of the Austria-Hungarian monarchy. The Bohemians originally formed an independent nation, but since 1526 have been ruled by Austria. They are related in race and language to the Russians, Poles, Bulgarians, Serbians, Montenegrins, Croats, Moravians, Wends and Ukrainians. 2. The Jugo-Slavs are a union of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, who form a southern branch of Austria-Hungary's Slavic population, as the Czecho-Slovaks form the northern branch. They are closely related to the people of Serbia and Montenegro. 3. The Ukraine, in which a separate government has been set up recently, embraces part of the old kingdom of Poland, which was partitioned in 1772–1795 between Russia, Prussia and Austria. 4. The Bolsheviki are a political party and represent an extreme school of socialism.

What dishwashing does to drainpipes

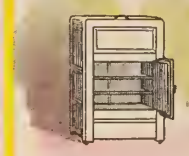
Almost everybody knows what clogs up the drainpipes—the grease from dishes and pots and pans, which hardens and keeps the water from flushing away bits of waste from the sink. Gold Dust, when used for dishwashing, not only dissolves the grease on the dishes, but keeps your sink and drainpipe free, unclogged and sanitary.

Your stove will like this hint



Wherever there's a stove there's bound to be drippings—especially greasy ones Because Gold Dust is such a gentle, effective, grease-dissolvent, most housekeepers keep a package handy. Try it on the zinc, tin or galvanized iron under your stove. Try it on top of your stove where grease has sputtered from the skillet. Try it on the drip tray on your gas range.

To sweeten ice box and refrigerator



Ice boxes and refrigerators need frequent cleansing, need to be kept always in a sweet, sanitary condition. Gold Dust does this to the very best advantage, because it so thoroughly dissolves the grease. One housekeeper says she always uses Gold Dust for this purpose, because Gold Dust so completely cleanses, rinses off so easily—no danger of "soap left behind" in nooks and corners.

How to clean your meat chopper

If you've had trouble cleaning this useful kitchen helper, try a tablespoonful of Gold Dust in a dishpan of hot water. See how quickly and thoroughly Gold Dust dissolves the grease—how fresh and sweet it leaves your chopper. On baking day, too, Gold Dust makes a quick "clean-up"—bread mixer, pans, rolling pin, spoons and all cooking utensils thoroughly cleaned in record time.

"Dusting" isn't always enough

Jardinieres, vases and many ornaments of crystal and china often are not washed because they do not *look* dirty. But Gold Dust (a tablespoon to half a pail of hot water) will bring back to them an almost forgotten freshness. That is because Gold Dust quickly dissolves the thin film of oil or grease, which in this oily age, settles on everything. See how this little task will "freshen up" the appearance of your room.

How to clean mops and brooms

After mops, brooms and brushes have done their share of the cleaning, they need a bit of cleaning themselves. The grease and oil with which they come in contact lodge in the mop and bristles. Try dissolving a tablespoonful of Gold Dust in a pail of hot water. Swish the mops and brushes up and down in this water. They will come out fresh and purified because Gold Dust so thoroughly dissolves the grease.

Cut glass and grease

What keeps your cut glass from sparkling? An invisible film of oil or grease lodges in the deep cuts. To effectively remove the cause of this trouble try a tablespoonful of Gold Dust to a dishpan of water. Apply with a brush. You will find that Gold Dust gently and effectively dissolves the grease. And this recipe will keep your cut glass sparkling.

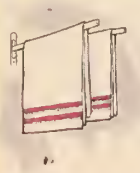
Are you missing any of the new uses for Gold Dust?

This page is well worth saving

Save your rugs and carpets

You will find the brush in your carpet sweeper picks up more than threads and dust. If you run your hand over it it feels *actually greasy*. Gold Dust will quickly free it from dust and grease. Dissolve a tablespoonful of Gold Dust in half a pail of hot water. Whisk the brush in the water, rinse in clear water and dry quickly. You will then find your rugs and carpets keep their fresh, new look.

Fresh, sweet, dish towels



After one or two dishwashing sessions your towels refuse to *respond*—no matter how careful you are of them, no matter how clean you wash your dishes. What is the matter? Grease. You can't feel it or see it, but it is there in the towel. A gentle effective grease dissolvent like Gold Dust takes hold of this trouble. A tablespoonful to a dishpan of water, a moment's swishing up and down, and out come your towels spotless and greaseless.

Sanitary crocks and jars

Butter crocks, meat jars and other receptacles in which the more greasy foods are kept, need the fresh, sanitary Gold Dust treatment. For Gold Dust quickly dissolves the grease—housekeepers say more quickly and gently than other washing powders and soaps. These receptacles are then really purified because they are so *thoroughly cleaned.*

Help for baking day

Mixing bowls, rolling pins, spoons, pans, are obstinate to clean when they get "stuck up." One woman made this discovery: Grease left by shortenings used is 9-10ths of the trouble. She looked around for grease-dissolvents. Gold Dust, being the most effective and gentlest, dissolved that 9-10ths of the trouble. It shortened the work of cleaning up after cooking.

Freshen up your door-way

Doors, door-sills, door knobs and transoms collect both dust and oil. Nothing will so quicky "freshen up" your doorway as Gold Dust, for Gold Dust gets rid of dust and dirt because it so easily and quickly dissolves oil and grease. Greasy finger-prints on door panels, "oily dust" on door-sills and transoms, marks on door knobs yield at once to the gentle Gold Dust treatment. Remember: A tablespoonful of Gold Dust to half a pail of hot water.

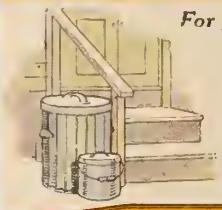
A modern idea in dishwashing

If you want to get rid of drying your dishes with a towel, try this: Use a tablespoonful of Gold Dust to a dishpan of water, wash all dishes of one kind together, scald with boiling water in a wire dish drainer. It is because Gold Dust so thoroughly dissolves the grease that the dishes come out clean and sparkling.

Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

For pure, sweet waste receptacles

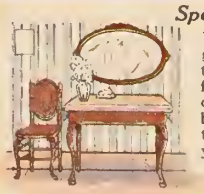


Garbage cans are so necessary—yet so disagreeable unless refreshed every day with a good cleanser. One housewife says: "After the can is emptied I put in a tablespoonful of Gold Dust, add hot water, swish it briskly about with a small brush—and behold! a can fresh and sweet as when new. Gold Dust purifies because it so thoroughly cleanses."

Now for your linoleum, oil cloth and matting

Of course it's grease mostly that makes the trouble. And when you get rid of the grease, your linoleum, oil cloth and matting are fresh and bright as the day they were bought. Try a tablespoonful of Gold Dust to a pail of water and watch the grease disappear. For Gold Dust has been proved the gentlest and most effective of all grease dissolvents. And it leaves only the fresh odor of cleanliness—no soapy smell of harsh kitchen soaps.

Sparkling mirrors and windows

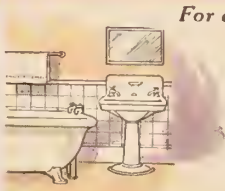


Your everyday plain or "pressed" glass will quickly respond to this treatment: Dissolve a tablespoonful of Gold Dust in a dishpan of hot water, and use a small brush. Gold Dust dissolves the thin film of oil or grease, and your glass will sparkle like diamonds. Mirrors, windows, glass doors and set-in glass of all kinds come out from their Gold Dust bath clear as crystal.

Well-kept, pretty china

In any water—hard or soft—and for all kinds of dishes, there's nothing like a tablespoonful of Gold Dust to a dishpan of hot water. That's because Gold Dust so gently and effectively gets rid of the grease, leaving a sparkling cleanliness. Many women prefer Gold Dust to the white soaps because it acts so much more quickly and thoroughly.

For a clean, sanitary bathroom



Even in the bathroom there's a bit of oil, a bit of grease. But Gold Dust quickly gets rid of dark circles and rims in wash bowls and bath tubs—because Gold Dust so quickly dissolves the grease. And, you'll find, Gold Dust cleans gently, without scatching or marring the surface of porcelains, enamel, tiling or nickel-plated fixtures.

Christian Herald

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NOTICE TO READER
When you finish reading this magazine, place a one-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING. NO ADDRESS.

See Story Inside

THE TRADITIONAL SITE OF THE TOMB OF JAMES THE APOSTLE.

From Original by David Roberts, R. A.

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IVORY Soap is acceptable to practically everybody for the toilet. The white cake is pleasing to the eye. Its sweet, natural, unobtrusive odor suggests cleanliness. Its thick, soft, bubbling lather feels grateful to the skin. It cleanses thoroughly without smarting or burning. It rinses easily leaving no sign of unsightly gloss. Anyone can offer Ivory Soap with entire confidence to anyone else, for almost everyone uses it at home.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

The last religious service on the home shores. Marines just embarked for France singing a hymn just before the transport leaves

© Committee on Public Information

Religion at the Battle-Front

Glimpses of the Minds of the Brave Men Who Are Facing Death for World-Freedom and Righteousness

THE solace of religion, easing the hardships of war, is sharply illustrated in two letters from members of the United States Marine Corps serving with the expeditionary forces in ance. These letters are now a part of the archives the Marine Corps, where the material is being thered from which the history of the Marine Corps the present war will be written.

Religion, in fact, is playing a strong part in the lives the men who are fighting in France. Especially this true of the marines, who worship as they fight with all their heart! And just how much of a ace religion can be is illustrated in the following tter from Private Reid D. Cranford, 23d Company, Regiment, U. S. Marines, to his mother, Mrs. W. Cranford, Davidson, S. C.:

"Would you ever have believed, Mother, that my rves would have stood up as they have, being *con-ntly* under shell fire for a month? But I have been I am now just as well as can be. Do you know how have stood it as I have? By *constant prayer* and ding of the Bible. My, u have no idea what a nfort it has been to to read God's Word al to be in constant mmunication with h by prayer. I feel presence with me *the time*, and I am the least bit excited en a shell hits near, I have his peace with . I pray: O Father, mmit myself into thy ping; do for me as u knowest best, and will be well.

"Then, that wonder-f 14th chapter of John! my life is spared you y be sure I am going aim at the higher . To live for God l for you, my dear ther, is all I want. t if God sees fit to e me, I am perfectly igned to his will, and ave *no fear* at meet-him, for I am trying h all my soul to live a clean, upright life, and think I will I be ready if he calls me.

"Deepest love to all; your son, REID."

THE second letter, from First Lieutenant M. H. Silverthorn of the Marines, to his wife, Mrs. Marie Silverthorn, 3632 Columbus Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn., carries with it a graphic picture of war, and an illustration that even war can have its higher side and its benefits in the fact that it brings home to the fighting man the deeper belief in religion that ofttimes is negleeted in the rush and scramble of daily life:

"DEAR MARIE, MOTHER AND FOLKS: I am sorry that I have not had an oppertunity to write sooner, but such is the case. The month of June is a month that will always be vivid in my memory. It will always be a month that, though I live to be a hundred years old, whenever I recall it I will have to thank God that I am now writing this to you; and a pang of deep sorrow will always pierce my heart when I think of some of my bosom friends, men young in years, but men from the ground up, who have made the supreme sacrifice, and with a smile on their faces and their eyes lifted to God, but still plunging forward in that seething mass of hell, have met their end like true Americans. It is a sight that will always be vivid, and an experience that has changed me over night from a youth seeking adventure to a man who has shaken dice with death, who has seen that grim monster reach out his cold, scaly hand and pick out so many brave men; but, thanks to your prayers and mine, and thanks to the dear Father, who sent his Guardian Angel to protect me, I am still alive.

"If there is any person who does not believe there is a God, let that man go over the top just once. It will do more to convince him than a thousand years of religious meetings. MERTON."

© Committee on Public Information

Arrived in France, religion is not forgotten. The minister waits while the band plays the first lines of the hymn

WHEN the resumption of acceptances of men for the Marine Corps came recently, after a month's cessation owing to the new draft laws, the first man to be accepted at the San Francisco office of the United States Marines was a minister. Daniel Stevens is his name, and he was formerly pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal Church at Grand and Mapleton Streets, San Francisco. He joined the Marines, he said, because he "wanted more action."

"I belonged to the National Guard of California," said the minister, as he underwent the physical examination. "As I am a minister, I am not subject to the draft; but it is my sincere wish to see action, and to see it quick. And I am hoping that within a short time I shall be able to get a few Huns for myself."

The Rev. Mr. Stevens will take his training at Mare Island, California.

The President Says "Surrender!"

PRESIDENT WILSON did not long withhold his answer after receiving the official copy of Germany's latest note. Basing his decision upon the unofficial wireless copy of the Berlin note received October 21, and on his conferences with the Allies, the President awaited the delivery on October 23 by the Swiss Chargé, Mr. Oederlin, of the German text and Berlin's official English translation. Finding these not at variance in any essential degree from the version first received, the President authorized Secretary Lansing to forward the note he had prepared. The official copy was at once delivered to the Swiss legation and the text was made public late in the afternoon.

President Wilson's Reply to the German Government

Department of State, Washington, D. C.,
Oct. 23, 1918.

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 22d transmitting a communication under date of the 20th from the German Government and to advise you that the President has instructed me to reply thereto as follows:

Having received the solemn and explicit assurance of the German Government that it unreservedly accepts the terms of peace laid down in his address to the Congress of the United States on the 8th of January, 1918, and the principles of settlement enunciated in his subsequent addresses, particularly the address of the 27th of September, and that it desires to discuss the details of their application, and that this wish and purpose emanate, not from those who have hitherto dictated German policy and conducted the present war on Germany's behalf, but from Ministers who speak for the majority of the Reichstag and for an overwhelming majority of the German people; and having received also the explicit promise of the present German Government that the humane rules of civilized warfare will be observed both on land and sea by the German armed forces, the President of the United States feels that he cannot decline to take up with the Governments with which the Government of the United States is associated the question of an armistice.

He deems it his duty to say again, however, that the only armistice he would feel justified in submitting for consideration would be one which should leave the United States and the Powers associated with her in a position to enforce any arrangements that may be entered into and to make a renewal of hostilities on the part of Germany impossible.

The President has, therefore, transmitted his correspondence with the present German authorities to the Governments with which the Government of the United States is associated as a belligerent, with the suggestion that, if those Governments are disposed to effect peace upon the terms and principles indicated, their military advisers and the military advisers of the United States be asked to submit to the Governments associated against Germany the necessary terms of such an armistice as will fully protect the interests of the peoples involved and insure to the associated Governments the unrestricted power to safeguard and enforce the details of the peace to which the German Government has agreed, provided they deem such an armistice possible from the military point of view. Should such terms of armistice be suggested, their acceptance by Germany will afford the best concrete evidence of her unequivocal acceptance of the terms and principles of peace from which the whole action proceeds.

The President would deem himself lacking in candor did he not point out in the frankest possible terms the reason why extraordinary safeguards must be demanded. Significant and important as the Constitutional changes seem to be which are spoken of by the German Foreign Secretary in his note of the 20th of October, it does not appear that the principle of a Government responsible to the German people has yet been fully worked out or that any guarantees either exist or are in co
templation that the alterations of principle and
practice now partially agreed upon will be perm
nent. Moreover, it does not appear that the he
of the present difficulty has been reached. It m
be that future wars have been brought under t
control of the German people, but the present w
has not been; and it is with the present war th
we are dealing. It is evident that the German pe
ple have no means of commanding the acquiescen
of the military authorities of the Empire in t
popular will; that the power of the King of Prus
to control the policy of the Empire is unimpaire
that the determining initiative still remains wi
those who have hitherto been the masters of G
many. Feeling that the whole peace of the wo
depends now on plain speaking and straightforwa
action, the President deems it his duty to say, wit
out any attempt to soften what may seem har
words, that the nations of the world do not a
cannot trust the word of those who have hithe
been the masters of German policy, and to poi
out once more that in concluding peace and
tempting to undo the infinite injuries and inj
tices of this war the Government of the Uni
States cannot deal with any but veritable rep
sentatives of the German people who have be
assured of a genuine Constitutional standing
the real rulers of Germany.

If it must deal with the military masters and
monarchical autocrats of Germany now, or if i
likely to have to deal with them later in regard
the international obligations of the German E
pire, it must demand, not peace negotiations, l
surrender. Nothing can be gained by leaving t
essential thing unsaid.

Accept, Sir, tho renewed assurances of my h
consideration,

(Signed) ROBERT LANSING.

Mr. Frederick Oederlin, Chargé d'Affaires of Switz
land, ad interim in charge of German interest
the United States.

Mrs. Martha M. Allen
W. C. T. U. Superintendent of Medical Temperance

Mrs. Frances P. Parks
Cor. Secretary National W. C. T. U.

Mrs. F. E. Drummond
National Organizer W. C. T. U.

Lucia H. Additon
National Superintendent Labor and Temperance

Miss Agnes Stack
Secretary World's W. C. T. U.

Miss Anna A. Gordon
Hon. Secretary World's W. C. T. U.

World Winning Gospel Temperance Work

THE National W. C. T. U. in the call for its annual conference (at Evanston, Ill., November 12 to 15, 1918) issues a new and rousing proclamation.

In this timely clarion call to Christian temperance advance, the white ribbon leaders appeal to "all churches and all organizations of men and women to unite in securing world-wide prohibition by 1925."

The National W. C. T. U., now that Federal prohibition is so well assured, looks forward with triumphant energy to "the next thing"—the winning of every nation and the placing of prohibition in the organic law of the whole world, "invoking the guidance and blessing of Almighty God and the cooperation of the men and women of all lands who love their fellow men."

The national and state leaders reviewing the national and world-wide field find much cause for rejoicing, and much opportunity for hopeful activity. During 1918, Texas has gone dry (the twenty-eighth prohibition state); and the prohibition law has gone into operation in Alaska, Indiana, Michigan, New Hampshire, Montana, New Mexico, Porto Rico, the Island of Guam, the territory of Hawaii and the Virgin Islands.

All the recent liquor-abolishing acts of the President, the Secretaries of War and of the Navy, and the Congress of the United States (as safeguards in wartime to make for national strength and efficiency) are sources of great encouragement to the patient, hard-working gospel temperance women of the W. C. T. U. These acts are being watched by leaders in many lands, with a view to their emulation, among these countries being Japan, New Zealand, South Africa, Mexico, France and Great Britain.

Rapid strides toward prohibition are reported from South Africa, where the missionaries and the White Ribboners are opposed to beer-selling to the black men; where soldiers are being safeguarded; and the sale of liquor to women is forbidden.

Camps and transports are dry in New Zealand, where the new six-o'clock closing bill is the entering wedge to full prohibition.

India reports a decrease of liquor shops and a new dry area that has been established around Calcutta University.

Japan is also watching the American prohibition movement. The Sunrise Kingdom has its own "Frances Willard" in the person of Mme. Yaji Kajima (now eighty-six years of age and recently re-elected president of Japanese National W. C. T. U.), who now also urges a campaign of social purity; Japan's "Neal Dow," Nemoto Sho, is equally active in the good work of the Gospel temperance reform among the Japanese.

The republic of Mexico has added a dry state, Yucatan; and Bermuda has established shorter hours for the sale of liquor.

The war problem of grain for food or for liquor has lessened the production of liquor; many countries, including Sweden, the Netherlands (where the temperance organizations are rolling up petitions for lo
option as a step toward prohibition; and Germa
(where beer is said not to taste like beer any mo

Both President Poincaré and Premier Clémenc
of France are personal total abstainers and endors
of the temperance instruction campaign going
there. Scientific temperance instruction is enjoy
increasing vogue in many lands, including Chi
Burma, Japan, India, Italy, South Africa, Austra
Switzerland and several South American republics.

A great impetus has been given to pledge-sign
in Great Britain by the fact that King George
become a total abstainer and that no liquors of
kind are served at the royal tables. Hull, Engla
recently voted out the liquor traffic. The war
brought a great increase in temperance sentim
throughout the United Kingdom (the drink bill
1917 being $1,295,000,000). Great war prohibit
parades have stirred enthusiastic response. Prot
from Canada, where prohibition now is the vog
and from the United States, against the use of f
materials for beer and other alcoholic drinks, have
their good effect. Six million new women voters
take part in the political life of the country.

In all lands the world around, there are presen
urgent needs for the ripe experienced service of
W. C. T. U. of America, which in all its plans g
forward with the essential powers of organized f
sight and of persuasive, persistent consecration to e
highest welfare of humanity. J. A. STEWART

The Puritan and the Cavalier

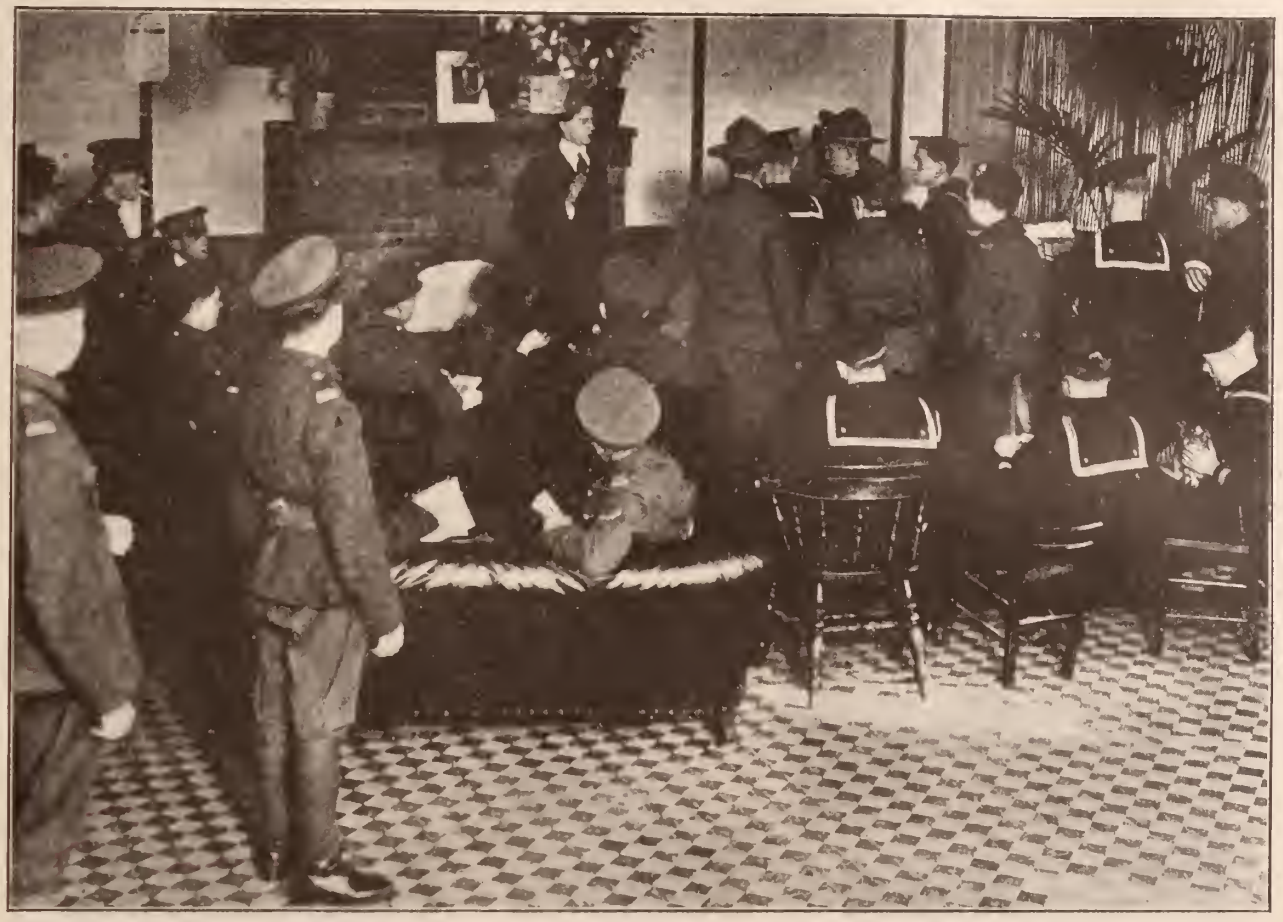
By EDWARD S. VAN ZILE, L.H.D.

THAT joy of life, that spirit of youth, that love of pleasure that is characteristic of the Cavalier had to be reckoned with, had to be combined with the Puritan's devotion o self-restraint, simplicity of existence, abstinence om frivolity, in a way to make the Y. M. C. A. ppeal to all sorts and conditions of men, to attract ie Cavalier because offered him satisfaction for his high pirits and the Puriin because it satfied his longing for clean and simple fe. One of the iracles of all the ges is the manner which the Y. M. . A. has solved his difficult probm, and, without aking any concesion to subversive inuences, has adapted its aetivities to ie many-sidedness human nature, awing to itself the thusiastic support both the youth ho goes through e with a song on s lips and his more rious-minded comde who finds his y and consolation prayer.

Since a year ago, I ve been in the ont line trenches fore Rheims, with ie Boche less than quarter of a mile way. I have been any times under e, have been ased by a subarine, have felt at my last moent was at hand a German taube iled over my head. have seen men lown to pieces, ounded, blinded, suffering all kinds of agonies r the glorious cause of Civilization against Barism. In memory the past twelvemonth is to me ke a panorama that has shown me man in the most ic moment of his career, rising to heights of heroism d self-abnegation that he has never reached before, d giving in death, the glorious death of self-sacriing youth, the lie direct to the materialists, to e Haeckels of the day, who assert that the human ul is a mere figment of man's imagination.

OULD any man with a heart in him undergo such an experience as I have had without warmg toward every agency that aims to make the istence of our fighting heroes more endurable? ly only son, my only brother and three sons-in-law e in the American Army, three of them in France. ly oldest son-in-law is in charge of a Y. M. C. A. fficers' club at Liverpool, England. When my n joined our regulars some years ago and went into lexico in a cavalry troop of General Pershing's my, I received my first proof of the fact that ithout the activities of the Y. M. C. A., life for American soldier would be on a lower plane than is, might indeed become well-nigh unbearable. was my good luck last Autumn to be located at e Hotel Plaza d'Athenée, Avenue Montaigne, aris, almost next door to the Y. M. C. A. general eadquarters. My conviction as to the necessity of e Y. M. C. A. was strengthened by what I saw, eard and felt at that old Napoleonic mansion on the venue Montaigne, where I witnessed the detailed orkings of a gigantic uplifting enterprise dedicated the difficult but splendid purpose of keeping nerican youth untarnished by the evil influences at are raised to the *n*th power in wartime in a leasure-loving capital city. The average American oy is a healthy-minded specimen of vigorous young anhood, but Paris, even with the Hun menace vershadowing it, is not without its dangerous allureents, its seductions and temptations, its historic endency to mingle license with gaiety.

The service that the Y. M. C. A. in France has endered to our American soldiers, far from home, asy marks for the poisoned arrows of nostalgia, raving outlets for the unrest begotten of a strange nvironment and the proximity of war's worst orrors, can not be too highly praised. What I saw in France of the influence exerted upon our boys by the Y. M. C. A. convinces me that—except for the unequivocal stand for right and cleanness of Pershing himself—to that organization is largely due the credit for the fact that no foreign soldiery has ever had so high a record for good behavior, good health, good spirits and good nature as our American army has won among the French. What the outcome of the practically sudden advent of over one million young, vigorous, rather dare-devilish Americans to a land passionately grateful for their coming, a land populated by a race infinitely more Cavalier than Puritan, would have been had there been no Y. M. C. A. huts as centers from which radiated influences making for poise, restraint, common-sense and cool-headedness, it is diffieult to imagine. But fortunately the huts were there, with a small army of tactful, devoted, wise and sympathetic men and women, understanding human nature, and the outcome has been an achievement that will forever glorify those four letters—Y. M. C. A.—letters that, in this connection, might stand for Youth Maintained Clean and Aspiring.



Courtesy War Work Council, Y. M. C. A.

A quiet talk in a cozy corner of Eagle Hut, the Y. M. C. A. center for Yanks in London

FROM the Avenue Montaigne, Paris, to Camp Dix, New Jersey, is a far cry. It was my privilege to deliver the Memorial Day address at Camp Dix on the 20th of May last. After a long, hot journey I found myself, in the early evening, confronting a throng of a thousand young men in khaki. During the ensuing three days I spoke eight times to gatherings of "rookies," five hundred in each group, and on the last evening of my stay again faced a thousand men in the main hall. The thought that I carried away from Camp Dix was that as a nation we have at last obtained a melting-pot—the army—that actually melts, actually fuses the varied elements of our polyglot people. And this new and efficient melting-pot is performing its invaluable task in Americanization largely through the efforts of the Y. M. C. A. I was amazed and delighted at the scope of the work being accomplished at Dix.

The care of soldiers is simplified for nations whose military forces are largely homogeneous. In America the obligations devolving upon such an organization as the Y. M. C. A. are almost fatally complicated by the fact that the American army more nearly resembles the Tower of Babel and the confusion of tongues for which it stood than any gathering the world has ever known. About the only races not represented at our great camps are the prehistoric. I have come to the conclusion that the *sine qua non* of all the virtues for the Y. M. C. A. as a body, and for its individual workers, is Tact. The manifestations of tactfulness displayed daily and nightly by the personnel of the Y. M. C. A. on both sides of the Atlantic have appealed to me as, perhaps, the most astonishing exhibitions I have witnessed in a year replete with marvelous sights. The effectiveness of our fighting forces is dependent upon the intensive activities of an organization that, by following the flag, makes possible the triumphs of that flag.

A few weeks ago I had an opportunity to visit the Great Lakes Naval Training Station near Chicago. Here, as at Camp Dix, Fort Slocum and in France, the imperative necessity for the existence of Y. M. C. A. centers was made clear to me. At the Great Lakes Station were gathered, on that beautiful July day, over forty thousand tars in embryo—sturdy, bronzed, wide-awake young Americans, displaying to the eyes of a keen observer all the splendid qualities and the characteristic defects of our national make-up. When a democratic people, devoted to the cult of individualism, endeavors in two short years to fashion its youth in the stiff mold of military and naval discipline, it essays a well-nigh impossible task. The very qualities, acquired and hereditary, that makes the American soldier or marine a reckless, irresistible fighter render him extremely hard to manage. A French officer remarked to me in Paris that when they were ordered to capture one trench the Americans took three.

WITH such material demanding wholesome restraints, it is apparent that worldly wisdom, sympathetic diplomacy, a mingling of firmness and broad-mindedness are demanded of the Y. M. C. A. men and women whose duties throw them daily and nightly into the closest personal contact with high-strung, impetuous, often extremely unsophisticated boys from all parts of our broad land. At the Great Lakes I witnessed repeated episodes illustrating the variety and difficulty of the problems hourly, almost momently, presented to the Y. M. C. A. officials, and the amazing patience, skill and tact displayed in the solution of those problems.

As I look back upon the cumulative evidence I have collected, I find that the conviction grows upon me that one of the basic reasons for the world-wide success of this organization at mankind's most awful crisis lies in the fact that the civilized peoples of the earth are engaged at present in the waging of a religious war. Our fight against Hohenzollernism and all the reactionary evils it represents is in reality the greatest of all crusades. If not the long-predicted Armageddon, it is nevertheless an armed struggle to a finish between the Powers of Light and the Powers of Darkness. The most appropriate battle-hymn today for the knightly warriors of the Entente is "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The conflicting ideals underlying and responsible for this most stupendous of all conflicts make of it a war to the death between Corsica and Galilee, between Cæsar and the Christ, between the spiritual death that despotism begets and the life of the soul that springs from human freedom.

"I come to bring not peace but a sword." These words of the Christ are in harmony with the spirit he displayed when, at the risk of his early life, he entered the synagogue at Jerusalem and overthrew the tables of the money-changers. In devoting its energies to maintaining the morale of our fighting troops in this crusade against the cohorts of Satan, the Y. M. C. A. is demonstrating anew its *raison d'être* as a Christian Association. The Great Crusade! To preach it, to fight it, to sing it—these are the duties devolving upon us all.

Nations Take Steps Toward Peace

LEAVING no interval beyond that necessary for a Crown Council and a gathering of military chiefs and political leaders, Germany, on October 27, replied to President Wilson's note of October 23. The text of the reply was as follows:

"The German Government has taken cognizance of the answer of the President of the United States.

"The President is aware of the far-reaching changes which have been carried out and are being carried out in the German constitutional structure, and that peace negotiations are being conducted by a People's Government in whose hands rests, both actually and constitutionally, the power to make the deciding conclusions. The military powers are also subject to it.

"The German Government now awaits proposals for an armistice, which shall be the first step toward a just peace, as the President has described it in his proclamation." (Signed) SOLF.

This note, which was supplemented by another along similar lines received in Washington October 30, came on the same wire which brought word of the acceptance by the Emperor of the resignation of General Ludendorff, as First Quarter-master-General of the German Army.

On October 28 Austria sent the reply to President Wilson's note of October 19 printed on this page in which she accepted all the views expressed by the President and declared her willingness to negotiate a separate peace.

Count Andrassy, Austrian Foreign Minister, on October 29, sent a note to Secretary of State Lansing urging him to intercede with the President in the interest of speedy consideration of Austria's plea for peace.

Although not officially so announced it was the impression in Washington that the Austrian plea would be referred to the Allies.

And with all this, Norwegian sources reported German U-boats traveling homeward flying white flags at their mastheads.

There were also rumors that Prince Max was urging abdication upon the Kaiser. The Frankische Tagespost was reported to have declared editorially that the Kaiser must quit his throne in obedience to Wilson's command, and "end his life somewhere or other as a private individual."

Emperor William was reported, on October 28, to have no idea of abdicating, having declared, "I will not abandon my sorely tried people, but, if necessary, I am ready to become something like hereditary President of a German republic like the kings of England and Belgium and Italy"; but on October 30, he was said to have declared to a number of members of the Reichstag, "If the moment comes when the interest of Germany demands it, I should abdicate, but the moment does not seem to have come yet."

In the Reichstag on October 2, Friedrich von Payer, German Vice-Chancellor, said, "We need confidence not merely at home; we need the confidence of foreign countries, even the confidence of our enemies. For we want peace and we need it. Our enemies distrust our sincere intention to conclude a peace of justice. They mistrust us mainly on the ground of many events in the past, concerning which we can not take it amiss of them if they have certain doubts. We have, therefore, no use for anyone in the Government who still favors a peace of force more than a peace of justice."

Now that the prospective peace of force has been reversed, and it is Germany which is to feel the heavy hand of enemy superiority, the tune is changed, but we may perhaps believe with some sincerity. France will not be soft when it comes to administering this justice; she has kept a long account and will ask that it be footed up and paid. Belgium also has an account. Justice may need to call in equity to aid her and even then it is hard to see where Germany can hope for much comfort unless mercy, too, sits in judgment, and the Hun has been merciless.

The reference in the German note to changes in the constitution placing the military forces under control of a people's government evidently was based on a bill introduced and reported for passage in the Reichstag which provides that—

First—War can only be declared with the sanction of the Reichstag and Bundesrat.

Second—The chancellor can only remain in power while he possesses the confidence of the Reichstag.

Third—The chancellor will be responsible for the political actions of the Kaiser and the chancellor and the ministry will hold office subject to the action of the Reichstag and Bundesrat.

Fourth—The Reichstag will control the appointment and promotion of army and navy officers.

President Wilson's note was hailed in all Allied countries as a ray of light through the fog of German peace propaganda. It was held to have struck home to the vital core of the whole question, to have laid bare the one obstacle to peace in a way that could not leave anyone, even a German, unconvinced, and to have put the German military autocrats in a position where they must either surrender, and take whatever terms the Allied nations considered necessary, or fight on to the end, whether that end be theirs or Germany's. The meeting of the Reichstag was thrown into commotion by the note, and the sitting was immediately adjourned. There were demands from Allied sources, both press and statesmen, that the War Council speedily announce the armistice terms so that Germany, if she was ready to surrender, might know what grounds she must accept. It was apparent that these terms would include surrender of all military material and Allied occupatio of Metz, Strassburg, Coblenz, and th Krupp works. In connection with thi it became public, on October 25, tha Colonel House and Admiral Benso had reached Europe on a special missio in connection with the preparation fo peace, being commissioned to facilitat the formation of a unified basis o peace terms for all the Allies.

London reported, on October 2 that the Versailles Conference ha agreed on an outline of peace terms an that the question now lay with the mil tary leaders who were framing armistic regulations. It was said that the pr visions for an armistice and the Allie basis of peace would be sent to German simultaneously, and that the armistic would be such as would "break Ge many's sword irretrievably." If Ge many should accept, peace might b achieved before this paper reaches i readers.

Although there were rumors tha Hindenburg also had resigned, th American Intelligence Service, on Octo ber 28, made public dispatch from the Ge man Commander to th army in the field in whic he urged them to hol fast, saying:

German soldiers, be vi ilant. . . . . In this gra hour the Fatherland reli on you for its prosperity an for its safety.

Conditions in bot Germany and Austr grew more complex day followed day. Th German workers in th Rhine district, faced wit possible invasion, we demanding peace an threatening the thron In Hungary Count Ka olyi had declared an organized against th opposition of King Ca a new republican go ernment based on equ secret suffrage of bo sexes, which had declar its independence, ha recognized the Czech Slovak and Jugo-Sla Governments, and ha announced its intentio to secure a separate pea for Hungary. Austr had abolished the mi tary censorship, an Austrian royalty, gran dukes and such, was sending its mon to Switzerland and seeking, not witho rebuffs, places of safety for its perso

Austria Accepts All Conditions

BASEL, Oct. 28 (Associated Press).—The Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister yesterday instructed the Austro-Hungarian Minister at Stockholm to ask the Swedish Government to send the following note to the American Government, dated Oct. 28 at Vienna and signed by Count Julius Andrassy, the new Foreign Minister:

In reply to the note of President Wilson of the 19th of this month, addressed to the Austro-Hungarian Government and giving the decision of the President to speak directly with the Austro-Hungarian Government on the question of an armistice and of peace, the Austro-Hungarian Government has the honor to declare that, equally with the preceding proclamations of the President, it adheres also to the same point of view contained in the last note upon the rights of the Austro-Hungarian peoples, especially those of the Czecho-Slovaks and the Jugo-Slavs.

Consequently, Austria-Hungary accepting all the conditions the President has laid down for the entry into negotiations for an armistice and peace, no obstacle exists, according to the judgment of the Austro-Hungarian Government, to the beginning of these negotiations.

The Austro-Hungarian Government declares itself ready, in consequence, without awaiting the result of other negotiations, to enter into negotiations upon peace between Austria-Hungary and the states in the opposing group and for an immediate armistice upon all Austro-Hungarian fronts.

It asks President Wilson to be so kind as to begin overtures on this subject.

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Earthquake damage in Mayaguez, Porto Rico. Shocks on Oct. 11 did great damage, estimated at $1,000,000, to government property throughout the Island, while churches suffered to the extent of $500,000, the private loss not being estimated. Many hundreds of lives were reported lost. Further shocks on October 24 increased the damage

The Wide, Wide World

DICK WARD has made the great decision, but not Dick only; the fine fellows of his unit are with him in this decision, and next week we will see them, under the leadership of Chaplain Hunter, almost miraculously restored to them, and the guidance of Dr. Ward, planning to go into all the world. But there are complications, which Dr. Sheldon handles with skill and fidelity.

The Church After The War? It is a broad question, a deep and wide problem. Last week we quoted the opinions of many leaders of denominational thought on this subject. Their judgments were strangely in agreement. Next week the sincere expressions of other men, like-minded, will be laid before us.

Mrs. Wilson has some new china. Next week Abby Gunn Baker will tell us about it.

Y. M. C. A. work in France is hard and dangerous and takes grit and gumption. Next week we will go with a secretary to the gun positions near the front.

A Week in the World's New

AUSTRIA BREAKING UP. Advic through Switzerland, on Octob 23, reported that a Central Executi Committee had been elected by t national council of Slovenes, Croatia and Serbians at Agram, which h adopted a declaration of principles i cluding a reunion of these peoples on national basis without reference to t present frontiers and the creation of sovereign state on the democratic bas The committee rejected the plan f federal states proposed by the rece imperial manifesto. It was report that the German-Austrian deputi in the Austrian Reichsrath had unit for the organization of a German sta of Austria, and had declared for acce to the Adriatic for this state. T Czecho-Slavs in Bohemia were al reported to have refused to acce federalization as proposed by t Austrian Government and to be stickin to their demand for complete ind pendence. Austria on October 2 yielded authority in Bohemia to t Czechs, while a movement was gathe ing force for the uniting to fr Poland of Austrian and German Polan Swiss sources reported on October 2 that Austria had published orders f the demobilization of the Austr

Continued on page 1252

Italians Crush Austrian Line and Break Through

MILITARY writers have, for a month or more, agreed that the logic of the Austrian situation augured an attack in orce by the great Italian army and the British, French and American divisions n line with it. But the Italian army did ıot strike. Apparently Marshal Foch vas not ready.

On October 25, although the weather vas already turning against them, the talians and French struck northward gainst the Austrian positions between he Piave and the Brenta, along the outhern edge of the Asiago plateau. The British struck eastward across the Piave at the Montello bend, taking ome strongly garrisoned islands in the iver with 700 men f the garrisons. The French took Monte Sisemol on he Asiago plateau, ith some 800 prisners. The Italians rossed the little rnic torrent north f Monte Grappa nd captured Monte rassolan and Monte Pertica, with ver 1,800 prisons. The total of risoners was about ,000. On the folwing day the Austians made desperte attempts to take the lost posions, but though ıe lines fluctuated omewhat, the Alies, at the close of ıe day, had mainained all their ins, had driven ead in places and ad taken 2,000 ore prisoners. On ctober 27 further ustrian counterttacks cost them rge losses in killed ıd 500 men taken risoners and the ritish and Italians ossed the Piave ıst of Montello, eaking down obinate but futile Austrian resistance. The Italian crossing of the Piave iver developed further on October 28, e enemy being defeated in a bitter ttle, losing 33,000 men and 201 guns the victorious Italians. On October the battle was joined on a 37-mile ont from the Brenta to below Monllo on the Piave. The Italian and itish troops were across the Piave ong a wide front which was being eadily extended against obstinate position. The important railway nter of Conegliano, five miles east the Piave, was in Allied hands and e Italians had captured the heights of lfosto and had entered Susegana. n the mountain front further progress as also being made. American troops re in reserve on the Piave line.

Along the battle-line in France and lgium the week saw little change in sitions but much hard fighting. The rmans apparently planned to stand on the line on which they had taken position as we closed the story in last week's issue. With a materially shortened front, the losses of the past three months were somewhat neutralized, and the German army, for so long in headlong retreat, reappeared as an effective fighting force. The artillery concentrations were nearly as great as in the early days of Foch's offensive and liberal use was made of high explosive and gas shells.

But with all this evident intention on the part of the Germans to stand fast, the Allies made gains all the way along the line from the Meuse, where General Pershing's men were pushing back 28 German divisions to the neighborhood of Valenciennes, where General Haig's men, with some American divisions, in some of the most furious fighting of the war, overcame both serious natural obstacles and the best fighters Germany could muster, and steadily and inexorably drove their lines deeper north and south of the city. In a forward sweep on October 25, General Haig's men, Americans aiding, swept forward over a wide front and took between six and seven miles of the Valenciennes-Le Quesnoy railroad, with nearly 10,000 prisoners and more than 100 guns. This attack was the culmination of a week of steady, grueling, dogged and persistent fighting which, with moonlight, did not cease for a minute in the twenty-four hours during three terrible days. The British artillery nullified Germans orders not to give ground, and the tanks continued to do the impossible, as a matter of course. The British reached the outskirts of the Mormal forest about 15 miles from Maubeuge and were within 18 miles of Mons where the contemptible little army first stood across the path of German ambition.

FURTHER south between the Oise and the Aisne three French armies, continuing the pressure that had driven the German back from Laon, finally forced him to relinquish key positions on his second line, the Hunding Line, which ran from the Oise eastward to the Aisne along the little Serre River and along the north shore of the Aisne with Rethel as its central key. It was a quadruple line of trench systems, with concrete dugouts and before each trench system five lines of barbed-wire, each 20 feet through. Back of this line the Germans had concentrated every available gun, since further giving of ground here meant the loss of vital communications.

Consequently, the Germans fought here as hard as they have fought anywhere since 1914. But the French fought harder, and, on October 26, they broke through on a ten-mile front from the Aisne westward to Quentin le Petit, took Banogne in the center of the Hunding Line and Mortiers, its western bastion, which gave the French a bridgehead position north of the Serre. On October 29 the Germans were in retreat along a 40-mile line from Guise around the point of the salient to the positions north of Rethel.

In the Meuse sector, where General Pershing's first army has been steadily hammering the Boche, further progress was made, although the Hun did everything he could to prevent it. The Americans are attacking the eastern pivot of his line and every yard he loses here brings him measurably nearer defeat. All during the past week the Germans heavily counterattacked the American troops both east and west of the Meuse. Some of the counterattacks forced our boys to give ground, but new attacks always re-won ground lost. Thus the lines swayed in deadly combat throughout the days, and as the week ended the American troops were in possession of Brieulles and the wooded heights commanding it, and were in touch with new German Freya line, some four miles north of the Kriemhilde line, now entirely in American possession. Since they attacked in this sector the Americans have taken 20,000 prisoners and 127 guns, and according to careful computations have caused the Germans not less than 70,000 casualties. Our boys have been firing 150,000 shells a day from 1,000 cannon and in a month have gained 18 kilometers, about 12 miles, over rough, wooded, ravine-cut, almost impregnable country against a desperate enemy whose skill and military acumen have been combined to make nature's obstacles tenfold more terrible. Yet 40,000 engineers built roads through quagmires under hellish fire, and founded one on captured shells laid end to end across the swamp, while they threw bridges over wire fields too dense to cut.

Photo from Central News Service

Over the top and beyond in Flanders. Belgian advance guards following up the Boche

GENERAL MARCH, Chief of Staff, stated in Washington, on October 26, that the Allied troops since the initiation of Marshal Foch's series of continuous drives on July 18, had retaken 7,000 square miles of French and Belgian territory. Although the joy of the inhabitants of recaptured towns and villages is unbounded, and their welcome to the Allied troops one unbroken ovation of victory, the housing, feeding and reestablishing of these thousands of repatriates is a big problem. The Germans leave them with nothing, either to eat or to work with. First they must be fed, and the Allied military authorities must see that they do not hunger until the Red Cross is ready to take over the job. Then their houses must be made wholly habitable again and finally they must be given means of livelihood. Various committees are working with the Red Cross in meeting and conquering this problem, but it is one that will grow with victory, and it will be still with us for many months after the peace is signed.

Bits of War News From Here and There

N October 23 it was estimated that the Germans d at their command on the estern front 196 divisions, six of them ıstrian, of which 30 were in general serve, whereas at the beginning of ptember they had 200 divisions, of ıich 35 were in reserve. This would dicate an absolute loss in seven weeks an equivalent of 4 divisions. Not ly this, but the divisions still exist- are much below full strength, and e steady pressure of the Allies has evented the customary resting of visions, placing all of the enemy's my under a terrific strain.

* * *

Copenhagen dispatches, of October , reported that the German troops re evacuating the Russian districts st of the line specified at Brest-Litovsk and that the Bolshevik troops following the German evacuation were engaged in excesses which had caused two delegates to be sent to Copenhagen to appeal for American, French and British help. The peasants in Northern Russia were reported, on October 23, to have joined with the Allied armies in driving back the Bolshevik troops in the neighborhood of Vologda.

* * *

The tanks have become the nightmare of the German armies. A British war expert discussing the work of the tanks recently declared that each squadron of 36 tanks saved at least a thousand casualties every day they were in action, and it has been freely stated that the British, French, Belgian and American armies by use of tanks were enabled to drive back the German hordes with less men than the Germans were using to resist the action, the great bulk of the Allied armies being thus rendered mobile, ready for use in any promising corner of the field.

* * *

Losses by submarine and marine risks in September, 1918, amounted to 151,593 gross tons of British shipping, the smallest monthly sinkings since August, 1916.

* * *

Secretary of War Baker in a letter addressed to the President, on October 23, stated that the total number of American soldiers sent abroad since May 8, 1917, was 2,008,931.

* * *

The Belgian government has already begun to tabulate the bill which will be rendered to Berlin at the peace conference. On October 21 the amount was said to be nearly $2,000,000,000, representing Germany's levies upon towns and individuals and the supply of raw materials and machinery taken by Germany.

* * *

The Belgian government, on October 23, announced that it had decided to move its Administrative Departments from Havre to Bruges. It was stated that Belgium would never consent to return to the state of guaranteed neutrality which was violated by Germany, but would be satisfied only with complete independence.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

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The Kaiser's Cross

THERE have not been wanting in Germany during these four years of her war against civilization and humanity, strong and earnest voices that rose in protest against her choice of the course that was leading the nation to dishonor and defeat. They were voices that could not be stilled by imprisonment, nor silenced by newspaper suppression. After each attack, they arose again in still louder protests, warning the German people and their rulers that they were heading to national shame and ruin.

Maximilian Harden, editor of Die Zukunft, was the leader among these war-time prophets. Loyal to the best interests of his country, his repeated warnings that the government's course must end in disaster were mocked and derided by the time-serving official press. He was thrown into jail among criminals, and the government gag was applied in the confiscation of his paper. From every such experience he emerged stronger, bolder, more resolute than before in the application of his inexorable criticism of the government and its methods in the war.

Since Germany's morale went to pieces—or, as Ludendorff expressed it, she had "lost the game"—Harden's voice has risen to an even higher key. At a recent public meeting in Berlin, which the police did not seek to molest, he was permitted to speak with the utmost freedom. It was now Germany who stood alone against the world, he said, "and when a fortress can no longer hold, it is no dishonor if the commander surrender. The Kaiser must take up his cross of concluding quickly the necessary peace, and accepting whatever is hard. Let the Kaiser declare himself ready and let him fit himself with new Germany as her first citizen. She must make sacrifices; the emperor also must make sacrifices. He must first adapt himself to the new Germany and content himself to represent the nation. Then he must bear his own part of the cross, concluding rapidly the necessary peace. He must take upon himself the task of accepting the onerous conditions involved. He must withdraw German troops to the empire's frontiers and henceforth demand that the Reichstag assent to a declaration of war."

Hard words, these, and bitter for the "Supreme War Lord," as well as all his sabre-rattling adherents, to pass unresented; but times have changed. Germany's "impregnable defenses" have been swept into the rubbish-heap by the mighty blows of those enemies whom she held in contempt less than a year ago. Her "shock" battalions are decimated; her mighty armies are in flight; her great generals now confess the war lost, and even her allies have abandoned her. Yes, Harden spoke the truth! The fate Germany had hoped to force upon her enemies has overtaken herself. She must surrender!

Will the Kaiser take up the cross and leave pride, ambition and autocratic authority upon the altar of sacrifice, to save what remains, in order that a new and free Germany may rise—a Germany in which the voice of the people will be heard and where their will shall dominate? Unfortunately, there are no evidences of such a change of heart on the part of the one man who, above all others, is responsible for the war and the desolation and suffering it has brought into the world. The cables tell us that "he has lately become extremely devout and spends hours every day in prayer." It may be that he now sees that he has been fighting against God and against justice and righteousness, and that it is time for him to show the works of repentance. He can now realize the truth of the Scripture where it says: "Ye lust and have not; ye kill and covet and cannot obtain; ye fight and war; ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss." His dream of world-power has passed now, and as Maximilian Harden has warned him, and as the growing demands of the German people are urging, he must take up the cross and carry it before the whole world in the spirit as well as the attitude of repentance.

Peace Talk and Food Danger

THE inevitable result of the peace talk, unless our people are warned, will be a relaxation in food production and conservation under the false belief that impending peace will put an end to our national food obligations.

Should peace come tomorrow, the food obligations of America will be immensely increased rather than lessened. The withdrawal of Bulgaria from hostilities means 4,000,000 more people clamoring to us for food, and we should always be willing to exchange food for the right kind of peace. Besides Bulgaria, there are in Poland, the Balkans, parts of Russia and certain other portions of Europe a total of 180,000,000 people threatened with starvation. At present we are unable to send them supplies; but with the coming of peace this huge population will be added immediately to America's food guardianship. These stricken people, plus the Allies, represent about 300,000,000 human souls—nearly three times as many as our total population.

The recovered territory on the Western Front, while heartening from a military standpoint, is even now making the food program subject to constant revision and brings added responsibilities. Those people must be supplied with food immediately.

The coming of peace will not add one pound of food to our supply. There will be greater demands for food over a considerable period after the war than now.

The President's Note

SPEAKING not for this nation alone, but for all of the Allied Powers who are fighting alongside of us in the great war, President Wilson has sent to Germany's note a reply that is so clear, so thoroughly logical and so conclusive, that it admits of no misinterpretation. He practically tells the German people that they must democratize their government in order to secure peace terms, and that, if the United States must deal with the monarchical autocrats in regard to the future status of the German Empire, we must demand, in behalf of all the Allies. "not peace negotiations but surrender" on the part of Germany. He concisely reviews the position Germany now occupies in the negotiations: she has expressed a readiness to accept without reserve the terms of peace set forth in his published addresses; she has promised to follow the humane rules of civilized warfare, and by every rule of honor among nations she is obliged to these acceptances, but he directs attention to the fact that there is as yet no government in Germany responsible to the German people, and the present war and the plans for its conclusion have not yet been brought under the control of the German people. The Kaiser still remains the sole military head of the nation; he and his autocratic following are still the masters of Germany. Until they cease to be so, and until the change is made evident to America and her allies, we must demand, not peace negotiations, but surrender. There can be no negotiations unless the determinative power in Germany is absolutely changed.

This is the right setting for the note and one which must meet general approval in all the Allied countries. If the Kaiser and his followers cling to their crumbling authority, they must fight to the bitter end. Such a decision on their part would doubtless involve Germany in a chaos of revolution.

Our brave troops and those of our Allies are giving their lives for freedom and democracy. Their victorious progress will go on until the power of Germany is finally beaten down and Kaiserism compelled to yield. This is the logical result of Germany's attitude, unless she accept the inevitable now.

The Success of the Loan

THE clock-like precision with which the people of the United States put over the $6,000,000,000 Fourth Liberty Loan is finely emblematic of their spirit in all matters pertaining to the great war and the purposes after. It is the spirit of determined, methodical winning of purposes worth while.

The largest loan in all history has been accomplished without even a ripple on the financial surface and without serious sacrifice on the part of any one. The next loan, when it comes, will be met with the same zeal, energy and organization.

Although in the midst of the Loan drive peace seemed to be in sight, this fact was no great deterrent to subscriptions. Indeed, these billions and the more billions to come will be needed in peace no less than in war. Whether used in the continuance of war or in the establishment of peace, American billions upon billions will help to maintain American supremacy and American ideals of freedom and democracy for all the world. Never before has the power of money been so well understood. Never before has there been so much money at a nation's service. Never before has there been such unselfish and righteous use of money for the political liberation of mankind.

If Your Paper Comes Late

A STRIKE among the pressmen of New York has delayed the mailing not only of this issue of the Christian Herald, but also a portion of the previous issue. This will explain the reason for the non-receipt of the Christian Herald at the usual time. All the publications printed in New York are similarly affected. As this is being written, there is a prospect that the trouble may soon be amicably adjusted.

When the Christian Herald does not arrive promptly please wait at least a week before complaining. These are troublous times, and although we do our utmost to mail the Christian Herald promptly, delays similar to this—which are due to causes wholly beyond our control—are liable to occur. We therefore ask the indulgence of our readers during this trying situation.

The United War Work Campaign

ON November 11, the nation will begin the greatest campaign for funds for Christian work ever launched in any country. Seven organizations each doing a needed work for our boys none overlapping any of the others, will ask us for $170,500,000, to be used, every penny of it, in keeping our boys free from sin and in giving them recreation and opportunity for healthful, happy and safe use of their spare time. Originally planning to solve their needs before the nation individually, the seven organizations were brought together into this United War Work Campaign by the express request of the President, who uninfluenced by any special interest surveying the whole field of the nation's life, saw clearly that seven campaigns between two Liberty Loan campaigns would exhaust the nation physically and muddle it financially. The United Campaign presents the best case for immediate and adequate giving ever laid before the American people. It would naturally be expected that with Protestant Catholic and Jewish organizations all ministering to the soldiers at home and abroad there would be some duplication, but there is practically none. Every Y. M. C. A. hut is open to the Catholic priest to celebrate mass or to the Jewish priest for his service and every K. C. and Jewish hut is open to the other two organizations for their special service. Companies of entertainers, moving picture films and all the paraphernalia of service to the men over there is used in common by the three organizations. There is no conflict, no overlapping, only mutual and growing respect and cooperation. The work of the Salvation Army, of the War Camp Community Fund, of the Y. W. C. A. and of the American Library Association supplements the Y. M. C. A. activities.

With all of these organizations, which in 191 might have found no common ground for united effort, all now in 1918, pulling together harmoniously and enthusiastically for the one great cause, there is still an undercurrent of criticism based on misunderstanding and falsehood, which if uncontrolled may compromise the whole undertaking.

To what extent enemy agents may be responsible for rumors we cannot say. But there have been rumors that one organization had forced the united campaign. This is entirely untrue. There are also rumors that Protestant money will be used for other than Protestant purposes, and that one organization has so organized its share in the campaign that it will secure its complete fund whether the others do or not. This also is untrue. The constitution of the United Campaign is so drawn that, should the amount realized be less than the total sought, each organization participating will receive only its pro-rata share and *no more*. Gifts may be designated to go in whole or in part to any one or more of the seven organizations. The sum of designated gifts will be a part of each organization's quota, but will not increase it. The campaign is so organized that all stand together and all must win together.

We urge every member of the Christian Herald Family to give to this United War Work Fund every ounce of strength and every dollar which sacrifice and love for our boys and the cause can make available. It is God's work; it is the Nation's cause; it is insurance for victory, and it is for those who are stars in our service flags, turning one by one to gold, to stand for the sons of our hearts, true-hearted, brave and fine, kept thus by the Y. M. C. A. and the organizations associated in this campaign.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

What the Bluebird Said

WILLIAM HILLMAN, who graduated in the 1917 class of Columbia University as editor of the Spectator and lass poet and is now an officer in the Jnited States Army in France, wrote he following letter to his little brother, ix years old: "Dear Henry: In France ere there are many bluebirds. I have een them flying over the fields, and iany are seen quite tame near the treams. I eaught one the other day, lame little bluebird that had been ıjured in some way. It could not y very far. I picked it up and com-ɔrted it, and, Henry, would you believe , this is the story he told me: 'My ame is Nestor, and I am king of the luebirds. I was born in the fields not ery far from here just before the rimson sun set to rest in the west. Iy mother, who was very dear to me, old me some time after that just as I as born she could hear the voices of ngry men in the distanee going to war. he told me how I wept when I learnt ıat they were killing eaeh other and ow I vowed that I, bird of happiness, ıould bring peace and ease to them. was young then, but the dream has ollowed me since to heal the wounds of ıe stricken people. When I came of ge my first decree was this: that the irds of my race would have forever one ıission, that of bringing happiness to ıan. And so, for these last few awful ears, I have traveled from field to eld and hut to hut and hill to hill, nging soft songs to tired men and omen, whispering beautiful things to ıem, plucking the rainbow for gifts ɔr their children, stealing the gold om the sun for their daughters. have kissed their eyelids at night, lling their sleep with the sweet dew of ıe poppies. I have shed fragrant ents on them, and all the while they ept on fighting. But I have not lost eart. I have hurt myself this morning, nd now am resting. As soon as I am tronger I will go on still singing, still reaming, still hoping and helping.' put the little bird down and in a few inutes it flew away. I do not know here it went. I thought I heard it nging this morning. Perhaps you ıay see it and hear its song. Look for , Henry, and let me know if you do. y-by, with love. Your brother, BILL." midst the pains and sorrows of our me and of the world, the Holy Spirit, eavenly dove, speaks the words and xtends the ministry of comfort, in nswer to this prayer: "*And I will ray the Father, and he shall give you nother Comforter, that he may abide ith you forever.*" (*John 14 : 16.*)

Cleaning London Slums

SOME five years ago a committee was appointed by the county ɔuncil of London on the "housing of the orking classes." It recommended hat the sum of $17,500,000 be ex-ended in cleaning slum areas in the ity, the sum to be spread over a period f seven years in equal instalments of 2,500,000 each. A recent report of he committee indicates that about 10,000,000 had already been expended, ith the result of cleaning fifty-five eres of slums and providing new and anitary dwellings for more than 160,000 ersons. The committee further recom-ıends that the first step in the present cheme be the building of houses on states ripe for development and on ites adjoining unsanitary or over-rowded areas, renting them to the amilies at a figuro they can afford, nd tearing down or repairing the unsanitary and dilapidated houses va-cated. The estates not in the council's possession are capable of accommodat-ing 17,000 persons. This slum-cleaning is largely in the East End, where the poor people live. London has three distinct parts: the Center, where the money is made, and adjaeent to it the West End, where the wealthy and fashionable people reside, and the East End, where the working people toil, and where so many are submerged in poverty and misery. For twenty or thirty years successful work has been done in bettering the condition of the East End, and the action of the county committee in its tenement house re-form has been remarkable and com-mendable. The large cities of Ameriea by legislation and municipal action have instituted great reforms in the sanitary construction of tenement houses and eheaper housing of families, in the interest of God's poor, who are unable to provide homes for themselves. And all under the teaching and in-spiration of Him who said: "*Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.*" (*Luke 9: 58.*)

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Victory Siren Unveiled

IMPRESSIVE ceremonies commemo-rated the recent installation of the first "Victory Siren" in the nation on the roof of the Evans Building, in Wash-ington, D. C. The Victory or Angelus Siren sounds each day the signal for noon-day prayer for victory for our nation and our allies, and for a peace everlasting. Little Miss Irene Elliott Moore unveiled the electric siren, which thus sounds its call to prayer. In the tremendous mechan-ical preparations necessary to organize, clothe, feed, arm and transport an army to secure the victory there is the temptation to overlook the divine guidance and help, without which no success can come to our cause. It was said that drilled men would win the war, and that food would win the war, and that the Liberty Bonds would win the war. It is true that men, food and money will win the war, but it must not be forgotten that God, who founded our nation and saved it, who is our real King, is guiding our leaders and inspiring our soldiers and sailors and bringing to us the glorious victory. Let the siren at noon each day sound loud enough to call a whole nation to its knees in thanks-giving for what God has done, and in prayer for complete victory and peace everlasting. Let it call to each preacher in his pulpit on Sunday, to tell the people that it is God behind all and over all to whom we have to look for victory, and ask them to pray that one of the victories may be the destruction of materialism and mammonism that brought on the war, and the universal establishment of Christ's Kingdom of truth, righteous-ness and love. The prophet thus sees God giving success to his people in battle: "*So shall the Lord of hosts come down to fight for Mount Zion.*" (*Isa. 31 : 4.*)

Oldest Doll in the World

FRENCH sailors are responsible for bringing what is claimed to be the oldest doll in the world to America. This ancient doll is the mascot of a French battleship that is now at an Atlantic port, and it is asserted that she was the plaything of a little girl in China several centuries ago. The little old lady made her first social visit recently to a home on East Seventy-eighth Street, New York, where she was taken ashore by some sailors. Children must have playthings. God put the play element in the young of the lower animals and of the human family. Grown people who can play now and then as well as work live longer, are happier, and make others happier. We do not know how far back to go in the thousands of years of Chinese history to find the first doll. The doll is the symbol of motherhood, an instinct so deep and divine that it manifests itself in the little girl who counts a baby the sweetest thing in the world and calls her dollie her baby to love and care for. This instinct is universal and is seen in the life-size doll of the rich on Fifth Avenue, that has eyes that open and shut, as well as in the empty bottle of the poor little girl of the East Side, which she dresses up with the neck for the head and the rest for the body. We have found no record of dolls among the Jews, but we have an account of the playful instinct in children. We venture to say that the little Jewish girls had either toy dolls or a piece of wood or stone that they called their "baby" as they played in the streets, for the prophetic pictures of their joys to come says: "*And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.*" (*Zech. : 8 : 5.*)

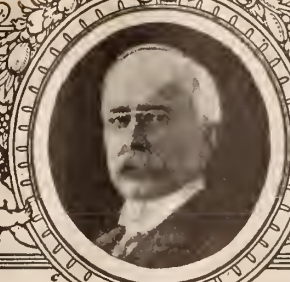
River Under Lake Michigan

JUST off the bluff on which is situated Juneau Park, Milwaukee, there has been discovered a great river flowing at the bottom of Lake Michigan, push-ing its course swiftly as the Gulf Stream travels through the ocean. The world was astounded a half-century ago, when the enterprising Chicagoans went several miles out into Lake Michigan, sank a crib, and drew water for the city supply from the pure water at the bottom of the lake. The people of Milwaukee are talking of going out into the lake and tapping the river of pure water flowing along the bottom and never reaching the surface. Human life is a lake through which flows a river of purest water which gives life and health. It has its source in the city of God, and its course by Sinai and Calvary, where the drops of blood from the cross, containing the life of the Son of God, color it and make it efficacious. The Psalmist refers to this divine stream: "*There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God.*" (*Ps. 46 : 4.*)

Dried Sweet Potatoes

SWEET potatoes, reduced by a process of drying from a weight of fifty-six pounds to eleven pounds with a trifling loss of food values, are to be shipped to our soldiers in France in large quantities. This sweet potato product will keep under the same conditions as brown sugar, which it resembles, it is asserted. It may be served like a cereal with milk or cream, as a hot beverage like cocoa, or it may be used for making custard pies or puddings, or preserves, the product providing much of the sweetening necessary. To the masses of our people the saving of fats and sweets for the Allies and our soldiers was a sur-prise. They thought fat was the least desirable portion of meat, and that sugar was a luxury. The doctors knew, however, how much physical power the fats and sweets produced. There is this ancient estimate put upon them: "*Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet.*" (*Neh. 8 : 10.*)

TRUE GREATNESS



A SERMON

By

REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.

TEXT—Luke 9 : 48. "Whosoever shall receive this child in my name, receiveth me; for he that is least among you all, the same shall be great."

IT IS necessary to go back a few spaces if we are to approach these words in a true spirit of interpretation. And perhaps we had better begin here. "Then there arose a reasoning among them, which of them should be greatest." It is amazing what things we can talk about in the presence of the awful and the appalling. I have heard men indulge in loose frivolity amid the most glorious scenes in the upper Alps! It is surprising what strange fields the conversation can take even when we are returning from a new-made grave.

It seems as though the terrible in life soon loses its impressiveness, and we are away in the heedless shallows again. Here is the Master, who has just been uttering one of the darkest words which ever fell from his lips. Whilst the disciples were "wondering every one at all the things which Jesus did," he quietly said to them, "Let this saying sink down into your hearts; the Son of Man shall be delivered into the hands of men." And whilst the echo of the word is lingering in the air, and when we should have thought they would be almost paralyzed with fear, "there arose a reasoning among them which of them should be greatest." I say it is a case of flippancy by an open grave.

"AND Jesus, perceiving the reasoning of their hearts." Here we have an impressive example of the sensitive correspondence of Jesus. He is not dependent upon what we say, or upon what we do, for a knowledge of our lives. He can read the innermost movements of the secret thoughts. And, whilst this ought to be very sobering, it ought also to be exceedingly inspiring. It is a most helpful thing to know that the Lord has an early perception of what is going on in the secret places. He does not come in too late! Things have not "gone too far." He discerns a thought before it generates a deed. He knows when the most inward thing begins to go wrong. An expert motorist told me the other day that he can "feel" when anything in his machine begins to go wrong; it is even so in our relationship to Christ. He can feel when a motive is out of order, or when a wish has become perverse, or when our thinking is moving along perilous ways. "He perceived the reasoning of the heart." And so he instinctively recognized the central thought and ambition in the hearts of his disciples. That ambition was crooked and perverse, and he began, as he always began, to straighten and correct it.

When the Lord begins to minister to the life, his first work is to put wrong thinking right. Nothing final can be accomplished if the fundamental thinking is vicious or untrue. Now the disciples have got a wrong conception of greatness, and their conception has been perpetuated as a popular error to our own day. They imagined that greatness consisted in a certain position, when in reality it consists in a certain disposition. They conceive that greatness means nearness to the throne, while in reality it means likeness to the King. They reason that greatness means the possession of authority, while in reality it means the readiness of service. Their conception was all external, and had to do with the outer living, and not with the inner life.

AND now the Lord will correct this. He will tell them that greatness is found not in ostentatious prominence, but in a certain deep and secret relationship. The primary question which can be put to any life is this: To what are you related in the spirit? Not, whose blood is in your veins? but: whose life is in your soul? What is your lineage in the region of the heart? It was along these ways that Christ was continually leading when he talked to his disciples. He would never allow his hearers to remain in a merely superficial relationship. He abode in the depths, and into the depths he desired to lead all men. He would never allow undue emphasis to be placed even upon his own home relationships. "Behold, thy mother and thy brethren are without, desiring to speak with thee." The Lord immediately led the hearer into the deeper things by quietly saying, "He that doeth the will of my Father, the same is my mother and brother." And so it is here in the words before us. He tells them that greatness consists in no outer relationship, but in a spiritual kinship.

Now let us see what steps he will take. First of all, he took a child, and sat him by him. And now mark the extreme points of his speech. "Whosoever shall receive this child . . . receiveth him that sent me." On the one hand there is a little child; on the other there is the eternal God! And now I am getting my eyes upon greatness as Jesus conceived it. The height of all greatness is to receive God. The greatest man is the man most God-filled and God-possessed. What a sublime conception! It is independent of place, applause, money, or worldly fame. We become really great just in proportion as we become filled with God. The statement knows no exception. We have the proof of it in common life.

It is true in my own calling. The greatness of the minister is in proportion to his God-possession. A man may be endowed with a rich collegiate equipment, and yet he may stand before an audience perfectly impotent; while some illiterate local preacher, who knows nothing about ancient languages, and can scarcely speak his own, stands before a congregation, and the wind of the Spirit breathes through him, and everybody recognizes that they are in the presence of a great man. It is even so in civil council, and in the national senate. The God-filled man has his own enduring place, and every other form of greatness is vain and empty.

It is here that we find the secret of the immense power which belongs to the Society of Friends. Numerically they are only a small company, and yet in influence they pervade the whole land. There is no noise about their goodness; they do not cry, nor lift their voices in the streets; they are just filled with God, and their greatness receives the thankful recognition of the world.

NOW, then, are we to receive God? Well, we must first of all prepare the way of the Lord. I remember that, when the king of Norway visited England, I was crossing the city of London when his procession was expected to pass on the way to the Guildhall. Oxford Street had been prepared for the royal visit, and all the traffic had been turned into the back streets. But this is not the way in which we are to prepare "the way of the Lord." He loves to come through the ordinary traffic. He mixes up with men's ordinary trades. He does not ask that our ordinary duties should be put in the back streets, but just asks that he may be allowed to visit us when we are engaged in humble duty and quietly earning our daily bread. And what would he like us to be doing when he comes? Here comes in the significance of the child. "Whosoever receiveth this child receiveth me!" He does not desire we should be intent upon the great things, but devotedly concerned with the everyday small things.

Anybody can receive a child, and anybody, therefore, can receive the Lord. It does not take the learned man to be gracious to a little one, and therefore it does not require that we be learned before we entertain the King. Silas Marner opened his door to a little foundling, and God slipped in! And that is most literally true. No man can lay a kindly hand upon a little child without at the same time lifting up the latch and letting in the Lord Jesus. We begin at the very humble end, but the lowly road has glorious issues.

But I think it means more than this. I think that this little child is just a symbol of all lowly ministries. The disciples were looking for greatness in sovereignties and kings' houses. "No," said Jesus, "greatness is just God-possession, and you become filled with God while you are faithful in lowly service. God enters in by the humble door." It does not matter who it is to whom the services are rendered, whether to master or child, or the humblest beast; again I say, while we are serving, the Lord slips in. "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water, he shall not lose his reward."

How humble the ministry, and yet how glorious the effect! The cup of cold water is a symbol of kindness, of cheery words, of grateful recognition, of hearty handshakes, a word of eulogy, a "thank-you!" All these are cups of cold water, and while we are giving them we receive the King himself. "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the lowest of these my brethren, ye do it unto me."

*Dr. Jowett's sermons appear on the first Wednesday of each month in the Christian Herald.

REVELATION

MOONLIGHT, pale, fragile and pure as a moonstone,
Spread like a luminous blessing on waters of silver;
Night like a temple of dusk closing about me,
God and I alone in the silence. . . .

Twilight and stillness—moonlight, and waters of silver,
And you, perhaps, fallen after the carnage of crimson,
Staring eyes turned to the moon in her background of sapphire,
Beautiful body outstretched where the poppies are nodding,
Roar of the battle receding, blood clotting thick on your bosom.
I in my temple of dusk, stillness and starlight around me,
Stand face to face for a moment with the God of love and of battle!
Soldier of mine—*He knows*. From the backward rim of creation
Mankind has died for mankind to maintain the life of the spirit.
Did He not give Himself that we might know the meaning of freedom?
Like Him are you in the fulness of a great sacrificial devotion.

Peace—all is well mid the poppies!
You, too, have given your utmost.

ELIZABETH BURGESS HUGHES.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D. D.

Daily Meditation

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Fearless Before the Threatening Host

SUNDAY, November 10. Ps. 27 : 3. "*Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear.*" It is a marvelous triumph of grace when we can stand before an advancing army f adverse circumstances and not be afraid. We have assed far into the secret place when the massed an-agonists do not trouble us any more than a single oe. The fact of the matter is, we are very prone to be onfounded by magnitude. Mere mass hypnotizes s. We become the victim of its mesmeric fascina-ion. We are distracted. We lose our balance. We ee things out of their perspective, and in these mat-ers disproportion is death. We ought to be able to eep a quiet eye when adverse armies bear down upon s. To see them in the larger relationships in which hey shrink to a very slender line, to meet them con-dently and unperturbed, is a very clear token that 're are moving toward them with the magnificent ecompaniment of grace. To fear nothing but God s the supreme triumph.

I am very fond of that strong, vigorous, invigorat-ng sentence of John Milton which I long ago marked n his "Arcopagitica." "God intended to prove me, whether I durst take up alone a rightful cause against world of disesteem, and found I durst." I like filton's interpretation of his antagonisms. He heard ne divine challenge in their approach. "Durst thou, r wilt thou retreat?" And Milton's soul answered he challenge with all the sensitiveness and reticence ith which a true soldier answers the call of the bugle. He first of all retired into the inner room of his own eing, and he summoned all his moral and spiritual esources, and he went forth with fearless heart to neet his foes. "He found I durst!" And Milton's ay is the great secret in all radiant triumphs. We ust discern the divine Presence on the field of con-ict. We must hear the divine challenge in our cir-umstances. We must see the divine test of our loral and spiritual worth. "Durst thou?" To ccept our conditions in this spirit is to face our an-agonistic circumstances with a feeling of tonic in-ead of panic. We are nerved rather than enervated y the menace.

So doth the Lord prove us in the dark and cloudy ay. And so is our vigor unveiled in the tempests. We are made manifest by the very enemy who came o destroy us. "The things which happened unto me ave turned out rather unto the furtherance of the ospel." The menace leads us more deeply into the reasures of grace. J. H. J.

The Divineness of Duty

MONDAY, November 11. John 4 : 34. "*My meat is to do the will of him that sent me.*" Duty a great word in these days. The whole world has een changed for uncounted millions of people within ne last four years. Life has been reorganized around new center. A new voice is speaking to multitudes. new seriousness has come into men's hearts and ines in their eyes. What is this thing we call duty? What is its authority and what is its sanction? Why ould we bo inconvenienced by it? Why should a nother give up her son, a wife her husband, a girl her ver—give him up to possible wounds and death, to rtain hardship and privation—at the mere bidding duty? Ah, there we touch the very nerve of life. his is the strongest of all motives. Stronger than the esire for ease or wealth, stronger than love, stronger an the desire for life itself. Does Jesus shed any ght on this phase of experience? Nothing but light mes to us from Jesus. He saw duty clearly and his titude toward it is one of the great secrets of the agic and power of his name: "It becometh me to ulfil all righteousness." "I must be about my ather's business." "My meat is to do the will of im that sent me." All is summed up when we say esus recognized in duty the very voice of God. To llow it is to approach God. To obey it is to know od, and Jesus says this is life—to know God. If e take this view of life, nothing is incomplete which ccomplishos the will of God, and nothing is com-lete which fails to accomplish it. C. C. A.

Christian Unity

TUESDAY, November 12. Eph. 4 : 2. "*With all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, for-bearing one another in love.*" This is the method which he apostle enjoins upon those who would keep unity n the church. The unity which binds believers into he spiritual body is not effected by human ingenuity, ut is a result of the operation of tho Spirit of grace n the hearts of individual believers. The Christians are to keep this unity, where it has been once achieved. This requires the utmost patience, gentleness, and restraint. Hearts that have become well tempered by the genial warmth of the Savior's love, hearts which have learnt by many a sad experience in their own conversation how difficult it is for natural man to accept and to retain the divine teaching, and how easy it is even for Christians of long standing to run into error, hearts that can take also a stern reprimand without rancor, and that strive more to win than to defeat a brother—such hearts the apostle requires for maintaining the unity of Christ's flock. For the unity which is desired in the church is a willing, not a compulsory, unity. It is not a unity like that in a prison, where all the inmates keep peace, because they cannot do otherwise, while they would much rather be fighting with one another or unite in throwing off the control of their keepers. It is not a unity like that of ignorant pupils in a school, who obey their master because he keeps them from knowing the truth. It is, in short, not a unity attained by the application of force which reduces men to bondage. It is possible by the employment of this means to attain a union of persons that will have at least the appearance of unity. But at what a tremendous price has such a unity been purchased! It has been paid for with the individual Christian's liberty of conscience, and at the forfeiture of the real life of love and mutual service with which the body of Christ, which is the church, ought to throb. W. H. T. D.

The Sealed Covenant

WEDNESDAY, November 13. Heb. 6 : 18. "*That by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation.*" The Almighty made a covenant with Abraham and sealed it with his oath, saying, "Blessing, I will bless thee." We believe God's promises without his oath. We know that our hope is in his word like an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, grasping the Rock of Ages.

"Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Judah; I will write my law in their hearts." Jesus sealed this covenant with his blood, saying, "Drink ye all of this; for this is my blood of the new covenant." It was a covenant of peace between God and man. By this covenant the sinner becomes a saint, the alien a citizen, the wanderer a son in the Father's house. Christ's promise is, "Come unto me and I will give you rest; I will be Christ in you, the hope of glory." All we have to do is to come with yielding will and trustful faith. The Infinite does the rest. A Scotchman once said, "It took two to convert me—I did everything I could against my conversion, and God Almighty did the rest."

When Christ came to die and to tell the world of his love, we resisted his pleadings and refused his promises, but those who did receive him had power to become the sons of God. As God led Israel to Canaan, so he is leading us to the rest eternal. Our Lord will not fail to be discouraged. He has never wavered in his devotion, never failed in his promises; he pardons, heals, uplifts tho fallen and restores the blurred image of the Creator in the hearts of men.
E. W. C.

Pillars and Lily Work

THURSDAY, November 14. 1 Kings 7 : 22. "*And upon the top of the pillars was lily work.*" The main column of each pillar at the entrance to Solomon's temple symbolized strength, but at the top of each pillar were carved flowers—lilies, symbols of beauty. Says the psalmist, "Strength and beauty are in thy sanctuary." Christian character is a union of the heroic and amiable virtues. If strong souls worship God, it is because they owe their strength to him. "Thy God hath commanded thy strength." If beautiful souls worship God, it is because they have grown beautiful in contemplation of him. An Eastern proverb says, "The barren fig tree looks upon the fruitful fig tree and becomes fruitful." Strength and beauty are both the gifts of God. They who think Christianity is entirely passive, noncombative, devoid of vigor, have not seen the leonine Christ: they forget "the noble army of martyrs." They who think Christianity is all action, all challenge, all strife and struggle, forget the ladder of Peter, by which he represents the ascent to heaven. Here are faith, courage and knowledge, heroic virtues; but superimposed upon these are self-control, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness and charity, amiable virtues. There is lily work at the top.

Needless to argue, Christianity does develop strength in its disciples. Perpetua in prison, rejoicing as she speaks of the dungeon as her home, and Laurentius at his martyrdom, smiling and saying, "Turn me now, I am quite done on one side," are good illustrations of the strength God gives his servants. Such are the pillars of the church. Equally needless to argue that Christianity develops beautiful traits of character. Francis of Assisi calling the birds and beasts his little brothers, Dr. Barnardo with his passion for helping children of the street, and Elizabeth Fry visiting the prisoners at Newgate are some of the fruits of faith which fosters pity for pain and sympathy for weakness. These, and all like them, are the lily work at the top of the pillars. C. C. A.

The Basis of Unity

FRIDAY, November 15. Eph. 4 : 5, 6. "*One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all.*" The God-made unity of the Church is reared upon the basis of Scriptural teaching, upon the basis of those doctrines which it has pleased the goodness of God to reveal to us in his holy Book. As the Scriptures speak of one God, the Father of all who are called children on earth, as it concludes them all under sin and points them all to one Redeemer, so it binds them all to the same means of grace, and gathers them all for the same heaven. This unity is a blessed fact even amidst the sad divisions that have been inflicted upon the church. Where the truths here mentioned are professed, there is real unity of hearts.

However, this text also implies that the divisions which have torn the church asunder are no small matter. We often hear the differences in teaching between various churches minimized, as matters of small or no importance. If they really are that, it would only increase the shame of the members of the church for keeping up these distressing divisions for paltry reasons. But on close inspection it will be seen that the divisions touch the fundamentals of the saving faith. Accordingly, the unity which is desired for the church cannot be regained whenever it has become lost, except by going back to the very rudiments of the saving doctrine, by teaching again the simple Bible truth, by repeating the old arguments of prophets and apostles, and by gently persuading men with the word of grace, as was done in the days when the Church was first built. The Word on which the Church is to unite is the very means for uniting it. It is both the basis and the instrument of its unity. Through the Word the Holy Spirit operates on the hearts of men, causing them to see the truth, to embrace it, and to profess its teaching with a genuine conviction of their hearts. A union thus effected will actually unite the believers in doctrine and spirit; they will think, speak and do the same things.
W. H. T. D.

"None Good But One"

SATURDAY, November 16. Matt. 19 : 17. "*Why callest thou me good? There is none good but One, that is, God.*" Jesus never denied his deity when questioned or assailed, but, in order to elevate the mind of the rich young ruler from merely human goodness to that of the divine Father, he said, "There is none good in this highest sense but God," knowing that he himself was God, as he often affirmed, when he said, "I and my Father are one"; "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father"; "I that speak unto thee am he." When the high priest at the trial of Christ said, "Tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God," Jesus saith unto him, "Thou hast said; nevertheless, I say unto you, hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven." Was not Jesus crucified under the charge of blasphemy because he claimed to be the divine Son of the Father?

It is said that our Lord contradicted himself when he said, "There is none good but God." But he was simply directing the mind of the speaker away from himself, whom the young man considered only a good teacher, an ordinary human, up to the heavenly Father. Christ did not wish to be called good in the human sense, as unbelievers today compliment him, as being among the best of humans, the climax of manhood, the finest and noblest example of holiness among men. Jesus never denied what John said of him, "The Word was with God, and the Word was God, made flesh to be God with us." The Father testified to the deity of Jesus when he said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

"Good Master" was the way the Jews had of addressing religious teachers; our Lord refused to occupy the position of a finite teacher. He must be recognized as the divine Savior, the God over all and blessed forevermore. E. W. C.

All the World

By CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "In His Steps," "His Brother's Keeper," "Jesus Is Here," etc., etc.

A Story Having for Its Theme the Reconstruction Period After the Great War

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SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER ONE

THE town of Bradford was decked with flags and bunting in honor of the home-coming of Ambulance Company 241, in which Richard Ward had served at the steering-wheel of the ambulance, losing his right hand at Château-Thierry. After the celebration Richard and his father, Rev. Dr. Ward, sat in the latter's study and talked about Dick's future, a problem which was complicated by the loss of his hand and his engagement to Requa Randall.

CHAPTER TWO

DICK WARD and Requa Randall had been engaged when Ambulance Company 241 went away. And all during the trying days of their separation they had kept up their correspondence, and Dick was able to look straight ahead and thank the good God that he had been faithful to a pure love which the home-coming had intensified for each of them. Requa was proud of her hero, and Dick had reason to be proud of her absolute affection, for Requa was an only daughter and her father was jealous even of Dick.

"You couldn't have him, or rather he couldn't have you, only on condition that he doesn't take you away," Rufus Randall had said to her one evening after Dick had gone.

"No danger," Requa had said, as she kissed her father good-night.

"What is Dick going to do?" he had asked.

"I don't know. He says he hasn't any plans. Only to get married," Requa said, looking down.

"But he can't get married without some kind of a business," Requa's father had said. And Requa's father was the most practical business man in Bradford.

"I know," Requa had said, somewhat faintly, for she was afraid of her father when he spoke with his business voice.

So when Dick came in this morning, Requa asked, after they had exchanged lover's pledges:

"Dick, dear, what are you going to do, now you are through going to war?"

"I am going to marry you and settle down," answered Dick promptly.

"Yes, I know," said Requa, blushing; "but what are you going to do in the way of a business or profession?" Requa had a little of her father's practical make-up.

"I wish some one would tell me," said Dick gravely. "I'm all at sea about it. I don't want to start in with college, and I don't care for a lot of things the other fellows are going into, and here's this"—he held up his right arm, while Requa looked at it, tears in her eyes.

SUDDENLY Dick laughed.

"Do you know what Dad asked me this morning? Asked me if I had ever thought of being a foreign missionary!"

But to his surprise Requa did not join in the laugh.

"You would make a good one."

"I would?"

"Yes. You like people of all sorts. You are not afraid of any kind of circumstances, you learn languages easily, you can adapt yourself to any sort of a climate, you have perfect health, you are very persuasive."

"Go on," said Dick, as Requa paused. "I never knew all my good qualities until you discovered them."

"There's a lot more I don't think of right now, but you have nearly all the qualifications."

"Would you go with me, Requa, to India, or Turkey, or Africa?" Dick asked carelessly.

"You know I would go anywhere. But father would never consent."

"That settles it, then. Come, dear, help me to figure out my future. What do you think I ought to take up? Dentistry, or a candy shop? The candy business strikes me. After all the shortage of sugar the folks at home have been bearing, they're just crazy for sweets. We could make our fortune in the candy business."

The lovers talked the matter over seriously and half seriously, but when they said good-by that forenoon, Dick went home as much at sea as ever concerning his future.

WHEN Sunday morning came every able-bodied person in Bradford prepared to go to church. There were several reasons for this. One was the fact that during the war the five different churches in Bradford had merged into one community organization. Another reason for the general habit of church-going was Dr. Ward's preaching. It was simple, direct, persuasive, comforting, educational and inspiring.

The author, Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D., in his study

The congregations of the five churches met in the largest building for worship and used the other buildings for various programs of social and community work. Two of the ministers had gradually found their places as community workers, and the other two, who were young men, had taken up special missionary service. Dr. Ward, by virtue of his long residence in Bradford, his influence with the community and his rare gift as a preacher, by common consent had continued as the fittest man of all to bring the Sunday message the people were eager and hungry to hear.

When Dr. Ward rose to preach that morning, he must have felt the intense interest the congregation had in his subject. In front of him sat scores of the boys who had been to the war, deprived of all church privileges, torn out of their three great common heritages, church, home and school, now on their return finding themselves hungry for the religious services some of them had not appreciated when they had them, eager to enjoy a genuine, real, heart-satisfying church service again.

AND Dr. Ward's subject gripped them. He had found at last, he said, the one great all-compelling work needed for the new world's welfare, this new world which the great war had created, much of which those who had been fighting for it could not yet understand, because it was so strange and different from the world they knew when they marched away in Freedom's name. But they would have time now to discover what this new world was and what it needed. And among all its tremendous needs and its new demands for new and in many cases untried ways, there was nothing to compare with the Master's old command, "Go ye into all the world and make disciples of the nations."

If the disciples in every age had only obeyed that command, there would have been no war. If only they had been willing to pay out for this missionary campaign one hundredth part of the money the war had cost, or a tithe as much as they had given to the Red Cross to heal war's wounds, the world by this time had been redeemed. But they must not dwell on that. The one great imperative call today was for volunteers to go into all the world and disciple all the nations, so that another great catastrophe caused by human greed and ambition and hate might never again fall upon the earth.

How well he made his plea Dr. Ward could not possibly know. All he di know was that a brooding silence wa over all the room, that many a hea was bowed, that lips were moving i prayer, that tears were on many face that when the service closed after th benediction even, the people did no stir to rise until he himself had com down out of the pulpit, an event tha never before had been known.

SUNDAY was always a very bus day for Dr. Ward, as he had preaching appointment in the afte noon at the hospital, and in the evenir he was directing the Union Counc meeting, composed mostly of th young people of Bradford. He was this service until nine o'clock, and, c going home, went, according to h regular habit, into his little study jot down in his service book the ir portant items of the day. He was st at work on this which was his last a before he relaxed from the Sunda duties, when Dick appeared in th doorway. His father noted his he itation, closed his service book, an said,

"Come in, Dick! I'm all through

Dick came in and sat down, a loo on his face that his father had nev seen. Both father and son had th same habit of coming directly to th subject. Dick said, without any pr liminaries, "Dad, your sermon th morning decided me. I've made t my mind to accept that commissio to go into 'all the world.' I don't fe fit, but I'm ready to be made so, and want you to pray for me, now, w you, Dad?"

Dr. Ward did not know what to sa For almost the first time in his life confronted a situation so entire unexpected that he was not prepar for it. Dick sat there totally ignora of what was in his father's mind. was the first time in his life that had ever asked his "Dad" to pray f him, and the experience he was havi must have been something tremendo to force from him such a request. I waited in the moment of hesitatio that brooded over his father, lookii at him so earnestly and wistfully th Dr. Ward in the sudden tumult of l feeling was near to crying out with number of questions. But swiftly swept over his heart that here was l lad, the boy nearest his heart, the o he had followed all through his w experience with even more intere that that of Albert, his older son, a he had come in and asked for a praye His heart smote him as he recalled t fact that he knew very little of t religious life of this boy of his. The had been only brief glimpses now a then in his letters as they had come very irregular intervals, nothing ve definite, and here he was now aski his own father to pray for him, and pray that he might go on a servi that might take him away somewhe on the other side of the world. It w the last thing he had ever thought of connection with Dick, but here he w asking for it, and as a direct result his father's own appeal to the young li in his own parish.

BUT the next moment he had rise crossed over the little space b tween himself and Dick, kneeled l him and begun to pray, with a tende ness and self-forgetfulness that su prised himself. When he had finish and slowly risen to go back to h accustomed seat at his desk, there we tears on Dick's face. He put up h hand to brush them away

"Thank you, Dad. I needed it. Yo see, this has come to me suddenl But I haven't any doubt about i I know I ought to listen to the voice.

"The 'voice'?"

"Yes, the voice of God which spo

me through you today. You remem-
you asked me here in this room if I
l thought of being a missionary,
al I replied I had never given it a
ught. But now it all seems very
ear. I have heard the voice of God."
Dr. Ward looked at his son with a
fling of awe.
"Dick," he said with a sudden
rning to know more of his son's
er life, "surely this is not the first
e you have heard that voice. It
st have sounded in your heart
er There."
"Yes, Dad, We never talked of it
ch. But we did feel it. An English
cer over a company assigned to
k with ours was a poet. He wrote
o his experiences while in Flanders
bore he joined us. I learned the
ses and they became a part of what
lso felt. This is how they ran, as
ted in the London Spectator."
Al Dick recited softly as if alone:

e had forgotten you, O Christ, or very
nearly;
did not seem to touch us very dearly;
f course we thought about you now and
then,
Especially in any time of trouble.
We knew that you were good in time of
trouble,
ul we are very ordinary men.

d all the while, in street or lane or byway,
ou walked among us, and we did not see;
Yr feet were bleeding as you walked our
pavements.
Hr did we miss your footprints on our pave-
ments?
an there be other folks as blind as we?

ow we remember over here in Flanders—
(Isn't strange to think of you in Flanders)—
his hideous warfare seems to make things
clear:
Never thought about you much in England.
We have no doubts—we know that you are
here.

n helped us pass the jest along the
trenches—
Were in cold blood we waited in the trenches
ou touched its ribaldry and made it fine.
Y stood beside us in our pain and weakness,
Wre glad to think you understand our
weakness—
omehow it seems to help us not to whine.

think about you kneeling in the garden—
O God! the agony of that dread garden!
e know you prayed for us upon the cross:
Nything could make us glad to bear it
ould be the knowledge that you willed to
bear it
ain, death—the uttermost of human loss.

ough we forgot you, you will not forget us—
We feel so sure that you will not forget us—
nt stay with us until this dream is past.
A so we ask for courage, strength and
pardon—
Especially, I think, we ask for pardon—
nd that you'll stand beside us to the last."

DICK said it all simply, so simply that it sounded more like a personal confession than a recitation; and his father understood.

After a moment of silence Dr. Ward said gently,

"Can you tell me anything more about your experience? I mean, your decision to go into all the world?"

"Only this," said Dick, speaking with a cheerful directness that was entirely free from cant or morbid exaltation over a new and untried emotion. "I feel as if I could do some good work over there in Mesopotamia or Palestine. You know we were ordered into Palestine eight months before the war closed for the hospital and relief work, and some things I saw and learned there——"

He paused in reminiscence of some things he had experienced, things not well to recite, and Dr. Ward understood his reticence. But the little that he had said roused a great interest in Dr. Ward to know more, for this was a new Dick, who had opened the door a little way into his inner life, hitherto concealed, as yet not fully comprehended even by himself.

"Tell me what you saw in Palestine to make you think of that as——"

Dick answered quickly, interrupting, not at all like him, but with an earnest, impressive interest that swept over his face like a wave of intense recollection.

"One day outside the Jaffa gate at Jerusalem a company of refugees came up just as we were going out to our day's work. These people were of all ages, most of them Armenians who had walked all the way from Damascus because they had heard of the American relief at Jerusalem. And as they came straggling up I noticed one of the mothers—she couldn't have been more than eighteen years old—and she was carrying a dirty bundle of what I thought was rags wrapped about some fragments of food. But just as I was passing her she fell down right in front of me. If I had taken one more step my foot would have hit her body.

"We were all used to such sights, but I tell you, Dad, there was something so cruel about it all that I never got used go it. I stooped down and saw the girl had fainted for food. The boys pulled up and I naturally held out a piece of bread. The girl came to, opened her eyes, snatched at the bread and then opened the bundle of dirty rags. Dad, there was a baby there, and the mother pressed the bread up against the child's mouth. I saw, and the fellows saw, in a minute, that it was dead. But that wasn't the worst. There was a spear of dry grass sticking out of one corner of the baby's mouth!

"It made me so sick I had to go out of the circle around that mother and her dead baby and sit down. I've seen some awful things on the battle-field, Dad, that I can never talk about; but this beat all of them. And I wouldn't mention it, only it comes to me now, as it didn't then, that those people over in the country where Christ used to walk and heal the sick and feed the hungry would be a good place for me to work. I believe I could do something over there to help restore the land to the people and give them the Bread of Life they need so much.

"And that isn't all," said Dick after a moment. "I got up from where I had been sitting and came back to where the fellows were. The woman had been surrounded by some of her people and they were all crying out for bread, when what does she do but break away from the crowd around her and make a stagger in my direction. I never felt so done up in my life, Dad. She could hardly drag her feet over the ground, but she came up holding out that dead baby—they had tried to take it away, but she wouldn't let go—and she came right up to me, and dropped it, rags and all, right in front of me and said, 'America! America!'

"Think of that, Dad! I made inquiry, or some one did, and learned this girl had been in a missionary school and had begun to learn English, and then in the massacre her husband, one of the teachers, had been shot, and their house burned and she herself tortured to make her reveal the hiding-place of money. And she died the next day in our hospital, where she was taken that morning. It didn't mean to me then at all what it means now. But I can see her right this minute falling down in the dirt over that bundle of rags falling apart over her baby and crying out, 'America! America!' Why, Dad, I believe I would be a coward or something worse if I didn't volunteer as you said this morning we ought to do and bring America to these poor creatures! It looks like a big enough job for a grown up man!"

AND Dick, to relieve his unusual feeling, got up to walk around, Dr. Ward eyeing him in growing wonder and interest.

But when he finally came back and sat down neither said a word for several moments. Then Dick said, as if he had just thought of it, "I think some of the others were coming around to see you tonight if it isn't too late. You know you used to keep Sunday nights for the Open Door. And we hadn't forgotten. Only I wanted to see you before the others came."

"The others?"

"Yes; there's Bert and Nelson and Connie Clayton and George Ryder and Holmes and Underwood and Blake and one or two more. We have been talking it all over this afternoon, but waited until you would have time to see us tonight. And that must be them now."

To be continued

Making a Thousand Child Exiles Safe

YESTERDAY was my birthday, and such a party as I had! We left Nancy on the ten o'clock train. "We" means our doctor and nurse, two French school teachers, and myself, with a thousand little boys and girls. For the war has come close and closer to Nancy, so that the wise prefect and his council decided to send away some of the refugees.

When the storm broke in 1914 the lovely old town was saved as by a miracle, but many of the outlying villages were destroyed. Into the Place Stanislas wept a flood of women and children, like driftwood washed in by the cruel waves of war. The soldiers had gone, and all these months the refugees have been living in their barracks, until peace should let them return. Now, when the enemy trenches are coming into Lorraine, they must go farther away, far enough this time so they will not have to move again.

During our weeks in Nancy we have become good friends with some of these children. We met them coming from school with books under their arms, little boys and girls dressed in long capes that covered them up. Most of the boys have suits of French blue, made like a real soldier's, with wee chasseur caps. They hope to be soldiers soon, to fight for France. In front of our hotel they played a wonderful game like hopscotch, jumping from squares to circles. Each space was named—Paris, Nancy, Lorraine, Alsace, and Allemagne—that is, Germany—and woe betide the unlucky youngster who missed and fell into Boche-land!

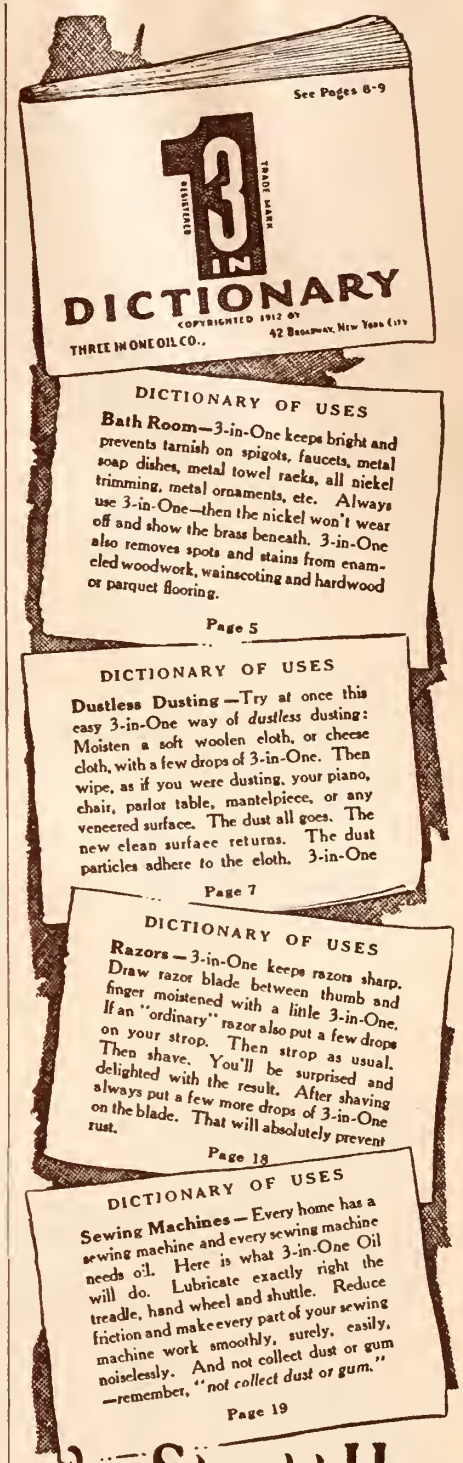
Does it sound to you like an enormous undertaking to travel with a thousand children? Such an interesting scene as that station was, like a buzzing hive, with soldiers everywhere lending a hand. When the signal was given we filed through the gates all together. There was only one form of "permission" for the children, the cards we helped fill out at the prefecture. I looked around for some whose names I have learned to love—Lucien and Raoul, François, Aimée, Jacques and Yvonne.

That little round-cheeked, scrubbed René—did he go into the Place Leopold to say good-by to René, the duke of Lorraine, the king of Jerusalem and Aragon and Sicily? The lad has played at his feet every day, and often looked up at the royal figure holding aloft the spear, his plumes flying proudly, his fiery steed pulled up at attention. And that dear little Jeanne, on her way to the train—did she stop to stare up at Jeanne d'Arc on her horse, where the peasant girl of Lorraine zealously lights anew the spirit of France in the hearts of all who pass? René and Jeanne, and all you others, if the war has sent you away for a time, remember that you too belong to Lorraine and must keep her spirit.

SO we came to the long train that was to carry us on our journey across this fair land of France. There was much excitement—old grandfathers tucking in the kiddies, with last good-by admonitions; here and there a soldier father, in his winter-stained blue cloak, seeing off his own children along with the others; and mothers whose faces twitched sometimes, but whose hearts must have been lightened, to know that their boys and girls were going to a safer place. For all this time we could hear the never-ending sound of the big guns.

Files of soldiers came, with little canvas bags, each with food for two children. Then hand-trucks with blankets rolled up tightly, which the poilus dealt out. Supervising it all was M. Mirman, the prefect, in a long blue cape that fell nearly to his knees, and a cap whose silver embroidery sparkled in the sun. His daughters were with

Continued on page 1254



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IN this book we have listed and explained many of the labor saving, time saving and money saving uses of 3-in-One Oil.

It will interest and help every man and woman.

Read the four pages shown above and then sit down and drop us a postal so that we can send you the complete book, in which there are almost a hundred other uses explained.

Together with this book we will send you a

Generous Sample of 3-in-One Oil FREE

so that you can try and appreciate why you should never be without 3-in-One in your home. Be sure to send us a postal today. NOW!

3-in-One is sold by hardware, drug, grocery, house-furnishing, general stores; 1 oz., 15c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz., (½ pt.) 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans 3 oz., 25c. If your dealer hasn't these cans we will send you one full of oil for 30c in stamps.

Three-in-One Oil Company
165 CM. Broadway, New York

Y. W. C. A. workers in the New York Liberty Loan Parade on Columbus Day. On November 11 you will be giving toward their work

© Photo by Paul Thompson

FIGHTING AND MARCHING FOR LIBERTY

Beans, Bo… Island in …

Photo from Underwood & Underwood

Major Charles M. Whittlesey, whose battalion of Yanks, surrounded for four days in the Argonne Forest, was still fighting when rescued.

© International Film Service

The heads of the two greatest navies in the world. Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels and Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the British Admiralty

Italian Ambassador Coun… at the Liberty Altar on …

Photo from Bain

...w Premier of Turkey

Photo by Paul Thompson

...ettes from Long
...ibty Loan Parade,

British Official Photo

A few hundred of the German guns taken in Foch's offensive

...ng ...e crowd
...ibty Loan

Italian flower girls on the steps of the Altar of Liberty in New York City on Columbus Day

© Underwood & Underwood

Mother: Keep a jar of Musterole handy

Sometimes, in the night, Pain comes to your house. Then is the time, most of all, when you rely on good old Musterole. No fuss, no bother, no worry—no messing about with plasters or waiting for water to heat.

Quickly you go to the Musterole jar. A bit of that clean white ointment on little Bobbie's chest, and lightly you rub it in. A gentle tingle of skin puts Doctor Nature to work, and soon a healing warmth reaches the congested spot. Then comes a soothing coolness, and Bobbie drowses off to sleep.

For coughs, congestions, bronchitis and croup, Musterole is uncommonly effective. It is good, too, to drive away the pains of rheumatism, lumbago and neuralgia.

Musterole relieves — *without discomfort.*

It is better than a mustard plaster, with all the virtues of the old-time plaster but none of its disadvantages.

Musterole does not blister. And it is easy to apply. Just rub it on. Rub it on—for little Bobbie's cold—for Sister's bronchitis—for Grandma's pains in chest or back. It's an old-fashioned remedy in a new-fashioned form.

Keep a jar handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole. 30c and 60c jars. $2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

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Jacob Fleeing From His Angry Brother

International Sunday School Lesson for November 17. Gen. 28:10-22

The Inevitableness of God

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

WE have just studied Jacob's great sin and now we see him the quiet home-lover in flight from the promised land away across the desert. His heart is heavy and his conscience sore and he believes himself to be beyond the love and care of Jehovah. He thinks of his estrangement from God very literally too, for there are abundant evidences in the early narratives of the Bible which show the primitive belief in a God restricted to a certain territory. For example see Naaman begging for two mules' burden of earth from Hebrew land, so that when he returns to Syria he can stand upon it and pray to Jehovah the God of Israel! We marvel that a man could think of God as limited by geography. But we can very well understand the feeling of a great sinner that his sin had driven him beyond the pale of Jehovah's protection. For sin always brings isolation and loneliness of spirit. Especially sins of unbrotherliness, like Jacob's, leave a man at last very much alone.

Then the miserable fugitive fleeing from a brother's wrath, desolate with a conviction that God has forsaken him, experiences that glorious vision of the night at Bethel. What surprise, what awe, and what solemn joy as he realizes that even there in that stony alien land, God reigns and in matchless grace reveals himself to the unworthy wanderer! He learns for the first time that God is everywhere and everywhere merciful! How new such doctrine was then! But how many of us really, really believe it? Or, rather, how many of us have really, vividly felt it, experienced it for ourselves?

God Unescapable

"Whither shall I flee from thy presence!" exclaims the psalmist. He realizes that God is unescapable. The uttermost parts of the earth are just as accessible to him as the land that is called "the Holy Land." Heaven is his and not even hell is beyond his reach and power.

Countless men have learned that this is true for the soul that has tried to leave God out of the reckoning. The selfish accumulator of wealth and pleasure sooner or later hears the dread voice in the night, "Thou fool, thy soul is required of thee." The wicked David, who has taken advantage of Uriah and Bathsheba, hears some Nathan cry, "Thou art the man!" and in utter penitence he realizes that it is against God that he has sinned. The swindler may evade all the judges and jails of earth, but he cannot escape the Judge on high, who will hold him to the uttermost farthing. Though the smallest and least of earth, or as notable as Napoleon Bonaparte, the ungodly man finds at last that he must take God into account!

This is also true of nations. Israel was warned as a nation, "Beware lest thou forget the Lord thy God." The godless nations of history have utterly vanished. In our time another great people has provided cunning enginery of war, trained mighty hosts of warriors, set aside honor and sworn treaties, and set about the most colossal of human schemes for self-aggrandizement. There were many flaws in Germany's gigantic plans, but the greatest of all was this: she left God out of reckoning!

Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest *we* forget, lest we *forget!*

The Persistence of God's Love

But while we think of God as the Great Avenger, the One Who Will Repay, we forget that he is yet more the Great Companion, yea, rather, the Persistent Lover of our souls, as the mystics called him. He never lets go of his own! He follows us in all our wilful wanderings with the "love that will not let us go." To us worthless, selfish Jacobs he appears in his grace and lets down a ladder whereby we may rise to heavenly places with him. He is the Forgiving Father, whose love had followed the prodigal into the far country and who rushes to meet him when he is yet a great way off. There is a strangely powerful poem called "The Hound of Heaven," written by Francis Thomson, which deserves to be known by all who have felt the tirelessness of God's care, which through all the vicissitudes of life "follows, follows after." Be sure to read it.

Realizing the yearning persistence of God's love Hosea portrays him as the One who had sought and saved Israel from the beginning, and who cannot leave his children to their sins. "How can I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I cast thee off, Israel?" And throughout all the glorious Psalms runs the invincible "loving kindness of Jehovah."

So it was that God came back into Jacob's life, as into uncounted lives that have dwelt upon the beautiful symbolism of this vision at Bethel, symbolism which inspired one of the grandest hymns of all time, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." This vision brought Jacob a sense of forgiveness and of a renewal to him, despite all his faults of the promises made to his fathers.

Our Need of a Vision of God

How sorely most of us need a Bethel vision in our lives, something real, something vivid! One feels a sense of spiritual envy when we read of chosen saints who had such assurance, or listen to some "twice-born" man tell of the crisis in his soul-life. Yet we gain mighty faith by truly apprehending these Scriptural and other testimonies. From the great war they are coming now, the witness of men who found God in the trenches, in No Man's Land, in prison. They are different according to the temperament of each individual, for God reveals himself in many ways. Donald Hankey in the chapter entitled "An Englishman Prays" has given us an experience that deserves to be reprinted in millions. His Englishman had always "said his prayers," and they had helped too. But he had never fe the reality of communion with Go In camp he gradually forgot, yet l vaguely missed something, at tha Then, at the front, he did pray that l might not be found wanting. He al asked his uneasy conscience why l should not refuse to take the respons bilities of a sergeant which he ha declined. To his surprise he got a answer! A single sentence burned itse on his mind: "Strengthen thy brethren. He was astonished, but bravely toc the duty and fathered the young soldie of his platoon. Then at last he wa wounded and left long on the field. H experienced pain, of course, and he ke wondering about the meaning of lif of all that he had seen. Finally a gre peace came upon him, and he repeate softly, "God, God everywhere," whi there came to his soul the messag "Underneath are the everlasting arms Hankey said that he had found a ne way to pray, a new faith in the realit of God, and a new kind of courage.

There is something in the fact th men in sorest need have had the riche experiences. "I was brought low ar he helped me" is their testimon Blessing has come out of adversit We remember Jesus spoke of th blessedness of the persecuted and tho who were mourning. Were we wis we would wring a richer tribute from o own misfortunes. We would sear through them for God. Or, failing tht we would cease repining and wait f the coming of the Lord. For Jac found not God, he was found of hi who is revealed in Jesus as ever seeki and saving that which was lost.

God's choicest gift is himself, and l greatest promise is the one he ma again to Jacob, "I am with thee." l never offers ease and exemptions, b assures us still, "When thou passe through the waters, I will be with thee Though we forget him, he will n forget us. He comes to us again, ju as to Jacob, just when we need him mo He gives a man another chance. O God is merciful.

Sunday School Methods

By FRANK L. BROWN, Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

Help for Armenian and Syrian Orphans

TWO millions from American Sunday schools the coming Christmas for the starving and helpless sufferers in Bible lands!

That is the objective of the Sunday School Section of the Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee.

For some days in October the representatives of the Sunday school denominational boards, the International and World's Sunday School Associations, have been meeting together in the Metropolitan Tower, New York, to plan this great undertaking.

Can it be done?

One has but to turn to last year's splendid achievement of nearly a million dollars from America's Sunday schools to realize how, even though the preparation for the appeal was hurried and late, the cause itself went to the hearts of America's young people!

Look at this list of contributions from the Sunday schools of the United States and Canada from December 1, 1917, to June 15, 1918, chiefly from offerings at Christmas time or within a few months thereafter:

From the Sunday schools of Canada	$110,000.00

From the Sunday schools of the United States:

Denomination	*Number of Schools*	
Adventist	24	$505.32
Baptist North	2,725	73,414.18
Baptist South	1,377	21,444.41
Brethren.....about	700	31,603.17
Christian (D. of C.)	1,180	24,636.92
Church of God	21	370.86
Congregational	1,695	45,501.80
Cumberland Presbyterian	9	103.41
Evangelical	147	4,212.36
Free Methodist	397	4,688.56
Friends	99	2,239.77
Lutheran	750	16,914.22
Mennonite	10	495.96
M. E. North	7,202	210,508.63
M. E. South	2,001	45,611.16
Methodist Protestant	95	2,476.23
Moravian	46	1,858.26
Pentecostal Nazarene	22	398.09
Presbyterian North	3,756	116,367
Presbyterian South	185	3,298
Primitive Methodist	5	254
Protestant Episcopal	927	24,263
Reformed	479	16,411
Union Sunday School	538	11,489
Unitarian	178	2,378
United Brethren..about	530	29,528
United Presbyterian	101	3,999
Universalist.....about	200	3,496
	27,957*	$803,844

With 400,000 starving and destitute in th great areas of Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor a Persia, and with whole new regions opened for relief through the advances of Gene Allenby's and other armies, two millions v the lowest amount that the Sunday sch should be asked to give for the childhood a youth of the Land of the Star.

Clothing, food, work, orphanages—all needed this winter time as never before.

What are the plans for raising the two r lions from the Sunday schools?

The secretaries of the denominational S day school boards are to circularize th Sunday schools, sending posters, plans a programs.

The International Sunday School Asso tion is to promote a continent-wide visitat of the Sunday schools in a personal appeal each school to co-operate.

A publicity campaign will be instituted the Sunday school, religious and secular pr to put the plan before Sunday school worke A Christmas program and pageant, by Ar B. Ferris, has been specially written Sunday school and community use the com Christmas to insure a worthy presentation Armenia's and Syria's needs.

These programs will furnish a full and f einating Christmas program for any sch Schools should write to the Sunday Sch Department, Armenian and Syrian Re Committee, 1 Madison Avenue, New York these supplies should not reach them wit reasonable time through their denominatio Sunday school board.

*This includes an estimate of about 4,0 schools in Canada.

Realizing the Hope of Zion

ZIONISTS all over the world are preparing to celebrate the first anniversary of the signing by ight Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, British oreign Secretary, of a document hich they regard as their Magna harta, and the pledge by the Allied owers that the aspiration for a wish national homeland in Palestine ill be realized at the end of the war.

On November 2, Mr. Balfour, in his ficial capacity, and on behalf of the ritish cabinet, made the following eclaration:

"His Majesty's Government views ith favor the establishment in Pales- ne of a national home for the Jewish ople, and will use its best endeavors facilitate the achievement of this bject, it being clearly understood that othing shall be done which may ejudice the civil and religious rights the non-Jewish communities in lestine, or the rights and political atus enjoyed by Jews in any other untry."

This declaration has since been ncurred in by the French, Italian, rbian and Montenegrin governments.

On August 31, the Zionists were joiced by the following from President ilson:

"I have watched with deep and ncere interest the reconstructive work hich the Weizmann Commission has ne in Palestine at the instance of the itish government, and I welcome an pportunity to express the satisfaction have felt in the progress of the onist Movement in the United States d in the Allied countries since the eclaration by Mr. Balfour, on behalf the British Government, of Great itain's approval of the establishment Palestine of a national home for the wish people, and his promise that e British Government would use its st endeavors to facilitate the achieve- ent of that object, with the under- nding that nothing would be done to ejudice the civil and religious rights non-Jewish people in Palestine or e rights and political status enjoyed the Jews in other countries.

"I think that all Americans will be eply moved by the report that even this time of stress the Weizmann mmission has been able to lay the undation of the Hebrew University Jerusalem with the promise that at bears of spiritual rebirth."

In preparation for its share of the lebration of this great event in wish history, the English Zionist deration secured expressions of opin- ion from prominent clergymen of Great Britain, among whom are the following:

The Rev. Alex. Alexander, D. D., moderator of the Presbyterian Church of England:

I think I can speak for by far the larger part of our church membership when I say that I welcomed Mr. Balfour's message with the utmost satisfaction. That very earnest prayers are being offered up by many of our devout people for the fulfilling of Jewish aspirations I know well. The land, and the people to whom the land rightfully belongs, are very dear to us. As a citizen and a lover of free institutions I pray that the Jewish people may soon play a noble part in history as of old.

The Rev. Thomas Phillips, president of the Baptist Union:

Every Christian would like to see the ancient people of God in the Holy Land.

Dr. D. Burford Hooke, chairman, Congregational Union of England and Wales:

I have read the declaration, approved by His Majesty's Government, with keen interest. Not only am I glad to express hearty agreement with it, but still more with the excellent spirit which marks the declaration and thus so greatly enhances its value.

The Rev. Arthur T. Guttery, president, Primitive Methodist Conference:

The liberation of Palestine from the cruelty and shame of Turkish rule and the restoration of Israel—with the sanction and goodwill of the Great Powers—will enrich civilization and restore ideals that have been lost far too long.

The Rev. James Cooper, D. D., moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland:

The Church of Scotland cordially indorses the declaration of the Cabinet in favor alike of the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people and of the maintenance of the civil and religious rights of non-Jewish communities in a land as dear to Christians as to Jews, rejoices in the prospect of this double honor being given to Great Britain, and prays that it may usher in a day of the richest blessings to the whole Israel of God.

The Bishop of Lincoln:

What lover of Holy Scripture 'and what friend of freedom can help rejoicing at the prospect of the Hebrew people returning to their own land again? God speed them! They have long been divorced from their land; once more they will become a nation of yeomen farmers, and make the Holy Land fruitful and prosperous and the home of a free and happy people.

An Eight-Day Hike for Liberty

A STORY which recalls some of the tales of escapes from prison during e Civil War which thrilled the fathers our soldiers forty years and more ago s told by Lieutenant Thomas Hitch- ck, Jr., of Westbury, Long Island, Y., a youthful aviator who was cap- red by the Germans and escaped to itzerland and thence to France.

Hitchcock was captured on March t after a combat with three German nchines in which he was forced to nd, after being wounded in the gh.

"After landing inside the German es," said Hitchcock, "I fainted twice. he second time I did not come to my ses until I had reached the dressing tion. In the hospital I received fair eatment only. There was one doctor r the 150 patients, and the food was t very good."

It took two months for Hitchcock's ound to heal. There was plenty of ffering among the prisoners, but tchcock's lot was rendered easier by arrival of packages of food from ance, out of which he saved a little ch day for use in an emergency.

The emergency came while he was ing transported with two other Amer- ns from Lachfeld to Rastadt under arge of one German guard. The three soners were watching for a chance escape and when the train stopped ar Ulm the guard fell into a doze. tchcock improved this opportunity snatch a railway map and a package money belonging to himself which the guard was carrying, as prisoners were not allowed to handle their own money.

While Hitchcock was watching his chance to escape, the guard awoke and at once missed the map and money. Snatching his package of food but leaving the map, Hitchcock leaped out of the door and ran directly away from the railroad track. The guard yelled after him, but could not follow on account of the two other prisoners.

As soon as he had placed a safe distance between himself and the railroad Hitchcock began to make his way toward the Swiss frontier, a journey which consumed eight nights, the days being spent in hiding. He knew nothing of the country through which he passed and guided himself by a pocket compass. He avoided the towns, especially as he was in the uniform of a French aviator. His daily rests and nightly walks seem not to have been disturbed by the German watchdog's honest bark, which indicates that the dogs of Germany have probably been doing their bit to stave off the famine with which the Allied blockade has been menacing the Fatherland. On the eighth day he met a girl in the outskirts of a small village and ventured to accost her in French. To his delight she answered in the same tongue and told him he was in Switzerland. He then made his way to Berne, where he arrived on August 30. During his tramp he walked more than a hundred miles.

How Scientists Clean Their Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

The facts stated here have been widely known for some years among dentists and scientific men. But they were not presented to the public until proved beyond dispute.

People who know — by the hundreds of thousands—are changing their teeth-cleaning methods. And these are the reasons:

The old methods proved inadequate. The best-brushed teeth too often discolored and decayed. Despite the wide use of the tooth brush, statistics show that tooth troubles have constantly increased.

Science found the reason in a slimy film. You can feel it with your tongue. It is constantly forming, and it clings. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays.

That film is the cause of most tooth troubles, and the old methods could not end it.

That film-coat absorbs stains, and the teeth seem discolored. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many other serious diseases.

It is therefore best to brush teeth in ways which can end the film.

Four years ago a way was found to combat that film efficiently. It has now been proved by thousands of tests. Today it is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent, and we ask you to test it yourself.

Make This Home Test

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

This is not as simple as it seems. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual method is an acid, harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred.

It is now made possible, because science found a harmless, activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method is employed in Pepsodent.

Many teeth-cleaning methods, widely proclaimed, have later been found inefficient. So Pepsodent was submitted to repeated clinical tests, under able authorities, before this announcement.

Today it is proved beyond question. And the object now is to bring it quickly into universal use.

The method is to offer all a special tube for test. Send the coupon for it, with 10 cents. Use it like any tooth paste, and watch results.

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

Let Pepsodent thus prove itself. See its unique results, know the reason for them. After that, you will not be content to return to old methods of teeth-cleaning.

Cut out the coupon now.

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Enclosed find 10 cents for a Special Tube of Pepsodent.

Name .....

Address .....

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Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

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Are You Getting the Drift of World Events in These Days?

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"Great Oaks, Etc."

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago Mrs. Lydia Pillars of Bellvue, Kentucky, planted a walnut in a flower-pot. And then she placed the flower-pot in her back yard.

That was thirty-seven years ago. Mrs. Pillars was only fifty then. Now she is eighty-seven, and her hair is white, and her eyes are dim, and her slender hands are wrinkled with age. But the walnut that she planted in a flower-pot has grown strong and vigorous as she has grown old. And now it is a sturdy tree that for years has given its shade in the summertime, and has yielded its harvest of nuts in the autumn, and has stood erectly sleeping—with the promise of spring buried dream-like in its heart—during the winter months. And its work is only just begun!

When Mrs. Pillars planted the walnut, airplanes had 't been thought of. People weren't even dreaming, then, of the possibility of a great war like the present one. And yet the little walnut, sending out brave green shoots in the security of the flower-pot, had its part to play in the coming conflict. For, thirty-seven years after it was planted, the government announced the need of black walnut wood for the manufacture of airplane propellers.

Photo by J. R. Schmidt

Mrs. Pillars and her tree

Mrs. Pillars is fond of her black walnut tree. What woman wouldn't be fond of a tree that she has watched grow—that she is directly responsible for? And yet Mrs. Pillars is a stanch patriot, and she realizes that her government, to fight and conquer a world's foe, needs airplanes, and many of them! And so she has offered her tree, the tree that she herself planted and transplanted, to her government. And her government has accepted the sacrifice.

ONE day, long ago, a very shabby boy walked unannounced into the office of a certain rich factory-owner. And he said, quite without preface:

"I'm down and out, sir. And nobody will give me work—nobody will give me a chance to make good! If I could get a job of any kind I'd wear my fingers to the bone holding it down! I know"—the very shabby boy's voice grew hard—"I know you can have me thrown out of your office if you want to. Other men that I've asked for jobs have had me thrown out. But—for pity's sake—don't. Give me my chance, instead!"

The rich factory-owner looked thoughtfully at the shabby boy. And perhaps he saw the depths of appeal in the boy's glance, for, though he was very busy that morning, he sent for his secretary and dictated a note to the superintendent of his factory. And then he folded the note into an envelope and gave it to the shabby boy.

"Your chance is in this envelope," he said. "And though I'll probably never hear whether you've made good or not—my factory is pretty large—I'm wishing you luck!"

It was a good many years later that a panic swept the country. There were riots in shops and factories, there were shots and curses and state milit called out. And the certain rich facto owner went back and forth from office with a worried frown on his fa And his secretary came in every h hour to give reports that became m and more disturbing.

Finally the workers marched out the factory. They marched out in ugly mood. But there was a forem among them who marched with a fi step and a resolute expression. O looking at h could tell that was not a part the mob.

The rich ow and his secret watched from window, a they we frankly frigl ened. They not know qu what might h pen, and t were afraid guess. They s the mob gath ing below the and they d closer togeth And then, s denly, they sa foreman's fig detach it from the n and step to foreground. A they hear man's voice r out clearly ab the muttering

"Fellow said the m "you know I've worked w you a good ma years. An want to tell that you're ing at this th in the wrong w Pick out a cou of men and s 'em to talk the boss, a he'll do what y want him to He's fair."

A chorus jeers greeted man. There were shouts of "How you know?" and "What d'yer mea fair!" But the listeners up in window heard the man speaking aga

"He was fair to me," said the m "When I was down and out he gave a chance. He didn't have to—nob else had. But he did. . . ." And rich man, leaning from the wind heard the story of a regeneration t he was responsible for.

The men listened. And they believ And they sent their envoys—sent th calmly—to the factory-owner, and *was* fair. And their particular str was averted.

THE rich factory-owner didn't kn that his good deed was going bear a great fruit. He never expec to hear again from the shabby boy w had asked for a chance. And yet gave him that chance—doing a g deed that came back, boomerang-fa ion, in his hour of need.

Mrs. Lydia Pillars didn't expe probably, that the walnut she plan would grow into a big tree. But planted it, and it is going to be u as an instrument in the salvation of country—and the world!

An Aged Reader's Gift

MRS. A. J., of Chicago, Ill., writes: "I eighty-six years old, and have read Christian Herald more than twenty years. has been a great inspiration in my life. A reading my copy I send it on to the j with my daughter, who is a Christian wor there. Please accept this $1 to help the g cause along, and may God bless and multi it, is the sincere wish of yours for the Mast

The gift of this aged saint will be sent, w others, to help feed the starving widows orphans of Syria and Armenia.

SAVE FUEL
and Help Win the War

The Caloric Will Save One Third to One Half of Your Fuel

You learned last winter that an ample fuel supply is essential to the winning of the war. That lesson should be remembered now.

You can help the Government save fuel and at the same time keep your home comfortable in every room, throughout the winter, by using the

PIPELESS CALORIC FURNACE
TRADE MARK REG'D TRADE MARK REG'D

The **Original Patented Pipeless Furnace**

Six thousand of the more than 50,000 Caloric users have testified to the economy, convenience and comfort made possible by this wonderful invention. In their letters, they tell us that the Caloric saves from one-third to one-half of their fuel.

Here is some of the evidence taken from these remarkable testimonials:

H. I. Stearns, Brookings, S. D., says he kept his eight-room house comfortable all winter, even when the temperature dropped to 30° below, at a total consumption of *only four tons* of coal.

Irvin Lamb, Lancaster, O., writes about his ten-room house, "All winter, the coldest Central Ohio has had in my life-time, we burned *only six tons* of soft coal to keep us warm through all the house."

H. A. Varner, Enola, Neb., has an exposed eight-room house on his farm. He says: "As a fuel saver the Caloric was a welcome surprise. It took *only 4260 pounds* of soft coal and three cords of block wood to keep my entire home warm and comfortable all winter."

Mrs. W. P. Emery, living in a large nine-room house near Highland Center, Ia., writes: "The winter before we heated part of our house with a big baseburner and a soft coal stove, and we used over $100 worth of coal. This winter every room was comfortable, coal was higher, and yet our *heating cost us only $53.*"

Have the nearest Caloric dealer demonstrate this coal conserving furnace for you. He will explain fully how it will heat all your house through its one register. He can also refer you to Caloric owners in your section.

Write to us for the Caloric catalog. It describes and illustrates the principles of pipeless heating upon which the operation of the Caloric is based. It also tells how you can take advantage of our free Engineering Service. Send a postcard for this book today.

A special booklet on the proper heating of church buildings will be sent free to any pastor or committee.

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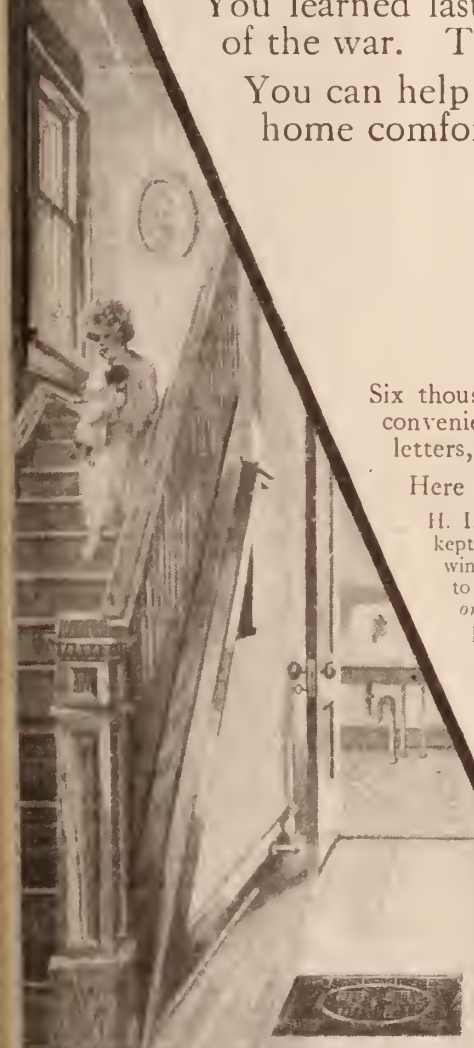

Shipments also made from Harrisburg, Pa., Rochester, N. Y., Omaha, Nebraska, Minneapolis, Minn., Cedar Rapids, Ia., Green Bay, Wis., Kansas City, Mo., Saginaw, Mich., Spokane, Wash., and Salt Lake City, Utah.

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Dependable Spark Plugs

Look for "Champion" on the porcelain as well as on the box.

Champion Heavy Stone
Price $1.25

AVOID SUBSTITUTES

The vast majority of car owners know from experience the wisdom of getting the Champion Spark Plug especially designed and recommended for their type of car.

For their protection, we suggest this caution —be sure the name "Champion" is on the porcelain as well as on the box. If it is not, you know it is not the genuine, dependable Champion.

Most dealers call your attention to the name "Champion" on the porcelain when they recommend this make of plug.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

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The secret of business and social success is the ability to remember. I can make your mind an infallible classified index from which you can **instantly** select thoughts, facts, figures, names, faces. Enables you to **concentrate, develop self-control, overcome bashfulness, think on your feet, address an audience.** Easy. Simple. The result of 20 years' experience developing memories of thousands.

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DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say, "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit $4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it —send us $2.50 a month until $18.75 has been paid.

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A soothing, refining cream that by daily use prevents any tendency to roughness or irritation. An invigorating cream that tones and freshens and protects the complexion from injury by dusty winds or chilly atmosphere. A cream that softens the skin to a velvety texture. And withal a cream so simple to apply, so sure in its improving results that it readily becomes the favored complexion cream of all who try it. Write today for a sample, or buy of your dealer.

SAMPLES: Be sure to enclose stamps with your request. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 2c. Both Cold and Disappearing Cream 4c. Talcum 2c. Trial Cake Soap 8c. Sample Face Powder 2c., Trial Size 15c. Attractive Week-end Box 39c.

Hinds Cream Toilet Necessities are selling everywhere, or will be mailed, postpaid in U. S. A., from Laboratory.

A. S. HINDS 291 West Street Portland, Maine

Nations Take Steps Toward Peace

Continued from page 1238

Hungarian army. Earlier reports had told of the mutiny of a Croation regiment at Fiume and of the revolt of two infantry regiments at Karlowitz in Croatia; 700 persons were reported killed in rioting in Croatia. French troops, crossing the Danube from Bulgaria, were in touch with Austrian troops in Roumania. With her armies in retreat before the victorious Italian troops, it was not surprising that Austria should send another note to President Wilson declaring that she was in process of reorganizing her government in line with his demands regarding the self-determination of peoples. Austria's note was held in all Entente capitals to be the forerunner of complete surrender, and it was generally predicted that any terms granted her would provide for Allied access to Germany across Austrian territory.

CONSCIENCE TO RULE TABLES. The Federal Food Board announced on October 27 that it would not issue sugar cards to households, nor similar cards covering other items of food. But it announced: "Every table should be spread, and every meal eaten this winter with the wants of the world in mind and a war conscience to guide." America must provide during the coming year 10,400,000 tons of bread-making flour and grains, or more than 400,000 bushels. According to the Food Administration: "The substantial part of this saving will come from the conscientious, deliberate saving of 100,000,000 American citizens, male and female, big and little." War conscience will be the moving factor in the new home card soon to be issued by the Food Administration.

TURKEY CRIES "KAMERAD." London advices of October 26 reported that the Turkish minister to Switzerland had handed to the British and French ministers an offer of peace virtually amounting to a surrender. The offer to surrender was coincident with the opening of a new campaign by the British in Mesopotamia in which they advanced some distance up the Tigris valley, while General Allenby's cavalry and armored cars, on October 26, captured Aleppo, 185 miles north of Damascus and the junction of the Damascus and Bagdad railways, cutting the latter and thus severing the communications of the Turks in Mesopotamia. The Turks, on October 29, were in retreat toward Mosul, 80 miles behind the front of that date and were reported to have abandoned Baku and its oilfields.

CHINESE CIVIL WAR ENDED. The new President of China, Hsu-Shih-Chang, on October 23, pardoned Chang Hsun, who engineered the coup in 1917, by which the Empire was momentarily restored. Later cable advices reported that the policy of conciliation adopted by President Hsu had resulted in a cessation of hostilities between the northern and southern armies, and that delegates had been sent by the southerners to confer with the President, the progress of the conference being reported satisfactory to both sides.

STORM SINKS ALASKA LINER. The Canadian Pacific Steamship Princess Sophia, with 268 passengers and a crew of 175 foundered October 25 in a gale in the Lynn Canal, west of Juneau, Alaska, being blown on Vanderbilt Reef and then thrown over the reef into deep water on the other side. Everyone on board was drowned.

BULGARIA STILL HAS HOPES. Bulgaria, which guessed wrong in her choice of partners in the war, and which recently got out on the unconditional surrender basis, was reported, late in October, to be laying her plans to secure from the Allies some of the territory she coveted in Macedonia, Thrace and the Dobrudja. Inasmuch as these territories belong to Serbia, Greece, and Roumania which have been loyal to the Allies, it is not expected that Bulgaria will succeed in her designs.

CZARINA CAUSED DEATH OF KITCHENER. Henry W. Mapp, Salvatio Army Commissioner in Russia, in a address in New York, on October 2 declared that the Russian Czarin through her private telegraph wire t Berlin, had kept the German Gover ment fully informed on all plans of t Allies so far as they were known i Russia, and had sent the informatic to the German Government whic enabled it to sink the ship on whic Lord Kitchener sailed to Russia.

HEBREW UNIVERSITY IN JERUSALE The foundation stones of the Hebre University in Jerusalem were laid October on the summit of the Mou of Olives in the presence of Gener Allenby and representatives of t French and Italian detachments servi in Palestine. The foundation ston were 12 in number, one for each of t tribes of Israel.

WILL RETURN DEPORTED BELGIAN The German Government inform Cardinal Mercier, on October 22, th as soon as Belgian territory had be evacuated by German troops t Belgians deported into Germany a all political prisoners would be pe mitted to return.

$6,000,000 FOR THE NAVY. T Navy Department, on October laid before Congress a three year na building program to succeed the thr year naval program just complet and to provide 10 additional su dreadnaughts, 6 battle cruisers a 140 smaller vessels at a cost in thr years of $600,000,000.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. On Octo 22 the German Reichstag was ask for an additional war credit of 15,00 000,000 marks. When this is grant the war credits of Germany from t beginning of the war will equal 154,00 000,000 marks or about $36,652,000,0 . . . The United States Governme on October 22, placed contracts motor trucks, chasses, ambulances, tra ers, tractors, passenger cars, mot cycles, and bicycles amounting $130,000,000. The order included m than 3000 trucks of all classes, o 25,000 chasses, 3600 trailers, over 10,0 passenger cars, 18,775 motorcycles a 25,000 bicycles. . . . The Texas Co of Appeals, on October 23, held state wide prohibition law unconsti tional as being in conflict with the lo option feature of the Texas consti tion. . . . The Interstate Comme Commission, on October 24, asserted authority to alter railroad freight ra initiated by Director General McAd . . . The national public health s vice, on October 24, reported that 44 states the influenza epidemic subsiding, although it was still seri in many localities. The total of case the camps up to that date was 2 275, and pneumonia cases 48,328, number of deaths being 16,174. . Reports more or less delayed by dista and the disorganization of commu cations show that early in Septembe typhoon in southern Japan did c siderable damage. Known loss of li was in excess of 500, while in t prefectures more than 1600 hou were destroyed. Much damage also been done to growing crops. . Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, for many ye prominent in public school work Chicago, and superintendent of schools of that city for 6 years u 1915, died, on October 26, of pn monia. She was 73 years of age was chairman of the National Wom Liberty Loan Committee. . . . F Administrator Garfield announced October 27 that the coal output good and that the country on that d had eight weeks' supply on ha . . . It was announced, on Octo 27, that former Justice Hughes' re on the Air Craft Investigation had b completed and filed by the Attor General. It was stated that the re would be made public within a days. . . . Former U. S. Sena Eugene Hale of Maine died on Octo 27, aged 82.

Marion Harland's Corner

oxes for Our Boys Overseas, and Other Matters

OR fear of delays in getting word through the Corner, I have mailed the substance of the following. It given here for the benefit of others o may desire to treat the brave flows in the field to a taste of home ights:

M. E. V. (New York) asked about cookies t send to our boys "over there" and you e some good recipes in reply. What I nt to know is how can these be sent to the ys? (1) I have a boy "over there" who ll never been away from home more than a ek at a time, and was sent overseas four eks after he left home to join the army. I would appreciate something from home he could get it. (2) Can you tell me if our ters to the boys are censored as theirs to are?—MRS. W. D. F. (*South Carolina.*)

(1) In reply to you and to other others whose hearts yearn over the sent sons, battling valiantly for untry and right, I insert the follow- ig note received from an authentic urce:

Parcels cannot be sent to soldiers overseas th the exception of Christmas boxes. These must not weigh more than three unds each wrapped. Each must be accom- anied by a regular application to the donor rm the soldier himself, endorsed by the cer in command of his company. That is, your boy must write to you, asking r the gift, and get the signature of one of r commanding officers to certify that the ter is O. K. When you get your boy's cial label go to the nearest Red Cross spection station. If you live in the country re will be one in your market town or at ast in the county seat. At this inspection s ion you will receive a pasteboard carton 8x9 inches, which *must* be used to forward y r Christmas gifts. *No other package may be used, and no larger one can be sent.* When y have it packed you must take it back to t Red Cross inspection station, where it w be opened and its contents inspected. It will then be officially sealed and postage attached to carry it to Hoboken. Every soldier in France and everyone on the high s s received a request blank. If your boy d not send his, or if it has gone astray, he c't get a package. *If you received no official lbl you can't get a carton or send a package.* If you mail a package *without the label* or *thout the inspection* by the Red Cross *it u not be sent overseas.* Packages must be the Red Cross inspection station by Novem- r 15. These rules are War Department ulations dictated by military necessity. Christmas packages cannot be permitted to cupy ship space needed for food and mu- nions and more soldiers.

(2) Probably not.

AND apropos of home delights, I offer gladly other hints respecting m from a valued member:

You gave us an interesting talk about "Fruit Leathers." My fingers fairly itch to remind you (though doubtless you already know) that pumpkin, reduced to a pulp by cooking, may be dried before a wood fire to an excellent "leather." Spices added give it a fine touch. And also about "Fruit Cheese," which comes along the line of "conserving." Any acid fruit, cooked to a stiff consistency—spiced and sweetened to taste may be molded in bowls or jars with straight sides. When it is firm slip the cheese out, cut as many slices as are needed, put the remainder back in the bowl, and cover securely for the next time. Sugar, sprinkled over the cut slices, gleams beautifully under the tea-table light.

Years ago my mother made cheese after the manner, which formula she got from Mrs Leslie's celebrated cook-book. In this instance she used quinces. Since then I have experimented with apples, peaches, plums, nectarines, and grapes, and with good results.—MRS. R. N. C. (*Alabama.*)

May I add to the foregoing charming letter that my own mother studied and believed in Miss Leslie's cook-book? Hers was a name to conjure with in that all so long ago. Eggs were twelve cents a dozen then, and the direction to "beat twelve light" for a single sponge cake did not horrify our frugal foremothers. Nor did the accompanying order, "the weight of the eggs in sugar," cause the hair to rise as it does now above heads intent upon saving sugar for army use. Our Alabama housemother is abreast of the times, as her recipes affirm. She has a "light hand" with sugar and she is on the alert to conserve all "kindly fruits." With fond memories of "quince cheese," I commend her communication to the readers of today.

Will you kindly send directions for freezing ice-cream, as you described it in the Corner? I have tried packing it, and it would freeze all right, but it *would* be hard and icy, as it was not stirred.—MRS. K. B. (*Michigon.*)

I am afraid you overlooked what may be called the crux of the process. When the cream is half frozen, the freezer is opened for the first and only time during the congelation, and the contents are stirred and beaten steadily from eight to ten minutes, or until they are a smooth mass. Close the freezer, and repack with finely pounded ice and salt, covering the top with this, then with a doubled rug to exclude all air. Leave thus for three or four or five hours, according to your convenience, and turn out a solid column of velvety consistency.

As the prices of eggs are almost prohibitive at present, I give a recipe for cake, which I have had proof is excellent for an everyday luncheon and hungry children.

Apropos of Indian corn-meal mush, I was told by a pioneer to stir in the meal just as the water reaches the boiling point, and have found that the meal is then less inclined to lump, if at all. As I make mine in a double boiler and let it stand for several hours on the stove, I am not troubled at all with lumping.

A Good Everyday Cake

One-half cup shortening; one cup sugar, or one-half cup molasses and one-half cup sugar; one cup cold, unsweetened apple sauce; one teaspoonful of soda; two cups of flour; one teaspoonful cinnamon; one-half teaspoonful salt; nuts and raisins ad lib. Mix as you would any plain cake.—A. S. M. (*Colorado.*)

"And still the wonder grows" how American women, all over our land, are conforming, as one, to the changed conditions of housewifery prescribed by a wise and prudent government. Perhaps the strangest element in the change that has come over our spirits is the eagerness with which we obey orders from headquarters, and this without setting before our households unpalatable and innutritious food. May the good work go on and take such root in domestic management that we may carry into that land of peace (which we trust is not remote) the economies we have learned during the long apprenticeship which we liken to the "swellings of Jordan!"

WE make room for a recent and urgent recommendation of government agents in charge of House and Home Administration. Every item here set down is of value, and each should be transferred to the housekeeper's manual:

As every family has, or should have, on hand a bottle or tube of good glue, the following practical suggestions can be acted upon without delay or expense:

To Put New Life into an Old Broom.—A teaspoonful of glue, mixed in a basin of hot water, poured over a broom and then allowed to dry thoroughly, will greatly stiffen it, and prolong its usefulness and life.

When Shoes Become Barked or Scarred.—Very often a small piece of the leather is lifted or loosened. Don't cut it off and try to cover the place with blacking. Flatten the piece in place with a little glue and allow it to dry. Then apply blacking, and the surface will be as good as new.

For Tears or Rents in Silk.—Another piece of silk or fabric of the same color placed under the tear with a thin coating of glue will bring the edges more firmly together than can be done with a needle. Allow it to dry thoroughly, and the rent will be almost invisible.

A Splendid Way to Keep Rubbers from Slipping.—Rubber overshoes often become so loose that they slip off at the heels, especially in the winter and spring, when the ground is muddy or slushy. This annoying trouble can be entirely eliminated by gluing a felt band around the inside top of the rubber.

To Protect Furs and Woolens from Moths.—It is commonly known that moths very much dislike the odor of ink in old newspapers. Several thicknesses of old newspapers firmly glued together may be made into the form of a bag, and the garment placed inside. After the ends and all joints are firmly sealed with glue, the bag is absolutely moth and dust proof, and your protection from moths has cost practically nothing.

HEINZ Mince-Meat

THERE are many ingredients in really good mince meat. And each of these many ingredients gives Heinz an opportunity to show his resources in procuring the best—choice apples from the wind-swept orchards of Northern New York, Grecian currants—fruity and clean—raisins from Valencia, beef from America's great plains and fragrant spices from the Orient.

With each ingredient good as it can be, Heinz Mince Meat adds goodness to goodness—blending, seasoning, bringing out the flavor, until the result is a triumph.

Heinz Mince Meat is sold only in one and two pound glass jars and tins—never in bulk.

HEINZ Plum Pudding

This fine pudding, sacred to festivities for hundreds of years, is made by Heinz according to the best English traditions, and is a perfect ending for a good dinner.

HEINZ Fig Pudding

Here is a pudding that is simple and wholesome, but choice enough for your most particular dinner party, especially if served with the sauce for which the recipe is given on the can.

Some of the **57**

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

WHY have your children coughing all the time? It annoys you and spoils their fun. And it's so unnecessary. S. B. Cough Drops relieve it. Give the children all they want. Absolutely pure. No drugs. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach.

Drop that Cough

SMITH BROTHERS *of Poughkeepsie*

Established 1879

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a *neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: **"No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."**

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 39 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet. Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

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I CAN make you weigh what you should. Can build up your strength. Can improve your figure. Can teach you to stand and walk correctly. In your home. Without drugs. By scientific methods, such as your physician approves. Results will be noticeable to you and your friends in a few *weeks*.

One pupil writes: "Under your treatment I gained 15 pounds the first three months and became strong and healthy. I would not be back where I was for any amount of money."

If you only realized how surely, how easily, how inexpensively your weight can be increased, your figure perfected, and your health improved I am certain you would write me.

I want to help you as only a woman can. I've had a wonderful experience covering sixteen years. Write to me and if my work won't help I will tell you what will.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD needs additional representatives to procure renewal subscriptions. Experience not necessary.

A special proposition is ready for those who wish to build up a business of their own

You can put your whole time on our work—or you can work during spare hours.

Send a postal today for complete information of our special offer to agents.

AGENCY DEPARTMENT, Christian Herald, Bible House, New York, N.Y.

Making a Thousand Child Exiles Saf

Continued from page 1245

him, busily giving out picture papers to the youngsters.

These boys and girls were much excited. They chattered like magpies, full of merriment and fun. It is a great experience, going forth to see the world, with the government giving you the tickets. It's a real setting out into the unknown—a dream adventure come true. They laughed and told us all about it, for they could not hide the keen joy of this journey. It may not be Lorraine, but it is still France!

The whistle blew, last good-byes were said, kisses on both cheeks for every member of the family. Just as the wheels began to turn, the kiddies in the first car led off with the Marseillaise. French children sing exceedingly well. If only you could have heard that song, as it echoed through the station—

"Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de la gloire est arrivé."

Then, to our surprise, they whistled The Star-Spangled Banner. It went exceedingly well. And car after car took it up, so that we left Nancy to "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

PLEASE look at a good war map and follow our journey. The very names of the stations we passed through are so exciting! Toul, the junction for Verdun, Bar le Duc, south to St. Dizier, through the valley of the Marne in the late afternoon, skirting around Paris in the night, to Chartres, then straight up to Rennes, and north to the coast. It is a beautiful country. The Marne winds about so much, like a crumpled piece of baby-blue ribbon. We passed tiny fields like school children's gardens, planted with the most exquisi care. And we saw village after villag each one a picture, with Gothic spi and Renaissance towers, and houses wi brown or red-tiled roofs and crean walls over which vines were clamberir

More than once we saw khaki u forms. Frequently we saw signs bombardment: roofless houses, she holes already overgrown with moss a the thick turf that nature so quick throws over her ruins. And very, ve often on the sloping hillsides there we graves, each with the tricolor of Fran fluttering like a merry signal. All ov the countryside the wind lifts the lit weather-stained flags and they wa to each other. There is something joyous in the way red and white a blue flash in the sun.

Our journey was uneventful. Rennes the Red Cross canteen serv us a hot lunch, supposed to be brea fast, but we were four hours late.

At four in the afternoon we reach Dinard. Come to meet us at the st tion were the mayor and hundreds citizens. We marched our thousa kiddies through long lines of welco ing men and women, all the way up the Hotel Royal, which was taken ov as a military hospital and is now to a children's refuge. Here we are wi our six hundred and eighty little gi —a strange sight in these great roo that were once showy and luxurio Such happy children as they are! T little boys are a few miles away at a other beach called St. Lunaire. N one of them is any the worse for t journey. Here they will be so safe a well, ready to go back to Lorraine w peace comes. Yes, they will go hon René and Jeanne and the others, to li for France.

Dinard, near St. Malo, Brittany, Fran

The Tomb of James the Apostle

THIS is one of four sepulchers in the valley of Jehoshaphat on the east side of the Brook Kedron. It is an excavated tomb with an ornamental portal supported by two Dorie columns. The cavern is fifteen feet high by ten broad and extends back about fifty feet. The monks believe that the apostle James took refuge here in the interval between the crucifixion and the resurrection, that he remained there eating and drinking nothing until the Lord appeared to him on the day of the resurrection.

The apostle whose tomb this is supposed to be is not the brother of John, but James, the brother of our Lord. Tradition says that he was about ninety-six years old at the time of h death, and that he suffered martyrd by being thrown from a pinnacle the temple into the valley, after whi he was stoned, being finally dispatch by a blow on the head from a fulle pole. The same tradition declares th he was buried near where he fell, th identifying the structure pictured this week's cover as his tomb. Anotl tradition, however, places the site his burial in a tomb on the Mount Olives. Whichever may have been h resting-place, his name has clung to t edifice in the valley of Jehoshaphat, which there was preserved for seve centuries a chair supposed to ha belonged to the martyred apostle.

Gleanings From the Field

AT the annual meeting of the Moody Bible Institute, held October 16, two new trustees were elected, William Albert Harbison and Mr. Bryan Y. Craig. Mr. Henry P. Cromwell, president of the Quaker Oats Company and chairman of the Vice Committee of Fifteen, was re-elected president, Mr. E. K. Warren, president of the Warren Featherbone Company, vice-president, and Mr. Craig, secretary. Dean James M. Gray reported 5,651 students in the day and evening classes and the correspondence department; also that a new departure had been made in the evening classes for the special benefit of Chicago people. The period of study had been extended from three to four years. Business Manager A. F. Gaylord reported the present worth of the Institute to be $1,598,645. The gross operating income for the year was $454,329 and the books closed with a deficit on the current expense account of $27,925, caused largely by war conditions; but encouraging efforts were now in progress looking toward its liquidation. Both faculty and students are represented at the front as combatants as well as noncombatants, some of whom have yielded up their lives in the cause. Also several of the faculty and students are giving their services to religious work in different training camps.

THERE has been called, by the Anti-Saloon League of America, to meet in Columbus, Ohio, from November 19 to 22 inclusive, a conference of the temperance forces of America to consider the situation, lay the plans and form an international organization with the foundation that has led to success here. Delegates from England, France, Scotland and Mexico have been appointed and are on the way. In addition to these, t church in neutral nations is planning to ha representatives here. It will be an epo making conference. Great leaders of the mo ment in this land are taking an active inter in plans and will have part in the progra Every friend of this cause should, if possil arrange to attend this conference in Novemb Rev. E. J. Moore, D. D., Assistant Gene Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League America, Westerville, Ohio, is secretary of t Committee on Arrangements and Progra Communications relative to this confere addressed to him will receive prompt att tion.

Wants to Help Palestine Orphans

YOUR editorial of July 24, under the he ing "Our Opportunity in Palestine," c my attention to what has been in my mind several months. Find enclosed a postal or to you for $30 to pass on to Major Waters your staff to be used as a nest-egg in start homes for orphan children in the Holy Land wish it could have been $3,000). My prayers with this small contribution. Being left orphan in infancy, now an aged widow a alone, also a semi-invalid all my life, a having found the promise always sure: " relieveth the fatherless and widow," I send t partly as a thank-offering after getting a sett ment without loss where one-third of inco was at stake. In these days of high prices would have been a calamity indeed. Ple withhold my name and sign

Cambridge Springs, Pa. A WIDOW.

Young People's Topics
for November 17

he Urgency of a Great Errand

(Win My Chum)

worth League Topic. Matt. 22 : 1–5, 8–14

WE are all servants of a King, and we are sent out into the highways to bid whomsoever we d to the wedding supper of the Lamb. e are to compel them to come in. But w shall we convince them that there to be a feast, unless our faces show e joy of the festival and unless we ar the garments of a guest? The ment of our daily living will either d force to our invitation or make it effective. There is something more an worldly wisdom in placing as the st goal of our active Christian life e winning of our friend. No one knows better, no one can more certainly appise the workings of the alchemy of ace in our hearts. If the love of God s so mellowed and transformed us at our chum will seek the same power f his own life, then there is no conft with sin too difficult for us, no sin· too hardened for us to help toward vation. And who should we more urally seek to bring into touch with e Saviour than the one who has been arest to us, almost part of ourselves, e one who has shared our plans and oes and questionings and opinions? Cums don't always agree, but their vy differences drive them together. l not be downhearted, therefore, if at ft your friend does not follow you vlingly to the wedding feast. Keep set and persist in the invitation; live ur faith and let the spirit of Christ dly shine through your life, and the ie will not be long in coming to a deon. Your chum won, it will be easy t go on to other victories.

Reforms That Need Our Aid

Christian Endeavor Topic. Amos 8: 4–10

THERE have been reformers who were not Christians, but no true Christian can fail to further real reform. The reference chosen for this topic will probably set most leaders on the trail of the profiteer. The Food Administration is already hot on this trail, and we hope that in the world to come there is reserved for the profiteer a place especially well calculated to accumulate misery. There has never been any defense for the man who took his neighbor's living, either in usury or in excessive prices. The war did not produce the profiteer, it only gave him opportunity and called attention to him. But the elimination of profiteering, while a matter of present urgency, is a matter of the moment. There are greater reforms that await our hand. In spite of our 142 years of living together as sovereign states united into a nation, there is still sectionalism among us. All of us do not as yet think of the nation in terms of unity. The middle states are reluctant to build a navy or deepen harbors, while the coast states are slow to encourage the development of inland waterways. The North does not yet appreciate the power of the new industrial South, and this same Southern industrialism is slow to accept the experience of the North regarding child labor and compulsory education. The zone system of second-class postal rates is itself a monument to sectionalism, even as it is a potent promoter of it. One needed reform is an early return to a flat rate of postage which will not penalize the Southern and Western reader of Eastern and Northern magazines and papers. In line with the above, the development of compulsory education laws, including better common schools, and the elimination of child labor from industry, are two reforms which have gone far but which are not yet completely effected. The reform of our drinking habits, begun seventy-five or more years ago, is nearly complete; but the National Prohibition Amendment is not yet adopted, and Christian Endeavorers can not be active in a better cause than that of ratification.

Another reform which is making progress is the humanizing of the penal laws, so that the man who runs foul of the courts may be rebuilt into a good citizen, instead of hardened into a confirmed criminal. A part of this reform is the giving to each discharged prisoner of a real chance to get a new start in honest employment. Another reform, much needed, is a restoration of the former regard for the Lord's Day. The war is driving people back to God; let us make certain that the Church so adjusts itself to the spirit in which they come that it will hold them and attract others when the emergency of the day is past. There are other movements—the good roads movement, the anti-cigarette movement, the suffrage movement, the movement for the reclaiming of arid lands and the settlement thereon of men who are now fighting the battle of liberty and democracy in France, the movements for better industrial organization, for better housing, for mothers' pensions and old age benefits.

This is only a partial list, but each of these may well challenge the enthusiasm of young life. Each makes for a better nation, and each must be solved in the spirit of the Christ or it will not be solved at all.

Making Democracy Safe Through the Country Church

B. Y. P. U. Topic. Isa. 35 : 1

A VERY similar topic to this was treated in the issue of October 9 as the Epworth League topic for October 20. The country church is today making glad the wilderness in a two-fold sense. It is bringing a vital message of truth to hungry hearts, and helping to blaze the way toward better agriculture and closer and friendlier cooperation. The church doors that closed on a dwindling company of faithful saints are open again and a growing company is thronging the old preaching-places because the rural church has discovered a new gospel of mutual helpfulness. Nor has this new gospel in any way displaced the old Gospel of forgiving grace, but both together have brought the resurrection. Democracy can never be safe when God is forgotten. Democracy rests on the willingness of each individual to live for the good of all. When God drops out of a life, selfishness, self-seeking, the "look out for number one" spirit, inevitably gain the upper hand. We would not claim that church membership always destroys this spirit (unfortunately, it has more than nine lives); but the rural church of today, with its simple gospel of divine love and human helpfulness, is showing selfish hearts the better light of community spirit, of neighborliness. It takes men of large caliber to serve such a church, and the country is producing the men; but the field is large, and whereas the country parson once starved in penury on a salary paid in parsnips and potatoes, the new community church of today, while not omitting the edibles, is not niggardly in its dole of penee. The new rural church is not only making a better country, but it is helping to turn backward the two-generation-old stream of migration to the cities, which drained from the country its best and crowded the cities with folks whose prosperity never quite made up for the sacrifice of the open country.

THE General Committee of Anthracite Coal Operators have given out some conservation hints which reduced to their lowest terms may be briefly summarized as follows:

Put off furnace heat as long as possible. Raise shades to admit free heat. Banish awnings. Weather-strip doors and windows. Asbestos the furnace. Keep thermometer below 67. Blankets, not heat, in bedroom. Wear heavier clothes. Clean soot from pipes and boilers. Burn wood, oil, coke and bituminous coal. Cook with gas. Drape heavily inside of doors and windows.

Concrete Roads and Gunstocks

¶When the call came for gunstocks, these black walnut logs—gunstocks in the rough—quickly made the first lap of their journey to the firing line because the ***concrete roads*** of Vermilion County, Ill., were ready.

¶What are the roads of your community doing to win the war? Are they hindering, or are they helping like the concrete roads of Vermilion County?

¶Everywhere concrete roads are speeding up war—supplying cantonments, supplementing railroads, keeping industry going, feeding the Nation. And concrete roads everywhere are none the worse for this heavy, pounding, speeded up traffic.

Whenever you drive over concrete pavement, tell the road or street authorities that you like it. They will be glad to have you endorse their choice and give you added mileage if you ask it.

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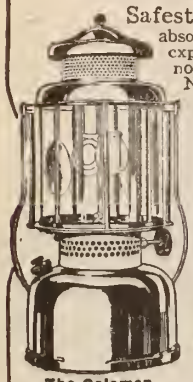

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Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

WHEREVER we look, Comrades in Adventuring, we are reminded that the fall is dying to embers, and the winter is upon us. The flaunting red leaves we gathered in the woods and brought into our homes only a few short weeks ago are twisting and fading. And now it is yellow pumpkins we think about: Thanksgiving pumpkins that speak of home and the sweetest day in the year.

We look ahead, to the Thanksgiving just a brief fortnight away; and we wish—oh, how we wish!—that we could put so many extra leaves in our Thanksgiving table that it would spread and spread (in ever-widening circles) until it had reached a certain trench and a certain lonely young soldier asleep with his head on his arm, dreaming of that very table.

What a jovial thrust in the ribs the home table would give him: the boy whose baby hands beat dents in it twenty years ago! And what a reunion it would be! And then, can't you hear the cry of: "Turkey, and stuffin', and cranbrey sauce, an'—say, fellows, come on!" And—and that's all. For it's only a dream. Just a dream of yours and mine, Neighbors.

Well, well! dreams soften the heart, if they do bring tears to the eyes. And even if we can't make our old dining-room table do all that we wish it might, we can at least stretch it as far as it will go; which is almost to the walls of the room, with just space for twelve chairs. Yes, we can seat twelve. Twelve; and ours is a little family of three!

It seems like a big order. There won't be salad plates enough; or butter spreaders, or anything! And turkey is so high! And Uncle Sam has bought most of them to take Thanksgiving to France. And it's too late to invite folks now. And we're out of preserves. And anyhow, we don't want to do it. Our boy is in France.

But somehow, we American women never weep long. And when it comes to fooling ourselves with excuses, we're no good at that at all.

So we're on our feet, pretty soon, and whistling. Yes, just that! For we've forgotten ourselves. Now we are really (honestly and truly) thinking of our boy, Over There, and what he would like us to do. We can almost hear him say:

"Sure, mother! Have a real Thanksgiving feed, the way we always do. And say, maybe you can get Paul's aunt to come. He's pretty badly smashed up, and she knows it by now. She oughtn't to spend Thanksgiving in that old house alone. And you might ask old Mr. McAllister, and the Martins, and that deaf old lady living with them, and Billy Mack. He's got a weak chest, and can't get over here, and he's all cut up over it. And I guess I'd have Aunt Eunice and Uncle Jim. And of course, Helen. My, that's a crowd! Well, you pick out the ones you can have."

There's a mist in our eyes as we stop at the writing-desk and get off little notes of invitation to them all. Oh, we'll have a "real feed"! We pause before his photograph, on the desk, and smile. And the picture, bathed in the sunset light, seems to grin back.

"Hurray for you, mother!" it seems to say. "You always were a good one!"

Yes, that is how it happens, Neighbors, that we are planning to commemorate this Thanksgiving as we have never observed any before in our lives.

There have been other Thanksgivings: sad ones, happy ones, lonely ones, jovial ones; but none quite like this.

YET let us look back on the Thanksgivings of other years. Perhaps, although they were not quite like this one, they may suggest to us ways of honoring this Thanksgiving: if not for ourselves, then for our community. For you know, not even a table with twelve chairs around it, is going to accommodate one tenth of the lonely, heart-hungry folk in your neighborhood and mine.

A Neighborhood Thanksgiving

We are just a band of farm women in Maine, who, a few years ago, realizing the need of more sociability in our community, organized our "Neighborhood Circle." We meet twice a month, taking our work and talking over matters of general interest or helpfulness. All unkind gossip is barred. Usually each takes her own work, but in a case of need we often unite in sewing for one family.

Two years ago we had a Neighborhood Thanksgiving at the home of one of the members. Each family furnished a cooked fowl. The bread and pastry and cranberry sauce were brought by the different families; and the vegetables were furnished by the hostess. A very long table was arranged in the largest room of the house, and all but the waiters were seated at one time. The host returned thanks for mercies given, especially for the returning health of some present who had been very ill.

In the afternoon, the singing of songs and hymns familiar to all took its prominent part. All enjoyed the day, but perhaps it seemed especially good to the young school teacher far from home, and to an elderly man, homeless and working in the neighborhood. "That," he said, "was what I call a regular old-fashioned Thanksgiving."

Besides this Neighborhood Thanksgiving, our little circle has had a Community Fourth of July Celebration, and several Community Christmas Trees. Perhaps these are not what any one would call great accomplishments; but in a neighborhood which once had its only gatherings at some one's funeral, our Circle has certainly proved worth while.

LUCY HUTCHINS.

FROM this cheery adventure, Neighbors, we plunge into the breezy account of a Community Thanksgiving:

A Thanksgiving Bazaar

Would you like to hear about the Thanksgiving Bazaar given by our high school for the benefit of the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A.?

Each class had a booth. The freshman booth represented a ship with guns and flags. The sophomore booth was a great Red Cross. The juniors' was a cool-looking little arbor of green and white, with Y. M. C. A. in big red letters before it. The senior booth was the glory of the evening. It had a dome of red, white and blue, with many tiny lights lighting up the sign "Liberty." A tall boy was dressed as Uncle Sam, and had Aunt Columbia beside him to help him serve.

Caps, aprons, dresses, doilies, knick-knacks, candy, chewing gum, popcorn balls and lemonade were sold. A victrola was kept going, and a funny clown drew the people to the sophomore booth.

The juniors had a police court where any one was taken who flirted, chewed gum, stood about, etc. The policed one had to go to the junior booth and buy something. The seniors had a "swimming match," in which a match was placed in a tub of water and allowed to swim. It cost five cents to see it.

In the basement and domestic science room a cafeteria supper was served; and a program was given in the Assembly Room, the main features being stereopticon views and tableaux in which the pupils took part. The senior booth took first prize, while the freshman booth stood second.

Wasn't that a novel and patriotic way to spend a Thanksgiving evening?

A. M. ROLLER.

It certainly was; and I hope that this year there will be many such Thanksgiving Bazaars.

MEANTIME let us hear how a plucky little school teacher, out in a lonely section of Nebraska, helped her community to have a jolly Thanksgiving.

Old-Fashioned Singing School on Thanksgiving

Last year my daughter taught school in a very lonely neighborhood in Nebraska. She was ten miles from the nearest village, and so had to depend greatly on her own resources.

One of her "adventures in neighboring" was the holding of an old-fashioned spelling school at Thanksgiving time. There were twenty-two pupils attending school then, and these were of "assorted sizes," all the way from beginners to those older than herself. Her plan was to use all these children and young people, so that no one could feel left out, and also to get the older people of the neighborhood together. She wanted the

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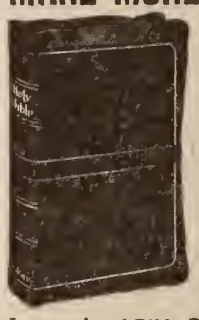

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I know you can because I've helped 85,000 women and what I have done for so many I can do for you.

Don't reduce by drugs or diet alone. You'll look old if you do. You should have the proper exercise to reduce your figure *just where you want it reduced*.

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SUSANNA COCROFT
Dept. 18 624 South Michigan Avenue
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whole community to be present at that Thanksgiving party.

And so it was arranged. The part of Old-Time Singing Master was taken by a married man who lived near enough the school to attend all the evenings of practice. He was young and popular, and a really good musician. So these gatherings for practice were much enjoyed. Many young people not in school came, and every one in the district became interested. Only old-time songs were learned.

On the day of the celebration it was found that a fine program had been prepared: of part singing and chorus singing. Sometimes, too, the singing school would sing the verse of a song, and all the rest join in on the chorus. So every one took part.

All were in costume, as the plan was to carry out (so far as was possible without going to too much work) the old-fashioned idea. At the end of the program, boxes, with lunch prepared for two, were sold at auction, every woman and girl bringing one. The box social part of the entertainment was not a novel idea at all, but is always a jolly one, and popular. And the money from these boxes brought a nice sum, which was used for the schoolroom and playground.

The decorations, since it was Thanksgiving time, were golden pumpkins, corn, and stalks of wheat: with the children's drawings on blackboards and arranged about the room. Candles and lanterns were used for light.

My daughter was very happy over the results of that evening. It seemed to be all that was needed to break the ice in a community where the people had never mixed much. After that it was easy to get up other get-together times. SARAH GILBERT.

Such a Thanksgiving party, fellow Adventurers, need not be held in the schoolhouse. It could be held in some one's big parlor, or in a barn. And after the program, wholesome games could be played. Perhaps, too, a round robin letter could be written by all present to be sent overseas to the soldier boys from that particular home or that special village.

AND now, Neighbors, before dipping into today's Forum, we have space for just one more Thanksgiving adventure:

Thanksgiving Dinner to Furnish School Auditorium

I THINK Adventures in Neighboring just splendid, and want to add my bit. This is what we did last Thanksgiving in this neighborhood. Perhaps it will offer a suggestion to some one else.

We had a get-together Thanksgiving dinner and supper in the new auditorium of our schoolhouse, the object of which was to furnish the auditorium. We had just such a dinner as Thanksgiving calls for: turkey, oysters, salads, plum pudding and pumpkin pie. The day was a dark one with a steady downpour of rain; but the wagons and autos kept coming until we had a large crowd of patrons. And how we all did enjoy being together: we neighbors from the different sections! Some of us had not had such a chat with old friends for a long time. We exchanged news and views, and found the exchange stimulating.

At night we had music and recitations, and a one-act play by the teachers and some of the pupils. "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Nearer, my God, to Thee" were beautifully pantomined by some of the school.

As we were closing our entertainment, we did not forget to send portions to those in want and sorrow who had been unable to come. Thus ended a day full of happiness for many. And, oh, yes, I must not forget to add that by our dinner we raised eighty dollars for furniture for the auditorium.

A VIRGINIA NEIGHBOR.

A very beautiful and constructive adventure, Neighbors, and a good one with which to end today's meeting. My heart will be with you this Thanksgiving Day; for I know that for some of us it could be a lonely Thanksgiving, if we would allow it to be. But ah, I beg of you, Christian Herald friends, not to let it be a lonely day. Throw open your hearts, and your hospitality, to some needy creature: even if it be only to the hungry bird on your window sill. There is never a time when we cannot give something to some one, even if it be only a "cup of cold water"; and surely on this day, of all others, we want to give, give, give out of the fulness of our hearts.

WITH this loving message, and the hope that this Thanksgiving will be the most deeply happy and satisfying of your lives, I must bid you, neighbors, godspeed for another fortnight.

The Neighbor's Forum

I know of a very simple device one hard of hearing can use without any trouble or expense. It is nothing more nor less than an ordinary mailing tube such as calendars and photos are mailed in. The largest size—two or three inches in diameter—is better than the small size. By placing it to the ear and letting the person you wish to converse with speak through the other end, you can (even if very deaf) hear distinctly an ordinary tone of voice. I know three different persons, who are very deaf, who have tried high-priced trumpets but found the tube more satisfactory. Best wishes for the Neighboring corner.—MRS. H. M., *Texas*.

We are planning to earn money for our Christian Endeavor Society. Can any one tell me a way? It is difficult here.—B. M. T., *Montana*.

Here are some games, for parties or neighborhood gatherings, which the Neighbors might like to know about. I am sending full directions for each.—M. D., *Georgia*.

[DEAR NEIGHBORS: The games are "Handkerchief," "Spending my Nickel," "Selecting Partners," "Breaking the Ice," and "Laugh and Go Foot." If these are new to you, as they are to me, send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I will be glad to furnish you directions for playing them.—VERA L. CONNOLLY.]

"A Mile of Pennies!": that's what a certain North Dakota town made its slogan when raising money for the Red Cross. And it lived up to its slogan too. "One mile is 2,280 feet," volunteered some one. Our chairman at once produced pennies, and we found that it took sixteen to each twelve inches. We multiplied, and found that a mile of pennies would amount to no less than $844.80! A glass jar (the confectioner's kind) was used as a receptacle, and a young lady representative of our Red Cross Branch was stationed at the leading business place of the town. She had charge of the soliciting for that day, some one taking her place the next. Naturally there was some rivalry among the girls, each anxious to make hers the biggest day. And of course they did not insist upon pennies, but took larger donations with equally thankful heart. A bulletin board announced the day's receipts in cash and its equivalent in the fraction of a mile: until the full mile had been raised.—A. R., *Minnesota*.

I am a young girl about fifteen years old, and would appreciate letters or postal cards, as I live in a very lonely place.—NEIGHBOR.

Many thanks to all the Neighbors for their kindness and interest in me. I have received many loving letters. I am seventy-four years old, and live a very lonely life. So I am always glad and eager to receive letters. The messages from my kind Christian Herald friends have been a real joy, although I have been slow in answering them, as I have to depend on my daughter, living at the foot of this hill, to answer them for me. But they have brought much happiness to me. (The old lady living on a Mountain Top).

I save all the bright pictures from the wrappers of canned goods all the covers of seed packets, all the post cards, and even the Santa Claus pictures that come out in the newspapers just before the holidays. At Christmas time I make scrap books of flour sacks, scallop the edges, and paste these pictures in: giving these books as presents to children. I have found them my most popular gifts with the little folks.—MRS. P. G. KIBBEY.

Our church had failed to raise enough money to carry out its missionary program. We could see no way to do this until one member proposed this plan: that every church member keep account of all the eggs laid at his home, sell them, and turn the proceeds over to the church treasury. At the end of the year, the church had not only raised the needed amount, but fifty per cent. more.—LEONARD J. PRIESTLEY.

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THE CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM

By REV. A. E. THOMPSON

Pastor of the American Church at Jerusalem (driven by the Turk from the Holy City at the outbreak of the World War). At present Field Secretary for the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief.

"The capture of Jerusalem is one of those events to which students of prophecy have been looking forward for many years. Even before Great Britain took possession of Egypt, there were keen-sighted seers who foresaw the day when God would use the Anglo-Saxon peoples to restore Jerusalem. When the war broke out, there were some of us who were convinced that it would never end until Turkish tyranny was forever a thing of the past in the Holy City. When the city was captured, we felt very confident we could put one hand upon this great event which had stirred the heart of the whole Christian world, and, laying open our Bible at many places in the Prophets, say as confidently as Peter on the day of Pentecost, 'This is that which was spoken by the prophets.'

"The capture of Jerusalem is more than a prophetic event—it is a pivot in prophecy. The Germans might enter Paris and we would weep; but, desperate as that event would be, it would only be an incident in the great panorama of the ages. The flags we love might be carried into Berlin, and how we would rejoice! But even that would only be an incident. The Hun might again sack Rome, but not one of us could with any assurance put our finger upon any text of Scripture and say it was so written. Constantinople might fall, and a babel of voices would be heard among our prophets. But when Jerusalem was captured, we all said with one consent, 'This is the climax of the ages.' We have entered a prophetic era. We are looking upon the things which Moses and the prophets, and Christ Himself have foretold.

"The capture of Jerusalem is not the end, but the beginning. Now, if the hour of the passing of the Turk from Palestine has come, it means great things to the Promised Land. It marks the beginning of the end of the desolation. It means also the beginning of the end of the dispersion.

"Again the capture of Jerusalem indicates that we are at the beginning of the end of the declaration of the gospel. The capture of Jerusalem also meant the defeat of German design. And finally, the capture of Jerusalem marked the beginning of the end of all imperialism."

The above is an extract from Dr. Thompson's address at the Philadelphia Prophetic Conference. The complete address, together with all the other 18 addresses, is given in

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Germany Must Make Atonement

AT a recent meeting of the members and congregation of the First Baptist Church of Baltimore, Md., Mr. Richard H. Edmonds, a member present, submitted a statement setting forth the crimes committed by Germany against civilization, international law, humanity and religion in the present war. The statement proceeds:

"As Germany and its allies now see that they are inevitably doomed to defeat, since civilization is greater than barbarism, and since the powers of heaven are greater than the powers of hell, we may expect a continuation of the efforts of Germany and Austria and Turkey and Bulgaria to seek peace without punishment. They will use every influence in this and other countries to create a sickly, mawkish, neurotic sentiment against the punishment of criminals. They are already moving in every possible way to bring about a peace which would leave their crimes unpunished and permit them to prepare for another war.

"In view of these facts we desire to place upon record our earnest appeal to the President of the United States, and to Congress, that no word of peace shall be uttered in this country until Germany and its allies have unconditionally surrendered their armies and their navies; and we earnestly pray that in justice to all the civilization of the centuries to come, in justice to the millions who have died upon the battle-field in defense of civilization, in justice to the outraged women and the mangled children, that President Wilson will insist that there shall be no peace until after an unconditional surrender, and until the leading criminals have with their lives paid for their fearful crimes. Unless this be done, civilization would place a premium upon crime and give encouragement for other wars by showing that it did not have the moral backbone to inflict punishment upon those responsible for the most awful war which the world has ever known.

"In view of these facts the First Baptist Church of Baltimore desires to place upon its records this paper, and authorize its officials to send a copy of it to the President of the United States, to the Senators and Representatives from Maryland, and to furnish a copy to the daily papers of this city. And we call upon every church in the land to recognize that in this, the greatest moral issue which the world has ever faced, it is the solemn duty of the Church of God to record its opposition to any peace with the blackest criminals in human history until Germany and its allies have made, as far as is humanly possible, atonement for their crimes."

The statement and recommendations were adopted as the sentiment of the First Baptist Church. Mr. Edmonds, the author of the statement, writes to the Christian Herald: "This war issue is preeminently a religious issue. Unless civilization punishes the criminals, it will put a premium upon crime. As I view the matter, it is absolutely the duty of the religious leaders of this country to voice, through church action or otherwise, their determination that this war shall not end until those who have been guilty of these awful crimes have paid the penalty for their crimes, just exactly as society necessarily punishes the individual murderer or outrager. Germany is the greatest criminal in human history, and unless it be punished we might as well abolish all punishment for individual crimes."

Coal Economy for the Household

TALKING to a representative gathering of men who are to assist the Fuel Administration, Van H. Manning, director of the Bureau of Mines, said concerning the economical use of fuel: "Americans have been as wasteful of coal as of other resources, largely because coal has been abundant. To many consumers it has seemed hardly worth while to give time and thought to the saving of coal. . . . Coal is the foundation stone of industry. . . . Without it transportation facilities must stand still. One man's careless and wasteful use may mean an idle factory or a cold house for his neighbor. With the world looking to us largely for its coal supply . . . the consumer of coal must pause and give serious consideration to the problem which confronts the country.

"If the consumers can be aroused to an intelligent consideration of the burning of coal, they can begin to save ten per cent. of the production (600,000,000 tons) at once. . . . About fifteen *million* people shovel the twenty per cent. of our coal used for domestic purposes. Only about two hundred and fifty *thousand* firemen shovel the sixty-odd per cent. of our coal used by power plants and railroads. . . . The house holder must realize that when he throws a shovelful of anthracite coal into his furnace its value is equivalent to half a pound of sugar, or half a loaf of bread or a pint of milk. He must appreciate that it is worth while to examine his house and to overhaul his heating equipment. Weather strips, double windows, pipe coverings, clean flues and chimneys and tight fittings in ash-pit, doors, dampers and furnace parts will all pay. Damper control is one of the chief secrets of economical heating. Clean surfaces are most essential, *a soot is a poorer conductor of heat than asbestos.* Care, attention, and taking pains will be the greatest factors in saving domestic coal."

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The Ever-Full Sugar Bowl

By
L. LODIAN

FOOD DIRECTOR HOOVER has been quoted as speaking of "sugar gluttony," yet has failed to top the one source of that gluttony. That is in light candy manufacture. That's where the useless gluttony begins—and continues: hence the sugarless families of the country.

The remedy: Stop at once the use of *all* white cane and beet sugars in confectionery and cake-baking. This will still allow the manufacturer ample latitude—only his confections will have a slightly deeper or browner color.

Then there will be enough white sugar to go round all the families of the land!

The word sugar does not occur once in Holy Writ: yet the source of our sugar of today is referred to in Deut. 6 : 20—"The sweet cane from a far country." By Alexander the Great's time (330 B. C.) it was already well known in the Levant.

Families living at or near populous centers having exotic colonies can (lacking American or domestic sugars) resort to the aliens' own grocery stores—be they Mongol, Japanese, Arab, or Indasian—and get sugar fairly a plenty. Due to the greater distance of transport, and freight-scarcity, these long-distance sugars usually carry a slight price advance over our cane sugars. But there—the problem is to get cane or beet sugars at all; and folks who are paying around 18 cents for a pound can of condensed milk for its sugar content as a sweetener in lieu of sugar are paying for about half-moisture or water, or at the rate of some 35 cents per pound of the equivalent in dry white sugar!

Then there are the crude panocha slab-sugars and piloncillo cones and muscovado brown-black sugars (centrifugal raws), obtainable at Iberic-American grocery stores; the cactus solid and melon invert sugars of Mexico, etc.

WE do not trouble to illustrate in this paper any of the well-known cane or beet sugars, or even the maple sugars; they are all too familiar. We limit ourselves to the scant-known in sugardom; even the cane sugar bars and slabs and beet cones are excluded, because fairly familiar since many decades; also the tuber mass-sugars and invert-sugars of the central European despotisms.

The maize sugars of Western America are a most creditable product, obtainable in bars, slabs, granulated, icing-sugar forms, and as a limpid invert-sugar. The color of the solid-form maize sugars ranges from yellow to cream-white, according to number (degree of refinement). They are less sweet than the sorghum, palm, date, raisin or cane sugars; around 65 points compared to the others at 100 points, but are eminently useful as an economizer on other sugars, as for preserving, in pastries, cakes, breadstuffs, etc.

Another scant-known American sugar, always obtainable in Manhattan, New Orleans, Chicago, and other big centers, is the mesquite-bean invert-sugar of the Rio Grande region of Texas and Mexico. It is also a common sugar among the natives of the tropic isles of the Pacific, under local names, as shushel, karofa, algoroba, etc.

THE sucre-de-miel (or sugar made from honey) of the French is just the plain centrifugally-separated crystallizable portion of honey, the residue remaining as an invert-sugar permanently. The dry honey-sugar, at its best, is cleanly and non-sticky to handle, of light-straw color, and with a fragrant honey-like aroma. A similar honey-sugar of the Hellenes has the fragrance of orange-blossoms, due to the flower-food of the bees. It is obtainable of Greek importers.

Asia contributes the greater part of the world's sugar supply, but it is almost all consumed by the respective nationalities; the little that is exported is a negligible factor. Hence, in sugar statistics, while Cuba and tropical America are quoted at so many million tons annually, and Europe, with its beet sugars, at so many millions more, there is scant mention of Asia as a sugar-producer, although it actually turns out more sugar (counting under all heads, as sorghum, palm, fruit, date, imfi, cereal, etc., sugars) than the western hemisphere and continental Europe combined. This is, for all Asia (including Nippon and Indasia and east of the Nile region), calculated at about fifteen million metric tons annually.

AGLANCE at the illustrations will reveal the preponderance of Asia in sugar variety. We see depicted the national sugar of Japan, called mizu-ami (rice-sugar), familiar to all missionaries in the inland-sea country; the date sugar of the Nile region, and east to the Euphrates-Tigris valleys of historic memory; the palm-sugar of Indasia and the Indian Ocean region; the sorghum bars and tablet sugar and fruit sugar slabs of China, and the carob bean invert-sugar of Asia Minor.

Then there are—not illustrated, however—the raisin and currant sugars of the Holy Land; the barley cereal and wheat sugars of Korea; the fig sugars of the Izmir region and Palestine and Syria, which are made and used direct chiefly by farming communities for their own use; the iageri and gur and manit tree sugars raised on the Ganges delta and overland to Persia, and the imfi sugars of Arabia.

A Mongol beet invert-sugar is on sale in this country since the past half-century at Asiatic grocery stores. I never knew it to be unobtainable. At one time the notion prevailed that beet sugar was a European innovation; but this is erroneous. The Mongols have made it for many generations. The native name is *ge-hau* (pronounced ge-ho).

The pictures accompanying this article have been made direct from the actual sugars, rounded up by the writer amid Manhattan's alien colony quarters.

Plantation centrifugal raw

Maiz-sugar granulated

Carob-bean and sugar

Date-sugar (Egypt)

Among the Workers

BEFORE the United States enlisted in the Great Crusade, many American citizens had joined the armies of liberation under the various flags, and not a few of them have sealed their faith with the blood of martyrdom. Among these was Theodore Campbell, of Conway, Ark., who enlisted in the Canadian army on February 12, 1917, and met a hero's death in France. His fellow townsmen recently held a memorial service in his honor.

NOT all the war heroes who make the supreme sacrifice fall on the fields of France. Their graves are found in all countries where the Allied flags wave, from New Zealand to Newfoundland. One of these was Cadet Maurice M. Milne, of Malone, N. Y., who enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps of the Canadian Army and lost his life in the line of duty, at the age of twenty-one years. He had about completed his course in training at the aviation field in Armour Heights, Ontario, and expected to leave soon for service in France. On the morning of his death he started a flight and had reached a height of 600 feet, when his plane collided with another. Both machines fell to the earth, causing the instant death of Cadet Milne and his fellow aviator.

In a letter written to his wife and parents and found on his person when he was picked up on the field, he said that he had had a presentiment of death, and requested that the letter be forwarded to his family.

DR. E. B. SERVICE, pastor of the First Methodist Church, Little Falls, Minn., received the degree of D.D. from the Oskaloosa College, Oskaloosa, Iowa, recently.

IN Arizona a new mission station has been opened under the direction of H. Dudley Peck, a student at McCormick Theological Seminary, sent out by the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. He had to travel 110 miles from the railroad to reach his first station at Chin Lee. With his interpreter Mr. Peck often walked ten to twenty miles a day, preaching along the way. During one month he walked 200 miles to reach those Indians who needed the Gospel. Arrangements are now being made to put up buildings and make a real mission station. The Navajo people are increasing rapidly, and their need of the Gospel is great, for there are 32,500 of this growing tribe.

ONE of the members of the Executive Committee of the World's Sunday School Association recently subscribed for a life membership in the Association, $1,000, payable one-third each year for three years. Rev. Joseph Clark, D.D., of the New York State Sunday School Association, has been made a life member by a friend, who testified to his appreciation of Dr. Clark's services by the payment of the necessary $1,000. Dr. Clark is well known to Sunday school workers by his nom de plume of "Timothy Standby."

BESIDES contributing to the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union for the purchase of ambulances, field kitchens, etc., and making Red Cross supplies for the soldiers over seas, and supplying hospital comforts to Camp Dodge, Iowa, has a special work which has been officially endorsed by the State Council of Defense. At Fort Des Moines is established one of the reconstruction hospitals of the United States. Already some of the broken men from France have been received there for care and treatment. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Iowa has already furnished a Home Center reception room, presided over by a tactful and gifted woman whom the boys call "Hospital Mother," fitting up a library, supplying 100 fans for the wards, and hospital comforts of any kind that a mother's heart might suggest.

THE ministers and membership of the Presbyterian churches of the "southern tier" and elsewhere in New York State received a genuine surprise recently when the Chemung County, New York Presbytery, after a lengthy discussion and some opposition, granted Mrs. William H. Chapman of Elmira, N. Y., a license to preach the Gospel. This overturned the long-established precedent of the Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Mrs. Chapman has accepted the pulpit of the North Presbyterian Church in Elmira, while the pastor has been engaged in Y. M. C. A. war work in France. She has traveled much abroad, is well educated, and was a high school teacher in Elmira. W. H.W.

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Photo by Clarence A. Purchase

Cold as the thought of a vanished dream—white with the hint of snow,
The water creeps to the edge and leaps to the rocks that lie below!

–and the Weed Chains In the Tool Box *all the time*

Another Nasty Skid—Another Smashed-up Car— Another Call for the Ambulance.

Will Motorists never learn to take warning from the experiences of others?

A chainless car on a slippery pavement is an ***uncertain car.*** You know this as well as we do, and are expected to be prepared.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

Photo by International Film Service

Budapest, whose streets, possibly this one, have seen stirring times, mobs and people angry at the delay of peace, when free Hungary has been proclaimed

Complete Teuton Collapse at Hand

HERBERT ASQUITH, former British Prime Minister, in a speech in Glasgow on November 1, said, "At the outbreak of the war the greater part of Europo and a large part Asia paid allegiance to three Emperors. Where are these Emperors today? One, whom we should remember as our good and faithful ally, has been deposed and murdered by his people. The Austrian Emperor, to all intents and purposes, is a waif, a stray. The third, at that time the most formidable figure of all, now is said to be hovering on the verge of abdication. We may say with confidence that the war has buried, beyond hope of resurrection, autocracy and its satellite, militarism."

The Central Empires on November 1 no longer existed as a potent military force. Bulgaria was practically occupied by Allied troops. Belgrade, and all Serbia, was free of German and Austrian soldiers. Turkey had surrendered, the Dardanelles were open, the Allies could move at once to free Rumania and Liberate-ridden Russia by a route more direct than through frozen Siberia. (The terms of Turkey's surrender are printed later in this article.) Austria was breaking up into a number of socialistic republics, with capitals established at Agram, Vienna, Budapest and Prague. Emperor Carl, ordering his army not to resist popular movements, moved toward peace. This he was not far from, for on November 1 General Diaz had communicated the terms of surrender to the commanders of the beaten Austrian armies, who accepted them on November 3, Austria ceasing to be a combatant at 3 P. M. of November 4. And as for Germany, it was announced on November 1 that the Versailles Conference had practically agreed on the terms of the armistice, but that these would not be made public until Germany had acted on them. All information available, both in Allied capitals and from German sources, indicated that whatever the terms, Germany would accept.

WHEN Bulgaria, her armies broken and her people threatening open rebellion, threw herself on the mercy of the Allies, military men said that the end of the war was in sight, that it only remained to mop up the rest of the once powerful Central European alliance. Opinions as to the time to be allotted to the mopping up varied, but events have since moved rapidly. Cut off from Germany and from war supplies by the same stroke, Turkey held on in the grim hope that the senior partner in the Plunderbund would succeed in selling out at a sacrifice not too great. But the steady advance of General Allenby brought the final day rapidly nearer, and the taking of Aleppo struck the hour. It only remained for Turkey to send one more frantic note, declaring her thorough agreement with all President Wilson had set down as a basis for peace, and then, with her armies everywhere in retreat, she sought the way out.

Photo from Press Illustrating Service

Emperor Carl of Austria-Hungary, whose crumbling empire left him an empty scepter

Releasing the British commander who had surrendered at Kut-el-Amara, General Townshend, Turkey sent him to the British naval commander in the Ægean, Admiral Sir George Cave, to open negotiations for an armistice. Admiral Cave sent back word that if Turkey would send properly accredited plenipotentiaries, he was authorized to inform them of the conditions on which the Allies would agree to stop hostilities. The envoys arrived at Mudros, on the island of Lemnos, early in the week of October 27, and on October 31 the announcement was made that Turkey had, in effect, signed an unconditional surrender. Although the terms were not at once made public, it was permitted to be known that they effectively neutralized Turkey, provided for the surrender of her armies, the occupation of the Dardanelles forts and the opening of the straits to the vessels of the Allies, who were thereby enabled to enter the Black Sea and deal with the Germanized Russian fleet. The mopping up was proceeding.

Turkey is mentioned here first only because she was first to take final action. Austria, too, on October 31 was rapidly approaching the necessary point of surrender. That is, all there was left of Austria was so proceeding. Austria, always a nondescript aggregation of peoples bound together by arbitrary power, had in the month of October developed fully all the centrifugal forces dormant within her.

October 31 saw Bohemia ablaze with the enthusiasm of a new-found freedom, for Bohemia *was* free! Austria had turned over all governmental functions to the Czech government, and the streets of Prague were gay with bunting and resounded with the acclaim of citizens hailing the new republic of Czecho-Slovakia. The Czechs had cut the Berlin-Vienna railway, a part of the once Berlin-to-Bagdad route, and trains could

Continued on next page

Red Triangle "Sky Piloting"

By D. C. VANDERCOOK

TONIGHT we sleep up here in the improvised second story in the rear of an old barn. The rats were still gnawing as I sank into oblivion. Soon after midnight booming guns awakened us. Far up the street a voice shouted "Gas! Gas!" Immediately the Klaxon began its unearthly screech. Three shots were fired. Dazedly I sat up on one elbow and tried to get into my gas mask.

"You have seven seconds to get it on," the sergeant had said three days before when eight Red Triangle men went through the gas chamber. One quick thrust, the half-a-bag slipped off my chin. The bands would not go over my head. Tried again, more slowly. The nasty clothes-pin burned my nostrils. The hard rubber mouthpiece did not seem to work rightly, for the cheeks of the mask steadily flopped in and out like bellows. I was in a cold, clammy sweat. Peering through the goggle-eyes, I felt like a monster. Angrily I snatched the mask off; might as well die one way as another. Next time it worked like a charm. So I laid my head upon a shoe-pillow, biting the hard rubber till my jaws ached, and breathing loud enough to be heard above the enemy's guns. "Wearing a gas mask is one of the sensations of the war," said a lieutenant governor in Red Triangle service. You're always glad when it's over, as it was within thirty minutes last night. Often these hideous things must be endured for hours.

That was a wonderful ride this morning through the great forest carpeted with dead leaves but clean of underbrush like a park ready for a picnic. Here and there were zigzagging old trenches, newly repaired, wicked-looking barbed-wire fences, and old caves and dugouts. Everybody seemed to know the rider of long-eared Jack. All were implored not to stop him, for he might not care to start again. Two days ago, before an audience of hilarious doughboys, he had backed up the steps of the hotel on the busiest corner. It was after ten when we sank deeper into the woods, soon coming upon a small nest of dugouts whose log, cement block and dirt-covered roofs reared halfway out of the ground.

"Here comes that Jew peddler again," joked a lieutenant in his early twenties. This division is reported to average under twenty years.

"Want any razor blades this morning?" retorted the Y-man, lifting his saddle bags off. The lieutenant was husbanding a fiery brick-red beard and mustache.

"Beaucoup camouflage for him," laughed one of the gun crew, finding a seat among the others gathering about the table where the circuit rider to the big guns was spreading out his wares.

Plainly the coming of the Y-man was one of the lighter moments of a tense day. These youngsters were always waiting, always expecting something to happen: often anticipation is worse than realization. Ten days before several of their mates had been "out o' luck." Word of it had been sent to the Y-man, and he had followed the wounded into divisional headquarters' hospital. This morning he had news about them. Far from any railroad, with Monday's newspapers reaching them Wednesday or Thursday, all were hungry for the latest "snow" or rum How were the Allies making it? Did Fritz h ten divisions to throw against this one?

"He was going to start something last nig we were told. We were up most the night rea for him. . . . No, it wasn't much he gave It's likely he'll wait now, thinking he can s prise us."

"But he can't," with positive assurance the L Triangle man spoke to them. Their chins lif and their jaws set grimly. "You'll give him th times as good as you get. . . . Has the Str burg Express gone in yet this morning?" T grinned. "Will you flag it for me?" They dic think they could; they preferred to see the sh go straight on over into Germany.

So they joked and jollied. They bickered go naturedly about the price of his goods; c mented freely about his lean mule; tried to all his gum, chocolate, matches, cookies and s polish. They gave orders for towels and sa soap to be brought up on his next trip; they back watches to be repaired. When their te ness had given way to a cheerier relaxation, preacher led me twenty-five feet below gro into the sap where these boys lived last wi Many a time he had spoken to them like a fat as they lay in water-soaked blankets in the little rooms where more water was dripping d on them, "but never a word of complaint."

Later, Jack picked his way out between duds, great shell-holes, tall and stark stub trees twisted off by seventy-fives. Beyond boneyard of a glorious forest, beyond the of sear and crinkly leaves burned by gas fu we stopped in a little clearing to pick a few strawberries before taking up the trail thr a field of long grass, buttercups, daisies brilliant red poppies to the next gun empl ment.

Everywhere we found American pluck good cheer. Everywhere the Red Triangle was welcomed like a friend who shares their life. One night when Fritz was busiest, the Triangle man had gone out to this second pit.

"What you doing out here when you di have to come?" they asked.

"Oh, lads, I couldn't sleep, thinking of out here."

"Well, anyway, we're glad you've come," confided.

(No wonder the boys understand and love confide in the Red Triangle man who thus lives them, shares their perils, ministers to the woun thinks first and last and all the time of them their comfort. And no wonder the parents of boys, who know of these things, intend to see the Y. M. C. A. has the money needed to keep is grand work going at top speed.—Ed.)

Distributing chocolate and other comforts in front-line trenches is no tea party. Five minutes after this picture was taken Secretary Earl Ballew, standing, with his gas mask ready, and the men he was serving, were driven into the dugout by shellfire, and Ballew was seriously wounded the following day while helping men injured in battle

Complete Teuton Collapse at Hand

Continued from preceding page

not proceed beyond the German frontier. Everywhere Austrian soldiers were tearing from their uniforms the insignia of the empire, while the Austrian double eagle was gaily trampled under foot.

In Hungary, at Budapest, similar scenes prevailed. The Hungarian Diet took over the administration of affairs, declaring independence of any crown; the people rioted and paraded in the streets and mobbed and robbed stores; the soldiers tore the imperial cockades from their caps and wore the revolutionary colors, and the imperial standard was torn from the parliament house. The troops acted with the newly formed Hungarian National Assembly and a council of officers and soldiers was established. Hungary was free, and free Hungary was reported to be hurrying to get a good seat at the council table of peace.

At Agram, in southern Hungary, in the territory where Croats and Slovenes predominate, another council was sitting, a congress of Jugo-Slavs, at which the independence of Croatia, Slavonia and Dalmatia was proclaimed, and Jugo-Slav regiments fought sanguinary battles with a few Hungarian regiments which had refused to join the revolutionaries. On October 31 the streets of Agram were gay with bunting in National and Allied colors, and the people, so long under the iron rule of Austria, were celebrating their long-dreamed-of freedom. Meantime Jugo-Slav volunteers with the Serbian army were helping to drive the disorganized army of Austria out of Serbia, and were approaching their native soil. The Hungarian Diet recognized the independence of Croatia and Dalmatia; and Fiume, the principal seaport in Dalmatia, was in the hands of Croatian troops.

As if this were not enough, it was reported that Austrian regiments in many places were disbanding. And yet, with all this disorganization behind them, the Austrian armies facing Italy had fought stoutly for three days against the attacks of General Diaz, which on October 31 had completely broken their defensive positions and had cut the railways in the rear of the western two-thirds of their front, while their troops between the mountains and the sea were also threatened with envelopment or destruction.

With her only remaining army thus compromised, what was left of Austria appealed on October 29 to the Italian military authorities for an armistice and peace. General Diaz at first refused to receive the request, but later heard it and referred it to the Versailles Conference, then in session drawing up the terms of an armistice to be presented to Germany. The Austrian General Weber, with a deputation, was received in the Italian lines.

Italy was reported to be inclined to drive the Austrians completely off her soil before talking armistice; while Austria, exhausted, disintegrating, could only extricate her shattered armies as best she might, while pleading for a listening ear. It was recognized in Germany that Austria was forced to the course she was taking, the paper Vorwärts of Berlin declaring editorially that Austria was powerless to fight longer and that Germany's position, with Austria out of the field, was hopeless. The Hamburger Fremdenblatt, however, declared that Germany, with or without allies, would not permit herself "to be handled as Bulgaria was handled."

While these interrelated events were hastening the stage settings of peace on the Teutonic side, the Allied representatives, meeting at Versailles, and in the home of Colonel House in Paris, were rapidly agreeing on the necessities of peace and were drawing up the terms of the armistice for which Germany has asked. No reliable outline of these terms could be gathered from the various reports that filtered through from correspondents, whose guesses tallied fairly well but bore no semblance of authority.

The terms of the armistice signed with Turkey were made public on November 1; they took no account of political or economic questions, but confined wholly to the placing of Turkey where could not again resist. The terms may be summ ized as follows:

The Dardanelles are to be opened and the Dardanelle Bosphorus forts occupied by the Allies; the positions mine fields are to be indicated and assistance given in re ing these obstructions; all Allied prisoners of war ar interned Armenians are to be collected in Constantinopl released to the Allies; the Turkish army is to be demobi all Turkish vessels of war are to be surrendered and inte the Allies are to have the right to occupy strategic p where necessary; the Allies are to have free use of Tu ports and anchorages, arsenals and repair facilities, whic is to be denied to enemy shipping; the Allies are to o the Taurus Tunnel system; Turkish troops are to be drawn from northern Persia and Transcaucasia; all Tu wire and wireless communications are to be held by the A no military or commercial material is to be destroyed an Allied officer is to be attached to the Turkish Minis Supplies; Turkish officers in Tripolitania and Cyrenai to surrender to the nearest Italian garrison and all por to be surrendered; all Turkish garrisons in Arabia, Syri Mesopotamia are to surrender; all Germans and Aust naval, military and civilians, are to be evacuated fro Turkish dominions within one month; Turkish prisone to be kept at the disposal of the Allies; Turkey must all relations with the Central Powers; in case of disor Armenia the Allies will occupy such part of Armenia a be necessary; hostilities to cease at noon of October 31.

Vienna joined the ranks of the capitals of new publics on October 30, when the National Asse accepted a constitution in which there was no for a crown, while the officers and soldiers o former army organized a committee to conduc mobilization. Here, as in Budapest and Pragu at Agram, the imperial cockade was torn fro and helmet, the imperial colors gave place t new colors of a free people, and Victor Adler, soc leader, a few months ago threatened with because of his opposition to the Government, be

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Albania Pleads for Freedom

By WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD, Secretary of The Balkan Relief Fund

Eda Shemsi, head dervish of a sect of Albanian Mohammedans

NOW that the military forces of Austria-Hungary have retired from Albania as the result of the combined sea and land operations of the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy, it is practicable to put into operation immediately President Wilson's gospel of the self-determination of small peoples. Freed from the domination of the Central Powers, Albania, first among the lesser nations, is ready for self-government.

Albania is entitled to an independent national existence for these reasons: That s is the oldest nation in Europe; that she fought for ndependence from Turkish rule for nearly five hundd years, and that at the outbreak of the present w she actually had a national existence and a gernment created, recognized and supported by fi of the powers of Europe.

n her struggle upwd from the darkness al ignorance of the Middle Ages, Albania c look only to the free pples of the Western dmocracy for guidance al help; first because n one of America's alli is in a position, finanely or otherwise, to ulertake the work, and. sond, because the Ited States alone, of a the nations, went into war not in direct self-dense or for the fulfient of treaty obligatns, but from motives opure altruism.

The Republic of Alia should be proc med, because the Anians themselves dire a republican form ogovernment modeled o the government of the ited States. Men of Anian birth now livi in the United States hve caught the inspiraton of our American edlization; they have lrned our language; ty have attended our ght schools; they have eloped habits of tift and industry; they hve become skilled in various lines of manufacture; ty have fitted themselves to become valuable assets the citizenship of the United States, and they have kpt alive in their hearts that love of motherland wch, in due season, will lead them back to the pces of their birth, where their enlightened enthusism, their broadened intelligence and their American ustrial skill will give to Albania that upward ipetus that will place her upon an equality with the nions of Western Europe, where she belongs.

There are in the United States sixty thousand young n of Albanian birth. I have met and spoken to hdreds of them. During the past ten years not one Anian in the United States has so fallen into dsolute or unthrifty ways as to become the recipient o public charity.

S in the case of the Philippines, the control of the A United States over the affairs of Albania could be ulertaken until a new generation has grown up to ry on the work of government along the lines of avanced Western civilization. To give over the gernment of the new Albania to the pashas, beys, kma-kams and mukhtars still remaining as the dregs o the old Turkish misrule, would be a crime against ilization that a hundred years would not obliterate. n delimiting the boundaries of the new Albania, dculties will arise unless President Wilson's declaraon of principles be adhered to with unyielding fness. The nations surrounding Albania may claim ge areas of territory populated exclusively by Albans; but, if the frontiers be fixed on racial lines, these ms may be ignored. A delimitation based on racial lines would include Lake Ochrida and the towns of Struga, Dibra and Djakova, which were left outside by the Treaty of London after the last Balkan war.

That Albania should be carved up and distributed among the surrounding nations, or that she should be controlled by any individual neighbor, according to rumors of a secret treaty entered into before the United States went to war, is unthinkable. Our President set aside that plan—if plan there was—when he made declaration against the distribution of small nations among their covetous neighbors.

Albania does not need deliberative public bodies, long-drawn-out legislative discussions or political combinations. She needs just these few plain things:

(a) Food for the starving.
(b) Employment for all able-bodied men.
(c) Wagon roads. Most of the employment for the first year or two could be given in the construction of roads.
(d) Oxen, farming implements and seeds.
(e) Instruction in modern methods of farming, whereby the present normal yield of food crops may be quadrupled.
(f) Tanneries, shoe factories, glove factories, woolen mills.
(g) Development of natural resources, including coal, copper and asphalt.
(h) Primary schools. I put schools last because schools may not be required in Albania for five or six years. Most of the little children are dead of starvation.

ALBANIA does not need anything more. Give to her these things at the hands of an intelligent governor-general actuated by love of his work and controlled by common sense and she will rise from desolation and a twelfth century state of civilization and take an honorable place among the nations of Western Europe. Her people are of Western stock the same as ourselves. They are not of Eastern origin, like the Armenians and Syrians.

This is a job for a man who can grasp the opportunity to lift two million human beings out of darkness and ignorance into the light of Western civilization, and who will work night and day to accomplish his task.

Aside from the giving of food to the starving and employment to able-bodied men, the thing of first importance is the building of roads. I have traveled 450 miles through the interior of Albania. In all that distance, I have ridden in a wagon only twenty-five miles. During my journeys I was compelled to go 150 miles on foot, because the mountain trails were too perilous for even the sure-footed mountain pony.

For the construction of roads a first-class highway engineer from the United States would be needed, together with a bridge engineer and a gang of bridge builders. The work of road-building could be carried on during the entire winter season, so that, by planting-time in the spring, the task of introducing better methods of agriculture could be undertaken with the aid of wheeled vehicles instead of the backs of donkeys.

AT one time I sent shipments of seed corn to Albania; but the outbreak of the war prevented me from giving personal attention to the experiment. When I say that the average yield of corn in Albania is approximately six bushels to the acre, anyone will see what miracle of improvement is possible with new seed and modern methods of cultivation. Cornmeal, ground by the housewife between two stones, is the principal article of food. Coru bread sprinkled with coarse salt is almost the only dinner dish with nine-tenths of the population.

Many thousands of young men of Albanian birth, now living in the United States, work in shoe factories in New England and St. Louis. Other thousands are in woolen mills. These men can make shoes and woolen goods in Albania quite as skilfully as in the United States. At their hands the raw products of Albania can be transferred into manufactured goods for export. Electric power for the operation of these factories can be generated from mountain streams and rivers almost anywhere in Albania. There is enough water power going to waste at the Falls of the Drin to turn every spindle, every loom, and every shoe machine in Albania, and with abundant power to spare. Albania will never need the coal deposits in her mountains, because water power is cheaper than coal, but the coal may be mined for export. That there is coal in Albania I know, because I have seen its outcroppings in the mountains. Blacksmiths use it in their forges; but, for some unknown reason, the people prefer to burn wood in their houses, although wood is scarce.

Roman Catholic priests of Shkodra have assured me that there is copper in the mountains of the north. Asphalt I have seen piled up for export at Vlona. Albanians have offered to show to me springs or seepages of petroleum; but I have not made any investigation.

IT is impossible to find words adequate to a description of the present conditions in Albania and the need for quick and sympathetic action in her behalf. My own work for the relief of suffering there began in October, 1913, nearly a year before the outbreak of the present war. The need then was due to the destruction of 125 Albanian villages by the military forces of Serbia. During the first half of 1914 the Greeks advanced northward through Epirus, in Southern Albania, and destroyed 250 villages. Half a million Albanians were made homeless during those two years. Twenty thousand were killed, and possibly a quarter of a million died of starvation. Added to these horrors there were three consecutive years of crop failures—two due to dry weather and one to excessive rains. Then, in December, 1915, came hordes of Serbians retreating across Albania before the military forces of Austro-Hungary, Germany and Bulgaria. The Austrians occupied Durazzo in February, 1916, and subsequently

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A typical Albanian scene, a ruined village among the eternal mountains. God made the mountains, man's warring tribes have made the ruins

Albanian refugees who were saved from starvation only by American relief

Americans and Italians Smash Foe Lines

DURING a week when peace seemed to be constantly more certain to be soon achieved, the Allied armies continued their well-aimed blows at the military establishments of the enemy. The Italians, pressing home the advantages won in their offensive on the Piave and the mountain front just west of it, the beginning of which was noted last week, succeeded in completely defeating the Austrian army, in driving a wedge between the armies on the Piave and those to the west and in threatening to capture every Austrian between the Trentino and the sea. From Conegliano, the Italians and British pressed on across various streams tributary to the Livenza, the railway bridge at Conegliano being taken and lost thirty times before the Austrians gave up and withdrew. The important town of Vittorio was taken on October 30, and the Livenza was reached at Sacile on the 31st. Turning north from Vittorio, Italian cavalry pressed through the mountain passes and on the 31st took Portenelli Alpi, on the upper Piave north of Belluno, cutting the only highway and railroad by which the Austrians on the Asiago plateau and the mountain country west of it could retreat and separating the Austrian armies on the Venetian plains from those in the mountains. The Austrians holding the mountain front were faced with the alternative of surrendering or making an attempt to escape over narrow trails. On November 1, they were surrendering so fast that the prisoners were an embarrassment to the victors and almost blocked the roads by which necessary supplies must follow the advancing armies. With the line cut north of them, the Italians over the Piave as far south as Dona di Piave, and Italian cavalry working around in their rear, the Austrian armies in the plains on November 2 were making the best speed they could toward the Isonzo, having reached the Tagliamento river half-way from the Piave to the Isonzo.

This situation brought a prompt request for an armistice from the Austrian commander. In their precipitate retreat the Austrians left guns, ammunition and stores in profusion, the captured material being estimated as worth several billion lire. On October 31, 1,000 square miles of Italian territory had been retaken.

November 3 will be a day long remembered in Italian history, for it saw Italian soldiers in possession of Trente, the central city of the Trentino, while Italian soldiers and sailors took Trieste and set flying the flag of Savoy above this ancient Italian city which 500 years of oppression had failed to make Austrian. On this day, too, the Austrian commanders in the field, their armies broken, 500,000 men and 5,000 guns lost, their situation becoming hourly more critical, signed the rigid terms of the armistice laid down by the Versailles War Council and communicated to them by General Diaz. The terms were not made public until the following day, but it was announced that hostilities would cease at 3 P. M. on November 4. At the time of signing, the Italian armies were advancing everywhere in the mountain region, while on the plains they had crossed the Tagliamento against vigorous resistance, the Austrian armies here being less disorganized than those in the mountain sectors. Italian troops were in Udine, the principal city east of Venice, and the Italian base until the retreat of last year, now wiped out by victory.

Photo from International Film Service

Turks in Constantinople reading bulletins of the latest news

THE American troops, which since Sept. 26 have been fighting a daily battle northward along the Meuse, opposing the best troops Germany could bring against them—a fight which when history has given it perspective will live among the greatest achievements of our unbeaten army, came suddenly face to face with complete victory on November 2. On the preceding day, General Pershing having taken one by one the necessary dominating positions, launched an attack in force against the Freya-Stellung line, along which the Germans were at bay. At the same time General Gouraud's French army struck northeastward from Vouziers along a front facing the Aisne, which here runs northwestward. General Gouraud's engineers threw several bridges over the river north of Vouziers, the Germans not resisting for some unexplained reason until the bridges were completed and troops had crossed. Then they concentrated the whole force of their artillery on the French, but were too late and the villages of Semuy and Vandy with the important heights behind them were soon in French hand General Pershing's men pressed irresistibly. Massed against them we nine divisions of Germany's best ava able troops, her Third and Fifth armi The Americans outnumbered them a every division was fresh and rested a eager. The American artillery f was greater, from more guns, than any time in the five week's fight a fairly smothered the Huns. The figl ing was furious. The Germans ma full use of machine-gun defense, cou terattacked desperately and did th utmost to obey their orders to h their lines, but evening saw Pershin men at Bayonville, an advance of o two miles in the center and numer villages and woods had been cleared the enemy. On the following day, N ember 2, our doug boys smashed cle through the Fre defenses, swept o Buzancy, the G man base back this line, and reach the village of Fos over four mil north of the sta ing-point for day. On both fla —the left flank r ing on the Forest Boult, the m northern tip of Argonne Forest, a the right on Meuse—the fight was hand to ha and the German sistance at the ginning almost surmountable. with Buzancy in possession of men and the hi roads through it and with the Fre threatening to o flank the enemy the Forest throu their advance ea ward from the Ais the Germans s denly decided to out while the g ting was possible and the units on left flank, about noon, found themsel unopposed. Pressing forward as fast they could, they were unable to find one to fight. Calling for motor truc the doughboys piled in, mounted chine guns on the hoods and dash northward as fast as high power a bad roads would permit, but up evening of the 2nd they had not cau up with the fast retreating enemy.

November 3 did not furnish Gen Pershing's men with time enough

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The Elections of 1918

NOVEMBER 5 marked the election of a complete National House of Representatives and one third of the Senate, while Governors were to be elected in 31 States, Woman Suffrage was before the voters in Louisiana, Oklahoma and Michigan and Prohibition in Minnesota, Florida, Ohio, Oregon and Wyoming. Both parties closed the campaign confident of victory. On November 6 the returns were as yet incomplete, but it appeared probable that the next House of Representatives would have a working majority of Republicans, while in the Senate a Republican majority of four was indicated. Henry Ford probably failed of election to the Senate from Michigan, Truman H. Newberry, Republican, winning by about half the normal Republican majority. Senator James Hamilton Lewis, Democrat, many times the President's spokesman in the Senate, was defeated in Illinois by Congressman Medill McCormick. Kansas, where Progressivism rent the Republican party to Democracy's advantage, returned to her old allegiance, electing Governor Capper, Senator over Wm. H. Thompson, seeking re-election, and choosing a Republican Governor and a complete Republican delegation to Congress. In Oklahoma Senator Owen, Democrat, appeared to have been defeated in a close election; while in Nebraska Senator Norris was carried to election in a Republican sweep which gave the State a Republican Governor for the first time in six years and returned four Republicans and two Democrats to Congress; in Ohio the Democratic candidate for Governor was probably elected in a close contest; in Missouri Joseph W. Folk, Democrat, was probably elected to the Senate; in Massachusetts David I. Walsh, Democrat, was running a close race with Senator Weeks; Idaho divided her vote, returning Senator Wm. E. Borah, Republican, and John F. Nugent, Democrat; in Montana Thomas J. Walsh, Democrat, was elected over Oscar Lanstrum, Republican, and Jeannette Rankin, running as a Nationalist; Kentucky appeared to have elected Ben L. Bruner, Republican, as Senator; in Minnesota Senator Knute Nelson, Republican, a stanch supporter of the President, was re-elected by a big majority; New Jersey returned two Republicans to the Senate, but added three her roll of Democratic Congressm making her delegation six and six; New Mexico Senator A. B. Fall, Republican, was probably re-elected; in W Virginia David Elkins, Republic appeared to have won the election; Delaware Senator Saulsbury was feated by L. H. Ball, Republican. Th is not room here to recapitulate results of the voting for national rep sentatives, but at noon, November the probability was that the next Ho would stand Republicans 228, Dem crats 207, a Republican majority of New York State elected a Republic Legislature, but appeared to h chosen a Democratic Governor, Alf E. Smith.

The vote on Woman Suffrage resul in its defeat in Louisiana, its proba adoption in Michigan, and proba defeat in Oklahoma.

Prohibition was probably defeated Minnesota, was defeated by a consic able margin in Ohio, but won by narrow margin in Florida and by a c siderable margin in Wyoming, w Oregon elected a legislature pledged ratify the national amendment.

A Message from Brave and Unbeaten Belgium

PASTOR P. ERRE BLOMAERT, Belgian Chaplain, chief of the Protestant chaplains in the Belgian army, came to America late in October as a special representative of King Albert, bearing a message from the King to the American people. Next week Miss Sangster will bring us all a special message from Chaplain Blomaert.

Next week also W. Livingston Larned leads us back through the years to the aromatic atmosphere of the old apothecary's shop.

A world is being reborn in these days, crowded with events whose greatness we scarcely appreciate. Next week, Rev. Jas. T. Nichols of Des Moines, Iowa, brings a spiritual message, "The Rebirth of a World."

Next week also the Neighbors will discuss Christmas and Marion Harland will apply her skill to more of the housewife's problems.

The Terms of Austria's Armistice

SECRETARY LANSING announced, at 9 o'clock November 4, that the Allies had unanimously agreed on the terms of the armistice to be offered to Germany, that diplomatic unity ad been completely achieved and that the Allies ere acting in the utmost harmony. It was reported at the American Government, as the Government proached by Germany, would transmit the terms her. It was generally expected that she would cept, although some officials indicated the possility of some further correspondence over details. ecretary Lansing in the note to Germany published rewith, advised her that she must be ready to pay damage done to civilians by her ilitary and naval forces and that the mistice terms were ready and were the hands of Marshal Foch. It as reported on November 6 that an mistice delegation had left Berlin for e front. It was generally held that e terms accepted by Austria's armice represented the probable minium which Germany would have to cept. Austria's surrender was comete; the terms in full, made public st in the United States on Novemr 4, are as follows:

Military Clauses

NE—The immediate cessation of hostilities by land, by sea and air.

Two—Total demobilization of the Austro-ngarian army and immediate withdrawal all Austro-Hungarian forces operating on e front from the North Sea to Switzerland. Within Austro-Hungarian territory, limd as in clause three below, there shall only maintained an organized military force duced to pre-war effectives (effectiveness?). All army artillery and equipment shall be llected at points to be indicated by the ies and United States of America for dery to them, beginning with all such maial as exists in the territories to be evacud by the Austro-Hungarian forces.

Three—Evacuation of all territories inied by Austria-Hungary since the begin-g of the war. Withdrawal within such riods as shall be determined by the comnder in chief of the Allied forces on each nt of the Austro-Hungarian armies behind ne fixed as follows:

From Picumbrail to the north of the Stelit will follow the crest of the Rhetian s up to the sources of the Adige and the ach, passing thence by Mounts Reschen d Brenner and the heights of Oetz and ller. The line thence turns south, cross-Mount Toblach and meeting the present ntier Carnic Alps. It follows this frontier to Mount Tarvis, and after Mount Tarvis watershed of the Julian Alps by the Col Predil, Mount Mangart, the Tricorno erglou) and the watershed of the Cols di Podberdo, Podiscam and Idria. From this point the line turns southeast ward the Schneeberg, excludes the whole basin of the Save l its tributaries. From Schneeberg it goes down toward coast in such a way as to include Castua, Mattuglia and losca in the evacuated territories.

t will also follow the administrative limits of the present vince of Dalmatia including the North Lisarica and Trivand, to the south, territory limited by a line from the migrand) of Cape Planca to the summits of the watersheds tward, so as to include in the evacuated region all the valls and water courses flowing toward Sebenico, such as the ola, Kerka, Butisnica and their tributaries. It will also lude all the islands in the north and west of Dalmatia from muda, Selve, Ulbo, Scherda, Maon, Paga and Puntadura he north up to Meleda in the south, embracing Santandre, Busi, Lisa, Lesina, Tercola, Curzola, Cazza and Lagosta, as well as the neighboring rocks and islets and passages, only excepting the islands of great and small Zironav Bua, Solta and Brazza. All territory thus evacuated (shall be occupied by the forces?) of the Allies and the United States of America.

All military and railway equipment of all kinds, including coal belonging to or within those territories (to be?) left in site and surrendered to the Allies, according to special orders given by the commander in chief of the forces of the associated powers on the different fronts. No new destruction, pillage or requisition to be done by enemy troops in the territories to be evacuated by them and occupied by the forces of the associated powers.

Four—The Allies shall have the right of free movement over all road and rail and waterways in Austro-Hungarian territory and of the use of the necessary Austrian and Hungarian means of transportation. The armies of the associated powers shall occupy such strategic points in Austria-Hungary at times as they may deem necessary to enable them to conduct military operations or to maintain order.

They shall have the right of requisition on payment for the troops of the associated powers (wherever?) they may be.

Five—Complete evacuation of all German troops within fifteen days, not only from the Italian and Balkan fronts, but from all Austro-Hungarian territory.

Internment of all German troops which have not left Austria-Hungary within the date.

Six—The administration of the evacuated territories of Austria-Hungary will be intrusted to the local authorities under the control of the Allied and associated armies of occupation.

Seven—The immediate repatriation, without reciprocity, of all Allied prisoners of war and internal subjects of civil populations evacuated from their homes, on conditions to be laid down by the commander in chief of the forces of the associated powers on the various fronts. Sick and wounded who cannot be removed from evacuated territory will be cared for by Austria-Hungary personnel, who will be left on the spot with the medical material required.

Naval Conditions

ONE—Immediate cessation of all hostilities at sea and definite information to be given as to the location and movements of all Austro-Hungarian ships.

Notification to be made to neutrals that freedom of navigation in all territorial waters is given to the naval and mercantile marine of the Allied and associated powers, all questions of neutrality being waived.

Two—Surrender to Allies and the United States of fifteen Austro-Hungarian submarines completed between the years 1910 and 1918, and of all German submarines which are in or may hereafter enter Austro-Hungarian territorial waters. All other Austro-Hungarian submarines to be paid off and completely disarmed and to remain under the supervision of the Allies and United States.

Three—Surrender to Allies and United States with their complete armament and equipment of three battleships, three light cruisers, nine destroyers, twelve torpedo boats, one mine layer, six Danube monitors to be designated by the Allies and United States of America. All other surface warships, including river craft, are to be concentrated in Austro-Hungarian naval bases to be designated by the Allies and United States of America, and are to be paid off and completely disarmed and placed under the supervision of the Allies and United States of America.

Four—Freedom of navigation to all warships and merchant ships of Allied and associated powers to be given in the Adriatic and up the River Danube and its tributaries in the territorial waters and territory of Austria-Hungary.

The Allies and associated powers shall have the right to sweep up all mine fields and obstructions, and the positions of these are to be indicated.

In order to insure the freedom of navigation on the Danube the Allies and the United States of America shall be empowered to occupy or to dismantle all fortifications or defense works.

Five—The existing blockade conditions set up by the Allied and associated powers are to remain unchanged and all Austro-Hungarian merchant ships found at sea are to remain liable to capture save exceptions which may be made by a commission nominated by the allies and the United States of America.

Six—All naval aircraft are to be concentrated and impactionized in Austro-Hungarian bases to be designated by the Allies and United States of America.

Seven—Evacuation of all the Italian coasts and of all ports occupied by Austria-Hungary outside their national territory, and the abandonment of all floating craft, naval materials, equipment and materials for inland navigation of all kinds.

Eight—Occupation by the Allies and the United States of America of the land and sea fortifications and the islands which form the defenses and of the dockyards and arsenal at Pola.

Nine—All merchant vessels held by Austria-Hungary belonging to the Allies and associated powers to be returned.

Ten—No destruction of ships or of materials to be permitted before evacuation, surrender or restoration.

Eleven—all naval and mercantile marine prisoners of the Allied and associated powers in Austro-Hungarian hands to be returned without reciprocity.

President Wilson Replies to Germany

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 5.—Following is the text of the note handed to the Swiss Minister today by Secretary Lansing for transmission to Germany:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Nov. 5, 1918.

From the Secretary of State to the Minister of Switzerland, in charge of German interests in the United States.

Sir: I have the honor to request you to transmit the following communication to the German Government:

IN my note of October 23, 1918, I advised you that the President had transmitted his correspondence with the German authorities to the Governments with which the Government of the United States is associated as a belligerent with the suggestion that, if those Governments were disposed to accept peace upon the terms and principles indicated, their military advisers and the military advisers of the United States be asked to submit to the Governments associated against Germany the necessary terms of such an armistice as would fully protect the interests of the peoples involved and insure to the associated Governments the unrestricted power to safeguard and enforce the details of the peace to which the German Government has agreed, provided they deem such an armistice possible from the military point of view.

The President is now in receipt of a memorandum of observations by the Allied Governments on this correspondence, which is as follows:

22—The Allied Governments have given careful consideration to the correspondence which has passed between the President of the United States and the German Government. Subject to the qualifications which follow, they declare their willingness to make peace with the Government of Germany on the terms of peace laid down in the President's address to Congress of January, 1918, and the principles of settlement enunciated in his subsequent addresses.

They must point out, however, that Clause 2, relating to what is usually described as the freedom of the seas, is open to various interpretations, some of which they could not accept. They must, therefore, reserve to themselves complete freedom on this subject when they enter the peace conference.

Further, in the conditions of peace, laid down in his address to Congress of Jan. 8, 1918, the President declared that invaded territories must be restored as well as evacuated and freed. The allied Governments feel that no doubt ought to be allowed to exist as to what this provision implies. By it they understand that compensation will be made by Germany for all damage done to the civilian population of the Allies and their property by the aggression of Germany by land, by sea, and from the air.

I am instructed by the President to say that he is in agreement with the interpretation set forth in the last paragraph of the memorandum above quoted. I am further instructed by the President to request you to notify the German Government that Marshal Foch has been authorized by the Government of the United States and the Allied Governments to receive properly accredited representatives of the German Government and to communicate to them terms of an armistice.

Accept, Sir, the renewed assurances of my highest consideration.

(Signed) ROBERT LANSING.

MR. HANS SULZER,
Minister of Switzerland,
In charge of German Interests in the United States.

The Week in the World's News

BETTER THAN WE EXPECTED. The report of Chas. E. Hughes upon the American Airplane situation was made public on October 31, along with a letter from the Attorney General summarizing the report and agreeing with its recommendations. In making the investigation Mr. Hughes spent 5 months and examined 280 witnesses, whose testimonies filled 57,000 pages. The report covers 182 pages. Mr. Hughes recommended that Col. E. A. Deeds be tried by court-martial on charges of having acted as confidential adviser to a former business associate and of giving out false and misleading statements with regard to the progress of aircraft production. These charges have been made before, and Col. Deeds had himself asked for a court-martial. Three other officers were accused of having violated the law, prohibiting representatives of the Government from transacting business with corporations with which they are associated. In these cases Justice Hughes recommended civil trials. As regards expenditures, lack of co-operation and general inefficiency Mr. Hughes reports much the same findings as the Senate Committee, whose report has already been published. The report shows that Secretary of War Baker personally cancelled a contract made with a company with which his brother was connected and insisted that his brother leave the company.

READY FOR THE DRIVE. The final preparations for the United War Work Campaign for $170,500,000 which closes November 18 were initiated in New York on November 3. 15,000 persons, Protestants, Catholics and Jews, who were to be workers for the campaign met in Madison Square Garden to hear Secretary of War Baker tell how the various organizations united in the campaign had rendered faithful service of inestimable value to the boys "Over There." Former Justice Hughes was the Chairman of the meeting. He declared the campaign the greatest voluntary altruistic effort which any people had ever been called upon to make. Secretary Baker closed his address as follows:

The nation's greatest asset, the pearl of great price to us, the thing that will make our civilization solid and substantial, make it admired of all men for all time, and to us the greatest comfort that institutions can give to men, that thing is this great-spirited army that we now have abroad.

"We must press this campaign forward; we must secure these funds, we must continue the services of the devoted men and devoted women who are there now sharing the dangers of the front, and the privations of the soldier's life. We must maintain and increase their activity with our soldier boys, and when those boys do come home, think what an inspiration it will be to them to realize that when they went into battle, forgetting and abating all minor differences in the interest of their patriotic loyalty and desire to do their duty, that we were not found wanting on our side, that we abated our differences and made a united effort to sustain the thing here for which they were living their lives there."

LIBERTY LOAN OVERSUBSCRIBED. The Fourth Liberty Loan of $6,000,000,000 went far "Over the Top," according to figures furnished by the Treasury on November 1. Every Federal Reserve District exceeded its quota, the total of subscriptions being $6,866,416,300, or 114 44/100 per cent. more than the amount offered. The men of the army took more than $75,000,000 worth of bonds, and the men of the navy more than $43,500,000. In the first loan there were 4,500,000 subscribers, in the second, 9,500,000, in the third, 18,300,000, and the fourth was carried to victory by 21,000,000 subscribers.

DERAILMENT BRINGS DEATH. A Brooklyn elevated train, hurrying to Coney Island, was derailed on a curve on the evening of November 1. The first car, a heavy motor car, struck the concrete wall dividing the entrance to the tunnel. The third car, a light wooden car, was thrown across the tracks and was practically pulverized by two following other cars which

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"Yet God Also Is Wise"

*A SERMON BY THE RIGHT REV. FREDERIC WILLIAM KEATOR, D.D.**

TEXT—Isa. 31 : 1–2. "Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help; ond stay on horses and trust in chariots, because they are many; ond in horsemen, because they are very strong; but they look not unto the Holy One of Israel, neither seek the Lord! YET HE ALSO IS WISE."

THIS shaft of stinging satire, straight from the big heart as well as brain of a true patriot, was aimed at the political leaders of Jerusalem, at a certain crisis in Jewish history. It also stands a maxim of vital truth which should serve as a solemn warning in every crisis of human history. For if life is really worth the living it is because through it all "one increasing purpose runs"; and this can only be if behind it all and through it all there is a Great Purposer. Moreover, what is true of the individual must be true of the aggregate. If there is such a thing as a philosophy of history the one and only key to it must be the fact that

"behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

Let us look for a moment at the historical setting, for it will throw much light upon the meaning which the prophet put into the words, and by the same token make them live for us.

The prophet Isaiah lived in the last half of the eighth century B. C. It is not certain that he was in any way related to the royal family, but at any rate it seems to have been the fact that he grew up and lived his life close to the king and his court, and therefore close to the very center of the national life. It was from this point of view that he gained his outlook upon life, not only that of his own people, but presently that of the world, for it so happened that it was during his active ministry that the vision of the world, as distinguished from the nation, was beginning to open to the eyes of men.

AT the commencement of his career the ruling monarch of far-away Assyria conceived in his wicked heart the design and determination to conquer the whole world and make it the vassal of Assyria. Exception is often taken to the saying that "history but repeats itself"; but anyhow it is not without interest to note how this bit of ancient history finds its likeness in the history of recent events. Assyria of old is but the prototype of modern Germany; and its king wears the same grim visage as the Kaiser, not only as he conceives his diabolical plan, but in the ruthlessness and frightfulness with which he relentlessly tries to carry it out.

From Jerusalem as his watchtower, Isaiah through forty years watched the ebb and flow of this terrible world struggle; and it was from the same height, above the noise and din of battle, that he learned that practical statesmanship which made him the greatest political power in Israel, and also the splendid faith which made him such an influence not only over his own people and times but over all peoples and times, since it enabled him to realize the government of the world by the One God, infinitely high indeed, but also infinitely near; exalted in righteousness surely, but always so humbling himself that they might know, if they would but open their eyes to see, that "The heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind."

As the conflict wore on, king succeeded king both in Assyria and in Judah; but on the one side there was the same relentless purpose with the same relentless fury behind it, and on the other side there was the constant alternation between hope and fear as crisis followed crisis. At each one of these Isaiah, strong in his faith, stood pointing out the right way and warning away from the wrong way. That his advice often fell on unheeding ears goes without saying. Again and again the political leaders discovered only too late their mistaken wisdom.

IT was at one of these crises that Isaiah hurls at these leaders this bit of biting sarcasm—"Yet God also is wise." The time was not far from the close of his career. Judah was again threatened with invasion, and her politicians were trying to discover how best to meet it. The policy adopted was one of intrigue looking to an alliance with Egypt. With his clearer vision Isaiah saw that such a policy involved not only bad politics, but worse religion. In any event Egypt either could not, or would not, help them, no matter what she might promise; but, at bottom, it was after all only a further reliance upon material things which all along had proved their undoing, whereas it was not *alliance*, but *reliance* which alone could save them—trust and confidence in God who overrules in righteousness, and the courage born of these which would enable them fighting together with him to beat back again the enemy at their gates.

In spite of his warning, the policy seems to have been pursued, and the prospect of a speedy alliance was almost if not quite in sight. The politicians were perhaps already congratulating themselves upon the promised addition to their fighting strength; perhaps too they were boasting of their wisdom shown by what they had accomplished, and the cleverness with which they had sidetracked this prophet whose influence with the people had well-nigh upset their plans. Then Isaiah answers them: "They look not unto the Holy One of Israel, and Jehovah they do not seek. Yet he also is wise."

You think yourselves very clever, but you have left God out of account. You think you have been making history, but remember God also works in history, and surely with no less cleverness and persistence than you do. God also is wise. Sarcasm seems to be the only weapon with which to pierce their utter folly. Of course they believed there was a God, but somehow they had not thought of associating wisdom with him, particularly in the management of world affairs. They relegated him to what they thought and spoke of as their religion. They only thought of him as far away, not at all interested in the affairs of life; really a God who did not care.

Now and then, perhaps, when trouble or sorrow came, in some dim, hazy way they might try to get him to interfere, or to change his will; but that along the far reaches of life, through its great crises as well as in its small vicissitudes, there was such a thing as plan or purpose which God in his wisdom was working out, all this was utterly foreign to them. And so it was, over against this utterly false philosophy of life, as well as against the mistaken policy based upon it, that Isaiah, even by means of this quick bit of satire, proclaimed this never-to-be-forgotten truth—"God also is wise."

THERE is a timelessness about this truth which lifts it away from its immediate setting, and brings it across the centuries to us in another great crisis of human history. It is a truth which I dare to say above all others we need to hear and to heed.

There are two points of view from which I desire to consider this truth—

(1) That of the great conflict in which as a nation we have been called to take our place and to bear our part in the high task of defending the principles of righteousness, justice and liberty; and

(2) That of the period of reconstruction which must inevitably follow after this war is won, and the world has been made safe for democracy, as it surely is going to be.

From the first point of view, I doubt not it may be taken for granted that, by this time at any rate, we are all persuaded that this great world war is not merely one of peoples against peoples, or of nations against nations, but in its final analysis it is nothing short of the clash and indeed the fight unto death of two great principles of human living which perhaps cannot be better expressed than in the familiar words that it is "might which makes right," on the one side, and "right which makes might," on the other. But what we ought to realize, perhaps more than any of us do at all times, and perhaps more than some of us do at any time, is that through this mighty conflict, awful as it is, some great purpose is being wrought out.

If there is one sure lesson of history it is that all progress, all civilization, is slowly but surely accomplished only through struggle and sacrifice. Every step in advance has to be bought with a price, and oftentimes it is only long after the event that it appears that the price was none too great to pay, but that the result is certainly worth all it has cost. So today we can believe, even on the testimony of history, that if the world is now having to pay the biggest price it ever had to pay for something, that something will at length appear to be worth all it is costing now. But there is still stronger reason for this faith, and it is this—that God through all this mighty world upheaval, this clash and crash of tottering world empires, is working out his all-wise purpose for the ultimate good of men.

OF course, it is easy for any one to challenge this statement with the sneer that this is always the way men have of claiming to have God on their side. But the sure answer to the sneer is that if there is any purpose or meaning in the life of men or of nations it can only be that back of it all, and through it all, there is some Great Purpose. Moreover, in this instance, as a matter of fact, there is no thought of claiming to have God on our side. Let the Kaiser content himself with that blasphemous boast, if he can. And let us be quick to take the humbler y far stronger position which Abraham Lincoln toc in another crisis of our nation's history when he sai that the more important thing is to be on the sic of God, and then let the whole course of human hi tory comfort and cheer us with its sure witness t the fact that the side of God has always been that righteousness, justice and freedom, and never th of sin, wrong or slavery.

The sad mistake men are always making, in tl twentieth century just as they did in the eighth ce tury before the present era, is in thinking that G is so far away, and so great, that he simply cann be interested in human affairs or world history; a the saddest mistake of all is to think that God do not care. Well, if that is true, it is not worth wastin time even to think or speak about God.

An illustration from a recent writer goes right the heart of the matter:

> Indeed, let one stand over against a war-torn, unhap world and try to think that God does not suffer in ma agony, and he will see how "heless and incredible such a G would be. God looks on Belgium, and he does not care! loc on Armenia desolate and Poland devastated, and he does r care! He sists in heaven and sees his children wounded a alone in No Man's Land, watches the deaths, the heart-brea the poverty of war, its ruined childhood, its shattered famili and he does not care! how impossible it is to believe in su a God. *A God who does not care, does not count.*

But our God *does* care, and therefore he d count, and the highest proof of it is the sublime fa of the Christian Gospel, his good news to men, th in the person of his Only Begotten Son Jesus Chr he has entered into and actually shared all hum conditions, coming among men that they might ha life and have it more abundantly, not only by setti before them the pattern for human living, but actually taking part in the battle of life and fighti it through to the finish. The whole character of G is made known to us in terms of our own humani in Jesus Christ. In him we know that "there wa cross in the heart of God" even before there was o on "the Green Hill far away," and while this has lo since been taken down, the cross in the heart of G abides and will continue to abide so long as ma struggle upward shall continue. It is a timeless fa equally true for all times and places. "World h tory is not something at which God looks on a spectator or which he directs from above, but son thing in which he genuinely partakes."

IN these days when, because of the awful frig fulness of the war, men's hearts sometimes fail fear, there is heard now and again the cry: W does not God, if there be a God, put a stop to it? F surely faith's answer is obvious: He does not beca in making such a world as this is, God limited hi self and cannot lightly do that which we might thi he ought to do. God did not cause this war. It w man's perversity that did it. And if we are ri honest with ourselves, as in the sight of God, it certain we shall have to acknowledge our own sh in it. The world is what it is today just because G has been so crowded out of it, and we all have hel in the crowding-out process. The plain fact of matter is, and we should recognize it readily enou if we could only get out of our environment l enough to make a clear and clean judgment of situation, that modern society of which we are a p has simply become obsessed with materialistic c ceptions of life and with materialistic values in l *Yet God also is wise.* Long ago he made plain great truth concerning human life—"Man shall live by bread alone"—and now through this wo upheaval he is patiently teaching this old life tr over again to the world. So too, slowly and likew patiently, he is winning his way back into the li of men in order that he may again lead them onw and upward, through storm and night, to their tended goal.

What a challenge there is to us in this assuran The war with all its suffering and sacrifice is a on the way up and not on the way down in our ci ization. Therefore it is a war which we must ca on, with a willingness and readiness for every sa fice, until the victory is won. It is only the sheer folly to speak, or even to think, of peace, if by pe we mean only compromise. With a splendid of patriotism one has recently said:

> Peace itself is not an ideal; it is a state attendant upon achievement of an ideal. The ideal itself is justice, l dom, truth, and the honorable conduct of a just and hun society. Until these ideals have been achieved there is peace possible that is consistent with the self-respect a nation's soul.

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*Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Olympia.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

Daily Meditation

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Evils That Never Arrive

SUNDAY, November 17. Mark 16:3. "*Who shall roll us away the stone?*" This needless anxiety may stand as a common type of innumerable worries concerning difficulties which never arrive. How anxiously these women had grappled with the disturbing problem of their own weakness! They earned to do the last love-service to the dear body of their Lord. "But who will roll us away the stone? We shall not be able to move it! And no one will be bout at that early hour! It will be still dark and the gardener will not have come to his work! We may take our spices to the grave, but the stone barrier will mock our weakness, and we shall have to turn home again!" And so they fretted and worried, and they saw no way out. And, still fretting and worrying, they went to the tomb. "*And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulcher.*" For the angel of the Lord descended from heaven and came and rolled back the stone from the door. All their worry had been quite unnecessary. The difficulty which they had foreseen never arrived.

And that is only one example of countless others in which we bother about things for which our Father has made ample provision. The angel has already received his commission, and at the appointed time he will remove the stone. But still we are inclined to worry all along the way. When we are converted by the saving grace of Christ we are often seriously troubled and anxious about the new road. We are fearful as to how it will fare with us when the tempter straddles across the way. And what about the Slough of Despond? How shall we get over it? And how shall we be able to climb the hill Difficulty? And with many other such fretful questions we worry our hearts. And they are all needless burdens which we are fashioning for ourselves. There is an angel ministry in all these things. But the trouble is, we forget the angel, and whenever we leave the angel out of the reckoning we see insuperable barriers everywhere, and we are sore afraid. The angel is before us on the road, and when we come to the fearful place we shall find that his work is done. J. H. J.

Afterward

MONDAY, November 18. Rev. 7:9. "*After this I beheld . . .*" Rev. 19:1. "*After these things I heard . . .*" Some things cannot be seen until we have seen other things, and some things cannot be heard until we have first heard something else. Simeon was not afraid of death, because he had seen the Lord's Christ. That is to say, he had seen something, in the light of which death lost its terror. "After this I beheld." After what? "I was in the spirit on the Lord's Day." "After these things I heard." After what things? After the fall of the mystical Babylon. Babylon represents any power, political, military, social or other, that is offensive to law and order, offensive to peace, offensive to the good of the race and the will of God. The fall of that power is predestined and decreed. Babylon shall fall, and "after these things" we shall see what we could not see before. After the earthquake, wind and fire, shall come the still small voice. To be ready to hear—to be sensitive to the messages of the Eternal—this is our duty, our present and future duty.

"After this." Is religion then wholly a matter of the future? That is what its critics say. That is why so many people despise or ignore it. But religion is a matter of the present, as well as of the future. It is a matter of the past, the present and the future, because it is eternal. The past is a world we cannot ignore. It is a part of the law of life that the past has its treasures, its golden memories, its gifts to the present. We are making the future now. The present is the future in the process of making. Whether "after these things" we shall behold delectable visions and hear ineffable voices depends upon our appreciation of the fact that the present has always vaster issues than can be seen.

There are a few years in all our lives when self is the great word. We are mere animals. But there comes a time when conscience awakens and moral sense asserts itself. After this we behold life in a new light. After this we hear the voice of duty, and if we are divinely led, we honor it. Then, as the years go by, God gives us other monitors. The Great Book shines on our path. After this we behold the plan of the ages. After this the Lord Jesus reveals himself, and in his light we see right. There is one event the afterward of which is more potent than that of any other next to birth. It is the new birth. Then, "after these things," all things become new. Then pleasure and sorrow take their proper places in life's economy. We come to regard them both as relative, not final, and to value each for what it contributes to the deepening and sweetening of character. C. C. A.

Love and Fear of God

TUESDAY, November 19. Ps. 99:1. "*The Lord reigneth; let the people tremble: he sitteth between the cherubim; let the earth be moved.*" Enthroned in unapproachable majesty, vastly superior to the ingenuity, might and glory of earth's ephemeral kingdoms, raised far above the restless strivings of puny men who are laboring to be great and greater than the rest, sits the only true Potentate, the real Master of this world, the Lord of lords and King of kings. All things must serve his ends; for every event he alone shapes the ultimate and true purpose; his will supersedes every other will. When men forget their inferiority, as they are apt to do, being naturally given to the folly of self-conceit, the Great Unknown may step forth out of the darkness which veils him from mortal eyes, and by deeds of royal might may change in the twinkling of an eye the aspect of affairs so utterly that men are dazed and cannot discover any more the purposes with which they started out. God insists on his unquestioned supremacy, and woe to him who forgets it! But is not this view of the majestic God in his transcendent sublimity terrifying even to Christians? In so far as they are still in the flesh and sinners, yes; but in so far as they are the redeemed of the Lord, there is nothing terrible to them in the most exalted views they may have of God. For this great and mighty God is the God who has loved them: he has employed all his matchless perfections in the work of rescuing sinners; he has proved himself "mighty to save." W. H. T. D.

The Treasure of the Cross

WEDNESDAY, November 20. Ps. 104:24. "*O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.*" During the year just passing, abundant harvests and fruitful trees and vines have been ours. The flocks have been safe in the fold, the earth hath yielded her treasures, for which all should praise the heavenly Father. Gratitude also should be expressed for the progress of reforms in the enfranchisement of woman, the spread of prohibition, the greater harmony between capital and labor, and the outpouring of millions of money for educational, benevolent and charitable institutions.

Spurgeon once said that a cross was the most valuable piece of furniture in his home. The civilized world is realizing the treasure of the Cross as never before. It is a tree of fruitage, the richest humanity has ever known. Hearts blossom red when iron enters the soul. Some flowers grow best under the snow, as marble becomes beautiful under the sculptor's hammer. The Christian under his cross, while liberating the world from oppression, becomes loftier in spirit and grander in being.

In our annual Thanksgiving festival, can we "in every thing give thanks"? Can his appointments ever be called disappointments when we know that "he always wins who sides with God? Therefore, let the bells peal their chimes of praise, the choirs their hallelujah anthems, and all hearts their carols of rejoicing, making their keynote "liberty for all the peoples of the earth." It is thus we can make life a psalm of praise, an aspiration after the crystal Christ. Beautiful melody is said to be the harmony of different notes; so mankind today is united in the song of freedom for all oppressed peoples, and so "makes life, death and the vast forever one grand, sweet song." E. W. C.

The Unfailing One

THURSDAY, November 21. Heb. 1:12. "*Thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail.*" We make no mistake if we read, in connection with the first chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the ninetieth Psalm, the Psalm of the Everlasting God. The psalmist is thinking of the Jehovah of the Old Testament. The apostle is speaking of the Christ of the New Testament. Behold the Christlikeness of God! Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever. It is a truism of our faith that God is unchanged and unchangeable. We have an eternal God, revealing himself to us in an eternal Christ. Forms of religion are not eternal. Nor are creeds. A creed is not a contract; it is a poem, a composite picture, a work of art such as a cathedral, which is never finished just because it is so great, just because it is so nearly like a living thing. If forms of worship and statements of faith are changeable, it is because human life is changeable. A composite picture of humanity must necessarily be kaleidoscopic. New pictures present themselves at every turn of the glass. "Our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?" Only God lives forever, and that which is incorporate with him. What mean such phrases as "our lives are hid with Christ in God" and "of me are ye in Christ?" However mystical such phrases are, they represent a reality of Christian experience. The Eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are everlasting arms. However far the floods may bear us, they can never separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. He is the same, and his years shall not fail. C. C. A.

Remembering His Goodness

FRIDAY, November 22. Ps. 145:7. "*They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.*" A finer subject for the believer's revery, a nobler theme for his song than is here suggested can hardly be imagined: God's goodness and righteousness. Either alone would be sufficient to engage our meditation and praise forever; the two combined, as they appear in the wonderful plan which God has devised for the salvation of sinners, should fill us with rapture. When God gave his only begotten Son that all who believe in him should not perish, but have everlasting life, he manifested his love and at the same time met the requirements of his righteousness. He punished sin in the Sin-bearer and rescued the sinner by the sacrifice of his own Child. The God who could conceive and execute this redemptive plan is indeed a God of great goodness. All other blessings which men receive from the hand of God rest on this fundamental blessing of the redemption. The joys and pleasures of our home-life, the generous yields of our gardens and fields, the wealth that comes to us out of our forests and mines, the cheerful heart and the health of body which are needed to enjoy all these bounties, are granted us to rouse in us memories of that great love which found a way of reconciliation for us when we were lost and perishing. Our daily mercies and the special blessings which each season of the revolving year brings us will not be depreciated but raised to their true spiritual value when we connect them in our meditations with that great mercy which made our offended Judge our loving Friend. The bread tastes sweeter and the sun shines brighter for the soul that remembers that it owes also these things to the labor and love of Jesus. Seeing all our goods and our whole life in a relation to Jesus, makes them more precious and rouses with greater force the spirit of gratitude in us. The utterance of our cherished memories of God's grace and love becomes stronger as we strike the mainspring from which the living waters are to gush, feeding our faith with great and solemn thoughts and entuning our lips to exquisite praise. W. H. T. D.

Pressing Towards the Goal

SATURDAY, November 23. Phil. 3:13. "*Forgetting those things which are behind.*" We are saved by hope; therefore, do not build your future on the past. Hope thou in God; bury your blunders as deep as the heavenly Father buries your forgiven sins. Mourning over failures impedes future victories, and contemplating losses turns the attention away from activity. Let the helmet of hope flash the glory of possible future attainments over all the mistakes of the past. One cannot press onward toward the mark for the prize hampered and hobbled by regrets and sorrows.

Hannibal lost Rome by tarrying after his great victory to rejoice over his successes. If he had pushed on, Napoleon-like, he would have ruled the world. Lot's wife lost by just looking back. She lost time, opportunity, everything. Paul's motto is a good one, "This one thing I do; I press toward the mark for the prize." Those who hesitated to lose all at Pompeii, when the air was filled with fiery clouds of showering ashes, became encrusted petrifactions—monuments, speaking to all the world of their failure to use the precious moments in which to escape.

Never hesitating in hours of exigency, never looking back at the evil that may overtake you, keeping your eye upon the goal, lay aside every weight, every besetting sin, and the unfading crown will be yours. Too much retrospection spells ruin. Looking unto Jesus as your pattern, guide and Saviour always inspires activity. He is your prize, your heaven, your all; your past will never return, but Jesus will come to meet you. When you look joyfully forward to him, you can look peacefully back. His forgiveness covers all the past and glorifies the future. E. W. C.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President OTTO KOENIG · *Managing Editor* GEORGE H. SANDISON · *Secretary* THEODORE WATERS

The Guiding Hand in the Storm

THERE are many developments in human affairs which, though seemingly involved in mystery at the time of their occurrence, begin later to be better understood. He must be blind indeed who, looking back over the years, does not now discern the influence of a divine hand directing the issues of the world war. Appalling as has been the cost, the conviction grows that no lesser sacrifice would have sufficed to accomplish what has been so wonderfully brought to pass. At the outset, it was a struggle marked apparently by madness and confusion, systematic only in its terrible destructiveness, and utterly lawless in its aims on the part of the aggressors. Who could have foreseen that those very powers that grasped the pillars of the temple of world peace with destructive purpose would themselves ultimately become involved in the ruin; that the Romanoff, Hapsburg and Hohenzollern dynasties, synonyms of the worst forms of despotism, would themselves crumble under the crash; and that the weaker peoples, who had been oppressed and robbed of their nationhood and independence, would be restored by their fall? Who would have ventured to assert that the Balkan races would be set on the road that leads to independence and enlightenment; that the Moslem power, which had caused so many wars and had made the world stand aghast at its hideous massacres, would be shorn of its territory and rendered permanently impotent? Could even the wisest of men have foreseen that the war was destined to bring about the redemption of the Bible lands from Euphrates to Mediterranean, and that Jerusalem would be rescued from the infidel Mohammedan power on the very eve of Hanuccа, the "Feast of Lights"—the festival commemorative of deliverance from their ancient oppressors?

If we view the great war with regard to its moral and spiritual results, we can now see many instances of divine overruling. It has opened the door for the small peoples, by which they can return to nationhood and freedom. It has stricken bad rulers from their thrones; it has pulled down a long list of princes and premiers, and cabinets and political time-servers, who were foes to human freedom. It has impressed its influence mightily upon all the nations and has liberalized every existing government. It has put a ban upon greed and selfishness, has given the promise of a better living to the workers, and has everywhere inspired the spirit of practical helpfulness and friendly international relations. Truly, the war has brought measurably nearer the vision of human brotherhood throughout the whole earth.

In the largest sense, the war has been a crusade of righteousness against oppression, of the spirit of truth and justice against brute force and frightfulness. When the united Allies appealed to God in behalf of their cause, the answer came, and the assurance of victory has increased at every step that followed. Our coming Thanksgiving will be one on which we, as a united people who entered the struggle to conquer oppression and save civilization from destruction, can join in grateful acknowledgment of the mercy and goodness of Him whose ear is ever open to the cry of faith and sincerity, and the plea for a righteous and noble cause.

Spartan Mothers—and Others

A CHRISTIAN HERALD reader in Texas sends us a clipping from a newspaper which relates an incident that carries a seasonable lesson to inordinate lovers of pleasure. It tells of a lady in San Antonio who sent a package of papers from that city to her son in the trenches. We do not know what these papers contained, but the impression made by certain portions of their contents, which told of social dances and similar convivialities, must have been a very vivid one, if we may judge from the letter that mother received from her son a few weeks later. "In God's name, mother," he wrote, "how can people over in America live that kind of a life, while we fellows over here are wading hell shoulder deep for you and our country?" This rebuke to the thoughtless and heedless, while applicable in its place to a certain class, fortunately serves to mark the contrast between the great body of American motherhood and the few exceptions. Today, the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of our land are enduring their burden of war care and war work with Spartan courage, and, let us add, with an unshakable trust in the divine goodness. The Red Cross, the Y. W. C. A. work and a score of other humanitarian activities are all carried on at full steam by the glorious women who are keeping the home fires burning. Their incessant labors, their noble economies and their prayers are helping our heroes at the front as nothing else can help them.

Lieutenant Adrian C. Edwards, of Illinois, killed in action on May 4, left his mother the priceless heritage of a letter that was to be sent to her if he fell in battle. He wrote, in substance: "When you receive this letter, I will either be a prisoner in the hands of the enemy or with my God. Do not grieve if I am missing, but rejoice that you have given a son in sacrifice to save civilization, to prevent future wars and to make the world safe for democracy.

"I desire that you shall be like the Spartan mothers of old, who, when their sons went forth to battle for freedom, said to them, 'Either come home proudly, bearing your shield before you, or upon it.' You must remember some mother had to lose a son, some one must make the sacrifice. . . . Good-by, mother, I will see you in the next world. You may know that I died fighting for you, for my country and all that life holds dear."

Will not this letter go down to history like that one President Lincoln wrote to the Spartan mother who had laid the costly sacrifice of five sons upon the altar of our country?

RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION NOW

THE increasing scarcity of paper stock has forced the Government to set a definite limit on the amount of paper that can be used in printing magazines. Paper is allotted to every periodical publisher in proportion to the number of subscribers who have actually paid for their subscriptions in advance. Because of the new paper conservation regulations, we cannot print magazines to fill subscriptions not arranged for in advance. After we have used a certain definite amount of paper in printing the Christian Herald, we cannot print any more copies of the current issue regardless of the demand, as we will not be able to obtain any extra paper. It should be borne in mind that the amount of paper allotted to the Christian Herald is less than we used last year.

To insure the continuous receipt of the Christian Herald, it is absolutely necessary that you renew your subscription in advance of the expiration date. Don't wait until the last minute, as we cannot supply back numbers. Please remember that once a name is dropped from our list, two to three weeks must elapse before we can reinstate it. To insure your receipt of the Christian Herald on the date of issue, we begin mailing a week in advance.

The subscription price of the Christian Herald, as announced in last week's issue, *will be advanced to $2.50 a year on Jan. 1, 1919.* Renew *now* and take advantage of the present price of $2.00. A complete announcement of the increased subscription price appears on another page of this issue.

Jobs for Women Unlimited

THE best way for many women to show their patriotism is to train for service. Efficiency was never a more highly prized asset than it is today. The Government is helping women to find the work they are best fitted to do and suggesting how they can best train to fill places of men called to the colors.

"The time has now come when many women must drop their knitting for a field of greater service, cease volunteer work, and take a regular job for regular pay," says C. T. Clayton, of the U. S. Department of Labor. "The fact that women may not be in need of the money has nothing to do with the case. The Government needs their service for production, and the Government is very particular about women being paid the same wage as men for services equally rendered."

The patriotic thing is for a woman to do the work her training has fitted her to do, provided it has been along the lines of an essential vocation. School teachers should stick to their calling, no matter if munitions offer a higher reward; the youth of America must not be neglected.

For the untrained woman, hundreds of factories are spending or preparing to spend millions solely in the work of intensive training of new workers. Seven hundred and fifty thousand new skilled workers are needed by the country by January first.

The woman with nimble fingers who is not afraid to work, and who is willing to cast aside for eight hours a day her fluffy-ruffles for overalls, her plumed bonnet for a service cap, and to concentrate on the task at hand, is sure of a quick and certain reward.

A Christmas Chest

DO we lack keen joy at the prospect of Christmas giving? Then perhaps what we are suffering from is barrenness of the true Christmas spirit.

In bringing the gold to the festival, do we forget the frankincense and myrrh? And do we bring the gold only as to a market-place—to barter it, to give gifts in exchange for gifts in return? "What waste!" do we cry with the disciples, when the alabaster box of precious ointment is broken over the head of Christ, forgetting that loving charity is what Christmas means?

A Christian Herald friend in Germantown, Pa., suggests a manner of Christmas giving that will be in perfect accord with the true spirit of the season. He proposes that the Christian Herald Family make up a Christmas chest for the sufferers overseas. He writes:

> Would it not be well for us each and all to look at the great need across the seas, both for spiritual and material food, where the ruthless hand of war has made so many homeless, helpless and penniless? When we look about in this country and find so many living in comfort whose closets are full, bureau drawers and trunks full and larders full, it surely would seem the part of wisdom for us to forego the usual custom and pleasure of giving and receiving presents here among our own relatives and friends and have instead "A Christmas chest" (not a war chest), each one contributing to its contents (in money) as they might be led with glad and willing hearts, as unto Him whose birth we celebrate. We then would have the unspeakable privilege and delight of hearing him say to us: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."
>
> Surely the Christian Herald, which has a world-wide record for its beneficent acts along these lines, would be willing to act as custodian and forwarder of all funds sent to this 'Christmas chest.' I am enclosing my check for $25 as a starter to this fund. A PILGRIM.

The Christian Herald gladly undertakes to render the best possible account of funds entrusted to it for this purpose. Let the Christmas chest be Christian America's gift to Palestine, which is now facing famine. Your dollars will help to save the lives of the afflicted people of the Holy Land. Not merchandise but money is needed. In present conditions merchandise cannot be transferred. Money we can send by cable.

To give material aid without hope of return, to give of self in the name and in the spirit of the Supreme Giver, will unlock for each of us the innermost treasure chamber of Christmas joy and blessing. Let us see how many hearts our Pilgrim's appeal for Palestine will touch. We invite every one to send a gift to the "Christmas Chest."

The Balmy Arctic

ANOTHER cherished illusion is dispelled and relegated to the junk-heap of vivid misconceptions that have suddenly faded. Explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who has just returned from five years' cruise in the regions around the North Pole, tells us that the weather up there is by no means the frigid terror we have pictured in our minds. It is much cooler in central Siberia than at Herschel Island. Even near the geographical pole the climate never gets really bad, although the mercury occasionally runs down to 60 below zero! Indeed, it was so mild and compatible with physical comfort that he usually disrobed on the porch of his igloo, and passed the evening in his underwear, resting at night in his sleeping-bag. His underwear, by the way, was of reindeer's skin with the fur side in. He has explored some 250,000 square miles, amid all kinds of weather, and claims to have suffered no hardships until his return to civilization. There is no suggestion of any health resort or summer colony scheme in the explorer's story; it is simply cold fact—though not nearly so cold as they have been popularly supposed to be. Most folks, however, would rather spend a vacation in a different climate, accepting all the risks, than tempt fate in the balmy Arctic with the mercury at 60 below and raw frozen meat the main attraction in the daily menu.

Only the preacher who fastens his words together with the cement of love will make them stick in the minds of his hearers.

The Church After the War

More Expressions from Prominent Religious Leaders Urging a Realignment of America's Spiritual Forces

OUR second instalment of responses to the Christian Herald's questionnaire, "What Should the Churches of Protestant America do to meet the Religious Situation after the War?" are given below. They include a wide variety of practical suggestion. Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Lutheran and other denominational leaders, as well as college professors, write freely on the vital question.

Never has any problem confronted the Church that equals in importance that which is involved in the question now under discussion. It is made very clear in almost all these letters which we print today—as in the first instalment—that the problem is one which is rapidly overshadowing all others in vital interest for the churches, and which must be faced and answered in the near future.

The Church Should Put All Narrow Interests Aside to Be Ready for Its Greatest Hour of Opportunity, writes Dr. Torrey, Dean of Bible Institute, Los Angeles.

YOU ask my opinion on a very vital question: "What should the churches of Protestant America do to meet the situation?" In reply I would say:

1. They should put all narrow personal interests aside, and resolve at any cost they will do what lies in their power to present the simple and pure Gospel as it is found in the Word of God to every man, woman and child at home, and to every man, woman and child, as rapidly as possible, in heathen lands.

2. They should avoid all wastes of men, money and effort. There is no question that the present division of real Christians into separate, and sometimes warring, sects oftentimes results in an appalling waste of men, money and effort. Many a community has from three to ten churches and three to ten ministers, where one church and one minister would meet all the needs of the community better than they are met with this division of forces. Very frequently these churches and these ministers stand for the same essential truths, and the points of difference among them are concerning questions of entirely secondary, or less than secondary, importance. For example, many a Methodist minister preaches exactly the same Crucified, Risen, and ascended Lord Jesus Christ as is preached by many a Presbyterian minister and many a Baptist minister. The questions that divide them are simply questions of church government, or questions of modes of administration of church ordinances. In such a case there should not be three ministers, but one; and very frequently it would be possible to get a better minister than any one of the three who can be had under existing conditions.

There cannot possibly be a union of all Protestants, for many Protestants differ from one another on questions that are really vital; but there should be a new alignment, for many a Presbyterian minister agrees with many Methodist ministers on questions that are vital, and differs from other Presbyterian ministers on questions that are vital. There cannot be co-operation among professed Christians who disagree upon *really fundamental* questions, and the new alignment should be along these fundamental lines. It matters not to me whether a man is a Methodist, or a Baptist, or a Congregationalist, or a Lutheran, or what he is, if he believes in the absolute authority and inerrancy of the Scriptures, in the real diety of Jesus Christ and the real human nature of Jesus Christ, in the atonement of Jesus Christ by his shed blood, redeeming us from the curse of the broken law, in regeneration by the power of the Holy Spirit, in salvation on the simple and single ground of the atoning blood and on the simple and single condition of faith in Him who shed the blood, in the future conscious endless punishment of those who persistently reject Jesus Christ in the life that now is. On the other hand, if a man is a Presbyterian and yet rejects any of the truths just mentioned, I cannot co-operate heartily with him even though he be a Presbyterian. Denominational distinctions have never meant anything to me. The Protestant church ought to be realigned along these vital lines. I am sorry to say I have grave doubts whether it can be, but you have asked, "What *should* the churches of Protestant America do to meet the situation?" not what will the churches of Protestant America do.

3. The Churches of Protestant America, in order to meet the present situation, the grave crisis that is upon us, should be real Christians in the daily conduct of the membership of these churches. They should give up the love of money, the love of display, the love of pleasure, and many other things that characterize a large share of the professing church today, and which are absolutely hostile to the manner of life demanded by the Lord Jesus Christ.

4. The churches of Protestant America should give up the attempt which has been so characteristic of church activity the past ten or twenty years of reorganizing society without the regeneration of the individual. The program set forth in the New Testament is not the reorganizing of society from without by mere ethical teaching and social reform. The program of Christianity is to reach society by leading the individual to a definite personal acceptance of Jesus Christ and to a transformation of his own character, and thus to make society what it ought to be. The Protestant ministers and churches should give themselves up to intelligent, definite soul-winning as they never have before since the days of the apostles. They should work for real revival, not for great mass movements along thoroughly worldly lines and by thoroughly worldly methods, methods that oftentimes jar upon the spiritual instincts of intelligent Christians, and that aim at drawing vast crowds, making a great outward stir and bringing inordinate financial returns to the leaders in the movement, but a revival sent down from above in answer to prayer and manifestly carried on in the power of the Holy Ghost, and that results in the radical, thorough and permanent transformation of the lives of those who come under its power into the likeness of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The Protestant churches should pray as they never prayed before, absolutely surrender themselves to the lordship of Jesus Christ as they never have before, sacrifice as they have never sacrificed before, give as they have never given before, and wear themselves out in untiring work for the salvation of the lost as they never have before.

While the present hour is one of crisis and peril, it is the greatest hour of opportunity that the Church of Jesus Christ has ever known. If the churches are faithful to the opportunity we shall see such gladdening results as we have never seen before in all the history of the Church on earth. God has been speaking to us in tones of thunder through the great cataclysm of the present war. He is calling us to devotion, sacrifice and effort. Will the churches hear the call? I do not know, but I know that many of us will. I would rather live and work in the present hour than in any hour of this old world's history.

Los Angeles, Calif. R. A. Torrey.

The Churches Must Unite after the War to Combat the Forces of Worldliness and Sin, writes Pastor F. B. Meyer, Famous English Divine.

AS soon as peace comes, the churches must make one united and strong push into the ranks of worldliness and sin. There must be unity of generalship. An army council should sit week by week directing the forces in each great center of population. The churches should divide the big blocks of human dwellings into parishes, each having its own parish; and thus the entire area would be covered. But in each parish the *same* method should be adopted to meet the same conditions, and that method should be carefully considered and agreed upon by experts as the one most suited for the special class that was to be addressed. Let us pool experiences and get the best resultant.

Efforts for social and hygienic improvement should not be excluded, but the main effort should be for the winning of men, women, and children for Christ by the adoption of appropriate means.

This advance into the enemy's country should not be spasmodic and fitful, but persistent and maintained; nor should it be carried out by paid or imported labor, but by the utilization of the forces latent in each of our churches and congregations.

Much prayer should baptize the prosecution of this great war against the devil and all his works.

Christ Church, London, England. F. B. Meyer

If the Church Has the Vision and the Courage, It Will Find Its Soul; Lacking These, It Will Lose Its Greatest Opportunity, writes Dr. John Murdoch MacInnis (Presbyterian).

I HAVE given a good deal of serious thought to the question you ask. I have also tried, for the last four years, to keep in touch with what the leaders of thought on both sides of the water have to say concerning the subject. As a result of my reading and study, I am more and more convinced that the Church, as it now stands, is not measuring up to its obligations, because it has lost sight of its real mission in the world.

In order to meet the challenge of this crisis it must, first of all, clearly define its own mission. In order to do that, it must face and answer a preliminary question. Is Jesus Christ the unique, divine Son of God, with an authoritative revelation and power to realize His program? If we can give that question an affirmative answer the mission of the Church is clear—it is to take Christ's program seriously and make its realization the supreme thing in life. What is this program? Jesus put it into the most challenging sentence that has been uttered in all human history—"All authority is given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore, and make disciples of *all* nations [not *from all* nations but *of all* nations] teaching them to observe *all things* whatsoever I commanded you." If that means anything, it means an immediate challenge to the world to recognize Christ's authority and his program as the only program that can warrant lasting peace.

I believe that if the Church has the vision and the courage to accept that program and its vital challenge, and to set aside every selfish and denominational interest that would stand in the way of its speedy realization, it will find its soul and render the greatest possible service to a broken and bleeding world. If it lacks that vision and courage it will lose the greatest opportunity of the centuries and will continue a mere ecclesiastical flunkey, without a definite mission or saving authoritative message.

First, it must have a new and immediate experience of God. This program requires *life* and *power*. Second, it must be prepared to make any changes in the existing organization that are necessary to give adequate expression to the new life in a world such as we now find ourselves in. That will certainly mean *real co-operation*, and perhaps organic union of all the churches that are ready to accept this program. *Vital co-operation* is the important thing, and I am not at all quite sure that it can best be secured through organic union. But we must have *unity* of *life* and *purpose* and *co-operative action*.

Third, it must be prepared to encounter the suspicion and savage hostility of the world and ecclesiastical organizations whose life is based upon principles which are the very opposite to the program of Jesus.

But when the church is ready to pay that price the gates of hell can no longer prevail against it.

Syracuse, N. Y. John Murdoch MacInnis

Church Unity Practicable, Although Denominationalism Will Continue, writes Editor-Pastor L. K. Munhall.

THE churches of Protestant America to meet the situation should get together as far as possible and practicable. Organic church union is impossible in this age. The leading denominations will continue as such. The numerous subdivisions are the chief cause of confusion and offense. Let fourteen kinds of Presbyterians; sixteen kinds of Methodists; seventeen kinds of Baptists; and nineteen kinds of Lutherans unite under their denominational standards, and it will be a comparatively easy thing to have Protestantism in America make common cause against the enemy of all good. The motto of the Evangelical Alliance is still a good rallying cry: "In essentials, unity; in unessentials, liberty; and, in all things, charity."

Philadelphia, Pa. L. K. Munhall.

Vital Religion and a Christianity That Is Socially Fruitful Are More Than Organic Unity, writes President Emeritus W. F. Warren of Boston University.

MY answer to your question, "What should the churches of Protestant America do to meet the situation?" is simple. Like our Lord's compendium of the law and the prophets, it can be expressed in two items.

I. The leaders and the led in these churches, heartily repenting of their past failures, should now become *consistent* Americans. This means, of course, that they should with all sincerity believe in the Declaration of Independence, in the Constitution of the American Union, with all its amendments, and should uniformly act according to this faith. So doing, they will prize personal and political liberty not merely for

Continued on page 1282

All the World

By CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "In His Steps," "His Brother's Keepe ," "Jesus Is Here," etc., etc.

A Story Having for Its Theme the Reconstruction Period After the Great War

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

THE town of Bradford was decked with flags and bunting in honor of the homecoming of Ambulance Company 241, in which Richard Ward had served at the steering-wheel of the ambulance, losing his right hand at Château-Thierry. After the celebration Richard and his father, Rev. Dr. Ward, sat in the latter's study and talked about Dick's future, a problem which was complicated by the loss of his hand and his engagement to Requa Randall, to whom he also looked for advice in this matter. Dr. Ward's sermon on the first Sunday after the return of the soldiers decided Dick to become a foreign missionary.

CHAPTER THREE

THE front door bell rang, and Dr. Ward, quivering with rare excitement, stood up by his desk.

For several years, indeed from the beginning of his ministry in Bradford, he had established a custom of meeting any who had been touched by his preaching, or any who wished to see him on the religious life, in his little study in the parsonage after the Sunday evening service. He called this the Open Door. It had become as well known and established as any religious or social service of the church, and into the quiet of this little room, after the busy and sometimes exciting day, in the course of the years had come many perplexed and repentant souls, most of whom had gone out of the little room with happy tears on their faces and a song of deliverance in their hearts.

Mrs. Ward had gone to the door, and there came in a group of young men. There were so many of them they filled the study up full. Dr. Ward was overcome, but he had only just begun to express his welcome when Bert Chandler said, speaking in his abrupt manner:

"Dr. Ward, we know it's late, and we would have come earlier, but the chaplain came in on the nine-thirty, and we hadn't seen him for six months and thought he was dead. We brought him along. He wanted to come when he found out what we were coming for. Chaplain Hunter, Dr. Ward."

BUT Dick sprang forward and threw his arm about a man who had been the last to enter the room, crying out in a tone of delight:

"'Oh, Chaplain! And you are alive!"

"Very much so, Dick," said Chaplain Hunter, hugging him with both arms, laughing and crying as Dr. Ward advanced through the group to greet him.

"Hunter!" he said, finally getting hold of one of the chaplain's hands. "Of course I know you! Welcome here! Welcome!"

"And to think he should be here to welcome, Dad! Why didn't you fellows tell me?"

Dick turned to the group with fiery gesture of arm and hand.

Bert Chandler answered with his usual brevity.

"We didn't know it ourselves until the chaplain walked in on us."

"It's like a story out of Maupassant!"

"Or life," said Chaplain Hunter, his eye glistening as he glanced at his own boys of Company 241.

"Tell us!"

"No, I came here to listen to a greater adventure than my own. Dr. Ward, I don't want to obtrude my little escapes and adventures since I went down on that last transport that was torpedoed in the Mediterranean. There is going to be plenty of time to tell it."

"But, Dr. Ward, we haven't seen the chaplain since—since we heard of his death in Africa. It's like a miracle to see him here," said Underwood, who had been one of Dr. Ward's chorus before the war, as well as president of his young people's society and an enthusiastic Sunday school teacher.

There were so many of them they filled the study up full

"You ought to hear him tell about getting torpedoed. We never had any of that!" and Underwood spoke with a tone of regret that sent the whole room into a roar.

"Yes, give us that now," Dr. Ward said earnestly, bustling about, Dick and Bert helping to seat the visitors. "We have all the future before us for the thing that brought you here tonight. Give us your story, Hunter."

CHAPLAIN WILLIS HUNTER, a man of thirty-five, former pastor of the church at Bayview, next town to Bradford, glanced affectionately around the circle of "his boys" and quietly began.

"Dr. Ward, I can't tell you what a joy it is to me to be home again. I had been at Bayview only a short time when the war broke out, and never had the pleasure of meeting you, but your son, Dick—"

"Often mentioned you," said the doctor with a smile, the kind that radiated through the room. It seemed to him as if all of life in that little room thrilled with "adventure," as indeed it did.

"He saved my life! Dad, don't you remember I wrote"

"I have the floor," interrupted Hunter, blushing through his tan as if he were a girl. "Let me get this torpedoing off my mind, and then we'll get at the real business of the evening, for I feel, sir, after what the boys have told me of your sermon this morning, that we are on the eve of one of the greatest adventures this country or the world will ever know.

"Just a word. I went out with the first bunch of chaplains that sailed in 1917; got in touch with Company 241 in France, and was on my way six months ago to Syria with a transport containing Y. M. C. A. secretaries, missionaries and chaplains to assis in the Palestine Relief. We were nea the end of our trip through the Med terranean. Saturday night I went t bed about midnight after an evening o deck that was one of the most beautifu I ever saw on the water. The moon wa full, the ocean like a sea of glass. It wa to be our last night on the boat, an somehow almost every one seemed t think the danger was over. We were i plain sight of a lighthouse flashing o the coast, and its welcome, or som thing, instilled a false sense of securit The only precaution I took was to slee fully dressed except for shoe coat and hat.

"ON the way over I hear the commander growlin away to the effect that th ship stood no show anywa for she had thirteen ministe aboard! Apparently the ho doo worked, for I had bee asleep less than an hour whe the first torpedo struck. The was no loud explosion, just dull, heavy thud, that sho the boat from stem to ster No one needed to tell us wh had happened.

"When you ask me what did, my answer is: I grabbe my family pictures and ra As a matter of fact, there w a little more to the progra than that. I switched on th light, awoke my roommat jumped into my tall boo (without lacing), pulled o sweater, coat, overcoat, lif preserver and hat, grabbed th articles mentioned, and ra as aforesaid.

"Needless to say, nerv were a trifle taut, and a bit humor which flashed acro my mind tearing up the bac stairway sixty miles a minu helped a lot to save the situ tion. I happened to thin that I might stumble on tho flopping shoelaces, and th answering thought was: ' will have to be a lively sho lace to get ahead of the boots for the next minute two.'

"The lifeboat was in th water four minutes after th explosion, with the stern the steamer already half unde We were the first boat awa on our side, and I think th first of either side.

"The steamer disappeared just thirteen minutes after th first explosion. I shall certain never forget that sight. Sh settled stern first, the pro finally coming up entirely out water and silhouetted again the full moon. Finally, as th water reached the boiler, the came a terrific explosion whic broke her in the middle an she sank like a shot.

"CONDITIONS couldn have been better, as was light as day and pe fectly calm. We were in the boa only about twenty minutes when w disembarked on the deck of an Englis destroyer. They said she was a old-type boat, but, old or new, believ me, she was the best-looking boat ever saw.

"The most impressive moment ever had was when we lined up on th deck and our leader called the rol We were pretty sure every one wa there, but not positive, and when th last man answered 'Here,' the crow cheered their heads off and we responde standing at attention and sang th Doxology and 'God Save the King.'

"I saved one complete outfit of clothing, overcoat, hat, gloves, my old gray sweater, both family pictures, camera, and razor. Everything else was lost, but somehow or other things didn't seem to amount to much after I once got my feet on the land.

"And that's all, only somehow the report got out that I was lost, with a number of others, and my unit was switched from Beirut to Cape Town on the new Zulu Mission work so suddenly that no word of my being all right ever reached the boys in France, and I thought I could give them a little surprise on my way to Bayview from New York. And here I am, thankful to the good God, after plenty of adventures in Africa that can wait. For I want to know of the new adventure we are going into." And Chaplain Hunter looked around the circle of earnest faces with a gleam in his eye that reminded Dick of the look he gave him when he went out that night into "No Man's Land" and brought him in safely back to the Company.

A SILENCE fell over the circle. It had lis ened in tense mood while the chaplain was relating his adventure. But now the object of their visit to the Open Door seemed to come at once into prominence. This group of young men had lived in the atmosphere of exciting and changing events so long and continuously that every one present had come home with the thought of becoming a part of the commonplaces of Bradford and its daily routine, getting into business, marrying, having a home and "settling down."

But Dr. Ward's sermon had stirred them like another call to the colors. How was the world to be saved, after all, without saviors? And the heroic note had been struck in his sermon with a power that the preacher did not know himself.

He looked around the group now and was almost astounded at the sight of those present. He had known these boys in his parish since they were little fellows in the Sunday school. Now here they were, tanned, muscular, serious-eyed, ready to grapple with big things, feeling the stir of life, eager for its struggle.

Almost before a question had been asked, the room seemed to be electric with prayer.

They had all kneeled when Dr. Ward went to his knees. His prayer was an outpouring for wisdom, guidance, strength, revealing, power. The chaplain followed, and in his first sentence Dr. Ward understood something of the secret of the chaplain's influence over his boys. He said,

"Father of us all, we are not only in the hollow of thy hand, but in the bend of thine arm."

And then with beseeching power he seemed to break open the very gates of the other world and reveal the greatness of the common purpose that had brought them into that little room to consult together.

THE boys all offered short prayers, simple, direct, personal, a revelation to Dr. Ward of spiritual feeling. And it was noticeable that in all this there was no straining for effect, no praying to others, but each voice seemed to be a personal, direct appeal for individual wisdom and strength.

Dr. Ward was wise in his counsel.

"We have not come, I am sure, to propose any definite fixed plan tonight. I understand the main purpose of every one of you is to enter upon the great adventure of world conquest in obedience to the Master's command to go into all the world. That determination is so serious, so vital, so full of meaning to you all, that I am sure we shall have to meet many times and plan very deeply and carefully if we carry out the command as the Master wishes."

They were all so greatly interested that they remained in conference until after midnight. The chaplain's face glowed with enthusiasm. As the group finally went out, the chaplain's last word to Dr. Ward lingered in every heart:

"Dr. Ward, we have just come out of a great world adventure. But I believe we are now proposing to go into another so much greater that no man can measure its dynamic or weigh its dimensions."

WHEN the Doctor had shut the door and had come back into his study, Dick was still there, standing by his father's desk.

And it was at that moment that Dr. Ward thought of one question he had been several times on the point of asking his son when he first came to him that evening after declaring his purpose. He put the question now with the usual characteristic family frankness:

"Dick, lad, how about Requa? Have you thought of her? Will she go with you into 'all the world'?"

Dick turned at the question and disclosed a startled look at his father. It was several moments before he answered.

Then he answered slowly,

"Father, I had forgotten Requa."

Dick repeated the words as he stood there:

"I never thought of Requa!" and then added, "But I'll have to think of her now. Her father will never let her go."

"How do you know he won't?"

"She said so."

"But Randall will not oppose her going if her happiness is in question."

"But suppose it's a question of *his* happiness?" Dick asked with more shrewd knowledge of Requa's father than Dr. Ward supposed he possessed.

"I don't know, lad; you will have to go and see him."

DICK had started to go out of the study. He stopped at the door, and said slowly:

"Dad, do you know, I'm afraid of Requa's father. I never was afraid of the Germans, and I know you don't believe I am a coward, but I would rather go over the ridge at Château-Thierry any time than face him and ask him to do a thing I know he doesn't want to do."

Dr. Ward laughed.

"Is it as bad as all that? Go to, my son. Does Requa belong to him more than to you?"

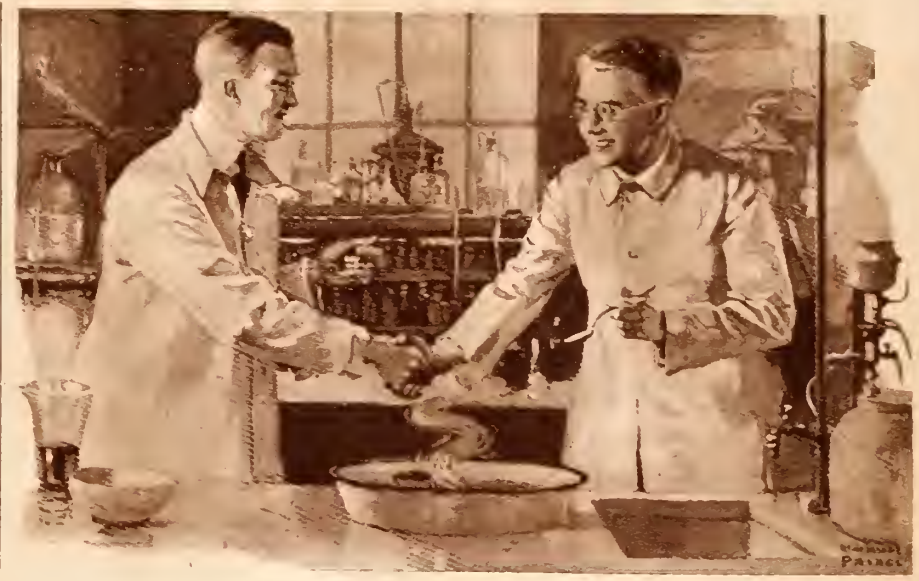
"She belongs to me. We belong to each other," said Dick doggedly. "But all the same, I'm afraid. How could I forget Requa? How *could* I?"

He went up to his room asking the question and in addition to it the other, the one he dreaded to ask, "What would Requa's father say?" He smiled grimly to himself as he sat there in the dark, for he had not turned on his light, wondering what Requa's father would say, how he would act, what Requa would do if her father refused to give his consent. And the longer he thought of it, the more he feared the outcome.

To be continued

For the Mothers and Babes

IT is said that there is three times as much danger in being a baby in New York as there is in being a soldier in the front-line trenches in France. At this time, when war is destroying adult life and lowering the birth-rate, it is gratifying to observe the beneficent activities of such an organization as the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, which is doing valuable service in the reduction of infant mortality. During the past year the infirmary has treated in its clinics about 50,000 women and children from the congested districts of New York, cared for more than 700 mothers and new-born babies, made 22,000 medical visits to homes of the poor, and given dispensary treatment to 28,741 women and children. Its medical and surgical staff of women are taking the place of the medical men who have been called to France. These beneficent activities have been carried on since 1857, when it began training nurses, and many of its alumnæ served in the Civil and Spanish wars, and others are now in active service in France. The infirmary is now launching a campaign to raise $200,000 to reestablish its very necessary work.



The History of a Van Camp Soup

A Parisian Chef

In the Hotel Ritz, created the original recipe. It embodied some 20 ingredients, and 23 hours were required in the making.

In a culinary contest held in Paris this recipe took the prize. Thus this soup became the leader in that city of fine cookery.

Materials Analyzed

These Van Camp scientists fix a standard for every ingredient. Every material must come up to that standard. Some materials are selected by analysis to insure against variation.

Thus a Van Camp Soup is always at its best—exactly like the model soup adopted.

Scientific Cooks

Later this chef was employed by Van Camp, and that recipe came with him. Here our culinary experts, college trained, worked three years to improve it. By testing countless blends they evolved a savor which amazed the chef himself.

All Van Camp Soups are perfected in that way. Our scientific cooks start with a famous recipe. They try out hundreds of ways to improve it. And they never stop until they reach the limit in deliciousness.

The Final Formula

Then every step and detail is recorded in formula. And that formula is always followed to the dot.

In every Van Camp Soup you get a famous recipe perfected in this way. You get the very utmost in blend and ingredients.

They come to you ready to serve, at a trifling cost—the finest soups ever created.

Try two or three, and you will never again be content to serve an ordinary soup.

VAN CAMP'S
Soups—18 Kinds

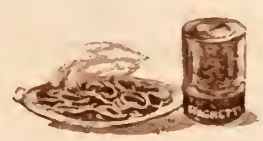
Other Van Camp Products Include

Pork and Beans Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Pork and Beans

Also perfected by these culinary experts. Beans selected by analysis are baked for hours by super-heated steam. Baked with a sauce which is the final result of testing 856 formulas.



Van Camp's Spaghetti

Based on a famous Italian recipe which our experts spent years in perfecting. Never in Naples or anywhere has one ever tasted a Spaghetti which compares with this.

Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made from a perfect blend of Spanish and Virginia peanuts, with every germ removed. The germs are slightly bitter. It means a new delight to lovers of peanut butter.

VISTAS C

The water front at Ostend, whose famous hotels, for four years a recreation center for German soldiers on leave, were retaken practically undamaged

© Underwood & Underwood

British Official Photo

The Allies aren't Huns. This British guard is giving his Boche prisoner a drink from his own water-bottle. The British doctors have skilfully dressed the former enemy's wounds

© International Film Service

Our victorious Yanks at St. Mihiel. This raiding party squelched a German machine-gun nest and appears ready for a few more

© Committee on P[illegible]

The first German prisoners taken y[illegible] ican troops at St. Mihiel, marchg to rear

VICTORY

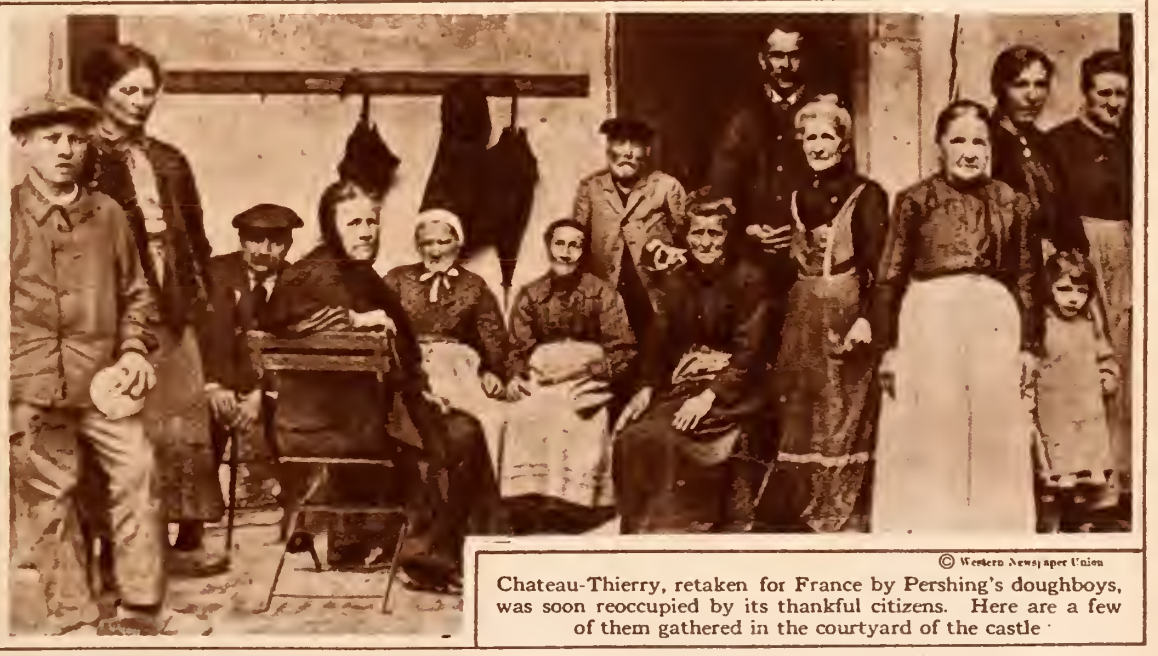
The German mind needing improvement, the Boches bundled up the volumes of the Montdidier Public Library for shipment across the Rhine; but the Allies came on too fast and the improvement was deferred

French Official Photo

Photo from Underwood & Underwood

After the fire had passed. Ruins of a farmhouse twelve miles from Duluth, Minn. The fires did over $100,000,000 worth of damage in Minnesota and Wisconsin

The Y. M. C. A. forgets none. This hut near a dressing-station looks after those of our wounded boys who can still be up and around



© Western Newspaper Union

Chateau-Thierry, retaken for France by Pershing's doughboys, was soon reoccupied by its thankful citizens. Here are a few of them gathered in the courtyard of the castle

Grandmother used
BAKER'S COCOA
and she Knew

Cocoa and Chocolate are particularly valuable at the present time as they are the only popular beverages containing fat; more than one-quarter of

BAKER'S COCOA

and more than one-half of

Baker's Chocolate

is a pure, nutritious, and easily digested fat.

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RADIATOR NEVERLEAK

"Look for the Sunburst on the Can"

Soldering is unnecessary! You can save that $10 to $25 repair charges, save dismantling of your radiator, make a positive repair in 5 to 10 minutes, by simply pouring a can of Radiator Neverleak into the water in your radiator, that's all! You don't even have to drain the water off.

Mends Cracked Water-Jackets

Radiator Neverleak mends the leak anywhere in cooling system, even cracked waterjackets. It is *guaranteed* to satisfy or money refunded. It positively will *not* clog or interfere with the cooling system.

Ford size can 50c. Larger size 75c. Carry a can as regular equipment. At all dealers or sent direct.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO.

391 Ellicott St., Buffalo. N. Y.

"The LIQUID VENEER *People"*

Mute Harmony

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

EVERY one knows the brave story of Helen Keller. Every one knows the great barrier that she faced at the very beginning of her life—the barrier that was an almost unsurmountable wall between her and the rest of the world. And every one knows how she overcame that barrier.

Helen Keller was a perfectly normal baby when she was born, but, at the age of nineteen months, she contracted an illness that left her deaf and blind.

Deaf and blind—and only a baby! That was the barrier that loomed before Helen Keller. Living in a world of eternal darkness, and eternal silence was to be her portion in life.

Teaching the blind and the deaf was a new sort of work when Helen Keller was a baby. But a certain clever teacher took the child in hand and with infinite patience and resource taught her to build a new life out of the sense of touch. And Helen Keller built that new life so efficiently that the eternal silence was touched with music; for at the age of twenty she entered college, and graduated from it in the prescribed number of years; since that time she has been the author of a number of books and magazine articles.

Lately Helen Keller has been working for her country, and the other day she received a letter from President Wilson commending her for her endeavors in the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign.

THE work that Helen Keller did in the Liberty Bond campaign was interesting and unusual. She sent out an appeal broadcast, with very wonderful results. Phrases from the letter that she sent are extremely interesting:

"The long night of humanity is over and done," she wrote. "The air is tremulous with the soundless hum of a new day. I tell you that the hour for deliverance for all men is at hand; the purpose of the ages is being fulfilled. Man's hope of liberty, so long thwarted, crushed and smothered, is coming with the new day. Men and women are growing conscious of their power—more and more united in their purpose."

So wrote Helen Keller, who is deaf and blind—and who has conquered her affliction!

Many lives have been ruined by fear. serious disasters than the disaster that Helen Keller conquered at the very beginning of her life. Many souls have been tortured and many hearts have been broken on the rocks of adversity that were far less sharp than the one that Helen Keller had to be thrown against. But there *are* people who have met trouble with a smiling face, and who, in spite of their troubles, and sometimes because of them, have achieved.

If Helen Keller had not been visited by deafness and blindness, she would doubtless have been a perfectly normal girl, with perfectly normal health and good spirits and cleverness. But, because of her affliction, she developed talents and genius that might never have found a place in her life.

In her work for the Fourth Liberty Loan, Helen Keller wrote an appeal that people read and answered—first, because it was a splendid appeal, and second because it was written by Helen Keller—who was a figure of national importance. If she had never had to struggle against the odds that she had to struggle against, she would doubtless never have been able to write an appeal so moving and beautiful that it would be of help to her country!

Helen Keller

A troubled life with little sunshine in it;
A life that, like the rosebud, knows the thorn;
A life with cares and doubts and fears eternal;
A life with every bitter sorrow torn;
A life set down to bloom in desert places,
Where hope lies dead and heartbeats totter slow;
A life with great defeats and tiny blessings,
When faith itself is pale as drifted snow.

And yet a life met bravely, sweetly, wisely,
A life supreme with faith when all is night,
Will make the heavens ring with silent music,
And turn the very darkness into light!

OH, friends of mine, a great cross, even a cross that is made of deafness and blindness, has its place in the plan of things. It may be hard to bear, it may be a terrible obstacle, and yet it may go into the making of the great issues of these ages. It may be the keynote of the mute harmony that runs through the song of life!

Food Administration Plans

THE United States Food Administration announces that because of the epidemic of influenza throughout the country it has postponed the opening of its new conservation campaign until December 1. The original plans contemplated the opening of this campaign October 27. Director B. S. Allen of the Educational Division of the U. S. Food Administration writes: "The change was made imperative by health conditions and advised by the Food Administrators of the different states throughout the country. Because of the forbidding of gatherings of people on account of the epidemic, the aid of the churches, the schools, the four-minute speakers, libraries, lodges and gatherings of patriotic workers could not be secured for the strenuous campaign in the planning of which they were an essential part. It is hoped that by December 1 necessity for quarantine conditions will have disappeared.

"In this campaign," Director Allen adds, "the Home Card is to be placed in the twenty million kitchens throughout America to emphasize the need for continued and increased food conservation for the benefit of the stricken peoples of Europe, and as an inspiration to continuing the sacrifice which has enabled the Allied nations to maintain the war and allowed the transportation of our own troops to France and their maintenance there. The Home Card will be a direct personal message to each home, from the Government at Washington, pointing out the part for every individual to render practical assistance three times a day in the winning of the war.

"The Food Administration wishes again to emphasize the absolute necessity for increased conservation and the total elimination of waste in foods. This is a national war obligation that continually grows greater. With a crop production for 1918 having a nourishment value about the same as that of last year, our food obligations to the Allied nations have increased fifty per cent. as a minimum, and the willing assumption of this extra burden by our people makes it possible to provide ships for the continuous transportation and sustenance of our fighting men in Europe. Recent events abroad are justification of the program and should be effective inspiration to our people.

"It should not be forgotten that with each advance of our armed forces abroad immediate necessity arises to make food provision for the people of the recovered territories. The coming of peace—if it should come soon—will not add one pound of food to the present supply nor release us from our moral obligations to assist the Allied nations. On the contrary, it would add materially to America's opportunity to assist humanity, as it would afford opportunity to get food to the hungry millions of Poland, Serbia, Roumania, Armenia and to other peoples who cannot now be reached."

The Inspired Word

THE Bible is the charter of all true liberty.
The forerunner of civilization.
The molder of institutions and governments.
The fashioner of law.
The secret of national progress.
The guide of history.
The ornament and mainspring of literature.
The friend of science.
The inspiration of philosophies.
The text-book of ethics.
The light of the intellect.
The answer to the deepest human heart hungerings.
The soul of all strong heart life.
The illuminator of darkness.
The foe to superstition,
The enemy of oppression.
The uprooter of sin.
The regulator of all high and worthy standards.
The comfort in sorrow.
The strength in weakness.
The pathway in perplexity.
The escape from temptation,
The steadier in the day of power.
The embodiment of all lofty ideals.
The begetter of life.
The promise of the future,
The star of death's night.
The revealer of God.
The guide and hope and inspiration of man.

M. V.

Marion Harland's Corner

With Thanksgiving-Day in Sight

IT is now my happy duty to confer with Cornerites concerning "substitutes" and economies that are to ake the place of the customary items n this year's holiday feast. Turkeys go s naturally with the great day as mincee and plum-cake with Christmas. But he birds which haven't gone to take hanksgiving to France fly too high for any of us. In many homes prudence as had its perfect work for weeks past n dictating self-denial in the matter of ating. Parents and children have agreed heerfully to abstain from small luxuries hat Thanksgiving Day may not be urkeyless.

I am writing now for the tens of thouands who feel conscientiously that the ppearance of the plump turkey at the ot of the board on the time-honored east-day would be a sinful luxury.

I do not insist that what I carefully efrain from branding with the obnoxous title of "substitutes" shall take he place of conventional and well-eloved dishes. I do know that they re palatable, and far more economical han the dainties prepared with almost eligious rites by our foremothers.

THE notable cook from whom I have borrowed the first recipe on our ocket had no thought in her day—orty years back—of making her savory and do duty upon Thanksgiving Day. he offered it in what she called "pinchme in the poultry-yard." When turkeys ere out of season, my ingenious housemother invented

Mock Turkey

Get your butcher to bone a breast of veal. id to cut from the same a steak about ten ches long, six wide, and over an inch thick. must be trimmed neatly, and the bones and immings be reserved.

Lay it upon your kneading-board and pound lightly into smoothness with a potato-asher. Squeeze a teaspoonful of lemonice upon it to insure tenderness. Have ady a forcemeat of bread-crumbs, well seaned with butter, salt and paprika. Spread is, half an inch thick, upon the meat and ll the latter up neatly, enclosing the forceeat. Bind into a roll with soft cotton string d pin into shape, here and there, with ooden skewers. The oblong roll should be osed at the ends upon the stuffing, and ewered or stitched into tapering tips to ep in the stuffing. Lay it in the dripping-n and pour over it two cupfuls of hot weak ock, made from the veal bones and trimings. Cover closely and roast for nearly two ours, basting frequently with the gravy. hen it is done, transfer to a hot dish, carelly clip and remove the strings, and draw t the skewers, keeping the shape entire and e joined sides downward.

Thicken the gravy left in the pan with owned flour and season with pepper, salt, a sh of Worcestershire sauce, and a teaspoonful tomato catsup. Boil up, stirring until smooth, d send to table in a gravy-boat. Serve the eat with apple-sauce, unless you can get anberries to carry out the poultry idea.

Carve perpendicularly, giving some of the uffing with each portion.

SHOULD you prefer poultry of some kind for the Thanksgiving dinner, stead of imitations however ingenious nd attractive, and the right thing be ite out of reach, do not forget chicken e. A fowl of mature age may serve our purpose if cleverly prepared.

Chicken Pie (Cheap and Good)

To begin with, secure the legs, neck and ad. A caterer once told me that his best icken soups were made of the legs and heads fowls bought by the quantity from meatnders.

And, often, some inches of the neck go with e head. The dressed fowl is more comely thout it. Scald, and pick all the feathers m the head and neck, and scald the feet. en, scrape these last lightly to loosen the les accumulated during the creature's long nths (or years) of service. Cover four hes deep with cold water, and put over the e where it will come *very* slowly to the boil. t the pot—closely covered—simmer for r or five hours. Do not season at all. It will retard the process of gravy-making. this in the evening. In the morning, skim e grease from the surface of the cold liquid, ape the bones, and mince finely what comes . Set aside while you cut up the raw fowl. Wash and arrange in a broad pot in the foling order. First, a layer of chicken; next, one of fat salt pork, chopped small; third, a sprinkling of minced onion. Proceed in this order until the materials are used up and cover all with the prepared gravy, without straining or seasoning. Fit on a close top and set at the side of the range where the contents of the pot will not reach the boiling-point under an hour. The secret of tenderness with tough poultry and meat lies in very slow and steady cooking. It ought not to be necessary to warn cooks on this point, but it often is. Premature and fast boiling hardens the fibers. Therefore, give our fowl all the time you have for the work. Five hours of slow cooking are none too much. Then take from the fire and let it cool—still covered. When it is cold and you are ready to make the pie, drain off the gravy, add a little chopped parsley, pepper and a tablespoonful of browned flour rubbed into a paste with butter. Stir well and, having laid the fowl in order within a deep dish lined with pastry, pour the gravy over it, and fit on the top crust. Bake in a moderate oven, covering the crust with white paper until it is firm. Then bring to a tempting brown.

It is well to cook the fowl the day before Thanksgiving, leaving only the final stages of putting it in the dish, etc., for the important holiday. I am not afraid to guarantee the excellence of the dish if these directions be obeyed.

"If the iron be blunt, . . . then must he put to more strength," says the wisest of books. Just now, we should apply the principle in a hundred different ways. Ingenuity, patience and clever adaptation of taste to materials are so many forms of strength.

FOUR correspondents have told me that carrots are a toothsome addition to the pumpkin pie without which Thanksgiving Day is hardly itself.

"Two-thirds pumpkin and one-third boiled and mashed carrots," is the rule.

A fifth member tells of a successful experiment with mashed potato, that "surprised and pleased us all." She mixed one-fourth as much potato as she had pumpkin into a smooth soft mass, treating it as she would the pumpkin alone.

In regions where pumpkins are scarce and dear, these suggestions will be valuable. In the recipe given herewith, I have assumed that the simon pure article is not out of arms' length of the thrifty housemother whom I have seated in imagination in the easiest chair in my cozy study while I write.

Pumpkin Pie

Four eggs; one quart of milk; a cupful of sugar; three cupfuls of stewed pumpkin rubbed through the colander or vegetable press; spices to taste. Some like a dash of ginger in addition to mace and cinnamon. If you substitute corn sirup or other liquid-sweet for sugar, stir into it an even teaspoonful of corn starch to add consistency to the mixture. Beat the yolks light with the sugar, and add gradually the pumpkin, then the milk and spices. Lastly, whip in the stiffened whites.

Bake in pie-plates lined with a good crust and lay strips of the pastry, lattice-wise, upon the top. Bake, covered, until the contents are firm, then brown. Eat cold, passing cheese with it.

Baked Chestnut

A pleasing variety in the regulation Thanksgiving fare may be secured by country people who have access to chestnut groves. The large Spanish chestnuts are still better for the purpose, but costly by comparison with the native product.

Boil the chestnuts and skin while they are hot. Let them get cold, cut each in half, and lay them in a buttered pudding-dish. Have ready a good brown gravy made by boiling cracked bones for some hours, letting them get cold in the liquid, then straining this off, thickening with brown flour rolled in butter (or a substitute) and seasoning with salt and pepper. Pour over the chestnuts, cover, and bake until bubbling hot.

They go finely with poultry.

Will members accept from me hearty and affectionate wishes for them upon this, the first of our winter festivals, with thanks for the cordial support they have extended to me from the first days of our association up to the present time? Each week has knit us more closely together in the sense of personal sympathy and appreciation of the cardinal truth that we are co-workers for the good of our fellow men and the advancement of the Kingdom that shall have no end.

They Shoot Puffed Grains From Guns

Yes, that's a curious fact.

These thin, flimsy bubbles—the daintiest grain foods in existence—are created in that way.

Sealed in those guns, the grains are subjected to an hour of fearful heat. The moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam. Then the guns are shot, the steam explodes. Every food cell is blasted to pieces.

The grains come out as airy globules, flaky and toasted, puffed to eight times normal size.

Not Merely To Delight You

But this whole process serves a scientific purpose. It was invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson. And the object is to fit the food cells to digest.

Each kernel of grain contains millions of food cells. Ordinary cooking doesn't break half of them. This gun-shooting method is the only way known to break all of them.

Remember that. These flavory, fragile bubble grains seem like food confections. But they are whole wheat, whole rice or corn hearts made so digestible that every atom feeds.

It's the ideal way to serve these grain foods, as well as the most enticing. Every child should get them every day.

Puffed Wheat being a whole-wheat product, no substitute need be bought with it.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

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In these sugar-saving times a good way to serve them is with melted butter. Or in bowls of milk. Mix them with your fruits. Scatter in your soups.

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The Week in the World's News

Continued from page 1267

crushed through it. Two other wooden cars were ripped open by the structure of the tunnel. On November 3, eighty-nine were known to have been killed, including practically all of the passengers in the third car, and more than 100 were injured. The train was jammed with people owing to a strike of motormen having greatly reduced the service. The strike was settled before daylight the next morning, the company agreeing to observe regulations of the War Labor Board, which it had resisted. Three of the operatives on the train were arrested, charged with homicide, but the Mayor of New York on November 4 started a hearing to discover and develop the guilt of the men higher up.

Bulgaria a Republic. King Boris of Bulgaria, who succeeded his father on the throne on October 3, abdicated on November 2, and a peasant government was formed under the leadership of M. Stambuliwsky, for some time chief of the peasants and agrarians of Bulgaria, who was reported to command a republican army of 40,000 men.

2,000,000 in France. On November 1, 2,000,000 American soldiers were in France. Draft calls issued on November 2 called for 290,773 new men within three weeks. When these men are in service, the strength of the army at home and abroad will have passed the 4,000,000 mark.

Reds Plan Massacre. Dispatches coming from Petrograd through Copenhagen, on October 30, reported that the Bolsheviki were openly declaring that they intended to make the night of November 10 a general St. Bartholomew's night, in which they would murder the entire bourgeoisie and intellectual classes. The announcement was said to have created a panic in Petrograd. The correspondent of a London paper wrote under date of October 30: "It is futile to cherish the illusion that the Bolsheviki do not mean what they say. During September their official organ announced daily 500 names of persons shot in cold blood without trial and without reason. If not for the sake of Russia, then for the sake of humanity, of liberty, of all civilization, and for the security of peace that at last draws near, it is high time to put a stop to atrocities as fiendish as any committed by the Germans in this war." Other reports told of the Germans evacuating Russia and devastating the country, as they went through, leaving it without grain or cattle. It was reported that children were dying of starvation because milk could not be obtained.

On October 31 dispatches coming from Amsterdam, Holland, reported the murder, on October 27, of Madam Breshkovskaya, the "Little Grandmother" of the Russian Revolution, who was shot on a charge of opposing the Bolshevik régime.

They Came through the Smoke. A story comes through the Associated Press from the American forces north of Verdun of the surrender of fifty-one Germans, through a ruse. For several days Germans had been creeping unarmed to a point midway between the lines where bread and tobacco were given them by American troops. Finally, on a certain day, each man who came was told that the next time all comers would receive five sacks of tobacco instead of one. Instead of coming in in groups of three or four, the next day fifty-one men came unarmed in search of tobacco and food. The Germans were hospitably received, split into small groups, and invited to come to another spot for the distribution. This spot proved to be the Intelligence Office of the American Division, and the Germans were informed that they were prisoners. At first they indignantly demanded to be sent back to their lines with their five sacks of tobacco apiece, but receiving the extra packages of the weed, they were at last reconciled to the new condition, especially as they saw the treatment accorded by the American soldiers to their prisoners.

Fragments of News. For more than a year Germany has been short of rubber and her auto-trucks have been running on steel tires. On October 31 evidence reached the American lines showing that the Germans were also short of gasoline, advancing troops finding many tractors in perfect condition abandoned because of the lack of fuel. . . . The great American army of knitters supplied to the Red Cross since the beginning of the war 2,240,514 sweaters, 776,615 mufflers, 1,054,814 wristlets, 645,961 helmets, 2,143,921 pairs of socks, and 419,800 comfort kits. . . . A Holland-American liner landed in New York on October 29 with 4,000 tons of German-made goods, including toys which had been purchased in Germany and paid for in 1914 by American firms. The American Defense League immediately began a campaign to prevent the sale of these goods in competition with American-made merchandise. Two of the consignees notified the Government that they would not receive the goods. . . . The Shipping Board announced on October 31 that peace would not halt the nation's shipbuilding, but that the present program of 15,000,000 tons would be completed, and that the only change which the coming peace would bring would be the dropping out of inefficient yards and inefficient workmen. On November 3 it was stated that, with all yards pushed to capacity for a year, there would still be a shortage of ships. . . . On November 4 fighting was reported between Ukrainian and Polish troops in Galicia, the city of Lemburg having been taken by Ukrainians supported by German and Austrian regiments. Przemysl was in the hands of the Ruthenians. . . . Andrew D. White, a founder and for 18 years president of Cornell College, Ithaca, N. Y., died November 4 aged 86.

Americans and Italians Smash Foe Lines

Continued from page 1266

catch up with the fleeing Huns. By evening the French-American line was drawn almost straight from Rethel, north of the Aisne, to the Meuse near Stenay, the last outpost of the great Argonne Forest was in Allied hands, and the Boche was hurrying somewhere faster than before. The main armies could not go forward faster than the guns and transport could follow. Patrols, both infantry and air, found it difficult to locate the foe. Flying was rendered dangerous by low clouds and mist, but Captain Eddie Rickenbacker made a flight early in the day bringing back valuable information, and later in the day other Americans got over the enemy's lines and reported the Germans everywhere in retreat. Even east of the Meuse their columns of men and transport were headed northward and eastward, although they had not yet been attacked east of the river, which the Americans were contented to face for the time being while they pressed toward Sedan. Our advanced troops were on November 3, less than five miles from the important Montmedy-Mezierres railway, the main artery of supply for the whole German force still in France. This line, which for a week had been under the fire of long range guns, was thus brought within ordinary artillery range. The prisoners taken exceeded 5,000 while over 60 guns were captured in the three days.

On the rest of western front, the fighting was not particularly spectacular during the week. The earlier days were given up to bettering of positions and the following up of the enemy where he was drawing back. On November 1, General Haig attacked southeast of Valenciennes, taking three thousand prisoners and positions which made the further German tenure of the city impossible. Canadian troops entered and passed beyond Valenciennes on the 2nd after hard fighting in the suburbs. October 31st saw a combined all Allie attack in Flanders between the Schel and the Lys, southwest of Ghent. Be gian, French, American and Briti troops took part. The enemy w pressed back everywhere against or ov the Scheldt and all the high ground b tween the two rivers was taken, t Allies reaching positions within tv miles of Ghent. Over 10,000 prisone were taken and 98 enemy airplan were downed in one day's fighting.

General Liggett's American Fir Army continued to follow the fleei Boche on November 4, finally catchi up with him about nine miles sou of Sedan, where he offered organiz resistance. With the position of t enemy thus determined and his railw lines under artillery fire and cut two places, near Conflans and Montmedy, the American force w turned eastward across the Meus Patrols sent over on the 4th prov that the enemy was there in for and were withdrawn. On the 5th t Americans attacked along the whc river front from Sivry to beyo Pouilly, making good the crossi and throwing the Germans back fr the heights commanding the strea As this was written they were s going.

November 4 saw also a new atta by the English and French betwe the Oise and the Aisne where the G mans were pushed back along a thi mile front for more than three mil On November 5, with their railw communications cut by the Americ first army and their front shatter by many Allied salients, the Germa were in retreat along the whole mile front in France. The Brit were within eight miles of the bor fortress of Maubeuge, having pass the Mormal Forest and the Belgia were in the suburbs of Ghent. Desp ate fighting was in progress along t whole line, but with the Germa losing and retreating and the All gaining in speed and in morale, t French army especially striking terr blows with the strong arm of t avenger.

Complete Teuton Collap at Hand

Continued from page 1264

Secretary for Foreign Affairs. T Emperor was reported to be at castle of Godollo. He made no atter to stem the rising tide of freedo which meant the overthrow of unsteady throne. Count Tisza, form Hungarian Premier, considered one the group which launched the w was assassinated in Budapest, Nove ber 2.

The temper of Germany was ill trated by an article in the Swâbis Tagwacht, in which the writer declar "We are vanquished!" After mitting that the troops, althou still in occupied territory, were una to maintain themselves there or achieve victory, he continued: "Th months of resistance would cost the lives of 100,000 men and dou that number of wounded. We h already lost so many men that wh provinces are depopulated. . . . Pe will certainly cost us dear, but shall be spared the forces that necessary for economic revival. . . . we continue the war, the enemy invade Germany and the conditi imposed would be still worse t those he would lay down today. armistice conditions will soon arr and their publication will mean acceptance. The people must be p pared for this."

Not only did dispatches indic with constantly increasing assura the impotence of Germany, her inabil to do otherwise than accept s terms as the Allies should submit, t the end of the Hohenzollerns appea to be approaching on rapid wings. November 1, the Emperor was repor to have gone to Great Headquart whither he had been followed Vice Chancellor Delbrueck, who w on an important mission for Chancellor. It was supposed t Dr. Delbrueck would lay before Emperor an abdication document.

Albania Pleads for Freedom

Continued from page 1265

ook possession of the country as far outh as Vlona. From that time until he Austrian retirement the scanty crops f the Albanians were requisitioned by he half-fed soldiers of the Austro-lungarian army of occupation, and the lbanians were hungry.

Today Albania is a ruined and dev-stated land peopled by spectres of amine.

Through all the miseries of these ecent years the Albanians have kept urning in their hearts an unquenchable ame of patriotism and a longing for eace and security and good govern-ent. No one knows of a time when the lbanians were not in their strip of ountry between Macedonia and the driatic Sea. They were there ages efore Hellas founded ancient Greece. t the beginning of the Christian era he Apostle Paul preached to them and id the foundation for their conversion Christianity. They were known then the Illyrians. Later their King kanderbeg, otherwise known to history the Captain of tho Janissaries, saved urope from devastation by Attila the un. It was the Albanian army under kanderbeg that checked tho Huns. or this Europe still owes to Albania an npaid debt of gratitude. With the assing of Skanderbeg, Albania fell into he hands of the Turks nearly five hun-red years ago. The Balkan wars of 912 and 1913 set her free.

Early in 1914 Great Britain, France, aly, Germany and Austro-Hungary ade Albania an independent nation, ith Prince William of Wied as ruler. e was selected for this post by tho erman Kaiser. William of Wied eant well. His intentions were excel-nt. But—you cannot govern a half-arved people without money for run-ng expenses. Tho five Powers gave William a country wherein men, omen and children were dropping dead starvation; but did not give to him y money. On September 6 William andoned Albania to her fate and turned to Germany. Later I heard at he had rejoined the German army d that he had been decorated by the aiser.

AFTER William's departure came Essad Pasha at the head of a mythical "army of ten thousand men." Essad planted a rusty cannon or two on the road to Durres and demanded that the legislative assembly elect him "Provisional President." This mentally unbalanced individual, attended by a tattered company of about 500 men, ruled Durres (Durazzo) until he fled at the approach of the Austrians.

Geographically, Albania is the western end of the Balkan peninsula. It has the Adriatic Sea on the west, Greece on the south, Macedonia on the east, and Serbia and Montenegro on the north. In area it is about twice the size of tho State of New Jersey. It has the latitude of New York and tho climate of Virginia. In the mountains, however, the winter climate is that of New Hampshire.

With the foregoing brief summary I place the case of Albania before the people of the United States, asking the same sympathy and help that we have given to Cuba and the Philippines.

I suggest that those eminent and highly capable gentlemen who so generously and ably seconded my efforts to relieve distress in Albania now come together for the purpose of bringing Albania's condition to the attention of President Wilson, and, with the President's approval and guidance, calling into consultation representatives of the sixty thousand Albanians in the United States, to the end that Albania may have a man's chance for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Foremost among those supporters of my past efforts in behalf of Albania I will name here the Rev. Frederick Lynch, D.D., editor of the Christian Work. No one knows quite so well as I how much this man has done to help Albania. Having done so much it now is his privilege to do more. I feel certain that the other gentlemen will join with him in this new work for the upbuilding of a long-suffering and deserving people.

I will be glad to answer any inquiries sent me by readers of the Christian Herald concerning the future of Albania. Such letters may be addressed to me in care of this journal.

The Preacher and the Blacksmith

N entering upon his new circuit, a Methodist pastor had a black-ith shoe his horse. The story goes at when the horse was shod and the oeing paid for, the blacksmith re-arked: "You are the new Methodist eacher, ain't you?" On the preacher swering, "Yes," the blacksmith said, don't know whether anybody has ld you or not, but I make it a point to k every new Methodist preacher sent re." After the preacher tried in vain reason with the man, he said, "Well, will try to make the best of it I can," d he laid off his coat. Soon the eacher had the blacksmith down and t astraddle of him, punching him in ch side with his fists. The black-ith was begging to be let up. The eacher replied, as he continued to nch him, "I will let you up if you ll pray," to which the blacksmith swered, "I can't pray." The preacher ntinued to punch him, the blacksmith gging more earnestly and pathetically, he got the more punishment, while e preacher, to all his appeals, an-ered, "I won't let you up till you ay." Tho blacksmith continued eading pathetically, and finally the eacher said, "I will say the prayer, d you pray it after me," to which the acksmith agreed. Then the preacher him up. Ever after, the blacksmith as one of the stanchest friends the eacher had. Not long after receiving much-needed lesson, tho blacksmith as converted and became one of the st church members of the preacher's arge.

Germany is the blacksmith; the lies, including America, are the ethodist preacher. We are now traddle of Germany and Germany is gging for "peace"—begging to be let . As the preacher knew well that let the blacksmith up before he prayed, and before he was thoroughly conquered, meant the renewal of the fight as soon as the blacksmith got ready for it, so we ought to remember that to let Germany off before she prays—before she is completely conquered—means that the war must all be fought over again as soon as Germany can get ready for it. So, for us to thoroughly conquer Germany before letting Germany off is as much a religious duty as it was for the preacher to thoroughly conquer the blacksmith.

Dallas, Tex. REV. W. A. JARRAL.

A Century of Teaching

FOR three days, beginning October 8, the people of Auburn, N. Y., celebrated the centennial of the Auburn Theological Seminary, which was founded in 1818 for the specific purpose of educating Presbyterian ministers to serve the growing population of Western New York. The plans, which, made a year in advance, had contemplated a grand musical pageant, had to be given up, because the war had taken the best musicians. A banquet, at which Secretary of State Robert Lansing was the principal speaker, was attended by 500 delegates and citizens. Addresses showing the growth of the institution and the progress of religious thought were made to the delegates and to the residents of the city by such distinguished speakers as Dr. James Dexter Taylor of Natal, South Africa; Dr. John E. Williams of Nanking, China; Governor Whitman of New York; President J. Ross Stevenson of Princeton Theological Seminary; Professor William Adams Brown of Union Theological Seminary; President Jacob Gould Schurman of Cornell University; Professor Edward Caldwell Moore of Harvard University; President George Alexander of the Presbyterian Board of Missions; President Frederick C. Ferry of Hamilton College; Moderator Frank Smith of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States; President George Black Stewart of the Auburn Seminary, and President William McKibbin of Lane Theological Seminary.

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Jacob Wins Esau

International Sunday School Lesson for November 24
Gen. 32 : 3—33 : 20

A Lesson on Reconciliation

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

ONE of the truest and deepest of the Proverbs is this: "A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city." Yet ofttimes we are surprised to find the injured one only awaiting an opportunity to forgive. Such seems to have been Jacob's experience. With all his prosperity at Haran the memory of his shameful treatment of his brother rankled in his breast. When he decided to return to Canaan his guilty conscience made him dread the possible revenge of Esau if he ventured again into his neighborhood. Finally he faced the worst and decided to seek a reconciliation. On the way he had the great spiritual experience of Peniel, and realized that in all his trickery and selfishness it was against God that he had been contending. He "wrestled" all night in prayer and at last felt anew the assurance of God's blessing.

A Primitive Way of Regaining a Brother's Love

So we have in our text the characteristic way in which Jacob planned his meeting with Esau. He wished to impress his brother favorably as to his success, generosity and desire for renewed friendship. He was very skilful with his presents and his presentation of his family in such a way as to arouse dormant affections. Ofttimes little children have paved the way to restored brotherhood, as here. We really must give Jacob credit for sincerity, too, remembering that he had not the benefit of the Christian teachings which we have enjoyed. Here, too, Esau's good points come to the front—he harbors no grudge, is forbearing to a degree, and really magnanimous in his eager greeting of his own twin brother who had treated him so unfraternally.

The Duty of Reconciliation

We find everywhere today, as in the past, bitternesses and estrangements between former friends, between close relatives, between brothers even, as here. These things ought not so to be, for reconciliation is not a possibility merely but a Christian duty. Difficult? Yes, but well worth a real disciple's while to try. We should imitate Jacob in this one point at least, in wishing to end the enmity. We should also emulate his wisdom and his tact, supplemented by the spirit of Jesus which he knew not of. For one thing Jacob and Esau found no need of bringing up the old scores for settlement. Both knew what had separated them, but not much was said about it. It is a mistake to spoil a perfectly good reconciliation by "rehashing" the bygone troubles.

To the followers of Jesus it is not enough to be willing to forgive an offender when he comes to us. We must seek him out, though we be never so conscious of injured innocence. "I'll meet you halfway," is not Christian—it's just common decency. A Christian is willing to go much more than halfway. His attitude is based on God's forgiving love toward us. Though we offended him, yet he first sought us out and extended forgiveness, that we might accept it and be reconciled to him. So ought we to act toward one another. Paul tells the Corinthians that God "gave unto us the ministry of reconciliation." That lovely phrase refers to the taking of Christ's Gospel to sinners, to be sure, but it can best be commended by those who exercise a "ministry of reconciliation" between man and man, as well as between man and God.

How glibly we repeat the Lord's Prayer every time we go to church! Yet what a responsibility we assume therein—"Forgive us our debts, *as* we forgive our debtors." Think of it: "O Lord, forgive us just the way we forgive one another!" Dare we say that? Or, as others interpret it, forgive us, for we here and now forgive others! What a reminder it is of Christ's further teaching on reconciliation! He once said that God would have us pause on our way to the altar to consider if some brother has aught against us. If we have offended any, we ought *first* to be reconciled with our brother and then come to offer the gift. On the other hand, he says in another place, if a brother has sinned *against* us, we ought also to go and show him his fault, "between thee and him alone." So the duty of attempting reconciliation is unescapable. How solemnly Jesus said, in the heart-searching Sermon on the Mount, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." There is a story of two leaders in the primitive church who had disagreed bitterly, and one refused all attempts of the other at reconciliation. Finally in time of persecution they were both sentenced to a cruel death. Once more the first asked the other to be reconciled, but in the shadow of death he refused! He could die for his faith, but he could not forgive his dying fellow believer! He could be a martyr for his religion, but he could not bring himself to practice its characteristic teachings! Is such faith saving faith? [Read I Cor. 13 : 3 before you answer that question.

The Bible has a curious phrase, "coals of fire," which describes the returning of good deeds for evil. Way back in the Book of Proverbs we find this advice: "Say not, I will do so to him as he hath done to me." Yet how natural is the instinct to revenge! And how spiritual the purpose to overcome evil with good! This too is based upo God's dealings with us. "He hath nc dealt with us after our sins"—nc should we so deal one with anothe When companies of Christians mee they frequently repeat the ancient cree called the Apostles' Creed. When the recite "I believe in the forgiveness sins" one is tempted to ask one's sel "Do they?" for so many do not see to act as though they did. There is r genuine forgiveness without striving t put away the remembrance of th offense. God never says, "I'll forgiv but I cannot forget." He says, "I w remember your sins against you r more forever."

International revenge is a horrib thing and the source of countless wa By way of contrast, consider the wo derful mutual forgiveness and reco ciliation between Boer and Briton aft their terrible strife. Think of Jan Chri tian Smuts being now in England t trusted counselor of the Christian m he formerly fought.

Enmities Within the Church

Lastly, let us face the sad fact enmities within the fold of the Churc Of these the feud in the Chosen Fami in Genesis may be a painful pictu Indeed, we seldom have such ba treachery as Jacob's to overcome, b we have the same hindrance to the pro ress of true religion, the same misre resentation of the God of Abraha At bottom misunderstanding is usua the chief factor, even among our you people. The cure of misunderstandi is magnanimity—large-mindedness, t mind of Christ. It means not holdin grievance. It means not treasuring trifles, not adding fuel to the fire. means seeking to win to love aga That is Christ's way. Christian f giveness is not saying "I forgive; n we're quits, and I'll have no more do with you." Christian forgiveness "I am sorry, too. Let us both try forget it: let us be as though it b never happened." Hard? Of cou it is. Things worth doing are alwa hard.

There are pleasant surprises, oft on the Way of Reconciliation. Ja thought to find Esau bitter and dang ous, but instead he was pleased to sought out. "Esau ran to meet h and embraced him and fell on his n and kissed him." This was the m whom Jacob had cheated and s planted! The prodigal brother was ceived like the prodigal son. It is always so indeed, but it happens ofte than we think.

Aren't you glad that this erring Ja did not wait till his brother was d to wish that they could have been r onciled? Yet many a Christian wa too long, and only beside a grave comes forgiving. How great is anguish of those who have sin against the dead! Many would e Amos Barton's words at Mil grave, "I didn't love you enough. did not understand. Oh, Milly, f give me!"

In reconciliation, as in salvation its "Now is the accepted time."

Sunday School Methods

BY FRANK L. BROWN
Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

For Missionary Sunday

A New Day at the Holy Sepulcher

WHEN the Mohammedan governor of Jerusalem learned that a thousand American Christians, representing several score of different denominations, were coming to that city to hold the World's Sunday School Convention, he asked whether a thousand soldiers would be sufficient to guard the peace of the convention. And there was a good reason back of the governor's question.

For generations scenes of riot and even bloodshed had occurred year after year between the rival Christian sects at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem during the ceremony of the Holy Fire on the Saturday before the Oriental Easter.

It was no wonder, therefore, that when the governor was told that not a single soldier would be required to insure the peace of the Sunday School Convention he could hardly credit his ears. But he witnessed the spirit of unity among those Sunday school people gathered from different nations as they met for three days under two great tents upon the site of Calvary. He noted the unselfish spirit of these workers as they planned for the childhood and youth of the world. He heard the address of the Samaritan High Priest from ancient Nablus, interpreted by a Jewish rabbi. At the close of the convention he sent his deputy to say that these people would have a cordial welcome at any time to Jerusalem.

And at this last Easter, for the first time, the ceremony of the Holy Fire was celebrated at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher without the presence of Turkish soldiers.

The English were in command in Jerusalem, and Colonel Storrs had determined that this year the celebration should occur without the presence of a single soldier.

There was intense excitement. The church was packed to the doors. The Greeks, the Armenians and the Coptic Christians were there, intensely jealous of each other. At times it seemed as if rioting was just about to break out, and as the priests within the tomb passed out the sacred fire through tapers, there were a few moments of struggle.

Mr. Stephen Trowbridge, the World's Sunday School Secretary among the Moslems, was, with Mr. Cleland, asked by the governor to stand in front of the mass of Armenians to keep down any turbulent spirits. The Greeks proved the most noisy and troublesome, but on the whole the ceremony passed off very peaceably.

The Sunday School Kindergarten in So America

A NEW day is dawning for the Sun schools in South America. Rev. Ge P. Howard, that tall Sunday school magi from his headquarters at Buenos Aires touching the dead bones, and somethin happening. First it is graded lessons in Sp ish, then a whole lot of books translated Spanish for training of teachers. The other y a wealthy Argentine lady came to Mr. H ard's office to purchase supplies for a Sun school which she had started. Mr. Hov showed her Margaret Slattery's "The Gi Her 'Teens," and saw how fine it would l South American workers could read that i in Spanish. Immediately the lady gave $120 for the translation.

Recently 200 Sunday school workers, tors and superintendents came together Buenos Aires. An address was made on the w of the superintendent. Then Miss Hard a Norville, representative of the World's Ch tian Temperance Union for those count gave a demonstration of a model Sunday sc kindergarten class with the use of the sand ta Miss Norville is now meeting the teac of all beginners' classes on Friday afterno to prepare the lesson for the next Friday.

The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

Topics of the Week of Prayer

THE World's Evangelical Alliance has suggested topics for use in the customary observance of the Week of Prayer commencing January 5, 1919. With every angle of world events pointing to early peace it would appear that Christendom might well make this a week of prayer and praise and of girding for the great work of spreading the Gospel of God's healing grace in a world hastened by affliction and ready to find and follow the better way.

The suggested topics follow:

Sunday, January 5, 1919. Texts Suggested for Sermons and Addresses

"The Lord reigneth." (Ps. 97 : 1, 2.)
"Quicken me according to thy word." (Ps. 119 : 154, 156, 159.)
"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." (Zech. 4 : 6.)
"Ye have need of patience." (Heb. 10 : 36.)
"Behold, I have set before thee an open door." (Rev. 3 : 8.)

Monday, January 6, 1919. Thanksgiving and Humiliation

THANKSGIVING—For great deliverances and all the surprises of the divine mercy; for the welcome given to the call to duty and for any unveiling of the will of God; for all experiences of answered prayer.—Ps. 116 : 1-8; Ps. 40 : 6-13; Isa. 43 : 1-7.

HUMILIATION—For continued unworthiness in the face of much sacrifice on our behalf; for our failure to recognize completely and to proclaim powerfully the reality of the living God; for all hesitating faith.—II Sam. 23 : 13-17; Mal. 2 : 17—3 : 6; Ezek. 37 : 1-10.

Tuesday, January 7, 1919. The Church Universal. — The "One Body" of which Christ is the Head

THANKSGIVING—For the growing desire for visible unity in the churches; for clearer recognition of the excellences in the churches differing from our own; for greater willingness to realize the prayer of our Lord that we "all may be one."

PRAYER—For the divine blessing on all movements toward unity which are according to God's will; for the deliverance of the church from moral and spiritual impotence; for fortitude and initiative; for a deepened confidence in the Holy Ghost; for new power to imprint the will of Christ upon all preparations for reconstruction; for an enlightened faith in the coming of our Lord.—Isa. 11 : 11-16; John 17 : 20-26; Eph. 3 : 14-21.

Wednesday, January 8, 1919. Nations and Their Rulers

PENITENCE—For all stubbornness in national sins and for all false pride; for all hatred, for inhumanities and cruelties, for all that is unChristlike; for slackness and selfishness in divinely appointed tasks.

PRAYER—For perseverance in duties; for grace to enter into the counsels of God for the nations; for willingness to make additional sacrifices to further divine ends; for victory over evils within and enemies without; for the gift of an international mind; for the dedication of national consciousness.—Isa. 9: 8-17; Amos 7 : 1-9; Isa. 19 : 19-25; Rev. 19 : 11-16; Rev. 21 : 22-27.

Thursday, January 9, 1919. Missions Among Moslems and Heathen

THANKSGIVING—For the sustained and increasing contributions to missions abroad; for the ever more manifest bankruptcy of the great rival religions under the challenge of Christianity; for the maintenance of work with depleted staffs and under serious difficulties.

PRAYER—That the unequaled glory of the personality of Jesus Christ may be recognized everywhere; that many who have been won to admire him may be led to adore him as Saviour; that the opportunities for evangelization in the native labor camps in France may be fully used; that many Christian soldiers may be led to dedicate their lives to the evangelization of the world; that wisdom and statesmanship may be given to missionary leaders.—Psa. 2; Isa. 35; 1 Tim. 2: 1-7; Rev. 7 : 9-12.

Friday, January 10, 1919. Families, Schools, Colleges and the Young

PRAYER—That the Father's blessing may rest on all who mourn; that mothers and guardians may be strengthened for their responsibilities in the absence of the fathers; that an ever increasing number of our homes may be dedicated by daily household prayer; that the young womanhood of our land may be protected and inspired as it hears the call to labor; that young manhood may be strong against all the special temptations of its present vocation; that the tide of new ideas in the minds of youth may be guided and controlled unto noble ends.—Jer. 31 : 15-20; Joel 2 : 28-32; Col. 2 : 16-23; II Tim. 2 : 1-5.

Saturday, January 11, 1919. Home Missions and the Jews

PRAYER—That the Church may gain a new conscience concerning social unrighteousness and economic inequality; that grace may be given for readjustment of methods in fidelity to the Gospel of Christ; that definite victory over sins both of the flesh and of the spirit may be achieved; that many of the Jewish people in its era of new hope may be won to the Christ; that the final plans for the re-settlement of Palestine may serve the ends of the Gospel; that God may be glorified in all things.—Luke 4 : 16-30; II Peter 1 : 1-11; Rom. 10 : 1-15; Rom. 11 : 25-32.

There are 148 asking for prayers for healing of themselves, mothers, wives, husbands, sons, daughters, sisters and friends. Among them many ask for healing of cancer without having to resort to the knife. A subscriber asks that Mrs. S. J. P. may have a spiritual uplift as well as a bodily healing; that a friend who has met with an accident may be restored; Mrs. B., for physical and spiritual strength; a Reader, for a woman with nervous prostration; L. B., "that my brother may be cured of heart disease and my spine straightened"; F. B., that a dear friend may recover from the effects of a serious operation; F. R., that a worried subscriber may be cured physically and spiritually; that her parents may overcome heart weakness and her sister be cured of a goiter; M. C. C., that a broken arm may be mended and not give any more trouble; P. P., that a perplexed sister may be given sufficient physical strength and mental vigor for the faithful discharge of the unusual duties laid upon her for the coming winter; Miss J. P., that a lump which has formed may not prove cancerous, but may be removed and health restored; N. H., that a member who, it is feared, has tuberculosis may be cured; N. H., "that I may recover my health, and outlive my mother so I can care for her"; Mrs. S. B., "that the paralysis may leave me, and I be able to walk and lift my arms and head again"; G. T., for healing of two friends; a reader, "that I may recover from neuralgia and entirely regain my health"; C. S., that grandbaby may be cured of whooping-cough. Mrs. F. H., that God will remove and stop the fever among the stricken people of Eastland, Texas; Believer, for a patient sufferer of rheumatism that she may be entirely restored to health; Mrs. W., that a woman be restored to health and her faith in God; Miss M. J., that a young man terribly diseased may get well; a Reader, "that my family may be restored to health and that I may be able to influence my husband to be more considerate of my health and wishes"; a reader, that a burden may be lifted from a person in great mental stress, also for a permanent cure for a skin disease; nine ask that their mothers be restored to health; five for the restoration of wives; ten for husbands; twelve for sisters; sixteen for sons, including Mrs. J. P. N., that her son, who has a broken and dislocated wrist, may be made whole, and that he may be obedient to the wishes of his parents in choosing his companions; Mrs. H. C. T., that an afflicted son in a hospital may be cured; seventeen for daughters, including Mrs. E. B., that her daughter may be a comfort to her family; Mrs. R. W., that two daughters at college may keep in perfect health.

Eleven for the healing of sight, among them Mrs. J. S., that her husband, hurt through an accident to his eyes, may entirely recover.

Twelve ask for the conversion of friends and relatives; among them a friend asks that two brothers may be saved and sufficiently humbled to see their folly; Mrs. E. W. G., that two children be saved and strengthened in their faith; a Believer, that a Christian who is not honoring Christ and whose conduct is a stumbling-block to others may be redeemed: D. D. M. I., that old and young may be Christianized and that all malice and hindering causes be removed and all work together for God, home and nation; eight ask for the conversion of sons.

Thirteen ask for financial aid, of which two wish to dispose of their farms.

Ten request to be released from the liquor habit.

Eight requests are for revivals and reforms: among them Mrs. F. B. L. asks that a spiritual deepening may come into the hearts of the Boulevard Congregational Church people, and especially its officials; G. T., for a blessing on Gospel messages being distributed, and especially those being sent to soldiers in active service; that a Sunday school class may catch the missionary spirit: for revivals at Macon, Moberly and Cairo, Missouri; for deliverance from a secret and subtle temptation; for revivals at Cedar Church, Winchester, Ind.; at Big Springs, S. D., Grandburg, Wis.; Throckmorton, Texas, and Chambersburg, Pennsylvania.

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The Church After the War

Continued from page 1271

themselves, but also for all men irrespective of race, condition or color. They will preach and practice the Golden Rule, for that is what a true American calls a square deal. They will unanimously refuse to justify injustice, or to tolerate intolerance. So doing they will command the respect of all men; for such virtues are respected even by those in whom they are lacking.

2. The same leaders and led should now become *consistent* Protestants. Thousands of them are not now, and never were. The consistent Protestant goes to the Christian Bible for his rule of life, and counts the degree of his success in conforming his life to that rule the measure of his Protestantism. He expects to gain present and final salvation by virtue of the life and death and ever ongoing mediatorial activity of his great high priest and Saviour, Jesus Christ. He holds that all regenerate persons need to be born of water and the Spirit, and also that as there are diversities in the ministration of the Spirit which gives the new life, so there may well be more than one permissible mode in the application of the baptismal water which symbolizes and attests the new life. He prizes his liberation from the taboos of all legalistic systems of religion, yet in the presence of the weak and ill-instructed, is most solicitous not to put a stumbling-block in his brother's way. He is never greedy for honor or office, knowing that "in honor preferring another" is the watchword of every true Protestant. He cannot be a party builder, or a sect-glorifier, for he knows by heart Paul's expostulations addressed to the Corinthian sectaries. He cannot canonize the saint whose name he may bear, or claim for the particular fellowship in which he was born any exclusive Christian "deposit" or calling. On the contrary, he exultingly cries: "All things are mine; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas; or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are mine!" At the same time he fellowships every comrade and fellow-heir of the kingdom, greeting them joyously with the apostolic salutation: "Ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's!"

Let the Protestant churches of our land simply comply with the two above feebly outlined calls of God, and our returning soldiers, however transformed by their mutual contacts in camp and battle beyond the Atlantic, will find not only a form of vital religion among us, but also an embodiment of Christianity whose social fruitfulness and more than organic unity heroic souls can respect and count worthy of their own best efforts as personal units in the militant array called to the high task of bringing all nations into the knowledge and loving service of God.

Brookline, Mass. Wm. J. Warren.

Our Churches Should Cease Bickering over Non-Essentials and Trifles, writes Pastor Junius B. Remensnyder (Lutheran).

THE result of our soldiers in the battle-field growing indifferent to the secondary distinctions separating the Protestant denominations is altogether natural.

In the presence of the great the little seems smaller still. In the sun's fiery disk the star grows pale. In extreme peril of life the soul demands alone the great living facts and truths of religion. It is then that our Lord's divinity, his atonement through grace, and the blessed hope of eternal life are those vital facts of Christianity which hold our gaze beyond all others.

And what our army has found most precious in its fearsome test the returned soldiers will look to for light and strength again. And can we not, without in one jot or tittle compromising the Gospel of Christ, address our preaching and ministries to these essentials of religion instead of bickering over trifles and disputing over subtle doctrines that never have been and never will be settled?

If the soldiers teach us this lesson it will draw all genuine branches of the Church together and exert a most blessed influence in hastening that long-sought, long-prayed-for consummation, when the Church of Christ shall be One, even as his Body is One, and as he and his Father are One. God speed the day!

New York City. Junius B. Remensnyder.

"Reconstruction" Will Be the Great Watchword After the War, writes Dr. P. W. Philpott, Canadian Pastor.

REGARDING the question "What shall the Protestant Churches of America do to Meet the Situation?"—"Reconstruction" is the word. This will be the great watchword after the War.

Speaking of "economic," social and commercial conditions, some one has said that "the choked wells will have to be cleared of rubbish and new wells dug if civilization is not to perish from the earth." So it must be with the Church if she is again to grip the masses and mold the opinion and life of our nation. Old wells must be cleared of the rubbish—that old well from which gushes forth life and salvation.

The Reformation under Luther gave back to the Church truths that have long been lost. The Reformation which we now need and for which many are praying must give back those great truths which have been wellnigh lost to us, truths that regenerate lives and bring men into fellowship with God. Not a few thinking men have come to feel that the Church is very largely responsible for the present condition in the civilized world. A very keen secular writer recently says:

> Every minister knows that from the days of Ferdinald Christian Baur, founder of the Tübingen School, down to the latest word from P. W. Schmeidel, there has been a patient, indefatigable, and relentless effort to squeeze every possible trace of the supernatural from the Old and New Testaments. If the task had been undertaken by minions under an imperial fiat, it could not have been performed more faithfully. By the time an American scholar has followed his course of training through Welhausen, Harnack, Wendt, Pfleiderer, Ritschl, and a score of other German authorities, and has made his researches culminate in Von Hartmann and Ernst Haeckel, he has not enough of the supernatural left to run a tin toy, let alone a universe. And no one has any excuse for ignorance concerning the gigantic superman superstition of Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi; it was described, discussed, dissected and damned in all kinds of periodicals within six months of the breaking of the Belgian border. The inference is inevitable that when the leaders of a nation's life in theology and philosophy play skittles with every claim to divine interest in the affairs of mankind, and reduce anything which goes beyond the precincts of the material to a subjective and subconscious phenomenon, they are not likely to base national conduct upon the immutable and eternal foundations of righteousness. And we have the evidence that such has been the effect.

These are scathing words, but thousands of good men believe that they are true and that the Church must face this fact if she would solve the problem.

"The time is come for judgment to begin at the house of God." The leaven of rationalism which has so largely permeated the Protestant ministry has produced a loveless and lifeless Church. Power and passion are almost extinct. We are perfect in almost everything but the one great essential that feels for and finds the heart of the common people. When the Church has nothing supernatural to offer the people, then she has no authority to speak for God.

It seems to me that God's answer to the question is found in II Chron. 7 : 14. It is true that the Allied armies made very little headway until they placed themselves under one great leader. From that day they have been doing things. While these allied armies have retained their national identity, in the one great thing and every other thing that is essential to the grand objective they are solidly one. So should it b with our great Protestant denomina tions. Differing as we may in thos things that are non-essential, let u come under the one Great Leader who God has already "appointed to be Hea over all to the Church," standing solidl for the great fundamentals of our Chri tian religion.

A professor in a theological seminar once told his students "that wherev in the future their lot might be cas whatever the varieties and changes time, place and circumstances, the would find two things always and ever where the same, *human nature* and t *Gospel*."

The Gospel was provided for th very problem we are trying to solv and its transforming power is ever t same. It is not by education, cultur environment or natural evolution th we can meet this need. God sent h Son to solve the problem, and he alo can do it. His name shall be calle Jesus, for he shall save his people fro their sins."

Regarding a union of Protestant d nominations on the basis of belief in t great fundamentals of the New Test ment, I believe that we have a fair good demonstration of its possibili in my own church here. I have bee pastor here for twenty-three years. W have a membership of about 1,300, a nearly every phase of denomination belief is represented, but we are abs lutely one on the great essential trut which the Church of Christ has he saered since the days of the apostle The result is that we have a most ha monious communion and heartiest c operation in Christian activities.

Hamilton, Ont., Canada. P. C. Philpott.

Dr. J. R. Mott Tells How Religiou Unity Will Be Promoted by t Association on the Various Bodi in War Work.

"I AM not unmindful of the vit importance of the question yo raise," writes Dr. J. R. Mott to t Christian Herald, "but I am und such pressure every moment with ma ters relating to our coming financi campaign that I am unable to give yo a message as you suggest at the prese time."

Dr. Mott, however, has kindly se us a copy of his recent address to t editors of the religious press at W Work headquarters in New Yor October 17, in which he said:

"This plan of associating all of together is going to promote religiou unity at a time in the world when th means more than will appear on t surface.

"This arrangement stands not f undenominationalism, but for interd nominationalism. There is all t difference in the world. Undenomin tionalism, which would try to redu ourselves to the lowest common denom nator, says, 'I will obscure, I will hid I will minimize, I will apologize for th which is most distinctive to myself an my creed'.

"Interdenominationalism says t very opposite of that. It says, 'W will hold fast to that which is mo distinctive of us'. One of the fine things in that splendid letter of t President which summoned us to co operate is the sentence which I think can give exactly. With his usual felic tous phrase and with his finest penetr tion he says:

"'In inviting these organizations t give this new evidence of their patriot co-operation, I wish it distinctly un derstood that their compliance wit this request will not in any sense im ply the surrender on the part of an of them of its distinctive character an autonomy, because I fully recogniz the fact that each of them has its ow traditions, principles, and relationship which it properly prizes and which, preserved and strengthened, make pos sible the largest service.'"

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
WILL ADVANCE TO $2.50

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been forced to increase its subscription price. Every single item that goes into the making of the Christian Herald—paper, postage, printing, engraving, wages, etc.—has increased enormously in cost. And the costs keep right on increasing.

One of two things was necessary—either to lower the standard of the Christian Herald—or to increase the subscription price. *You* would not want the standard lowered, and *we* will not lower it. In fact the Christian Herald must keep right on getting better—and bigger—and finer. The Christian Herald has an important mission to perform, and will need the hearty co-operation of every reader to do it successfully.

An opportunity will be given to all our readers to renew at the present price of *$2.00 a year*, as the increased price of $2.50 a year *will not go into effect until January 1, 1919.* No matter when your subscription expires—even if you have recently renewed and your subscription does not expire for many months—you can have your subscription extended at the present rate. This enables you to still have the Christian Herald at $2.00 a year, in spite of the ever increasing cost of manufacture.

A glimpse at the unusual articles in store for readers of the Christian Herald is given below. Dr. Sheldon's story alone is worth the price of a year's subscription. It will make you realize the necessity of giving the subject of "Reconstruction after the War" your own personal thought. Dr. Clark will give you the experiences of a life spent in Christian Endeavor work.

But this is not all. Dr. J. H. Jowett, who for more than two years has occupied a large place in the hearts of all of us, will continue through the coming year, to write the Meditations for every Sunday in the year and to furnish the first sermon each month. Other sermons from such men as Dr. A. C. Keigwin, Dr. Chas. M. Sheldon, Dr. Cadman, and equally able leaders in every denomination, men of poise and power. Then there is the double-page pictorial rotogravure, Dr. Allison's study of the Sunday School lesson, the weekly discussions of the Young People's Topics, the careful review of the week's news, including the war and the movements toward peace, the story of religion at work in the camps, the Mail Bag with its multiplied and many sided questions, the Bible and Newspaper page, occasional clean and gripping short stories and notes of religious work from the wide field of the world at large.

You will regret it if you miss a single issue of the forthcoming Christian Heralds.

A GLANCE INTO COMING ISSUES OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

"CIRCLING THE WORLD FOR CHRIST"

By Dr. FRANCIS E. CLARK, President of the Christian Endeavor Society

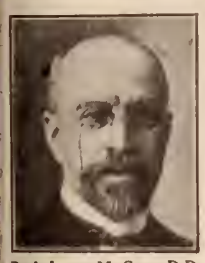
THE publication of Dr. Clark's "Reminiscences," upon which he has been engaged for many months, will begin in next week's issue of the Christian Herald under the title of "Circling the World for Christ." These recollections of a long life are filled with remarkable experiences and will interest and inspire all who read them. They show how gloriously and abundantly God rewards the faith of those who work for souls, and how the humblest effort; put forth in trust and hope, can become the seeding of a mighty tree, whose far-spreading branches will give shelter to multitudes. The story of the Beginnings of Christian Endeavor, and of the many world pilgrimages to which they have led, reads like a romance.

Dr. Francis E. Clark

A CONCLUDING SERIES ON PROPHECY

By Prof. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D., Dean of the Moody Bible Institute

THE World War has given a new stimulus to religion. It has brought men to a living sense of the nearness of God and of the presence of His governing hand in all things. In his remarkable series of articles on the Fulfillment of Prophecy, which appeared in the Christian Herald, Dr. James M. Gray has done a wonderful work in prophetic enlightenment. So widespread has been the demand for these articles that Dr. Gray, at our request, is preparing another series which will in all probability be the concluding one. It will consist of six articles, the first of which will be published in December. In these days of increasing interest in Prophetic Fulfillment, every serious-minded American should take this opportunity of getting new light on the divine purpose for our own beloved land and for the distracted nations in Europe.



Prof. James M. Gray, D.D.

RING OUT THE OLD WORLD RING IN THE NEW

"All the World," by Dr. Sheldon

AFTER the war, what? Reconstruction, readjustment, expansion.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D., author of many fascinating stories, such as "In His Steps," "Jesus is Here," and "Howard Chase," has written another. It is more timely and appropriate than any story you have yet read, because the story is woven around the theme of reconstruction after the war. Like Dr. Sheldon's other stories every installment was portrayed by the author to his Sunday evening congregations before the next episode was written. In this unique manner Dr. Sheldon attains a story of heart-to-heart sympathy and understanding not to be gained in any other way.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D.

An installment of "All the World," as Dr. Sheldon's new serial is called, will be found on another page of this issue. It is probably the most timely story yet written. The theme of the entire story is reconstruction—which, after all, is really the most important question that war puts before us. Do not miss reading the entire story—an installment of which will be given each week.

"REDEMPTION OF THE HOLY LAND"

By Major THEODORE WATERS, Secretary of the Christian Herald

WHEN Major Theodore Waters, of the Christian Herald Staff, was chosen by our government as one of the American Red Cross Commissioners to Palestine, we knew that a new door of service was being opened by which many of the Christian Herald Family Circle would enter to share in the great enterprise of redeeming the Holy Land. Major Waters writes as follows from Jerusalem: "I have now in the course of preparation several articles on Palestine, including one on the Beggars of the Country, and others on the Women of Palestine, and the Children of Palestine. I am going out into the villages collecting material for these articles. One that will be of wide interest to Christian Herald readers will deal with the effect the War has had on the Holy Land, i.e., the Old Way and the New.

Major Theodore Waters

Among the subjects of which other articles will treat are these: The Orphanages of Palestine; The Health and Sickness of the Country; How the Missionaries Have Fared; The Present Condition of Zionism; The Wonderful Work of the Army; How the People are Fed, Clothed, Housed, Taxed and Educated. These articles will appear during the coming months, and we have no doubt that they will be found intensely interesting by all our readers.

"THE SEARCH"

BY GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL LUTZ

MRS. GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL LUTZ, author of "The Witness," which appeared serially in the Christian Herald last fall and caused very favorable comment, has written a new serial for the Christian Herald entitled "The Search." The first installment will be published early in January. Mrs. Lutz has the very rare faculty of painting real people. A master of dramatic situation, she never permits herself to write into her stories incidents that might not have been. Her stories feature few characters, but these are strong or weak as the case may be, even as you or I are strong or weak, but her heroes and heroines meet critical situations as we often dream that we would meet them, triumphantly and with the triumph always on the side of good, while those of her characters who cast the shadow on the picture fail very much as we fail when our weaker nature overpowers our better will. In all of her stories, as in real life itself, the good survives and shallowness and self-seeking eventually betray themselves.

Grace Livingston Hill Lutz

THE CHURCH AFTER THE WAR

Leading Minds in the Various Denominations Give Their Views as to the Opportunity and the Outlook

"WHAT is the Church going to do to face the new conditions and the new opportunities that will present themselves after the war?"

The Christian Herald has advised with conservative leaders in Christian thought on this vital question, which has been brought to the front in a very remarkable manner and from many different sources during the time since America's entrance into the world-wide conflict. The conviction has gained ground in many minds that it will be "a new world, with new conditions and new opportunities," when the strife has ceased.

Such men as Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, Francis E. Clark, J. W. Chapman, Wilbert W. White, Billy Sunday, Bishop Quaile, David S. Tuttle and C. I. Scofield have freely expressed themselves on the subject. Opinions from almost 100 leaders in religious thought have been received by the Christian Herald. The first appeared in the October 30th issue and others will be published on alternate weeks.

COLORED PICTURES OF THE HOLY LAND

Drawings Made on the Spot by DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.

AWAY back in the early years of the century that is gone, an artist became dissatisfied with the pictures he had seen of the Holy Land and finally decided to go there and make some pictures that were right. Thus it came about that David Roberts, in 1833, made the long trip from England to Alexandria. Thus he saw and pictured Egypt and the Holy Land. He made from his sketches a series of wonderful water color paintings of the sacred and holy places which only this year have been finally torn from the hands of the infidel and brought under the protection of the flag of a nation that honors Christ.

One of the Series of Colored Holy Land Covers

The best of these really wonderful drawings will appear from time to time on the front cover of the Christian Herald with explanatory text.

MARION HARLAND'S CORNER

FOR nearly two generations men and women have been blessing the name of Marion Harland, and calling her the good fairy of the menu. To her has come the young bride troubled about the mystic secrets of that first dinner, or those initial biscuits, or those wonderful culinary triumphs that mother used to make. To her also has come the mother of many for that new way to combine things everybody is tired of into a dish which will force a demand for second helpings. And Marion Harland has exerted a charmer's power over flour and spice and sugar and salt and seasonings, and made them perform miraculous transformations while a wondering world looked on and called for more. Just because the world has kept calling for more, and because she is still ruling queen in the domain of the chef, the Christian Herald requested Marion Harland to conduct her own corner in each week's issue.

Marion Harland

POETRY OF UNUSUAL MERIT

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER and Others

THE war has increased the value of poetry and has raised its standard of excellence. For the war has brought the emotions of a world to the fore, and poetry is a subtle appeal to the emotions. In the last few years verse has taken a place in the lives of folk who never before cared for it. The Christian Herald has always published good verse, and during this time of war, the quality of it is particularly excellent. The Christian Herald is giving to its readers the best poetry that is being written. Miss Margaret E. Sangster notably stands at the head of our contributors, and poems from others equally known will be published.

Margaret E. Sangster, Jr.

NO MORE PUNCTURES OR BLOWOUTS

PERFECT TIRE FILLER TAKES PLACE OF AIR—SENT FOR FREE TRIAL TO CAR OWNERS

Car owners can get immediate relief from punctures and blowouts and from the delay, danger and expense of air-filled tires by writing to J. A. Jonson, Sales Mgr., 224 W. Superior St., Chicago.

Mr. Jonson's Company manufactures a tire filler (not a liquid) that is in successful use on over 50,000 cars. This solid resilient filler rides like air yet does not puncture or blowout, it doubles the life of tires and does away entirely with the use of the inner tube. No spare tires or rims are needed.

Tests made by the Ford Owners Club, Widney Resiliometer, Technical Universities and over 50,000 users prove that this remarkable tire filler rides like air over the roughest roads, that it will not flatten and that it is not affected by heat, cold, water, sand, mud or pressure.

Various departments of the Government, Municipalities like Cleveland, Chicago are using this filler with remarkable success.

Mr. Jonson's free advertising offer is intended for one car owner in each locality, who will test this tire filler at the manufacturer's risk, and then tell others of its wonderful merits. It is suggested that car owners write Mr. Jonson at the address above for details of this offer. (Advt.)

Why Hens Won't Lay

P. J. Kelly, the Minnesota Poultry Expert, 119 Kelly Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn., has published a book, "The Tale of a Lazy Hen." It tells why the hens won't lay and how to make them lay every day. Mr. Kelly will mail the book free to anyone who will write him. (Adv.)

Earn Extra Money

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD needs additional representatives to procure renewal subscriptions. Experience not necessary.

A special proposition is ready for those who wish to build up a business of their own.

You can put your whole time on our work—or you can work during spare hours.

Send a postal today for complete information of our special offer to agents.

AGENCY DEPARTMENT
Christian Herald, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

LetCuticuraBe YourBeautyDoctor

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. M, Boston."

160 Hens—1500 Eggs

Mrs. H. M. Patton, Waverly, Mo., writes, "I fed 2 boxes of 'More Eggs' to my hens and broke the egg record. I got 1500 eggs from 160 hens in exactly 21 days." You can do as well. In fact, any poultry raiser can easily double his profits by doubling the egg production of his hens. A scientific tonic has been discovered that revitalizes the flock and makes hens work all the time. The tonic is called "More Eggs." Give your hens a few cents' worth of "More Eggs," and you will be amazed and delighted with results. A dollar's worth of "More Eggs" will double this year's production of eggs, so if you wish to try this great profit maker, write E. J. Reefer, poultry expert, 2498 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., who will send you a season's supply of "More Eggs" Tonic for $1.00 (prepaid). So confident is Mr. Reefer of the results that a million dollar bank guarantees if you are not absolutely satisfied, your dollar will be returned on request and the "More Eggs" costs you nothing. Send a dollar today or ask Mr. Reefer for his free poultry book that tells the experience of a man who has made a fortune out of poultry.—Adv.

Foretold the World-War 18 Years Ago

MR. W. R. ADAMS, *a business man of Larned, Kan., has been a lifelong student of the Bible with special reference to its prophecies. He has written a number of pamphlets on the subject, his writings extending over nearly twenty years. As early as 1900 he stated in one of his publications that the world complications would culminate in a great war in 1914, which would be "the last war"; that Germany would be the leader on one side and Russia on the other; that the United States would be a potent factor, and would be the leader at the end; that the war would be different from all previous conflicts; that it would be "God's controversy with the nations of the earth"; that the alignment would be "between Modern Israel (the Saxon nations) and the rest of the nations," and that God would "fight for and give the victory to his people." He also wrote of the Jews, that "this war is in part for their deliverance." There are many other remarkable forecasts in his writings which we may notice hereafter. The article printed below is from a pamphlet written by Mr. Adams in 1909.*

The Times of Restitution

By W. R. Adams

Written and Printed in 1909

PROPHECY deals with the future and is ever couched in the language of types, figures and symbols. To understand prophecy, we must learn the meaning of these figures and symbols. To determine the truth or divinity of the prophecies, we must find their fulfillment in the events of history. If they are fulfilled, they are of God. If the things prophesied do not come to pass, then God hath not spoken them. If, by a careful study of the prophecies of the Bible and a close investigation of history, we are able to note their fulfillment in the events of the past, may we not, in some measure at least, be able to indicate their fulfillment in future events?

God has promised us a time when all that was lost in the fall shall be restored. The period during which this great work is to be done is called, "the times of restitution of all things, as spoken by all the holy prophets since the world began." While the word "times" implies more than one period, and may refer to the Gospel age, as well as to the Millennial age, yet it is generally understood to mean the Millennial age of one thousand years as the time for this great work.

The types and shadows of the Jewish age reveal to us, as we think, a type of the times of restitution in the "jubilee year." To Israel, the seventh day was a sabbath of rest unto all the people; in which no work of any kind was to be done. They were to till the land six years, but the seventh year was to be a sabbath of rest unto the land, and as they had gathered manna six days and found enough to last over the seventh day, upon which none fell, so they were to plant and till the land and gather their harvest during the six years, and expect God to so bless their labor that they would have enough to last over the seventh year of rest to the land; during which they were not to plant, nor till, nor harvest. (Lev. 25:21, 22.) And at the end of seven weeks of years, making forty-nine years, they were to keep the fiftieth year as a sabbath or jubilee year.

WHY were all these things (Lev. 25:8-16) so carefully placed in the record and handed down, unless for the express purpose of aiding in the work of the coming time of restitution? Peter says: "And he shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you: whom the heaven must receive until the times of restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began." (Acts 3:20, 21.)

Do not the controversies of today over the rights of the people indicate that this work of restitution has already commenced? We believe this to be true; and as there was an overlap of the forty-ninth and fiftieth, or jubilee year, and the work of the jubilee year really began at the day of atonement in the forty-ninth year and was completed in the fiftieth, or jubilee year, and as there is an overlap of the Jewish age and the Gospel age, so there is a corresponding lap of the Gospel age and the Millennial age. We can readily understand that the Gospel age began at the birth of Jesus; but the Jewish age, or dispensation, did not end until about eighty years thereafter, in the utter destruction of the Jewish kingdom.

THIS was necessarily so, because of the prophecy, "The seepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh

W. R. Adams

come: and unto him shall the gathering of the people be." (Gen. 49:10.) Jesus must be born of the Jews; be reared under the law, duly qualified as a priest at the age of thirty years by the baptism of the Holy Ghost; must complete the atonement; establish his resurrection; institute the Gospel church, and the Gospel must first be preached unto the Jews and be rejected by them, when the apostles were to turn unto the Gentiles.

The overlap of the Gospel age and the Millennial age, is a period of about one hundred and twenty years, divided into three periods of about forty years each; to be exact, periods of forty years and 40-49ths of a year each, and the entire lap being 122 22-49th years. This conclusion is reached by dividing the Gospel age of 2000 years into seven periods, corresponding to the opening of the Book with seven seals, and John's message to the seven churches in Asia. And as during the seventh, and last period, seven angels sound, we also divide this period by seven, giving 40 40-49 years to each. And also as God gave to the Antediluvian world one hundred and twenty years warning of the flood, so we are today given a like warning of the impending judgments upon the world.

THIS lap of 122 years began in the year 1874, because the fifth angel begins to sound at that date, which date corresponds to the date of Christ's birth in the other lap, and which is indicated as the time of his second coming. As each angel sounds a little over forty years, the sixth angel will begin to sound in the year 1914; to be exact, 1914 18-49; corresponding to the period in the other lap when the apostles turned from the Jews unto the Gentiles, and ends the day of grace to the world, and marks the beginning of God's judgments upon the world of today. And as the judgments upon Judah were by the fire of a real war, so will the judgments upon the world of today come by the fire of a great international war during this second forty-year period by which all the evil kingdoms and institutions, and the present order of things, will be broken down and destroyed, as prefigured by the entire destruction of Daniel's great image and as upon the ruins of Judaism the Lord Jesus set up the Gospel Kingdom composed of the good seed gathered out of the Jewish age; so will the Lord Jesus at his second coming at the end of this age, fully establish his Kingdom on the earth upon the ruins of the kingdoms of this world.

The third period will be the time of the reorganization of the kingdoms of this world into the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ. We believe that the Jewish and Gospel dispensations were preparatory to the Millennial age; that each have a part in the work of the formation of Christ's Kingdom upon earth; that each was for the purpose of developing or demonstrating certain principles or truths which are essential to the work of the Millennial age.

GOD is Love; therefore all his plans and purposes are founded in love and when complete will fully demonstrate his infinite wisdom and love in the fulfilling of law; "not one jot or tittle of which shall pass until all be fulfilled." The kingdom of Israel was a kingdom of law, and was in the demonstration of justice and judgment to teach us God's idea of justice and its importance in his dealings with mankind. The Gospel Kingdom is for the demonstration of truth and grace. And all these prineiples will be applied in the administration of Christ's Kingdom on earth; and while each are equally essential, and not until justice is fully satisfied in the spirit of truth and grace, will peace prevail. So when Christ comes the second time to complete his redemptive work, he will first execute the law in the wise administration of justice and judgment upon the wieked world.

Here is where the governments of men have been at fault. Failing to rightly apprehend the meaning of love, they have largely ignored the two principal elements, justice and truth, and endeavoring to administer government upon misconceived ideas have brought about only disorder and confusion. The primary object of Christ's Kingdom on earth is to establish justice and judgment.

ONLY those who are so blind that they will not see, fail to note the great preparations for war now being made by the nations in general, and the strenuous efforts to secure a settlement of all difficulties by arbitration marks the ominous foreboding of war and is in direct fulfillment of the prophecies on this line, which say "they shall say, peace, peace, when there is no peace." (Jer. 8-11.) So also this hue and ery about peace, and the efforts to secure the settlement of international questions by arbitration are in fulfillment of the prophecies of the Bible. This great restitution cannot be brought about by peaceful measures, for the reason that justice must first be satisfied. Have we not been made fully aware of how hard it is to execute the law against great transgressors? Not until God's Judgments upon the world begins will men see the error of their ways and be willing to do justice. So this work will go on until the day of grace ends, and judgment begins. Not until the judgments of God strike home to every heart and hearthstone, will the oppressors let the people go. Then will we all realize that justice must first be satisfied before peace will come, and then and not until then, will the nations of earth accept Christ as King over all the earth, and the real work of restitution will be carried unto completion, and righteousness will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

"Yet God Also Is Wise"

Continued from page 1268

And we may surely add, none that is consistent with the will of the All-wise God, who slowly but surely through all the vicissitudes of human history is working his purpose out. For certainly God accepts and makes his own the principles which he has given for the guidance and government of men. He also is wise. Therefore to put our whole trust in him, and then to fight manfully together with him is the surest, nay more! the only way to victory and an enduring peace.

BUT after the war, what? This question brings us to the consideration of the matter from the second point of view.

We think and speak of the peace which shall come after the war as the result of victory, but every thinking man and woman today is realizing more and more that with the end of the war we shall be face to face with the most tremendous problems we have ever had to face as a people. No one believes, no right thinking man or woman ought to believe, that when the war is won we are just going to settle back into our old ways of living and working.

If when silence comes down on a desolated, an exhausted, a bankrupt world, the old ways are sought out again, and men go on as before, then the myriad lives and the weary rain of tears are indeed a vain oblation, and all will be to do over again.

Yes, this is undoubtedly true, but this also is true—*God also is wise.* He sets no lesson for our learning which is not necessary for us, and beyond all question if the lesson is not learned now it will have to be learned some time later on. One has strongly and truly written:

Unless out of it shall come an old heaven and a new earth, the lesson will have to be set again, as time after time it was set for imperial Rome, until a century of war and pestilence and famine broke down her insolent pride and made from the ruins of her vainglory a foundation for a new civilization in the strength of the Christianity she had spurned.

TO put the whole matter clearly and succinctly, let me state it in this wise: If from the first point of view our present task is to make the world safe for democracy, from the second point of view our task, harder even than the first, is going to be to make democracy safe for the world. But let me go on quickly to add that the two tasks are not separate and distinct, at least to the extent that we may safely postpone the one until the accomplishment of the other. There can be no reconstruction in days to come which has not its roots laid deep in the days now passing.

Already thoughtful, earnest men are beginning to set their minds to the problems of the future, and are striving to see their way to some hopeful solution. Through the suggested League of Nations, some are beginning to think in terms of the whole world, where heretofore they have been content to think only in terms of single nations. Through the frank discussion of economic questions, others are beginning to break through and break down the old individualistic theories of human living with its selfish motto, "Every man for himself," in order that a truer and wider brotherhood of men may come.

So, too, I believe, we are already beginning to have a nobler conception of the value of human life, a truer conception of what really makes that life worth the living; that we are beginning to see that justice is not a mere abstraction, but a vital principle which lies at the very foundation of life itself, guaranteeing to every man who shares the great gift of life the right and the opportunity to live his life up to the best of which he is capable; that it is not so much what a man has as what a man *is* that really counts, and that along with every possession, every privilege, every opportunity, there goes a corresponding responsibility which no man has the right to repudiate or lay aside.

All these things are now making for democracy, which shall be safe for the world—a democracy—let us be very clear about it—which is not a mere scheme or form of government, much less a mere party or organization for the promotion of partisan propaganda, but rather a force or spirit which grows out of the very nature of man, a spirit, mark you, which the Giver of Life himself has implanted in the nature of man. The making real of these ideals will certainly challenge our best thought, our clearest vision, our strongest strength, and our greatest patience; but let it not be forgotten "*God also is wise.*" Since it is he that gives these ideals to men, he may not be left out of account in the endeavor to make them real.

Democracy is not and cannot be its own security. Its very existence depends upon the character and temper of the people who compose it. It is nothing but a single principle. Used aright it is a unitive force and a friend of liberty; but in the hands of an unenlightened and selfish people it is a menace of major proportions. Of all corrupt governments, there is none to equal a corrupt democracy.

This is most true, but there is still more to be said, and let us dare to say it bravely and boldly—a democracy without God is the most dangerous force imaginable, and for the simple reason that he and he alone can safeguard the right and hold in check the wrong in human life. No democracy can long endure which ignores the facts of human life, and God is such a fact, indeed the first and greatest of them all. As the Giver of all life, the Creator of all men, he has put them here in this world to live together, work together, and play together. They are all members of his one great family, and all are intended to work together with him in the carrying on and the carrying out of his great plan and purpose.

The Brotherhood of Man has only one possible and enduring basis, and that is the Fatherhood of God. Without God it cannot hope to endure. Without God it carries within itself at all times the seeds of its own destruction and extinction.

No better, truer or completer description of democracy, as I conceive it, was ever given to men than that spoken by the old prophet Micah in the long ago, in words whose truth grows and expands with the increasing experience of human life—"What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

WE are living at one of the most momentous periods of human history, a period in which the grandeur and at the same time the intensity of human life stands out as never before. The events through which we are living and those which lie ahead of us constitute a challenge to the best, the highest, the noblest in each one of us. That challenge is a call to each one of us to play the man, without shirking or quibbling, and certainly without trying to escape our individual responsibility, leaving our part to be done by another. No matter what our place or station may be, the call comes as with clarion tones to each one. Along the lines of human endeavor each one can do something by example at least, but more important still is that which each one of us can do to help bring God back into human life in ourselves, in our communities, in our nation and throughout the world.

To this end the first duty of each one of us is—to use the striking words of St. Paul—to be alive unto God!—which surely means to think of him and to act toward him as though we really believe that he is alive, thinking, planning, loving, working for the carrying out of his all-wise purposes; and then to think of ourselves as having this great gift of life from him, with the added gift through Jesus Christ of the power to have that life and have it more abundantly, and therefore bound by every right and reason to bring our wills into harmony with his will, and thus become workers together with him for the establishment of his Truth and the bringing in of his Kingdom.

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20 " " "	37 "
25 " " "	58 "
30 " " "	83.3 "
35 " " "	104 "
40 " " "	148 "
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Name.....

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Young People's Topics
for November 24

Count Your Mercies

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U Topic. I Chron. 29: 10–14. (Thanksgiving Meeting)

WE can well be thankful in this year of 1918 for the mercies which God has given us. When the first Thanksgiving was organized by the pioneers of liberty on the unconquered shores of New England, liberty was still undefined and democracy was only a matter of historical recollection among things that had failed. Kings everywhere denied the rights of men and their ability to rule themselves. Today, after 142 years of liberty, America is leading the world toward a new and wider realization of democracy and human freedom, and the king business is nearly played out. In the chess game of the centuries, the king is at last under check. As Americans we have many mercies. Two million of our boys are overseas in the great adventure of democracy's final victory, and some are sleeping in the sacred soil of France, yet these are only a small part of the great number of our sons and brothers "Over There," the most of whom will come back to us better and stronger than when they went away. We may thank God most heartily for the Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, and every other agency which is helping to make the American Army the cleanest and finest the world has ever known. We should thank God, too, that we have been able not only to send our boys to rescue democracy and the world from the tyranny of imperial autocracy, but we should thank him that he has made it possible for us to feed the people of those other lands who are with us in the war and to feed them in spite of the U-boats and shortened crops. We should thank him for the spirit of self-denial and the successful employment of it which has made this feeding possible, and as for the sacrifices involved in self-denial we should thank him for those as well, for most of us have been benefited physically and many of us spiritually by our compliance with the recommendations of the Food Administration. We may be thankful, too, that though the object of the greatest net of intrigue and misrepresentation ever created, America has gone on with undimmed vision, unfaltering purpose, and unswerving fidelity, until she has been able to win by force of sheer desert her position of world leadership. But even as we thank God for these his many mercies, we should pray that he will guide us that we may use and employ our great position in accordance with his purpose in the world. And while we are thanking him let us not forget the last verse of the reference, for who are we that we should offer things to God of whom has come everything that we have?

Call to Separation

Epworth League Topic. Ex. 32: 26, 30–34

THIS Sunday being so near Thanksgiving it may be felt wise to substitute a Thanksgiving topic, in which case the Christian Endeavor topic treated above may be acceptable.

The people of Israel had sinned the greatest sin of which they could be guilty. They had turned their backs on Jehovah and had made themselves gods of gold. But Moses called to him those who were willing to stand before the multitude as servants of Jehovah, and then he went into the mountain to pray for the people that peradventure their sins might be pardoned and their guilt blotted out. Today more than ever the call is ringing over hill and dale for those who are on the Lord's side to declare themselves. There is work ahead; the world is being remade; nations reconstructed; ideals of life and government reconstituted and international relations rebuilt upon a broader basis. There is no place in this scheme of things for the straggler or for the person who claims to believe but refuses to belong. The world is calling to every man and woman to come out from among them and to be separate in order that that personal development necessary to the high purpose of the future may be accomplished in the individual. Jesus said: "He that is not with me is against me; he that gathereth not scattereth abroad."

This will be even more true than formerly when the boys come home and we begin to rebuild our life upon the basis of their experiences and their and our broader faith. We may find, as did the Jews of old, that there are sins for which we must suffer, political sins, economic sins, sins of commission and omission, which will arise to plague us even as the sins of Israel, though forgiven, brought plagues upon them. A prominent Christian leader declared in New York on October 27 that only a complete revision of industrial life in the spirit of the Master could prevent a class struggle in America when peace has been wrought out of conflict. The peace of justice of which the world is talking must not forget justice to the man whose capital is in his skill and whose future is contained within his trade. With peace the church will face both problems and opportunity, problems of meeting new conditions, the opportunity of carrying her Gospel to a world thrown wide open by a newer appreciation of her spiritual message, and a keener hunger for the truth she bears. The Gospel cannot be carried except upon the feet of messengers; nor can messengers go except they be sent. There will be need for all who are upon the Lord's side to declare themselves, if problems are to be solved and world-wide opportunities to be met and mastered.

Fear of a Brahmanized India

IT is said by many who know the people of India that there is danger that home rule (desirable as this may be for most countries) might result in injury to the interests of the low-caste people who form the vast majority of the population. The propaganda is said to be carried on mainly by the Brahmans, who do not number more than three per cent. of the people, and it is claimed that if the demand for home rule were granted, it would result in an oligarchy of Brahmans, who have been the fiercest opponents of Christianity. A counter-movement has been set on foot in Southern India by non-Brahmans, who are loyal to the British government and appear to desire only the best interests of all classes of the Indian people.

The Lord's Day Alliance

THE thirtieth anniversary of the Lord's Day Alliance of the United States met in New York City November 10–12, when various phases of the subject of Sabbath observance were considered by an attractive list of speakers from the social, spiritual, scientific, moral, economic and civil standpoints. The churches with their various agencies sent delegates. A special edition of the Leader, the official publication of the Alliance, was published, containing the addresses and discussions called out by them in reference to the issue of the Sabbath and its desecration.

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OUR MAIL-BAG

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. Correspondents may use a nom de plume to identify the question, but all letters must contain name and address of the writer, in addition to the nom de plume. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

M. J. B., Ladora, Iowa. From the first mention of the tree of life in Paradise, the eating of which would make immortal, the idea of a continued existence has had a place in Jewish theology. Many passages might be quoted to show this belief. See the Mosaic injunctions against necromancy, or the invocation of the dead, Deut. 18 : 9–12; 1 Sam. 28; Ps. 106 : 28, and other passages. Moses wrote that God "took" Enoch (Gen. 5 : 22, 24) because he had lived a pious life. David speaks of his child in another life when he says, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me" (see II Sam. 12 : 23). Job says (Job 19 : 26 and 27) that he "will see God for himself and not another" in the future life. Ecclesiastes, which doubtless echoed faithfully the theology of that day, shows very clearly the belief in a spiritual life (Eccles. 12 : 7); see also the allusions in the Psalms (the Jewish psalter) to expectations of reward and punishment after death (Ps. 17 : 15; 49 : 15; 73 : 24). These and other passages which might be quoted make it certain that the ancient Jews did believe in a future life; but it is equally certain that they had only dim and uncertain views on the subject, and that the full knowledge was not attained by any race or nation on earth until Christ himself came to bring "life and immortality to light."

A. G. C., St. Louis, Mo. 1. Concerning the possibilities of a return to Christ on the part of a backslider, we can only assert that what to man may seem impossible is possible with God, and that the divine grace is boundless. Peter backslid in a most grievous way, yet he was forgiven. By a miracle of divine grace, the backslider, although beyond human hope of recall, in God's abundant mercy may find refuge and forgiveness. 2. The trend of Bible teaching shows that man's opportunity for repentance comes now, and not hereafter. It is not so much a question of whether there is repentance after death as whether repentance then would avail. It is not for us to limit the mercy of God, but there is nothing in the Bible to encourage the hope of an opportunity of gaining salvation after death. Any person postponing repentance till then runs an appalling risk, against which he is emphatically warned. However, let us remember that God is love and mercy, and *can* save even at the last moment by ways and means of which we have no conception.

A. M. J., Carnegie, Pa. Consult the Quartermaster's Department at Washington, D. C., as to the sale of your trees for Government use.

Mrs. F. W. S., Goldsboro, N. C. 1. The phrase you inquire about, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," is found in John Wesley's Sermons XCII on Dress. The language of the aphorism, however, is taken from the Beraitha, a translation of the Mishna by Rafael M. de Sola. Bacon in one of his essays says: "For cleanness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from a due reverence to God, to society and ourselves." 2. Peter, according to tradition, was crucified in Rome head downward; Paul was beheaded in Rome under Nero.

S. H. L., Fort Monroe, Va. 1. Matt. 27 : 5 is often contrasted with Acts 1 : 18. The passages are not necessarily contradictory. As one commentator remarks, the occurrence mentioned in Acts can only be regarded as meaning that the halter broke, with the result stated. 2. In Matt. 14 : 28–32, the incident regarding Peter is given, although it is not found in Mark 6 : 51, who relates only what Jesus did, probably considering Peter's act of secondary consequence. Each of the four Gospels is complementary of the others in variety of details. While all agree on the main facts concerning the events they relate, each tells the story in a different way and from his own personal viewpoint. They may be likened to a group of witnesses who, while corroborating each other in regard to the main question at issue, may differ in the details of the telling, some being impressed by things which may not have struck the others as sufficiently important to relate.

E. P. R., Gloversville, N. Y. The Bible (II Tim. 3 : 16) contains the statement that the Scripture is given by inspiration—that the perception and the work of the writers were divinely influenced. The hearts of these men were filled by the Holy Spirit with a message which they were led to write for the world. These inspired writers were prophets, evangelists, and spiritual leaders, who lived close to God through prayer and meditation and were in constant communication with him. God chose them as channels of divine communication and interpreters of God's purposes.

Photo from International Film Service

Wilson Peak on Mont Blanc, formerly called Piltschner Peak. Switzerland recognized President Wilson's world leadership by rechristening this pinnacle of Mont Blanc on August 15, 1918. The Mayor of Chemnitz hoisted the Stars and Stripes above the apex of the peak. A large company cheered as Old Glory swung out over the snow-banks and glaciers of the Alps

Subscriber, Sugar Creek, Mo. Moses and Elijah were the two chief representatives of the Old Testament; they stood for the Law and the Prophets, and, both having been forerunners of the Messiah, were chosen as attendants at the scenes surrounding the Transfiguration. They formed the link between the new and the old dispensations, and were no doubt chosen for that purpose.

F. G. M., Corvallis, Ore. We heartily agree with all you say about the autocracy that has caused the present horrible war. But neither the Christian Herald nor any other publication is in a position to tell the President and Congress their business. They are doing wisely and very well, and all loyal Americans can trust them completely to do all that is needful.

C. A. B., Iowa, and F. M., Devil's Lake, Mich. The subject is controversial and discussion would be fruitless.

G. B., Jersey City. The passage in John 14 : 2, "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you," is sometimes interpreted in even more familiar and homely terms. "Mansions" convey the idea of wealth and spleudor. At a rural home in a farming district, a few days ago, funeral services were held, and the kindly neighbors gathered in the neat little cottage. A daughter—a lovely girl of twenty—had died of an attack of influenza, after a very brief sickness. She was to have been married in a month. In such places, all the people know each other, and the minister has known most of them from babyhood up to manhood and womanhood. They were plain people, and loved plain things, so he read the passage: "In my Father's place are many homes; I go to prepare a home for you." The simplicity of the language carried a charm of its own and seemed well suited to the occasion.

Inquirer, Miami, Fla. The subjects are treated in Professor Gray's articles in the Christian Herald on propheey. Send us your name and address for a copy.

G. P. K., Shinglehouse, Pa. We are willing to serve our readers to any extent possible, but your list of fourteen questions should be cut down to reasonable proportions. If every one who writes to the Mail-Bag were to send even half that number, we would be hopelessly swamped.

Inquirer, Paris, Mo. The things you mention are past and gone, and if you have confessed them to God in prayer and with sincere repentance, and have asked forgiveness for Jesus' sake, you should put the memory of them behind you. You say you have regretted them and made amends so far as possible. It is not necessary nor advisable to rake over the ashes of the past. There are things which should be confessed to the person injured, but there are others which need only be confessed to God alone. If you still feel that you have not made sufficient reparation, then do so and clear your conscienee. Ask in your prayers not only for forgiveness, but for strength, and to be kept from falling into the same sinful course, and your prayer will be granted. We are sending your letter to the Prayer League, which will plead in your behalf.

E. H. P., Montesano, Wash. The passage in I Cor. 7 : 14 means that a godly wife will use her influence and example to redeem a careless, irreligious husband, and vice versa. You will observe, however, that Paul in verse 12 distinctly says that, from that point presumably down to the end of the 14th verse, he is speaking not under inspiration but of his own authority, and he would seem (in verse 16) to rather doubt the wisdom of his own advice, and is disposed to let the course adopted in such cases be a matter of expediency and tolerance, suited to the circumstances.

G. A. C., Strasburg, Va. Many plans for the settlement of international disputes have been under discussion of late, and many more will doubtless be considered in the near future. The time for discussing the proposition for a world's congress, however, has not yet arrived.

A Reader, Covington, Ky. The loans to our Allies as stated by the Treasury Department War Loan Bureau up to September 4 amounted to $7,092,040,000, of which $3,725,000,000 were charged to Great Britain.

Rachel M. Gardner, a patriotic New Jersey girl, has asked the Food Administration to point out the value of acorns as a food. Here is her message:

"Friend Hoover: I have learned as a farmer girl the value of acorns as food for hogs. The hogs like them, the children will be delighted to gather them at no cost, and thousands of bushels of corn can be saved. Will you not set the ball a rolling?"

Wherever the suggestion can be carried out in a practical way, it has the Food Administration's approval, though unfortunately acorns and hogs are not usually found in large quantities in the same territory.

Several Readers. Onions are said by the London Chronicle to be an excellent aid in fighting the prevailing influenza epidemic. An onion cut in half and set in a room will attract to itself all manner of germs, leaving the air sweet and pure; it is, therefore, most valuable in cases of infection. Burn the onion afterward. No part of an onion should ever be used for domestic purposes after having been allowed to lie about over night. Eating raw onions is a personal protective in time of epidemic, and if taken with cucumbers, the breath is left innocent of any objectional odor.

THE Congregational churches of the United States intend to raise $16,000,000 in three hours on the afternoon of December 8. Of this amount $2,000,000 will go to regular missionary work, $2,000,000 to special missions, and $12,000,000 to the needs of local churches. This will be known as the Every Member Drive and is the outcome of a recent meeting of the Congregational Council, where the tasks that will confront the church after the war received special consideratiou. The Tercentenary Commission of the Churches asks that all the interests of the churches be brought together so that they may be adequately financed.

TWO trusted auxiliary agencies of the churches, the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations, received grateful appreciation of the service which they are rendering to American soldiers and sailors at home and over the sea in a resolution adopted at the meeting of the General War-Time Commission of the Churches held in Washington recently. The two associations have combined their efforts to secure during the week beginning November 11 the sum of $170,000,000 to cover their respective budgets as approved by the War Department. The Commission urged upon all the churches the most earnest support of the effort to provide funds for these associations and other agencies ministering to the welfare of the army and navy.

AFTER a life spent in philanthropy, Louis N. Stein, founder and one of the directors of the Infants' Summer Hospital at Charlotte, on the shore of Lake Ontario near Rochester, N. Y., died recently at his home near the institution to which he had devoted all the time he could spare from his extensive business interests. Besides the Summer Hospital, Mr. Stein was a contributor to many other philanthropies.

Grow "*Younger*" As You Grow Older

Younger in Body, Younger in Spirit, Younger in Ambition, Younger in Every Characteristic that Gives Greater Earning and Living Power, Greater Thought Power, Greater Pleasure Obtaining Power and Greater Health Promoting Power

THE *number of years a man has lived does not tell how old or young he is. A man is as old or as young as his energy, his vitality, his capacity for work and play, his resisting power against disease and fatigue.* A man is only as old or as young as his memory power, will power, sustained-thought power, personality power, concentration power and brain power. He is only as old or as young as his digestive power, his heart power, his lung power, his kidney power, his liver power. Age is measured by the age of our cells, tissues and organs, and not by the calendar!

Cultivate the Cells

Everybody knows that the body and brain are made up of millions of tiny cells. We can be no younger than those cells are young. We can be no more efficient in any way than those cells are efficient. We can be no more energetic than the combined energy of those cells.

By conscious cultivation of these cells, it is as natural as the law of gravity that we become more efficient, more alive, more energetic, more ambitious, more enthusiastic, more youthful. By consciously developing the cells in our stomachs we must improve our digestion. By consciously developing the cells in the heart we must increase its strength in exact proportion. By consciously developing the brain cells the result can only be multiplied brain power —and so with every organ in the body.

What we are and what we are capable of accomplishing depends entirely and absolutely on the degree of development of our cells. They are the sole controlling factors in us. *We* are only as young and as great and as powerful as *they* are.

There Is No Fraud Like Self-Deception

You may think you are young, strong, brainy, energetic, happy, yet when compared with other men or women, you are old, weak, dull, listless and unhappy. You do not know what you are capable of accomplishing because you have not begun to develop the real vital powers within you. The truth is you are only a dwarf in health and mind when you can easily become a giant through conscious development of every cell, tissue and organ in your body and brain. By accelerating the development of the powers within you, you can actually become younger as you grow older—yes younger in every way that will contribute to your health, happiness and prosperity.

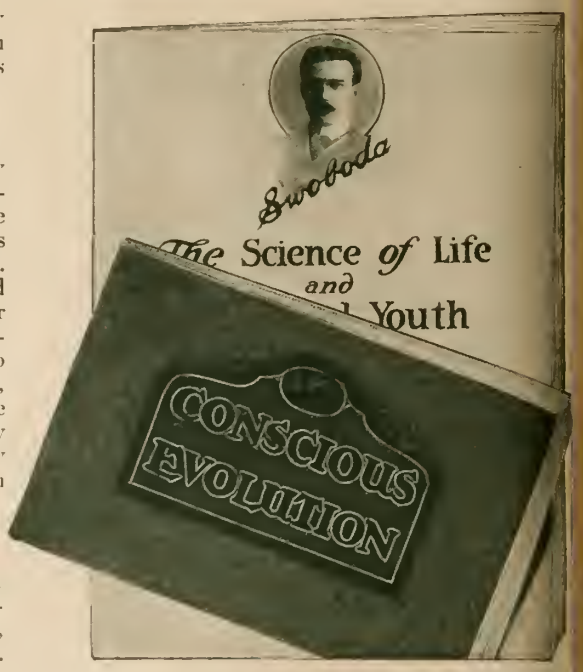
Conscious Evolution—the Secret

Swoboda proves that Conscious Evolution gives energy and vitality to spare, digestive power to spare, self-reliance to spare, and gives many other desirable characteristics to spare. He proves that Conscious Evolution makes people disease-proof, fatigue-proof. He maintains that to possess sufficient vitality and energy and to keep the body in normal health under the most favorable conditions is no more health prosperity than to have only enough money from day to day to meet current expenses. Great reserve health, great reserve energy is what we must acquire if we are to successfully nullify the ravages of *time*, and to easily overcome every adverse condition and thus enjoy the benefit of our resources, the benefit of our health power and the advantage of our energy.

Beware of Health Poverty

As Swoboda says "there are individuals who seek work only when their last cent is gone. Likewise, individuals live from minute to minute and from day to day, seeking health and energy only as they need them badly. Conscious Evolution is for them—for everyone. It is a simple, scientific and practical system by means of which every part of the brain and body is energized, strengthened, awakened, so that we become possessed of a super health and mentality—the Swoboda kind of health and mentality. Conscious Evolution makes for good fortune by developing the resources and the ability and power of personality.

Strange as it may seem, this revolutionary method of consciously awakening and developing weakened and lifeless cells requires no drugs, medicines, or apparatus of any kind. It does not require dieting, deep breathing, excessive exercising, cold baths, electricity or massage. It takes only a few minutes a day, yet so startling is the effect of Swoboda's system that you begin to feel younger, renewed, revitalized, re-energized after the very first day.



WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY:

"Conscious Evolution has done all for me that you promised and I am simply radiating good health. I can hardly believe it myself, it has made such a great change in me. I am in better condition than I have been for twenty years and am chock full of energy and ambition. Tasks that were a burden to me in the past are now easy and a pleasure. I have no money to burn or throw to the birds, but if you were to offer me one thousand dollars in good hard cash and put me back where I was before beginning your system, I would say, 'Nothing doing.' I enjoy the work you have mapped out for me and am impatient to get at it."

"I SHALL BE SIXTY-SIX YEARS OLD NEXT AUGUST and if you were to see me right now you would say 'forty,' and, as a fact, I am better, stronger, and have more energy than the average man at forty. I have only you and your system to thank for these things, and I want to thank you from the very bottom of a grateful heart for what you have done for me. I am a man now in every sense of the word, whereas I was only a fraction of a man and rather a small fraction before profiting through Conscious Evolution.

"The strangest part of it all is that my hearing is greatly improved. The muscles of my shoulders, back and abdomen are immense, and I have forgotten that I have a liver, kidneys, heart, or any other organs, except my stomach which makes a loud call three times a day. I have lost all desire for stimulants."

"I AM SEVENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE, and in three weeks your system has apparently made a new man of me. I am so enthusiastic over Conscious Evolution that it is difficult for me to control myself, and not do more than you say. I want to thank you for the interest you are taking in my case. When I wrote you for your instructions I was in a very desperate condition. I have never been sorry for one minute that I have written you. On the contrary, I want to thank you for what you are doing for me. I am getting along fine; I am a wonder to myself. It does not seem possible that there could be such a change in any one in such a short time."

"When I tell some of my friends how quickly I was benefited by Conscious Evolution, they do not believe me. They think I exaggerate."

"One year ago I was an old man at forty; today I am a youth of forty-one."

"I must state that the principle of your system is the most scientific, and at the same time the simplest, I have ever heard. You do not misrepresent one single word in your advertising."

"Just think of it, five weeks ago I was ashamed of my physique, today I am almost proud of it, I am delighted with Conscious Evolution."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I am very thankful that the Lord directed me to Conscious Evolution through the 'Christian Herald.'"

These Amazing Books Are For You

Swoboda has published for distribution two remarkable books which explain his system of Conscious Evolution and what it has already done. Write for these books—not because Conscious Evolution has meant so much to 200,000 other men and women, not because there is scarcely a prominent family in the country that hasn't at least one member a pupil of Swoboda, including Charles E. Hughes, Woodrow Wilson, Daniel Willard, Rockefeller, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Huntingtons, the Armours, the Cudahys, the Swifts—but write for these books because they mean so much to YOU in multiplied living power, earning power and resisting power. They are big books filled from cover to cover with the vital facts about yourself and how you can acquire the degree of perfection in body and mind that you so much desire. They explain the dangers of excessive deep breathing, excessive exercise, and excessive muscular development.

"Conscious Evolution" and "The Science of Life" will show you how you can increase the pleasures of life to a maximum—how to intensify them and how to make your life more profitable, pleasurable and joyous.

"Conscious Evolution" and "The Science of Life" are the A, B, C of evolution and persistent youth. These books explain Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been explained before. They explain the Swoboda theory and the laws of mind and body. They startle, educate and enlighten. They explain as never before the reason for the evolution of the mind and body.

Regardless of how young you may feel, of how efficient you may think you are—regardless of how active, energetic and alert you may consider yourself—regardless of how happy, how contented you may pride yourself on being—regardless of how healthy, wealthy or successful you may be, you cannot afford, in justice to yourself, to miss the interesting and instructive secrets explained for the first time in these startling new books.

A mere reading of "Conscious Evolution" and "The Science of Life" will so fill you with enthusiasm and ambition, that you will not rest until you have yourself acquired the Swoboda kind of health and energy by cultivation and revitalizing intensively every cell, tissue and organ in your own system. Tear out the coupon on this page, write your name and address on it or write a letter or a postal card and mail it today. Even if you gain but one suggestion from them, you will have been repaid a thousand fold for having read them. I urge you by all means not to delay, not to say, "I'll do it later," but to send NOW, while the matter is on your mind. Remember, these books are absolutely free for you to keep—there is no charge or obligation now or later. Write NOW. Address

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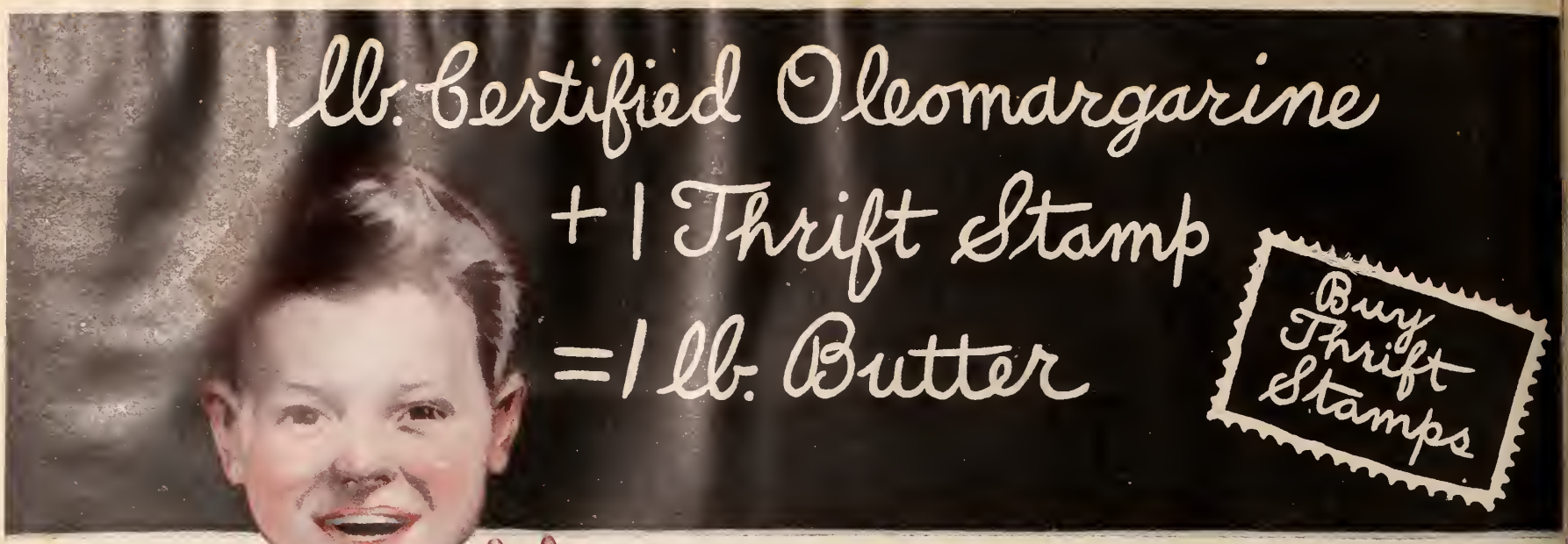
THE GOLDEN GLORY OF LIFE FULFILLED



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Sedan, where France suffered defeat in 1870, taken from the Prussians on November 6, 1918, by the American First Army

Nations Rejoice As War Ends

Revolutionary Upheaval Hastens Kaiser's Abdication and Unconditional Surrender of German Forces to Allies

ON NOVEMBER 11 at 11 A.M. Paris time, 6 A.M. Washington time, the world struggle, started by German ambition was ended by German surrender. The terms of the mistice accepted by Germany are printed on page 03 of this issue. "The war thus comes to an end," d President Wilson, addressing Congress on vember 11. "It is the most wonderful victory Liberty in the history of the world," said Premier yd George to a rejoicing throng massed before his idence in London. "In the fifty-second month of war without precedent in history, the French army, h the aid of the Allies has achieved the defeat of e enemy," announced the French War Office, bulining the suspension of hostilities.

November eleventh was the climax of a week, tense h excitement, electric with world changes, momtous in its developments. In that week the Gern army, until then, although driven back, still unfeated, began to sense the flavor of defeat in the ls of its covering positions on the Meuse, the loss of lan to the Americans, and in the breaking down of e last German line in France under the merciless ssure of French and British troops. In that eventl week the autocrat, more than any other held by e world to blame for the cataclysm now happily ded, fought against the rising tide of popular deand for his dethronement, and at last signed the per which will not be scrapped, the formal abdicaon. In that week, Germany, in whose people militism had been thought to have destroyed the pacity for revolt or independent thinking, turning the Socialists, swept clean the state of all vestments d trappings of royalty. Emperors, Kings, Princes, and Dukes and Dukes all went their way before e new spirit of free Germany. In that week, the rman Navy ran up the red flag and the German my, once the world's model of implicit obedience, ased to respect its officers, tore the insignia from eir uniforms, and declared their support of the Gern Republic.

WHILE the German plenipotentiaries were struggling over muddy and devastated roads on vember 7 toward the meeting place assigned for em by Marshal Foch, the Paris manager and the esident of the news-gathering organization known as the United Press, cabled to America that the armistice had been signed at 11 A.M. that morning and that hostilities would cease at 2 P.M. The news was sent broadcast over the land and in every quarter of America the delirium of popular joy was manifested in jubilant demonstrations; parades sprung spontaneously from the streets in cities like New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Chicago. Flags of the Allied nations burst to the breeze beside "Old Glory" on flag poles, residences and stores, and in the hands of marching men and women. Bands were improvised with tin horns, and buckets did for drums. In New York, somebody in a high building tore up a paper and sent the fragments on the wind. Other tenants of offices took up the idea and the air was filled with floating white bits, the symbols of peace and victory (and also a reminder of the "serap of paper," as Germany styled its broken treaty with Belgium), while the streets soon looked as if the first snow had come and cars and traffic were halted by the slippery paper.

In the midst of the carnival, shortly after 2 P.M., came official news from the State Department that the report was untrue, that the envoys had not yet met and that no armistice was signed; but the crowds cast aside the sober announcement and preferred to believe the message that sent joy surging through their hearts and the carnival went on past sunset and beyond midnight, with new merrymakers constantly taking the places of those who tired or became convinced that it was all premature. Premature it was, but only that, and it was good practice.

The actual movements of events, officially reported were as follows:

At 12:30 A.M. on November 7, the German wireless transmitted to Marshal Foch a message advising him that a delegation consisting of Mathias Erzberger, General H. K. A. von Winterfeld, Count Alfred von Oberndorff, General von Grunnel and Naval Captain von Salow was on its way, and requesting that they be informed by wireless of the place where they could meet Marshal Foch.

Marshal Foch replied at 1:25 A.M., November 7 as follows:

"If the German plenipotentiaries desire to meet Marshal Foch and ask him for an armistice, they will present themselves to the French outposts by the Chimay-Fourmies-La Capelle-Guise road."

At 1 P.M. the German wireless acknowledged the receipt of Foch's directions, and reported that the delegation would reach the French line at 3 P.M., preceded by a road-repairing company.

At 6 P.M. the wireless reported delay, saying that the German delegation would not be able to cross the outpost line until between 8 and 10 o'clock.

Firing ceased on both sides on the section of the front near La Capelle at 3 P.M. on November 7 and the French awaited the arrival of the German delegates. With Marshal Foch, representing England was First Lord of the Admiralty Rosslyn Wemyss and Vice-Admiral Sims, U. S. N., representing the United States. The representatives of the other Allies had not been named in the dispatches as this was written.

The German delegates reached the French outposts at 9:15 P.M. November 7 and were conducted blindfolded in autos with the curtains drawn to the French village of Rethonders, which they reached about 2 A.M. of the 8th. Early in the morning they started on a four-hour trip to the meeting place fixed by Marshal Foch, Senlis, arriving there some time between 10 and 11 A.M. on November 8. They immediately made a formal demand for an armistice. The text of the conditions of the Allies for an armistice was read to them by Marshal Foch, who spoke with emphasis and clearness evidently bringing home to the German delegates the full measure of their defeat. They asked for a cessation of fighting which was refused, and at 11 A.M. on November 8 they were formally advised that they would be given 72 hours in which to accept the terms of the armistice. The delegation had apparently not sufficient authority to act, and a German courier, Capt. Helldorff, was started back through the lines between 6 and 8 o'clock at night on the 8th. The German delegation also used the French wireless to acquaint German headquarters with the facts and to request the sending promptly of another courier bearing instructions. The 72 hours were timed to expire at 11 A. M. on Monday November 11, Paris time, which is about 6 A.M. Washington time.

The courier on reaching the lines found the road under bombardment and was delayed thereby in reaching Spa. The French wireless took up the situation with the German wireless and it was arranged

that a French air pilot should carry the courier to Spa. Later firing was stopped and the courier went his way on horseback, reaching Spa at 10 A.M., November 10th. There was a rumor in Washington on Sunday afternoon that Germany had asked for an extension of time, but later dispatches brought the assurance that the armistice had been signed by the German representatives at 5 A.M., November 11, Paris time, midnight in Washington, and that the war would end on November 11 at 6 o'clock A.M. Washington time and 11 o'clock Paris time.

THE State Department gave out the authoritative news of the actual signing of the armistice at 2.50 A.M., November 11. As fast as the news spread up and down the land bells began to ring and whistles to blow. The inhabitants thus rudely awakened, knowing from Thursday's experience what it must mean, reached for their noise-producing implements and a wave of triumphant sound spread north, south and west, so that the sunrise was a signal for the beginning of celebrations, which building on the experience gained on Thursday went on to new maximums of noise and hearty exultation. This time it really *was* peace. *The war was over.* The boy "Over There" was safe. Some day he would be home again, and joy was unrestrained. In some of the towns and villages church services of thanksgiving and rejoicing were hurriedly arranged for early morning with ministers leading their people in prayer and praise. From the churches the audiences streamed into processions which carried "Old Glory" and the flags of the Allies up and down the streets, past homes from which the national colors were flying in the breeze.

In Boston the chimes once rung by Paul Revere in the Old North Church on Salem Street, whose night-hung lantern threw forth the first light of American Liberty, rang out again in patriotic airs.

In New York City the news of peace swept up the island of Manhattan. A bulletin posted on the Times building, at Broadway and 7th Avenue, halted the crowd of night workers and merry-makers which immediately began a celebration. Before the celebration had gained momentum a tall, fresh-cheeked English girl climbed to the platform of Liberty Hall, at the meeting point of Broadway and 7th Avenue, and raised her hand. As the crowd became hushed she began in a clear voice to sing the doxology. Hats came off and heads bowed as the song of praise to the Almighty filled the square. Then she sang the Marseillaise, The Star Spangled Banner, and the English National anthem. The Salvation Army on the first information of peace rounded up some 400 of its workers in New York City and held a thanksgiving service on the steps of the Public Library as the dawn began to cover the city with the light of the day of peace.

The Governor of Massachusetts was reported, on November 11, to have declared the 12th a legal holiday throughout the state as "Victory Day," but in every state of the union the people made the 11th a holiday without waiting for the dictum of law, heeding only the joy in their own hearts at the ending of the world's greatest war and the beginning of what appears to be the world's greatest peace.

Throughout the world the surrender of Germany was celebrated in unfeigned joy, and even the German people, although fearful of the consequences of defeat, were themselves rejoiced at peace. Cheering crowds in the capitals of every nation in the war on the Allied side marched and sang in honor and acclaim of victory, Paris and London being especially marked by unrestrained celebrations of the fête day of peace.

PITIFUL as well as tragic were the circumstances surrounding the abdication of the Kaiser. Long before it actually happened, the jaded and anxious monarch had been repeatedly urged to take the one step which would leave the representatives of the German people free to act for the best interests of the nation, but he persistently rejected all such proposals.

Up to the very last he continued to stave off abdication. He went to the German Great Headquarters, it is said, with the deliberate intention of bringing the army around to his side. The effort was a miserable failure. He found that he had only behind him, standing by the ill-fated Hohenzollern régime, a group of Prussian officers who formed themselves into a sort of voluntary bodyguard. The really important army leaders had come over to the side of Hindenburg, who now urged abdication.

During that Friday night, November 8, there was a momentous two hours' conference at which the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, Hindenburg and General Gröner were present. Both officers told the Kaiser the time had come for him to accept the inevitable. Hindenburg, it is said, urged that further delay in abdication would bring about serious demoralization in the army and result in frightful consequences, for which he declined to be responsible. The Crown Prince, who had listened gloomily to the discussion, was impressed by Hindenburg's statements, and was the first to agree that abdication was imperative. Gröner, too, urged it strongly. Their talk, however, seemed to make no impression upon the Kaiser. He sat stubbornly quiet and refused to be convinced.

An hour or more afterward, the Kaiser, who had meanwhile received some communications from Berlin bringing bad news, sent for Hindenburg again. According to the reports, a short but stormy talk followed. What actually passed has not been revealed, but it is known that the Kaiser still persisted in his refusal.

Next morning, after a sleepless night, another conclave was held at Grand Headquarters, at which the Crown Prince, Hindenburg and the officers of the General Staff were present. During those anxious night hours, the Kaiser had come to his senses. A written renunciation of the throne was placed before him. Before he could grasp the pen, a servant entered with a message from Philipp Scheidemann, Socialist member of the Imperial cabinet. It was handed to the Kaiser, who read it with a visible shudder. What it contained seems to have affected him instantly, for he sat down and reached for the declaration of abdication. As he put his pen to the paper, he looked up for a moment, and said:

© International Film Service

Mathias Erzberger, head of the German armistice delegation

"It may be for the good of Germany. Let us not lose our faith in the future."

Then he signed. The act was completed in silence, which left Germany without a royal ruler. The Crown Prince signed next, weeping as he put his name to the document. All this happened on Saturday morning.

Then came the preparations for flight. According to the Associated Press dispatch, the ex-Emperor and the Crown Prince crossed the Dutch frontier on Sunday morning. At 7 : 30 A. M., they arrived in Eysden, midway between Liége and Maastricht. With them were many Prussian officers, practically the whole German General Staff. At Eysden depot, the ex-Kaiser alighted and walked up and down the platform. Although their identity must have been known, the journey was remarkably quiet. At one point, some Belgians, rightly interpreting the movement, cried out:

"En voyage a Paris?" (Are you on your way to Paris?)

At 10 : 40 the train which was to convey them across the frontier was still at Eysden, with the entire party on board and all the blinds drawn. The fact that any one bearing arms crossing into Holland would be interned did not seem to disturb them in the least, if indeed they were aware of it. At all events, the ex-Emperor did not show signs of distress. The special train which had been prepared for them included restaurant and sleeping cars, and it is said that the ex-Empress was among the party when they arrived at Maastricht. On reaching Maastricht, it was understood that the party would be taken to Middachten Castle, in the township of Desteeg, near Utrecht, in Holland. Desteeg is on the Guelders Yssel, an arm of the Rhine, about 40 miles east of Utrecht, and only twelve miles from the German border. The Château Middachten, whither the ex-Kaiser went, is the property of Count von Bentinck at one time attaché of the German Embassy in London and an officer in the Prussian Guard.

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Friedrich Ebert, Socialist head of new German State

It was unofficially stated that the refugees did not obtain authorization from Holland to enter the country and their presence was said to be a great embarrassment to the Dutch Government which took steps to intern them.

GERMANY, brought to her knees by surrender and revolution, is, on November 12, in the stern grip of Social Democracy. In Prussia, a socialist government in an undetermined form is in power. In Bavaria and Wurtemburg republics have been proclaimed. The royal family of Oldenburg has fled and a revolution is reported. A republic has been formed in Schleswig-Holstein. Frankfort, Hamburg, Cologne, Essen, Muelheim, Aix-la-Chapelle, Königsberg, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Strasburg and Emerich, as well as many other cities, are in the hands of the revolutionaries. Kiel, Wilhelmshaven, and other ports are in the power of revolutionist naval units. Kaiser William of Germany is a fugitive in Holland. King Charles of Austria, who he may still be in his country, has seen his sovereignty shattered and is reported to have abdicated. King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, another of the rulers in the Teutonic combination, has fled from his country and his son, who succeeded him, has been forced to yield his power to a Socialist Republic. Sultan Mohammed V. of Turkey, the fourth autocrat of the quadruple alliance, is dead, slain, it is said, by the hand of an assassin.

From all parts of the German Empire news is being received regarding revolutions by Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils, which almost everywhere remain within the bounds of economic order. The German People's Government has been instituted in the greater part of Berlin. The garrison went over to the new Government. The Workmen's and Soldiers' Council on Nov. 9 declared a general strike. Troops and machine guns were placed at the disposal of the Council. Friedrich Ebert, Vice-President of the Socialist Democratic party, is carrying on the Chancellorship.

FIRST there was revolt in the German navy. Trouble which had been smoldering at the great German naval base of Kiel came to a head on November 7. The crew of the battleship "Kaiser" revolted, killed their commander and some other officers and ran up the red flag. The crews of other ships did likewise and the whole squadron at Kiel was soon under control of the rebellious crews. A Soldiers' and Sailors' Council was formed which took over the government of the city and assumed control of the food supplies, one of the sources of the trouble. Four companies of infantry sent to Kiel to put down the sailors' revolt, three joined the mutineers and the fourth was disarmed. Cavalry sent against the city was met by machine guns and turned back. By evening the revolt had spread across Schleswig and the whole of this former Danish province with the major portion of the German fleet was in the control of the Reds. The disaffection was reported also to be spreading along the German Baltic coast, the whole coast with its ports being more or less under the sway of the spirit of revolt. The greater part of the German battle fleet left the harbor of Kiel on November 8, with red flags hoisted. Some of the ships arrived at Copenhagen being navigated by officers elected by the sailors. Prince Henry of Prussia, the only brother of Emperor William, Commander-in-Chief of the German Navy, was reported to have fled from Kiel on the 6th, under fire from the marines.

Like sparks flung from a mighty anvil under the heavy blow of the hammer, the revolution spread and kindled in a hundred cities. Essen, where the great Krupp steel works are situated, fell quickly into the hands of the revolutionaries. Leipsic, the largest city in Saxony; Stuttgart, the capital of Wurtemberg and Cologne and Frankfort promptly joined the revolution, and the Soldiers' Councils at Stuttgart, Cologne and Frankfort proclaimed a republic. Among the latest towns to come under the control of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils are Aix-la-Chapelle, Cassel, Nuremburg, Mannheim, Gladbach and Muenster. A general strike has been proclaimed in Nuremburg and Mannheim.

A message from Cracow announces the formation of a Polish Republic under the Presidency of Deputy Daszynski. Poland has assumed sovereignty over Galicia (Austrian Poland).

The Bavarian Diet on Nov. 8 passed a decree deposing the Wittelsbach dynasty on the throne of Bavaria and preparing for a Bavarian Republic. The Wittelsbach family has held the throne of Bavaria since 1080, when the Emperor Frederic Barbor established Count Wittelsbach on the throne.

IN BERLIN about noon on Nov. 9 there was a sudden outbreak of trouble in the streets and soon the bridges were occupied by strong detachments of troops of various arms, with machine guns. In the center of the city everything still remained quiet.

At 9 o'clock the workmen of the greatest industrial undertakings had commenced a general strike. Processions hastened from all the suburbs to the center of the city, red flags carried at the head. Armed soldiers and all classes marched together.

It was at noon that Socialists Ebert and Scheidemann went in a military automobile accompanied by troops to the Chancellor and declared that they were decided to take the Government in their hands.

Continued on page 1294

President Announces End of War

PRESIDENT WILSON appeared before the Congress at 1 P. M. on November 11 and announced the terms of the armistice, as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Congress: In these times of rapid and stupendous change it will in some degree lighten my sense of responsibility to perform in person the duty of communicating to you some of the larger circumstances of the situation with which it is necessary to deal.

"The German authorities . . . have accepted and signed the terms of armistice . . . These terms, in substance, are as follows:

THE ARMISTICE

I.—Military Clauses on Western Front

One—Cessation of operations . . . six hours after the signature of the armistice.

Two—Immediate evacuation of invaded countries: Belgium, France, Alsace-Lorraine, Luxemburg, to be completed within fourteen days from the signature of the armistice. . . . Occupation by the Allied and United States forces jointly will keep pace with evacuation. . . .

Three—Repatriation, beginning at once and to be completed within fourteen days, of all inhabitants of the countries above mentioned. . . .

Four—Surrender in good condition by the German armies of five thousand guns (1,500 heavy, 2,500 field), 30,000 machine guns, three thousand minenwerfers. Two thousand airplanes. . . .

Five—Evacuation by the German armies within a further period of sixteen days of the countries on the left bank of the Rhine. These countries on the left bank of the Rhine shall be administered by the local troops of occupation. The occupation of these territories will be carried out by Allied and United States garrisons holding the principal crossings of the Rhine—Mayence, Coblenz, Cologne—together with bridgeheads at these points . . . and by garrisons similarly holding the strategic points of the regions. A neutral zone shall be observed on the right of the Rhine, between the stream and a line drawn parallel to the bridgeheads and the stream and at a distance of ten kilometers, from the frontier of Holland to the Swiss frontier. . . .

Six—(Provides that in the evacuation, no damage is to be done to the inhabitants, their property, military supplies, food, cattle, material, industrial establishments, roads, railroads or equipment.)

Seven—All civil and military personnel at present employed on the railways shall remain. Five thousand locomotives, 150,000 wagons, and 5,000 motor lorries in good working order with all necessary spare parts and fittings shall be delivered to the Associated Powers within the period fixed for the evacuation of Belgium and Luxemburg. The railways of Alsace-Lorraine and on the left bank of the Rhine shall be handed over within the same period, together with all pre-war personnel and material. . . .

Eight—(Provides for information regarding mines and pollution of water supplies.)

Nine—(Provides for requisitions by allied armies and requires Germany to pay cost of occupation.)

Ten—An immediate repatriation without reciprocity . . . of all Allied and United States prisoners of war. . . .

Eleven—(Provides for care of German sick and wounded who cannot be moved.)

II.—Disposition Relative to the Eastern Frontiers of Germany

Twelve and Thirteen—All German troops at present in any territory which before the war belonged to Austria-Hungary, Rumania or Turkey, shall withdraw within the frontiers of Germany as they existed on Aug. 1, 1914. . . . All German troops at present in the territories which before the war belonged to Russia shall withdraw within the frontiers of Germany as soon as the Allies taking into account the internal situation of these territories shall decide that the time for this has come . . . and all German instructors, prisoners, and civilian as well as military agents now in the territory of Russia to be recalled.

Fourteen—German troops to cease at once all requisitions and seizures in Rumania and Russia.

Fifteen—Abandonment of the treaties of Bucharest and Brest-Litovsk. . . .

Sixteen—The Allies shall have free access to the territories evacuated by the Germans on their eastern frontier. . . .

Seventeen—Unconditional capitulation of all German forces operating in East Africa. . . .

IV.—General Clauses

Eighteen—Repatriation, without reciprocity, within a maximum period of one month, in accordance with detailed conditions hereafter to be fixed, of all civilians interned or deported, who may be citizens of other Allied or associated states. . . .

Nineteen—The following financial conditions are required: Reparation for damage done. While such armistice lasts no public securities shall be removed by the enemy which can serve as a pledge to the Allies for the recovery or reparation for war losses. Immediate restitution of the cash deposit in the national bank of Belgium, and in general immediate return of all documents, specie, stocks, shares, paper money . . . touching public or private interests in the invaded countries. Restitution of the Russian and Rumanian gold yielded to Germany or taken by that power. This gold to be delivered in trust to the Allies until the signature of peace.

V.—Naval Conditions

Twenty—Immediate cessation of all hostilities at sea and definite information to be given as to the location and movements of all German ships. . . .

Twenty-one—All naval and mercantile marine prisoners of the Allied and associated powers to be returned without reciprocity.

Twenty-two—Surrender to the Allies and the United States of America of all submarines now existing . . . to be completely disarmed and placed under the supervision of the Allied powers and the United States of America.

Twenty-three—The following German surface warships, which shall be designated by the Allies and the United States of America, shall forthwith be disarmed and thereafter interned in neutral ports, or for the want of them, in Allied ports. . . . and placed under the surveillance of the Allies and the United States of America, namely: Six battle cruisers, ten battleships, eight light cruisers, including two mine layers, fifty destroyers of the most modern type. All other surface warships . . . are to be concentrated in German naval bases . . . and are to be paid off and completely disarmed. . . . All vessels of the auxiliary fleet are to be disarmed.

Twenty-four—(Provides for the clearing of mine fields outside German waters.)

Twenty-five—Freedom of access to and from the Baltic to be given to the naval and mercantile marines of the Allied and associated powers. . . . (This includes occupation of German defense works and clearing of mine fields.)

Twenty-six—The existing blockade conditions set up by the Allied and associated powers are to remain unchanged . . . but consideration is to be given to the provisioning of Germany. . . .

Twenty-seven—All naval aircraft are to be concentrated and immobilized in German bases. . . .

Twenty-eight—In evacuating the Belgian coasts and ports, Germany shall abandon all merchant ships, tugs, lighters, cranes and all other harbor materials, all materials for inland navigation, all aircraft and all materials and stores, all arms and armaments, and all stores and apparatus of all kinds.

Twenty-nine—All Black Sea ports are to be evacuated by Germany; all Russian war vessels of all descriptions seized by Germany . . . are to be handed over to the Allies and the United States of America; all neutral merchant vessels seized are to be released; all warlike and other materials of all kinds seized in those ports are to be returned and German materials . . . are to be abandoned.

Thirty and Thirty-one—All merchant vessels in German hands belonging to the Allied and associated powers are to be restored . . . without reciprocity. No destruction of ships or of materials to be permitted.

Thirty-two and Thirty-three—The German Government will notify the neutral governments of the world, and particularly the governments of Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland, that all restrictions placed on the trading of their vessels with the Allied and associated countries . . . are immediately canceled. No transfers of German merchant shipping . . . to any neutral flag are to take place after signature of the armistice.

Thirty-four—The duration of the armistice is to be thirty days, with option to extend. During this period, on failure of execution of any of the above clauses, the armistice may be denounced by one of the contracting parties on forty-eight hours' previous notice.

Thirty-five—This armistice to be accepted or refused by Germany within seventy-two hours of notification.

London, Nov. 11—(Associated Press)—A supplementary declaration to the armistice terms was signed to the effect that in the event of the six German battle cruisers, ten battleships, eight light cruisers and fifty destroyers not being handed over owing to a mutinous state, the Allies reserve the right to occupy Heligoland as an advance base to enable them to enforce the terms.

Photo by International Film Service

Part of the port of Hamburg. These ships, tied up for four years, will by the terms of the armistice be put in service

"The war thus comes to an end," continued the President, "for, having accepted these terms of armistice, it will be impossible for the German command to renew it.

"It is not now possible to assess the consequences of this great consummation. We know only that this tragical war, whose consuming flames swept from one nation to another until all the world was on fire, is at an end and that it was the privilege of our own people to enter it at its most critical juncture in such fashion and in such force as to contribute, in a way of which we are all deeply proud, to the great result. We know, too, that the object of the war is attained; the object upon which all free men had set their hearts; and attained with a sweeping completeness which even now we do not realize. Armed imperialism such as the men conceived who were but yesterday the masters of Germany is at an end, its illicit ambitions engulfed in black disaster. Who will now seek to revive it? The arbitrary power of the military caste of Germany which once could secretly and of its own single choice disturb the peace of the world is discredited and destroyed. And more than that—much more than that—has been accomplished. The great nations which associated themselves to destroy it have now definitely united in the common purpose to set up such a peace as will satisfy the longing of the whole world for disinterested justice, embodied in settlements which are based upon something much better and more lasting than the selfish competitive interests of powerful States. There is no longer conjecture as to the objects the victors have in mind. . . . Their avowed and concerted purpose is to satisfy and protect the weak as well as to accord their just rights to the strong.

"The humane temper and intention of the victorious Governments have already been manifested in a very practical way. . . . Hunger does not breed reform; it breeds madness and all the ugly distempers that make an ordered life impossible. (See paragraph 26)

"For with the fall of the ancient governments, which rested like an incubus on the peoples of the Central Empires, has come political change not merely, but revolution; and revolution which seems as yet to assume no final and ordered form, but to run from one fluid change to another. . . . With what authority will they meet us, and with what assurance that their authority will abide and sustain securely the international arrangements into which we are about to enter? . . . . When peace is made, upon whose promises and engagements besides our own is it to rest?

"Let us be perfectly frank with ourselves and admit that these questions cannot be satisfactorily answered now or at once. But the moral is not that there is little hope of an early answer that will suffice. It is only that we must be patient and helpful and mindful above all of the great hope and confidence that lie at the heart of what is taking place. Excesses accomplish nothing. . . . Disorder immediately defeats itself. If excesses should occur, if disorder should for a time raise its head, a sober second thought will follow and a day of constructive action, if we help. . . .

"The present and all that it holds belongs to the nations and the peoples who preserve their self-control and the orderly processes of their Governments; the future to those who prove themselves the true friends of mankind. To conquer with arms is to make only a temporary conquest; to conquer the world by earning its esteem is to make permanent conquest. . . .

"The peoples who have but just come out from under the yoke of arbitrary government and who are now coming at last into their freedom will never find the treasures of liberty they are in search of if they look for them by the light of the torch. . . . They are now face to face with their initial test. In the meantime, if it be possible, we must establish a peace that will justly define their place among the nations, remove all fear of their neighbors and of their former masters, and enable them to live in security and contentment when they have set their own affairs in order. . . . There are some happy signs that they know and will choose the way of self-control and peaceful accommodation. If they do, we shall put our aid at their disposal in every way that we can. If they do not, we must await with patience and sympathy the awakening and recovery that will assuredly come at last."

The Last Week of the War

MARSHAL FOCH'S victorious legions, during the whole time in which the armistice was under consideration at Senlis, continued to drive the Germans back. General Pershing's men took Sedan at 4 P.M. on November 6, sweeping over defenses which the Germans were feverishly preparing, and preventing the completion of dams in the Meuse which would have flooded the river lowlands above and below the city. On November 7 the doughboys, men of the Rainbow and the First Regular Divisions, were in complete control of Sedan, west of the Meuse. In its sweep forward to Sedan, the American First Army completely routed the German Third and Fifth Armies, breaking their communications, taking all their horses so that what guns they were able to get back were hauled by cows taken from the French inhabitants or by the men themselves, and capturing all their supplies, food, lumber, clothing, coal, ammunition, rifles, cannon, everything that is used to make war. In the seven days from November 1 the American troops liberated over 7,000 French civilians, 5,000 of them in Sedan, and cleared of the enemy more than 700 square kilometers of French soil, taking 6,000 prisoners and guns and material as yet uncounted.

November 6 will stand in French history beside September 1, 1870, when the Emperor Napoleon III and his army were crushed by the Prussians. There will be a new Sedan day and it will not stand for German prowess, nor give the Teuton mind a starting-point for dreams of conquest.

The American troops fighting eastward from the Meuse on November 8 drove the Germans from their last positions on the heights east of the river, forcing them into the low ground in the Woevre Forest. The Americans' gain for the day being about six kilometers along a front of fourteen kilometers. The French on the American left drove forward more than twenty kilometers, clearing the west bank of the Meuse to the outskirts of Mezieres and approaching the great railway center of Hirson. The British and French crossed the Belgian border northeast of Valenciennes and were nearing Maubeuge. The Germans were falling back rapidly.

The armies of the Allies in line with General Foch's refusal of a suspension of hostilities continued on November 10 to drive the rapidly retreating Germans into a more unseemly flight. The British on the 9th took Maubeuge, their troops continuing to advance until they reached Mons, the town where the "contemptible little army" first threw itself into the path of the Teuton storm. The French on the 10th took Hirson and crossed into Belgium, northwest of the town. They also had Mezieres practically surrounded (the Germans in one last outburst of frightfulness were filling this city of 20,000 people with poison gas), and had crossed the Meuse south of Mezieres. On the 10th the American Second Army, holding the line, crossing the former St. Mihiel salient, made an attack planned to develop the German strength along this sector where they had recently lost the support of several Austrian divisions. The war closed with the American First and Second Armies engaged in a victorious offensive along a seventy-one mile front, reaching from Sedan, through Stenay, which the Americans took on the 10th, to the German border below Metz, with French and British following up the rapidly retreating Boche, with very little French soil still sullied by the presence of German troops, and with more than one-third of Belgium redeemed. The Americans continued their advance until the hour of peace, and at eleven o'clock on November 11, the guns fired a final round and the doughboys began to stake out, as part of their celebration of peace, the line reached in the fighting, the line of Allied victories, of German defeat, of world redemption from autocracy.

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Just a part of New York's celebration of Peace. The crowd in Broad Street

Bits of the Week's News

PROHIBITION GAINS. Although the earlier reports indicated that Ohio had gone wet, with the full returns it was seen that the state had voted the liquor business out by a considerable majority. Florida and Wyoming voted dry. In Minnesota the vote was very close, the probable defeat of the prohibition amendment being indicated. California remained wet. The standing of the states on the liquor problem, on November 8, was follows:

NEW DRY STATES

Ohio	Florida
Wyoming	*Nevada

* Vote close, but Prohibitionists claim State.

STATES WITH DRY LAWS IN EFFE

Alabama	Nebraska
Arizona	New Mexico
Arkansas	North Carolina
Colorado	North Dakota
Georgia	Oklahoma
Idaho	Oregon
Indiana	South Carolina
Iowa	South Dakota
Kansas	Tennessee
Maine	Utah
Michigan	Virginia
Mississippi	Washington
Montana	West Virginia

WHERE FEDERAL AMENDMENT H BEEN RATIFIED

Arizona	Mississippi
Delaware	Montana
Georgia	North Dakota
Kentucky	South Carolina
Louisiana	South Dakota
Maryland	Texas
Massachusetts	Virginia

CONGRESS CERTAINLY REPUBLICAN. turns from all parts of the country recei after we went to press last week indicated t the Democratic party had lost control o both Houses of Congress. On Novemher 8 Republican majority in the House was Republicans elected 239 representatives, Democrats 194, while one Independent a one Socialist had seats The Senate on Nov ber 11 appeared likely to stand 49 Repu cans to 47 Democrats, a majority of 2.

NO MORE TURKISH RULE. Washing dispatches of November 7 carried an announ ment by the British Embassy declaring aims of France and Great Britain in the N East to include the complete and final libe tion of the peoples so long oppressed by Turks, and the establishment of governme and administrations deriving their auther from the initiative and the free choice of native populations.

FEEDING OUR ENEMIES. In true scriptu fashion returning good for evil the Allies planning to relieve the famine conditions the nations whose armies have recently s rendered. The Food Administration nounced, on November 5, that in addition the 17,500,000 tons of food stuffs wh America intended sending to the Allies dur the coming year 5,000,000 tons would need be shipped abroad to supply the hungry Austria-Hungary and the Balkans. It indicated that Germany having surrender this amount would have to he increased. F restrictions will continue even though pe is signed, until another crop has been gro President Wilson has directed Herbert Hoo to go to Europe as soon as possible to t charge of the measures for the food relief the liberated peoples. Herr Ehert head of new German Government, appealed to Sec tary Lansing, on Nov. 12, to hurry peace Germany faced famine.

Nations Rejoice As War Ends

Continued from 1292

By 4.30, tremendous excitement prevailed in the streets, a large number of motor cars carrying sailors, workmen and soldiers, armed with rifles, and large companies on foot were stopping all men wearing military uniforms and removing shoulder straps, cockades and iron crosses. The red flag was everywhere.

At 5 P. M. the telegraph office was occupied by revolutionaries, and from the balcony window of the imperial palace, whence in August, 1914, the Kaiser addressed a huge crowd of his loyal Berliners, now hung the red flag.

Severe fighting took place in the heart of Berlin between 6 and 8 o'clock that night and there was a violent cannonade. When revolutionary soldiers attempted to enter a building in which they supposed a number of officers were concealed, shots were fired from the windows. Two persons were killed and one wounded before the officers surrendered. The Red forces are in control and have restored order. The Crown Prince's palace has been seized by the revolutionists, the people shouting "Long live the Republic!" and singing the "Marseillaise." There was a general fraternization of soldiers and workmen.

The taking possession of a majority of the public buildings and establishments was completed without difficulty, once it was clear that the military had gone over to the people. Field Marshal von Hindenburg called for delegates from the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council and placed himself and the army under the command of the new People's Government, "in order to avoid chaos."

ON the morning of Saturday, Nov. 9, the Socialist Party declared that it had left the Cabinet. Since then the Socialists and the Independent Socialist Committee have been holding a permanent joint sitting in the Reichstag, where appeared delegations of various regiments garrisoned in Berlin and neighboring towns to express their allegiance to the new popular Government.

Deputy Scheidemann, leader of the majority Socialists in the Reichstag, in a speech said:

"The Kaiser and the Crown Prince have abdicated. The dynasty has been overthrown. It is a splendid victory for the German people. Herr Ebert has been charged with the formation of a new Government in which all shades of the Social Democratic Party are to participate. Only decrees from the Government bearing the signature of Herr Ebert have validity".

Upon assuming office, Nov. 9, Chancellor Ebert issued a proclamation announcing that the new Government at Berlin had taken charge of business "to prevent civil war and famine," and a manifesto to the citizens of Germany that he was going to form a people's government to bring about peace "as quickly as possible," and to confirm the new liberty.

At the same time the Soldiers' Council issued a prolamation announcing that it had taken over the military administration and that its orders must be obeyed.

The groups forming the majority of the German Reichstag, says a Berlin messa have agreed to present at the approach session of that body a plan for elections to Reichstag and to the lower houses of the C federated German States by equal, dir secret ballot, following the principles of p portionate representation and all witheut tinction of sex. The voting age is to be at 24 years.

Reports coming through Switzerland fr the Italian Army indicated that compl chaos prevailed in Austria before and a the signing of the armistice which put Aust out of the war. Vienna was in open rebelli demanding peace. With the armistice sig the Austrian Army was left to get home best they could. Troops were demoraliz without food and were plundering reckless artillerists and cavalrymen were sell their horses for a trifle. The Ital armies were attempting to advance i the territory to be occupied by th pending the final settlement, the colun of Italian troops being hopelessly tangled along muddy and frozen roads w equally long columns of Austrian prison marching to the rear. The roads were litte with carcasses of horses, cannon, shells, tols, rifles, brokendown auto trucks and m chine guns. Many Austrians were repor to be dying from sheer fatigue, while Italians were doing all they could to bring food supplies, the refugees eating the flesh dead horses which they cooked.

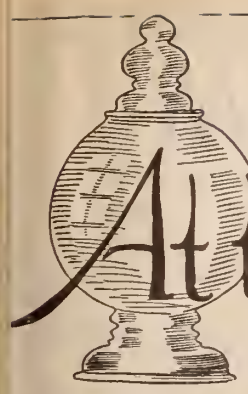
A Real Thanksgiving

NEXT week we will all celebrate Thanksgiving day with full hearts and minds at rest. Next week's Christian Herald will be the Thanksgiving number. Annie Hamilton Donnell will tell of Timothy who fought mud over there and whose blue star almost turned to gold. Margaret Sangster, too, brings a message of cheer. Thanksgiving for peace-answered prayer.

Dr. A. E. Keigwin, whose messages find an ever expectant audience, calls to us next week: "Show Your Colors", and next week, too, Marion Harland, forehanded as are all good housekeepers, begins a discussion of the Christmas fare.

Many minds in agreement means action. The timely symposium of expression from spiritual leaders on the Church after the war, has shown the real unity in our diversity and the unreality of our apparent differences. Next week further letters on this vital and immediately important subject.

At the Sign of the Apothecate



by W. Livingston Larned

WHEN you were quite small, do you remember the awe with which you entered an apothecary shop?

We put this question in this way, ite informally, because we have a son to teach and a moral to point out. id it's very pleasant, now and again, look back to youth. Sometimes it akes us weigh our modern civilization th greater understanding and tolera- n.

When you were young, there were ways big glass balls in drug stores, d they were filled with colored water. night, with the lights glimmering d shimmering behind them, they re most beautiful to behold. You uld hold Mother's hand and watch em, fascinated. And once Uncle nry slyly intimated that this was red d green and purple medicine, for bad ildren who needed large doses. When u took it, people knew, for it shone rough.

But you were st impressed by e bottles. Oh, ose endless shelves corpulent bot- s, with their gold- rdered labels and eir enigmatic mes! You could d LICORICE d a few others, t most of them re Greek in more ises than one.

Opposite the drug ttles there were elves filled with ner bottles in ckages of many ts and hues. That s where they kept e patent pain- lers and cure-alls your generation. "How is So-and- for rheumatism?" ther was apt to quire, pointing to ong slender pack- e, garbed in green and covered all over th tiny type.

"They do say it's making some mar- lous cures," the druggist would reply, ding it down and dusting it on his iny black sleeve and reading the label, st as though he had not read it hun- eds upon hundreds of times before.

PERHAPS once a month you came here with Mother, and she solemnly ad from a list that had been tran- ibed with thoughtful care. She uld check off each item as the clerk aced it on the counter. A sponge, a rubbing-brush, some soap, a fuzzy- izzy towel or wash rag that hurt your rs terribly, tooth-brushes, a porous aster to keep in stock, some witch- zel and arnica and black pills and iment and syrup of squills and catnip. This was always a serious task and rformed with due solemnity. (It quired a full fifteen minutes to decide the sponge. You remember.)

But if there were dark sides to the cture, there were also several high hts. Abutting the case containing e surgical instruments, there was an- her case. At one end they kept hool tablets, dominoes, pens, pencils d—candy!

It was quite villainous candy, we nture to say, although you did not spect it then. If Mother happened be in a spendthrift mood and gave u several pennies, or if you had earned some by moral suasion and wood-chopping, you raised yourself on your very tiptoes and peered into the case. Do you recall the suspense of those moments of indecision? Was it to be a stick of licorice, or some vanilla beans, or gum drops, or blackjack chewing-gum?

You were attracted to the white-and-pink candy mice of your day, with their string tails. This was when they formed roses made of sugar, and when lemon sticks were fat and substantial and *very* difficult to handle without spoiling your clothes. Mother was inclined to favor "slippery-ellum" lozenges or horehound drops, relieved occasionally by hunks of barbaric rock candy.

ON warm summer days, while the mare pawed at the dirt road out front, you crawled up on a mussy chair at the "sody fount" for a glass of strawberry soda. You wonder now how you ever managed to drink it. The coloring was vivid and the flavor suspicious. It was never very cold. The soapy lather on top pushed up into your nose and made you sneeze. You consumed every drop through a sense of duty. It had been paid for, and you wished to hurt no one's feelings. Mr. Brittleby was compelled to come the long way from the prescription department to mix that drink. It always put him in a pet. People were forever interrupting him when he was busiest. And he was putting up a particularly important prescription for Dr. Hamilton Mundy, of Bell Creek Road. With a sort of savage satisfaction, at reaching the end, Mr. Brittleby would jangle the spoon into the glass. The marble-topped counter was wet and sticky, and flies were investigating the various flavors on its piebald surface. In a broken vase at the end of the counter were three tissue-paper carnations, speckled, dotted, bedraggled.

The modern soda fountain is the town's oasis

But your memory holds, first and foremost, a vivid impression of the serious aspect of that drug shop. Years have not dimmed the vision of the flock of pompous bottles, nor dulled the choking gust of drug-scents that were neither pleasant nor reassuring. It was a drug shop, that, in every sense of the word. Drugs, drugs, drugs! Oh, the sardonic, bitter urge of them, as they permeated your clothes and left you wondering if sickness infested the universe of man.

FROM the dregs of your youth does this picture come back, and yet, have you, like many of us, complained of the modern apothecary? Have you laughed in the presence of a friend and remarked, "They call it a drug store, but it's more like a department store. I suppose they do keep drugs about the place somewhere!"

Superficial criticism might justify some of these remarks. You, when you spend that reminiscent moment or two, are apt to read progress in the swift, sure stride of events. Comparisons are often good for us. Have you ever gone back, after a lapse of years, to a place or a person once precious in memory? And have you suffered almost appalling disappointment? What was quaint becomes curiously inadequate. The picturesque is mere slovenliness in disguise.

For one thing, your modern druggist is a business man. He must be, to live and to "get on." There is far less of the ancient chemist over a stone crock, and far more of the thoroughly modern salesman catering to this generation. His shop is clean—very clean. It is characteristic of the up-to-date drug store to be immaculate, light, bright, airy, prepossessing. It is rather a pleasure than otherwise to enter and do business with your twentieth-century apothecate.

Gone is the dull and depressing atmosphere of drugs. They are there—ah, yes, just as many and more. Better drugs prepared under far better conditions and kept in a far better way. But they are purposely held in the background. Drugs are not pleasant things to contemplate. They suggest illness. That is their mission and their character. But why should a community be asked to scan these stodgy rows of bottles?

WE are no longer frightened when we enter an apothecary's store. Even much of the odor is gone. All the dread appurtenances of death and disaster are relegated to secret archives, far from the hurried throng. It's better so.

Trade conditions have had much to do with bringing this about, of course.

There is less money in drugs than in the olden days. As a matter of fact, people need less and take less drugs. Doctors do not ask people to take as much. The gathering and marketing of drugs, wholesale, have been scientifically systematized. Prices are set more or less arbitrarily. A druggist can take it or leave it, as he sees fit.

The chain-store idea has brought your small druggist up with a sharp rein. He has no vast financial system to back him and to rehabilitate his environment. He may not change his shop's dress every little while. He must depend on two definite things—friendship, than which there is no more potent business power, and matching fire with fire, fighting modernism with modernism.

At the former, if he is born to his trade, he is an adept. You and I have sentiment when it comes to a druggist. A druggist may make friends who are friends always, all their lives.

EVEN when a druggist has a complete line of drugs and allied products, he has much room left in his store. What shall he do with this extra space?

It required a full fifteen minutes to decide on the sponge

It has come about, therefore, that drug stores have widened their scope. They stock up on many lines not at all akin to drugs. Yet, when we reason it out rationally, is there any real reason why this store shall be prohibited from selling whatever it can sell, in its particular locality? The more profit, the better shop. When an establishment is making money it can afford to do things; to improve; to brighten and make more attractive its shell. Small profits mean handicaps. One great outstanding reason why your modern drug store is such a beautiful store, is its increased patronage. It has more to do with. The chain drug stores have not been abashed at revolutionizing the methods. They have special "penny sales" and display magic stocks of teas, coffees, olive oil, and even groceries. What of it? If these articles can make a drug store more profitable, let them try it on the trade. Please note one significant thing—the modern drug store is a delight to the eye and to the senses. There is nothing at all to indicate that the drugs you buy there are less potent than they were in the day of our grandfathers. Because a man sells manufactured ivory toilet articles or cooking devices, done in dainty aluminum, it does not signify that the prescription filled somewhere in that store will not measure up to full efficiency.

THERE are bright lights and mirrors and flowers and pretty things to look at. The dirty, slovenly soda fount of the old régime has been superseded.

Windows facing the street provide a panoramic vista of all that is voguish and new and clever. People never avoid drug stores any more. They are invariably the most popular place in town—particularly the smaller towns. And as drug stores are open late at night, they provide a last-minute emergency depot, when other shops are locked.

The national advertiser is working in full accord with the druggist. Thousands of articles sold over his counters are put to the world on a basis of very skilful campaigns, appearing in all important magazines and papers.

Advertising has enabled the druggist to broaden his field and widen his stock. The demand is created in advance. The manufacturer, in turn, finds it possible to make containers more attractive. Individual articles look in key with their surroundings. They are an ornament to the shop.

Youth—the youth of Now—has been built into the very fiber of the modern drug store. As the twilight fades and the village street becomes a purple thread, your boy and my girl, as we were wont to do, but in an entirely different spirit, go laughing into "Brown's drug store on Main Street." They are laughing and happy, and they sit at the little round tables and drink soda or nibble ices, and seem to know that this bright place is an oasis.

And you—you are reminded of how you used to peep in shyly at the door many years ago, and sniff and dread entering. It's all so different—so much better!

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President GRAHAM PATTERSON

Managing Editor GEORGE H. SANDISON

Secretary THEODORE WATERS

Glorious Peace

THE terms of armistice offered to Germany represent a complete victory for democracy over autocracy.

The greatest war in all the history of the world is coming to an end in the most decisive peace ever made.

The sudden lifting of the tremendous burden of the war, together with the opening of a glorious vision of a world of peace and justice, is flooding with gladness the hearts of the entire civilized world.

Even the peoples of the surrendered nations are said to be joyous; and well they may be, for it is a surrender to liberty, righteousness and progress, in which these peoples with all the others will directly benefit.

In the downfall of autocracy the crash of empires is illustrated on a scale that can justly be termed colossal. To a dramatic mind, the leading events of the war might readily take the shape of a vast drama, surpassing in interest any the world has ever seen. Its stage, two hemispheres; its players, kings, emperors, mighty warriors and uncounted hosts; its carnage so dreadful and overwhelming as to recall the words: "And the winepress was trodden . . . and blood came out of the winepress, even unto the horses' bridles, by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs."

In its closing stages the great drama has presented scenes such as historians have never dreamed of. The campaign in which the enemy spent her last effort will pass into history as the most gigantic defeat in history. The battle lines have been the longest ever known. The millions thrown into the struggle have made all previous wars seem puerile. Now that it is all ended the races of men have had their fill of war and, let us hope, will banish it forever!

The peace will bring to an end a tyrannous rule over many millions representing nationalities who for centuries have been under its control. How these liberated peoples will adjust themselves to the new conditions is a problem that will require time for a satisfactory solution. But the influence of the new spirit which has arisen in Europe, the spirit of freedom and independence, will doubtless continue to increase long after the war, while the proposed League of Nations which President Wilson has outlined, and to which practically all the Allies have given their approval, will aid in the establishment of a "partnership of peoples and not a mere partnership of governments."

Thus while peace marks the end of the war, that end will itself mark the beginning of the new era—the changed order of things throughout the civilized world.

All the strength, the influence and the wisdom of the best of the free and progressive nations will be needed in dealing with the new situation.

To recreate a world, to restore a broken-down civilization to livable conditions, to rehabilitate the ruin of the best efforts of the centuries, to revitalize industry, re-establish law and order, will become the duty of all the peoples, both combatants and neutrals alike.

In this great reconstructive work America must be a leading factor. As we trained for war with zeal and thoroughness, so we must train for securing the victories of peace with just consideration.

In this great work which lies before us in the near future, may we have the Divine wisdom constantly as our guide, otherwise our glorious victory will be in vain.

League of Nations to Enforce Peace

IT was a mighty advance in law and order when the court took the place of the corner brawl in settling disputes, and the policeman took the place of the armed citizen.

It was a great step forward in civilization when public opinion began to say that men should use their reason instead of their revolvers in maintaining their rights. Today, except in unusual instances, civilized individuals do not use their own force, but delegate the force to the police and the court.

The best thinking of the world as well as all the lessons of history indicate that the only method by which the danger of war can be reduced to the minimum is by substituting law for war among nations, just as law has been substituted for war among individuals within the nations.

This great world-war has taught us that the most urgent, the most necessary, the most fundamentally religious duty now before us, is the devising and adopting of some method other than war for settling the disputes that are bound to arise between nations. Unless this can be done we can never be sure that at any moment the results of generations of preaching and teaching may not be consumed in the fires of war.

The idea of a league of nations is no longer the mere vision of seers, the dream of prophets and the intellectual plaything of theorists. It is today one of the most concrete and unavoidable issues in the field of practical statesmanship.

One by one, since the present war began, the leading statesmen of practically all of the countries have come to the support of the league-of-nations proposal. President Wilson has made it the cardinal feature of America's new foreign policy. He has said that it must be incorporated in the peace treaty.

It is not at all unlikely that a league of nations, once under way, could provide, for the first time in history, a joint instrument through which the nations could really approach the problem of the co-operative control of armaments.

It is not at all unlikely that a league of nations could afford the machinery and the base of co-operation that would help toward the guaranteeing of justice and equity for all nations in the matters of access to the seas, access to raw materials, access to markets and equality of economic opportunity in general.

It has the virtue of being not an artificially conceived scheme which philosophers and statesmen are trying to shove down over the growing life of the world. It is, on the other hand, the ripest expression of that growing life, and is simply the next step forward toward which all the evolution of history and government has been tending.

Under New Management

WITH the present issue, the Christian Herald appears under new management. Mr. Graham Patterson, of Chicago, who for the last seven years has been in charge of the general western business of this paper, has purchased the controlling interest, and has been chosen President of the Christian Herald Corporation.

Mr. Patterson is well known in the field of religious journalism, and as President and Publisher he brings to his new position qualities that will result in making the publication more attractive, as well as more directly serviceable to its wide circle of readers. His long experience in church, Sunday school and settlement work, which still goes on, will bring him into close, sympathetic relations with all that this journal has always stood for.

The present editorial staff will continue under the new management. Its members welcome Mr. Patterson as a strong and desirable accession—one whose familiarity with the religious aims and purposes of the Christian Herald and whose warm sympathy with its benevolent and missionary work in many fields make the choice an ideal one.

Dr. Gray's New Series

DR. JAMES M. GRAY'S New Series on Prophecy, shortly to begin in the Christian Herald, will open with two instructive articles showing how the average Bible reader may study prophecy for himself. Their titles will be "How to Interpret Prophecy" and "Two Great Laws of Prophetic Interpretation." These will be followed by articles on current events in the light of the Prophetic Word, including:

"Russia, and the World Problem of the Jew,"
"How the Jewish Nation Will Bless the World,"
"How the War is Fulfilling Prophecy," and
"How Germany's Defeat Will Transform Europe."

We would advise all of our readers—and as many of their friends as they can induce to subscribe—to give these articles the attention they merit. They are especially timely as interpretations of Scripture in view of the great changes, territorial and national, that are being brought about by the world war. They are in the highest sense scholarly and conservative. Dr. Gray writes with the advantage of familiarity with the work of the ablest expositors of prophecy, and is himself recognized as a leading authority on the subject.

Ideal Christmas Giving

DID you read last week our announcement of the "Christmas Chest"—a fund to provide Christmas cheer for the war sufferers across the seas? It has struck a sweet responsive chord in many a heart in tune with the season's spirit.

It is true that much, perhaps most, giving of Christmas gifts is far from in keeping with the real spirit of the sacred day or in accord with reason. But true giving has its source in the best part of our nature. is the sweetest expression of our best feeling. It c no more be restrained than can the waters of a spri and human life would be as desolate without the o as the earth without the other. Christmas itself but an observance of the greatest and divinest g ever made to the world.

There can be no holier sentiment attached to a g on Christmas day than charity, for charity combi all that is good and tender in human ideal, impu and emotion. There is a double joy in charity, fo blesses two. It not only gives happiness in the itself but it quickens and develops, for all after li pure, precious qualities of mind and heart that ar well-spring of peace. Charity comes nearer to sp ning the immeasurable space between the sin of t world and the holiness of heaven than any other bl ing that mankind knows.

An ideal Christmas which would really me genuine good will among men is one in which n should be cold, hungry, shelterless or friendless—c in which they who have would think first of th who have not.

All the wisdom, thrift and generosity of manki has not been able to dissipate the cloud of pover Seldom if ever in world history have so many peop faced dire distress as they do today. Yet it wo not be impossible—not so very difficult even—for Christian Herald Family alone to wipe hunger for one day out of every home and refugee camp in least the land of Him who said "Inasmuch as ye unto these my brethren, even these least, ye did unto me." There is loving kindness enough, if o coined into dimes and dollars, to do it many times ov

Alas, enough will be wasted in frivolous giving this opulent land to supply a meed of surcease to ev aching heart in the world!

All that is called for is the right spirit in eno men and women. No organization is required. E must act for himself. The Christian Herald serve as a vehicle for transmitting the money to wisely dispensed by agencies already in operation.

Child Labor Day

CHILD Labor Day will be observed through the country on Saturday, January 25, in sy gogues, on Sunday, January 26, in the churc and in the schools on the following Monday, th days having been designated by the National C Labor Committee. It will be an occasion for review the work and achievement of Children's Year.

The Children's Bureau of the Department of La is arranging to have reports from its field work available for the programs of churches, schools, cl and other organizations.

The Children's Year work includes, besides baby-saving campaign, a crusade against warti child labor and a nation-wide back-to-school dri in both of which the National Child Labor Commit is participating.

The coming Child Labor Day, says an offi statement by the Committee, will be a time for aski in respect to the protection and education of the c dren, how the country has been preparing in warti for the period of reconstruction.

Getting Back to Schedule

THIS issue of the Christian Herald will reach readers a few days late, but we expect to have next number delivered on time. In last wee issue we explained the reason for the non-receipt of Christian Herald on publication day—due to a str of the press feeders which completely shut down printing plants in New York City. Not a wh turned in any of the hundreds of publishing establi ments from October 19th to October 29th.

The printing of the large edition of the Christ Herald requires the continuous running of the pres night and day in order that it may be mailed to re each subscriber on the date of issue. The refusal the press feeders to work made it impossible to pr the Christian Herald on time. Other magazines w similarly affected. The strike was especially dis trous to the weeklies, forcing such publications as Literary Digest, Outlook, Independent and oth which also have a nation-wide circulation, to suspe publication of the issue due during the last week October, so that readers of these publications entir missed one issue.

Through the efforts of the War Labor Board strikers returned to work on October 29th. T Christian Herald by extra effort arranged to get every issue—this one a few days late, and as sta before, we hope to have next week's issue out on ti

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

t. Bartholomew's Dedicated

THE new St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church at Park Avenue and East Fifty-first Street, New York, which with ilding and lands cost $2,000,000, was mally opened on October 20. Rev. ighton Parks, rector of the church, ered prayer for the diers and sailors, led the honor roll of e church, and made roductory remarks. Bishop David H. Greer en preached the dedi- ory sermon, saying, ong other things:

nd so you have built ir sanctuary of God with ength and beauty, not for selfish end or for parish ity or pride, but for a ler and more unselfish pose, a purpose more de- t, that by means of it— sanctuary of God— h strength and beauty t, as from time to time enter through its doors, may be made to feel lively sense of God, and the presence of God, ch no other kind of house le with hands can give. Bishop said that at a e like the present it ld be neither expedient right to carry the new rch to completion. He lled that the fund for construction of the build- had been collected be- and not after, this ntry entered the war.

our energy and substance, the Bishop con- ed, must now be expended on a more diate work, the work of defending and g to maintain inviolate and safe that and growing temple of our modern civi- tion which in all the ages past, through ifice and toil, has been slowly rising, and ot finished yet; yes, to defend it, to try keep it inviolate and safe, lest by a wan- and a lawless force it should be destroyed, apled down, broken down, and become a of robbers.

he new structure, which stands on d formerly occupied by the F. and Schaefer Brewery, is of Romanesque hitecture, and is one of the largest most stately ecclesiastical edifices the United States. Its institutional k, of the sanest and safest type, in- les its St. Bartholomew House, East ty-second Street, and parts of the lding are not completed. The human l was made to be a temple of God. e church is built to help make it h, by giving strength to character beauty to an unselfish life. This ught is expressed in the text Bishop er took for his sermon: "*Strength beauty are in His sanctuary.*" (*Ps. 6.*)

Scar Made Red Cross

WITH a cross on his back, Private Jean Fournan of New York City hereafter carry a souvenir of the ld war. He is known at American itary Hospital No. 1 in Paris, where is convalescing, as the "Red Cross n." One morning, a short time ago, hrapnel shell struck him. He had momentary stinging sensation, and n awoke to find himself on an Amer- n sanitary train, from which he was en by ambulance to the hospital. en he was carried to the operating m the surgeon looked him over and n called the other doctors to come look. The boy had been hit by pieces of shrapnel, one of which gone down his back so close to his spine that only a remarkable chance saved him from paralysis. The other had crossed at right angles, leaving the mark of a perfect cross on his back. How suggestive this cross, the symbol of sacrifice for others, on the back of the dear boy who had offered his life on the altar of his country! Fournan has those pieces of shrapnel in his Red Cross treasure bag. He says they are "lucky pieces," because they only left a scar. How suggestive of the cross under whose weight Christ sank and on which he died in the supreme sacrifice of the universe for the salvation of the world! Till Christ hung upon it the cross was counted a badge of ignominy and shame, reserved for the worst malefactors; when he hung upon it his blood sanctified and transformed it into a symbol of glory through all the centuries. We may not be able to wear a scar of the cross in battle, or be honored with a patriot's death, but the humblest man or woman on earth may wear the cross of Christ in service for others, which the apostle counted his greatest glory. Paul bore the scar of a red cross on his back. They whipped him so hard for being a follower of Christ that the gashes ran with blood, and when they were healed they left scars. And when the officers took him from the prison to the place of execution where he was to die for the Christ who had died for him, they no doubt found on his back the scars thus referred to: "*I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.*" (*Gal. 6 : 17.*)

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New Declaration of Independence

THE Congress of Representatives of the Subject Races of Germany and Austria has just closed its session in Independence Hall in Philadelphia. These men came from eighteen nationalities and represented over 60,000,000 people, including Finns, Lithuanians, Jugo-Slavs, Czecho-Slovaks, Rumanians, Ukrainians, Italian Irredentists, etc. They came to memorialize the United States and the Allies regarding the claims for freedom of each nation. Dr. Masaryk, prime minister of the Czecho-Slovak nation, a man of great ability and high character, presided over the convention. A few months ago the prospects for the liberty these people sought seemed far from hopeful. To Moscow across Poland, to Constanza across Rumania, to Salonica across Serbia, to Constantinople across Bulgaria, it was Berlin's plan to drive its power, and a shadow of terror and gloom settled down over these subject races. But the tide of battle turned and gave them hope. That Congress was one of the significant events of modern history. Its staging was spectacular. It met in the very room where the American Constitution was drawn up; around the same table on which the original Declaration of Independence in 1776 was signed. Professor Masaryk, the president of the Congress, sat in the same chair Washington occupied when the Republic was born, and the delegates signed the new Declaration of Independence on the historic table sanctified and dedicated forever to the cause of freedom by the laying on of hands of the Revolutionary Fathers. After the signature of the paper, declaring the subject races of Middle Europe free forever, the New Liberty Bell was rung, and a new era of liberty, love and happiness to millions of suffering creatures was ushered in. The new bell will be carried by the delegates to several cities, and then will be placed permanently in the Peace Palace in Brussels. The first Declaration made 3,000,000 free; the new one set twenty times that number at liberty. The first one had to be followed by a long Revolutionary War, the second comes at the close of the World War. It took the nations engaged in this war a good while to find what it was for, but God knew all the time. It was to make the world right and to make it free. The Congress at Philadelphia was one of the first fruits of this universal liberty and righteousness. It was to bring truth, justice, love, sacrifice for others, and a peace that shall never be broken to the end of time. It was to lift the world up to the ideals and person of the Christ and put it under his authority as the only real Ruler, "*The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.*" (*Rev. 11 : 15*)

Mussel Shells and Buttons

A YOUNG farm-hand employed near Muscatine, Iowa, walking along the bank of the Mississippi River, picked up a mussel shell and in it he thought he saw a button, millions of buttons. He had learned in the old country to make buttons out of horn. So he set up a little hand lathe in his employer's barn and made a few samples of these buttons, which he gave to his lady friends, and the call for them became so clamorous that he was unable to supply the demand. He went down to Muscatine and got money enough to start a little factory, which turned out buttons in great quantities. The city went wild over the success. For miles above and below the city the Mississippi was thick with the boats of the mussel shell fishermen, who made good wages and occasionally found a real pearl in the shell worth from three to four thousand dollars. The enterprise grew to huge proportions. It was twenty-eight years ago when the young farm-hand picked up the lucky shell. Recently it was discovered that these mussel beds could not grow their crops fast enough to supply the factories, and the doom of that local industry seemed to be threatened. The Federal Government came to the rescue, and limited the amount of dredging in certain streams. The shortage still continued, and the expert biologists found that the scarcity of fish in the streams partly accounts for the decrease in the mussel supply. Accordingly a government mussel farm has been instituted. The mussel is a parasite, which fastens itself to the fins or gills of a fish. The experimental farm near Muscatine has tanks into which are placed the kinds of fish for which the mollusks have an affinity. Then a quantity of undeveloped infant mussels are released in these tanks, and in a short time they attach themselves to the fishes, which are put into the Mississippi River. The mussel develops its organism and then dislodges itself and sinks to the bottom, where it secures itself. In this way the government hopes to keep up the button supply of the Mississippi River. The ingenuity of man in taking the dead shell to fasteu the garments of the living and in fastening the spawn of the mollusk to the fish to raise the shell of pearl illustrates his mastery over creation as thus ordered: "*And have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.*" (*Gen. 1 : 28.*)

Fatal Automobile Accidents

THE automobile is a blessing and has come to stay and hence the necessity of wisdom and caution in the use of a machine in itself so dangerous. While large numbers of drivers manifest this wisdom and caution, too many are reckless and criminal in the victims they mangle and kill. In New York City alone the careless handling of automobiles caused the death of fifty-six persons during October, nearly two a day. Whatever be the cause the municipal, state and federal authorities should stop these murderers in their mad rush for wealth or pleasure and compel a due regard for the rights and lives of their fellows on the road. No voice is louder for a reform in this matter than the people who own automobiles themselves. The Mosaic law was very strict with those who killed their neighbors even through accident. There is this reference to a reckless driver in olden times: "*And the driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously.*" (*II Kings 9 : 20.*)

The Rebirth of a World

*A SERMON BY REV. JAMES T. NICHOLS**

TEXT—Rev. 21 : 5. "Behold, I make all things new."

AT the creation we are told that the "morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy." For thousands of years these heavenly messengers were silent; but when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, this mighty chorus was heard again, singing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Surely the heavenly chorus will soon sing again, for the warless age of which the prophets spoke is near at hand. The nations of the earth are getting ready to "beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruninghooks." Above the lurid horizon of war, peace is shining.

This may be the darkest hour of all history. More people may be homeless, hopeless and miserable at this hour than ever before at any one time since the curtains of history were opened at the dawn of creation; but the darkest hour is just before the daybreak. The world is just entering the dawn of the brightest day in all the history of mankind. This war was to end war, to crush forever the spirit of militarism. The happiest day imaginable will be when the spirit of Christ so permeates society that "Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid; for the mouth of Jehovah hath spoken it."

Civilization has passed through some great crises. Out of the darkest age came the greatest renaissance. When it seemed that all was lost, science, art and learning were reborn. Invention and discovery became the order of the day. Shortly after the "morning star of the Reformation" appeared in England, came the greatest century of progress the world has ever known. Columbus discovered the New World, and a new passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope was found. Gunpowder changed the system of war. The compass changed the system of navigation. The printing press changed the system of education. The Reformation revolutionized the Church, and forces that had been hidden for ages were set free.

While these mighty strides ushered in an age of light, and civilization went forward by leaps and bounds, the curse of war was not removed. As the years went by, all the science and inventions of the ages were centered upon implements of destruction. It seemed impossible to have universal peace until there had been a universal war. No single nation or even a combination of nations could be formed that had power to abolish war. The militaristic spirit was firmly established in the heart of a nation with a so-called divinely appointed leader, and it seemed that his dream of world dominion was about to be realized.

LIKE a thunderclap out of a clear sky came the outbreak of this world war. For more than four years the life-and-death struggle has gone on, but the end is in sight. Civilization has been in a great melting-pot and the fires of war are burning the dross away. Nations that have made no contribution to the onward progress of true civilization are being consumed. Nations with ideals of truth and right are coming from the fire shining as pure gold.

One of the brightest of these is Belgium, which is one of the smallest of all in extent; but the strength of a nation is not measured by the boundary line of its territory. King Albert, with his little handful, changed the destiny not only of a continent but of the whole world. He is the Leonidas of the twentieth century. His little country has not only made a great contribution to civilization, but is really the savior of democracy for at least a thousand years.

One of the nations doomed is Turkey. The death rattle is already in her throat; the day of her funeral is at hand. What has she contributed to science, art, finance, agriculture, law, or anything else, for that matter? Did she not find a country in Europe, five hundred years ago, that had produced great men and encouraged science and art, and did she not introduce polygamy and slavery to that country? Did she not take the homes of the seven churches in Asia and blight them as rust destroys a field of grain? Did she not take the oldest city in the world, noted for its silk-looms and steel-works, and turn its factories into dog-kennels and its homes into hovels? Did she not take the very land made sacred by the feet of Him who wore the crown of thorns and turn its vineyards and productive valleys into the most desolate land on earth? The English have done more for Palestine during a few months' occupation in time of war than Turkey did for it in all the hundreds of years in which she controlled it. It is worth a war to get rid of a nation that has cursed every land it has touched for a thousand years!

Now, for four and one-half years, all the science and inventions of modern times have been used to destroy the world. The brains of nations have been battling with each other in an effort to devise implements of destruction more terrible than have ever been used before. This destruction, too, is all but complete. The ocean has become a great graveyard. Even the land itself, at least a great part of it, has been ruined. The most sacred buildings ever erected by the hands of man are now piles of ruins. The most precious paintings ever put on canvas, the most valuable books and documents ever printed, have been ruthlessly destroyed. The most sacred treaties ever made have been treated as scraps of paper; honor, justice, respect for women, purity and innocence of childhood have been trampled under foot. The very foundations of civilization seemed to be giving away; for a while the whole world reeled and staggered like a drunken man, and the clock of doom seemed ready to strike.

BUT now a new day is dawning! A new world is being born! It will be better for us to be living during the next ten years than in any decade of all history. Never before could the words of my text be spoken with such meaning as at this moment. Out of this war we can see already some of the greatest blessings that ever enriched mankind. Already we may see the beginning of the new era in transportation which the war is ushering in; the gigantic business enterprises, the like of which the world never dreamed; scientific discoveries in minerals, metals, gases, and the like, which would have taken generations to work out; control of forces on land, sea, and sky, that makes the brain stagger to contemplate. Dismissing all these and a hundred other marvels, let us look at some things near our homes and hearts that are making this a new world.

First of all, think of the thousands of homes that must be restored. More than seventy million acres of densely populated Allied territory have been held by the Huns. Not only have thousands of homes been destroyed, but much of the very soil ruined.

Hardly had an acre of these devastated lands been rescued from the invader before the English Quakers came to the aid of the civil population. They get what is left of a family together in the village or community; prepare a shack in which the family can live; furnish garden seeds and help them get started again. Mrs. Ward says of these Friends, who sing while they work: "They are building wooden houses, roofing them with tile. Around them are poor people, whose features are stiff and gray like those of the dead. These are women, old men and children, the weaklings of our sweet France, who have lived for months in damp caves and dens till they look like Lazarus rising from the tomb. But life is beginning to come back to their eyes and lips. The hands they stretch out to you tremble with joy. Tonight they will sleep in a house—their house. And inside there will be beds and tables and chairs, and things to cook with. As they go in and look, they embrace each other, sobbing."

This has been to them a sad, sad world, but, behold, all things are being made new!

Then the rebuilding of men's bodies is truly wonderful. Going through one of the great base hospitals in France, I saw how shattered bones are sawed out, new bones fitted in and grown fast together. Men have been brought in with noses shot away, jawbones shattered, and the very sight of their faces horrible to behold. But new noses have been grown, artificial jaw or chin bones been made of steel, and the entire faces of men made over. Were it not for the fact that photographs were made when they were brought in, it would be impossible to believe the facts in hundreds of cases.

Better still, pain has been all but eliminated. New discoveries in medical science have made it possible to stop the pain of a burn, for instance, in ten minutes. Wounds heal in less than half the time they formerly required before these new remedies were used. I have seen smiles on the faces of many patients who declared that they were as comfortable as they could be. Bodies of wounded men are swung in a sort of harness, and bed-sores are unknown; men whose bodies were almost shot to pieces are in a short time on the way to recovery and actually looking forward to going again to the front. This one remedy to eliminate pain will itself be almost worth a war, when its application becomes universal. The sufferings of this war are becoming the means to banish pain, and the words, "Behold, I make all things new," have a new meaning.

AGAIN, there were scores and hundreds of men who were making no contribution to civilization, and never would have made any, had they not been entirely disabled for military duty, who are now a real blessing to humanity. Palaces have been turned into workshops and machinery put in, and hundreds of these disabled men put to work as soon as their wounds were healed. Some have already become inventors and discoverers. All these years they have had talents and ability which even they themselves knew nothing about, and perhaps never would have had a chance to develop, had they not been wounded and disabled for military duty. One rarely sees more grateful and contented men than those in the "Lighthouse" in Paris, who are learning to become independent, although they will never see the sunlight or the beautiful flowers again. Although sightless, they see the meaning of the text, "Behold, I make all things new."

A new brotherhood, the like of which the world never knew, is being born. Deeds of heroism almost approaching the divine are performed every day. This is seen everywhere among the Allied armies. Unselfish heroism everywhere! This is common to all—the millionaire's son as well as the man from the slums. Wounded men plead that their comrades be operated on and looked after before themselves. This brotherly spirit is so outstanding among our own soldiers that in the villages everywhere the children follow them, climb upon their laps, and hug them as though they were their parents.

Unselfish devotion is everywhere among the stricken peoples. In one case the Germans entered a town, and an officer was shot. The populace was summoned and the heartless commander stated that if the one who shot the Hun did not confess it in ten minutes, all the men would be killed. The people were dumbfounded and eight or nine minutes passed in silence, when a woman—a mother—stepped forward and said she did it. She was shot to death before the eyes of the people. They no doubt supposed this woman was responsible for the deed until, a day or two later, a French soldier came from his hiding-place and said it was he who shot the German officer. This heroic woman had voluntarily given her life to save the men in the village. Yes, all things are being made new.

THE Church, too, is being reborn. Formalism and selfishness had in many cases driven the Master from the very buildings dedicated to his name. Traditions had taken the place of the Word of God. Made-in-Germany rationalism had too often supplanted the doctrine of the divinity of Christ. Even ministers were belittling the miraculous. Jesus was no longer the Son of the Living God, but a teacher of morals and ethics. But, behold! the Christ of the Bible is being restored, and becoming a living reality in the hearts of men. The spirit of love and self-sacrifice is coming to its own. Protestants, Catholics and Jews are not only shaking each other's hands, but comforting each other's hearts. For the first time in history all Christianity is having an opportunity to be tested, besides other religions and philosophies, and is making good across the sea. The Church will never be the same again, for all things are being made new.

During all the years, the Church in America has been creeping along like a little child; but after the war it will stand upon its feet and walk like a man. A new era of liberality and unselfish devotion is being ushered in, and the Church is already in the throes of a new birth. When the multitudes who have been up against life and death come home, they will help make the Church what it ought to be. No shams or littleness will go with these men. They went across the sea as boys; they will come home as full-grown men. They will help make all things new.

Some one has said that every time history has moved forward by leaps and bounds, it has been when great national streams converge. No one nation or people can reach the highest standard alone. Each has its contribution to make, but when the nations suffer and sacrifice together, they are welded together by hands that cannot be parted asunder. Such sacrifice, in the hands of God, is making a new world. The ideals of the Christ are becoming the ideals of humanity, and the voice of inspiration is saying, "Behold, I make all things new."

*Evangelical pastor, Des Moines, Iowa.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

Daily Meditation

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Revelation in the After Days

SUNDAY, November 24. John 13 : 7. "*What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.*" There are numberless things to which at present we have no clue. Many of the Mas-r's words have no immediate significance for us. any of the things which he does to us hide their se-ets. But the veil is only for a while. In after days e dark word will unfold a wealth of strength and ace, and the confusing experience, which perplexed like a fog, will find a minister of interpretation in me later experience and it will become transparent. id no revelation waits upon life. We cannot force secrets by the strenuous grappling work of the ellect. We do not reach the most precious light God by the venturous journeys of the reason, but by e faithful commonplace pilgrimage of daily life. iat is to say, later events hold the keys to present ysteries. When the latter event arrives, it opens e lock of some perplexity, as though the puzzling ing had been touched by a magician's wand. It is t a bit of good struggling for a premature unfolding the divine mystery. The revelation awaits our rival at a certain place on the road, and when time ings us to that place, and we enter into the experi-ces, we shall find to our delightful surprise that e old, darksome thing has become luminous. id so the only thing we need to be concerned about to be on the King's highroad, stepping out in cordance with his most holy will. "Light is sown the righteous." At the right moment the shining rvest will appear. J. H. J.

His Benefits

MONDAY, November 25. Ps. 103 : 2. "*Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.*" it not strange that we are often blind to the fact at God's goodness is exercised toward us quite as tainly in the preservation of unbroken health it could possibly be in recovery from illness? e demand miracles, yet are blind to the daily racle of strength sustained. A man was relating e story of his wonderful escape from shipwreck sea. A friend of his said, "I have a still more nderful story to relate," and proceeded to the rrative of a voyage which was unbroken by accident any kind. Someone said, "I see nothing wonderful your experience; you had a normal voyage. Why uld you compare your story with that of one who s in danger and was so marvelously delivered?" e man answered, "I was in danger every minute the voyage. So is every man who goes to sea. is every man who stays on land. God's providence ne keeps us in safety. Is not God as good to me—is not as good to all of us who never have had hair-adth escapes—as he is to those who look death the face and who come back in safety?" One o has been sick unto death and who is restored ls very grateful, or at least he should feel so. w much more grateful should we be who are served in health! It is foolish, indeed it is wicked, see God's providence only in the emergencies of r lives. Consider the case of Hezekiah, who came k from the gates of death and was grateful and nitent. As a matter of fact, his life was no more e gift of God to him after his recovery than it was fore, but he had been made to see the gracious nefits of God. It is a good thing for us to have our es opened to God's goodness by one means or an-er. Surely we should be open-eyed to the common-ce benefits of life—bodily strength, sane minds, ll-disposed wills, clean ancestry, comfortable homes, cious friends, and above all, the inestimable bless-gs of the Gospel of the Son of God. "Forget not his benefits." "New every morning is the love r wakening and uprising prove." C. C. A.

The Master of the Harvest

TUESDAY, November 26. Jer. 5 : 24. "*Neither say they in their heart, Let us now fear the Lord r God, that giveth rain, both the former and the latter his season: he reserveth unto us the appointed weeks the harvest.*" When Peter had made his miracu-is draught of fishes, he fell down before Jesus, ying: "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, Lord." He perceived at once that his great success s not due to his skill and labor. He knew that he d not achieved it. But he could not claim it either a reward of merit: he felt himself utterly unworthy such a splendid bounty. His wealth humbled n. The great God of heaven had condescended honor a worthless creature with a bounty such as e bestows only upon a very dear friend.

We have brought into our barns and cellars the harvest of this year. God has again blessed the labor of our hands. Shall we now say, It is owing to our ingenuity, our improved methods of agriculture, our incessant toil that we have obtained such an abundance of good things? Only the shallowest conceit can ascribe to human cunning what is due to divine generosity. The rain that moistened the furrows on thousands of acres has descended on the land of many an unjust husbandman, and the sun in which the grain ripened shone on the fields of many an evil man. Surely, these cannot claim any personal merit in their harvests. But even the just and good husbandmen will not claim such merit; yea, these will be most outspoken in disclaiming any merit. They will give all glory to the true Master of the harvest, who put the germinating power into plants and provided the moisture and tempered the atmosphere in which they grew to maturity. Now that the Creator has again thrown his generous bounty into our lap, let us reverently bow before the Giver of these gifts, and, with Peter, profess ourselves unworthy of so much love and kindness.

W. H. T. D.

Nations Turning to God

WEDNESDAY, November 27. Isa. 55 : 5. "*Nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.*" Songs of redemption are more melodious than anthems of creation, therefore the music of this Thanksgiving time should reach the loftiest concert pitch. The night of war is passing, the day of liberty is dawning. The crucifixion of suffering will be followed by the resurrection victory. O morning land of triumph! Flowers of peace and righteousness blossoming out of the blackness of death! The red blood of heroes making rich the harvest of fruitage for all future time!

Redemption from rum, emancipation of the soul from its awful slavery, is a plant that has been growing through the millenniums and is now bursting into bloom. Benevolence, the white blossom of beauty, is everywhere seen on battlefields and among suffering peoples. Woman, long in the bondage of bigotry, prejudice and tyranny, is today standing alongside her brothers as their equal in rights, in mind, skill and strength, to do and to dare in the battle of life. The cause of world-wide missionary evangelism has awakened out of sleep, marshaling her forces for the redemption of the race.

Educational institutions are feeling the thrill of this onward movement. What are these wounds in the hands of Christian men? Those which will be for the redemption of liberty and the spread of Christ's kingdom. When the terrible devastation of war is past, "instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree, for ye shall be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands for joy." Thus the Almighty will make the wrath of man to praise him, and the immortal spirits of those whose cold faces and precious bodies are in the furrows of the trenches in nameless graves will cry out for the joy of this victory: "We endured the cross and despised the shame, that the glory of eternal triumph might be ours and the world's." E. W. C.

God's World

THURSDAY, November 28. Ps. 24 : 1. "*The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.*" This is God's world. His title to it, his proprietorship, is based upon his creation of it. Moreover, that title holds good forever by virtue of his presence in the world to preserve and uphold it. Upon God's ownership of us he bases all his claims upon us for service and surrender. Did I give my money to the Red Cross, the Y.M.C.A., the hospital, the church, last Sunday? No; it was God's money I gave. So the most liberal giver is simply God's almoner. And the least liberal giver is simply guilty of "conversion." This legal term "conversion" has an evil meaning. It is the use for one's self of funds belonging to another. If my banker uses my money to speculate with; if he uses his depositors' money to buy houses and lands and motor cars and yachts for himself, he is guilty of "conversion." And we are chargeable with a like offense if we treat as ours what is God's, if we withhold from him the practical acknowledgment of his right and title to us and ours.

In the light of this truth, who then is rich? Surely not those whose rule it is to get and keep. No matter how much we get, our only true wealth is in giving. The earth is rich when it is fruitful. The sun is rich in that it always gives to the world. God is the great Giver of every good and perfect gift. God himself were infinitely poor if he were not forever imparting gifts to men. "Kings," said a dying monarch, "are chiefly fortunate in this, that they have the power to confer gifts." C. C. A.

Reading of the Bible

FRIDAY, November 29. John 5 : 39. "*Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me.*" Here is a command of our Lord, with his reason for the same attached to it. For any one to heed the command but disregard the reason for the command is certainly an unwise action. Bible-reading performed as a work of merit for which a reward is expected becomes unprofitable. The Bible is a book with a purpose such as no other book can serve. It is God's great and final witness for Jesus Christ, the sinner's guide to heaven. Detach this book from its purpose and you virtually change the character of the book, and your Bible-reading is no longer an act of obedience to God but a self-willed act. In that case Bible-reading may still prove an interesting and, in a measure, even a useful occupation. The facts of history recounted in the Bible, the panorama of nations and countries rising to great power and falling into decay, the references to curious customs prevailing in ancient times, to the myriad creatures in the great universe, the celestial bodies, the flowers in the field, the beasts in the forest—all these things are interesting, even fascinating. Still more valuable are the moral lessons conveyed by the Bible, both by precept and example. Man's proper conduct in good and evil times, his relations to his fellow men in home, church and state, are copiously set forth in this book, and tend toward increasing human happiness in this world. But the knowledge which the Bible-reader obtains regarding these matters is a mere by-product of his study of this book. Only when he has from this book learned to know who Jesus is, why he came from heaven and became man, why he lived a holy life and died an innocent death, why he taught men to heed his teaching and abide in his word—in a word, only when the Bible-reader accepts Jesus as the way to the Father, the truth and the life, he has read his Bible aright, and obtains the divinely intended profit of his Bible study. W. H. T. D.

Being in Christ

SATURDAY, November 30. II Cor. 12 : 2. "*I knew a man in Christ.*" Do you know yourself to be in Christ? What a blessed union and fellowship is yours! Have you ever had a special visit with your Lord when his loving Spirit swept through your being with inexpressible delight? Then you have had blessed assurance that "Jesus is mine"; perfect peace and heavenly communion. Like the great apostle, you could hardly tell whether you were in the body or out of the body, but you did know that you were dwelling in a paradise richer than Eden.

After such a consciousness, one is not troubled with doubts and fears about his divinity, ability or willingness to do all he has promised for his believing children. All uncertainties, like fogs, are swept away by the brightness of his shining. One seems to dwell in an atmosphere of eternity. In him we live and move and have our spiritual being, with fresh views every evening and new every morning. To live is Christ, to die is gain.

The brother of the sisters at Bethany was caught up for four days into Paradise, like Paul, but the word of Jesus called him back to the embrace of friends and loved ones. His mouth was sealed, like the apostle's. He had heard words impossible to put into human speech. He knew the heavenly secret of life after death, of ineffable fellowships with Christ and the redeemed. We must be in the Spirit if, like John on Patmos, we are to enjoy such a vision of our Lord, and ever afterward walk as seeing him who is invisible while treading the soil of time. Would you like to have a look through one of the windows of eternity? You may have it by faith in him. The eye of the soul is surer than physical sight; the certitude of seeing by faith is richer and sweeter and more abiding than any of the feelings of sense. It is living the forever life here; it is seeing beckoning hands and listening to calling voices; it is having your affections set on things above, where Christ is and the holy of the ages dwell. E. W. C.

All the World

By CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "In His Steps," "His Brother's Keeper," "Jesus Is Here," etc., etc.

A Story Having for Its Theme the Reconstruction Period After the Great War

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

THE town of Bradford was decked with flags and bunting in honor of the home-coming of Ambulanee Company 241, in which Richard Ward had served at the steering-wheel of the ambulance, losing his right hand at Château-Thierry. After the celebration Richard and his father, Rev. Dr. Ward, sat in the latter's study and talked about Dick's future, a problem which was complicated by the loss of his hand and his engagement to Requa Randall, to whom he also looked for advice in this matter. Dr. Ward's sermon on the first Sunday after the return of the soldiers decided Dick to become a foreign missionary. Chaplain Hunter, who had been submarined in the Mediterranean, unexpectedly turned up.

CHAPTER FOUR

WHILE Dick sat in his room debating the chances of his choice coming in conflict with his love of the dearest girl in the world, Dr. Ward was having another experience at the close of this notable day.

His daughter Esther had come in with her mother. Mrs. Ward and her daughter had been in the library during the conference in the study. And Esther had lingered on the porch with Bert Chandler after the rest of the young men had gone.

Dr. Ward saw at once that there was something of great moment between mother and daughter. But the war had filled all of life so full of the exciting and the unexpected that any event had to be very extraordinary to arouse a thrill in either heart or head.

"It's the last thing in the world I ever expected," the mother was saying as she came into the room.

"I never dreamed of it," the girl was answering. The color on her cheeks was vivid and her eyes glowed with great animation.

"Esther tells me Bert is determined to go," Mrs. Ward said as she looked from daughter to husband.

"So far it seems to me he has been rather determined to stay," the doctor whimsically remarked as he looked at the clock.

"Father!" Esther exclaimed as she laughed at his banter. "You must know what mother means."

"Yes. It's what you have been going over here tonight." Mrs. Ward spoke before the doctor could reply to Esther. "After all we had planned, don't you see, we are going to lose both of our children? And we had so made up our minds that after all this dreadful separation and uncertainty and loss"—Mrs. Ward's look rested on Albert's picture on his father's desk—"it did seem as if we might have been allowed to have to comfort us those who were spared to us. But I will not complain, John, only my spirit is like the mother's in Padriac Pearse's lament. You remember, John, the mother who lost her two sons at the Battle of the Marne, the second battle:

"I do not grudge them; Lord, I do not grudge
My two strong sons that I have seen go out
To break their strength and die, they and a few,
In bloody protest for a glorious thing.
They shall be spoken of among their people,
The generations shall remember them,
And call them blessed;
But I will speak their names to my own heart
In the long nights;
The little names that were familiar once
Round my dead hearth.
Lord, thou art hard on mothers:
We suffer in their coming and their going;
And though I grudge them not, I weary, weary
Of the long sorrow—and yet I have my joy:
My sons were faithful, and they fought."

"But he, the good God, spared *one* of ours," said John Ward, gently, after a moment of silence.

"Only to take the other away!" Mrs. Ward burst out, suddenly breaking down, to the doctor's real consternation. For she had not done that, even at the news of Albert's death. "And Esther, too, if she goes with Bert! 'Lord, thou art hard on mothers!'"

ESTHER tried to comfort her, while Dr. Ward sat dumb. "It will take Bert two or three years to get ready to go anywhere. You will have us all that time, anyway."

"I had forgotten that!" Mrs. Ward suddenly sat up and smiled. "Of course it will. I kept thinking you were going right off."

"By the new plan outlined by the seminaries young men like Bert can get ready to go out in one year," said the doctor. "We have all that to go over in making our plans. But there is going to be a lot of adventure about the whole thing. Do you know, Dick is wondering what Requa's father will say." Both Mrs. Ward and Esther exclaimed, and Esther said decidedly,

"Requa will never go against her father's wishes. I know her too well."

"Dick is afraid of Randall! Think of that, Sarah! A boy who wears the Croix de Guerre! Afraid of his future wife's father!"

"That girl," said Esther with determination, "has been one of the last to find out and feel the influence of the war on the women of the world. I love Requa, and she is a splendid girl, and she loves Dick and worships him, but she is afraid of her father, and you know, daddy, why"—

Esther did not finish her sentence, and Dr. Ward did not, either, but all three seemed aware of a chill in the room, which was dispelled when Dr. Ward said, "Do you know what time it is, folks?"

"One o'clock!" Mrs. Ward said, as she rose.

"But yesterday was a great day. What it will mean to those young men no one can ever tell."

"Or to the young women, either, father."

"How! What's that?" Dr. Ward turned to his daughter, the surprises of the day not yet over.

"You know the girls in my class. They were greatly stirred by your sermon, daddy. They want to do something. And there's Alberta. Since Albert's going out she must do something to fill life's cup for her. There are at least six of my girls, I believe, who want to get into some kind of service for all the world. Small things do not interest them any more. Only the biggest can appeal to them now."

"Do you mean to say that six of those high school girls in your class will actually consider the commission to go into all the world to make disciples?"

"Father," Esther said, coming up to him and putting her hand on his head, "it is too late to tell all about it tonight. The girls would have been in to see you about it if the boys hadn't come. It's a great story they will have to tell you if they talk to you as they have to me. I don't believe even you really understand what the war has done for girls and women."

"I don't, except when I look at you. You're not the same girl you were when the war broke out."

"I hope not, daddy! But you're tired after such a day. We'll go over it all in the morning."

NEXT morning at the breakfast table the Ward family did what they always did, following the habit the children had known for years, in fact, ever since they were born.

They discussed at the table the things they had been talking over when they parted at night. And there were few secrets in the Ward family. What concerned one of them concerned all. Even Esther's and Dick's love chapter in life was freely read by them to the father and mother, and on this occasion it played so vital a part in the future plans of all of them that it could not possibly be avoided even if any one had wished.

"Bert is the last fellow in the world I should have thought of as a missionary," said Dick, following some remark his sister had made about his own choice. "He isn't any more cut out for it than I am, but he told me yesterday he believed he had never felt more certain about anything since he volunteered in 241."

"Bert has plenty of qualifications for missionary service," said Esther with her usual determined air. "He likes people of all sorts, he is not afraid of any kind of circumstance, he learns languages easily, he can adapt himself to any sort of climate, he has perfect health, he is very persuasive—"

"Ha! ha! Exactly what Requa said of my qualifications as a foreign missionary. When we come to make our applications for missionary service all Bert and I will have to do will be to refer the secretaries or the board to our respective brides, who know all about us."

"And you would not be far out of the way, sir. I don't believe you realize, Dick, while you've been gone, how fast and far women have gone in learning to make quick judgment and to measure up to large opportunities. That's one reason you boys will have to do some pretty good thinking and hard work if you keep up with us, or fill the places you left when you went away."

DICK answered soberly, admiring his sister's determination and her general air of wideawakeness.

"Bert and I haven't begun to catch on yet to the new things into which we have come back, if that is good American language. Why, I didn't even know that the saloons were gone from Bradford until I went down on the street Saturday on the way to Requa's. It doesn't seem possible, dad. How you used to pray for that day! But I never believed it would ever happen."

"We haven't a saloon or a brewery in the whole state," said Dick's father calmly.

"What?"

"Not a saloon in the whole state," Dr. Ward repeated. "While you have been fighting 'over there,' we have been fighting 'over here.'"

Dick had risen in his excitement. As he sat down he said, "I don't see what there is left for you to preach about, dad, if the saloons are gone."

"There are a number of things left."

"And we have woman's suffrage since you went away, Dick," his mother added.

Dick began to look bewildered, and Esther chimed in: "There's hardly a man left in the flour mill or the furniture shops, and I suppose you noticed Alberta is in McAlpin's old place at the ticket office down at the depot."

Dick looked from Esther to his mother and then to his father, and after a moment of astonished silence he broke into a laugh, but it was a laugh which had questions in it.

"We got very little news on the fighting line. We were making European history, and didn't have time to note what was going on at home. On the way home what do you folks think was the main topic of our talk and interest?"

Father and mother and sister looked their keen interest and Dick provokingly said, "Some time I'll tell you, but it wasn't prohibition or woman suffrage, or government ownership of railroads, telegraph and telephone service. I expect to be surprised every day at something new in America, but somehow it doesn't excite me much until I find about Requa—and her father."

"But you and Bert will never understand the greater part of the new order of things in America, Dick, if you do not know and understand something of the part that the women of America played during the war. I suppose you heard of the Red Cross over there?"

DICK rose from his place at the table and gravely saluted. "That's the Red Cross! If there was one thing we did know, it was that. Yes, the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. Some day I'll begin to tell you folks what it all meant to me."

"But," Esther persisted, "do you know what the women of America did in the Red Cross? We're not jealous of the Y. M. C. A., but I don't believe even the people here at home begin to know what the Red Cross owes to the women of America. Daddy, you know I was appointed statistical secretary for our division to get the exact facts for the second year of the war. And here is what I found out. In one year of the war the women of America planted 800,000 war gardens, out of which were raised $350,000,000 worth of crops; 460,000,000 quarts of fruit were preserved from these gardens in eight months, and 1,000,000 loaves of bread saved each day. In addition to that, 8,000,000 women worked in 50,000 Red Cross workrooms. In six months they delivered 3,681,895 surgical dressings, 1,517,076 pieces of hospital linen, 424,550 hospital garments, 240,000 knitted articles, and 301,563 miscellaneous supplies. During the entire year 13,000,000 articles were sent abroad, 3,000,000 surgical dressings went every month to France, and $36,000,000 worth of garments for our own boys.

"Wait! I never knew you had such a memory!" cried Dick in genuine astonishment.

"She never used to have any, Dick," Dr. Ward exclaimed. "She has made a memory where there wasn't any."

DICK looked with undisguised admiration at his sister.

"If the war has done as much for all the women as it has done for you, sis, it surely is a new world we have come back into. But I don't believe they are all like you. You don't mean to say, do you, that those figures represent official and United States facts?"

The breakfast was getting cold. The Ward family had paused in the act of eating to digest Esther's figures. She had pushed back her chair from the table and was sitting there with a look of meditation. If any one except her brother had asked such a question he would have been indignant. But he smiled as she said:

"Your ignorance of the world you have come back into is excusable. You and Bert and all the boys are going to be astonished a good many times. It's a new America and a new world. I do feel for the first time that I have some real place in it. Just think, I, one of 766,202 professional women in this country! Yes, daddy, I am going to practice on you folks, now I have got to going, with my report as secretary. In the fine arts there are 20,393 women listed in the Woman's Who's Who; 85,000 clergy, 490,250 teachers, 1,787 lawyers, 7,502 authors and editors; 144,451 are practicing medicine, 84,478 are teaching music, and 3,250 are in scientific pursuits as architects, chemists, and civil and electrical engineers.

"Did you know that one little French woman was at the head of the hospital at Verdun for seven months? You must have heard of her. For six weeks she worked there without taking her clothes off. And now she's médicin-en-chef of the Hospital Mili-

n Paris. Ten hospitals in Europe are staffed entirely by women. Seven great London hospitals have women resident physicians in charge. Endel Street Hospital, the greatest London war hospital, was staffed entirely by women. And did you know our Red Cross has been asked by France and Serbia for hospitals staffed by women? Didn't the boys find out that the place to go when they were wounded was the Women's Hospital in Paris?"

DICK did not answer as Esther paused in her tumultuous statistic. The mere figures seemed to be of little interest to him by the side of one sentence.

"Who was that doctor at Verdun? What did you say was her name?"

"Why, it was Dr. Nicole Gerard Mégin. When she sent in her application for an appointment as acting surgeon she left off her first name and the War Office supposed it was a man. When she appeared with her surgeon's kit at the Vosges front with a government commission the médicin-en-chef sat at point threw up his hands in dismay at sight of this little woman. And there were 1,000 wounded soldiers at that point and only five doctors. They had to let her get to work. And she assisted in four days at 600 operations and never lost a case! Surely you must have heard of her!"

"Heard of her? Of Dr. Nicole Gerard Mégin! Why, she is the doctor that amputated my arm and saved my shoulder!"

In his excitement Dick had risen so suddenly that he knocked a cup and saucer off the table.

No one paid any attention to it. Dick was waving his left arm enthusiastically. Esther was staring hard, while her eyes glowed.

"How splendid! But you never wrote us about it! How should I like to see her perform an operation like that!"

"Do you mean on me?" Dick grinned, as he sat down.

"But how is it you did not write us about it?" Mrs. Ward asked.

Dick looked ashamed. "You know, mother, what a careless correspondent I am, and I kept saying I would tell you all when I came home. And there was Requa to write to, and as soon as we were able to leave Paris and join the company, the thing was all over and I was on board. But Dr. Nicole! You must tell me anything about her! We, the boys saw her oftener than we saw Pershing or Foch. And I shall carry her skill with me as long as I live."

It was all so wonderful that a silence followed, broken finally by Dick, who, as he stooped over to pick up the broken cup and saucer, said,

"I might as well get right over and see Mr. Randall this morning."

Mr. Ward looked at Mrs. Ward as if seeking an answer to some question they had been debating before the breakfast hour. He seemed to read his answer in her returning look, and with a good deal of reluctance he said, as Dick put the pieces of broken crockery on the table:

"Dick, we feel, your mother and I, that you ought to know a somewhat disagreeable fact before you go to see Mr. Randall. You haven't been home long enough to learn about things, and we may help you in your interview with him to know the facts from us rather than have them come to you by way of those who are—less friendly."

DICK sat down again, looking intently at father and mother and his face, all of whom returned his look with unusual gravity.

"The plain fact is," Dr. Ward continued with characteristic family bluntness "that Mr. Randall is a profiteer, who has made a large part of his recent income by evading the government regulations. He has not yet done anything illegal to the extent of putting himself in the reach of the law, but a few weeks ago he was under suspicion of such shrewd practice in the manipulation of warehouse securities that he may fall under government indictment and arrest. Have you heard anything of this?"

"No!" Dick's one word was like a hand grenade. His face was white and he clutched the tablecloth with a grip that made his mother, sitting opposite, apprehensive that he might drag all the dishes off the board.

"Why, he is a traitor!" Dick exploded.

Dr. Ward said gently, "Bradford will give him the benefit of every doubt. Randall has lived here all his life. He has built up the shops and always been fair in his dealings with the men and generous in public ways with his money. He built the new hospital here the first year of the war. The people will be slow to accuse him, and yet I am obliged to believe he has been caught up in the great temptation which has caught so many of our business men in the unprecedented opportunities which war conditions have afforded to pile up enormous gains in a short time."

BUT Dick did not appear to listen. His face was white and stern.

"I wish I didn't have to know this. It doesn't seem possible that Requa's father is a traitor! Yes, he is, dad, a traitor."

Dick spoke hotly, answering a silent protest he saw in his father's gesture. "Why, in England they would shoot men for things like that! Even if he is not legally and technically guilty of profiteering, if he has taken advantage of the war to make a fortune or take advantage of the public, he is a traitor. He is not a true American."

Dr. Ward had never seen Dick angry before. He was not simply angry in any superficial or temporary feeling, but thoroughly stirred by his father's statement about Randall. It seemed to him like a monstrous thing that while the young men were risking their lives and all they held dear in the name of a real patriotism, the older men, safe at home, should see in the awful tragedy of the world only a good chance to make big money. It did not make any difference if a great number of men, some of them high in the business world, did the same; they were all guilty of treason and deserved the punishment of traitors.

"I thought you ought to know the worst from us before you went to see him about Requa," his father was saying gently. "It may be he can justify some of his business moves. I am not judging him. But he is, as I have told you, under government suspicion right now. It will not make it any easier for you to see him."

Dick had already started to go out.

"Dad, I'm not afraid of him any more. I can't be afraid of any man for whom I have no respect."

"But he is Requa's father, Dick. You cannot forget that," his mother said anxiously.

"I shall not forget that, either, mother," said Dick softly, but his face was still pale and his look stern.

"Be careful, son," Dr. Ward spoke calmly. "Remember what you are going to see him about. You are not his judge and executioner. The state will take care of that. Whatever rights you have are vested in Requa, who has pledged you faithfully to be your wife and share in your future. You are both old enough to make your own choices. But Randall is not all bad. He might—"

Dick cast one look around at the three still seated at the table and went slowly out. They heard him go upstairs to his room, and after a few minutes he came down, seemed to hesitate in the hall, but finally opened the door and went out. Esther went to the window to wave a hand at him, as she used to do before Dick went away. She was greatly disturbed because he did not turn to wave his hand at her in reply. He went up the street without turning his head and crossed over to go up to Requa's.

Esther was crying as she came back to the table.

"I never saw Dick so upset. Do you think, father, it was wise to tell him about Mr. Randall?"

"Yes. He would have to know it soon, anyway, and perhaps from some of Randall's political enemies. But it is hard for Dick to face all this right now."

To be continued

Why Teeth Lose Their Glitter

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You Leave the Film

Why do well-brushed teeth discolor and decay?

Why does tartar form?

Why does pyorrhea start?

Millions of people are asking those questions, and the answer is this:

A slimy film constantly forms on your teeth. It clings to the teeth. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays, and your brushing doesn't remove it. And most tooth troubles are due to that film.

That film is what discolors—not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food which ferments, and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, and many internal troubles are due to them.

These facts have been known for years. But dental science found no way to effectively combat the film. A vigorous dental cleaning from time to time was needed to remove it.

Now a way has been found to combat it. That way is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. You can prove it, as thousands have, by a simple test. This is to urge that you do it.

See the Difference

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

Ordinary pepsin will not serve. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth.

But science has now found a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method, employed in Pepsodent, makes teeth-cleaning vastly more effective.

Able authorities have made clinical tests of Pepsodent. In thousands of cases they have watched its efficiency. Now we are urging all people to prove it in their homes. It means results you do not get without it, and they are all-important.

Send the coupon with 10 cents for a special tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean your teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

That film is your teeth's chief enemy. This test will show you that you can combat it. Then you will always clean your teeth, we think, in this scientific way. Cut out the coupon now.

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

(135.A)

SPECIAL 10-CENT TUBE

A size not sold in Drug Stores

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 229, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find 10 cents for Special Tube of Pepsodent.

Name.....

Address.....

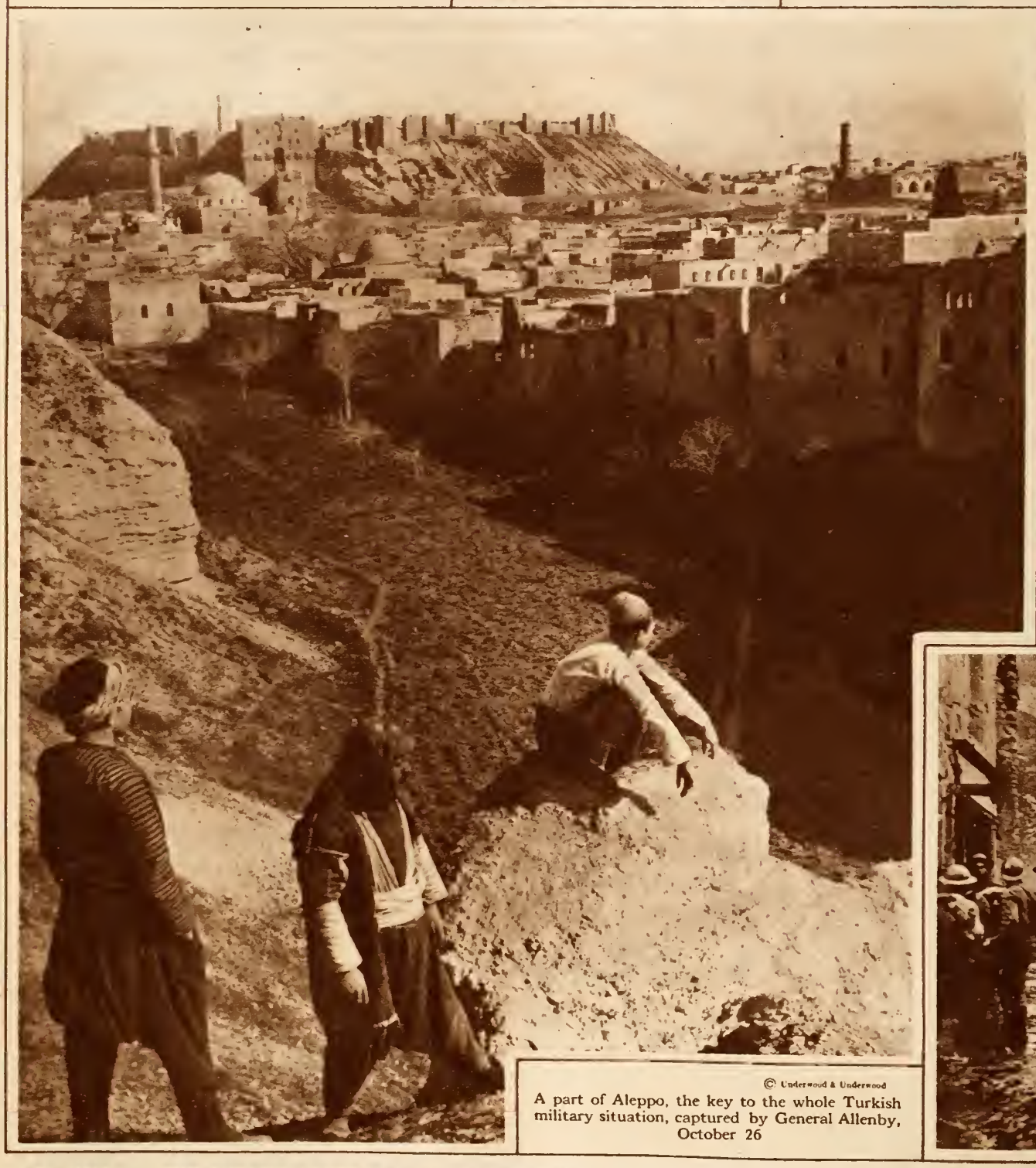
OUR HEROES

French Official Photo

Frenchmen of the military class of 1920, not yet in uniform, marching through a reconquered village to pay homage to the American heroes who came across the sea to fight, to die if need be, for liberty

© Committee on Public Information

American troops advancing up a steep hillside against the battling Boche. Notice how they take advantage of every bit of cover, especially how they go prone when they approach the bullet-swept top of the hill



© Underwood & Underwood

A part of Aleppo, the key to the whole Turkish military situation, captured by General Allenby, October 26

VER THERE"

© Committee on Public Information

The gas alarm has sounded. Every doughboy hurries into his mask; seconds are priceless, minutes may be fatal

© Committee on Public Information

s and artillery moving up to the sup- f the Americans who took Juvigny, on e road to the Chemin des Dames

© Press Illustrating Service

One of the big American 16-inch rifles, over 60 feet long, which the navy mounted on railway carriages for work in France. The gun is here shown as it was mounted for shipment. On October 28 these big rifles were back of the American lines north of Verdun blasting away the German railway communications eighteen miles away

French Official Photo

ious American troops in the streets of court, which they recaptured from the Hun in their St. Mihiel offensive

© Underwood & Underwood

There are compensations even in wounds. These convalescent Yanks are served with tea and American good things in the Royal Palace garden in Paris by the Red Cross chapter, organized by the Ladies of the American Colony

Look and Make Sure

Hundreds of medicinal products are sold in the form of plain white tablets.

In appearance alone they are indistinguishable. Plain white tablets are sometimes offered when Aspirin is called for, but an unmarked white tablet is an *unknown quantity.*

Bayer-Tablets and Capsules of Aspirin *contain genuine Aspirin.*

To be absolutely certain when purchasing Aspirin tablets or Capsules look for the Bayer Cross on the labels—then on the *tablet itself.* It is placed there for your additional protection so that you may be sure you are receiving *genuine* Aspirin.

"The Bayer Cross— (BAYER) *Your Guarantee of Purity"*

Bayer-Capsules of Aspirin are sold in *sealed* packages

TABLETS	CAPSULES
Tin pocket boxes of 12	Sealed packages of 12
Bottles of 24	Sealed packages of 24
Bottles of 100	Sealed bottles of 100

Bayer-Tablets and Capsules of Aspirin

The trade-mark "Aspirin" (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) is a guarantee that the monoaceticacidester of salicylicacid in these tablets and capsules is of the reliable Bayer manufacture.

Thank God for Belgium!

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

FOR over four years," said the Rev. erre Blommaert, hey have fought ke frogs—my untrymen. They ve done battle water and mud to their very cks. They have ffered unspeakly. But for four ars they have—w you say it? *ck!*" Then he used.

We were sitting one of the sunny ices of the Fedation of the hurches of rist, the Rev. erre Blommaert d I. He is the otestant Chapin-in-chief the Belgian my, and he is in ew York on a ecial mission of endship from his d to ours. It is far cry from lgium to New rk, but as I oked at the chapn in his solarly, immaculate iform with its ostentatious silr crosses—as looked at the en scholarly face him with its riously intent es, the spirit of lgium, that irit which has come a world gend, seemed ry near indeed. A few minutes fore, all over the y, the ringing of lls and the harsh ise of whistles d proclaimed the surrender of Austria—e beginning of the end of a world war. he date was November 4, 1918. nd it seemed dramatically right that ey should have sounded while I was aring the story of the brave little tion that had helped so much to ake that end possible—the nation at had been the first to resist when ermany tore into shreds a certain rap of paper and crossed a certain ntier. . . .

"And you," I questioned rather yly, "you have been with them from e first?"

Rev. Pierre Blommaert answered me. "Belgium," he said, "was mobilized August, 1914. I went to the front, en, with the army. I went as a Red ross man. It was not until February, 15, that I became a chaplain. Yes, was with them—from the first!" From the first—the first terrible days at are history now! I looked half verently into the face of the man who d come with his friendly message our land. And as I looked I iled.

T was as if sunlight flickered for a moment across a stern granite wall. or the Rev. Pierre Blommaert smiled answering smile that began in his es and crept across the care-worn es of his face, and softened the termination of his mouth.

"Yes," he repeated, "I began as a ed Cross man. It was not until onths had gone by that I could conince our government that we had need Protestant chaplains. Belgium, you now, is a nearly Catholic country. nd yet there were a great many rotestant soldiers who were being lled and who were receiving Catholic urial. It was of them that I thought. nd so I was made the first Protestant haplain in February, 1915. There are more of us now—a number with me in my Paris office, seven at the front with the army, and five in the rear with the hospitals. We feel that we,"—he smiled again—"have made progress."

"Somehow," I said almost irrelevantly, "although we have heard a great deal about the suffering and the privations of the Belgian women and children, we have heard little of the Belgian soldiers. I wonder——"

"It is," interrupted the Rev. Pierre Blommaert, "because the Belgian army has been at a standstill that you have heard nothing about them. During the four years of the war they have held a line—and they have done nothing else. If they had advanced you would have known it; if they had retreated you would have heard news of them. But because they held fast, only''—he laughed rather mirthlessly—"you have not heard!

"The battle of the Yser—it has been called a French victory, has it not? But you should ask a Belgian soldier about it! *All of Belgium was in that battle.* They held the line, fighting like demons, and were slaughtered. And then, when the Germans kept advancing in increasing numbers and they knew that to hold against such odds would be impossible, they broke the dikes that have always guarded their land. And as the water came pouring in they fought on. Many of the Germans were drowned, but the Belgians, with their trenches submerged, were doing battle as—yes, I have said it before—as frogs! It was a great victory," his voice rang, "for the world!"

WE were silent for a moment and then the Rev. Pierre Blommaert spoke again. "I suppose that your Christian Herald will want to know," he questioned, "whether the soldiers of our army are religious; how they go into the battle? And I would have you tell your paper that our soldiers *are* religious, in the very highest sense. For they are fighting, and have been fighting, since 1914, for an *ideal!* They have gone, half-clothed, into trenches filled with water for an ideal; and they have stayed in those trenches for that same ideal. They have grumbled, perhaps; but they have been cold—they have had no guns, no ammunition, very often no food! Who, in a like case, wouldn't grumble? They have resented their lot, perhaps, and they have said so—but nobody has ever seen them flinch! They don't go into the fight, maybe, with a prayer, but they'll stay in that fight—and hell itself couldn't stop them! They are a brave people—and, if bravery is religion, a religious people!"

"They've never," I questioned, "been discouraged—the Belgian soldiers? Or afraid? Or doubtful of the outcome of the war? They've never——"

© Underwood & Underwood

Rev. Pierre Blommaert

THAT August seemed so very far away,
Across the crimson of the blood-stained years,
So shrouded in a veil of bitter tears,
That we can scarcely touch the hands, today
Of that brave group of soldiers who, because
They dared to battle bravely for the right,
Have held aloft the torch of freedom's light,
And kept inviolate the very laws
That hold the world together. Oh, they seem
Almost unreal, a wonder-story told
Beside a friendly fire that flickers gold—
They seem the fabric of a hero's dream!

A little band of soldiers, starved and chilled,
And beaten by a force we cannot guess,
Heart-broken in a trackless wilderness
They held the line—a line that nothing killed!
That August . . . Ah, it seems so far away!
But then it was that Belgium proved her worth.
The line she held has bound the bleeding earth.
Thank God for Belgium this Thanksgiving Day!

It Can't Freeze

RADIATOR trouble is a thing of the past. Don't let it interfere with your business or mar your pleasure. Use Johnson's Freeze-Proof, then forget there is such a thing as a frozen radiator. Leave your radiator uncovered on the coldest day—IT CAN'T FREEZE.

Johnson's Freeze-Proof is the logical anti-freeze preparation to use—it is inexpensive—non-inflammable—easy to use—and guaranteed.

JOHNSON'S FREEZE-PROOF

Johnson's Freeze-Proof does not evaporate or steam, so one application is sufficient for the whole winter. It raises the boiling point of water 20° to 40°; chances of overheating are reduced correspondingly.

Do It Now

Don't wait until it freezes to protect your car. Decide now to use Johnson's Freeze-Proof—purchase your supply from your dealer and read and follow the directions carefully. A little time spent now in cleaning the radiator and putting on new hose connections will save you unlimited time, trouble, worry and expense during the winter months.

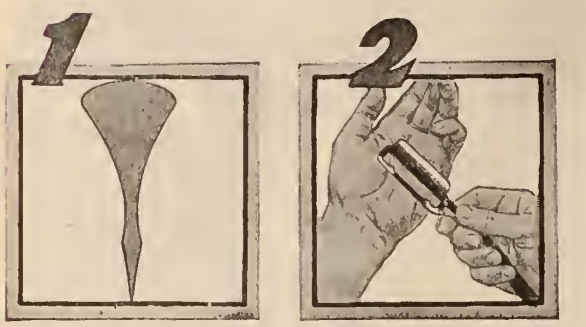
One package will protect a Ford to 5° below zero and two packages will protect to 50° below zero. See scale on package.

Cost $1.50 per package in U. S. A. East of Rockies. Get it from your local dealer.

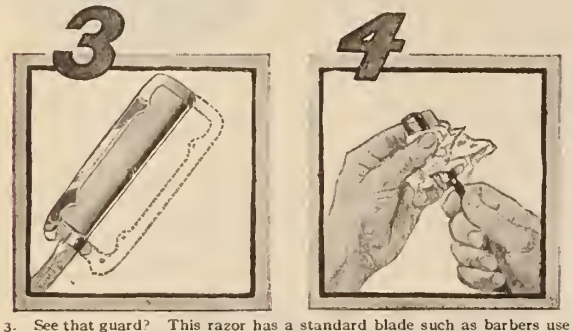
S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. CH, RACINE, WIS., U. S. A.

For Gas Engines — For Trucks — For Tractors

Genco SAFEGE



1. Take a look at this cross section of the GENCO Safege Blade. Note the broad back, the concave grind, and the bevel above the edge. Any expert on cutting-steel will tell you this is the proper shape for the ideal shaving edge.
2. You can renew this razor's edge by stropping it on the palm of your hand.



3. See that guard? This razor has a standard blade such as barbers use but that guard protects your face while shaving. It also shields that keen, enduring cutting-edge so that nothing can reach and turn it. You can drop this razor and not nick its blade.
4. Simply by flipping back that guard, you can cleanse this razor without running water.

This Razor Saves Razor-quality Steel and Money

The GENCO Safege has one blade for a lifetime. It has the concave grind and bevelled edge that all professionals use. It is equipped with a simple, removable guard. The result is a professional razor you can use anywhere with absolute safety.

The GENCO Safege has the advantage of both types of razors and the faults of neither. No complements of new blades are required. Saves steel for the government and money for you. The edge is the famous GENCO professional razor edge, which is firm and sure and endures.

This is the razor that you can shave with, wipe the lather from, and afterward cleanse thoroughly without running water. This is the razor that you can use with the completest safety anywhere—on a rocking train, aboard a lurching ship, in trench or dug-out under fire, anywhere.

Its first-cost is low. It has no upkeep costs. And it's an instrument enabling you to shave yourself with the speed and smoothness of a barber.

Whatever your shaving preferences—standard blade or safety—there is a GENCO type of razor with the famous GENCO edge that you can shave with for a lifetime. We guarantee that edge. "GENCO Razors must make good or we will."

Geneva Cutlery Corporation
806 Gates Avenue, Geneva, N. Y.

Makers of the renowned GENCO professional razors. Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of High Grade Razors in the World.

The price of the GENCO Safege is $3.00. Don't pay more.

For the second time the Rev. Pierre Blommaert interrupted me.

"Discouraged?" he echoed. "Afraid? Doubtful? Why"—his strong hand pounded on the table—"the Belgian soldier does not understand discouragement, or fear, or doubt! If he loses an inch of ground he will go to his death in the regaining of it; and if he hears cannon in the distance it is never, to him, the bombardment of defeat. It is always the guns of the victory! Fear! . . .

"You have heard, perhaps, of our newspaper, The Free Belgium? That newspaper, I think, illustrates the attitude of my nation. In the heart of a Germau-built government it has flourished, laughing at the Prussiau officers, ridiculing the martial rule, poking fun at the goveruor himself. How they have tried, those German officials, to stamp out that little newspaper! Many editors have been killed because of it, but never has its publisher been located. It is a fine paper—" And the Rev. Pierre Blommaert smiled reminiscently.

IT was growing late, but I had one more question to ask. "Your king," I questioned, "King Albert? Have you any message from him—the people of America?"

The Rev. Pierre Blommaert seer to grow suddenly more erect, n soldierly. It was as if, deep in soul, he was coming to salute.

"I saw King Albert just a short t ago," he told me. "It was on battle-field. He is a great king, king—and everybody loves him! I him ou the battle-field and he asked to convey his thauks to America all that they have given to us. It not only food that he meant, clothing. No, it was not only t He asked me to thank America those greater gifts: the gifts of cour and inspiration, and morale!

"America and Belgium have alw been the best of friends. They b always loved one another. They h been like a young couple that is—I do you say it?—betrothed. But her trouble Belgium has reached a hand that America has clasped, now Belgium and America are cl together. It is as if the young co who were betrothed had been mar and had met together the sorrows trials that make two hearts as one.

"Our king would have me exp that thought to your countrymen!"

Making Better Citizens for Tomorro

FROM the windows of his place of business several years ago a man out in Denver watched the small boys who passed. He wondered about their home influences, and what were their personal ambitions and aims in life. Because this man, Mr. George W. Olinger, one of Denver's most successful men, was actively connected with Sunday school work in that city his opportunities for studying the boy and his problems were greatly increased. One day a small group of nine- and ten-year-old youngsters was gotten together. Mr. Olinger's own youth had been lacking in many things necessary to the moral and spiritual support of a growing boy. Out of this memory was boru what is now doubtless the most valuable local organization for young boys in America.

From the little group of a dozen youugsters who formed the beginning of Denver's important boy organizatiou, kuown as Olinger's Highlanders, the group has been duplicated many, many times over, from every race, from every creed, and from every station and section of the city. They were known in the beginning as the Highlanders because the first group was drawn from North Denver, the section known as the Highlands. The name has stuck.

THE Olinger Highlanders is an organization especially for boys between the ages of nine and twelve, and aims to solve the problems of boy life, with a purpose of fittiug them to meet the future demands, moral, spiritual, and physical. One of the first requirements is that the boy must be a member of some Sunday school. The organization does not concern itself as to a boy's denomination, or the religious beliefs of his parents, but it is deeply interested in knowing that he takes his place in the ranks of Christian service and establishes a Christian character upon which to build his future life. The present membership in the Highlanders represents practically every Sunday school in Denver.

When a boy is taken into the organiuzation he is asked to sign this pledge:

I will be a better boy.
I will be truthful.
I will obey my parents.
I will be a gentleman.
I will be courteous to all.
I will learu how to earn.
I will study how to save.
I will be in church or Sunday school every Sunday.
I will be unselfish and share with others.
I will do all things that I am asked to do promptly and in a cheerful manner.
I will try to start something and finish something every day.

All of these things will make me a better son aud eventually a better zeu and business man.

THE organization has divided the into fifteen sections with sev leaders for each. Every ten boys f a club of their own with their own l ers, but there is one general headq ters to which the boys are reque to report at regular times. This h quarters is also the armory. The r tary feature is in the eyes of the b one of the main attractions, but in r ity this is merely a bait to catch boy.

Besides the military leaders the ganization has a social secretary ar Christian service secretary, both whom give all their time to the wel of the boys. In card indexes are cha the home environments of every l and he is helped to overcome any e ing weakness due to home iufluen The organization insists on the operation of the parents, because only way to teach our boys to tr the right road is to follow that road selves. Each month five mothers appointed to visit all boys who are ported ill. Each month an advis board composed of twelve fathers m to straighten out tangled affairs of s boys. The boys are made respons for their fathers, aud the boy who sists on having family prayers an blessing said over his food is maki a better man of his father. And a be father means a better son.

WHILE the developing of the Ch tian side of the boy's nature o pied a very vital interest in the sch of the organization, they are also velopiug the business instinct. Sev hundred small peanut and popc merchants sell their wares out of sc hours around Denver. All of these v finaueed in the beginning, and direc by the leaders of the Highlanders. organization has opened bank accou for a number of the boys, accounts t are monthly growing. By having boys visit large industrial plants hear lectures from successful busi men, they are learning the fundam tals that make for success.

But the Highlanders are also tau the meaning of service. Through t own efforts they raised the money send a fully equipped ambulance Frauce. The boys saved the Red C many hundreds of dollars a year personally delivering packages and ters instead of mailing them. Highlanders stand ready to offer t services to their city or their coun at any hour.

Ask the parents of any Highlande they have not a better boy in t homes. Ask the teacher of any sch if the Highlanders are not their b pupils. They are tiny seeds that being sown now, but the harvest will widespread.

Uncle Sam Wants 3,000,000 Little School Gardeners

THE United States School Garden Army was organized in March of 1918. President Wilson set side $50,000 from his National Security nd Defense Appropriation to promote he work for the first six months. He as since appropriated $200,000 more o carry the work through another en months.

Two main purposes prompted the lanning of the United States School arden Army: (a) Increased food roduction and (b) training of school hildren in thrift, industry, service, atriotism, and responsibility. The ecessity for man power was being elt. This was especially true in agri- ultural pursuits. Not alone were the rafted young men going from the rm, but great numbers of farm mployees were being attracted to the ities by higher wages offered in other ndustries. If the millions of city oys and girls could be induced to ive their leisure time in cultivating he thousands of acres of untilled nd in front and back yards and acant lots of our cities, towns and illages, it would result in a sub- tantial increase in food production nd an improvement in the quality f our coming citizenship. The Bureau f Education undertook to accomplish his through the organization of the nited States School Garden Army. t is an educational problem and can e solved with economy and efficiency nly by the schools.

The plan of organization involves: a) A general director who is responsible or organization, propaganda, and ad- inistration; (b) regional directors ho are charged with the responsibility f writing instructions upon gardening hat will enable supervisors and teachers o take a garden company successfully hrough a season, even though not xpert gardeners. These instructions ave been put out in leaflet form and ent from the central offices to all who pplied for them. (c) Assistant re- ional directors who work under the egional director and whose duties are milar to those of the regional director xcepting that of writing garden leaflets. d) Cooperation with State Council of Defense through a state representative appointed by them. (e) The army plan of organizing school boys and girls into companies of 150 or less under the direction of a garden teacher, a captain, first lieutenant and second lieutenant. (f) An insignia for each enlisted soldier. A double bronze bar for the captain, single bronze bar with two stars in the border for the first lieutenant, one star for the second lieutenant, and a combination bronze and black enameled bar for privates.

What has been accomplished:

1. One million five hundred thousand boys and girls have responded to the call of the President and enlisted in the United States School Garden Army.

2. Twenty thousand acres of unproductive home and vacant lots have been converted into productive land. This will release an equal acreage now used in truck gardening for the production of other foodstuffs more important for war purposes. It will also relieve transportation congestion through home consumption of home-produced food-stuffs.

3. Fifty thousand teachers have received valuable instruction in gardening through the garden leaflets written by experts in this office and distributed from here.

4. Boards of Education and other civic organizations have been influenced to give financial and moral support to the school and home garden movement and to pay extra salaries for supervision and teaching.

5. Hundreds of thousands of parents have become interested in the garden movement and are working with their children in home gardens. In Salt Lake City alone 5200 mothers, representing sixty-two parental associations, are actively supporting food production in the schools.

6. Thousands of civic, commercial and patriotic organizations have become interested in the movement and are giving it hearty support.

7. One and one-half million children have been given something to do this summer; something that will help carry the burden of their country in this struggle for freedom; something that will help them to build character, and something that will appeal to and develop their patriotism.

8. Home and vacant lot gardening in cities, towns and villages has been dignified and made popular to a degree that practically insures it a prominent place in the school system of our country. It would be difficult to estimate the educational and material value of such results.

Among the Workers

THE Christian Herald Family includes many upon whom the years have fallen ke a benediction, and whose last days are eir happiest. Among this goodly company re two old friends, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Branch f Brooklyn, N. Y. They have been friends ot only in a business way as subscribers of he Christian Herald, but also in a personal ay as friends of Dr. Talmage when he was astor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and of r. Klopsch when he was owner of the Christian erald.

Last year a party of friends gathered at eir residence in Brooklyn, on the 29th of ctober and celebrated the sixtieth anni- ersary of their marriage.

Mr. Branch was born in Vermont, but has ved in Brooklyn more than forty-six years. or more than twenty-five years he was a ember of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and for long time was a member of its board of ustees and an elder in the church. Mrs. ranch has been widely known as a mother Israel, and a considerable part of her fe has been spent in church and charitable ork.

A PIECE of iron rail which does duty as a church bell, struck at 7.30 A.M. on a ord's day, calls the Christian converts of a illage in Madras to worship in the mud church. At 8 the church is full and the service commences with several hymns. A native elder leads in prayer, asking that the Holy Spirit may be with them. A native teacher reads the Scripture portion, another hymn is sung, and the missionary announces the text, "Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation," which the congregation repeats over and over until, like the ancient Vedas, it is thoroughly memorized. At the close of the sermon, the simple villagers gather round the Lord's table to partake of the sacred emblems, which are holy realities to the people of the mystic East. It is a day of peculiar importance, as 14 precious souls, who have been carefully instructed, are to be baptized in the lake near by after public profession of faith. Then follows a season of prayer, for these fourteen converts, like the seventy apostles, or like the yellow-robed missionaries of early Buddhism, are to go into the highways and byways of India and "preach the Gospel to every creature."

THE Interdenominational Association of Evangelists, of which Rev. Parley E. Zartmann is secretary, with headquarters at Winona Lake, Ind., has thirty-one of its members in the religious work of the Red Triangle; four with the colors; one, Rev. John M. Dean, is a regimental chaplain.

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Here's What I'm Drinking

HAVE you noticed how many middle aged and elderly people drink Postum instead of coffee?

However much one may like this or that beverage it is an unmistakable fact that coffee *does* prove harmful. Its unfortunate influence upon the nerves, as shown by wakefulness, headaches, and so on, makes it undesirable for many.

POSTUM

meets such situations exactly, for it provides an invigorating table drink much like superior coffees in flavor, but as it is made from cereals and a small portion of wholesome molasses, it never produces the ill effects that often result from regular coffee drinking.

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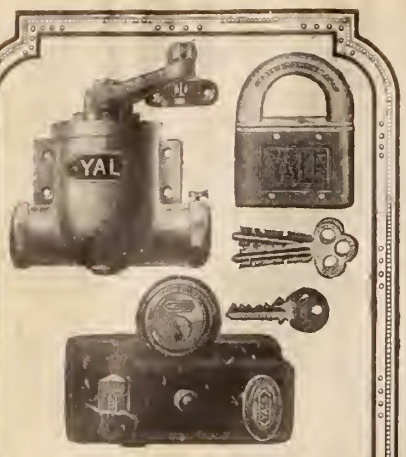

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Joseph Sold by His Brothers

International Sunday School Lesson for December 1
Gen. 37 : 1-36

Seeds and Fruits of Family Discord

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

As we chose an Old Testament proverb for our key text last week on the difficulties of reconciliation, so today we may choose a New Testament proverb, full of warning: "For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work" (James 3 : 16). The sin of Joseph's brothers grew out of jealousy and folly within the circle of a blessed and consecrated family. To us it is remarkable that Jacob should repeat again the unwise favoritism of his own father and mother, after all the trouble it had brought upon him and them. So many of the troubles of the patriarchs were due to defective family life and to polygamy that we can be thankful for the service of Christianity in establishing forever the Christian ideal of the home in law and custom. Yet the peace and love of family groups are always being threatened by one form and another of selfishness and sin.

The Problem of the Spoiled Child

Every one of us who has had experience in working with boys and girls has faced the problem of the "spoiled" child. Sometimes it is an only son whose every whim has been law to his unwise parents and who is totally unfitted for social life with its necessity of subordination and sacrifice at every turn. Sometimes it is the youngest of a large group, who have petted and favored the "baby." Again it is the daughter of wealth, who has been loaded with luxury and attention until she is unable to realize the burden of the world's work in which all should share, Rarely we find favoritism, like that of Jacob toward Joseph, in singling one child out for distinctions that are not shared with the rest. When one boy is invariably scolded and another always praised, foundations are being laid for abiding ill-will between brothers, who should be the closest of friends.

The fine character developed by Joseph in the years of his hardships is all the more notable when one sees the tendencies which the spoiling process was bringing out in his boyhood. We see all the self-importance of the spoiled darling in his dreams of the sun, moon and stars bowing down before him. He could not spend a day in the harvest fields without imagining his brothers' sheaves, like courtiers, bowing down before his sheaf. Self was the center of his thought, and his father was to blame. Besides, his attitude toward his brethren was overbearing and censorious. He was a tale-bearer, bringing an "evil report of them unto their father."

Joseph seems to have realized in his maturity that the hand of God was in his misfortunes, delivering him from moral weakness and failure. The best cure for the spoiled child is in hardship. Insufferable boys have been cured by hikes and camps with young companions under wise leadership. Snobbish and selfish girls have been redeemed by wholesome group activities, especially where the class or club has had useful work to do. The public school saves thousands of spoiled children by bringing them into democratic contact with their fellows.

Envy is a prolific root of discord. Yet Joseph's brethren were goaded into such an unfortunate state of mind that the most terrible results were certain. Probably the famous "coat of many colors," which should be called "a long garment with sleeves," was a constant source of irritation. It was the dress of the man of distinction, perhaps of the man of leisure, and must have contrasted sharply with the rough working clothes of these shepherds. It could scarcely be possible for a Christian parent to stir up envy between his children by such discrimination of dress today. Yet we are not yet Christlike enough to remember that we are all of one family in God, and that it is stirring up strife to send a luxuriously clad child into the midst of fellow members of church and school who have sadly worn and patched garments. Strangely true to modern life is the indictment made by St. James in those earliest days of the Church, when jewelry and fine robes so soon brought the danger of class distinctions.

If the fortunate are thoughtless and inconsiderate, the poor are foolish and jealous in this matter. Envy can always be explained, but among Christians can it be excused? One of the basic Ten Commandments is directed against coveting anything that is thy neighbor's. The spirit of Christ teaches us to set our hearts on the things which are true riches equally to be shared by all. The poor man who is envious is an equal sinner against brotherhood with the rich man who is haughty. Jesus cared for men as brothers irrespective of their wealth or poverty, and so should we.

Contention Within the Home

What a picture of an unhappy household is drawn so tersely in Gen. 37 : 4: "They could not speak peaceably unto him." The Hebrew idiom practically means "they could not say 'good-morning' to him!" The ordinary courtesies of common life abrogated within the family circle, because of dissension! It is a sorrow to the Saviour to look down upon such blundering folly that drives farther and farther apart those whom God has joined together. In our more refined and civilized life there is seldom any such dreadful happening as the suggestion of killing or selling of Joseph by his brethren. But there is often a steady deterioration of character in all the parties to a domestic misunderstanding. The standards of life outside in church and business and society will insidiously become less Christian. On the other hand, as McNaughton's beautiful hymn has it, "There is beauty all around when there's love at home."

The Day of Tragedy

Sooner or later, jealousy or contention reach their climax in the day of tragedy, when the irreparable blow is struck in anger, or the unforgivable word is spoken in haste. So it was with Joseph and his brethren. He had been sent to bring them a greeting from home, probably delicacies for their lonely camp as well. While he approached in all innocence, their hatred welled up and overflowed the bonds of restraint. "Let us kill him," says one of the rude sons of the handmaidens; "we can say that an evil beast devoured him." Reuben, the eldest, felt a sense of responsibility, and persuaded them to cast him into an empty well, rather than to shed his blood. He intended to save the lad after he had been thoroughly frightened and humiliated, and some of the conceit taken out of him. But as the angry brothers sat eating the very bread that the spoiled boy had brought, a caravan drew nigh and at Judah's suggestion he was sold as a slave.

What a sad, miserable group we see at our chapter's end—sons and daughters trying in vain to console the stricken father! Jacob had only the blood-drenched coat which had caused so much contention, as a memento of his favorite child. Reuben shared with the father the sorrow of believing that Joseph was dead, with the added sting of believing his brothers to be virtually murderers. The nine guilty ones dared not confess the truth, though it might have been possible to find and restore their victim. Years afterward their consciences still troubled them, while Joseph, frightened and bound, was sold into slavery in Egypt.

Misunderstanding, discord at home, bring at the last bitter regret. "*Love* suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; vaunteth not itself, . . . beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

"Follow after love."

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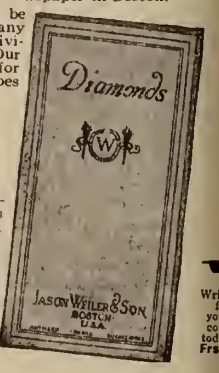

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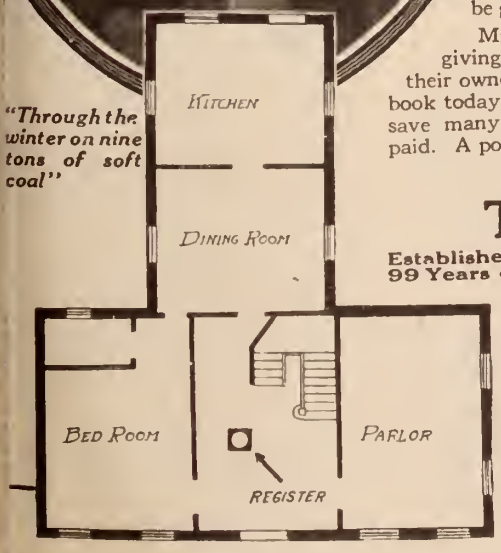

-about a Skeptic and a Caloric Conversion

MR. N. S. YODER, Pinto, Allegany County, Maryland, has one of the finest farms in the western part of that state. He has 400 acres in bottom land alone, and is known all over the surrounding territory as one of the most successful farmers and stock raisers. Mr. Yoder was one of the first in Western Maryland to install a Caloric heating system. He then had no cellar, but dug a pit under the house for the furnace. Listen to this interesting story as told by Mr. Yoder himself:

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"All the Comforts of the City Home"

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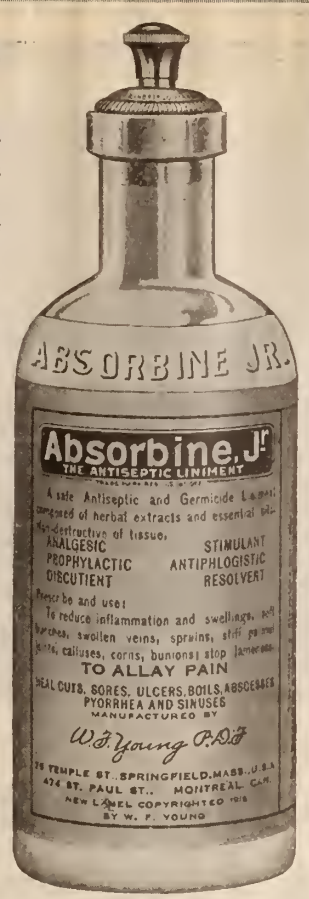

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The wise man thinks of the ocean of knowledge before him, the fool of the few drops that have already filtered into his brain.

Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them Into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

IF I could have a "Christmas wish" this year, Neighbors; if I (like the eager little folks) were to write Santa a letter, telling him what I wanted, do you know what I would wish for? Why, simply this: that every town in the United States should hold, this Christmas, some kind of Community Celebration.

I would not care what sort of Yuletide festival this was. It might be a tree in one town; an evening of carol singing in another; a play or pageant in a third. The possibilities are endless. And no one is better than another. For, after all, in commemorating the birthday of our Master, it is not the size of the tree that matters, but the size and spirit of the crowd around it.

Is the whole village there? Is every one joining in with a will? Are the faces upturned to that simply decorated tree radiant with good-will and Christmas cheer? Then, Christmas has indeed come to your town!

If you doubt this; if your village has never known the joy of gathering in the town hall for a Christmas pageant, or standing out in the starlight around a glowing tree and singing the old carols our Christian traditions have made holy, then let me beg of you, arrange for it this year.

Keep the whole plan simple, allowing every one a share in the giving and a share in the labor. If your town is a prosperous one, and more is donated to the village Christmas fund than is needed for a simple celebration, turn the rest of the money over to alleviating suffering at home or over seas. Avoid display and ostentation; for these have no place in the commemoration of Christmas.

Many of you live in towns where such a celebration is the yearly custom. Those who do are fortunate. For to you Christmas has come to mean something far finer than can be put into words. And to your children, too, it has taken on a different meaning. Ask any child who has ever helped trim a community Christmas tree, hanging on it some little gift of his own earning or making, if he would not rather remain at home next Christmas, and be surprised by a tree all his own, and you will probably have him burst into tears.

Such is the heart of a child. And really we are all children. We would all rather give than receive. And we'd rather give love than costly presents. So, remembering this about ourselves, Neighbors, let us give lavishly of that love this year. Let us hang it on the village tree in the form of little gifts for wistful children. Let us put it into our carols and our smiles. Let us freight our Christmas letters with it, especially those that go abroad. Let us live it at home.

THESE are only a few of the ways in which we can express the real Christmas spirit. There are other ways, many of them, as the following inspiring accounts prove:

Christmas in Our Town

Our busy midwest town can scarcely be called even a small city; but it has for many years had a very good way of Christmas neighboring. About a month before Christmas, the heading, "Christmas Fund for Happy Kiddies" (or a title equally interesting) appears in the local daily paper, followed by the amount given by the management of the paper—always a liberal sum—and also the names of a few business men and the amounts they gave.

This is the beginning, and it is surprising how the list grows from day to day. Some give their names; many initials only. And the sums range from ten cents to ten dollars. Committees are formed with members from each church, school and club. These work together and represent every section of the town. To them is turned over all money collected and also the numerous donations of warm clothing, vegetables, and canned fruit that come in. Nothing is refused, so long as it is good. Nothing half-worn-out or broken will be received.

The merchants give liberally from their shelves. A lodge donates the use of its roo for the goods and workers. In the meanti a little notice appears in the paper ask every one to send in names of families or in viduals needing help of any sort, and also strangers needing cheer. There is one co mittee which looks especially after the str gers and the aged.

The different committees consult toget frequently, and the result is that during last few days before Christmas these "Santa and their helpers fill many large mark baskets to overflowing with just the v things to meet each person's need. First co the "makings" of a good dinner and supp provided according to the number in fam And goodies are not forgotten. Besides t there is always a warm coat or dress, cap mittens, often orders for coal or groceries, a many times a whole outfit for school child baby. It has often been said, and truly, t so far as the committees knew, there had ne been a hungry or cold Christmas for any in the town of A——.

Then, too, the Christmas committees h reached many a family that was needy too proud to accept help in a market bas To these a bill has gone with some article comfort and a word of cheer from an unkno friend: all sent in such a spirit that the rec ents were made to feel that some one "care Lonely ones are asked to share a Christ family time. Sometimes it is a broken fan who gives this hospitality: a saddened fan missing the absent ones with all their he but bravely reaching out to someone equally lonely. Friendships formed in way have many times gone on for years.

Of course mistakes have been made, they have been very few and far between; the good accomplished has been tremend There is no publicity connected with giving. Early on Christmas Eve automo owners give their cars and their time to play Santa, and they are taken to the homes v an expression of real interest and good- on the part of their friends.

One noticeable thing about this custom, is the wish to help on the part of those wh only Christmas cheer comes to them in t way. To the Newspaper Fund come s sums handed in by a little newsboy or poo clad schoolgirl; and into the mite-box at corner drug-store goes many a bit of mo dropped by a foreign-looking man or wom Christmas in A—— means work, and a lo it, for a good many people; but every on them would tell you that it pays.—MRS *Iowa.*

I should say it does pay! Many ti over! I would like, Neighbors, to v that town of A——. Wouldn't y It certainly understands the real me ing of Christmas, and lives up to it t

But I cannot help feeling just a li sorry that (with all its great-heart ness) it should have omitted a c munity tree or other Christmas festi for the whole town. Perhaps it ha tree; and the account simply did not its way into this letter. I am wonder I believe I will write to this Iowa nei bor, find out, and let you know.

For this Christmas page is not go to be our last this year. Indeed I I am going to have another bel Christmas Day, fellow Adventur and so I do hope you w ll hasten to s me all the accounts of past Christma and the helpful suggestions for the c ing Christmas, you have in mind.

MEANTIME, friends, here is anot delightful instance of commu co-operation at Christmas time:

Community Christmas Trees on Prai

In 1909 my daughter and I left our hom Iowa to join my husband in Colorado, w we had decided to venture, taking governm land. Everything was new and strange t the manner of building those first ho making fires where there was no wood. so on. It was almost like camp life, an very interesting experience.

The community had a store and posto and some good farms round about. But t was no social life. We decided to do wha could to change this; so as the holidays c near we began to plan for a Christmas er tainment. How to obtain an evergreen on those treeless prairies was the grea problem. At last, however, the tumblew suggested a way to us. A number of thes colored green by repeated dippings in a l tub of dye until the proper color was produ Alum was added to give the desired lu After being dried, these were nested toget the largest on the bottom and so on up to height of a good-sized tree, and the re

w a perfectly-shaped evergreen. Stars of derent sizes were cut out and covered with tel. One very large one was fastened from t ceiling directly over the tree. All the other contrivances which help to make a tree resplend t were arranged, until those who saw the fi hed product said: "Where did you get yr tree?"

ext thing needed was the candy. But this w supplied by one of our workers, who bught a pail of sweets. So we arranged t candy and popcorn in the usual way.

nvitations were sent to every family within a dius of five miles, with the result that we h a full house. And what a jolly Christmas p y that was! And what expressions of surpe and delight there were over that tree!

o say that the evergreen hopes and desires o nat time have been fully met in that little Crado community is only telling in part w t has been accomplished. Today it has t fine churches, stores, and good schools, cl ming farm homes and splendid workers in hurch and club life. But all this had its b nnings, we think, in that little Christmas coration, years ago, when the community c e together for the first time around a Cistmas tree made of tumbleweeds. For fr this friendly gathering there sprang up a ne spirit of co-operation and good will.—B Milholland.

OUR next letter describes a charming bit of Christmas neighboring; and it lso brings to my mind the little tencit Christmas trees on sale at any five a. ten-cent store.

f course, a tiny evergreen brought fr the woods would be even nicer, as t following letter proves. But not all of is are living where evergreens are a ilable. For those of us who are not, I commend the little paper trees:

iniature Christmas Tree for Shut-Ins

widowed lady, crippled and suffering from rt matism, lived near my home. She was n pecuniarily needy, but most of her own n and dear ones had passed beyond the r ; so she lived a lonely life, having to he lif l from bed to wheel chair by an attendant. Sh was cheerful with all this, and patient. Y we knew how wearisome her hours must be s she had always lived an active and helpfu fe when in good health.

e Christmas time it occurred to us, her neighbors, to take a little Christmas tree to he since she could not come to any of our Cistmas good times. Every one was enthusiastic over the idea, and a young man brought a itable tree to a nearby home, fitting a ba to the tree so that it would stand firmly up a table. We others brought decorations, fr s, candies, nuts and various goodies; and de rated the tree with them. Then we br ght our gifts. These were put in net bags, sh ing their contents, and were mixed with "comfort powders"—the powders being slips of paper on which were written various comforting texts and messages. About the middle of the forenoon a lady quietly carried the loaded tree to the room of our friend. The pleasure it gave was beyond anything we had expected.—H. A. H., *Maine*.

AND this brings us, fellow Adventurers, to our last letter for today: another loving and practical Christmas suggestion:

Cistmas Goody for Lonely Neighbors

ast year, when making my plum pudding for Christmas, instead of steaming it in one la loaf I took seven square cocoa cans (all th would fit in my steamer) and divided the pudding into these cans. They came out beautifully, each small loaf enough for three slices.

One of these loaves together with a glass of grape jelly, each wrapped in a gay poinsettia paper napkin, made a neat little gift for a dear old lady living near by. Another loaf, with a little jar of pudding sauce, was sent to a lonely old bachelor, living a few miles distant. A short time afterward the bachelor called to thank me and said: "It seemed awfully good to have somebody think of me." After all, it is the "thinking" of them that is appreciated oftentimes more than the gift.—Mrs. O.M.O., *Manitoba, Canada*.

I published that last adventure because of the message in it for those of us who are housewives and who (used to our own bread and cake and other homemade goodies) never dream what a bit of home cooking tastes like to those who never have it. No Christmas present bought in a store could mean half so much.

AND now, Christian Herald comrades, with the promise that we shall have another Christmas number in a few weeks, filled with this year's Christmas plans and experiments in your various towns and villages, I must leave you for a fortnight.

The Neighbors' Forum

To any one who will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope I will send the booklet, "America's Letter from Home," to be enclosed when next you write to your soldier boy Over There.—Leila M. Conway.

I have just read in the Adventures the experience of the Mexico Neighbor with the Ninety-first Psalm. It reminded me that I had thought of asking to have other Psalms printed in the Christian Herald in the same way. I cut out that one and sent it to my soldier boy in France. He wrote: "Thank you, mama, for the chapter you sent. I wish you would send some more." He took his Bible to the training-camp, but had to send it home when he went overseas, so has only the Testament. I do not know where I can get the Psalms in as compact form as you printed that.—Mrs. C. P. S., *Washington*.

Dear Miss Connolly: I am pleased to see your appreciative and helpful and at the same time practical attitude toward the school as a force for progressive ideals in the community. In these peculiarly trying times, I believe the school problem is more than usually difficult. To meet this situation, some of us here have worked out a method which seems to cultivate an ideal school spirit. If any other teacher would like to try it, I would be glad to explain it.—A New England Teacher.

I want to thank the ladies who so generously responded to my appeal for church music. I am afraid I didn't make myself quite clear regarding the kind of music I want. I would like something suitable for offertories, choruses, quartets, duets, etc. My name is Moose, not Moore. Again thanking you all, I am cordially yours, Mrs. J. D. Moose, *Glasgow, Virginia*.

Dear Miss Connolly: A Mr. Thomas Cuming, Box 432, North Battleford, Saskatchewan, Canada, has had three strokes of paralysis and is speechless and incurable in a hospital. He asks for correspondents. His note reached me well credited. Will some of the neighbors write to him?—Deaconess May Shepperson.

I do thank all the Neighbors for the dear letters sent to me. God bless you all!—Maggie Zimmerman, *Ohio*.

Nation Wide Song for Victory

SEVEN million American women are pushing a "Liberty Sing" movement urging the people of every city and hamlet and the men in trench, camp, transport and battleship to "Sing for Victory" on Thanksgiving Day at 4 p. m. Eastern time. These women want to inspire every citizen of the United States to join in singing "The Star Spangled Banner" and other patriotic songs at the same hour, creating a wave of victory song that will reach from ocean to ocean. The plan for a great day of national song was inaugurated last year when the National Community Song Day was observed throughout the country on Sunday, December 9.

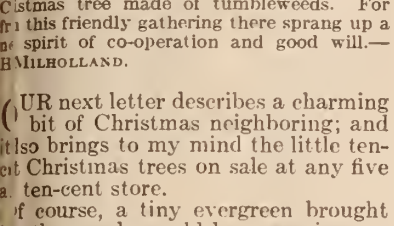
It is proposed to use the following songs for part of every program, so that each community may unite with the rest of the country in a comradeship of melody:

National Anthem—"The Star Spangled Banner."

Songs of Thanksgiving—"Come Thou Almighty King," "The Holy City," "God of All Nations," "Song of Liberty."

Songs of Home—"Keep the Home Fires Burning," "The Long, Long Trail," "Women of the Homeland," "The Old Folks at Home."

Songs of Victory—"To Victory," "When the Boys Come Home," "When Pershing's Men Go Marching Into Picardy," "Three Stars."



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Kiddies as well as grown-ups can safely drink this delightful beverage. Contains no tannin, caffeine or other injurious substance.

Ri-al-fa Tea is prepared from the leaves of the Alfalfa plant, under our patented process. It possesses all of the necessary food elements, but is especially rich in protein and alkaline ash, the muscle and bone builders.

It also rebuilds wasted tissues and renews vitality in anæmic conditions of the blood.

Palatable and refreshing. May be served iced or hot.

Get Ri-al-fa Tea at your grocer's, or send us 50c for half pound package. Booklet on food values and Ri-al-fa Health Food products mailed free.

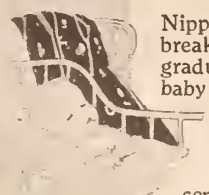
NATIONAL ALFALFA PRODUCTS CO.
Dept. 18, Council Bluffs, Ia.

DAVOL
QUALITY DR SERVICE
RUBBER GOODS

"I Used to Break Mama's Heart"

"I'd pull the nipples out of my old nurser and smash a bottle every day. Not now. Once Mama fixes the nipple into the Davol Baby's Delight Nurser it stays there. *I can't spill anything or break any more bottles and I get all that's coming to me through this nipple."*

Davol Baby's Delight Nurser



Nipple stays in place. Specially tempered glass bottle minimizes breakage. Wide bottle neck makes cleansing easy. Has fluid ounce graduations. Highly recommended by physicians. Buy one to keep baby happy and well. Say "Davol" when you buy rubber goods of any kind — that name is your guarantee of Quality, Service and Economy. Below we list three Davol *red* rubber toys—Dog, Boy Scout, Elephant (there are nine other toys in the Davol line); No. 50 Infant Syringe; Baby's Delight Nurser (in centre); No. 502 Face Bottle; Black and White Teething Rings.

DAVOL RUBBER COMPANY
Executive Offices and Factory
Providence, R. I. *Established 1874*
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Davol "Superservice" Rubber Goods
For those who demand De Luxe Quality. These products are attractively packed.

Booklet "Heat and Cold" Sent Free
Tells how to relieve many ailments and discomforts by use of hot and cold water.

EARN EXTRA MONEY

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD needs additional representatives to procure renewal subscriptions. Experience not necessary.

A special proposition is ready for those who wish to build up a business of their own.
You can put your whole time on our work—or you can work during spare hours.
Send a postal today for complete information of our special offer to agents.

AGENCY DEPARTMENT, Christian Herald, Bible House, New York, N.Y.

RODEHEAVER'S
Patriotic Songs

Never before has the use of patriotic songs been so appropriate and in such demand in church work as today. The following are perfectly suitable for patriotic demonstrations in any church gathering.

"It's My Flag Too"
"The Colors That Will Not Run"
"We'll Be Waiting When You Come Back Home"
"They Have Called Us to the Colors"
"We're All Uncle Sam's Boys Now"
"Columbia's Song"
"Liberty"

The above songs full sheet music size 10c at music counters, 15c by mail.

OCTAVO—
"The Conqueror's Band" (male quartette)
"Goodbye, My Boy"—"The Same Old Flag"
"I'll Carry Mother's Bible Next My Heart"
"Land of Mine" 10c each, 3 for 25c postpaid.

"Should the Stars in our Service Flag Turn to God"

A song with a tender message and word of comfort and cheer for the bereaved, 25c postpaid. (A copy free to any mother advising us of the loss of a son in battle.)

We will send the above complete list for $1.00

"CAMP-FIRE SONGS"

32 pages and cover of patriotic and religious songs for community "sings" and patriotic meetings. 10c each postpaid, $3.00 per 100, not prepaid. Special quantity rate for camp work.

"AWAKENING SONGS"

Our latest gospel song book for general church purposes; 256 pages. Sample and catalog on request.

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LUDEN'S

Give Quick Relief

from throat tickle, soreness, dryness and annoying irritations. Sweeten the breath and comfort the mouth. No narcotics, no coloring—safe and pleasant.

In the Luden yellow, sanitary package.

Wm. H. Luden, Reading, Pa.

LUDEN'S
MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

AFTER JANUARY 1, 1919
CHRISTIAN HERALD WILL BE $2.50

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been forced to increase its subscription price. Every single item that goes into the making of the Christian Herald—paper, postage, printing, engraving, wages, etc.—has increased enormously in cost. And the costs keep right on increasing.

One of two things was necessary—either to lower the standard of the Christian Herald or to increase the subscription price. You would not want the standard lowered, and we will not lower it. In fact, the Christian Herald must keep right on getting better—and bigger—and finer. The Christian Herald has an important mission to perform, and will need the hearty co-operation of every reader to do it successfully.

An opportunity will be given to all our readers to renew at the present price of $2.00 a year as the increased price of $2.50 a year **will not go into effect until January 1, 1919.** No matter when your subscription expires—even if you have recently renewed and your subscription does not expire for many months—you can have your subscription extended at the present rate. This enables you to still have the Christian Herald at $2.00 a year, in spite of the ever increasing cost of manufacture.

Subscriptions are for one year. Renewal subscriptions are extended for one year from the date of expiration. New subscriptions begin with the current issue. Magazines can go to different names and addresses except in a few cases noted otherwise. Canadian postage on other magazines is usually 50 cents additional; foreign postage $1.00 additional.

All of These Clubs Will Positively Advance 50 Cents or More After January 1, 1919

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $2.25
Today's Housewife	.75	
Regular Price	$2.75	Save 75 cts.

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $2.50
McCall's Magazine	1.00	
Regular price	$3.00	Save 50 cts.

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $2.75
Etude (Music Lovers)	1.50	
Regular price	$3.50	Save 75cts

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $2.75
Boys' Life	1.50	
Regular price	$3.50	Save 75 cts.

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $2.75
Little Folks	1.50	
Regular price	$3.50	Save 75 cts.

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $2.75
Designer	1.00	
Regular price	$3.00	Save 25 cts.

(Price after Dec. 15, 1918, $3.25)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $3.75
McCall's Magazine	1.00	
Etude (Music)	1.50	
Regular price	$4.50	Save 75 cts.

(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.00)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $3.75
American Magazine	2.00	
Regular price	$4.00	Save 25 cts.

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $4.00
Pictorial Review	2.00	
McCall's Magazine	1.00	
Regular Price	$5.00	Save $1.00

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Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $4.00
Youth's Companion	2.00	
McCall's Magazine	1.00	
Regular price	$5.00	Save $1.00

(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.50)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $4.25
*Delineator	1.50	
*Everybody's	1.50	
Regular price	$5.00	Save 75 cts.

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Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $4.75
Woman's Home Companion	2.00	
Etude (Music)	1.50	
Regular price	$5.50	Save 75 cts.

(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.35)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $4.75
Woman's Home Companion	2.00	
Little Folks	1.50	
Regular price	$5.50	Save 75 cts.

(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.50)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $5.25
Delineator	1.50	
Woman's Home Companion	2.00	
Regular price	$5.50	Save 25 cts.

(Price after Dec. 15, $5.75)
(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.50)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $5.25
Pictorial Review	2.00	
Review of Reviews	3.00	
Regular price	$7.00	Save $1.75

(Above club without Christian Herald, $4.00)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $5.75
Woman's Home Companion	2.00	
American Boy	2.00	
Regular price	$6.00	Save 25 cts.

(Above club without Christian Herald, $4.00)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $2.25
People's Home Jnl.	.75	
Regular price	$2.75	Save 50 cts.

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $2.85
McCall's Magazine	1.00	
Today's Housewife	.75	
Regular price	$3.75	Save 90 cts.

(Above club without Christian Herald, $1.35)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $2.85
Today's Housewife	.75	
People's Home Jnl.	.75	
Regular price	$3.50	Save 65 cts.

(Above club without Christian Herald, $1.15)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $3.25
Delineator	1.50	
Regular price	$3.50	Save 25 cts.

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Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $3.25
Everybody's Magazine	1.50	
Regular price	$3.50	Save 25 cts.

(Price after Dec. 15, 1918, $3.75)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $3.75
American Boy	2.00	
Regular price	4.00	Save 25 cts.

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $4.35
Pictorial Review	2.00	
Etude (Music)	1.50	
Regular price	$5.50	Save $1.15

(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.75)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $4.60
Mother's Magazine	2.00	
Pictorial Review	2.00	
Regular price	6.00	Save $1.40

(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.35)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $4.75
Modern Priscilla	1.50	
Woman's Home Companion	2.00	
Regular price	$5.50	Save 75 cts.

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Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $4.75
McClure's Magazine	2.00	
Pictorial Review	2.00	
Regular price	$6.00	Save $1.25

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Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $5.00
McClure's Magazine	2.00	
Woman's Home Companion	2.00	
Regular price	$6.00	Save $1.00

(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.75)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $5.25
Etude (Music)	1.50	
*Delineator	1.50	
*Everybody's	1.50	
Regular price	$6.50	Save 75 cts.

(*To same address)
(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.85)
(Above club, without the Christian Herald, $4.35 after Dec. 15, 1918)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $5.25
Mother's Magazine	2.00	
Review of Reviews	3.00	
Regular price	$7.00	Save $1.75

(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.85)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $2.75
Modern Priscilla	1.50	
Regular price	$3.50	Save 75 cts.

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $3.00
McClure's Magazine	2.00	
Regular price	$4.00	Save $1.00

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $3.35
Modern Priscilla	1.50	
People's Home Jnl.	.75	
Regular price	$4.25	Save 90 cts.

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Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $3.50
Youth's Comp. (New Subscription)	2.00	
Regular price	$4.00	Save 50 cts.

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $3.75
Modern Priscilla	1.50	
McCall's Magazine	1.00	
Regular price	$4.50	Save 75 cts.

(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.00)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $4.00
Review of Reviews	3.00	
Regular price	$5.00	Save $1.00

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $4.10
Modern Priscilla	1.50	
Erude (Music)	1.50	
Regular price	$5.00	Save 90 cts.

(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.50)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $4.50
Modern Priscilla	1.50	
Pictorial Review	2.00	
Regular price	$5.25	Save $1.15

(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.75)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $4.50
Pictorial Review	2.00	
Boys' Life	1.50	
Regular price	$5.50	Save $1.00

(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.25)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $4.75
Woman's Home Companion	2.00	
Pictorial Review	2.00	
Regular price	$6.00	Save $1.25

(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.75)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $4.75
*Woman's Home Companion	2.00	
*American Magazine	2.00	
Regular price	$6.00	Save $1.25

(*To same address)
(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.00)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $5.50
Etude (Music)	1.50	
Pictorial Review	2.00	
Modern Priscilla	1.50	
Regular price	$7.00	Save $1.50

(Above club without Christian Herald, $4.10)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $5.75
Modern Priscilla	1.50	
*Woman's Home Companion	2.00	
*American Magazine	2.00	
Regular price	$7.50	Save $1.75

(*To same address)
(Above club without Christian Herald, $4.50)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $3.00
Pictorial Review	2.00	
Regular price	$4.00	Save $1.00

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $3.00
Mother's Magazine	2.00	
Regular price	$4.00	Save $1.00

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $3.75
Woman's Home Companion	2.00	
Regular Price	$4.00	Save 25 cts.

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $3.90
Woman's Home Companion	2.00	
Farm and Fireside	.25	
Regular price	$4.25	Save 35 cts.

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Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $4.10
Mother's Magazine	2.00	
McCall's Magazine	1.00	
Regular price	$5.00	Save 90 cts.

(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.60)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $4.25
People's Home Jnl.	.75	
McCall's Magazine	1.00	
Modern Priscilla	1.50	
Regular price	$4.25	Save $1.00

(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.50)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $4.50
Modern Priscilla	1.50	
Mother's Magazine	2.00	
Regular price	$5.50	Save $1.00

(Above club without Christian Herald, $2.75)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $4.50
Woman's Home Companion	2.00	
McCall's Magazine	1.00	
Regular price	$5.00	Save 50 cts.

(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.00)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $5.00
American Boy	2.00	
Pictorial Review	2.00	
Regular price	$6.00	Save $1.00

(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.75)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $5.00
Mother's Magazine	2.00	
Woman's Home Companion	2.00	
Regular price	$6.00	Save $1.00

(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.60)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $5.25
Woman's Home Companion	2.00	
Everybody's	1.50	
Regular price	$5.50	Save 25 cts.

(Above club without Christian Herald, $3.50)

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $6.00
Woman's Home Companion	2.00	
Review of Reviews	3.00	
Regular price	$7.00	Save $1.00

Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $6.00
Pictorial Review	2.00	
*Woman's Home Companion	2.00	
*American Magazine	2.00	
Regular price	$8.00	Save $2.00

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Christian Herald	$2.00	Our price $6.25
Woman's Home Companion	2.00	
Metropolitan	2.50	
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Marion Harland's Corner

A Miscellany Worth Reading

LEST our sub-caption may savor to readers of vanity, I preface today's talk by the announcement that ur miscellany is drawn from bona fide tters from correspondents who have omething to say, and know how to say it.

Thinking my fifty years of wrestling with onomic problems may have evolved some- ing which may be of use, I send the enclosed: Sweet apples and other insipid fruits may utilized by cooking them with sour, thereby ving sugar and improving flavor.

Pieplant may be used instead of the apples nen they are scarce. Dried apples are par- ularly good if half are sweet. Some sweet ples are hard to cook, and must be stewed nger than others.

Very ripe grapes, cooked and rubbed rough a colander, mixed with apples and oked down thick, make a nice marmalade d require little sugar.

Sweet apple cider boiled down to one-third original quantity and thickened with not o sour apples makes most delectable apple tter. It may be spiced if desired.

Barley Muffins

Two cups barley flour; one scant cup corn- al (white preferred); two cups sour milk d one teaspoon soda, or sweet milk and two aspoons baking powder; scant teaspoon salt; e egg. This makes one dozen muffins.

Pancakes

Pour two cups boiling water over two cups rnmeal. Add two cups sour milk; teaspoon da; teaspoon salt; one or two eggs. Thicken proper consistency with barley flour or neat "middling." Scalding the meal makes more digestible.

Breakfast Toast from Left-Overs

One cup hashed lean meat; one half cup hot ter. Stew a little. Stir in a beaten egg or o, or a cold hard-boiled one minced; any tle bit of cold gravy or sweet cream at hand. ast slices of bread; if very dry soften with ter. If meat is very lean a little butter will d richness. Salt and pepper hash and spread er toast. Serve hot. MRS. R. B. G. *Washington*, not *D. C.*).

As will be seen from the parenthetical dress, our member is of our vast and luable Western constituency.

We elderly housewives are learning w lessons daily. Young ones must gin with the rudiments and work ward. Let each of us "lend a lift."

SINCE the recommendation of dry yeast by many experienced and elligent housewives, I have received ponderous batch of directions for king the same at home. While it is practicable to publish all, I make m for one which includes if needed ms respecting the history of the article:

have been interested in the dry yeast dis- sion in your Corner because I have known ts merits before it was put upon the market. t was used in the homes of the early settlers the Middle States, and by many of their scendants until about forty years ago. Then enterprising firm began to manufacture and l it. Then compressed yeast came in; and dry has been sold in the country where it s difficult to get the compressed. But the has so many advantages of its own that ny good cooks prefer to use it.

f the yeast used as a "starter" be fresh, t made according to enclosed directions l be found highly satisfactory. My recipe y be of use to some readers who cannot veniently obtain the ready-made cakes.

New Jersey—or in this part of the little te—it was called "turnpike emptyings." as it was usually pronounced, "empt'ins." seems that when the first turnpike was laid ween Newark and Pompton, some of the lorers who came from other states brought s dry yeast along. Hence the ungainly name.

Dry Yeast

Boil one pint of water; one large potato; two ndfuls of hops tied in cheesecloth together. hen potato is soft, press out hops and mash ato in the water. Then add, when luke- rm, one tablespoonful sugar; one and one- f teaspoon salt; one cake yeast, dissolved a little water. Add two or three table- oonfuls flour—enough to make a medium ter. Cover warmly and let all stand until ht and foamy. Then stir in one and one- f pint yellow cornmeal (white cornmeal n be used) or enough meal to be able to l out on a floured board and cut into cakes. t these dry thoroughly, turning at times. hen they are dry store in paper or muslin g, hang in a cool place. If new good yeast used to start the mixture with it will be te satisfactory.

Note.—Chard leaves or grapevine leaves n be used in place of the hops. Yellow meal seems to be more satisfactory than white.—MRS. L. S. (*New Jersey*).

Let me say, for the benefit of those not versed in provincial dialects, that in some parts of New England (and, it would seem, in New Jersey as well), "empt'ins" was, in our grandmothers' mouths, a generic term for yeast of any kind.

THE East gives up, and the West keeps not back recipes for home-made dry yeast:

About Dry Yeast

I make my own yeast, and have for many years. In the fall of the year we gather some wild hops (living in Kansas where they grow).

For a small family's use I put a large potato on to boil in about three pints of water. Then tie two handfuls of hops up in a cloth, and boil with the potato. When the potato is thoroughly done, take out and mash very fine; then stir two large batter spoons of flour in with it and scald with the hop water, using only enough of it to make a stiff batter. When it is cool add the yeast "starter," which should previously have been put to soak—about as much again as you would use for a batch of bread. Set away to get light. When it gets nice and foamy, thicken with cornmeal, and again set away to rise. When it is light again, add more meal; turn out on the molding board and work in meal until it is rather stiff. Then break it in small particles on plates or granite pie-tins to dry. When it is dry put in double paper sacks or paper and cloth and keep in any convenient cool place.—MRS. E. C. G. (*Kansas*).

Your recipe contains certain features absent from the formula for which we are indebted to our New Jersey member. Therefore we insert it.

You may consider mine a vulgar taste, but I am encouraged to confess it because my John, who is, in my eyes, the pink of refinement, shares it. We are both fond of sauerkraut. I had a cook who made it to our satisfaction, but she has gone into a munition factory somewhere.

Can you tell me how to make the old-fashioned Dutch dish? John's grandmother taught him its virtues and he hankers after it!—A. N. C. (*Pittsburg, Pa.*).

BY a pleasing coincidence, I find upon the file containing your request, the following from the Food Administration:

On account of its supposedly German name, sauerkraut seems to be losing popularity as an American dish. It is said, however, to be of Dutch, rather than German, origin; but in any event sauerkraut is a valuable food.

The Food Administration regards the free use of sauerkraut as a means of saving greater amounts of staple foods needed abroad. Sauerkraut is a patriotic dish in spite of its name, sometimes changed to Liberty Cabbage.

I have, then, abundant reason for the pleasure with which I pass on to you and your John, with my best wishes, a recipe for the "patriotic dish."

Sauerkraut

Shred or chop cabbage fine. Line a keg, or barrel, or jar, with cabbage-leaves on the bottom and sides. Put in a layer of the cut cabbage three inches in depth; press down well and sprinkle with four tablespoonfuls of salt.

When you have packed five layers in this way, press them down *hard* with a board cut to fit loosely on the inside of the barrel or jar. Put heavy weights upon this board, or pound the cabbage with a wooden beetle, until it is a compact mass, when remove the board and put in more layers of salt and shredded cabbage, repeating the pounding upon every five layers until the vessel is full. Cover with fresh cabbage-leaves and put the board upon these with a heavy weight to keep it down. Set all away to ferment. In three weeks, remove the scum and, if need be, cover with water. Keep in a dry, cool cellar. Some add to the salt whole black peppers, cloves, garlic and mace. This done, set away for some weeks to "ripen."

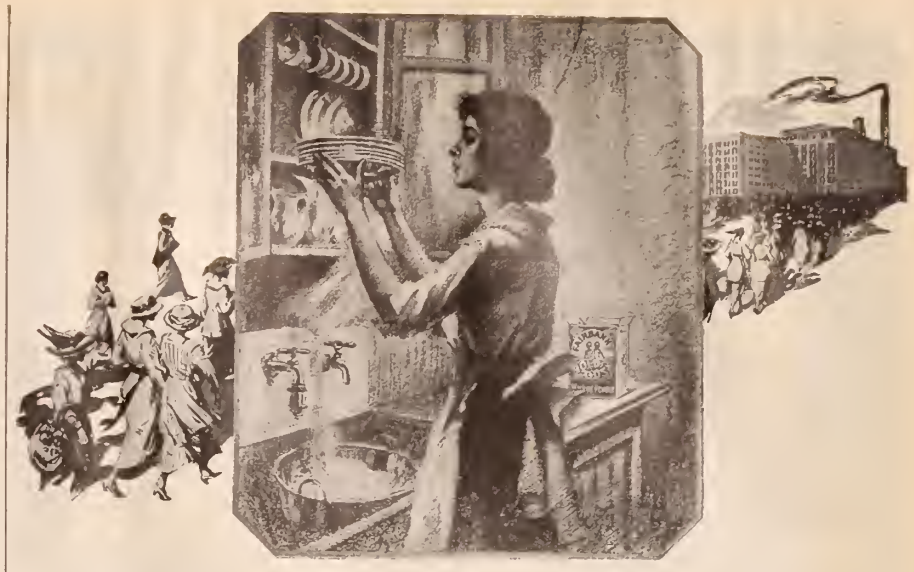
Calls for a really good recipe for carrot marmalade are frequent.

Carrot or Mock Orange Marmalade

As oranges are so expensive would not a good substitute for orange marmalade be acceptable to Cornerites?

Two pounds of ripe carrots, boiled and ground fine; two pounds of sugar, pulp of three lemons and grated rind of one; six almonds, blanched and pounded to a paste; one teaspoonful of almond-extract.

Cook lemon-pulp and sugar together fifteen minutes. Add, then, the rest of the ingredients and cook ten minutes more, stirring often.—A. G. (*Maine*).



Someone must stay at home to do the work of daughter, sister, maid

To keep home sweet and clean, wouldn't you say that "someone" needs all the time-saving help that Gold Dust will surely give? These *five helps* particularly.

1 *Greaseless*

A tablespoonful of Gold Dust! *What labor-saving—what time-conserving*—it holds. For instance, in removing grease from: Roasting and Frying Pans, Skimmers, Kneading Boards, Tops of Stoves, Colanders, Chopping Bowls, Drip Trays, Ladles, Painted Woodwork, Dish Towels, Dishes, Grease "tracked in", Garbage Cans. Unless a gentle grease-dissolvent like Gold Dust is used, these articles are difficult to clean. You need but a *tablespoonful* to a dishpan or half a pail of hot water, for easy, perfect cleansing.

2 *Gritless*

Again, a tablespoonful of time-saving Gold Dust. There are many articles which require a *smooth* cleaner—with no grittiness to mar glassy or polished surfaces. For example: Porcelain and other Tubs, Wash Bowls, Nickel and other Fittings, Windows, Silver, Enameled surfaces, Mirrors. Gold Dust is a smooth, gentle cleansing agent—*without grit.* A tablespoonful to half a pail of hot water removes oil, grease, soil and dust with the minimum of friction and rubbing.

3 *Rubless*

A tablespoonful of energy-saving, time-saving Gold Dust dissolves quickly and thoroughly in any kind of water. It makes a gentle, cleansing solution that dissolves all oil and grease without the need of rubbing. Soap rubbed on a cloth cannot clean these articles: Baby Bottles, Cruets, Food Choppers, Milk and other Bottles, Funnels, Utensils with spouts. For the same reason Gold Dust leaves drain pipes unclogged and sanitary.

4 *Tasteless*

A tablespoonful of time-saving Gold Dust cleans thoroughly without leaving behind the smallest trace of soap. Nooks and corners in Ice Boxes and Refrigerators, Churns and Separators; small articles with openings and rough gratings, such as Strainers, Sieves, Graters; patented articles with intricate parts, such as Grinding Mills, Meat and Food Choppers, Egg Beaters, even the humble Can-opener. Gold Dust effectively dissolves the least particle of grease and *washes out* completely.

5 *Odorless*

Many foods, such as fish, cheese, onions, etc., have a tendency to leave their odors in the vessels they are cooked in. Housekeepers have found that Gold Dust, because it removes the tiniest suggestion of grease, removes, too, the least suggestion of odor of foods. Put a teaspoonful of *time-saving, cleansing* Gold Dust into the vessel itself, add hot water and use a small brush. A *quick* scrubbing, and out comes your vessel fresh and odorless.

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This War's Religious Perils

People are saying the War is reconstructing the old theological ideas. Is that true? Is it good? You cannot afford to miss the exposure of perils that is to be made in the following extraordinary series of articles during 1918-1919 in

The Sunday School Times

Is There a Calvary in France?
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A New View of Immortality
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Young People's Topics for December 1

"All for Christ—My Money." Epworth League Topic. Matt. 13 : 44; II Cor. 8 : 7–9; 9 : 6–8. "All for Christ—Our Pleasures." Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topic. I Cor. 10 : 23, 24, 31–33; 11 : 1

THE first of these topics was treated as the Christian Endeavor Lesson for October 6 in the Christian Herald of September 25. The second was treated as the Epworth League topic for August 4 in the Christian Herald of July 24. Each of these topics completes a series of consecration topics, of which the Epworth Leaguers have covered a part. The series as used in the Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Societies began with "Our Abilities," and included our ambitions, tongues, money, time and pleasures, the whole being a well-divided course in complete consecration. Consecration is one of the things we talk a great deal about, but which is really little comprehended by many of us. We sing "Consecrate us now to thy service, Lord," and forget that consecrate means to set apart; forget it so completely that we may even refuse the next opportunity for service which he sends us. We join in the song, "All, yes all, I give to Jesus," and when the collection is taken we often search for our smallest coin. We will have little perplexity over the division of our money between the kingdom and the expenses of life if we remember that all we have is his and that we are only stewards, charged with the proper handling of his property. We will have no qualms of conscience over our pleasures if we seek relaxation always with the thought that all we do, or think, we are doing as unto him, that our lives may show forth his spirit and minister to his praise. Let us not forget that we are not our own, that we are bought with a price, even with the blood of Christ.

There never was a time when the Christian needed more than now to be wholly consecrated to the work of the Christ, ready for any service, for any sacrifice. Thousands of our Leaguers and Endeavorers and Baptist Young People have in the past eighteen months shown their ability to sacrifice for a great cause. They are "Over There," fighting, suffering, winning, dying, living, ministering to life and to death, to homesickness and to suffering. In the army, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., those who once were comrades in all our activities at home are living a wider life than we or they ever knew here, a life of ready sacrifice and consecration. Until peace shall have restored her sway over the lands torn by strife, they are consecrated to the one purpose of achieving victory. When they come back they will know what consecration means. Perhaps in their going and in the deeds they are doing and have done, we have all learned a little more than we had known about it.

But when they are home again, the old world will still be hungering, as it has hungered for many centuries, for the truth. As children of God through Christ, we are his chosen messengers of the truth, of the Gospel of salvation, of heavenly forgiveness and of real peace. The soldier does not say "Send some one else" when ordered to a post of danger. The Red Cross nurse does not shrink from the sight of suffering, or ask that her hours be regular and her rest undisturbed; the Y. M. C. A. secretary does not complain if they move his hut every six days, and if his hours stretch from reveille to taps, nor does the Y. W. C. A. canteen worker seek her own ease or leave her appointed task for other hands. Shall we? Is there a Sunday School class needing a teacher? We will take it and do our best and leave the question of success to him who blesses earnest effort. Is there a difficult place in the mission field, or an opportunity to serve in the ministry? We will go to our knees and wait the leading of his spirit. Let our consecration be as wide as the world, as unquestioning as the obedience of the soldier—a consecration that craves sacrifice; that welcomes suffering, if it come with duty; that dares to die, if the path of life lead presently through danger; and that puts our hand in His as we go forward.

Called Higher

REV. OTIS D. CRAWFORD of Kansas City, Mo., was called into the other life April 22. He was a hero of the Civil War and saved the flag at Vicksburg. He carried for fifty-four years wounds of that heroic act. Nevertheless, he became a minister of the Gospel, and was state evangelist in California for many years. He was chaplain of the G. A. R. at the time of his death.

Mrs. R. B. Fish, Grandview, Wash., 71 years; Mrs. W. S. McAlpine, Yazoo City, Miss., 66 years; Mrs. Louisa Purviance, Jasper, Fla., 79 years; Abel Lewis, Williamsfield, Ohio, 71 years; Mrs. Sarah J. Hall, Ocean Grove, N. J., 92 years; James Franklin Arnts, Meshoppen, Pa., 65 years; Mr. Ira M. Corwin, Middletown, N. Y., 84 years; Miss Bessie R. Marr, Holbrook, Mass.; William Smith Robertson, Richmond, Va., 75 years; Mr. Samuel Mills, Bentleyville, Pa., 95 years; Mrs. Ormango Allen, Maryland, N. Y.; Mrs. E. C. Smith, Snyder, Texas, 66 years.

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Christian Herald

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OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER JANUARY 25, 1909, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

Photo by Clarence Purchase

Th' world is full o' holidays, as full as it can be;
But if I had to choose just one—Thanksgiving Day for me!

OUR MAIL-BAG

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. Correspondents may use a nom de plume to identify the question, but all letters must contain name and address of the writer, in addition to the nom de plume. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

J. R. B., Des Moines, Iowa. "In its articles interpreting the war in the light of prophecy, the Christian Herald has done a real service, not only to those readers who are Bible-lovers, but to good people everywhere, who have found them helpful and spiritually stimulating. From the time of our entrance into the war, I have believed this nation to be under divine direction. Expecting and asking nothing for ourselves, we have done our utmost to help the cause of international justice and righteousness. Our good President has proved a most wise and capable leader, and I am confident that his whole course in this war has the universal and cordial approval of the nation. He has set up a new and nobler standard of world statesmanship which our people duly appreciate. I believe, too, that God is surely directing our course in this great struggle and has guided it all through, and I know many others who hold the same conviction."

J. C. McK., London, Ky. In a recent issue I notice an item of mine in the Mail-Bag which does not clearly express my views on the subject mentioned. I believe and teach that Paul means—"As the sun is brighter than the moon, the moon brighter than the stars, and even some stars are brighter than others; so is the celestial body more glorious than the terrestrial"; and that no reference whatever is made to a difference of degrees in heaven.

The interpretation in the paragraph referred to is that which is given by commentators generally.

M. L. S., Georgia. Write to Information Bureau, War Department, Washington, D. C.

E. W. P., Oregon. "I would gladly have given my life if thereby the liquor curse could have been blotted out. I have at times nearly wept my heart away because there are so many little orphans and broken-up homes, and also because there are about fifty thousand young girls and women either led into a life of shame and vice, or otherwise forced into it, every year. It is a shame to our nation that they are not better protected. I hope it will not be more than a few months at the most until the breweries are closed, and I trust that the authorities will soon stop all breweries from wasting food and fuel."

B. H. B., Sewickley, Pa. "Frequently we find, when referring to some great noble or good person, that his or her goodness or greatness is ascribed to the influence of a mother. I am a mother of five little ones and one gone beyond the veil, and I am trying to do all I can to bring the little ones up to seek the Lord; yet I always feel ashamed when I read anything like that, for there are just as many good lives trained by the fathers. Why can't we give the glory to mothers and fathers both? My own father was a saint on earth—the real light and strength of our home. My husband's father, too, was one of God's own children. Let us praise the fathers as well as the mothers, but rather give all the glory to God, who only uses us as instruments to perform his will."

L., Sinnickson, Va. To enter the Merchant Marine, you should write to Mr. Henry Howard, Director of Recruiting, U. S. Shipping Board, Custom House, Boston, Mass., stating your citizenship and experience.

H. A., Sabine, Texas. The Bureau of Soils informs us that the easiest way of converting old bones into fertilizer in small quantities is to put the bones through a bone grinder.

H. J., Philadelphia, Pa. The new French observation balloon is being built under the supervision of Henri Juilliot, a prominent French engineer, by the Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio. The shape of the balloon somewhat resembles a cigar. The entire length will be 160 feet and the diameter 31 feet. Suspended from the envelope will be a rigidly built car, large enough to carry a pilot, an observer, all necessary accessories for determining altitude, speed, etc., and a 100-horsepower gasoline motor of the latest improved type. It will make a speed of 45 miles an hour at an altitude of 600 feet, and this speed may be maintained for ten hours. The weight is 5,275 pounds, inclusive of men and equipment.

A. D., Scranton, Iowa. We can find no confirmation of your report as to the Mormons being in political control in several of the Western states. On the contrary, latest statistics show that even in Utah, the stronghold of Mormonism, political activity has greatly decreased.

J. N., Moore, Pa. "The Star-Spangled Banner" has been adopted as the National Hymn of the United States by proclamation of President Wilson.

Mrs. D. E. K., Mannington, W. Va. There is a pension of $12 per month fixed by the law for dependent mothers of private soldiers. There are higher rates of pensions for the mothers of officers, in some instances. There is no difference made on account of the age or physical condition of the mother.

Reader. The Ninety-sixth Psalm, with a few trifling variations, is repeated in I Chron. 16 : 23–33. It is chronologically in its right place as David's song of thanksgiving on the safe bringing in of the ark. It was transferred to the book of Psalms, which was the Jewish hymnal, where it stands as a psalm of thanksgiving and remembrance. In one place it is in its proper historical setting, and in the other it forms a part of the temple service.

Subscriber, Bennington, Vt. Early inquirers and converts to the Christian faith in the first century were taught a summary of the doctrines preached by Christ and emphasized by his apostles, and they were required to assent to them before baptism. This is the first simple form of the rule, an expositor of the faith which found expression in the Apostles' Creed long afterward. One may gather from the Gospels and the Epistles what was taught in those early days, and also from the writings of Clement of Alexandria and other writers of the second and third centuries that the divinity of Christ was distinctly taught, and likewise the atonement and justification by faith. No one denying the divinity of Christ and his office as Saviour and Mediator can properly be called Christian, since these are among the essentials of Christianity. It is not enough to esteem Jesus as a great preacher, prophet and teacher. There are not a few learned Jews who take this view, yet make no claim to be regarded as Christians. Those who call themselves Christians, while denying Christ's divinity and mission, are false teachers and misleaders of men, giving forth doctrines of which Jesus himself warned his followers, that they might not be taken unawares.

H. C. Y., Tolleson, Ariz. The fig-tree incident related in Mark 11, has been a subject of much controversy. It is explained by some writers that the fig tree in Palestine produces fruit at two or even three seasons of the year, and it is said that the fruit preceded the leaves. One might infer from this that if the tree had leaves, it might be expected to give evidence at least of having had fruit. It has been held that the blighting of the precious and fruitless tree was designed to convey a rebuke to the barren traditions of the Pharisees, their ostentatious display of the law, and their vain exuberance of words without the good fruit of works.

J. B., Delaware, Pa. Armageddon is the mountain of Megiddo in the Jordan valley. In the symbolic language of prophecy it is held to mean "mountain of destruction," and by some "mountain of the Gospel."

G. S. B. The time Adam and Eve spent in the Garden of Eden is not stated, and speculation on the subject is useless. The traditions of the Jewish rabbis and the Arabians concerning Adam are of little value and add nothing important to the simple story contained in Genesis.

Mrs. J. C. T., Ossining, N. Y. Nineveh was destroyed about 630 B. C. The armies of Cyaxares, the Median, and Nabopolasser, the Babylonian monarch laid siege to the city for two years, and a flood in the river Tigris made great breaks in the wall, giving entrance to the besieging armies. The whole city was burned and its great buildings leveled. The Assyrian king, Saracus, committed suicide in his palace.

E. S. D. The conduct of the steward described in Luke 16 was dishonest, but Christ does not hold up his dishonesty for imitation. He was inculcating the same lesson that he had taught before, viz., that those who ministered to the poor and the afflicted, especially to the followers of Christ, would receive a reward out of all proportion to their service. The children of the world were more crafty, and the steward worked a device at his master's expense to effect this object. He placed his master's debtors under an obligation, so that they might feel bound to help him when he needed it as he had helped them. It was his own lord or master who admired the shrewdness of his dishonest scheme.

Mrs. E. M., Colchester, Ill. The American Commission for Relief of Babies in Belgium is located at 542 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

I. W., Glen Head, N. Y. The Public Health Service informs us that in a large number of cases catarrh has been cured by residence in a high, dry climate, such as Arizona or New Mexico. In others, the malady seems too deep seated to yield to any treatment. The head should be kept as clear as possible by spraying it with some simple antiseptic such as salt water or borax water.

C. J. N., Hillsboro, N. D. Tides are caused by the gravitational attraction or pull of the moon and sun. According to the views held by modern scientists, the moon directly over a place exerts a pull on the water under it, thus heaping up the water and causing a tide on the shore. When the sun and moon are on the same side of the earth their attraction is united and tides are higher. The same pull is exerted on the earth as on the water, but the water being mobile yields to the gravitation of the sun and moon until the force is balanced by the gravitation of the earth itself. The earth's gravitation is constant, the pull of the sun and moon is variable, and because of the rotation of the earth and moon the crest of the tide runs around the earth once in about twenty-five hours.

Photo from Press Illustrating Service

DEAR God, my daddy's in a boat upon th' sea;
Watch over him an' bring him back some day to me!

Don't let th' tall waves frighten him, an' when it's night,
Please make th' stars seem very near, an' awful bright.

Don't make th' ocean very rough; make it, instead,
A comfy place that's sort of like a cribby bed . . .

Dear God, if daddy misses me, an' wants to cry,
Please tell him that he'll see me lots, jus' by an' by.

An' let him know, dear God, that I have talked with You,
An' asked You to be near all day, an' night times, too!
Amen.

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THE subscription price of the Christian Herald until January 1, 1919, is $2.00 a year. Canada, $2.00 a year. Foreign, $3.00 a year. Two years, $4.00. Two years with flag, $5.00. On January 1, 1919, the subscription price will be $2.50 in the United States and Canada; and $3.50 if mailed abroad.

When renewing, indicate with your remittance whether you are subscribing for any of our premium books. The following prices are good only until January 1 and include postage and one year's subscription to the Christian Herald: *24 Lessons in Correct Eating, $3.00; Light on Prophecy, $2.50; Gene Stratton-Porter's novels in 6 volumes, $5.00; 200 True Stories of the Great War, $5.00; Forty Prophetic Wonders, $2.50; American Flag (4 x 6 feet), $3.50; Two years and Flag, $5.00; Three Official War Maps, $2.5 India Paper Red Letter Bible, $4.75; with Genuine Morocco Binding, $5.75; Red Letter Testament, $2.5 Song Stories of the Sawdust Trail, $2.40; Uncle Sam Advice to Housewives, $2.50; Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper $2.50; The Complete Dressmaker, $2.25; After Death What? $2.50; 445 Additional Difficult Bible Questions Answered, $2.50; The Miracle of Answered Prayer $2.50; Just David, $2.50; The Wicked John Good $2.50; Pictorial Life of Christ, $2.75.*

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

Pie and a bottle of milk

They write home to mother, sister, wife and—the girl, mostly to her

The "Y" man's shelter tent

The Y. M. C. A. Everywhere

'SQUADS right!" And the regiment vs off. Tho rning had ar- ed when the men were to go to the rifle range. was excitement. The supply company wagons ve detailed here and there and were being loaded h blanket rolls, field kitchens, mess supplies, and essary odds and ends of various kinds. Packs ve made and the soldiers were ready at seven lock, and in line were two Y. M. C. A. secre- ies.

"Goin' along?"

"Yes, indeed, we'll be there with you."

This was a Y. M. C. A. secretary's reply to a sol- er's query a day or two before the regiment was to go to the range.

"The 'Y' sure's always on; hey, Bill?" remarked t soldier as he stepped away from the desk.

"I'll say so," was the rejoinder.

One evening a few days earlier, two secretaries were their way to distribute post cards to a regiment ich had gone on a hike and was spending the night ew miles from camp. As they trudged along, a geant on horseback met them on his way to camp. soon as he recognized who they were he exclaimed he Y. M. C. A. everywhere!" He did not realize fact, perhaps, but in that brief sentence he ex- ssed one aim of the Army and Navy Young Men's ristian Association.

After a hike of some miles the range was reached, al while the soldiers constructed ir little canvas city, the Y. M. A. men, assisted by a detail, ched the tent which was to ve both as their home and the diers' stamping ground during stay. Writing-benches and s ts were erected, the phono- ph and records put out, the g pole raised, and stamps, ds and stationery arranged dy for business. This "Y" vs in harmony with the range uipment of the army. In it men found the same spirit of n and cordial hospitality which y had become accustomed to camp. Tho location was on a ll overlooking the entire en- mpment, only a short distance ay, and was within a rod of the imental canteen, which was a orite rendezvous for the sol- rs after a full day out at the gets. At any rate I should d it a pretty popular resort, for ndreds of bottles of milk and er cold drinks, as well as es of pies and cakes and gal- s of ice cream, disappeared ery day. At such a place there is always some sight which is unique and typical. And in this case it consisted of a man, a bottle of milk and a piece of pie. A picture could have been drawn time and again of a soldier with a bottle of milk in one hand and a slab of pie in another, going at them hot and heavy, having the time of his military life, as if he had not already eaten two or three good substantial meals that day. The rush, however, was after retreat. As soon as mess was over up the hill they piled, some to the canteen first and then to the "Y," some to the "Y" direct.

"HELLO! you down here?" some one shouts to the "Y" secretary, who is selling stamps and distributing stationery at a table in front of the tent.

"Ain't much goin' on back at camp, I reckon," chimes in another. "How d'yuh like it here anyway? Ain't so worse, I'll say."

"Pretty well fixed down there?" queries the secretary.

"I'll say so," comes the characteristic army expression again. "And believe me, old Garrity'll have to put some wind into that tooter o' hisn in the mornin'. I'uz on guard last night, and I've been out in them bloomin' pits all day. Hey, buddy, goin' down? Take this canteen, will yuh? No, put it in my tent. Think I'm makin' yuh a present? Wanta write a letter before I turn in."

The stamps are going fast. Piles of paper and envelopes do not last long. The improvised benches are full. The ground is covered; some are using their knees as support for a small board which serves as a desk; others lie flat on their stomachs. Two or three have found their way into the "Y" tent and are making use of what they see there. Many have procured stationery and stamps and have gone down the hill to write in front of their own shelter tents. Everywhere men are writing. And how that letter box fills up! For no matter how dirty and tired a soldier is, he writes letters. His mother or father, his foster parents, his neighbor, his brother or sister, his wife (if he has one), his girl—always his girl—must have a letter. It is interesting to look at the mail sent from a Y. M. C. A. hut and see how large a proportion goes to "Miss" Somebody. And that is as it should be. But it is unfortunate that the home folks and acquaintances do not spend more time writing to the men. It makes no difference whether a fellow is "over here" or "over there"—he wants LETTERS.

THE most tangible service, perhaps, the Y. M. C. A. renders when it accompanies the men on a three or four-day hike or goes to the rifle range with them, is the providing of entertainment and writing facilities. When the Seventy-ninth Division went to Baltimore, Md., to be reviewed by President Wilson, Y. M. C. A. secretaries marched with the troops, pitched tents in the various parks where the soldiers were encamped, and gave them this definite service. But the "Y" does more than this. While at the range the secretaries shot with the soldiers, they messed with them, they chatted with them, they discussed vital personal questions with them, they were one of them more, perhaps, than at any other time. The opportunity and inclination for intimate contact were greater than in camp. And although the program could not be so extensive, yet what was done made a greater proportionate impression.

The Y. M C. A. stands for something very concrete in the life of the soldier. By being in such contact with him it has become a real part of his life. If he were deprived of its homey and wholesome influence, his feelings, his actions, his attitude toward everything—his morale—would suffer. "The Y. M. C. A. everywhere," is an aim of the organization.

THOMAS H. ALVORD.

This "Y' tent went along to Baltimore and pitched itself in a park to serve men sent up there to take part in a review

A service plate

The White House in War Time

By

ABBY GUNN BAKER

A cake server

THE White House, which has been closed to the public since our country entered the world war in April of 1917, has never been more attractive than it is now. The stately old mansion, sitting well back in its tree-covered park, is the admiration of Washington's thousands of war workers who pass it daily, but who have never been privileged to enter it, and who are looking forward eagerly to the day when its hospitable doors will once more swing outward.

Mrs. Wilson is pre-eminently, in the sense in which our grandmothers used the term, a "home body." Her taste is seen in every room of the Executive Mansion. President Wilson has been extremely conservative in allowing expenditures for the White House since he has occupied it, and not a dollar has been expended, particularly since the declaration of war, that could possibly be avoided. Last year, however, the walls in the state parlors were repapered, but the same design of wall paper was kept in all of the rooms. The handsome patriotic design of the blue field and stars, which was selected when the White House was restored in 1903 and which has been so popular, still graces the walls of the blue chamber. The rugs were replaced by new ones, while dainty new curtains of lace were hung under the heavy draperies in the windows of the state apartments. All the furniture has been reupholstered in the same patterns. These small renovations have given to the first floor of the White House a very attractive appearance.

AMONG the improvements which Mrs. Wilson has made in the mansion, none have been of more importance than those on the ground floor. In the long east and west corridor, the worn carpet has been replaced with a new rug of the same rich red hue as its predecessor, and the black walnut furniture has been refurnished. All the portraits of the mistresses of the mansion which are owned by the Government, with the exception of those of Martha Washington, Abigail Adams and Dolly Madison, hang upon the walls of this corridor. Huntington's life-size painting of Mrs. Washington is honored with a place in the Red Room. The portrait of Mrs. Madison is in the library, on the family floor of the mansion. The only picture of Abigail Adams in the White House, a small silhouette made from life, hangs in the President John Adams section of the southeast cabinet in the room which, two years ago, Mrs. Wilson set aside for the collection of the china of the different administrations.

When Mrs. Wilson set aside the room on this corridor for the collection, which was started by Mrs. Roosevelt, a cabinet was built in the west wall. In the two years which have elapsed, the relics have outgrown their quarters, and during the past summer Mrs. Wilson has had two handsome colonial cabinets built in the east wall of the room. Within the three cabinets are some heirlooms of all the Chief Executives, except two. While some administrations are represented most inadequately, notably that of President John Adams, yet the collection is fairly representative of the majority, and as it is constantly growing, it is expected that within a few years it will bear creditable exhibits of every Chief Executive.

THE room which Mrs. Wilson set aside for the china collection is designated for "The China of the Presidents." Cabinets for the relics h. been built in the walls. In the w cabinet are the heirlooms of the Pr dents from John Quincy Adams President Chester A. Arthur, 1825 1881. The middle panel of this cabi contains the Lincoln china, the re being arranged on shelves at each s of the panel. The south cabinet on east side of the room contains the pie of porcelain and glass which belon to our first five Presidents, as well some of the oldest pieces of glass plate remaining in the White Ho and the cabinet at the east of the ro just south of the entrance from the ridor, contains the china and glass President Cleveland's administra and also that of all save one of his s cessors.

In the middle panel of this cabinet are specimens of the new Wilson china. On the two upper shelves at the left are dishes from the Roosevelt set, on the shelf below the McKinley china. At the right are pieces from the set used by Presidents Cleveland and Harrison. The placques at the left and right on the lower shelves are old residents of the White House

This last cabinet awaken the greatest inte of any when the White Ho is again open to visitors, a holds the specimen piece the new state dining c which the President and M Wilson ordered last spr This state dining set is first White House china designed by an Ameri artist, made from Ameri clays at an American tery, burned at Ameri kilns, and decorated American workmen. F the largest dish to the tiniest, every piece of new china is American m and each piece is a work art of which any governm might be proud.

The new state dining was made at the Lenox I teries at Trenton, New sey. Every piece is of quisite texture and the s pronounced by compet judges to be as fine as a thing that can be m abroad. The whole ser will comprise seventeen h dred pieces, each piece b in two tints—a deep iv colored border and the cr white china of the cen There is no color in an the decorations save on service plates. The dec tions are in rolled gold. E flat piece is edged with a row border of stars stripes in alternating gro and at the top of each i exquisite conception of President's seal.

The New Day of Common Understanding

TAKING for a text the phrase "The rediscovered value of spiritual things," Cleveland, Ohio, under the leadership of Mr. Myron T. Herrick, of the War Camp Community Service, will hold on Thanksgiving Day a great civic celebration, in which the people will give thanks for victories gained, for peace, and more especially for that new valuation of spiritual quantities which has come out of the work of the services that save in the camps and in the field, as well as out of the greater comprehension of America's underlying ideals which have been crystallized by war largely through the expressions of President Wilson, the nation's great leader, recognized everywhere as a pioneer in the world's thought. Mr. Herrick has said: "This means things spiritual in governments as well as in religion. It means the soul and spirit of our nation, it means rediscovery that the God of the people lives and that right will prevail. There can be no religious differences in the observance of this Thanksgiving. Protestants, Catholics and Jews can all stand together on the same platform in unity, faith and patriotism in celebration of the victory for which they have worked together so faithfully in their ministrations to the men in service."

The idea of the community celebrations was taken up by the War Camp Community Service and similar celebrations will be held under their auspices in more than 600 communities, most of them adjacent to or within reach of the camps. The plan in Cleveland is to have the individual church services at 9.30, followed by a great civic Community Service at 11 o'clock.

The President in his call to Thanksgiving this year (see opposite page) has called attention to the widespreading nature of the obligations and opportunities of peace and asked for a wider observance of Thanksgiving Day than has been customary, making the rendering of thanks a great united pæan of praise for peace and victory in addition to our material blessings. It is pretty well recognized now that the work of the Y. M. C. A., the War Camp Community Service, the Y. W. C. A. and the associated organizations in buildiug up the morale of the army has been one of the greatest spiritual works of the century and that morale is merely another name for spiritual efficiency. In the support of and participation in this work the nation itself has gained a new morale, a new spiritual efficiency. The struggles, the sacrifices, the new adjustments made necessary by the exigencies of war have given the nation a new vision, have clarified its ideals of liberty, have made more plain the spiritual essentials of true liberty and h overwhelmed former divisions in a new spirit unity of thought and purpose. As President Wil has said: "The nation has seen the birth of a day of common understanding." We have won victory at arms partly because we had first won victory of ideals.

As we gather for our Thanksgiving celebrati this year let us be sure that we are ready to m permanent these rediscovered values which h been won for us in conflict, and let us not for those of us who are near a camp, that the men wh morale has been so spleudidly sustained thro the months of warfare are just as lonesome, as homesick and more easily tempted now that great incentive to self-control has been remo by the signing of the armistice. The War Ca Community Service is especially anxious that welcome to our homes the boys of other ho from the camps and training grounds. While celebrate, as a nation, our victories and empha our new spiritual ideals let us not forget that in khaki who was ready to be a hero, but who, i sees Germany now, will be more likely to see it a military policeman, which is a harder job than b a hero.

Our Troops March Into Germany

ON Sunday morning, November 17, at 5:30 A.M., the Allied armies began the march from the positions reached at noon of November 11, to the positions along the ine stipulated in the terms of the armistice. ie German troops were rapidly evacuating the ritory in front of the Allied armies and it was pected that the march to the new positions would devoid of unpleasant incidents. The American ird Army, which on November 19 had reached rman soil, advanced on a fifty mile front, running m Mouzon on the Meuse to Thiaucourt west of e Moselle, facing Luxemburg, a corner of Belgium, d the Briey and Longwy coal and iron fields. ie Third Army consists of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, h, 26th, 32d, 42d (Rainbow), 89th, and 90th visions, and about a quarter of a million men under e command of Major General Dickman. The ench Fifth Army was on the American left, the ench Tenth Army on the American right.

The direction of the advance indicated that the nerican armies would pass through and occupy xemburg reaching the Rhine at its confluence th the Moselle at Coblenz. The French under the rsonal leadership of Marshal Foch were expected enter Metz on the 18th, and Strassburg on the th. As the march after the retreating Germans gan, Belgian patrols were already in Brussels which d seen some bloodshed, there being disorder volving units of the German army and also brushes tween the loyal Belgians and pro-German Flem-gs, calling themselves "Flamagands." Most of e Flamagands considered it good policy to evacuate ong with the German armies. Belgian troops ccupied Antwerp on November 17. It was dicted that King Albert would make a formal try into his redeemed capital on November 25. Field Marshal Foch, on November 16, addressed s message to the Allied armies:

"Officers, Non-commissioned Officers and Soldiers of e Allied Armies: After having resolutely stopped the emy, you have for months fought him with faith and lefatigable energy, without respite. You have won the atest battle in history and saved the most sacred cause—e liberty of the world.

"Be proud. You have adorned your flags with immortal ry. Posterity preserves for you its recognition."

It was reported that the German plenipotentiaries mitted to Marshal Foch that their army was at his rey and declared that their reserves, both of men d of munitions, were exhausted.

The German armies, as they fell back, still plun-ed, taking all food d food animals they ld seize from the ople and paying for it, at all, in worthless rman army script. ey still left fires in ir wake. The Allied nies, as they ad-nced, went forward as to meet an enemy. st advance guards, n engineers to repair roads, then the main dies in columns, eche-ed on the paralled ds and so placed that, the enemy or any its of his forces should ct to start a fight, mediate deployments ld be made into battle mation. Artillery was line, ready to lay down barrage at the first n of trouble. Obser-tion balloons were up along the line to keep eye on Fritz, and planes were carried ward with the ad-ncing troops. The n of the advance was march twenty kilo-eters a day for two ys and then rest two ys. That would mean out twenty-five miles vance every four ys.

The advancing troops re met by couriers from ny towns asking speed in order that they might relieved from the threat of violence at the nds of German deserters, Released American d Allied prisoners coming back into the lines orted more or less disorder among the withdrawing mies. Over 2,500 American prisoners of war were eased immediately on the signing of the armistice, me French and British were not released until e movement of evacuation was begun. The advanc-g armies carried complete supplies, so that they uld not need to depend on the occupied country anything needed.

President Calls to Prayer and Thanksgiving

By the President of the United States of America

A PROCLAMATION

It has long been our custom to turn in the Autumn of the year in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for His many blessings and mercies to us as a Nation. This year we have special and moving cause to be grateful and to rejoice. God has in his good pleasure given us peace. It has not come as a mere cessation of arms, a relief from the strain and tragedy of war. It has come as a great triumph of Right. Complete victory has brought us, not peace alone, but the confident promise of a new day as well, in which justice shall replace force and jealous intrigue among the nations. Our gallant armies have participated in a triumph which is not marred or strained by any purpose of selfish aggression. In a righteous cause they have won immortal glory and have nobly served their Nation in serving Mankind. God has indeed been gracious. We have cause for such rejoicing as revives and strengthens in us all the best traditions of our national history. A new day shines about us, in which our hearts take new courage and look forward with new hope to new and greater duties.

While we render thanks for these things, let us not forget to seek the Divine guidance in the performance of those duties, and Divine mercy and forgiveness for all errors of act or purpose, and pray that in all that we do we shall strengthen the ties of friendship and mutual respect upon which we must assist to build the new structure of peace and good-will among the nations.

Wherefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do hereby designate Thursday, the twenty-eighth day of November next, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and invite the people throughout the land to cease upon that day from their ordinary occupations and in their several homes and places of worship to render thanks to God, the Ruler of nations.

WOODROW WILSON.

Issued at the White House, November 16, 1918.

President at Peace Conference

It was announced on November 18 that President Wilson would sail for France immediately after the opening of the regular session of Congress, to take part in the discussions of the main features of the treaty of peace. It was generally understood that the President would be absent from the country for about four weeks. He will be accompanied by the delegates chosen to represent the United States, by Mrs. Wilson, and a numerous staff. The President will not delegate his powers as Chief Executive while he is abroad.

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Coblenz on the Rhine and the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, where American troops will garrison the bridgehead

Delegates of the German navy met Sir David Beatty on November 16, off Rosyth, Scotland, to arrange for the surrender of the ships provided for in the armistice.

November 21 saw the greatest naval surrender in history The great German fleet of fighting ships left their bases on Nov. 18 and struck their flags at sea to the British, French and American fleets, being conducted to the harbors where they were to be interned pending the peace settlement.

While the terms of the evacuation were in process of being carried out, the internal situation in Germany was changing almost daily. By the 17th of November there were no rulers left in Germany of those who wielded the power a month ago, and the constitution of the German Imperial State constructed by Bismarck was reduced thereby to a scrap of paper. Sober second thought in the latter days of the week ending November 18 brought a reaction toward conservatism, and there were reports that the soldiers and sailors in various widely separated districts were taking the red bands from their arms and were once more flying the national flag, instead of the red flag of radical socialism, which approximates anarchy. A cabinet was being formed representative of the various liberal parties and demands were being voiced for the calling of a constituent assembly which should plan Germany's new government. But the Reds were still strong, especially in the navy, and the Bolshevik fire was spreading to Switzerland, where a general strike was threatened, and to Holland, where a strong movement was reported looking toward a demand for the abdication of Queen Wilhelmina. Even Belgium saw a memorial on the part of a certain element of the liberated Belgians who sought from the King modifications to the Belgian constitution. Sweden was also feeling the influence. The Swedish Government announced on November 14 that it had decided to carry out without delay a program of reforms giving the franchise to both sexes on equal terms and placing control of foreign policy as well as declarations of war and peace with the Riksdag. On November 18 a movement was reported in Luxemburg for the declaration of a republic and union with France.

WITH the armistice in process of administration the thought of the whole formerly belligerent world turned to the peace conference. Germany, through Dr. Solf, pleaded for speed in the gathering of the envoys, in order that famine and anarchy might be avoided. The Allies, while moving as rapidly as possible in their plans for relieving distress in Germany, showed no disposition to be hurried. It was expected, on November 17, that the conference would not meet until early in January.

Meanwhile the Versailles conference and the Allied statesmen, meeting in groups aside from the formal discussions at Versailles, were busy laying the groundwork of peace, preparing for the agreements between the Allied nations and the neutrals which will be the foundation on which the peace terms will rest. Not the least important matter to be decided will be the question of who shall be represented.

Considerable discussion was raised over a suggestion that President Wilson attend the peace conference. Inasmuch as he would outrank all the other envoys, it was suggested that he might be present only at the beginning of the discussions, or might go to France after matters began to shape themselves. Premier Clemenceau of France was reported on November 17 to have sent a message to the President indicating that the French Government would be gratified if he would attend the conference. Premier Lloyd George of England was earlier reported to have expressed a similar desire. Editorial opinion in this country rather tended to support the ancient tradition which limits the President, during his term, to the territorial boundaries of the United States. Colonel House, now in Paris, was considered a certain member of America's delegation. The names most prominently mentioned, other than his, were Justice Brandeis, former President Taft, Elihu Root, Senator Walsh of Montana, Secretaries Baker and Houston, former JusticeHughes and Senator Knox of Pennsylvania. America will hold a position of peculiar prestige at this council, standing as the arbiter of vexed questions and, since she has no interests of her own immediately at stake, being above the accusation that her decisions are influenced by her own selfish interests, she has both an unequaled opportunity to serve the cause of freedom and an unparalleled obligation to be just and impartial and above reproach.

The Week in the World's News

SLIGHT REDUCTION IN TAXES. The signing of the armistice and the conclusion of active fighting caused an immediate change in the financial outlook of the nation. Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, in a letter to Senator Simmons, Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, on November 14, estimated the expenditures for the next fiscal year would be cut from $24,000,000,000 to $18,000,000,000. He urged, however, prompt enactment of the Revenue Bill, on which Congress was working, and recommended that it be planned to produce at least $6,000,000,000, a reduction of $250,000,000, and that war profit and excess profit taxes be continued as planned, but eliminated from the plans for the following fiscal year, reducing taxation for that year to about $4,000,000,000. According to Mr. McAdoo it will be necessary to continue loans to some of the Allies during the period of reconstruction.

BRITISH ELECTIONS, DECEMBER 14. It was announced in London, on November 14, that the British Government would issue a proclamation on the 25th, summoning a new Parliament, and that the present Parliament would be prorogued on the 20th. The proclamation would provide for the nominations to a new Parliament on December 4, voting to take place on December 14 and the ballots to be counted on December 28, providing a bill to that effect was passed by the present Parliament. The standing in the present House of Commons of the various parties is as follows: Liberals, 261; Unionists, 285; Nationalists, 76; Laborites, 39; Independent Nationalists, 8; Independent, 1. In the new Parliament there will be 707 seats, and the new members will be elected by a larger and wider suffrage, the election law of 1918 having added 2,000,000 men and 6,000,000 women to the 8,000,000 male voters previously qualified. The Lloyd George cabinet will appeal for support of the present coalition government representing all parties and no special interest. The Premier himself has stated his opposition to Home Rule, which coerces Ulster, and he has also given evidence that the coalition government is broadly conscious of the problems involving labor, land and wages, which come with reconstruction and the return home of the fighting men.

GERMAN WOMEN APPEAL FOR FOOD. The German wireless, on November 14, carried two appeals from the women and children of Germany asking for relief from the hunger now gripping their unhappy state. One appeal was addressed to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson; the other to Miss Jane Addams. The appeal to Mrs. Wilson declared that the women and children of Germany had been starving for years and that they would die from hunger unless the terms of the armistice were changed to provide rolling stock to remove food from the farms to the cities. The appeal to Miss Addams pictured the German women as foreseeing entire famishment and anarchy for their country unless food was speedily furnished. Dr. Solf, the new German Foreign Minister, also issued almost daily appeals to this country for relief of Germany's distress. Herbert Hoover sailed on November 16, charged by the President with the task of instituting far-reaching plans for the distribution of food which will banish famine from both our former Allies and our one-time enemies.

RECONSTRUCTING INDUSTRY. Immediately after the signing of the armistice with Germany, the various government bureaus and departments at Washington, in conference with President Wilson, took up the question of the return from war industries to peace industries of the thousands of employees and the men in the army. It was suggested that Bernard M. Baruch, Chairman of the War Industries Board, would head a commission which would be charged with scrapping the monster war machine and with getting the nation back on a peace basis with the least possible economic disorganization. The canceling of war contracts began on the signing of the armistice, and it was reported that the manufacturing of war materials would be slowed down as fast as the workers could find new occupations. Outside of the 4,000,000 men in the army there are said to be 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 war workers whose employment will either end or suffer modification with the demobilization of the army. The National Manufacturers' Association has announced that all of its members, and this includes the largest plants in the country, are planning to take back into their plants every man who laid down his tools to place his life at the disposal of the nation.

Photo from International Film Service

Entrance to Middachten Castle in Holland where the former Kaiser is interned

PEACE ENDS RESTRICTIONS. With the coming of peace many of the restrictions under which Americans have been living will be either removed entirely or greatly modified. One of the first to be removed was the restriction on the use of wheat alone in the making of bread, which will soon be followed by the removal of restrictions on the use of sugar, the allowance of which has been increased to four pounds per month per person. The War Industries Board removed many of the restrictions on the nation's industries. Those that had been ordered to begin manufacturing at 100 per cent. war work were permitted to resume on a peace basis, this including the manufacture of passenger automobiles, and building operations were permitted to proceed, subject only to the requirements of the nation.

KAISER IN RETIREMENT. William Hohenzollern, now calling himself Count Hohenzollern, was reported, on November 12, to have reached Count Bentinck's castle at Middachten, near Velp, Holland, where he and his retinue were being entertained. The former Empress was reported ill at Potsdam. The Crown Prince was finally located near the party, after having been variously reported killed, and still with his troops. In both France and England the suggestion was seriously advanced that the Kaiser be extradited and tried for his crimes, while in Berlin the Socialist government was also reported to be considering a trial for the Kaiser and of those of his advisers who were responsible for the beginning of the war.

TO REBUILD BELGIUM. It was announced in Washington, on November 11, that reconstruction work in Belgium was being planned on a large scale and that many thousand German prisoners would be put to work rebuilding canals, highways, railroads, factories and homes. This work had already been begun in the reoccupied parts of France, where the reconstruction work has followed the advance of the armies. It is planned to use the labor of German prisoners, in as far as possible, to make good the damage done by Germany in the country she overran.

WHAT GERMANY LOSES. The German territory between the former border and the Rhine, which is to be held by Allied troops as a guarantee of faithful performance by Germany of her part of the peace contract, is the richest and most prosperous portion of the German Empire, including Alsace-Lorraine. This region produces seventy-five per cent. of Germany's mining products, principally coal and iron, of which it produces of iron 21,000,000 of Germany's 28,000,000 tons. In addition to its value as a mining district this territory is a closely organized manufacturing district holding twenty-five per cent of the total manufacturing industries of the nation. In its 20,000 square miles before the war lived over 11,000,000 people.

LUTHERANS UNITE. In completion the arrangements mentioned so months ago in the Christian Hera three leading Lutheran organizatio of the country were united into one November 14. The General Coun of the Lutheran Church, the Gene Synod of the Lutheran Church and t United Synod of the Lutheran Chu in the South, represented by 511 de gates, ratified the plan of union in a co vention in New York City creati thereby a new organization to be kno as the Lutheran Church in Ameri which will have 800,000 communican with church property valued at $53,00 000, educational institutions to value of $5,250,000, with 5,000 studer and charitable institutions valued $12,600,000.

SENDING THE BOYS HOME. Gene March, Chief of Staff, announced November 16, that 200,000 soldi then in camps in the United Stat would be mustered out in the follow two weeks and that discharges wo continue at the rate of 30,000 a d thereafter. It was also announced t all convalescent, sick and wounded the American Expeditionary Forces, w were able to travel, would be brou back without delay, and that plans the general demobilization of the peditionary forces were under conside tion, exchanges being under way betw General Pershing and the War Dep ment. While vessels could be made av able to bring over from 200,000 300,000 a month it was not stated t men would come back at that r but it was stated that those divisi which had been there longest, like First Regulars and the Rainbow D sion, which had seen hard and he work, would be the first to come ho probably being paraded and honored the principal cities of the country bef being mustered out. While the t had not been definitely determined was announced on November 17, t the whole number of casualties—kil wounded and missing—in the Ameri Expeditionary Forces, would not exc 100,000. On November 11 there w 2,200,000 American soldiers in Euro

TIGHTENING THE STRINGS. The of hostilities brought an immedi demand from members of Congress f both parties for radical changes in g ernment expenditures, the feeling both sides being that while niggardli would have been a crime before the v extravagance would be equally a cr with the war ended. Whereas Cong voted money lavishly before Novem 11, it was quite evident that it wo carefully scrutinize expenditures th after, especially since much of the mo must be raised by additional loans.

NATION SEIZES CABLES. Becaus the delays in transmission of messa and failure to co-operate on the par the two largest cable companies in country it was necessary for the gov ment, on November 18, under the thority granted by Congress, to take c and operate the Transatlantic cables

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. The International Labor Conference held in North America opened on vember 13 at Laredo, Texas, about 150 delegates from the Un States, Mexico and Latin America. Samuel Gompers stirred both the d gates and the nation on November 6 by announcing that labor would relinquish without a fight the adv tages gained under war conditions. . . On November 15 Senator Pome of Ohio introduced an amendment the War Revenue Bill under consti tion in the Senate Finance Commi whereby the products of child la would pay a special excise tax of 10 cent whenever they appeared in In state Commerce. . . . The Senate nally on November 18 adopted Conference report on the Agricult Stimulation Bill carrying the r providing for National Prohibition a July 1, 1919.

He Lived for the Children

HOW would you like to be "father" to 500 at once? That is a real family of which even a patriarch might have been proud. It was such a family upon which our friend, Missionary Oberg lavished his life in the Hwangho valley in China. We tell the story next week.

Thousands of Japanese in California are working their way to education and leadership and many are finding Christ. Next week you'll know.

Next week, too, we will have some very important things to talk about which concern both next year and the holidays. Four pages of rotogravure packed tightly with mutual interest.

Next week, too, Requa Randall meets sorrow and Dick Ward is not found wanting, Marion Harland continues her discussion of Christmas problems, the Neighbors gather again and Miss Sangster skilfully covers life with a patch-work quilt.

The Thanksgivingest Day

By ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

THE letter that came afterward was terrible. And it was so terrible to have it terrible! From *Tim!* Why, the days his letters came had always been the most wonderful of all e Brady family days! Days to celebrate, and they'd ways gone about the celebration as soon as the fortute Brady that answered the postman's ring caught glimpse of the big, dear writing on the envelope.

"Letter from Timothy! tter from Timothy!" how always rang joyously rough the house—always cept this last time that was rible. This time Mother d whispered it heartbroly—"Letter from Timhy." Why must it have en poor Mother who went the door? They would all ve so earnestly spared her. t then, it would have only t off the heartbreak, for she uld have read a little later at terrible, dear, dear let-. With its jokes—Tim's dy little jokes they'd alys laughed at with tears their eyes. The jokes were e hardest to read.

For the day before this, a spatch had come from ashington saying that Timhy Brady had been killed action. Those three dread rds.

"Of course 'in action,'" ther had said, his stricken e held high. The girls d that when he came out his and Mother's room here they had gone together those first moments—that en Father came out he *rched*, as if to a splendid at of drums. And Mother, ming out too, marched side him—she even smiled. "If Mother only wouldn't ile!" sobbed the littlest ady girl who was only teen. "I can't bear it!" me things you could bear—you had to bear—but not t gallant little smile. Nelran away from it, up to r own room.

"Oh, Timmie, don't look wn!" she whispered. She ways had talked to Tim there, alone; he was her l, next to Mother. "Don't k, Timmie; it would break ur heart even in heaven! other's smiling and Faths marching—both o' them rching."

AND they had had supper *just the same*. As though e telegram from Washgton had not come at all. other had made biscuit—st the same.

"Eat your three, remembr!" had whispered Virginiaan to Nelly. "You've got eat your three!" and they d all, to a gallant Brady, ten their three. It was all ey could do for Mother. Just as today, when the ar terrible *live* letter had come from Tim, they all d sat in the same old eager row and listened to it d not flinched. It was Father who read it, clearing s throat after every little gay sentence but keeping ht on as if his voice now marched, to that inner ne of glory.

Such a time as they'd always made over whose rn it was to read this time; they kept very exact count and never allowed a "turn" to escape. The ole program and celebration had been like this:

"Letter from Timothy! Letter from Timothy! mebody telephone Grandmother and the Marrieds ick!"

"Tell 'em to come over early and bring their sewgs. Tell 'em we'll have tea and little cakes—"

"Sugar cakes—to celebrate. Not a smitch o' moses!"

"Somebody get Mother's glasses—this is Mother's rn. Up in her room—down in the kitchen—*somewhere*, quick!"

For they could not, of course, wait for Grandmother and the Marrieds. Not for the first quick reading. There were always separate readings. The Marrieds were Mrs. Grace and Mrs. Martha, who always came trolleying over, a baby apiece under their arms and a little Gracette a-trailing. Grandmother was only a matter of streets away. Very often there were little triangles of sandwiches and jam besides the tea and Celebration Cakes.

The dear stricken soul of her leaped at the beautiful words and broke into a joyous sobbing

"They're all down there, Timmie," Nelly would chatter as she hurried into her best dress, up in her room. "Grandmother's got her real lace on and the Martha-baby's wearing a new tooth for you! I don't believe there's a single other khaki 'Nunky' Over There has little white toothies eut to celebrate his letters home!"

The tea-cakes would be handed round with the cups of hot tea and presently they would drink their khaki boy's health in tea and the beautiful little ceremony would be over for another time. So many dear times! For Tim was a grand *rememberer*. That was what Nelly called it—rememberer. Cateh old Tim forgetting to write home!

THE letter that eame—afterward was a little longer and a little jollier than all the rest. There were Timothy-jokes in it to read with their breaking hearts —more gay annals of life in the trenches.

"There's mud and MUD," wrote Timothy. "This is capital MUD! Soft-hearted, you know—wouldn't hurt a fellow for the world. Actually seems fond of a fellow! I believe I'm getting fond of MUD—chumming with it this way! 'Member, Mummy"—Timothy was the only one who said "Mummy"—"when I used to go barefoot and you'd make me scrub my feet before I got into bed nights? Just's well you don't see me go to bed now! But your little Timmie is so well, dear, he could hoist you up on one shoulder and Nell on the other and run you up Breakneck Hill on the double-quick! Wait till I do it, too, and shock all the neighbors and well-behaved tabby-cats! Which brings me to your Tabby—tell her she ought to be over here catching our rats. Only I bet we'd miss 'em. There's one we'd without a tail that we've adopted. You ought to see 'Mascot' in his gas mask that we rigged up for him! He's the tamest little rat!"

On and on, gaily—the dear live letter from the dear dead Tim.

Thanksgiving, coming so very soon, presented difficulties. For the Brady Thanksgivings were days to prepare for and to remember. As for skipping a Thanksgiving—

"But we'll have to this time, Father," Mother said whitely. "I'd do it if I ever *could*—"

"But you ever couldn't, dear heart. The children will all know—can you imagine the children *not* understanding?"

"No, oh, no—only it makes me feel I'd be so weak," sighed she. Mother weak! Splendid, smiling mother! "Besides, I've got everything nearly ready, Father. The mince pies are all made, you know. And the plum pudding—" Quite suddenly there Mother broke down and had it out on Father's shoulder, for she thought of the little round plum pudding she had sent two weeks ago to Timothy across the sea. So full of plums, Nelly said, that there wasn't any room for the pudding. Mother had—*kissed* that little round brown ball and had never known that Nelly saw her doing it.

"I saw her, Timmie. Caught her in the aet! If one spot in your Thanksgiving pudding tastes sweeter than the rest of it, it'll be Mother's kiss. Anyway, I kissed the postage stamps!" Up in her own room this funny little Nell was always "running on" to Timmie. She had the queerest little crazy feeling that a wireless ran from her room to—to Timothy's MUD!

IT happened, then, quite without question or regret, that the Brady Thanksgiving was quietly dropped. No one gave it any more thought. There would be plenty of places where the pies would be acceptable acquisitions to otherwise scanty feasts. Two of them were slipped into Mrs. O'Mally's empty clothes-basket after she had taken out the piles of clean clothes. And Mrs. O'Mally, discovering them there, had burst into hearty tears.

"It's no Thanksgivin' they'll be havin', thimselves, the darlin's!" she sobbed. "Wid the b'ye shtruck down in his innocent young youth! Oh, manny's the toime I've washed an' oironed him wid these hands an' scolded him wid this tongue for th' blackness of his little white suits! An' it's now I'd do him up if the scrubbin' broke me baek! 'Mis' O'Mally,' he'd say, wid the sorry little face av him, 'Mis' O'Mally, there's a lot o' grass-greens this week, I'm afraid'— An' him that swate an' polite, an' me scoldin' account o' th' grass-greens!"

For many years Mrs. O'Mally had done up the Bradys, and the little Timothy was hard to separate

Continued on page 1337

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President GRAHAM PATTERSON

Managing Editor GEORGE H. SANDISON

Secretary THEODORE WATERS

The Nation Gives Praise

From the Psalms

GIVE unto the Lord, ye kindreds of the peoples,
Give unto the Lord the glory and strength;
Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name.
Tremble before him, all the earth!
Say among the nations, the Lord reigneth!
For he spake, and it was done;
He commanded, and it stood fast.

THE Lord bringeth the counsel of the nations to naught.
When the wicked spring as the grass,
And when all the workers of iniquity do flourish;
It is that they shall be destroyed forever.
For, lo, thine enemies shall perish!
The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice!

RIGHTEOUSNESS and judgment are the foundation of his throne,
And all the peoples have seen his glory.
He shall judge the peoples with equity;
He shall judge the world with righteousness.
He will speak peace unto his people and to his saints;
But let them not turn again to folly.
Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him—
That glory may dwell in the land.

MERCY and truth are met together;
Righteousness and peace have kissed each other.
He maketh peace in thy borders.
He feedeth thee with the finest of the wheat.
He hath not dealt so with any nation.
Praise ye the Lord!

The Great Peace Thanksgiving

THANKSGIVING once more arrives, and we as a people have much that is especial to be thankful for. Each individual reader of the Christian Herald will find that he can make a very long list of his blessings and that after he has made it there will still be uncounted blessings flowing from this transitory but fruitful life.

Nationally the Republic, our beloved country, is richly laden with favors received. First of all our blessings, we are, after the awful war, at peace with all nations. It is our glory that we ended that war and led to this peace. The Father seems to have especially used our nation as his mighty instrument in ending the world carnage, discord, oppression and injustice, and to have stood up our President as the inspired champion and guardian of the world-wide rights of man. The conviction of righteousness is better cause for thanksgiving even than victory itself.

Our increased world responsibilities are to be counted not as a burden but as a wondrous blessing, not to ourselves alone but to all mankind. In emerging from our traditional policy of isolation to proclaim and enforce freedom for all the down-trodden peoples, we have taken our place as a powerful international factor, but have formed no entangling alliances. Standing at the very center of world control, we are friend of all nations.

All classes of our people are enjoying unprecedented prosperity, and, while there must be vast readjustments, this prosperity will not be diminished, but will be increased by the industries and trades of peace. It will be our richer blessing to share our plenty among the starving, naked, shelterless and impoverished of the war-shattered countries of the world. No diviner blessing could any people have than great strength consecrated to the help of the common brotherhood.

No people on the earth today have such cause for deep and grateful thanksgiving, individually and nationally, as we fortunate citizens of the Mother Republic, greatest as she is the most bountifully blessed of all nations—greatest of all in the highest sense, because she is of greatest service to all.

Building on the Rock

THERE are several versions of the story, but the original is one related by Miss Sara Wray of the Eighth Avenue Mission of New York. It was in the early days of Salvation Army work in the slums of Spitalfields, London, England. A young girl had been rescued from a life of infamy and shame, and had been taken back to mother and home in a country village in the south of England. Although her soul was gloriously redeemed, her poor body was ravaged and wasted, and her last moments on earth had arrived. The kindly doctor, keeping his finger on her fluttering pulse, turned to the mother and whispered, "She's sinking." The quick ear of the girl caught the words, and immediately gathering up her remaining strength, and with a smile of ineffable sweetness upon her face, she said, "No, doctor, I'm dying, but I'm not sinking. I cannot sink. I'm on the Rock."

The cataclysm in Europe has caused some timorous hearts to fear that civilization was in danger of sinking. Not so the Christian believer. "Every one therefore which heareth these words of mine and doeth them, shall be likened unto a wise man, which built his house upon the rock." Of a truth, during the past four years the rains have fallen, and the floods have come, and the winds have blown, and they have beaten upon the house. "But it fell not." The foundation upon which the edifice of Christian truth is built is eternally immovable. Some of the superstructure has suffered damage; but the foundation is unhurt.

And now that the war is over and the duty of rebuilding confronts us, let us be sure we are on the right foundation. Let us continue to build upon the Rock.

When Our Heroes Come Home

NOW that the war is over and the work of establishing enduring world-peace is about to begin, we may soon expect to hear of our brave boys coming home. It may be weeks or even months before the returning tide sets in, but its coming is sure. During the long struggle just ended, our heroes have faced the great realities of life and death so frequently that their attention has been fixed upon the essentials of religion, while minor distinctions, divisions and differences during those months have sunk to the level of unimportance. And now they are looking forward to coming back home again. What will they find here on their return? Will they discover that while the whole world has entered upon a grander era, which opens up to the race of men not only a wider field of glorious possibilities, but a clearer view of God's beneficent purposes, the old familiar conditions in the Church still prevail, and that the old-time controversies and little rivalries combine to obscure the light of truth and to perpetuate division? We are glad to believe that when they return they will discover rather that the same spirit which wrought a transformation in the trenches has been at work in the churches, and that those at home have had such a revelation of the eternal verities that they can never again go back to the old attitude and misunderstandings of pre-war days. One of the results of the world conflict is that it has clarified the religious atmosphere and given us glimpses of the things that are essential.

Herein lies the problem which the Church is now facing, and we rejoice to see that in many quarters it is being met in the right spirit. In recent months the Christian Herald has taken the lead in voicing the popular demand for such a simplification of the religious life of the Christian people of America as will enable them to come into closer fellowship, and will make them cooperative workers instead of rivals as in the past. Leading ministers in almost all of the denominations have united in urging, not the abolition of denominationalism, but the broadening of denominational lines for the purpose of cooperative Christian effort in the widest sense. It is a movement which is demanded by the new conditions of the time, and it is constantly gaining in power and influence. If the nations of the world can unite on material lines for the purpose of assuring satisfactory international relations and future peace and happiness, surely the forces of the Church can afford to do the same on spiritual lines for the purpose of winning the world to Christ.

Already some of our religious bodies are moving in the direction of denominational unity, not through fear of their own waning faith, but to broaden the field of service of their following and all with whom they may come in contact in the Lord's work. Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists and others have, through their leading spokesmen, come out strongly in favor of the spiritual unity of all the denominations. Dr. James L. Barton of the American Board puts the matter in a nutshell in these words: "The vital question is, Are we justified in perpetuating a custom that is manifestly divisive, often destructively competitive, and for which there is no warrant in Scriptures?" This from the head of the oldest American Protestant missionary organization is significant as showing the present trend of sentiment among the spiritual leaders. Across the line, in Canada, our neighbors are moving toward Church unity, not involving surrender of organic identity, but on lines of free and voluntary cooperation. So it will be ultimately in all the churches.

Our Trade After the War

THE foreign trade of the United States in the year which ends with next month, the calendar year 1918, seems likely to make another "high record." A compilation estimating the trade of the full year based upon the figures thus far available puts the total imports at approximately $3,1[illegible]-000,000, and the total exports at approximately $6,200,000,000, thus estimating the year's total trade at approximately $9,300,000,000, against $9,185,000,000 in 1917, the former high-record year. The excess of exports over imports will approximate $3,000,000,000, and the aggregate excess of exports over imports for the four and one half years of war will exceed $11,000,000,000, or more than that of the forty years preceding the war.

This war-time increase in foreign trade, huge as it is, is likely to prove only a prelude to the great and continuing increase to come with settled peace.

The newly constructed and rapidly increasing merchant marine must not only bring the men from France but carry to France and Belgium, devastated by the war, to lands of southern Europe long unproductive through lack of man-power, and even to the enemy nations, foodstuffs, clothing and the means of keeping alive the war-weakened populations. The American people, from their plenty, will be called upon to feed Europe.

Industrially the change from war to peace will create as many problems as did the change from peace to war. War contract plants must be converted to make the commodities of peace. Workers engaged in such plants must be assimilated in peace production. Wage standards, changed by the war, must be readjusted. The position of women in industry must be determined. The returned soldier must have work and a home.

With the war behind and peace ahead we must in no wise discount the tasks and opportunities of the future. The great problems of war will be supplemented by the important questions of peace and reconstruction.

The Bowery Mission in War Tim

THE Bowery Mission has during the war taken on a new and most significant aspect. For many years it has been the center of appeal for need, the refuge of homeless and impoverished men.

The clamorous demand for workmen created by the war, however, has put an end to a large measure of this destitution, and employers of labor, including the Federal Government itself, have speedily acquired the habit of coming to the Bowery for their supplies of skilled and unskilled men. The consequence is that the famous street is now experiencing one of the busiest periods in its picturesque history, and there are more men coming and going than ever before.

What an extraordinarily fruitful field for home missionary effort is thus afforded, our readers will easily realize. The workers of the Bowery Mission also realize the fact to the fullest degree, and are busily engaged night and day ministering to the crowds of men thus providentially brought to contact with them.

Religious meetings are held every evening, and the weekly patriotic rallies are largely attended. The famous old institution has probably never done better work than during the past twelve months. Then, too, the relief work of the Mission, so well known and widely appreciated in the past, is still active, for there are many men old, or infirm, or in other ways incapacitated for work, who rebel against being sent to the workhouse, who must be cared for.

The readers of the Christian Herald have long been the mainstay of this work. It did not need the experience of war relief work to convince them of the blessedness of giving. They have had this joy for many years. We are therefore confident that at this Thanksgiving time they will not forget the needs of the Bowery Mission, and that, as a thank-offering for the glorious blessing of peace restored, they will send in their contributions with even greater liberality than before.

The Church After the War

Still Further Views from Religious Leaders and Others on the Need of World-wide Cooperation in Spiritual Effort

THE great war is already receding into the distance. The cessation of hostilities through an armistice has brought more strikingly to the front the post-war question put by the ristian Herald, which is now being so widely dissed, viz.: "What Should the Churches of Protesnt America Do to Meet the Religious Situation ter the War?" With intensified urgency, all the ints that the writers have made during the discuson now come to the forefront. The question is no nger one of the future; it is a question which belongs the present day and hour. The opportunity of e Church has arrived!

We give below another instalment of communicaons received in response to our invitation for an pression of views of this overshadowing subject. iere are many more to follow. We anticipate, wever, that, the war having ended, the immediacy the Church's opportunity will be so generally felt at many more than heretofore will be attracted to the discussion, which will doubtless be productive much good. The Christian Herald's columns are open forum for a free exchange of views on this bject.

ie War Is Giving Us Clearer Spiritual Vision, Which of Itself Should Unite Us, writes Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, Famous English Divine

F the question asked were, "What should the Protestant churches of the world do to meet the uation?" I should feel more competent to answer and really I take it that it comes to the same thing. Then I have no hesitation in saying that I am mpletely in agreement with the view expressed in ur letter. Hair-splitting differences and denominanal distinctions must cease. My own conviction that these will cease, not by any man abandoning y convietion, doctrinal or ecclesiastical, but by all ognizing, not merely the sincerity of others, but at while graee is one, its means are many. In this se surely, above all others, God fulfils himself in ny ways in the experience of men.

It seems to me that this war is giving us clearer ht in two directions: we have seen the devil more arly than we have during our lifetime; and the inite glory of the divine ideal is seen with vivid tinctness, in contrast to the breakdown of all man schemes. Surely this double vision should be ficient in itself to unite us in our warfare against one, and our utternost devotion to the realization the other.

G. Campbell Morgan.

London, England.

ie War Will Bind the Nations Together, and the Church Must Not Lose Her Opportunity, writes W. B. Millar, General Secretary Laymen's Missionary Movement

YOUR question emphasizes the truth that a new day is dawning. It is a time to get together; only problem is how and to what extent.

Protestantism is not ready for a "Pope," no matter w strong a leader he may be. The denominations not altogether ready to drop their distinctive ferences and to unite in one great Church; but can unite in great tasks, in the doing of which clesiastical differences will disappear. The greatest these tasks is the one great work of the Church—the ning of the world to Christ. There are innumerle things in the homeland that can be done by a ited effort, and the evangelization of the nonristian world cannot be accomplished in any other y so quickly and so effectively.

We see the earnest of this new day in the union orts already undertaken in non-Christian lands. it too much to ask that the entire missionary task a union effort on a vast scale, thus eliminating ste, friction and overlapping?

This war is going to bind the nations of the world gether in a new understanding and appreciation. ay the Church not miss her great opportunity in s crucial hour.

W. B. Millar.

New York City.

Blending of Organizations, but a Restatement of Fundamentals of Christianity, writes Bishop W. R. Weekley, United Brethren

N my judgment, there will be no blending of Protestant churches after the war into one great ecclestical organization. Nothing that I can see points that direction. Nor will there be any changing of eds to meet post-war conditions. But there will be a re-emphasis of the old fundamentals, such as the inspiration of the Scriptures, the deity of Jesus Christ, and the great fact of personal salvation from sin. The soldiers returning home will not expect to find new churches with new creeds and new administrative policies; but they will need to be welcomed by their old churches, full of social warmth and spiritual life. The fact is, their conceptions of the need of prayer, their confidence in the Word and their ideals of a true Christian life, which they carried into the army, were all gotten from the churches at home, and when they get back they will appreciate those churches as never before. When home again, they will want and need nothing more than the old Galilean Gospel, proclaimed in the power of the Spirit.

That there should be, and will be, a closer federation and heartier co-operation among the Protestant forces of the country, there can be no doubt. While the crown of German imperialism will have been cast into the dust forever, there will be another form of autocracy to deal with that will require an unbroken front in our Protestant ranks.

Parkersburg, W. Va. W. M. Weekley.

Sectarian Divisions and the Spirit of Worldliness Must Be Overcome, says an Idaho Pastor

YOUR editorial, "Can You Help to Solve It?" in the issue of the 31st of October has impressed me to add a few words to the great theme you so heartily recommended for consideration. We have heard through the Christian Herald the reveille from the Religious Congress at Pittsburg. The failure of the Church at this critical period of the world's history must be and is in reality a heartrending experience to every loyal, right-thinking Christian. In a time when systems of culture and government are thrown to the winds in confession of utter failure, what of the Church of Christ? How sad is the fact that not even a counseling voice or protest has been recorded from organized Christianity in the present world cataclysm! Even the reverse has happened, and, contrary to the principles of her Founder, the Church, on the side of the governments of the world, is today at war with Christian nations, people of the same race, brothers of one faith, and members of the body of Jesus Christ. Even the heathen must be hiding their faces from such a sight. What then of Christ and the saints in glory?

Confession to God is the first step, if we would be set right. We must acknowledge our neglect and "know from whence we are fallen, and repent." One of the great hindrances in the accomplishment of Christ ideals in our international relationship is the division of the Church. Her power as a leading factor is wearing down through sectarian strifes and divisions. This will have to be overcome and set right if the Church is ever to regain her lost ground.

Another of her great hindrances is the spirit of worldliness, or lack of holiness. In accord with customs and desires prevailing among men, many, yea, too many, of her members are lusting for worldly power and glory. Mammon is the great stumbling-block that is causing the Church's greatest failures. Contrary to Christ's positive declaration, she is practicing the impossible, namely, "to serve two masters." God in Jesus Christ will have to be her Master and his will and precept the supreme authority of faith and action. She will have to abolish forever the world's dominating falsehood of the double standard of morality, one for the individual aud another for the state, and, like the heroes of old, she may again have to seal her fidelity to Christianity with the blood of her saints.

Then, with clear voice and clean hands, she can preach and minister the Gospel of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, the essence of Christianity, the only remedy for perishing humanity.

Troy, Idaho. O. W. Newman.

Some Churches Are Already Getting into Line for a Post-War Unity Program, writes Frank L. Brown, World's S. S. Association

THE churches should meet our returning boys with an increased program of unity. Where several small churches of different denominations in the same neighborhood, in city or country, are struggling along with pastors of indifferent quality, with poor choirs and with small attendance, they should unite, no matter at what cost of personal feeling, select a good preacher, get the best musical leadership possible and fit out their plant so that they shall have a program for every evening of the week.

A church in the average community has no excuse for keeping closed between Sundays in view of the investment in that plant, the freedom from taxes allowed by the community and the community needs. If a church cannot discover a reason why it should be kept open, the community will answer that question if they are fairly interrogated.

In two churches in New York State there has been such a combination as is here referred to. In one place where there were four churches, three are now used for other purposes—one for a Grange hall, another for an Odd Fellows' Temple—and all the church membership has united in the Presbyterian Church and the choirs brought together under one leadership, with a large gain in the influence of the church in that community. In another place where there were two churches, they decided upon having one Sunday school for the community and one preaching service.

In a new community in Denver, Colo., all of the residents of different denominations united in one enterprise which, through the decision of the members, was placed under a denomination, and the pledge to which they subscribed upon entering that church, while it held to all the fundamentals, was yet sufficiently broad to bring within the membership of that church these several denominations. The missionary offerings are distributed to the denominations to which the members belonged, according to their numerical representation. This church has a wonderful weekday institutional program which cares splendidly for the young men and young women and the boys and girls of the community.

In all our churches there should be arranged a definite program of service for the returning boys. This should have to do not simply with social and recreational opportunities for the young, but it should aim particularly at using them in lines of Sunday school, church and community leadership. In other words, the jobs should be those that are worth while. Among the suggested lines of service might be mentioned church publicity specialist, recreational leader for Sunday school and community groups, teachers of big boys, social service survey and social service activities, representation upon interchurch committees having to do with patriotic demonstrations, community amusements, community recreations, community religious work.

There should be started, in every church, plans for a leadership training class where these young men shall be trained to specific forms of leadership, the same as in the army, camps are provided for special training of quartermasters, tank and aviation specialists.

Frank L. Brown.

New York City.

Two Great Things Christianity Needs: To Get Back to the Simple Teachings of Christ, and Unity

I HAVE been reading with interest your editorials and letters published on "The Church after the War." It is a good thing to see this awakening, for all of us realize today that something has been lacking, not only with the Church but with all Christians, for this world war would never have swept us off our feet had we been built on the solid rock of Christ.

It seems to me that the two great things Christianity needs are: first, to get back to the simple teachings of Christ, and, second, to seek unity.

How simple was the message of Christ summed up in those few words, "To love God with all our heart, soul and mind, and to love our neighbor as ourselves." How beautiful was his Sermon on the Mount, yet how we have forgotten it all! We have advanced so fast and far in material progress that the simple and more essential progress of soul has been put aside. We seem to have reversed that saying of Christ's, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, yet lose his own soul?" It used to be the custom to bring up children by the teaching of the Bible, to have them understand love and kindness, to seek the simple things of the soul instead of worldly gain and vanities. How all this has changed! You can see it all around you. It seems the very air breathes different; as some one has said, "It seems selfishness has gripped the heart of the world."

I think, too, if Christians would all combine they would have greater strength. God doesn't care if we are Methodists, Lutherans or anything else; but he does care how we apply his teachings to ourselves.

The God of love doesn't care what Church we belong to, or what country, or what color we are. "He is no respecter of persons," but loves all.

Let us get back to the simple but real things of religion, and be not only hearers of the Word, but doers.

Canajoharie, N. Y. H. Gambichler.

Show Your Colors

A SERMON BY REV. A. EDWIN KEIGWIN, D.D.*

TEXT—Rev. 1:16. "And he had in his right hand seven stars."

A DECADE or so ago there was a theme very much in favor throughout the length and breadth of the land, "If Christ should come to Chicago; if Christ should come to New York." I fancy that hardly a city, town or hamlet failed of receiving its call from the hypothetical Visitor. The topic was admirably adapted for giving vigorous expression to the passion and purpose of an hour of political and moral reform.

In some measure the present message is an echo of those stirring days. Only in this instance we shall endeavor to visualize the consequences if Christ should visit his Church. Fortunately I am able to venture a pretty safe guess as to what would happen, for we have reliable records upon which to base our deductions. In the first century, as Revelation relates, Christ made a tour of inspection among the churches bearing his name. The purpose was to arouse the members to a full realization of their responsibility to him and to the world. That these visitations were intended as an admonition to all churches and for all time to come is manifest. In every instance the pastor was specifically enjoined to write a verbatim report and send it to the churches. A study of these records reveals characteristics and shortcomings of which the church in every age has been painfully aware.

THE revelation of Jesus Christ was august and inspiring. We are told with some detail and in words that stagger the imagination how he came and stood amidst the candlesticks. He was clad in a garment reaching to the feet, the ermine of divine prerogative. His hair was white as the driven snow, token of inapproachable holiness. His eyes were a flame of fire, penetrating all make-believe and cant. His voice was as the voice of many waters, tho voice of cadence or dreadfulness according as those addressed were spiritually sensitive or hardened. Out of his mouth went a two-edged sword, meting out unescapable judgment. His countenance was as the sun shining in its splendor. Magnificent is the Christ portrayed in this inspired cameo!

What Christian hath not at one time or another known John's misgivings! But look you! The high light is now to be added to the picture, for, with reassuring "Fear not," Christ opened his right hand, and there in the palm lay seven shimmering stars. As the trembling apostle, in wonder and awe, gazed upon the spectacle he was assured that failure in any Christian undertaking is impossible to one whose life is held in the strong grasp of His mighty hand. The faithful soldier of the Cross is a star in the Saviour's right hand. Such was the revelation when Christ visited the churches of Asia.

We have neither mind nor calculus wherewith to fathom the profound import of this vision and describe the orbit of a God-gripped soul. Nevertheless we perceive, in some measure at least, the privilege of discipleship and our own responsibility to the Master and to the world. Then fix the mind upon the Saviour's hand as a holy secret is disclosed. In the text we behold Christ's service flag. Observe how it is worn. Not at the throat, where emotions ebb and flow; not upon the breast where passions surge, but in the right hand—the hand of dexterity—the hand with which He works.

A LEAP across the intervening centuries, and John's vision obtains body in a very recent revelation of Jesus Christ to a church on the Pacific slope. Several weeks ago the path of duty brought one of my elders to the city of Spokane. A beautiful Sabbath morning found him worshiping in the First Presbyterian Church. In this church two service flags are displayed. At the close of the service the significance of the second flag was explained to him. Greatly troubled on account of the slowing down of spiritual activities due to war conditions, the pastor conceived an idea little short of an inspiration. The following Sabbath Dr. Sherman Divine went before his people with a message that evoked immediate response. After laying before them the actual state of affairs, and having made them realize that the strength of the fighting front abroad depends in a very real sense upon the strength of the skyfront at home, he pointed to their star-spangled service flag and challenged his hearers, from among the unchurched, to put a star in Christ's flag for every star in the service flag.

I am told that the results were far beyond those anticipated. The effect was both psychological and spiritual. Environing churches, hearing of the success of this appeal to a deeper patriotism, unfurled the new standard with equally gratifying results. In several instances a quiet work of grace has been going on ever since the new standard was set up.

DEEMING the idea of more than local value, I ventured to speculate upon the probable consequences if it were generally exploited. My mind conjured up a chain of conceivable possibilities. What if this venture in idealism should prove the vanguard of a new Crusade? The thought was inspiring. Surely popular reaction would be sympathetic since man is by nature responsive to symbols expressive of emotions too deep for words. Probably the Church is waiting for some common standard, embodying the spirit of the New Era, about which all may rally. Possibly there is a connection between the service flag and the seven-starred hand. Of late there have been moments of spiritual illumination when in America, in England, and amidst the ruined sanctuaries of France men have had glimpses of a glorious Form moving about among the candlesticks. Has He inspired this idea?

In view of these and other considerations the time seems ripe for a New Crusade—a forward movement of all spiritual forces and on a grand scale. But the standard for such a movement should be distinctly churchly, rather than an adaptation. It should be broadly conceived, expressive of the most generous spirit and executed by some one who has tho confidence and affection of the general public.

OBVIOUSLY there is but one logical person for such a task. So a letter went forward to Captain R. L. Queisser, the originator of the national service flag, setting forth the idea and requesting him to design a church flag. After mature thought he too had a vision, of which he wrote: "The flag or banner should consist of a white field edged about with gold or yellow fringe. In the center of the field should be placed the red Passion Cross, emblematic of the church and the insignia of the Knights Templar in their crusades. Then the stars may be added from time to time, in groups or circles, or in design such as might befit the occasion or requirements. At our own church we have Old Glory on the right of the pulpit facing the audience and the Service Flag on the left side. The Church Service Flag or banner could well be hung directly behind the pulpit, thus making an incomparable trinity of flags."

A moro appropriate design could scarcely be conceived. The white field, emblematic of righteousness and peace; the gold fringe, token of the Kingdom and its King; the Cross, symbolizing the Great Price which He paid; the blue stars, badge of the fidelity and the devotion which should characterize each soldier. There is nothing left to be desired. The scope, the program and the spirit of Christianity all are embodied in this standard.

AT THIS point let it be remembered that the Book of the Revelation occupies the same unique position in the New Testament as the books of prophecy occupy in the Old Testament. In both we have the foreshadowing of actual history, an outline of a long chain of events leading up to the Great Consummation and the universal rule of Christ. And concerning the Revelation an additional observation may be made, namely, a distinct promise of blessing is made to those who read and hear "the words of the prophecy of this book." Now, I covet this blessing for myself, for my people, for my country and for the age.

It is not unlikely that the promised blessing will come largely through the readiness with which we read the signs of the times. Indeed, the Revelation was specially designed to qualify us so to read. Amidst the spiritual glory of the present hour, very many obscure passages like the one before us have taken on new significance. As the embattled stars of Daniel's state document (Dan. 12:3) foreshadow a national service flag, so, I take it, this hand full of stars in John's church document foreshadows a church service flag. Moreover, an even more striking parallel would seem to support this interpretation of Scripture. Else why would seven stars be chosen as the insignia of the Allied generalissimo's high office? In the latest photographs of Marshal Foch seven stars appear upon each sleeve. In the best picture we have of the living Christ seven stars appear in His right hand. "Things that are equal to the same thing are equal to each other," mathematicians tell us. Why should not the same rule apply in spiritual matters?

So I am prepared to believe that we shall be reflecting the Infinite Mind if we lift up this new standard and, pointing to the stars of blue, call ba the thought of the world to the privileges of discip ship. Without doubt spiritual refreshings will foll There will come a feeling of new elevation, new sponsibility, new energizing. We shall hold fellows with such noble spirits as John and Peter and Pa The daily task will be glorified. Through the cha of dark happenings and darker forebodings we sl hear the soft footfall of oncoming days of shine a service. Neither will we be dazzled by the splen of the former nor staggered by the responsibilities the latter, for the gentle assurance of His "fear n will come floating to us across the centuries as w eyes upon the stars in His hand we sing,

> That hand which bears all nature up
> Will guard His people well.

Forward then, O church militant! Rally the moralized and scattered forces of the King! Reli the dimming stars, recover the fallen stars! Mobil the vision, the faith, and the prayer of this gene tion in a new crusade!

Place your star in His flag! I challengo the reti Christian, the man who was once a church officer Sabbath school superintendent; the woman who a teacher or active worker. I challenge the rov Christian, the unattached person, the butte sermon-taster. I challenge the drifting Christ who is of one denomination today, another tomorr a third next day, and then nothing at all. I challe the backslidden Christian who has wandered so into the enemy's country that the memory of moth prayer has been effaced. I challenge the secret Ch tian who cherishes a very real love for tho Savi and supports His cause but who has never da make the great adventure. I challenge the sin whom the Saviour came all the way to Calvary enlist.

HOW many, many "wandering stars" (Jude there are which the church might recover un the spell and the impetus of a new crusade! A for pastor of the church to which I minister conducte house-to-house visitation, and on a single residen street of five blocks were found a greater number of Christians than could be accommodated in our la auditorium. It is no exaggeration to say that th is hardly a city or town where the same situat might not be unearthed. The draft extends government's strong hand into every home, i every nook and corner of the nation, and behold galaxy of glowing stars! The right hand of Ch hath equally compelling power, albeit of a diffe nature. The very wording of the Scripture signi as much. "Holdeth" the seven stars (Rev. 2:1) plies literally a tight and powerful grip. If we feat His hand, make known the prophetic purport of seven stars, and call for recruits, I am persuaded t hearts will eagerly respond.

I have been thinking of those sublime words spo to backslidden Israel, "Behold, I have graven the my hands, thou art mine." And "graven" is a w derful word; literally it is "tattooed." Think of God affixed the chosen race to his hand in suc manner that he can neither erase them nor fo his gracious purpose. Even so, fellow Christians, and I are graven on Christ's hands. Let this glori consciousness flood the soul, that while the Maste calling all to the colors we may be enabled to m the high resolve, "Having borne His name I henceforth honor it."

A DRAMATIC scene was witnessed some y ago by a company of travelers. As a crow train was drawing out of the New York station a swung aboard the last car. He was a man of pers ality. In search for a seat he made his way from to car finding none until he reached the smoker. settled himself for the journey and opened a boo read. But he could not, for immediately be him were two degenerates by whom he was gre disturbed. It was not the smoke that distressed They were exchanging filthy anecdotes, and indul in the most obscene and profane language. Find it impossible to think or read himself out of his vironment he arose, stepped into the aisle, and voice deep, resonant and vibrant with emotio voice easily heard the full length of the car, he dressed the passengers: "Gentlemen, these are when every man ought to show his colors. I h been sitting here for a full half hour listening words not fit for decent ears. More than that, name of my very best Friend has been bantered a in such a manner that I can no longer remain si The best Friend I have ever had is the Lord J

Continued on page 1338

*Pastor West End Presbyterian Church, New York City.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

Daily Meditation

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Resting the Soul

SUNDAY, December 1. Ps. 116 : 7. "*Return unto thy rest, O my soul.*" Ps. 42 : 5. "*Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope thou in God.*" This counsel is very different to our ordinary practice in the common things of life. It is our ordinary custom to seek rest by dropping the bigger thing and taking up a smaller thing. We lay aside the book which severely taxes all the powers of our mind, and we turn for rest to a light novel or some loitering book of travel, or to a leisurely company of essays where the spirit is genial and where everything moves in quiet air and happy laughter. We rest ourselves in smaller fields. But the high counsel of the psalmist takes us on quite another road. When the soul is tired and restless and disquieted he leads up from the smaller things to the greatest thing, even into the wonderful presence of God. The tired eyes of the soul are to be rested in wider vision. The anxious mind is to be soothed in vaster contemplations. The soul, which is burdened because of the greatness of its way, is to be lightened by being led into a greater way, even in the highway of our God. We are to find a vital rest in larger communion. "Oh, rest in the Lord!"

We may assuredly expect to find rest in the Lord because the Lord is the only home of the soul. When we turn to the Lord it is going home. "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." Sometimes we send our tired, ailing folk to the locality where they were born, and where they spent their early days. We say that it will do them good to breathe their native air. They are like plants that have got away from their native zone and have become stunted in the uncongenial air, and they are taken back to their appropriate clime. And our God is the native climate of the soul. When we are away from him, we are vagrants in uncongenial country. In him we live and move and have our being. And when we breathe the heavenly air of his presence, the soul enjoys the restfulness of its own home. And if the soul is a rest in the Lord all the powers of our being will respond to the quickening touch of our native air. That is surely the interpretation of the sacred fellowship of the Holy Ghost. When we arrive in that hallowed atmosphere the fruits of the Spirit begin to appear, and these fruits are just our spiritual powers which have been released and refined and made robust and gracious by the nourishing ministries of the divine grace. Sleeping things awake. Withered things come to life. Arrested things reach out to new strength and beauty. The soul has found its rest, and in finding its rest it has discovered its inheritance. It finds its rest, and it then goes to school in the amazing ministry of the love and wisdom of God. "Come unto me and I will give you rest." "Learn of me and ye shall find rest." J. H. J.

The Parched Ground and the Pool

MONDAY, December 2. Isa. 35 : 7. "*And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water.*" Life has its fruitful years and its barren years. The paths we tread between the cradle and the grave are not all pleasant. Soon or late we come to the parched ground. There is no use to deceive ourselves by thinking that all life may be as merry as a May-day. Our lives are much like the changing seasons of a year. Sunshine and cloud, calm and storm, heat and cold, beauty and barrenness, are mingled in our portion. There is no question about this. The only question is, What shall we do when the bleak days come? How shall we travel over the desert places? Is there a philosophy of life which is capable of transfiguring the desert place, capable of making the parched ground grateful and refreshing? The man who wrote these words believed he had such a philosophy. He lived in strenuous times and yet enjoyed great inner peace.

The Christian religion does in fact transfigure the barren places in our lives. We get strength out of our bitterest struggles, and the Lord Christ gives us beauty for ashes. Think of the Master. He lived in dull times, among a commonplace people. Did he ever think, "If I were in Rome, a Roman soldier or captain or senator; or if I were a Greek, in the days when Greece was making history, I might make a noble name for myself"? Nay, he never said such a thing, or even thought it. The carpenter shop was his throne. The lowly village was his capital. The little province was his world, but his kingdom was great, for his kingdom was within. The events of his daily life were the material with which he built a stately mansion for his soul—and for ours. The hunger and thirst of the common people around him were his chance to prove his strength and tenderness. He was like that violinist when all his violin strings but one had snapped and broken; he played on, and played superbly—"Paganini and one string!"

Life is what we choose to make it by God's help. A king with the mind of a slave is poor and pitiable. A slave with the mind of a king is royal, whatever his lot. For him the parched ground becomes a pool.

C. C. A.

The First Gospel

TUESDAY, December 3. Gen. 3 : 15. "*I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.*" These words of the righteous God who is passing sentence on the first trespassers against his holy law have been called the First Gospel. Rightly so; for in these words God takes the part of the sinners whom he has had to condemn. He throws down the gauntlet to the old bitter foe, the arch-enemy of God and man. With this declaration of war against the power of evil God began the struggle for the reclamation of the souls of sinners which Satan had tried to wrest from him. Then commenced that long-drawn-out struggle which terminated on Calvary when the bruised Redeemer, the promised Woman's Seed, crushed the serpent's head, and through the gloom of that sunless afternoon there rang the victorious shout of the Prince of life, the Captain of our salvation: "It is finished!" The war is over; the victor sits enthroned in his kingdom of glory; the spoils of his warfare are by the preaching of his Gospel distributed to men. Millions of glad and loyal subjects of Christ are by faith in him paying homage to their crowned chief, and the foe lies prostrate, awaiting his final doom at the coming of the Lord. He is still permitted for a season to go about like a hungry beast roaring after prey, but he has been shown to all who will see to be degraded and powerless. He must flee apace at the name of Jesus. Even Christ's seed, his believing followers, are vanquishing Satan and his brood again and again; they resist his temptations, spurn his accusations, and thwart his wicked designs. They show to their benighted fellow men that they are serving a dethroned monarch, and make deluded hirelings of themselves, if they still continue in the thraldom of the errors and lies which he has disseminated in the world. To do all this is the Christian's privilege; however, it is also his duty. He must prove his valor against the powers that oppose his salvation, and fight for the deliverance of many who still are held captive by him. W. H. T. D.

Knowing Christ

WEDNESDAY, December 4. Luke 24 : 16. "*Their eyes were holden.*" Jesus' promise, "Lo, I am with you alway," is fulfilled in the life of every believer. But we do not always realize his divine presence. He often walks with us and we know him not for the moment till some new glory flashes upon the soul, when we cry out, "My Lord and my God!" His visit was unexpected at that hour. It was during Paul's slumber that he heard the Macedonian call. It was on his way to Damascus that he heard, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Our Lord often reveals himself and his great truths suddenly. A luminous flash of holy light fills the soul as we see him transfigured or crucified, risen or ascending, or when we are filled with the Holy Spirit's power.

These special illuminations are separate and distinct from the gradual shining, more and more unto the perfect day. These unusual visions are so impressed upon the mind as never to be effaced. Sometimes, when our eyes are suddenly opened to these new and beautiful revelations, he appears to vanish from our sight, and then we wonder how our hearts burned within us at his near approach and wonderful expositions of his truth.

In a general way our expectation is in him, but he delights to appear often as the unexpected Guest at the moment. He has a new picture of his love and power to present, a new call to greater usefulness and richer attainment. His presence with us is therefore partially concealed, for we could only endure his great glory on occasional periods. When we are endowed with glorified body and immortalized spirit, then we may see him face to face in the fulness of his beauty and power. E. W. C.

The Lord's Freeman

THURSDAY, December 5. I Cor. 7 : 22. "*He that is called in the Lord is the Lord's freeman.*" Civil and religious freedom is the ripe fruit of a plant whose root is in personal freedom, that is to say, the freedom of the individual man. Freedom of spirit is the first condition of political liberty. Without freedom of mind there can be no social safety or national greatness. It has been discovered to be a grievous error to confer sovereignty upon a people before they know what freedom means. Is freedom liberty to do what we please? Then God himself is not free! Perfect freedom is perfect obedience to law. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." There is no freedom but by obedience to law. Just because sin is lawlessness, it is also slavery. To be governed by impulses, desires, caprice, is personal serfdom. Dr. J. G. Holland's figures are clear: "A bird is free while it is in the air, a fish while it is in the water; man must find his native element and live in it." What is our native element? It is in God we live and move and have our being. One of the great facts of Christianity is that man is out of his element and that Christ came to set him free. In the exercise of the freedom he confers we have the largest opportunity for the use of our highest faculties. In the possession of that freedom there is not iron enough in the universe to imprison our spirits. "They are freemen whom the truth makes free and all are slaves beside."

C. C. A.

The Fight of Faith

FRIDAY, December 6. I Tim. 6 : 12. "*Fight the good fight of faith.*" We speak of the Church militant, the church that is engaged in warfare. Why is there such a church? Being God's creature of grace and receiving his fondest attentions, the Church is for that reason an object of hatred to the powers which stand arrayed against the Lord. The church of God is despised, hated, maligned, and persecuted for his sake, and for his sake its members must wage war against his enemies. The Saviour said to his disciples: "If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but since ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." Christians may have enemies for no other reason than because they are Christians. They do not fight to wreak personal anger upon their opponents; they do not engage in the battles of the Church from motives of private revenge, for insults which they have received, or because it pleases them to see others humbled. A Christian must never mistake the play of his passions for holy zeal. The reason for his warfare must be, not the disagreeable person, but the ungodly principles and actions of his opponent. Otherwise his wrestling will be a carnal affair and a disgrace to the Church. For it will be seen that he is using the holy Word of God in his warfare, not so much for asserting the truth, but to cloak vanity and cruelty. Therefore, it is well to heed the apostle's cry: "Fight the good fight of faith." W. H. T. D.

The Submission of Job

SATURDAY, December 7. Job 1 : 9. "*Then Satan answered the Lord, and said: Doth Job fear God for naught?*" The devil claimed that Job would curse God if he lost all his earthly treasures, and the heavenly Father allowed the testing. How he stood the trial, after property, health, loved ones and everything was gone, is revealed in this remarkable book. Job triumphantly exclaimed, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." "I know that my Redeemer liveth. I shall behold him and not another." "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee."

Job made no complaint against God for his reverses. He was submissive to the divine will, saying, "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Would it not be a crucial trial for Christian millionaires to descend to beggary, for a king to lose his crown, for health to give way to horrible illness, for all the loved ones in the family to be called to the eternal world, and for the wife to side with enemies and critics while they chided him for his sins?

Job knew he had been a sincere follower of his Lord. He could not solve the meaning of his great affliction, but he believed some time he would understand. He knew his God was able to deliver him and that he would if it were best for his kingdom; that he could make all things work together for his good and for God's glory. He was willing to drink the cup put to his lips, as Jesus did in the garden; peace came to Job after patience. For one hundred and forty years Job lived and flourished, and the Lord gave him twice as much as he had before. If the universe were on one side and God on the other, the true Christian, like Job, would forsake all material riches, health and earthly happiness for the Almighty alone, exclaiming, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none on earth I desire beside thee!" E. W. C.

THE NEWS IN

British Official Photo © Underwood & Underwood

This chaplain in France is a real sky-pilot. He preaches from the observer's seat of a big biplane

© Madison Square Garden, packed wit hears Secretary Baker open the U campaign for millions and

Mrs. Russell Sage, who died in New York November 4. Probably the richest woman in America, Mrs. Sage had turned her riches into wealth of sympathy and wide-reaching helpfulness, giving herself with her gifts

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Premier Clemenceau of France leaving the Palace of Versailles after an Allied conference

Alfred E. Smith, Presi Aldermen of New Y Governor of the Sta

© Press Illustrating Service

The Palace of Versailles, as it is today with its decorative statuary protected against Hun air bombs. They can uncover them now

Photo from

Lieutenant General whose immediate American First Army German lines and r

NOTOS

© Kadel & Herbert

American prisoners in Germany. These men were captured while repairing barbed-wire barriers. Standing, left to right, are: Nicholas Mulhall, N. J.—Wm. O'Connor, New Haven, Ct.—Harry Birney, New Haven, Ct.—Bob Leithauser, Glen Ridge, N. J.—J. Moran, New Haven, Ct.—W. Marvin, New Haven, Ct.—E. Curtis, Litchfield, Ct.—J. Edwards, London, England. Sitting, left to right: J. Sheehan, Hartford, Ct.—J. Reid, Scranton, Pa.—D. F. O'Connor, Waterbury, Ct.—A. Kennedy, Hartford, Ct.—K. Shultze, Terryville, Ct.

iss Lucy K. Burleson, daughter of
e Postmaster General, married No-
mber 2 to Ensign Albert Sydney
imes, U. S. N. © Harris & Ewing

General Franchet D'Esperey, leader of the victorious Allied Macedonian army. At the left General Michitch, Serbian commander; on the right Crown Prince Alexander of Serbia © Underwood & Underwood

© International Film Service

Count Michael Karolyi, anti-German Hungarian leader, who headed the movement for a Hungarian republic

British Official Photo © Underwood & Underwood

Back home! Civilians may now seek out their former domiciles. Sometimes the Hun's ruthless hand and the artillery work needed to drive him out have not left much

Grandmother used
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and she Knew

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All the World

By CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.
Author of "In His Steps," "His Brother's Keeper," "Jesus Is Here," etc., etc.

A Story Having for Its Theme the Reconstruction Period After the Great War

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

THE town of Bradford was decked with flags and bunting in honor of the homecoming of Ambulance Company 241, in which Richard Ward had served at the steering-wheel of the ambulance, losing his right hand at Château-Thierry, while his brother Albert met a hero's death. After the celebration Richard and his father, Rev. Dr. Ward, sat in the latter's study and talked about Dick's future, a problem which was complicated by the loss of his hand and his engagement to Requa Randall, to whom he also looked for advice in this matter. Dr. Ward's sermon on the first Sunday after the return of the soldiers decided Dick to become a foreign missionary. Chaplain Hunter, who had been submarined in the Mediterranean, unexpectedly turned up. Bert Chandler, fiancé of Esther Ward, also decided for the foreign mission field. Dick was surprised at the great changes for the better in the state and nation which were recounted to him at the breakfast table the next morning. But the thing that impressed and disturbed him most was the fact that Rufus Randall, father of Dick's fiancee, had been indicted for profiteering.

CHAPTER FIVE

FOUR blocks away up the street stood Mr. Randall's large house, the handsomest in Bradford. Strangers and visitors were taken past Randall's, as the show place of the town. It sat back in a whole block, surrounded by elms and tall shrubbery.

Dick had been in the habit of calling at all hours, and when he rang the bell he almost knew Requa would open the door, for they were early risers at the Randalls'. When she appeared and greeted him with a happy laugh, at first, for a few minutes of happiness, he forgot all about the real object of his call. He had been away so long from all home joys that it seemed to him almost like a dream to be with the girl he loved so deeply and gladly. And nothing was said about the future, the present was so joyous with hope.

But Mr. Randall passed through the hall, and Dick saw his big form and heard his heavy step as he went on toward the front door.

"Is your father going down to the mill? I want to see him."

"I'll call him." Requa went out into the hall.

"Father, Dick wants to see you before you go down."

"All right. I thought I heard his voice." Randall smiled as Requa drew him back into the room.

He greeted Dick heartily, for he liked him and knew Requa's devotion to this one-armed soldier boy who had so gallantly won the Croix de Guerre.

"I want to see you alone," Dick said a little stiffly.

Requa looked anxious. "I hope it's not anything very terrible," she said, as she went out.

Dick did not reply, as Mr. Randall closed the door. Outside in the hall, Requa stood a moment very gravely. She did not intend to listen but she could not help hearing a loud exclamation from her father. Then, trembling a little, the girl went upstairs to her own room. She was there for half an hour, when she heard the door of the room downstairs suddenly opened and some one came hastily out of the room, opened the front door and went out of the house.

WHEN Mr. Randall had closed the door and turned to Dick, who was standing in the middle of the room, he could not have anticipated Dick's reason for this interview. Least of all was he prepared for his own part in it.

Rufus Randall was one of hundreds of business men in America who had found in the Great War an opportunity to make big money. He counted himself a good patriot because he bought liberally of Liberty Bonds and subscribed largely to the Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross and the Armenian Relief. He had also, with the shrewd cunning of his type, put up a large hospital in Bradford and endowed it generously. Bradford people generally regarded Randall as their leading citizen, as he was beyond doubt their richest. No one had thought of him as a profiteer until very recently. No one but himself knew what his profits were, or at least not until a government expert had examined his books. The mills employed some 2,000 persons, two-thirds of whom were women, and his wages were higher than those paid in Bayview or Carlisle. People generally regarded Randall as a philanthropist, and if they had been putting down his occupation in Who's Who they would probably have so designated him.

There is no doubt he so regarded himself. The last thing in the world he ever thought himself to be was a hypocrite. What the people of Bradford thought of him, he thought of himself. Only a few clear-headed and morally balanced men like John Ward had so far caught a real glimpse of the man as he was, unscrupulous, eager for the popular approval provided it did not cost too much, self-centered in his money-making, taking chances on the government overlooking his particular transactions on account of his reputation for patriotism and generosity, pouring the one personal affection he had clung to about Requa, his only child, absolutely selfish so far as other people were concerned, unless it was convenient for him to concede something to them—this was Rufus Randall, mill-owner, hospital-builder, first citizen of Bradford in his own estimation, pleased with himself and his prosperity and well disposed, at this particular moment on this particular morning, toward himself and the young man who was engaged to his daughter.

"Well, Dick," he said good naturedly, as he closed the door, "no use to ask why you have come over so early, eh? You won't want to detain *me* very long, I'm sure."

"I've come over to see you about Requa."

"Yes, of course. Well, I feel good-natured this morning. What is it, Dick?"

"Mr. Randall—" Dick was talking slow and thinking fast—"do you know what a number of us in the church, in father's church, have decided to do?"

"No, what is it?"

RANDALL and Requa belonged to a prominent church in Bradford which had not yet joined with the other churches in the federated movement.

"I have decided to be a missionary."

"A what?"

"A missionary."

Rufus Randall stared at Dick in genuine astonishment.

"You a missionary!"

"Yes, sir."

"The last thing in the world—"

"Yes, that's what I thought. But I have made up my mind. And that is where Requa comes in. My future will probably be somewhere in Palestine or the East, after I am through with the necessary preparation. Of course we want to be married before we go and—"

Randall broke in on Dick, who with the Ward bluntness was coming directly to the point of his interview.

"Wait a moment, young man. Let's get down to practical matters. First of all, let's start clear. Do I understand definitely that you have positively on an impulse and with very small consideration decided to make the—the business of a missionary your life business?"

"Yes, sir."

"On an impulse?"

"You might call it that."

"I never heard of such a thing. It's not practical."

"It's as practical as making money," said Dick, beginning to warm up under Randall's sharp questions.

"But you haven't had time—you—I asked Requa here last Saturday if you had any business plans and she said you hadn't any. And now you say you have decided on being a missionary and going to—where did you say?—Madagascar?"

"Palestine," said Dick grimly, "where little children and young mothers have been starving to death in very practical ways."

"But you—well, you say you have definitely decided on this sort of life as a life work? Being a missionary?"

"Yes, sir. It's clear enough to me. Of course it will take me some time, I don't know just how long, to get ready to go over. But the thing I came to see you about was Requa. Of course it means her going with me—"

"Never! Not with my consent, Mr. Ward! I regard the whole thing as absurd and visionary. Look you!" Randall suddenly pointed a big heavy finger at Dick with a favorite gesture. "What will you have to support a wife on as a missionary?"

DICK realized his weak position at this point and for a moment he hesitated. Then he boldly answered.

"I don't know—not yet. But missionaries are not allowed to go out unless they are married, and when they do go, they have a decent living. I shall be able to support my wife."

"Have you any money saved up?"

The question was sharp and blunt and "practical," and Dick's answer was a little surprise to Bradford's most practical citizen.

"I had $500 in the bank when I left home. I have been able to save $1,000 during the war. And Albert's insurance money was left to me, some $8,000 payable in quarterly instalments. I have enough to get married on."

"Oh! Ah! Um! I see. But your plan is fanciful. A missionary! Requa would die, away from all her usual home comforts. It is not practical."

It was at that point that Dick, recalling some of his war experiences, and especially the events that occurred in Palestine with the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and the Missionary Relief Committee, lost control of himself. He had been holding himself in check with splendid poise, remembering his father's caution. But now he seemed to see again that picture by the Jaffa gate, the baby with the dry grass in its mouth.

"Practical! Mr. Randall, nothing else *is* practical except the Gospel of Jesus Christ. What have we been fighting for over there? Why have all the moneyed crowns and thrones and businesses of the world been unable to stop the killing and the hate and the awful waste of life? Because they are not practical and never have been. I tell you, missionaries are the only really practical people there are. For if the world had spent its brains and money and energy in sending missionaries all over the world the great war that we have just had would never have occurred. I salute the only really practical person this world ever saw, Jesus Christ my Lord, who told his followers to go into all the world and make disciples of the nations!"

DICK was not given to heroics, but somehow he suddenly found himself on his feet, and his left hand went up smartly in salute, and he stood at attention, a flush on his face and a look in his eye that betrayed his unusual outburst.

If Randall was impressed by anything he never showed it.

"That's all right, if you feel that way, but the business of a missionary is not for girls like Requa. I've always believed it was man's business, and women ought not to be asked to go into it any

nore than into the fighting ranks of ar."

"But Requa has promised to be my ife, Mr. Randall."

"That may be, but she did not prom- se to be the wife of a missionary. She ill never have my consent to such a ife. No matter what you say about it, t is a precarious, poorly paid, exhaust- ng and killing sort of a life, if we may elieve the missionaries themselves, and will oppose Requa's participation in with you. I'm used to plain talking. nd you are getting it from me now. I ke you well enough, Dick, as an in- ividual, and I admire your war record, -no man in Bradford more than I do,— nd I should be proud and pleased to ave you as a member of the family; ut I love Requa more than I love you, ud she is all I have left, and" (he poke with a sudden passion of which e was at times honestly capable in a eavy impressive manner) "I am not oing to have her life rubbed out in the readmill of a missionary's wife. She s not strong enough physically to en- ure the hardship. I tell you, Dick, she as not born for such a life, and I will ot consent to such a sacrifice. And hat's my ultimatum."

"But what if Requa is willing to hare the life with me?"

"She will never go against my ishes."

"I will see about that!" Dick got up uddenly and started across the room. andall watched him with curiosity, ut apparently no fear of the result.

Then, without shifting his position r even raising his voice, he said:

"Sit down, Dick. I have an offer to ake you, that I honestly want you to onsider. If you go to raising the ques- ion with Requa, it will create a lot of npleasant feeling either way. I know he will never go against my wishes; it sn't that, but I believe we can settle his matter more satisfactorily."

DICK stopped half way across the room and sat down in the nearest hair. He had not the slightest hint of Randall's plan, and as he went on un- olding it, Dick listened at first, as if Randall were proposing it to a another.

"Why not settle this thing on a sen- ible business basis, Dick? I like you nd believe in your ability and your uture. I need just such a bright, alert, een-minded fellow as you in the mills. 've been short-handed all through the ar, as every one has been. I need at his minute a reliable man to take harge of my shipping department. ou could learn the business inside a ear or a year and a half at most. You an put your capital, all you wish, into he business. With your ability, in ime you could succeed me. If you hould have children, they would be ell cared for. Your father and mother eed you at home after all this separa- ion. It is not just the thing to leave hem to a lonely old age. It is not fair o take Requa away from me, or to try o persuade her to leave me. I need er near me. You can get married at nce and come right here to live, until ou have your own home. That's my ffer. Isn't it more sensible than your lan? Isn't it a thing that appeals to our own sense of what is wholesome nd natural? Come, Dick! Come, my oy! Requa is out there now in the all probably, waiting for you. Go right ut there and surprise her by telling er you have accepted an offer to go into usiness with her old dad and may in ime become a partner in the business."

Talking with his father on the evening f this same eventful day in his life, ick confessed that as Randall's offer ecame more real to him, the greatest emptation of his life assailed him to ccept it, marry Requa, and settle down.

And then, the next moment, his hole soldierly nature rose up in resist- nce, and he felt that he was a traitor o the best he had chosen, and to the orld's real needs as he had seen them imself over in Europe, and he found imself saying, calmly enough, but ith the full strength of an assurance hat he could not say anything else:

"I can't do it, Mr. Randall. I have ade my choice before God. I cannot epudiate that without being a coward nd a liar. I cannot and I will not make denial of my convictions to go into all he world."

Randall, at that, lost control of him- self. He had made the offer in good faith and in his most seductive manner as a business proposition. To have it turned down abruptly by this young man who had no experience and no prospects angered him greatly.

"Then you can make your choice and go your way. But Requa will not go a step with you Fool! To reject an offer into the best business prospect in Bradford or the state! Why, in ten years you could be in my place, you fool!"

THE next moment Randall was sorry he had spoken in anger. But it was too late. What he said and the way he said it roused Dick tremen- dously. He forgot his father's calm warning to remember he was not Ran- dall's judge and executioner, forgot he was Requa's lover, forgot all that was at stake in the matter of Requa's possi- ble attitude if her father refused his consent to her going away, and with only the memory of what Dr. Ward had said about Randall's profiteering, Dick burst out, regardless of all consequences. And added to all the rest, as he sat there that morning facing the father of the girl he loved, and who, he hoped, would go with him as his wife, was the scene in front of the Jaffa gate, and the young mother with the starved baby, and the cry of "America" rang in his ears and called out against this man who had taken advantage of the great world tragedy to line his own pockets. News of affairs at home had come to the boys at the front in a somewhat irregu- lar and desultory way, but the word "profiteer" had become well known, and the company was in the habit of speaking of this sort of man at home as the "American Hun." As Dick recalled a scene at the second battle of the Marne, he saw, as he drove his car back during a counter thrust of the enemy, one of the American marines plunge his bayonet clear through the body of a Ger- man, draw out the weapon, throw the soldier back, step on his head, crushing it clear out of sight in the horrible mud, and with a yell spring like a wild beast on another German who had been close behind the first. The whole monstrous scene flashed out of Dick's memory as it flared up again in the fearful ending. For as the marine plunged forward, his face lighted up with the blazing light of a burning pile of foodstuff, a shat- tering bomb struck the marine full in the chest, tearing the upper torso apart, and the sacrifice was complete as the fragments fell scattered over the red soil of blood-soaked France, one of thousands who died that day for human freedom.

And here at home, at his ease, sleek, well fed, self-centered, self-satisfied and physically safe, was a man who called himself an American and was willing that the marine should give his life, and boys like Dick be mutilated for life, while he made his exorbitant profits at home, nursing what conscience he had by building a hospital or buying Liberty Bonds as a good investment financially.

WHAT Dick said under the impulse of passion provoked by the entire interview was simply this:

"I wouldn't be in your place, Mr. Randall, for all the money the war has cost. Your place! If the government finds you guilty of profiteering, your place may be and ought to be a state prison!"

For one moment Randall sat per- fectly still, staring at Dick with a rage that turned his cheeks first white and then purple with passion. Then he started up, and for a second Dick thought he was going to strike him. But Randall, after raising a clenched fist and holding it up a moment, sud- denly dropped it and laughed.

"Profiteer! You are not my judge as to that! I have a clear case with the government. But I don't have to de- fend myself with you. I—"

And at that point, as if not certain of himself, or as if assailed by a fear he did not wish to betray to Dick, Randall got up abruptly, went out of the room, walked heavily through the hallway and went out, closing the door with a bang. That was what Requa had heard and she came down at once not

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In Salt Cod	1.56	In Potatoes	.26

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Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Muffins

⅔ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Cookies

Mix dry 2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt.

Mix 1 cup sugar, 1 cup lard.

Put 1 level teaspoon soda in a small cup of sour milk. Add this to sugar and lard, then add dry ingredients, roll thin, cut in squares and bake. Raisins—2 cups—make an excellent addition. (2030)

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knowing whether it was her father or Dick who had left the house.

Dick met her in the doorway and she saw at once that something serious had happened.

Dick drew her back into the room and said,

"Requa, do you know what I came to see your father about this morning?"

"No."

Dick told her briefly, emphasizing his own choice and making clear his conviction that in making his choice he had deliberately decided his lifework.

"Do you mean, dear Dick, that we would have to leave Bradford and go to Palestine or some foreign country to live all our days?"

Requa asked, and Dick noted with a strange sinking of his heart that she was trembling as if with fear.

"Yes, that is what it will mean. It will be a life of adventure and of sacrifice. But—"

"Father will never consent."

"Yes, he has just told me so. But what do *you* say, yourself, Requa? Will you go with me?"

Dick put the question with the usual Ward characteristic of abrupt and positive coming to the point.

THE girl hesitated. She had been luxuriously brought up. Her father had been to her, since her mother's death and until Dick Ward had come into her life, the one person in all the world to whom her thought and affection had gone out.

Now, suddenly, and it seemed to her cruelly, she was confronted with the necessity of making a choice which either way it lay meant disappointment and trouble for one or the other of the two people who were most to her.

In that moment of hesitation Dick read his worst fears. The woman who really loved him, he said to himself, should have answered at once without reservation, "Where thou goest I will go, thy God shall be my God, thy people my people."

But what he heard from Requa after that painful pause was this question:

"Is there no other way? Do you mean to make this choice for us both?"

"I have already told you, Requa," Dick was saying calmly enough outwardly, though inwardly his heart was in a tumult. "It rests with you to choose between your father and me."

"Give me time, Dick! Don't ask me to decide it now at once!"

"But what difference will time make, Requa? The choice will always have to be the same. Will you live your life with me, or not? If I were asking you to come into a wrong or a doubtful life that would be different. But—"

Requa's face expressed fear, doubt, indecision, deep trouble. It had not been hard for her to love her absent soldier. And when he came home, no one in all Bradford had been prouder or happier than she.

But for almost the first time in her easy-going life she had to make a serious decision. It is doubtful if she understood in any adequate way Dick's decision in its purpose and its sacred meaning to him.

Then suddenly her face lighted up and almost laughed as if she had discovered an answer to her perplexity.

"Dick, oh, Dick, why do you have to go as a missionary? Why can't you stay here and do just as much good? Father was saying only yesterday that he needed a man in the mills, in the shipping department, I think it was. I know if I ask him he will let you have the place. Dick, dear Dick, think how long you have been away! And now you plan to go again. Think how happy we can be here at home! You are so quick you can learn the business in a short time. Perhaps in time you would succeed father to the business, find yourself actually in his place. And we could get married, Dick, as soon as you wish, Dick—that is, as soon as I can get ready—and father would love to have us stay here, Dick, right here in this house. It is so big, we could have a big corner of it all to ourselves. Oh, say you will, Dick; say you will, and we shall all be happy."

AGAIN, talking frankly with his father that night, Dick confessed to him that Requa's appeal seemed to him more than he could resist. Nev had she looked so lovely. And he ha been gone so long from all womankin from all the possibility of a home of h own. Once in critical passages th mere thought that he would ever liv to enjoy such bliss seemed so remo that nothing but a succession of mir cles could make it real. And here stood now really within arm's reac personified in this glorious, radian blushing girl who had promised to his wife and make with him that sacr and adorable place, home. Why n take this gift of the gods and, witho too many serious questions, be happ

And then again, as in the case of h father, Dick seemed to see down t trenches lines of foully bespatter human beings, the semblance of huma ity, gashed with innumerable toke of sleeplessness, watching, wearine shell-shock, bearing in their bodies a in their memories the marks of t cruel war, holding grimly on to t things the flag stood for, willing suffer and die a hundred horrible deat in order that the world might be sa and millions happy instead of a f like himself and Requa; and then ov the trenches flamed the ghastly banr flying above Old Glory, blazoned wi the word "Profiteer," with Requa father's name after it, branded with delible treason. And she was aski him, the soldier, who had risked l life to free the world from just such eg tists as Randall, to become a possibl partner in the business that had t stain on it, after he had won the cr on a battlefield with a pure and lo patriotism that no one could ev question.

REQUA was very near him; n moment she would have yield to his embrace, but his first word was like a blow that she stepped back hast and threw her hands up as if to ward her lover.

"Requa, do you know I could ne enter into a partnership with yo father's business, because the gove ment at this moment is making an o cial examination of his books, and he likely to be arrested and fined as a pr iteer. Requa, I would just as soon re diate my American citizenship and over to the Germans and try to scee the commercial business of which th have been stripped by the war, as to associated with your father in a bu ness which he has apparently conduct for his own selfish profit while otl men have been fighting for the worl life."

Now, Requa Randall, like other gi daughters of rich men in America, w know nothing of the intricate affairs business, if she ever thought of it at thought of it as a source of her physi happiness. And her father was to he kind, indulgent, affectionate father.

Like a blow on her heart, here st her lover, the person she loved next her father, charging him with mo strous wrong and actually calling h selfish. And she drew back, threw her head, and said the first angry wo she had ever spoken to her soldier lov

"Richard Ward, my father is soul of honor! Any one who tries cast dishonor on him is no friend mine! Do you understand that?"

Dick received the blow standing. was pale, and sweat stood on his fo head.

"Requa," he said gently, "I do n think you understand your fathe business. I don't feel able to ar with you. I have received the ans to my question. You are not will to go with me. Oh, Requa! I do n know how I can bear it!"

Yielding to his feeling Dick sudde rushed past Requa out into the hall a had opened the door just as Req swiftly repentant of her anger, ca running out and crying,

"Oh, Dick, dear Dick, don't go! don't understand it all! You know love you dearly! Dear Dick, I am sor I will"—

But Dick did not even turn. He sl the door and ran down the steps, a Requa ran up into her own room, flu herself on her bed and sobbed, alt nately speaking her father's name a her lover's, crying out in the first de grief of her not over deep heart.

To be continued

A Prayer on Thanksgiving

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

ONCE more the fading year has reached November, once more the autumn air is swept with snow; and we who kneel before you, God, remember the blessings you have given us to know. We think of fruits and grains that now are lying in heaping harvest for each eager hand, and though the year is tired now and dying, a hymn of praise is rising from our land!

Three hundred years ago the Pilgrims, kneeling, gave thanks to you as we give thanks this day; gave thanks as frigid winter time came stealing upon them as a wolf steals on his prey; gave thanks for grain and fruits that they had planted among the boulders of the half-tilled soil; gave thanks while pallid winter sunbeams slanted across wan faces seamed with fear and toil.

They, as a little band, had gone together across a dreary stretch of winter sea; they had braved dangers of the wind and weather to find a land of peace and liberty. And many of them perished ere they found it; and yet they raised an altar at your feet, and grouped themselves in utter faith around it, and thanked our God for home—and food to eat.

Today, dear God, we, too, will kneel before you—it is the harvest of the year today; but as we kneel we *silently* adore you—our hearts are full, we have no word to say! Our hearts are full of praise that is undying, for, over all the land the Pilgrims found, a wonder-flag is now in triumph flying, and bells of peace have rung with joyous sound.

Dear God, we thank you for this harvest season, for fruits that you have given us again. But, God, the harvest isn't quite the reason; our hearts are full—we thank you for our men that you are giving back from war and fighting, that you are sending safely from the strife, back from the freedom torch they have been lighting—our men, exultant, mad with youth and life!

DEAR God, the harvest comes this year with laughter, with trumpets blowing and with flags unfurled—with banners flying from each war-worn rafter, to shout the triumph of the weary world. The harvest comes with more of real Thanksgiving than Pilgrim fathers dreamed of long ago! The harvest comes with men returning, *living*, while drums throb out and martial bugles blow.

Across the sea the guns have done their reaping for four long years of bitterness and pain. The sound of women and of children weeping has swept across torn lands like autumn rain. Ah, yes, the harvest of the guns is vivid in crimson patches on the winter's snow, and where the battle fields are scarred and livid, and where among the wheat the poppies grow, the guns have reaped and we have watched heart-broken, with helpless hands, and feared you did not care. But, God, this season you have sent your token—the dove of peace sweeps through the frosty air.

There will be many, God, who greet this morning of peace with eyes that scarcely see the gleam of golden autumn sun that is adorning the world until it is a glowing dream. Their eyes are blinded, God, with tears of sorrow for those who, gallant, sailed across the foam, for boys who will not see the glad tomorrow—for boys whose feet will never turn toward home. Thanksgiving Day, for them, will tell the story of some new grave, unmarked, across the sea; some grave that stands for the undying glory of One who died that peace at last might be! Upon this day of praise we ask your blessing to be with those who gave this greatest gift—we ask, God, that your hand will lie caressing upon their hearts and yet be strong to lift their souls from bitter grief that knows no ending, and tears that fall, a burning, ceaseless flood. God, help the ones who now, in grief, are bending above a sorry harvest, drenched in blood.

And there are others, God, who look half-fearful across the ruined homes that once they knew, who offer thanks to you, however tearful, as very tired little children do. They do not know the holiday we cherish, they do not know of our Thanksgiving Day; they only know that by the sword men perish, and that the dream of peace seemed far away, until at last the gray-green columns crumbled, and swept like tides that leave the blood-red shore to gasp once more alone—grim columns, humbled, crushed by the failure of their own mad war! These people do not speak our tongue, their voices are raised to you in words we cannot guess—but, God, each heart so sorrow-bruised rejoices, and every voice is raised your name to bless. They may not know Thanksgiving, but they feel it; so, God, upon our nation's holiday, bind up each wounded life with love and heal it, and let your pity brush the scars away!

DEAR God, this is the time when we remember the blessings that we know who feel your love. Now that the fading year has reached November, now that the autumn haze hangs blue above with fields that ripened in such golden measure, now that the fruits are heaped in glowing piles, we thank you for our nation's countless treasure; *and for the khaki-clad in steady files who are returning to our nation's borders, serenely through the lands of strife and fear—a band of heroes, marching under orders that bring them back from Over There to Here.*

O God, the Pilgrim fathers knelt before you, to thank you for their first small harvest feast. We, echoing their praise today, adore you with hearts too full to say the very least of what we feel, for peace is with our banners, and peace is singing through our native land—and peace rings in each heart with glad hosannas, a peace that only you can understand.

Dear God, we thank you for this harvest season; we kneel before you silently, but when we say our praise aloud, O God, we thank you for bringing home the harvest's crown—Our Men!

"Red Triangle Sunday"

THE nation has given generously of its funds to maintain the physical, mental, moral and spiritual welfare of our armies.

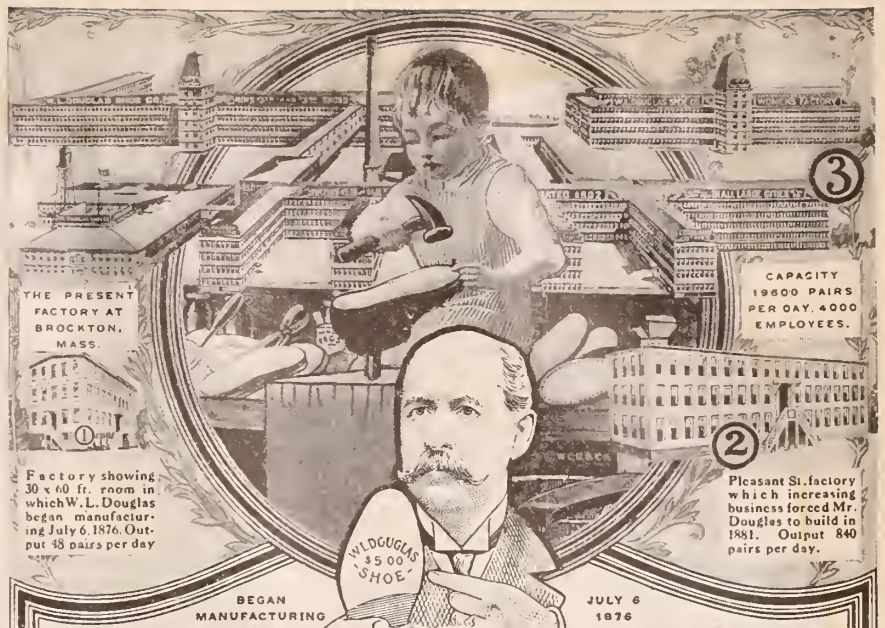
During the post-war period, when 150,000 to 200,000 men will be on leave all the time, when the education of thousands must be continued, when temptations will be inviting on every hand, the need for workers will be greater than ever before.

The immediate future challenges the churches to send their finest men—men of good health, ability, and character, with a large capacity for friendship—to serve our boys until they are returned to their homes.

December 1 has been designated as the Red Triangle Sunday, when the pastors of 35,000 churches will be asked to preach a special sermon on the vast Y.M.C.A. program and the unequaled opportunity for service during these next few months. The number of workers will be secured if every pastor lends his energies to the enlisting of the finest men in his church.

The Magi of Today

THE Sunday School Department of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief has prepared a special exercise for use at the Christmas season in connection with the special Sunday school offering for this important and urgent work. The title of the exercise is "The Magi of Today." The program, prepared by Anita B. Ferris, is a strong program, at once dignified and entertaining. It may be used in connection with a Sunday service or on a week night. It bristles with interest and information, and it is characterized throughout by swift movement and human interest. The platform arrangement is simple and easily within the reach of small schools, while it may be elaborated for use in the larger schools that desire it. This program will be supplied without cost to any Sunday school that will carry out the plans of the committee for an offering for the work of the Armenian and Syrian Relief.



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Joseph Made Ruler of Egyp

International Sunday School Lesson for December 8
Genesis 41

The Fruits of Faithfulness

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

WHAT a masterpiece the story of Joseph is? The fortunate youth is shown at the beginning, and then comes woe upon woe until one can scarcely see a ray of hope! Hated by his brothers, sold into foreign slavery, falsely accused of a vile treachery, thrown into prison, forgotten! Yet through it all we see the sure development of noble character, the increasing manifestation of a high fidelity to ideals, the growth of a great soul under adversity. Though a slave, he wins for himself the position of trust and responsibility, until he is in charge of his master's house. When tempted most insidiously he proves himself a moral hero, and becomes sure of his own trustworthiness in temptation—an assurance that is worth all it costs. In prison he is soon a "trusty," advising, assuming leadership by his administrative ability, rising above the limitations of his position. Hence when at last opportunity knocks at his door he is ready, and his rise is more rapid and at least as spectacular as his fall.

What a remarkable illustration this man's life affords of Jesus' parable of the Talents! "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things."

The Days of Opportunity

Many of our boys and girls have reached that stage of experience where they need to realize the richness of the opportunities that are before them. Some of them are failing because of a foolish conviction that they have no chance of usefulness, of success. It is for us to inspire them to high resolve and purpose, to remind them of the great difficulties surmounted by men and women in other days, like Joseph. "Today," says one of the world's most successful men, "there are a hundred golden opportunities to one of fifty years ago." This is conspicuously true of the greatest of all tasks, the evangelization of the world. What a call goes up for successors of Livingstone, and Judson, and Mackay of Uganda! The work of Africa and Asia calls insistently for men and women of the largest hearts, of the best training, of the most unselfish purposes. For years to come America will have a wondrous place in Christian leadership.

The days of opportunity are here and now. It is only the grumbler and the weakling who can find no chance. Joseph found golden opportunity even in slavery and in prison, opportunity to achieve and to lead. Robert B. Malone has written a stirring poem on the perennial nature of opportunity.

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside the door,
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.

The poet goes on to tell us that there are no conditions prohibitive of happiness and achievement. Even those who have failed may try again. Our God is the very God of Opportunity:

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say "I can."
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep
But might arise and be again a man.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell!
Art thou a sinner? Sins can be forgiven!
Each morning gives thee wings to fly from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

The Blessings of Adversity

So strange a thing is life that we can readily see in the tales of the heroes of other days that adversity has its blessings. Would Joseph have become a type of Christ if he had continued as the spoiled favorite of a wealthy fath... Would St. Paul have become the Ch... tian hero had his pathway been one... easy conquests all along the line? Wo... Lincoln have been Lincoln without ... poverty and the struggle, without ... agony and the strife? Indeed, is not ... Crucified Redeemer the only suffici... and effective Saviour of the world?

Adversity is God's agency. We ... that in others' lives, why not in ... own? To his chosen saints God ... always said, "I will refine thee as sil... is refined, and will try thee as gol... tried." It is a great compliment t... soul when God sees in it sufficient p... cious metal to justify smelting it fr... the dross! Men do not waste th... energies trying to refine mere inert cl... They are seeking pay-dirt, they ... crushing ore. So it is with God, w... sees in man the greatest treasure ... the universe. Therefore James sa... "My brethren, count it all joy when ... fall into manifold trials!" That ... strong doctrine, indeed! But as ... iron ore is crushed to part the r... from the metal, and put through ... blast furnace to get rid of the slag, a... heated anew and forged to put tem... into the steel, so we can see such a n... as Joseph going through the mills ... God, a noble soul in the making.

The wise man of old wrote, "If th... faint in the day of adversity, ther... thy strength small" (Prov. 24:1... How do we measure up? Sage ... Thomas à Kempis wrote in his qu... cell, "For occasions do not make a n... frail, but they do show what he ..." What then are we, as manifested in ... testing times? As one who has kno... the Christian hope, I feel ashan... and rebuked when I read the noble a... devout words of wonderful Epicte... that "slave maimed in body, a beg... through poverty, and dear unto ... immortals." Think of it! Harder th... Joseph's lot though like unto it, ... boy sold as a slave, abused and tortu... until permanently crippled, the vic... of unspeakable drudgery and yet so... how learning to read and write, think... the highest of spiritual thoughts, ab... all *abounding in thanksgivings to G...* He says that since so many men ... spiritually blind he feels himself obli... to sing hymns to God the more on th... behalf! Think of that man, and ... heathendom, writing words of h... challenge to you and to me! It is a ... preme illustration of faithfulness ... ideals, faithfulness to God as He ... pleased to manifest himself to even ... least of his children. The fruits ... Epictetus' fidelity to the spirit were ... his lifetime, blessedness and serenity ... heart amidst all things black and ha... and afterward immortal honor am... thinking men everywhere.

Loyalty the Watchword

During the great war we h... learned to know the meaning of loya... a word that ought to be a key-word ... religion. For a man to be loyal to ... core, to God, his neighbor, his coun... and himself is to have the foundat... for character and achievement. ... see this keen sense of obligation keep... Joseph's course true in the most crit... hour of his career, his temptation. ... the moral problems and the conqu... of sin constitute the really crucial ... ments in a man's life. Joseph wo... not be Joseph had he failed in the t... of his great temptation. But he reme... bered to be loyal to man and to G... He could not violate the confidence ... his master and take advantage of ... trust imposed on him. Neither co... he sin against his holy God, who ha... impurity and loves holiness. "H... then can I do this great wickedness, a... sin against God?" His loving loya... to the Egyptian made him forbear ev... from telling his own side of the st... and saving himself by wrecking ot... lives.

Life, talent, time, are bestowed u... us as stewardship. "Now it is requi... of stewards that a man be found fai... ful."

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Every motorist should carry the Miller "Fix-All" in his tool kit and every home should have it, too. Tires, tubes, boots, shoes, hose, water bottles, rubber gloves, etc., can all be easily and quickly mended with this outfit. The variety of uses is amazing. This wizard will stop the leak in anything that's rubber.

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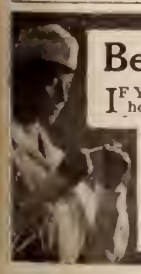

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Marion Harland's Corner

I

IT is not surprising that the following request should come from the trig, thrifty little state which is set as thickly with real homes as her orchards are with fruit-bearing trees. In no state is village life more attractive. Sociability and hospitality go hand in hand with refinement, and what I am proud to have named "Kitchenly-kindness" is of perennial growth:

I live in a suburban town which is, nevertheless, quite wide-awake to the pressing questions of the day.

This afternoon, at a meeting of the Red Cross chapter—which used to be our sewing society—the matter of making Christmas presents this year was warmly discussed. We all feel, of course, that we ought to practice economy in this, as in everything else. But I was somewhat shocked to hear a well-to-do woman say calmly:

"Nobody ought to make Christmas gifts at this time! It was always an arbitrary custom, with little reason or heart in it. To spend money this year out of sentimentality, and because it has become a habit, is actually sinful."

The discussion that followed was, as I have said, warm. While most of us felt that it would be a real sorrow to give up the dear old custom, and that it would leave a sort of blank, desolate feeling in every home, we could not deny that there was a grain of truth in what this member said.

I recollect reading, years ago, an article written by you, entitled "Christmas Blackmail," that dealt with this subject. I spoke of it to our party and it was resolved to appeal to you in the present perplexity. You have been teaching us all these months how to provide palatable yet inexpensive foods for our families. Can you find time and space for a talk with us of Christmas war gifts as you have told us of war breads and war cakes and meatless dishes?

This is a bold request, but we are sorely puzzled!—MRS. S. C. G. (*New Jersey*).

It is easy to see that the "dear old custom" of which our correspondent writes would die hard in the Jerseys, if die it must. Our member wrote better than she knew in predicting "the sort of blank, desolate feeling" that would fall upon every household if the sacred practice of exchanging love-tokens upon the Great Birthday commemorating the Supreme Gift were discontinued.

SETTING aside, at the outset of our conference, the thought of what I banned in another Yuletide paper as "Christmas Blackmail," i. e., giving to those from whom we expect a return, or to those who have established a claim upon us, let us take up the question propounded by the circle of Red Cross workers.

If you can save money for the purchase of Christmas gifts, and time for fashioning them in no other way, deny yourself luxuries and even some comforts in order to fill the holiday treasury. To begin with, do not lower the value of love-tokens by buying what may be styled "trumpery" and "gimcracks." Infuse intention and meaning into the humblest offering.

If you can make something with needle, pen, or brush, which you know will convey a direct message to friend or relative, you unconsciously infuse the poetry of daily life into it.

Study utility, but in this spirit. This is eminently a practical age. We are in no humor for gewgaws!

Decide definitely in your own mind that what you design, or make, or buy, will be especially suitable, for some reason, to the friend who is to receive it.

"She was thinking of me when she did this!" sends a thrill to the heart of the least imaginative, as one traces that thought in each line, or stitch, or thread.

DESCENDING to particulars, I name first among holiday tokens of "peace on earth, good will to men" books. I premise that no other class of gifts demands more tactful adaptation to the taste and fancy of the prospective owner. Be sure that the friend who recognizes a direct tribute to her peculiar liking and desire in the volume done up in tissue-paper and bound with ribbon stamped with holly or mistletoe will appreciate gratefully the fact that it is a message from your soul to hers—not a haphazard purchase of the "most popular gift-book of the season." The selection made, stamp it as your gift to this particular friend by writing upon the fly-leaf your name below hers (or his), with a line or two fraught with significance to both of you.

A subscription to a periodical which will be welcomed every week or month as your representative is a graceful offering. It says, mutely, that you had the series of "calls" in mind as a sure evidence of your continued regard and wish to be remembered.

A certain religious weekly has never failed to quicken in my heart fond reminiscences of him who, fifteen years ago, subscribed for it in my name.

NINE times out of ten, intimate acquaintances and relatives are best pleased with useful articles made comely by the donor's own handiwork.

Our linen-drapers are offering now, at reduced prices, a tempting array of Turkish toweling and crash for washcloths. Why not combine with a sister, a cousin or a neighbor of like means and tastes with yourself, and buy a dozen towels? They range from forty to forty-five cents apiece if bought by the dozen. Divide them between yourselves and "treat" as you choose. You may cut one or two into suitable lengths for wash-cloths and, after overcasting the sides and ends with fast-colored cotton or floss, work in one corner of each the initials of the one to whom you mean to send it. Thus cut and garnished, a set of four is a gift not to be despised by your sister-in-law, or the next-door neighbor with whom you have had many a conference upon the problem of reconciling liberal living with narrow means. You have redeemed a useful thing from homeliness and proved your regard for her in every stitch.

Finish the ends of the towels with a neat, firm hem and trim this with crocheted edging wrought by those same deft and glad fingers. (That they are "glad" is where the poetry comes in!)

Send a couple, by parcel post, to a country cousin who likes to have excellent towels in nursery and bathroom, but is too busy to think of trimming them. She will treasure these as "guest-towels," as you will see at your next visit. If you have the skill sufficient to justify the embroidery of her initials at one end of the towels, the value of the gift is enhanced.

NEAT handkerchiefs of pure linen are among the bargains offered by the aforesaid merchants, in anticipation of the holidays. It is not possible for man or woman to have too many handkerchiefs. They never go out of fashion, and they are warranted to keep—in locked drawers! You may combine with other women in the purchase of boxes holding six or a dozen—lettered and plain—or they may be bought singly at reasonable (war) prices. Buy a plain handkerchief and work in one corner the initials of the one you would honor by the deed. If to this you add a pretty edging of tatting or crocheting, there will be no trace of economical devices in the result.

I was pleased and surprised last Christmas by the gift, from a stranger-friend in a distant city, of a dainty handkerchief edged with a border of tatting done in lavender silk and decorated with my initials done in the same color. Another came by the next mail, trimmed with fine white cotton tatting and also initialed. Thus I know whereof I speak in indicating one of the ways in which you can dignify the commonplace.

John and the boys will display with just pride a couple or more of handkerchiefs marked by wife and mother.

"To me, each stitch is eloquent!" said a soldier-lad, lifting the embroidered initials to his lips. (Poetry again!)

Small linen handkerchiefs, bordered with tatting, or knit or crocheted lace, make pretty plate-doilies and centerpieces.

Part II next week

Yes, Sir! You CAN Save Money!

—Del Dane
"The Old Stove Master"

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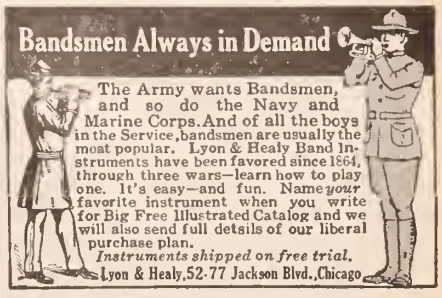

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The Thanksgivingest Day

Continued from page 1323

om the Timothy who grew up. When ıe boy in his trig uniform had swung ong the streets in the ranks of other ıiformed boys, on that last day, it as the little Timothy, that polite and ⁄ate, Mrs. O'Mally saw through her ars and waved to with her apron. was the little polite, swate Timothy ho had been cruelly struck down now his innocent "young youth." Those e love never do really grow up, and the nely old washerwoman had loved Timhy, grass-greens and all. Everybody ıd loved Timothy. Everybody was ırry for the sorrowing family and for randmother and the Marrieds. If it ıd been a little place they lived in, stead of the great city, the flags would ⁄e been at half-mast for Timmie, elly was sure, and secretly it hurt her at they were not, anyway. Her own,) in her room in the third story, was at lf-mast.

"I—I'm at half-mast, Timmie," elly sobbed, her cheek against the little ourning flag. "All of us are. But other keeps on smiling—Timmie, I ⁄ish I knew whether it would comfort r or—or *break* her for me to call her lummy'—she's so lonesome to be lled 'Mummy'!"

THE morning of what would have been Thanksgiving if there had en one in the Brady house was clearly ue and cold, with little stinging nips unwary ears and noses. It was altother a splendid day to give thanks in r dear live sons Over There, as the adys had given thanks a year ago. elly was remembering, as she slipped rriedly down the stairs to turn the g calendar in the living-room face to e wall, to hide the face of the day. It ıs strange that neither she nor any of e others had thought to do it before. But Virginia-Nan was ahead of her; was already done. The two girls came gether at the threshold of the room d instinctively their arms went round ch other.

"Sh!" whispered Virginia-Nan softly. We must not breathe above a whisper, ell. It would be so good if Mother uld *sleep through!*"

"Yes, oh, yes, but she won't. She's ⁄ake up there, now, putting on her or little smile. Maybe she's been ⁄ake all night—Virginia-Nan, do you ink it would comfort her or *break* her we sewed our gold star on?" The gold ır they had made themselves after ıny, many trials, out of lovely golden bon. Should they take the little rvice flag down out of the window and w it on over Timothy's little live blue ır? Or *not* do it? They went to the ndow together, still undecided.

But Mother had been there ahead of em. They saw at once. Timothy's ır was golden.

"In the night—I know in the night," urmured Nelly. She had a vision of other, without the splendid little ile, down here in the night-time cover- the little blue star with its sad little ory of gold.

Outside on the street, even as early as is, family groups were hurrying by on e way to catch trains to some gay ıanksgiving festivity. Little children at customarily dragged on the leading nds went joyously on ahead today, agging the mothers and the fathers. some of the groups were new babies long white coats going to their first ıanksgiving.

"'Member Mother's telling about rrying Timmie to Grandmother Bra-'s his first Thanksgiving and how ıen she went to show him to Grandother he'd turned clear round in his nnet and only his little red back-o'-s-head showed! You weren't born, elly, nor I, but Martha and Grace re, and Mother said Martha cried she ıs so *ashamed* of the baby! But Grace ped out: 'The front side o' him's a rling, Gran'mother—nobody's han'me in the back o' their heads.'"

THE sisters' faces were softly smiling, but their eyes were full of tears. ıe baby brother who had so sadly sgraced himself in his little bonnet fore they were born was shining in the golden star in the window in front of them—a hero brother for all the world to see. He had not disgraced himself Over There.

"There comes a messenger-boy—down there, see?" Nelly said suddenly. "Oh, doesn't he remind you of—of the other one that came? This one's whistling, too, and maybe he's going to tell somebody their soldier's dead—maybe somebody's going to find out on Thanksgiving Day. I'm going to shut my eyes—you shut yours. Don't let's see where he goes! I can't bear to see!"

And while their eyes were shut he came whistling up the street to them. It was to them he was bringing his news, but there could be nothing sad or terrible now to bring; it had already come. Why should he come whistling up their path to their front door?

"Tullygram—sign here."

The sisters had met him at the door wonderingly. It was Virginia-Nan who signed there. Nelly had caught at the brown envelope and torn it open in a sudden strange panic of haste. She had *read* it!

"Washington, District of Columbia,
November 27.

Timothy Brady, by mistake reported killed in action, is alive and well. Brady mistaken, in cable transmission, for Brody."

"What is it?—who rang the bell, dears?" Mother was saying, and then Mother was *reading*. The dear stricken soul of her leaped at the beautiful words and broke into a joyous sobbing.

"Tell Father—Father! Father!" she cried. "Timothy is alive and well! Our boy that was dead—*alive and well!* Nelly, read it to him—you can read it yourself without any glasses, Father!"

"Somebody telephone Grandmother and the Marrieds quick! Oh, quick, somebody!"

"Tell them to come right away and we'll have Thanksgiving together," cried Nelly. "Timmie's safe and well! *Not* killed in action—safe and well in action! It's Thanksgiving Day today!"

THE house was a-teem with thanksgiving. It sang aloud from hearts too glad to hold it; it filled the house with song. Everyone read the telegram and then read it, in turn, over again. It was *always* "safe and well."

After a while they could think of Thanksgiving details. Nelly thought of the extra mince meat in the jar in terms of pies, plenty of pies. She went crazily about, singing: "Pies! pies! Timothy-pies!" She got out the kneading-board and the rolling-pin.

It was Mother who thought of the little star-of-gold in the window and who ripped it off with tremulous fingers and kissed the live little star beneath—that said to all the world Alive and Well! Later, a little later, when she had time out of her rush of joy, Mother was to think of the boy for whom her boy had been mistaken—who was killed in action, not alive and well. Curiously, it was flyaway little Nell that thought of him now, even in her rapturous excitement and joy. She had flown up to her room to "wireless" to Timmie. In the midst of her message, chattered in her clear, high key, she thought of that other boy.

"Oh, Timmie, that boy you *wasn't!* That Brody Timothy, instead of Brady one—Timmie, if I wasn't so happy I'd cry. Do you think I ought to cry? Timmie *Brady*, as if I could find a tear today! But I'll keep my little flag at half-mast for him, Timmie."

In the Brady house there was Thanksgiving Day, after all, and no day in all the world was Thanksgivinger, Nelly said. It was a beautiful sight to see Mother smile.

He Was an American

"I SAW one boy in a hospital, who had lost both legs and both arms. I said to him, 'My lad, you surely had hard luck at the front,' and he gave me a smile which has become a permanent possession with me, as he said, 'Well, I am glad I have my health and strength left.'"—*From a speech by Secretary of War Baker.*

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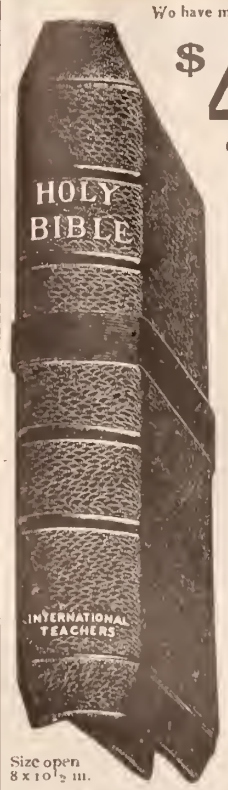

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"More Power to 'Old Glory'"

I want to say that the Stars and Stripes duly arrived O. K. and is very satisfactory, and I thank you very much for prompt attention. I have it hung up all day long on the front porch, and everybody admires it. We tell them where it came from and wish there was one on every porch in the country. "More power to Old Glory," with best wishes to The Christian Herald. METTA H. MARQUIS.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Young People's Topics
for December 8

Begin Now

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topics, II Cor. 6 : 1-10

NO MATTER how long the world waits for the consummation of the present age, it will remain true for each individual that now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation, and that the greatest happiness, the only joy that lasts, the only hope that has a sure tomorrow, is found in accepting the Lord Christ as our personal Saviour. There is a world-wide tendency to put off the day of salvation. The world seduces us with its allurements; pleasure raises its painted face before us, saying: "You cannot have me and Christ." A false spirit of business success tells us that we cannot serve Christ and make money to buy the things our ambition or our vanity may crave. It says it is necessary to do things in business of which Christ would not approve. And when we, half-yielding and half-resisting, point to some man eminent in the church, whose wealth is known, whose reputation for Christian living is accepted, the spirit of business answers, "You do not know how he got it." And the spirit of our riotous young life urges us to have our fling, to sow our wild oats, before we turn to piety, and so we put it off and lose golden hours and splendid days in pursuits that yield us nothing permanent, the accomplishments such as they do yield sooner or later turning to ashes in our hands. All the time we feel that some day we will be a Christian. Yes, that is our intention, but not yet. But today is the day. No structure is ever complete before it is begun. No tree survives the winter's blast which has no roots. No building greets the rising sun without a foundation. Sometimes an imposing building falls through the weakness of the structure underground. Sometimes the lordly tree falls to the earth because its roots have rotted. Sometimes a life, hailed by the world, claimed as successful in glowing colors by many sycophants, falls ignominiously because its roots were rotten, its foundations laid in weakness. Every day we are building the foundation of the structure of our life, which cannot be fully Christian if the foundation is laid in pleasure and lust and a denial of conscience. The noble life which we plan shall be ours only if we build on a substructure of sterling worth and honest purity. Christ saves us from our sins but not always from their penalties here. The time to begin is now. The promise is for today; there is no promise for tomorrow.

Our Bond of Fellowship

Epworth League Topic. Mal. 3 : 16; Heb. 10 : 24 (Epworth Herald Day)

THIS meeting has been planned to bring before the chapter the claims of the Epworth League's own publication, the Epworth Herald. The Epworth Herald binds together the chapters scattered up and down the land, unifies their policies, inspires their leaders, broadens their vision and makes them better Epworthians and better Christians. That is its office, and, so far as we know it, that is its fruit. We think likely that in most chapters it is not as visible a bond of fellowship as it might be. There is no better investment than a subscription to a periodical which exalts the Christ and inspires to service. That has been the mission of the Christian Herald through the whole of its forty-one years. It has also been its joy and the bond which bound it to the Christian Herald Family. The things of Christ are, however, greater than the limits of any publication, and the Christian Herald has welcomed the birth of such papers as the Epworth Herald, the Sunday School Times and the Christian Endeavor World, and has been glad to see them increasing, even as it itself increased, the increase of all marking the wholesome growth of spiritual things and the increasing hunger for spiritual food on the part of the people in their wide-spreading parish of our Lord, America.

Engagements of the Evangelists

THE following engagements of workers belonging to the Interdenominational Association of Evangelists have been furnished by Rev. Parley E. Zartmann, general secretary, Winona Lake, Indiana:

William Asher—War work, Hopewell, Va.
J. V. Baird—War work, Camp Funston.
Daisy Douglass Barr party—Until Christmas, New York State.
Berge Sisters—Dec. 1-20, Shelbyville, Del.
W. E. Bilyeu—War work, Camp Cody.
F. J. Balmond—War work.
John E. Brown party—Nov. 24–Dec., Vancouver, B. C.
A. M. Bruner—War work, Camp Zachary Taylor.
Claire V. Bryan—Y. M. C. A., France.
Steve Burke and Harry Dixon Loes—Nov. 24, Philadelphia, Miss.
H. C. Clase—War work, Camp Custer.
Harold R. Coffin—War work, France.
W. H. Collisson—War work, Hampton Roads, Va.
E. G. Conner—Until Dec. 20, Brandt, O.; Jan., Mt. Blanchard, O.
O. L. Cotterell—War work, Camp Sherman.
A. B. Davidson—War work, England.
John M. Dean—Chaplain, Overseas.
E. R. Dow—War work, France.
Dr. and Mrs. H. P. Dunlop—Dec. 8–22, Shepardsville, Mich.; Dec. 29–Jan. 12, Marcellus, Mich.
John H. Elliott—War work, various camps.
John W. Erskine-Breaw party—Jan. 1–19, Cedar Springs, Mich.; Jan. 22–Feb. 9, Lake City, Mich.; Feb. 12–March 2, Marscilles, O.
C. E. Faust—War work, Fort Oglethorpe.
Eric A. Fernlund—Nov.–Dec., Valley, Neb.
A. J. Fitt—War work, Camp Logan.
E. J. Forsythe party—Nov.–Dec., Detroit, Mich.
R. W. Frary—War work, Great Lakes, Ill.
S. G. Frascr—War work, McCook Field, Dayton, O.
A. W. Gray—Nov.–Dec., Illinois.
A. D. George—War work, France.
S. D. Goodale—Nov.–Dec., Canton, Kan.
Roy Gourley—War work, Nitro, W. Va.
R. A. Hadden—War work, Camp Kearncy.
Joseph W. Hakes—Dec. 31–Jan. 26, Keyport, N. J.
Ham-Ramsey party—Nov.–Dec., Port Arthur, Tex.
E. C. Harding—War work, Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill.
Herbert C. Hart—Until Christmas, Los Angeles, Calif.
C. R. Haudenschield party—Nov.–Dec., Missoula, Mont.
R. G. Heddon, War work, France.
F. W. Houseman—Laymen's Missionary Movement.
W. H. Hudgins—War work, in training.
Loren G. Jones—War work, Camp Gordon.
F. O. Kelley—War work, France.
F. F. Leonard—War work, Camp Meade.
J. H. Leonard—Nov.–Dec., London, Ont., Can.
John M. Linden—Salvation Army Campaign, Oregon.
Frank E. Lindgren—Feb., Humboldt, Ia.
Eva R. Ludgate—Battalion of Prayer, New York City.
J. C. Ludgate—War work, Overseas.
E. P. Lyon—Dec., Tampe, Ariz.
Milford H. Lyon—War work, various camps
A. R. Lytle—War work, Camp Grant.
A. S. Magann—Salvation Army Campaign, Wisconsin.
T. G. Makin—War work, Camp McClellan.
Wm. McEwan—War work, various camps.
Geo. A. McLeod—War work, various camps
J. B. McMinn—War work, France.
W. C. Mealing and wife—Nov. 27, Pen Argyl, Pa.; Jan. 5, Reading, Pa.
George E. Moody—War work, in training.
T. LeRoy Muir—Dec., Brookfield, N. Y.
Earle Naftzger—War work, France.
P. C. Nelson—War work, Camp Custer.
Wm. P. Nicholson—Dec., Pasadena, Calif.
J. A. Nipper—War work, various camps.
John C. O'Hair and "Bob" Ingersoll—Dec., Chicago, Ill.
L. K. Peacock—War work, Camp Dix.
J. J. Pease—Dec., Palo, Mich.
L. F. Peckham—War work, Camp Kearney.
E. B. Pratt—War work, France.
The Prestons—Until Dec. 4, Cuba City, Wis.
W. A. Pugsley—Dec., Gasport, N. Y.; Jan., Fabius, N. Y.
Fred W. Rapp—War work, Fort Sill.
F. H. Ream—Dec. 1–21, Kansas City, Mo.
Milton S. Rees—Dec., War work.
Homer Rodeheaver—War work, France.
Harold F. Sayles—Until Dec. 4, Nashville, Mich.; Dec. 8, Marion, Mich.
J. H. Sawtelle—War work, Estes Park.
Roud Shaw—War work, France.
M. B. Simmons—War work, Camp Kearney.
C. C. Smith—War work.
D. L. Spooncr—War work.
Mabel Quam Stevens—Dec. 8, Daytona, Fla.
H. E. Storrs—War work, various camps.
F. J. Thomas—War work, in training.
M. E. Trotter—War work, various camps.
George Trimby—War work, Camp Dodge.
Thos. P. Ullom—War work, Camp Gordon.
Ray G. Upson—War work, Nitro, W. Va.
C. R. L. Vawter—Nov.–Dec., Milton, Or.; Jan., Wenatchee, Wash.; Feb., Dayton, Wash.
Vom Bruch party—Jan., Chicago, Ill.
L. A. Wegner—War work, Camp Custer.
C. F. Weigle—War work, various camps.
E. B. Westhafer—Van Buren, Ind.
Charles T. Wheeler—War work, Chicago.
A. R. Willgus—War work.
M. B. Williams—War work, various camps
R. Hayes Willis—War work, Camp Zachary Taylor.
Parley E. Zartmann—War work, Camp Custer.

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Show Your Colors

Continued from page 1326

Christ. It is intolerable to hear [his] name used in coarse jest. These [are] days when no man is respected who [will] not show his colors." Turning upon [the] offenders he added, "You have run [up] the black flag of the devil. I run up [the] pure white flag of the Lord Je[sus] Christ." Then he raised that old hy[mn] of the Church,

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run.

The song went sweeping down throu[gh] the car carrying everyone before it. [One] after another joined in, until finally [the] two offenders were caught in the g[rip] of a cleansing tide of sacred melo[dy] swirling about them, and they united [in] the song they had learned in Christ[ian] homes.

My friend, we are passengers on [the] jolting, onrushing train of human pr[o]ress. At this moment it is swing[ing] around a sharp curve into a new [and] better day. Doomsday is behind, [the] Kingdom Come is before us. Certa[in] of our fellow travelers have run up [the] black flag of anarchy, tyranny, b[ar]barity, and wickedness. I challe[nge] you to run up your flag with its p[ure] white field, its passion cross and [its] stars of blue. Show your colors! Sh[ow] Christianity the world will always r[e]spect.

"He had seven stars in His ri[ght] hand." Is your star in Christ's ha[nd]? Heaven grant it.

A Church's Generous Gift

F. E. WHITTLESEY, treasurer of the First Presbyterian Church, Corry, Pa., writes: "Enclosed find check for $100 from the First Presbyterian Church, Corry, Pa., for use on your war relief fund, wherever it may be most needed at the present time."

This timely gift has been apportioned in equal amounts for the widows and orphans and other sufferers of the war, in France, Syria, Armenia, Palestine, and Belgian refugees in Holland.

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Tell a man what he can expect of his starting, lighting and ignition system and that he cannot abuse it, and he won't blame you if it sometimes needs attention.

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From a pastel by Stuart Travis

"He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth . . .
Neither shall they learn war any more."

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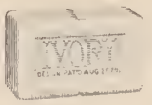
IVORY SOAP . . . . 

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

Photo by International Film Service

The German High Seas Fleet which, on November 21, in the North Sea, once the German Ocean, dipped its flags to the Allied squadron

Germany Gives Up Her Fleet

A Historic Surrender in the North Sea—American Troops in France and Luxemburg—Marshal Petain Enters Metz

ONE of the most picturesque sections of the eastern coast of Scotland is the Firth of Forth, where the river of that name, in common with half a dozen minor tributaries, forms a great bay, some fifty miles long and from ten to fifteen miles in width, opening into the North Sea. Thirty miles outside of this spacious waterway there took place, on Thursday, November 21, the final scene which marked the end of Germany's sea-power among the nations. This was "The Day" to which the officers and men of the German High Seas Fleet had been trained to look forward, and which they had boasted as the day which was to inaugurate Germany's control of the seas; but Fate had decided otherwise. It was "The Day" not of triumph and world victory, but of humiliation. In accordance with the terms laid down by the Allies for the armistice, it was the day for the surrender of the German High Seas Fleet to the victorious Allies.

Over four hundred vessels of the Entente powers, including the British Grand Fleet and powerful American battle squadrons and a number of French cruisers, steamed out at three o'clock in the morning from their bases along the Scottish coast to the place appointed for the great surrender For three days there had been a fog along the coast, but on that eventful morning the weather cleared, until the noble outlines of the Firth could be distinctly seen. There were in the Allied Fleets altogether 60 dreadnoughts, 50 light cruisers and nearly 200 destroyers. Admiral Sir David Beatty, the intrepid commander of the Grand Fleet, was on the Queen Elizabeth, flagship of the Allied naval powers. The Grand Fleet put out to sea in two single lines, six miles apart, leaving a wide channel to enable the surrendering fleet to go in the center. The American battle squadron included five dreadnoughts, commanded by Rear Admiral Rodman, and operated as a unit of the British Grand Fleet. The squadron had been on duty with the Grand Fleet for the last fifteen months.

On the day preceding the surrender of the German warships, an imposing naval ceremony took place at the great naval base at Rosyth, on the Scottish coast, when King George and Queen Mary were entertained aboard Admiral Beatty's flag-ship, the Queen Elizabeth, and the King reviewed the Grand Fleet preparatory to its leaving the base to accept the surrender of the German ships. The representatives of the American and French navies were present at the ceremony. The plan of the surrender was fully explained and approved and was carried out without a hitch, eighteen hours later.

Between eight and nine o'clock on Thursday morning the first and main instalment of the German High Seas Fleet reached the appointed rendezvous. Contact with the surrendering vessels had been made by wireless at an earlier hour. The first German ship to appear against the horizon was the Seydlitz, one of the fastest German battle cruisers, flying the German naval ensign. After her came the other big vessels, dreadnoughts and battle cruisers. They had left Kiel Harbor on Sunday to keep the rendezvous. One by one they were taken over by Vice-Admiral Beatty.

It was a long program, but was carried through with dignity and impressive decorum. When the German naval ensign had been lowered from the last of the surrendered vessels, Vice-Admiral Beatty on board the Queen Elizabeth steamed slowly through the long lane of Allied men-of-war, every one of which bristled with big guns. The crews of all the Allied warships were piped to the rail. Bands struck up "God Save the King" and the great fleet, spread out over miles of sea, cheered to the echo in honor of the history-making event which had just been concluded. It seemed as though the shouts of triumph and the music might almost be heard on shore.

So ended the spectacle for which the whole world has waited. As the German ships came up to the battle line through which they were to pass, the scene was probably the most impressive of the kind ever witnessed. There were seventy-one German warships in all—vessels that since the beginning of the war have carried the imperial German standard across the seven seas, and now they were sailing for their last port—the port of Oblivion. At 9.30 they passed up the sea-lane, in full view of the united fleets of the Allies, of which every vessel was fully manned with victory flags flying in honor of the great event.

First came the dreadnoughts, then the battle cruisers and last all of the destroyers—seventy-one vessels in all. Slowly they passed, while thousands of eyes were fixed upon the huge German ships, which had been the strength of the Kaiser's navy, but which had only had but one real sea-fight. Then came the battle cruisers, light cruisers and destroyers. The list of those to be surrendered was short three vessels, but these, it was explained, would be yielded up later on. One of the German submarines had broken down on the way and two battleships are under repair. A German light cruiser, while coming with the other vessels to surrender, struck a mine in the North Sea, and was so badly damaged that she sank. Her crew, however, were saved. Eighty-seven submariues had been surrendered by November 24, the submarine merchant cruiser Deutschland being among the number.

The whole program of the surrender occupied about five hours. The following is a partial list of the larger vessels interned, which was cabled from Berlin via Amsterdam, the complete list of the seventy-one vessels not having been given out by the Admiralty at the time this was written:

Battleships			
Bayern	28,000 tons	Koenig	25,293 tons
Friedrich der Grosse	24,113 tons	Koenig Albert	24,113 tons
Grosser Kurfuerst	25,293 tons	Kronp'z Wilhelm	25,000 tons
Kaiser	24,113 tons	Markgraf	25,293 tons
Kaiserin	24,113 tons	Prinzreg't Luitp'd	24,113 tons

Battle Cruisers			
Derflinger	28,000 tons	Seydlitz	25,000 tons
Hindenburg, about	27,000 tons	Von der Tann	18,800 tons
Moltke	23,000 tons		

Light Cruisers			
Bremen	4,000 tons	Emden	5,400 tons
Brummer	4,000 tons	Frankfurt	5,400 tons
Dresden	tonnage uncertain	Koeln	tonnage uncertain

The German fleet will be takeu to the Scapa Flaw in the Orkney Islands, where Great Britain kept her Home Fleet before the war, and there it will be dismantled and interned.

On November 25 a combined British, American and French squadron sailed for Kiel and Wilhelmshaven to oversee the disarmament of the remaining vessels of Germany's once proud fleet.

Liberated Villages Wild With Joy

HAILED as saviours, welcomed by their own national colors mingling with the colors of freedom in the lands redeemed, Pershing's men during all the days of the week beginning November 20 continued the triumphant march of democratic victory. Crossing the sorely tried territory of Belgium and France into Luxemburg and German Lorraine, the Lorraine that was German before 1914, the "Doughboys' " progress was a triumphant entry. In Lorraineis, French at heart, though for more than forty years under German rule, until some of them spoke only German while loving France; iu Luxemburg, whose pro-German court failed to represent its people; and in Belgium, from which the hated invader had so lately fled, the American troops were received as the harbingers of freedom. The Germans permitted only red and white and black materials to be sold. The blue materials were almost unobtainable. Nevertheless the people succeeded in finding the blue and from thousands of little houses, aud in the hands of thousands of children, the barred red, white and blue of France and the stars and stripes of America were flung to the breeze in each village almost as soon as the last German had gone his way. Belgiau flags securely hidden for four years waving bravely in the breeze of a new day alongside of home-made American flags, some of them short a few stripes, none of them standard as to stars, some even

painted on paper when other material was unobtainable, witnessed the love which the redeemed people held for the nation whose intervention in the war they recognized as the deciding factor.

In leaving the former occupied portions of France the Germans, while destroying little, were careful to take with them all of the foodstuffs that they could lay their hands upon; the American army found it necessary to take over, as part of its work, temporarily at least, the feeding of the inhabitants of the villages it redeemed. But Luxemburg was more fortunate, and when the doughboys reached its gaily bedecked cities they found a reception which centered about great quantities of food and drink; some of it free—some of it well priced by the thrifty Luxemburgers. General Pershing, on November 21, issued a proclamation to the people of Luxemburg announcing that the passage of American troops through their country was necessary and guaranteeing the discipline of the soldiers.

The Grand Duchess of Luxemburg received Brig.-Gen. Parker, in command of the American advance guard on November 22, and later in the day she received General Pershing, and standing beside him on a balcony of the Grand Ducal Palace reviewed the American troops which marched through on the trail of the departing Germans. The Luxemburg National Council issued a proclamation acclaiming the Entente and American forces as their deliverers.

British Official Photo © Underwood & Underwood

The march of victory. King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium at the head of the heroic army entering Bruges

THE American vanguard, on November 21, reached the little city of Arlon, in Belgian Luxemburg, and the 20,000 inhabitants gave themselves over to the welcome of the American troops. Hundreds and hundreds of fête trees, like our Christmas trees, lined the streets decorated with tinsel and Japanese lanterns, arches of fir branches curved overhead, the streets were lined with pretty girls, handsome women and cheering men, while every brass band that had ever existed in that part of Belgium was reorganized for the occasion. Thousands of home-made American flags waved everywhere and signs reading "Hail, Generous Americans!" greeted the boys at every turn. A special edition of an Arlon newspaper, carrying on its front page the heading, "The Day of Glory Has Arrived," was offered to the marines, who formed the first element of the army to enter the city, and it was sold out immediately. The homes were thrown open and everybody was gay and happy. The Germans had been gone but twenty-four hours and the boys in khaki looked like conquering heroes.

After the early days the German withdrawal was more orderly, the officers apparently making every effort to keep their men in hand, although individual soldiers were guilty of occasional excesses. The Germans also completely observed the terms of the armistice as to the surrender of guns and material, leaving an officer in charge of the surrendered equipment until an Allied officer appeared to sign a receipt for them. Nevertheless, on November 22 the retreating army began to show signs of getting out of hand and Germany was reported to be getting nervous over the prospect of the flood of soldiers which would soon overrun the Fatherland. German stragglers were being made prisoners according to the terms of the armistice and every day saw more former prisoners of the Germans reaching the Allied lines, many of them in terrible condition, insufficiently clad and all suffering from lack of food.

A great many thousand Russian prisoners also appeared before the Allied lines and during the first three days of the advance were turned back, but later they were permitted to go through and were gathered together in concentration camps behind the lines.

The British forces advancing through Belgium reached the field of Waterloo on November 21, part of their forces being within ten miles of Brussels.

British troops on November 22 entered the fortress city of Namur which after Liege gave the Germans considerable trouble on their sweep through Belgium. Belgian and British forces were reported in Louvain and nearly two-thirds of Belgium was cleared of the invaders.

KING ALBERT made a state entry into Antwerp on November 19, driving across the Scheldt with the Queen beside him in an open car followed by his Belgian veterans who had fought the boche in the swampy trenches of the Yser and for four years had kept one small corner of their land sacred against the invaders. Rain was falling and Antwerp was filled with a mist, but the spirits of the people rose triumphant and their umbrellas bore the colors of the Allies. As the King crossed the Scheldt the sun broke through the clouds, a symbol to the gathered thousands of the return of peace. Driving to the Hotel de Ville the King left his car and reviewed the procession of his troops, which was headed by a detachment of men walking very slowly with crutches and sticks with the banner of Belgium above them—veterans of the defense of Antwerp in 1914 against the German hordes, men who had placed their bodies between Antwerp and the big Berthas. Behind them came the survivors of the heroic little army of the Yser, machine guns garlanded as pretty toys, artillery and cavalry, helmets and sabers, banners and standards, a pageant of victory, set to the music of multitudes of bells, for all over Antwerp the bells were ringing, their clashing chorus mingling with the airs of the military bands, while the chimes in the Cathedral belfry pealed the "Marseillaise" and the people cheered and cheered again and broke the lines of the gendarmes in their eagerness to crowd upon their returning heroes and to welcome them home again. Following the review the King attended a great Te Deum at the Cathedral.

King Albert made his official entry into Brussels at 10:30 A.M. on November 22. Some of the government departments had by that time resumed their functions and the Belgian newspapers were again being published. Parliament was reopened on the 22nd and a new ministry was formed composed of six Catholics, three Liberals and three Socialists. The program of the new government was announced to include universal suffrage for all males over 21, a general election as soon as possible, freedom of labor and the establishment of a Flemish university. No action was to be taken immediately on woman suffrage.

President Wilson on November 22 cabled King Albert as follows:

"At the moment that you re-enter Brussels at the head of your victorious army, may I not express the great joy that it gives to me and to the American people to hail your return to your capital, marking your final triumph in this war which has cost your nation so much suffering, but from which it will arise in new strength to a higher destiny?"

After entering Brussels in state on November 22, to the accompaniment of the greatest demonstration of joy yet evidenced by any people in the reconquered territory, Brussels never having been conquered, but having fought by every means in her power during the whole four years of war, her fighting running all the way from passive resistance to open hostility King Albert addressed the reassembled Parliament General Pershing was reported as sharing in this triumph of reconstruction. General Plumer represented Britain. The American minister, Brand Whitlock, had reopened the American Embassy on the previous day and was present at the opening of the Parliament. The King, after outlining the intention of the government for the extension of the suffrage and the improvement of relations between Flemings and Walloons said: "Belgium victorious and free from the neutrality that was imposed upon her . . . will rule her destinies according to her aspirations and full sovereignty."

Metz Acclaims Marshal Petain

GERMAN Lothringen has become Lorraine again Metz, one of the most formidable bastions of Europe, was returned to France on November 19, amid frenzied rejoicing. The Tricolor floated from every window and the jubilant cry "Vive la France" stilled for nearly half a century, rang from thousands of voices in the fortress city that had housed the German General Staff for eight hours before General Petain, just made a Marshal of France, astride a white charger, reviewed his triumphant troops as they marched with flags flying and bands playing before the statue of Marshal Ney in the square. The famous Cathedral bell, the motto on which read "I announce justice," gave the signal for the other bells in the city to peal forth a welcome to "our liberators."

Jubilant throngs, among them young girls dressed in the traditional Lorraine costumes, lined the sidewalks. Save for little groups of German railroad and postal employees and some other sour Prussians, everybody wore the colors of the republic. Though all the street and shop signs are in German, not a word in that language was heard spoken. American flags, obviously of hasty home manufacture, were visible here and there alongside the Tricolor. Scores of French battle-planes, circled and dipped above the housetops.

The crowds fairly roared their welcome to the long columns of poilus wending their way through the city. At many points the younger folk broke into the horizon-blue ranks and hiked along arm in arm with the soldiers. Perfect order prevailed, although some turbulent spirits loaded the statue of the ex-Kaiser with chains and dragged the monument of Emperor Frederick from its pedestal. General Mangin could not lead his troops in this historic march because of an injury sustained through the falling of his horse a couple of days before. With the French were a detachment of 500 American troops, and if possible these received a greater welcome than the French. In the store windows and public buildings along the principal streets there were pictures of President Wilson. Pictures of President Poincaré, Marshal Foch and King Albert also were prominently displayed.

For three days the civilians of one little village had been looking for the Americans, expecting them every minute. There had been no school all week, and the children had been drilled in singing and flag waving to receive the advancing army.

Eastward of Metz advancing French troops were sweeping up the Rhine occupying towns which as fast as they were French again dropped the names by which they had been known since '71 and took up again the French names they had lost—one was Zaburn, now Saberne, where the insolence of Prussian militarism in the days before the war showed for an instant a burst of the flame which has seared the world for fifty-two months and which is now being extinguished by the moral force of the world.

Photo from Press Illustrating Service

A part of Camp Upton whence good soldiers were sent to France

The Fighting Deacon of Camp Upton

By ULSTER SCOTT

WITH the kiss of his mother still warm upon his cheek, the train containing Chester Masters and many others left Rockaway Beach Station, May 28, 1918, for Brook-n, N. Y., where a great crowd had gathered with ands of music to see and cheer the boys going off Camp Upton.

But Chester needed not the patriotic music. His oughts were away back home with the loved ones ft behind.

On arrival at the camp, the men were enrolled, and ld off to the different companies to which they longed, Chester being assigned to the —— Com-ny of the —— Depot Brigade. Soon he found t that the boys among whom his lot was cast were pretty motley crowd, none of them being overbur-ened with religion, and when "the last post" unded and the time to turn in arrived some lively enes and livelier talk abounded. But this was e moment to show one's colors, so Chester took t his Bible and read a few verses before retiring to st.

In the big cantonment barracks where the men's ts lay side by side there could be no privacy; erefore this practice of the young recruit did not ng remain unnoticed, and he was presently re-inded by his comrades that nothing could be orse than a hypocrite. Indeed, the frequent counsel as "Don't be a hypocrite, old man," and before ng he was known in the company as "the religious y."

Despite all the coarse jokes and bantering, how-er, God gave the young Christian strength to stand ue to him. His unwavering steadfastness to prin-ple and abounding good nature soon told upon his mrades, until even those who most tormented him ceased their annoyance, and said, "Well, Masters is the right stuff after all."

Chester, who was anxious to enter the signal service, in filling out his papers made application for a place there. Moreover, word reached General Bell that he thoroughly understood the raising, care, and train-ing of homing pigeons. His name was therefore con-sidered for transfer to the Signal Service Corps, and after investigation he was accepted.

He was told to report to Lieutenant G——, and in a letter to his parents he joyfully informed them about it in these words:

"I am surely some guy now, for under an order from General Bell, Camp Upton is informed that *Private Chester C. Masters is hereby transferred from the —— Company, —— Depot Brigade, to the Camp Signal Office.* So I suppose I will soon be with the pigeons!"

His new surroundings worked no change in the habits of the young man, who, as "the religious guy," had to run the gauntlet among new companions.

One day word was passed round that three men from the Messenger Bird Division were needed to go to France, and the officer of the corps came round to see who they might be.

He said: "J——, you can go, and B——, you can go too, and as you will need a deacon to look after you when you get over there, I think we will have to send Deacon Masters along also."

From that time the name took hold, and Chester became known as "Deacon Masters."

One day the boys thought they would have some fun with the "Deacon," so they selected a big fellow of their number for a wrestling match, and defied Masters to throw him.

Good-naturedly accepting the challenge, in less time than it takes to tell the "deacon" had him down. Other trials of strength followed in which he was victor, so he won the title of "the fighting dea-con," by which cognomen he is now known.

ONE Saturday, toward the end of the period of influenza quarantine, a messenger from the officer in charge came to the Carrier Pigeon Section, paper in hand, and informed the men that Captain ——— desired to know "who wanted to work on Sunday."

Two or three names were entered, then he came to Masters. "Write down Masters does not want to work on Sunday," said the "deacon."

When the messenger returned, the entry was noted by the officer, who said, "So Masters does not want to work on Sundays. Well, we'll see about that!"

On Sunday Chester spent a happy day, attending church twice. Next day the officer in charge met him and said:

"So you did not work yesterday. How was that?"

"Because it is against my principles to do so," replied Masters.

"Well, you'd be glad enough to take a pass for Sunday!" and the next week-end Chester was sur-prised to find himself the holder of a 72-hour pass.

God grant that the example of this young soldier may lead some others of our beloved boys in the army—who have more of Christ's religion in their hearts than they ever acknowledge in their lives—to enter the service of the King Eternal, who will make them "more than conquerors."

This Nation's Huge Task, the Feeding of a Hungry World

THE dawn of peace has revealed a Europe of which a great part is either in ruins or in social con-flagration, with degenerated soils and depleted rds, with many of its peoples on rations and in rying degrees of privation, and large populations tually at the verge of starvation.

Vast responsibilities devolve upon our Food Ad-nistration. Herbert C. Hoover sailed for Europe ovember 16, bearing by common consent the ten-tive title, "Food Controller of the World." He ll be given extraordinary powers. It is expected at he will go directly to Berlin and begin a search-g inquiry into the German plea that unless the ockade is lifted millions of Germans will starve.

The new situation changes our domestic food licies and opens to us as a nation an opportunity d obligation of vast service. Not only must our ends be fed, but our former enemies also.

The United States Food Commission has computed e world's available food supply and finds that with st distribution and stringent conservation there ll be enough for all. The main problem is that of nsportation and distribution.

The world's balance sheet in the seven great groups commodities shows approximately as follows: heat and rye, sufficient supplies with economy in nsumption; high protein feeds (for dairy animals), shortage of about 3,000,000 tons; other foods, suf-ient supplies with economy in consumption; beans, as and rice, sufficient supplies with economy; pork oducts, dairy products and vegetable oils, a short-e of about three billion pounds; beef, sufficient to load all refrigerating ships' capacity; sugar, sufficient for our normal consumption; coffee, a surplus.

Of the world total, to produce the above results, North America will furnish rather more than sixty per cent. and the United States, including the West Indies, will be in position to furnish a total of about 20,000,000 tons of food of all kinds annually, against our pre-European war exports of 6,000,000 tons.

In the matter of wheat and rye the large supplies that have accumulated in the Argentine, Australia and other inaccessible markets supplement the stores of clear wheat bread for the world. We are able from now on to abandon the use of substitutes in our wheat loaf.

We can export, together with other surplus coun-tries, an apparent sufficiency of the coarse grains, that is, of oats, barley and corn. On the other hand, there is a world shortage, of wheat feeds, the seed and bean meals. This shortage will be somewhat cor-rected by our elimination of substitutes in bread.

Of our export possibilities in fats, the largest item is pork products. Eighteen months ago the only hope of a sufficient production of fats and meat for the world, either in peace or war, lay in the stimula-tion of production of the American hog. Yet, with all our supplies, the world will be far deficient in its normal supply of fats for two or three years at least. We must therefore exercise the intensest economy in consumption of pork if we are to carry out our high purpose of furnishing food to a famine-stricken world.

In sugar, at the present moment, all Europe and North America are living on much restricted allow-ances. If Europe continues on present rations, then the world supplies, now enlarged by rendering Java sugar available, are sufficient to provide our entire normal consumption provided Europe does not greatly raise its ration. The Food Administration has protected the fundamental supply to the Ameri-can people by purchasing, in conjunction with the Allies, the next Cuban sugar crop. It has made such arrangements with the American refiners and producers as will assure a price of nine cents a pound wholesale for sugar during the next twelve months.

This being the new world-situation in food, the prime changes in our food policies can be summar-ized: We may now advantageously abandon the use of substitutes in our wheat bread, but will still re-quire economy and elimination of waste in its con-sumption. For the present we need conservation in butter and condensed milk, and ultimately we must extend this to all the fats.

There is one policy which cannot change, and that is the vital necessity to simple living; to economy in all consumption.

There are conditions of famine in Europe that will be beyond our power to remedy. There are 40,-000,000 people in North Russia to whom but little access with food can be obtained this winter. Trans-portation is demoralized in complete anarchy, and shortly many of their ports will be frozen even if in-ternal transport now blocked by the Bolsheviki could be realized.

Getting Ready for the Peace Conference

IT began to appear, on November 22, that the decision of President Wilson to attend the opening, or at least the early sessions, of the Peace Congress, was part of a major plan which contemplated the assembling, so far as feasible, of the heads of all the states engaged against the Teutonic alliance in the war. A Grand Review of the victorious armies was being planned for Paris, and another Grand Review was to be held by the Allied fleets. These were to be reviewed by the Kings and Presidents and Premiers, and out of this assemblage of executives and political leaders was expected to come by full agreement, the resulting document of Peace, the Charter of the Liberties of a world redeemed from military domination. It was expected that President Wilson would complete his series of history-making addresses by a speech before the company thus gathered together.

Nor was it planned that this gathering should be only of those interested in the war as combatants. There was every evidence that those nations which broke diplomatic relations with Germany, though they did not go the length of declaring war, and those neutrals whose neutrality had been benevolent toward the Allied cause, would be represented in or heard by the conference. Also those other neutrals who were either sympathetic toward Germany or held to her by fear, were to be heard and every nationality and people which has struggled to be free, or which has been kept by political injustice from realizing its racial ideals, was to have a hearing, since this Congress is not to meet to impose the victor's terms—though it will do that too—but to so adjust the relations of men everywhere that there shall not be left one latent ember of conflict, whose smoldering might some day kindle again the flame of war.

There was considerable speculation as to the relative voting strength of the great nations and little states in the conference, but on November 22, it was said that this problem would be met by the settlement of all questions by agreement. No majority will be able to impose unjust or distasteful terms upon a minority. All must agree before decision is final. This does not apply, however, to the terms as they affect Germany and her former allies. It appears probable that they will have no part in the formation of the elements of the treaty which will be formulated by the nations which opposed them and by the neutrals and presented to them for their acceptance. They will have opportunity to be heard and the Congress will have no other purpose than to do exact justice; but the Peace of the World is not to be endangered by any agreement in any degree made in Germany.

The questions as to how long the President would be gone and as to how the executive department would be made to function from a position 3,000 miles from Washington both appeared to be settling themselves as time gave opportunity for the perfecting of plans. It was reported that Mr. Wilson would make his headquarters at the American Embassy in Paris, which is technically American soil, and that he would conduct official business there. The ten days alotted by the Constitution in which the President may consider a bill passed by Congress—at first an apparent obstacle—were covered by plans to keep swift dispatch boats ready to take the engrossed text of the bill abroad, vetoes, if made, to be cabled. Measures not being immediately vital could be held up after passage by the two houses of Congress, by withholding the signatures of the Speaker of the House and of the Vice-President. Conferences between the executive and the Congress, often necessary to the smooth development of legislation, would be made over the private wires between the two capitals.

The length of the President's stay abroad was left largely a matter of adjustment, the two weeks originally planned being lengthened to three, with the suggestion that his return would depend upon the time of settlement of the main questions to come before the conferences. It was suggested that there might be two treaties. One outlining the main essentials of the world settlement, to be completed during the President's stay abroad, the other dealing with the elaborate details of adjustment and application, to be worked out by delegates during the months to follow the signing of the primary document.

Versailles, although not definitely announced as the scene of this gathering which is to set the boundaries of the world, perhaps for all the future, was reported as getting ready for the conference, and every indication pointed to the palace where Germany humbled France as the scene of Germany's penance.

Photo from Bain News Service

The salon in Ambassador Sharp's home, in the American Embassy in Paris, where President Wilson may hold world memorable conferences

A Week in the World's News

SECRETARY McADOO RESIGNS. Because of the depletion of his personal fortune by the excess of the cost of living above the salary of a cabinet officer and in order to recoup his finances and provide for his family, Secretary of the Treasury Wm. G. McAdoo sent to the President on November 14 a letter resigning his office as Secretary of the Treasury, to take effect on the qualification of his successor and his office as Director General of Railroads to take effect January 1. The President accepted both resignations, reluctantly, on November 21, and the letters were made public on the day following. The salary of a cabinet officer is $12,000 a year. Mr. McAdoo had received no additional compensation for his services as Director General of Railroads. In accepting the resignations Mr. Wilson said: "For the distinguished, disinterested and altogether admirable service you have rendered in both posts. . . . I thank you with a sense of gratitude that comes from the very bottom of my heart." There was no intimation as to who would succeed Mr. McAdoo in either post, although the names of Congressman Carter Glass, of Virginia, Bernard M. Baruch of New York and John Skelton Williams of Virginia, at present Controller of the Currency, were mentioned as possibilities for the Secretary's post, while Mr. Walker D. Hines, who has been Mr. McAdoo's first assistant Director General of Railroads, was mentioned for the Director General's positions. It was intimated that Mr. McAdoo would resume the practice of law in New York.

SMALL CHANGE FOR THE KAISER. Amsterdam dispatches of November 18 reported the arrival in Holland in a sealed wagon from Germany of 200 sacks each containing one hundredweight of gold or coin, somewhere in the neighborhood of $3,800,000, all consigned to the former Kaiser. Other advices told of communications maintained with Germany by the former ruler by courier and airplane and of the establishment of a wireless station on the castle in which he is a guest. The claim has been made by several papers in Germany that the failure to publish the formal notice of abdication indicated that Wilhelm had not abdicated, and London was reported also to regard him as still a sovereign at war with England. He is said to be keeping an ear to the ground waiting to be recalled by his faithful people and this possible contingency is not being disregarded by the Allies.

AMERICA'S HONOR ROLL. Owing to delays due to congestion of the cables the American casualty lists being received from General Pershing did not indicate the true totals of killed and injured in the American Expeditionary Force on the dates they were given out in Washington. General March was quoted about November 20 as estimating that the total of all casualties would not greatly exceed 100,000. On November 23, however, General Pershing cabled the final figures, which showed that the total casualties were 236,117, divided as follows: Killed or died of wounds 36,154, died of disease 14,811, deaths unclassified 2,204, wounded 179,625, prisoners 2,163, missing 1,160. The great and rather surprising difference between the estimates and the actual total is accounted for by the delay in transmission and by the terrific fighting through the Argonne and northward to Sedan, which began September 26 and which was the final stroke that pierced the vitals of the enemy's army and forced him to surrender.

BRINGING THE BOYS HOME. The first men of the United States Army to sail f home were men in training in England f the aviation corps, several thousand of who sailed from Liverpool on the liners Laplan and Minnehaha on November 22. Th march of these men from camp to landi stage was a continuous ovation. It w announced in Washington that the sick an convalescent would be returned from Fran first and that they would be followed by t divisions which had seen the hardest servic and by men sent over for special work n now required. General Pe shing will retain abo 1,200,000 men for the arm of occupation.

PRESIDENT VOTES "DRY" President Wilson, on N vember 21, signed t Emergency Agricultural A propriation Bill under o provision of which the m tion will be made dry July 1, 1919, to so rema until the last regiment of t expeditionary force is mu tered out. This measu won after a long fight in t Senate, a fight which sulted in the inquiry to fi out the mysteries of t operations of the Brew through their paid age and subsidized press. though this bill will ma the nation absolutely d it will really affect only making of wines, for whiskey has been ma since the first necessity v recognized for the conser tion of foodstuffs and making of beer was stopp by the President's procla tion on December 1. Th is at this writing no evide to indicate any intention permit the breweries or d tilleries to resume, but they are given a furt lease of life the bill wh became a law on November 21 will stop th again on May 1, 1919.

ORGANIZING ORDER IN GERMANY. J before he gave up his office as Impe Chancellor, Prince Max of Baden issued appeal to the German people in which he clared that it would be a shame if the for enemies of Germany were obliged to organ a constitutent assembly in order to secur legally established government with which deal. He urged the People's Government to surrender this initiative and assure of the support of all Germans animated liberal principles. The People's Governm immediately set about the task of providin truly representative government for Germa It was announced on November 18 that electoral lists for voting for members of constituent assembly would be completed January 2 and that the plan provided elections on February 2. A cablegram f a special correspondent of the New Y Times, sent from Berlin on November 16, clared that the revolution in Berlin had b almost bloodless, that the "Berliners wen bed to a painful degree in an absolute M archy and when they awoke the next morn thoy found themselves in the most rad Republic." He reported all classes put their shoulders to the wheel in the effort to just the former German comprehension of world to the hard facts of present conditi According to this correspondent the rev tion was accepted, business was being resu as before and the Social Democratic pa of which Chancellor Ebert is a member, making good and gaining the confidence of people, while the extreme radical elem were finding it impossible to make headv Various councils representing different ments of society were being formed am bourgeoise and proletariat. The Ebert ernment had advised the Bolshevik gov ment of Russia that representatives must he sent to Germany, the principal fear for present in Germany being the triumph Bolshevism. Chancellor Ebert annou on November 17 that the new governm would in no way impair the legitimacy of war loans, and that salaries, pensions other claims on the state of soldiers and t dependents would remain valid. He de any intention to seize banks or property, announced that large incomes and great tunes must pay their share of expense.

Berlin dispatches of November 20 repo that the People's Commissioners, of w Herr Ebert is the head, had come into lision with the Executive Committee of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council, executive committee claiming the supr power and seeking to have the commissio

Continued on page 1367

The Times Are in His Hand

THESE are vital days. The world is in flux. Men's minds search the ages for light that will unveil the future. History fails, philosophy is impotent, but God gave the key to events to his prophets and these hid the key in His Book. On November 25–26–27–28 there was held in New York a Conference of students of prophecy. Next week we will give you a complete report of this conference, its spirit, its purport, its personalities and its messages.

This week we have something particular to say on pages 1355 to 1358. Just turn to the rotogravure section and read it all. Then invite your best friend to join the family, better still send him the Christian Herald for Christmas.

The church of today will become the church of tomorrow. Rev. W. A. Hutchinson next week brings to the Christian Herald pulpit the vision of "The Church in the New Age."

Next week also more pictures in rotogravure, a story of evangelism in the heroic Belgian army which now tastes victory, a short sojourn in Marion Harland's Comfort Corner, and a few more things for good measure.

Scenes of Victory and Progress

© Press Illustrating Co.
Women of New York City casting their first ballot

Indian pipers with the British in Mesopotamia
© Underwood & Underwood

© Western Newspaper Union
Landing stage of the Villa of Achilleion, Island of Corfu, where the former German Kaiser is said to prefer to retire. He owns it. It is now an Allied hospital

The Salvation Army band leading the popular peace celebration on the steps of New York's Public Library November 11
© Underwood & Underwood

Photo from International Film Service
A street in Senlis, where Foch received the German surrender

b Japanese children in America playing American games at a real American picnic

Japanese Students in Sunny California

THERE are fifteen thousand Japanese here in Southern California, ten thousand in Los Angeles. These are not coolies, but young men from the middle and upper classes who have come to "learn," and while learning are willing to do anything that they can find to do. They go rapidly from one position to another, that they may learn all kinds of work while they are studying books. We find them as "bell-boys," running elevators, as "house-boys" in private families.

Japanese employment agencies receive these "boys" as they come from Japan eager for an American education. Each is carefully coached by one who has been out to service. After a few weeks of such coaching he is ready to take a place as "house-boy," doing all work after school.

These Japanese are eager students and go on from high school to university.

Nature-lovers, artists by birth, they are naturally absorbing the florist business, starting with a flower-stand made of a dry-goods box between two buildings, thence rapidly advancing to a piano box, to a small room, and to greenhouses that cover an acre or more. In one Japanese greenhouse we found six long buildings with 30,000 carnation plants. In other well-kept houses were sweet peas, freesias, or chrysanthemums.

They take kindly to American ways, although the women miss the heavy floor mats and the large vacant rooms of their Oriental homes. They find the outdoor gardening arduous. The children are proud of the fact that they are American citizens if their fathers are not. The fathers recognize this added privilege of their children and try to educate them for it. They built and equipped a largo school ou near their thousands of acres leased for market gar dens and presented it to the city ready for use if th city would pay teachers to "kee school there." They have bough an automobile and pay a chauffeu to go out among these garden each morning and pick up th kindergarten children and tak them to school, returning them t their mothers at noon.

Teachers and officers of the Japanese Sunday school

While some still retain their na tive religions, many attend th various mission schools of the city and they have a large undenomina tional church and school of the own, with a native pastor, teache and officers.

They have the only Japane Humane Society in the world. is under the control of the Japane consul. It has a $4,000 plant Inglewood with several acres ground, enough for playgroun and gardens. The secretary wea a policeman's badge and has d authority to act in all matte Japanese.

Each year they have one or mo picnics to which all Japanese a invited. Besides their nation games, they enjoy some Americ ones. They always have a salu to the flag by the school childr and the singing of America.

Seventeen Cents and a Human Life

"JUST seventeen pennies, Miriam! Lot's not wait for any more. Let's go on a candy bat this recess!"

Madge, the livelier of the Rossiter twins, snatched the pin-tray out of her sister's hand so quickly that the pennies flew out of the impromptu bank and rolled all over the bedroom floor. Both girls scrambled after them, but Miriam rose to her knees after a moment's search.

"Madge, do you supposo it's all right?"

"Of course it's all right!" Madge's vehemence showed that the idea had been hers. "Dad hasn't brought any candy home for months, and I'm *starved*. It's our own allowance."

"But it's almost a quarter."

"What if it is? Your Thrift Stamp card's full, and so's mine, and we've each got more than any girl in the freshman class. I guess we can treat ourselves to seventeen cents. Stingy Gabe!" she taunted.

"Maybe—well I'll go, but——"

"No 'buts' about it." Madge's positiveness increased with the tucking of the last penny into her purse.

THE last period before recess came the weekly spelling-match in English class. The last four Fridays Madge Rossiter and Gabriel Shaterian had tied for first place; who would win today? Gabriel was a handsome Armonian boy who till lately had always held front rank in his studies and yet had had time to be tremendously popular outside school. But the last few weeks something had come over him. In class he missed on such easy questions. Outside he was a "clam." He stayed by himself, he was always missing at recess when their special set made up a table downstairs in the school lunch-room, and he never went anywhere in the evening. If there was anything on his mind, reasoned the boys, why didn't he get it off his chest and tell somebody, instead of looking like a thunder-cloud if a fellow wanted him to spend a nickel? "Stingy Gabe" was his nickname now; if it hurt, nobody knew it.

The last five minutes of the match found ever body down cept Gabriel a Madge. As fore, Mi Morrill had prepared a special list words to test the winners. At the fi financial term, Gabriel's brow grew da but he spelled it, the next and the ne but the fatal fourth was the word "sev teen."

"S-a-v-e-" he began, turned dea white, took his seat and dropped his f on his outstretched arms.

Madge spelled it triumphantly, l fingers on the heavy bunch of pennies the pocket of her sailor-suit. P "Stingy Gaby!" He wouldn't be sp enough to spend the whole sevente This month's championship was h

When the bell rang, Madge a Miriam came over to Gabriel's d

Continued on page 1369

His Life Given for the Children

How Missionary Oberg Became the "Father" of More Than 1,000 Little Chinese Outcasts

THE Samiao Orphanage work of the Swedish Alliance Mission at Saratsi, West Shansi, China, is a work of faith and love among the "little ones"—a work commenced and carried forward, trusting in God. And the trust has not been in vain.

The devastation caused by the flooding of the Hwangho and other rivers in China is something too terrible to be described. The cause of these floods is that the river-embankments give way, and in consequence a rushing torrent sweeps over fields and villages, destroying everything in its path. Everything is overwhelmed by the approaching flood. Even the love of parents for their children seems to grow cold, as they abandon them in the hopeless confusion. There are two all important things to be done: first, to send laborers to repair the embankments; second, to give all the assistance in our power to those who are suffering by the flood.

It was to work among destitute children that the two devoted missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Oberg, were unexpectedly called, after their return in 1903, to the district where they had been miraculously delivered in 1900 from the power of the Boxers. Before 1900 there was an orphanage here in connection with the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Miss Clara Hall, in charge of the work, was killed by the Boxers, also her assistant, Kristina Orn. Several of the orphans died of neglect during the Boxer troubles, only ten remaining alive. At the Annual Conference in 1903 these ten orphans were committed to the care of Mr. and Mrs. Oberg.

After their arrival at Saratsi in the autumn of the same year, they took charge of the children; but at that time they had no intention of starting an orphanage, as they had only a small balance remaining from the Famine Relief Funds. On this account they were unable to receive several little children who were brought to them about this time. But presently they began to believe that the Lord might desire to use them as instruments in His work of mercy in saving these destitute and suffering children.

On March 19, 1904, a beggar woman brought them a child, whose despairing mother had recently killed two of her children. She was trying to drown even this last one, but taking pity on the little girl she gave her to this beggar woman. Just as the woman entered our compound, the mail brought a letter from New York containing ten dollars, gold, from an unknown friend. The money was to be used "where the need was greatest," and who was in greater need of it than the little child waiting outside our doors? Three children had already been denied help; but this time it was clear to us that God had sent us the means of support for this child.

So the little girl was taken in and we named her "Chin-ieh-tsi" (or Gold-leaf), because of the gold dollars. After some time, another homeless child came to the Orphanage, and this time also the mail—which comes every fourth day—brought a promise for support, as with the other child. Once again we were led, as by a miracle, to reach out the hand of love to this forsaken child without hesitation.

Since that time, nearly a thousand little outcasts have been received and cared for at the Orphanage. These poor, destitute children, who have been denied the love and care of father and mother as well as the light and joy of real home-life, have become the recipients of the Christian love and care of the missionaries, who hope to win many of the precious young souls for Christ. The children at the Orphanage receive a Christian education, as well as provision for their temporal needs, and it is hoped that they will become witnesses for the Lord among their own people.

I could relate many instances showing how wonderfully God's people have responded to His promptings by extending to us the aid necessary for this rescue work. One of the most remarkable was undoubtedly a note from Rev. G. W. Clarke of Tientsin several years ago, which announced: "I have brief but good news for you. The Christian Herald has promised to support 100 orphans for five years." This good news thrilled our hearts with joy and thankfulness. What the faithful fulfilment of this promise has done for the Samiao Orphanage, God knows best, and He will surely bless the Christian Herald and all the dear friends co-operating with it in this work of love.

The five years have long since elapsed, but we are still recipients of a considerable allowance from friends in connection with this charitable paper. There are, however, forty-two children still on our list for whom we are receiving only quarter-support. Our children are supported by special patrons, who take a keen and loving interest in them. They are

Mr. O. E. Oberg

often gladdened by loving letters, books, cards, toys and valuable presents, and even extra checks occasionally find their way to inland China, where this rescue work of ours goes on. Children not being fortunate in having patrons in America, seeing these cards, presents and beautiful things that others receive, feel sorely the lack, and sometimes their feelings find expression in words like these: "I want a foreign friend, too."

In a large sense, the support of the work rests on the sure foundation of the Lord's readiness and ability to provide. When Mr. Oberg, the founder of the Orphanage, passed away in the beginning of this year, we felt as though darkness itself hung around us. We would hardly perceive a ray of light. Twelve days later, death appeared again,—this time taking away the beloved nurse, Miss Nordstrom. Outside the Mission compound an epidemic was raging and carrying people away by scores and hundreds. It was the pneumonic plague. We had succeeded, so far, by closing the gates, in keeping the plague out; but death has other servants as well, and by two of these he took our beloved ones.

We felt in our great sorrow as if we could not endure another day; but the days sped quickly, each day bringing tokens of our Heavenly Father's care and remembrance. Little hearts were again warmed by love and life, and the dark clouds were lined with silver.

Over six months passed. The 14th of August was the day set apart in memory of Mr. Oberg—who was called "Father" by nearly five hundred children. Not only the children went out to the cemetery that day, but the whole church joined and paid their respects to "Father" Oberg. They had prepared silken standards and inscribed upon them golden characters of love and remembrance.

A tribute to Mr. Oberg, written by the Christians in Chinese, was read by Evangelist Kia. It told of his birth in Vermland, Sweden, January 16, 1869; of his longing for the Lord's work even from his childhood, his coming to China at 27, in 1896, and his subsequent missionary career and death; also, how he had opened industrial schools, engaged teachers to teach our boys to make woolen mats and rugs, and to weave cloth and ribbons, the profits of which were used for the maintenance of the orphanage work. It also set forth how at New Year, 1916, he warded off a great calamity from the city, which robbers had threatened to burn, and how he lived among the people as a peacemaker.

An essential part of the silver lining on the cloud of sorrow is that Mother Oberg is still among her rescued little ones.

We are hoping that the Christian Herald friends, who have done so much for this work in the past, will again become interested sufficiently to help us in our labors among the little ones and our efforts to meet the needs of the children of the Orphanage. Any gifts sent to that journal in our behalf will be gratefully acknowledged. EMIL JOHNSON.

Saratsi, August 11, 1918.

The orphans paying a tribute of love to "Father Oberg"

The Suffering in Syria

DR. JOHN H. FINLEY, of the Palestine Relief Commission of the Red Cross, who left last March and who returned on November 5, cabled just before leaving Palestine as follows:

"Just returned from tour through Palestine and lower Syria, passing through Nazareth, Tiberias, Tyre, Sidon, Haifa. Reached Beirut two days after occupation. Dr. Ward (of the Syrian Protestant College, another member of the expedition) and I were welcomed by Beirut College, where we attended the assembly at the opening of the college year.

"President Bliss and all American members of the community well. Great enthusiasm over Allies, with prospect of better service than ever for college. Beirut and Syria in general now open for freer relief, desperately needed. One-third of Lebanon population has died of starvation and diseases due to lack of adequate food.

In spite of all that could be done to relieve distress, the sufferings of the poor have been extreme. Missionary letters state that a large proportion of the inhabitants of Beirut and Lebanon, perhaps one-fourth or even more, have died of famine and typhus. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that the Turks deliberately intended to starve this region, which contained an unusually large Christian population. It is true that a number of soup kitchens where the poor of all sects could obtain a little food were opened by the government, but they were entirely inadequate to meet the situation. While the people of Beirut and Lebanon were starving, it is said that there were large stores of grain at Damascus, Hama and Aleppo, and this grain was only brought to Beirut and the Lebanon in driblets, most of it being kept for the army.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President GRAHAM PATTERSON

Managing Editor GEORGE H. SANDISON

Secretary THEODORE WATERS

Will the Church Be Ready?

WHEN the first shock of war struck the nations, they were temporarily stunned. They did not dream that the conflagration could spread so swiftly as it did. It took time to realize the magnitude of the disaster. Now, the sudden cessation of the war has produced another shock, although of a wholly different character. It is as though the hand of Omnipotence had reached down and touched the frenzied world, and a voice had commanded, "Peace, be still!" Even yet, the fact that the great struggle is indeed ended is not fully realized.

Many years ago Mazzini foresaw, in the growing desire of the peoples, the need of "a fellowship of nations sternly restraining the ambitions of an exclusive patriotism, and a real acknowledgment of the lordship of Jesus, who positively laid the basis of universal brotherhood in his dealings with mankind." The furnace test through which the world has just passed has made an indelible impression upon the spiritual life of the nations. So distinguished an authority as Bishop Gore of Oxford made this the theme, during his recent visit, of his addresses in more than twenty American cities. He expressed the hope that it would lead to unity on the spiritual plane among the free nations of the earth. The Christian Herald has already called attention to his stirring message, and at this time, when the subject of unity is being discussed in all the denominations, it is well to keep it steadily in view and clearly to apprehend its scope and meaning.

In a recent address on "The Program of the Church at the Present Time," delivered by Dr. Henry Churchill King, the following passages occur:

> The issues of this war are to an unprecedented degree moral and finally religious, and they call, therefore, preeminently for the rallying of all our spiritual forces. What has been happening is that little by little men have been sloughing off all un-Christlike types of Christianity. The Christianity that we must preserve is not to be shallow and it is not to be sentimental. It is not primarily emotional. It is not primarily theological. It is not primarily ceremonial. All these types of Christianity have been proved wanting. With all of them it has been found possible to harmonize at the same time a hatred and bitterness utterly un-Christlike. All these have failed. *The only Christianity that can be said to have come out of this conflict unscathed is the Christianity of Christ himself*, ethical through and through, applicable to all men and to all classes, and to nations as well as to individuals, free, utterly free from hatred and bitterness and from all arrogance. . . . This is no time, therefore, for the forces of righteousness to indulge in divisive differences. They must get together and work together. . . . There ought to be a comprehensive, clear-sighted, large-minded social program, back of which the whole reunited Church shall align itself, to make sure that something worthy of the sacrifices that have gone into this war should come to pass.

There was a time during the stormiest part of the war when the very foundations of democracy throughout the world were shaken and seemed to be threatened with collapse. In those dark days men realized as never before the meaning of the Bible truth that God had made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and they saw that the principle contained in that statement was the very bedrock of democracy. Now that the struggle is past, and that peace must be made enduringly secure against future assaults, men everywhere are becoming convinced that this can only be done by going back to the foundation of the faith, which is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. That Gospel alone can establish and perpetuate the principles of the League of Nations—justice and the rights of the weak as against the strong. How important, then, it is that this vital principle should have appropriate representation!

This conviction is growing common among all classes, not only among the men in the trenches, but among those at home. It has been well expressed in these burning sentences in a sermon by Rev. A. E. Bartlett of Brooklyn:

> These upheavals, these losses, these burdens, these separations, these sacrifices, these deepening loves, these glorious visions are causing men to be born again. They are being born out of the old, the narrow, the conventional, limited life, into one of breadth and vision and service. Men in the trenches, coming together out of different sections, from different tasks, but with one common purpose, are being born again as they stand knee-deep in the trenches or seek the rest that comes after standing on the firestep or going over the top. They will come back different men.

This is no overdrawn picture. The men know it, the chaplains know it, the Gospel workers know it, and the churches at home know it, or ought to know it. The task for which the Church is now girding itself is to meet this new situation. It is to prepare for the union of all the spiritual forces at its command to meet it. Not a union which will be destructive of the identity of any of the parts of the Church, but which shall weld the whole together for the promotion of spiritual unity, so that all the denominations may be able to act unitedly, in every field of Christian effort, including those that have to deal with the moral and social questions of the day. Beginning by burning their home fences—for the time for petty divisions has passed—let them get together for such cooperative efficiency as is indispensable to meet the new situation.

In many quarters we hear the phrase that "sectarianism has been wiped out by the war." While this may be true in a measure, yet it is only true as far as it relates to the differences that are trivial and dispensable. It is an effacement that will strengthen, rather than weaken, the churches. It will substitute friendly cooperation for needless rivalry, and it will help in a thousand ways to make the churches stronger and more efficient in meeting the needs of the multitudes who will throng them when our men come back, as they are already beginning to come. Soon they will be with us again by the thousands and tens of thousands. Will we be ready for them with the right welcome?

The President and the Conference

WE do not share the misgivings entertained by some of our neighbors concerning President Wilson's plan to attend the opening of the Peace Conference. He may finally decide not to go; but if go he does, surely there is no one better qualified to sit at the Peace Table, and certainly none who has contributed to the triumph of peace principles more than our good President himself has done. Nor would any one be surer of a hearty welcome from all the Allied peoples and their representatives. While it may be conceded that his proposed visit is a violation of precedent, even that need not weigh very heavily with us, since at every phase of the war we have witnessed the spectacle of demolished precedents to right and left. The truth is, the war has set a new angle on everything. Besides, it should not be forgotten that there is no constitutional or legislative provision standing in the way of the proposed visit.

When he does go, it will not be to act as umpire or referee, mentor or dictator. All the suggestions on these lines that are made by the political journals are gratuitous. If Woodrow Wilson goes to the Peace Conference, he will go as the representative of the American people, to impress upon the Conference the views of this Government as to the basis of world peace—views which have been submitted to and approved of by Congress. It is entirely unnecessary to assume that he could go in any other capacity.

Before leaving for France, the President will probably outline to Congress the purpose of his visit, and he may even indicate the points he desires to make in any address he may deliver before the Conference. It is intimated in certain quarters that he may be called upon to preside at the opening session. However, all that is mere speculation. The fact of his attendance alone is of importance. And it may be taken for granted that any expressions he may make will be in line with the principles he has laid down in his various addresses before Congress.

We may well imagine that the Peace Conference will be a historic setting worthy of the close of the great drama of the last four years. Preparations are under way in Paris to have the entire affair distinctly memorable, as befits a gathering which has to decide the terms for preserving the world's peace hereafter. Great Britain, France, Italy, Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, Japan, China, Rumania, the United States, and possibly some of the South American republics, will be all represented. Nothing can be stated definitely as to representation for the neutrals, although their recognition is by no means improbable. It may even come to pass that labor, which has played such a prominent part throughout the whole war, will be represented. We should be glad to learn that representation has also been accorded to the great religious bodies, since the moral and spiritual aims of the war have been well defined, and the influence of the Christian Church has been such a potent factor throughout the struggle. We believe that the Peace Conference will furnish the grandest opportunity the world has ever witnessed for authoritative international recognition of the divine sovereignty, in a gathering which Lloyd George has fitly characterized as "a conference upon whose action the destiny of the civilization of the next five hundred years may depend." What is more fitting then than that the Conference should acknowledge the divine goodness in giving the fruits of victory to the cause of righteousness and justice for all the peoples engaged in the struggle?

Third Bible Picture Study

RAPID progress has been made in our Third Bible Picture Study, and we expect shortly to be able to announce the prize winners. About 50,000 sets of Answers were enrolled, each participant submitting an average of four answers for all of the thirty pictures. The work involved in examining these six million answers, to compile the different answers submitted for each picture required a great deal more time than we expected. The different answers for each picture are in the hands of the Judges for consideration and are expected very soon. It will require only a short time after they announce their decision to determine the prize winners.

The Family Circle Sits Around

HOW we used to sit uneasily on the edge of our chairs and peer covertly through the half-opened door from which came the distracting incense of savory viands, as we awaited the call of the dinner gong on those holidays, rich in memory, which punctuated with pleasure the glowing years of youth! We may grow up, but we never lose our joy in anticipation.

It is for this reason that the Christian Herald publishes once a year a forecast of the good things we are to serve to our Family Circle in the year to come. The editors, like the cook in the kitchen putting the dinner in order, feel a double joy, the joy of doing and the joy of sharing later in the good things taking shape under their hands. But this is no selfish exultation; they know that you who read the Christian Herald will crowd the table when the feast is spread, and so about this time they send a ringing summons to you all.

On pages 1355 to 1358 of this issue you will find, set in order and ready, a small part of the banquet which will be served in weekly courses during the year to come. Just as at grandmother's the dinner far exceeded its savory promise, so nineteen-nineteen will bring all the good things we outline in these pages and many more. The future has much in store that is not yet revealed, even to the editors. All that we promise will be yours and more. God all these years has led the Christian Herald and is leading it still in ways of service where all its members can serve him.

In addition to the menu of good things for the coming year, we have the pleasure to serve you also with books which are of more than passing value. These will make your own library more complete, and will enable you to make most acceptable holiday gifts to those close and intimate friends whose good taste and whose standing in your regard require gifts most carefully chosen.

To Make the Whole World Dry

WORLD-WIDE prohibition is the purpose of a conference held at Columbus, Ohio, November 19–22, with delegates present from all states in the Union and from several foreign countries. At this conference provision was made for carrying to every civilized nation on earth the methods and means by which the Anti-Saloon League has done such effective work in America.

At the convention of the League in Indianapolis in 1916, a resolution was adopted calling for such a conference, to be held at the end of the war. In attendance, enthusiasm and practical results it has exceeded expectation. Canada, Mexico and the British Isles are the foreign countries that were most largely represented. A number of men across the water had been invited, but the termination of the war put problems upon them which precluded their attendance. Some of them sent greetings.

Speakers at the conference were representatives of a number of lines of interest and activity. The Church was on the program, and there were cabinet members, governors, college presidents, manufacturers and officials of the League.

As a result of the Columbus conference, branch publishing houses and headquarters of the Anti-Saloon League will be established in many of the world's capitals, and League men will go abroad soon to arrange for such houses, and for cooperation with resident organizations that are lined up with the movement. The program will be to fit American methods and League programs to the work of reform in other countries just as far as they can be made to fit.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Autograph Copy of Keats

IN one of the book sales in an American city the other day was bought a copy of the first edition of John Keats's "Endymion," published in London in 1818, with an autograph inscription on the title page in the handwriting of the author. The inscription by John Keats reads: "Thomas Keats to his friend William Haslam, 1818." The inscription is rich with sentiment. As the vase of alabaster retained its sweet odor for a hundred years, so this inscription exhales the fragrance of a brother's love of a hundred years ago just as distinctly now as when it was written. Thomas Keats, the youngest of the three brothers, took consumption when eighteen years of age, and the poet changed his plans so that he might nurse his brother, whom he loved better than his life. Toward the last William Haslam, a dear friend, gave up his time to help care for the afflicted one. Thomas lingered about a year, and then died. And it is likely that John sent this volume with the inscription to Haslam just after this brother's death in 1818. The volume itself, "Endymion," with his other books, is a censer whose fragrant incense has perfumed the best literature and sentiment of the world for a hundred years. Keats was a genuine poet. His fondness for the beautiful was inborn, and a burning passion. It was natural that he should take Greek names for his masterpieces. Endymion, the book recently bought, was named after a Greek youth of surpassing beauty, hunter, shepherd, or king of Elis, whom Zeus made immortal by throwing him into an eternal slumber. Another masterpiece he called "Hyperion," the sun-god, incarnation of light and beauty among the Greeks. Keats's father apprenticed him at fifteen to a surgeon, but he was a poet, broke his professional cage and flew on the wings of song into the upper ranges of beauty, truth and love. He was only allowed three years of this flight. Consumption put its hand on him, and in a year's time took him away at twenty-six. But his verses are immortal. Tennyson, Rossetti, and others drew beauty from them as from an inexhaustible spring. In them they found the sculptor's sense of form, the painter's dream of color and the musician's ecstasy of sound. He is a beautiful youth like Endymion, immortal and asleep. In his love for his brother and gratitude to his friend expressed in this inscription and in his immortal verses "*he being dead yet speaketh.*" (*Heb. 11 : 4.*)

Teachers Pick Cotton

IT is the opinion of Professor W. B. Crumpton, superintendent of the Rock Ridge Farm Life School, Wilson, N. C., that Governor Bickett and his Kotton-Picking Kiddos set a good example for the state at large when they went into the fields to save the products of the tillers of the soil who were stricken down with influenza. But the professor says that he and his efficient corps of teachers and their 190 charges beat the governor and his "picked pickers" to it by at least one week. The 190 children went to their respective homes every day at one o'clock and did their duty as they saw it—and did it with cheerfulness. Miss Nannie Hart, of Mooresville, principal of the school; Miss Mary Parker, of Aulander, teacher of history; Miss Bessie Stanton, of Rowland, teacher of science; Miss Gertrude Cook, of Winston-Salem, teacher of second and third grades; Miss Georgia Lilly, of Norwood, assistant principal, and Miss Mary Ida, of Missouri, teacher of domestic science, all went to the fields and pulled out the locks of King Cotton to the amount of between five and six bales for those who were not able to help themselves. And this was not all that these good women did. They went to the homes of the sick and tidied up things, cooked and looked after other household needs, administered medicines and cared for the sick. These industrious women call to mind the woman of olden times of whom it was said: "*She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.*" (*Prov. 31 : 19, 20.*)

© Photo by Paul Thompson

Glorious Celebrations of Peace

KINGS and parliaments, presidents and congresses, participated in formal exercises in celebration of the armistice which is the harbinger of peace, but the people of the world set the pace with the ringing of bells, the firing of guns, the parading of streets, the carrying of banners, the shouts of the multitudes, and the playing of bands. In our country, as in others, the deepest religious enthusiasm as well as the warmest patriotism was manifested in thanksgiving services held by people of all faiths. The celebration in New York City was typical of those held everywhere. The streams of people with cow-bells, horns, feather ticklers, rattlers, torpedoes and supremely happy faces were trying hard to make as much noise as those in the vehicles. Why should not our families go wild with rejoicing that their boys are coming home, and that the cause to which they dedicated their lives is victorious? A vast multitude of the young men of Europe are dead, killed in this war. Some of our dear boys are dead, glorious martyrs, but most are coming back home. Pandora did not know the jar contained all the evils that afflict the earth when she took the lid off. She did it through curiosity. But the Kaiser knew what was in the box, and deliberately took off the lid and turned loose the blackest demons, falsehood, theft, murder, to give the human heart the deepest sting it ever had, and to drench the earth with the deepest rivers of blood that ever flowed. The heart and conscience of the world arose and smote these diabolical spirits and made them bite the dust, and Foch with his sword conquering on the field, and his voice sounding the death-knell of autocracy, the mother of these evil spirits, took hope out of the jar and declared the peace which is the dawn of a brighter day to this old world, one of universal democracy and everlasting peace. The 11th of November was the greatest day the world ever saw, with the exception of one, the one on which the Prince of Peace was born. The earth did not take much part in the celebration of the peace proclamation that day, but heaven did. It sent angels from the White Throne to serenade the new-born Prince. And the peace celebration of November 11 was an echo to the chorus of the angels who sang: "*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.*" (*Luke 2 : 14.*)

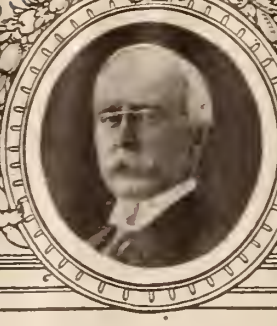
Andrew D. White Dead

DR. ANDREW D. WHITE, one of the ablest, most noted and most useful of American scholars, educators, diplomatists and philanthropists, died from a stroke of paralysis recently, and on the Thursday following he was buried from Sage Chapel, Cornell University, on what would have been his eighty-sixth birthday. Dr. White served twice as representative of the United States in Germany, once as minister, once again after the legation had been raised to the rank of an embassy, and once as minister to Russia. He was a son of Horace White, who made a fortune in the early days of railroads, and easy financial circumstances gave him the opportunity to devote his life to science, literature and the public good. Young White studied at Hobart and Yale Colleges and abroad at the Sorbonne, the College de France and the University of Berlin, and then went to Petrograd as an attaché of the American legation, serving during the Crimean war. He then took the professorship of history and literature at the University of Michigan. On the death of his father he returned to New York State, where he took an active part in politics as a Republican, being a state senator from 1856 to 1867. He enlisted a wealthy and benevolent man by the name of Cornell in the foundation of a new university at Ithaca, N. Y. Cornell gave $500,000 for the purpose and Dr. White himself gave $300,000. These men called the University "Cornell" and Dr. White became its first president, a position which he filled with singular ability, success and honor for eighteen years. In his autobiography, written at seventy-three, Dr. White says the part he took in founding Cornell was the most important work of his life. Dr. White sought wisdom, not wealth, and fulfilled this promise: "*Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; she shall bring to thee honor, when thou dost embrace her.*" (*Prov. 4 : 8.*)

Honey Crop for 1918

THE Agricultural Department at Washington estimates that the crop of honey for this year will be 250,000,000 pounds, an average of two and a half pounds for every man, woman and child in this country, which is a glorious showing in these times when sweets are in such demand. The busy little bees carried from the flowers to the hives 150,000 tons of material besides the honey they had to consume for their own support. About half of this nectar they took from the white clover, the rest from the bloom of the alfalfa, the red clover, the cotton, the basswood, the tulip, the buckwheat, the goldenrod, the mountain sage and other plants. In most of the crops the farmer has a tremendous amount of hard work in plowing, harrowing, planting, cultivating and harvesting. In the great honey crop of the year the farmer has had very little of the work to do. Honey, which was an article of diet among the Jews, was counted by them as a luxury. The Psalmist thus uses it as a symbol of spiritual treasures: "*More to be desired are they than gold, sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.*" (*Ps. 19 : 10.*)

A CHRISTIAN WALK



A SERMON

By

REV. J. H. JOWETT, D.D.*

TEXTS.—Eph. 5 : 2. "Walk in love."
—Eph. 5 : 8. "Walk as children of light."
—Eph. 5 : 15. "Look carefully how ye walk."

THERE are characteristic walks. We may sometimes tell the occupation of a man from his gait. There is the firm and springy and masculine step of the soldier. There is the somewhat ungainly and yet alluring walk of the sailor. There is the stately walk of the born prince. We are told that there was a certain imperial dignity about the carriage of the peasant Robert Burns as he moved in Scotland's fairest halls. And concerning the Christian, there is in his perpetual habits a characteristic manner of going. There is a peculiar carriage and behavior. As he moves down the streets of time there are certain marks which distinguish him from the ordinary crowd. And in the words which I have taken for exposition the apostle names to us some of these characteristics. He is distinguished by love, and light, and circumspection. There is about him a certain disposition of heart, a certain sunny purity of love, a certain vigilant exactness.

"Walk in love." Now let us see the setting of this. A piece of counsel is often burdensome and depressing, because we ignore its context. If I confine myself merely to the apostle's words which I have just quoted, it seems as though he were laying upon me the duty of creating a fountain, and that a fountain of love; and the counsel depresses and disheartens me. Is it within my power to be a creator of love? Is it within my province to set fountains in motion? One thing in God's Word is perfectly clear, we are never called upon to create fountains. Our duty is to direct the flow of rivers. "All my springs are in thee." Therefore if I am in any way discouraged by the counsel of the text, let me look into the context if perchance I may behold the springs.

What is it that precedes my text? This welcome word, "as beloved children." What is it that succeeds my text? "As Christ also loved you." The very setting of the words is suggestive of an evangel; the river is born out of these two springs. I am able to walk in love because I am myself beloved. We are every one beset and engirt with divine affectional energy. We too often dismiss love as a sentiment, and by sentiment we mean something more ineffective than the colored vapor of the rainbow. It is because we so frequently interpret love as an idle and passive feeling that we so utterly misconceive the grandeur of the Gospel of love. Real love is an energy, as individual in its characteristics as electricity or air. It is a power as real in the spiritual realm as any of the forces which move in the realm of matter. "God loves me."

That means infinitely more than that God is well disposed toward me. It far exceeds the hospitality of an open door. It is an outgoing, friendly, affectionate force. It is a veritable ally moving round about my life, hungering to serve me.

NOW it is part of our wonderful endowment that we can resist and repel this divine energy of love. I go out in the early morning when the air is sweet, and soft, and clear, and is working in manifold ways the miracle of the resurrection. It steals from the open country right up to my house door, yet I can repel it. I can close every window and every crevice, and deny the gracious minister right of entrance. I may be enswathed in electrical force; it may be all about me, yet, if I immure myself in a glass sphere, I can resist its approaches. All I need to do is to erect a non-conductor, and the friendly visitor is paralyzed. And when that heavenly air which we call the love of God moves round about my life intent on a reviving ministry, I can shut it from my life, I can erect a non-conductor. I can rear a prejudice. I can establish the barrier of some selfish purpose. I can set up the obstinacy of a stubborn will. I can keep the heavenly visitor at the door, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Or I can let in the heavenly force, as I can open the window and let in the morning air. How can I let in the love of God? Chiefly by thinking about it.

To give thought is to offer hospitality. We entertain the thing that we most contemplate. That thing comes nearest to us which is most prominent in our minds. If I think about the Lord, and about the love of the Lord, if I meditate upon it as it is seen in life and in death, it will steal into my soul as the sweet air steals into the open chamber. And then see what happens. Once admit the energy of the divine love, and all things are subdued unto itself. If I welcome the love of God, God makes of me a lover. Energized by love, I shall walk in love. "As Christ loved me and gave himself for me," so shall I give myself in affectionate service to others.

In this high sphere giving is the rule of living. Because I am beloved I shall find myself able to love. Possessing the fountain I can direct the river.

"WALK as children of light." What a radiant vocabulary is elicited even when we pronounce this beautiful figure! It calls round about it quite a company of shining ones; words, such as cheery, bright, sunny, inspiriting optimism! We sometimes say of a little child, "She is the sunshine of the house," and what that little child is in the home, Christians are to be in the long, monotonous streets of the world. We are to be children of light. First of all, is not the figure suggestive of warmth? We are to be like hearth-fires. There are so many things to make the world cold. Bereavement makes one very cold. If death comes into our house, even in the middle of June, the house becomes a very clammy place. Disappointment is also very chilling, and all round about us there are souls that are just frozen in the bonds of calamity, and broken ambition, and bereavement.

I have read that some of the municipal authorities in Canada, during extraordinary severity of weather, made great fires in the streets, that the poor might gather round them and have the frost taken out of their paralyzed limbs. And is not that a figure of what happened in the olden days, wher the Christ of God moved amid the streets of man? Was not he like a great hearth-fire, round which the consciously cold gathered for cheer and warmth? "Then came all the publicans and sinners for to hear him." How beautiful it is that they drew near to the heavenly flame and felt revived! And is not this the promise that is made to Christians, that they too, like their Master, shall be "burning lights"? "He shall baptize you with fire."

The presence of that flame is a splendid argument for religion. Men may mistake our logic and ignore our doctrine, but they will be wooed by our fire. But then the figure is not only suggestive of warmth; it is suggestive of guidance. Men need our light in their perplexities and bewilderments. And don't let us think that we need to be "stars" in order to shine. It was by the ministry of a candle that the woman recovered her lost piece of silver. Perhaps it is the candle people, the one- or two-talent people, who are of most service in this sphere. It is possible to find a diamond by the aid of a match.

I think it is likely that when all things are reckoned up, and the wonderful labors of life are all made known, it will be found that the candle-folk have discharged a wonderful ministry in guiding poor sick, lost pilgrims to the Saviour's feet. We are called upon to be "burning and shining lights," "children of light."

"LOOK carefully how ye walk." Literally interpreted, the apostle seems to say, "Walk with scrupulous exactness; never relax your vigilance; be careful where you put your feet; watch the next step."

> Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
> The distant scene; one step enough for me.

Now it is usually little things that cause us to stumble. I do not fall over a beer-barrel, but I slip over a piece of orange peel. I have never stumbled over a bale of cotton, but if one flag in the pavement projects a third of an inch, I may be brought to grief. I can avoid the bigger thing; I am careless about the trifles. The little things cause me to stumble. "Look carefully how ye walk." Recollect the importance of details. Life is made up of steps and incidents and trifles. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

Let me add one concluding word. One way to attain unto a fine walk is to hold company with those who possess it. I think I have noticed when a soldier lad has come home and he is met by one or two of his old comrades that as they walk down the street together with the hero in the middle, the two mates unconsciously seek to throw off their slouch and attempt the step and the dignity of their much-drilled and well-disciplined friend. We, too, shall strive after a finer carriage if we hold company with our Lord. "Oh for a closer walk with God!"

Rainbows and Glad Music

ALL life's road will bloom with flowers,
And its little silver showers
Will be followed by the wonder of a rainbow fair and high. . . .
If you walk with love and laughter,
Joy will follow swiftly after,
Like a shadow dancing under the glad music of the sky!

*Dr. Jowett's sermons appear on the first Wednesday of each month in the Christian Herald.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

Daily Meditation

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Blood of the Martyrs

SUNDAY, December 8. Phil. 1:14. "*Waxing confident by my bonds.*" That is a consequence which the apostle never expected. His expectations were quite of another kind. He had assumed that his imprisonment meant the end of his active ministry. And now he discovers that his very bonds have become the ministers of spiritual freedom to his fellow believers. And so does it happen that the Lord uses black circumstances to accomplish radiant ends. Surely that is harnessing the enemy to the chariot! Surely that is transforming afflictions into a flail which releases the corn!

And so in Christ Jesus we may always look for surprises from the ministry of our disasters. That is how God is always bringing amazing births out of the most deadly circumstances. Stephen is stoned, and in the hour of the stoning the persecutor, Saul, awakes to spiritual disquietude and begins to grope after the marvelous realities that were unveiled in the apostle of the Lord. And then at a later day Paul himself was stoned at Lystra, and in the stoning young Timothy awakes to the vision of the magnificent strength and glory of a life which is possessed by Jesus Christ. Paul's invincible courage in the midst of the fierce assaults of his enemies won the heart of a young fellow who became the closest comrade of his ministry. It is surely a remarkable ministry of grace how in such seasons of dire antagonism two great souls were started on their journey toward the Lord.

And so may it be in these heavily clouded days of ours. The same Lord is at work. We speak tremblingly of ruin and destruction and disaster. Venerable temples have crumbled into dust, and we sometimes feel spiritually homeless in the desolation. But the Lord is at work, and if we remain faithful to his will he will turn our very sorrows into the exponents of his grace. J. H. J.

The Light of Life

MONDAY, December 9. John 8:12. "*He that followeth me shall have the light of life.*" The meditations of Thomas à Kempis begin with the saying, "He that keepeth my words shall not walk in darkness." That Teutonic monk of the fifteenth century had found the light of life. There is a light of science which we may find by following human teachers. By so much as we get an insight into the world's great movements, we obtain the light of history. There is a light of literature. Blessed are they who get the inner vision of the permanent element in books. Matthew Arnold pleads with us to strive for a knowledge of the best that has been thought and said in all the ages. There are those who find the light of art. John Ruskin has helped multitudes in this direction. Ruskin could see beauty in an old vase, a window casement, a carved column, a moss-grown tower. But one may have the light of science and history, literature and art, and not have the light of life. Knowledge is not life. The light of which Jesus spoke is light on life's problems. Christ is the Light of life because he gives us light on life, its whence and its whither. Perhaps it suits the case better to call it light in life. It is the light of a Life. Following him we get light on all phases of life. Moreover, it is a growing light "that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." If we follow the Master, it will dawn upon us some time that this life of ours is but the beginning of a life which time can not impair nor sorrow dim nor death defeat.
C. C. A.

Armor and Weapon

TUESDAY, December 10. Eph. 6:16, 17. "*Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.*" The apostle had started out to describe the panoply, the "whole armor" of Christians in their spiritual warfare. "Above all," that is, covering the pieces mentioned before, is to be the Christian's shield of faith. The shield of a heavy-armed soldier in ancient times was so large that it hid the soldier completely. The javelins hurled against him would be caught by the shield. If the shield was of combustible material, it would be set on fire by fiery darts. When the soldier's shield was gone, he was exposed to the full violence of the attack. The Christian's shield is his faith in Christ and His Word. He has truth and the promises of the Almighty on his side, and therefore he has the evidence of things not seen.

The expression "helmet of salvation," or as Paul also calls it, "the hope of salvation," reminds us that the helmet of an ancient soldier not only afforded protection to the head in a hand-to-hand engagement, but also served as an ornament. On its crest emblematical figures would be placed, such as the emblem of hope, to signify that he who wore it would be prosperous in the engagement and escape unscathed from the encounter. The Christian has for his helmet an unwavering hope of salvation: he is confident that he will succeed in carrying out his Captain's orders, surmount every difficulty, and conquer his enemy. Hence he wears his head erect like a soldier who knows that he has a helmet on his head which no battle-axe can cleave.

The last weapon which the apostle mentions is a weapon of offense; it is the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God. The Epistle to the Hebrews says regarding this Word that it "is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Against the truth of Christ's evangel no error and opposition can prevail. Wielding this sword the Christian will cut a path through the thickest ranks of unbelievers, and force his opponent to cry for quarter.
W. H. T. D.

The Voice of God

WEDNESDAY, December 11. II Peter 1:18. "*And this voice we heard when we were with Him in the holy mount.*" If we will listen, we can hear the voice of God, especially if we are with him in the holy mount of prayer and meditation. We ask everything in his name and for his sake who maketh intercession for us. He is our great High Priest, who has passed into the heavens, and who is with us always by the presence of the Holy Spirit. One never forgets the voice of Christ of loving tenderness when He whispers to the soul. How often we have felt it was good to be there, as we saw no man save Jesus only. We knew that it was no fable, no dream, but an everlasting reality. The Star of Bethlehem burst into the Sun of Righteousness on that holy mount. There we found light for darkness, glory for gloom. Ever after that we realized that his sheep know his voice and know not the voice of strangers.

It is not church forms and ceremonies that speak to us most loudly, though they may become the channels through which His loving voice resounds in our hearts. After hearing and seeing him in the mountain vision, everywhere we look we exclaim, "It is the Lord!" This is the life more abundant, full as the abounding waves of the sea. When He walks upon its waters, we hear "It is I; be not afraid." It is good to read about his Bethlehem birth, his Calvary death, his rising from the sepulcher and his ascension into heaven. But oh, to know that he is yours forever, to hear him say, "I know thee, I love thee with an everlasting love," what joy unspeakable and full of glory! His perfect love keeps us in perfect peace while we journey toward the gates of light which will be lifted up for our entrance into his presence ever more. E. W. C.

The Blessedness of Responsibility

THURSDAY, December 12. Rev. 3:12. "*Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God.*" The world is weary. The human heart craves rest. Yet this beatitude points to new burdens. It is a beatitude—the beatitude of responsibility. But while it points to new burdens, it also promises new supplies of strength. What is a pillar for? To support a weight, to bear a burden. So the promise is that they who have borne burdens faithfully here shall have more burdens to bear in the life to come! Let us state it otherwise: "Blessed are the faithful, for they shall be entrusted with increased responsibility. The blessedness of purity is in the clear vision it imparts. The blessedness of the soul that hungers and thirsts after righteousness is in its very relish for righteousness. The blessedness of the faithful servant of God is in the very strength his faithfulness has brought to him. Let us reflect how responsibility develops character, and responsibility is only another name for burden-bearing. It teaches us care and caution. It imparts new dignity to our behavior. A private soldier who is made a corporal at once instinctively stands up a bit straighter and walks somewhat more erectly. West Indian women who bear heavy burdens on their heads are marvelously free from curvature of the spine. I know of a newsboy who had often played "craps." But there came a time when he stopped risking pennies on dice. He explained: "I can't gamble any more 'cause I've got a fam'ly now." His father had died and the support of the whole family now rested upon him.

It is an old saying, and a wise one, that the reward of work well done is the capacity for more work. Every task fulfilled results in a new increment of strength, and the sum of all our strength measures our reliability. "All the strength of the years that are foregone pour their health into this." C. C. A.

The Lord God of Shem

FRIDAY, December 13. Gen. 9:26. "*Blessed be the Lord God of Shem.*" The state of faith in the Redeemer in the era of the patriarchs is a subject of most profitable study. Glimpses of that faith are afforded us by Eve's joyful exclamation at the birth of her firstborn, by the public preaching of the name of the Lord in the days of Enoch, and by the name which Noah received from his parents. After the flood the prophecy narrows down to a distinct race, that of Shem. Shem is the progenitor of Abraham and the nation of Israel, among which God had set up his theocratic government. To the church of the old covenant the promises were made regarding the future Messiah. Christ declared to the Samaritan woman: "Salvation is of the Jews." Paul declares that from this nation are "the fathers, of whom Christ came as concerning the flesh," and the writer to the Hebrews says: "It is evident that our Lord sprang out of Judah." The Redeemer, to be the true Redeemer, must be a Jew. That is the greatest contribution which the Jewish race has made to the stock of the world's knowledge and the elements of men's happiness: they gave us the Redeemer and the word of salvation. Therefore we say, with Noah: "Blessed be the Lord God of Shem." It is true, Christ came to his own, and his own received him not. As a race his people rejected him and lost their ancient glory. But the first builders of the Christian Church were Jews, and their labors and sufferings, their testimony and instruction, their words of warning and comfort, today support and feed the faith of millions of non-Jews. The ancient prophecy has been fulfilled: "It shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and many nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." Yes, blessed be the Lord God of Shem.
W. H. T. D.

Vision and Message

SATURDAY, December 14. Prov. 29:18. "*Where there is no vision, the people perish.*" One must behold the condition of the unrepentant soul in this and in the future life, in order to become an effective worker among the unsaved. Looking through the Bible telescope, he will see the multitudes of this world as Jesus saw Jerusalem, when he wept over the city about to be destroyed by the Roman army. Faith in the divine Word and the illumination of the Holy Spirit are the eyes that behold the conditions of immortals in the world to come. The preacher must see his congregation as a company who are in a preparatory life for everlasting bliss or woe. How can he warn, plead, appeal, reason and weep over the lost ones without this vision?

Thank Heaven, there is at the same moment an upward look we may take, so that the climax of the appeal may become a picture of the future life of the redeemed, the opposite of the regions of the lost. One must be able to give a vivid contrast between the devil and his dominions, and the Christ and his kingdom. He must be able not only to picture the awful wrecks on the shores of time, but the victorious landing on the golden shores of immortality. He must view also, in order to portray the vast gulf in this life between holiness and sin, the wide distance between heaven and hell in the future. His idea must take in the development of the child of God in morals and noble manhood. He must reveal the mountain peaks of Christian attainment, urging all to climb heavenward. He must feel the wonderful powers of the world to come before he can make others feel. He must know what he proclaims by heart knowledge, by the revelations of the Bible and of the Holy Spirit. No one can paint pictures beyond his experience. E. W. C.

All the World

By CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "In His Steps," "His Brother's Keeper," "Jesus Is Here," etc., etc.

A Story Having for Its Theme the Reconstruction Period After the Great War

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CHAPTER SIX

WHILE Dick was having his experiences with Rufus Randall and Requa that Monday morning, Dr. Ward and Bert Chandler were holding a very interesting conference in the Doctor's study, where Bert had gone after a reasonable visit with Esther, who had then retired to the kitchen to help her mother.

Dr. Ward felt greatly interested in Bert, not only because he was to be his son-in-law, but because he had never understood how Esther with her strong, intellectual, positive character could give herself so unreservedly and even submissively to this comparatively uneducated, slow-moving young man, some six or seven years her elder. He had met Esther from the very first as an equal at the very time in her life when she was sought by numbers of the most attractive young men in Bradford, and to the surprise of every one she had accepted him. He had gone into Company 241 as a private and ended in the same place. He had won no medals and had not distinguished himself in any special manner, but he had been wounded in six different places and had an indifference to danger so marked that even in a company that was distinguished for courage he was often quoted by his comrades. No one had ever heard him utter a word of complaint or of jealousy because some of the boys had received promotions and honorable mention over him. Bert always seemed to be somewhat surprised at himself that he was alive after all he had been through and cheerfully grateful for that one fact.

"There was a fellow in Battery B down on the border who got the war medal engraved by Congress, and he used to wear it outdoors quite often," Bert said one day when the boys were asking him where he kept his decorations. "And one day a Mexican sniper across the Rio Grande saw the glimmer of this medal on the soldier's proud chest. That soldier has a fine monument to his memory in the home cemetery, but I don't envy him the honor. I'd rather be here. I've always had a sort of hankering to be alive."

Bert began his conference with Dr. Ward by asking sensible questions about the preparation necessary for his missionary service.

"I'm too old, Dr. Ward, to go to college and medical school afterward. What shall I have to do to fit myself for service as a worker in a hospital?"

DR. WARD leaned forward and his face reflected his intense interest in the subject.

"While you have been gone, Bert, some radical changes have occurred in the management of our missionary affairs. I needn't go into detail, but under the combination of all our foreign missionary societies of all the denominations we have special schools of preparation for special fields in different parts of the world. Undoubtedly, with the practical experience you have had in the ambulance service, you could get ready to go to most any field for hospital service within a year or a year and a half at most. Have you thought of the place where you want to go?"

"Yes, sir, I have, and so has Esther. We want to go to Mexico."

"How! Mexico!"

"Well, Doctor Ward, I was down on the border during the trouble with Villa, you remember?"

"I had forgotten it."

"I was there a year and a half before the war broke out in Europe, and was transferred to ambulance 241 at Captain Howard's recommendation. Things I saw down there on the border made me want to be appointed general superintendent of Mexico's educational bureau. We captured a bunch of raiding Mexicans one night, and among them were two Yaquis. One of them was sick, and when I was off duty I was allowed to nurse him. He got well and followed me all over camp like a dog. I believe he really thought a good deal of me. A month later he was shot and killed trying to escape across the line. He was brought back by the sentry who shot him, and before he died he spoke to me of his wife and children. Dr. Ward, that Yaqui, Alamero, seemed to me to be the cry of unregenerate, undeveloped, benighted Mexico. They can say what they like of Alamero and his tribe, but I *know* he was capable, mentally and morally, of development into a noble Christian specimen. And wouldn't it be the adventure of a lifetime, Dr. Ward, if Esther and I could go down there and by some miracle actually find Alamero's wife and children and help make real humans out of them?"

It was the longest speech Dr. Ward had ever heard Bert make, and in a flash it opened up the young man's real inner life as he had never suspected it.

"Of course it would. The greatest need of poor old Mexico is education and Christian development. And you are right about the Yaquis. They have every fundamental quality to build fine manhood on. All they lack is the opportunity. Now that Mexico has settled down to some form of stable government and has won the confidence of the United States and is welcoming our school teachers and missionaries, you couldn't go to a finer place to work. Tell me how far you went in your medical service in the ambulance."

BERT modestly and briefly, as if ashamed of his long speech, mentioned one or two things that made Dr. Ward gasp with astonishment.

"Do you mean to say you actually know how to perform amputations and even operate for abdominal troubles? You were not a certified M. D.!"

"Well, you know there wasn't always time to work up to a degree over there. Once we brought in fourteen fellows in one car, and when we got 'em up to the base there were only four surgeons there. The others were dead for sleep, and nine had been bombed to death the night before in a Hun raid on the hospital. So Underwood and Nelson and I sawed off five legs and three arms and a few feet and fingers, and when we were in doubt Underwood read directions out of a medical book, telling us whether to use a hammer or a pair of scissors, and then Nelson and I went ahead as well as we could, asking Underwood to read slower when we weren't quite certain. And if I do say it, Dr. Ward, most of our operations turned out pretty well. It was either doing what we did or letting the fellows die anyway. We hadn't any right to do what we did, but no one ever court-martialed us for it. And I don't dare tell how many abdominal operations I assisted in. I saw so many of these that I believe I could take out your appendix, Dr. Ward, without the help of a lantern at night."

"I don't believe you will need a year and a half of preparation, Bert. Seems to me you had pretty good preparation over there. If I had appendicitis and were a Mexican or a Yaqui in Mexico and I couldn't get a certified surgeon who had graduated with a sheepskin, I believe I would trust you to operate on me, but I should insist on a lantern or at least a candle."

"Well, you see, sir, in case I should be unprepared at any point Esther could go on with it. She tells me she has had two years already in the new hospital course here in Bradford, and has assisted at many major operations. I feel certain that in a tight place Esther can work on the patient while I read the directions."

"Have you talked with Esther about Mexico?"

"Yes, sir. And she is even more enthusiastic about it than I am. She is quite certain we shall find Alamero's family."

"Then you have really settled on your place of work?"

"I feel quite sure of that. And we want to prepare accordingly."

DR. WARD was tremendously interested in the whole thing.

"You don't know, Bert, but there is a splendid course of preparation in the American Missionary College for separate fields of the world. You can enter the Mexico section and at once. It is well organized and will be worth everything to you."

"Does this American College take in married couples?"

"Why, yes, I think so," said Dr. Ward, falling back in his chair with a somewhat startled expression.

"I think Esther and I could do better work in our preparation if we were married. You don't object, do you? I understand that Mrs. Ward and yourself were willing we should be married as soon as feasible after the war was over."

"It's all right, Bert, for your mother and me. May I ask you a plain question? How about your finances?"

"Yes, sir, I'm glad you asked. I believe Esther and I can live in Mexico on what I have been able to save up, and before that time I think I have enough to keep us both while we are preparing."

"But you will have a salary under the American Missionary Society, ample enough to support you both. Don't forget that. Of course you do not know anything about the changes that have taken place in the religious life of the nation during the war. But all the missionary societies in the United States have combined and pooled their purses for one financial drive that has already begun and promises to net for missionary work of the world ten or twenty times any amounts ever received or given."

"Well, I'm glad of that, of course, Dr. Ward, because Esther and I can do better work if we don't have to provide our own salaries. But as to my finances, I can take care of the two of us all right. I forgot my $10,000 insurance money. But hold on; I can't use that, can I? Because I'm not dead yet. That's quite a lot of money for a dead person to have to spend. I believe I'd rather be alive."

They were interrupted by the appearance at the study door of Esther, who came to say that three of her Sunday school class wanted to see the Doctor about their decisions if he was not too busy.

"By all means; have them come right in. But first, Esther, here is a young man who wants to take you away from us down to Mexico. Before he goes he wants to take you with him to the American College to prepare. And he says he has the means, without using his insurance money, to support you. What do you say?"

"I say," replied Esther, going up to Bert, who had risen the moment she appeared, "that I am ready to go with him anywhere, and I would rather go to Mexico than anywhere else in all the world."

"You have my blessing and you mother's. Go out and fix the date and send in those pupils of yours."

ESTHER was not ordinarily an impulsive girl in her affections, but she ran over to her father, kissed him heartily, and came back to where Be stood.

"My heart trouble is getting wors all the time," Bert was saying as th two went out of the study. "I no only have heart trouble when you ey me, but I feel palpitations when yo do a thing like that to your fathe What do you suppose is the reason?

Dr. Ward did not hear what Esth said, but a happy laugh came ripplin back into the study from two of th happiest young people in the worl and he said to himself, "Thank Go for happiness. The awful war has n killed it. That young man will mak Esther not only happy but content in a real home. I feel certain of it."

The Doctor rubbed his glasses, p them back, and rose to welcon Esther's girls who came in to gi their experiences and ask for couns

This group was followed within hour by another, and in the eveni some of the young men came i History was being made fast, a great matters were discussed in t days before another Sunday ca around.

Dick came in before the luncheo hour that day, and went right up his room. When his mother call him he called down the stairs that was not hungry, and asked the othe not to wait for him.

"I'm afraid Requa's disappoint him," Esther said anxiously. "I s him as he went up to his room, ju after the girls went away, and looked pretty down-hearted. Po Dick! I wonder if Requa did refuse.

"He will tell us," Dr. Ward sa but his face was grave and his man troubled.

LATE that night Dick stole do from his room to his fathe study.

As a little boy Dick had gone his father with every trouble, la and small. During the war his fathe letters had revealed to the son wealth of affection and understandi which he had never known his D possessed. Instead of growing ap during that awful separation the t had struck up a rare friendship a understanding. Dr. Ward found during that correspondence, desulto and discontented as it was, that boy who had gone away somewh reckless and thoughtless, had qualit of the rare sort, courage, patien endurance, a fine sense of loyal devotion to duty, joy in suffering, a a remarkable understanding of wh America was in the war to do.

On his side the lad had learned the first time what a rare charac his father was, how far-sighted a unselfish and devoted he was to s life work, what great ideals he h and how steadily and quietly he tri to live up to them—all this the found out after months of separati

And the confidence Dick reposed his father that night was the supre proof of the eternal friendship great war had established betw them. At the end of half an h Dick was sobbing like a child, s head on his father's desk, his em coat-sleeve pathetically dangling o the arm of his father's chair as Doctor laid his hand on the la head and tried to say a word of comf

"Surely Requa will decide at l to go with you, no matter what father says."

"I don't know, Dad. She seem

Continued on page 1361

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD A SPIRITUAL FORCE

ONCE more we face a new year, but this will be a year of peace. Twelve months ago our boys were just beginning to sail for the great adventure "Over There," and the war cloud hung heavy over the world. Prophets said two years, three years, maybe more, would be required to loosen the grip of the modern Hun upon the throat of the peoples who would be free. But the prophets were wrong, and today the world to an almost unbelievable extent is free of despotic power and the autocratic will of royalties. Freedom has had a new birth, liberty has gained a new meaning, democracy has won a new domain.

In the year that has passed the Christian Herald Family has rallied around the President and the nation in full patriotic support of every enterprise of war. We have bought Liberty Bonds, knitted sweaters and rolled bandages for the Red Cross, given to the Y. M. C. A., the War Camp Community, the Y. W. C. A., the Salvation Army, and every other cause organized to uphold the banner of Christ or live his spirit in the camp and in the field. And with all our buying and giving we have still found it possible to send $300,000 into channels of helpfulness through our own charities.

What a wonderful year it has been! Looking back over the road we have traveled since we entered the War, the leading of a divine hand can now be clearly seen in all we have accomplished. Surely we can say with the psalmist, humbly yet confidently, "He hath not dealt so with any nation."

The new year ushered in with peace will not be like any year of peace that we have known. It will be a year of adjustment, a year full of great problems demanding solution. Yet that our God who has guided the war to the wide spreading liberty of the present will still lead on through the months to come, is our firm conviction. But how shall we know his will? In the past the Christian Herald Family has exerted a tremendous unified influence for good. During the year to come the Christian Herald Family will, as in the past, exert a potent force which will be felt for good in the new life of the world and in the councils of states. A new era is beginning, but its problems will not be all political, although even these must be solved in the spirit of Christ. But in addition there will be many deep spiritual problems, problems of adjustment, problems of cooperation, problems of evangelism, problems of construction, problems that cannot be approached successfully from any sectarian standpoint, problems in whose solution the unity of Christendom must be preserved and amplified.

It is now everywhere recognized that the War has made many great changes in former conditions and will make still more. In the beginning of this new era many of the old barriers that were obstacles to the fellowship of the nations have been swept away. Christianity has been revitalized, the divine sovereignty over the affairs of men has been made more clear. Our men at the front have been so brought face to face with the stern realities of life, death and eternity that their religion has come down to the vital principles of the Gospel, all else being immaterial. Thus one result of the War has been to clarify the religious atmosphere, and to get back to the essential things that make for man's salvation and future happiness.

In recent months the Christian Herald has taken the lead in voicing the popular demand for such a simplification of the religious life of the Christian people of America as will enable them to become cooperative workers instead of rivals as in the past. Leading ministers in almost all of the denominations have united in urging, not the abolition of denominationalism, but the broadening of denominational lines for the purpose of cooperative Christian effort in the widest sense. It is a movement which is demanded by the new conditions of the time, and it is constantly gaining in power and influence. If the nations of the world can unite on material lines for the purpose of assuring satisfactory international relations and future peace and happiness, surely the forces of the Church can afford to do the same on spiritual lines for the purpose of winning the world to Christ.

The Christian Herald speaks for United Christendom, while representing no sect or creed. This is its strength and it is its glory. For this it has been welcomed into the thousands of homes which make up the Christian Herald Family. The plans for the new year are far reaching. Through the pages of the Christian Herald in the weeks to come the leaders of all denominations will throw the light of spiritual truth across the problems of the year. Those who have shared in the activities of the Christian Herald Family in the past will crave more of the spirit of the paper during the year to come, and many thousands more will be welcomed into our Family of Christian service.

Mr. Graham Patterson, of Chicago, who for the last seven years has been in charge of the general western business of this paper, has purchased the controlling interest and has been chosen President of the Christian Herald Corporation. Mr. Patterson is well known in the field of religious journalism, and as President and Publisher he brings to his new position qualities that will result in making the publication more attractive, as well as more directly serviceable to its wide circle of readers.

Subscription Price of the Christian Herald will advance to $2.50

IN common with all other national periodical publications, the Christian Herald has been forced to increase its subscription price. Every single item that goes into the making of the Christian Herald—paper, postage, printing, engraving, wages, etc.—has increased enormously in cost. And the costs keep right on increasing.

In spite of this handicap, the Christian Herald must keep right on getting better—and bigger—and finer. The Christian Herald has an important mission to perform, and will need the hearty cooperation of every reader to do it successfully.

An opportunity will be given to all our readers to renew at the present price of *$2.00 a year*, as the increased price of $2.50 a year *will not go into effect until January 1, 1919*. No matter when your subscription expires—even if you have recently renewed and your subscription does not expire for many months—you can have your subscription extended at the present rate. This enables you to still have the Christian Herald at $2.00 a year, in spite of the ever-increasing cost of manufacture.

VITAL SUBJECTS THAT WILL INTEREST EVERY READER

DR. GRAY'S NEW SERIES ON PROPHECY

MANY of our readers will welcome the new series of articles on Prophecy, by Dr. James M. Gray, whose prophetical expositions in the Christian Herald have won the approval of a host of Bible-lovers. His forthcoming articles will carry these titles:

"How the War is Fulfilling Prophecy";
"How the Jewish Nation Will Bless the World";
"How Germany's Defeat Will Transform Europe";
"Russia and the World Problem of the Jews";
"How to Interpret Prophecy," and
"Two Great Laws of Prophetic Interpretation."

Prof. James M. Gray, D.D.

"THE CHURCH AFTER THE WAR"

THE vital need of worldwide cooperation in spiritual effort after the war is already receiving the very serious attention of eminent religious leaders. Dr. Henry Churchill King, President of the Federal Council of Churches, covered the whole subject in a nutshell in a recent address in which he said: "This is no time for the forces of righteousness to indulge in divisive differences. They must get together and work together. . . . There ought to be a comprehensive, clear-sighted, large-minded social programme, back of which the whole reunited Church shall align itself, to make sure that something worthy of the sacrifices that have gone into this war should come to pass."

The Christian Herald, foreseeing the trend of spiritual forces in this direction, organized an open forum for constructive discussion of the entire subject. About 100 well-known men have availed themselves of this opportunity to state their opinions. Expressions were received and published from Francis E. Clark, of Christian Endeavor; Bishop David H. Greer, of New York; Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman; W. R. Moody, of Northfield; C. I. Scofield, eminent Bible Expositor; Dr. David J. Burrell, of New York; Prof. R. C. Wylie; Dr. R. A. Torrey, Moody's lifelong associate; Dr. F. B. Meyer; Junius B. Remensnyder, the Nestor of American Lutheranism; Pastor C. M. Sheldon; Bishop Daniel F. Tuttle; Evangelist Wm. A. Sunday and Bishop Wm. A. Quayle. Many other expressions will be published.

MRS. LUTZ'S NEW SERIAL, "THE SEARCH"

MRS. GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL LUTZ, well known to our readers of fiction through "The Witness," "The Measure of a Man," and her other popular serials, has now written for us "The Search," a clean-cut inspiring story of war, love and religion. "The Search" comes fresh to us with the vibrant thrill of battle, the warm heartbeat of true but troubled love and the spiritually exalting and cleansing search of a soldier's soul after God. This master of dramatic situation and of human emotion has written "The Search" to our order and to our liking, and we confidently believe it is her best story. Its publication will begin with the first issue of the New Year and continue for many weeks. It will be beautifully illustrated and the instalments will be generous.

Grace Livingston Hill Lutz

DR. SHELDON'S GREATEST SERIAL

REV. DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON, author of many fascinating and famous stories, such as "In His Steps," "Jesus Is Here," "Howard Chase," etc., has now written for us a great dramatic novel dealing masterfully with reconstruction, readjustment and religious expansion following the war. "All the World" is the title, and an instalment will be found on another page of this issue. It is the most timely story yet written, being brought up to the minute. Dr. Sheldon's general plan throughout is to picture through the emotions and adventures of the various characters the rebuilding of the world by the power of the Gospel. He puts his young people everywhere, and with a united Church here at home and a consecrated pocketbook, they build up a new world. Inspiration, vision and dramatic power make it an intensely interesting and virile story. We will furnish all back instalments to new subscribers to the Christian Herald, so that all our readers will be able to read Dr. Sheldon's story in full.

Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon, D.D.

"CIRCLING THE WORLD FOR CHRIST"

THE publication of Dr. Francis E. Clark's "Reminiscences," upon which he has been engaged for many months, has just begun in the Christian Herald under the title of "Circling the World for Christ." These recollections of a long life are filled with remarkable experiences and will interest and inspire all who read them. They show how gloriously and abundantly God rewards the faith of those who work for souls, and how the humblest effort, put forth in trust and hope, can become the seeding of a mighty tree, whose far-spreading branches will give shelter to multitudes. The story of the Beginnings of Christian Endeavor by its president, and of the many world pilgrimages to which they have led, reads like a romance.

Dr. Francis E. Clark

SOME OTHER OUTSTANDING FEATURES

THE ideas of our greatest religious leaders as to the best way to secure unity in faith and action among the Christian Churches of America.

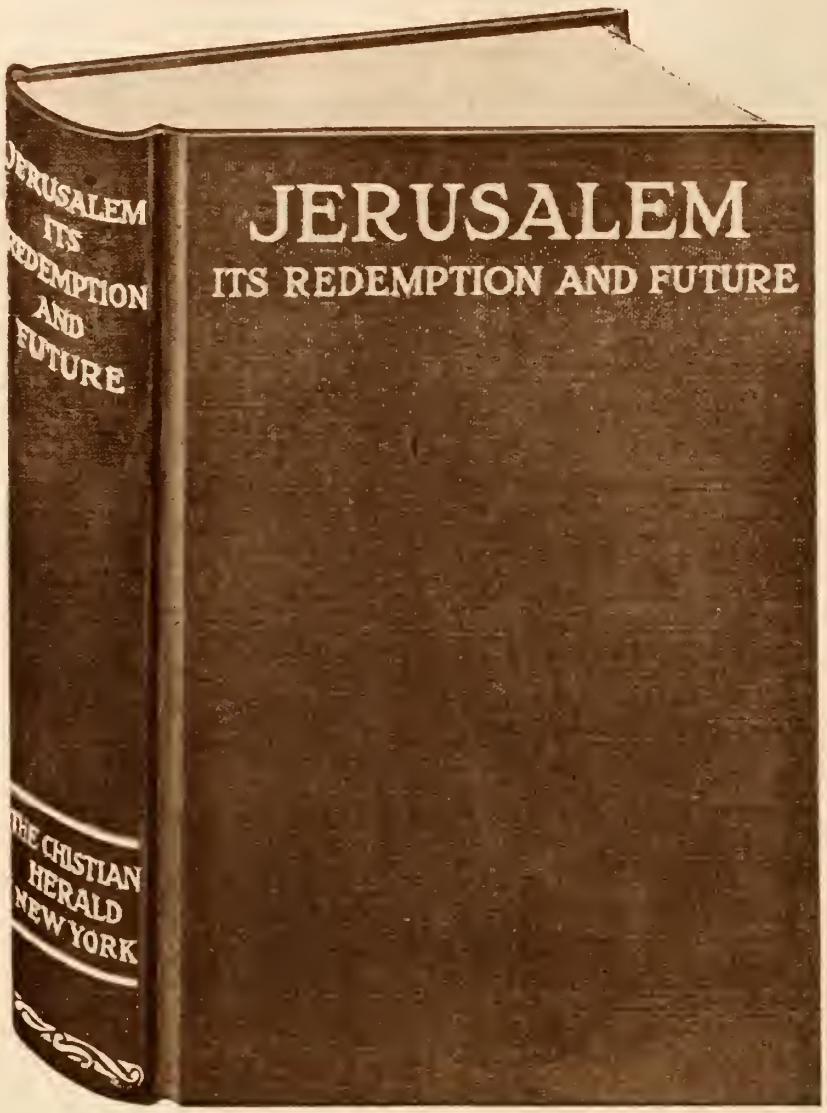
Dr. J. H. Jowett's Meditation each Sunday and his Sermons once every month. Other Sermons from the ablest leaders in every denomination, men of praise and power.

The popular double-page pictorial rotogravure.
Dr. Allison's Sunday School Lessons.
The weekly discussion of Young People's Topics.
Careful review of the world's news, including the progress in peace and rebuilding shattered nations.
The Mail-Bag, with its many-sided questions.
Dr. Iglehart's Bible and Newspaper page.
Special articles covering all phases of human progress.
Notes of religious work from the wide field of the world at large.
Marion Harland's Comfort Corner.
Margaret E. Sangster's Poems and Prose Sketches.
Other poetry by the greatest living writers.
Current topics treated in editorials that clear the mind and cleanse the heart.
"Adventures in Neighboring," by Vera E. Connolly.
Short Stories contributed by the best writers.

ORDER ONE OF THESE CHRISTIAN H

"JERUSALEM—ITS REDEMPTION AND FUTURE"

WHEN the grand old Italian poet, Torquato Tasso, wrote his wonderful book "Jerusalem Redeemed," the world marveled at his genius and at the fertility of his imagination. But Tasso's book was a dream—a spiritual allegory. It is only now that the real story of the Redemption of Jerusalem can be told, and it is that story which the Christian Herald presents in the book entitled "Jerusalem—Its Redemption and Future." It tells the story of conditions in the Holy City before the War. In vivid detail it relates the experiences of the people during the years of the War itself up to the present time.



THE book reads like the unfolding of a vast drama, one of the grandest ever known. Mme. Ben Yehudah, a talented native author, tells of the sufferings and the persecutions of her people; how they were beaten, plundered, exiled and martyrized; how they found refuge in cellars and caves; and how even the Turkish abuses were outdone by the brutality of the Germans. In a wonderful chapter she tells of the sudden liberation. On the eve of Hanucca, the anniversary of the "Feast of Lights" (commemorative of the first great Deliverance of the Israelites) while all were praying and dreading lest they should not live to see the light of another day, there was a sudden burst of jubilation from men and women who ran in from outside the city walls, shouting: "Hosanna! Hosanna! The English have come! We are saved!" Out they swarmed, like rats from their holes. The troops were marching in with General Allenby at their head, and the people, old and young, were weeping, shouting and singing for joy. It is a story from the pen of this gifted woman which will thrill the reader at the thought of God's wonderful manifestation in behalf of his ancient people.

But, as the book shows, the redemption is not confined to Palestine, but includes all the Bible lands: Syria, Armenia, Arabia, Mesopotamia, the old country of the patriarchs, and even the "Eden Land"—the cradle of the human race.

PROF. Edgar J. Banks, one of the contributors, tells of the great changes in the Eden country, which are destined to make it literally the "garden of the world." Lieutenant Colonel J. S. Wardlaw Milne, of the British service, who has traveled all over Mesopotamia, tells how Germany's great scheme of creating an Eastern empire in the Bible lands was thwarted, and the Berlin-to-Bagdad project brought to sudden failure. Professor Kemper-Fullerton, a most charming writer, has a wonderful story of events in Jerusalem up to a few months before capitulation. It reads like a romance, yet is reality itself. His story of the Christmas Eve, spent by a company of American and British exiles before sailing, is delightfully told. Professor George L. Robinson, who has personally visited twenty-five out of the thirty-four Jewish agricultural colonies in Palestine, including also Edom and Mount Seir, tells of the wonderful development in all of these places, and foreshadows the brilliant agricultural future of the entire Holy Land, under Allied protection, in the near future.

By Bible readers generally, and especially by all who believe in the fulfilment of the divine promise for the restoration of God's people to their ancient land "in the latter days," the book will be greatly prized. It is a volume which should be in the possession of every Christian man and woman in America, as it is splendidly illuminative of the fulfilment of God's pledge which is being brought about in a remarkable way in our lifetime. We have only hinted at a few of its attractive features, but there are many others which readers must find out for themselves. The book is illustrated with photographs by the contributors, all of which are of especial interest. We consider it on the whole the most timely book the Christian Herald has issued in many years.

DR. JOHN H. FINLEY, of the American Red Cross Commission in Palestine, has made a very enlightening statement with respect to the program for the future of the Holy Land. In that statement, which was published in the New York Evening Post, and which is also given in this book, Dr. Finley explains that, while he would not presume to offer advice to the peace conference, his own desires as to Palestine are:—

1. That Palestine, now redeemed and held in trust by western civilization, be not entrusted to any single nation, race or creed, but be preserved by an international agreement and by international guarantees as a monument to the civilization of the Occident.
2. That Palestine, because of its relation to modern civilization, is too precious a conquest to leave to future risks.

In the Holy Land at present, affairs are administered by a remarkable group of scholarly, conscientious, able men. General Allenby has picked for this work at the outset men of whom Christianity may be proud. Dr. Finley tells of an impressive meeting with the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, one of the most interesting religious personalities in the world today. This eminent dignitary, although almost a recluse, had still kept in touch with the world movement. This is what he said to Dr. Finley:

"No one can dispute the fact known to God and confirmed by your noble history, oh citizens of America, that out of compassion and charity He created you, to do good to humanity, and has through you always accomplished good work, keeping you innocent of all evil doing.

"Joy and gladness to you, and may God be praised who showers good as He desires. No one can wonder at this when you are the children of so generous a mother, the great nation—I mean Great Britain, with her glorious past and exalted glory.

"Your good works cannot be counted; and you should extend your arm from beyond the seas to grasp the hand of that mother, full of love and compassion, for one reason only, to further the cause of the oppressed and to turn aside with blows the hand of the oppressor in this bloody and fearful war, the like of which has never been seen before, and, by God's will, may never be seen again, such glory and honor before God and man will suffice.

"On behalf of these in general, and of Moslems in particular, I burn incense on the altars of gratitude, and pray the great God to make you a good reward, defend you from every evil, make your benevolent undertakings successful and hasten the days of peace which we all await impatiently."

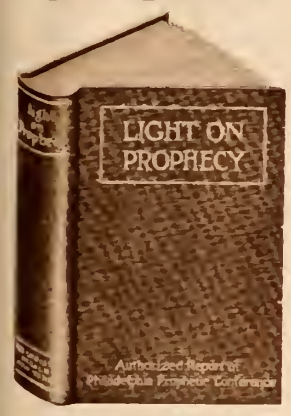
SPECIAL OFFER | We will send a copy of "Jerusalem—Its Redemption and Future," postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for One Year, for . . . . . | **$2.75** ($3.25 after January 1, 1919)

"Jerusalem—Its Redemption and Future," separately, $1.00 per copy postpaid

SPECIAL OFFER | We will send a copy of "Jerusalem—Its Redemption and Future," postpaid, to Christian Herald subscribers, as a reward for sending us one new yearly subscription to the Christian Herald with $2.00 ($2.50 after January 1, 1919).

ALD BOOKS WITH YOUR RENEWAL

"LIGHT ON PROPHECY" — Report of the Philadelphia Prophetic Conference



NO amount of trumpeting can make a poor book sell or a dull book find readers. A volume must have intrinsic merit, both as to the importance or attractiveness of the subject treated, and as to the literary skill and charm which delight the reader. But there is something beyond and above these in the book "Light on Prophecy," published by the Christian Herald, for it links up the prophecies of the Bible with the great events of today and shows conclusively that we are living in an age of prophetic fulfilment.

When we set out several months ago to print "Light on Prophecy," we felt that it was a book which our readers would welcome. It held something that very many good people want to know. The result, however, far exceeded our expectations. "Light on Prophecy" has now passed through four large editions, and the demand is still growing.

We would wish to see this important and inspiring volume in the hands of every reader of the Christian Herald. Those who have read it are loud in their praise of its value and especially the spiritual uplift it conveys. The book contains all the notable addresses on prophecy delivered at the Philadelphia Bible Conference a few months ago, which was the most important gathering of its kind ever held in this country or perhaps in the world. It was a conference which exalted Christ throughout, and gave rare and stimulating messages to His followers throughout the world.

We will send a copy of "Light on Prophecy," postpaid, together with the Christian Herald, for one year, for ..... $2.50 ($3.00 after Jan.1,1919)

We will send a copy of "Light on Prophecy," postpaid, to Christian Herald subscribers, as a reward for sending us one new yearly subscription to the Christian Herald at $2.00 ($2.50 after Jan. 1, 1919).

"Light on Prophecy," separately, $1.00 per copy, postpaid

"OH, MONEY! MONEY!" — By Eleanor H. Porter, Author of "Just David," "Pollyanna," etc. The Romance of a New England Cinderella and a Western Millionaire.

"IF you don't know how to get happiness out of five dollars, you don't know how to get it out of five thousand," says Maggie, the cheery philosopher of "Oh, Money! Money!" and this is the keynote of Mrs. Porter's latest story.

Stanley Fulton, a bachelor with only dollars for companionship, begins to wonder what will become of his twenty millions when he dies. In order to test in advance his only relatives—three distant cousins whom he has never seen—he decides to give them each one hundred thousand dollars and then appear among them as plain John Smith and watch the result of his experiment. Out of a clear sky came three checks to the three Blaisdell families. How each family tried in its own way to get happiness from its unexpected fortune—and failed; and how Poor Maggie without trying and without a fortune, succeeded, is told by Mrs. Porter in "Oh, Money! Money!"

Poor Maggie's Philosophy:

"Money's a test. It brings out what's strongest in you, every time."
"It isn't the money that does things, it's the man behind the money."

We will send a copy of "Oh, Money! Money!" together with the Christian Herald for one year for ..... $2.75 ($3.25 after Jan.1,1919)

We will send a copy of "Oh, Money! Money!" postpaid to Christian Herald subscribers as a reward for sending us one new yearly subscription to the Christian Herald with $2.00 ($2.50 after January 1, 1919).

"Oh, Money! Money!" separately, $1.50 per copy, postpaid

"A GREATER CHRISTMAS" — By Rev. A. Edwin Keigwin, D.D., Pastor of the West End Presbyterian Church, New York City

THE approaching Christmas is to be the most inspiring since the birth of Christ, and the Messianic story will make a greater appeal to the hearts of men than ever before. Dr. A. Edwin Keigwin has written a Christmas gift book that has a special message for the opening hours of an era of reconstruction. It is entitled "The Greater Christmas." The book is delightfully seasonable.

It is pervaded by the scent of evergreen, the sentiment of mistletoe and the spirit of the Bethlehem Message. It is the very book to point the way to true Christmas happiness, lasting world peace and all the year round personal power. The book is the voice of sane faith.

While gripping the heart it holds the mind. It reflects a faith refined in the crucible of experience. The author has captured elusive spiritual values and presented them in a way that is striking and helpful. The book has personality. In laying it down there comes over one the feeling of having grasped the hand of an old and tried friend.

In place of Christmas cards secure this book at once and send it to your friends. You will be giving them exactly what all the world is seeking. We have been terribly disillusioned during these awful years of war. Reality in religion and practice will be the demand of the years to come, and this is precisely what "The Greater Christmas" embodies.

We will send a copy of "The Greater Christmas," postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year for ..... $2.35 ($2.85 after Jan.1,1919)

We will send two copies of "The Greater Christmas," postpaid, to Christian Herald subscribers as a reward for sending us one new yearly subscription to the Christian Herald with $2.00 ($2.50 after January 1, 1919).

"The Greater Christmas," separately, 50 cents per copy, postpaid

RED LETTER BIBLE—Genuine India Paper Edition

Size of Page 4½x5¼ Inches
Size of Cover 5¼x8 Inches

THE only genuine edition of the **Red Letter Bible** is the **Authorized or King James' Version,** unchanged save for the variation of the color in the type. Two colors (**Red and Black**) are employed, in accordance with the simple plan devised by the late Dr. Louis Klopsch, the **Originator** of the Red Letter principle applied to the Holy Scriptures.

1. In the Old Testament the passages quoted by our Lord, or directly related to incidents to which he referred, are Printed in Red.

2. In the New Testament, the words universally accepted as those of the Saviour are Printed in Red.

3. A Red Star (*) immediately following a verse in the Old Testament indicates that the verse embodies a prophetic reference to Christ as the coming Messiah.

The Christian Herald Red Letter Bible Contains Full References; also a **Concordance,** Subject Index, and Dictionary—all under **One Alphabetical Arrangement** —together with **Helps, Maps,** and Numerous **Illustrations.**

The text is set in Bold-Face Minion, especially designed for this work. There are 268 pages of **Helps** or **Concordance** and 17 superb **Maps.** This gem of a Bible, small in bulk, light in weight, very legible and very durable, weighs only 20 ounces. It is bound in American Levant, overlapping edges, red-under-gold, and makes altogether the handiest and most satisfactory Bible now on the market.

We send this superb Bible, postpaid, together with **The Christian Herald,** for one year, for **$4.50** ($5.00 after January 1, 1919)

We will send a copy, postpaid, to Christian Herald subscribers as a reward for sending us two NEW yearly subscriptions to The Christian Herald with $2.00 for each ($2.50 for each after January1, 1919).

The same Bible bound in Genuine Morocco, Calf Finish, Leather Lining, Silk Sewed, which will wear a lifetime, with The Christian Herald for one year, for $5.50 ($6.00 after Jan.1,1919)

We will send a copy, postpaid, to Christian Herald subscribers as a reward for sending us three NEW yearly subscriptions to The Christian Herald with $2.00 for each ($2.50 after Jan. 1, 1919

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ONE OF THESE OFFERS

BIG AMERICAN FLAG—4x6 FEET

Welcome Our Heroes Home

Reproduced from actual photograph. Double-Stitched Stripes. Brilliant Colors.

EVERY good American should show his colors these days. Let "Old Glory" mark your home as one which stands by our President, our army and our navy. Celebrate our victories by displaying this fine symbol of our national unity. Show your flag on holidays, when the boys come home, fly it for parades, reunions, and patriotic occasions. Let this big flag tell the story of your joy in this great moment of our country's history.

Here is a wonderful opportunity to secure a big, strongly made American flag at way below the cost in the stores.

To make sure of your flag you must ask for it now. Our supply is limited, and when our present stock is gone it is certain we cannot obtain more at the low price at which we contracted for these.

This offer below will be withdrawn as soon as our present supply of flags is gone. American flags of this kind have doubled in price and we will not be able to replenish our supply except at a big increase in cost to us. Our original order for thousands gave us the advantage of a big reduction in price and we are giving you the benefit of it.

We will send one of these Flags postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year for..... **$3.50** $4.00 after Jan. 1, 1919

We will send one of these Flags, postpaid, to Christian Herald subscribers who send us two new yearly subscriptions to the Christian Herald at $2.00 each ($2.50 each after January 1, 1919.)

Gene Stratton-Porter's Novels

"CLOSER to Nature and the Almighty" is the philosophy of Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter, the author of "The Harvester," "The Girl of the Limberlost," and other marvelously successful stories—to bring those who read her books "closer to Nature and the Almighty." Mrs. Porter has opened the eyes of thousands to the wonder and glory of the world about them.

Mrs. Porter's stories all have, as a fundamental reason of their existence, the author's great love of Nature. To impart this love to others—to inspire many hundreds of thousands to look for the first time with seeing eyes at the pageant of the out-of-doors—is her gift of rare quality. In writing of "The Girl of the Limberlost," Mrs. Porter said: "This comes fairly close to my idea of a good book. The book can, and does, present a hundred pictures that will draw any reader in closer touch with Nature and the Almighty."

Mrs. Porter's novels are not only wholesome and clean, but they are romantic and cheerful. The people who live in their pages do things and accomplish tasks worth while. Over 3,000,000 copies of Mrs. Porter's books have been sold.

Special Edition of Mrs. Porter's Novels

By a special arrangement with the publishers of Mrs. Porter's works, we procured a special edition of six volumes of the most popular stories by this talented writer. The first edition of these books was quickly taken by our readers. Another edition has just been received. The six volumes were printed from the plates used in the original edition—the type being large and clear and the paper of exceptional quality. The books are bound in fine cloth with gilt tops—twenty-five full page illustrations.

We have only a limited number of this second edition, and when they are taken, we cannot print any more, as the government prohibits the use of the special quality paper used in this edition. Those who desire this set of six volumes should order them at once.

The titles are as follows: "At the Foot of the Rainbow"; "The Harvester"; "The Girl of the Limberlost"; "Freckles"; "Laddie—A True-Blue Story"; and "Song of the Cardinal."

We will send this set of 6 volumes of Mrs. Porter's Books, prepaid, together with the Christian Herald for 1 year for $5.00. Payment can be made in 5 monthly installments of $1.00 each if preferred.

EXCELLENT CHRISTMAS GIFTS AT LITTLE COST.
These six volumes will make unusual Christmas gifts—at little cost, too.

10 Wonderful Color Views of the HOLY LAND As Christ Knew It—From the Brush of a Master Artist

HERE is a great opportunity for you to secure ten beautiful reproductions in full color of the most famous and accurate Holy Land paintings that have ever been made. These works of a great artist have preserved to the world the Holy Land of Bible days, that country known and loved so well by our Saviour. In the past you have known the Holy Land only through the most meager and uninspired drawings, none of them presenting this wonderful country in its true beauty and charm. Now you are offered masterpieces that put before your eyes the sacred birthplace of Christianity as Christ himself knew it. For the first time ten of these views in all the beautiful tints and shades of the land itself are offered you at cost of manufacture only.

LIKE A VISIT TO PALESTINE

AS you look at these pictures you feel that you yourself stand with the artist on the slopes of Olivet and look across the valley of Jehoshaphat, through which winds the old road to Samaria and beyond, under the bright sunshine, you see the walls of Jerusalem. Through these works of art you travel the Jordan road as did our Saviour. You feel the charm, the beauty, and the dignity of every sacred place. These reproductions are in themselves a trip to the Holy Land.

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Patchwork

By
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE little old lady displayed the quilt proudly.

"It was the very first I ever made," she told me, "and I've made a great many quilts in my time. This looks extremely simple beside some of them—but I was so small when I made it that it seemed a great task."

I duly admired the quilt, and then—

"How old were you when you made it?" I questioned. "It's so wonderfully well done that you couldn't have been *very* small!"

The little old lady laughed, and the laughter of her was curiously young laughter.

"The year that I was eight," she told me, "my mother decided that I should be taught to do plain sewing, and one day she called me in from the garden where I was playing and gave me a tiny silver thimble and a wickerwork basket and a great box of vari-colored calico cut into squares. And she told me that every girl child should know how to piece quilts—and that she wanted me to spend half an hour sewing every day.

"I looked regretfully out into the sunny garden. And then I looked curiously down at the box of calico squares.

"'I'll make a quilt!' I told my mother, 'if you will give me a *whole* length of goods to make it out of. But I can't make it out of these little *scraps!*'

"I'll never forget how my mother laughed.

"'My dear,' she told me, 'a patchwork quilt is always made out of little scraps just like the ones that I've given to you. That's why folk call it a *patchwork* quilt. You must sew the patches into squares of four, and then you must sew the squares of four into other, larger squares.'

"I looked out again into the sunny garden. Every flower in that garden seemed beckoning to me.

"'But,' I objected, 'the patches don't match. They're all different colors. I can't make a quilt out of so many different colors!'

"My mother drew me down beside her, and began to count the calico squares in the big box. She talked as she counted them.

"'My dear,' she said, 'the art of making a patchwork quilt is the art of putting any number of colors together so that the effect will be pleasing. Patchwork quilts are never made of only one color. If they were it would be easier, as you suggested, to make the quilt out of one length of goods.' And then she put the silver thimble on my middle finger and showed me how to set the small stitches evenly."

The little old lady smoothed the quilt with loving, wrinkled fingers.

"At first it was very hard work," she told me. "My hand grew cramped and my eyes grew tired. Often I pierced my finger with the sharp needle, and when the blood came, I cried. But every day it grew easier. At first I hated the tiny stitches that I had to take; at first I didn't like picking out the different squares that were to be sewed together. But after a while it grew to be a sort of a game with me, and I enjoyed the color effects that I was able to get by putting patches of cloth together. When the quilt was all finished, I was sorry. And I was quite ready to begin on a new one."

I looked at the quilt that lay spread out before me. It seemed a very large and complicated quilt, indeed. And I pictured a tiny girl stitching evenly, regularly on it. . . .

As if she read my thoughts the little lady spoke.

"Of course," she told me, "I didn't do the hardest work. It required more experienced hands than mine to really make something of my patches. After I had finished the piecing my mother quilted it. . . . "

I HAD a letter yesterday from a girl in Georgia.

"I would love to talk with you," she wrote. "I am so troubled about so many things. I can't seem to understand—to get my life straightened out. I am like a little child with a patchwork quilt, and *my pieces don't match, and I can't get them fitted together.*"

Sometimes, friends of mine, life is like a patchwork quilt. We can't see any sense or any color scheme in the scraps that are laid before us, and we wish vainly for a whole and unbroken length of cloth to cut our destiny out of. We can't understand why we should be given patches to work with, why we must match shades, why we must fit pieces together. *We can't understand!*

And yet, if we put on the thimble of Self-Reliance, if we take the thread of Willingness and the needle of Purpose into our hands, we shall find that the piecing of them can be made into a delightful and fascinating game. And as the scraps grow into a thing of usefulness and beauty, as the patches fit themselves into something strong and *worth while*, the fascination and the delight of the game will grow. And when we have sewed all the pieces firmly together we can sit back and smile, knowing that other hands can be trusted to add to our work those finishing touches that it is beyond our power to supply.

Life is like a patchwork quilt. But that doesn't mean that life cannot be enjoyed, cannot be shaped into what we want it to be. That doesn't mean that we can't make of life what we will.

If the little girl of long ago had sat down by her box of calico squares and sobbed because she couldn't go out to play in the garden, she wouldn't have had a very beautiful bit of work to show to me many years later. And if we, who have discovered that our lives are like patchwork, sit down to cry, we will not, at the end of our task, have a beautiful bit of work to show, either.

Oh, friends of mine, take up the patches that are given you and sew them carefully together, and if you prick your finger until it bleeds, be able to laugh. And if the gardens of the world beckon irresistibly, try, by matching your fragments, to put some of their flower colors into your work. And if you grow tired, sing a bit of song to keep the heart of you sweet.

Because it's the spirit back of the patchwork that makes the multi-colored pieces into a perfect whole.

THE AUTUMN WOODS

THE woods lay dreaming in a topaz dream,
And we, who silently roamed hand in hand;
Were pilgrims in a strange, enchanted land,
Where life was love, and love was all agleam.

We did not speak, we did not need to say
The thoughts that lay so buried in our hearts;
The thoughts as sweet as springtime rain that starts
The buds to blossoming in wistful May.

We did not need to speak, we could not speak
The wonder-words that we in silence knew;
We walked as very little children do,
Who feel, but cannot tell, the things they seek.

Beyond a screen of bushes, bending low,
We knew that fair Titania lay at rest,
Her pillowed head upon her lover's breast,
Her kisses swift as birds that come and go.

And underneath that wall of mottled stone
We knew sleeping beauty lay in state,
Entangled in a mist of tears, to wait
The prince whose kiss would raise her to a throne.

Perhaps a witch with single flaming eye
Was watching from beneath the hemlock tree;
And fairies, that our gaze might never see,
Laughed at us as we, hand in hand, crept by.

Laughed at us? No, I somehow think they knew
That you and I were kin to them that day!
I think they knew that we were miles away
From everything but make-believe come true.

I think they knew that, singing through the air,
There thrilled a vague, insistent, harp-like call;
And that, where sumac blazed against the wall,
You held me close, and kissed my wind-tossed hair!

M. E. S.

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The old ways proved inefficient. As millions know, they failed to prevent tooth troubles. Despite the tooth brush, tartar, decay and pyorrhea constantly became more common.

Some years ago the reason was discovered. It lies in a film—a slimy film—which constantly forms on teeth.

That film gets into crevices, hardens and stays. It resists the tooth brush, and most tooth troubles are now known to be due to it.

The film is what discolors, not the teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And many troubles besides tooth troubles are traced to this germ-breeding film.

After years of research, a way has been found to combat it. Able authorities have proved this fact by adequate clinical tests.

For general use the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we supply a special tube to all who ask, so the millions may quickly know it.

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Send the coupon for a One-Week Tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

All this means that the film which wrecks teeth can now be effectively combated. And you will never cease to do that when you see what it means to you.

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BYRON TYLER (Estab. 1899) 22 Gibraltar Bldg., Kansas City, Missouri, U. S. A.

Eggs Paid the Pastor

Mrs. Lena McBroon, Woodbury, Tenn., writes: "I've got more eggs than I ever did in my life, paid my debts, clothed the children in new dresses, and I paid my pastor his dues. I have money to spare now. 'More Eggs' is the remedy for me. I sold 42½ dozen eggs last week, set four dozen, ate some, and had 1½ dozen left."

E. J. Reefer, the poultry expert, discovered the wonderful tonic, "More Eggs," that revitalizes the flock and makes the hens work all the time. You need this great egg producer. It means big egg profits for you. Don't delay. Send $1 to E. J. Reefer, 2759 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and he will send you a season's supply of "More Eggs" tonic. A million dollar bank guarantees that if you are not absolutely satisfied your dollar will be returned on request. Send a dollar today, or send $2.25 and get three regular $1.00 size packages on special discount for a full season's supply. Or write to Mr. Reefer for his *free* poultry book that tells the experience of a man who made a fortune out of poultry.—*Adv.*

Marion Harland's Corner

Familiar Talk on War Christmas Gifts

II

"LINEN is horribly high!" was the alliterative sigh of one woman when we were chatting together of the eligibility of handkerchiefs as presents.

"And so is worsted!" groaned another. "And there are hundreds of lovely things I could make of it!"

There is so much reason in her moan that I should hesitate to commend "wool"—or "crewel," as our mothers called it—to the band of earnest Cornerites who have appealed to me for help, if I had not knowledge of presentable articles which may be fashioned of it without seriously depleting the maker's purse.

A pair of bedside slippers to which soft soles may be sewed by the artificer's own hand are easily wrought with knitting-needles or crochet-hook at a cost of less than a dollar, soles and all. Bows of ribbon of harmonious color will make them elegant.

Enough worsted for the cover of a hot-water bag may be bought for about sixty cents. Having known the abiding comfort of these covers in my own home for forty years, I call the attention of home-makers to them with cheerful confidence.

Cover of Hot-Water Bag

Upon medium-sized ivory or celluloid knitting-needles (about No. 5) hang fifty-six stitches. Knit straight across, backward and forward, purling two stitches and knitting two plain, until you have a ribbed strip three and a half inches deep. In the last round, widen at regular intervals to leave spaces in which the ribbon may be run. Then knit plain across and back until you have done six inches more, and begin to shape the bag by narrowing a stitch at each end of the needle, alternating this round with one knit in the usual way—to avoid rounding the bag too abruptly—until you have twenty-five stitches left, when bind off the last round. Knit another piece exactly like the first, and sew or crochet the two at the edges on the wrong side, leaving the top open. Run a stout ribbon through the spaces left by widening, and draw the mouth up to contain a rubber hot-water bag, shirring the top into a ruffle.

The rubber bag filled with hot water, the top screwed securely in place and thus encased, will hold the heat all night in the coldest weather. It is a priceless boon to an invalid and a comfort to any one who is troubled with cold feet. Filled and applied to an aching chest or a "colicky" stomach, it brings almost certain relief, and may be kept in place for hours without losing efficiency.

No nursery or sick-room should be without at least one of these woolen covers. They may be knit of odds and ends of worsteds for home and everyday use, or made into handsome gifts by a judicious contrast of colors between the ruffle and the main body of the case.

BEFORE leaving the wool counter, we must say a word or two in behalf of our boys, big and little.

One bright-eyed lad of thirteen told me gleefully last week that he was "knitting wristlets for the soldiers in the trenches," having learned the art from his mother. As a rule, sons are dependent for these comforts upon the women of their respective families.

A pair of ribbed wristlets—warm and elastic—may be turned off ready for wear in a few hours by a skilful knitter. They will go well with the stout mittens contributed by another well-wisher; a third may complete the outfit for skating, coasting and snowballing, by the donation of a scarf (a "muffler" they call it now). A worsted cap, coming low over the ears, and topped by a gay tassel, will make John, Jr., the envy of the Skating and Sledding Club. Grandmama will make it for him on stormy evenings.

Those same stormy evenings and gusty afternoons are the knitters' golden opportunities. The old-time invitation, "Bring your knitting and stay to tea," that voiced heartfelt hospitality, has been revived in force by our generation. Few conscientious patriots and sensible economists are "entertaining" this winter. By general consent the rich as well as the "half-way poor" have signed pledges in the fear of God and the love of their fellowmen, which make high living a moral wrong. But we cannot smother the altar-fires of good-fellowship in our hearts. If it be true that never before within the memory of the oldest woman of us all were so few receptions, dinner-parties, and other social "affairs" given in city or country, it is as true that never before was the yearning for congenial companionship stronger and more universal.

AND since all of us are busy with needles and wools, the age-worn formula has been brought into play, with a new application. In thousands of cozy living-rooms the knitting sisterhood suspend operations to sip a cup of "afternoon tea" with neighbors who have been bidden to the modest function, or have dropped in, knitting-bags in hand. Then we resume our work and, to the castanet-accompaniment of clicking needles, the war-talk that has much to do now with the home coming of the warriors, and has everything to do with the love which we bear to our country and the heartfelt resolve to do all that in us lies to serve her in her hour of need.

A tea-cozy comes in patly at this point. It is too well kown to require a detailed description. In its simplest form it is a wadded case, made of two semi-circular sides, open at the bottom, shaped and measured to fit easily over the teapot to keep the contents hot indefinitely. Personal taste and convenionce havo free play in choice of materials and construction of the outer covering. In a majority of households, where the cardinal law "Let nothing be wasted" is in regular practice, the "piece-drawer" will supply remnants or left-overs of silk, satin, brocade, figured woolen stuffs, "silkolene," or cretonne, out of which cozies may be wrought. A gay "harlequin" or patchwork-case may be brought into sight if one has a lively fancy and cunning fingers. Or a remnant of plain black, brown, blue, or "changeable" takes on grace and character if it be initialed on one side, and finished with a border of silken cord. A loop of ribbon, braid or cord, by which the cozy may be lifted or slipped easily over the teapot, should be stitched firmly into place.

For the lonely tea-drinker or chronic invalid a "cozy" at once pretty and serviceable may be made of white twilled linen or "mercerized" cotton, fitted to the wee "individual" teapot. The wadded lining should be quilted more closely than if it were to be stationary, and basted to the outside at the bottom, that it may be removed and washed when soiled. The outer cover may be scalloped at the bottom, and overcast on the sides with mercerized cotton of fast color. An initial on one side and a bow of ribbon on top change a commonplace article into a personal tribute to be treasured as a keepsake. This cozy has the merit of being easily and safely laundered—no trifling advantage when it is taken into tri-daily use.

COME we now to a notable feature of holiday gifts all over the Christian world—Christmas cards. I cannot discourage too strongly the gross unwisdom of investing the funds left in the family treasury in the costly sections of decorated pasteboard exposed everywhere for sale at this season. Some are passable works of art. More are flashy and meretricious. The man or woman who satisfies conscience or a sentimental wish to please lover or friend by paying even half a dollar for one extolled by the "saleslady" as "real tasty and *so* appropriate to the season!" might as well choose a gaudy advertisement of a haberdasher's warerooms, or a grocer's catalogue of holiday luxuries. The same may be said of inexpensive cards stamped with "the usual thing, you know," which are bought by the dozen to be slipped into bag, or basket, or parcel on Christmas Eve.

If you have tolerable skill with pencil or brush, draw or paint the cards intended for close friends. A sketch of a scene endeared to both of you by association—perhaps copied from a photograph—carries with it a wealth of significance. A favorite flower, painted in water-color, is a visible love-message. If you can do none of these things, select with purposeful care a simple card commemorative of the birthday, and write your personal "word in season" with your name upon it.

I HAIL the opportunity of speaking here of the benevolent ingenuity of individuals and organizations that have at their own expense, designed and put upon the market cards which constitute the recipient a member of one of the bands which is feeding the starving and clothing the naked little ones made homeless by the incredibly wicked war which is over now—thank God! We are too much in danger of forgetting that the desolations wrought by four years of carnage and lust for conquest are still to be repaired, and that we may not stay our bountiful hands for months—it may be years—to come.

As a specimen of the manner in which this beautiful mission is carried on, I select one laid upon my desk by a trustworthy agent—herself a native of war-blighted France, although long a resident of this country.

In one corner of the pretty card appears the head of the American eagle, bearing in the beak a card inscribed,

"America's Christmas Greeting to the Orphans of France"

A group of hungry babies reach out eager hands for the placard, below which lie parcels done up in Christmas ribbons, fruits, etc. "Sold for the bonefit of 'Le Paquet de Orphelin'" is printed in the lower corner of the card. Others are decorated with different scenes, all freighted with one and the same meaning. They are sold for five cents apiece, and every penny thus collected goes over the sea for the holy purpose named. This is but one of perhaps a dozen societies having the like end in view. American women may well make the nickels and dimes thus invested a thank-offering to the Prince of Peace.

OUR last words today have to do with what I twice referred to as "kitchenly kindness." The phrase is more expressive than appears at the first glance. It signifies the cordial transfer of foods prepared under the direction, if not by the hands, of the housemother, to be shared with friends or neighbors or with the needy. Cannot our Corner, especially now that restrictions are largely removed, set the example of reviving a gracious custom beloved by our foremothers?

We may not pass the limit of sugar set by a wise government, but lately made more generous and to which we have set our hand and seal. But we have still corn and other syrups for candy and cake-making. And in many a home there are in closets and cupboards empty candy-boxes, mementoes of better times. Remove the labels, and paste over the vacant spaces devices of your own composition—humorous or friendly. Fill the boxes with home-made confectionery, and tie with Christmas ribbons. Study pleasing conceits that will brighten other lives.

Finally, dearly beloved Cornerites—whom I pridefully account as members of my very own family at this consecrated festival—make Christmas letters play a prominent part in the payment of the obligation laid upon you personally by the return of the Day of Days, to lift the burdens of those to whom Christ has called you to minister. Your light purse may have been emptied before you get to the foot of the list made out in generous anticipation of the anniversary. Your heart is still full of peace and good will. Give it vent in written words. Cast about in your mind for the names of such as may be cheered and strengthened by a few lines, penned for them and for no other—not the conventional platitudes one finds on Christmas cards. Let heart speak to heart. And (suffer me thus far!) if you have, in all this wide beautiful world for which Christ died—an enemy or estranged friend whom you "*hate*," and whom you "would pay back in kind" if you could, be reconciled to him as if he were, in very truth, your brother. Let not the Christmas cup of blessing be soured or embittered by uncharitableness still less by actual enmity.

"*If thou love not thy brother whom thou hast seen, how canst thou love God whom thou hast not seen?*"

All the World

Continued from page 1354

) me absolutely set against it. And 've been imagining a horrible thing. uppose the Government should make ut a case against Mr. Randall, could ney send him to state prison? And if), I could not ask Requa to go with ie then."

"The cases so far proved by the overnment have resulted only in eavy fines. But popular feeling is rowing that imprisonment is the ily real punishment. It is within ie possibilities that Randall may iffer as an example. Here is an item iat shows how people over the ountry feel."

DR. WARD picked up a newspaper, and read from a column of New ork news:

"New York Drive Brings Million from Tax Dodgers

"NEW YORK, Aug. 11. (Special)—As the sult of a drive inaugurated by the Collector Internal Revenue for the Second New ork district, moro than $1,000,000 has en realized from persons who sought to ade income, excess profits, and com-odity taxes. A single delinquent tax pay-ent Saturday was for $100,000.*

"The people are beginning to de-and imprisonment for men who reat the Government in this manner," r. Ward went on. "It is one of the ost disheartening things in our whole istory that during the war and now hen it is over there are thousands of en in America who have no standards morals and no definitions of patriot-m. While you boys were fighting er there for the freedom of the orld these men over here like Randall ave been fighting for profits. Next the Germans they are the most ated of any class in America. Some them have only just begun to find out. Randall, unless I am mistaken, one. And he would be glad to make

*This is one of scores of similar itoms sent it by the Associated Press.

restitution now if there was any way out. Did he seem at all disturbed when you called him a profiteer?"

"Dad, he started to say something like a defense. Then he looked at me as if he was afraid of something, broke off his sentence in the middle and got up and went out, storming along the hall and banging the door like one beside himself. Innocent men do not act as he acted."

"I'm afraid he is guilty, Dick, because in every case so far brought by the Government indictments have been brought, without an exception."

"Dad, what shall I do, what will Requa do, if her father has to pay the penalty of imprisonment? It seems too horrible to imagine."

"I can't answer your question, Dick. You have come home to real trouble, lad. Stand up like a soldier and trust your heavenly Father for strength, for vain is the arm of man in cases like these."

THEY talked late into the night, and before Dick went upstairs to his room his father prayed, kneeling by the side of the boy, an arm over his shoulder, commending him to the good God for comfort and strength in this time of unusual trial. And when Dick went out of the study he carried with him some gleam of hope for the future. But in what way it would be realized he could not possibly determine.

But as the week passed, it smote Dick with a fresh blow that Requa sent no word, and he did not attempt to call. Esther, in a burst of feeling, late in the week offered to go and see Requa and have a talk with her, but Dick, whose heart was sore and whose mind was in a turmoil, declined her offer and almost frightened her by the stern attitude he assumed when he declared that the affair lay entirely between Requa and himself. It was for her or her father to speak the next word.

To be continued

The World's Need of a League of Nations

By REV. CHARLES E. JEFFERSON, D.D.

THE one supreme task now before the world is the creation of a League of Nations. To this task very man and every woman should end his mind. It is a colossal piece of ork, and it calls for the combined isdom and enthusiasm of us all. or it is only in minds raised to fervent eat that such a work can be accom-lished. Not only must the leaders f thought meditate and plan, but ne masses of the people must think nd talk. It is a matter which oncerns us every one, and therefore ach one of us is under obligations o make his own individual contri-ution.

We must first of all grasp the moral ecessity for the formation of such a eague, and grasping this we must talk he League up in our community until becomes the ideal and the desire of ll the people. As our President has aid, this is not a statesmen's war, but people's war. All the people have uffered, and all the people must have omething to say about the terms by hich the war is to be ended. No reaty of peace should be counted atisfactory by the people which does ot have as its main provision the reation of a League of Nations. n ages past such a scheme was im-ossible, but we are living in the twenti-th century. Old things have passed way. Many things are becoming new. he great war has modified profoundly he entire world situation, and things hich were impossible five years ago re practicable today.

Let no one be daunted by the dif-culties which must be met and over-ome in working out such a plan. f course there are difficulties, numerous nd perplexing, but what are we in he world for, if not to grapple with ifficulties and by patience and courage vercome them? There were once hose who said that to combine thirteen American colonies was an impossibility. To many of the wise and prudent on both sides of the Atlantic such a federation seemed a hopeless under-taking. But there were men of finer temper and keener vision, who said that it could be done, and it was done. The men of 1787 have by their daring faith pointed out the way.

If it be said that by the formation of such a League we must curtail the operation of the principle of the sovereignty of nations, the reply is that that is a principle which it is high time was subjected to limitations. The whole world has come to feel the hideousness of "Deutschland über alles," and no other nation dares substitute its own name in such a song. We now see clearly that an unre-strained nationalism is a peril. A na-tion, after all, is not supreme. Humanity is over everything. Every nation must be willing to make whatever sacrifices may be necessary for the advancement of the public good. Every nation must therefore pay the price. We Americans must pay it. If we are not yet ready to do it, we should by meditation and prayer prepare our minds and hearts for whatever sacrifice the welfare of the world demands.

A League of Nations is not only desirable, it is indispensable. It is a world necessity. We cannot get on without it. Without it we are lost. If there be no League of Nations, then we must sink down into the pestiferous policy of armed peace. This is the policy that leads to war, and the next war will lead to death. Our modern civilization cannot survive the next war. Science has put in the hands of nations instruments which when per-fected will blot out mankind. A world which turns its back on the opportunity to organize itself for permanent peace is a world which has renounced its right to survive.

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In the Van Camp kitchens, our scientific cooks—all college trained—worked three years to perfect it.

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The soup comes to you at a trifling cost, ready to serve when you heat it. It is matchless in flavor—the finest soup of its kind that was ever created.

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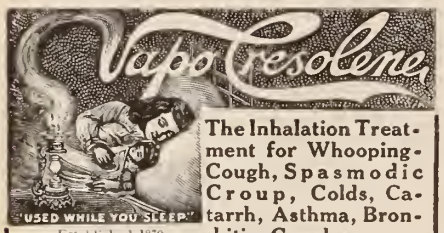

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Joseph Forgives His Brothers

International Sunday School Lesson for December 15. Gen. 45:1-15

Repentance and Reunion

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

THE story of Joseph is a great illustration of Paul's teaching in Romans 8:28, "All things work together for good to them that love God." The hand of Providence was never more clearly seen than when Jacob sent his ten sons to buy grain in Egypt, and their ill-treated brother was the man who sat in the place of power in the time of famine. The large-mindedness of Joseph is seen in his recognition of that fact; to him it was not that they had sent him thence but God.

This efficient administrator dealt with the foreigners personally and instantly recognized his brothers despite the changes of twenty years. Of course they did not know the slave boy in the full-grown man clothed in power and speaking through an interpreter. Why then did not this food dictator reveal himself to them at once? He must find out first if the years have made a change in the disorderly, selfish, unscrupulous band who had dealt so harshly with the spoiled child on the caravan route long before. Perhaps he had expressly ordered all men from the land of Canaan brought to his attention in the hope of tidings from home. Yet only trouble and care would result if their unbrotherly attitude was unchanged. He must test their hearts.

His First Test—Adversity

Joseph knew how misfortune reveals the character, and therefore he spoke roughly to the Hebrews, accusing them as spies, throwing them into prison at the caprice of a stranger on a false charge. Doubtless on the way down they had thought much of their sin and wondered how their brother had fared as he traversed the road a bond-slave. Perchance they had even talked about him and conjectured as to the possibility of finding him. Now at all events their guilty consciences speak: this misfortune must be a just retribution! Reuben reminds them of the way their injured brother had looked. They agree that they are only getting a taste of their own medicine.

Joseph had to hide his tears, for his heart yearned toward them. But he did not yet know how far this penitence went. To test them further and to get an excuse to see his own full-brother Benjamin he kept Simeon bound and sent the distressed company back to Jacob with strict orders to bring the other son and thus verify their defense.

The Second Test—Loyal Unselfishness

After a long wait because of Jacob's reluctance to risk Benjamin's life, Judah pledges himself to bring him safe home again and the long trip is made once more, this time with anxious and wondering minds, doubtless with heartfelt prayers for guidance. They are given a royal welcome, Simeon released, and all feasted together. But as they return toward home, laden with grain, Joseph by stratagem tests them to the very core. He sends officers to accuse them of having taken his silver cup, which had been hidden at his order in Benjamin's sack.

The bewildered Hebrews protest their innocence in vain. The search is made and the cup found. It looked as though Benjamin must surely be guilty. Should they let him go back while they pressed on and saved themselves and the grain? Without a moment's hesitation the stricken group turns to follow the police and the seeming culprit, intent only upon seeing the boy through, guilty as he was. In his time of danger they respond loyally, remembering the suffering father who had dreaded another bereavement. They are no longer the harsh, thoughtless men they were at Dothan.

More than that. Judah, the very one who had proposed the sale of Joseph in the old days, insisted on paying Benjamin's penalty now. He rehearsed the whole story and told of their father's dreadful grief. He begged the feared Egyptian to release the lad and to accept himself, the lion-like leader, as a slave! What a change was here! Joseph could no longer conceal himself from them. With tears of joy he made himself known: freely forgiving them the wrong they had done, overcoming their shame and dread with the assurance of pardon, yea more, of God's guiding hand overruling their very sin and wrath for some larger good.

The Magnanimous Spirit and Sin

Joseph held himself in readiness to forgive. No petty pride held him back from revealing himself as the brother of these wandering foreigners, nor as the former slave whom they had wronged so sorely. He was glad to return good for evil, he was ready and willing to restore them to fellowship and to help them in their need. Yet even he had to wait for signs of penitence, or rather had to do his part to reveal the true repentance that had been growing up within them. There can be no true brotherhood with unrepentant criminals. There can be no fellowship of light with darkness. There can be no effective, healing forgiveness until it is accepted in a like spirit.

So is it with God our Father, Joseph-like in his magnanimous love toward sinners. So is it with Christ our Brother, who gave himself gladly to reconcile us to him. The love of God and the sacrifice of Christ are frustrated by unrepentant men. They are not effective until the response of human hearts in penitence is won. Then comes the joy of fellowship restored.

Therefore doth God, like the ruler of Egypt, make himself strange toward us, dealing with us in ways that humble our pride and stir up our slumbering consciences within us. While we are distressed, perplexed and offended he is looking eagerly for the soul's awakening. But "whom he loveth he chasteneth" that at the last he may grip our hearts with his own great heart of love with mutual zeal and fervor. Just because he cares so much, like Joseph, he cannot overlook the ugly past until he has assured a better future for his own. He is willing to take severe measures, as Joseph was, in order to bring about the desired result. Like Joseph, God is better to us than he oftttimes seems to be. Looking backward we often realize that God's wistful smile was underlying the dark cloud that overshadowed us with pain.

We Find Better Than We Seek

The sons of Jacob went down to Egypt seeking grain. They found it in plenty, but they found something more precious far—brotherhood and love. The brother they sought not had provided in abundance the bread they sought. We are constantly having the same happy surprises, if only our minds are alert in grateful appreciation to realize good things when they come unmerited. By many of us the kingdom of heaven is unexpectedly discovered, like the treasure hidden in a field, of which Jesus spoke in the parables by the sea. Only some are not as wise as the man of the parable, who in his joy was willing to sacrifice everything else to make sure of that treasure.

We are ofttimes driven to God by our need, like the starving prodigal son. We go because we must or we should perish. Then in marvelous grace we find the outstretched arms and the waiting home prepared. We go in fear or in hunger, and find the richest of spiritual gifts added unto us. Moreover, in finding Joseph the brothers found again their own better selves, their true inheritance of Abraham and Israel. They were better men because Joseph in loving wisdom had taught them truth. So do we in coming to Jesus "come to ourselves," finding our rightful destiny. He is a brother whose ways toward us are not for his own advantage or pleasure merely, but for the unity of God's family and for the fullest development of every child in his Father's house.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.

Sunday School Methods

BY FRANK L. BROWN
Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

A Christmas Program Suggestion

THE Sunday School Section of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief has provided free-for-all Sunday schools a simple but fascinating program which can be used or adapted to the large or small school.

This program presents "The Magi of Today," by Anita B. Ferris. The plan includes an order of service with musical selections from "The Messiah"; songs, "We Three Kings of Orient Are," and "Christians, Lo, the Star Appeareth"; responsive readings, and a presentation of the "Magi."

Fourteen or more intermediate, junior and primary girls and boys are required for the "Magi." These young people take us back to a roadside leading from the east of Bethlehem and to a Christian home in that town. They portray in song, dialogue and action the life of the children and young people of Christ's birthplace, their need of help and the coming of help to them from America, England and the children in every land.

The characters in the presentation of the story are Jack, the son of an Armenian-Syrian Relief Committee worker in Palestine (a fourth-year junior Boy Scout); Mousa and Jacob, sons of a Syrian Christian of Bethlehem, and former schoolmates of Jack (two older junior boys); Rachael, sister to Mousa and Jacob (an elder junior or intermediate girl); Saidah, an Armenian refugee from Bittis (a fifteen- or sixteen-year-old girl from the intermediate department); Miriam, an Armenian refugee who lives with Rachael (an older junior or intermediate girl); Zarman, sister to Saidah (an intermediate or older junior girl); Samuel, brother to Saidah and Zarman (a ten-year-old junior boy); Jusuf, baby brother to Saidah, Zarman and Samuel (a three-, four- or five-year-old boy); Magi of today, five or more representatives of the Sunday schools of the world contributing to the Armenian and Syrian Relief Funds.

These Magi of today come with gifts from many lands for the suffering Armenian and Syrian children. They are.

United States. A Boy Scout, bearing a large flag in one hand; slung over his shoulder is a pack of toys or other gifts, which the boys and girls of America are sharing with the Armenians.

Canada. A Boy Scout bearing a large British flag in one hand and a basket heaped with corn in the other.

Great Britain. Tall girl dressed as Britannia, grasping a British flag in one hand and holding a tray on which rests a loaf of bread in the other.

South America Tall girl in white Greek costume, with flag of San Martin draped across her (two horizontal bars of blue, separated by a bar of white); blue liberty cap. She carries a tray or basket heaped with wheat.

Russia. A junior girl in Russian peasant costume, such as is worn in affairs in the public schools. She carries a Russian flag in one hand, and in the other a tray on which rests a h loaf of bread.

Japan, Korea, China and India. Prima or young junior boys and girls in bright c tumes. Each carries a little bowl heaped w cooked rice.

The Islands of the Sea. Primary or you junior girl in simple dress of pale sea-gr cheese-cloth, low-necked and sleeveless; wre of flowers in her hair; her hands full of simi flowers as an offering. Her stockings sho be dyed to match the costume.

Africa. A small boy with darkened f and hands. He wears a tight-fitting, lo sleeved jacket of brown cambric; a gay cl about his hips and hanging to his kn brown stockings; no shoes; a bright blanket shawl pinned about his shoulders and thro back so that it hangs like a cape down back. He carries a woolen blanket as his g

Alaska. Small boy or girl in Eskimo c tume offering furs.

Central America, West Indies and Mexi Small girls wearing black mantillas over th heads; Mexico, a full skirt of green; Cent America, one of yellow; West Indies, one of r All wear white blouses and sashes of bl knotted about the waist. They carry trays tropical fruits, such as bananas and oranges

Send to the American Committee Armenian and Syrian Relief, Sunday Sch Department, 1 Madison Avenue, New Yo for the full program and suggestions. Th will be sent free to any school or teacher.

God's Care and Man's Duty

LET us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God and keep his commandments: for his is the whole duty of man." Eccles. 2 : 13.

How wonderful is the man that God as made! How wonderful is sight, hought, hearing, memory! Of all the hings that he has created, how re-iarkable are the sun, the moon, the tars, day and night! How beautiful re the flowers in shape, color and fra-rance! How profitable it would be if he attention of children were constantly alled to God's greatness in so many spects! What subject for thought here is in God's purpose in making the ifferent animals, and in giving to men uch different characters and colors and eculiarities and variety of languages!

We certainly must believe that God an hear the supplications of men and omen wherever they are. How won-erful is his care of them: providing ood to eat! How great is the variety f fruit, vegetables and meat!

What a marvelous guide the Ten ommandments are to all of the na-ions of the world! And they were ommunicated by God direct to Moses.

God created man in his own likeness nd image; and we are told that he ants human beings to share his ature and be spiritual and eternal. ow singular it is that the whole world n all ages seems to be trying to live as f there were no God to be obeyed, and o be indifferent to Christ's teaching hat "The things that are seen are emporal, and the things that are un-een are eternal"!

How noble people would become if hey thought it a privilege to "seek irst the kingdom of God and his right-ousness," and to have the spirit of hrist, which the Bible encourages us o appropriate! We may, according to he Bible teaching, "know the love of hrist, which passeth understanding, hat we might be filled with all the ful-ness of God." Eph. 3 : 19. "Now nto him that is able to do exceeding bundantly above all that we ask or hink according to the power that vorketh in us, unto him be glory in he church by Christ Jesus throughout ll ages, world without end. Amen." Eph. 3 : 20–21.

In Jer. 17 : 9 we are taught: "The eart is deceitful above all things and lesperately wicked: Who can know it?" How much we ought to pray and study earnestly to know how we can under-stand all truth and be more than con-querors!

We are told God loved Solomon, who was David's son. Can we not all, who desire, be loved of God? Is not God willing to use us all as he did Moses who so wonderfully delivered the Israelites from their imprisonment in Egypt? Is not God a great fact, who is waiting to be gracious? Ought we not to profit by Saul's experience, when Jesus called to him, and asked him: "Why persecutest thou me?" And Saul promptly surrendered and asked: "What wilt thou have me to do?" Ought not each of us to have Christ speak to us? Are we not to be heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ? What deep meaning there is in the declaration: "For bodily exercise profit-eth little: But godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." I Tim. 4 : 8. What solemn grandeur there is in Paul's instruction: "Whether you eat or drink, or whatever you do, do all to the glory of God!"

J. C. H.

"A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD boy, with both feet shot off, was wheeled in to hear Dr. Harry E. Fosdick the other night and with shining eyes listened as I never saw anybody listen," writes Miss Willis R. Young, a Y. W. C. A. secretary at one of the base hospitals in France, where she looks after the welfare of our Red Cross nurses. When Dr. Fosdick had finished his "Challenge of the Present Crisis," the boy looked down at his stumps and then at Dr. Fosdick and burst out: "I'm glad it was that part of me and not the top that got busted up!"

Dr. Fosdick looked down at the pale face with the big eyes and said, "You bet! for the man is all there!"

How to heat a church

A new system that abolishes useless waste

UNLIKE a business building, a church's *idle* hours far outnumber its working ones.

Only *some* of its rooms are used *part* of the time but the heating system—big enough for the whole building — must nevertheless be used for these two or three rooms. Think what a waste of precious heat, of precious coal, this means, even if all the other rooms are cut off. Think how many homes could be kept warm and comfortable with the fuel thus wasted.

It is time this waste was stopped. It is depriving the nation's industries and the nation's homes of sorely needed fuel.

Grinnell Ready-Heat is the ideal heating system for churches. It heats just the rooms you need—and no more. It heats them for just as long as they are needed—and no longer.

On Sundays the *whole* church is thoroughly warmed, but as soon as the congregation has dispersed the heat is turned off. All fuel expense immediately ceases. Quite different from shutting off a furnace half full of good coal. On week-days, when perhaps one or two parlors or classrooms are in use for a few hours, Grinnell Ready-Heat will warm just these rooms and no others.

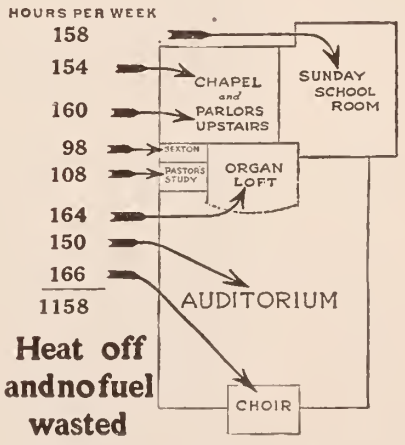
How to Reduce Your Church Heating Bills

Grinnell Ready-Heat combines the best-known principles of GAS-heating and *ventilation*. It warms and keeps the air pure at the same time. It operates through independent *radiators*, which are automatically turned on or off as heating needs require. It costs less to install and less to operate than any other equally *efficient* heating system.

It is a new and different system. No other gas-heating system offers so many advantages at so small a cost. The savings and added comfort of one year alone will amply justify you in replacing your present costly, wasteful coal-heater with Ready-Heat.

Address

The General Fire Extinguisher Co.,



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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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The pastor's residence and all outlying buildings can be made part of the same system. It needs no experienced janitor. It takes up no room. It leaves the basement free for other purposes.

Ask Your Gas Company

Your Gas Company will be able to explain to you the advantages of Grinnell Ready-Heat, or if you prefer to write to us for fuller information, please address below. If you tell us the number and size of your rooms we will gladly prepare a preliminary estimate, free of cost or obligation.

276 W. Exchange Street, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

When Johnny has the Croup!

That's a cough with a croupy rattle, so hurry for the Musterole and rub it in right over the chest and neck. How it will tingle at first and then grow ever so cool. And how it will reach in and penetrate right to the spot! It will dissipate all the stuffy congestion which causes that hacking cough.

Why *shouldn't* grandmother swear by Musterole for colds and coughs? It is better than a mustard plaster—good as *that* was in the old days. And the explanation is this:

Musterole is made of oil of mustard and other home simples. It penetrates under the skin, down to the part. Here it generates its own heat, and this heat disperses the congestion. Yet Musterole will not blister. Musterole, on the contrary, feels delightfully cool a few seconds after you apply it.

Try Musterole for Bobby and Helen and Dorothy's croup—and for your own cough, too. Try it for rheumatism—it's a regular router out of all congestions. Always keep a jar handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole.

30c and 60c jars—$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

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WILL NOT BLISTER

RO-SAN Indoor Closet

The original chemical closet. More comfortable, healthful, convenient. Takes the place of all outdoor toilets, where germs breed. Be ready for the long, cold winter. Have a warm, sanitary, comfortable, odorless toilet right in the house anywhere you want it. Don't go out in the cold. A boon to invalids.

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The germs are killed by a chemical in water in the container. Empty once a month as easy as ashes. Closet guaranteed. Thirty days' trial. Ask for catalog and price.

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1612 6th St., Detroit, Mich.

Ask about Ro-San Washstand—Hot and Cold Running Water Without Plumbing.

160 Hens—1500 Eggs

Mrs. H. M. Patton, Waverly, Mo., writes: "I fed 2 boxes of 'More Eggs' to my hens and broke the egg record. I got 1500 eggs from 160 hens in exactly 21 days." You can do as well. Any poultry raiser can easily double his profits by doubling the egg production of his hens. A scientific tonic has been discovered that revitalizes the flock and makes hens work all the time. The tonic is called "More Eggs." Give your hens a few cents' worth of "More Eggs," and you will be amazed and delighted with results. "More Eggs" will double this year's production of eggs, so if you wish to try this great profit maker, write E. J. Reefer, poultry expert, 2769 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., for a $1 package of "More Eggs" Tonic. Or send $2.25 today and get three regular $1 packages on special fall discount for a season's supply. A million dollar bank guarantees if you are not absolutely satisfied, your money will be returned on request and the "More Eggs" costs you nothing. You take no risk. Write today. Pin a dollar bill to your letter or send $2.25 on special discount for 3 packages. Or ask Mr. Reefer to send you free his poultry book that tells the experience of a man who has made a fortune out of poultry.—Adv.

Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them Into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

I HAVE just returned, Neighbors, from a brief but joyous visit to a farm not far from New York where there were guinea-pigs to pet, and a big gray cat to stroke, and where a laughing collie dog came bounding to meet me. But these were only a few of the delights.

The attic of this farm was hung with paper bags filled with dried fruits and vegetables; and my hostess explained to me just how she had done the drying. In fact, she took me out to her preserve kitchen—a separate building with every modern convenience—and showed me her drier.

It was all fascinating: even the preserve kitchen being an interesting place to explore, with its handsome fruit jars (pretty enough for any state fair) and its weighted crocks of vegetables in brine. And when we had finished examining it and a few freshly filled jars, we descended into the cool, dark cellar of the house to see where the beauties were stored. Surely, Ali Baba never possessed such a treasure cave as that.

Turning our backs on the family jewel-cabinet, we returned to the farmhouse living-room, where there was an open fire with big logs ablaze. Here we spent the afternoon and evening, with the lamp lighted and the family gathered about. The talk was lively and gay: full of every one's interests, from those of the grandfather to those of the young daughter of the house.

It was a day I shall never forget.

"No one really lives, after all," I thought to myself as I slipped off to sleep that night, "except the men, women and children to whom God has granted the privilege of living and working in his out-of-doors.

But, fellow adventurers, on the following day I was reminded of the reverse of that picture. For I spent the day driving about the countryside; and as I got farther and farther from that progressive farm, with its comforts and its nearness to the railroad, I came upon the loneliest of little farms. Even here I found only bravo souls, smiling faces. "Go back to city life? Not much!" And yet what loneliness was confessed to!

In some districts there were no community interests whatsoever. There were little clubs or "circles"; plucky little clubs, too, managing to sew a lot for the Red Cross despite the demands of farm work. But these clubs, apparently, never had a joint meeting. So each farm family knew only a few near neighbors.

THIS set me to thinking. I wondered if many of you, my Christian Herald Neighbors, lived in a community which had small clubs but no big, all-inclusive club: nothing to unify the whole region. Doubtless many of you do, since little clubs naturally spring up in the country, while a community organization is harder to start. Perhaps many of you are members of some small club, and have just helped start it up again for the winter.

If so, won't you, this winter, make an effort to broaden it and expand it so as to include every one? Or else, keeping it a little club for everyday neighborliness, won't you, then, help your community to start some organization—anything at all—which shall meet once or twice a month and be for the whole region? This can be a literary society or a spelling school or a community choral club or a Saturday debate. The possibilities are endless. What you choose doesn't matter. The thing that matters—as the following fine letters testify—is the need in every rural community of something of the sort, and the need of getting it started now!

Literary Society for Entire Community

The first years of our married life my husband and I spent in the wooded country of northern Minnesota. We were ten miles from a town and five miles from the nearest church. Our home was on the shore of a beautiful lake, our business prosperous, and our neighbors kind; but we gradually began to feel the lack of social life. One becomes narrow and blue when there is nothing to go to. Ten miles is too far to drive of an evening when one has been working hard all day and with horses that are tired. So we asked ourselves: "Why couldn't we have some form of social gathering with those who lived near us?"

The district school teacher boarded with us one winter, and the subject of a literary society for the whole community was discussed. She talked it over with her pupils and found them wildly enthusiastic. A meeting was called, to which everybody was invited to come. We made up our minds from the first that this was to be a community affair. The school children should help; but it must not be left entirely to them. Every one in the neighborhood was to be urged to take part.

After the society was properly organized, we set out to prepare for our next meeting; and all of the native tact and ability possessed by the three members of the program committee were called into play to make it a success.

School children could learn pieces and dialogues, rehearse them to their heart's content, and then deliver their parts. Not so with us older people. The older people must give for our programs something they already knew; and it was up to us to find out what each one's accomplishments were. When we had gathered for a meeting, one member of our committee, pencil in hand, would go the rounds of the room, getting the names of all who would contribute to our evening's program. We would then choose some easy subject for debate, appoint two leaders, and have them take their places on opposite sides of the room. They chose sides as they would for a spell-down. Each person gave one point in favor of his side of the argument, and these were given alternately back and forth, as in a spelling-match. Each speaker rivaled the last in wit and repartee, and we usually wound up with a roar of laughter.

There are always lots of jolly good songs going the rounds of the lumber camps, so we never failed to prevail upon some woodsman to produce a selection. One Frenchman kindly gave us a song in his native tongue.

We housewives racked our brains for recitations of our school-girl days, and everything that could be remembered was brought forth, from "Bessie's Three Lovers," by Will Carleton, to "Aunty Doleful's Visit."

The school children made a specialty of dialogues, and seemed to revel in elaborate costumes.

We edited our "weekly paper," of course, and found that the countryside was vibrating with poetry. In nearly every issue some new author produced a lyric of startling rhythm. We had one novel thing at our meetings: a question box. Each one present was asked to put in a question before the meeting began. The person having charge of this box for the evening read the question to the audience, asking any one who could to answer. If no one was able to, the writer of it was supposed to answer it himself.

No one was ever criticized for lack of talent. When the spring came and our society was dropped for the summer, we looked back on a winter of solid enjoyment. However we might differ in religious or other views, we had found one common ground on which we could be neighbors. The children had had a splendid time. We found that a spirit of friendliness and sociability had been promoted in the community which would last through the years.—MRS. P. G. KIBBEY.

Isn't that a delightful account, Neighbors?

OUR second Adventure tells of a community organization which was not only enjoyable and jolly, but practical and instructive as well.

Community Club for Study

With the idea that country people are largely responsible for their environments, a school teacher began talking up, among the neighbors, gatherings at the various homes for the winter months. The scheme was well received, her family entertaining for the first time. It was decided that the club should meet every alternate Friday evening at seven o'clock.

This was the beginning of our study club. It included every one in the region: ten to twelve families attending the meetings. Each time a plain supper, consisting of something like bread and butter, beans or salad, cake and coffee, would be ready to serve when the guests arrived; plates being held on lapboards. This supper was always jolly. After it came the program; and this was followed

Continued on page 1366

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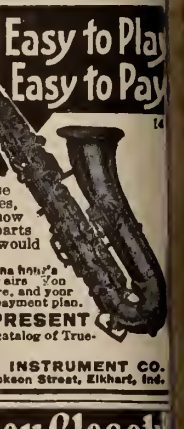

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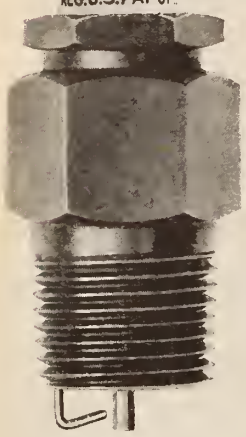

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Adventures in Neighboring

Continued from page 1364

by the social hour, the children having a separate room for that.

For our program, the first two years, we had the Cornell University Farm Extension Course. The next year we studied trees, starting with evergreens and finishing up with the deciduous trees found in central New York State. These programs were simple and attractive, but practical; so even the children learned to know the data of the trees they saw.

Our third winter we took up the study of all the native birds. For this we used some books in the school library, bird bulletins, any outside literature we could get, and (most important of all) our own observations from nature. Such study is a great pleasure. One has no idea how interesting the birds are—the very commonest birds—until after learning about them. Every one in the club became very enthusiastic over that part of New York State through observing the birds, flowers, trees and soil. If there is a community where people don't care about the place, some one ought to start a study club there.

Our fourth year we studied English Literature, reading a lot and reciting. This was all good. We became acquainted with books we had never read; and the reading habit grew.

Throughout those years we were always having some entertainment on a holiday. We gave a play, had some Hallowe'en socials, and held a Washington's Birthday party. We always had music. Finally the club became so well liked that no one would miss a meeting if well enough to go. Our meetings ended early; we went home at ten. And there were no fees! The families did not mind entertaining, for they in turn were entertained.—Miss A. G. Bower.

I will not pause to comment on that fine experiment, but will hurry on to our next one, which occurred in Ohio.

Here a comment is necessary. For I could not publish this adventure without expressing the regret I felt, when I read it, that this novel system of valuable clubs was only for women. It should have been for the men and children as well.

APART from this defect, the following plan is ideal; and it would be simple enough for any one following this plan to build on the broader idea: that of including the whole family.

Local Community Clubs Federated as State System

Some years ago we were living in a community which, it seemed to me, needed a Farm Women's Club. It was a very fert region, and that community's chief intere was the grabbing and snatching of dolla There was almost nothing to make life wor while.

I had been hearing, off and on, about certain woman who was very energetic a wide-awake. She had a reputation for "carr ing things through." So I hunted her up. found her not only brilliant but wealthy, a eager to help; and I took her into my con dence.

Together we divided the community arou a small town into quarters (in our mind with a club for each and the town as cent for community upbuilding. She was organize in her corner, and I in mine, a between us we were to organize the oth two.

I went right at it with the heart and vi to win. First, I got one of the most influe tial women in my locality interested, and s invited all the neighbors to her home o afternoon. While the ladies were busy wi their knitting and crochet, I addressed the on the hopes of the meeting, and we pr ceeded to organize, electing our hostess cha man. Our aim was to study free Agricultur Bulletins on woman's side of the farm wor consider the needs of our community a ways to help it; and discuss together our i dividual home problems, so as to help ea other.

As a result of that first effort, we not on saw our whole plan for the four clubs becon a reality, but a prominent farm paper of o state took up the work, and the last I hea had nearly one hundred of those communi clubs federated in the state with an annu meeting at the State Fair, where each memb was recognized by her badge and made to fe at home in that throng. Now those clubs a doing Red Cross work in connection with the main objective.

This is only a suggestion, therefore, of wh one can do if one will think out and follow careful plan for helping the community; it a statement of what has actually been don Try it out for yourself! You will find a wide-awake folks ready to give it a boost.—Leona Dix Barnes.

I had hoped, Neighbors, to inclu several more of these fine account but there is not room this week. So shall save the other letters, and u them in another community-club nun ber after the Christmas holidays. D not forget, by the way, that the nun ber after this one is to be a secon "Christmas number." Be sure to wat for it.

The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL *Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.*

THE Week of Prayer, covering the eight days including the second and third Sundays of the year, has long been a growing factor in the work of evangelical Christianity. The growth of the spirit of unity among the churches, the beginning of many seasons of gracious blessing in evangelism, a wider tolerance and a deeper sympathy, all these have come hand in hand with the spread of the observance of the Week of Prayer toward universal custom. It is the rule rather than the exception now that, wherever possible, churches in city neighborhoods, and in the smaller towns all the churches, should unite in their observance of this week of prayer, the Congregational and Baptist deacons, the Presbyterian elders, the Methodist class leaders and the Episcopalian vestrymen uniting their petitions for an outpouring of grace. And the promise to the "two or three who ask in My name" is more than fulfilled where Christians thus sink their differences in unity of spirit.

We published in the issue of November 13 a series of topics for the Week of Prayer, suggested by the World's Evangelical Alliance. The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America has suggested the use of the same topics with some minor modifications. Thus all of Protestantism under the two Anglo-Saxon flags will be united in its approach to the Source of all spiritual power. From Australia and New Zealand, all the way around the trail of the rising sun to Hawaii and the Pacific Isles, wherever the Union Jack or th Stars and Stripes fly and free peopl worship, there will ascend the incense o souls united in humble supplicatio As you kneel on January 6 to thank Go for all his great deliverances, for hi manifest calls to unity, for the prayer answered and his purposes made clea as you pray for humility, for a fulle revelation of his will for yourself, for deeper faith and a wider hope, you wi be strengthened by the knowledge tha in these two wide empires of libert thousands of all faiths unite with you adding their petitions to yours, thei faith to yours, and sharing your hop It is not too early, in these first days o December, to begin to organize you church and your community for th spiritual observance of this week, se apart by Protestant Christendom fo Prayer and Praise.

Prayers are requested as follows:

Eight ask prayer for bodily healing fo themselves and one each for a cousin, a daugh ter, a nurse, a minister's wife, a babe and a soldier. These petitioners ask for improve ment in general health, recovery from unname physical defects, from an operation, from nasa catarrh, heart disease, lung trouble, paralysis goiter and deafness.

Eleven ask prayer for conversion of hus bands; six for sons; two for granddaughters and one each for a brother, children, nephew and a family of brothers.

Five ask prayers for healing of the mind.

Eleven ask blessings for themselves—specif ically, that a cloud of worry may be lifted an that spiritual light and faith may be give them and grace to bear trials.

Four ask blessings for others. These bless ings are requested for our soldiers and sailors and for our brave allies, also for husbands an children, and one for a lady who is a slav to drink.

One asks prayer for the banishing of the saloon; one for a spiritual awakening among the young; one that an evangelist may be sent to a certain community; three for revival in churches, and one for a good minister.

A Week in the World's News

Continued from page 1346

cept the roll of executive agents of the ncil. As a result of this friction it was nounced that the information regarding plans for registration on January 2 and tions on February 2 was incorrect, hing yet being decided. The Reds c said to be seeking to secure the reins power before the return of the soldiers n the front, these apparently being sidered a conservative element. The osition of the Berlin Reds to the holding a constituent convention was based also their fear that such a convention would controlled and organized by the conser- ive, intellectual and land-owning classes the fruits of the revolution thus be en from the people. This attitude was shared by the south German states. on November 24 movements for secession e marked in Bavaria and Saxony and in Rhine provinces. A North German public had also been proclaimed on that e, embracing Oldenburg, Oestfriesland, men, Hamburg and Schleswig-Holstein, h its capital at Hamburg. It was not te clear, at this writing, whether this ublic was formed because of the radicalism the Berlin Reds, or because the Soldiers' Workmen's councils in Bremen and mburg, which had declared their sym- hy with Russian Bolshevism, were im- ient with Herr Ebert's moderation. e Ebert Government has declared its ention to disestablish the Church. Various es were raised in Germany against the ablishment of a socialist autocracy in ce of the autocracy of Wilhelm, and rr Ebert warned that Allied relief of food rtage depended on the establishment of derly government. The German revolution to November 24 had dethroned and rived of titles 278 persons. As we went press there were rumors that the radical ments had seized the power in Berlin.

The new German-Austrian Republic organ- d at Vienna was reported on November 18 have addressed President Wilson, expressing hope that in accordance with his princi- s he would support the desire of the Germans Austria to effect a union with Germany.

SERBIA RE-ESTABLISHED. On November the Serbian Government was transferring departments from the Island of Corfu Belgrade, all of Serbia being freed of aders while Serbian troops were in occu- tion of the former territory of Austria- ngary inhabited by Serbians.

THE COSTS OF CONFLICT. Official British ures show that their losses in the war total 3,665 killed, 2,032,122 wounded, 359,145 soners and missing. The German casualties re 1,580,000 killed, over 4,000,000 wounded, 0,000 taken prisoners and 260,000 whose e was not known. No statement has been de of the French losses. In ships America t during the whole course of the war 145 ssels of 354,449 tons, 775 lives being lost th the vessels. In the air fighting on the stern front in France the Americans de- oyed 926 German planes and 73 balloons, ing themselves 265 airplanes, 38 balloons. the time the armistice was signed, America d in service 740 airmen, 744 pilots, 457 ob- vers and 23 aerial gunners.

KOLCHAK DICTATOR IN SIBERIA. Because the radical tendencies of certain members the all-Russian government at Omsk, beria, Admiral Kolchak, with the support the majority of the Council of Ministers, ganized a coup d' état on November 19 d became virtual dictator and commander the all-Russian army and fleet. The Pre- ier retained his post and his authority. The tion of Admiral Kolchak was reported to be proved in Washington and reports indicated at it was being accepted by the various vernments in Siberia and Russia allied ainst the Bolsheviki. Cossack troops under eneral Denikine, on November 20, over- rned the Skoropadski Government set up by e Germans in the Ukraine and captured the y of Kiev. The Bolsheviki appeared to ve concentrated their forces against the mericans and British south of Archangel. A termined attack was reported as having en made on November 11, after a bombard- ent by gunboats on the river Dvina. Al- ough the front line positions of the Allied oops were penetrated, the attack was ulti- ately repelled with great loss to the Bolshe- ki. At the time their capital was taken by e Cossacks, the Ukrainians were fighting in ustrian Galicia to prevent the extension of olish influence in that province which is aimed by both races, and were also reported showing hostile intentions toward Finland.

DUTCH RADICALS FAIL. The attempt on e part of radical elements in Holland to verturn the monarchy on November 20 roved to have been a complete failure. Queen Wilhelmina drove abroad amid universal ex- ressions of loyalty. The people who attended e mass meetings wore the orange-colored osettes which marked them as loyal to the ueen. However Holland may feel about s own Queen, it was reported to be growing xceedingly impatient at the presence of the aiser within the borders of the Netherlands, and while the best French authorities on international law were agreed that there was no way to extradite the Kaiser, it appeared possible, on November 20, that the British and French governments would make representations to the Dutch governments regarding its protection of the former Emperor.

RELIEF FOR HUNGRY EUROPE. On November 19 ships carrying 200,000 tons of food for the populations of northern France, Belgium and Austria left American ports for Gibraltar and Bristol Channel ports in England. The boats sailed subject to orders from Mr. Hoover, who was then on his way to Europe, and who would later order them to ports where their cargoes were most needed. In Chicago, on November 19, it was reported that 1,500,000 cans of condensed milk, purchased from the Queen Elizabeth Fund, had been sent to Belgium to save Belgian babies. It was estimated that 250,000 children were left helpless, their parents having been deported by the Germans. In order to make certain that the cargoes of food required abroad would be available, the Food Administration planned to make the first week of December a Food Conservation Week. While the most notable restrictions have been removed from American foodstuffs, the nation will still need to save, to waste nothing, and to satisfy its own appetite with the constant thought in mind that waste here means want abroad.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. The United War Work Campaign closed on Wednesday, November 20, after having been extended for two days. The total subscriptions reported were $158,565,058, or about $12,000,000 less than the budget that the American people were asked to contribute. It was expected, however, that subscriptions not reported, and additional subscriptions made after the close of the campaign would bring the total over the mark. China subscribed $1,200,000. On November 25 it was stated th t the full amount had been raised. . . . The testimony before the Senate Judiciary Committee investigating the Brewers' Slush Fund developed on November 20 and 21 that there had been peculiarly close relations between the representatives of the Brewers' and members of Count von Bernstorff's propaganda organization. It was also brought out that certain concerns had been blacklisted because they insisted that their employees be total abstainers. Each of these concerns was remonstrated with by the brewers' organization, and, proving obdurate, was put on the "Don't Patronize" list. Among these concerns were the Cadillac Automobile Company, the Packard Motor Company, the Reo Company, the Procter & Gamble Soap Company, the Sherwin Williams Paint Company, H. J. Heinz, who is 57 varieties of a prohibitionist, Rogers, Peet & Co., the Western Union Telegraph Co. and the Wanamaker Stores. . . . October, the last month of the submarine war, cost the Allied and neutral countries 93,000 tons of shipping. . . . Postmaster Gen. Burleson, on November 20, announced that the Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies under the government control would be operated as one concern after December 1. The Postal Company declared its intention to resist this action in the courts. . . . Former Premier Asquith, the leader of the Liberal party in Parliament, on November 18, declared the plans for British elections to be a blunder and a calamity. He said the nation was united under the coalition government and deplored the raising of any political question. . . . Frank P. Walsh, joint Chairman with Wm. H. Taft, of the War Labor Board, sent his resignation to President Wilson on November 19, but was urged to remain during the period of reconstruction. . . . The former Cunarder, Campania, once Queen of the Seas and the fastest ship afloat, since the beginning of the war in service with the British navy, was sunk in collision with a battleship on November 21, during a gale in the Firth of Forth. . . . The Red Cross announced, on November 20, that it would turn its activities from bandages and hospital supplies to the making of garments needed by the people in the reclaimed districts of France and Belgium, and to the repairing of the lighter garments of the soldiers. . . . The Loans of the nation during the war were $17,852,000,000. The First Liberty Loan produced $2,000,000,000, the Second Loan $3,808,000,000, the Third Loan $4,176,000,000, the Fourth Loan $6,989,047,000, and War Savings Stamps $879,000,000. . . . According to the report of the United States Public Health Service, the fatalities from influenza in 46 cities totaled 82,306, while it was declared possible that the deaths in the military camps would nearly equal the number of men killed in actual battle in France, or in the neighborhood of 40,000. . . . The second session of the Sixty-fifth Congress, which began December 3, 1917, was adjourned November 21 at 5 P. M. The next session will convene December 2. . . . The American Navy in 1920, if all plans are carried out, will consist of 800 ships, of which 24 will be dreadnoughts. In 1917 our navy had about 300 ships. . . . The Senate Finance Committee, revising downward the proposed Revenue Bill, on November 22 dropped the suggested taxes on luxuries and on gasoline and reduced the impost to be levied on tobacco. . . . Mr. John D. Ryan resigned on November 22 as Second Assistant Secretary of War in charge of Aircraft Production. . . . The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections on November 22 dropped its investigation into the alleged disloyal speech of Senator La Follette at St. Paul.

Religion and the Soldier

THE best evidence that I have had of the cry for religion on the part of the soldier was when I was working just back of the lines with a group of engineers. These men were just normal, ordinary men, but they came to me, asked for a Bible class, asked for a regular Sunday service (the chaplain was located in another part of France, with another part of this same regiment), and then asked for the communion service. That service was the best I ever officiated at. The plate was only the cover of an old mess kit. The cup was the ordinary mess-kit cup. But the symbolism was there and the spirit was there. Men of every faith partook of the communion that morning. I have officiated since, but never under quite such circumstances, or with quite such a spirit as at that service within range of the guns.

A tall mule-skinner came to me one day while I was at a certain machine-gun battalion and showed me his Testament. It was well worn. He said he had read it through many times, not because he was a saint, but because, somehow, the thing he needed he found there. He said he had never read the words of Jesus with as much understanding as he read them up there on the actual fighting-line. And he added that most of the men read their Testaments far more than one would realize. They are not fond of displaying their religion, but it's there just the same.

ROBERT C. ARMSTRONG.

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With Everybody's Mag. (add 50c after Dec. 15)	3.50	5.25
With Delineator (add 50c after Dec. 15)	3.50	5.25
With McClure's Magazine	3.75	5.00
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Seventeen Cents and a Human Life

Continued from page 1348

together. "Don't you care, Gabriel," said Madge. "You'll win next week."

IN the dark eyes raised to hers was the settled anguish of something far more tragic than the loss of any spelling-match. "Seventeen cents would have saved my little sister's life," he said steadily. "Only seventeen."

The girls caught a horrified breath. "Won't you tell us?" asked Miriam. Her gentle sympathy opened the boy's heart, and he poured forth the story.

"You Americans do not know what it is to be an Armenian," he burst out. "We live always under a shadow, wondering only when the great, crushing hammer will fall. Five years ago I come here with my father, he make money fast"—Gabriel's careful English was slipping away from him in his excitement—"and he send it every month to the old country for my little mother, and the four younger children. Always he plan to bring them over here, but my mother says always that Repega—what you call Rebecca—is too young to travel. Then comes the war, and nobody shall escape from my country any more. We do uot hear, and do not hear, and my father he is nearly wild all the time. He try to send money, but your great United States post-office, even they are afraid of the Turk. 'No good send in war-time,' they say. Then a month ago there is my uncle escaped through Russia to tell us.

"He said my mother has been living with him in our village, though there was never enough and no money came. But one day came those cruel ones and drove my whole village out of their homes."

MADGE looked at Miriam with incredulous horror. Could such things happen? Miriam's lips formed the word, "Deportations."

Gabriel swept on over the interruption. "Days of that, and then they were all driven out with whips and must walk in the desert. My mother often carried Repega, who was hungry and cried all the time.

"There is much I cannot tell you—but one night my uncle heard that two days' journey ahead there is a relief station with food and shelter. They walk all night and all the next day, what is left of my village, and always my mother drops behind because Repega is so heavy and so tired. So when at night they come last to the door, my mother is no more herself—Repega is no longer with her.

"They send my uncle to America to get money over here. Only seventeen cents a day to save each one, but there were not seventeen cents for my one little sister. My uncle knows the way now to send money through a Relief Committee in New York, and my father and all the men in the shop they send always half their wages. I work nights, too, and I have no longer any lunch since my uncle came and told us. But that will not help my little sister now—only the sister of somebody. My little brother Hohannis must come here after the war, and my mother—if indeed she lives——"

DOWN went Gabriel's head again. Miriam's gray eyes were full of tears. "You're class president, Madge, can't you do something?" But Madge had already decided.

"Listen here, Gabriel," she said. "I know what we can do. I'll call a class meeting at half-past one and tell them all about it. They'll adopt Hohannis, I know they will. I guess a hundred freshmen can scare up five cents a month apiece. Here's my seventeen cents now . . . *oh!*" She caught Miriam's eye in sudden utter shame.

"Why, Gabriel," Miriam said in her lovely slow voice, "why didn't you tell us before? We shall all want a share in making a new little American!"

Your class in high school, or in the church school, can do the same for some other little brother. Write to the Sunday school department of the American Committee for Relief in the Near East, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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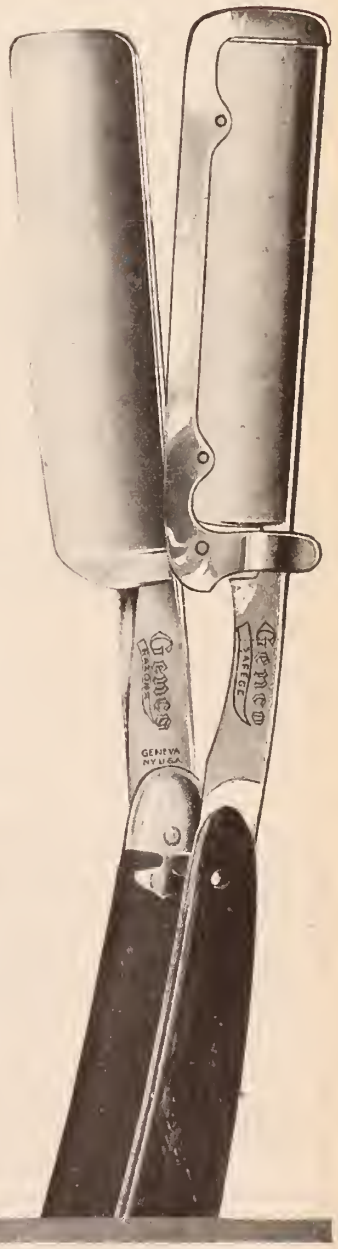

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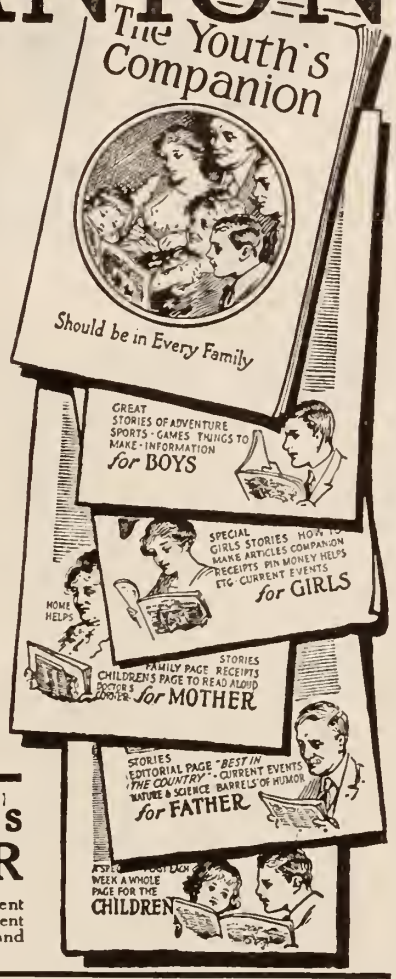

Grace S. Richmond's New Ten-Chapter Story, ANNE EXETER

Begins December 12. This issue, with the first instalment "Anne Exeter" and the remaining December issues will be sent free to every new Companion subscriber for 1919. Cut out and send this Coupon with price of offer accepted.

Offer No. 1	THE YOUTH'S COMPANION for 1919, $2.00 Remaining 1918 Weekly Issues FREE 1919 Companion Home Calendar FREE	All for **$2.00**
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

Young People's Topics
for December 15

How I Was Won to Christ

Epworth League Topic. John 1 : 40-42; Acts 4 : 33; 5 : 42; Phil. 4 : 3

MOST young Christians in the Church today have grown into their faith in Christ with the passing of the years. Raised in Christian homes, regular attendants at Sunday school, inducted early into Junior or Senior League, they have known faith all their lives, and acceptance of Christ as Saviour has come as the logical result of this training. Such doubts as may have tested their faith have assailed a citadel well defended, and have strengthened what, under other conditions, they might have destroyed. While such a coming to Christ has all the advantages of clean living and purity of soul, those who have thus gained faith may sometimes lack the confident assurance of personal salvation which comes through a sudden turning from sin. There is a tendency for some who have grown up in the church to have a purely intellectual faith which does not reach the inner recesses of the heart. Many who have been trained in the Gospel from their youth have found themselves suddenly face to face with the question of their relation to Christ, perhaps as a result of an evangelistic meeting, or through an intimate talk with their pastor, or through a mother's prayer, unexpectedly overheard. Perhaps one who has strayed far from Christ and his teachings may have found himself in some great meeting, rising to his feet and stepping forward in the aisle with hundreds of others similarly stirred, gradually approaching either an evangelist's outstretched hand or a group who kneel at the mercy-seat. Started upon impulse, he has felt decision growing in his soul as he went forward. Another may have simply yielded his heart to Christ under the influence of a friend's pleading. However we have come to Christ, the majority of us must admit that a mother's faith is the greatest element in our later decision, and the influence of the church and the Sunday school are a close second.

But the question how we were won to Christ is not the greatest question in our life. Many people make the mistake of living all of their Christian life in the atmosphere of the day of their conversion. Having started to walk in the new way, we walk worthily only when we bring others into the path we tread. Witness the references for this lesson. All of them refer not so much to the manner in which individual Christians were brought to Christ as to the way in which, having found him, they sought to bring others to know him. The disciples ceased not to teach or to preach Jesus Christ, whether in the temple or in the house. The risen Saviour and salvation through his name was the burden of their conversation and the central element of their life.

Winning Non-Protestant Aliens

B. Y. P. U. Topic. John 3 : 3

THE war has to a large degree eliminated the alien problem, and the man or woman of foreign birth has gained through it a new vision of what America means. He or she has ceased to be alien in thought, and even in speech. It is too soon yet to tell what religious result may come with this change in mental outlook. Before the war, there were a great many Italian and French, but principally Italian, immigrants out of touch with organized Christianity when they came to America. The only Church they had known had failed to show sympathy with the ideals of the Italian people, while the same Church in France by resisting disestablishment and by its attitude toward all things liberal had estranged many of its people. They had known only the Church, but had failed to gain comprehension of the Christ; and while having the same hunger that all men have for spiritual truth, they neither knew how to express it nor did they have an attitude of mind favorable to recognition of the truth. Also a great many Jewish immigrants came to America somewhat lacking in loyalty to the Hebrew Church, but fleeing from oppressions that made the Christ rather a monster than a Saviour. A great many churches faced this problem. They could only recommend Christ to these people by giving them unselfish service along social and philanthropic lines, consequently the church became social centers and evening schools. Night classes in English and in common branches, taught by consecrated Christians, often at much sacrifice of time and strength, have evinced the spirit of Christ and have helped to lead those who have learned our tongue into a comprehension of our faith. Many Jews after coming to this country have profited by the social service work of the Church and have ultimately come to believe in the Christ in whose name it was rendered. Thousands have believed who have not declared their faith, but many have acknowledged Christ, and nearly all of the Protestant churches now have well-founded Italian congregations in every center where the sons and daughters of Italy are to be found.

Power of the Cross in the Philippines

Christian Endeavor Topic. Ps. 72 : 1-

WHEN Dewey cut the cable between America and the bonds of Spanish dominion at the same time back in 1898, the Philippines consisted of a large body of islands completely surrounded by ignorance, superstition and commercial and religious tyranny. But with the flag of the free flying over the archipelago, American Christendom saw a new obligation and embraced a challenging opportunity. American rifles and bayonets pacified the islanders, but American missionaries and school teachers replaced the power of military force with the power of personal self-control, and today a new generation in the Philippines has so far advanced in education and ability that it feels competent to govern itself. The head-hunter has been transformed into a merchant or peaceful farmer, and the would-be loathing Filipino has been changed into an industrious citizen. The Philippine gave free play to every force that the churches could muster for good and the result is one for which all Christians may well give thanks, since it has vindicated both American missions and American governmental efficiency. The power in the nation, plus the power of the Cross has made a new Philippines.

I write to thank you for the Flag I received last week. It is a beautiful premium, and I am well pleased with it. I have taken your paper continuously for about thirty years and after reading and enjoying it send it to a friend in Idaho. GEORGIANA RYERSON

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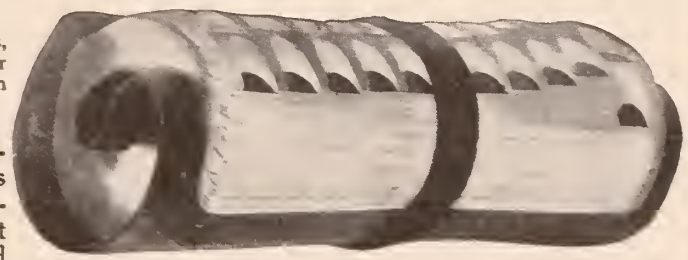

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AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

A canal in Venice, now free from the terror and threat of war

How God Saved Venice

The Fate of the Austrians Along the Piave Likened to That of the Egyptians in the Red Sea

By REV. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, D.D., Venice

THE late Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Llandaff, lecturing on the Book of Revelation over half a century ago (1862), said: "Learn from this chapter (Ch. 17) that it is not only in God's power to foresee, but that it is his will sometimes to foretell, the occurrences of history, and he has been pleased here to announce to us that there shall not again arise upon earth one colossal power like that of imperial Rome. . . . The time has been, the time may be, when some power shall go far toward realizing, for a moment, the dream of universal empire; but if nothing else, if no arts of negotiation and no combination of hostile armies shall suffice to prevent it, Nature herself in the hands of God shall come to the aid of his prophecy: the conqueror in the moment of his fancied triumph—we speak not without warrant from the past—shall bow to the supremacy of God's elements, and a force which has surmounted every other obstacle shall be dispersed, and, it may be, destroyed.

I have often thought of Bishop Vaughan's words during the course of the war, and they made me confident from the very first that it could only end in one way, as it has now done: in the overthrow of Germany, fighting for universal dominion, and in the triumph of the Allies. Several times, too, his words have been strikingly fulfilled, and in no case more so than in the victory of the Piave. This river—which I know well from source to mouth—flows in separate runs in a white, stony channel from a quarter to a half mile in width. Some of these runs are broad and deep, but they are all easily crossed by boats or hand-bridges. A large contingent of the Austrian army had thus crossed it with guns and ammunition, but with no food supplies, for so confident were they of getting to Venice that the soldiers were told that not only would they get an abundance of food and wine there, but also that each had better provide himself with a small sack in which to put his surplus spoils. Officers provided themselves with huge chests for the same purpose, and motor cars were there to carry the loot to Toblach for railway transport over the Brenner to Austria and Germany.

THEY got to within six and a quarter miles of Venice. It was the moment of their fancied triumph, when "Nature herself in the hands of God came to the aid of his prophecy." Twenty-four hours of rain on the Dolamite Mountains sufficed to bring the Piave River down in floods. It became a rushing, roaring sea of water. Bridges, boats, planks, tree-trunks, all were swept away. Whole battalions of troops crossing were drowned, as the Egyptians were at the Red Sea. Those who had crossed the river were too few to fight their way to Venice; those on the other side could not get to aid them. They were thus caught in a trap, and almost all were either killed or taken prisoners. Venice was saved, and we all thanked God.

Afterward the Austrians and Germans were driven gradually farther and farther from the city. It could no longer be bombarded from the land, but on moonlight nights it was still being bombarded from the air for a time. We were all anxious to return to our homes and work, but, on account of this aerial danger, the admiralty was not yet disposed to allow us, for they were the judges in this matter. Still, those who could show urgent reasons why they should be allowed to return obtained permits. In this way merchants who had in their shops goods more or less perishable were in Venice, also some thousands of poor people who could not afford to live away from their homes because of the expense. Altogether some thirty or forty thousand people were in the city, besides government workmen. There were also soldiers and sailors of all the Allies, comprising not a few Americans, of whom we have not nearly enough.

Nothing delights American soldiers more than to spend any leave they may get in Venice, which is open to them. They can run down to it from the front in a few hours and "The Bride of the Sea," "The Queen of the Adriatic," though in anything but her nuptial and regal dress, still excites their interest and admiration. Upon the whole, the city is now beginning to assume an air of life and activity, and of an evening, when the Piazza San Marco is brilliantly lit up and a military band playing, even an air of gaiety. The time has come when we may put over the sea gateways to Venice, what we often see put up at shop-doors, "*Libera Entrata*" (Free Entrance)!

There was a time when it would not have been prudent to begin an offensive to drive the enemy out of Venetia, for the Austrian and German forces outnumbered those of the Italians opposed to them, besides which they occupied for the most part higher ground. But Austria had another frontier to defend bordering on Serbia, and she had no troops there. So she had either to withdraw them from Venetia or suffer an invasion that would soon bring her to her knees, and hasten that dismemberment which has now begun by the creation of Slavs, Jugoslavs, and others into independent Kingdoms, who for so long had groaned under her cruel yoke.

AND here again God's word came in to teach us and to give us confidence and peace. All the Allies, and not least among them the United States, have desired the creation of these small democratic kingdoms. And God has decreed their existence. As we learn from the book of Revelation. To quote again from Bishop Vaughan, he shows that the end of a kingdom aiming at universal sovereignty will not be "conquest, but dismemberment"; not "agglomeration, but partition"; not "one kingdom but many kingdoms." "Surely this hath God spoken, and this hath God wrought. Surely if man had been the speaker, he would not

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Delegates to the convention which launched the Dry World campaign massed on the steps of the State House at Columbus

World-Wide League for Prohibition

ONE of the most important moral conferences ever held in this country was the one which convened in the interest of the world-wide destruction of the liquor traffic in Columbus, Ohio, November 19-22. The Anti-Saloon League of America called the conference to lay plans for world-wide prohibition, with much better prospect of success than Dr. Russell faced when he founded the League twenty-five years ago. Who then would have predicted a dry America in 1920?

The conference began on Tuesday evening at the Deshler Hotel, with a Thanksgiving and ratification service participated in by stalwart workers from the field and by distinguished delegates representing temperance interests from foreign countries. The official declaration of the purpose of the conference was made by Mr. Ernest Cherrington. This paper was based on three propositions: first, the enlargement of the scope and activities of the Anti-Saloon League of America; second, the giving of substantial assistance to the existing temperance organizations in other countries; and third, the laying of a foundation for creating an International Anti-Alcoholic League formed according to the plan of the Anti-Saloon League of America. This paper and Dr. P. A. Baker's speech, which preceded it, were handed to the delegates in pamphlet form.

Hon. William Jennings Bryan spoke twice before the Conference, commending the world-wide prohibition proposition.

This characteristic letter from Billy Sunday to the conference was read by Wayne P. Wheeler:

> The greatest event in human history was the birth of Jesus. The next greatest was the overthrow of Prussian militarism. The next will be the driving of booze into exile. I am with the Anti-Saloon League to the last trench in its efforts to deliver the world from the menace and the power of the rum traffic.

During the session of the Conference, the war prohibition bill was passed by the Senate, and signed by President Wilson.

As the movement is now to be world-wide, profound interest was manifested in the reports of the delegates from foreign countries as to temperance sentiment and organization in their respective fields. Prominent among the number were Canon S. A. Johnston, Rev. Dr. Bingham of Birminghani, Dr. Munro of Glasgow, Scotland, and Cipriano A. Frausto of Mexico. Hon. Ben Spence, Secretary of the Dominion Temperance Alliance of Canada, who has had an important part in driving the liquor traffic out of the Dominion, was inclined to poke a little fun at the United States by saying Canada had beaten it to National Prohibition by both Dominion and local laws, that Australia was rapidly following Canada into the dry column, and that England had made more progress in temperance since the war began than any other part of the world.

The British delegates breathed a spirit of conservatism and caution, insisting that the United States make sure of prohibition in its own territory by adequate enforcement laws, and that reasonable modesty and prudence should be manifested in entering their territory, that the proper cooperation there might be secured.

The delegates from China said that the brewers had already scattered their deadly traffic in that country, but that the people had not yet acquired the drinking habit, and that there was urgent call for the International Anti-Alcohol League, which ought to take its place immediately in that territory to save it from this moral blight.

The most surprising information the Conference received was contained in a communication from Mr. Lawrence Mott, representative of the American Anti-Saloon League in Tokyo, which stated that there was a possibility of Japan adopting nation-wide prohibition within a year by parliamentary action.

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President Wilson Heads Peace Commission

IT WAS announced at Washington, on November 26, that following his address to Congress on December 2, in which he was expected to make the country rather than the Congress his audience, taking the people into his confidence both as to the reasons for his own action and as to the problems now before the country for solution, the President would sail for France on the transport George Washington, formerly the North German Lloyd Liner of that name. It was announced that the other members of the American Peace Delegation and the secretarial staff would sail with the President except Col. House and Gen. Bliss, who are now in Paris, and that America's complete delegation consisted of the President, Col. Edw. M. House, Secretary of State Lansing, former Ambassador to France, Henry White, and Maj. Gen'l Tasker H. Bliss. It was also suggested that Secretary Baker might go to France to replace the President on his return. Henry White, whose home is in Maryland, was appointed as a Republican. He is an experienced diplomat, having been in the diplomatic service since 1883, beginning as Secretary of Legation in Vienna.

London dispatches, of November 28, implied that there would be a preliminary conference, which would make all haste to reach an agreement on the principal matters at issue in order that a preliminary peace treaty might be arranged and the great armies demobilized. After this it was suggested that the minor details would be carefully worked out by various special commissions.

It was expected that President Wilson would remain in France about four weeks, which would mean that he would be gone from the country in the neighborhood of six weeks. He was scheduled to land at Brest, the great American port in France. There he would be met by the French Foreign Minister and the Minister of Marine and escorted by them to Paris, where President Poincaré and Premier Lloyd George of England would await him. It was expected that the Peace Congress would begin its session on December 14, and it was reported on November 27, that there was a possibility that the discussions might be conducted in English instead of French, for many years the language of diplomacy, the proceedings to be printed in both French and English.

The discussions and dispatches in the press indicate day by day more clearly that the League of Nations and the Freedom of the Seas would be the principal questions at issue in the peace conference. Great Britain's supremacy on the sea having contributed in no small degree to the victory of the Allies, it was expected that Britain and her colonies would be slow to agree to any limitation of sea power, while at the same time being equally slow to propose any arrangement which would inaugurate a battle of the ship builders between Britain and the other maritime nations at present in alliance with her.

It was reported that the President had it in mind to propose a League of Nations which should have authority to police the seas, the surrendered German fleet to be made the nucleus of the Naval police force.

The plan also contemplated an arbitration tribunal to which all differences between nations should be submitted, and whose decision should be final. British statesmen were reported to believe that the decree of the League of Nations could be more adequately enforced through the economic boycott than through the action of an international fleet.

Major Gen. Tasker H. Bliss — Robert Lansing — Colonel Edward M. House — Henry White

Photo from Press Illustrating Service

The President's associates on the Peace Commission

Dr. David J. Burrell | Rev. J. F. Carson | Dr. James M. Gray | Dr. R. A. Torrey | Mr. Chas. M. Alexander | Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman

Speakers at the Prophetic Conference in Carnegie Hall, New York City, on November 25 to 28, 1918

New York's Prophetic Conference

A Memorable Series of Meetings Addressed by Eminent Students of Prophecy

NEW YORK was never so crowded as at the present time. The hotels, the restaurants, the railroad termini, the streets, the places of amusement, are all filled to overflowing. On the evening of the opening of the Prophetic Bible Conference, it happened that the embargo on the street illuminations had been removed by the Fuel Administrator, and as I walked up Broadway to Carnegie Hall the scene was one of unprecedented brilliance. Never did Vanity Fair appear so entrancing. The restraint of war considerations had disappeared, for was not the armistice signed? Was not peace almost an accomplished fact? Why should not the people feel gay and buoyant?

I began to wonder whether, amid all this gaiety and hunger after material things, our congregation in the Conference might not be a mere handful of Bible students, interested in the tremendous significance of the times in which we are living. My fears, however, if they were fears, were set at rest speedily. Very few minutes after the doors of the great hall were opened every seat was occupied, and for the hundreds that were left outside an overflow meeting was quickly arranged in the nearby Church of the Strangers.

Both with regard to the size of the congregation and the spiritual quality of the meeting, the Conference must have been regarded by the conveners as an unequivocal success. As I scanned the faces of those nearest to me, I saw upon them a strange unearthly light, such as is only seen on the faces of those keyed up to a keen, eager expectancy that something momentous is about to happen. These were not people who had simply, by a process of mental exercise, arrived at a logical conclusion as to some theory; they were men and women possessed by and exalting in a glorious fact.

Mr. Charles M. Alexander was present as song leader. Mr. Alexander can sing, and he can lead singing; but his greatest gifts are certain deep, profound psychological intuitions that never seem to fail him in judging just what to sing, when to sing and how to sing it, to produce the right effect. He was assisted by a trio of musicians who contributed largely to the success of all the meetings.

THE first address of the Conference was given by Dr. Arno C. Gaebelein of New York City, on "The Pre-eminence of the Lord Jesus Christ, and His Coming Glory." The address was based on Col. 1:15-18, and dealt with the sevenfold pre-eminence of Christ as Creator, as Sustainer of the universe, as the subject of revelation, as the Risen Man, as the Creator of the spiritual man, as the Redeemer of man, and as the coming King.

Dr. Torrey, the long-time associate of the late D. L. Moody, was at his best as he discoursed on "That Blessed Hope!" He began by pointing out that the Conference was held at a most opportune time. When the program was made out, the committee had no idea that an armistice would be so quickly signed by the contending powers. It was signed, however, and multitudes of people were immediately filled with all kinds of fantastic hopes, which were doomed to inevitable disappointment. There is only one hope that will not be so doomed, because it is built in the sure foundation of God's Word, and that is the Blessed Hope of the Lord's return. The points made by Dr. Torrey as to the coming of Christ were: first, it will be a personal coming; second, a visible and bodily coming; third, a future coming; fourth, a coming with great publicity; fifth, a triumphant coming. Every point was illustrated in the speaker's well-known and emphatic style, and his closing challenge was most effective. "Would you be glad if the sound of His approach suddenly burst upon you? Honest, now, would you? It is not a Blessed Hope unless you would."

THE second day of the conference began with a meeting in the Marble Collegiate Church, at which another large crowd gathered, filling the building one hour before the time of opening. The first address was a very scholarly effort, delivered by the Rev. Lewis Sperry Chafer, on "The Crowns of the Lord Jesus Christ." The Rev. Leon Tucker followed on the subject, "God's Purpose as Revealed in the Holy Scriptures."

The afternoon meeting of the second day in Carnegie Hall was presided over by Rev. Dr. Otto F. Bartholow of Mount Vernon, N. Y., one of the most valiant champions of evangelical truth in the east, and whose success as a Bible teacher is evidenced by the fact that his Men's Sunday Morning is one of the largest in the country, having a membership of over fourteen hundred. Dr. Bartholow delighted his audience by his introductory speech, which, though only occupying a few minutes, was full of thrills. He spoke of two things he had experienced in recent years, a conviction, and a conversion. The former had reference to his belief in the premillennial doctrine, which he frankly and enthusiastically avowed. As to his conversion, he had been trained in a Methodist Theological Seminary to preach the post-millennial gospel, and when he entered the ministry he preached against premillennialism. But there came a time when, after prayerful study of the subject, a light broke in upon him, and he discovered that he had been preaching error. He forthwith resolved to change his course. He began by getting ten of his men together and opening out to them his new gospel. That was the beginning of his famous Bible class. Then he gathered the women of his church together and preached the same truth to them, until now he has a class of seven hundred women.

Somewhat in contrast to Dr. Bartholow's confession of faith in premillenarianism, came the next speaker, the Rev. Dr. D. J. Burrell, with an equally frank avowal that he did not quite know where he stood on the question. It would have chilled his hearers had he not said it so genially, and followed it by a rapturous shout, "But I know He's coming. My Lord is coming, and I shall see Him face to face!" Although Dr. Burrell was down on the program to speak on "The Confirmation of Scripture in History and Current Events," he quickly disavowed any ability to interpret prophecy. "All real prophecy," he said, "is characterized by a general vague indefiniteness which makes it difficult to secure the right perspective. But as in a Japanese picture there is a similar vagueness, there is always seen a mighty mountain as the background, so, whilst I cannot undertake to interpret prophecy, I see behind it the towering mountain fact of God's presence and power."

Sandwiched between Dr. Burrell's and the next address came the reading of a cable message from the Prophetic Conference in Tokyo, Japan, in these words: "Greetings and Love."

Rev. Ford C. Ottman, well-known preacher, evangelist, teacher, author, and war worker, next spoke. His subject was "This Same Jesus," and his message was well timed, well thought-out, and well delivered.

Not for one moment did Mr. Alexander relax his grip on the vast crowds in the matter of singing. The preliminary song services grew quickly in interest as new songs were learned under his expert guidance. By the evening of the second day, several hymns quite new to New York congregations had been mastered. Among them was an old tune, common meter, which I remember hearing sung lustily by miners in the north of England, when I was a boy, and which Mr. Alexander told us he first heard sung by five hundred Cornish miners in Australia some years ago. It seemed wonderfully strange to me to hear it again, sung to Charles Wesley's words "O for a thousand tongues to sing," in the aristocratic Collegiate Church in Fifth Avenue, New York

In the song service on the second evening meeting of the Conference, the song, "He Turned My Life Around," caught on quickly, and Dr. Chapman's hymn, "One Day," had thoroughly established itself as a favorite. No wonder. The words of the chorus embody a story, it seems, of the whole redemptive work of Christ

> Living, he loved me; dying, he saved me;
> Buried, he carried my sins far away;
> Rising, he justified freely forever;
> One day he's coming—O glorious day!

Feeling was very high when Mr. Hugh R. Munro, acting as substitute for Vice-President Marshall, took charge of the meeting. The Vice-President sent a beautiful message regretting his inability to attend. It read in part, "Out of the Babel of tongues now in the world proclaiming, Lo, here is salvation, or, Lo, there is salvation, all history proves that the only sure salvation for the individual or the nation, is the knowledge of and the obedience to the revealed Word of God."

Three moving prayers by Dr. C. I. Scofield, Dr. Biederwolf, and Dr. Curtis Lee Laws, deepened the spiritual tone of the meeting, and when Dr. James M. Gray was called upon to make his address on "The Present Age: its Characteristic and its End," he had a breathlessly eager audience to speak to. Dr. Gray is one of the best known of American Bible teachers, and Christian Herald readers are already familiar with his views on the great subjects of prophecy. His address on this occasion was a comprehensive review of the historic sequences that ultimately resulted in those characteristic of this age which he wished to stress, viz., that it is the age of the Church, not of the Kingdom. The day is coming when the Church will be completed. Then the Lord will come. What a superb motive for Evangelization!

Probably there is no other man in America besides Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman who could have brought this great meeting to such a sublime climax as he did.

"What will it mean to be saved when Christ comes?" was his subject. Seldom, I should think, even in his own evangelistic meetings, has a deeper impression been made or a richer spiritual harvest reaped than on the Tuesday evening meeting of the Conference. It was an absorbing autobiographical account of his transformation from a conventional postmillennial Presbyterian pastor to a whole-souled premillennial Evangelist that he gave to his audience. He did not hesitate to give the names of the human instrumentalities employed—the lady member of his Albany Church, the Rev. Wm. Walton Clark, now a Presbyterian minister in Brooklyn, the quaint Scotch Bible Student in Albany, John Currie, his great friend and associate, Dr. L. Moody, and Dr. Scofield's Bible. The great audience was deeply impressed by the closing appeal and hundreds of hands were raised for prayer.

AT THE morning meeting of the third day, addresses were given by Dr. Ford C. Ottman, on "The Church in the Book of Revelation," and by Dean William L. Pettingill of the Philadelphia School of the Bible, on "The Church and the Kingdom." Dean Pettingill was also the first speaker at the afternoon meeting, which was presided over by Mr. Charles G. Trumbull of the Sunday School Times of Philadelphia.

In the making of the program, the selection of subjects had been carefully considered, and the speakers had stuck fairly well to their texts; but those who were present at all the meetings had become aware by this time of a considerable amount of overlapping which did not seem to diminish the interest of the audiences.

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Why the President Goes Abroad

In His Annual Message He Makes His Object Clear

THE opening of the short session of the Sixty-fifth Congress will have a special place in the history both of the nation and of the world. For the first time in the century and a half of the life of the American nation, the representatives of the people assembled to hear the annual message of a Chief Executive about to go abroad at the call of Old World leaders, who desired his help and counsel in the righteous settlement of the tangled problem of reorganization, left by the collapse of the recent alliance of enemies. Old traditions were fast fading as this Congress assembled and a new tradition was in the making. America's day of isolation is over. Strong with the strength of the pure in heart and purpose, the Union born in 1776, and consecrated in the sixties, is called into the arena of the world's life to point the way to those whose training in democracy is but begun. America is a world power, her position is recognized by the whole assembly of associated states, and they call her President, recognized as the greatest world leader and molder of thought and action, to a part in the councils which shall set the boundaries of the future. December 2, 1918, marked the end of America's aloofness; the beginning of her world service.

As the President stepped before the members of the two Houses, gathered in the chamber of the House of Representatives, he was cheered heartily by the members of his party in the House and the people packed in the galleries. Republican Representatives and most of the Senators of both parties remained silently in their seats while the President delivered the address which marked and justified his trip abroad, his breaking of precedents and his setting of the beginnings of new traditions.

The President spoke in part as follows:

"THE year that has elapsed since I last stood before you to fulfil my constitutional duty . . . has been so crowded with great events, great processes and great results, that I cannot hope to give you an adequate picture of its transactions or of the far-reaching changes which have been wrought in the life of our nation and of the world. You have yourselves witnessed these things. . . . But some great outstanding facts are unmistakable. . . .

"A year ago we had sent 145,198 men overseas. Since then we have sent 1,950,513, an average of 162,542 each month. . . . No such movement of troops ever took place before across 3,000 miles of sea, followed by adequate equipment. . . . In all this movement only 758 men were lost by enemy attacks. . . .

"I need not tell you what lay back of this great movement of men and material. It is not invidious to say that back of it lay a supporting organization of the industries of the country and of all its productive activities. . . .

"But it is not the physical scale and executive efficiency of preparation, supply, equipment and dispatch that I would dwell upon, but the mettle and quality of the officers and the men we sent over and of the sailors who kept the seas, and the spirit of the nation that stood behind them. No soldiers or sailors ever proved themselves more quickly ready for the test of battle or acquitted themselves with more splendid courage and achievement when put to the test . . . from their chiefs, Pershing and Sims, down to the youngest lieutenant. . . . I am proud to be the fellow-countryman of men of such stuff and valor. Those of us who stayed at home did our duty; the war could not have been won or the gallant men who fought it given their opportunity to win it otherwise, but for many a long day we shall think ourselves "aecurs'd we were not there. . . .

"What we all thank God for with deepest gratitude is that our men went in force into the line of battle just at the critical moment when the whole fate of the world seemed to hang in the balance, and threw their fresh strength into the ranks of freedom in time to turn the whole tide and sweep of the fateful struggle—turn it once for all, so that thenceforth it was back, back for their enemies, always back, never again forward. After that it was only a scant four months before the commanders of the Central Empires knew themselves beaten, and now their very empires are in liquidation.

"And throughout it all, how fine the spirit of the nation was, what unity of purpose, what untiring zeal, what elevation of purpose ran through all its splendid display of strength, its untiring accomplishment. . . ." (Here the President paid tribute to the men who at great sacrifice had served the nation at the capital and to all in shop and mine and field who had helped to make possible the nation's vast achievement.)

"And what shall we say of the women—of their instant intelligence, quickening every task that they touched; their capacity for organization and cooperation, which gave their action discipline and enhaneed the effectiveness of everything they attempted? . . . Their contribution to the appraisal. . . .

"The least tribute we can pay them is to make them the equals of men in political rights, as they have proved themselves their equals in every field of practical work. . . .

"And now we are sure of the great triumph for which every sacrifice was made. It has come—come in its completeness, and with the pride and inspiration of these days of achievement quick within us, we turn to the tasks of peace again—a peace secure against the violence of irresponsible monarchs and ambitious military coteries, and made ready for a new order, for new foundations of justice and fair dealing."

The President then brought up the matter of the unratified Treaty with the Republic Columbia and asked, that it be accepted as "proof of the friendship we really feel."

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Woodrow Wilson, President of the Union, leader of the world

TAKING up the problems of the return to peace he declared these much more serious for us than for our Allies because they "have suffered the disarrangements and the losses of war longer than we," and "Our people do not wait to be coached and led." He declared that the government had released the raw materials held by the government, and that industry was already set free, but that it had not been possible to remove so readily the control of foodstuffs and of shipping.

Speaking of the return of the soldiers to peace employment he outlined the services which the War Industries Board, the War Trade Board, the Labor Department and the Food and Fuel Administrations were prepared to render, but he said that the ordinary processes of private initiative would not provide immediate employmen for all the men of our returning armies and he recommended the promp development of public works of every sort, directing the attention of Congres to the plans already worked out by the Secretary of the Interior for th reclamation of some 300,000,000 acre of arid swamp and cut over lands.

He spoke also of the industria needs of Belgium and Northern Franc and declared that the people of thes devastated areas must be assisted i their efforts to restore their industrie that "they should not be left to th vicissitudes of the sharp competitio for materials and for industrial facilitie which is now to set in."

He declared it necessary "for th steadying and facilitation of our ow domestic business" that we shoul determine now the taxes to be levie for 1918, 1919 and 1920, and expresse complete agreement with the Secretar of the Treasury in his recommendation regarding bonds and revenue.

He also stated that he took it fo granted that Congress would carry ou the naval program undertaken befor we entered the war.

THE President expressed great cor cern over the problem of th proper status of the railways. He sai he had no confident judgment of hi own on the subject, but had reache the conclusion that it would "be disservice alike to the country and t the owners of the railroads to retur to the old conditions unmodified. He implied that he was inclined to favo private ownership under unified Federa regulation. He recognized also th need for development of all means o transportation, railways, waterways highways and countryside roads.

COMING to the subject of his tri abroad the President said:

"I welcome this occasion to announc to the Congress my purpose to join i Paris the representatives of the goverr ments with which we have bee associated in the war against th Central Empire for the purpose c discussing with them the main feature of the treaty of peace. I realize th great inconvenience that will attend m leaving the country, particularly a this time, but the conclusion that it wa my paramount duty to go has bee forced upon me by considerations whic I hope will seem as conclusive to you a they have seemed to me.

"The allied governments have ac cepted the bases of peace which I out lined to the Congress on the 8th c January last, as the Central Empire also have, and very reasonably desir my personal counsel in their inter pretation and application, and it i highly desirable that I should giv it in order that the sincere desire c our government to contribute withou selfish purpose of any kind to settl ments that will be of common benefi to all the nations concerned may b made fully manifest. The peace settl ments which are now to be agreed upo are of transcendent importance, bot to us and to the rest of the world, and know of no business or interest whic should take precedence of them. Th gallant men of our armed forces o land and sea have conspicuously fough for the ideals which they knew to be th ideals of their country. I have sough to express those ideals; they hav accepted my statements of them as th substance of their own thought an purpose, as the associated govern ments have accepted them; I owe it t them to see to it, so far as in me lies that no false or mistaken interpretatio is put upon them, and no possible effor omitted to realize them. It is now m duty to play my full part in makin good what they offered their life's bloo to obtain. I can think of no call t service which would transcend this."

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For Unity in Christ

DO you know Hall Caine's denomination? We may, but it doesn't matter. Not next week, but in the Christmas issue to follow, Sir Hall Caine outlines his ideals of Church Unity and the coming spiritual league.

Next week Prof. Banks tells the story of Aleppo, the beautiful, the ancient Roman city, soon to be the capital of the independent Kingdom of Arabia.

Next week also, more letters from leaders of the Church, each one a window looking out upon the field of the church after the war.

In Bethlehem each Christmas-tide sees pilgrims gathered at the shrine above the spot where Christ was born. Next week, a story of the Christmas festival in Bethlehem.

"If Every Day Were Christmas," there would be joy to spare. Dr. Edgar DeWitt Jones, with this as his title, preaches next week a sermon of comfort and confident hope.

This week Dr. Francis E. Clark, loved of three generations of disciples in Christian Endeavor, begins the fortnightly telling of the wonderfully interesting Story of his Life.

A Boy's Best Friend

By
REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

DR. CLARK, the founder and president of Christian Endeavor, is a remarkable personality in the story of this nation's spiritual progress in the last quarter century or even longer. He has written for the readers of the Christian Herald a series of reminiscences, the first of which appears below. It is a great privilege to have from this successful Christian worker the story of his world-wide experiences, written in the calm twilight of a remarkable life.

I HAVE been asked by the editor of the Christian Herald to write some reminiscences of a somewhat varied life. These reminiscences naturally begin with my own earliest recollections, since I do not propose to burden the reader with ancestral lore.

What can come before memories of his mother in a boy's consciousness? A million men will doubtless each declare that he had the best mother in the world.

My mother died when I was but seven years old—at least her body was then laid in the grave, almost sixty years ago; but she did not die to me. Indeed, there are few people so really alive to me as is she. I know many thousands of people more or less intimately, but among them all there are not half a dozen of whom I think so often as of her, or who so really influence my life today.

I wonder if there is not a thought of comfort here for toiling, anxious young mothers who sometimes feel that all their care and love are wasted, and that if they were taken away from their children in early life they would be remembered no more.

Dr. Clark's mother, who died when he was seven and one-half years old

My parents, though of old Massachusetts stock for eight generations back, and of Bay State birth and rearing, were living in a little frontier Canadian town named Aylmer, when I was born. Thither my father's business of surveyor and timber-locator had carried him, and thither he took his bride from her Massachusetts home, to make another home for him and their children on the edge of the vast Canadian wilderness then almost unbroken from the great Ottawa River to the North Pole.

I am glad that I first saw the light when and where I did. The "when" was the beginning of the last half of the nineteenth century—a half century of wonderful world progress and marvelous invention. The half-century of electricity, of the Victorian literary era—often scoffed at, to be sure, by moderns, but the era of great poets and novelists—and the regenerating era of our own Civil War. The "where" gave me a remembrance at least of the brave struggle of American pioneers, in which my own parents had a part. Theirs were among the "pilgrim feet,"

> Whose stern, impassioned stress,
> A thoroughfare for freedom beat
> Across the wilderness.

Among my earliest recollections are memories of the great rafts of huge logs, sometimes acres in extent, that

Dr. Clark and his family at their summer home. Left to right: Dr. Clark, Professor Eugene Clark, Mrs. Eugene Clark, W. F. Chase, Mrs. W. F. Chase, Mrs. Clark. Two sons and their wives and two grandchildren are not in the picture

came floating down the Ottawa, which at Aylmer is three miles wide, the rafts bound for the sawmills at Hull or farther down the river.

The city of Ottawa, the beautiful capital of the Dominion of Canada, was then a mere village called Bytown, while Aylmer, seven miles distant, was the metropolis of the region. Long weeks and months my father spent on the upper waters of the Ottawa River, his only companions Indian guides or French Canadian trappers, with all of whom he was exceedingly popular. Whenever his duties would permit, he came home to spend a little time with his wife and children, and then he must be off again for the "bush." There were many of these brief but exceedingly happy meetings.

Alas, there was one journey from which the loved husband did not return; for one day, in the summer of 1853, he kissed his wife and children and left his home for the last time. It was the fatal cholera year. Old inhabitants still recall it with a shudder. The dread disease, imported from Europe with the emigrants, secured a sudden and dreadful grip upon the New World. It raged with awful fury. Whole towns were decimated. Shiploads of passengers in crossing the Atlantic never saw the new land for which they were bound. In three hours, often, the disease ran its course.

ONE of those whom this dread disease claimed, while he was ministering to others, was my father, who a few weeks before had left his "Cherry Cottage" home in Aylmer in high health and spirits. The dreadful news was broken to the widow, and she hurried to Three Rivers, a town midway between Montreal and Quebec, where her husband had died, but it was too late even to see his dead face.

"Husband of my youth," she sobs to her journal in after years, "beloved of my heart, could I but have seen you, could I but have imprinted one kiss on that dear brow, could I have felt the pressure of those dear hands and heard the last loving farewell! But it was the will of my heavenly Father, and he doeth all things well."

This sad blow, which left her on the edge of the wilderness, far from most of her kith and kin, with very slender resources and with two children to support (two others had died in infancy), really brought out all that was strongest and noblest in my mother's character. She resolved to support herself and children by opening a private school. She had been a favorite pupil of Mary Lyon (America's greatest woman), and she had taught school before her marriage in the Western Reserve of Ohio. These experiences stood her in good stead in this new venture, and for five years in this frontier village, where the demands for the culture of the schools was not excessive, she maintained her family, and became a real power for good in all the community.

She was gifted beyond most women, with a genuine poetic soul, a rare gift of expression, as is proved by her journal and her letters, which, after nearly fifty years, I had printed for private circulation. She was winsome and attractive in her person, but her religion was the mainspring of her character, and on that I love to dwell. It was exhibited in her gratitude and thanksgiving for little mercies, and it rebukes my own ungrateful life.

MANY a woman would have thought she had very little cause for gratitude. A widow, thrown in early life upon her own resources; a family to support by the hard grinding life of a schoolmistress, far from childhood's home and friends—what had she to be peculiarly grateful for?

Yet almost every entry in the journal is a psalm of thanksgiving. In the smallest occurrence she found evidence of God's peculiar goodness. The ability to lay in a winter's supply of wood, the payment of a just debt by one of her pupils, the kindness of a blacksmith who mended a utensil for her, the faithfulness of a kitchen-maid, a kind note, a pleasant call—all fill her heart with gladness and her lips with praise, and cause her to cry out over and over again: "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Let me transcribe a few lines:

"Feb. 7, 1856. I see much, very much to be thankful for. Almost every one has paid their bills. I have been able to pay all I owe, and have a little left.

"Feb. 18. Today I am better, and this evening feel quite well. How much I have to be thankful for in my continued health!"

"Oct. 21. I have taken a new bedroom over the kitchen, which is very warm and comfortable. Truly the Lord is good, and will not suffer the soul of those that trust in him to want.

"Nov. 13. How much I have to be thankful for! Let me enumerate some of my blessings. I have a good comfortable home and an abundance of good dry wood; I have on hand provisions sufficient, or nearly so, for three months. My own health and that of my children is very good. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

Could anything show more plainly the "merry heart" that doeth good like a medicine?

Five years after her husband's death came another stunning blow in the death of her eldest son, Charles, a boy of nearly seventeen, ten years my senior. He was an unusually fine fellow, a splendid scholar, a writer of promise, an earnest Christian, a strong, manly boy, on whom his mother had begun to lean as though he were a grown man.

NOW she was indeed alone, with only a little seven-year-old son left, her health failing, the future none of the brightest, yet she could write like this, in an entry in her journal meant for no eyes but her own:

"Nov. 10, 1858. Eighteen years ago today I was married. How much has transpired in that period! How much joy and how much sorrow! The years I spent with my beloved husband were years of great happiness. Few have had a happier married life than mine, but the dear partner of my youth, the father of my children, the kind and tender husband, the noble, generous friend, has been gone more than four years, and now my first-born, my beloved Charlie, lies in his low grave. But I shall meet them all again in the Better Land—my beloved husband, my sweet Edward, my little Kate, my noble Charlie. Oh, what a dear family I have in that Better Land; what a joy to meet them all again! Oh my Father, I thank thee for the blessed prospect before me! I thank thee for all the joy of the past eighteen years; and, oh, grant that all the sorrow may work out for me 'a far more eternal and exceeding weight of joy'! I thank thee for the dear little one left. Oh, may he grow up like his dear brother, a true Christian!"

I have let my mother speak for herself. My own words seem poor and tame compared with hers.

Boys and girls, who read these words, thank God for a Christian mother. You may have many friends, but none like her. Is she alive? Treasure her, love her, comfort her if she needs comfort; you will never have another like her.

Mothers all, yours is the greatest privilege on earth, for you can train boys and girls who will never forget you. You need not envy any queen or empress. You will all soon have the ballot, as you ought, but you already have something far more precious, the privilege of making good men and women. Whether you live many years or few, I can ask nothing better for you than that your children love and revere your memory as I love and revere the memory of my own dear mother.

Francis E. Clark at the age of eight

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President
GRAHAM PATTERSON

Managing Editor
GEORGE H. SANDISON

The President's Fourteen Points

IT is interestiug and hearteniug news that the Associated Press brings from Paris of the acceptanee by the Allied statesmen of President Wilson's fourteen points, with one reservation and an addition, as a basis of the negotiations of the forthcoming Peace Conference. These fourteen points, which have already accomplished a decisive result, now promise to be woven, with slight modification, iuto the fabric of the world of the future.

These are the principles upon which America was fired to its unselfish part in the conflict. They are the principles upon which the Allies joined in unified command and with revived hope and vigor. They are the principles through which the democratic elements in Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and finally Germany itself gained power and ascendency, and through which autocracy dissolved aud surrendered.

These fourteen points were uuquestionably the great inspirational, unifying, couvincing and determining factor of the war. Having served as the solvent of the world strife, they now stand as a safe basis of just and enduring peace.

American history, traditions and ideals had furnished to the world a model of freedom. American militant manhood has struck the decisive blow that stripped the shackles from the oppressed peoples. And now American statesmanship, through these fourteen points, with their provisions for open diplomacy, free seas and a league of nations, offers guarantee of the permanence of peace built on justiee.

Unseen Forces

THAT the utmost resources devised by man are weak and insignificant, in comparisou with the forces of nature, is so well understood that it hardly needs discussion. Storm has stopped many a battle and changed the tide of victory when least expected. Wirter, with its deep snows and icy gales, was the real conqueror in Napoleon's disastrous Russian campaign. It was the storms and high tides that swept the Spanish Armada off the seas and saved England. And now it has remained for that eminent historian and theologian, Dr. Alexander Robertson, for many years resident in Venice, to point out how the hiddeu forces of nature were let loose to wreck the Austrian host and save the historic city from impending disaster. In his notable contribution to the religious literature of the war, which is given elsewhere in this issue, he establishes a parallel between the disaster which overwhelmed the Austrians on the Piave and the fate of the hosts of Pharaoh who perished in the Red Sea. His illustration is one that will interest Bible readers everywhere.

History abounds in interventions in behalf of the weak as against the strong. The Christian Herald has already called attention to the complete transformation that took place in the morale of the Allies in France immediately after the day which had been devoted to national prayer for forgiveness and victory. That day marked the turning of the tide and witnessed the begiuning of a series of Allied successes on all the fronts, which went on in impressive succession uutil the final victory culminated in the German surrender. In that change we recognize the operation of invisible forces which cannot be analyzed by auy process of the humau mind. Before peace is finally concluded we may have still other illustrations of this power, but only in proportiou as we trust iu the justice and goodness of God, aud remain true to the high and pure ideals we have set up as our aim in the war. To lower these ideals would result in ultimate disappointment. They must be kept constantly before the Peace Conference, and no desires on the part of the representatives of any nation, for aggrandizement or material or political advantage, should be permitted to lower them. Only as the eonfereuce exercises its powers on the noblest and most exalted plane, with the single purpose of helping Europe and the world to a just and righteous peace, can it hope to be successful in the largest sense.

The eyes of the nations are fixed on the eonference, and the prayers of all peoples should aseend, that it may be guided by pure and unselfish motives throughout, and that in all its deliberations it may seek the aid of divine wisdom. There never was so grand an opportunity to do real world service as that now presented. As Lloyd George has pointed out, the nations represented in the eonference will have it in their power "to fouud a new Europe"; and to avert future wars, promote international brotherhood and thus make the whole world its debtor. The eonference can only succeed in doing this in proportion as it relies firmly upou diviue guidanee at every step of the way.

Don't Forget China's Orphans

AS the Christmas season draws near, we would remind our readers of the orphans of Chiua. There are still some 700 of these little folks who are wholly dependent upon the support they receive from the kind-hearted friends of the Christian Herald. They are distributed among nearly a score of missions, where they are being trained and taught with a view to becoming self-supporting Christian men and women. Originally the number under support was about 2,000. The majority of these have grown up and are now leading noble and useful lives. It has beeu a pleasure for those readers of this journal who have had a share in this child-saving work, and it has brought a blessing to many.

We need hardly explain that during the last four years China, in common with all other lands, has suffered the privations of war. Many an orphanage group has had to go hungry at times; yet God's goodness has never failed them utterly. We appeal to our readers now, at this time when all the world is rejoiced over the coming of peace, to seud a gift for the China orphans. Let us show our gratitude by providing, as far as possible, for their needs in the immediate future. The Christiau Herald invites the members of its Family Circle to help in making up such a gift for China as will cheer the missionaries and assure the welfare of our little protégés for a time at least. Contributions should be addressed to the China Orphan Fund, Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

World Evangelization

AT a recent meeting in Nashville, Tenn., of the Executive Committee of Foreign Missious of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, after a season of earnest prayer, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

> Meeting, as the world war has done, with victory to the forces fighting for freedom, and feeling that if peace is to be permanent and the war is to be followed by an era of good-will that shall hasten the realization of human brotherhood, it must be through the world-wide dissemination and practice of the teachings of Jesus, we recommend that this Executive Committee of Foreign Missions, through our Chairman, Rev. James I. Vance, invite the Foreign Mission Boards of North America, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., to plan for a simultaneous missionary drive to be conducted by all the Protestant evangelical churches of North America, to raise a sufficient fund for the equipment and support of all their foreign mission work, and to recruit a sufficient force of evangelists, teachers, doctors, and nurses to go to the front, that the non-Christian world may be immediately evangelized, and Christian education, medical and sanitary work, and social service may be adequately done in non-Christian lands. In order that this may be initiated at once, we ask for the appointment of delegates to meet in New York, December 17, to confer and report to the annual conference of Foreign Mission Boards in January.

It is explained that the conviction leading to this action is that the world situation now confronting the eutire Church as the war eloses "calls for a bigger program and correspondingly iucreased resources. The experience of the war justifies Protestant Christiauity in launching a united drive for world evangelizatiou. The fact that the Christiau message is the only hope of creating permanent peace conditions should invest such a movement with a powerful appeal at this time."

The Christian Herald is in hearty accord with such a unified program. To evangelize the world is, in effect, the carrying out of the Great Commission. Not the couversion of the world, for that is only to be accomplished by the power of the Holy Spirit; but the presentation in all lands of the Gospel message—that is the Church's work and it is as yet unfinished. There are still parts of Central Asia, China, Arabia, Africa and, we believe, some portions of South America, where no Gospel message has yet been delivered. Summoning all its resources and workiug in energetic cooperation, the Christian Church should be able to complete this work, it has been estimated, in a single year!

This is a task to carry out which the means and the men should not be wanting.

Human Wastage

THAT thousands of children in rural and small-town communities are being deprived of a fair chance for normal development is the assertion of the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor.

One hundred and eighty-five New York State children who were implicated in some sort of wrongdoing, and who eame from 144 different families, were carefully studied. Most of the children were of normal mentality, but lack of opportunity for moral and mental training, for recreation and lack of variety of interesting occupations with promising futures, led these children of normal mental power into delinquency.

These New York eases show a type of social life that, as the report points out, can "unfortuuately be matched in many places." Vivid, detailed descriptions show how the families and communities of these 185 little children failed to safeguard them from early temptations to wrongdoing which will doubtless lead, iu many iustances, to wasted, stunted lives. Although iu nearly half the cases the child lived iu its own home with its father and mother there was a lack of control on the part of the parents and a disregard on their part for the rights of others.

What were these communities doiug to save themselves from the moral and financial burden of caring for the misdemeanants their lack of foresight had produced? Prisons for criminals are admittedly an expensive way to safeguard the moral fabric.

The report shows how "pitifully inadequate" the tiny educational unit in the back eountry, with its isolation and slight equipment, usually is to meet modern demands. The Church, the report states, "holds a real and valuable place in the socializing of the country," but was found to be making "most unequal use" of its opportunity.

The impracticability of securiug skilled probation officers and juvenile court judges for each small community leads to the recommeudation of a county juvenile court and the extension of the powers of such courts where they now exist, in order that the court may reach the remotest corners of each county.

Time Flies—Renew Now

RENEW your subscription NOW before the advance of the subscription price of the Christian Herald to $2.50 goes into effect. Subscriptions will be accepted at the present rate of $2.00 a year until January 1, 1919, and no later.

Last week's issue of the Christian Herald contained a four-page insert, explaining in detail the special books which we are publishing for our readers. Be sure to take advantage of one of these offers when sending in your renewal.

Continued Food Conservation

THE need for food conservation and elimination of all waste by the American people was never so great as at the present time.

Unfortuuately, the common belief throughout the country seems to be that the 1918 crop was a phenomenally large one, and that in eonsequenee there exists in this country a great plentitude of food and the time for saving has passed.

The prevalent belief that with the coming of peace the old order of plenty will be restored is a dangerous oue. Recent market events have shown that this error is very widespread, and it is doubly unfortunate when accepted by the producing section of the country, whose burdens will really become heavier than ever.

Last year the Food Administration's requests were very largely for the substitution of one food for another. This year actual saving is required ou all foods. Before the war, with normal reserves and normal conditions prevailiug and with plenty of agricultural labor, our exports to the Allied countries averaged 5,533,000 tons of food per year. Last year we were able to export to them 11,820,000 tons, and this year, even while the war was on, we had assumed the burden of sending them a minimum of 17,550,000 tons. With the coming of peace this minimum was raised to 20,000,000 tons.

Peace does not add one pound of food to our supply. On the contrary, it enormously iucreases our food obligations because it allows us to reach with food the people of Poland, Rumania, Serbia, Armenia, European Russia, Germany and others who are now without adequate food supply. The total number of these peoples has beeu estimated at 300,000,000, some of whom have partial food resources and some of whom are now literally in a starving condition.

A most casual survey of the situation immediately convinces one that the necessity for America's supervision of food exports will be greater in peace than at any time during the war.

Stricter conservation than ever is required in the interest of starving humanity.

Seed-Sowing in the Trenches

By
EDITH FOX NORTON

"DO YOU see this bit of ground that you are traveling over?" said our officer guide to us, as we traversed the first line trenches between Ramscapelle and Nieuport on the Belgian front. "Here," he said, "sixty thousand Belgian and French soldiers laid down their lives."

What a privilege it was to pass over that consecrated ground, to be handing to the men who still remained keeping their vigils along the little Yser River the life-giving Word of God! Surely that forms the brightest picture of all this terrible war. How many a Belgian soldier had written to us to thank us for the copy of the New Testament which he had received! He had read it and he had found the Christ of whom those pages speak. And in writing to us he said, "I thank God for this war, for the years of separation from home and family, for but for my terrible sufferings I might never have found Christ my Lord."

We had never before realized the power of the Word of God to save human lives as we have since we were given our ministry to the soldiers of the Belgian army. One example: A soldier, Jacques R., was sitting in a trench which bore the name "Le boyau de la mort." This name signified "the bowels of death," and it was a death trap, for just a little distance away the German trench across the narrow river, and it was on higher ground than their own trench. A heavy bombardment was on. They were expecting death any moment, and he found a little book lying close to him. He took it and began reading it, and found it to be the Gospel of St. John. It recalled to him a period in his life when he attended a Protestant service in Brussels. He read and read, and at last the Word, sent home by the Holy Spirit, had done its work, and Jacques had accepted the Saviour. He wrote his name on the back cover at the end of the Decision form, tore it off and at the end of the bombardment sent it on to us in London. This was his way of confessing openly before men Christ his Saviour. Afterward we met him, and were surprised at the great change in his countenance.

SOME one else was surprised also at that change, for Jacques paid a visit to his cousin at another part of the line. A little later we got a letter from his cousin, and this is what he said: "For years I have been a skeptic, believing in nothing. But one day my cousin Jacques came for a visit. I saw so great a change in him that I marveled. I was reckless, unhappy, miserable. My cousin was peaceful, joyous and full of cheer. I said to Jacques, 'You're different. What has made this difference?' And he replied, 'It is the Word of God that I found in the trench that day of the bombardment, when I was expecting death every moment, and it has transformed my life.' And so he gave me your address, dear friends, and I write to you to know if you will not give me also that which has so greatly changed my cousin's life."

An officer says:

"A New Testament and some other books of the Protestant religion have been sent to a soldier, Joachim Amour, pertaining to my company. This soldier is in my service as orderly. On my request he has given me some books of your religion. Although of the age of twenty-one years, I have never yet fixed my choice on a religion. I desire above all to be acquainted with the religion which is the one to which I want to submit my life. If it is not inconvenient to you, I would be glad to keep and read these books that you offer so graciously to our soldiers. With my warm thanks I pray you to accept the expression of my respectful sentiments. CH. L., *Adjutant.*"

One of our Belgian boys wrote from the trenches as follows:

"For a long time I suffered without knowing why. I was never contented and felt happy nowhere. Everywhere I was afraid. I walked like a machine which is started in the morning to stop at night when its work is done, only to commence again the next day. I did not know what to do or where to go, and wherever I was everything seemed wrong.

"One day I was going over the works when I was stopped by a soldier, who said to me, 'Well, corporal, you don't seem to hear me. I have spoken to you three times.' And when he continued, 'You seem always in bad humor,' I did not know what to reply, but I said, 'My friend, I am very unhappy. I am ill, I do not know what has come over me lately.' He then asked me to go for a little walk with him in the evening when we could talk undisturbed. We met and as we walked he gave me a little book, saying, 'Read a little of that every evening, and you will find help in this book, and you will see that you will get all right again.'

"This I did that same evening before going to bed. The next day I wrote to the Protestant pastor for more explanation, and now it is six weeks since all this happened. I am now very strong and I fear nothing. T. GOSSELIN, *Corporal.*"

Photo from R. C. Norton

Belgian soldiers grouped before the Protestant hut. In the center stands the Protestant chaplain and his wife

BUT our ministrations have not been confined to the soldiers in the trenches. Others are just as needy. And so it came to pass that one day at the home of a friend in England I met the cousin of my hostess, a tall young officer of the First Life Guards, one of Great Britain's crack regiments.

"I wish you would speak to Jack," my hostess said. "He is going back to the front this week, and I do not believe he is a Christian."

It was with real trepidation of spirit that I addressed him that evening in the drawing-room. He received my words kindly, but there seemed to be not much conviction. However, he begged me to write to him, and so in the winter that followed we were constantly in correspondence with this young officer from South Africa. When spring came, he came back to London on leave. He came to our little flat to have dinner with my husband and myself. After dinner was over, he turned to my husband and said, "I want you both to know that I have accepted Christ as my Saviour. Would you like to know how it happened?"

"Yes, indeed," we both said eagerly.

And then he told us the story. "It was the night before Christmas on the Somme. Just before midnight we left for the lines, I taking my platoon. The whole battalion were marching for the trenches, a thousand strong. It was the night before Christmas and the men's hearts were as heavy as their boots as they tramped along. Suddenly a star-shell was thrown up from the battlefield. Ahead of us was the wall of a ruined church. Nothing remained but the Christ on the cross. The men saw it, their hearts were turned toward Him whose representation it was, and with one accord they sang,

"Oh come, all ye faithful, joyfully triumphant,
Gather to Bethlehem with glad accord.
Low in a manger lies the King of angels.
Oh come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

"It was just then," went on Jack, "I admitted him into my heart. Up the line we went," he said, "a thousand strong. Seventy-seven came back alive."

So it is the same blessed Gospel message that appeals to high and low alike, and many are the trophies this war will have won for Jesus Christ and for his kingdom.

A Christmas Tree for a Dollar

THERE is no reason why any family that can spend a dollar on a tree should not have one. We will assume that the tree itself costs fifteen cents, and a small tree can make just as much fun as the biggest ever cut. This leaves eighty-five cents for decorations.

Buy first a ten-cent roll of crêpe paper and one of the ten-cent rolls of different colored papers; if you like you may spend a dime for red and white paper only, but the children are apt to like the tree better if it has all the possible colors on it. Mucilage will cost another nickel, and if you can, get a five-cent spool of fine wire such as is used in making paper flowers. Very effective garlands can be made with this. Wind the wire round a knitting-needle so as to make a curly wire "stem" in a loose but even spiral, slipping it off as the needle is filled; cut a narrow strip of crêpe paper crosswise of the crêpe, and roll it between finger and thumb, winding it about the wire, just as a spinner does the wool. This makes a firm, white-covered stem. Cut petals like rose-petals, about an inch square, bunch four or five together at the base, wind a short piece of white-covered wire around them for the stem, and that makes a flower. They should not be too large. Shape the petals with the fingers so that the flower will be cup-shaped and put it on a longer stem, then another and another, about three inches apart, making a garland. This takes much less time than popping corn and makes more show.

Meanwhile the smaller children can make cornucopias. For these, take a square of paper about as thick as writing-paper, roll it into the shape of a horn by lapping one side over the adjacent one, and fasten with paste, or bits of colored ribbon or string tied in two or three places according to the size of the horn. Put a handle of paper, ribbon or string across the top, and after filling the horn tuck in the pointed end. This is the way the old Christmas horns of sugar-plums were made.

For filling the horns, very nice candy (which is also wholesome) can be made from puffed grains, just as cornballs are made, with molasses or sugar syrup; and it is so light that it is just the thing for a Christmas tree. Pour the candy into a pan, cut it into lumps about the size of a walnut when cold, and use half the syrup for making peanut candy—the nuts will cost another five cents. If there are whole raisins in the house for the Christmas pudding, and also cloves, you can make clove turtles by sticking a clove at the end opposite the stem end, for the turtle's head, then make the four legs by pinching out the middle of four cloves and leave the stem for the tail.

Old tin cans in small sizes will make effective Christmas lanterns and will be safer than unprotected candles. Allow ten cents for candles. Holes can be punched in a tin can after covering it with bright paper. Another effective lantern may be made of the square cigar-boxes which the dealers are usually glad to give away.

Another nickel will buy a lot of the silver tinsel made for Christmas trees. Save out the best of the peanuts; very cunning little fairy dolls may be made by sticking a toothpick through one end for arms, painting a face on the other end, and dressing the doll in a frilly skirt and cape of crêpe paper, with a sash of a bit of ribbon. A Japanese store if one is near you is one of the best places to go for cheap

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The Church in the New Age

*A SERMON BY REV. W. A. HUTCHINSON**

TEXT—I Corinthians, Third Chapter, Verses 10 to 15.

A NUMBER of years ago I sat in the assay office of a mining company in Colorado, when a miner or prospector came in with a lump of rock about as large as a man's head, and said to the man in charge of the office: "I want you to make a test of this ore." The assayer took the rock, broke it up with a large hammer, gathered the pieces all up and put them on a large steel table, and pounded them into fine dust. He then gathered it all up carefully, put it on another steel-faced table, and with a heavy roller rolled it until it was pulverized. Then he gathered it all up carefully again, put it into a crucible and put the crucible into the furnace and closed the door.

We sat and talked for nearly an hour, when he got up and opened the furnace and looked in, closed the door again, and we talked for nearly another hour. When he again opened the furnace, he took the tongs, reached in and took out the crucible and set it on an iron table. It was red hot when he took it from the furnace. He next took a hand-bellows and blew the dust and ashes out of the crucible. After the crucible had cooled he said to me: "Come over and see how much gold there was in that rock." I went over and looked into the crucible, but could detect nothing. I said, "Is it all gone?" "No," he answered, and taking a small pair of tweezers he reached down into the bottom of the crucible and picked out a small piece of gold about half the size of a pinhead. "That is what was in it," he said, "but that is pure gold." That was all that came through the pounding, the rolling, the crushing and the fiery furnace, but it was pure gold!

In the great world conflict across the seas, God Almighty has taken the so-called Christian civilization; German "Kultur" and German ideals of civil government, militarism, autocracy; and also the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as expressed in the teaching of the hundred and one different Christian denominations, both Catholic and Protestant; and he has thrown them into the crucible of world war. Out of this furnace of fiery trial will come only that which is pure gold. After the furnace has done its work, with the breath of His mouth, through the bellows of His purified church, Jesus Christ is going to blow away all the dust and ashes and dross, the false ideas and teachings of men on both religion and civil government. Only the pure gold of the Gospel, truth, justice and righteousness will be able to stand the test of that consuming fire.

NOT only has Christian civilization and teaching, both Catholic and Protestant, been thrown into the furnace, but all forms of civil government, Monarchical and Republican, Autocracy and Democracy, must now come under the fiery test of this "vial of the wrath of Almighty God which has been poured out upon the nations of earth."

On the part of Germany the world-war has been not only an effort to establish a "world-empire," but just as great an effort to create a world-religion. To quote from Nietzsche, one of the greatest of the German philosophers, whose teaching is so largely responble for this awful world war, let us hear what he says: "While preparing to found a world-empire, Germany is also preparing to create world-religion. No cultured European nation since the French revolution has made any experiment in creative religion. . . . The present bent of mind in the universities, among the most cultured, is toward the religion of Valor, which speaks thus: 'You have heard how in old times it was said, Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth; but I say unto you, Blossed are the valiant, for they shall make the earth their throne. Again it hath been said, Blessed are the poor in spirit; but I say unto you, Blessed are the great in soul, for they shall enter into Valhalla. And yo have heard men say, Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God; but I say unto you, Blessed are the warmakers, for they shall be called, if not the children of Jahve (Jehovah), the children of Odin, who is greater than Jehovah.'"

I don't see how he could have been truer to the "German bent of mind," except he had said: "They shall be the children of the Kaiser, who is greater than Jehovah." If such teaching as this had been limited to Germany, we might have had little occasion for alarm, but this kind of religious teaching is rifo in every nation in Christendom, including our own. Our colleges, universities and seminaries are permeated with it, and many of our pulpits have been its mouthpieces. My own seminary—among the most conservative in the land—twenty-five years ago was teaching this German rationalism, and calling it "science." If a young man did not swallow it whole without mastication or investigation, he was called narrow and "a back number." Nearly all the professors in the seminaries spent from two to five years "topping off" on this kind of German rot. And many of the graduates of the seminaries, if they had the means, considered their education incomplete without one or two years of this German "Kultur," and almost without exception after their study abroad they came back as destructive critics of the Word of God and they were welcomed to the larger pulpits, because the influential churches had contracted the "itching ear" disease.

FOR forty years we have been dancing to the music of German "Kultur." For the last four years we have been paying the fiddler. But there is hope! All the "wood, hay and stubble" of the so-called Christian civilization, as well as the pure gold of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, are in the fiery furnace of world war; and only that which is pure gold will be able to endure the test.

Is the Gospel going to stand the test? Is the Christian religion going to come through the fiery furnace victoriously? Is this furnace of testing a purifying process or a destroying scourge? I believe Jesus. Let Jesus answer these questions: "Upon this foundation will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." I believe Jesus! "The words I speak unto you are not mine, but the Father's which sent me." I believe the word of God spoken by Jesus! "The grass withereth and the flower falleth, but the Word of our God shall stand forever." "Heaven and earth may pass away, but one jot nor one tittlo shall not fail, until all shall be fulfilled." Mon and the devices of man may fail. The wisdom of men and the teaching of men may be burned up. German "Kultur" and German ideals may go down in the seuffle. Thrones and empires may perish. Autocracy or Democracy may come or go. So-called Christian civilization and so-called Christian governments may suffer loss. "Evil men may wax worso and worse, deceiving and being deceived." But Jesus Christ shall yet set up his Kingdom in the earth, put down all other rule and authority, and reign from the rivers unto the ends of the earth.

The Church in the new age will be characterized by less formalism, less ritualism and more spiritual power. Not so much saying of prayers, but more praying in spirit and in truth. Not so much worship through the material, external things, which are the works of men's hands, but more personal worship of God in spirit and in truth. Less of the mechanical, ecclesiastical, superficial, conventional, non-essential sham of worship through a system, and more of personal communion with our Father God.

There is much complaint in these days because of the destruction of what have been called "The masterpieces of art and statuary" in the churches of Europe. I am not so sure that this is calamity. One thing is sure; there will be less of this kind of thing to worship, or to worship through, now that the war is over. Much of it has been superficial, and some of it was a positive misrepresentation of the real.

THE Church in the new age will be characterized by less of the sentimental, more of the practical. Less talking about our own personal experience, more witnessing to the power of the living Christ. Less talk about our religion and our church, and more doing of the things that are religious and Christian. Less boasting about the numerical and financial strength of our denomination, and more glorying in the "power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ" to save lost men.

The Church in the new age will be characterized by a less autocratic and a more democratic form of policy. The democratizing of the state in China and Russia and the world has also been the democratizing of the Church in the world. The coming Church will have less of the spirit of priestly overlordship, and more of the spirit of Christian ministry and brotherhood. Less cant and caste and more of the Christian spirit of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

The Church in the new age will be characterized by less of the teaching of the wisdom and theories of men, and more of the teaching of the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Less of the teaching of "science, so-called," and more of the teaching of the truth of God, which is the only true science. The coming Church will be an investigating church, with a mind open to all forms of new truth, or old truth, but unwilling to call it "science" until it has been proven to be so.

The future Church will be an instructed church, because it will have a teaching ministry. A ministry who will not be satisfied with a mixture of literary sleeping-powders and German "Kultur." A ministry who will be satified with nothing less than the pure gold of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Less destructive criticism, and more faith in the "Impregnable Rock of God's Holy Word."

THE Church in tho new age will be characterized by less sectarianism, more co-operation. Less talk about denominationalism, moro talk about inter-denominationalism. Less talk about *my* church, and more talk about tho Church of Jesus Christ. Less desire to outstrip the foremost in the race for numbers and material wealth, and moro of a desire to help on the hindermost to true manhood and Christian character. Tho coming Church will be a big brotherhood where the strong will delight to help the weak. A big family with every member carod for The coming Church will be characterized by the spirit of service which is the Spirit of Christ.

Lord help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray
My prayer shall be for—others.

Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true
And know that all I'd do for you
Must needs be done for—others.

Let "Self" be crucified and slain
And buried deep: and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again
Unless to live for—others.

And when my work on earth is done,
And my new work in heaven's begun
May I forget the crown I've won
While thinking still of—others.

Others, Lord, yes, others.
Let this my motto be,
Help me to live for others,
That I may live like thee.

*Sermon delivered at the meeting of the Lake Superior Congregational Association.

Jerusalem's Gratitude to America Eloquently Expressed

DR. JOHN H. FINLEY, of the American Red Cross Commission in Palestine, lately returned from the Holy Land, tells of an impressive meeting with the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, one of the most interesting religious personalities in the world today.

This eminent dignitary, although almost a recluse, had still kept in touch with the world movement. This is what he said to Dr. Finley and his American Red Cross Associates:

"No one can dispute the fact known to God and confirmed by your noble history, O citizens of America, that out of compassion and charity he created you to do good to humanity, and has through you always accomplished good work, keeping you innocent of all evil-doing.

"Joy and gladness to you, and may God be praised who showers good as he desires!

"No one can wonder at this when you are the children of so generous a mother, the great nation—I mean Great Britain, with her glorious past and exalted glory.

"Your good works cannot be counted; and you should extend your arm from beyond the seas to grasp the hand of that mother, full of love and compassion, for one reason only, to further the cause of the oppressed and to turn aside with blows the hand of the oppressor iu this bloody and fearful war, the like of which has never been seen before, and, by God's will, may never be seen again.

"To extend a helping hand to the children o Syria and Palestine in your native land, America was not enough, but you have crossed the seas and desert and undergone the hardships of this presen time to succor the poor and homeless widows and orphans of all Palestine, and more especially of the Holy City, the city of the prophets of God where we are all now united.

"On bohalf of these in general, and of Moslems in particular, I burn incense on the altars of gratitude and pray the great God to make you a good reward defend you from every evil, make your benevolen undertakings successful, and hasten the days o peace which we all await impatiently."

Reverends
J H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

Daily Meditation

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Seeking, Yet Always Finding

SUNDAY, December 15. Ps. 63 : 8. "*My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.*" That is one of the strange conjunctions which are to be found in the Scriptures. They frequently present the aspect of a contradiction. Here is a soul following after the Lord, and yet the hand of the Lord is resting upon him. In one way he is running after; in another way he has arrived. He is on the road, and yet he is at the goal. He is seeking the Lord, and yet he is in communion with him. It is a paradox in speech, but it is a glorious commonplace in Christian experience. We can be in Christ, and yet we can be following after him. We can be at rest in the Lord, and yet in zealous quest of him.

Let us mark the vigorous strength of the psalmist's words: "My soul followeth hard after thee." There is something very intense and strenuous about the figure of speech. Shall we be using the word unlawfully if we interpret it through the imagery of a hound which has found the scent of his prey and is now away on the alluring track in full pursuit?

But the quest of the Lord is not a one-sided affair of this kind. If there is the hound of earth, there is also the wonderful love which is the hound of heaven. It comes forth to seek and to save. It finds us in our low estate. It secretly ministers to us in our quest. "Thy right hand upholdeth me." The heavenly Lover brings secret resource to the runner. He administers the hidden manna to ward off faintness on the road. There is a mystic fellowship in which we eat his flesh and drink his blood. For is not this the wonderful ministry of grace? The divine grace upholds us while we are on the way to God. It opens its bountiful wallet and brings us inspiration for the journey. It prepares a table before us in the presence of our enemies. We feast while we run.

J. H. J.

The Stayed Mind

MONDAY, December 16. Isa. 26 : 3. "*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee.*" On the tombstone that marks the resting-place of a devout Christian, beneath his name and the dates of his birth and death, is the simple word, "Kept." Simple word it is, but how much it means! Kept in perfect peace, kept in the love of God, kept from falling, kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. The Christian religion is a religion of keeping and being kept. We are not satisfied to be kept in the path of righteousness; we need also to be kept in the path of quietude, of inner rest, of calm serenity, of undisturbed outlook upon the future, whether it be the little future of tomorrow or the great future of ages yet to come.

Peace is a sweet word. The world exults in newfound peace after years of tumult and strife. But this peace is not yet perfect, nor can it ever be until human society is governed willingly by reference to the laws of God. The peace God promises is one which can be fully realized only by the mind that is stayed on God, the will that is surrendered to him. It is not the peace of stagnation, but the peace of unwearied activity. Henry Drummond's illustration of perfect peace is the picture of a bird sitting on her nest built in the boughs of a tree overlooking a cataract. Sidney Lanier says, "I will build me a nest in the greatness of God." Elizabeth Barrett Browning smiled "to think God's greatness flows around our incompleteness." "Do you know how this is coming out?" a man asked of a friend engaged in an important enterprise. He answered, "No, but the God I work for knows how it is coming out, and I am not afraid." His mind was stayed and his spirit trusted. This is the pathway to peace. C. C. A.

Christ, the King

TUESDAY, December 17. Zech. 9 : 9. "*Behold, thy king cometh.*" The three great offices in the Jewish commonwealth, the prophetic, the priestly, and the royal, foreshadowed the work of the Messiah. Moses, when taking leave of his people, spoke comfortingly to them of the greater Prophet that was to be raised up from among them. Aaron, the high priest, typified by his office the atoning sacrifice of the Son of God. And no sooner had Israel received a king, than also the royal office was employed by the prophets to set forth the saving work of Christ. David was told by Nathan: "When thy days be fulfilled, and thou shalt sleep with thy fathers, I will set up thy seed after thee, and I will establish his kingdom. I will be his father and he shall be my son." This prophecy God repeats in the second Psalm, saying: "I have set my king upon my holy hill of Zion." And when the Jewish state was wrecked and the Jews carried into Babylonian captivity, God roused the ancient hope of the Israelites for their king Messiah by the announcement which Jeremiah made to them: "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and a king shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth. In his days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely: and this is his name whereby he shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness." The words of our text take up that ancient prophecy and repeat it to the exiles which had just returned from Babylon. Jesus is that king of prophecy: the angel Gabriel so states to the virgin Mary. It is true that Jesus refused the crown which his countrymen after the miracle of the loaves and fishes offered him, and he did not go about with the usual pomp of royalty. But he nevertheless asserted his royal dignity before the representative of the greatest potentate of the earth, Pilate, and spoke of the kingdom of truth which he has set up in the hearts of those who have accepted him as their Redeemer and love the genial rule of his evangelical word and ordinances. He is still coming as king to all whom his Gospel reaches. Let no one miss his coming through indifference or hostility to him.

W. H. T. D.

Child Conversion

WEDNESDAY, December 18. Mark 10 : 14. "*Suffer the little children to come unto me.*" A divinely moving star would not be expected to rest over a stable, but over a palace, or to point down to uncultured shepherds amid the cattle, but to gatherings of royalty and splendor. Jesus' life began in the humblest place, that he might reach down to the lowliest child. He knew that it was easier to rise to the highest when we begin with the lowest, for those who are loftiest must come down to the humility and simplicity of childhood if they would enter the kingdom of heaven.

The Christ Child is the type of the poverty and helplessness of multitudes of little ones. All may gather about him in their thought and feel at home in the lowly manger. Our Lord knew that if he could win childhood he could win the world. Is it not the great mission of the Church to win the child? With the children in the kingdom, soon there will be no more war, revenge and hatred among the nations; no more bigotry and jealousy among the churches. The wilderness and solitary places will be glad and the desert blossom as the rose; the coming of childhood to Christ will hurry his second coming. If all childhood would do as did Eva Booth, the Commander of the Salvation Army, the Lord's victory over sin and Satan would be won. Eva's birthday was on Christmas Day, and when she was seven years old she arose from her bed at night and crept down stairs to her mother's bedside, and there, she says, "in my mother's tender embrace, I sobbed out all my wish to give a Christmas present of myself to Jesus, on his birthday and my own. The wonderful new joy that came to me has made it quite impossible for me ever to doubt the absolute reality of a child's conversion."

If parents and pastors would do their whole duty to childhood, there would be a wonderful revolution in the Christian world. What if all mothers were like Susannah Wesley and Catherine Booth, training the children in the home for the conquest of themselves and for the drawing of all men unto the Redeemer? Is not this the greatest achievement of mortals? Starting right in the morning of life means going right all the way. Every child may not be a Wesley, a Luther or Knox, a Washington or Lincoln, a Miss Willard or an Eva Booth, but every one may be a child of God, in his great family, fulfilling a divinely appointed mission and living forever in the heavenly atmosphere of eternal love. Oh for the conversion of the world in the home, in the Sunday school and in the church! E. W. C.

Continual Praise

THURSDAY, December 19. Ps. 34 : 1. "*I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.*" Next to the blessing of a pure heart is the blessing of a thankful heart—a heart like that of Chrysostom, whose life was an illustration of the psalmist's words, "I will bless the Lord at all times." They who bless the Lord only when all goes well with them are much like the man of whom it was said, "He served the Lord off and on for forty years." "Off and on" thanksgiving is a poor kind. It is like impulsive obedience, capricious benevolence, circumstantial piety, convenient righteousness. By so much as the eternal God is the God of our lives, we owe it to him always to pray, to give thanks in everything, to bless him at all times. If our experience has taught us anything it should have taught us this, that because we are in God's hands things are going well with us whether they seem to be so or not. Jacob learned that God was dealing mercifully with him even when he mourned his Joseph. David learned that God was gracious to him even in exile. This is the great lesson of the Book of Job. Paul was thoroughly convinced of it and affirms that the things which had happened to him which looked unfriendly to his life-plan had fallen out to the furtherance of the gospel. All things do work together for good to lovers of God. The stars in their courses fight for us. We have eternal allies. A distinguished American recently said, "I have two sons in this war. Living? That is well. Dead? That too is well. When one is right all that happens is well." One who is thus minded finds no difficulty in following the example of the psalmist who blessed the Lord at all times. C. C. A.

The Word and the Flesh

FRIDAY, December 20. 1 Tim. 3 : 16. "*Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh.*" We know the fact of the birth of God's Son, but we shall never be able to explain the manner thereof. No birth like this has ever occurred before, nor will there be a like one in the future.

And yet, if at any time a full explanation of a Scriptural fact is desirable, it is in the present instance. For in the same text in which the apostle has declared the birth of Christ "the mystery of godliness," he has also called it the "pillar and ground of the truth." On this simple fact that God became man hangs the truth of the whole Christian religion. Without this fact our religion would still be a religion, but it would no longer be the Christian religion. Over the cradle in the manger the Church of God has been reared, and the infant whom angels and shepherds and wise men from the East come to adore is the chief cornerstone of that Church. All true theology and all saving doctrine is summed up in the statement: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." If this child had not been born, the world would be lost. From the self-degradation and self-denial which begins for this child immediately upon his birth, the apostle has drawn great moral lessons besides. He says: "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this world; looking for that blessed hope; and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity." W. H. T. D.

Waiting for the Lord

SATURDAY, December 21. Luke 12 : 36. "*And be ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord.*" We are to wait with our loins girded, with our lamps trimmed and burning, going into all the world, preaching Christ's Gospel, that we may win mankind to him. For nineteen hundred years the Christian world has been waiting for Christ's return, as John the Baptist waited for his first advent, by preaching and preparing the way for the Messiah. Waiting as all the prophets waited, who toiled and prophesied, preached and warned, to get mankind ready for the fulness of time when God should send forth his Son.

The thought that Jesus is coming to reign in this world over all nationalities in his one kingdom of righteousness and peace, is the loftiest, most inspiring idea that can possess the soul. If this colossal fact should take possession of the minds of men, it would transform our world and help usher in the millennial glory. His coming will not be a humiliation, a crucifixion or a catastrophe, but a coming in triumph, as the Creator of worlds, as the Redeemer of men, as the King eternal over the universe of God. He will reign on thrones as well as in hearts, victor over death, hell and the grave, ruler over all creatures, all forces, all creations.

Queen Victoria once said to a friend, "There is nothing I should love more than to lay my crown at his feet when he comes." Should not that be the attitude of every living being—longing, loving, waiting, and, if dying before the glorious celebration, waiting in glory, to be among the escorting hosts who will come with him on his last visit to our fallen planet?

E. W. C.

Sn

Wo

Photo from International Film Service

Stolzenfels on the Rhine. A German imperial castle which will probably domicile Yankee troops

Joseph Fielding Smith and his family. Mr. Smith, a nephew of Joseph Smith, first prophet of Mormonism, was President of the Mormon Church. He died November 19, in his 80th year. He was survived by 5 wives, 43 children and 92 grandchildren.

© Committee on Public

The big American 16-inch rifle, mounted on trucks, several batteries of which helped to conviction of defeat into the German

The President emphasizing a point. The artist did not say where, but he might be practicing for Versailles

Photo from Press Illustrating Service

© Underwood & Underwood

Victory brings smiles. In the front row of this company of Allied leaders stand, left to right, Marshal Foch, General Pershing, Madame Dubail, Marshal Joffre and General Dubail

Shots

Vents

© Paul Thompson

Red Cross inspection depot where Christmas boxes were handled for our boys "Over There"

British Official Photo © Western Newspaper Union

Women and children of Lille welcoming the British troops to their liberated city

Photo from Underwood & Underwood

Ignace Daszynski, Provisional President of the New Republic of Poland

Professor T. G. Masaryk, proclaimed President of the new Czecho-Slovak republic, at Prague, Bohemia, while he was in Washington as its representative Photo by Clinedinst

Major-General Dickman, commanding the American Third Army, designated as the army of occupation, on its march into Germany © Clinedinst from Underwood & Underwood

All the World

By CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.
Author of "In His Steps," "His Brother's Keeper," "Jesus Is Here," etc., etc.

A Story Having for Its Theme the Reconstruction Period After the Great War

Copyright, 1918, by Charles M. Sheldon

CHAPTER VII

MATTERS were in the same condition when Sunday dawned again. The Government case against Randall had been published by the local press and a sensation had followed.

Dr. Ward found he had only one theme for his sermon. During the week scores of his young people had been to see him, in addition to the boys of Company 241. The enthusiasm for the new adventure was growing far beyond anything he had dreamed. His message was a repetition of that of the Sunday before, only this time directed to the outlining of the program to be followed in carrying out the divine command.

There were many things to tell this group of young heroes of the Marne and the Vesle and the Oise, who had lived in the atmosphere of excitement and of great deeds so long that nothing trivial or unimportant had any attraction for them. And there was much to tell them of the new things at home, of which they were ignorant, many of which, like the organization of the American Missionary College and the fact of national prohibition, even if known, had to be emphasized to these eager souls looking out on a new America and into the gateways of a new world, whose every land under the sun was waiting to see what America would do to build up the world democracy she had so splendidly helped to create. The imagination of these young people was stirred to battle fervor by Dr. Ward's sermon.

A HUSH of God's spirit fell over the congregation at its close. The most thrilling assurance came to minister and people that the Christ was in the house. The carrying out of his great command to go into all the world was evidently the one thing the church needed to realize his presence. All through the years before the war no great passion had filled the church in America except the passion for self-development. Now it seemed to the people sitting there in the quiet of that moment as if a real reason for existence had been given them. Here sat all through the audience their own sons, husbands, brothers and lovers, consecrating themselves to this thrilling adventure of conquest of all the world to the sway of Jesus Christ as Lord of all. The great armies had disbanded and the soldiers had come home to go back into industrial and agricultural life. And for the first time since man began his struggle for life on the globe, a universal peace reigned, all doors were opened to the Gospel, millions were hungering for the Truth, the world was thirsting for God, and America, with her wealth practically untouched even by the war's exhausting drain, with her fields ripe with food, with her thousands of young men and women filled with the adventure of action, seemed to wait for the call of the divine reveille to awake and go forth to the greatest task that humanity ever had laid upon it, a new and glorious call to the colors of the blood-stained Cross.

Dr. Ward made no appeal for volunteers this Sunday, but that evening, after the services of the day were over, the little study at the parsonage was not big enough to hold the groups that came.

They were quiet young men, these ex-soldiers. But as their pastor Dr. Ward knew from their individual histories that he was facing heroes and spirits tempered in the great discipline of danger, and his heart thrilled as he thought of the wonderful material America now possessed for the Christianizing of the world—material full of courage, patience, endurance, intelligence, passion, vision, imagination, love of country and all it stood for—men who had known what it meant to fight for freedom and had caught more than a glimpse of what that freedom meant to the world. No such evangelizing forces had ever been known in the history of the church. His prayer as he led this expectant group was a prayer of desire that the church in America might see her great, her wonderful wealth of missionary power and use it to conquer the world for a democracy that would be Christ's.

Prayer filled the room; the hush of the Spirit's power awed this little group. And before Dr. Ward dismissed them he outlined a simple form of expression of their pledges, and they talked it over together, agreeing finally on these statements as defining in simple language their purpose and the way to attain it.

DR. WARD said in explanation: "We do not need any organization besides the church. All that these sentences are intended to do is to shape our own thought and help define it for our action. But we need to remember that Christ's commands, while eternal, are also to be interpreted in the terms and under the conditions of the age in which we ourselves live. That is the beauty of his teachings: their adaptability to every person in every country in every age and to all the world.

"Suppose, then, we let the following define for us our object, our purpose, and the means of reaching it:

"We choose for our name and motto—
"*ALL THE WORLD*

"Our object is to make Christian disciples everywhere.

"We pledge ourselves to this service after careful preparation, going wherever we may be best fitted to go.

"The sources of our power we recognize to be—

(1) Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of all men, and the only real Reconstructor of the world.

(2) Faith in prayer and the daily practice of it.

(3) Faith in the Holy Spirit to show men the truth as it is in Jesus.

(4) Faith in the possible regeneration of any one of any race.

(5) Faith in a united Christendom to do what individual Christianity cannot do.

"We believe that making all nations disciples means:

(1) Working for the real union of all believers.

(2) Seeking the help of the entire nation in the use of power.

(3) Centralizing missionary effort by the union of different denominational bodies.

(4) Appealing to the heroic and adventurous in young life to do more than militarism can do to inspire courage and sacrifice.

(5) The elimination of race hatred and prejudice as a cardinal doctrine of our pledge.

(6) All our effort centers in Jesus Christ, who is alive today and all powerful in heaven and on earth.

(7) And our Creed is His Creed: supreme love to God and supreme love to fellowman.

AFTER the young people had gone home, one young woman remained with the family for the night. She is a vital part of this history, and a word is necessary about her.

Alberta Chester had been engaged to Albert Ward when the war broke out. The date had been set for their marriage while he was in training-camp. Then the order had suddenly come from headquarters which put Albert and a few other officers at a few hours' notice on a transport, and three weeks later Alberta received a cable (the first word after long days of silence) saying her lover was somewhere in France. The first letter told her that he had been one of a dozen specially selected men from the States to go over and confer with the French aviators on matters of technique and airplane construction in which Albert had begun to prove himself a rare expert. Then like a bomb out of an invisible airplane there fell on the heart of Alberta the news of Albert's death in an air duel. He had been sent up to experiment with a new type of machine, had met a German squadron, had sent down two of their planes, and had then been mortally wounded by four enemies, who set upon him in a body. He was able to guide his machine back over the French lines and died in the arms of his fellow officers, who wept honest tears over his beautiful body and buried it with high military honors in the soil of France, sending back to Dr. and Mrs. Ward and Alberta a note signed by names, some of them afterward distinguished, giving the last record of Albert's heroism, including the prayer they had found folded neatly in one of his breast pockets.

Albert's silver aviation badge finally came to Dr. Ward with his other personal effects. When the package was opened Alberta was present. She fingered with tearless eyes one little token after another, but when the little badge dropped out of a bit of tissue paper, she held out her hand and Dr. Ward let her take the symbol of the airman, and Alberta put it to her lips, and with the act her grief burst in a flood of tears that relieved her breaking heart. Without a word of protest Dr. Ward saw her pin the badge on her dress, and there she wore it always.

ALBERTA CHESTER was neither, in her own feeling, maid, wife, or widow. The vision and the memory of her lover continued in her almost like a sainted personality, enshrined in her soul, something that might have been a lover husband, father of beautiful children around whom her arms might have been enfolded as she with him trained them into noble lives for the good of the world.

She was not a girl to live in the solitude of her grief. She had been very practical in her thought and action. And so Albert's death did not materially change Alberta's daily struggle. Her old mother had been dependent on her work, and she had been a stenographer in one of Rufus Randall's offices at $60 a month. As the war went on and man after man was drafted and went away, other places were vacant. The station agent at the Bradford railway station enlisted. To the consternation of Dr. Ward and all of Alberta's friends, she applied for the position. She wanted more physical exercise than the stenographer's work could give, and in course of time the Bradford traveling public grew accustomed to see Alberta, clad in overalls, selling tickets at the window and then going out on the platform throwing trunks up on the truck, checking them, and helping the trainman shove them into the car.

But Alberta after work hours and clad in a distinctly feminine garb was another person. She sat in the family circle this Sunday evening as one of them, respected and loved for the strength and poise and endurance she had shown in the great experience through which she had passed. They were all discussing the events of the day, and Dr. Ward had just checked off all the names of those who had made definite decisions when Alberta said suddenly.

"Father, you have not put my name down."

Dr. Ward looked up in astonishment. "Alberta! You are not going to leave us!"

"I want to go to France! I want to see Albert's grave! I have been studying French language and history all winter. I can help in the orphanages! I can do reconstruction work in the orchards! I can preach the Gospel in some form to the people. I cannot bear to stay here if Esther and Dick are gone!"

And so Alberta became a part of the Great Adventure that had "all the world" for its theater, and her part was played so well that it has special importance in this narrative.

MONDAY morning following that eventful second Sunday, Dr. Ward was called up on long distance from Bayview before he was through breakfast.

Chaplain Willis Hunter's voice sounded with special and peculiar emphasis.

"Dr. Ward, I want to see you this morning if you are not too busy. May I come over?"

"By all means, Hunter. I'll be more than glad to see you."

"One of my men will bring me over in his car. Look for me before noon."

"Stay to dinner with us," Dr. Ward said; but he found that Hunter had already hung up.

Before eleven o'clock Hunter appeared in his friend's car, and his first words revealed to Dr. Ward his tremendous interest in the errand that had brought him over the forty-five miles between Bayview and Bradford.

"Yesterday I presented to my people the Great Adventure to go into all the world. And the result was so wonderful, Dr. Ward, I felt I must come over and see you about it. The Spirit was with us in great power. Seventy-five of my young people are ready to take up the Great Commission and go into all the world. We had a wonderful meeting last night. I feel almost frightened over some phases of it. Yesterday was my first Sunday home with my church. I tried to talk on my experiences and adventures. But without any volition of my own my message was directed to the Great Command. People broke down all over the church. The thing got beyond any control of mine. I do not know what it will lead to. Only, as I said a week ago when I met with the boys here, I believe the life we have just been living is comparatively uneventful by the side of this Big Thing we are going into.

"I want to counsel with you. I feel the need of all the wisdom and strength I can get. This thing is of God. If it spreads through our churches and over America it will revolutionize our church life, and what it will do in the world at large only the Divine can measure."

CHAPLAIN HUNTER spent the day with Dr. Ward. He and his churchman took dinner with the family, and Hunter had the joy of a visit with Dick, although he could not fail to detect the fact that some unusual and trying experience was being felt by this "boy" of his whose life he had saved "over there." But every one felt the contagion of Hunter's fiery enthusiasm. His last words that afternoon as he started back to Bayview was: "The age of miracles is not over, doctor. I look for the Spirit's power in this matter as I have never seen it, not even on that last wonderful battlefield across the Meuse where we were finally victorious."

That was late Monday afternoon. Dick had been roused by the visit of his old chaplain, but as soon as he was gone the depression under which he had been living since his last sight of Requa seemed to weigh him down, and after brooding in his room a while he came out of the house and walked restlessly down town.

Dick walked down one block, crossed

over one of the diagonal paths leading through the courthouse grounds and, going on across the street on the other side, found himself in front of the office of the Evening Journal. An unusual crowd was on the sidewalk reading the bulletins and Dick went over.

When he caught the sense of the first note on the bulletin he heard the newsboys calling it out as they came running down the street.

"Rufus Randall convicted as a profiteer by the Government! Must serve a sentence."

That was as far as the bulletin went.

Dick stopped a boy with papers and bought a copy.

He read enough after the first headlines to see that Randall had been found guilty, and unless he was pardoned by the President he would have to serve a term in the federal prison.

"Requa!"

The name escaped him as he crushed the paper in his pocket.

And then, acting, as he always had, on the impulse that first prompted him, he turned out of the square toward the street where Requa lived.

When he reached the house he saw a small group of men gathered on the opposite side of the street.

Dick went on up the walk steadily, and rang the bell. As he waited for the door to open his mind was quite clear as to his action in either case, whether it should be Requa or her father who should first appear.

To be continued

A World—to Live In

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"THE world sets us down in the heart of a great city, solemn, round-eyed country girls in the midst of Gotham. We have no kin, no money, no anything but a wild desire for happiness. If we take what is offered us, we are parasites—or worse. If we refuse the fleshpots, we are idiots. My father left me the world to make a living in, but he didn't stop to show me how to make it. Living isn't simply three meals a day and a place to sleep!" So says Rita Charles, the heroine of W. Carey Wonderley's new novel, "The World to Live In," and, having said it, she proceeds to live up to every word that she has spoken.

Rita Charles is a type of a girl that one may meet in any large city or town—the type of a girl who is earning perhaps fifteen dollars a week and has the tastes of a rich woman. She is the type of girl who wants opera instead of moving pictures—who desires model frocks instead of home-made dresses.

I read Mr. Wonderley's book with a great deal of interest. And I saw Rita Charles, the heroine, make one mistake after another, until her position was—well, scarcely a position to be desired. And then at last I saw her, the beaten follower of a false doctrine, turn away from the bright lights of Broadway to the shelter of a home—from the lure of dancing and mad merriment to love and the ways of truth.

RITA CHARLES takes the world between her two slender hands. She thinks that they are sophisticated hands—hands able to control the whirling of the sphere that she grasps. And she finds that even the most experienced hands may grow unsteady—may slip. . . .

There is a young minister in the story. He is the pastor of a New York church—a man of the finest ideals and the highest character. He it is who answers Rita's challenge with a wholesome philosophy. He it is who counteracts the Broadway element; he it is who strives, and faithfully, to awaken the girl's sleeping soul.

"A street organ," he tells her, "can drown conscience's voice, *but all the same the street organ doesn't sound the sweeter tune!*"

And in the end of the story it is the minister who wins. It is the minister, with his sane philosophy, who succeeds in awakening the conscience and the heart that the street organ of life had drowned.

I TALKED a few days ago with Mr. Wonderley, the author of the book. It was of Rita Charles, his heroine, that we talked—and of other girls who are not the heroines of stories, even though, like Rita, they feel that they have been given "the World to Live In."

"A girl," Mr. Wonderley said, "who plays the game of life with nothing in her heart but the desire to take all that she can from life is rather sure to lose. It is only the exceptional girl who comes out practically unscathed, as Rita Charles did. The girl who tries to play the game of life in an unfair way is bound to lose—to lose self-respect, and charm, and high ideals. In the end she will even lose interest in the game, and when she does—well, when she does, there is nothing else left!

"Life is not a continual round of excitement, even though there is a type of girl (and a type of man, too, for that matter) who makes life resemble a merry-go-round! Life must be something deeper, something sweeter, something surer!

"A person can't just keep *taking away* from life, any more than a gardener can take all the buds from a rosebush one day and expect new roses to be waiting for him the next morning. A gardener must tend his rosebush with care, and must water it, and prune it, and cut the flowers from it tenderly, if he expects to get any lasting joy from it.

"If anything is to be taken from life, one must first be prepared to *give*—to give of the talents and accomplishments that have been given to one. To make life a game worth playing, one must play it fairly."

OH, friends of mine, it is impossible to be the sort of a girl that Rita Charles tried to be—to skim over the surface of life with never a glance at the bitterness and the pain and the suffering of others! It is impossible. Nothing can be taken from such a life except a shallow pleasure that any one would soon tire of.

If a man wants good water for his home, he doesn't sit down with a pitcher in his hand, waiting for rain. *He digs a well.* And after he has penetrated deeply enough into the earth, he is sure to come to water—good, pure, wholesome water. When a person wants to live he, too, must penetrate into the very depths before he can know the real meaning of life.

We have all, every one of us, been given a world to live in. We have been given a glowing, wonderful world, by a kind and wonderful Father. And we must make the fact of living in his world a thing worth while. We must do something to make that world a better place—even if the something is a very small something—to show him our love and our gratitude. "We live not unto ourselves," it is said, "but unto others."

No, "living isn't simply three meals a day and a place to sleep." Living is something more. Living is making the most of life in the *squarest* way; living is playing a game fairly; living is helping others and, in helping others, helping oneself to make good in the best possible way!

A Christmas Tree for One Dollar

Continued from page 1381

toys, if it is the kind of place where they sell the genuine Japanese things. The tiny toy rabbits, frogs, butterflies, beetles, parasols and mice can be bought two for five cents and put in the middle of a crêpe paper flower, inside a walnut shell, or wrapped up in paper and tucked inside a hollowed-out apple, for surprises. Oranges make pretty ornaments for the tree; so do apples; and mixed candies can be hung separately by threads from the boughs. The things chosen for the tree will of course depend largely on the taste of the family and the amount of work the children wish to do; but it will probably be voted that half the fun was in getting ready; and many of the things can be used next year if put away. LOUISE LAMPREY.

"I'm Hungry"

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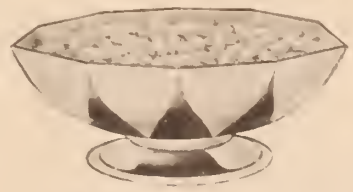

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International Sunday School Lesson for December 22
Gen. 47 : 1-12

The Privilege of Providing for One's Own

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

WE close our study of the patriarchal period of Hebrew history with the beautiful account of the reception of Jacob and his sons by the Pharaoh of Egypt, whose appreciation of Joseph was manifested by his courtesy to his family. The tale is of interest historically because it tells of the coming of the Hebrew tribes into the land of Goshen, where they came into contact with a great and antique civilization that left its impress upon the ancient world. To us its "human interest" is even greater, as we ponder the immense results of the loyalty of a mistreated boy. The powerful simplicity of the narrative causes us almost to see the vivid tableau: the powerful ruler on his throne, gracious to these nomadic herdsmen because of his debt to their brother; the aged father, bowed under years and sorrows; and the manly and magnanimous premier, feeling no sense of embarrassment as he presents his humble kindred to the court. The dignity and benignity of Jacob matches that of Pharaoh himself in their delightful colloquy, and earth's mightiest potentate bowed his head to receive the benediction of the trembling old patriarch who years before had caught his vision at Bethel. "Few and evil have been the days of the years of my life"! Yet he had seen a hundred and thirty years! Life's regrets are poignant indeed. At the remembrance of our mistakes and our failures the time seems brief and ill-spent.

"And Joseph nourished his father, and his brethren, and all his father's household, with bread, according to their families."

The First Duty of All

Paul the direct puts this matter of caring for one's kindred in its rightful place among the duties of life: "If any provideth not for his own, and specially his own household, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an unbeliever." In several of his letters he reaffirms the priority of claim of those who have cared for us, so much so that we are inclined to believe that the Gentile world must have fallen below the Hebrew ideal conspicuously in this respect.

And indeed nothing can atone for this sort of ingratitude. In George Eliot's masterpiece, "Romola," we have a classic incident of this sin, where Tito Melema, the gifted Greek, proves himself the very opposite of Joseph in our story. Tito's whole destiny is determined when he is ashamed to acknowledge poor old Baldassare, his foster-father, to whom he owed so much. When Baldassare, shipwrecked, enslaved, fleeing for freedom, laid hold on Tito's arm in the crowd, Tito flung him off, exclaiming, "Some madman surely." One reads on, expecting, finding, the moral failuro of a life that held great promise.

Shakespeare's "King Lear" is the awful tragedy of a king who gives his kingdom to his daughters, only to be turned out to die. Yet many a parent has unselfishly provided for sons and daughters, only to be ignored at the last and left to shift for himself. "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!" The grief and disappointment of heart are worse than mere adversity. Conversely, when children's lives are high and fine and when their gratitude is manifested, father and mother are content, whatever their worldly state.

What royal mothers there have been! How miraculously they have kept and cared for their own! The boy at college little knows the sacrifice of things attractive to a woman's heart that has made it possible to send the greenback that appears each week in his letter from home, sometimes two dollars, sometimes five, or only one. He may wonder how she does it. What shall he do in return? Perhaps he does not even write his weekly letter! Especially after he has come to independence and success he may forget all these things, like Pharaoh's butler. It is more essential to write a loving letter to the old folks at home than even to write very large checks for charities abroad.

An Immigrant Family History

How often has one phase of this tale of the migration to Egypt been repeated in American life! The son or daughter came first to the land of plenty—in the old days from England or Ireland, more lately from Italy or Russia—and attained some measure of success, seldom like that of Joseph! Then the old people were sent for. What scenes there have been at Ellis Island, where aged Jacobs marveled at the wealth and the dress of Joseph in the new country! One of the brighter lights in the life of New York's East Side is the wonderful care of many children for their aged parents. Not long ago I learned of a venerable Hebrew, a veritable Jacob leaning on his staff, whose comfort was assured by regular monthly allotments from every one of his grateful children. Consequently he enjoyed a dignified and beautiful old age, surrounded by his books, clothed in his long robe, all his wants supplied.

Who Are Our Own?

The Christian Church has led its people to think in terms of the larger family, brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus, cared for by one Heavenly Father. Unostentatiously, hiding from the left hand what the right hand is doing, the deacon's fund or fellowship fund carries on its benevolent work for the brother or sister in distress. The great fraternal and benevolent orders are an outgrowth of this same Christian spirit of the larger brotherhood. What wonderful incidents there are in the history of the primitive Church! Within the generation after Christ's Commission was given, Jews were caring for Gentiles they had never even seen, and Gentiles were ministering unto Jews far across the Great Sea. Paul turns from his marvelous chapter on the Resurrection to remind the Corinthians of the collection for the Palestine Famine Fund! There was no incongruity in his mind; to provide for the needy of Christ's Church was as essential to the Gospel as the Immortal Hope!

In this spirit the American people have regarded the millions of soldiers and sailors as members of one great national household. Through the United War Work Campaign they have provided the comforts and thought of home for the lads far away. It was not hard to raise immense funds, because we were only "caring for our own."

But Christianity regards a still wider fellowship as having a claim upon us. Unto the uttermost parts of the earth runs the Christian spirit of ministry. Missionary gifts will pour in new volume now for the heathen and the alien, no matter where they live and struggle. The world is our parish, and all the needy are our neighbors. Every child, yea, every sinful man or woman, is a possible brother or sister beloved in Christ. Like Timothy in Ephesus, our missionary representatives in all lands treat "the elder women as mothers, the younger as sisters, with all purity."

The Christmas Lesson

This picture of a happy family reunion is after all a mighty good Christmas scene. The spirit of Christmas is essentially that of loving gifts of parents to children, even as God gave us his unspeakable Gift, and of grateful tokens of appreciation by children moved by the Christ whose prayer-thought was "Father, I thank thee!" After two thousand years of Christ, our family circle is vastly wider than that which was known by even a whole tribe in the days of Jacob. So we must see to it that our Christmas joy reaches out beyond the fireside to the whole wide world.

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Marion Harland's Corner

Constituents Take Post-bellum Counsel Together

PEACE does not at once link hands with Prosperity. In God's own good time we shall see the union of the two. Now it is our sacred duty to practise the lessons we have been learning of thrift and judicious economy.

A New Jersey member says:

I found hominy a good addition to some of the war breads. Can you tell me which is more economical to use, yeast cakes or liquid yeast? Please print answer in the Corner. I do enjoy it and profit by it.—MARY E. (*New Jersey*).

You violate no rules in using liquid yeast, and the cost of the several kinds of yeast differs little, if at all.

Maybe I could tell our readers something that would be helpful, and thus add my bit. I am a woman sixty-six years old, but take just as much interest in life as ever. It is only when I look in the glass that I realize this house I live in has changed. I will send my recipe for

Ginger Cookies

One cup of sugar; one of molasses; two-thirds of a cup of shortening; four tablespoonfuls of buttermilk; one egg; one even teaspoonful of soda, sifted in the flour; salt to taste; one level tablespoonful of ginger; wheat flour enough to make rather soft dough. We like these very much.

From a Montana correspondent we have an attractive recipe:

Loaf Made from Cowpeas

Will you admit the homely cowpea to the list of "kindly fruits of the earth"? We think it deserves the honor; also that the loaf compounded in obedience to this recipe may take a place at the foot of the board when meat cannot be had at decent prices.

One quart cowpeas.
One pint bread crumbs.
One and one-half teaspoons chili powder.
One-half pint chopped beef.
One and one-half teaspoons salt.
One egg.

Cook cowpeas one hour in salted water. Then remove from water and add bread-crumbs, meat, chili powder and salt. Mix thoroughly. Break egg and mix thoroughly again. Put into a well-greased baking-dish and cook (covered) three hours.

Other kinds of meat may be used instead of beef, and all scraps and left-overs may be used to advantage in this loaf. A red pepper or cayenne can be substituted for the chili powder. The egg may be omitted if so desired.—BESS N. (*Oklahoma*).

A Colorado member, whom we have all come to recognize gratefully, has a new idea for us.

I always settled my coffee with white of egg in the good old days before the war. I felt that if I made one egg-white do for two drawings of coffee, I was doing very well indeed. But last winter, with eggs at seventy-five cents per dozen, and not always obtainable even at that price, I naturally had to revise my methods of making coffee. This is the plan I hit upon for making egg-coffee à la Hoover. Place the white of one egg in a shallow bowl or soup-plate. Beat stiff and dry, then add as much finely ground coffee as the egg will moisten well. Stir carefully to see that all the coffee is moistened, then set aside to dry, and it is ready to use. One heaping teaspoonful of this coffee, wet with a little cold water, should be used to each teacup of boiling water. This makes a good clear coffee, at considerable saving of eggs, as two or three whites used in this way will treat a pound of coffee.

Here are two recipes on widely separated lines which were crowded out of the Corner in weeks gone by, but which are worthy of being called back into their forfeited places:

Cornmeal and Cheese

Two cups yellow cornmeal, one cup grated cheese, one tablespoonful salt, two quarts of water. Put the water in the top of a double boiler. When boiling add the cornmeal slowly, boil until thick. Set the top of the boiler into the bottom and boil for one hour; remove from the fire, add salt and cheese and stir until cheese is melted; pour into a square pan, which has been brushed with oil or drippings; smooth the top and brush with oil; when cold cut in half-inch slices and brown on hot greased griddle.

Orange Marmalade

Wash, wipe and cut into shreds a dozen oranges. Leave half of them unpeeled. If they are juicy and sound, you need not insist upon having the finest fruit for this purpose. An inferior orange may be made into delicious marmalade. In your desire to stock your cupboards well for coming seasons, do not lose sight of what should be the ruling spirit of the nation nowadays—economy. Extract the seeds of the oranges and use but half of the rind. (N. B. You may shred the rest and dry it for flavoring custards, etc.) The rind must be cut very thin. When all are ready, measure pulp, juice and peel and allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pint. Put into a stone crock and stir in the sugar. Cover closely and set in a cold place all night. In the morning pour into your preserving kettle, and after stirring up well from the bottom to make sure the sugar is dissolved, bring gradually to the boil and keep it at that, until the rinds are very tender, and the rest of the marmalade is clear and begins to thicken. Let it cool before turning it into glass jars with closely fitting tops. If properly made it will keep well and improve with time. It is one of our most popular marmalades.

Your interesting Corner is being watched by thousands who have followed your items of interest to women; it might be that among them there are those whose appetites have been affected by the Spanish influenza. For the convalescent from this disease, will you suggest that jelly with cream be eaten? You who know of many choice recipes for jellies can add to those I mention—grape, lemon and orange.—M. A. V. (*New York*).

Steamed Corn Bread

Two eggs; two cups of buttermilk; one-quarter cup of molasses; two even teaspoonfuls of soda; salt to taste; two heaping cups of corn meal; one even cup of flour; stir and beat well. Steam three hours and set in the oven long enough to dry off.

I have other recipes that are good and cheap, if you would care for them.—MRS. J. K. (*California*).

This new correspondent has a timely message for the victims of the world-wide plague that slew in its sweep more than the sword. She speaks intelligently and from personal experience.

"GOOD and cheap" is a combination of words that catches the eye of every wise housemother at this season. Nor should it be necessary for me to reiterate what all members of our Corner Club should know by heart before now, namely, that it is my earnest desire to make this—our especial Corner—a veritable Housewife's Exchange. I wish that every woman, North, East, South and West, who reads this paper and is interested in this department would share with her fellow-housekeepers all over the country and in every town, whatever has helped her in her profession of homemakers (and there is no nobler in the world!), and confide to them the tale of her difficulties and perplexities. She may be sure of finding help and sympathy from some quarter—probably from a dozen. Tell us, through this medium, of trials and failures and successes. Don't cast about for fine words and stilted phrases that you think will look well in print. Speak to us after your own fashion—as you might to the young housekeeper who runs in between daylight and dark to tell you that her bread was sour at the last baking, or the older and experienced neighbor who yet would learn of new methods of making the old dishes taste like new. I would have you take counsel together over these cognate themes, and that the Corner should be to you all—

Almost like a calm fireside
Where love and comfort may abide.

Names and addresses are regarded by the Editor as strictly confidential.

CHURCH Committees planning patriotic services will find "Over the Top," a Christian battle song, by Walter J. Powell, an acceptable addition to the list of new music available for such occasions. If there is anything of a memorial nature connected with the service "The Christian Soldiers' Memorial Hymn," by Rev. J. M. Lyons, D.D., will be found comforting and sympathetic. The music for both of these is by William W. Bentley. They are published by The Olivet Publishing House, Beaver Falls, Pa., at 5 cents each.

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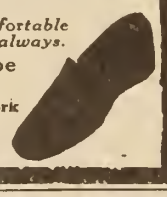

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The Week in the World's News

POSTAGE RATES RESTORED. In completing the draft of the new War Revenue Bill the Senate Finance Committee, on November 29, included an amendment which provided for the elimination of the zone system of postage on second-class mail matter which has forced all publications to increase their subscription rates. The bill as drawn provides for the return to pre-war postage on first-class mail and on second-class mail within 200 miles of the office of mailing, with a rate of 1½c. per pound beyond that 200 mile radius. Another amendment provides for a ten per cent. tax on the net profits of factories employing children under the age of sixteen. Taxes on automobiles were eliminated from the bill.

NOBEL PEACE PRIZE FOR PRESIDENT. Dispatches from Christiania of November 27 indicated that the Nobel peace prize for 1918 might be awarded to President Wilson.

TO TRY WAR PLOTTERS. The Socialist Government of Germany, on November 30, proposed to the Entente nations that all nations produce their secret documents and that a neutral commission be established to fix the blame for the war. At Vienna, on November 28, it was reported that movements were in process to bring to trial Count Berchtold and Count Czernin, the former Emperor Charles and a number of Grand Dukes and Generals. In Germany Von Bethmann-Hollweg and his successors as German Chancellor were declared guilty with the Kaiser, while the Bavarian cabinet created consternation among those who were seeking modification of the armistice terms by making public the diplomatic correspondence between Berlin and Munich, which passed before the war began in 1914, and which showed conclusively that Berlin and Vienna were plotting together. Meantime France and Great Britain were preparing to demand the person of the Kaiser from Holland, and Holland was reported on November 30 to have appointed a commission to report on the legal status of Wilhelm in Holland. The formal abdication was made public November 30. The former Crown Prince has been exiled by Holland to the Island of Wieringen.

NATION BUYS SHIPS. It was announced, on November 26, that the United States Government had purchased the fleet of eighty-three British vessels of the International Mercantile Marine Company. Altogether the deal covers ships with an aggregate gross tonnage of 730,000, and the price was put at $90,000,000.

WIDER SUFFRAGE IN RUMANIA. It was announced, on November 25, that the Rumanian Government had issued a decree for universal suffrage. Later reports told of a peasant uprising, and pictured Bucharest in flames.

CALIFORNIA GOVERNOR EXERCISES LENIENCY. Governor Stephens of California, on November 28, commuted to life imprisonment the sentence of death of Thomas J. Mooney, sentenced to be hanged for complicity in the bomb explosion during the San Francisco preparedness parade in July, 1916.

ALLIED WARSHIPS IN BLACK SEA. Dispatches from Paris, on November 25, announced that the Allied warships had passed through the Bosphorus and were in the Black Sea, and had made a tour, stopping at various ports along the southern shore of the sea in Turkish Armenia. The Allied squadron went to Odessa and took over from the German crews the former Russian Black Sea Fleet.

SPAIN APPROVES LEAGUE OF NATIONS. Both Chambers of the Spanish Parliament, on November 22, approved in principle the proposal of the suggested League of Nations.

GREATER SERBIA. Crown Prince Alexander of Serbia was, on November 26, appointed Regent of the Jugo-Slav State by the National Council, meeting at Agram. The State Council included delegates from Serbia and Montenegro and was to meet at Serajevo. Elections are to be held soon for the Constituent Assembly. Montenegro was reported, on December 21, to have deposed King Nicholas.

CROSSING THE RHINE. General von Marwitz, German 5th Army, began crossing the Rhine on Friday, November 29, using three bridges. The crossing was expected to take eight or nine days. American, French and British armies, waiting to occupy the hostage provinces, followed the German withdrawal, the Americans on November 30 being over twelve miles inside the former frontier with their headquarters established at Treves. It was announced on November 29 that the troops would be brought back home through the ports of Boston, New York, Newport News, Va., and Charleston, S. C., and that it would be ten months before all the troops could be returned. The British transport Mauretania reached New York City with 4,400 troops from England, on December 2.

PREPARING FOR THE DRIVE. The American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief is to have its "drive" January 12 to 19. To secure volunteers to help during the coming campaign in the Metropolitan district, several mass meetings are scheduled for December 12, at the Central Congregational Church, where Dr. S. Parkes Cadman will speak; the Bushwick Methodist Church, the South Reformed Church and at the Plymouth Congregational Church. The Staten Island meetings will be as follows: At the Moravian Church Parish House, New Dorp, and at St. George's Academy on December 15.

FIVE BILLION DOLLAR LOAN IN APRIL. Washington dispatches of November 27 announced the Fifth Liberty Loan would be offered to the nation some time in April and that the amount would be about $5,000,000,000.

A WORLD THANKSGIVING. America's Thanksgiving Day was celebrated by all nations and by all creeds. President Wilson attended the Central Presbyterian Church in Washington. In New York Jews, Gentiles, Catholics and Protestants were all represented in a great solemn Thanksgiving Day service at the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine. In London and Paris American celebrations were participated in by officials and people. Uncle Sam made preparations for a great Thanksgiving feast in the camps at home and abroad.

PERU AND CHILE DISAGREE. As a result of the anti-Peruvian rioting in Iquique and Antofagasta on the part of Chilians and Bolivians, Peru, on November 25, withdrew her consuls, the consul at Antofagasta having been attacked on the preceding Saturday. Considerable hard feeling exists between Chile and Peru as a result of the Tacna and Arica controversy. Peru was reported to have decided to submit the controversy to the Peace Conference.

FRAGMENTS OF NEWS. French engineers are reported to be planning an international railway from Bordeaux to Odessa, the plan including a tunnel through the Vosges mountains. The line will run from Bordeaux to Lyons, then through Milan, Venice, Trieste, Agram, Belgrade to Odessa. Most of the railway links are already constructed, the uncompleted links lying largely in the territory now known as Jugoslavia. . . . With the retirement of Admiral Knight in December Vice Admiral Sims, commander of the American naval forces abroad, will be advanced to the rank of Admiral. . . . More than 1,500,000 prisoners of various nationalities had been released on November 27 by the German authorities. . . The United War Work Campaign for funds for the Y. M. C. A. and society organizations resulted in the total subscription up to November 25 of $203,179,038. . . . The American casualties of 262,723 cover just about a year of fighting, the first casualty being on the Marne-Rhine Canal November 1, 1917.

Why the President Goes Abroad

Continued from page 1378

He declared that he would be in close touch with affairs on this side of the water while he was gone and that the Congress would "know all that I do."

He closed with this appeal:

"May I now hope, gentlemen of the Congress, that in the delicate tasks I shall have to perform on the other side of the sea, in my efforts truly and faithfully to interpret the principles and purposes of the country we love, I may have the encouragement and the added strength of your united support? I realize the magnitude and difficulty of the duty I am undertaking. I am poignantly aware of its grave responsibilities. I am the servant of the nation. I can have no private thought or purpose of my own in performing such an errand. I go to give the best that is in me to the common settlements which I must now assist in arriving at in conference with the other working heads of the associated Governments. I shall count upon your friendly countenance and encouragement. I shall not be inaccessible. I shall be happy in the thought that I am constantly in touch with the weighty matters of domestic policy with which we shall have to deal. I shall make my absence as brief as possible, and shall hope to return with the happy assurance that it has been possible to translate into action the great ideals for which America has striven."

HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR

An Authentic Narrative of The World's Greatest War

By FRANCIS A. MARCH, Ph.D.

In Collaboration with

RICHARD J. BEAMISH
Military Expert and Special War Correspondent

With an Introduction by

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Clarence Underwood
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BOOKS WITH PURPOSE

ASSOCIATION PRESS, 347 Madison Ave., New York

How God Saved Venice

Continued from page 1375

thus have foretold; if man had been the doer he could not thus have fulfilled."

I think all the Allies may feel a great satisfaction, a great comfort, in the fact that, notwithstanding the immeasurable sufferings and horrors of the war, they, at least, are God's instruments fulfilling his foreordained and foretold will. What God said of Cyrus, they may feel he has also said of them: they "are my shepherds and shall perform all my pleasure." It is worthy of remark, too, that Cyrus, in common with all his generals and soldiers, who were Zoroastrians, who were worshipers of the true God, said that "they were fighting in the cause of God against the principle of Evil; that they were fighting for Truth against the Lie." Now, surely the Allies may say that they have been doing the same. They have been fighting for God against the powers of evil, for truth against the lie. The Germans have said in words and deeds: "We have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves"; but God has now "swept away their refuge of lies," and the waters have "overflown their hiding-place." A new sun has risen on our world, bringing a new year—ushering in the time, we trust, when "a King shall reign in righteousness," when "righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins"; when "they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

Young People's Topics for December 22

Peace on Earth

Christian Endeavor, B. Y. P. U. and Epworth League Topic: Luke 2 : 8-14

AT last the boys are out of the trenches, and the Christmas season finds our hearts overflowing with joy in anticipation of the blessings of peace. No longer does the daily press carry the official reports of actions at the various fronts. Instead we read of gatherings of statesmen engaged in the preliminary discussions which are necessary to the organization of the final conference, where will be shaped the agreement on which peace will rest. The last verse of the reference is frequently rendered "Peace on earth to men of good will," but however we render it the fact remains that the peace of the world must rest upon the mutual good will of the peoples of the world; the love of Christ ruling in the hearts of men. The love of Christ must break down every barrier of class and clan; it must erase injustice; abolish tyranny, whether it is the tyranny of authority due to birth, or of power due to position. The Allies may put down Bolshevism in Germany and Russia by force of arms and impress peace upon the Reds, but unless food is brought within reach of all at fair prices, unless labor is given its fair share of the wealth it produces, the seed of Bolshevism will remain, and may ultimately eventuate in a terror worse than the terror so recently ended. The young people of the world should pray that the statesmen responsible for the terms of the peace treaty may be given wisdom from on high in order that the document upon which the peace of the future shall rest may be a guarantee of undisturbed tranquillity. It will be no easy task to realize such a document. It can only be done by men moved with the spirit of Christ, and if it is so done it will eventually result in the outgrowing of the antagonisms existing at present and in the bringing about of that world-wide good will which will be the assured guarantee of peace. "Peace on earth" sang the angels above the hills of Bethlehem. That peace fills the heart of each believer who accepts the Risen Saviour. The peace of Christ thus given cannot be taken away by any human struggle or any worldly sacrifice, and the peace of the world will be still further guaranteed when the majority of its millions shall have found this peace which passeth understanding.

An Invalid's Mite

MRS. A. W., of Norfolk, Va., writes: "I received your notice some time ago, but have had sickness that prevented me sending this name, and I still have cataract on my eyes. Please pray for me. God bless you in all your work for him in this time of cruel war. I have a grandson at the front, who has been in battles. I enclose a dollar for you to use in your good work as you think best. I am seventy-five years old."

This gift will be used, with others, to help feed the sufferers in stricken Armenia and Syria.

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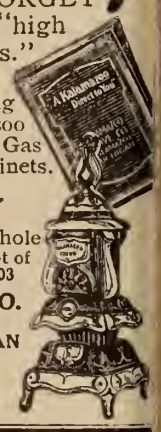

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New York's Prophetic Conference

Continued from page 1377

On Wednesday afternoon, Dr. Pettingill spoke on "The Apostasy," and Dr. Torrey on "The Final Answer to all Modern Forms of Infidelity," and they both had a royal time of it. The Philadelphia Dean denounced those having "merely a form of godliness," also the "itching ears," the "false teachers," the "false prophets," and those "bringing in damnable heresies"; whilst Dr. Torrey in contending that the "visible and glorious return of Christ" would be a "final answer to every form of modern infidelity," showed no kind of delicacy in particularizing. His list included infidels, pure and simple, destructive critics of the Bible, teachers of false doctrine, and all "would-be world conquerors and rulers." Both speakers held very pessimistic views of future happenings until Christ comes, and of the rapid degeneration of morals in these days, but both were joyfully optimistic in view of the near approach of the King. They evidently communicated their enthusiasm to the audience, for the responses were louder than ever, the singing more joyous.

In the course of his address, Dr. Torrey made reference to his contribution to a Christian Herald symposium on Universal Peace seven years ago. Basing his prognostications on Bible prophecy, he claimed that he had foretold exactly the events that have recently happened in the great war.

The evening meeting was devoted to consideration of the fulfilment of prophecy in regard to the Jews. The first address was given by Dr. Gabelein on "The Capture of Jerusalem and the great future of that city," the second by the Rev. W. B. Riley of Minneapolis, on "The Coming of the Lord, the Hope of Israel." Rev. Arthur J. Smith of New York City presided.

ON THANKSGIVING morning, Mr. Alexander aroused the audience to a pitch of musical enthusiasm in its singing of "My Country, 'tis of Thee." Then came the reading of the President's proclamation. The beautiful passage toward its close in which the President says, "A new day shines about us, in which our hearts are filled with new courage, and we look forward with new hope to new and greater duties," seemed like a breath of fresh air through an open window.

I wonder how many who were present will agree with me in the opinion that the three addresses given at the morning meeting of the Conference were the very best of the whole proceedings. The first was that of the chairman, Mr. John E. Milholland, of New York, who insisted that nothing is more neglected, and nothing more vitally important, than a painstaking and scientific study of prophecy. The second address was by the Rev. J. W. Kemp of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on another neglected subject, the most neglected in the Evangelical Gospel, he called it—viz., the resurrection from the dead.

The third speaker was Professor W. H. Griffith Thomas, of Toronto. He modestly called his address a Bible Reading; but it was a masterly setting forth of the "Influence of the Study of Prophecy upon the life and service of a Christian," as contained in Paul's two epistles to the Thessalonians.

THE afternoon meeting was presided over by Mr. William Phillips Hall, and was addressed by Dr. James M. Gray, Mr. G. Pertelevitch Raud of Russi,a and Professor W. H. Griffith Thomas. Dr. Thomas was also the principal speaker at the closing meeting of the Conference, his topic being: "The Prince of Peace." Never shall we have an abiding peace until the Prince of Peace comes. He is the Way of Peace, to the individual and to the nations. Dr. W. B. Riley was the other speaker, but his voice giving way, Dr. Torrey came to the rescue, and took up the subject, "What it means to the Saved when the King comes."

Thus came to an end a very memorable gathering. Hopes were held out by Mr. Wm. Phillips Hall and others that similar Conferences will be held in other great cities, and in so far as they draw attention to the general question of prophecy they will doubtless grow in interest and benefit. Meanwhile, the Master's word is still: "Watch, therefore; for ye know not on what day your Lord cometh."

World-Wide League for Prohibition

Continued from page 1376

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman with his eloquence; Bishop W. F. Anderson, with his patriotic address, a prohibition classic, bearing a personal message from Lloyd George to the American people; Bishop F. J. McConnell, who dug down deep as he always does with his philosophic instinct, and made application of universal principles to this world-wide war on evil; Bishop S. E. Nicholson, so broad-visioned with such a knowledge of world-wide wants and remedies; Bishop G. M. Matthews, a level-headed pioneer of prohibition; Mr. S. S. Kresge, so wise in organizing the business men of the nation; Father J. J. Curran, the friend of the poor; State Superintendents and others made able addresses.

Dr. Russell said: "There is great danger that the friends of sobriety will fold their hands and expect prohibition to enforce itself. Appetite and greed will still exist. 'Eternal vigilance is the price of security'. One of the best results of international organization for world-wide sobriety is this: We shall keep our army at hand, strong and alert to hold the fort which has been won. So it may be said we are to 'Leave our country for our country's good'. It will be for the good of other lands, no less, to give to them the truth which shall make them free."

Dr. P. A. Baker in his opening address paid tribute to the pioneers and martyrs of prohibition. If Frances Willard had not organized the W. C. T. U. long before the birth of the Anti-Saloon League, the latter would not have been. It is because the League has federated the church and temperance forces so well that it has had such signal success. It will do the same thing in its fight for universal prohibition. It will work in harmony with the W. C. T. U., which has its branches in every nation on the globe; with the Good Templars, which have their lodges in so many countries; with honored temperance organizations older than the grayest of us; with the pioneer international temperance and prohibition organizations.

After appropriate Scripture lesson and song, Dr. Russell preached a short sermon, looking toward world conquest, and then called the delegates to come forward and kneel at the altar and consecrate themselves to the new task. The whole audience came forward, and a dozen or more volunteered short prayers. To such men, with such a cause and with such faith in God, there can be no such thing as failure.

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Christian Herald

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LIST OF SUBJECTS

Wells of Moses
Ancient Temples at Baalbek
Sea Castle at Sidon
Road to Samaria
Ashdod, Where Dagon's Idol Fell Before the Ark
Flowers at the Sea of Galilee
Sarepta
Tiberias, Looking toward Lebanon
Port of Tyre
St. Jean D'Acre

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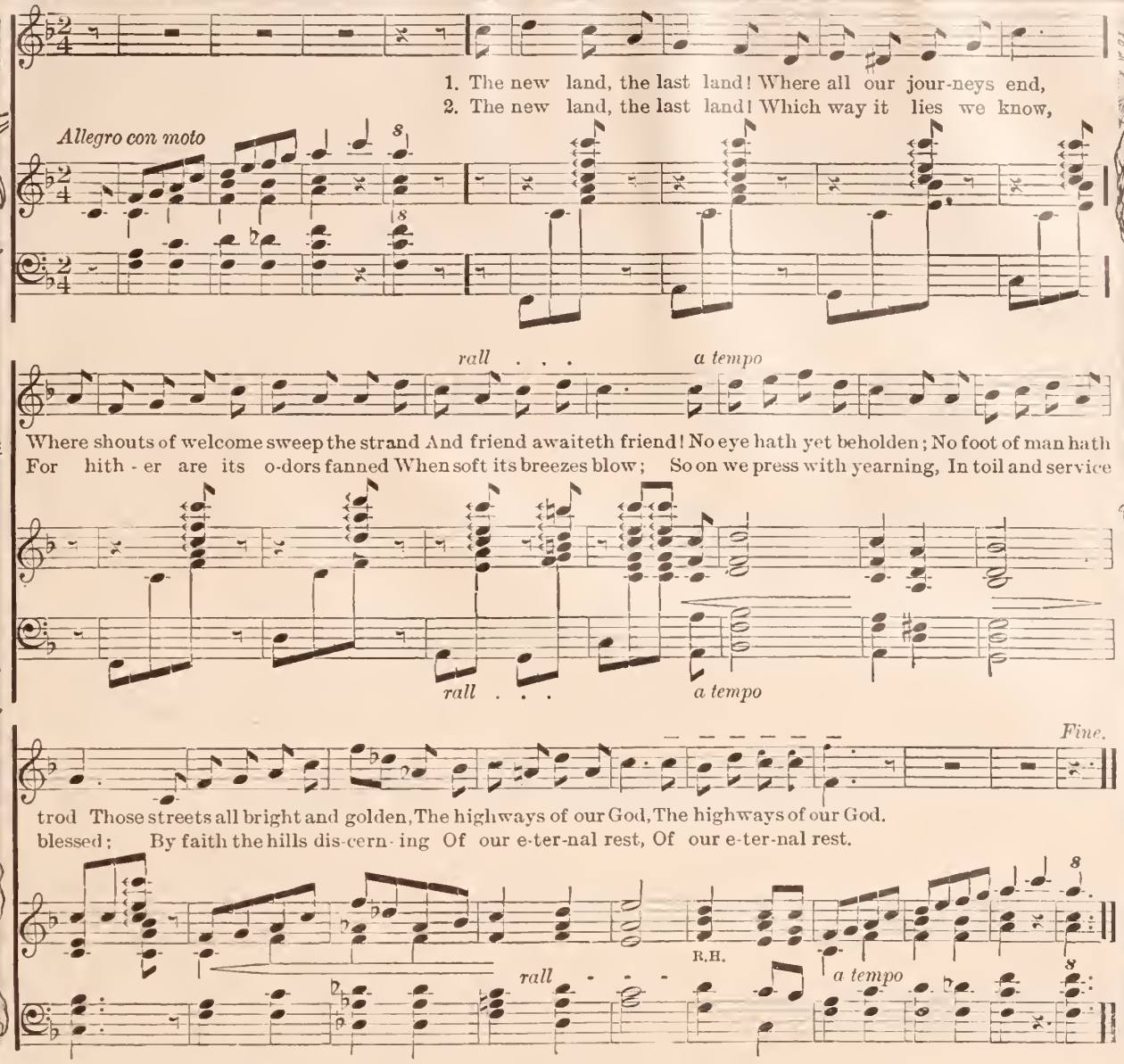
EVERY good American should show his colors these days. Let "Old Glory" mark your home as one which stands by our President, our army and our navy. Celebrate our victories by displaying this fine symbol of our national unity. Show your flag on holidays, when the boys come home, fly it for parades, reunions, and patriotic occasions. Let this big flag tell the story of your joy in this great moment of our country's history.

We will send one of these Flags, postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year for $3.50 ($4.00 after January 1, 1919).

We will send one of these Flags, postpaid to Christian Herald subscribers who send us two new yearly subscriptions to the Christian Herald at $2.00 each ($2.50 each after January 1, 1919).

CHRISTIAN HERALD, 6099 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The New Land



Our Mail-Bag

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-Bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. Correspondents may use a nom de plume to identify the question, but all letters must contain name and address of the writer, in addition to the nom de plume. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

SUBSCRIBER, New York. "It may be news to many readers of the Christian Herald that prohibition has almost as great an antiquity as anything in human history. The Bible tells us that the Rechabites forswore all drink, but national prohibition is nowhere mentioned in the Scriptures. A missionary friend in Korea sends me occasionally a copy of a missionary magazine published in Seoul, the capital, and a recent number discusses prohibition, showing that in the year 38 A.D. an edict prohibiting the manufacture of strong drink was promulgated in that country and that similar prohibitions have occurred again and again, until comparatively recent times, the last being in 1876, when the king officially ordered 'No more drink!' The records tell of King Se-jo issuing an enactment against drink and sending out messengers to ascertain if the royal will was being complied with by nobles and peasants alike. In 1423 A.D. King Se-jong, though only twenty-six, when urged by his primo minister to take liquor as a tonic, replied, 'When I forbade my people the use of intoxicants, how can I use them myself?' His official edict against the liquor evil contains some passages that might have been written in our own time. He points out the wasteful use of grain, the destruction of the hearts and souls of men by drink, the disgrace it brings to the drunkards and all connected with them, and the human wrecks that men become, 'stripped of their diviner nature, with all decency thrown to the winds.' This good king's edict even cites cases of drunkards as far back as 206 B.C. Se-jong seems to have been an exceptionally able monarch. He raised his country to a high state of civilization, and in his day Korea 'went dry.' Other prohibition kings were Choong-jong, aged twenty-five, who reigned in 1512; Hyo-jong (1636), who attributed most of the misfortunes that befell the state to drink, and Sook-jong (1675), who ridiculed booze and its victims in clever poems. All of which shows that Korea has a national conscience, and until she imported the drink habit from European nations her people were probably the soberest in the world."

Mrs. T. R. G., Pittsburgh, Pa. Simon, described in Acts as being attracted by the wonderful miracles of the apostles, became their disciple and was baptized. His object, however, was not to learn for the sake of the good, but to acquire the miraculous power of the apostles, that he might make money out of it. That he was not sincere is shown by Peter's denunciation of him in Acts 8 : 9-24. Early church historians wrote that he gave the apostles much trouble afterward, but in every encounter was signally defeated.

Old Friend. He is my neighbor to whom I may be able to render even the smallest Christian service. Be he good or bad, rich or poor, he is my neighbor if I by any act or word can wean him from sin and help him to a better or happier life. The heathen are savage and cruel; yet we take the Gospel to them and win them by love, even at the cost of many a martyr. We must not judge harshly of others; indeed, it is better not to judge at all, as judgment belongs to God alone. Our plain duty is to do the best we can to those who are near at hand, and leave the result to the Lord.

S. H. Keinefelder of Honolulu, Hawaii, writes us that he could use old copies of the Christian Herald to advantage in Christian work there. He will be glad of any copies our readers may send him.

Anxious. Please explain Acts 19 : 2.

The more accurate translation of this passage is: "Did you receive the Holy Ghost when you believed?" Something had occurred which led Paul to suspect the imperfection of their spiritual light. They had no communication with any other Christians and they admitted their ignorance. Paul saw they had neither authority nor power, and because of their defection in this respect, he set about to instruct them.

Mrs. G. W. L., Ohio. Please explain Col. 2 : 8.

This passage contains a warning against being carried away by those who sought to make the early Christians a prey to some new attractive, popular philosophy which is not based on the eternal Word. "To spoil," in this connection, does not mean to make vain by flattery, by adulation or by giving one a wrong impression of one's importance, but to betray, mislead, capture or destroy. The translation in the Revised Version may be helpful. It is "Take heed lest there shall be anyone that maketh spoil of you."

B. S. E., Indiana, Pa. 1. Buying shares in a legitimate enterprise is not gambling. We do not advise in such matters, however. 2. The other question has been referred to the Prayer League.

F. C. H. writes us as follows: "There is no one state religion for the entire German empire, but each state has its own state church. In Prussia, and that is what you perhaps had in mind, they have a combination or union of the Lutheran and Reformed religions. In Bavaria, the second in size and population, the Roman Catholic religion is the state religion. Saxony, the third in population, still has a Lutheran state church. Its king being a Roman Catholic, the State Secretary together with two other members of the Saxon cabinet, must sign all religious laws."

H. J., Jr., Bowles, Calif., writes: "I thought that I would write you and let you know (1) that I truly enjoy reading your paper, for it seems to be all that its name implies, a true Christian paper, and I have gotten much benefit from reading it. But of late I have not been getting it regularly. My wife told me that she had written you that our address had been changed, so please don't miss sending me the helpful and clean paper. (2) I like the articles in the June 26 issue of the Herald in the Daily Meditation by Rev. E. W. Caswell, for it brings us to the things of today. While the armies are fighting for democracy over there with the sword, why not let all of the Christian editors and artists and others fight for it at home with the pen? For we are told that the pen is mightier than the sword. Now I feel that the Christian Herald could do much in bringing about the desired results here and give democracy to the stranger within our gates, and I feel that you could do this by (1) occasionally publishing in your paper the pictures of some of the regiments that we have over there, the Negroes included. (2) When time and space allow, tell of the heroic deeds that were performed by some soldier, giving his name and nationality when permissible, and in doing this I believe you will be acting what Lincoln said in words: "Charity to all, malice toward none." Now, when we read of the cruel deeds that the Germans commit against these that fall into their hands, it almost makes us stop and wonder if the Lord still lives, and we are glad that our young men and old ones are giving their lives to rid Europe and Asia of such treatment, and to make those lands better places to live in; but how about the Negro, the stranger within our gates? The Negro, as you well know, has never been a slacker, and under every condition he has shown himself a man. The Negroes have given their sons freely and gladly; they have responded nobly to the Liberty Loan and bought War Savings stamps, and in fact done everything in their power. When we are taking fathers and brothers and sending them over there, can't you as an editor take just a little time and show the great host left behind that we appreciate what they are doing? The Negro is submissive, kind and obedient. I believe he learned this from carrying a part of the cross of Christ (Luke 23 : 26.)"

In justice to the race whose cause the writer of this letter champions so well, we print his letter. Our Negro soldiers at the front, as the records show, have fought bravely, and those who are left in the homeland have done and are doing their "bit" for the country and the war in full measure.

Got 117 Eggs Instead of 3

Says One of Our Customers

Any poultry raiser can easily double his profits by doubling the egg production of his hens. A scientific tonic has been discovered that revitalizes the flock and makes hens work all the time. The tonic is called "More Eggs." Give your hens a few cents' worth of "More Eggs," and you will be amazed and delighted with results. "More Eggs" will double this year's production of eggs, so if you wish to try this great profit-maker, write E. J. Reefer, poultry expert, 2499 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., for a $1 package of "More Eggs" Tonic. Or send $2.25 and get three regular $1. packages on special fall discount for a season's supply. A million dollar bank guarantees if you are not absolutely satisfied, your money will be returned on request and the "More Eggs" costs you nothing. Send for your "More Eggs" today or ask Mr. Reefer for his free poultry book that tells the experience of a man who has made a fortune out of poultry.

One of our customers says, "More Eggs" increased my supply from 3 to 117 eggs."

Poultry Raisers Write From All Parts of U. S. Wonderful Results of "More Eggs"

Five Times as Many Eggs Since Using "More Eggs" Tonic

Since using "More Eggs" do not think there is one chicken that is not laying. We get from 40 to 50 eggs per day. Before using "More Eggs" we were getting 8 and 9 eggs per day.
A. P. Woodard, St. Cloud, Fla.

"More Than Doubled in Eggs"

I am very much pleased with your "More Eggs" Tonic. My hens have more than doubled up in their eggs. L. D. Nichols, Mendon, Ill.

126 Eggs in Five Days

I wouldn't try to raise chickens without "More Eggs," which means more money. I use it right along. I have 33 hens and in 5 days have gotten 10½ dozen eggs or 126.
Mrs. J. O. Oakes, Salina, Okla.

15 Hens—310 Eggs

I used "More Eggs" Tonic and in the month of January from 15 hens I got 310 eggs.
Mrs. C. R. Stoughton, Turners Falls, Mass.

75 Per Cent Layed Every Day

The "More Eggs" I ordered from you last winter proved out very satisfactory. Fully 75 per cent of my hens layed every day.
H. C. Rader, Greenville, Tenn.

160 Hens—125 Dozen Eggs

I have fed 2 boxes of "More Eggs" to my hens. I have 160 white Leghorns and from March 25 to April 15 I sold 125 dozen eggs.
Mrs. H. M. Patton, Waverly, Mo.

Write Today

Send this coupon today to E. J. Reefer, the poultry expert, 2499 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. Send $1.00 now for a full sized package of "More Eggs" Tonic; or better yet send $2.25 at extra special discount, and get three packages, a full season's supply. Don't put it off. Remember, you run no risk. A million dollar Bank guarantees satisfaction. At least ask Mr. Reefer to send you FREE, his valuable poultry book that tells the experience of a man who himself has made a fortune and is helping others to make money out of the poultry business. Pin a dollar bill to the coupon. Or send $2.25 which will guarantee your winter's egg supply. Send for this bank guaranteed egg producer NOW, today! It has helped thousands of others and will help you, too.

E. J. Reefer
2499 Reefer Building
Kansas City, Missouri

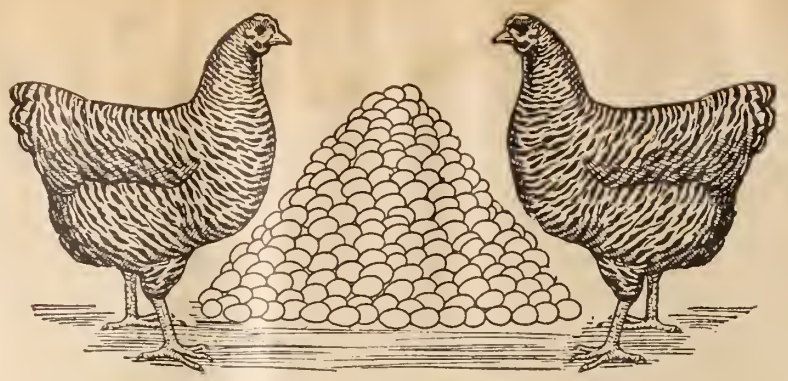
Enclosed find $..... Send a special discount price, with all charges prepaid,..... packages of "More Eggs" Tonic. Send this with an absolute Bank Guarantee that you will refund all my money if this tonic is not satisfactory to me in *every* way.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

IMPORTANT: If you don't want to try this Bank Guaranteed tonic, at least mail the coupon for my Free valuable poultry books **FREE.**



Poultry Authority Makes Prediction

It is my opinion that this is going to be the largest year that poultry raisers have had. I predict that eggs are going to retail for $1.00 a dozen this winter. I base this prediction on the fact that right now eggs are selling at 65c and 75c in some of the large cities.

E. J. REEFER
America's Poultry Expert

This means $1.00 a dozen for eggs by the first of the year, if previous seasons can be taken as a basis of calculation.

The poultry raiser, amateur and professional, who gives his poultry business his serious attention, this winter, and who spends a little money on the upkeep of his hens, is going to cash in, in a way never before dreamed of.

As America's foremost poultry expert, the foregoing are my serious convictions.

E. J. Reefer

Gets 45 Eggs a Day Instead of 2 or 3

"Increase to 45 Eggs a Day"

Since I began the use of your "More Eggs" Tonic, two weeks ago, I am getting 45 eggs a day, and before I was only getting 2 or 3 a day.
Dora Phillips, Derby, Iowa.

"Finishes Moult—Lays Quick"

Reefer's "More Eggs" Tonic did my old hens good, for as they got through moulting they began laying. E. G. McCall, Williamsburg, Pa.

"Doubled Eggs in Canada"

I am very much pleased with your "More Eggs" Tonic, as my hens have more than doubled their eggs. Mrs. Andrew Falk, Vanarsdol, B.C., Can.

"Gets Winter Eggs"

It is the first time I got so many eggs in winter. When I began using "More Eggs" I was only getting from 1 to 3 eggs per day and now I am getting 11 to 13 eggs per day.
Mrs. Julia Gooden, Wilburton, Kan.

"Plenty of Eggs Now"

I have been using Reefer's "More Eggs" Tonic for three weeks. When I started our hens were only averaging us 1 egg a day out of 100 hens, and we are getting plenty of eggs now.
T. E. Tate, Armorel, Ark.

"Astonished the Neighbors"

Am well pleased with results of "More Eggs." As I took my eggs in to the store today, people asked where did I get all those eggs.
H. J. Westfall, Lenora, Kan.

"Tripled Egg Production"

About one month ago I ordered 1 package "More Eggs" Tonic. I have been giving it to my hens and they have tripled my egg production. I am sending you a postcard photo that I made on January 13, 1918. Those two full buckets, as you see, of eggs were gathered from a flock of 25 hens in ten days. O. F. Murphy, Glen Rose, Tex.

" 'More Eggs' Makes $300"

I used "More Eggs" Tonic during the winter. I was able to sell $300 worth of eggs in 1917. Good record. Josephine Bevard, Derby, Iowa.

"Selling Eggs Now"

I was not getting an egg when I began the use of the "More Eggs" Tonic. Now I am selling eggs. Mrs. J. F. Brink, Hebo, Ore.

"Hens Were Transformed"

I never saw such a transformation as in my hens since giving them "More Eggs". They have recovered from the disease and are laying straight on every day. Mrs. T. T. Banks,
109 Rowan St., Fayetteville, N. C.

" 'More Eggs' is Wonderful"

Reefer's "More Eggs" Tonic is wonderful. Before we used it, we were only getting one egg a day; after using it three weeks we got 12 eggs per day. Howard D. Marrow, Gibsonia, Pa.

"From No Eggs to 37 Eggs a Day"

That "More Eggs" Tonic I got awhile back is just simply grand, the best thing I have ever used. When I started using it they did not lay at all. Now I get 37 eggs a day.
Edgar A. J. Linniger, Elwood, Ind.

"Started Hens Laying in 2 Weeks"

Your Egg Tonic has started my hens to work, and I haven't used it two weeks yet.
Mrs. W. Hunter, Aubrey, Ark.

"Increase from 8 to 36 Eggs"

I am well pleased with your "More Eggs" Tonic. I was only getting 8 or 9 eggs a day; now I am getting 3 dozen a day.
Wm. Schmidt, Shady Bend, Kan.

" 'More Eggs' Did the Work"

"More Eggs" Tonic did the work. I was only getting one or two eggs per day and some days none, and now we are getting nine to twelve per day. E. H. Carwile, Chanute, Kan.

"Sister Bartholomen Praises It"

I tried your "More Eggs" Tonic last year and certainly had success. With heartiest greetings,
Sister Bartholomen, Villa Ridge, Mo.

" 'More Eggs' Vitally Necessary"

We find Reefer's "More Eggs" Tonic of very great importance when desiring "More Eggs" from our flock. W. O. Smith, Oxford, Mich.

"Getting Lots of Eggs"

I am very well pleased with Reefer's "More Eggs" Tonic and I am getting lots of eggs.
O. Dervuen, Jr., Bell City, Iowa.

"More Eggs Now Than for Two Years"

We received the other order of "More Eggs" Tonic and have used it as to directions. I am getting more eggs now than I have for the past two years. J. R. P. Munroe, Gallipolis, O.

"Doubles Egg Production"

I have been using "More Eggs" Tonic 3 or 4 weeks and must say it is fine. My egg production has been doubled.
J. C. Koeninger, Paradise, Tex.

"Wants to Introduce It"

"More Eggs" Tonic is the best thing I ever used, and I want to introduce it to my friends and neighbors. Wm. Greenbalgh, Absecon, N. J.

Eggs Paid the Pastor

I am so thankful to you, Mr. Reefer, that I can't express in words how much I have been benefited by your "More Eggs." As to eggs, I've got more eggs than I ever did, and am highly pleased with everything that I bought. My friends are now waking up when I tell them that "More Eggs" is the remedy for me. I've paid my debts, clothed the children in new dresses, and even bought John a new shirt—and that is not all—I paid my Pastor his dues, and have money to help those who have never heard the old story of "Jesus and His Love," and as I write this beautiful morning, the cackling of the hens are praising "God from Whom all blessings flow." I can safely say your Roup Remedy is all O. K. I sold 42½ dozen eggs last week, set 4 dozen, ate some and had 1½ dozen left. From your friend, Mrs. Lena McBroon, Woodbury, Tenn.

EGGS $1.00 A DOZEN

Demand Greatest in History Eggs and Poultry to Stay At Top Notch Price

Higher Now Than Any Time Since the Civil War—All Poultry Raisers to Profit

At no time in the history of the country since the Civil War have eggs and poultry been in such demand. It is reported by all the large cities that the cold storage supply has been just about exhausted by the enormous demand made by the European powers. It is estimated that a million cases of eggs have been exported since the first of September and unless dealers in cold storage can get immediate new supplies, it is predicted that eggs will bring a dollar a dozen by January, and that fattened poultry will bring from 30 to 40c a pound killed. Right now, fresh eggs are selling at 65c a dozen in such cities as Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York, and it is predicted they will sell for $1.00 by the first of the year.

These top notch prices have excited a great deal of activity, not alone in the markets, but among the small poultry raisers and among the farmers' wives, who raise fowls. One man who raises poultry on a large scale has contracted to supply a New York hotel with guaranteed fresh eggs from now till Feb. 1, at 60c a dozen and fattened fowls at 35c a pound dressed. He says these prices will be obtained very easily and that the ordinary poultry raiser could double and treble his profits, if he would keep his fowls toned up with a good laying tonic and keep roup out of the flock. These are two simple precautions and with the present outlook anyone who neglects these things is simply robbing himself of just so many dollars per week.

It is also stated on authority that cold storage dealers as well as all large buyers are now demanding fowls that are in perfect condition on account of the huge export trade in these stocks and when they are barreled and sent abroad they have to be in prime health and those eggs also are in heavy demand which are being sold on a guarantee of being absolutely fresh. This is going to be a great year for the poultry raiser, both large and small, and various sources already report more scientific care and study of fowls, due to the above mentioned rigid demand and the enormous call at big prices for perfectly fresh eggs and fattened fowls. With the advent of cold weather, there will be a loud call for eggs at fancy prices.

Keeping the hens toned up and in good laying condition is going to pay the poultry raiser better this winter than ever before.

160 Hens—1500 Eggs

Mrs. H. M. Patton, Waverly, Mo., writes, "I fed 2 boxes of 'More Eggs' to my hens and broke the egg record. I got 1,500 eggs from 160 hens in exactly 21 days." You can do as well. In fact, any poultry raiser can easily double his profits by doubling the egg production of his hens. A scientific tonic has been discovered that revitalizes the flock and makes hens work all the time. The tonic is called "More Eggs." Give your hens a few cents' worth of "More Eggs," and you will be amazed and delighted with results. "More Eggs" will double this year's production of eggs, so if you wish to try this great profit maker, send one dollar to E. J. Reefer, poultry expert, 2499 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., for a full sized package of "More Eggs" or send $2.25 on special discount for 3 regular one dollar packages—a full season's supply. Remember a million dollar bank guarantees to return your money if you are not perfectly satisfied. You run no risk—send for your "More Eggs" today or ask Mr. Reefer for his valuable poultry book free that tells the methods of a man that has shown thousands how to make money out of poultry.

Christian Herald

NOTICE TO READER
When you finish reading this magazine, place a one-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING. NO ADDRESS.

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THE POSTWOMAN ON THE THAMES

British Official Photo

The bargain closed, the Kurds strike hands. Some day the big Bokhara rug may be offered as a bargain in America

All a fortune-teller needs is imagination and a visible means. This one at Kokand uses stones and seeds

BUSINESS AND RELIGION IN TURKESTAN

Photos by Maynard Owen Williams

Childhood is childhood everywhere. These Sart youngsters at Ferghana may have been some you helped to feed

Mohammedan Sarts at Samarkand prostrate at the hour of prayer

The market at Samarkand in the square before the Mosque of Shir-Dar

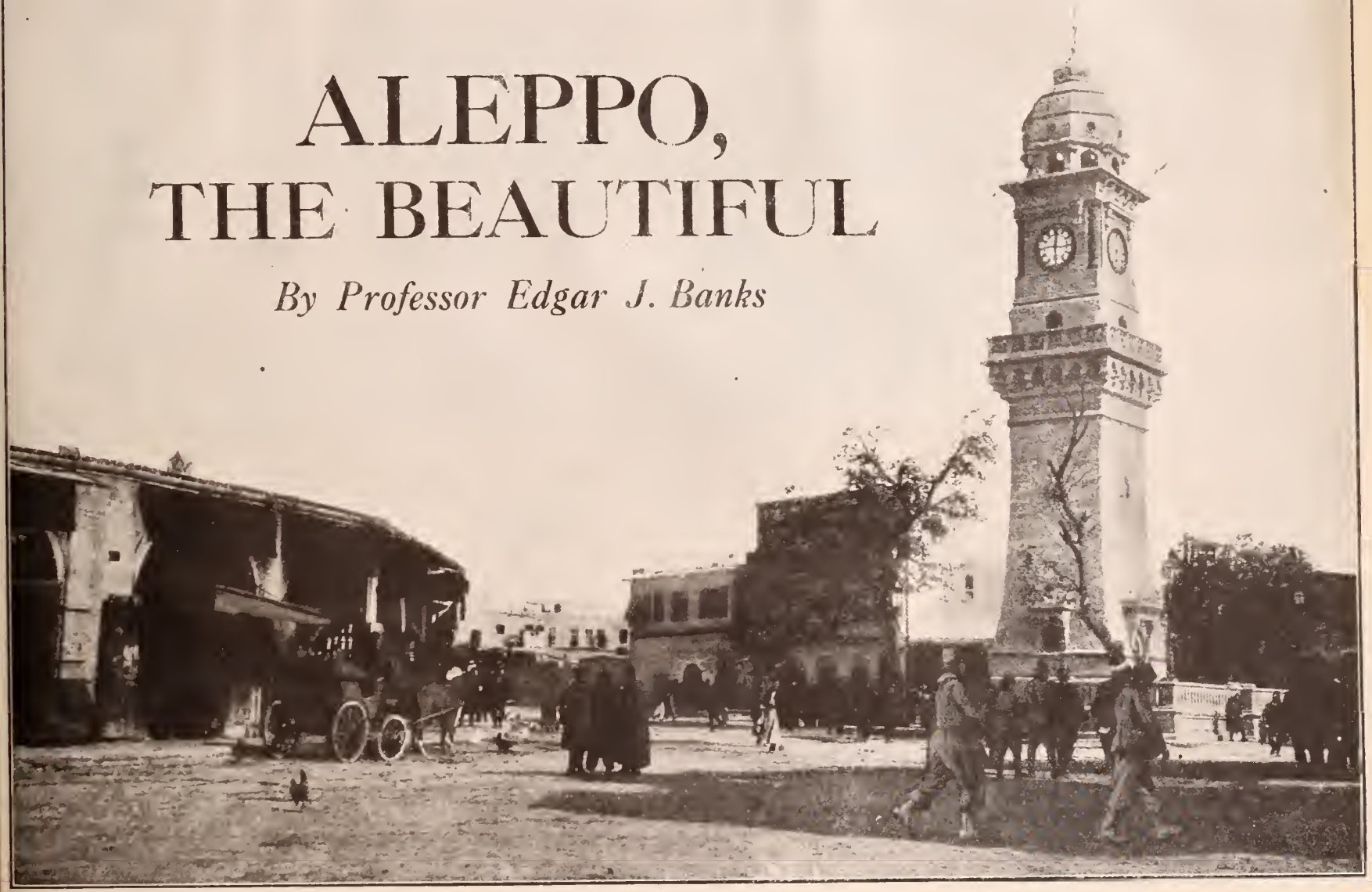
The great market at Merv whence rugs from Turkestan start on their way to western floors

Friday is the Mohammedan Sunday. Here is a Friday audience in the Tallah Kari Mosque at Samarkand

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

ALEPPO, THE BEAUTIFUL

By Professor Edgar J. Banks



ONE afternoon, just before the outbreak of the great war, I was emerging from the Arabian Desert. For several months, with a guide and a cook (Arabs from Bagdad), and with three camels to bear us and our baggage, I had been wandering in Arabia searching for lost cities. We had been sleeping in the open desert, wherever night overtook us. The only human beings we had seen were the wild Arab herdsmen who grazed their camels in the pasture-land far from the rivers. For days the only subject of conversation was the wonderful city we were approaching.

As we approached Aleppo, the deep ruts or paths worn into the desert surface by the long lines of camel caravans appeared everywhere. The little domed shrines where the desert traveler stops to rest and to pray became more frequent. Small villages of conical clay huts, like huge beehives, and little patches of grain and of melons, were evidence of a larger town beyond. Finally on the horizon appeared the peaks of tall minarets, then the great citadel beyond, and the domes of the mosques. A little brook flowed sluggishly along between its shores of green. The street within was wide and paved. The neat one-story, flat-roofed houses of stone seemed like palaces in contrast with the desert huts.

As a carriage drawn by horses came rushing along, our camels shied at the unusual sight. For more than an hour we urged the unwilling animals along, stopping only when a policeman or a soldier halted us to examine our passes. At last we entered the han or inn, and the kneeling camels grunted in relief. We had reached civilization. With the aid of the American consul, I was provided with European clothes, and an entire week was spent in exploring the future capital of the new kingdom of Arabia.

ALEPPO lies on the edge of the Syrian desert, half way between the Mediterranean and the Euphrates. It is about 1,200 feet above the sea. Rome was built on seven hills; Aleppo boasts of eight, but they are very low. Higher hills nearly surround it. Through the city runs a little river, the Kuwaik, or the Chalus of the ancient Greeks. It is an insignificant stream, rising some distance to the north and losing itself in the great marshes about fifteen miles to the south. For miles along its shores are beautiful gardens and orchards and the summer homes of the wealthy. There are groves of maple and plane and olive and quince, and there in the rich black loam the pistachio and melons, as delicious as any in the world, are wonderfully productive. The little river does more than convert the surrounding desert to gardens; it is the chief water supply, and it yields an abundance of eels and other fish.

The older part of the city is surrounded with walls of stone masonry about three and a half miles in circuit, but now they are in a dilapidated condition. Seven gates lead within. The town is divided into several quarters. In the northwestern part live the Europeans and Christians. In the northeastern is the Levantine quarter. Nearer the center are the Jews, and to the south the Arabs and Turks. The entire population is estimated at about 180,000, of which two-thirds are Mohammedans. There are 12,000 Greeks and 12,000 Jews, and a lesser number of Armenians, Syrians and Europeans. The language is divided about equally between Turkish and Arabic.

The men of Aleppo have never enjoyed a good reputation among the desert tribes, for they delight in fine clothes and are more Europeanized even than those of Damascus. The streets are paved, and are wider and cleaner than in most other Oriental towns; many of them are bordered with good sidewalks. All of the houses are of stone, and are generally entered beneath a pointed arch. Most of them are but a single story high, but the more imposing have a second story, and from it an alcove with latticed windows projects over the street. The arched entrance leads into an open court, which the chambers face, and sometimes the small court is decorated with fruit trees or flower beds or a small fountain. The furnishings of the houses are a mixture of European and Oriental.

The ruins on the summit of the citadel

IN THE center of the town, in the neat public square, is a large stone tower, and the clock at its summit strikes the hours of the Turkish day. That day begins with sunset, so that midnight and noon come at about six o'clock instead of twelve. The square is a

busy place, generally crowded with carriages and pedestrians.

The bazaars of Aleppo are as interesting as any in the Orient, though not so extensive as those of Constantinople or Damascus. They are of stone, arched above, with little air holes, like windows, through which the rays of the sun pierce the perpetual twilight within. The narrow passages are always crowded with men and animals. In the little booths at the sides are goods from all the world, all that the desert Arab or the European consular official could desire. Of the native goods, laces and embroideries, the products of Jewish women, are of unusual interest. In the vegetable bazaars are great quantities of delicious melons, figs, grapes, dried fruits, olives and nuts. The climate is too cold for native oranges and dates. Aleppo is on the great highway from the Mediterranean to Bagdad and Persia. Desert roads radiate in all directions, and great caravans of heavily laden camels still come and go even as they did before the days of railroads. The chief articles of export are wool, sheep-butter, hides, dried fruits, gall-nuts for tanning purposes, gums, manna and saffron. The value of the exports amount to about $5,000,000 annually. The imports, chiefly cotton and other European goods, are of more than double that amount.

Aleppo from the citadel

IN THE European suburbs are two or three fairly modern hotels. Within the town are numerous Oriental hans, great square structures about an open court, with little cell-like rooms where the traveler may cook his meals and sleep. But the pride of Aleppo, the thing which distinguishes it from all other Oriental cities, is the citadel in the center of the town. It resembles a great natural hill with its steep sides walled up with squared stones, but it seems that the hill is entirely artificial. It is nearly circular, about a quarter of a mile across, and perhaps 200 feet high. Its origin and age are uncertain; probably it comes from early Saracenic times, or from about twelve centuries ago. An Arabic tradition claims that it rests on 8,000 columns, and should excavations be made at its base it might be discovered that it is supported on great arched substructures. A native told me of another tradition, how long ago two brothers, the sons of an Arab king, came to the place and there decided to build a city. As none of the natural hills were high enough to serve as a citadel, they built one. They began the work when mere boys, one on each side, and when the hill was completed they were old and gray with age. Certainly the citadel of Aleppo is unique and one of the most imposing works of man. It is surrounded with a wide moat which may still be filled with water. Its vaulted entrance leads over a beautiful stone bridge of a single arch, to a tall square tower with rounded edges. Stone steps ascend to the upper chambers and the turreted summit. Beyond the tower, steps supported by a series of arches lead upward into a great square vaulted vestibule of a most imposing appearance. Upon the walls are sculptured basilisks, leopards and serpents, and an Arabic inscription from about 1209 A. D. Down beneath are great cisterns, and above are chambers. Climbing still higher you stand upon the summit of the wall surmounting the citadel, and from there the best view of the city is obtained. Until a century ago the summit of the citadel was covered with houses; traces of the streets may now be seen, but only a mosque and a minaret, a bath and a few barracks for soldiers remain. Everywhere else are ruins. It is seldom that strangers have been allowed to enter the citadel, but with the governor's permission I was permitted to wander about and photograph whatever I would, but always under the guard of about thirty soldiers.

THE best of the buildings for religious purposes is the Great Mosque standing on the site of an ancient church which is said to have been built by the empress Helena. It protects one of the several tombs of Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist. At the side of the mosque stands a minaret 180 feet in height and coming from about the year 1290.

It is said that Damascus is the oldest city in the world, or the city which has been inhabited for the longest time, but a similar claim may be made for Aleppo. Egyptian inscriptions of about 2000 B. C. mention it. Probably then it was an old Hittite city, for several Hittite inscriptions have been found on the stones built into house walls; one of them still remains in the wall of one of the mosques. Hadad, the Syrian deity who was worshiped at Damascus, was also worshiped here, for the Assyrian king, Shalmaneser, says that in 864 B. C. he offered sacrifices to him in Aleppo. The city was then called Haleb. A Seleucidan king later enlarged it and changed its name to Berœa. Since then Aleppo has been the scene of many a struggle. The Persians, the Byzantines, the Arabs, the Crusaders, the Mongols, the Mameluke kings of Egypt, the Tartars and the Turks have fought for it. Fires have burned it and earthquakes have thrown it down, but the city was so favorably situated that it could not die. The caravans continued to halt there. The French, the Venetians, and finally the English, attracted by its mercantile possibilities, built factories there, and at the close of the sixteenth century Aleppo was one of the great trading centers of the world. Then the route around the Cape to India was discovered, and the overland trade by caravan declined. But Aleppo has again come to its own.

Several years ago it was connected by a railroad with Damascus and Beirut. The new German road from Constantinople connects it with that city. Soon it will be connected with Bagdad and Persia and India. Already it is an important railroad center, through which all overland communication between Europe, Asia and Africa must pass. When the dormant Orient is really awakened there is no city in the near East more favorably situated for the trade of half the world.

This is why the Arabs have selected Aleppo as the capital of their new kingdom. Here, in close contact with European civilization, the Arab rulers may teach the desert tribes to cease their tribal warfare and unite. No longer under the oppressive yoke of the Turks, they may grow strong and wealthy, not by the sword as in the days of Mohammed, but through peace and industry. If wisdom guides the Arab rulers, then again tales of wealth and splendor as wonderful as any of the Arabian Nights may be told in the streets of the new Arab capital. Again the Arabs may climb to be among the foremost of civilized nations.

The Greatest Naval Surrender in the History of the World

First photograph to reach America of the capitulation of the Kaiser's ships

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The market place in Bethlehem and the Church of the Nativity

Photos from The Gilliam Service

Bethlehem Prepares for Christmas

The Little Town of the Nativity to Joyously Celebrate the Saviour's Birth and World-Peace

ACCORDING to reports which have recently come from Palestine, very extensive preparations are now under way in the little town of Bethlehem, the birthplace of Jesus Christ, to make the celebration of the approaching Christmas season the most wonderful in the entire history of the famous place. Pilgrims from all over the Holy Land are now said to be flocking to the sacred town to take part in the festivities which will be both, religious and secular in nature, and which will last for some days.

There are many good reasons why this celebration, at this particular Christmas time, is remarkably fitting and should command world-wide attention. In the first place it will commemorate the deliverance of the residents of the Holy Land, after hundreds of years of oppression, from the Turkish yoke, and the passing of Palestine into Christian hands. No more fitting place could possibly be selected for a dignified and reverent celebration of the peace which has dawned upon the war-tired world than the birthplace of the Prince of Peace. Finally, of all the famous places in the Holy Land, Bethlehem is almost the only town of consequence which is today, and has been for generations, almost totally inhabited by Christians, Latin, Greek and Armenian.

The Bethlehem of the present is in many respects much the same as the Bethlehem of the days of Christ. Changes and modernization which are daily occurrences in the Occident come very slowly in Palestine, and of all the towns in the land of Bible story probably none have suffered less from modernization than the birthplace of Jesus.

It is still a small unwalled village of white stone houses, mostly ages old. The population is only about three thousand souls. The surrounding country is almost as interesting as the town itself.

Leaving the Jaffa Gate of Jerusalem, en route to Bethlehem, the tourist first crosses the deep valley of Hinnom below the Pool of the Sultan, and then rides up the hill on the opposite side of the vale. On every side are little farms and gardens, in which almond and fig trees are to be seen in bloom. Slowly ascending the road up to the hill of Mar Elyas, the so-called Well of the Magi is reached. Here the tradition says that the wise men halted after they had left Jerusalem, and the star reappeared to guide them on to Bethlehem.

At the entrance to the town of Bethlehem, protected by a walled kitchen, is David's well. The women of Bethlehem are a distinct type, good-looking, rather short of stature even for Oriental women, round-faced, tranquil, placid and kind of aspect. Not a few of them are rather fair and have blue eyes. They wear dark blue skirts, dark red jackets, with white veils over their heads though not over their faces. Under the veil the married women wear a peculiar cap of stiff, embroidered black cloth, about six inches high, and across the front of this cap is strung their dowry of gold or silver coins.

Donkeys, camels, sheep and hogs are common in the streets of Bethlehem, and, getting twisted up with the pedestrians, make progress rather slow. Fronting the market-place is a rambling and rather lofty rough stone building, resembling a fortress, with curious little bell-towers surmounting its roof. This structure is the Convent of the Nativity. It was built by the Empress Helena in 327 A. D., but destroyed by the Moslems in 1236, and, it is supposed, restored by the Crusaders. Within is the Church of the Nativity, around which the great Christmas celebration this year will center.

Entering the church, a curious condition of complexity is encountered. The ownership of the different altars with their gilt ornaments, of the swinging lamps, of the separate doorways of Greeks and Armenians and Latins, is bewildering. This is a place where the visiting stranger must be careful of his actions, as the representatives of the various races who control the different altars and shrines here guard their privileges and prerogatives jealously.

Mary the mother of our Lord might have dressed much like these women in the streets of modern Bethlehem

DARK, winding steps, slippery with the drippings from many candles, lead down into the Grotto of the Nativity. It is a cavern about forty feet long and ten feet wide, lit by thirty pendent lamps, Greek, Armenian and Latin. The floor is of marble, while the walls are hung with costly draperies. In the pavement before the altar is a silver star, which is supposed to mark the exact spot where Christ was born. In the corner is a marble manger.

Day and night during the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year an almost never-ceasing stream of pilgrims is entering or leaving the Grotto of the Nativity, kneeling and kissing the star and the stones and the altar in token of their reverence for the Founder of the Christian religion. There is no reminder of the humble scene of the Nativity as described in the Scriptures in this close and stifling grotto hung with costly silks and embroideries, glittering with rich lamps and filled with the smoke of incense and waxen tapers. Some have questioned the positive authenticity of the place. Yet it is an undisputable fact that the ancient inn of Bethlehem must have been somewhere near this spot, in the vicinity of the market place of the town.

Just to the north of the Grotto of the Nativity is the cave in which St. Jerome is said to have lived while translating the Bible into Latin.

One of the most modern buildings in Bethlehem is the Hospital of the English Knights of Saint John. Standing in beauty and cleanness and order, it is a sight to refresh the eye.

For years the natives of Bethlehem have chiefly gained their subsistance by the manufacture and sale to pilgrims and visitors to the town of crucifixes, beads, boxes of sandalwood, shells and mother-of-pearl ornaments. During the war their business was greatly depressed, and they have been reduced to poverty in consequence; but now, with the light of a better day dawning in Palestine, they are looking forward to a happier condition, and for that reason, if no other, will give hearty thanks for their deliverance and the arrival of peace at the approaching Christmas celebration at the birthplace of the Prince of Peace.

President Gone to Urge a Just Peace

Great Impromptu Ovation as the Transport George Washington, Bearing the Presidential Party, Passes Out to Sea

IN HIS purpose to bind the nations of the world together in a peace advantageous to all of them, President Wilson sailed from New York on December 4 for Europe, bearing with him the loyal support and confidence of the American people.

The President sailed on the United States transport, George Washington, direct for Brest, France. His itinerary abroad is not made known, except that he will take part in preliminary conferences and perhaps in the great Peace Conference itself.

The departure of the President and his party was entirely without ostentation, and all public demonstration was in spite of precautions against it.

It was a grim, gray vessel which bore the smiling President from the cluster of cheering men and women on the Hoboken pier. On the starboard bridge stood the slender figure of the President. He raised his Fedora hat, waved it and smiled as he leaned over slightly. His lips seemed to be moving in a "good-by," but the cheering and clapping of hands stifled his words.

At the President's side was Mrs. Wilson. She fluttered her kerchief and gracefully saluted the throng.

The President drew the collar of his greatcoat more closely about his throat, for a breeze that had wakened at dawn was fitfully stirring the rigging of harbor craft.

NO SHIP ever received here the spontaneous honors accorded to the George Washington. And no ship ever was so well guarded. Four destroyers and two armed naval patrol boats kept the fairway clear until the steamship was in the channel and headed down stream. The river swarmed with tugs and small craft shrieking "good-bys" and "bon voyages" with their whistles. Ferryboats swarmed with citizens who had timed their crossing of the Hudson to get a nearer glimpse of the nation's Chief Executive, and the New Jersey, Manhattan and Staten Island waterfronts were black with the throngs which had congregated to do him honor.

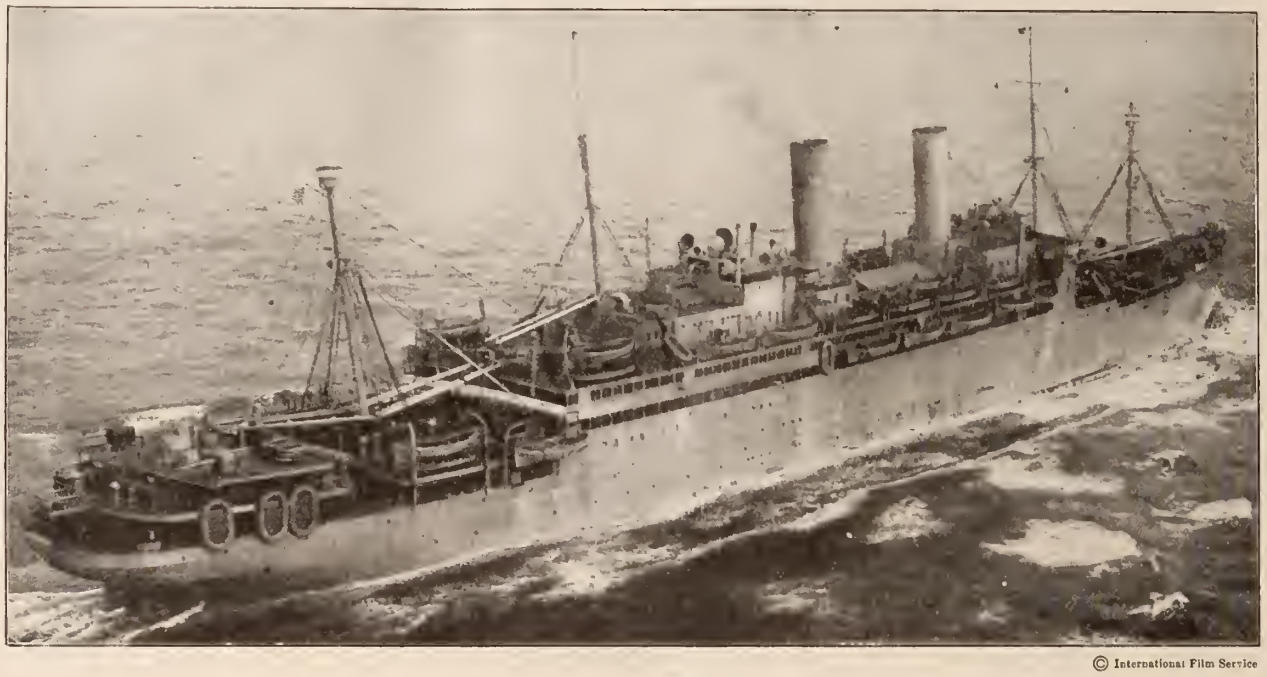
No sooner had the George Washington begun to slip from its berth than an airplane darted from the horizon and soared to a position directly above the President's vessel. It was joined by another aircraft, and together they sailed forward and back along the route pursued by the George Washington. The droning hum of the airplane motors mingled with the blaring "Over There" played by a band.

At 10:20 o'clock there was a thundering and screaming of whistles from all parts of the harbor, testifying to the fact that the nation's leader was off for the conference of counselors, to write and to speak more of America's ideals into the pages of history.

A destroyer, newly painted gray, fell in behind the George Washington and fired the Presidential salute as the transport moved down the harbor. Picked gunners from the United States Navy manned the guns on the President's vessel and roared back a reply.

Marines, acting as the Presidential guard, lined up along either side of the executive suite and stood at attention. It was then that the President, head bared, waved a small American flag.

As the ship swung down into the bay abeam of the Goddess of Liberty, with destroyers ahead and astern and airplanes circling overhead, she presented a magnificent spectacle in the glowing sunlight to the many thousands assembled on the shore. Off Staten Island Admiral Mayo's flagship, the battleship Pennsylvania, swung into line and led the way through the Narrows to the Hook and to sea.



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The President's ship, sixty miles on her way to France, photographed from a seaplane

THE President and his party arrived at Army Piers, Hoboken, at 7:40 o'clock. He came on a special train from Washington. At 8:10 o'clock President Wilson went aboard the transport. While the Infantry Band played "The Star Spangled Banner," the President stopped reverently and stood with head bared. Hundreds of flags formed a canopy over the President and party as they walked from the train along the pier to their point of embarkation.

The distinguished party included the President and Mrs. Wilson, Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson, U. S. N., Gilbert F. Close, confidential clerk to the President; Irving H. Hoover and Miss Edith Benham, all members of the President's personal party; the French Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand, the Italian Ambassador and Countess di Cellere, their two children, Mrs. Francisco Quattrons, secretary to the Italian Ambassador; American Ambassador to Great Britain and Mrs. Davis, Rear Admiral Knapp, U. S. N., Captain Pratt, Mrs. W. S. Benson, Mrs. Joseph C. Grew, Mrs. Gordon Auchincloss, Mrs. David Hunter Miller, Secretary of State and Mrs. Lansing, Henry White, Leland Harrison, Raymond B. Fosdick and George Creel. The entire party included 123 persons.

The President's ship on December 5 wirelessed "All well," and reported that the first morning out found her 450 miles on her way. The President was pictured as alternately working at his typewriter on speeches to be delivered in Europe, conferring with other members of his party, and resting under orders of his physician.

President Wilson's ship, after weathering a two days' storm, was reported on December 7 as proceeding in a calmer sea, without incidents. She was expected to pass the Azores the next day. President Wilson attended religious services on December 8 with the enlisted men of the American forces on board the George Washington in the men's quarters below decks. The President joined in the singing, the prayers and the recital of the services.

A Christmas Peace Has Come

AFTER nineteen centuries of conflict the world today stands in the dawning of a Christian peace. Always eloquent, Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis finds here a theme that stirs his powers. He brings the message next week.

Peace from clash of arms is bringing, too, a new spirit of accommodation among men in ideals and in spiritual endeavors. The spirit of Christian Unity, abroad in the land, is fast fusing denominational differences into a wide zeal for souls and the pure Gospel. Next week we will open the way to a long step forward.

Wealth is not joy, nor position happiness; but each may minister to both. Next week Miss Ladden of Laddensburg discovers the talisman in her wealth and position.

Next week also Dr. Clark relates the second portion of his recollections, telling of two happy pastorates; we go to a Christmas tree in Japan; we see the President safely off to France, and welcome our boys home.

The Week in the World's News

TO BROADEN RED CROSS SERVICE. Henry P. Davison, chairman of the War Council of the American Red Cross, announced on December 4 that the Red Cross would not need to solicit funds except through its annual Christmas roll call, that the funds thus made available would be devoted to Relief Work throughout the world, that the Red Cross would stay with our soldiers and sailors wherever they were until they were demobilized, and that nothing would be left undone for the men in the war zone, for those returning, for those in camps and hospitals, or for the families at home. President Wilson in a proclamation made public December 8 called on every American to join the American Red Cross during the Christmas Roll Call week, December 16–23. The President declared that the Red Cross Christmas message of 1918 was by God's grace a message of peace as well as of good will, but that peace did not mean that we should fold our hands; that it meant further sacrifice that we might help the people of war-saddened lands back to faith in mercy and future happiness.

ALLIES CROSS THE RHINE. On December 5 the French and American armies were well inside former German territory, the French entering from Lorraine, the Americans from Luxemburg, and British and Belgian troops were also entering enemy territory. Everywhere the German public received the Allied troops quietly, sullenly, but without any obvious evidence of illwill. The Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils had cautioned the people against open hostilities, and the Allied commanders had proclaimed the intention of their armies to maintain order, but not to interfere at all with the private life of the inhabitants.

Troops of all the Allies had reached and crossed the Rhine on December 8, all German troops at that date having passed eastward of the river. The American main army was still four days' march from the Rhine, but on special request of the German authorities a battalion was sent to Coblenz to maintain order. The British acted similarly at Cologne, rushing machine-gun units into the city.

CONGRESSMAN GLASS NEW TREASURY HEAD. The nomination of Congressman Carter Glass of Virginia to be Secretary of the Treasury was sent to the Senate on December 5, and it was expected that Mr. Glass would assume the duties of his new position on December 16. He has been chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency for six years, the Federal Reserve Law being formed under his leadership.

CHILE-PERU SITUATION TENSE. On December 3 Chile was reported to be mobilizing her troops, but there was no report of counter-mobilization by Peru. On the 4th the Chilean Consul-General left Lima for Santiago, taking with him all the archives. Reports from Buenos Ayres of December 6 indicated that the efforts of the American State Department were bearing fruit and that the Chilean and Peruvian foreign offices were approaching a peaceful solution of their differences.

PLANS FOR ADDITIONAL AIR MAIL LINES. In his annual report to Congress on December 5, Postmaster General Burleson again recommended the government ownership of telegraphs and telephones, and also recommended the expansion of the air mail service, reporting that plans had been formed for a service from New York to San Francisco, and for a line from Boston to Key West, going on from Key West via Havana to Panama and South America.

GUILTY MUST STAND TRIAL. David Lloyd George in a campaign address on December 5 declared that the men

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Brown Boxes

By
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE toy-shop window was decorated for Christmas time. There were strange, funny animals in it, and mechanical trains—there were paint-boxes and make-believe pianos. There were doll chairs, and doll tables, and whole wonderful doll houses. And there were dozens of dolls, all grouped, like court ladies, about a marvelous doll who sat like a queen in the very center of things.

It seemed to Ella that she had always wanted such a doll. It seemed to her that there had never been a day when the blue-eyed vision of it had not smiled just beyond her reach! With her nose pressed, button-like, to the plate glass of the toy-shop window, she drank in the many beauties of it—its long curling hair, its real eyelashes, its satin frock. There were even tiny buttons on the doll's kid shoes; there were even silk socks that ended just below the doll's dimpled knees. It was a super-doll; and Ella, watching it, prayed a futile little prayer.

"O God," prayed Ella, "please let Santy Claus bring me a dolly like that one—if there is a Santy Claus!" she added. For she was a careful child, and she couldn't be sure even of Santy Claus. Last year he hadn't come at all, or the year before. And this year—well, there was no telling. . . .

The doll smiled at her from the toy-shop window; smiled with a smile that was almost unbearably sweet. Ella, sick at heart, turned away from the sight of it. Her common sense told her that even a Santy Claus couldn't do miracles. And to be given a doll like the one in the window would be little short of a miracle.

VERY much farther up-town, Eleanor lay quietly in bed. She was a very sick little girl, was Eleanor, and she looked across the toy-filled nursery with wan eyes. It was a beautiful room, the nursery, a room that breathed the very essence of childhood from the illustrated Mother Goose rhymes that danced around the walls to the embroidered fairy-tales that were a part of every pillow sham and coverlet; but Eleanor was too weak to care.

"It's only"—it was her daddy speaking—"it's only a few days until Christmas, honey! Aren't you glad? Think of all the new toys that Santa Claus will bring for you!"

Little Eleanor turned restlessly on her pillow. "Santa Claus brought so many toys last year and the year before," she told her daddy, "that I don't think there's anything *new* left for him to bring this year. I wish—" She left the sentence unfinished, and her daddy stole out of the room. His lips were a tiny bit shaky and he rubbed his eyes. . . .

"If I could find something that would interest her," he said very softly to himself—"if I only could!" And then he added, "If she only had a mother! A mother would know what she needed—"

Leave almost any little girl's daddy alone at almost any present-buying time, and ten chances to one he'll bring home a doll. And so Eleanor's daddy, being a true-to-type daddy, left the house and walked abruptly into a certain toy-shop and placed himself in the willing hands of the head clerk. "My little girl is ill," he told the head clerk, "and I want to buy her the most beautiful doll in the world for Christmas!" And the head clerk, being a woman of nice discrimination, smiled a knowing smile and took a certain doll from the very center of a certain window and wrapped it carefully in a brown box. "This is the most beautiful doll in the store," she told Eleanor's daddy as she tied some string around the box. "I'm sure your little girl will love it!"

Eleanor's daddy took the parcel under his arm and walked out of the shop. He walked a bit gropingly because he was very much afraid that his little girl wouldn't be well enough to love even the most beautiful doll in the world. He hung his head and winked hard, so that curious passers-by might not know that his eyes were rather misty. He turned a corner, and—

There was a man coming, very fast, around the corner; a man who walked with *his* head bowed; a shabby man who carried under *his* arm a brown, string-tied box. Eleanor's daddy, who wasn't seeing very well just then, ran into him and the two brown boxes fell, together, into the snow that banked the gutter. It was dirty city snow, but it was soft, and the boxes lay on it unhurt.

"Sorry," muttered Eleanor's daddy, as he stooped blindly for his package; and

"Sorry," grunted the shabby man as he stooped for the package that he had dropped. And then they walked silently past each other with heads still bowed, each in his own way.

The shabby man's way led downtown—it ended in a shabby tenement room on a side street that was more than shabby. He entered the room in a furtive way and hid his box behind a pile of rubbish on a high shelf.

"I'll let her open it herself on Christmas," he said. "Poor little tyke—it ain't much of a doll, at that! But she's been talking doll an' Santa Claus so hard, and for so long. . . . I wisht it was a prettier doll. I wisht—" It was with a sigh that the man turned away from the high shelf. Perhaps he was thinking that warm clothes cost a great deal—that even food for little daughters is something hard to manage. And as for beautiful dolls. . . .

Ella prayed a futile little prayer

There was a scuffle on the stairs, and the door swung open, and a little girl clattered in—a little girl with frost-bitten hands and great, hungry eyes. She flung herself into the man's ready arms.

"Oh, daddy," she told him, "I seen th' most beautiful doll terday—"

The man patted her hair with tender, reddened fingers, but he didn't look very happy. "It's a shame," he was telling himself, "that it couldn't be a better one—" And then he said half aloud—"Things would-a-been different—if her mother'd lived."

AS FOR Eleanor's daddy—well, Eleanor was worse when he reached home. And so he just forgot all about dolls—until Christmas morning.

For at last it *was* Christmas morning. And Eleanor, propped up against her pillows, looked wearily through her stockings—the stockings that an extravagant Santa Claus had filled to overflowing.

"This is a lovely ring," she said wistfully. "It's not very much like my others—and these beads and books"—her little mouth quivered—"are *so* pretty. Santa Claus was an awfully nice Santa Claus—"

It was her daddy, sitting beside her on the bed, who called her attention to the brown box that lay among the other gifts.

"Open that, dear," he told her gently. "I'm sure there's something especially lovely—"

Eleanor was already fumbling with the string. She jerked it off quite as interestedly as a well child would have jerked it off. And then she opened the brown box, and took out—a doll.

Eleanor's daddy leaned forward with a quick exclamation of surprise. For the doll that Eleanor lifted out of the brown box was the strangest doll that he had ever seen. It was a cheap rag doll—a rag doll with shiny button eyes and a calico frock—a small rag doll with a painted grin that was persistent and engaging.

"Why, that's not—" he began, and stopped before the sheer delight that shone on his little daughter's face.

"Oh, daddy," she was saying "*Oh, daddy!* I never saw a dolly like this one! It's the *nicest* dolly—why, it's *soft*, like a baby, to hug. Oh—I love it!" And she kissed the rag doll squarely on the persistent painted grin. "I'm so happy," she whispered at last; "this has been the most wonderful Christmas!"

AND away down at the other end of the town another little girl was waking from sleep—waking to greet the morning of Christmas. And another daddy was watching her with a great wistfulness in his eyes—another daddy who held in his arms a brown box.

"Merry Christmas, Ella," said the other daddy as her heavy eyes unclosed. "Santa Claus has been here—he came last night. And he left this box for you. He said as he hoped you'd like it."

Little Ella was out of her tumbled bed so fast that the covers almost seemed to fly about her. And the box was in her hands before you could say "Jack Robinson." And the string was off of it, and the layers of wrapping paper, and she lifted out—a doll.

It was the daddy that spoke, at last, and—

"Why—" he stammered, "where—" But he stopped before the rapture in his small daughter's eyes. He couldn't tell her that it wasn't the doll that he had bought—he couldn't, for she thought that her doll was from Santa Claus! And he tried not to think about the other little girl who was cheated out of her Christmas gift (one wishes that he might have seen that other little girl sleeping quietly for the first time in weeks with the rag doll snuggled to her cheek!) For the doll that Ella was staring at was a queen of dolls, a doll radiant from the curls of her head to the silk socks that stopped just before her dimpled knees.

"Oh, daddy!" she was whispering. "It's *the doll*. Oh, I didn't never s'pose I'd get it. I prayed ter God, I did, and he answered me. I asked him ter tell Santy Claus that I wanted th' doll, an'—" suddenly she was appealing to her daddy—"and he must've told Santy Claus himself! Oh, daddy! do you s'pose—he did?"

The daddy's eyes were wet as he bent to kiss his small daughter. One of his shabby arms drew her close.

"I reekon, Ella," he said huskily, "that he did!"

When a man says, "I am debtor to all men," encourage him by saying, "Pay up, brother; pay up!"

The selfish man, who would squeeze this old world as he would squeeze an orange, says, "No juice!" but the unselfish man—who lives and gives—drinks deep and is satisfied.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President and Publisher GRAHAM PATTERSON

Vice President and Managing Editor GEORGE H. SANDISON

The President's Mission

PRESIDENT WILSON has gone to France on a great mission, as the representative of this nation. At the urgent appeal of the Allies, he has put aside all personal considerations in order that he may the better succeed in bringing to a satisfactory close the work America set out to do when it entered the war. With quiet dignity and conclusive logic, he has stated in his address to Congress his reasons for undertaking the journey. It is true, some have caviled at his going and questioned the soundness of the policy which called the executive away from the seat of government. There are many, however, who will regard these objections as being really a tribute to the President. If his presence be so desirable here at this time, how much more so will it be for him to be present in that chamber at Versailles, where the peace of the world hangs in the balance, awaiting his interpretation of America's terms, to which the assembled powers are expected to give united assent!

This is the central thought in his message to the Congress. He explained that the Allied governments, as well as the Central Powers, had accepted our peace bases, and that the Allies "very reasonably desire my personal counsel in their interpretation and application." He was certainly justified, in view of the magnitude of the occasion and of all the national interests involved, in adding: "I know of no business or interest which should take precedence of them (the peace settlements) . . . I owe it to them to see to it, so far as in me lies, that no false or mistaken interpretation is put upon them and no possible effort omitted to realize them."

Our sons offered their life blood to obtain these results. Shall we wonder then that the President should now declare, "I can think of no call to service which could transcend this?"

President Wilson has bared his heart to the nation in unconventional phrase on this occasion. In view of his frankness, his intense desire that not only America but the friends of liberty throughout the world should reap the largest fruits of victory, and his appreciation of the high ideal America has followed throughout the war, it would be regrettable and even inconceivable if the cordial sympathy and support he asks for his present course should be denied.

To him the summons of the nations is simply a call in which he can hear the voice of America added to the voices of the Allies; for it is a duty the faithful performance of which is as important to our own land and our own people as to any other on earth. We have fought and suffered for these ideals, to maintain which in all their fulness he has not hesitated to set aside traditional usage. He carries with him the best wishes of the entire nation for a safe and prosperous voyage, a happy consummation to his plans and a speedy return.

The Crime Against Childhood

WE HAVE not yet set the seal of our national disapproval upon the crime against childhood—the least forgivable crime of all.

Reports compiled by the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor show a pronounced increase in child employment, as well as a general lengthening of hours of work, since the Federal Child Labor Law was declared unconstitutional in June of this year.

In twenty-four states in which the eight-hour day is not required by law for children between fourteen and sixteen years of age a general return to the long working-day of nine, ten and even eleven hours has been reported.

Investigations made since June 3, the date the law was declared unconstitutional, show 909 children under fourteen years at work in 392 factories, 3,189 under sixteen years working more than eight hours a day and 149 working at night. In thirteen mines inspected, 62 children under sixteen years of age were found at work.

It is to our credit that we have made it a crime to overwork a horse, but it is to our shame that it is not yet a crime to overwork a child.

In the Senate Finance Committee's revision of the Kitchin taxation bill there has been inserted a provision imposing a special tax of ten per cent. upon the output of any mine and quarry employing children under sixteen years, and upon the product of any mill, cannery, workshop and factory employing children under fourteen years, or children from fourteen to sixteen for more than eight hours a day or six days a week, or before 6 A.M. or after 7 P.M.

This is an indirect method of abolishing child labor, adopted instead of the direct method which the United States Supreme Court has vetoed. Taking the ground that the taxing power of the nation is unquestioned, the framers of this feature of the bill intend to apply that power to discourage the crime against childhood.

Church Unity Marches On

IN THE year which has elapsed since the matter of a thorough realignment of the Christian forces of America was discussed by a notable interdenominational assemblage at Pittsburg, the discussion has taken a nation-wide range. Many men eminent in the religious world—professors, bishops, influential pastors and clear-sighted laymen—have taken up the theme of the Conference, and are now urging concerted action looking to a united religious front in which all the denominations may stand together. This plan is spreading in lands across the sea, and the remarkable letter from the English author, Sir Hall Caine, which we publish today, demonstrates how the Unity idea is dominating the thoughts of men as nothing has done to an equal extent since the Reformation.

One of the most notable proofs of the widespread interest in the new movement is found in the recent gathering in Philadelphia of prominent ministers and laymen from various states, representing fourteen denominations, including Presbyterians, Reformed Church, Methodists, Protestant Episcopal, Moravians, and others, for the purpose of conferring on Church unity as a fundamental need, and to endeavor to bring about close co-operation in the fields of home and foreign missions. It was explained that while these leaders had no formal plans to present, they were willing to go the whole way with each other in co-operation for the attainment of the common objective.

Among the leading churchmen to advocate unity is Roy B. Guild, D.D. In very practical terms he brings home the parallel between the material and spiritual aspects of the case. Speaking for the churches, he says:

"We have gone on talking of the eastern front (Methodist), and western front (Baptist), and the Italian front (Presbyterian), and the Salonica front (Episcopalian), and the Egyptian front (Lutheran), and the Mesopotamian front (Congregational), forgetting that there is but one front (the Kingdom of God) with many flanks; that with these colossal armies (churches) the battlefield is continental. The world knows how 'combined thought and action' was brought about in the war. The plan of the Allies has become the plan of the churches of many cities. Not by obliteration of denominational lines but by strengthening all the forces within these lines, and reinforcing them by sane and consistent co-ordination. The churches in cities like Pittsburg, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, Duluth, have allied their forces and elected captains to make the unity real. Twenty-five cities now employ executive secretaries for the directing of the interchurch work, and a score more of cities are today more seriously considering doing this than ever before. Victory won by Unity in these cities is the incontrovertible argument why such Unity should become a reality in every city in America. This is the kind of democratic Unity of Christian democracy immediately possible and absolutely necessary to the fullest success of the Christian churches."

Dr. Guild's excellent illustration deserves to be seriously considered by the various bodies which are now debating whether to take the step that leads to unity or to wander on in disunion. The churches ought to be at the center of things in all that relates to human effort for the world's betterment. Every denomination has all-important work ahead of it on these lines. We have combinations in industry, in finance, in municipal and rural development, and in every kind of business. Why should the Church of Christ, which is charged with the high mission of looking after the eternal welfare of men, be divided when union of forces would give her strength and victory?

The Homecoming of Our Boys

IT WAS thrilling news that 850,000 of our soldier and sailor boys would be home for Christmas. They are coming daily by shiploads of thousands. Never before in history did fleets carry such cargoes of pride and happiness.

To the mothers, wives and little ones and to sweethearts and friends it has been a time of unspeakable, heart-straining suspense—but, ah! the swift and sweet reaction to exquisite joy at the news that their boys are hurrying home!

They are coming with the glory of victory in a righteous cause, but not all the glory is theirs. Heroic as was their fighting over there, no less heroic has been the waiting here. The glad cheers ringing out from the transports that bear the boys into the home harbors tell that the joy of the homecoming is not all on the side of those waiting to welcome them. The boys are happy in the homecoming at this particularly appropriate time.

All over our land, every year, Christmas brings back to the old home the children and the children's children, once more to set our lips to the spring of love that is pure and undefiled. Whether we turn back to it from glory and successes, or from failures and sorrows, the home is ever a sanctuary of virtues and the sweetest earthly interpretation of heaven.

Some of our boys who went bravely abroad are not coming back home. They are gone to a better home. Tears for our loss must well up through praise of their valor and pride in their noble sacrifice. To many a home a glory has come that is not of earth.

Edmond Rostand

THE passing of Edmond Rostand removes one of the outstanding poet-dramatists of our time. Rostand had the peculiar depth of human sympathy and understanding which enabled him to grasp the spirit and the heart-throbs of great events, clothe them in deathless language and send them forth into the world in flesh and blood. It is seldom that a man has more than one masterpiece, but Rostand is well known to Americans by three, "Cyrano de Bergerac," "L'Aiglon" and "Chantecler," all brilliant with spirit and vibrant with life. Rostand was a protest against the conventional drama of France. To a theater too much dominated by stage and literary carpenters he brought the deep inspiration and the rousing force of new ideals and an intimate touch with the real abiding forces of life.

To Bring the Ex-Kaiser to Trial

COUNT WILHELM HOHENZOLLERN will prove something of an enigma to future historians. Amid the long record of fallen royalties, it would be difficult to find a single uncrowned monarch who has presented a figure so utterly abject and pusillanimous as that of the ex-Kaiser. Repudiated by the German people, who have demanded his arrest and trial for treason, he has hugged his lonely exile in Holland, varying the monotony by weak attempts at exculpation and with occasional spasms of religious fervor. His efforts to shift to other shoulders the responsibility for his criminal war have made little impression, however, either in Germany or among the Allies.

Prince Lichnowsky and Dr. Mühlon, who were driven out of the homeland because they had told the truth about the responsibility for the war, may yet have an opportunity to give their testimony unhindered before a competent tribunal. England is now said to be urging the Dutch authorities to surrender the Kaiser in order that he may stand trial, and the other Allies are understood to be agreeable to a criminal procedure. Justice could not be satisfied and the historic record would not be complete without the full story of the Potsdam Conference being given to the world; nor is Germany likely to oppose this, although the exposure will doubtless fix the responsibility for the world-struggle upon the Kaiser as the original plotter and prime promoter.

A new sensational touch has been given to the situation by the disclosure of a plot to restore the Hohenzollern monarchy, which was fortunately nipped in the bud. One of Chancellor Ebert's agents tapped a wire, which led to the discovery that a counter-revolution was in progress. Field Marshal von Mackensen, General von Arnim, and several other Prussian militarists are indicated as the leaders in this latest conspiracy. Von Mackensen's army was prepared to march on Berlin, imprison the members of the present government, set up a provisional régime and open the way for the return of the ex-Kaiser. Discovery of the plot seems to have been almost simultaneous with the internment of Von Mackensen's troops in Hungary. He had planned to bring Wilhelm back to Berlin in triumph at a time when the capital would be filled with troops coming home from the great retreat. Von Hindenburg alone of the former Prussian leaders refused to join the reactionaries, and stood by the new government. Doubtless the news of the proposed restoration has added determination to the desire of the Allies to bring the ex-Kaiser to the bar of justice. Germany has plainly come to the conclusion that it is well rid of him and would prefer to remain so.

"Kaiser or Christ?" Says Sir Hall Caine

The Famous British Author Urges a League of the Churches for the Protection of the World's Faith

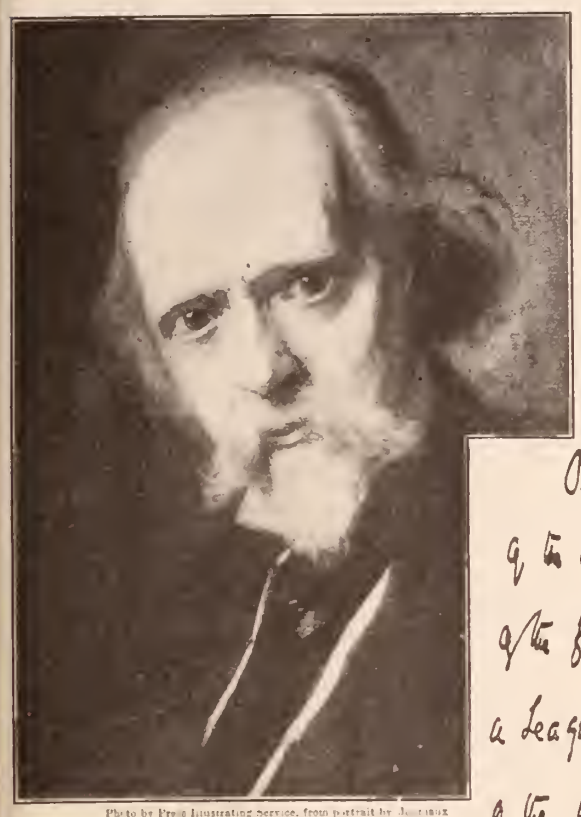


Photo by Press Illustrating Service, from portrait by [illegible]

Sir Hall Caine

IN THE *following remarkable letter Sir Hall Caine, whom many place at the head of living English authors, discusses the attitude and opportunity of the Christian Church from a new viewpoint. Germany's "Religion of Valor," he declares, was the real question the war had to answer. It was Kaiser or Christ. Now, we are to have a League of Nations for the World's Peace, and we need also a League of Churches for the preservation of the World's Faith. He suggests a program by which this end may be reached. This he declares is "the only true, possible Reformation."*

GREEBA CASTLE, ISLE OF MAN.
October 25, 1918.

Editor of the Christian Herald, New York.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of September 5 asks me a difficult question, and I am so deeply immersed in such public work as I am able to do that it is only possible for me to give a brief and perhaps not fully considered reply.

You tell me that a writer in Scribner's Magazine says that distinctions of faith have largely disappeared among American soldiers in the army, and that "Baptists chum daily with Congregationalists, and both with Episcopalians." Good gracious, why shouldn't they? Confronted by the only true realities, life and death and the hereafter, what on earth are the differences of church government, or even of Biblical interpretation, which separate men in times of peace?

The one living fact we have got to count with us is that this war is in itself a struggle between the forces of faith and the forces of unbelief. For forty years, Germany, while attempting to establish a world-empire, has also been trying to establish a new world-religion. As opposed to the religion of the Founder of our Faith, the new German religion was what Germany called "the religion of valor." The pagan religion was at war with every hope and aspiration of Christianity. "You have heard," said one of the modern German philosophers, "how it was said in old time, 'Blessed are the peacemakers'; but I say to you, 'Blessed are the warmakers.'" Thus it came to pass that at the beginning of the twentieth century in Europe two spirit forces were contending for man's allegiance. Berlin or Nazareth, the Kaiser or Christ—which was it to be?

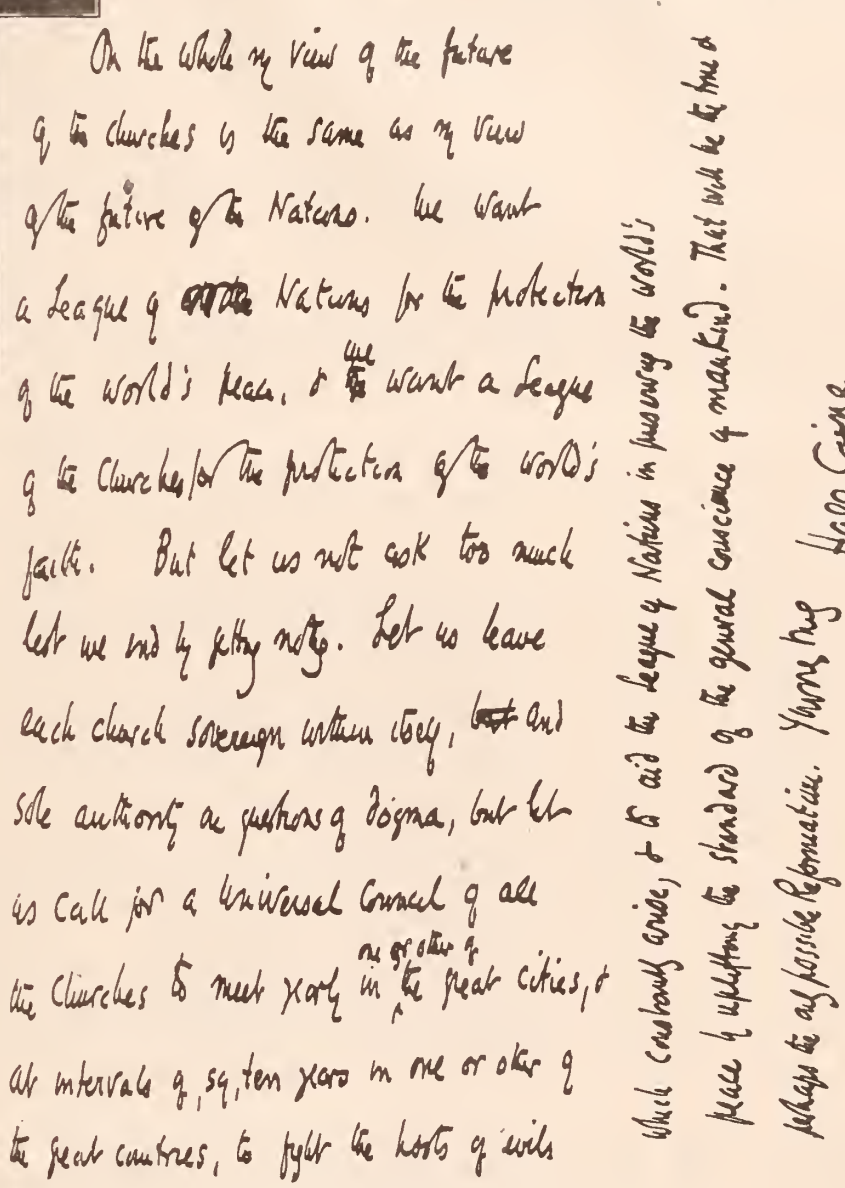
That was the real question the war had to answer, and all other questions (such as the integrity of Belgium) were merely secondary to it. Therefore when your American soldiers reached the battlefields in France, *that* was the question they had to settle, whether they were fully or only partly conscious of it. And face to face with that great issue, what did it matter whether a man believed that adult baptism by immersion or infant baptism by sprinkling was the order ordained by the Mother Church of Christendom? All such questions sank into the insignificance they deserved, and nothing remained to the men who had to share the same dangers but the high spiritual comradeship of the joint-heirs of the same faith, who were there to fight and die for it.

As to their relations in the future, none of us can speak with certainty. It is possible that in days of peace we may sink back to the condition in which denominational distinctions will seem to be paramount. I do not think we will. Men who have seen such distinctions die away in the near presence of death are not likely to be too patient of them in the fulness of life. They know their value, and how little worth they are when the great moments come. Therefore the churches must be prepared to find that to vast numbers of their American soldiers out of the furnace of war the barriers dividing them will seem to be no better than dust and ashes.

How the churches should act in the light of that possibility is a difficult question. The divisions have not been wholly injurious. If they have fostered rivalry, they have stimulated zeal. Remove the one and you may diminish the other. My view as a layman would be that no attempt should be made to abolish the sovereignty of each church within itself. You couldn't abolish it in all the churches, for the Roman Catholic Church and the Jewish Church would always refuse to unite with the other churches.

On the whole my view of the future of the churches is the same as my view of the future of the nations. We want a League of Nations for the protection of the world's peace, and we want a League of the Churches for the protection of the world's faith. But let us not ask too much lest we end by getting nothing. Let us leave each church sovereign within itself, and sole authority on questions of dogma, but let us call for a universal council of all the churches to meet yearly in one or other of the great cities, and at intervals of, say, ten years in one or other of the great countries, to fight the host of evils which constantly arise, and to aid the League of Nations in preserving the world's peace by uplifting the standard of the general conscience of mankind. That will be the true and perhaps the only possible Reformation.

Yours truly,
[Signed] HALL CAINE.



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Facsimile of last page of Hall Caine's letter

Additional Views of Church Unity As a Basis of Spiritual Success

A Minnesota Pastor on the Church's Future

IN THESE days of great events we expect great things. There are a great many people who rejoice because of the hopeful signs of a greater unity among the Christians of America. This is just the time when our land is ready for a great advance toward this end. It seems therefore that we should do something more definite than just talk and write about these things.

The need of this unity is so great that nothing need be said about that. Public sentiment everywhere is ready for some big move on the part of the leaders of our denominations. We all want it, but how is it to be brought about? That is the big question.

There is a universal law that tells us that the best way to get rid of something old and inferior is to substitute something better in its place. This is taking place in the world round about us every day. There's no use trying to counteract the laws of God. If we can only find a great and good model for a church that will meet the needs of our age, we shall have no trouble to get away from our little denominational differences. We shall have no trouble finding such a model if we look for one. We have not been looking for such an ideal.

Let me, in all humbleness, describe the fundamental principles of such a church. First of all it must be a Christian church. The Spirit of Jesus must permeate and inspire this church. If we cannot have a Christian church we may as well not have a church at all. Jesus Christ must be preached from the pulpit, for he is the Saviour of the world. Then this church must be American in principles and practice. We must have a church "of the people and for the people." The voice of the people must govern. We are seeking to banish from the world systems that say that some men should dictate and others should obey. Wherever a person is told "thus saith the church, and you may believe that and need not bother yourself about anything else," and that person ceases to think for himself on religious questions, he ceases to grow, along that line at least. For such reasons there are many minds that are well developed along other lines, but are stunted and dwarfed religiously.

Continued on page 1417

If Every Day Were Christmas

*A SERMON BY EDGAR DEWITT JONES, D.D.**

TEXT—Romans 14 : 5. "One man esteemeth one day above another: another man esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully assured in his own mind."

THE fourteenth chapter of Romans is a rare piece of writing. In it the apostle pleads for sympathy and toleration, and these without compromise of faith. In the fifth verse there is an interesting allusion to the keeping of special days. The Jewish religion has many special seasons and celebrations; likewise, the church calendar contains notable days and anniversaries. Yet withal, a cardinal principle in Christianity is that salvation does not depend upon the observance of special days or seasons. That is to say, there is no particular efficacy in the keeping of days, though their wise use may be and frequently is helpful. Now there were some in the early Church who esteemed every day alike. There were others who attached importance to special days. The apostle takes a broad and tolerant view of the matter: "Let each man," he wrote, "be fully assured in his own mind."

This text revives the memory of a camp-meeting song of my boyhood days. It was the first camp meeting I every attended, and the preachers and singers were negroes. There was a great deal of excitement, much eloquent preaching and the singing was full of fervor. There was one song that was particularly popular, the chorus of which ran, "Every day'll be Sunday by-and-by." The tune impressed me more at the time than the sentiment, although I think I understood the sentiment to mean that if every day were Sunday, there would be constant singing, continual worship in the churches and very little if any of the ordinary round of daily toil. Underneath the literalism of such words is, of course, the idea of a recognition of God seven days in the week, and that is altogether commendable.

What if every day were Christmas? The suggestion at first blush is perhaps not altogether agreeable. One can imagine numerous protests against the idea because of the excesses to which many go on Christmas holidays. There are tired mothers to whom the season means extra household duties; heavily burdened fathers whose financial resources are often strained to meet the new demands; salesmen and saleswomen worn by the more exacting rush of the Christmas trade; drivers of delivery wagons, the postmen almost buried beneath their load of packages. At first perhaps all save the children would regard with disfavor the very suggestion of Christmas coming every day. Let it be granted freely that Christmas is misused, that it is often a season of excesses and extremes; even so, who of us would do away with Christmas? For despite all the excesses of the holiday season and the hardship it works on many, is there not a rainbow of glory over every Christmas celebration?

CHRISTMAS is a season of prophetic idealism and a rebuke to selfish living. At the approach of the anniversary of our Lord's birth, men and women whose thoughts have been mostly of self are moved to think of others. The idea of serving others and making others happy affects even the blasé and the indifferent. Somehow, the idea that it is more blessed to give than to bargain finds lodgment in minds unused to tender and benevolent thoughts. For a brief period, cruel competitions that so sorely grind human society are lessened if not forgotten. For the time being, all humanity seems to be one family. There is a delight in seeing everybody joyous. The foreigner is made to feel at home. Artificial barriers are broken, and there come even into hard faces some softened lines. The spirit of Christmas penetrates even behind stone walls, and the prisoner is made to know that he is still remembered and that society has not abandoned hope in him.

Christmas is the one season of the year when we are especially reminded to take Jesus seriously. The Sermon on the Mount seems practicable then—the Beatitudes possible in daily life. Even the great words, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," actually appears workable at Christmastide. The old text so precious, so peculiarly appropriate, John 3 : 16, finds lodgment in our heart of hearts: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." There comes into our minds the conviction that we have not taken seriously the lessons that our Lord taught, but that now we take him at his word: we share, we give, we sacrifice, we find a new joy growing out of these very practical and beautiful ministrations.

CHRISTMAS centers our thoughts and affections on the child. The cradle and Christmas are forever associated. God himself joined them together. Man cannot, even if he so desires, quite tear them asunder. Christmas to the child is haloed with glory. There lingers in my memory like the music of some melodious chimes the remark of my own little son. The little fellow was in bed but wide awake and alert. We were talking about many things, when he introduced the subject that was upon his mind with the remark, "Oh, I wish I could go to sleep and not wake up until Christmas day!" How very much the Christmas season means to a little child!

Christmas helps us to remember not only the Christ-child, but also what Christ said about all little children, and especially the words, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." With the return of Christmas men and women who have forgotten the child remember him again. Ministries of tenderness to little children come on the Christmas anniversary that might not otherwise come at all. Inequalities, injustice, the sting of poverty, the blight put upon babyhood by wrongs long endured wherein the rights of the child have been forgotten—at Christmas time the child is exalted in the minds of millions.

Christmas exalts the home and glorifies the family life. It helps to make strong the ties of kinship and to impress on the mind of childhood the mystic memories of the season of holly, mistletoe and gift-laden evergreen trees. Christmas away from home is not much Christmas at all. It needs mother and father or little children or family groups to transfigure and glorify the Christmas. Christmas in trenches and in camp is made endurable only as the home is represented by letters and gifts that are sent from hearts that yearn for the absent loved ones.

The real Christmas spirit is the taking of Jesus' teachings seriously, the protest against selfishness, the centering of our thoughts and affections on the child, the exaltation of family life, the spirit of good-will toward men. Such is the essence of Christmas. And why not this spirit every day? Is it not because we have confined our Christianity to special days, and forgotten or ignored the high levels of spiritual living on other days?

IT IS not in the purposes of the Almighty that God should be remembered one day in the week and forgotten six days; or that by keeping his commandments on Sunday one might ignore them on Monday. It is a travesty on the spirit of Christmas to lavish our gifts at the holiday time, and be meager of love and miserly of all those graces of heart and mind the rest of the year. To acknowledge all men as our brothers once a year and to regard them as aliens three hundred and sixty-four days is a form of infidelity peculiarly opprobrious. To put the child in the midst at Christmas, acknowledge his precedence, only to cast him out and deny and defy his rights the rest of the year, is basely cruel.

If the spirit of Christmas were with us every day, O followers of the Christ, some revolutionary events would occur.

Selfishness would die a death of starvation.

Avarice would be hung higher than Haman.

Foolish pride would go down in crushing defeat.

Senseless strife and silly bickerings would shame each other to death.

The prayer of Jesus for the unity of his followers would be answered.

Racial animosities would be drowned in a sea of brotherhood.

War, with all its horrors, its brutality, its devlishness, would be an utter impossibility.

"Peace on earth" would become a glorious reality.

SOMEWHERE I remember reading of a strange Christmas gift once received by a young woman. The young woman had expected some valuable present. She had set her heart on a piece of jewelry which she had reason to believe would be given to her by a very dear friend, a charming woman, the hospitality of whose home she had often enjoyed and highly prized. But when Christmas day dawned and the young woman opened the gift from this friend it turned out to be just an ordinary doorkey, tied with a piece of ribbon on which was a little card. The young woman was at first so disappointed that she did not even read the inscription on the card; but when she did, this is what she saw: "The key to the door of the house of a friend. It is yours to use. Use it every day if you wish." The lovely significance of the gift then broke fully upon the young woman: that lovely home with the special guest chamber in which she had on several occasions rested in peace and comfort—this home open whenever she minded to use the key!

Oh, beautiful symbol. To let the Great Guest into our hearts but once a week or once a year is not often enough. Give him the key—the key of loyalty and love! Let him in—let him in to stay. "I will come and sup with thee and thou with me," said Jesus. Let the blessed Saviour into your life, and the spirit of Christmas will abide forever and ever.

*Minister First Christian Church, Bloomington, Ill.

One of Us Goes to France

FOUR years of heroic struggle, from which she has come stronger, more glorious, triumphant, has turned the eyes of the world to France, our friend and ally. The presence on her sacred soil of more than 2,000,000 of the sons of American homes has centered there the thoughts, the love and the interest of the American people. But neither the eyes of France nor the eyes of America look backward. With losses enshrined in the hearts of those who have suffered most, France turns her face to the new day, the day of new things, of new achievement, of rebuilding, of renewed and reinvigorated and widened life. And America likewise, holding herself ready to help at every point, looks toward the sunrise as she prepares to recall from the scenes of their recent triumph the sons of whom God did not require the full sacrifice which they offered.

But all of this makes the capital of France a throbbing center of the world's life. There indeed will Christmas be the day of days of all the years and of all the world. Christmas this year will be such a Christmas as the world has not known for five long years. Four times the anniversary of the birth of Christ has been shadowed by the conflicts of men, and now the Manger Cradle of Christ receives again the homage of a world once more ready to acclaim him Prince of Peace, more than ever ready to receive the revelation of which his birth was the beginning.

But Christmas in Paris will this year set the pace for Christmas the world over. Who of us would not gladly share this wonderful Christmas in that once gay capital? Four years of sorrow have brought out the strong and enduring faith once unsuspected beneath the mask of gaiety, and one of us will share that Christmas day in France, one well beloved by all the Christian Herald Family. Do you ask who? If we should answer that would be telling. But next week in the Christmas issue this one sharing in the Christmas overseas will tell us in a personal message the things to be seen, the joys planned to be shared, the ideals to be achieved in this visit at Christmastide to the capital of undefeated France. Through this message around our hearthstone the Christian Herald Family will see with its own eyes the France of victory; will learn intimate details of the relief work which the money of the Christian Herald Family has made possible; will get a new vision of the soul of the army "Over There," and will span the three thousand miles of ocean with its love and interest. Watch for the announcement in next week's paper. You may have as many guesses as you like as to who is going. Next week you will know; but as you read this a swift French liner is carrying our messenger to Paris over seas no longer burdened with the lurking terror of the torpedoes, through sun-kissed waves which hide no terrible catastrophe. The world is free again this Christmastide, and in the spirit of him who made it free our messenger goes "Over There," to put into a series of stories which will begin, with the New Year, the intimate, personal holy things which Christmas and the new day of peace have meant to France and to the world.

Love makes the homeliest face winsome, the simplest words powerful, the humblest life successful.

What a hopeless jumble this old world would be if we made as many mistakes as the other fellow!

Never try to run your religious life by feeling alone—you may run out of fuel.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

Daily Meditation

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

The Peace of the Larger Life

SUNDAY, December 22. Matt. 11 : 29. "*Ye shall find rest unto your souls.*" Christ's call is always a call to a larger life. It may not be a call to a larger field, but it is always a call to a larger life which is independent of the size of its sphere. He calls us from small interests to universal interests. He calls us from imprisoning narrowness to the freedom of a saving magnanimity. In the realm of the Spirit all enlargement means the enrichment of our securities. In rising into the rare air of Alpine heights we leave behind the germs and microbes which desolate the plains below. The sanatorium is always in the mountains. And in accepting the call of Christ to the larger life, we are lifted above the enemies which infest the smaller life. The very bigness of our new communion makes us insensible to their threats and allurements, and we discover that many of the struggles and irritations of our previous life are ended. The drop of vinegar which adds a tang of bitterness to a cup of water is entirely lost when it is dropped in a lake. We escape a horde of small miseries by just becoming bigger men.

And therefore it is very true that there are many fretful and much-troubled people whose burden would be immediately lightened if they would take an additional load by sharing the burdens of others. That is the miracle which has been accomplished in countless numbers during the last four years. The war has opened many prison doors. It has broken down the walls of a coddling selfishness in many a life, and it has led the astonished spirit into treasures of undreamed-of freedom. It is not that the old irritabilities have been vanquished. They have simply been left behind. They have dropped away like old leaves which fall from the trees as the driving force of a new sap rises in their hearts in the early days of the spring. "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." They have taken their places on God's great highway, and they have begun to live. J. H. J.

How to Be Rich

MONDAY, December 23. I Tim. 6 : 17, 18. "*Charge them that are rich in this world . . . that they do good.*" The briefest biography of Jesus is the single sentence, "He went about doing good." It is at once his briefest and his best biography. No more eloquent eulogy could be pronounced. He might have gone about getting good, that is, acquiring virtue. He might have gone about being good, that is, exhibiting his goodness. He might have gone about getting goods, that is, accumulating property. He did none of these things. He was rich only in good works. His goodness was both passive and active. It was positive, even aggressive. He sought daily, hourly opportunity to do good. If the eternal God had come to earth to dwell, how better could he have proved his deity? We believe that in Jesus Christ God did reveal his own humanness.

Jesus of Nazareth was among the poorest of men. So far as we know he never owned an inch of ground, never held a mortgage, never possessed a jewel, never, after he left his mother's dwelling-place, had a home to call his own. Yet he was the richest of men, and in his wealth of goodness the world is rich in hope and love. "As poor, yet making many rich." And the poorest of us may be rich as he was. The Irish woman in New Orleans who baked bread for the poor; the old fruit-seller in London who adopted waifs of the street as her own, took care of them during their childhood and sent them to Canada or Australia when they grew up; the friend of newsboys in Brooklyn so recently gone to his coronation; the "angel of the Tombs," a woman in whom every outcast had a friend—these are they who point the way by which we who are rich in this world may also be rich in the world to come. "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out," but it is certain we can send ahead of us much that shall add to our wealth in the eternal world. It is not enough for us to be good. It must be one of the passions of our lives to do good after the methods and in the spirit of the Master.

C. C. A.

Simeon's Faith

TUESDAY, December 24. Luke 2 : 29, 30. "*Now, O Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.*" Simeon had not seen anything but a little Baby in its mother's arms, yet the same Spirit that told him he should not see death till he had seen the Lord Christ revealed the Child Jesus unto him in the temple as the coming Saviour of men. Simeon knew nothing of the wonderful words and works of Jesus that would occur during his life, nothing of the spread of Christianity during the coming centuries. But he realized that the fulness of time had come, and that God had sent forth his Son in the flesh, for whom the world had waited during four milleniums. What prophets had longed to behold, his gladdened eyes now saw. His faith covered the victorious march of the Son of God through all coming time. He believed God, seeing the triumph from afar. He saw the Light to lighten the Gentiles and to be the glory of his people Israel. No wonder he exclaimed with indescribable ecstasy, "Now, Lord, let me go where I may help celebrate the salvation of the world in thy nearer presence, among saints and angels!"

Faith is a vision that sees the end from the beginning. It is unlimited as God. By the revealing power of the Holy Spirit, as well as of Christ's own word, Jesus' second coming has been portrayed to the minds of the writers of the New Testament. Though a day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, the apostles believed that he would come again quickly, and exclaimed, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus!" In only a few days of those thousand years each he will be here to reign. What visions John had of Christ's glorious coming on the lonely isle of Patmos; how perfectly he painted them for mankind in the Book of Revelation! He could pray as Simeon did and go home, to return with his Lord, in the establishment of His everlasting kingdom. Jesus revealed himself to Paul, and told him about his future appearing and glorious triumphs, and he told all the ages. Oh that our dull eyes might be opened, like those of Elisha's young man, to see the vision of the coming Christ, escorted by his heavenly host, to meet his victorious saints on earth and unite all in his one glorious Kingdom! E. W. C.

The Lowly Birth

WEDNESDAY, December 25. Luke 2 : 11. "*Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*" The angel who made this announcement to the shepherds had declared it to be "good tidings of great joy to all people." If the Roman emperor in whose reign Christ was born had had a son born to him, the announcement of the event might not have caused great rejoicing among his subjects; for the birth of a new prince would simply have meant continued service and toil for them. But this child is come to serve, and to lay down his life for his people, not to be served or to take lives.

The heavenly messenger is very particular in his directions to the shepherds how to find the Saviour. "This shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." If his aim had been to seek his ease and to exact service from men, he would not have entered life in such a lowly manner. He would have been born in some marble palace, he would have been placed in a golden cradle, and the peers of the nation would have surrounded him. This child makes such a humble and unpropitious beginning of life, because he comes to fulfil the purposes of that divine mercy which seeks to save fallen man.

Nevertheless, out of his present lowly condition he is pressing forward to an exceeding great glory, to which he desires to lift such lowly people as the shepherds who have come to pay homage to him in his uncouth surroundings. For over the dark and squalid stable resounds through heaven's wide-arching vault a new song of praise, the everlasting Christmas anthem which God has composed and which God's singers and harpers around the glassy sea are rendering: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." That means: World, we congratulate thee upon the receipt of this Christmas Gift from thy Father in heaven. He shall spread the glory of God's righteousness and grace throughout thy lands. He shall put a stop to thy wars and strifes. He shall knit thy children in love to one another, and put the gladness of faith in their hearts. W. H. T. D.

Go Forward!

THURSDAY, December 26. Ex. 14 : 15. "*Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.*" No word of admonition is oftener heard during the great war than this: "Carry on!" It has become an almost universal watchword among the English-speaking Allies. A gifted Englishwoman, left a widow with three children, has lost two of her dear ones, and writes to an American friend, "But we must go on!"

The command, "Go forward!" is of the very essence of victory. This is true in life as in war. "Faint, yet pursuing," is the apostolic resolution. Unnumbered foes may surround us. Siren voices may sing their song of dalliance. Our native inertia may dispose us to cease effort. But the prize is still before us, and so long as earth tempts us or eternity beckons with its perfect hope, our only safety is to keep our loins girded and go forward, however laboriously, however painfully, making sure that in our progress we leave behind no good that can be taken on with us. In the process of spiritual evolution God allows nothing good in old forms to be forsaken—all that is best is incorporated in the new. The best of Judaism is in Christianity. The best in the Old Testament is confirmed in the New. The best things in our earthly life are to be preserved for us in the life to come—faith and love. "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." C. C. A.

The Friend of Sinners

FRIDAY, December 27. Luke 15 : 2. "*This man receiveth sinners.*" This is the Pharisees' taunt at the merciful ministry of Jesus. What would they have done with sinners? They would have cast them out from their holy society and prided themselves on that as a most worthy action. There is nothing so cruel as man's inhumanity to man. Many a sinner has been driven to final despair by the scorn and contempt which his brethren heaped upon him. Now, what would-be righteous men sneer at is the very essence of the Gospel. It is this message that Jesus receives sinners that has lifted many a wretch out of his misery and made him a new man. Every humble soul that has come repentant to the Friend of sinners remembers to the end of his life the solace that came into his heart when he heard these words: There is a place for you at Jesus' side. He is shocked at hearing men speak disdainfully of that mercy which gave him the assurance that his guilt has been removed, which lifted the gloom from his aching conscience and filled his heart with the joy of salvation. We who have cast ourselves on the mercy of Jesus and trust only in his grace think very highly of this opprobrium which was cast on his ministry. Though our sins are red like crimson and numberless as the sands upon the seashore, we know that the mercy of God is greater still. And we are sure that God who spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, will freely give us all other things which are necessary to stay our misery. We rejoice in the condescension at which men who do not realize the bane and terror of an evil conscience mock. We glory in the pity of our heavenly Father who removes our transgressions from us, as far as the east is from the west. We love this divine Friend who does not think himself too good to associate with us, to call us his brethren, and to lend us his all-powerful aid, that after our worthless life we may begin life over again in his companionship and under his guidance.

W. H. T. D.

The Guide Through the Gate

SATURDAY, December 28. Ps. 90 : 12. "*So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.*" "The longest day at last bends down to evening." In the morning begins the new year of hope and victory. May we carry no hatred, no evil habit across the threshold of 1919. All enmities should lie in the grave of the buried past. Every tomorrow should be better than yesterday, crowning the soul with pardon and peace. It is thus that sorrow will be turned to praise, gloom to gladness, the false to the true.

One should never neglect or forget the presence of the Unchangeable One who walks with us all the way, leading us over dangerous places and guiding amid the mazes of mystery to his palace home. Continued communion with him can never exhaust the resources of his love, nor reach the limit of his thought, nor measure the beauty of his holiness. Infinity is his dwelling-place; without him there is no being inviting you to an eternal ideal, no face revealing the glory of the Father, no person who can tell you the secret of life, the purpose of the universe, or the way to heart satisfaction amid the unrest and disappointments of time.

He alone can preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even forevermore. He is the bread of life for soul hunger, the water of life for thirst. In him we are filled with all the fulness of God.

So, hope-lit New Year, with thy joys uncertain,
Whose unsolved mystery none may foretell,
I calmly trust my God to lift the curtain;
Safe in his love, for me 'twill all be well.

E. W. C.

THE WAY B

French Official
The Versailles Conference at work on the terms of the armistice to be granted Germany. Left side of the table: left to right, second man, General di Robilant; next, Italian Foreign Minister Sonnino; Premier Orlando; Colonel House; General Bliss, U. S. A.; next, unknown; Greek Premier Venizelos; Serbian Minister Vesnitch. Right side of table: left to right, Admiral Wemyss of Britain, backed; General Wilson; Field Marshal Haig; General Sackville-West; Andrew Bonar Law; British Premier Lloyd George; French Premier Clémenceau and French Foreign Minister Pichon

Ehrenfels Castle on the Rhine, across the stream Bingen, famed in college song, where American boys may conduct a new watch on the Rhine © Keystone View Co.

BK TO PEACE

Belgian, U. S. A. Official Photo

eople of Bruges with unfeigned joy hail King and Queen Elizabeth as they leave the town ll after their triumphant entry into the city

British Official Photo

A part payment of Germany's cost of defeat. In this cemetery near Bethune lie 5,000 German soldier dead, and the Kaiser who sent them to death is safe in Holland

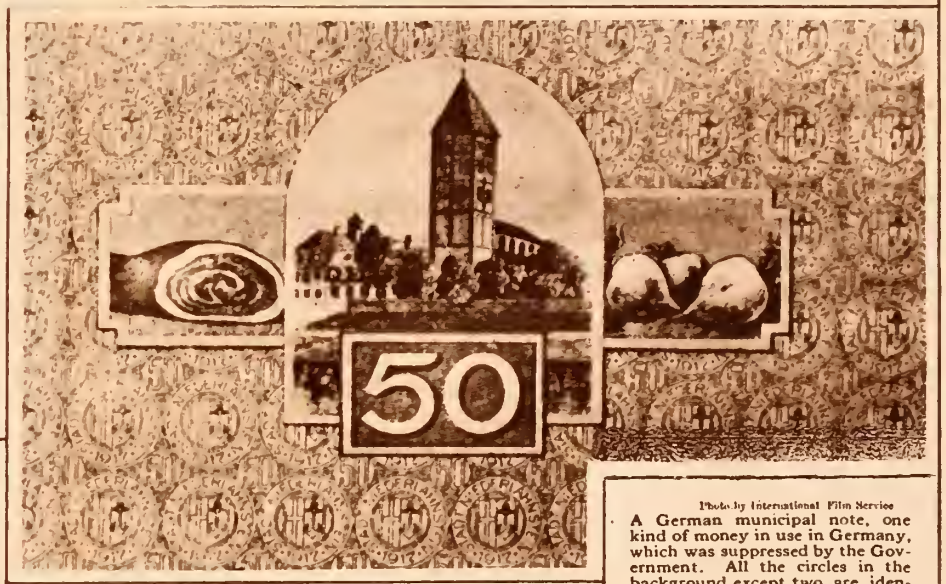

Photo by International Film Service

A German municipal note, one kind of money in use in Germany, which was suppressed by the Government. All the circles in the background except two are identical. The one above the ham wails, "Tender Longing, Sweet Hope," while the one over the turnips cries, "Thus We Live"

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Back to private life. Soldier boys mustered out at Camp Dix, New Jersey, starting for home

All the World

By CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "In His Steps," "His Brother's Keeper," "Jesus Is Here," etc., etc.

A Story Having for Its Theme the Reconstruction Period After the Great War

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CHAPTER EIGHT

IT was Requa who opened the door. At sight of Dick she turned very pale and without a word started to close the door in Dick's face. But he put his foot against it, came in, shut it and leaned back on it.

"I have just heard the news about your father, Requa, and had to come."

Requa looked at him strangely.

"You had to come? Have you read the account in the paper?"

"Yes. Your father is convicted by the government. He has been sentenced. It does not seem possible. Requa, dear, I had to come to comfort you."

"To comfort me!"

"Requa! I have not seen you for days. Not since I was here last. What would you think of me if I should refuse in this great trouble to come to you? Why did you not send for me?"

"Have you read the account in the paper?" Requa asked hysterically.

"Yes. Enough to know your father is sentenced."

"But you have not read all. That is not all. If you had read all, you would not be here, in this house."

"What do you mean, Requa?"

"You have a paper there in your pocket?" Requa pointed a trembling finger at the paper Dick had bought. "Read that before you touch me." Requa drew back as Dick had stepped closer to her.

He drew the paper out of his pocket, and smoothing it out began to read more of the details under the headlines. As he read on, he became so absorbed, so horribly interested in the government narrative, that he forgot where he was, forgot Requa's presence, forgot everything but the expert official statements he was reading, statements that convicted Rufus Randall of crime so great that he wondered, as he read on, what action his father could take when he knew all.

THESE are a few paragraphs which burned into his memory:

"Facts brought out by the government investigation prove that Rufus Randall's mills furnished parts for airplanes, including struts, cotter pins and wing skids. Numbered parts have been traced to defective planes used by our aviators in France. It is conclusively proved by these numbered parts that material furnished by the accused. Rufus Randall, was so defective that the lives of several gallant men were endangered and some were actually lost.

"In reply to request from investigating committee officers of ——— Aviation Section, Division ——— of Flying Corps, American Experiment Company No. ——— we regret to say that the death of Lieutenant Albert Ward was due in part if not wholly to a defective plane, parts of which were issued from Rufus Randall's mill in Bradford, Sept. ——. Lieutenant Ward had engaged the enemy, which had attacked him in squadron formation. He had sent one German Albatross down in flames and had attacked another when his machine was seen to crumple up on one of its wings. He was seen by observers to crawl out on the other wing to preserve the balance and maintained this perilous position until his plane was within a hundred feet of the ground on the French side, the enemy retiring under fire from our anti-plane guns.

"At that altitude six of our officers witnessed the sudden collapse of Lieutenant Ward's crippled machine as it fell, and we testify that his death was not caused primarily by wounds inflicted by the enemy, although he was shot in the head and shoulder. But his death, according to our belief, was directly due, beyond question, to the defects in the plane he was flying, parts of which plane by number can be traced to material supplied by Rufus Randall's mills.

"All the more we regret that several gallant heroes like Lieutenant Ward lost their lives on account of American greed and disloyalty.

"We whose names are affixed solemnly swear that to the best of our belief Lieutenant Ward lost his life owing to defective parts of his plane, parts manufactured and supplied by the firm of Rufus Randall of Bradford."

(Here followed the signatures, officially designated, of the officers of Albert's company.)

DICK looked up from the paper and stared over at Requa. During his absorbed reading she had sat down on a couch and her face was buried in a cushion.

"Your father—" Dick had started to say something, he hardly knew what it was himself under the tremendous shock of the revelation in the paper, when Requa raised her head.

"You understand now why I have not asked you to come here since you left me a week ago. Father confided all that to me before it came out in the paper. It is too horrible to believe. He says he did not know all about the details of the construction, that much of it was done by men lacking expert knowledge, and he can prove to the government he was not knowingly guilty. Dick!" Requa rose and cried out, as her lover stood stern and unresponsive. "You do not know how miserable I am on account of all this! I cannot believe that father meant to do wrong—"

"And yet," Dick said, shrinking back from Requa as she had a little while before repelled him, "the result of the defective work that went out of his mill was just the same as if he was personally responsible. Albert might be living today if—"

"But, oh, Dick! I am not to blame. *I* am not guilty!"

Dick turned swiftly, and the next moment he had held out his arm. Requa came to him like a child who is tired, and the next moment Rufus Randall walked into the room.

During his entire war experience Richard Ward, like thousands of other young Americans, had come to have a loathing of the fearful things the enemy had done to beautiful France. Devastated gardens and orchards and parks, bombed hospitals, tortured women and children, ruined cathedrals, blotted-out landscapes—the whole thing sank like a blistering memory on his heart. And yet all through he had honestly tried to keep from hating.

AND now the sight of Rufus Randall affected Richard Ward along the line of least resistance, and he was tortured in soul over his loathing of what this man had permitted through his greed for profits and his resistance to the feeling of personal antagonism he had for him.

Randall stared at him as if not sure of his presence.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, speaking slowly.

"I came to comfort Requa for this," Dick said, looking at the paper his hand still held.

"Lies! I can prove my innocence to the government! Do you think I would purposely—"

"I am not here to judge you!" Dick cried suddenly. And then he looked at Requa. She had fainted. He carried her over to the couch and laid her down. Randall went out into the hall and called a servant, and Dick waited only a few moments of embarrassing uneasiness on Requa's account.

When he went out into the hall, Randall followed him. Dick noted now, as he had not at first, the look on Randall's face betraying the burden he was carrying.

"Tell your father I would like to see him, will you?" Randall spoke with difficulty.

"Tell him yourself."

"And I will!" Randall flared up with a white heat of sudden passion. He had picked up the copy of the Journal which Dick had dropped when Requa fainted, and he now tore it apart with his big hands and stepped on the pieces as he followed Dick to the door.

Dick did not even turn around as he went out. It seemed to him he would choke if he tried to speak. He heard the door shut heavily behind him and went on down the walk.

As he came out to the street three or four men in the group still standing across the way came over to ask him about Randall.

"How is he taking it?" Bert Chandler's father was one of the men who asked.

Dick answered in general terms.

"Hanging is too good for him," another man said.

A group formed about Dick as he tried to move along. He was annoyed and angered by the interruption at a time when he was excited over his own feeling.

"When will the government arrest Randall?" asked one.

"He will give more bail and keep out of jail all right," said another.

DICK managed finally to escape and start for home. He dreaded the meeting with his father, and he could not help wondering what the result of the meeting would be if Randall and his father should come together.

But he had forgotten momentarily one thing among a multitude that the war had done for the folks at home.

For months the people in America had been living daily, almost hourly, in the atmosphere of great events. Shock had succeeded shock. Sensations had become commonplaces. Death and destruction were everyday occurrences. People's hearts and minds were not capable of responding to all these events in proportion to their magnitude. There were too many of them. And there is a merciful limit to what the heart can endure or the mind entertain.

So Dick, if he had better understood all this, might have been prepared for the sight of his father calmly going over the newspaper details of Randall's case as the government commission had given it out to the public. The evidence against Randall was so overwhelming and so conclusive that any possibility of a mistake was out of the question. Randall was simply whistling in the dark when he said he could prove his innocence. For days he had been living a death in life. The fear that had gripped him had forced a confession from him with Requa, a week before the final result was made public.

All this John Ward must have grasped as he read the account given out sensationally that evening. He sat in his study confronting Dick, who had come in somewhat nervously.

"You know all about it, Dad!"

"Yes, Dick. It's dreadful. But it's no more dreadful than a hundred other things we have had to bear during these past years. And do you know, I find myself thinking almost more of what is going to happen to Randall and Requa than of any effect on ourselves."

Something like a wave of relief swept over Dick.

"Oh, Dad! You can think of Requa, even now, can't you? *She* is not to blame. *She* is not to blame!"

"No, lad, she is not to blame. But the innocent always suffer with the guilty. Only in a different way."

"And Mr. Randall said he was going to see you. Will they let him? Will you see him?"

"He will not be formally apprehended before tomorrow. And he will be free to come any time before then. Yes, I will see him. But Requa—you cannot press the point of her going with you now?"

"No, Dad," Dick said slowly. "Her father has a claim. I don't deny that."

"And is your own purpose unchanged? Even if finally Requa should make her choice to stay, will *you* go?"

It was a direct question, a characteristic Ward point-blank question from father to son, and Dick, although used to that sort of frankness ever since he was a child, shrank a little and hesitated before he answered.

"Yes, I will go. Even if I have to go alone. But oh, Dad, after all these years, without home and love and—"

Dick broke down and his father comforted him as he used to do when Dick was a little boy. But it was the greatest proof he could have of the entire consecration of Dick to his call, that it sounded louder to him than even his natural craving for all that Requa had meant to him. It startled Dr. Ward tremendously. After Dick had gone up to his own room his father dropped the paper which contained the dramatic account of Albert's death, and, as if that incident had affected him only for a moment, he let his mind dwell on the living fact of his younger son's consecration to an ideal that measured far more than any earthly ambition for pleasure or personal happiness. How great must have been the world's need of help that Dick had seen on the shattering battle lines of France and Palestine! What momentous pressure must lie on his heart now to go into all the world and do his part as he had already gone once! The marvel grew as Dr. Ward dwelt upon the astonishing fact, a fact that outweighed at every angle the particular and detailed way in which Albert had met his death on the field of the world's honor.

The week that followed Rufus Randall's tragedy was full of events that made fast and important history. On the technicality allowed him he secured further bail pending final decision. Owing to the government's determination to proceed deliberately with this special case, which was attracting widespread attention, no immediate return was handed down. The Bradford citizens were divided in sentiment owing to Randall's long standing as a philanthropist, but the great majority were clamoring for his imprisonment. And still he did not fulfil his threat made to Dick, and come to see Dr. Ward.

And the days sped by to another Sunday filled with the Spirit's power even more than on the days which had already been marked. Even Dr. Ward, with all his optimism and faith in what had already been manifest, was moved to the depths of that day's results. News, which every one had received, of the open call from Mexico and Asia and Africa and the government call for expert architects, farmers and business men to heal the gigantic war wounds of the world, stirred the entire country. The President's proclamation for volunteers along these lines sounded on the hearts and minds of Bradford Ambulance No. 241 like a new call to the colors. And at the close of that memorable day a gathering larger than the parsonage could comfortably contain waited for conference and prayer.

To be continued

Worshipers

THE Wise Men came from lands afar,
The Shepherds from the near-by hill;
So wisdom and simplicity
Do meet to worship still.

The Wise Men see the guiding Star,
While Shepherds hear the angels sing;
The Shepherds cry, "The Holy One!"
The Wise Men hail "The King!"

LADSON RILEY.

THE BIBLE and NEWSPAPER

Conducted By FERDINAND C. IGLEHART D. D.

Iceland to Be Independent

ICELAND, though isolated from the rest of the world, insists on attracting attention by her splendid civilization, and by her progress along the line of self-government. She has now become a free and independent state. Iceland belonged to Denmark, and their relations were most happy, but Denmark made an agreement by which the daughter set up housekeeping for herself and became a sovereign state December 1. The agreement recognized that the treaties which had been entered into by Denmark with other nations should hold good with respect to Iceland. It now only remains for the authorities of Iceland to ratify the agreement to set the new nation afloat on the sea of independent self-government. The birth of this new government suggests two very important truths. One is the wise and affectionate treatment of this colony by Denmark.

It was the spirit of Denmark that England manifested toward the Australian colonists who have founded one of the most glorious commonwealths the world has ever known. The same spirit will help her in the settlement of the far more difficult and perplexing Irish question. The second great truth is that where there is general education, a high standard of morals and a Christian faith and life, there must be liberty. Such were the characteristics of Iceland, and such a people cannot be enslaved, nor will they stand injustice or oppression in government. Fetters may be made strong enough to hold the ankles, but no chains that were ever made are strong enough to bend the enlightened intellect, or the converted soul of a man or woman or a nation. Christian nations must of necessity be free. Christ did not teach the necessity for the regeneration of the individual heart more than he did the lesson of a universal democracy for the world. How the swift progress of governments toward freedom illustrates this truth: "*If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.*" (*John 8 : 36.*)

Railway Through Desert

UNDER the Moroccan protectorate which France has instituted over Northern Africa there is a plan to fertilize and utilize the Great Sahara Desert. Many artesian wells have been sunk, and it is the plan to dig many more and irrigate the districts around them. It is also planned to tap these oases with a railroad. The project is to push a line from the Mediterranean across the Sahara to Lake Chad in the Sudan and then extend it southward through the Congo, using some of the existing Belgian lines and connecting with the Rhodesian railways at the Katanga border, making a shorter route to Cape Town for western Europeans than the Cape-to-Cairo line. This all means more products, more civilization, and wider entrance for Christ in that civilization, and thus illustrates this prophecy: "*The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.*" (*Isa. 35 : 1.*)

New Substitute for Wheat

QUINOA as a food plant is not a new discovery; a native of Chile and Mexico, it has been used by nations of the west coast of South America and Mexico for hundreds of years. It has only just come into the notice of the civilized world north of the equator on account of the food shortage caused by the war. The plant grows four or five feet high. Its seeds are ground into a meal which contains a large amount of starch and gluten, and is made into cakes and porridge. This cereal, which has for centuries proven to be so nutritious, is now claiming the attention of the agricultural department of the government, which has imported seed for planting and is engaged in finding the soil and climate most friendly to its cultivation. The plant is hardy, thriving in a cold climate in the Andes at an elevation of 10,000 feet. It is hoped that the quinoa will become a substantial help in our food supply as a substitute for wheat. The native Americans gave the world Indian corn and potatoes; it may be that they will make another contribution in the quinoa to the food supply of the race. Everything that lives feeds; every plant, animal, man, mind and soul. God is the food of the soul. There is no shortage of the supply there, always enough and to spare. Christ is the bread of life on which we feed: "*For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.*" (*John 6 : 33.*)

Japanese Girls Worship Luna

THE priests and geisha girls assisting in the religious ceremonials of Japan recently celebrated a festival in honor of Luna in recognition of her goodness in bringing harvest to the fields. This custom has come down the centuries in Japanese history, and has its origin in one of the earliest forms of heathenism. In those dim centuries the sun was worshiped as the ruler of the day, as the active creative force in nature, and the moon, which ruled by night, was adored as the queen of heaven, to whom fruits and grains were brought in sacrifice. In India this goddess was known as Maja, in Assyria as Mylitta, among the Phœnicians as Astarte or Ashteroth, among the Greeks and Romans as Artemis and Diana. The light is breaking, and all the heathen deities in Japan will give way to the Babe in Bethlehem, and worship Jesus, the King of heaven and earth. One of the most hopeful signs of religious progress in Japan is the turning of the young women from the false deity to the Blessed Christ. This fact is thus referred to in a volume recently published, "The Christian Movement in the Japanese Empire," edited by Rev. E. T. Iglehart, Methodist missionary in Tokyo. The progress in the plan for a Union Christian Woman's College and its actual inception in the spring of 1918 is one of the triumphs of Christianity. At the summer session special course on ethics, philosophy, history and literature at the Imperial University, 50 of the 700 students attending were women. There is no institution of university rank for women. Medicine is the only profession in which they are given really a moderate opportunity. There are said to be 336 women physicians now practicing in Japan. While the industrial expansion makes a greater demand for women and girl operatives, the wages are still very low. It is doubtful whether the factory law on account of exceptions and evasions has brought much benefit to the laboring classes, especially the women and the children." The prophet foretold the curse that should fall on the nation because the Jewish women in time of famine and pestilence turned away from Jehovah to worship Luna, as the geisha girls did, and "*to burn incense unto the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto her, as we have done, we, and our fathers, our kings and our princes, in the cities of Judah, and in the streets of Jerusalem: for then had we plenty of victuals, and were well, and saw no evil.*" (*Jer. 44 : 17.*)

Shooting Yukon Rapids

IN SHOOTING the Whitehorse Rapids of the Yukon, a large raft is used, manned by a crew of eight men and a captain. The oarsmen are not allowed to give any orders; they are not allowed to speak a word; they must listen to the voice of the captain and instantly execute his commands. The captain has to have a quick, keen eye or all will be wrecked. The river of time is full of dangerous rapids and Christ is our Captain to pilot us through them. It is his keen eye that senses danger for us. Amid life's perilous rapids let this be our prayer: "*For thy name's sake lead me and guide me.*" (*Ps. 31 : 3.*)

Dr. Butler's Grandfather

IN HIS address at the 152d anniversary of John Street Methodist Church, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, related the following incident: "There was a raw Irish immigrant boy landed in New York. He boarded with a family which attended the services of the first Methodist Church on the continent. During a revival season the family asked him to go to church with them, and though he was a Catholic boy he consented. The services impressed themselves so powerfully upon him that he gave his heart to God and became a member of this church. He then felt called to preach the Gospel, and giving up his trade as a printer he became an ordained minister, a useful and noted pioneer preacher. That man was my grandfather, the Rev. Dr. Nicholas Murray, who died at Elizabeth, New Jersey. You can imagine with what deep feelings I join in these exercises and how grateful I feel personally to those who founded this church." The earthly value of religion is seen in the raw Irish immigrant printer's apprentice becoming the grandfather of the president of one of the greatest universities in the United States. The incident illustrates the fact that the secret of success in church life is soul-saving. The preacher and members that night were not going for wealth nor for social position, but for souls, the only foundation on which any real church was ever built. And soul-saving is the greatest earthly asset a church can have. It turned the raw Irish immigrant into the honored minister who became the grandfather of one of the leaders of the world's thought, which is only the natural evolution of a regenerated soul. This first society founded in so democratic a spirit, and burning with a zeal for souls, has for that reason been multiplied into thousands of kindred societies with millions of members. This passion for souls must be retained without any reference to wealth and social position if the denomination shall be true to its founders and its divine mission. The leaders and members are determined that the evangelistic spirit in which it was born, and which has given it its life thus far, shall be manifested in still greater force in obedience to this command: "*Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.*" (*Luke 14 : 23.*)

A Tyrant Dethroned

SEEKERS after coincidences have pointed out that hostilities ceased on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month. A Bible reader wrote to a New York newspaper that a downfall like the Kaiser's was described in the eleventh verse of the eleventh chapter of the eleventh book of the Bible. The head of a political and military system which taught the creed of physical power merited the condemnation: "*Forasmuch as this is done of thee, and thou hast not kept my covenant and my statutes, which I have commanded thee, I will surely rend the kingdom from thee.*" (*I. Kings 11 : 11.*)

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A

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A Review of Faith's Victories

International Sunday School Lesson for December 29. · Heb. 11 8:22

Life As a Pilgrimage

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph. D.

DURING the past quarter we have studied the patriarchal period of Hebrew history, from Abraham to Joseph. Our review today we base upon a New Testament letter written by a Christian apostle to Hebrew Christians, wherein tho experience of these heroes of faith is appealed to as an inspiration and guarantee for further progress in the following of the call of God. He thinks of these men as those who made the great venture of faith—men who believed and acted upon their convictions, not timid, not "fearful," not devotees of "safety first" in planning their lives. Surely we agree with our writer that the inspiring figures of history have been ever volunteers for tasks of toil and danger who were not afraid to take great risks in dependence upon the Almighty Guide.

The Wandering Founders

Any class will find it interesting to trace our past lessons on a map of Palestine, moving the crayon back and forth over the wandering paths of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and Joseph and his brethren. As soon as one stops to think of it, however, all founders are wanderers and pilgrims in the earth. Think of Paul, pioneer of church-building, as he blazed the first missionary trail around the world. Think of Livingstone, tramping across upon the map of Africa. Think of John Wesley, going 5,000 miles a year on horseback through England, besides his visit to America. It is characteristic that our country's founders are called the "Pilgrim Fathers" and America the "land of the Pilgrims' pride," for there have been generations of pilgrims coming here in faith. The heralds of human progress have always been urged on further and further with their messages; for example, the temperance evangelists and the anti-slavery men.

The story of Israel begins with God's command to Abraham: "Get thee out!" The great prophets who wrought out the fundamental principles of religion were moved, like Isaiah, by a commission that began with the word "Go!" The Kingdom of Christ depends now, as in the early days, upon a resolute obedience to the Master who said: "Go ye into all the world." Whether we are to be foreign missionaries or home missionaries is immaterial, for the world problem is one; but that we should all be missionaries is the only Scriptural doctrine of the Christian life.

Holy Places

As we trace the wanderings of the Hebrew founders, we do well to mark each place where they "builded an altar" with a cross. Doubtless but a few of the many places of worship are mentioned in the text, but there are enough to be very significant. Where high impulses came to men from God, where great sacrifices were made or noble decisions reached, these are indeed sacred spots. Indeed, just now the aftermath of the world war has surrounded the well-remembered localities of Palestine with new significance and glamour. Many of us would like to be with General Allenby's army as they witness the deliverance from alien oppression of the landmarks of Bible history. We should all like to see Nazareth and Jerusalem, and the "green hill far away, outside a city wall, where the dear Lord was crucified."

Yet it is true still that every place where God's children serve and suffer in faith is holy ground. Bethel is holy because Jacob there saw God as one who follows his child wherever he may go. But the Haystack Monument at Williamstown is also holy, because it is the place where American Christianity heard clearly the call of the world's harvest field. You see, these Biblical towns and villages became holy to those for whom they were the commonplace environments of everyday life. Are we so lacking in vital faith that we cannot realize God's wish to touch with consecration the towns and villages which are the scene of our daily struggle? A long interest in Amos has made the name of Tekoa a loved one to some of us; have we failed to see that the least hamlet in America has as great possibilities?

There is no danger, I trust, of Protestant Christians ever making a superstition of certain localities, as shrines of magic power. So I have found it a splendid privilege to tell our boys and girls about America's holy ground, where Roger Williams landed to found a state with complete religious liberty in its constitution, the elm at Shakumaxon where William Penn met the Indian sachems, and the site of the Haystack prayermeeting.

Wherever we are called upon to go, that is our holiest land, and there we may lay foundations of the City of God.

Faith's Triumphs Still

How glad we are to know that the heroes of America, like those of Israel, are heroes of faith! Remember Washington's prayers at Valley Forge and his serene calm in the great retreat across New Jersey. Remember Lincoln's "faith that right makes might" and his "firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right." And how gloriously in our day have two millions of Americans gone on a pilgrimage of faith, a real crusade, in the confidence that God willed the liberation of the nations from tyranny and cruelty and wrong!

It is significant to learn that Marshal Foch is a sincere Christian who finds time to pray an hour every day! It is heartening to have Professor Fosdick tell us that the American forces in France are officered by Christian gentlemen. There is a remarkab incident of last spring which has bee widely described. It was the dar hour of the Allies, when Germany mac her last great drive. Premier Clemer ceau, the old Tiger of France, wen out to the front in the deepest anxiet He looked into the calm eyes of Foc and was reassured. Says the Lo Angeles Times, "The great agnost statesman doubted, but Christ's gra general did not doubt." The faith the leaders of free nations was staye on the Ever-living and True Go who today as of old says: "I have see the afflictions of my people, I have hear their cry, I know their sorrows, and am come down to deliver them. The enemy relied upon force an frightfulness instead. Long ago Baby lon failed in the same way, while th spokesmen of Jehovah have conquere the whole world with their ideals.

Resolves for the Journey of Life

Now we set up a milestone for an other year and journey on. May it l an Ebenezer: "Hitherto hath Jehova helped us." Perhaps it may not b amiss to suggest three New Year ideals for our pilgrimage this comin year:

I. To gain inspiration for our ow journey by going on "pilgrimages the mind" with Moses in our Sunda School Lessons, with Paul in th Twentieth Century New Testamer for family worship, with grand ol John Bunyan in Pilgrim's Progres which some in our midst have yet i store as a trip surpassing a visit t Jerusalem itself.

II. To build a family altar and t keep fire burning upon it continually that we may not make our spiritua pilgrimage alone.

III. To live this coming year of ou Lord 1919 by faith and not alone b sight!

Sunday School Methods

BY FRANK L. BROWN

Joint General Secretary World's Sunday School Association

World Sunday School Plans

FOR two days World Sunday School leaders met in New York planning for a World Sunday School Advance Movement to meet the challenge of the new day.

Included in that company of men were Hon. John Wanamaker, eighty years young; Mr. H. J. Heinz of Pittsburgh ("57 Varieties"), whom the brewers had blacklisted; Mr. Arthur M. Harris, just back from France, where he served for eight months as treasurer of the Y. M. C. A. at Paris; Marion Laurance, general secretary of the International Sunday School Association; and Fred A. Wells, chairman of the International Association's Executive Committee.

The secretary outlined the policies and plans for the years just ahead: First, to train an efficient missionary and native Sunday school leadership.

Second, to extend the Sunday school organization by providing a trained secretary for every national unit on the world field, and for important area centers within these national boundaries.

Third, to complete an adequate lesson literature in the dialects, and to translate books for the training of Sunday school workers.

Fourth, to broaden Sunday school publicity to cover the non-Christian magazine and secular press upon foreign fields.

Fifth, to develop the Social Service idea in foreign Sunday schools.

Sixth, to launch a world-wide evangelistic campaign through the Sunday school.

Mr. Wanamaker suggested the advisability of planning for a strong evangelistic campaign in Japan, in view of its openness to religious truth, before the Tokyo Convention.

The question as to the time of holding the world's next Sunday School Convention at Tokyo, now that peace is prob able, was carefully considered. Thou sands of inquiries have been registered i the office of the World's Sunday Schoo Association for this great event. Afte full discussion it was decided to cabl the Japanese leaders requesting the suggestion as to a desirable date. Th time agreed upon for the Conventio will be promptly announced.

At this meeting of the committee o November 20 and 27, the nuptials the World's and Foreign Sunday Schoo Associations were consummated. Fo sixty years the Foreign Sunday Schoo Association has been developing Sunda school lay activity, literature, and organ ization in a number of countries, an more particularly in Europe. Thi work was founded by the father of Rev H. C. Woodruff, who became its pres dent after the death of his father. Wit the advent of the World's Sunda School Association the officers an committee of the Foreign Sunday Schoo Association felt that the union of th two organizations would best serve th interests of both and avoid confusion So in the most cordial Christian spirit th union has been effected and the wor and resources of the F. S. S. A. will b continued under Mr. Woodruff's direc tion in the W. S. S. A.

Important plans were discussed fo visitation of the foreign fields by lesso specialists to aid missionaries an natives in the making of their lesso systems; to cooperate with the Britis Committee as desired in giving help t the Russian and Greek Orthodo Churches in meeting the problems o religious education arising out of th separation of church and state; to visi the Orient to lay the plans for th Tokyo Convention; and to study plan for the development of Sunday schoo work in Moslem fields.

The "Christmas Chest"

THE dear old superstitions that cluster about Christmas! How we smile at them—and yet how barren of meaning would the sweet season be without them!

Santa Claus, the most dearly beloved mythical character that the mind of man has conceived—what does he stand for, perpetuate and personify but the impersonal, secret giving which marks the true Christmas spirit?

Take from our giving that impersonal element which seeks to hide itself behind a fictitious character and gives to want, expecting nothing in return, not even thanks or even identification, and all giving would become mere barter and exchange, every act of kindness carrying a return obligation. Take from our hearts that impersonal spirit, and Santa Claus would die in a day, leaving childhood void of its sweetest joys and manhood and womanhood desolate of their best emotions.

This sweet spirit is finding true expression in our "Christmas Chest"—a fund being made up by our own people for sufferers across the sea. We will soon be transmitting this money by cable for the purchase of Christmas gifts for orphans in Palestine. The fund has mounted in a few weeks to more than $700. Let us make it a full $1,000. It will bring exquisite joy to poor little hearts to whom joy is rare.

The following contributions have been received up to December 8:

Henry West	$3.00	W H Hoersel	$5.00	Rachel M Sweeney	$5.00	L E F, Kingston, N Y	$1.00
Ed J Salt	3.00	Mrs Z T Snipes	5.00	Mrs H M Reilly	2.00	Miss Lucy M Gilbert	1.00
Mrs N R Barrington	3.00	Mr and Mrs H Greengrass	5.00	Mrs E P Alexander	2.00	Mrs Geo F Andrews	1.00
Mrs J Boulden	4.00	Mrs Jennie Patton	5.00	Mrs E M Ogburn	2.00	Mrs H A Roney	1.00
Julia A Duncan	7.00	Mrs J Taylor	5.00	Mrs Chas Carpenter	2.00	Mrs L E Hodgers	1.00
Elizabeth Whitlock	6.00	John Simons Nestor	5.00	Alice M Clifford	2.00	Mrs J C Gardiner	1.00
M A C A, Steubensville, Ohio	6.00	S M McNary	5.00	Mrs A R Starks	2.00	Rev. Giles B Cooke	1.00
Mrs E J Martin	3.00	In His Name, Newark, N J	5.00	Emily and Sarah Evans	2.00	Mrs H W Carter	1.00
Mary Hessong	3.00	Nannie I Stevens E S, Athens, Pa	5.00	T G Ellis	2.00	Josephine Scheer	1.00
Misses L C Carrire and Lottie M Jones	18.00	Pearl Binford	5.00	Mrs W L Standley	2.00	Mrs S M Riggsbee	1.00
Patty G. Phanp	2.50	Carrie I Lamb	5.00	Mrs D A Rosensteel	2.00	Minnie E Roush	1.00
Mrs Ives Larson	15.00	Mrs Lewis Hallam	5.00	James R Raup	2.00	S S S, Nyack, N Y	1.00
Susan M Vastine	4.00	Mrs Nellie Vandarworka	5.00	F M and S A Ward	2.00	"A Friend," Selma, Ala	1.00
Mrs J Barnes	3.00	A Reader—North Crystal Lake, Ill	5.00	A N Henry	2.00	Mrs Ellen Holloway	1.00
"A Friend" Pueblo, Colo	13.00	Mrs Lenora Darrow	5.00	Mrs E E Marsh	2.00	Mrs Della Hunt	1.00
Mr and Mrs D C Eberly and family	34.00	Mr and Mrs J H Rietz	5.00	Mr and Mrs J W Price	2.00	Elizabeth Townsend	1.00
Mrs H J Miller	7.00	Mrs E R Sherman	5.00	Elizabeth Salter	2.00	Laurette E Nichols	1.00
May E Tholke	3.00	A Friend, Lake, Ohio	5.00	Mrs B Muir	2.00	Mrs Laura Daniels	1.00
Mrs D C Hall		Mrs A J Seccombe	5.00	L D, East Orange, N J	2.00	Mrs L B Salmon	1.00
Maggie Sommervaill	80.00	Mrs Mary A Kettler	5.00	Mrs Mary Wallace and Mrs J H Browning	2.00	Edna Johnson	1.00
Henry J Pierson	25.00	Mrs N Wallis	5.00	Mrs L B Lannier	2.00	Angie A Meekins	1.00
Mrs A L Ashbrook	25.00	Mr and Mrs F W Barthel	5.00	A Subscriber, Elondike, Tex	2.00	Mrs Helen Kenyon	1.00
Mrs A H Carey	25.00	Mrs E G Bergendahl	5.00	Melissa M Stoner	2.00	——, Boundbrook, N J	1.00
Mrs D E L Connor	25.00	Mrs L M Hodgkins	5.00	Maud M Davis	2.00	Mrs G W Massey	1.00
Mrs G H Jaekel	25.00	Mrs M E Harrell	5.00	Sarah A Brown	2.00	Miss Adam Miller	1.00
Mrs J L Pease	10.00	Mrs Geo Schneidemantle	5.00	Mrs Susan J Studevant	1.00	Mrs L G Lightburn	1.00
Mrs O F Gambee	10.00	Mame England	5.00	Anna B Connor	1.00	Mrs E Hadley	1.00
Mrs E Peden	10.00	E M R, Gravitt, Ark	5.00	Mrs A L Toogood	1.00	H R Howes and Son	1.00
From a Friend of the Cause	10.00	Nils Bruvold, Mentor, Ohio	5.00	Mrs H R Clark	1.00	Alice Aleorn	1.00
Miss Kate Stewart	10.00	Miss Opal Munson	5.00	Mrs P P Cleveland	1.00	Elsie A Shawkey	1.00
Mrs R C Chambers	10.00	"A Friend", Poulsbo, Wash	5.00	Mrs O B Browne	1.00	J Y Johnson	1.00
I P Terrill	10.00	Mr S D Chenoweth	5.00	Mrs Geo. S Bickel	1.00	Mahlon Berkey	1.00
John I A Johnson	10.00	Miss M B Stamp	5.00	Mrs E A Bolin, Salt Lake City, Utah	1.00	——, Deedsville, Ind	1.00
Mrs M E Curl	10.00	Mrs Ada J Decker	5.00	Reader, Amsterdam, N Y	1.00	Mrs May G Spencer	1.00
W H Krueger	10.00	——, Caldwell, Idaho	5.00				
Mrs W W Linfoot	10.00	Bertha Terhune	5.00				
Mrs Jane Roberts	10.00	M E Sturgeon	5.00				
Mrs T A Eva, J G McCurdy	5.00						
Minnie F Hessong	5.00						
Anna M H Phelps	5.00						

Any further contributions must be in hand within the next few days. Address "Christmas Chest," the Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

Young People's Topics
for December 29

Happy New Year. Rules for It

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topics. Phil. 3 : 12–16

AFTER all, a year is only a small bundle of days. Divisions of time are arbitrary, time is absolute. It is well at the beginning of a new calendar year to take stock of our strength and to lay out our course for the days to come. One rule and only one is needful, and that Paul gives clearly in the reference: "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

What is the mark of your high calling? God will reveal it to you on your knees. The positions in which you may serve him are many, the spirit is always the same. Press always onward, keeping your face ever toward the goal which in your heart you know that God has set you. Never mind the roughness of the present road. It may lead through misunderstandings, through difficult relations with friends and associates, but you may be sure that it will lead safely *through*. It may mean sacrifice, it may mean working your way through college, it may mean beginning at the bottom in some great enterprise. It may mean temptations to be resisted, habits to be overcome, ideals to be attained, but in His spirit press on and the road will lead through.

Make sure that in the year to come you will cherish no old enmities, harbor no old grudges, judge others not at all, hold yourself ever ready to help a needy person or a deserving cause, or to tell the story of God's love to one in sin or trouble, or to sweeten the experience of a believer with your own. Be certain that all you do is done with a firm determination to excel, that nothing unworthy of the Christ in word or deed or thought enter into your life. Be true to all that is highest and noblest in your heart and mind and soul, and keep ever before you the mark of your high calling, and yours will be a New Year of triumph, a glorious 365 days of constant achievement in spiritual things.

Have I Ever Won a Soul?

Epworth League Topic. Prov. 11 : 30; Ps. 60 : 4; James 5 : 20; Ps. 51 : 12, 13

WHY is a crowd enthusiastic? Mostly because enthusiasm is contagious. Religion without enthusiasm is not contagious. Religion with too much enthusiasm is liable to be effervescent and unstable. But in between the two extremes lies a religion of joy unequaled, a religion that paints the sunrise of a new hope on the face, that makes the heart ring with praise, and that sets the tongue to singing. That kind of religion is both catching

False Notions On Teeth-Cleaning

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

They Ignore the Film

The old idea of brushing teeth was to remove food particles. Some ways also aimed to polish teeth.

But time soon proved those methods insufficient. Teeth still discolored, still decayed. Tartar formed, and pyorrhea remained undiminished. Statistics show that tooth troubles constantly increased.

Millions of users have discovered that the tooth brush fails to save their teeth.

Now science knows the reason. It lies in a film—a slimy film—which dentists call bacterial plaque. It constantly forms on the teeth, and it clings. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays. Old-time brushing methods could not properly combat it.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus tooth troubles are largely traced to that film.

Science now has found a way to combat that film. It has proved itself to many able authorities by four years of clinical tests. Today it is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we offer you a special tube to let you prove it out.

The Scientific Way

As a cleanser and polisher, Pepsodent holds supreme place among tooth pastes. But it also goes further.

It is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

But pepsin alone won't do. It must be activated, and the usual activating agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed forbidden.

Now science has found an activating method harmless to the teeth. Five governments have already granted patents. That method, used in Pepsodent, makes the use of active pepsin possible.

Before it was offered to users, able dental authorities proved its value by clinical tests. They placed its results beyond question. Now we offer the proof to you in the shape of a home test.

Send the coupon for a One-Week tube. Use it like any tooth paste and watch results. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the film. See how teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

A week's trial will convince you that Pepsodent does what nothing else has done. You will see that your teeth are protected as they never were before. You will not return after that, we think, to any old-time method.

Cut out the coupon now.

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

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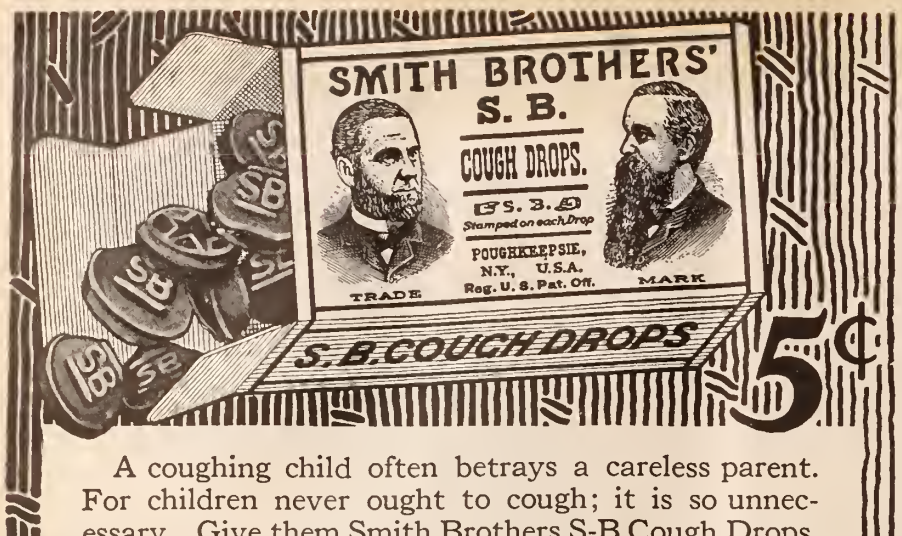

A coughing child often betrays a careless parent. For children never ought to cough; it is so unnecessary. Give them Smith Brothers S-B Cough Drops, which relieve coughing and often stave off a real cold.

Pure. No Drugs. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach.

Drop that Cough

SMITH BROTHERS *of Poughkeepsie*

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Few people have the remotest conception of the supernatural drama of the life of America's greatest Bible teacher. As a boy he unconsciously made ready to prepare the greatest Reference Bible of the English-speaking world.

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Years later, as pastor and Bible teacher, came the insistent call for a new Reference Bible, forcing him to delve into the greatest library treasures of England, Europe and America. Then Satan tried to destroy the new manuscript! The whole amazing life-narrative has for the first time been written by Charles Gallaudet Trumbull, Editor of

The Sunday School Times

and will be published exclusively in this interdenominational, international weekly journal for adults in the field of Bible study and teaching, Sunday-School management, and the Christian life and service.

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On February 22, 1919

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I have been giving away automobiles for a long time. Now I'm going to give away two more. Send me the coupon down in the corner and I'll tell you about it. One of the cars I am going to give away is an Overland. It is the latest model, fully equipped and complete in every detail. It will be delivered right at some one's front door without a cent of cost to them. Don't you want to get it? Send me the coupon and I'll tell you how. The other car is a Ford, and will also be given to some one. As soon as I receive the coupon I'll send you full details of my offer. Besides the two cars I'm going to give away the other rewards listed here at the left. Surely there is something in that list you want.

$1800 in Rewards
Delivered through your local dealer.
$895 Overland Touring Car
$450 Ford Touring Car
$250 Piano or Motocycle
$100 Diamond Ring
$50 Victor Victrola
$30 Elgin Gold Watch
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First, seek a real spiritual assurance of sins forgiven, a heart experience that shall be unmistakable. Then stay on at the mercy seat until I have joy in the Lord. Then ask God to help me to love souls and to crave their salvation, to give me the burden of some certain soul. Then transmute my care for a man's soul into aets of loving kindness to him and to others. Then be ready prayerfully to meet expressions of doubt with the certainties of Christ. And above all let me live a life that will prove my faith and approve my testimony. Then may I hope that in the year to come I shall be no longer a passive passenger on the Gospel ship, but a soul winner for Christ.

The Week in the World's News

Continued from page 1402

responsible for the war could not eseape because their heads were crowned and must be tried before an international court. Dispatehes of November 10 reported an attempt at suicide by William Hohenzollern, former German emperor.

To Maintain British Fleet. Winston Spencer Churchill was reported to have declared in a speech on December 5 that the British representatives at the Peace Conference would eontend for the absolute abolition of conscription throughout Europe; that they had decided it would not be necessary for Germany to return Heligoland to Great Britain; that they were determined that no limitation should be imposed on Britain's right to maintain her naval defense. Mr. Churehill also stated that Britain had decided on the nationalization of her railroads.

Army Expenses Drop. The Secretary of War was reported on December 5 to have estimated that out of the $24,000,000,000 appropriated for the War Department during the year $7,000,000,000 might be returned to the Treasury, and an additional sum of $5,000,000,000 was expected to be realized by savings on contracts which would have run into the following year. A billion dollars has also been cut from the estimates for the Navy. Secretary McAdoo estimated the aetual cost of the war to America up to December 4 as $13,222,000,000. The War Revenue Bill was reported to the Senate on Deeember 6, having been sealed down by the Senate Committee from a total of $8,182,492,000, as provided in the House measure, to a total of $5,053,466,000. Even at this it is the world's greatest revenue bill. The bill provides for a further reduetion to $4,000,000,000 in 1920.

Breaking Away from Prussia. Berlin dispatches of December 6 reported a well-developed movement in Westphalia and the Rhine provinces for the creation of an independent republie, the movement being supported by the Centrist and Conservative parties under the leadership of Cardinal Hartmann. The disorders in Berlin and proposals of the Bolshevists for the separation of ehurch and state and for the nationalization of industry were said to have impelled the church party and the industrial interests into a separatist movement. An attempt of the extreme Bolshevists, known as Spartacides, to institute a reign of terror in Berlin was reported to have resulted in serious disorders on Deeember 6. These disturbances apparently resulted in the strengthening of the Ebert government. Large delegations of former soldiers sought to make Ebert head of the German Republic and demanded an early meeting of the National Assembly; the latter Ebert promised, while refusing the former.

Germany's Bill. It was announced from London on Deeember 7 that Great Britain would demand an indemnity of 8,000,000,000 pounds sterling or about $40,000,000,000, from Germany to eover the cost of the war to Britain and her dominions. It was said that the French claim for reparation would be very much greater.

Fragments of News. The Germans on Dec. 4 delivered to the Allies 300,000,000 franes in gold which had been taken from the Russian Treasury and also returned French art work taken from St. Quentin valued at $400,000,000. . . . It was officially announced on December 5 that during the war 5,622 British ships (9,031,828 gross tons) had been sunk, with the loss of 15,000 men of their crews. . . . Dr. Harry Garfield resigned as Fuel Administrator on December 3. . . . Next year's budget estimate sent to Congress by the government departments indicated that the expense of the government for the coming fiscal year would be in the neighborhood of $7,443,000,000 as against $24,000,000,000 for the fiscal year just closing. . . . The American, French, British, Italian and Japanese ministers on December 2 presented to the President of China a memorandum expressing the coneern of their government over the continued eivil strife in China and deelaring that they wished to encourage the efforts of both sides toward reconciliation. A similar memorandum was presented on the same day to the heads of the Government at Canton. . . . Testimony before the Senate Judiciary Committee investigating the German propaganda campaign disclosed that German attempts to corrupt public officials had been uniformly unsuecessful; that their attempts to buy newspapers of standing had failed exeept in the case of the New York Evening Mail that the publieations whieh they supported by eontributions proved greatly disappointing to them; and that in spite of the sympathy of many Americans and German-Americans of standing the propaganda eampaign was eonsidered a complete failure. Bernstorff was said to have blamed this on the sinking of the Lusitania. . . . Turkish forces retreating from the Caucasus are reported to have murdered and plundered as they withdrew. Ten thousand Armenians are said to have been killed in these massaeres. . . . The United States and Peru have raised their respeetive legations to the rank of embassies. . . . The resignation of Charles M. Sehwab as Direetor General of the Emergeney Fleet Corporation was accepted by wireless by the President on December 7.

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Marion Harland's Corner

"These Little Ones"

THE weather was singularly balmy for early December. The winds that had tormented the tossing clouds all the morning had quieted down, and the sun smiled from a pale-blue sky. The streets were alive with shoppers and perambulators. Directly in front of a shop-window, brave with holiday toys presided over by the first Santa Claus of the season—red-capped, furred up to his snowy beard, and beaming a broad welcome to passers-by—a plainly-dressed woman had halted to gaze at the pageant. She was drawing a baby-carriage containing a fine boy, perhaps eighteen months old. At sight of the gorgeous array, he shrieked aloud in an ecstasy of joy, and tried to throw himself out of his seat to get a closer view. The woman—presumably the mother, for she did not look like a nursery-maid—shook him back into his place and bade him "sit still and behave!" When the baby struggled in her grasp and began to sob, she trundled the vehicle over to the curbstone to get out of the way of curious observers, and with her bony fingers, that must have stung like a bunch of rattans, beat the chubby fists hard, scolding shrilly, but not loudly, evidently anxious to avoid making a "scene."

Then a strange thing happened! The baby did not scream or struggle. But he cried piteously—under his breath, as it were—and (this went to my heart!) lifted the backs of both hands—reddened by the strokes—to his trembling wet lips and kissed them over and over, the tears raining down upon them while he applied the only salve he could think of.

Mine was not the right to plead for the sobbing child, or to breathe aloud in the mother's ear the text that sprang to my lips then and there:

"*Take heed that you offend not one of these Little Ones.*"

The offender looked like a respectable working-woman. She loved her baby well enough to leave home duties to get the advantage of the mild afternoon for him. Perhaps she meant to buy Christmas gifts for him by-and-by. If his demonstration of delight in what she had brought him to see had been more decorous, she might have sympathized in his joy. But when people looked at her and laughed at him, her temper gave way, and she had "offended"—which I take to mean "hurt"—the Little One. With Christmas almost at our doors!

CHRISTMAS is preeminently the Children's Festival. To deprive them of the distinctive features of the season, established by tradition and hallowed by myriads of tender associations, is rank robbery!

I deprecate as desecration of a holy thing the contempt with which a certain cult of realists refer to "puerile and senseless customs with which our forebears cumbered and belittled what is, when rationally considered, merely an arbitrary churchly anniversary." From the high tableland of mature years, whence one can see above the fogs of prejudice, we, who were brought up by those wise and loving "forebears," tell to the generation following how the Christmases of the olden time are so many gems hung upon a golden chain of memory. We gird at the omission of any one of the "puerile customs." At the festival which will stand for all time and into eternity as the birthday of the Babe of Bethlehem, can we not all become as little children by entering into their simple joys, and yielding ourselves for a few hours to the spirit of the holiday?

I EXULT in the knowledge that in tens of thousands of American households the homely custom of hanging up stockings on Christmas Eve has not fallen into disuse. The array of plethoric hose hung about what stands in the twentieth-century dwelling for the ingleside represents, with religious fidelity, each member of the family. From grandfather's fleece-lined socks and the sisters' silken hose, down to the long stockings swollen to abnormal proportions to accommodate ball and automobile, nobody is overlooked. It should go without saying that the 1918 Christmas tree must be gay with Allied flags and all manner of victorious emblems. Without vexing young brains with suggestions as to the history of the stately evergreen, which is eloquent, all over Christendom, of the perpetual life and beauty of home loves, plant it, "the night before Christmas," with gladness and singleness of heart, and let the children do most of the decoration with their very own hands. Bear constantly in mind, ye elders who have outlived "puerile and senseless customs" (Heaven forgive and pity you!), that you are making autobiography—which will be the poetry of mature age—for each of your little ones. For twenty-four hours forget length of days and cares and responsibilities and "become as little children."

It will be a wholesome exercise of mind and spirit to bethink you, at Yuletide, that those simple words depict the highest beatitude promised to the believer in Him who glorified infancy by the Bethlehem manger, and childhood by his nonage in Nazareth.

NOW for a few words in response to inquiries respecting what English boys and girls call "sweeties," that fill up chinks in stockings and may be hung handily upon the tree.

Will you please tell me how to make those little cookies we buy in the shops? They are not much larger than a silver dollar and are called vanilla cookies.—V. M. C. (*Iowa*).

Vanilla Cookies

Rub to a cream half a cup of butter with a cup of sugar (or of karo), and when they are thoroughly mixed and really creamy, add half a cupful of sour cream or loppered milk. Next, beat in two well-whipped eggs; lastly, a cupful and a half of flour, sifted twice with a scant teaspoonful of baking-soda. Flavor with vanilla extract—about a teaspoonful. If your dough is not firm enough to handle easily, sift in a little more flour. It should not be *too* stiff. Roll out quite thin, and cut into rounds with a small wineglass. Bake, covered, until they are firm, then brown lightly.

You may make these into "jumbles" by cutting out with an ordinary cake-cutter, and taking from the center of each round pieces with the top of a bottle. These rings hang jauntily from the trees and the rings cut from the center may be wrapped in tissue-paper and slipped into stockings.

A mother of six writes from Kentucky to learn how to make the sweets that delighted the children of the last generation.

Will you let me have a recipe for the good old-fashioned molasses candy "that Mother used to make"? I don't like to stint my children on candy at Christmas, but sugar is scarce and confectioners are unconscionable in their prices—as I suppose you know.—THE MOTHER OF SIX (*Kentucky*).

Old-Fashioned Molasses Candy

To this I answer with an old Virginia recipe:

Stir to a smooth, light-colored cream three cups of molasses and one of brown sugar. Beat for at least three minutes, and *hard*, before stirring in an even tablespoonful of cider vinegar. Bring to the boil slowly, and use the spoon freely as it begins to bubble. In fifteen minutes begin to test the mixture by dropping a little into iced water. When these bits harden after repeated trials, stir into the boiling syrup a heaping teaspoonful of butter. When this is melted, add immediately a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of boiling water, and without the delay of a minute remove the kettle from the fire and pour into buttered platters to cool. As soon as you can handle it comfortably, begin to pull into ropes. When these are light yellow and brittle, cut into lengths or braid several strips into such size as you wish.

Caramels may be made of the cooling candy by cutting it into small cubes with a sharp, buttered knife. Or you may cut it into rounds with the top of a bottle. It is particularly nice when pulled with the finger-tips and handled as little as possible with the rest of the hand. Butter or flour very lightly the deft tips to prevent stickiness.

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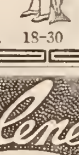

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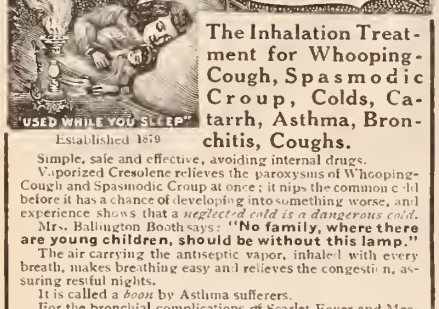

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Adventures in Neighboring

A Department for the Exchange of Experiences Between All Who Have High Community Ideals and Are Putting Them into Practice

Conducted by VERA L. CONNOLLY

THERE was a doll to be bought for a "wee sma' friend" of mine in a distant state; so, bundled to my nose in coat and furs, I eagerly joined the throng of Christmas shoppers crowding the New York streets.

It was Saturday afternoon, and somehow I had expected to see the bright faces of mothers and children, and to hear their joyous laughter. But there were no children in sight! And the men and women who hurried by seemed eross and self-absorbed. "Dear me," I thought, "where are the Christmas fairies?" And the answer eame: "Where the children are."

"Of course," I agreed; and set out to find them.

I waited until finally a child eame by, then followed her. She was a gay little ereature in a scarlet coat, hanging to the hand of a laughing young mother.

Presently they hurried in at the doorway of a big department store (I following), and got into an elevator, which shot up out of the grown-up world of toil and moil, into a bewildering world of gnomes and dwarfs, of ugly witches and great trees that opened and shut their boughs.

"Toyland!" bawled the elevator man.

Ah—here were thronged all the boys and girls I had missed from the streets. Here, too, were the Christmas fairies. They were everywhere you looked: in a child's bright glance; in the eyes of a young officer in khaki holding a little girl on his shoulder; in the misty gaze upturned to him by the young wife hanging to his arm. Probably there were lots of other fairies, perched among the toys.

But oh, the toys themselves! And the sights to see!

There was a huge gold spider, run by electrieity, that elimbed a web as big as the side of a house. There were two giants, enormous fellows, who stretched to their full height, then eollapsed again. There were weird trees that whirled; and real Christmas trees that were hung with tinsel and laden with marvelous things. And oh, far off in the forest, there were fairies floating by: gay little ereatures in rainbow tints.

And wherever there were not fairies, or gnomes or elves or giants, there were ecstatie children. And the toy-laden tables were like islands rising above a sea of little heads.

I looked out upon this sea, marveling. I had never seen so mueh happiness before.

Then suddenly the thought eame to me: For every rapturous child here today there is somewhere a ehild desperately unhappy—a small boy or girl who is eold or hungry or lonely, and to whom Christmas will mean nothing. That is, they will, Neighbors, unless we go to the reseue, you and I.

LET us do this, fellow Adventurers. Let us feel, as the following dear woman did, that the ehildren of our community are too preeious to be left eold or hungry, lonely or sorrowing on the day that should be the most joyous of all the year.

Taking Christmas to Poor School Children

I would like to tell you what one dear old lady did, for Christmas, several years ago. She was so quiet and unassuming that, although she was constantly carrying sunshine into other lives, I think few of us realized it. Her home—a very humble one—almost touched elbows with a schoolhouse; and she never tired of watching or talking with the children.

One day a neighbor, dropping in to chat for a few moments, was surprised to find genial Aunt E— with a guilty look on her face and evidently in too great a hurry about something to be her own gracious self. From the kitchen eame savory odors. Aunt E— laughed, and said: "I ean t take those things out of my oven without you earrying away the impression that I have lost all the sense I am supposed to have: so I'm just going to 'fess up.' Look!" Opening the oven door, she drew out three saucer pies followed by the same number of gingerbread men with wonderful raisin eyes. Then she looked up at her visitor.

"It's for the children," she explained. "You see, with no one but Henry and myself to cook for, sometimes I fairly ache to bake goodies for the little folks. Some of the poor dears are starved for such things; yes—and for the essentials, too. I told you I was going to confess, but I am afraid you will be shocked when I tell you that one morning I peeped into one of the dinner pails that always hang so temptingly near me; and honest, honey, as true as I live, every morsel that child had for dinner was about three inches of what my mother used to call spider bread or long cake. Not a mite of butter or sweet. And that hunk of bread was burned almost to a cinder. And the doctors say that child is anæmic.

"Of course, her folks are shiftless. They wouldn't 'be on the town' half the time if they weren't. But since they have children to turn out in the world, we can't let them starve. After I had looked in one pail, I decided I might as well go the limit; and I found two more buckets that didn't have enough to keep a cat alive. So I've been slipping in a few things every day. I'm sure the children do not suspeet me; for I'm really becoming—sly! Yes, I am! But I don't care. I've been watching the pink coming in that poor girl's face; and the boys can hardly wait to grab their buckets. But I am worried about their elothing. They are not half clad.

The Neighbor laughingly told her she was going home to don her thinking-cap, as she did not approve of one woman appropriating all the good deeds of the neighborhood.

As the Christmas holidays approached, Aunt E—'s home had many callers; and from the windows facing the school keen eyes measured the approximate length of skirts and jackets, and took note of mittenless fingers, ragged stockings and gaping shoes.

When the last day of school arived, a wonderful program was given; and while it was in progress Aunt E— made hurried trips from home to the school hall, where hung wraps and dinner pails. The buckets were soon filled to overflowing; and in shabby jacket pockets or swinging from hooks were left neatly wrapped parcels, bearing the name of the one whose wraps hung from that particular hook. No word of greeting was attaehed to give hint of the donor.—M. M. L., *Maryland.*

That little adventure brought a mist to my eyes and a ehoky lump to my throat. It is one of those proofs of the sanetity of Christmas and the nobility of the human heart which leave us without words.

OUR next Adventure tells again of Christmas joys brought into the lives of little folk who would otherwise have gone without.

Christmas Tree for Young Neighbors

One winter when my daughter was teaching in a "backwoods district," she discovered a family with six children in the family, the eldest fourteen years of age, which had never known what Christmas was.

So we planned to give those children a Christmas.

My youngest daughter and I helped the "teacher girl" to make a present of some sort for every child; and on Christmas Eve the young man eame for us with his bob-sleds. With lots of apples, candy, mince pies, etc., we bundled into the sleds and went over to the home of the family, which was fifteen miles away. "Teacher girl" had helped the oldest boy to get a tree from the woods and set it up in one corner of the living-room. This we all helped him to trim with strings of popcorn, bags of candy and so on, placing the packages about on the tree. When the candles were all in place, and ready to light, we had a little program.

I read the Christmas story from Matt. 2 : 1-12, and offered a prayer. Then we all sang a Christmas hymn. The teacher girl and her young sister and brother each recited a Christmas poem. After which we sang another hymn. Then the candles were lighted, and the young man distributed the presents, candy and apples. Such joy I never before witnessed as those children displayed. The mother, with tears of happiness in her eyes, thanked us for our thoughtfulness. — Mrs. I. F. McC., *Montana.*

Dear as our own little family gatherings at Christmas are, comrades, none could be more wonderful than such a gathering as that one. Perhaps, this Christmas, some of us, instead of celebrating around our own hearthfire, will pack up our goodies, hop into a sleigh, and share our Christmas cheer with some family less fortunate.

OR ELSE, planning on even a broader basis, perhaps many of us this year will work toward a community Christmas, though it be, like the following, a very simple eelebration indeed.

Community Christmas in the Pennsylvania Hills

The Christmas I wish to tell you about I spent among very poor people in a backwoods place miles from any town. Their homes were small, stony farms on top of a rugged, wind-swept Pennsylvania hill; but their hearts and doorways stood wide open, and their lives were as pure as the mountain air.

The adventure began weeks before Christmas. A Community Christmas Tree with appropriate exercises was planned. Jolly evenings were spent round the roaring wood fire in the draughty old schoolhouse where the young folks "practiced speaking" and sang Christmas carols.

Several days before Christmas, a team of horses was hitched to a long sleigh, and everybody and his folks piled in. The sleighing was fine, and it was a jolly ride to town to "get things" for the tree. We ate dinner in a restaurant; which was no small part of the adventure. Then, our shopping done, we had another merry ride home, followed by supper in the largest house in the neighborhood.

The school grounds looked Christmasy any time of year, for they boasted thirty-five grand old pine trees. What we did to that old schoolhouse would give pause to a professional window-trimmer. The tiny organ was gay with a *pink cheesecloth* scarf; and bright paper chains mingled with the festoons of evergreen. The neighbor women hung on the tree for each other gifts of exquisite needlework.

How we enjoyed that Christmas Eve! The very air was vibrant with praise and worship as those devout Christian people told in story and song of the Bethlehem Babe who chose to be born among the poor. The faces of the children were like jewels as they bent over their new dollies and sleds, the pretty aprons and ribbons they received.

Free from selfishness and worry, we walked home from our Community Christmas Tree (where Christ, and not Santa Claus, had been crowned King) under the same stars that shone on a manger and Babe two thousand years ago.—M. SMITH, *New York.*

Just one more Adventure, Neighbors, before I must wish you "Merry Christmas and Many of Them."

AGAIN, in this aeeount, we hear of a loving effort to bring Christmas joy to little ehildren in need of it.

Christmas for Children in Hospital

Several years ago it was my privilege to spend the holiday season in a hospital helping care for sick and crippled children.

A few days before Christmas, some kind-hearted women came to the hospital and learned the wishes of the little folks there. And then one afternoon we had a Christmas tree beautifully decorated, with the gifts underneath it. The children were present in all conditions; some in wheel chairs, others sitting up in bed, others lying down; but all happy and eager. At the appointed hour, the boys from the choir of a nearby cathedral came and sang sweetly the Christmas story so often sung and told. After which the gifts were given out.

If you could have seen the children with their gifts! It was a very moving sight. I only regret that the warm-hearted women who planned the Christmas Tree were not present that night, to see the children all tucked snugly in bed, each with his or her toy hugged closely to the little heart. If you would know the real joy of Christmas, make possible a Christmas tree of this kind.— GRACE A. MANCHESTER.

AND now, friends, my candle has burned low, and I must snuff it out and say "Good-night, Merry Christmas, and God bless you," until we meet again!

The Neighbors' Forum

May I suggest that we do not forget the old folks—the dear grandmothers—this Christmas? How many of us realize that possibly grandma never had a Christmas tree in her childhood days years ago? It is with real joy and in very tender memory that I go back to a Christmas, four years ago, when I went to the woods, and cut and brought home and decorated grandma's first Christmas tree.—NEIGHBOR, *New York.*

I am an afflicted invalid, living quite alone. Looking for the mail is the greatest pleasure I have in life. Will be grateful for letters, cards, etc., of Christmas cheer and helpful sympathy. —A LONELY NEIGHBOR IN THE SOUTH.

DEAR NEIGHBORS: Another batch of games has come to my desk. These are suitable for a gathering of young folks. To any one sending me a stamped, self-addressed envelope I will be glad to mail full directions for playing these games.—VERA L. CONNOLLY.

Additional Views of Church Unity As a Basis of Spiritual Success

Continued from page 1405

This is un-American and undemocratic. The new Church needs leaders and ministers, not drivers and dictators.

This new Church must also be broad and tolerant; not compromising with evil, but willing to admit all good. Thus it may render such service as the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. are giving. Then, in a small community like the one where I live—where there are about two hundred church-going people and two churches with three preaching services every Sunday and two Sunday schools—one building might be used for preaching services, and the other for the kind of service the Y. M. C. A. is giving our boys in France. In that way we could reach some we cannot help now and render better service to all. We might have two workers, one a preacher of the Gospel, the other a superintendent of recreation, religious education, etc., Many of our men and ministers will come back from France wanting such service and willing and able to give it. Now is the time to make some move for its establishment.

Here, then, we have the fundamental principles of this new Church: Christian, American, broad, great and good. Into this Church may be brought all that is good. When some denominational leaders will prepare the way for such a Church, men everywhere will be ready and anxious to join it. The leaders of some of our denominations might meet and work out a plan for such a Church, and send this plan especially to our smaller and overchurched communities, with the request that all who are ready to join it may sign their names. The result would be surprising. The details as to property ownership, etc., can easily be worked out locally with a little leadership.

Let us pray, plan and work for it. Let ministers preach on the need of it. Let church members' petition their denominational leaders to take steps toward the establishment of this Church. I for one am willing to do anything I can to bring it about. This is no unpractical dream. It is going to come! Many, many earnest Christians are waiting for it. But the harder we work, the sooner it will come.

May God speed the coming of the Christian American Church!

(signed) J. Martin Peterson,
Pastor, Congregational Church.
Freeborn, Minn.

A California Minister's View

THE churches of Protestant America, to meet the situation, should preach the Gospel to regenerate the souls of men and to generate a new enthusiasm for righteousness and truth.

They should bring together all the subdivisions in the leading denominations, and when this is done, then bring the denominations together which are nearest alike in teachings and practice. For example: Let the sixteen kinds of Methodists be made one body; let the seventeen kinds of Baptists be brought together; let the fourteen kinds of Presbyterians be under one General Assembly. The Lutherans have recently united many of their subdivisions and are an example to others. Then let the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists cooperate and unify their forces; let the Methodists, Episcopalians and Lutherans work together. The Baptists and the Disciples could unite and cooperate as one body. This plan would simplify church work, unify Christian effort, minimize the needless expenditure of money, and help to answer the prayer of our blessed Lord (John 17).

They should simplify their creed for all Christians into a brief statement, its essence being faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and obedience to his Will and Word. This statement presents the Father's will and the Holy Spirit's work in glorifying Christ, and no reasonable objection would be raised against it on the part of the Christians or the world.

There should be a complete unification of forces under one supreme leader, Christ Jesus, with unquestioning loyalty to him, who has promised to lead his forces forward to complete victory over evil and selfishness, and the establishment of his Kingdom in all the world.

There should be complete obedience to Christ, by which the knowledge of God and communion with him are assured, and by which peace, purity and power may be realized in the lives of men spiritually, mentally and physically.

Christ must be first and last in teaching and life; then economic, social and commercial conditions will find a solid, enduring and complete basis for their freest, truest and fullest development.

A practical and simple method like that presented above would conserve all the good of the past, unify Christian effort for the present, and assure unlimited power and success for the future.

Charles Fl. Winbigler.
Los Angeles, Calif.

A Louisiana Pastor Urges Unity on Essentials

I HAVE read with deep interest the replies to your questionnaire: "What should the churches of Protestant America do to meet the religious situation after the war?" and am glad to note the strong undercurrent of unanimity among those who made reply. I feel irresistibly drawn to make a small contribution toward the work of rebuilding the Temple. For it seems that "reconstruction" and "elimination" are the words representing the nature of the work to be done.

I am now nearly seventy years of age, and have spent about forty of them in the ministry. I have often wondered at the great waste of time, money and energy in the efforts made by the various denominations to keep their lines of distinction plainly marked, instead of pointing out the relationship they bear to each other. It seems to me that if the Church can succeed in proving that the Bible is the documentary evidence of one God, that Jesus Christ is his ultimatum, and that the resultant of that ultimation is: "See that thy neighbor dwells securely by thee," then she will be given carte blanche by all nations, kindreds and tongues, and a universal world-peace will be the logical outcome.

May the Lord God of hosts lead in this most critical period in the world's history is my prayer.

Monroe, La. L. W. Beard.

The Transformation Already Under Way

TO YOUR editorial, "Is a New Reformation at Hand?" I would reply: Yes, it is; and it has been under way for these many years. Its consummation has been accelerated by the world war. We have yet to see the abandonment of sectarian distinctions; the abolishment of imperialism in church authorities; the simplifying of church procedure, following only the example of the great Preacher, our Redeemer; the liberalizing of individual thought, free from autocratic creeds and teachers, the individual meeting with his brother in worship on the Lord's day. The wayfarer would then always be at home and hear only of the united Church for which the Saviour prayed.

Newark, N. J. I. C. Priest.

THE prison-shadowed home is a sad place indeed at the children's happiest festival, when all the world is celebrating the birth of the Christ-child. Mrs. Ballington Booth, through her organization, the Volunteer Prison League of the Volunteers of America, 34 West 28th Street, New York, has for years endeavored to ameliorate the condition of the children and wives of men who from their prison cells are powerless to support their families. Every Christmas she has tried to play Santa Claus in hundreds of these desolate homes, to lift the burden from the shoulders of the mothers, and to bring a little Christmas gladness to the little ones. The Volunteers of America is a duly incorporated society, and the Prison League is a department of its work.

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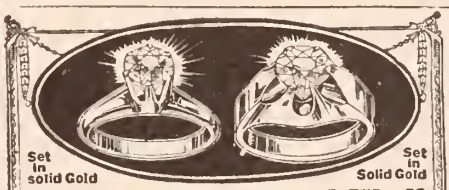

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in accordance with the advance in the subscription price of the Christian Herald from $2.00 to $2.50. It will not be possible after January 1st to procure the Christian Herald in combination with other magazines at the prices given below. Renew your own subscription now, and order the Christian Herald as a Christmas gift for friends and relatives at the present low price.

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With Modern Priscilla	3.50	4.75
With Pictorial Review	3.75	5.00
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With Etude (for Music Lovers)	4.35	5.75
With Modern Priscilla	4.50	5.50
With Everybody's Magazine	5.00	6.75
With Delineator	5.00	6.75
With Mother's Magazine	4.60	6.00
With McClure's Magazine	4.75	6.00
With Pictorial Review	4.75	6.00
With American Boy	5.00	6.75
With Youth's Companion (new sub).	5.00	6.50
With Review of Reviews	5.25	7.00

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With Today's Housewife	$2.60	4.25
With People's Home Journal	2.60	4.25
With McCall's	3.00	4.50
With Little Folks	3.25	4.75
With Etude	3.35	4.75
With Modern Priscilla	3.50	4.75
With Everybody's Magazine	4.00	6.00
With Delineator	4.00	6.00
With McClure's Magazine	3.75	5.00
With Pictorial Review	3.75	5.00
With Woman's Home Companion	4.00	5.75

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With Delineator	3.25	5.00
With McClure's Magazine	3.00	4.25
With Woman's Home Companion	3.25	5.00

Delineator

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With McCall's Magazine	3.00	4.50
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With Pictorial Review	3.75	5.00
With American Boy	4.00	5.75
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With People's Home Journal	1.95	3.60
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With Modern Priscilla	2.50	4.10
With Today's Housewife & McCall's Magazine	2.50	4.20
With McClure's Magazine	3.10	4.35
With Pictorial Review	2.75	4.35
With Woman's Home Companion	3.35	4.75

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With Modern Priscilla	2.50	4.00
With McClure's Magazine	2.75	4.25
With Pictorial Review	2.75	4.25
With Mother's Magazine	2.75	4.25
With American Magazine	3.25	4.75
With Woman's Home Companion	3.25	4.75

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With CHRISTIAN HERALD		$3.75
With Delineator (to one address)	$3.00	4.75
With McCall's Magazine	3.00	4.50
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With McClure's Magazine	3.75	5.00
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With Review of Reviews	4.25	6.00

McCall's Magazine

With CHRISTIAN HERALD		$2.50
With Woman's World	$1.25	3.00
With Today's Housewife	1.35	2.85
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With Modern Priscilla	2.00	3.75
With Etude (for Music Lovers)	2.00	3.75
With Pictorial Review	2.50	4.00
With Delineator	3.00	4.50
With Everybody's Magazine	3.00	4.50
With Mother's Magazine	2.60	4.50
With Youth's Companion (new sub.)	2.50	4.00
With McClure's Magazine	2.75	4.00
With American Magazine	3.00	4.50
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With Pictorial Review	3.00	4.75
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With American Magazine	3.75	5.00
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With People's Home Journal	1.90	3.35
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With Little Folks	2.50	4.25
With Etude (for Music Lovers)	2.50	4.25
With McClure's Magazine	2.75	4.50
With Mother's Magazine	2.75	4.50
With Pictorial Review	2.75	4.50
With Everybody's Magazine	3.50	4.75
With Youth's Companion (new sub.)	3.00	5.00
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With People's Home Journal	1.15	2.85
With McCall's Magazine	1.35	2.85
With Little Folks	1.75	3.35
With Modern Priscilla	1.90	3.35
With Pictorial Review	2.25	3.60
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Woman's World

With CHRISTIAN HERALD		$2.25
With Today's Housewife	$ .95	2.70
With People's Home Journal	1.00	2.75
With McCall's Magazine	1.25	3.00
With Today's Housewife & People's Home Journal	1.50	3.25
With McCall's Magazine & Today's Housewife	1.70	3.45
With McClure's Magazine	2.15	3.50
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With McCall's Magazine	2.50	4.00
With Etude (for Music Lovers)	2.75	4.35
With Modern Priscilla	2.75	4.50
With McClure's Magazine	3.00	4.75
With Boys' Life	3.00	4.25
With Little Folks	3.00	4.25
With McCall's Magazine & Today's Housewife	3.00	4.35
With Delineator	3.75	5.00
With Everybody's Magazine	3.75	5.00
With American Magazine	3.75	5.00
With American Boy	3.75	5.00
With Woman's Home Companion	3.75	5.00
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With McCall's Magazine	2.60	4.00
With Little Folks	2.75	4.25
With Modern Priscilla	2.75	4.35
With Pictorial Review	3.35	4.60
With American Magazine	3.60	5.00
With Woman's Home Companion	3.60	5.00

Review of Reviews

With CHRISTIAN HERALD		$4.00
With McCall's Magazine	$3.25	4.75
With Delineator	4.25	6.00
With Youth's Companion (new sub.)	3.75	5.50
With McClure's Magazine	4.00	5.25
With Pictorial Review	4.00	5.25
With Woman's Home Companion	4.25	6.00
With American Magazine	4.25	6.00

Woman's Home Companion

With CHRISTIAN HERALD		$3.75
With Farm & Fireside	$2.15	3.90
With Today's Housewife	2.60	4.25
With People's Home Journal	2.60	4.25
With McCall's Magazine	3.00	4.50
With Boys' Life	3.25	4.75
With Little Folks	3.25	4.75
With Etude (for Music Lovers)	3.35	4.75
With Modern Priscilla	3.50	4.75
With Everybody's Magazine	4.00	5.75
With Delineator	4.00	5.75
With McClure's Magazine	3.75	5.00
With Pictorial Review	3.75	5.00
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With Today's Housewife & McCall's Magazine	2.90	4.65
With Modern Priscilla	3.00	5.00
With Woman's Home Companion	3.25	5.00
With American Magazine	3.25	5.00
With Everybody's Magazine	4.00	5.50
With Delineator	4.00	5.50
With McClure's Magazine	3.75	4.25
With Pictorial Review	3.75	4.25
With Review of Reviews	4.25	5.50

People's Home Journal

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With McCall's Magazine & Today's Housewife	1.90	3.45
With Modern Priscilla	1.90	3.35
With Pictorial Review	2.25	3.60
With McClure's Magazine	2.35	3.60
With Woman's Home Companion	2.60	4.25

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EXAMPLE
Christian Herald Class 35
American ..... Class 40
Total Class Numbers 75
Multiply by 5
Price of Club . . $3.75

Class No.	Publication		Reg. Pr. with Chris. Her.	Our Pr. with Chris. Her.
60	Adventure	S-M	$5.00	$4.75
40	American Boy	M	4.00	3.75
40	American Mag.	M	4.00	3.75
60	American (2 yrs.)	M	5.00	4.75
80	Atlantic Monthly	M	6.00	5.75
25	Boys' Life	M	3.50	**2.75**
25	Boys' Magazine	M	3.50	3.00
35	Camera	M	4.00	3.50
80	Century Mag.	M	6.00	5.75
40	Ch. End. World	W	4.00	3.75
35	Christian Herald (before Jan. 1, 1919)	W		
45	Christian Herald (after Jan. 1, 1919)	W		
80	Christian Herald (2 yrs.)	W		
50	Collier's Weekly	W	4.50	4.25
*	Cosmopolitan	M	4.00	4.00
*	Country Gentleman	W	3.00	3.00
80	Country Life in the War	M	7.00	5.75
55	Current Opinion	M	5.00	4.50
40	Delineator	M	4.00	3.75
60	Delineator (2 yrs.)	M	5.00	4.75
30	Designer	M	3.00	2.75
27	Etude (music)	M	3.50	**2.75**
30	Etude (after Jan. 1, 1919)	M	4.25	**3.50**
40	Everybody's	M	4.00	3.75
60	Everybody's (2 yrs.)	M	5.00	4.75
40	Expositor	M	2.00	3.75
3	Farm and Fireside	S-M	2.25	2.10
35	Garden Mag.	M	4.00	3.50
9	Girl's Companion	W	2.50	2.20
*	Good Housekpg.	M	3.50	3.50
80	Harper's Mag.	M	6.00	5.75
*	Hearst's Mag.	M	4.00	4.00
60	House Beautiful	M	5.00	4.75
35	Illustrated World	M	4.00	3.50
80	Expositor	W	6.00	5.75
75	John Martin's Book	M	6.00	5.50
100	Judge	W	7.00	6.75
*	Ladies Home Journal	M	3.75	3.75
100	Leslie's Weekly	W	7.00	6.75
100	Life	W	7.00	6.75
80	Literary Digest	W	6.00	5.75
25	Little Folks	M	3.50	**2.75**
20	McCall's Mag.	M	3.00	**2.50**
35	McClure's	M	4.00	3.00
60	McClure's (2 yrs.)	M	5.00	4.75
50	Metropolitan (before Jan. 1, 1919)	M	4.50	4.25
60	Metropolitan (after Jan. 1, 1919)	M	5.50	4.75
50	Missionary Review of the World	M	4.00	4.25
30	Modern Priscilla	M	3.50	**2.75**
32	Mother's Mag.	M	4.00	3.00
25	Musician	M	3.50	3.00
45	Nat. Geog. Mag.	M	4.50	4.00
40	Nat. Geog. Mag. (To Members)	M	4.00	3.75
*	Needlecraft	M	2.50	2.50
25	New Success	M	3.50	3.00
27	Normal Instructor		3.50	3.10
60	Outing Mag.	M	5.00	4.75
80	Outlook	W	6.00	5.75
20	Pathfinder	W	3.00	2.75
22	People's Home Journal	M	2.75	**2.25**
10	People's Popular Monthly (2 yrs.)	M	2.50	2.25
35	Physical Culture	M	4.00	3.50
35	Pictorial Review (before Jan. 1, 1919)	M	4.00	3.00
40	Pictorial Review (after Jan. 1, 1919)	M	4.00	**3.50**
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IN the first blush of joy over the coming of peace many of us have forgotten that the wounds of war heal even more slowly than the casualties of conflict. The armistice put an end to fighting but it did not end hunger. It did not restore husbands to widows or fathers to orphans. These, whom we of the Christian Herald family have, for four years, been providing with the mere necessaries of existence, still hold out to us pleading hands. We must help them, if the work we have so long maintained is to finish its course. Another crop year will make many things right but a winter intervenes, a winter when fuel will be scarce and food meagre in many places. The Allied nations will superintend much of the necessary relief work but they will need to use our committees along with every other organization in the various fields in order to make relief effective. We must maintain and reenforce our committees and we need to give especial care to Armenia, Syria and Palestine. Over 400,000 orphans remain from the sufferings and persecutions of those terrible years. The Christian Herald, in cooperation with the American Colony in Jerusalem, has already made a beginning toward an orphanage in the Holy City. Funds made available by your gifts have been sent to cover first costs and more will be set aside as the way opens and God leads us on. Full announcement of this new work will be made later. Keep the gifts coming. They are life and hope and a new day for thousands of needy ones in many lands.

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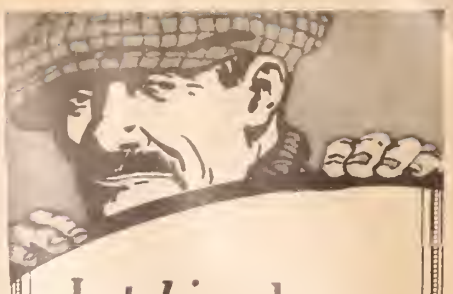

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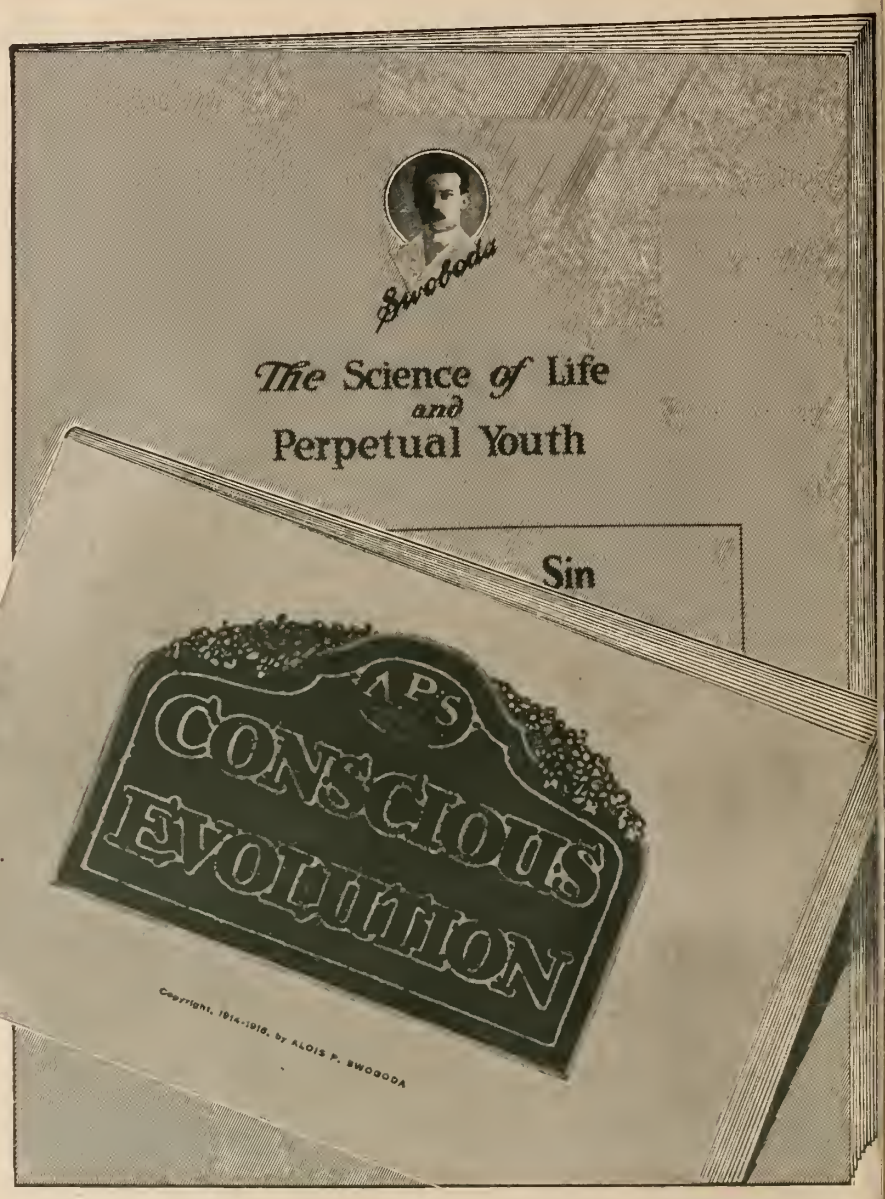

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From water color by Warren B. Davis

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

Holly in the window, snowflakes in the air,
Peace athrill in heart and soul—*Christmas everywhere!*

Chocolate is good

The Red Cross doctor and his new pals

Photos by Paul Thompson

A Red Cross bun

Saving the Children of France

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

MANY abnormal conditions, developed since the beginning of the war, have brought trouble and heartache to France. Many disasters have touched a brave people with acute anguish and sorrow. But France, from her highest general to her tiniest slum child, met every condition, every disaster, with an undaunted spirit.

One of the scourges that France is fighting is tuberculosis. This disease has been a most stubborn foe of civilized peoples. Its ills are accentuated by conditions of overcrowding, undernourishment and exposure brought on by the war. It is being fought with the same determination as were the battles on the western front.

It was early in 1917 that the Rockefeller Foundation, acting through its International Health Board, offered to cooperate with the French government in the control of the disease. On receiving assurance that their assistance would be acceptable the board appointed a Commission for the Prevention of Tuberculosis in France—a commission which arrived in Paris in July of the same year, made a careful though rapid survey of the field, and began active operations in September.

The work of the commission was, from the very first, divided into three distinct classes. Perhaps the most important—certainly the first of the three—was the Tuberculosis Dispensary Service.

The dispensary service has two branches—a city branch in Paris and a rural branch. Each branch is the center of a complete system of dispensaries, with modern equipment and trained personnel. They are all under the auspices of the French government (for the keynote of the commission is not to teach France, but to *work* with France), although American supervision is there.

Children of the factory district grateful for American food

THE second division of the work is the organization of a body of visiting nurses. This division has been something of an innovation, for, while visiting nurses are a very real and necessary part of our hospital and social service work, they have, in the past, been practically unknown to France.

The position of visiting nurse is an important one, for, while the dispensary will diagnose and medically care for the patient, it is through the visiting nurse that the homes will be reached and incipient cases discovered.

The visiting nurse links up the dispensary with private and community life. She it is who discovers that children are hungry. She it is who sees that other children, children who are in the first stage of the disease, are sent away to some place where there will be fresh air. She it is who effects a reform in individual and family hygiene. She it is who sees that school children have nourishing soup for luncheon and wholesome bread for supper!

Although a few American women are helping to start the work, the great majority of the nurses will be French-women. And so, to meet the situation, three centers have been established for the training of these women. It is an interesting branch of the commission's work, but it is the third division that is the most interesting. For the third division has to do with the younger generation. The third is a campaign of education.

TO educate a nation one must go, first of all, to the little children. And so it is toward the little children that the educational work of the commission has been directed. The schools of the cities and the rural districts are visited, there are many and complete exhibitions shown, and even a primer for the prevention of tuberculosis has been printed—a primer that is called "Aux Enfants de France" (For the Children of France), illustrated by a clever artist to catch the childish eye, and written in language simple enough for any child to understand.

The central feature of the educational work is the traveling exhibit. This exhibit is mounted on motor trucks, each one of which carries a motor generator to produce the current for moving pictures, a moving-picture machine with films, slides, and screens, a complete exhibit of forty-two panels; and a full supply of printed matter. Each truck carries a mechanic-driver and a demonstrator, and is preceded by a courier who makes the necessary local arrangements for publicity and lectures. I was talking about the tuberculosis situation in France with a member of the International Health Board the other day. When I rose to leave I asked him if I might use his name.

"I'd rather not," he answered; "I'd rather not have my name mentioned. You see, we are trying to keep personalities out of this work. It really isn't a work that *we* are doing—it's a work that we are helping France to do. We don't want to go over there and take the matter out of her hands—and we aren't. France is working out her own salvation!"

FRANCE is working out her own salvation! For France has realized that one of the gravest enemies of any land is disease. And France has realized that tuberculosis is the most terrible of all diseases. And France—under the guidance of America, her ally—has opened a campaign against that enemy. It is a campaign that has spread over the land to such an extent that even the smallest children can converse intelligently on preventive measures—they talk about the advantages of fresh air and hygiene as they used to talk about dolls.

The world watched breathlessly a few years ago as a brave blue-coated army rolled back a gigantic enemy on the banks of the Marne. And the world watches now while they fight this other enemy which also they will conquer.

Lisette's basket might hold more

Little Pierre likes American soup

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY FOR THE HOME

SHALL THE EVANGELICAL CHURCHES UNITE?

IT OUGHT TO BE DONE. IT CAN BE DONE. IT SHALL BE DONE says the PHILADELPHIA CONFERENCE

By H. K. Carroll, L.L.D

DR. CARROLL was the compiler of the first Religious Census for the United States government. He is accepted as the leading authority on religious statistics. His estimate of the progress and practicability of the present nation-wide movement for Church Unity, not necessarily involving the dissolution of the denominations, as here presented with the advantage of a thorough knowledge of the situation, is one that will be read with interest in all the organizations.

A TRULY great proposal—great in its aim, great in its faith, great in its scope, and great in its possibilities—has just been launched in the City of Philadelphia.

The initial action in this most notable movement was taken by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America at its May meeting (1918) in Columbus, Ohio. This church has been very earnest in its endeavors to promote organic union. It has made overtures to this end, at various times, to the United Presbyterian Church, the Presbyterian Church in the United States (Southern), the Reformed Church in the United States and the Reformed Church in America, and to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. It effected union with the Cumberland Presbyterians some ten or twelve years ago; but failed of satisfactory results in the other cases. At Columbus, where it was informed that its proposal for union with the Southern Presbyterian Church had been declined, nothing disconcerted, it proceeded to launch a much larger plan—*the merging of the Evangelical bodies of all names into one Church of Christ*, and directed its standing Committee on Cooperation and Union to arrange for a Council of Representatives of the Churches to consider the matter and take such action as might be deemed best.

The preliminary conference which met in Philadelphia December 4–6 was the outcome of the action at Columbus. Fifteen denominations were represented in the Conference, twelve officially and three unofficially, as follows:

1. Northern Baptist Convention
2. Congregational Churches
3. Disciples of Christ
4. Evangelical Synod of North America
5. Society of Friends (unofficially)
6. United Lutheran Church (unofficially)
7. Methodist Episcopal Church
8. Moravian Church
9. Presbyterian Church in U. S. A.
10. Protestant Episcopal Church
11. Reformed Church in America (unofficially)
12. Reformed Church in the United States
13. United Brethren in Christ
14. United Presbyterian Church
15. Welsh Presbyterian Church

Church Leaders in the Movement

THE representatives of these Churches, as appointed, nearly 150 in number, consist mainly of members of commissions of those bodies on Christian Union or Unity. About 120 of them were in attendance, so that it was neither a small nor an unrepresentative body of men to inaugurate so important a movement. The names are those of strong men in each denomination, who have attained to leadership through achievement and ability. All but about a score are ministers. Among the personnel are these: the Rev. Doctors Cornelius Woelfkin, New York, and Carter Helm Jones of Philadelphia, Baptists; Professor Williston Walker, New Haven, Rev. Doctors H. C. Herring, Boston, and C. E. Burton and Charles S. Macfarland of New York, Congregationalists; Rev. Doctors Peter Ainslie, Baltimore, Finis Idleman, New York, and F. A. Burnham, Cincinnati, Disciples of Christ; Rev. Dr. John F. Baltzer, St. Louis, president of the Evangelical Synod of North America; Professor Rufus M. Jones, Haverford, Pa., and Mr. Stanley R. Yarnall, Germantown, Pa., of the Society of Friends; Rev. Doctors H. A. Weller and Henry E. Jacobs, Philadelphia, of the United Lutheran Church; four bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church—Berry, Hamilton, Wilson, Cooke, and Rev. Doctors D. G. Downey and Frank Mason North, New York; Bishop C. L. Moench and Dr. Paul de Schweinitz, Bethlehem, Pa., Moravians; Rev. Doctors J. Frank Smith, Dallas, Texas, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church, and Rev. Doctors W. H. Roberts, Philadelphia, J. Ross Stevenson, Princeton, N. J.; nine bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, including Bishop Anderson, Chicago, chairman of the Faith and Order Commission; Bishop Lines, of Newark, N. J., and Mr. George Wharton Pepper, Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. Thomas H. MacKenzie, Flushing, New York, of the Reformed Church in America; Rev. Doctors George W. Richards, Lancaster Theological Seminary, and Rufus W. Miller, Philadelphia, of the Reformed Church in the United States; Bishop G. M. Matthews, Chicago, of the United Brethren in Christ; Rev. Dr. W. M. Anderson, Moderator of the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church; and Rev. Robert S. Davies, Wilkesbarre, Pa., of the Welsh Presbyterian Church.

Photo from painting "Sermon on the Mount," by Dietrich "P. © G."

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6:33)

Dr. W. H. Roberts, stated clerk of the Presbyterian General Assembly, chairman of the Assembly's Committee on Cooperation and Union, which was charged with the duty of arranging for the conference, also chairman of the Philadelphia committee of arrangements, on which the various Churches were represented, called the Conference to order in Witherspoon Hall, the Presbyterian headquarters, on Walnut Street, Philadelphia. Bishop Garland, Protestant Episcopal, gave the address of welcome.

Dr. Roberts presented the views of the Presbyterian Church on organic union, saying that the time had come for the union of the Evangelical Churches of North America. The Presbyterian Church holds out the hand of fellowship to all other Protestant Churches. "We are ready to consider the matter of church union," he said, "from every standpoint and every angle."

A very comprehensive interpretation is given to these words of Dr. Roberts, I am told, by the other members of the Presbyterian Committee. All but a few want absolute organic union, and would be willing that the Presbyterian organization, name and institutions, as such, should be swallowed up in an actual merging of the denominations. This statement was not made in the Conference, but was made to other delegations outside the hall.

The plan of the Conference was to invite free discussion on the subject by the delegates to see what the sentiment was, and then to formulate a statement for adoption. But some of the delegates thought it would be better to talk to something more definite and proposed a committee to consider and report a tentative plan as a guide to discussion. Both ideas were eventually harmonized, and a committee of two from each delegation was created, of which the business committee was the nucleus, and the speaking went forward. The trend of the speeches was much more favorable than many expected; indeed, it was remarkable how thoroughly the delegations agreed as to the desirability, even the necessity, of closer relations.

Ideas and Sentiments Expressed

THE spirit and purpose of this preliminary gathering are to be ascertained from the free expressions of those present. The following will serve to show that the Conference was not characterized by the caution of timidity or by uncertainty as to the disadvantages of the present condition of the Churches in their divided state, or as to the desirability of an effective remedy.

The moderator of the United Presbyterian General Assembly, Dr. W. M. Anderson, said: "We do not come to you in the spirit of 'I am holier than thou'; but in the spirit of fraternal union." He predicted

Continued on next page

Bringing In the Halt and Maimed

THE world-famed and much regretted surgeon Samuel Pozzi, a very old friend of mine, said on April 23, 1915, in a lecture to the Paris Renaissance: "Never has the art of destruction been carried further, nor the art of relieving and curing achieved greater conquests."

There are millions of dead in France for whom we weep, and whilst bowing to God's will, we are sometimes comforted by the thought that much suffering has been spared to them. But there are thousands of our men who have lost a limb or part of one; there are those who through wounds or disease no longer enjoy the perfect use of all their limbs. We are told to go out into the highways and hedges and bring in the halt, the maimed, the blind and bid them sit down at the banquet of life. This the greatest minds in France are trying to do.

M. Edouard Herriot, the mayor of Lyons, has done more. From the first day of the war he determined to give those men more than momentary relief, to create a new interest for them, make them once again take their stand in the arena of life, give them not only back to industry and commerce—whose development will be the first aim of France after the war—but restore them to the joy and responsibilities of family life. These lofty aspirations he embodied on November 23, 1914, in an appeal through the Paris press, and seven days later the Lyons municipal council decided that a professional school for wounded soldiers unable to take up again their former trades should be opened at Lyons to teach them new occupations.

A school was opened, on a smaller scale than the present one at Tourvielle, in the château de la Buire. To this turreted mansion, where rubble, sacks of lime, buckets of mortar and whitewash were standing about, M. Herriot, on December 16, 1914, led the three first candidates or pupils. Here accountants, carpenters, toymakers, bookbinders, bootmakers were to be taught their trades. The organization of the teaching was entrusted to a Belgian technical expert.

M. Herriot was determined to give back to the world not merely passable workmen, but real and efficient ones, whose professional, intellectual and moral worth would counterbalance their physical defects. He can proudly say that the great work inititated by him, and to which he so wisely associated Dr. Carle, an authority in such matters, has succeeded beyond all hopes. Together they gradually vanquished the difficulties—material and otherwise—and misunderstandings which a work of this kind calls forth. Today there are many similar schools in France—due to private or municipal efforts. The ideas of the neutrals, even those of the enemy, have contributed, the first French school for wounded in its turn giving advice. But few, if any, of the newer institutions have reached the point of excellency of the mother-school at Lyons, inspired as it was by the great heart and soul of a genius, admirably practical and wonderfully well thought out.

Wounded soldier learns woodworking

THE Lyons municipality valiantly hastened its work, and the Ecole de résducation professionnelle pour Grandé Blessés at Tourvielle was opened on May 15, 1915, with twenty-seven bootmakers' apprentices and two horticulturists. By that time there were far more than one hundred in the first school, now named Ecole Joffre, in honor of our hero of the Marne.

At the gates of Lyons, in the old domaine of Tourvielle, stands a farmhouse which, modernized, walls and windows being knocked out to give air, served at first as school and home at the same time. The question has been much debated if it is advisable for the pupils to live at the school, but to the founder it was clear from the very first that the proper care of the mutilés' moral, mental and physical welfare was only possible in this way. Surrounded by green meadows and fruit-trees, peaceful, healthy, comfortable, the school at Tourvielle was at once a real home for our men.

The management is entrusted to the high personality of M. Georges Hirschfeld, librarian of the Senate, who is beloved by all those who are in his charge. The men are not without a woman's care. The infirmière-major is a distinguished woman, Mme. Madeleine Monod, related to that great family of Protestant preachers who counted amongst their members the late Adolphe Monod, the beautiful Christian and great man. Mme. Monod is a mother to the wounded men, and no one knows like her how to attend to a wound or defy that arch-enemy of the poilu, which he calls cafard, the "sickness of life" to which he sometimes is a prey.

The founder, M. Edouard Herriot, with all his duties, is often a much honored guest, but M. Hirschfeld and Mme. Monod are the good geniuses of Tourvielle.

There is a billiard-table in the hall when you enter—a gift. There have been many gifts. A mother gave $10,000 in memory of her son; and in the hall, leaning against the wall, there were stretchers which America had sent. But so much is needed, there can never be gifts enough.

On the ground floor are dormitories with every possible comfort and all the privacy which it is possible to give, for those who are most grievously wounded; whilst a wide staircase takes you to those up-stairs where, from large windows, you see meadows and mountains spreading out before you. The washing and bath installation is very good and on the most approved and modern system. The school has grown immensely. Thus the workshops have been transferred from the main building to small detached wooden pavilions bordered by silver bushes and where the potato-beds form the lawn. These pavilions are called "le village."

Where, notwithstanding the men's disabilities, they have been able to take to their old trade, this naturally has been thought the best course. But the apprentices at Tourvielle, boys no longer, but men, learn almost all a new trade.

MARIE DE PERROT.

Shall the Evangelical Churches Unite?

Continued from preceding page

the union of his own church with the Southern Presbyterian body within the next year, and the coming of several minor bodies into the fold.

Mr. George M. Warner brought from the Society of Friends a message of good will and said: "Closer cooperation is necessary. The Friends do not believe the time has come for organic union; but they are ready to join hands with all those who serve Jesus Christ."

Bishop Moench, of the Moravian Church, and Dr. Woelfkin, Baptist, were in hearty accord with the idea of Church Unity. The latter did not think, however, that the majority of the Baptist churches were ripe for a merging of the churches, if that were the purpose of organic union.

Dr. Peter Ainslie, of the Disciples of Christ, said: "A United church is as much a part of the divine program as the death and resurrection of Christ."

Dr. Newman Smythe, Congregationalist, New Haven, said: "The hour of the Church is come; for the Spirit of Christ is the only power which can make our democracy safe for the world."

Dr. Charles H. Erdman, Presbyterian, Princeton, N. J., said: "It will not do to force an external organization upon any denomination. We must be very careful not to offend in this."

Bishop Ethelbert Talbot, Protestant Episcopal, said: "Present methods are a burden to Christianity. People are tired of bickering and wasted effort."

Bishop John W. Hamilton, Methodist Episcopal, pointed to the fact that Bolshevism is spreading in Europe. "Unrest is bound to develop here," he said. "If conditions in this country become similar to those in Europe, a great United Christian Church will be imperative to save the country. We have fragments of such a Church here. Let two or more begin the movement for unity and others will follow." Such a union would save funds enough, he added, to put 50,000 missionaries in foreign fields.

Bishop E. S. Lines, Protestant Episcopal said: "It is a great thing to be here today, and what we have accomplished will bring great results for the Christian Church and for religion."

Rev. Dr. George E. Hunt, Presbyterian, said: "What we have done today will be hailed with joy by laymen from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They will say: 'There is hope for the old Church.'"

Bishop Joseph F. Berry, Methodist Episcopal: "I am profoundly thankful to God that in these resolutions we have really done something toward the fulfilment of those ideals about which we have been talking and praying for twenty-five years."

The Plan for Promoting Organic Union

THESE passages give some idea of what was said at the Conference. It is quite as important to see what was done. The resolutions reported and adopted indicate that the Conference was fully agreed to go forward and prosecute the movement earnestly and energetically. These resolutions, for which Bishop Berry thanked God, provide:

1. For an ad interim committee to carry forward the movement to success.
2. This committee is to develop agencies and methods of discovering and creating interest in organic union among the churches.
3. To present personally or otherwise urgent invitations to the national bodies of the churches to participate in the movement.
4. To present the plan of the proposed Council and the necessary steps for representation in it.
5. To plan for the holding of the Council as early as possible, but not later than 1920.
6. To prepare for the consideration of the Council a plan or plans of organic union.
7. To consider and report upon any legal matters relating to the plan of union.
8. Though the purpose of the Council is to bring about organic union, the committee is not precluded from considering plans for a Federal union, such as that of the States of our country.

Difficulties to Be Overcome

IT WILL be seen that at least two methods of organic union are to be under consideration. One, which means an absolute merging or consolidation of the several denominations under a uniform system of organization, discipline and practice, with the dropping of distinctive denominational names and institutions. This plan presents enormous difficulties. And yet many members of the Conference strongly advocate it as the only satisfactory and efficient sort of union—one which unites at the bottom as well as at the top. It is the only remedy they see for the evils and weaknesses of Protestant divisions in the communities, small and great.

The alternative plan of organic union would allow, it is claimed, diversity of organization and method and discipline, so that denominations like the Baptists, for example, could continue to use their own system and methods of work, and still be a part of the

Continued on page 1441

The Babe in the Manger

THE night is dark, the winds are still,
One star is in the skies;
We follow over field and hill
To where the Baby lies.

There is no glory in the place
Save his who nestles there,
And that sweet light in Mary's face
Whose look is like a prayer.

No palace for a Prince's birth,
No glad exulting throng;
Yet all the listening skies and earth
Have heard the angels' song.

O Holy Child, our hearts were torn
With strife that did not cease:
But now we hail thee on this morn
With songs that tell of peace!

Arthur L. Salmon.

Two Happy Pastorates

A Plea from Experience for the Gospel Ministry.

By REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.

THIS is the second article of the series by Dr. Clark, the whole series having been announced in the Christian Herald under the title of "Circling the World for Christ." The third contribution, next to appear, will deal with "The Beginnings of Christian Endeavor."

II

I SHOULD like to show by this chapter of reminiscences what a happy and satisfactory life is that of a minister of the Gospel whose heart is in his work. In these latter days the tendency in many quarters is to decry the calling of the ministry. It is not considered the honorable or desirable profession in which our grandfathers and even our fathers rejoiced. It is made the butt of smart magazine writers; its hardships are dwelt upon if not exaggerated by some members of "the cloth" themselves, while the bright and happy side of a minister's life is seldom set forth in its true colors.

It is said, and with truth, that a day laborer who can neither read nor write, can today command larger wages than the average minister who has spent years in obtaining an education. But the true compensations of a minister's life, its intellectual, social and spiritual joys, and the unrivaled opportunities to help and comfort his fellow men, are seldom referred to. Our large colleges, especially in the Eastern states, send very few men to the theological seminaries, and students get little encouragement from presidents or professors. To my certain knowledge, whole generations of students have gone through some of our so-called Christian colleges—colleges founded and endowed in their early years for the sake of recruiting the ranks of the ministry—without the claims of this calling ever being presented.

In one instance I know of, a promising candidate for the ministry was discouraged by his professor of ethics, a renegade clergyman, who told the student not to waste his talents on the pulpit, that he had tried it himself and knew what he was talking about, and that Christianity itself wasn't worth "a hill of beans."

To counteract in any small measure these false and unworthy views of the ministry, I would tell my readers of two happy pastorates which it has been my good fortune to know most about.

I DID not decide to become a minister until near the close of my senior year in Dartmouth College. I had a strong desire to earn my living by journalism, having served a brief apprenticeship as an editor of two college papers, and having earned part of my college expenses by writing for other papers and magazines.

But the wishes of my adopted parents, though never strongly urged; the influence, as I believe, of my mother in heaven, and my own sense of duty prevailed, and I decided to go to the theological seminary at Andover, then under the care of two of America's greatest theologians, Edwards A. Park and Austin Phelps.

I also gratefully record the influence of Dr. Asa D. Smith, president of Dartmouth College, who occasionally talked with me on the subject and once at least prayed with me that I might become a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. If the presidents of our large and influential colleges in these days followed Dr. Smith's example, the presidents of theological seminaries would not have to bewail so loudly the lack of students.

Just before my graduation at Andover, I was called to the pastorate of the Williston Congregational Church in Portland, Maine. This was a new enterprise, the outgrowth of a mission Sunday school established by the State Street Church of Portland. During the four years' pastorate of my only predecessor, a small but devoted little church of fifty members had been gathered. It worshiped in a wooden chapel that would seat about two hundred and fifty people, and was as devoid of ecclesiastical ornaments and insignia as a barn. A small cabinet organ reinforced the congregational singing, and the service was as bare of ecclesiastical "frills" as the chapel itself.

But the church had that which was better than

Dr. Clark as he appeared in these pastorates

stained glass windows and groined arches and surpliced choirs. It had a united, earnest membership of praying Christians, largely young men and women, who had chosen a somewhat forlorn hope because there they found a needier field and greater opportunity for usefulness and self-expression than in the old established churches of the city.

Williston Church, Portland, Maine, where the Christian Endeavor Society was organized

For seven years I was the pastor of this church, which, because of the faithfulness and zeal of its members, grew with astonishing rapidity. Within less than two years a commodious and beautiful church was built on a far more eligible site, and dedicated without debt. A net gain each year of more than fifty constantly caused new gratitude to God, unbroken harmony prevailed, and best of all, a gracious revival every year, in connection with the meetings of the Week of Prayer, brought from thirty to fifty people into the Master's service and into the active work of Williston Church.

I tell this story largely for the benefit of young men who are inclined toward the ministry, but who, like myself, have no unusual gifts—simply a genuine desire to build up the Kingdom and to use in this spiritual architecture such material as they have at hand. There was nothing extraordinary about the personnel of Williston Church or the personality of its pastor. What was done there could be done and has been done in ten thousand other churches, and the same happy, contented, and fairly prosperous life can be enjoyed by ten thousand others.

Every morning I gave religiously to my sermons, though I frequently allowed myself to take Monday morning for my weekly half-holiday. I laboriously wrote my sermons out, gave much time toward the end of the week to familiarizing myself with them, and delivered them from manuscript as effectively as I was able. In later years I cultivated some inconspicuous gifts for extemporaneous speaking. Every afternoon I gave to my parish, calling at least twice a year on every family, and on the poor, the sick, and the shut-ins, of course, much oftener. At first this was a very irksome task, from which I shrank, but, compelling myself to do it at the beginning from a sense of duty, it soon became one of the real joys of my pastorate.

Through such visitation I came not only to know but to sympathize with my people in their sorrows and their woes, and each one became a personal friend. I could have found my way in pitch darkness to every doorstep in my parish, and, though it is more than thirty years since I gave up my last pastorate, a frequent nightmare that visits my dreaming hours is that I have not called on such and such a street for more than a year.

I believe that such heart-to-heart contact with his people constitutes much of a minister's joy in his work. In his study and his sermons he may find intellectual stimulus; among his people he finds the more satisfying happiness that can alone come from genuine friendships and mutual interests.

In Williston Church we made much of the prayer meetings. They never seemed to grow stale or tiresome. From the beginning the church had two a week. On Sunday evenings two or three hundred people filled the vestry. On Tuesday evening, for the midweek meeting, half as many came. When, in the fifth year of my pastorate, the first Christian Endeavor Society was formed, a third weekly meeting was added, especially for the young people, on Friday evening.

SOME of my brethren in the ministry tell me that they cannot sustain a single weekly prayer meeting with any success; but their people must be very different from those whom, with a loving proprietorship, I used to call "my people."

I believe that these prayer meetings, on which I spent much thought and time to insure variety, largely accounted for the growing success and power of Williston Church. They brought the members together week after week—twice and three times a week, in fact—to consult and pray concerning the interests of the Kingdom and their own church and community in particular. The hearts of the people flowed together in these meetings as at no other time. They shared their mutual woes, their mutual burdens bore; and if the sympathizing tear did not often flow, what was better still, they often had occasion to rejoice with one another and thank God for the prosperity of their loved church.

Another cause for the success of the church was the systematic "plan of campaign" carried out every year. At the beginning of the church year in September the pastor planned a series of sermons more or less doctrinal and evangelistic in character that led up to the special prayer meetings held every evening in the Week of Prayer, the first week in

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Miss Ladden of Laddensburg

A Christmas Love Story

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

IT WAS cold! A piercing wind swept across the flat country, and every tree and shrub was brittle with ice; for it had rained the night before, and the zero weather had followed.

Miss Emily Ladden, looking out of the window of the station carriage that was carrying her home, drew her furs about her. It was not cold alone that caused the little thrill of discomfort; it was the dreary deserted main street, and the prospect that she, the last of the Laddens of Laddensburg, had been forced to give up the life that interested her, and return to the ancestral home.

She was a tall woman, nearing thirty-five; not beautiful, but possessing a fine expression about her blue-gray eyes, a high forehead, and a firm mouth. Her clothing was rich, her furs had cost a small fortune only a year ago. Yet a sudden turn in the world's financial market and the great income was gone; she must retire to Laddensburg to live on the small estate that was left her, until such times as the ending of the war would allow a reconstruction of the company in which her fortune was invested.

"And they say that the war may last for years," she sighed as the carriage climbed the hill to her own home; and once again she drew the protecting furs still tighter.

The house that Miss Emily, as she was called in the village, had come home to inhabit was a great red brick affair, built when the fortunes of the Laddens had risen to great height after the Civil War, but still not the height that they attained thirty years later. It was colonial in design, boasted of seventeen or eighteen rooms, and Emily's father had lived there during his last days; so that it was supplied with all the luxury of light and heat as well as bathrooms.

Had she been frank with herself, and less selfish, Emily Ladden would have considered herself lucky and rich. She still had some four thousand dollars a year and the house and farm at Laddensburg; but she thought only in the terms of the twenty-odd thousand dollars a year that she had commanded ever since her father's death.

"Oh, well," was her spoken thought as the wagon turned in at the big brick gateway, "he said the war would not last five years—which has proved true—and that soon after the war stock would be twice its value; so—" and she sat forward to get a closer view of the house.

OF THE weeks following Miss Emily's advent at the village where she had been born the less said the better. The village called on her—that is, the more bold members of the village did—but she was not at home to any one. When not bewailing her adversity, she was secretly going over her home and finding how much of it she could tolerate, and how much was distasteful to her. She found that she could afford two women help, as well as the family of the farmer who lived over the barn. She was quite surprised when she learned just how much of a farm it was and that it had more than paid all the taxes and repairs about the house—in fact, yielded such a profit that Emily actually believed she could have the whole four thousand for herself.

The first visitor she received was Kendall Stebbins, and she had sent for him. He was a year or two older than Emily, and before settling down in Laddensburg, where his father lived, he had attempted to practice law in New York. Once he had loved Emily. She wondered amusedly if he still loved her. At any rate, she knew that he made frequent trips as far as Chicago; that he was far more worldly than any of his neighbors, and that he might furnish her with some amusement.

So she wrote that she was sorry not to have seen him when he called and invited him to dinner Sunday night!

SHE found him to be a man who knew the world and was at the same time unworldly. He looked young for thirty-six, she decided; young in spite of the gray hair that flecked his temples. As they sat at either ends of the big table Emily grew brilliant in her conversation, forgetting the depression that had threatened to crush her when she thought of Laddensburg.

Kendall, staring with raptured gaze, was filled with the wonder of her presence

After the meal they went to the big living-room, where an open fire threw long shadows on the heavy pieces of mahogany furniture that Emily had assembled.

"Let us sit before the fire"—Emily pushed forward one of the largest easy chairs—"and then tell me all about Laddensburg. Until tonight I have hated the place; now I want to know its history for the past few years."

Kendall smiled.

"There is very little to tell. The corn crops of Illinois have been very good, so as a whole we are prosperous. Some have died, others married, and there have been children. Some people have moved away, others have come. There really isn't much life in Laddensburg. Just at this minute we are getting ready for our usual Christmas tree."

"Oh, yes, it is time for Christmas. Ordinarily I should be madly buying presents; this year, Christmas-poor," and she snapped her fingers.

"But there is still Christmas," he went on soberly, "and we are trying again to have a community Christmas so that all may share. You may remember we tried it last year."

She raised her eyebrows.

"Of course," she said quickly. "You wrote me and I sent you a check—one hundred dollars, wasn't it?"

The man nodded.

"But there won't be any hundred this year. I need what little I have left."

Again he nodded.

"None of us expect to be very lavish this year"—he still spoke in the sober monotone—"but we can enjoy ourselves. You won't say that you won't serve on the committee?"

"Serve on a committee? Why, what should I do?" she laughed.

"There is plenty to do. What I have been thinking of was that you would be filled with ideas for a different Christmas. You know after all money is not the chief thing in the world."

She looked at him grimly. She had heard similar preachments, but this one cut deep, for it seared her conscience.

"Possibly not," she said sharply; "but it counts for a great deal."

"That is because you have had so much money that there has not been room in your life for the other things which count for more."

She turned quickly in her seat.

"Kendall Stebbins, I did not ask you here so that you might moralize on my past life. I resent your last two remarks."

"I am sorry; I apologize," he said quickly; but there was a hint of laughter in his kindly gray eyes.

KENDALL stayed till after ten o'clock, and they talked more and more of the growing town; then, buttoning his coat of fur tightly about him, he went down the hill to his home.

"I am coming to see you again," he said as they parted. "Coming to officially invite you to head the ladies of the executive committee at the Christmas festival. And I meant to tell you when we were talking a while back that instead of having a 'bought' Christmas we felt we would all turn in and make Christmas for one another, you know—the real community idea."

The "real community idea." Miss Emily was thinking of it as she reached her own room. She

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ON EARTH PEACE and GOOD WILL

By Charles Grant Miller

THIS is the most glorious Christmas-time since the birth of Christ, because it ushers into the world the greatest drama of all the ages, the applied spirit of the Christmas Gospel of "peace and good will."

Through the travail of terrible war there is being born a world-wide recognition of righteousness as the basis of concord among nations.

The simple Gospel first proclaimed to the little group at Bethlehem has spread until it fills the earth and gains acceptance alike among greatest statesmen and obscurest peoples.

Out of the world conflict, horrible in its base ambitions and hideous in its carnage and suffering, is emerging a shining realization of the highest ideal of civilized mankind.

In the stupendous lesson, the world has learned that force is futile and that love is all-powerful. That nation supreme in military preparedness, efficiently directed and fired by craze for world dominion, has been checked in the tide of its victories, driven back, disheartened, disorganized and crushed by a nation unprepared, inspired by unselfishness and asking no spoils. Men who doubt the power of the spirit of Christ in events of the world must look at this and be confounded.

It is a glorious Christmas-time at which the nations have turned from hate and slaughter to the feeding of their enemies, to the alleviation of want everywhere, to the reconstruction of shattered states, the freeing of subjugated peoples, the rebuilding of destroyed cities and the security of peace, prosperity and progress through freedom and democracy to all.

Over all the earth today the spirit of Christmas fills the hearts of more people than were ever at any time moved by any other emotion.

BUT the triumph at arms by no means renders the victory complete. The war is not over—the thing that is over is simply the military phase of it. The political struggle in which the war was born is just beginning; the spiritual contest toward Christlikeness is never ending. Victory at arms has given into our hands the power and the responsibility for administering world justice; but as we do this in the Christ spirit, or fail, we shall stand or fall. The responsibility is fully upon us, as complete victors, and we cannot shirk it or evade its consequences.

The responsibility of the hour is to see that we do not lose in the Peace Conference the high humanitarian motives upon which our armies have won in the field. The power of Christ is not in armaments, nor is His dominion marked by the changing maps of the political world. His spirit is manifest not in the magnificent surrender of armies and navies, but in the subtle spiritual surrender of our national passions and purposes to His passions and purposes and of our souls to His grace.

There is no more practical truth outstanding from the war than this—that peace which is founded on national greed and international injustice cannot stand, and that a Christlike victory can be complete only in our triumph over our own hard passions and selfish purposes.

There has arisen from among us a leader whose stand for righteousness makes him the commanding figure in the councils of the nations. "To make democracy safe for the world" is his slogan which has inspired us through the war to victory and that must inspire to a healing peace. His endorsement of the proposal for a League of Nations has placed it at the forefront, and a practical, organized combination of all peoples sincerely interested in securing justice, a binding peace, the abolition of war and the guarantee of freedom to the weaker states and races, is being accepted by the public opinion and by the leaders of all countries. It is the practical working out of a spiritual ideal—an adoption at last of Christ's teaching in the supremest affairs of the nations.

THE Brotherhood of Mankind! It was God's decree in the beginning. This was the great truth embodied in the Son He sent to us. It is ever the universal quest. Men seek it under many names, under many organizations and from many motives, and mostly wander far astray. But the yearning remains always; the effort never ceases. All merely human theories and methods have failed again and again. Human reason reels back impotent. But the Word of God stands secure. In it the world will at last find true wisdom. There can be no true conception of brotherhood without also a true conception of fatherhood. The Fatherhood of God is the very fundamental of human love and union that is true and availing.

Slowly the stricken nations are seeking to purge themselves of hate and greed of power, and are groping for just peace, the Eternal will. A mighty task confronts the world in its spiritual and physical reconstruction. It is brought close to us at this Christmas-time that this task can be accomplished only by taking the teaching of Christ and turning to God as the source of all right and justice and peace, for nations as for individuals, and accepting His love and His laws as supreme over all for all time.

It is a glorious Christmas-time at which the Churches themselves are quickened to a realization that in union there is strength, that of closer brotherhood come clarity of purpose and access of zeal and power. Today as at no previous time, Christ's followers throughout the world are setting aside all hindering differences, all hampering divisions, and are joining hearts and hands in Christ's great cause of spiritual readjustment and reconstruction.

Upon Christian unity devolves the duty to bind up the bleeding wounds of the world with the saving Gospel, to support by solid phalanx every step of spiritual advance in international concord, and to build up individual and nation according to the tests of eternity.

THE supreme holiday of Christianity has become the holiday of all creeds and all races. Even sullen unbelief yields to practice what it denies to dogma. Christmas is no longer the exclusive custom of the Church; it has been appropriated as the festival of all humanity. This universality of celebration of a day originally set apart by those holding a particular religious belief is a unique and profound phenomenon. The reason is not difficult to find.

A poor Child's lowly birth and a Gospel of four words—"peace and good will"—transform for the one day a world of selfishness into a world of altruism. In the practice of the day each looks for the once away from his own interests outward toward his brother's.

Not stopping to think of its religious significance, millions today appropriate the essential Gospel of Christianity proclaimed at the nativity, and millions who reject the theology taught by the churches, celebrate the spirit of the day that saw His birth.

For one day at least, the civilized world is a brotherhood; for the one day at least, a universal commune sentiment is established in which the disparity of conditions among men is obliterated in a common emotion of good will. This is the Christmas spirit that captivates all races, all nations and all creeds and wraps the world in a mantle of light.

There is no other day in the year that means so much. To the young it brings glee, to the aged peace and to all cheer and good feeling. It is a day that, in its spirit and traditions, is distinct and apart from all other days, the one day in which affection and charity rise above the selfish passions of life, the day in which the sentiments instilled by Christ come closest to the surface of human nature.

And herein is hope for the future. The philosophy of optimism can point to Christmas as the most signal proof of the nobler aspirations and the higher possibilities of humanity.

HUMANITY is strangely ignorant of its simplest emotions. In a vague way we realize that real pleasure comes only from a consciousness of doing right, but we are apt to look on this precept as not very practical in everyday affairs. There is no rule of conduct more practical. Charity gives real pleasure any day in the year; so does the right exercise of any other emotion. This is the day when we have this lesson pressed close upon our consciousness. If we would all do on this day, if on no other, what the spirit of Christ and the higher laws of human nature prompt in the matter of unselfishness and charity, we might learn that even want and suffering are not wholly a curse.

It matters not how faultily or triflingly the act of good will may be executed; it matters not that men may soon return to the paths of self-seeking; still hope and faith rejoice in the fact that, for a time at least, an ideal society exists among men during which the common laws of organized communities are idealized, and men seek joy by giving and gain happiness by promoting the well-being of others.

The inequalities of possession on one day at least by voluntary and universal impulse are in a measure redressed by wealth giving from its abundance to poverty, and even by poverty sharing its crust with the poorer still.

Good cheer—good will—good deeds! The world round socializes the better impulses of mankind on this day, and the brotherhood of men that Christ came to teach and to found is, if not fully realized, at least visibly foreshadowed.

OUR · EDITORIAL · FORUM

President and Publisher
GRAHAM PATTERSON

Vice President and Managing Editor
GEORGE H. SANDISON

The Rising Tide of Christian Unity

THOSE who have been asking themselves whether or not religion would survive the war, are now beginning to realize that not only has it survived, but it has come out of the crucible finer, brighter, and more precious to the souls of men than ever before. It is doubtless the recognition of this great fact that is stirring the churches throughout our land in a movement which points increasingly to unity. How this wonderful movement started, how it has progressed thus far, and what it aims to accomplish are elsewhere set forth in this issue in a very able article from the pen of Rev. H. K. Carroll, LL.D. Dr. Carroll, who conducted the first religious census ever taken in this country, and has been our leading religious statistician for many years, writes with the authority of a full knowledge and close observation of the progress of the movement since its inception.

It was in October, 1917, that the first call to the Christian organizations was sounded in the notable gathering of 500 delegates at Pittsburg, when the need of union was emphasized in a series of addresses by the leaders of different bodies. Then came the action of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in May, 1918, which Dr. Carroll indicates as the first definite phase. Step by step he traces the various stages of development of this great movement, dealing especially with the recent conference in Philadelphia in early December, where fifteen denominations sat together in amity and planned for a national convention in the near future.

Dr. Carroll's whole article shows clearly that the movement toward Church Unity is not only spreading rapidly, but that it is carrying the leaders of the denominations with it, as well as the people. It is now beginning to be realized that no sacrifice is too great to reach the objective of a united Christian Church, in which each denomination will have its part, and where all can work together as one great family for the advancement of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

While to America has fallen the leading part in this great movement, it is already world-wide. The whole race is being born anew. The call for a crusade of Christian evangelism grows more and more insistent. It has been proclaimed at various conferences, in which all of the leading religious bodies have been represented, and it is to be the theme of the coming National Convention. The result of this awakening to the Church's clearer sense of duty and opportunity cannot fail to make for righteousness. It is a time in which every earnest Christian man and woman should pray and work for the success of the movement.

Mighty agencies require time for the process of readjustment; but though their progress may be slow, they are nevertheless sure. If God is calling the nations, as all may believe, his plan and purpose will be disclosed in due time. However difficult it may seem to us now to undertake the work of spiritual readjustment, he will show the way and will find leaders able and ready to carry it through to completion.

Americanization

AT THIS psychological moment in our process of nation-building, the Executive Government and Congress are taking measures to systematize, expand and intensify the work of welding the various strains of our population into a whole that shall give to the world a new race—the American race.

In Congress there are plans for legislation to create a national board of education that shall join the forces of the nation to those of the states in the war against illiteracy and ignorance of American ideals, which has been so shockingly revealed by the statistics of the draft.

Pending the passage of such legislation and as a supplement to legislative plans under way, the Commissioner of Education, Dr. Claxton, is seeking to utilize the machinery of the Liberty Loan Committees in the various Federal districts for the propagation of the gospel of Americanism among the foreign born, and for the obliteration from the map of our country of those dark spots in which foreign sympathies and to a great extent foreign thought and feeling are still maintained.

We should have—and will have—an intensified and broadened Americanization campaign—a campaign that shall banish the old-world point of view, old-world prejudices, old-world rivalries and suspicions and make our foreign-born citizens all-the-way Americans in language, thought, feeling and impulse.

The war and the united effort which it has evoked among the American people have given the strongest impetus to Americanization that we have seen in our history. Fighting under the same flag for the same great cause, all racial strains in the country have been bound together more closely than ever before by the common response to that cause and by the mutual discovery of the innate brotherhood of quality and of courage. Let us not stop short of 100 per cent. Americanism.

India in Famine's Grasp

IT WILL distress many who read the cable dispatches which we print below, to learn that at this Christmas time, when the greater part of the world is rejoicing over the victory of peace, India is facing a serious famine. These are the appeals that have come to the Christian Herald:

"Christian Herald, Bible House, New York:
"Unfavorable conditions large parts India increasing nine months. Private relief must supplement government measures, as in 1900. India urgently appeals Christian Herald. Strong Christian Herald Committee formed Bombay, Hume, Chairman, Parket, Secretary. Send relief promptly. Address Fernstalk, Bombay. HUME."

"Christian Herald, Bible House, New York:
"Famine prevailing. Cable help Christian Alliance, care Coupon, Bombay. FULLER."

We have received a similar appeal from Rev. Mr. Thorne of Aurangabad, urgently calling for relief from famine conditions in that section. Rev. H. T. Vodden of Aurangabad writes a letter dated September 28, in which he says: "The grim specter of famine is with us. The rains have almost completely failed in this neighborhood. A little rain has now fallen, but it is certain we shall be in great straits for six months at least and probably more. The price of grain is already as high as it was in the worst famine time of 1899–1900. Many of our people are now actually starving, and all of the three thousand Christians in this mission are in considerable distress. Many of the mission workers can only afford one meal a day. Mr. Butlin, my co-worker, is feeding about one hundred starving Christian people every day while they are trying to find work.

"This famine affects us very seriously in the two orphanages. The children cost us now about Rs. 9 a month each as against Rs. 5 in normal times. As we have to raise practically the whole of the funds through our own efforts we are very sorely put to it to make ends meet, and if we do not soon get extra help many of the children will have to be sent back to their starving families. If you can very kindly help us with a grant toward famine relief work among these poor Christian people, we should be immensely grateful. It is difficult at present to gauge our actual needs, but we shall need Rs. 3,000 at least in Aurangabad."

We know that there are many of our readers who helped India during the last great famine in that country, who would be glad to help her again. Now is their opportunity. At this season of good will and kindly deeds, let us not turn a deaf ear to the appeal which comes so unexpectedly in the midst of our Christmas rejoicings over all the blessings we enjoy. It is an opportunity to emphasize our gratitude by sending a gift to India. The missionaries who have appealed to us we know as among the best workers in that field. They have done splendid service and they deserve all the support we can give them in the present emergency. The Christian Herald, in confident anticipation of the approval and support of its readers, has cabled $5,000 to Mr. Hume, chairman of the Relief Committee at Bombay, with instructions to help the other missionaries who have cabled appeals to us. These workers recall the generous aid received from our readers in the last famine, and they are depending upon us now.

A Christmas gift to the India Famine Fund, care of the Christian Herald, Bible House, New York, will make your own Christmas season all the happier.

A Strange Ambition

ONE of the strangest revelations of the ex-Kaiser's ambition to be regarded as a Prince of the Church has been brought to light recently. When the fortified city of Metz was occupied by the Allies, they discovered in the porch of the great cathedral a statue of Wilhelm, posed and robed as the prophet Daniel. On the wall, slightly higher than the head of the statue, were some significant lines of writing—the words being taken from the letters of fire that startled the wicked Belshazzar and his court. Strangest of all, however, was the discovery that the statue, which had faithfully interpreted the sculptor's conception of the Hebrew prophet, had been beheaded, and that a carven head of the Kaiser himself had been skilfully substituted. Surely the insanity of ambition could go no further than this shocking desecration.

It was not the first occasion, however, in which the mad war-lord had committed sacrilege. British troops found in the German church on the Mount of Olives the long-hidden fresco—the existence of which had been hinted at, though never established until now—showing Wilhelm and his empress seated upon thrones, the monarch being in the garb of a crusader. However, the Metz desecration was the more scandalous of the two.

We hardly think that either of these episodes will be included in the reminiscences which the Kaiser is said to be writing during his exile in Holland.

On January 1 the Christian Herald Advances to $2.50 a Year

WE THINK it only fair that an opportunity be extended to all our readers to arrange for renewal of their subscriptions at the present rate of $2.00 a year before the increase in price goes into effect on January 1. As we have already explained, in common with all other national periodicals, the Christian Herald has been forced to increase its subscription price. Every single item that goes into the making of the Christian Herald—paper, postage, printing, engraving, wages, etc.—has increased enormously. Yet we are resolved that the Christian Herald must keep right on getting better—and bigger—and finer. It has an important mission to perform, and invites the hearty cooperation of every reader that it may do it successfully.

An opportunity is given to all to renew at the present price of $2.00 a year, as the increased price of $2.50 a year will not go into effect until January 1, 1919. No matter when your subscription expires—even if you have recently renewed and your subscription does not expire for many months—you can have it extended at the present rate of $2.00 a year, if you renew by January 1. We cannot accept subscriptions at the old rate if mailed later than December 31.

Several additional innovations have been decided upon since our announcement of December 4. At least four pages will be added to each issue beginning with the new year. Miss Margaret Sangster has gone to Paris, just now the center of world interest, from which her contribution for the next few months will be a most interesting weekly feature you would not care to miss. Then there will be the progress of the Peace Conference, as our special correspondents chronicle it from week to week, the Church Unity movement and the headway it makes, besides a list of other features, all important and attractive, not forgetting a "short story," which will be a regular feature in every issue. If you neglect to renew promptly you will miss much that is both enjoyable and profitable. The moral of which is—**Renew Today.**

President Wilson on the Bible

IN FUTURE years President Wilson may be as distinguished in literature as in statesmanship. His public addresses since his entry into political life as candidate for the governorship of New Jersey rank very high as specimens of a pure and lofty style of composition. Many of his utterances, written and spoken, since he became President, will, because of his exalted position and the critical times in which they have appeared, become historical and classical.

Probably nothing that has proceeded from his pen or tongue will excel in simple beauty and force of style the short message he sent to be inserted in the New Testaments given to the soldiers by the Scripture Gift Mission. It contains 190 words, 162 of which are words of one syllable, 16 words of two syllables and 12 words of three syllables.

The message is also worthy of special notice because of the method of Bible reading it suggests. "Read," it says, "not little snatches here and there, but long passages that will really be the road to the heart of it." Any one who cares to carry out this injunction will doubtless be secure from the danger of stumbling over the mere "letter" and missing the spirit, "for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." He will also realize how true the closing words of the message are: "When you have read the Bible, you will know that it is the Word of God, because you will have found it the key to your own heart, your own happiness, and your own duty."

Our Margaret Goes "Over There"

FRIENDS of mine, when you read this I'll be in Paris. *I'll be in Paris!* A Paris crowded with peace and joyousness, and with hearts filled to overflowing, and with American soldiers. When you read this I'll be a living, breathing part of the great brave city—the gladdest city in the world.

Just six days ago our president, Mr. Patterson, called me into his office. I went in, thinking he wanted to see me about some matter of business routine, and found him and Dr. Sandison sitting side by side, talking. They looked up as I opened the door, and I noticed that they were smiling; and that a bit of laughter glanced out at me from their eyes. And as I sat down, across the big desk from them, Mr. Patterson asked me a question that quite took my breath away.

"Miss Sangster," he said in a casual tone, "how would you like to go 'Over There'?"

I looked at him half-dazed. How would I like to go "Over There"? Why, ever since we entered the war there's been a pull at my heartstrings, and a voice in my soul that's been calling—*calling!* But I could not seem to tell him so.

"You mean—" I stammered.

"I mean," he answered quite as if he were commenting on the weather, "that we'll send you to France—if you want to go."

I was too surprised to speak. I could only stare at Mr. Patterson. After a moment he explained.

"Miss Sangster," he told me, "I have just become president and head of the Christian Herald, and have very wonderful dreams for the future of the Christian Herald—dreams that are going to come true in a very wonderful way. I want to give our readers a new magazine that will combine all the good of the old magazine and many splendid features that the magazine has never touched upon.

"Just at this time the world is emerging from chaos into light. Just at this time marvelous readjustments are taking place. And the center of every readjustment is Europe. And the center of Europe is—France.

"I want to give the readers of the Christian Herald an intimate, illuminating glimpse of this brave country and what it stands for. I want them to feel that they are having real news given to them, and having it *before any one else has it.* I want them to see people and places in a personal way.

"The sending of you to Europe is a step in the path that the Christian Herald is going to travel this year—and in years to come. Our new policy will be to give our readers the glimpse of *everything*, before it is given to other readers. And by having some one who knows our paper and our people to represent us 'Over There,' I will be carrying out that policy. So we'll send you to France—if you want to go."

"When will you send me?" It was the only answer that I could manage at the time—"when?"

"As soon," he told me, "as you can get your passport!"

THAT'S how it all came about. And in the week that passed since that little interview in Mr. Patterson's office, I have been getting clothes together,

The picture on the passport

and cleaning the work off the top of my desk, and writing letters. And my passport is back from Washington.

It was fun, making out that passport. I had to write down on a long, serious sheet of paper dozens of awfully intimate details about my personal appearance. Any one looking at that passport can see that I am five feet seven and a half inches tall; that I have gray eyes and brown hair; that I have a fair complexion, a straight nose, a round chin, and a medium-sized mouth. It isn't exactly a distinctive description, that, for it might fit nearly any American girl! I had to have a photograph, too, on the passport, and I'm showing you one of them on this page.

It seems hardly possible, as I sit here in my little office and look out over a city that I know and love, that I'm going to France. France is a myth, a romance, a dream! It seems hardly possible that I may see Belgium, the Belgium that saved a world, and London—the London of Shakespeare and of Dickens. It seems hardly possible. *And yet it is possible.*

Oh, you friends of mine who have sent your sons, I'm going to tell you the story of other mothers who have given their sons. I'm going to tell you what your boys have seen and done! And you of my friends who are sisters and sweethearts, you'll be interested, perhaps, in the other sisters and sweethearts who have suffered and have at last won through suffering. I'll try to get some interviews with big people for the men who will read my letters; but I don't want to forget the people who aren't big—and who, because they aren't big, have perhaps had a closer and more intimate view of the war. I want to tell you what the woman on the park bench thinks, and what the man on the street corner is talking about. I want to see the children of France, and the old people. And I want to tell you about them.

I'VE never been far away from home before. And my French is only of the superficial kind one learns in school. So I reckon that I'll make a good many mistakes—and that some of them will be very laughable. But because you are my friends, I know that when you laugh at me the laughter will be kindly. Because we love each other, I know that you are going to be with me, in spirit, on my whole trip.

I'll not be gone for very long, friends of mine, and so I'm going to ask you, while I am gone, not to write to me. Because the letters can't be forwarded if you do; they'll only lie about unopened, on my desk. When I come back, I'll be so glad to answer anything—and I'll be more than glad to read your sunny little greetings again!

I'm in New York writing this. But when you read it, I'll be in Paris. And about three weeks after you read it, my first article will doubtless be back from Over Seas, and ready for you. And I hope you'll like it.

Oh, friends of mine, I'm going to have a wonderful, marvelous, glorious adventure! And if I can make you feel a little of the thrill that's making me want to laugh and cry and sing from the sheer excitement of it, why—it will be your adventure, too!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A Flag That Traveled Far

IT WAS, of course, the flag of the United States, but it was the Christian Herald which was responsible for this particular specimen of Old Glory. It had already played various parts before it received such special honor.

Years ago in America the Christian Herald offered the flag as a prize to new subscribers, and this one came to a little girl whose kind and patriotic aunt sent it to her. Then, by a succession of changes and journeys, the flag came to Italy, and lay for some time folded in a trunk. Those were the days when war had not darkened the horizon.

In the narrow streets of Siena, medieval as though six hundred years had not passed over them, this particular American flag first floated out on the breeze. From a house which the tenth century had seen in its first building, bright against the dark stone walls, the Stars and Stripes shone out. The evening breeze fluttered them, and every passer-by looked up with interest. It was certainly the only American flag out in Siena on that day. This was the time when our "*contrada*" had won the "*Palio*," the historic and picturesque race which has drawn foreigners to Siena for centuries.

Then the flag made little journeys. It went to the beautiful Baths of Lucca one summer, and when the Fourth of July came, it lent its part in the decoration of the hotel dining-room, to the especial joy of a dear old American lady who was staying there.

That was in the year of 1914, the fateful year when wickedness and injustice were let loose, and horror stalked abroad. It was the time when we held our breath with dismay, and our hearts almost failed us as we watched from afar the destruction and ravage which had fallen upon the world. This was not a time for banners and rejoicings; yet the brightness of our colors was not dimmed, only at moments overshadowed by the wings of the double-headed eagle, which flaunted on the banners of the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns. But the Union Jack, the French lilies, the tricolor of Italy were "still there"; and when the right moment came the American eagle was ready too, and sent the Stars and Stripes to wave with the others on the fields of the war-distressed world.

On the day that Mr. Wilson's declaration of war reached us, our American flag went out at once. It attracted attention; little children going by with their fathers and mothers asked what it was, and one child inquired if it was "Turkish," to be promptly scorned by a better informed brother.

But its day of greatest honor was on the 24th of last June—St. John's Day, and the anniversary of two of Italy's battles of the old war, San Martino and Solferino. By a remarkable coincidence, this day was also a time of victory again this year, for the Austrians were driven back and put to rout, in the beginning of their defeat which was now come.

It was a day of magnificent weather, and banners were everywhere. Flags and flowers and tapestries decorated every wall and window. The representatives of Italy's allies had come to give the city their greeting, and all the people turned out to welcome them. A long procession went to the station to receive the guests, and in its ranks the sunlight shone brightly on the Stars and Stripes, borne by a bare-headed Anglo-American boy, as he marched with young soldiers of Italy, old men wearing the faded red shirt of the time of Garibaldi, Americans, Englishmen, French sailors and a company of British bluejackets, two Highlanders in the kilts, and even a representative of the brave Czecho-Slovacchi.

Among the banners, this American flag—at that time almost the only one in Siena—waved proudly on. All through the town it went, down one narrow street after another, and out into the beautiful Piazza del Campo, the heart of old Siena. The bands were playing the national anthems, essaying even the intricacies of the "Star Spangled Banner."

Then up into the great Palace of the Commune, into the world-famed hall, the procession passed. There came the banners of Siena, with the wolf of tradition as their distinguishing sign, all the standards of many societies and organizations, and all the flags of the Allies. There was by no means room for the crowd, but all the banners got in, while the people stood out and cheered in the Piazza, and the bands kept on playing. The boy still carried the American flag as he came into the hall, and held it proudly while the different speeches were made. This was its great day; and after the procession was dissolved and the people had dispersed, the flag made itself useful in decorating the balcony of a hotel, and keeping company with an English flag which hung there.

A few nights later, this flag served to drape one of the children who took part in a patriotic representation at the theatre. Then it represented America at a meeting for the refugees from the invaded parts of Italy. It has always made itself of use, this good Christian Herald flag. On the last Independence Day of Italy, September 20th, when the country remembers the liberation of Rome, it came out to wave again.

But it was waiting. Greater things were in store for it. Events were marching fast.

It is the fourth of November. Outside the window it floats. Its English and Italian sisters are near it. All up and down the road, the red, white and green of suffering Italy, of brave, unconquered and triumphant Italy, are waving. The enemy of the centuries is vanquished, and liberty and peace are coming again. The flag which the Christian Herald gave is a little worn now; its stripes and stars are a thought less brilliant; but its traditions and what they stand for are unfaded, and those traditions, those ideals, those hopes, are "marching on."

KLYDE R. STEEGE.

AFTER NINETEEN CENTURIES A CHRISTMAS PEACE HAS COME!

A Sermon by NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D.D.*

TEXT—Luke 2 : 10. "Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

AFTER long waiting, and intense desire, now comes the world's greatest Christmas. The gracious, hallowed Christmas morn has dawned, bringing such hopes of world peace and such outbreaking joy as never before exalted the souls of men. Men long starved appreciate bread; wanderers dying of thirst value aright the spring, and out of the blackness of the pit and the anguish of four years is born humanity's intense happiness at this Christmas time.

How black the tragedy that has been lying upon our world! Four years of war! Twenty millions of men dead, missing or wounded! Nearly two hundred billions of property destroyed! In France alone three hundred and fifty thousand houses ruined, and over a million people left without roof between their heads and the pitiless rain and snow. At least ten million black-robed widows and several times as many broken-hearted children and orphans! The very sun has been turned into darkness and the moon into blood. The earth has seemed a runaway orb, crashing wildly through space. For years joy was death-stricken, hope waned, dying, while the sun seemed to have passed under a perpetual eclipse.

Good Tidings of Joy

NOW, suddenly, the world has passed from the uttermost of sorrow to the uttermost of joy. It is as if humanity had gone from the blackness of midnight in a moment to the brightness of noonday, with no dawn between them. Already the statesmen of the world are round about the peace table. War itself is dead. Hate, mortally wounded, must die. Gone the era of the torpedo and the bombshell! Gone the poison gas and the dumdum bullet! Gone forever the era of forts and battleships! Never again will Europe be like an armed camp, bristling with bayonets. Never again will the peasant, plowing in the furrow, stagger forward carrying a soldier upon his shoulders. Treaties will henceforth not be scraps of paper. Perished the era of secret diplomacy. Stripped now all the kings of their autocracy. Soldiers breathing out slaughter have lost their swords and daggers. At last has come the United States of Europe, and soon will come the Parliament of Mankind and the United States of the World. Christianity has waited a long time—nineteen centuries—for this world peace. One Name today is above every name; all eyes and thoughts turn toward that Divine Figure whose feet first touched our earth at Bethlehem, the universal Teacher, Saviour and Redeemer, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father and the Prince of Peace.

What This Christmas Means

THIS Christmas comes bringing new meanings as to the unity of the races and the brotherhood of men. God has broken the planet up into five continents and human nature up into five races. He gives to the western continents corn, wheat and cotton. He gives to Africa sugar, cocoa, ivory, gold and diamonds. He gives to one continent the silk and the tea, to the other the indigo, the rubber and the rice, and to each continent its own gift. Not even the United States today is independent. Our people live by the brotherhood of the exchange of grains and products of the temperate zone, in return for the fruits and sweets of the tropics. Not otherwise, God broke up the human soul into five races, the white, the brown, the yellow, the red and the black. He has also broken up the white race into the Teuton, the Tartar, the French, the British and the American. The Italian is artistic, the French have intellectual brilliancy, the British are colonizers, the Americans have individual initiative, the German, patience in detail.

The time was when Germany and France, with England, were over against one another like two castles with cannon shotted to the muzzle. The Belgian, with his higher average wealth, despised the German, and the German looked with contempt on little Belgium. This war shows that every race has men who can live and die for their homeland. Struggle has wiped out racial barriers. Men perceive that society cannot hold on its way and progress if the wastes of war and heavy armaments are to be continued. The workingmen have rebelled against slaughter. The prosperous perceive that property dissolves in the black flood of war like snowflakes in a river. The result is inevitable. The races have come together; jealousy and hate have been consumed with fiery darts, even as thunderbolts burn the poison out of the August air that is later washed with rains. This war was born of jealousy, greed and the lust of power. When wicked men brought on the storm, a just God did not desert the world, but he walked upon the storm, rode upon the whirlwind and forced evil itself to be overruled and made to do his will. Now war is dead, beyond any hope of resurrection, for the League of Nations has come at last!

The New Era for the English-Speaking Peoples

THIS Christmas brings a new era for the English-speaking peoples. During more than one hundred and fifty years there has been a barrier between Great Britain and the United States. The Revolutionary War was a kind of civil war, the last civil war that has cursed England. That war was brought about by a German king, George the Third. His war upon the American colonies in 1776 was bitterly opposed by the greatest men of England. England's first orator, Edmund Burke, defended the American colonies, as did Pitt and Fox. When the German king wanted a vote of credit to continue the war, Parliament absolutely refused the money, and to this day the German house of Hanover has never been repaid its advances for money spent in the Revolutionary War.

All American histories should be rewritten. If any two empires in the world should stand shoulder to shoulder, those countries are Great Britain (with Ireland, Canada, Australia, India and South Africa) and the United States. Already there are six hundred millions of people in the world that speak the English language. Our language has become the language of commerce, foreign trade and increasingly of diplomacy. For the first time in history, a world conference, like the Peace Conference, is to have as its language the English tongue. For ten years, the great hotels of Switzerland and Italy, of Egypt and Algiers, of India, China and Japan, have hired no waiters who did not speak the English language. It is partly because the English-speaking people are the world travelers and are the richest people in the world, and therefore the best buyers. But the deeper meaning is that the English language has suddenly become the world language, that it is being studied in Tokyo and Peking, Calcutta and Bombay, Petrograd and Constantinople, Rome and Paris, Buenos Aires and Rio Janeiro. This language has turned the whole world into a speaking gallery. People in the uttermost corners of the vast amphitheater understand the political ideals of the free peoples. The language of the old King James Version of the Bible has come into its own. The speech of Bunyan and Shakespeare, of Franklin and Emerson, of Edwards and Lincoln, is becoming a world speech, and the great ideas and ideals that are carried forward upon this language are the Christian ideals of liberty, justice, equality; of service and self-sacrifice. The era of world unity is approaching, and back of that unity stands the Divine Figure at whose name every knee shall bow, of angels in heaven and the races of men on earth.

Christmas and Religious Unity

THIS Christmas brings unwonted joy by reason of the new religious unity among the churches. The supreme test of religion is the test of love. Where love is, God is. When hate comes in the door, love flees out the window. There can be no happiness where love is not, and no peace nor prosperity. It is the office of love to lend meaning to material treasure. Long ago Cicero said: "Love makes gold to shine." Never was there such an opportunity for gold as during the past four years. Call the roll of those who marched not in a triumphal procession, but in a procession of death and heartbreak, where refugees do walk. What homeless creatures these! What rags and what starvation! How ghastly the piles of dead! Gone all the cities and towns! Gone the cathedrals, the colleges, the banks and stores! Gone the woolen mills, the sugar mills, the iron and steel plants! Gone the farmhouses, the vineyards and orchards! But if bad men grew worse, good men grew more Christlike. They poured out money by the hundreds of millions for the Red Cross work, the hospitals, the wounded, the refugees, who needed food and clothing. Protestants and Catholics, Jews and Gentiles, gave their money in a golden stream.

The Hebrew rabbi as a chaplain held the cross before the eyes of a dying Catholic French poilu. On a very stormy Sunday morning, in a great tent in which thousands of soldiers were packed, a Methodist chaplain called the Protestants into one corner, an Episcopalian shouted for men of his faith to come to another corner; the Catholic priest gave directions where his men should assemble, as did a Hebrew rabbi, and finally a Salvation Army man shouted, "All of you who have no church and no name, and don't belong to nobody, follow me over there," and he had the largest crowd of any. Men have forgotten the non-essentials and remembered only the big mother Christian ideas. When the fields are bare in April, the traveler sees nothing but the fences that separate the fields. When the corn grows tall and ripens, the fences are blotted out and only the grain appears. Two million young men at the front have learned charity, tolerance, Christian service and mutual love. The day of Christian Unity is approaching. The separations are going. The barriers are dissolving like icebergs caught in the Gulf Stream. Never was faith in God so strong. Never was the horizon so bright for the Christian religion. The days which our fathers longed to see, and died without seeing, have now drawn near.

The Joy of Christmas

THE last Christmas found the world wrapped in gloom. The children of France and England, Belgium and Russia, had no Christmas. They were too poor to buy presents. All the people, also, were full of sorrow. But now, mark the transformation The soldiers in Europe have come home. The farmers are back from the front, and have made the house tight against the snows of winter. Once more the shops are open, and the stores gay with bright colors All over the world the houses are hung with flags The great halls are open and the people are coming together to talk about liberty and the games of peace Artists once more are beginning to paint. Architects are planning to build. The woodman is in the forest, lifting his ax upon the trees. Forgetting the perils of the trenches, the miners have returned home, and with joy are lifting the pick upon the carbon treasure. Smoke once more rises from factory chimneys that have long been cold.

What reunion of families! What exultations, now that the refugees have come home! It has been a long, weary march. Great as have been the losses of the war, perhaps overruled by God, the gains will be vaster still. Today civilization rejoices, and all humanity is glad. For governments have grown more humane, capital has learned brotherhood, business is becoming increasingly cooperative, standing for service. The era of selfishness has quite gone by Capital itself, long cold, is pulsing with red blood and is becoming sympathetic. Autocracy is gone forever in Berlin and Petrograd, and polygamy is dead or dying in Turkey.

Multitudes have been redeemed out of the bodies with the chill of winter and have found the soul's summerland. Today they sleep under the blankets of snow, while their comrades have come home to the Christmas joy. In this hour, when we have cheers for the living and tears for the dead, it is for us to remember that unto God all live, and that the Christmas brings the fallen heroes' entrance into the summerland. It is a time, therefore, of universal rejoicing, for peace hath come to the earth, and good will to men, after nineteen hundred years of waiting The Golden Age is here, with the beginning of the ideal commonwealth, ushered in by the enthronement of Jesus as the world's King!

Crescent and Cross

NO longer is the Crescent seen
Above the plains of Palestine.

Again the Cross, unconquered, thrills
Judea's consecrated hills.

O little Star of Bethlehem,
Once fateful for the sons of Shem,

Thou mayst now in glory glide
Across the skies at Christmastide.

RALPH M. THOMSON

*Pastor Plymouth Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Reverends
J. H. Jowett, D.D.
and
C. C. Albertson, D.D.

Daily Meditation

Reverend
E. W. Caswell
and
Prof. W. H. T. Dau

Broken Pieces of the Ship

SUNDAY, December 29. Acts 27 : 44. "*Some on broken pieces of the ship, . . . they escaped all safe to land.*" In the very first sermon I ever heard Dr. Joseph Parker preach, when I was a boy, he quoted this passage with extraordinary power. He laid hold of the statement that some were saved by clinging to broken pieces of the ship. They were not saved by a complete boat, but by a plank. And so it may be, he said, in the realm of the soul. Perhaps we are not able to enter, with full believing acceptance, into the entirety of the Apostle's Creed. Well, then, cling with all your heart and mind and strength to an article of the creed and it will land you on the shore!

Our Master was always speaking to his disciples about the mighty power of faith, even though the creed was far from being complete. I do not know how many articles could have been found in the creed of the publican who went up into the temple to pray. But there was one thing he believed: that if his sin and God's mercy could be brought together, the foul waters of his life would be made clean. And in that faith he ventured on his humble cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" And the publican went down to his house justified. There is a dark, sin-stricken soul in one of Kingsley's stories who, in the burdensome sense of filthy oppression, goes out into the night crying, "God! God! God!" It was only a broken piece of the ship, but it carried him home. God stretched a hand through the darkness, and the lonely, heavy-laden suppliant could say with the psalmist, "Thy right hand upholdeth me."

Electricity can run through very slender wires. And the energies of saving grace can enter the life through the medium of a very unfinished creed. It is our faith that establishes vital communion, and even though the wire be slender the redeeming power is given. Every heart-cry opens Heaven's gate. We need not wait until we can put an intelligent seal to the Apostle's Creed. Let the soul cry out, "Father!" Let the soul cry out, "Saviour!" Let the weary heart cry for God's bosom, and God's rest shall surely be found. The faith which is exercised will soon be enlarged, for there is nothing which is more rapidly nourished or which more quickly puts on strength than a faith which is lived out in the Lord our God.

J. H. J.

The Eternal God Our Guide

MONDAY, December 30. Ps. 48 : 14. "*This God is our God forever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death.*" God is the greatest fact in the universe. This is true whether we know it or not. It would be true though no man knew it. The fact of God is the underlying and the overshadowing reality of life. This also is true whether we know it or not. Some men know it. Some men never know it. Some men never knew it until they became soldiers and found God in their hour of need. One need not become a soldier in order to be convinced of the reality of God, or, as we may say, in order to find God. Artists have found him. So have artisans. Humble workers at home have found God. Students have found him. Peasants at the plow have found God, and miners in their labor underground.

A mystic said to his friend as they journeyed together, "I know God much better than I know you." True Christian mysticism is the cultivation of the consciousness of friendship with God. We need a guide, and if our guide be a friend, we are all the safer. Some people are satisfied with divine guidance at intervals—in crises of their lives—but since he is the eternal God, we need never be without his guidance. He never grows weary, though we may. Age does not enfeeble him as it enfeebles us. Death does not dismay him as the thought of it often dismays us. He sees through it and knows that death is but an incident in life. So he who is our Guide unto death will be our Guide through death. We shall pass through death as little changed as a ray of light is changed by passing through a transparent vapor. On the other side of the vapor called death we shall have the same Guide that we had on this side of it. "Before us, as behind, is God, and all is well."

C. C. A.

The Brief Span of Life

TUESDAY, December 31. I Chron. 29 : 15. "*We are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers: our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.*" We are completing another year tonight, and it is proper that we remind ourselves of the fact that we are only guests on earth, who will stay here a certain length of time and then hasten away. This earth is like an inn: our arrival and our departure are recorded on the registry, and when we are gone we are soon forgotten. But we shall never forget having been here. This brief span of life that was allotted to us is the period of probation and preparation for us. Because we have here no continuing city, therefore we must seek a better country and an abiding dwelling-place, where we may live forever. Accordingly, let us be ready to depart, that when the call comes summoning us hence we may leave this inn without sorrow and repining, because we know that we lose nothing that is worth keeping by our departure, and we gain an invaluable possession which we could not obtain in any other way than by departing. Let our citizenship be on high, whence we are looking for our Lord Jesus and his angels. With him let our heart and affections be even now, while we are still in the perishable tabernacle of our bodies. With him let us be thoroughly acquainted before we go to be with him forever. As to this world, we shall live in it, be careful to conduct ourselves as decent and honorable guests while we are in it, and improve its conditions as much as we can. But we shall not be of this world. We shall be strangers to the worldly mind and to worldly ways, and we shall not be afraid to let it be known that we wish to differ from all who imagine that this earth and its enjoyments are all that man should strive for. We shall have our mind fixed on the end of our pilgrimage, where we shall meet Jesus face to face and be at home.

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

W. H. T. D.

Victory Over the World

WEDNESDAY, January 1, 1919. John 16 : 33. "*Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.*" To the discouraged disciples, Christ's stupendous claim must have seemed an illusion or an imagination of over-confident hope. The bargain and sale of his Master had been consummated by Judas. The officers and mob were waiting. The cross was on the horizon, the hill of Calvary selected, and the new sepulcher prepared. In view of all these facts, how wonderful that the Messiah should announce his triumphant victory over the world, the flesh and the devil! Failure seemed written all over his career, but this was the human view. The omniscient Christ saw down the ages when the heathen would become his for an inheritance, when the isles would wait for his law, when the cross would draw all men, when the earth would be flooded with glory as the waters cover the sea.

Christ saw that Satan had nothing in him; he was the sinless, spotless Son of the Highest. He had overcome every temptation and was about to shed his precious blood that the crimson sins of humanity might be washed away. He knew that he was preparing the way so that every sinful heart might partake of the transfusion of his own life-blood and be made partakers of his divine nature, transformed into new creatures in Christ Jesus. He knew that his victory on Calvary would be the victory of the world.

We know today that his conquest of the tomb is ours; his ascension is ours; his Holy Spirit's descent at Pentecost is ours. As he overcame, we may become overcomers in him. He gives us his leadership, his power, his life, so that nothing shall separate us from him.

We may have Our Gethsemanes and Calvarys, but "be of good cheer"; in him we will have peace and victory, and we will be satisfied when we awake in his likeness. In the desert, we will find a well; on the hillside, a spring; in the wilderness, a rose, and on the summit of the Delectable Mountains we will find Heaven!

E. W. C.

The Full Price

THURSDAY, January 2. I Chron. 21 : 24. "*And king David said to Ornan, Nay; but I will verily buy it for the full price: for I will not take that which is thine for the Lord, nor offer burnt offerings without cost.*" The story is a simple one. David sought a place to build an altar of sacrifice. The threshing-floor of Ornan seemed to be the best site. Ornan offered it freely, but David insisted upon paying the full price for it. Ornan is a type of the liberal soul, and he was not without his reward. David represents the honest soul—the soul that hates to be a slacker. If this was to be indeed an altar of sacrifice then there was no reason why he should acquire it at a discount. The Lord's house deserves the best and the best always commands the highest price.

The world is full of folks who are fond of driving good bargains. We all take advantage of special sales, discounts, reduced prices. But there is one realm in which the full price must ever be paid for the full results, and that is the realm of character. There may be methods of getting rich quickly—though thousands have lost their all trying to do it—but there are no means of getting wise quickly, or getting pure or patient or holy or strong or noble without paying the full price. The full price of spiritual power is unconditional surrender of the human will to the will of God. "Drive no sharp bargains with God," was the counsel of an old saint. To get the best from Heaven we must give the best, pay the full price.

C. C. A.

Apart From the World

FRIDAY, January 3. Rom. 12 : 2. "*Be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God.*" Christ declared to Nicodemus that entrance into the Kingdom of God is by a new birth. "If any man be in Christ," says Paul, "he is a new creature." Christianity is, first, a life. Into the heart of man, dead in trespasses and sins, there enters the power of God, the Word of life, the Gospel of Christ. Godlike thoughts and impulses begin to stir where there was nothing but apathy and deadness toward all things divine. The person has, as it were, been made over again in his inmost being. He knows, too, that he is no longer what he used to be.

Out of this life comes, secondly, a living. The inward change which grace has wrought in a believer's heart is manifested outwardly. The renewing of the mind is followed by a transformation of which the world is made aware.

The Christian lives among worldly men, and has many things in common with them that pertain to his natural life. But he does not follow the fashions and customs of the worldly society around him. His new knowledge of what God wants of him, and his new determination to test the goodness of what God proposes for him to do or to suffer, cause the Christian to differ from worldly men. He finds that he cannot think, speak, act, on given subjects as his non-Christian fellow men do. Very often unpleasant situations arise for the Christian, because of his refusal to co-operate with worldly men in matters where he plainly hears the voice of his heavenly Father calling him to duty. But his refusal on such occasions brings him a great blessing; he is made to understand with increased clearness that it is good to follow God, rather than to run with the world. The ways of God become ways of pleasantness to him, and he pushes forward on this road to the perfect man in Christ.

W. H. T. D.

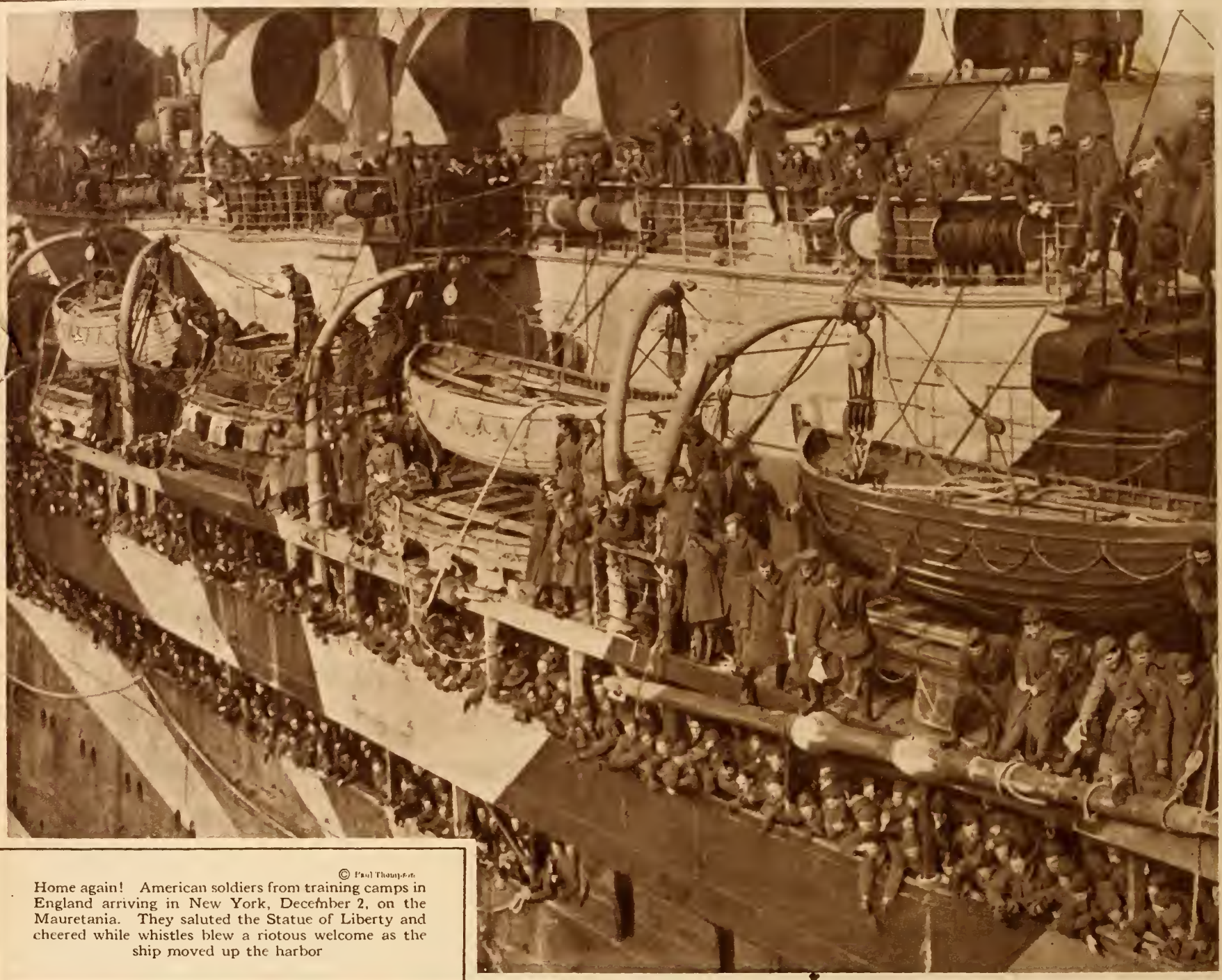
The Open Door

SATURDAY, January 4. Rev. 3 : 8. "*Behold, I have set before thee an open door.*" Endless ideals are open to every man, calling for his consecration and endeavor. No enemy can shut the doors of opportunity our Father has built into his household of worlds. Every door seems larger than the last, opening into vistas vaster and richer. Nothing is impossible or impassable with one who is girded by divine strength.

In nature, the scientist is entering open doors of wondrous vision. How much more the Christian sees in the realm of the supernatural! Today, womanhood is passing over the threshold of greater usefulness and activity in larger life. Reformers are also realizing ideals that once were in the dim distance. Governments are anticipating grander achievements than ever before accomplished. Out of the lion-eater of war is coming forth sweetness and light. No human can shut God's open doors. In heathendom, not doors but walls, whole sides, are falling down, inviting missionary effort, educational privileges in the whole Christian civilization.

God reveals to the human mind the secret of the telegraph, the telephone and the wireless, that we may speak to each other as we whisper to him. What a wonderful privilege to enter this gallery of communication and fellowship with the world of mankind! Man is God's pioneer, educated and endowed so he can discover his Maker and the mighty forces of His creation. Let us look for the far spiritual horizon, the possible attainments of man in morals, devotion and heroism, more magical and marvelous than the human mind can picture. Infinite possibilities are waiting our coming, glad to be entered upon, discovered and enjoyed.

E. W. C.



© Paul Thompson

Home again! American soldiers from training camps in England arriving in New York, December 2, on the Mauretania. They saluted the Statue of Liberty and cheered while whistles blew a riotous welcome as the ship moved up the harbor

© Paul Thompson

Welcome home! Mothers and sisters of soldiers, and members of the Red Cross waving their welcome from the dock to the Mauretania's men.

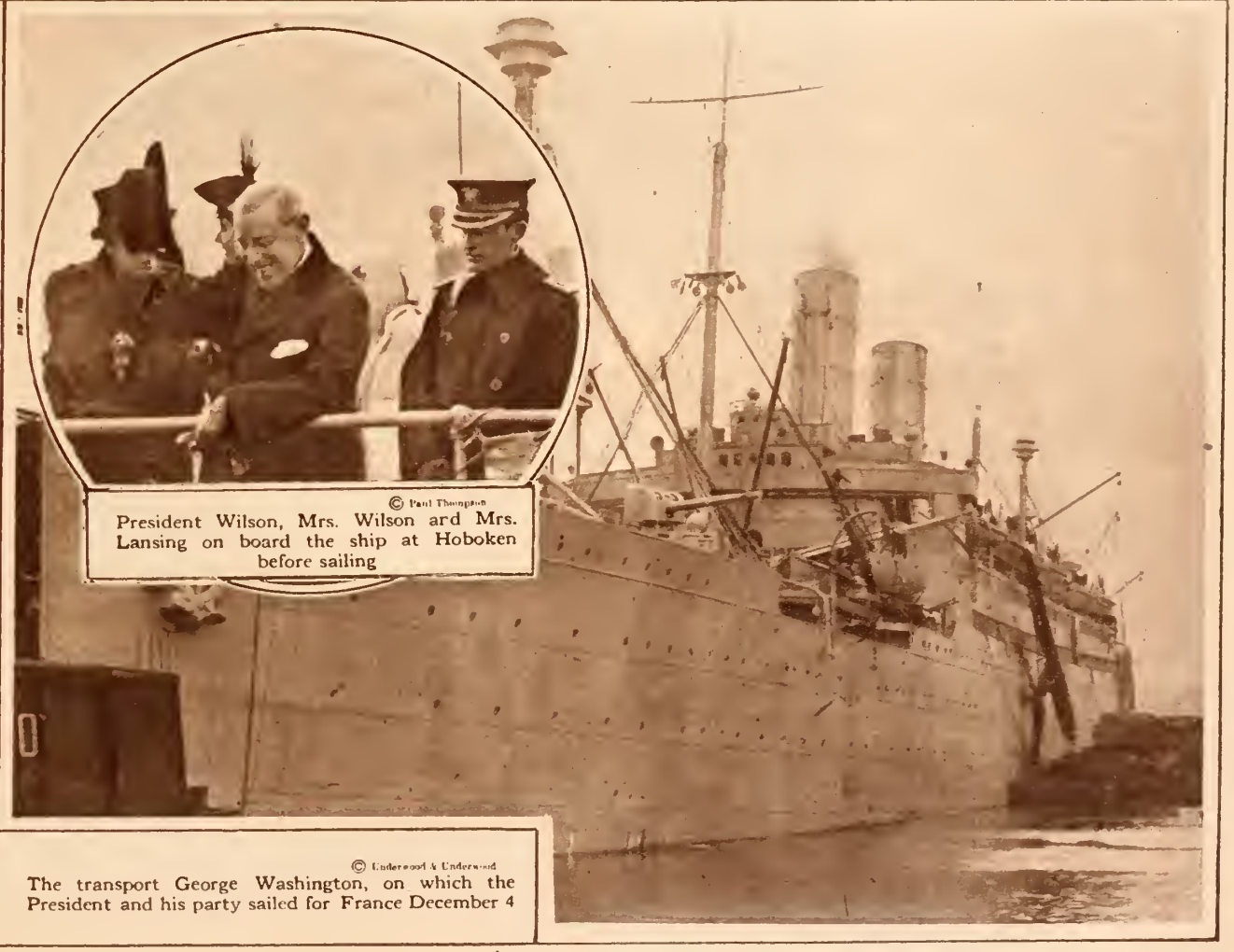
sident Goes! Our Boys Return!

Photo from Underwood & Underwood

A portion of the harbor of Brest, which American engineering has transformed. President Wilson was expected to land here December 12

© Paul Thompson

tania warping into her dock in New York
y 4,500 American soldiers, the first to
overseas after the signing of the armistice



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President Wilson, Mrs. Wilson ard Mrs. Lansing on board the ship at Hoboken before sailing

© Underwood & Underwood

The transport George Washington, on which the President and his party sailed for France December 4

All the World

By CHARLES M. SHELDON, D.D.

Author of "In His Steps," "His Brother's Keeper," "Jesus Is Here," etc., etc.

A Story Having for Its Theme the Reconstruction Period After the Great War

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CHAPTER NINE

WHAT a gracious, thrilling moment that was when Dr. Ward began to speak to that group of enthusiastic Crusaders of the New Day! The hush of the divine presence fell on all within the house. There was no noisy assertion of what they intended to do. The very air was permeated with forces that held their tongues in silence or bade them say few words. Tears were on the cheeks, voices were subdued, silences eloquent. And when the group dispersed it was in silence, as Dr. Ward, his eyes glistening and his heart sobbing for wonder, bade them good night.

Early Monday morning a long distance call from Bayview came from Chaplain Hunter begging another talk with Dr. Ward. And before noon Hunter was in the familiar study, voice and gesture and thought on fire with the matter that had brought him over. During a part of this famous interview (famous as after history proved it to be), Dick and Esther and Bert Chandler were eager and intensely interested visitors.

"There are so many things I don't know where to begin. But first of all is Bayview itself. Dr. Ward, here in Bradford you have succeeded with a federated church. But I come back home from the war to find seven different denominations in my little town all struggling for an existence.

"Why, I cannot understand all that, after what we have been through! Do you remember, Bert, that day on the Avenue Wilson when we had that Review of the Allies and Ambassador Sharpe leaned over and called out to our Captain Grant and called him by his first name?"

BERT looked over at Dick and both smiled at the memory of that great day.

"Do I?" said Bert. "I thought at first he was addressing me, for my whole name is Berton, like Captain Grant's, you know. And I grabbed my tin hat to take it off and hit Dick, who was at the steering-wheel of the old bus, and almost knocked him off his seat. Oh yes, I remember that day all right."

"But the thing I remember it for, Dr. Ward, was not the astonishing way ambassadors and dignitaries generally let go their dignity on account of our complete victory over Germany, but on account of the astounding make-up of that parade in that review. Never in all the history of man on earth was there seen such a mingling of the different nations. Of course you read the accounts of it. But no description could really make one see that thing as it really was. The ends of the earth were there. The President of the United States for the first time in the history of this country was in another country than his own, the great guest of honor. There on either side of him sat the great ones of the war—King George, Queen Mary, Albert of Belgium, President Poincaré of France, King Immanuel of Italy, the emperor of Japan, the king of Spain and the president of little Portugal, chiefs from the great Indian Empire that gave to Great Britain of her wealthy princes who laid life and fortune down under the folds of the Union Jack, the great military leaders, Foch, the head of all, sitting by our President, General Haig of the British Army, our own Jack Pershing, Marshal Joffre, Marshal Petain, and commanders from all the forces that had combined against the Hun.

"But the thing of all that impressed me as nothing in all the world will ever impress me again, and nothing until I see the redeemed hosts of all nations in the other world, was the sight of the representatives of the earth met together in the name of holy human freedom, creeds forgotten, race prejudice swept aside, the caste of centuries wiped out, all hearts beating to the one tune of earth's coming Brotherhood. We stopped at the Arc de Triomphe and at the new Arc de Verdun and reversed the parade so that the lines went in opposite directions to give the marching divisions a chance to see one another.

"That was the most thrilling sight the eye of man ever witnessed after a war that measured the world's greatest struggle for peace.

"I CAN'T begin to remember all the different races and peoples in that world parade, but here, for instance, came the Senegalese Tirailleurs, black men from the French colony at Senegal. And right behind them a regiment of our own negroes from Georgia, the 310th infantry that did such wonderful work. Then there were the French Alpine Chasseurs, the Blue Devils, every one in that redoubtable company that came over here to us in 1918 wounded and decorated for exceptional gallant service. There came on the Colonial troops from Morocco, Arabs from far stretches of the unknown desert, soldiers from Annam, the French colony of Indo-China with their top-like hats, Anglo-Indian troops that did such wonderful service in Mesopotamia and Palestine, their snowy turbans moving like white seagulls above the blue of their service uniforms. In the vision of that parade as it flowed by I see the Portuguese troops who stormed into Lens side by side with the Scotch Highlanders, the "Ladies from Hell," who asked to have their Portuguese comrades near them in the parade, and close behind them came a Polish regiment, their long overcoats curiously buttoned back to allow of greater freedom in the march, each soldier distinguished with his crisp black mustache, a decoration not permitted the British Tommy or our own Yanks. I see the troops of little Montenegro, the smallest of the Allied nations, marked for their round service caps and gay insignia. Behind them came the Greeks with their Zouave headdress with its flowing fez and their snow-white puttees. And no one will forget the men of Italy's crack corps who came swinging along with an Alpine stride, the Bersaglieri, who made the record of the fastest forced marches against the Austrians in the campaign along the Piave. In some miraculous manner which no one has ever been able to explain these sons of Italy manage to secure and wear as the distinguishing badge of their service a plume of cock's feathers, and I never saw one bedraggled or torn or dirty. You would swear a new rooster gave of his best and most lustrous tail feathers every day to each of these men.

"Behind these men of Italy was a company of New Zealand Maoris, the native children of that colony of Great Britain, whose ancestors less than a century ago were cannibals, but who now worship in churches where Jesus is loved and honored. And near them the men of Australia and New Zealand who captured all the German possessions in the Pacific and hauled down the German imperial banner and ran up the Union Jack and saw the natives dance for joy to be relieved from the tyranny of the German officers. I see a regiment of Canadians close to them, two crack regiments of Irish near by a company of Boers, Zulus, and from the very interior of Africa a company of Basutu warriors who offered themselves to England and walked three hundred miles to Natal to enlist. And then with all the rest, our own boys from the forty-eight states, boys representing every mingling race of the peoples who have been coming over to be a part of our national life, Norwegians, Swedes, Hollanders, Bulgarians, one whole regiment of American Armenians, Bohemians, Austrians, many Germans, full lovers of America, fighting to free the unborn in Germany from the autocracy they had fled from, Alaskan Aleuts and Siwashes, and even one hundred Eskimos, marching side by side with Russian Jews, Cossacks, Tartars, men of Lithuania, Belgium, Serbia, the north of Siberia and one tribe of arrow-blowers under the British flag in the islands of Andaman—where in all the history of the world, Dr. Ward, could such a sight be duplicated?

"And to crown it all with the Christian mark of 'By this sign we conquer,' came the marching hosts of the Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross and the hospital divisions.

"AND my memory stirs again as I see the soldiers from all the nations as they come in the reversal march to pass by these white-clad Red Cross nurses and doctors and these secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. with the modest red triangle on the sleeve.

"They had roared out their national cheers before that unparalleled group of high and mighty ones, kings, presidents and war generals, but when they came in sight of the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. and hospital corps, every soldier hat came off, cheers died on their lips, sobs choked their throats, tears coursed down their cheeks, men broke their ranks to run over and kiss the hands of tear-glorified faces of nurses and doctors, and the parade really broke up at that point.

"I can remember groups of men on their knees, their hands clasped, their lips murmuring prayers in all languages from the forests of Africa to the mountains of northern India, invoking blessing on the Young Men's Christian Association and the Red Cross, two organizations without a sectarian name, ministering to a world need in the name

JUST A SIGHT O'SANTY

By Margaret E. Sangster

WE HAVEN'T got no chimney, we haven't any tree,
It doesn't look like Christmas—as far as we can see;
But we have hung our stockings, all empty, on th' wall,
In hopes 'at Santy'll see 'em, an' stop, an' make a call!

He may not leave no presents—last year an' year before
He didn't come at Christmas, but that was 'cause th' war
Had kept him much too busy a-bringin' milk an' bread
Ter think o' fillin' stockin's—least that's what mother said.

An' so we don't expect him, but oh, we hope 'at he
Will maybe just remember. . . . Fer when there ain't no tree
An' when there's not a chimney, why things is pretty bad
An' jus' a sight o' Santy would make us awful glad!

of a world Redeemer whose last great prayer was that his disciples might be one.

"And in the face of that stupendous spectacle of that review in France, I come home to my own country and my own people to find in my little town seven denominational bodies living their religious life apart, each struggling to support a minister and maintain a service which is so poorly supported that it has little power to attract and hold men who have seen the brotherhood of men illustrated on the gigantic scale of service where men have not only sung and prayed and eaten together, but where they have died in the same trench and been buried in the same grave where the resurrection can find both, though one was a Christian and the other a Mohammedan.

"Dr. Ward, I cannot settle down to that sort of a life. It would not be life. And I have been looking into the missionary giving of my own church—I mean my own denominational body. And these are some humiliating facts I have found: In the last year the weekly average gift per member for our great missionary causes was only three and seven-tenths cents; 1,470 churches gave less than one cent a week per member to missionary work. And 964 churches gave nothing except to themselves.

"On top of all that, Dr. Ward, just think of things like these—"

BY THIS time Hunter was on his feet pacing the little study, arms going, eyes blazing, pausing now and then to emphasize his remarks by smiting Dick or Bert on the shoulder as he passed them.

"Think of this! The Fourth Liberty Loan, you remember, was for $6,000,000,000 and the fifth for five more billions. And in between, those consolidated drives of the United War Work Campaign. And the amount asked was not only given but exceeded in every case.

"Compare that with our pitiful sum of $1,321,977 raised last year for the reconstruction of the world. In other words, seven-eighths of our churches fell below five cents a week per member in contributing to a cause which is enlisting right now the best of our manhood and womanhood.

"And the failure is due to sectarianism. Just think of what happened to the Allies before we united under the leadership of General Foch. But from the hour when President Wilson and Lloyd George insisted on concentration and union of forces under one leader, we began to beat German solidarity.

"We shall never win any great victories in this reconstruction drive until we are really a united body as a living church. And I am frank to say, Dr. Ward, that I do not feel like wasting my time and strength over a sectarian effort in Bayview.

"We have made some progress while you have been gone. We have organized our United American Missionary College and we have consolidated some of our sectarian boards," said Dr. Ward, who had listened to Hunter with deepest interest, as had Esther and Bert and Dick.

"I know, I know. I am beginning to find out gradually some of the wonderful things you folks at home did to help win the war. But you cannot blame me for not feeling willing to stay on in Bayview and face an apparently hopeless situation. Oh, we had a wonderful day yesterday. Over one hundred more volunteers came in response to the call. The whole thing is bewildering. But what can we do with all this human material if we don't have the unity of action and the vast financial support to back it up?"

Bert spoke up in his slow, hesitating fashion.

"Chaplain, why don't you go out on a crusade for the union of the Protestant forces of America? Give that little spiel you just gave us about that parade up the Avenue Wilson with a few rhetorical bombs that'll gas the denominations into unity of feeling—"

To be continued

Pharaoh Oppresses Israel

International Sunday School Lesson for January 5. Ex. 1:1-14

Modern Counterparts of Egyptian Bondage

By Rev. George D. Allison, Ph.D.

THE world still marvels at the giant enterprises of the ancient Egyptians, their mighty temples and pyramids, their colossal statues and tombs. But now that we have come to realize the awful, crushing slavery of millions which made these things possible our admiration is clouded with indignation to think of the pride and arrogance and lack of compassion which characterized the Pharaohs. It is clear that the writers of the Bible felt as keenly as any of us that there was iniquity and folly in such lust of power.

Conditions are marvelously improved today as a rule. Yet there are still injustices and oppressions which excite the wrath of the heavenly Father, and should stir up Christian men to become deliverers of their enslaved brethren. Our mighty industries are more useful than the pyramids of the Pharaohs, yet even now when we see the exploitation of the poor we are ofttimes moved to think that our material progress is costing too much in blood and toil.

The Fall of Slavery

It was only yesterday that actual chattel slavery ceased. It had flourished in all past ages and men believed it permanent. Suddenly public opinion crystallized against it. Christ aroused a love that in the end was sure to wipe out so monstrous a thing. Paul's letters reveal the awakening of a new attitude toward bondmen—they too were brothers!

When you realize the full human brotherhood of the oppressed, when you respect their souls and esteem them as fellow believers in Christ, deliverance must come.

What Industrial Slavery Is

This year all of our churches are studying the problems of modern industry in our Mission Study Courses. The story of Moses confirms us in the belief that God's people ought to be interested in bettering conditions for their brethren who toil in weariness or discontent. There are actually millions of people today who feel that "their lives are made bitter with hard service." Like the ancient Israelites, many workers in factory and field complain of the awful monotony of the task, of the long hours, the scanty pay, the high cost of food and clothing, the poor shelter of tenements and company houses.

Christian statesmen, Christian employers, and Christian labor leaders are seeking for ways of changing these things, that all may have a true opportunity for happiness and growth, at least in this great free republic of ours. Thousands who work every day in the week should be allowed a living wage for six days' work, even as Deuteronomy ordains, "that thy manservant and thy maidservant shall rest as well as thou." Hundreds of thousands should have a shorter work day, for they are stunted of body and mind and soul by their ten, twelve or even longer hours of daily stint. Millions should and will receive a greater share of what they produce. "The husbandman that laboreth must be first partaker of the fruits," according to Scripture.

"Industrial slavery" means labor in modern industry where conditions are bad, or hours too long, or wages insufficient to provide the decencies of family life. If Moses were with us now, undoubtedly he would endorse the effort of the Christian prophets of today to lead their brethren toward freedom and joy in daily work.

"Did the children of Israel, the boys and the girls, have to work and make the bricks without straw?" asked a youngster in Bible class. Yes, they undoubtedly did; for while the expression "children of Israel" means primarily the men and women of the nation, we know that the ancient world abounded in child labor of the most awful kind. Even in the modern Orient child-toilers in multitudes are practically slaves. Our missionaries feel that the drudgery of childhood is one of the worst features of heathenism.

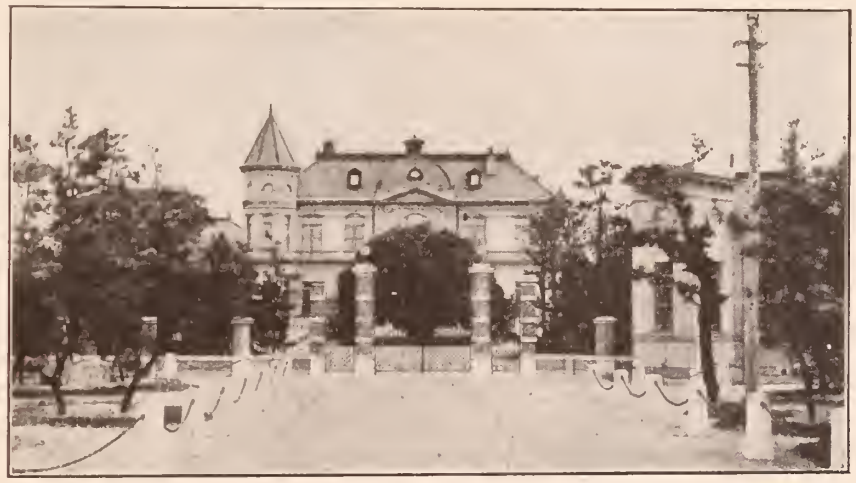
Yet even in our own fortunate land, while child labor is not so general, it exists in certain lines to an astounding degree. Christian philanthropists still strive in vain to do away with this thing. The law against interstate commerce in the products of the toil of children, called by many the National Child Labor Law, has been overthrown by the Supreme Court. Those who want to protect the children have had to begin all over again to find some way of remedying this evil. Is your state one of those that blocks the way? Or is it one that stands firmly for the right of the child to childhood's play and childhood's education and childhood's freedom? The Christlike love of the Christian people will do away with this iniquity ere long. Are you a helper? Jesus said it were better for a man that a great millstone were hanged about his neck and for him to be cast into the sea than to sin against one of his little ones. Do you think it is right for a man to grow rich out of the labor of scores of children?

The Hebrew immigrants found Egypt a land rich in corn, but somehow a land of slavery, too. It has always been a hard thing to try to fit into the life of a new country in the days of its prosperity. Long ago it was written, however, that "the Lord thy God loveth the immigrant; therefor love thou the immigrant." It is said by students that Israel was always hospitable to immigration. Certainly our country has always kept a wide-open door. Yet many of the "strangers within our gates" have found the promised land a land of heavy burdens and grievous to be borne. Disheartening indeed are the tales of experiences in city slum or desolate mining camp. Large numbers live under very debasing conditions in the wealthy and generous United States of America. What a sad saying was that of a Russian immigrant to a home missionary in one of our squalid industrial settlements: "We drink, drink, drink, when we meet together, for that is the only form of amusement we know!"

America's melting-pot has felt a new and fervent heat in the past mighty effort for world freedom. New unity, new loyalty, new interest in true patriotism has resulted. Shall we let the melting-pot cool off again? Or shall we rather keep it warm with the ministries of Christian love and American fair play until it makes of us one great free Christian democracy, without a drunkard or a slave?

The Challenge to Christian America

Egypt could not keep the chosen people because she would not treat them rightly. The book of Exodus is a charter showing us that God cares, that religion is concerned with toil, that the Church has a sphere in bettering the lot of the oppressed. The aggrandizement of militarism is checked. Enslaved Belgians and Poles have been delivered by the free nations. Now throughout the whole world we turn to the huge task of freeing all peoples from conditions that cramp and kill. God bless and help his world in its difficult task, that the Christian spirit may avail to settle these hard problems of the world's work without bitter strife. Let Christian America, so fortunate, so rich, lead the way.



The City Hall where seven churches united to bring Christ to their community

A Community Christmas Tree in Japan

THE Christmas of 1917 was celebrated in the city of Fukuoka, Japan, in a way that will not soon be forgotten. With a desire to bring the message of the Christ Child to the people outside the churches, the idea of the Western Community Christmas tree was adopted and the seven Protestant Evangelical churches united, in the effort with a vigor of interest that will prove in the future a boon to local Christian fellowship. The City Hall is the center of the city life, and it was decided to hire this hall, this giving also the appearance of official sanction. The church people were urged to spread the news, with the idea that this was to be a celebration not so much for Christians as for the man who might find Christ on this Christmas night.

The grounds around the City Hall were early filled with people and by seven o'clock the hall was packed. Hundreds of late comers could only flatten their faces against the windows or, unable to stand the cold, get a far glimpse of the fascinating Christmas tree and turn their disappointed way homeward.

The Christmas tree in one corner towered to the high ceiling, festooned and garlanded, and lighted with tiny electric lights. No gifts burdened its branches, for this was to be not a material tree but a tree from whose branches "silently the wondrous gift is given." The program was planned to amuse and instruct, and the sweetness and naiveté of the children who performed won all hearts. At the end of the program came a Christmas cantata, and the big audience sat spellbound as the story of the shepherds and the wise men, of Mary and the Christ Child unfolded before them. After this, one of the pastors of the city gave a short interpretation of Christ and Christianity, and made an appeal to all to become believers.

REV. ROBERT SPENCER

All Paris Cheers for Wilson

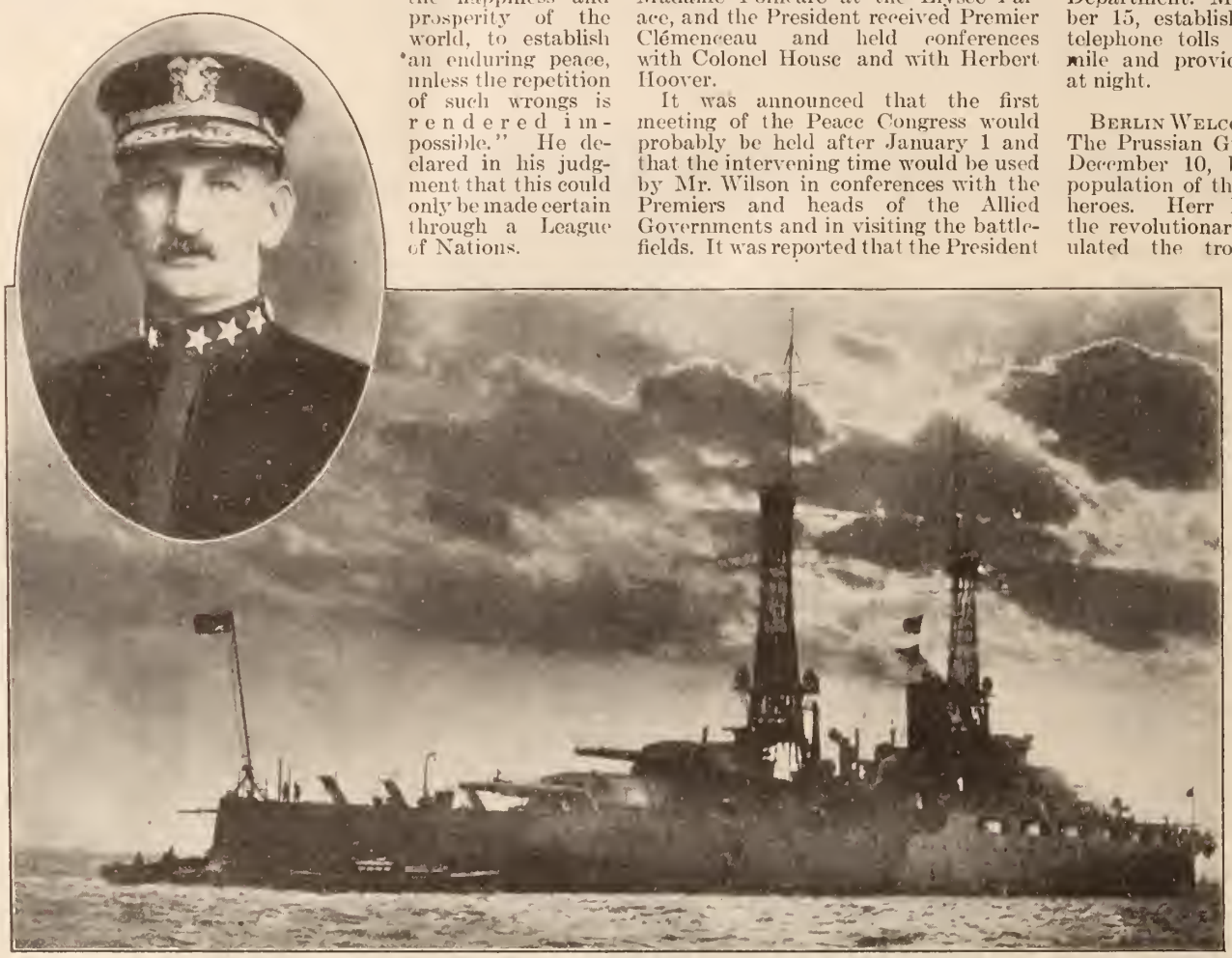
BETWEEN two rows of Poilus, behind whom the people of Paris were gathered 2,000,000 strong, filling streets to the house lines, overflowing from windows and outlining the roofs, President Wilson entered Paris on December 14. He was received with the music of reechoing cheers, while guns boomed the Presidential salute. Paris poured out to him, as the representative of Americea, the full vial of her gratitude for what Americea had done since April, 1917. Mr. Wilson's train reached the Bois de Boulogne station at 10 A. M. President Poincaré was awaiting him, and fifteen minutes later the presidents of the two Republics left the station in a carriage, passing through the lines of cheering people along the Champs Elysees to the palace of Prince Murat, where Mr. and Mrs. Wilson will live while in Paris. Mrs. Wilson and Madame Poincaré were in the second carriage. A dozen other carriages followed bearing Premier Clémenceau, Ambassador Sharpe, General Pershing, General Bliss, Secretary Lansing, M. Pichon, French Foreign Minister and other civil and military dignitaries. At one place a young woman dressed in Alsatian costume broke through the lines of guards and threw a wreath of roses into the President's carriage. A group of school boys threw violets into the carriage occupied by the wives of the two Presidents. Correspondents described the tribute given to Mr. Wilson as the most hearty and unrestrained given to any statesman in France during the war. The day was made a fête day and the crowds sang and danced and paraded, exceeding the record of armistice night.

At noon President Poincaré entertained President Wilson at luncheon. In addressing Mr. Wilson as the guest of France, M. Poincaré declared: "Mr. President, Paris and France awaited you with impatience, they were eager to acclaim in you the illustrious democrat whose words and deeds were inspired by exalted thought. . . . The eminent statesman who had found a way to express the highest political and moral truths in formulas which bear the stamp of immortality."

President Poincaré expressed the appreciation of France for the work of relief done by Americans before the United States entered the war and paid an eloquent tribute to the United States, General Pershing and the American army, which he said brought with them the enthusiasm of crusaders leaving for the Holy Land. He declared that the guilty in this war must not remain unpunished. and that "We must introduce into the peace we are going to build, all the conditions of justice and all the safeguards of civilization that we can embody in it."

President Wilson in replying expressed his debt to President Poincaré for his gracious greeting and declared that "From the first, the thought of the people of the United States turned toward something more than the winning of this war. It turned to the establishment of eternal principles of right and justice." He said also that the American soldiers in their ardor and enthusiasm had expressed the true spirit of America. Regarding the final settlement of the issues of the war Mr. Wilson said, "I appreciate, as you do, sir, the necessity of such action in the final settlement of the issues of the war as will not only rebuke such acts of terror and spoliation, but make man everywhere aware that they cannot be ventured upon without the certainty of just punishment."

Later in the day President Wilson received a delegation of French Socialists and in response to their address he declared, "It is not possible to secure the happiness and prosperity of the world, to establish an enduring peace, unless the repetition of such wrongs is rendered impossible." He declared in his judgment that this could only be made certain through a League of Nations.



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The battleship Pennsylvania, his flagship, and Admiral Henry T. Mayo, under whose command the President sailed safely to France

The President's ship was met outside Brest by the battleship squadrons which have been working abroad during the war. Admiral Sims' flagship, the battleship Wyoming, and Admiral Mayo's flagship, the battleship Pennsylvania, led two long lines of battleships with destroyers and other craft which flanked the George Washington and surrounded her all the way to the straits leading to the harbor of Brest. As soon as the fleet was sighted the guns began to boom their sonorous salute. The ship anchored about noon and was immediately boarded by Colonel House, and General Bliss, Ambassador Sharpe and General Pershing and officials of the French Government. The President went ashore in a harbor boat a little after 3 o'clock. As he and Mrs. Wilson stepped on the pier they were welcomed with cheers. The Mayor of Brest read a formal address of welcome to which the President made a brief reply. The Presidential party left Brest for Paris about 4 P. M., but Brest, having received the first American President who ever set foot on foreign soil gave itself over to two days of merrymaking.

President Wilson attended church twice on Sunday, December 15, going to the American Presbyterian church in the morning and to the Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity in the afternoon. After the morning service he went to the tomb of Lafayette on which he laid a wreath. During the day the President and Mrs. Wilson called on President and Madame Poincaré at the Elysee Palace, and the President received Premier Clémenceau and held conferences with Colonel House and with Herbert Hoover.

It was announced that the first meeting of the Peace Congress would probably be held after January 1 and that the intervening time would be used by Mr. Wilson in conferences with the Premiers and heads of the Allied Governments and in visiting the battlefields. It was reported that the President would go to the front at Christmas to eat Christmas dinner with the army.

Glimpses of the World's News

TO FIGHT THE PLAGUE. The Rockefeller Foundation will return in 1919 to the war on disease. Major Gen. Gorgas will head an expedition of scientists to Central and South America to make war on yellow fever. The campaign also includes the elimination of the Asiatic plague in China and Asia.

5 YEARS FOR RAILROADS. William G. McAdoo as Director General of railroads recommended, on December 10, that the time for the final return of the railways to their owners should be placed 5 years from January 1, 1919, giving as his reason that it was necessary to spend $500,000,000 a year on improvements, and also that that time would give opportunity to develop the wisdom of government control.

FLEET HOME FOR CHRISTMAS. Washington announced on December 13 that the battleship fleets commanded by Rear Admirals Hugh Rodman and Thos. S. Rogers would return to America about December 23.

NATION MAY PURCHASE CABLES. A Bill was introduced into the House on December 13 to extend the time of Federal control of the Telegraph and Telephone systems until they could be appraised by the United States to be run in connection with the Post Office Department. Mr. Burleson, on December 15, established new long distance telephone tolls based on 6¼ mills a mile and providing for reduced rates at night.

BERLIN WELCOMES "VICTORS" HOME. The Prussian Guard entered Berlin on December 10, being received by the population of the capital as conquering heroes. Herr Ebert, acting head of the revolutionary government congratulated the troops that no enemy had defeated them. The apparent tendency of the returned soldiers to support conservative measures proved at least a temporary check to the Bolshevist radicals. None of the Allied armies reported any trouble in maintaining order in the occupied portions of Germany. On December 13 the American armies had reached the west bank of the Rhine along the entire sector assigned to them and were preparing to occupy the 30 mile semicircular bridgehead opposite Coblenz. The American and Allied troops had fully occupied all the bridgehead positions on December 14 and the armistice was extended to January 17.

FREEING COMMERCE. The War Trade Board announced on December 13 that almost unlimited shipments of commodities would from that day be permitted to our Allies, their colonies and neutral nations.

PORTUGAL'S PRESIDENT KILLED. Dr. Sidonia Paes, President of Portugal by virtue of revolution since December, 1917, and by election since June 9, was shot and killed by an assassin in the railway station at Lisbon on December 15. The crowd seized and killed his assailant.

THE KAISER'S FUTURE. A correspondent of the New York Times declared, on December 11, that he had excellent information that the present government of Germany would not oppose the handing over of Wilhelm II by Holland to the Allies. The government of Holland was also reported as willing to discuss the question. Dispatches of December 13 pictured the interned Crown Prince as running away from a mob of Amsterdam women who invaded his island retreat.

TWO ON ONE WIRE. Postmaster Gen. Burleson, December 2, announced that it has now become possible to use a single pair of wires for both long distance telephone and telegraph service. A single circuit may be used for 5 telephone conversations simultaneously, or for 40 telegraph messages at the same time, or a combination of the two services may be worked out.

We Begin the Search

RUTH McDONALD *will greet the Christian Herald Family next week in the opening chapters of Mrs. Lutz's new serial, "The Search." Incidentally there are a couple of young lieutenants who are no particular credit to a uniform which is worn by better men. The plot is as thick as can be right at the beginning.*

Dr. Jowett begins a new year in next week's issue. He takes "The Materialistic Vision" and widens it, with a spiritual horizon, under which he finds the basic truths of church unity.

Next week, too, the first pictures of the German revolution.

The publisher, the bookman and the circulation man, aided and abetted by the editors, have something to say next week. They take four pages to say it in, so you may know it is not only important but mighty interesting.

Marion Harland's Corner

From Our Winter Letter-Box

AS WILL be seen by perusal of the several letters that make up the pith and heart of our talk today, our members are awake to the requirements of the season, and mindful of the stern and abiding necessity of judicious economy.

It is a significant fact, patent to all observers of social life, that nobody nowadays apologizes for setting plain fare before guests. Notable housewives vie with one another in bringing forth new and attractive combinations of inexpensive materials. And interfusing the generous rivalry is the spirit of true patriotism which, like a divine animus, inspires all classes in this wonderful age of ours.

Another pleasing fact is brought to light by our letters: The Corner is read carefully by members, and it has engendered kindly and sisterly impulses throughout our great family.

Proof of this blessed holiday temper will be evident from what follows:

"Ever since I saw the directions for using bricks for keeping food warm I've wanted to tell you of a much simpler method. Envelop your food kettle or coffeepot, or whatever vessel you use, in two or three thicknesses of newspaper, and your food will keep absolutely hot and finish cooking for an hour at best. I've often finished cooking potatoes, apple-sauce or indeed anything, and it is perfect. My daughter promised to roast a leg of mutton for her neighbor, but entirely forgot it until her own turkey was two-thirds done, when she took it from the oven and wrapped it in newspapers, and at noon it was perfectly cooked throughout.

"I want also to give a recipe for a nice pudding—very simple and cheap:

"Four tablespoonfuls of rice; one quart of milk; teaspoonful of salt. Sweeten to taste. Cook in a slow oven for two hours. It is creamy and delicious.

"I am thoroughly enjoying the Corner."—MRS. W. (*California*).

Your inexpensive application of the principle that has given us the "thermos bottle" and the fireless cooker should be caught at eagerly by those who feel keenly the absolute necessity of hoarding heat for cooking purposes. Anything that saves so much as a pound of coal is better worth adopting now than ever before in the history of American housewifery. The newspapers must be folded closely about the boiling vessel without a moment's delay, and bound in place. There must be at least four or more thicknesses of paper. One woman who has practiced this manner of cooking food for years adds an old blanket, folded tightly, to the papers, and sets the compact bundle away in a warm corner of the kitchen-closet until she is ready to serve the meats or stews enclosed. She makes capital soups in this way, and keeps porridge hot all night.

Thank you for kind words for the Corner.

"My heart was touched by the inquiry of 'M. E. V.' (New York) requesting cookies that our boys in camp can eat with a relish, and that are as good when received as when first baked. Having a son of my own in the officers' camp, and knowing just what these boys of ours like, I hasten to send a recipe which has often been sampled by them and proved good. Age has no effect on them. They may be kept a year or longer—*if* hid where the youngsters can't find them.

Nut Cookies

"One cup ground nuts of any kind; one cup chopped raisins (may be ground with nuts); two and one-half cups of sugar; one cup butter; three eggs; one-quarter cup cold water (in which dissolve one-half teapoon soda); one teaspoon nutmeg; one teaspoon cinnamon, and flour enough to roll out.

"Corn, rice and oatmeal flours are good substitutes for flour in the recipe."—MRS. P. H. M. (*Illinois*).

It is too late to send Christmas boxes overseas, but there are thousands of boys in American camps who would enjoy a box of such cookies as you tell us of. I can well believe that they will not keep long unless hidden from the youngsters at home. Forty years ago, I published a recipe for gingersnaps "*warranted to keep if locked up!*"

"Having seen an admonition in the Corner to housewives to keep a lookout for the white scum that rises upon the top of pickles, I think a remedy may be helpful to my fellow pickle-makers which I have used for years with success.

"Wash and scrape horseradish root clean, cut it into thin slices and scatter it over the top of the pickles. Allow only a few pieces to each jar, and leave it upon the surface of the vinegar. It is an effectual preventive of the evil of rising scum which spoils the looks of the pickles and lends a musty flavor to them also."—M. W. (*Maine*).

One of the useful practical hints that should be handed over for the general good by her who is lucky enough to know of it. The preventive is as simple as one for which I have been grateful for twenty years—namely, how to kill the odor of boiling cabbage and cauliflower by laying a slice of stale bread upon the surface of the water in which it is cooking and leaving it there until the vegetable is done. Another priceless hint along the same line may not be amiss here: Always cook onions and all members of the malodorous cabbage family in *open* pots.

"Now that we are thinking of holiday goodies, may I pass on to sister Cornerites a recipe for Irish potato pie which some of us prefer to sweet potato pie?

Irish Potato Pie

"Boil, and mash while hot, enough potatoes to make two cupfuls when all are mashed and beaten to a cream with a tablespoonful of butter (or a substitute) and half a cupful of milk. Beat into the creamy mixture, when it is cool, the yolks of two eggs already whipped light, and scant cupful of sugar. Season with cinnamon and mace to taste. Lastly, stir in the whites of the eggs beaten to a standing froth. Bake in an open crust.

"When sugar is scarce, I sweeten with karo or other syrup. In which case I wet up a teaspoonful of corn starch with the milk to make the potato mixture of the right consistency. Liquid sweets thin cake batter and other mixtures. A little corn starch sets all right. Before I learned this 'trick,' my gingerbread and batter puddings were woefully flat. So I pass it along."—MRS. S. A. G. (*New Jersey*).

Your suggestion anent the corn starch is timely. Other housewives have lamented the "fall in stocks" consequent upon the substitution of free syrups for sugar. Corn starch stiffens the compound, without affecting the taste of cake or pudding or custard.

While agreeing with you that Irish potato pudding is even more toothsome than that made of sweet potatoes, it is not to be denied that the latter is delicious if made according to this recipe:

Sweet Potato Pie—Old Virginia Recipe

Parboil, peel, and, when they are cold, grate enough sweet potatoes to fill a coffee-cup (large). Rub to a cream a tablespoonful of butter with three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Spice to taste with cinnamon and mace, and beat in the grated potato, adding, as you go on, the juice of half a lemon. Lastly, stir in lightly the stiffened whites and bake at once in an open crust.

Sweet Potato Pudding

Make as directed above, and bake, covered, in a greased bake-dish until it is firm. Then brown lightly. Eat cold with cheese. It keeps well.

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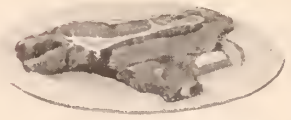

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This is what some common foods yield in calories per pound:

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Round Steak	890
Leg of Lamb	860
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Perch	275
Oysters	225
Canned Peas	235
Potatoes	295

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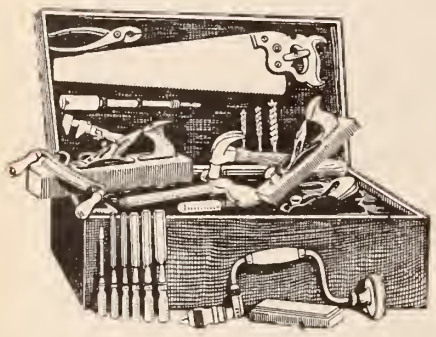

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Miss Ladden of Laddensburg

Continued from page 1426

imagined that there were plenty of people more able to do the required work than she; yet the Laddens had always been leaders in the community, and she was the only living Ladden. She went to the small desk beside her bed and from a drawer drew out her check book. She studied the figures carefully, but they seemed appallingly small. No; she could not afford a Community Christmas, much as she would have liked to give the town—something to talk over. Then she remembered that Kendall had said each one was to help. Oh well, she would do her share, probably making foolish little paper chains such as they did in the kindergartens. She threw the check book back in its drawer, shut the desk, and, snapping on a light that flooded the big chair before her bed, picked up the novel that she had been reading that afternoon.

IT WAS several days before she saw Kendall Stebbins again, and then they met in the post office. A heavy fall of snow had broken the intense cold, and as soon as the sidewalks were cleared Emily decided that she would explore the town. The sun had been brilliant all morning, though not warm enough to melt the snow and make walking difficult. On the Hill, Ladden's Hill, the children were coasting, and sleighbells were everywhere.

She had quite enjoyed her walk; it was in the nature of a revelation to her, for there were houses and streets she had never seen before—a new schoolhouse, repainted buildings, and a business block of stone.

"Why, Laddensburg has grown to be quite a town," she told Kendall by way of greeting. "I went out for half an hour and have been gone two."

Kendall assured her that the place had the making of a city. As he talked he noted with approval the glow of her cheeks, the clearness of her large eyes. Surely the afternoon had done her good.

"A city? What would make poor little sleepy Laddensburg a city?"

"Several things. We have very good water facilities, and I am inclined to believe that if we could get a manufacturer to come in here with some industry the place could be made prominent. You know we are naturally situated to make Laddensburg a center."

She did not know it, and frankly said so.

"Then, too, the country outside the town had been found very fertile for corn, and the farmers are coming in here to do their shipping, and incidentally their shopping. Also, there's a project to operate a coal mine at Warren—it's only twelve miles by trolley—and we are the nearest town of any age or size."

"How faithful you are to Laddensburg!" she said, and there was a tinge of sarcasm in her voice.

"Yes, I feel that some of the old settlers of the place must be faithful," and Emily knew that the thrust was well deserved.

"Quits! quits!" she cried; "and to show you that I've no hard feeling I'll ask you to walk up home with me, and I'll give you afternoon tea."

Kendall laughed. Afternoon tea was not a custom in Laddensburg. But he accepted the invitation to walk.

IT WAS while his afternoon tea was getting cold, and while he neglected a generous slice of chocolate cake, that he told her of the Christmas plans and invited her cooperation and advice.

Miss Emily was feeling better mentally. The resentment that had filled her two weeks before was going, and her walk of the afternoon had wakened her interest.

"And you mean that some of these people would have no Christmas if it were not for interests outside of their homes?"

"Exactly. Remember that foodstuffs are high, some of the bread-winners have gone to training camps, and Christmas is a luxury."

"Oh!"

"Then, too, there is one phase that has to be considered. Many of the people would not accept a Christmas sent in to them—it would be receiving charity. If they are allowed to help, that will make it different."

Emily nodded. She was beginning to understand.

"And you feel that I can be of service to your organization. Well, Kendall, I'll help; though I don't know what I can do."

"You'll help; that's all I wanted to hear. The what-you-can-do part will come later. Christmas will be in two weeks; tomorrow we will have our first committee meeting, and plans will be discussed. Will you be there?"

"Yes."

"Good. Then all this tea has not been wasted in vain. Now I must run back to my office. There is such a thing as signing mail, you know," and he made a hurried departure.

THE committee meeting was a success—at least so it was generally said, even though Miss Emily sat back in one corner and smiled at the method of procedure. The general committee had been elected from all parts of the town, and the ideas of a Christmas were many and decidedly varied, from those who believed that the day should have nothing but a religious aspect to those who regarded it as something more festive than the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving rolled into one.

It was decided, however, that the festivities were to be held in the new gymnasium at the high school; that there must be a tree; that there would be exercises by the children; that there would be dancing, and that there would be plenty of refreshments. The matter of presents was discussed, but not decided upon. Several argued that presents for every child under fourteen could be bought for very little money, and this statement was to be investigated by a committee whose duty it would be to look over two or three mail-order catalogues.

"Now we've all got to work quickly," Kendall told them at parting, "and whenever you strike a snag come to me, or to some member of the executive committee." Kendall was head of this executive committee; rightly so, for he would have most of the work to do. The other members were two of the ministers—two teachers famed for their energy and skill at such times—and Miss Emily. Kendall had placed her on the committee with himself, half fearing that if he gave her other work to do she would prove inefficient.

HE LEARNED differently when three days later he heard that she had invited all of the girls of the senior class at the high school to spend the afternoon with her and "make something." What this "something" was no one but Miss Emily and the head of the decoration committee knew. Two days later he heard that she had been at the kindergarten all morning, and that the girls were again in session at the big house on the hill. When he thought it was the first time in twenty years that the big house had been opened to the people of Laddensburg, he smiled knowingly, and realized that the last of the Laddens was taking her true place in the community.

It was not until later in the week, however, that he met Miss Emily. It was just outside of Ware's, Laddensburg's only pretense at a department store, and her arms were filled with packages.

"My, but I am hearing such glowing reports of your work!" he complimented her.

"Yes? Well, I'll confess that if any one thinks my work is glowing it pleases me. Personally, I never realized before what good manners young American girls have. My efforts with a needle were truly humorous, and they did not laugh. Oh, Kendall! I never knew there were so many things to learn."

"Then this Christmas is not going to be such a calamity after all?"

"Calamity?" She sent one swift glance in his direction. "Yes, it's calamity enough; but, then, I hope I'll be able to work myself over it."

"You mean the work with your fingers will help you?"

"Yes; it can help anybody back to normal if they work hard enough, and know enough to work at."

"Oh, well, Miss Emily, you'll soon forget all the days that used to be. Just wait a while."

"Don't, don't! I don't want to forget. I'm trying to make the best of this situation, only until I have my money again. Then I can get away. And now I've got to run."

Kendall offered to carry her packages but she refused, and hurried away. He watched her go, quite the most pretentious figure in the street, for her bearing had a peculiar dignity, and her costly city-made clothes were notable against the cheaper cut and material of the clothes of the women she passed.

As he climbed the stairs leading to his office he was still thinking of her, and wondering if she really would want to go away, or if she would not gradually come to realize that there was contentment in Laddensburg. Contentment. . . . He pushed the thought from his mind, even though he could not repress the smile that played about his lips. On the way through his outer office he glanced guiltily at his own reflection in the mirror. He was rather a handsome chap—not at all bad looking!

THE days that followed passed quickly, and it was only three days before Christmas. Kendall had given up any pretense at his own work further than answering letters, and was everywhere about the town. Miss Emily was quite busy. When she thought of the various festivities she had worked for and attended back in the East and on the continent of Europe, she laughed at the simplicity of this community Christmas. Yet she was as earnestly interested in the cooking that was going on in the big kitchens of the Methodist Church rooms as she had been in a menu at a Biltmore festa. The decorations she had helped to make, and which she had paid for out of her own pocket, were of as much consequence as if they had been smilax from Louisiana and twining roses worth a small fortune. She was truly concerned at the report that the committee in charge decided against the purchase of toys for the younger children—and went again to her check book. Emily Ladden's heart had not been touched, however; she felt that every dollar would be needed, for she must wear fine clothing, and there would have to be trips away from the growing Illinois town.

Still she kept busy, and though she would not admit it, she was happier than she had been for years. The spirit of doing for others was gradually commanding her, and banishing her constant thoughts of self.

It was toward six o'clock at the end of her busiest day when she climbed the hill toward home. She might have ridden in a station hack, but she enjoyed the walk after the long afternoon indoors, when she had helped with her decorations. At her own gateway she stopped and looked back over the town. She drew great breaths of the sharp air. After all, Laddensburg was largely hers, and this day she had given the town much to talk of. She was still thrilling with pride at the exclamations that had greeted her decorations, for she had covered the gymnasium walls with broad strips of red bunting on which great Christmas trees had been sewed, and blue bunting with gold and silver stars hung loosely across the ceiling. Then, too, her stage picture of Christmas trees decked with cotton snow was a novelty. Tomorrow she would show them the effect it gave when the entertainers came wandering through the trees to the front of the stage.

She turned and walked briskly into the house.

"I'm home," she called to the maid who was setting her solitary place in the great dining-room. "Any mail at noon? I didn't wait to see."

"Yes, ma'am. It's on the desk upstairs; and some packages are on the floor."

She hurried up the stairs, but waited till she had removed her hat and coat before sorting her mail. It was the third letter, as she remembered it afterward, and her first thought was resentment that it should have been lying there all afternoon and she did not know. She read it hurriedly, a second time, and then sat on the edge of the bed to read it again. Suddenly the import of it dawned over her. She paced the room a dozen times, and suddenly reseated herself to read the letter again. It was a lengthy letter, though quite simple in its text, but she could hardly comprehend its meaning, so great was her excitement.

"THIS matter," so the second paragraph ran, "has been straightened out with the aid of the Federal government, and we are once again in a position to do our trading among neutral nations. Incidentally the company has just come into a lease of land in Southern California where there are rich potash fields. As your investment in this company covers all industries in which the company may be interested, you will of course share in the enormous profits to be made from these new holdings. On another sheet we are enclosing a detailed statement of accounts, showing deductions for services, and check will be sent you January 2 to cover your half-yearly profits as declared in the directors' meeting of December 15."

The second sheet was a bewildering mass of figures. She saw Costs of Litigation, on Account of Profit and Loss, Federal Fees, Court Fees, Interest Due, and none of them meant anything definite to her save that at the bottom there were three lines of figures.

Dividend of December 15,	$8,324.15
Deductions for above statement	3,753.00
Total due Miss Emily Ladden	$4,571.15

More than forty-five hundred dollars! And the potash fields would yield big permanent profits!

Miss Emily jumped to her feet with a half-angry exclamation, as if she had forgotten something. She ran down the stairs to the telephone and called up the railroad station. There was a sleeper on the ten o'clock train that would get her in Chicago at eight. She could catch the Twentieth Century that afternoon and be in New York City for Christmas!

She hurried up-stairs and started feverishly to haul her clothing from the various cupboards. For several minutes she sorted vigorously; and then came the thought that she would never pack these things in time for the ten o'clock train. Instead, she brought out two large bags and a dressing-case. She would only go to New York for Christmas and New Year's. Then she would come back to Laddensburg for the rest of her clothing. Somehow the thought of her return pleased her—and she hummed as she chose three of her newest evening dresses—one ordered just before the financial smash and that had never been worn, two or three gowns, a pile of underclothing, and as many of her more elaborate belongings as she could manage.

She hardly stopped for supper, and it was not until nine o'clock that she called up Kendall Stebbins to tell him that she was going. Their conversation was short, almost breathless, and left him half dazed. In fact, Emily herself was half dazed, and she gave such frequent short sharp orders about her house that the two maids presently gave up trying to remember, but trusted that they would do the correct thing until she returned.

She went away on the ten o'clock train to Chicago. Kendall Stebbins saw her off.

IT WAS half-past six Christmas night. Over in the west a golden sickle of a moon was reflected on the banked snow. The church bells were ringing, and about the town there seemed a bustle of preparation.

Kendall Stebbins saw that there was a small stream of people headed for the high school, but he did not hurry. Somehow the salt of the earth had lost its flavor for him in the past two days; not even Emily's assurance that she would come back had filled him with any particular elation. He walked slowly, stopping frequently to look at the moon. He laughed at the way the moon mocked him—the moon that was made for lovers. Imagine Kendall Stebbins in love with Emily Ladden! The moon seemed to say, "Imagine such a thing!"

But just the same it was true!

He went on, slowly, his heavy steps betraying his heavier heart. Fifty people greeted him, and he mechanically returned their greeting. He went into one of the class-rooms off the gymnasium and left his hat and coat. Then he went to the big room that Emily had made so beautiful. Already the hall was beginning to fill. There were men in evening clothes, and laborers in their best corduroys, women in clothes that had meant a trip to Chicago or St. Louis, and women of foreign birth who wore silk shawls of far-across-the-sea texture over cheap silk waists that had been made in New York City. He stood there idly watching them all, and for the first time resentment filled him. He wished that he had never answered the call to return to his native village. He longed for the humming rush of the cities.

A small boy came to him.

"Say, Mr. Stebbins, one of the ladies wants to see you in the playroom downstairs."

HE THANKED the boy and started from the room. Another ice-cream battle to be fought, or possibly it was favors. How he hated them all! everything, everybody! He descended the half-lit stairs to the basement room where the small children played in stormy weather, and found the room a confusion of boxes, tables filled with food, aprons; and in the far corner a woman, who turned and faced him as he entered the narrow doorway.

It was Emily Ladden!

For a minute neither of them spoke. Kendall, staring with raptured gaze, was filled with the wonder of her presence. She was not beautiful; Emily Ladden could never be truly beautiful; but she was lovely to look upon. She was dressed as for a function, the seal and sable coat thrown back from her shoulders disclosing the evening gown of some black filmy material that seemed to float about her as a cloud.

"Emily!" he cried, when he recovered from his astonishment.

"Yes, I'm real," she laughed. "Don't look as if you had stumbled on a ghost."

"But in Laddensburg! I had pictured you in New York tonight."

She smiled at him again.

"Oh Kendall! it's a long story. It may—it may take a lifetime to tell."

He did not speak, but stood enraptured, her words sinking deeper and deeper into his consciousness.

"When I got into Chicago the other morning I went straight to a hotel where I could rest until it was train time. I called up a friend or two, and went Christmas shopping. Christmas shopping—and at every step, Kendall, I was contrasting the mad selfish rush of people with pinched nervous faces with the Laddensburg Christmas. When it was time for my New York train, I could not leave; I could not leave."

Kendall cleared his throat.

"No?" he said, rather inanely.

"No. Because I knew I belonged back in Laddensburg. Because of the way you looked at me at the station that night when we said good-by."

"Emily!" He sprang forward, his arms outstretched.

She moved away from him.

"Not here. The others will be here at once. When I changed my mind, Kendall, I went shopping—for Laddensburg. The cases came down on the train with me today. They are being brought up here now. They will have to be opened and sorted—my gifts to Laddensburg."

"And you only got here on the night train?"

"Yes. This gorgeousness was donned in the ladies' room of the Pullman."

There was a sudden confusion outside the door. The Christmas cases had arrived.

"And, Kendall—" she placed her hand on his arm, "I have been thinking of what you meant when you said that there had been so much money in my life that there was no room for things which counted more. You're right, Kendall, you were right; there are things that count more. Come home with me after this Christmas party. I've ordered a Christmas supper—for two."

Girl War Workers Going Home

DEMOBILIZATION of women war workers is being accomplished in truly democratic American fashion.

The little girl in a government office or knitting mill holds the attention of the War Department. Contracts are cancelled or continued that the girl war workers may be assured a chance to live. From each State in the Union, men and women who represent the government are telegraphing to Washington reports on the industrial situation. Justice in the shape of recommendations for adequate notice and extra salary when she leaves government service hold the attention of a cabinet meeting while questions of world policy wait. A bill has been introduced into Congress to supply transportation, on the same basis as that furnished demobilized soldiers, for the army of 100,000 women who have come from the four corners of America to serve their country in Washington.

The story happily lacks the melodramatic quality of an eleventh-hour rescue. There are two reasons: Uncle Sam has recognized the debt he owes to the two million or more women already in war work and the millions of others who were willing to undertake war production.

The second reason lies in the action of the Department of Labor. The nation-wide machinery built up by this agency has recognized women on an equality with men. Women are just "people," with all the privileges of the people of the United States. Threatened dislocation in the knitting industries with their nearly 150,000 women receives the same attention as a similar condition in an industry affecting men. Hosiery mills which were running on government orders have been allowed two weeks' additional work after they finish their present contracts. Long-time delivery is provided for so that the eighty needle machines required for the heavy yarn in soldiers' socks may be shifted into sets of 120 needles as used for the silk and cotton hose of commerce, and no change has resulted to the workers other than in some cases temporary shortening of hours.

In many States, the replacement of women war workers in peace-time industries is being carried on within the States, or with nearby States, without recourse to Washington.

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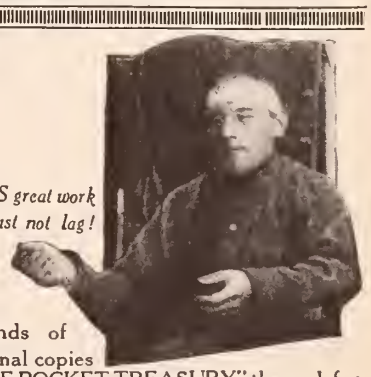

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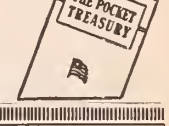

IN THE LIGHT OF THE GREAT WAR

A TEXT BOOK ON PROPHECY

By **JAMES M. GRAY, D.D.,**
Dean of the Moody Bible Institute

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XXIII. WHY CHRISTIANS SHOULD STUDY PROPHECY

(The Book and How to Use it.)
From the author's preface.

The war with Germany greatly quickened popular interest in the prophetic books in the Bible, and the Christian Herald, New York, asked the author for a series of articles on the subject. They numbered eight, and bore the general title "The Mountain Peaks of Prophecy."

Before the conclusion of the series the attention awakened seemed to justify an increase of the number of articles to twelve, and later that number was doubled.

Questions from correspondents began to multiply, which were replied to in some of the later articles, and as the whole assumed more and more the form of class instruction, the management of the paper urged the present publication in book form for wider and more permanent use.

One or two articles have been omitted here as being rather ephemeral in character and not essential to the rounding out of the subject; but those that appear do so, with few exceptions, in their original order, and with practically no change in the text. Repetitions and recapitulations incident to the serial form of composition have had to be retained, but it is thought these may be found not undesirable where the study of the book is pursued, in classes as is contemplated in some instances, and for which the questions have been added at the close of each chapter.

In the preparation of the work the author sought to avoid as far as possible the expression of merely his own opinions in the premises, and to give Scriptural authority for all his interpretations of the prophets. Where he did not know, or was in doubt he said so, and yet the necessary limitations of space in the periodical may have resulted in a flavor of dogmatism here and there which was not intended.

Generous consideration is asked for this, as the author fully recognizes the merits of other interpretations than his own, and values the scholarship and judgment with which he is not able always to agree.

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The Christian Herald Prayer League

ALL Christians are urged to unite with the members of the Prayer League in daily prayer at the noon hour. Also any one is at liberty to send a request for prayer or an acknowledgment of answered prayer, thereby becoming enrolled as a member of the Prayer League.

For His Sake

THE early Jewish patriarchs humbled themselves before God and pleaded with him for increased herds, for lengthened life, and that their enemies might be baffled. Often the prayers, like Jacob's vow at Bethel, took the form of a pledge or vow. "If God will be with me, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, then shall the Lord be my God." Jacob's descendants appealed to God's justice by their burnt offerings and sacrifices. They comprehended divine anger at human sin, but did not rise much above the level of Jacob's bargain. Their goodness was still predicated on divinely sent prosperity, but prosperity as surely led them into sin which brought adversity, new sacrifices of repentance and a new bargain. Even Moses, in spite of his forty days on Sinai, did not seem to apprehend God as other than a just Judge and a patient Patron.

But by David's time men had begun to appreciate a little more fully the true nature of Jehovah. David often sought forgiveness; he often needed it; but he knew God not only as just but as merciful. Gradually men came to be prepared for the full revelation by Jesus, of God as a loving Father, no less just, but dealing in love with those borne down by sin. Jesus did not paint out of the picture the former ideal of justice, of hatred of sin, or of mercifulness, but he painted in love and fatherly forgiveness. In place of the sacrificial lamb he offered himself, not for his own sins but for ours; and, though telling us that God knew all our desires and needs before we ask, he told us also to ask in faith, nothing doubting, and to ask in His name.

Jacob bargained with God. We through Christ claim his favor by virtue of the friendship of His only beloved Son. We bring our petitions to the throne of grace, and ere we rise we breathe the aspiration: "for Christ's sake." The Jew thrice daily turned his face toward Jerusalem and prayed. The Mohammedan today directs his five-time prayer toward Mecca. Both thus approach God through the holy places; but we, as Christians, approach him through the holiest avenue of all, the love of his Son, our Saviour.

For Christ's sake we cry, and we rise assured of answered prayer; for he has promised, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." Shall we then force God to act by claiming his promise? Far from it! Shall we dare to ask "for Christ's sake" more than for the forgiveness of our sins? Shall we presume, because of his love, to use the petition in his name to our own advantage? No. The very presumption would defeat our prayer. When we have given all to him as he gave all for us, we may claim this Friend at court. When we have held back nothing from his cause, we may say confidently "for Christ's sake."

Christ is our Advocate, not to move God's love to grant us all we need, but to declare us worthy of the forgiveness, the spiritual quickening, the material benefit we seek. Shall we, living unworthily, denying by our lives the profession of our tongues, shall we thus pray? Some of us, feeling our lives insufficient to warrant the Saviour in interceding for us, seek to influence him as we might influence one here on earth, by the interposition of a mutual friend. These seek through some saint to win the succor of which they feel themselves unworthy, and cheat themselves. We cannot cover our littleness and meanness with the cloak of a saint. "For Christ's sake" only is the plea that is heard in heaven, and we can pray thus only as we live "for his sake."

God the Father is still God the Just. God the Forgiver of sins is still Jehovah the Avenger of wickedness. Jesus did not change God, but he did offer to men the alchemy of his Spirit, the solvent of his sacrifice, by which they come to hate sin, to love righteousness, to seek service, and, so far as human may be worthy, to ask worthily in his name.

Individual requests for prayer are noted as follows:

Two hundred and three ask for healing of mental and bodily ailments, with spiritual blessing. One asks that she may be permitted to lead one soul to God each day; one that the Spanish influenza may be stamped out.

Seven pray for the restoration of sight; eight for the restoration of hearing; ten, healing of the mind; twelve, special prayers for mothers, that they may be restored to health.

Seventy-four pray for conversion, of which seventeen are for sons and eighteen for husbands. One wife asks "that husband be converted and that my own life be a living example of the power of God to keep sweet." A friend asks prayer "that I may have new consecration in my heart, and have influence to make a Sunday school class follow Jesus." Another asks, "Pray that I may be a true follower of Christ, and be closer allied to him, and be the cause of saving others." Many ask that their sons in the service may be blessed, and if God's will, kept safe; also that they may not yield to temptation.

Twenty-seven pray for divine grace in financial troubles.

Eight ask to be released from the tobacco and ten from the liquor habit.

Other requests are, "That a church lately organized may sit at the feet of Jesus and learn of him," "for a real spiritual awakening in our church at Lexington, Ohio, and the salvation of our souls"; "that our Sunnyside Church may be helped spiritually as it never has been; also that our pastor be blessed in his efforts"; "that we may get an earnest, sincere, spiritual pastor for our M. E. Church."

Special prayers are asked for a family who have lost three children: one burned to death, one killed by an auto, and one drowned a few weeks ago. May the Lord's presence be with these poor parents, and give them strength to bear the separation which we know is only temporary.

Different friends write:

"Pray that I may be given a deeper work of grace, and power and words to pray in public; that more wisdom may be given me for Sunday school work to win the little ones for Christ, and that I may have more Christian love and patience in my daily life."

"That God will give me strength to surrender absolutely to Christ as my Saviour." "That my father, who has not yet found 'Our Comforting Friend,' may be converted at our coming meeting."

Young People's Topics for January 5

Worth-While Life Purposes

Christian Endeavor and B. Y. P. U. Topics. Prov. 3 : 1–18

AS WE look back upon the years that are gone we cannot help but realize that many of the things over which we were most enthusiastic were of little worth. Ambitions have destroyed friendships, cravings have remained unsatisfied, the persons we sought to use have disappointed us, and the things for which we reached out have proved to be empty of any satisfaction. One thing and only one has persistently grown better, and that is our Christian life. When our ambitions have been for the glory of God, they have been blessed; when our cravings have been for spiritual things, we have been satisfied. And now we stand on the threshold of a new year. How shall we choose the path our feet shall tread, in order that the twelve months ended may not find us confused and confounded, another year wasted, our idols shattered and our ideals unattained? The chapter given for the reference could not be better as a guide. If we forget not the law, if we forsake neither mercy nor truth, if we trust with all our hearts in the Lord, depending not upon our own wisdom except as it follows his leadership, we can be sure that he will direct our paths, and that they will lead to his glory and to our own joy. Let us put our lives wholly in God's hands, yielding them without reservation to such service as his spirit may lead us to, keeping our hearts open for another's need, our lips clean, our spirits cheerful, praying often and seeking always to know his will and to find ways in which to serve him.

Our Relations to God. Praying

(Morning Watch) Epworth League Topic. Mark 11 : 19–26

AS YOU go to your work and meet a friend on the street you say "good morning!" The morning is happier frequently because of cheery greetings thus exchanged. The "Morning Watch" enables us to meet God and to hear his "good morning." Happy messages from him fill the pages of his Book. That life is strongest which is reinforced with the truth, regularly studied, and with unneglected prayer. With many of us, prayer is too often merely a source of refuge or a means of securing our desires. As a refuge it is blessed; as a means to a reward it is sometimes effective. But that prayer only brings true joy to the heart and true strength to the life which seeks neither refuge nor reward, but which expresses merely the cravings of the soul for communion with the Father. There is much more to the spiritual nature within most of us than we have discovered. We wonder at the spiritual achievements of certain saints whose lives are blessings and whose passing on to glory leaves whole neighborhoods uncomforted. We seldom realize that the foundation of these saintly lives is most often laid in quiet prayer and communion and in the study of God's Word. We cannot be strong physically without food, nor can we expect spiritual strength without frequent recourse to the two sources of that strength—the Bible and the place of prayer. Since we are largely creatures of habit, the only way to assure ourselves that each day will be blessed with spiritual food is to set aside a definite time which shall be given over to the exercises of faith. Thus we in time form the habit, and the habit forms our lives, and, the habit being a good one, our lives are blessed thereby. Nor is the life blessed by the Spirit lived to itself; it blesses others and testifies more strongly for Christ than any word of tongue or pen.

"CAFARD"—that blue war-weariness which sometimes attacks even the cheeriest of people—recently settled on a little French woman in one of the Y. W. C. A. foyers in France. She was usually the gayest, the most spontaneously merry entertainer in the foyer, but this day was the anniversary of her husband's death from a wound received during the first month of the war.

Madame tried to forget, but the cafard had its way, and she slipped off in a corner to shed the tears that could not be driven back. There one of the Blue Triangle girls found her, and tried as best she could to cheer the little Madame, to tell her how great was the sympathy and admiration of all America for the remarkable courage of the French under their heavy burden. Madame smiled a brave little smile, straightened up, and threw a moist handkerchief into the corner.

"Voila, c'est tout," she said, and walked off. The next time the Blue Triangle hostess saw Madame, she was the center of a large group who had magically thrown off their own gloom and were applauding vociferously. Madame was the magic. She had started the victrola, and was entertaining with the infectious gaiety characteristic of the French.

Two Happy Pastorates

Continued from page 1425

January. Other church activities pointed in the same direction—the prayer meeting subjects, the pastor's calls, the occasional special day of prayer (and we even dared to say "of fasting") for a deeper spiritual life and a religious awakening.

In the Week of Prayer itself, what we had been hoping, longing and praying for always came; Christians were revived, souls were converted, and spiritual matters became for a time at least affairs of supreme consequence.

Then came weeks and months of training and ingathering. The "pastor's class" was formed to teach the young converts the duties and privileges and responsibilities of church membership; and gradually, with care and heart-searching, they were admitted to full membership.

In connection with one of these yearly Week of Prayer revivals, in February, 1881, the first Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was formed, of which I shall speak more at length in another article. Its prime purpose was to train the annual harvest of young disciples for intelligent cooperative church membership, *training* them in participation in the meetings and in church work, just as the yearly pastor's class *instructed* them in the rudiments of faith and practice.

These months of special harvesting occupied the rest of the winter and spring months until the summer hegira suspended in part, though by no means wholly, the activities of the church. I believe most thoroughly, and never more now, as I look back from the vantage ground of many years, in some such plan of campaign.

I BELIEVE in a revival, or, if you will, a season of special interest, *every year*. I believe in evangelists and have no prejudice against them. They are often needed, but I also believe that usually a pastor may be his own evangelist, and have blessed and permanent results from such plans as I have outlined, and far larger results, as his faith and zeal and intellectual power exceeds mine.

I also believe that the pastor should put the burden of evangelism upon his people. It may be easier to do ten men's work than to get ten men to do it, but it is not so wholesome for the church.

This, too, is one of the principles on which the Christian Endeavor Society was founded: that there is a task and a testimony or a prayer for every one, however immature, and that the only way to grow strong is to use what little strength we have.

After seven happy years with my Portland parish, I felt it my duty, after refusing a number of invitations to leave Portland, to accept a call to Phillips Church in South Boston. This was a far different proposition from my first pastorate. The church had been long established as the leading and largest church on "the Peninsula." It had had a succession of noted and able pastors. My immediate predecessor was Dr. R. R. Meredith, a great expositor of the Sunday school lesson, whose weekly Bible class for teachers filled one of the largest halls in Boston.

He was a Boanerges in the pulpit, whose eloquent and thunderous periods I could never hope to equal. He was chiefly instrumental in leading me to become his successor, and I was installed by the same ecclesiastical council that dismissed him from that pastorate.

THE church had seven hundred members and congregations of a thousand or more. It was conservative in many of its ways and traditions, and yet ready for new things. No church could support its pastor more royally and loyally than old Phillips Church.

Moreover, the church was in the midst of a moving and a foreign population, and the community had seen its best days. Though many of the old families were left, the exodus into the suburbs and the country had begun. The tide was running strongly against South Boston and against Phillips Church as an old-fashioned family and community church. Yet substantially the same methods which built up the Portland church failed not in Boston. The pond was larger if not so exclusive, and the fish more numerous, so that a fisher of men ought to catch more in his net.

Every year the Week of Prayer revival resulted in many conversions. No communion passed without accessions to the church, as had also been the case during the seven years in Portland. During the four years and more of the Boston pastorate more than a hundred new members were added each year to the growing roll-call.

A most flourishing Christian Endeavor Society was soon formed, which became so large that several smaller societies or bands had to be formed out of it, which met once a week with the pastor, but under the leadership of one of their own number, while the whole society also met weekly to pray and to plan the work which gave every member, even the youngest, something to do.

In this society many religious leaders were developed, several of the young men entered the ministry, and Dr. William Shaw, so much loved and honored by the young people of the country as the long-time secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, here first showed his genius for leadership.

Thus more than four happy and harmonious years passed away. I do not now recall a ripple that disturbed the unity of the church or the affectionate relations of pastor and people. Then the growing importance and world-wide extension of the Christian Endeavor movement, involving a vast amount of correspondence and many calls for addresses, pressed me, until I felt obliged, most reluctantly, to resign my pastorate, thanking God for nearly twelve happy years in the Gospel ministry, a calling which I gladly commend to all young men who care more for service than for pelf, more for usefulness than for money, as I believe the great majority of earnest, upward-looking, forward-looking young men do.

There have been clouds as well as sunshine, rain as well as fair weather, in my life as in every other; but, looking back to my years in the pastorate, I can wish for my young friends no greater happiness than a real call to the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Going Home for Christmas!"

By Minnie Leona Upton

"GOING Home for Christmas!" Oh, the magic and the mirth
Thrilling through four throbbing words—four words so wonder-worth!
How the happy pulses leap, and how the eyes shine bright!
How the springing feet keep step to song from morn till night!
How the bores and bothers bore and bother us no more—
Nothing is worth noticing, with such a joy before!
Makes us keen to do our bit to help the sad old earth;
"Going Home for Christmas!" Oh, the magic and the mirth!

"Going Home for Christmas!" My, how pleasant strangers are!
Not a one but has a smile for every jolt and jar!
"Not at all! *My* fault!" they say, all smiling back at you;
Wonder, now, if they're all Going Home for Christmas, too!
Sort of like to ask 'em, but there's never time to stop,
With everybody shopping, just as hard as they can shop!
Best of jokes are jabs and pokes from bundles in a car!
"Going Home for Christmas!" My, how pleasant strangers are!

"Going Home for Christmas!" What a dream for day and night!
Was there ever dream more dear, and beautiful, and bright?
Nearer comes the time, and now we dream it more and more;
Yet—we never did our daily work so well before!
Can't get tired, somehow, now; and crossness doesn't fit
With the dream that's singing, singing, singing—not a bit!
All the tasks are easy ones, and all the burdens light.
"Going Home for Christmas!" What a dream for day and night!

"Going Home for Christmas!" It's so good it *must* be true!
Isn't it about time that the jolly postman's due?
Every day or so they write to say we "mustn't fail!"
Just as if we wouldn't *walk*, in lack of rail, or sail!
"You're coming home for Christmas; the days are all so slow!"
Every day acts just that way at *this* end—don't we know?
Cross it off the calendar the minute it is through!
"Going Home for Christmas!" It's so good it *must* be true!

Shall the Evangelical Churches Unite?

Continued from page 1424

United Church. Others could use the presbyterial and others still the episcopal system. Members of one body would be welcomed by letter to all churches and the validity of ministerial orders being recognized, ministers could pass readily from one system to another. Some of the difficulties will not prove as great, probably, as they now appear. In West China a few years ago, they wanted to form a single united Native Church from the divers systems represented in the various denominational missions. Church of England, Methodist, Quaker, Baptist and other organizations made a situation difficult to adjust, but it was adjusted, because everybody wanted it.

This proposal for the organic union of the Evangelical Churches may have a startling effect. There has been talk about it for many years, and many examples of the value of federation and cooperation have been presented. Fifty years ago we had the Evangelical Alliance on the basis of "In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity, and the results were salutary. We have had before us for many years the Faith and Order movement of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the reunion of Christendom. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America has long been in existence and has given a practical demonstration of the benefits of cooperation and federation. The Y. M. C. A., representing all evangelical denominations, has done an excellent work for all.

Of actual organic union there have been many examples: 1. In Canada, of various Presbyterian bodies united in one Presbyterian Church. 2. Of various Methodist bodies in one organization. 3. There is now pending there a union between the Methodist, the Congregational and the Presbyterian Churches, each of these denominations having already voted for it. A similar union of Methodist bodies in England and in Australia has taken place, and further unions are on foot. In this country, the Old and New School Presbyterian bodies were reunited soon after the Civil War; the Methodist and the Methodist Protestant Churches were also reunited long ago. Three bodies of Lutherans were merged in 1917 and three more in November, 1918. Several other union projects are pending. The outlook for organic union, it will be seen, is by no means discouraging.

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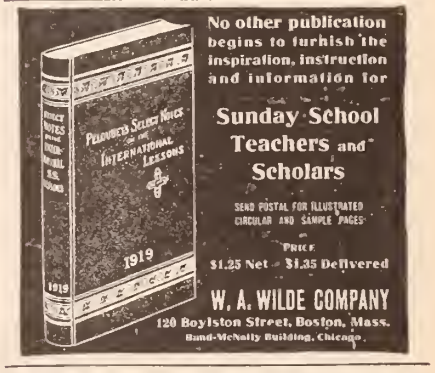

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- Wells of Moses
- Ancient Temples at Baalbek
- Sea Castle at Sidon
- Road to Samaria
- Ashdod, Where Dagon's Idol Fell Before the Ark
- Flowers at the Sea of Galilee
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CELEBRATE our victories by displaying this fine big American flag—the symbol of our national unity. Show your flag on holidays, when the boys come home, fly it for parades, reunions, and patriotic occasions. Let this big flag tell the story of your joy in this great moment of our country's history.

We will send one of these Flags, postpaid, together with the Christian Herald for one year for $3.50 ($4.00 after January 1, 1919).

We will send one of these Flags, postpaid, to Christian Herald subscribers who send us TWO NEW yearly subscriptions to the Christian Herald at $2.00 each ($2.50 each after January 1, 1919).

MR. MORGENTHAU'S INSIDE REVELATIONS

AS GERMANY is now suing for peace, it is important that the world should know some things she has tried to keep secret as expressed by Mr. Morgenthau, Did you know the war was definitely decided upon in Potsdam on July 5, 1914, 17 days before the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia? Mr. Morgenthau knows. Von Wagenheim, German Ambassador, told him.

Did you know that Germany, a supposedly Christian nation, urged the Turks to make a "Holy War" against Christians? Mr. Morgenthau knows. Mr. Tocheff, the Bulgarian Minister, Germany's ally, told him.

Did you know that Germany is responsible for the deaths of 1,000,000 Armenians? Mr. Morgenthau knows. He was in Constantinople when the killings occurred.

This inside history and much more, all significant and breathlessly interesting, is in Ambassador Morgenthau's Story. This book tells why the Turks killed the Armenians and fixes on the Germans the responsibility for the atrocities. It reveals the perfidy of Germany's attempt to start a holy war against Christians. It is a book for now and many years to come. It is the kind of a book that keeps one reading on and on. It is entertainingly written, yet it is packed full of authoritative facts. Illustrated with photographs, maps and diagrams, many of them from Mr. Morgenthau's private collection. Over 400 pages; cloth bound.

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MAGAZINE CLUBS AT SPECIAL PRICES

ALL of the offers given below will increase in price on January 1st, at which time the Christian Herald advances from $2.00 to $2.50 a year. We cannot fill your order at the prices given below if mailed later than December 31st.

EASY CLUBBING PLAN

To Find the Price of Any Club

You can make up your own combination of Magazines from the list below. Add the Class Prices of Magazines selected, multiply the sum by five and the result will be the cost. The price of a club cannot be less than the regular price of any one of the magazines in a club. Magazines preceded by an asterisk (*) are not clubbing magazines and must be added at the full price. Figures in bold face denote a special unit price less than the regular clubbing price.

EXAMPLE

Christian Herald	Class 35
American	Class 40
Total Class Numbers	75
Multiply by	5
Price of Club	$3.75

These Prices Advance Jan. 1, 1919

Class No.	Publication		Reg. Pr. with Chris. Her.	Our Pr. with Chris. Her.
60	Adventure	S-M	$5.00	$4.75
40	American Boy	M	4.00	3.75
40	American Magazine	M	4.00	3.75
60	American (2 years)	M	5.00	4.75
80	Atlantic Monthly	M	6.00	5.75
25	Boys' Life	M	3.50	**2.75**
25	Boys' Magazine	M	3.50	3.00
35	Camera	M	4.00	3.50
80	Century Magaziue	M	6.00	5.75
40	Christian Endeavor World	W	4.00	3.75
35	Christian Herald (before Jan. 1, 1919	W	...	...
45	Christian Herald (after Jan. 1, 1919	W	...	...
80	Christian Herald 2 years	W	...	...
50	Collier's Weekly	W	4.50	4.25
*	Cosmopolitan	M	4.00	4.00
*	Country Gentleman	W	3.00	3.00
80	Country Life in the War	M	7.00	5.75
55	Current Opinion	M	5.00	4.50
40	Delineator	M	4.00	3.75
60	Delineator (2 years)	M	5.00	4.75
30	Designer	M	3.00	2.75
27	Etude (music)	M	3.50	**2.75**
30	Etude (after Jan. 1, 1919)	M	4.25	**3.50**
40	Everybody's	M	4.00	3.75
60	Everybody's (2 years)	M	5.00	4.75
40	Expositor	M	2.00	3.75
3	Farm and Fireside	S-M	2.25	2.10
35	Garden Magazine	M	4.00	3.50
9	Girl's Companion	W	2.50	2.20
*	Good Housekeeping	M	3.50	3.50
80	Harper's Magazine	M	6.00	5.75
*	Hearst's Magazine	M	4.00	4.00
60	House Beautiful	M	5.00	4.75
35	Illustrated World	M	4.00	3.50
80	Independent	W	6.00	5.75
75	John Martin's Book	M	6.00	5.50
100	Judge	W	7.00	6.75
*	Ladies Home Journal	M	3.75	3.75
100	Leslie's Weekly	W	7.00	6.75
100	Life	W	7.00	6.75
80	Literary Digest	W	6.00	5.75
25	Little Folks	M	3.50	**2.75**
20	McCall's Magazine	M	3.00	**2.50**
35	McClure's	M	4.00	3.00
60	McClure's (2 years)	M	5.00	4.75
50	Metropolitan (before Jan. 1, 1919)	M	4.50	4.25
60	Metropolitan (after Jan. 1, 1919)	M	5.50	4.75
50	Missionary Review of the World	M	4.00	4.25
30	Modern Priscilla	M	3.50	**2.75**
32	Mother's Magazine	M	4.00	3.00
25	Musician	M	3.50	3.00
45	National Geographical Magazine	M	4.50	4.00
40	Nat. Geog. Mag. (To Members)	M	4.00	3.75
*	Needlecraft	M	2.50	2.50
25	New Success	M	3.50	3.00
27	Normal Instructor	M	3.50	3.10
60	Outing Magazine	M	5.00	4.75
80	Outlook	W	6.00	5.75
20	Pathfinder	W	3.00	2.75
22	People's Home Journal	M	2.75	**2.25**
10	People's Popular Monthly (2 yrs)	M	2.50	2.25
35	Physical Culture	M	4.00	3.50
35	Pictorial Review (before Jan. 1)	M	4.00	3.00
40	Pictorial Review (after Jan. 1, 1919)	M	4.00	3.50
60	Pictorial Review (2 years)	M	5.00	4.75
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35	Record of Christian Work	M	4.00	3.50
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8	Reliable Poultry Journal	M	2.50	2.15
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60	Review of Reviews (after Jan. 1, 1919)	M	6.00	5.75
60	St. Nicholas	M	5.00	5.75
*	Saturday Evening Post	W	4.00	4.00
95	Scientific American	W	7.00	6.50
70	Scribner's Magazine	M	6.00	5.25
30	Sunday School Times	W	3.50	3.25
12	Today's Housewife	M	2.75	**2.25**
25	Today's Housewife (2 years)	M	3.25	3.00
70	Travel	M	6.00	5.25
50	Watchman-Examiner	W	4.50	4.25
40	Woman's Home Companion	M	4.00	3.75
60	Woman's Home Companion (2 yrs)	M	5.00	4.75
20	Woman's Magazine	M	3.00	2.75
8	Woman's World	M	2.50	2.15
60	World's Work	M	4.00	4.75
40	Youth's Companion (new sub.)	W	4.00	3.50

Send All Orders to the Christian Herald, 6299 Bible House, New York, N. Y.

OUR MAIL-BAG

NOTICE

THE editors of the Christian Herald will be glad to answer any question addressed to the Mail-bag provided it be of general interest and not merely personal. Correspondents may use a nom de plume to identify the question, but all letters must contain name and address of the writer, in addition to the nom de plume. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters nor to those written with lead pencil.

Questions and Answers

READER, Pennsylvania. I am tempted daily by the thought that, if David committed such crimes and was forgiven, I or anybody else could do likewise. I am in fear and torment day and night, yet I love Jesus dearly. I never, never want to yield to temptation, and I pray God he will make me hate sin and that I will have no desire to do anything contrary to his will. Kindly remember me in your prayers. Do you think I could have sinned against the Holy Ghost? I feel Jesus' presence so much and am happy when this awful temptation is gone; but it returns.

"Resist the tempter and he will flee from you. When temptation comes, fight it, not in your own strength alone, but with the courage and power which will come through prayer. Your experience is like that of many others who find themselves subject to such assaults. You may remember that passage in Pilgrim's Progress where it tells of the temptations that beset Christian as he walked through the valley, all of which were rendered powerless when he prayed. All of us are liable to temptation, but succor is ever at hand if we call for it. As to the unpardonable sin, it is generally held by the best expositors that one who has committed it no longer has regrets or remorse or heartburnings, and cherishes no thoughts of repentance whatsoever. He has become morally and spiritually dead, and is indifferent to the future. Consequently, the very fact that any one is still troubled about his sins and still desirous of forgiveness, is in itself evidence that he has not sinned beyond forgiveness, and that the Holy Spirit is still striving with him to draw him from sin to righteousness.

Greatly Distressed. 1. See our answer to Reader, Pennsylvania, on the unpardonable sin. 2. 1 John 1 : 9 emphasizes the assurance of forgiveness of sin and acceptance of the repentant sinner. Concerning the possibilities of a return to Christ on the part of a backslider, we can only repeat that what to man may and often does seem impossible, is possible with God, and that his grace is boundless. Go to him freely, fully, trustingly, and he will give you rest and peace. Do not worry or fret, but go boldly to the fountainhead of mercy and blessing.

E. S., Mohawk, N. Y. The clocks were set ahead one hour last spring, because by doing so there was a saving of artificial light. The clocks were set back to normal this fall when, the days having become shorter, the necessity for the change had passed.

Anxious, Schenectady, N. Y. Are we justified in claiming the promise, "Ask and ye shall receive," where the blessing sought is not spiritual?

The nature of the blessing sought is the criterion. No one who has faith in divine wisdom and love would continue to desire anything which God saw would be injurious for him to have. If one realizes that God withheld the desired object in love, he would be content and would pray no more. Paul, as you will remember, prayed three times for the removal of the thorn in the flesh, and his remarks afterward implied that he ceased asking for it. We are often mistaken in our idea that certain things that we desire will be blessings. God, who sees farther than we do, may perceive that they would do us harm. On the other hand, when the object desired is an undoubted good, as in the salvation of a beloved child or friend, the prayers should never be discontinued till they are granted.

Mrs. G. L. H., Columbus, Ohio. The inhabitants of Germany, like those of other countries, have a choice of religious beliefs. There are very many Catholics there; in fact, in the southern states the Catholic is the prevailing religion. The state church, so-called, is "Unirt," meaning united, it being a conglomerate of the strictly Lutheran and Reformed doctrines. Here in America the German element is found largely among Lutherans, Methodists and Catholics, but not exclusively so, as there are many Reformed, Baptist, and so-called "evangelical" churches whose members are of German extraction. Here in America all services should be in English just as soon as it is possible to have them so.

F. C. R., Canton, Ohio. Does not the statement that God gave Saul another heart imply regeneration? How then did he fall away?

It is doubtful if the expression carries so much meaning. It indicates a change in his character, but it was not permanent. He was disobedient and envious afterward. The statement is made later on I Sam. 16 : 14, that the Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, which would account for his rapid declension afterward. He resisted the Spirit and his conduct shows his strong wilful nature, which had never been wholly subdued.

O. W., Antelope, Texas. Who crucified our Saviour, the Jews or the Romans?

Though our Saviour was tried and condemned to death by the Jewish Sanhedrin, the Jews had no power to impose the death penalty, that power belonging to the Roman court. The Jews, therefore, being put to finding a reason to bring him before the Roman authorities, trumped up the charge of treason. Thereupon he was arrested by Roman soldiers, who guarded him throughout the trial and finally escorted him to Calvary and crucified him. John 19 : 23 distinctly says the soldiers crucified him. In all these acts the Roman governor and the soldiery were executing Roman laws which the Jews had no power to carry out, but it was the Jews who demanded the execution and accepted all responsibility for it.

M. J. M., Santa Clara, Calif. There are many very good Christians who have been such from childhood. Born and reared amid Christian surroundings, they cannot have the same experience as those who have come into the light in maturer years, it may be after having been without the knowledge of the Gospel for a large part of their lives. The work of the Holy Spirit in one who has had Christian parents has been a constant work, practically from the beginning of consciousness. Like Samuel, they have been trained as children of God and have progressed steadily, obediently and happily in that beautiful relationship, looking for divine guidance in all things, and trusting in Christ and his atonement for forgiveness and acceptance.

B., Nebraska. Letters mailed from "Somewhere in Nebraska," dated July 30, signed "B" and containing $40 for the children of Mont-Lawn, and September 3, 1918, containing $100, half of which was for Mont-Lawn and half for the Bowery Mission Bread Line, reached the Christian Herald and the money was applied as designated. We thankfully acknowledge these gifts, whose generous donor modestly conceals his personality behind the designation "B Fund."

F. C. H., Radcliffe, Iowa. The only passage which has any similarity to that suggested in your letter, is Ps. 22 : 20. There is no other passage in the Bible that can be regarded as applicable.

Photo from Press Illustrating Service

Christmas in Bethlehem

EACH year, on the birthday of our Lord, the people of the little town of Bethlehem gather about the Church of the Nativity singing carols to him whom angels welcomed. And men and women pilgrims come from east and west to lay the treasure of their love at the feet of the Child of the Manger. The picture shows a portion of the formal procession of the Greek Churchmen entering the building for the anniversary service, which was especially significant this year.

INFORMATION TO SUBSCRIBERS

THE subscription price of the Christian Herald until January 1, 1919, is $2.00 a year. Canada, $2.00 a year. Foreign, $3.00 a year. Two years, $4.00. Two years with flag, $5.00. On January 1, 1919, the subscription price will be $2.50 in the United States and Canada; and $3.50 if mailed abroad.

When renewing, indicate with your remittance whether you are subscribing for any of our premium books. The following prices are good only until January 1 and include postage and one year's subscription to the Christian Herald: *Jerusalem—Its Redemption and Future, $2.75; Oh, Money! Money! $2.75; A Greater Christmas, $2.35; 24 Lessons in Corrective Eating, $3.00; Light on Prophecy, $2.50; Gene Stratton-Porter's novels in 6 volumes, $5.00; 200 True Stories of the Great War, $5.00; Forty Prophetic Wonders, $2.50; American Flag (4 x 6 feet), $3.50; Two years and Flag, $5.00; Three Official War Maps, $2.75; India Paper Red Letter Bible, $4.50; with Genuine Morocco Binding, $5.50; Red Letter Testament, $2.50; After Death, What? $2.50; 445 Additional Difficult Bible Questions Answered, $2.50; The Miracle of Answered Prayer, $2.50; Just David, $2.50; The Wicked John Goode, $2.50; Pictorial Life of Christ, $2.75.*

Send money by postal or express money order. All orders will be accepted which are postmarked before midnight, December 31, 1918.

Address THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Pastor Ernest W. Fitch of The Christian Church, Boone Grove, Ind., writes: "I notice in the Herald of October 2 the remarks of Mr. Charles Young in which he says that the churches must unite. I think that we are all sure that the usefulness of the Church has been limited by the divisions among us, yet I do not see that he has given us much to think about. I note he says 'that the Church has fallen down during the war' and gives as a reason that a 'kingdom divided against itself cannot stand,' and proposes that we select seven men as head of the Church here on earth, seemingly forgetting that the reason for the divisions is the man-made systems and rules of faith and practice. There is no question but that the Churches must unite, and the time of this union is near. Of this we are all sure. The question now is, shall we take upon ourselves to appoint some of our own number over the work of the Lord? He says: 'Upon this rock I will build My Church.' Why not accept Jesus Christ as the Head and his Word as supreme authority?"

Anxious Reader, Attica, Ind. 1. Judgment belongs to God. No amount of discussion would be of any value in deciding such questions; moreover, it would be presumptuous to attempt to decide. 2. See I John 3 : 8 and see also Rev. 19 : 20 and 20 : 10, 15.

A Reader, Otisville, Mich. You have probably been misinformed, or have misunderstood the statements made in the church you mention, regarding foreign missions. Certain comparatively small denominations have given more largely per capita than the big denominations, but it has never been claimed that they gave more in gross than the great denominations, which outnumber them 100 to 1.

C. A. P., Nicollet, Minn. We enjoyed the picture on the October 30, 1918, Christian Herald, by C. P. Rising. What kind of a frame would be suitable for it?

Narrow gold molding, not too ornate, and from half to three-fourths of an inch wide. Frame close, without mat.

WILSON'S MAJESTIC BACON

Wilson's Majestic Bacon may be had sliced, trimmed and daintily packed in one-pound glass jars. This maintains the fine flavor.

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